Poetry Series

Lawrence S. Pertillar
- poems -

Publication Date:
2006

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Lawrence S. Pertillar(February/'47)

Performance Bio/Resume

LAWRENCE ILLAR

==========

Email: lpahtillah@

lpahtillah@

POET, ACTOR, PLAYWRIGHT, PERFORMING ARTIST

POET: Named “One of America’s Most Distinguished Poets” by The International Society of Poets

PERFORMANCE ARTIST:

One man presentation of MindPrints from Untouched Places (Dir by: Maxine Kern-New York City) performed locally at the Hartford Academy Performing Arts, Buttonwood Tree Theater, Middletown, CT… Hartford Downtown Council (First Thursdays) , McDonalds Restaurants (Downtown Htfd Location) , WWUH-FM Radio, Municipal Café (Downtown Htfd) and Club Culturel Franco-Americain, Paris, France (March 15th,16th 2000) …Sponsor-Catherine Aubon,78 Rue Dutot,75015 Paris, (Sept 05) Transformation: Eclectic Fall Out..The Nuyorican Poets'Café..NYC Dir/prdr w/Christine'Nandi'Smith-Sankofa Arts Consortium, Htfd, Ct. founder/dir)

PLAYWRIGHT: The Sons of Snick Snickeeta(Reading) directed by Pat White-The Frank Silvera’s Writer’s Workshop-NYC. The Leonard Melvin Show, performed at the Network in Springfield, Massachusetts…produced by L.S. Pertillar and Ingrid Askew (Johannesburg, South Africa) …dir: Askew/Pertillar, The Music That Plays (Grtr HTFD Cmty Col. now C.C.C.) Htfd, CT 'Halia' co-writer, prod. Capital Cmty College, Tunxis Cmty Coll and The West Indian Social Club-Htfd, Transformation (World premiere) -Christ Church Cathedral, Htfd, CT. Dir. Frances Sharp

ACTOR: Starlight Theater (Kansas CTY, MO) Summer Stock, Hartford Stage Company (various roles Inal member of Hartford Stage Company’s Children’s Theater-Paul Weidner, Dir., San Antonio’s Little Theater, Alamo City Theater, San Antonio, Texas…Fort Sam Houston’s Dinner Theater, Carver Cultural Center production of George Wolfe’s Backalley Tales San Antonio, Texas… Dir/prod: George C. Wolfe, Helen Hayes Theater AKA(Little Theater-Ray Aranah's 'My Sister, My sister') The Nuyorican Poets Café-Ishmeal Reed’s Mother Hubbard, New York City…dir: Rome Neal…Garde Arts Center-A Little Death, New London, CT Written by Michael Bradford, Director:

Milt Angelopoulos, Hygienic Arts Theater-Willy's Cut and Shine (Sylvester-Reading) New London, by Playwright Michael Bradford, Fathers and Sons (Benard-Reading) Hygienic Arts Theater, New London, CT-playwright: Michael Bradford. Dir: Daniella Topol. Composer: Taylor Ho Bynum

FOUNDER: The Lawrence Pertillar Drama Society…Capital Community College, Hartford, CT
CO-FOUNDER/VICE PRESIDENT: The United Minds For Peace Society
CHIEF UNITED STATES REPRESENTATIVE/BOARD of DIR: The Enchanting Verses International

FILM: Several PSA's and Industrial films(UCONN Health Ctr, Farmington, CT) YouTube..HAPPY HOUR, a Short Film By Brendan T. Deneen(Wrtr, Prdr, Dir) 'A Contemplation of Trees' Dir. Douglas Williams/Stone Wall Films...

COLLABORATION: With M'Goo, a Manchester, England based band that fuses holographic visual art and live music with poetry. Will be filming my work entitled, Wrap Your Arms Around A New Beginning, August 17th. Available Sept 1st,2015." Thank you, Mike"

HONORS: Cited by the U. S. Senate for “poetic accomplishments and writing achievements” drafted
By Vice-Presidential Candidate and US Senator Joseph I. Lieberman-Ct. Artist Seminar: Uconn-Stamford branch...Sponsor-Maryland Grier-Community Research, Hartford 'Invited by Arts organization to speak to other artists about performing/work/creating'
Schomberg Center for Research in Black Culture, NYC
Plays/referenced-Frank Silvera's Writers' Workshop,
Awarded 'Poet Fellow' of Noble House Publishers, London, England (October 2006)

MILITARY FIRST: Trained at Amarillo Air Station, Texas (1965/'66) and assigned to Richards-Gebaur Air Force Base (Belton, Missouri) in Quality Control/Inventory Unit to use one of country's first active computers... Univac 1050 II.
Duties: Implement Inventory Management Supply and train incoming Airmen on input/output data required.

INTERESTS: Business organization, Singing, Writing, yoga, performing arts(var discpl) Composing, Music, Singing, AGAIN! I enjoy a 'A good conversation with someone who knows what a good conversation is! Silence is always welcomed!

EDUCATION: Hartford Public Schools, Capital Community College, USAF (military) , University of Hartford, West Hartford, Connecticut campus, various Customer Service Training Seminars conducted by Southwestern Bell Corporation & SNET as an employee of both divisions, Travelers Insurance Companies (Special Accounts Marketing) and Xerox Corporation (Sales and Marketing) , WYBC(Yale Broadcasting Co.) Internship: News broadcasting, feature writing and reporting-Newscaster/Radio personality Michele Turner, Instructor

'The approach used to produce my creativity is from a business point of view. I am not one to take for granted my blessings! Or the people that constantly inspire this aspect of my life to achieve and excell
with these 'gifts' that identifies 'who' it is I am! '

' The Freed Of Getting Frisked At Your Risk Foundation '

We are pleased you have chosen to run again,
For public office.
However...
There are a 'few' who donated to your campaign efforts,
That last time...
Several years ago,
Now want to know...
What has happened to the millions unaccountable,
For that past attempt.
Can you explain how that funding was spent?

'Of course I can.
I am more than delighted.
I've been wanting to clear the air of that issue for years.

You see,
My wife and I are founders...
Of 'The Freed of Getting Frisked At Your Risk Foundation'.
And what we have done with those millions entrusted to us,
Is to ensure every stray animal...
Dog, cat, bird or beaver,
Regardless of its pedigree...
Is given an opportunity to have free legal consultation.

AND...
A kennel worthy of being lined,
With updated newspapers printing the latest...
Of entertaining gossip detailing the lives,
Of their most beloved film stars.'

I see.
So you're saying,
An investigation into how that money has been used...
Is completely pointless?

'Not only pointless.
But a waste of taxpayer's hard earned wages.'

Sounds good to me.
Bill...
Do you have any more probing questions?

~None whatsoever.
That response should put to bed the issue.
And any other accusation of theft.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

$10 A Gallon?

$10 a gallon?
For what?

'Does that really matter now?
When it approached
One dollar per gallon...
You should have voiced your concern then!
Not when your pockets have gotten thin.
And deepened to hold more lint!
You want to make cents?
Put these sunglasses on.
Grab a twig from a bush...
And get to begging!
MAYBE...
You might gain some sympathy,
From someone who recognizes you are in disguise.
And they are in the mood,
To share with you their good attitude.
IF they have some of 'that' left! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

$5 A Barrel Of What?

Oil?
Now sold at what?
Five dollars a barrel?
This is an immediate sign,
That something is not going too well.
Has anyone communicated this,
To those who chose this direction?
And they seem to be okay with this decision?
There just will be more greed.
With those who once had it made in the shade...
To stand with others who demand to feed their needs.
And you all know how improbable that is going to be?
Who is going to touch us anyway?
All Mercedes will be curbed.
And Bentleys will be driven by those deserving.
Well...
Why the gloomy faces?
Pass the caviar!

'Your Highness?
That was one hundred and five US dollars.'

My god...
Soon we will build heaven on Earth.
Right here in the desert!
When you have no clue of who those are
You choose to fight...
Do not ever pick the ones
To try to trick on their own land!
You only delay
Displaying yourself the fool.

Enough of this rubbish!
Where is the imported champagne?
And raise that to $115 per barrel.
It belongs to us.
They made this 'their' need.
Do as you please!
Have the lox and bagels arrived?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

(and) To Do It To Choose

What is assumed to be rumored,
And delighted to gossip...
With tea to pour and dirt to whisper,
Doesn't always return shovels to dig...
Out from a hole those who dug misdeeds,
For wishes their apologies to be accepted.
So difficult it is to mend and patch up,
Broken relationships.

Too many who had dignities,
And characters assassinated by others deceived...
Can't be expected to be so willingly forgiving.
Especially in times like these,
When the ease to pick and make fools to do it...
Through rumors to gossip with assumptions made,
Has replaced facts to seek before a truth is reached.

(And) ...
To do it to choose to ignore and refuse prior activities,
Without facing the embarrassment...
Of losing one's own credibility lost to never get back,
Is difficult to mend and patch to leave no sign of a wound.
That's what gossip to rumor based on assumption does,
To anyone jumping the gun and pulling the trigger.
Then to believe apologies made should be received,
With forgiveness expected to be delivered.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

(further Away) From The Year Two Thousand And Eight

As we move further away,
From the year two thousand and eight.
As is the custom to celebrate it.
There will be more who will come,
To appreciate the year...
They were shakened awake.
Realizing they were not forced,
To participate...
In satisfying a temporary greed,
Nibbled with a teasing eventually satiated.
And...
Many caught up in the feeding of this feast...
Wished they had more patience and waited!
To examine the crooks who gleefully stuffed them...
With a wonderful presentation of deceit on their plates!

'Hmmm...
Would you pass me more lies, please!
What do you mean 'which ones'?
The best ones,
Of course.
What do you mean...
You've 'run out' of 'those'?
They were delicious!
I demand an explanation.
Immediately! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

(it's) Pandemonium

Pandemonium!
What.
Can.
Prevent this stuff.

Pandemonium!
What.
Has...
Started this to erupt.
With a doing it done to numb.
And people shooting guns,
Thinking they can end...
Stopping more to come.

(It's) Pandemonium!
Oh oh.
People devouring fear.
(It's) Pandemonium!
Oh oh.
People trying to hide tears.
It is pandemonium.
Oh oh.
Afraid everybody appears.
Restless.
And uptight.
Crazed with their minds out of gear.

It is pandemonium.
Oh oh.
What has started this stuff.
It is pandemonium.
Oh oh.
When is too much enough.
People everywhere seem crazed.
And...
Nuts out of touch.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

(not) My Objective

Doing less than my best,
Is not my objective.
My objective with this confessed,
Is to prevail until I have passed...
Any test to me given I had failed.

Facing opposition,
Has become an appetizer for me.
I've been conditioned to resolve,
My own problems to solve.
To endeavor with effort,
A creating of my own opportunities.

I can not claim myself to be clever.
Or born mysteriously wise.
Although my curiosity leaves me wishing,
What I discover to uncover...
This could be revealed to others,
Before I am accused of making up lies.
And I try not to despise people like that.

I was taught to use whatever knowledge I obtain.
And refrain from seeking excuses,
To blame on others with convenient accusations.
And insecurities I still have not to deny them,
For purpose to hide them as if they did not exist.
Since my objective is to be honest,
First to myself to admit it with commitment.

Doing less than my best,
Is not my objective.
My objective with this confessed,
Is to prevail until I have passed...
Any test to me given I had failed.
And I will not be subjected to failure.
At least...
Not to portray it to have it believed.

(the) Benefit Of Needless Conflict

Blessed are those,
Who awaken with insight!
Those who have been shakened,
From a need to maintain...
Routine indoctrinations,
Of a perceived sanity.
One in which restricts limited beliefs.
Inflicted to sustain pain and grief.

And becoming less frightened,
They are...
By a Creator who wishes them to envision,
A 'truth' that is!
A truth that frees a consciousness,
Reaching to seek a peace within!
A peace shared and released between mankind.
And with truth accepted,
This without obstruction...
Can and does finally begin.

Blessed are those,
Who awaken with insight.
Those who have been shakened,
From a need to maintain...
Routine indoctrinations,
Of a perceived sanity.
One in which restricts limited beliefs.
Inflicted to sustain pain and grief.
At the benefit of needless conflict.
That produces sicknesses of all kinds.

And let it be said,
It has been to no one's benefit...
To admit on this Earth,
In their minds reflecting upon it.
That any conflict ever condoned...
Has created a respect for peace.
At least none as yet that has been expressed,
Or urgently digested to put an end to conflicts known.

To manifesting a peace that increases this benefit,
As can be shown!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

(the) Acceptance Of A Nothingness

Somehow the meaninglessness...
Many describe as senseless,
Has a meaningfulness...
In a useful kind of way.

The acceptance of a nothingness...
As it is applied,
Has a purpose that drives curiosities...
To perceive a conception connected,
With a totalness lived.
Yet arguably not perfected.

And rejecting this completion given,
As 'part of' a mural of existence...
Does not validate,
A separateness.
Like a timeless void without exits.
And since there aren't any witnessed...
It sits.

Since there is an attention given it.
Even within the abstraction that attracts,
A collective misunderstanding of what it is.
Whatever it is,
That we...
You and I try scientifically to determine.
In our limited mindsets to fit it in.

And even if that meaningless nothing,
Is described as senseless...
There is a meaningfulness of it,
That is with us here to stay!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

(the) Bigger Lie

Which liars deny,
They did or did not tell...
The bigger lie.
Or acknowledge any used,
To coverup any known!
Only shows that lies,
Are being told!
And on a daily basis,
They have been sold!

The entire system created,
Has been built on them.
Where has the honesty ever thrived...
When even the churches,
Are dens of sins!

Integrity seems to be known by those ostracized.
Those who speak with a truthfulness,
Who are character assassinated...
And dragged through the mud,
Despised.

A society that is witnessed falling apart...
Tries hard to masquerade its decadence.
By criminalizing petty offenses...
Of those who privately smoke their dope,
And munch on candy bars!

Which liars deny,
They did or did not tell...
The bigger lie.
Or acknowledge any used,
To coverup any known!
Only shows that lies,
Are being told!
And on a daily basis,
They have been sold!

As a quality of life once respected and lived...

Means absolutely nothing,
To those who witness the BS!
And identify the BS for what that BS really is!
But not distant enough to keep away the smell of it.
Or stop from thinking of it...
As a bunch of ssshhhenanigans dropped and done!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

(the) Children Of Today

They're not here to revisit,
The gaslamp.
They're not living to revisit,
Those cobblestone roads.
They're not here to revisit,
A living in the past.
But old folks want them kept,
Forever to last.

They're not here to revisit,
The singing sad songs.
They're not living to revisit,
Who did what to do wrong.
They're not here to revisit,
What had gone on...
From Sun up to Sun down,
With a boring to prolong.

(The) Children of today,
Don't have minds restricted to limits.
Or have a kept interest...
In times that don't exist.
(The) Children of today,
Don't keep old topics high on their lists.
Or think of them to value,
If they can't get it quick.
To be downloaded in a shown 'selfie' pic.
(The) Children of today,
Are mentally prepared and equipped...
But,
Many people show them incompetence...
Instead of leadership.

They're not here to revisit,
The gaslamp.
They're not living to revisit,
Those cobblestone roads.
They're not here to revisit,
A living in the past.

Or who did what when these times speed fast.
(The) Children of today,
Don't have old topics on top of their lists.
Or think of them to value,
As their values have shifted.
(The) Children of today,
Are mentally prepared and equipped...
But,
Many people show them incompetence...
Instead of leadership.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

(the) Chilling Facts Of Reality

Each step towards disclosure,
Remains suspenseful.
And gets more thrilling.
Although horrifies,
Those along for the ride...
To loosen their grip,
On denials to let go.
Even as the chilling facts,
Of reality...
Exposes false beliefs.
And goosebumps to produce.

Many are seen clinging,
To backpacks strapped...
With artifacts to declare,
Precious family heirlooms.
Memories,
Of a deceiving childhood.
Defended to protect.
Yet...
Daring to dispute,
Anyone providing proof...
That validates their minds,
Have been misguided.
For a very long time.
But still...
And regardless,
Of what an audit has found...
Many in tears and biting lips,
Sit.
To proclaim,
Any evidence revealed...
Maybe shocking.
And truth to exist,
Is just another...
Groundless assumption.
Fictioned for cheap thrills.

(the) Claimed Game Changer

The claimed game changer,
Has many agreeing...
To acknowledge,
An indisputable need...
For a game change.

However,
Some are left to wonder...
Which of the games played,
Already beset...
With multiple changes switched,
Without them knowing about it.
Will the game changer,
Next pick and leave unchanged.
To know when,
The claimed game changer... Decides,
Playing with others involved...
Maybe a good idea.
And made convinced...
Any game played alone,
Is not the best strategy...
To achieve desired results.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

(the) Depthness Of This Kind Of Introspect...

There are many poems I've written,
That have not been read or 'rated'.
I can understand,
How some may find that a need...
When insecurity most writers feed.

And there are those gregarious folks,
Enjoying their closeness.
Who do prefer their own company.
Or socialize with those expressing...
How they maintain a degree of 'normalcy'.
While all find themselves accepting...
Dysfunctions none regret.

And I find myself more respected,
By those who know...
With an acknowledgement familiar.
That does not criticize or demean,
The depthness of this kind of introspect...
With an intellect encouraged and shared,
And freely felt to expose upon these scenes...
With those who are unopposed to show their caring.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

(the) Fate Of Fatal Lovers

Fated to be in a togetherness...
No one comprehends but them.

The fate of fatal lovers,
In a relationship
Others tell them not meant to be.

There is too much abuse done publicly.
And in private this feeds a romance...
Enhanced by physical foreplay,
Some say is quite sick.

They both inflict scars and wounds.
This attraction seems to be headed for doom.
But no one can see,
After the slapping and blackened eyes...
The love between them made!

Fated to be in a togetherness...
No one comprehends but them.
It just needs less notoriety.
With a maturity that has yet to begin.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

(the) Opulence Of Beliefs

Faith to keep treasured,
Is more meaningful...
When expressed.
And less measured to impress,
By how it is dressed.
To judge and address the depth,
Of it.

A love to feel shown,
Is known from the heart.
And not discovered to find,
Boxed.
Wrapped to open,
As eyes sparkle bright.
Satisfying curiosities.

The opulence of beliefs,
Leaves many increasingly... Distant,
From expectations wished.
But disappointed,
When not received...
Bigger than the reality.

And what is said sincerely,
Is not acceptable or enough...
If explanations can not explain
What has been given,
Thought would be priceless...
In the act of it,
Becomes questionable...
When asked,
To produce validation...
Of what was paid and its worth.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

(the) Power It Has

Only those who refuse,
To pay attention and listen...
Discover to find themselves,
Taunted and haunted...
The rest of their lives.
By idolizing to symbolize greed.
And (the) power it has,
To leave and bestow upon them...
Unexpectedly,
A wealth of mental issues.
Even time spent with an exorcist,
Could not correct to rid.
Regardless of which beliefs,
Are kept religiously to keep.
Demons unleashed to worship,
Maintain their own values to praise.
Even if this means,
Taking minds away from those...
Who have already lost their souls.

Greed and it to worship,
Has no defense to pretend it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

(the) Power Of Ignorance

How massive a threat,
Is the power of ignorance...
Fed to feed the increase of it?
Where is the effect,
Not yet felt to expect?

From high and low places.
And around each bend,
Of a corner one steps...
Few are in peace to find it.
Many are living feeling,
More negative than positive.
Empowered have become,
Acts of violence.
Upon those innocent done.

By the hour and without fail,
Witnessed are heated arguments.
Between strangers to prevail.

People happy are less committed
To express this or admit.
In fear their happiness,
Will be suspected...
As one drugged refusing,
To face apparent...
Hidden mental conflicts.

Scrutinized,
Are survivors of obstacles.
And setbacks.
Scrutinized,
Are the ones who defy...
Traps of discouragement,
Placed on their paths...
To pass these tests.

And yet,
If others are asked...

What it is 'they',
Would rather have today?
If it is not more money.
Some may say...
A life to live that enables,
Them to manage to escape...
From all the B.S. made.
But limited are the exits,
Blocked by excessive...
Ignorance accepted,
Has left tolerated to create.

'It's everywhere.'

-What is? -

'Ignorance!
I can't believe,
You don't see it.'

-I do.
But if I'm not 'of it',
Why should I be 'in it'...
As my life to live? -

'Oh.
I thought you lived here.
I 'see' you around.
And all over this place.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

(the) United Races Of Humanity

From my point of view,
Done to look at life...
In a 360 degree reality.
I have never embraced,
Concepts of division.
Or the purpose to be a bigot...
With racist thoughts,
Kept to believe.

Early in my life,
I knew I had relatives.
Many are black.
Some are white.
Indian, Hispanic.
And a few Chinese.
I took it for granted,
When I was a child...
Looking different represented,
An acceptance to embrace.
That would be meaningless,
To resent.

And as I grew older,
To experience traveling.
With a living in other places.
I would meet people,
Who had familiar faces.
To immediately know,
We were related...
As close as we could be.
In the united races,
Of humanity.

Some refuse and deny,
To bloom on branch...
Affixed to one tree.
And they are the ones,
Unconsciously...
Believing if they disconnect,

To exist independently...
They could do this,
By destroying the roots...
From which they grew.
To eventually wither away.
Like leaves,
Falling from a dead tree.
Wishing it possible...
Ignorance lived in isolation,
Did not so abruptly reveal...
The exposing to show,
Such blatant stupidity!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

(the) Budding Grace Of April

It's the 28th of April,
And the 29th comes soon.
The 27th was a Friday that passed,
In a year that speeds...
Faster than a rising hot air balloon.

Blooming trees and colors of Spring,
Brings a joy that the frost slips its grip...
Melting away.
And when May comes with full entourage...
Reminding us when it leaves,
We reflected on Memorial Day!
With a grieving that relieves.

Planted and placed are flowers potted,
As reminders never to forget...
Those loved and respected,
The dearly departed!

And as Aprils' mix,
Of fantastic hues blitzing us goes...
We warm within those hopeful visions,
To find sanctuary!
To keep a repeated peace,
And a comforting place...
That introduces a miracle unfolding!
Witnessing this earthly birth.
That seems to rejuvenate
Each time it is renewed,
With the budding grace of April!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

...And 'Now' I Lay Me Down To Sleep

...and 'now' I lay me down to sleep.
Before on more nerves of readers I keep.
And when I arise after getting some 'shut eye'...
I 'may' seek to annoy others with my point of view.
Or choose to be adorable...
To turn the stomachs of a few!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

'...I Feel Like I'Ve Been Robbed! '

We've both made choices.
Not once did I question
Those you made.
I never compared your way of life...
Or whether you lived it right or wrong.
Or to how many charities you gave,
If any.

I did,
However...
Discovered you felt uncomfortable,
That I had felt at ease.
Knowing I had no exorbitant mortgage.
Or neighbors to keep up with to please.

Or that my basic life involved having no car to drive.
I enjoy all types of people.
But I am not one to wine and dine,
Or constantly socialize.
I had admired that about you.
You loved what you did and I did too!

But today,
You seem critical of the life I've made.
The only thing that has changed...
Is my age.
I've never been into 'things'
That could come and go away.
Or try to hold onto pretensions...
To show even though they fade.

What you valued is gone and did not stay.
And why that angers you...
Is between you and your 'beliefs'.
Don't try to hold that against me.
Wasn't it you who once said...
I was delusional and feared reality instead?
Well...
I am living in my 'reality'!

What have you found so upsetting about yours?

Oh...
Was it those things that made it more realistic?
Giving you more of a sense of self worth?
But why is it you feel that way now?
When I still have less 'things' than you!

'I don't have a car or a home anymore.
And last week I was laid off my job!
My 401k is worthless.
And I feel like I've been robbed! '

Gee.
That's too bad.
And all this time,
I've been feeling blessed.
And that's real odd!
Because I don't,
Right now...
Have a penny in my pocket!

And there you are...
Faithless!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

~2016~ (Manipulated Triumphs)

Attitudes are switching swiftly,
From obsessions to possess...
'Things' to acquire,
For a more desireable purpose to get.

A life lived with clarity,
Without being indebted to it...
Comes to finally awaken,
Those with minds to find themselves...
Less stressed and depressed.

Attitudes are switching swiftly,
From obsessions to possess...
'Things' to acquire,
For a more desireable purpose to get.

A life lived with clarity,
Without being indebted to it...
Comes to finally awaken,
Those with minds to find themselves...
Less stressed and depressed.

Manipulated triumphs,
Thought to satisfy once done...
Has left too many grieving.
Mothers, fathers, daughters and their sons.

Manipulated triumphs,
Discovered to increase mental disease...
Has left an effect detected,
With needs wanted wished to end in 2016.

2016...
And manipulated triumphs to be still sought,
With a doing to demean...
Can not continue this destructive manifesting,
Between family, friends to perceive these divisions...
Cures to mend anything.

Lives relying on deceptions to live,
Has reduced from them a truth to accept...
Yet in 2016,
More regrets will be expressed.
With it known to have it shown,
Debts to pay for disrespecting others...
Leaves no peace or achieved happiness to get.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

~60~

It doesn't seem like it...
But I'll be 60 soon!
Sixty years
Of some heartbreak,
And many cheers...
To excite me with many passed moons!

Oh yes...
And friends of mine,
Who know I've spent years at '49'
Appear to show they are upset
With those who guess I'm '39'.

Although they wont say
They wish they had a youthful glow,
To display...
They grunt from sore joints
Doing their exercises each day!

Getting older for some...
Makes them want to sit down and cry!
Not me!
Not today!
Not as long as I can pass,
For a young and 'stunning'...
Goodlooking '55'!

Honest...I'm serious!

And I'm so glad no one's around to watch...
How I get 'this' Frankenstein to come alive,
With every limb cracking without a stop!
Especially early in the morning,
When I myself want to run and hide!
But I thank God each day...
Even if I have to hop from side to side!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

~62~

As my 62nd birthday approaches...
I will again be celebrating my 31st.
With familiar gratitude.
And with God's hopeful blessing.

'You'll be 62!
Not 31.
Get real! '

I look at it this way...
When I arrived at 60?
I felt as if I had won a championship.
With some wonderful memories.
And being with both my parents...
When their separate deaths approached.
And thinking of them as if they were my children,
I had to protect.
To hear them say I love you...
And other things they to me confessed,
Was a divine time.

Don't get me wrong...
I'm not wishing to stop time,
Or wish to travel back into it!

I cried like a baby when I turned 31.
Call me what you wish.
But I had done my patriotic thing.
And I was in and out of the military,
Ten years 'prior' before I did this.
Married, divorced AND experienced with a profession.
And unafraid to ask or answer any question.
Yet...
31 felt as if I had lived a lifetime.
Until I became 61 and felt younger.
How?
Hey...
It was my first time at it.

However...
31 was my turning point.
That's why I celebrate it.
And with God's blessing...
It will be my 31st anniversary of finding myself.
And having the peace of mind at 62...
To say and do as I please.
Within reason.
And with God's approval!

Plus...
I can say I've earned the right to be 62.
And 'any' and every age below it!
How about you?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

~63~

Get back!
Get back I say!
Get back.
How dare you sneak up on me like this?

Get back!
Get back I say!
Get back.
How dare you?
How dare you?
How dare you?
Get back!

'Grandpa? '

And will you stop calling me that!
I do not have children.
OR grandchildren.
And IF I did...
They will show me much more respect,
Than you have.
GRANDPA?
'God, thatnk You for saving me,
From a lifetime spent in prison.'

'You funny as hell,
Gramps.
Got you a little sumthin sumthin.'

How dare you come in here with that?

'Grandpa?
I thought you were cool with it?
You're the one who said you had no problem.
Age aint nuthin but a number.
ESPECIALLY when that store clerk,
Thought you were 59.
And you know I'm teasing you.
Why so serious?

Feeling a little...
OLD? '

No!
Yeah...
NAW!
No!
Yeah...
A little.

'Can't make up your own mind!
I hope like hell that doesn't happen to me! '

And don't be coming in disturbing me,
With that filthy mouth!
But...
But.
But...
Why did it have to creep upon me so soon?
I wasn't paying attention.
I consented to 62!
And that was cool with me.
But 63 is gon' be wild!
I can tell that already!

'You'll be fine.
You should feel blessed.
Look?
So many folks can not say they will be 63!
SIXTY THREE years old.
What a blessing! '

Yeah, right!
So many folks ain't here to say nuthin'.

I guess you're right.
But all those candles on that cake,
Heat the whole room!
Why you do this to me?
Why?

Get back!

Get back I say!
Get back.
How dare you sneak up on me like this?

'Oh...
He's acting now!
Let me say this to you.
Sssshhh...
He's loving the attention!
However...
Before?
Before this surprise,
He was quite serious!
He 'still' thinks he's in...
In his 40's.'

LIES!
Pure BS!
That's all that is.
Don't pay that no mind t'all!
I most certainly do not!

And who is this you talking to?
They don't need to know my business!
And who invited them in here to snoop,
In the first place?
Ya'll don't need to hear this.
Now scoot!

'Scoot?
Where's the scaddle?
LOL
Yeah...you're getting...
Uh...you up there! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

~64~

Ooooohhh...
64 Oh 64,
Your knock is loud...
On my front door.

I never thought you'd come so fast.
Soon 63 I will not be...
Again.
To trash like I did my 50's!

I want to boo hoo but to who?

Ooooohhh...
64 Oh 64,
Your knock is loud...
On my front door.

When 60 first appeared to me...
I felt more like I was 43.
But so quickly these years come and go...
When I am blessed to become 64,
I will then cover all my doors in leather.
Just for the pleasure and not because I am vain!

Ooooohhh...
64 Oh 64,
Your knock is loud...
On my front door.
However...
I will be taking care of that!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

~65~

I have learned many things,
With experiences taught throughout my life.
And when I arrived at the age of 65...
With a belief I had achieved a wisdom.
And acknowledging my blessings,
Is this...
The only ignorance I am obligated to condone,
Is my own.
With a freedom to admit it or not.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

~66~

I was not hoping I'd forget,
I turned 66.
It just seems that 65 came and left so quick,
Becoming 66 was like...
WHAT?
And 67 is just eleven years from 78!
And I remember thinking that being 80...
Had been for those who lived to be that age,
Were dinosaurs who survived...
And were on display in convalescent homes.
Hey, I was young then.
With only wishes to see 21.
And with that done I am now 66.
Without tricks or magic.
But with 67 coming and staring at me,
I am still proud to admit to anyone...
The best years of my life are yet to come.

'Excuse me.
But do you mind if I asked a question? '

No. No, go right ahead.

'I notice you've been keeping your fingers crossed.
Is there a reason for that?
Do you suffer from arthritis? '

Arthritis?
ARTHRITIS?
Of course...uh...
Yes.
Yes I do.
I didn't think anyone would notice.

'What do you take for it? '

Lots of prayer.
But I'm considering getting a rabbit's foot to wear.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

~67~

By the time I was the age twenty-one,
I felt I had accomplished more in a few years...
With so much to have experienced,
Than the living of the years I had done.

And after witnessing nearly 46 years,
Away from those days with ups and downs...
To shedding buckets of tears,
From swollen eyes to pour over smiles and frowns...
I know I am grateful and truly blessed.
With little bitterness that is left to express.

I now let my success(s) speak for themselves.
Since I sit sometimes disbelieving...
I managed to get any rest at all.
Even though it had been claimed,
I did a lot of 'that' and nothing else!
If other folks were giving their opinions to listen.
I thank God I was able to distance,
From what had been mentioned.

'GOD...
I am so glad I followed to take YOUR lead.
If I had not and 'assumed' my abilities,
None of what I've done and continue to pursue...
Could or would have been possible without YOU.'

And 'IF' I am blessed to witness age 67,
I...
SIXTY-SEVEN?
Wait-a-minute!
SIXTY-SEVEN?
LAWD...
YOU and I have been at this for a long time,
Huh?
SIXTY-SEVEN...
Geeesssshhh.
Sometimes it feels as if it has been longer than that!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

~68~

Here it is, March!
Almost near the middle of the year,
Of 2015.
Twenty-fifteen?
And it seems 1947 when I was born,
Had been part of another century.
When people who were racists,
Had their biases, preferences and prejudices...
Still seemed to outwardly display,
An acceptance to respect one another.
So long ago I remember this to be true.

'It was? ! '

Not even in my wildest dreams,
Did I think in my 'teens'...
Living to become the age of 68,
Would not change the way I felt physically.
And mentally my mind is stronger.
Than any other age I have lived to appreciate.

But I will say this to admit,
Very few I see to be the same age as me...
Seem to accept the doing of it with grace achieved.
So childish are many in those kept mindsets.
And with it done with selective memories.

And here I am at age 68,
Witnessing my nephew, niece and their children...
Who are my 'greats',
Reminding me when I had been their age...
People then did not have computers.
Or disrespected one another to amuse themselves.
Nor was television used to abuse, confuse, manipulate,
Or deceive purposely to distort thoughts or kept beliefs.

'You mean you 'actually' met and spoke in person,
Face-to-face?
With people to get to know and show respect?

And had 'real' friends too?
Without downloading all their business first.
To not take at least one 'selfie',
Taken to send to them to show? '

Yep. I remember those times.

'Wow.
How could anyone live like that?
And without 'anonymously',
Bullying or backstabbing someone unknown.
Just for the fun and sport of it.'

Don't get me wrong.
That was done.
But no one 'then' had computers.
And people were more dignified,
With the hiding of their corrupted...
And deceptive thoughts.
Today,
Lieing without hiding it is accepted.

'It is? '

Yeah, it is. However...
Don't none of you dare try that with me.
I've lived too long to recognize who does it.
And I guarantee,
You will not like the consequences...
Of that activity to or not.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

~69~

I never thought the age of 69,
I would find just as exciting...
To be blessed to live it experienced.
What a gift.

69!
Even when I say it...
It is as if I have achieved to receive,
An award I deserve.
Afterall...
There was not a minute or an hour of it,
Did I sit to watch a day of it served.
I participated and can say,
69 is not a given.69 is earned.

Lessons to learn from many obstacles to face,
Chasing fears away has not slowed my pace.
Everyday I awaken seeking to be challenged.
While I witness others my age,
Attempting to prevent this blessing to them sent.
Yet looking as if time to them given is a threat.
Not me.
I want it known I have found 69 to be,
Well...
A walking on a path of an incredible journey.
Everyday I look forward to what to me comes next.

Although I will admit this,
Even the aches and pains...
On those days I live with,
I wish I could disguise and hide...
When I am at home, alone.
But it seems in public they come and go.
With a doing to show they are on their own.

'Ooohhh. JESUS. Father God.
Oh, my Lord.'

~I'm sorry, sir.

But...
Did I step on your foot?
I didn't think I...~

'No.
Even if you did,
I wouldn't have felt it.
You see...
I'm at the age God likes to remind me,
To express more appreciation...
For allowing me to be 'still' in HIS presence.'

~Huh?
Uh...
I don't understand.~

'I don't expect you to.
When I was your age,
I didn't understand it either.
I remember when my grandfather would...
Say...hey.
Where are you going? '

~To the back of the bus.
I have text messages I need to return.
And besides,
I know how you old people...
Like to talk yourselves.~

'Excuse me?
What?
I am not OLD.
I am...
69.
Sss...sssty...
Forget it.
You young folks...are...'

~I know.
Disrespectful.
One day we'll both get over it.~

'Father?
I need you to seal my lips.
Right now!
Don't let me get up and act a fool.'

~Deep breaths, O.G.
Deep breaths.~

'What?
What did you...
THANK YOU.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

~ask Him~

Something 'supernatural' happens.
Unexplained yet too eventful.
Those faithful and stay that way...
With a curiosity to explore and adventure,
To do unafraid to unlock those traps...
Set to prevent the mind from escaping from limits,
Are not shocked to find at all...
Their dreams wished to witness.
With a having them come true and not left distanced.

~Ask Him~

Something 'supernatural happens.
A doing done achieves what is received.
With a change that occurs.
Felt and to be believed.

~Ask Him~

Too many have left themselves unprotected,
By a going through of motions often misunderstood...
Although to accept,
A devotion to fake faith and it done to keep trusted.
Yet fear many do to take those steps to test,
What it is they worship on the surface.
But heartfelt there is no feeling that expresses depth.
To remain they do,
Suspicious of a spoken truth.
A truth they refuse to accept.

~Ask Him~

Something 'supernatural happens.
A doing done achieves what is received.
With a change that occurs.
Felt and to be believed.

~Ask Him~

Something 'supernatural' happens,
When a feeling felt so strong is not distracted...
By those faking faith and in it trusted,
For purposes to delude the power of truth.
To find the ones who do choose to obey,
Foolish for wanting their lives to live...
Without conforming to become indoctrinated,
To quote from worshipped scriptures...
But not comprehend any of them to apply meaning,
That provides understood benefits...
To assure an assistance to their existence.

'What would God say...
If He knew you thought that way and did this.
Since the God I 'know'...
Isn't into 'supernatural' happenings.
What do you 'think' God would do and say to you? '

~You tell me.
You say you talk to Him all the time.
And you are 'highly favored'.
Ask Him.
You claim a closeness.
I need not to make those...'claims',
To know what I have witnessed to remain...
Faithful.~

Ask Him.
I am not the one in doubt who questions,
That which I have witnessed yet can not explain.

~Ask Him~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

¡quiero Que Demasiado Ame!

¡Quiero que demasiado ame!

Demasiado quiero,
La paz y la felicidad compartieron.
Alguien para preocuparse,
Con una lealtad fiel.

Demasiado quiero,
Alguien que está allí.
Como yo sería.

¡Quiero que demasiado ame!

Demasiado quiero,
Alguien para comunicarse,
Y entienda con ello mencionado.

Demasiado quiero,
Alguien que tiene el tiempo,
Sin fingir para dar y tomar.

¡Quiero que demasiado ame!

Demasiado quiero,
Alguien que desea una vida de paz.
Y no una vida juntos gastada...
En angustia incondicional para hacer.

Como aquellos en relaciones,
El deseo de ellos para terminarse.
Entonces ellos entonces finalmente van a seperate.
¡Encontrar lo que el amor verdadero por ellos significa otra vez!
Quiero que demasiado ame.

Crecer como se supone.
¡Y no ruptura para caerse en absoluto!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

1647

They were burned.
Long before the Salem ones.
In Hartford, Connecticut,
This was done.
It was told to everyone,
That they were evil.
And in 1647...
They were burned at the stake.
But their souls went to heaven.
And somehow this crime,
Has not lifted from those...
Who refuse to raise their unconscious minds.
And left behind the times,
Are those confined...
In beliefs a depiction of wickedness,
Sits within those who oppose
Such medieval controlling of thinking minds,
Still beset with religious practices...
And keeping themselves,
Enclosed in lost times.
Enforced to keep...
Themselves in divisions as all weep!
As this 'cloud' surrounds their growth,
And creeps!
Deep in the bosoms,
Of their restless ancestors.

NOTE:

Although it has never been proven that witches
were actually burned first in Hartford, prior to those
claimed to be so and burned in Salem, Massachusetts...
It has been revealed that this possibility did, in fact occur.
According to The Witchcraft Delusion in Colonial Connecticut
(1647-1697) as authored by John M. Taylor (John Metcalf) ,1845-1918.
And published by Project Gutenberg.

He states:

FOREWORD The true story of witchcraft in old Connecticut has never been told. It has been hidden in the ancient records and in manuscripts in private collections, and those most conversant with the facts have not made them known, for one reason or another. It is herein written from authoritative sources, and should prove of interest and value as a present-day interpretation of that strange delusion, which for a half century darkened the lives of the forefathers and foremothers of the colonial days. J.M.T. Hartford, Connecticut.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

20% Unemployment Looms

20% unemployment looms.
With a slicing away from greed...
To remove the fat,
To restore a leanness to the gleam.

A suffering unprecedented,
To 'defantasize' those delusioned comes.
And President Obama is expected to end,
This drama.
But the crooks are the ones...
Who depleted the quality of life,
Leaving some stunned.
As they make attempts to mask contempt...
Shown on the faces of everyone.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

2007

'What are you doing? '

Packing!

'Packing? Where are you going? '

I've decided I have had enough,
And I am getting rid of some stuff
That has got to go!
I woke up this morning
And was determined
To catch all bullshit by surprise!
It is no longer going to lay its eyes on my life!
I have grown tired of having my happiness
Be jeopardized by nonsense...
Excuses.
Self induced fears of being accepted.
Seeking acceptance from those who disrespect.
Neglecting my desires because of someone else's mess!
And I'm not having it anymore!
When that BS wakes up...
It's going to be on the other side of my door!
Two thousand and seven is going to arrive,
Finding me like never before!
Ready to explore the me I've ignored for too long!
Two thousand and six...
Took some hits on my life!
And all the shit associated with it,
I am kicking to the curb!

'Oh! So you're not going anywhere? '

Sssshhh! ...
I want this to be a surprise!
All this baggage is going to be gone,
By sunrise!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

2008

As two thousand and eight
Approaches us.
More will find time to fuss and cuss.
But this coming year
Will make it quite clear...
Who actually to fear,
And who amongst us to trust!

There will be no doubt at all...
For those with hearts
Installed with love!
Those who feel this...
Will gain tremendous power,
From The Almighty above!

Or however this happens...
To allow all the crap,
To be released and unstrapped
From believers backs!
Especially those who felt exposed...
And entrapped!

In two thousand and eight...
Revelations begin to unfold and await!
All needs provided,
Will come to satiated those who kept faith!
In 2-0-0-8 a transference takes place!
A change so unsettling...
That will leave no reason,
For indecision or pointless debate!

Two thousand and eight,
Will expose truth for what it is!
And this fact alone...
Will leave many stunned!
Traumatized to tears!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

2009

Two thousand and nine?
Hmmm.
2009?

People will find themselves delusion free.
And committed to priorities...
Greed and fantasies did not allow them to be.
An awakening of sorts,
Will have them questioning their religious beliefs.
Since those philosophies held onto...
Created their conflicts and their grief!

Two thousand and nine?
Hmmm.
2009?

Remember those times and days of respect?
Expect more of that sincerely reflected.
Accept kindness expressed,
From those you did not expect.
And reject temptation to extend bitterness.
There will be many who will wish to increase peace.
To see the nonsense kept in declaring who is inferior...
As superiority over others,
Will from their minds decrease.

Two thousand and nine?
Hmmm.
2009?

Protective thoughts to defend,
Of what is not yours but mine will come to an end.
Since an introduction of a higher consciousness will take affect.
To inspire goodwill for all humanity!
And all who invested in 'things' they lost...
Will discover they have become happier.
To achieve this without paying the cost!
With wishes of simplicity...
To become the focused objectivity!

Two thousand and nine?
Hmmm.
2009?

A new beginning comes.
With a clarity of mind that defines reality!
And leaving behind divisions and nonsense.
Of all kinds.
That's what folks will find,
In 2-0-0-9.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

2010

Twenty ten introduces a seduction,
Infused with a sigh of relief.

Excuses fade away.
Satisfactions come to stay.
Burdens lift to minimize fear.
Or those perceptions once endeared.

To Leave many freed of sought attachments.
And a connection pursued that romances life!
That feels so right and deep with meaning.

Twenty ten introduces a seduction,
Infused with a sigh of relief.

Many will seek as pure happiness.
Others will not know this gift for what it is!
Accustomed to clinging to duets,
In disharmony.
2010 achieves a sense of freedom within.
A spirituality arrives.
Having little to do with perceptions of religion.

Twenty ten introduces a seduction,
Infused with a sigh of relief.
And an expanded consciousness accepted...
No one can debate or bait to deceive!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

2011

What do you think will happen,
In 2011?

'A lot of people will be paying,
For the last of their whims...
Spent in holding onto,
The passing away of their fantasies.'

Do you 'ever' have anything positive to say?

'Sure!
I am 'positive' a lot of people,
Will be paying for the last of their whims...
Spent in holding onto,
The passing away of their fantasies.
And...
Nothing 'negative' is going to prevent 'that'
From happening.
And many are going to find that extremely positive.
It's in the air already.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

2013

Traditions implemented,
And celebrated with excitement...
To elevate and uplift,
Will always be anticipated...
By those wishing their tomorrows come,
With a purpose to forget and forgive...
Every negativity that descended upon them,
That came unexpectedly to make a surprise visit.

And when the celebration with the excitement has gone,
It is back to what is familiar!
Moaning to complain,
How so much has changed.
With a wish to relive the good 'ole' days.
As they reminisce the excitement,
Of anticipating days celebrated...
That are just not the same as they use to be.

However,
In 2013...
More meaningful will be the transition.
And more aware with a caring done,
Without seeking to impress to express...
One's committment to accept honesty.
And it will be shared to be addressed by everyone.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

2014

People taught to think,
And with a doing that is accredited...
From some institution of merit,
Are congratulated on a yearly basis...
For their efforts to accomplish,
An ability to be programmed...
With an acceptance of comformity achieved.

However...
Times are rapidly changing. So fast...
It seems as though those with common sense,
And have expressed abilities to think independently...
Are less involved intentionally with a defective process,
That is increasingly acclaimed for achieving kept delusions intact.
As if in the doing of this will automatically bestow greatness,
Without discipline, respect, initiative or reality sustained.
Many will be lost with a finding themselves trapped.

'And...
On this test you are going to be required to use common sense.'

~Whoa...
Hold up here.
I was told this was a class on ethics?
Don't you think your request is unethical?
Common sense?
That wasn't a documented requirement.
Nor was it an elective to select.~

'A few months ago...
You might have had an argument.
However...
This is 2014!
And you will come to know,
How truth, common sense and ethics...
Have become strongly related.
This is a test. Not a questioning period.
You've got twenty minutes to either pass or fail.'

2015

Twenty fifteen arrives on the scene,
With a leaving of no one...
Freed to excuse what appears clearly,
To expose the truth with such vivid reality.

No escapes to replay games of charade.
In the year 2015,
A life to live with it done in masquerade,
Will leave many feeling threatened and afraid.

2015 comes to keep those with faith protected.
Those disrespected and neglected,
Will find themselves praised for their honesty.
And sought to seek as representatives of bravery.

Twenty fifteen arrives on the scene,
With a leaving of no one...
Freed to excuse what appears clearly,
To expose the truth with such vivid reality.

No escapes to replay games of charade.
These options are erased in the year 2015.
A life to live with it done in masquerade demeans.
And will leave many feeling threatened and afraid,
To remove their masks and reveal their true faces.

2015 comes to keep those with faith protected.
Those disrespected and neglected,
Will find themselves praised for their honesty.
And sought to seek as representatives of bravery.

2015 will find many wanting with wishes to come clean.
And deceptions known but never before by them shown,
Will begin to mend with a forgiveness to them given.
Since in the year two thousand and fifteen...
No one will think of it a benefit to be to others cruel or mean.
Or accept the doing of it to expect this 'nonsense' digested.

2016

2016 brings with it more meaning.
As things to possess become less valued.
Lives lost to greed for the purpose to receive,
An attention to get to impress others to accept...
Will find many feeling regret,
To discover they let possessions dictate...
Valued relationships to end without them mending.

2016 brings with it more meaning.
As many will awaken from a deluded foolishness,
With minds much more enlightened...
And prepared to evaluate deception for what it is.
To do this pursuing a truth to be done,
Like no other time to us that has come...
When those who spoke truth were ignored to shun.

2016 brings with it more meaning.
Few will be seen running away from reality.
Too much of it revealed will be available for all to see.
With a wish to welcome and identify it.
As arms open no longer folded across cold chests.
When passing judgement fades to lose its affect left,
To leave those choosing their own flaws to correct.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

2017

Meet it to greet.
And be determined to stay,
With it to win.
To move away,
From what had been done...
In those gone yesterdays.
Not to return to relive.
With them wished as before,
To have more time to ignore.
Close that door on 2016.
Whatever wasn't done,
Begin with purpose and meaning
In 2017.

Don't half-step to the stage.
Under dim light.
And no announced thunder.
Take that 'mic' and begin,
Hearing yourself sing.
Be in it to win in 2017.

Give it your all.
Turn away from insecurities.
Let it known you've arrived.
To say good-bye to all fears,
Once saved.
Make no excuses to start again.
Produce to prove,
What it is you 'can' do.
And refuse to listen to anyone,
Heard to hear and may say...
What it is you do,
They can do a better way.

Be in it to win.
Don't half-step to the stage.
Always know wherever you go...
Naysayers will arrive.
And try their best,

To steal your thunder.
While criticizing every step,
You make.
As they take notes hoping,
To re-create them.

Don't half-step or be afraid.
Get on that stage.
And let it known with it shown,
Not only you can produce,
Lightning, thunder and rain.
But you can reduce pockets too.
If you desired to use,
Special effects...
No one has yet to see.

And in 2017...
Who knows?
You may be the one to decide,
Who pays what price...
For each of your performances.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

2-2-2ough!

Sweet with the rough stuff.
She's 2-2-2ough!
I've already expressed she's magnificent.
And enough of her is still not 2 much.

2-2-2ough!
Sweet she is and 2-2 much.
A buttercup dipped in titanium.
We 'Knowles' her 'b'...
Bey!
And oozes a doozer each time she chooses to do it!

She's 2-2much and 2ough.
And it's loved!

Dedicated to:
Ms 'Fierce'
(Beyonce Knowles)

Lawrence S. Pertillar

24/7

The only thing that seems,
To be kept justified today...
Are lies to be told to be believed.
And people wanting others,
To be held accountable for choices made...
They did not make.
Although accused to be responsible...
For an ignorance not faced,
Are the ones who refuse...
To excuse away the truth.
But today truth spoken...
Has all been chased from consciousness.

'We want justice.'

~From where do you wish to get it?
From an amusement park?
Or...
How about an indepth self-examination? ~

'We want what we want to be believed.'

~Oh.
Why didn't you say that?
We are working on legalizing weed 24/7.~

'Uh...
Some of us would like to know,
Would that be everyday?
How will our delusions kept be affected? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

28 Days

Within 28 days,
They will squeeze in reasons...
To celebrate those who sacrificed,
Their lives in the doing to prove...
They were blessed with talents and gifts to pursue.

And even though we all have unique abilities,
To accomplish if we so choose if we pleased...
A doing in the shortest month of February,
Seems sensible enough...
For those awaiting for 28 days to do.

As if 337 days are saved to produce,
Other useless efforts to manifest...
With a hope someone else besides themselves,
Grants them an incentive to acknowledge them...
To then criticize those who get the attention given.

But soon Spring and Easter comes,
To assist them in forgetting...
What it takes to produce efforts,
With a caring less...
Who is left impressed to be addressed by anyone.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

3rd And 2

What should one do?
When left is a clue...
A 3rd disappointment awaits to cling?

What should one do?
When a recovery has been made,
After healing from 2 splits and divorce.
And a temptation presented by someone new,
With their eyes fixed on the closeness of a goal...
Seen before from another time explored.

Quick one remembers the exchanging of I do's.
And twice this has devastated.
To go through with a remorseful act,
Leaving no one elated about that.

And to be baited for a third attempt to try?
One should not contemplate this...
When it is easier to dry those tears that fall,
Temporarily cried from weeping eyes.

What should one do?
When left is a clue...
A 3rd disappointment awaits to cling?
I would say today,
Milk that cow without delay.
And cap it with a hat,
To ensure nothing strays.

And at a certain age,
Listening to someone moan 'daddy'...
Is better to hear momentarily in the ears,
Than it is for a lifetime from a pocket to pay.

'So...
Marriage for us is out of the question? '

Let's agree to 'this' about 'that'...
Not only is it not a game I wish to ever play again!

But far it is from the park,
In which I wish to recover from the tossing...
Of my uncovered balls.

'It's difficult for you to handle your sentiments gently,
Isn't it? '

That depends on the condition of the field at play.
I don't like it too wet or too dry...
Before I arrive to heat it up.

'To score and then to leave? '

Exactly!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

67 Shades Of Age

Changing with each phase,
On a stage of life beset with plateaus...
I have grown more reflective.

Young with vision unclear but inquisitive,
Those first steps to take to stumble and fall...
With a getting up to recognize obstacles in my way,
Began to clear my limited vision.
Although adventure invited to ignite further curiosity.
But yet...
Steps to take to stumble and fall continued a recognition,
Until I was made to pay attention as to when and how...
I could prevent a negligence.

Love, heartbreak and from that wishing to escape,
To face the facts that no safe exits from delusions...
Could I fake or chase my emotions away.
They were there to feel with a reality I could not shake.
But a letting go to become brave and bolder,
With fewer shoulders left to drip tears to leave wet...
Began to add and not subtract facts of life.

And forgiving to forget accusations placed to blame others,
For my own decisions made with a consciousness...
Has left me more appreciative,
Of blessings I have managed to get as I age to reminisce...
Each day I awaken to express thankfulness.
And...
To confess with pride to say today,
I lived every moment of my 67 shades of age.

Done with a doing that has been earned,
Without compromising my identity, faith and kept dignity...
When crops of doubts were all about from which to pick,
Something inside of me would not permit me to submit.
And here I am to witness with a gratefulness,
My life as I know it and the growth I could not have predicted.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

-70-

Remember buying a loaf of bread
For less than a dollar?
To have change left over?
And not be bothered,
About the the high cost to add
Hotdogs and beans.
With a promise to pay,
The corner grocery store owner,
Fifty cents more...
After leaving the store.
And that promise was accepted?
Well...
You're old.
And those days are long gone.
Along with that kind,
Of trust and honesty.

Soon I will be 70!
69 is about to leave and go.
To know,
I've been blessed to grow.
And achieve,
The receiving of such a gift.
With few surprises,
I have yet to experience.

Leaving behind 69 to value,
Time I had not wasted.
To appreciate a peace of mind.
Is for me miraculous.
As I reminisce,
All the risks I have taken.

And here it is...70!
Staring me in the face.
With no excuses left to make.
What a relief.
Even though, periodically...
My emotions are visited,

By those who have gone...
Kept in my mind and heart,
To miss.

Approaching seventy,
Is not a joke.
Especially these days,
When it seems...
Easily I can become provoked,
By younger folks who perceive
Achieving the age of 70,
I am unable to see through...
The stupid things they do.
As if I didn't do them too!
When I thought I knew,
Everything.
But didn't.
Yet...
At the age of 70?
I can at least pretend,
I lived long enough...
To obtain wisdom.
Whether or not I'm given,
The respect from anyone...
Having that to give me,
With it decided to listen.

'Okay.
Tell me 'again'...
How much bread use to cost.'

Why are you rolling your eyes?

'I'm waiting for you,
To tell me how you worked...
For weeks.
To pay for hotdogs and beans.'

When did I tell you that?

'Yesterday. The day before.
Last week and...'

So...
What is your point?
My mind is as sharp today,
As it was in the 50's.

not

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Battle Going On In Their Own Backyards

The only ones that can see what does not exist,
And prevent others from succeeding...
To accuse them of being something they insist,
Is the reason and cause for a production of failures...
Are the very same people destroying themselves,
To blame with their fingers pointed at someone else.

They will praise standards and values,
Even those with microscopes can not find.
They will undermine those who protect them,
Regardless of their self-centered states of mind.
They will paint a picture of a perfect quality of life,
Then charge a fee to get a glimpse of it in a museum.

But a reality to embrace with a facing of their mistakes,
To correct and confess them as they are as visualized...
As seen with a clarity by those eyes removed from disguises,
Is a fight between the ones deluded...
And the many who have begun to confront them with truth.
With a battle going on in their own backyards.

To validate with determination and persistent ignorance...
That fools can and will emerge victorious in their own defeat.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Beauty That Has Ceased To Flourish

I am Black...
AND patriotic.
When I say it,
It is disbelieved.
This country has more meaning to me,
Than depleting it with deception.
Or stuffing myself with greed.

As a child I was taught principles I respect.
And when I joined the military,
I was a 'kid' willing to give my life to protect.
And not one person can deny,
I have not shown to do my best.

I've been a victim of disparities.
Racism and neglect.
And I've been declared overqualified,
By those who 'gave' positions...
To those who couldn't pass tests.
Did I get upset?
Yes...
Of course.
But I could never express to anyone,
My life is filled paying attention to hatred.
OR that I feel resentment,
By those who wish me a life of remorse.

I've divorced myself from those fools!
Whatever their color is, was...
Or whatever their designated pretentions.
I've learned that ignorance,
Has many coverings disguising it!

I am Black...
AND patriotic.
When I say it,
It is disbelieved.
This country has more meaning to me,
Than depleting it with deception.

Or stuffing myself with greed.

And it is sad to see,
Hypocrisy destroy...
A beauty that has ceased to flourish.
And investments in humanity,
Become excuses to feed ill mentalities.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Belief In The Hitting Of Bricks

Believe nothing.
Especially if,
A repeated running into a brick wall...
Has yet to cement its purpose.
But then again...
Maybe this has become the addiction needed,
That one pretends prevents head trips.
And a belief in the hitting of bricks,
Numbs the facing of real issues.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Better Medicine

Tragic are the facts of life and reality.
Some avoid with attempts made to escape.
With facts from them wanted chased to erase,
For an exchanging of sweets and treats...
To taste in their place.
Hoping to eliminate,
A debating over consequences.
And the price eventually that has to be paid.

Tragic is a sadness so effective and endures.
Those unable to bear it weep without sleep,
When decisions are made foolishly to keep...
A turning away from a truth that 'is'.
Many can prepare, if wished, to end their despair.
But too few refuse to see to believe,
A truth that is there to accept. Not neglect or leave.
To become familiar and aware of its affects,
As a better medicine than suffering through regrets.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Better Quality Of Life

Why should I desire to have better credit?
When a better quality of life,
Is all I wish and need.

Are those who have a better credit rating,
Living lives that are troublesome free?
Few I see walking.
Or exercising their right,
To feel healthier and bright.
Most with a better credit rating,
Than the one I possess...
Seem to be stressed and obsessed with regrets.

Why can't they whip out a piece of plastic,
Or be 'loaned' out of their mess?
Isn't that what having good credit means.
An ability to temporarily be free of duress.

That sounds so inviting.
To live for the creditors to hound and bite.
Hmmm...
I think not.
Not on my drug free watch!

When I challenged myself to look away from 'things'.
There were those who believed I had lost my mind.
Literally!
Since I did not chase behind,
Luxury items.
Marketed to confine.
I chose to leave that kind of life behind.

When I challenged myself to look away from 'things'.
Only the necessities,
Brought me more happiness it seems.

'And you say I can get two of these for a dollar?
Can I get three for twenty five cents more?
Why are you staring at me? '

I spend what I can,
On what I can afford.
And after doing that...
I may be broke but far from bored.

Exploring those things like nature walks,
Or riding daily on a bus.
I admit in the beginning...
A few choice words I openly cussed.
And that action began my release.

'I's free.
I's free.
I's be free like morning glory.
Well...
Not entirely.
I still pay basic bills.'

Stripped from impressions I see others attempt.
With a clear mind unaddicted...
These observations now to me make less sense.

I spend what I can,
On what I can afford.
And after doing that...
I may be broke but far from bored.

Life unattached to crap,
Can be quite exciting!
Although social invitations are few,
And far between.
But having peace of mind that is recognized...
Is more fulfilling than being in and around those scenes.
And that's a given.

Why should I desire to have better credit?
When a better quality of life,
Is all I wish and need.

I is free from pretentious living.
Uh-uh.

Yessuh!

Are those who have a better credit rating,
Living lives that are troublesome free?
If they are,
I don't see it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Blindness Kept To Protest Against

'Why are we no closer to the 'light'?
It seems from us to be fading away.'

Remember when you and the others debated,
That another way could be found...
To accept truth without pain to face or feel.
With a doing to continue to follow and find,
A truth to accept and leave 'that' affect behind?

'Yeah.
But what could we possibly find in darkness? '

Questions like that produce their own facts.
A blindness kept to protest against...
And remaining to uphold accusations to blame,
Upon others who have already told you...
Reality with light to shine on it,
Maybe painful for the first time...
Is as honest as I can get.
But you will no longer be blinded by ignorance.

'Those comments many of us find offensive.'

Well...
Either way you perceive truth to be.
And where you 'believe' it to be eventually revealed,
Will not be shown to have it known...
To anyone wishing to keep a mind left blind.
With a stubbornness kept defiant.

'And...
Where are you going? '

Back to where I know truth does not offend.
Why should I repeat an ignorance to defend it?
I already know where my benefit is.
To receive more of them to get.

A Box Of Tissue

Even in winning a contest won,
The doing does not guarantee...
Everyone left feeling a victory.
Especially when a few begin,
Soliciting others...
To prevent attempts made,
By someone else...
From completing a task that has,
Benefits for all.

But in some places where minds are small,
And impressions to make are bigger...
A downsliding of a quality of life to accept,
To be recognized for what it is...
As a shock to disbelieve,
Thrill seekers would hold their breath.
And yet...
There are those who make attempts to prevent,
Others who could benefit from any progress made.

'Your observations.
Can only be described as being,
Overtly exaggerated.'

I know.
Even from rooftops seen,
I use to think my own observances...
Were too critical.
And I did the best I could,
To share my point of view with others.
Who refused the doing to perceive me,
As foolish.

'And the tissue?
Why do you carry a box of tissue? '

Just in case anyone dares me,
To take that 'trip' above the streets...
And view 'my' exaggerations.

While wiping the reality of them away...
From their eyes.

'Why one box? '

I've become ammuned.
Before the tissue,
I use to carry around a roll of paper towels.
I don't need them anymore.
I've been able to control my emotions.
The first visit I took just to be curious,
I climbed the stairs of the nearest building.
Thinking I could escape from this place.
I had one joint and a full bottle of wine.
And LAWD...
What I saw from the roof looking down,
Had me crying like a baby.

'What happened to the joint and the bottle of wine? '

I had to have left them there.
On the roof.
Because what I saw,
Was enough for me to want to stay sober.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Bravado Meant To Impress

A relating to a yesterday of one's greatness,
To leave none of it invested in younger generations...
With a maintaining of it as a prize to prioritize,
Can not for them, the young alone...
Be expected to achieve to keep uplifted on myth!
While their elders glorify themselves,
With an inconsistent showing...
Of a bravado meant to impress,
As those mentioned deeds done by unknown ancestors...
Seem to be suitable to fit any scenerio of told heroism.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Bridge Built To Forget

Liars I don't miss.
Or regret that I've kicked,
To the curb.
And that's not a bridge to burn.
That's a bridge built to forget,
A waste of time taken...
In frequent walks across.

To awaken and realize,
Who's mind was lost.
Trying to disguise the bridge.
And the appearance,
Of what it could have been...
With a daily dose of applied fog.
Believing it not to be noticed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Broke Nut Who Managed To Make A Name

Notoriety and wealth,
Are heavyweights to bear.
For one who can not appear anywhere,
To publicly go unnoticed.
Yet desires to have privacy.

However...
Those with fame and bone broke,
Can run the streets naked...
Only to be described when this is revealed,
As 'A Broke Nut Who Managed To Make A Name.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Broken Heart Is Seldom Forgotten

A product of my past,
And those influencing the environment...
Will be remembered as benefits,
Of my comprehension.
And the depths of my sentiments.

Erasing experiences,
Is not as easy as a forgiveness done...
For one's mistakes.
A broken heart is seldom forgotten.
Or the healing of it that it takes.

Those happy times embraced,
Will always be cherished and loved.
Those who initiated and inflicted pain...
Will always be remarkably prioritized in my memory.
There is something about those who teach great lessons...
Their faces will be forever etched for their deeds and activities.

Some are embittered with animosities.
Not me!
I always ask of God to deliver to people what they deserve.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Broken Heart Within

A broken heart within me knows,
What loneliness is...
When it is left to linger,
And slowly grows to wither in wishes!

A happiness living outside is dismissed.
For what it is.
Because it isn't felt,
From inside...
With a gladness that appears.

It's much too late to date a memory!
When fading ushers its leaving.
No one else can see it drift.
Yet an emptiness is hinged...
To a pain remaining that is grieving,
Within.

Time gone,
Like the wind blows,
Never returns again!
Not to visit in inquisitive sits...
With the one excited to be near,
In benefitted moments held dear.

It's much too late to date a memory!
When fading ushers its leaving.
No one else can see it drift.
Yet an emptiness is hinged...
To a pain remaining that is grieving,
Within.

A broken heart within me knows,
What loneliness is...
When it is left to linger,
And slowly grows to wither in wishes!

A happiness living outside is dismissed.
For what it is.

Because it isn't felt,
From inside...
With a gladness that appears.

Time gone,
Like the wind blows,
Never returns again!
Not to visit in inquisitive sits...
With the one excited to be near
In benefitted moments held dear.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Bunch Of Fresh Nuts

I'm out to find to get them,
Some fresh nuts.
I'm out to find to get some,
Those fresh nuts.
I'm out to find to get them.
A bunch of fresh nuts...
From under suburban skies.

In the cities they have crushed the best nuts.
And a mess was left for us to clean up.
But the nuts that were untouched,
Were given opportunities...
To flee.
And take away what they pleased...
To crack and snap in private.

I'm out to find to get them,
Some fresh nuts.
I'm out to find to get some,
Those fresh nuts.
I'm out to find to get them.
A bunch of fresh nuts...
From under suburban skies.

I'm out to find to get them,
Some fresh nuts.
I'm out to find to get some,
Those fresh nuts.
I'm out to find to get them.
A bunch of fresh nuts...
From under suburban skies.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Cat With Nine Lives

A cat with nine lives,
Isn't sitting wondering...
Where to go and who to visit,
On vacation.
However,
Most dudes choose to purr at home.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Celebration Of Family, Community And Culture

When a snowman winks his eyes of coal,
And from their windows children know...
Magic's in the air.
And they wish they are on Santa's list.
As children everywhere wish this.

The Christmas Trees that are trimmed with them,
Excites with the bright lights shining.
Dining festively on treats...
Will be remembered year to year.
This and every Christmas.

Joyous Eid al-Adha (The Festival of Sacrifice)
'A Celebration of Family, Community and Culture'
Merry Christmas...
'A Celebration of Family, Community and Culture'
Happy Chanukah...
'A Celebration of Family, Community and Culture'
Happy Kwanzaa...
'A Celebration of Family, Community and Culture'

And...The Best of New Years to Come,
To ALL in Celebration of United Humanity.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Childhood Kept To Relive

An urgency to protect those young,
Only comes when convenience begins.
And the ones not so young,
Are quick to do that with that done.

Children adapt with a growing up fast.
And understand to comprehend,
Who protects them to defend.
And who uses them to pretend.

Yet unfortunately too many are left,
To defend themselves with no one else...
There to provide guidance by those adults.
Adults experiencing a childhood kept to relive,
As a result of keeping 'themselves' children.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Choice To Choose

There is nothing anyone,
Can continue to say or do.
To those preferring to remain idiots.
And proving this a choice to choose.

No other way is a life they seek to live.
With many relying,
On deceivers to give them...
Incorrect information.
And false statements made to accept.
To then criticize others they reject,
Telling them they should oppose and object...
To anything ineffective with less of a benefit.

There is nothing anyone,
Can continue to say or do.
To those preferring to remain idiots.
And proving this a choice to choose.

If people like this wish to start conflicts,
Between themselves over pettiness.
Smile and nod.
To then leave them quick with pressed lips.

If people like this wish to backstab,
Gossip and spread lies with innuendos.
To believe these deeds,
Unifies their dreams, wishes and needs.
Pretend this to them is not a detriment.
Or mention what is witnessed.
Since this will only offend them next!

The best thing one seeing this done,
Should and immediately do.
Is to realize with eyes to stay open wide,
That this is 'their' way...
Of displaying affection!
This is a choice to choose they have made.
See it to believe and leave.

Or remain to be thought of as a fool.
Calling them idiots,
Will only keep them proving it...
As a choice to choose to do.
But a fool to be called,
They find appalling.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Choice To Make

Sometimes a choice to make,
Doesn't seem to be the best one.
Until that time comes to realize,
How effective it was to choose...
A choice,
That suddenly shakes everyone awake.
With it noticed,
No one mistakes or takes for granted
Just how far away from reality,
They had been to witness...
Their own delusions being replaced.
By an enlightened state of affairs,
To face.
Enabling the fading of accusations.

'But...
That choice made was not ours.'

-And...
Your point is,
What? -

'We were not asked! '

-Perhaps,
Wasting time evaluating the looks...
And appearances of things.
You missed the opportunity,
To seek how content and substance...
Would come to eventually affect,
Your passing judgement on others...
Is less beneficial than listening.-

'What has that got to do,
With anything? '

-Learning when the time comes,
To answer questions asked.-

'We didn't hear them.'

-And WHO do you believe will be,
Left shocked and surprised...
By that revelation? -

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Choice To Pick

Being alone for some,
Has become less an option...
But a choice preferred to pick,
As a necessity to keep...
One's peace of mind,
From being sought and breached.
By those who perceive,
Anytime is the right time...
They can trespass across,
One's path without asking...
For permission to violate.
Even if the signs appearing,
Are obvious to make clear...
That one alone to enjoy it,
Is not in desperate need...
Seeking to be alone,
Should be interpreted as one...
Who wishes to receive and get,
Attention from anyone...
Not to request it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Circus Of Tragic Travesties

The popularity of disgusting politics,
Has taken to new heights...
The rise of incompetence.
Welcomed as a representation of significance,
That has left no one embarrassed...
To observe a greatness 'hyped',
Destroyed by those ignorant.
Blinded with beliefs disappearing from sight.
While those who have paid to stay in spotlight,
Entertain their igniting of childish fights...
Delight the ones crowding around.
Watching clowns ruin a quality into the ground.
In the hopes whoever may survive is picked,
As Master of Ceremonies to conduct...
This appetizing for more wickedness.
A circus of tragic travesties.

While those who sit to have paid to witness,
Their quality of life slip into a darkness.
With more of it to crave as light dims to fade.
While adults sit to wish to relive the lives of their kids.
Seen killing themselves to become the main attraction.
Some sit stunned.
Others applaud the doing done.

'I don't know how this could have happened,
To 'my' children.
One day we were all smoking 'pot' together.
And before I could say, 'Pass the 'joint' don't hog it.
Everyone started shooting one another.
To leave me with a 'roach' I couldn't light to smoke.
And when the cops came...
They acted as if they didn't want to hear me explain.
Something's got to be done.
That's why I came to this rally.
To see who better fights to keep my quality of life,
Kept the way I like it.'

~I hear you.

These folks have lost their minds.
Let's go over there near that exit sign.
I've got one more joint left we could share.~

'But...but...
What about my kids?
I want their future protected.
The way I remembered mine had been.'

~They think they're so grown.
They will find anything to roll their own.
And besides...
This stuff I've got is the best.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Clear And Present Sorrow

When integrity is lost.
And all words heard spewing...
Out from twisted divisive lips,
Are given to get attention...
More today than any other time,
To get.
There is a clear and present,
Sorrow.
Dangerous!
More dangerous than threats,
To have been created.
And addressed.

When deceit to deliver gets,
Thunderous applause...
Absent of a thought process,
No one objects to this...
To dismiss and overrule.
Fooled are those,
Who have had themselves...
Hopelessly from truth,
Disconnected.

When the reality,
Of one's identity is tossed.
Left to forget.
And considered insignificant,
Prolonged becomes despair.
To value.
And gone to remember,
Is the breathing of fresh air.
To think of life...
As an unnecessary commodity.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Collective And Normal Mindset

Laws created as they are,
Could be interpreted to many...
As making little sense.
Especially when those,
Who preside over them...
Have difficulty explaining,
Just where that thin line begins.
Getting thinner but far from relinguishing,
To diminish an ultimate end.

Something that naturally grows,
And is 'illegally' smoked.
Is considered to be a federal offense.
With the locking up behind bars,
For bringing a harm, if done, to folks.
With the filling up of prison cells,
At the taxpayer's expense.

Which makes perfect sense.
To those earning a living...
Marketing a lucrative decadence.
With a revolving done of their doors.

However...
Someone who commits mass murder,
Is not only granted psycological treatment.
But a background check...
For anything to prove a dysfunctional childhood.
Which is eventually used,
To provide one empathy and a defense one gets.

A miscarriage of justice?
Whoever they are to became attracted,
To allow the birth of this ludicrous twistedness...
Are the ones who should be accused,
And scrutinized for not using adequate birth prevention.

And yet...
Those who are labelled as dissidents,

Are considered to pose the greatest threat...
To such standards that are valued to those,
With a collective and 'normal' mindset projected...
To protect.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Collective Commitment To Rid

Never has it ever paid,
To exaggerate what takes place...
In someone's life to incite an invitation,
To spread indignities and lies.
Because of something done that is disliked.

All one has to do is to look around,
To see the damage done.
And if it is admitted as it seldom is,
Less incorrect information that is fed to wound...
To use effectively as weapons,
Would rid most small town communities of their problems.

IF...
The doing of this,
Becomes a collective commitment to rid.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Comfort Missed

When cries for help are heard to be felt,
Then with a quick relief one breathes easily...
To hear a voice heard belonging to someone else.

A comfort returns to begin again.

Never ignore what it is you hear.
Never ignore the sound of weeping tears.
To believe they are not yours.

You may be asleep momentarily.
But when one awakens to discover reality,
All cries for help one realizes are connected.

And only when it is detected to closer inspect,
To assist and correct this...
A comfort returns to begin again.

A comfort missed when remembered peace existed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Comical Scene To Observe

Degrading others to satisfy a low self esteem...
Gets to become a comical scene to observe,
When the participants are left wondering...
Why a unity with them is resisted.

And those they accuse of being intelligent,
Are the ones they despise...
Of attempting to do something with their lives,
Besides trying to qualify themselves as fools.

With a caring less who criticizes their efforts made.
Or a choice to live their lives doing what they do,
Refusing to show they can be...
As ignorant as possible to find acceptance.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Commercialized Life

If an existence to live a commercialized life,
As a valued standard is a needed addicting wish.
And the possessing of it diminishes in reality,
To become recognized as a foolishness...
As is currently observed by the many awakening.
How stable are those entitlements?
When the raising of one's consciousness,
Begins to assess kept traditions...
As a means to keep one mentally limited.
How stable are those entitlements?
If an existence to live a commercialized life,
Is insisted with resources disappearing overnight.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Commitment To Uselessness

When people become too afraid,
To express their own identities...
With a making it known who they are,
They welcome the ease to be offended.
And wish less of their own culture expressed.
For a fear not to upset,
The flow of progressive oppression...
In subliminal ways that degrades,
On a daily basis in subconscious betrayals...
As if to prove a commitment to uselessness.

And they are the ones who amuse and entertain,
Those who continue to suppress them...
By opposing those amongst themselves,
Who attempt to retain a respect for disciplne...
And a kept dignity maintained to uphold and address,
What their ancestors would regard...
As a representation of a collective and unified mess,
Their struggles were not meant to leave left...
In minds wanting more to impress,
With ignorance and foolishness to allow and permit.

'We need a leader.'

~A leader?
A leader to do what? ~

'Show us who we are.'

~You need a mirror.
And a serious self evaluation.
Why for generations this has been avoided to dismiss,
IS 'your' problem.~

'You can't talk to me like that.'

~And that's another problem you've got.~

A Commonplace Activity

It has become a commonplace activity,
To denounced as if to censor...
Those who pronounce a truth to announce.
Although a doing of it with little resistance,
Will not prevent the evidence of truth...
Regardless who chooses to have it reduced,
To produce hypnotic and more seducing...
Foolishness to delude those removed from reality.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Complete Overhaul Of Kept Beliefs

Your reality,
And myths kept to believe...
Are undergoing a quickened paced,
To renovate them to replace immediately.
There is nothing like closed eyes,
That leaves the truth...
Left to go unrecognized.

Warning signs and messages to you sent,
Were meant for you to pay undivided attention.
But you didn't.
You became offended when they were mentioned.
And now you 'perceive',
You have entitlements and rights to make demands.
With a snapping of fingers.
Or arms folded across chests,
To express an indignation...
That leaves decision makers impressed!
Well...
Good luck with those delusions.
With them kept to think,
Your assumptions have a chance.
As you fall to your knees,
Praying for quick relief.

Your reality,
And myths kept to believe...
Are undergoing a quickened paced,
To renovate them to replace.
Screaming to have your memories,
Left as they are not to erase...
Deserves applause for the performance.
However...
There are only two choices left,
From which to choose you can make.
Either heavily sedate yourself to medicate!
Or choose to accept,
A complete overhaul of kept beliefs you keep,
To defend.

That's it!
OR you can choose to sit, knit and reminisce.
With expectations to be taxed to hear,
Reasons for that to make them known.
But never shown to make those reasons clear.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Composite Of Your Dismissed Wishes

Really?
You wish for me equality.
And an array of opportunities from which to pick?
But you first want me to become qualified,
To fit within a diversity...
You decide best represents,
A comfort you will still control...
With an identity that doesn't upset others,
Who may object and oppose?
And until I do this you will keep my opportunities limited?

How about if I just ignore you?
Since it has always been me to bring to you a diversity.
To leave you to take the opportunity,
With a perception you keep...
It is you who do me the favor.
And without my 'flavor' to add to your taste,
Your bland approach to life...
Would have never known spice you have gotten from me,
Free!

Really?
You wish for me equality.
And an array of opportunities from which to pick?
If you were really being realistic about this,
It is I who should decide and be left alone to do the picking.
And then have all my expenses paid,
While you go through the motions attempting to find comfort.

What or who do you think I am?
A composite of your dismissed wishes?
To then pick from them when your time permits?
I am the one who has set the trends.
And not a thought do I give with intent to follow them.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Concept Of Reality

Truth to many,
Has become what they create...
To have others believe.
Since truth to many,
Is nothing more than a concept...
Of reality to be perceived.

And what can be 'made up',
To distort a process of accept thought...
Can be easily aborted to refuse actuality,
For something more intense...
With an intention to deceive.

Although documented,
Have been facts to exchange.
To have them embellished and accepted,
Regardless of the truth.
Its meaning and what it contains.

If people dispute truth,
For something that masquerades it...
For reasons to entertain.
Then perhaps what truth is,
Has never been truth at all.
But a 'happening' to envision when it appears,
As an occurrence to reject...
If it threatens kept delusions.

Truth to many,
Has become what they create...
To have others believe.
Since truth to many,
Is nothing more than a concept...
Of reality to be perceived.

And everyone knows,
Kept preferences to delude...
Are easier to excuse anytime and anyplace,
When truth and facts come packaged together...

To offend the ones exposed as deceivers.
But those who await investigations to debate,
Would rather not pass judgements...
Until all facts are gathered and who qualifies,
A truth to interpret from lies that have been disguised.

'Now hold on, here.
What we have presented,
Are innocent embellishments.
Whose to say that those embellishments made,
Were not believed to be truthful...
When they were stated with such commitment?
And who amongst us,
Has lived with realities to wished them different? '

~But we can not condone lies.
Deceivers, hoodwinkers, embellishments or thieves.~

'And when do we start respecting 'truth'? '

~For the reason and purpose to create what?
What outcome would that serve? ~

'Honesty? '

~Again.
And please pay attention.
What outcome would that serve?
And when and where,
Should we begin to interpret it?
Let's just stay with what has been,
For us...
A benefit of undeniable trust.
To know such truths to keep,
Will always be self evident.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Condiment

When honesty becomes a commodity,
Or a condiment one feels they should request...
Instead of it being delivered as part of the presentation,
It is suggested not best to select from that menu at all.
Since too much on it implies less effort intended,
Or involved to master what one comes to anticipate.
Although guessing and a lot of it is going to be done.

Now...
Is it worth the effort to assume what one receives,
Will be upfront and free of deception?
Or should someone impressed by appearances,
Not expect quality to be address and accept this?
With an acknowledgement that honesty,
For many today is not a preference prioritized to seek.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Conformity To Accept

These days we live to see,
Many minds scattered.
In tied 'forget-me-knots'.
Dropping to splatter and shatter,
Against walls they've created.
Done to do nonstop.

In these days that seem to stay with us,
Some minds will snap to not come back.
Trapped and left to batter,
Until signs appear they've cracked.
Leaving those still conscious enough,
To know who is and is not whacked out.

Although some may take time,
Opposing the quacks whacked...
With others who agree.
Difficult it will be in these times we live,
To have anyone believe...
A conformity to accept as a normalcy,
Is a crazy existence even misfits wish to leave...
To be left alone as a preference to condone.

'Have you noticed how insane people are getting? '

~No!
Those are the same folks who use to call 'me' nuts.
Now I don't give them time.
Since I have always known them to be,
The very ones attempting to prove to themselves...
It had been others they found to find,
Something wrong with others...
Using their minds not trying to fit in.
To a conformity that has abandoned reality.~

'So...
What is 'your' reality? '

~Noticing my focus is not on folks like that.

And doing those things that leave me happy.
With it known everyday,
I don't engage myself with anyone living...
Seeking approval from those entrapped.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Consciousness Awakened Has No Regrets

Your point of view,
And values specifically chosen to choose...
With an elitist attitude that has fed on opulence,
No longer exists to tease as a lifestyle to get.

More today are awakening with wishes not to impress.
Many are awakening with reality to address.
And as the hours of the day speeds into months to pass,
More are desiring the basicness of happiness...
Felt as a blessing and a gift given that fits.
Without the need to have 'things' to grasp that do not last.

Your point of view,
Although respected.
And values specifically chosen to choose,
With an elitist attitude that has fed on opulence,
No longer exists to tease as a lifestyle to get.
A consciousness awakened has no regrets.

Not for those who now acknowledge,
Possessions they hold can be repossessed.
And a peace of mind once it has been retrieved...
Is the best thing to own no matter who believes it.
And those who believe could care less who's impressed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Constant

The one thing that remains a constant,
Is the attempts made by so many...
Refusing to accept needed changes to make.
Although everyone benefits without thinking of it,
To believe they are entitled to posses those changes...
As long as someone else is perceived,
Receiving less to get than those who see themselves...
More worthy with it shown who can better impress.

'I thought you were against changes? '

~I am.
But not if it means,
The impressions I make go unnoticed.
What kind of life is that to live,
If my beliefs are seen to be diminished? ~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Continuance Of Inflicting Needless Conflict

People with divergent and varying philosophies,
Applying their own adaptations...
Of what it is they will choose to believe,
With attempts to collectively unify their efforts...
To expect an acceptance that respects,
Themselves as neighbors...
Will have to face and with an accountability,
Of a doing of mistakes to communicate failures made.
And 'this' has resulted in their own fears to run from.
Dismissing a self examination that confesses insecurities.

To seek an arrangement for a conscious change,
Takes patience and maturity with it revealed.
Since a living within divisions to enforce upon others,
'Their values, customs and standards cemented and fixed...
Without acknowledging it takes only one page...just one,
For them all to interpret and agree to follow.
IF there is a wish and desire to live a peace,
Acquired to keep with a reaching sought.
Or to them will be brought,
A continuance of inflicting needless conflict.

~This is the way it 'should' be done.~

'No.
This is the way it WILL be.'

And fortunes are made,
By those sifting through the ruins.
Fortunes are made...
By those who 'hopefully' will learn,
From lessons they will teach...
With a wisdom earned.

And fortunes are made,
By those sifting through the ruins.
Fortunes are made...
By those who 'hopefully' will learn,
From lessons they will teach...

With a wisdom earned,
To keep themselves from a repeating of greed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Convenience For One

Anyone who becomes persuaded,
To allow outsiders to interfere...
In 'their' private relationship.
With a giving of opinion.
And that opinion given is more valued,
Than the relationship entered into by two...
Professing a love known.
Well...
Can that really be considered a relationship?
One that is serious?

Or is it more a convenience for one,
To do a manipulation done.
And anyone inviting this,
Has to be more interested in being validated,
A fool.
And fools,
Even today...
At the prices paid,
Have become cheaper to get...
For less than a dime a dozen.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Corner People Thing

On the streets in our hometowns
They stand together...
Men throw cans in carts together
Learning to live and eat whatever.
All...
In the name of love!

They play together
Grow gray together
Walk, talk and think together.
All...
In the name of love!

These are the people cornered
On the corners
Begging for change and miracles
On the streets of our hometowns.

Together they expect a 'ship' or something better
Coming while they doze from a 'high' together.
Some would call bums of these lifeless 'go-getters'
All...
In the name of love!

These are the people cornered
On the corners
Begging for change and miracles
On the streets of our hometowns.

Warriors wasting their points of views,
On streets where all claim paid their dues.
Rubbing their hands to get warm in Winter's cold!
A corner people thing showing numbers...uncounted
Untold!
On the streets of our hometowns.

Note: 'A Corner People Thing' was composed

many years ago as part of my 'MindPrints from
Untouched Places' presentation. This was back in the 80's.
And I think it is even more relevant today.
This poem also appears in the collection,
MindPrints from Untouched Places, Vol I (the book)

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Credit Crunch?

A credit crunch?
Is that the same,
As having a lack of funds...
To pay for debts owed?

Or is that a way to say,
Moaning for a loan,
To wish for seeds believed to harvest...
Without any being sown is a joke!

And those already broke know it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Cultivating Kept

A cultivating kept and is believed,
Of that which one wants to keep significant...
Is done with a giving it as much respect,
As one would expect to receive.
And if one is left to doubt what is done,
Questioning one's doing is certain to come...
To know what is and is not prioritized.

'I wanted what you wanted.'

~How would you know that if you did not ask? ~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Cutting To Paste From A Snippet Quick

Remember those days,
When it was said honesty pays.
And people tried their best,
To be respecting of others?

Today thieves blatantly steal from others,
With a declaration as to what they own.
And dismiss others they choose to disrespect,
With a respect from them that is demanded to be shown.

Remember those days,
When it was said honesty pays.
And people tried their best,
To be respecting of others?

If you don't remember times like this,
Don't concern yourself with it.
You are probably the least affected.
And your life is based upon...
A cutting to paste from a snippet quick.
With an easier claim as a creation you made exist.
To wallow away in a 15 minutes of unearned fame.
Void of originality.
But that's where the minds today,
Prefer to sit to then languish over it.
Bemoaning their boredom with the ease of life.

Only the counting of illegal funds,
For many would make this right!

Remember those days,
When it was said honesty pays.
And people tried their best,
To be respecting of others?
Well
Move over.
You are in the way.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Darkness That's Been Turned On

A darkness that's been turned on,
Can be switch off and to do it quick.
This darkness that's been turned on,
Can be turned off with a doing it.
A darkness that's been turned on,
For so long
Can be gone.

Too many minds are getting sick,
In darkness that has started.
Who suggested there's a benefit,
In darkness that has started.
Where's the switch,
To flip what's started.
Leaving people more psychotic.
Where's the switch,
To flip what's started.
Leaving people more neurotic.
Flip the switch!
Flip the switch!

A darkness that's been turned on,
Can be switch off and to do it quick.
This darkness that's been turned on,
Can be turned off with a doing it.
A darkness that's been turned on,
For so long
Can be gone.
Flip the switch!
Flip the switch!

Where's the switch,
To flip what's started.
Leaving people more psychotic.
Where's the switch,
To flip what's started.
Leaving people more neurotic.
Flip the switch!
Flip the switch!

Robotic and hypnotic in a darkness that has started!
Where's the switch,
To end neurotic people getting more psychotic.
Where's the switch,
In people's minds that have them blinded to these times.
Flip the switch,
To turn back on the light to help them find...
An end to darkness to be fed on to feed.

A darkness that's been turned on long,
Will leave people to grieve on.
And on,
Not to be gone.
A darkness that's been turned on long,
Will leave people to grieve on.
And on,
Not to be gone.
But prolonged.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Deafness Too Excessive

'A deafness too excessive.'
Are kept thoughts to think to myself,
As I mingle.
But left to leave,
My opinion unexpressed.
And without pre-conceived,
Expectations.

A social gathering of merriment enjoyed.
And from overheard chit-chat tossed about,
Nothing concrete,
Sticks within these walls that matter.
Although representing and with prestige,
Are those flaunting their 'titles'.
As if annointed through their professions.

And...
From them I step aside.
I step away to go outside.
There I find fresh and crisp air.
'Unspoiled.' I want this to believe.
I want to believe it remains untainted.
Clear an unaffected by an innocence kept.

But...
I have long stopped pretending,
My sensitivity is a result...
From being unaware and too naive.
Diversed is my experiences...
To convince anyone,
I re-act with a sensitivity to have that believed.

'A deafness too excessive.'
Are kept thoughts to think to myself,
As I mingle.
But left to leave,
My opinion unexpressed.
And without pre-conceived,
Expectations.

'Perhaps my seriousness of life to take,
To not comprehend why so many...
Live theirs to fake,
Is a delusion I can not shake? '
I question myself.
While sipping on champagne,
To not have my inner thoughts suspected.

And maybe I am too sensitive,
With it not to realized...
What I see and hear to disbelieve,
Is a 'reality' accepted amongst those...
Who have successfully achieved,
A deafness too excessive that has left...
What I perceive to be reality, alone.

~You seem to be thinking with thoughts so deep.~

Not really.
I'm just quietly taking in the atmosphere.
The ambiance of it all.

~REALLY?
I'm bored by it all, myself.
And I'm the host.
But don't hold that against me.
It's a routine.
If you know what I mean? ~

You're kidding?

~If I could tell a joke I would.
I bet you have lots to say?
Much more than the nonsense,
I've already heard.
Success isn't all what it is 'dressed' to be.
Sometimes I feel like an outsider.
Pretending I want to be inside.
And craving to stay within the 'loop'.~

You 'might' want to cover your ears, first.

I only crave to stay who I am.

~LOL...
I love it already.
Let's step outside.
Feel free to offend me as much as you please.
And trust me...
You can say anything.
I'm not like the others who came with deaf ears.~

It is excessive. Overdone but impressive.

~Yes. It is.
But sometimes those impressions made,
Can leave one in tears.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Debris Of Toxic Waste

If they would stop,
And apply the same critiquing done...
They do to others.
With a self examination made.
They couldn't do it.

It has been that long,
Since they have been in their own backyards.
They would know where to begin.
But would they go...
To dig in with a beginning to end the stench?
To clean up the mess they have ignored...
That has clearly become a debris of toxic waste.

Or...
Is the fence they peer over,
Just too attractive with distractions...
To leave.
To prevent their own poisoning?
Stay tuned...
For more declarations of excuses,
And blaming to be done.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Delivery Of An Accepted Life To Live

Those finding themselves annoyed?
Choose to be.
Those with heachaches.
And other aches and pains?
Wouldn't know what they would do,
Without them.

Those complaining on a daily basis?
Have been given too much attention.
And those in the business of others?
Have none of their own.
Leaving those entertained by gossip...
With nothing else to do but that in their lives.

There is just too much varieity.
Too much abundance.
Too much that is available...
For anyone to sit an expect,
A delivery of an accepted life to live!
And...
Confinement is only found defined,
In one's own mind.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Dependency Upon A Kept Routine

Perhaps it's a dependency,
Upon a kept routine wanted to stay...
With a wish that it remains as is,
That has tormented the minds of people...
Refusing to accept and acknowledge,
What is wanted and wished...
With a 'foreverness' to be kept protected,
Has over time found a way to change.

So many examples are on the scene,
To be observed and clearly see...
These times we now live,
Are far and away from times that 'use' to be.

Children are not the children,
Remembered to rush to playgrounds...
To climb on monkey bars and jump on swings.
Those little adorable munchkins grow quickly.
And today carry backpacks,
Stacked with confusing schoolbooks...
To then stop in their tracks,
When their cellphones ring.

And young adults trusted,
To follow aging old routines rusting to dust...
Have been accused of being destructive,
For not obeying rules they know are corrupt.

But to find them at fault for a lack of discipline,
Is another 'cop out' to blame all troubles on them...
By those refusing to be prepared,
For these times we 'now' live in.
And they are the same people protesting to make claims,
That a returning back to how things use to be...
Will restore a respect,
They themselves have yet to learn to give to expect to get.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Depiction Of Their Innocence

People who describe themselves,
As repeatedly victimized...
Are always on the scene,
Providing the same evidence...
That never seems to change,
A depiction of their innocence.
And who has been abusive to them,
Offensive, cruel and mean.

'And you say,
You have no idea why this has happened? '

~I wish I had a 'hint' or a single clue.
Everyone else accepts what it is that I do.~

'Everyone else but just a few, huh? '

~What do you mean by that? ~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Derailed Train

How is it possible,
That a derailed train...
Can be placed back on track,
Yet leave the conductor...
Engineer and screaming passengers,
All undecided...
As to which end the caboose goes.
Or the destination.

'Caboose?
Those are not used anymore.'

And today,
We call this invited confusion,
Progress?
We were better off knowing,
Awaiting a stagecoach...
Would more than likely be delayed.
To be assured...
From A to B,
Patience was kept until 'C' came.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Designation That Pleases

So exposed are those dysfunctional and incompetent,
Advocators following with steadfast beliefs...
Can not perceive the depth,
Of their acceptance that has left them deceived.
Even though they are becoming aware of its existence...
But to the degree of it,
Has eliminated all confidence with evidence to convince.

And those reluctantly picked to character assassinate,
By those rushing behind to follow their associates...
Are those being solicited in secret conferences to lead.

However...
After being labelled a misfit and nonconformist,
Why would anyone subjected like this...
Wish to disgrace themselves by participating with,
Those exposed as being dysfuctional and incompetent...
When being an independent maverick,
Has come to be a designation that pleases.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Devalued Piece Of Paper

There are those who view talents and gifts,
Others may be blessed with...
As a means for them to seek attachment,
To a dollar sign.

If falling leaves were declared to have monetary value,
There would be people killing themselves to rake them...
From wherever they fell in people's yards.
Or be seen chasing them as they blew in the wind.

A mindset attached to money like that,
Is as happy as a lobster caught and thrown in boiling water.
What they have or have not represents their self worth.
And it is sad for anyone to feel that enslaved,
By a devalued piece of paper.
Never to enable one to afford a peace of mind.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Devil To Do A Deed

Impossible it is to convince anyone,
Who has been ignored with it to go unnoticed,
That they should become provoked...
By an attention given to them by others,
Who discuss rescinding the attention given...
Enough to disturb one's purpose and focus.
One without thought or feelings to deny,
As to why or reason they should feel offended.

And send from them the attention givers do,
A devil to do a 'deed' to pursue.

'Excuse me,
But...
The people over there are ignoring you.'

~Who? ~

'The people over there.
The ones rolling their eyes.
And now slowly turning their backs.'

~Okay.~

'But shouldn't it bother you? '

~Why?
I've never known them.
And they certainly don't know me.~

'They had been expecting you,
To miss the attention.
The attention they had given.
But now refuse it to give.'

~Oh yeah?
Since when? ~

'Since...

Well,
Since I came to tell you about it.'

~Okay.
Tell them I've noticed you did a good job.
But not good enough to abandon my focus.
I'm about the work.
And not an ego they believe they serve.~

'Comeon...
At least wave.
You're embarrassing me.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Difference That Could Be Made

Notoriety and fame is all relative.
If a message has content.
How that message is delivered,
And by who should not matter.
Or who 'influential' is in support of it!
However,
Many who miss 'messages'...
Often miss the point of them.

It should not matter if someone has notoriety,
If a message with content is delivered to be accepted.
Although...
To many of us this makes a difference.
And a difference that could be made,
Skips away from our comprehension.

'But...
WHO are 'you' to know this?
And 'why' should it be of 'our' concern? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Different Approach

I have needs, wishes, wants and desires.
And my eyes are undeniably on preferences kept.
I try very hard but for me it's difficult to keep,
My mind open and cleared of judgements to pass.
Although I am the first to admit,
I have blemishes and flaws exposed that exist.

However...
Like everyone else with their insecurities to deny,
I do my best in making attempts...
That I've been blessed with intelligence,
And an abundance of humorous wit.

'If you've got all that going for yourself,
Why are you without a mate? '

Well...
Sometimes laughing in the midst of being intimate,
Can be misinterpreted...
As my way of saying I wish to be left alone.
And offering to sip on water instead of champagne,
Leaves someone I suspect with similar interests...
Making excuses as to why they must return to 'their' home.
And there I am left to remain clueless.

'Perhaps you should try a different approach.
Stop 'pretending' you are gifted with intelligence.
Relax your intent and be like regular folks.'

I did that one time.
But still during intimacy...
I find I have this need to take notes.

'Notes? '

Yes.
Wouldn't you be more attracted to someone,
Who practiced and rehearsed...
What it was that turned you on?

'You're joking...right? '

So, I shouldn't take notes.
What do you recommend?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Different Reception

Why is it so many view themselves,
Through self-indulgent eyes?
To perceive their misdeeds,
Whenever they were committed...
Insist with time passed,
Their doings done to others...
Should automatically be forgotten.
Or at least be forgiven.

'Wassup? What's happenin'? '

To then become offended,
When those they have victimized...
Should 'now' apologize for THEIR rude actions.
Or give a consideration to their noticed temperments.
And not give an impression,
They have no interest in discussing what took place...
Or when or the reasons of why those past events...
To be patched up to mend with a making of sense.
Although what had been done was with intention meant.

An effective betrayal just not fade away to make okay!
Nor do those emotions that linger to come reminisced...
Do so with a welcomed hospitality to give,
When they arrive unexpectedly to confront a bitterness...
Still felt no matter how long the time,
Spent between their uninvited visits.

~WHAT do 'you' want?
And make it quick.~

'I expected a different reception,
Than to have...

A door slammed.
In my face!
Uh...uh...
Maybe,
Another time would be better?

Hello?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Diminished Quality Of Life

More will abandon those issues,
Said to be unjust.
By those outspoken,
To focus attention brought upon them.
Than they will to show support,
To the ones advocating rights of others...
Not to have them abdicated.
With a holding onto them to leave untouched.

'Why? '

For whatever the reason,
It is clear there are those who fear...
Losing their association,
With those who affiliate themselves...
As conformists to what they hold dear.
Even though a diminished quality of life is near.

'Maybe...
'If' no one says anything,
Concerning this downward swing...
It will be noticed many are suffering.
And they will then 'eventually',
Show to all...
There has been a misunderstanding,
In the guidance of their compassion.'

Yeah.
You are right.
There is nothing that I notice most,
Than a mouth that is kept closed.
And...
A presence that remains invisible.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Disaster Being Debated

For those who tried,
But could not stop watching...
The sinking of an aging ship,
They made frequent attempts to upgrade.
With the hope to update its outdated appearance,
They have discovered their efforts...
To endeavor have made little difference.
Since...
Passengers on it continue to argue,
Over a disaster being debated.
One they have created to allow it done.

So...
Those who tried with valid attempts,
To save the appearance...
And the hype of this ship.
Once known for its greatness that has attracted,
Those aboard who have crowded upon it...
Sit.
On lower deck seats they have taken to shore.
Listening to the ones debating.
While the sinking goes ignored.

'What are you looking at through your binoculars? '

~If I am not mistaken,
It looks like the crew.
And they are waving.
As if we, and not they, are the fools.
I'm not sure of this...
But it looks like the Captain is with them too.~

'Comeon.
We've got better things to do.
Let's return to the debate.
And enjoy the rest of the cruise.
That can't be the Captain and the crew too.
I saw them all just an hour ago,
Removing the seats from the lower deck.

While the Captain was showing the crew,
Which tools to use to properly remove the seats.
Just in case there was an emergency.'

~Now they are using their arms.
Moving them around as if they are swimmers.
One is pretending to give another,
Mouth to mouth recuscitation.
Two keep running back and forth into the water.
Falling to the sand then crawling.
You should see this.
It's real funny.~

'Comeon.
We've got better things to do.
Let's return to the debate.
And enjoy the rest of the cruise.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Dismissing Of The Time They Get

For those who wish were given,
More time to find.
Is it easier,
When they get it.
And when they get it is it,
Found to be more waste of time.

For those who wish were given,
More time to find.
Is it easier,
When they get it.
And when they get it is it,
Found to be more waste of time.

Specific duties,
Are found to be more waste of time.
Priorities,
Are found to be more waste of time.
Those doings to be done,
Are found to be more waste of time.
And nobody admits it,
A dismissing of the time they get.

Specific duties,
Are found to be more waste of time.
Priorities,
Are found to be more waste of time.
Those doings to be done,
Are found to be more waste of time.
And nobody admits it,
A dismissing of the time they get.

For those who wish were given,
More time to find.
Is it easier,
When they get it.
And when they get it is it,
Found to be more waste of time.

Specific duties,
Are found to be more waste of time.
Priorities,
Are found to be more waste of time.
And nobody admits it,
A dismissing of the time they get.

Those doings to be done,
Are found to be more waste of time.
And nobody admits it,
A dismissing of the time they get.
And nobody admits it,
A dismissing of the time they get.

Nobody admits it.
Nobody admits it.
Nobody admits it a dismissing of a time they get.
Nobody admits it a dismissing of a time they get.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Distance From A Youth

The only thing known to be shown,
That can not be stopped...
When a blooming begins the process,
Of an aging to start.
And time is there to remind everyone,
Whether or not some hide to lie to deny it.
A distance from a youth...
Done to do with time that comes,
Has its way...
Of leaving all attempts made left behind.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Distrust Invited

A distrust invited,
That begins the ending of suspicion.
Once to be felt but now quenched.
With eyes wide that scrutinizes.
Tell me...
Then ask yourself,
How much time should be given...
Before one realizes,
A broken relationship can not be mended?

'Hmmm,
I have no idea.
Why ask me? '

I thought you would know.
Since I am on the inside.
And you're on the outside of my open door.
With your foot preventing it to close.

'Comeon.
Give me another question.
I have never been able to pass these pop quizzes.
Give me one that has a multiple choice.
You know,
One that has a 'D'...for 'None Of The Above'.
Did I catch you at a bad time? '

Not anymore.
Not anymore to allow it made that way.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Diversity Gone

People leave one place,
To go to another willfully...
Because the paying to keep,
Pretentions kept...
No longer benefits,
A diversity gone no one detects.
And in other places,
Known for their beauty in the Fall and Spring...
People are attempting to survive...
On monuments and documented memories.

And when pretentions become ignored,
By those who can no longer afford...
A diminished quality of life,
That has been corrupted by greed...
People leave.
Even the ones struggling,
To get on their feet...
Are seen hitchhiking to get away.
No matter who stays captivated,
By the colorful changing Autumn brings...
To the Oak and Maple leaves on trees.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Dominate Abyss Gets...

A dominate abyss gets...
Deeper.
A dominate abyss gets...
Wide.
A dominate abyss gets...
Harder.
To hide it,
Denied.

A dominate abyss gets...
Shown.
A dominate abyss gets...
Known.
A dominate abyss gets...
Darker.
And too painful to condone.

More blinded jump in it.
To leave the light.
And more blinded jump in it.
Without hindsight.
More blinded jump in it.
To think it right.
And more blinded jump in it.
To jeopardize their lives.

A dominate abyss gets...
Deeper.
And those who jump in it...
Follow with no minds to keep.
Like sheep.
Asleep!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Dose Of This To Hear

The best medicine to give,
To anyone who has made a career...
Of picking others to voice their accusations,
Is to provide them with proof...
That those they have chosen to accuse of anything,
Have actually spent their time and lives...
In producing activities real to see and realize.
And although they may be criticized for their efforts,
To make and create...
Time to spend initiating conflict and division,
Seems to be a successful mission...
Of those doing it most of their lives to do done!

'They just do what they do to get attention,
That's all.'

~And other than critizing to accuse them of doing it,
What interests of yours have you produced?
With a giving of your time to sacrifice.
And attempts you've made with efforts tried?
Other than the obvious? ~

'Well, I...uh...'

A dose of this to hear it heard may just shut some lips.
Although some addicted to critique with accusations made,
Often become ammuned to not comprehend...
The power their ignorance has over others.

'Well, I...uh...
Don't want my children to be around people like that.
I want them to be down to Earth and not be phony.
Like 'some' people trying to be better than others.
And I can not 'stand' people like that! '

~Are those your children outside,
Cursing and disrespecting others as if done with a pride? ~

And to the defense of their kept ignorance?

'As long as MY children learn,
Not to take no 'stuff' from no one else...
They will be fine.
And 'grow' up to be the 'children' I know them to be.'

~For the rest of their lives.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Duty To Do To Get Done

Intuitive.
Fixed to the hip,
Like a limb that exists.
And not wasted in debate,
Is any time to nonsense to give.
Not when a feeling like this persists.

One knows they have a purpose,
With little effort with a guessing to expose.
One knows as this purpose continues to grow.

Intuitive?
To do what one is born to do,
And knows?
Is more like a duty imposed at birth.
A duty to do to get done to not refuse,
To excuse its presence or ignore.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Factor No Longer Hidden

I would not advise or recommend to anyone,
Who has grown accustomed to portraying themselves...
As innocent victims with no acknowledgement as to 'why',
They have been selectively picked.
I would not suggestion to anyone a continuance done of it.
Not in the application of the same direction...
For the sake of soliciting a quickened empathy needed.

Once maybe twice this tactic will work to suffice,
In a gathering of others to run to one's defense.
But using the same device to attract attention,
Will eventually get others to look precisely...
For evidence of a mental illness emerging,
Making to them more sense.
And it will be noticed as a factor no longer hidden.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Fair Exchange Of Deeds

I don't buy into that meek,
Turn the other cheek business.
You step on my toes,
I will break your nose.
To me...
That is a fair exchange of deeds.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Falling Out Of Love Comes

A falling out of love,
Comes.
A falling out of love,
Stuns.
A falling out of love's begun.
And,
Plans are gone for more reruns.

A loveless taste begins to bait...
A contemplated argument,
Too tempting not to initiate.

And those words heard again...
Dig deeper into the skin.
To break an aching heart.
Ensuring that the sizzle,
Fizzles within.

It comes...
A falling out of love, stuns.
It comes...
A falling out of love, stuns.
It comes...
A falling out of love's begun.
It comes...
A falling out of love, stuns.
It comes...
A falling out of love, stuns.
It comes...
A falling out of love, stuns.
It comes...
A falling out of love's begun.
It comes...
A falling out of love, stuns.

Why do you get so mad with me.
Knowing I've been here for you faithfully.
If another one has your heart.
I can't make you stay.

Although you've driven us apart!

And it comes...
A falling out of love, stuns
It comes...
A falling out of love's begun.
It comes...
A falling out of love, stuns.
It comes...
A falling out of love's begun.
It comes...
A falling out of love, stuns.
It comes...
A falling out of love's begun.
It comes...
A falling out of love, stuns.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Feast To Eat Is Remembered

Once it's on the scene to see,
The sighting can't be stopped.
Nor, from a mind to drop.
Oh,
It takes hold and wont let go.
It takes hold and wont let go.
A feast...
To eat,
Is remembered.
Yes a feast,
To eat...
Addicts as if a need.
Addicts and overfeeds,
A fix...
Of it,
To greed.

Once it's on the scene to see,
The sighting can't be stopped.
Nor, from a mind to drop.
Oh a feast...
To eat,
Is remembered.
It takes hold and wont let go.
It takes hold and wont let go.
A feast,
To eat...
Addicts as if a need.
It takes hold and wont let go.
A feast...
To eat,
Addicts as if a need.
Addicts and overfeeds,
A fix...
Of it,
To greed.

Once it's on the scene to see,
The sighting can't be stopped.

Nor, from a mind to drop.
Oh a feast...
To eat,
Is remembered.
Yes a feast,
To eat...
Addicts.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Few Jokes Told While I Do It

It's difficult to get people up off of their knees.
Especially if they believe,
It is part of some kind of delivery process.

'Have you asked for another assignment? '

I asked for that the moment we arrived.
When I saw them rushing to do that...
Getting on their knees business,
I knew right then it would be too much of a challenge.

'Well...
What would you prefer to do? '

If it was up to me,
I would like to put my foot up some rear ends.
With an accepting softer touch.
You know...
A few jokes told while I do it!
To awaken them that way.

This sympathetic, empathetic stuff they desire,
With the patting on the back and the sobbing of the tears...
Is too much over the top for me!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Fighting Against Gale Enforced Winds

Oh no!
There has been an oversight.
A little loophole.

When applying the bricks,
To fortify contents inside the compound...
The blueprint we have 'just' been presented,
Indicates...
There was no cement mentioned,
To hold the bricks together.

In fact,
None had been used.
It's here in print.
How can the makers of the compound,
Skip over that?

How those bricks held together,
Is a mystery.

Therefore...
Those reported comments earlier stated,
About a fighting against gale enforced winds.
And people risking their lives,
To sandbag walls to prevent them from caving in...
Has to be re-written.
Or at least,
Retold!

And...
This is an opportunity to enhance the struggle,
Against the opposition.
And a prior status given...
To the ones declared as putting their lives on the line.
This time around,
We will announce they've been true heroes!

'How about...
A slinging of mud thrown viciously,

That disrupted into a fierce and brave retaliation? '

I love it.
Sounds good to me.
Release 'that' immediately.
Oh...
And add something about a dog.
Appearing from nowhere...
Wearing infrared goggles.
And somehow...
Managed to drag survivors to safety!
That should take the focus off of the cementless bricks.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Fleeing To Do To Leave

They come in droves to protest any plans,
To have dumping sites for garbage...
Half way houses or rehabilitation centers,
Constructed near or where they live.
And they have taken strong measures,
To ensure this 'outrageousness'...
Done to affect their wholesomeness,
Will not to them be permitted.

They prefer these sites built,
In areas already over crowded...
And inhabited by the ones depressed.
Surpressed by the implementation,
Of the protestors distressing policies.

Even though those protesting in droves,
Are the creators of the trash...
But rather not see!
Although a fleeing to do to leave,
Quickly is a priority.
As a critiquing done to pass judgement continues...
The upholding of their self righteousness.
And advocated by a sympathizing media coverage.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Floating Boat Needs A Rudder

You seek direction!
That's what you claim to need.
And you want to stay clear...
Of a negativity that teases and schemes.

And you say to me,
You've got to float your own boat.
But fear prevents you,
To listen to advice you toss away...
Before anywhere you go.

You're afraid to row,
A boat that stays on shore!
And advice you're given...
Your are quick to ignore.

Any boat that you'll use will need a rudder.
That boat you use will need a rudder.
Any boat you will use will need a rudder,
From here to there...
Or wherever your druthers.

That boat you're using needs a rudder.
That boat you're using needs a rudder.
That boat you're using needs a rudder...
From here to there...
Or wherever your druthers.

You seek direction!
That's what you claim to need.
And you want to stay clear...
Of a negativity that teases and schemes.

And you say to me,
You've got to float your own boat.
But fear prevents you,
To listen to advice you toss away...
Before anywhere you go.

And you don't want to hear...
A floating boat needs a rudder!
Not from me,
Or anyone other.

No you don't want to hear...
A floating boat needs a rudder!
Not from me,
Or anyone other.

That that that boat,
That you're using needs a rudder.
One day you'll see...
A floating boat needs a rudder!
One day you'll find it true...
And agree with me.

That that that boat,
That you're using needs a rudder.
That that that boat,
That you're using needs a rudder.
One day you'll see...
A floating boat needs a rudder!
One day you'll find it true...
And agree with me.

No matter what druthers suffered...
One day you'll agree.
A floating boat needs a rudder...
To get to your destiny!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Flowing Done 'With' The Winds

A flowing done 'with' the winds of change
Is easier to adjust to
Than attempting to create the winds
To flow when one schedules changes to be done
Many will discover those currencies circulating seen
To be weak

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Flowing Released Begins To Increase

Tabasco...
Hot!
And cayenne pepper,
Seems to heat nonstop.

Like it or not,
Jalapeno too...
Will do a sizzle fizzled with,
A stirring to approve.

When a wanted push inside,
Needs to flow...
A flowing going is released,
To increase relief.

When a wanted push inside,
Needs to flow...
It will go with a spicing that entices,
With a notice that's bestowed.

Like it or not,
Tabasco...
Hot!
Will do a sizzle fizzled with,
A stirring to approve.

And...
Some say this diminishes blemishes too!

Get rid of toxins that visit,
And come to sit in your 'system'.
With leafy greens and juices...
And,
Tabasco hot.

Get rid of toxins that disease and feed on your system.
With leafy greens and juices...
And,
Tabasco hot.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Focus To Keep Genuine

My mind just wont let me rest,
On accolades I've been blessed to get.
Those perceptions of success,
May leave someone else...
With an ego to feed.
And I know any success I've achieved,
Had little to do with ego.
And less to do with an attention to receive.

I was told long ago I couldn't do what I do.
To prove to myself I can.
And after years of applying sacrifice and devotion,
Others like me can understand...
A focus to keep genuine to never go away,
Has nothing to do with an ego to feed...
To one day fade the faking on that feast.

Especially...
When other things done to expose and flaunt,
Are far more easier to accomplish and achieve...
Without sweating over who approves or rejects,
What is loved to keep that way believed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Freedom Came To Set Me Free

Freedom came to rescue me,
From tired things I've tried.
With a wall around my pride.
And arrested me to see...
A peace within me deep,
Trying to get outside.

I...
Had not,
Thought about it being my guide.

I...
Had not,
Thought of peace as being my strength inside.

A freedom came to set me free...
From undecision and a vision,
Clouding up around me.

But I...
Had not,
Thought of peace as being my strength inside.

And I...
Had not,
Thought of peace as being my guide.

Freedom came to rescue me,
From tired things I've tried.
With a wall around my pride.
And arrested me to see...
A peace within me deep,
Trying to get outside.

A freedom came to set me free...
From undecision and a vision,
Clouding up around me.

And I...

Had not,
Thought of peace as being my guide.

No I...
Had not,
Thought of peace as being my strength inside.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Freedom Of Choice

There are many who are forced,
To do those things they dislike.
And many who experience...
The act of sacrifice.

There are many amongst the few,
Who do not have options...
To choose like others do.
With a refusing that which is not wished.

And it seems those without choices,
To experience what they 'must' go through...
Are those who become challenged,
By the ones who live lives limited and confused.

And...
Those who belabor in their sacrifices done.
Often are the ones spending very little time,
Wondering what it is that is liked or disliked.
Or those reasons why.
Since a freedom of choice to them eventually comes,
With a presentation acknowledging their efforts made.
For a job that has been chosen,
As the one well done deserving.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Freshness To Express

Never ever will I feel,
My best I have given...
When I reflect upon,
Tests to me that have been administered.

Each day when the Sun arises,
Another yesterday lived I am prepared to forget.

I am not the kind to sit around to repeat...
Any moment gone.
When I am blessed to witness dawn...
I seek a freshness to express,
With a welcoming invited.

Each day when the Sun arises,
Another yesterday lived I am prepared to forget.
With a welcoming invited...
Sought to seek with a freshness to express.

Never ever will I feel,
My best I have given.
Since another yesterday lived,
I am prepared to forget.
But unprepared I am...
To reminisce what is missed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Further Hesitating In The Waste Of Time

I understand where you are going with this.
I even understand,
Why you might want this addressed.
But understanding 'you'...
I will never consider my priority.

Perhaps your therapist has you thinking,
You are okay.
And that is the reason your therapist gets paid.

But the time I have been given,
To live my life as I wish...
To adventure and explore,
Every moment of it...
I am going to do that.

Since...
It has only been a few years,
I realized I can do that and more...
Without asking for anyone's approval.
Or assistance.

And today?
I know what I can choose to accept.
Or choose to ignore.
And today and days ahead,
I will choose to ignore...
A further hesitating in the waste of time,
Others find important.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Future To Oppose And Restrict

Yesterday,
What had been agreed upon...
As suitable,
Has become debatable...
Today,
What really is the purpose...
Of censorship?

And if what is depicted to censor,
With it done to give attention to it...
Affects a quality of life,
For those remaining deluded...
By illusions kept.
By those preferring their decadence...
Easily found to find to occupy their minds.
To include and not to exclude,
A reality accepted a few wish didn't exist.

And with a future to oppose and restrict to limits,
To declare what is censored,
As being distasteful and disrespecting...
To a proper and politically correct etiquette,
Many find exhibited to romanticize...
When visiting to witness,
How glamorize their lives were then lived...
Hung in ornate golden frames in museums.

'Why are those Indians with their arms folded,
In the distance...
Appear to be disgusted? '

~Hmmm,
You know how artists can be.
Always adding a touch of controversy.
I'm sure if it had been noticed before,
It would not have been hung so prominently.
Let me point out that defection to the curator.
I'm sure there is an explanation.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Gamer Playing Finds Another Way

A gamer playing doesn't change.
A gamer playing finds another way,
To ensure a familiar game played...
Is perfected to those unsuspecting it.

One trained to charm,
Only becomes accustomed...
To using the same devices.
Shown early that whatever works...
Delivers to satisfy with desired 'perks'.
To please with the releasing of sighs,
At the expense of one duped...
With tears to drip as the gamer delights.

A gamer playing doesn't change.
A gamer playing finds another way,
To ensure a familiar game played...
Is perfected to those unsuspecting it.

And,
If one is seen to be agonized...
THAT is the affect the game player expects!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Gentle Touch Of A Doting Mother

Not a figment of one's imagination,
Is a life of another lived.
Nor can one explain a pain endured.
Felt as others take this and theirs,
For granted.

Kept are these wounds to heal,
Alone.
Sometimes heard,
Are those moans and groans to hush.
With a wish for them to be gone.

Not a figment of one's immagination,
Is a life of another lived.
Nor can one explain a pain endured.
Felt as others take this and theirs,
For granted.

Some dismiss a gentle touch of a doting mother.
The ones unfortunate to know what this is.
Some dismiss the hugs given with kisses.
The ones not missing,
The nourishment a providing of this gives.

Kept are these wounds to heal,
Alone.
Sometimes heard,
Are those moans and groans to hush.
With a wish for them to be gone.

And a healing of a pain eventually goes,
Away.
Some dismiss a gentle touch of a doting mother.
The ones unfortunate to know what this is.
And those who are,
Fortunate...
To know and/or remember,
Know memories of 'mama' within them linger.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Getting Into Heaven

More people are seen out shopping,
To replace old souls for new.
And demons seeking souls to trade,
Accepted them to pawn with alibis too.
With promises whatever they got in trade,
No one would know those souls were used.
And when the time comes,
They could trick and fool...
A getting into Heaven.
With halos too!
And The Almighty there,
Would certainly approve...
Them getting into Heaven,
To trick and fool.

But when they had arrived at the gate,
With used souls and faith to fake...
Every 'Angel' there already knew,
No one enters Heaven to trick and fool.
And when they had arrived at the gate,
With used souls and faith to fake....
Every 'Angel' there already knew,
The Almighty wouldn't approve.

More people are seen out shopping,
To replace old souls for new.
And demons seeking souls to trade,
Accepted them to pawn with alibis too.
With promises whatever they got in trade,
No one would know those souls were used.
And when the time comes,
They could trick and fool...
A getting into Heaven.
With halos too!

But when they had arrived at the gate,
With used souls and faith to fake...
Every 'Angel' there already knew,
No one enters Heaven to trick and fool.

Not even a forgiving Almighty would approve.

Don't sell your soul to demons to fake faith.
A getting into Heaven can't be tricked or fool.
Don't sell your soul to demons to fake faith.
A getting into Heaven can't be tricked or fool.
A getting into Heaven can't be tricked or fool.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Getting Just To Get More

A getting just to get more,
Sooner or later bores those who stop...
Making attempts to get more to hoard.
And running out of space to store what bores.

Everyone is teased to believe they need and should have,
What other people possess they too should get...
To discover that the doing makes them sad.
And not glad with a happiness they wished they had.

A getting just to get more,
Sooner or later bores those who stop...
Making attempts to get more to hoard.
And running out of space to store what bores.

To wish many do for a happiness to reminisce,
While stepping over things,
They rushed to get but boredom brings...
To regret a doing of it was not intended like this to happen.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Gift

Everyday when one awakens,
To first pray in a thankfulness.
As some may do this.
While others forget.
Hopefully it dawns upon them,
With an acknowledgement...
The morning was not guaranteed,
As a gift for them to receive.
No, it was not.
Nor was the opportunity given again,
For themTo take for granted...
A life many choose to easily dismissed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Gift One Gets

The ones who assumes,
What others initiate to do...
Had them specifically in mind.
Especially when their time to live,
Had not yet arrived.
Thrives on a me-me-I-I-aspects of life.

A gift one gets to enjoy it,
Is given to express...
What for them they do is best.
And rarely has nothing to do,
With those who chance upon it to view.

The ones who assume,
What others initiated to do...
Had them specifically in mind.
Especially when their time to live,
Had not yet arrived.

And those who wish to take credit,
For one's gift...
Only motivate its existence.
But should not perceive themselves,
The inspiration one finds to create from one's mind.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Gift Received

The best gift anyone,
Could present to themselves would be...
An ability to actively listen,
With an intention to comprehend.

To leave an exchanged communication done,
As a gift received...
One will always regard as priceless,
With an increasing done to other accepting abilities.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Giving Too Much To None Done

A giving too much to none done.
A time once given to have it wasted.
With it realized the doing of it,
Had not been appreciated.

A giving too much to none done.
Sedatives taken to ease headaches.
Expected empathy believed,
Should be given as a commitment.
AND one's duty.

Being available on call.
Regardless of one's own needs.
Or perceive one's needs and desires,
Are not priorities at all.

A giving too much to none done.
A helping hand given,
To another who bites both hands off.
Then to have it heard,
By others who mock and scoff...
How the giver to do whatever done,
Had not been enough to satisfy the receiver.
Judging to complain how they dumped someone,
With a doing to turn a back on them done.

'How could you do something like that? '

~How could I do what? ~

'Leave someone in the midst of a crisis.'

~Was that before or after,
I had been diagnosed to be overdosed...
From a stress I was left to feel,
I just couldn't take anymore.~

'And that's the reason,
You have closed all your doors? '

~Yes.
Except for one.~

'Which one? '

~The one I open and close.
To come and go as I please.~

'That's selfish.'

~And it feels so good.
To know it as a blessing I accept.
Without one regret.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Glass Enclosed Mausoleum

When witches hiss and sit to knit,
Webs to stick those picked with intricate needles...
While directing their falsities with venomed lips,
A commanding to demand of disciples...
To perform assorted misdeeds and wickedness,
All now eventually burn to feel the heat...
Returned by a yearning felt,
By the ones believed easy to defeat.
But have survived to breathe with an ease and freely.
To see as witnessed those who deceive bleed,
There...
In a glass enclosed mausoleum exposed,
To show...
A pretense of innocence at one time convincing,
On exhibit without exits to end what had been permitted.

'And to the left OR from the right,
Depending upon from where you enter...
Is observed what had been,
Performers of the most decadent of deeds.
To have many believe they provided a benefit.'

~How? ~

'This is an exhibit.
We are not here to insist kept delusions exist.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Gratuity Paid

The moment to stop complaining,
About anything repeatedly condoned...
Is when one has boarded,
A train, a boat, an express bus...
Or a plane taxing on a runway,
With all exits closed.

~Thank you, God! ~

And after arriving safely at one's destination,
With every piece of luggage packed and intact...
Knowing that a choice to look back,
To ensure a waiter gets the appropriate tip...
Acknowledging a gratuity paid,
Satisfies with a gratefulness.

And...
With a sigh of relief that isn't forced when released.

'You must have come a long way? '

~You have no idea what it took for me to get here.~

'Well...
I do hope you enjoy your visit.'

~I hope so too.
Since I intend to stay.~

'Thanks for the tip!
That's a hefty gratuity you paid.'

~You have no idea how appreciative I am.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Happiness By Any Other Name

Nothing appearing on my top ten list,
Prioritizes you...
As a focus to entertain.

I know what your expectations are.
And from where those habits you have,
Nutured to flourish those thoughts....
Generating with perceptions you should rid.

But trust me...
There is not a movement made I do,
That awaits any opinion of yours.
It's just the way it is.
I hope that doesn't offend you.

I was not raised to wish for another existence.

It is just my nature to take footsteps,
Without seeking to impress.
Or look for anyone's approval.

It is just my nature,
To identify first...
With that which pleases me.

A happiness by any other name...
Just is not mine to call and claim.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Having Of Common Sense Is Priceless

I have come to realize,
That those I see today with their eyes closed...
Are not in denial at all.
Nor have they isolated themselves to meditate.

What I have noticed,
Are the number of people who have chosen to sell...
Their once treasured common sense not to offend,
The ones buying them to use and pretend...
They know better than others,
Who spoke with a clear consciousness...
About how best to move ahead and together exist,
Without thinking to believe there are no benefits to this.
Or not being prepared with an alternative.
If the consequences they face results from their ignorance.

'Excuse me...but...uh...
You mean to tell me,
You would rather give up to sell your common sense?
Than protest against those you know have none? '

~Don't accuse us for making attempts,
To prove whose nuts.
Look around you.
What would you rather keep disbelieved?
Fools having it their way creating a catastrophe?
Or keeping a peace of mind they assume they can find,
By pretending they know more about living life right...
Than those who 'are' living their lives right and respectfully?
But they have interpreted our wishes to keep doing it...
As a setback to what they perceive is progress.
What sense does that make? ~

'These were my private thoughts, but...
I have come to realize,
That those I see today with their eyes closed...
Are not in denial at all.
Nor have they isolated themselves to meditate.'

~We have come to realize that too.
That's why we've come to sell our common sense,
To those who believe our keeping of it to use...
Has for them not been productive enough.~

'But a having of common sense is priceless.
Even the dumbest of fools know it.
You can't sell that? '

~Sssshhh. Go away.
If they believe what we have can be bought...
Let them believe it.
We are not here to judge.
We just want to collect whatever it is they pay,
And join the others with their eyes closed.
With a disregarding opinions,
Of those with their mouths open...
To not know when they should be closed.~

'I was only trying to be...'

~Opinionated? ~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Heart Without A Mind Of Its Own

When a fire within,
Begins heating from a need...
Staying with a flame uncontained.
No effort made can remove this feeling,
Within...
Started by another set on purpose to blaze.

Gone away...
And exposed,
Is a heart without a mind of its own.

And gone away...
Goes...
Anything related to a...
Common sense.

When a fire within,
Begins heating from a need...
Staying with a flame uncontained.
No effort made can remove this feeling,
Within...
Started by another set on purpose to blaze.

Gone away...
And exposed,
Is a heart without a mind of its own...
To burn with yearning.

Gone away,
To expose...
Goes,
Anything related to a...
Common sense.

And gone away,
To expose...
Goes,
Anything related to a...
Common sense.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Hero But Not To Claim

You may love the heat of things.
And perhaps you are attracted,
To that which goes out of control...
With visions to believe,
'Someone' will perceive you to be a hero.
But getting too close to smoke can kill.

Especially if your are the kind to allow,
A deep breathing to boast...
A chest to be seen by other folks,
Hoping one brave enough...
Who 'is' a hero but not to claim,
Makes attempts to stop you...
From choking to death on your perceptions.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Higher Consciousness Rules

You may not admit this,
But, limited restrictions have gone...
Gone.
Long been gone.

In hopes to not permit it,
In a censoring you give it...
Feeds conflicts in your head,
That goes on.

No one can just prevent the truth,
With sold delusions.
And it doesn't matter what moves they choose,
Since...
A higher consciousness,
Rules.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Hole Dug Deep

The only thing that has been consistent,
Is the inconsistency.
And the irrelevance to what is relevant...
As more of what 'is' Is smoked screened.
While people are led to believe...
A hole dug deep,
Has a bottom they can see!
And two trillion dollars...
Is going to return a normalcy,
Of addicting greed.
And Clarabelle and Howdy Dowdy,
Are the Masters of Ceremony...
At a block party planned in Washington, DC!

'Why are you so negative?
It wouldn't say that on the invitation...
IF that wasn't true! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Hollowness To Fill

Only those shallow.
And depending upon a hollowness to fill,
Have never felt connected to an identity.
Or a dignity known that is real.

Those performing expected tasks,
From images to them that have been passed...
Seek to adorn themselves with masks.
In the hopes that the doing,
Will be acceptable by others...
Who also charade and masquerade,
A proudness to 'address'.
But can not express it felt to feel.

Only those shallow.
And depending upon a hollowness to fill,
Have never felt connected to an identity.
Or a dignity known that is real.

'How come you don't act like the rest of us? '

~I have no indignities to share.
No demeaning statements to make.
I'm not seeking to be freed from centuries of abuse.
And accusations to blame anyone I have none.
Nor do I live to deceive or create excuses.
I happen to love who I am and represent.~

'Say what?
You do what?
Geeeessshhh.
I can't imagine living a life like that.
Good luck.
I hope everything works out for the best.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Hypnotizing Life

I'm in love,
With...
A hypnotizing life.
And it wasn't easy.

I'm in love,
With...
That which makes me feel alright.
And it wasn't easy.

I've had those ups and downs.
And it wasn't easy.
I've had my eyes on the ground.
And it wasn't easy.
But when I got to lift my head up...
It was me,
I saw and found.
And it wasn't easy.

I'm in love,
With...
A hypnotizing life.
And it wasn't easy.

I'm in love,
With...
That which makes me feel alright.
And it wasn't easy.

I've had those ups and downs.
And it wasn't easy.
I've had my eyes on the ground.
And it wasn't easy.
But when I got to lift my head up,
It was me...
I saw and found.
And it wasn't easy.

It was me,

I...
Finally saw and found.
And it wasn't easy.

It was me,
I...
Finally saw and found.
And it wasn't easy.

It was me,
I...
Finally saw and found.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Hypocrite That Contradicts

Contradictions.

'What about them? '

Wouldn't it be better,
To oppose them with hypocrisies?
And stand firm with those hypocrites,
Choosing to be indecisive whenever they wish...
To undo concrete beliefs,
They claim with prayer to remain faithfully.

'Well...
That depends.'

On what?

'Sometimes contradictions stated to be made,
Often go unnoticed to comprehend them as such.
While those who have been notorious hypocrites,
Are better dressed to impress.
And for whatever the reason...
Their accepted hypocrisies are achieved and praised.'

Even though they may contradict themselves?

'Be honest with yourself.
If I had possessions and dressed to impress,
You would care less if I was a hypocrite.
But on the otherhand,
You would wait for me to contradict myself...
If I wasn't wearing expensive shoes.
Or driving around town in a Mercedes Benz.'

You are right about that.
You haven't earned to deserve my giving you attention.

'And that's why those who are hypocrites,
Could care less if they contradict themselves.
Because they know you're not listening to think anyway.'

Your comments offend me.

'And I'm not a hypocrite that contradicts.
Nor do I make attempts to dress to impress.
But somehow,
You are giving me your attention.
And you would be the first to say to me,
How God works in mysterious ways.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

'A' Is No Longer Available

From point 'A' to B.
To C what D has instore for you.
With a running back and forth,
Trying to find someone willing to stay in place...
As a means to satisfy your convenience.
But I was that 'A',
You ran from to be with B.

And after finishing with C...
You believed D,
Would provide you all your needs.
And you found yourself with an empty E.
Only with an F you...
Have earned to learn,
'A' is no longer for you available.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Jewel One Wishes To Keep

There is nothing more treasured,
For any human being...
Than to be respected and treated,
As if a jewel one wishes to keep.
Instead of disregarded as a fad.

And passed over in time...
Like a useless commodity.
Leaving so many today to walk around,
Feeling worthless and sad.
With their heads held down.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Job God Has Already Done

Those shades of skin,
Prioritized by next of kin.
And the ones who use color,
To address insecurities they defend...
Unfortunately today still represent,
Those exposing their foolishness...
With it believed a receiving of empathy,
From those whose minds have long ascended...
To know an enlightened consciousness,
Isn't limited to the surface to perceive life to live...
Once it is recognized with eyes wide open,
That nothing the Creator makes...
Is purposely not duplicated to compare,
But appreciate to share and experience...
What it takes to place each intricate piece,
Together to allow conflicts and racism to exist...
For those wishing in all of their self-righteousness,
A job God has already done with it from their point of view...
Could have been better done to do,
If God had requested from them an assistance.

'The scriptures say this.
The scriptures say that.'

And yet those who are hypocrites and quick to quote,
Scriptures to spill from their mouths to attack...
Show themselves less interested,
In what it is they have learned to quote...
Than living their lives to prove it done with them analyzed,
That scriptures they claim to follow with them quoted...
Should at least be shown by lives they live.
Instead of exposing themselves as 'annointed' hypocrities.

'The scriptures say this AND the scriptures say that.'

But...
Why does racism, chaos, conflicts and divisions exist,
If...
The hypocrites can quote scriptures,

With them so self-righteously learned...
Where are the benefits hidden to be kept?
Who keeps the profits with them believed to be earned?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Jolt Of Positivity

A jolt of positivity,
Applied to a negativity proves...
Motivation to initiate,
Is ignited to start from some place.
Leaving some to appreciate negativity,
For providing them inspiration.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Journey Taken God Wants Us To Condone

There is 'something' felt in the air.
Something that says the times ahead,
Will be okay.
With whispers calling for a patience.

Even though clouds of despair seem to be,
Everywhere,
There are those without hesitation...
Showing reasons to express they care.

These times we all are living,
Come to give us reasons to condone.
These times we are living,
Are no longer the times to decide to leave alone.

These times we all are living,
Come to give us reason...
To live and condone,
A journey taken God wants us on.
A journey taken God wants us to condone.
Claiming it as a direction we own.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Journey To Experience

Some may refuse those blessings they get.
With wishes they received them,
Wrapped in a more accepted package.

Everyone's life to live,
Is a journey to experience.
And some prefer to look outside,
Instead of inside before they begin.

Deciding which path to take,
Requires some acknowledgement...
Of obstacles and opposition one must face.
And few are born prepared to take such tests.

Everyone's life to live,
Is a journey to experience.
Many are taught to accept limitations,
Based upon physical appearances made.
To outside of them seek for themselves,
All their wishes and dreams to meet.

And then there are others unaccepting,
Restrictions that confine.
Restrictions they are told,
They can not leave behind.
OR be considered out of their minds.

Everyone's life to live,
Is a journey to experience.
And difficult it is to remain positive.
So many perceive with belief,
That a staying where they are...
Is best to keep themselves from grief.
With excuses heard they often make.
To say being 'down-to-Earth'...
Proves to others what they do is not faked.

'They believe themselves to be better than others.'

~Why would you say that? ~

'They haven't accepted who it is they are.'

~Because they live without making excuses?
Or blaming others like I have heard you do?
With a belief from a teaching...
Only 'certain' people have choices from which to choose?
And those who do this,
Are not 'down-to-Earth' like you.
With a finding 'something' to excuse your attitude? ~

'I'm just saying...
Some of us know are places.
And not ashamed to remain the same people,
We have always been since I can remember.'

~I understand.
Limited to restrictions and with kept pretense.
With a doing of it most effective.
Abundant are the accusations.
And you represent that mindset well.
All over the place it is detected.
Congratulations.~

'Well...
Thank you!
For noticing.
I think.
Should it be that obvious? '

~Don't worry about it.
It is.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Kept Jealous Envy

Those nationalistic traditionalists,
Claiming their fading ideals...
Are becoming too surreal and socialistic,
Can join those attempting to remain...
Politically correct yet not accepting,
That what is in place...
Effectively erasing their beliefs,
Has nothing to do with who has proof...
As to when and where,
Such 'truths' were documented.
To have anyone today craving decadence,
On display and available...
Caring which rules are broken to disobey.
Or which deceiving lies to follow,
Will provide them more benefit...
That others feel with a kept jealous envy.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Kind That Does Not Flaunt

The kind that say what they mean.
Do what they say.
Accountable for their actions.
Reliable and believed.
A new breed.

A kind that does not flaunt,
What they have.
Want to give of themselves.
Smile when feeling bad.
Does not brag of accomplishments,
Performed in the past.
Ready to receive today in a way...
That creates a purpose,
And leave fresh deeds achieved.
Not display betrayed portrayals gone astray.
They are here to do.
Not discuss it with me and/or you.
Here to turn a dusted page.
A new breed has come of age.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Knowing Of An End Result Produced

I am not here,
With a wish to deliver.
I am here,
Because I can deliver.
There is a huge difference between,
Wanting to do and a doing to be done.
With a knowing of a coming end result,
Produced! And, not held up in discussion.

I am not here,
With a wish to deliver.
I am here,
Because I can deliver.
And I've been called a 'mother--'
On many occasions.
And strangely enough,
By those caring less how long I spent in labor.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Lasting Impression

'If you know sooo much,
Why aint you rich? '

If I chose to be what you think I should be,
I wouldn't be here to listen to your comments.

'Then why do you? '

We all have our priorities.
And if you're going to amuse me for free,
At 'your' expense?
I don't have to know a thing,
If I find people like you who entertain.
And freely deliver it too?
You have no clue how rich that is.

'You are missing my point.'

Really?
I think what you value,
Dismisses my objective.

'And how what it is I value,
Dismisses 'your' objective? '

Who is here passing judgement,
With a hope what has been said...
Leaves a lasting impression?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Leaving Of The Feeling Of An Insecurity

Don't be afraid to knock.
No.
Don't be afraid to knock,
On...
A door you think is locked.

You never know what's on the other side,
So..
Don't be afraid to knock.
You never know what you'll find inside.
So...
Don't be afraid to knock on,
A door believed is locked.

A leaving of the feeling of an insecurity...
Is very hard to stop.
A leaving of the feeling of an insecurity...
Is very hard to block.
A leaving of the feeling of an insecurity...
Is very hard to chase away,
When nothing felt is faked.

A leaving of the feeling of an insecurity...
Is very hard to stop.
A leaving of the feeling of an insecurity...
Is very hard to block.
A leaving of the feeling of an insecurity...
Is very hard to chase away,
When nothing felt is faked.

Don't be afraid to knock.
No.
Don't be afraid to knock,
On...
A door you think is locked.

A leaving of the feeling of an insecurity...
Is very hard to stop.
A leaving of the feeling of an insecurity...

Is very hard to block.
A leaving of the feeling of an insecurity...
Is very hard to chase away,
When nothing felt is faked.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Legitimate Observation

To manipulate themselves with a cleverness,
That has them facing a brick wall...
With nowhere else to go.
And to defy in a smugness...
An acknowledgement of this.
And yet...
Uphold an honor in being thickheaded,
Is...
Ignorant?
Foolish?
Stupid?
Or...
Are they just a bunch of folks out to prove,
They can choose to defeat themselves...
Without anyone's assistance to help them.

Take your pick.
Whatever you decide,
Will be a legitimate observation...
Of a people unconscious of imposing their own failure.
And doing it as if to show others how this can be done.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Lesson For One To Learn

A leaving behind an experience done,
Does not make it more interesting to repeat.
And if it is believed an experience to live,
Has not left a lesson for one to learn...
With an earning from it some wisdom,
It will not take long for anyone testing like a pest...
To know just who will get for them what is deserving.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Life Lived Enjoyed

There is nothing like a life lived enjoyed,
Free and removed from confusion and conflict.
Once one accepts,
Their own conditions to feel happiness...
Is not fed to receive an attention to get.
Or becoming annoyed by impressions to make,
Upon others to rate to achieve their approval.
That alone qualifies and condones one's success.

When one awakens to see restrictions to reject,
As addicting self afflictions that upsets...
With a wish that is wanted,
To break away from such limits needing them to go...
It then becomes realized and clear to see,
Refusing all nonsense to leave behind permanently...
Is not only possible but easier when done to believe,
Happiness is theirs and was never difficult to retrieve.

'You seem so alive and vibrant.
What secret have you found to keep? '

~My life lived to enjoy it.
And ignoring those wishing,
Their limits and restrictions were mine to accept.
With a spending more time,
Identifying and not trying to find my own happiness.~

'I see.
Well...
Some people are just lucky like that.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Life Lived That Has A Meaning

Cooped up in a loop,
Can be removed to fool a loser.
And change,
The one who claims to feel pain.
Oh...
Cooped up in a loop,
Can be reduced to soothe a mover,
And change,
What had for them stayed the same!

Time given unspent can be a detriment that dims,
The mind of the one with procrastination done.
And wastes in hesitation,
To explore more frustrations.

Cooped up in a loop,
Can be removed to fool a loser.
And change,
The one who claims to feel pain.
Oh...
Cooped up in a loop,
Can be reduced to soothe a mover,
And change,
What had for them stayed the same!

Shouting from the roof,
Can break frustrations loose.
And change,
What had for them stayed the same!

Defending hesitation...
Welcomes procrastination.

Shouting from the roof,
Can break frustrations loose.
And change,
What had for them stayed the same!

Cooped up in a loop,

Can be removed to fool a loser.
And change,
The one who claims to feel pain.
Oh...
Cooped up in a loop,
Can be reduced to soothe a mover,
And change,
What had for them stayed the same!

Oh...
A life lived that has a meaning,
Is no life to demean.
Oh...
A life lived that has a meaning,
Is no life to demean.

Cooped up in a loop,
Can be reduced to soothe a mover,
And change,
What had for them stayed the same!
Oh...
A life lived that has a meaning,
Is no life to demean.
Oh...
A life lived that has a meaning,
Is no life to demean.
Oh...
A life lived that has a meaning,
Will change.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Life Without Changes Made

I confess to the experiencing of many things,
Since my birth on Earth.
Curiosity has been a main attraction,
From my mind I can not detach.

Those who say they will stay the same,
To live a life without changes made...
Are those who seem to always need,
Others to explain what is going on.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Lifetime Of Peace

Be suspicious of anyone offering,
A lifetime of peace...
For low monthly payments.
And you have been selected,
Because of a favorable credit standing.
And you should feel both proud and envied,
To be have been chosen in such a manner.
And...
All payments are tax deductible.
With an option to have them made directly,
From checking or saving accounts.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Light That Comes

A light that comes to shine,
Bright over one done...
Who had been too long,
In a dark place to feel.
With discomfort to know,
Everything about it is wrong.
Awakens to find the light.
And stays to bathe,
In its brightness as if...
Returning from a battle,
Of homesickness to end it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Little Bit Of Terrificness

A little bit of terrificness...
Came to sit,
In my mind.
Then familiar with drifting...
With a feeling I could not resist!
Coming as it did within me,
To exist.
And helped me rid myself,
Of comfortable useless habits.
Denied but often hidden and felt!

And with this,
My mind has been lifted.
To define the time used now spent...
In a joy found,
That stays and hangs around!

Unconfined from having thoughts
Of seeking addicted stale deceptions brought!
And placed on my path...
From a past unconsciousnessly I sought!

With a little bit of terrificness,
Coming to visit with gifts to assist...
A further uplifting of my sustained happiness!
I have quit attractions 'misfits' teased and picked.
And it feels good from them to split.

Each day I anticipate,
Awaiting to be dazzled!
No longer dazed and frazzled...
With this 'terrificness'
That suits me well!
And propels me to heights that fit!

'Glory be to The Father...
And to the Sun! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Loathing For Wolves In Sheep Clothing

Why should my disinterest shown in you,
Be now of your concern?
You kicked me to the curb to be among the elite.
And I've gotten over it; you and my feeling of self defeat.

Why can't you realize why we'll never see eye to eye?
I've known for too long,
There is something we have in common,
With a mutual respect I'd like to keep distanced.

You see...
You have a knack for initiating conflict.
And I have a loathing for wolves in sheep clothing.
If I can understand this why can't you keep this understood?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Losing Battle Against An Epidemic

One's fight with ignorance,
Is a losing battle against an epidemic.
Unless all affected by the spreading it,
Awaken to see this intentional disease...
Is inflicted to have everyone addicted.
And only with determination,
Can anyone break away from the habit...
To witness the damage for what it is.
With a separating from those,
Caught up in the participation.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Lost Soul

A lost soul would find it difficult,
Without faith to use against those...
Who have sold their lies to tell them told,
As venom to poison a doing of evil.
A doing of evil,
Inflicted to leave a need to feed on it.

A lost soul alone would attempt to defend,
A defaming of character in arguments that begin...
To raise one's temperature until steam overheats.
With a lost soul bending to knees defeated.
And enjoyed by demons,
Feasting on this increased disease.

A lost soul invites,
Illnesses of all kinds.
That weakens the body.
With a disturbing of the mind.
And a faith to find no longer shows.
As this lost soul and others go disposed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Lot Of Issues To Address

If I look a certain way...
With my head up and not down to the ground.
They become offended.
Especially when I smile...
And there they are,
With evil looks and wearing frowns.

If I dress a certain way,
Because I feel good about myself everyday.
And I might not have gotten any sleep!
Or have eatened that day.
There they are...
Offended.

And 'if' I suggest I am at peace.
And have a happy mindset...
The eyes begin to roll.
They believe I live without any needs at all.
Because I don't wear my heart on my sleeve.
And I become victim,
Of a character assassination process.
Made to feel out of place,
Because I'm not crawling around pleading on knees.

'Just ignore 'those' people!
They just don't like who you are, period! '
THOSE people?
Those people are my 'own' people.
And they have a lot of issues to address.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Lot Older And Less Naïve

1968 has much significance for me.
I was young, married and recently discharged,
From the military.
And living independently in Kansas City, Missouri...
I still was a bit innocent and naïve about life.
But even then I was adventurous,
And explored life excited.
With a delighted attitude easily ignited.

It is 2010 and fourty two years later.
And I am a lot older and less naïve.
Just as adventurous with a more suspicious nature.
Very few people I've come to trust.
And I find those ignorant the most dangerous.
People are quick to find excuses for themselves.
And even quicker to shift their insecurities,
On unsuspecting shoulders.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Love To Hate

Is it getting clearer...
For those who fear to be themselves.
They who have entertained disrespect,
To the point where none is left.
Inspected in depth...
Or quests requested!

Blinded they are like fools on crack!
Using tools of fools to keep themselves back.
Blinded they are like fools on crack.
Or a black cat who can't stop giving 'bad' vibes,
An image to attack!
Blinded they are like fools on crack!
Seeking a shoulder to cry on...
And a pat on their backs!
Blinded they are like fools on crack.
Trying in doped slickness,
But losing themselves...
With weakened backbones attacked!

Is it getting clearer...
For those who fear to be themselves.
With a fear that endears them,
With a love to hate!
Berating unappreciated wisdom at stake!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Love To Read

Is it a misconception,
That writers read...
Other writers' works?

Or reads extensively at all?

Afterall...
When would a true writer,
Find time to get that done...
If one has a love to read?

And...
I am not that one to say,
A reading AND a writing done...
Is an impossibility.
Because I read what I write often.
Regularly and on a daily basis.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Lover, Wished

A lover!
One that is kept,
Like none other...
From me that has left.
To stop my breath...
Unexpectedly.

A lover!
With a mutual committment.
And a chemistry we both agree,
Satisfies needs...
There to please.
And enjoy thoroughly.

A lover,
Wished.
A lover that exists as is.

A lover free,
To share...
Happiness with me.

A lover,
Warm.
Loving to kiss and is honest.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Lower Standard To Value

This is the argument...

What had not been easily accessible,
But now made available to get...
As interpreted by those,
Misrepresenting an intention meant...
Will not prevent what all are against.
Since the use of common sense,
Is neither validated nor certified to prioritize...
As a prerequisite for given entitlements.

That is the argument...

As a quality of life slides,
To a lower standard to value.
With sanity excused,
To eventually become meaningless...
For anyone remembering when it existed,
With an attention to get an amendment for it.
As if this would make a difference.
And who would notice if not conscious?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Loyalty That Remains Unquestioned

Only those who are trained and conditioned,
To protect the ones obscene...
With a loyalty that remains unquestioned,
Are offended and incensed...
By those who are not yet convinced with conviction,
That obscenities spewed...
Can get the common man arrested.
No matter the integrity kept.
However...
Those self obsessed with correctness,
Can walk down the halls where laws are administered...
Could care less about being censored.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Magician I Am Not

Every now and then,
I have to stop to convince myself...
A magician I am not.

And no one has to tell me,
They have watched my life to live it...
Through a microscope,
With a doing to give their interpretation.

Although I have been told,
On several occasions...
Who did what and when to assist,
To give approval of my efforts to endeavor.

I have had folks tell me not to use 'their' names,
On my own independent adventures claimed.
To explore and describe.
With a doing to share my mental escapades.
While they fantasized steps made,
I actually witnessed to realize.
Why would I want to use 'their' names,
On my ambitions?
I kid not!
I don't even drop names of those I know,
Who have toiled alone to reach mountaintops.

And I am not the only one,
Made to feel they must defend...
Their experiences to live.
Or prove what has been documented,
Validates their earned credibility.
I am not going to be placed in a position,
To excuse my success.
I don't feast to feed on that kind of B.S.
Nor will I allow myself to recognize it served.

What I've accomplished to do with initiative,
Can not be purchased to buy it sold.
Or put on lay-away,

Until all payments have been made.

Everyday as I get up on my own two feet,
To face obstacles and opposition to defeat...
Malaise, indifference, criticisms and complaints,
Is a challenge to confront on a daily basis.
Especially from those who have chosen this,
As their perception of a way of life to live.
While awaiting for someone with a magic wand,
To make a ship appear delivering sweatless wishes.
From places where they sit,
Prepared to elaborate on activated embellishments.

Everyday as I get up on my own two feet,
There is malaise.
There is indifference.
There are criticisms and complaints I meet.
And the only assistance,
I receive to accept and expect to get...
Is from a faith that stays to remain sustained.
Now...
If that is considered to be a magic trick,
Then the doing of it I can not deny.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Manipulative Production

Depending on things,
With a limited purpose
To please and feed a mind teased.
And eventually exchanged,
To open the way to obtain more things.
This
Is not a life lived.
But a manipulative production,
That keeps the greedy fed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Marriage Made In Heaven

I've had many divorces in my life.
Two of which were legal.
My eyes have cried so many tears,
Over the past years...
To eventually view through them clearly,
Was a gift I doubted I could accept.
That's how often I wept!

And then one day,
I was introduced to my life!
To say there is no such thing,
As falling in love overnight?
I discovered within seconds,
That was a lie!

Not only did a peace of mind come with it,
That felt so right...
I knew this to be a marriage made in heaven.

I've had many divorces in my life.
Two of which were legal.
And then one day,
I was introduced to my life!
Not only did a peace of mind come with it,
That felt so right...
I knew this to be a marriage made in heaven.

And I vowed I would remain honest,
And devoted!
Although I must admit...
I am still making attempts to rid myself,
Of those annoying habits.

You know...
Those self indulgences,
That can addict?
Like the smoking of cigarettes...
I just can't seem to quit!
But...

I am dealing with the consciousness of it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Means To Escape From Being Held Accountable

If the only thing you can produce,
Is an appearance at social functions.
And you find yourself there,
With others equally just as productive?
Know this...
Others you deem to be anti-social,
And not taking in these scenes...
Just 'may' be making attempts,
To use their minds...
Exploring other avenues.

And,
Making a better use of their time...
Trying to expand upon their consciousness.
With wishes not to always seek to be entertained.
Or search for a means,
To escape from being held accountable.
Allowing 'their' irresponsibilities...
To be place upon someone else's shoulders.
With complaints...
About what it is done they do!

And very few today,
Find the need to reflect upon those issues,
Respectfully.
Or...
To be important.

And in some circles,
They would call this behavior...
Immaturity!

And in others?
A need for people to have a good time.
But...
Everyday of every week?
And around a nonstopping clock?
To party until they drop?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Meeting Of Acceptable Standards

The only people heard 'continually' expressing,
Their entitlements expected have been neglected...
And have received less respect,
Are those who have selfishly fed their greed...
To believe the ones who 'are' in need,
Have the same opportunities.
Regardless if the keys they have achieved to hold,
Do not fit ever changing locks on those doors.

While the people feeding to do successfully,
Wish to keep to have those in need 'perceiving'...
They 'first' must be identified to qualify,
For entitlements with approval to get...
With a meeting of acceptable standards,
Determined by those feasting...
To be politically and socially proper etiquette,
With their complaints then 'decided' to be valid.

'Well...
They have proven they've earned the 'right' credentials.'

~Not to be the one to express any bias.
However...
And 'hypothetically' speaking,
If we all did happen to sit together...
Who 'then' amongst us,
Would get 'ALL' the attention? ~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Menace To Those Unconscious

I've been Black for a while now.
So I am accustomed,
To having my intelligence questioned.
Even by those who have not proven,
To have any at all.
I am 'suspected' to be able to think!

I often thought if I was a thief,
I'd be extremely dangerous.
But I chose honesty!
Which leaves my designation,
As just a threat.
A menace to those unconscious.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Mess Left To Deepen

A mess left to deepen,
By those who now weep...
Yet they swept this mess to lay in the streets.
While shunning away those,
That came to volunteer their services...
For free.
But told the debris,
Had been a figment of imposed negativity.
What was imagined was theirs to condone,
With a turning of their backs...
To expose an ignorance shown.

And what was in sight for all to see,
Was an impossibility to correct...
With a steadfast stubbornness,
Heating up to get more upset.
And what had been mentioned,
Created tensions amongst those offended.

Well...
Offended and left alone to condone their mess,
Has been done.
Leaving those who weep in their sleeplessness,
United with their wishes kept intact.
With nothing to bring them back to their senses.
Since outstanding were the payments...
To keep them smothered in delusions.
And being addicted to delusions is all they've known.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Message Sent

The decision to give freely,
By one who does this best...
Yet,
Does not impress those...
Quick to oppose before they accept.
Sends a message they just might regret,
When the giver gets upset.

A message sent,
Doesn't necessarily have to be one read...
Or said.
When delivered!

A message sent,
Doesn't necessarily have to be one read...
Or said.
From the giver.

A message sent,
Doesn't necessarily have to be one read...
Or said.

The decision to give freely,
By one who does this best...
Yet,
Does not impress those...
Quick to oppose before they accept.
Sends a message they just might regret,
When the giver leaves with speed...
And is not upset

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Mighty Fortress Provides My God

A mighty fortress provides my God.
Against intruders perpetrating their conflicts.
And inside I am comforted with the knowing of it.

My experiences and tested faith has proven to me,
A truth no one can deceive...
To have me believe otherwise.

God and I have been too close for too long,
For the right reasons.
With a keeping of my activities known and protected.

No matter who lingers outside to advocate,
The passing of their judgements.
With a soliciting to deceive the nonbelievers.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Mind Confined To Childhood

I want to respect one's consciousness.
I really do.
Since I will always remember these words...
'Do Unto Others As You Would Have Them Do Unto You'.

And yet some people expect acceptance,
No matter what it is they may say to deceive.
Or do to another out of sight for others to see.
To put a blame on someone else!

'There Is No Tree You Can Hide Behind,
Thinking You Can Not Be Seen.'
My mother would often say this to me,
When I hated to do her assigned chores cheerfully.

I want to respect one's consciousness.
I really do.

But to tolerate a consistent foolishness from another,
Has been removed from my agenda to acknowledge...
A wasting of a mind confined to childhood does no good,
Or represent a healthy sanity.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Mind Gone

No one can say today,
They are immuned from a mind gone.
Without time to take to make sense in it.
Nor can anyone stay safely away,
From someone unknown...
Consumed and prepared,
To display their bitterness, bigotry...
With an array that sprays upon others,
Pent up hatred with kept sick beliefs.

No one can say today,
With it admitted to confess.
They were taught at a time,
Somewhere and at someplace...
Someone different and with their own taste,
Had been selected to dislike...
For how they appeared or their choice of faith.

No one can say to remember when,
They readily respected...
Someone's culture, race or color of skin.
Or texture of hair and how they wore it.
Where they lived, what they drove...
Or even how they spoke to express themselves.

And no one living,
Within communities gated.
Or isolated surrounded by picket fences to paint,
Could if they wished it...
Walk on water to declare themselves 'saints'.
But many have lived their lives,
Perceiving they are great if they berate someone else.
To only discover from another they run,
Who also has been sold and bought...
Teachings taught to keep them seeking,
Validation to prove...
They were born on one Earth to experience together.
Although...
Be they Black, Brown, White or 'whatever'.

Blue-eyed, hazel, green or gray.
Nappy hair, straight, dyed, wigged or weaved.
One race just 'has' to be chosen by a God,
No one claims to have ever seen...
Accepted to be better than the other.

And with this to prove,
A mind gone...
Consumed and prepared,
To display their bitterness, bigotry...
With an array that sprays upon others,
Pent up hatred with kept sick beliefs.
Has everyone screaming terrified,
Together.

Regardless of race, color.
Religious beliefs.
Desires, wishes or dreams.
Where they live. How they live. What they drive.
Or whose name they can drop,
When they socialize.
OR who cheats on husbands, lovers or wives.
All will run from one with a mind gone,
Trying to escape to appreciate what becomes...
The one thing they cherish most,
Life. Without thought given to accessories!
Or who to address to keep impressed.
When a mind amongst them becomes unglued...
No one is thinking,
About the price paid for their shoes.

One mind gone,
Has a way of putting everything in perspective.
For everyone to value and prioritize...life.
To then begin to notice others.
Attempting to escape from a displayed craze.

'Were they Black, White, Brown?
How many were they?
And what religious affiliation? '

~Are you kidding?

We didn't have time to interview anybody.
Or see who he, she, they or took time to count,
How many were chasing us away from peace.~
We all ran faithfully together in fear.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Mind Staying Limited

Keeping busy doing something,
Other thinking of yourself...
Benefits.
With the time to find.

Keeping busy doing something,
Other thinking of yourself...
Benefits.
With no time to whine.

A mind staying limited on itself,
Will get sick.

With a sitting just to mimic every minute one gets,
Anything that's positive...
To rip it into bits.

Keeping busy doing something,
Other thinking of yourself...
Benefits.

A mind staying limited on itself,
Will get sick.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Mind That Is Alive

It has been hindered by you.
Splintered.
And the spirits are here to mend.
Everything about it will be tossed on its end.
Until its corrected.
And you can bet it will be done!
Under the power of the Moon, Stars and Sun
You are going to witness it!
This upheavel that takes a shift.
To restore before your eyes with surprise.
Earth, indeed, is a mind that is alive!
And it knows...
It has been taken too much for granted.
And it has allowed us to sit too long,
In self destruction!
Disrupting its peacefulness,
It wishes and can give!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A 'missed' Interpretation

Lies to tell on anyone,
With intent done to ruin their lives...
And established relationship,
Solid and uncompromised...
Can not be placed in the same category,
As mistakes made to do unconsciously.
This...
Is a 'missed' interpretation,
Of reality and facts.
And minds unwilling to stay attached to them.

Too many have kept expectations,
That an apology to give...
Returns a forgiveness given.
And from those who have been victimized.
But overwhelmed with joy to hear,
How it was God came to folks like this...
At the stroke of midnight.
Awakening them with images, symbols...
And a soft whispered voice,
To soothe the doing of their detailed misdeeds.
Shocking them into cold sweats.
And unexpected bathroom visits.

Until...
They were made to stand quietly to listen,
In the rays of God's redeeming light.

This...
Is a 'missed' interpretation.
Too often used as an excuse,
For the purpose to introduce God...
As a reason some believe themselves to be picked,
To destroy relationships and ruin lives...
As alibis to gain empathy,
From those who are told faithfully...
Mistakes are made by everyone to make.
And anyone who has not thrown a stone...
Should not live in a glass house.

And this...
Is,
A 'missed' interpretation too!

Here is my updated version:
(clearing throat)

A foot stepped on and meant to do,
Is going to leave two feet bruised.
And 'this'...
Is in no need to be interpreted.
Religiously 'with' or without the backup,
Of truth and facts.
Since feelings to be felt...
With 'intentment',
Seem to get the point sent directly.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Missing Oar

I understand the origin of your confusion.
But unlike the others,
I am not devoting my life
To the comprehension of it.

If pieces in your mind do not fit,
I will not attempt to convince you
With time given they will.
They wont!

You are determined to prove,
A rowing of a boat in a bath tub
Can be done,
IF one believes.

And I believe,
Somewhere in your head
There is a missing oar!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Mission Many Are Disguising

Run away with it done,
From anyone indecisive.
Giving them time,
To find yours to waste...
Is a mission many are disguising,
To get someone else to chase...
Their own responsibilities,
Initiated to create 'now' hated.
And with it hoped,
The exchange will leave them...
Free from being accountable.
To then join others to accuse and blame,
The one giving time to listen...
For not delivering to live up,
To their expectations.
And the one who comes to realize that,
Is left to feel trapped to regret being empathetic.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Mission Sought To Succeed

As long as people refuse to accept,
A truth to face without escapes to chase...
Headaches, heartaches and disappointments,
Will be theirs to encounter on a daily basis.
And with an empathy wanted,
To relieve them from grief...
Becomes more of a mission sought to succeed...
To convince someone with it done,
They have found life too unbearable to live.
With their delusions being victimized,
By realities they can not seem to shake away.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A More Enriching Fulfilled Life

The best way to live a happier,
And a more enriching fulfilled life...
Experienced without feeling agitated,
Is to not invite opinions of others,
Who are likely to have different appetites.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A More Positive Outlook

Another day.
Another celebrated conflict is made.
Another confusion to exist but disbelieved.
Another tension to resist.
But keeping it amuses hypocrisies.

More denials to suppress.
More delusions to express.
More protesters upset by the mess,
But few step forward to address...
Why such digressions are accepted.

And yet...
Objections to dissect to get to the core,
To examine the process to eliminate more...
Is a daring suggestion,
For anyone making it to propose corrections.

'The solution is obvious.
And clearly there to be observed.
All of this can be ended,
If truth as it is did not offend.'

~Is there anyone else,
Who can make a better recommendation?
With a direction we all can take,
That makes sense and is a more positive outlook.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A More Reasonable Position

Why have all the flagpoles,
Beed reduced to stand...
At half of their normal height?

'To keep the appearance of lowering the flag,
To half mast at each recurring tragedy.
It is believed that the doing of this,
Helps to reduce the actual frequency...
Of these occurrences.

And...
The act of doing this was determined to be,
More practical.
Instead of pressuring the people,
To accept today's realities.
With an elimination of forcing them to face their dilemmas,
Headon! '

Yeah.
I can see that.
That is a more reasonable position to take.
It relieves those of replacing their delusions.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Motion Towards Love

It's got to stop!
All the hatred dropped.
To start,
A motion...
Towards love.

Believe it or not,
Even those who perceive...
They will benefit from it,
Become more the victims...
Than the ones they've depicted,
As unfit misfits.

It's got to stop!
All the hatred dropped.
To start,
A motion...
Towards love.

Since those who sit and analyze this,
With tears dripping from their eyes...
Hoping for a quick fix,
Need to begin to mend their own conflicts.

It's got to stop!
All the hatred dropped.
To start,
A motion...
Towards love.

Since those who sit and analyze this,
With tears dripping from their eyes...
Hoping for a quick fix,
Need to begin to mend their own conflicts...
To end them.

Those who sit,
With tears from their eyes quick to drip...
Need to get up to mend their own conflicts,

To end them,
Now.

Before all time slips from them,
To end.
With a leaving not a minute.
Before all time slips from them,
To end.
With a leaving not a minute.
Before all time slips from them,
To end.
With a leaving not a minute.
Before all time slips from them,
To end.
Before all time slips from them,
To end.
Before all time slips from them,
To end.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Movement Made Much Too Popular

I am here consciously to achieve on purpose,
A doing to be done left for myself to validate.
Taking time to waste saying what I could achieve,
Procrastinating...
In accepted hesitation,
Is a movement made much too popular today...
That has left so many feeling they have accomplished.
And they have.
To witness for anyone to observe unquestioned,
With a doing of something that had not been delayed.
And leaving no one to dispute the results of the outcome.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Movement Off My Path

The only thing you can show me,
At this late stage of the game...
Is what you have been showing me all along.
A commitment to nothingness...
With a devotion made to excuses!
You can't show me anything,
But a movement off my path!
I'm not about to ask,
For you to take a step away!
I'm demanding it!
Show me how you can be gone with the wind.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Must To Have

Who made the acceptance,
Of a nonsense enjoyed.
And a must to have to exploit,
As a wholesome deed.
While sacrificing their lives,
To have others pleased.

Who is it that would pick another,
And not so randomly to believe...
Their mediocrity to produce,
Is the best they can achieve.
Even the ones with their best efforts,
Know they can make their endeavors...
Better.

Who with experience and known abilities,
Would prefer to have them go ignored.
Just to be surrounded by others,
Pretending they are blessed to live with less.
And less and not more is what they pray for,

Who is it that prays and confesses to God,
They would rather have their wishes and dreams...
Abandoned by God with an asking to do this.
And begging from God to deliver His assistance.

Who is it that loves to see others,
Weighted with burdens attached to their backs.
With a telling them and convincingly,
Wings await for them in Heaven.
And God will be there,
Selecting them to be praised for their lack...
Of attempts to be greater,
Than all His creations were meant to be.

Who is it that deceives and preys on the weak.
With beliefs to keep,
They've been blessed to suffer agonies.
While others are chosen to be invited to feast.

Who made this acceptance of a nonsense,
A must to have.
And who are they to stay on knees,
Believing God enjoys every moment of their woes.
With burdens to bear wherever they go,
To believe it is God...
Who has bestowed upon them grief.
As a must to have 'true believers' condone.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Mutual Sharing Has Become Effective

What can be said to someone that hurts?
Someone accustomed,
To wallowing away in sludge and dirt...
With given alerts that warn.

What can be said,
To some who struggles?
Toiling needlessly as if a martyr,
Out to prove...
A shackling to a ball and chain,
Is one's mission.

And the one watching this,
Shouting in a voice that has become hoarse...
Becomes just as sickened!
And suggestions from others to quit,
Divorce from it...
Is unbearable to see!
Yet can not leave.

What can be said to someone that hurts?
Someone accustomed,
To wallowing away in sludge and dirt...
With given alerts that warn?
Nothing!
As long as they have someone there,
To witness their despair...
A mutual sharing has become effective,
In the process.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Natural Knack Chosen

It has been my biggest mistake made to date.
Proving that honesty spoken and faced,
Is better than having the telling of lies...
To chase me for the rest of my life.

I have learned today,
So many prefer the telling of lies.
And have come to despise those,
Who seem to have a natural knack chosen...
In the poking of holes that masquerade kept delusions.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Natural Part Of A Normal Life

Incredible it is.
But not yet to achieve unbelievable status.
These events seem to happen.
And too often back to back.

'What?
You've discovered mustard on your sandwich?
And you've requested mayo? '

No.
Not quite 'that' serious.
But there are people who will publicly admit,
And with the enthusiasm of children...
Of finding time and resources to chase a speeding object,
Claimed to be the size of Manhattan.
Travelling eighty-six thousand miles a minute through space.
To then land a device to examine it to gather information.
Send that information back to where it is being monitored.
With it to be announced they 'believe' water is on it.

'The wheat is dry isn't it? '

What wheat?

'On your sandwich.'

Listen.
But these same 'wizards' can not or will not,
Research a solution to end pollution.
Uncover ways to prevent corruption or crime.
Discuss the reason why racism exists.
Or that connected to people losing their minds.
Nor can they stop hunger, homelessness...
Diseases, greed or the presence of selfishness,
Right here on Earth.
But thirst they do for threats and fear.
And the appearance of more ignorance.

'What's the problem?

Who said what to you today?
Or looked at you with a raised eyebrow? '

And...
These are the people who will kill to prove,
They are more intelligent than others.
The best minds in the entire Universe they are.
Or so they want this to be believed.
And they are the ones treating others with wishes,
To correct these inequities like lepers.
As if they were the ones crazed and out of their minds.

'I suppose you defend them to say they are not? '

Who me?
Oh no.
Why should I offend those with common sense.
Are you kidding?
Afterall...
What's travelling through space millions of miles away,
Is much more of a priority...
Than my neighbor chasing someone with a gun,
To do before the crack of dawn with screaming going on...
Is more acceptable to me as a natural part of a normal life.
Why would I want to offend anyone with kept pretentions?

'Good.
So what else is new on your side of the fence? '

Nothing much.
The usual.
You're right.
This wheat is dry.
And where is the lettuce?
I specifically asked for a slice of tomato.

'Send it back.
Or just don't eat it.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Need To Express Something Fresh Emerges

There is something unattractive,
About recycled old habits.
They eventually stale.
Like a relationship with redundant activities.

Sooner or later,
A need to express something fresh emerges.
And this should be observed.
Is there anything in nature,
That is not being constantly renewed?

Beside the need for greed...
That seems to be a human fed entrapment!
With conflicts even Mother Nature shows,
No tolerance!
On any level scientists may attempt to change.
Through the creation and healing of chosen diseases.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Needed Verification

The success of ignorance expressed today,
Can be easily determined...
By the denials maintained by a host of people,
Who are still disbelieving what they hear and see.

Although the facts of their lives lived,
Are literally being exposed before their eyes.

And to hear some folks react with shock,
Motivates others to repeatedly ask strangers...
To validate for them,
The month, day and time to ensure...
They are still among those awake and conscious.
That's how serious a needed verification is getting.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Never Ending Process

The proof of truth with evidence,
Does not excuse the feelings of one abused...
By those who choose to deceive purposely.

Nor should anyone expect,
One affected to be readily forgiving...
Of those accepting deceptions to believe.

Often people easily deceived like this,
Will quickly accuse one innocent of being the culprit.
To victimize as their defense for being convinced of lies.

'I tried repeatedly to tell them,
I apologize for being stupid.
However...
Each time I attempted this,
They looked at me as if I was an idiot.'

~Well...
I can understand the confusion.
You see...
If you had said,
You apologize for being a 'fool'...
They may have 'had' a reason,
And a cause to excuse you for being stupid.~

'What difference does that make.
An apology is an apology.'

~I agree.
And in 'some' cases that may be true.
Although in your particular situation,
It would have been easy for them...
To forgive a fool for being stupid.
But...
For whatever the reason,
They believe you to be an 'idiot'.
And being an idiot is a never ending process.~

'So what should I do? '

~Avoid at all cost,
Any excuse they wish to use...
To have you arrested for stalking and harassment.
Stay as far away from them as possible.
You could end up in jail.~

'What would you have done? '

~I carry a bat in the trunk of my car.
You idiots are all over the place these days.
You wouldn't have gotten that close to me.
But then again...
I've witnessed you be a fool on several occasions.
And if 'ever' you see me go into my trunk to get my bat...
Don't ask me any questions about that.
Just run. And, as fast as you can.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Never Forever Is

It's so hard,
To leave...
What's believed,
Behind.
With it fixed in our minds,
Superglued.
And guaranteed to stick forever.

Too many are addicted.
And many more,
So predictable.
Unwilling to change.
Although a change is inevitable.

Too many are addicted.
And many more,
So predictable.
Unwilling to change.
Although a change is inevitable.

It's so hard,
To leave...
What's believed,
Behind.

Too many are addicted.
And many more,
So predictable.
Unwilling to change.
Although a change is inevitable.
Even though,
What's in our minds...
One day,
Will be chipped away.

It's so hard,
To leave...
What's believed,
Behind.

With it fixed in our minds,
Superglued.
And guaranteed to stick forever.
But a never,
Forever...
Is!

No need now to complain.
But a never,
Forever...
Is!

No need now to complain.
But a never,
Forever...
Is!

No need now to complain.
A but a never,
Forever...
Is!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A New And Different Voyage

Stepping aboard and accepting,
A new and different voyage.
Beyond perceptions of impossibilites.
When it is witnessed on a daily basis,
Possibilities exist from a nonexistence...
To create them made.
Like wishes to dream one eventually gets.

For many that time has come,
To abandon the teaching of limits.
For many that time has come,
To break away from a concrete conformity.
Uniformed to deform mentalities.
Overwhelmed and pressured,
By beliefs no longer credible to keep.
When many are finding these times speeding,
Away from yesterdays,
Gone too rapidly to remain reminisced.
And why should anyone try with attempts,
To relive that which has passed.

Stepping aboard and accepting,
A new and different voyage.
And moving forward,
Beyond perceptions of impossibilites.
And escaping away from others who stay,
Believing everyday they have come to inhabit...
A placed known as Earth,
Is at the center of the Universe.
A Universe too diverse to leave it,
Untravelled and ignored to mentally explore.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A New Car In The Summertime

Mmm...
With a mmm-ing just to be cool.
Top down.
And,
Driving all around town.

Mmm...
With a mmm-ing just to 'keep' cool.
Top down.
And driving all around town.

A gulping guzzler,
But a treat on the streets.
A gulping guzzler,
But it's buffed and looks sweet!

A new car in the Summertime...
Teases people strolling in urban heat.
A new car in the Summertime...
Is quick to spot and guaranteed to be seen.
A gulping guzzler,
Driven by one who leans.

Mmm...
With a mmm-ing just to be cool.
Top down.
And,
Driving all around town.

A gulping guzzler,
But it's buffed and looks sweet!
A new car in the Summertime...
Teases people strolling in urban heat.
A gulping guzzler,
Gets attention it keeps.

Top down.
And driving all around town.
In a gulping guzzler but it looks sweet.

And teasing people strolling in urban heat.

Mmm...
With a mmm-ing just to be cool.
And teasing people strolling in urban heat.
Mmm...
With a mmm-ing just to 'keep' cool,
A driver stops to get attention to seek.

A new car in the Summertime...
Teases people strolling in urban heat.
A new car in the Summertime...
Is quick to spot and guaranteed to be seen.
A gulping guzzler,
Driven by one who leans.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A New Era Has Arrived

A new era has arrived
And yet those addicted
To long lasting habits
Are refusing to accept or move
From those times changed

And those who say
They are of strong faith with beliefs
Are the very same people
Who stand in the way
With attempts to block
This progress that proceeds.

A new era has arrived
And yet those addicted
To long lasting habits
Are refusing to accept or move
From those times changed

And
With a stubbornness they are convinced
If they demand with a protesting that commands
'Everything' for them will remain the same
Even if they take matters in their ignorant hands
As if particles of dust
Refusing to be blown away by wind

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A New Low In Popularity

A new low in popularity he has reached.
But this is expected.
When has truth and honesty...
Been a determining factor to reveal,
In one's public speech?
He is chartering fresh territory.
And this people can not accept or believe.
Many perceive this to be unthinkable.

Even discussing those elements,
Over a slice of homemade apple pie...
And icecream,
Could result in a neighborhood brawl.
And he has stated the facts...
Without the backdropp of sweetened props.
Orchestrated with harmonizing voices.
He is not hollow.
Nor does he take steps with shallow intentions.

And people unaccustomed to this kind of leadership,
Seek a leader pretentious with image.
And not one with image who will have none of it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A New Submission

Congratulations.
I see you have added a new submission.

'Yes I did.
And what did you think of it? '

Me?
I really didn't read it.
I rarely read any of them,
As much as I count them.
Keep up the good work.

'Uh...
Thank you? '

No problem at all.

'Well,
One never knows.
Maybe one day the contents,
Of my submissions...
Will acturally be read,
To broaden one's perspective.
And the counting of them by number,
Will become less of a validation...
That one knows 'something' about math.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A New Sun Comes

A New Sun comes,
With it done to appear...
On the horizon for the ones,
Awakening to see it clear...
A clouding of minds and eyes,
Beginning to find...
What had blinded them in days before,
Has begun to fade away...
From a prioritized way to live their lives.

Meaning and purpose,
With this to become vivid...
Has restored for the many,
More important to possess...
Than remaining petty.
To know a pettiness kept,
Is a needless pre-requisite to have a happy life!
Or participating in conflicts with those who argue,
Over who has found a way to live life right.

A new Sun comes.
With a welcome that is done.
A new Sun comes.
Dawning.

A new Sun comes.
Bright to delight and shining.
A new Sun comes.
Dawning.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Normal Thing Done

Confronted by opposition,
To me is a normal thing done.
When young and being opposed by others,
I've learned to face consequences.
Instead away from them run.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Noticeable Nose Dive

Why is it that the education of all children,
Has taken a noticeable nose dive?
To leave them unable to compete,
On any level of achievement.

'Why is it that people decide to move away,
From those moving into their neighborhoods? '

To take with them what is believed others wish,
From them to get.
People like to feel comfortable.
With those they believe have similar interests.

'And what do you think that would be?
Their monopoly kept on intelligence? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Noticeably Aging School Yard Game

There comes a time in one's life,
No matter how they were raised...
And who wasn't there to attend their graduations.
That a placing fault and blame on someone else,
Becomes a noticeably aging school yard game.
Even to those children presently in elementary school.

Conversations based on consentual sex,
And baiting hatred between races...
Just to avoid things they way they are,
To feed an encouragement of more conflicts...
Is a sign of minds out of time and function.
And an observation of this is not a wish but in existence.

People have flipped out of their minds.
And it may be contributed to their diets.
Or a lack of daily exercise.
But whatever it is this can not be dismissed for what it is,
No one is in a position to accuse someone else,
Of being envious of their standards or lifestyles.

To say many people known,
Are already left alone...
In their own ineptness,
Is not a threat.
Nor is it a warning.
It is reality to others shown who see it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Nourished Self Centered Pity

Punks, bullies, cowards and liars.
Deceivers who hide,
Behind identities to charade...
All seem to have one thing in command!
A masquerading of their delusions.
To commit an ambushing to be done,
With someone unknown to have it shown...
Insecurities they keep and in deep sick mentalities,
Has always been a claim to be the fault of others...
They wish to blame for not recognizing their superiority!
A superiority they wish to inflict with pain,
With a doing to have it felt and believed.
With an influence over others to achieve!
However...
If left alone,
The condoning of a superiority would not be noticed!
It would not be known to perceive it believed.
And 'this'...
Those with evil intentions can not permit to exist.
They MUST be acknowledged!
Regardless if a nourished self centered pity is felt!
Yet from them does not leave to live life to respect.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A One Dimensional Comprehension

Too much of an overdosing to pose,
In those eye fetching positions...
As done by imposters quick to get in them,
Has been been imprinted to impress...
Unconscious minds also doing their best,
Imitations on the surface!
But underneath there is an absence of depth.

Too much of an overdosing to pose,
A kept self righteousness...
Are beings left with less insight,
Believing to confess a walking in the light...
Will prevent a bumping into walls that stall,
A one dimensional comprehension envisioned...
That awes those they perceive are fool by their flaws!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Parade To Celebrate Victory?

Your point of view,
Has been made quite clear.
Even the repetition of it voiced...
With intensity heard.
Now,
With that said...
What has to happen,
To convince you?
A parade to celebrate victory?
Or would you prefer a bronzed statue?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Parody

Mommy?
What is a parody?

'That's when something meant,
To mean one thing to intend...
But is made to make it funny,
By having it seen as something else.'

I thought the same thing too.
But when I asked daddy,
He thought I said a pair of D's.
And he started laughing.
Then he said,
That you use to have a pair of B's,
Before I changed them to D's.
What did he mean by that, ma?

'Go tell 'your' FATHER...
There will be no F's in this house,
For a long time.'

Oh no.
I don't want to remind him,
About that 'one' I brought home last year.
He got 'real' upset.
Remember?

'Yes. I remember it.
That's why I keep telling you to use the dictionary,
If you are not sure of what a word means. Okay?
Learn to use that as a tool.
Come to know it and keep it near your hands.
It's very important.
You will find one day it impresses the young ladies.'

Okay.
Keep it near my hands and use as a tool?

'That's what to do.

You'll come to know how important that is.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Past You Trashed

What is it you've contributed,
That warrants your demands to get...
Immediated attention,
Undivided by those who have focused...
Their priorities meant with intent,
To move forward.

What is it that you've brought,
To any table besides an appetite sought...
To feed your selfish needs to then argue,
Over who made choices of the menu.

And where did you learn those lessons taught,
That has you believing...
Garbage you toss you can leave as you please.
With a doing to think,
You shouldn't roll up your own sleeves.
But you are qualified to supervise,
Others to clean up a past you trashed.

You continue to excuse your position to sit.
While complaining about opportunities,
Some receive that you don't get.
And everyday that comes,
You've got something else negative to say.
That has you portrayed as being the victim.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Patience Stops

To discontinue the act of it done...
When mistakes are repeated.
And people appear less sincere,
With the giving of their apologies.
To then begin to start again,
A familiar routine of the same misdeeds...
With a belief the use of innocence,
And a practiced sincerity...
Is all one needs to show evidence,
Whatever is done they admit guilt to do...
Will eventually free them to be forgiven.
Hoping the facts will be scratched and erased,
From memories by dropping a few tears to leave.
But a patience stops when a performance too redundant,
Bores those who listen with intent to forgive.
And something happens 'miraculously' to prevent this!
Loud is their own weeping from their own eyes.
To their ears to hear.

'It's so sad.
Isn't it? '

~Yes.
That performance is the worse I've ever heard.~

'Here.
Pass around this box of tissue.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Peace They'D Find

I threw pennies out to the pigeons,
This morning.
They did not know what to do!
Had I flew the 'coop' with scorning?

I had always come to toss
To them popcorn or chips...
Something they ate I would leave them with!
They usually would peck and be on their way.
But this morning they sat as if to say:
'There's not a thing we can do with these!
Of that all of us pigeons have come to agree!
We expected at least a twig or stick thrown
A chicken bone or something sniffed and left alone!
Something to huddle around over...
To peck and pick!
Is this some kind of joke?
We protest this different shit!
Hey? Are you listening?
Do we have to fight over this? '

And as I began to leave this scene behind...
I pulled from my pocket a new minted dime.
I threw it and watched them trying to lift it together.
Believing the sparkling would bring them a peace,
They would find even better!
Bringing them with curiousity,
And touching each others' feathers!

It worked!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A People Of Progressive Ideals

Divisive politics?
I don't believe it.
Bigoted and rascist remarks,
Intended?
No way!

The people today,
Only wish to have their beliefs represented.
In a cohesive wholesomeness,
That is clearly being misunderstood.

Aren't we a people of progressive ideals?
Reflecting those standards that are valued?
Aren't we a people of an envied mindset,
Sold the world over to appeal?

Divisive politics?
I don't believe it.
Bigoted and rascist remarks,
Intended?
No way!

Aren't we a people of progressive ideals?
Reflecting those standards that are valued?
Aren't we a people of an envied mindset,
Sold the world over to appeal?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Perfection To Achieve

A perfection to achieve,
Should be the last thing to contemplate...
By anyone seeking this to accomplish.
Especially if a thought to think is not one's own.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Person's Worth Is Invaluable

A person's worth,
Isn't in their ability...
To obtain worldly possessions.
Or in the quality of them.

Can that person nourish others,
With encouragement?
Can that person be a true friend...
When the time for being one,
Shows what kind of skin...
That person 'is'
And exposes from within.

Being able to spend cash,
And make a quick dash on trips...
Or do a name dropping of notables,
Doesn't mean a thing...
If a person is negligent,
To extend heartfelt feelings...
Not too many can express or mention.

A person's worth is invaluable,
When a genuineness appears...
To surface time and again.
And that is proven to be dependable,
Without a doubt or a need to question.

Can that person nourish others,
With encouragement that does not end?
A person's worth will unearth,
Who and what comes first...
Regardless of those impressions made,
Someday that will fade...
Long after established ties with others,
Have remained to stay!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Philosophy Of Contradiction

A philosophy of contradiction,
Has prevented with resistance...
Those who know truth does exist.
But rely on those ignorant of it,
To promote more delusion,
That devastation has created...
To effect an assumed quality of life,
People are chasing with fear they face...
Like dogs seen making attempts,
To eventually catch their tails.
With a hoping to bite and hang on tight.

A philosophy of contradiction,
Everyday debated by politicians...
More afraid of losing their elected positions,
Than representing their constituents...
With facts not distracted,
By abstract comments.
Although...
Made purposely to erase,
A clear debasing of a fading reality.

And here we are today,
Listening to the depictions of the rich...
The only ones affording to be in politics,
Describe the ailments of those mentally sick...
As being nonconformists unable to admit,
They suffer from addicting dysfunctions.
That a normality would not permit.
As if their contradictions stated to make,
Will fix the lives with more telling of lies...
People will buy and accept,
While awaiting for those who despise truth...
Correct what they've done with apologies.

'We are sorry we've totally messed up your lives.
However...
We are hoping racism and childish conflicts started,
Will keep you entertained momentarily.

And with kept faith maybe one day we will all grow up.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Picture Painted Expresses A Thousand Words

People may make claims,
That a picture painted...
Expresses a thousand words.
When exhibited as observed.

And if that is true...
Why is it that the very same people,
Upon getting explicit explanations...
Aren't comprehending what they've heard,
To further ask unending questions?

Or could it be,
That picture painted once received...
Purchased and possessed,
Has deceived one's perception of it...
Once removed from its impressive setting,
That changes its effectiveness.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Place To Stay In Your Head

You bare those burdens,
Of carrying your own demons.
With the hiding of them you should give up.
Or at least learn how to duck,
From the blows of their punches.
There is something about getting hit,
Helps to assist your feelings of acceptance.

You say it's from a bad suffering,
From the absence of good luck!
That keeps you securely fixed to muck.
And me you believe,
Ignore reality to bask in a world of fantasy.

You wont hear my demons laughing.
They struggle with me right now,
To have my mind accept your philosophy!
My demons come to tease.
But the getting on my knees has been done.
At an expense I am still fighting to overcome.

You bare those burdens,
Of carrying your own demons.
With the hiding of them you should give up.
They enjoy the fact you see yourself in a rut.
And when you decide to shut them up...
They become offended.

And since they know you will continue,
To protect them with excuses...
They know they have a place to stay in your head,
Without a fear you will abandom them.

'You think you know so much! '

Tell your demons to shut up.
'THAT'...
I do know,
Will eventually work to 'your' benefit.

'You make me sick.'

No!
You make 'you' sick.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Playing Of The Blame Game

The ones given a choice to choose sides,
And they do this believing themselves to benefit...
Should not find fault,
With a playing of the blame game...
Against those to accuse,
For a wrong decision that has been learned...
To have been made.
But somehow those that have been ridiculed,
By the ones who are now depicted as fools...
Have been targeted for not being specific enough,
In declaring their correctness.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Poet Twist

In the midst...
Of a storm that is on,
It is hard to rid of it...
Until one experiences,
This affect that has gone.

And with a poet twist,
That storm becomes an image...
Of tears that drip,
To clear clouds from the sky.
Allowing love to maximize.
And squeezed tightly to dry,
From the warmth one feels from a hug.

One has got to...
Squeeze to feel it.
To know a hug is...
Genuinely given.
And...
One has got to,
Squeeze to feel it.
To know a hug is...
Meant for what it is!

From a storm to a poet twist.
One has got to...
Squeeze to feel it.
To know a hug is...
Genuinely given.
And...
One has got to,
Squeeze to feel it.
To know a hug is...
Meant for what it is!

And from that storm to a poet twist.
In the midst...
Of a storm that is on,
It is hard to rid of it...

Until one experiences,
An affect...
That has gone.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Point Of View Expressed

Mellowed in a way no one would guess...
That stress, conflicts and disappointments met.
And beating unflavorable odds,
To squash surmounting tests.
Perhaps this is how an arrogance evolves...
To give the impression,
A point of view expressed...
Is the only one that is best!

Blessed and gifted,
With the right mix that blends...
A tempered outlook,
To defeat those challenges that begin.
With a struggle to survive,
Seemingly without end...
For them who thrive,
To keep a purpose inside alive!

Some ignore opportunities as chores,
And turn their backs away...
Instead of examining,
What is behind each door.
Frightened to respond to knocks...
And the meaning and purpose,
Goes for them once again...
Unexplored and stops.
Believing those who find their treasures...
Do it without frustrations,
And/or heartbreak to endure!
With nothing else to do,
But to review their stock!
In a contentment,
Which upon them dropped.

Not true say those...
Who have heard this before!
With bruises to show,
But choose to ignore!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Positive Disposition

Observe to see and believe as is.
To retreat without feeling defeated.
It is best to keep a positive disposition,
Instead of making attempts...
To oppose those senseless in their conflicts.
Know the doing of this is meaningless.
With the taking of the high road,
And releasing a peace with those who show it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Positive Expression

Everytime I hear words of encouragement,
Whether to me spoken...
Or someone else to express.
I take this as an opportunity,
To expect more from myself to not let...
Being discouraged as a nourishment,
Left by others who have become negative.
With a doing to spread it to appease themselves.
As a punishment to fulfill their felt evils.

And my efforts to endeavor,
With sacrifice and faith invested...
Have been too long in the doing to recognize,
A positive expression to whomever it is addressed.
As also being mine.
And why not?

These times we live,
Are speeding away!
I am going to take and feed the increase,
Of my own happiness to achieve everyday.
Regardless if this is perceived as selfish.
Today I do the best I can to keep my positive mind.
And leave behind those identified to me,
As the ones on a mission to be wicked.
With a doing to take and purposely waste minds.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Pot To Piss In

There are some people so proud,
Of their heritage and race...
Regardless where they live.
What they have or have not.
And whether they've got,
A penny in their pocket.
Or a pot to piss in.

'REALLY?
You have to be kidding?
You've actually seen people,
Walking around with pride like that?
Sure of themselves AND had identity?
Barely living in deplorable...
And such dire conditions,
That the worse of all barrios...
Would be an upgrade?
I find that hard to believe.'

And listen to this...
They claim to enjoy it.
Keeps them grounded.

'I could not live,
Without impressing somebody.
I have to flaunt something that says
'Look at me. I am SOMEBODY.''

Why?
Having things makes you feel,
Better about who you are?

'Of course.
Who doesn't believe that?
Before my eyes clear in the morning,
I'm reaching for my Rolex.'

What about your identity,
Heritage and culture to pride?

'You have got to be joking?
You doing crack?
Do you know how outdated,
That kind of thinking is today? '

Where are you goin'?

'Sssshhh! Lower your voice.
I'm going to walk across the street.
Let's pretend,
We don't know each other.
I can't believe,
You would associate...
With those kinds of people.'

I didn't say I associated with them.

'You didn't have to.
There was 'something' in your,
Conversation...
That praised and dignified them.
More than I care to have heard.
And besides,
What would life be...
If most of us ended,
Our valued pretensions?
No answer! ?
And no more of my time will I waste,
Listening about your ridiculous...
Visions!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Preference To Stay Strangers

It's enough to get up on a high horse.
Tip those wide brim hats.
Lock tight and strap those saddle bags.
Wave goodbye; turn those backs and ride.
Whether it is Sunset or Sunrise,
Look at the sky and head towards the horizon.

People today are only about their gossip.
With a topping of fresh juicy and hot topics.
That's it.
To drop it all over with making no attempts to stop it.
And done to do to chase those believed familiar away.
As those they 'assumed' they had once knew,
Have made it clearly understood...
They have a preference to stay strangers.

'Why are those people on their high horses,
Doing it and not wearing their masks?
WHO do they want us to think they are?
Over-achievers? Crab barrel refugees? '

~I think they have grown tired of the pretentiousness of it.
And have decided our changing of them too often,
Was something they tired of and from us chose to split.~

'Ridiculous!
But...
Who are they? '

~I have no clue.
That's the first time I have seen their real faces too.~

It's enough to get up on a high horse.
Tip those wide brim hats.
Lock tight and strap those saddle bags.
Wave goodbye; turn those backs and ride.
Whether it is Sunset or Sunrise,
Look at the sky and head towards the horizon.
Many people today are only about their gossip.

With a topping of fresh juicy and hot topics.
That's it.
And others...
Have decided their tasks to adorn masks,
Is no longer a neccessity.
And have made it clearly understood,
They have a preference to stay strangers.

'Why are those people on their high horses,
Doing it and not wearing their masks? '

~I have no clue.
That's the first time I have seen their real faces.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Preferred Choice To Live

The telling of lies told by those who tell them,
Has an effect more infectious than any disease...
One can see to witness plaguing,
To devastate entire environments.
One has to only look around to find the evidence,
Existing right under their nose...
As if this way of life has been chosen as a preferred,
Choice to live.
Even with it done by the ones professing their innocence.

'Why are you spreading to tell something you heard,
Without investigating its truth 'before' doing it? '

~You most definitely are 'not' from around here.
I have never heard anything so ridiculous.~

'Oh?
And suppose I told you that I was?
AND a 'third' generation that represents,
The ones actually to have been born right here.'

~I'm sorry to hear you confessing that.
Then you must have been cured to live a lonely life.
Or you have lived to experience a living of your life,
Somewhere else.~

'Is it that noticeable? '

~NOTICEABLE?
You stand out like a cowboy,
Walking down a dirt road to kick up dust...
In a ghost town.
Talking like that.
And to do that 'here'?
I 'know' you keep to yourself to mind your own business.
And don't think for a moment I can be easily influenced.
I live my life to be a social butterfly.~

'As if your approach to a life to live,

Isn't 'more' noticeable.'

~Don't try to be clever.
I happen to enjoy what I do.
And you?
Mister-walk-on-water.
To do to tell the truth ALL the time.
You better lighten up and learn to lie,
Like the rest of us.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Premeditated Wish To Be Evil

Malice with intention,
Is not forgivable.
Even after the attempt is made,
To slide these deeds,
Over to the mistake side of life.
With a simplified 'I'm sorry' said.

Anyone can identify a mistake made.
There is something about it that is obvious.
But someone who is set to release malice...
Has a premeditated wish to be evil.
Believing that revenge tasted for them,
Will then be sweet.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Pre-Requisite For Happiness

There may be evil.
Kept and fed to feed,
The addictions of unconsious people.
But being aware to know it observed,
Is more effective...
Than letting that evil stir the nerves.
To see what serving an evilness to choose,
Eventually does to those who lose.
With a defeating that is complete.
As more awaken from their deep sleep.
Done to do to recognize the difference,
Of eyes to brighten and heads and shoulders lift.
As truth to believe while deceptions leave.
Quickly to be removed from tortured minds.
Seeking to find quick remedies to detox from it.
Since an evilness to the taste,
Maybe at first be delicious but it permanently sickens.
Noticing this is a pre-requisite for happiness...
Peace 'and' delivered joy.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Price Is Always Paid

Why is it people forget,
What it is they do to others...
When paybacks become due,
And are to them directed.

These selected memory folks,
I have mentioned before.
But as the more of them appear,
From behind their closet doors...
It is believed their deeds are cleared,
As if wiped clean to be erased...
From school chalk boards.

No!
A price is always paid,
When one consciously does to others...
With a purpose to use to do a screwing.

Why is it people forget,
What it is they do to others...
When paybacks become due,
And are to them directed.
Time is on no one's side,
Just to let things slide by to hide and deny.

No!
A price is always paid,
When one consciously does to others...
With a purpose to use to do a screwing.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Priority To Stay Prioritized

If a priority to stay prioritized,
Is given an intended significance...
The influence of it remains as meant.
And encouraged to flourish,
Can be noticed without it mentioned.
With it in view to sustain content.
However...
Efforts made to state but not endeavored,
May impress those attending...
Invitation only social events.
And the ones who are often heard to speak,
Of their purpose and intent to convince...
Can be usually found sitting around,
Fattening on assumptions they've sold to sell.
To perceive within themselves,
What they say to others to boast and puff up...
Has been sufficient enough...
To avoid rebuke or anyone's rebuff.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Prized And Welcomed Reward

After being exposed to diversity,
And the taste of its various flavors.
One who has lived to experience this,
Often chooses a life to live in quietness.
Away from those undecisive, undetermined...
And those who have never acquired a discipline.

Equivalent to receiving a prized and welcomed reward,
This is.
To anticipate with each Sunrise and Sunset that comes.
With a feeling of being blessed.
To express this when twenty-four hours of the day is done.
And achieving of a peace of mind one finds to confess it.

God I thank You for this glorious gift.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Prodigy Depicted

On what basis can anyone rate a phenomenon?
To what is it compared to define its existence?
A phenomenon sits alone like a prodigy depicted.
And even with that as a label to describe it,
No one can duplicate or try to achieve what it is!
Call it brilliant or whatever you please,
To leave or attempt to mentally appreciate its presence...
Within limits of a consciousness to ease an appeasement.
Since 'this' phenomenon continues to be witnessed,
With something about it left to teach lessons learned.
Rated, hate it or appeciate in forums done to debate,
This phenomenon is to be what it is to do as it comes.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Promise To Keep This Secret

A promise to keep this secret,
Is a hard job.
A promise to keep discreet,
Is just so hard.

A promise to keep this secret,
Is a hard job.
A promise to keep discreet,
Is just so hard.

Why would somebody have an elicit affair?
With a promise to keep this secret,
Is a hard job.
And do it while sneaking around,
In the clear open air?
A promise to keep discreet,
Is just so hard.

A friend can be a friend to another,
Until the end.
But a friend can not be trusted,
When a cheating begins.

A promise to keep this secret,
Is a hard job.
A promise to keep discreet,
Is just so hard.

And a friend can't be expected to defend a friend.
When that friend is also 'friend',
To those who swap and cheat on spouses...
Of,
Other friends!
Oh.

A promise to keep this secret,
Is a hard job.
A promise to keep discreet,
Is just so hard.

A promise to keep this secret,
Is a hard job.
A promise to keep discreet,
Is just so hard.

When those swapping spouses sneak from houses,
Living just next door???
Keeping this a secret is a hard job.

When those swapping spouses sneak from houses...
Living just next door???
Keeping this discreet is just too hard.

A promise to keep this secret,
Is a hard job.
A promise to keep discreet,
Is just so hard.

A promise to keep this secret,
Is a hard job.
A promise to keep discreet,
Is just so hard.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Providing Of The Ingredients

I will not fantasize anyone's innocence,
To depict ideals given no chance to exist.
What is observed today is as is.
And those who popularized an escaping,
From a yesterday that has gone away...
Colorized to hypnotize desires,
To portray themselves in ways their delusions...
Could only accept.
Will always find what is currently uncovered,
To be distasteful.
And yet...
A providing of the ingredients,
Came delivered as choice selections they chose.
But today refuse to be served to eat.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Purpose That Remains Effective

Solutions and delusions both,
Have a common connection...
To the existence of a reality resisted.

All three appear to be totally distanced,
From anything decided to be concrete.
And the ones who claim they know what it takes,
To eliminate today's confusion...
Are said to have answers to bring relief.

Although...
It could be debated,
That those deluded have found a solution...
To permanently confuse reality for all.
And with a purpose that remains effective,
Few can honestly say a success has not been achieved.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Purpose To Be Validated

I suppose...
As long as there are those
Who are seeking someone
Qualified
To lead them out of darkness...
They will always feel their lives,
Have a meaningful connection
To one another.
With a purpose to be validated!
And the willingness to follow,
Kept undenied.
Since an observation solicited,
Provides a confirmation
That a participation has occurred.
And should be duly noted.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Question Asked Of Others

WHY?
Is often heard to be a question,
Asked of others.
But seldom is that question asked,
To ourselves with an answer to get.
There is 'something' about self-examining,
That leaves many people appalled by it.

A 'why' to ask with it done to sit,
Has a way to have an answer.
And without an explanation needed.
Although alone with the answer,
Many of us resist it and quick.
Coming to face to face with reality,
Can be a traumatic and life changing...
Head trip.

However,
Denials seem to be used more to excuse,
An acceptance of truth to refuse.
With a relief someone expects them...
To join other voices,
Who have also made the choice...
Of believing their 'whys' to ask,
Would be better answered...
If all of their eyes express the same innocence.

'How are my eyes?
Do they have that childish stare? '

~Tilt your head to the right.
Then move your eyes slowly up to the left.
That's it.
Now anything said will be approved and accepted.~

And an innocence like this to collectively confront,
Is difficult to defend against...
With a truth to say it that will leave many stunned.
To know but disbelieve they are the ones...

Who should be providing the answers to come.
And not the ones finding more time to waste it,
Done!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Race To Replace...

A race to replace...
The meaning of love.
Its definition and purpose.
To leave it deserted.

A race to replace...
Certainty with doubt.
Mental strength with weakness.
To have everyone dependent,
On others to fulfill...
Dreams to wish; wants.
And the most basic of needs.

A race to replace...
Hope.
Faith.
And steadfast beliefs.
Once kept to keep them,
Close to pure...
As they could get,
To be honestly felt.

A race to replace...
Values to diminish.
Good deeds to discontinue.
To leave unfinished.
With an introduction...
To feed on corporate treats,
The elite decides...
Which race to replace,
Is more deserving to get.
Based upon,
What their resources offer.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Reality You Have Yet To Expose

Offensive comments made,
To those marked by settled sedateness.
And often stuck up with prim self-restraint.
Sober quickly when their ears are heated,
By someone who has experienced living life...
With a choosing to refuse,
To adhere to a political correctness...
That interferes with a reality that is.

'Young man...
I was quite appalled by your statements.'

~I'm sure if you removed that weave,
False eyelashes...
And scraped that thick makeup off your face,
You'd be standing here appalled by yourself.
Since the others you are trying to convince,
That my offensive comments made were improper...
Would run away in fear,
From a reality you have yet to expose.~

'Do you hold a grudge against me for something? '

~No.
I am not that brave to discover,
Who or what it is you really are.
I'll just take my 'random' offensive statements made,
And leave it alone.
If that's okay? ~

'Here.
Take my business card.
You have no idea how much we have in common.
I like direct men.
There's so much we two can discuss.'

~I have an idea.
That shadow appearing isn't completely hidden.
And I too wear a size eleven shoe.

I'll pass on doing any business with you.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Reason For Everything

There is a reason for everything.
And why false accusations made,
Continue to remain ignored...
By those seeking for themselves,
To explore ways of getting more...
Attention.
At the expense,
Of someone to perceive it..
From them it will come.
But none does from the one,
Familiar with the doings of those...
Living to produce and create,
A validation of their agitation.
To leave them stunned.
Hoping to find their time,
Not gone to waste it.
By stinging with a tongue...
Someone offended will return,
Also satisfied to do it done.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Redundancy Enjoyed

'...i began to discover these scenes,
and repetitious themes in my mind.
as if there was a permanency i would miss,
if they did not exist!
i had to break away to find another way,
to revitalize misspent energies.
if i did not...
a darkness allowed would descend,
from clouds i seeded.
did i need that?
did i wish my steps to continue to wet,
and soak in rain?
or did i want to feel sunshine...
without complaints,
sitting quick to pick...
effortlessly...
with no achievement gained.
to leave me to sift through conflicts i'd woo! '

Many are still straddling the fence.
Trying to make sense,
Of relentless nonsense.
Easily found...
With an ignorance 'cloned',
And often clowned!

Of course,
This 'resourcefulness' has been there
For quite sometime.
Seeking explanations to define...
Why such stunted satisfactions,
Leaving the uninvolved feeling fine!

Many witness and approve...
Undo welcomed visits with grief.
As if in competition...
To seek a life that's 'pleathered',
And goldleaf!

Nothing genuine or original is sought.
Especially if it takes,
A mind that stretches with fresh thoughts!

There is a redundancy enjoyed...
Locked inside these shallow boxes.
Sitting or pacing in trots,
Are those daily out foxed.
Thrilled to hop scotch...
Through obnoxious pity plots!
There is a redundancy enjoyed...
Locked inside these shallow boxes.
And applying a fresh coat of pettiness,
In a cycle to achieve...
An exposed nothingness believed correct,
And perfected!

Many are still straddling the fence.
Trying to make sense,
Of relentless nonsense.
Easily found...
And with an ignorance 'cloned',
In a desperation clowned.

Joking until the last door to them is closed...
Knocking only then with a seriousness,
To begin again on paths chosen to walk.
With intention and not pretense,
That came and stalked.
Decades ago...
When these movements of purpose,
Should and did then
Without cloak or daggered mystery to expose!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Reformed Penny Pincher

I've figured it out,
I'm more on top...
Than just a dollar.
And I don't bother,
To worry about how many I've got.

I've figured it out,
I'm more on top...
Than just a dollar.
And I don't bother,
To worry about how many I've got.

My worth is not how much I've got up in my pockets.
Copped up in stocks.
Or...
Those markets to be watched.

Nor do I pinch a penny,
Everyday to pitch a fit.
Because I know that pinching pennies,
Makes not a bit of sense.

I've figured it out,
I'm more on top...
Than just a dollar.
And I don't bother,
To worry about how many I've got.

My worth is not knocked up,
Or rocked by losing dollars.
Or scream and holler...
About what I have not.

My worth is not how much I've got up in my pockets.
Copped up in stocks.
Or,
Those markets to be watched.

I guess I'm just a reformed penny pincher.

Believing my self worth a richer picture.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Remote Chance They Are Not Aware

Anyone who obtains success,
With claims they are surprised by it...
Have been taught to express humility.
As if for them,
A getting of attention is not as wanted...
As much as the getting of applause given.
And the greater the accomplishment,
The bright glow of shock shows upon their face.

'I don't understand it.
Why would someone claw their way to the top,
Only to wish their claws clipped.
With an attempt to hide,
An undeniable ambitiousness...
That has proven them to be,
Worthy of the standing ovation.
As if it was not expected.'

Maybe...
There is a remote chance,
They are not aware...
Of their own talents.

'Yeah right!
And maybe a duck that quacks,
Isn't aware that the sound of it can be heard.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Replaying Of An Innocence That Isn'T

Seduced by a replaying of an innocence that isn't,
Gets as old as the doer who refuses to see...
Tired are the ones who have become,
Taken for granted.
And with an ending of it that has begun.

People who find it easy,
To pass judgements on whom they please...
Seem always to excuse and unconsciously,
That which offends with a doing...
A perception they should be repeatedly forgiven.

But the time eventually comes,
When a forgiveness one gives is the very last one.
And with a judgement done,
A preventing to be solicited to go down that same road...
With a doing of it ever again.

'You said you forgave me.'

~I did.
I have forgiven you.
However...
I have also done a forgetting about you too!
With a refusing to be ambushed by your expectations.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Representation Of Their Interpretation

People will find any excuse,
To enforce an image of superiority.
Even disguise themselves as police...
To gain the confidence of innocent children.
To then murder their dreams...
With a representation of their interpretation,
How best to inflict their evil deeds.
With an implementation of what they believe,
Is their entitlement to see others suffer.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Request To Wish It

Some days I am driven,
To an unexpected love craze.
Maybe it comes from having aged.
You know...
The longer on the vine,
Sweeter the wine becomes.
And even at this stage of life,
I realize with felt pain and aches...
I've been blessed to still be seen,
Participating in this process...
Enjoyed called life.
Although slower are my youthful steps
Gratefully and gracefully,
Everyday attempted made.

Yet kept as the speeding of time,
Comes to go more noticed to pass...
My heated passion remains intact.
What's up with that?
Is this God's way of getting laughs?
I'm just sayin' not complaining.
Not me.
I've lived to see God perform,
Miracles to believe.
With eyes left to sustain,
Their innocence, twinkle.
And that blessed to keep curiosity.

'You better stop being so fresh.
And at your age,
That's the last thing I expected.'

Okay!
I'll try it.
But I'm not about to make,
Any long lasting promises.
Now!
It's your turn.
Stop being so...

Delicious.

'OH GOD!
Please.'

I'm confused.
Is that a request to wish?
Or vision you imagine?
I'm a little too mature,
To decipher mixed signals to me sent.

'Oh...God! '

Now...
Help me out.
Is your emphasis placed,
More on the 'oh' or 'God'?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Respect That Is Served

Overnight when one has decided,
A decision procrastinated...
Is rush to make without delay.
That person should not get upset with it expected,
A few seconds spent being disciplined...
Should be enough to receive equal benefits,
Another finally gets to collect.
Especially after decades of sacrifice,
With a doing that has gone undetected to suspect...
Who did the convincing to allow others to follow,
Through an open door once closed to those rejected.

And 'if' one is granted permission,
To sit at the head of the table...
With a respect that is served to then be offered to select,
From a variety of delicious desserts.
Why and for whatever the impatient reason,
Would anyone believe...
They are deserving of the same service?
When they have yet to study the menu.
Or washed a dish nor understand the use of a broom.
But wants all of the attention upon entering a room!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Return To A Natural Gait

I stopped the biting of my lips,
When my cheeks began to get sore...
From the turning of them,
From one to the other.
With a feeling that my neck,
Had been exercised enough.

And in the doing of such,
I've learned so much...
About the having of unappreciated patience.
And toes crushed from being stepped on.
Some believed I had added swagger to my walk.
Not true.
I was in the process of healing a foot.

Biting lips, turned cheeks and crushed toes...
Eventually have their way,
Of opening a mouth kept closed.
To announce in intentional offensive ways,
Days that have ended a patience taken for granted.
And...
A return to a natural gait with a smoothened stride.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Revisit With The Trees

What do I think,
About the current economic crisis?
And how it affects the quality of life,
Experienced by those who have lost their treasures?
Such as their life savings.
401k's.
Values and standards they held,
Now quickly diminished?

What time is it?

'It's nearly noon,
Why? '

In the mornings when I take my walks,
And the air is fresh...
With the birds singing,
After the dawn breaks...
And this distant sound of a rooster crowing.
I approach the park and stroll...
Every so slowly.
Absorbing, I do, the quietness of the atmosphere.
With 'this' thought precisely kept in my mind...
~I am alone with nature!
However...
Never is nature hardly alone with me.~
And I marvel to be amongst the presence,
Of all that benefits my life!

What time is it now?

'Just a couple of minutes beyond noon,
Why? '

And to think...
Within less than 18 hours,
I will make a revisit...
With the trees!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Ridding Of The Myths

There had been an accepted myth,
That had protected the many with beliefs...
Credit given to further deepen their debits,
Afforded them with entitlements...
To keep delusions of enrichment kept.

Yet those impressions to others sent...
That 'they' and not 'them' were meant to be selected,
Above and beyond those permanently rejected.
To neglect and kick to the curb.
Is deserving as served to all who are regarded pests.

Ugh.
Geez.

Well...
Dazed are those awakening to realize,
The funds spent for presenting false pretentions...
Have dwindle with deceptions to hoodwink and swindle.
As observe by the rise of their repossessions seen.

And the ones owed awaiting for payment,
Have lost patience to warmly kindle the musings...
Of greed and excuses made by fools 'still' amused.
With recommendations that strongly suggest,
That a ridding of the myths should be high on quest lists

A ridding of the myths...
Should be high,
On quest lists.

With a letting of the woes go.

A ridding of the myths...
Should be high,
On quest lists.

With a letting of the woes go.
And releasing of the load,

To hold.

A ridding of the myths...
Should be high,
On quest lists.

With a letting of the woes go.
And releasing of the load,
To hold.

A ridding of the myths...
Should be high,
On quest lists.

This should be high...
And undenied.
On quest lists.
On quest lists.
On quest lists.
On quest lists.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Riding Of Their Wave

Each generation should come to learn,
A riding of their wave to enjoy with it processed...
To know it is best to teach those younger,
How to progress with this seriously addressed.
With a teaching if they do fall off,
To get back on it and to do it successfully.
With their minds focused to multi-task.

But always it seems,
More from an aging generation...
Want to prove to those younger,
How much longer they can stay on a wave to ride.
But not teach a thing about survival,
If those waves one day fade.
Or from under with the tide stop and begin to subside.

'I remember those days when I just stayed on the wave.
Looking for a better one to ride.
So big and powerful they were then.
You want to see how I use to do it? '

~No.
I've been seeking someone to teach me,
More about life as it is 'now' to prepare for it.
And not how it 'was' before I came into existence.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Risky Business

Respecting others in some places,
Can be a risky business.
Especially in climates,
Where thieving and feeding one's greed...
Is the first thing one is taught to address,
With a few scriptures to learn and quote...
To denote one's religious affiliation.

Respecting others in some places,
Can be a risky business.
Since expressing it is attached to weakness.
And people who believe someone is weak,
In atmospheres like this...
Are often the butt-end of jokes.
Until they are provoked to then be labelled crazy.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Rush To Judgement

Doors open to violence,
Doesn't close eyes to it.
Nor do toy guns purchased for kids,
Stop them from wishing...
For the real ones to get.

Creating threats and enemies,
Manifests...
Unrest.
Never ending.

Creating threats and enemies,
Returns...
Regrets.
And every wish to have made,
Those steps.

People don't think what will leave,
A rush to judgement...
Come back,
To attack...
A flaunting done undaunted,
To others to enact.

Creating threats and enemies,
Manifests...
Unrest.
Never ending.

People don't think what will leave,
A rush to Judgement...
Come back,
To attack...
With a re-enactment.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Saint I Ain'T

If there is anyone seeking,
Anything in my life to taint?
I'll be the first to say...
A saint I ain't!

There is too much to explore.
Too much to experience,
Than to choose it to be ignored.
I want to adventure my life!
And that freedom nature offers.
And I can well afford.

Why should I deny myself...
To please those with their noses in the air?
With their stiff necks.
And their tight high lifted derrières!

People like that...
Can remove their behinds of my track.
The path on which I place my steps...
May shock others to hold their breath.
In fact...
Many like that,
Are busy body pests!
You know the kind...
Those who find time,
To wine and dine their displeasures.
As they pour someone's tea!
And I don't mind at all...
Serving up a full pot of my own for starters.
I want it known...
I can be quite cordial.
Even in the midst,
Of my own possible degradation.
I like to sit...
And listen to this mix of gossip.
The 'seriousness' of it...
Is worth a hasty limited visit.

I choose to do the unexpected.
With God's blessings,
Of course.

If there is anyone seeking,
Anything in my life to taint?
I'll be the first to say...
A saint I ain't!
Or profess to know,
What my 'Creator' wishes.
Like some hypocrites...
Quick to quip from scriptures.

I keep my eye on folks like that!
They can become defensive...
When questioned about their lack of facts.

Nor do I choose to walk on water.
Today...
I probably could.
Much of it is too polluted anyway.
Like some people with minds...
With nothing else to do,
But define how others should be living their lives.
Like 'themselves'...
Who have been certified self righteous.
And gossip as they sit in church pews.
Discussing where the pastor's wife,
Purchased her brand new shoes.

A saint I ain't.
Especially after observing...
Those who make claims,
They are the elite of 'christianity'.
And you can find them anywhere.
Once they have been seen...
Like roosters with hens pecking,
On any scene they pronounce as qualified...
For their self indulgence.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Salad To Eat

Different hues...
Some not as bright but invites,
Those who come to eat eagerly
With an assorted presentation
That might satisfy an appetite.

With tomatoes and carrots,
Sliced apples and grapes...
Romaine lettuce sprinkled with chives
Topped with olive oil and vinegar,
Is a treat to see on a plate to delight...
And surprise.

Onions and green peppers,
Can please the eye with sensation.
When someone announces...
'I prefer a salad to eat! '
And they do without a moment's hesitation!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Seeking Of Evidence

Who broke the piggybank?
Well...
I would suggest,
Those with the crumbs on their mouths...
Or the ones standing over there,
Licking their greasy fingers.

And I would deduce from my reasoning process,
That the ones with their hands out like cups.
With a living they do daily on the streets...
As if to re-enact,
Scenes from ever present poverty...
Would be the last ones I'd accuse to being suspects.

But then again,
You are the one who claims...
A seeking of evidence without a labelling of blame,
Is needed to determine with proof who is at fault.
Without the benefit of doubt to cross your mind.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Selling Of Souls

A drought of meaningful thoughts,
Has brought upon a prolong dry spell.
With a withering away of recious relationships,
Meant to keep strengthened by honesty intended.
But a greeding fed and its decrease,
Has left those materialistic...
Feeling hopeless, unworthy and self defeated.

A selling of souls occurred to impress.
And has done this effectively.
A repossessed reality popularized by bling,
Left many people mentally drained.
And minds depleted of a consciousness,
No longer remained the same.
Brains became lame!

Those serious and still equipped,
To express empathetic sentiments to others...
Are among the few who still view life with a basic outlook.
With kept faith and strong beliefs tested to keep.
Yet hypocrites sitting on wicked fences,
Allow themselves to grieve and weep while greeting...
Deceptions to receive with a dangling of promises,
That a staying on knees will reward the doers with relief.

A selling of souls sold to impress,
Has done this effectively to further suppress...
Those depressed.
Leaving minds depleted of a consciousness.
Left to grieve but yet still seeking,
A fictitious life to life complete without obstacles.
Or a truth to face to ever address a fate that awaits.

'A living of a lie will continue to be denied,
As long as that lie lived is concealed and not revealed.
Or faced to be replaced by the overwhelming evidence of truth.
To leave those believing they hide.
Although a selling of souls eventually show them to be tarnished.
Golden once sold they will never return to be.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Shared Romance

No one can...
Supplement what's not given.
No one can.
But we can...
Enhance,
A shared romance.

Beginning with a tease we began,
With that dance to remember...
Embracing to become at ease.
And taking a chance it was love.
We began with chemistry.
And increased interest.
Knowing what we had was real to feel.
Not needing it to test.

Yes we can.
With a giving of an equal rhythm.
Enhance.
A shared romance to advance.
Yes we can.
To know it meant to intend.
Enhance to chance,
A shared romance to advance.

No one can...
Supplement what's not given.
No one can.
But we can...
Enhance,
A shared romance.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Shift Of Myths Has Come

In the shadows of the night...
A shift of myths has come.
An expansion of consciousness...
To all has converged!
And so it shall be done!

On the wings of a painless recovery...
Some insist,
The suffering done by those wounded,
Could actually exist.
If this mindset was persisted.

To pretend their conflicts are imagined afflictions...
And this would diminish,
If more delusions were applied to it!

Forget foreclosures and a global economic crisis.
Forget a quality of life...
That has disappeared overnight.
Forget those who say,
What is here is here to stay!
Let's do what has always worked before...
Let's ignore it and maybe this 'newness',
Will go away!

'But that has never worked!
Only the recycling of the same,
Has been witnessed to emerge! '

In the shadows of the night...
A shift of myths has come.
An expansion of consciousness...
To all has converged!
And so it shall be done!

And those disbelieving will see for themselves,
Those pieces isolated once declared impossible fits...
Suddenly blended together with a new leadership,
That desires...

Without quitting,
A new World that demands and orders it!

In the shadows of the night...
A shift of myths has come.
An expansion of consciousness...
To all has converged!
And so it shall be done!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Sickened Mindset Permitted

A sickened mindset permitted,
Ever present and remaining ignored...
As if an approval of it has been documented.
And to validate with it presented,
Wherever one goes from shore to shore.
North, South, East or West...
An increase of mental illness has been accepted.
And rapidly replacing,
Anything anyone once regard as normal behavior.

'Why are those people over there screaming at each other? '

~ Heard someone saying 'hello' to another person,
And before I knew it all hell broke loose.~

'Perhaps they used the wrong tone of voice.
And that hello was misinterpreted as being offensive.
That's why when I pass through them...
I just share the rolling of eyes.
After doing a quick scan from head to toe.
For them that has become a greeting more accepted.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Significance That Benefits

Competing to get attention,
Is such a petty position with intention to take.
With nothing left invested that is proven,
A doing of this leaves a significance that benefits another.
Or a path one claims to have paved stays protected.

Too many today have had their minds conditioned,
To believe what they do deserves recognition.
And if no one mentions what it is they've done,
An embellished exaggeration is certain to be heard...
From them that comes.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Significance Wished

Desires kept wanted,
With them wished into existence...
Are seldom craved one moment,
To have them hours later...
Forgotten to dismiss.

Passionate is the one,
Keeping their desires prioritized...
With a sacrificing done.
To do this with it realized...
Disappointing obstacles,
Can not be ignored when they come.

To face and chase obstacles away,
Requires unrelentless willingness to stay...
Focused and disciplined.
And a testing of one's faith.
Especially if a significance wished,
Is wanted by anyone proving they have made...
A difference that remains sustained.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Similar Mindset

What difference does a doing make,
To anyone deliberating in a heated debate...
The intentions of another bringing others harm?
After they have done it to then say...
An obtained evidence of mental illness existing,
Was proof they used from the very first day.
Although no one thought to believe it to think,
Someone monitored and closely watched...
Would do such a thing to betray a trust.
A trust that would betray a normalcy.

'Well...
By use of deductive reasoning,
Your conclusion depends.'

My conclusion depends,
On...?
The what?

'Check it out.
Suppose those doing the close monitoring,
Were suffering from the same disease.
If you were 'they' and some days we all can be,
Could you be made convinced...
You represent a similar mindset.
With an unsuspected dependency? '

And?

'Today you are not as crazed,
As the one you attempt to depict 'is'.
Look around.
Predict who is going to 'flip' out tomorrow.
It might be you.'

I object.

'You can.
But tomorrow hasn't come yet.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Skittish Dependency

A skittish dependency on low self-esteem,
One keeps to select a kept insecurity protected...
With this shared with siblings as a doing taught.
And seen by offspring as a way of life sought,
Continues a cycle that is thought...
To be an accepting of restrictions to obey and follow.
With a doing to sit on a fence meant,
A passing of judgement is what one does.

Everyday in the same shared environment,
There are those wishing to break down barriers...
Intended to prevent and hinder mental adventures.
And those who struggle through obstacles to prove,
They have no intention to remain limited...
Are often subjected to negative comments,
By those who see themselves victimized...
With expectations their kept beliefs,
Should at least keep them empathized.

'Some folks just 'think',
They are so much better than the rest of us.'

~Why would you say that?
They are breaking down old barriers.
They should be praised not despised.
What have you done,
Besides pass judgement on those sacrificing their lives.~

'I do like the others do,
Remain down-to-Earth...
Until my entitlements are approved.'

~Entitlements?
What entitlements? ~

'The ones we've been promised,
If we stayed on the fence and prayed.'

~And you've been convinced,

Others doing what they can...
To break down restrictions by taking a stand,
Only do this for the attention they get? ~

'Sure.
Why would they want to change,
The course of our history?
And...
To do it with such,
Arrogance and pride.
Most of us find that to be,
Despicable and embarrassing to our heritage.'

~Which is? ~

'An accepting of our boundaries.
You know...
The ones we've seen on TV and Movies.
The ones we try to preserve through 'rap'.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Slap On The Face Of Democracy

Of course they could care less,
As they feed while soldiers bleed!
Those who choose their conflcits sit...
Sipping on beverages,
As patriotism is professed...
In the quiet comfort of their peaceful nests.

Not one of them ever offered to defend,
With civil duty.
But they will sit to wish destruction continues...
As they lay on couches,
To watch TV on their lazy rear ends.

And when our soldiers come home from war.
They are the last to be served.
Most of them are ignored.
And to keep a peace,
While those leech remained bored!
Is a slap on the face of democracy.
And the ones left victimized...
Are those wounded and abused,
By those selfish!
Who should be the ones despised!

'Why are you soooo angry? '

Not only am I Black.
But as a young patriotic man...
I served my country,
And that's a fact.
And those who sit back getting fat,
I disrespect.
While those who are sent to war...
Risk their lives,
To return to their homeland.
And receive not even a thank you.
But they themselves attacked.

And I have already...as a young man,

Experienced that!
And these are facts that must be changed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Smile A Mile Wide

It may take time alone,
To digest and then determine...
What purpose was meant,
By someone who expresses...
Negative assessments to discourage,
Followed by a smile a mile wide.
Clearly done with an evil meant intended.
To whose benefit will this be remembered?

And then...
A passing of time clears the atmosphere.
As someone thought to have been discouraged,
Comes face to face,
To a smile erased once a mile wide.
But now with eyes downcast.
And with lips that seem to grimace,
In a pain sustained.

It may take time alone,
To digest and then determine...
What purpose was meant,
By someone who expresses...
Negative assessments to discourage,
Followed by a smile a mile wide.
Clearly done with an evil meant intended.
To whose benefit will this be remembered?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Smile To Have

A smile to have,
And shared to give away...
Is priceless.
From the moment a motive,
Of it shown is dismissed...
The ones on the receiving end of it,
Know it to be genuine...
There to be witnessed as it is seen.

Ask anyone who has been affected,
Looking everywhere...
For their happiness to be found.
With a seeking it cheaply to pay for it.
Or hoping it to lay on the ground to pick up,
From the sidewalk as an incentive to live.
And there it is to magically appear.
On a face with a smile giving it away.

A smile to have and share is priceless.
Ask anyone who has been affected,
To receive it unexpectedly.
And regardless what one has in one's pocket,
When the giving it away is free...
The doing of it leaves someone to feel,
More appreciated regardless of who they are.
Or where it is they may live to have or have not.

'Excuse me.
Do I know you?
Your smile looks familiar.'

~Your saying that makes me feel a bit sad.~

'WHY? '

~You should feel it yourself to keep it recognized.
All the time.
At least to do to know where it comes from.
And not to 'think' of it as being remembered,

When the doing of it someone else has done.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Smudging To Fudge Up

To convince one's presence,
Has become less influencial...
A smudging to fudge up the statistics occurs.
To entice those who may follow to listen,
But less encouraged by an expression of said words...
Deemed unsuitable to those who wish to present,
A point of view to confuse and not cement...
A comprehension some may discover makes much sense.
And having minds connected with common sense,
Isn't advantageous when some undercover wish to perfect...
A doing of their best to reduce and smother the existence of truth!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Spoiled Child

A spoiled child will always believe,
Lieing has its benefits.
Even when they age,
To mask their insecurities...
A spoiled child will always believe,
Lieing has its benefits.
Only to ruin,
All of their relationships.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Squeaking Wheel

A squeaking wheel,
Doesn't always get the attention.
A prevention is mentioned to avoid this,
With intention!

Those who perceive they will be embarrassed,
With an harassment that may take place.
When they are confronted face to face.
Will do the best they can to oil that squeak,
Before that wheel gets an opportunity to roll.

And there is nothing like an interrupted agenda,
That has been scheduled to move along...
With no defects to detect,
By an unexpected 'noise'.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Standard Kept To Achieve

So many today unaccustomed to the truth,
Would not have meaningful lives to live...
If they did not keep themselves readily accessible,
And open and free to accept the doings of liars.

With a belief to deceive and not with honesty to achieve,
Is not only a wholesome accomplishment...
But a quality of life they should aspire to acquire and maintain,
That necessitates with urgency a standard kept to succeed.

'You wouldn't feel that way,
If you went to church and worshipped.'

With faith to keep? Or with faith to keep deceiving?
Which do you believe would provide me,
The best of benefit?
And which do you believe would deliver more respect?

'I go to church for one purpose only.
And not to congregate with those hypocritical.'

If your faith to keep is that meaningful and strong,
Why be bothered to be surrounded by those who fake?
And spend your 'worshipping' time identifying them.

'You don't get it.'

I don't want to.
However...
I'm glad you reminded me,
Where the demons can be found on Sunday.
That's good 'info'. Thanks!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Stinging From A Venomous Tongue

What's been done...
Will always come back to be,
Left for another...
To be delivered,
And...received.
With a stinging from a venomous tongue.
And a stunning meaning to leave stung.

What's been done...
Will always come back to be,
Left for another...
To be delivered,
And...received.
With a stinging from a venomous tongue.
And a stunning meaning to leave stung.

And,
Deserved...
When,
Someone gets to receive...
A stunning meaning to leave stung.
From,
A stinging from a venomous tongue.
A stinging from a venomous tongue.

And,
Deserved...
When someone gets to receive,
A...
Stunning meaning to leave stung.
From...
Someone with a venomous tongue.
And a stinging of it meant to be done.

It's...
Deserved!
When someone gets to receive,
A...
Stunning meaning to leave stung.

From...
Someone with a venomous tongue.
And a stinging of it meant to be done.
A stinging of it meant to be done.

It's...
Deserved!
When someone gets to receive,
A stinging from a venomous tongue.
And a stinging of it meant to be done.
From someone with a venomous tongue.

It is deserved...
When someone gets to receive,
A...
Stinging from a venomous tongue.
With a venom spewed from someone.

It is deserved...
When someone gets to receive,
A...
Stinging from a venomous tongue.
With a venom spewed from someone.

It is deserved...
When someone gets to receive,
A...
Stinging from a venomous tongue.
With a venom spewed from someone.

It is deserved...
When someone gets to receive,
A...
Stinging from a venomous tongue.
With a venom spewed from someone.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Stranger I'Ve Become

A stranger I've become,
In a familiar place.
Gone is a graciousness.
And overnight...
Gone are the smiling faces.

A stranger I've become,
To feelings once enchanted.
With ideals and possibilities,
That seem too foreign to exist...
With the presence of indignities.

A stranger I've become,
And today I'm getting use to welcoming this.
I am getting use to having memories,
From a time I knew had existed.
And few today as I grow older and gray,
Seem to have gone, disappeared...
With similar memories on their minds.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Subtleness That Fits

Who am I to say...
A displayed rose,
Is not conceited!

With a slow blooming,
Showing to reveal...
Its appeal is very exquisite.

There is a subtleness that fits,
An elusive delicateness...
One either bends down to it,
Or select it to pick...
To sniff unresisting.

To say that a rose,
By another name chosen...
Would still be that rose?
That I do not know.

Although a rose conceited or not,
Leaves a fragrance...
Not easily forgotten.
By a nose left impressed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Success

A joy seems to come better,
When a delaying of it has been retained...
As one goes through emotions,
To let go slowly as a healing remains...
Obtained.

And a fame one aims to gain to maintain,
Feels better when the doing has come to finish.

A success...
Isn't better felt,
When the doing of it has been achieved.
As believed.
A success...
Seems better to get,
When close but not yet within one's reach.

A climbing to the top,
Is more satisfying than not.
And a fame one aims to gain to maintain,
Feels better when the doing has come to finish.
A success...
For those ambitious,
Does not deliver relief...
When other needs,
Aren't completed.

A joy seems to come better,
When a delaying of it has been retained...
As one goes through emotions,
To let go slowly as a healing remains...
Obtained.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A 'supreme' Invention Meant

Release them from their inbred madness!
Black and white stagnation,
Dipped in fear of integration!
Segregated links have weakened...
The greatness of a nation sought!
With pettiness amongst them fought!

Release them from their quest to rule.
Choosing tactics
And tools only fools use to prove themselves cruel!
Unfortunate are those who see some as inferior.
After exploiting resources,
To annoint themselves superior!

Delusions of power exposing insecurities...
With an ineptness of concepts,
To destroy economies!
Intentions to take and make subservience stick...
Has done nothing to advance humanity,
Or grant honor upon those...
Who have proven to all,
Their ambitions are judged to be mentally sick!

God comes to show all...
With Disciples sent,
None of this backbiting dementedness...
Is suitable to exist,
As a 'supreme' invention meant!
Sit God does with 'spirits' watching...
Growing more each day incensed!
And displeased by those
Who have manipulated and chose...
Themselves as 'royality'!
With secrets to perceive and receive,
Deceptive entitlements!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Switch Hitter Looks For 'That' Pitch

A switch hitter looks for 'that' pitch.
That certain one,
To bat a home run off of it.
Not to swing to foul or strike out.
But to prove his game played is legit.

With the hope that a home run,
Gets some cheering from a crowd...
Paying to have fun.
And the cheering done as the hitter runs,
Is prayed not to be the only one to come.

And in the dugout the hitter is welcomed,
As a hero.
Ending with a ceasing of cracked jokes.
And the spitting out of old bubble gum chewed!
As a new pack is passed...
While the players encourage the next at bat!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Symbolized Representation

Removing a symbolized representation,
Of an embedded practice that continues a hatred...
Will never change from what is taught to teach.
Or become erased from minds confined,
To times when many accept to believe...
Lies to tell for centuries to keep,
As a motivation for those to live their lives...
Seeking anyone or anything,
That remains to remind...
Who threatens to take away their insecurities.
With a proving to show a display of ignorance.

'The World would be better off,
If we were left to feel superior.'

~Than Who or What?
That which had 'created' your existence?
OR the delusions you keep manifested.
In the hopes your isolated dependency,
Will not eventually kill...
Without a cure for all your ailments,
Much like what a cancer does.~

'We must rid ourselves of this problem.'

~I agree.
And the lights have begun to dim to go out,
In many attics that house...
Those with their mouths open to finally close.
To leave the environment some day diseased free.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Symphony Heard

It takes awhile,
To find one's rhythm.
With it to discover,
Each note of it selected...
Can not be compared to another.
And tested to perfect it,
Often requires little rest to get.

No one blessed to experience life,
Sits and accepts being denied.
That lesson is learned to worship limits.
With a belief boundaries to keep,
Eventually satisfies one's curiosity.
A curiosity intented from birth meant to be,
Explored to adventure possibilities.

It takes awhile,
To find one's rhythm to orchestrate.
Before the feeling and sound of it,
Becomes one's own known to compose.
And a symphony heard one alone creates,
Begins a voyage beyond barriers of all kinds.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Task To Master

A task to master takes time.
Impatience invites frustration.
Listening leads to comprehension.
And critique to accept,
Benefits the one seeking success...
With that task eventually mastered.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Taste Of Artistic Temper

Just because I write,
Don't think I'm lightweight on my toes.
A few got that confused...
And found themselves with bloodied noses!
My father taught me how to box,
And my mother taught me to play baseball...
Which I played a lot and enjoyed!
I didn't find myself into the creative arts...
It found me.
Some folks think I'm delusional.
Until they get a taste of artistic temper!
And it can switch from hot to cold.

Oh...
I love to cook,
And prepare my body for any type of touch!
Invitation only...of course!
I hate to be rude to anyone left outside knocking!
It adds too much flair to the dramatics,
I've already setup and prepared!

'Hello...
Welcome to my moment! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Taste Of Inner City Knowledge

Most that go to college,
Without first experiencing to obtain...
A taste of inner city knowledge,
Become surprised when confronted by...
Those who possess an intelligence,
Sustained to maintain with less pretense.

Common sense to observe it absent,
Seems to be more dispensed...
Among those whose lives to live it done,
Had been guarded to protect...
Behind picket fences built to reject,
The less fortunate and disadvantaged.
The ones found to be discovered,
Accepting to adventure beyond defined limits.

Although depicted to have degrees of expertise.
Representing a future...
That is ready to receive a competence released.
A darkening brightness of a hopeful future dims,
When those of inner city knowledge...
Are not acknowledged but compared,
To others who have received their degress.
But believe their nonsense inflicted behind fences,
Is an entitlement for them to get.
With a demanding to spread their decadence,
To infest with promises more of it will be invested.

Most that go to college,
Without first experiencing to obtain...
A taste of inner city knowledge,
Become surprised when confronted by...
Those who possess an intelligence,
Sustained to maintain with less pretense.
And it is 'this' pretense,
Those of inner city knowledge...
AND have gone to college,
Protest against to know it defends...
A common sense to have learned,

Long before yearning to earn a degree...
That certifies an achieving
Of it they've received.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Taste With A Better Flavor

Do I believe what I cook,
Has a taste with a better flavor?
How do you expect me to respond,
To such a ridiculous question?

'I just thought I would ask.'

I don't bother myself,
With such nonsense.
However...
I have noticed a committment,
In your eyes.
Are you using my samples as examples?
And are you wishing that I whip up another dish?

'Only if you promise it will be more terrific.'

I can only promise you a deliciousness,
That's it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Teaching Of Lessons

A teaching of lessons,
By one limited in life experiences...
Become less effective,
When those lessons are subjective...
To a belief that a student who is picked,
Is unaware of the objective that is wished...
By one unqualified and incompetent,
And also exposes adolecent motives...
That prove such lessons taught,
Will not result with an outcome wanted wished.

And in this situation,
It is best one with wishes to teach...
Just sit and listen instead of assume,
A student picked has not yet experienced...
A life to live overcoming obstacles,
Those who placed themselves in positions...
To teach lessons believed one who is picked needs,
Are not themselves embarrassed to get...
When they are left to receive,
Lessons they will never forget or make attempts...
To teach those who have lived to experience, again.

'What's the matter?
Why the tears?
I thought you were going to teach somebody a lesson? '

~I thought so too.
But who I met was not who I suspected.~

'Who did you suspect,
Was in need of a lesson you would teach to leave? '

~Someone I was told to believe a fool.~

'Well, apparently...
You were left with your beliefs corrected.
And with a mind now enlightened.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Teaching Of The Facts Can Relax

Vulnerability when needed,
Can attract true love.
With a getting of some pity too.

A vulnerability when needed,
Can attract true love.
With a bit of innocence,
That can put one in the mood.

And when,
Facts of life are slow...
A teaching of the facts can relax.
A teaching of the facts,
Can get one to relax.

And when,
A nervousness sets in...
A teaching of the facts can relax,
In those moments.
A teaching of the facts can relax.

And when,
Eyes begin to cry...
A teaching of the facts can relax,
In those moments.
A teaching of the facts can relax.
A teaching of the facts can relax.

Vulnerability when needed,
Can attract true love.
With a teaching of the facts to relax,
In those moments.
A teaching of the facts can relax.

A vulnerability when needed,
Can attract true love.
With a bit of innocence,
That can put one in the mood.

And when,
A nervousness sets in...
A teaching of the facts can relax,
In those moments.
A teaching of the facts can relax.

And when,
Eyes begin to cry...
A teaching of the facts can relax,
In those moments.
A teaching of the facts can relax.
A teaching of the facts can relax.
In those moments.
A teaching of the facts can relax.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Telling It Like It Is Offends

Whether embellished by the use of implication.
Whether embellished by the use of assumption.
Whether embellished by the use of innuendo.
A double entendre has been done to purposely do.

And whoever has done that to you,
Has probably made a career out of doing it.
My advice?
Unsolicited,
Is this...
Double entendre them too!
And witness the benefit.

They wouldn't know what to do.
At least you will be conscious of it!

And that is the advantage of acquiring knowledge.
To know 'something' AND be conscious too,
Is like packing a secret weapon.
Expose yourself to something different...
Anything,
You did not know before.
The downside of refusing an opportunity,
To obtaining a knowledge...
Is as dangerous as selling a bag of weed,
To a cop undercover.
the moment a badge is flashed...
A connection occurs.

However...
You did,
Once that deed was done...
Acquire a knowledge,
That was instantly transmitted.

Like...
To open a closed door,
Doesn't mean your mind is receptive.
Your ears may be shut off from listening.

And your eyes not prepared to focus.
Leaving everything in your head,
Subjected to being victimized by scrutiny!
And to be scrutinized caught off guard...
Shakes a nervousness seen throughout the body.

And to enhance, decorate, ornament to adorn or beautify,
With words to captivate attention...
Is to exaggerate.
With...
Implication.
Assumption.
And...
Yes,
Innuendo!

But to call any of these activities 'lies'...
And spoken to masquerade truth to 'charade',
Would infuriate the one falsely delighting in spotlight.
And forced,
To 'think'...
With the giving of some unexpected time to do it!

A telling it like it is,
Offends those unconscious someone else is aware...
Of their every move,
Without the need of an explanation to interpret.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Thick Head To Hit Against Bricks

Underneath a wealth of knowledge,
I am 'suspected' to have...
Are layers of experienced ignorance.
And a stubbornness I once had.

There is nothing like a repeating of lessons.
And a thick head to hit against bricks.
Although I have never done this,
Cemented walls have stopped my fist.

Patience and the making of mistakes to face,
Saved me on a number of occasions...
With confronting obstacles I could not replace,
Or escape to find an exit.

And aging to scrap knees from crawling gets old,
Especially when defending excuses to be told...
With a relying on alibis to use as if no one could see,
The only one I hurt by a doing of this had been only me.

Underneath a wealth of knowledge,
I am 'suspected' to have...
Are layers of experienced ignorance.
And a stubbornness I once had.

There is nothing like a repeating of lessons.
And a thick head to hit against bricks.
To finally discover steel and concrete will not move,
Unless I have a plan with an intention to successfully do it.
With a using of my 'brain' to initiate steps to implement the doing.

And aging to scrap knees from crawling gets old,
Especially when defending excuses to be told...
With a relying on alibis to use as if no one could see,
The only one I hurt by a doing of this had been only me.

There is nothing like a repeating of lessons.
And a thick head to hit against bricks.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Thin Threading Done

Desperate measures taken,
To improve what one has neglected...
Only reflects upon one's incompetence,
One has refused to accept...
In the strictest of a private confidence.

And a downward spiral,
That begins to gather steam...
Makes the blaming and excuses done,
Show one who lacks in self esteem.

Yet if nothing at all is done,
Chaos and confusion is then welcomed.
And when a fabric once tightened,
Appearing as one cohesive scene...
Begins to unravel,
To expose a thin threading done of its seams...
Divisions created can not replace,
A complete and total reconfiguration...
Of what took years to admire,
But updated to appear as a second rated fake.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Thing Of The Past And Obsolete

There are those dissatisfied,
With current government policies.
And wish to take it upon themselves,
To return to wholesome qualities.

But guess what?
Those who chose to participate,
In blatant corruption and greed...
Have waited too late.

And their needs by those they've made elite...
Have been ignored.
And today those they've trusted,
Consider them and their values mistreated...
A thing of the past and obsolete.

There are those dissatisfied,
With current government policies.
And wish to take it upon themselves,
To return to wholesome qualities.

But guess what?
The time for them to wake up...
Has gone.
Just like the humming,
Of a favorite song once sung.
Never again in these times to belong...
To anyone with wishes to hear or sing,
Those old songs sung with heartfelt reminiscing.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A 'Thing' To Be Brushed Away

Anyone allowing themselves,
To be made useless...
With the producing of excuses,
Has reduced a blessing to them given...
As a 'thing' to be brush away.
With no faith in self that stays.

That moment anyone accepted,
A noticeable sign of rejection...
With a seeking from within,
For an approval to fit in...
Began for them the beginning to portray,
Themselves as a willing victim.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Thorough And Complete Irrigation

Just how stagnant, backed up and polluted,
Is the thinking in those country?

'One conversation.
That's all anyone will need,
To determind there has never been a flow...
Ongoing to flush out the rust.
It's all there...
Plugged up with stuff like raw sewage.
Kept to recycle in their minds.'

What can be done to undo this with a solution?

'A thorough and complete irrigation.'

And...
If that should fail?

'Well...
No one can make happen,
What time has already given to then pass on...
Has allowed.'

What do you mean by that?

'Trolley cars use to run up and down these streets.
Many years ago.'

And your point is?

Go over there,
And tell anyone standing...
You wish to wait for the next trolley to come.
And ask where you should wait.
Someone will then ask...
'Are the trolleys still running?
I thought they replaced those with buses? '

So what are you saying?

They are a little bit slow?

'That's a very good question.
Go over there and ask them.
I am sure they will let you know...
Just how slow.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Time That Moves On

Not too many will review a taught lesson,
To remember from a session...
With renewed seriousness.

Nor are there many sitting listening,
To comprehend what it means to end...
A foolishness started by them that begins.

Some people who have aged,
Have not grown up at all.
And...
Some people who have aged,
Believe it a fixation that degrades a youth.
Like a habit or a fetish,
One accepts or excuses with time to refuse.

Yet a time that moves on,
Does this faster than a speeding jet.
And a time that moves on,
Does not stop to pay its respect.
There's no time that moves on,
Returning it back to those who had it.
No matter who's left weeping,
From an over sleeping they've awakened to regret.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Time To Love (Stevie Wonder)

We have time to debate the rise of hatred.
And the affects of racism taking place.
We have time to discriminate our preferences.
And insist to be given assistance,
To take from others with little from us to give.
We have time to whine about corruption and crime,
While listening to innocent children define its meaning.
We have time to believe,
We are the cheese and bag of chips.
But a time to love?
So very few of us can admit to giving it.
With it to prioritize as the top of a valued list.

We have time to pass judgements,
With it done to criticize.
We have time to deceive and create tremendous lies.
We have time to congregate with others,
To proclaim on a daily basis of having a deep faith.
We make time to take time to feed and feast,
A need to greed.
But...
A time to love,
From it we flee.

When will it be when everyone agrees,
A time to love has come...
For everyone with it done.
A time to decrease to have conflicts cease.
When will it be when everyone agrees,
A time to love has come...
For everyone with it done.
A time to cease what's on our streets.
With a seeking someone to defeat.
We need to love.
Love!
Love to give and get.
We must accept and express,
A time to love.

Inspired by:
'A TimeTo Love'
Composed, produced and performed,
by Stevie Wonder, featuring I.
Released 2005.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Timelessness Spent In Shared Regret

If I thought any part of yesterday I lived,
Had existing benefits for me...
I'd be still there living in it.
Like many nonbelieving,
Time without their participation...
Continues to move on.
And does so to leave those,
Doing exactly what they please.

And the ones who chose not to grow...
With a hope that their grasp,
On times they would like to keep unchanged...
Will convince others,
Who are equally blessed with immaturity!
Have only one thing to look forward to.
The guaranteed benefits of expressing,
A timelessness spent in shared regret.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Tool God Uses

Who am I?
And Why,
Am I attracted...
To that which latches,
Onto my mind!
Without distractions,
To climb over obstacles.
To find what I knew!
To expose that which I know!

Who am I?
And Why?

I am a tool to use.
A vehicle driven...
That suffers and heals,
Through collisions unhidden.
And these episodes have been revealed.

Who am I?
And Why?

A tool God Uses!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A 'Trip' To Babble On

Why is it,
That those who are most likely to become offended...
By someone else's interpretation of God,
And the way they depict their reciting of quoted scriptures...
Seem to be those who are hypocrities.
Who are quick to say what they know.
To even take a 'trip' to babble on,
In 'tongues' as if to impress.

And yet,
The evidence they show to be exposed...
Is meager in the delivery of its existence.
But they will tell anyone within listening distance,
What it is from others God wishes.
And they live lives completely exempt from this.
But will quote in a minute,
Something they have read but not digested.

To then say...
'I too have difficulty maintaining my faith.'

~That's odd.
I have no clue as to what you've said.
And yet,
I find no difficulty maintaining my faith at all.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Trivialized Living Of Life

Many have never sat to be deprived,
Of their addictions had most of their lives.
And many will never know what that feeling means,
With a sitting to sweat.
Without a 'fix' to get next to regret feeling demeaned.

Many perceive a sacrificing comes,
Without a decision to make that's heartbreaking.
Or to give up what is treasured.
Since many cling onto what they possess,
Just to address impressions to measure and reflect.

Many who have lived spoiled lives don't believe,
Limitations one day they will experience to receive.
And when that time happens,
Many for the first time will feel deep grief.
With expectations to get quick empathy,
From those who have known...
The strength that comes from healing alone.
To have grown from a trivialized living of life.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A True Friend

A true friend,
Needs not to express a depth felt.
Nor does a true friend,
Try to hide their intentions.
Or seek to convince others,
Of their personal feelings meant.
Or would consider with others,
A lamenting of what a 'true' friend...
Has done to them with a gaining of an empathy.

A true friend will be there,
Sharing regardless of the circumstances...
That comes between them to prevent misunderstanding.
A true friend does not question,
An honesty that has been presented from the beginning.
A true friend says it like it is...
Without threating a friendship that diminishes and ends.
With a moving away from any consideration of a forgiving,
To forget what should not have made one upset.

When an investment proves not to be beneficial,
Why continue making deposits to get familiar results?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Truth For Some Done Is Welcomed

You wished life lived and with fun.
And the doing of it has been done.
You lived life and on the run.
With a wanting more fun to come.
Well...
You have run into a thick brick wall.
To realize your fun has been stalled.
Now...
You're wanting to again stand tall,
Believing on your knees you wont crawl at all.
Well...
Get ready for a life lived with truth.
Truth comes when all the fun is done.
Truth is something no one can run from.
Get ready for a life lived with truth.
A truth for some done is welcomed.

You wished life lived and with fun.
And the doing of it has been done.
You lived life and on the run.
With a wanting more fun to come.
Well...
Get ready for a life lived with truth.
Truth comes when all the fun is done.
Truth is something no one can run from.
Get ready for a life lived with truth.
A truth for some done is welcomed.

A truth for some done is welcomed,
To receive it.
A truth for some done is welcomed,
To believe it.
And after all the chasing of the fun is done.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Turn Of The Tide

You can turn the tide.
Only you, no one else,
Can determine and decide...
Who am I to you?
And...
What together we both can do.

You can turn the tide.
You, not me, has to qualify...
Which side of a lie to live,
And...
Who ultimately gets to feel,
A love without the trouble of getting dumped.
Who gets to feel,
A love without the trouble of being funked.
Who gets to feel,
A turn of the tide...
Without feeling pain inside.
Or loss of faith and hope,
When the tide gets high or low.

You can turn the tide.
Only you, no one else,
Can determine and decide...
Who am I to you?
And...
What together we both can do.

You can turn the tide.
You, not me, has to qualify...
Which side of a lie to live,
And...
Who ultimately gets to feel,
A love without the trouble of getting dumped.
Who gets to feel,
A love without the trouble of being funked.
Who gets to feel,
A turn of the tide...
Without feeling pain inside.

Or loss of faith and hope,
When the tide gets high or low.

Who gets to feel,
Safe, solid and sound without feeling down.
Who gets to feel,
Safe and solid with it known what we have found.
Who gets to feel,
A turn of the tide undenied no one hides.

You can turn the tide.
You, not me, has to qualify...
Which side of a lie to live,
And...
Who ultimately gets to feel,
Safe, solid and sound without feeling down.
Who gets to feel,
Safe and solid with it known what we have found.
Who gets to feel,
A turn of the tide undenied no one hides...
A love that shows to float a sinking boat.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Twenty-Four Hour Virus

If I were you,
I wouldn't blurt out the first thing...
That came to my head.
I would think it over.
With a giving to it much thought,
Before speaking.

'I agree.'

What?
You do?

'Yes, I agree.
But don't get use to it.
I'm sure I have a twenty-four hour virus.
And you know a virus like that,
Just doesn't last.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Unanticipated Tart Taste

Discouraging children,
To participate in the realities of life...
With a hope to shield them,
From some aspects that may leave...
An unanticipated tart taste.
Has left many a grieving parent,
Seeking empathy from others to get...
From heartaches they have allowed.
But somehow did not realize,
Cute adorable innocent looking children...
Baited them to create,
With each manipulated step they take.
Until it's too late,
To apply the rules of respect and discipline...
'Some' children grow to learn to appreciate.

But then...
Those parents who have had their minds,
And hearts broken again and again...
Wish with a wanting their guilt to be felt,
By an entire community of people...
Also refusing to see themselves,
As willing contributors refusing to admit...
Inflicting their own wounds to permit,
To then expect assistance to heal from this...
Takes truth to face their delusions to end.
And the stopping of tears to dry to open wide,
Eyes kept closed and minds dosed on denial.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Ventriloquist With Charm

It takes a certain skill,
To be able to talk from the side...
Of one's mouth.
And the ones who are capable,
Seem never to be ashamed...
If others are aware they do this,
With a shrewd intent to find someone to undermine.

It is as if they have rehearsed to perfection,
The abilities of a ventriloquist with charm to entertain.
Leaving behind one dummy to pick up another.
As those unfamiliar with their tactics,
Find them socially intriguing and mentally astute.
But connecting with direct eye contact is not their purpose.
Getting attention at anyone's expense is their goal to sting!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Viable Plan

Genuine?
I wouldn't use that expression around here.
In fact...
Forget about using it at all.
The chances you'll find an application for it,
Are slim to none!
On the other hand...
Those genuinely ingenuous,
Can be found all over the place in abundance.
'That' is what needs to be marketed.
Here is my business card!
Call me when and if you devise a plan,
To implement!
I'll be your salesperson...
We can make a fortune,
And chase pretentiousness out of this place!
With the best customer service available!
Saving a bundle on the training alone.
Making the effort lucrative,
As well as cost effective!
I tell you...
That's all it will take!
A viable plan.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Victim Of Learning Too Many Lessons

Why is it that it seems,
You express little empathy...
Towards those who are currently,
Suffering from hunger, homelessness.
And a loss of their dignities.

'I began to express that years ago,
When the sight of it would hurt me so.
And I witnessed those with turned up noses.
Pretending what was exposed,
Had been a dilemma others chose.'

But the circumstances today are quite different.

'How and why? '

Those who suffer,
Have lost their homes and valuables.
And images that impressed,
Others in a lesser position...
They never took time to address.
With their empathies expressed.

'And...
Your point is what?
Their suffering done is more effective?
And my empathy given to them,
Should be more reflective? '

But the circumstances today are quite different.

'How and why? '

These people have never experienced,
A life lived like this before.

'Neither had my ancestors.
But guess what? '

What?

'When my ancestors suffered,
They never discriminated by looking away.
And today you can say...
I am a victim of learning too many lessons.
And when I am shown a negligence,
By them expressed...
What am I to do?
Show them I have not been taught by the best? '

But the circumstances today are quite different.

'How and why?
Are these new lessons I have not recognized?
Have those old lessons been changed,
And are now disguised? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Wake Up Call

Don't come to my doorstep,
With beliefs you can deliver disrespect.
Or come in my home to inspect,
To leave your immaturity.
As I attempt to do my best to show you,
Both patience and hospitality.

You may think of my home,
As a dungeon with things in disarray.
But it is 'my' castle and sanctuary.
And peace and serenity in it will stay.
If I don't break that rule neither will you.
Cussing with a comfort in my home 'aint' cool.

Perhaps you are unaware,
How I earned my peace of mind.
Or the time it took for me to find it.
But that should not give you an excuse,
To prove you are still associated with ignorance.
Or that my tolerance is low,
For those who show they have no common sense.

Don't come to my doorstep,
With beliefs you can deliver disrespect.
Or come in my home to inspect,
To leave your immaturity.
As I attempt to do my best to show you,
Both patience and hospitality.

To be left with another's identified thoughtlessness,
With a belief it can be dropped at my doorstep...
Changes my entire perspective.
Especially in these times when minds are blinded.
And confined to self importance with an ease to disconnect.
The only thing I can guarantee to anyone is a wake up call.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Waste Of Time That's Tasted

A waste of time that's tasted,
To debate the fate of some...
Has come too late to cater,
To fake a taste to shun.

And irate are those awaiting,
In lines to hook like bait...
To be used and abused as custom.
And,
As expected...
To believe that the doing has an outcome.

And as expected,
They are asked for impatience to overcome.
And,
As expected...
Nothing for them is done!

More people now perceive they have been deceived,
'Cause nothing for them is done.
And more people now believe they've been tricked to treat,
Because they now see more to come.

And irate are those awaiting,
In lines to hook like bait...
To be used and abused as custom.
And,
As expected...
To believe that the doing has an outcome.
But...
The same thing to them is done.

Actors performing from scripts,
Will...
Deliver what the people have wished.
And,
Actors perfoming from scripts,
Will...
Bait their hooks to catch fish.

A waste of time that's tasted,
To debate the fate of some...
Has come too late to cater,
To fake a smell to shun.

Actors performing from scripts,
Will...
Deliver what the people have wished.
And,
Actors perfoming from scripts,
Will...
Bait their hooks to catch fish.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Way They Express Their Gratitude

When one allows him or herself,
To follow the dictates of a child.
Perceived by others to be mature,
But isn't.
That very same child will grow,
To believe a controlling over others is easy.
And a disrespect shown for parents left,
In convalescent homes.
Is a way they express their gratitude.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Way To Dupe Truth

So many use excuses,
As a way to dupe truth.
A way to dupe truth.
A way to 'dupe' truth.

So many use excuses as a way to dupe truth,
To keep their delusions turned on!

So many can't cope with the proof,
That exposes truth.
They want truth to boot.
And smother it too!

So many can't cope with the proof,
That exposes truth.
They keep their delusions turned on!

So many use excuses,
As a way to dupe truth.
They want truth to boot.
And smother it too!

So many use excuses as a way to dupe truth,
With a wanting of delusions turned on!
And...
So many can't cope with the proof,
That exposes truth.
They want truth to boot.
And smother it too!

So many use excuses,
As a way to dupe truth.
With a wanting of delusions so strong.
And...
To prove that the truth is wrong.

So many can't cope with the proof,
That exposes truth.
To keep their deluding turned on!

And...
To keep their fantasies,
Meant to belong.

So many use excuses,
As a way to dupe truth.
A way to dupe truth.
A way to 'dupe' truth.

So many use excuses as a way to dupe truth,
To keep their deluding turned on!
And kept with a fantasized life to belong.
Going strong.
With truth deceived,
Duped to believe.

So many use excuses,
As a way to dupe truth.
No matter if they fight for the wrong...
All day.
And night long.

So many use excuses,
As a way to dupe truth.
No matter if they fight for the wrong...
All day.
And night long.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Welcoming Of Their Own Grief

I remember a time,
When being honest with integrity...
Actually made a difference.
People had respect for those,
Who used their minds and were direct.

I also remember,
When people were not so quick...
To protect obvious mistakes made.
Or wasted the time to debate,
A welcoming of their own grief.

I remember a time,
When being honest with integrity...
Actually made a difference to leave.
And people did not pass judgement,
Before they listened to comprehend.

And today people have grown accustomed...
To ignore the message to then blame the messenger,
For their mistakes made to say as if offended...
They should be forgiven for not being accountable,
As they played unconsciously until it became too late.

And I remember the day when I walked away to leave,
This insanity to embrace my peace.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Well Knit Organization

Go ahead.
Keep up that brave front.
Mask your emotions...
To prove how strong you are.
Keep your pain to yourself.
And guess what happens?
Something is going to crack.

Those who believe,
To keep things hidden and inside themselves...
Is okay?
And showers upon them admiration and respect.
Have already provided clear signs of dysfunction.
These folks will know everything and nothing at all.
They are there for 'everyone' else...
Trying to smooth the rough edges of other folks' lives.
And can not discuss the truth going on within themselves.
They will embellish it by becoming defensive.
But they are really a mystery within themselves.
They hide behind their agonies with a sense of humor.

I know!
Trust me.

Go ahead.
Keep up that brave front.
Mask your emotions...
To prove how strong you are.
Keep your pain to yourself.
And guess what happens?
Something is going to crack.

Trust me...
I know too well about that!
That kind of mindset was handed down to me.
But I gave that crap right back.
I learned too early in my life,
To keep my eyes on some folks!

And that's why it is easy for me today,
To identify those who lie to themselves...
And produce their own heartbreak.
I use to sympathize with them...
Before I discovered,
This was a well knit organization.
With folks soliciting on a daily basis.
And was nationally recognized!
They did not need another member.
It was not discussed.
That was determined.

These folks schedule their activities,
Around their doctor appointments.
So that gives one a clue...
Reality is not a hot topic with this bunch!
Noooo buddy! Not with them.

Folks like that...
Will never snap out of it.
Just hope you are not around them,
When their minds begin to crack!
After the affects of Prozac has worn off.
And their eyes have an unfocused glaze!
This may happen without warning...
So pace yourself slowly to the nearest exit!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Wisdom Patiently Achieved

Looking at them,
Anyone would perceive them to be...
Adults.
But listening to their conversations...
And hearing from them speak,
An overwhelming immaturity...
Immediately those mature,
Would detect a childishness limiting...
Their ability to be accountable.
Or any seriousness taken of responsibilities.

And flaunt they do,
Their children conceived.
With few of them understanding their parental deeds.
Leaving themselves and their communities,
Lacking in comprehension...
Of a discipline and what it takes,
To succeed.
With an applying of experience,
And a combination of mistakes made...
That requires a wisdom patiently achieved.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Wish To Be Understood

Who has the right to decide,
They would like to get to know someone else...
Better than they do,
If the life that one is living with a seeking sought...
Is still beset by questions,
They themselves can not answer.

But frequently they are heard to request from others,
A wish to be understood.
With comments made,
That the one they've selected...
To closely inspect to gain an acceptance,
Is either too crazy or impatient to allow confusion...
An entry into their peacefully private and quiet life.

To then state to others,
How stand-offish and anti-social...
Someone they have annoyed has treated them,
With a meanness.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A Work Of God's Art

Mistakes I have made,
To accept and admit...
Has not been erased from my memory.
Nor do I defend to pretend,
To quit what does not exist
And never have I raise a finger to blame,
What I had done to accuse someone else...
With an abusing of their name to shame.

I don't make claims to be perfect.
But I am a work of God's Art.

I have chosen my life to live the way it is.
Free of negativity and the feeling of guilt.
And to do it to fight my own battles to end.
To conquer over fear,
Whenever fear begins.
With faith to test to prove it real.
Too long I have lived to know how I feel.
On a path I have paved to see that revealed.

I don't make claims to be perfect.
But I am a work of God's Art.

So great is my faith that stays not to waiver.
Kept everyday with prayers I say to savor!
'Thank You for this gift of life, Dear God.
Correct my steps if they are not right or odd.
Show me the way to be the best I can.
Show me to comprehend,
With a clearer view to understand...
My faults! Not to deny but undo to remove.

I don't make claims to be perfect.
But I am a work of God's Art.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Abandon Those Juggled Balls

There is a thin and fine line,
Between this and that...
Which is not finitely defined.
And easily snapped!
To pop, crack and become detached.

When one's patience has stretched,
To leave emotions stressed unrelenting...
Regrets publicly expressed,
Can damage some relationships...
With an ending them not to mend,
Ever again.

Abandon those juggled balls.
Drop them to let them fall,
Where they may.
Abandon those juggled balls.
Step forward with nothing to say.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Abandoned Are Those Standards Claimed Valued

I remember when contradictions to ideals mentioned,
Were quickly dismissed.
And covered up to immediately hush.
With an ostracizing of those of tarted tongues.
Unafraid to expose what was seen unjustly done.
Long before profits became hot topics.

Well,
It seems today...
Everyone is deviant,
In some kind of inappropriate sexual way.
And in the darkest of closed closets.
With a molesting of minds to confine their deceits.

And to say these dysfunctional disturbing acts,
Have been going on for years behind those backs...
Quick to impose their self righteous 'philosophies' on others.
Denying those decadent touches practiced in private.
And abandoned are those standards claimed valued,
With a devoted faith shown publicly but not to be trusted as stated.

However...
Pure and pristine images are kept dignified to maintain,
With a censoring done to keep those 'ideals' left unblemished.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Abandoned Stances

Abandoned stances,
Long gone to romance...
Are difficult to enhance them,
Through embellish tales to tell...
To insist in these times a need,
For more to adopt...
Values discarded to now,
Have them regarded...
As a quality of life few today miss.
Or can remember those times,
Before waste and the taste of it...
Became sold to addict,
With it to prioritize and market.
For business only and one purpose kept,
To circulate and pocket the almighty dollar.
And today...
Those pretentious are not so easily convinced,
Their lives to live to feed on deceptions...
And the dwindling of a diminished hollow praise,
Can be fixed without having to pay for it.

'I know you are rushing to buy weapons,
To protect what you perceive is yours.
But...uh...with a smidgen of 'however'...
Those people standing over there,
With their hands on their hips.
And arms folded patting their feet.
We sold to them what you thought was yours.
And actually borrow more funding from them,
To keep you fantasized.
You know...
A little delusion here. A little delusion there.
And...uh...
They are waiting for us to tell you that.
But...
You know how we love that money?
No matter who loans it or where it comes from.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Abandoned To Restrict Is Love

Abandoned to restrict is love.
Approval of it now has established requirements.
Today preferences are pre-requisites for it.
Abandoned to restrict is love.
No longer are feelings consider normal,
If one confesses emotions to express.
For whatever the reason,
This admission is thought to be weakness.
Yet many who numb themselves with addictions,
Are more tolerant to accept when they are medicated...
Than addressing their needs that leaves them,
With an emptiness to feel yet kept suppressed.
Abandoned to restrict is love.
Kept suppressed until what is felt begins to fade.
And a happiness that is wished never surfaces.
Since what is wanted is more delusioned than realized,
To eventually abandon and restrict the necessity of it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Abilities

My abilities to discover,
Had little to do...
With my seeking of sought,
And needed approval.

My abilities to discover,
Had more to do...
With my facing mistakes,
To not deny I made them.
And improving upon my ability,
To refuse the listening...
Of excuses.
Being able to acquire that,
As an ability to have...
Has made my efforts endeavored,
Less challenging...
When opinions of others,
Are heard to hear unsolicited.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Ability To Listen

As relevant to teaching...
Is one's ability to listen!
With an offering that is welcomed...
And felt with no need to mention.

Expectations to comprehend,
To advice given...
Doesn't always flow as it should,
When discussions are intended.

When an unclosed mouth,
Refuses to shut.
Misunderstandings start to clog...
Like a fog that clouds.
With an abruptness allowed.
As if this protects...
Someone too proud.

No matter who shouts,
To get their point across and out...
Someone has to reconsider,
The importance of communication!
That triggers the lips to lessen the quips.

With a sharing of agreements witnessed,
And done to enhance drifting reputations...
A continuance to exist!
With a respect kept exchanged.
Remaining high on anyone's list!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Able To See Yourself Reflected

To those who have never,
Come to experience...
A losing of their child's life.
Or know what it is like,
To grieve and suffer through...
This feeling known that never leaves.
It is not a headache that comes and goes away.
The feeling of the image can not be numbed.
And those who say...
'It will be okay.' It never is... okay!

To those who have never,
Come to experience...
A losing of their child's life.
Or know what it is like,
Feel blessed you have not yet...
Endured that process.
Be blessed to have children,
Who can come to pluck your last nerve.
Feel blessed you are able to see yourself reflected.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Abnormal

One who has lived a life protected,
With an encouragement...
To fear the making of mistakes.
Is destined to live an insecure existence.
With drama to traumatize on a daily basis.

They have been conditioned,
To perceive those who live their lives...
As they wish,
To be the ones abnormal.
With mental issues left to go unaddressed.

Although,
Those depicted as being 'abnormal'...
Are less inclined to be found,
Passing judgement on others as seen all around...
From a self righteous point of view pursued with conflict.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

About A Good Thing Missed

When you begin to reminisce,
About a good thing missed.
Remember this...
Your memories of it,
May now be declared...
By someone else who condones,
What you believed was yours alone.
And...
What you 'thought' was yours to own.
But not cherished as it currently is!
In a relationship you weren't willing to give.

When you begin to reminisce,
About a good thing missed.
Remember this...
No one sits in wishful thinking,
For too long.
Not when the clock is ticking.
And tired games are overplayed.
Those who hide for another to seek...
May never be sought to be found,
By the one who tired of just being around.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

About Survival And Life

There are so many things I have learned,
About survival and life and healing from pain.
I've learned that those who ignore,
Others doing their best to painfully survive...
Will eventually learn a few lessons themselves.

And for some who shun others as an expectation,
Especially those...
Unaccustomed to being shunned themselves,
The pain to them that comes will be incredible.

Although...
An adjustment aided by one's hindsight often helps.
Allowing lessons as lessons are to be taught and learned,
No matter how difficult the acceptance is....
To provide just the right amount of significant influence.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

About Your Tactics

'You should learn and practice,
The meaning of forgiveness.'

Learn and practice?
That act I've done to do,
Most of my life.

'Then there is something about your tactics,
I have heard it said is unfair.'

Unfair?
I am not aware of any unfair play.
Not consciously done,
By me...
In any way!

'When you were being deceived and backstabbed too,
Difficult it is for me to believe,
You didn't know who was doing it and what to you.
And now their actions have found them,
Openly embarrassed and highly offended.'

If they have done something to me or anyone,
That has left them feeling less than proud.
What has that got to do,
With the way 'I' practice forgiveness?

'Well...
You see,
Rumor has it...
You were unappreciative of the way they went about it.'

I find it better not to get involved,
In someone else's creativity.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Above And Beyond Disbelief

One needs only to open their eyes.
Wide.
And listen with their ears.
Without the aid of whispering peers.
And,
To do this...
With intent to comprehend from observation.
To discover...
Just how much influence liars have.
And if one chooses to remain,
On the sidelines to watch in denial...
Then that influence has spread up above and beyond,
Disbelief.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Above And Beyond Self Examination

People reveal a lot about themselves,
If one listens with intention to pay attention.
There is a hunger to be validated.
And a need to be respected.

However...
Those who believe,
They can occupy air space...
And fill it to replace it with only their needs.
Or have hidden desires,
To have others perceive them living...
Without questioning doubts or insecurities.
People like this are in zones of denial.
Only flying with a wish to be seen.
And it is not difficult to dismiss,
Dysfunctions they spit from lips.

And people like these...
Will long live lifes mentally disconnected.
With a perception they are above and beyond,
Self examination or flaws they should address.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Above And Beyond The Non

Above and beyond the non.
Or a time to think of that ends.
To go on undetected.
Yet sitting to deliver a multitude of benefits.
And claimed to be anonymous frontiers.
By those fearing to leave their comfort zones.
Although peering and awaiting 'is' the unknown.
From unseen places to reveal to someone...
A doing to uncover this to discover,
With it done.

I am here to accept challenges.
To adventure and pioneer without fear,
The rough and untouched paths unpaved.
To say and make it known and shown to 'myself',
I have made attempts with faith convinced...
I will 'and' I can explore to expose,
Those boundaries others are content to limit.
My mind is kept motivated with initiative and curiosity,
That leaves me feeling blessed to test and accept...
New and fresh experiences with God as my best,
Tour guide.

And...
Within my mind I hear these words to me spoken,
'I Am near and here with you always.
Let go of fear to face.
Or obstacles I can and will erase.
Adventure and explore ALL that I have created.
That's all that I ask of you.'

Now...
That's wassup.
You feel me?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Above Sea Level

After ten years,
A myth created ends.
And in the ending of this myth,
Not a shred of evidence...
Can be confirmed that this existed.
But a validation of conflicts,
Continue to afflict above sea level.

To magnify the difference,
Between traditions.
And...
To keep the expense,
Of a meaningless purpose...
Kept deceptively mystified,
And unknown in the doing!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Abra-Cadabra

Here's a million dollars.
Do it again.

'Abra-cadabra.'

Again.
Here's two million dollars.
Do it again. Do it again.

'Abra-cadabra.'

Here.
Take the keys to my Mercedes.
Here's the deed to my mansion.
Do it again.
Please!

'Abra-cadabra.
I keep telling you...
It's not going to work.
I'm just a magician.
I can't change you from being the idiot you are.'

Please!
I beg of you...
Just one more time.
Here. Here...
Take my Rolex.

'Abra-cadabra.'

Here...
Take my LIFE.
I can't stand this any longer.

'Are you kidding?
I've got my eyes on that yacht.
We can try one more time!
And why would I want to take your life?

If you find it worthless...
What am I going to do with it? '

You're not really a magician.
Are you?

'No!
But neither am I an idiot.
Comeon...
Let's try this one more time.
Abra-cadabre.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Absence

Absence is absence.
Yet silence without absence,
Can still be felt not to miss.
And makes no difference,
Who prefabricates it....
To claim it their own.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Absent Is The Mind That Dines On Ego

You are treading on the wrong mill.
And the more I tell you that,
The more you are determine to prove...
You will do what you like,
No matter what you do makes you the fool.

Absent is the mind that dines on ego.

I fed myself until I got fed up.
Finding myself on my back...
Flat and quarantined.

And I've learned to do what I've got to do,
To keep myself alert, healthy and wise.
If I know I should be feeding on encouragement...
Why would I keep craving the taste of doubt?

I have figured that all out!

Absent is the mind that dines on ego

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Absent Minded

There are times we all have had,
When our thoughts to think...
And words to say,
Become exchanged.
By the wrong intention.
To leave a thoughtlessness useless,
In attempts to try to explain.
Especially when mingling,
With others in social gatherings.

'Finally, I get to meet you.
And it has to be true.
About you being such the scholar.
Everyone says this.
Leaving me to believe it too! '

-Excuse me?
What...did you just call me? -

'I am so sorry.
I meant to say scholar.
You are certainly nobody's fool.
I apologize.'

-Is that what you've heard?
And think of me? -

'Yes.
And after meeting you,
I must agree.'

-Well,
I can only say...
The feeling is mutual.-

'Thank you.
Thank you so much.
No one has ever told me that before.
I mean,

Not to my face.'

-That makes two of us.-

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Absolutely 'Their' Business

Do I have to 'Be' somebody,
Adapting to that which others adopt...
To get respect?

Do I have to dress my best to impress,
And live at a prestigious address...
With others expressing a false etiquette?

Do I really need that kind of respect I do not get.
Because I would rather be real and peaceful,
Within a mindset that provides me rest?

Well...
Perhaps those 'affected' by images projected,
Perceive themselves and others...
Who chase pretentiousness as correct.
And would be considered as worthless beings,
IF approval or acceptance was not to them given...
By those parading to charade in full masquerade.
And in costumes specifically picked to flaunt preferences.

Do I have to 'Be' somebody,
Adapting to that which others adopt...
To get respect?
I wouldn't think so!

But you know...
Today,
With few people knowing who they are or have identities,
Known to them expressed...
I must confess,
As long as I respect myself AND have an identity,
That I will never neglect to regret.
And whether or not I get that from others,
Is not a wish that has entered my mind...
That has left me to wonder about that to waste my time.

What others do to feel that makes life for 'them' real,
Is absolutely their business...

And not mine!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Absolutely Without A Doubt

When you are quick to tear something down...
Know what it is and your feelings connected to it!
Make sure you are prepared to let it go.
And most important...
Do not destroy anything,
That is directly associated to your survival!
Unless a replacement has all of your necessities.
Every last cell is pumping life.
And you are absolutely without a doubt,
You have made a decision that allows growth....
To sprout and clearly breathe deeply.
Forgiveness is a lot easier to do and receive...
Than forgetting something you knew too well,
And was deceived to free it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Absorbed In The Flow Of Dust

There is always that one verse,
That captivates to be remembered first.
When a reader reviews,
A prose a poet has written.
To then volunteer what doesn't appear.

Writing poetry takes an ability to find,
Meaning, purpose and definition.
And often combining humor, cynicism...
With a topic that condenses.
Leaving the reader left attempting,
To make sense of what has been presented.
And more often than not,
Better than the author had intended.

'That one verse?
I loved it.
The way you depicted the Universe,
As relieving you to feel free again.
Once you decided to release your mind,
From bouts of having mental constipation.
I saw it there. Your creativity.'

~Uh...ummm...yeah?
Thank you.
I'm glad you liked it.~

'However...
I must admit this,
Your title...
'Absorbed In The Flow Of Dust'.
Tell me...
Was it your mind?
Or what it was you left behind,
Did you leave to be consumed...
That brought to you the greatest satisfaction?
Your decision to take flight,
Amongst the stars.
Beyond the speed of light? '

~Uh...
Hmmm.
Sure. Why not.
That's it. That's it exactly.~

'Okay.
And...
Who do you refer to as,
'....receiving the stench...
To discover you had broken the sound barriar?
Inhabitants of other planets?
The ones you mentioned,
You witnessed abusing Zeus?
Husband of Hera?
Known for her loose and flirtatious ways,
On Jupiter?

~Zeus? Hera? Jupiter?
YES!
Of course.
That's it, exactly.
You know...
You are the first one,
To interpret my words as I intended them meant.
Thank you.
'Inhabitants of other planets.'
I like that.
A lot.
Your imagination has been most helpful.
Tell me...
What other poems of mine,
Have you read to re-interpret? ~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Abstract And Eccentric Depictions Given

Abstract and eccentric depictions given,
Prior to meeting someone with anticipation
Are often more detailed,
Than the one portraying an image
That is perceive will be accepted upon one's arrival.
Yet conflicts with what is seen to surprise,
Those with widened eyes.

Disappointing the host,
Who has been told what to expect.
Confusing whether to welcome one as a guest,
Or a tolerated curiosity.

Some people uncomfortable with themselves,
In unfamiliar environments
Seem to socialize with others,
Prepared and premeditated for any deviations.
Hoping to address all one who has met,
With a leaving of good first impressions.
Or at best a kept safety net gone undetected.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Abstracted To Dance Around

More abstracted to dance around the facts,
Has become an acceptable transaction...
Between those who choose,
Their fixed entitlements as an excuse...
To not abuse delusions held exclusively,
Kept to confuse an implementation of fiction.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Abuse Them And You'Ll Lose Them

Things...
Happen every season,
For reasons.

Things...
Can knot,
Or untie tight strings.
Abuse them and you'll lose them.

And,
Things...
Can freeze a warm heart,
Stone cold.
Few connivers can survive this,
And things...
Can sometimes never thaw,
No more!

Those things...
Happen every season,
For reasons.

And those things...
Can knot,
Or untie tight strings.

To detach an attachment!

And,
Things...
Can freeze a warm heart,
Stone cold.
Few connivers can survive this.

And things...
Happen every season,
For reasons.

Things...

Can freeze a warm heart,
Stone cold.

To never thaw what's raw.

And,
Things...
Happen every season for reasons.

To detach an attachment!

And,
Things...
Can freeze a warm heart,
Stone cold.

To never thaw what's raw.

And things...
Can freeze a warm heart,
Stone cold.
To never thaw what's raw.

And things...
One had can never be restored.
Like a love that has gone rotten!
And things...
One had can never be restored.
Like a love that has gone rotten!
And things...
One had can never be restored.
Abuse them and you'll lose them.
And things...
One had can never be restored.
Abuse them and you'll lose them.
And things...
One had can never be restored.
Abuse them and you'll lose them.
And things...
One had can never be restored.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Accelerate It...And, Go!

Heated with a trivial steaming,
Choking up your motor on!
Sitting with your feelings overloading,
With your motor on!
Accelerate and go.
Roll down your windows,
And...
Let the air remove the fool in you.

Heated with a trivial steaming,
Choking up your motor on!
Sitting with your feelings overloading,
With your motor on!
Accelerate and go.
Roll down your windows,
And...
Let the air remove the fool in you.

Accelerate and go.
Roll down your windows,
And...
Let the air remove the fool in you.
Roll down your windows,
And...
Let the air remove the fool in you.

Heated with a trivial steaming,
Choking up your motor on!
Sitting with your feelings overloading,
With your motor on!
Roll down your windows,
And...
Let the air remove the fool in you.
Accelerate and go.
Roll down your windows,
And...
Let the air remove the fool in you.
Accelerate it...
And, go!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Accept It

There are so many lessons,
I continue to learn...
About the living of life,
With a kept peace of mind.
Even though I could pride myself,
From time to time...
For an earning of a happiness,
I have obtained from high steps to climb.
I've awakened to discover,
One lesson to learn like none other.
And that is...
Now matter how much I 'think' I know,
To have earlier understood and to comprehend...
With it to blurt right out of my opened mouth,
And maybe to say something making better sense...
Than someone else claiming,
They knew what I don't to begin an argument.
I listen.
And listening has taught me this:

IF 'ever' someone offers to assist,
Accept it.
Yes!

Don't even suggest you could do,
Whatever it is to do better.
OR quicker than the rest.
Take every opportunity to put your mind at rest.
Don't be foolish and refuse,
A blessing given to then make excuses...
To reject.
Don't do this.

Whatever it is someone else offers to you,
To help and assist...
Accept it.
A life to live to know,
Has been blessed to leave a making of impressions...
Left to someone else,

Seeking to shine and bright under light if they wish...
Accept it.

How much light does one with peace of mind,
Need?
How many pieces of a pie can one eat,
After expressing the taste is sweet.
If someone else wants to get just a whiff of it?
Why should you care when you know what's there?
Accept it.
Observe and encourage them to do it more.
No matter how much wisdom,
You have been blessed and believed bestowed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Accept It As It Is

You don't like it?
You don't have to.
It does not depend,
On what attitude you are in.

It's a celebration.
Not an ego inflation.
This is far greater than your opinions.
And nothing about it awaits decisions!

You don't like it?
You don't have to.
It does not depend,
On what attitude you are in.
Or the confines of your mind...
It controls and defines.

And it does what it likes.
Whether or not you put up a fight.
You are just a pawn.
And this point it's going to make of it.
As it drives you into a mental fit.
If you are not willing to accept it as it is!
And it is all that and more.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Acceptable Efforts

There comes a time,
When those who choose to compete...
Refuse to do it with others too competitive.
They wish not to expose their incompetence,
With the ones who have shown...
They come to win time and time again.
To then embarrass those incompetent,
With kept beliefs they can critique...
An excellence they will never reach.
And therefore mediocrity is kept,
As their interpretation of success...
To profess as the best of acceptable efforts.

'I finally found their errors made.'

~That's great.
And it only took you decades to find them.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Acceptance

Many today are finding they can survive,
The adapting to applied adjustments.
With a living of their eyes opened wider,
To realize without trauma or surprise...
That the only thing anyone possesses,
Is acceptance!
To marinate in and not regret.
To then be able to confess,
There is a foolishness connected...
In the maintaining of a stubborn outlook,
That is not subjected to change.
Since from one's birth,
Until the experience of death comes...
Change is guaranteed to be done,
By everyone.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Acceptance Heals

Acceptance heals!
A willingness to just let go...
To be a part of a natural process,
Reveals an ability to face the truth...
For what it is and means.
Without the need,
Of foolish protective measures.

Some wish to stop to grow.
To direct with a decision...
To have things go their way.
Blocking the experience of a natural adventure.
As if the ticking of a clock,
Depends on a decision made.
Since time itself...
Is a creation of man.

And where man stands...
Has nothing to do,
With the evolution of nature.
And nature awaits...
Such dictates!

Acceptance heals!
A willingness to just let go...
To be a part of a natural process,
Reveals an ability to face the truth...
For what it is and means.
Without the need,
Of foolish protective measures.

And those foolish protective measures,
Keeps a wounded mind...
With no peace to find.

Acceptance heals.
Like one's faith,
Eliminates...
A stunted life that wastes away,

In anticipation to have a stubbornness validated.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Acceptance Is The Key

Once something is identified,
And recognized as a detriment...
One tries to hide inside with lies,
Repeatedly said as if a 'mantra'...
To defy honesty with this to decide,
As a choice to select to self abuse...
Acceptance is the key.

Acceptance is the key,
In the making...
Of those necessary changes,
One personally needs...
To know the ease of excuses to use,
Will always be there to refuse the truth.

Acceptance is the key.
Since denials kept to keep...
Attracts the chasing away to delay,
A reality to embrace some find too painful.
And remains a self inflicting agony.
Tormenting to stay in one's mind everyday.

There is no relief found to come to this kind,
Of mentality.
Sufferers of woes love to expose themselves,
On a daily basis

And unbelievable as it is to discover...
That pain to feel after truth has been revealed,
Is a blessing in disguise one begins to realize...
Empathy sought to seek is not the cure or remedy!
Not these days when many crazed are on display.

Acceptance is the key that can release anyone,
From a remorse to feel to get rid of it.
Especially when it becomes recognized,
As a kept emotional detriment.
With wishes to want others to pay,
For consequences at their expense.

Acceptance is the key.
And many not taught this lesson to learn,
Are in need to have it taught to teach

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Acceptance Of That Which Is

Acceptance of that which is,
Is better than getting upset...
By others who initiate,
Their own lies to create.

So many are caught up in denying truth,
Any excuse to hide their insecurities...
They use to produce,
Stories to tell to sell delusions sold.

And those fighting against,
Being victimized by those of sick minds...
Find themselves wasting time,
Attempting to correct what isn't true.
When too many have mental problems,
Unfaced to replace...
The deluded lives they choose.

Acceptance of that which is,
Is better than getting upset...
By others who initiate,
Their own lies to create.

And even though it seems,
One is defenseless to prevent this to continue...
It is best to turn away from an ignorance displayed,
Than being the one made to appear as crazed...
Like so many today proving sanity to find,
Has long gone from their minds...
To define and keep intentionally,
A clarity that has gone to never make a comeback.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Acceptance. Adulthood And Maturity

People are known,
To gather and flock...
Around those to be downtrodden.
Those perceived to have been forgotten.
But not.
As if to prevent to stop,
Their fast spiral to the ground.
Making mouths to open and jaws drop.
Life to live to not avoid the facing of sorrows,
Delivers to many a profound clarity.

And yet...
Those watching this flocking to observe,
Do not suspect or expect it found...
To hear from those who grieve to disbelieve,
The ones who are downtrodden...
Are often responsible for actions,
They make to create but can not accept...
Being accountable for the hearts they break.
Or take into consideration,
The feelings of others who allow themselves...
To grieve unendlessly.
And...
Drained from an unconditional love expressed.
That can not be simply explained.
Not with this to address,
Over and over again and again to do repeatedly.
So difficult it is to have feelings like this,
For those who seem unable to mend...
From attachments they have had since childhood.
Or to know what is felt inside of them,
That can not heal to be done.

Acceptance.
Adulthood and maturity has to be experienced.
And it is unfortunate,
Many children grow older but not grow up to learn.
Leaving the ones to rush to those downtrodden,
Unable to teach how life should be lived.

Or these lessons left to comprehend.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Accepted Hypocrisy

I apologize.
But with no intent,
Did I approach you to offend.
I have never accepted hypocrisy.
And I know the doing of it,
You would find me to approve.
But I apologize,
And with no intent...
Do I wish to want this,
To prove to you I can do.
Even if I could,
How would my doing it...
Be of benefit to you?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Accepted To Defend

All things were finalized.
And then the people realized,
Their self-indulgence had them enclosed.
But too late,
To vacate...
Or replace the changes.

Duped and tricked.
With a feeding on deceptions,
They accepted to defend.

All things were finalized.
And then the people realized,
They were duped and tricked.
With a feeding on deceptions,
They accepted to defend.
But too late,
To vacate...
Or replace the changes.

A self-indulgence that began...
They did not think would ever end.
And defended they did,
Against any truth that offended them.
But...
Too late to vacate,
Those changes made.
Too late to escape,
Changes made!

All things were finalized.
And then the people realized,
It was too late,
To chase away those changes made.

Duped and tricked.
With a feeding on deceptions.
And...
Duped and tricked.

And...
Accepted to defend.
And...
Accepted to defend.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Accepted With A Teaching As Fact

It often amazes,
How literal interpretations given...
By those who are clueless,
Can be accepted with a teaching as fact.
To have not one of the lessons learned,
Be of substance.
But thrive on allegations AND debated.

'Where are your facts? '

~Facts?
These are not the times,
To confuse the issues with those.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Accepting

I too had sat,
Wishing that an 'is'...
Wasn't.
And living through those experiences...
That came to stay in my head,
And wouldn't from me leave!

I too had sat,
Wishing that an 'is'...
Wasn't.
And I could close my eyes,
With a squeeziing out...
Of anything unpleasant!

I too had sat,
Wishing that an 'is'...
Wasn't.
With a beginning again,
Of an 'is'...
Meant.

And forever I would live...
A life free of unexpected grief and sorrow.
And yet...
Those yesterdays came and went.
Leaving me to learn and grow...
Accepting some things I just could not reject!

And not be afraid to do...
The accepting.
Even if I wept or was swept up in a happiness,
In the doing of it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Accepting To Acknowledge Violence

Accepting to acknowledge violence,
For the purpose to compete and not end...
Only prepares a future generation,
To disregard the meaning and existence of peace.
But to think of it as a thing antiquated.
When discussions and talks of humanity and unity,
Was at a time when technology...
And the use of sophisticated weapons,
Had not for them yet been invented.
To ensure conflicts created,
Would not cease but increase to eliminate those...
They determined were meek and too weak to control.
With a continuance to build exhibits in museums to visit,
To have each phase documented and historically told.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Accepting To Protect False Beliefs

The telling of lies told and sold,
To deny in a hiding of one's insecurities...
Does not prevent,
An increasing mental instability...
As witnessed by those,
Not only experiencing buyer's remorse...
But shows the ones who have lied,
Responsible for much that has gone...
Misunderstood most of their lives,
While fighting against denials.

And today...
There is no way of escaping,
With a possibility on either side of truth...
To correct relationships destroyed to redo,
By accepting to protect false beliefs as done.
Or can fix to mend anyone's heart broken,
Of those victimized who have forgiven.
Since they will never be able to erase in time,
From their minds...
The effects of what has happened to them.

Accepting to protect,
False beliefs...
Doesn't shadow,
A truth that's known.

Accepting to protect,
False beliefs...
Doesn't shadow,
A truth that's known.

Accepting to protect,
False beliefs...
Doesn't shadow,
A truth that's known...
To keep those from being aware,
With a clearing of polluted air.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Access To Live Excessively

Where would some people be?
What kind of lives would we all live,
If we were not motivated by someone else's...
Creativity?
Or had access to live excessively,
Off of their resources.
To then make declarations,
What we have 'discovered' belongs to us.
Because we are entitled to take it away from them.

And...
For the many who get up each day,
With feelings of not having to contribute a thing...
But a wanting what is seen to take away,
As if to hunt for it using any means necessary...
To deprive others of what they possess.
With a comparing of their lack of 'initiative'...
To steal or deceive as we have been taught to do,
As a reason to declare them the less fortunate.

And...
In the process,
To protest with others who feel they have not eaten...
Their piece of grandma's homemade pie,
Although have been conditioned to equally leech...
With a taking of two, three or even four pieces.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Accessible

Showing you my intelligence,
And the depth of my vast understanding...
Of life and your agonies,
Will not mean a thing if professed.
I want us to touch.
I want you to know I feel you with concern.
And how can I do that if I am not accessible?

I am not sitting on the street corner,
Because I am enchanted with your lifestyle!
With envy.

If this is what you want,
That's fine!
But don't tell me I don't know what it's like,
To be pissy poor!
Just because you see my shoes shine,
I'm not into my feet feeling cement.
It's about presentation.
What I want you to see,
You will see!

And when I say I've come to expose my sole...
That's exactly what I mean.
Take a look!

No thanks!
You keep the socks.
I'll buy a pair as soon as I get rid of these cans!

CANS!
I know I have 'corns'!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Accessible, Yes! Acceptable, No!

Why can't you look on the bright side of life?

'I do.
Whenever I am not skipping over trash.
Or listening to those sermonizing about unity...
As they take hypocritical steps in and out of gutters.

I am fine dealing with the brighter side of life.
But I refuse to be delusional about your reality!
Or fantasize about what I see.
I don't find your garbage acceptable.

Accessible, yes!
Acceptable, no! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Accessories

See the Sun?
Is it bright?
Is it hot?

Congratulations.
On that we both can agree.

Now...
That object,
We call the Moon.
Mystery clouds its existence.

And it is responsble with the Sun,
For producing incredible things...
Right here on Earth.
I aint kiddin'.

And you know what?
This little ball is spinning.
And all of this is speeding,
Miraculously through the Universe.

'Lies! '

Now...
Take a look at me!
Let's compare notes.

Show me anything you see,
I have that you don't.
Without mentioning the hair,
Color of eyes or skin.

I regard those as accessories.
You know...
Like preferences I've chosen.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Accessories To A Crime

A DISPLAY and PERFORMANCE,
Of a ROUTINE...
May not be as DEEPLY FELT,
As one's pronouncement...
Of a FAITH kept in BELIEFS,
NOT PROVIDING the NEEDS one SAYS is GETTING...
RELIGIOUSLY.

'If' it is OBVIOUS a DICHOTOMY translates DECEPTION.
And has been PUBLICLY allowed to DEMONICLY ravage...
One's SOUL and GIFTS GIVEN.

No matter what the quality of those SYMBOLS,
WORN or CARRIED to DISPLAY one's ASSOCIATION...
Underlined to be QUOTED as if to keep one IMMUNIZED,
From one's BAD HABITS and ADVERSE ADDICTIONS.
SUPPLIED to ENFORCE one's SELF-CENTERED ways,
That SHOWS to ADD to ONE'S own DESTRUCTION...
As well as THOSE ALLOWING that destruction to OCCUR.
AS if to ASSIST as ACCESSORIES to a CRIME one commits.

And those refusing to be accessories,
To one afflicted with demons...
Can not be faulted for their attempts made,
To save a soul to do what it wishes from choices...
ONE should but DOES NOT RESTRICT to be AVOIDED.
With a faith one proclaims is one's strength and salvation.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Accomodate Yourself

You are here to do what?
Accomodate me?
In the doing of what?
Doing my best to promote 'your' dreams.
The ones you say are prioritized,
But you procrastinate to do other things?

You're here to accomodate,
My ideas to sell your skills.
The ones you hesitate in soliciting yourself.
But believe I should 'kill' myself in the doing?
You are here to accomodate me?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Accomodating

Why have I not heard from you?
You don't answer my messages.
Nor my knocks on the door.
Am I being ignored?

'It has taken me a long time to realize,
That switch that says 'Accomodating'...
Had always been on.
And when I recently turned it off...
I got so much accomplished.

Who knew that's all I had to do...
To restore a respect taken for granted,
By others...
Of my time.
There is so much I am learning,
About how I am regarded.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Accompanied By A Wishful Vigor

By the time I was twenty-one years old,
I had served in the military.
Married and had a child.
Even I am amazed my clarity is unphased.
Or crazed by experiences.

That seems like lifetimes ago today.
Since between that time and now,
Those who are much younger than I am...
Are physically and mentally out of shape.

So glad I am I have finished several races.
With an acknowledgement I have made mistakes.
Met truth.
And stay away from delusions.
Doing that was difficult to do.

So many I knew,
Are 'still' undecided...
As to whose life to live.
And which races to enter to begin.
To BEGIN!
Can you imagine?

When I hear some of them mention retirement,
I wonder from what?
How can one retire,
From uninspiring routines?
And to do what next?
A shifting of a butt to remain in a similar scene?

Thank God I chose to specialize in the living of my life.
And not pretend a crawling on my knees done publicly,
Was not embarrassing.
It was.
But the recovery?
Introduced me to a peace of mind and happiness,
I can not replace by faking it.

I have finished several races!
And I was 'thisclose' on giving up on a few.
You know...
Making those easy excuses for myself.
Like many choose to do,
To prove they can successfully procrastinate.

And,
With an embellished zest.
Accompanied by a wishful vigor.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Accompanied With Empathy

Why would someone do a thing on purpose,
To then declare the act as a mistake?
And then expect to be forgiven,
Accompanied with empathy, comprehension...
And a dinner invitation extended,
By the one who has been offended...
But has elected to offer,
An all expense paid trip to the Caribbean...
For two weeks just to show,
there are no feelings of retribution.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Accomplices

It should not take,
A trapping of a deceiver...
To admit misdeeds.
Or apologies done,
To expect a forgiveness received,
From those duped...
By a skilled liar.
Lives have been tormented,
By people like this.

It should take one conscious,
Of those things done they do.
To save everyone from the embarrassment,
Of choosing others to accuse.
Especially,
When the culprit sits preparing to make direct hits...
After being solicited for regular visits,
To delight all with the making of false impressions.
Although entertaining are the embellishments.

And others,
Unknowingly...
Assist in the doing of the damaged,
On others done.
Like the accomplices they've become.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Accomplishing The Task Of Nature

To live is the best remedy there is,
Than to decide to intellectualize the passing...
Of a life we 'assume' affords us time to live.

It is easier to observe the changing of the seasons...
Since we anticipate the dates that this should happen!
As the aging of a tree is disguised by its bark!

And the process of this goes unnoticed.
Although it still adapts to its mission.
To do it ignored!

It lives to do what is expected.
Leaving the decision on how this should be done...
To its creator!

And we have yet to decide,
Whether or not this is a wise choice...
To make!

As if we are not a part of this undertaking.
As if we are the center of it...
To command when this is done!

And...
Although we may witness others go through this,
We do not perceive ourselves...
As falling leaves.
Completing a cycle that has to be replenished!
Accomplishing the task of nature.
And satisfying the 'will' of The Almighty!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Accusations

A kept objective to stay effective,
And not it to neglect...
Eventually reflects a return of respect given,
Everyone should and could expect.
With a doing that removes confusion too!
If on a path one steps that keeps correct,
Has been decided with a decision made...
After evaluating other directions that may delay,
To determine only one way taken is the best.

Sometimes we all have to choose,
To move in a direction with no exception.
And sometimes we all have to move,
Without an attitude to express.
Or...
Await in contemplation what would upset,
Those wishing to debate on what comes next.

Any accusation would be senseless to use,
If...
People kept objectives.
And accusations would be senseless to use,
If...
People kept perspectives.
Since accusations would be senseless to use,
If people were...
Kept respected.

All accusations would be senseless to use,
If...
People kept objectives.
And accusations would be senseless to use,
If...
People kept perspectives.
Since accusations would be senseless to use,
If people were...
Kept respected.

Accusations to use would not even exist,

If...
People were respected.
Accusations to use would not even exist,
If...
People were respected.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Accusations As To Who 'sins'

People love to use the Bible,
To use for descriptions...
As to point out those of us who are 'heathens',
With accusations as to who 'sins'.

But every symbolic symbol viewed,
Shows a group of men...
Enjoying themselves at a supper said,
To be their 'last'.

No one depicts them as 'homosexuals'.
Or the one woman who appears as a lesbian.
Since this would immediately label anyone,
As a 'blasphemous' attacker of their beliefs.

People love to use the Bible,
To use for descriptions...
As to point out those of us who are 'heathens',
With accusations as to who 'sins'.

But,
If we are all indeed 'sinners' with temptations teased...
Who are those professing they are not?
With invitations to heaven...AND, get in with misdeeds?

'That turf is too controversial.
And may offend those self righteous.'

There is nothing like conforming,
To existing beliefs.
Or using the Bible to interpret literally.
Afterall, so many people have more than one.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Accused Of Acting

Seeing people for who they are,
When they believe one to be...
A 'nobody',
Makes it better known...
To whom and 'what' they show respect.
And it makes it clear,
The limits and depth of their mindsets.
And what it is,
Other perceived 'nobodies'...
Get from them to receive.
If they appear with it shown,
They do not dress or make attempts to address...
Thoughts or conversations,
Of trying to be impressive.

'I've heard it rumored,
By those who recently discovered your abilities...
That you have been accused of acting.'

~ACTING?
Acting how? ~

'Yourself.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Accused Of Being Selfish

What has been taken from another,
Is insignificant for the other not suffering.
But that day comes and attention is expected.
Empathy desired is wished and wanted,
To receive and accept.

Yet...
When one doesn't get it,
Everyone is accused of being selfish.
Even the ones neglected and left affected,
To endure their suffering to heal successfully alone.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Accustomed To An Irrational Way Of Life

A common sense,
Directed to someone accustomed.
To an irrational way of life,
Deluded and fantasized.
By the existence of praising myths,
Will begin unending arguments.
Over expenditures that exist,
On the feeding of a feast on the ability.
To maintain one's credit standing.

Especially when one's standing,
On debts owed.
Requires one to pay up,
For an out of control feasting to be paid.
As a 'sensible' way to pay for it with 'cash'.
Something demanded that one does not have.

And to state with a dignified presence,
That those awaiting to be paid for those losses generated.
Should be the ones already suffering,
From those mistakes made by those who fed at the feast.
To leave it in shambles,
And the ones left starving and homeless.
Are responsible and accountable to pay for a mess,
While those greedy keep.
Not only what they have hoarded,
But also the resources stuffed in their overflowing pockets.

A common sense,
Directed to someone accustomed.
To an irrational way of life,
Deluded and fantasized.
By the existence of praising myths,
Will begin unending arguments.
Over expenditures that exist,
On the feeding of a feast on the ability.
To maintain one's credit standing.

And

They have no intention to pay a cent,
For what has been spent.
To sustain their lofty positions,
Because they have been hypnotized.
On rights of their entitlements.

A common sense,
Directed to someone accustomed.
To an irrational way of life,
Is like introducing a reality never known.
Nor will that reality expressed be accepted.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Accustomed To Being Used

Would I be one to say,
I have come to service your needs.
Then when I gained your trust and belief in me,
I would just leave?
I might.
If I thought it was to my benefit,
To use you to then take flight.
But then again...
You just may be accustomed to being used.
And it wouldn't matter what I did to you to do.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Accustomed To Challenging Obstacles

I find it hard to believe,
Someone would repeatedly...
Climb to see the same view,
From atop a high mountain.
And not be curious with temptation,
To seek the reaching of other peaks seen...
Teasing one accustomed to challenging obstacles.

'What's on your mind? '

~When? ~

'I saw the look.
And I was there with you to see the view.
One of us has other plateaus in mind to reach.'

~And one of us should stop trying to be psychic.
Or is that 'psycho'?

'Don't worry about it.
I'm not like the others.
You're a little strange.
But crazy you're not.
So which one did you pick? '

~The one that was on the left and in the distance.
What did you just call me?
What's strange about being ambitious? ~

'Well,
Since you brought the subject up...
I'm cool with the ambitious part.
It's the drooling done you do,
While staring off in the distance...
That makes me a little bit nervous.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Accustomed To Critique And Darkness

Emotional vampires,
Accustomed to critique and darkness...
I can't afford to have feeding on my consciousness.
The extensive draining done they do,
I wont allow with me to pursue.
And they will do it too!

Emotional vampires,
Limited with negativity.
Upset with themselves.
And surrounded by insecurities.

Despise they do,
Those who choose not to self abuse.
And refuse to listen...
But expect others to.

They are happiest when sharing,
Their blightest insights.
And delight when someone argues,
Against thoughts they have...
Others feel for them aren't right.

And pained by youthful injustices to them done,
These emotional vampires...
Solicit to undo,
The peace of mind of someone.

Emotional vampires,
Accustomed to critique and darkness...
I can't afford to have feeding on my consciousness.
The extensive draining done they do,
I wont allow with me to pursue.
And they will do it too!
If given one's time.
And...
Empathy.

'I'm a Scorpio.

What are you? '

I'm a-Leaving!

Note:
The 'theme' is similar to my other poem,
Entitled: 'Emotional Vampires'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Accustomed To Ignoring Their Own Treasures

When I came to give,
Hands were closed.
And fists were clenched.
Prepared what seemed to me to be,
Arguments conflicting with my interests.

Then when it became discovered,
What I came to give...
Would be of benefit.
Hands surrounded me opened like cups.
And those with clenched fists,
Were prepared to pat me on the back.
As if a lost relative had for them been missed.

When I CAME to give,
Hands were closed.
And fists were clenched.
An impression made,
I have not forgotten since.

When I CAME to offer,
I was immediately dismissed.
And NOW...
Today?
I've learned my worth is too valuable.
Too genuine to just give away.

Especially to those,
Accustomed to ignoring their own treasures.
And suspicious of those,
Who have chosen them to give.
Prehaps my approached for them was too sincere.
Since from them 'then'...
I HAD asked for nothing.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Accustomed To Opposition

I've grown accustomed to opposition.
As well as foolish maneuvers.
And those who object to those positions I have taken.

Nor will I apologize with regrets for those forward steps,
I chose to make that tested my faith.
And admit I do,
To the making of mistakes!

But obstacles and the fear of them,
I could not allow to slow my pace.
And those who choose to procrastinate,
With a hesitating done?
Well...
I perceive as being committed to wasting time.
And time as we live it as lived is not guaranteed to anyone,
To just sit back to see it come to leave.

I've grown accustomed to opposition.
But you know what?
I am here to participate and experience my life.
What others choose with a priority to do with their own,
I refuse to let their choices made get in my way.
I am not prone to the seeking of acceptance.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Achievements That Have Succeeded

Even without his accomplishments mentioned,
By those who have taken opposing positions...
With a criticizing of his efforts,
Have yet to propose with a doing...
Anything done that others have suggested,
To have experienced to accept or reject.
And he...
After many years with his sleeves rolled up,
Continues to let his achievements that have succeeded...
Speak loudly with a clearness for themselves.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Achieving Notoriety

Achieving notoriety can be claimed,
To bring on changes.
Even having a name someone else has,
That may be the same...
Comparisons are made by those who attest,
What they knew and when...
As if they kept a diary,
With entries in it to reflect what came next.

Achieving notoriety may be the aim,
For those seeking fame and fortune.
But the ones who seek neither,
And for whatever the reason they succeed...
Out from the cracks and crevices of woodwork,
Come others who suddenly...
Become critics who critique every movement made,
To convince another they have an expertise...
About someone known they knew who has succeeded.

'I remember the days when they were little kids.
And, they were smart too.
Getting A's and B's as we all skipped happily to school.
We use to go to plays and operas and things like that.
And they live in a home scattered with antiques,
As I looked around to observe other artifacts.'

~That's very creative on your part.
I knew them too.
And we lived in the projects.
One was always taking out the garbage.
Hated school and chores to do.
Was a latchkey kid and lied about his age,
To join the military to get away.
Got tired of carrying oil cans while others sat on theirs.~

'Are we talking about the same people? '

~I am.
But my memory is not as creative as yours.~

'Well, which one achieved fame and notoriety? '

~Shouldn't you know?
I'm listening to you making the claims.
With no shame at all to distort what's true.
AND...
If a notoriety has infact been achieved,
I'm sure it was not done easily or with glamor.~

'Can I quote you on that? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Acknowledged Appreciation

Whatever it is...
Give.
From you to someone else,
Whatever it is...
Give.
Do not wish of a receiving,
From someone else to you.
Express your thankfulness.
Do not sit in expectation.
Or anticipate,
An acknowledged appreciation,
Is delivered with gifts.
They come.
And when that is done...
Accept and forgive yourself,
For being impatient.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Acknowledgement

I am who I am!
Accepted.
I walk a path I understand.
I can not reject it!
Identity I have identified.
Those years in denial...
Have been long pushed aside.
I no longer beat myself up!
Emotions within me I do not hide.
I do not find excuses,
To seduce with alibis...
Reduced to tears I cry!

Diversity I welcome with glee.
This journey given to me is my destiny.
I get up each day feeling blessed as I pray.
Acknowledgement has me cemented.
Regardless of what may come my way...
Or what others may say,
They believe I should portray!
In pieces pulled to please each day.
Dissecting me,
To leave myself abandoned and betrayed.

I am the man I am.
Unafraid to display...
This 'gift' God has given,
Commanding as I obey!

I am who I am!
Comprehending without demands,
Or expecting acceptance.
With rejection wherever I stand!
I am not seeking clarification.
Or directions I anticipate!

I dedicate each step I take to purpose.
My motivation is to be me completely!
And all that I am is fulfilled!

There is no want or need I wish...
That God does not deliver!
I am here at His will and testament.
No other definition do I represent.

And my voice will not be silenced,
Before spoken words with content meant...
Reach to beseech those listening,
Are heard to compliment...
These times my mind now finds descending.

And this mission I observe that preserves my devotion,
Was not created to become aborted.
Nor distorted to be teased,
By the ease of temptation!
Although this hold on my strength,
Can be weakened.
But not at length.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Acknowledging My Sentiments

I've been too long at this...
Not to know what it is that I am doing.
I make it my business to comprehend.
With a listening done that is focused.
And with an empathy that is felt.

If someone doesn't understand,
Or appreciate my motives...
I am the last one it may dawn upon,
To evoke my own mental commotion.
I'm not devoted to my ego on those terms.

I've been too long at this...
Not to know what it is that I am doing.
I make it my business to comprehend.
With a listening done that is focused.
And with an empathy that is felt.

And acknowledging my sentiments,
Has a lot to do with the exquisite friendship I have...
That I early in life came to face and embrace,
With both truth and honesty.
I'm not devoted to my ego!
However...
There is an understanding given to its limits.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Acquittal

Intentions done,
Can not be erased to undo.
And even in the presence of warnings given,
Nothing painted in the picture...
Delivers a hint or a clue,
To the one stubbornly committed...
To go through with a misdeed or two to do.
Believing immunity is a guarantee.

A consciousness arrives to us at different times.
And a ritual of using prayer to ask forgiveness,
As done by those awakening with guilt...
Does not mean an acquittal will be granted.
Or the one victimized by slander and lies...
Has stopped faithfully praying to ease a mind burdened,
With a wish to see justice inflicted as a gift one gets...
That rectifies with an applied and appropriate punishment.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Actions Speak Louder Than Words

Owwww!
Why did you intentionally,
Step on my foot?

'I am a returner of deeds done.'

You could have at least said 'something'.
I had forgotten.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Active Detractors

Active detractors,
Are the first to become highly incensed.
When their covert actions to divert attention,
Does not influence
With their negative intentions meant.

The use of slander and deceit to defeat,
A position taken or one to despised
Only increases the integrity seen,
Before those who have opened eyes.

And everything tried by those in hiding,
In the creation of more of their lies to achieve
Only exposes them to be the doers,
To be the cause of unsolved explanations.
Received by some as mysteries.
But discovered to be the reasons cloaked and undercover,
To be in the way delaying what should and could be
Successes to be believed.

And those active detractors,
Only desire blame to shame
Those who live to do good deeds to please,
All of humanity.
And not their own selfish feeding of greed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Active, Relaxed...And 'Regular'

Budgeting a fixed income,
Is not as easily done...
As someone scheduling,
Their upcoming annual cruise...
To lounge about on an exotic island.

My idea of a vacation...
Is the discovery I've found discounted prices,
At a local supermarket.
And I've got a few dollars left over in my pocket,
To buy an extra box of popcorn to pop.
With the hope to match at least three numbers,
On an infrequently purchased lottery ticket.

Budgeting a fixed income,
Is not as easily done...
As someone who suggests,
I should put a few coins away daily...
To save for a rainy day.

As far as I am concern...
From the lessons I've learned.
If I can manage to stretch and exercise my legs...
As often as I can.
I will keep my mind entertained,
When walking in the rain.
And I don't need a penny to get any Sun...
To do it when it's done.
As my mind is kept full and fresh with imagination.

I find it a whole lot cheaper,
When I am keeping active, relaxed...and 'regular'.
If you know what I'm saying from my perspective.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Acts Of People Apathetic Towards Others

Manipulative and calculating.
With a display of their failures achieved,
Are those fed with beliefs...
That being deceitful leads to success.
Only to discover unhappiness when they get it.

These are acts of people apathetic towards others.
But when they get themselves in a mess,
They market with an advertisement campaign...
Their seeking for a televised empathy,
That celebrates their victimization.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Acts Of Treason

When the applause leechers speak,
One relies and upholds a redundancy spoken...
While the other defies covered up lies.
And chooses to leave behind mindless speeches...
Repeating how a quality of life,
Is not depleting in a blight...
Churning in a spiral within one's sight!
And heading down the tubes...
Quicker than those excited,
Riding towards the end of a waterslide
That delights!

And obvious are real issues distracted,
By the color of one's skin.
These divisions of race...
For some seem never to end.

As dreams and visions once valued...
Are kept masked by archaic remarks.
Heated to inflame the sparking of debate.
An issue for some that satiates their hunger.

One keeps harping on the lack of experience of the other.
While major changes are clearly needed.
Before it's too late.
What comes that affects everyone,
Has little or nothing to do with one's race.

One tries to hide a greed that has depleted...
With a deceit that has succeeded.
The other defends an honesty.
And represents those feeling betrayed.
Those now facing,
Overwhelming disgrace.
That can not replace their thoughts...
That have brought upon them,
Masked acts of treason!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Adam To Your Eve

If I were the 'up' to your downs...
I'd pull your smile right up off the ground,
Oh!
And I would be the Adam to your Eve.
And I would be sure you'd be treated,
Equally.

If I were the Sun to your moon...
I'd heat you up from morning 'til noon,
Oh!
And I'd make sure I'd beam you with my rays.
To keep a smile on your pretty face...
To glow!

And...
If we were the lovers I see.
The ones depicted on movie screens,
Oh!
There would be no reason to leave.
Since we would be here happily,
Eternally!

And...
If I were the 'up' to your downs...
I'd pull your smile right up off the ground,
Oh!
And I would be the Adam to your Eve.
And I would be sure you'd be treated,
Equally.

If I were the Sun to your moon...
I'd heat you up from morning 'til noon,
Oh!
And I'd make sure I'd beam you with my rays.
To keep a smile on your pretty face...
To glow!

And...
If we were the lovers I see.

The ones depicted on movie screens,
Oh!
There would be no reason for us to leave.
Since we would be here happily,
Eternally!

And...
If I were the 'up' to your downs...
I'd pull your smile right up off the ground,
Oh!
And I would be the Adam to your Eve.

And I would be sure you'd be treated,
Equally.
To glow.
To glow.
To glow.
To glow.

And I would be the Adam to your Eve,
To glow.
To glow.
To glow.
To glow.

And I would be the Adam to your Eve,
To glow.
To glow.
To glow.
To glow.

And I would be the Adam to your Eve,
To glow.
To glow.
To glow.
To glow.

And I would be the Adam to your Eve!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Adaptable

If you can not accept my point of view...
That's fine.
I am okay with that.
But do not expect me to neglect,
My beliefs for yours...
With a hope that my own,
I will eventually forget!
That scenerio is far from my mind.
Nor will I be trapped and confined,
Until you certify me adaptable!
I've adapted.
You are the one that needs to diversify!
Not me.
I am conflict free.
With no need to be validated.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Addicted And Hooked On Propaganda

A game no differently played,
Than any other sporting event.
Hyped are likes and dislikes.
With money spent to declare which team,
Has the better defense...
With a quarterback who can throw a ball,
Or a pitcher who produces...
A pitch that strikes out a batter.
Or a runner who scores without getting hit.

It's all a game of politics!
With high fees to pay on overpriced tickets.
And on each side the speeches all sound great.
As those who advertise, salivate and wait...
To see which candidate appeases the taste,
Of those who are addicted and hooked on propaganda!
Spending billions of funds...
That could have housed, fed and clothed everyone.
Moving forward with less change heard to jingle...
All who will be taxed can believe.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Addicted To Sugar

so many have committed themselves
to nonsense and bs.
when confronted with the realities
of their efforts and conditioning process,
they become upset...
looking for solutions and answers.
and that is not going to happen,
since everyone is addicted to sugar
and painless remedies!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Addiction

I miss the intimacy.
But I do not miss the secrecy,
You use to keep your thoughts from me.

I miss your touch.
But not the distance I encounter so much,
When I catch you deep and aloof in thought!

I find I'm standing on a threshold...
Invited to come in.
Feeling I am welcomed,
As long as I pretend...
You are inside a space to share,
Even though I am without you completely there!
Until your reach beseeches me.
And I obey and come unquestioned.
To be taught lessons only you can teach!
My weakness is captured,
And you sense my defeat!

I miss the intimacy.
And I wish it wasn't an addiction!
But with you it is!
We each need this 'fix'.
Knowing it will be supplied...
Stripped and naked and embraced with sighs.
Thrusting with a love only two like us can share,
Bared...
Without complications to interfere or deny!
Yet kept climaxing,
In fulfilled unanswered wonder.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Addiction Free

Don't come to me when you aint got nothing.
Begging for something from me.
I've given you too many shirts off my back.
Now I'm going to help you,
Get addiction free.

What you expect has been to my expense.
Both physical and spiritually.
My goodwill and nature you've taken.
And not a worthless dime,
Have you offer to give...
Or attempted to leave.

Don't come to me when you aint got nothing.
Begging for something from me.
I've given you too many shirts off my back.
Now I'm going to help you,
Get addiction free.

What you expect has been to my expense.
Both physical and spiritually.
My goodwill and nature you've taken.
And not a worthless dime,
Have you offer to give...
Or attempted to leave.

What I mean and what was meant,
Are conditions that inspired past arguments.

But now I'm heated and there's no need,
For us to discuss anything any longer.
There's been too much blood shed.
And your empathy bleeding ways,
I've seen more than I wish to see.

What I know and expect from you,
Is more of the same game...
With nothing changed,
And too redundant to believe.

What you expect has been to my expense.
Both physical and spiritually.
My goodwill and nature you've taken.
And not a worthless dime,
Have you offer to give...
Or attempted to leave.

Don't come to me when you aint got nothing.
Begging for something from me.
I've given you too many shirts off my back.
Now I'm going to help you,
Get addiction free.
Like I will be,
When you get your ass away from me!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Addiction Transmitted

To what degree
Should one accept
Repeated nonsense to please?
Especially when it becomes a pattern
One does...
Thought to be acts,
Others love.

This is disrespect neglected.
Performed and done...
Until it is perfected.
These become excuses...
So induced they are not dismissed.
But no one should settle for treatment like this!

Yet it happens!
Until this addiction transmitted...
Like an affliction severed,
Is either healed, corrected and/or fixed!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Addictions Enslave

Rhythmic is the slowing down,
Of a once vibrant existence.
Limits placed upon an isolated consciousness...
Is set for all to witness a diminished outlook,
That comes.

This process has been progressing,
As a quality of life digresses...
In disrespecting acceptance.

They have been pimped.
Used as unchanged doormats.
Hoping if they kept lips tucked shut...
They would be bestowed and blessed,
With materialistic wishes for the rest of their lives.

They believed lies even delivered from their priests.
They had to keep and maintain a 'presence'.
Wishing never to ever see themselves as peasants.
And using every trick to pull to thrive on ignorance.
On bended knees they plead,
For a restoration of a gluttonous quality of life to return.

And finally they have received their wish!
An existence completed by greed that leaves them,
With backs burdened with stacked unhappiness.
Stunned by the stinging.
And pawns of a perfected deceit.
To get all of them to believe...
If they were in debt,
At least they would feel more patriotic.

Products of a medicated psychoticness.
And disposable with each available excuse made...
To have them disregard their investments,
Placed upon a valued sense of what and who they are.
Or were...
At this point!
And the vanishing need to keep feeding the marketing of fear.

A commodity used to fill the pockets of their abusers.

'Whew...
I'm glad you're done.
All you had to say was 'addictions enslave'.'

Yeah...
But 'where' is the flair in that?
There is no subjugation that devours its victims!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Addictive Personalities

All that 'is'
Will change.
All that 'has'
Will not.

And you expect,
Something from yesterday to be repeated?
Children who can not read,
Are passed along from grade to grade.
Without any comprehension at all being done.
There are folks hired in executive positions,
Because of their looks.
There are few women chefs who cook in restaurants.
And I have never seen a fireman direct traffic!
Have you?

'You make absolutely no sense.'

And neither do you.
All I asked if you will loan me another $10,
Like you did yesterday.
I will pay you back!

And you expect,
Something from yesterday to be repeated?
Children who can not read,
Are passed along from grade to grade.
Without any comprehension at all being done.
There are folks hired in executive positions,
Because of their looks.
There are...

'I get the picture! '

I don't think you do.
I don't think you will.
We both have addictive personalities.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Address On Madness Boulevard

Once they have gone out of their way,
To ruin the influence and affect...
Some have with others,
With a positive effect.
Why would those who do this...
Believe,
The ones affected by their dirty deeds...
Would jump for joy,
To receive an invitation to participate with them...
At a social event they are hosting?
Is this not 'nutts' or what?
Is this not insanity on its best behavior?
Actions like this can not even be given a name.

What address on Madness Boulevard,
Do people like this...
Assume someone dissed wishes to visit?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Address That Any Way You Wish

Here is the envelope,
You pressured me to get!
And no more from me,
Do you get to lick.

Address that any way you wish, .
I am not going to upset...
A solitude I met.
Before my mind took steps,
To satisfy my curiosity...
And select,
With a determination to get...
Quick pieces from the gutter.

I did not expect solitude to bring me joy.
And you...
Are doing your best to scent the air with 'bad vibes'.
Why?
Why wish to deliver venom.
With or without a proper cause?
Why can't you stamp that out of your mind?
You must be the kind who likes to establish mystery...
To qualify your victims!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Addressed To Be Kept...Wished

I write from an experienced perspective.
When gathering my thoughts to expose publicly,
What it is I regard as important to us all.
However...
Attempts to be objective while remaining receptive,
And not reflect upon something that has occurred in my life...
Personally,
For me...
I admit,
Is an impossibility.

I am emotionally connected, affected and involved.
With 'every' aspect of my life.
To say I participate in the living of my life specifically,
For recreational purposes,
Would be for me admitting of caring less...
Who I have sex with.
As long as my own satisfaction is addressed to impress,
I accept that with a moving on.
I've never been like that.
In fact...the last time my toes curled it was 10 degrees outside.
And the wind chill factor was minus...something.

Can you feel me?
The only time I do anything recreational is when I master...
The baiting of the right words to express my thoughts.
Can you feel me?
I want to entertain AND be profound.

And when I write from an experienced perspective,
My observations are more compassionately expressed...
Than what I do privately with kept wishes to leave unconfessed.
Yet...
My personal desires are not left to be less.
And with myself addressed to be kept...wished!
With a doing I 'try' to keep respectful, above board and uncensored.
Even though I still have hopes someone comes prepared to feel me.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Addressing A Reality

What is that you are seeking?

'Seeking?

I'm not in a search to seek anything.
Not anymore.
When I sought my life to live,
With an acknowledgement...
I did too much of that for others,
I found what I needed.

What you observe me doing,
Is a living of my life.
And it took me a while to identify it,
As 'my' life to live.
And it may seem to you I am seeking,
Because of an excitement you see me express.

Seeking?
No.
I am addressing a reality I have found.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Adjusting Their Perceptions

Adjusting their perceptions,
Has to be difficult to do...
For those limited in life experiences.
Especially if they are accustomed,
To prejudging where people live...
What they look like and wear.

And always there are the few,
With pretentions intact and prepared to impress.
Believing themselves better than the ones with less.
Or appear not to be successful.
And often are taught lessons to learn...
By those who express what they've already accomplished.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Adjusting To Less

Adjusting to less,
Just may be the best thing...
To recover without guessing,
The importance of life.
Given and to be blessed.

Adjusting to less,
Just may be the best thing...
With awakening to dawn,
Without life...
To experience,
Nothing else goes on.

Participating in chased races.
Ends what fascinates.
Everyone looks to replace,
That excitement...
Fading.

Everybody seeks for more,
To satisfy a boring taste.
Until something else is craved.
And then that one day comes,
Another race is chased.
Another craving is replaced.

Adjusting to less,
Just may be the best thing.
With awakening to dawn,
That chased excitement ends.
But...
A blessed life to know this noticed,
Never bores.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Adjusting Under Spotlight

With all the ammunition at one's disposal,
To attack.
Why would someone hold back from doing it?
Especially to allow a known liar,
To take centerstage and portray a lack of facts.

'It is easier to let an attentive audience,
See for themselves someone adjusting under spotlight.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Adjustments Are Not Easy

Adjustments are not easy to welcome.
Especially when they arrive unexpectedly,
With no other choice but to have them done.
Adjustments immediately are rejected by everyone.

Everyone wants their comforts to be protected.
Everyone desires to have what they've accepted kept.
And everyone expects what they have to last forever.
Until forever comes too early and this creates regrets.

Adjustments are not easy to welcome.
When the doing of them is done by surprise.
Especially when they arrive unexpectedly,
And the doing of them are not hidden in disguise.

Life to experience delivers with it acceptance.
And a willingness to be more patient to comprehend,
That which life lived to experience brings...
An understanding that clears misunderstood things.

Although even with wisdom with a life lived one gets...
Adjustments are not easier to welcome,
With patience to comprehend one unprepared for them...
Pretends not to feel or express 'some' regret.

Adjustments are not easy to welcome.
When the doing of them is done by surprise.
Especially when they arrive unexpectedly,
And the doing of them are not hidden in disguise.

Only those adjustments that come to one to deny,
Are those adjustments one suffers through...
To fear that one's life to live,
Can not be done without each moment given an approval.
And adjustments when they come are seldom subtle at all.

Everyone wants their comforts to be protected.
Everyone desires to have what they've accepted kept.
And everyone expects what they have to last forever.

Until forever comes too early and this creates regrets.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Admire, I Do...You

Admire,
I do...
You.

Admitting it is not as easy.
This feeling I have is new.
Over the years it grew.
And one day out of the 'blue',
I just knew.

Admire,
I do...
You.

The way you walk,
With your head held up.
Your eyes so wise and bright.

Your words direct,
I now respect.
With my mind more open.
And more prepared to accept.

Admire,
I do...
You.

Those times we shared.
With you there caring.
And I then unaware...
Just how much you cared.

And today I reflect,
Upon my attitude.
And those awful moods you met,
You did not let upset you.
When you could...
And perhaps should have left,
Me.

Admire,
I do...
You.
And after all those things I put you through,
You stayed.

With me,
You stayed!
With me,
You stayed!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Admit It

You can not be 'that',
When you need to be 'here'.
To take care of 'this'.
With a ridding of kept expectations,
Time you'll find one day will fix.

And you can not be there,
Or everywhere else.
To believe you can leave,
Your own troubles on the shelf.
Ignoring advice you dislike.

Wake up and see 'that',
For what it is.
Wake up and give 'this',
More of your attention to give.
Wake up and prioritize,
Your life to live.
And you will find the minding,
Of your 'own' business...
Begins to eliminate your anguish,
And those anxieties you invite.
With a calming you down...
On prescribed sedatives.

When you awaken,
And have had enough...
You will realize a disgust that sucks,
Had been yours to create.
To face excuses made you validated.
That day you wake up to admit it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Admit What Has Been Broken

How can anyone fix what has been broken?
What value of it has been restored?
Can a heart mend with a doing to forget?
Can a pain to experience,
Truly be forgiven without remembering it?
Can anyone who had loved being in a relationship,
Awaken one day wishing from it to split?
Of course.
That's why people divorce.

And those who believe,
They deserve dividends to them received...
For their emotional investment,
Should leave!
With it acknowledged what had been deposited,
Isn't worth the grief.
The best thing to do is to accept responsibility,
And admit what has been broken can not be fixed...
To mend as if the act of it did not exist.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Adolescent Deeds

Spoiled children encouraged,
To sit and witness their siblings...
Restricted from doing things,
They believe can be manipulated eventually...
Will make attempts to do anything.
If this means to them,
A getting of an attention given.
Believing with an 'innocence',
A 'cuteness' is determined.

But some children grow.
To leave behind their childishness.
With a learning not to disrespect.
Or expect child-like tantrums accepted,
Without someone rejecting their selfishness.

To then make claims of being neglected,
When left to be held accountable...
For actions that reflect,
Immaturity at its best.

And as aults who have aged,
These same 'children' become insulted.
When others too mature no longer will endure,
With a tolerance depleted and absent to feed...
Spoiled children encourage,
To perform adolescent deeds.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Adolescent Minds

Giving time to adolescent minds,
Limited and confined...
To a wasting of one's valuable time done,
Just to appease a craving to release...
A repeating of an obvious shallowness.

Although unfortunate this is,
What tools can one use to rid of such pests?
Pests committed to nonsense and patience to test?
And...
To 'not' acknowledge them guarantees no one rest.

Especially when kept minds like these refuse to leave,
Without making an assortment of childish attempts...
To 'flutter' around with a kept 'buzzing' that gets intense,
Until someone wanting not to get stung...
Submits by giving that adolescent mind attention.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Adolescent Ways

Aging are many people,
Insecure and adolescent.
Afraid to take that step,
To another stage without regret.
With a facing to experience,
What comes next.
Yet kept are childish expectations,
For an attention to get.
As if to express such selfishness,
Is a deserving concept...
Connected to a tantrum.
And regardless wherever to whomever,
They display their disrespect...
These aging kids and their adolescent ways,
Don't perceive themselves as pests.
But participants with their children,
Competing in contests...
To display immaturity and irresponsibility,
With a proving who can do it best.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Adopted As A Part Of Life

If what is there,
Has made its presence felt...
With it adopted to adapt as a part of life,
WHY...
Have so many begun,
Abandoning their kept realities...
To insist with recent persistence,
A need for more police...
To protect them from those,
Declaring their rights to bear arms?
Shouldn't they declare their minds,
Are not wrapped too tight?

'Dear God,
I know You are there.
Because there are churches everywhere.
Is it possible YOU can help these folks,
Use their minds for the purpose to make sense?
OR maybe YOU can convince them,
A using of the mind is not an offense? '

But yet,
Those who are seeking such protection...
Oppose those using guns,
To remind them...
Of wishes to keep their entitlements intact.
Although with more peace wished,
To be witnessed.
And less violent acts...
Beginning to attract with closer steps,
To their doors, businesses, and other places...
Where they entertain the notion,
What they've set into motion are folks...
Ready and prepared to relieve themselves,
Of mental disorders of all kinds.
And this is not imagined but actual facts.

And then, they do, expect the police,
To appear instantly like mind readers...

Whenever someone 'cracks' unexpectedly.
To then blame police, politicians and anyone else...
For entitlements they have demanded,
But can not find them effective enough...
To identify those amongst themselves,
Who will be next to be labelled crazed.
As if the balls they have,
Should be made of crystal.

'Dear God,
Is it possible YOU can help these folks,
Use their minds for the purpose to make sense?
Or at least show them evidence,
Who the fools really are?
With a giving out names and addresses.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Adorn That Rainbow

Hey...it's twenty ten.
Enjoy the treasures delivered from the universe,
You deserve.
Over and over and over again.
And again.

Allow no one to throw dust on your boosted thrust.
Oh no!
Glow!
Don't 'follow'.
Adorn that rainbow.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Adorned With The Doing Of Deeds

At a time it had been questioned,
If I knew what I was doing in my pursuits.
Or if the choices I made,
Best suited my abilities to undertake...
With a doing on a path unpaved,
And beset by obstacles...
That were certain to chase me away.

At a time it had been questioned,
If I knew what I was doing in my pursuits.
And today?
Those questions are no longer asked?
Today?
That path beset with obstacles and unpaved,
Have been adorned with the doing of deeds.

'Don't you think your admission,
Is a bit pretentious? '

Yes.
Of course I do.
In fact...
I had considered embellishing.
But reminiscing to even embellish the facts,
Of my reality...
I thought might be too painful.
So I settled for pretension to present,
My experiences primarily for sentimental value.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Advantages Of Humility

A rise wished to the top,
To have that bubble pop.
And disappear from sight,
By a higher flying kite.
Held tightly with firm hands,
By someone standing...
With both feet on solid ground.
Could...
If the doing of this is understood,
Be a lesson to investigate...
The advantages of humility.

Valleys sustain a light not as bright
Compared to mountain peaks reached.
And those who have climbed,
To the heights of summits...
Have done this,
On faith not to fake it.
Or from their mouths heard egos,
Boasting to leak.

Too many become transfixed quickly,
By thoughts of receiving...
Praise, adulation and false flattery,
To get.
And too few actually love,
What they do.
To have what's done speak for itself.
Prepared to be critiqued.
And closely examined.

Those who float to coast on the backs
Of bubble makers,
Filling up their egos with hot air...
Seldom notice or come to recognize,
That a kite flying high...
Is held onto from the ground.
And...
Takes more than a boasting ego,

To keep it lifted 'and' navigated...
Through changing winds.
And rough terrain!

Many have their eyes on the prize.
And not on humility to achieve.
To keep,
As one's greatest accomplishment.
Even those who believe themselves,
To be successful...
Get less respect than those,
Proving they've maintained integrity!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Adventure

My grandfather, Charlie
Began that family trait!
He had a moving company...
The first of its kind,
In a city that draped its hate!
They didn't say it openly,
But it was known to segregate.
And Charlie did the best he could,
To see his family didn't suffer and ate!
And the family grew to be much more than eight!
By the time I was eight my grandma and pop...
Had popped out eighteen!
My uncle Gay Hall and aunt Virginia,
Were the last to dropp on this scene!
And Charlie saw it well,
That grandma never worked...
She had raised Twenty-one of her own.
And it was always an adventure then,
To see who would love...and to see who love would hurt!
To watch mama and papa take care of their kin!
Nothing what I've done has ever been
That adventurous to be driven
To protect AND defend!
Not to us who didn't know
What we know now but not back then.
Not back in those days!

Nothing what I've done
Has been that adventurous on my plate!
I'm glad my grandpa gave me a little taste of my fate.
I guess my grandpa left me something,
I could easily neglect...no matter what the debate.
Easily if not injected with a bit adventure in my blood...
And 'gifts' he left me I will always respect!
And much appreciate!
Because of my grandpa,
Any adventure from a kindred center,
Growing with it and letting it create!
I've always wanted that next adventure....

One
To be the very best...and giving me the shakes!
Thinking of adventure as something to expect!
Wanting more each time its done.
Wanting it just like sex! I guess.

Nothing what I've done of late...
Has made me want adventure less!
Nothing I can remember in September.
Maybe
When it begins to become cool and shady!
And just 'maybe'...
I'll suspect and seize the adventure in October,
If it presents and these attached
Grandpa family tied 'adventurements'
Don't drive me crazy!
Sometimes we have to give time just to be lazy!
To rest and refresh!

Special thanks:
Diane Violet
For the closing line in this poem!
AND I've since 'added' onto 'that line'!
Thanks again, Dee...
~for 'refresh'~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Adventures Meant

I do my best to listen,
To the wind...
During the change of each season.
Each one I witness that begins.

I make attempts,
To express my appreciation.
With an acknowledgement that each day,
I am blessed to experience...
A life to live that captures adventures meant.

I am grateful to have insight,
That allows me to delight.
And not sit to spite,
Or compare my neighbor's gifts with wishes.

I do my best to cleanse,
When I feel the rain upon my skin.
With the hope that I am closer than ever,
To all that connects me...
To 'this' creation made that is neverending.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Adverse Conditions

Recession.
Depression.
Suppression.
Oppression...
And,
Digression.

Which one of these,
Would those chronically hungry and homeless...
Under-employed and those countless unemployed,
Do you believe would accept as a direction...
That least affects their plight?
And...
Hold accountable,
For their adverse conditions with promises...
Over decades that have passed,
That they would prioritize the undoing of them.

'Uh...
Recession?
That seems easier to take when said.
Depression?
That sounds...
Well,
Depressing.
And some folks have been suppressed to digress,
With oppression most of their lives.
To take that away from them would be demoralizing.
I'm sure many of them would feel that way.
Since most of them are seen doing that to themselves,
On a daily basis.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Advertisers (Marketing The Craze)

Getting more dramatic,
Are the distractions.
With colorful smoke.
Videotaped to capture,
The aftermath of bomb blasts.
As serious issues and truth,
Become diluted with the use...
Of rap music and laugh tracks,
To diffuse solutions.
While the horrible news,
Produced by TV networks...
Hope advertisers,
And higher ratings will come...
As proof of their achievement,
In fusing together,
All demographics.
With visuals, graphics.
And rhythms to give...
That urgent urban accessibility
Today,
More than ever...
No one dares to ignore,
Marketing the craze!

'I have one more idea.
The kids will love.
While we film the chaos.
Two college students,
Wearing swimsuits...
Appear as if,
Coming from the beach...
To stop gang members fighting.
By offering them slices,
Of pizza.'

-Yes.
You are a genius.-

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Advertising Free Love

How many lovers does it take,
To know one love.
Without the heartache.
And the pain...
To overcome the viciousness that remains.

How many lovers does it take,
To know one love.
With a faithfulness.
That's grateful.
Without being down low and safe.

How many lovers does it take,
To know one love.
Without the heartache.
And the pain...
To overcome the viciousness that remains.

People getting close to advertising free love.
People getting close to it and they are not getting it.
They are not getting it.
They are not getting it.
People getting close to advertising free love.
People getting close to it and they are not getting it.
They are not getting it.
They are not getting it.

How many lovers does it take,
To know one love.
Without the heartache.
And the pain...
To overcome the viciousness that remains.

People getting close to advertising free love.
But what does it take,
To get true love.
People getting close to advertising free love.
But what does it take,
To get true love.

People getting close to advertising free love.
People getting close to it and they are not getting it.
But what does it take,
To get true love.
People getting close to advertising free love.
But what does it take,
To get true love.
People getting close to it and they are not getting it.
And people getting close to advertising free love.
But what does it take,
To get true love?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Advice

If someone known,
Has made up their mind...
On rumors and judgements,
Others pass...
Disaster is not too far away.

Stay out of the business of others!
Druthers of others,
Should not be solicited.

Sleep nights peacefully.
Without tossing to turn,
With this attempted to ignore.
Sleep nights peacefully.
With it known you can not be accused,
Or be used to have it claimed...
Advice you gave to be given,
Had nothing to do...
To destroy a friend or a relationship.

'You don't know them like I do.
That's why I offer to them advice they can use.'

~I know.
And what you say may be true.
But if I were you and I am not,
I would pretend the minding of my own business...
Had more value to keep,
To know if my friends temporarily don't speak...
Will eventually.
With it known my peaceful sleep to get,
Never becomes disturbed by something I said...
Taken out of context,
To put inside someone else's head.~

'You don't know them like I do.'

~That's true I don't.
And I don't want to.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Advice Given

Opportunities...
With the freedom of them given,
To people to choose and pick...
From an array of choices,
They decide to select...
Or ignore the doing of it,
Are often heard to be the ones...
Accusing others for what they've done.
With a blaming to defame those they claim,
Had been the reason for their unhappiness.
And dissatisfying lives beset by disappointments.

'Are you still complaining,
With attempts to place blame to name...
Your parents and siblings and childhood miseries,
On their backs to voice your vicious attacks?
When are you going to get over that? '

~You don't understand what I had to go through,
To get to where I am.~

'Where are you?
And just how old are you? '

~That has nothing to do with it.
They knew I had troubles needing to be fixed.
They could have prevented my unhappiness.~

'But you told me yourself,
You made choices to make your own decisions.
Here, take this.'

~What is it? ~

'A box of tissue.
It will dry your sobs but not solve your troubles.
What I suggest you do and you may refuse,
Is to make an appointment with a psychiatrist.'

~I did.
But like the others the advice I was given,
Was not quite what I wanted to hear.~

'What advice given to you did you dislike? '

~I was told I should learn to mind my own business.
And I would find why my problems exist.~

'Here...
Take another box of tissue.
Since listening isn't what you are going to do.'

~You don't know me to know what I am going to do.~

'I know I'm not going to be a part of your act.
And you can consider that a fact,
When you leave taking with you that box of tissue.'

~You are inconsiderate and insensitive.~

'I know.
And I thank you for helping me make,
Staying distant from your issues...
One of the easiest choices I don't have to fake.
Or have you believe I'm going to feel apologetic.
With allowing your actions ruin my day.
Here...
Take this with you too.'

~What is it? ~

'A cup of coffee.
Sniff it.
I'm tired of you trying with me to pour tea.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Advice Refused

What 'blindness' can be associated,
With anyone choosing...
To walk down a deadend road.
Into a brick wall.

Perhaps a few kids at play,
Can be excused for not paying attention.

But someone who has been warned and given,
Advice refused...
May need icecubes applied to the head.
But not a welcoming shoulder to cry on!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Advocates Of Confusion

Impeding the progress made by another,
With obvious obstacles to block their passage.
To then make accusations publicly,
Why that person should be blamed...
For all that's wrong with them and in the world.
When they have always manipulated themselves,
To be seen and followed as leaders!
With the best there is to have.
No matter if that had been stolen from others.
Proves,
Not only do they represent incompetence...
But spend fortunes to ensure to themselves and others,
They also are advocates of conflusion, ...
Conflict and crazed delusions.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

'Affected'!

They perceive themselves to be intelligent.
So they do their best to impress.
Expressing a kind of...
Hollowness.
And hints they have become,
'Affected'!

Without one sign,
That shows them to be basic.
Nothing to prove them to be grounded at all.
Not to anything of structured stability.
'Affected'!
Blinded by the blaze of pretension.

'Affected'!
That's what we use to call folks like that!
A tossed salad of deluded exclusiveness.
Harmless as well as annoying.
And difficult to keep respected.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Affectionadoes

Enthusiastic lovers of those things specific,
With a flair to brand their favorite picks wished...
And open and honest about it,
Are no different from others...
Who band together to exploit their druthers,
To do as they desire regardless...
Of whose expense is dispensed,
As an expendable commodity that circumvents...
To convince with a doing,
What it is done to prioritize is not waste of resources.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Affirm It Fixed

I close my eyes.
At the same time you do.
With one thought alone...
To uplift your well being!
I call upon the universe,
To reverse your tribulations.
And all energy I demand...
To remove your burdens,
Held tightly in your hands.
I demand of 'It' to have you resist,
Conflicts!
I order that now to exist.
And affirm it fixed.
For you I do this.
And for us we wish...
Complete and total happiness!
To come and fill our lives with bliss.

Now...
I close my eyes.
At the same time you do.
With one thought alone...
To uplift your well being!
And the universe pursues,
And delivers!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Affirmations Dismissing Limits

Look...
I probably have said some things I shouldn't.
I probably did some things others couldn't.
They probably can say the same thing too.
Let us undo...
Reactions of bitterness done,
With thoughts to still carry through!

When I evaluate someone...
Help me stop judging them by looks,
And by what they have or have not done!
Help us all go through that same process.
And lift our minds...
To a higher consciousness!

I don't profess to be better than my brothers.
Or look down on my sisters...
As if they are less than others!
I want good health...
And the wealth of satisfaction.
All this senseless negativity,
Has been too long the attraction!

Affirmations dismissing limits.
Remove those limits from us this minute!
Help us all find ways to cheer...
The reasons why You have us here,
On this Earth!
And make that clear...
Dear Father!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Affirmative Action

I am not upset,
Because they seem to apply quotas...
To my existence.
But the monthly statistics,
And the cameramen in the backyard...
Filming my every move,
Can be overwhelming.

It's not that I am against affirmative action.
It is the way it is done,
That has me believing I 'am' different than everyone.
And watched too closely!
On a daily basis.
And used to remind them of their superiority.

They claim they don't know enough about me.
I guess they are referring to my skin color.
And how that affords me all of the attention I get!
As if that has anything to do with me being so loved?
Envy has a way of producing conflict.

One thing is for sure...
I am not rolling my eyes at the people on beach,
Who already have my skin color.
Nor am I trying to get darker...
To look good or more healthy!

They've been trying to re-create that,
In their laboratories.

Sick are those demented,
Who weave these insecurities...
Sick are those who expose their wickedness,
And sit back to enjoy those of color bleed!
And sick becomes a greatness believed...
That sinks in obscurity!
Left crazed to defend...
An offensiveness felt,
That angers one of a different colored skin!

Or lack thereof.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Affirming That...

Attract good health,
To me and my home.
Attract wealth of understanding,
And an abundance condoned...
To me and my home.
Attract goodwill and love,
To me and my home.
Attract a forgiveness shared,
To me and my home.
Attract an increased love of God,
To me and my home.
Attract those of faith and encouragement,
To me and my home.
Attract a giving that receives graciously,
To me and my home.
Attract a growth that knows its worth,
To me and my home.
Attract a success
That leaves a mind at peace and rest.
With friends and family,
All feeling a 'givingness'.

And let it be known...
That in my home dwells a heart,
Affirming that which it needs...
To deliver what God expects!
As I journey upon this path,
He enlightens...
Whenever I come to pray to Him and ask,
For guidance to assist me
With all He gives and my tasks...
With Him I know I will pass!

And in the doing,
I am hopeful...
To attract to my life the best God has,
For me and those affirming that!
Affirming 'that' to ourselves at last!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Affixed

Nothing kept precious is ever lost.
We keep it (them) affixed in our minds
To glow brighter.
There it remains...
And sustains its beauty within us.
To replenish and reflect.
In essence...
Affixed.
In a permanency attached,
Affixed.
Affixed.
Affixed.

Inspired by: Davidia Kartina
'Thank you, Davidia. I appreciate you! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Afflicted With Addictions

Afflicted with addictions to me that are given.
And...
More I've noticed,
I'll never overdose.

Afflicted with addictions I know to me that are given.
And...
On them focused,
To be happy them I chose.

Loving others,
I can't get quite enough.
I use to think before that love was just too artificial.
Loving others,
I use to think before...
People would believe me weak,
If I showed them love that deep.

Now I know that what I've got,
Can't be stopped.
And now I know that what I've got,
People want a lot.
But...
They want to get it.
Although they can't give it.
They want to get it quick,
To hit it then be done with it.

I'm Afflicted with addictions,
Of happiness, peace and love.
A willing victim,
Of happiness, peace and love.

Afflicted with addictions to me that I know are given.
And...
More I've noticed,
I'll never overdose.

Afflicted with addictions I know to me that are given.

And...
On them focused,
To be happy them I chose.

I'm Afflicted with addictions,
Of happiness, peace and love.
A willing victim,
Of happiness, peace and love.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Afflicted With Images

You've been afflicted with images.
And a need to worship,
All that is superficial.
And I can understand your despair.
But condoning this as my awareness...
I can not do that.
Too much of it has been already there.

Everything you value,
Is losing its flair.
And you are losing reason,
To maintain vacancy.
Somewhere in your mind,
That was not valued as it could...
And should be!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Affluent In Rituals

In places that sedates and rids those of fears,
I observe the pretense of those convinced...
They have found santuaries void of deceptions.

Viewed they are praying in worship,
Passing notes to provoke those there
In true devotion and unaware...
They have become subjects of gossip shared,
And whispered between psalms!

In places that sedates and rids those of fears,
Hypocrites of faith are seen wiping tears!
And as soon as dried eyes are cleared temporarily...
A sermon that teaches is lost!

Those that come with souls deceiving...
Are affluent in rituals.
And in gold leaf crosses embossed.
Tossing images of sacrifice.
Vowing they themselves are Christ-like beings,
Duplicating these scenes in pristine temples!

Appearing as they do to be high maintenanced,
To leave pews packed and congregated...
For an awaiting world,
Corrupted by their misunderstanding!
As they invoke words of God 'spoken'...
Although nothing done reflects anything,
Of what has been taught, heard and digested!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Affluenza

An affluenza suffered has gone.
Moan on.
But they've got to snap back.
Because that affluenza traps

And it's hard,
For them...
To sacrifice their trinkets.

How will they live,
Without their bangled baubled beads?

But that affluenza suffered has gone.
And many with pretensions hate to have it even mentioned.
But that affluenza suffered has gone.
And a healing has to happen if they want a conscious back.
Since that conscious that they had has laid them flat on their back.

Yes,
An affluenza suffered has gone.
Moan on.
But they've got to snap back.
Because that affluenza traps
How will they live,
Without those bangled baubled beads?
The ones they use to wear around to get the people teased.

But that affluenza suffered has gone.
And many with pretensions hate to have it even mentioned.
But that affluenza suffered has gone.
And a healing has to happen if they want a conscious back.
Since that conscious that they had has laid them flat on their back.

Yes,
An affluenza suffered has gone.
But many with pretensions hate to have it even mentioned.
Since a healing has to happen if they want a conscious back.
And that conscious that they had has laid them flat on their back.
But many with pretensions hate to have it even mentioned.

Since a healing has to happen if they want a conscious back.
And that conscious that they had has laid them flat on their back.

Yes,
An affluenza suffered has gone.
Moan on.
But they've got to snap back.
Because that affluenza traps
Moan on!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Afraid To Present Their Own

Those that have spent their time,
Discrediting others' efforts.
And wasting their lives,
Afraid to live their own...
Have shown one thing.
A need for an identity they have never known.
With a need to express from their hearts what's enjoyed!
And 'that' they have never shown!
Those that have spent their time...
Discrediting others' efforts.
And wasting their lives,
Afraid to present their own.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Africa

It wasn't the flowing blond weave,
Attached to your head like a hat.
Or those blue eye contacts.

It wasn't your three inch painted nails,
That scratched my hand...
As your long eyelashes flapped.
Reminding me of fly traps.

Not even your smile bothered me.
Exposing a mouth full of gold teeth

It was when you purred like a cat.
To announce your name was 'Africa'.
That offended me.
And for some reason I had to get up...
To look for the nearest exit to leave.

I knew right then we didn't have chemistry.
And there was no doubt in my mind...
A you and I together was never going to be.

And that might have been your real name.
I just didn't want to stay to hear how you got it.
Or why or when you began to accessorize your pride.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

After All These Years

Turn around.
Don't show me your back,
Give me eye contact.
Stop staring at the ground.

You wanted me to be honest.
And honesty I've given.
You wanted me to give love complete.
I'm here to deliver,
Both bitter and sweet.

Don't shut me out!
Let me in.
Help me to understand.
What have I said...
For you to lower and shake your head?

If I am wrong,
Tell me now.
Open up and communicate.
Don't be like that.
I want to comprehend.
Don't give me a cold shoulder.
Over something I'm sure,
Wont happen again.
Can you for once not be so stubborn?
What did I say to offend?

Turn around.
Don't show me your back,
Give me eye contact.
Stop staring at the ground.

I was teasing when I said,
Your head is like cement!
But don't give me the silent treatment.
Or reason to initiate another argument.
Anything but that silence!
That silence you can prevent.

'Okay! Okay...you win! '
Again!
For 'whatever' it was...
That started this 'nonsense' of yours,
To begin!

'Nonsense?
You spent my last twenty dollars,
On lottery tickets?
And you say that is 'NONSENSE? '

YEAH!
But I won a hundred dollars.

'Why did you not say that in the first place? '

Well...
You still have such a terrific behind.
And after all these years...
I took a moment or two,
Of my time to bide...and ponder!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

After Becoming Enlightened

At one time,
I saw or could find...
No light at the end of the tunnel.
Today?
I remember my struggles,
Through a darkness I then accepted.
To reminisce the experience.
But after becoming enlightened,
With my eyes and mind brightened
Why would I want to relive a limitation?
Or wish to stay confined to that kind of comfort,
To do to know it had no benefit.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

After Being Guided

Being unable to see the forest for the trees,
After being guided to where that forest begins...
There is so much more than trees,
Out of one's perspective...
That an assistance with a helping to connect,
Painted colored dots to make clear those 'differences'...
Would be too late and a waste of time,
To clean one's attic of debris.

It's 'never' too late?
Well...
Unfortunately,
For a lot of folks...
This will not be a matter for them to confront to consider.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

After Being Raped Of Escapades

I use to sit and wish for my innocence back.
But after being raped of escapades by the facts of life,
I could no longer hang onto fading daydreams.
Or my lingering memories of doing that to escape.

And I was in no position to be delusional.
Since my youth was early abused,
By the reality of my environment.
And today I most miss any presence of honesty.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

After Blood Has Flowed

I am not going to defend ignorance,
Of any kind.
At any time...
To have it believed,
An achieving of it benefits...
With it around protecting interests.

I am not going to defend,
Delusions kept to pretend...
Common sense and the use of it,
Reveals a weakness,
By anyone expressing a thoughtfulness...
That exposes an intelligence without regret.

Boosters of conflicts and victories to win,
Seem to continue...
When so many of a higher consciousness,
Are seeking this immature childishness to end.

Pomp and circumstance celebrated,
In ceremonies after blood has flowed...
Shows not a progressive movement forward,
But a taking of backward steps...
Down the same traveled roads,
That honors a darkness...
Repeated to keep worshippers of evils,
Long gone that should be left...
Behind with regrets expressed.

But...
Boosters of conflicts and victories to win,
Seem to continue...
When so many of a higher consciousness,
Are seeking this immature childishness to end...
And not desiring with a seeking to begin them again.

I am not going to defend ignorance,
Of any kind.
At any time...

To have it believed,
An achieving of it benefits...
With it around protecting interests,
Of those with kept barbaric minds...
Seeking conflicts to start and them to find.
And then to celebrate...
After blood has flowed just to prove and show...
GREATNESS?
With it compared to 'what'?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

After Breaking Up We Make Up Enough

After breaking up we make up enough.
And doing this as if,
There is a benefit...
To us that comes with splitting.

After breaking up we make up enough.
To do it once again,
With a making of love!

To split up to forget it,
With a making of love.
To forgive and then admit it,
With a making of love.
To remember we both miss...
Our making of love.
And doing this as if...
There is a benefit.

And after breaking up we do make up enough.
And doing it as if...
This is a benefit.

To split up and then forget it,
With a making of love.
To forgive and then admit it,
With a making of love.
To remember we both miss...
Our making of love.
And doing it as if,
There is a benefit.

We break up to admit it,
No one else could we love.
We break up to admit it,
No one else could we love.
We break up to admit it,
No one else could we love.
And doing this as if...
There is a benefit.

After breaking up we make up enough.
To come together.
After breaking up we make up enough.
To come together.
After breaking up we make up enough.
To come together.
And doing this as if...
There is a benefit.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

After Climax Satisfies

Sometimes I believe we live,
To deny we wish to be loved.
To exist resisting it.
But here because that had been done.

Sometimes I believe we wish,
To be submissive.
Cloaked as we are in an aggressiveness.

To love and be in bliss with it...
With someone kissing between pillow talk,
After sex has satisfied our desires...
Fantasizes!

We wonder about the excitement of it,
Before we close our eyes to sleep at night.
And this is done more,
Before and/or after a relationship ends.
And we place the blame upon those we have mated.
Those we waited to lay and bait our passions...
Without a stroke that exposed desires now felt.

Sometimes I believe we live,
To deny we wish to be loved.
To exist resisting it.
But here because that had been done.
By two who knew love!
Or was that lust?

And we lay wishing to have someone special...
Lusting for a life loved,
Between heated sheets shared.
To reach and repeat what is found,
In a togetherness that is free of conflict...
Long after climax satisfies a peak that remains,
Forever delicious.

Sometimes I believe we wish this too much.
And we continue to seek someone,

To keep us in touch with the basicness of it.
Like the taste of fruit that seems to stay fresh,
Always.

How do we keep this taste for love replenished?
How do we keep a piece of fruit bitten,
To sit on lips remembered...
Each time the juice of it is licked.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

After Clouds Have Cleared

A tear from an eye to drop,
After clouds have cleared...
And thundering storms and rain has stopped,
With a smile one adorns to be seen to glow...
On a face that appears from ear to ear to show,
Can only mean one thing...
In the midst of frowns and complaints one hears.
Something meaningful felt has come to not suspect.
To dawn on that one others have 'yet' to find!
A happiness discovered has finally been found.
And discovered at a time,
A choice to be like others...
Who have chosen to lose their minds,
Has been removed as an option.
To leave one feeling the presence of 'that',
One can only describe as being 'divine'.

'Look at the 'nut' over there.
Smiling with 'nothing' to show for it.'

~Well...
There are 'some' who are quietly crazed.
And there are others who prefer to make announcements.~

'And...
Which ones are 'we'? '

~Don't worry about it.
Let's stay here to listen to the complaints and arguments.
What other choices do we have? ~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

After Cooling Down From The Heat

I stay prepared and ready,
To bring you to those depths...
Of emotions you had not yet felt.
Or...
Perceive you will allow this experience!

I have a belief I can stir you up to heat.
And then have you begin to sizzle...
Until I decide it ends.
To do with a truth expressed,
That will have you chasing to catch your own breath.

And you have no idea,
Just how long I have prepared to stay ready...
For the right time to come to make you mine.
Patience and I are more than good friends.
And when I choose to remain focused,
Only those I want to notice this...
Do.

I stay prepared and ready,
To bring you to those depths...
Of emotions you had not yet felt.
Or...
Perceive you will allow this experience!

'Go away, please.
You don't know me.'

What I don't know,
At this time I find unimportant.
So should you.
I've already uncovered the details.

'What details? '

The ones we will discuss,
When I earn your absolute trust.

I stay prepared and ready,
To bring you to those depths...
Of emotions you had not yet felt.
Or...
Perceive you will allow this experience!

I have a belief I can stir you up to heat.
And then have you begin to sizzle...
Until I decide it ends.
To do with a truth expressed,
That will have you chasing to catch your own breath.

'I like your confidence.'

You will like it even more,
After cooling down from the heat.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

After Lessons Have Been Taught

After lessons have been taught...
Step aside and take pride.
There is nothing else anyone can teach,
That increases a comprehension...
With an exchanging of thoughts misunderstood.
Or an experience to guarantee a life lived with ease,
Is obtained through questions.
No matter what the answers are,
Another wishes to hear and be pleased.

Brand new shoes worn,
On an unchartered path to pave...
Takes effort and time to break them in.
And often they are not replaced,
For those fresh impressions one wishes to make!
A sacrificing of hurting feet,
Is part of life and has to be accepted...
IF one desires success to achieve.
Or feel neglected 'if' ideals envisioned are rejected.

'I'm not going 'anywhere' if I have to walk.'

~And whose back are you going to ride on?
In the belief you'll be carried to keep dust off your shoes.~

'My resume and potential will speak for itself.'

~That's great.
And hopefully those who will decide your fate,
Are not only deaf, dumb and blind...
But also will beg of 'your' time,
To allow them to keep the shine on your shoes.~

'Well...
If I keep my fingers crossed,
I just might find that right connection.'

~And more lessons to learn to acquire wisdom and experience,
To certify you have qualified for your obtained humility.

Life is what you make it and 'not' what you demand.~

'Please!
I've graduated with honors.
And scored high marks in 'philosophy'.'

After lessons have been taught.
And busy hallways of schools left to leave behind,
Many will discover they have become distraught...
By a reality disbelieved to confront a truth they come to find.

'Well...
If I keep my fingers crossed,
I just might find that right connection.'

~That's great.
And hopefully those who will decide your fate,
Are not only deaf, dumb and blind...
But also will beg of 'your' time,
To allow them to keep the shine on your shoes.
And your attire always fresh to address those impressed.~

After lessons have been taught...
Step aside and take pride.
There is nothing else anyone can teach,
That increases a comprehension.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

After Liking What They Have Tried

No man can love another man,
Like a woman when its been tried.
And...
No woman who knows love,
From another woman...
Denies with attempts to hide.

No man can love another man,
Like a woman when its been tried.
But...
One who loves another man,
When it happens...
Cares less what a woman denies.

And...
No woman who knows loving,
From another woman...
Who has tried it,
Will never run back to a man...
After having a woman provide.

Women and men will get what they can...
From each other.
And when the doing done is liked,
Well...
Who is going say who lies?
After liking what they have tried.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

After Seeing Your Act

Your madness seems to delight,
In dancing upon a blank canvass!
You appear to be stalking
For a stroke of genius to appear.
To capture sustained youthful movements!
What would you do If I told you...
I am just a bystander passing through,
And not an artist at all?

In fact,
After seeing your act...
I wouldn't let you come near to touch,
Or juggle 'my' balls!
They were squeezed in that last circus I lived!
Your performance I wouldn't think of paying for.
It lacks depth of character.
And a willingness to give it up for free!
I can hardly feed myself!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

After Someone Special Enters

Proposals to dance.
And romance snuggled up close,
Under warm blankets.
Sipping hot chocolate,
Topped with fire roasted marshmellows...
Sounds inviting.
All of it sounds great.

Now if I can just find someone,
Willing to share my delusions...
To communicate much more than this,
When the reality of a chemistry hits...
After someone special enters my life,
With a wanting to nibble each other's lips.
And not a minute of it is felt to be sacrificial.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

After Tempers Flare To Cool

Whatever that need is to float one's boat,
In a selfish process to go one's own way...
That finds them returning,
To invoke upon someone loved...
A remorse that is felt,
After realizing that boat that floats...
Has gone too far off course.
With a hurting that has been done.
Begins to strengthen a molding of a hold.

Although...
There is an advantage being taken.
Of the one who has the patience.
AND unconditional love served and clear,
To accept with tolerance...
One who doesn't know what a good thing is.
And is near.
Well,
Maybe what is done IS a good thing.

Since it becomes more obvious to them both,
There is a missing of each other that occurs.
And gets stronger each time...
After tempers flare to cool.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

After The Days Of February Have Gone

How can you justify,
The re-enactments of someone else's struggles
If you have not partaken in those sacrifices yourself?

To celebrate their tears and anguish,
Without researching their pain...
And those accomplishments,
That have gained your freedom
To do as you please
Is not justice left to enlighten or appease.

Forgetting to be greatful to people like these,
Who only wished to do you well.
When this 'spell' diminishes...
And after the days of February have gone!
Can you say you are completely pleased?
As you continue on singing songs out of tune.

Will you continue on awakening your mind?
Or are these times you celebrate,
Come as a reminder to you
Whatever contribution made,
To awaken others...
Is also historic?

Your steps laid,
Are just as concrete
To defeat misunderstandings,
Flourishing and encouraged!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

After They Have Been Fed

No duty calls,
To perpetuate an influx...
Of destruction released.

No power held that proclaims,
Itself to be of faithful deeds...
Treats to delight the rising of conflicts,
As a reason to declare...
The certainty of victory.

No one with a responsible consciousness,
Allows insecurities to persist...
To feed upon a selfishness,
With delicious expectations.

To 'then' profess regrets...
That a diminishing integrity,
Leaves them with nothing left...
But a preparation that accepts the worst of times.

Since,
It is in their minds...
The best of times that could be lived,
Has not risen on their priority list...
That still feeds a greeding need,
To experience peace...
After they have been fed their lust for battle.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

After Time Reveals The Deceiving Kind

I can understand why you have chosen a mask,
From which undercover you feel an ease...
To address insults a disguise allows to please.

Cowards seem always proud of such conquests.
These actions affords them,
An attention they get to spew their bitterness.

But somehow their minds stay stuck and confined,
To an emptiness that smothers them...
With a hatred of self they can not leave behind!

And this exposes who they really are,
Time after time...
After time reveals the deceiving kind!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Aftermath Of Facts

The aftermath of facts,
To uncover them...
With hindsight and time taken,
Looking back...
Leaves many to scratch their heads,
In disbelief they chose instead...
To rely upon what others had said,
About that which laid right at their feet.
And opened eyes with it clear to see,
Without depending on rumors or gossip...
Quick to spread and hear on the streets!
Since facts to wish to get,
Are seldom hidden from surfaces...
To reach.
If...
Interest stays to be kept identified,
As a part of life and truth to live.
And accepted to connect it to reality.

And yet, confused remain the people,
Who refuse and choose to ignore...
That which is presented and not camouflaged.
To find themselves praying for possessions
And addictions to this deception...
Stays to provide,
More of a fix to keep their heads numb.
In the hopes the aftermath of discovered facts fade.
With a taking away anyone remembering the days,
What life was like when truth was pursued.
To leave those totally out of their minds in control.
And ruling comfortably over their own craze.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Afterschool Games

Have my childish naughty deeds,
Left me to be considered foolish...
And elementary.
By a desire to feel accountable.
I feel mature but not prudish.
Or priggish to excess.
Nor can I be innocently tested.

But my eyes though bright,
I do admit have aged.
And...
Overnight have grown wise.
With a need now I have,
To master my responsibilities.
What on Earth has happened to me?

I would guess that's what this discovery is,
A maturity.
By another description depicted perhaps?
Okay.
Seasoned with the passing of many moons.
Since the 'kids' I once knew as I grew unassuming,
Seem still to be wanting to play...
The same afterschool games.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Age

Age?
For some aging is feared!
However,
It is ignorance
That should have many
Scared to death and frightened!
Running at break neck speed,
To escape from its destructive force!

Not a wrinkle has chased me away yet!
And they come...
One by one,
Using silent tactics,
To get me feeling a bit uncomfortable...
In their presence!
Although I do admit...
Having more than a few around,
Can become quite intimidating!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Age Old Unchanging Beliefs

Those remaining fixed and supportive,
To age old unchanging beliefs...
That stay limited and unwelcoming,
To those returning to live within...
Their remembered neighborhoods and communities.
But now are more knowledgeable and experienced.
And willing to share without a hint of selfishness,
Those lessons they've learn...
To have left them forgiving and more tolerant.

Yet confronted with a shown disrespect to them given,
By those relying upon that which no longer exists...
With it believed they will receive and get,
What others have earned through sweat equity.
And passing to qualify test after test to test.
To find themselves accepting the changing of times.
With no sign of regret to hear from them whine.
But find themselves surround by those who critique.

Well...
Difficult it is to leave those with age old beliefs behind.
But reality to be what is today for many to live it,
To accept.
Less are feelings of regret one might have kept...
When it becomes realized sweat equity,
And what is wished with a wanting to get...
Takes a willingness to allow time to expand one's mind.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Age Spots And Lips That Droop

Psychotic are their problems.
Big and small ones hidden over time.
They did not have to keep them wrapped up.
They chose to medicate them,
With named brand solutions.
Given in geriatric presciptions.
With doses afforded,
And hopefully generically produced.
Or over the counter cheap solutions,
To ease symptoms of a process
Nurtured in their minds.

And these are the same folks,
Who worked to enjoy their retirements?
And I have enjoyed my life...
Knowing that when God said it was over,
That's when I would retire from it!
Not sit and rock away my time.

Of course I have been labelled crazed.
And I will never receive a gold watch,
For being that great and loyal employee.
Nor will a dime I thought was coming back to me,
In a pension plan...
Be lost or confiscated by a company drained by crooks,
Do I have to worry about.

However...
That would piss me off.
To work for the same folks for fifty or more years...
And not have a thing to show for it,
But age spots and lips that droop?
Stiffened joints and wrinkled skin?
The life from those kinds of folks,
Has been sucked from them to the marrow.
And here I am getting compliments,
For a firm behind.
And all this time,
I was working to have broad shoulders!

I have no complaints at all.
God continues to do me right!
I wake up each day with very little in my pockets.
And I feel like millions.
I go outside and see those with a few dollars...
And they would scare folks to death.
I've seen mummies in museums,
Wrapped and encased look better.

And these are the same folks,
Who worked to enjoy their retirements?
In what way...
I wonder?
Halloween only comes around once a year!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Age With Honesty Should Come

You can never be too old,
To feel a lot younger.
Or...
Never be too young,
To...
Know what growing older means.

Age with honesty should come,
To those who know they're older.
And...
Stripped of all deceit to leave,
Spooked on dead-end roads.

Age with honesty should come,
To those who know they're older.
And...
Stripped of all deceit to leave,
Spooked on dead-end roads.

You can never be too old,
To feel a lot younger.
Or...
Never be too young,
To...
Be taught integrity.
And with a dignity.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Aged Excuses

Aged excuses to use and betray common sense,
Have been the same excuses made today to make okay...
A repeating of what has happened in the past,
With a doing that has established the building of fences.
As if alibis to reconstruct can be relied upon,
To solidify values weakened by divisions.
With a strengthening in these times to ensure those patient,
A crumbling of foundations have been purposely meant.
And a unified effort will cement them back again.

However...
People who have made those aged excuses,
Can not from them just escape.
To then blame the ones they have chased away,
For not staying to participate in the havoc or disarray.

Those who have convinced others,
With pretense they are qualified with credentials...
Certified and documented to do what it takes,
With decisions made still awaiting in procrastination...
Have yet to prove what they intend with a doing done to do,
Is without petty jealousies or incompetence...
Which has delayed progress with aged excuses they've created.

'I just want to say one thing.'

~And? ~

'I just want to say...
If we agree to meet again like this,
I suggest someone bring more potato salad...
Baked and 'not' fried chicken wings.
And less vinegar added to the collard greens.'

~Do you know how serious your accusations are?
You could have volunteered to sit on that committee.
That was the first priority we discussed.
And where were you when we were faced with these dilemmas?
Hmmm?

And don't attempt to bring that up now.
We have yet to confirm the building of the next playground,
To keep our growing children occupied and off the streets.
It is the people like you that keep us from fulfilling our dreams.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Agent Provocateur (The Engaging Age)

The engaging age,
Whether transparent or not.
Gives space and audience,
To the agent provocateur...
Pretending sympathy.
But intends outrage to leave.
With a granting to rant,
From centerstage...
For free publicity.

Persuaded to engage divisions.
Between those who have evaded,
Truth and its honesty.
Appearing laid back,
But packing ammunition used...
To poison minds of the youth,
Learning to organize...
Their disappointments,
No longer hidden to disguise...
Blooming from grassroots.

The agent provocateur enjoys,
Today...
The ease by which they can,
Create realities...
To have people believe...
What they hear and see.
Yet nowhere near appears.

Distant are the facts.
Senseless are these acts.
Listening to comprehend,
Are minds detached.
While cause and reason,
No longer defined to have...
Either purpose or meaning,
Has left crimes against you...
Me,
And all of humanity...

Without evidence,
In this engaging age...
Of insanity.
That we are not those agents,
Employed to provoke it...
With a threatening use,
Of conscious common sense.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Aggravating Children

Those who repeatedly rely upon immature techniques,
With expectations to receive the same results achieved...
Are those who can be found weeping in disbelief,
To discover few have tolerance...
For the ones who have physically aged with time,
But in their minds they remain aggravating children.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Aggressing Their Way Into Total Isolation

Aggressing their way into total isolation.
As demands for their way of life,
Burdens humanity.
And focuses all to the core of this strife.
With weapons used to end conflict...
Only resulting in the advancement of it.

And those who believe,
These antiquated methods...
Proves a superiority.
With a condoned authority!
Will see in such ignorance,
The beginnings of self hatred.

With an inner guilt that does not diminish.
When the 'spirits' of the heavens...
Releases upon them,
A taste of their own wickedness.

And it comes as a welcome.
With no enforcements,
Coming that can combat it.
Or other mortal 'rulers'...
Combining in like mindsets,
Defending them to dispense...
Upon them favoritism.
As all will witness this affect,
That humbles and corrects!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Aging Does Not Guarantee One Wisdom

Aging does not guarantee one wisdom automatically.
Or an unblemished integrity wished,
In which to flaunt without mistakes to experience.
Truth to face with obstacles to move,
Is a difficult undertaking...
When choices, if any, have proven to be few.

Anyone accountable and accepts responsibility,
Without excusing themselves with alibis to make...
Is one unafraid to admit they have taken chances.
And wisdom often comes to one who knows,
What the getting off knees to walk on two feet means.
With an aging done to enhance the process bestowed.

Aging does not guarantee one wisdom automatically.
Or an unblemished integrity to leave flaws unseen,
In which to flaunt without mistakes to experience.
Anyone accountable and accepts responsibility,
Knows too well these lessons taught early.
And wisdom to come with excuses made rarely happens.

If aging 'did' guarantee one wisdom,
There would be fewer fools left respected...
To influence the presence of ignorance many accept.
And kept protected as if it's precious treasure.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Aging Excuse Making Children

Difficult and with stress it is,
To be an adult.
And live in an environment surrounded,
By old and aging excuse making children.

Difficult to know it is who is being responsible,
And who to hold accountable...
For the raising of disrespectful kids,
Found totally without initiative or discipline.

It is so hard to maintain one's patience,
And make attempts to explain...
Even to those who appear to have brains,
What the benefit of staying motivated is.

And if one should expose to show concern,
With sincere understanding and comprehension...
One has learned from experience,
This is interpreted as trying to be better than the others.

And eventually...
The one who has grown to be that mature adult leaves,
To keep a nurtured peace of mind...
And those perceptions aging children keep to believe,
Alone for them to condone.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Aging Fence Sitters

Aging fence sitters,
Hiding behind others...
Who have made clear,
Of their purposes to cement...
In achieving activities,
That require them to make known...
A backbone to present that is shown.
Those aging fence sitters,
Are often heard demoting to provoke...
A demeaning of another discreetly.
And to be condoned,
Around folks unaware and don't know...
They are not spared,
By the ones who age and fence sit.
Who would not hesitate to do,
The very same thing to them.
If and when given the opportunity,
To gain and get the benefit...
Of an attention wished and meant solicited.

'Look at all those birds.
Sitting together on that one fence.
Way over there in the distance.'

~Yeah.
They do appear to be crows.
But if we drove near them it would be clear,
Some will stay sitting.
And others will get up and walk away.~

'But birds that flock together,
Normally would fly high into the sky.'

~These are old and aging fence sitting crows.
Squawking back and forth.
And sharing together,
Picked over made up trash.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Aging Hands

There are those,
Spoiled from birth...
Who believe they can do,
Exactly what they please...
When and to whom they choose.

They do not accept responsibility for their actions.
And accuse others for being insensitive,
When their lack of accountability...
Infringes upon those deeds they perceive,
Are discussed too direct and much too frank.

These folks,
Are fighting internal battles.
And they surround themselves with others,
They rely to protect them...
From the pain of reality.

Unfortunately,
And eventually...
They are 'forced' to be the adults,
They dress outwardly and masquerade to be!

Very few,
Walking upon this Earth...
Are going to stagnate their own growth,
Raising stunted children's minds...
Charading themselves in adult bodies,
For too long!
Knowing something about this,
Is sick and wrong!

These times are changing much too fast...
To keep a grasp onto aging hands!
Especially when the traffic,
Is moving like it is...
In all directions.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Aint 'Bout To Give It Up No Time Soon

What do you want?
An experience to please,
In an escaping escapade?

Do you wish someone to comfort you...
As you go through a period of boredom,
In a relationship.
No longer blistering with excitement?

What are your needs?
And please don't say a lack of affection!
I've gone through that before myself.
Only to discover my own selfishness.

How do I survive without companionship?
That's easy!
I listen to people like you...
Prepared to cheat on their spouses.
And when I return home...
I am glad I don't have to confess,
To a place I am blessed to declare all mine!
And I can walk around naked if I so choose.
Feeling thankful and suspicion free.

And if 'anyone' wants to deal with me...?
Believe me it will be on my terms.
This happiness I've earned!
And I aint 'bout to give it up...
No time soon.

So...
What expectation are you anticipating?
Daily discreeted meets?
Or a fling or two during the week?
I don't accept sleepovers.
I'm reserving that...
For someone who comes along.
And unexpectedly can curl my toes.

However...
You wouldn't know that.
Especially if you sought a donation.
And I was in the mood to provide a charity visit.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Ain'T Nothing From The Past Coming Back

Not a 'what-if' in sight,
On the horizon in my mind.
Neither am I trying to find,
An 'I wonder'.
Today has much more relevance.
With something about it that can be changed...
If my movements within it persist as wished.
I live to correct my own steps within minutes,
Without preconditions.

I'm concentrating on that which I can do right now.
And letting the breath I breathe be experienced,
As it is to myself witnessed.
My eyes are open and I am kept ready to adjust.
Those wishing for the taste of grandma's cakes,
Cookies and homemade pies...
Are finding it hard to adapt to facts.
Ain't nothing from the past coming back...naturally!

However...

Maybe an habitual headache from a process is desired.
And one that welcomes an attachment loved when attacked.
From those unseen relatives living away long distance,
And coming to visit and admittedly missed.
Shouldering hopeful grievances to unload and stress to match.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Alibis

Excused deceptions.
Yet deceptions used,
None the less.
That's what alibis are.

And those who revere alibis,
Pride as if prized...
For their quickness to tell lies.
Treating those who do not,
As losing fools.

And those who seem to be depicted,
As fools...
More than likely live better lives,
With few or no excuses to make to anyone.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Alibis Made

Making mistakes,
Seem easier from them...
To recover.
When one is younger.
And encouraged to take chances.
While enhancing that dance,
Of collecting experiences.
Until it becomes noticed,
Some choices to pick...
Are not the best decisions.
And repeating them,
Would be a stupid thing to do.
Some younger grow into adults.
And from them a 'dumbness'...
Eventually begins to fade away.
To learn lessons.
However...
There are adults,
Unable to face...
Their mistakes to make.
Aging with beliefs,
They can escape from them...
If alibis made,
Stay innovative to create.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Alibis Negotiated

Those who can see,
Will.
And those who refuse to,
Will always ask...
What purpose does it serve.
And what the reason for it means.

Too many upset march in protest,
To attest against a manifestation created.
With excuses made to escape participation.
In a doing to initiate alibis negotiated,
Leaving others debating too late...
Outdated methods decaying their fates.

Too many had been given tools to use.
To get from step one to advance to two.
As voices raise to argue over pay.
Before training and without proving,
What it is they could do.

Too many had been given positions to lead.
With a doing to teach others how to succeed.
But some lacking discipline to pay attention,
Could not comprehend a success that is wished...
Requires tasks to complete without their nonsense,
Kept to keep them sitting and not on their feet.

Too many had been given tools to use.
To get from step one to advance to two.
As voices raise to argue over pay.
Before training and without proving,
What it is they could do.

Too many upset march in protest,
To attest against a manifestation created.
With excuses made to escape participation.
In a doing to initiate alibis negotiated,
Leaving others debating too late...
Outdated methods decaying their fates.

Those who can see,
Will.
And those who refuse to,
Will always ask...
What purpose does it serve.
And what the reason for it means.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

All About Me

If it had been,
All about me...
As you wish to say,
And have others believe...
No time of mine,
Would I have found to find...
To be in your life,
For you to use to take.
It be used not to waste it.
If...
It was all about me.

If it was all about me,
You would not be...
Where you are to have heard,
My voice.
Read my words.
Or my interest in what you do,
To suggest...
From my point of view,
How it is you could improve.
If it was all about me,
No opinion would I have.
I wouldn't notice you to care.
IF...
It was all about me.

If it was all about me,
Nowhere would I be near you...
To fear making mistakes.
To correct them made.
I'd be somewhere distant,
Hiding my imperfections.
Doing my best to deceive.
Like many choose to do.
I've never done that to you.
And you can not prove it.

If it was all about me,

You would have heard my moans.
Aches to groan.
Or complaints of how I hated,
Mending to heal...
From my own illnesses alone.
Condoning the fact,
It's not all about me.
If it was,
You wouldn't have...
What it is that makes you,
Happy to pass judgement.
You would have no time for it.

If it was all about me?
Look around!
Without me...
What would you have,
To have had accomplished.
If...
You were not in my prayers?
What would you have,
If it was all about me...
I prayed for.
And...
What is it that makes me happy?
You do have a single clue.
Do you?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

All Day And Most Of The Night

It took a long time coming,
For me to end the sounds leaking...
From a dripping faucet.
But when I got it fixed,
The hypnosis of it awakened me to wonder...
Why it had taken me so long to notice it?

It was as if I resisted.
To think of it not as a nuisance.
But as a pet I kept to keep me company.
With a wish I didn't have to get up to leash it.
And it would go outside by itself to play,
All day and most of the night.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

All Day Long Doses

Pray!
Pray to pray for prayer.
Pray to stay there in prayer.
There is no time to find prayer.
You must pray to make prayer,
The only time you have.
The only key you need...
To unlock all that keeps you fed,
And nourished!
Pray to pray for prayer.
When you're there,
Stay!
Like every wish you keep that comes.
Prayer should be the only thing decided,
That's done every moment you breathe a breath
Of life.
Pray!
Pray to pray for prayer.
Stay there in it!
Take it with you
Like you take and do your faith...
In all day long doses!
Without fear you have taken too long of a break!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

All Freedoms Are Threatened

It has been expressed too often,
And too much...
How indulging in crime and corruption,
Has been accepted by those out of touch.
With it believed standards and values,
Once understood to comprehend...
Will return again to those deluded,
Who allowed it to happen.
While defending their rights to fight,
Against the ones who began to warn...
All freedoms are threatened to come to an end.

It has been expressed too often,
And too much...
How indulging in crime and corruption,
Has been accepted by those out of touch.
Yet as often as this is mentioned,
Decadence of all kinds...
Have found their way to decay any sanity displayed.
With it today to have sanity portrayed,
As a negative way to prevent those entitled...
From destroying themselves and others to disregard,
Wishing to live their lives free from confusion and chaos.

'We will destroy all that there is.'

~Even your own neighborhoods,
Where you and your family live?
For what reason and purpose? ~

'We want to demonstrate our frustrations.'

~And who is going to show you,
Their appreciation for doing it?
The ones who have convinced you,
That remaining ignorant has benefits?
Or the ones who come to show you,
How success is achieved with a rolling up your sleeves.
But you dislike how they look.

How they dress.
And how they speak.~

'Well...
We don't want nobody around here who aint like us.'

~It's apparent you aint liking yourselves at all.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

All I Could Do

Gone are my announced responses.
And the need to make comment.
I feel I have done all I could do,
To reveal and prove my love for you.

Gone are my hints and clues.
Without a showing of mood,
When you to me display attitude.
I'm through and done but not from love.
From you I'm through,
Proving what I feel is real.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

All I Have To Do Is The Work

All I have to do...
Is the work!
And those deeds critiqued,
Will speak for themselves...
Loudly!
And with my mouth closed.

Caring less who decides,
If my best effort...
Could have been done even better.

All I have to do...
Is the work!
With a proving I can do that to myself,
First!
To prove with a doing it can be done.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

All I Want For Christmas

All I want for Christmas,
Is my dignity.
My dignity,
You took from me!

All I want for Christmas,
Is my dignity.
Freed from a greed,
You deceived!

'You wicked lowlife slithering leeches.'

All I want for Christmas,
Is my dignity.
My dignity,
You took from me!

All I want for Christmas,
Is my dignity.
Freed from a greed,
You deceived!

~Daddy?
Do you think that is an appropriate song for Santa?
Maybe 'Jingle Bells'?
You can do 'Jingle Bells' and I'll send 'that'
With my letter to the North Pole.
Record it over, please Daddy, please.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

All I Want, Is...You!

All I want,
Is...
A sharing of your kisses,
Upon my waiting lips.

All I want,
Is...
Your whispers in my ears heard,
To me so very clear.
'I can't live life without you,
To live and be alone.'

All I want,
Is...
A sharing of your kisses,
Upon my waiting lips.

All I want,
Is...
Your whispers in my ears heard,
To me so very clear.
'I can't live life without you,
To live and be alone.
I can't live life without you,
Alone and on my own.
No I can't live life without you,
To accept it and condone.

All I want,
Is...
(You)
'I can't live life without you,
To live and be alone.'

All I want,
Is...
(You)
'I can't live life without you,
Alone and on my own.'

All I want,
Is...
(You)
'No I can't live life without you,
To accept it and condone.
No I can't live life without you,
You're the best thing I've known.'

All I want,
Is...
You!
I can't live life without you.
No I can't live life without you.

All I want,
Is...
You!
I can't live life without you.
No I can't live life without you.

All I want,
Is...
You!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

All I Wanted Was Some Water

Mommy?
Mommy...
I want some water.

'Not until I hear that magic word.'

What magic word, mommy?

'That word you hear me say to you,
All the time whenever you want something.'

Okay.
Mommy...
May I have some water,
Damnit.

'No!
It's PLEASE, PLEASE, PLEASE...
Damnit.'

Mommy may I have some water?
PLEASE, PLEASE, PLEASE...
Damnit.

'You go to your room...
Right this minute.'

WHY?
All I wanted was some water.

'Damnit...
It's PLEASE.'

No thanks.
I'm not going through that again.
I know what time of the month this is.
Daddy told me all about it.

'WHAT? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

All New

This is all new to me!
This day God has given,
I see.
So different than the yesterdays gone.
Uplifting like a brand new song...
Heard just once and yet belongs!

This is all new to me.
As if I'm directed to be trouble free.
And I take what's in this new found cup...
Once empty now but filling up!
Sipping at first from an unbelieving thirst.
Radiating with a magic,
On a threshold tempting me to burst!
All new it is...
And I am here with wishes to give it meaning!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

All Of It Is Educational

If education had been a priority,
Its connection to greatness...
Would not have been an elective,
For the selective chosen few to possess.

If education had been a priority,
The providing of it...
Would have been more collective.
Without those costly decisions made,
To leave behind many subjected...
And left to think of themselves as fools.
Like those who have proven to be incompetent.
With abilities to deceive.

If education had been a priority,
Its connection to greatness...
Would not have been an elective,
For the selective chosen few to possess.

And a greatness declared,
Through one's ability to produce weaponry...
Isn't greatness.
That's the height of evil stupidity.
Eventually used to attack its producer.

'Like that mad scientist obsessed,
Who exhumed bodies...
To design his own human beings.
He alone would command their dependency.
But his first and only creation turned on him.
What was his name? '

Frankenstein.

'Are you sure? '

Not really.
So many have been running for political office.

'You refer to Doctor Jekyll and Mister Hyde.'

Does it really matter when all of them are monsters?

'Yes it does.
Because all of it is educational.
All of it.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

All Of Nature Blooms

The speed of time and the flow of it,
Goes.
As all of nature blooms,
To grow to full radiance...
Before it begins to show a withering.

The beginning and end of each season,
Provides an obviousness of this...
To those aware they too are participants.
If they have not strayed away to fear consciousness.
And to fear with a consciousness diminishes insight.

Refusing to accept to adapt and remain,
Ignorant in a stubbornness...
With a belief one can choose to stay unchanged.
And that nature will dismiss their ignorance to accept,
As an exception that sustains to separate them from the rest...
Of all that goes through this similar process,
Are those with fixed beliefs nature honors stupidity.

And as of yet...
An ignorance proven it can upset the natural flow of life,
Can not stop the blight that has been created to cause...
The loss of nature's intended quality.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

All Of What It Was

Why are you on my mind,
When I said we were finished.
And what we had began to diminish,
Long ago.
Into slow unfolding pieces.

Why are you on my mind this way.
Leaving me to believe,
I reacted immaturely.
Hoping guilt would keep me,
Pacing a floor without sleep.
And I'd beg you back.
Like an addict running out of crack.

But I...
Dug a ditch to bury,
All my love.
All of what it was,
I ever knew felt for you.
But somehow you continue,
To find ways to make me bleed.
Bleed I did to do no more...
To be entrapped emotionally.

I...
Dug that ditch to bury,
All my love.
And what it was to know.
But emotionally you've shown me,
You can do what you choose...
With me.
When and wherever you please.
I don't do pleading on knees.

Why are you on my mind,
When I said we were finished.
And what we had began to diminish,
Long ago.
Into slow unfolding pieces.

Why are you on my mind this way.
Leaving me to believe,
I reacted immaturely.
Hoping guilt would keep me sleepless.
And I'd beg you back to be with me.

But I...
Dug that ditch to bury,
All my love.
And all of what it was I knew,
To think it true.
You may come back to make mental visits.
But wishing what you and I could have been...
Is more of a wish dismissed I am quick to undo.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

All Over The Place

They've allowed innuendo to grow.
Slander to meander.
Petty gossip to pop up!
Nosiness to remain top on their lists.
And questionable 'christian' values,
To determine 'how' to acknowledge themselves.

And no one has an identity they show...
Or can say they 'know' to pride!
Apparently that has been sacrificed
For the right to express indignities...
With a disrespect shown and owned.

'WHERE are you going with 'this'? '

I am not going anywhere with it!
In fact...
This crap is all over the place!
And I can't get it off my welcome mat!
Even with the use of tact!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

All That Has Been Done

Let's take this 'out'.
And soar around the Universe.
In flights of endless ecstacy.

Let's take this 'out'...
To expose what it is.
Love as it is...
Hardly seen,
Shared between two...
And,
Not followed by an army of advisers.

Let's take this 'out'.
To have love redefined.
Although,
Any definition of love,
Would be fine these days.

But we can take it 'out'.
Knowing all that has been done...
Is connected.
And should not affect us.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

All That Inhabitates On It

I am not one to dispute anyone's belief!
Why should I?
Everyone seeks 'some' excuse,
To accept what they do
With a tolerating of their existence,
With a forgiveness given to continue doing
Exactly what they choose.

However,
For some to dismiss...
That the Earth is a non thinking entity,
And we live on it 'within' its midst.
And IT not being aware of every move made
Is nonsense.

How can anything recycle itself,
As the Earth does.
With all that inhabitates on it
Do this and not be affected,
By who and what is disturbing the peace?

Do not think for one moment,
The Earth is asleep
Denying the causes of its many headaches.
It knows what gets on its nerves,
Just as much as you do.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

All That Is Replenishes

Nothing remains the same without changing.
Even that which rises to the top,
Loses its grip to begin descending...
Until the bottom it drops.

Like a youthful age that spends time to bloom,
Some attempt to trap to maintain its glow.
With a hope time forgets a process nature knows.
Yet like a flame burning wax that melts a candle bright,
At night.
Until all the wax melts to extinguish the flame from sight.

Nothing remains the same without changing.
Even that which rises to the top,
Loses its grip to begin descending...
Until the bottom it drops.
To stop!

All that is,
Replenishes.
Earth.
To feed that which is yet to be!
Rejuvenating fresh experiences evolving.
And aided by the replacement of that which was.

Nothing remains the same without changing.
All that is,
Replenishes.

Nothing remains the same without changing.
All that is,
Replenishes.
Earth.
To feed that which is yet to be!
Rejuvenating fresh experiences evolving.
And aided by the replacement of that which was.
That which was that has moved on.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

All That There Is Now In Existence

The importance placed upon appearances,
Only affects the mindset of those...
To effect with less progress made,
In the taking of steps to adventure.
And...
Looking forward to remain limited in experience,
Is a choice one chooses to refrain from getting involved...
From that which is guaranteed to fade away.
Without admitting to the waste of a gift given.

And to awaken much too late to appreciate,
All that there is now in existence to explore...
Without the need to validate or seek in agreement,
A judgement with others that has been passed.
Leaving those to do this...
Free to continue to misunderstand,
How precious a treasure is until it is gone...
From one's grasp.
As 'what ifs' are whispered to never whisper again.
With a silencing that becomes apparent.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

All That Which I Didn'T Need

I've stopped,
Bemoaning the passing of time.
I've stopped,
Complaining with a whining to find.
I've stopped,
Brooding with a moody attitude.
I've stopped,
Doing what I found that others do.
To then,
Get up and take another step.
To then,
Look forward and without regret.
To then,
Make only efforts that for me were cool.
To leave...
All that which I didn't need.
Or could use...
To leave,
And behind me...
Permanently.

Today I have stopped,
Bemoaning the passing of time.
I've stopped,
Complaining with a whining to find.
I've stopped,
Brooding with a moody attitude.
To then,
Make only efforts that for me were cool.
To leave...
All that which I didn't need.
To leave,
And behind me...
Permanently.

I made up in my mind to make decisions,
To choose a better way that I could live.
I made up in my mind to make decisions,
To choose a better way that I could live.

To leave...
All that which I didn't need.
With a leaving to do,
And...
Permanently.

I made up in my mind to make decisions,
To leave...
All that which I didn't need.
With a leaving to do,
And...
Permanently.

I made up in my mind to make decisions,
To choose a better way that I could live.
I made up in my mind to make decisions,
To choose a better way that I could live.
And to leave...
All that which I didn't need,
With a leaving to do...
And,
Permanently.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

All That Which Is Around

Isn't that something,
Those believe.
A life that includes diversity,
They can do without.
And still succeed.

Even though diversity,
Is all that which is around.
There are those who choose to ignore it,
With a hope a tunneled vision.
Will become a way of life,
Mother Nature decides.
Is more beneficial to provide.

And those choosing their lives,
Without diversity to surround.
Would have a better quality of life.
If 'She' removed hers from the ground.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

'All' That's On Their Perverted Minds

Sports.
Entertainment.
And a preoccupation with sex.

'Today?
That's how the kids are,
When graduating from high school...
And moving on to college.
That is 'all' that's on their perverted minds! '

High school?
This is a recent report on preschool children!
And why certified teachers are leaving,
To find better use of their teaching skills...
In other industries.

And...
Most of them have been saying,
How satisfied they have become...
In locating teaching positions 'and' mates,
At the various halfway houses across the country.

They have discovered that ex-convicts,
Are very receptive and studious.
Thus providing them an attention,
That appeals to their romantic inclinations!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

All This Time You Had The Gift Of Clairvoyance

Where have you been?
What is now being discussed...
Has disgusted us for years.

Oh...
That's right.
Your life wasn't being affected.
I was one of 'those'...
And you were part of the collective 'them'.

These issues were raised when the homeless hit the streets.
When hunger in the urban cities left many with nothing to eat.
Remember when you would drive by...
With your nose in the air and your car doors locked?
You do remember my interview...
For a job you told me my credentials were over the top.
You told me I was over qualified.
And I thought to myself...
'Qualified, you were not! '

Where have you been?
What is now being discussed...
Has disgusted us for years.
Those of us thrown crumbs to survive.
While you jeered us with your peers.

And now your tears display bigger drops as they fall.
Aren't you the one 'connected'?
I'm sure those thieves will not allow you to crawl.
Afterall...
You did tell me,
I was over qualified!
And all this time you had the gift of clairvoyance.
No better time than now,
Do you have to express this gift.

I see you sobbing uncontrollably!
What about you?
What do you see?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

All Time Has Been Transcended

May the missed be forever loved.
May departing hearts that bear sorrow,
Lift from darkened mourning
And feel the light of joy
Surround their grieving burdens.
These are transitional times that come!
Like a baton that is passed to herald,
An achievement of victory won!
It does not matter how long the race.
When 'home' is near...
The accomplishment is cheered with approval!
And the eternal beauty that is awarded,
Can never be taken away.
All time has been transcended!

Dedicated to:
Priyanka Nath
'Love has you! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

All Tricks You'Ve Tried

Those who refuse to keep up pace,
With a speed that increases.
And the rhythm heats!
Need to step aside.

If your ears have not been open.
There is nothing to see with your eyes.
They remain fixed on addictions.
Step aside.
Those games you wish and insist to play,
No longer exist.

Take the advice you've been given.
And step aside.
All tricks you've tried,
Have failed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

All Up Inside One's Head

What do people come to say,
When they have discovered their way...
Blocked and stopped by the presence of truth.

How can they avoid it when it is clearly in their faces.
As rain or Sun or when the thunder comes,
It is there and will be acknowledged.

And when truth comes,
It gets all up inside one's head.
Like something that is determined not to ever be avoided.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

All You Do Is Take

You say want to be loved,
But the love you give is tainted.
You say you know about it,
But serious you aint.
You doubt it when it's given.
Because that life you're living,
Is not about a giving...
Since all you do is take.

I had to stop my loving.
'Cause all you do is take.
I'm giving you no more.
'Cause all you do is take.
My needs are needing feeding,
And them I can not fake.
Like I've done before.
But no more!

You say want to be loved,
But the love you give is tainted.
You say you know about it,
But serious you aint.
You doubt it when it's given.
Because that life you're living,
Is not about a giving...
Since all you do is take.

I had to stop my loving.
'Cause all you do is take.
I'm giving you no more.
'Cause all you do is take.
My needs are needing feeding,
And them I can not fake.
Like I've done before.
But no more!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

All You Wanna Do Is Bump

All you wanna do,
Is bump bump.
We don't even talk,
But bump bump.
Morning-noon-and-night-time-too
We bump bump.
Bump bump.

All you wanna do,
Is bump bump.
We don't even talk,
But bump bump.
Morning-noon-and-night-time-too
We bump bump.
Bump bump.

Peace...
Bump bump.
Is hard to find...
Go bump bump.
When on your mind...
Bump bump.
Is thumpin' on someone's rump!
Said, peace...
Bump bump
Is hard to find...
Go bump bump.
When on your mind...
Bump bump.
Is thumpin' on someone's rump!

All you wanna do,
Is bump bump.
We don't even talk,
But bump bump.
Morning-noon-and-night-time-too
We bump bump.
Bump bump.

All you wanna do,
Is bump bump.
We don't even talk,
But bump bump.
Morning-noon-and-night-time-too
We bump bump.
Bump bump.

All you wanna do,
Is bump bump.
We don't even talk,
But bump bump.
Morning-noon-and-night-time-too
We bump bump.
Bump bump.

All you wanna do,
Is bump bump.
Bump!
The rump!
All you wanna do,
Is bump bump.
Bump!
The rump!

All you wanna do,
Is bump bump.
We don't even talk,
But bump bump.
Morning-noon-and-night-time-too
We bump bump.
Bump bump.

All you wanna do,
Is bump bump.
Bump!
The rump!
Morning-noon-and-night-time-too,
We bump bump.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

All You Want Is Just To Snack

You went across the border,
And you met a certain match.
Now you've got buyer's remorse,
And what you gave you want right back.

Oh you went across the border,
And you met a certain match.
But you don't wish a relationship.
And all you want is just to snack.

And like the wind,
You are gone...
To only reappear to snack like it's your private snatch.
And on and on and on and...on!

You brought it to the border,
And you met a certain match.
Now you've got buyer's remorse,
And what you gave you want right back.

And like the wind,
You are gone...
To only reappear to snack like it's your private snatch.

And on and on and on and...on!
But you don't want a commitment,
All you want is just to snack.

And on and on and on and...on!
You don't want a commitment,
All you want is just to snack.

And on and on and on and...on!
You don't want a relationship,
But you come back to snack.

And on and on and on and...on!
You don't want a commitment,
All you want is just to snack.

And on and on and on and...on!
You don't want a relationship,
But you come back to snack.

And on and on and on AND...on!
You don't want a commitment,
All you want is just to snack.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

All...Fall Out!

All...fall out!
A disturbance growing has been spotted.
Tieing folks up in knots.
But has to be blocked and stopped!

Fall out!
Arise from your kingdom wishes.
Awaken from your slumberdom.
And 'zippy dee doo dahs'
You have found delicious.

Blazing 'bling' you sought to buy,
Has glazed your eyes to hypnotize you asleep.
You allowed those creepers upon your peace.
To leave you thoughtless...
Insecure and weak.

Unphased you remain in a daze too deep.
But nothing you declare is yours...
Settles in your stomach,
As nourishment to eat!

All...fall out!
No parade is at rest here.
Your attention is demanded.
There has been a change in this atmosphere.
Your wish to solicit an 'at ease' will not come.
You are ordered to combat an ignorance...
That must be overcome and done!

A viciousness keeps those unconscious,
And transfixed.
In a hopelessness...
No one can afford to continue to dismiss.
Or in a sharing of despair.

All...fall out!
And everyone of you beware!
We have embarked on a new plateau.

And the command given...
Is for all of you to care!
And NOW!

All...fall out!
Silence! You doubters!
Not a peep.
Not a mumble.
QUIET!
Close your mouths!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Allanah Rae

My dear Allanah,
Great niece I love.
Forgive Uncle Larry,
For not knowing how to spell your name,
Right!
Well...
Most of your life.
Your parents are too creative!

And this poem tonight I write for you,
I'm hoping you and I remain close and tight!
Aiight?
Give me five!
Upside.
Down low.
Too slow!
Hahahaha...

Remember you had said to me,
'Wassup with this?
You can't write me a poem? '

Allanah,
I thought I did?

One day you too will grow older.
And hopefully me you will forgive.

Hmmm...
So what shall I say?
I always say you are great.
And that is true.
Although you get a little bored with school.
So did I.
Uncle Larry did too.
I loved math.
Even though I didn't understand it.
Until I earned a dollar!
Hollah...

Did you enjoy your trip to Florida?
I heard you had cried before boarding the plane.
That's strange.

My first trip I sipped on scotch,
Mixed with ginger ale.
I'm glad you are young.
So you can not do the same.
You will prevail as things change.

Tell your sisters T'Ana and Chi'Ann,
I am 'still' their biggest fan!
Since you know how nosy they are.

But 'you' Allanah 'is' my Star.
Or is that 'are'?

I love the way you dance and sing.
But whatever you choose to do,
I know you'll go far!
Like me you enjoy doing most everything.
Hey...
Why not become a psychiatrist?
And,
I'm not trying to say nothing else about it!

So here it is.
The poem I promised I would write.
And everyday I want you to say your prayers at night.

Remember your wishes and dreams can come true.
And also remember,
Uncle Larry loves you!
You are my 'Rae'.

Dedicated To:
My Great Niece Allanah Rae Pertillar

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Allegiance

From the very beginning,
Their scheme was a hoax.
And those who did not pledge to it...
Were harrassed and provoked.

And through the years,
This 'republic' still stands...
With little of its integrity left.
And liars still in command.

And the flag that represents,
This symbolic mock of democracy.
Unites only those whose eyes are shut closed.
With beliefs they uphold something of value,
That exists.

But those who are thieves...
Have only used the image of it,
To oppress and steal...
And harness a fulfillment,
Of their greediness.

'How can you say that about this fine democracy? '

Trust me...
I am very loyal 'and' patriotic,
With an allegiance to a flag pledged.
I know I've stated my allegiance
Has been to a republic.
But is this 'dichotomy' a democracy...
To which my devotion has been applied!
Or 'who' exactly benefits from my conformity?
And which group of liars,
Should my efforts really criticize?
I don't want to let none of my 'hoodwinkitis'
To go to waste just to be left bamboozled!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Allergic To Those Dishonest

I've never followed shadows,
To sit and watch my battles...
I sought but fought by others.

I've never had those druthers,
My struggles belong to others...
As I sat to do nothing but whine.

Walls I found to hit my head against,
Was my decision.
And never had I sat upon a fence,
Indecisive.
Or with others become divisive,
With a shouting out to get...
An attention to have my foolishness,
Make sense.

You can say I'm not afraid,
Of being who it is that I am.
I'm not afraid,
Of saying what it is I can't stand.
Or making clear what I mean to understand.
The main problem I have that can not be cured,
Is being allergic to those dishonest.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Allow Reality To Teach

When your way of life...
No longer feels right,
As a way of life you once liked.
And you, your spouse...
Lovers and/or mistresses,
Neighbors, creditors, pets and friends...
Are left,
Pacing the floor of squeezed space...
And nibbling on a shared box of Keeblers'.
Your way of life,
Has been certifiably changed!

How that is explained and to who?
Depends on where those denials have been sent!

If those denials are still around,
And can be found sleeping...
In a drug induced coma?
Or alcoholed into a stupor?
They need to be awaken quick.
And removed without excusing this!

When your way of life...
No longer feels right,
As a way of life you once liked?
It's time for reality to pay a much needed visit.
And when it arrives at your doorstep knocking...
Rid yourself of charades, masquerades and 'all' pretentions.

Make sure reality is given time to feel comfortable.
And no interruptions when it speaks...
Loud and clear!

Some lessons need emergencies to be learned.
Allow reality to teach.
Or you will never again get a peaceful night's sleep.

Allow reality to teach.
Sleep on what has been taught.

Eat it to digest.
And make friends with truth.
Knowing for you this is the best...
When you allow reality to teach,
There is nothing like a mind at rest.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Allowed To Exist To Ignore It

Why does it seem,
You have negative things...
To say about people?

'You are right.
I should observe the negativity,
Allowed to exist.
To ignore it like you do.'

I'm not ignoring it,
I just. I just...

'Adjust? '

No.

'Adapt? '

No. It's not that.

'Then what is it you do?
Besides defend it.'

I don't defend it.
I just. I just...

'I know.
You just can't find the words.
Even your response is on a fence.
And yet...
Not one positive thing can you say.'

Well...
At least I'm not negative about it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Allowing The Joneses Free To Lease

Learning to live...
Without the need,
To feed greed.
Is a freedom...
Many will welcome.

And see,
For the first time...
An unwinding from pretensions,
Is much more easier...
When the effort,
Takes on a collective motivation.

And this sensation to be oneself,
Is as refreshing as nothing else felt.
Especially when the notion,
To keep up with The 'Joneses'...
Repays not a loan.
Or evaporates debt.
Not when creditors are on the prowl,
And restless!

And those traps have awakened many,
To come to realize...
Happiness and simplistic living,
Is a much better life to live!
Yes...it is.

And you...
Don't look around,
I'm talking to you.
Yes...Y-O-U.
The I.O.U'er
Can now 'allow' The Joneses free to lease,
If they wish.
And accepting this as none of your business!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Allowing Themselves To Die

They are allowing themselves to die.
As if to hide their indisgressions.
They lie to themselves.
To protect from an array of delusions.
Infections inflicted,
And they still sit.
Worrying if their incest infestations...
Will save them from the grave.
So they pray as taught.
Believing this protects them from hidden sins.
Believing denials provide a truth,
As a darkness closes in.
Believing no one knows,
They suffer from their own chosen sorrows.
Hoping tomorrow will erase their disgrace.
But they have replaced honesty!
And that is written on each and every face.
They choose to be fools.
And that with deception to them is traced!
Quietly...
Although without honor or with grace!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Allowing Us To Clear Our Heads

What I have done,
Personally...
To ensure the new neighbors,
Adhere to policies that have been in effect...
For many years,
Is to suggest and recommend...
Their children not smoke pot in the front yard.
Or put their trash on the curb,
For the garbage men to pick up the next day.

What I have done personally,
Is to show them how to put their trash...
In garbage bags FIRST.
And even though it has been slow for them to catch on,
The rest of the neighbors and myself...
Have agreed to meet the new residents,
In their backyard after midnight behind a closed and locked fence...
When all of the kids have been safely tied to their beds.
Allowing us to clear our heads and live together in peace.

'And you say you have a prescription for this? '

~I begged my doctor to find a medical need.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Almost Close To Live

No one is blessed with life to get,
Almost close to live it.
Those with dreams wished,
Either go for them or they don't.

Many are heard to pass Judgement,
Upon others who seem possessed...
With fixed visions to not let,
No one else to just float along...
In a boat they may row alone.
But one's mission once accepted,
Does not require debates...
To upset the flow already moving,
In a direction chosen and condoned.

Left maybe some who may disagree...
As to this action taken to perceive,
It done selfishly.
Since the odds are not promised to be
Favorable for the one,
Who believes...
Returning to a broken heart,
Patiently awaits displaying...
Tears and forgiveness.

No one lives blessed with life,
Almost close to live it.
And no one who takes chances to risk,
Should expect severed relationships
To quickly mend again,
After decisions were made...
That rejected to disrespect,
How they had been effectively...
Disconnected from them.

'I did what I had to for 'us'! '

-I disagree.
When you left me,

I clearly heard you tell others...
You make your own decisions.
And I made a decision,
To erase you from my heart and mind.
Leaving no room I wish to find,
In my boat to now know...
That boat you rowed has sunk.-

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Almost Successful

An 'almost' sought to seek,
But for whatever the reason...
Not quite realized to reach,
Is as good as any intention to mention.
By those sitting to remain seated preaching,
About the importance of initiative.
To then talk about their experiences,
Of those things they could have done when young.
And 'almost' successful.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

'Alms For The Poor. Alms For The Poor'

'Alms for the poor.
Alms for the poor.'

Is this a new gimmick their using?
Isn't it a bit early to be dressed,
Like characters from a Charles Dickens' novel?
It's not even Halloween yet.
And those folks are dressed is if prepared,
To sing Christmas Carols.

~Well...
I'm not one to be cynical about these things.
Or quick to express a saccharine sentmentalism...
For those I see appearing in Victorian costumes,
This early in the season.
But I will say this...
Whoever advised them to come to this side of the 'hood',
Dressed like that...
Begging? Or whatever that is they are doing,
Has got to be the best salesman 'ever'.

Or...?
Consider this observation,
Those folks are pushing something discovered better than crack.
And they've come to the 'hood'...
To test this new taste of Christmas in October.
To get folks hooked and as high as possible,
To care less what holiday season is near.~

LOL

~Don't laugh.
I remember when 'arms for the poor' meant a soliciting.
Those folks have buckets in their hands,
Painted with pumpkin faces on them.
With their arms stretched out.
Offering samples of whatever is in them.
And...
Dressed in Victorian costumes.

At this time of the night in the inner city?
That doesn't make you suspicious? ~

Comeon.
What's so unusual about it?
They've come to display their charitable natures.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

A-Lone

A-lone.
No one today,
Should be alone!
If it is not a choice that one does make,
Or 'space' one decides to take...
To overcome temporary heartbreak not faked,
One condones!
No one should be alone.

All a-lone and expressing this?
In one's home as if remissed.
No.

The experience of this is not bliss.
Nor a choice one picks,
Deliberately on one's own.
And to do it in complete consciousness?
No.
A hurting felt inside goes unknown.
A hurting felt inside...
Goes unshown!
When one accepts to be a-lone.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Alone Come To Me

When you are posing in Sunlight you hold...
I feel ecstatic.
I feel the magic!

When you command my attention that grows...
I feel ecstatic.
I feel the magic!
Alive in me.
My heart I want you to own,
Alone!

When your smile brightens the clouds disappear.
I feel ecstatic.
I feel the magic!

I can't deny my eyes twinkle with cheer.
You bring the glow,
I want to be near.

I rise at midnight...
Anticipating joy to carry on.
Before the dawn even awakens!

I can't disguise...
All the feelings I have,
I must expose.
You must know...
You leave me emotional!
This you 'have' to know!

When you are posing in Sunlight you hold...
I feel ecstatic.
I feel the magic!

When you command my attention that grows...
I feel ecstatic.
I feel the magic!
Alive in me.
My heart I want you to own,

Alone!
Alone!
Alone...
Come to me!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Alone In The Womb

I don't expect anyone to understand my quest.
Too relentless I am driven to explain.
Too relentless I've been driven,
To explain how it's maintained.

I had when younger kept my suspicions,
When attempts were made to prevent...
Wishes and dreams I knew meant for me,
Had been block by expectations...
I would bend from my waist to get on knees,
To plead for an opportunity just to be me.
And I thought to myself,
If I'm on bended knees I do it to pray.
Not to beg or plead endlessly,
To be the 'me' I was born to be...
From day one to see the light.
With an appetite to taste and crave.

This mission I've been given,
I can't myself clearly define...
To comprehend the beginning or end of it.
This mission I've been given,
Remains to occupy my mind...
From Sunrise to Sunset,
With little rest for me to find.

This quest has me tested,
To perform my best...
With a doing most effective.
This quest has me tested,
With no time to take requests.
Or answer questions that suggest,
Perhaps another direction I should accept.
How could this be?
When alone in the womb I was born to be me.

People on a quest don't guess,
What the quest is.
People on a quest don't guess.

Alone in the womb until born from a cocoon.
People on a quest don't guess,
What the quest is.
People on a quest don't guess.

Alone in the womb until born from a cocoon.
People on a quest don't guess.

Alone in the womb until born from a cocoon.
It is a quest.
And not a guess.
People on a quest don't guess.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Along Came A Spider

Under hypnosis and certainly conditioned,
To ignore realities to never accept.
But to see from now on...
That which was dipped and flavored,
To mirage in sparkling colors.
And their lives lived would be forever wonderful.

Then along came a spider strutting and bold
Out of hiding to sit besides them to shock,
With truth spoken intelligently from its lips...
To then chase those frightened,
Away.
Snapping many back to see thmselves entrapped.
Disbelieving all they hear now that has been leaked.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Already Exposed To It

When one feels that time has come,
To confess...
With a getting of whatever it is off their chest,
It is best to reveal...
Everything.
Keep nothing concealed.
Who is the beneficiary when secrets are kept?
As lies to remember are often practiced to forget.

Even blemishes one perceives to be their flaws,
Can not be buried underneath denial forever.
Since truth is never absent from being what it is.
Or refrain from its existence by attempts to prevent it.

Only the ones feeling protected by delusions kept,
To keep...
Are stunned and become dumbfounded,
When something they've done to be found and mentioned...
Has been known without them making a sound to peep.

When one feels that time has come,
To confess...
With a getting of whatever it is off their chest,
It is best to reveal...
Everything.

Since those already exposed to it,
Do not make attempts to run away from its existence.
They too were once victims of beliefs that had deceived.
Until the magnificence of truth,
Came to remove them from the comfort of insecurities.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Already Had To Be Used

A quality achieve will not leave,
Because of how it is rated.
Or placed on a list.

Ratings and kept lists,
Does not prove one comprehends,
With either common sense or intelligence.

Some flavors that may or may not taste better,
Aren't given that opportunity...
Until folks get bored with familiarity.

To then welcome more variety and spice they do,
In their lives seeking something different...
That does not necessarily have to be good,
But chosen over something proven to be dependable.
And this is nothing new to those who have already had...
To be used,
Their fifteen minutes.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Already Targeted

Have you ever become angry.
And prepared to victimize someone,
You heard did something attributed to them...
But a doing done,
They did not do.

And you discovered later that this was true.
Was it the discovery that opened your eyes?
Or was it your acknowledgement of perceiving,
That 'someone' you blatantly accused...
Had already targeted you to be a fool anyway!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Alter Ego

The only one,
I will allow to tamper with my happiness...
Is you when that happens.
And at times I do this most reluctantly.

'Well I am glad!
I think.
But even as your alter ego,
I know where my boundaries are.'

That's good to know.
At least we agree I am tolerant.
Now remove yourself from my ear,
I am busy.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Alternate Universe

Liberals. Conservatives.
Independent fence sitters.
And those born pre-destined,
To annoint themselves...
Self-righteous.
Are too often heard to claim,
Their values are aligned...
Strictly with the wishes of God
And all that is divine.

'Poisonous is the truth.'

-Your microphone?
Is on. It's hot.-

Thank you.
As I stated to 'now' be told,
The microphone had been off.
Poised we are,
To always be transparent.
And reveal to you only truth.
I will now take your questions,
Randomly.
Tom Johnson? '

-Uh...Tom Johnson is not here.
I'm Edward Simmons.-

'Great Edward.
Alice Jones?
Your question? '

-We heard you say.
And, your words I quote:
'Poisonous is the truth.'

WHAT or who were you implying,
Poisons truth? -

'The Media. People like you.
My ex-wives and their lovers.
Security?
She's having a seizure.
Get her to a medic.'

Liberals. Conservatives.
And those self-annointed.
Will always make claims,
Their values are aligned... Strictly with the wishes,
Of God.
As if message delivered,
Comes from an alternate...
Universe.
Intended to bend and twist,
Those left with any remnants...
Of a consciousness,
Some hope to debate away...
What's left of it

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Alternatives

Wouldn't it be nice,
If others did what we liked.
With a taking of advice,
To do what it was.
We chose and approved.

No one then would be offended.
And everyone would live as we wished.
No one would have a need to defend,
A life like this,
In an unquestioned bliss.

But realities as they are,
Have many in conflict.
Those with certain beliefs,
Refuse to comprehend.
Why their perceptions are not adopted.

And those who express they accept alternatives,
Are the ones despised.
Because their lives lived like this,
Has delivered a happiness!
And for many that happiness for them does not exist.

Wouldn't it be nice,
If others did what we liked.
With a taking of advice,
To do what it was.
We chose and approved.
With a doing done we too.
Would not find the time to debate and argue.

Wouldn't it be nice,
If others did what we liked.
And isn't it wonderful.
To know we can be ignored.
To then share in the receiving.
Others exchange from their adventures explored.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Although I'M Grown

But do I own...
The right to forgive everything I do?
And not give a 'hoot' who I do it to.
I'm grown,
But do I own...
The right to do just what I like?
In spite of others who are living their lives.

I may have survived 'my' heartaches.
But others have done that too.
And I may have tasted just a slice of cake.
While others had more than two!
But do I have the right to be rude?

Although I'm grown,
But do I own...
The right to forgive everything I do?
And not give a 'hoot' who I do it to.
I'm grown,
But do I own...
The right to do just what I like?
In spite of others who are living their lives.

I may have survived 'my' heartaches.
But others have done that too.
And I may have tasted just a slice of cake.
While others had more than two!
But do I have the right to be rude?

'No one has a 'right' to be rude.
No one.
Not even you.'

Shut up.
Who's moment is this?

I may have survived 'my' heartaches.
But others have done that too.
And I may have tasted just a slice of cake.

While others had more than two!
But do I have the right to be rude?

Although I'm grown,
But do I own...
The right to forgive everything I do?
And not give a 'hoot' who I do it to.
I'm grown,
But do I own...
The right to do just what I like?
In spite of others who are living their lives.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Although It's Wrong

Part of me feels like it's torn.
Battered and gone.
And for too long,
I've beem missing that connection.

Although it's wrong,
I've determined it would be...
To reconnect to that kind of misery.

That part of me,
That's gone...
I don't need back,
But I feel something detached.

Although it's wrong,
I've determined it would be...
To reconnect to that kind of misery.

That part of me,
That's gone...
I don't need back,
But I feel something detached.

Part of me feels like it's torn.
Battered and gone.
And for too long,
I've beem missing that connection...
Carried on my back.

Although it's wrong,
I've determined it would be...
To reconnect to that kind of misery.

What's wrong?
If I'm missing a connection,
That brings me misery.

What's wrong?
If I'm missing a connection,

That brings me misery.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Although Our 'Differences' Are Researched

You and I...
And all that have come to know life,
Are connected.
Just as a tree is rooted to the Earth,
From its birth.
Although our 'differences' are researched.

You and I...
And all that have come to know life,
Are related.
Just as every element associated,
Comes together and does not separate...
To make us what and who we are.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Although The Snow Is Beautiful

It's the season of cabin fever.
And tempers flair...
To heat up.
When the snow begins to dropp a lot.
With a leaving of people cooped up shut.
Behind sealed doors and windows locked.

And though a Winter brings its cold,
There is a Spring that brings on Summer.
And a hibernating holds,
There is a Spring that brings on Summer.
And,
Beautiful the snow...
There is a Spring that brings on Summer,
With an opening of doors.

It's the season of cabin fever.
And tempers flair...
To heat up.
When the snow begins to dropp a lot.
With a leaving of people cooped up shut.
Behind sealed doors and windows locked.

And though a Winter brings its cold,
There is a Spring that brings on Summer.
And a hibernating holds,
There is a Spring that brings on Summer.
And,
Beautiful the snow...
There is a Spring that brings on Summer.
There's a Spring that brings on Summer,
With an opening of doors.

And though a Winter brings its cold,
There is a Spring that brings on Summer.
And a hibernating holds,
There is a Spring that brings on Summer.
And,
Beautiful the snow...

There is a Spring that brings on Summer.
There's a Spring that brings on Summer,
With an opening of doors.

Although the snow is beautiful,
There is a Spring that brings on Summer.
There's a Spring that brings on Summer.
With an opening of doors.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Always

Always,
You can count on my honesty.
And if ever you see me,
Hopping around on one foot.
To have the other in my mouth,
I have learned to value...
More the practice of yoga.
To be reminded by someone else,
There are times...
When honesty to speak it,
May not be always,
The appropriate approach...
If an opinion solicited,
Interferes with breaking up...
One's 'hypothetical',
Relationship.
To know then when if asked,
By someone to be honest.
Don't answer until,
All the facts and details...
Have been revealed.

'Your foot?
Should be around your neck.
Not in your mouth.'

-I know.
It's not as easy as it looks.
I've already tried,
Doing it to hop on one foot.
But that's going to take,
Much too long for me to learn.-

'Always practice.
Never give up.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Always Be Optimistic.

Always be optimistic.
ALWAYS.

It's not the shell but the nut,
That nourishes.
But then again...
There will be those who spend,
Too much time complaining...
About the strain of the cracking.
Deciding there is nothing more than that.

And not examine,
How the foundation was created.
Or what it took,
From nothing to be made.
Since for them...
Strength relys on outside appearances.
Leading many to accept expectations of failure.
If not already precast in concrete.

Always be optimistic.
ALWAYS.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Always In Conference

I am honest.
Centered.
Respectful.
Feeling blessed...
And speak my mind.
Without fear of reprisals!
That haunt others,
From time to time!
Nor am I chased,
By lurking shadows...
I plant and place,
To face and rename my 'enemies'!
I know 'who' I am.
And I let that be known!
I have dignity and pride...
And I seek for my life,
An undenied quality!
For 'me' I know that's right.

I am often asked
What church I attend.
And when I say none...
People are often stunned.
And some become offended,
Beginning to quote scriptures
They have learned!
Making me realize immediately...
Just who in hell will burn!

They are closer to the devil,
Than I am.
I don't hear his ways being preached...
As hypocrites sit,
Or give praises on their feet!

And I wonder...
If I possess these qualities,
And they do not...
Since God and I,

Are always in conference!
Shouldn't I be the one,
Prepared to run...
From them,
Just as stunned?

Afterall,
My mind is not pre-occupied with temptations.
Nor am I absorbed with the 'values' of sin!
Or attend in a congregation with others,
Sharing pretentions that don't end!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Always There For You

Few succeed,
Without the support from someone...
Who is also there with a belief shared to give.
And not doubtful with negativity daily expressed.
Who can succeed with that kind of reminding stress?
Not too many.

However...
There are those who will still succeed,
In environments with no support given.
And yet when success comes to be achieved,
To be believed with it known to be accomplished...
That's when support for continued success,
From nowhere seems to come to be loudly addressed.

'You were always so smart.
So intelligent and so different from everyone.
I knew you were going to be successful.
Even if I repeatedly said to you and others,
You would never amount to anything.
Besides...
I was not convinced your activities were worth attention.
But somehow...
You managed to get it!
And that I find miraculous.
I am so glad my comments motivated you.'

~Thanks.
I'll never be able to repay you.
Your approach to motivating me was unique.~

'Aw, comeon.
You know I was always there for you.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Alzheimer's Disease

Twice,
There would be goodbyes...
Spoken.
With hearts broken.
And words uncertain,
If heard and understood.

~As an essence known,
Would flow to go.~

Twice,
A familiar light of life...
Would flicker to slowly dim.
As those loved ones and friends,
Stood by to witness...
Without a defense to what commenced.

~As an essence known,
Would flow to go.~

And...
Just once,
In the end...
Alzheimer's Disease,
Would finally win...
This long and emotional battle.

~As an essence known,
Would flow to go...
Away.~

Dedicated To:
Those who knew and suffered through,
The losing of close family members and friends...
To Alzheimer's Disease.

'You are loved and missed,

Clara Louise Countryman Pertillar...
By all who knew and loved you too.'
My wonderful Grandmother.

~lsp~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Am I A Pessimist?

Am I a pessimist?
Not at all!
I had viewed my 'cup' as being half full.
But I do admit...
I now mind my business.
When I see a 'mack' truck approaching someone,
And they are clueless?
I use to warn them.
They use to return those warnings with attitude!
Now I turn my head...
And enjoy a full cup these days!
It's comforting knowing I can just walk away!
Afterall...
I've been told I am too intense.
But it is difficult holding a full cup steady!
With practice,
I am sure I will be fine!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Am I All Those Things Meant?

Sometimes cautious,
And often with a consciousness.
At other times I wish to be aloof.
To sit between perceived negativity...
And the confirmation of it as proof.

I am one of those people,
Who see things as they are.
With messages received.
And wondering...
Am I all those things meant?

Have I delivered mixed signals.
To implant misunderstandings...
From what I've sent.

Have I over compensated,
My independence?
And no one comprehends...
That which I love and do,
I do it just for them!
And getting free therapy,
Over and over again

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Am I Allowed

Am I allowed
To wish not to breathe?
Am I allowed
To skip over tomorrow?
And,
Am I allowed
Not to believe,
Who it is that speaks.
Or,
Whom everybody follows?

Am I allowed
To want my own needs?
Am I allowed
Not to beg or borrow.
Am I allowed
Not to be deceived,
By who those that I know
Are low, lazy and shallow?

Am I allowed
My own company?
Am I allowed
To float or row my boat?
And,
Am I allowed
To see what I see,
Who it is that show
Not which way to go?

Am I allowed
To want my own needs?
Am I allowed
Not to beg or borrow.
Am I allowed
Not to be deceived,
By who those that I know
Are low, lazy and shallow?

Am I allowed
My own company?
Am I allowed
To float or row my boat?
And,
Am I allowed
To see what I see,
Who it is that show
Not which way to go?

Am I allowed
To wish not to breathe?
Am I allowed
To skip over tomorrow?
And,
Am I allowed
Not to believe,
Who it is that speaks.
Or,
Whom everybody follows?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Am I Crazed? ...Absolutely!

Am I crazed? ...
Absolutely!

What excuse do you use?
And don't tell me your war stories,
About those times back in the day.

Then you had issues with honesty.
And today...
Well,
You just have issues!

I'd have to be crazed.
Just to tolerate what you perceive,
As a normal existence...
That bleeds from it,
Signs of reality!

And none of that, of late
Has come to make you a visit.
Or maybe it has.
But I am too out of my mind to tell.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Am I Living Within My Means?

Am I living within my means?
Isn't that obvious?
Or have you come to bolt my other foot,
To the floor?
With an ensurance that my success,
In living my life with less...
Will not be seen outside my premises,
To cause a revolt of those...
Who believe my exposure of happiness,
I express...
Is not being assisted,
By a hoarding of vast treasures...
That I keep stored in a treasure chest.

Am I living within my means?
Isn't that obvious?
When was the last time,
You aided with the adding to my budget?
Or helped to unwrap a care package,
Sent as a gift from any of my creditors?

Am I living within my means!
Did you come by to pay a visit?
Or laugh at my situation?
Which is it?

Am I living within my means?
Apparently I am.
And I could do much more of it,
If you paid me less frequent visits.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Am I Okay?

Who has lived and not questioned,
'Am I okay? '

I'd like to think I am that way...
Okay!
And unafraid.
Although moments spent like this,
Are quick anf fleeting.

There are days I awaken,
With wishes to erase every mistake I've made.
Simply chase them away,
Sighing in deep relief...
I have a consciousness that frees me of guilt.

Am I okay?
Yes.
And everyday after I pray,
Attempting to obey my freedom from temptations...
I know I display I am not yet at peace.
With a need to keep my mind at ease.

But...
Am I okay?
Sure!
Who else can endure my own headaches?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Am I Relevant?

Am I relevant?
I am not afraid to keep current.
I am not worrying about any egos to massage.
Or pretenses to keep hidden.
Am I relevant?
Well...
I am not trying to keep reality,
From intoxicated surburbanites!
Doing their best to smile through their agonies!
Am I relevant?
Should I care to be?
And who's life would change if I wasn't?
If I should stop being topical...
Would that mean I would prefer cartoons,
Over current events?
Would that mean I would ignore,
The time I've spent...
Watching others pollute minds,
As I sat on my behind...
Complaining 'why' someone can't find,
A way to restrict
Those with loose lips...
From preventing ignorance,
The freedom of contaminating truths...
By the soothing use,
Of complete and total censorship!
Am I relevant?
I like to think of myself as not being constipated!
Or overdone with fantasies outdated,
To bait disappointments!
I like to keep fresh...
And controversial!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Am I 'That'?

Am I 'that'?
That which has expressed my purpose?
Flaunted and yet,
Kept introspective.
Although touching with a respectfulness,
Impressing with an aggressiveness.
That is brought to birth,
Without pretensions to suspect.
For mindsets to collect and digest!
Am I 'that'?

That which has expressed my purpose?
Flaunted and yet,
Kept introspective.

But,
Exposed to those who choose to inspect.
From a diversed and eclectic selection.
To enjoy just a nibble...
Or disregard an effort released at my best!
I can not make every taste,
Unforgettable!
That I have yet to try!
Should I continue to let you decide,
I 'am' that!
Am I?

For you to say an arrival has been made?
Am I 'That'?
I've just begun another batch,
If you wish more!
I can not expect all my flavors to be savored.
Some are whipped to be delicious.
While a few may sit.
To do nothing with until I give them the attention,
They wish to get.
Perhaps they become the ones,
To attract when I'm done.
For you to say an arrival has been made?

Am I 'That'?
I can start another batch,
If you wish more!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Am I Trying To Convince You I Am Happy?

You have a need to convince me,
Your way of life lived is right.
Why can't you just leave me alone?
Am I trying to convince you I am happy?
What part of goodbye do you need defined?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Amber

Here.
Try the amber.
Since you have decided,
To remove the color of pink...
From your eyes.

Although you say they were not rose.
The difference between them were too close!
I propose these amber glasses.
At least your taste for molasses,
Should not be that affected.

Well...
On second thought.
Have you considered the smoked lens.
You could wear them and still pretend.
And no one will detect your tears.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Ambiance

Excited I glowed...
When with my uncles and aunts.
Feeling such a radiance,
In a sheltered ambiance.

When I became older...
My ties with them were cut!
As children we had nicknames then...
But as we grew we gave them up!

I long to be called, 'Bighead' again!
And running through the Maple trees,
Carefree and laughing with them!

Some of them have passed away.
Like my grandparents; mom and dad!
And yet that ambiance I remember...
Seems to sink like racing sand so fast.
With nothing to hold onto or grasp!
As my time passes quicker...
In this swift shifting hourglass!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Ambitions To Pursue

No one,
Will be given the right...
To assume what my life to live,
Had been like...
When living in the projects.
Or how it was to be depicted,
Weird and different...
Because of my ambitions,
To pursue.

No one has to tell me,
From their imaginative view...
What struggling through poverty
To know it and accept,
Like many who did...
But prayed from it,
Better lives to get.

No one has to tell me,
What it takes to tolerate...
Discrimination.
Or and outlet to escape,
Obstacles of ignorance...
Placed to find implanted,
By an assortment of people...
Fed to feed on limited minds.
Defined,
By false impressions made...
To evaluate others.
At the detriment of themselves.

No one has to tell me,
How to react to mental traps...
Hoping to catch me,
Emotionally unprepared...
By those who assume,
I am not aware...
Of my own experiences.
And those who seem always there

Wishing to discourage,
Every effort I make to step...
To critique and judge,
Whatever it is I attempt...
With it done to endeavor.

No one,
Will be given that right,
To 'assume' or believe...
My life to live,
Has been embellished to receive
Attention I have sought.
Nor did I seek it.
However...
I must admit,
If my ambitions...
Have been noticed to get,
Attention and recognition...
It took more than wanting it.
Because what I have done to do,
And produced...
Is initiative, motivation,
And a desire to inspire others.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Ambrosial Scents

Ambrosial scents,
I begin to sense.
Perfume of the gods...
Enticing with temptation.

And as I walk along,
Alone in the soothness of the forest.
This fragrance becomes so strong.
I am feeling here is where I belong.

And I know I approach...
A clearing that encroaches upon my mind.
A clearing that finds me undoubtedly,
Accepting with a focus...
That opens with a welcoming of this invitation.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

American Mindsets

Express a love for something done you do,
And very few will come to comprehend.
Especially...
Since it is not connected to a dollar bill.

And that concept only motivates...
An interest for them!
American mindsets...
Are in us deep within.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Ammuned To Being Appalled

Is there a cultural and racial divide,
That has been as wide,
As any gap witnessed in canyons...
With a depth that is noticed,
When visited to be seen?

'Is that a question you ask of me? '

Yes. I'm just curious.

'Hey,
I haven't visited any canyons yet...
To declare that as a fact.
Or express an interest.
You see...
I've been here and too busy,
Avoiding a listening to people...
Talk about others behind their backs.'

Have you ever wondered about,
Why they do that?

'Not at all.
Where I'm from,
People have been doing that all the time.'

But aren't you offended?

'I am ammuned to being appalled.
Some of the names I've been called,
I thought were on my birth certificate.
You have no idea how traumatic it was for me,
When I discovered that they weren't.
And 'then' to upset some folks...
Who didn't know what my real name was,
Until I demanded they address me as Lawrence.
I still have relatives angry at me over that.'

LOL

'You think I've got jokes,
Huh?
Trust me...
At 66 I am blessed you find this comical.
And I am comedic.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Amused By The Doings Of Fools

Let me share this with you.
Since it seems the time has come,
Some things you can avoid...
Before you are tempted to do them done.

It never pays without returning,
Receipts of regret.
Be you not the one to laugh at, backstab...
Gossip about to believe someone 'known',
Can be easily betrayed.
Especially if information overheard,
Has been to you deceived upon delivery.
With a whispering in your ears to be relayed.

One never knows who has been picked,
To be with 'your' unconsciousness...
Willing to receive the dumping of your foolsihness.
Don't you 'ever' believe someone like this,
Is not highly respected and/or connected...
To those who could destroy you 'if' they wished.

Too many today end the getting of benefits,
And opportunities they 'could' have had...
By taking it for granted,
Someone living in 'their' own environment...
Has not made loyal friends,
Who sit on thrones and are aware of it.

There are times when people who do show patience,
Know of those who would not tolerate any of this.
And are prepared to address such foolishness.
With a caring of less who 'is' or 'is not' impressed.
To await the word from a friend to hear,
What it is they desire to do next and with effect.

'We hear what you say and this can distress.
Tell us...
What it is you would like for us to do? '

~Be amused by the doings of fools.
Afterall...
That's what I have chosen and decided to do.~

'And you remain cool with this? '

~You have no idea,
What to me has been made very clear.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Amused By Their Predicament

The only ones claiming racism does not exist,
Are those who accept themselves to be chosen...
To look down from their raised noses,
Upon the ones hungry and homeless...
With beliefs historically accepted,
They have been blessed to oppress...
Those they enforce to live that way.
And have invited them to steal their resources,
With restricted and limited opportunities endorsed.

And if this had not been implemented,
The ones depicted as 'needy' would be more aware...
Of valued treasures from them stolen.
And would be more reluctant to entertain,
Those most amused by their predicament.
Many cultures will not permit this.
Especially the ones spiritually connected,
With a respect given and shown to Earth first.
To then acknowledge all who inhabit it as God's creations.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

An Ability To Smile

I am not the cause or reason,
For anyone's kept dysfunctions.
And I use to lose sleep,
Thinking I was responsible...
For others having lack of clarity.
Being aware and conscious of it,
Can be a lonesome task to master.
I stopped asking anyone to admit,
If they chose to ignore...
What was obvious to witness,
Just to protect their own happiness.
Since too many I had heard complaining,
About others who prevented them...
From experiencing to have this to live.

Some days I awaken,
To think I am the one left crazed.
With steps to take not wiping away,
Tears wept because my expectations...
Weren't on my shoulders to burden with regrets.
I had learned too early to stand tall and erect.
Regardless of opposition and obstacles I met.
Leaving me to sweat through each and every test.
And doing this listening to hear others say,
How blessed I was to be 'lucky'.
Not determined to have earned,
From any lessons learned.
But 'lucky'?
Hmph!

I have found with it to find,
Many do not mind making their attempts...
To share their feelings of grief and guilt.
With a belief a doing of this releases them,
From yesterday's sorrows whether borrowed or not.
And they are again freed to repeat their dilemmas.
That get more and not less theatrical.
'Chile...if you only knew what I was going through.
Some of us have a heavier cross to bear.'

And I know there is a God.
Because from these acts I leave,
Before the intermission begins.
There are demons who will masquerade,
No matter where or when.
Or the nature of the event.

As for me?
Well...
Yesterday's to relive for the convenience to repeat,
I have already done to do to mend from a healing...
From aches and all kinds of pains to name.
And leftover emotional mental drain to cause anguish.
I know God has blessed me to keep faith trusted.
With it known to chill those moments,
I feel inside that monster I recognize but suppress.
With an ability to smile and not address,
What it is I would love to express to others.
To careless if their screams freezes them in fear.

No one who lives,
With wishes to conquer over personal defeats...
Left by demons costumed from head to feet,
Does it to succeed with 'luck'.
Or beliefs like this to keep fantasized.

Eyes to open wide,
Are difficult to remain that way.
Especially if the impossible,
One who is determine to prove...
Isn't.
Wishes and dreams to have them seen succeed,
No matter what the opposition.
Will take someone near death,
To have them leap away from it to do it quick.
I have noticed this to keep it remembered,
Faith to keep terrorizes nonbelievers.
And horrifies those of evil and wicked deeds.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

An Absence Of Patience

No one has to guess,
As to who is selfish.
It is in their conversations...
That show an absence of patience,
Or comprehension done.

They are the ones talking about themselves,
With detected insecurities.
Often they are judgemental.
And they embellish their responsibilities.
Freely given.

They will do for others,
And let people know they do.
And what it is...
And how what they do gets done.
To sacrifice and bestow their lives...
So no one can deny,
They are, indeed...
The center of the show for everyone.
Especially for those who may not know.

With hidden jealousies involved!
Somewhere embedded...
From a dysfunction regretted.
Set in masquerades that charade.

And nothing is done from sincerity.
They want the full attention.
Even if that means...
Degrading someone else's abilities.
In between their performances seen.

And this they do quite often,
With unsolicited appeal demanded.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

An Acceptable Way Of Life

Even though there are thieves and deceivers,
And everything imagined corruptable and crooked...
In these days now lived and...worshipped!
To be exposed as they are amongst us.
It is in the pomp and circumstance of the doing,
That treats those delighted...
Who have found they have become addicted.
To allow a wickedness to thrive.

And those opposed against what is now valued,
Are regarded as traitors to an acceptable way of life.
Becoming the ones now accused,
To making drastic changes,
With a restoring of those lost values.

Attempts to correct those wrongs have been protested.
Exposing them for what they are has people outraged
How can anyone eliminated those wrongs uplifted.
To make again those things remembered,
That once had been great and lived as right.
'We will fight to protect our interests that are valued.
We will fight to spread the decadence,
We so love and praise.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

An Acceptance Of Reality

Why some believe the aging process can be ignored,
If they choose not to accept it by delusions kept...
Is perhaps the reason why,
Few adults perceive they should be held accountable...
To be responsible for the futures they leave,
For those who are much younger...
Fighting for space on a dance floor shared,
With those who have aged wishing to prove 'and' dare...
They can do what the children do and nothing more,
But show with moves and attitude...
A lack of discipline and having no respect,
As an aspiration with an intiative to invest.
Instead of expectations they can look forward to get,
From those who refuse to grow up and lead...
But can follow everyone else to accuse when they please,
By disregarding an authority of values.
And the ones mature enough to stop and connect the dots,
To do what it takes to strengthen foundations.
However...
If those who did not oppose to prevent their doing...
Could comprehend when the rhythm ends to begin,
An acceptance of reality that sacrifices temptations to drop...
An appreciation for life could start an enhancement of it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

An Acceptance You Can Employ

How about this take,
To the one you chose...
To eliminate and erase.
It involves the devil.
And a preference you have,
For frosted cake.
A taste enjoyed...
With a lesser censorship,
You validate with an acceptance.
An acceptance you can employ!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

An Accepted Way Of Life

I can today admit it.
I had been trained to be tolerant,
Of environmental nonsense.
With it believed to be a blessing,
To accept in silence acts of ignorance.

And then something drastic and life changing happened!
I awakened one day to realize my own addiction,
To a clowning about life and having this inflicted.
With an unresisted doing of it to conform to limits.
As an accepted way of life meant and it to live.

And it was!
'Theirs'.
But not my life I valued with a purpose too serious.
Not my life I recognized had meaning I realized,
Was not lived for jokes or to be someone's fool.

I can today admit it.
I had been trained to be tolerant,
Of environmental nonsense.
With it believed to be a blessing,
To accept in silence acts of ignorance.

But not my life,
I had come to value with a purpose too serious.
Not my life,
I awakened to recognize had meaning I realized...
Had not been meant to live everyday to portray a fool.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

An Achievement Like This One Accomplished

To sit on the top of a heap,
That has been achieved...
Through dedicated and disciplined activity,
One can only feel an accomplishment.
A sacrifice that has been done and validation.
And, without question, observed!

And if anyone has ever witnessed,
A panoramic view from a summit...
It is not the leaving it that saddens.
It's the forgetting of bringing along a camera,
To take pictures of a scene...
Even the doer had doubts would ever be seen!

However,
An achievement like this one accomplished...
Will never be taken away from one's memory.
The wishing for it has been lived.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

An Acquired Taste

When people start making listening,
Prioritized as their agendas...
Misunderstandings,
Which now have no benefit...
Will then become limited,
To allow a broadened consciousness...
To happen and occur.

'I'm sorry.
That last part about the biscuits and liqueur?
I didn't quite get that.
When you mentioned something about agendas...
With limited mint?
I am sure that has to be an acquired taste.
I can't imagine having an appetite for that at all.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

An Act Of Slow Suicide

Eliminating those to know,
Who have made it known...
That whatever it is done for them,
Seldom is expressed an appreciation.
And leaves you,
When the day is through...
Realizing it to decide,
Trying to please everybody...
Is an act of slow suicide.

Congratulations!
You have begun to awaken,
To what being taken for granted...
Has come to you to see to mean.
And refreshing can be this discovery.

If ever it is wished,
To kill something more appropriate...
Kill some time.
That's right!
KILL it.
And do it to find ways,
To please yourself.
With a doing not to feel guilt.
Or a selfishness about it.
Admit to killing as much time,
As possible.
Knowing you deserve,
To kill more of it if you wished.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

An Action To Understand

I am not surprised at all,
You find it difficult to understand.
Although you have been told,
Countless times...
A success to achieve requires listening.
Digesting what you hear,
To then connect that to comprehension.
But it takes keeping your mouth closed,
Without interrupting others...
Before they finish what is being said.
For some reason that method commonly used,
Is referred to as being effective communication.

'How dare you speak to me,
In such a rude, offensive and blunt manner?
Your approach I find disgusting.'

God is so good.
Finally you are beginning to listen.
With a comprehending how it is connected...
To an action to understand it clearly.
You should be proud of this moment in your life.
And as soon as you can I suggest,
Circle this date on your calendar.
And regard it as historic.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

An Aging Done With Maturity

An aging done with maturity,
Allows some to become objective.
With a forgiving of those who had demeaned.
For whatever the reason may be,
People choose to select others...
With a choice to make them their enemies.
So foolish is this process.

And when one ages a patience seems to arrive,
With a sharing of recipes...
Some announce they would like to try.
And the openness by which sex is expressed...
On all levels of intimacy,
Are quickly discussed without embarrassment...
As if in the doing of it is an achievement,
Those who age want everyone to believe!

'My grandparents use to talk to me about sex,
More than my own parents did!
And where they were when wars were fought!
What's up with that? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

An Agreement To End Stupidity

Ignorance to escalate demolishes common sense.
With it to eventually have the expense,
Of everyone's time and collective involvement...
Seeking patience and accepted tolerance,
To sit together and agree...
That which had taken place,
Could have been avoided to do permanently...
If listening to comprehend was a priority first to face.

But commitments like this are often dismissed,
To allow total devastation permission to exist.
And always an agreement to end stupidity,
Follows after regrets are expressed.
With everyone then getting the attention and respect,
For their differences felt neglected.
To then rebuild with a singing of diversity,
Until again greed comes to serve deceiving as a purpose!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

An Alternative

I can enjoy a good laugh.
Sometimes at my expense.
But I don't live my life to joke.
Or be by those provoked.
With a doing of it to experience.

And I've explained to those who believe,
A repeated doing of this...
Doesn't leave me pleased.
Especially after warnings that persist,
To help them recognize the difference.

But the difference isn't known.
And the best thing is to split.
Or choosing an alternative...
By the silencing of one's lips.
Hoping that message is taken seriously.
And the immaturity done will cease to quit.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

An American Man

I am an American man.
Re-enforced to keep my thoughts,
Remembering my heritage...
Is of African decent.
By those choosing for me to believe,
I should expect to receive...
A getting of less respect to accept.
Especially...
Less than other ethnic Americans,
Demand to get with this expected...
Without protest or feeling rejected.

As an American man...
Being mentioned to be a Negro,
With this understood.
And made to understand.
I never chose limitations to allow,
My steps to pursue.
Nor did I follow what others said,
I should do to have approved.

On a daily basis I am reminded,
I am black and nothing more than that.
And before I make a move,
I should 'act' black too.
With a labelling attached to wear on my back.
But I will not enable,
My dreams endeavored to prevent them wished...
By anyone branding my steps to prevent,
What it is I will with initiative prove...
I can do to accomplish and get done,
To know as a man...American 'and Black...
I am in no need for suggestions made,
Which path I should take to make easier...
My efforts or the task.

I am an American man.
Re-enforced to keep my thoughts,
Remembering my heritage...

Is of African decent.
And it seems the only ones resenting that fact,
Are those who believe...
My identity to celebrate is when time to me given,
Is limited to a month...
In which my African-American heritage is tolerated.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

An Appetite To Fight

Fighting to keep denied an insight,
From reaching daylight...
Will never fade a darkness heightened.
As more conflicts ignite.

A fighting done to keep denied an insight,
Will just invite...
An appetite to fight.

All love,
Will be blinded from one's sight.
No love,
Will be touched or felt from others.
It was love,
That brought us here to live.
To share it and to give.
And not meant to have it erased.
Or replace it with tears.

Fighting to keep denied an insight,
From reaching daylight...
Will never fade a darkness heightened.
As more conflicts ignite.

No love,
Will be touched or felt from others.
It was love,
That brought us here to live.
To share it and to give.
And not meant to have it erased.
Or replace it with tears.

All love,
Will be blinded from one's sight...
If an appetite for fighting,
Keeps diseasing feasting minds.

All love,
Will be blinded from one's sight...

If an appetite for fighting,
Keeps diseasing feasting minds.

No love,
Will be touched or felt from others.
If an appetite for fighting,
Keeps diseasing feasting minds.

A fighting done to keep denied an insight,
Will just invite...
An appetite to fight.
As more conflicts ignite.

'Pass me the knuckles.
Balled with them to hit.
And, pass me those fists.
Balled with them to hit.

Pass me the knuckles.
Balled with them to hit.
And, pass me those fists.
Balled with them to hit.

Pass me the knuckles.
Balled with them to hit.
And, pass me those fists.
Balled with them to hit.

Pass me the knuckles.
Balled with them to hit.
And, pass me those fists.
Balled with them to hit.
Pass me those fists.
Balled with them to hit.
Just pass me those fists.
Balled with them to hit.
Just pass me those fists.
Pass me those fists.
Pass me those fists.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

An Appreciation For The Highs And Lows

I did not invent motivation.
Nor was initiative,
Sitting in a variety store...
Wishing that it,
I would come along to pick.

And dedication with devotion,
Was not served to me on a silver platter.
No matter how long I sat wishing for dreams to exist.

Something inside of me arrived long ago.
A comprehension to understand...
Yearning without earning,
What I wanted was not going to be...
In stars that glowed.
And the wearing of fine clothes,
Was not prioritized as my objective.

With lessons taught and disappointments bestowed,
I learned that patience wasn't everything I need to know.
I needed to know the connection between hard work, sacrifice...
And arguments I've settled with discipline in stubborn fights,
Helped me open my eyes...
To the kind of world this is I am blessed to live in.
BLESSED.
Without those selfish expectations.

I did not invent motivation.
Nor was initiative,
Sitting in a variety store...
Wishing that it,
I would come along to pick.
No!
I learned to tie my own shoes,
Before I was able to walk.

And dedication with devotion,
Was not served to me on a silver platter.
No matter how long I sat wishing for dreams to exist.

And...
The clearing of weeds off my own path,
Began a process of adventure through hills and valleys...
With an appreciation for the highs and lows,
That never seem to end.
And 'if' that is my task to last...
Who's journey is this I've been given to enjoy?

And FREE.
At no charge to me.
But to live it as it is with a gratitude expressed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

An Array And Plethora

An array and plethora,
Of love...
Is too diverse for me.
I like it,
Directly!

An array and plethora,
Of love...
Is too diverse for me.
I need it,
More directly!

I want to know that which is given,
Has no loopholes I could miss.

I want to know my feelings felt,
Aren't pushed aside to dust on shelves.

An array and plethora,
Of love...
Is too diverse for me.
I like it,
Directly!

When I'm wrapped in a hug,
And my lips are kissed...
I like it,
Directly!

When I see eyes on me melt with mist.
I like this...
Directly!

I like to know that which is given,
Has no loopholes I could miss.
Oh,
I like it more directly.

I like to know that which is given,

Has no loopholes I could miss.
And...
I like it more directly.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

An Arresting Sensation

You fascinate and illuminate,
With such an arresting sensation.
And...
Whatever that is done you do,
I automatically appreciate and approve.
It's true.

Around you the air,
Makes me feel at ease and loose.
It's true...
That you,
Bring to me a joy and comfort...
I never knew.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

An Arrogance Many Dislike

People who are self assured and confident,
Display an arrogance many dislike.
Since many who rely upon their insecurities,
And incompetence...
Love seeing this reflected in others,
To give them a reason to feel better about themselves.

'And this proves what?
That we can claim a greatness,
But not witness anyone attempting to achieve it? '

If everyone attempted to achieve greatness,
What then would be the purpose...
Of all the hype and propaganda? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

An Attraction To Fear

Any-one. Or...
Any-thing.
Forcibly removed,
From a natural habitat.
To then be exhibited like that,
As an attraction to fear.
And this to those conscious,
Has been made repeatedly clear.
Still will not prevent the mindless.
The ones accustomed to excuse,
A temptation of their ignorance to abuse...
Barriers or limits dedicated to present,
Anywhere, anytime to trespass anyplace.
To later make claims of their innocence.
Is a condition allowed to represent,
Those with selective mentalities.

Although...
Trapped, isolated and on display,
With a routine that will always stay...
Unchanged with invisible chains.
Is any-one Or any-thing,
Forcibly removed from a natural habitat...
To be killed like a threatening enemy.
An 'enemy' provoked yet choked,
By the atmosphere others approach.
Because of a few fools,
Choosing to believe themselves entitled.
Decide to entice and excitement they invite.
For the purpose to seek a cheap thrill.
That justifies a legalized murder.

Not once done.
When unlimited freedoms were taken away.
But twice,
With a taking away a life.
To satisfy the appetite,
Of those feeding upon their envisioned evils...
Taught to teach.

Regardless of whose peace 'they' breech.
To defend themselves and misguided beliefs.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

An Effective Epidemic

When overwhelming evidence,
Has become increasingly presented...
Of thick and obnoxious pretensions,
Used as a dependency by those in the business...
To impose them on others,
With intentions to have their consciousness compromised.
And their common sense diminished,
Do not be the one left to 'assume'...
A spreading of mental illness has not been intentional.
An effective epidemic has begun to begin.
Find an exit quick!
And believe, do not 'assume', you have been saved.

It's okay to run away and not accept this process.
Just do not permit this sickness near your doorstep.
No matter who wishes with an innocence to have you perceive,
Their misdeeds and lack of sincerity you have for years seen...
Had been publicly addressed to protect your best interest.
Do not 'assume' this for a moment or continue to be deceived.
An effective epidemic is in full process.
Do not get upset or let yourself feel regret.
Slam that door and make sure it is bolted to lock shut.
Enjoy that peace of mind you keep.
Once you let go of it, it will be kept out of your reach.
And believe, do not 'assume', you have been saved.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

An Effort Made

It takes more than a wish,
To move from point A to point B.
And for some that may initiate,
An argument to debate it.
Just to get them to open their eyes to see,
A movement in the doing is involved.
Since many need to be convinced,
An effort they should make...
Does not to them come delivered.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

An Empathy For Fools

These days are moving along too fast,
For anyone to begrudge...
A doing not done in those times in their past.

Nothing wished to relive is going to return.
And what it was one should have learned,
Had been an opportunity...
To sit through those lessons.
With less of a stubbornness that now affects,
The ones expressing concerned with much regret.

These days are moving along too fast,
For anyone to begrudge...
A doing not done in those times in their past.
And those dismissed for being overly ambitious,
For being a jack of all trades and not masters of one...
Are no longer considered fools.
With a proving they can do many things to get done.

'You are just who we've been looking for.
Someone who has been exposed...
And can adapt with the wearing of many hats.'

~I was once told I could have been a president of a bank.~

'I used to be into titles too.
Aren't you glad you healed from such foolishness? '

~I was never into titles.
But I must confess to having an empathy for fools.~

'Good for you.
At least one of us is patient.
I like your style.
You are hired.
I hope you stay with us for a while.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

An Emptiness Collected (Things)

Things,
People pray for.
Things,
People have.
Things,
All around the people.
And things they have make them sad.
Things,
They ask of God to give.
Things,
They get don't please.
And when they realize it's not things they need...
That touch that is desired and wanted,
Has come to leave...
Them!
With their things!
And a generous offering,
Felt...
Of an emptiness collected!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

An Emptiness Felt

Many are discovering,
An emptiness felt...
From a quest to achieve,
Possessions obsessed.
Only to confess that quest,
Had been more appreciated...
When they believed success,
Was in the making of impressions.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

An Encouraged Growth

A seed to plant,
Is seldom unconsciously done...
Without a meant intention.

A mindset to feed it,
Will eventually expose...
What it has been fed.

Anyone refusing an encouraged growth,
While giving attention to the process of it...
To not admit to it being witnessed,
Seeks to be excused from their neglect.

A seed to plant,
Is seldom unconsciously done...
Without anyone acknowledging,
Their own involvement...
With its implementation.

Yet,
Denials are heard and accusations are made...
That 'they', ''them' and others who go nameless,
Were remembered to have been on the scene.

Although no one seems,
To know why 'they' were there with 'them'.
Or when an encouraged growth began.
And with time given to then claim not to notice.

A mindset to feed it will eventually expose,
What it has been fed.
Regardless who says,
It should not appear what it has become.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

An 'Encyclopedia' Salesman

'911.
Your emergency? '

There is a stranger at the door,
Threatening to harm our lives.
Please! PLEASE send the police quickly.

'Calm down.
Where is the stranger? '

Outside!
And...
Carrying books.

'Books? ? ? '

Yes! Yes!
He's claiming to be,
An 'encyclopedia' salesman.

'Are there any weapons? '

Yes!
I have several guns to protect myself.
But books to read I fear the most.
Please! PLEASE...
Send the police quickly.

'I'd be suspicious too!
We will send the police.'

Hurry.
He's going across the street,
Flipping through the pages...
Of one of the books.

'Calm down.
The police will be there shortly.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

An End To Divisiveness

An end to divisiveness...
And politics based on fear,
Is closing in.
This idealogy embraced for generations...
Has an opporitunity,
To finally disappear.

Those raised on us,
Versus 'they' and 'them' strategies...
To conquer and win.
Are witnessing those lapses of gaps,
Being bridged to seal...
A humanity fed on conflict.
A humanity fed on superiority motives...
Based on one's color of skin,
Coming to an end.

People sliced into diced pieces,
Now can fight to chase fears.
Sending that and other nonsense conflicts...
On a flight to forever vanish.
Sending it away to disappear.
If minds are allowed to awaken...
To remove the clouds from eyes,
To have their visions cleared.

Inspite those who will for purposes continue...
A desperate need,
To keep things falling apart.
To feed the delicious taste...
Of an evilness they've been fed to breed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

An Enriching Life To Live

Those awakening to find,
How refreshing it is to mind one's own business...
Discover themselves enjoying,
An enriching life to live.
And free they have become,
From believing what others do to be done...
Has more of an effective purpose,
If they are involved and sitting in the middle of it.

Those freed from this belief...
'I Must Give Of Myself Completely To Others'
Realize more time they have,
To prioritize their own interests.
Interests left neglected or ignored.
To awaken to choose not to do that anymore.

'I use to think of it as being selfish,
To sit and relax in my own home to condone it.
And to do what I please,
The moment I open my own door.
Knowing inside my peace of mind remains intact.
And a caring to do less,
Who believes my kept happiness is selfish.
Or that I suffer from an attack of insensitivity.'

~I wish I can do that.
But if I did others would become suspicious,
That the time I have given to them...
Not to do anymore,
Would be taken away to satisfy my own needs.~

'You don't want them to think that.
Oh no.
Afterall...
Who else would they impose upon,
To irritate and annoy...
Better than the one already accustomed to it?
Keep them addicted.

Who knows?
Some can not get enough of being thrown to the wolves.
It gives them more meaning to their lives.
Like one 'called' to provide this kind of sacrifice.
Being door mat just might be your ministry.'

~I hadn't thought of it like that.
I do have purpose.
I do.~

Those awakening to find,
How refreshing it is to mind one's own business...
Discover themselves enjoying,
An enriching life to live.
And free they have become,
From believing what others do to be done...
Has more of an effective purpose,
If they are involved and sitting in the middle of it.

'I was being sarcastic.'

~We all have our needs.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

An Entitlement One Receives

To stroll through one's life,
Avoiding patience as a need to accept...
Lessons to learn without exceptions,
Maybe difficult to understand...
For those young with wishes and dreams,
With kept beliefs freedom means...
They can see what they want,
And it is delivered upon command.

But for an adult seeking to achieve success,
With an objective to impress...
There is only one lesson to comprehend,
Anything wanted takes sacrificing to find...
To do to remove obstacles.
And doubts to overcome from time to time.

Failing to correct and eliminate mistakes made,
To not appreciate what it takes to create success...
While under pressure and stress,
And a dwindling of encouragement that gets less...
From those unmotivated to care about progess,
Success continues to be a perception believed...
Foolish are those who toil and sweat,
When success to get and flaunt amongst others...
Is an entitlement one receives,
Through the playing of numbers to win lotteries.

'I missed the 'big' one by four numbers.'

~How much money did you spend? ~

'I dare to mention it.
But I did empty my account,
By continuing to use the ATM machine.'

~I do the same thing when I go to the casinos.
Once or twice a month.~

'So I guess it's pointless,

To ask to borrow twenty dollars? '

~I only have ten until my next paycheck.~

'No problem, I'll take it.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

An Epidemic Gone Unadmitted

Has an epidemic gone unadmitted,
To become inflicted to permit and not resisted?

Immensely influenced I had been for many years.
With a belief my love and appreciation for others,
Was an activity noticed to welcome as received.
Knowing without question,
My devotion and commitment had been believed.

Has an epidemic gone unadmitted,
To become inflicted to permit and not resisted?

But it takes just one,
With a disease to disrespect with an infesting done...
That makes anyone do an effective self-evalutaion.
By reaching a conclusion to prevent an advantage meant,
To abuse one taken for granted and with intent.

Has an epidemic gone unadmitted,
To become inflicted to permit and not resisted?

Only those taking steps,
With a realization...
A truth accepted can no longer be neglected.
To leave a suspected abuse refused,
A continued doing by someone without a consciousness.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

An Epidemic That Has Diseased

The best way to bring an end,
To an epidemic that has diseased...
Mentalities,
Is to put the origin of it...
Under spotlight to be scrutinized.
Allowing everyone to stop,
Their assumptions done.
With belief this illness began,
From an unknown source.
To become clearly seen,
As a condition many will discover...
Had been effectively home grown!
But not shown,
In such a public and humiliating way.

'This...
Is an embarrassment,
To my kept values.
I'm appalled by it all.'

-Oh...
You have yet to see it all.
This is just the beginning,
Of what promises to be...
A detailed presentation.-

'Why are you handing out,
Buckets to 'some' of the people? '

-By the end of it,
You're going to need something...
To hold the vomit.
There is not one demographic,
That hasn't been deceived.
In ways you will not believe.-

'We have all come to find cures.'

-I'm sure.

But the core of the problem,
And how it had been implemented...
May include,
Some very familiar faces.
Many you might remember,
Smiling as they patted you...
On the back.-

'Why are you leaving me,
With two buckets?
And winking? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

An Escalation Of Defense

There seems to be one conversation,
That has no end.
A threat of fear.
And an escalation of defense...
To keep it from coming near.
As we become more aware,
It is best to protect ourselves...
From our own next door neighbors.
With the allowance of deceit and distrust,
To rush many of us to seek shelter...
Away from those real enemies imposed and intended.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

An Established Connection

You will find me,
With my presence felt.
Without difficulty.
Since we've already made,
An established connection.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

An Exchange Of Values Have Come To Upset

Obtaining gold and diamonds,
Is still prioritized...
In those minds that can not accept,
An exchange of values have come to upset...
The status quo with depth and purpose.

Just to have 'things' to present an image,
Seems to be on the wane for those drained...
And doing the best they can,
To recover from the quick presence of reality.
Many had never met reality so personalized before.
And the experience has been breathtaking.

Even though...
Obtaining gold and diamonds,
Is still prioritized...
In those minds that can not accept,
An exchange of values have come to upset...
The status quo with depth and purpose,
There still remain those...
Clinging onto their delusions,
Since this is the only reality they know!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

An Excuse I Am Making

There are many people who value their bad habits.
I know.
I am one of them.
But the ones who once had them to rid,
Are the people I dislike the most.
Especially the ones who brag,
About making up their minds to quit...
Anything that was habit forming but brought harm,
To their bodies.
How do they know my body isn't craving the taste,
For nicotine?
They don't know this.
AND...
It is 'not' an excuse I am making to continue to smoke!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

An Existence Witnessed

What is it that makes,
Hearts to break.
With pains that ache.
To heal as if assisting,
A suffering to feel...
Until it goes away.

An existence witnessed.

What is it that creates,
The trees and grass...
And time to pass as it has.

An existence witnessed.

What is it that takes,
Fresh air to breathe...
To then eliminate it from all to leave.

An existence witnessed.

Why is it that 'we' hesitate,
To express and do it to celebrate...
An existence witnessed,
Claimed with faith to appreciate.

'I keep praying for a job that pays.
I keep praying for more money to save.
I keep praying for those 'things' to have.
I keep praying for 'something'...
Something that thrills,
To make me happy, excited and not so sad.'

What is it that makes,
Hearts to break.
With pains that ache.
To heal as if assisting,
A suffering to feel...
Until it goes away.

An existence witnessed,
Taken for granted and often betrayed.
With an expectation what is given,
Comes from flattery.
And mouth watering praise.
An existence invisible,
Some feel and know it when they pray.
With faith that stays devoted.
Regardless of storms, blowing winds,
Or seas of high waves.

'I keep praying for a job that pays.
I keep praying for more money to save.
I keep praying for those 'things' to have.
I keep praying for 'something'...
Something that thrills,
To make me happy, excited and not so sad.'

An existence some claim is witnessed,
But taken for granted and often betrayed.
With an expectation what is given,
Comes from flattery.
And mouth watering praise.

What is it that creates,
The trees and grass...
And time to pass as it has.

An existence witnessed.

What is it that makes,
Hearts to break.
With pains that ache.
To heal as if assisting,
A suffering to feel...
Until it goes away.

An existence to be witnessed.
Felt to feel to know it real.
An existence to be witnessed,
By those who have from it...

Have had every aspect,
Of their lives to mend and heal again.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

An Exit That Is Not Mistaken

When I am sincere with a giving of a compliment,
I do not patronize...
With a wish to extend false flattery.
I do not attempt to appease egos.
I've been taught that lesson well.

If I 'do' patronize,
With a doing of that done...
I am quick to leave to exit,
Once I believe the fee paid...
Has been worthy of the performance,
I consider as a determining factor...
For an exit that is not mistaken.
I do not go back through those doors,
For more of the same to receive.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

An Experience To Remember

One's feeling of an experience to remember,
Is difficult to share to have it kept cemented.
With attempts to comment or mention it,
Amongst those not there to know what it meant.
Nor should it make a difference,
If no one had expressed with intent an interest.

And the ones not there aware of it to experience,
Should not become offended with it done to do...
When one's experience is revealed and meaningful too,
To have had those in the past perceive...
A benefit received that had not been mentioned by one,
Would not have been believed if it was!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

An Extra-Curricular Activity

Anyone who has grown accustomed to opposition,
Is more than likely not the one to empathize with those...
Who had once done their best to undermine the efforts,
Of the ones they had intentionally advocated with protest...
To ignore when they came with messages,
That today affect their survival.
Some perceive truth as being an extra-curricular activity,
To do as if the importance of it will never be effective.
Like an elective one can dismiss if one chooses.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

An Eye Opener

When people are given positions,
To perceive they have become...
Authorities that can select as they please,
What truth is to be allowed.
And from it distort a reality to deceive.
Are those same people,
Discovering to find themselves...
Quicker to be dispensed and replaced,
By the ones they were made to disgraced.
But sought because these days people seek,
Others known to have faced opposition.
With a doing of it shown,
To be unafraid or intimidated by positions given.
Or titles worn by those adorning them...
Without identity or substance to benefit anyone.
Anyone wanting to hear truth as it is and it done.

'Uh...
We requested your presence to let you know,
Your comments we found to have been...
Extremely offensive to us then.'

~Comeon get to the point.
I aint got time for this.~

'That's what we love about you.
We've missed your honesty.
We are hoping you will accept our apology.
And consider with us,
Staying to remain truthful? '

~What would be the incentive? ~

'Letting us know,
When our pretentiousness gets on your nerves.
And with a salary we hope you accept.'

~That's going to require a lot of overtime.
And a life long commitment.

Maybe I can do this,
On a consultation basis?
No money you have is going to drive me crazy.~

'We accept.
Anything you think will get us more respect,
Is appreciated.'

~I may be calling you idiots for a while.~

'No problem.
Our request to have you here,
Has already proven to us to be an eye opener.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

An Honest Self Examination

I am not one to assess another's flaws,
With wishes they perceive my view of life.
I can not say who should rid themselves of them,
To correct themselves to make things for them right.

An honest self examination that self assesses,
Delivers to one an insight.
And if one lives in fear of honesty...
Any heard believed is a critique of their beliefs,
Does not bring them peace of mind...
But keeps them in a state that makes them uptight.

And I have rescued myself from being judge and jury.
I possess an insight that was not achieved overnight.
And I am going to feel blessed.
I can not feel I've been delivered with abilities to assess.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

An Honesty Is Felt And Seen

You think a truth revealed,
Can be from some withheld.
You think a truth revealed,
Can be from some withheld.

You say the people don't re-act the way you expect.
But...
You think a truth revealed,
Can be from some withheld.

Any 'thing' said to you upsets and affects,
'Cause...
You think a truth revealed,
Can be from some withheld.
You think a truth revealed,
Can be from some withheld.

And you can't accept an honesty is felt and seen.

You think a truth revealed,
Can be from some withheld.
You think a truth revealed,
Can be from some withheld.

You say the people don't re-act the way you expect.
But...
You think a truth revealed,
Can be from some withheld.
You think a truth revealed,
Can be from some withheld.
You think a truth revealed,
Can be from some withheld.

And you can't accept an honesty is felt and seen.

You think a truth revealed,
Can be from some withheld.

And you can't accept an honesty is felt and seen.

You think a truth revealed,
Can be from some withheld.
You think a truth revealed,
Can be from some withheld.
You think a truth revealed,
Can be from some withheld.

And you can't accept...
An honesty is felt and seen.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

An Honesty Kept Within

No longer can anyone,
Live a life to apply standards and rules.
With them to obey and not refuse laws,
Cemented in concrete to remain forever true.
In these days those old ways are fading quick.
Expressing indifferences has witnessed shifts.

An honesty kept within ourselves,
Has begun to surface.
An honesty kept within ourselves,
Has many exposing a life is sought...
To clarify meaning and purpose.

Judgements to pass are diminishing fast.
And those who had in the past criticized,
Find themselves now the ones critiqued.
Preferences to prioritize with beliefs to keep,
Have today taken a backseat...
If not abandoned to leave in the streets.

An honesty kept within ourselves,
Is a soul that remains no one can exchange.
An honesty kept within ourselves,
God has given regardless who claims...
They have the power to decide outside themselves,
A doing done they can explain.
No one can. Even with a name to change.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

An If Wished

Tomorrow comes too often,
To one listening to promises unfulfilled.
Today thoughts are delayed,
For decisions that aren't made.
And yesterday takes the blame,
When an IF wished...
Is replayed!

Aborted are actions,
Awaiting satisfactions...
As distractions take centerstage,
For delusions.

Conclusions never come,
To do the right thing that should be done.
Leaving happiness a myth,
For those bewildered...
By opportunities missed sent adrift!

Tomorrow comes too often,
To one listening to promises unfulfilled.
Today thoughts are delayed,
For decisions that aren't made.
And yesterday takes the blame,
When an IF wished...
Is replayed!

Like someone stuck in the pursuit of youth,
Applying denials diminished of truth...
Baiting as they wait,
To marinate in compliments,
Aging as time fades.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

An Ignorance To Keep Is Extremely Expensive

As difficult as it appears to be,
Remaining positive has...
Eventual benefits,
From a negativity...
That seems to be an undefeatable beast.
Beasts kept awake,
With betrayals to create...
Do not sleep.

Notice to know this...
Even though crime and corruption,
Blatant theft and deception...
Domestic violence,
With mental and physical abuse on the rise.
And lieing politicians,
Protected by loopholes in laws they create.
Hypocrites with professed religious beliefs,
Demonstrate a hatred towards those that don't...
See God in the way claimed to be,
Accepted by a popularity of propaganda.
For the purpose to separate and divide,
Those who celebrate the downslide of life.

Know this...
Before taking a brick and throwing it,
To break every window...
In a business that supplies your every need,
On a daily basis.
And owned by someone,
You have been led to believe is your enemy.
Know this...
Before taking a brick and throwing it,
To perceive this will relieve YOUR frustrations.
And medicated to drug your anxieties.
Know this and keep it noticed...
As difficult as it appears to be,
Remaining positive has...
Eventual benefits,
From a negativity...

That seems to be an undefeatable beast.
With a keeping of that beast pleased to know...
That someday you will pay for your ignorance.
And an ignorance to keep...
Is 'extremely' expensive.
Ask anyone indebted to regrets.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

An Imitation Of Life To Live

No one is obligated to tolerate,
Anyone's excuses made...
With a repeated doing to make.
Or the thoughtlessness of self-indulgence,
Many have been taught...
For them this is okay.

Not even a spoiled child,
Growing up to remain undisciplined...
Should be given the benefit,
Of a restrained doubt allowed...
With this done to play out,
As an imitation of life to live.

'Stop it.
You are scaring me.
Why are you looking at me that way?
With your lips twisted biting your lips.
And with your eyes squenching,
As if targeted on me to do something quick.'

~Step on my toes again! ~

'Your voice!
It's...it has changed.'

~Step,
On my toes.
To do it...
One more time! ~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

An Impatience Of One Patient

Toss away productions,
Of those sagas that you sob.
And needless seduction,
That reeks of deceit.
To leave an impatience,
Of one patient.
But losing the sensation.

Don't fiddle with my tweedle dee dee.
Then gong your performance when the end comes along.
Don't fiddle with my tweedle dee dee,
Then gong.
And don't pluck on pity too strong too long.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

An Impossible Task

The only ones to become disappointed,
Over how others have lived their lives...
Are those who had lied to create,
Delusions to tell that were never true.
To have what others did to do,
Found and discovered to not have been done.
To leave the ones becoming disappointed,
Scrutinized by those believing such lies...
Doing the best they can to eliminate their criticisms,
From those they character assassinated with shame.
To lay the blame on those they 'now' claim...
As living their lives trying to hide from facts.
Facts those who lied but did not realize existed.

'We had no idea such facts existed.
And we apologize for our ignorance.'

~And...
What is it you expect from me?
A pretending of an understanding?
Or rejecting the proof,
That 'my' reality has never been genuine? ~

'Is it possible?
That would for us be a relief.
You see...
Those of us who believed those lies told on you,
Feel we now are the fools.
And having those feelings felt so personal,
Is not a comfort most of us are accustomed to.'

~Oh?
But I am, right?
IF you knew 'anything' at all about me,
You would have known I am not a magician.
Attempts to undo your stupidity,
Would be an impossible task.
And 'that' I know not to take personal.
Even though, in numbers,

You are better represented.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

An Innocent Knock On A Random Door

Everything else accepted and treated,
Seems to shelter
A madness gone undeleted.
The ceasing of insanity,
Is not prioritized.
And an increasing amount of it
Appears as if encouraged.
And delivered to gift one unsuspecting
They may have become the winner,
Of a surprising door prize.

People have no idea,
What an innocent knock
On a random door may return to give.
Or if a gun aimed at someone
Is or is not loaded.

'I'm sorry.
I thought you were the landlord,
Requesting I pay the rent.
And this month
I was hoping to get an extension.
Something we both could agree and accept.
Without too much of a hassle.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

An Insight Enlightened

When you get tired of flying,
Let go and untie from the kite.
With rest to get whenever you like.
A flight kept to ride,
May lose the excitement...
Of one's appetite.

When you have tired of soaring more,
Just untie from the kite.
Done to do to get another view.
And one that might clear,
A sight that brightens...
When unexpected clouds disappear.

Sometimes from the ground,
With a backstep taken...
One gets a better view,
Of a horizon that captures...
Aspects of life diverse and multi-faceted.

Sometimes sitting down to look around,
Has a better affect on one's perception.
Connecting to a direction,
One had not expected to discover success.
Especially without stretching one's neck,
Seeking it in skies of blue.

Sometimes it takes,
Stepping aside from flying high.
Sometimes it takes,
Packing up that kite.
And cutting loose the strings,
To use them to wrap around that kite tight.

And...
And sometimes it just takes,
Redoing one's made steps to reflect...
When patience became less tolerated.
To notice this to find,

Success is not attached to a kite.
But to a mind that has begun,
To have a hindsight broaden...
By an insight enlightened and quieted,
From interacting with distractions.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

An Intentional Attack

People primarily,
Know what they do through gossip.
To be confronted with reality...
Some become stunned and upset by it.

This leaves them feeling defenseless.
Trying to make sense,
Between delusion and what exists.
And for them this is an intentional attack,
On their pretensions.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

An Interest Kept To Keep

It's not what you've got in your pockets,
You want me to find.
But it's all up in your mind,
And the time that you give is mine.

I want to know when you're with me,
You'll stay focused.
With it shown and noticed...
To share an interest kept to keep.

Whether you had millions or a rusty dime,
It would matter more if you could use your mind.
And we would spend the time together knowing we'll find,
An interest kept to keep.

Don't give me nonsense without logic.
Or waste my time losing energy.
Give me something I need wont leave,
With an interest kept to keep.

It's not what you've got in your pockets,
You want me to find.
But it's all up in your mind,
And the time that you give is mine.

Don't waste my time with a bunch of nonsense.
And logic you want believed.
It's my mind that's more in need,
Of an interest kept to keep.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

An Intricate Part Of Economics

If fraud was eliminated,
From playing an intricate part of economics...
The use of delusion would not exist.
Manipulated minds would not find,
Hospitals as institutions to cure their illinesses.
Bankers would not charge,
Such exorbitant interest rates...
To build and create tremendous monolithic monuments.
If fraud was eliminated,
From playing an intricate part of economics.

And...
If corruption was not celebrated,
By those self righteous selling images...
Of themselves being celebrated as reflections of GOD,
And churches were not visited to symbolize materialism...
As a direct way to pray to obtain a feeling of success,
Taxes paid to increase what's in the pockets of thieves...
Would leave all who believe the achieving of happiness,
Depends on the taking of medication to decrease and numb...
The effects of mental stress

Lawrence S. Pertillar

An Obvious Admission

Nothing anyone does with honest intentions,
Is done with malice to achieve...
The getting of attention.
That kind of masquerading is seldom belabored.
I have never met someone,
Who approached to speak to me honestly...
And did it with intent to bring me harm.
Only the inexperienced,
Would perceive someone who has aged...
Has never been fooled to be duped or tricked before.
Unless they walked around with a sign that read:
'Please Help Me Awaken From My Delusions.'
This, I would think, is an obvious admission.
At least a clue that should not confuse the issue.

However...I will say this to admit,
Very few people today are that sincere...
To make it their purpose,
With it done to make understood and clear...
The only objective they have is to respect others.
And if the doing is not accepted,
I have not met anyone yet expressing a desire...
With attempts to convince me,
Of something from them I did not feel...
That has left 'my' doing to leave them offended.
Since I need no assistance to recognize honesty.
When I arrived to know it for myself,
I became freed from soliciting it from anyone else.
Or have it defined.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

An Obviousness In The Existence

Relatively speaking,
All that had connected once to relevance...
And related with clarity,
Is today no longer relevant with significance...
To all the represents,
An obviousness in the existence that appears...
Of disparities viewed as character weaknesses.
And dismissed is the feeding of complete ignorance.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

An Obviousness That Is Set Into Motion

When it becomes easier to belittle,
Someone's achievements...
From a hidden jealousy,
And for despiteful reasons.
That begins to expose an obviousness!
An obviousness that is set into motion.

An unintended and indirect promotion begins.
And degrading patronizing statements made,
Only propels those who excell...
To a wider appeal with more adulation.
With character assassinations,
Dooming the ones who initiate them.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

An Open Conversation

Everyone has been heard.
And many feel undeserving,
Of the unexpected outcome.
That upsets a protected,
Deluded way of life...
For too long accepted.

But what has occurred,
Is a curve that touches nerves.
And for the first time,
Everyone is found together...
Awakening to find,
One thing finally in common.
An open conversation...
About a decision made,
That has potential to end...
Created divisions between them.

'This road taken,
Is not as bumpy as I expected.'

-What did you expect?
The same familiar regrets.
And people you have yet met.
To accept opinions made about them.
To now find reality to discover,
Has changed your mind? -

'Not only that.
But my once kept biases,
I lived completely...
Detached from the facts.'

-Welcome back to humanity.
As it was meant to be.
Collectively discussed.
And the color of one's skin,
Has nothing to do...
With who should get more,

Or less respect.-

Lawrence S. Pertillar

An Opportunity To Leave You Alone

Why didn't I tell you before?
I did.
But I was not dressed the part.
I was not the vision you expected.
And your listening ended quickly.

I've been telling you.
But the familiarity of my voice...
Had not sweetened with deception.
And you became impressed,
By those who were at their best,
Expressing a falseness.
I addressed...
To your vacant eyes!

Now you find yourself completely duped.
And I don't understand that.
Since you were the one,
Who chose that life to live.

Did you not tell me,
To 'keep the faith? '
And maintain my realities?

I have.
Thanks for the advice.
And an opportunity to leave you alone.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

An Oral Examination

How on Earth was it feasibly possible,
That someone riding on a jetski...
Able to get off because of being standed,
AND walk across two runways...
At one of the busiest airports in the world.
And...
Keep this in mind,
Go undetected.

Remember...
This is an oral examination.
Your responses will determine,
Our decision as to who should be selected...
To become the next security advisor..

Number one?
Your answer is...?

'I did my understudy work at Harvard.
And I obtained my Master's Degree in Physics,
Recently at Yale.'

Oookay! ? And...
Number two?
Can you be a bit 'more' specific?

'I've never been on a jetski.
But I've heard they can go really, really fast.'

Number three?
And please do not take this personally.
If you happen to feel offended...
Don't cuss us out and roll your eyes,
Okay?
We only want to hire the best one for the job.

'I understand.'

Good.

Number three...
It is an accepted myth you people can not swim.
With a preference to lay out on the beach,
To drink beer and eat fried chicken.
Now...
We have reviewed your excellent credentials,
So 'hopefully' you have a response that is more direct.

'Well...
I am willing to bet,
IF the jetskier was stranded...
AND walked across two runways,
Wearing a bright yellow vest...
To expose both arms and chest,
This individual had to have been...
A goodlooking Black or Hispanic man,
Who attracted those viewing him...
Through binoculars.
AND...
Those manning the security system,
Were highly impressed!
Unless...
All were awaiting with expectations,
This was the start of a fashion show.'

Geeessshh!
You ARE correct!
However...
We will have to disqualify you,
Based upon our security concerns.

'Which are...
What? '

Don't take this personally,
But I am sure you will understand.
Because of our immediated security concerns,
We preferand seek...
A caucasian.

'You what? '

To ensure 'our' interests stay prioritized and protected.
However...
If you'd like to apply for a manitenance position,
We can set you up for an interview.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

An Understanding Understood

If we could just replace to rid
All facelifts.
And return to basics.
With them prioritized.
To realize and stop,
The running away from fear.
And doubts...
Kept kicked and knocked about.
All of us would discover,
The expense it is...
Paying the cost to avoid,
Annoying consequences...
We permit with our ignorance.
Only if we permitted ourselves,
To close our mouths to listen.
Before we open them to respond,
To something...
We neither gave attention,
Undivided to comprehend.
Nor heard what was said,
To connect with it...
An understanding understood.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

An Unexpected Seasonal Phenomenon

Whether to be acknowledged or not.
With the hopes that the hiding of it,
Behind huge camouflaged and painted drops...
To be disguised as frost bearing trees.
The truth...
As it will 'always' be,
That which is too tremendous...
To be changed from being what it is!
And only those afraid to confront it,
Will attempt to make the truth seem...
An unexpected seasonal phenomenon.

'Aren't those the same trees,
We've seen year after year...
And appearing never to change?
Or lose its leaves?
We are in the midst of Winter.
What 'gives' with them? '

~Well...
Taking another perspective,
Think of them this way...
What else do they have in common with life? ~

'I did not come here to be quizzed.
Or have my beliefs tested.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

An Unknown Flows From Poets

An unknown flows from poets.
Stirring to bestow,
An insight from within them that grows.
Imaginations connecting thoughts.
Bringing to behold fresh concepts.
And interpretating simplicity...
With such a wit and depth one sees.
Respecting language and its use.
Seductively introducing minds,
To explore other avenues produced...
A poet finds to induce in time.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

An Unmentioned Intention

If I stopped to qualify the love I felt for you...
You would not feel it as I'd wish you do!
Busy would I be describing emotions meant.
You'd see me in frustrations sent...
Explaining each line of a changing document.
Each time a change occurred,
An amendment scratched...
Attached to blur an unmentioned intention.
Replacing 'that' with yet another fact.
If I stopped to qualify this love for you...
It would keep us distant.
And you would not believe it,
If it goes unknown.
Leaving us to live alone with it not shown!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

An Unquestioned Oasis

I have been taught and trained by the best.
Especially those who had left me,
Feeling emotionally abandoned on deserts.
And what I felt inside for them eventually died,
I realized trying to protect to go undetected...
The heat I felt and the flow of tears,
Was a useless and pointless thing to do...
Since the faith I kept and those forward steps I made,
Proved to me there was a difference between...
My wants and needs and desire to achieve.
What I wanted was a companion I could always trust.
And I didn't need anyone who believed deceiving was a must.
To heal with a clearing of my eyes to reveal,
Experiences to learn from lessons taught...
That has brought upon me a passion igniting a fire.
And...
Has delivered an unquestioned oasis of lasting happiness.

'You appear to have conquered your demons.'

They are still there and I am aware of them.
And as long as I know this to notice,
I no longer confuse what it is I want...
To be teased by the evilness of those doing misdeeds.
I've set my wishes at a higher priority.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

And After I Take My Midnight Pee

The more I become satisfied...
I am no longer dissatisfied,
With a life I had taken for granted.
I feel an aloneness without complaints.
I feel a clarity disconnected,
From those who bitch!

It is as if my gratefulness,
I should hide and protect!
What if I am suspected...
Of a happiness accepted?
And a smile I flaunt,
Becomes a threat the desperate want?

Tossing and turning as I attempt to sleep...
Haunted by taunts,
My good feeling is about to be taken away by thieves!
So I get up to inspect my peacefulness.
Hoping to hold onto it for as long as I can!
And after I take my midnight pee...
I light a cigarette and have a cup of coffee.
Sitting I wonder...
'Why?
Why do I,
Feel so damn good about my life? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

And Changed The Title Of It

I have this theory...
IF I wrote one poem,
And change the title of it...
Several times,
No one...
Would know the difference.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

And I Know It's Me!

I've been looking for your replacement.
But that seems not likely to happen,
Anytime soon.

And I know it's me!

I say I've been seeking companionship.
To anyone who cares to listen.
To anyone who believes it,
I'll even repeat.
That I wish to have my lover's place...
Taken away,
By another...
Laying naked and waiting,
Upon 'our' sheets!

Where you and I would make love so good...
It left us wet.
And weakened until we slept.

'I don't think so! '
I know in my mind.
But my lips say to others...
'I'm ready to go now.
I'm not feeling too well.
Maybe I've had too much...
Wine?
I'm sure I will be fine.
And we can dine some other time? '

I've been looking for your replacement.
But that seems not likely to happen,
Anytime soon.

And I know it's me!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

And So...That's The Way It Is

Hi.
I haven't see you around these parts,
In quite a few years.
I was told you had been ostracized,
Because of comments you made...
Many back in those days found quite offensive.

'I was!
But...
Every now and then,
I would come back heavily disguised.
I wanted to keep myself abreast of the fresh gossip.
And who were those deceiving in discreet,
With their lies.'

I am surprised not to see you in masquerade.
Aren't you a little bit concerned, apprehensive and afraid?

'I must admit,
I began my charade dressed in a politian's outfit.
With shined shoes and a taylored suit.
And my dreads ties back.
As to not to have them hanging loose.

When suddenly there came a voice in my ear...
That said to watch the news on TV.
BEFORE you leave the peace you keep.
Stay to listen and watch with eyes cleared.

And to my amazement,
Those that had despised and ostracized me...
Were fighting amongst themselves.
And this was on national TV.

Not for a moment...
Did I hesitate to come and personally see.
I had to get up and as close to this.
Sometimes things shown on TV...
Are not to be believed.

Why are they allowed in a crowd,
To beat upon themselves? '

It was decided just this morning,
A new law would be passed.
And if anyone saw someone suspicious...
They would do their best to address that fast.

'And that is why they are swinging fists like that? '

They saw who were the culprits...
And with the law behind them,
They reacted to it...
As if their eyes were opened quick!
And so...
That's the way it is!
Amongst themselves they fight like kids.

'I remembered when you and I,
Were profiled and followed...
And proclaimed threats and spies.'

There has been a shift in their interests.

'I see.
And so...
That's the way it is! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

And The Boys

There are,
Girls loving girls.
And...
Boys sharing their toys as decoys.
And they...
Make it okay,
To...
Do it their way today.

Girls saying...
They don't have to have a man,
To reach for an understanding.
And...
They've made it okay today,
To...
Have it their way.

And the boys...
Do down low under the sheets.
Playing ball where they please,
In discreet.
As the girls say,
They don't have to have a man,
To reach for an understanding.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

And The King Of Pop Receives His Rest

He felt the pain.
But sought the beauty within it.
Alone in fame.
He stood on peaks no one has known.

Giving unselfishly to those who slander,
Who would not let him rest.
And scandalize to steal peace and popularity...
They assisted in his untimely death.
And the world weeps.
Yes!

As deceivers bleed from misdeeds planted,
Eternally!
With souls unseen but screaming.
In a deafness invisible yet felt.
And the King of Pop,
Receives his rest...
Redeemed!

In Tribute:
Michael Joseph Jackson
Prince of Peace
'He lived and enjoyed the giving of it! '
~LSP~
Thank you. Thank you, Michael.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

And The Lord Said...

And the Lord said...
'I wish you all stop bothering me.
Pestering me with your foolishness.
Do you think I have time to waste...
Listening to your complaints,
And pettiness day in and night too?
Do you realize I am tired...
Of all the crap you all want to dump,
In my lap?
Do not call upon me again for two weeks!
I am on a much needed vacation! '

~The Lord did not say that to you! ~

Didn't we agree that God spoke to each
And everyone of us in strange and mysterious ways?

~Yeah...
True that!
But the Lord did not say that to you.
'Cause He told me to ignore you,
Anytime you wanted to quote what He said.
And for me not to take you to Vegas...
Since you always trying to put words in His mouth!
And He's going to deal with you,
When He comes back from a vacation...
Near the Greek Islands! ~

Why are you lieing?
I know for a fact,
He has taken two weeks a year...
Every year for centuries.
To do clean up work behind hypocrites like you!

~And who are you calling a hypocrite?
I am closer to God than you are! ~

No you're not!

~Yes I am! ~

No, you're not!

~Yes I am! ~

'AND this is what I have to listen to...
24/7! Seven days a week!
365 days a year!
Over and over and over and over...'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

And Then...They All Awakened

And then...
They all awakened,
To realize time did not keep them...
From an aging to save their youthful glows.
No.

It wasn't time that kept them in stages,
Hestitating to prolong their procrastinations...
To delay in persistant waiting,
For that clock to tick tock to that hour wished...
For that snap that would crackle a flame to start,
With a heat to jolt them out of their delusions.
Held onto and firmly gripped.
As they stared afraid,
That a slipping from this would leave them panicked in fits.

And all benefits wished would vanish quick!
No!
Time had nothing to do with it.
Or the ticking of it manmade loudly heard...
Within a twenty-four hour period!

People choose to use excuses as their prerequisites.
To drift further away from those required subjects,
One needs to learn and master.
To satisfy sacrifices made to witness seeing,
Those tasks devoted to finally bloom as groomed.

And...
Sure enough!
They all began to awaken to realize,
Time did not keep them...
Away from their wishes or abilities to see completed.
No!
Time did not keep them away from aspirations,
To get them done.
No!
Time had been given to everyone.

But...
Unlike some who did not need an alarm to stun,
To run as if to catch-up.
No!
However...
There are the ones who have been left behind,
Disbelieving no more time is there for them to come.

And although a 'no' is certain...
For anyone who keeps a running to catch-up done.
Especially when an awakening comes...
To anyone who knows,
Time is of little importance...to influence with significance.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

And There Will Be No Overnight

Blatant disrespect accepted to tolerate,
Leads to an escalation of other outrageous behavior...
Too many ignored with a hope it is a phase,
That will from them will fade.

But as witnessed today more of it is allowed to stay.
As a kept strict discipline has been swept away.
And condoned by 'adults' who seem to be afraid to be adults...
In responsible ways yet escape from being held accountable.
With a defense that belabors to burden further,
On shoulders of those mature already carrying weighted loads.
Enduring through an absence of a quality of life that lacks,
Far too few...
Standing on their feet and supported by strenghtened backs.

And some perceive they have a right to do as they please and like.
Although increasingly on the scene are minds lost and out of sight!
Gone.
And there will be no overnight to correct to make right the madness.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

And To All A Jolly Merry Christmas

Sleigh bells ring,
Are you listening?

Christmas approaches.
And toys advertised and marketed,
To purchase and wrap...
To be found and discovered,
Under carefully decorated Christmas Trees...
Are as follows...

What about a nice pair of handcuffs,
For little Sarah and Johnnie?
To look as real as real can get.

Or...
Digitally programmed and automatic,
High powered guns?
That should be fun!
To wound with 'plastic' pellets,
With an inflicting done to our favorite pets.

And don't forget,
The latest video games...
Depicting the maiming and beheading,
Of suspected terrorists.
With names applied to ensure they fit.

OR perhaps a customed designed TSA outfit?
Equipped with instructions on how to legally fondle...
Passengers,
Prior to boarding domestic flights!
Children can grope the nieghborhood kids.
Getting approval and making this right!

And to all,
A Jolly Merry Christmas.
With safe and peacefully slept nights.

Sleigh bells ring,

Are you listening?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

And When I Turned Towards The Light

And...
When I turned towards the 'Light',
It was a brightness...
Never had I witnessed before.

Never had I witnessed such beauty inviting.
And connecting inside me right.

Wonderful was the experience.
Feeding every aspect,
Of my Earthly appetite.
I grew beyond excited.

And...
When I turned towards the 'Light',
I became a part of it.
I became thrill and delighted without a fear to invite.

Or...
Ever again was I to feel,
Any memory of being frightened.

This 'Light' and enery fed all my needs instantly.
And I knew,
Begging for what I wanted was never again to be.
It was as if,
For eternity I would exist with 'it'...
This 'Light'.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

And Yet

And yet...
I can't forget,
How we met.
I'm haunted by that meeting.
And yet...
I have regrets,
How I left...
With you still in my heart.

And yet...
I can not let,
You sit and feel...
I don't know what is real.
Because...
If not for you,
I would not hurt...
Like I do!

And yet...
I have regrets,
How I left...
With you still in my heart.
Because...
If not for you,
I would not hurt...
Like I do!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

And Yet We Sit In Accepted Procrastination

The time we are given to do what it is,
Seems...
Isn't enough.
It does not seem enough.

The time we are given to do those things,
We wish for us someday would bring...
To appear as if through the thinnest of air.
Seems...
Isn't enough.
For us it just doesn't seem enough.

And yet we sit in accepted procrastination.
Hesitating with that time we get...
To make excuses,
For not doing that what is wished.
Or making plans to have it fit,
With that time given,
To allow it.

The time we are given to do what it is,
Seems...
Isn't enough.
It does not seem enough.
But a wasting of it many do not admit.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

And You Say I Am Not The Giving Kind

I offend you?
Good.
But, please...
Do not attribute my giving,
As a charitable act.
I would have contributed that anyway,
To assist you with this acknowledgement...
If I had not offended you,
Who would have taken time to do it?
You didn't think about that did you?
I know!

But all you want to do is to accuse me of being abusive.
Self-centered, mean and cruel.
Have I ever been that selfish?
No!
When I am angry about anything,
Aren't you the first one I come to...
To express it?
Yes.
And you say I am not the giving kind.
Oh...
The thought of you thinking that appalls me!

I offend you?
Good.
At least you know I remain devoted.
Name any of your true friends who can say that?
Among your friends I bet there is more than one,
Who secretly wishes to be offended.
And here I am...giving you that AND in abundance.

And you say I am not the giving kind.
Oh...
The thought of you thinking that appalls me!
Yes.
I am 'A' with a 'P' palled ya'll.
And,
Admittedly sensitive.

I am 'A' as I can be with a 'P' and palled.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

And You.....Are There!

I am here.
And you.....are there!
Isn't the air between us fresh?
Isn't it best,
Left that way?
Keeping it fresh.
And hoping it stays!
Doesn't it feel earned?
As if something like a lesson kept...
Has been taught and learned.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

And, Like The Wind

Free to love
Free to suffer
Free to heal
Free to cover
All of the pain,
Within me that remained
And free to pretend,
Nothing has changed

Free to laugh
Free to cry
Free to accept
And,
Free to deny.
I had gambled,
On love again!
But,
Like a wind
I-am-free,
To go.

Free to love
But,
Like a wind
I-am-free,
To go!

But,
Like a wind
I-am-free,
To go!

Free to laugh.
Free to cry.
Free to accept.
And,
Free to deny.
I had gambled,
On love again!

But,
Like a wind
I-am-free,
To go.

But,
Like a wind
I-am-free,
To go!

But,
Like a wind
I-am-free,
To go!

And,
Like the wind
I-am-free,
To go!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

And, So What! ?

If I did not know,
Releasing myself from my own issues...
And problems to make attempts to let them go,
I would still be blaming my kept insecurities...
On someone else to accuse.
With belief that those who critiqued my efforts,
Did it with intent...
To prevent me from doing what I choose.
And some do. AND, so what! ?

No one has ever approached me,
With an offer to pay all my bills.
Or has yet to say, 'Here. Take my winning lottery ticket.'

And today,
Those insecurities I sought to seek confirmed...
I have learned,
There are just too many with their own dysfunctions.
And grateful I am I 'now' understand,
My efforts to make need only my appreciation.
Since someone, somewhere will do anything to prove,
Whatever it is I choose to do...
Will never satisfy to meet their approval. And, so what!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

And, The Moral Of This Story Is...

And,
The moral of this story is...
No matter what is done to improve your stride,
Your wish to achieve a success respected...
Will be considered a foolish move,
Amongst those who have lost direction.
As well as their sense of dignity.
Or a pride they have chosen to deny.

Any sign of decadence,
Has proven to be the choice...
Of those wishing to survive,
In a world that has become senseless!
Especially for the ones,
Believing themselves to be making forward movement.
And this they do,
As if 'right' is on their side!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

And, Yet...Once Again

And, yet...
Once again,
Our severe pain to feel...
Without given time to mend or heal.
Is revisited as if,
The uselessness to express it...
Seems another excuse to confess.
And yet...
Once again we find ourselves,
Placing blame and accusations.
As we continue to defend,
The comfort of our kept ignorance.
To accept and not to end.
And, yet...
Once again,
We can not come to face...
The teachings of bigotry and hatred,
As the cause and reason...
Our feeding upon misconceptions,
We have fed historically to keep false beliefs.
Kept to validate which race is superior.
To advance the disadvantages,
Of a mental illness.
That promises to erase all humanity.
And yet...once again,
We gather together to pretend we comprehend.
But a listening to digest,
With a paying attention to observe the unrest...
Created by our thoughtless selfishness.
We remain inflicting more pain to get,
To perceive what we do done to others...
Comes to return a benefit of it to gain.
And, yet...once again,
Lessons to learned from our misdeeds to leave...
We are left to believe,
Not 'us' but others from them will bleed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

And...

And...
This is tragic.
Although he claims to choose this existence.
Quick smiles he'll deliver with a slow burning charm.
Carries he does a deep sadness he feels,
With a nourishing need to harvest and farm!

Tragic in relationships.
Distrusting feeling
To entrust who he is with!
Pained with scars embedded not to show.
Hidden from his laughing lips,
The urgency he knows.
And even though his heart still seeks...
He feels no one there,
Who will appreciate him enough...
Enough to meet!
He has stopped looking
For suitable 'promises',
Made to his heart he once prayed to keep!

And...
This is tragic.
Although he claims to choose this existence.
Quick smiles he'll deliver with a slow burning charm.
Carries he does a deep sadness he feels,
With a nourishing need to harvest and farm!
Weeping alone and sowing misery.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

And...Enter The Children

And...
Enter the children.
Always used as a defense,
For a nonexistent innocence.
And...
Enter the children,
Used as shields...
For those throwing darts.
And...
Enter the children,
Feeling to know the presence of hate.
To know themselves used just for bait.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

And...If They Knew?

Pish with no posh.
And scoop up the puppy poop.

'Huh?
What is your tirade for the moment? '

Anyone who becomes displeased,
By another expressing...
Their cultural and/or ethnic identities,
To laugh at in critique and in unacceptance...
Is obviously without comprehension or clarity.

'Oookaaay.'

And furthermore,
If I may express this further and more...
People like that have lost dignity and integrity.
With a choice to be manipulated fools.
Denying without a clue as to 'who' they are.

'And...
If they knew? '

They would not seek to prove themselves idiots.
Or keep their ignorance within reach,
As if they have been certified to enact the validation.

'I see.
And who or what brought 'this' pessimism on?
Who said 'What' about your dreads? '

Pessismist?
Dreads?
That has nothing to do with my observations.
I'm not the one 'emotionally' deluded.
It took me years.
YEARS to 'allow' my dreads to grow.
And to embrace the difference it has made in my life.
I didn't just wake up to decide it was okay to be me.

I didn't grow my dreads to make a fashion statement.

'I see.
And 'who' said What...
About your dreads?
Someone not as comfortable...
As the growing of them through the YEARS,
Has made you become.

Me?
I am very comfortable.

'I've noticed.
Now only if 'they' knew...
Just how comfortable you are,
We would not give them the time of day.
Now would we.

Don't try that reverse psychology on me,
With that 'we' business.
I'm only expressing an observation.

'Well...
Let's not observe the others so much,
As they observe us discussing them with such intent.'

But look how they are staring at us.

'Who brought this subject up?
Who started the staring?
And...
WITH A STOPPING TO DO IT? '

ssshhh...
Don't,
Yell.
You're beginning to attract attention to yourself.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

And...The Winner Is

Many times those with good intentions,
Are better off just to leave them 'intended'.
You know...
Keep the idea of it 'wanted'.
But not to flaunt.
Since often those good intentions once done,
Will never satisfy with an appreciation mentioned...
Seldom to come from anyone.

And some may become offended. Oh, yes!
By beliefs those intentions to do and with innocence,
Were done just to get an attention meant.
To leave that attention suspected,
One wishes to receive with a getting as detected...
An opportunity for those with good intentions,
To abort any feelings of making these attempts again.
Why offer to sacrifice a limb if one's hand is being bitten?

And...
The winner is,
The one who forgives and forgets...
With a keeping of a peace of mind left to be reminded,
To leave behind those conflicted with a preference to accept,
A love for an ignorance with no exceptions to regret.
Especially by those,
With druthers to begrudge the doings of others.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

And...With The Secret Of Sins

It is unmistakably,
A feeling arriving from within.
When desires and wishes begin to connect,
And strongly identified...
With a drive that opens eyes wide,
To what 'has' to happen in discreetly taken steps...
That which only,
One's heart accepts.

And...
With the secret of sins,
Beginning untentionally implemented...
There is no stopping one craving and brave,
Having a taste that stays.
With employing deception...
If that's what it takes.

With the secret of sins committed,
And praying to be forgiven for them...
One acquires a thirst to achieve.
To sacrifice what is wrong or right.
And disregarding appearances of getting no rest...
On more than a few sleepless nights.

With a secret of sins committed,
And feeling guilt ridden within...
One knows a task has to be accomplished.
One so great the correctness of ways,
Must be forsaken.
To nibble on a wrong or two to chew...
The only thing felt one has to choose to do.

It is unmistakably,
A feeling arriving from within.
When desires and wishes begin to connect,
And strongly identified...
With a drive that opens eyes wide.

And it is with a secret of sins committed,

And feeling guilt ridden within...
One knows a task has to be accomplished.
One so great the correctness of ways,
Must be forsaken.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

And...Your Point Is, What?

The party is over, folks!
Now I seek volunteers,
To help me clean.

Excuse me.
Before everyone decides to leave...
I am desperately in need of volunteers,
To help me clean.

Is this microphone on?
People are leaving as if they don't hear me.

'It's not that you are not being heard.
The people invited came to party.
To eat, drink and be pleasantly obnoxious.
Not to roll up their sleeves to work.
Did you expect that kind of respect?
They came to trash not to flirt with work.
Those people are 'beyond' that.
Didn't you see many of them giving you smirks? '

But I threw the party!

'And...
Your point is,
What? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Androgynoustic Visits

Unprepared and unsuspected changes
In evolution comes.
Mother Nature is providing a solution...
To bridge and together snap,
A sexual revolution gap for some.
Unrecognizable...
Are they who once suffered from attacks,
Of differences between men and women
When androgynoustic visits gets
To plant similar features both front and back!
And in future days
No one can detect or say...
Which are the lesbians,
And what straight man is actually gay!
These will be the times,
That will find many blind.
As restrictions of this kind finally fade away!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Anger And Anguish

You leave these memories you don't need,
To fade away.
Who wants to remember...
People so driven with their no hiding hate.
Who wants to remember...
When truth became for us outdated.
And deceit became the bait,
That was related and we ate it.

Who wants to remember...
This.
Who wants to remember...
Anger and anguish.

Who wants to remember...
This.
Who wants to remember...
Anger and anguish.

You leave these memories you don't need,
To fade away.
Who wants to remember...
People so driven with their no hiding hate.
Who wants to remember...
When truth became for us outdated.
And deceit became the bait,
That was related and we ate it.

Who wants to remember...
This.
Who wants to remember...
Anger and anguish.
Who wants to remember...
This.
Who wants to remember...
Anger and anguish.
Who wants to remember...
This.
Who wants to remember...

Anger and anguish.
Who wants to remember...
This.
Who wants to remember...
Anger and anguish.

Who wants to remember...
This.
Who wants to remember...
People in anguish and bitter.
Who wants to remember...
Anger and anguish.
Who wants to remember...
This.
Who wants to remember...
Anger and anguish.
Who wants to remember...
Anger and anguish.
Who wants to remember...
This.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Anger? Revenge? Or Love?

What part of a bomb made,
Releases upon its victims peace?
Or restrains one from jumping for joy!

And yet those encourage to plant them.
Or dropp them to descend on populations,
Believe...
These deeds participate in freeing the world.
But of what?
Anger?
Revenge?
Or love?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Angered Into A Raging Zone

I make attempts to walk away.
Even turning my head...
In other directions.
With the taking of deep breaths.
Biting into my lips and the squinting of eyes?
I've done it all it seems,
To maintain my dignity.
Hoping not to lose the grip,
That seems to be slipping away...
From my well deserved and earned pride.

HowEVER...
I can be angered into a raging zone,
I once had known...
In those times when I had been unforgiving.
And when I am pushed to the limit,
To visit that place again...
By someone who has no idea I am being tempted.
I do the best I can to warn them...
How they are achieving...successfully,
To minimize my acquired patience.
But I've learned never to make promises I can not keep.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Angered That Truth Now Sits

The first time I was introduced to truth,
I had to walk around with my head down.

The obviousness of it had yet to arrive,
In my environment.
And the mindsets of the people,
Were still locked into blocking...
Anything that dealt with truth.

When it was spoken,
Voices were raised in protest.
Accusations of being negative were mentioned.
People had become sensitive in the protection,
Of their delusions.
With a defending of their ignorance!

The first time I was introduced to truth,
I had to walk around with my head down.

Today?
People are protesting the fading away,
Of their delusions.
They have begun angered that truth now sits.

Truth has declared it remains to stay!
And not make a temporary visit.
People have become upset with it!
And obsessed with the turning back of a clock.
A clock that has long ran out of time...
For them to find themselves and embrace reality!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Annointed To Oppose

Persistence with a consistency to uncover the unknown,
Can sometimes irritate those being shown...
Who sit with limited and discussed expectations.
In the hopes that they do find repetitive ways,
To critique with a redundant process they find easy.

And often they do this with a passing of judgement done.
As if a standard one has placed on achieving quality,
Is determined by those who pretend they know...
How it is they have been annointed to oppose,
A quality being introduced when much of it they've dismissed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Annual Recycling Of Needs

The annual recycling of needs,
Is an inner city ritual.
The people are programmed to believe...
Their fortunes are less than the rest.
And so they are assigned to become protected,
By those the government selects...
They should receive assistance,
IF they qualify!

Of course many are denied,
The taste of keeping them enslaved!
They become disrespectful,
Unmotivated, lazy and mentally depraved.

They become conditioned to pray.
And they stay away from truths.
Becoming accepting of lies,
They pursue to overcome insecurities...
And immaturity keeps them as children,
To be told everything they say and do!

And when opportunities come to them,
They remain unprepared.
And for generations many of them can not comprehend...
Their uselessness has been designed,
To remove them from identities.
With mediocrity as goals to achieve.
And minds ignorantly limited.
Distant from reality.
And kept successfully unaware!
In an annual recycling of needs that is permitted...
To keep them subserviant!
And ensuring they remain there!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Another Brilliant Performance

Being forced to be in a position,
To show an empathy and understanding...
For someone else's condition,
When your own no one has known.
Could be a test to dramatize.
With all the despair to display,
Prepared to be shown!

When one has been accustomed,
To disguising and hiding pain and agony...
Since a cheerfulness that comes quickly,
Masks a heartache that seems to stay...
With a revealing routine,
Sometimes sarcastic and prickly

And that person who is often counted upon...
To make other's troubles go away,
With the kissing of wounds and stings...
To erase with positive things to say,
Is you?

So what does someone like you do?

Smile!
And give another brilliant performance.
Smile, grin and bare that magic!
Make the wincing done...
A time to joke and have fun!

~You have cancer!
When would you like to schedule your surgery? ~

'Let's make it on the 16th of April.
Somehow that day has significance for me.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Another Chip At The Load

Carried on both shoulders.
To do everyday...
To lighten that hold of a boulder.

Another chip at the load,
Until that boulder crumbles to roll...
And with a doing to prove,
The biggest of boulders can be moved away.

Why should anyone suffer through pain endured?
To waltz with it as if permitted,
With no benefit from a doing of it.
Upon whose shoulders do these boulders sit?

People complain with burdens remaining the same.
As if to admit this in public,
Keeps an attention...
One receives without mentioning but is certain to get.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Another Enemy

Never had they known before,
Such a love to them given.
And when it to them came,
Pure, sincere and uneventful...
Doubt and disbelief,
Immediately entered into their minds...
To keep.
With a consciousness done,
That brought to soothe them with relief.

Never had they known before,
Such a giving of concern...
For their wellbeing shown.
And a caring without limits to perceive.

Indignant and suspicious they then became.
To then created their own restrictions.
With offensive attitudes that remained.
Never had they known before,
A love like this to get to ignore AND abhor it.
As if to loathe its very presence.

No longer could they pretend,
The acceptance of it.
Destroying what was given to them completely,
Seemed to have been their only solution.
A solution they believed would rid from them,
Threats and the fear of becoming weakened.

And happier they became,
When they were able to turn that love...
Into another enemy.
Satisfying the addition to their loveless entities.
With a giving it an identity more preferred.
Like conflict. Hatred. And division without end.
Showing strength and their ability,
To conquer over and to cease...
Any signs of love to prevent its belief.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Another 'New' Year Approaches

Another 'new' year approaches,
With repeated commitments...
Many will attempt in 2014 to keep.

Although in the doing one thing is kept certain,
The same excuses will be made to honor them.
And those who deceive will continue to pretend.

A ball will drop as promises are declared.
Cheers will be heard as fireworks flare.
With delusions unchanged to remain unaffected.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Another Perception Of Yours To Dramatize

Listen.
You're greedy.
You've been exhausting supplies.
And to keep what you need in inventory,
Is an expense.

You can,
If you wish...
Keep your desires to be fed cheaply,
A delusioned fantasy.

But the reality is this...
You've got to pay.
At least 'something' on what has been borrowed.

These debts can no longer be paid,
By threats!
As you continue to feast!

Listen.
You're greedy.
You've been exhausting supplies.
And to keep what you need in inventory,
Is an expense you refuse to comprehend.
Well comprehend this,
Regardless of your feeling offended.
The festival has ended.

To you your threats may make sense.
However...
What is needed is less of your greed to feed.
And more of your co-operation.
Or whatever you believe you need...
Will leave you mind quicker,
Than another perception of yours to dramatize!
With or without,
Your eyes opened wide.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Another Perspective

In the City of Pretense,
People live at a low vibration.
They pride themselves in snooping.
Duped by drug enhanced encounters.
Bounced,
From illusions fostered...
By judgement passing done.
Winning favor of the master,
Dazed by colonialistic ways
That betrays any progress made.
Pathological inproprieties,
Begins to leave many wishing
To receive a replacement...
For tossed rose colored glasses,
Bartered.
Hoping a selection of tints and hues desired,
Will provide another perspective accepted!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Another Pretentious Move Kept To Deny Truth

I am not one against higher education.
I am one who takes offense against those...
Getting high while being educated.

This is not a recent phenomenon.
This is one of those situations,
Swept under the rug...
In another pretentious move kept to deny truth.

And today,
Teachers AND school administrators feel...
It is their duty to lie about achievements students make.
While those who desired to improve with noticeable,
And successful changes...
Were deemed our methods and approaches unacceptable.

Well...
Do you highbrows feel me now?

I am not one against higher education.
I am one who takes offense against those...
Getting high while being educated.
And those who teach with beliefs that's what that do,
While medicating themselves on maintaining their pretensions.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Another Quibble Fest

Let's not make this another quibble fest.
To evade the issue,
With a pointlessness to manifest.
Let's do our best to stick to the topic.
Or change it to one we can remember.
To then hopefully digest,
Something from it not to forget...
Just to enjoy our love to have arguments.

'To then what?
Listen?
To comprehend?
Come to an agreement?
Are you kidding?
At this age we don't have time to agree.
Who would be left impressed?
Other old folks?
Oh no!
Arguing these days is the only enjoyment I get.'

Well...
You do have a point.
Let's talk about the lovers we had.
And other disappointing relationships.
And leave the politics to the young people,
Who believe their involvement and energy spent...
Will persuade the government to stay out of their lives.
And more privacy they will be left to get.

'Can you believe what they are sharing on 'facebook'? '

Yes.
I just want to see more of it.
Scroll back to those pictures.
And this time don't make any comments.

'Which ones? '

I don't believe you!

The NAKED ones.
Geeessshhh.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Another Round Of Patience

Father?
I know You have given me,
A freedom to choose.
A freedom to choose,
Whatever it is...
I have prayed to You to help me do.

And I know my decision to turn my back,
Is not the way You'd prefer me to act!
Not like that!

But Father?
I pray to You to deliver to me,
Another round of patience.
To do THY will.
Because Father, 'my' will...
Has had it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Another Storm Between Us

Strong winds come to stir and blow.
With it a mixture of ocean rain.
Could this be the season so soon,
Of those unpredictable tornados.
Could this be already,
The season to prepare for hurricanes?

It seems as the Summer leaves,
And it is missed...
I,
In my mind...
Sit with wishes quick to reminisce,
Holding you in those heated breezes.
With closed eyes,
As we kiss lips.

I sit with wishes quick to reminisce,
The last touch we shared...
As the winds begin to stir,
And the rain pours swiftly...
While thunder roars.

Strong winds come to stir and blow.
With it a mixture of ocean rain.
Could this be the season so soon,
Of those unpredictable tornados.
Could this be already,
The season to prepare for hurricanes?

I,
In my mind...
Sit with wishes quick to reminisce,
Holding you in those heated breezes.
With closed eyes,
As we kiss lips.

I sit with wishes quick to reminisce,
The last touch we shared...
As the winds begin to stir,

And the rain pours swiftly...
While thunder roars.

Could this be already,
The season to prepare for hurricanes?
Could this be already,
Another storm between us...
Left to remain unfinished?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Another Way To Look At This

What is it that permits,
An ongoing insanity allowed.
And committed against humanity.
Begun by a destructive selfishness,
Continuing without boundaries.
Eventually devouring itself,
Into an oblivion.
Conflicting with God's,
Creative vision to dissolve.

And yet...
There is another way,
To look at this.
A way those self-righteous,
And blinded...
Will not perceive as negative.

We now have willfully,
And consciously invited...
To prolong its visit.
A craze so abnormal,
It has become accepted as common.
Leaving many unphased,
By the quality of life...
Sliding into darkened pits,
Of an eternal abyss.

And choices left to be made,
Is to either,
Take a position above the pit.
Looking down into it.
Or standing at the bottom,
With a positive disposition...
Looking up to hope,
Those living become enlightened...
By the experience.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Anticipating Impatiently To Be Dreamed

I may toss and turn myself to sleep,
Anticipating impatiently.
And waiting...
To dream of you.

And waiting...
For a view of you,
Anticipating impatiently...
To be dreamed.

I may toss and turn myself to sleep,
Anticipating impatiently.
And waiting...
To dream of you.

And waiting...
For a view of you,
Anticipating impatiently...
To be dreamed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Antics Fat Cats In Silk Suits Choose

So far to the right,
They are out of their own focus.
And inspite of what they say and do...
Only criticism of what is done,
On the left side...
Is what they pursue,
To keep the public confused!

With a merry-go-round of antics,
Fat cats in silk suits choose...
To demoralize correctness.
And leave many singing the blues.
Since they see themselves as 'chosen'.
And the folks who they ignore,
Are used and accustomed to being abused!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Antidotes

Am I going to change my beliefs,
Because they don't provide for you...
A haven of quick relief?
What do you think?
I am a writer!
That is the only thing I can proclaim.
I don't provide antidotes...
Or substitutions for your pain!

You might find your sedative...
In that line marked DELUSIONS!
That is where your companions stand,
Seeking alternatives...
With their prepared conclusions!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Anti-Repetitiveness

A Revisiting To The Sameness
Some grow believing their discoveries,
Have never been revealed to others...
Until they experience to witness them.

And there are those,
Who have already been exposed.
And needing no repeated discoveries.

With the doing the best they can,
To keep themselves from becoming nauseated...
By the ones attempting to make their tour,
Of a revisiting to the sameness fresh...
As if the quality of it has been changed.

'Why are you so anti-social? '

~I'm not anti-social.
I am anti-repetitiveness and its lack of success,
Yet suppresses unnoticed the acceptance of change.
And the effects that it has on growth and progress.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Anti-Social

It is nearly impossible not to notice,
An advocating with support...
That seems to feed the initiating,
Of today's craze.

There is an outrageousness about it,
As if an epidemic is being permitted to spread.
And those wishing to distance themselves,
Are looked upon as being anti-social.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Any Blooming Done To Do

Any blooming done to do,
Relies on patience to accept it.
And a tolerance many refuse to await.

Some perceive a growth process,
Is not a work in progress.
Some live their lives not to appreciate,
One step forward requires more to take.
If one expects an experience to get,
With a confidence that is earned.
And not purchased from anywhere,
To easily adorn it and to wear.

Any blooming done to do,
Relies on patience to accept it.
And a tolerance many refuse to await.

Some perceive life is a game to play.
With a tasting of what is liked.
And what isn't is tossed away.
Some perceive life,
As a getting what is wished...
To be quickly received.
And when that is not done 'overnight' for some,
Demands are heard...
From those disappointed their wants have not come.

Any blooming done to do,
Relies on patience to accept it.
And a tolerance many refuse to await.

Respect to give and with discipline,
Are steps to take to achieve success.
Yet those not willing to listen to comprehend,
Discover they are bitter...
With lessons never to learn to allow them to begin.

Any blooming done to do,
Relies on patience to accept it.

And a tolerance many refuse to await.

Many abort to escape their blooming.
And many choose to do a listening too late.
But heard excuses and alibis are theirs to make,
Effortlessly and with lightening speed.
So creative and with a doing of this done,
On a daily basis to have it witnessed by anyone.
With the hope their explanations will be validated.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Any Brusies On 'This' Moon?

Do I give consent to those who resent,
My actual experience to disrespect.
As if in their doing of this,
I express not being upset?
I don't understand your question.

'Aren't you embittered?
Seething to seek upon them a revenge? '

You must be on their agitation committee?
Only a fool would take upon a task,
To willing ask such a foolish question.
But I will reveal this fact!

'WHOA.'

Now...
Do you see any bruises on 'this' moon?
I don't receive them.
I leave them.
But not in the ways they assume.
I let my faith unshakened handle that.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Any Opportunity I Can Get

Which view,
In your opinion...
Has more of an advantage,
From a horse drawn cart?
The one riding as a passenger,
While sitting in the front?
Or the one from the back,
With nothing but the rear of the horse to see?

'That's difficult to answer.
I have grown very attached to gardening.
And any opportunity I can get,
To collect free manure...
I jump and grab it immediately.

On the other hand...
Some of that indecisive crap,
I hear coming from the mouths of those...
Riding along AND ignoring the view,
Provides for me no benefit at all.

And I can tell from the horse's expression,
There is something I do with something 'he' does...
I am getting for free!
And at his expense.
And I can tell by the look in his eyes,
He has become suspicious as to why...
When I ride,
I am the only one who feeds him carrots! '

I see!
So you prefer the rear view?

'That depends on the time of the year.
And what I am willing,
To sit through to listen and hear.
Some crap is more beneficial than others.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Any Opportunity One Takes

Today...
Any opportunity one takes,
To escape away...
From an array of created, Conflicts is a gift.
In disguise.
And more are becoming,
Aware of the benefit.

Discovering to recover,
Being involved with others...
Still in the midst,
Of their own problems...
They can not solve,
Is no longer considered...
An act of selfishness.
Recognizing to maintain,
Obtained happiness...
Is the key that keeps,
A healthy mind from becoming
Weakened by those,
Seeking to deplete it.

Today...
Any opportunity one takes,
To notice those who choose...
Not to review old kept beliefs
Are the same ones afraid,
To admit their grief.
But medicated they stay,
On one delusion or another.
Hoping today's realities,
Will be numbed not to face.
As a game played,
Of musical chairs...
Has them chased around,
While loving every moment...
Of having their minds lost.
And never again to be found.

'Whew!
Finally I've gotten,
A chance to sit down.'

-Don't get too comfortable.
Where you sit to be seated,
Has been the next one picked.
And whoever is on it,
Also has to go.-

'Go?
But to where? '

-To another game played.-

'How do you know? '

-I stopped my addiction,
To the music.-

'Music?
What music? '

-That's how addicted I was,
Too!
Until I noticed...
It wasn't my own tune.
From the start to hear it...
Being played over and over.-

'So...
What did you do? '

-I didn't stay sitting.
Nor did I refill,
An old prescription.-

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Any Participation In Its Creation

Those seeking with wishes to identify and apply,
Desires to provoke a promoting of failure...
Are the ones accustomed to a doing of it.
Since being in the midst of its existence,
Is all they know to allow and permit.

And so as the doing of it proves to show,
Any participation in its creation...
Becomes a victory for those undaunted.
Flaunting as if proud in an undeniable pride,
To boast the deed and accomplishment.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Any Volunteers?

I awakened recently,
With this thought as my reality.
What I've done with a doing to do,
To accomplish as my interpretation...
Of success with a job well done,
Needs not to be repeated with consistency.
Not by me to achieve to prove my stamina.

And if those standing on the sidelines,
Believe I have not done enough...
They can take my place on the stage,
To be scrutinized...
With a critiquing I have welcomed from them,
For years.
To discover such ease of it I've experienced.

Any volunteers?
What about those naysayers in the back row?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Anyone Else With A Suggestion?

Has anyone thought of recommendations,
Besides a facing of truth to eliminate frustrations?
Has anyone written their suggestions to read?
With a remembering any offensive comments,
Will not be considered positive...
Since we've decided at the last meeting,
Negativity is not to be accepted or received.

'Yes.
I do confess I have a suggestion.'

Remember we do not wish to offend anyone.
Do 'we'?

'Oh, I am sure I will not offend anyone.
I suggest our next meeting be held at the playground.
And all of us can think of it as recess,
Before our next test is given.
And then after class we all can pretend we passed.'

Brilliant.
Absolutely brilliant.
Thereby giving everyone an opportunity,
To lie to each other and to themselves...
As to not being prepared to then blame the teacher.

'Exactly.'

I love it.
Anyone else with a suggestion?
Well...
I can say this meeting was very productive.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Anyone Will Do

Anyone will do,
To accuse for their blunders.
Anyone to screw...
Will certainly for them do!

They want to watch me and you,
To select and consider.
But their thoughtless bitterness
Has left them much the fools.
Everything that they touch...
To elevate their lust to heights,
Exposes their incompetence...
And their attraction to decadence,
Stirs a crisis that backbites!

Anyone will do,
To accuse for their blunders.
Anyone to screw...
Will certainly for them do!

Those who chose to follow their lead,
Can not believe they with them today bleed.
And everything about them and their lifestyles too...
Seems to be admittedly being refused.
They have lost a confidence...
With a pride they all pursued!
Everything about them repells as well!
No one leaves it as a secret,
Who and what has created this hell!

Anyone will do,
To accuse for their blunders.
Anyone to screw...
Will certainly for them do!

Anyone...
Except themselves!
And that is the sadness so true.
Themselves they are blinded to see...

As the initiators of their own ignorance,
Hyped with hypocrisies.
And enforcing upon themselves,
Their own tragedies so needlessly!

Anyone will do,
To accuse for their blunders.
Anyone to screw...
Including me,
And you!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Anyone With An Ego Fever

With a...
Doing of the do due.
a with a...
Doing of the do due.
With a...
Doing of the do due.
a with a...
Doing of the do due.

It looks too sad.
It looks as if...
You've been gone,
And stretched...
Beyond your limits.
With a...
Doing of the do due.
a with a...
Doing of the do due.

It looks quite sad.
It looks as if...
You've met,
A seducing finish.
With a...
Doing of the do due.
a with a...
Doing of the do due.

It looks as if,
Your mind's not in it at all.
But...
I know you and we both know it's true,
Aint no doing done...
Until we deliver,
What we know is due.
With a...
Doing of the do due.
a with a...
Doing of the do due.

But...
I know you and we both know it's true,
Aint no doing done...
Until we do...
A a doing of a needed deed,
Long overdue.
With a doing what it takes to chase away,
Anyone with an ego fever.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Anything Done You Do

Whatever you do and the reason being
Don't excuse it for some other thing changed you'll do.
Get one thing done.
Not for me,
But for you.

Whatever you do and the reason being
Don't excuse it for some other thing changed you'll do.
Get one thing done.
Not for me,
But for you.

You'll start one thing and not finish it
Anything done you do.
I just want to see you begin and not quit.
Anything done you do.
Yet you'll sit and criticize no matter what it is.
Anything done you do.
Then you say I'm the one that gives you the lip.
Anything done you do.

Get one thing done.
Not for me,
But for you.
Anything done you do.

Whatever you do and the reason being
Don't excuse it for some other thing changed you'll do.
Get one thing done.
Not for me,
But for you.
Anything done you do.

You'll start one thing and not finish it.
Anything done you do.
I just want to see you begin and not quit.
Anything done you do.
Yet you'll sit and criticize no matter what it is.
Anything done you do.

Then you say I'm the one that gives you the lip.
Anything done you do.

Just finish.
Anything done you do.
Just finish.
Anything done you do.
Just finish.
Anything done you do.
Just finish.
Anything done you do.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Anything To Please The 'Little Guy'

The agenda to enhance incompetence grows.
So angry are those spoiled,
They seem to be in overdrive to expose...
The least qualified among them,
To represent their needs.

So foolish are their decisions made.
Anything but reality...
Is what they aim to feed and please.

Today a mockery of intelligence,
Sits opposed by those inexperienced.
And money to support these tumbleweeds...
Is increasingly coming from the ones elite!

The agenda to enhance incompetence grows.
So angry are those spoiled,
They seem to be in overdrive to expose...
The least qualified among them,
To represent their needs.

And so foolish are their decisions made.
Anything but reality...
Is what they aim to feed and please.

'Would you slice my 'Rye'
Before the caviar is placed.
And would you be sure the use of fine china...
Is presented as plated,
With white wine to taste.'

~Sorry to disappoint.
In 'this' shelter...
You get one cot, a blanket,
And a bowl of soup.~

'May I inquire if any of it,
Is 'organic'? '

~You betcha.
Anything to please the 'little guy'!
We are only here,
To inflict and represent 'your' needs.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Anything Will Do To Do That, Right?

Anything will do to do that, right?
Anything to keep desires flavored fresh.
It doesn't matter the sources,
Or where those resources come from, either.
You're in this for the show of things...
And you want those 'things' you got
Kept to keep on showing!

Anything will do to do that, right?
A career is too long to achieve.
You're waiting for one to come like magic.
Just for the money,
To splurge on worthless wants
And claimed needs.

So you're looking through the classifieds?
Hoping to find something that makes you qualified...
To sit with nothing at all to do,
As you play around with numbers
Thinking of clever ways to pay the bills...
And purchase something new to impress co-workers,
Family, friends and debt collectors too!

Anything will do to do that, right?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Apologies Given

Apologies given,
With them expected to receive...
Are not always forthcoming,
With an immediacy to be believed.
Especially when the giving of them done,
Comes too late to contemplate.
Or appreciate when eventually heard,
By someone who has healed to mend...
And to do to find in time all wounds,
Have been forgotten to forgive oneself.

This process is often misunderstood.
By anyone awakening,
To face guilt and remorse and not feel good.
While another they may have abused,
Has long divorced and moved on to live life...
From a suspected prolonged bitterness to fight.
To find a developing of a happy mind.
And with a doing of this to not permit sleepless nights,
Awaiting on someone else after years to admit...
What they did was wrong and can't get over it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Apologies Stated Have Become Over-Rated

Someone has to begin to learn,
To end the re-opening of repeated wounds.
Someone has to make it known,
The stopping of this has begun to begin...
With an ending to happen and real soon.

Apologies stated have become over-rated.
People know the doing of their misdeeds,
When done.
People know exactly what it is they do.
And make a choice to do it.
To then expect a forgiveness given,
To repeat again with a doing they choose.

Someone has to begin to learn,
To end the re-opening of repeated wounds.
Someone has to make it known,
The stopping of this has begun to begin...
With an ending to happen and real soon.

Too many accept being pushed against a wall.
To become numbed by a mental and physical abuse.

Too many perceive a love is received,
And they refuse to believe they are victims.

Someone has to begin to learn,
To end the re-opening of repeated wounds.
Someone has to make it known,
The stopping of this has begun to begin...
With an ending to happen and real soon.

Too many wait too late until they explode.
To later explain how they've been made crazed.

Too many sit praying for a change.
Thinking someone wont find them,
A comfortable target that remains the same.

Apologies stated have become over-rated.
People know the doing of their misdeeds,
When done.
People know exactly what it is they do.
And make a choice to do it.
To then expect a forgiveness given,
To repeat again with a doing they choose.

Someone has to begin to learn,
To end the re-opening of repeated wounds.
Before and not after a shoving done escalates,
And a hatred escapes to stop a heart from beating.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Apparent And Obvious

What has become,
More apparent and obvious...
Is the number of people,
Losing a fight against...
Those opposing reality.
With minds unconscious,
And overdosed to a way of life...
Completely fictioned.
That is a frightening acknowledgement.

Truth to speak it,
Or introduced to imply...
Produces heated arguments,
With those who only know their lives...
Lived on the creating of prefabricated lies.
Accepting an existence totally artificial.

Protect a projection of delusions kept,
Many do.
Regardless of the view of others,
Visualized in despair and suffering.
Regardless of the view of others,
That have become depicted as a mirage.
And blinding those told who have been sold,
These scenes that appear...
Is a device used to camouflaged,
The testing of their values and standards.

People together don't speak anymore.
They text and tweet.
And often from anonymous seats to deceive.

People everywhere can make claims,
Without facts.
To then assumptions that flow,
Over websites, chatrooms...
And an electric book with glowing faces.
That can destroy someone's life,
Done to do while munching on snacks.

People together don't speak anymore.
They text and tweet.
And often from anonymous seats to deceive.

What has become,
More apparent and obvious...
Is the number of people,
Losing a fight against...
Those opposing reality.
With minds unconscious,
And overdosed to a way of life...
Completely fictioned.
That is a frightening acknowledgement.

And dare we do to accuse others,
Of being envious of this way of life?
We dare to display discrimination and hate.
Bigotry and division.
For an appreciation to endorse isolation.
An isolation that has left...
More everyday attacking themselves?

What has become to be done,
Apparent and obvious...
Has yet been accepted to observe,
Minds diseased epidemically...
By a crazed etiquette socially defected.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

'Apparently They Are Not Aware Of This'

First of all,
I did not call her a bull.
I called her a cow.
With bullish ways.

Who is this...
Quoting me out of context?
The last time it was claimed,
I called someone an imbecile.
When clearly I had called 'him'...
An idiot.
Who is this doing the misquoting?

'Who knows.'

Whoever it is has spent too much time,
Trying to find ways to undermine my character.
To gain favor.

'Maybe there is a popularity contest.
And you've been submitted by someone,
In a secret ballot or something.'

And I have done my very best,
To smooth over those rough edges.
Only I have perfected...
To my knowledge,
A backing myself up against a brick wall,
With a jumping over it.
To land tall and walk on my feet.
And that was difficult.
The pain in my legs?
Agonizing.

Since then...
I've learned how to charm.
I've discovered that more conducive to do,
Than inflicting my own pain.

'Apparently they are not aware of this.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Appearances Of Weakness

It is not a weakness to express,
Heartfelt emotion to expose its depth.
In tears shown to drip from eyes.
Or in confessions made to get off their chests.
And these are the people others consider to be weak.
However, appearances of weakness is not in their reach.

Only those still going through roleplay poses,
To perceive with taught beliefs they keep...
Are those who accept that deceiving themselves,
With ambitions kept to impress others...
Can not or will not project a direct honesty.
Although to gossip behind someone's back,
For many is a normality with a doing of that daily.

And this,
For whatever the reason...
Trustworthy people seem to be at a minimum.
Yet more of the 'others' want to prove their strength,
By pretending they have no weaknesses.
Although lieing to themselves is what that is.

'Those who show tears are weak.'

~And those who don't are what?
Heroes? ~

'No...
Not necessarily.'

~Then what category do you put those,
Who have proven their strength...
And still can expose emotion,
With a showing of their tears?
Where do you fit these 'misfit' expressions.~

'I just know women do things,
Men aren't suppose to do? '

~And you learned this correctness of etiquette,
From where?
TV? The movies?
Or from some tribal ritual? ~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Appearing On The Horizon

Depressingly uninformed,
Are the ones out of touch.
And stand they do on the backs of prinicples,
To keep those divided with beliefs...
Distanced from truths.
And hidden behind comments,
Spiked with lies so much.

Speaking from one side of one's mouth,
To say what those listening wish to hear...
And at another event to say something else,
With an interest to advocate falsities in ears...
Clearly diminishes,
A climate already infested by fears.
But no one can deny reality appearing on the horizon.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Appetizers Laced

Dozing!
After a feast that fattened their bodies,
And dulling their minds.
They all awakened to find...
Someone demanding those times,
Would be left behind them now.

Struggling to their feet...
Some dazed,
Others amazed those days
Had actually gone.
With their cupboards depleted.
And brooms and mops left,
For them to use to sweep and clean.

As someone they never respected...
and certainly did not expect.
Showed up upon the scene.
Loudly proclaiming,
What from them is expected!
And the days ahead will be long and lean.

Jaws dropped in shock!
To learn they were asked to serve.
Or discover themselves deserted.
Since those who had fed them,
And watched them sleep...
Were treating them with doses,
Of appetizers laced with deceit and treason.
While slipping through exits.
Hoping to leave unnoticed...
Without making a sound or peep!

'The thieves have stolen the cheese.
The Provolone, Swiss and American
Lox and Bagels too! '
Announced the leader,
Of the new maintenance crew.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Applauded For The Doing

When companies were moving,
Their production and interests overseas...
To gain higher earnings,
They were applauded for the doing.
Even by those 'downsized'.
And very few criticized these decisions made.

Gleeming towers on foreign shores,
Attest what is 'theirs'!
And never again to be 'yours'.

Today people are blaming those in politics,
For allowing themselves to be deceived and tricked.
Today people are demanding to receive their jobs back.
With a sitting back and the doing of nothing,
As they expected paychecks that were fat.

And everyone points their fingers at those who lead.
But the ones who have been conscious of this,
When times began long ago to shift...
And were ignored upon the delivering of messages,
That insisted...
'No one can have what is wished,
IF facts presented are continued to be dismissed.
And adjustments aren't made to prepare for it.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Appreciating The Pleasure Of Receiving Less

Condemning the process,
Without having a hint to its content.
Or if it has potential to benefit.
Offers nothing to those accustomed,
To do what they've been told.
And that is to follow through,
With isolated beliefs of limitation.
A routine that keeps them on their knees.
Appreciating the pleasure of receiving less.
And identifying that with a kept unhappiness!
With a consciousness accepted,
Self serving and disrespected.
While expressing this as confessed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Appreciating Themselves

No one should live a life,
Trying to convince another...
That is what they are doing with it.

If someone seeks to be validated...
Perhaps they should begin,
By appreciating themselves first!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Appreciation

A felt appreciation to express,
Has more value...
Than that which one possesses.
And is much more impressive.
With it done to remain,
Unexpectedly effective.

Too many leave it to assume,
A doing one does for others to do...
Is an attempt for an attention,
From them to get that is personally pursued.
Until that day comes when it is discovered,
One who does for others...
Begins to notice being taken for granted.

Who in their right mind does this to feel used?
To have others believe,
They have dreams of being abused.
Or feel their efforts to endeavor entertains to amuse.
You?
I know I don't.

Stepping away to have no regrets,
Is the best thing one in this position can do.
Especially if one notices an expressed appreciation,
Can be forgotten to expect.
Or on the minds of those who had been shown,
An interest...
To assume from them one wishes attention to get.

'They only showed us interest,
Because 'they' wanted the attention.'

~Yeah, you are right.
And perhaps that is why,
They never mentioned to you...
Their acquired fame and success.
To not bring that up or address it.~

'Fame? Success?
Please.
They live in the same neighborhood I do.'

~Meaning...
What? ~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Appropriately Ignored

Reluctant to express a heartfelt passion.
In fear their admissions,
Will be discussed in private whispers.
And yet accepting to be upset by anguish.
With doubts kept to themselves.
But wanting their wishes they have to be delivered.

Although those outspoken and known to be fearless,
And demanding what it is they want and undaunted...
Are said to offend those who would rather keep their desires,
Pretentious and presented in false identities...
To impress and appease,
Those they address with the best of kept etiquette to please.

'Had I known those loud mouthed creatures would be at 'this' event,
I would not have attended.'

~And had you not attended,
You would not have reaped...
A single benefit from their getting attention.
Someone has to listen to comments like theirs mentioned.
What were you waiting for?
A solicitation of an appointment to you given?
To then be appropriately ignored while instructed to go fetch a cocktail? ~

'At least in the doing I would have remained,
Pleasant, respectful and dignified.'

~And...
Ignored to be forgotten as one charading an imitation.
And while you are being pleasant, respectful and dignified,
Fetch me a rum and coke.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Approve With Each Nibble As You Taste It

Never try to justify,
The kind of life...
You like!

Feel comfortable and live it.

Never try to justify,
The kind of life...
You like!

Feel comfortable and live it.

What you choose for you and do,
Feel comfortable and live it.
No one but you can be you but you.
And make that choice to do what you choose.
With a taking of a bite out of life to taste.
Savoring it and enjoying this too!

Never try to justify,
The kind of life...
You like!

Feel comfortable and live it.

Never try to justify,
The kind of life...
You like!

Feel comfortable and live it.

What you choose for you to do,
Feel comfortable and live it.
No one but you can truly approve...
With each nibble as you taste it,
Without limits.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Approved With An Abundance Of Love

If there could be one thing I'd want...
I would wish for love,
To come with benefits!

I would not sit and become one's charity case!
Not me.
I wouldn't think of it!
I could not rest with those selfish thoughts!

However...
I 'would' make sure I was thought of,
On a daily basis...
As a 'foundation' accepting donations!
Approved with an abundance of love,
I would joyfully dispense!
In an arrangement,
Of an exchanged expense!

Knowing someone has given...
And I have happily received!

AND that's not being selfish at all!
That is being blissfully prepared and ready,
To release a satisfying peace!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

April Fools' Day

In 1854 or somewhere around that date,
Someone decided...
This day for them they would celebrate.
Poking fun and playing practical jokes.
Doing silly things and teasing when they spoke.

April Fools' Day today...
No longer seems that day to display a harmless merriment!
There is an exposed existence of a sickness witnessed,
Everyday.
And not only on the first of April,
Are these fools spreading their massive illnesses...
To feast on the remainder of sensibility!
And determined they are to prove,
Fools like them...
Are no chickens coming home to roost!
But to rule from ovens.
As they bake to roast to feed their mindless tastes!
And this is their day to rejoice in their self praise.
Unfolding an ignorance that suspends indefinitely!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

'A-Rat-A-Tat-Tat.'

'A-rat-a-tat-tat.'
You got it!
'A-rat-a-tat-tat.'
You got it!
'A-rat-a-tat-tat.'
You got it!
'A-rat-a-tat...
Tat-tat-tat.'

No more do I eat fried fat back.
Or smothered pork chops,
To put pounds on my thighs...
Butt or back!
Biscuits are my weakness,
So I ain't touching that.

Neck bones I leave alone.
And other greasy meats,
I don't eat.
I prefer to ignore that,
And them I don't condone!
Too sleazy for me.

'A-rat-a-tat-tat.'
You got it!
'A-rat-a-tat-tat.'
You got it!
'A-rat-a-tat-tat.'
You got it!
'A-rat-a-tat...
Tat-tat-tat.'

I do my best to eat fresh vegetables.
With a prepared fresh salad...
Adding fruits and nutts,
To keep my energy up!

Lots of exercise I do!
And conscious to take naps.

With meditation and deep breathing...
To keep my body sleek.
Everyday of the week!

With a diet less treated by soft drinks,
And preprocessed sweets.
I do what I can to be energized...
And my eyes kept open wide,
No aches and pains I'm going to sigh.

'A-rat-a-tat-tat.'
You got it!
Oh.
'A-rat-a-tat-tat.'
You got it!
Oh.
'A-rat-a-tat-tat.'
You got it!
Oh.
'A-rat-a-tat...
Tat-tat-tat.

Hey?
Wait a minute!
But...
Do you or do you not,
STILL smoke cigarettes? '

Whose confession is this?

'Yours.'

Exactly.
You keep tapping out that rhythm.
And I'll deal with my conscious...
Guilts and other facts!

'A-rat-a-tat-tat.'
You got it!
Oh.
'A-rat-a-tat-tat.'
You got it!

Oh.
'A-rat-a-tat-tat.'
You got it!
Oh.
'A-rat-a-tat...
Tat-tat-tat.'

'A-rat-a-tat-tat.'
You got it!
Oh.
'A-rat-a-tat-tat.'
You got it!
Oh.
'A-rat-a-tat-tat.'
You got it!
Oh.
'A-rat-a-tat...
Tat-tat-tat.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Are We On The Same Page Yet?

If it seems I restrain myself from making complaints,
With an ignoring of yours to express an empathy?
Let me see if my memory serves me correctly!
And you may if you wish assist me with clarity

I remember there was a time,
When you said my problems were exclusively mine.
And today they don't seem to be that exclusive,
Do they?

Nor do I wish with you to reminisce,
With your complaints on my mind...
That you may expect,
That I should prioritize with time to find.

If it seems I restrain myself from making complaints,
With an ignoring of yours to express an empathy?
I agree. I don't empathize. Did you do that for me?
Are we on the same page yet?
Or is there something I didn't mention you'd like to express?

'Yes.'

What is that?

'Do unto others as you wish to have done to you.'

Oh?
Did you wish me to respond?
Or are you having a private moment?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Are We To Get Close To Disclosing The Answers?

When minds are already committed,
To unlimited delusions permitted...
That the inflicting of pain and sorrows to sustain,
Is no more than a game to disregard...
The value of life and the seriousness of it.
For the purpose to keep fantasies,
Alive to thrive...
As many maimed and wounded,
And others killed for the thrill and sport of it...
Leave those surviving left to wonder,
Where do such ideals originate to accept and exist.
And...
What price is paid to keep this deceit?
And...
Are we to get close to disclosing the answers?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Are You Bragging Or Complaining

It's becoming very common to find,
Those who choose to live alone.
And with it done on their own...
To make ends meet,
Peacefully!
Without passing judgements on others,
Or what they should do with their lives...
Like those who have time to criticize,
Whenever they meet another...
Surprisingly on the street.

Although people who do,
Have this kind of time to find spend none of it...
Understanding to comprehend,
Why they involve themselves in heated arguments...
With spouses, lovers and/or room-mates sharing space,
To still fault to accuse others and with blame to claim...
That those who choose to live alone,
And happy with their lives...
Are lucky and have it made to have chosen,
Not to be pressured into living a life with no peace of mind.
Or time to find it.

'You don't know what it's like to live a life I have.'

~And who would have thought my life,
Would have turned out the way it has?
I am both grateful and blessed I kept my faith.
I'm sure if I had not...
Your judgements to pass and criticisms made,
Will still have me being the main topic in your house.
But I can tell, you have a lot on your hands these days.~

'You don't know what it's like to live my life.'

~You're right.
I know.
But are you bragging or complaining,
About those choices you made? ~

'I'm doing neither.
I'm just having a simple conversation.'

~That's great.
I could if I chose to brag.
But...
What point would I make,
If you knew nothing about the obstacles I had to face,
To have done to do successfully.~

'Oh.
How wonderful.
I'm happy to hear you're not bragging about it.'

~What more can I say?
God has been...~

'Nothing.
Have a good day.
I have so many things to do,
Before I attend church tomorrow.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Are You Convinced Any Sense Is Being Made?

Why is it,
People seem to refuse the deeds done...
That others do,
Without a hint or a clue...
Of who those people are?
Or the benefit they could receive,
From the doing of their deeds?

'Look around you.
There are more people refusing to acknowledge,
They could benefit from those deeds.
But...
For whatever the reason,
They object to reject the people who do them.'

AND...
That is suppose to make sense?

'Again...
Look around you.
Are you convinced any sense is being made? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Are You Expecting Me To Care?

Applying the brakes to escape,
The fast pace of a hectic life...
One has lived to experience,
A rushing through it as if this is meant...
To address impressions one attempts to make,
Stops when one decides to begin to appreciate...
A peace of mind one finds,
That has finally come their way one day.
And with a praying done,
It is hoped this peace with them stays.

'Whatever that is you have,
Where can I get some?
What price did you pay?
Is it available to anyone? '

I'm sure it is.

'Why are you showing me your scrapped knees? '

Oh.
That's nothing.
I would take you to that brick wall,
Where I would go to hit my head against.
But thanks be to God and God only,
That building was torn down.
Before my brains were splattered on it.

'Seriously.
I am asking you a serious question.
And all you can give to me are jokes? '

See my smile?
And these perfectly set and gleaming teeth?
Years ago I left the original ones,
In a mangled car I drove into a telephone pole.
And that was not my intention.
I went to reach for a strawberry milkshake,
That spilled all over me.

In those few seconds I forgot I was driving.

'Are you expecting me to believe,
Your joy and happiness began 'then'?
With that peace of mind you seem to have received?
Are you expecting me to believe that? '

No offense!
But are you expecting me to care?
However...
I do suspect there are less expensive routes to take.
I just happen to be aware of which events got me there.
And the price for each 'mistake' I made.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Are You On A Mission?

On a mission?
To be different and be distant.
Are you on a mission?
Pointless to mention personal sentiments.

Are you on a mission,
To be different and be distant...
Because of others who disrupt,
With lives that have been too corrupt.
And this is felt within your gut.

On a mission?
To be different and be distant.
Are you on a mission?
For one with those sentiments,
Needing attention to you sent.

Are you seeking to be free,
To live your life with your own beliefs?
And all conflicts have been released,
To cease...
Completely.

On a mission?
To be different and be distant.
Are you on a mission?
Pointless to mention personal sentiments.

Are you on a mission,
To be different and be distant...
Because of others who disrupt,
With lives that have been too corrupt.
And this is felt within your gut,
To discuss...
Your disgust.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Are You Proud Of Yourself?

Go ahead.
Here's your opportunity.
You've been waiting to embarrass me publicly...
For years.
Haven't you?
Well...
You go ahead.
Make a fool of yourself!

And keep this in mind...
Dishonesty will eventually,
Come and bite you back...
When you least expect it!
So say anything about me you wish.
I could care less!

'All I was going to say is that I think,
You are a fantastic, considerate...
And a loving human being.'

NOW you want to be honest.
Truthful and sincere!
I don't get you at all!

Who put you up to this?
Who told you to say those things...
And I would show every tooth in my head!
Well...
It worked!
Are you proud of yourself?
Are you happy now?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

'Are You Wasting Your Life? '

'Are you wasting your life? '
How would anyone know?
If you have decided to find it worthless.
If you have defined it...
As a waste!
Prior to opening that question,
You have already chosen it...
As a closed debate!
If you are looking for confirmation,
You have to look within not 'without'!
And it appears...
You have looked about outside of yourself,
To qualify your existence.
A self obsession with less,
Has already been declared!
And you have not been 'there' within yourself at all!
You seek a definition,
That will never satisfy what you would like to hear!
So 'if' your life is a waste to you...
Why bother to disperse the trash?
Why bother to even ask?
You have already decided,
Your selfishness exists!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Are You?

I have not gone away...
Because my closets are bare!
The only thing that this change brings,
Is a freshness to stale air!
I had to clear away the dust,
And collected thoughts that sat!
I needed to show you more of me...
And the crampness did not allow that!
I have to add a growth that comes.
With a purpose that brightens like the Sun.
I'm saying this now so we both understand...
You're not getting rid of me,
I don't see how you can!
Unless 'you're' making untold plans?
Are you?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Aren'T They Playing On The Same Team?

Why is he apologizing for being an achiever?
Why has he placed himself in that position?
Without him they would not have accomplished,
Anything.

'He feels he has to do it.
If he doesn't,
He feels the others may resent...
His abilities to get things done.
And they want to be the ones,
To prove him wrong.'

But...
Aren't they playing on the same team?
That doesn't make sense.

'Yeah.
And that is what's complicated about it.
He is responsible for recovering any lost respect,
They had.
And yet,
They all feel they deserve the credit...
For allowing him to express his intelligence.
And for some reason he is resented.'

Maybe he shouldn't play at all.

'He has already tried that.
And they accused him of thinking he was better,
Than the rest of them.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Aren'T You All Neighbors?

If I consume more than my neighbor,
And squander my feeding at their expense...
To then expect for them to remain silent,
As they pay more for the construction of my fence.
Or the fixing of cracks on pavements I travel,
Without my offering a single cent.
Why should I be disturbed by their nonsense?

Yet I am the first to advocate the raising of rents,
To keep certain 'elements' away from me and distanced.
Should I get upset the request I pay higher taxes,
On my property that has been re-assessed?
Since I am more accustomed to live high on the hog,
While others around me find it difficult to live on less?

'But...
Aren't you all neighbors?
And aren't you all sharing the same amenities offered? '

I am a conservative.
I am not one of those 'liberals' seeking a hand-out.
I am entitled to be served.

'But...
Aren't you all neighbors?
And aren't you all sharing the same amenities offered? '

I am a conservative.
I am not one of those 'liberals' seeking a hand-out.
I am entitled to be served.

If I consume more than my neighbor,
And squander my feeding at their expense...
To then expect for them to remain silent,
As they pay more for the construction of my fence.
Why should I be disturbed by their nonsense?

'But...
Aren't you all neighbors? '

Why should I be disturbed by their nonsense?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Aren'T You Glad You Came...

Hollowed cycles to follow,
Produce nothing new to review as change.
Standards to value with outdated rules,
Lose their purpose for those ignoring them to choose.
And the ones refused inclusion,
To continue to expect the same disrespect...
No longer express a concern they have left,
With a caring once shown that has become less...
As to how those hollowed cycles to follow,
Are renovated with fresh paint...
To celebrate an activity attempting to illuminate,
Another way to follow the same hollowed cycles!

'What's the big deal?
I mean...
It's just a cycle of a routine unchanged.'

~Remember when we objected,
To them going the same way all the time to follow?
In a repetitive motion that kept us all hypnotized.
And then we began to protest with a wanting of change? ~

'Yeah.
I remember.'

~Isn't it exciting...
We've been invited exclusively,
To see them now go backward?
AND...
With effective lighting and a coat of fresh paint.~

'Thank God we got here early.
Look at the long lines of people,
Waiting patiently to experience the thrill.
And with a doing many will reminisce,
For the rest of their lives.'

~Aren't you glad you came to witness this? ~

'Absolutely! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Arguing Against Kept Perceptions

If people choose to delude themselves,
What point is made in deliberate debates...
To argue against kept perceptions?

Truth is only relevant to those living to value,
Entrances and not exits to escape...
From the fear of truth to make excuses.

Arguing against kept perceptions,
Is done for the purpose...
To identify the fools that are made.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Arising On The Horizon

Coming out of a protective darkness,
Can be an emphatically traumatic experience...
For those who have lived,
Effectively disguised falsified lives.

The light arising on the horizon comes.
And will reveal hidden agendas,
Perceived to keep secret...
But a light that shines will expose them done.

Witnessed to be running from this light that stuns,
Will be the ones disbelieving...
Their denials and excuses are refused to accept,
By those with insight prepared to reject deceptions.

Tears to cry with them wept,
May be the first honest attempt with effect...
To show and prove they are through trying to fool,
With masks to wear and lips and tongues overused.

Coming out of a protective darkness,
Can be an emphatically traumatic experience...
For those who have lived,
Effectively disguised falsified lives.

Arising on the horizon,
Is a truth that shines within minds given insight.
Capable to 'see' without the assistance of lips.
And with senses like fences,
Protected against agendas deceived to be meant.

'They run.
But from what?
The light arising on the horizon?
And the brightness of it done? '

They run from their own shadows,
They have yet to realize...
That are theirs but afraid of them.

And they run thinking themselves to be chased instead,
By disguises they've adorned...
But them they do not recognize to realize them as theirs.

'They run.
From WHAT? '

Disguises they have adorned to wear.
But them they no longer recognize,
As once being theirs.

'They run.
From WHAT? '

Just observe.
The 'light' will make everything clear.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Around And Around And Around

Although my comments were specifically stated.
A comprehension that was mentioned,
Relayed an unrelated message much foreign to mine.
And when I made attempts to correct this,
Without a needed argument fished to solicit,
I was told what was said,
Was not what I had meant.
And did not come from my own head!

And from the lips of one who delights in gossip...
My original 'concept' given,
Was totally different from the one I had sent.
Although my comments were specifically stated...
A comprehension that was mentioned,
Relayed an unrelated message much foreign to mine.
And when I made attempts to correct this
Without a needed argument to fetch or fish,
I was told what was said,
Was not what I had meant.
And did not come from my own head!
But...
It was from someone else,
I had 'lifted it'.

And from the lips of one who delights in gossip...
My original 'concept' given,
Was totally different from the one I had sent.
And around and around and around I went...
Door to door...
Trying to stop,
An implanted ignorance attached to my name,
Begun by a fool...
Out to prove me to be easily used,
Like a limp mop tossing about slop!
But folks like this without an identity that exists...
Are lining up behind the mindless,
Devoid of shame!
And not one thought of their own to claim!
Leaving me to accept a task...

To actually show my sanity,
If in me they saw it to ask!

And I fought myself to stay undercover!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Around The World With Minerva

She would offer us crumpets.
Minerva Pinkston...
Once part of a jet set!
Holding up both hands to announce...
Her painted nails were wet!

She rambled on as if we were being tested,
To remember her travels to places...
And names of those of power she met!

When we first arrived at Minerva's front door!
Many thought she wore a mask...
Or her make up was done very poor!
Her long eyelashes
Made her top eyelids droop!
She had too much lipstick on her lips...
She could kiss lips consistently,
Of the bears who mooned her
Or a mesmerized passing moose.
With an instant wish to fly away...
Faster than a chased goose.

Minerva posed in the kitchen
And each of her seven rooms.
We made the mistake of stopping
In her wine cellar.
And she consumed more wine
We found ourselves outside...
To escape and leave wine fumes behind!
Getting fresh air was on our minds!

After we observed Minerva...
Minerva had the nerve,
To announce she had taken us on a tour.
Around the world with her!
As we stared and chatted on the stairs,
Of Minerva's veranda.

And if we had been first

Introduced to that moose...
Many of us sitting,
And staring at Minerva,
Would not try to hide...
The laughter slipping giggles,
That was begging,
To be freed
And let loose!
We closed our eyes and held our breath
When she would pass switching her fat...
Caboose!

Minerva Pinkston did not notice this at all...
As she flaunted with flair,
As if we weren't guest...
But photographers to catch,
Every nuance she managed
As she posed and patted...
Her sprayed bouffant hair!
Minerva didn't care.
We were there for Minvera...
And of this Minerva was aware!

She would offer us crumpets.
Minerva Pinkston...
Once part of a jet set!
Holding up both hands to announce...
Her painted nails were wet!

And when we were ready,
To leave Minerva's place...
Her smiling face
Began to crack like plaster.
And all there couldn't wait,
To vacate before tasting
Minerva's surprising and 'award' winning
Cake she said she baked!
Some were rude...
When they ran through the door!
And jumped like olympians,
Over the front gate!

And the screams of laughter heard...
Stopped Minerva's chirping to her caged birds!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Arrested Thoughts

You have come too far...
To surround yourself in fear.
Shackled and attacked by thoughts,
Taught by those close and near.
Remove them from your mindset now!
Don't allow to become imprisoned...
Or bow down to confining decisions!
Break free and climb to your higher self.
Get rid of those thoughts,
Others have brought and dealt!
Leaving you with feelings...
You alone seem to have felt!
Eliminate a fate not yours.
Adore your mind and explore new shores!
Cast away what had limited you.
Your happiness you can and will pursue!
Believe you deserve a better view.
And watch the beauty of your life come through!
Arrest your thoughts...
That's what you ought to do!
If you must be a prisoner,
Become warden of a love that's due!
Locked and safe...
Protected from the blues!
Let others find comfort in pity!
Those scenes are not for you!
With arrested thoughts...
Take back what you own!
Your mind is YOUR castle,
And let that be known!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Artificial Power

Foolish become the people,
Who begin to crave the taste of ignorance.
Foolish become the ones,
Proving they can undo what has been done.
Foolish are they who become drunk and addicted,
To artifical power.
The kind of power that begins to craze,
Those in dazed rages on binges to eliminate.
With a beginning to sever the roots of others!
Until it's too late,
For them to awaken with minds cleared to discover...
They also bleed from the same dieing tree.
A tree they did not create to make,
But grew accustomed to climbing it branches...
To be allowed to sit high feeling mighty and lofty!

Foolish become the people,
Who begin to crave the taste of ignorance.
Foolish become the ones,
Proving they can undo what has been done.
Foolish are they who become drunk and addicted,
To artifical power.
The kind of power that begins to craze,
Those in dazed rages on binges to discriminate.
With a beginning to sever the roots of others!
Until it's too late,
For them to awaken with minds cleared to discover...
They also bleed from the same dieing tree.
Foolish are the ones who have come like this to go,
From this divine existence with their limited beliefs.
And with a vain unconsciousness permitting an end to it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Artists Of Descriptive Depictions

Picking words with syllables heard,
To sound a beat or create a mental feast.
Artists of descriptive depictions...
Choosing from within and behind,
In minds with canvassed eyes they select.
And do their best when under some kind of duress,
It seems.
To perfect,
What is envisioned with more meaning!
Like a daydream scene internally screened,
To project upon our vision.

Is a snowflake etched,
And falling to a catching ground
As fetching?
Or as profound...
As the galloping hoofs of horses,
Pulling sleighs of joyful smiles around?
When holidays are welcomed...
Dripping with seasoned sights and sounds!
Orange with yellow brightening with hints of brown,
Introducing colors of Fall on trees standing tall.

Winter mint green,
And red adorning silver streams
Of Christmas dreams...
Soon in hearts will be found!
Decorating our imaginations.
Gifted wrapped to avoid the slightest frown.

Picking words with syllables heard,
To sound a beat or create a mental feast.
Artists of descriptive depictions...
Release an increased merriment to treat.
And our minds receive them,
To dance upon memories reminisced!
In anticipation...
Impatiently waiting,
For descriptive depictions...

To come alive before our eyes
Beholding the reality of their visits!
Capturing wonder and surprise.

Dedicated:
Writers. Poets especially.
There are quite a few 'Artists of Descriptive Depictions'
that come to mind. A few like Duncan Wyllie, Ms Theo Onken
Ms Marci Made, Herbert Nehrlich...these are just a few! So
please forgive me 'IF' I did not mention you by name.
Blame that on my head and not my heart!
You all are so wonderfully inspiring with your 'gifts'!

'I thank you'...Lawrence

Lawrence S. Pertillar

As A Dove I Flew

As a Dove I flew,
Without concern...
That my wings someone had clipped!

It was brought to my attention,
When at rest...
Around others,
Where I would sit to listen.
And with them reminisce.

Someone noticed my flaws.
And I began to forget...
My mission was to love.
And to spread happiness with it!

But I let this blemish,
Take hold and I could not resist.
The fact that I was a 'Dove' first...
With or without wings clipped!

And I sat looking at my flaws and blemishes...
That kept me stifled without movement.
And a burden I placed upon my wings...
I found too heavy!
They felt encased in cement.
And my mind stayed fixed on my appearance,
Ever since.
And my wings I could no longer lift!

'Who are you trying to fool?
Us?
Just because we are pigeons...
Your task is not to try to fit in!
Be a Dove.
Be who you are.
Continue your journey,
And stop telling those stories.
We've heard them before...
When you came to deliver,

That self defeating message...
At our separate doors.
We got it!
That's why we are here all together!
Remember us? '

Well...
Why didn't you say something.
I would not have wasted your time.
I thought you all were struggling in conflict?
My 'bad'!
I'm still eliminating some of that 'processing'.
You know what a bunch of ya'll together implies!

'It's not a waste to us at all.
Every time we hear it,
We share it with those who haven't!
It's motivating.
And extremely convincing.
It's hilarious the second time around.
You should see yourself! '

I suppose you are right!
Afterall,
I am assigned to do Dove 'stuff'.
Trying to do it the best I can!

'If you happen to forget,
And you see us again!
Try to avoid using the 'clipped wing' thing.
It's overboard and too dramatic.
It's funny.
But I think you should want to be taken seriously! '

I do!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

As A Factor

Persistence with consistency,
Requires more than a risk.
And a doing it with a progess done...
One must stay firm and fit.

As a factor.
With a matter of fact in tact.
And as a factor...
With one's mind focused on that!

Persistence with consistency,
Requires more than a risk.
And as a factor...
One must stay firm and be fit.
With one's mind focused on that!
And with a matter of fact in tact.

And as a factor...
One must stay firm and be fit.
And as a factor...
One's mind can not drift from this.
And as a factor...
One must stay firm and be fit.
And as a factor...
One can not drift far this.
Or have a mind not feeling it,
Detached from factors.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

As A Growth Process Continues

It is wonderful to feel,
Blessed beyond depiction.
And a sadness as well...
To know those one knew,
Have not traveled this path of clarity.
To be left behind,
As a growth process continues!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

As A Matter Of Fact

It has been said,
I am full of this...
And full of that.
With many believing,
I am full of crap.

But please know this...
Wherever I am 'at',
God has got my back!
And you can not give to me,
Any more or less attention...
Than My Father has given!
Let me state that as a matter of fact.

And My Father and I,
Will continue to give.
That's just how close,
Our relationship IS.
Hopefully something about this,
Has been understood!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

As A Myth To Use And Trick

Those who perceive with held beliefs,
That a lie told to keep hidden...
Is not a lie until it has become revealed,
Are the same people who claim to have faith in God.
And God keeps their secrets concealed.
Since for them God only exists...
Not as an omnipresence in their lives,
But as a myth to use and trick to stay slick.
Like a going through of motions,
With a doing to do as if God permits it.

However...
Unknown by those with a limited consciousness,
Once truth is shown there is no getting away from it.
And one who 'sees' receives clarity...
To leave those who deceive themselves,
Left offended when exposed to be the liars they are.
And liars who defend themselves,
Believe their deeds to be hidden!
But...
From whom?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

As A Poet

The thing I like best,
About having the freedom to express...
As a poet,
Is this:
I can choose if so desired and wished,
To be objective about it.
Whatever it is I decide to write.
And in other heartfelt touching moments,
I let others find the meaning.
To take as long as time permits,
To uncover something subjective.
With a close inspection,
Of exposed sentiments.
And I don't have to be in their presence,
To agree or disagree.
Or even like it myself.
Since when anthing I have written,
Is explored for left clues and hints...
I have moved on to create,
Other 'works' that may or may not...
Make more or even less sense.
Like this 'one'.
Someone will find worthy of debate.
Or scan through to scathe.
If it is not found to appeal to an appetite liked.
But it will be re-read.
Because poems I write sits in readers' heads.
With an intent intensively.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

As A Result Of Envy

Very few still left that are there,
Who care and dare to admit it...
Had hopes to prevent,
A successful undoing...
Of good deeds implemented.
And this would not ruin intentions...
To build and cement relationships meant.
With a strengthening never to be circumvented.

Very few who are left and manage to remain sane,
Have done their best to keep their feelings unchanged.
But a childishness inflicted then still exists,
Just a petty and wicked.
As a result of envy and jealousness,
Wrapped too tightly around sickened minds.

And a wish of wanting to find a remedy to end conflicts,
Has finally been determined to be a waste of time.
Since as a result of envy and it being around all the time,
A jealousy implemented has begun to destruct.
With a belief not getting enough love and attention given,
Has messed minds up.

And since a love like this has been missed,
Difficult it is for folks clinging onto an aging bitterness...
To commit to an ending of their envious jealousies,
That will result in a productive contructiveness to benefit.
And this is all relative as observed and witnessed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

As A Student Of Life

Not a part of my existence,
Did I practice first or rehearse.
And not a lesson to me taught,
Came to me to quench a thirst.
As a student of life,
I've learned to live through the worse.
No experience came to me,
With a stopping I could reverse.

To understand and comprehend,
Without a making of mistakes...
Is impossible to achieve with answers revealed.
And yet there are those prepared to condemn,
Others to expose from taken self righteous positions.
As a condition to find fault and accuse,
The ones perceived deserving to be abused.

Not a part of my existence,
Did I practice first or rehearse.
And not a lesson to me taught,
Came to me to quench a thirst.
As a student of life,
I've learned to live through the worse.
No experience came to me,
With a stopping I could reverse.

And yet there are those prepared to condemn,
Without experiencing life.
To walk on paths,
With no paving of them that begins.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

As A Thief Would Use A Synonym

As anonymous as some wish to be,
When plagiarising or disguising...
Their lack of competence or capabilities.
It becomes made easy for them to pretend.
Since from a mindset,
That is how it begins for them.

As a thief would use a synonym,
A deceiver would use a weakness...
To inflict desired whims.
And liars who gossip to spread innuendos,
Are the same folks who sneak,
From behind trees, bushes and out of windows.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

As Easy As Looking At Pictures

If there is anything,
That having personal experiences bring...
Is one simple fact felt and kept intact.
An obtaining of them to have,
Is personal only for the one...
Living to confront them to get them done.

And others who have yet to acquire,
Similar experiences to reminisce in their lives...
Often perceive with belief,
A doing to remove obstacles they have not faced...
Is as easy as looking at pictures in a magazine.
To then flip quickly after seeing a date to replace it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

As Expectations Come To Go

As expectations come to go,
Few can bet on what had been selected...
To satisfy what time has realized.

Who can look at someone,
And judge what's next?
Who knows what steps taken,
Who be the ones 'that' someone elects?

And who knows what's best for anyone to get done?
Only the one on a path that is chosen...
Can detect what to expect.
From a life lived inspired by tests.

As expectations come to go,
Few can bet on what had been selected...
To satisfy what time has realized.
And only those with their eyes wide open,
Know better than those who have their eyes closed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

As False As Your Implied Perceptions

If you cause me to disrespect you.
Then of course,
You will be disrespected.

But to suggest to others I am disrespecting,
For reasons not connected
To someone's show of disrespect,
Is as false as your implied perceptions.
From you I am sure they get!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

As Festivities Bring Cheer

Short nights get longer,
When an hour from them is turned back to save.
And during this time of the year,
As winter approaches near in New England.

And that daylight that stayed,
Appears to slowly drift away...
From those longer days when the Sun would come.
And everyone enjoyed the having of fun.

Then October brings Halloween.
And in November Thanks is given.
Who doesn't think of Christmas in December?
With a passing of it to bring a New Year that visits.

Short nights get longer,
When an hour from them is turned back to save.
And during this time of the year,
As winter approaches near in New England...
Few are heard complaining as festivities bring cheer.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

As Fresh As Can Be Seen

A cycle kept and meant to suppress progress,
Will updat with a window dressing occasionally...
Just to keep those addicted to maintaining familiar steps,
And sustained with beliefs...
A diversity is as fresh as can be seen window dressed,
With an entertaining of those new on the scene...
To perceive until they are forced to leave to pursue reality.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

As Genuine As Those Who Know It

Whether it becomes displayed,
Or laid in the shadows to dust...
Quality is eventually discovered.
And known to show what it is.
Quality dusted never ages to rust.
No matter what attempts are made,
By those unappreciative of its value.
A quality that remains to be quality,
Is as genuine as those who know it!
Regardless of what rating it gets.
Quality can not be rated against,
That which it has no peers.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

As Has Been Taught

From one's observance,
It can be determined...
A true placement of values.

And what is accepted,
Needs not to be assessed...
To point out to others.
Or be heard routinely expressed.

A true placement of values,
Has been obsessed.
And obvious it is...
Needing not to be excused or confessed.
Since if it was not wished it would not exist.

From one's observance,
It can be determined...
A true placement of values.

And what is accepted,
Needs not to be assessed...
To point out to others or be expressed.
It is what it is as has been taught,
To teach and be believed to label as is revealed.

As has been taught...
These things we see to leave as is believed,
To leave within our minds without questioning but accept.

As has been taught...
These things we see to leave as is believed,
To leave within our minds without questioning but accept.

As has been taught.
As has been taught.
As has been taught...
To leave within our minds without questioning but accept,
These things we see to leave as is believed...
As has been taught.

As has been taught.
As has been taught.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

As I Age

For six weeks,
I was in isolation.
To have every single secretion,
Coming out of my body analyzed.
Then scrutinized with x-rays and blood taken.
And for five months I laid up in a hospital,
Back in two thousand and four.
Being ignored,
While the nurses and doctors used me...
To explore.

And to have someone come up to my face and say,
Today...
I don't know what it is like to be criticized,
As if I stood naked! ?
They absolutely do not realize,
I thank God even my right eyebrow doesn't raise...
Not like it use to especially,
When I hear such ridiculous comments.
Not that I have anything against being naked.
It's just that I get fewer requests to do it as I age.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

As I Aged With A Growing

I've doubled up on my love for life.
I learned games to play and I've paid that price.
But those nights and my youthful days grew colder.

And as I aged with a growing,
Some things I collected along the way...
I had to throw away with a knowing,
It was I who chose to live my life.
And I began to choose what was right for me.

I've doubled up on my love for life.
With a choice to let go and enjoy the ride.
Regardless who debated over the choices that I make.
No one knows what it takes for me to live.
With a doing it as if I live obstacle free.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

As If Affirmations

There are times when they come,
We all find ourselves...
Repeating those needs.
As if afirmations,
With wishes to have them completed...
Before an admiration of patience increases,
To forget what had been wished and wanted...
Had been a priority.

Once stated and done,
Most would leave their wishes alone...
To become fulfilled on their own.
How devoted to understanding can one get?
But there are those like myself,
Who would prefer not to have aged...
To grey too much with steps slower paced,
When those needs finally arrive to be done...
Hoping they are recognized as requests once made,
And who initiated the desire.

'Are you sure you have come to the right door?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

As If I Didn'T Know

I had a 'crusader' of a certain faith,
Say to me one day.
I needed to pray to find my savior.

And I did not give a quick response.
Since with some people,
They will go on and on with that which they 'believe'.
Because some people like these,
Will not accept.
If it was not for a faith known and kept,
Those obstacles shown and met to eliminate.
Would not have strengthened my steps to walk away,
Giving the utmost respect to leave.
To those who assume,
My happiness was received without first crawling.
On hands and bleeding knees!

As if I did not know,
From where my blessings flow.
And not a judgement from observations do I pass.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

As If In A Game Of 'show And Tell'

Some people live their lives,
As if in a game of 'Show and Tell'.
Needing they do,
To be noticed and identified.
And existing with an attention given,
Needed to prove they occupy space.

And with a doing of it unsolicited,
That seems to require more emphasis...
With a producing of more chatter,
Comparable to a disturbance made...
With a noise some wish would be silenced.
And more acceptable to others of common needs.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

As If Invisible

There is nothing done,
In front of their faces...
Or heard coming from behind their backs,
Can they say with convincing eye contact...
They were not aware of or did not know.

They can,
However...
Name it something else,
To leave as is...
But it is as it shows.
By the ones awakened,
Without their minds closed.

If they with their minds closed,
Had been hit by a truck...
And could not get up,
They would lay there and not be helped.
As if invisible,
By everyone else...
With familiar and similar mindsets.
From Sunrise to Sunset.

But if they are pricked and felt a pinch,
They would then exclaim...
Someone has made an attempt,
To threaten their lives.
Even though they could not identify...
Who or why the doer would do this.
Although they then would know...
Something was felt to complain about.
Something they still could not describe.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

As If 'It' Is In Command

What is this,
That has come upon us and comfortably sits.
And...
With a doing in our midst to okay it displayed,
With such an array of infestating ignorance.
And to have it stay as if 'it' is in command.

Has a denial of this become too painful to admit?
Has a tolerance of it laid too long in an unconsciousness?
Or have we, the people, grown too tired to resist?
And that which sits to manifest an overwhelming ignorance,
Offends when mentioned to the ones equipped to defend it.
With whispers wished not to be labelled as nonconformists.

What is this craze and madness permitted,
That has come upon us to comfortably sit...
As if 'it' is in command. And,
Determined it is to make us all accepting,
An epidemic disrespecting with a spreading to infest!
And, with a doing to prove those who are conscious...fools!
Yes! Fools deluded who have chosen to be ruled.
With a love of being deceived...
As long as there are sweet treats provided to comfort.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

As If Made To Compliment

Embedded within those self centered mindsets...
Are preconceived judgements.
And indoctrinated at birth...
Are our obsessions with possessions.
Valued more than deeds...
Done by anyone at a greater worth.

Embedded within,
Them...
Those with turned up noses.
Are visuals that impress.
Before indepth attention is addressed.
And this is expressed...
To avoid any references directed to insecurities.
Surfaced by others...
As if made to compliment.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

As If My Breath Is On Your Neck

Take your time to find my mind.
It is where it has always been.
Here.
With relevance,
You have yet to discover.
And when you do uncover this...
It will still be as fresh!
As fresh to you,
As if we are viewing the developments...
Unfolding.

And you find I can still hold onto your attention,
As if my breath is on your neck.
And yet...
Your dissecting of what has been left,
So long ago...
Remains with you,
Of current interest.

Interesting,
At best.
But not enough to leave me curious.

Take your time to find my mind.
It is where it has always been.
Here.
With relevance,
You have yet to discover.

And when you do...
It will still be as fresh!
As fresh to you,
As if we are viewing the developments...
Unfolding.

And you are holding on in a disbelief.
At my command.

Remember this...

You can not discover,
What another knew existed.

You may try to recover...
From the 'how' what you now know,
Had been already known!
Not only by me but many.

Before you came along...
To find your thoughts had been wrong!
And how I knew.
And you,
Had to pay a price...
To find this out.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

As If On A Mission

Why are so many people today,
Just annoying.
As if on a mission.

'Think about it.
If you sought attention,
What would you do? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

As If Overnight

The speed of forgotten,
Childhood wishes...
Occurs with them returning,
When one recalls to reminisce...
Experiences to have earned.
Only aging to remember,
Each one earned to have learned.
Sometimes with a chuckle.
Or with a quick smile to think,
How simple life had been...
Then.
And how slow those first lessons taught,
Were thought...
Much too difficult to understand.
To rush back from where they had gone,
Away...
And 'now' today have it heard,
From someone to say...
With age comes unmistakable wisdom.
As if overnight youthful mistakes made,
Validates what aging takes to correct them.

Sometimes with a chuckle.
Or with a quick smile to think,
How simple life had been...
Then.
To think at the time one becomes 21,
Childhood wishes, wants and dreams...
Would be received to get every one.
And after that when one ages,
That fire to desire leaves to be done.

And I've been 21,
48 years to know...
Desires don't leave.
They only come for more to grow.
Maybe slower but that passion remains.
To obtain as much wisdom as I can get.
With many hopeful days and nights to come,

Not to have them rushed. Not one.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

As If There Are Exceptions To Mother Nature's Rules

Allowing anxieties,
And embittered feelings...
Of how things should be,
And how we'd like to see them done...
From our own perspective.
Needs to be released,
From the minds of those continually feeding...
On beliefs people and things remain unchanged.

When a day comes a day goes.
There is not a season that stays as it is.
But adults who are still children in their minds,
Find it difficult to leave behind...
That which is not coming back.
And it becomes unfortunate for many,
Who are not accepting of this natural process.
As if there is a fairy princess that will magically,
'Wand' their troubles away.

Accepting what is with a moving on is part of life.
Many are stuck and just refuse to do it.
As if there are exceptions to Mother Nature's Rules.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

As If They Are Exquisite Gifts

She may not have been qualified,
To be their church organist...
For the many years she did it.

But she sure proved she was qualified,
To raise four successful kids...
In more ways than one.

And that church still sits,
Where snobs and the self righteous...
Visit as if they are exquisite gifts.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

As If They Had Sacrificed

Very seldom are those known,
To have championed effective causes...
Shown to have come into existence,
Are given the accolades to them deserved.
Often it will be the attention given and received,
To the ones who stood in opposition...
Bowing as if they had sacrificed with an effort,
They've campaigned with a remarkable marketing.
Then to not remember the beginnings of their deeds.
But prepared they are to embellish.
With a keeping of those attentive entertained.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

As If This Was Dessert

Acquaintances they had,
With an assortment of personas known!
No one grew to know identities true.
A superficiality was all they shared.
All they dared and knew!
And this was accepted,
As a form of acknowledgement.
Handed done through generations...
Even those related,
Had no depth of who they were.
Or cared what that depth to them had meant!
With a self destruction taught,
And applied with skill...
They adopted missions,
To ruin themselves with disrespect...
An accomplishment met at will!
And when they realized,
They were killing their own kind?
In their minds they were too far gone...
And blind to the fact,
They were ending their bloodlines!
With each child slapped,
By an ignorant stance that held them back!
And destroyed the ones who sacrificed,
To keep them nourished with a love of self...
They severely did lack.
They despised the ones who told them that.
They were not raised to praise themselves.
Nor kept a pride they encouraged to flourish!
Discouragement was their prize.
Enjoying acts of scandal and slander!
Lies!
As if this was dessert,
To serve to those attacked...
Demoralized,
And criticized!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

As If To Digest In The Darkness

Everyday those same voices heard increase!
Everyday
And they
Don't go away

Everyday those same voices heard increase!
Everyday
And they
Don't go away.

It's not like I don't care for people.
But everyday
Their bickering stays.

Everyday those same voices heard increase!
Everyday
And they don't go away.

It's not like I don't care for people.
But everyday
Their bickering stays.

And I've got to get away to watch the Sunset,
To observe them as their silhouettes
Fade on the horizon digested by the darkness,
To get some quietness.

Everyday those same noisy bickering people.
Everyday
Everyday
Everyday those same noisy bickering people.
Everyday
Everyday

And I'm glad when the Sun gets ready to set
To take their bickering silhouettes
Delivering a quietness,
As if to digest in the darkness.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

As If To Impress

They can declare themselves geniuses.
And compare themselves to those suppressed.
They will strip a land of its resources,
To then profess how the inhabitants that are left...
Are distressed and disadvantaged.
As if to impress.

The can create conflicts and disturbances...
To say they can end them quick but don't.
They wish to have others see them,
As saviors on a mission.
But to fix anything with a healing to bring...
They wont.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

As If To Make Fashion Statements

Observing a segment of the population,
Walking around as best as they can...
With accepted self inflicted disabilities,
As if to make fashion statements...
Huge profits are being made,
To keep them mentally attached...
And kept conditioned to beliefs,
A suffering done they do...
Represents an honorable existence.
And those who appear to be perfectly healthy,
Are 'assumed' to be visitors from out of town.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

As If You Are Entitled To Do As You Please

Nothing done did you do,
Can be that easily dismissed...
From the act of you doing it.

And your belief that a forgiveness saves...
Has played out,
For those no longer...
In a forgetting of the past,
To start over again mode.

There is no patience anyone has,
For that kind of self centeredness.
As if you are entitled to do as you please.

Not here.
Not with me.
I can only play a fool for so long.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

As If You Were A Window With Dust And Smudges On It

You perceive everything you do,
As a prerequisite of acceptance by others.
Don't you?
No matter what it is,
You edit it as approved.
Even lieing to yourself,
You believe should be forgven.
And your dishonesty charaded,
Others should receive without debate or hesitation.

Well,
I have been healed from any wounds.
Deliberately afflicting my mental stability.
And I don't allow either those conscious,
Or those protecting their unconsciousness.
The opportunity to reflect the disrespect,
They have for themselves up in my face.
I know my self worth and earned value obtained.

You?
Perceive everything you do,
As a prerequisite of acceptance by others.
Me?
I live in this neighborhood.
But I am not of it.
And that is a choice.
Not a sacrifice.

And I am certainly not going to define,
How I wish to be treated.
By those who wouldn't have a clue,
Of what a comprehending of respect means.
Your insecurities wont open that gate.

And I don't want to have your ego believe me to be angry.
Or bitter.
OR any of those things you'd like to repeat to your friends.

I just want to make this clear to you face to face.
On a one on one.
The backstabbing you've done to me.
I've been aware of it.
But the pushing of my buttons,
To allow a squeezing more of a forgiveness from me to you done.
Is no longer here for you to do as in days gone to forget.
I see through you,
As if you were a window with dust and smudges on it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

As If...

This storm has lingered too long.
And collecting from its debris,
Finds many at ease with this!

As if...
Those accept
With addictions to please.
As if...
Tears are okay to fall,
To gather more than rain.
With sunshine stalled,
Behind walls
Of slow moving clouds.
As if...
This storm is prolonged by doubt!
Fearing the leaving of it...
Would create a draught.
As if wishes to dismiss it,
Would be found out!
And gone would be the pouts shown!

Could we then expect cheering in sunlight.
To begin?
Or would the atmosphere despair,
By those missing gloom...
Finding a comfort everywhere.

This storm has lingered too long.
As we have become suspicious,
Of the freshness of clearing skies.
As if...
The change seen in happy eyes,
Is despised like an unwanted stranger!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

As Inhabitants On This Earth

If there is anything to learn,
As inhabitants on this Earth.
There is much 'to' learn...
As inhabitants on this Earth.

Inspired and dedicated to:
Ms Fiona Davidson
The Netherlands
'Thanks, Fi'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

As Is Meant To Be Told

With a silenced mind,
Listen to them find...
Excuses to make for themselves.
And those who make excuses,
To abuse the truth.
Are liars.
With a quiet mind anyone can find,
Those who pretend.

There are ways to deal with people who pretend.
And there are many of them attempting to defend themselves,
With lies they tell on someone else.
Hoping the doing keeps them popular amongst those unknowing,
Them to be chronic liars prepared to always put on a show...
To protect their insecurities and victimizing those that don't know.

The affects of this are all around.
If one's eyes and ears are kept open.
And one's mouth is kept shut.
While listening to things being instantly made up.

Watch them mentally self destruct.

'Who? '

Those who lie and want you to believe them true.
While they continue to make things up,
As often as they do.
And those they've deceived will eventually awaken,
To disbelieve the doers of these misdeeds.
When the pieces are put together to reveal those faking.

There are ways to deal with people who pretend.
Hoping the doing keeps them popular amongst those unknowing,
Them to be chronic liars.
With a watching them mentally self destruct,
And those they've deceived will eventually awaken,
To disbelieve the doers of these misdeeds...
While listening to them talk about themselves too much,

With a passing of judgement and telling of lies on others.

'But...
How do we know them to do these things? '

Those who make excuses,
To abuse the truth...
Are liars.
And...
With a quiet mind anyone can find,
Those who pretend with a defending of themselves against...
Someone who is not around,
More familiar with the telling of truth as is meant to be told.

'Who do you think are those least likely to tell the truth? '

It is in the observation.
Who has difficulty accepting who they are?
Who uses their ethnicity as a fashion statement,
And not a possessed identity?
And who is quick to assess others like themselves,
With comments made that have no dignity?
And those who lie are always the ones self righteous,
Quick to use God as if God is not aware of false tongues.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

As It Goes For The Willow

As it goes for the willow,
Stretching to bend as the wind begins...
To stop and end briefly,
The humidity and heat.
And moss on scattered trees,
Seen in savannahs tropical and green...
Seem so picturesque as if painted.

As it goes for those swamped in bills to pay...
In need of a lilting breeze to come their way.
A nature walk through the forest,
Will take a mind away to untaint...
From needless trappings of concrete beliefs,
Stuck in the mire of an attracted grief,
One uses to declare...
A normal way of life to live!

As it goes for the willow,
Flowing freely yet attached to all that is...
Without appearing to have needs to be,
Something it was not intended.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

As It Is! It Is...As It Is

This stirred inside me,
Long before I spoke.
Or said a word first.
Few concepts come to sit,
Premeditated to rehearse...
Before I come out with it.

As you see it...
So do I.
And I marvel at its composition.
Sometimes wishing,
I admit...
I could rearrange the topic that exists.

But...
As it is!
It is...
As it is.
Inquisitive I am as well,
From where the origin of this dwells.

But...
As it is!
It is...
As it is.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

As Long As I Am There For 'You'

As long as I am there for 'you',
The air is fresh.
And everything is kept 'cool'.
As long as I am there for 'you'.

But, it seems whenever I express a need,
The asking of this leaves you displeased.
And await I do for you to appear,
With a doing at times you don't.

And you tell others I am sensitive
With a telling to them little do I give.
But you wont admit to them the times I have sat,
Listening to excuses in belief I should accept that.

As long as I am there for 'you',
The air is fresh.
And everything is kept 'cool'.
As long as I am there for 'you'.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

As Long As I Know I'Ve Been Felt

I am not worried about,
Whether 'you' feel me or not.
I'm not!
As long as I know I've been felt,
I'm fine!
And cool with it.
By all means,
Continue your charade.
I'll continue I don't notice.
To leave us both creatively existing,
In our separate but equal dimensions.

Even though I do see,
We have this in common...
A head.
Two arms.
And two legs attached to feet,
I use to keep stepping.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

As Long As I Know 'Where' You Are

If someone is caught mysteriously snooping.
And in your backyard,
As if looking for 'something' specifically...
They are there with a doing of it on purpose.
And...
If they seem to be more shocked than you are,
That they have been caught in the doing...
Do not call the police!
They ask too many questions
Investigate these matters on your own.

'Again...
Who are you? '

~Trust me,
I'm innocent.
I had no idea this was private property.~

'With a ten foot fence surrounding it?
And a ladder you used...
To avoid getting spiked,
By the barbed wire?
With motion detectors in full sight?
Again...
Who are you? '

~Please let me go.
I made a mistake.
Untie me from this chair.
There are laws you break.~

'I know.
But on my property.
Rules and laws I am to make.
Again...
Who are you? '

~I'm not telling you anything.
I don't have to.~

'You are right.
You don't.
But in my home,
Guess who wins? '

~I'm going to have you arrested.
I'm going to call the police.~

'I would do the same thing If I were you.
However...
One of us is tied to a chair.
To remain there.
And the other...
That would be me,
Could care less who you call...
If the doing of it was possible.
Again...
Who are you? '

~What about 'my' rights? ~

'You have the right to remain silent.
And I am going to tape your lips shut,
Just to make sure I am the one who remembers it.'

~But you can't do...~

'Were you going to say 'this' or it?
There you go.
Attempting to tell me what I can't do.
And 'you' now have proof...
As to which one of us is totally wrong.

Don't worry,
It wont be long.
Who knows...
I might become overcomed by guilt.
And change my mind.
With a forgetting who you are.
As long as I know 'where' you are.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

As Long As Their Own Needs Are Met To Satisfy

If one has an ability,
Noticed and taken for granted...
One shouldn't be made to feel obligated,
To fulfill last minute requests...
As if the abilities one has to produce,
Seems effortless and easier to disrespect.
And available to be used to someone's advantage.

People seeking the ability of another,
Without giving them a consideration of what it takes...
Usually falsely represent their own agenda.
Especially if no compensation is mentioned.
And...
If the one being used brings attention to this,
Of course someone is offended.

'You offended 'them' by not doing what they expected.
Although your time and effort to create what they requested,
Is believed to be enjoyed.'

~It is enjoyed.
Should that mean I also find it easy?
And my ability is worthless?
What drugs are these people on? ~

'I remember being asked to do an entire play production,
For a family fund raiser several years ago.
With lighting and sound technicians.
For free! '

~What happened? ~

'I asked them what they had in their budget.'

~And...
What did they have in their budget? ~

'Hotdogs, sandwiches and soft drinks.'

~Maybe they have no clue as to who you are? ~

'They could care less about that.
As long as their own needs are met to satisfy.'

~And spend thousands of dollars to parade around,
In outfits to impress others...
While complaining those entertaining them,
Demand to get paid 'BEFORE' taking the stage.~

'It sounds as if you have been around? '

~I have.
And that I keep as my secret weapon.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

As Needless Conflicts Cease

Oh how I wish I had a magic wand.
To lift burdens off backs,
With an easing of those trapped...
In their mental wrappings.

To have heads held high,
And covered with radiant Sun light...
To have a dismissing of all their aches.
With a replacement of joy...
Manifesting in their eyes opened wide and bright.

Oh how I wish I had a magic wand.
And days spent in happiness,
Would go on and on.
With the caroling of Christmas songs,
Heard.
As needless conflicts cease to be prioritized.

'Happy holidays.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

As Only A Cuckoo Can Do

And as the cage door opened,
Fluff with feathers flew...
Back to make more obscene appearances.
As only a 'cuckoo' can do!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

As Regular As Possible

Of course I can be rude and inconsiderate.
And I know it is difficult for you to believe,
Since I seem to be so...
Full of life,
Love!
And...
Myself.

No!
I did not say,
Full of 'that'!
I said...
Myself.
I make attempts,
To watch my diet,
And stay as regular as possible.

Now...
You are the one being rude.
And inconsiderate of my sensitivities.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

As Soon As The Frozen Snow Melts To Go

Frozen is the snow.
Melting it will go,
Away...
When Spring begins again.
And flowers bright will bloom.
And I...
Want to be that one,
To share...
This Spring that comes with you.

Walking like we'll do...
With a budding we'll get to know,
As soon as the frozen snow...
Melts to go.

And flowers bright will bloom to gow...
With a budding we'll get to know,
As soon as the frozen snow...
Melts to go.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

As Sure As The Sun Rises To Set

Surviving natural disasters,
With the taking away of material things...
Treasured by those who turn up their noses,
On neighbors and others they 'had' believed,
Lived in standards below them...
To compare and tease some with what they've got.
Are overnight among the 'have nots'.

The only way to stop a wagging tongue...
Mother Nature seems to always have a remedy,
For those quick to pass their judgements.
To critically critique.
And for those snooping over fences,
To mind someone else's business...
No longer are they wondering why,
It's important to respect how others live!
Especially now that the business of theirs...
Hangs from barren trees and share as a part of debris,
Littering for as far as the eye can see.

As sure as the Sun rises to set...
Many folks are living through their experiences,
With much regret.
Especially if those defamed neighbors and lost friends...
Are gone from them forever.
As well as those fences they peeked over.
With those doors, windows, walls, roofs...
And other treasured things once glouted about,
As a peacocking through malls...
And other 'social' comparing stops to gossip.
From them instantly taken away.
No longer to exist.

No matter what it is they do,
To restore their lives...
As if they weren't caught by surprise.
With a keeping of a mouth shut.
And more empathy,
They wish they had given to others...

As a druther,
And not as a tedious charity hand out.
Since little of it seems to come their way.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

As That Old Saying Goes

As that old saying goes,
If one continues to pose for selfies...
A message that was texted,
To digest the importance of it...
After it was auto corrected,
A deleting of it to not comprehend...
May later cause a
One is upset and unprepared to accept..
The purpose or its meaning.

'I don't understand that at all.
What 'old' saying is that? '

My bad.
This WILL BE an 'old' saying.
Time is moving so fast.
I forget there are still many folks,
Depending upon landlines...
And not 'androids'.

'Android?
What is an 'android'? '

A few steps beyond a desktop.
And not too far away from a regular cellphone.

'I am completely lost.'

Well...
One thing is certain.
You wont have to worry about,
Losing something most young people never had.

'What is that? '

A mind.
Or an independent thought.
One that is connected to a thinking process.

'And you?
How do you benefit? '

By not trying to convince anyone,
That my abnormal upbringing...
Was more normal than what I was told.
I just keep it to myself to witness...
All this mess, confusion and conflict,
Is a result of those with kept normal minds.
And as that old saying goes...
Step on other people's toes,
And your feet will be felt to hurt.

'Now...
That's an 'old' saying I can understand.'

That's because you're OLD.
You can relate.
You have lived to connect.
These young folks,
Will never have that opportunity.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

As The Caretakers Of 'Your' Interests

Ladies and gentlemen...
It has come to our attention,
Many of you are homeless and starving.
And those of you who are not...
Are close to those experiences.

However...
We wish to inform you,
As the caretakers of 'your' interests...
And well being,
We...
Those you have elected to keep you,
From hitting rock bottom and hitting brick walls...
Are doing our utmost best to impress you,
With the acknowledgement...
That our concerns are 'your' concerns.

And...
Rest assured,
We are 'not' just maintaining those impressions!
But,
We are also...
Spending sleepless hours,
Ensuring our imitation of leaders...
Best represent your expectations!

So until further notice...
Please allow our performances to continue,
With your endorsements.
That alone,
Will help us succeed in keeping your beliefs alive.
Keep in mind...
None of this would exist without your support.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

As The Master Suggests

Wasn't it just yesterday,
It was said...
He was too incompetent to lead.
And today they hope he succeeds,
To keep them protected...
From experiencing total economic devastation.

And yes,
The situation is a mess.
But guess who's gotta clean up...
After they have treated themselves,
Less than guests.

Guess who's left to paint the veranda,
As the master suggests?
Then joke...
Sitting from a chair,
Known to be the master's favorite seat.
Overlooking the cleanup.
And sharing jokes with similar minds...
About eating fried chicken,
Watermelon.
And who commits all the crime!
Producing babies 'they' can't feed.
And guess who's left to paint the veranda?
Me!

Wasn't it just yesterday,
It was said...
He was too incompetent to lead.
And today they hope he succeeds,
To keep them protected...
From experiencing total economic devastation.

And yes,
The situation is a mess.
But guess who's gotta clean up...
After they have treated themselves,
Less than guests.

Guess who's left to paint the veranda,
As the master suggests?

And guess who's left to paint the veranda?
As the master suggests.
Guess who's left to paint the veranda?
As the master suggests.
And guess who's left to paint the veranda?
As the master suggests.
And guess who's left to paint the veranda?
As the master suggests.
Guess who's left to paint the veranda?
As the master suggests.
And guess who's left to paint the veranda?
As the master suggests.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

As The Sun Upon Them Sets

The younger generation,
May reflect unacceptable behavior.
And with language that disrespects,
Those composed with proper etiquette.
Yet...
It is that younger generation,
Absent of discipline with expressed contempt...
For those who have chosen to distance themselves,
From the reality of their lives and lived environments.

And those who perceive reality,
From their isolated perspective and idealistic beliefs...
Is the reason why relentless youthful cries have died.
With repeatedly increasing pleas and screams for help,
Have quieted to cease to seek revenge.
As the younger generation take to urban streets,
To settle immediately what people ignoring them do not get.
And that is a truth that today's youth are unforgiving to express.
With crimes committed to address regardless of the senselessness.

A future invested in greed and selfishness,
Receives a return of a depositing of shallowness.
And so that's the way it goes as the Sun upon them sets.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

As The Value Of It Fades Away

People associate money with success.
Or the feeding of the concept of it.
And yet,
The misery kept in the minds of those...
Who have an access to money,
Is an absence of feeling accepted.

Leaving those who feel successful,
Most of the time...
And managing to do so,
Without a dime in their pockets.
Or a held up nose to pose.

Money today as the value of it fades away...
Has many upset they can not flaunt their success.
While those feeling they have accomplished a deed,
Done at their best...
Appear to have a treasure chest of gold hidden.
What in their minds are they connected to?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

As Their Visions Fade

Kept too afraid to wake up.
With a clarity to embrace...
To face it unobstructed.

Afraid they are,
To be separated from their fantasies.
Fantasies fractured they want back intact.
Fixed with a permanance and glued to conceal,
Not a scratch to distract them.

Afraid to fully awaken and they don't know what to do.
And everyone they've placed in leadership positions,
Have been picked to delude them and keep them from truth.

Afraid to wake up!
Yet the truth pursues.
Afraid to awaken so crazed they remain.
With a staying as their visions fade.
To allow excuses made as their minds decay.

Kept too afraid to wake up.
With a clarity to embrace...
To face it unobstructed.

But...
No matter what they do it is truth that appears.
A truth that can not be avoided,
With wishes from them it suddenly disappears.
This truth that stays they can not pray away.
And as their visions fade to make them crazed,
It is the keeping of their delusions...
Protected to seduce,
That have made them that way!

Fearing...
To be separated from their fantasies.
Fearing...
Fantasies fractured they want wont come back.
Fearing...

A clarity and truth they perceive attacks!
Fearing...
Conflicts they had wished can be dismissed.
And as their visions fade to make them crazed,
Everyday they pray...
For a fix that glues with a permanence,
Delusions they knew before truth pursued.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

As These Days We Live Speed Forward

Your arguments,
To intentionally incense...
Make even less common sense,
As these days we live speed forward!

And the wickedness spewed from your lips,
Has become more obvious.
And the support you once enjoyed from this...
Brings upon disgust from those who inisist you be dismissed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

As This Day Nears

The gift of giving is the gift one gets.
With feelings that should be expressed,
Left to keep everyday.
And not just Christmas.

Yet we anticipate Christmas coming,
With a doing to reminisce...
Family and friends remembered,
To miss with our best sentiments.

And as this day nears to share cheer and joy,
Everyone seems to feel inside...
The excitement that delights again,
Witnessed in the eyes of little girls and boys.

And as quick as it comes to go to end,
To welcome a new year that begins...
Christmas appears to be the reason,
We are reminded of why it is we give.
With it done to express blessings we get.
Yet...
Many of us forget,
Our blessings given.
And 'WHO' gave to us this gift.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

As Those Unconscious Sleep

If not for love of humanity,
Would they outspoken speak?
If satisfied with injustices,
Acceptable would these observances be.

Why are some thoughtful?
Why others not?
Why do many dropp their priorities,
To try to stop such inequities?

If not for love of humanity,
Would they outspoken speak?
If satisfied with injustices,
Acceptable would these observances be.

As those unconscious sleep.
Upon self righteous fantasies to keep!
These are the lives lived and wished.
To be as far away from those in need.
And complaining to others,
How those deserving have no right to exist.
How those deserving,
Should be ignored and dismissed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

As You Pray Throughout The Day

Enjoy your day.
And the plans you have for it.
Pray each hour to get a boost,
To receive an internal mind lift.
Try it you will identify it,
As it with you sits unresisted.

Enjoy your day.
And the plans you have for it.
Pray each hour to get a boost,
To receive an internal mind lift.
Try it you will identify it,
As it with you sits unresisted.

Enjoy your day.
And the plans you have for it,
As you pray throughout the day.

Enjoy your day.
And the plans you have for it,
As you pray throughout the day.
As you pray throughout the day,
Enjoy!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Ascending Is The Tension

Ascending is the tension,
More mentioned on streets.
Leaving every race of people,
Fearing their peace under siege.

Ascending is this tension,
Everywhere released.
As if to serve a purpose,
To defeat a peace to cease.

One's life to live it,
With happiness to get.
Seems today a wasted wish.
When bombarded by threats.
And...
The latest terrorists.

Up close and everyday,
On TV to reveal...
Who is hated and despised,
By enemies in interviews...
No longer in disguise.

Ascending is this tension.
Less mentioned is a love.
Descending more can feel,
A hatred.
Created.
As if it's designated.

Ascending is this tension.
Less mentioned is a love.
Descending more can feel,
A hatred to debate.
As if to designate it.
And with bait to escalate.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Ascension

What is being built over there?

'That's the new attraction for this coming year! '

Why do they need another one?
There are enough of these thrill rides as it is.

'This is just a rumor...
So please do not quote me!
But from what I understand,
This ride is going to produce
The greatest sensation of all!
Look at it!
Isn't it the biggest thing you've ever seen? '

Yes...
Indeed!
I wonder what they are going to call this one?

'They have started a contest already,
To name that steep climb.
A winner has been chosen.
They have selected to call that, Ascension! '

That's a great name!
What about the entire ride itself?

'Deep Recession!
And after that drop...
There is a tunnel to take the people,
Through scenes of lifestyles flashing by...
Before they all come to a stop.
Once there they are given smelling salts!
The folks behind this,
Have had this figured out for some time!
Every detail of it! '

Wow!
I know that is going to be the rage,

This year!
'Deep Recession'?
That thing is higher than the Empire State Building!
That dropp is going to have people off their feet,
For a very long time!

'Oh...
You know it!
They are counting on it!
And check this out!
I'm told the ride is going to be free for everyone! '

You're kidding?

'Not at all!
I know a few folks who have already applied,
To become operators!
AND for top pay! '

What about you?
Why don't you apply?

'Ive been watching this being built for so long.
I've been trying to find a way to sell 'puke' bags,
With my name on it 'before' people even see this thing!
Or...
Find a double purpose for it!
Maybe insulate it to carry their eyeballs? !
I don't know.
But I want it to be original! '

When is it due to open for the public?

'Very soon!
I've heard they want it completed before the Spring! '

Before the Spring?
That's right around the corner!

'I know!
And I have yet to come up with a design! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Asian

Asian this.
Asian that.
Being Asian taking the front seat.
After being in the back!

And I am glad!
I've been 'aging' for years...
And finally...
We are getting some attention!

'I believe the topic is the economy! '

Exactly!
That's my point.
I'm on a fixed budget!

Dedicated To:
All my Asian brothers and sisters.
I respect your gifts, brilliance...
and devotion to humanity.
One Love! '
~LSP~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Ask Again Those Questions

Why is there so much turmoil,
And problems escalating today?

Find a mirror.
And stay fixed in front of it.

Then ask again those questions.
I bet you will find a solution quick.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Ask Anyone Aging

Mother Nature can not be tricked,
Fooled or duped.
Ask anyone aging.
And fighting against it.
With attempts to prove this they can do.

Feeling youthful with this done,
Is different than someone...
Committed to spending time,
Finding ways to delay the signs of aging.

Looking youthful and feeling it,
No one young takes hours to do.
And rare it is to hear anyone young,
Discussing with another...
What pills they take to await for pains and aches,
Not to be noticed before they become numbed.

'You're looking pretty spry today.
With that pep in your walk.
How do you manage to keep so youthful? '

~I exercise and pray each day.
And I prescribe to keeping numb,
From head to toe wherever I go.~

'How do you do that? '

~With kept faith.
And an intake of the right pills.~

'I do tea and vodka.'

~That's great.
But I'm not into doing slow strolls,
With a cane.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Asked To Be 'Disrespected'

Have you ever been ASKED,
To be 'disrespected'?
Then given a look of disbelief,
When the request has been rejected?

If you have...
You know where this is most likely to happen.
And If you haven't...
There is a place like this that exists.
Wherein people aware of this,
Pray consistently as if addicted in need of a fix.

Exaggerating?
You are welcomed to pay a visit.
Within twenty four hours,
What has been discussed becomes quite obvious.
And this mindlessness that is part of the environment...
Is totally an accepting mindset easily offended if mentioned.

Try to bring this ignorance to anyone's attention.
And watch closely to their reaction.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Asking God

Something 'intentionally' done,
Can be forgiven.
It is hard.
The scars are there.
Although the wounds may not appear...
A 'forgetting' still lingers.
And the best remedy for disguising that?
Lots of prayer.
Lots of quiet time...
And asking God,
To carry that crap on His back!
He will!
He knows you are still,
A work-in-progress!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Aspiring To Horizons Unknown

Those perfected and protected realities...
One may shield,
To share with others of like mind...
Will soon awaken to find themselves,
And those times,
Lost.

Tossed away.
Like things unneeded during an exhaustive Spring cleaning.
As collected momentos come to mean not a thing.
Especially to those who look forward to the exposure,
Of fresh and new beginnings.
And something more purposeful,
Than the rearrangement of the old and tried.
And much overused complacencies.
Complimenting a compliance.
Perhaps to traditions known.

Like worned out furnishings...
That do nothing but trap dust.
But treasured to keep wiltering memories alive!
Just for someone to feel a sustained trust!
Thriving.
With a need to know what is in place,
Will be there!
In a comfort...
One continues to repeat.
To keep a significance.
When reminiscing!

But...
An effectiveness is lost in a time that has gone.
And yet...
One may sit in wishes nothing comes to change this.
Although change is what life is!
And has always been since its inception.
Like a birth that grows to shed life...
Aspiring to horizons unknown!
As this process comes to all,

To be shown.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Assembly Line Policies

Assembly line policies
Fixed to produce a mindset
Of one for all and all for one
Thought process
And does not encourage
A diversity of inclusion
Is just a waste of output

Discouraging thinking independently
Succeeds an increase of laziness
That decreases motivation
And any comparison to a yesterday
Is an attempt to try to save a snowflake
In the midst of Summer's heat

Paralysis with analysis
Does not a progress heed
With ancient rusted deeds
Dusting in the winds of change
With those hoping a locomotive
Will someday compete with a bullet train

A skill to produce and create threats
Does not beget a success expected
Nor can an aging face
Masquerade a youth
By the dyeing done to graying hair
When a widening vision is not there

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Assiduous

When one does a setup,
What is the first thing one must do?

'Observe, study and plan.'

Okay.
But I would think...
The first thing one must do,
Is to remain true to onself.
Prepared to face any dilemma.
And then proceed.
Most times...
The setting up of something,
Takes years in the making.
And requires patience, discipline and diligence.

'That's why I said...
Observe, study and plan.'

With an application of assiduity.
Being one who is assiduous.

'We could have left the name calling out of this.
But if you want to stoop to those levels...
I can hang, you know? '

Study and plan 'before' you setup.
Comprehend with understand first!
Dissect and listen.
Then research.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Assigned And Commissioned

The picture,
On a canvas painted...
Depicts a specific image,
Much greater than that...
Than the stature presented,
By the creator who made it.
For purposes to solicit a public exhibit.

Certain people selected will be forgiven,
For misdeeds intended.
Since they have an ability to diffuse truth.
No matter how low,
They may stoop to deceive.
With a getting of a reprieve...
To contnue doing as they please.

However...
There is a placement unmistakable,
For others labelled too abstract.
And into custom fittings...
They are deceptively unmatched,
With a matted background...
Known and viewed by just a few,
To be inappropriate for the framing done.

The picture,
On the canvas painted...
Depicts a specific image,
Much greater than that...
Than the stature presented,
By the creator who made it.
For purposes to solicit a public exhibit.

But...
If the painter of a picture,
Is assigned and commissioned...
With a payment no one will turn down to refuse,
Who will not pocket and run...
With a job requested and satisfies when done.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Assigned Stereotypes

I never will understand,
People afraid to declare their heritage.
To then demand respect from others,
They do not give themselves.
With a pretending there is some hidden,
Understanding between those they demean.
As if to keep held an ancestral pride.
That is determined and decided,
By one's taught to teach to learn actions,
Who is being honest with it felt...
To their ethnic identity.
For the purpose to redefine their own acceptance.
With the hopes their insecurities,
Are not as exposed to show what's already known.
A need to please assigned stereotypes to 'perform',
They would rather imitate than address reality.
A reality they have chosen to find offensive.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Assimilation

Assimilation,
Can devastate to make hate.
Assimilation,
Has no one listening in debate...
And...
Assimilation,
Only works from 9 to 5...
When some choose to stay indifferent,
With a choosing to do to vacate,
An appreciation some fake...
For their differences.

Assimilation,
To whom does it benefit.
Assimilation,
Has yet to end conflicts.
And assimilation,
Some say they can but can't admit...
Assimilation has not prevented,
Divisions or the building...
Of kept defenses.
Assimilation is not but should be...
Inter-dependent.

Assimilation should be,
Interdependent.
Assismilation should be...
Inter-dependent.
Assimilation should be,
Interdependent.
Assismilation should be...
Inter-dependent.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Assist With Your Giving

Whatever that is that is asked,
And is within one's grasp
Assist in the getting.
Assist with your giving.

If you've got the time and patience,
And look for ways not to waste it
With an enjoyment received,
From that which is given
And from no one kept hidden
Enjoy that which is,
Your life to live.

A heart that is full of desire,
Gives.
A heart that is full of desire.
Inspires as it is.
And that is the life we all should live.

Whatever that is that is asked,
And is within one's grasp
Assist in the getting
Assist with your giving.

A heart that is full of desire,
Gives.
A heart that is full of desire
Inspires as it is.
And that is the life we all should live.

Assist in the getting.
Assist with your giving.
And that's what a life 'lived' is.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Associated With The Weaving

It becomes difficult to witness,
Someone struggling to untangle...
From a web they did weave strategically.

With an acknowledgement they had spent,
Time in trying to convince,
Their actions and deeds...
Were done with the utmost sincerity.

And to one who has warned...
Through use of observation that connects,
It becomes hard to protect one's integrity.
When standing firm with beliefs.
While others perceive this stance as weak.

It becomes difficult to witness,
Someone struggling to untangle...
From a web they did weave strategically.

Since those now stuck,
In that web that has been woven...
Find themselves equally embarrassed,
Following along as if deaf, dumb and blind...
Because of the 'appearance' of deceit,
A culprit for them has chosen to undermind.

It becomes difficult to witness,
Someone struggling to untangle...
From a web they did weave strategically.

And those following who rejected what had been said...
From past experiences hoped to prevent this,
Find they have become associated with the weaving.
And even though they may be innocent...
A speaking to anyone not paying attention,
Any empathy expressed still will not be heard.

It may be difficult to see as witnessed,
But...

Unbearable to leave as seen,
It is not.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Assorted Interpretations

From the moment it was discovered,
The surface of the Earth was not flat...
But also not perfectly round,
Explanations of the truth of this...
Began to promote,
Assorted interpretations all around...
With many not accepted.
And those most outrageous and profound,
Have become beliefs kept...
To continue to confuse with infused conflict.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Assume They Lie

Today...
With various masks worn,
To disguise and hide.
Assume people lie.

Even those first introduced.
Assume they lie.
Relieve yourself,
From listening to future excuses.

Until someone has won your trust.
With a thorough scrutiny,
Only time affords one they can safely give up.
Don't try to analyze someone first met.
Assume they lie.
Assume they disrespect.
Assume they gossip like all the rest.

Today...
With various masks worn,
To disguise and hide.
Assume people lie.

When meeting someone fresh upon the scene,
Assume they lie...
Until your honesty and dignity given,
Has not corrupted your willingness to trust.
Don't sit in denial with tears to cry.

Until that time has come,
And you are convinced...
You have met someone different,
Than those who have rushed away...
After crushing your trust.
Assume they lie.
Don't even try to wonder.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Assuming To Know

Assuming to know what it takes,
To make something from nothing
Is easy to do,
For those who have expertise...
In the passing of judgements.
Although in the doing,
This can not be compared...
To someone taking something,
That creates benefits.
And done to do,
Without hearing it heard...
By anyone listening,
Rejoicing from an assumption...
Delivered to be made.

'I've done it to win,
The attention to me given.
Now...
How does anyone expect,
From me to do 'everything'...
Without being provided,
Assistance, suggestions...
Or recommendations? '

-No one but you said,
You knew what it took...
Before proving it.
Now prove it.-

'But from where do I start?
There are no instructions.
No directions.
And fear appears to thump,
In my racing heart.'

-That's very poetic.
What are you afraid of?
Being criticized,
Once it becomes realized...

Your assumptions to produce,
Has left you despised?
Or...
Losing the attention,
That reveals a truth...
You no longer can disguise?
Either way,
There will always be...
Someone else who says,
Whatever it is you choose...
With it done to do,
They are prepared to do it...
Even better.
Guaranteeing their excuses,
To use...
Will win over what has been...
Produced to reduce,
To a nothingness accepted.-

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Assumptions Kept

Are you the kind that gets upset...
When your assumptions kept,
Have been proven to be incorrect?

And when this is discovered,
Do you do your best to pretend to forget...
When in the presence of someone,
You hope has forgotten your disrespect?

Are you the kind that gets upset...
When your assumptions kept,
Have been proven to be incorrect?
And those assumptions had been shared,
By others also like you...
Assuming throughout their lives,
That what they hear about others is true.

Are you the kind that gets upset...
When your assumptions kept,
Have been proven to be incorrect?
And the only thing you can do is your best...
To prove to the ones you have done this to,
Is to prove to them you are not the fool...
You have shown yourself to be.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

At A Minimal

No one keeps,
What is felt to desire...
At a minimal.
Nor dreams with wishes,
And wants to get...
At a minimal to expect.
No one lives to receive,
A trivial life to pursue.
With a vision to sit,
On a mountaintop.
To then request,
That top be lowered.
To allow them from a molehill to hop.

No one keeps,
A heat to flame inside...
At a minimal ember to burn.
No one who seeks,
For anyone special...
Discovered to find them,
A minimalistic fit.
No one living this life,
To be teased by abundance...
Will commit to themselves to believe,
An experience to taste just a piece of it...
Can and would prevent the crave,
Of them from wanting more.

If that was the case,
No wars would be fought.
Broken relationships would cease.
And deceptions would not exist,
With wishes to get what someone else has.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

At A Picked Victim's Expense

Intoxication...
Should be no excuse to use,
When one seems to be conscious...
Of abusing another,
In a domestic dispute.

No one drugged and discovered guilty of it,
Should be allowed easy access...
With empathy from others given.
Since there are just too many today,
Making attempts to escape from being adults.

Delusion is intoxicating with overwhelming evidence of it.
And too many addicted with it are dismissed.
As they are observed but not admitted to be mentally sick.
Although representing an indulged society,
Committed to denial and at a picked victim's expense.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

At Dawn I Get Up

'Something' has me wanting more,
Than a having of a common sense.
A sense I find not to be that common.
Nor can I take the credit for it.

'Something' has me wanting more,
Than just a good time found now and then...
With friends or associates,
For laughs and grins and unending gossip.

I've shared love before.
To know it real.
And I gave it to give.
With it to receive.

I've had my ups and downs.
To know them felt.
And believed disappointments,
From me would never leave.

But today...
At dawn with the Sun I get up.
Knowing...
Something I've earned is deserved.
And coming.
With it known...
At dawn,
I get up...
Knowing what comes is deserved.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

At Least Pretend We Are Aware

Aching to close the shutters.
The view outside holds less surprises.
Although the Sun is shining bright...
The faces reflect,
A lost appetite for joy!
They seem to have no cheer on them...
Without the appearance of new 'things'
Near!
Or something quick...
To surround themselves to begin,
Then set aside and forget!

And it has not been made clear,
To them at all.
It was never what they had,
But who they were with it.
And without those 'things'...
Isn't the Sun still going to shine?
If 'it' did not...
We would also stop existing!
I 'think' there is 'something' far greater,
We should be thankful for!
Or at least 'pretend' we are aware of IT!
Since I 'sense' IT feels ignored!
AND...
IT has the power to close 'all' doors,
Permanently!
Like giving 'that' a forever status!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

At Least You Will Commit

Let's see!
You don't know what you want?
Nor do you know who you are?
Wouldn't you be better off claiming to have amnesia?
That will give the people who think they know you,
A reason to continue to ignore you...
And you will have a reason not to care!
Think about it!
At least you will commit to do something constructive.
And no one will notice how good you are at it!
You wont have to worry about impressing anyone.
Test me...
I'll let you know if it works!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

At Midnight

At midnight,
When you sit in preparation...
To slither with a venomed tongue.
I will be there aware and cautioned...
Of the blood you wish to suck dry,
From anyone you can sting to stun...
As a valued standard you have welcomed.

Happily you dress to impress...
Before the Sun comes to shine.
To splatter as you chatter with anyone,
With a clearing of skies arising.
As a dawn arriving on the horizon comes.
To announce,
As you will...
How sleepless you have been,
In the fulfillment of delivering...
Your deeds to unsuspecting victims.

And you and I will make eye contact!
As you wonder how it was...
I managed to escape!
From a vicious backstabbing,
You were certain upon me make.
But I...
Have been freed,
From the fake smiling crowd...
You've embraced to partake,
In the doings of your misdeeds.

At midnight,
I am prepared to defend against...
Those creatures that slither in masquerade.
Using darkness to undo those thought,
To sleep defenseless in an inncocence...
Snakes believe easy to take.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

At Risk

At risk?
Those of an expressed intelligence.
And feeling it is shown,
To those known wishing to have it suppressed.

At risk...
These times not only suspected terrorists threat.
Those with a detected consciousness,
Have been witnessed to have the best affect...
Upon those who have slept.
But now have awakened.

And at risk is a conformity,
Opened eyes dare to break.
And from it willfully shakened.
With a more uplifted,
And respected patrioticness reflected.
That removes a need for greatness to be debated...
When again it is felt and not degraded.
By overrated propaganda...
At risk of being unbelieved as an achievement.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

At Some Point

At some point,
Brick walls found become easier to find.
At some point,
A thick head hit to hurt will stop in time.
And at some point,
A making up one's mind to sit and reconsider...
The taking of actions to eliminate pain,
Is a benefit that achieves from it dividends.
And is an investment that turns away from delays.
To expect a profit from what's deposited.

At some point a loss of common sense returns,
To become more effective than it has ever been.
And at some point,
Dead-ends are recognized to be delays.
With an awakening of those with confessions made,
That even though brick walls found became easier to find...
Better is a life to live,
Without trying to rid them by using one's head.
And at some point when that moment comes,
One recognizes a stalling for what is to be avoided!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

At 'that' Gay Club

When people on a mission,
With motivation and incentive...
Are blocked and eventually stopped,
From making contributions...
By taking steps forward closer to the future.
With a doing done to benefit all...
There will be others portraying them to be,
Seekers of attention.
And with this wanted desperately.
Regardless of experiences they may have.
Or the hope what they've achieved...
Will assist those willing,
To open their minds with it done...
Without attempting to relive a long gone past.

And yet...
Relying on gossip in ears heard to spread,
Always there is 'someone'...
Finding the time to undermine 'themselves'.
Repeating to be told,
What to them had been said.

What progress can a people like this expect?

'You will not believe what we were just told.'

~I can't hear you.
The music in here is too loud.~

'Remember those people,
Who use to come to our community meetings? '

~Oh, yes. Of course.
I remember them.
They were were the one with fantastic ideas.~

'Whatever.
But we were told,
They were lesbians and homosexuals.'

~That's nonsense.
Who would say something like that?
And why? ~

'And...
They are 'not' Christians.'

~Lies! What?
Where di you hear this from?
Who told you this nonsense? ~

'A couple of ministers we met last week.
At 'that' gay club.
Telling us to keep their presence discreet.
We had a good time too.
You missed it.'

~And where were the people,
You all were talking about? ~

'Who knows.
We've never seen them out socializing.'

~Oh?
So...
Besides having a good time,
Ruining reputations.
What else did you 'Christians' do? ~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

At The Best Of Your Ability

Do what you do.
And do that,
At the best of your ability.

If you are seeking an assistance,
To create or develop your initiative...
You are not doing what you do!

You are trying to find a way...
To waste someone else's time.
Hopefully it will be someone like you,
Who doesn't mind having a lot of time to waste.
And searches for more of it to procrastinate.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

At The Center Of Chaos

Once an ignorance has been fed...
It remains out of control.
Just like lies told...
To twist the truth,
That satisfies one's goal...
To produce conflict.
Sick minds like this,
Are at the center of chaos.
With a love to initiate more of it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

At The Center Of The Cause

It's not just one thing.
It's the accumulation of many things,
Beginning the effects of a downslide felt.
The appearance of cracks gone ignored,
In a foundation once sturdy and strong...
Will fail without corrective maintainance.

And relationships of all kinds,
Eventually crumble if taken for granted...
With embellished arguments.
Or an attempt to convince others something untrue,
Through the convenience of lies, deceit or...
Something else to masquerade truth.

And people continue to do this,
Without putting themselves at the center of the cause...
To gain the obtaining of the 'effect' that is claimed to be,
Unexpected!

It's not just one thing.
It's the accumulation of many things,
Beginning the effects of a downslide felt.
The appearance of cracks gone ignored,
In a foundation once sturdy and strong...
Will fail without corrective maintainance.

And relationships of all kinds,
Eventually crumble if taken for granted...
With embellished arguments.
Or an attempt to convince others something untrue,
Through the convenience of lies, deceit or...
Something else to masquerade truth.

And people continue to do this,
Without putting themselves at the center of the cause.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

At The Crossroads

The many who can not see the light,
But take it upon themselves...
To dim with their darkened attempts to prevent,
Steps taken by those at the crossroads...
Where conflicts intersect and meet,
A choice between a progress to accept or leave...
At a crucial point in which reality can be clearly seen,
But their choice to make is to taunt and not receive...
That which shines bright with promise to believe.

And attempts to stop the ones who have awakened...
With a consciousness to know,
They have arrived at the crossroads...
Is a waste of time to contemplate.
And all that had been evil to deceive repeatedly,
Must be let go.
Must be left behind to know that a darkness,
In closed minds kept choosing to stay blind...
Will not find for themselves peace or happiness,
To 'perceive' this can be sought to seek in chaos.
Many are addicted to conflicts that have left them sick.

At the crossroads,
Even those we thought we knew to grow to know...
Will not be able to choose to move forward.
If they are too blind to see the light or 'feel' its glow.
And leaving them behind some will find heartbreaking.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

At The Dawning In The Morning

I can not stop.
I can not block my love for you.
You're in my heart.
And in my mind and soul too.

I may not admit it but you're with me and you sit,
As I nibble on a snack...
Or a drink I sip.

And at the dawning in the morning,
I don't need an alarm clock.
As soon as my eyes open thoughts of you begin to start.

And at the dawning in the morning,
I don't need an alarm clock.
As soon as my eyes open thoughts of you begin to start.

I can not stop.
You're in my heart.
And at the dawning in the morning,
I don't need an alarm clock.
You're in my heart.
And thoughts of you begin to start.

And at the dawning in the morning,
I don't need an alarm clock.
As soon as my eyes open thoughts of you begin to start.
I can not stop.
You're in my heart.

I may not admit it but you're with me and you sit,
As I nibble on a snack...
Or a drink I sip.
You're in my heart.
And thoughts of you begin to start.

I can not stop.
I can not block my love for you.
You're in my heart.

And in my mind and soul too.

And at the dawning in the morning,
I don't need an alarm clock.
Nothing can block,
The doing you do.

And at the dawning in the morning,
I don't need an alarm clock.
The thoughts I have of you are in my head nonstop.
And at the dawning in the morning,
I don't need an alarm clock.
The thoughts I have of you are in my head nonstop.
And at the dawning in the morning,
I don't need an alarm clock.
The thoughts I have of you are in my head nonstop.
The thoughts I have of you are in my head nonstop.
The thoughts I have of you are in my head nonstop.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

At The Expense Of Decency

How do I feel,
About those who sleep around...
With same sex partners,
While they cheat on spouses...
Of the opposite sex?
And pass their judgements,
As they hide their deviant behavior...
In the convenience of darkness kept?
In the attempt to destroy,
Someone else's happiness?

Downlow.
Lowdown.
Lowlife,
Weasels!
Adopting sleaze,
As a consciousness...
To address all that they feast,
At the expense of decency.

'You have strong opinions! '

Only given and directed,
When those knowingly slither about,
With wholesome values dripping from their mouths.
And smelling of bad breath...
Fresh from a romp with decadence.
And in broad daylight,
They campaign for political correctness in shouts.
And their deceits receive no attention.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

At The Expense Of Those Who Have Chosen To Deceive

An influence magnifies
By a deliberate undermining...
Of it noticed being diminished,
By those eventually become curious...
As to why restrictions has been placed upon it.

To allow with perceptions increased,
The misdeed done and not the influence achieved...
To get more of the attention than what is being mentioned.
And...
At the expense of those who have chosen to deceive.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

At The Expense Spent

Almost bare to nearly naked wearing feathers,
On a fashion runway with arms out stretched.
And the viewers watching this in prime-time on TV,
Are solicited to believe this temptress has secrets!
Hidden behind see through loosely fitting attachments.

While those assigned to probe the internet,
Hope to find anyone disobeying censorship laws...
That protect and not conflict with the innocence,
Of children maiming and killing enemies depicted...
Found conveniently on high priced video games.

And at the expense spent by parents wishing...
Their children less exposed to filth they might read!
Or perceived to bring to them mental harm,
That may cause them to commit deeds...
A wholesome and normal society declares is inappropriate.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

At The Fence

At the fence!
And reunited with others who have come,
To listen and prepared to defend.....
Another round of embellishments to exaggerate.

They stand at locked gates,
With signs placed that warn...
'No Trespassing'.
'Escape From An Unwanted Fate'.

Once children in these same fields they played.
Exchanging visions and dreams with no fear of time,
That often comes to change childish minds.
Once children committed to remaining young.
And comforted to be among,
Those with familiar and similar ideals.

At the fence!
And reunited with others who have come,
To listen and prepared to defend.....
Another round of embellishments to exaggerate.

But time does not hesitate,
To move on from those who procrastinate...
With kept wishes to re-create a childhood,
To relive when young and things were done...
To allow a shunning over time that stuns,
Those who have become aging adults.

At the fence!
And reunited with others who have come,
To listen and prepared to defend.....
Another round of embellishments to exaggerate.

They stand at locked gates,
With signs placed that warn...
'No Trespassing'.
'Escape From An Unwanted Fate'.

Once children in these same fields they played.
Exchanging visions and dreams with no fear of time,
That often comes to change childish minds...
To allow a shunning over time that stuns,
Those who have become aging adults.

But some who have aged,
Seem not to be able to stay away...
From fences and locked gates,
That warn...
'No Trespassing'.
'Escape From An Unwanted Fate'.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

At The Top Of It With A Gratefulness

When the evening comes,
And the quietness invites relaxation...
I welcome reflection and times reminisced.
As the days seem to speed away...
With a rapid exchanging,
Done to my priority list reviewed as I sit.
To place the living and enjoying my life,
At the top of it with a gratefulness.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

At This Stage Of My Life

It's not that I care less at this age,
As to who does what when.
And why they do for reasons they choose.
If fact...
At this stage of my life,
I've prioritized my own interests...
With more and not less,
Of doing those things I prefer and like.
And with a doing I no longer leave unaddressed.
Because I love confessing it every opportunity I get.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

At This Table Where I Sit

After finding themselves surrounded,
By 'things' becoming for them more meaningless...
People are seeking a sincerity felt to express,
And addressed to them basically.

With a knowing how difficult this might be for them to get,
Since those who had at one time lived basically...
To do this unchanged with their happiness maintained,
Have become suspicious of those now making claims...
They are more impressed by the ones less pretentious.
And who live basic lives without seeking attention to get.

After finding themselves surrounded,
By 'things' becoming for them more meaningless...
People are seeking a sincerity felt to express,
And addressed to them basically.
Although they had been told,
Success to achieve is a mental process...
With this not to be confused with the obtaining of things.

'But...
But I have 'things' to bring to the table.'

~Good for you.
But at this table where I sit,
I am not the one seeking your things.
You might find those over there,
Sitting in tuxedos and gowns...
More to your liking.~

'I've already sat with those in gowns and tuxedos.
And I'd like to sit with you to share my 'things'.'

~But I have chosen to stay basic.~

'And, if it is okay...
I would like to share my 'things' appropriately.'

~Now, that will work.

Have a sit.
Is there anything you wish for me to get you to eat? ~

'Let's just have basic conversation, first.'

~We are on the same page already.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Atmosphere Of Honesty

If it wasn't for repeated questioning,
We'd all be sitting unsure of ourselves.
And,
Expressing doubt...
About our perfect lives,
And the unwavering truth displayed...
By those we have come to know to love.
And come in daily contact.
So grateful we all should be,
To live in an atmosphere of honesty.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Attached To A Retro-Fitness

Attached to a retro-fitness...
Like a face that has been lifted.
Prepared and equipped,
To manufacture again anything...
Resembling one's comfort with it,
Is a wish for many to pretend their lives...
Do not with an aging process exist.
With a reality now speeding ahead as it is...
Ushered quickly away from their minds,
That will erase to take the place...
All signs of the times now lived.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Attached To The Master

From my hands I hold onto such a gratefulness.
I am blessed to have a mind to define my success,
In terms I can only confess...
As accepting my life as a gift.
And not an animated object obsessed to obtain,
The creature comforts of possessions that tempt...
And corrupt with delusion.

I will not reject them if earned or given.
But my consciousness does identifies,
The emptiness of time wasting sessions...
Wishing for things and not a peace of mind,
Only a comprehension brings when attached...
To The Master.
Who IS and HAS my ALL.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Attached To Traps

Attached to traps,
And a life of insignificance.

It would seem those with dreams,
Would have visions unlimited.
It would seem those with dreams,
Would not submit...
To restrictions committed!

Attached to traps,
And a life of insignificance.

Where does the flowing of imagination go,
When a child grows to learn to stop...
Wishing to be a fireman or a cop?
Or a desire to want to doctor or teach?
Or a wish to speak from pulpits,
With a sermon to preach!

It would seem those with dreams,
Would have visions unlimited.
It would seem those with dreams,
Would not submit...
To restrictions committed!

Attached to traps,
And a life of insignificance.

Attached to traps,
In a world where most...
Show their indifference.

Where does the flowing of imagination go,
When a child grows to learn to stop...
Wishing to be a fireman or a cop?
Or a desire to want to doctor or teach?
Or a wish to speak from pulpits,
With a sermon to preach!

It would seem those with dreams,
Would have visions unlimited.
It would seem those with dreams,
Would not submit...
To restrictions committed!

Attached to traps,
And submissions to addictions!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Attacks On Mother Nature

It's the end of the Hollywood minded.
And those of elitist seasoning.
Feel sympathy for those who chose greed to chase.
Feel no empathy at all,
For those who created homelessness and hunger...
With no hindsight to erase.

It is the end of those who choose racism to feed.
As if their ignorance is a prize to protect,
To defend as hoarded treasures...
Others come with threatening measures,
To steal as an act to distract from their misdeeds.

A higher consciousness has clearly,
Opened eyes wide to see...
Who the fools are that have led,
Attacks on Mother Nature.
Now doing their best to 'cap' the flow...
Of the depths of their treachery.

Attacks on Mother Nature done,
Should be enough to expose those criminals...
In the minds of all now awakened,
Who will not allow a place for deceivers...
To hide their faces in escape.
Or offer shelter for them to run.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Attempting To Do It Respectfully

I perceive what I witness,
As a fact of urban life.
And those living within the inner cities,
Reflecting a reality of that which I see.

'Why are you so negative?
Can't you see their cups as half full.
And not being half empty? '

Which cups?
The ones thrown on the ground?
Or the ones the panhandlers carry,
Pretending their afflictions are temporary.

'Well...
At least several are attempting to do it,
Respectfully.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Attempts Made To Prevent Change

A routine affixed to descriptions of stability,
Once depicted in overtures praised...
Has not strengthened aging to crumble foundations,
Built in days to glorify values and standards.
But has stubbornly resisted,
Against a flexibility these days lived...insist.

Time has proven,
Only that which is flexible sustains and endures...
With drastic adjustments made if needed,
Enabling innovative proactive actions consideration,
To continue forward with a pace that stays,
Current and updated to appreciate.

Reassuring those still left afraid....
That a future faced must let go of a grasp,
Wishing to maintain the relevance...
Of a quickly fading and dieing past.
And any attempts made to prevent change,
Will not or can it as is...in ignorance, forever last.

Reviewing to revisit and remininsce the past,
Would better serve a cost effectiveness...
If left to exhibit in museums.
Isn't that the purpose for them?
To visit and review what is on display...
Then to leave what has been exhibited when finished.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Attentive To Your Endeavors

Glad am I,
To provide the inspiration...
For your incentive.

And although I am not the owner,
Of what motivates your widening observations...
I can say this,
As a proud father witnessing a child.

The steps you have selected to take...
Are too familiar to go unrecognized.
And I remain attentive to your endeavors.
However...
I wish you wouldn't plagiarize,
EVERYTHING I do!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Attracted To Pursue

I know of no one,
Who waited and sat...
For a notoriety to them to come.
Or believe themselves worthy of that.
While they made attempts to comprehend,
What it is they did to do begins to be mentioned.
Without benefit to be told what they should do,
To perfect if rehearsed with a practicing it first.
This seems internally a mission already understood.
As if a challenge conceived,
Has been innately perceived.

Most who achieve fame that is 'named',
Claim they are surprised by it.
Especially those who have applied,
A doing most of their lives a love felt inside...
With an attention given that is focused and undivided,
To that which has been chosen...
For them to do from birth.
And coming as natural to do as if attracted to pursue,
With an unquenchable thirst.
Like a child who discovers a difference from others.
To accept regardless of negative outbursts.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Aunts And Uncles

Ladies and gentlemen...
My daddy Lawrence, Sr.
Is the eldest of twenty-one.
YES...21!
Born to Clara and Charles Pertillar.
And I remember the times
We would have great fun!
There is:
Jesse
Charles (Bey) , Jr.
Catherine
Clara, Jr.
Albert
Edward
Donald
Julius
Isabel
Emily
Edna Mae
Cecil
Leola Jean
Sandra
Gayhall
Overton
Virginia
Lorraine
And...
Anna

'Hey...
That's only 19!
Did you miss anyone,
In between? '

Well...
My grandmother said she had 21.
And my grandfather is proud...
He even remembered the names of everyone!
And I soon will be 61 myself.

Feeling blessed,
I was produced from this nest!
And we 'all' had nicknames too.
Some of us had more than one!
Many of us had quite a few.
And grandma made sure,
She fed her 'crew'!

Dedicated:
To my wonderful Aunts and Uncles.
Love you...nephew 'Larry'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Aura

Many times one's aura,
Seems to reflect a much bigger life.
That radiates an image to stay,
In the minds of those who find...
One capable of doing this,
Has been blessed beyond definition.
To make one's personal appearance,
When away from staging performances...
Not as,
Larger than life itself.

'I can't explain what I saw.
But...
Are you the same person,
Who had such power to command on stage?
You seem to be so different.'

~What were you expecting? ~

'Lightning, thunder, wind and...
A loud roar from the crowd.'

~I'm not nearly that dramatic.
When I work. I work.
After the lights go out...
I'm really no different than you.~

'What a disappointment.
Just moments ago I was looking up at you.
Mesmerized.
And now that you are offstage,
Both of us are looking at each other eye to eye.
How can you do that? '

~Loving what I do.
And respecting everyone,
When my work is through.~

'What a disappointment.

And to think I wanted your autograph.'

~That's okay.
At least you are not like the others.~

'What do you mean by that? '

~More appreciate what I do.
But seldom am I associated with it.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Austerity

Spending billions to win,
A position to lead over opposition...
To mention an austerity,
Has come to affect a quality of life...
Is a nightmare created to frighten,
Those unenlightened...
Who refuse to awaken,
And witness the light!

And that light is as bright for all to see.
Even those deluded with their fantasies,
Can not believe it is just austerity...
That a few who can waste billions,
Want millions of people to perceive and believe.
There is a wish to control those who have been sold,
That all aspects of their lives will shine like gold...
If they forgive and forget those from them who stole.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Austerity Inflicted

Greed that addicts,
And promises of returning...
To an austerity inflicted with discipline,
Followed with strict restrictions...
Is not something familiar,
Those accustomed to feasting...
On credit to further their debts wish to hear.

But the ones who daily live,
Close to poverty most of their lives...
Are never asked to give their opinion,
On how they have managed to survive...
With a doing it surrounded by thieves.
Confiscating their resources.

While those who have fed themselves...
Selfishly,
Cry out in anguish.
And near to committing suicide as limits come,
With it done expected to gain themselves empathy...
On just a few thousand dollars a month to receive,
With impressions to make and maintain without caviar!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Authorized

There is nothing like knowing,
One's own struggle to undo...
And when to ignore,
The advice given by another...
Who has not a clue what to do,
With their own struggles...
If not directed by someone read,
Who has been authorized...
By a book published,
That has listed credits given to others...
For revealing their 'helpful' problems.
Giving to them 'thanks'.
And not one has a testimony,
Of stating they are now trouble free.
But had been used for research purposes.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Automatic Minuets

Climatic minutes tick and go.
And when they come...
It is known they are quickly fading.
Sweet melodies,
Serenading...
Quietly in handcuffed peace.

Release them!
Free them from the hold,
Of violent wishes.

Automatic minuets...
Prepared and dressed
For inspections to impress.
Recalling days of old,
Boldly waltzing through...
But yet not distanced!

Released them!
Free them from the hold,
Of violent wishes.

Deep hidden needs...
Romanticized by hypocrisies.
Try hard they do,
To deny what is shown...
But is known to be true.

Released them!
Free them from the hold,
Of violent wishes.

Climatic minutes tick and go.
And when they come...
It is known they are quickly fading.
Sweet melodies,
Serenading...
Quietly in handcuffed peace.

Automatic minuets...
Prepared and dressed
For inspections to impress.
Recalling days of old,
Boldly waltzing through...
But yet not distanced!

Released them!
Free them from the hold,
Of violent wishes.

Deep hidden needs...
Romanticized by hypocrisies.
Try hard they do,
To deny what is shown...
But is known to be true.

Released them!
Free them from the hold,
Of violent wishes.

Release this...
And be free to let go,
Of these violent wishes!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Autopsy

It appears the victim died,
From a self inflicted hate.
With an overwhelming need,
To feel itself to be powerful and great!
But insecurity was all it could offer to relate...
With its weapons and wars it did create.
And it had no abilities to communicate.
Imploding from within from peace debates.
There was no one left to help it see...
What it was it initiates!
It was creating its own dire struggles,
Its own internal fate!
Although the autopsy 'had' been prepared,
We made sure to wait...
However
It was getting much too late,
To see if 'anything' could revive it...
To keep the victim thriving with 'new' advice
To bring it back alive!
But the victim was watched and stared...
Without one care to keep it spared!
No one wanted it to return to a position it declared!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Autumn Falls

Autumn falls,
Before Indian Summer begins.
And in New England...
Temperatures cool,
To warm again.

Autumn falls!
And so do Chestnuts and Pine cones,
As well as leaves blown swiftly...
From an assortment of Oak and Maple trees.
And those that remain to cling...
Bring astonishing colors,
Of Orange, Red and mixtures of hues...
Yellow and Brown to them bring.

Autumn falls...
Dramatically!
To leave barren the trees,
Except for the Pine...
Mysteriously,
Just before the first snow of Winter...
Covers with a bright white majesticness.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Autumnistic

Such a beautiful day,
For an Autumn display.
With the leaves on the trees,
Being color kissed.
And observing Summer float away,
As Fall celebrates...
A season that comes,
Creating this Autumnistic shift!

And the Sun slowly sets,
Upon this day, October 26th.
Bringing with it oranges and yellows...
With tints of browns in the mix.

To sit and witness it feels like bliss.
Knowing the holidays soon will come to visit.
And even in this reminiscing done...
I welcome it as a new arrival,
Fresh like no other one.

And hoping others have discovered,
Times like these to unwind.
From a restlessness,
That is resisted...
To just sit and ease their minds.

And allow this Autumnistic magic that appears...
Clear them from any conflict.
To sit and witness the wonder of it!
As it teases slowly to quickly disappear.
To become left undressed!
And prepared for the coating of Winter snow,
That nears.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Available Is The Arsenal

Becoming far more dangerous,
And available is the arsenal...
Of mentalities quick to feed,
On conflict and division.
Brewed by hatred and bigotry.
Supported,
As if to have been ordered,
Through false teachings of beliefs.
Heard preached religiously.
But who is it that wishes,
To convince such evilness inflicted
On humanity represents,
God?
Or Ten Commandments to dismiss.
While disguising demonic ways.
To believe them hidden,
From The Creator.
Proving everyday a patience kept,
Is being taken from minds fading.
With a losing slowly,
The obviousness of a diminishing...
Consciousness.
Left to leave crazed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Avalanche

An avalanche of passed chances,
Gone ignored from exploration.
Has begun to crack.
And begins to roar...
Down a slope,
With an unforgiving speed.
And yet...
Those in darkened valleys below
Refuse to let go,
Of their cackling.
And back stabbing jealousies.

The addiction of this,
Isn't noticed...
As mental illness.

Or an awareness,
Of who has been plagued...
By this increasing epidemic.

This avalanche advances.
Too quickly to reverse.
Or evaluate to prepare,
Plans to evacuate...
Those treating upon ignorance,
Too late to escape from it.

And the avalanche,
Of passed chances...
Smothers all.
Preventing forward advancements
Up, down or around it,
That can be made.

'The rescue crew will soon come
To again clear our path,
From the devastation...
We've allowed to have done.'

-I...
Would not rely on that belief.
As I look through my binoculars
It seems to me...
That rescue crew is avoiding,
This area.
In fact...
As I wave they wave back.
But...
Not to do to move towards us.
Hmmm...
I wonder what that's about?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Avatar

With eyes wondering,
And looking much too far...
Stop them where they are,
Those eyes!
Why do you ignore the voice,
Of your Avatar?

Why have you chosen to stay denied?
Feeling my appearance near.
Knowing I am here...
Wanting to fulfill your sentimental wishes.

Incarnated from your soul,
I am.
With duplication of emotions you know.
And I hold them close.
With no restricting motive.
Nor do I boast of who you are and why.

Just to be here and to you devoted!
I am.
And glad I have been chosen,
To come to host you

With eyes wondering,
And looking much too far...
Stop them where they are!
Why do you ignore the voice,
Of your Avatar.

Incarnated from your soul,
I am.
With duplication of emotions you know.
And I hold them close.
With no restricting motive.

Just to be here and to you devoted!
I am.
And repetitive if you wish,

Or choose to redo to get satisfaction done...
In mind, body and soul.

For you...
No other Avatar will do!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Avoid Negativity

Avoid negativity.
Do this,
By refusing to swim with...
But against the high tide,
Of events many are convinced...
Have lost recognizable positivity.
See it to believe it yours.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Avoidance Of What 'Is'

An avoidance of what 'is'...
Does not make what 'is',
Disappear to go away.

A determined wish to understand,
A what 'is' that exist...
Increases one's awareness.

And an appreciation for an is that 'is',
One learns to accept not to quickly dismiss.
With a customary disregarding of its differences.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Avoiding The Truth

Those possessing obsessive egos,
Have begun to pollute climates...
Everywhere to appear,
Choking the life out of the atmosphere.

And many still choose avoiding the truth,
At all cost at the expensive loss...
To the integrity of humanity.
Or what is left of it with faith to keep.

The effect of greed continues to leave,
A deficit that continues to dip...
Well below life once prioritized,
To value it as a blessing to keep precious.

Without greed to obtain to worship more to get,
Reality as most know it...
Wouldn't be a series of conflicts,
Started anywhere to declare ownership.

Without greed to obtain, sustained to maintain,
Few would be on their knees...
Professing beliefs in God to confess,
More of it is wanted...
To impress other obsessive egos with it.

Our children are watching.
Speeding ahead a clock still ticks.
Avoiding the truth further becomes distanced.
To leave a future in question.
Or anyone left to witness it exist.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Awaiting For A Black History Date

Those awaiting for a Black History date,
To express their appreciation...
For contributions their own kind make.
Are those trying to find,
Approval for these acts.
That had been laid and placed in past decades...
For the chance to enhance and romance,
Deeds done to eliminate...
The sweat endured to produce the facts.

And how can a 'Black History'...
Take just a few days,
To confirm any of that?

To gather to celebrate the lives of these folks...
Should be done on a daily basis.
And not when just provoked.
Or joked when adorning attire...
Meant to invoke a connection that inspires.

It is difficult to live each day as it is...
In a society that has done its best,
To disavow the truth as it is lived.

And taking one month to proclaim one's identity...
Seems a waste of time.
When people rather wine and dine.
Especially if thoughts are not carried around...
With a discipline within that is deep down.
Or with an integrity that does not disappear...
Before Spring has yet to begin!
And the Winter cold and snow...
Has from steps safely cleared.

'I'm Black and I'm proud! '

No doubt.
But...
When?

What time of the year?

And what are you wearing...
Before those thoughts of yours,
Come to an end.
Hmmm?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Awaiting The Hour To Come

One never knows,
What tomorrow holds and proposes.
Or what a future means.
Until in it one lives.
And in it,
One is there to live as seen.

But a discipline began...
Should not be delayed,
Awaiting the hour to come...
To display a presence with an activity,
Of it done.
As it should be with a regularity.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Awaiting With Anticipation

Those awaiting with anticipation,
The ending of their man-made creations...
With solicited predictions,
They insist will come to afflict!
May not be disappointed.
Since many of them are doing their best,
To ensure what they predict...
Comes with a guarantee they wish to see exist.

'They can not predict what exists in God's Domain.'

Hey...
What can you say to people who claim they are of faith?
And everyday they buy weapons,
Hoping something threatens to chase it away.
To eventually get bored,
With reasons to find to use these weapons anyway.

'On themselves? '

Who throughout history has created their own enemies?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Awake And Aware

Impossible it is,
To turn back the clock.
To stop,
An action that should not have taken place.
Or erase words spoken to disgrace someone,
Who has not been faced...
Before proceeding to enact misdeeds,
Done with a doing.

Impossible it is,
To turn back the clock and freeze time.
With a changing of one's mind,
Realizing and to find steps taken...
Too premature and much too dangerous,
When one is unconscious but makes attempts...
To convince another awake and aware,
Of a misunderstanding.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Awaken Me From This Nightmare

You have more invested in it than I do...
And you claim not to have time,
To walk 'your' child across the street...
To go to school?
And I've missed my bus,
Doing something you should do?
And you accuse 'me' of not being involved?

Dear Lord,
I know I promised you I would stay patient.
But is there something else You can do,
To awaken me from this nightmare?
Please, Lord...
Keep this child from hearing my deepest thoughts.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Awakening

A rushing done to be accountable today...
Leaves 'what' to be influenced?
An attention to get?
Or is it a wish to be thought of as responsible?
And for what?
For whom?
For show?
Or to play catch up?
And...
If it is for all of that,
For more one wishes to let go...
To which ones does someone like this,
Wish to take notice?
Those also awakening,
From a deep delusioned sleep?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Award Winning Crops

For any wrongs done,
By those accused to be abusers...
Let us insist those accusations cease.
Today!
Let us all believe,
Forgiveness done...
Is a forgiveness received.
We can overcome,
Misdeeds of those seeds planted!
Supplanted in despair unwarranted.
If we all choose,
To refuse to feed on substitutes.
And only caress a harvest of goodwill.
Gathering within our nests,
What is best that fulfills...
To root and strengthen a quality of life,
That produces award winning crops...
Of all kinds to nourish diverse tastes,
With a satisfaction...
That is condoned and completes,
Everyone who seeks the desire!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Aware Of My Worth

Nothing I will ever do,
Will be for the purpose...
To sell a percentage of my soul.
There aint 'nuthin' on this Earth,
I would want that much,
For a getting to receive...
Something from someone else,
With a doing to leave them in belief...
I am not aware of my worth.

However,
I must admit...
If God insists I accept something lucrative,
And a decision to make keeps me awake?
Who am I to argue with God?
Especially when an offer is made,
God already knows...
Is much too tempting for me to refuse.
And remaining stupid is not God's wish.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Away From The Classroom

Some live to learn.
And then begin to comprehend,
With lessons they grasp.
To then eagerly seek to teach.
While there always seem to be others,
Stubbornly unwilling to discover...
What the value of learning is.
To sleep walk through life disputing,
The truth that is observed to refuse...
As they continue to argue to defend,
Disbeliefs upheld to protect.
And with them to keep.
Through rumors accepted often deceived.

'Why is this garbage allowed to stink up,
My entire backyard? ' A woman heard screaming...
With her hands on her hips. And a wig tilted,
On her head as she has a tantrum fit.

~We have never seen that before.
And that's one of our neighbors.
She lives right next door.~ Say a few of the kids.
And discovering life lived as it really is.
On a field trip and away from the classroom.
Learning what they see depicted on TV,
Maybe intended for laughs...
But much of it is reality unknown by viewers,
Entertained to believe it comedy.

**Life is different when seen for what it is.
Isn't it?
Especially when away from the classroom,
When a process begins...
To awaken one's consciousness.**

~What's she's doing isn't serious, is it?
Can't she see that garbage is hers to clean? ~

**Not yet.

Hopefully this field trip,
Will make opening her eyes 'your' project.
And further away from the classroom you get,
Scenes like this become more believeable...
To accept and digest,
As a process that connects to never forget.
But first let's take this, your reality,
One step at a time.**

~Whewww.
This field trip has been a lesson.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Aweful, Disgusting And Despicable Creatures

They are aweful,
Disgusting and despicable creatures.

'Your children or mine? '

Not ours.
Those brats living across the street.

'Tell me about it.
Some of the things that come out of my kids mouths,
If I thought them...
I'd have no teeth today.'

You should have heard the things they called me,
Just yesterday.

'I told them not to use language like that,
Outside of the house.'

Not your kids.
I've gotten use to them.
I'm talking about those heathens living over there.

'And you can't say a word to their parents about that either.
They are right there defending them.
With all kinds of excuses to make.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Awkward

It is and can be rather awkward,
When...
Feelings felt for another makes them run.
Awkward it is,
When...
The one that runs,
Does it and not for fun.
With a doing done that keeps them on the run.

Oh yes this is not confessed,
But the feeling remains awkward...
Then.
To keep what is felt to stay within.

Awkward it is,
When...
Meeting of that one who ran,
Happens again.
And that feeling one felt before returns,
To hear the runner express confessed love.

Awkward it is,
When suspicion is invited.
Awkward it is,
To be excited and yet cautious.
Awkward it is,
To keep feelings for another.
When a memory is kept,
As to 'who' had the druthers to run...
To return without an explanation done.
Accept one!

'I'm sorry I ran.
But I had forgotten an appointment I made earlier.'

~Uh...
Huh?
This is rather awkward.
I'm left not to know what it is I feel.

I had not heard from you in weeks.~

'Well...
At least you are not like the others.
I can see you are patient and understanding.'

Awkward it is,
When...
Meeting of that one who ran,
Happens again.
And that feeling one felt before returns,
To hear the runner express confessed love.

~Uh...
Huh? ~

'Well...
At least you are not like the others.
I can see you are patient and understanding.'

~What? ~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Azazels

So fresh the scent of blooming azeleas.

'Those azeleas have long bloomed.
You're not referring to the odor of Azazels?
Are you? '

Azazels?
What?

'I think our adventure,
Has gone too deep into the wilderness.
And I sense we've been used as scapegoats,
Believing our steps will uncover something evil.
And we will be made to atone for our actions.'

WHAT are you talking about?

'We have broken through the boundaries,
Of our restricted limitations.
And those who follow believe us to be evil.'

Okay? But what has that got to do,
With the scent I smell of azeleas?

'I'm telling you...
What you are smelling are azezels.
Hey...
I'm beginning to smell them too.
We better turn back.'

But what about our adventure?

'We are not 'cats'.
We only have one life to live.'

I'm not understanding you at all.

'You will.
But for now?

Let's get the hell out of here.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Babies Making Babies

They thought they would enjoy the risk.
Of doing it...
Without the benefit,
Of being prepared for it.

Babies.
Making babies!

They put their parents into fits.
Who thought they taught their kids,
To realize...
The heartache that would come from it.

But they are babies,
Making babies.

Born in these times...
When it's easy to pay no mind,
To what others say...
To have it their way.

No one can find...
A sympathy,
When these young minds are gone.
To wander,
And roam alone.

They thought they would enjoy the risk.
Of doing it...
Without the benefit,
Of being prepared for it.

Babies.
Making babies!

They put their parents into fits.
Who thought they taught their kids,
To realize...
The heartache that would come from it.

But they are babies,
Making babies.

No one can find...
A sympathy,
When these young minds are gone.
To wander,
And roam alone.

Born in these times...
When it's easy to pay no mind,
To what others say...
To have it their way.
Today!

To have it their way.
Today!

And these babies.
Making babies!
Stay that way!

Leaving a sadness,
With the rest of us...
To pay!
And arresting a joy,
That fades away!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Baby...I Am For Real!

Baby...I am for real!
You can not buy or steal this from me.
It's prepackaged for quick delivery.
And maintains its freshness whenever it arrives!

Baby...I am for real!
You don't have to give me looks that could kill
For the thrill of having me appear less than overjoyed
In your presence.
I saw the wall you were building
Long before I decided to become carpenter and bricklayer
To remodel your misunderstandings.

Chats to hop in sacks just for that has been done!
Baby...I'm for real.
Can you 'feel' me spilling my heart out to you?
I want to lip lock with you in a kiss.
That is what the doctor said this morning I needed.
A kiss that was missed upon my lips.

Baby...I am for real!
As toasted as hot nutts on a crackling fire,
Can burn the unsuspecting.
I don't intend to fade out on this phase.
You've got the stuff that has made me perk up,
Take note and be feisty!

Baby...I am for real!
You can see that.
Would you like to touch it as well?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Bachelor Pad

I had super fragilistic sex!
And it was not that bad.
Superfragilistic good...
Exciting sensations I forgot I had!
Masturbation had been an issue,
Too complex to explain.
I'm submissively aggressive...
And that leaves a 'fling' limp and lame!
I know I have a preference.
And I like to be done in that way!
But I have been teased by physiques
I thought would please...
But eye candy was all they displayed.
'Ugh! '
I had superfragilistic sex...
Not the best but better than I had.
And when it was through,
I hung up the phone...
Feeling fulfilled in my bachelor pad!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Back And Forth

Pre-conditioned,
With this mental ambition.
And told to magnify,
To maximize.

Sending it right back it comes,
One's hatred.
To send it back and forth becomes,
Crude attitudes...
Many conscious pick to use.

So divided,
Are the people who've been heated.
Some so divided,
By the issues that exist.
And more become divided,
By their pre-conditioned wishes..
Of who they are and should get.
Promised as an undenied,
Entitlement.

Pre-conditioned,
And used as ammunition.
Pre-conditioned minds,
To do and chose what they permit.
And pre-conditioned,
To have others kneel and submit.

So divided,
Are the people who've been heated.
So divided,
By the issues that exist.
And...
More are divided,
By their pre-conditioned wishes...
Of who they are and should get,
As a promise of entitlement.

Pre-conditioned to make themselves...

Enemies.
Producing them to then refuse,
Them to be made.
Pre-conditioned to make themselves...
Enemies.
Producing them to then refuse,
Them to be made.

Sending it right back it comes,
One's hatred.
To send it back and forth becomes,
Crude attitudes...
Many conscious pick to use.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Back At It In May

Back at it.
And it done to do nonstop.
This time of the year,
May delivers flowers.
With colors to eye pop.

April showers did it again.
To witness Winter frost thaw.
Bringing anticipated days of Spring.
For many awaiting May's blooming,
Vivid...
Under rays of Sun.
Exquisite...
When it's done to come,
In may.

Back at it.
And it done to do nonstop.
This time of the year,
May delivers flowers.
With colors to eye pop.

Vivid...
Under rays of sun.
Exquisite...
When it's done to come,
In May.

Back at it in May.
Back at it.
But not to stay.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Back Home

In a social disappearance,
Refusing to see things as they are...
Beyond what has been programmed to fantasize.
They had no identities!
None imagined or confirmed.
Those who struggled to teach them lessons...
Were scorned and turned away!
Nothing conceptual had been based on truth.
Conditioned they had no pursuits...
Other than those that kept them diluted,
And polluted with beliefs that led them no where!
They are still there...
Seeking fairness and reward!
Spaced out and loving it!
Although they roam without direction...
Their imperfections are condoned.
Blessed for sins they did not commit,
In structures to pray...
To be delivered 'back home'
Where they perceive they will be free!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Back In The Days Of My Youthful Glow

Both sympathy and empathy I understand,
With clarity.
There has been no part of my life...
Was there an option that I live,
If...
For just a few days or week.

Nor did I get the opportunity...
Just to live for the weekends to party.
Or...
Never did I run away,
From a task or deed to leave.

And I do understand,
There are millions living today...
In a sorrow that may seem to them,
Carried on backs weighted down by grief.

However...
Being a product of an environment,
I knew few that were pampered...
It becomes difficult for me,
To echange my experiences...
To walk in someone else's shoes.

Most of the time,
I had holes in the soles of mine.
And I was taught at an early age,
To keep my shoes shine...
Bathe.
Wear clean underwear.
And be thankful for what I had.

Even if that meant...
To be glad if I had nothing!

And...
Back in the days of my youthful glow,
Anyone would think I was ordained...

The 'king' of Bellevue Square.
A tenement project where poor Black folks lived,
To later become great people!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Back In The Shadows

Without truth to know to keep,
Spoken with an honest voice to speak it...
There can be no peace.
Or unity to believe.
Too many lives have survived,
On disguising lies to tell too long.
And judgements passed to criticize others,
Still goes on to prolong.

Back in the shadows,
Where comfort is found with those slick to trick...
People have become too familiar,
To stand in lines for handouts and approval to get.

More today say one thing to do another.
Yet can not take a step forward to claim,
A purpose with a meaning...
To identify and name.
More today live in communities they have divided.
With conflicts they have initiated to create,
To blame others for their self hate.
And yet expect protests to express,
A wish from others a respect to get.

And return they do,
Back to the shadows,
Where comfort is found with those slick to trick.
Unable to leave behind,
A standing in lines for an approval to get.

And return they do,
Without truth to know to keep.
Or spoken with honest voices,
To speak it amongst themselves to believe.

Back in the shadows,
Seeking a 'hit' to fix their addictions quick.
Back in the shadows,
And fearing truth to face...

As their own lives to live,
Become for them less significant.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Back Into The Classroom

These are the best years of our lives lived.
Even though those who have deceived with their lies,
To be admonished are astonished...
By the results of their own deceptions.

And they are the ones demanding truth be told.
With a request to keep their delusions on hold...
Until a confirmed hiding place for them to go,
To identify the definition of facts is determined.

With wishes and hopes that time gives an opportunity,
To slowly adjust to a digesting period.
That will allow a benefit of fresh fantasies to make,
As recessed debates take place that will erase the waste.

'Okay kids.
Back into the classroom.
And get under your desks.
A forecast of an Earthquake has been predicted.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Back Off...Demon!

Back off...demon!
Each invitation you send,
Gets more creative and tempting.
However...
Time has been kind to me.
And I have wisened up over the years.
To keep it remembered my recovery,
From that last event you gave I attended.
So effective it was,
I put it at the top of my list...
Of things I can avoid and prevent.
Since you opened my eyes wide to clear,
To see the various disguises...
You can use quickly to then disappear.

Back off...demon!
Your tactics are so out of date.
I have long been through,
Of making for myself...
Unnecessary and pointless excuses to choose.

'Okay.
Okay, okay.
Geeessshhh.
You don't have to be so harsh and critical.
You know how to rub it in, don't you?
With that assessment of me.
I hope there is no one else,
Who will find my disguises 'that' obvious.'

Well...
I will say this as I dismiss you.
Your last event given I had attended,
Was packed with folks seeking temptations.
Loving the providing of your decadence.
That should prove to you,
The work you do should be easy to pursue.

'Hmmm...

Honest.
Clear of vision and pretense.
Direct and convincing.
Although...
A bit offensive.
Are you sure you are completely finished with me? '

Not only that.
But I am positive without doubt.

'I can use your assistance.
The pay is good.
And I promise frequent bonuses as incentive.'

Back off...
Demon!
The faith I keep to never again leave it,
Is my treasure.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Back On Track

I'm glad you welcome me back home,
After journeys to enrich my view!
If I had sat with wishes and dreams...
I could not return feeling fulfilled,
And this serene!

I'm glad you welcome me back home!
To allow me to adventure and roam alone!
With you I want to share and learn.
And continue to feel your love I've earned!

Although it is given...
I will never be driven,
To throw it away!
Or be persuaded,
By temptations that may yearn!

I am so glad...
You welcomed me back.
I feel more alive...
With more of 'me'
That's back on track!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Back Then

I came to want to taste your toes...
Back then!
I came to want to see you bare,
Often!
I begged to kiss your lips.
And mine never resisted.
Today I see your hips have spread.
And just before I go to bed...
I pray you are sleeping,
So my weeping...
You will not hear,
As I fantasize instead!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Back To Basics

I'm not into digging deep into the bottom of things!
If it is it is...
If it's not it's not!
I'm not a scientist.
Even though I do enjoy exploring the possibilities.
There's too many folks into business not theirs!
I'm into living my own life,
Free from acceptance and approval!
If someone wants to stop to take time
To find out what I'm doing...
Why and how?
They are seeking for reasons!
Without a moments rest that's pleasing them!
If anyone wants to research my movements...
Why not?
We're all assigned to do something!
Me?
I just want to discover someone...
And let communication flow.
Have chemistry between us,
And get naked!
Back to basics.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Back To Greed

What's the problem?
Why is there a commotion in the streets?
We have created millions of jobs.
And half of the people weren't qualified,
To fulfill the positions.
And yet they have their jobs!
And people are working.
What's going on?
What is the protesting about?

'Well...
The people are disgruntled,
Because...
Well,
The have an issue with 'pay'! '

What issue?

'They want to get 'paid'.
They want pay for what they do.'

You can't satisfy these people!
First it was jobs.
That's all they screamed about.
Well,
They've got their jobs.
Now you say they want pay?

'Yes.'

What next will they be demanding?
FOOD?
Then what?
SHELTER?
What kind of operation they think we run here?
A 'social service agency'?
You tell them to go back to work.
Because they certainly will 'not' be going back to greed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Back To Life

Back to life.
And back to accept,
The once ignored and rejected...
Reality of it.

Quests to chase possessions to get,
With unending taxes attached...
To disguise an ownership,
Not to come to realize.
Or have confiscated by a local government.
Using homestead laws,
To take away whenever they wish...
One's land or property to declare,
Debts unpaid remain to exist.
Gives them a reason to do this and quick.

Back to life.
Back to the reality of it.

Many have come to learn,
Humility to earn can burn impressions made.
When indebted to credit and borrowed loans,
Begin to unravel to leave baffled...
Those in the midst of their picked escapades.
Many have come to learn,
From lessons difficult but taught to teach...
Happiness to have and done basically,
Has never been distant but within reach.
And life to experience it,
Brings back these thoughts to always keep.

Back to life.
Back to finding a peace of mind,
More satisfying.
Back to life to leave behind,
Social climbs once defined as a way of life...
Forever to live to do with it done approved.
Back to life to like it.
Back to life to feel more excited.

And to do to know it possible...
A happiness to achieve to feel it felt believed,
Is a personal accomplishment.

Back to life.
And back to accept,
The once ignored and rejected...
Reality of it.
To face.
With all delusions erased.

'I don't know how anyone can be so happy.
And not have a 'thing' to show a reason why.
At least I leave people knowing 'why' I am happy.'

~And why are you happy? ~

'Because I have 'things'.
Open your eyes.
I've spent my entire life making it obvious.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Back To The Facts

From minds the chains are gone.
From minds the chains are gone.
From minds the chains are gone.
From minds the chains are gone.
And it's...
Back to the facts.
Back to unpack those facts,
Packed.
Back to the facts!
To dust them off and stack them tall.
Back to the facts...
To unwrap and stack.

Medieval evils,
No longer can be forced on people.
Walls are falling.
And used as steps for those who crawl.
To see life without limits,
With a higher consciousness.

And it's...
Back to the facts.
Back to unpack those facts,
Packed.
Back to the facts!
To dust them off and stack them tall.
Back to the facts...
To unwrap and stack.

Medieval evils,
From minds the chains are gone...
To keep the people,
From a...
Bouncing off the walls.

Medieval evils,
From minds the chains are gone...
To keep the people,
From a...

Bouncing off the walls.

And it's...
Back to the facts.
Back to unpack those facts,
Packed.
Back to the facts!
To dust them off and stack them tall.
Back to the facts...
To unwrap and stack.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Backbiters Always Feel Mighty

Nobody wants to be thought of as dumb!
Even though they do things stupid.
And...
Nobody wants to be the one that runs!
Even in the doing they prove it.

But when they backbite they feel mighty.
Because they feel protected by a listening ear.
And backbiters always feel mighty.
Because they don't want their fears to appear.
Backbiters feel they're mighty...
When the coast is clear,
From them to accuse and abuse...
Whomever they choose that isn't near.

Nobody wants to be thought of as dumb!
Even though they do things stupid.
And...
Nobody wants to be the one that runs!
Even in the doing they prove it.

But when they backbite they feel mighty.
Because they feel protected by a listening ear.
And backbiters always feel mighty.
Because they don't want their fears to appear.
Backbiters feel they're mighty...
When the coast is clear,
From them to accuse and abuse...
Whomever they choose that isn't near.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Backfire

It only begins to hurt those,
Who applied misdeeds...
'Now' feeling themselves bleeding.
It only begins to hurt...
When the dirt unearths,
To reveal a stinging pain.
It only begins then...
To remove the shadows,
They've cloaked themselves within.
It only begins to hurt those,
Who applied misdeeds...
Far worse than those,
They have manipulated and deceived!
And when pain is felt like that...
A haunting from it,
Will not relieve!
The suffering torments,
And from them does not leave!
Inflicting tragedies on others...
Backfires upon them relentlessly.
Exposing their darkened ways that crushes!
With a burden they bare eternally to carry.
And there is no escaping.
What has been wished upon others,
Without a consciousness...
Comes to arrest them as they attempt to sleep.
And 'that' they no longer can do successfully!
A backfire unexpected visits.
Mentally squeezing any comforts from them known.
Increasingly as they continue to breathe!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Backs Packed With Baggage Carried

So much more than the facts are tapped,
To manipulate appearances...
And those distracted by an exposure of that.
Prepared most are not to lighten their loads,
From backs packed with baggage carried.

So much under the surface,
Has yet to be scratched.
With a doing on purpose to leave intact,
A truth 'if' revealed may be too much to bare.
For many unaware of the depth of it there.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Backstabbers And Judgement Passers

Judgements heard to be passed,
On others by those with druthers to do this...
Seem to be done by the ones,
Disapproving the people being themselves.
As those with their blemishes, flaws...
And other insecurities exposed,
To show it without it being expressed...
A shallow ego fearing acceptance.
Or the experience of being rejected.

'And those who backstab?
As if they are glad to do it.'

I've never known anyone,
To do that in the presence of another.
Common sense tells me...
A person who does that,
Would have a fear of being physically abused. Publicly!
However...
It has occurred to me,
Backstabbers and judgement passers do have similar traits.

'But...
Isn't that a judgement done to pass? '

Ummm. Not necessarily.
You see...
I'm sharing with you an observation.
And not an opinion.

'Oh. Okay.
So If I said you discriminate.
Would that be an opinion given?
Or an observation? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Backstabbing With Gladness

What values do you have,
Would you bet your life on?
Everything you do
Seems to be superficially pursued.
You talk a good game...
But what aim do you claim?
You say you have faith?
What stance do you take?

What belief do you have,
Besides backstabbing with gladness?
And this you do,
You don't have me fooled!
Saying you are a friend,
Doesn't mean anything...
Not to me in the end!
Especially when I know,
Lieing on me gives you a glow!
And all those evil things done,
Are surfacing to show everyone!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Bad Attitude

Sometimes I wish for nothing more,
Than to repeat what had just occurred...
To relive and remember,
Until some nonsense appears...
To distract a good feeling I promised myself,
Was more important than a passing of someone else's...
Bad attitude they are unwilling to change.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Bad Attitudes

Don't let a feeling stop,
From getting good to drop it.
Don't let this feeling stop,
To do.

Don't you let a feeling stop,
From a getting good to drop it.
Don't you let this feeling stop,
For you.

Bad attitudes,
Give them the boot.
And...
Don't let one with one get near you.

Bad attitudes,
Give them the boot.
And...
Do it to be known you refuse.

Seek your happiness to keep.
And...
Stay away from bad attitudes.

Don't complicate it!
Seek your happiness to keep.
And...
Stay away from bad attitudes.

Bad attitudes,
Give them the boot.
And...
Do it to be known you refuse.

Bad attitudes,
Give them the boot.
And...
Don't let one with one get near you.

Don't let a feeling stop,
From getting good to drop it.
Don't let this feeling stop,
To do.

Bad attitudes,
Give them the boot.
And...
Don't let one with one get near you.
You can choose to quickly from them move.

Bad attitudes,
Give them the boot.
And...
Don't let one with one get near you.
Don't complicate...
A feeling your best you can choose,
To do!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Bad Boy

Oh no,
Don't want to be a bad boy.
Oh no,
You don't want to be the one destroyed.
I know,
You don't want to be a bad boy.
Don't you want to live your life with friends to enjoy?

Oh no,
Don't want to be a bad boy.
Oh no,
You don't want to be the one destroyed.
I know,
You don't want to be a bad boy.
Don't you want to live your life with friends to enjoy.
And have the freedom to resist those things that annoy.

Why, why, why and for what reason,
What is it that you wish to rush too quick?
And...
Who told you being slick would get it to you quicker!
I know...
Everything you want you've got to work for it.
But your getting closer to have hand cuffs on your wrists.

Oh no,
Don't want to be a bad boy.
Oh no,
You don't want to be the one destroyed.
I know,
You don't want to be a bad boy.
Don't you want to live your life with friends to enjoy.
And have the freedom to resist those things that annoy.

You just need to know,
You can be a winner.
You just need to know,
There is a winner in ya!
You just need to know,

You can be a winner.
You just need to know,
There is a winner in ya!
There is a winner there!

Oh,
And I know,
You don't want to be a bad boy.
Don't you want to live your life with friends to enjoy.
And have the freedom to resist those things that annoy.

Oh,
And I know,
You can be a winner.
You just need to know,
There is a winner in ya!
You just need to know,
You can be a winner.
You just need to know,
There is a winner in ya!
Oh...
And I know,
You're the winner.
You're the winner
You are that winner that is there!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Bad 'Drivuh'

You've got a nerve.
Throwing me out onto the curb.
I've been strapped to you,
With every twist and turn.
You didn't want to yield!
But you expected me to feel...
Your nonstop speed,
With sudden heartbreaks
You would drop!
Tired burns I earned from your screeching.
And gone ignored were each caution sign,
I'd pointed out to define the course we took!
You're a bad 'drivuh', bitch!
And after I thought about it...
I'm glad I hitch-hiked my way,
Without you on a new direction!
This road is much more rewarding.
And there's not one toll on my life,
I have to pay to reach where I need to go.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Bad Energy

Nothing seems to please!
And you are critical of everyone...
And everything you see.
And you want to play the blame game.
With a touch of hide-and-seek...
With your parents, the friends left you have
And me!
But I am not having that bad energy.
Donated and/or given freely.
I don't accept!

I bid you and your bitterness goodbye!
I am not going to have my peace of mind
Jeopardized.
Nor confined by your lack of self esteem,
And dependency you have had no problem finding!

I don't need that!
And I don't need you!
What I need is clear vision...
And someone not on a scavenger hunt,
With darkness to fill a mind
On a funk ride in pursuit!
And you are on the prowl
To spook my good!

You 'dim' my light!
You wish to ignite and spark my fuse!
You ain't gon' do that.
Get back!
Subtract yourself,
Now!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Bad Influence

The misfits depicted as nonconformists.
With others labelled mavericks and derelicts,
Unable to adjust to set values and standards...
To have them silenced and hushed.
And also to have been rumored,
To be a bad influence on the youth...
In days long past to have their lives trashed,
Are the same people today accused...
Of not showing empathy or legitimate concerns.

And...
This assessment may be right.

Who introduced the youth to crime and violence?
Whose acceptance of a normalcy,
Had been left uncontested to protect with protests?
And...
Where are the solutions to produce them,
To leave a lasting effect that removes mental defects?

'There you go!
Always making those negative comments.'

I apologize.
Would you prefer an icecream cone?
Or a machine to make your own cotton candy?

'Gee.
Why do you make these choices so difficult? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Bad Lighting From Oil Lamps

Applying today,
What worked yesterday...
And seemed a perfect fit.
May have lost its usefulness.
The benefits have been exhausted.
And yesterday for many has gone as lived.

Those living today,
Are not patiently awaiting...
For updated versions,
Of that which for them does not exist.
That kind of patience for them,
Is not authentic!

And those minds left to praise war,
As a cause to maintain an elusive peace...
Are as outdated as the typewriters they use,
To get their messages across.
Lost they are...
In the bad lighting from oil lamps of times passed.

'Do as I say.
And hand deliver those alerts,
To the town crier.
And if Paul is not available,
Hand them to someone else.
Or my suggestion would be...
Do it yourself.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Bad Mouth Bashers

Bad mouth bashers meet their matches.
And have begun to be dissed to dash.
As fast as one can bat an eyelash.
And not with a tongue done to do.
But with faith kept strengthened,
To have it seen by folks to be unprovoked...
Those with open mouths,
Closing to stop another word heard...
Disparaging another from them to come out.

These lips once quick and fixed to flap,
Seem to have run out of gas.
With a lowering of their embarrassed heads.
To refuse to say to avoid anything said,
For the purpose to undermine or criticize,
Anyone they will not soon forget to remember...
To have brought upon and caused them regret,
That has left them to express...
Undeniable dread to feel it addressed.

And...done to do effectively.
With a leaving these bashers booted.
Lips shut to pucker. Or licked to then droop.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Baffled

There are those living
Who actually are convinced
They have power to enforce their beliefs
On other people to accept without objection

And these very same people
Regardless of the kind of enforcement they use
Are baffled that the cost of their attempts
Have their creditors making suggestions
As to what they should sell
To pay off their debts
Created to enforce others
To accept in a bowing done
How a way life lived
In in the best of their interests

Making not a bit of sense
Even to those debating themselves
In campaigns
Over realities they can no longer afford
To have others believe anymore

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Baggage Status

Don't give me rockstar ego.
To drop your baggage status.
I have had it with you leaving that.
Take it back.
Don't unpack it here.

All you do is groan about a limelight.
Under which you have yet to take a stand.
You want to live the highlife day and night.
To have others believing,
You and I are 'friends with benefits'.
But benefits from you I don't get.

You don't pay rent but buy new shoes.
Then bring me mood and attitude.
To think your impressions made,
Addresses unpaid bills to pay.
With it assumed my wants and wishes,
Are to wash your filthy dishes.
While you eat then sleep at my expense.

Don't give me rockstar ego.
To drop your baggage status.
I have had it with you leaving that.
Take it back.
Don't unpack it here.

'Wassup?
Don't I keep looking good enough? '

Yeah, you do.
But it's time for you to find someone else,
Who will accept you just for impressions made.

'Some people will never appreciate talent.'

I do.
But the expense of your talent,
I can't afford anymore.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Baited By Ratings (The Defamation Game)

Baited by ratings,
And driven to satiate...
The entertainment of news.
And what and who produces the best,
Net worth.
At the sacrifice of substance.
Feeding those obstinate.
With desires that are decadent.

Baited by ratings,
And driven to satiate...
Public revelations,
Of those raise to heights.
Those selected to be judged and smeared.
By those electing to delight from the blight.

Baited by ratings,
And driven to satiate...
On gossip that's dropped.
With nonstop dollars...
Given to the media on top,
Of the defamation game.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Baited To Fear Everything Unknown

Being perceptive is rarely accepted,
When associating with others...
More accustomed to neglecting,
Their own thought process.
To rely upon what comes to comfort.
And is easily for them to quickly access.

Sharing insight with those less connected,
Will often initiate an unwanted debate.
To prove what is perceived not yet to be seen,
Will actually take place and on a specific date.
Especially with those who are baited to fear,
Everything unknown but claim to have faith!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Baited With Sweet Talk

Baited with sweet talk she thought,
Sugared and creamed...
Would smoke screen her demons.
It was obvious then as it's apparent right now...
She's quick with her lips to tell a lie
And with just the right flavor...
Can show another how!
She bathes in delusions,
So clear she does this well.
Those who know her have come to the conclusion.
She's not well...
But she is under her own fantasizing spell.
And she is nuts!
With a corrupted nuttiness one is lured to trust!
Baited with sweet talk she thought,
She is often asked to teach lessons she's been taught!
By those believing every word from her...
And every thing about her that is sought!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Bake Them Cookies

Who do they think 'they' are?
Dumping their garbage,
In someone else's backyard?
And to do this without getting our permission?
The nerve, the gall, the...
Sheer disrespect to regard our neighborly policies.

'Perhaps and just 'maybe',
They had witnessed us doing the very same thing.
And did not realize,
What is done here has to meet certain conditions.'

And look at them.
Waving to us while committing this most atrocious act,
In the broadest of daylight.
What should we do?

'First wave back.
Bake them cookies to have delivered unexpectedly.
To then have someone in an authoritative position,
Explain to them specifically...
What the rules are to follow to maintain our hypocrisies.'

Good idea.
Chocolate chip or townhouse?

'Townhouse? '

Yeah.
You know...
The ones with the nuts AND chips.

'Let's do the nuts and chips.
But first let's have a meeting...
To get the rest of the neighbors to agree with this.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Balance

What island is this that I'm on?
With no regrets that I'm desolate.
What is it that I gave up and glad is gone?
That left me with headaches from night 'till dawn!

I sought to seek...
And now I keep,
Within me deep...
A,
Balance!
More of it I needed than times before.
It was a...
Balance!
I had to give up the keeping of scores.
My balance!
Whatever it took I knew would challenge,
My wanting to just have balance.

Balance!
More of it I needed than times before.
It was a...
Balance!
I had to give up the keeping of scores.
My balance!
Whatever it took I knew would challenge,
My wanting to just have balance.

What island is this that I'm on?
With no regrets that I'm desolate.
What is it that I gave up and glad is gone?
That left me with headaches from night 'till dawn!

Balance!
More of it I needed than times before.
It was a...
Balance!
I had to give up the keeping of scores.
My balance!
Whatever it took I knew would challenge,

My wanting to just have balance.
And I had to distance from those shores.

Balance!
More of it I needed than times before.
It was a...
Balance!
I had to give up the keeping of scores.
My balance!
And I will keep this with me forevermore.
Balance.
I will keep this with me forevermore.
My balance!
And,
I will keep this with me forevermore.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Balancing Acts

Some people enjoy performing balancing acts.
And do so while sitting on a fence.
Their only commitment to life is to exist.
With an assurance that a floating done,
In the wind is consistent.
No matter the direction it may shift...
As long as a presence is there and believed felt.
And seen as persistent and giving unconditionally.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Balled Fists In Fits

Balled fists in fits of rage displayed,
To shake away a pain...
Shouldn't be the youth we witness doing this.
Too young they are,
To have such build up disappointment.
Too young they are,
To have a life to live with these expectations to exist.

A future being diminished to have it welcomed by hate,
Doesn't say too much for those who have neglected it.
Or the ones discouraged by a lack of nourishment.
A future being diminished to have it welcomed by hate,
And the killing of fresh minds needed to create...
Further depreciates a quality of life,
To believe such quality can escalate...
With infighting and conflicts fed to our youth to satiate.

Balled fists in fits of rage displayed,
To shake away a pain...
Shouldn't be the youth we witness doing this.
Too young they are,
To have such build up disappointment.
Too young they are,
To have a life to live with these expectations to exist.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Ban The Void

Ban the void.
Tch.
Ban the void.
Tch, tch.
Ban the void.
Tch.
Ban the void.
Tch, tch.

Grandma stopped baking cakes.
Tch.
Ban the void.
Tch, tch.
Brought me my first heartbreak.
Tch.
Ban the void.
I told her I couldn't take it.
She 'had' to bake another cake for me!
Tch.
Ban the void.

She said she was going on strike!
Tch.
Ban the void.
And even though I didn't like it!
Tch.
Ban the void.
She's not gonna cook in the kitchen,
She's itching to do something else to please!
Tch
Ban the void.
Tch.
Ban the void.

She brought herself a brand new car.
Tch.
Ban the void.
Tch, tch.
And drove to wherever she wanted.

Tch.
Ban the void.
She said she had her own special needs.
And will come and go whenever that need pleases!
Tch.
Ban the void.

I got so annoyed...
And I tried to stop that void deep down in me!
Oh...
Ban the void!

I couldn't go to sleep!
I dreamt of grandma's baking,
And it teased me!

I even cried my eyes.
But grandma's sweet potato pie kept creepin'.
Oh...
Ban the void!
Ban the void!
Oh...
Ban the void.

Grandma loved her brand new car.
And never got one ticket,
For her speedin'!

Ban the void.
Tch.
Ban the void.
Tch, tch.
Ban the void.
Oh...

Dedicated To:
In loving memory...
Clara Louise Countryman Pertillar

'Miss you, grandma! '

Love,
Larry

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Banal

More banal stuff.
And committed to saying nothing.
Although...
I can see how another could become,
Captivated...
By such engaging and enriching,
Potential that creates the flourishing begun...
That employs one's imagination,
To what isn't there but holds great promise.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Banana Bread-Baked And Buttered

I recently discovered,
I was quick banana fed.
Having one sliced in cereal.
One in a milkshake.
And a few to make banana bread.

I guess the potassium agrees with me.
When I eat one on the street.
Preferring that treat over candied sweets.

And a vitamin I need...
Like C, D, E and the B's.
While trying to avoid the calories,
As I strip one and dip it...
Into creamy chocolate.

I recently discovered,
I was quick banana fed.
Having one sliced in cereal.
One in a milkshake.
And a few to make banana bread.
Baked and buttered,
With no crumbs spared!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Banana Soup

If juice can be extracted from a potato,
Like a tomato or carrot...
Why can't that happen to a banana?
Although it can be argued that potato juice,
Can be heated and called soup.
Banana soup doesn't sound too appealing.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Bang It

'1-2-3-4'

Bang it.
Simply bang it!
Bang it.
Bang dat bang dé bang bang.

Bang it.
Simply bang it!
Bang it.
Bang dat bang dé bang bang.

Trouble leakin' creepin' seepin'
People weepin in the streets.
Even here and over there.
Walkin up on every stair.
Bubble up it starts to suckin'...
Lickin all the drippin guts.
Some are brave and wish to stop it!
But it doesn't give it up!

Bang it.
Ssssss
Simply bang it!
Ssssss
Bang it.
Ssssss
Bang dat bang bang dé bang.

Bang it.
Ssssss
Simply bang it!
Ssssss
Bang it.
Ssssss
Bang dat bang bang dé bang.

Bang it.
Oh...

Simply bang it!
Ooooh
Bang it.
Ooooooooh
Bang dat bang bang dé bang.

Trouble leakin' creepin' seepin'
People weepin in the streets.
Even here and over there.
Walkin up on every stair.
Bubble up it starts to suckin'...
Lickin all the drippin guts.
Some are brave and wish to stop it!
But it doesn't give it up!

And there's those who get peace,
Where they can!
Even if that means...
Sealing their windows and doors close!

Bang it.
Simply bang it!
Bang it.
Bang dat bang bang dé bang.

Bang it.
Simply bang it!
Bang it.
Bang dat bang bang dé bang.

Bang it.
Simply bang it!
Bang it.
Bang dat bang bang dé bang.

Bang it.
Ow
Simply bang it!
Oow
Bang it.
Oooow
Bang dat bang bang dé bang.

Bang it.
Ssssss
Simply bang it!
Ssssss
Bang it.
Ssssss
Bang dat bang bang dé bang.

Bang it.
Oh...
Simply bang it!
Ooooh
Bang it.
Ooooooooh
Bang dat bang bang dé bang.

Trouble leakin' creepin' seepin'
People weepin in the streets.
Even here and over there.
Walkin up on every stair.
Bubble up it starts to suckin'...
Lickin all the drippin guts.
Some are brave and wish to stop it!
But it doesn't give it up!

And there's those who get peace,
Where they can!
Even if that means...
Sealing their windows and doors close!

Bang it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Bans On Speech

The saddness brought upon bans on speech,
Is that they don't eliminate what is spoken in the streets.
Sensitive egos are easily displayed...
By those feeling insecure,
Who believe they have it made!
They believe they have the power to submit,
Or the throwing away of trash...
And fawning over was is to them 'legit'!
But we all know that they have narrow points of views.
It shows in their ignorance,
And the tightness of their shoes!
They are the ones who enjoy their sips...
And they reek of daily booze.
Slipping mints to hide it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Barack Obama

It is claimed he is inexperienced.
It is claimed he is too young.
It is claimed he is of mixed heritage.
And his mother is white...
And his father is a native African son!
It is claimed he is intelligent.
A good father.
A husband with a black mate.
It is claimed he is honest.
It is claimed he is degreed.
It is claimed people love him.
And he is a Harvard graduate?

I 'hope' like hell these are not allegations...
Because he is perfect to lead this swill,
Out of the cesspool of sewage
That has been seeping for decades!
What is his name?

'Oh-Bula, Oh Bumba, OBala, Oh...?
Baracka...Bolaka?
Barack Obama!
Yes.
That's it I think!
I don't know exactly.
But someone from those Star Wars movies!
Your Majesty...
I believe our prayers will be answered.
He 'reeks' with truth.
You have to see it for yourself.
It's incredible.
AND...
He has the gall to have published,
For all...
His flaws and blemishes! '

OH REALLY?
You're kidding!
Someone affliated

With those George Lucas
And Steven Spielberg productions?
Someone appearing before us,
Without hidden agendas...
OR seductions?

Yes, yes!
Send him in immediately.
He is the 'chosen' One!
He will lead this 'Federation'!

Play the theme upon his entrance.
I want him to feel he has found a home!
We've got to 'sell' our new mission,
To the people.
They have been hungry for this guy!
Send him right in!
I can not believe this!
Someone who dares to expose himself...
Without disguise?
Send that guy in here.
Immediately!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Barack Obama Missed

It has only been weeks,
And one's presence shown...
To have overwhelming integrity,
Had not been mistaken...
As a tool used to deceive.
Unaccustomed with this reality,
Some chose behind the scenes...
To diminish and demean,
A messenger committed...
Not to division.
But to a blended, humanistic...
Less racist unity.

Barack Obama missed.
And it does not matter,
Who addresses this...
Openly confessed.
Or barely heard to mumble,
Under one's breath.
Left to leave,
Whether expressed or not...
Is the effect of his absence,
Many in their minds can't stop.
And this to know,
Doesn't have to be admitted.
Even his critics wish,
Their time spent trying...
To find some dirt,
Had been a worthless endeavor..
Since,
Now they have more than enough.
To have collected,
Amongst themselves...
They couldn't hide,
With this attempted to try.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Baracked With Obamalitis

The path ahead has been cleared,
And they can see again.

Malaised with doubt and fear...
And paralyzed with beliefs,
An economic doom...
Would mushroom to leave them,
Like blinded deer!

Hypnotized by appetites...
That have kept them sitting,
In despair they believed was near.

And then a vision of light appears!
The people stand in shock.
They begin to cheer a voice...
Out of the darkness coming.
Out of the darkness,
They all hear with opened ears.

Baracked...
With Obamalitis.
A leader with moxie.
One with pop appeal that rocks,
Is here!

Baracked they are!
And sizzled with Obamalitis.
They've been inflicted with a hope.
The kind that excites.
Like the prancing done,
By speeding antelope!

They've neen Baracked...
With Obamalitis.
A leader with moxie.
One with pop appeal that rocks.

And energized like no leader before...

To bring their hopelessness to a stop!
For greater days they have yet to pave.
To shed upon their cloudy shores,
Once more to crave in their praise!

Baracked they are!
And sizzled with Obamalitis.
They've been inflicted with a hope.
The kind that excites.
Like the prancing done,
By speeding antelope!

The path ahead has been cleared,
And they can see again.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Bare

It's not for the want of 'things',
I wish.
To fulfill a need...
That would bring to me bliss.

To meet someone and there is chemistry,
Immediately recognized...
As a missing piece.
To fit instantly would please.

And with a grinning done from ear to ear,
Appearing on two faces...
Makes one thing very clear.
This is the picture from a dream that has been wished.

Leaving a feeling kept hidden,
With an exposed happiness!

'Before you go outside,
Shouldn't you dress?
At least coverup...
Your expressed gratefulness! '

~Uh...
Wow.
I'm glad it is known,
I have nothing left to confess.
You have me caring less,
I have bared my soul.~

'Just put on some clothes.
I took the day off!
That's why I am bare.
AND...
If you don't mind,
With the door closed! '

~What am I thinking?
What am I thinking? ~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Barely Heard

What demands can you command?
When from behind shadows,
Your voice mocks and imitates.
And you fear to make a public stand.

Periodically you seem so pleased,
After everyone has left...
To allow you to announce with glee,
What was done that got you upset.

You have a nerve to emerge,
With accusations barely heard in whispers.
But reluctant you are,
To face the music to sing solo.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Barely Noticed

I live life!
Free from trying to impress.
That seems such an outdated mindset to have.
To exist seeking approval.

I can understand that action,
When folks are attracted to one another.

But to live one's life,
Just for the sake and sacrifice...
Of pleasing someone else?
I'm not in it like that...for that.
Not like that!

However...
I do 'crave' appreciation,
Applause and standing ovations!
WHEN I am in the mood,
For that kind of attention.
Which isn't 'too' often.
Since I am a natural giver.
And I choose not to have my talents,
Taken for granted.

Do you now understand 'why'
I shy away from the spotlight?
It's just not my cup of tea...
To be smothered by fans,
And asked for my autograph!
It's soooo...
Pretentious.

And I'm not like that.
Not at all.
I'm self evolved!
With just a slight hint of ego,
Barely noticed!
And when it is...
That's rare.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Bargain Basement

What difference should it make,
How much money one has.
Or where they live,
Furnished with customed made...
Possessions.
Luxurized to widen eyes.

If one's integrity,
Smells and can not be sold...
Even at the lowest,
Bargain basement prices...
To sell or sample to give away?
Those who have come to select,
This person as representing...
The best reflection,
Of a way of life to live...
That can not get any better.
Are the very same people...
Who see the forest,
And the trees.
But have not a clue,
What their value...
And significance is to sustain,
A maintained quality of life!
Nor the reason why...
Anyone without integrity,
Is as worthless a commodity...
Those with a conscious know,
Can smell to recognize...
Whatever it is fenced,
To glamorize from a distance.
Regardless if no one else...
Notices,
It to be sheathed...
In imitation gold!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Barracudas

New loose barracudas out to coup.
These barracudas in their silkened suits.
Barracudas spying on the roof in cahoots...
Choosing who to snoop and boot from the root.

Male barracudas and the females too,
Using cruel abrasive tactics to undo...
Everything and everyone that's in their way,
To dupe with a hoodwinked tricking to fool.

Maybe they were booted from a special loop.
Deciding they should rule together to cop the coop.
Then determined they would be mean and cruel...
To anyone who tried to stop their attitudes.

Male barracudas and the females too,
Using cruel abrasive tactics to undo...
To dupe with a hoodwinked tricking to fool,
Anyone who tried to stop their attitudes.

New loose barracudas out to coup.
These barracudas in their silkened suits.
Barracudas spying on the roof in cahoots...
Choosing who to snoop and boot from the root.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Barrels Of It

I have spoiled you with my love!
I know this.
I have given you barrels of it.
And one day a wheel gets jammed...
And that fucks me up,
So I dropped both hands.
You saw me leave...
You thought I ran.
You had thoughts of my abandoning you,
To stand alone.
And that's not true!
I went home to find a fix!
To return and lift you quick.
But you could not sit...
To wait for both of us to carry on!

Dedicated and Inspired by:
My Dear Friend
I've known for many many years:
Douglas A. Spence

'Doug, what have I NOT been through
since we have known each other?
AND you were right there with me
With advice (some I didn't like...LOL) ,
And support!
God has blessed me with your friendship,
And I know this. Thank you sincerely! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Barren Trees Without Leaves

There is a wish you admit,
That I should in you believe.
And I should accept your weaknesses,
To keep my own hidden and unconfessed.
Allowing a tranquility uncontested,
Between you and me.
With an understanding I should accept.

But I can not live my life,
On needles and pins.
And step lightly...
As if not to break eggshells.
As you do what you please.
While I quiet my own unattended needs.
To cater to yours.

Should I usher you through the door?
Or should I waste not a haste,
By rushing through it quick.
To save myself from continued foolishness!

There is a wish you admit,
That I should in you believe.
And I should accept your weaknesses,
To keep my own hidden and unconfessed.
Allowing a tranquility uncontested,
Between you and me.
With an understanding I should accept.

I thought I loved you!
But you could never address...
Occupying a vacancy,
That warrants an end to my loneliness.

Should I usher you through the door?
Or should I waste not a haste,
By rushing through it quick.
To save myself from continued foolishness!

And...
For some reason,
I am not expecting recommendations...
You suggest.
It is best I see...
Not only the forest,
But the barren trees without leaves.
Or a branch that will stay connected,
To a happiness missed and wished desired.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Barriers

They seem to be into playing hide n' seek!
As they make fresh attempts to redo paths taken...
Others have awakened and have left them alone!
Although they can be seen peeking
From behind scenes to be found,
Nothing dawns on them that many moons have passed.
Even barriers they believe protect them,
Have been renovated!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Baseball Has Been Blemished

'Ladies and Gentlemen...
This is a dim, dark day we face in America.
Our troubles seem to have come and parked upon
Our Thresholds to bring and leave us sorrow...
Within our stadium walls and our manicured,
And richly green park diamonds.

In the past few years,
We have suffered through threats of terrorists
And the antics of Brittany Spears.
Paris Hilton
Rosie and 'The' Donald
Lower than average film revenue.
Plus...
The exposures revealed by our priests...
Who not only knelt at the altars
Of our divine pristine religious structures.
But also at the knees of our young boys.
Yes...
These days that come to crack our backs...
Seem to try to cloud our eyes,
With unrelenting tears.
Not only has a bomb been dropped on Obama.
With reports of his drug use as a young man...
Some twenty years ago.
But Maya Angelou's support of Hillary Clinton's
Run for president of this great nation...
Wishing she could give her away,
As one of her favorite things this holiday season!
Yes...
And although it pains me,
From the depths of my patriotic heart
To announce this latest most devastating blow.
I have come to announce the steroid use...
And other enhancing performance inducements
Taken by our highly paid baseball players!
This is a sad day for baseball!
Baseball...
Has been blemished!

While we were singing...
Take me out to the ball game
Take me out to the crowds.
Buy me some peanuts and cracker jacks...
Our boys were pumping themselves up,
With much more than vitamin C and Iron!

The very foundation of our strengths...
Seem to be crumbling beneath,
The secrets of our greed.
And mud stained feet!
What can and shall be done about this?
We must not let this defeat our greatness achieved.
And with a moment of silence...
Let us unite and bow our heads,
To be lead...
Once again to lift them up,
In the hopes to glimmer our brows in the Sun...
Once again.

This report is a call to action!

Let us pray.
Liberal Democrats. Conservative Republicans...
And Independents all.
Let us win back our dignity,
And the untarnished image of our beloved baseball.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Based On Claims And Stolen Dreams

Efforts to reduce,
A self esteem one earns...
Is too obvious a tactic,
For one who only has a talent...
To undermine and broadcast it.
That's how obvious these tactics.

And when someone of a narrow mind,
Is behind such foolish schemes...
This also exposes the environment,
That allows those of lowlife...
To climb to heights,
Just based on claims and stolen dreams.

Without producing credentials or evidence,
Of competence.
While those who are capable are often depicted,
As fools.
Or something less flattering to sell to those who gossip.
To ensure one's defeat and public embarrassment,
Becomes signed, sealed and certified.

But...
Guess who eventually wins?
And guess whose steps are then scrutinized?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Based Upon Appearances

Taught to shy away from those,
Amongst themselves most qualified...
Has left them in their dire straits.
And now they witness their qaulity of life,
Slipping from their hands.
On the edge from them of being erased.
To leave those voicing their demands,
With their choices made to be replaced.

And those who tried to reach them,
With an approach honest and not faked...
Are the ones now solicited,
For any opinions from them they 'wish' to make.

And those who had their recommendations,
Dismissed...
Have moved on to live their lives in peace,
Without the onslaught of conflicts.
And those now in the midst of them,
Were too excited to invite a clearing of consciousness.
Since decisions based upon appearances,
From them they could not and can not away from them shake.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Based Upon Evidence Gathered

The results of the investigation are in.
I have them here and in my hands.
Will those who feel they have been unjustly accused,
Please stand.
There is no need for anyone to strike fixed poses.
Relax and attempt to do it naturally.

Based upon evidence gathered from eyewitnesses,
And other reliable sources...
Including childhood classmates, relatives,
Previous close associates and jilted spouses...
Mistresses, discreet lovers and others down low,
It has been determined...
That you, the people standing before me,
And summoned to this court...
Have been found guilty of 'assuming' yourselves fabulous.
None of you are 'ALL THAT' or a bag of chips.
The results are in.
Nothing I have before me proves differently.
And...
With that stated,
All of your counter claims of being defamed and mentally abused,
Have been dismissed.
And may I say this off the record and in strict compliance,
To your confidence...
Most of you are train wrecks and not the truck stoppers you wish.

'Your Honor? '

Yes, what is it?

'May I approach the bench? '

Of course.
What is it?

'My clients have requested to keep their delusions.
Is there something/anything you can do?

Why do you whisper?

'I promised them they would be happy with your decision.'

Well then...
Let those with kept delusions,
Feel free to keep them.
But you are not nor will ever be FABULOUS!
Understood? Believe it.
There is nothing we have gathered to keep in your records,
That indicates the happening of it. Now. Never. Or Ever.
This awakening session is adjourn.
And please...before we leave,
No rolling of eyes or mumbling heard from lips.
Or references made to 'mother'.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Based Upon Materialistic Concepts

I can not call my breathing a hobby.
Nor do I relate,
To those who associate creativity...
To a dollar bill.

And there are many like that.
Attached to things.
Disconnected spiritually...
To any talents or gifts,
To them God brings!

When asked how much I 'make'...
I get irate with folks like that.
And those who say they have no time to create...
I know right away,
With them I do not relate.

And those who say they have faith in God...
To only admit,
They do not accept God given talents,
Are their main jobs.
I have limited patience.
Knowing from them,
I can only expect a production of excuses.
Based upon materialistic concepts.

And as I age...
From folks like this,
I wish to keep my distance.
And God kept pleased!
Since He is the only One,
To know where I come from.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Based Upon Their Ethnic Ties

If 'rules' of immigration,
Were applied many years ago...
To those who could not read or write,
Or speak the English language properly...
There would be fewer caucasians,
Irritated by productive aliens.
And even fewer still,
Igniting conflict over what rights they have.

Since many of them have risen to heights,
Of incompetence.
Based upon their ethnic ties!
Only the American Blacks,
Have been purposely disenfranchised.
And treated like extraterrestials 'allowed' to visit.
With limited assistance to sustain themselves.

If 'rules' of immigration,
Were applied many years ago...
To those who could not read or write,
Or speak the English language properly...
There would be fewer caucasians,
Irritated by productive aliens.
And even fewer still,
Igniting conflict over what rights they have.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Based Upon Your Terms

For years you interpreted the life you live,
Based upon your terms.
And living it regardless of who you had judged.
Or decided to pass that along,
With a flair and merriment!
Wanting others to join and sing in song!

But today...
They are the ones who just may be in need,
Of your sympathy!
Based upon your terms.
And...
You need not to prove to anyone,
What you have done!
You have won many battles.
And escaped deceiving traps.

But today...
The ones you fought the good fight,
Are themselves feeling betrayed.
And just might be needing...
Even a glimpse of your empathy,
You may dispense to acknowledge their grief.
Based upon your terms.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Based Upon...

Based upon...
Hearsay.
With a trace of bad taste.
People are quick to place their judgement,
Done to do in haste.

Based upon...
Rumors,
Too juicy to refuse.
Innuendos to accuse,
Have left many abused.

Labels have disabled,
A truth to be diffused.
Truth to hear and heard it spoken,
Leaves more now amused.

So many today rush to find,
Excuses found to use.

Based upon...
Lies.
Anyone can be destroyed.
Many today enjoy deceiving,
And left paranoid.

Facts,
Are in need to make a comeback.
Based upon a lack,
Of little left to believe.
Based upon that,
Facts are in need of a comeback.
Based upon a lack,
Of little left to believe.

Based upon...
Hearsay.
With a trace of bad taste.
People are quick to place their judgement,

Done to do in haste.
And based upon that,
Facts are in need of a comeback.
Based upon a lack,
Of little left to believe.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Basic Decisions

So pitiful have become those choice allegiances.
The ones some chose to bond with years ago,
With a professed loyalty overestimated...
That anyone conscious would have let go.

Today it seems a waste of time,
To discuss how things 'use' to be...
With a locked frame of mind on times much changed.

Even those who had obtained good jobs,
Believing themselves to arrive at some stability...
To find their investments to retire on a beach,
Pulled away from their realities they no longer can speak.

Today it seems a waste of time,
To discuss how things 'use' to be...
With a locked frame of mind on times much changed.

So pitiful have become those choice allegiances.
The ones some chose to bond with years ago,
With a professed loyalty overestimated...
That anyone conscious would have let go.

But who knew those dismissed from such cliques,
Would one day discover themselves to be...
The bigger winners living on fixed incomes.
But feeling happier from basic decisions they have made.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Basic, Simple And Direct

I have no dire need for you to prove to me,
What it is you know about love.
If you know anything about love at all,
You will live it to give it...
To care less who evaluates your doing,
While you await a rating for others to approve.

And as for me...
You need not feel,
Your love to give has to meet my approval.
No!
I just want it to be shared on a one to one basis.
Basic, simple and direct with it to give and to accept.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Basket Case

Don't fool yourself.
Those wrapped up in consequences...
Are attached to them like a habit.
Like Easter is associated,
With candy, egghunts and rabbits.

And every opportunity given,
You will hear them mention...
A need to release themselves,
From being identified...
As a basket case.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Basket Cases

Those who have obtained fame and notoriety,
By defaming the characters of others...
To shed their tears on public stages,
While interviewed...
To excuse their abuses of screwing up lives,
Based upon their dysfunctional childhoods...
May be a good marketing ploy to sell books.
But it doesn't erase the fact,
That these sick...
Basket cases,
Are afforded platforms to defend their insecurities.
While those victimized...
Are making far less money to provide leeching services,
To the feeding of those who prey with their wicked deeds.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Basket Full Of Choices

Dewdrops glisten and I watch,
From the window my dreams take me.
Whenever there's Sun rising seen...
I come alive.

When raindrops appear,
And I'm taking a walk.
I don't cover up,
I want to feel refreshed.
Getting wet
And feeling great.
It's a blessing I'm glad to get!
Like a present.
Like a gift!

I may frown when things go wrong.
That is my human nature.
But I'm not down and out for long.
If I appear that way,
I'm under an esthetic.
'This too shall pass! '
And when it does...
I don't regret it.

When flowers begin to bloom,
I understand it more.
And my heart opens...
To enhale and give their scents room.
Life is just a basket full of choices!
Some choose...
And some ignore!
To settle for a piece of life...
That withers in gloom to bore!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Basking In The Glow

When one's life has been spent self indulged...
Do you think they have discussions,
About someone who has sacrificed their needs?

They would not understand what that meant.
Or might find it amusing that people actually suffer,
For the cause of uplifting others.

People self indulged have no clue that's what they do!
They've become too familiar with the concept of leeching.
But then again...
This is interpreted,
As an agreement others make within themselves,
To splurge those self indulged with attention.

A need that keeps them surviving.
At the cost of someone 'basking' in the glow of their aura.
Something they 'too' find unresistable!
And one that is quickly given as if to gift.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Basking Peacocks Flocking On The Dunes

Perceptions of success to award,
And who should be given a focus that explores it...
With an attention to interpret this as an achievement,
Is an 'exclusive' meaning that defines to the many...
What for them an achieving of success is meant to be.

And seldom is an attention bestowed on a poet,
Who reflects to a certain degree...
A maverick disposition who exposes depth and honesty.
Especially if this might upset and offend,
Those preferring to feed repeatedly...
On technicolored delusions that feast upon deceit.

And being too connected to truth as most poets can be,
With a doing to pursue...
There will be very few 'gems' amongst them observed,
Shining as bright as rhinestones picked to glisten...
In flourescent light to do with a purpose,
Knowing the few chosen to impress...
Will not be into sparkling diamonds,
To enable the telling of the difference to them unknown.

'I shattered with a shuttering pause,
To peel each leaf from her brave bloom.
Dare I not?
Or do I sit awaiting,
The flock of peacocks basking on the dunes.'

~Huh? What the...
Oh.
What a moving and heartfelt reading.
Absorbed I sat as if hypnotized.
Although I will admit,
Not one word of it I understood.
But...
What difference does that make,
If it moved me to imagine...
Those basking peacocks flocking on the dunes.
Your reading?

Simply captivating.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Battered

Battered.
And I hate it.
Addicted to the abuse of it.
It seems to benefit our love making.
The two of us lusting,
To crush each other's emotions.
We share a sick relationship.
It's as if it is a need.

Battered.
Wounded, bleeding...
To beg for forgiveness.
And the coming together to kiss!
Why is this brutality missed?
I hate it when you bait me into an argument.
Don't go!
I love you.
And I can't make sense of it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Battle Fatigue

Battle fatigue.
From fought wars,
And declarations of victorious...
Outcomes to praise.
Has left blood on urban streets,
Increasing.
Not for peace but for 'turf' to keep.
As if the doing instills,
A pride that resides...
In minds sickened by divisions.
And worshipped pointless realities.

Battle fatigue.
No one is immuned to depict an enemy.
Even neighbors,
Family members and friends...
Are reminded to buy weapons,
As a defense against violence.
To promote the selling of guns.

Battle fatigue.
And reminders of entitlements,
Guns to get...
Will leave a peace one keeps,
Untested...
By anyone believing they can,
Take one's peace and address threats.

Battle fatigue.
Everyone with a gun is on the hunt.
To kill anyone and just for the fun.
Because they have been told,
They've been entitled as a birthright
To do as they please 'wherever'.
Then leave to excuse this,
On a having of a battle fatigue.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Battles Too Long Fought

They are determined to be right...
Without sleep and plans of strategies,
That continue to fail!
Day and night...
They fight against the power of God.
And still they will not cease.
They are convinced they will win.
Even though the signs of doom,
Are fast approaching upon them.
With a script prepared in Hollywood,
And lives dispensible
To keep a tilting ship that sinks...
No one dares to inform the commander,
The days previewed seem few and shrink!
That God is closing in with the ultimate weapon
To end an egotistical drive to prove themselves,
Totally insane and deranged with insecurity!
Humanity is on the brink of nonexistence.
Placing all of God's creation in jeopardy!
And they say this mission is HIS 'will'!
Although the power of God...
Has always been directed,
In silent and peaceful ways!
The only peace that comforts and stays...
Saves a troubled soul from within!
These warriors are troubled!
And it shows far and wide,
With battles too long fought with intent...
To spread a diseased mentality outside!
Although some passengers aboard,
Scream ignored with fears and hide!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Be Amongst The Ones Honest

Be amongst the ones honest.
Be amongst the ones with kept integrity.
Be amongst the ones unafraid to face obstacles.
Or be critiqued,
By those who choose to oppose anyone,
Who has chosen a path to walk...
Exposing a truth that shows their identity.

Be amongst those to live as if,
Faith within you stays and remains to exist.
With an acknowledgement of this...
Although to do so maybe misunderstood,
By the ones who depend upon disguises to defend.
Do not with them decide to pretend.

Without pretense.
Be amongst those honest; direct and not sitting on fences.
Even though the view amongst the few of you,
Feeling misused and separately abused...
May appear suspicious in the doing.
Just be aware of a lack of conscious everywhere.
With a focus on your journey free and clear of distractions.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Be Brave

Be brave.
Be who you are.
You will save time,
And yourself from much frustration.
Separate yourself,
From an accepted aggravation.
Complaining about one's aches and pains...
Welcomes a need to become sedated.
And easy to submit,
As if grateful to be addicted.
Feeling a need to be constantly medicated.

Be brave.
Be who you are.
You will save time.
You will find your peace of mind.
Let go.
Let life within you flow.
You don't have to be constipated.
All blocked up and irritated!
With nonsense you invited and created.
If no one else let's you know...
Tell yourself,
You are much appreciated!

And be brave doing that!
Some folks can't.
They live to be the first to discourage...
Themselves!
With a harmful self loathing of daily attacks!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Be Cautious When Treating People With Respect

Be cautious when treating people with respect,
Especially those that are not accustomed to it.
They begin to expect,
Anything they do to be acceptable.

Being direct and factual...
When and if pointing out a shown irresponsibility,
Upsets their track record of being negligent.
And your outspoken candor,
Can and will offend them to no end.

You will be the first one they accuse,
Of abusing their insecurities...
Others ignore,
But choose to talk about this and them...
Behind their backs.

And whether this is known or not...
Those actions of others are preferred,
To keep their egos intact!
And you may be the first to express...
You will have none of that!

Never stop respecting,
But choose not to be a welcome mat!
And everyone knows what they are used for!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Be Determined

Be determined not to fail.
Or accept it with expectation.
Giving it recognition.

With motivation, self-respect.
And never to neglect,
Kept dignity...
Leave behind to find regrets,
Steps to take to move forward.
Disappointments to moan over,
Do not deserve the time wasted.
Or the attention they get.
Don't allow mistakes made,
Define you or your purpose.

Be determined not to fail.
Prevail you will and can,
Through setbacks.
Obstacles and opposition.
Position yourself,
As that warrior unafraid.
Be brave.

Dreams wished to want,
Aren't delivered...
On a polished silver platter.
Be prepared to sweat.
Be prepared to defeat anguish.
And eliminate the ease,
That excuses procrastination.
Refuse to kick about,
Familiar invited doubts.

Be determined not to fail.
Or expect to accept it,
As a blessing.
And not the curse that it is!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Be Different!

You want to know what it is like to be different?
Be different!
However...
In your differentness,
Be you!
And if you can not be,
The 'you' you feel with an identity?
Then you are no different than everybody else,
Finding it difficult to be themselves...
Even though everyone who has a 'self' to live,
IS different.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Be Domestic

If you want me happy...
You must be domestic,
And not act like a fool.
If you want to be the one loved...
You must not,
Always be the one who rules.

If you want me happy...
You must be domestic,
And not act like a fool.
If you want to be the one loved...
You must not,
Always be the one who rules.

Ding dong,
The witch is dead.
That's the way I've come to want and wish for you.
Ding dong,
The witch is dead.
That's the way I've come to want and wish for you.
Ding dong,
The witch is dead.
That's the way I've come to want and wish for you.

If you want me happy...
You must be domestic,
And not act like a fool.
Ding dong,
The witch is dead.
That's the way I've come to want and wish for you.
Ding dong,
The witch is dead.
That's the way I've come to want and wish for you.

If you want to be the one loved...
You must not,
Always be the one who rules.
If you want to be the one loved...
You must not,

Always be the one who rules.

If you want me happy...
You must be domestic,
And not act like a fool.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Be Done With It And Live

Let it go.
Don't hold onto it,
Any longer than necessary.
Whatever it is deemed important,
Feeding on your peace of mind.
Is it worth it to get no rest...
Behind something that upsets!
And planted there by someone,
Who could care less.
People are like that!
They will do something to another,
And forget.
Let it go!
You can bet...
What they get will come!
It's like one of those what goes around,
Comes back around things!
It's unavoidable.
However...
It makes no sense waiting for that to happen!
Just know that it will!
Let it go.
Be done with it and live!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Be Encouraged

If you know who it is you are...
The best disguise will not hide you.
Let others masquerade,
With those of false charades.
Those images they have adopted,
Will be dropped.
Leaving them to discover,
Even they do not know who they are.
They have lost their own identities,
In pretentions
That do not nourish, flourish or feed!
If you know who it is you are...
Be encouraged!
You are among the few!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Be Gone Or Be Here

Be gone.
Or be here.
Be gone.
Or be here.
Be gone.
Or be here with me.

Somedays I don't do what you like.
And...
On those days you pick me to fight.
And...
I can't seem to do nothing right.
And...
Even if I do you want to nag me,
All night.

So...
Be gone or be here.
And quiet out of sight.
Just be gone or be here.
Without starting a fight.
Why can't you be gone.
Or be here,
To please a need I have for peace.

Be gone.
Or be here.
Be gone.
Or be here.
Be gone.
Or be here with me.

What can't you be gone.
Or be here.
Be gone.
Or be here.
Be gone.
To leave that agreed.

Somedays I don't do what you like.
And...
On those days you pick me to fight.
And...
I can't seem to do nothing right.
So,
If you walk out on me...
Keep on steppin' permanently.
Since...
That peace I'm appetizing,
Will increase when you finally leave.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Be Happy At It

Whatever that is,
Making you feel good...
About you and who you are.
Keep doing that!
And be happy at it.

Do not strain your brain,
Listening to a multitude of opinions...
From those who prefer to see you change.
Or those who complain,
About how you are different.
And somehow you are not the same...
As you were twenty years ago,
When you were stuck with a given nickname.

Just be 'you'.
And be good at it too!

Some people seek approval,
Of every move made.
Even faking moods...
If another is not pleased,
With an attitude you've chosen...
They did not choose.

Whatever that is,
Making you feel good...
About you and who you are.
Keep doing that!
And be happy at it.

Refuse to be an addict to habits,
Others enforce...
Because their lives are full of static.
Erratic and nomadic.
And confused!

Just be 'you'.
And be good at it too!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Be Happy. Be Basic. Be You

Be happy. Be basic. Be you.
That's it.
And if you want a banana split?
Get it.
Forget about what others say,
And how you should be.
Or the kind of life you should like.
If they knew...
They would have more of their own business,
To pursue.
Do they?
Of course not.
That's why they are trying to be all up in yours.
Hoping to find something there of interest.
Or hopefully something there to spite!
Get on with your life.
And enjoy it with a ferocious appetite.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Be In The Moment

Be in the moment.
Live it to feel before it goes.
Those dreams you wished,
May be with you existing.
But you may have changed,
With a wanting of more...
To ignore this moment,
You prayed and hoped for.

Be in the moment.
Live it to feel before it goes.
Those dreams you wished,
May be with you existing.
But you may have changed,
With a wanting of more...
To ignore this moment,
You prayed and hoped for.

Be in the moment.
Not with thoughts in the past.
Wishing for what has gone,
To come back and fast.
Be in the moment.
Not that one but this.
Be in the moment,
To feel and explore it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Be Inspired

Never become discouraged...
By a lack of encouragement,
You feel is deserved.
Do what you know is best for you.
Only you know in your heart what is truthfully desired.
Be inspired.
And nurture yourself!
Not with sorrows...
Others may be glad to share.
And lend you theirs to borrow.
Do and be your best.
If anyone is there to test,
What it is you have to offer?
Let it be you,
To pass those tests!
And teach the rest who confess...
You helped them to become enlightened!
Your light gave them something to shine about!

Dedicated to:
Ms Shayna Butcher

'Shayna, I thank you for your comments.
They inspired 'Be Inspired' and I thank you.'

-Lawrence-

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Be It For What It Is

Be it for what it is,
More than what it is not.
Is it a tree that breathes with life?
Does a foothill wish to grow,
Into a mountain?
With people to climb,
Its peak to reach the top.

We know a river flows,
Into an ocean.
Brimming with fish...
And other swimming things unknown.

Although we live to take for granted,
This Earth we leech.
To question what God upon us bestows.
With a seeking to dissect...
Instead of accepting what is,
In an exposing disrespected neglect.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Be It Trivial And Mundane

Forgiving the mundane and trivial,
Accepted by many in a place where it is prevalent...
And it has become a way of life,
Rotating in the minds of those unconscious...
Eventually is sought as an event one seeks,
After one has returned from being energized...
Where people are kept excited without getting sleep.
With it done 24/7 and on crowded streets.
Or know what it's like to keep a peace of mind,
Amongst the ones who remain mundane and trivial.
And I never would have thought,
I would find that to love.

'You seem to like it here.
You once expressed a hatred for it.'

I was young, dumb and full of inexperience 'then'.
But...
The more I age,
I've become more appreciative...
Of the 'sameness' of it I know will not change.
Be it trivial and mundane.
With it here to be had to keep me glad.
If I was one to have not adventured to explore,
Very early in life as I did...
This place would bore me to tears.

'I find it a recycling that dares to go to the edge.
And I'm prepared for climax.
But it never happens.'

And at my age each stage I've reached,
I've gotten my climax.
To leave me with a cigarette habit.
And I never intended 'that' to happen.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Be Missed

Those who say to convince when said,
No time for themselves do they have?
And it is observed they do their best,
Just for others with a getting of little rest.

How unfortunate is it,
To have a life lived doing for others...
Without a 'thanks' expressed,
Heard from them to give and made.

A known appreciation stated to make,
Saves one from frustration on a daily basis.
Especially for those with no time for themselves,
To realize they can take it and the doing is okay!

'I feel so selfish when I take time for myself.'

~I 'use' to feel that same way.~

'What did you do? '

~Decided one day not to feel that way again.
When I noticed others taking my time,
To make me their fool and at my expense.~

'That's being selfish.'

~I encourage you to do the same thing.
Be missed.
Others may not like it,
But...
You will recognize immediately,
The benefits you'll get from it.~

'Be missed?
I like that already.'

~Be careful as well.
Too much of it can be addicting.

Although I will admit I am an addict.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Be Not The One

'Those chickens coming home to roost,
Are not going to remain...
Staying away from others in their own coops.'

~Ssshhh.
Can't you see,
The brighter side of life...
As it is meant to be? ~

Haunted by their own beliefs,
Kept righteously to worship with a flaunting they keep...
Has descended to come to taunt them.

Run and in clear view they do seeking relief,
From those they sold to embolden themselves...
With selfish perceptions of being the chosen ones.

And with dispositions self centered positions they take,
Decisions made to purchase guns to murder, maim...
And hunt down those representing the elitist ones,
Becomes effectively done!
With excuses made to be victimized,
By standards they value to have them suffering from.

'These 'isolated incidents'...
Are becoming everyday occurrences.'

~Ssshhh.
Be not the one,
To voice a pre-judgement done.
Just step around the bullet casings,
Shattered glass and splattered blood.
Eventually the reason behind this,
Will be effectively corrected.
But for now let's avoid it.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Be Positive

'No matter what the others do,
Be and think positive...
If only for you.'

Tell me why,
Should I...
Give that a try?

'Be positive.'

Tell me why...
When,
People negative...
Seem very proud of it,
With a showing of a negativity...
In the midst.
And,
Within their grip!

'Be positive.'

Tell me why,
Should I...
Give that a try?
When people negative,
Seem very proud of it.

'Forget what others do,
Be true to you.
And think positive.'

Tell me why?

'Don't let them beat you,
Just be positive.'

Tell me why?

'Don't let them beat you,

Just be positive.'

Tell me why?

'Forget what others do,
Be true to only you.
And think positive.'

Tell me why?

'Don't let them beat you,
Just be positive.'

Tell me why?

'Don't let them beat you or defeat you,
Just...
Be positive.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Be Prepared And Dressed For Dawn

It is best to rise and early.
Be prepared and dressed for dawn.
And the first to be moving on,
From a yesterday...
That has gone.

Drop all thoughts to think remaining.
With them known in your heart,
What can not be changed.
Stop revisiting a canvas painted.
Even if the temptation remains,
To remove the doing of unwanted stains.

Focus more on effective steps,
Taken...
To do your best.
Take that ball in a game to be played.
Perfect it.
With points to get.

Be prepared and dressed for dawn.
And move,
With corrected steps.
Know in your heart to leave what's gone.
With fresh steps,
Done at your best.

Be prepared and dressed for dawn.
With fresh steps,
Done at your best.
Forget what had been going on.
To make,
Your best steps yet.

Be prepared and dressed for dawn.
To meet and greet each morning.
Be prepared and dressed for dawn.
With steps made to move one.

You can,
Be prepared and dressed for dawn.
To meet and greet each morning.
You can,
Be prepared and dressed for dawn.
If this is what you wish,
For a better life to get.

Be prepared and dressed for dawn.
To meet and greet each morning.
You can,
Be prepared and dressed for dawn.
To get that what is wished.

If it's love!
Feel it to have it to get it.
Or happiness.
Know it to have it to get.
You can't have what is wanted,
If the feeling does not exist.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Be Pro-Active

Smoozed by gloss?
Rushing to buff up the gleam that shines?
Afraid to show dust collects on precious possessions?
And when defects begin to appear,
Are you the one to fear a reprisal?
To then stay awake all night long practicing pretensions?
Hoping to convince those unimpressed,
Your blemishes have been difficult to correct.
And is deserving of an empathy from others to get?
But you begin to notice none to you has been given?

Have you considered,
Covering yourself from head to toe...
To disguise yourself wherever you go.
So no one will detect you are the one to be suspected,
As condoning imperfection?

This you should try.
At least no one will know for certain...
Who is NOT attempting to get attention,
By hopping around publicly in a burlap bag...
To show anyone you have been cursed to live a life,
That has been flawed and this embarrasses.
Be pro-active.
Hopefully this action will prevent further criticisms.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Be Pro-Active At It

Wouldn't it be easier,
To schedule your dilemmas?
Prioritizing them for effectiveness.
Leaving those you know will repeat,
At the top of your list.
And the ones you wish to protest,
Whenever others remind you of them...
With a lesser opportunity to make you upset.
Wouldn't it be easier,
Than professing on a daily basis...
You have no idea what's going on?
Be pro-active at it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Be Proud Of Your Accomplishments

'Be proud of your accomplishments done.',
This I would say to anyone.
Too many sit prepared to criticize.
And despise an attention someone else gets.
As if they are owed,
To be spoiled, rude and obnoxious.
On top of believing they should be recognized,
For throwing their identified childish tantrums.

If people lived their lives,
With predetermined pre-requisites needed,
To comprehend they could not just sit...
Making demands.
Few would expect to receive entitlements,
Without first completing requirements...
Of knowing and having respect that's accepted.
'Accomplishments to be rewarded are earned.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Be Quick About It

Remember...
It was not me.
But you,
Who made your choices with a choosing done.
You voiced your opinions,
And passed judgements on some.
You asked for no advice to decide what to do.
You also chose to ridicule.
And now...
Which part of my empathy do you wish to see sincere?
And how much of my attention to you should I give?

'I don't want anything from you,
If it is not to me given with sincerity.
I know I have said and done some nasty things.
But...
I still regard you as a 'friend'.

You know what's so ironic about what you just said?

'No.
What?
Tell me.'

I remember you coming into my home,
Invited.
And out of the blue you called me a fool.
For the choices I made you did not approve.
And then you curse at me,
With a doing to disrespect my home and hospitality.
And do you remember...
I remained being cordial to you.
I even apologized for running out of wine.
Of which you drank a bottle of it.
And now you want 'what' from me?
Attention and empathy?
And time...
I had given to you freely?
With a doing to drop 'anything' I had prioritized.

Remember...
It was not me.
But you,
Who made your choices with a choosing done.
You voiced your opinions,
On me and everyone.
And passed judgements on some.
Including me.
You asked for no advice to decide what to do.
You told me 'my' thoughts were not your cup of tea!
You also chose to ridicule...me!
What I did to do and hard times I lived through.
And now...
Which part of my empathy do you wish to see sincere?
And how much of my attention to you should I give?
And be quick about it.
I have things to do.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Be Relieved

Be relieved.
At least those criticisms,
Once directed to you...
Will not be as severe.
And...
You can become more antagonizing,
Than ever before.
But...
With less scrutiny face,
To defend against.
In fact...
You are in a greater position now,
Than you were before.

Be relieved.
At least those criticisms,
Once directed to you...
Will not be as severe.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Be Restricted To Do This For Months

For one hour of mental and physical stress,
One should take a full day...
To just sit and relax with the getting of rest.

Stress ages with a process,
That eventually affects one's peace of mind.
A few have found this to be true.
While others refuse this and do what they choose.

There is nothing more to say,
To the ones in denial and do things their way.
Experience is the teacher,
For those who have learned to obey.

And I would suggest,
To anyone disbelieving with a stubbornness.
Is to wait until that day they become hospitalized.
With wishes to be freed...
From being pricked by needles endlessly.
And forced to take countless x-rays and tests...
By those who probe calling themselves,
Doctors and nurses and interns...
Viewing you naked as 'everything' is exposed.

Being humbled and embarrassed,
For some is a neccessity!

Be restricted to do this for months at a time.
And that's all it will take...
To shaken one awake from a delusioned mind.

Be restricted to do this for months.
And pray a remedy is found...
To keep whispers overheard,
'We are doing our best but let us try 'this' next'...
With the hopes that the 'next' thing,
Is not your untimely death.

For one hour of mental and physical stress,

One should take a full day...
To just sit and relax with the getting of rest.

Unless...
You are the kind who doesn't mind,
Nervously awaiting the results of a test...
That will either prolong your life,
Or announce within days the time of your death.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Be Straight

Don't condescend,
When there is no need to be.
Choose to be straight.
Decide to be upfront and direct.
Too many have chosen to be evasive.
Too many have chosen to mask and fake.
Too many have traded in their integrity!

Be honest! Forget procrastinating to hesitate.
At least don't pretend truthfulness does not exist.
Refuse to be entangled,
With those who persist...
In debating to bait needless arguments.
Choose your living of a life that is better,
Without buttering up conflicts to allow and permit.

Be straight. Be direct.
Get rid of those thoughts of wanting to please.
Offend those who deceive,
To choke on your doses of honesty to leave...
For them to receive.
Be straight. Be direct.
And be relieved of mind with a peace pressure free.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Be Thankful

Whatever you believe,
In your life that is missed.
Whatever it is,
You wished you had
But does not exist.
Be grateful even for that!
Let your faith remain in tact!
And be thankful.

Feel blessed.
Don't compare yourself with the rest.
Accept that God knows best.
And for you,
As long as you keep your faith in Him true...
He will do for you what He alone does.
He'll come through.
God delivers!

He is the best 'stimulus' you can get!
Know it.
Be thankful.
And insist...
With consistent obedience,
You are deserving.

And be thankful,
For the gifts God gives.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Be That Man!

You Don't know how much I can care!
Do yah?
Do yah?
Do ya do yah do yah!
You Don't know how much I can care!
Do yah?
Do yah?
Do ya do yah do yah!
Oh-oh
I surmise you are mad?
Oh-oh
Oh-oh
Oh!
Oh!
Oh!
Oh-oh...
Will you surmise I've been had?
Oh-oh
Oh, and say get over it...
And be a man!

You Don't know how much I can care!
Do yah?
Do yah?
Do ya do yah do yah!
Oh no,
You Don't know how much I care!
Oh-oh
Do yah?
Do yah?
Do ya do yah do yah!
Oh-oh
I surmise you are mad?
Oh-oh
Oh, get over it!
And do it quick
Oh!
Oh!
Oh!

Get over it!
And do it quick

Will you surmise I've been had?
Oh-oh
Oh, and say get over it...
Be that man!
Be that man!
Be that man!
Be that man!
Oh-ooooh....
I'd give you wind and lots of air.
Oh-oh...
And you can have your bitter world without me.
One day you'll see it,
You Don't know how much I can care!
Do yah?
Do yah?
Do ya do yah do yah? ?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Be The Best You Can

If there is one thing you can do better,
Than anyone else can prove they can do...
To reflect not on them but just upon you,
Is to be the best you can.
No one with you will argue.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Be The C.E.O. Of It

Handle your own business.
With an expertise,
You keep.
And be the C.E.O. of it.
You are the Chief Executive Officer.
Commander of your ship.
Know this.
And conduct yourself with a firm grasp held,
Within an unrelenting fist.

Get over mistakes made.
Moaning over them for you leaves no benefit.
You alone can make it known,
Persistence is in your grip.
And with it,
There is no quitting.

Handle your own business.
With an expertise,
You keep.
And be the C.E.O. of it.
You are the Chief Executive Officer.
Commander of your ship.
Know this.
And conduct yourself with a firm grasp held,
Within an unrelenting fist.

Release from your mind designs of defeat.
You...
And no one else,
Can succeed with skills to achieve.
Handle your own business.
And be the C.E.O. of it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Be The Giver To Deliver

Given to receive and leave unsatisfied.
Expect that from the spoiled ones.
Who wont say 'thank you' for what's done.

Given to receive and leave unsatisfied.
That's what spoiled people do.
They take to get then run.

Some live to be impressed effectively.
By what they get from others,
To appease their preferences.
And there are people living everyday selfishly,
With a belief they represent,
Those selected who have been 'Heaven' sent.

Be the giver to deliver and make it known,
You are not awaiting for your doings to be validated.
Be the giver to deliver and make it shown,
You've been blessed...
With peace of mind and happiness.

Leave the spoiled people to get to them what comes.
It will.
And you need not be the witness.
Leave the spoiled people to get to them what comes.
It will.
And running from it wont be done.

Given to receive and leave unsatisfied.
Expect that from the spoiled ones.
Who wont say 'thank you' for what's done.

Given to receive and leave unsatisfied.
That's what spoiled people do.
They take to get then run.

Be the giver to deliver and make it known,
You are blessed...
With peace of mind and happiness.

Be the giver to deliver and make it shown,
You are blessed...
With a peace of mind those selfish don't get.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Be The One To Leave (Positive Opinions)

Positive opinions,
When they are given...
Can be the only medicine needed,
To uplift to leave a benefit.

A positive opinion when it's given,
Can be...
The best gift one can get,
To push aside a negative effect.

Too many live to not get credit.
But debited with disrespect.
Too many have stacked on their backs,
Attached worries others pack.
Compounding their own burdens,
Strapped.
To have no one expressing concern,
About that.
Well you can,
Be the one to leave it done.
A positive opinion another gets...
To uplift with it mentioned.
And to give it attention.

Yes you can,
Be that one to do it done.
With positive opinions,
Left to leave.
To uplift one from their burdens.

Yes you can.
With positive opinions,
Said and done.
To uplift.
And help rid another's burdens.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Be There...To Love. Committed

Be there...
To love.
Committed.
Preferences and love,
Do not mix.
There is no chemistry in it.
Not in an foreverness.
If this is expected to exist.

Be there...
To love.
Committed.
Quickly forgive and forget,
Arguments.
Adjust and submit.
Being alone and in love,
Is rarely admitted.

Be there...
To love.
Committed.
Resolve conflicts.
Have none of it.
Don't let love drift.
Where is the benefit,
When loneliness visits.

Be there...
To love.
Committed.
Quickly forgive and forget,
Arguments.
Adjust and submit.
Being alone and in love,
Is rarely admitted.

Be there...
To love.
Committed.

Preferences and love,
Do not mix.
There is no chemistry in it.
Not in an foreverness.
If this is expected to exist.

Be there...
To love.
Committed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Be To You, True

Be to you,
True.
With a doing of you,
No one but you can do to be.

When you make attempts to be me,
Or anyone else you imitate and see.
With beliefs they should be like you,
Or you like them.
There will be left only one of us,
Feeling blessed to be that best person yet...
One can become to be.
With a comfort felt within the skin.
And a caring of less who may protest.
Or a passing of judgement to critique and profess.

Be to you,
True.
With a doing of you,
No one but you can do to be.

And no one will have to guess,
Who it is that you are...
When you have confirmed the placement,
Of your forward moving steps.

Be to you true!
That is all you have to do.
And those pieces you seek to put together,
Will for you need no comparison done of substitutes.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Be Tough!

Don't pick up any rocks...
To thrown them.
Put them down.

Don't you pick up any rocks,
To try to stop or block...
A madness started.

It is said,
One should turn a cheek...
To keep a peace.
It is said,
An eye for an eye...
Should not be repeated.
If common sense is heeded.

And...
If'n anyone should show up,
Starting stuff...
Quickly kick them in the _ _ _!
And be tough.

And if'n anyone should show up starting stuff,
You kick them in _ _ _!
And be tough.

You don't have to get your feathers shedded,
Be tough!
You don't have to be the one 'upsetted',
Be tough!

You don't have to get your feathers shedded,
Be tough!
You don't have to be the one 'upsetted',
Be tough!
Be tough!

And if'n anyone should show up starting stuff,
You kick them in _ _ _!

And be tough.

It is said,
One should turn a cheek...
To keep a peace.
It is said,
An eye for an eye...
Should not be repeated.
If common sense is heeded.

Don't you pick up any rocks,
To try to stop or block...
A madness started.

Don't pick up any rocks...
To thrown them.
Put them down.
Back on the ground!

You don't have to get your feathers shedded,
Be tough!
You don't have to be the one 'upsetted',
Be tough!
Be tough!

Be tough!
You don't have to get your feathers shedded,
Be tough!
You don't have to be the one 'upsetted',
Be tough!
Be tough!

And if'n anyone should show up starting stuff,
You kick them in _ _ _!
And be tough.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Be Unafraid To Make Mistakes

Not deciding for yourself,
Who or what you wish to be...
Is no reason why you should,
Make comparisons that could...
Limit your activities,
For others you wish to please.
Only to then discover,
Those you wish and want to appease...
Are themselves lost without identity.

Take steps and be unafraid to make mistakes.
And in the process of admitting them,
You will realize the obstacles you come to face...
Become quicker to remove,
Than to pretend them not to exist.
Like many who live in denial to prove,
Fools are a dime a dozen!
But you have a choice to choose,
Not to make those choices made to follow and to do.

Be unafraid to make mistakes.
A wisdom will eventually come.
But some afraid to make mistakes,
Repeatedly fear the doing with no wisdom done.
And with none to come to welcome.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Be Well

Be well.
Stay honest and confident 'within'.
Remember, what ever is outside of yourself...
You are in it and not of it.
We are here not to create change.
We are here to assist the creation of it!
That is all we are asked here to do.
And yet so many are undoing what needs to be done,
Unknowing.
Uncaring or showing a daring...
To spare the world from pain!

Be well.
And remain reflective.
Never neglect to be happy.
Or be able to at least increase it.
Let those of dark consistent memories free.
Let them be and be you!
And be well.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Be You Pursued

Be you pursued!
This day.
Be you,
With patience kept.
Freed of memories,
Bringing tears to eyes...
Once wept now dry.

Be you pursued!
This day.
With a closed not to openly inspect,
Treasure chest.
Waiting for that special one to come,
And identify a suffering done now overcomed to go.
With a showering of light that bestows clear and cloudless sky.

Be You,
Pursued.
Don't give away what has been given to you,
As a gift...
For all that you have been through.
Reveal that treasured chest to only the best.
To an open heart that connects and sparks start.

Protect your assets.
With the best invest your mind and time.

Be you now pursued!
With a self worth you know is valued.
To be recognized by the one who knows life...
As you do too!

Be you...
Pursued to be cherished.
And be loved by the one for you,
Who is true.
Be you now that one pursued.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Be You Too Full

Goodbye to our lives lived in disguise.
And goodbye to all deceit.
We might have known those masquerades,
But above that now we reach!

It's a new tomorrow that we've got.
It's so new in many ways.
Yesterdays are gone...
And none of them with us stay.

It's a new beginning that we'll start.
All mistakes we've made erased.
True wishes for our happiness,
Are raised,
To praise...
Like a flower grows,
ooo-ooo-ooo
Beautiful-beautiful...
Be-you-too-full,
Like a flower grows.

Goodbye to our lives lived in disguise.
And goodbye to all deceit.
We might have known those masquerades,
But above that now we reach!
Like,
A flower grows,
ooo-ooo-ooo
Beautiful-beautiful...
Be-you-too-full,
Like a flower grows.

Ooo-ooo-ooo
Beautiful-beautiful...
Be-you-too-full,
Like a flower grows.

Ooo-ooo-ooo
Beautiful-beautiful...

Be-You-Too-Full,
Like a flower grows.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Be You Uplifted

Be you uplifted with those gifts you get.
Keep them polished with unrelenting persistence.
Never be persuaded to abandon them to quit.
Since jealousy and envy will always be there to insist,
Your performance is useless with a worthlessness to it.

Be you uplifted with those gifts that benefit.
Keep them focused upon to eventually notice,
An unfolding to behold coming within sight to exist.
And it wont matter who tries to diminish efforts attempted.
Or deny your endeavors can be severed to allow them to drift.

Be you uplifted and convinced,
The gifts given to you are yours and were meant.
And if you decided one day to give them all away,
There would be no one but you to prove they are yours to stay.
To do with as 'you' choose with commitment that does not stray.

Be you uplifted with it unneeded to mention...
That gifts given to you were intended and meant for 'you' to use.
And nothing given to received to one intentional,
Has been done with a doing to satisfy a sacrificing...
A discipline one devotes and does not lament nor wished betrayed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Beach Wet

Baby...
Bring that magic to me.

Baby...
Bring that magic to me.

I am glad we met,
In this Summer season.
I'd like to lay on the beach wet!
And sweat for different reasons.

Baby...
Bring that magic to me.

Baby...
Bring that magic to me.

With music softly played,
Our bodies get delighted.
With a tan that the Sun bakes...
A taste of the rhythm the sand takes.

And baby...
Bring that magic to me.

Classy baby...
Bring that magic to me.

With music samba played,
Our bodies get delighted.
With a tan that the Sun bakes...
We dance in a rhythm that the sand takes.

With music softly played,
Our bodies get delighted.
With a tan that the Sun bakes...
A taste of the rhythm the sand takes.

I like to lay on the beach wet.

And sweat for different reasons.
I like to lay on the beach wet.
And sweat for different reasons.

Classy baby...
Bring that magic to me.

With music samba played,
Our bodies get delighted.
No better place to lay,
Than on a beach excited.

You can dance with the rhythm,
'And beach wet'
Tan or prance with the rhythm,
'And beach wet'
Make romance with the rhythm,
'And beach wet'

No matter what you do you do it!

Dance with the rhythm,
'And beach wet'
Tan or prance with the rhythm,
'And beach wet'
Make romance with the rhythm,
'And beach wet'

No matter what you do you do it!

Dance with the rhythm,
'And beach wet'
Tan or prance with the rhythm,
'And beach wet'
Make romance with the rhythm,
'And beach wet'

No matter what you do you do it!

Baby...
Bring that magic to me.

Baby...
Bring that magic to me.

I am glad we met,
In this Summer season.
I'd like to lay on the beach wet!
And sweat for different reasons.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Beaches

South Padre Island,
Ranks among the best.
South Beach,
And those along Key West...
Are favorite beaches,
I am blessed to have witnessed.

Long Beach and along the Pacific Coast...
Breathtaking are these scenic views,
With a temptation to remove one's shoes!

And the cruiseway connecting Tampa and Clearwater...
Ought to be outlawed for providing too much beauty!
And Ogunquit needs to stop it!
It's magnificence really is an eye popper!
Cape Cod and Pebble Beach.
I've tossed and turned...
Thinking about them in my sleep!

These beaches that grace our wonderful shores...
Should be visited for their exquisiteness.
If anyone believes,
Their lives are boring beyond their doors.

There is so much to explore and see.
Just sitting quietly on these beaches...
And letting one's imagination stretch and reach!
Like the cresting of the waves...
Massaging the sands.
As Seagulls dip for fish,
While the lilting fingers felt from breezes...
Display a coolness beneath Sun rays,
Quickly drying ocean mist!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Beasts Admired

If people are increasing disrespecting,
Themselves and others as seen reflected...
What are the teachers and police expected to do?

What are sermonizing priests and ministers,
Revealing from pulpits with spoken truths...
Suppose to do when those nodding their heads,
Refuse to use and pursue the truth.

What is throwing money on a wound suppose to heal?
If people continue to abuse themselves,
With a spending of time doing exactly what they feel.

Ignorance and divisions,
Have become as common as flea markets and shopping...
For deals at a local mall.
And those who know the right from wrong,
Could care less as long as their interests stay strong.

And beasts admired,
Are often impeccably dressed to impress.
And 'if' these influences are kept advocated to address,
What are people expectingm when monsters amongst them...
Have been accepted like the rest?

If people are increasing disrespecting,
Themselves and others as seen reflected...
What are the teachers and police expected to do?
Keep repeating lessons no one learns...
As they attempt to correct their perceptions and attitudes too?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Beat Me Up With Your Modifications

Beat me up with your modifications,
With your sense of falsities..
But,
What you see in me is what you get.
I don't allow an adjective to upset me.

Beat me up with your modifications
With your sense of falsities..
But,
No matter what you do I'll be the same.
Even though I'm tired of playing your games.

Beat me up with your modifications,
To change my feelings for you...
And,
I'll be the one to oblige and comply.
With a justified feeling of leaving you too!

Beat me up with your modifications,
With your own sense of falsities..
But,
What you see in me is what you get.
I don't allow an adjective to upset me...
That easy,
To please a demented ego!

So...
Beat me up with your modifications,
To change my feelings for you...
And,
I'll be the one to oblige...
'Cause,
I'm not that one you can fit with pity.
No...
I'm not the one you can stick with your sick pity.

Beat me up with your modifications.
Beat me up with your modifications.
But I'm not the one you can kick it with.

I'm not the one you can kick it with,
No...
I'm not the one you can stick it with,
Your pity!

So...
Beat me up with your modifications.
Beat me up with your modifications.
But I'm not the one you can kick it with.
I'm not the one you can kick it with,
No...
I'm not the one you can stick it with,
Your pity!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Beat Or Leave Or Keep It Rocked

I may not have clock stopping beauty.
Or manners of a hip hop, pop or rock star.
Chocked full of hits at the top of the charts.
But...
Whatever this is I've got,
You're free to block it.
Keep it from feet to rock.
Or try to stop it.
Whether it's liked or not.

I bake and eat my own cake.
Feel free to knock it.
Choose if you wish to debate.
Feel free to knock it.
I don't berate to hate.
Feel free to knock it.
And in my own shoes I don't shake.
Feel free to knock it.
Keep it from feet to rock.
You're free to block it.
Whether it's liked or not.

Thumpity-thump-thump-thump...
You're free to block it.
Thumpity-thump-thump-thump...
Keep it from feet to rock.
Thumpity-thump-thump-thump...
You're free to block it.
Keep it from feet to rock.
Feel free to knock it.
Beat or leave or keep it rocked!

Thumpity-thump-thump,
Beat or leave or keep it rocked!
Thumpity-thump-thump,
Beat or leave or keep it rocked!
Thumpity-thump-thump,
Beat or leave or keep it rocked!
Whether it is liked or not.

I may not have clock stopping beauty.
Or manners of a hip hop, pop or rock star.
Chocked full of hits at the top of the charts.
But...
Whatever this is I've got,
You're free to block it.
Keep it from feet to rock.
Or try to stop it.
Whether it's liked or not.
Feel free to knock it.
Beat or leave or keep it rocked!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Beated Brows

Beated brows not faking,
Troubled minds in paradise...
Dismayed and breaking.
As pretense charaded fades.
To leave a sour taste,
Unfamiliar to digest...
These sweetless days.

Deep are the grooves,
Wrinkling to dry twisted faces.
Erasing disbelief...
Once guaranteed relief.
And promised retreat,
From rumors of deceit.
Left on random doorsteps.

Beated brows squeezed,
By a ceased feeding fed...
On greed supplied diminishing.
Feeling down in the dumps,
And betrayed...
Yet hoping their own dismay,
Created...
Will one day restore,
A return of their delusions.
With a ridding from them truth,
Too unbearable to accept...
As a permanent existence.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Beaten Into Sweetness

Beaten into sweetness.
Like grapes to produce,
A fine wine sipped.

Beaten into sweetness.
To allure and maintain,
A sizable profit held in a firm fist.

And every whiff of it sniffed,
Satisfied to the very last drop.

Beaten into sweetness.
Although a sadness carried,
Inside would not stop!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Beating On Your Drum With A Conscious Done

Beating with a meaning when you come,
Thumping on your drum!
Bummy dee bum dee bum.
Beating with a meaning when you come,
Thumping on your drum!
Bummy dee bum dee bum.
Bummy dee bum dee bum.

Bummy dee bummy dee bummy dum!

When you come.
Beating on your drum with a conscious done.
Know your parade has faded.
When you come.
Know each beat you keep is overdone.
No one there is left to feel,
The zest and zeal you hope appeals.

Bummy dee bummy dee bummy dum!
Bummy dee bummy dee bummy dum!
Bummy dee bummy dee bummy dum!
Bummy dee the dummies when all dummies have gone.
Bummy dee the dummies when the dummies run!

Bummy dee bummy dee bummy dum!
Bummy dee bummy dee bummy dum!
Bummy dee bummy dee bummy dum!
Bummy dee the dummies when all dummies have gone.
Bummy dee the dummies when the dummies run!
Bummy dee the dummies with the honey and the money.

When you come.
Beating on your drum with a conscious done.
Know your parade has faded.
When you come.
Know each beat you keep is overdone.
No one there is left to feel,
The zest and zeal you hope appeals.

Bummy dee bummy dee bummy dum!
Bummy dee the dummies when the dummies run!
Bummy dee the dummies with the honey and the money.

Bummy dee bummy dee bummy dum!
Bummy dee the dummies when the dummies run!
Bummy dee the dummies with the honey and the money.

Beating on your drum with a conscious done.
Bummy dee the dummies with the honey and the money.
Beating on your drum with a conscious done
Bummy dee the dummies with the honey and the money.
Beating on your drum with a conscious done
Bummy dee the dummies with the honey and the money.
Bummy dee the dummies with the honey and the money.
Bummy dee the dummies with the honey and the money.
Beating on your drum with a conscious done.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Beating The Odds

Beating the odds,
Is a difficult thing to do.
Especially if those odds,
Have been beating on you...
For many years.

And 'suddenly' one awakens,
To a breakthrough that appears.
With a path clearing as if to favor.
Who with eyes open wide and clear,
Would not view this as an opportunity.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Beauty

Will you stop it and go away! ?
I can't get anything done!
In my eyes you seem to stay.

'Well...
Look the other way!
I can't change what it is you see! '

That's my point, Beauty!
I'm just recognizing,
You are all over the place!
You've been here all the time?
Everywhere in my face?
And now that I've awakened...
I'd rather admire your grace.
Forgiving and forgetting,
My disgraceful attitudes
Accompanied by my bad taste!

'I thought you said,
You couldn't get 'anything' done? '

Those selfish things I was accustomed to do.
Believing I alone had something to prove.
But now that I've discovered you...
And in everything you are...
Even things once ugly,
You are there in all things and in everyone!
I am aware of exactly what you are!
I'm sure what I've done can be quickly overcomed!
Now that you've shown me,
The quality of what 'you've' done!
Beauty I am nothing!
I 'see' you...and I am stunned!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Beautyshop

Don't bite into my skin
With troubles you begin
That venom you want in me,
Just wont be...
Oh No!

I've had it up to here!
And I'm gonna make it clear,
What I want...
To make you disappear!

I want tweezers on my eyebrows now.
And lipstick on my lips,
Colored Cherry for kissing.
I want a manicure
To explore in distance from you!

I need no man to bark to me demands.
I can stand or sit
Away from your shit!
And be contented...
With the motorized loving I do!

Do you want to hear the chorus?

'Go away...please!
Pack your bags and leave!
I've found a beautyshop
Where I can block out the barking!
Go away please!
Pack your bags and leave!
I've found a beautyshop...
That blocks all my memories of you! '

1st and 2nd verse?

Don't bite into my skin.
With troubles you begin.
That venom you want in me...

Just wont be!
OH NO!

I've had it up to 'here'...
And I'm gonna make it clear,
What I want,
Is the humming from the dryer
And the cries from a liar,
To disappear!

'You added more to the 2nd verse
Then was there the first time around! '

Go away...PLEASE!
Pack your bags and leave!
I've found a beautyshop...
That blocks all memory of you!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Because I Know I Can

How can I do it?
Because I know that I can!
I wasn't the one to say I could...
If I wasn't willing to understand.

Embarrassments I withstood.
That did not keep me,
From the challenge at hand.
I wanted this task,
To challenge myself.
I am not one,
To say I will do something.
And then sit and wait...
For an earthquake to shake,
The land before I make a stand!

How can I do it?
Because I know that I can!
I am not the one to say I could...
If I am not willing to be that man,
To do a task I did not understand.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Because I Must

It wasn't me who introduced distrust.
To accept that as an advantage.
With an acceptance to lust.

And as successful as you have been at this,
I empathize with you.
But there is no 'us'.

I admit to moments of wishing things differently.
But you have made it clear...
I should not dwell in providing you a bit of sympathy.

With a determination,
To stay in prayer and keep away.
And forgive and forget,
Whatever our closeness then had meant.

Without added stress or revisited torment.
In a dismissing of mental anguish...
Delivered and sent.

Because I must of you not trust!
Because I must of you not trust,
Again...
What it is you say.
Or do to defend.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Because Is A Pause Between Thoughts

'Because' is not a reason to give,
To remain the same.
With nothing held in the brain changed.

Because is a pause between thoughts,
And searching for sense to make.
But having none to appreciate the activity.

Thoughts,
To convince a sense is there.
And excuses a reason to think is not rare.

Because attached to a nothingness,
Provides one a purpose...
Believed to validate an inactive mind.

And a thoughtless mind in times like these,
May offend those who believe they are considerate.
And if so...
Of what? Why? And how is that shown?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Because Of It I Give

I am in this,
Out of love.
With devotion unexplained.

I am in this,
Trained or not.
To undo tied knots.
With a looseness freed.
Without pressure to exhaust,
Or stress and strain my brain.

I am in this,
Because I must.
And trusting what I do,
Is sustained to maintain,
That which I know.
Until my life returns,
To become again part of Earth's crust.
Dusting from a shedding done.

To grow,
Regardless of the circumstance.
With a drive to produce and deliver,
Not to reduce that voice within.
With an encouragement to take chances.
Sometimes screaming to be heard.
And I can not help but let it out.
Whether whispered or shouted!
I am not one to pout and walk about.

I am in this,
Out of love.
And because of it,
I give.

Since it is there...
To share,
And offer!

And that is how it is.
Out of love for it in me to give.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Because Of You

I find I am missing you.
And revisiting your point of view.
With an understanding,
I wish I knew then!

I find I am listening more.
And hearing to comprehend,
With a patience...
I did not have before.

I grew because of you!

I find my time has purpose now.
And I can admit,
I had wasted most of it.
To mope and sit in utter selfishness.

And I grew because of you!

I grew because of you.
In ways I never knew I could before.

And...
So happy I am we met.
So happy I am I can reflect...
Knowing what you have left behind,
Stays with me and sits in my mind.
To encourage this life I live,
Is to do so...
With forgiveness,
And love to give.
Released unconditionally.

This is what you left for me to know!
And I grow,
Because of you!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Because That's What I'M Wanting

You can't have me,
If you can't...
Have love.
Baby, baby, baby
No you can't have me,
If you can't...
Have love.
Skip over ifs and all the maybees.
Because that's what I'm wanting.
And that is what I'm looking for.

Did you hear me say it...?

You can't have me,
If you can't...
Have love?
Did you hear me say it clearly?
You can't have me.
If you can't...
Have love.
You can vote me very crazy!
Because that's what I'm wanting.
And that is what I'm looking for.

I know those feelings sinking in,
Getting deep.
I'm having trouble getting any sleep
And...
When we are together, It's the best we like to keep it 'cause...
Lovers we are and best of buddies.
Yes,
Lovers we are...
And better friends.
Since the lovers I see,
I 'hope' we could be...
Are the ones who keep love alive,
To survive.

So...you can't have me,

If you can't...
Have love.
Baby, baby, baby
No you can't have me,
If you can't...
Have love.
Skip the ifs and diss the maybees
Because that's what I'm wanting,
And that is what I'm looking for.
Smother that chicken with some gravy.
Because that's what I'm wanting.
And that is what I'm looking for.
Don't let it drip before I lick it.
Because that's what I'm wanting.
And that is what I'm looking for.

You can't have me,
If you can't...
Have love.
Baby, baby, baby
No you can't have me,
If you can't...
Have love,
For baked chicken topped with gravy.
No you can't have me,
If you can't...
Have love,
For that baked chicken with gravy.
Because that's what I'm wanting.
And that is what I'm looking for.

Just lay it in a plate and let me get a taste.
Because that's what I'm wanting.
And that is what I'm looking for.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Because There Wasn'T Any 'Ifs' Between Us

Because there wasn't any 'ifs' between us,
The 'we' that had been thought of as love...
Has lost all of our could be's empty of feeling.
To something not wished to be remembered.

And so much of our time had been spent,
Trying to convince ourselves...
With the giving of more of a nothingness,
We would find something there we never had.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Because You Want It

Because you want it,
I'm suppose to have it at your command?
You don't have it like that here!
Nor would you ever have it.
Like that.

Your attitude has crossed the border of respect.
I don't subject myself to that BS.
I am not that poetic.
Not to find reason or rhyme,
Or time to take in my life to define.

My hospitality is not shown out of desperation.
I hope you did not make a mistake,
To believe I fake it...
Because I am in need?
When you leave...
I will still be left knowing who I am!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Becoming Fashionably Chic

The concept of racism to discuss,
Is as outdated as the effects of self hatred.
Although...
It is there to be observed and reflects an acceptance.
Everywhere to be noticed.
And only entices debate,
Between those who wish to give it attention...
As if to mention this validates its existence,
For those unaware of its appearance to be convinced.

'We have elected those to represent and protect our interests.
What have they done? '

~Represented to protect those interests consented.
However...
To prevent those interests from becoming demented,
With a giving that attention to prioritize when presented...
Has yet to be validated as an existence to represent.~

'Well...
Something has to be done,
To prevent the increase of our insanities.'

~A self imposed quarantine,
Maybe the remedy that's needed.
Afterall...
We have already proven,
We can effectively isolate our beliefs to keep from others.
And accepting insanity has today become the 'rage'.~

'You may have a point.
It is available.
Accessible.
And...
For the youth,
Becoming fashionably chic! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Becoming More Difficult To Achieve

When an immature mentality,
Becomes an accepted part of one's personality...
It stunts a growth process,
Observed in an environment...
Fed on the advantages of being irresponsible.
Where childish attitudes are fed and meant,
To circumvent adult behavior.

A behavior once accepted to respect,
But...
Becoming more difficult to achieve,
With not too many today willing to experience...
The affects of expressing a maturity,
From that point of view!
And 'who' but a few today...
Would admit to being 'that' accountable for their actions.

There is a difference in the doing of things,
Interpreted by others to be foolish.
And to know what is done.
Than to do childish things...
And have few notice,
That the age of the 'childish' doer...
Has no comprehension to mention.

And the fault is found to lay on the back,
Of one who 'portrays' to be a fool...
To fit into such a dysfunctional environment.
To be laughed at but has achieved...
Peace of mind others can't seem to find as accessible.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Becoming Successful

Many have spent decades.
To do for lifetimes and generations...
In pointless discussions to waste their time,
Focusing on how others should use 'their' minds.
To only witness what others do to prove,
A doing what they choose to get done.
No matter what the criticisms to them that comes.

'Great-great grand-daddy?
Why do some people always complain?
To do unchanged and done to remain the same? '

~It has become accepted as part of 'their' heritage.
But don't adopt to adapt to that.
Now...
Go to room.
And meditate on becoming 'more' successful.~

'On what this time? '

~Who wants to build homes on Mars?
Then do the same thing on Jupiter?
See it to believe it to get it done.~

'You always say to me the same thing.'

~And I have yet to see proof of you doing it.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Becoming Undone

Becoming undone.
And bending.
Is never any fun...
Whenever it starts and comes.
No.
Becoming undone.
And bending.
Is never any fun...
Whenever it starts.
And with a doing that overcomes.

Feeling to be,
One pulled apart.
And no relief,
Is there.
With no air to breathe freely.
And none seems to be,
There to spare.
Anywhere.

And it is,
Becoming undone.
And bending.
Is never any fun...
Whenever it starts and comes.
No.
Becoming undone.
And bending.
Is never any fun...
Whenever it starts.
And with a doing that overcomes.

And it is,
Becoming undone.
And it is,
Becoming undone...
To begin and start,
With a doing that overcomes.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Bedazzled For Days With Love Drops

Dripping my carried full cup sipped.
I want to dance with happiness...
Instead I sit.
I wish to say I am in bliss,
When first kissed and bliss hit me!

I've been goofy with aloofness,
Since our eyes met and gazed!
Dazed as I grin soaking in
The fulfillment that I share,
With one who came and flared my sizzle.
Keeping me bedazzled for days with love drops.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Bedlam And Evil

We need a fear injection,
To get done...
To keep the people fed with fearing.

We need to keep their minds afraid,
And imbedded with an enemy that's creeping!

We need to keep suspicions up
To provoke the notion,
Of bedlam and evil!

We need a fear injection,
To get done...
To keep the people fed with fearing.
We need to keep their minds afraid,
And imbedded with an enemy that's creeping!

We need to keep suspicions up
To provoke the notion,
Of bedlam and evil!

We need to keep the devil publicized...
And sadness on our faces and our eyes!

Well...
We need a fear injection,
To get done...
To keep the people fed with fearing.
We need to keep their minds afraid,
And imbedded with an enemy that's creeping!
We need to keep suspicions up
To provoke the notion,
Of bedlam and evil!
And if none of this is done...
No one will know,
Who or what it is we are!

We need a fear injection,
To get done...

To keep the people fed with fearing.

We need to keep their minds afraid,
And imbedded with an enemy that's creeping!

And if none of this is done...
No one will know,
Who or what it is we are!

We need to keep suspicions up
To provoke the notion,
Of bedlam and evil!

And if none of this is done...
No one will know,
Who or what it is we are!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Beefed Up Security

A beefed up security,
Enhances the advancement of fear.
And when a projection of fear,
Has been stamped with a face...
Those deceiving are given the ammunition,
To reduce and eliminate all freedoms.

With an ease to leave those perceiving,
Their well being has been authorized,
To become patrolled and protected.
With a closed and fenced in inspection.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Been And Are Disturbed

Let's make a pact...
To announce our delusions
As reality,
And never look back!
At least we can keep in our minds,
Visions that will never have to deal with truth!
Or the fact that we have been...
And are,
Mentally affected and obviously disturbed!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Been There

Been there.
With lips poked out.
Doubting my life
Is anything to shout about!

Been there.
Feeling despair and an emptiness.
With anger prepared to inflict bitterness.
Wanting someone to care...
And declaring I couldn't share!
I've been there...
And I am not having any part of that,
Where I am now.

Those flaws have been removed from denial.
I am no longer thirsting to rehearse pretentions.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Been There And Done That To See

I have already been there,
To witness the same things done.
With the hearing of the same excuses made.
And the attempts by others to do 'something',
Sabotaged by those camouflaged in sincerity!
Coming to backbite with united efforts,
As others ensure one of their own is defeated.

I have already been there and done that to see.
The countless liars deceiving their own families,
Just to get paid some attention or their names mentioned.
And using their best efforts to secretly be discreet.
Yes, these are the people still seen on city streets,
Pretending their self righteousness and faked impressions...
Should protect them from their discretions and duping deeds.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Been There. Done That. Too Often

There is a reason why,
I do not express a desire...
To know what it is you think.

'What is it? '

I observe it around you.
And as of today,
You have never mentioned it...
As a priority or even a concern.
And you should.

'Why haven't you brought this to my attention? '

If what is obvious to me,
Has not yet dawned on your mind to see...
Why would you believe a wasting of my time,
Is on my agenda to get you to open 'your' eyes?

Been there.
Done that.
Too often.

Today?
My anger has developed into amusement.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Bees

Honestly...
How does anyone know
If they are,
Or if they are not?
Some dude said they wanted to.
But he wasn't sure either.
They left with less honey...
And no sting felt or seen.
What 'way' is it?
Anyone know?
Do they even 'wanna' anymore?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Before A Grin Of Satisfaction Lifts

Let's face it.
When someone says,
'You look good for 'your' age! '
The emphasis is on 'your'!
That is not to be interpreted,
As a sign that you appear decades younger!
You do not!
And the next time someone says that to you...
Do not begin blushing,
As a customary response!
Stop and think...
'What age do they think I am? '

Some of us who have heard that comment,
Seem to think the reference is made
Because we look as if we are still waiting
To be asked to the senior prom!
AGAIN!
When in fact...
I've seen dinosaurs in museums,
And I am amazed how well they look!
And they have been well preserved,
Bones and all!

Had you thought...
When someone expresses,
'You look good, for 'your' age! '
They are not thinking,
'My God,
That relic is 'still' around?
And walking unaided...
Making eye contact without assistance?
Am I witnessing a miracle or what? '

Those thoughts should first enter 'your' mind,
BEFORE a grin of satisfaction...
Lifts your wrinkled cheeks!
The ones on your behind,
And those on your face!

And 'if' a younger person says that to you...
You return one of the most ugliest looks you can!
Immediately you know they are thinking...
'I will never get that old and 'still' enjoy my life! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Before A Gripping Hand Can Affix To It

I was told as a child,
That money did not grow on trees.
And as soon as I accepted the concept,
Of earning it...
I don't have it in my pockets long enough,
To get familiar with its presence.

If someone was to attempt to pick my pockets,
I am sure they would ask for tips...
As to how I have managed to survive,
On a fixed income...
That comes to go before I am aware of it.
And I appear as if i am the 'king' of abundance.

It's like this...
If something comes to go,
Before a gripping hand can affix to it to identify...
It becomes like a memory embellished.
And as time moves on to go by,
That which is embellished becomes one's reality.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Before A Mindset Awakens

This goes deeper than a four year fix.
No bandage applied by either candidate,
Will trick a mend to this.
This is some complicated stuff,
That has been brewed...
And left to sit.
In the hopes that racial divisions
Will take people's minds off of it!

This goes deeper than a four year fix.
The usual games they have played,
Have upon them made a twist.
And they are doing the best they can,
To try to figure their own mess out.
But this has more to do with a consciousness.
One far greater...
Than the nonsense that drops,
Out of their manipulating and deceiving mouths.

This goes deeper than a four year fix.
In fact the mending that will come from it...
Will first bring to those who created this,
A pain that reflects their deceptiveness.
And those who believed in them...
Much pain before a mindset awakens,
With complete and total change.
That is the only gain that results from this game!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Before A Stampede Begins

Instead of lowering your expectations,
Seek a seat to sit...
Not so high in the bleechers.
You will immediately see clearer,
A game you think could be played much better...
To witness closely,
How incompetent and unprepared,
Those who coach...
Look as if they had already missed a boat.
And those high expectations you kept,
Will be hopes of getting through an exit...
Before a stampede begins!

'Can you explain to me what's going on? '

~Honestly, I can not.
But I can tell you,
Which exits have fewer people...
Standing behind those who already know,
A leaving to do pro-actively...
Is much better than to await,
For confirmation of their disappointment to arrive.~

'I don't understand.'

~Keeping sitting where you are.
And anything misunderstood not to comprehend,
Will eventually come to provide much clarity.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Before And After

Loving someone done unconditionally today,
May require unpredictable conditions...
When that one loved comes and begins,
Making requests that get difficult to digest.
Especially when one is expected to accept,
Mental and physical changes made...
Never mentioned or heard before to confess.
Or a hint or a clue,
To prepare what someone who loves another...
Has to 'consciously' go through.

And to keep loving someone unconditionally,
May take much more time...
Than just a few scheduled visits with a therapist.
A therapist wishing these times we live,
Were less complex than they are.
Today 'clients' are downloading pictures and texts,
With messages revealing...
The most specific of stressful details,
Any therapist today...
Would need their own therapist to address.

'Hello Doctor,
Yes it is me again.
The 'before' and 'after' pictures I've downloaded,
Are of those transition shots I mentioned to you.
However...
During my last visit I forgot to ask you these questions:
On which days should I begin,
Wearing my 'husband's old suits?
And if they don't fit should I get them tailored?
Also...
Since he has begun to wear my designer dresses,
Should I stop arguing with him about...
The shoes he selects that clash with the colors?
Please advise.'

~Mirror mirror on the wall,
Please tell me I'm not crazed afterall.

And if you can not do that for me,
Take away that temptation I have...
That has me attracted to leap from the window.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Before Any Empathy Is Assigned

Those guilty seem to always display,
Their hypocrisy.
I'll repeat that!

Those guilty seem to always display,
Their hypocrisy.
Whenever there is a feeling felt of giving,
It is the disadvantaged 'children' targeted...
To gain the publicized attention.
Cuddled in some donated TV sponsored closeup!

Those beyond the acceptable,
Age...
Of gaining a displaying of charitable grief,
By those feeling a twinge of remorse.
Will have to rely on their poverty,
Hunger and homelessness...
To first become a filmed documentary,
Before any empathy is assigned.

And...
Of course,
The more pathetic the look...
The quicker those filming can get paid!
It is all a charade to use the needy to pocket and run...
Industries that have been created!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Before Christmas Eve

Just because a bit of snow is falling.
Doesn't mean you'll get a gift for Christmas.
You should want to be the giver,
And deliver this...
Before Christmas Eve.

Just because your mood is good.
And got gifts 'getting' in your vision!
You should be on a mission,
Telling those loved you're pleased.

By wanting to share some joy and spice.
And giving them that appetite.
To share with other folks,
What it is they like.

With a bit of showing gratefulness,
Day and night...
This will bestow good deeds.
And done in pure love and peace.

Just because a bit of snow is falling.
Doesn't mean you'll get a gift for Christmas.
You should want to be the giver,
And deliver this...
Before Christmas Eve.

With a bit of showing gratefulness,
Day and night...
This will bestow good deeds.
And done in pure love and peace.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Before Dawn Has Yet To Appear

Tomorrow for me has yet to come,
To commit with definite certainty...
What it is I will do,
To have it done with a guarantee.
Or insist that each minute and hour of it,
Where I will be sitting or standing...
To walk with others in its midst.

I've learned too many lessons,
From experiences taught in days passed.
And not one has kept me prepared at all,
To know the future and what it brings...
That would give me the confidence,
To describe the Sun arising on the horizon...
Before dawn has yet to appear to shed light.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Before Doubt Objects

The only thing I want is something real.
Not to satisfy a taste,
That silences a quickened whim.
But comes to quiet...
A curiousity.
Before doubt objects to its acceptance,
Within.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Before Hoops Are Jumped Through

I am fleet of foot...
The moment I suspect,
A mocking to be done of my intellect.
Especially when the baiting is being done,
By those who disrespect...
The experiences I have lived through to get.
With a choosing to use my intelligence to benefit.

I am fleet of foot...
But not from a threat of fear I wish to flee.
It's a recognition of an ignorance in need,
Of having an opportunity to have others witness...
An ease in which they can mask insecurities,
With others they gather with similar mindsets...
To get a cheap laugh and at my expense to diminish.

And if my experiences to get represents an intelligence...
Well, I don't perceive myself the only one who has fled,
From attempts to be of service to others but this has led...
To beliefs to live with and not left to 'assume',
It is best to leave jokers and with a doing done quick...
And not too soon with a doing of this to exit,
Before hoops are jumped through just to prove I can do it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Before I Had Thirst To Soar

It may have looked as if,
Blessings I received to get...
Came to me easily picked.
While I sat to oversee their production.
Skipping over cracks,
Under a Sun drenched blue sky.
And those ambushers coming through crevices...
Awaited to pour me cups of tea!

But actually,
A coming close to drowning in my own tears...
Taught me how to swim with every stroke I learned.
And when I began desiring to fly...
I didn't jump from trees with closed eyes.
I had to climb my way out,
Of those pity pits first.
Before I had a thirst to soar.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Before I Know It

I just can not do it.
Nor can I sit back,
To have it seen done.

I am not addicted,
To being politically correct.
And today as far as politics goes...
Everything political is affecting those upset.

I am a writer, a poet...
And I've been known to wear a few creative hats.
But I can't sit back and deceive anyone.
Not even if they are accustomed,
To a way of life that is attached to that.

I just can not do it.
Nor can I sit back,
To have it seen done.
And negotiating,
With others...
Whose minds are made up!
Is totally out of the question!

And before I know it...
I've offended someone.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Before I Met You

Before I met you,
I felt like nothing was new.
I did...
Before you entered in my view.

From your head to your toes,
There is beauty...
Deep.

From your eyes to your nose and lips...
There is beauty you keep deep.
And I...
Want to be in your eyes.

Before I met you,
My sentiments weren't that deeply felt to keep.
And...
Before I met you,
I got plenty rest and peaceful sleep.
And before I met you,
My feelings weren't felt for anyone I met to meet.
And now...
Here you are AND within my reach.

Before I met you,
My sentiments weren't that deeply felt to keep.
And now...
Here you are AND within my reach.
And now...
Here you are AND within my reach.

Before I met you,
I got plenty rest and peaceful sleep.
And before I met you,
My feelings weren't felt for anyone I met to meet.
And now...
Here you are AND within my reach.
You've got me...
Yes and it's NOW!

And...
Within my reach.

Yes it's NOW!
And...
Within my reach.
You've got me.
Yes it's NOW!
And...
Within my reach.
You've got me.
Yes it's NOW!
And...
Within my reach.
You've got me.
Yes it's NOW!
And,
For us to keep.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Before I Offer To Treat

The nights
Keep my days in perspective.
I know what my wants and needs are.
But the interviewing process
Is limited to who I'd like to share
Those moments with!
I'm not that easy.
I'm not going to settle just for anyone
Who may be standing by the cooler,
And looking like a fool for me!
Hopefully...
That will be on a pay day.
It's easier to conduct an interview
With change in my pocket.
And looking through the snack machine,
With more than two dimes to squeeze together...
Before I offer to treat!
Someone has to appreciate...
I am going through that kind of trouble!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Before It Finally Is

For how long and often,
Can a 'no' be heard...
Before it finally is?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Before Or After

The only reason why it is there,
In the first place...
Is because you wanted it.
Or at least it was allowed.

If it was not indeed desired...
Why is it there?
And when did you recognize,
It wasn't meant for you?
Before or after,
It had exhausted its satisfaction?
Or...
When you began to realize,
You were personally affected.
And if that is the case,
When did you wake up to notice it?
Just now?
Or has it been a while.
Either way...
It's there to stay!
Since it is obvious,
You had to wait for a thought to process.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Before Or After Constantine?

An innocence meant to defend,
And always be protected to isolate...
From reality with no escape to face it,
Eventually creates less tolerance for an immaturity.
One known to be controlled and manipulated.
To leave more people self hating to defy deceit and lies,
When they discover their beliefs...
Have not been based upon concrete evidence.
But on perceptions to keep their locked chests stocked,
With stolen treasures.

'Is this 'before' or 'after' Constantine? '

What difference does that make,
If one's curiosity is left limited and not researched...
To measure what that difference is?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Before Proving Themselves Capable

The one main advantage someone has,
In living amongst others...
Who are of different mindsets.
And also in diverse environments,
In which progressive thinking is a process.
Very few believe to them a threat.
Are the similarity of the opportunities.

In some environments,
Where opportunities are not hidden but given...
People are immediately motivated.
And seldom is it heard from anyone,
If what is done to do and accept...
Will provide them incentive,
To ultimately lead them to a known success.

Yet,
In other environments...
People who are not motivated,
Can be heard questioning to protest...
Not only the opportunities available,
But also a pay scale with a rate to object.
And to do this 'first',
Before proving themselves capable...
Of showing up on time without excuses to make.
Or perceive a success to achieve they wish to create,
Is associated and closely related...
To a task they have yet to master or attempt to do.

'You expect me to work at this low wage?
When others I know are getting higher pay? '

~Other than shopping and selling wolf tickets,
What prior experience do you have? ~

'I've been told when I dress I impress.'

~And I bet you make a good cup of coffee too? ~

'Well...
I'm not the one to brag.
But yes.
Yes, I do.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Before Someone Knocks On My Door

I know this may come as a disappointment to you,
But I will not consider to debate or contemplate to argue...
About anything that is two feet beyond my front door,
With my nose over someone else's fence.
Since I know for a fact,
My own backyard aint perfect.

And my neighbors and I have already agreed,
IF ever we heard something for 'us' not to be true...
Not to accept what someone says, does or do,
MILES away...
To stir up interest in conflicts,
People have between themselves...
To ruin the peace we've worked too hard to keep,
Right here.

With a knowing,
There have been many times we have allowed...
Our own grass to grow without budging to cut it.
Or wonder why flowers we have planted,
Have yet to bloom.
And the facts of that,
We need not hear from anyone else...
Who have yet to lift a finger to clear our weeds.
We've just begun to connect the reasons.

I know this may come as a disappointment to you,
But I will not consider to debate or contemplate to argue...
About anything that is two feet beyond my front door,
With my nose over someone else's fence.
Since I know for a fact,
My own backyard aint perfect.
And I'm not seeking perfection.
I just want to reach a point where the acceptance,
Is under my control FIRST.
BEFORE someone knocks on my door,
To get me to solve problems THEY'VE let themselves create...
With me rushing to help them clean up their trash.
In the past? I might have.

Today? No.

And there's enough littered trash around here,
To convince those who have done it...
They need not to protest to get it cleaned up.
And it has taken my neighbors and myself,
YEARS to realize how that trash got there.
Trust me...
We use to blame THAT on other folks.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Before Taking The Oath Of Office

People who refuse to listen,
Are the least to be thought...
As scholars.
Or thinkers with immense,
Wisdom.
Nor picked to lead,
By those convinced...
Of their competence.
However...
These seem to be,
Always the thoughtless...
And overlooked exceptions:

The ones born into wealth.
And heard to continuously brag,
About obtained assets...
They possess to impress.
With it done to prove,
Truth to live it...
Has been a reality they can,
Distort to delude.
Until it dawns on those to see,
Following images...
Can leave them mentally,
And morally unhealthy.

'Have you ever heard,
Of anyone being impeached...
Before taking the oath,
Of office?
With an approval rating,
Below those who protest...
Fantasized lives,
They will never live to get.'

-No!
But one thing is clear.-

'What? '

-There are more who adore,
Being deceived.
Than there are those,
Who accept truth to keep.
With it sought to protect it.
And if an impeachment succeeds,
What happens to the ones...
Deluded by the whole process,
Of pomp and circumstance?
What happens,
To the legitimacy...
Of future ceremonies? -

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Before That Demon In Me Appears

See my foot?
See how it lifts?
Guess where I can put it,
If you persist.

See my eyes?
And how over one...
I can raise and arch a brow?
See the exposing teeth I show?
Foam can begin to drip from them...
With a growl you just don't know.
My temperature is rising.
And a heat boiling within me...
Is starting to overflow.

Can you feel the steam,
Coming from my ears?
If I were you,
I would take two steps back...
Before that demon in me appears.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Before The Absence Of It Is Recognized

Something had to have been there,
Before the absence of it is recognized.

There are those who wish for love.
But identifying it,
They can not admit that feeling...
Has ever existed for them.
Especially those with preferences.

Something had to have been there,
Before the absence of it is recognized.

Those embittered and express it,
Know what love is and this makes them sick.
Every time they think of something they did foolish.
Like admitting to submitting.
And wanting now to leave those feelings abandoned.
But can't.
And this is made no secret!

Something had to have been there,
Before the absence of it is recognized.

There are those who wish for love.
But identifying it,
They can not admit that feeling...
Has ever existed for them.
Especially those with preferences.

Those who know true love,
Aren't afraid of being crushed.
But may be overly cautious,
Suspicious and distrusting.
Hoping one raised eyebrow,
Doesn't give them or their experiences away.

'So...
How long did it take you to despise and hate,
Your previous mate? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Before The Casting Of My Shadow Stops

Sitting as a wick lit drips wax,
To watch a flame from a candle burn...
In a silent ending eventually to come.
Seems to add more light and meaning,
To my dreams to fulfill.
And to realize before the casting,
Of my shadow stops.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Before The Change Occurred

Few are desperate to claim they have changed.
Fearing the feeling to adapt to something fresh,
Will not be accepted by those denying its existence.
And chase them away with a loss of breath.
Especially the ones unexpecting change has this affect.
To claim change is in the midst can scare people to death.

And there are those who will declare,
Changes with them have been done.
With announcements made,
As if awaiting for them to come.
Some will even spend their time seeking validation.
As if to prove an achievement has been reached.

However...
True change is a process witnessed to be effective.
With steps that have progressed forward,
Or recessed as a stepping back.
Before the change occurred.
Without a need for it to be proclaimed.

Change is as natural as the act of sex.
And yet many find it difficult to accept.
With wishes only to have it discussed,
If for them it has been good.
And hoping to hear from someone else,
That it was and to them obvious enough.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Before The Crack Of Dawn

Now that the crushing has been successful...
Everything is going to plunge!

Lifestyles and the quality of them,
Will have less folks concerned...
Or worried about their looks,
And 'presentations'!

A new realization,
Beckons.
And just may appear...
To clear all clouded visions,
Before the crack of dawn!

Your point of view,
Has been diminished!
And will be erased.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Before The Dawn Turns On

Would you like a pick up in my bucket,
For a nice drive far away?
Would you like a back rub in my tub,
And be relaxed by my serenade?
With no games to be played.
I promise to behave.

I've got no rap to unpack,
To get a piece of your attention.
As a matter of fact,
I'm not like that.

But I do expect some cuddling,
If you hint you want to hug me long!

Yes, I do expect to get it,
If you give it to me...
Before the dawn turns on!

Would you like a pick up in my bucket,
For a nice drive far away?
Would you like a back rub in my tub,
And be relaxed by my serenade?
With no games to be played.
I promise to behave.

I've got no rap to unpack,
To get a piece of your attention.
As a matter of fact,
I'm not like that.

But I do expect some cuddling,
If you hint you want to hug me long!

Yes, I do expect to get it,
If you give it to me...
Before the dawn turns on!
And if it is your wish,
I promise to extend my song...

On and on!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Before The Horizon Welcomes

Everyday...
As the Sun comes,
To enlighten us with a dawning...
Without a hint of yesterday to leave.
We either choose to reach forward,
Or linger reminiscing...
'That' which had been experienced,
With perhaps wishes to change.

And accept it or not...
Everyday as the Sun comes,
For the ones receptive to the giving...
A yesterday lived has been done!
Today has erased and replaced,
All that had been touched to leave...
To move on before the horizon welcomes,
A setting Sun from view!

We live to love to leave...
Memories.
We give to take to receive...
Blessings!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Before The Making Of A Dollar

Standards valued today,
And what they 'should' be...
Have definitely changed,
From what those same values...
Applied yesterday.
Had been and use to be.

And in 'those' days...
A having of dignity and pride,
Was shown and not denied.
And depending on who you are...
A pride taken in oneself,
Will be labelled conceit and arrogance.
Again...
This depends one how one is depicted.
And 'what' one represents.

To emphasis those values...
Only when they seem to be demeaned,
By a targeted class of people hip hopping on the scene...
Society chooses to belittle and disrespect.
With a media microscoping to defame and diminish.

However...
Those same values are not kept,
When addressing those who believe they are above others...
When marketing their disgrace,
To advertise high on billboards, movies...
And other 'money grabbing' ways up in everyone's face.

Standards valued today,
And what they 'should' be...
Have definitely changed,
From what those same values...
Applied yesterday.
Had been and use to be.
Before the making of a dollar,
Replaced the making of quality human beings.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Before The Sunrise

I can not revisit,
What is no longer there to feel.
That excitement once sought,
Today from me has faded away.

And some days I would pray,
For that spark to come back.
And other days when reality is present,
So glad I am no one is near...
To witness and hear my knees crack.

Or see me twitch from an unexpected,
Pain traveling through my foot.
Or have my keys in my hand...
And wondering where they are,
Since they are not hanging from the hook.
To keep me reminded!

I can not revisit,
What is no longer there to feel.
That excitement once sought,
Today from me has faded away.
And it seems to me it was just 'yesterday'...
When I didn't have to look down to wonder,
Who or what will it take...
To get me lifted before the Sunrise.

However...
Sometimes to myself I will admit,
A wish for this...
A devoted companion to assist my efforts...
As I reminisce what's missed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Before The Sunrise Appeared

As I stood on the shore,
Before the Sunrise appeared.
I felt the breeze upon my naked chest.
Embraced within a safety net.
And this I can not express!
But to keep it held!

As I stood on the shore,
Before the Sunrise appeared...
I witnessed the calm of a new day begin.
I felt a peace released upon the horizon.
To etch the boundaries of my life with light.
I could not help but smile.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Before They Choose

People know those mixed signals sent.
And what is meant intended.
People want first to tease before they choose.

People know those mixed signals sent.
And what is meant intended.
People want first to tease before they choose,
To refuse.

Giving one the eye to quickly hide!
People know those mixed signals sent.
And what is meant intended.
Scouting for a prey,
To play.
And...
People want first to tease before they choose.

People know those mixed signals sent.
And what is meant intended.
People want first to tease before they choose,
To refuse.
And...
Do.

People know those mixed signals sent.
And what is meant intended.
People want first to tease before they choose.

People know those mixed signals sent.
And what is meant intended.
People want first to tease before they choose,
To refuse.
And...
Do.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Before They Had Anything Else To Offer

One knowing how to spell it,
Does not mean the definition is felt!
Comprehending the value,
Is much more a benefit than explaining its use.
An intellectual can bore.
A common man lives it!
However...
If there is none of it around,
And if it's only found on lips...
The prerequisite of it does not exist.
And today 'integrity' seems to sit,
As something reminisced
By those who actually remember
A time when it was taken for granted...
And everyone had it first,
'Before' they had anything else to offer!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Before We Both Awaken

In these times,
When it is easy to find...
Take to throw away relationships,
The meeting of someone who is serious...
About life, one's purpose and the meaning of love,
Makes the difference when this happens...
When two have come to be introduced,
To their wants and wishes to have them come true!

'I can't believe this is happening.'

~Me either.
But let's commit quickly to each other,
Before we both awaken...
Back to experience that nightmare called reality.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Before You Explode Away!

I'm not in a position to say what it is you really need.
Nor am I commissioned to address it with priority!
Yet I know,
You feel sometimes there is a wall you have to climb.
And stuck like glue when you want to be removed.
And I know,
You've got so much that stays caught up in your mind.
But you have to let that go...
Before you explode,
Away!

I'm not in a position to say what it is you really need.
Oh no.
Uh-uh.
Oh no.
Uh-uh.
Nor am I commissioned to address it with priority!
Oh no.
Uh-uh.
Oh no.
Uh-uh.
Yet I know,
You feel sometimes there is a wall you have to climb.
And stuck like glue when you want to be removed.
And I know,
You've got so much that stays caught up in your mind.
But you have to let that go...
Before you explode,
Away!

Yes, I know...
You feel sometimes there is a wall you have to climb.
And stuck like glue when you want to be removed.
Oh I know,
You've got so much that stays caught up in your mind.
But you have to let that go...
Before you explode,
Away!

Oh...
But you have to let that go...
Before you explode,
Away!

I'm not in a position to say what it is you really need.
Oh no.
Uh-uh.
Oh no.
Uh-uh.
Nor am I commissioned to address it with priority!
Oh no.
Uh-uh.
Oh no.
Uh-uh.
But you have to let that go...
Before you explode,
Away!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Begging For Change

A tiger...
Jumps a 20 foot moat,
And scales an 18 foot fence.
Just to attack,
A passerby that is innocent?

'Is that like a gorilla,
Who purchases a roundtrip ticket
From the Congo,
Just to get a glimpse
Of the Empire State building? '

I don't know!
I'm still nonbelieving
Someone can graduate from college
With honors
And can not fill out a job application!
Or spell his or her name correctly!
And 'then' get the position...
Be promoted,
And eventually run the company!
Leaving the best qualified people,
On street corners begging for change!

'Why do you exaggerate?
Everyone knows those folks are just lazy!
And that tiger...
Was just another crazy animal,
Wild and vicious! '

Yeah!
Born in the Denver Zoo.
And schooled and zooed in San Francisco!

'I don't understand your point! '

Don't worry about it!
There'll be another gas hike soon!

'AND...
That was a 12 and 1/2 foot fence!
Not 18! '

Yeah,
It came customed made...
With a footprint on it!
Perhaps the tiger was pissed,
She did not receive new shoes for Christmas! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Begging For It

Maybe it has a lot to do,
With experiencing challenges.
Those obstacles can be nerve wracking.
And when they come back to back...
Patiently listening to give empathy,
Does not zoom to the top,
Of anyone's priority list.

And with a limiting done to my fears,
To a minimize their affect on my emotions...
Can give me an appearance of being detached.
And honestly?
Sometimes I prefer to make those appearances.

And perhaps it has a lot to do with,
A lowering of my tolerance level.
I've accepted a maturity as the only reason,
Why I do not sugar up my words...
With a spicing done not to offend.
Intentionally.

Now when I offend...
Someone begging for it,
It is intended.
I do the best I can,
Not to disappoint anyone.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Begging To Be Read

Someone begging to be read,
Has an ego to be fed.
Has some insecurity,
About what it is they do.
Do poets really concern themselves...
About how their visions are pursued?
And who critiques?
For a rating to compete?
Where is the depthness in this?
Do true writers persist to enlist readers...
With an agitation seen to exist?
It doesn't seem sincere or authentic at all!
It seems shallow and egotistical.
To call for something to be read...
That lacks content and purpose.
And found to be dull, afterall!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Begin The Mending Of Unreasoning

There is a purpose behind a reason,
That plots from a reasoning...
Its purpose.

She has been seducing him,
Since the beginning of their childhood.
She practiced technique with her daddy.
And daddy practiced patience and understanding.
She liked that about her daddy.

He was torn between Magic, Shaq and Kobe!
'Yeah, but that Michael will always be the best! '
He was a sportsman!
And she fell asleep in his lap!
Just like she did,
When daddy did that!

He thought he knew what he was getting into.
Until she wanted more of what he could not prove,
He could do.
So he screwed her that night...
And he left not to return.

There is a purpose behind a reason,
That plots from a reasoning...
Its purpose.

It did not take her long to realize,
She paralyzed their love!
She criticized his lovemaking acts.
And reacted as if he was not there at all.
Feelings had been among the missing,
For days...
In the forest of hidden misunderstandings.

With her face towards the wall...
Expecting him to communicate,
'Her' feelings he could not possibly feel!
She did not make them real to him!

She felt hurt!
And he was suppose to know!
Or at least pretended to care?
He snored loudly!

'Could romance be slipping from the booty calls? '
He thought as he was swept with anguish!
Thinking with sincere sentiments...
'She crazy as hell,
If she think I'm gonna try and 'be' Denzel.'

There is a purpose behind a reason,
That plots from a reasoning...
Its purpose.

He heard his name being called from the distance,
In a pleading believed.
And coming to ease his anger quick,
She pleads in tones believed!

'Please. Don't leave me.
I am the Sun that comes to love.
You are the spark my heart feeds,
Upon a craving desire to have you near!
Please. Don't leave me, please!
Not here like this.
Please release us from this ignorance.
Don't go my love...
My dear! Don't leave me,
Please! '

She said she wanted him in a language,
He knew 'now' they spoke fluently!
He had not wanted his love to waste.
For any maiden.
Oh he 'tripped' just knowing she ran,
After him with love he had always known for her.
And she did not want to pace the floor.
Knowing within moments how to prevent it!
Knowing within moments...

There is a purpose behind a reason,

That plots from a reasoning...
Its purpose.

And those who know how to do it...
May 'what' is known and applied...
Increase the hold of a bonding,
Worthy to strengthen loosening ties!

And that,
With reason
Becomes the purpose!
To begin,
The mending of unreasoning
To build upon seasons,
Seasoned with love and committement.

And with reason the purpose can flourish.
Never to wither a love delivered seasoned,
With reason as its purpose.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Begin To Accept What Is

Whatever you thought existed.
With a persistence wished...
Isn't or will be as it was.
Resist those feelings of emptiness.
Adapt to get over what has been.

Do your best to get over it.
To diminish any nostalgia,
Kept hidden in bitterness.
And begin to accept what is!
You will adapt to get over what has been.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Begin To Think About Your Life As...

Forget the rain,
To compare every pain.
Forget the clouds,
That come to stir up sorrows.
Begin to think about your life,
As...
A ray of sunshine sucked on like a thumb.
Think about it as,
A ray of sunshine chewed on like some gum.
Think about it as,
A ray of sunshine you thought had not come.
But...
You've got so much of it that it numbs.

Forget the rain,
To compare every pain.
Forget the clouds,
That come to stir up sorrows.
Begin to think about your life,
As...
A ray of sunshine sucked on like a thumb.
Think about it as,
A ray of sunshine chewed on like some gum.
Think about it as,
A ray of sunshine you thought had not come.
But...
You've got so much of it that it numbs.

And,
You've got so much Sun it even stuns.
Think about it as...
Running from something you should welcome.
Think about it as...
Running from something you should welcome.

Forget the rain,
To compare every pain.
Forget the clouds,
That come to stir up sorrows.

Begin to think about your life,
As...
You've got so much Sun it even stuns.
Think about it as...
Running from something you should welcome.
Think about it as...
Running from something you should welcome.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Behaviors Induced

The presence of a vacant mindset increases.
Each day it seems there is a programmed crazed,
Intentionally meant to trigger...
A thought process erased,
And chemically replaced to time release...
Anticipated behaviors induced by electronic beams.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Behind Closed Blinds

Inflicted with addictions,
That keep them whipped...
In pleasure obsessions.
On their toes to peep through,
Peep holes.
To gratify voyeur obligations!

With secret spycams planted,
To grant invasions sweet.
Neatly placed...
To reveal naked paces.
And maybe a face to stalk...
Without introductions to uncloak!
Slowpokes in steps behind walking.

These folks rub crotches,
As others block watch.
For signs out of place,
And out of line!
They are all bed hoppers...
Trying to find peace of mind,
Behind closed blinds...
And scheduled from time to time!
For encouraged meetings met!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Behind Closed Doors

The unconscious,
With their shut and vacant minds...
Are not often cautious,
When making inappropriate and offensive comments...
Frequently made and for amusement done.
To believe the ones they accept to expect,
Are far away from a listening distance...
And not perceptive to realize or know to suspect,
What about them is or has been said...
By those similarly connected with shared dead-end heads.

Especially in environments in which talk is cheap,
And even cheaper when it begins to spread...
Regardless if it is in the open.
Or behind closed doors to ensure the tea is poured!

The unconscious,
With their shut and vacant minds...
Are not often cautious,
When making inappropriate and offensive comments...
Frequently made and for amusement done.
And since trust is not a valued commodity known,
Or condoned by everyone...
Often there is that 'someone' who can not wait,
To spill the beans and quickly deliver what they have tasted...
For the purposes to keep the topic of hot gossip flowing!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Behind Disturbed Hidden Minds

Well...
They 'all' were given the same opportunity,
To come out of hiding and tell the truth!
A few are coming forward.
Some are still reluctant!
Fearing to sever from conditioned delusions.
Such as...
Prescribed medications,
That keep them addicted to self inflicted illnesses.
And those completely confused by deceit...
Hang on behind disturbed hidden minds!

However...
Truth has not arrived to assist with excuses.
That has got to be made clear.
Truth is not here to tolerate fear!
Or alibis with smooth lies...
Any longer.

Those days of color coded terrorists alerts,
Are gone!
And a cleanup of where those terrorists sat...
Near their monuments.
Will be sanitized but not scented!
And burn those false idol worshipping documents!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Behind Locked And Closed Doors

The very same dudes,
Who had accused me of being less than manly...
Are turning up with bloodied noses.
From activities they wish to keep 'down low'.
You know...
Discreet and off the streets.
As if to keep their deeds secret.

Those doors swinging open from closed closets,
Are producing havoc for 'straight' relationships.
And I had at one time been on the sidelines watching.
But experiences as they are and have been experienced...
I can only wish those the best of luck,
Who know the difference between being monogamous...
And those who are straight up whores,
Behind locked and closed doors.

'What is going on today? '

I can't tell.
They keep moving out of my focus.
And I need to get stronger binoculars.
Here take a peek.
Tell me what you see.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Behind Rusting Fences

It is a great and humbling feeling to heal,
From the affects of emotional and physical hardships...
Kept concealed without the carrying of burdens,
For others to see to be revealed.

Yet with blessings known to have been bestowed,
It is the coming into contact...
With those less experienced that requires the patience,
Of the biblical JOB.
To dismiss the accepted ignorance,
Some seem to wish to inflict and impose.
Unconsciously affixed to the playing of games,
Behind rusting fences.
Although their childishness...
Isn't so quick for them to depict.
Since the doing of this is limited to their existence.

It is a great and humbling feeling to heal,
From the affects of emotional and physical hardships...
Kept concealed without the carrying of burdens,
For others to see to be revealed.
However...
It is the testing of one's patience,
That often wounds those who 'assume'...
One who has lived to heal and mend,
Has time to play the same games...
Over and over and over again.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Behind The Scenes

It never ceases to amaze me,
How those behind the scenes...
Continue to play their infantile games,
To create rivalries they wish to perceive.

And the only thing they do achieve,
Is to leave themselves looking stupid.
And unaware of what is and what isn't,
Kept significant...
In the minds of those who have accepted,
Maturity as a way to live their adult lives.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Behind The Times Of Those Times Changed

You have made the natural act of expressing it,
An impossibility.
And to address the effectiveness with sincerity,
Has left it pointless to confess.

You are closeted with your homosexuality.
And this prevents a brotherhood,
To be discussed openly.
As the man you should be is restricted...
Because of images upon your mind,
Willfully self-inflicted.

You alone condon your hangups,
With those weaknesses shown.
And your increased insecurities about the topic,
Makes those wonder...
If you hide inside something unknown.

Images of 'superman',
Stays magnetized to your hands...
As if scripted.
Since you want to appear free of femininity...
And dominately male,
In all of your relationships.

Those that prevail,
With a tolerance of your immature childishness.

Privately you suffer,
From a groundless identity.
And quick you are to blame this...
On being disadvantaged,
As a product of a poor and dysfunctional...
Environment.

But you,
My brother...
Continue to seek with an endless solicitation,
Of like minds also confined...

With a trying to define themselves,
Behind the times of those times changed!
Behind those times...
An evolution has come to re-arrange.

And the evidence is there,
For all to witness it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Behind Those Denials Kept

The more we try to hide behind those denials kept,
The louder out tears are heard...
With a shaking of cold sweats as truth,
Increases to get bigger.
From morning until noon to see the Sun set.

Internally we 'may' regret the taking of false steps.
In belief a truth we keep concealed,
Poses upon our pretentions...
Not a single threat.

And we continue to produce attempts,
To live our lives on lies and alibis.
Increasing the feeding to feast on misdeeds to manifest,
As if this 'festival' has a purpose to manifest.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Behind Tinted Windows

They had said they were riding,
Behind tinted windows.
And waving to me...
As I walked along the street.

I did hear horns honking.
But I did not separate,
One horn meant for me.
Between sirens whizzing by...
And folks talking as loud as could be,
I was out to enjoy my stroll...
Not seeking a familiarity,
Under every nook and cranny!
Or...
Looking through faces,
For anyone I knew!
To chance I might meet...
An opportunity to disturb my peace!

They had the nerve to say,
They were behind tinted windows.
And honked and waved at me!
Then began rumors,
I was stuck up!
An ungrateful and egotistical,
And an undeserving s.o.b.

Well...
At least they could have stopped,
So I could add spice to the slander.
Incite my own defamation!
Leave them with much attitude...
To prove to them I do agree!

I am determine to keep,
My peace with me!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Being Able To Fit The Shoes I Wear

Being able to fit the shoes I wear,
Is not a question I raise.
It is the whining sounds of pain I hear,
From those who believed...
They were able to walk a mile in them.
And when I have them on...
They feel comfortable.
Fitting me perfectly!
With not one complaint,
From them have I ever given.
To feel free to be me wherever I traveled.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Being Amongst The Stars

Too many have stars 'in' their eyes.
And not discipline in their minds,
To acquire an appreciation to value sacrifice.
Or a devotion it takes to make each step,
Being amongst the stars...
A place that is reserved and deserving,
For those who have earned their positions.
And not too often do those enduring pain alone,
Have confessed a desire for an attention to get.

Few who sweat and toil to achieve a shining done,
Are not the ones fantasizing to do and spend...
Their entire lives wishing and hoping,
For a ship on the horizon within their vision...
Appearing to come closer towards them.
And without noticeable efforts endeavored to do,
The crew on the ship...
Quickly disembark to carry such dreamers.
With a doing it swiftly to put them on it.

Too many have stars 'in' their eyes.
And comforts wished.
To skip and overlook the details,
That success cements...
With patience and tolerance rewarding,
The best of what is presented.
And not medicority to pass as greatness.
Nothing great sustains a maintained light,
That shines bright to forever glow.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Being Annoyed

Being optimistic sometimes isn't realistic,
When...
You know what it's like,
Having every button you have pushed.
And you know what it's like,
Being tested to the very limit.

You know what it's like,
Trying to keep your senses and your wits.
And...
You know what it's like,
Trying to keep yourself from getting bitter.
You know what that's like,
Being annoyed.
Yes,
You know what it's like...
Being annoyed

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Being Aware And Conscious Of It

I know who has been on my side,
And who hasn't.
That has been my one weakness,
And flaw.

Being aware and conscious of it,
Around those still connected to nonsense...
Will get comments made from those,
Who have yet to identify themselves...
With feelings they project on others.
And the depth of what being human means.

Many have not awakened from their delusions.
And I have never been given the opportunity,
To find my own.
None to pretend I was better than someone else.

'I have never heard you talk about yourself! '

Why should I do that...
If no one has express the interest?

I rather like to hear,
Those perceptions made of me.
They are far more interesting,
Than the reality lived I know.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Being Botoxed

As of yet,
No one has come forward...
To admit and take the credit,
With produced...
And effective evidence,
That proves...
A truth to hear it delivered,
From podiums scented...
By exquisite,
Floral arrangements...
Designed far and near.
Are just props to stage...
Someone awaiting,
For their face to stay...
Fixed in one place.
After being botoxed.

No one has of yet,
Can claim of having evidence...
That the use of botox...
Is the key that releases,
To set free delusion.
With a giving to it,
Unquestionable credibility.

'Those words.
I've heard before to ignore.
But this time...
I find them,
Absolutely intriguing.'

-Why? Why is that? -

'That smile.
Angelic.
With honesty affixed.
I can be sold B.S.
As if with me it belongs.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Being Competitive

The only thing I regret,
About being competitive...
Is the slowing down of my pace,
To await for adequate competition.
And then...
'Pretending' there are competitors,
Capable with me to compete.
To permit, but not too often done,
Someone else to win...
Just to keep myself from getting bored.

'Excuse me, sir...
And I am not mentioning this to offend.
However...
We do have our rules and regulations here.
And...
Don't you 'think' you are a little too old,
To be playing games with these kids! '

Have you heard them complain?

'Well...
No I haven't.'

If they don't know what you and I do,
Who else is going to teach them...
Losing sometimes is a part of life.

'But you are treating them as if they are adults.'

Today,
If they want to play the game...
As if they know everything,
Who else is going to teach them...
A few things about life they don't know.

'Yeah, but...
Most of them are crying and trying too hard.'

It's better for their tears to come now than later.

'I would never treat kids that way.'

Apparently you don't know these 'kids'.
You may see them crying and trying hard.
But who do you see sitting,
Resting to catch a breath?
And that's what I don't want them to see.
Or suspect they can do that to me.
The more they try with tears to cry,
I'm satisfied.
Sssshhh...
Here they come wanting more.
And DON'T say anything about me being older.
I don't want that noticed,
As much as I want them to remain competitive.

'I'm going to report you to the authorities! '

Good.
Perhaps they will get the message.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Being Cynical

Anyone who strategically can keep,
From being pulled into an emotional Abyss these days...
Has to have read,
The latest book release by Jesus.

'Jesus has a new book out?
I didn't know that.
What's it called? '

How I Survived,
From Being Crucified...Again!

'I'd like to read that myself.
Where can I buy it? '

I'm being cynical.

'After He has already paid,
The ultimate price.
Paying for all our sins?
He wouldn't appreciate you,
Remaining to say you are 'Christian'.
That's hypocritical.'

Jesus Christ!
I'm being cynical.
Sarcastic.

'I know.
I heard you even admit to it.
And you expect,
To be accepted in Heaven?
You've got a lot of work to do,
My brutha.
Then you have the nerve,
To shout out Jesus Christ!
As if that's going to help you now.
You take a lot for granted.
Don't you? '

You totally misunderstand my point.

'That is for God to decide.
If it was up to me,
You wouldn't get a pass at all.
You'd be sent straight to hell.'

Forget it.
I'm sorry I brought it up.

'Don't apologize to me.
Hopefully God will know,
I have nothing to do...
With influencing your beliefs.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Being Demeaned And Ridiculed

The one true advantage...
Being aware and conscious has,
Is deciding...
When not to be intelligent,
If common sense to use...
Begins to annoy those,
Who believe they are being...
Demeaned and ridiculed,
If anyone insinuates...
They know something about,
How communication is done.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Being Direct

I don't know if it was aging,
Or its process...
That increased my desire,
To ensure a peace of mind I found...
Stayed in place.
Or if it began creating itself,
Over time.
And I sought ways to prioritize,
Its importance.

But I will admit this,
The finding of it found...
Has today with me lived to exist.
And being direct is an added bonus,
That allows me to use my age...
To guarantee any nonsense from me stays away.

And this I have noticed...
Without one word from me to say,
I can raise just 'one' eyebrow...
To get my point across.
Either with a frown or a smile,
It does not seem to matter.

Only those who have experienced this,
Can appreciate the value and the benefits...
Of aging with a peace of mind.
And being direct to protect what one has,
To classify it as valued...
Seems to get more respect when one has clearly aged.

However,
There are some exceptions!
Those who do not seem to age gracefully,
Do appear to attract and nag with exurberance.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Being Dishonest With Motives To Deceive

To find someone to fingerpoint and place blame,
Is as equally significant to do...
For that person to gain an empathy that is maintained.
Especially from those that are relied upon to do it.

This skill is successfully achieved,
By those in total disbelief...
Anyone would dare accuse them,
Of being dishonest with motives to deceive.

'How did I do? '

~You were terrific.
You nearly had me fooled.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Being Driven Right Out Of My Mind

You got me shook up and my mind is gone!
I go to bed with all my house lights on.
I feel the thumpin' from those gansta beats.
Somebody's juggling balls of concrete.
And I drink tea...
To help me fall asleep.

You got me shook up and my mind is gone!
Oh oh.
I go to bed with all my house lights on.
Oh oh.
I feel the thumpin' from those gansta beats.
Oh oh.
And I drink tea.
To help me fall asleep.
It's after three...
And the walls are creaking.

And I'm,
Being driven right out of my mind.
Oh yes I'm,
Being driven right out of my mind.
And I'm,
Being driven right out of my mind.
Oh yes I'm,
Being driven.
I'm...
Being driven.
I'm...
Being driven.
I'm...
Being driven.

I feel the thumpin' from those gansta beats.
Oh oh.
And I drink tea.
Oh oh.
To help me fall asleep.
It's after three...

Oh oh.
And the walls are creaking.

And I'm,
Being driven right out of my mind.
Oh yes,
I'm being driven right out of my mind.
I find,
I'm being driven right out of my mind.
Oh yes,
I'm being driven.
I'm...
Being driven.
I'm...
Being driven.
I'm...
Being driven.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Being First Served

Don't give me nothing,
That's right...NOTHING!
That's going to trickle down!
I'm not the kind to wait around,
For that kind of action!
My satisfaction comes from knowing,
What I deserve is being first served!
And I want to reap good things,
From what I've been sowing!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Being Freed To Live Independently

They want the freedom to purchase guns.
But don't want a firing range to be built near them,
Feeling restrictions to them will come.

They want the criminals arrested,
And taken off the streets.
But a prison facility near them they don't want to see.

They want the government to step in,
And take care of their needs...
When the effects of Mother Nature,
Brings them to their knees.

They want what they want because they feel entitled.
But being freed to live independently,
No one seems to want to end their dependency.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Being Humiliated

No one lives a life,
Without mistakes to make.
Or doubts to face disappointment.
Only those unafraid to know what it takes,
To leave behind being humiliated.
And done to do with a tested faith,
Kept everyday.
Regardless of the obstacles,
Real or imagined.
Will keep their steps moving forward,
Despite who takes time to pass judgements.
With this to believe,
Defeating someone's efforts to endeavor...
Others accept to witness as success.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Being Innocent For Their Belligerent Behavior

Parents and legal guardians,
Quick to make excuses...
For their children's lack of discipline,
That is nourished to disrespect...
Everyone and the environment they live in,
With a coming to their aid...
To defend them and their age,
As being innocent for their belligerent behavior...
Should be found guilty and locked up immediately,
To save the taxpayers with instant relief...
The moment this is identified as an applied dysfunction!

WHY?
Why is it the building of new schools...
With advanced technology to enhance minds to use,
And the hiring of competent teachers,
Has not been beneficial or cost effective enough...
To prove or guarantee a wasting of throwing funds away,
Will end the mental disease unleashed freely to escapade.

WHY?
Where is it displayed the future awaits to advocate,
A need for more acceptable ignorance?
And if this does make sense...
Only those who are crazed and praising these days we live,
Are hiding an antidote they should disclose...
That reveals a high return with dividends for their investments.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Being Insensitive

You said to me 'if' I rode my bicycle,
I may or MAY NOT get a flat tire.
Well...
Mister President,
I 'did' get that flat.
And I'd like to know...
What you intend to do about it?

'I understand the gravity of your concern.
I can either take the bicycle back.
Which this administration purchased,
At no cost to you at all.
Or...
You can fix the flat tire yourself,
Creating a minor inconvenience.
To get back and forth from A to B.
Opposed to hitchhiking,
Or taking your time to walk.
Getting both exercise...
And obtaining a more healthier outlook on life.'

But Mister President,
Don't you think your response is a bit insensitive?

'Perhaps you are right.
I should have been more direct,
And called you an imbecile for your attempts...
To accuse and blame me for your recklessness.
Sit down fool.
Now...
That's being insensitive!

Next comment or question? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Being Kept Happy

It's like this...
If people knew happiness.
Felt to feel it.
And it known to exist.
Not a nose would they have,
Cemented and stuck...
Up in someone else's business.
To then claim to be available,
For options to explore.
With a leaving routines behind.
But...
Only if it has been decided,
That a happiness one finds...
Is noticeable to be approved,
By those also routinely nosey.
Knowing they will not be,
Left alone...
Being kept happy at it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Being Obnoxious (The Expense Of It)

If what is done is not loved,
With it done to do...
Perhaps,
If it was less taxed...
And attached with two weeks,
Of added vacation.
Higher pay.
And accepted excuses made,
Love would then become...
An alibi used,
For showing up late.
Hoping what is loved,
Is understood to be appreciated
But in the showing of it,
Had been more expressed...
When expectations,
Were not anticipated...
To have them addressed.

'You were once performing,
At your best.
To complain about,
Not being noticed.
Since you've been both noticed,
And compensated...
To validate an appreciation,
Shown to receive.
'Now' what it is you do,
Is prove you can annoy.
As if to enjoy being obnoxious.
To perceive the expense of it,
Is worth the price to pay.
Can you say...
'How stupid,
Can a fool choose to be! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Being Offended

What has become to be made acceptable,
As a part of everyday life to live?
Is the saying of one thing understood to be meant,
To then do another.
Followed by comments often heard...
'You should have known what it was I meant.
To then choose what it was I intended to do.'

~And you have expectations,
Of me depending on you? ~

'That's your decision to make.
I can not think for myself,
If you expect me to think for you too.'

What has become to be made acceptable,
As a part of everyday life to live?
Is the saying of one thing understood to be meant,
To then do another.
Followed by the one what has been abused,
To excuse the feeling of being offended.
'And why are you so upset?
I'm only an hour late.
And besides...
Haven't I waited for you before? '

~When it was understood,
I went to use a restroom? ~

'So I spent a few minutes shopping.
What's the big deal? '

~We were not 'then' together'.~

'With THAT attitude?
I'm glad we weren't.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Being Oneself At All Times

I've been protected by deceivers.
And they did not know it.
Since they attempted to convince others,
As to who they believed I was...
That doing allowed me to be free.
Free to be the me I am.
And those who had deceived,
Are the ones today being watched closely.

I call this my method of...
Being oneself at all times.
It never fails,
Whatever the perceptions.
Leaving those who are close,
Kept even closer.
People have a way,
Of expressing their beliefs.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Being Oneself Is The Key

Giving time to find ways to appease others,
To seek an acceptance...
Is like attempting to put icecream,
Inside of a heated cake freshly baked.

If one is not a certified baker with expertise,
Why waste the time trying to please different tastes?
I've learned to dance to my own tune I create.

And I have been blessed to keep my own pace.
With a discovery I can sing in harmony with many.
To uncover a few who enjoy doing the same thing I do.
I've found that being oneself is the key to find the right rhythm.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Being Part Of And Within That Mixture Fixed

I can be that piece that fits.
But something tells me,
You wouldn't be able to handle it.
To depend on my thought process,
Would shock and set you back.
I laugh sometimes at your perceptions.
And what you've been fed,
To believe I am like 'that'.

I can be that piece that fits.
But something tells me,
You wouldn't be able to handle it.
To depend on my thought process,
Would shock and set you back.
I laugh sometimes at your perceptions.
And what you've been fed,
To believe I am like 'that'.

I admit as I sit,
Observing this to witness.
I am not bothered...
Being part of,
And within that mixture fixed.
I would say I am more amused,
Than anything else by this!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Being Perfect

I live life not to apologize,
For the doing of it.
And as a work-in-progress,
No practice or time to rehearse...
Was I given to get,
To have me judged by anyone...
As doing less than my best or being perfect.

Although I will confess this to express,
It does seem as if...
Those self-righteous declaring themselves perfect,
Seem to make more excuses with them done to do...
With a leaving of a mess they want others to accept.
And...with a doing of their hollow apologies to give,
Very few feel them felt to be real.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Being Prepared

Being prepared,
Is a life long commitment to learn...
What it takes to remain and keep,
A kept interest in life.
And all that this blessing gives,
To experience what it has to offer.

Making mistakes made to correct,
Is part of the process.
Few exceptions are given greenlights,
To continue to glide through life...
Admiring the scenery.
Falling down to get up off knees,
Is the reality those determined face.
With a doing to leave behind...
Heartbreaks and deceptions to forget,
Whatever it was thought important...
To grieve over being disappointed.
Tears to drip to get over it,
Is an expectation.

No test to pass is done successfully, Without being prepared...
For the task to accomplish,
One's satisfaction to have earned.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Being Pro-Active

You know...
They are saying some derogatory things,
About you.
And a lot of it is vicious to attack your character.

'Is it nasty and controversial? '

Yes.

'Does it demean with motive and intent?
With a giving to me an attention?

Yes.

'Great.
There was a time when I thought I lost my touch.'

So...
You know about this?

'Of course I do.'

But...
I doubt if they are aware of it.

'And that's what I find intriguing.
Do me a favor? '

Sure.
What?

'Here is a list of more ridiculous nonsense.
Make copies for me and spread them around.'

So...
You are behind this?

'Sssshhh...
I don't want anyone to accuse me of being pro-active!

You should try it.
Not only is it motivational.
But it is inspiring as well.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Being Realistic

To rendezvous,
With another's fantasy...
Has never appealed to me.
I can be idealistic!
But a fool?
I've never had that time to give.
There is 'something' grounded,
In being realistic that attracts!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Being Relevant And Adventuresome

Being relevant AND adventuresome,
With a doing to ignore the welcoming of limits...
Others repeatedly explore to prioritize their existence,
Often offends those less experienced.

Especially when they are in the midst of dismissing,
Anything that contradicts...
Lessons taught and learned beliefs,
Discovered to be falsely kept with purposes to deceive.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Being Sassy Is In My Genes

As a result of declaring,
My prerogative.
The knots and bruises,
Once appearing on my thick head.
Have cleared.

A reluctant introduction to patience,
Stood in my way.
And dared me to move.
I felt a wobbling in my legs.
And my feet froze too.

Blessed I was to have been made to listen.

That prerogative of mine,
With a braggadociousness.
In my mind I defined has gone.
And I'm glad it has.
But that sass I still have remains to alarm.
I was once told by my mom.
Being sassy is in my genes.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Being Too Sensitive

Is it just me?
Am I the only one left believing,
No one can be taught integrity?
Or meet a thief to teach,
The basics of honesty.
And when that is applied?
While listening to the use of their alibis.

If someone denies,
A personality flaw...
That is clearly out of hiding.
And infuses it as a mechanism,
To further attempt...
They are trying to convince,
They are dealing with it.
Only to reveal a deepened lack of common sense.
Or a pretense,
They await an allowance of a consent...
For an intention meant.

Is it just me?
Observing a waste of time unneeded?
Or am I being too sensitive...
In not allowing myself to comprehend,
People who use excuses over and over again...
Do so because they are sincere.
And not the disrespectful,
Human beings they appear to be?
Afterall,
Why should I be the only one to be appalled?

And I should apologize for any offensive remarks I make,
By bringing this to their attention.
And let them walk all over me,
As a defense to protect what I am not understanding!
And instead of complaining when someone steps on my toes...
I should allow this as an exception?
And hop on one foot!

I should also demand free entry into Disney World as well!
That should solve all of the issues I have,
With the breakdown of all social dysfunctions!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Beings Who Are That Powerful

Pols taken,
Like anything else isolated...
To target a specific audience,
Are done with specific demographics in mind.
To then suggest to a wider scope,
Of those easily provoked...
What the majority of people think.

When those in the majority are never shown,
Or known to be projected...
To be directed by a limitation that rates,
Subjectively...
To obtain an objective to control those,
Who are much more diverse in thought.
And the process of thinking.

Only those with pretentions believe themselves,
As beings who are that powerful!
However...
There are those who do deceive.
And have made doing this,
A privately controlled industry.
With influences that eventually self destruct.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Belated Timing

You torture me,
With your plodding sense
Of loyalty...
And your belated timing!
I needed you here to cover my back,
Long before you decided...
If the neighbors were watching,
Or how severe my need was!
And you think for one moment
I rely on you as my close friend?
I'd rather be tied to railroad tracks!
Supplying my own steam...
To the engine that crosses over me.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Beliefs

Even though people hold unto beliefs,
They will declare exist.
With interpretations of them.
Like a peace wished to exist.

Isn't that a belief?
Why is it resisted?

There are those with beliefs of love and hate.
With more hating to believe
There is a weakness expressed,
When one confesses to have love.

There is a sickness some accept,
Because someone has said
Sickness for them is to be expected.

Even though people hold unto beliefs,
They will declare exist.
With interpretations of them.
Like a peace wished to exist.

Isn't that a belief?
Why is it resisted?

And why is it some create their own conflicts?
As if not to do them
They will be neglected.
As if to exit from them with belief
A love and peace shared by all,
Will one day by all be accepted.

Isn't that a belief?
Why is it resisted?
And whose beliefs,
Have been made more realistic?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Beliefs And Perceptions

The beliefs and perceptions one has,
Of them to hold unchanging in their minds...
Are nearly the same thing.
And as concrete as a decision made,
By anyone who spends hours at a mall...
Window shopping knowing exactly,
What it is they want if seen to convince.

If only they were not rushed,
Through the process by someone...
Making threats to leave them abandoned,
If they didn't hurry up to purchase 'anything'...
With a commitment and soon!
Totally misunderstanding that 'image' one seeks,
To see, to satisfy, then to buy and sell and to flaunt.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Beliefs Kept

Sad are the people,
With beliefs claimed to keep...
As advancements enhance minds,
To discover beliefs kept...
Are being swept away to find,
Truth and reality to exist.

And has nothing to do,
With who has the ability...
To keep truth and the proof of it,
Falsely interpreted for purposes to hide...
Truth and reality diluted with conflicts.
To then smother with lies.

Sad are the people,
With beliefs claimed to keep.
As such beliefs kept are now to be found,
A creation to keep the unconscious...
Remaining that way.
But a mind that seeks to comprehend,
Awakens to feel betrayed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Beliefs Strong Enough

Not one has ever done anything controversial.
Or knew what it was like,
To have their lives jeopardized by lies.
Or threatened.

Not one had beliefs strong enough,
To sacrifice what they felt was right.
Or approached life with devoted insight.
These folks struggle with their own inner fears.

Not one has ever spoken against injustices.
Or sought to fight with indentities understood.
They were too busy,
Inflicting themselves with defeating beatings.

They are satisfied being,
Spineless creatures leeching!
And ruining reputations,
Of those degraded and unafraid to speak.

So routine today are their meaningless ways.
Betraying themselves...
With a conditioning,
That remains to stay!

Unaccustomed they are,
With anyone expressing guts outspoken.
Those who address a gall with balls!
And caring less who may profess to squeeze them.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Beliefs They Confess To Keep

I do not worship crucifixions!
Or become irate to berate others,
When I am confronted with the truth.

Nor will I choose to congregate,
Like so many do to claim a faith...
On Sunday mornings to awaken Monday,
To advocate a separation from others to prove...
Yesterday I was annointed to continue my biases,
As others 'faithfully' have done to do.

Everyday when I awaken to pray with a gratefulness,
For every blessing to accept there is a 'Divine' Consciousness...
There is something about this I know 'is' correct.
Since I observe those who profess to be self righteous,
Practice more the going through motions undigested...
Than comprehending what it is they claim is daily addressed.

And nothing done that they do,
Has progressed to identify their best efforts that reflect...
Such beliefs they confess to keep!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Beliefs To Keep

Stopping to set limits,
To activities that present...
The coming of unwelcomed events.
Has with it a detriment.
And a price to pay.
Whenever the expense of it,
Is ignored.
Along with the message sent.

Wasted debates over realities,
Will not erase the severity...
Of a diminished quality,
Of life continuing...
Its slide downhill.
And yet,
The cause and reason...
Remains ignored.
To leave unexplored.

'Our debts are astronomical.
And our way of life,
Has lost its quality.
Leaving us with no other,
Alternative but to protest...
For new leadership,
To better represent...
Our interests to protect,
Much more effectively.'

-And, uh...
Who deepened your debts?
Who demanded more credit,
On unpaid loans.
Even though no creditor,
Had receive a payment from you
YET!
And you expect,
Your quality of life...
To remain Unchanged?

And promises of prosperity,
Delivered to you...
As if plucked from trees.
Or pouring rain?
What is it about truth,
That keeps you disbelieving...
The existence of it? -

'Our beliefs to keep,
Has had nothing to do...
With a truth 'you' perceive,
Keeps us deceived.
We are not so easily fooled.
Or deluded.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Beliefs To Keep Only To Impress

Beliefs to keep only to impress,
With them temporarily addressed to express...
May be the reason why a success,
Prayed and wish to have happen...
Is kept defeated by the lack of effectiveness,
Of faith, patience and the depth of them kept.
To a giving of more time to charade and parade,
Accepted expectations connected to appearances.
Since beliefs kept with faith and unspoken devotion,
Are seldom abandoned...
By those familiar with the benefits received,
When beliefs are felt to keep and less expressed...
Amongst those who value more,
Who does a routine better than the rest to do effectively!

'If it is preached to be believed and received,
By those who witness the effects they are left with...
Less would be the need for preachers,
Doing their best speeches to semonize...
To convince believers what they should feel inside,
Wth a faith kept to realize.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Believe In Me...Please!

I don't want to be the one you leave.
Or be that one to know,
Those cold winds...
When I'm loosened from your hold.

I can't be the one who keeps,
Feeding...
On your anger,
When this is not my need.

Believe in me...
Please!

I just...
Want to have,
Love with you.

Yes I just...
Want us to have,
Our dreams come true.
And I'll do,
Whatever it takes to keep you.

I just...
Want to have,
Love with you.

Yes I just...
Want us to have,
Our dreams come true.

Please,
Don't...
Disbelieve.

Please,
Don't...
From me release!

I don't want to be the one you leave.
Or be that one to know,
Those cold winds...
When I'm loosened from your hold.

Please,
Don't...
Disbelieve.

I can't be the one who keeps,
Feeding...
On your anger,
When this is not my need.

Please,
Don't...
From me release!

Believe in me...
Please!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

'Believed' To Be Behind Faked Walls

Darker currents appear to unnerve and disturb.
Coming as they do...
To shake up the doubters.
Hushing but not 'yet' to close those mouths...
Still habitually tossing their standards valued.
Still habitually tossing their way of life,
And lives of others they push around and about.

Torment and heartache they come to face.

And it is with faith.
And it is with hope prayed...
That 'Something' arrives,
To rattle them away and out of their cages...
To scope.

'It is hard to contain a hatred with those biases made.'
Something within them rattles them out of their cages.
'It is hard to contain a hatred with those biases made.'
Something within them rattles them out of their cages.

There is a power that is conscious!
A power few can define.
And nevertheless this power felt,
Is a power 'Divine' no one can define.

'It is hard to contain a hatred with those biases made.'
Something within them rattles them out of their cages.
'It is hard to contain a hatred with those biases made.'
Something within them rattles them out of their cages.

Whatever is 'believed' to be behind faked walls,
Should be painstakenly reconsidered...
As a process of thorough and immediate investigation.

Darker currents appear to unnerve and disturb.
Coming as they do...
To shake up the doubters.
Hushing but not 'yet' to close those mouths...

Still habitually tossing their standards valued.
Still habitually tossing their way of life,
And lives of others they push around and about.

'It is hard to contain a hatred with those biases made.'

Whatever is 'believed' to be behind faked walls,
Should be painstakenly reconsidered...
As a process of thorough and immediate investigation.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Believed To Condone 24/7

Forgiveness to give,
Should not be a thought...
To premeditate a decision envisioned.
And then with faith,
Contemplate which next step to take.
With a doing to ultimately,
Make up one's mind whether or not...
Adding just a bit of vindictiveness wished,
To be remembered by one forgiven...
Will ensure a duality of a life one lives,
Erases an evil God accepts...
As long as one prays daily,
In the hopes God is directly impressed.
And God is left not to interpret one's actions,
To be hypocritical at all.
But a humorous jester one does on a daily basis,
To appease the omnipresence and the variety of life...
The Almighty is believed to condone 24/7.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Believing Our Success Only We Alone Feed

I'll remain and keep myself different.
You'll campaign to keep yourself distant.
And make claims the other is missing,
What each of us has that will succeed.
Although we have what the other needs.

I'll remain and keep myself different.
You'll campaign to keep yourself distant.
And make claims the other is missing,
What each of us has that will succeed.
Although we believe that the other needs,
What it takes to really achieve.

I'll keep what I've got,
Under lock and key.
Keeping my beliefs it's what you need.
And you keep what you've got,
Under lock and key.
Keeping your beliefs this is what I need.
Keeping your beliefs I will not succeed.

I'll remain and keep myself different.
You'll campaign to keep yourself distant.
And make claims the other is missing,
What each of us has that will succeed.
Although we have what the other needs.

We'll remain indifferent and distant.
Believing what we have the other needs.
We'll remain indifferent and distant.
Believing what we have the other needs.
We'll remain indifferent and distant.
Believing what we have the other needs.
And believing our success only we alone feed.

We'll remain indifferent and distant.
And believing our success only we alone feed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Believing That A Right Is Done

On one side yet blinded to the other,
And, believing that a right is done.

Those with a motive to provoke some folks,
And, believing that a right is done.

Falsities fed to accept,
And...believing that a right is done.

To leave teased people under steeples,
Praying for 'things' to reach.
And...
To leave teased people under steeples,
Hoping for 'things' to keep.

Conflicts appearing here and everywhere,
With belief that a right is done.

Evil manifested to upset and test.
With belief that a right is done.

To leave teased people under steeples,
Praying for 'things' to reach.
And...
To leave teased people under steeples,
Hoping for 'things' to keep.

On one side yet blinded to the other,
And, believing that a right is done.

Those with a motive to provoke some folks,
And, believing that a right is done.

To leave teased people under steeples,
Praying for 'things' to reach.
And...
To leave teased people under steeples,
Hoping for 'things' to keep.

Those with a motive to provoke some folks,
And, believing that a right is done.

On one side yet blinded to the other,
And, believing that a right is done.

Evil manifested to upset and test.
With belief that a right is done.

To leave teased people under steeples,
Believing that a right is done.
To leave teased people under steeples,
Believing they can overcome...
With,
'Things' they can pray to keep.
And...
Believing they can overcome,
With...
'Things' they can pray to reach.

On one side yet blinded to the other,
And, believing that a right is done.

Those with a motive to provoke some folks,
And, believing that a right is done.

Falsities fed to accept,
And...believing that a right is done.

To leave teased people under steeples,
Praying for 'things' to reach.
And...
To leave teased people under steeples,
Hoping for 'things' to keep.

Conflicts appearing here and everywhere,
With belief that a right is done.
Evil manifested to upset and test.
With belief that a right is done.

To leave teased people under steeples,
Praying for 'things' to reach.

And...
To leave teased people under steeples,
Hoping for 'things' to keep.

On one side yet blinded to the other,
And, believing that a right is done.
But...
Never is a wrong to prolong,
Will pursue what's right.
EVER!
Never is a wrong to prolong,
Will pursue what's right.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Believing Themselves Exceptions

More have become dissatisfied,
With a reality to live on depressions.
That finds them even more pre-occupied,
To make comparisons with others...
In the past they were told,
Were the ones they should despise.
While they sat on delusions and socialized.

Since foolish it is today to say,
Those who can get loans to deepen their debt...
Are better off than the ones,
Refused to get any credit at all for anything.
With a believing themselves rejected exceptions.
While the ones who could sign on bottom lines...
And had lived in fancy suburban neighborhoods...
Are the ones discovering to find,
Their homes padlocked to stop their entry.
As they chase behind tow trucks in broad daylight,
Disbelieving their impressions to have made are seen...
Being re-possessed.

'George?
That woman clinching onto her weave,
And running after that truck in stilletos...
Looks a lot like Martha.'

~It couldn't be.~

'Why do you say that? '

~I just saw her an hour ago,
Shouting at a locksmith.
Telling him how to install new locks.~

'Oh.
Well who could that be? '

~Probably somebody doing a new 'reality' TV show.
Everybody's doing them these days.

But then again, who knows?
It could be her filming an upcoming episode.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Believing Themselves To Be 'Chosen'

There is no place,
For kept bigotry and hatred.
Especially when those who inflict it,
Bring upon themselves...
Their own isolated pain sought by others,
Determined to have them be defeated.
And they are being defeated,
By their own insanity.

There is no place on Earth one can go,
Believing themselves to be 'chosen'.
Believing themselves,
They are rulers over others to dictate,
Their wishes deluded to be in control.
As The Creator allows their hatred to grow.
Slowly their minds are dimming from a glow.

There is no place where diseased minds will find,
Their sickened teachings taught to accept...
Will leave them hiding in shadows kept protected.
Infesting with a cancer to not have it suspected,
From where it began and who invested their time...
Trying to destroy God's creation with it to believe,
God is not aware of their evil misdeeds or vicious crimes.

And...
Believing themselves to be 'chosen'?
They are.
They have been 'chosen' to be observed as crazed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Believing They Are Best Kept Unknown

So many sighing.
And some are hiding...
Their emotions from becoming,
A civil unrest.

So many sighing.
And some are hiding...
Their emotions from becoming,
A cause to arrest.

So many sighing.
And some are hiding...
Their emotions from becoming,
A joke to detest.

So many sighing.
And some are hiding...
Their emotions from becoming,
Scenes to detest.

So many sighing.
And some are hiding...
Their emotions from becoming,
Scenes to detest.
Believing them best,
Kept unknown.
Kept unknown.
Kept unknown.
Kept unknown.

So many sighing.
And some are hiding...
Their emotions from becoming,
A civil unrest.
Believing them best,
Kept unknown.
Kept unknown.
Kept unknown.
Kept unknown.

Believing they are best,
Kept unknown.
Kept unknown.
Kept unknown.
Kept unknown.
And...
Believing they are best,
Left alone.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Believing What They Hear

Regardless as to who says what,
About their talents, skills and abilities.
And what they can do,
That should be done.
With opportunities taken,
To get and receive an attention.
It will always be the ones who are criticized,
As judgements pass upon them come...
For proving to produce and with evidence,
Not only what they've done to do...
But still will be undermined for their efforts.
No matter what it is clear and in sight,
Of others with their druthers to claim...
A doing they have yet to show or expose,
Can by them be done much better.
As those who listen to agree,
Leave believing what they hear...
Is all that it takes to witness a progress made.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Believing What You Hear And See On Tv

Caught up in rough stuff?
Bluffed and beaten by mistreatment?
Feeling low.
And under the weather?
No over the counter remedy works?
Time after time someone nearby,
Commits an horrendous crime?
And those politicians you've elected,
Suggest how you should tighten your belt?

Well,
Guess what?
You have no idea what it's like,
To step outside to live your life.
Once you have decided,
To leave the conifines of your home...
Alone.

Turn off that TV.
Experience living.
And one simply can not do that.
Feeling trapped and burdened,
By believing everything you hear and see.
On TV.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Bellevue Academy

All the time I am asked...
Where it was that I had been educated?
Before I can part my lips,
I am told I speak like one with intelligence!

Of course immediately I am amused.
And I listen to the list of schools mentioned:

'You live in Connecticut?
Oh, you must have gone to Yale?
Or Wesleyan?
Or UConn?
But then again...
Harvard is close by as well! '

I got my initial training at Bellevue Academy.
Then at Arsenal Prep.
And at Northeast on Westland.

'Reeeeeaaaalllyy?
They must be exclusive!
I have never heard of them.'

They no longer exist!
But yes...
They were quite prestigious.
And I am not the only alumni,
To have been blessed by the teachings...
Or the discipline received.

Unfortunately,
These institutions are gone.
But not the achievements of the people.
They are all over the place...
Dropping just a 'hint' of their greatness!

'Where did this take place again! '

Hartford!

'That's what I thought!
Harvard...right? '

Whatever!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Belly And Thighs Need Not To Collide

I witnessed those buns run.
I remember the times,
That wouldn't be done.
And when they rolled,
It wasn't any fun.
Enormous they were.
And they stunned.

I witnessed those buns run.
I remember the times,
That wouldn't be done.
And when they rolled,
It wasn't any fun.
Enormous they were.
And they stunned.

Determination with a haste takes priority.
When a load begins to slow and start to show.

A belly and thighs need not to collide.
With a butt that grows and grows.
One's heart begins to know it,
Once attention is bestowed.

And eyes of passersby are frozen.
Staring with open mouths,
Hard to close!

I witnessed those buns run.
I remember the times,
That wouldn't be done.
And when they rolled,
It wasn't any fun.
Enormous they were.
And they stunned.

A belly and thighs need not to collide.
With a butt that grows and grows.
One's heart begins to know it,

Once attention is bestowed.
And one who carries fat,
Can dropp it off their back!
To allow others walking on the sidewalk to pass.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Below The Belt

Get use to it.
Isn't that the way
You insisted to inflict?
Now you are getting it,
Below the belt!
And nothing you have felt before,
Has been like this!
But why were you so quick,
To become addicted to giving it?
Did you believe you would never receive,
Such pain that did not gain
An immediate 'high' to satisfy and uplift?

'Go back where you came from! '

Remember when you had the audacity to say this?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Below The Water

Debating whether or not,
The floodgates should be closed...
Comes a little too late.
Don't you think?

'And why do you say that?
Why can't you think positively,
Like the rest of us? '

Well...
Since many seem to be swimming,
Towards the rescue boats.
And the floodgates now appear,
To be below the water.
I just thought this fact would be noticed.

'Are you going to debate with us or not? '

I 'think' I would rather row my boat to shore 'first'.

Whatever you say,
Michael.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Bemoaning The Passing Of Time

The only thing luck does not provide,
Is a discipline to one who sits wishing...
For a stroke of 'luck' to get them motivated,
To begin working towards realizing their dreams.
And those who sacrifice time, effort and their lives...
Are not the ones found bemoaning the passing of time,
Sitting on their butts hoping luck to them comes.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Beneath An Understatement Made

Hey...
It's not like they weren't told.
Or warned.
With the delivery of personal messages.

They CHOSE to disbelieve.

And that is why,
That handwriting that use to be on the walls...
Has now been constructed,
To appear on billboards.

Making it as obvious as possible,
No will will miss the coming events!
And 'if' they do,
To say they have been out of touch...
Is beneath an understatement made.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Beneath Bridges Burned

I can not say,
I have an ability...
To turn my emotions off.
Then on to turn back off again.
And they stay that way.
But I can refuse them,
Being available to share...
When they were there,
Prepared to be accessible.
Showing to others I cared,
Unconditionally.
Today winds blow!
And not often with sweet breezes.

But I do remember to reminisce,
When my feelings quick to give...
Became subjected to conditions made.
To have me forced to protect,
And defend them not to neglect.
Well,
It was not easy for me to accept.
Since,
Expectations I kept but left unknown...
Exposed to me a disrespect shown.
A weed allowed to grow,
Can kill the flourishing of a blooming quick.

And with that to continue,
I could not condone.
Or sentiments I thought believed,
Would be spared of judgements passed.
So pointless it is and needless to ask,
From me a solicited opinion to give.

'I can not understand,
How some people can sit pretending...
The events of day do not bother them.'

I remember when the sky had less haze,

On sunny days.
And the water that flowed,
Beneath bridges burned...
Appeared cleared and free of pollution.

'That makes no sense.'

That's what I'm saying.
It doesn't.
None of it does but it's witnessed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Benefactor

Touch me in those places.
An invitation you do not need.
Haven't our eyes met to express...
What it is we wish to happen next?

The flirting done when we are near...
Makes it clear,
What you keep there.
Keeps me thick and heated here.

You don't need an invitation.
You need to release your lust.
And I trust you will cherish this gift,
Given.
Since I am your benefactor.
Ready to give,
As much as you wish.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Beneficial Assets

Beneficial assets,
Someone has to others to give...
May be refused to accept,
By those looking more to be impressed.

Beneficial assets,
Needed to complete a task that links,
May go ignored by the ones who think,
What someone offers is not distinctive.

Until a wanted wish,
Desired and required is missed.
To remind those of what they had 'dissed'.
And that wanted wish,
Becomes a need.

But those beneficial assets,
Those who refused them could have had...
Has split.
To leave none of it.

Beneficial assets do not sit,
Around for someone to get...
To pick then to decide,
To keep or push aside.
Without their value recognized.

Beneficial assets do not sit,
Around for someone to get...
To pick then to decide,
To keep or push aside.

Beneficial assets do not sit,
Around for someone to get...
To pick then to decide,
To keep or push aside.
Without their value recognized.

Beneficial assets do not sit.

They split.
To leave no one getting any of it.
Beneficial assets do not sit.
They split.
To leave.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Benefit Of Their Neglect

Some folks don't recognize a good thing
Even when they have it!
They will take it for granted.
Thinking it came to them easy...
So more has to be out there for the asking!
Until it becomes understood,
Their intentions to turn what is good...
Into something not so tasty!
They become deluded within themselves.
But delusions are what they are!
Based on fantasy.
And some folks have fantasized themselves,
Right out of the mix!
To secure something or someone that belongs...
It has to be appreciated.
It has to become a respected part of one's life!
When that appreciation goes?
So too a peace of mind one thought came,
And would stay at the benefit of their neglect!
Many do no get this!
And that is why 'that' which was theirs isn't there,
To be shared!
It has gone.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Benefits For Them Do Not Exist

No one should live,
Awaiting for a decision...
Someone else makes,
As to which direction they should take.
Yet so many do wait,
In the belief their best interests...
Are at the top of somebody else's list.
Only to discover,
Benefits for them do not exist.
Or are they remembered,
By anyone to have made any promises.

'Why are they protesting,
With the singing of that same song? '

~They are hoping one day,
To 'overcome' being ignored.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Benefits I Was Close To Giving Away

I have learned not to turn away,
From a process taking place I may dislike.
I will sit biting my lips.
Or I might close my eyes,
To pretend I'll have none of it.
With it to discover my patience delivered,
An opportunity from the experience...
Came with benefits I was close to giving away,
To someone else.
And I have done this too many times,
With it to find 'something' eventually to appreciate.

'Excuse me.'

~Yes? ~

'I noticed you nodding your head during the performance.'

~I was meditating.~

'Is it possible you can teach me how to do that? '

~Of course.
I'd be delighted.
So...
You have interests in meditation? ~

'You have no idea,
How long I have been waiting...
For ways to appreciate these events.
Just as you have done.'

~Here.
This is my business card.~

'Oh.
Hmmm...
How To Tolerate The Most Boring Situations.
How you found this method successful? '

~Well...
Not to brag.
But I did get your attention.
Give me a call.
I'm seeking assistants.
You'd be surprise by the clients I have,
Wanting to save their marriages.
And other kinds of relationships.~

'WOW.
By learning how to meditate? '

~That's part of it.
I teach how to attend events like this.~

'And I thought you were sleeping.'

~I also teach how to nod appropriately.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Benefits Intended Meant

I had been wanting you to find me.
And when you did believing it easy,
You began to take what I had to give,
For granted.
Am I suppose to forgive and forget,
How you involved others in our relationship.
With the telling to them,
From you I only wanted to GET.
When it was you who had received,
The benefits intended meant by my giving.
Are you expecting me to believe,
You are now free of doubt?
Where were you when I then had none at all?
Were you listening to others...
While they talked from both sides of their mouths?
Were you listening to others...
To now discover they played cat to your mouse.

'But I,
Am...'

~Addicted to the hearing of lies?
From friends you depended on to pry?
Goodbye!
No want or wish of mine can you satisfy.~

'But I,
Am...
Very sorry.'

~Me too.
I can't get back the time you took from me to fake,
With it wasted.
But...
I guess there is a benefit intended for 'me' meant,
As well.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Beset By Fenced In Divisions

Your criteria and mine,
To live a life of significance...
Has two seperate and unrelated visions.

You may perceive your gift of life,
With a vision beset by fenced in divisions.
Prioritized by appearances and historic beliefs.
And I have decided to look upon my life,
With a gratefulness to be blessed...
As an opportunity to please the Almighty.
With a doing not to be restricted,
By limits experienced to accept and defend.

As to which one of us achieves success,
To address others to impress?
Expectations are not mine on others to waste.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Beset With Those Expectations

If it is believed,
The life you live is in need...
Of more love.
More joy and happiness to get.
And you sit beset with those expectations,
Adding to cross off a list...
Preferences that disappoint,
Wishes dreamed but when they arrive...
You determine they don't quite fit,
To accomodate those expectations you await.

If, in fact...
You know anything about love at all,
The giving with a feeling to do and not inspect...
Is love.
Although upon receiving of it,
Many 'assume' they must be impressed...
Before they make a decision,
With whistles and bells and delusions met...
To meet and greet an accepted approval,
Of a love to wish but for them not to get.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Besieged With Sickness

Besieged with sickness,
Are those who thirst with a doing to others...
And to harm them first.
But unknowingly done to performed,
Are these self-centered actions to inflict evil...
Have adverse effects.
To curse them with a suffering,
That comes to them next to appear on their doorsteps.

What intentionally is sent into the Universe,
Reflects to then reverse.
No one gets away unscathed without a pain to feel,
That affects their minds in a doing that unwinds in time.
To leave behind a thoughtlessness with anguish,
Easily witnessed and more easier to find.

Those believing what they do to others,
Does not return to burn their souls.
Are those foolishly deluded...
To perceive their actions to be condoned.
And that this Universe from which gave them birth,
Is not a thinking entity.
With a duty to only serve their self-righteous purposes,
To go unknown, unfelt OR unheard.
How ignorant can ignorance be?

Many people are sick.
From the doing they've done to some...
To believe it fun,
To be done.
Besieged with sickness,
And from it...
No one escapes to run.

Besieged with sickness,
And from it...
No one escapes to run.
Many people are sick.
And because of this....

Excuses have become number one.

Many people are sick.
From the doing they've done to some...
To believe it fun,
To be done.
Besieged with sickness,
And from it...
No one escapes to run.

Besieged with sickness,
And from it...
No one escapes to run.
Many people are sick.
And because of this....
Excuses have become number one.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Best Qualified To Represent

Down the hole of a darkening abyss,
Follow excuse makers and hypocrites.
Along with those unconscious,
To have picked...
Those best qualified to represent,
A way of life they value.
As humanity has been clearly,
Pushed aside as a few decide...
Their personal lives,
Should be more prioritized.
As the entire world slips into,
A dire crisis.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Best When Accepting

Nothing affects reality best when accepting it,
Than a dose one is enforced to take...
That comes without a spoon full of sugar.
Yet unexpectedly swallowed.
Although one may be in shock,
As if under hypnosis or feeling numbed...
By anesthesia.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Betrayal And Treason

There are moderates opposing,
Posed stances by conservatives.
The democrats labelled liberals
Cross paths of republicans...
Observed nostalgically dancing,
With ghosts from the past.
Hoping to revive life again,
To what has died.
But in their minds has no end.

Which group is it,
That represents a greatness?
Which group is it,
On either side...
Of these divided fences.
Remains with maintained,
Evidence...
A sustained and untarnished,
Confidence.
Shown to be decisive.
And displayed by loyal, Constituents.
When competence wished,
Has eroded to be witnessed.

Diminished are pretensions.
Getting more difficult,
To explain their absence.
As truth stalks,
In the midst of charades...
Paraded to masquerade.

And chased away,
From positions seated...
Elected hypocrites lay,
Basking to bake under the Sun.
Wanting to get their skins,
To darken.
While attempting to remove,
The sands of shifting times...

Reflecting betrayal.
And denial of treason,
Off their deeply tanned faces.
To exclaim themselves to be,
Fiscally responsible.
And representing to uphold,
Wishes kept dreamed...
Held by those,
With similar interests.
And devoted to a life,
Of unmistaken to question...
Liberty!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Betrayed

Picking over bones
Of things that have been gone,
Too long we keep this going on!
Sucker punching from the left..
Catching someone out of breath
Momentum kept like this is much too wrong!

Betrayal shot in veins
Of those who are not sane
They keep their brains with venom flowing!
With sharpened fangs they creep
Upon them who are weak
To keep them victimized unknowing...
They are dispensable!
Quite dependable...
To be used!
And betrayed!

Stalking with a sad intent
To have some think they should repent
For living lives not spent in tears or sorrow.
Pushing fear and agony
To have the masses to agree
No one really can be free tomorrow...
If we are dispensable.
Why not be dependable...
To be used!
And betrayed!

It would be commendable...
To be taxed,
And betrayed!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Bets Then...Were Off

I bet when you came,
You did not expect this.
I can see it in your eyes.
You lick your lips...
As you tremble!

I bet when you came,
You did not expect this?
Exposing myself,
With direct comments.
Saying that I wish,
We would undress,
And have sex!

I bet when you came,
You did not expect this?
But you did expect something.
I saw that hot and wanting to be bothered look,
Immediately.

'I bet when I came,
You did not expect to see me like this,
At all? ' She said.

And I could say nothing,
Since all bets then...were off!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Better And Brighter

Goodbye yesterday!
Today tomorrow has begun.
The Sun is rising and the air is fresh.
And that hope for a better day has come!

Goodbye yesterday...
And those sunsets gone!
Although some still hold on,
To those views!

With sentiments carried to relive events...
Convinced they are needed to renew.
But not build tomorrow which has come today...
To restore with outlooks brand new!

Goodbye yesterday...
We leave behind what was left to find...
That tomorrow,
Which today has come through!

Better and brighter,
Than that which has passed.
Without asking if dreams come true.
They do when not subdued!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Better Bitter Than Bitten

Better bitter than bitten.
Or hung out to dry and smittened.

One can get over quickly a bitterness,
That hits...
When told by a mister or miss,
What is felt should be forbidden.

Since a committed spouse...
May be hiding out watching.
And not too far from the house,
If one decides cheating...
In a game of cat and mouse,
Is caught and found out.

Better bitter than bitten.
Or hung out to dry and smittened.

It is best to portray an innocent kitten.
Than to be struck by a louse...
In a rage and shouts in obscenities heard,
By neighbors outside one's house!

Peeking from windows but quietly listening,
Until cops are called to stop cuss filled mouths...
And domestic bouts!
As a peacefulness is returned,
To please a snitch who believes...
Sleep is needed and is more than deserved!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Better Choices

Why be around stuff that collects dust,
Just to rust!
And doing it with a pride done to strut.
Why...
Do people do this not to give up?
Why...
Do people do this with trust,
A doing kept maneuvered to refuse...
Better choices.

Why be around stuff that collects dust,
Just to rust!
And doing it with a pride done to strut.
Why...
Do people do this not to give up?
Why...
Do people do this with trust,
A doing kept maneuvered to refuse...
Better choices.

People everyday never admit that they can make,
Better choices.
People everyday say they wished that they had made,
Decisions they would never lament.
With intent kept and them meant.

Why...
Do people do this not to give up?
Why...
Do people do this with trust,
A doing kept maneuvered to refuse...
Better choices.

Why can't people identify,
Better choices!
And why can't people identify,
They can be made!
Why can't people decide...
Whether to go left or to go right.

Why can't people identify better choices!
Why can't people do this not to give up!
Why can't people do this with trust.
Why can't people identify,
Better choices!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Better Days Are Made For The Ones Who Pay The Price

Falling down to get up,
And determined to get out of a rut...
Is better than a weeping.

Brushing off the dust,
And knowing that you've had enough...
With a strut you're keeping.

Better days are made for the ones who pay the price,
Of...
Knowing what time it is and taking advice,
Without a self defeating.

Some folks like to groan as if moans they own,
As if they live to get a beating.
Some folks like to groan as if moans they own,
As if they live to get a beating.
Better days are made for the ones who pay the price,
Of...
Knowing what time it is and taking advice.

Falling down to get up,
And determined to get out of a rut...
Is better than a weeping.

Some folks like to groan as if moans they own,
And...
Do it as if they are singing in different tones.

Well. Well. Well. Well...
Falling down to get up,
And determined to get out of a rut...
Is better than a weeping.

Brushing off the dust,
And knowing that you've had enough...
With a strut you're keeping.

Better days are made for the ones who pay the price,
Of...
Knowing what time it is and taking advice.

Well. Well. Well. Well...
Falling down to get up,
And determined to get out of a rut...
Is better than a weeping.

Brushing off the dust,
And knowing that you've had enough...
With a strut you're keeping.

Better days are made for the ones who pay the price,
Of...
Knowing what time it is and taking advice.

Well. Well. Well. Well...
Better days are made for the ones who pay the price.
Well. Well. Well...
Better days are made for the ones who pay the price.
Well. Well. Well. Well...
Better days are made for the ones who pay the price.
Well. Well. Well...
Better days are made for the ones who pay the price.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Better Efforts

What I do for you that comes from me,
Will be done with a doing...
To achieve my best effort.
Regardless of how that effort once done...
Becomes interpreted.
Just know this...
I am hoping you give to me,
More opportunities to improve...
With a doing to give even better efforts,
Than my last.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Better In The Doghouse

Sometimes,
It's the wrong time...
To take your leash off me.
I prefer it in doghouse.
'Woof, woof.'
I like the service in the doghouse.
'Woof', woof'.

Sometimes,
It's the wrong time...
To take your leash off me.
I'm undisturbed when in the doghouse.
'Woof, woof'.
I get free pieces in the doghouse.
'Woof, woof.'
I get that pity kind of kitty when received,
When...

In the doghouse,
'Woof, woof'
In the doghouse,
'Woof, woof'.

That pity kitty that I get that's best to me...
Is in the doghouse,
'Woof, woof.'
The kitty's better in the doghouse.
'Woof, woof'.
I like it better in the doghouse.
'Woof, woof'.

Sometimes,
It's the wrong time...
To take your leash off me.
I prefer it in doghouse.
'Woof, woof.'
I like the service in the doghouse.
'Woof', woof'.

Sometimes,
It's the wrong time...
To take your leash off me.
The kitty's better in the doghouse.
'Woof, woof'.
It gets better in the doghouse.
'Woof, woof'.
I like it better in the doghouse.
'Woof, woof'.
I prefer it in the doghouse.
'Woof, woof'.
It's good and better in the doghouse.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Better Kept Wrapped

Yes.
I am an Aquarian.
And not into heat that's humidified.
I am a 'let-the-snow-fall'...
Up Uranus, Winter loving air sign.

All that heat and people on the streets,
Clinging onto dripping sweat?
Naw...
That part of Summer,
I'd like to forget.

Melting snow reminds me of seeing...
Meat thawing
And some meat I've seen thawing in Summer...
Would be better kept wrapped.
And thrown back into the freezer.

Doing everyone a favor,
If not seen.
Unless it's at one of those midnight cookouts.
Under the Moonlight.
It seems only 'then' that the trimming of fat,
Is not so obviously needed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Better Qualified

It should matter not where one lives.
Or find a peace within them that stays,
To influence effectively with a doing of deeds.
Nor should it matter not,
If one believes experiences obtained to receive...
Can and could be of benefit to share with others.

Although in the doing naysayers with their druthers,
Often will come from places to appear...
To undo those intentions someone pursues,
With their misguided choices and intentions to choose...
Themselves better qualified and disguises too,
To do their best to deny progress.

~Who are they coming to protest,
The delivery of benefits everyone gets? ~

'It is just my guess and not to suggest,
They are representing the wishes of agitators.
The ones who suppress they want to leave impressed,
With actions that oppresses any attempts to progress.'

~How do you know this to notice? ~

'See these bruises and scars on my knees to expose? '

~Yes I do.~

'Don't perceive them to have been,
From my experiences crawling on foreign shores.'

~And...
Your point?
Is what? ~

'Some keep beliefs...
Their agonies are best reflected,
If they commit to inflict them...
To ensure they become not only theirs but yours.

With a hope to become rewarded for their sufferings.'

~To be identified as better qualified? ~

'And this to them makes sense? '

~Where else can you identify,
An ignorance permitted like this better qualified? ~

'That's negative.'

~I 'use' to wish they would see it that way.
But today...
Observing it with my mind distanced,
Has become for me okay.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Better Suited

If they had gone out of their way,
To have him appear the fool.
Why are they now the ones...
With those stupid looks on their faces?

I am confused.
Have they driven him nuts?
He clearly is the one smiling.
And they seem to be close to 'cracking up'.

If there is a conference conducted,
To discuss observations we collect.
Should he be the one considered we select...
As the one to head and address this situation,
In distress.
Since he seems the one better suited...
To bring a clarity that corrects.
And right now we need direction,
To help us out of this tangled mess!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Better Than Me

I want you in my arms,
Because the feel is perfect.
And nobody will comfort you,
Better than me.

I want you in my arms,
Because the feel is perfect.
And nobody will comfort you,
Better than me.

Who wants to be with you to always comprehend,
Better than me.
I'm dependable and that's a fact you've seen.

Who listens with a giving you a focus meant.
And with intent,
To give you full attention...
Better than me.

Who always tells you that a mediocrity,
Is not the best...
You can be.
I give you honesty.
And who does that for you,
Better than.

I give you respect and attention,
And...
Who does that,
Better than me.

I give you respect and attention,
And...
Who does that,
Better than me.

I give you respect and attention,
And...
Nobody does that,

Better than me.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Better Than My Last

When will I put my pen to rest?
After I achieve my best written poem,
I guess.
And the next best one...
To satisfy that one as my best!

'But how will you know
Which one of those to decide as your best? '

I am not the one to decide,
Nor is my pride being tested
Or teased to enter contests to best!
I love what I do.
And I am flattered that I am read.
But my head is not swollen,
With thoughts to impress.
I am thankful to be grateful...
To realize I am blessed!
That alone brings me happiness!

And be read too?
What more can someone like me,
From gifts I have choose?
To sell millions of books?
To be in the hands of everyone?
Even those preparing meals to cook?

Okay!
But that alone wouldn't complete my day!
I'd still be looking for a better way,
To better best with something else to say!
In a way I have not said today.
If it is God's will to have it that way!
But I will confess...
I do have thoughts of having my 'next' one,
Better than my last...
Considered my very best yet!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Better Than Planned

Better than planned, is...
An adventured life to live.
Better than planned, is...
The unexpected.
Better than planned, and...
Remembered as being accepted.

Better than planned, is...
An adventured life to live.
Much better than planned, is...
A benefit received undetected,
With no leaving one with side effects.

Incredible is a distance one views,
When it is reviewed to reminisce...
Those experiences,
One unexpectedly at a time had visited.
And surprised one is by the gift.

So much better than planned,
Even if the doing had been predicted...
With or without details scripted to exist.
So much better than planned,
Are those moments in time we live to get.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Between Egos

I thought you were competing?
I was told that to believe.
I thought you were competing?
At least that's what the others perceive.

'As long as that is perceived to believe,
And I make appearances periodically...
That contributes to motivate and inspires,
I've done more than others could ever achieve.'

And...
Exactly,
What does that mean?

'I'm given more attention to have it mentioned,
Than those seeking to compete deplete of quality...
With their mediocrity more accepted.
And would not recognize quality from a feeding done,
Between egos.'

Comeon.
Everyone likes to have their ego massaged.

'I'm sure they do.
But after the massaging is through,
What comes next?
Temptations to compete...
In another frivolous contest? '

You don't fool me.
I see what you're doing?
You're not competing to get attention on purpose.

'Well...
I do admit it.
Something you said was right.'

What was that?

'Everyone likes to have their ego massaged.
However effectively they can get it.
And I've noticed to know this,
Anything goes between egos...
With the exception of quality! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Between Exits Two And Three

I want to believe this!
More of this and that I do...
As told to me as it should be from you.
I want to believe your heart is true.
I want to believe this...
But I feel I am being screwed
To someone's satisfaction,
And at my expense too.

I want to believe what you say you do,
But it looks more like prostitution.
I want to believe your services rendered
Are no more than giving a bone to a dog.
I want to believe this...
But the fog you stated trapped you in fear,
Cleared enough for me to see you giving nookie
Off the shoulder
Of Interstate 91South,
Between exits two and three.
I just happened to have been driving by!
Minding my business as usually.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Between Feeding Their Greed And The Cost

There is a wish to decrease,
Increasing deficits.
But those that desire this...
Do not want their lifestyles,
To suffer from it.
Not if it means a tasting of reality.

They want to get across,
Spending habits have them at a loss.
But cut backs to sacrifice...
Has them tossed back and forth,
Between feeding their greed and the cost...
Of trimming away what is perceived as needs.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Between My Wishes And Suspicions

When I say I'm eleven,
I'm not speaking of my wit.
I'm speaking of what I've got,
Between my...
Wishes and suspicions.

When I say I'm eleven,
I'm not speaking of my wit.
I'm speaking of what I've got,
Between my...
Wishes and suspicions.

I don't tease a bit.
Between my...
Wishes and suspicions.
I don't even plead the 5th.
Between my...
Wishes and suspicions,
I can handle it.
And anything else I choose to take on.

Between my...
Wishes and suspicions.
I don't tease a bit.
Between my...
Wishes and suspicions.
I don't even plead the 5th.
Between my...
Wishes and suspicions,
I can handle it.
And anything else I choose to take on.

When I say I'm eleven,
I'm not speaking of my wit.
I'm speaking of what I've got,
Between my...
Wishes and suspicions.

I don't tease a bit.

Between my...
Wishes and suspicions.
I don't even plead the 5th.
Between my...
Wishes and suspicions,
I can handle it.
And anything else I choose to take on.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Between You And Me

I already know the deal AND routine.
So there is nothing...
Nothing at all,
You have to prove to me!

UNLESS...
You are absolutely convinced,
Pleasing me with a brand new Mercedes,
Will remove every single doubt...
You may perceive I have.
And make that with a supply of gasoline.
An all paid expense account,
To use at my leisure.
And...
Let's see,
An incredible deliverance of all my foolish desires met.
At 'my' convenience.

And,
Oh yes!
You needn't doubt my undying love and devotion,
Faithfully kept at all times.
I'll keep this between you and me.
Just in case someone else thinks,
You've chosen me as your most favorite child...
From all the many millions you have created.

Deal?
'Or...? '
Or?
OR what?
'No deal.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Bewitch Me With It

You bewitch me with it.
Your presence.
And a scent that revisits sentiments,
Reminsced with a wanting to linger.

I dare not to pretend,
You captivate.
I dare not to pretend,
I am entrapped.
It would be pointless to do that.

Since I can not explain.
Or wish to attempt to.
Whenever I am around you,
I drool, I do and could care less.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Beyoncé

Incredible...
Yes,
Put that down.
Legendary?
Well...uh,
Okay. I can see it.
Put that down.
Brilliant?
Of course.
Fantastic!
Glorious...
Incomparable
Excellent
Peerless
And...
Don't forget,
Classic!

'How about if we just say Beyoncé?
The magnificent creator of the term,
Bootylicious! '

I suppose we can,
Since we're running out of ink
To describe her talents!

'Hey...
Why don't we add 'Delicious'?
So we can stop this list,
And quench our appetites
We have for Beyoncé for 'now'!
Since she obviously will give further reason to please,
For us to add on to this...
With her swift and shifting gifts!
Upon a public she will continue to uplift,
And delight.
To heights apparently with no end in sight! '

Agreed!

Since it is obvious descriptions
To describe skills she still unfolds to leave...
Is showing us at every turn,
She is already a legend and out of that league!
Beyoncé is a tease.
She knows she leaves us just nibbles of her treats!
And she is yet in full bloom.
Can you imagine the heights Beyoncé can reach?

'No I can't!
Let's go eat! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Beyond Many Noons

There are those who dislike,
Being reminded...
That life lived has a process.
And from each stage left to leave,
There is a step that requires...
Aging to experience with it to receive.
Although one's youth to feel and it to keep,
May not be one's wish to have it witnessed.
Since many wish to believe,
Mother Nature can be deceived.

And yet there are others feeling so blessed,
Each day they awaken to do this to express.
Without feeling regret to have taken steps,
To go through this process and accept.
With this prioritized to do to not expect,
Becoming upset like those who reject...
Being reminded their aging to get is noticed.
Or so obvious they have gone beyond,
Many noons awaiting for that full bloom.
And Mother Nature is kept perplexed by it.

'You look radiant and vivacious.
And for someone 'your' age,
I know you pray everyday to say blessed.'

~If I wasn't limping in pain,
I'd hit you with my cane.
What blessing is there to get,
When the only thing gained...
Is another pain to maintained.~

'Don't be so hard on yourself.
I went through that same stage.
But I wasn't about to do the 'age' thing.'

~What do you do?
Lie to yourself like others choose? ~

'Tell everyone I know who is getting old,
It's okay not to keep it forever practiced.
You can feel radiant and vivacious.
What's preventing you from doing it?
Hmmm...?
Throw down that cane.
And stop reminding yourself of the pain.
The process is better felt if accepted.
We only get one noon to come to full bloom.
That's it.
After that there is no going back.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Beyond The Testing Of Accepting Mentalites

How can anyone learn to avoid or escape,
From those dangers of their own creations.
If...
Those creations and dangers to be faced,
Has origins developed from sensations faked.
By a taking away,
Only that which appears...
On a surface that seems to stay in one place.

And...
Nothing below,
Exposes roots spirited in realms kept...
Knowing without a showing,
An eternal mysteriousness...
Beyond the testing,
Of accepting mentalities...
Limited,
As they were made to exist!

Beyond the testing of accepting mentalities,
Unaware...
They have been watched.
From places...
Manmade time does not start or stop.

And that acknowlegement,
Is not considered to be there...
Aware,
Of such a disrespecting theft.

Leaving those creations made,
To become vulnerable to undergo...
Dramatic and shocking traumatic change.
Within and not there about...
Outside to focus upon,
With an interpreting to satisfy...
Inside their brains.

Only that which 'is' elevated...

Can re-arrange to make change.
And...
One of those changes comes,
To those doers of misdeeds...
Soon!

And...
One of those changes comes to stun,
The doers of misdeeds...
To leave no room for disbelief,
Or debates preconceivng what this is...
For them to assume.

It comes to clarify the truth of 'Its' power.
It comes to clarify,
When that hour...
Upon us all,
Arrives!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

B-Fo

We are there,
To feel despair together.
An unfairness,
Of bad weather together.
But it wont last forever.
If we hold onto together...
As these storm winds blow!

We are there,
To see each other.
Know whatever comes...
Together we'll grow!
And the clouds that show will go!
Like they did sometime B-fo'!

'That ain't good English.'

You think I'm trying to impress,
With this mess?
I want to say 'something' that connects.
And this effort, obviously, AIN'T my best!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Biased Rants

Biased rants channeled,
And done to convey one's frustration...
Comes across as a wasted and lost diatribe.
Especially if it is delivererd to one,
Who has vowed to stay as far away as possible...
From those expressing their sentiments intellectually.
When hearts are not trying to connect.
And some minds are just not into cross word puzzles,
At the time they are presented.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Biases Remain

A perfect life rehearsed and televised,
Or one depicted subservient in need...
Is not reality.
Although these images are wished,
To reflect what is kept to be believed.

Nor are those seen on movie screens,
Guiding slick spaceships through the Universe...
Creators of Earth or our saviors.
Although those images too are wished,
To reflect an acceptance to believe.

What can be acknowledged,
From performances to comprehend...
Are those who can create weapons to make,
For the purpose to maim and kill for the thrill of it.
And what is known without disputing,
Is their capability to display...
Anguish, pain, and agony on a daily basis.
To claim their destruction is a direct wish,
From a Divine God they keep worshipped.
With 'words' scriptured to hear them quote,
Interpretations of biases remaining to maintain.

And biases remain,
To interpret who is best and qualified as 'chosen'...
To 'reveal' how humanity should end.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

'Big American Boo Boo'

The article was written,
'Big American Boo Boo'.
Several years ago,
It appeared in a local newspaper.
And those who read it...
Dismissed this as a caper,
Of an author who refused...
To embrace the cheering of a war,
Sought and fought...
That would eventually disgrace.
And create wounds that soared.

Since then,
Jobs have been outsourced.
Communities of people displaced.
Unemployment continues to rise.
And embarrassing faces,
Show the affects of tears traced.

Institutions are folding,
Slipping as if to dip in quicksand.
Leadership is questioned.
And accountability absent...
With no one responsible,
Choosing to take a public stand.

An economy taken for granted,
Now on the brink of no return.
Signs scribble high in neon lights...
'Lessons Taught One Day Will Be Learned'

But no one then showed a bit of concern.
Except those with vision...
Who had their characters assassinated.
By those who now have had their egos burned.

The article was written,
'Big American Boo Boo'.
Several years ago.

And it was removed from the internet.
By those with influence...
Who perceived it expressed,
An unpatrioticness.
By a maverick professed.

And yet these same folks,
Who then refused to accept.
Have lost not only their dignity...
But also their self respect.

Finding their lives lived now in humility.
And in retrospective...
In much regret!
And yet their denials,
Are with them kept.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Big On Critique

Everybody wants.
Just a few want to do.
And those of the few
Who actually move to get something done...
Are examined by the ones big on critique.
But the least qualified.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Big Tits Chatted Up To Produce Bigger Tats

I remember once walking around,
As a child with an unchanged diaper.
I remember also getting low grades,
In math at an elementary school.
And geography and history,
I thought then to be a waste of my time.
It wasn't 'cool' for me in those days.

Do these revelations disqualify me,
To run for public office?
Or will my experimenting,
With various sexual preferences admitted...
Screw my abilities,
With big tits...
Chatted up to produce bigger tats.

'What's the matter with you? '

~I thought you were going somewhere else with that.~

'Oh?
And...
Where did you think or 'hope' that I would go? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Big Willie's

He thought they loved,
As raindrops fell
With fresh laid scents.

He thought they loved,
Ever since they met
And held eyes in intense suspense.

He thought they loved...
When climax came
To leave them full
And dispensed of come secretions!

And he watched their sighing...
Build into hot sounds that wailed!
Only then did he believe,
It was just not him who could please her.

And he left his peeking to sneak a seat,
At Big Willie's Bar!
To drink and curse himself,
For letting his one true love go!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Bigots, Prison Cells And Thieves

Choking air begins to freshen.
Burning eyes from smog,
Clears polluted minds.
In awe with dropped jaws.
To discover and find...
An arresting to confine,
The ones confessing...
They've invested to infest,
Criminal thoughts...
To manifest more greed to get,
For purposes to hide...
What's been collected,
In personalized treasure chests
Monogramed with golden crests.

Bigots, prison cells.
And handcuffed thieves.
Chained together,
As if meant to be.
For all to see.
Stripped and exhibited.
Exposing their real identities.
Bigots in prison cells,
Shown to be thieves.
Isolated to restore,
A quality of life few remember
To reminsce existed.
Before corruption permitted,
Came to contaminate the air.

And unexpectedly the freedom,
To breathe...
Without being seized,
By the marketing of lawlessness
Arrives to again protect,
Those still left conscious.
To no longer fear threatened...
By those who dress to impress.
Yet address their evils,

To masquerade...
While smiling to pocket.
Dupe, trick and deceive.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Bill Cosby

No punches pulled!
Straight up and in your face.
A man tells of disturbing events...
Absolutely making no sense.
Speaks he does,
To a particular race.
And what they continue to do,
To themselves and children too...
Is a disgrace!
And saying so,
A stance he takes!

How can lack of discipline,
Be something to be admired?
How can uninspired people...
Expect so much,
With a collapse of disregard.
Entertained by fantasy!
Fed by delusion.
Nourishing empty minds long retired!

A heritage disrespected...
From neglect and irresponsibility.
Slipping and sliding into oblivion.
A conformity wished...
That is blissed with unconsciousness!
This truth expressed.
Is this the hopelessness digested?
Publicly addressed...
Are the comments of Bill Cosby!

Dedicated To:
Bill Cosby
For his wisdom, honesty and insight!

'An ignorance does not deserve appreciation!
What it needs is an honesty that is bared and addressed! '
~LSP~

Thank you, Bill! I so admire your intelligence.
You are, indeed, a friend of humanity.
And a truth so many can not face today!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Bingeing On Thoughts

Bingeing on thoughts of romance I am.
Bingeing on thoughts,
Brought on by romance.

I get high hopes and I want to dance!

Bingeing on romance,
I am.

Bingeing on thoughts of romance I am.
Bingeing on thoughts,
Brought on by romance.

I get high hopes and I want to dance!

Bingeing on romance,
I am.

Bingeing on thoughts of romance I am.
Bingeing on thoughts,
Brought on by romance.

I get high hopes and I want to dance!

Bingeing on romance,
I am.
Bingeing on thoughts,
That I will...
When I can!

Bingeing a reminiscing,
Chance to stay tranced.
Bingeing on thoughts?
That I am. I am.
Bingeing I am when I can.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Bi-Polar Crack Heads

I've had my share,
With accomodating of those bi-polar crack heads.
And have given them an understanding,
That has come to an end.

The only thing I want to comprehend,
Is our mutually kept distance.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Birthmark

Assimilation done,
Is easily accepted with effect...
When within one's reach.
And this kind of assimilation,
Isn't difficult to teach.
Especially when the aspects of it,
Is as obvious as a birthmark...
Nearly impossible to bleach.
What is implemented stays to keep.
With a disfiguring of perceptions but not beliefs.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Bitch Of Queens

She did say she would show me,
She could be the bitch of Queens!
And she tossed my keys...
From her fifth floor apartment window.
Knowing I had to drive back to Brooklyn!
And peter pooped and did not perk!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Bite Me

Every sentence I ended...
She said bite me.
Every comment I made...
Her response was a way,
Of letting me know what she wanted.

'Bite me.
Bite me.
Bite me...'

She went on!

So I obliged.

Fulfilling my good guy duties.

So why am I the one being arrested?
Which one of us here has the black eye?

The only reason she doesn't have any teeth...
She took them out before she swung!
Why would I want to steal her teeth?
When I am accustomed to her tongue.
And her teeth are always out anyway.
At least that's what her husband says.

They both have done me.
She here!
And he...
Across the street at my home.
But this is the first time I've ever been arrested...
For not giving up the bone!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Biting Those Lips

Why are you biting your lips?

'I am practicing.'

So you are learning to keep your mouth shut?

'I said I was 'practicing'.
And as far as keeping my mouth shut...
That is a learning process.
And I did say I was practicing.
I did not say I was learning anything...
Yet! '

Practice makes perfect,
You know?

'Who said anything about wanting to be perfect?
There are too many rehearsing that right now.
With questionable results I am sure will be delivered.
And I am practicing biting my lips,
In the event 'that' becomes a necessity.
And once that becomes discovered as one of my skills,
Well...
Only 'then' will I begin rehearsing perfection,
To overwhelm those disbelieving...
I have yet revealed another talent no one can deny.'

I see.
Well...
You keep biting those lips,
Okay?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Bitten By Drive And Ambition

When one's cup fills to the brim...
With a spilling over that begins.
Would it be advantageous,
To secure another cup?

Or should a sacrifice,
That has been satisfied...
Be enough,
For one bitten by drive...
And ambition.

Or...
Does a success achieved,
Begin to breed the feeding...
Of an unstoppable greed.

Only one familiar with the taste of poverty,
Can truthfully say...
What sustains a need,
To maintain a craving done selfishly!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Bitter And Sweet Fruits

Growing to know,
Both the bitter and sweet fruits,
Of life to taste...
Is not a common journey taken.
One on a path traveling alone,
Discovers.

There are very few directions,
From which to pick...
That are not beset with challenges.
Illnesses, setbacks laid to place,
Upon one's intended steps tracked...
With them to make,
Are seldom wished experiences.
Yet healing to recover,
Has a way to change...
Perceptions unexpectedly.
A priceless benefit of wisdom,
Is obtained to gain.

Priorities to choose necessities,
Over luxuries wanted to get...
Become basic desires to live life,
More simplistically.
And a gift of fresh air to breathe...
As dawn arises,
Is a blessing seized...
No one who has'awakened',
Can take for granted.

Although regretted,
May come nagging disappointments...
The presence of them,
Seem less stressful to agitate.
To realize life to face obstacles,
Isn't meant for anyone...
To be a cake walk above a safety net.

Faith to keep makes the taste of life
What it is with blessings,
To accept and receive to know...
God bestows.
God delivers and removes,
The 'fluff' HE decides is not working
In our lives to do HIS will.
And this, once acknowledged,
Is to remain...
One's mental feast.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Bitter Cage

Now who wants to open my bitter cage?
And see me get a little bit cuckoo.
Now who wants to open my bitter cage?
And see me get a little bit cuckoo.
Now who wants to see me go cuckoo.
Now who wants to see me go cuckoo.
Now who wants to see me go cuckoo.
Now who wants to see me go cuckoo.

Please don't open,
Up...
My bitter cage.
And I wont go cuckoo.
And I wont go cuckoo.

Please don't open,
Up...
My bitter cage.
And I wont go cuckoo.
And I wont go cuckoo.

Now who wants to open my bitter cage?
And see me get a little bit cuckoo.
Now who wants to open my bitter cage?
And see me get a little bit cuckoo.
Now who wants to see me go cuckoo.
Now who wants to see me go cuckoo.
Now who wants to see me go cuckoo.
Now who wants to see me go cuckoo.

Please don't open,
Up...
My bitter cage.
And I wont go cuckoo.
And I wont go cuckoo.

Please don't open,
Up...
My bitter cage.

And I wont go cuckoo.
And I wont go cuckoo.

Now who wants to open my bitter cage?
And see me get a little bit cuckoo.
Now who wants to open my bitter cage?
And see me get a little bit cuckoo.

Don't do it and I wont go cuckoo.
Don't do it and I wont go cuckoo.
Don't do it and I wont go cuckoo.
Don't do it and I wont go cuckoo.

Please don't open,
Up...
My bitter cage.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Bitter Critters

There will always be those in need of...
Love.
There will always be those in need of...
Affection and a hug.
There will always be those in need of...
Some attention to get with lips to kiss.
Without insisting upon proof,
Of religious affliliation or one's politics.

There will always be those in need of...
Someone to care.
There will always be those in need of...
Empathy shown and wanting it shared.
There will always be those in need of...
Concern to give and wanting it received.
Without getting on bended knees,
To ask or plead to qualify one's need.

There will always be those in need of...
Being understood.
There will always be those in need of...
A sign from another who can should they could,
Be a warmer creature than other bitter critters can.
And not be as heartless to show with a display,
Of an extended hand and a look that knows...
The importance of a human not out of touch.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Bitter In The Winter Of Your Discontent

If you know a love sought,
Isn't where you are.
And has not been.
When will you awaken,
From that wishful thinking?
You attend with repeated heartbreaking.
Again and again.
What point are you really making?

You wish to receive warm hugs,
On faces quick with grins.
What season of life,
Have you found yourself stuck in?

If you know a love sought,
Isn't where you are.
And has not been...
You either neither need it!
Or...
You are frozen with resentment,
Bitter in the Winter of your discontent.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Bitter Is The Taste Left On Tongues

Had he not destroyed the lives,
Of millions of people...
With deceit and lies.
And arrogant displays of ignorance.
Something he now says...
May have made some empathetic sense.

He was the first to say there was no recession.
Now he wishes to make claims,
That was inherited.

He lead conservative ideals,
To ruin and deplete a robust economy.
And not a word did he listen to others.
Preferring to succeed...
From a position of egotistic needs.

A forgiving people hear and see this.
With grateful wishes,
He and his corrupted followers...
Can not leave soon enough.
To begin a healing...
That will take decades for those who suffer,
To feel and believe!
With few expressing an energy left,
With a smile to lift!

Isolated greed and wholesome stupidity...
Will leave a bitter taste on tongues for years.
As those most affected by the depth of crimes condoned...
Will realize their quality of life once the pride on Earth,
Had been miraculously erased...
By a leadership with no remorse at all,
To ever be shown or known!

Demons in motion...
Are not attached to these emotions.

And bitter is the taste left on tongues...

For what to them has been consciously done!
Tricked by the wicked.
And made sick...
Are they to their stomachs.
To know this feeling is made real.
As it exists,
For them to feel!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Bitter People

A bitter people,
Come together like birds of a feather...
To drop bitter fits and leave.

And bitter people,
Can not rest unless there's an opportunity...
To deposit their bitter,
Just for the credit.

A bitter people,
Come together like birds of a feather...
To drop bitter fits and leave.
And bitter people,
Can not rest unless there's an opportunity...
To deposit their grief,
As seeking-attention-getters.

A bitter people,
Come together like birds of a feather...
To drop bitter fits and leave.

And bitter people,
Can not rest unless there's an opportunity...
To deposit their bitterness for their pleasure.

And bitter people,
Can not rest unless there's an opportunity...
To deposit their bitterness for their pleasure.
With seeking to creep and do this better.

And bitter people,
Can not rest unless there's an opportunity...
To deposit their bitterness for their pleasure.
With seeking to creep and do this better.

And bitter people,
Can not rest unless there's an opportunity...
To deposit their bitterness for their pleasure.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Bitterness Comes

One lie,
Can lead...
From one to another and breathe.
And that lie,
To tell...
Is seldom not believed,
By those who want to keep it told.

Lives to live,
Are often ruined by lies.
And those who tell them with them told,
Are the ones unknowing they've sold their souls.

But a bitterness comes to make a visit,
And sits...
With the one who tries to heal.
A bitterness comes to make a visit and sits.

One lie,
Can lead...
From one to another and breathe.
And that lie,
To tell...
Is seldom not believed,
By those who want to keep it told.

But a bitterness comes to make a visit,
And sits...
With the one who tries to heal.
A bitterness comes to make a visit and sits.

A bitterness comes to make a visit,
And sits...
As a mending slowly heals.
A bitterness comes to make a visit and sits.
A bitterness comes to make a visit,
Until time makes it quit.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Black History Month

In January...
There they are making history.
In February...
There they are making history.
In March...
There they are making history.
In April...
There they are making history.
In May...
There they are making history.
In June...
There they are making history.
In July...
There they are making history.
In August...
There they are making history.
In September...
There they are making history.
In October...
There they are making history.
In November...
There they are making history.
In December...
There they are making history.

But...
It's nice to know
The shortest month of the year
Was chosen to celebrate
The great deeds of African-Americans!
However...
It is those LEAP YEARS,
That really have the blacks jumping for joy!

Note: 'Black History Month' along with other
works of interest can be found in...

'MindPrints from Untouched Places-VOL I'
~Now available at a PC near you~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Black Lives Matter

Voices from a distance,
Are joined by forces that increase.
'Black Lives Matter'
And those who hear them,
Call them 'activists'.
'Black Lives Matter'
The chanting continues.
No one can avoid the hearing of this.

And it matters to the blacks,
Suddenly awaking to the fact.
As if overnight a discovery was made.
To being black and living that way alright.
The chanting continues:
'Black Lives Matter'
Folks on a campaign to do and explain.
'Black Lives Matter'
To who?

To who should this be proven to?
With a known respect and shown to exist.
'Black Lives Matter'

Who is it wishing,
Their identity to pride...
Is supported and realized?
'Black Lives Matter'

Who is it with efforts to endeavor,
In a multitude of fields...
Beyond entertainment and sports?
On a daily basis with it done to prove,
Their contributions to make...
Without a getting of support,
But quickly aborted by those envious and jealous.
Those unmotivated and lacking discipline.
Yet encourage to protest,
Against being disenfranchised.
To then get upset with a shown disrespect.

Towards others like themselves,
Wishing to provide opportunities and success.
Without feeling regret by those who profess...
'Black Lives Matter'

Voices from a distance,
Are joined by forces that increase.
'Black Lives Matter'
And those who hear them,
Call them 'activists'.
'Black Lives Matter'
The chanting continues.
No one can avoid the hearing of this.

Who is it wishing,
Their identity to pride...
Is supported and realized?
'Black Lives Matter'

To who should this be proven to?
With a known respect and shown to exist.
'Black Lives Matter'

'Black Lives Matter'
The chanting continues.
'Black Lives Matter'
Folks on a campaign to do and explain.
'Black Lives Matter'

To who?

~To who?
To them.~

To 'them'?
Prove 'that' to me 'first'.
Afterall...
I am black.
And I have never had to campaign.
Advocate.
Or solicit support.
Nor have I need to be convinced.

But I must say...
Hearing it chanted,
May provide some with incentive...
To be who they are and not argue about it.
And become more supportive,
Of each other and our efforts to endeavor.
AGAIN.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Black-Jack

Give me another hit.
I'm going to stay with it a little bit.
I'm in the midst of this to win,
So...
Hit me.
Hit me.

Black-jack,
Give me that!

Give me another hit.
An ace would boost me up a bit.
Keep the others that you give me real low,
So...
Hit me.
Hit me.

Black-jack,
Give me that.
I want to get a twenty one then be done...
I don't want to be the losing one.

Black-jack,
Give me that.
Hit me.
Hit me.
An ace would boost me up a bit.
And after I win I'm going to quit.

So black-jack give me that!
Hit me.
Hit me.
An ace would boost me up a bit.
And after I win I'm going to quit.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Blame It On The Squirrels

With a created reason,
Promoted by a more creative purpose...
That identifies squirrels gathering nuts,
To store as Winter approaches...
As being threats to a declining way of life.
Or how they manage to survive,
With a doing that leaves the trees...
No longer able to provide fresh air to breathe,
Will one day be used to convince the people...
Living in urban environments,
That the ridding of trees...
To then schedule the breath they breathe,
Will advance their enhancement...
With a doing to then qualify them for equality.

'That's ridiculous.
Who in their right mind is actually going to believe,
They can schedule their breath to breathe? '

Who in their right mind is going to believe,
Someone else is the cause and reason...
Why they have chosen to disrespect themselves,
With a doing it continually 'and' effectively?

'And you are saying...
The squirrels gathering nuts to store away,
Before the Winter comes...
Has done this to those living in urban environments? '

Yes.
And I've also heard it said,
Some bees avoid certain flowers...
Because they are racist.

'NO WAY? '

Yes.
'Way'.
But you didn't hear it from me.

'Well...
Who did I hear it from? '

Blame it on the squirrels.
They are the only ones left,
That have not been accused of anything.
Yet.
But if you get enough people to believe you,
Who knows?
You might get to be on TV.

'Really?
You think so? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Blame The Victim

Blame the victim.
Steal from them.
Blame the victim.
Isolate them.
Blame the victim.
And use this as your defense.
Blame the victim.
If it enhances your life,
With a purpose meant.

Blame the victim.
Steal from them.
Blame the victim.
Isolate them.
Blame the victim.
And use this as your defense.
Blame the victim.
If it enhances your life,
With a purpose meant.

Blame the victim.
If it enhances your life,
With a purpose meant.

Blame the victim.
If it enhances your life,
With a purpose meant.

Blame the victim.
If it enhances your life,
With a purpose meant.

Blame the victim.
Blame the victim.
Blame the victim.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Blamed On Theft

The only thing overlooked but needing audit,
Is...
Our minds.
And...
The only thing needing checking to inspect,
Is...
Our minds.

The only thing overlooked but needing audit,
Is...
Our minds.
And...
The only thing needing checking to inspect,
Is...
Our minds.

Who has left their thoughts to credit.
With none left is to find.
Who has left theirs to deep debits.
With none left is to find.
And who has traded theirs away...
To barter for a better mind to get.
When the proof of the use can not be audited.
Or claims to validate it was there 'sometimes'.

A thinking to be done no one has kept.
A thinking to be done has left.
A thinking to be done no one has kept.
A thinking to be done has left.
To have it blamed on theft.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Blank Faces

Why are they gasping?
And looking in shock about?

'It is dawning on them,
There is a 'reality' to truth.'

Isn't reality...
The truth?

'They just discovered it.
But let's keep our faces blank.
We'll pretend we have no clue,
What they are talking about.

Here comes one now...
Rushing towards us,
Looking scared to death.
Hopefully they will run right past us.

Ready...set...GO!
Blank faces.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Blatant Are The Disparaties

So blatant are the disparaties today,
As if to test those who are deeply affected.
While keeping them peacefully teased.
Like children fearing to disobey...
With the toughts of candy being kept away.

And yet...
Overcomed by the numbing that has been done,
Effectively to decrease anything associated...
With reality.
Since many suppressed and historically oppressed,
Are so accustomed to being on their knees.

And...
Anyone amongst them attempting to stand and walk,
Alone and defiant...
Is immediately accused of seeking attention.
And 'trying' to lift one's head up high,
Is definitely an act most of them despise.

'They are 'always' trying to be better than the rest of us.
Why can't they be down to Earth?
Or 'hang' around with the doing of nothing.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Blatant Misrepresentation

Deception may be dressed in fresh wardrobes...
But the scent of it always follows one
Unaccustomed to bathe in the light of truth,
And honesty!
Those who adorn themselves with images...
Are often surprised they are the last to become aware,
Of the stench hidden underneath!
Although they are the first to recommend
Standards be enforced upon those who do not endorse,
Conformity that defiles with blatant misrepresentation!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Blazing On The Dunes Of Cape Cod

Monkeys don't do hula hoops.
Unless they've been smoking weed,
Grown on the hills of the Himalayas.

Nor do parakeets have humps like camels.
But then again I did hear one sing,
'We Are The World'
Wearing 'bling' as bright as a fire...
Blazing on the dunes of Cape Cod.

And I thought about all of this,
As I prepared for my dive
From Golden Gate Bridge!

Maybe I should accept that I'm nuts.
Since I would never contemplate suicide...
Dressed like the others,
In rented tuxedos.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Bleakness Sweetened

Rotated monotony,
Gives hope to those
Unable to free
From perceptions linked,
To suppressions endeared.

It is clear,
Induced fear is addicting.
Like complaints self inflicted,
Creates sickening attachments.
A bleakness sweetened,
By restricted teases!
Publicly denounced...
But granted underhanded.
An authorization allowed,
Yet unspoken!
And those choosing to break free...
Are watched!
Inciting an escalating anger!

How dare they ignore the fine print,
To obey...
And remain 'hooked' to crooked addendums!
Did they not 'see' the We in 'one for all'?
Who stalled their dosage of medication?
This leak will lead to a travesty!

Who are these independent thinkers?
And where have they found the courage,
To justify their thought process?

They are not stressed or under duress?

Arrest them for...
Exposing clarity!
And censor ideals they have immediately.
'This' society will continue to be duped!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Blendthisinamixah

Blendthisinamixah,
OJandstrawberries
Bananasandicecream
Thendrinkitlikeyoumeanit.
Somecallthisasmoothie
AndIreallylikethis
Ifyoutrythisonce
You'lltrythismorethantwice.
OH!
Blendthisinamixah,
OJandstrawberries
Bananasandicecream
Thendrinkitlikeyoumeanit.
Somecallthisasmoothie
AndIreallylikethis
Ifyoutrythisonce
You'lltrythismorethantwice.
You'lltrythismorethantwice.
You'lltrythismorethantwice.
Ifyoutrythisonce
You'lltrythismorethantwice.

Blendthisinamixah
Blendthisinamixah
Blendthisinamixah
Thisyou'llreallylike!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Blessed To Comprehend A Life Complexed

Perhaps it is the maturing,
That takes hold.
A realization that a next phase nears.
I have no lapses in time...
To fill or fear I could have had something now
I wish was mine.
More time to express my thankfulness,
That is all I now endear.

To say I feel complete,
With a wholesomeness that is sweet.
Would not be delusional.
There were odds placed against me...
That had me seeking my own defeat!

Perhaps it is the enduring,
Of picking myself up...
From gutters I caressed.
Doing my best to pretend,
I was not duressed
With a stress I can now confess,
That tested.

To spend a life in public view,
To preview my sentiments with criticisms...
Is not what I would recommend.
Being 'all that' when 'that' is not felt...
Can deepen a regret that does not end.
That can easily detach,
A mind that never comes back!

I am blessed to comprehend a life complexed.
Choosing to overview my struggles,
With a happiness.
And being able to say this,
With words that come to share with some.
Is a freeing experience,
A therapist could not to me bring!
Just to say I am grateful each day...

Delivers such a joyous, wondrous happening!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Blessed To Witness The Morning Dawn

Many can not accept,
These times we live...
Have left them behind.

Many can not accept,
There are those living amongst them...
Who have become enlightened,
With a higher conscious state of mind.

Many can not accept,
Their protesting to do with a pettiness...
Is no longer effective to define.

And many refuse to accept to believe,
Very few today are willing to offer empathy...
To anyone blessed to witness the morning dawn.
But for whatever the reason can not see the light.
As bright as that light is on.

There are not too many who will accept,
These times we live have left them behind.
With a doing they will eventually find,
Has been done to do permanently.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Blessed With This Gift

If one makes a decision,
To awaken seeking ways to appreciate life.
With a feeling that expresses a gratefulness,
To experience this gift.
They will see opportunity.
And know to them it has already been given.

If one makes a decision,
Life is to be lived and not taken for granted...
Blessings given will be shared,
If they awaken with thoughts...
To be to others more caring!

If...
And that's not a big 'if' to ponder.
Not to awaken thinking of possibilities!
Or what this day given brings.

If...
One makes a decision,
To awaken seeking ways to appreciate life.
One just has to start,
Realizing each day when they awaken...
They have already been blessed with a gift!

If...
For them that is a decision made,
To see a life that has been given that way...
Fortunes are at their fingertips.
With a pricelessness that enriches.

If one makes a decision,
To awaken seeking ways to appreciate life.
And feeling blessed with this gift.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Blessings I Received

I've come to realize,
My own pride and dignity...
I should protect.
And I have come to not expect,
Anyone to accept my wishes...
For them to honor and respect.

I have come to realize,
If I lose my identity with it pushed aside...
To have it from me disappear or leave,
Who am I to blame anyone to have it believed...
Someone else should be held accountable,
For blessings I received but neglected.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Blind Ignorance

Divisiveness is encouraged to exist.
This keeps issues of fear discussed...
With images that disgust,
And assisted by the use of threats
To infest a weakness with added distress.
And visions of terrorists,
Lurking into bedrooms...
Is just what is wished,
By those who predict...
A looming gloom of doom!
And this should make one think...
If this was true,
Why do those of evil wishes...
Let us gather to celebrate such holidays as we do?
And attend sporting events in tremendous arenas!
Shop in gigantic malls.
Driving on highways that come to a crawl.
And reminded of this wonderful life we live...
Criminals elected to represent us in politics,
Argue between themselves...
About who is more conservative
As premature death comes to our kids
Fighting for the right to have these fools unite,
Their blind ignorance!
Reflecting a representation of their constituency...
That is done quite well.
And sending their standards and way of life,
To a hell promoted and wished all to dwell!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Blind To Color

There is no crayon box,
To select which colors
I should use to connect dots
Of your desires.

What color would you paint my passion?
And my quest to sweat with you,
Naked and wet.

When our temptations find us undressed,
What color would you have our kisses?
After I lick...
Your neck, ears and lips!

And when the climax comes and is done...
What color would you choose...
To whisper wishes,
For more of it.

In darkness let us touch and caress.
Stripped and bare...
In a nakedness we share,
Blind to color!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Blinded Ambitions

Visions in divisions,
Kept projected to defend...
In competitions to defeat,
Others suspected...
Of diminishing life and its quality.
Can not see all of humanity,
Losing definition of a peace...
Sought to seek.

Too few on the top wont stop...
Their blinded ambitions.
Too few on the top wont stop...
Their ignorance of the conditions.
To believe their kept positions,
Will maintain a control...
Over chaos and conflict,
On themselves bestowed.

And,
So it goes to show...
Those blinded ambitions,
Are less effective...
To get peace but more unrest.
Kept visions in divisions,
Exposes them to have defects.

Too few on the top wont stop...
Their blinded ambitions.
Too few on the top wont stop...
To notice sickening conditions.
Too few on the top wont stop...
Eliminating the craze they've made.

Blinded ambitions to celebrate...
Wont eliminate the craze these days.
Blinded ambitions to celebrate...
Brings pain and more to agonize it!
Blinded ambitions to celebrate...
Leaves humanity the loser.

Blinded ambitions to celebrate...
Leaves visions in divisions,
To pay.
Leave visions in divisions,
Blinded!
Lost in darkness to find they've been
Blinded!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Blinded By Confinement

Why try to reach minds closed?
What would be the point,
To impose upon that...
Which is disjointed.
There is no vision,
That collides within barriers hiding.
Why try to reach minds closed?
Or debate with those,
Who have been blinded by confinement.
And have found this to be of their content.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Blinded By Deceit

What an ongoing charade.
Openly displayed.
But quickly losing a significance,
With an influence that had been...
Held in such glowing esteem.
That once had followers believing...
Those self righteous could do anything.

With a doing to choose who they could demean.
And now they are seen as slithering beings.
To decide their steadfast faith can be replaced,
By a creating of exits as those equally fake...
Cheer their escapes.
With blessings to bestow upon themselves.

What an ongoing charade.
Sold and cheaply bought,
Just as common as their worthless thoughts.
Dispensed in ceremonies at the expense,
Of those unconscious and blinded by deceit.
Although a feeding to eat this,
Will not strengthen their minds.
Or stand then tall on their feet.

What an ongoing charade.
And displayed by those meek and weak,
On knees and with foolish beliefs to keep.
And yet this addiction to them stays.
Even though proof of them being betrayed,
Appears through their tears and under their noses.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Blinded By Design

Blinded by design.
A condition so effective...
Whatever comes next for them,
Few will accept.
And most will reject.
Especially those opposed to facing truths.
Since the feasting of historic concepts...
Have only been fed to them,
With the only best...
Of tasty deceptions.

Blinded by design,
And the majority are fine about it!
Or were...
Until just recently.
A disturbance regarding their finances,
Has cause their eyes to open wide!
Leaving many traumaticized in disbelief.

And even though the sky is falling...
To scurry many chickens home to roost.
An elected goose promising golden eggs would be laid...
Has been discovered to be the leader,
Of a tremendous duping done...
With a horrifying scooping of their finds to boot!

Blinded by design,
For a very long time.
And slowly is this reality being revealed...
Since the bottom of their butts will soon be busted.
Not only to abandon those trusting disgusted!
But hundreds of thousands,
Seen going literally out of their minds!

And a sceaming done by those who find...
No missionary charities soliciting to depict,
Their disadvantaged sufferings...
On local tv to gain sympathy from those rich.
Since the voices heard are theirs...

At a dispassionate fervor bursting,
Terrifying pitch!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Blinded By The Light

A hatred.
Initiated to escalate.
Between races.
Races historically mixed,
To attempt to affix...
One belief.
Will not bring an end,
To a grieving humanity.
And with this insanity,
Spreading to begin...
Only will leave minds,
Confined to tormented pieces.
Haunted by a darkness.
Screaming from an evil.
Thought to bring the doers,
An exclusive eternal peace.
Purchased...
With an unconsciousness,
Their hatred initiated to release...
Will somehow return,
A sanity that has from them...
Been effectively eliminated.

Of IT. In IT. And part of IT we are.
And those with beliefs,
That killing IT's inhabitants...
Will succeed?
Well...
Foolish are the minds,
Finding themselves...
Blinded by The Light.
With no 'left' or 'right'...
To which to turn.

No weapons have defense against IT,
When...
Blinded by The Light.
Almighty.
Blinded by The Light.

No weapons have defense against IT,
When...
Blinded by The Light.
Almighty.
Blinded by The Light.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Blinded Decisions Made

People outraged,
Over rumors heard...
Without facts.
Or questions to ask,
Why the heat applied...
Has cause them anger.
With a stirring up,
Their reactions so fast.
Are the same people,
To depend and expect...
Will manifest divisions,
Among themselves.
And with blinded decisions,
Made.
Like pigeons flocking quickly,
To what they perceive to be...
Either popcorn or bread crumbs.
And not discovering,
Until it's too late...
They've been knocked out,
By thrown rocks.
From someone sitting atop,
A flag bearing...
Blackened window limousine.
Shouting obscenities.
Validating...
The acceptance of craze.
From where it originates.
And a thought process to dim,
Removing permanently to end...
A consciousness once connected,
To truth and its existence...
With reality.

'Do you believe,
What I see going on? '

-I do.
But I don't know,

From whose point of view...
I should pray to give,
All of my sympathy.-

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Blinded Into A Stale Checkmate

Gamed!

Issues they keep,
Are transparently weak.
And superimposed,
With superficiality to give them weight.
So light of mind and purpose.

They would like to think of themselves,
Living in the land of opportunity...
As kings and queens.
But they are attached like pawns.
Rooked and played to remain dazed!

Gamed!

Obvious as if dressed mannequins,
Placed in store front windows to tease passersby.
Only attracting those curious,
Who remark how life-like they appear.

'If only they had light in their eyes.
They could come close to looking 'real'.'

Lame,
Gamed.
And so predictable.
Obvious,
As if dressed mannequins.
And superimposed,
With superficiality to give them weight.

'If only they had light in their eyes.
They could come close to looking 'real'.'

Gamed!

They would like to think of themselves,
Living in the land of opportunity...

As kings and queens.
But they are attached like pawns.
Rooked and played to remain dazed!
To be teased by the sleazers.
Who know how to keep them...
Transparently weak.
And irrelevant.
Easily positioned to trick!

Gamed!
And blinded into a stale checkmate,
Wherever it is they may go!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Blindfolds To Wear

People claim and wish new leadership to get.
But can not accept the effect of change.
People protest they want their lives back.
Yet...
Where were their lives left to leave?
And who did they follow to not make it clear,
Blindfolds to wear had been their choice to make.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Blinding Effectiveness That Feeds A Quest

Toxic are those envious who eventually destroy,
The existence of their own as shown to be done.
With such a blinding effectiveness that feeds a quest,
They become proud to make it known...
As their best effort yet without recognizing,
A diminishing done to their own survival.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Bling Obsessed

If people were not intentionally programmed,
To be envious...
Manipulating them would not be so easily effective.

Even those budding to branch out from one tree,
Choose to flaunt the artificialness of their possessions.
And for what purpose to obtain?

Seconds under spotlight with no lasting flame,
Before its over?
Show me something that strengthens the tree,
Not weaken it.

And 'you'?
Yes you...
You have every right to flaunt as much as you want.
Knowing there were good deeds done you did.

However...
Many environments are nests for bling obsessed fools,
Pre-occupied with the making of false impressions.
Without one investment made to claim turf where they leech.
To voice the shallowness of their quick lived dreams.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Blissfulness

As I watch beliefs you hold,
Crumble and fall.
It saddens me to know,
Your madness stored
Continues to show!

Let go of limitations!
Let go of situations!
Let go of contemplations...
That keep you stalled and undernourished!

As I observe you praying for release from 'sins'...
I think to myself,
'How did these fears begin? '
Hypocrisies committed is all I see,
By those entrusted but dismiss honesty!

As I watch beliefs you hold,
Crumble and fall.
It saddens me to know,
Your madness stored
Continues to show!

A growth and appreciation of self has gone!
As you carry on looking hopeless and forelorn!
And all that needs to be done,
Is an opening of your eyes!
Cease fulfilling your life with alibis...
Shared without vision with those who lie.

Let go of limitations!
Let go of situations!
Let go of contemplations...
That keep you stalled and undernourished!

What do you believe will encourage you to flourish?
Without 'things' to feed,
Temporary desires bleeding your needs!
This is not pleasing to you at all!

Shopping for enlightenment,
Can not be found in crowded malls!
Tempting with teases to empty your pockets!
Leaving you to remorse habits you can drop...
By stopping it!

Let go of limitations!
Let go of situations!
Let go of contemplations...
That keep you stalled and undernourished!

Disperse with this...
For a happier existence that can exist!
Connect you must,
To your 'higher self'.
There is magic when you discover,
Your own blissfulness to trust!

Let go of limitations!
Let go of situations!
Let go of contemplations...
That keep you stalled and undernourished!
Connect you must,
To your 'higher self'.
There is magic when you discover,
Your own blissfulness to trust!

Stay Blissed!

Inspired By:
Maurice D. Robertson
Hartford, Connecticut
WWUH-FM radio Jazz DJ
(University of Hartford)
And photgrapher of superior talents.

'Thank you, Mo! '
Lawrence

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Blistered Passions

Blistered passions,
Rising in sweet heat.
Lays to simmer when the panting,
Soothes to cool...
A recovery to repeat.

Those blistered passions,
Are just too hard to ration.
After one kissed lips...
Is promised,
More comes after this.

Blistered passions,
Unmatched is the attraction.
Soft touches leads to snatching...
With a grabbing to unwrap.

Blistered passions,
Unmatched is the attraction.
Soft touches leads to snatching...
With a grabbing to unwrap.

Those blistered passions,
Are just too hard to ration.
After one kissed lips...
More come to follow this.

Blistered passions,
Rising in sweet heat.
Lays to simmer when the panting,
Soothes to cool...
A recovery to repeat.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Blocked

Blocked?
Don't let that stop you.
If it is meant to be...
You will touch and reach,
That which beseeches you.
Only to prove,
What belongs...
Eventually will caress.
And you will have that happiness,
That rewards.
Face those obstacles.
What is in your vision,
Will never be ignored.
And you know it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Blocked Out

There is more than one way to find me.
I am not distant.
Or unapproachable.

If you can not find me here...
You are not trying to find me at all.
And I'm okay with that.
Since I'm told I've been discovered,
All over the place.

And here I can rest...
When others seeking me,
Are blocked out!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Blocked Out Of Memory And Stopped

You want to be nasty?
You want to be despicable?
You want to inflict upon me your revenge?
You can take that bitterness...
And heat it with onions for all I care.

I don't know what makes you think,
Your attacks upon me I find attractive.

I am going to watch your craze burn itself out!
And 'then' when and IF you come to your senses.
You will discover you have locked yourself,
Into a madness witnessed!
And everything about you from my point of view,
Has been blocked out of memory and stopped!

You want to be nasty?
You want to be despicable?
You want to inflict upon me your revenge?
You can take that bitterness...
And heat it with onions for all I care.
You have made me aware of your uselessness,
In my life!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Blocked To Be Locked Out

How easy life becomes to get,
When one has a key to a door...
And that 'one' key unlocks it.

Suppose one has more than one key,
But finds that a door provides no entry.
And that is the door one desires to open.

How easy life becomes to get,
When one has a key to a door...
And that 'one' key unlocks it.

Suppose one has more than one key?
But wishes to go through one door to gain entry.
Only to discover...
One has been blocked to be locked out.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Blocked Without You Stopping It

You witness your digressions,
And will not admit they actually exist.
You ask for outside protection...
For situations that continue to persist.

You gather sympathy from groups,
To loudly protest your despairing unrest!
And not admitting with an acknowledgement,
You put them there...
So what do you expect?

A magician dressed...
In outfits of holiness?
A dope smoking Pope,
To share with you false hope?

A candycane taste,
To erase a bitterness that aches?
Or stop all traffic,
For a freedom to declare...
Your overbearing heartbreak?

This one thing is very clear...
What has been allowed will not dsappear.
However that anguish got inside your head,
With your approving eyes observing...
Got stuck between your ears.
Got blocked without you stopping it.
And nothing you heard,
Even shouted from rooftops...
You 'still' refuse to hear!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Blood On Their Hands

Delusions are difficult to erase,
From minds nourished to believe...
They are entitled to take and receive,
And do as they please.

Delusions fed,
Can not envision concepts...
Of having little to nothing left,
To continue feeding a greed.

Every aspect of this consciousness,
Has been spoiled by intriguing propaganda.
And hyped to delight in another's defeat.
Without a self reflection done or apology.

But a brick wall stalls when made of concrete.
And hitting one's head against it,
Does not advance one to a conquering done...
Sweetened by victory.
As one would like to rewrite history.

A brick wall made,
And built thickened by concrete...
Only leaves a head beatened against it,
To bleed internally.

Since prior activities,
To ensure it isolates and stands...
Has been built by the very ones,
With blood now on their hands.

And drips...
Without consideration,
Of an evaluation to self examine.
And this has created,
Unhealthy mindsets that debate matter over substance...
With an absence of reason and cause.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Blood Ties Between Them

If blood ties between them,
Have left some to feel...
They experience broken vessels.
This can be mended,
With steps of further prevention.
But it has to be admitted,
That an emptiness exists within.
Only then can a healing begin!
If blood ties between them,
Have left some to feel...
They experience broken vessels.
And this sometimes is defended.
With a continued dripping,
Seeping from a strength...
That eventually weakens,
An enlightenment that heightens.
Defeating the intention meant,
To heal all wounds to bond a growth.
Mentioned to be needed but gone unknown.
Withering the bloom of the branch that dies.
If blood ties between,
Is allowed in stubbornness to exist and deny.
Like a trap that satisfies...
The sick desires of those haunted,
By the inflictions of past afflictions done.
And wishing to carry the scars to reminisce,
Forever!

'Someday we will be together! '

That 'someday' like tomorrow...
Is for many a time that has passed!

Dedicated:
To those who believe time is on their side,
without a shred of evidence to confirm...
that time acknowledges hesitation of any kind!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Bloom Alone Or Not

Bloom alone or not,
Should not stop...
Your wish to radiate and glow.
To bloom alone or not,
Should not stop...
A love of life you have and shows.

Some are saddened,
By their different packages.
Believing unattractive their wraps.
And...
Some look over shoulders,
Looking to be compared...
With another flower blooming,
Flaunting in a flair to get...
Attention everywhere.

But to bloom alone or not,
Should not stop...
Your wish to radiate and glow.
No.
To bloom alone or not,
Should not stop...
A love of life you have and shows,
A blooming done that only you...
Can do.
With a blooming that identifies YOU!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Blow Clouds. Go!

Early I awaken.
Wanting to detox from issues,
Dispensed to block my growth.
I alone can stop re-occurrences of this.
With faith and trusting.

Too long I've been affected by conflicts passed.
Holding onto a bitterness as if I wanted this to last.
I didn't and now know consciously I don't.
And I wont allow it to chip and pick away...
At any happiness now sitting within me.

Blow clouds.
Go!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Blow Up

1-2-3-4
Boom bahbah boom bahbah boom bah.
Boom bahbah boom bahbah boom bah.
Boom bahbah boom bahbah boom bah.
Boom bahbah boom bahbah boom...
From the grass
Bah bah bah boom
They grew
Bah bah bah boom
Who knew
Bah bah bah boom
We would see them looking up
Bah bah bah boom
Not down
Bah bah bah boom
With frowns
Bah bah bah boom
Something got them...
Off the ground.
Oh...
Boom bahbah boom bahbah boom bah.
Boom bahbah boom bahbah boom bah.
Boom bahbah boom bahbah boom bah.
Boom bahbah boom bahbah boom...
One day
Bah bah bah boom
Dues paid
Bah bah bah boom
They said
Bah bah bah boom
They would blow up.
And be somebody!

Boom bahbah boom bahbah boom...
One day
Bahbah boom bahbah boom,
They said
Bahbah boom bahbah boom,
They would grow up,

And be somebody!

Boom bahbah boom bahbah boom bah.
Boom bahbah boom bahbah boom bah.
Boom bahbah boom bahbah boom,
Blow up...
And be that 'body'!

Boombah boombah boom bah
Boombah boombah boom bah
Boombah boombah boom...
Blow up...
And be that 'body'!

Boom bahbah boom bahbah boom,
Blow up!
Bah bah bah boom.
Blow up!
Bah bah bah boom.
Blow up!
Bah bah bah boom.

Boom bahbah boom bahbah boom,
Blow up!
Bah bah bah boom.
Blow up!
Bah bah bah boom.
Blow up!
Bah bah bah boom.

Boom bahbah boom bahbah boom,
Blow up!
Bah bah bah boom.
Blow up!
Bah bah bah boom.
Blow up!
Bah bah bah boom.

Boombah boombah boom...
Blow up!
And be somebody!

1-2-3-4
Boom bahbah boom bahbah boom bah.
Bah bah bah boom bah
Bah bah bah boom...
Blow up!
And be somebody!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Blowing Kisses

As incredulous as this may seem,
There are some places where people live...
Where the showing of disrespect,
And turning one's back on opportunities...
Is a teaching that is taught to others to perfection.

And in those places,
There are those who scheme...
To weaken those with credible influence,
Through the use of character assassination...
And the telling of the most fantastic of lies.

'You have a very creative mind.
When do you find the time to make this stuff up? '

It has to be a 'fluke'.
Or a dysfunction of some kind,
That interfers with my mental process.
Since where I live everyone is observed blowing kisses.
And those who refuse are murdered.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Blown Down By Adverse Winds

Never are our good intentions remembered,
When mistakes we make take centerstage.
And judged with sustaining attention given to them.
People will remember the vision of one crawling.
But the only one who remembers the pain of standing,
With a commitment made to walk tall...
Is the doer.

Being there in the presence of others,
And left accessible to be scrutinized with wounds concealed...
Leaves more of an impression by those surprised,
Than deeds done that have survived time.
Or the countless efforts made again to run and heal,
After one has been blown down by adverse winds.
THIS is a personal quest no one can contest with objection.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Blue Collar Workers

Blue collar workers feeling used.
And being replaced,
By a robotic hasted pace.

Blue collar workers feeling used,
And moved...
From an assembled human touch,
To programmed computers...
More effective as tools.

Blue collar workers feeling used,
And moved...
From positions that were sacrificed,
To improve what they do.
Automated are these times,
And cheap labor too!

Booted by computers that leave nothing to do,
For the blue collar workers,
Feeling used and abused.

Delete.
Don't need.
Delete.
Don't need.

Booted by computers that leave nothing to do,
For the blue collar workers,
Feeling used and abused.

Blue collar workers feeling used,
And moved...
From positions that were sacrificed,
To improve what they do.
Automated are these times,
And cheap labor too!

Delete.
Don't need.

Delete.
Don't need.

Booted by computers that leave nothing to do,
For the blue collar workers,
Feeling used and abused.

Delete.
Don't need.
Delete.
Don't need.

Blue collar workers feeling used,
And moved.

Delete.
Don't need.
Delete.
Don't need.

Blue collar workers feeling used,
And moved.
Replaced by automation,
And much cheaper labor too!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Blue Has Cast Me Muted

Blue has cast me muted,
Doing subdued.
In no specific need...
Thinking of you.
Solitude embraces,
And I am tracing through...
A memory when two,
Like us...
Knew love!

Blue with cloud cover,
With no you to do.
Or me to hold you,
Exposing a heart to bleed to prove.
I am not one bit,
Bitter as I sit.
As emptiness visits!
This is it,
And real...
Doing me!

And blue has cast me muted,
Doing subdued.
In no specific need...
Thinking of you.
Solitude embraces,
And I am tracing through...
A memory when two,
Like us...
Knew love!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Blue Ivy

As Capricorns and Virgos go...
A match has been made in heaven.
Bee and Jay-Z now with Blue Ivy.
An added blessing for two...
So dynamic is this gift delivered.
To sparkle and shine...
As a brightening light divine.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Blueball Lushes

How many minutes does it take
To turn off the heat?
Make amends
And mutually retreat from this...
Hopeless, useless...
'I'm never gonna stop doing my thing,
Until you see my thing has more zing! '

Executive blueball lushes,
Crushing lives and dollar bills!
Tearing down any remnants of love...
Just to see people suffer for thrills!

How many seconds closer to lasts breaths
Does it take?
Before someone says,
'Let's mend the BS
And do a handshake!
Let's stop breaking these hearts,
That are not ours to break!
Everything we've done,
Has deepened the hate! '

Executive blueball lushes,
Crushing lives and dollar bills!
Tearing down any remnants of love...
Just to see people suffer for thrills!

Showing abilities to seduce for profit,
And turning disgusting into a skill!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Blueprints

Even blueprints to create,
Are not easy to create them.
With a cementing to intend,
The exploring of new adventures.

Sharing visions to recommend,
Is within itself an exhausting task.
Often others take what is presented,
To compare to a nostalgic past.

Taking steps to initiate fresh concepts,
With an innovative vision...
Many refuse to accept,
Can leave beneficial blueprints rejected.

Although there are those as time passes on,
Protesting to find themselves left behind.
To discover others from them have gone.
And unconcerned about a past,
That has long been repaved of its significance.

Even blueprints to create,
Are not easy to create them.
With a cementing to intend,
The exploring of new adventures.
Nor does time await for those to appreciate,
What has gone to no longer exist.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Bluffing Through The Process

If you have come to play cards,
Hold them close to your chest.
Don't even raise an eyebrow...
If you possess a winning,
Or a losing hand to suggest.

Just know that you can play,
And compete...
With whatever comes your way,
To seek to be successful at it.
Otherwise,
What would be the point...
In bluffing through the process?
To earn recognition?
Or a lifetime of feeling satisfaction.

Or...
Are you the kind who likes to sit on your behind,
Just to pretend...
You are holding onto something valuable.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Bogus Are Your Deeds

Bogus are your deeds.
Bogus are your activities,
You wish others to believe.

You may have intentions,
With them too often mentioned.
And you may take the credit,
For what others have done to do.
To excuse any evidence,
Or the providing of proof.
But an expertise you have 'and' use,
Of a displaying an innocence...
To have others defend what you pretend.
And eventually they will discover,
You have hoodwinked them.

Bogus are your deeds.
Bogus are your activities,
You wish others to believe.
To excuse any evidence,
Or the providing of proof.
Although you can quickly deceive.
With a choosing to have many duped.
But those who see through you know,
Bogus are your deeds.
Bogus are your activities you claim to perform.
But the ones informed you have also deceived.

Bogus are your focused deeds.
Bogus are your activities that one day will leave,
You among the other fools...
Making claims for what they did not do,
Only to become exposed and defeated.
And depleted of any perceived credibility.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Bogus Doses

Your rolling overexposed bogus doses aren't deep.
To keep them away from a 'vision'.
Your rolling overexposed bogus doses aren't deep.
To keep them away from a 'vision'.

Don't leave with a notion to soak,
Your bogus doses will get any info from me.
To keep me away from what's been 'visioned'.
Your rolling overexposed bogus doses aren't deep.
Not deep enough to cloud...
A 'vision'.

Your rolling overexposed bogus doses aren't deep,
To keep them away from the 'vision'.

Whatever that you do,
Has been done and 'thunked! '
With a doing of it in most eyes like a basketball dunked.
Swish, swoosh that's it.
And people who have seen this have a 'vision'.

You can't exchange the truth for a dollar.
Or change its appearance to ensure it fits.
Swish, swoosh that's it.
And people who have seen this have a 'vision'.
And people who have seen this have a 'vision'.

Swish, swoosh that's it.
Swish, swoosh that's it.
And people who have seen this have a 'vision'.
Take your bogus doses.
People who have seen this have a 'vision'.
And to witness focused.

Whatever that you do,
Has been done and 'thunked! '
With a doing of it in most eyes like a basketball dunked.
Swish, swoosh that's it.
Swish, swoosh that's it.

And people who have seen this have a 'vision'.
Now take your bogus doses.
Take your bogus doses.
Now take your bogus doses...
Away, away!

Now take your bogus doses.
Take your bogus doses.
Now take your bogus doses...
Away!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Boiled To The Top To Pop

It has always been greed that keeps,
People wanting more of it!
Leaving others desperate.
Regardless of their needs.

Always it has been the greed,
Feeding a coveting done...
To take from another then run.
At midnight! Like thieves.

Theft was invented to implement fear.
Between those who have not.
And those who take nonstop.
Theft was invented to implement...
Hate and division.
To pretend those who make threats...
Are jealous because they have less.

Now turmoil has boiled over the top,
To pop...
Over.
Leaving temperatures heated.
Seeking to inflict defeat.
Now turmoil has boiled to the top,
To drop...
Craze and sickened madness.
Over greed and division.
Started by a hatred deceptions leave.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Bolted Deep In It

Bolted deep in it.
With a tightened grip that fits...
To make sure no loose ends would dangle,
From a knit to slip!

Bolted deep in it.
With a tightened grip that fits.
And bolted deeper just to keep,
Mouths closed with silenced lips!

An upper hand is now commanding,
Everyone to take a stand.
And those who choose to bicker and moan,
Are left with their antics alone!

An upper hand is now commanding,
With no loop holes to excuse.
Or those denying they've been framed...
As all their gains go down the drain.

They've been bolted deep in it.
With a tightened grip that fits.
With no loop holes to excuse.
To accuse they've been abused.

Bolted deep in it.
With a tightened grip that fits...
To make sure no loose ends would dangle,
From a knit to slip!
And bolted deeper just to keep,
Mouths closed with silenced lips!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Bombardment

Why do I feel,
This is too real to dismiss?
Why am I choosing to peel away from it...
When I know deep inside,
This is truth I can not hide...
That prys with its visit.

Emitting from within its midst,
Is an attraction I can not resist.
And if there is a doubt at all...
Why am I stalling to move?
Why am I not appalled,
At all?

There is more that comes to sit,
That has proven it is true.
It is solid...
Not wavering to drift!
It is meant to come,
As a burden lift!

And it comes to me,
To remove a dishonesty!
That soothes without excuses.
To combat a bombardment...
Of much bruising self abuses!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Bona Fide Begging

Life, liberty and...
And?
No-no-no.
Let there be liberty...
Or,
No-no-no-no!
If I have only one life...
To live.
That doesn't sound right either.

'What is it that you are trying to say? '

I have an interview for a job tomorrow.
And I want to appear as patriotic as possible.

'That's easy.
Do what I did.
And it was only for a part time job! '

What did you do?

'I handed the interviewer my resume.
And as she was going over it.
I pulled out a bottle of sleeping pills.
And threatened to take my life! '

Noooo...?

'Yes!
She wasn't convinced.
I'm glad of that.
Because the bottle was filled with TIC TACs.'

So what happened next?

'BEGGING.
It works!
Bona fide begging...
Works! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Bona Fide Deliverance

Before you decide,
You should leave a place you reside...
Make sure no one left behind inside,
Is not waving you goodbye!
With actions your mind denies,
Are signs of a qualified...
Permanent good riddance!
And giving them feelings of relief,
They are free of further grief...
Since your absence provides,
A certain bona fide deliverance!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Bonding Rituals

There are those who are taught,
And believe what they take away from others...
Is theirs to keep.
And pray they do to God,
For some sign from Him that meets...
His approval.
However...
Mother Nature is never consulted,
Or invited to participate...
In these private bonding rituals!
And this usually interferes,
With any final decision made.

'Dear Most High and Magnificent Creator of All.'

-Before you get started.
Have you informed your Mother of your wishes? -

'No. I didn't think I needed to.'

-Well,
This time I suggest you do.
Since She's the 'One' not Me,
Showing to become increasingly temperamental...
These days.
And I don't want Her huffing and puffing,
On My back.
You got that? -

'Yes, Your Most Almighty.'

-Do this for Me.
I'm sure this too shall pass.-

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Bone Us

It is clearer each year...
Expectations to receive,
Leaves many misunderstanding
Just who is the giver!
Some are waiting and anticipating.
While others are fearing in distrust,
With thoughts they keep to themselves...

'Fewer will get gifts this year of cheer!
While some already know,
'They' want to bone us in the rear! '

Making the delivery understood...
Joy to the World may be arriving a bit later,
To the masses anticipating...
Much more than familiar anal encounters!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Boogie-Woogie With A Bit Of Hip-Hop

Of course I like to mingle,
When the fun is piping hot.
Being around those single...
After making two divorce stops?
There's nothing like having others know,
When one has been through a lot.
And having a frown lifted off my face...
With a smile that now says,
'I'm not dead! Let's finger pop! '

Baby bloomers fill the room,
Showing we've survived the aging gloom...
Is an adventure we all have in common!
And I can still move to all kinds of grooves,
Move over doom...
I'm with some people who haven't forgotten,
How to 'Boogie-Woogie' with a bit of 'Hip-Hop'!

~Be my, be my baby...
My one and only baby~

'Johnny Mathis?
Chances Are...
We are 'here' to 'hear' some James Brown! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Book Cover Judgers

Book cover judgers,
Wonder why their troubles double...
When they take positions to assume,
Outcomes by looks.
And not content to ignore the doer.

Book cover judges look the other way,
To assess what they feel should display...
That which impresses their acceptance.
And ideals they want portrayed,
As standards and values...
On pedestals to wish to get.

But the effort taken to endeavor them,
Seems to be despised...
By the ones living the reality of their lives.
To appease those refusing to remove,
Their rose colored glasses from their eyes.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Bookends

Side effects accepted,
Should be broken from our hold.
You and I...
Are better off to let them go.

Side effects accepted,
Should be broken from our hold.
You and I...
Should know.

Together we are better as a set.
Bookends.
Together as a package when we met.
Bookends.
Supporting with our best,
A kept togetherness.

Side effects,
Are nothing but pests.
We should keep them noticed,
With our kept togetherness.

Bookends.
Together as a package.
Bookends.
Better as a set.
Bookends,
Freed from weighted baggage.
Bookends,
Without those side effects.

Side effects accepted,
Should be broken from our hold.
You and I...
Are better off to let them go.

Bookends.
Together as a package.
Like,

Bookends...
Better as a set.
Like,
Bookends...
Freed from weighted baggage.
Like...
Bookends,
Without those side effects.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Booties Bruised

Empty dipped.
And freed...
Are the recovered pleaders!

Losing balancing acts and ripped,
From the 'Big Top'...
Of their beloved circus.

And the screaming is heard,
From miles around.
With a final bump...
That thumps their rumps!

Booties bruised are the bummed out ones!
But nothing stops them,
From mending their lumps.
And jumping over their humps!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Bore The Next Generation

The curse of being young and vibrant 'always',
Stays on the minds of those chasing youth.
With a wanting to remain at mid bloom and vivid.
But to live to age and visit each stage of life,
And accept each forward step as making progress...
So many regret to attempt to reject the process.
Looking stressed to leave their limbs,
To eventually wither without a needed rest...
That keeps them successfully strengthened.

The curse of being young and vibrant 'always',
Stays on the minds of those chasing youth.
To have it believed,
That the best fruits to pick as early as possible...
Are those plucked from the vine,
'Before' experiencing the time...
When they are at their most sweetest.

'Why should I want 'anything' that's about to die? '

And that's the reason why you kill yourselves,
Trying to prevent the inevitable?
With a doing to delude an excused satisfaction.
Or believe that which ages does not excite?

'Uh...what? '

A mind kept exercised can realize any possibility.
You want your appearance with ignorance sustained.
Instead of keeping the rhythm of life with you felt.
And those plucked from the vine before experiencing the time...
To be peeled with it done slowly may have the presence,
But the taste one wishes to appreciate never stays.
Quick pickings end to never satisfy a long lasting taste.

'What are you going to tell me next?
You encouraged 'Moses' to talk to the Burning Bush? '

To the who?

To the what?
WHAT?
Uh?

'I'm on a horse in a race with other game players.
You may remember your ride on donkeys.
I don't.
Even though I do hope to grow as old as you are,
To bore the next generation.'

Uh...what?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Bored To Tears

Sentenced to whims granted,
Is the ungrateful approach to life...
Those cursed with wealth,
Who find themselves living their lives...
Bored to tears as socialites.

With wishes and dreams,
Limited to pomp and circumstance.
And restricted to proper etiquette...
That is artificially rimmed with affectation,
With a twist of limped wrist crime dined on.

And these are the carrots that are dangled,
To tease as a piece of the pie...
One drools unconsciously to obtain,
As if this is the objective of a 'good' life lived.
To awaken realizing one is bored to tears.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Bored With School

I became extremely bored with school,
At an early age.
I felt I was watched and scrutinized,
Unnecessarily.
AND...
I told my 5th grade teacher this.
AFTER given an assignment,
To write an essay...
Right there in the classroom.

I felt her hawkish eyes on me,
Like I was prey.
And she couldn't wait to see,
What I had written.

'Uh...
Mr. Pertillar?
Why are you looking out the window.
I've given all of you students an assignment.'

~I'm done.~

'That's impossible.'

~You've asked us to write an assignment...
And...
With an 'a' and a 'd' surrounding an 'n'
I said,
I was done! ~

'You are a fresh mouth little boy.
Bring to me your work.'

~And there are no spelling errors.
I check it.~

'Interesting.
Very 'adult' in expression.
But this is a 5th grade assignment.

And YOU are getting a 'C'.'

~A 'C'? ~

'Open your mouth again,
And it will become a 'D'.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Bored With Their Lives

Only those who can not admit,
They are bored with their lives...
And trying to outlaw and diss,
Someone else's happiness...
Because they have discovered,
Starting conflicts brings to them attention...
With a doing they can not resist.
And would not get it if it was not for ignorance,
Being at the center of all their mindless decisions.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Boring It Gets

I'm going to knock it out of the park.
Everytime that ball hits my bat.
And my desire to do just that,
Has come to distract...
Those awaiting to see,
Someone else holding a bat...
Swinging at a ball,
But cheered because shown flaws...
Gives them more to witness,
Than one who has begun to bore...
They had come to see fail.
Yet prevails in keeping them disappointed.

'There he goes...again.'

~Yeah.
But did you see that?
He knocked the ball,
Right out of the park!
And this time he didn't use a bat.~

'Who cares.
I'm waiting for the one who strikes out.
At least I can see some potential still there.'

~But games are not won on potential.~

'And boring it gets,
To see someone known to win.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Born From A Place Of Strength

If anyone should come to you,
And this just might happen...
Insisting there is a better life,
You can and should live...
That is far more gratifying,
Than the one you now have...
And they try to attempt,
To make you feel as miserable as possible...
You have been targeted by those,
Seeking to have allies.
And 'assume' your happiness,
Had not been born from a place of strength.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Born From Souls

Born from souls,
That within me sit.
My thoughts are connected.
And this affects,
My emotions.

I am watched.
I am protected.
This is felt.
And I know this.

And when I stumble,
I have help.
This is shown,
I am born from souls.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Born On The Back Of A Toad

What difference would it make,
If someone was born on the back of a toad?
The people that should be examined,
For mental agility and loose bolts...
Are those who have argued in debate,
Attempting to associate that person born...
Not with the toad,
But with a frog seen hopping along...
Minding its own business upon the day of birth!
And that belching frog has now been accused,
To have influenced with 'socialistic' inclinations.

'So...
What are you saying?
People today are nuts? '

Do I really have to say it?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Born To Do

All my life I've been told,
What I could and could not do.
As if these messages were directly delivered.
Just to test that maverick in me.
To see if I committed myself,
To the speaking of falsities.

I was born to do what I've been doing.
Although I have been interviewed,
To qualify myself to chase someone else's dollar.
And to have my multi-faceted cultural identity used.
You know,
As window dressing!

All my life I've been told,
What I could and could not do.
As if these messages were directly delivered.
Just to test that maverick in me.
To see if I committed myself,
To the speaking of falsities.

And I have never been one,
To fake the scope of my realities...
For the purpose to charade.
Or hide them behind drapes.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Born To Do What Is Meant

One must do with a following through,
What is most desired and wished...
On a daily basis to get done to do.
And not with approval by others to choose.
Regardless who may bring a confusion.
Or their negativity to the mix,
To advance an enhancement of discouragement.

And if one is born to do what is meant,
No one can come between this cemented relationship.
Nor risks of appearing obstacles intended,
Can prevent the doing...
Of one's devoted discipline and commitment,
That has one stamped with a destiny.
Since one like this knows it is unavoidable.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Born To Feel Passion

I have been told
Not to expect others
To feel as passionate
About life as I do!
I thought that strange.
Especially...
Since those comments
Were from those
Living!
Or...
Maybe not!
And what I feel,
Is not real to them!
Perhaps for them it lacks appeal?
This life I have,
I am not in doubt...
Nor trying to figure out,
Who's life I have I am living!

Could they be right?
Could they be tossing,
And turning with sleepless nights...
Yearning?

It is my life.
And I thank God,
I was born to feel passion.
And as a bonus,
He added compassion.
Or...
Maybe not!
Maybe it is the other way around?
And they are right.
It is my life!
And I am confused...
As to which part of it lived to use?
And how much of it exposed,
I should be living and giving
First?

This life I live that comes to give...
As I live it,
Is unrehearsed!
I did not bother to watch others,
From a safety that is perched!

Perhaps,
I should just sit...
To watch others more experienced,
Living it...
In practice to arrange
A more suitable existence...
That protects,
And perfects it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Born To First Recognize Truth

If people were born and conditioned,
To familiarize themselves with the telling of the truth...
Less conflicts would be introduced.
More people would express respect.
Less hospitals would be produced.
And more resources would be shared...
With everyone everywhere experiencing happiness,
Instead of buying into a marketing of despair.
If more people were born to be made aware,
Of their true identities and leaving few to care...
Why some have to lie to hide their insecurities,
To mask a superiority over others.
IF...
People were born not to fear what 'is'.
So much pain today suffered would be reduced.
And none of this 'created' reality would exist,
IF...
People soon after birth were told first about truth.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Born To Reflect Exceptions

Poisoned by their own habits,
And a lifestyle they value...
As a standard to achieve,
Has them in dire need of resuscitation.

And 'hopefully' some of those ideals preached,
Will be given a priority as a rule...
Without anyone believing,
They've been born to reflect exceptions.

Hopefully the prospects to revive them,
Using resuscitation with fresh air to breathe...
Will awakened them to see the light!
God knows it is bright enough.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Botched Notches

Who pulled the rug from under the thugs.
To have them unprepared,
For the publicity and the glare.
Ashamed but declaring their innocence...
In expensive and tailor made,
Crisp designer suits.

Someone has stopped these rats from their scurry.
Someone is in a hurry,
To do some smearing.
Quick!
And with a jeering payback.
With a calm and collectedness.
Who is it?
Who has come to get that addressed?
Who among them has that much finesse?
To spot their botched notches...
Hidden behind their puffed up chests.
And make that known!

'Obama is the man that can! '

Could it be the one...
Who is about to mount the throne?
Could it be the one...
Who does not allow,
Any BS condoned?
Could it be the one...
Who has arrived to clean up,
Washington, D.C.
To put a sheen and a gleem once again...
That has chipped away as it is seen,
Peeling off the White House!

'Obama is the man that can! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Both Goosebumps And Hope

It gives me...
Both goosebumps and hope,
That today's children...
Long driven from reality by their folks,
Will one day return to walk into it...
To discover the difference between,
A brick wall and an animated mouse...
Never to have had the ability to talk.
And doesn't dress in a tuxedo.
Or...is reall at all.

It gives me...
Both goosebumps and hope,
To know that when these children...
Eventually do grow up,
That which today that has been faked to create...
By delusion and accepted corruption,
Will be faced to fade away...
Like it has been protected to stay,
In the minds people my age...
Allowed to remain to claim AND denied,
Has not been fantasized.

It gives me...
Both goosebumps and hope,
That signs of truth and proof of it...
Is slowly beginning to be introduced.
And more are becoming less offended,
By its existence to resist it as a passing fad.
To make those who have been aware and conscious,
Glad its presence is being more regarded...
As a fashion statement to think its exposure,
To adapt and adopt...
Is a rebellion to start old minds will find,
Unable to stop.

This...
Gives me both goosebumpe and hope,
That today's children long driven from reality...

By 'their' folks,
Will one day return to walk into it.
With the belief that the doing,
Upsets those who reject...
A discovery of reality kept disguised by lies.
And 'this' I hope to live long enough to witness.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Both Had The Right

Both had the right,
To be where they were.
But one chose to fight.
And died.

Both had the right,
To be where they were.
One had volunteered to protect the peace.
The other had no respect for authority.
None!

And...
IF there had been at least 'some',
Both would have recognized each other...
With a going their seperate ways.
With a courtesy given, expressed and made.

Still suspicious one attempted to do just that.
To be sucker punched then jumped,
From a darkened corner by the other one.
With a doing to stun.

A gun was exposed!
By one authorized to carry.
But the one who 'jumped' did not know this.
Repeatedly hitting the one stunned with bare fists.

A call for help was yelled.
And many chose to ignored it,
Except for someone who heard this...
To then dial 911.

A shot rang out and a death was committed.
Yet...
Both had the right to be where they were.
But...
Why would the one with the gun,
Pull the trigger?

Both had the right,
To be where they were.
But one chose to fight.
And died.
Even though a truth exposed,
Is being denied by those refusing...
With a preference to keep their delusions included.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Both Of Us Have Improved Upon Our Listening Skills

I told you not to disturb me.
Not once.
Not twice,
But several times.
You chose not to listen.
You wanted to push me against the wall.
I could not resist.
You insisted to have it your way.
And as you wished...
I let you have it!
Fangs and all.
It was you who broke my valuables...
Trying to escape.
And now you must pay the consequences.

I will untie you from the tree...
When I am done with my arrow practice!
What does it matter if I am the one blindfolded?
You will know when I am done,
When there is complete silence.
And that is up to you!
I have a few arrows left.
And your screaming,
Only sharpens my aim!

I hope we can come to some agreement soon!
Now...
That last sound you made,
Is convincing.
That goes to prove,
Both of us have improved upon our listening skills.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Both Sides Of Love

It is difficult..
It is.
To have feelings of hate,
When exposed to both sides of love.

Exasperation can certainly irritate,
When and if it comes to visit.
Leaving one to feel more like a stool pigeon,
Sitting.
Instead of an eagle or dove made to soar above.

And stumbing can broadside,
One who has seen many seasons.
And doing what is thought the right thing to do...
For whatever the practical limits of reason.

It is difficult..
It is.
To have feelings of hate,
For those known to be straight up in their faith.
Yet often tested.
To break the nerves of the ones pushed to the edge.
Although overheard secretly in pledges,
To curb anxieties.

Hoping not to release prematurely,
A show of embittered tension carried.

Exasperation can certainly irritate,
When and if it comes to visit.
And it is difficult,
It is...
Not to rush into a cussing fit!
With love,
At the center of it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Botoxed

The only people,
Feeling they must dispute truth...
And defend themselves against it,
Are those who fear the losing...
Of their freshly injected botoxed smiles.
With wishes to keep them undetected,
When under pressure to express honesty.

'Honey?
You've had that same smile on your face,
For at least six months.
In the beginning I was excited to see you.
But I must admit,
Your smiling has begun to creep me out.'

~Remember...
You were the one to convince me,
To run for public office.
And the only way that I could win,
Is to pretend I was always happy.~

'Yeah, but gee whiz...
I don't have the satisfaction,
Of arguing with you anymore.
Even when you disagree with me,
That smile is left on your face.'

~Baby...
How do you think politicians get elected?
By being honest and direct?
Truth today is no longer respected.
My smile has been effective.
In and out of this house.
Have you noticed how the children,
Annoy me less? ~

'You've scared them into paying you,
More attention with a listening to do.
They have become afraid.'

~And they say botox,
Is a rage that will fade.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Bottom Lip Licked

Can juice be squeezed,
From a rock...
Drying from morning dewdrops,
Spotted?

Does a penny earned...
Cost more when they are worthless,
Even wrapped and rolled to make a dollar...
That is quick and quietly burned?

People are freer to live...
When they worry less about good credit,
To survive!
Since having that...
Only means,
Debts owed can be forgiven
With slower payments made.
If any today on the horizon can be seen!
No matter how many meals are being skipped...
Or a bottom lip licked,
With thoughts of peanut butter sandwiches...
And a cup of tea to sip!
Wishing.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Bottoms Up!

Flat, round...
Narrow or wide!
That's the only way
Everyone is getting it,
These days.
Happy Hour or not!
And if it is...
It will still be,
For those getting it...
To receive what's coming,
With or without accompanying pain.
Numb or dumbfounded!
From the top to the knees to drop.

'Don't act like you can't hear!
You there...
In the rear!
Bottoms up! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Bought And Sold

Bought and sold.
Bought,
And sold.

Bought and sold...
As if no feelings I keep.
But deep inside I'm touched.
Nothing here is cheaply rushed.

Bought and sold...
On what to me has been told.
Not me I'm not of mush.
Nor easily crushed to dust.

Excesses on the cheapness of life,
Has made a weakness increase...
And,
Bought and sold.

Bought,
And sold.
Bought and sold.
Too many given anything.
Just to say they've gotten a piece,
To be...
Bought and sold.

Bought and sold...
On what to me has been told.
Not me I'm not of mush.
Nor easily crushed to dust.

Bought and sold...
As if no feelings I keep.
But deep inside I'm touched.
Nothing here is cheaply rushed.

Too many people take for granted and accept too easily.
To be sold,

On what they're told.

Too many people take for granted and accept too easily.
Bought and sold,
On what they're told.

Too many people take for granted and accept too easily.
To be sold,
On what they're told.
Bought and sold,
On what they're told.
Just...
To sell.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Boulevard Of Moral Decay

On the streets they enjoy playing,
Their thuggish games!
Trained to be subservient
To a life that obeys breaking laws,
With confidence!
These elements are now the consequences,
Of a tolerance that has gone much too far!
Right under the noses...
Of those who chose to see themselves 'untouchable'
And indifferent to lifestyles changing around them!
They have been disrespected for being who they are.
Letting their guard down as they tossed insults,
And invaded the comfort of others!

This affected their relationships with lovers,
Family and friends!
And this bullshit 'ain't ending!
This mental distant game of cowboys and Indians!
Possessions are now at risk.
And there is no way to dismiss what has taken place!

We've spent too much time,
Trying to find the relevance...
And adjusting to the demands
Of the pressure to progress prosperity,
With all the joy good credit can buy!
And if we have to lie about it...
The better!
That has been our doctrine!

And today we are surrounded by so many lies!
So many alibis and attempts to find some hint,
Somewhere...
Of protected quality!
Sheltered from despair and agony,
Clearly on the Sunrise for all!

We've bounced back and forth like a tennis ball,
From beliefs the widest of TV screens

Have fed us...
Much bigger and bolder than before!
Seducing with the most vivid high definitioned color!
Yet...
No sympathy we seek approaches our addresses!
The mess that is in our heads and in our homes...
We've condoned with much 'bewildering' participation!
And that's being confessed,
Finally!
Although deadly to the ones,
Who are the victims of our fantasies!

~Soon they will be exposed as those
With the power after all!
This presentation seems to have
A 'Guest' waiting in the wings! ~

It's part of the culture we decided to live in!
Driving down the boulevard of moral decay!
No one ever dreamed that the journey back
Had followed us to our own front doors!
We can turn the TV sets off now.
There is a visitor that comes...
Some scum that traced us.
And we allow them to smuggle,
Every last piece of peace we've got left!
We've been condtioned to believe
Our ideals to be the best!
Even if the rest of the world
May see us leaking confidence,
With a lack of direction displayed...
By common sense delayed,
Among those in disarray
With skills to cheat but none to lead!

On the streets...
They enjoy playing their thuggish games!
They strategize to compete for turf.
They bluff and sometimes the bluffing hurts!
They never express guilt or apologize.
They grew up believing what they fed themselves was true!
Although they liked to masquerade,

In various disguises!

Until they created....
Something more than civil disobedience,
And chaos!
Representing what we consent!
Leaving us to observe lost treasures.
That can not be quickly minted...
To patch the maddness relentlessly brewed,
And it's not pleasant to the taste at all,
Observing fools who 'pontificate'
The do's and don'ts.
Now watching themselves close,
To being done in!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Bound Down And Traveled To Brag

Bound down.
With a weight much too heavy.
A load that is carried.
Not to shift from a snugging fit.

Bound down and accustomed to the carrying,
Their trials, tribulations and burdens all around.
As if to despair a marriage to tolerate,
With a promise made to stay devoted.

Bound down.
Like a horse attached to a carriage.
And cracking a back directed to adhere.
Wishing not for the sound of a whip that snaps.

Bound down and traveled to brag,
On a mission to awaiting listening ears...
As how one has journeyed through the years,
Making toiling a clear choice one has chosen to do...
To validate with proof the showing of one's suffering.

Bound down.
As if to keep the doing of it,
A proud family tradition to instill.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Boundaries To Limit

The most difficult challenge faced,
By anyone living today...
Is the choosing to be oneself.

And the opposition to the doing of this,
Is not restricted to those,
Hiding behind their deceptions imposed.
No!
The very ones who believe they 'know',
Someone from a past had long ago...
Are the first to restrict with boundaries and limits.
And times long gone they can not let go.
Ensuring they too will never bloom to grow.
Or be introduced to truth to mature.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Boxed In And Toxic

Boxed in and toxic.
Caged in derangements,
They seek as shelters.
Yet exploited and encourage,
To denounce themselves...
And what is left of their dignities.

Religiously addicted,
By tricks that have them fixed.
Some are even degreed.
But accept a fellowship...
That assist them quicker,
To solicit their own sickness.

And this they can't seem to 'get'.
Since they've been split from identities.
In worship they dream of an afterlife.
While hypnotically separated,
From the one they breathe.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Boycott

All that there is to boycott.
And with a doing of it too.
People for some reason.
Refuse to boycott against ignorance.
Or their acceptance of disrespect,
Not to mention a lack of discipline.
Many feel would intrude,
Upon their rights of entitlement.
But truth as it is spoken.
Offends those who defend,
An anxiousness to censor anything.
That hints to remove them from delusion.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Boys And Girls

Many may remember the process.
To begin a starting of it with others.
But somehow a few did not finish to complete,
A doing to bloom with encouraged nourishment...
That set them on the right track and up on their feet.

And some may remember who began to stand,
While others refused to take command.
With beliefs kept that wishes to dream came,
Packaged and delivered...
Without experiencing cloudy days and pouring rain.

Stuck in the middle of a youth still pursued.
Stuck to remain...
In a youth that came to live and not undo!
Stuck in the middle and refusing to accept,
Tests to pass to qualify for the next step.

Adults have a history experienced to reminisce.
But a childishness kept rebels and disrespects,
A process to comprehend that validates success.
To leave their guardians and/or parents left upset.
Expressing now how they have deep regrets to confess!

'I don't know what happened.
God knows I've done my best,
To raise my children like I had been.
I can't believe or understand,
How my boys and girls...
Have gotten into the trouble they are in.'

~Let's keep our fingers crossed.
You never know how these things work out.
Maybe one day someone will come along,
To teach them respect and how to listen to comprehend.
And perhaps they will accept what it takes,
To become responsible for their actions.
With a doing to be accountable like adult men and women.~

'And then what? '

~Maybe they will teach you...
The missing steps you didn't get,
When you believed you were grown up! ~

'Your comments I find appalling and quite offensive.'

~Isn't that something.
Both of us are here to witness,
How quick you can defend denial.
And certified as a teacher, I am not! ~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Braggarts

Now that those braggarts have won,
To convince many what can be done...
When they get to sit in positions,
Of leadership.
Seem less optimistic.
And far less willing,
To publicly boast.
Since time they used to abuse,
Others with proven skills...
Many accepted to be fools,
Needing to be removed.
With this done in a stunning,
Victory.
Has left those 'braggarts',
Little time almongst themselves...
To recover and choose,
Which one to pick with more...
Experience.
That does not reveal them all to be,
Incompetent.

'We won. We actually did it.'

-Yes! You did.
We only supported your fantasies.-
Fantasies so outrageous,
Even we thought they would be...
Disbelieved.-

'So what do you recommend I do? '

-Get a cape, tophat and magic wand.
And hope your charisma sells,
Enough that the people...
You have hypnotized never realize,
Just how bad your promised tricks...
Leaves them no benefit.
Or will provide sustaining,
Substance to admit.-

'I-I-I...I just entertain.
That's all I know how to do.'

-Well...
Humility may become,
One of your best attributes.
Although promoting it,
Could be the biggest challenge...
You have yet to face.
Good luck.-

'Good luck? Good luck?
Where are all of you going? '

-Hopefully to find,
A witness protection program.-

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Brand Of Ecstasy

I'm gonna win you back.
And it wont take long.
Panting and sacked...
Like you like it,
Slow and strong!
It may take a while,
To recover from what you've missed!
But soon as you get it...
You'll enjoy how it's licked!
I've got it!
And you know it!
It is mine!
Don't resist to show it!
I'm gonna win you back.
With a brand of ecstasy that fits,
And relaxes to the max!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Branded

Tragic is the self misplaced.
Tragic is a lost identity...
And no familiarity on anyone's face.
Tragic in denial
Sits the misfits feeling on trial
For lives lived reeking and stinking of bile.
Tragic for them,
Love is not recognized at all...
Nor suitable to start,
From a place within them that begins.
And this becomes tragic for those
Unlike them but comprehending,
These tragedies
May not always be self inflicted...
As they are branded!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Branded And Tied Up!

It has been made extremely easy,
To become part of a herd.
Branded.
And tied up!

Who's to say with it denied,
A humiliation received...
Has not been well deserved.
To be branded 'and' tied up.

Everybody sought to reach,
Dangled carrots hanging low.
And everybody wanted,
That treat to feast.
To grab as much as possible,
With a glow showing...
They couldn't let go.

Branded and tied up.
Nobody thought to think,
A supply of a feast would someday leave.
Many signed their names bold and in ink,
To indebt their lives to things that 'blinged'.

Now the herd has been disturbed,
By rumors of deception to them heard.
Now the herd has become,
Distraught and perturbed...
That their way of life comes to an end.
With possessions to obsess,
Repossessed from them.

Branded.
And tied up!
to a life devoted to be lived on lies.
Branded.
And tied up!
Together in divisions,
And conflicted by religions.

Branded.
And tied up!
To commitments made,
That returns them pain.
Branded and tied up!
Together in the same storm,
Pouring shame and the blame game.

Branded.
And tied up!
Together with their bigotry,
And misplaced hate.
Branded.
And tied up!
Together but together,
They hold their fate.
Together AND however,
They must escape.

Branded.
And tied up!
Together with their bigotry,
And misplaced hate.
Branded.
And tied up!
Together but together,
They hold their fate.
Together YET however,
They must escape.

It has been made extremely easy,
To become part of a herd.
Branded.
And tied up!
Together but together,
They hold their fate.
Branded.
And tied up!
Together yet however,
They must escape.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Branding Burns

Branding burns.
With a doing to leave centuries,
Of minds singed and scarred.
Never to mend again to pride an identity.

Branding burns,
To wound with an effectiveness done deep.
And worn to wear as a reminder to keep,
Although the affect of this is hypnotic...
Robotic has been the movement,
Left in minds over time permanently diseased.

Branding burns those accepting confinement,
Within dependent limits...
Kept to keep restricted beliefs,
To worship oppression and conditions that suppress.

Branding burns,
And the pain is released...
Upon that image which reflects,
A rejection that increases self hatred.

Branding burns and it hurts.
But cures to find to beat their self defeating,
Is no longer a priority...
To define a dignity that has been undermined.

Branding burns,
And the pain is released...
Upon that image which reflects,
A rejection that increases self hatred.
With no escape from it...
By those with wishes to impress in masquerade,
To charade on a daily basis!

Branding burns but it hurts,
To know the doing continues to be worshipped...
By those still devoted to hopelessness.
And encouraged to accept this mental process.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Brave You Are

Even as my comforts dwindle.
And I believe we all have been swindled,
To accept those sweeping conflicts you greet...
To defeat to keep an image untarnished.
My heart is with you,
Brave one who stays there.
As I and others are kept safe,
On shores
Where those who pray and miss your presence.
Brave you are!
And your commitment,
To allow the feeding of selfish greed...
Should be praised.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Braving It

Saving it.
With a making of it,
My love of life...
As a sequel.

And braving it.
Through stormy days,
Will be my life...
To seek those peaks,
I wish to reach.

Borrowed are no sorrows,
To maintain.
Tomorrow I seek the Sun,
And not the rain.

I make those choices,
To choose to rejoice.
And with open eyes,
Fears inside I push aside.

Saving it.
With a making of it,
My love of life...
As a sequel.

And braving it.
Through stormy days,
Will be my life...
To seek those peaks,
I wish to reach.
And...
With a peace,
I keep within.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Brazened Thieves

Revealing in increasing numbers...
An emboldened and contemptuous behavior expressed,
From lessons learned and taught to address...
A passing of immaturity that delights those impressed.
And reflecting directly an acceptance,
That has begun to upset those who slept in a mindlessness.
And the very ones now awakening to protest the effectiveness,
Of their own implemented deceits initiated in secret and discreet.

And yet with their pretentiousness kept to publicly present,
Continue they do to deny an infestation of corruption meant...
With an allowance to manifest as they profit to digest,
A feasting that feeds to accuse others of 'their' misdeeds.
Since they believe themselves qualified,
To advantage exclusively with entitlements to pride.
Although they remain debating in probes to investigate,
The cause of their aches and pains from self righteous positions...
Taken to defend an innocence to convince anyone it still exists.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Breached

Who is left to decide,
How a normal mind is depicted?
And who is it that would advocate war,
To then say interests on different shores...
Belong to those who chose to inflict conflict.
And this mental addiction to such illness,
Is currently being defended by those with beliefs...
They are entitled with rights,
Threatened to be breached...
If a seeking to update or delete a 2nd Amendment,
Interpreted for times long gone and obsolete?

And yet protecting the rights,
Of those dropped on the streets day and night...
Are not prioritized with the same attention given.

Who is left to decide,
How a normal mind is depicted?
When violations persist with commitment.

And who is it that would advocate war,
To then say interests on different shores...
Belong to those who chose to inflict conflict?

What definition of 'normalcy' is this?
When those wishing to purchase weapons,
For the purpose to protect their 'sanities'...
Have loose ends and with 'hypocrisies' fit.
If...
Their values and standards kept,
Have implemented the reasons why...
Human lives everywhere have been observed,
Disrespected to have their lives infested...
By delusions of peace sickened and diseased.

Who is left to decide,
How a normal mind is depicted?
Where is this myth practiced...
When misfits sick are on the rise!

And who are they to benefit from not being crazed?
Without a hiding to defend and protect their dysfunctions,
From those still determining who amongst them is nuts!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Break Free

Break free...
Of redundancy redone,
With done deeds!
Loosen up and retire,
From strategies that freeze!
Give up...
On the purpose,
To stay the ringmaster of your circus!
Enjoy and refresh!
Redress your life with finesse,
And break free and maneuver.
Turn that mess around and feel blessed!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Break It Down

If something there is bothering you,
But you don't know what you should do.
You should break it down,
Bit by bit.
You should break it down,
Bit by bit.

Afraid you are to give it trust,
But trust you must and from your gut.
You should break it down.
Bit by bit.
You should break it down,
Bit by bit.

What is more important to you,
Moodiness or fortitude?
You should break it down.
You should break it down.

Is it not an issue,
But to you it really is?
What is it?
You should break it down.
What is it?
You should break it down.

What is more important to you,
Moodiness or fortitude?
You should break it down.
What is it?
You should break it down.

If something there is bothering you,
But you don't know what you should do.
You should break it down,
Bit by bit.
You should break it down,
Bit by bit.

Afraid you are to give it trust,
But trust you must and from your gut.
You should break it down.
Bit by bit.
You should break it down,
Bit by bit.

What is more important to you,
Moodiness or fortitude?
You should break it down.
Bit by bit.
You should break it down.
Bit by bit.
What is more important to you,
Moodiness or fortitude?
You should break it down.
Bit by bit.
You should break it down.
Bit by bit.
You should break it down.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Break Ups Aren'T The Same

When sweet love is sent to you,
The heart that sends it
Shoulders your reception,
Holds you accountable...
Insuring the condition of it to your trust!
Break ups aren't the same,
As letting chips fall where they may!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Breaking All The Rules

You don't know what I know, do yah.
Do yah, do yah.

Deceit defeated will end all misdeeds.

You don't know what I know, do yah.
Do yah, do yah.

Deceit defeated will end all misdeeds.

You'll be stopped from braking all the rules.
And...
Stopped from doing tricky things you do.

You don't know what I know, do yah.
Do yah, do yah.
You don't know what I know.

You don't know what I know, do yah.
Do yah, do yah.
You don't know what I know.

Many want it kept pursued,
The...
Duping and the suckering to fool,
THEY DO!

You don't know what I know, do yah.
Do yah, do yah.
You don't know what I know.

You don't know what I know, do yah.
Do yah, do yah.
You don't know what I know.

An ending to the breaking all the rules,
Is coming soon...
With deceit defeated.
With deceit defeated.

And...
None of it to be repeated deeds.

I can feel it!

You don't know what I know, do yah.
Do yah, do yah...
Deceit defeated will end these misdeeds.

An ending to the breaking all the rules,
Is coming...
Since deceit defeated will end these misdeeds.

An ending to the breaking all the rules,
Is coming...
Since deceit defeated will end these misdeeds.

Deceit defeated will end these misdeeds.
Oh...yes.
Deceit defeated will end these misdeeds.
Oh...yes.
Deceit defeated will end these misdeeds.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Breaking Away From That Which Limits

Every new beginning,
Proves to advantage with benefits.
And those letting go of that which is old,
Do it to not reminisce what is missed...
But to welcome a freshness,
Never before visited.
With steps to take...
Breaking away from that which limits.

Memories experienced,
Will always be there to unwind at times.
It is difficult to escape from that which took place.
But change we do as seasons come to go.
To hesitate and not embrace change,
Is not the purpose of one's life to live...
Perceiving it is possible,
One can prevent what is meant to grow!

Every new beginning,
Proves to advantage with benefits.
As a freshness is welcomed,
To have never before visited.
And with a breaking away from that which limits.

On the horizon the Sun rises.
And on the horizon the Sun sets.
No one should be living a life in between,
Welcoming discouragement.
Or living not to let go of regrets.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Breaking The Strokes

Breaking the strokes,
Of acceptable cycles...
Has to be done,
If a future is expected...
To advance the enlightenment,
Of everyone.
And encourage the acceptance of Sun.

Dismissing fears,
Of that which does not exist...
Should be cleared from paths,
Of those resisting change.
Since change is a process of development.
And not a rehearsal to continue to curse,
The darkness.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Breaking Their Backs

Only fools, morons and fun loving idiots,
Will come together to destroy...
Events leading to progress,
By those breaking their backs with effort taken.
And to have what could be done,
Provide opportunities to come and benefit everyone...
Dismissed to have permanently prevent.
And why is this for some a necessity?

The ones who sweat,
As part of a process made to ensure success...
Neither dress to impress nor believe what they do,
Should address those pretentions.
And speak they do to be clearly understood,
In a language spoken that reflects their intelligence.
And this is not accepted,
In places where 'ignorance' is regarded more effective.

'We don't like them.'

~Why not? ~

'They talk as if they are talking 'down' to us.
And this we recent.'

~But they are doing all the work.
With no one volunteering to come forward and assist.~

'What is that suppose to mean?
What difference does that make? '

~Apparently for you and the others too,
That difference that could be made...
Will not be made at all.
In fact...
You should be happy with yourselves,
It will not happen.~

'Well, that's a relief.

At least we have accomplished 'something'.'

~And...
What is that? ~

'We will continue to protest,
Until our wishes are met.
With a doing to have those we select,
Who are best to represent our interests.
Interests we interpret as reflecting progress.'

~What fools we mortals be! ~

'Exactly.
And that's why we don't want you around here,
Trying to make us accept where 'your' mind is at.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Breakthrough

I wish I was speaking to influence,
The undoing of perceptions.
And commanded distribution,
Of everything new, accepted and believed.

I wish we all had invested,
Our priorities in uplifting all humanity.
To realize the true wealth we have...
Is not in the value placed on 'things'.
But who we are as human beings.

I wish I was speaking to influence,
The undoing of perceptions.
And commanded distribution,
Of everything new, accepted and believed.

I wish one day we all should awaken...
To witness pieces released from us,
That kept us in limitation debating a fate.
And with eyes opened,
There was a feeling of escape.
A breakthrough we knew we could not forsake.

I wish I was speaking to influence,
The undoing of perceptions.
And commanded distribution,
Of everything new, accepted and believed.
But then again...
I do remember,
How long it took for the deceit I sought...
To leave me...to see what it is to be clearly seen.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Breast Fed

Sacrificing the expected,
To be the unaccepted self
One is.
Regardless if tears fall.
Afterall...
The time will come,
When others find that being shunned
For who one 'is'...
Has its rewards.
And being ignored,
Provides a growth that shows those stunted...
In ways that delays a maturity,
Fear by others still seeking to be breast fed.
From any available 'crib'.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Breasts On A Plate

She needed to feel more desirable.
So she placed her breasts on a plate.
She asked our waiter what he thought!
The waiter looked at me and apologized
For not being more prompt with the check!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Breathing Freely

Breathing freely,
And adopting this as my number one...
Priority,

At first...
I brought along with it some guilt.
I was taught from birth,
Doing for others...
Provided me a sense of self worth.
And a doing for myself first,
Was a selfish activity.

And I thought about this,
Through the years of my giving.
And I thought about this,
With a lesser happiness...
As I continued to live.

If I am not happy,
To whom do I address this?
And who is going to recognize my unhappiness,
Better than I can myself?

And...
I awakened!
As if it was the first time I had witnessed dawn.

Breathing freely,
And adopting this as my number one...
Priority,

At first...
I brought along with it some guilt.
I was taught from birth,
Doing for others...
Provided me a sense of self worth.
And a doing for myself first,
Was a selfish activity.

Today,
Feeling selfish is the least of my concerns.
I am no longer seeking to prove I can be sacrificial.
I've earned and deserve the right to be happy.
Pleasing the needs of others,
To receive disrespect as a benefit?
Is a lesson I have learned not to repeat.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Breathless Beauty

Is it possible we will witness to see,
People taking responsibility...
For the living of their own lives?
And with undenied accountability?
To have this realized,
As a phase of life that comes with age?

Or are we going to be faced...
With any and every excuse someone makes,
To escape from what it takes to mature and bloom?
And become obsessed with withered Roses...
To then accept this as breathless beauty.

'I saw this limp and withered Rose today,
Bending over as if to protect itself from full bloom.
Remarkable the strength it showed,
In its attempt to remain youthful.'

~I see that kind of denial expressed on a daily basis.
And finding that to be breathless beauty,
I don't accept at all.~

'That's because you've grown too old to understand,
The benefits of keeping a breathless beauty.'

~Or that analogy.~

'Huh? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Breathtaking

Why do I applaud them,
With enthusiasm in my standing ovation?
Did you just see that?
Their performance given...
Was absolutely brilliant.
The execution of presentation...
Superb.
Close to flawless.

The diction?
Eye contact?
And conviction with elecution?
Lifted me right out of my seat!

I have not witnessed such commitment,
To a staged production like this...
Since my parents tried to convince me,
Santa Claus was alive and well!
And that was after I saw them...
Wrapping up our Christmas gifts,
When my sister Mimmie and I were kids!

I felt compelled to applaud that!
It was the most remarkable piece of nonsense...
That came completely devoid of substance!
It was magical.

And for that...
I imagine,
Is one of the reasons...
All who stand are totally stunned.
We are shocked they pulled off this BS,
Without a single trace of reality.
None associated to depicting a way of life we now live.
Even though they want us to accept,
What they have delivered is a way of life that reflects.

That alone...
Is breathtaking!

And that was done with flag waving,
Ballons dropping.
Fireworks and a singing chorus.
Do you have any tissue?
I must dry my eyes!
That was marvelous.
One for the archives.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Bridging A Gap

It is not those who are 'liberal'
Marketing decadence.
It is those who are in control of the media...
Who preach greed and a need,
To fear 'socialism'!
Hoping those unconscious...
Wish to end their own progress,
In heated debates that lack common sense.

Eliminating a feeding of gluttony,
That those rich feast upon in an exclusiveness.
To deny those in poverty,
With diminishing opportunities.
The rich know then,
They will not in deceit be able to get!

And a bridging of a gap between the 'haves' and 'have nots'!
Will spoil reasons there are arguments between...
Those 'liberal' minded,
And those who are conservative snots!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Bridled

Bridled on roads no longer disturbing.
With a weakened back patched...
From shoulders hunched,
And freed of carrying ancestral anger launched.

I am my own strong buck and steed.
On a tight lipped mission,
I understand and that is all I need!

As I move against the grain...
Others follow with lightened loads.
I look for no safe haven to rest.
None there ever showed!

My mission is explicit.
One sometimes I wished away.
But I have accepted,
Without regret on my path...
Certain 'gifts' I must deliver,
Without hesitation or doubts that last.

And 'why' is this?
I do not ask!
My task is to accomplish.
Whether or not tears fall or I bleed.
To look forward on my journey here,
And not what others do...
Or what I've done in my past,
The one I leave behind me fast!

Looking ahead I must...
With a trust that I grasp!
To make myself and my Master pleased.
And to breathe without sighing or grieving...
At last!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Bridled In Stables Stifled

Let's face it...
If it was meant for me,
To be someone else...
I would not occupy this space.
To breakaway from its boundaries.

So blessed am I,
To have met and known people...
Who are determine to be themselves,
It has given me more encouragement...
To identify my own footsteps placed with my pace.

Let's face it...
There are those living to impress.
With a wish to address themselves with titles.
And then there are those who are given labels,
By others they have yet to meet or will ever know...
To keep them saddled and bridled in stables stifled.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Bright As Lip Gloss

Class...
I have an announcement.
Three of you
Had the audacity to pass the math test.
And I made it perfectly clear
We would not have that kind of nonconformity
Here...
At the Bright As Lip Gloss Academy
Of Social Endeavors and Makeup Application!
Since I will not expose those three...
For bringing 'this' kind of attention upon themselves,
I will, however, be placing calls to those parents.
To inform them of their conduct!
We will not have that kind of separatism here!
Is that clear?
And furthermore...
None of this is to leak to the other children!
We don't want anyone toting guns,
Hunting down those who have not chosen to fail!
Class dismissed!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Bright As Neon

You are,
So not ready for me.
I love adventure.
With it to live.
Emotions I have,
Are real to give.
And you are,
So not ready for me!

Saying things to make up,
I do not do.
I don't have to prove,
Anything to you.
Because you are,
So not ready for me!

I live for life.
Undenied.
I don't seek limits,
Then from them to hide.
I awaken before Sunrise,
Awaiting for each moment to live maximized.
And you are,
So not ready for me.

I'm going to live my life as bright as neon,
Illuminating from midnight until morning dawns.
And you are...
So not ready for me.
I'm going to live my life as bright as neon,
As if I'm living life to live not off but on!
And you are...
So not ready for me!
Take or leave it,
You can even disbelieve it.
But you are,
So not ready for me!

Up at dawn and with my neon on!

Life is to live it,
To shine as bright to give it.
Up at dawn and with my neon on!
Life is to live it,
To shine as bright to give it.
And you are,
So not ready for me!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Brighter Are My Days

If it was not,
From a love you gave to me...
I would still be drifting.
Seeking what it was I sought.
To come close to losing it to miss.

If it was not,
From a love you gave to me...
I would not notice,
How my heart made attempts...
To pretend to dismiss it.

You made me feel to make it known,
I hid inside with a kept denied love.
You made me feel to also make known,
What it was I felt...
You dared to make yours shown.

Brighter became the stars.
Brighter now the Sun.
Each day when I awaken,
I arise before the dawn comes.

Brighter are my days.
Less lonely are those nights.
Knowing someone's found,
With me they know it's right...
To share this love.

If it was not,
From a love you gave to me...
I would still be drifting.
Seeking what it was I sought.
And thought could never be.

You made me feel to make it known.
Brighter are my days.
Less lonely are those nights.
Knowing someone's found,

With me they know it's right...
To love.

Brighter more the stars.
So bright now the Sun appears.
Knowing someone's found,
With me they know it's right...
To share together love.

Brighter are my days.
Since you gave my feelings meaning.
Brighter are my days.
Knowing you brought me to notice,
What I sought to seek to find...
Was you.

Brighter are my days.
'Brighter are our days.'
Less lonely are my nights.
'Less lonely are our nights...
Together.'
((Now.))

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Brighter Are The Days Ahead

Brighter are the days ahead,
For the ones of faith.
Brighter are the days,
Ahead.

Brighter are the days ahead,
For the ones who held on.
Brighter are the days,
Ahead.

With sacrifices made.
And dues that one has paid,
Will find their burden shoulders...
Lightening up.
Suddenly all are gone,
Every trouble suffered long!

Brighter are the days ahead,
For the ones of faith.
Brighter are the days,
Ahead.

Suddenly all are gone,
Every trouble suffered long!

Brighter are the days ahead,
For the ones of faith.
Brighter are the days,
Ahead.

With sacrifices made.
And dues that one has paid,
Will find their burden shoulders...
Lightening up.

Suddenly all are gone,
Every trouble suffered long!

Brighter are the days ahead,

For the ones of faith.
Brighter are the days,
Ahead.

Suddenly all are gone,
Every trouble suffered long!

Brighter are the days ahead,
For the ones of faith.
Brighter are the days,
Ahead.

Brighter are the days ahead,
For the ones of faith.
Brighter are the days,
Ahead.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Brighter Is One's Life Turned On

Fawning over luxuries?
Don't you fawn.
Those luxuries one day will leave,
And everything fawned.

What will you do if they go?
And there's nothing left that's shown?
Only grief exposing life,
And 'things' gone.

Fawning over luxuries?
Don't you fawn.
Those luxuries one day will leave,
And everything fawned.

Hoping for a return for them,
Only makes a sadness deepen.
When it dawns to end a fawning...
Brighter is one's life turned on.
With a darkness by such dawning gone!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Brightness Is The Light That Shines

Brightness is the light that shines.
From the Sun.
Where this light begins,
And ends when done.

To achieve a brighter light in Sun,
One must learn to worship 'IT'.
Inspiring to heights!
To ignite that wishful flight that comes.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Brilliance

Brilliance.
Some are told they have this,
When identified they may be different.
And then the pressure becomes theirs,
To make others believe and also be aware...
Of brilliance in their presence.
To stare but gone unshared.

Brilliance.
Some are told they have this,
When identified they may be different.
And then the pressure becomes theirs,
To make others believe and also be aware...
Of brilliance in their presence.
To stare but gone unshared.

'Please.
You have me subdued and I am not use to that.
Who are you someone new with no rules attached?

Is there someone here that can remove this person,
Out of my light?
Come show them their dimming significance,
Is not as brilliant as mine and what they do is not alright.
Not in my light!

Please.
You have me subdued and I am not use to that.
Who are you someone new with no rules attached? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Brimming To The Rim In Denial

Brimming to the rim in denial.
Putting truth on trial.
But none of this rhetoric,
Escapes observations...
That can not be erased,
As seen.
No matter who declares,
What 'is' or is not obscene.
Truth is not another version of deceit.
To be interpreted to inspire a life of delusions.
And delusions have never strengthened reality!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Bring It On!

Bring it on.
Don't keep it as a teaser.
Just bring it on.
You must want me on bended knee.
Bring it on!
I'm curious as I can be.
So bring it on!
You've got my interest high,
Tell me what it is but please don't lie!

What's that you've got?
Does it have my name on it?
Is it in a box?
Is it cool or hot?

What's that you've got?
Is it good or not?

Bring it on.
Don't keep it as a teaser.
Just bring it on.
You must want me on bended knee.
Bring it on!
I'm curious as I can be.
So bring it on!
Just bring it on!

Aaahhh...
Pop pop pahdop pop pop.
What's that you've got?
Aaahhh...
Pop pop pahdop pop pop.
What's that you've got?
Aaahhh...
Pop pop pahdop pop pop.
What's that you've got?
Aaahhh...
Pop pop pahdop pop pop.
What's that you've got?

Don't keep it as a teaser,
You'll distance me.
Aaahhh...
Pop pop pahdop pop pop.
Bring it.
Aaahhh...
Pop pop pahdop pop pop.
Bring it.
Aaahhh...
Pop pop pahdop pop pop.
Bring it.
Don't keep it as a teaser,
Or deceive me!

Ooohhh...
Pop pop pahdop.
Wont you bring it?
Ooohhh...
Pop pop pahdop.
Wont you bring it?
Ooohhh...
Pop pop pahdop.
Pop pop pahdop.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Bring Me Some Sun

Dreary drizzling nights.
Fall to mist on my parade.
There's nothing I can fight.
Or no one who comes,
Worthy to become succumbed
By a lilting serenade.

Manic saddness inside I feed.
I want to saddle up and leave this evil.
Whatever 'this' process is
That breeds these changes...
Making me a stranger in danger with this shit,
Has got to stop!

Right now I am not in a sentimental mood.
I've got to move beyond this setting in my mind!
And it has been a long time I felt that I am trapped!
Too much has been invested in that...
This struggle must end and it has to end right!
Dreary drizzling nights,
Go away!
I am not looking for this kind of charity...
To stay and find comfort to surround and smother me.
Turnaround and you bring me some Sun!

Whatever 'this' process is,
That breeds these changes.
Making me a stranger in danger with this shit...
Has got to stop!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Bring Your Happiness Here

When you think about what is right!
Does it keep you up through the night?
Are you feeling your light go dim...
And you're afraid of the darkness,
Moving in?

Oh babe!
Oh babe!
Grit your teeth,
And keep your lips shut tight!
Oh babe!
Oh babe!
Go home and lock all your doors...
And relax your mind tonight!

When you see that things are falling apart,
And in your heart you want it to come...
To a stop!
And politicians seem to lie everyday.
You don't know what to believe,
Or want to hear what they say!

But,
Oh babe!
Oh babe!
Grit your teeth,
And keep your lips shut tight!
Oh babe!
Oh babe!
Go home and lock all your doors...
And relax your mind tonight!

Oh babe!
Oh babe!
Enjoy the moment for what it is.
Oh babe!
Oh babe!
Don't spend another second squeezing out,
More...

Of your charity tears!

No babe!
Oh babe!
Enjoy the moment for what it is.
No babe!
Oh babe!
Remove all that grumbling...
Get up!
Get out and live.

Oh babe!
Oh babe!
Get up.
Get out.
And bring your happiness here!

Oh babe!
Oh babe!
Get up.
Get out.
And bring your happiness here!

Oh babe!
Oh babe!
Remove all that grumbling...
Get up!
Get out and live.

Oh babe!
Remove all that grumbling...
Get up!
Get out and live.

Oh babe!
Get up.
Get out.
And bring your happiness here!

'I would like with you to 'Samba'

Get up.

Get out.
And bring your happiness here!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Bringing Themselves Down

Who aspires to remain at the bottom?
Who is motivated with that to wish?
Who with initiative wishes mediocrity?
And who would want success,
Yet not want to be identified with it?

People like to minimize those ambitious.
People like to criticize those with dreams.
People come to pick apart to leave their pieces,
To then seek attention for their misdeeds.

People like to minimize those ambitious.
People like to criticize those with dreams.
People come to pick apart to leave their pieces,
To then seek attention for their misdeeds.

Who aspires to remain at the bottom?
Who is motivated with that to wish?
Who with initiative wishes mediocrity?
And who would want success,
Yet not want to be identified with it?

People like to minimize those ambitious.
Just to be vicious.
People like to criticize those with dreams.
Just to be mean.
People come to pick apart to leave their pieces,
With a pettiness and ignorant schemes.

But the losers are the ones who can't get enough of...
Wallowing away in ruts.
And the losers are the ones who can't get enough of...
Bringing themselves down and can't get up.

People like to criticize those with dreams.
Just to be mean.
But the losers are the ones who can't get enough of...
Wallowing away in ruts.
And the losers are the ones who can't get enough of...

Bringing themselves down and can't get up.

People like to minimize those ambitious.
Just to be vicious.
But the losers are the ones who can't get enough of...
Wallowing away in ruts.
And the losers are the ones who can't get enough of...
Bringing themselves down and can't get up.

And the losers are the ones who can't get enough of...
Wallowing away in ruts.
And the losers are the ones who can't get enough of...
Bringing themselves down and can't get up.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Bringing Us Merriment

A recess of a mindlessness progresses.
And a reset of a collected mindset begins.
Ending a rejection of a consciousness...
Coming as a gift,
Unwraped to lift us all...
During this holiday season,
Bringing us merriment...
No one will find to purchase,
At any shopping mall!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Broadsided

Broadsided!
By a web of factors.
And we must 'bob and weave'...
Through the onslaught of what is thrown.
And a lot of it...
Is being thrown to hit.
Not miss.

Broadsided!
A complete revamping comes!
Some stunned will remain,
Stunned!
Unable to overcome,
The shock that continues to shake...
Many into mental breakdowns.

Broadsided by an economic slide.
A tide of complete change.
To rise and raise dramatically...
Mindsets into a higher consciousness!
Those 'fixed' to wishes of what was...
Will not find their best interests,
Remaining in stubbornness...
Served.
And no time for nostalgic reminiscing,
Will be heard in these swift winds.

A navigation process has started.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Broken Are The Wits

Left broken are the wits.
Observed on city streets,
As if to live just to drift.
Yearning to get from life and quick,
Much more to believe...
They were born to be served.

Some living without having a single concern.
And others can sit to occupy a seat.
Yet leave a classroom without a lesson to learn.
Or take away anything,
From this experience that sticks.
As if they have been granted,
A life to survive without a wit to exist.

Left broken are the wits.
Observed on city streets,
As if to live just to drift.
Yearning to get from life and quick,
Much more from it to believe...
Permission has been given,
To have their minds from them leave.

In their minds to serve it,
Is no patience or discipline.
With a willingness to correct mistakes.
To comprehend,
This is what it takes to make...
Any forward steps made needed to place.

No light can shine to brighten,
One unaccustomed to turn on a mind.
Leaving behind fantasies to find.
Coming momentarily,
To satisfy daydreams done.
Coming to fade away not to stay,
Not even minutes each time.

No light can ignite remaining to excite,

Anyone without concern.
Believing a yearning will be served,
An appetite wished to get...
Without thirsting to earn it first,
Day and night.

Left broken are the wits.
Disconnected but with kept wishes.
Observed on city streets,
As if to live just to drift.
Yearning to get from life and quick,
Much more to believe a deserving is served.
And handed from others,
A fantasized life.
One wants and likes that is televised.
Not to realize what is advertised,
Has been marketed by others...
Living with a commitment to fiction.
Hoping many minds have been evicted to addict.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Broken From A Normal Fit

You believe...
The dance of all life should be equal.
And you,
Believe...
Some people should live without risks.
And you,
Perceive...
An existence like this can be lived.
And...
You also wish,
Popsicles will not melt...
In Sunshine!

You believe...
The dance of all life should be equal.
And you,
Believe...
Some people should live without risks.
And you,
Perceive...
An existence like this can be lived.
And...
You also wish,
Popsicles will not melt...
In Sunshine!

And something you cuddle is rusted...
In your mind.

And you,
Believe...
Some people should live without risks.

But something is a little bit busted,
In your mind.

You believe...
The dance of all life should be equal.
And you,

Believe...
Some people should live without risks.
But...
Something has broken from a normal fit,
In your mind!

Yes,
Something has broken from a normal fit,
In your mind!

You believe...
The dance of all life should be equal.

You believe...
The dance of all life should be equal.

You believe...
The dance of all life should be equal.

You believe...
The dance of all life should be equal.
But...
Something has broken from a normal fit,
In your mind!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Broken In With Such A Comfortability

The only advice that I will accept...
You leave to give me,
Is to say...
'Walk on your path your way.'

Anything other than that expressed,
Will only come to delay...
My own footsteps.

And the shoes I wear,
Upon my feet...
Are not in your size.
Or broken in with such a comfortability.

So,
Do not come to try to compromise,
The glide in my stride.
Please don't try.

I've left behind too many tears,
To cry...
From these clear and opened...
Now dried eyes.

'Comfortability?
That's not a word! '

Oh yes.
You want to bet?
That's comfort with an 'earned' ability!
From my point of view...
That's 'my' definition.
And there's no need for further discussion,
Since I am the one who is proud to do the struttin'.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Broken Into Bits

It's too bad it died.
Love we tried to keep,
Ecstatic.
Then one day it dried.
To sit in a bitterness...
That welcomes an admitted emptiness.

It's pointless to deny,
I have cried myself to sleep.
And it is never okay...
To just walk away.
Pretending two do not bleed.
From a relationship,
That has broken into bits.

The magic had quit its believin'.
It left our eyes,
To take a flight away.

That magic felt had quit its existence.
To leave heartbreak in a place that aches,
Everyday.
And in every way.

That happiness we had is gone.
I can not fathom a lost appetite to eat.
I feel a side of me that has grown colder.
To pick and choose from leftovers...
Unsatisfying and tasteless,
When expectations were left high...
On sweetened familiar treats.

The magic had quit its believin'.
It left our eyes,
To take a flight away.

That magic felt had quit its existence.
To leave heartbreak in a place that aches,
Everyday.

And in every way.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Broken Relationships

Wanting to mend them.
And to fix.
Those Broken relationships,
We came to know but miss.

Wanting to mend them.
And to fix.
Those broken relationships,
We came to know but miss.

Forgiving is easier when that act is done.
But to forget is not as quick,
As is wished.

Forgiving is easier when that act is done.
But to forget is not as quick,
As is wished.

Broken relationships,
Are hard to mend when they end.
Broken relationships,
Are hard to mend when they end.

Wanting to mend them.
And to fix.
Those Broken relationships,
We came to know but miss.

Wanting to mend them.
And to fix.
Those broken relationships,
We came to know but miss.

Forgiving is easier when that act is done.
But to forget is not as quick,
As is wished.

Broken relationships,
Are hard to mend when they end.

Broken relationships,
Are hard to mend when they end.
Broken relationships,
Are hard to mend when they end.
Broken relationships,
Are hard to mend when they end.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Broken Shells

Cracked.
By facts.
And revelations,
No longer kept secret...
As hunched backs stand tall.
Broken shells scatter.
A healing takes place,
To remove crooked smiles
On those who worship disgrace...
And decadence!
A dance of deceit soon comes to an end.
Leaving those out of rhythm...
Also out of time.
To allow the Sun to shine,
On a horizon that prepares for a new dawn!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Brooding In Exclusive Solitude

When there is someone known
That grieves.
Dont' try to tell them you believe...
And 'know' what flows and goes around inside.
When unknowing what is felt,
Is dealt by the one who feels its welts!

That would be surreal if...

Someone reached for you to help...
With a trusting faith a friend will aid them...
And not further torture their sorrows.

Give them what you can...
This may begin to lift a lingering doubt away~
Peeled to chase a feud brewing,
In a slow simmer that stews!

That would be surreal if...

This could change the mood left brooding...
In exclusive solitude!
This could be the quick fix needed,
To end a 'beef' between a few
Overcooked but kept out of view!

That would be surreal if...?

When there is someone known,
That grieves.
Dont' try to tell them you believe...
And 'know' what flows and goes around inside.
When unknowing what is felt,
Is dealt by the one who feels its welts!
And watch others run...
Expecting that done by you.
The one who comes to rescue!

That would be surreal if...

Not possible!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Brothels Freshly Painted

Pins like needles used,
Will stick and prick.
As they sit in hats
Worn by witches
To keep them holding on...
To hair bouffanted and thick!
Used they were to keep men in line.
In those times when sex...
Was not considered done
To get another one sick,
Of it!
And when men had 'itches'
Approached women wearing hats.
They made sure they had manners.
Wishing to get their pricks exclusively...
Inside.
With or without hats.

That's how it was done...
In brothels freshly painted!
Not tainted like the trash today,
Found anytime on Hollywood and Vine!
And...
After passing up renovated garbage,
On 42nd and 8th Avenue!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Bruises (Rolling With The Punches)

Bruises,
To get them...
Quickly to mend,
Doesn't need everyone...
To have them be shown as done.

Wounds and bruises inflicted,
Announced for attention to get.
Stay around a long time.
And remain in one's mind.

Rolling with the punches,
To get up and jump out of dumps...
Is,
Not easy to do...
When the heart has been pumped,
And bumped with emotions.

Rolling with the punches,
To get up and jump out of dumps...
Is,
What one does to prove...
Any bruises felt to feel,
A kept faith will remove.

Bruises,
To get them...
Quickly to mend,
Takes...
Faith to replace the pain.
And leaving behind not to find,
Reasons why bruises to feel...
Seem to stay that way.

And some who have had their bruises,
Complain about how they got them...
Everyday.
In the dumps.
Everyday.

Unable to jump over humps.
Or roll,
With the punches.
Everyday.
In the dumps.
Everyday!
As if to wish to stay bruised.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Brutal

I don't sauté what I say,
With puffed up fluff!
When I 've had enough...
I get brutal.

I don't offer apple strudel.
Or beat around the bush.
I'm not into fuzzy wuzzy stuff.
Or get cuddly to patch things up!
I don't sauté what I have to say,
With puffed up fluff for you!
When I've had enough...
And the going gets tough,
I get brutal.

I don't offer apple strudel.
I get brutal.
Or chicken soup with noodle.
I get brutal.

When games are lame.
And the aim is the same.
Putting my name to shame.
And wanting me to take the blame.
For something I know,
From the start I didn't do?
Because you think it's cute...
To use me as a substitute!
I don't bite my lip...
And pretend I'm not pissed!
You try to do me in...
And then you turn around and grin?
Thinking I wont do,
What now you know I can and will...
To you!
Yes...
Your looks could kill,
But I wont be a pig in swill.
I will get brutal.

I don't offer apple strudel.
I get brutal.
Or chicken soup with noodle.
I get brutal.

When games are lame.
And the aim is the same.
Putting my name to shame.
And wanting me to take the blame.
For something I know,
From the start I didn't do?
You think I'm a wimp in a pink tutu?
With a tutti fruiti tattoo on my booty too?
I wont sauté what I say,
With puffed up fluff for you.
When I've had enough...
I get brutal.

I don't offer apple strudel.
I get brutal.
Or chicken soup with noodle.
I get brutal.
I don't sauté what I say,
Or look away...
With my dignity played!
Not me.
Oh no!
You see...
I don't offer fantasy!
I'll give you brutal.
That's all I offer to you,
Is the brutal.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Bs'Ing

No I don't know what you are saying.
And I'm not staying...
So spare your explanations.
No I could care less not more...
How you deliver what you say with sensation.

Do we have to go through this,
Again?
You and I are not matches that fit!
We're are not like gloves on hands,
Or two hands in a mit!
How many times must we go through,
This shit-uation?

We're not peas in a pod,
Or stained piss on a toilet!
None of the above for me and you suits!
Cough up and get that madness out!
Life with you brewing in doubt,
Is not what I am about!

No I don't know what you are saying.
And I could care less!
I'm not accepting another explanation...
Of how you took an ant hill,
A bouldering mountain of a mess!
Those are your confessions.

When those clouds clear from your head.
I want you to remember,
These last words to you said...
'Your love for me has long been dead!
What makes you think
I am on the brink and desperate,
To screw you without feeling on your bed? '

No I don't know what you are saying.
And I'm not staying...
So spare your explanations.

How many times must we go through,
This BS'ing shit-uations?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Bubbles Busted

Undoing an intention done,
Like lotto...
With one's numbers picked,
Like lotto...
After doing it,
Like lotto...
To expect to win,
Like lotto...
But a loss one gets.

Undoing an intention done,
Like lotto...
With one's numbers picked,
Like lotto...
After doing it,
Like lotto...
To expect to win,
Like lotto...
But a loss one gets.

People start their troubles to then moan.
About it.
People start their troubles to condone, alone.
People start their troubles to then moan.
About it.
People start their troubles to condone, alone.
And with their bubbles busted,
To blame others they distrust.

Many follow as if puppets to claim they've been stung.
Many follow as if puppets with no strings strung.

People start their troubles to then moan.
About it.
People start their troubles to condone, alone.
Many follow as if puppets to claim they've been stung.
Many follow as if puppets with no strings strung.

Undoing an intention done,

Like lotto...
With one's numbers picked,
Like lotto...
After doing it,
Like lotto...
To expect to win,
Like lotto...
But a loss one gets.
And with their bubbles busted,
To blame others they distrust.

Many follow as if puppets to claim they've been stung.
Many follow as if puppets with no strings strung.
With their bubbles busted falling on their butts,
To blame another.
With their bubbles busted falling on their butts.

Many follow as if puppets to claim they've been stung.
Many follow as if puppets with no strings strung.
With their bubbles busted falling on their butts,
To blame another.
With their bubbles busted falling on their butts.
Blaming others.
While they hold onto their bubble busted butts.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Bucked

Strapped to a saddle.
And bucked.
By a steed I chose,
I knew wild enough...
To do its best,
To see me land and grounded...
On my butt.

But...
Unknown I had chosen it,
For the experience I would get.
With a holding on determined,
I would not quit to give up.
Nor would I sit if bucked off.

Since I too knew what it was,
To have something strapped...
On my back to have it believed,
A journey that had been picked.
And for me...
Could and would be that easily abandoned.

Strapped to a saddle.
And bucked.
By a steed I chose,
I knew wild enough...
To do its best,
To see me land and grounded...
On my butt.

But...
I am not the kind,
To find obstacles...
Planted to put fear in my mind.
With a purpose to prevent,
A mission I will finish.
Until I know it done.

Bucked.

But a getting back up,
No matter what the circumstance...
That may enhance,
A fear to undo my desire to succeed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Bucket Duties

It amazes.
The power of denial.
Some would rather dump buckets of it,
Away on a daily basis.
Than to confront its origin.

Instead,
There are conferences held....
For the purposes to debate,
The longevity of reality.
And how best it can be combated.
To defend the prolonging of delusions.

As utterances of a guaranteed victory,
Is leaked.
To calm the nerves of those,
In between their bucket duties.
And assignments to find fresh excuses.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Bucket Kicker

What rhymes with bucket?
'That depends.
Is the bucket empty?
And
Is there anyone kicking it? '

Let's say the bucket is full.
And it is being carried?
'In a Porshe?
Or a Mercedes? '

You know
Sometimes I wonder why,
I bother to ask you anything!

'Oh
So 'you're' the kicker?
That should be obvious.'

Why is it obvious now?
'Well,
If a bucket is struck by a kicker out of luck
And that bucket is not picked up,
That bucket struck aint worth
What's being dumped into it from an outhouse.'

What's an outhouse have to do with it?
'That's for you to figure out
That bucket I'm going to carry
Is going to be in the trunk of my limousine.'

Thank you.
But that doesn't rhyme with bucket

'My plucked duckets
In the trunk of a limo
Sitting filled to the brim
In my golden bucket
And your hands aint around

Or near enough to touch it
Uh, I don't know about you
But that sounds very poetic to me

And you can fuss and cuss,
While kicking your bucket all you want
Thank you for your inspiration.'

No problem.
I just know from now on
Not to ask you anything
'I'm cool with that
Bucket kicker.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Buckle Up

You selected me as your newly discovered bait?
I could not wait for a fool like you.
You appeared the moment your ignorance,
Put you in that gear.
And I am so glad you are here!
You ready?
Buckle up!
I am prepared to take you on a ride,
You will never forget.
Not in 'this' lifetime.
You have no idea...
Your mind is the kind I love to diffuse!
Should we pick up those of your friends,
Who hitchhike?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Buddies

We were then a good couple,
Of buddies that dared.
We were then a good couple,
Of buddies everywhere.
We were then a good couple,
Until...
Other people came too near.
Other people interfered.
Other people came to dip,
In our business.

We were then a good couple,
Of buddies that cared.
And we did this to be shown,
Everywhere.
We were then a good couple of buddies
Until...
Those with noses in our business,
Advertised their lies to twist...
What was done we never did,
That ruined our relationship.

We were once a good couple of buddies
Back then when...
We let people we thought known,
Come into our lives and home.
Thinking that they had condoned,
Our relationship and lives.
But we did not realize they lied,
And despised.
Doing this to ruin us.

We were then a good couple,
Of buddies back then.
We were then a good couple,
Of buddies with other friends...
Pretending to be that.
But never were pretending,
To see us end.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Budget Sluts

Budget sluts rushing,
From one economic cut...
To another to hide their corrupted ways.
Addicted to a slashing,
Of a feast created to feed on prey.
Now they try to find an antidote,
With a seeking of any remedy to relieve...
The effects of self induced bleeding,
To enforce a decrease of greeding.
But to maximize their own lush banquets,
Kept from others secret and discreet.

Budget sluts!
With their plump fingers rubbing their guts.
Have no intentions to disrupt their gluttony.
Not if it means,
Plucking the plume...
From ornamented feathers worn.
Done specifically to address those impressed,
By maintaining a lusting of masquerades.
And false presentations they wish kept charaded,
Regardless of who pays for aged and rusting traditions.

Budget sluts...
Are not going to sacrifice or listen to advice,
That threatens the touching of their pretentions.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Bugged Out

When one is tough and shows their stuff,
Others start to bug out.
When someone shows this and enough...
Others start to bug.

When one is tough and shows their stuff,
Others start to bug out.
When someone shows this and enough...
Others start to bug.

When people show what they can do,
Others start to bug out.
When people do and show the proof,
Others start to bug.
When someone has an attitude,
To prove exactly what they do...
People are left bugged and bugged out.
People are left bugged.
People are left bugged and bugged out.
People are left bugged.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Bugging Out

Can you believe the speed by which people seem,
To be losing their minds today?
And the acceptance of it?
Can you believe this?

'Yes I can.
That's why I wear a rabbit's foot around my neck.
A four leaf clover attached to my lapel.
I pray with faith, meditate and do yoga too.
And with my fingers kept crossed,
I am hoping 'any' common sense I have...
Stays inside of me to be daily identified.

I am hoping not to be that one,
Trying to fit in or communicate...
With anyone I have yet met who I suspect has sanity left.
Or has an ability to think independently.
I hate to be disappointed.

These are dangerous times,
For anyone exposing they have a thought process.
And a mind unaffected by a dumbdowning done.'

So...
You feel you are kept protected?

'Sometimes, yes.
Especially when I begin talking to myself.
For some reason...
When people see me doing it,
They realize I am in conference.
Immediately people quiet themselves,
As if not to disturb me.
You should try that.
It works.'

No.
I don't want anyone to 'think',
I am bugging out.

'Is it peace you want to keep?
Or your pretentions? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Bugs

What's that?
'Bugs!
They're all over the place!
And not one of them
Has the intelligence...
To take the taps off their shoes!
Why they want us to know they are around now,
When that has been known...
Long before bleeching creams,
Plastic surgery and hair processing!
Is a mystery! '

Well...
It's not who you know,
But how good you blow...
And get that flow going these days.
'Oh...
So these bugs are probably not aware,
They are only to perform 'inside' jobs?
And think being in 'here' will reveal something
They believe we can deliver?
They are 'way' off course!
We are at least 800 miles North of D.C.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Building Number Seven

You were there and then you weren't.
No concern about you raised.
Your secrets within,
Have never dazed or fazed.
Or have been brought to public discussion.
Your structure tall, clean and gleaming.
And when you fell...
No one inside of you,
Was there trapped, left surprised...
Burned or seen screaming.
Building number seven,
A tower 'falling' on nine eleven!
What had happened to you?
That had you crashing to the ground,
Like the other two.
Building number seven...
Why no one mentions you?
Nothing observed touching you was viewed!
Although everything you kept within...
Hide secrets deep.
And clues to confuse!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Bullish

Who solicited with invitation,
The cursing of our values?
And when did they become worthless?
Even good dirt is used for top soil!

Without a blinking care...
Where did this sludge come from?
And who was given authority,
To put it there for the majority?

Too much concern,
Has been placed on 'bullish' markets!
And no one was prepared or equipped...
To rinse the streets many find now reek!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Bump 'Em

Bump 'em,
The ones unbelieving.
Just bump 'em...
To the curb and street.
Just bump 'em...
No need to be keeping them,
Around to corrupt your fortune.
Or any sign of luck you've got lapped up!

Just bump e'm,
The ones unbelieving.
Just bump 'em...
To the curb and street.
Just bump 'em...
No need to be keeping them,
Around to corrupt your fortune.
Or any sign of luck you've got lapped up!

Just bump 'em...
No need to be keeping them,
Around to corrupt your fortune.
Or any sign of luck you've got lapped up!
Just bump 'em.
To the curb and street.
Just bump 'em...
No need to be keeping them,
Around to corrupt your fortune.
Or any sign of luck you've got lapped up!
Just bump 'em!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Bumped And Grind

'What is the matter with you?
Why are you crying? '

The longer I listen to you,
The more I wish...
I was on stronger medication.
Or,
I had a preference to numb my head,
With the drinking of alcohol...
Over allowing my mind,
To be bumped and grind...
On a daily basis!

The more I see your eyes roll up,
With fresh creations of lies to tell.
The more I sit and wish...
Your lips would come together.
And a silence I once knew well.
Would come to pay me a prolonged visit!

Why?
I ask myself!
Why does anyone believe,
That the creation of more lies...
Should excite anyone listening with a consciousness.
Especially when it is known,
That people who do this...
Do their best to convince,
Floors made to be walked upon...
Are not for that!
That's what the ceiling is made for!

'God...
Please let me not catch You on vacation.
And help me,
Dear Father...
To become invisible please.

Have I committed treason?

Or plagued humanity with a global disease?
I've done none of these, My Father!

Father...
Please allow the babbling I hear constantly,
To drift away from my consciousness.
And from it I am peacefully freed...
From the sound of these flapping lips!
What have I done to deserve any of this?

I only teased to strip,
And run butt naked in the streets.
However,
My Father...
If You give me a sign,
I would not hesitate to do this one bit!
If THIS is Your wish...
PLEASE,
Let that now be known!

'Do you want me to leave?
Is that what you're saying? '

God...?

'Do you want me to leave?
Is that what you're saying? '

Father God...?

'Do you? Do You?

Lord,
Where are you in my hour of need?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Bumper Crushers

Bumper crushers.
Spoiled smotherers of comforts all.
Degreed in nonsense.
And graduates,
Of quickened fixes dispensed to get.

Rushing through life texting dreams.
Speeding in multiple directions.
With eyes mesmerized,
On what appears on cellphone screens.
Without direction or insight.
Whether forward, left...
Or to the right.

Bumper crushers!
Sitting on their bottoms.
And promises they don't get.
Hitting brick walls.
Stalling their own progress.
To then create childish lies.
Defending preventable wrecks caused,
Ruining their own lives.
Now in the midst of conflicts started
Unified by denial.
And taught to coast on alibis.

Expecting to be saved,
From a life that throws them curves.
These bumper crushers hit,
Nerves they don't admit.
To then wish to be served,
Unearned or deserved...
Entitlements.

Bumper crushers!
Blaming what they've done on others.
And allowed,
To have a heat emerge.

These bumper crushers,
Smotherers of comforts all.
Have stalled a progress.
That has hit a wall!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Bumps And Bruises

If one wishes to build a home,
But does not command the expertise...
An architect is consulted.
If expenses are there.
And a success one seeks...
Has a better chance,
To achieve completion!
Although one may decide,
To do everything that needs to be done.
The process is much slower.
But a wealth of knowledge is obtained!

If one without experience wishes to drive,
Lessons are learned...
And if one survives through impatience,
That wish to drive is a dream that comes alive.

However,
If one wants to write, skydive or fly a kite...
That has to be done.
Although I admit,
There are some lessons that may come.
Like having an accident...
Makes one a better driver, a skydiver or a kite flyer!
If one survives the humiliation,
Of those observing attempts made of one,
Not yet at one's best!
And one is not yet attempting to win first place,
Upon entering one's initial race or contest!

And getting better at it will come,
If desire over-rides any criticisms heard!
To allow feelings to mend.
Once bandages are removed!
And 'that' experience one needs then begins!
With some bumps and bruises remembered.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Bumpy Rocky Roads

Young people fed that life is easy,
To live it as they please...
Come to speed bumps.
And run from them some begin to weep.

These young folks with their hands held,
Grow up provoked.
These young folks with their hands held,
Aren't told it to know...
Speed bumps are realities.
Speed bumps are there and from them wont leave.

So the young learn to knock their heads up,
Against bricks.
With wishes to find quick fixes,
That will numb their minds to forget...
Realities that exist they can't just dismiss.

Bumpy rocky roads,
The young refuse to take them.
Those bumpy rocky roads,
Many think they can replace...
Never having them to face.

Bumpy rocky roads,
The young refuse to take them.
Those bumpy rocky roads,
Many think they can replace,
Never in their lives to face.

These young folks with their hands held,
Grow up provoked.
These young folks with their hands held,
Aren't told it to know...
Speed bumps are realities,
On roads they will find from them aren't going to leave.

Bumpy rocky roads,
The young refuse to take them.

Those bumpy rocky roads,
Will slow their roll.

Bumpy rocky roads have their speed bumps.
And the young aren't told roads are not paved with gold.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Burdened Is The One Who Knows Truth

Burdened is the one who knows truth.
An isolation occurs,
One has the nerve to adjust to and accept.
With little delusion left to live.

Some would say comments made like this are negative.
Until the onslaught of reality hits them quick.
And there is nothing positive they see in it.
With wishes to blame others to have it fixed.
To return back to a life that is fantasized.
Complete and sugarized.
But teardropping eyes like these...
Are going to clear when the masquerade is over.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Burdens Are Not Eased

Those burdens are not eased,
With an increase of intelligence.
There is a sense of responsibility,
One of wisdom can not resist.

Eyes that begin to open,
See more not less.
And the wider that they open...
Everything begins to connect.

Those burdens are not eased,
With an increase of intelligence.
There is a sense of responsibility,
One of wisdom can not resist.

Or,
Wish away something witnessed...
That a heart can not forget!

Those burdens are not eased,
With an increase of intelligence.

The mind just finds another way,
To have these burdens appear...
As if they don't exist!

With other burdens to carry,
Those not carrying them would not expect.
Or accept!
One can hear them whine,
About everything they reject.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Buried Treasure

Any mind confined,
Restricted over a period of time...
Diminishes.
Declines.

These are not those days,
One would sit to pick...
Wished,
Anywhere near their top ten list.
Dreams invested to make forward steps,
Have gone from that kind of mindset.

These are not those days,
When people displayed...
Their encouragement and support.
High expectations have been aborted.
And distorted as impossibilities.

Any mind confined,
Restricted over a period of time...
Diminishes.
Declines.

Hope and kept faith,
Has just about faded away from faces.
And on a daily basis,
Many are confronted...
With disturbing negative words.

'You look as if,
You have found a map to buried treasure.'

~I just want to keep my mind,
Focused on what keeps me happy.~

'I don't want to be the one to bust your bubble,
But, brutha...
You either on crack,
Or sumthin' else got your mind whacked out.

You in the wrong neighborhood,
For them kind of rainbows to find.'

~My mind is my treasure.
And I 'aint' gon' keep it buried.~

'So sad.
That's why these kids around here,
Are messed up.
It's people like you,
Trying to feed them false beliefs.'

~What about 'your' future? ~

'What does 'my' future got to do with it? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Burn It Down

If you don't let me have my way,
I will just burn down the house.

'Go ahead.'

But...
Aren't you afraid,
That will make 'you' look bad?

'It's YOUR house.
I'm not your 'nanny'.
I've been hired to put things in order.
I didn't come here,
To dance around your threats.
Burn it down.'

What about the neighbors?
What about our friends?
What about those who come to visit us?
And our greatness we've long hyped,
To protect and defend.

'It's YOUR house.
If that's the change you want,
With an effectiveness you wish...
Here...
Take these explosives!
Get it done and get it over with.
And don't say,
I was not willing to negotiate,
To speed your wishes.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Burning Down

A reluctance to remove,
Petty collected trash...
From a closed closet,
To believe it kept hidden...
Until a need of it,
Is perceived could be used...
As relevant information,
When the time arrives...
Will not prevent the entire house,
From burning down by a heat...
Stored where it shouldn't have been,
Kept.

Trash should never be kept stored.
Anywhere.
Trash to collect,
Does not result in favorable outcomes
For those or anyone trying to hide,
Their junk behind closed...
And closeted doors.

'There's a lot of heat coming out,
In this neighborhood these days! '

-It's better out than kept inside.
Believing it kept hidden.
Anything left to ignite to burn,
Eventually attracts unnecessary...
And unwarranted attention to it.
Getting garbage out in the open,
May stink a little.
But the smell doesn't stay.-

'True.
Some folks will allow their junk,
To collect for years.
Just to keep the smell around.
And then to love the odor of it...
Long after the burning down,

Has come to have gone.
Hoping to remain seen but disbelieved
As closeted activists.'

-To deny it like many do.-

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Burning With A Yearning

A mind burning with a yearning,
To maintain it's vision connected...
With materialism as its main objective,
To identify its valued worth...
Comes to an end of a purpose to live.
And standards to compare,
An influence no longer there...
Dies inside and is apparent.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Business As Usual

A 'perceived' conflict of interest,
To restrict it to permit.
Is quite different than an interest,
That conflicts,
With those who know it shown...
For them there Will be,
Ultimately benefit to receive.

'One explanation is a 'perceived'...
And understandably suspicious.
Yet the other you have given,
Although breaks established laws...
Doesn't apparently bother you at all
Clearly that too is a conflict.
What is the difference? '

Appearances.
You see,
That which appears has potential,
To be beneficial to a few of us.
And that which is 'perceived',
Leaves us clueless...
As what we can expect to receive.

'But aren't you the creators,
Of the rules and laws? '

Yes.
Of course.
But I'll be the first to admit,
When it comes to business...
There is no conflict,
Where my interest remains to stay.

'You mix politics,
With your own self-serving beliefs.'

Politics, business?
Religiously kept beliefs?

It's all business as usual.
What beliefs do you keep perceived,
You continue to disbelieve?
HELLO! ANYBODY HOME?
It's all about the business of it.
Those who've got.
Will never have not.

'But...
If I choose to break your laws,
I'm sent straight to prison.'

There you go.
Using that 'us' against them,
Tired message.
Use the 'race' card.
You will always get some empathy.

'I'm not into impropriety.'

Today?
That's the only thing left,
That works.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Business Is Business

You can not evict me!
I have a BA degree.

'AND...
Cut.
That was wonderful.
Next.'

You can not evict me!
I have a Master's in Engineering.

'And...
Cut.
I loved your attitude
Inspiring!
And next, please.'

You can not evict me.
Everything. EVERYTHING...
I own,
Has been repossessed.
You can not do this to me!
I have a Doctorate's Degree in Psychology.
Please.

'And...
Cut.
That was fabulous.
I loved the tears.
But keep this in mind...
To own is a debatable opinion.
And that concept is fading fast.

Now...
I can not promise you,
You will get your homes back.
But I will guarantee you all this...
We will keep your profiles on hand,
And as soon as our foreign investors arrive...

We will see which one of you,
Will be picked to represent their diversity campaign.

However...
All of you should feel proud.
I have never filmed such heart wrenching,
And quite believable emotional moments.
I am sure...
As the fees I've collected from you,
'Someone' will be impressed with your talents.
Although...
And you all know this,
Business IS business.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Business, Religion And Politics

Between business, religion...
And practiced politics,
Which belief has proven to be..
More significant?
Or less vicious with it done,
To admit...
A hype to sell marketed.
And sold,
Depends on the expense paid...
To present an image.
And the propaganda defended,
By those convinced...
Unending conflicts started,
Ultimately delivers benefits.
Whether they are produced,
Or not.
It is always kept disbeliefs,
People keep praying to pay...
From them to stay away.

'I can't believe,
What is happening today.'

-And...
For just a small donation,
Paid on a daily basis...
It will be promised immunity,
From those disbeliefs feared...
Will one day disappear.-

'Promise? '

-As sure as that word,
Remains to hear it heard.-

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Bustle Of Thick Traffic

To no one in particular,
Did I say hello to this morning.
And I heard the birds chirping,
Above the rush and bustle of thick traffic!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Busy Bodies

If you happen to live in a place,
That is shallowed...
And nourishes the antics of busy bodies.
Feed their activities.
Most of them are addicted to gossip.
Prepare some of it.
And make it very delicious.
It will be appreciated.
Especially if it is about you.
However...
'Try' not to be too outlandish.
You want what is created,
To at least feed their mindsets.
Hopefully this will not require,
Wasted time spent in research!
Know exactly the demographics,
You would like to reach.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Busy Booked Hooker

Dressed nice and neatly.
She looked so hot.
With a weave that fizzled.

Dressed nice and neat,
Dressed nice and neatly.
With composure there.

Dressed nice and neat,
Dressed nice and neatly.
She avoided disaster.

Dressed nice and neat,
She played it sweet,
And undeterred.
She had wisdom and the drive...
To keep my interest flowing.
While 'peaking' as I'm growing,
To maximize the widening of her thighs.

Dressed nice and neat,
Dressed nice and neatly.
With composure there.

Dressed nice and neat,
Dressed nice and neatly.
She avoided disaster.

Dressed nice and neat,
She played it sweet,
And undeterred.
She had wisdom and the drive...
To keep my interest flowing.
While 'peaking' as I'm growing,
To maximize the widening of her thighs.

Dressed nice and neat,
Dressed nice and neatly.
She was not that sweet.

Dressed nice and neat,
Dressed nice and neatly.
She was a noonday hooker.

Dressed nice and neat,
Dressed nice and neatly.
Just an overbooked hooker.
On a call,
To meet.

She's just an overbooked hooker.
On a call,
To meet.

A busy booked hooker
On a call,
To meet.

She's just an overbooked hooker.
On a call,
To meet.

A busy booked hooker
On a call,
To meet.

A crooked booked hooker,
On a call,
To meet.

A crooked busy hooker,
On a call,
To meet.

A busy booked hooker,
On a call,
To meet.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

'But He Has Not Been Tested! '

They say he is inexperienced.
They say he does not know how to lead.
Are these things being said out of jealousy?
Because he has clearly superceded those disgruntled...
Who lack vision with their outdated deeds.

And leaders around the world applaud.
And he has yet to take a step inside the White House!
Officially as the President, yet.
Is he too powerful to reside inside?
And over the total world population,
It is wished by the people...
That he meets to lead and preside!

'But he has not been tested! '
Say those who protest.
And yet those labelled terrorists...
Are ready to sit and end all conflicts.
With him they wish a peace to manifest!
And put to rest those with an Oedipus Rex complex!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

But I Can'T

'Because' is not a valid reason.
You only sought 'because' to be there,
Since your purpose as to 'why'...
Could not be found to explain your actions.

And you expect me to question.
But I can't.
If you have no answers,
To eliminate my doubts.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

But I Was Never Alone

I had to grow up,
Early.
There was no sheltered path,
Protecting steps...
I was made to correct.
By a sibling older...
I knew as I grew.

I had to grow up,
Early.
With a consciousness,
Of what to do.
And to face those consequences,
I lived to go through.

There were days of resentment.
There were days I spent alone.
There were days I wished,
For a childhood that was childish.

And today I am grateful,
For all of those experiences.
I learned through mistakes made,
And heartaches too.
I learned to listen,
With introspective comprehension.
My battles I fought.
And with time I recognized,
Those blessings to me God has brought!

I had to grow up,
Early.
With a consciousness,
Of what to do.
And to face those consequences,
I lived to go through.

But I was...
Never alone,

To be alone on my own.
And this to me,
God has shown.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

But It Is To Your Interests

'We are against him.
He proposes to redistribute the wealth.
And that is not our interests.'

Oh?
But it is to your interests,
To maintain a drain on the economy
With trillions of dollars...
To give to a few,
With hypocritical views...
You campaign to keep.
To rescue with a 'bailout'
In a brainwashing of those who follow,
Standards and values that deplete them of reality!

'He wishes to inflict upon us socialistic values! '

And you...
Wish to keep those in need.
As you continue feeding your greed!
In a democracy that bleeds.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

But More Of Less Than Even

Violence begets violence.
There is not a podium delivered speech,
That will end atrocities!
Those easily flattered,
Are quick to hoodwink.
And drained of birthright resources.
Tricking the witless into believing...
A substandard way of life is envied.
And every ounce of demented common sense
Shown
Will restore things back to normal,
Whenever we all agree what that is!
And violence begets violence,
By getting nothing...
But more,
Of less than even that's left to deny.
And squander like vagrants...
Making homes for maggots!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

But Now You Bore Me

If you knew how ridiculous I find you,
You would end your obsession
To impress you limitedness.
I don't regard you as competition,
So put those tests at rest.
At best I think you are humorous.
With a mindset of a child.
Your actions have been obvious,
From the very beginning.
And I played along for a while!
But now you bore me!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

But Then In The Doing

You will,
Choose to listen.
You may,
Sometimes refuse.
But then in the doing...
No one else you can accuse,
For your own abuse.

You will,
Choose to run.
With a hiding done.
But then in the doing...
It will be in your darkness,
You will seek light to overcome!
Only you can undo what has to you been done.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

But Why?

Why?
Why?
Why?
Why?
Why...
Do people wonder why?
With all that's in their faces.
Why do people 'Why?
With attempts made to escape it.
Then try,
To deny...
What is 'there',
To be seen.

Offended to defend a disbelief without end.
But why?
Suited to be rooted,
But to boot it is refused.
But why?
Is a ridding to admit,
What exists should be removed.
With eyes to leave wide open and not to fear truth.
But why?
Why?
Why?
Why?
Why do people lie?
Just to hide,
From what is real?
Why do people hide behind lies that will be revealed.

Offended to defend a disbelief without end.
And suited to be rooted,
But a booting is refused.
Yet a ridding would admit,
What exists should be removed.
But why?
Why?
Why?

Why?
Why do people lie?
Just to hide,
From what is real...
If it is felt to feel.
And why?
So much disguised,
Goes undenied?
Could it be that many people don't realize,
They've been hypnotized and deceived?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

But You

Take what it is you can do,
And succeed with it.
No one has to know but you,
How deep the interest.

No one but you has to know,
How satisfied you feel inside.
And no one but you,
Will ever know what it does...
To complete what it is you do,
With a pride undenied.
But you.

With a choice only you have proven,
To be decisive.
Inspite of critique.
And opinions of others who may speak,
Of the nothing they believe that you do.

No one but you has to know,
How satisfied you feel inside.
With a pride undenied,
And a truth that is lived...
But you!
Know this to be true,
As you continue to do...
To get what it is you wish and choose,
Done!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

But, Please Don'T Get Me Wrong

It is too late to find me frisky,
And in a puppy love for you.
Those senses of mine have been jaded.
And in stages to someday fade.

But, please don't get me wrong.
If someone should come along...
With the right zip,
To get me and my spirits lifted?
I wont remember a thing I've said to you!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

But...Don'T You Think That's Stupid?

Unflattering and degrading comments to me made! ?

If I had not been raised prepared to receive them,
Or listen with intent to criticisms sent my way...
My strut would not have had such a focus with purpose.
Nor would I feel what I did m
Meant 'something' to get,
Enough attention to be mentioned.

'Why do you do what you do?
As if to have others believe you are a fool? '

Ssshhh.
What are you trying to do?
Ruin my reputation?
What makes you 'think'...
I am not doing the best I can,
To represent myself as one.

'But...
Don't you think that's stupid? '

Of course I do.
So what point are your trying to make?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

But...What About The Facts?

What is more tragic?
The keeping of denials defended.
Or the results of keeping them,
To have them repeatedly excused to offend...
Those refusing to face truth as often as possible.
Even with evidence proven to be untainted.
Or manipulated to question.

'Yeah,
But...
What about the facts?
No one has yet to step forward,
To admit the details of them...
Ever to have been found,
To submit to refute that truth! '

I am thoroughly confused.
What is it that you wish to have resolved?

'My doubts.
And why it is I still have them.'

The issue you have with doubt,
Has nothing to do with truth.
And that...
Is a fact of a life YOU have chosen to live.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

But? What About The Buts?

People with high ambitions,
Yet low on strict discipline...
To submit completely to patience needed,
Are slow to acquire a tolerance that accepts...
Experiences of others,
They often relay by displaying disrespect.
With a public demeaning that shows neglect.

'Hmmm.
Continue.'

Most people await for impressions to be made.
And those with their high ambitions,
Believing initial hype they get...
Think a name to achieve automatically receives,
A flaunting to gloat their local success.

'Hmmm.
Is there more? '

Yes.
I did all I could in my own neighborhood,
To share my experiences and lessons learned.
Knowing I had been taught by the very best.

'Brilliant.
I love it.
What a thoughtful gesture.
I am so proud of your absence of ego.'

But...

'But? What about the buts?

The 'butts' are the people there.
Totally unaware how sustained success,
Is accomplished to achieved to remain that way.
They were not impressed by my appearance.

'What? That's asinine.
The chip on the shoulder kind of stupidity.
Your appearance?
What has that got to do with 'their' success?
Haven't I taught all my students,
It is the quality of knowledge 'and' humility...
That one must acquire immediately,
Before appreciating any success one gets.
Explain.'

Well...
Your Highness.
II tried my very best to get that message across.
And I 'almost' lost my dignity.

'I see your eyebrow is still raised.
I trust you didn't cuss?
Or allow yourself to use 'm-f' words.'

NO! I'm not going to stoop that low.

'That's a relief.
It takes some people a long time,
To comprehend the message.
Here.
This assignment is much easier.
One would believe,
A doing of good deeds in their own neighborhood,
Would at least leave 'someone'...
Comprehending the content of the message.
Without offending the messenger.'

What is my next assignment?

'I want you to enjoy and appreciate your life.
Despite who might get offended by it.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Butt Naked

So much of my life
Has little of you in it!
For you to insist
Your role is larger than that...
Makes me now wonder,
Where those rumors started.
Some of what has been said...
Came from such an imaginative head!
Especially the ones,
About the color of my underwear.
And which colors I like to wear to bed!
Apparently...
You don't know me that well!
My preference is being butt naked.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Butt Out!

I can be submissive when I wish.
I know this!
Under sheets and kissing.
Yes.
That I will admit.

I can be dominant too.
And that is for me to know.
With whom I choose.
And that is not for public news!
Nor is it for you.

I have no weaknesses...
Or sexual grievances,
I perceive decreases my manhood.
And I wouldn't if I could!
Not for 'trips' others may take.
Or roleplay displays...
Others fake.
With pretensions they insist,
Are realities they persist.
To convince others with!
In solicited nonsense conversations.
Ones that are similar to this.

What is that about?
Why would anyone...
Want to figure that one out?

When my name is gently called...
I am in the process of delivering.
Without an audience around,
To shout out loud!
In a mission missed I'm dishing.
I seek to satisfy,
In a discreteness that's applied.
With outsiders like you,
Quickly dismissed!

'I am almost done with my explanation, baby.
Be patient.'

False labels tossed to imply an embossing...
Are worthless to give time in my mind.
I am affectionate,
With passion to give.
And with that done,
It is with the right one.
Without announcements...
In a campaign allowed,
To show I am proud,
And in a prancing dance...
Among an attentive crowd.

I am not into performances...
Some boast about,
As if that's all there is I did.
And can do.
To be rated on a scale...
To prove I can prevail,
With a stamina...
That should be applauded.
And hailed because I laid a terrific screw,
Praised and exalted.
I am not one into vanity.
Not me!

'I'm almost through, baby! '

I am much too tired in sweat.
And no one that gets what I have,
Leaves me feeling regret!
That's a given.

Some folks like to ask...
~How does it feel, baby?
Have I been up to the task? ~
Not me...
I am not into trash talk.
Or conducting surveys,
In a strut...

To show I've got the right stuff.
Before I do that,
I would give it up.
No buts about it!
concentration is what I penetrate!

I am who I am!
And to be graded for that?
Is not where I am at...at all!
I am here and real.
As my nakedness reveals it.
And my 'boo' knows that is true!
Don't you 'boo'?
'Boo'?

However what takes place is appreciated...
Is determined by the one,
Who enjoys how we together are mated!
For us,
And how 'we' get that done!

So...
If our butts are in it,
You can butt out!

When it comes to how I privately stroke...
There is a seriousness apply,
That does not allow for jokes.
To brag about with others folks.

What I do is my business,
And you are not on that list.
Got it?

And if and when you do...
I hope for you it is good.
And much better than your nosiness.
This is between A and B.
C your way out!

Got it?
And if and when you do...

I hope for you it is good.

We are not interested.
Have a good night!
I hope for you,
Things turn out right!

'Honey? Honey...
You sleep?
Baby I'm sorry!
I suppose I should have said,
It was late and we were in bed!
And closed the door.
To ignore as before!
But you know how I can get...
When the subject is about me,
And sex!

Honey?
Are you snoring?
I didn't mean to get 'that' boring!
Honey? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Buttered Peas With Crushed Red Pepper

Don't take the peas up off my plate.
That irritates.
Don't even think about sneaking them.
They are there for me to eat.
And I want every pea,
Left for me to satiate.

I buttered them to taste.
With baby onions they taste great.
Fix your eyes in another place.
Back your nose up off my plate.

Buttered peas with crushed red pepper.
Fix your eyes in another place.
No other buttered bean or pea taste better.
Take your eyes up off my plate.

I buttered them to taste.
With baby onions they taste great.
Buttered peas with crushed red pepper.
Take your eyes up off my plate.

And don't your think about sneaking a pea!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Button Down Your Hatches Quick

Button down your hatches quick...
You lassies fast grabbing lads.
Pull up your britches over your hips.
The commander comes to inspect the ship.
And we with a quickened pace must ensure...
The commander leaves impressed with it.

Remove all makeup from the boys.
And you girls make sure you wear slips.
Don't embarrass yourselves with low self esteem.
Remember the oath to maintain our greatness.
No matter what trash we wallow in and permit.
Impress with image to prove none of us are misfits.

Button down your hatches quick...
You lassies fast grabbing lads.
Pull up your britches over your hips.
The commander comes to inspect the ship.
And fast we must ensure...
The commander leaves impressed with it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Buy A Pair Of Gloves

You've got to be from out of town?

'Yes, I am.
How did you know that? '

Your eyes are too bright,
And dance with clarity.
That last statement you made...
About 'doing unto others,
As you would have them do unto you...
Added to my awareness.
Since 'you' HERE are among the few.

'Well...
Certain teachings I have learned to hold onto.'

Good luck!
I hope those teachings don't slip from your fingers.

'I...
My friend,
Will always remain the optimist.'

And I...
My friend,
Suggest you buy a pair of gloves.
To fit your hands to allow you a firm grip.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

'Buy' Yourself A Bag Of Chips

Because I show an interest in you,
I 'have' to prove myself worthy...
To gain your attention?

You have either too much caffeine in your system,
Or someone suggested to you I was desperate.
Which is it?

I admit I had been physically attracted to you.
But the only thing that surges to a peak on me,
Right now...
Is my left eyebrow.

Are you grooming to be 'all that'?
Let me see if I have some spare change,
So you can 'buy' yourself a bag of chips!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Buyer Remorse

You can't keep,
The people convinced...
They can live their lives without all the 'stuff'.
Oh no you can't keep,
The people convinced...
Living basically is not that tough.

Since buyer remorse,
Is of course...
A teaching taught and accepted.
With a rush to feel indepted.

Buyer remorse,
Is of course...
A teaching taught to accept,
Alone at home to groan.

No you can't keep,
The people convinced...
Living basically is not that tough.
Oh no you can't keep,
The people convinced...
They can live their lives with alot less 'stuff'.

Since buyer remorse,
Is of course...
A teaching taught and accepted.
With a getting in debt to regret.

And...
A buyer remorse,
Is of course...
A feeling one wants to own.
Alone to groan in one's home.

Yes a buyer remorse,
Is of course...
A teaching taught,
To live.

Who can escape this fate?

A buyer remorse,
Is of course...
A teaching taught,
To live.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Buyer's Remorse

Buyer beware.
What you see,
Isn't what you always get.
That has been known.
But not always shown to reflect.
Now...
If we can only get you to listen,
And compare that to the rotten apples
You've been sold decade after decade...
There 'might' be some progress,
Instead of buyer's remorse...
You've been too comfortable to accept.
To later express regret!
With medical prescriptions,
Sought that are the best.
How does one get rid of an addiction,
To receiving disappointment...
That does not cure these afflictions?
How does that happen?
A change in routine...
That creates a different more meaningful scene.
That hasn't been figured out yet!
Since being duped,
Is what most look forward to get!
But an awakening 'has' to come.
That's the only thing that hasn't been done,
By some!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Buzz Kill

Ignoring rumors heard,
Purposely to disturb relationships.
Done by those sitting on fences,
Loving to enjoy...
Their participation in interference,
From one conflict to start...
While overseeing others they began,
Is a buzz kill.
To do it with the intention,
To have them stop and drop like flies.
Or at least,
Crawl away to be out of sight.
To be ignored is what rumor mongers fear.
And eventually they will take flight.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

By A Waving Done Of A Magic Wand

Heartbreaking to witness this,
It may be.
But not necessarily to those heeding warnings.

However...
When one becomes of age,
And identified to be self destructive.
It becomes impossible,
To return them back to a crib...
With a teaching 'then' to begin,
That is hoped to be conducive...
To an understanding,
With love to them given.

If from the beginning,
The very moment footsteps are taken to place,
This discipline with love is not comprehended?
From where do people think this comes?
By a waving done of a magic wand?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

By All Means... Continue Your Tease

When an admission of caring for another,
Begins for the other...
A reason to establish a game of playing,
'Let Me See You Chase'.
Such a mistake this becomes,
For the one believing...
To be chased makes one's heart race.
With a pacing done in an excitement.

An admission of caring for another,
The other may not realize can be stopped.
To be replaced.
Especially if something felt is genuine.
With an awakening that creates,
An acknowledgement that comes much too late...
That the one who runs away from someone's caring done,
May find themselves with a gift the other does not get!
With far less exhaustion to give in the giving that ends.

'I thought you said you liked me.'

Oh I did with a caring done too.
But prepared for a marathon in the proving of it,
Is not what I give in the expectation in establishing...
A relationship.

'So you don't like me anymore? '

I cared for 'you' not the 'race' you wanted to see me win,
In a chase.

'I was just teasing...
That's all.'

You may be good.
Continue the tease.
However...
Someone else will find that out before I will,
Wont they?

And it will not be me.
By all means...
Continue your tease.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

By Any Other Name

A known betrayal done,
By any other name...
Is a 'betrayal' done just the same.
It is an act to blatantly deceive.
With premeditation planned,
To keep quietly hushed and kept discreet.

Anyone who betrays,
Deserves exactly what they receive.
Whether a remorse filled with guilt.
Or a disgrace shown and given,
From those who feel embittered...
By what to them has taken place.

Expecting empathy and forgiveness,
With a weeping pleading to a loved one...
To understand what they have done.
Are examples of those with minds corrupt.
And like weeds popping up...
Across all lands.

This sickness committed to admit a selfishness...
Few will come to recognize as a tremendous ego trip!
With an overwhelming narcissistic self centered thoughtlessness.
And...
Feelings of an entitlement wished,
That no one else like them can demand.

And those in positions of leadership,
Are not exempt from this.
They are the main ones who feel this way.
With a doing done as they please.
And a caring less,
Who is hurt and offended by their treachery.

No matter how it is addressed to impress...
Those who may be sympathetic,
To the ones like this,
Pathetic!

Anyone who lies to their closest allies...
And dress impeccably with the utmost of etiquette.
Filth and misdeeds are thoughts these people have,
And will not from them leave.
Since they are the beholders of what is perceived,
To be the focal point in their own awe inspiring parade.

'Did you hear...? '

~No I didn't and I don't have a need to listen.
I have only to observe.
I am already affiliated with reality.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

By Choice

Whether or not I am eligible,
To live a life I see fit...
Under my fixed,
And budgeted circumstances...
Should not offend your sensibilities.
Especially 'if' I choose to ignore your opioniated comments,
Completely.

If nothing else,
There 'is' one thing I've earned...
With a learning that is essential.
And that's an ability to remove you from my consciousness,
At 'will'.
And out of my sight,
By choice.
With the greatest of ease.
Aging is a remarkable process, indeed!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

By Day I Might Finger My Fiddle

By day I might finger my fiddle
But at night I reserve exclusively
To the playing with my flute
And when I am through
With my playing of it
I notice how quickly
This helps me snooze
It has been a long time
Since I've been invited to do a duet

Lawrence S. Pertillar

By Invitation Only

If the murmurs were pointless in their renderings,
There would be few to feel offended.
But since they are not.
And begin to peel the scab off ignored wounds...
Pretensions are not that enjoyable.

Of course this brings back those memories.
And many prefer to believe they go unseen,
Hopping on one leg.
Or bleeding profusely...
During their 'By Invitation Only' cocktail parties.

~And how did YOU get in here? ~

'Through the door.
Why?
Was there another way? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

By The Comfort Of It Given

Caught to be wrapped up tight too often...
And too much,
On edge and distant.
Resisting to admit...
There are issues.

With some kept,
To qualify one's purpose.
One's wish to be burdened by self conflict.
And a remorse that bites...
To expose a bitterness.
One often invites to a welcomed visit.

A patience unconditional...
That comes to one in love,
With someone like this...
Usually goes unnoticed.

To eventually be dismissed,
And taken for granted...
By the comfort of it given!
Until it is gone.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

By The Hour

By the hour.
Distrust and fear,
Is being devoured like treats.
Leaving senses sentenced,
To feel incomplete and not centered.
By threats that are served.
And everywhere for free.

Enforced to eat obscenities and dispair.
No more discreetly,
People meet on street corners...
Just to discuss,
What they've seen at the movies.
Or on TV.
Unaware their minds are being reminded,
Happiness to have it...
Has begun from them to become flushed.
And by the hour.

How sour and bitter life has become.
More are heard to have these thoughts come.
And with it done by the hour,
As if from this it is pointless to run.
Since too many have accepted invitations,
To remain where they are staying stunned.
Being devoured.
Like petals purposely picked to prevent growth,
Of flowers before full bloom.

By the hour.
Distrust and fear,
Is being devoured like treats.
Leaving senses sentenced,
To feel incomplete and not centered.
By threats that are served.
And everywhere for free.
With the intent to see them lose vitality.
With the intent to see them wither.

By the hour.
Being devoured.
By crime, corruption and rumors of wars.
By the hour.
Being devoured.
By threats that are served.
And everywhere for free.
With the intent to see,
More lose their vitality.

With intent to see and witness,
The petals of flowers picked to wither.
With the intent to see and witness,
A destruction to accept...
The feeding of it fed that is released.
On the hour. By the hour...
Of every day!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

By The 'Old You' The New You Knew

There is no special wand
To hand out and wave...
To dissolve obstacles
Blocking your way.
You may not like it...
But the path you're strolling on
Is the path 'you' pave...
Constantly raving about what's being done!
How much of it did you do?
How much was labor?
How much of it fun?

Or is that just as much of a mystery,
As your interests in your neighbors' business?
Leaving yours mismanaged as you manage theirs!

I wouldn't rely on anyone,
To help you figure 'you' out!
And that's not going to happen...
Not as long as you are spending time
Trying to trace your place,
In someone else's footsteps!
Better than they've done themselves.

Do something different!
Run away from yourself.
Forget being followed!
Allow yourself to discover new surroundings!
Don't look back...
Fast is this magic track that attracts!
You'll catch up in time.

And by then...
You might find your mind has broaden!
Enough not to wait to be pursued...
By the 'old you' the new you knew!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

By The Shift Of Winds

I...
Am not surprised,
By...
The shift of winds.

I,
Have noticed seasons...
Changing to exchange,
From how I knew them then.

And it doesn't seem that long ago,
Spring would bring an end to Winter.
Or when Fall began,
Leaves of the trees would magically be colored.

I...
Am not surprised,
By...
The shift of winds.

I,
Have noticed seasons...
Changing to exchange,
From how I knew them then.

People then had broad smiles,
Anticipating awaited holidays.
And I remember all the while...
How a love of life with so many stayed.

And it doesn't seem that long ago,
And it doesn't seem that long ago,
Spring would bring an end to Winter.
Or when Fall began,
Leaves of the trees would magically be colored.

But...
So cold remain most shoulders,
Today.

By the shift of winds.

People then had broad smiles,
Anticipating awaited holidays.
And I remember all the while...
How a love of life with so many stayed.
But...
So cold remain most shoulders,
Today.
By the shift of winds.
Cold...
Remain most shoulders,
Today.
By the shift of winds.
Today.
By the shift of winds.
Cold shoulders,
By the shift of winds...
Remain.

I...
Am not surprised,
By...
The shift of winds on display,
Today.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

By The Time You Discover Reality

Just think...
By the time you discover reality,
There may be some left for you...
To get use to the affects of it!

Enjoy it for what it is.
And not try to sell it like the others.
The ones still doing their best to find a way,
To cheapen life for hollow reward.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

By The Time You Have Been Effectively Silenced

By the time you have been effectively silenced...
You would have welcomed it yourself!
And thought of it a brilliant idea.
That should have happened sooner.
But at that time...
You had been opposed to suppression!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

By This Kind Of Burning

The core of my being
Animates with heated truth.
It does not stay ignited to offend.
But then...
Neither will it suffocate,
From smoke screens placed...
To shield it from an occasional agitated blaze!
So many have rushed in panic to squelch these sparks.
Once raging now they flicker.
But it doesn't keep the winds that come,
From spreading what has been simmering...
Into flames that captivate and hypnotize,
Those mesmerized by this kind of burning.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Bypassing

Once an episode,
Has been viewed...
To learn from it,
A lesson taught.
With a listening to others,
Express their opinions...
And decisions to have made.
The one who knows,
What it takes to remove...
Obstacles from a path,
They alone have paved.
Bypassing the advice heard,
From those who sit...
Contributing negativity.
Is a lesson to remember,
To ignore the emptiness...
Of the benefit of it.
Once episodes like this,
Come to go...
They don't change.
They remain the same to bypass!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

C5h8o4nan

If you have not acquired a taste for Chinese food?
That's perfectly okay!
I haven't strayed too far away from a piece
of fried chicken with a side order of collard greens...
Every now and then!
It was almost a 'sin' not to when I was a kid growing up!
It was an 'accepted' tradition!
When my grandmother would 'make' us eat
Her delicious treats!
'I never understood that at all!
Weren't we suppose to hate,
What she would make
Us eat? ? '
Back then?

I will say this...
You may ying and yang all you wish,
To mock those Chinese dishes.
But a recommended taste for Chinese dialogue,
May boost your future's outlook...
As well as your diet!
With or without C5H8O4NaN...
Monosodium glutamate.
As well as an enhanced appreciation for the culture!
It always helps to be somewhat prepared!
And substitutions for salt...
To add flavor,
Is available!
No greasy fatback is used in their recipes!
Most of them are steamed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Cabin Fever

Momentum slows,
As those breezes blow in colder.
The steps made have a quicker pace,
With worn jackets and coats...
Appearing to be snuggled closer to faces,
If not muffed with mittened hands or scarfed.

Temperatures overnight begin to chill.
And those 'snowbirds' find their way,
To warmer climates to stay.
Leaving others to hibernate their wishes,
For Spring soon to bring a feeling of cabin fever...
All enclosed would love to skip over to see end.

'Will you kids stop that noise.
It's driving me crazy.'

~What 'noise'?
We are reading.~

'Well...
Turn those pages a little bit quieter.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Caged Prisoners

They take a vote to decide,
Whether or not they should move forward?
And another to decide if they should abandon,
Those limitations of thought and the process of it!

This may seem ludicrous...
But people like this actually exist!
They think of themselves as being progressive...
With an exactness,
Even caged prisoners would petition against.

And despise they do,
Those who protest their degraded quality of life.
They prefer that such issues be kept quiet...
And not attract attention.

Lessons received from their ancestors.
With content and comprehension...
Has been released and is nonexistent!
And yet...
At odds with the delivery, purpose and perception.
When in celebration of historic events...
Although clearly maintaining the routine of values meant!
Nothing more!
Just the pretense of it!

Even though an hypocrisy kept,
May be in conflict with the hip hoppers...
Unwrapping disrespect gone unaddressed.
With presentations that expose cracks on naked butts!
As minds fly high around warning signs posted on trees,
Above the pictures of missing neighborhood children!
But who really cares...
When there are still those who are trying to 'project' traditions.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Cait Couldn'T Wait To Bait

I am...
Outraged!
Well...
I'm trying to believe,
I should be outraged.
OR envious. OR jealous.
Even I don't know what to think,
Or feel anymore.
God has 'got' to be a comedian.

'Why?
Why such a heated temperament.
Calm down.
What has you so upset? '

One guy.
The father of several children.
And in his mid-60's,
Decides he's been hiding...
And telling lies about his sexuality.
And I tell you...
OVERNIGHT he has become,
The most gorgeous woman...
I've seen in years.
And 'already' he's adorning magazine covers,
Getting book and TV deals...
That will pay him MILLIONS.

'Why should what he does bother you? '

He had been a man's man.
A top rated athlete.
He was on a Wheaties Box.
A loving and doting father,
On a top rated reality TV show.
NOW...
He's a glam queen.
What CAN'T he do?
Do you realize how high,

He has raised the bar for all men?
AND women too?

'So what are you saying? '

By himself and himself alone,
He has totally done away with limits...
Perceptions and definitions of boundaries.
And for years I've been censored...
For making the same attempts.
As a wanna-bee writer.
But looks and image,
Are the only things people today care about.

'And he has had both for years.
To now have done it on both sides of the fence.'

Who does he think he IS...
Bruce Jenner?

'Cait.
He wants to call herself Cait now.'

Yeah!
Cait couldn't wait to bait.
Like a Jessica Rabbit setting traps.
With a doing it to drop lots of jaws.

Dedicated:
'To anyone,
Who can achieve and receive complete happiness...
As both a man AND a women in ONE lifetime,
With a blowing away minds publicly...
Is a phenomenon to witness.
Especially during these days,
Of transitional upheaveal.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Cakewalk

I admit my life has been a cakewalk.
And every beating I've endured,
That has scraped my knees...
As I fell to awaiting pavement,
And knocking my head against obstacles...
I can say today,
After experiencing the heat of it...
And tasting every bit of the mixture made,
I have grown to enjoy in my progressing years...
The addition of the delicious frosting I did not expect.
After developing my patience and eliminating regrets.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Calamities?

Calamities?
Yes.
Fried without the shells.
Leave the bellies,
And bring lots of tartar!
Also a dip for the chips, please!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Calamity And Vanity

Living a life to believe it's meant,
To pray for things to get.
And this brings happiness.
Isn't happiness one expects,
After one gets deep in debts,
To owe those who become pests.
And yet...
An upheaval from an evil comes.
An evil to upheaval done...
As delusions keep unconscious minds,
Splitting to bits...
Over petty focused nonsense,
While permitted started conflicts everywhere exists.

Calamity and vanity is threatening all humanity.
Leaving people as a looming doom prepares more room.
Ignoring what those ignorant all assume...
That a suffering isn't on the road and coming soon.
To those whose minds are concentrated on just things...
Believing things will comfort AND solve everything.
As delusions keep unconscious minds,
Splitting to bits...
Over petty focused nonsense,
While permitted started conflicts everywhere exists.
Calamity and vanity is threatening all humanity.
And those who think they're chosen will not benefit from it.
With belief they live a life that God has meant!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Calculated Misdeeds

Calculated misdeeds
Come back to haunt,
Those flaunting ego wishes.
A shift in deceptions drift!

An upheavel comes to their lives.
And they are quite surprised...
How quick they fall and slip,
Into oblivion!
And there is no avoiding it...
When what had been,
Loosens from their grip!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Calculated Outcomes

Sure,
Read me anytime you like!
You've been read several times.
That's why I am browsing through
Something fresh and motivating!
Calculated outcomes...
Are never the ones reassuring!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Calculating

Mistakes?
There is a difference,
Between those deliberately made.
And those created with a premeditation done.

Those who say they have made a mistake,
After taking time calculating their manipulations...
And caught!
To be found to weep,
For the humiliation they have reaped...
Exposed by their misdeeds,
Will 'always' be deceivers.

People like this,
Should never again be believed.
But an empathy with forgiveness,
Seems to stop instantly those tears from dripping!

Overcompensating their mistakes...
As unconscious activities?
Would be acceptable except...
People are proud to leave behind,
Witnesses and descriptions that depict...
Their strategies,
To undo someone else.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Call Me Anytime

Sure.
I am always open for recommendations,
And suggestions.
I am not closed minded like that.

'Good.
I think you should...'

Oh.
Wait a minute.
You mean from you?

'Yes,
I do! '

Well...
I tell you what.
Let's schedule a meeting...
On the,
Let's see...
How is the fifth-teenth of Neverary for you?

'Sure,
I...
Hey,
There's no 15th of Neverary.'

Gee...
I think you're right.
Here...
Take my number.

'Sure.
Whenever you're ready.'

Call me at...
1-800 G-E-T L-O-S-T.
Call me anytime.
And If I am not in...

Just feel free to leave me a message.

'Huh?
What are you saying?
I bet that's not really your number.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Call Me Right Back

For clarification.
You want me to be aware
Of my loneliness...
So you decided to give me a call?

Let me repeat that...
Because there is something,
I am definitely missing!

YOU want ME to be aware
Of MY loneliness...
So YOU decided to give ME a call?

Oooookkkaaaayyy!
Now...
Should I give you a clue,
When YOU get thisclose...
To perfecting irritation?
Or should I give you dialtone,
To improve upon your presentation?

I tell you what!
Why don't you call me right back.
And if your get a busy signal...
Maybe,
Just maybe...
I'm trying to call you?

How's that?
Because IF I should give you dialtone now...
You might misinterpret,
The meaning.
And I don't ever want you to think,
I can be rude.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Call That Vanity

I remember once being told I was nothing but fluff.
With a life that would lead to nothing,
Because I was not made of the right stuff.
And purposely I see these folks.
And keep my mouth close shut.
Since most of them are limping with canes,
If not laying flat on their butts!
And I am happy and glad my stuff is fluff.
With a still muscled butt that allows my strut!
And please by all means,
Call that vanity!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Call To Get A Cop

If you want me arrested,
Call to get a cop.
I've given my best,
Believe it or not.
Now you want to confess to me...
You think I'm a thief!
Please.

If you want me arrested,
Call to get a cop.
I've given up all I had,
Believe that or not.
Now you tell me that I can't leave...
Because your aggravations aren't that bad.

This is worse than living in a jail cell.
Living with you has been pure hell.
I've got to leave you and do it quick,
With a taking of my mind...
And,
Splitting through an exit!
Yes.

If you call a cop,
Be honest when you tell on me.
Get a cop,
And tell the story truthfully.
Without those tears you weep and drop.
With the telling of lies nonstop.

Whoa Nelly!

If you want me arrested,
Call to get a cop.
I've given my best,
Believe it or not.
Now you want to confess to me...
You think I'm a thief!
Please.

And you want me arrested,
Because I wont take from you...
More of your mess,
Yes.

You want me arrested,
Because your testing gives me no rest.
And...
You want me arrested,
Because I've decided to step.
Yes.
And you wish to break my neck.

So,
If you want me arrested?
Call to get a cop.
I've given my best,
Believe it or not.
Now you want to confess to me...
I've all you've got,
Please!

This is worse than living in a jail cell.
Living with you has been pure hell.
I've got to leave you and do it quick,
With a taking of my mind...
And,
Splitting through an exit!
Yes.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Caller Id

So many times I'd wonder where you'd be.
Whether you were home alone,
Sitting by the phone like me?
I wanted to call you...
Now that I'm available and free.
But I remember how we parted...
And you have 'Caller ID'.

I use to cry when we broke up.
Feeling physically and mentally drained.
And nothing could satisfy what I felt!
Feeling betrayed and blamed!

And I still have your number,
Engraved in my heart!
With a wedding band returned and refused!
I'd like to think there are memories to rekindle.
But I know you have better things to do!
'I have better things now..' You last said to me!
And I hung up feeling deeply bruised!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Calm Down

It had been countless field days taken,
By demons disguising themselves to undermine...
Anyone found to be indecisive in mind.

It has been years people weak in faith,
Faking a closeness associated with strength...
To discover they had been duped and deceived.

And today...
Truth sought by those seeking it to believe,
Have become less offended...
By the ones unafraid to speak it.
With a giving it in abundance...
To those now prepared to receive.

It had been countless field days taken,
By demons disguising themselves to undermine...
Anyone found to be indecisive in mind.
But in these times an awakening finds,
How comforting a deceiving demon can be.
With a stripping away reality as people sleep.

'WHERE AM I? '

Calm down.
It's reality.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Calm, Cool And Collected

There is nothing you have in common with me.
I have been blessed to keep the depth of my anguish,
Concealed from exposing its appearance on my face.
You have no idea what it takes,
To seem as if I am calm, cool and collected.
When on some days I rage inside from my experiences.
Even when those believe they can step on my toes,
They have not a clue...
Where that act they have done in my mind goes.

There is nothing you have in common with me.
I have been blessed to keep the depth of my anguish,
Concealed from exposing its appearance on my face.
You have no idea what it takes,
To seem as if I am calm, cool and collected.
When on some days I rage inside from my experiences.

I know I am blessed.
And so are those who have stepped on my toes.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Came And Went Away

That train has gone.
The one you are trying to catch,
To keep up!
The one delayed...
That finally arrived.
The one you questioned...
Whether to climb aboard and ride.
That train has gone.
The one you are trying to catch,
To keep up!
The one you said,
Would never come
So you fled?
The one you claimed
To wait for and remain?
Well...
While you were at play,
That train came and went away!
And to you there was no cost.
But the patience required...
You tossed away and lost!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Camouflaging Content

In it for the money!
In it for the 'show' of things!
In it to bedazzle...
Flashing cash and 'bling'

In it for the ego.
Hoping to be noticed.
Hoping to catch someone's eye,
And remaining in their focus!

Camouflaging content...
Of which there is an absence.
Trying to stay relevant,
In times when substance
Has lost all meaning meant!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Campaigning For Him To Fail

Aggressively,
They are campaigning for him to fail.
Without comprehending...
He is the only one left,
Keeping the creditors off their backs.

He is the only one,
Who has not...
Traded his wisdom for deceit.
To line his pockets to get them fat!

He is the only one,
Who has not...
Chased delusion.
With the hopes of seeing it,
Defeated.

He is the only one,
Who has not...
Succumbed to fantasy!
Or allowed himself,
To grieve over trivia!
For personal gain.
To see himself,
Over others succeed.

And yet...
Aggressively,
They are campaigning for him to fail.
Without comprehending...
He is the only one left,
To prevail in their behave.
But they are too blind.
They see him alone.
As someone alone trying to shine!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Can I Get A Witness?

If people are not reading...
That does not mean,
A comprehension is not welcomed.

If they are not feeding,
From beliefs...
They too are qualified,
To allow thinking to be done!

And as this ignorance is toasted and spread...
By some who are fed,
They can only achieve by keeping suppression,
Dealt to those oppressed instead.
A lowered standard of life...
Lowers below that of a flower bed.
And an acceptance only blooms,
A stench to climb like vines on fences.
Getting the attention,
Of hard thickened heads!

'Some fools can't see,
Their outlooks can be foolish.
When they perceive,
Themselves kings and queens.
And when they become,
Stung by all their madnesss...
They choose to speed up,
Their own suffering! '

Let us sway with the rhythm.
In dimmed lighting, please.

'Some fools can't see,
Their outlooks can be foolish! '

That's right...
Lower the lights.

'When they perceive,

Themselves as kings and queens.'

Pass the crumbs to those humming.

'When they become,
Stung by all their madness.'

Can I get a witness?

'They choose to speed up,
Their own suffering! '

Boo hoo
Boo hoo
Boo
Hoo
Hoooooo.
Bah dah dah boo hoo...

'Some fools can't see,
Their outlooks can be foolish.'
Bah dah dah boo hoo...

'When they perceive,
Themselves kings and queens.'
Bah dah dah boo hoo...

'And when they become,
Stung by all their madnesss.'
Bah dah dah boo hoo...

'They choose to speed up,
Their own suffering! '

Boo hoo
Boo hoo
Boo
Hoo
Hoooooo.

Boo hoo
Boo hoo

Boo
Hoo
Hoooooo.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Can 'I' Say

That those of my generation...
Have made a better way,
Today?
With attempts made to save,
A quality of life for all to live...
With a doing of things right!
And the proof is there to be as is?

Can 'I' say...
There are less conflicts to fight,
Day and night.
Can 'I' say...
What we have done,
Has paved a path for all to walk upon?
And those who do this,
Do it with a pride dignified...
With a certain identity recognized,
And a respect that is accepted...
Never disrespected by anyone to welcome?

Can 'I' say...
It's peace.
Can 'I' say...
It has been released.
Can 'I' say...
It is hope.
Can 'I' say...
Everyone is doing this most.
Can 'I' say...
It's prosperity,
All of us is seeking but no one greeds.

Can 'I' say...
It's peace.
Can 'I' say...
It has been released.
Can 'I' say...
It is hope.
Can 'I' say...

Everyone is doing this most.
Can 'I' say...
It's prosperity,
All of us is seeking but no one greeds.

Can 'I' say,
That those of my generation...
Have made a better way,
Today?
With attempts made to save,
A quality of life for all to live...
With a doing of things right!
And the proof is there to be as is?

Can 'I' say...
What's been prayed for,
Has arrived...
Today.

Can 'I' say...
What's been prayed for,
Has arrived...
Today.

Can 'I' say...
What's been prayed for,
Has arrived...
Today!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Can It Be Stopped

Can they can they dropp it.
Can it,
Be stopped.

Can they can they dropp it.
Can it,
Be stopped.

Can it be dropped.
Can it be stopped.

Hoodwinkers on the loose.
Hoodwinkers out to dupe too!
And...
Can they be stooped.

Crooked people after loot,
Proving they can low stoop.
But...
Can they can they dropp it.
Can they be stopped.
Can they can they dropp it.
Can they be stopped.

Hoodwinkers on the loose,
Stooping low as they choose.
Can they can they dropp it.
Can it,
Be stopped.
Can they can they dropp it.
Can it,
Be stopped.
Can they can they dropp it.
Can it,
Be stopped.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Can Not Believe The Odor

In a rush to flush
To collect in a cesspool sludge.
This mess has got to go.
It stinks and nothing about it is attractive.
Reeking from an overindulged diet,
Of hoodwinks and criminal intent...
That has blocked a natural flow.
And now has constipated arteries,
That once provided clear passage...
Ready to shut all systems down!
Let's hope there is still time,
To rid ourselves of this slime!

The best way to do it is to get it out in the open!
Many have been deceived and can not believe the odor!
The actions attempted to remain hidden,
Are going to smell for quite some time to come!
But at least the air is still safe to breathe...
And free of total pollution!
Right now it appears to be that way.
Unless that is also another illusion taught to digest...
And believe!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Can Not Get Enough Of That Kinky Stuff

Whispering homophobics,
Fearing their own abnormalities...
Will be perceived.
Tell their tales to unfold,
From behind closed closet doors.
And are themselves prepared,
To strip naked in the darkness.
Baring chest, butts and nuts...
To expose passions in discreet,
With anyone picked up...
Cruising alone at night on city streets.

They want to be sure they have 'outed' someone.
While they to others continue to deceive.
They want to point out what they have 'heard'...
About one who has too much sugar in their cups.
As they 'somehow' know the dirt to dish...
With the poring of the 'tea'.

'Apparently they are not grown up.'

Apparently they are disgusted,
With acts they perform in privacy.
And these frustrations they try to cover up.
But it is apparent those who whisper,
Can not get enough of that kinky stuff.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Can Not Stop

I can not...
And will not stop,
Or drop
My affair with love.

I can not stop,
To figure out 'why'
This affair came,
To start this love!

This feeling felt is healing.
It appeals to what I'm needing.
And I can not drop,
Or stop to figure out...
My affair to have this love!

I can not...
And will not stop,
Or drop
My affair with love.

I can not stop,
To figure out 'why'
This affair came,
To start this love!

This feeling felt is healing.
It appeals to what I'm needing.
And I can not drop,
Or stop to figure out...
My affair to have this love!

And I can not drop,
Or stop to figure out...
My affair to have this love!

This feeling felt is healing.
It appeals to what I'm needing.
And I can not drop,

Or stop to figure out...
My affair to have this love!

I will not stop,
To figure out 'why'
I should drop...
My affair with love!

I can not...
And will not stop,
Or drop
My affair with love.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Can That Hole Get Any Deeper...

He came along to make claims.
And now his time has passed.
How history depicts and treats him...
Depends on who is in charge,
Of the re-writes!

And who then is deemed qualified,
To verify and identify a reality...
John Williams, the composer
Has been called in to emotionally score,
The music for that documentary to come.
Entitled...
'Can That Hole Get Any Deeper,
Than the 43rd Has Made It! '

'Only 'if' Steven Spielberg has been hired,
To direct and produce.
And Drew Barrymore decides to star.
With ET making a special appearance.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

'Can We Eat Now? '

Touch me!
Now close your eyes.
Touch me again.
'I can't!
Where are you?
You have gone! '
I am still here!
You made that clear.
'Yes...
But you are not near! '
Does that mean you have forgotten
We touched?
'No.'
Does that mean my voice is not heard?
'No.'
Then in your mind,
I am as close to you than I have ever been!
You have felt my presence.
And with you that will always remain.
'Can we eat now?
You have made your point! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Can We Mend

When you are ready,
Don't stay away.
Whatever you say,
To me then will be okay.

I'm not wanting it my way.
I hate arguing,
Just to stir a debating.

When you are ready,
Don't stay away.
Whatever you say,
To me then will be okay.

I'm not wanting it my way.
I hate arguing,
Just to stir a debating.

What is done let it be done.
There has been some mistakes.
Both of us made.
Creating heartache...
And,
The blaming had us on the run,
To others who left...
Pain that remains.
With us love was no game.

When you are ready,
Don't stay away.
Whatever you say,
To me then will be okay.

What is done let it be done.
The blaming had us on the run,
To others who left...
Pain that remains.
With us love was no game.
Can we mend and end the reasons,

That rain upon us came!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Can We Shake Ourselves Awake

Can we shake ourselves awake,
From an aborted ride into darkness
Derailed?
Can we take back the hope to love,
And detour this scene to find happiness waiting?
Will agitated aggressiveness become offended
To find clearing eyes on the road...
And not on drugged realities sold as we slept!

Can we shake ourselves awake...
And turnaround to mend shattered daydreams,
Left unnourished and discouraged to fulfill?
Dropping them as excessive weight,
We believed our journey could not take...
But now needs!

If we can shake ourselves awake,
And break free of the mistaken purpose to control.
Focusing on the road we have taken to make peace.
The peace we nearly overslept
To let someone we felt we knew take the wheel.
Awakening to find they had become misguided!
Hopefully this does not delay our arrival.

If we can shake ourselves awake...
We just might make it there on time,
To celebrate!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Can We Together Chase Rainbows Once Done?

What we use to do.
And what we now can find no time,
Together.
Chasing rainbows once done!
Neglecting the Sunrays...
To prefer sitting under clouds,
Expecting rain and thunder to come!
Did we welcome that?
And when did it begin?
I wish what we use to do,
Could return back to us again!
But that would mean,
We would have to forgive and forget!
And revive the love,
That swept us off our feet.
And remove the dirt...
Kept swept under the rug!
Can we together,
Chase rainbows once done?
Or are we here...
To victimize each other's dreams?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Can You Care? Can You Dare To Be Aware?

Care!
And dare,
To be aware...
Of others born with feelings too.
Although they may not express them,
The way that you do.
But...
Care!
And dare,
To be aware...
Of these times we live to be ever changing.
And fears many hide to refuse they aren't there.

Care!
And dare,
To be aware...
Of people losing everything that they've ever owned.
Or thought they would forever be to them known and shown.
Can you care?
And dare to be aware,
That a homelessness and hunger...
Isn't just for some,
Who laid around with wishes wanting this to come.

Care.
Can you care?
Of people losing everything that they've ever owned.
Or thought they would forever be to them known and shown.
Can you care?
Can you dare to be aware...
That a homelessness and hunger...
Isn't just for some,
Who laid around with wishes wanting this to come.

Can you care?
Can you dare to be aware...
Of others living through some kind of suffering too.
Although they may not show this in the way that you do.
Can you care?

Can you dare to be aware...
Of others living through some kind of suffering too.
Although they may not show this in the way that you do.
Can you care?
Can you dare?
Can you...
Show you are aware?
And...
How can you prove that you do?
And...
What would the proving this do?
And...
Do you know who you would choose?
To...
Find your caring is approved?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Can You Cut Me Some Slack?

Is it a duty,
For those wise...
To take it upon themselves,
To touch others' lives?

Is this a mission,
Given and sent...
To raise the consciousness,
Of people...
With an intent that is meant?

And just how is this selection process done?
How does one choosing to mind their own business,
Approach with a message to be delivered to someone!
And how is that communicated for it to be understood?
Especially when The Creator seems to prefer,
Those appearing downtrodden and living in the 'hood'!

Do you understand what I'm sayin'?
Do you blame me for wanting God,
To skip over me...
Knowing that kind of mission,
Is 'not' what I'm wishin' when I begin prayin'!

'Dear Father,
I love You with ALL my heart.
BUT...
Can You cut me some slack?
And not give to me a mission like that?
PLEASE! ? '

Is it a duty,
For those wise...
To take it upon themselves,
To touch others' lives?

Is this a mission,
Given and sent...
To raise the consciousness,

Of people...
With an intent that is meant?

And just how is this selection process done?
And how is that communicated for it to be understood?
Especially when The Creator seems to prefer,
Those appearing downtrodden and living in the 'hood'!

'Dear Father,
I love You with ALL my heart.
BUT...
Can You cut me some slack?
And not give to me a mission like that?
PLEASE! ? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Can You Dance?

Can you dance?

'I'm sorry.
Can I do what? '

Can you flip, dip...
Bob and weave quickly?

'I...uh...huh? '

Okay.
I'll get specific.
And listen carefully.
Can you dodge a ball?
Play chess?
While skipping rope,
With your eyes close.
And not break into a sweat?

'Sir...
I know you run a very unique,
And creative operation.
But,
What has any of that,
Has to do with my experience?
And obtained skills,
I have earned to validate...
My abilities undenied.
With them to provide.'

Good question.
I like your wit.
And how your mind remains,
Focused.
Regardless who tries,
To see you shift...
Your eyes from side to side.
Can you talk,
A bunch of mularkey.

And then have others,
Ultimately make sense of it?

'That depends on what is sold.
And who from it benefits.'

Oh! I'm falling in love.

'However, sir...
I must say this,
Lieing is not in my portfolio.
And to honesty,
I will always remain committed.
I'm not into fraud.
Corruption or deception.'

You're making me moist.
Your choice of words.
And the sincerity heard,
In your voice.
I'm getting chills. Goosebumps.
You will be paid five million,
Per year.

'When do I begin dancing? '

Come here.
Closer.
I'll show you the steps.
And remember...
Fraud to choose or not,
Is not your burden to bear.
It's our policy.

'I can respect that.
But...
What about the 25th Amendment? '

Oh.
The one about 'peaches'?
I don't believe in eating them.
But if forced...

I'll pretend with fingers,
Crossed behind my back...
To go along with the program.
Dance with me.
You won't regret,
Me showing you that.

'Your balls!
They are so 'huuuge'.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Can You Describe What That Is

Okay class!
Which of the following,
Expresses one with identity?
A. One with image and tries to impress.
B. One with a dignity regardless how dressed.
C. One who confesses what they own to possess.
D. One who has presence but speaks about themselves less.

'I have a question? '

Okay.
Good.
What is it?

'Which one lives in a house with a wide TV screen?
And do they have a BENZ and have plenty of bling? '

You are missing the message here.
That has nothing to do with identity.

'Then I know I've already failed this test.
What other identity is there to have? '

The 'identity' one should have of 'self'.

'I'm lost.
Can you describe what that is so I can see it? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Can You Feel It

Can you feel it.
To understand and be candid.
Without a biased pride.
Hidden to deny.
Can you really feel it.
To show with a letting known,
Your prejudice has died.
And long from your mind flown.

Those who are truly modest,
Are today oddities.
Neither are they bold,
Or tongue-tied.
But live their lives decently.

Can you feel it,
A disrespect to get.
Or it heard from another,
A serving of a thoughtlessness
Delivered before they split...
To leave their,
Foolishness.

Now can you feel it,
This loss found to pay a cost.
By those who can't see...
Whatever is caught,
Returns as tossed.

Can you feel it.
Without a biased pride.
Can you feel it.
To show with a letting known,
Your prejudice has died.
And in your mind,
It's gone no longer to find.
Or kept concealed,
To pretend not real.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Can You Find Your Way Out, Alone

It is not alright...
To do as you please.
Because you are grown.
And I am not your daddy.

No.
It is not alright...
To disrespect me,
In front of your friends.
And you expect me to say nothing,
But sit and grin.

It's not alright...
To come home late.
After what you describe,
As a 'dinner' date.
And then within my listening distance...
Mumble under your breath,
About your feeling trapped.
And you wish to seek an end.

Guess what?
I wouldn't want you to go through,
More of that.

I'll take back my car keys.
The house keys.
My credit cards too!
Now...
You can just leave.

There is one thing I 'can' say about you...
I would never accuse you of being a fool.
You have a way of making those announcements,
Yourself.

Should I show you where to exit?
Or can you find your way out,
Alone.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Can You Forgive?

I was then among the few,
Who knew...
About those things,
You had gone through.

And I had traveled high and low,
To uncover how you were doing...
Because I had to know.

I am here today for you,
Wishing I will find you still strong.
I am here today for you,
Since tomorrow has of yet...
Come along.
And I've corrected all my yesterdays',
Wrongs.

Can you forgive?
I've corrected all my yesterdays' wrongs.

I was then among the few,
Who knew...
About those things,
You had gone through.

Can you forgive?
I've corrected all my yesterdays' wrongs.

Can you forgive?
Since in your heart I'm hoping,
I still belong.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Can You Handle It?

YOU don't get it.
When I express my point of view...
From 'my' point of view!
You just don't get it.
When I voice my opinion
From a freed comprehension I've earned.
And in doing this I've learned
Seeking acceptance
Is like looking for a noun without a vowel.
I will say what comes to mind...
Since mine isn't closed to communication.
And there is nothing on vacation in my head!
Dead weight I'm not.
Nor am I trying to start or stop...
Whatever makes you tick!
If I'm with it I stay.
If not I split!
I am an adult!
Can you handle it?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Can You Imagine Being Sold At An Auction?

Jews...
'Know from experience what it means to be victims
of collective violence.
And also because of this they are quick,
to recognize the recurring symptoms, '
Said Cantalamessa, a Franciscan priest.

~What is your response to this? ~

*About what? *

~What I just read about what's going on,
At the Vatican.~

*I'm of African-American dissent.
The atrocities against my ancestors...
Are never mentioned intentionally.
Can you imagine being sold at an auction?
Being branded like cattle?
And stripped of all identity?
Where do you want me to begin with the comparisons? *

~WHY do you always bring that up? ~

*Hmmm...
No reason.
Did you bring my ham sandwich? *

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Cancer Of The Earth

You have to be a sad somebody...
To wake up each day and have absolutely nothing,
Nothing at all...
To be grateful for and express that gratefulness! .
Nothing at all? ? ?
To express your thankfulness?
That's absurd!
And you are actually expressing this...
With a wish to have this heard?

Then there is no wonder,
Why people like you...
Are more pitiful than any scene revealed,
To make others feel...
Those living homeless,
And in starvation states of body and mind...
As seen and produced on TV screens,
Can induce sympathy to boost 'your' treasures...
By showing those devastated in third world countries.
While you sit and dream,
To add to a stockpile...
Of things you neither use.
Or seem to really need!

And I view them...
The ones used to demean,
As First World People of Massive Negligence,
To have to have suffered and endured...
The acts of selfishness and greed!
That YOU can find to whine about,
That there is not 'more' you can digest!
As you feast an overfed gluttony schemed.

You are entwined in a 'spiritual digression'.
Oh...
My God,
Yes!

'These fools are congested!

And constipated at best! '

And your mind is the cancer of the Earth!
Perhaps that is why you view your way of life...
Upheld by standards you value,
As coming to an end!
And I hope to God that is true!
This process began by a manipulating few!

Perhaps that is why...
An undoing of this mess,
Is affecting what you are accustomed to!
You are overdo for a universal spanking...
Coming to 'your' home and one near you!

There is a need to have you cured,
To purify the air...
Of these polluted thoughts,
You have been taught to thoughtlessly breathe!
You need an overhaul.
One completely renewed and fresh,
Indeed.
With a decrease of your selfishness.
Done to be left behind and put to rest!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Candied Kisses

She wants it sugar coated.
To clip and paste...
Upon her fragile reality.

He wants to be her superman.
Although he flies into brick walls.
And he can't quite come to his feet to stand.
He is human afterall.
Stumbling from a crawl.
To get up again...
Proving he has the balls to win.

They represent,
Roleplays
That have come to an end.
And they resent delays,
To their wishes.

They represent,
Roleplays
That have come to an end.
And they resent delays,
To their wishes.

She wants it sugar coated.
To clip and paste...
Upon her fragile reality.

He wants to be her superman.
Although he flies into brick walls.
And he can't quite come to his feet to stand.
He is human afterall.
Stumbling from a crawl.
To get up again...
Proving he has the balls to win.
Time and again to defend,
If he doesn't.

They represent,

Roleplays
That have come to an end.
And they resent delays,
To their wishes.

They represent,
Roleplays
That have come to an end.
And they resent delays,
To their wishes.

Woe oh,
They pray to have it their way.
Woe oh,
They were raised with candied kisses.

Woe oh,
They pray to have it their way.
Woe oh,
They were raised with candied kisses.

They represent,
Roleplays
That have come to an end.
And they resent delays,
To their wishes.

Woe oh,
They pray to have it their way.
Woe oh,
They were raised with candied kisses.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Candyass

Dressed and looking sweet to eat.
In appearances neat...
From head to feet.
They don't often speak,
To those they first meet.
Enjoying planned lickings...
In sessions completely discreet!
And hardened is the taste for some.
Of those invited...
A few come and run!

CandyAss no one suspects.
Who will be teased to please them,
Next?
They are not so quickly seen.
Secretive confectioners...
Pledged in fraternities,
Kept hushed and serene.
CandyAss in masks they wear!
Protected from the glare,
Of disapproving stares!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Canned Peaches

When we got to eat...
We ate spinach, peas and beets,
With sweet canned peaches!

No steak was plated!
But we knew the taste of it,
When mom fixed us cornbread.

And mama said,
Biscuits dripping dumplings...
May be next!

And on Sundays...
We thanked the Lord that week,
We even got fed!

When it came to treats,
We licked the spoon
That dipped those sweet canned peaches!

We loved them more,
Than probably we should.
But they tasted real good!

And on Sundays...
We thanked the Lord that week,
We even got fed!
A love for those canned peaches...
Is 'still' in my head!

When we got to eat...
We ate spinach, peas and beets,
With sweet canned peaches!

No steak was plated!
But we knew the taste of it,
When mom fixed us cornbread.

And mama said,

Biscuits dripping dumplings...
May be next!
But those canned peaches,
By themselves were best!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Can'T Be Swayed By A Blind Curve

You can never make me wait.
Because I'm dedicated.
And my steps are moved with faith.
No you can never make me wait.
Or control me with some cheap trick,
To restrict my faith that's strickly fixed.

You wont find me with clowns around.
I'm not part of a circus.
I live my life with a purpose.

You wont find me with clowns around.
I'm not part of a circus.
I live my life with a purpose.
And can't be swayed by a blind curve,
Since I know 'Who' it is I serve.

I don't give in to false laws.
Or rules to follow that are moth balled.
And I'm not open to wasting debates,
With anyone about this path I take.
And I'm not one who hesitates,
Or procrastinates...
To taste the baiting what fakers make.

You wont find me with clowns around.
I'm not part of a circus.
I live life with a purpose.

You wont find me with clowns around.
I'm not part of a circus.
I live my life with a purpose.
And can't be swayed by a blind curve.
I know who I am and 'Who' I serve.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Can'T Disturb These Folks

Are the buttocks firmer on athletes?
Those who adorn sneakers on courts...
Or play on fields wearing cleats?
Are they tighter on women?
Or men who play soccer?
It's harder to tell on those chasing a puck
As they hockey.
What do they see when they arrive at the lockers?
Or those racing horses...
And called jockeys.
Are they really jocks?
Who gave them names like these?
Women playing tennis,
Seem to have stronger thighs.
And why aren't there cheerleaders...
On the sidelines standing by?
And golf?
Sssssshhhh...
Can't disturb these folks.
You know how hard it is,
To get that tiny ball in the hole?
Well...
I am told it isn't difficult at all.
As long as you know how to find it!
And where it is!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Can'T Escape The Getting Any

I think about you daily, baby.
And appreciate those days,
I can't escape the way I'm feeling...
More of you.

Yes I do.

More of you.

I think about you daily, baby.
And appreciate those days,
I can't escape the way I'm feeling...
More of you.
It's true.

Yes I do.

More of you...
I need.
And feed.

Bah...dah dah bahdah dah dah bahdah dah dah bahdah...bah.
Doo oooh boo. Doo oooh boo. Doo oooh boo. Doo oooh boo.
Bah...dah dah bahdah dah dah bahdah dah dah bahdah...bah.
Doo oooh boo. Doo oooh boo. Doo oooh boo. Doo oooh boo.

I can't escape the way I'm feeling...
More of you.
I can't escape the way I'm feeling...
More of you.
Yes I do.
More of you.

I can't escape the way I'm feeling...
More of you.
I can't escape the way I'm feeling...
More of you.
Yes I do.
More of you.

I can't escape the way I'm feeling...
Wahhh-wahhh-wahhh-wahhh-WAHHH.
I can't escape the way I'm feeling...
Or the hold that has me pinned.
Wahhh-wahhh-wahhh-wahhh-WAHHH.

I can't escape the way I'm feeling...
Or the hold that has me pinned.
Wahhh-wahhh-wahhh-wahhh-WAHHH.
I can't escape the way I'm feeling...
Can't escape the getting any,
Wahhh-wahhh-wahhh-wahhh-WAHHH.

I can't escape the way I'm feeling...
Can't escape the getting any,
Wahhh-wahhh-wahhh-wahhh-WAHHH.
Can't escape the getting any.
Can't escape the getting any.
Wahhh-wahhh-wahhh-wahhh-WAHHH.

Can't escape the getting any.
Can't escape the getting any.
Wahhh-wahhh-wahhh-wahhh-WAHHH.

Can't escape the getting any.
Can't escape the getting any.
Wahhh-wahhh-wahhh-wahhh-WAHHH.

I can not get away,
From the never getting any when I know I'm getting plenty!

'Would you knock it out with that noise! '

Can't escape the getting any when I know I'm getting plenty!

'Would you knock it out with that noise! '

Can't escape the getting any when I know I'm getting plenty!

Can't escape the getting any.
Can't escape the getting any.

'Would you knock it out with that noise! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Can'T Get A Night Of Peaceful Sleep

Isn't it much easier,
To sit back and critique?
Than it is,
To have your neck on the chopping block...
And your name going defenseless,
On the streets?

To be tossed about,
Like hair dropping out.
From an ill fitted weave.

And flying through the air,
With the greatest of ease.
Without anyone to retrieve it,
In the free flowing breeze.

Isn't it fun to enjoy with everyone...
Picking on people behind their backs.
And when in public they are seen...
You snub them when they speak.
Knowing there is no reason,
For you to be that mean.

And when adverse reactions,
Come to confront you.
Isn't it wonderful to know,
Those who choose to do it...
Were friends you knew who screwed you too.
In ways you reminisce...
You made a choice to do this.

But now a forgiveness wished,
That your feelings could be spared.
But no one is there,
To show a caring that is shared.

Isn't it much easier,
To sit back and critique?
Than it is,

To have your neck on the chopping block...
And your name going defenseless,
On the streets?

And no one is concerned,
Your lessons have been learned.

Leaving you to toss and turn...
From nights spent trying to get some sleep!
Haunted by those memories,
Of how you hurt innocent people so deep.
And you're left alone to moan.
To do your boo hooing on your own.

With an empathy felt,
That attracts no help...
To come soon to relieve.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Can't Stop

Can't stop,
Anything that has monopolized.
Can't stop,
Anything that has been multiplied.
Can't stop,
To decrease an increase to cease.
If the people choose for decades,
To stay asleep.

Can't stop,
To prevent an intention meant.
Can't stop,
Any message that is already sent.
Can't stop,
To refuse what is done to do.
With efforts outdated.
And useless too.

Can't stop,
A boulder rolling down a hill.
Can't stop,
Other people doing this for thrills.
Can't stop,
Anyone one from trying to block...
Somebody with a head thick as a rock.

Can't stop,
To prevent an intention meant.
Can't stop,
Any message that is already sent.
Can't stop,
To refuse what is done to do.
With efforts outdated.
And useless too.

Can't stop,
Anything that has jeopardized.
Can't stop,
Anyone loving to deny.

Can't stop,
To decrease an increase to cease...
People with a preference to remain asleep.

Can't stop,
To shake them up to wake 'em.
No one should stop,
To shake them up to wake 'em.
No,
Don't stop...
To shake them up to wake 'em.
Their heads are too thick,
Like bricks.

Can't stop,
To shake them up to wake 'em.
No one should stop,
To shake them up to wake 'em.
No,
Don't stop...
To shake them up to wake 'em.
Their heads are too thick,
Like bricks.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Can'T You Tell...

People like that should be left alone.
They are so out of touch,
Even embalming them
Would preserve a waste of humanity.
And why spend time discussing their kind dieing?
They have long been in a state of rot.
Can't you tell by the way they smell?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Capable

Take care of all that which is loved!
And...
Don't let it,
Slip away...
From one who keeps you stable.

Take care of all that which is loved!
And...
Don't let it,
Slip away...
From one who keeps you stable,
And is capable of love.

It can be easy to get sympathy and pity,
But...
A love that is,
Will forgive...
One who's love is stable,
With a giving up of love.

It can be easy to get sympathy and pity,
But...
Don't let love,
Slip away...
To label disabled from a love once capable.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Capable Of Enlightened Insight

To deliberately take away,
That which only God has given to create...
Is an act of of premeditated selfishness.
Is there another way to observe what takes place?

And debating whether or not God forgives...
To diminish the evilness increasing on the scene,
Usually comes from those...
Perceiving themselves to be salvagers of souls.

Leaving the ones doing their best experiencing life
As 'works-in-progress' capable of enlightened insight.
But with little time left to annoint themselves,
As interpreters of God's intentions.
Positions so many rush unsolicited to fulfill.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Caped Images Of Heros

Caped images of heros,
Coming at the last minute...
With a doing to prevent,
Perceived grief and rumored havoc...
Created by deceiving thieves,
And their deceptions to leave...
Many on knees seeking to witness,
These miraculous deeds.
Have begun to attract others around them to gather,
With heads to bow and one eye towards the sky.
They too want their burdens to be lifted quickly...
From aging chips,
And baggage carried on their hunched shoulders.

Caped images of heros,
Depicted on TV screens, movies...
And hand held videos,
Seem for some more realistic...
Than those real heros a few personally know,
Paying the consequences for making attempts...
To face the truth,
With a removing of obstacles known to exist.
Yet those on knees refuse to assist.
Without government funding that guarantees fees.
And approval awaited from appointed advisors.
To hire amongst them who qualifies,
As community organizers certified to lead.

'We got the funding!
Everybody up off your knees.
We got the funding!
And, hopefully, most of you should be pleased.'

~Why just most of us? ~

'Some of you are not accustomed,
To follow directions...
From those selected amongst yourselves,
In positions of leadership...

But do not impress those images you wish.'

~What are you saying? ~

'Let's not waste more time,
Playing those same games of the mind.
To find them easy to use.
And dancing around the truth to excuse.
You know exactly what I'm saying.
Now...
If you're wishing for a hero to appear in a cape,
Make it and wear your own.
We are already more than a couple of decades,
Behind the times to have them worshipped too long.'

*Get up from the down stroke.
Everybody get up!
Get up from the down stroke.
Everybody get up.
Every 'body' get up!
Get up. Get up.
Everybody get up!

*Thank you, George Clinton.
Parliment/Funkadelic

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Captivated Is The Audience

Something occurs,
And from minds can not be excused.
Comments made by those thought elite...
Seem very disconnected from humanity.

'We're concerned about the little people.'
Says one sent to speak and represents sleaze.
'Those people' who initiate wickedness...
To leave it and deceive.
Those who use treachery to bleed the Earth.
And yacht about with venom dripping,
From privileged mouths.
Are about to be themselves seized with grief.

Something occurs,
And from minds can not be excused.
Comments made by those thought elite...
Seem very disconnected from humanity.

And this has been made clear,
To every aspect that makes life a possibility.
When leechers perceive and believe,
They are more powerful than that which has created them...
Captivated is the audience that witnesses their demise.

Something occurs,
And from minds can not be excused.
Comments made by those thought elite...
Seem very disconnected from humanity.
And captivated is the audience,
That witnesses their demise.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Captivating Madness

It's a captivating madness,
Experienced by one and all!
Captivating with excitement,
Cotton candied and popcorn balled!

There is amusements in the atmosphere.
A circus that delights!
Thrills and chills to goosebump with squeals.
'Free Admission' is the call!

There's nothing left to keep a calm breath...
Not today on this rollercoasting ride!
And the ringmaster confesses,
Those who witness are being blessed.
Since this mess adventured,
Churns to a frenzy...
And must not be stalled.

It's a captivating madness,
Experienced by one and all!
Captivating with excitement,
Cotton candied and popcorn balled!

For anyone in doubt,
Of this craziness coming to an end...
Hold on tight and close your eyes,
There's more attractions
Being prepare...
That have yet to begin!

It's a captivating madness,
Experienced by one and all!
Captivating conscious minds...
With no hint to slow,
Even to a crawl.

Who believed these actions,
Would heal and someday mend!
Not this captivating madness,

We've been addicted to defend!

It's a captivating madness,
Complete with somersaults.
Backflips with closed lips are seen...
And some knocked out by what is viewed,
Are administered smelling salts!

It's a captivating madness...
Deplete of accepting fault!
And those who foresee the future say,
This madness feeds massive assaults.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Captured By The Game

Doesn't it seem as though,
As quickly as love is given and admitted...
A testing of how deep it is begins.
To question if the hunter who hunted,
Had actually been captured by the game.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Care. With It Done To Do

Care.
About something.
Care.
With it done to do.
Care.
Without expecting,
Something back to get...
Just to let it shown,
You've done a caring.
And you want it known.

Care.
With it done to do.
Without expecting,
Something back to get...
Just to let it shown,
You did a caring.
And you want it known.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Carefree And Wild

No child should be encouraged,
To live their life carefree and wild to the fullest...
Until they have been introduced to self respect,
Discipline and purpose.
With a hope that a setting of priorities comes first.
And realizing without patience, tolerance and initiative,
A life lived carefree and wild to its fullest,
Can end it prematurely with a belief that being grown...
Means doing what one pleases to do when done.
And no one to follow as an example.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

'Careful. You'Re In The Library! '

All this talk about who ain't did what!
And who was suppose to do that,
And do it without getting fat,
On wide spreading butts.
All this talk about who ain't did what!
Ain't said 'ssssssshhhh...'

'Careful.
You're in the library! '

I'm trying to keep my voice down,
But you all have too much information...
Researched that I've found.
And it makes me pissed and angry.
How can you keep calm?
You should be angry too!
And far more alarmed.

All this talk about who ain't did what!
And who was suppose to do that,
And do it without getting fat,
On wide spreading butts.
All this talk about who ain't did what!
Ain't said 'ssssssshhhh...'

'Careful.
You're in the library! '

Is this whisper good enough for you.
See how my teeth grit.
As I move my lips?

See how I make my eyes enlarge?
See how I...

'Careful.
You're in the library!
And when you are inside here...
I am in charge.

Ssssshhh.
Or get out!
And...
Don't think of taking those books,
Before you check them.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Caress Me, Baby!

Caress me, baby!
Make it sweet.
Make it feel good...
Enough for me to want to eat.
And...
Caress me, baby!
Hold me tight.
Make me feel...
Satisfied and alright,
At night.

Ah-ah...
Ah ah ah ah ah ah.
Ah-ah,
Ah-ah!
Caress me, baby!
Caress me, baby!

Let's squeeze as we sit...
Feeling it.
Without teasing,
Or resisting one bit!

Let's kiss our lips...
As we droan with desire.
Moaning on in bliss!

Caress me, baby!
Make it sweet.
Let's reminisce this...
Each time we meet.

Ah-ah...
Ah ah ah ah ah ah.
Ah-ah,
Ah-ah!
Caress me, baby!
Caress me, baby!

'Close your grill...
It's time to sizzle.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Caressing The Same Thought

I felt you.
And I knew you were there.
Caressing the same thought.
To be together.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Caricatures

Bad mouthing others,
Seems to be always done by those...
Who believe they are on the rise,
Of some social circuit acceptance.

Until they realize,
They have become caricatures...
In an environment of people,
Seeking only to be entertained.

No interest is given,
To create or leave anything that sustains...
Or maintains an historic substance.
Unless what is being created,
'Is' historic and valued as having substance.

And that usually is not determined,
By those staring at entrances and exits...
To approve the arrival of who enters.
With a glance of a nearby clock to acknowledge,
The exact time someone who is talked about...
Leaves and with whom,
If not alone!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Carnival Of Surprises

My mind has a need,
To remain sharpened.
Or as close to it as I can get.
In these 'festive' mindblowing,
Devil may care times.

Everything and anything,
Could occur without a moment given...
To anyone daydreaming.
And spending valuable time to do it,
That expense of facing the consequences...
Today I can not afford to pay.

More today seem determined to stay,
Locked in fixed mindsets and unprepared...
For the carnival of surprises,
Popping up everywhere.
And in this ever changing life,
Time has become less sympathetic to those...
Unable to be flexible or incapable to adapt,
To that which has suddenly taken from them away...
Beliefs thought affixed to concrete facts.
With it found all circus acts under the tent,
No longer exist to provide the comfort...
Of a known contentment sought to wish.

My mind has a need,
To remain sharpened.
Or as close to it as I can get.
In these 'festive' mindblowing,
Devil may care times.
To find to witness and observe,
That the devil has assigned...
Demons to approach those standing in line,
Eager to exchange their minds to do...
If it means the doing of it proves,
They can be permanently removed...
From any lingering signs of reality.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Carving My Own Path

Listen!
I do not intend to burst your bubble
But
You are wasting your time
Trying to slot me into your categories
Or attempt to define me along with someone
You have found a comfort in relating to
I am carving my own path
This is 'my' territory
And there is not a category you can create
To put a name on it
Unless it is Pertillarisms

So don't give me suggestions as to how to do
What I am doing
If I knew that myself
I may be more open to your remarks
But as for now
I'm innovating

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Case Closed

When you read me,
You are not going to leave me.
I am not doing this for myself.
Self impressive?
I am motivated, yes!
But not to that degree...
I have to constantly address,
My own self impressiveness!
That kind of vanity has not been introduced
To my ego!
Don't need it. It can go!
And my ego and I can be at odds...
As to how it should be displayed!
So I carry resumés.
Trying to avoid a dissertation of a thesis being read.
'That' was just my ego speaking!
Sometimes it gets 'lofty' and out of my head.

But I do wish to produce something that seduces,
Your imagination.
Something that elevates understanding...
With a comprehension attached to match!
I don't have a problem observing various races together in peace.
That is why I take the direct route and not the scenic approach...
Whenever I write or speak!
People want to pretend these things do not exist
From a self centered selfishness!
Creating the rascist divisions and splits with conficts!
And...
An exaggeration of self worth observed with it!

They are all over the place in my environment.
With asses on shoulders and noses in the air!
I am glad many things I have seen from my birth!
And my parents didn't allow my sisters and I to get too grand!
We know what we have and 'who' put it there.
It wasn't laid in our hands...
That's for sure.
We WORKED!

And HARD...
To produce what we do to get it done!
I'm the eldest AND the only son...
So the challenges I created,
Came with cliffhangers!

So...
When you read me,
You are not going to leave me.
I am not doing this for myself.
I've already done that!
Now it is ready to share with you!
And I want you addicted!
Case closed!
'That' was just my ego speaking!
Normally I am more tactful!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Cash And Carry

Logistically speaking...
The farce observed is deepening.
Two opponents on the surface,
Are hyped to run to lead.
An ailing country...
With a wounded economy!
A bailout is recommended,
To rescue with loand and credit.
As those who speak publicly...
Tell those who will vote,
How their service connected patriotism
Has them indebted.

Experience is spoken...
As a thought those voting should have.
Plus one is young and black.
Is the country ready for that?
The other is older,
With a look as if a weight is on his shoulders.

While the one selected and picked,
And giving trillions of dollars...
In a secret committment.
To handle how this 'bailout' should fit.
Is much younger than them both.
A thirty-five year old assistant secretary of the treasury.
Who is prepared to cash and carry,
And spend his way through...
While those who have invested their livelihoods,
Will never see a piece of it returned to them
To put in their pockets!
And this sham plays on!

'What are you talking about? '

Another 'kneeling' done.
To have someone unsuspected...
Carry the cash.
Pocket the funds.

Make a few public statements.
Divvy up the goods and run!
Pay attention to the process.
It will avoid the need for becoming stunned.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Cast Off

The ones who kept their faith,
To get up off their knees...
Are not worshipping depression,
Or attempting to impress.

The ones who kept their faith,
To get up off their knees say...
'Hallelujah.
Don't let these times fool yah.'
The ones who kept their faith say...
'Blast to cast off,
From a past gone.
And move as fast as you can,
To love your life that's going on.'

Blast to cast off,
Confusion.
Blast to cast off,
Delusion.
Blast to cast off,
From that which has no benefit.

'Hallelujah.
Don't let these times fool yah.
Get up off your knees and don't delay.
Blast to cast off,
Confusion.
Blast to cast off,
Delusion.
Blast to cast off,
From that which has no benefit.
Get up off your knees and don't delay.
Hallelujah.
Get off your knees and right away.
Yeah!
Get up off your knees to day! '

Blast to cast off,
Confusion.

Blast to cast off,
Delusion.
Blast to cast off,
From that which has no benefit.
From that which keeps you limited,
To get up off your knees and don't delay.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Castaway

Castaway,
From shades of yesterday.
And those footsteps made,
Fading to be traced.
Or detoured and replaced...
For the purpose to misguide,
The young impressed...
With similar interests.

No!
Let restricting limits go.
Boundaries set,
To grieve within them...
Is a teaching to believe,
Process expected...
For those selected to accept.

No!
You are not alone,
To have escape that fate.
Or the only one berated.
Character assassinated,
And left ostracized.

Be you amongst the ones,
Brave not to follow...
But prove with faith,
You too can create...
Your own path.
Free of imitating...
Self-importance while awaiting,
A future...
That will allow a few,
Who may or may not approve.

Be brave.
And unafraid of those,
Choosing lives to remain...
Comfortably subservient.

With wishes to stay,
Submissive, obedient and blind.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Casting One's Own Shadow

Call your trip whatever you wish.
I've learned not to debate, argue...
Or 'franchise' anyone's opinion,
As if to make mine!
Nor do I agree to evaluate...
Someone's statement,
Whether a line given to solicit...
An opinion I've given in anything I've written.

I've learned an exchange of experiences,
Is not a possibility.
And I've learned this by listening.
And this many people seldom do.

I've been up and down too many times,
To discover my own comprehension...
About life.
My life and how 'my' life is connected.

When I found criticisms made of me by others...
'Added' to my understanding,
If right, wrong or indifferent when given...
I still had to brush my own teeth.
Walk on my own two feet!
And be accountable for my own actions.

I stopped making excuses,
When they began not to make sense to me.
I spent more time defending myself...
Instead of living my life.
And I began to do that...
When I started to appreciate myself.

And 'if' I was to give my advice to anyone...
AND...
I did say 'if'.
I would say this...
If anyone finds they are seeking acceptance,
On a path they have chosen to take...

It is not a path they have chosen.
How can it be?

How can someone declare something theirs,
When others can do the same thing thing?
If voices can be heard?
Footprints can be seen?
And the path one takes has already been paved?
That is following...
Not casting,
One's own shadow!

I do not wish,
I demand people to get out of my light.
What would be the point,
If I am patiently waiting for someone else to decide...
Whether or not they want to move out of it?
That kind of time I am not giving to anyone!
Period.

I've learned many lessons.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Casually Dressed

Without an interest shown to be given,
Why is it there are people who believe...
Something known by others with an interest given,
Should have been revealed to them...
The ones who live their lives,
With themselves seeking to get attention...
And in a self-centeredness to do as done.

'Why is it we were not told about what had existed? '

~It's not that you weren't told.
If it's not about you your mind quickly dismisses it.
Especially if you perceive for you it has no benefit.
And it is unfortunate...
Many like you seek to be impressed,
Before addressing to value opportunities.
And many times they appear to be very casually dressed.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Catacombs And Encrypted Crypts

Lurching to cast shadows upon the past.
With stealth approaches seeking,
For hidden secrets to take and steal away...
From souls they disturb resting in peace.

Anthropologists assigned to find artifacts.
Or bones shown to have once known,
A thought process connected to values.
Something that identifies to their priorities lived.

And a searching through catacombs and crypts,
Encrypted reveals...
Treasured possessions left behind to rust.
Under dust.
After conflicts 'then' had ended.

Yet held protected in firm decomposed grips,
Are souls with their weapons resting near...
In eternal peace with notes to quote,
Their desires of peace most wanted to keep.
IF they should meet opposition in heaven.

'The gold. The jewels and other precious gems.
Let's collect them to keep our ancestry protected.
We must.
For the purposes not to be stripped, yet again...
Of our kept and treasured values.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Catalystic Hearts...(In Slumberscapes)

Catalystic hearts,
Creep into depths revealing...
Cryptic mystic meanings,
Unknown before two dream.

Catalystic hearts...
Exploding with desire.
Craving with their needs,
Under sheets releasing heat...
Although separately they sleep!

Subconsciously and safe they are found,
Without thoughts of lurking enemies around.
Hoping someday someone with charm will bring...
A melody that harmonizes a familiar tune,
The two can sing!

These catalystic hearts...
Two opposites attracted,
Each with a connecting piece
But under separate sheets!

Two catalystic hearts,
Divided though united!
Hoping they will find,
Themselves magnetically entwined!
In body, soul and mind!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Catch Me Thursday

You have an opinion?
Okay.
I will listen.

'I...'

Time's up!

'I thought you said you would listen? '

Forgive me.
I thought today was Thursday.
My bad.

Catch me Thursday.
I'm sure by then,
I will have at least five minutes to give you.
And...
I don't want to be rude.
So 'please' be specific.
Okay?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Catch Up And Let's Mix

After years of sacrifice
And heartbreaking devotion.
Being a care provider...
Giving up possessions for sessions
Of despensing medications
Driving back and forth to keep appointments
Made with this doctor and that doctor.
Having little rest OR sleep for days
Weeks and years.
Trying to hold on the best I could
Because what I had done was not for myself,
But for my parents I love more than nothing else...
And one day you knock on my door,
As if there was a 'final' test to annoy what I had left!

And I thought to myself...
'Where were they when I needed
A helping hand to come my way?
When I needed a friend...
Not one friend could I call upon or depend!
And they knew I was struggling at my wits end!
And now that I'm 'back'...
They believe I want to share my peace with them?
I don't think so! '

I don't want to sound rude...
Or do anything crude.
But I'll share a lesson with you
Like we did as classmates in school!
You ready...?

'Sure! '

Okay.
Repeat after me...YOU

'You'

CAN

'Can'

KISS

'Kiss'

MY

'MY! Hey Are you gonna say,
'You can kiss my ass! ? '

Terrific!
No 'A'...
But you'll go away,
Knowing you 'Got It'
Now if you don't mind...
I have things to do!
You've shown me what you thought,
Years ago when I needed you!
I'm not taking time for this 'Catch-up and let's mix,
Bullshit! '
Turn around!
You've got lots of space.
Enough for you to get out of my face.
I'm going to shut the door...
You will hear a click,
And that's your signal to leave and quick!
C-YA!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Catching Mistakes

When I was a young boy,
I enjoyed...
The freedom of not making sense,
When jumping over fences then.

When I...
Did annoy,
I employed...
A look of innocence defending,
A right to make up alibis.

I did not know,
I was denying in hiding.
Or protecting a falsity seen.
I was just a little boy.
And playing that 'little' boy scene.

But..
Today so much I've grown,
To show I have courage.
With a nourishing of integrity.
And today I want it known,
Dignity and pride I will leave.
And what that means.

When I was a young boy,
I enjoyed...
The freedom of not making sense,
When jumping over fences then.

When I...
Did annoy,
I employed...
A look of innocence defending,
A right to make up alibis.

But today I'm not afraid,
To say I've made mistakes...
That bother me.

And I,
Wish to be forgiven...
For not catching mistakes I leave.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Catering To Nonsense

Catering to nonsense,
I've spent enough of my time invested.
And I can not say it was a waste of it,
Since there was so much I learned...
In the process of my donation.

I realize I was not the only one,
Sidetracked by the attraction to procrastinate.
But glad I am I did awaken with a motivated purpose.
And I think of the ones who get nothing done,
With claims they have no time left to appreciate.
But lots of it they give in their haste to escape from reality.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Caught

As a child,
I remember the first time...
Playing hide-and-seek.
Peeking to duck.
That's all I knew to do.
I didn't want to be the one caught.

I thought my hiding places could not be seen.
With a thinking everything I said,
And where I could be would be believed.
I was a child and a child occupied my head.
And I would lie as I hid from others to hide.

But as a child I had no idea,
My attempts to fool and deceive...
Others much older than me already did.
It was as if I had been a plate of unclouded glass.
Hiding.
But everywhere I sought to hide...
Eventually I was caught.

I thought my hiding places could not be seen.
With a thinking everything I said,
And where I could be would be believed.
Until it dawned on me when I got older...
I was no longer a child seeking hiding places sought.
And I grew tired of that as I matured.
Tired I grew...
Of getting caught.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Caught Napping To Age

The passing of time should be evidence enough,
That nothing from a yesterday returns to live as is.
The observing of seasons coming to pass,
Should leave all with lessons taught.
But so many are still caught napping to age,
With an unconscious bumping into themselves.
To make outrageous demands with extended hands,
To command a delivery of their expectations.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Caught Them Gawking

Every breath I breathe,
Is excitement filled!
Someone suggested...
I was 'over the hill'!
Of course they didn't know 'me',
They referred to my age!
And I quickly reminded them...
It was them who had whispered,
Saying I had upstaged!
A position 'normally' not given,
To one of 'my Age'.
And I caught them 'gawking'
Amazed and dazed!
Showing them a thing or 'two'...
About limitation and boundaries,
Assigned to old folks
And their 'age'!

'Come on children...
Can't you keep up with poppa?
You are wearing me out,
Waiting for you! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Caught To Cage

You should not expect,
To see my name blazened in lights.
I am not that kind of writer.
I do not sweeten what I say,
To appease those kinds of appetites to sway...
My way.
Too long have I paced my own footsteps alone.

My sights are on truths and not delusions.
I prefer to see what I observe as being what it is.
And if it isn't as it should be from my own experiences,
Well...
I refuse to debate over definitions.
Especially those changing in mid-conversation.

And those who find excuses to make,
For things they do to blame others...
To establish their own escapes,
Are spineless creatures no one should trust.
Unless, of course...
They have been caught to cage!
To then be viewed in a zoo.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Caught Up And In Between Explanations

We make attempts to respect.
But we should not neglect
Our own peace of mind
Trying to find reasons...
Or excuses not to offend
For actions taken out of context
Or misunderstood by others!
That chips away from our intentions!
Especially when we find ourselves,
Caught up and in between explanations!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Caught Up In A Display Of Pomp

Those caught up in a display of pomp,
Are not aware of the circumstances...
One day they must repay,
While foundations they depend...
Begin to crumble unnoticed under them.
Someone has to be held accountable,
For the merriment enjoyed...
Without employing common sense.
Someone unafraid to say what may offend,
Has to walk away to seek the doing of deeds...
To leave the younger generation impressed,
That 'someone' sought to be responsible enough...
To encourage them that feasting is a part of life!
And preparing to sacrifice is not what they should avoid.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Caught Up In A Frenzy

The best way not to be caught up in a frenzy?
Avoid being that one,
Accepting beliefs...
Being caught up in a frenzy,
Even temporarily...
Releases a relief,
That satisfies an appetite...
That ends a craving for a need to grieve.

See it and choose to leave this addiction alone.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Caught Up In A Mess

What amazes is the feeding of the greed.
And the heat from the people raging,
That a payback is not needed.
Some say...
Accusations cause sensations deceived.
And we are caught up in a mess,
That is not cost effective.

Well, well...
What amazes is the feeding of the greed.
And the heat from the people raging,
That a payback is not needed.
Some say...
Accusations cause sensations deceived.
And we are caught up in a mess,
That is not cost effective.

Well, well...
We've been affected.
Well, well...
And disconnected.
Well, well...
From a secret kept,
Discreet and much deceiving.

Well, well...
We've been affected.
Well, well...
And disconnected.
Well, well...
From secrets kept,
Now destroying democracy.

What amazes is the feeding of the greed.
And the heat from the people raging,
That a payback is not needed.
Some say...
Accusations cause sensations deceived.
And we are caught up in a mess,

That is not cost effective.

Well, well...
No benefit comes to visit and stay.
And we are turned away,
From those questions we want answered.

Well, well...
We've been affected.
Well, well...
And disconnected.
Well, well...
From secrets kept,
Now destroying democracy.

Well, well...
It just amazes.
Well, well...
More are not crazed.
Well, well...
It seems we're closer,
To those final days.

Well, well...
What amazes is the feeding of the greed.
And the heat from the people raging,
That a payback is not needed.
Some say...
Accusations cause sensations deceived.
And we are caught up in a mess,
That is not cost effective.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Caught Up In Your Traffic

Never will you find me,
Caught up in your traffic.
Or waiting for permission,
To stop and go as I please.

Too often with you,
I felt cautioned.
I wasn't sure whether to speed up,
Or slow down.
But now I've tossed that all to the wind.
Knowing my life lived didn't need your definition.

Never will you find me,
Caught up in your traffic.
Or waiting for permission,
To stop and go as I please.

I tried that repeatedly!
And you still want to direct,
Your concept of perfection.
But you have yet,
To self examine or self reflect.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

'Cause You Ought To

Give up other habits and let me be the one you keep.
'Cause you ought to!
Let me be that one drug curing as your remedy.
'Cause you ought to!

Pick me up and get back,
On your feet!
Never sit up with setbacks,
To defeat!
Together we can erase,
What one can't beat.
'Cause many times two can make times better!

Pick me up and get back,
On your feet!
Never sit up with setbacks,
To defeat!
'Cause many times two can make times better!

Give up other habits and let me be the one you keep.
'Cause you ought to!
Let me be that one drug curing as your remedy.
'Cause you ought to!

Let me be the one,
'Cause you ought to!
Let me be the one,
'Cause you ought to!

Let me be that one remedy for you 'you' keep.
'Cause you ought to!
Let me be the one,
'Cause you ought to!
Let me be the one,
'Cause you ought to!

Let me be that one remedy for you 'you' keep.
'Cause you ought to!
Let me be the one,

'Cause you ought to!
Let me be the one,
'Cause you ought to!

Give up other habits and let me be the one you keep.
'Cause you ought to!
Let me be that one drug curing as your remedy.
'Cause you ought to!

Pick me up and get back,
On your feet!
Never sit up with setbacks,
To defeat!
Together we can erase,
What one can't beat.
'Cause...
Many times two can make those bad times better!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Causes And Affects

Not into that community madness thing.
You know...
The kind that unifies with speeches for peace,
Two hours after a fresh drive by?
Complete with domestic violence,
And silent prayer vigils.
With tear stained faces...
To mask the commonplace,
Disrespect and self neglect!

Somehow...
Those re-inactments,
Squeezes from me...
Every last dropp of joy I have.
For a round of aging sentiments?
Complete with Bible thumpers...
Singing hymns with scriptures preached.
And these same folks can't speak to me,
When they pass me on the streets?

Someone's not receiving the message,
And what can and should be done!
To 'overcome'!
But guess whose steps moves away from this mess!
Divorced and totally agitation free?
Appealing to my peace of mind...
I find belongs to me these days!

Can you see in my eyes the absence of 'craze'?
I wish I could share with you more of it.
But it took too long to arrive.
And I value that...
Much more than recycled efforts!

Truth in reassessment!
That's my daily affirmation!
And your approach...
Has problems dealing with the causes and affects,
Of a perfected ignorance!

If folks don't wish to know...
Or care about their own growth.
How many marches do you think it will take...
For them to locate an identity that unifies,
An acceptance of self?
Before or after 'Lifting Every Voice in Song'?

It is rumored,
Harriet Tubman only had a flashlight,
To lead folks out of the darkness!
Today...
Everyone has a cellphone.
And 'still' can not comprehend,
A text message sent!

And I rush to get a monthly bus pass,
To keep it real and freshly communicated.
With...

'Commuters'?

Exactly!
And free of surcharges.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Cautioned

Cautioned has to be that one,
Who has come to rely on...
What others say they must do to get done.

And anyone who lives in fear,
Of everything on their path that appears...
Will never know what it takes to celebrate life.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Cavalcade Of Scars

It shouldn't take a parading,
Of a cavalcade of scars...
To display on a daily basis.
To detect the affects...
Are not inflicted upon them,
From those locked up behind prison bars.

A reception of acceptance done,
With performances to exude an intelligence...
That explains why painful events exist,
Without intervening to prevent any of it.
And yet they purchase more weapons to get,
To protect their freedoms with a selfish ignorance.

A common sense is not mentioned.
And seems to offend those behind fences.
Although an attention is given,
To those parading in a cavalcade to display their scars...
With answers to their questions,
They refuse to face.

Or eliminate a targeted hatred,
Found in their own backyards.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Ce Que Je Veux Faire (What I Want To Do)

Je vous cherche.
Non où ne font je vois...
Ce sourire qui rit,
Exprimer ces yeux de danse.

Je longtemps pour vous tenir,
Enveloppé dans mes bras.
Là vous devez libérer votre odeur.
Là nous nous assoyons sur la terrasse,
Donner sur Paris et au-delà.
Comme nous rêvons de l'amour pour nous garder romantiques.

What I Want To Do

I look for you.
No where do I see...
That smile that laughs,
To express those dancing eyes.

I long to hold you,
Enfolded within my arms.
There you are to release your scent.
There we are sitting upon the terrace,
Overlooking Paris and beyond.
As we dream of love to keep us romantic.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Cease-Fire

It is difficult to serve someone,
Who has been provoked by another...
With a cease and desist order
Of a retaliation done
Initiated by the provoking one!

A cease-fire may be desired,
But who should be supported...
To abort what has been inflicted?
Should it be the ones who did the striking first?
Or those who sat...
Putting up with this?

Especially when all players on the field...
Have clearly expressed the feeding of deceit.
Flying high and comforted,
On a merry-go-round of lies...
All choose to see end,
In a victory of a peace complete.
When every ego behind the scenes,
Have already divided into greedy pieces!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Celebrate

Anytime one can find,
To celebrate life to appreciate
The blessing of it given,
To forgive and forget...
What was done to do,
In the past to reminisce it...
Is better when reviewed,
With a glass of wine.
Sipped slowly.
Until the bottle empties.
A Merlot or White Zinfandel,
Is recommended.
Although in my day...
It was Thunderbird.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Celebrate The Holidays Like Everybody Else

How can 'we' combat the rise of crime in America?
I know you are shopping!
Preparing for the holiday season.
If you would take a few moments...
Your time will be appreciated!

'Just a second!
I purchased a couple gifts for me children.
Let me load them in the car,
And I'll be right with you, okay? '

Sure,
No problem at all!

'Well...
Let's see.
How can 'we' combat the rise of crime in America?
Is that your question? '

Yes it is.
And your response?

'Truth! '

Truth?

'Yes, revealing the truth.
In every aspect of our society.
And eliminate the image of Santa Claus,
Being an overweight benevolent white man.
Riding in a sleigh hoisted by reindeer.
Led by a red nosed one named Rudolph.'

Don't you think some folks will find your comments offensive.
AND, I observed you packing Christmas ornaments in your car!
Did I not?

'Look! You asked me a question and I answered it.
My family and I will celebrate the holidays like everybody else.

I'm a hypocrite!
Not a crusader.

Good luck to you.
And happy holidays!
Here...
Take my address.
We can share philosophies with the aid of some eggnog.
I've got to run!
I'm not finished getting decorations for my tree! '

But what about my question?

'It's the wrong time of the year to be serious about that.
Spring would be a good season for your survey! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Celibate

...and you, sir?
Your opinion of Sarah?

'Sarah who? '

The one and only.
The one running to be a heartbeat away,
From...
Let's say,
Creating mental challenges
Unlike any ever experienced in our lifetimes.
Comeon, please...
We don't have all day!

'I'm still adjusting to the fact,
She has not been declared a new Disney character.
The hype has her as if she's a new attraction.
A new ride to try featured at an amusement park.
And people are getting hooked and can't quite get enough!
She's like a new drug offered to ease the pain...
Or horrific screams one may choose to accept the scene.
She's the...'

Once again...
Your opinion before the election begins!

'I'm one of those who says 'no' to drugs.
And I have found an alternative for me that works! '

And that is?

'For me...
It is like having sex with someone I have just met.
And I choose to admire from a distance.
Deciding to remain celibate,
And disease free.'

I don't quite see the analogy.
However...

I do understand your desire to give it up,
To someone you feel you can trust...
To honor your wishes,
Until you are ready to expose your lust!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Cemented Ending

We've already strolled down memory lane.
And have exchanged blame for causing each other's pain.
But I do not wish to continue life lived like this.
Let's just skip over the intended intention.
And find ourselves at the exit.
Promising not to look back at it.
Calling it what it is.
An agreement of a cemented ending!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Cemented In Solid Concrete

We only become aware,
Of that which we are prepared to accept.
Prior to that we turn our backs,
Until the facts seem to begin to attack...
Our heads we hit against brick walls.
As if we had not known those walls to be,
Cemented in solid concrete.
Like truth many eventually awaken to see.
To exist as it is to stay that way.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Cemented In Their Minds

Instead of ensuring each step they placed,
Had been taken to prevent...
A losing of identities to keep intact,
They chose not to do that.
They chose to dance most of their lives away.
In the doing to impress an addressing,
Of the oppressor's ways with a dedicated devotion.
And kept in their minds in a rhymic nonstop motion.

Instead of performing enduring sacrifices to be shown,
They chose to ignore the disrespect of their offspring...
And a lack of discipline growing to be done,
With a doing to be known and an acceptance condoned.

Removing they did the intentions of their ancestors meant,
To leave them with a strength cemented in their minds...
Never to relent to a being redefined.
Or amused by images to caricature through stereotypes.

But to dismiss this they did.
Until their identities were all but dead.
And voluntarily put to death had been centuries,
Of an existing significance felt in depth.
To eventually be remembered by no one left...
Who thoughtfully could or attempted to reminisce,
What it was or the importance to keep...
Their future generations invested mentally,
With a doing never to sell their souls...
For cheapened trinkets and sold to fools as gold.

'What can I get for this? '

~What is it? ~

'All the gold I purchased to possess.'

~What you present and wish to sell to me,
Is worthless.
Where is your integrity?

Do you believe I am unconscious? ~

'I have no more of that left.'

~Integrity?
Or consciousness?
Both apparently are absent.
I only do business with those of kept souls.
And minds cemented in identity.
Return anytime if you can find any of these.
I only do business with those of kept souls.
This is what I value most.~

'But...
I have no more of that left.'

~I sympathize with you.
But to give you 'empathy'?
For that I'll have to charge you a fee.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Cemented To Their Perceptions

You say you've been picked to be probed and monitored?
Not too many can say that.
There must be something you have,
Wishing to be cloned to steal and duplicate.
Or appreciate as an appetizer.

Maybe it is the warmth you generate from your personality!
Stop laughing.

There are those who remain fixed as if cemented,
To their perceptions.
Who knows how one decides what is preferred.
Well...
Hopefully there is a mutual entertainment of deeds going on.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Cemented With Content

That which is cemented with content,
Is often overlooked and seldom accepted...
With no intention to be probed,
Beyond what has been mentioned.
Some try to identify something with content,
With minds limited to comforts that exists.
Comforts some find easy to reject and dismiss.
Although others may make attempts,
To perceive what is meant to invent their own meaning.
Or demean with interpretations for them that make sense.

That which is cemented with content,
Is often overlooked and seldom accepted...
With no intention to be probed,
Beyond what has been exposed and mentioned.
To believe what is presented and on the surface,
Has a convoluted twist or some other hidden purpose.
Yet a content that is cemented,
Seems slower to digest in minds not prepared to dissect...
A message first delivered that appears abstract,
But so basic when sent the simplicity of it distracts.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Censored By Minds Immature

Censored by minds immature.
But no less decadent.
And hardly pure.

But presentations with sensations,
Serves a self righteousness that stirs.

And those in position to protect pretentions,
Often receive the backlash,
They so justifully deserve.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Center Of Attention

Doesn't it seem as if,
The one most opinionated...
As to who should do what to get things done,
Is seldom the one to show proof of doing anything...
Others can criticize.

People will lie on others when given the opportunity.
Especially if another is conveniently absent.

With a doing without an equal and shared mutual expertise,
That is exchanged in public in the presence of another accused...
As quickly as those opinions by one are given?
Usually it's just that one verbally attacking behind another's back.
Isn't it?

People will lie on others when given the opportunity.
Especially if another is conveniently absent.

Loving to be the center of attention without being interrupted.
And proving to have an ability to do it!
To boost one's acceptance and appeal.
While keeping one's insecurities from being revealed.
Even though this can not remain concealed without being exposed.

People will lie on others when given the opportunity.
Especially if another is conveniently absent.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Centered

Breaking through the thickness,
That kept me attached to a weakness...
In my mind overtime I kept.
I have wept my last tears.
In fear that my best years were gone.
I don't have to sing the same song heard!
And I wont stop my flight from soaring.
How absurd to wish to repeat a fleeting youth.
To dilute my life with misadventure.
Breaking through to experience the new...
And unknown!
Being 'centered' is my base.
A place I call my own!
A home deserved and alone condone!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Centerstage

Embellishments were the rage and was craved,
By them.
Their lives depended on their use.
Especially in recreating moments of reality.
And where they were when events took place.
And who did what as they relished being there!
While entertaining the lack of facts,
Dances upon their exaggerating faces.
They would never call what they do lieing!
Or misrepresenting the truth.
No! Not these troupers.
Remnants of reality,
Mixed with sweetened tweaks to flourish...
Is the best way to describe their 'romanticized' lives.
With their actual participation left undebated!
Since anyone listening would not know what to believe!
And those getting the attention,
Loved being centerstage!
This was a behavior encouraged...
By those seeking to be amused!
Why pay for the 'bow' when it can be had for free?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Centipede

No need to stay stuck on bended knees,
Get up from that hole and move with speed.
Like you've got the legs of a centipede.

Feel that wind outside your cocoon,
Crooning with a hope you will join it soon.
To fly in the sky like a Butterfly high.
And all you have to do is give it a try.

See those leaves budding on that tree,
Blossoming with giggles as they dance in the breeze.
And that grass below your feet,
Wishing you would move them so they can breathe.

Feel that wind outside your cocoon,
Crooning with a hope you will join it soon.
To fly in the sky like a Butterfly high.
And all you have to do is give it a try.

Get up from that hole and move with speed.
Like you've got the legs of a centipede.
Get up from that hole and move with speed.
Like you've got the legs of a centipede.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Centuries Removed

Centuries removed.
But the wounds remain revealed.
After centuries the same pain is felt.
Reflecting upon,
Misconceptions.
And their long lasting affects.

So many have kept the minds connected,
To the seeking of approval.
And permission given,
As to how their lives should be lived.
Within limits to grant.
Hoping not to offend the disenchanted.

Even though mentally oppressed,
By what their ancestors accepted.
Many remain with those times to relive.
Unable to leave behind in their minds,
What has gone to move on.
Without having others reminded.

And yet,
Left to be offended and upset...
Are the ones protesting,
The absence of equality wished.
But can not seem to get.
Or opportunities that others have,
For them that seem to be limited.

However...
Time is found,
To portray themselves as victims.
Time is found,
To disrespect themselves...
As a choice to prove it done to do.

While others choosing to accept,
Their identities to protect to keep precious...
Refuse to keep beliefs,

That their wishes, dreams, wants and needs...
Is dependent upon,
Who decides it.
Or whose approval is sought.
And who is kept pleased by listening,
To complaints on a daily basis...
From those feeling disenfranchised,
Every day of their lives to criticize...
The ones they have come to despise,
Refusing to become victimized.

Or labelled on their backs to perform tasks,
To think they should stay...
Fighting stereotypes to depict them...
In a degrading way.
Although if paid appropriately...
All is forgiven until it is forgotten,
Who finds it convenient...
To mimic for fun the suffering done,
At the expense of 'whose' ancestors.
Just to incite what was done to whom,
Centuries removed to exploit a kept ignorance.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Certain It Was Shown

Hadn't you known
This is who I am?
I'm certain it was shown.
And who have you been?
It looks as if you are the one,
Who has been pretending.
But that's okay!
That has long been displayed.
Your eyes are filled with criticism.
And that has helped my movements
Flow in ways I can not say!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Certain People

~That's not true.~
Yes it is.
~That's not true.~
Yes it is.

Certain people,
Do what they must...
To survive.
Even if it's...
To lie.
THAT,
They'll try.

~That's not true.~
Yes it is.
~That's not true.~

Certain people,
Do what they must...
To survive.
Even if it's...
To lie.
A LIE,
They'll try.

~That's not true.~
Yes it is.
~No that's not true.~

And certain people,
Do what they must...
To survive.
Even if it's...
To lie.
THAT,
They'll try.

~That's not true.~
Yes it is.

~NO,
That's not true.~

Yes certain people,
Do what they must...
To survive.
Even if it's...
To lie.
A LIE,
They'll try!

~That's not true.~
Yes it is.
~Oh that's not true.~

A LIE,
They'll try!

~That's not true.~
Yes it is.
~That's not true.~

And THAT,
They'll try!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Certain Things I Am Learning To Perfect

Can I stop what you 'think'?
No.
Of course not.
I hope I am not showing any intention,
I believe I can do such.
However,
I can be opinionated when asked.
And I am doing my best to leave that activity,
In my past.

But...
I can avoid listening to you,
Bigtime.
You will vanish in thin air,
If I put that in my mind.
Lock you out,
Quicker than a lover I had undercovers.

There are certain things I am learning to perfect.
With a mastering of forgiving myself,
BEFORE I experience regret.

For example...
I 'use' to be the kind,
To express 'first' what entered my mind.
Then experience deep regret...
For using the wrong curse words!
Out of context.

Now...
I can ignore anyone,
Without feeling any remorse at all.
And understandings someone may have,
To be misunderstood...
I can leave behind as if nothing happened.
As if anything I wished not to exist,
Doesn't for me anymore.

And those who have gotten on my last nerve.

With irritation and repeated annoyance?
Are privileged to get a taste of it!
Keep in mind...
I haven't reached perfection yet.
But I am determined to keep practicing.

Stay right there!
I'll show you how it works.
Pray that I am successful.
Okay?

Here I go!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Certifiably Delusioned

I know,
You prefer the taste of your life sweet.
And I seem to be repeatedly embittered.
I admit it!
Now...
Which one of us is certifiably delusioned?

I can not escaped from the experience of my scars.
Have you ever made attempts to live your life,
Without tasting anything that had not been pre-sweetened?

I know,
You prefer the taste of your life sweet.
And I seem to be repeatedly embittered.
I admit it!
Now...
Which one of us is certifiably delusioned?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Certified

Warnings...
Ignored.
Messages...
Ignored.
Speeches...
Ignored.
Lessons taught...
Ignored.
Observations...
Ignored.
Pleas...
All ignored with lifestyles threatened!

'Perhaps you weren't considered qualified,
and that's why you were ignored! '

Oh...
I'm not referring to them as the ones doing the ignoring!
I'm referring to those who ARE qualified,
I'm glad I ignored!
I am the maverick...
Deemed unsuitable for their 'selected' tastes!
Look at the mess they are in now.
And 'they' are the ones certified...
With values and standards they uphold!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Certified And Validated

Interpretations to regurgitate,
Based upon lack of facts.
And the absence of truth,
To spew lies back.
Has a way of attacking,
Minds cemented in invented nonsense.
Without rescue that could prevent,
Those unknown to be fools at one time...
To become certified and validated.
And needing no proof from them to provide.

'Weren't they the ones,
Who said what was done by someone...
But in reality did not happen? '

~Yes.~

'And you are not shocked,
By what has been revealed? '

~I'm left devastated.
Now...
Do you prefer lettuce and mayo on your sandwich?
Or tomato with spinach and olive oil? ~

'Hmmm...
I want the tomato with lettuce, provolone, bacon bits...
And on whole wheat.'

~Okay.
I think I'll have the same thing.
With turkey, ham and mixed peppers.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Certified To Validate Common Sense

Listening with a desire to comprehend,
Increases one's ability to understand.
And...
Welcomes others to acknowledge,
A wisdom one has earned.
With a respect given accepted to expect.

Ears closed with eyes that roll,
Only advances a comfortability shown controlled...
With an ignorance exposing,
An attraction to keep detached and irresponsible.
Proving lips incapable to be shut and zipped,
To receive the benefit of incoming INFO.

Manmade conflicts can and could be avoided.
Divisions meant to inflict would be eliminate,
If...
Discipline and tolerance were enforced upon minds,
As a pre-requisite.
And required to be certified to validate common sense.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Chained And Dragged Away

Leave them to lay in the shadows.
To pollute in soot.
As the belching smoke...
From the bellowing choking chimneys,
Keep them locked in a shock that stuns!

What is being incinerated?
No one knows.
But the smell of it is sweet.
It grows...
Pungent!
And knocks people to their feet.

Some are being chained and dragged away.
But to where?
Few are caring.
While others just run...
Escaping as they flee!
But to where?

'Over there!
Hovering in the air?
What gigantic monstrous 'thing' is that?
Huge in dimension...
And taking many up into it!
With a sweeping that does not attack!
What on Earth is that? '

Oh that?
That's the re-indoctrination ship,
Orion!
That's the smaller one!
See the larger ones above it?
Some depart for Saturn.
The others for Jupiter and Her Moons.
You are going to love Titan!
And adore its vistas,
With such beauty that looms!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Chained. Locked. And, Enclosed!

Trapped and saddled with bills to pay!
It seems the life I live...
Is here to stay!
Visions of wealth,
In splendor and good health...
Alludes the dreams I see.
My creditors remind me!

Sapped of strength from the youth I was...
I remember once,
Trying to grow a beard from peach fuzz!
And today I sit with the electricity sky high,
Pinching pennies to pay rent
And letting my taste for steak drift by!

It was just yesterday when I said I had enough!
I wasn't going to worry or complain of simple stuff!
But when the cable company came to disconnect me,
From the 'world'!
I decided I should be thankful,
I'm not out pawning watches, diamonds and pearls!
Like some folks I know...
Who have found they lived to keep images,
And images are hard to let go!

Especially,
When that is all there is...
And all there is to show!
At least I can still expose my face,
And not be disgraced and grow!
Now I am glad I don't live for 'things'...
Or allow them to keep me controlled!

I may feel trapped and saddled with bills to pay...
But I am not like those,
Who feel they must hide the lives they chose.
Chained.
Locked.
And, enclosed!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Challenge

Something obsessed...
That has to be possessed.
And It can not be obtained too easily,
Or it will quickly be left like the rest!

It has to be tested
To ensure it's complex.
There has to be a struggle to get it...
Or it becomes a challenge,
Considered not the best one done
To test and satisfy as one can get!
These things are tricky to predict and forget!

But when a challenge comes...
And there's possible fun attached,
That's the one that traps!
And one enjoys!
Be about 'your' business...
And the challenge you choose,
Will be the one you can say you've won!
With no inner 'blues' to share with anyone.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Challenge And Intrigue

If not for challenge and intrigue,
An interest in the opposite sex...
Would get,
The same response...
From someone who craves,
But regrets eating less...
Just to please another who teases.

Although...
Frequently makes promises,
That if a few pounds were lost...
And found to keep as one's mission,
A world would rock.
And no Earthquake could stop,
Two to do a knocking of boots.

'You have potential.
If you know what I mean? '

~No.
What do you mean? ~

'I would like to assist,
In you receiving every bit of it...
When I begin to recognize the time is 'ripe',
Tight and firm.'

~Oh?
OOOOH? ~

'Yep.
And just like a good neighbor,
Both of us together...
Will know what it takes,
To get down and dirty...
With a weeding that will harvest,
Some good stuff.'

~Oh.

OH my.~

'Don't get nervous.
I'll be at your service,
Whenever your need for me...
Arises.
Enjoy your cake.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Challenges One Comes To Face

Everyday those challenges,
Coming to anyone to overcome...
Prove with a doing done,
They can easily be replaced...
By fresh faces that masquerade.

And what occurred yesterday with belief,
One can sit without being agonized...
To feel they have achieved some kind of relief,
Well...
That belief to achieve relief is shortly lived.

Everyday those challenges one comes to face,
Do not sit to permit themselves...
To be erased.
Or replaced,
Indefinately!

'Everyday I have to face the 'same' obstacles.'

~Stop running away from them to be chased.
Face them to allow the ones you have yet to suspect,
To become less fresh.
And eventually you will expect them to detect,
With a getting for yourself more rest.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Challenges That Still Exist

I evaluate the situation this way...
I do not have to defend my insights.
Especially if I am the one living my life,
As it has been lived.
And none of my experiences were given.
They have been earned.
With challenges that still exist!
And breathe freely I do...
Without being defensive about it!
Nor do I become offended by ignorance.
We all have our missions to accomplish.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Chameleon? Me? No!

A chameleon? Me? No!
But I have appeared on scenes,
Unseen.
Ignored...
And not directly disrespected.
Unless someone regarded me as a pesty insect.
And someone named Jackson...
In my youth did me like that.
A bitter woman that lack attraction.

A chameleon? Me? No!
But I have appeared on scenes,
Unseen.
Not that others were being mean.
I'm not one to call attention to myself.
If it is given,
What can I say?
Go away?

I've tried that before!
It doesn't work.
Then I'm considered a complete jerk.
An egomaniac with insecurities.

A chameleon?
Me?
No!
I don't choose or wish to be.
Nor is that need inside of me.

I just love who it is I am.
With a love of life I experience.
And if others see that differently?
What about that can I really say?
Don't do it like that...
Do that my way?

There is too much to digest.
Too much life I have not lived yet.

To make confessions,
Of how I wished I had lived my life?
The way I 'could' have lived it.
And did that to my delight!

A chameleon?
Me?
No!
'Me' know just 'me' and that's it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Champion Of My Own Dilemmas

I don't need to look for a fight.
I'm too busy beating up myself.
Especially when I feel nothing is right.
And time seems to go by too slow,
To realize what I want to appear overnight.

I don't need to look for a fight.
I'm too busy beating up myself.
Especially when I feel nothing is right.
And time seems to go by too slow,
To realize what I want to appear overnight.

I try not to get uptight,
About my circumstances.
I want to win that inner fight.
I've already declared myself,
The champion of my own dilemmas.

And,
It is time for me to retire from that.
Since I know I will not find,
A more capable opponent.
I've already proven I can be obstinate.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Champions Of Color

Champions of color,
Must prove themselves...
Superior in ways,
Than the programming created
By the mechanics of robots.
And even then,
All their movements made are scrutinized,
With a bar to raise higher,
Than those subpar of inferior skills.
To examine and compare their abilities,
For the purpose to relieve those...
Feeling insecure and less capable.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Championship Games

Intelligence?
That has been outlawed
With common sense,
And accountability...
Years ago!
Who are you?
Are you looking for that here?
Those refunds have long been spent!
You might want to try the next town over.
These folks are still discussing the last
Championship games!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Championships To Win

Championships to win,
Takes discipline and devotion.
Like anything to crave that is wanted,
With a wish to get.
And meant sentiments.

Seldom does a dream,
Becomes realized to have and see...
Without some sweat to wipe away,
That drips...
Absorbing one's body and mind with it.

Challenges to face with focus,
Can not be pretended to do.
Nor does a success to achieve,
Comes without mistakes made to improve.
And anyone who believes,
With faith kept to keep they will succeed...
Will always find the time that is needed,
Even through pain and their sorrows to weep.

And if one should discover to know,
What it takes to win with discipline cemented...
They will some day awaken to be one noted,
As a true champion.

And if one should discover to know,
What it takes to win with discipline cemented...
They will also notice too,
A champion winning with it done to prove.

Championships to win,
Takes discipline and devotion.
Like anything to crave that is wanted,
With a wish to get.
And meant steadfast sentiments.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Chances

Some chances are risky!
Some taken have no reward.
Chances risky and unrewarded...
Must be taken.
Taking a chance and failing
Still gains an experience.
Promising to take a chance...
And breaking that promise,
Will always be remembered.
That's why it is best not to take chances,
If you are the kind to break a promise!
Adventures will never find you pleased,
Or at ease...
Whatever the outcome!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Chances To Take

I can not live my life,
With my eyes affixed to the past.
I can not accept to walk on paths,
Manicured and already paved...
To believe in the doing I can re-create,
An undoing done to have it perceived...
I am innovative.

Chances to take are beset with mistakes.
And understanding why excuses to make,
Are made by those fearing their lives to live...
With reasons to give more time to waste.
While seeking easier ways,
That will convince them in the doing...
Others are impressed by their efforts.

For 'whatever' the reason I can not live my life,
With my eyes affixed to the past like that.
Nor can I accept to walk on paths covered by trash,
Although manicured and already paved....
With a collection of rubbish to interpret as progress.
There is 'something' in the doing of that much too relaxed,
Many have found easy to pick through as 'their' success.
And I prefer to receive the benefits from my own initiative.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Change

...and as if I didn't know,
What was involved with it.
Or what it took.
Or how it leaves...
To shake and unsettle.
To sit and establish a patience.
Eventually welcomed for what it is.
And the opposition that was there...
Upon its arrival,
Learns to slowly embrace it.
As if it was there all the time.
As if it had been part of what was!
But the scars remaining and fought over its coming...
Are not there to show on freshed faced generations!
Who could care less,
How change now rests!
Because...
Well,
Because they were not involved.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Change 'Premise' To 'Promise'

The premise is there,
Based upon certain assumptions...
To us given.
Although the promise to deliver,
What had been expected is missing...
It would be in our best interest,
To conclude our investigation to be complete.

'But to move forward on a premise,
Leaves what is needed left circumstantial.'

There are the same letters in the word 'premise',
As there are in 'promise'.
Exchange the 'e' for the 'o'...
And no one would ever know the difference,
If the evidence is based upon circumstances...
That concludes our investigation.
Or if assumptions accepted as proof was used.

'So...
No one would ever know,
The evidence we have collected...
Is actually inconclusive? '

Look...
No one here is attempting to prove,
We are scholars or rocket scientists.
Change 'premise' to 'promise' and that's it!
There is no need to be bogged down,
With specifics and details.
This is not that kind of case.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Change You Will Believe

People are determined,
To keep delusions and their fantasies alive.
Even in the midst of an economic emptiness...
They are wishing to be told more lies!

Whether or not there are resources for all...
Those who control them want them stopped.
One world rule approaches.
And this is what all these conflicts are about!
A change you will believe in!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Change Your Perceptions

Change your perceptions.
And get rid of that list of preferences.
Focus upon the landscape with widened eyes.
Leave those fantasies for those who lie to themselves.
Adapt to adjust to the truth one today 'must'.
Or find yourself disgusted like others,
Believing the feeding on greed will return...
With a getting respect from those most impressed,
That you will do 'anything' to remain in debt...
Like they have done to delude,
Happiness can be obtain...
By what one possesses and can afford to get.
Change your perceptions.
And get rid of that list of preferences.
Focus upon the landscape with widened eyes.
Leave those fantasies for those who lie to themselves.
Adapt to adjust to the truth one today 'must'.
Or find yourself disgusted like others,
Believing the feeding on greed will return...
With a getting respect from those most impressed.
Choose not to be that stupid.
Choose to do what for YOU is best!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Changes Are Bittersweet

Feared into taking two steps back.
Into a hole...trapped!
And undeterred by facts,
That changes are bittersweet.

But going back to recapture sad attractions...
Threatens any prospects for peace.
But those impressed by images...
Are seldom connected consciously.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Changes Can Be Painful

Changes can be painful.
To go through to be needed.
Changes come to hurt,
When the doing isn't done.

People think they can run,
From changes needing made.
And...
People think they can stop,
The doing of it done.
With a crying on a shoulder.

Changes can be painful.
To go through to be needed.
Changes come to hurt,
When the doing isn't done.

People think they can run,
From changes needing made.
But everyone given life,
Has to face change everyday.

'Remember what we use to do,
When we were children? '

~Vaguely.
I do the best I can,
Trying to remind myself...
What day it is.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Changes Occur

Needs unspoken aren't more pronounced.
Because something said often goes misread.
Expressions that are heard,
Describes what then is given.
Changes occur within everyone...
We know that is true,
We all have been fools!
I know I have...
I can tell you have too!
That is why we must release,
Things others say...
How we convey them,
And the affects that were left
For purposes to burden both me and you!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Changing Dimensions Seen

Changing dimensions seen.
No retracting to step back.
Changing dimensions seen.
The past is gone and that's a fact.
Changing dimensions seen.
Changing dimensions seen.

A consciousness has been uplifted.
Changing dimensions seen.
And gone are all those flaws abhorred.
Changing dimensions seen.
Those bigoted with prejudice...
Find they've been dismissed.
And...

Changing dimensions seen.
Changing dimensions seen.

People sharing with a caring.
Changing dimensions seen.
And racists are considered sick.
Changing dimensions seen.
Changing dimensions seen.

A consciousness has been uplifted.
Changing dimensions seen.
And gone are all those flaws abhorred.
Changing dimensions seen.
Those bigoted with prejudice...
Find they've been dismissed and quick!
Changing dimensions seen.
Changing dimensions seen.
And...

No retracting to step back.
Changing dimensions seen.
The past is gone and that's a fact.
Changing dimensions seen.
That peace resisted over-rules,

And those who cling to hate are fools.
Changing dimensions seen.
And...
Changing dimensions seen.
And...
Changing dimensions seen.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Chapter 8

Goodnight teaser.
With your emptiness,
And suspicous intent!
You sent two drinks,
From the bartender with a wink!
Believing a weakness,
Will provide a hook up to link!

Goodnight teaser.
I've seen you hop from table to stool.
Flirting with your looseness glimpse,
Hoping to attract unescorted fools!
I happen to be in research...
Observing singles at meat bars!
And if you have read the note I've sent,
You'll discover my taste for raw oysters and caviar!

Goodnight teaser.
I will probably be up real late!
I will put some wine on ice at 10.
And if you're not knocking on room 815...
By midnight,
Then...
You will be much too late!

Goodnight teaser.
I'm seeking a subject...
On those who tempt old geezers!
To complete my findings,
And put a close to chapter 8...
With a bit of social unwinding,
I could use and appreciate!

Goodnight teaser.
I have a view to share that's nice!
If you decide you will like to be satisfied...
Knock softly once,
Pause...
With a 'knock knock' twice!

('Chapter 8' a 'Theory of Employment, Interest and Money'
written by JOHN MAYNARD KEYNES (1883-1946))

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Character Witness

You don't know me.
Like you've shown,
You are and can be.
Everything I do to do done,
Is not with a thought to impress...
Anyone.

You don't know me.
To believe my words expressed,
You can twist.
With a fitting your agenda.
To have others accept,
A definition you give is more correct.

You don't know me like that.
To convince to some...
And behind my back,
Me to be someone else.
You've created to distort the facts.

Character witness? !
Never call me to be yours anymore.
As if I've never heard your lies before.
Character witness? !
I could never dupe another,
Like you have done to me.
To know 'my' character you've assassinated,
Countless of times and purposely.

Character witness? !
Never call me to be yours anymore.
As if I've never heard your lies before.

You don't know me.
To believe my words expressed,
You can twist.
You do not know me not to notice this...
Using me as if I permit it,
Will never be for you a lasting benefit.

You don't know me like that.
To undermine my character.
With a belief your character to witness,
Isn't tainted with a stench attached.
And that is a fact,
I have come to know the smell of it too well.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Charade Of Parading Unconsciousness

Bloated misquotes,
Intentionally spoken to provoke...
With schemes planted,
By the shallow minded.
Have backed fired!
The purpose had been
To place those of these misdeeds
In positions others would see as influential.

And they have become extremely successful,
Accomplishing their goals.
Many have discovered them as totally insignificant.
And those they have slandered...
With character assassinations,
Have now found themselves assessed,
As visionaries!

But then again...
Why does it take the heartbreak of isolation,
For idiots to be uncovered?

Who implements this charade,
Of parading unconsciousness...
That feeds blinded appetites,
To float on comments unspoken or thought
By the ones brought to shame and ostracism.
And it happens too conveniently to smear,
The ones not in fear to speak sincerely!

Who implements this charade,
Of parading unconsciousness?
When will the tricks of this wicked slickness end?
Is this too woven into the fabric?
It can not be that tight of a weave...
Since many are awakening highly pissed!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Charading Of Affectations

A pretense of interest,
Will get one so far in the doing of it...
Until it becomes noticed,
A discipline that should be connected...
Is distanced from a committed delivery.
Yet embellished to exaggerate,
In social settings to irritate...
Those of experience,
But not set always in performance mode...
When the presence of a pretentiousness,
Although humorous but gets closer to aggravation...
And believed to be accepted,
By the one disconnected but yet suspects...
Others perform just for a public attention to get.
And they too come prepared to display,
A charading of affectations.
But the need is not there for them to do this,
When between themselves it is known they sit...
Clearly amongst their peers witnessing one,
Who masquerades but with a missing link.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Charity Case

Don't look upon me as 'your' charity case.
To make donations,
As if my heritage depends on your acceptance...
After you have stolen from my treasure chest.
To leave me with a choice to beg.
And this image you give to others,
As a way you love to depict me...
From those days you began advocating,
My existence as 'your' slave to feed insecurities.
And with a media you use to prove your giving ways.

Don't look upon me as 'your' charity case.
To make donations,
As if my heritage depends on your acceptance...
After you have stolen from my treasure chest.
To leave me with a choice to beg.
Without my resources,
You would not have survived.
Without my resources,
Your selfishness would not exist...
To use an image of me you wish depicted.

This image is crumbling...
To leave you,
Humbled.
Since...
The truth about you,
Has revealed a deluding to dupe.

This image is crumbling...
To leave you,
Humbled.
Since...
The truth about you,
Has revealed a deluding to dupe.

It is you,
Who has been that charity case.
With a thieving from others to steal and take.

It's you,
Who has been that charity case.
It's you,
Who steals and takes.

It has been you,
Who has been that charity case.
With a thieving from others to steal and take.

It's you,
Who has been that charity case.
It's you,
Who steals and takes.

It has been you,
Who has been that charity case.
With a thieving from others to steal and take.
It has been you,
Who steals and takes.
It has been you,
That charity case.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Charmed Into It

If there is 'anything' I've learned,
As I continue to live my life...
With widened eyes and healed knees.
And...
With ears alerted like a bat radared for life.
Never will I allow myself,
Consciously...
To revisit an experience that has taught me a lesson.
Nor will I be charmed into it!

Michael Jackson took a few steps backward,
And called that 'moonwalking'.
When I did it,
I called it regret!
I discovered a repetition of that,
Cause me much sorrow!
Never will I allow myself,
Consciously...
To revisit an experience that has taught me a lesson.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Chased Away

Deplored as horrible.
Despicable and pessimistic.
Cynical and gloomy.
Treacherous to a fault.
With no allegiance traced...
To confidence,
Or faith!

But...
That was yesterday.
Today these folks are sought,
To be publicly honored.
And applauded with praise.
If they can be located...
To places they've been chased away.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Chased Away From Their Dreams!

Remember when your ideals,
Were first noticed to be tampered?
So you chose to isolate them,
Running away...
With your family and chosen friends.
To enclaves of suburban dens.
Ensuring your way of life would thrive.
With a greedy need kept alive.

How long did you think this selfishness would exist?
FOREVER?
With escalating debts?
Without regrets?
Someone has to pay the piper.
And the masqueraded waste!

When foreigners can buy land...
And not declare citizenship.
As long as they were the kind accepted.
With or without their pockets equipped!
Because they can afford to whip out a passport.
With questionable wealth...
They bargain with the greedy with!
From a system blinded by exclusive selfishness,
Solicited to those picked.

Expect depleting times like these!
And expect no sympathy...
From those chased away from their dreams!
Dreams now screaming...
'It is our own blood we bleed.'

Now...
Let's have a round of suffering for all!
A suffering that unites.
Inspite of those who enjoyed,
Seeing others living in blight!
Now within the sight...
Of those who once delighted!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Chased By Aging Faces

A budding of those young done,
Comes...
As if time creeps.
Many wish to see their 'buds',
Walk to stand tall...
Just months after birth.
And before they are able to even crawl.

A budding of those young done,
To come...
As if time to rush to use is not enough.
Or stored away to keep it controlled,
When the budding of the young...
Refuse to do what they are told.

A budding of the youing done,
Comes...
When their teens seem to fly by.
And 21 is the stage of a magic age,
That introduces minds wishing...
To ignore patience with temptations,
For those experiences to do all things crazed.

And then a budding of the young done,
Comes to speed with it disbelieved...
31 can no longer be claimed,
As young and budding.
With a withering away that begins to show,
The process of aging is not that slow.

Aches and pains gained,
Changes the game...
When the budding of the young done,
Comes to go.
And those dreaded 40's,
Begin the start of doing naughty things.
Like the fading of what had been clearly seen,
Can not be adjusted by the wearing of glasses.

Or the fact that one chased by aging faces,
Were those known when one was young.
But makes claims not to remember them,
As they approach with canes...
To do a limping done.
While the one with once useful knees,
Can not quickly from them run.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Chased By Limitation And Jealousies

All their lives they sit back to criticize others.
Only to discover they have chosen lives,
To produce nothing to identify they had arrived...
Whether to criticize or not.

The importance of it goes ignored.
As those they found worthy of critique,
Often found themselves with little time to speak...
Between deeds and opportunities.

To leave those with time to find their tomorrows,
Chased by limitation and jealousies welcomed.
With an abundance of laziness...
And no motivation.
None to inspire...
What having a dream means.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Chased By Nightmares

Sometimes it takes,
The presence of unsuspected guilt to arrive...
To begin the stirring begun...
Coming as it does one finds to haunt the mind.

And sometimes it takes,
A point of view as one walks in another's shoes.
Unprepared that the doing of it sickens.
To hurt with a pain one gets and can not rid.
Unforgiving with a stinging it is.

Often it takes remembering,
What one has done to someone else...
Even denial can not resist a wanting it dismissed.
Especially when one is chased by nightmares.
And the evilness of this persists with no escaping this.

Chased by nightmares,
And a running from whatever one's done.
One is,
Chased by nightmares...
To never have them overcomed.

Like a needle that pricks,
One chased by nightmares...
And leaving nothing in the mind to numb,
The running done.
And chased by nightmares,
With a running that forever is done...
To 'never' undo with a doing,
That is overcomed.

Chased by nightmares,
And a running from whatever one's done.
With a scolded soul.
And chased by nightmares,
To never have them overcomed.
One is...
Chased by nightmares,

And nothing in the mind can numb...
The running done.

Chased by nightmares.
And nothing in the mind can numb...
The running done.
Chased by nightmares.
And nothing in the mind can numb...
The running done.
One chased by nightmares.
With nothing in the mind to numb...
'That' running done.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Chasing Behind What Has Gone

No time is there left for you to take,
To waste procrastinating which way...
Provides an easier taste of life.
That decision should have been made.
And you have discovered time doesn't wait.

Why you are baffled by this is no surprise.
And no longer can you find anyone,
To accomodate your point of view.
Those who have similar visions too,
Are chasing behind what has gone.

Those who have similar visions too,
Are chasing behind what has gone.

Those who have similar visions too,
Are chasing behind what has gone.

Chasing in a race...
For a time that has long moved on!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Chasing Perfection

Chasing perfecion,
To get it reflected...
As close as possible,
For the selling of it to be sold.
And bought.
To be conceptualized,
As a rite of passage.
Until everyone is convinced,
That what a 'few' have decided...
With it done to have themselves 'idolized',
Worshipped and adored...
Will be praised for their discovery.
And 'symbolized' forevermore.

'Who created this to represent success?
And how did we get so obsessed with it? '

~Questions. Questions. Questions.
Just keep rubbing onto the gold.
Until your face clearly shines in it.~

'You know...
I have heard it has been discovered,
Quartz and titanium are far more precious.
OW! Geessshhh! '

~What's the matter 'now'? ~

'I keep cutting my fingers,
On the edges of this stuff.'

~We'll go to Mount Sinai,
To get you bandaged up.
But other beliefs you have,
Regardless if they are true or not...
I suggest you keep them to yourself.
No one else needs to know,
What we collect to sell to be gold...
Is less in value than it use to be.

Or something else to believe in,
Is more precious.
Trust me...
Pretending to keep faith in this stuff,
Will thrill those who will be quick to assist...
Your healing from any ache or pain to feel.~

'But that's deception.'

~Accept it.
Or you will be waiting in the emergency room,
Until your next birthday comes.
It's either truth to say,
Or get your bills paid!
Which 'wish' for you is 'now' more precious?
Pretend you live 'only' with it done,
In the pursuit of chasing perfection.
And it doesn't have to be...
What you know is 'your' reality.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Chasing Pessimists Away

Pessimists would say that optimism is a gag,
But...
Being optimistic is a good thing to have.

Those who look for troubles got them carried in a bag,
'Cause...
They would rather carry all their troubles that they've had.
Carrying their troubles seeking more of them to nab.

Pessimists would say that optimism is a gag,
But...
Being optimistic is a good thing to have.
Being optimistic is a feeling that could last.

Those who look for troubles got them carried in a bag,
'Cause...
They would rather carry all their troubles that they've had.
And carrying their troubles seeking more of them to nab.

Pessimists would say that optimism is a gag,
But...
Being optimistic is a good thing to have.
Being optimistic is a feeling that could last.
And being optimistic makes those pessimists mad.
And chasing pessimists away should make somebody glad.

Pessimists would say that optimism is a gag,
But...
Being optimistic is a good thing to have.
And being optimistic is much better than the bad.
Being optimistic makes a better day had.
Being optimistic makes a better day had.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Chasing Tales

I 'use' to be caught up in perceptions,
Of a collective unity.
The kind that would thrive to excite,
Participation...
From those who approached,
The cause of this...
With an identity as a guarantee.
To usher in a motivation that would begin,
To uplift the 'disadvantaged' ones...
In aspiring but depressed,
Inner city communities.

How nobel a cause!

But soon I witnessed in disbelief,
Opportunities mentioned...
Were often teased.
By those who would preach publicly,
A need.
Only to see a chasing of tales...
Implemented by deceivers,
Who would discredit the ones sincere.
To ensure defeat they would receive,
With the creation of 'that' made extremely clear.

I 'use' to be caught up in perceptions,
Of a collective unity.
The kind that would thrive to excite,
Participation...
From those who approached,
The cause of this...
With an identity as a guarantee.
To usher in a motivation that would begin,
To uplift the 'disadvantaged' ones...
In aspiring but depressed,
Inner city communities.

How nobel and global!

But an addiction to chasing tales,
Was the only thing meant...
As a permanent reality,
To give all the luxury of time misspent.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Chasing The Sounds Of A Remembered Flute

Chasing the sounds of a remembered flute,
And not choosing a route from where to begin...
Can be unsettling for the one undecided,
If it was a piccolo used with an octave higher.
Or if the flute thought heard,
Was not in fact,
A clarinet?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Chasing Their Dreams

No one or anyone prevented them,
From chasing their dreams...
No!
No one would.
No!
No one could.

And when anyone has material things,
That glistens their bling...
A way is found to obtain them,
Legitimately.
Or, clandestine to shine in their minds.
'Cause...
No one can intervene or prevent,
One who is chasing dreams...
No!
No one would.
No!
Or stop them if they could.

No one can or prevent one who is...
Chasing their dreams...
No!
No one would,
If they...
Thought they could.

And then a time comes when achievements,
Have been done...
That one will wish for a life simplistic,
With someone.
Remembered from a past that was happy and basic,
But...
They left them fast to chase,
After their dreams.

OH...
No one or anyone prevented them,
From chasing their dreams...

No!
No one would.
No!
No one could.

OH...
No one or anyone prevented them,
From chasing their dreams...
No!
No one would.
No!
No one could.

And today a basicness is wished,
But...
No one or anyone prevented them,
From chasing their dreams...
No!
No one would.
No!
No one could.

Today a basicness is wished,
But...
Chasing their dreams,
Left them...
Caught up in schemes.
And...
No one could prevent them,
From...
Chasing their dreams...
No!
No one would.
No!
No one could.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Cheap Cheaters

Have you tired of accomodating,
Cheap cheaters.
Are you tired of accomodating,
People who sneak...
Only to chip away the peace you keep.

Have you tired of accomodating,
Cheap cheaters.
Are you tired of accomodating,
People who sneak...
With a cheap cheating done of your honesty,
To discover later they have faked integrity.

People...
Who have sold their souls,
Try to do their best to hide deceit they feed.
People...
Who have sold their souls,
Try the best they can to wipe the mud off their feet...
Even if they're stinking in the sludge waist deep.

Have you tired of accomodating cheap cheaters.
People so dishonest they bring tears to stand up comics.
Have you tired of accomodating cheap cheaters.
People so deceitful not one word of truth they speak.

People...
Who have sold their souls,
Try the best they can to wipe the mud off their feet...
Even if they're stinking in the sludge waist deep.

Have you tired of accomodating,
Cheap cheaters.
Are you tired of accomodating,
People who sneak...
Only to chip away the peace you keep.
To regret the feeling you've been dealing with these creeps.
Are you tired of accomodating,
People who sneak...

Only to chip away the peace you keep.
To regret the feeling you've been dealing with these creeps.

Cheap cheap cheaters,
Stink in sludge waist deep.
Cheap cheaters,
Have no integrity.
Cheap cheaters...
Who have sold their souls,
Try to do their best to hide deceit they feed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Cheap Shot Takers

Faking how what and who terminated,
From retired positions and when.
To generate an attention lacking,
In any of it being given to them.

Those cheap shot takers,
Seem to come from out of the cracks...
All over the place.
As they sip on old and aging lemonade,
To stir up controversy from places low grade.

Sour and dry,
As their dismissed personalities.
With hopes that a difference,
From their embellished memoirs...
Will heighten their nonexistent credibility.

When none of it originally...
Came from them to be made.
Or whatever it was done they did,
Was worthy of a remembered taste.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Cheap Shots

Cheap shots to take,
With others in sight to make...
Eventually sleazes to cheapen,
One who intends to do it to another.
Only to dignify the one targeted,
Who chooses to take that cheap shot sent...
With it made clear who is referenced,
When it is stated...
'Children can masquerade in grown up clothes.
But only adults can wear them as if tailor made.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Cheaper And More Reasonable To Keep

Peaceful is a life to live,
Without the happiness part of it...
As of yet detected or suspected,
Could, should and can be taxed...
By those determining,
That having too much of a good thing...
Would cause a depreciation,
Of a valued stress...
Too many, if they wished with it desired,
To just let go of obsessing it.
Or have it re-possessed to discover happiness,
For them is cheaper and more reasonable to keep.
And also finding it, once obtained, to be cost effective!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Cheapness Fed The Greed

A cheapness fed the greed.
Until the addictions of those greedy soared.
Few predicted the cheapness would increase...
And left the price of it ignored.
Without a noticable decrease.

As those who produced the cheapness knew...
Demand for what they had would grow.
They made the price for this commodity more expensive.
And watched those of greed,
Plead to lower a cheapness known...
When a quality of life loved and overblown,
Would eventually have them all on their knees in groans!

To suffer like passengers riding tightly in the backseat...
Enjoying the view.
But unaware of what those saw coming towards them,
From the front!
A gaping hole would swallow them.
One they did not wish to confront!

However...
A cheapness fed the greed.
Until the addictions of those greedy soared.
Few predicted the cheapness would increase...
And left the price of it ignored.
Without a noticable decrease.

And all of those riding feasted...
Until an abrupt detoxing came to stop them.
To leave them in pain from cheap feeding.
With wishes to heal from it quickly.
But this expense they could not afford.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Cheating Seems To Please

Why is it...
The choice to be alone,
Is much more a curiousity
Than sitting with others
Discussing spouses and mates
With those they are discreetly dating?

When some prefer to have peace of mind,
Without keeping a record of which lies to tell
To whom and who to swear to secrecy!

Cheating seems to please,
Some who do not mind being worthless creeps!
Living that kind of 'excitement'...
Does not always guarantee a peaceful sleep!

However...
Those alone but not lonely,
Have no problem doing that easily!
Without wondering if doors and windows have been locked.
Sealed with alarms turned on to detect motion!
Or pleading for an unreturned key told missing...
Before the locksmith is called!
Leaving one sleeping soundly...
To dismiss myths about bliss!
And finding a sunrise that awakens one rested,
Free and completely unannoyed by bad habits
Hard to break.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Cheating Spouses

I want you to know me.
But if you insist
I am not who I should be,
And you are who I want...
Perhaps this masquerade,
Is better for weekend unmaskings!
Since it seems
During the week
Our cheating spouses
Leave us alone to desire
Something familiar!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Check It Out

What is wrong.
What is going on with those people.

'Which people? '

The ones that use to call 'us' THOSE people.
But today?
They are 'those' people now.
What on Earth are they doing?

'Oh.
'Them'.
It seems they have run out of accusations,
To blame others for them.
They have begun to panic.
If you had not mentioned,
What you witness to observe...
I would not have noticed.'

You wouldn't?
Why?

'Those folks have been blaming others,
For their own misdeeds for years.
I use to think their doing of that,
Was a part of 'my' life.
You should have seen the efforts I made,
To get them to like me.'

What happened?

'I began to realize,
They were on a mission to destroy relationships.
And after drying my own tears,
To wonder what I did...
Accusing myself,
For being...well, you know...different.
Until my eyes began to open real wide.
To see who had been behind,

My feeling of worthlessness.
To discover it wasn't me at all.

That's what those people do.
And now they have run out of accusations.
To turn upon themselves.
Check it out.
You will begin to ignore them for who they are.
That's if you're fortunate to have any identity left.
To recognize you still have one.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Check, Please!

Those who believe,
A quality obtained...
Can be kept and yet replace,
Those who initiated that quality to please...
In the first place.
With a keeping of the same taste expected,
Fool only themselves.

It takes much more than a replacement to restore,
That which has been established...
Patrons served came to adore.
And the ones who ignore this,
Know very little about 'their' business!
But a lesson learned that is earned...
Eventually teaches.

'Excuse me...
But,
Is your chef on vacation? '
The one we admired for his presentation? '

~No we've replaced that chef.
We could not meet his demands or expectations!
And frankly...
His arrogance we could no longer accept.
We paid him his worth.~

'I see.
May we have our checks, please? '

~Would you like to select something else from the menu? ~

'Why?
Would that change the ambiance?
You've already destroyed that,
By taking our preferences for granted.
Check, please! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Checking For Signs Of Life

OUCH!
Why did you stick me,
With that pin?

'Sorry.
I apologize.
Just checking for signs of life.
You qualify.
I wasn't sure.
I 'thought' we were in a conversation.'

I was thinking!

'Oh?
You went into a nod suddenly.
And...
I know nothing about,
Mouth to mouth resuscitation.
That was frightening!
To witness you 'thinking'.

The next time you think that deeply...
Give me a clue.

Well...
I am glad you have given me a reason,
To raise my expectations.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Checkmate

'D-minished! '

Plummeted is more appropriate.
Like a vanishing of prerequisites.
A total convening of mindlessness applied.
A substitution for common sense...
With no jurisdiction for the application of thought.
A total disregard for humanity.
A total acceptance of deception.
And a total...

'Checkmate!
You want to play another game?
Or have you run out of strategies?
Since none is working.
Has worked...
Or seem can work! '

Please!
Set up the board.
You're just lucky that's all!

'Oh no.
You lost...
Again.
You set up.
Unless you intend to bring something,
You had not brought before? '

Like what?

'Less BS and a technique for winning! '

I don't have to go through all of that.
I am going to the seminary to become a politician.
I'll charm my way to get what I want.

'That may be true.
But whatever you do.

Have done.
Or will attempt to do to get done.
Ain't helping you at all here!
Your move.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Cheers Everyone! Cheers

I remember those,
Who felt the necessity to critique me.
And what they perceived to be,
My lack of expressing my ethnicity.
I remember them well,
As I continued to pave a path...
No one attempted to do but laugh.

I remember it as clear as hearing a bell,
Discouraging comments and where I should go...
To dwell.
And today these same people,
Have lost their memories!
As they sit and socialize in environments,
With those who years ago told me to leave.

'I don't know why it is,
Some people can't forget what we've done to them.
Especially the ones we smeared with false accusations.
With a ruining of their credibility,
By having their characters assassinated.
One would think they'd be over it by now.
Some people are just too sensitive for their own good.

Susan will you ask Bob or Sheneequa,
Sitting next to Kissy and Kwemumba...
To pass to me the caviar?
Thank you.
You are such a sweetheart.
Cheers everyone! Cheers.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Cheese Balls

Cheese balls!

Sniff them as you lick them,
Cheese balls.
Delicious when you eat them,
Cheese balls.
Salty and their tart.
A snack that's hard to stop!

Cheddar up.

Cheese balls.
Sniff them as you lick them.
Cheese balls.
Delicious when you eat them.
Cheese balls.
Salty and they're tart,
And a snack that's hard to top.

Cheddar up.

Get a big bag and begin to stuff your gutt.

Those, those, those...
Cheese balls.
The cheddar makes them better.
Cheese balls.
They're better when they're cheddar.
Forget about the fedder...
And that gouda gotta go!
You've got to get them cheddar.
It's that cheddar taste that grows.

Cheddar up, cheddar up, cheddar up!
Those cheese balls...
Delicious when you eat them.
Cheese balls.
Sniff them as you lick them.
Cheese balls.

And a snack that's hard to stop!
Salty and they're tart...
Forget about the fedder.
And that gouda gotta go!
Cheese balls!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Chemistry Communicated

I will not be your escape
Trained to participate
In weekend escapades
Or chase a clock to meet you
On a pre planned schedule

I seek a seriousness with,
Anyone I regard as special
That is going to share my likes
With a decision that my dislikes
Can and will be acceptable

I do not ask for much
But a chemistry communicated
That is kept in touch
Seems to me to be ideal
Especially if I am expected to 'feel' you
Everytime you open your mouth
To say something crazy

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Chicken With A Twist Of Deliciousness

I bought thin breasts of sliced chicken.
Thinking I would make a chicken soup.

So I then cut the breasts,
Preparing to create a meal...
I believed would be the best.
When I had this thought...
Season and sauté the breast.
Simmer them quickly,
In olive oil next.

Add I did...
Broccoli, onions and green peppers.
With carrots and celery...
Thinking perhaps some cauliflower,
And Soy sauce too...
Was needed in this aromatic stew.

This I did.
Before I lowered the heat,
And covered this with the frying pan lid.

I said to myself...
This needed a touch of brown sugar.
A splash of apple vinegar,
And a dash of lemon for taste.
Mine,
Of course!
I'm suggesting this,
Before it is ready to plate.

I think this took twenty minutes to cook.
But the smell of it increased my appetite.
And I couldn't wait,
To devour each morsel.
Knowing I had cooked up something,
Bonafide to get me hooked!
Oh yes!

I've already named it,
Chicken With a Twist of Deliciousness!
If you want some,
You will have to make your own.
None of this I am eating,
Will a dropp of it you get!

Oh,
Before I forget.
Add some basil, dill, oregano and garlic too.
I like to use red pepper as well.
You can try that,
If you wish to lick the dish!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Chickens To Chase

Holding their reigns tightly.
To steady the swaying stances...
Of the horses,
And the roll of attached mounted carriages.
They have come into town,
To protest with expressed anger.
And stall the inauguration,
Of sparkling new electric street trolleys.
They attempt to prevent...
And squash this kind of progress.
They succeed as this stagnation proceeds.
As the dancing of prancing subservients bleed...
Cutting themselves on the splintered verandas,
They are painting!
Rejoicing the return of plantations...
And their own chickens to chase!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Chief Motivator

Please...
Call me 'freak'.
Or something comparable...
That places me in that category.

I've grown accustomed to be considered 'weird'.
Since this has been the 'chief' motivator...
That has inspired with an energized indifference,
Propelling a compelling aspiration I have to succeed.

Please...
Call me 'freak'.
Or something comparable...
That places me in that category.

Your decision to decide to become politically correct,
Has had an adverse affect on my productive output.
Forget those suggestions from the rest!
Give me what I seek and need to feed!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Child Prodigy

If I can accept that you are 48.
Why can't you accept I was born in 1967?

'But we both graduated from high school in 1965! '

AND...
Your point is WHAT?

'What you are declaring is impossible.'

HOW?
I can not help that I was a child prodigy,
And was issued a diploma...
Two years before my birth.
One of us is lieing and has a lapse of memory.
In fact...
When I attended the 10th high school reunion,
In '75...
I was 'still' shedding my baby teeth.
Many of my 'old' classmates could not remember me.
Because I was looking too young.

'Why are you lieing? '

Me? Lieing?
I am appalled!
And why are you jealous?
I can not help that I am gifted with talents.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Childhoods They've Never Left

Chances not to take to escape away,
From a routine way of life.
And those associated with it.
Has a way of permanently creating,
An accepted stagnation.
That remains to stay on one's mind.
Like moss that grows to be found on trees.

Chances to take to escape away,
To experience life to live in another atmosphere...
Broadens an understanding to comprehend,
Others do live beyond set limits.
Without kept pettiness or beliefs restricted,
To childhoods they've never left.
Or on a daily basis repeatedly revisit.

It is the leaving of a routine,
Many aging discover difficult to do.

And seldom do those with experienced lives,
Will sit and listen or become surprised,
Upon returning to learn...
The ones with child-like minds,
Are still where they are in these times...
That have left them behind to find...
Not one mind amongst them is an adult.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Childish Minds

Childish minds finding time to play,
The same games and excuses used...
To do everyday begin to display,
The seriousness...
Of a deepening and wide spread,
Mental illness.

And those who recognize this doing...
As a flaw effecting a collective mindset,
With a doing to get others to see...
Are often accused of being embittered,
When they refuse to accept disrespect...
To allowed to affect their kept sensitivities.

'I'm not putting up with that nonsense anymore.'

~Awww...
What's the matter?
Somebody hurt your feelings? ~

'Not as much as the quality of life,
I remembered respected.
And most enjoyed.
Now, today...
Many are caught up in its destruction.
Including those who have chosen,
To keep their minds closed.
With a belief they can do and say to others,
Whatever they wish and whenever they please.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Children

Playgrounds, playscapes, games and fun.
Escapes and escapades...
Away from a seriousness is done.
A raising of children to become older kids,
Is the intention throughout adulthood.
And this is welcomed by more than some.
With a responsibility that never is achieved.
Since many were bred to be fed,
To stay as children in their heads...
Free of any accountability to feed and spread.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Children Are A Blessing

You have no idea just how blessed you are.

'Oh?
I am aware of it.
I express my gratefulness 'everyday'.
But...
Why would you say that? '

You don't have children Or grandchildren.

'That's an awful thing to say.
Children are a blessing.
Sometimes I wish I had my own.'

And those 'other' times?

'Well...
I do admit,
I can't be around them all the time.
I have come to enjoy my peace of mind.'

I can't find peace of mind.
My 'kids' and THEIR kids...
Are around me ALL the time.
I can not go 'anywhere',
To not hear them without having a few minutes...
To forget they are my blessings.
Everyday I threaten to abandon them.

'That's terrible.
I could never think of that.'

That's why you are blessed,
Not to ever have those thoughts.
Me?
I can not plan an escape.
Guilt takes over.
And before I know it...
That vacation my spouse and I,

Promise each other to take alone...
With a finding ourselves far away from home.
Guess where our children are?

'Calling to say how much they miss you? '

NO!
However they do it they find were we are.
To then end up arguing amongst themselves,
Which one of them gets more attention.
And which one we love the best.
You can't even imagine listening to that,
While pretending to use the bathroom...
Alone!

'You're right.
While I'm using that time for myself...
I'm wishing I had children.'

That's a blessing I can't remember having in YEARS!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Children Follow With A Mocking

Children follow with a mocking,
Of that which to them has been fed and shown.
And those in positions who teach mediocrity,
As a known entity to have the children see...
Can not demand from them a greatness to achieve.
From where would they get these examples?

If within their communities conflict, jealousy and envy...
Are taught with a more emphasis,
Than a teacher expecting less of their best.
Or is not prepared to reflect it as an observation,
Then the attempt of a greatness made to request...
Becomes as meaningless as a field trip to a museum.

'Why are we here looking at all this old stuff?
And what does any of this have to do with a kept identity? '

~If you kids want to graduate,
Do as you are told.
If you don't...
No one will get to go shopping.
Understood? ~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Children Need Their Fathers

The mothers are now saying,
Their children need their fathers.
But weren't they they ones,
Who kept the fathers away?
And had the law hunt them down...
After having the courts chase they,
With warnings to keep their distance...
From these same children,
The mothers are saying...
Need their fathers!

And the fathers...
Who have discovered a peace of mind,
Are no longer trying to find excuses...
Why their fatherless children,
Seem to be out of their minds.
No matter who tries,
To blame their lack of discipline...
With no respect to others to show or give,
And put this on their shoulders...
To claim this is a reaction to their absence.

People who make decisions with ignorance,
Are always guaranteed to put their activities...
In the path of someone else to fault and shame!

'How many children raised by their mothers,
Compared to those raised by their fathers...
Have issues of discipline?
Or sit in prisons?
As a direct result of those who have created,
This statistic...
As if it had developed on its own!
Like hunger, homelessness and racism.'

~Excuse me?
I think you are looking for the excelerated classrooms.
You've stepped into a remedial one,
By mistake.~

'I'm sorry.
I was getting eye contact.
And immediately I thought they were paying attention.
Where are the excelerated classrooms? '

~Up those stairs, take a right...
And they will be the ones,
Where the light is shining bright.
You will not miss them.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Children Paid

Children paid to shut up.
And go away.
Don't.
They become vindictive.
To not grow older mentally.
As this is witnessed.
When interest in their wealth,
Obtained by deception...
Becomes an exception overlooked
To compensate,
For their incompetence.
And lack of ability to lead.
Although...
Money to have abundantly,
Can convince anyone...
Common sense automatically.
Comes bestowed to those,
Who can afford to pay for it.
With excuses made,
By those tolerating...
Their overwhelming ignorance.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Children Reflect Those Ideals Projected

Children,
Reflect those ideals projected.
With a caring less,
Of how their wants and needs are met.

And a child caring less,
Of how their innocent desires are met...
Will do his or her best,
To express no regret...
In the showing just how much they are upset.
With a display of embarrassing tantrums,
A parent tries hard to minimize and suppress.

A 'child' grows up to expect,
That a loud voice heard in protest...
Will get as demanded,
What is wished with no exception.

A child never forgets,
Who promised what and when...
The day and hour,
That promise was mentioned.
Regardless of the dust that may collect in pockets.
Or the emptiness in each corner of a treasure chest.

A child,
Raised to be a 'child' teased by success...
Will never be satisfied by just a taste of it.
Since to sacrifice is not,
A conditional part of a child's mindset.

A CHILD,
No matter how old that child gets...
Will demand what is wanted,
Caring less who pays for it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Children Refuse The Doing Of It

Many are raised when kids to do chores.
And accepting responsibility,
They could not decide they would ignore.
And the best part of growing up,
Is not feeling guilty about it...
When childhood is over and it's time to leave,
Others loving to skip around the playground.
With a doing of it continuously.
To think that a growing up to do,
Is something for the adults to choose.
While those remaining playing games,
Excuse the doing of it to refuse...
Anything connected to being a grown adult.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Chilian Brilliance

It is a blessing to witness,
Such bravery and commitment to brilliance.
With the comraderie of expertise.

All eyes were on Chile.
Lifting trapped miners from two thousand feet,
Below the Earth's surface to emerge as if...
This had been scripted.

More than thirty miners had spent sixty nine days,
Without knowing whether or not,
Their lives would be saved.

And as people the world over,
Watched with anticipation...
There were those in 'progressive' countries,
Doing their best to avoid and explain economic devastation.

As TV monitors above and below on Chilian soil,
Were peering to observe...
A togetherness unfold a people unspoiled.

What does this show?
As this endeavor proved to all?
It showed a people who could accomplish miracles,
To solve and achieve what was shown to be unbelieved!

All eyes were on Chile.
Lifting trapped miners from two thousand feet,
Below the Earth's surface to emerge as if...
This had been scripted.

Again this shows what Chilian people already know,
With faith and trust...
No division of politics,
Or economic conflict with a racism exposed...
Were no where to be observed,
When humanity was placed as the number one priority.

And this activity has taught,
A lesson no one could have bought!

Dedicated:
To the people of Chile.
The miners who 'were' trapped.
Their families.

'What a wonderful lesson.'
-lsp-

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Chill Pill

Cool!
I'll pretend,
My pain endured...
Does not exist!
And give you 'lip',
For no apparent reason.

Cool!
You sit there and watch me twitch.
And agitate me as if...
Your aggravation without hesitation,
Excites me to do back flips!
Since you obviously wont quit...
Until my attention is yours.
Every last bit of it!

How long has it been...
When listening silenced you,
To hear a thing I say...
With a point of view,
Including empathy too?

Do you see these beads of sweat,
Dripping down my neck.
Do you connect any of this to you?
Does my snarl dropp a hint or clue?

You make me hot!
But I must cool down.
The frown I'm wearing on my face...
I'd like to remove with a smile in its place.
You make me hot!
But I must cool down.
I can tell you want to start me throwing,
A cuss word or two around.

When you are uptight,
There I am with a massage.
I know you have some tensions,

You need not mention them...
With a façade kept within.

Some days I may need that from you.
Do you ever think of me,
Other than a tool to use?
When I believe you do...
A chill pill taken,
Seems to be out of touch.
You want to incite an argument!
Loving it when it happens.
Your eyes dance with that intent.

You make me hot!
But I must cool down.
The frown I'm wearing on my face...
I'd like to remove with a smile in its place.
You make me hot!
But I must cool down.
I can tell you want to start me throwing,
A cuss word or two around.

Cool!
I'll pretend,
My pain endured...
Does not exist!
And give you 'lip',
For no apparent reason.

Cool!
You sit there and watch me twitch.
And agitate me as if...
Your aggravation without hesitation,
Excites me to do back flips!
Since you obviously wont quit...
Until my attention is yours.
Every last bit of it!

You make me hot!
But I must cool down.
The frown I'm wearing on my face...
I'd like to remove with a smile in its place.

You make me hot!
But I must cool down.
I rush to grab hold of a chill to soothe...
Yet an evilness begins to explode out of me.
And that is all you want!
Something done you have achieved.

Cool!
You sit there and watch me twitch.
Until my attention is yours.
Every last bit of it!

ARE YOU HAPPY NOW...
DAMNIT!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Chillax

Chill,
Relax.
Refrain from overtaxing yourself,
With an outside heat...
That invites an explosion of temper.

Chillax!
Cool out and sit back!
Deep breathe,
With an easing of your mind.

No one has to react,
With anger intact.
As if 'that' will produce solutions,
Without an attached bruising infused.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Chip Chip Chip Away

You want to come on the ranch,
And do a bit of hi-dee-hey.
You come expecting everyone to do,
What it is you say, yo!

You want to feel you're the boss,
At any cost without delay.
But you aint giving any bucks...
To anyone with an up in pay!

You need to chip chip chip away some of that cement you're in.
You need to chip chip chip away some of that cement you're in, yo!
You need to chip chip chip away some of that cement you're in.
You need to chip chip chip away some of that cement you're in!

You want to come on the ranch,
And do a bit of hi-dee-hey.
You come expecting everyone to do,
What it is you say, yo!

You want to feel you're the boss,
At any cost without delay.
But you aint giving any bucks...
To anyone with an up in pay!

Without delay...
Chip chip chip away some of that cement you're in,
Without delay...
Chip chip chip away some of that cement you're in, yo.
Today...
Chip chip chip away some of that cement you're in,
Without delay...
Chip chip chip away some of that cement you're in, yo.

You want to come on the ranch,
And do a bit of hi-dee-hey.
You come expecting everyone to do,
What it is you say, yo!

You want to feel you're the boss,
At any cost without delay.
But you aint giving any bucks...
To anyone with an up in pay!

You need to chip chip chip away some of that cement you're in.
You need to chip chip chip away some of that cement you're in, yo!
You need to chip chip chip away some of that cement you're in.
You need to chip chip chip away some of that cement you're in!

Without delay...
Chip chip chip away some of that cement you're in,
Without delay...
Chip chip chip away some of that cement you're in, yo.
Today...
Chip chip chip away some of that cement you're in,
Without delay...
Chip chip chip away some of that cement you're in, yo.
And do it,
Today!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Chipped China

Don't hand to me,
Your chipped China.
You say slipped from 'your' hands,
To then hit the floor.
I don't buy it.
Your explanation!

I remember when you adored,
That same China.
To have it on display,
With it seen that way by anyone...
Coming through your front door.

And, at one time...
When you invited me to dinner,
All guests had to agree...
To wear rubber gloves to not leave,
Their fingerprints on silverware.
Or touch a plate from which they ate.

And now, today...
That impressive hospitality of yours,
Has begun to fade away.
Stacked and chipped your China now sits,
At the end of a buffet table.
With plastic forks and knives.
As if to disguise what you had valued.

With claims to make your precious China,
Had always been defective.
And you were suspicious of this.
To then say they were not worth,
The hefty price you paid.
For them not able to take the heat,
When you began them to microwave.

But...
Explain to me this,
Who would place expensive China...

They once praised.
Into a microwave?
Or have them slip to chip to hit the floor.
When they were so adored.
And to have had them exhibited.
To display as if in a close relationship,
No longer adored 'but' nearly ignored.

Who or what,
Has replaced your China.
To cause you such disgust.
Who or what,
Has changed your mind.
To now have your China chipped to pick up.
And at the end to have stacked to grab,
On a buffet line to even find the food...
Chilled and less appetizing.

Did your deliberately,
Chip...
Your China.
And why?
Did your deliberately,
Chip...
Your China.

Did your deliberately,
Chip...
Your China.
And why?
Did your deliberately,
Chip...
Your China.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Chipping Away The Glue

It comes and goes to be renewed.
It grows just to do this.

Having things twisted to fit,
In a comfortable niche that's knitted...
Has not seal one's credibility,
To have an expertise in observation.
The future would not exist if not for the mavericks.
Only those wishing to stick to receive benefits...
From that existence done,
Are the ones...
Chipping away the glue.
Is this you?
Chipping away the glue,
To undo what is chosen to see...
Become,
Unravalled.
Is this you?
Chipping away the glue.

It comes and goes to be renewed.
It grows just to do this.

The future would not exist if not for the mavericks.
Only those wishing to stick to receive benefits...
From that existence done,
Are the ones...
Chipping away the glue.
Is this you?
Chipping away the glue,
To undo what is chosen to see...
Become,
Unravalled.
Is this you?
Chipping away the glue.
Is this you?
Chipping away the glue.
To undo what is chosen to see...
Become,

Unravalled.

Unravalled.

Is it true?
This could be YOU

Unravalled.

Is it true?
This could be YOU?

Unravalled.

Unravalled.

Is it true?
This could be YOU?
To...
Unraval.
To boot.
And boo-hoo.
Is it true?
This could be YOU?
To...
Unraval.
To boot.
And boo-hoo.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Chocolate Butter

'Chocolate butter?
I have 'never' heard of it before.'

That's just how rare it is.

'Where can I get some? '

When do you want some?

'How much is it? '

Priceless if I give it.

'Priceless?
Priceless if you do what? '

I only mentioned it,
Because it is to you...
I've decided I want to give it to?

'And...
How are you going to do that? '

I've got the time.
Find any place you want...
To begin the churn.

'How much of it can I have? '

That's entirely up to you.
But I'm telling you now...
I will do not be rushing through the process!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Choice Days To Live

Pending are,
Those choice days to live.
None to repeat.
None wished to relive...
Just for the benefit of it!

And I sit reminiscing,
All that I've missed.
When happiness had,
I let slip away to dismiss.

Pending are,
Days of joy to return.
Holidays I spent...
With those who shared their sentiments.
Remembering days of youth,
Like a flash of light that has passed.
Now I'm left to wonder...
How many choice days I get to pick,
Do I really have...
To treasure and choose as I wish.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Choice Of Associates

I wouldn't say you did anything 'wrong',
By judging me on appearance, where I live...
And the fact I do not own a car.
Or that I have a limited income.
Where I'm from the good deeds of others,
Are encouraged and welcomed.

That was the best thing to me you could have done.
Since by your doing that...
It has given me a reason to be more selective,
In my choice of associates and where their minds...
Are focused.
Trust me...what you did was expected.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Choice Of Tone And Arrogant Demeanor

Why is it,
People solicit to get opinions...
Then wish them to be edited,
To appease their expectatons.

And those who refuse to honor their requests
Are thought to be stand-offish...
With an angering of those that stir up protests,
Against someone who attempts not to get them upset.

And yet it does,
And they do...
By trying to protect their sensitivities.
But the depth of them had not been explored,
To make known.

Why is it,
People solicit to get opinions...
Then wish them to be edited,
To appease their expectatons?

And that one who 'is' direct,
With a giving of an opinion to suggest and recommend...
Is seldom left to leave them without being disrespected.
To anger those...
Yep!
You've guessed it.
By trying to protect their sensitivities.

'It wasn't what you said that offended.
It was your choice of tone and arrogant demeanor.
And we are not accustomed,
To anyone who disregards what we accept.'

~What do you prefer?
Deception? ~

'YES!
We thought to 'you' this would be obvious.

Aren't we charading with the best of our pretentions?
How are you ever going to be one of 'us'? '

~Uh...
I'm clueless.~

'And apparently raw, out of the box and not trained, either! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Choices And Opportunities

Choices and opportunities,
Will always be there for those who recognize them,
For what they are.
And for those who don't?
Choices and opportunities,
Will always be there for what they are...
Recognized or not!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Choices From Which To Choose

Choices from which to choose,
Does not end one's sense of need.
Or wishes to take a choice that's made,
To satisfy a dream...
Forever.

Choices from which to choose,
Does not end one's sense of need.
Or wishes to take a choice that's made,
To satisfy a dream to...
Never know a chasing of a wanting means.

Or to...
Dismiss a wish.

Choices from which to choose,
Does not end one's sense of need.
Or wishes to take a choice that's made,
To satisfy a dream.
And to...
Never know a chasing of a wanting means.

To admit to ever...
Having something wanted that is dreamed.

Choices from which to choose,
And...
Never know a chasing of a wanting means.

Choices from which to choose,
And...
Never know a wish that came from dreams.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Choices Left To Make

Tainted food.
Poisoned waters.
And crazed minds,
Innoculated to prevent...
The creation of diseases.

'Is this a multiple choice test? '

That depends,
Upon those who believe...
They actually have choices left to make.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Choices To Be Cautious

Choices to be cautious,
Doesn't cheapen the cost.
No choice is ever cautious,
When there's limited resources.

No choice that one will make today,
Will stop what is false...
Since the doing is expected.
And so many do accept it.

People sitting back and have no wish to explore,
Doesn't cheapen the cost....
By their choices to be cautious.
And those people living life but most of it goes ignored...
Doesn't cheapen the cost,
By their choices to be cautious.

Who escapes from higher taxes.
Who escapes from paying bills.
Who escapes from foolish actions,
By those seeking evil thrills.

Choices to be cautious,
Doesn't cheapen the cost.
No choice is ever cautious,
When there's limited resources.

Who escapes from higher taxes.
Who escapes from paying bills.
Who escapes from foolish actions,
By those seeking evil thrills.

People sitting back and have no wish to explore,
Doesn't cheapen the cost....
By their choices to be cautious.
And those people living life but most of it goes ignored...
Doesn't cheapen the cost,
By their choices to be cautious.

Choices to be cautious,
Doesn't cheapen the cost.
Who escapes from taxes?
And...
Who really relaxes?

No.
No choices to be cautious,
Doesn't cheapen the cost.
Since who escapes from taxes?
And...
Who really relaxes?
No...
Choices to be cautious,
Doesn't cheapen the cost.
Since who escapes from taxes?
And...
Who really relaxes?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Choose A Move To Do

Whatever you do
Don't boo hoo blues
Leave those pity drippers
Scat and make it fast

Don't get caught up
Trying to soothe them too
Leave those pity drippers
Scat and make it fast
Or you'll find yourself
Lying flat on your back

Get up
Don't lay flat on your back
Don't give in and up so fast
Choose and do a move to prove
You don't have to sit and boo hoo too

Get up
Don't lay flat on your back
Don't give in and up so fast
Choose and do a move to prove
You don't have to sit and boo hoo too

Get up
Don't lay flat on your back
Get up
Don't give in and up so fast
Get up
Choose and do a move to prove
Get up
You don't have to sit and boo hoo too

Whatever you do
Don't boo hoo blues
Leave those pity drippers
Scat and make it fast

Get up

Don't lay flat on your back
Don't give in and up so fast
Choose and do a move to prove
You don't have to sit and boo hoo too

Get get get up
Don't lay flat on your back
And get up
Don't give in and up so fast
And get up
Choose and do a move to prove
And get up
You don't have to sit and boo hoo
Get get get up

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Choose A Removal Of Delusions

If you choose to save face,
With a haste...
That leaves a pacing done,
In waste.
Eliminate,
The pacing!
And do,
What it takes.

It takes reflection,
Done.
It takes reflection to overcome.
It takes reflection,
Done...
To remove delusions.

It takes reflection,
Done.
It takes reflection to overcome.
It takes reflection,
Done...
To remove delusions,
Of the one that runs.

Sit back.
Choose a removal of delusions.
Sit back.
Choose a removal of delusions.
Sit back.
Choose a removal of delusions and include,
A completion of truth you do.

Just sit back,
Choose a removal of delusions.
Sit back.
Choose a removal of delusions.
Sit back.
Choose a removal of delusions and include,
A completion of truth you do.

Relax and...
Choose a removal of delusions.
Sit back.
Choose a removal of delusions.
Sit back.
Choose a removal of delusions and include,
A completion of truth you do.

If you choose to save face,
With a haste...
That leaves a pacing done,
In waste.
Eliminate,
The pacing!
And do,
What it takes.

It takes reflection,
Done.
It takes reflection to overcome.
It takes reflection,
Done...
To remove delusions.

Relax and...
Choose a removal of delusions.
Sit back.
Choose a removal of delusions.
Sit back.
Choose a removal of delusions and include,
A completion of truth you do.

Include a completion of truth you do.
Include a completion of truth you do.
Include a completion of truth you do.
Include a completion of truth you do.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Choose Another Path To Take

Too much energy continues to be wasted,
By those who lock horns in heated debates.
Often it is the repetition that feeds a need,
For people finding themselves in these positions.
To accomplish a getting of attention someone seeks.
And for another who is baited to spend minutes of lost time,
Nothing is determined to have been resolved...
Even when one's mind is prepared to be numbed with pain killers.

'If you know you're going to waste energy repeatedly,
Why put yourself through the same routine? '

~I can't escape from it, it's all over the place.~

'Stay home.
Or choose another path to take.
Unless you fear not getting a fix,
Of an apparent addiction needed on a daily basis.'

~You don't understand.~

'That's true.
I am not committed to being abused.
And I am not wanting that for myself either.
I've given up volunteering for headaches to get,
As a donated appreciation for the time I give.
And 'that' thought never leaves me to be clearly understood.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Choose To Bask In Sun

Got up this morning!
Feeling blessed,
And deciding what mood to address...
I would choose,
To be in!

After thanking God,
For opening up my eyes...
I went through an array of choices.
Hoping I would find no opportunities,
To raise my voice.

Let's see?

I did the cussing thing,
This past Tuesday.
Practicing choice cuss words...
Purely for experimentation reasons.
And keeping my lips in shape.
No respect is given,
Unless it is made clear...
Some professionalism is involved.
Folks love to test,
Those appearing calm and rested.

Then came Wednesday.
I guess I was still under Tuesday's aura!
Someone got me so pissed...
I took advantage of it.
And decided to chit and chat,
Until that heated into a nasty spat.

Yes,
I did dump some crap.
It was dumped and I was done with that.

That same evening...
I felt remorseful for the choice I chose to have done.
And that night,

I could not sleep.
Even the sheets on my bed annoyed me.

Instead of chilling out and drinking tea.
But even then,
In the wee hours rushing to get to dawn,
A cup of tea makes me pee.

Thursday, Friday and Saturday...
I'm determined to barracade myself
Surrounded by nothing but joy!
I choose this choice I inflict with bliss.

That left Sunday to explore and reflect.
And reject any negativity.
That kind of stress prolongs,
And drains.
How can a sanity be maintained with that?

And every Monday...
I choose to bask in Sun.
I choose to forgive and forget,
Those things done.
By me or anyone else.
Realizing there is nothing else I can do.
Not to lift anyone out of a boo hoo...
Someone else did,
To open another's eyelids to have the tears gush.
Those memorial weeps,
I am learning to sweep away.

Got up this morning!
Feeling blessed,
And deciding what mood to address...
I would choose,
To be in!

After thanking God,
For opening up my eyes...
I went through an array of choices,
This morning.
Hoping I would find no opportunities,

To raise my voice.
And I strengthen each day to make that choice.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Choose To Boot It Just To Mute

...and,
You may...
Risk your life for petty reasons.
You may...
Not believe it to accept it,
Just to find there's nothing there to lose.

...and,
You may...
Risk your life for petty reasons.
You may...
Not believe it to accept it,
Just to find there's nothing there to lose.

And 'then'...
You may,
Get dramatic in dismissing diplomatic moments toned...
When knowing love of life you own with a peace of mind condoned,
In and outside of your home,
Is not on loan droning in a moan groaned all day and night long!
And you 'dig it like the fresh scent of Spring!

Oooh Whoa noooo mo'...
...and,
You may...
Risk your life for petty reasons.
You may...
Not believe it to accept it,
Just to find there's nothing there to lose.

...and,
You may...
Choose to boot it just to mute.

And...
You may,
Boot it just to keep it mute.

...and,

You may...
Choose to boot it just to mute.

And...
You may,
Boot it just to keep it mute.

And then,
You may...
Do whatever it is wanted if you wanted.
Then you may,
Do whatever it is wanted!

And then you may,
Do whatever it is wanted if you wanted.
But then you may,
Boot it just to keep it mute

Or...
Then,
You may...
Choose to boot it just to mute.

Or then you may,
Choose to boot it just to mute!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Choose To Dance In Sunlight

Choose to dance in sunlight,
And refuse the clouds
That appear on your path!
Don't ask 'why? '
Just do it!
And get through your struggles!
God did not start you on this journey
To seek gloom and sorrow!
That was your wish...
When you decided to look away from Him!
And you keep doing it again and again
AND again!
What are you attempting to win?
More heartache?
More sadness?
More disappointing setbacks carried within?
Choose to dance in sunlight,
And refuse the clouds
That appear on your path!
Don't ask 'why? '
Just do it!
And get through your struggles!
God did not start you on this journey
To seek gloom and sorrow!
That was your wish...
When you decided to look away from Him!
And you keep doing it again and again
AND again!
What are you attempting to win?
More heartache?
More sadness?
More disappointing setbacks carried within?
You can do that if you wish.
But life for you is not meant to be lived like this!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Choose To Fly

Choose to fly!
Choose to soar...
Above the clouds,
And touch the sky.
Choose to spread your wings.
And with praises choose to sing...
To end limitations.
And what to you those limits bring.
Choose to fly.
Energize with the Sun.
Have fun.
Begin what is wished.
Do not undo that which has begun.
Choose to fly.
Look up.
Around and down!
Can accustomed conflict mixed with confusion...
Be heard from anyone?
Can it be found?
As you lift your disconnectedness,
Higher off the ground?
Can you feel a peace?
As you release...
From tensions that decrease.
Choose to fly.
Let go of that madness...
Grabbing to entrap.
To have you slapped with unhappiness.
Choose to fly.
Declare your fresh air...
Is absent of dispair.
And all boundaries have cleared for your arrival.
Choose to fly!
Choose to soar...
Above the clouds,
And touch the sky.
Let go...
And take hold of the atmosphere there.
Choose to fly.

Choose to soar.
Choose to live the life you adore,
Even more!
Choose to fly.
And break free to live your dreams.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Choose To Keep It Positive

Choose to keep it open.
Your mind.
Choose to keep it positive,
All of the time.
Choose to keep it open.
Your mind.
And this will benefit,
'YOU' with the doing it.

People seem it easy to,
Give up hope.
People seem it easy to,
Get themselves addicted.
And people seem it easy to,
Drug on dope.
And seek other folks,
To tease them to be weakened.

Choose to keep it open.
Your mind.
Choose to keep it positive,
All of the time.
Choose to keep it open.
Your mind.
And this will benefit,
'YOU' with the doing it.

Choose to keep it positive,
Your mind.
Choose to keep it positive,
All of the time.
Choose to keep it positive,
Your mind.
And you will find,
A benefit from doing this.

People seem it easy to,
Get themselves addicted.
And people seem it easy to,

Drug on dope.
Give up hope
And share despair with others folks.

People seem it easy to,
Get themselves addicted.
And people seem it easy to,
Drug on dope.
Give up hope
And share despair with others folks.

Choose to keep it open.
Your mind.
And choose to keep it positive,
All of the time.
Choose to keep it open.
Your mind.
And choose to keep it positive,
All of the time.
Choose to keep it open.
Your mind.
And choose to keep it positive,
All of the time.
Choose to keep it open.
Your mind.
And choose to keep it positive,
All of the time.
All of the time,
You find.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Choose To Live Life

IF is more 'is' today than ever.
There is no quiz about it now.
And doubts once allowed are gone.
Believe it.
And become doubt free.

It is there in your face.
With nothing else to replace it.
Wishing it would go away...
Fades with a reality that stays,
Unerased!
With traces of pain...
To frame delusions.

Believe it.
And become doubt free.
Choose to live your life.

Yesterday,
Those easy daydreams came.
Sweetened with weekend escapades.
To leave behind a week,
Of those scheduled committments.
You sought to meet and keep.

Now a seriousness appears.
To reminisce those things done...
As dropping teardrops come to some.

Choose to live your life.

IF is more 'is' today than ever.
There is no quiz about it now.
And doubts once allowed are gone.
One must choose to live life!
No longer can anyone afford to sacrifice time...
To appease the whims of others.
Especially if they are in debate...
Discussing the value of your fate.

Choose to live life...
With a happiness sought without 'things'.
Or a happiness someone promises to bring.
Choose to live life!
Your life!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Choose To Pick 'It' To Pocket

'That' Star that shines ever so bright,
Beckons you to reach for it.
See how it sparkles,
Each time you glimpse?
Keep your eyes fixed.
Refuse to become betwixted,
By bothersome nitwits.
Care less about those obstacles,
That come to sit on your path!
'That' Star?
It promises to take you to heights.
Delight.
And choose to pick 'it' to pocket.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Choosing Losses As Their Gains

Too many...
People.
Too many...
Accept life to grieve.
Too many...
Wear their heartaches,
On wet sleeves.

Too many...
In anger.
Too many...
Show hurt and pain.
Too many...
Unsatisfied,
And complain.

Choosing losses as their gains.

And somewhere inside,
They have hidden all their pride.
And the tears flow like rain,
From their eyes.

The Sun comes to shine.
But it's blocked from their minds.
And they welcome the clouds,
Like lost friends.

And the storms on them descend!

Too many...
People.
Too many...
Accept life to grieve.
Too many...
Wear their heartaches,
On wet sleeves.

Too many...

In anger.
Too many...
Show hurt and pain.
Too many...
Unsatisfied,
And complain.

Choosing losses as their gains.

And somewhere inside,
They have hidden all their pride.
And the tears flow like rain,
From their eyes.

The Sun comes to shine.
But it's blocked from their minds.
And they welcome the clouds,
Like lost friends.
This has to end.

Since this,
Unhappiness...
Can't be a choice,
One lives!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Choosing To Be Fooled

Crazed are these days.
And everybody prays they'll go away.
But when they came and visited,
Few among them resisted.

Crazed are these days.
And everybody prays they'll go away.
But when they came and visited,
Few among them resisted.

And sitting idle while they arrived,
Were people in denial.
Criticizing those who said...
'Be prepared for the days ahead.
Ignore the facts!
But try to get them off your back.
Ignore the facts!
And you'll lay awake in bed instead.'

Deluded are the people...
Choosing to be fooled.

Crazed are these days.
And everybody prays they'll go away.
But when they came and visited,
Few among them resisted.

Crazed are these days.
That everybody prays will go away,
With ignoring of facts.
Trying to get them off their backs fast.

Deluded are the people...
Choosing to be fooled.
With a wish,
To be fools.

Dumbed-down.
Dumbee doo dumbee doo bee doo.

Dumbed-down.
Dumbee doo dumbee doo bee doo.
Dumbed-down.
Dumbee doo dumbee doo bee doo.
Dumbed-down...
Dumbee doo down bee doo bee doo.
Come softly,
Fleeced sheep.
Stay sleeping,
And weep.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Choosing To Become Offended

If you can not be direct,
Do not expect this from me.
I have discovered to be honest,
As others who are not...
Have created a dependency,
On choosing to become offended first.
With nothing deeper than this to comprehend.

Then to allow themselves finding in time,
A wish to have been unafraid...
Of those who spoke the truth.
And with a doing with cleared minds.
Since today so many have become addicted,
To their delusions and a getting of a quick fix.
With others who advocate this mindlessness.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Choosing To Escape From Safe Places

An absorbing self indulgence,
May had at one time found it difficult...
To contemplate on the brightest star,
With a wondering how far...
Its brilliance in the Universe was shown.
Or had it been discovered before to be known.

The times are increasingly changing and quick.
Preferences kept for those standards valued,
Have become less a fixed interest...
By those today wishing for a basic life to live.
With a forgetting of chasing those rainbows that sit,
In a ship that floats carrying an abundance of gold...
And personalized with a familiar name on it.

An absorbing self indulgence,
May had at one time found it difficult...
To contemplate on the brightest star,
With a wondering how far...
Its brilliance in the Universe was shown.
Or had it been discovered before to be known.
But minds today are choosing to escape from safe places.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Choosing To Finesse With The Best Of Etiquette

From my perspective,
That is all this is.

An authority of life?
No.
Like many, I too
Found adventure and discovery in my youth.
I was quite inquisitive.
Whether wrong or right
My activities did not cease my appetite.

My insights are based upon,
My own experiences.
And I do believe as a writer,
My opinion qualifies.
Just as someone else's 'is'.

Those who get 'uptight'
Because my point of view,
For them does not delight.
Well...
I confess what others may think,
Does not keep me up at nights.
Should it?

And when someone express to me,
That my point of view they disagree.
What can I say?
Knowing that the life I live is mine.
What can I say?
When I know they too...
Wear different shoes,
Than the ones I choose.
And sometimes they do not shine.

From my perspective,
That is all this is.

An authority of life?

No.
Like many, I too...
Found adventure and discovery in my youth.
I was quite inquisitive.
And inquisitive about life...
I still 'IS' with a quest to be me.
Determined to question.

And choosing to finesse with the best of etiquette?
Depends on the atmosphere and mood of the occasion.
I do not make attempts to impress.
Although I will admit,
Being expressive I do with the best of effort.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Choosing To Have Amnesia

Believing that an escape,
Eliminates what has chased...
For decades,
To now be ignored to stay,
Left behind where one thinks...
Will remain that way.
To leave one to live a life re-invigorated,
Fresh and rejuvenated.
As if the past has been from one's mind erased.
Is as foolish as choosing to have amnesia.
Even though there are many,
Who do have selective memories.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Choosing To Walk On The Right Path

Choosing to walk on the right path,
Is going to have its obstacles.
Temptations will be there to tease,
With attempts to weaken.
And faces familiar...
Will appear to critique.

Choosing to walk on the right path,
Isn't an easy decision one makes.
It takes one to break away,
From barriers attached...
That are difficult to unlatch.
Yet...
Can be done to escape those traps.

Choosing to walk on the right path,
Is going to have its obstacles.
And some days will seem impossible.
But that path chosen,
By the one who knows it is correct...
Will never bring to one regret.
If a faith kept is strong.
And an accepting felt within belongs.

Choosing to walk on the right path,
Will prove there to be nothing to fear.
Doubts disappear!
And those things wrong that prick like thorns,
From this right path...
Eventually,
Will be gone!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Choreographed

No matter what words are spoken,
This turmoil has been carefully arranged.
No matter what plans for peace are discussed,
The game of destruction is the same.
To get those to believe they are under attack...
There has to be a plan created,
To prove that with physical facts.
And they have already done that.
No matter what words are spoken,
This turmoil has been carefully arranged.
And carefully choreographed...
By those who are plotting
To control thought processes
'Delivered' to your brains!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Chosen

Sling mud!
Judge and be judged.
Sit high on thrones untouched.
Walk on clouds.
And allow the Sun,
To glow as you bask.
Living as one should...
As Chosen.
Picked...
From a conference of 'deities'.
To rule and decide,
Whose life is worthy...
Of any decision you make,
And pass.
Giving other humans a right to breathe,
At your convenience.
Be thrilled.
Overjoyed and comforted.
Only YOU have been placed here on Earth...
With power,
Greater than The Almighty.
And to glisten and drip,
With sweat from your brow...
To nourish all things that grow,
From a seeded harvest...
Blessed with the gift of your presence.
Tremendous and so underestimated,
Is the gratefulness owed to you...
We keep so selfishly hidden!
Out of view.
And with your vindictive maliciousness,
All look forward to your explicit reminders.
Your essence is greater than the soil itself.
When you appear,
All eyes are lowered to keep from blinding...
In your radiant light.
Be thrilled.
Overjoyed and comforted.
YOU...

Could or would never,
EVER do wrong!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Chosen As Their Options

To be satisfied with a life one's got,
Is to be able to acknowledge mistakes made.
Whether done intentionally to do again or not.
And...
With choices and decisions to make,
To place their own footsteps with faith.

This gift given to all as observed,
Is not to seek to live it perfectly.
But to do it in the doing of that which is best,
To not repeat the beating of one's head against a wall.
Belieivng this process leads to happiness.
It doesn't for many but for a few it may.

Unless one believes a sacrificial beating of oneself,
Is the reason why they have come into possession...
Of such a wonderous gift.
And have become upset that pain with suffering,
Is what one needs to accessorize to show others...
They can flaunt what they have chosen as their options.

One never knows which road some choose to select.
And for those who have chosen a road,
That continues to go in a circle that connects...
Perhaps one day for them this will be noticed.
But to stand and watch this activity done to judge,
Should not be defended by anyone as being productive.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Chosen Exceptions

What is it with people,
Who make self righteous claims...
Of having strong faith.
But everyday they look forward,
To playing the role of God?

They 'know' what God from them wishes,
To receive messages that go ignored.
With a pretentiousness kept to say,
If God delivered a message...
It would directly be sent to their front door.

Highly favored and blessed,
They address themselves to be above the rest.
To then confess how demons affect their daily lives.
With a giving those messages sent and are effective,
Reasons to excuse as they use alibis.

And these are the people,
Rushing to sit in pews under the highest of steeples...
With belief if they do this,
God will be more impressed by their deceptions.
To regard them as special and chosen exceptions.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Chosen Motives To Deceive

Ulterior motives,
Not realized exposed
On one's exterior to be seen,
Is expected from a child
Trying to hide a discovery,
Beginning to take a pride
In aspects of manipulation.

But an immature adult,
Unrehearsed
Offends,
Without knowing
Their chosen motives to deceive,
Lacks practice and experience.
And this when witnessed is disrespectful.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Chosen To Be Permanently Afflicted

The ones who have adapted to adjust to denial,
With a doing of it comfortably to accept...
For the rest of their lives,
Always seem to be those incapable...
To stop making excuses for everything done,
They do...
To have others believe with a showing to them proof,
They have been chosen to be permanently afflicted.
With either something physical or mental,
They have with a prescribed medication...
Ensuring to keep them addicted,
That a licensed doctor who is certified and they see,
On a regular basis with kept appointments...
Who has diagnosed with their recommendations,
To keep their doses validated regardless...
Of who says what about home remedies.
And cost effective cures that will eliminate their fees.

'Well...
If I were you,
I would do more exercise and try a change of diet.
You would look and feel a whole lot better if you did.
Just by changing your outlook.
That's all it takes.
Instead of accepting your dilemma.
And paying to remain sick.'

~And your medical degree has been earned from 'where'? ~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Chosen To Judge And Define

If I had not been prepared early in life,
To appreciate and explore my differentness...
And develop an acceptance for it,
To like and observe everything unique...
Only God can create to make,
I'd be seeking everyday to find an excuse...
Like others who perceive themselves,
Chosen to judge and define.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Christmas Cheer

This holiday season brings joy to hearts.
With the carolling of songs...
Delighting an open giveness that starts,
With a Christmas cheer that lures
Twinkling lights and tasteful sweet tarts
Endeared to endure.

This holiday season bestows reasons to live,
To forgive and forget with gifts we give.
Making Christmas what it should be...
Christmas remembered for what it is,
A time on Earth when a special child appeared!

Pine trees trimmed.
Topped with stars and angel wings.
Symbols enhanced to the dancing eyes,
Of children with hopes and dreams...
Of sleigh rides
Of reindeer
On rooftops with bells.
And a red suited Santa Claus,
Dropping toys made by elves.

This holiday season,
As we please each teasing whim,
Let us wish for a peace of mind...
We can deliver
From a source that has been stocked,
And ready to unlock from within!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Christmas Has A Special Place

There is no time in the year,
That cheer and joy...
With bells heard ringing.
Brings a smile so wide it appears...
To snuggle up to be felt so near.
And...
When the season comes along,
We celebrate with memories...
Of those who made these days,
Full of love in many ways.

The frost and snow on trees,
Soon come to add enchantment.
With a wish this does not end,
Those good feelings felt within.

Even though the glow of moments,
Can't forever stay!
Christmas has a special place,
That never goes away!

And...
When the season comes along,
We celebrate these days...
Full of love for all that is,
Christmas for us that stays.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Chromosomes

There seems to be
Such an immaturity
When sexuality becomes a topic.
Being a lesbian or homosexual
Ignites an exciting conversation...
Of those who accept or oppose.
And the nonsense about this...
Everyone has both male and female,
Chromosomes!
Chromos aren't we all?
Being battered by a childish stuntedness.
Some do their best to give 'straightness'
Their 'testless' appearance.
Showing their frustrations...
Going through dating contests.
It's all quite funny,
To even think sex is sold for money.
And the importance that it is given...
When who cares who gives away what to whom?
If that wasn't done no one would be here!
Especially those who go through the motions...
Denying their 'chromos' are in the atmosphere.
And believe they qualify to give their opinion,
About who 'is' and who 'isn't.
When they have not committed to anyone,
Who wishes to have them around!
It's unbelievable this ignorance still exists!
They have no spouses.
Never been married...legally.
No significant other who would bother.
And there to say who is straight or gay!
Hoping an aging process slows...
As to allow their curiousities to manifest a taste!
In some darkened place!
But still they wont admit to being 'chromos'!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Chronic Problems (With Added Gratuity)

For too long...
And with it known to be shown,
Many have come to hear it...
Volunteered,
From those who moan and groan.
Done for years.
About the existence,
Of their chronic problems.

And for years despised...
Have been the ones criticized,
For having the audacity...
To offer suggestions to correct
Their problems to end them.
With solutions that were best.
Without paying the expense,
To have 'professionals' come...
From distances.
With recommendations suggested,
As to how best to solve...
Their ongoing problems.
How they may have started.
And a possible way to end them.

The visitors are applauded.
Wined and dined.
And leave an exorbitant bill...
Those heard to moan and groan,
Pay!
With added gratuity.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Churning With Conflicts

There is an ignorance pervading,
Here to convince...
It's part of common sense.
An ignorance marketed and sold on all fronts,
To diminsh the mind with pointless events.

Intelligence offends,
The urban corridors.
Illiteracy is defended by the shallow!
And supported even more,
By those who have closed their doors...
To the poor we all pay for!

There is an acceptance in a decadence...
Defining a quality of life!
There is a blind eye turned on lessons learned.
And a pattern of strife...
Implemented by those with secrets
To keep this depleted way of life,
Churning with conflicts we are forced to fight!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Circling Sharks

Some get it.
And some don't.
A few will.
And many wont.
But those standing on a safe shore,
Are no longer trying to stop
Those
From either swimming,
Or finding other methods...
To board a sinking ship.
With passengers too intoxicated,
To realized
The circling sharks...
Doing the backstroke,
Are not smiling to entertain the whims
Of those who view!
And none have come prepared,
For a formal dining experience.
Or meaningless chats with the captain.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Circumstances Like These

The best way to undermine the activities of someone?
Pretend your involvement in initiating chaos,
Had nothing to do to upset the balance...
Of something your jealousy could have avoided.
But you chose to prove the outrage of the selected 'victim'
Had begun as you stood by and did absolutely nothing!

Having the 'appearance' of innocence...
Is all that is needed to begin the intended fall of someone!
However...
Such misdeeds eventually exposes a demented mind!

And the person suspected of creating confusion,
Wins!
Because winning under circumstances like these...
Comes to the one who has been wronged,
Time after time after time!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Circumstantial Evidence

Defensive behavior,
Attributed to allegations raised...
That tarnishes one's integrity.
Implies an acknowledgement,
Of something known.
Something that has shown the doer,
Not able to perform the task of walking on water.
Without getting a dropp of torential rains...
Pounding down upon cresting waves,
Ten feet tall.

And co-incidentally,
Away from the scene of the 'crime' commited.
Appearing fresh and yet...
In a drenched tuxedo.
That is worn and dripping...
While holding a glass of champagne.

'I know...
I know what you all are thinking.
You all may have your suspicions.
And your thoughts are preposterous!
Adsurdly untrue.

But let me say this about that...
To squash idIe chittering chats behind my back.
I am appalled by those unmitigated accusations.
I am not a lowlife 'tweeter' as insinuated.
I have been followed with intention to defame.'

So...
You dispute this picture of you,
Appearing inebriated and naked?
Shouting out obscenities while using the internet?
Is not actually you at all?

'What you have is circumstantial evidence.
'Anyone' in the world could have done that.
I tell you,

Someone is out to smear my name...
AND prestige.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Cited For Their Sacrifices

Found to be loyal to the cause of deed?
Yet left with mixed feelings,
If you serve a purpose...
OR an ego you wish to please?
But then if you succeed in providing a benefit,
Would you leave with the acknowledgement...
No attention to you given had been received?
OR would you be like so many,
Shouting over others to be heard.
And demanding praise immediately?

'I could care less who is being cited for their sacrifices.
I bought a new outfit and I am going to have it seen.
That my name does not appear on the program,
Is none of my concern.'

~But...
This memorial service is specifically for the deceased.~

'And...
Your point Is,
WHAT?
Don't ssshhh me.
Hand me that microphone.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Civil Unrest

The next steps...
Will it be civil unrest?
As the reality of their ancestry...
Brings out the beast in them.
And at its evil best!
As history repeats...
How empires are defeated!

For centuries they chose to feed on lies.
Using the threat of enemies,
As an excuse to express an inferiority...
That kept them in chaos,
Tantrums and childish fits!
And around the world,
Despised by the growth of it!

Criticizing their tactics,
Now are their allies...
Who have grown tired of their tricks.
And those who would not believe,
The depth of their deceit...
Sit seething,
Huffing and puffing...
In deep breaths breathing.

Seeing themselves as pawns,
And baited victims,
Of an economic mess...
No one is willing to fix!
Or express one regret.
Not in the support,
Of the continuance...
Of such disasterous conflicts,
Their ignorance permitted...
An elected leadership to exist!

And this depression,
Will be their last and final lesson.
With all suffering a mental suppression.

That promises to craze them into raging bits!

'Grandpa...
Could you read me another fairytale?
That one was kinda scary! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Claimed To Be Loved

If something one does is claimed to be loved,
But visited to do on a part-time basis.
If not delayed or procrastinated.
And only when the thought of it,
Happens to be mentioned while in conversation...
That begins a stirring of temporary motivation!
This to do,
Is not love.

This to do,
Is an attempt...
To make and gain a long lasting impression,
On someone else in the midst of a confession.
Who admits they have remain devoted,
To that which may have gone to others unnoticed.
But brings to them a peace of mind and happiness.
Without an emphasis stated to that which is loved.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Claimed To Confirm

If a depthness of thought one has is rumored,
It is best for the one that is claimed to have it...
To keep it rumored.
Not claimed to confirm.
To claim it is to acknowledge that process of thought,
One has...
Is noticeable and may offend those who depend on rumor,
To obtain their wisdom and knowledge.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Claiming To Be Dumbfounded

One doesn't have to be a racist,
To know or experience the effects of racism.
Nor does one have to be a chemist,
To know something foul has been mixed in the air...
That brings a stench to it.

People claiming to be dumbfounded,
To then express wonderment...
As to why they are placed in dire circumstances,
They can not escape from facing...
Are the same people who had turned their backs,
When warned what was going on.

'You can not accuse us,
Of being the cause of our problems.'

You are right.
But everyone was warned of the storm coming on,
That had potential to devastate.
Some paid attention but a few like you,
Have come forward to state with a placing of blame...
That no one 'personally' advised them to the severity of it.

'So what do you suggest we do now?

Let go of your excuses and learn to grow up.
You can start by the changing of your own diapers.

'That's not a very kind thing to say,
While we are in the midst of our dilemmas.'

So does that mean I'm not getting your popularity votes?
I'm choked up about it but in time I'm sure I will recover.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Clairvoyant

Of course...
I'll do anything to enhance your peace of mind.
And as long as we aren't near each other,
That should be easy enough to do!
I would think.
In fact...
That is on my agenda right now!
I bet you are clairvoyant?
You perceived I wished the same thing.
At the same time.
Didn't you?
And 'they' say we should not be together,
As a couple.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Clarity

Something agreed upon by some,
That makes absolutely no sense...
To the one who grows tired
Of convincing and listening to others
Argue over whether a discussion can be made,
Resulting in a conclusion that saves 'face'
Producing bona fide results?
'Without' a healthy debate or disagreement?
And purposely shutting out others,
Who have opinions no one consults?

There is certainly something else that can be done.
A movement done by one when there is none!

Suddenly...
Something happens!
An actual decision is made...
When a mouth is closed!
Clarity is achieved,
When perceptions that will never change
Are left alone!
There is a sense of satisfaction that occurs.
And the one who leaves with nerves intact...
Has accomplished much more than was intended!
With no offense or actions to defend!
Especially when unnoticed BS begins...
Sending the attraction for an unregretted exit!
With a leap towards fresh air there,
Ever so inviting!

Clarity?
Never complex in its simplicity!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Clarity Achieved Is Refreshing!

You deal with the semantics,
Of language use.

Deal with the perfection of corrected,
Presentation.
With ideals of that pursued.

Deal with the acceptance between,
That which is offensive...
And what is in good taste.
As I live my life not fearing to make mistakes.

Since I have not agreed to any contract,
That places my movements and choices made...
Above anyone who chooses to be analytical.
And a setting done on a determined right track.
Although those perceptions change on a daily basis.

I refuse to become subdued by limitations,
Regardless of who believes I should...
To please a confused conformity.
Lostt in ever thickening deep woods.

All trees does not one forest make!
And I do not assume what i see is a forest.
If I have yet to experience it!

I am here to journey on a path,
I have never experience before!
And I will do just that,
As long as this gift of life I have lasts.

Is there anything else you perceive,
Needs from me...
A clarification?

If not...
I will not be wasting time,
Trying to define my life for anyone.

Or make attempts to re-route my steps,
For anyone who has not blessed me...
With the breath God has granted me to breathe.
Have I achieved for 'you' any clarity?

Believe me...
Clarity achieved is refreshing!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Class Dismissed

Can anyone identify
What this is I have in my right hand?

'It is a pen, Mister Wisdom.'

Very good.
And with that pen,
On a piece of paper.
I want each of you to write this:
'If I ever allowed Mister Wisdom,
To teach and I would listen.
Perhaps he will not consider me,
A complete idiot! '
Very good.
Now take this to your parents...
And return this to me tomorrow!
Signed,
With a photo of your parents attached!

Class dismissed!

'Mister Wisdom...
The bell hasn't rung yet! '

Oh...
You are going to hear much more than bells,
In this classroom!
I just want you all to pay attention to the silence!
That's the way I like it!
And that's the way it is going to be.
Unless a fool wants to object to my wishes?
Hmmm...

Like I said...
Class dismissed!
And don't forget those photos,
Of your breeders!
Forgive me children.
I meant to say...

Unless an 'ignoramous'
Wants to object to my wishes!
All and 'any' class who forgets
That I am the one who dismisses...
Will receive many lessons in this room!
Tell your parents...
Wallet size.
No 8 by 10's!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Class Factors

Class factors kept intact,
Satisfies a doing of benefactors.
Class factors kept intact,
Eliminates the need of explanations.
Class factors kept intact,
Are meant to leave an impact...
On the people,
Who understand...
Where it is they belong.

Class factors kept intact,
Satisfies a doing of benefactors.
Class factors kept intact,
Eliminates the need of explanations.
Class factors kept intact,
Are meant to leave an impact...
On the people,
Who understand...
Where it is they belong.

When one is rich in abundance,
It's understood that they have class.
When one connects with the best,
It's understood that they have class.
When one lives isolated,
And away from the rest...
To address with those impressive,
Only interests they protect...
They become classified,
As the ones who can choose...
Who or whom they accept or deny.

When one is rich in abundance,
It's understood that they have class.
When one connects with the best,
It's understood that they have class.
When one lives isolated,
And away from the rest...
To address with those impressive,

Only interests they protect...
They become classified,
As the ones who can choose...
Who or whom they accept or deny.

Class factors have contracts,
With who or whom they accept or deny.
Class factors keep contact,
With who or whom they accept or deny.

Class factors kept intact,
Satisfies a doing of benefactors.
Class factors kept intact,
Eliminates the need of explanations.
Class factors kept intact,
Are meant to leave an impact...
On the people,
Who understand...
Where it is they belong.

Class factors have contracts,
With who or whom they accept or deny.
Class factors keep contact,
With who or whom they accept or deny.

When one is rich in abundance,
It's understood that they have class.
When one connects with the best,
It's understood that they have class.
When one lives isolated,
And away from the rest...
To address with those impressive,
Only interests they protect...
It's understood class factors are intact,
To have impact.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Classic Sarcasms

I admire those who diligently work,
At that which they do best.
I remember as a young child,
There was one neighbor I would love to pest.
I don't know if she had been psychic.
But on a number of occasions,
She would open her door before I would knock.
'YES? And what do you want, now? '
She would bare her teeth in a toothy growl.
Or she would say, 'You are annoying.
Would you please go away? '
~But, is Johnny home? I want to play.~
'Thank God he's not. You're a pesty little snot.'
~And you are...~
The door would slam.
And I ran.

I remember one time,
Jenny Jay said to me...
'Why don't you children stay in your own apartment.
And pretend you can't awaken from a deep sleep! '
She was a nasty spinster.
And I tried her recommendation too.
But I discovered it didn't work.

She had classic sarcasms.
The best around in town in those days.
And I remember her for the witch she was.
She was good at it.
And quite the perfectionist.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Clean It Up With Bleach

Every inch of the fabric has been soiled.
The stars do not appear as bright.
The stripes are frayed and not as tight!
The color blue is not as crisp.
And those who wore this now have quit!

The fit itself seems much outdated.
It's best to toss it than to save it!
Unless someone is known who craves it?
But the assessment of what here appears...
Is to clean it up with bleach,
And then use it for your tears!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Clean Paws

These days call for sarcastic measures.

'You mean 'drastic' measures! '

No...
Those days have passed.

If drastic measures had been taken,
When first warned foundations were shaking...
Sarcastic comments about blind leadership,
That should be leashed by seeing eye dogs...
Would not be made to flowingly cascade.
To parade in mud like they do today!

IF those blinded by the power of 'dirt'...
Had apologized for not having clean paws.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Clean Slates

Upon this journey that we labor,
With sacrifices done.
Can we afford to stop and languish,
Satisfied some battles fought have been won?
Perceptions stuck in shallow conceptions...
Remain in a sustaining reality of rejections,
And this has not succeeded.

Upon this journey that we labor,
With sacrifices done.
Some have come to rejoice
A clearing provided by the Sun.

Others bring along reminders,
Of challenges that seem not to soothe.
They must be left,
With lives they accept.
The rest must keep on the move!
This can't be contemplated.

Upon this journey that we labor,
With sacrifices done.
Diversity of flavors tasted,
Can benefit the outlooks of everyone!

A clearing ahead is there to clean slates!
Hesitating to prepare,
Will stagnate and seal an aborted fate!
This energy depletes those who still reach.
Those who dare to climb valleys and touch peaks!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Clean Sweep Of Trash

Look...
What was,
Isn't!
What is,
Moves ahead.
And those minds left in pieces,
Will stay that way.

Just like the clean sweep of trash...
A renewal has taken place.
And anyone not believing it,
Will.
Believe.
When they have been replaced.

Whether they yell or scream,
To throw tantrums...
And demand their rights!
Until they've become blue in the face.
A door has closed.
To lock and box them in!

An exclusive effectiveness,
Kept in all of its isolated splendor...
Has been erased.
And this fact is driving them 'Mad'!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Cleaned Mirrors

There seems to be,
Fewer hands raised.
Pointing fingers these days.
With their backs turned away,
From truth refusing to hear it.
And even fewer people viewing,
Others methodically accused...
For being perpetrators in the midst,
Of creating a mess to have done to commit...
They neither attempted but blamed to do.
Leaving the few left pointing fingers,
And voices raised in conflict...
Assigned to wipe and clear mirrors smudged,
For limited pay.
As a way to appease,
What they say has been for them...
Limited opportunities.
To discover to find and it to see clearly,
Their own faces to keep them unable to budge.
Or move away from images appearing to disbelieve.

'Oh my God!
What is this? '

~What's the problem?
You are staring as if you have found a discovery.
Something disbelieved immediately solved.~

'Look!
You're here and in it too.'

~Oh...
That?
Cleaned mirrors have a way,
Of magnifying our own blemishes and flaws.
Don't they?
Now don't expect to get more pay,
For doing less work.
It's easy to accuse others of doing it.

Until we see for ourselves,
What it takes to have judgements passed.
And still complete tasks,
Without anyone offering their assistance.
But criticisms?
Remain to stay all over the place.
Get use to it.~

'I don't know if I can.'

~You will.
These temporary jobs,
Don't come around too often.
Now...
Remove your fingerprints off the mirror.
I'm not paying you to gawk at yourself.
It's you!
Trust me.
I don't know what's more difficult.
Listening to you folks awakening.
Or supervising what I thought,
Would be a quick and simple gig.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Cleaning Up One's Backyard

Cleaning up one's backyard,
May take more than a rake.

Cleaning up one's backyard,
May create backache but not heartbreak.

Cleaning up one's backyard,
Done to do is never too late to make...
A difference to a neighbor with it made.

Some have their noses over fences,
To peek.
Unable to mind their own damn business,
To keep.
Some have their eyes on troubles to start,
With an interest to insist...
An innocence to intend,
Had been meant.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Cleansed With Self Righteousness

It would be great,
To live without a mistake to make.
Playing it safe with each step taken.
Giving us reason to criticize those,
With a life sentence of guilt!
Inflicted upon them...
For not living free of errors.
Flawless!
Like some who are cleansed...
With self righteousness.
And hiding behind masked pretensions.

Rigid they are.
And finding themselves being stripped.
Bared to show a hollow existence.

It would be great for the fakers,
If all lived in absent-mindedness.
And seeking deceit to find their comforts.
Many believe a purpose is revealed,
Living like this.
And definitions of happiness,
Are based upon a price tag.
To warrant a quality assigned.

And even if that could be used to soothe...
So many are discovering today,
The price is not right.
Nor does it provide substance.
If common sense unknown is missing.
Especially when the absence of it,
Keeps one from sleeping peacefully.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Cleansing To Rid Delusions

The cleansing to rid delusions,
Is a difficult task to undertake...
For those who themselves,
Fed to feed on kept deceptions.
And now find the times,
Leaving no one...
To perceive they are exceptions.

The cleansing to rid delusions,
Have arrived.
Awakening the ones,
From a hypnotizing done.
And unfortunately they can not believe,
All their entitlements once received...
Are visions from a past the will not get back.

'Why are the state employees protesting?
To get higher pay and kept concessions?
And most of them contesting against,
Union dues paid to protect their memberships.'

~They've become addicted to the honey.
And there is no money left to pay for it.
Although some of them were promised,
Jobs overseas...
But no one wants to leave guaranteed salaries.
Or the fact that working to deserve them,
May require a rolling up their sleeves.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Clear And Widened Eyes

An awakening is occurring.
Many seeing things for the first time...
Seem to acknowledge the act of breathing,
As if never done before.
There is a consciousness now about it.

The morning dawns.
Appearing as the Sun rises on the horizon.
And more are viewing it shakened from a deep sleep.
As if recently distributed as replacements...
Clear and widened eyes!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Clear As Its Ever Been

I remember all your sentiments protesting.
All my simple needs and with requests met.
Now the evidence is clear,
As its ever been...
You never meant to keep my requests met.
You never intended that respect.

I remember all your sentiments protesting.
All my simple needs and with requests met.
Now the evidence is clear,
As its ever been...
You never meant to keep my requests met.
You never intended that respect.

The evidence is clear,
As its ever been...
You never meant to keep my requests met.
No...
You never intended that respect.

It's clear...
As its ever been,
You never meant to keep my requests met.
It's clear....
You never intended that respect.

It's clear...
As its ever been,
You never meant to keep my requests met.
It's clear....
You never intended that respect.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Clear As The Dawn Rises

It is what it is!
If an honesty wanted is wished to be witnessed.
And regardless if facts are pushed aside to 'diss',
With a purpose to prevent that by those who deny...
Facts surrounding with no place for them to hide,
Will know with others who can not avoid...
But begin to comprehend that which once annoyed,
What appears as clear as the dawn rises...
Is a truth for what it is to stunned hush lips.
Leaving some opened wide as if frozen in position.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Cleared Of Negativity

With a kept mind left to leave open,
To faith and hope...
Cleared of negativity,
Heard to receive to believe it...
Makes every tomorrow that comes,
Even more brighter than the ones...
Anticipated when they arrive,
With a kept mind left open...
To leave faith and hope to receive,
Cleared is that negativity some keep to grieve.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Cleared Of Thick Brush And Obstacles

On paths cleared of thick brush,
And obstacles presented...
I have never been one to resent those making attempts,
To diminish my intentions, sacrifices or sentiments.

Before I walked upon paths I had created,
No one where I laid my steps...
Knew then where they were placed.

But today not only have I cleared my own path,
I can be approached by those who critique...
With a knowing to believe,
It was I who made it easier for them to do it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Cleared Path

I don't need a pat or a slap on my back.
Nor do I need to be seen behind the wheel,
Of a spanking brand new Cadillac.
Or a Range Rover.
To show I have overdoesed on ego!

What i want to get from you,
Is a cleared path.
Done fast.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Cleared To Allow Critique

The doer becomes the one more pressured,
To push ahead.
Regardless of the obstacles,
The doer removes.
Or the heat the causes sweat to drip,
From the doer's face.

With it understood,
There are those awaiting...
To dissect steps taken.
No matter what direction,
The paving of a path takes...
As long as it is cleared to allow critique.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Clearly You Have Made This Understood

Clearly you have made this understood,
Identifying to recognize creativity...
Is not a part of your neck of the woods.

I've taken it into consideration,
This inability you have can devastate.

But taking a chance to think independently,
With exploring done...
That does not follow me.
Just may lead you to something genuine.
And on my insights you will not depend.

Clearly you have made this understood,
Identifying to recognize creativity...
Is not a part of your neck of the woods.

But responding to my findings,
Found to be original...
You can taste and nibble.
But declaring yourself to be a chef?
Will not be advantageous to your best effort.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Cleverness You Wish For Me To Taste

Don't try to cuddle up to me...
Enemy I've known.
Don't believe my tolerance for you...
Is a weakness I condone.
You are just not in my vision.
Or on my agenda to address.
I see how you slither with pretentiousness.
To leave me with perceptions,
You have my goodwill to protect.
And I am to perceive you doing this at your best?

Please!
Your amusements do not delay me!
However...
Your deeds have caused me to wisen.
And keep updated versions,
Of a variety of realities!

Don't try to cuddle up to me...
Enemy I've known.
Don't believe my tolerance for you...
Is a weakness I condone.
You are just not in my vision.
Or on my agenda to address.
I see how you slither with pretentiousness.
To leave me with perceptions,
You have my goodwill to protect.
And I am to perceive you doing this at your best?

Please!
Your amusements do not delay me!
However...
Your deeds have caused me to wisen.
And keep updated versions,
Of a variety of realities!
Like these you are trying,
To test on me lately!
To see if I am awake.
For a cleverness you wish for me to taste!

Please!
Your amusements do not delay me!
Your deeds have caused me to wisen.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Click Your Heels Until Your Feet Numbs

It 'is' the greatest.
It 'is' the greatest.
It 'is' the greatest.

'Pretend it's steak.'

It 'is' the greatest.
It 'is' the greatest.

'Pretend that and vegetables,
Are on your plate.'

It 'is' the greatest.
It 'is' the greatest.

'Now 'see' yourself not homeless.
See yourself in a mansion,
High upon the hill!

Dance among the flowers scenting.
Go ahead,
Pick a few of those blooming daffodils.

Don't be discouraged,
By your sightings of those who have not!
Look upon them as the true victims.
And ignoring them will speed up your visions.
To forget you are jobless,
Helpless and your teeth rot!

Remember this,
Keep your need to greed wished.
Click your heels until your feet numbs.
And your deceit and thieving ways...
On this land 'will' return.
And those days of gluttony,
For you and everyone...
Will finally to all,
Someday come.

Close your eyes...
Repeat.
And pass me the pepper,
Gravy.
And salt to throw over my shoulder to toss!
Repeat,
With me...

It 'is' the greatest.
It 'is' the greatest.
It 'is' the greatest.

'That's it,
Pretend it's steak.'

It 'is' the greatest.
It 'is' the greatest.

'That's it.
Now,
Let's pretend that and vegetables,
Are on our plates.'

It 'is' the greatest.
It 'is' the greatest.

'Now 'see' yourself not homeless.
See yourself in a mansion,
High upon the hill!

Dance among the flowers scenting.
Go ahead,
Pick a few of those blooming daffodils.
Remember this,
Keep your need to greed wished.
Click your heels until your feet numbs.
And those days of gluttony,
For you and everyone...
Will finally to all,
Someday come.'

It 'is' the greatest.
It 'is' the greatest.

'That's it,
Pretend it's steak.'

It 'is' the greatest.
It 'is' the greatest.

'That's it.
Now,
Let's pretend that and vegetables,
Are on our empty plates.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Climb Over That Hill

When your reach,
Is not towards the top...
Only you are there blocking,
What should not be stopped.

When your reach,
Is not towards the top...
Only you are there blocking,
What should not be stopped.

If you've got a lot on your mind,
A rollercoaster you will find...
Tripping you with up and downs,
Until on the ground...
Where you can be found.
Hanging around.

A dance romanced with feebleness,
Attracts like bread to feed insects.
And keeps you in check,
With no wish for the best!

Don't leave your heart on your sleeve.
Decide to be released and free.
And refuse to accept,
Disrespect and neglect.

If you've got a lot on your mind,
A rollercoaster you will find...
Tripping you with up and downs,
Until on the ground...
Where you can be found.
Hanging around.

Declare more of joy with peace and harmony!
Decide today it is okay to have prosperity.
And you will,
Climb over that hill!
Yes you will...

Have a life fulfilled.

When your reach,
Is not towards the top...
Only you are there blocking,
What should not be stopped.

Declare more of joy with peace and harmony!
And you will,
Climb over that hill!
Yes you will...
Have a life fulfilled.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Climb To Heights

Motivate and inspire...
Those with an insight,
Who desire to climb to heights.

Lift their spirits with best wishes.
This excites.
And delights the ones...
Wishing to achieve,
With a purpose done that is perceived.

Bombarded are people like these,
By some who would rather see them...
Fail and fall down on their knees.
Yet...
Wanting to please,
Can pressure expectations.
And devastate those sensitive.
Who wish to give themselves with impatience.
Since this is the life for them that is lived.

Wanting to please,
Can keep a mind awake at night.
And discouraged with no appetite.

Wanting to please,
Can isolate good intentions wished.
And leave those thoughtful,
Giving up on their gifts.
And this does not produce,
For them or anyone...
One single benefit.

Motivate and inspire,
Those with an insight,
Who desire to climb to heights.

Lift their spirits with best wishes.
This excites.
And delights the ones,

Wishing to achieve.
With a purpose done that is perceived.

Those wanting to believe,
What they do is for you!
And caring less about themselves,
As much as they do for for you!
And/or someone else.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Climbing From Ruts

Not 'who' is he?
But 'what' is he?
To know.
Before the showing?
To have that showing...
Grow.
To be known.

Not 'who' is she?
But 'what' is she?
To know.
Before the showing?
To have that showing...
Grow.
To be known.

They are the ones,
Unstung.
And freed,
From under a thumb.

They are the ones,
Unstung.
And freed,
From under a thumb.

Climbing from ruts.
Undone.
And looking up.
Undone.
And taking risks,
Unlimited...
Others may sit and resist.

Climbing from ruts.
Undone.
And looking up.
Undone.
And taking risks,

Unlimited...
Others may sit and resist.

They are the ones,
Unstung.
And freed,
From under a thumb.

Not 'who' is he?
But 'what' is he?
To know.
Before the showing?
To have that showing...
Grow.
To be known.

Not 'who' is she?
But 'what' is she?
To know.
Before the showing?
To have that showing...
Grow.
To be known.

Climbing from ruts.
Undone.
And looking up.
Undone.
And taking risks,
Unlimited...
Others may sit and resist.

They climb from ruts,
Undone.
And looking up.
Undone.
And taking risks,
Unlimited...
Others may sit and resist.

They climb from ruts,
Undone.

And looking up.
Undone.
And taking risks,
Unlimited...
Others may sit and resist.

Climb up from ruts,
Undone.
Looking up,
Undone.
And taking risks,
Others may sit...
In arrested limitedness.

And they pursue,
Undone.
And renew.
Undone.
Not like the few,
Undone.
Who run from the Sun!

And they pursue,
Undone.
And renew.
Undone.
Not like the few,
Undone.
Who run from the Sun!
To leaking roofs.

Undone.
And run from the Sun,
To leaking roofs.
Undone.
And run from the Sun,
To leaking roofs.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Clinical Dismissal

Let's play,
Clinical dismissal.

The next time you say,
'I've had it! '
I will leave and not return.

And the next time you leave,
I wont bother to ask for your key.
I'll just change the locks.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Clintonobamanous

Something strange has developed.
A creature able to interchange
Both its sex and its name came.

With a power so intense...
It would sit and steam,
To gather its own wits!
That is how powerful the force,
It had over the unsuspecting villagers!
The ones who could, at first sight...
Make no sense of it!

Out of the darkened shadows it appeared.
And as it neared,
Not one of the villagers had minds that were clear.
They fought a leader blinded by arrogance.
Blinded by a need to sustain an ego...
Dressed by greed to deceive.

And as rumors of this creature spread across the land,
Few thought this was idle gossip.
Yet the whispers grew louder...
As the winds of it began to drift towards them.
Removing rusted visions no one could withstand.

And this creature...
Having the head of a woman.
Having the strength of a man.
Shocked those staring.
Shocking all who stood to stand!
And an old man cheered...
As the children to it ran!
'Clintonobamanous', this creature roared!
'Clintonobamanous', you will not ignore!
And on the fields...
Every hint of a 'bush' hiding misdeeds kept secret,
Lifted from the surprising eyes...
Who knew their lives would forever be changed!
Clintonobamanous came to reign!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Clip Those Claws To Toss

Accept flaws as a cause.
And a purpose not a curse,
To self inflict abuse to thirst.

Accept blemishes as a definition.
To serve a specific meaning,
Not to allow a demeaning...
With a hiding away from any scene.

Clip those claws to toss off,
Any feelings heated...
Stirring within from an embittered fit.
Heard from lips wishing to witness this.
Knowing dirt blurted can make someone hurt.

Clip those claws to toss off.
Like beads of sweat,
That wets a brow dripping down to one's neck.
Wipe to dry.
Have no regrets...keep forward steps.

Accept flaws as a cause.
And a purpose not a curse,
To self inflict abuse to thirst.

Accept blemishes as a definition.
To serve a specific meaning,
Not to allow a demeaning...
With a hiding away from any scene.

Clip those claws to toss off,
Any feelings heated...
Stirring within from an embittered fit.
Heard from lips wishing to witness this.
Knowing dirt blurted can make someone hurt.
There is no need to scuttle in the mud with scum done.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Clipped Wings

On the other side of the light they are.
On the other side of that brightness.
Never to become that shooting star.
That travels the universe...
To places where imaginations thirst,
In dreams.
Or decide to become fixed,
Within the magnitude of cosmic greatness.

Too many have chosen their visit on Earth...
Just to sit.
Refusing encouragement that nourishes.
And ignoring their gifts...
They came here blessed with.
To do nothing uplifting but to inflict conflicts!

On the other side of the light they are.
On the other side of that brightness.
Never to become that shooting star.
That travels the universe.
Or decide to become fixed,
Within the magnitude of cosmic greatness.

And it is unfortunate,
They have chosen to sell their souls...
In exchange for their clipped wings!
And it is unfortunate,
They preferred to moan instead of sing.
Becoming transfixed with mindsets,
Hypnotized with temptations that lured them away!
Becoming betrayed enslaved to addictions to things...
That could never bring to them eternal bliss!

And it is unfortunate,
They chose to sell their souls...
In exchange for their clipped wings!
And it is unfortunate,
They preferred to moan instead of sing.
Becoming transfixed with mindsets,

Hypnotized with temptations that lured them away!
Becoming betrayed.
Enslaved to addictions to things...
That could never bring to them eternal bliss!
Or that light within their consciousness,
To exist...
Forever in the heavens as joyful spirits!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Clipping Wings

Clipping wings.
With a doing to keep,
Their offspring obediant.
Yet expecting their young to soar,
Singing.
With wishes to bring an ending,
To a dependency on limits.
Is a conflict of interests.
And mixed messages sent.

Clipping wings.
With a protecting of restrictions kept,
Obeyed.
And making attempts not to annoy,
Those who historically oppress.
But stay on knees to accept promises made,
That if a peaceful praying remains the same...
One day a soaring to fly high and free,
May be granted as a possibility.

But first...
Let's all keep the thirst of it,
Rehearsed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Cliques Picked

Likability,
And the keeping of one's social status...
Does more for the feeding of egos,
Solicited and sought amongst those...
Shallowed by impressions to make,
As substance to obtain begins to fade...
A slow degrading quality of life.
While a pretense to charade,
Maintains its stay effectively without 'insight'.

Likability,
Although communicated between those picked...
Does nothing for a substance,
With little of it left to prove it exists...
To prevent a sliding downhill as if to permit,
A once wished quality of life to enrich...
Kept as an objective on a top ten list.

However,
Within those cliques picked...
Others disliked and thought too offensive,
Are often mentioned with distain...
When truth they speak does not entertain.
And the ones who refrain from listening to it,
Complain of a discomfort they want to distance.
For purposes to allow their delusions to represent,
Perceptions to value kept socially etiquette.
While hiding their deceptions of being hypocrites.

Who benefits,
From cliques picked...
When a quality of life fades quick.
Who benefits,
From this...
When a quality of life fades quick.
Who benefits,
From cliques picked...
When a quality of life fades quick.
Who benefits,

From this...
When a quality of life fades quick.
Who benefits?
Who and what from this gets benefits?
And where is it?
With proof of it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Cloak And Dagger Tactics

They have been...
Deleted.

Foolish are the ones who had assumed,
The doing of their cloak and dagger tactics...
Would not return to bite them right back.
Or smother others selected and picked,
To assist...
Could one day bleed so profusely,
From veins weakened to feel the strength...
Disappear with each drip like a leaking faucet.

People depicted meek and victims,
Have risen to use cloak and dagger tactics...
To prove and establish themselves as champions.
With a re-wrapping of a package,
Created by demons who had attacked.
And exposing a wickedness to be disposed,
No longer to be endured...
By those believing their evils would forever breathe.

They have been...
Deleted.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Cloaked As Someone's Philanthropist

'Where are your 'things'? '

My 'things'?
I didn't need them.
I gave them away!

'WHHHHAAAATTT! ?
Are you crazed?
What are my friends and neighbors going to say?
What lives are we going to live without those 'things'?
You've ruined my pretentions.
And succeeded in my defeat.
I can no longer flaunt my superficiality!
Why did you do this?
Aren't you feeling just a wee bit dazed? '

Not at all!
From now on I am going to be 'me'!

'AND...
Where will that leave me to be? '

Exposed as the leech you are.
Once cloaked as someone's 'philanthropist'.
To no benefit to the masquerading,
That now has to cease to exist!

'WHHHHAAAATTT! ?
Are you crazed?
What are my friends and neighbors going to say? '

I have no idea.
Why don't you ask?
Most of them I passed...
Standing in line at the soup kitchen!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Cloaked In Darkness

Things for them were going great...
When the 'haves' could separate themselves,
From those hungry and homeless.
Those they chose to invalidate.

'God don't like ugly! '
My mother always said to me.
And I knew she meant what people did.
Not what they appeared to be.

And many people were caught up,
Doing some very ugly things.
Because they believed their misdeeds done...
Were cloaked in darkness and never would be seen.

'God don't like ugly! '
My mother always said to me.
And I knew she meant what people did.
Not what they appeared to be.

Things for them were going great...
When the 'haves' could separate themselves,
From those hungry and homeless.
Those they chose to invalidate.

'God don't like ugly! '
My mother always said to me.
'God don't like ugly! '
My mother always said to me.
'God don't like ugly! '
My mother always said to me.

~Okay, okay Ma! Geeessshhh. I get it.
Well, they did it to me first.~

'Oh?
So that makes it okay,
For one monkey to steal all of the bananas...
To keep other monkeys deprived? '

~But Ma...we are not talking about monkeys.~

'We're not talking about squirrels either!
But does it make the act right? '

~Okay, okay Ma! Geeessshhh. I get it.
I think.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Clocking My Own Time

Do I care that you may be offended
By an honesty I feel?
Do you think I should show remorse and quilt,
That I am losing my appeal?
Do you believe that your false stature,
Makes you prominent in my mind?
I'm not seeing that doctor you are...
Who lies and tells you 'you' are fine!
I'm clocking my own time,
In this life I am living!
Any dissatisfaction I get...
You'll be the first to know,
It is being returned
And I'm the one that's giving!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Close By But In Disguise

Have you ever been admonished,
By what some say?
Have you ever been astonished,
By what you believed would go away?
Did you ever take offense,
By criticisms meant...
Just to see you get a 'rise',
By adversity close by.
But in disguise...
Hiding.

Have you ever been incensed,
By directed wickedness?
Have you ever tried to vent...
But received discouragement.
Did you ever stop to think,
You drive yourself to the brink...
By those who wish this seen.

Did you ever take offense,
By criticisms meant...
Just to see you get a 'rise',
By adversity close by.
But in disguise...
Hiding.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Close God Will Stay

'Be not less...
But more with your wishes.
God is listening to you.
And 'all' that you desire
Will come true!
It will...for you!
Don't despair.
God is protecting you.
And all of His 'Angels' are aware
Of what you are going through!
You are one of 'us' they say!
Keep your faith strong.
God knows where your heart belongs!
Each and every day!
Close God will stay.
If you pray,
It is kept that way! '

Dedicated and inspired by:
Frances J. McAlpine Sharp
Educator/Performing Artist
And...mother of three ('LOL')
Hartford, Connecticut

'Frances...
Once again, I have been 'touched' to send
a 'message' directly to you! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Close Up! (Whispered Distances)

It is so far beyond contests of popularity.
Or an attention to get over others.
And so far beyond impressions to make,
For the sake to address...
Where one keeps kept collected possessions.

This life today those awakening to experience,
Is shifting quickly...
From the mundane of a sameness.
And expanding towards dimensions to undo,
The old and expiring limitations...
Of a consciousness drifting away.

And those with minds fixed to nonsense,
With a pettiness to exchange each day...
Will begin to noticed they have been left,
Living to stay in a fading nonexistence.
Witnessed by others,
Close up! And not from whispered distances...
Found pointless to do,
As this new phase of life becomes the ideal...
Within minds finding this direction pursued.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Close Your Eyes And Repeat After Me

With a giving to me,
Of your fixed and focused eye contact...
Do you remember when you saw in my eyes,
Sincerity, warmth and empathy?
And I listened with intent to comprehend?
I remember it and so should you.

Now...
Close your eyes and repeat after me,
'Such a fool was I to have screwed that up.
I went out of my way to prove myself a complete moron.
No heels can I click three times,
Will I ever get that kind of patience back...
From someone I took totally for granted.'

Do that until you sense my absence.

~When should I start?
Should I leave my eyes closed?
Are you still there? ~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Close, Lock And Stay Jammed

Left and lost...
Without love felt
To share on shitty city streets.

The young now aging...
As we fade to go beyond,
Are challenged not to value morality
Stained by generations of isolated consumption!
On shoulders they bear much of our despairs.

Stations of defense...
Built to barricade them from our weaknesses
Has carved paths around boundaries
To camouflage our programmed understanding of truth!

We have risked 'their' lives,
For 'our' protection!
And we expect them to honor values
To pass our inspections...
Diffused in separating divisions!
They have focused their visions without us.

They ask where were we...
When spilled milk,
Never cleansed and left to stale
Was ignored!
And why an open door they felt safe behind...
Seemed with the passing of time,
To close, lock and stay jammed!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Close?

Close?

As gossip is to a listening ear.
As slander lands unexpected.
As deceit is to a sweetened tongue.
That's how close they are,
To anyone.

Close?

As a thief is to an open window.
As a criminal is to a cell.
As an ex-convict is to rehabilitation,
In a society on decline.
And doing 'that' very well.

Close?

As cheating spouses are to their lovers.
And wickedness preached in church.
As war is close to peace as it gets.

That's how close are most folks!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Closed, Bolted And Draped Windows

There is a noticeable slide,
Affecting the quality of life.
And a hiding, denying or shying away from it,
Has given it more momentum.

And for those choosing to sweep,
Disparaties under the rug to keep unseen...
Have found them growing to nurture,
Inside their own homes.

Condoning the presence,
Of what should not be there.
Or wishing not to hear it from another,
Does not make it disappear in thin air.

The accusations of someone else being negative...
Does not keep negativity creeping in an activity,
From peeping through closed, bolted...
And draped windows.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Closely Attached

If my comments find a spot in your heart...
And my life is one of living.
And perhaps yours is not?
Don't take it personal,
If what I say hits home that's dropped.
I'm not sitting in a sheltered box!
Your life and mine are ours alone.
So it seems that way...
Until I stray and roam.

I am an observer of my existence.
With so much that verifies...
Neither one of us are here alone!
Not on this Earth where we survive.
There is 'something' that identifies,
Our lives...
As being closely attached!
Don't think I'm looking in your window...
When the world and my insights,
Are much too broad for that!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Closer Targets

Those who fight for the right,
To buy and keep...
Their weapons for protection,
As an entitlement kept effective.
Now discover themselves,
Closer targets...
For neighbors, friends,
School mates and business associates.
And family members also to include,
With wishes to practice legally,
The ridding of enemies and terrorists...
To ensure they stay equipped and prepared.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Closer To Reality Than The Others

Jumping onto a fast moving bandwagon,
With beliefs the doing of it...
Increases one's prestige as deceits are fed.
Only exposes those who ride as incapable,
Of knowing the difference between...
Creating their own melodies and stealing from others.
As thieves gather together to pleasure their denials.
And perceiving those they have offended are left behind,
To grieve they have not been picked to sit...
Amongst those delusioned,
Is...
Not recommended to keep in self serving minds.

'Why are you here staring at me? '

~A wheel fell off of the bandwagon.~

'And...? '

~And they are seeking someone,
Who is not pretentious to come and fix it.~

'What about those who jumped onto the wagon? '

~They argue as to who is better qualified.
And I know you have the ability to get the job done.~

'I am flattered by your confession.
But I do remember you being among the first,
To criticize my abilities as being useless.
Or was the word 'worthless'? '

~Yeah!
But that was a long time ago.
Anybody else would have forgotten.
Useless/worthless?
What difference does it make? ~

'I am so glad you said that.

Because I'm not like anybody else.
If I was...
I'd be looking for help trying to fix a bandwagon,
That others who are on it argue among themselves...
As to who is better qualified pretending to be,
Whatever it is they want someone else to believe.'

~So...
Is that a no? ~

'I would say...
You are closer to reality than the others.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Closer To The Back Door

One step closer to the back door.
Collected trash put into a garbage bag.
One step closer to the back door.
Packed racks stacked too high.
Packed racks stacked too much.
Packed racks stacked too long prolonged.
And there's a need for them to be gone.
One step closer to the back door.
Sentiments and evidence to now distance.
One step closer to the back door.
Closer to the back door to turn,
The knob and open.

One step closer to the back door.
A past to forget not wanted anymore.
One step closer to the back door.
The 'whys' the 'whens' not to start again.
Packed racks stacked too high.
Packed racks stacked too much.
Packed racks stacked too long prolonged,
And there's a need for them to be gone.
One step closer to the back door.
And praying yet again not to turn away,
Like before.
To shut the door and lock.

One step closer to the back door.
But I have this 'thing' about remembered pain.
That sits.
Needing it to keep reminisced.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Closet Doors

Why are those people cheering,
The burning of those doors?
Is this a ritual of some kind?
Has there been something introduced,
To have changed and left their minds?

'Those doors are from closets,
They hide behind.
And now they don't have to do that,
Anymore.
So much is being accepted,
In these fast paced days and times.

But why just their closet doors?
Some with one lock.
And others with a few more.

'Many felt,
That a rushing to get from behind them...
Left too many confused and abused,
By their choices to make...
When deciding which wardrobe to wear,
And to use...
When explaining the reality of their preferences.'

I don't get it.
What affect will that leave,
On the people living inside their homes?
With their personal decisions exposed like that?
Wont more arguments be started,
Over who does to do what?
What about making impressions,
To be socially made?

'Hopefully there will be a decrease,
In domestic violence.
Between those playing roles,
To have that come to an end.'

What has that got to do with it?
What has that got to do,
With a public display of burning closet doors?

'Only time will tell,
Who has kept their deceptions secret.
To realize keeping them are no longer needed.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Closing Of Old Stale Endings

Hoping the closing,
Of old stale endings...
Are not revisited to open,
Those locked doors again.

Left scarred are mentalities,
Bruised and wounded from rumors
Inciting conflicts.
To leave many afflicted,
With their own woes...
Self inflicted.

New beginnings when started,
Are what they are to depart...
From times no longer,
Prioritized.
With wishes to relive,
Emotions felt...
In unforgiving hearts.

Closing those doors,
To leave locked, blocked...
And left never to revisit.
Is the best remedy,
For anyone wishing...
To have their path swept clean.
With taking steps,
In another direction.
Expecting the freshness...
Of 'new' possibilities accepted
To reject...
A negativity heard from others,
Who will not let...
What's old and stale to go.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Clowns And Buffoons

'Hi daddy.'
Yes, Johnnie?
Hi.
Daddy is busy right now.
I am having a community meeting,
With our wonderful neighbors.

'But daddy...
You said this morning,
You would help me with my homework.'

I know.
And I will.
Give me just a few more minutes.
I'll be right with you, okay?

'Ooookay.
And daddy...?
Is 'this' the meeting you said will be the last one,
With those clowns and buffoons?
Especially with our brain dead neighbors next door.
Those empty headed 'dorks'? '

Johnnie?
What did I tell you about repeating 'everything',
You hear your Uncle Scotty say around here?

'But daddy...
I thought you said Uncle Scotty left last week,
On yet 'another' honeymoon?
I'm sorry.
I thought that was 'you' talking to mommy.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Coherently Insignificant

One's formal education financed,
Through payment of installments...
With an assistance one may get,
From various outside grants to chase.
Isn't the same kind of knowledge,
That one obtains to achieve wisdom.
And it is obvious those paying to be taught...
Have a lot of common sense lessons missed.

Leaving many not to express it at all,
As a benefit.
Not as a human dividend to uplift quality.

But a buyer's remorse is reflected,
Everywhere it can be seen.
There is an absence of any formal education,
Effectively displayed as a training vehical.
Where is it?
Isolated to use as a feeding tool?
For who to advance what to what levels?
As if that needs a microscope.
It doesn't!

And if there is evidence of it...
Shouldn't it be readily seen,
As the best investment one can make?
In panoramic scenes?
But...
Why is the proof of it kept hidden to flaunt openly,
As one's prized treasure to use on a constant basis?
Is it 'that' coherently insignifant and fragrantly incompetent,
That no one who has been accepted and conditioned...
Can tell with a clarity what their mission is.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Coincidental

If I had not been there,
For several people...
They would have had different lives.

I know this!
And they...
Well,
Just prefer not to acknowledge it.

Instead...
They would like to classify my involvement,
In their lives...
As coincidental.
IF...
They are not,
In selective memory mode.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Coked, Cracked And Getting Weeded Out

If there is a war on drugs,
We all are being deceived as to who is defeating it.
The affects are clearly in view!
In what is 'suppose' to be private exchanges...
But obviously done in public too.

Granted,
Those who deal the drugs...
Isn't always the suspected and publicized urban dweller.
Nor are they secretly hidden suburbanite whites.
The culprits are increasingly middle aged...
And shockingly the elders.
Who are coked, cracked...
And getting their minds weeded out.

This epidemic has been a factor out of control for years.
Some argue the drugs should be legalized.
Others seem astonished,
To see elementary school kids dealing from playgrounds...
Using cell phones openly and conducting business.
While those high on pretentions have turned a blind eye to this.

If there is a war on drugs,
We all are being deceived as to who is defeating it.
The affects are clearly in view!
In what is 'suppose' to be private exchanges...
But obviously done in public too.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Coked, Pineappled And Baked

I like ham cloved.
Then coked, pineappled and baked.
However...
I prefer my chicken fried.
And seasoned to taste.

'And...? '

And?
And what?

'That's it?
Nothing political to say?
Nothing racist to incite disdain?
What about relationships?
And the appalling disrespect?
Mediocrity and the rise of ignorance?
What about dumbdowning more dummies?
The lack of discipline? '

Who's
Poem...
Is this?

'It's yours.'

Thank you.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Cold And Distant

A giving known to do.
And for years with a doing of it done.
Has become for some,
An opportunity to take one like this for granted.

And one refusing to be thought of like that,
No longer feels an obligation to remain sincere.
Or be perceived to be weak and 'nice'...
For those with appetites,
To ruin their own relationships.

There are those still left,
Who are unafraid or dare to expose themselves.
As being honest and sincere with no ulterior motives.

A giving known to do.
And for years with a doing of it done.
Has become for some,
An opportunity to take one like this for granted.

And unfortunate are the ones,
Who accept a doing from someone like this done...
To perceive their existence can not be dismissed,
From memory.

'Why are you so 'cold' and distant? '

~My shoulders can freeze up quick.
The moment I suspect a being taken for granted.
With the only guilt left to feel,
Is the time I wasted in not doing it earlier.~

'So...
Why are you becoming 'cool' towards me? '

~I've become aware of your potential.
With a noticing your ability to freelance on my turf,
Uninvited and as you please with expectations.~

'What good are friends if they can not be used? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Cold Turkey It Is

Change will be made.
Now...
Would you prefer your change to make,
Cold turkey?
Or would you like it quickly heated.
To be eaten immediately?
The choice is yours to decide.

'But...I...I'm totally unprepared.
I need more time to think about it.'

Let's see.
I am talking about change.
And you want to introduce your thoughts.
Let's eliminate this conflict.
With it done to make even clearer.
Change will be made 'now'.
What you think about this process,
Is no longer an option.
Heated quickly to eat?
Or cold with it done immediately?
Take your pick but know this...
Your change is 'now' to be made.

'I...uh...'

Sounds great to me.
Cold turkey it is.
You could not have made a better choice.
Some have said the heat slows digestion.
Next!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Cold Were Your Eyes

I wont forget that day,
When you said to me it was over.
I knew that you,
Were the love I did choose.

My heart you tore apart,
As if our togetherness had no meaning.
Cold were your eyes,
With a look I had never seen.

My mind started pacing,
From mistakes to promises.
Had I awakened giving more,
Not to get...
Your love.

Faking heartbreak,
Is not my specialty.
Nor does trust and devotion,
Mean a return of loyalty.

I wont forget that day,
When you said to me it was over.
I knew that you,
Were the love I did choose.

My heart you tore apart,
As if our togetherness had no meaning.
Cold were your eyes,
With a look I had never seen.

Faking heartbreak,
Is not my specialty.
Nor does trust and devotion,
Mean a return of loyalty.

My mind started pacing,
From mistakes to promises.
Had I awakened giving more,

Not to get...
Your love.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Collapse

Collapse!
And...
Just like that.
Beliefs of disbelievers,
Entwined and trapped.
By a collapse!
And...
Just like that.
Delusions of deluders,
Offtrack attack...
Even though the facts are in stacks.

Psychotic are recycled causes.
At a cost.
Leaving so many tossed about,
Until they're nauseous.
Yet what's observed is accepted.
While everybody pauses,
To witness the loss...
That could have long been solved.
If,
Selfish greed was not involved.

Collapse!
And...
Just like that.
Beliefs of disbelievers...
Setback by traps.
To cause collapse!
And...
Just like that.
Disconnected truth...
Brings down the roof!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Collapsing From Greed

Will you come to love me,
Before the winds of transformation
Seal my lips from whispering your name
In sleep where dreams bring you near!
Or, will we find each other
Pulled together by the magnetic forces
Of our hearts...
Once we free ourselves of needless debris
That keep us from feeling the needs
Of one another...
Reaching to please and be received.
Will you come to love me,
When we seek to find warmth and reason
In a World collapsing from greed!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Collapsing From Greed...Reprised Because Of Need

Will you come to love me,
Before the winds of transformation
Seal my lips from whispering your name
In sleep where dreams bring you near!
Or, will we find each other
Pulled together by the magnetic forces
Of our hearts...
Once we free ourselves of needless debris
That keep us from feeling the needs
Of one another...
Reaching to please and be received.
Will you come to love me,
When we seek to find warmth and reason
In a World collapsing from greed!

This I reprise,
Because of need.
My own!
That seem to flow unstoppable.
From a place deep within.
And showing no signs to slow.
Or go away from depths you've injected.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Collateral Damage

Collateral damage,
Is difficult to fix...
If an injury done,
Can not be faced with it to admit.

A collateral damage,
Will persist to exist...
If eyes remain closed,
To a pain that is.

To a pain that is...
Burning to destroy.
And to a pain that is...
Accepted to neglect.
And...
To a pain that is,
Denied to defy with kept steps hidden.
And to a pain that is...
Rushed to hush with feelings crushed.
With a choice to ignore to keep it silent.

Collateral damage,
Is difficult to fix...
If,
A pain that is...
Keeps its silence not to admit.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Collected In My Kingdom

No harm is going to come,
To anyone...
If they are connected.
If they are connected.
If they are connected.

No harm will be done,
To anyone...
If they are connected.
No harm,
If connected!
To anyone.

And,
If they are connected.
My Father,
Said to me...
If they are connected,
I will love them...
Collected,
In My Heart.
Collected,
In My Soul.
Collected...
In My Kingdom!
If they are connected.
I will love them...
Collected,
In My Heart.
Collected,
In My Soul.
Collected...
In My Kingdom!

If they are connected.
If they are connected.
If they are connected.
If they are connected.
If they are connected.

No harm will be done,
To anyone...
If they are connected.

And,
If they are connected.
My Father,
Said to me...
If they are connected,
I will love them...
Collected,
In My Heart.
Collected,
In My Soul.
Collected...
In My Kingdom

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Collected Madness Accepted

As you read this...
The wicked witches have brewed their fix.
Conflicts have addicted an avoidance to mix...
Those who adventured to trick with splits,
And those who prefer to be left in quiet sits.

Agitating divisions have increased.
Relationships have since decreased.
Backbiting has found itself on the rise.
And the shallow minded now are the ones to cry!

As you read this...
Those of higher consciousness continue to resist,
An obvious planting of encouraged dementedness.
And a struggle to hold onto values crumbling to the ground...
Scattering those responsible,
For a quality of life lost...
Never again to be ever found.

Since a racistness supporting a separateness...
Had followers believing,
This greed they fed would leave them receiving...
The benefits of threatened interests!
And it has...
Left them!
In a unified and collected,
Madness accepted!

Inflicted to intervene with rumors of peace.
Sold to protestors to wear on tee shirts...
Marketed and released!
For a price to pay.
As you read this day after day.
Numbing these events...
That come to stun and are here to stay!

Unless those brave,
Confront them with mental strength.
To condense them,

And erase them away!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Collecting To Stick And Slick

When a snowflake hits the ground,
Few seem to be that interested...
In its uniqueness from the others,
Collecting to stick and slick the pavement...
Everywhere.
Without a getting around it.
And those falling onto it embarrassed,
Are rarely seen taking a closer look...
At the individualized patterns made,
By each flake to marvel in awe the beauty.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Collective Disrespect

After one has given,
And thoughtlessness is returned.
Can another expect a forgiveness wished,
Once it has been determined...
Misunderstandings have been traced.
With a remorse that takes place!

Is it too much to asked,
Bad feelings be erased?

And who should take the first step...
To correct an integrity,
That has been defaced?
When a shame that could have been avoided,
Has been publicly introduced.
And known to many to have been a mistake!

How can this ever be a matter to forget?
As shown.
After one has given,
To receive collective disrespect!
And initiated by someone,
By an act condoned that has been overblown.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Collective Introspective

A collective introspective was praised!
However,
The guest of honor to be applauded,
Was turned away upon arrival.
Unrecognized.
Since the person appearing,
Was not perceived to be the same person
To which such accomplishments and deeds
Were identified!
And the donated check brought tax free,
By the one accustomed to giving...
To benefit those in attendance,
Was destroyed
Without one sign of annoyance
Displayed by the one disrespected,
So many thought did not have the 'right' presence!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Collectively In Mindsets Dazed

Nothing regarding truth has been accepted.
Even as it stares them in the face,
It is rejected.

Programmed minds find reality absurd.
And refusing to deal with it...
They believe they show courage and nerve.

But the truth that surrounds them,
Will not be detoured.
And those crazed...
Are collectively in mindsets dazed,
And disturbed.

Like children,
Who will not eat their sugared cookies...
Without something,
Looking like milk...
To them is served!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Collector Of Headaches

It is not a matter of rejection,
To leave behind those enclosed
In a limited self perception.
If someone you know,
Has chosen that route to go...
Wish them your best!
What they do should not find you,
Without a peace of mind
Accepting unrest!
Or confine you to continued requests...
That they should value a life,
With more to digest!
Leave them alone.
Unless you are a collector of headaches,
With a need to surround yourself with pests!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Colony Collapse Disorder

The honey bees aren't the only ones,
Abandoning a sick outlook!
An antiquated conditioning process,
Long needing to be addressed...
Has initiated a colony collapse disorder,
That will eventaully affect all of our lives.
A complete overhaul is needed.
But no one sees it that way...
Yet!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Color Boxed

Father You've made me black I see.
Black though outside but not inside of me!
Others of colors like nature You've made...
Are locked and color boxed,
Giving each other cold shoulders
And shade!

This can not be the reality You'd want us to have?
Living in limitations with disagreements that don't pass!
What is it that we should do?
What is it?
This is what I ask.
Everyone seems to speak of dreams
Of kicking each other's ass!
And this has been long lasting,
A stagnant task that is so sad!

Father You've made me black I see.
Those without color
Believe they are superior than me!
And those of shades from dark to beige,
Also are mistreated!
Will we ever overcome being color boxed...
To be saved?
Before we are all defeated?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Color Coded

Color coded.
Ego bloated,
And dense.

They talk about color.
And whose luckier than others.

Color coded.
Ego bloated,
And dense.

They talk about black.
And who looks as if white.
They talk about shades.
And the lighter the skin,
Whose out and whose in.

Color coded.
Ego bloated,
And dense.

Nothing done is accepted.
If one's skin is rejected.
Everything is approved.
If one is blond.
With eyes of blue.

Color coded.
Ego bloated,
And dense.

They talk about color.
And whose luckier than others.
They talk about black.
And who looks as if white.
They talk about shades.
And the lighter the skin,
Whose out and whose in.
Whose eyes are blue.

Whose hair is blond.
Whose been approved.
And who should move on.

Color coded.
Ego bloated,
And dense.

They've been...
Color coded.
Ego bloated,
And dense.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Colorblind

We can not erase mistakes that glare.
Or fake a nonexistence.
They are there.
Precisely to divide and conquer with fear.
An awareness of this...
Has been made obviously clear.

A turmoil done...
With everyone turning their backs,
With lack of interest.
Now receives full attention.
As dreams of those are being foreclosed.
While a chosen division,
Once kept those fed with an intention...
To induce a fed silence.
Not to mention a treason...
Going on unattended.

But then no one thought of them,
As becoming a menace to their own kind!
Now everyone finds...
They have been forced to be colorblind!
An act before,
That had not been quite like this abhorred.
What rehearsal is this...
That everyone has missed!

Especially...
When those of misdeeds have been planting,
Deceit with familiar ease!
To pleasure themselves...
In secret dippings of commodities.

But, of course! !
With reason to pocket...
From resources stocked!
That a selected few would barter,
At their advantage from the start.
And market without a stop...

At the expense of those dense and self absorbed,
Within their own defended limitations.
Ignoring who imported,
Or exported from their own shores!
Sold to the highest bidder.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Colors Bleached From Heating Sun

I see the dust.
I suspect no water falls.
The rusting done,
Supports no life at all.

The air remains stagnant.
Colors bleached from heating Sun.
What had existed seems to have disappeared.
And I've been questioned...
Why I do not embrace this,
As a sign of welcome.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Combustion

Born to do the bidding,
Of the Earth until it stops.
Born from it to benefit,
The Earth until it stops.

Creatures reflecting features,
Of mysterious deities.
Whether we believe or leave it,
No one breathes without trees.

Born to do the bidding,
Of the Earth until it stops.
Born from it to benefit,
The Earth until it stops.

Complexing are the details.
Some dissect to inspect.
With super duper microscopes,
To zoom in and detect...
How we were created,
And what it was that brought us to life!
As if,
IT will allow it done.

Creatures reflecting features,
Of mysterious deities.
Whether we believe or leave it,
No one breathes without trees.
Or the Sun.
Or the Moon.
Or the rain from clouds that come.

So turbulent this chemical combustion.
Going on,
Until something from it is born.
We are just combustion,
To be born...
From a turbulence like a storm.
Disturbing. Unnerving. Yet effective.

Its been combustion,
From it born,
In a Universe beyond massive.

Its been combustion,
From it born,
The Earth we know exists.

Its been combustion,
From it born,
We accept and start conflicts.

It been combustion,
From it born,
To be until it quits.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Come And Get This Thing

Come and get this thing.
You can't leave it here just hanging.
Come and get this thing.
Take it with you to get luck.
Come and get this thing.
No more of your ifs and buts.
Come and get this thing.
It will make you sing.

People don't know gifts they get.
Come and get this thing.
Many don't get gifts they wish.
Come and get this thing.
This thing will make you scream.

Some prefer their treasure measured.
Come and get this thing.
Some thinksize of treasure pleasures.
Come and get this thing.
Happiness it brings.

People don't know gifts they get.
Come and get this thing.
Many don't get gifts they wish.
Come and get this thing.
This thing will make you scream.

Come and get this thing.
You can't leave it here just hanging.
Come and get this thing.
Take it with you to get luck.
Come and get this thing.
No more of your ifs and buts.
Come and get this thing.
It will make you sing.

Some prefer their treasure measured.
Come and get this thing.
Some think size of treasure pleasures.

Come and get this thing.
Happiness it brings.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Come Closer

Are you an illusion of my delusion?
I seem to feel you from another time!
I seem to have had you in my mind.
And here you appear as clear to me.
Leaving me to wonder if this could be...
What I sought I could not touch in my dreams!
Is this real?
Is this reality?
When you look at 'me'
Do I appear to you as you appear to me?
Are you an illusion of my delusion?
Come closer...
Make me believe!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Come From Under The Trappings

Come from under the trappings.
Come from under your need,
To feed your gluttony.
Your needs to be strapped,
To that which can not touch you back!
Come from under the trappings!
There is much more to your life,
Than that!

Come from under the trappings.
Let your beliefs,
Remove the strangle hold and squeeze...
Placed upon the young.
Those that have followed you into darkness,
And have shielded from the Sun!
Those you have fed,
All the misdeeds...
That have blocked and shunned!
Come from under those trappings done.
They are shutting off your breath.
And speeding up your untimely death!

Come from under the trappings.
Come from under your need
To feed your gluttony.
Your needs to be strapped,
To that which can not touch you back!
Come from under the trappings!
There is much more to your life,
Than that!

You might as well!
They are being released from you physically!
Now...
It is time to remove yourself from that grind.
Come from under the trappings.
And find yourself that peace that awaits!
Those trappings can not define,
The quality of life when one has peace of mind!

Come from under the trappings.
Come from under your need
To feed your gluttony.
Your needs to be strapped,
To that which can not touch you back!
Come from under the trappings!
There is much more to your life,
Than that!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Come Inside

Anytime you find yourself outside.
Think of me...
As close,
Inside!

Anytime you find yourself wanting touches!
Touch me too.
As I will you!

Why don't you...
Come inside,
And leave those troubles outside.

Come inside...
And leave,
Your troubles.

Come inside,
And leave those troubles outside.
Come,
And stay!
It's...
Okay.

Anytime you find yourself outside.
Think of me...
As close,
Inside!

Anytime you find yourself wanting,
Touches!
Touch me too.
As I will you!

Come, come, come on...
Inside.
Leave those troubles outside.

Come inside...

And leave,
Your troubles.

Come inside,
And leave those troubles outside.

Come,
And stay!
It's...
Okay.

Come inside.
Leave those troubles outside.

Come inside...
And leave-those-troubles!

Come inside,
And leave those troubles outside.
Come,
And stay!
It's...
Okay.

Come inside...
You've been invited.

Come inside,
You've-been-IN-vited!

Come inside,
And leave those troubles outside.
Come,
And stay!
It's...
Okay.

Come,
And stay!
It's...
Okay.

Come inside.
It's...
Okay.

Come inside.
It's...
Okay.

Come inside.
It's...
Okay.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Come Inside If You Dare

Come inside if you dare.
You will not be spared,
Of those sensitivities you keep.
With a hope my tongue,
From you will stay censored.

I am a writer.
Not a candy maker.
And the only tissue you will find,
In my home when I am here alone
Is not for the wiping of tears to flush away.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Come On And Get A Big Piece

Come on and get a big piece of love,
My love...
You had thought had gone.

Come on and get a big piece of love.
Come on and get a big piece of love.

Come on and get a big piece of love,
My love...
You thought had gone wrong.

Come on and get a big piece of love.
Come on and get a big piece of love.

I can no longer make excuses for me.
I can no longer be that,
Tragedy!
Hey...

Come on and get a big piece of love,
My love...
You had thought had gone.

Come on and get a big piece of love.
Come on and get a big piece of love.

Come on and get a big piece of love,
My love...
You thought had gone wrong.

Come on and get a big piece of love.
Come on and get a big piece of love.

I can't,
Stay safe...
Knowing without you,
I'm all alone.

I stay,

Awake...
Wondering,
Who's now in your home...
Playing 'Daddy'.

Come on and get a big piece of love,
My love...
You had thought had gone.

Come on and get a big piece of love.
Come on and get a big piece of love.

Come on and get a big piece of love,
My love...
You thought had gone wrong.

Come on and get a big piece.
A bigger than a big big piece.

Is there anything for me, boo?
Do you mind if I boo hoo too?

Come on and get a big piece.
A bigger than a big big piece.

Come on and get a big piece of love,
My love...
You had thought had gone.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Come On...Snap Out Of It

Have you ever been confronted,
By those giving their unsolicited advice.
As to what they believe you should do...
With 'your' life.

And 'if' you show them clues,
You can do anything you choose...
The choice you decide to make,
Makes them baffled and confused.

~You look like a minister and speak like a DJ.
Yes,
I can see you as actor.
You have a presence for the stage.
You should be a banker. No a laywer. No a teacher...
That's it.
You should be in a classroom.
A teacher position suits you and fits.~

'I don't want to be none of that.
A writer I am.
That is what I've picked! '

~A what?
A who?
Come on...
Snap out of it.

Few writers are famous.
And those who are barely eat.
You can't be serious about that at all.~

'I am going to write 'poetry'.
Hey...that's me.'

~A 'whaterery'?
Poetry?
Ooooohhh...
How SWEET! ~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Come Prepared

If anyone wishes to get anywhere,
The best strategy to use...
To combat against disappointment,
Is being motivated with intiative.
With a doing of it to stay prepared.

However...
One prevailing through,
The telling of fairytales...
To compare what one needs,
As a prerequisite to do...
Will always be regarded,
As a fool who proves...
A listening with attention to comprehend,
Is something they believe is beneath them.

What qualifications do you think decribes why,
You are so deserving?

'Well,
I...'

Get back. Step aside.
Even thoroughbreds showing up at this racetrack,
Aren't guaranteed to win.
And they know that.
But the difference they make,
You have yet to appreciate...
Is a doing whatever you can with it done,
To come prepared.

'Prepared?
Prepared for what? '

In your case...
Prepared to turn around and get out of my face.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Come To Give To Go

Come to give to go.
From Sunrise to Sunset,
We all accept what it is...
With a doing,
That shows.

Come to go are those yesterdays.
To live and let live,
Whatever it was to be as is.

Come to go will be today.
With an acknowledgement,
There is no permanence.
And what has been experienced,
Eventually fades away.

Come what may,
We all accept what it is.
Come what may,
The life we live is not here to stay.

And...
Come to give to go.
From Sunrise to Sunset,
We all accept what it is...
With a doing,
That shows.

Come what may,
We all accept what it is.
Come what may,
The life we live is not here to stay.
And what has been experienced,
Eventually fades away.

Come to give to go.
From Sunrise to Sunset,
That's the way it is...
This experience of life to us we live.

Come to give to go.
From Sunrise to Sunset,
That's the way it is...
This experience of life to us we live,
To appreciate that which is bestowed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Come To Me

Come to me...
Forget about what this isn't.
Or the time when passions sent,
Have eased from touches hot.
The firestorm of initial sizzle,
May have stopped.
But we've got so much that pleases,
Between us.

Come to me...
Remember this ecstasy has a new face.
Youthful embraces have slowed to an aged pace.
It is still you and I who are here to agree...
We have never regretted that hour we came to meet.
Our flame still flickers,
And the wick has withstood much heat!

Come to me...
No one else but us,
Can incite to ignite the glow
Of our shared embers!
Remember this...
And the seasons we have witnessed,
And come to hold!

Come to me...
And let us find the comfort in our love.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Come To Me Please

Come to me please...
The moment it's clear,
Tears from fears
That you keep
Start to fall!

I will be here,
To welcome you near.
And together
Let's break down
Those walls.

Your heart is filled with despair
And indecision.
I have been there many times before.
You and I can start a brand new mission...
To begin what we've been missing,
I am here for you and listening.

Come to me please...
The moment it's clear,
Tears from fears
That you keep
Start to fall!

I will be here,
To welcome you near.
And together
Let's break down
Those walls.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Come Touch Me Child

Come touch me, child.
My withering skin comes to me fast.
It wont be long until I'm gone...
And much I have to share,
To give and remember still
Will collect like dust and fade away!
Come sit with me today
And connect this link
That should not break or rust ignored!
Keep this moment stored within you...
And pass this treasure on!
Come touch me, child.
This ancestor wants nothing better
Than to leave you with the keys
To unlock your wealth...
Whenever you are in doubt
Or left in search to find an identity,
You must keep proud and flaunt about.
Come touch me, child.
I will not let you wander in darkness!
Come touch me,
Before my light is turned out.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Come What May

When one awakens and no longer fast asleep,
There's a need...
To find an honesty in someone,
Everyday.
Come what may.

And that one who's wished is sought to say,
Exactly what they mean.
And everyday.
Come what may.

That someone who's not bothered by,
What others have done.
And someone there who will cuddle,
Without troubles on their tongue.
Everyday!
Come what may.

When one awakens and no longer fast asleep,
There's a need...
To find a honesty in someone,
Everyday.
Come what may.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Come What May Pray Everyday

Come what may...
Pray.
Everyday...
Pray.
Do this in a way,
A peace of mind to you visits.
And with you it chooses to stay.
Don't condone any burden carried,
On your back alone!
Remove any 'agony' from your list of deeds.
You are 'here' for one purpose...
To be happy and succeed.
You will know this and be relieved!
When you pray to receive clarity,
That does not betray!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Come With Me Now

Come.
Come with me now.
Come share with me fantasies,
Before they fade and leave.
Come.
Come with me now.
Cut loose from attached sadness.
Cut loose from past regrets once had,
To know happiness you can receive.

I also hit the bottom,
To have it top me.
Left to grieve with sorrows to remind,
Of heartbreak I could not leave.
But I found,
Fresh air to finally breathe.

Come.
Come with me now.
Come share with me fantasies,
Before they fade and leave.
Come.
Come with me now.
Cut loose from attached sadness.
Cut loose from past regrets once had,
To know happiness you can receive.

Commit,
To forget your pain.
Commit,
To love life like you did...
Again.

Come.
Come with me now.
And commit...
To forget your pain.
Come.
Come with me now.

And commit...
You will live life again.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Come, Rise Up

No one runs from the Sun thinking it can be done.
No one runs from the Sun thinking it can be done.
No one runs from the Sun thinking it can be done.
No one runs from the Sun thinking it can be done.

Come...
(And) Rise up!
Sunrise to open up eyes,
On the horizon to clear up skies.

Come...
And rise up!
To ease the preaching on the streets that heat...
Philosophies to cease the evils.

Come...
(And) Rise up!
Sunrise to open up eyes,
On the horizon to clear up skies.

Remove all shadows from faith and hope.
And silence folks with soaked mopes stroking!

No one runs from the Sun thinking it can be done.
No one runs from the Sun thinking it can be done.
No one runs from the Sun thinking it can be done.
No one runs from the Sun thinking it can be done.

Come...
(And) Rise up!
Sunrise to open up eyes,
On the horizon to clear up skies...
To ease the preaching on the streets that heat,
Philosophies...
To cease all evils.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Comeon! Stop Joking

Obsession with possessions.
And the keeping up of appearances,
To address the making of impressions...
Could lead anyone stressed,
Who is not firmly attached to a faith...
That is devoted and connects strongly to beliefs,
Releasing to decrease a depression that comes...
Felt by one with it deeply done.

All of us can not escape the facing of temptations.
All of us have a crave to taste,
Something that initiates an addiction we create.
To leave burdens that begin to weight,
A happiness thought had that slowly turns to hate.
Having success, fame, and unexpected notoriety,
Can be blamed as factors that began to start that.
And many of us come to find ourselves...entrapped!

And when these times come iot seems there is no one,
Comprehending to understand...
What having compassion can demand,
The doing to appease and please...
Others who can not believe the affect of this that leaves,
Those unaccustomed...
To wearing their undetected broken hearts,
Publicly on suspected happy sleeves.

'Come on.
It can't be 'that' bad.
You have everything I wish I had.'

~And everything you see I paid for to get,
Has never left me feeling deserving...
Of long lasting happiness.
That has not happened for me yet.~

'Comeon!
Stop joking around.
I've never found you this depressed.

Are you working on a new routine?
And you're using me as a test? '

~It's too late.
I wish I could.
I wish you believed me and understood.~

'That's good!
That's real good.
Comeon! Stop joking.'

~I will.
Soon.~

*Soon and very soon,
We're all gonna see the KING.
Soon and very soon,
We're all gonna see the KING.
But...
It's not us but the KING to decide,
How soon that day...
And what it brings.

*Note:
Soon And Very Soon is an old Negro Spiritual.
Composed by: Most Negro Spirituals were spontaneously song.
Who wrote or song it first?
Unable to uncover during research.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Comes As Soothing As Good News

As I age in times ageless,
With those afraid to leave their youth!
I find myself discovering a wealth,
Of understanding I am handed and pursue.
And the magic of this...
Is not so much that I have aged.
It seems that I
No longer deny
My triumphs or those delays!
With a patience that has grown,
To unmask and live my life...
I find that I am the first to admit wrong,
And not to insist that I can be happily right!
Taking my time to make up my mind,
Has left a satisfaction I alone approve.
Knowing that I still try to do my best...
And doing what I damn well choose!
Realizing I am through making excuses,
For me comes as soothing as good news!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Comes With Such Ease

Why can't I undo my habits?
Those that most enjoy my time?
I'd like to nab each one I've got
And leave it with a promise
To be left finally behind!

Why can't I undo temptations,
That fence me in like a fort I protect?
I deny suspecting glances...
Those that catch me in the midst of neglect!

And IF I should give up all that teased,
I say to myself I will not be pleased!
And I grab hold to my habits
Since doing this comes with such ease!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Comfort Zones Owned

No one can claim,
To have comfort zones owned.
Or a place to go totally unaffected,
By the goings on of heightening tensions...
Practiced and condoned.
Whether or not this is conscious.

And those under suspicion,
Seeking to cease dilemmas.
Are those outspoken with no hidden agenda,
But are accused to be nonconformists...
Expressing negativity to spoil those with delusions,
Holding on tightly to them with a wish they are kept.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Comfortable With Defeat

Those accepting a challenge,
Without knowing who against they compete.
Either do it with belief,
They are incapable of losing.
Or have become so comfortable with defeat,
They could care less who the competitor is...
Or who it could be with a wish to see them destroyed.

'Remember me? '

~Oh no! ~

'That's okay.
I said that many years ago.
But from you I have learned many lessons.
Are you ready? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Comforted

Comforted by a life one lives,
To discover as one does it to love.
And awakens to appreciated it given.
With the power of expressing a gratefulness,
Everyday that remains to stay.
Acknowledging blessings clearer displayed.

And once the removal of doubts,
Crowding overwhelming obstacles tossed about...
One decides to face and eliminate,
Those challenges masquerading impossiblities...
Witnessing them to fade,
From the one unafraid to have them chased away.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Comforted And Cuddled

I don't want you in my arms,
Just for sex and sweat.
I want us together...
Simple and not complexed.
I want us to know we are close as one.
Not to smother in an endless love.
But to know what we have,
Belongs to us and not everyone!
I want us to ignite desires that excite.
And when we fall to sleep at night...
Comforted and cuddled,
We are there enfolded...
And holding each other tight!

And may I take this moment,
To correct and confess?
I don't want you in my arms,
Just for sex and sweat...
ALL the time!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Comforted By Knowing It

We are the...
'I'm-gonna-do-that-tomorrow' people.
We would put off a breath,
If it did not mean we had to inhale...
To exhale in the process.

Lazy?
Yes we are.
And comforted by knowing it.
Only to praise someone else who gets something done,
As either intelligent, lucky or brave!
Or all threee if that person happens to live in a small town.
Complete with professional gossipers...
And those practicing their sanctity during the holidays.

We are the...
'I'm-gonna-do-that-tomorrow' people.
Full of ourselves and our beliefs.
Trying to convince ourselves,
How wonderful we are...
If only we worked harder at being honest,
Things would get accomplished so much easier!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Comforted Redundance

A comforted redundance has come to restrict,
Progress and its intent to move humanity forward.
Since repeated conflicts and interests in them,
Prevents a success and those hoping the best...
Of a life to live jeopardizes their wishes.
Now that all focus is on decadence.
And anyone trying to escape from this,
Is scrutinized to perceive themselves...
To be seeking for them what they can not get.
Especially if it has not met with approval.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Comforting Beliefs

A life intellectualized,
Is not a life lived.
I am here to experience it.
This life!
And that is the only prerequisite,
And qualification I need.
With certain degrees of satisfaction,
I try to achieve to please.
But to succeed?
That depends on my own,
Comforting beliefs.
And those are the experiences,
With a few repeated...
That ultimately brought to me peace.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Coming For Them To An End

No one can protect themselves,
Or what it is they do to others...
With the assistance of ignorance.

Nor can those who are rich,
Continue to hoard the World's resources...
By declaring the existence of shortages.

The time for those unseen who rule,
Is coming for them to an end...
Today to expose them.

And those who refuse to acknowledge truth,
By a blocking it with attempts to see it stopped...
Have no more opportunities to get out of the way.

It is pointless for those to gather with others,
Of similar sensibilities...
To debate with a wasting of time,
A defending of a hold they have on their ignorance...
To prove they are out of their minds.
Few are seeking to define the obvious.

The time for those unseen who rule,
Is coming for them to an end...
Today to expose them.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Coming From Under Hypnosis

Coming from under hypnosis,
Can leave legs to wobble just a bit.
And,
One's mind to feel...
Out of it.

Coming from under hypnosis,
One can be diagnosed misfit.
And...
Nonconformist.

'What has happened to the world with it done? '
Say the ones coming out of hypnosis.
'And why does division stuns my vision? '
Say the ones coming out of hypnosis.

'The quality of life has been downsized.
And where are those values now denied? '

Coming from under hypnosis,
One can feel out of it quick.
And coming from under hypnosis,
One can be diagnosed as misfit.
Coming from under hypnosis...
Nonconformist is the label they are stuck with.

Coming from under hypnosis.
'What has happened to the world with it done? '
Coming from under hypnosis.
One can feel out of it quick.
Coming from under hypnosis.
'And why does division stuns my vision? '
Coming from under hypnosis,
One can be diagnosed as misfit.
Coming from under hypnosis...
Nonconformist is the label they are stuck with.

Coming from under hypnosis,
Those left stunned have nowhere to run.

Coming from under hypnosis,
Values once appreciated now are shunned.

Coming from under hypnosis.
'Who took my beliefs,
And fled? '
Coming from under hypnosis.
'Who took my beliefs,
And left them for dead? '

Coming from under hypnosis,
Without a notice to invoke.
One coming from under hypnosis,
Without a notice to provoke.
'Who took my beliefs...
And fled?
And without a notice to invoke.
Who took my beliefs...
And fled away,
Without a notice to provoke.'

Coming from under hypnosis,
One can be diagnosed misfit.
Coming from under hypnosis,
One is regarded and declared useless.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Coming Out Of The Midst Of Shadows

Coming out of the midst of shadows,
To greet the radiance of the Sun...
They come together to defeat the wizards,
Of darkened ambitions.
And they come forward hopeful with wishes...
All conflicts will be dismissed.
Untieing them from the hold of these temptations.

They see, feel and wonder...
Why now do they become released.
Why has their hunger to deny themselves,
Ceased to be?
They are free!
And for the first time...
They are aware of it,
As this shows upon their faces!
Erasing despair and discomforts of a life,
That had held them too frightened to live!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Coming To Comprise

Tear down the illusions.
Reality has been playing,
For quite some time.
You didn't want to deal with it.
Now it deals with you.
And whether you like it or not,
It's coming to comprise your total view.
And you wont be left alone...
There are many more to follow you.
You can run away in fear.
But what you run into will be 'reality' too.
There's no escaping it no matter what you do.
And it wont make a difference what you think is true.
Even that will be renewed when it comes to you.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Coming To Thirst First Upon This Earth

The Cherry Blossoms bloom from buds.
To signal the beginning of a new Spring season.
Pre-ordained to sustain a cycle that remains.
And contains within such a mysterious wonder.
That captivates a captured awe.
With a flawlessness that seems to inspire.

The shortness of lived beauty introduced,
Infuses to linger longer in one's memory...
To keep it there seduced.
With a freshness of its birth patiently anticipated.
And hesitant we are to approach its delicate appearance.
As a perfectness of this is witnessed!
Coming to thirst first upon this Earth.

The Cherry Blossoms bloom from buds.
With an animated life that lives,
To experience then to quickly be gone.
As a perfectness of this is witnessed.
Reminding those aware of what is shared,
That nothing within nature's existence is dismissed...
Coming to thirst first upon this Earth.

Although...
A growth then from a youthfulness quickened by age,
Through a process that saves not...
A glow diminished of blemishes.
With a withering done in stages...
All of us under the Sun soon forget.
As a decaying replaces the experience.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Command As You Demand It

Strike up the band,
And...
Command as you demand it.
Compose a little tune.
With a filling of a room to boom.

And strike up the band.
With a command from you demanded.
Compose a little tune.
With a filling of a room to boom.

Grandstand and be free to be candid.
Strike up the band,
And...
Forget about offending those who may witness.
Strike up the band,
And...
Do it with a strutting flaunted you do best.
With a caring less who objects your steps.

Strike up the band,
And...
Command as you demand it.
Compose a little tune.
With a filling of a room to boom.

And strike up the band.
With a command from you demanded.
Compose a little tune.
With a filling of a room to boom.

Forget about offending those who may witness.
Strike up the band.
And...
With a caring less who objects your steps.
Strike up the band.
And...
Forget about offending those who may witness.
Strike up the band.

And...
With a caring less who objects your steps.
Strike up the band.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Commanded Demandings

Whoever you are,
And wherever you are...
When you call my number!
Is it possible you can add more spice,
To your obscenities?
And call between 8 and 10pm.

Before 8...I'll be having dinner!
And after 10...I'll be having you.
That's if you say the most obnoxious things,
Between 8 and 10...
Like you say you can do.
And I'll let you in the back door,
Since my wife snores heavy
And my mistress next door,
Doesn't see you get down on all fours
And do what you said...
Would keep my head from hanging!

Don't worry,
We'll keep discreet...
As long as you make it sweet,
And keep it heated in repeated
Commanded demandings.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Commendable

If only you,
Were the only one...
Who actively participated,
In the ruining of lives knowingly...
With such a fluid acknowledgement.
But you were not.
Although you admit,
Having some influence over it.

That you have come forward,
To apologize...
With empathy expressed.
And sympathy addressed in your eyes...
Is quite commendable.

However...
Will your confession,
Restore lost lives?
And lifestyles erased by those who survived?

Until what most believe is an impossibility,
But you can do effectively...
To be witnessed by everyone in disbelief.
You can consider your apology...
As suspicious as a rumor that honey is now made,
Synthetically.

And that is being produced with your guarantee,
By someone who discovered...
The secrets left,
By disappearing and missing bees!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Comments Made They Find Offensive

Which people are quick to dismiss substance?
Seems to be always the ones,
Who choose to remain prepared to re-act...
To comments made they find offensive.

Yet defend their nonsense as if tailored fit,
With a keeping away the facts to face.
Or a mirror to evaluate,
The causes of their insecurities.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Commitment To Reveal A Truth

Why are those willing to keep others informed,
With the goings on they should embrace...
Are often the ones who ultimately find themselves,
Faced by those who despise them outright...
For their commitment to reveal a truth and strong faith?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Commitment To The Resistance Of Truth

There is nothing terribly wrong,
In the expressing of anyone's sentiments...
About the multitude of negative events,
Convincingly taking place...
On the other side of their shut doors.

There is nothing wrong with that.
Even to sit back and ignore.
Although a decline in one's quality of life,
Becomes directly affected...
By a tolerated acceptance.

And...
The condoning of this may not be inside one's home.
However...
All of our lives have been threatened by denial.
With a commitment to the resistance of truth,
That sits...
As a fighting continues against its appearance.
And the appearance of truth begins to weaken all defenses.

I too grew up believing,
That if I closed my eyes...
The boogey-man would go away!
IF I kept my eyes closed long enough,
And held onto that belief.
But frightened inside I remained.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Commitments

It has always been important,
To expose and display...
With a showing to those younger,
By the ones who have 'accepted' aging...
To be bold and courageous,
When commitments are made...
In a keeping of one's maturity.
To intend to have them stay that way.

But for whatever the reason many adults believe,
They should keep young ones pleased...
By proving they too can do dumb things,
To then produce foolish excuses made...
With a running away from responsibilities,
Declaring there is a need for outside assistance...
That protects them from a lack of their own negligence,
Is...
More today permitted,
By unintended commitments made to ignorance.

'When I recommended,
Commitments are made to stay with them...
I did not intend for you to interpret,
That not paying attention to comprehend...
Automatically happens when your ears are closed.
And your mouth constantly left kept open.
That's not the kind of commitments made I'm talking about.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Commits To The Giving Of It

How can one not love another,
Who commits to the giving of it...
Unconditionally?

And the last thing anyone should do,
Is to get upset...
By a point of view expressed.

Especially if that point of view,
Is shared between someone loved.
And doing it to communicate too.

Too many people share relationships,
To become angry over nothing quick.
Just to begin an unending argument.

Too many people become easily offended,
When something different that is mentioned...
Causes one not to listen and refuses to pay attention.

And the last thing anyone should do,
Is to get upset...
By a point of view expressed.

How can one not love another,
Who commits to the giving of it...
Unconditionally as true love is meant to be.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Committed And Expressed To Admit

Committed and expressed to admit,
Love isn't heard to often...
Freely flowing to offer it from many closed lips.

Committed and expressed to admit,
Too many feel themselves to be victims...
Of wrong and/or disappointing relationships.

Love isn't heard too often,
Volunteered to give anymore.
Or...
Committed and expressed to admit,
As a wanted desire to be wished...
Like it was in times not too long before.

Many people have moved on to a selfishness.
Many people have moved on from confusion,
To tolerate impatience while enduring through conflict.
Many people have moved on,
From wishes sitting at the top of preferences.
Many people have moved on,
With a decision to please their own happiness wished.
Free...
To live as they please.
And with a commitment expressed to admit.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Committed Everyday To Deny

People,
Are committed everyday to deny...
What they do to abuse and who,
When, where and why!

People,
Are committed everyday to deny...
What they create to initiate,
With a hiding to erase their lies.

Why do backstabbers become offended,
When their cloak and dagger actions...
Begin with a doing they pretend defends.

People,
Are committed everyday to deny...
What they do to abuse and who,
When, where and why!

The rise of crimes aren't hard to find.
But the people,
Are committed everyday to deny...
A participating that eliminates,
The taste for honesty and what it takes.

But the people,
Are committed everyday to deny...
What they do to abuse and who,
When, where and why!

Christians are quick to identify sins!
And with a doing to prove them done.
Yet they don't see they are hypocrites,
Believing their misdeeds will fade away...
The moment they get on their knees to pray!

People,
Are committed everyday to deny!

Why do backstabbers become offended,
When their cloak and dagger actions...
Begin with a doing they pretend defends.

People,
Are committed everyday to deny...
What they create to initiate,
With a hiding to erase their lies.

People,
Are committed everyday to deny...
What they do to abuse and who,
When, where and why!

We, the people,
Are committed everyday to deny...
We can live our lives dismissing truth.
And people,
Are committed everyday to deny...
Truth is not a pursuit.
And it can be refused as a choice to choose.

OH yes, the people,
Are committed everyday to deny...
They live lives without truth.
And people,
Are committed everyday to deny...
Truth shouldn't be a pursuit.
And it can be refused as a choice to choose.
Yes the people...
Are committed everyday to deny!

People,
Are committed everyday to deny,
A needing of some mental health.
That's more needed than the wish for wealth.

People,
Are committed everyday to deny,
A needing of some mental health.
More needed than the wish for wealth.

And this,
The people...
Are committed everyday to deny!

And this,
The people...
Are committed everyday to deny!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Committed To Deliver

I can not settle to produce less,
Than my best.
And,
Not knowing what that is,
Yet...
I stay awake without rest.

I am committed to deliver,
As if I must pass a test.
And,
If I should fail to please,
Beyond what I believe is mere mediocrity...
I am the one without sleep that gets done.

I can not settle to produce less,
Than my best.
And,
Not knowing what that is,
Yet...
I stay awake without rest.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Committed To Ignorance

The dumbing further down,
Of a dumbdowning done...
Only validates a stupidity,
Observed.
And not needing to be mentioned,
Intellectually...
By anyone!

Lines drawn in the sand,
On the same land shared.
Only depict those as fools doing it.
Dividing to conquer...
Over what no one has ownership.

The dumbing further down,
Of a dumbdowning done...
Only validates a stupidity,
Observed.
And not needing to be mentioned,
Intellectually...
By anyone!

Awakening from trivia,
Is a difficult task...
For those petty of consciousness,
And minds behind and glued...
To their past.

And nothing is going to change,
Those committed to ignorance!
Especially those who perceive themselves,
Creators of life!
And all that exists.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Committed To Meaning

Difficult it can be.
And often is.
To keep thoughts kept,
Uplifted and positive.
With it shown to be known,
Others in positions...
Seem to be on missions,
To undermine anyone done.
As if they've been selected to take requests,
From the ones to prove...
They are the best at this quest.
And done to do in masquerade too.

'sssshhhh.
Keep your voice down.
Can't you wait until,
The preacher's sermon is finished? '

Hmph.
Difficult it is,
To leave worldly possessions,
One has collected behind to find...
That's all that folks have on their minds.
Not that this was done to sacrifice.
To choose over selfishness,
Because someone else's life was prioritized.
People choose to disguise,
Their deceptions to hide the telling of lies.

Difficult it is to keep these sentiments left kept,
Committed to meaning.
Difficult it is to leave God out of the mix,
When an evilness one experiences...
Is prayed to God to have it fixed.
Yet I hope God is listening to put an end to it.

~Amen, my brutha.
Amen.
Now...

Let us all bow our heads.
And pray that this brutha,
Isn't referring to anyone in here.
To have his wishes for us to witnessed,
Those who have done him an injustice or misdeed.
I certainly don't want to feel the heat of hell,
Before I get in my Mercedes and leave.~

'I'm not inviting you to church anymore.'

I don't know why not.
You told me I should bring my troubles to God.
And even the minister knew,
To rush through his sermon to pray...
Before those demons got up to walk away.
I didn't have to go far to bring my troubles to God.
The moment I sat down,
I recognized them immediately.
Thanks for inviting me.

~Amen, my brutha.
Amen.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Committed To Memory

It is conveniently done,
And with a purpose to serve...
A boosting of one's morale and nerve,
To discredit others behind their backs...
With the telling of lies and other non-facts.

To enable one heard and seen doing this,
An opportunity to smear to have themselves uplifted.
And always at the absence of another unable to defend,
Or agree to an expense being paid free of evidence.
To have such comments being said,
By those attempting to convince with nonsense.
And to leave one unprotected against,
The telling of falsities conveniently delivered.

And those who seem to remember what others do,
As if committed to memory a reciting of official documents...
Find it difficult to remember their most recent misdeeds,
To have others believe they are victims of their own innocence.
And these folks are all over the place hoping to collect dirt.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Committed To Truth

Someone who has made mistakes,
And has admitted them...
Whether publicly,
Or in private conversation...
Has much more credibility,
Than someone who hides flaws.
With pretense.
And a shallowness condensed,
Behind a self righteous stance to convince...
They are squeaky clean!
We are all human beings.
And if anyone denies,
They've done nothing to regret in their entire life...
Either lies,
Or an introduction to truth has not been made.
And if it was...
They would deny it anyway!
Anyone committed to truth,
Should not be held accountable
For others who are not.
Or even to those who are!
How many lives can one person live at one time?
Especially if one is trying to live the one given,
Correctly!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Committed Transgressions

Ultimately they will pay.
Those, they and them alone.
Or with others condoned,
Who have committed transgressions.

With wide eyed disturbing belief,
They begin to experience the grief...
From the implementation initiated,
By incredible deceit left to leave the innocent,
Weeping.

They will ultimately pay,
For ruining these lives...
By lies told to betray.
And today...
Not tomorrow will their sorrows start.

Those in 'professions' confessed to transgress...
Will feel the piercing for them felt deep.
For unforgiveable misdeeds leaked.
To market a peace unreachable.
Although teased by an increase of weapons used.
Coming to eventually burn their minds.
As reminders of the people and the times they abused!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Commode

I can understand the popularity,
Of that ornate cap worn by women...
In the late 17th and early 18th centuries.
However...
Was it the shape,
Or the usefulness of it...
Determined by someone amused,
To call this look...
A 'commode'?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Common

Just because you do not wish something to exist,
Why must you campaign to destroy its presence?
To present and allow what you have created,
An influence to achieve a believable significance?

You will find you have wasted effort and time,
When those you are trying your best to convince.
Their own eyes to open wide do not connect to their minds!
Or belongs to them exclusively,
To be used for independent thinking to experience.

And believe this or not,
Many will be shocked to come to realize for themselves...
A kind of sense for them that you have yet to make.
And they will begin to regard this activity as common.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Common Denominator

You do the math.

A selected lifestyle,
Continuing to upset...
The very same people,
Who have chosen that life to accept...
With little done to improve what displeases
Are vocal with their pities weeped.

Never have they been given looks of disrespect,
From those they rejected,
As being less and many steps below them.
No one they dejected,
Felt of themselves better off than the rest.

And if observed,
It would appear those upset...
Direct their eyes upon those who have chosen happiness,
As their common denominator...
Over bling and shiny things to impress.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Common Field Hands

'And 'this' time...
Let me do all the talking.'

~Be my guest.
My suggestions...
Have already been rejected.
And your protests have long ago lowered,
My expectations.~

'And when we arrive...
It has been decided we should all pray.'

~Should we be on knees with heads bowed? ~

From one observed episode to another that grows,
Excessively clear with routines endeared...
Those with connected mindsets affected,
Remain on the same road to follow and sustain...
While assessing their needs that have not changed,
Find themselves less aggressive but more upset...
By what entraps them to comments made and expressed.
As if collectively an awakening has happened.

'And when we arrive...
It has been decided we should all pray.'

~Be my guest.
I've already confessed my indignations.~

No matter how they are dressed to impress,
Or address being upset...
They still head in one direction.
A direction long since paved but littered with denial.

What is lacking is a strength found in discipline rejected.
And when an identity is kept dissected,
A value is lost in its prospective to interject with effectiveness.
Regardless who achieves a dressing to impress opposition.
Common field hands or highly paid house workers...

All will gather to request,
Renovations done on a plantation...
Is given a respect from the owners to listen,
As to which colors to use to update the appearance.

'And 'this' time...
Let me do all the talking.'

~Be my guest.
My suggestions...
Have already been rejected.
And your protests have long ago lowered,
My expectations.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Common Is The Breath We Breathe

You can choose to see me as you wish.
With it perceived to believe...
My physical appearance to reflect it as is,
Can be easily judged as you dismiss it.
To reject as not a true representation of life.
You may think of me as an imitation if you like.
With no dreams to wish,
Or needs to have with wants to get.

But one day your feelings felt towards me,
Will be discovered to be no different...
Than the ones you feel to display from underneath.
And when that day comes,
To be followed by tomorrows with this to realize...
Although our lives maybe lived in ways to criticize,
Common is the breath we breathe to have done...
On one Earth. One Moon. And One beaming Sun.

However...
Uncommon is the One God,
Who has bestowed upon us all...
This gift of life for 'us' to receive to have some perceive,
Their gift to get reflects more of a significance.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Common Or Not

Common or not.
These days to repeat.
Senseless violence.
Increasing on the streets.
People can stop this to be allowed,
And to follow.
Common or not.
Threats disturbing peace.
To accept.
No sleep or rest to get.
People can stop this to be allowed.
And to follow.

Too many down.
Welcoming their woes.
Holding onto agonies,
To show them exposed.
People can stop this to be allowed.
And to follow.
If they abort,
Supporting suffering that demeans.
On the scene.
To validate it giving.
If they abort,
Defining it as life...
As danger.
Lived to feel endangered!

Common or not...
Life to live should be kept precious.
Common or not...
This blessing isn't permanent.
Common or not...
Conflicts to inflict a fear,
Doesn't leave all people cheering.
Whether or not...
A victory declared is endeared.

It's all about the economics,

Tieing people up in knots.
But the people can stop,
Buying fear to chase it away.
And whether common or not...
People could if wanted,
Live better days that stay.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Common Sense

Wisdom rules and mends a heart that falters.
And heals the mind of those who took time to stray!
These days require all eyes be open.
And assessments of others once entertained,
Find new homes to settle to remain
Locked in!

We are embarking on 'THEE REALITY'!
So buckle up folks...
Everything you thought you knew,
And the time it took for you to know it...
Is coming to an abrupt end!
Take your common sense,
And strap it on tight!
There will only be a few like you that will have it!
And...
For safety purposes...
Do not flaunt it!
Just know that you have it with you,
At all times for emergency use!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Common Sense Is Dead

Why did this happen?
And could have any of this...
Been avoided to prevent?

'What has happened to common sense?
And could the benefit of having it to use,
Make all the difference? '

Why did this happen?
And could have any of this...
Been avoided,
To prevent?

'What has happened to common sense?
And could the benefit of having it to use,
Make all the difference? '

Why do you insist on repeating,
What you have already said?
Isn't it obvious,
There is something else that is missing?
The use of common sense will not make a difference.
Common sense is dead.

'Well...
That's unfortunate.
If common sense is dead...
Why do you continue to question,
What is happening?
If everyday you question reality,
Common sense is not the only thing dead in your head.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Common Sense Is Missing

Common Sense?
If it is so common,
Why is it so rarely displayed?
People who succeed academically...
Sometimes find it hard to mix
With those who are suppose to lack
A worldly knowledge and quick wit!

Those who spend their lives in books...
May have minds of intelligence,
But few know how to cook!
Or know how to hold a conversation...
Without returning an 'all knowing' look!
With a raised eyebrow...
And a half smile crooked!

And common sense is missing.
That is realized before a word is said!
There is something about spontaneity...
Many find difficult to express from their heads!
Or able to exchange...
When brains are prepared to regurgitate,
Details obtained about 'historical' ancient remains!

And common sense...
If there's any left,
Is not expected to come from the lips
Of minds so far removed, dull and shamefully inept!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Common Sense Without Relevance

Wasting precious valued time,
Playing mind games to create...
Has a way of aging explanations.
And leaving those growing older,
Left behind to find...
Their childish indiscretions,
As an attempt to remain relevant...
A reason to squeeze,
Any evidence of patience...
Someone to have claimed it,
Could no longer prove still exists.
Around some folks,
Who make it difficult...
For it to continue to pretend,
A kept interest is maintained.
Especially with anyone believing,
Common sense without relevance...
Is worthy to escalate,
Into an argument that had its start
In a school yard playground.

'What...on Earth...
Are you talking about? '

-Sure. Go ahead and pretend,
You don't remember what you did.
In 1962!
And don't look at me,
As if I'm the one that's crazy.-

'This is a test isn't it?
You just want to whip me up,
Into a screaming frenzy.
So you can run and tell,
The teacher...
How I pick on you.'

-I knew you would remember.-

There are places and people in them,
Committed to remain unchanged.
As if to do so would prevent,
A reality that has been distanced...
To interfere with a kept,
And cemented ignorance.
Although observed as detrimental,
To a growth process...
Accepted to have had,
No relevance to the absence...
Of a mental progress,
Noticeably gone long in decline.

-And stop looking at me,
Like I have lost my mind.-

'No! It's not you.
I'm the one here out numbered.
And I know it to be true.
By more than just a few.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Commonality

Before posting and observed.
The censors wish to approve every word.
And when it is decided,
By those who perceive themselves...
Judges of taste and high quality.
They then release what others see.
As they step over decadence and filth.
Which is with them a commonality.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Communicated To Heal Disparities

Glamoured and left blind,
By a need to get an attention given.
Romanticized by fantasies,
Adulation pleases to satisfy.
As egos thirst for popularity.
With an indulgence to feel important.

Those absorbed in self orbiting egos,
Feast to feed on sincerity paraded to charade.
And history proves when research is revealed,
Few egos have efforts communicated to heal...
Disparities existing to correct and mend,
When egos bask alone in a limelight that begins.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Communicating With Diminishing Minds

I've chosen not to dope my reality.
And it has been the most difficult thing,
I have ever done.
Especially when seeking someone,
Who has decided to quit attempts to impress.

So many have chosen,
To even run away from their delusions.
And in these times...
Communicating with diminishing minds,
Is not easy.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Community Theater

NOW.
With a surfacing of belated sentiments,
An admitted wishing of rethinking.
Does nothing for the implementation of it.
Common sense,
Had not been represented.
In their maddening willingness to display,
Their nonsense.

And a hastily solicited audience to videotape,
Can not be convinced
This presentation they are forced to applaud,
Will be shown as the best of community theater.
And not a segment depicting,
A process of their leaders picked.
Performing a state of crisis,
As would be done by children playing a game of politics.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Compacted To Be Compromised

We are approaching...
The last stop.
The last stop before logic as a topic,
Can be used.
If not...
Dupes to drop continue to abuse,
Those of minds devoted to be hoodwinked.
Hoodwinks done to purposely amuse,
The ones on the top,
Using dupes to fool.
And compacted to be compromised as tools,
Will be me and you.

Unknown to realize,
Our minds have been compromised to use.
And duped to fool on promises made.
Duped to fool on playing those games.
Duped to fool on claiming those gains...
When none of them came.
And duped to fool...
On transparencies nobody sees.
Duped to fool on beliefs deceived.
And awaiting to get dreams,
Like an addict on crack.
Promised by a pusher to get bags that stack.

Duped to fool...
On promises made.
Duped to fool...
On playing those games.
Duped to fool...
On claiming those gains.
When none of them came.

Compacted to be compromised.
And hoodwinked.
Compacted to be compromised.
And duped to fool.
Compacted to be compromised.

And hoodwinked.
Compacted to be compromised.
And duped to fool.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Comparing Deeds Done

An exhaustion that comes,
To the one giving...
Seems to go overlooked,
By what others do to share.
As if a competition in a race is there.
Instead of feelings that are genuine,
When comparing deeds done...
At social affairs.

Amongst those they are who benefit,
From their being in cliques.
Just to say how their time is spent.
Regardless if what is done is effective.
And generating an effectiveness,
Seems for many not to be their purpose.
Or an involvement to them really meant.

'Then what is their purpose? '

That's a good question to ask.
But I'm just an observer.
I am not the one behind the assigning to them tasks.

'Then you have time to waste! '

Are you kidding?
I am on my way to another hat fitting.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Comparing Notes And Sharing Agonies

Not into the emotionally needy types.
You know...
The kind that want others to understand,
Where they are coming from.
And not listen at all to recommendations.
But would call to shower their emotions...
Without hesitation!
Luckily I was able to pull myself out of quicksand,
While those folks stood around...
Comparing notes and sharing agonies!
Self preservation I had to grasp early.
And this was done,
When I was extremely young!
If I had not...
I would have long been forgotten.
But those into gossip and good meals,
Would 'still' be in discussion years later...
About the food served at my repast.
Those are the folks,
I have learned to bypass!
Very early when I knew,
I had to pass my own tasks!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Comparing Themselves To Others

People will do everything within their power,
To prevent their own ignorance from being displayed.
Especially if it has been decades,
They have spent comparing themselves to others...
Victimized by it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Compassion

It is one's compassion,
And beliefs...
To alleviate a grief felt.
With a bringing to others...
A feeling of relief,
That is received and released.
To asist in the melting...
With a helping of it to go away.

Distress seems to be left,
Everywhere on one's path today.
Another who cares,
Isn't 'asked' to be there...
But is there,
Anyway.

That is compassion,
Fashioned...
From understanding another's pain.

Compassion that is fashioned,
From a mode of action...
That one sustains.

It is not a style to maintain,
When the mood of it goes.
It is there to show,
With sincerity...
As it's received.

That is compassion,
Fashioned...
From understanding another's pain.

Compassion that is fashioned,
From a mode of action...
That one sustains.

Distress seems to be left,

Everywhere on one's path today.
Another who cares,
Isn't 'asked' to be there...
But is there,
Anyway.

And if asked to stay,
That one with compassion...
Will!

That one,
That comes with compassion...
Will.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Compassion Seekers

Admitted compassion seekers,
Seem to be on the rise...
In increasing numbers these days.
And with a quiet desperate reaching,
To justify why they have dissatisfactions.
With hearts so unhappy,
In times when any happiness felt...
Has a desire to be freed,
Of those traps...
Carried too long on burdened backs.

Admitted compassion seekers,
Are on the increase with wishes to be released...
From unending debates.
And those rat races chasing,
Fixations to taste a piece of expensive cheese.
A higher consciousness has come to enlighten.
An insight for a wider diet 'speaks'.
And an addiction to 'things'...
Many are finding,
Is diminishing from them to decrease.

Giving to receive to reciprocate the act of that,
Are those advocating to be touched!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Compelling Motivation

Everyday is an audition,
For those with gifts and committed.
With strict discipline inflicted,
The ones devoted can not sit.
And restricted they will never be.
No matter who presents attempts to prevent,
To them what has been given and heaven sent.

Everyday is an audition.
Everyday is a submission,
For those conditioned to produce.
And with minds that are seduced,
As if induced to accept...
An obsession to possess,
What for them remains confessed.

A compelling motivation,
Within the head has been fixed.
Everyday is a submission,
For those positioned with this condition.
And perfectly within them fits.

A compelling motivation,
Takes hold and manifests.
To possess as if obsessed,
Without question to where one is destined.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Compensated Enough

Expressing an attitude towards me,
Because my needs were then tolerated.
And she felt obligated to perform...
As if donating to a cause and charity.

And what was done,
Was compensated enough.
To force one of us to leave...
So I did!

And those who knew of this,
Believed me to be the culprit.
I didn't care one bit.
Since a few hours after I said 'I Do'...
She confessed she was in love,
With one of her girlfriends.
Names I wont mention,
To protect my own sanity.

And I had been on her agenda...
As 'something' she could not remove,
Until she proved to her family and friends,
She could find any fool to marry!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Competent And Competitive

People given positions,
Would like to believe themselves...
As being intelligent.
To then be compensated,
For the ease to be manipulated.
And accepted to play on the team.

Those who are intelligent,
Are rarely offered a second interview.
Since anyone in a position to hire,
Would find it difficult to fire...
Someone with an opinion,
Who proves to be competent AND competitive.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Competing In Competitions

You lured me with one hope and wish,
That from you I would get...
Love to express and devotion I'd expect.
With it done unconditionally.
Yet...
Had I known you had conditions hidden,
While awaiting to see...
If I would meet your preferences,
Time I had given with love confessed...
Would have been saved and not wasted,
With it clear you did not have or could address...
What it takes to keep me appreciating,
That which I selected to be at the top of my list.
And not one represents,
Competing in competitions to have others impressed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Competing To Top Their Anguish

Discouragement is so overrated!
If someone chooses to be depressed...
Let them!
And leave them quick!
Unless it is recognized...
This is a temporary setback,
They themselves despise!
If it is realized as a momentary mood filler,
Wish them the best...
And give your mind some peace and rest!
Quicken your steps away from them!
Be cordial.
You never know,
What this movement might begin!

However...
If you are willfully being selected,
By someone to deplete from you your goodwill,
Into a conscious baiting complete of drama overkill!
Awaiting to strip every remnant of your glow.
Along with a magnificence you began to feel and show...
Before this accidental encounter,
Begins to stir with a familiar flow.
It may be too late to back away slowly!
As the temperature set now,
Seeks ways to attract you to despair!
Go ahead...
Display a hint of caring!
And within minutes,
You will be competing to top their anguish!

People like that love to prove,
Those in a good mood...
Know little about life and disappointment!
And,
When they have achieved
A shared shouting and screaming match...
That pleases,
With you...

Beginning to quiver lips and bare teeth,
As you attempt to unlatch from their point of view!
Teased with a treatment they pursued to indo!
Witness their eyes glisten with accomplishment.
And you...
Have provided their satisfaction!
And you...
Have now been prepared to attack!
Watch them sit back,
To revel in their deed you fed with ease!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Competing With Myself

I no longer sit to be amazed,
By those who believe an ease of life...
Is given for the one who fights for it.

I no longer sit with curiosity,
Thinking of those who seek not to be challenged...
But expect a shipment of opportunities to them delivered.

I no longer refute accusations made,
About the validity of my abilities.
Or debate with those to ignorant to know.

I no longer sit to be amazed,
By those who believe an ease of life...
Is given for the one who fights for it.

And I do not have to look or have the presence,
As if I am dressed for battle.
I am not seeking to impress with images of conquest.
Since I've been competing with myself all of my life.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Competition

Competition?
I don't like it,
When no one else is involved!
And opponents?
They are becoming rare these days!
Myself?
I'm my worse competitor!
I am never satisfied,
Unless I'm looking for challenges!
My sisters...
Andrea ('Mimmie') , Tammy and Lisa
They did this to me!
They make me 'sick' with their brilliance!
But,
I will never let them know that.
They will want to raise the bar!
As if this is some contest of some kind.
And it ain't!
I am too grown for that!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Competitor To Deceive

It is not that I am against relationships.
I am just one taught to be cautious.

And investments lost,
Putting in time, effort AND emotion
To get little or non-significant benefit,
Of an expected dividend
Is a situation I have experienced.
Until a wasting of time had been spent.

It is not that I am against relationships.
I am one just not too easy,
To get involved again to discover
I have a weakness to believe,
That in today's society as I know it to be
I could actually fall in love with someone,
Who can be loyal, honest.
And not think of me as a competitor to deceive.

And
That is not to be regarded as a reflection,
Of anyone I 'thought' I knew.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Complete Destitution

What motivates someone,
To select another to victimize?
When it is their own life they jeopardize.
And everything they value is at stake.
Including complete destitution.
Knowing this can not be faked,
Discreetly!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Complete Fool

'For clarification purposes...
Let me say this,
I am not an idiot.
Nor have I ever been an idiot!
I love brown rice.
I have always loved brown rice.
And those accusations to the contrary
Are hurtful allegations
To erode my many years of public service!
That I kept this to myself...
And away from those who trusted my decisions,
For more than fourty years...
I did so in the hopes that the gas I passed
Would go away!
It did so in past encounters!
When at the time,
I chose to wear my open toed sandals!
For that...
I regret.
I know now I should have worn my wingtips!

I repeat...
I am not an idiot.
I have never been an idiot.
I love brown rice.
I have always loved brown rice.
That I pleaded guilty...
I deeply regret!
And have since sought counseling
From a noted nutritionist,
To help me with my diet!
And decide how to best deal with this situation.

And again...
With the hopes that I am totally convincing...
I am not an idiot.
Nor have I ever been an idiot.
I love brown rice.
I have always loved brown rice.

I may be a complete fool...
But an idiot,
I am not! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Complete Turnaround

Doesn't it become increasingly easier,
To berate instead of participate...
In correcting that which has taken place,
In a devastated society.

Doesn't it become such a relief to criticize,
And despise from the sidelines...
With an agenda to deface those of purpose and dignity.
While provoking others with sensibilities,
Similar to those we keep.
To sit and pass judgements...
And do nothing else,
But to attack others when and where we so please.
And do this as if a deed.
Even unconsciously as we sleep.
As if directed.

Doesn't it become increasingly easier,
To identify folks like these?

'Yeah it does,
'Cause I aint nuthin' like that! '

Doesn't it become a fact of life,
To have some people portrayed...
As lazy, shiftless fools?

'Huh?
Whatchu sayin'? '

Doesn't it seem those that do this to others,
Appear insecure with something to prove?

'Don't get too deep with me,
Okay?
Please don't do that.'

If you and I were better than others...
Would we need to announce this continually?

And do that with attitude?
On a daily basis?

Would we need to remind others around us...
Who is depicted as a 'minority'?
And who deserves to steal and cheat...
Deceiving those 'we' perceive WE can defeat!
Because 'We' declare ourselves the majority.
Taking and receiving desrespectfully,
And selfishly.

'You stay alone a lot, huh? '

And what is that suppose to mean?

'It's just noticeable.
My cousin use to be a writer too.
Then something happened to him in prison.
And overnight it seems he got into the ministry! .'

We all need not to undergo severe pain,
Or suffer undo sacrifice to give up that which we enjoy.

'He enjoyed whatever happened to him in prison,
That's why he decided upon the ministry.'

So he did a complete turnaround?

From what I understand by what he tells me...
This was done several times.

'Several times? '

Yes...
Before he made up his mind,
To leave behind temptations.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Completed Elementary Lessons

Growing and knowing,
Necessary changes have come...
With them done to be made,
Isn't always planned.
Some are left behind to feel... Offended, upset and neglected.
Since those they knew,
Aren't the ones once known...
In schools attended.
Nor do they live lives repeating,
Completed elementary lessons... Learned.
To have moved on.

And this shift in consciousness,
Remains difficult to comprehend...
For the many,
Still with childish minds.
Whining and complaining...
About how others have begun to act,
As if they had forgotten...
Who and how they were 'years' ago!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Compliments

What do I have to prove?
To you?
Nothing.
To myself?
Everything you can imagine.
Just to keep you,
From ever asking me that question again.
And I will do it...
To keep your lips sealed!
When that happens,
That will provide you with proof enough!
And your lips will not part,
To say another thing about me!
However...
Be free to express to me,
Your compliments if you wish...
In my presence!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Composed Of Mind

Silence is mostly appreciated,
By those composed of mind.
Unrested egos seek to be soothe,
With vocalized encouragements...
Coming from outside sources.
To store within as if to comfort.
Believing that a peace follows.
Only to feel a vanishing appeal.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Compound 7

I seek with a want,
For a one or a five in my life.
To share my interests,
And my adventure that excites...
The igniting of the fire,
I have ascending on my horizon.

A sheep, a rabbit or a boar,
Would fit just right.
A sixteen I am.
A compund 7.
To be with a one or a five,
Would for me be very nice.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Comprehending A Strength Valued

No high becomes so low,
Than the acknowledgement...
That a sitting on a pedestal,
One day has to go!

And nothing is as refreshing,
As knowing what is rooted below...
Remains to sustain all that grows,
For those comprehending a strength valued.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Comprehending Conversations

Distressing is the truth as it is addressed.
So much of it is exposed.
It no longer has to be debated.
Or baited for confessions to be professed.

It is being naturally expressed.
As if it now sits within everyone's consciousness.
Wielding a saber.
And slashing down to size...
Those with over bloated and boasting mindsets.

And there is no reason to put those in denial on trial.
Comprehending conversations with less pretense,
Will be in the atmosphere for quite awhile.

They are in debt,
Yes.
We are in debt,
Yes.
Everyone shares an indebted togetherness.
In a depthness obvious and clear it is regretted.
And...
Instead of the separate checks requested?
May we have that 'gluttony' on one check, please?
And...
Is it possible we can be forgiven if we don't leave a gratuity?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Comprehending Is The Key

I had the funding.
I had the opportunity.
And I wanted with them to share.

'What happened? '

I gave back the funding.
I returned the opportunity.
And I told those who supported me,
I could find no one who cared.

'So what is it that you do now? '

Stay focused.
Move forward.
And make huge investments,
In the minding of my own business.

'Aren't those the same people who say,
What is needed is commitment and unity...
In this community? '

I stay focused.
I've moved forward.
And I make huge investments,
In the minding of my own business.

'I know you heard me.'

I stay focused.
I've moved forward.
And...

'I make huge investments,
In the minding of my own business.'

I hear you.
Comprehending is the key,
To keeping one's peace of mind.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Comprehending Your Success

Can you accept and believe it...
The air allows a breathing to be achieved?

I am glad you do agree.
Because if you didn't,
I would suspect your thoughts...
As being an experimental accident.
And not an intention given!

And those wishes to fulfill dreams you have,
Are coincidences of good timing.
But you expect bad luck to receive.
And your acknowledgement of it,
Is on call in your mind.
Confirmed in a constant rewinding.
The kind that could be left behind.
To attract an absence.
But losing it is a fear you can not bear.

Although each breath you take...
You think nothing to rid of.
To inhale is a thing done you do.
To exhale is what one tosses away...
To insignificantly float.
To fade from a once over bloated gloatness.

But since you accept and believe,
The air allows a breathing to be achieved...
A possibility of comprehending your success,
Is something you should not waste time to connect!
To flaunt something you did...
In an awareness of it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Comprehension

Philosophical hypocrisies,
Are easy to dropp and leave.
The status quo is in a state of shambles.
And how things go is percieved,
As the way they ought to be!

Whatever is said and how it gets done...
Few question motives anymore.
Nothing today has a validity that stays,
To compare to what was done before.

There once was a time when good advice was sought...
To bring about a comprehension to resolve.
But misunderstandings communicated now...
Is a goal many achieve to flaunt and not dissolve.

The right thing wished is dismissed for the wrong,
As if it belongs in affairs!
And no one dares to question end results...
For fear an accountability,
Will examine a stagnation...
That attempts a clarity without the use of insults!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Comprehension Makes The Difference

I don't compile.
Collect or inspect.
I interpret.
I don't dissect,
I erect.
I research to prove,
What I do has merit.
I bare within me that which is seen,
Outside where the breeze is there.
Refreshened in crisp air,
I cleanse.
I carry what I choose.
I refuse excessive baggage.

My initiative innovates,
And builds.

I seek to reach.
Not speak about defeat,
In pleasant expected acceptance.
I want to know...
Therefore I am curious.

Not a bit am I nosey.
Comprehension makes the difference.
I've begun to recognize,
There is a benefit that comes...
With motivated persistence.

And when I stand,
My eyes are clear.
I stay alert to ideas I hear.
My initiative innovates,
And builds.

I don't compile.
Collect or inspect.
I interpret.
I don't dissect,

I erect.
I research to prove,
What I do has merit.
I bare within me that which is seen,
Outside where the breeze is there.
Refreshened in crisp air,
I cleanse.
I carry what I choose.
I refuse excessive baggage.

There is a benefit that comes...
With motivated persistence.
And comprension makes the difference.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Comprehension That Is Communicated

No one has to read to then rate,
What it is I submit.
I don't write with the intention,
To get that kind of attention.
I want to touch those,
Who live to have a purpose in life.
And we have an understanding,
With a comprehension...
Needing not to be mentioned,
But felt...
That is communicated.
Who decides what I do fits to suit,
Whatever it is 'they' pursue...
Will have little to no effect on my approach.
I've left that stage of seeking spotlight,
Approval and acceptance.
For some reason maturity,
Has my mind focused on the 'reality' I live.
I am a writer.
Not a socialite.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Compromise Is The Prize

Realizing compromising...
Doesn't mean one is left not to succeed.
To compromise,
Leaves a benefit for those to see...
What had been impossible is quickly reached.

Some have eyes on a prize,
Just to win.
With a getting of a praise,
From someone given.

Some have eyes on a prize,
Just to begin...
A strutting with their noses up.
With a holding of a golden cup.

Some have eyes on a prize,
Just to win.
With a getting of a praise,
From someone given.

Some have eyes on a prize,
Just to begin...
A strutting with their noses up.
With a holding of a golden cup.
But...
To realize it's compromise,
That delivers to the ones who are givers...
And always with benefits.

Compromise is the prize,
And there is no end that quits.

Some have eyes on a prize,
Just to begin...
A strutting with their noses up.
With a holding of a golden cup.
But...
Compromise is the prize,

And there is no end that quits.
To realize it's compromise,
Has it's benefits.
And...
Long lasting.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Computerized For Presentation

When consistency is missed
And is not part of common sense
Nor logic
It becomes more difficult to prove,
Credibility is used in actual performance
Especially when those looking for it
To experience its working effects
And the benefits of it displayed
Are shown pictures depicting
Idealistic aspects
That have been graphically retouched
And computerized for presentation

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Concealed To Produce A Seduced Humanity

Those of calculating personalities,
Have manipulated themselves into a brick wall.
And obvious are the intentions,
Of those who circumvent truth.

They are the ones seen navigating away,
In custom made shirts and tailored suits.
On the pursuit,
They say...
To correct morals and fading ideals.

The ones,
In their public address...
They say appeal to standards,
And a certain class...
They've spent time manufacturing.
To market and witnessed to be those trashed.
For the purpose to pocket and run with the cash.

Those of calculating personalities,
Have manipulated themselves into a brick wall.
Obvious are the intentions,
Of those who circumvent truth.

They are the ones seen navigating away,
In custom made shirts and tailored suits.
On the pursuit,
They say...
To correct morals and fading ideals.

Leaving the ones unconcious to debate with zeal.
Although none provide examples,
Where this wholesomeness appeals.
But no one wishes to explain why,
They prefer decadence over righteousness...
Concealed,
To produce a seduced humanity.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Concealed Unrevealed

Truth for what it is,
To examine and scrutinize...
Has left a segment,
Of a population deluded and in denial...
As to what they do to themselves and others,
Should be excused with the truth...
Concealed unrevealed and left to hide.

Good intentions to mention,
Without producing them to realize...
Always offers those exits to escape,
To replace their irresponsibilities...
On the shoulders of the ones,
Accepting their actions in fear to face...
Their 'own' excuses to make them okay.

'All over the place people are losing their minds.'

~How can one lose what they never had to find? ~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Concealing The Truth

This is what you care about...
I don't mention your flaws.
I pretend your insecurities don't exist.
And when we are in public,
I am to act as if everything you do is fantastic.
No matter how miserable concealing the truth makes me.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Conceding To Acknowledge Misdeeds

A conceding to acknowledge misdeeds,
Done to others...
With a expectation to have those deceived,
To believe intentional misdeeds done...
Had been just mistakes to be forgotten and erased,
Is going to take a removal and a replacement...
Of the ones who now come to plead to be forgiven.
To guarantee 'that' forgiveness given,
Has no opportunity or chance to be repeated again.
This is the direction that has to be taken,
To ensure those who run from an accountability...
Will never be held responsible,
To address revealing confessions.
Or feel they should character assassinate,
Anyone unafraid to speak the truth.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Conceit

Conceit,
And the explicit unconsciousness of it.
Is not noticed by those seeking adulation.
They are on the scene,
To ensure others are aware of their presence.
And if a bullhorn used is not effective...
Methods to gain attention by insults expressed,
Is the only way they can leave long lasting impressions.
Even though nothing else is left addressed.
Like something valued with substance to profess.
But nothing from their lips,
Probes below a shallowness to expose that kind of 'depth'.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Conceited

You try too hard to deal with me.
Don't.
My basic approach reflects a complexity.
I know this!
And I can understand,
Why you believe there is much more to me.
But there isn't.

Between you and me...
I will admit this!
Sssshhh...
Come closer!
I am a victim of my own brilliance!
YES!

However,
You did not hear that from me,
Okay?

If it was discovered I had 'that' much confidence...
People would mistake my arrogance for pride.
And I much rather have them believe I am conceited.
Contrived and full of myself.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Concentrate On The Game

Concentrate...
On the game you play.
And never,
Exercise eyes.
To never,
Glance at both sides.

Concentrate...
On the game you play.
To do it,
With purpose and pride.
To do it,
Until you're satisfied.

Concentrate...
On the game you play.
To always,
Seek a better way...
That can be always,
A better game played.

Concentrate...
On the game you play.
And never,
Exercise eyes.
To never,
Glance at both sides.
To do it,
With a purpose you pride.
To do it,
Until you're satisfied.
To always,
Seek a better way...
That can be for for,
A better game played.

Concentrate...
On the game you play.
Don't listen to who's betting the odds.

Don't listen to confusion to start.

Concentrate...
On the game 'you' play.
Do it everyday to be done.
Do it with your mind not your tongue.

Concentrate....
On the game you know can be played.
And...
Do it everyday to be done.
To be doing with your mind not your tongue.
Until the purpose of your doing has come.
Until the purpose of your doing comes!

Concentrate don't contemplate!
Until the purpose of your doing is done.
Concentrate!
Until the purpose of your doing has come.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Concept Of Someone's Perception

Hey,
I didn't invent the truth.
So don't accuse me,
Of abusing your realities.

Many have been deluded all their lives.
And that is unfortunate.
I guess to them...
They perceive me as a demon sent!
But I am not the one,
Deceiving them with fantasies.

Nor am I a creditor...
Awaiting payment to sustain,
Their quality of life obtained...
By the best lies they to each other have told!

I like to believe the breath I breathe,
Is not a concept of someone's perception.
Easy to be altered,
When change is the convenience.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Concepts

I have no empathy for those,
Who use the media to depict themselves...
As victims.
While suppressing the lives of others,
To denounce them as either enemies and/or terrorists.
And all of the resources that sustain them,
Have been taken from these lands of wealth...
Strategically,
By concepts any conscious mind would describe as theft.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Concepts Concrete

On my shoulder was a chip!
Growing to aggrevate others,
As I lived with it.
But learned I did to let it go.
My burdens were mine...
And I could not define them.
Nor could I let others know!
There was a pain I could not show.
Doing my best to hide it.
Deny and alone defy it!
Until a glow of light released me,
Above and beyond...
The agony inside me for years that went on!
To orbit and look upon my own imperfections.
With a power to inspect and correct them.
I knew my conflicts then were self inflicted.
Chaos was an option.
I had become addicted!
This is 'all' I knew.
Many like me believe,
They have to prove 'something'!
Or to grieve in sorrows received.
And I asked myself...
Are my concepts concrete?
And come from God?
I did not find it odd...
There was no response to ponder!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Concepts Of Reality

You step on my toes.
I will stomp on your foot.
Ideals are delivered as personally perceived.
And I believe one should not be lead astray,
By concepts of reality that are not mutually shared.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Concepts Of Success

If you are stressed,
And at times depressed!
With thoughts self defeating
From a beating you digest.
Perhaps you should relax!
Give your mind a rest!
Chances are you suffer...
During thoughts 'infested'
With concepts of success!

Let go of comparisons,
To others and what they have!
Chances are everything they own
Is rented, leased with or without...
Something that keeps them feeling sad!
If you are happy and glad,
To be just who you are...
Your star shines much brighter,
Than those pretending they are better
Than anything you 'really' are!

Concepts of success,
Can distract someone who is blessed!
Many have not achieved that at all.
And they spend much time...
Trying to keep hidden a mess,
Kept concealed in their hearts...
For fear of sharing with you,
What they are too afraid to confess!

They are locked into images...
And spending every waking moment,
Doing their best
Wishing to impose
An impression they are hoping,
Remains in the minds exposed...
To trinkets that are flaunted,
With price tags still shown on clothes!
And there are so many of them,

'High and fixed'
Blissed to sit with lives committed...
On an ego overdose!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Concepts Of Totalitarianism

Quietly swept in unsuspecting steps,
Towards concepts of totalitarianism.
With an autocratic rule set.
Leaving all freedoms deluded and state control.
As mindsets are kept bigoted and racist,
To ensure the onset of divisions...
Patrolled by those uniformed in camouflage.
Quietly swept in unsuspecting steps,
But observed as this feeding is accepted.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Concrete As Your Convictions

The truth of the matter is this...
Your beliefs,
Are only as concrete...
As your convictions.

And if you are not,
Maintaining to keep your beliefs...
Thriving to stay alive,
What is it that you are wishing?

With your quick seeking of a hiding done...
To masquerade in hesitation,
Away from everyone.
Hoping someone will motivate your drive.
To falsely state the importance of your life?

Not only are your convictions lies...
Your disguises can be seen,
By those with clear and opened eyes.
It's unfortunate,
Your own are not opened up just as wide.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Condenscending Responses

I 'use' to be the one,
Who indiscriminately said 'hello'...
To anyone without exception!
Until I began to notice,
Condenscending responses...
That may me feel,
I panhandled to solicit favors!
With the hope someone would patronize,
My efforts.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Condition Of Traditions

How will we handle,
The complete absence of fading values.
And the dismissing of those messages,
Through the years.
Those messages missed and blocked,
By closed ears.

How will we handle the loss of standards,
And our way of self righteous life.

How will we handle the right 'not' to fight,
In needless struggle.
Or clinched our teeth upon a bullet...
As tormenting pain surrounds,
To black and whiten...
Dimming colorized sights.

How will we handle scandle,
And revelations disbelieved.

How many awakened from deep and peaceful sleep,
Will move forward and aware they are seeking outreach.
And...
Just how many will be amused,
By thoughts of being used and abused by slick trickers!
Soliciting more of their conflicts,
In daylight and on city streets.

How can any of this be handled,
While being fixed quickly...
In the midst of this mix!
If...
Conditions of traditions are still disrespected.
Ignored and neglected.

And ammunition is deficient for the ones who are depicted as the:
Grim and down and out dreamers.
Depicted as the:
Grim and down and out dreamers.

Depicted as the:
Grim and down and out dreamers.
Depicted as the:
Grim and down and out dreamers.

How will we handle,
The complete absence of fading values.
And the dismissing of those messages,
Through the years.
Those messages missed and blocked,
By closed ears.

How will we handle the loss of standards,
And our way of self righteous life.
And ammunition is deficient for the ones who are depicted as the:
Grim and down and out dreamers,
With selfish lives.
Grim and down and out dreamers,
With selfish lives.

And ammunition is deficient for the ones who are depicted as the:
Grim and down and out dreamers.
Depicted as the:
Grim and down and out dreamers.
Depicted as the:
Grim and down and out dreamers.
Depicted as the:
Grim and down and out dreamers.
With-selfish-lives!

Grim and down and out dreamers.
With-selfish-lives!
Grim and down and out dreamers.
With-selfish-lives!

Just how will we handle the loss of standards,
And our way of self righteous life.

'How can any of this be handled,
While being fixed quickly...
In the midst of this mix!
If...

Conditions of traditions are still disrespected.
Ignored and neglected? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Conditional Indifference

I will think about that for you.
So you don't have to.
Why some people do the things...
They choose to do.

I will think about that for you.
So you wont have to.
Why some people keep such selfish,
Attitudes.

People want somebody there,
When they hit brick walls.
And complain to moan about it,
Sun up 'til night falls.

People don't go visit,
Those they know sick in bed.
And they show they could care less,
To visit or show interest.

I will think about that for you.
So you wont have to.
As to why some people keep such selfish,
Attitudes.

People don't go visit,
Those they know who are sick.
Or place a call or visit,
Even if they know it.

But yet they want somebody there,
When they hit brick walls.
To complain to moan about it,
Sun up until night falls.

And then they wonder why,
They are treated with a distance.
Sun up 'til night falls.
Sun up 'til night falls.

Then they wonder why,
They are shown conditional indifference.
Sun up 'til night falls.
Sun up 'til night falls.

People don't go visit,
Those they know who are sick.
Or place a call or visit,
Even if they know it.
And then they wonder why,
They are treated with a distance.
Sun up 'til night falls.
Sun up 'til night falls.
Then they wonder why,
They are shown conditional indifference.
Sun up 'til night falls.
Sun up 'til night falls.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Conditioned By A Private Mission

The quest that shelters and protects my steps,
Keeps me honest and at my best.
I may not always give what one expects.
I can acknowledge my mistakes,
And hope choices I make...
Do not cause a friend or foe heartbreak!

I can not stop to compare what I've done,
To others on paths to out do or out run!
Separate are journeys taken,
Some with anguish and some with fun.
However I choose to view my life...
I hope not to confuse or abuse,
Those accomplishments done by anyone!

I am conditioned by a private mission.
And efficient one day I desire to become.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Conditioned To Focus On Limitations

The message that they are getting to hear,
Is not the message heard they wish preferred.
And, coincidentally, it is not the content of the message.
They oppose and object,
It is the messenger who states this message,
With an eloquence delivered to them
They reject.

And 'if' that messenger had represented,
One of them
They'd be more inclined to pay attention.
But of course,
They have been conditioned to focus
On limitations to impress.
And not use their ears for listening
To a message they should address.

The message that they are getting to hear,
Is not the message heard they wish preferred.
And, coincidentally, it is not the content of the message.
They oppose and object,
It is the messenger who states this message,
With an eloquence delivered to them
They reject.

And it is obvious to those who know,
As to why most ears are ignorantly closed.
They want to raise the bar 'their' way.
But not with 'this' one.
Who has come to play,
Hardball with decked cards regardless.
Of what others perceive another should say.

They want to have it their way.
Even though their way betrays and begins to fade,
Those days of one's pigmentation.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Conditioned To Have Patience

If you dislike what you see...
At least you have options.
You can turn around and leave.

I don't like what I see or hear...
Breathe, taste, confront or made to tolerate,
On a daily basis.

I've been conditioned to have patience.
And to believe that the 'afterlife'...
Is abundant for me in opportunity!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Conditioned To Perceive

You have been fantasized since birth.
You grew up collecting cartoon books.
When your teeth fell out as a child,
Under your pillow they were put.

I remember as a child you confessed to me...
Minnie, Mickey and Mighty Mouse,
Were all related in a family of mice...
And you watched them grow up in your house,
On your brand new TV!

Today I can't say a thing to you.
Anything that touches upon reality.
If I question the state of the economy?
Or how politics and christianity,
Are tied to false beliefs and this society...
You say I'm the one that's deceiving you.
And my mind is full of negativity.

When you are the one,
Who has been conditioned to perceive...
You are better than anyone living in this country.
And a greatness can be kept,
With bigotry and racism that disregards diversity.
Totally absent of unity!
Something tells me...
One of us has missed that school bus,
Quite a few times!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Conditioned To Perform

Achieving to reach any notable status,
Doesn't happen with a guarantee.
Or comes painless to receive by one overnight.

Doubts are fought. Tears are cried.
With sacrifices made enduring loss of appetite.
And done...
Away from the eyesight of others.
Until daylight uncovers to expose one's deeds.

And then when one accomplishes to succeed,
The one likely surprised by it...
Is the one whose previous efforts had been dismissed.

Yet...
Even though humbled by the acknowledgement given,
The one reaching to achieve with just the wish to do it...
Is often the one devoted to discipline and focus.
As if conditioned to perform like a programmed robot.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Conditions Of Programming

If you want to wear those shoes,
Put them on.
There is no agreement of purposes,
In the first place.
You will do as you wish.
And I know this!

If you want to declare you are right,
When wrong stares me in the face.
And you want me to believe,
What you perceive.
Do it!
There is no argument.

Whatever you choose to do from now on...
That is up to you.
Conditions of programming,
Have been accepted as they are!
You see things as you wish them to exist.
And I choose to refrain from becoming a conformist.

However...
Let's come to admit,
We are both in conflict...
With the current nonsense that is being dished!
And getting out of it provides neither one of us an exit!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Conditions That Have Met The Requirements

Today...
It is about displaying big 'booties',
Near nakedness that offends.
Decadence and pretentions kept,
About protecting values and standards.
To prevent the innocence of children,
From being exposed to the knowing of any of it.
And yet those of a deluded social etiquette to keep,
With addressing what is politically correct...
Are heard to express,
How their free speech and entitlements...
Are being infringed upon,
By those who disrespect their way of life!
As they continue to diminish it,
With unaccepted morals everyone loves to entertain.

'Turn off that TV, right now.
And go to your room to watch videos.
Or them on your cellphone.
That garbage is prohibited from inside this home.
I thought I told you that? '

~But ma...
You and daddy smoke pot! ~

'How many times have I told you,
Your father and I have been medically approved.
We have conditons that have met the requirements.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Conditions To Heal Go Ignored

What can not be erased or faced,
Surfaces time and time again to disgrace.
An embarrassment does not aid,
In the replacement that degrades.
And not admitting the affects,
That still shows its defects infesting...
Will not disappear,
If it is apparent and made clear...
Conditions to heal go ignored.
And decay advanced is not abhorred,
But induced by the use of further excuses.
And condoning a decaying,
Constantly replayed to deny subsides.
And can no longer hide realities observed!
Although blemishes seen are not fantasized...
But inflicted as dessert being served.
And described as 'problems' to be addressed.
As the burning of one's nest clouds desires,
To progress beyond what is shown...
But lacks acknowledgement!
There is no empathy.
Not when greed is the priority to feed.
And repeated disgust is welcomed to numb!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Conduct

No matter who we are,
All of us are judged...
Based upon our conduct.

And no distance is diminished,
By our conduct.
We can attempt to cover it,
But it's our conduct.
That beats most of us up!

No matter if we're rich or poor...
With doors gold plated or cardboard,
It's conduct!
We can attempt to cover it,
But it's our conduct.
That beats most of us up!

We have those moods and attitudes,
But what we do is not excused...
If conduct,
Is not a pleasantry that's seen.
If conduct,
Is perceived to be one mean.
It's conduct!
We can attempt to cover it,
And it is conduct.
That beats us up!

No matter if we're kind,
Most of the time.
And most of the time,
We show we are kind!

No matter if we're rich or poor...
With doors gold plated or cardboard,
It's conduct!
We can attempt to cover it,
But it's our conduct.
That beats most of us up!

We have those moods and attitudes,
But what we do is not excused...
If conduct,
Is not a pleasantry that's seen.
If conduct,
Is perceived to be one mean.
It's conduct!
We can attempt to cover it,
And it is conduct.
That beats us up!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Conducted Privately

I guess they thought,
Through my actions...
I sought their attention.
But how could that be?
When all of my actions,
Had been conducted privately?
And I did my very best,
To ignore them...
Whenever I could,
To maintain my peace of mind!
Having received that through some rough times.

Why would they think...
I'd be wishing their acceptance?
If and when I do observe them...
They are disrespecting themselves.
And why would I want to be a part of that?
When my identity has been intact?
Unless they believe I am that desperate,
To want to be shown that kind of self neglect?
I hope my focus does not slight them!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Confessed And Detested

No one should have their hands out,
Pleading to feed themselves.
Too many today live in total gluttony! ~
And troubles we have are blamed on someone else!
Someone declared an enemy..there!
And there...and There and THERE!
There were places created
With cabanas where these enemies shared!
Over tea and crumpets buttered!
And we fight to save a culture based on 'fluff and floof! '
With doses of other added creations...
To spread a message we ourselves don't understand.

Selling wars soon wear out factories pumping out crime...
Perfumed with the power of peace.
The structure of it begins to rust!
The foundation begins to crack.
People begin to worry where the money is going!
And WHY is it flowing like that! Where AT?
Just to keep a 'few' fat cats...
Fatter RATS! ?

That's where it's at...it seems!

No one should have their mind on gloom!
Sitting homeless on the corners...
With no hope to come soon!
Someone is going to pay,
To have this picture painted
Glossed with doom.
Those now trying to balance at the top?
Are falling with lifestyles flipping to a flop!
Finding no amount of sympathy dropped.
This is going to happen...
And it wont stop!

No one should find injustice...
Unjustified!
If they sit and sip and stake no claim!

But in the land of dishonest beginnings,
Endings aren't always how real endings
End these games!

In these endings that begin new beginnings...
The ones who have miraculously returned to the top,
Do the mopping of the slop
Of the crop that left that crap,
Tracked by trapped followers!

No one should have their hands out,
Pleading to feed themselves.
Especially those who chose to use plastic,
To disguise the worth of their lies!
They are now the last to use the 'N' word,
Much perplexed!
They know to them it now means 'No-thing! '
Nada..poof! Gone!
Finding themselves now the criminals
And pests!
Looking downtrodden and forlorn.

'HEY! Get over it! Get over it...
OR go back where you came from! '

Words that should ring with familiarity
In many ears!

God ain't gonna let nobody rest!
Winds may blow on those self chosen...
And expose them less than best,
If not at least
Confessed and detested!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Confessions

I'm suppose to be cool,
With your confessions made...
Of digressions intended,
To have me appear to be your fool?
And others knew of your discretions too?
What do you think that I should do?
Beg of you to be honest and true?

What makes you think desperation is my thing?
Or that your worth is unforgettable?
I'm not cool with your confessions.
Nor am I into worthlessness as a kept profession.
Your confessions should have been professed,
BEFORE your infidelities were publicly expressed.
The best thing we can do is to prove a kept distance.

Only a cat would chance nine lives.
And I am not that cat.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Confessions Of A Crook

'Yes,
I did it.
And as soon as my book,
'Confessions Of A Crook' is published...
And released,
I will be available for all media interviews.

After I've spent a few weeks,
Being rehabilitated...
Of course!
Anything to show the kids,
What not to do.
Especially what I did! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Confessions Of Regret

There are those who choose to 'use' others,
In belief this process moves them ahead...
With a taking such steps to get attention.
And to impress the ones left behind...
To hopefully find in time all will be forgotten,
From memories to forget.
Only those who 'trick' to treat fool themselves.

When people like this,
Finally have their consciousness arrive...
They discover they've become surprised to realize,
Very few who had been used are unaware of it.
And have little interest to listen,
To those returning to make confessions of regret.
Especially 'after' such obvious and deliberate steps,
To use and abuse the few who knew...
That thoughtlessness and disrespect has a way of returning,
An unexpected yet nonverbal expressed, 'I told you so'.

'Can you forgive what I did to you? '

~I am not the one to answer that question.
You taught me valued lessons I will never forget.
Perhaps you should forgive yourself,
For perceiving 'me' to be the fool.
Did you think my sincerity and honesty given,
Came to me without them being earned?
I am a student of life and my teachers have taught me well.
Forgive yourself is what I suggest AND with a doing of apologies.
Since you are in need of it much more than me.
Try it! This has a way of easing nonacceptance AND denial.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Confidence

Not easily refined or defined,
Is confidence.
Nor is it cropped to pluck,
Off from a Sun drenched vine.
To slowly savor for the flavor.

Confidence is a development.
A work in progess.
Not recited from studied print.
Nor listening as lectured...
From a podium will convince,
The taking of notes...
Will provoke it into existence.

Confidence,
Similar to experience...
Is something done,
That is seldom pleasant...
When it comes as a personal delivery.
And...
Most times arrogance is misrepresented for it.

However,
It does take obedience and strength to listen.
To then comprehend that failure does not mean to stop,
To yield and repeat flops.
As a sign that ambition obtained has been dropped.
No,
It does not!

Caution perhaps,
To proceed at your own risk.
But confidence does not allow obstacles to prevent,
Progress.
Or the jumping over hurdles.
Since each hurdle cleared...
Removes the fear to face another.

Clarifying anyone's doubt about confidence adopted!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Confidence And Faith

I awaken each morning,
To be grateful as I pray...
For this experience of life given.
With it known I will face,
A task or an obstacle...
On my path placed to test my faith.

And each day as I awaken,
Knowing I have prioritized my life this way...
It doesn't matter if I stay up all night long,
Or go to bed at dawn...
Never have I had to question God...
What in my life or around me is going on.
Too much I have witnessed,
To bore God to ask questions like this.

When my eyes are open,
Also my mind is to accept...
Any mistakes I had made yesterday,
God has blessed me to immediately correct.
And not to ignore or avoid as a choice to excuse.
My relationship with God is too close to abuse.

I awaken each morning to do my very best.
And to without doubting,
Which direction I should go to move and step.
Not with arrogance but confidence and faith kept,
To keep.
Knowing I've been blessed with beliefs...
Already tested by those who deceive.
And if that is arrogance some may want to perceive,
There is not a day that has come my way...
That I have yet to lose any sleep to wonder why.
Not me.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Confidence To Pride

I sought many years ago,
To stop thinking of myself...
As one I should first please and pleasure.
Although this admission,
May seem a contradiction.
It isn't.
Since I continue to be convinced,
If a thinking of myself to do...
With a focus of intention meant,
I would not have spent the time I had given...
Sharing my experiences with others to forgive,
Them taking my efforts to endeavor to choose...
To do what they please to leave me,
Excusing what they've done.
While some chose to perceive of me to be,
The one leeching to seek from them opportunities.

And introducing opportunities I no longer do.
Not to leave anyone 'thinking',
I am in need of help to please and pleasure 'myself'.
If selfishness was in my vision to wish,
None of what I have done to accomplish...
Would have been possible without,
Listening to learn and overcoming obstacles...
That use to leave me with myself to doubt.
And doubts to face to erase I've replaced,
With confidence to pride regardless who decides...
I am arrogant with it unknown how it was earned.
Or what had been sacrificed to achieve it.
I would say...
I have grown to recognize conflict.
But allowing myself to become absorbed to obsess it,
Is not a choice from many others I can choose.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Confidence?

Confidence?
You can regain and maintain it.
Keep it treasured and close to your chest.
Disconnect from the affects of stress.
With honesty and self respect...
And a desire to reflect,
Your very best without neglect.

Confidence?
Takes a deliberate wish,
To dismiss nonsense.
Convince yourself every moment you can...
You are more important,
Than the opinions of others...
Or your need for them to understand.
With a critiquing comprehension...
Way off base and quite off hand.

Confidence?
Are you one in between relationships?
Has your emotions been tested,
To leave you with feelings that are empty...
With wishes to erase a loneliness?
Tormented and forelorn,
As you inflict 'what ifs'...
To visit and keep you torn.

Are you one of those who sit,
To blame yourself for things gone wrong?
Refuse to admit this and forget!
Forgive yourself and others of misdeeds,
That had a beginning but no end to it!
Restore your confidence!
Seize it as a quest.
And feed your mind nothing less!

Think of yourself as a child on an adventure.
Discover something 'fresh' to digest,
As you allow your happiness to flow...

And manifest!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Confined And Limited

As long as the affects
Would damage their ethnic heritage...
They were allowed,
To degrade and disrespect themselves.
In glorious decadence...
An intelligence dismisses.

For marketing and entertainment value.
Connecting temptation and lust...
With pride to maintain their ignorance.
Trusting in a deceptive acceptance!
They praised the spreading of their own craze!

And those that used them would pocket.
No one wished to stop it...
Since these images were worshipped as symbolic.
Like alcoholics on a binge...
They passed along these priorities onto their children.
For fortune and fame!
And certain prison cells to claim.
As if a graduation takes place.

Are these the freedoms their ancestors perceived?
To be flushed down the drain...
By the deceit and misdeeds of their masters!
As lessons learned to disgrace...
A race demoralized with identities defaced.

For all to find themselves...
Eventually,
In a socialistic bliss.
Confined and limited,
By a greed that defeats...
A consciousness diminished.
And depleted as is wished!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Confined To Unlimited Contradictions

Judges sitting in pews,
To do before pulpits raised.
Declaring themselves,
Faithful to a belief with it seen done.
And can leave such a worship,
With a felt self-righteousness.

Yet...
Some still have minds closed and confined,
To unlimited contradictions...
Heard with spewed negative words,
Directed purposely to demean...
And undermine others in view or not seen,
To never suspect their shallowness kept...
Is not a blessing that reflects a connection,
To that which they maintain to keep identified.

But then again...
Many do attend religious ceremonies as if,
They, and not a sermon given to teach...
Had been the least important,
Than their presence wished to be perceive...
Was actually received by others as being,
The 'main' event.

'I can not express how I feel,
About the lesson I was taught today.
So much truth I could not dispute it.
Grateful I am. So very blessed I feel.'

~No need to thank me.
I see people like that on a daily basis.
God has a way of opening up,
Not only our eyes but also our ears.
And I am only used as 'His' tool.
To share and reveal.
That's all.~

'But I...

You are right about that.
God 'does' work in mysterious ways.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Confined Within Walls Too Thick To Chip

Their own beliefs drove them insane.
With accusations and denials kept,
Speeding the process.
Blaming others for their hold on stubbornness,
Has left them confined within walls too thick to chip...
Away.
And too high to climb over,
To excape from the madness they have created.

Their own beliefs drove them insane.
And today they rush to have everyone pay,
A price to endure further sacrificing...
With devices used,
To excuse as if 'okay' to have had things done their way...
Has been done too many times for those not to notice,
The minds behind it all.
Their own beliefs drove them insane to keep for themselves,
Alone!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Conflict Is All Kids Know

There is something about protecting to keep,
A child innocent and away from reality...
Eventually makes not one bit of sense.

'We must keep them protected.'

From what and until when?

'We must keep them protected from...
Realities of life.'

To then do what?
Medicate them on delusion?
Or kept realities that do not exist?

'Whose to say mental illness,
Has not become...
One of the most profitable industries?
And besides...
Who lives today without relying on myths?
Who do you know that lives 'mythless'? '

Then what is it we protect the children from?
To then blame them for being misfits.
And to do from a point of view,
Too few can identity as 'not' being normal.
And today...
Confusion and conflict is all kids know.

'That's not true.
Some know love.'

They all should know it.
Not just 'some'.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Conflict Of Interest

How can you make such preposterous declarations.
That I have a conflict of interest?
When each and every interest I have,
There is not one conflict...
Have I ever expressed about them.
None!
And I would like to know this...
Who believes better than I do,
What my interests are?

'I 'think' you are misunderstanding,
Your position as treasurer of the committee.
You see...
You can not champion the act of integrity,
And then take the money you are trusted with...
To establish your own loan company.
THAT can also be construed as either theft or fraud.'

Well,
Make up your mind!
Are you accusing me of being a thief...
Without integrity?
Or one who maneuvers fraudulently with interest?
And may I add this to your unfounded claims,
Where am I suppose to have this conflict?
I am perfectly aware of my activities.
And I vehemently protest your absurdities.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Conflicts Between Them Are Kept

Gone are the days of Amos 'n Andy.
But the Step 'n Fetchits,
Seem to have more descendents around...
To betray with a staging,
Their re-enactments as dim-witted clowns.

Gone are the days,
Are attack dogs and hoses used...
On those native citizens born,
Refusing to sip from separate water fountains.
Or to sit at the back of a bus if they don't choose.

But many historically who have been oppressed,
Protest this every now and then to regret.
Even though they allow themselves to repeat,
A living to redo those same old tired steps.

Gone are the days,
Are those afraid to confess...
Having freedom for them means removing,
Ignorance to address.

Yet...
Many wishing say they want to ascend from it,
Feel guilt if they should dismiss this.
As conflicts between them are kept.
Since some believe they represent,
A keeping of a heritage meant and not to be left.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Conflicts Of Disinterests

Even the varying dislikes they have,
Expressed for one another...
Have developed into new ways,
Of disagreements displayed.

They now address their disinterests,
Of those interests...
Only yesterday they said they would consider.
But debates initiated that introduced similarities,
Quickly alarmed those...
Who wanted to keep alive those discussed disparities.

Even the varying dislikes they have,
Expressed for one another...
Have developed into new ways,
Of disagreements displayed.

Now there are conflicts of disinterests.
With points to make.
As if an intentional disarray,
Has not already been the goal achieved.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Conflicts Oversold

The giving of life,
Given as blessing to receive...
Has become for some an opportunity,
To manipulate, corrupt and deceive.
And unfortunately many do not perceive,
The Earth is fragile and sits to rotate...
On an axis not cemented in concrete.
Or forever to remain suspended delicately,
To allow unappreciating habitants of it...
Living to do as they please,
Treating themselves and the Earth...
As commodities without getting on their knees,
To eventually plead to be forgiven.
When they awaken from their selfish decisions,
To realize majestic 'deities' in control...
Can destroy all beliefs those thoughtless in mind,
Wished kept taught to sell with their conflicts oversold.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Conflicts Picked To Play

Blessed are they with kept faith.
Praying and remaining to do this,
Everyday to stay that way.

Conflicts and them picked to play,
Will not begin to end...
In minds fed to feed on them.

What has begun,
Leaves no demon to win.
To claim victory for these misdeeds.

Since 'all' conflicts picked to play,
Are beginning to betray those minds sick.
And witnessed self-inflicting,
An evilness God arrives to finish.

Blessed are they with kept faith.
Praying and remaining to do this,
Everyday to stay that way.

Blessed are the ones who pray,
For that day to witness...
The work God does.
And just how mysterious God is!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Conflicts With Commandments

One can not escape,
From their indoctrinated associations.
Once conditioned and ingrained,
Images affixed...
Remain in the brain.

A goodness perceived and attempted,
To achieve...
Will conflict with commandments,
If created documents...
Consents entitlements and their amendments,
To supersede and deface...
All that is connected with humanity,
Empathy and what that means to believe.

One can not escape,
From their indoctrinated associations.
Once conditioned and ingrained,
Images affixed...
Remain in the brain.
To stay.
There is no elimination.
Regardless how much one prays.

One has to be brave enough,
To sever...
That which feeds upon fear!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Confounded By Confusion

Confounded by confusion that surrounds,
And...
Many are disturbed and this is bringing them down.

Confounded by confusion that surrounds,
And...
Many are disturbed and this is bringing them down.

The hustle and the bustle,
Has slowed many to a shuffle.
The hustle and the bustle,
Has so many looking rough.
Busted up and tossed and ruffled,
Like they have had enough...
Of the funky stuff!

Confounded by confusion that surrounds,
And...
Many are disturbed and this is bringing them down.

The hustle and the bustle,
Has slowed many to a shuffle.
The hustle and the bustle,
Has so many looking rough.
Busted up and tossed and ruffled,
Like they have had enough...
Of all the funky stuff!
And nobody's flaunting,
A stride to strut.

The hustle and the bustle,
Has slowed many to a shuffle.
And nobody's flaunting,
A stride to strut.

The hustle and the bustle,
Has so many looking rough.
And nobody's flaunting,
A pride to strut.

And looking like they've had enough,
Of all that funky stuff.

Confounded by confusion that surrounds,
And...
Many are disturbed and this is bringing them down.

Confounded by confusion that surrounds,
And...
Many are disturbed and this is bringing them down.
Many are disturbed and this is bringing them down.
Many are disturbed and this is bringing them down.
They're,
Confounded by confusion that surrounds.
They're,
Confounded by confusion that surrounds.
And...
Feeling as if they have been demoted.
And...
Feeling as if they have been demoted.
And...
In a boat nobody wants to row!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Confrontations

Not into confrontations.
Especially with those
With nothing more than hollowness to share!
I'm on a flight to seek a higher consciousness.
To expand a vision...
Clearly not with
Those who enjoy sitting,
And exchanging twisted affairs...
Solicited and dared!

Not into confrontations.
Or molestations of my thoughts!
I want to comprehend,
More of this life I am blessed to be given.
I've lived with conflicts and emotional misfits...
Who sat around nitpicking in backbiting fits.
And that is not the trip for me I wish!

Not into confrontations.
Especially with those
With nothing more than hollowness to share!
I might participate...
But I am not one to attempt to bait,
For an opinion of someone else...
To induce continued ignorance!
Or become intimidated...
By those who chose to defend,
A limitation that is comfortable for them...
To use and abuse,
As if adrift on a ship with losers!
With choices there but few they choose.

Not into confrontations,
Or boring conversations...
That offer nothing to uplift,
The curiousity of my consciousness.
I want to expand,
And not just in limits am I here to exist!
I'd rather be with those who 'see' this,

And 'get it'!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Confronted By Those Who Assess

Today...
Anyone attempting to take away,
A right I have to vote...
Will not eliminate the number of thieves,
That have stolen a place to charade in public office.
To declare themselves advocates of a democracy.

And at one time I wanted to be first in line,
To pay homage to my ancestors...
Denied to represent themselves correctly,
With an upright and dignified identity.
That kind of oppressive stress from me has left.

I contribute on a daily basis just being who I am,
To then be confronted by those who assess...
My flair for arrogance is a pointless ego over-dressed.
Since where I live, what it is I can afford to give,
Does not appeal or compensate to warrant...
The doing of my flaunting with direct and placed steps.
And what I should do is address others correctly to impress.

Today...
Anyone attempting to take away,
A right I have to vote...
Will not eliminate the number of scheming thieves,
That have stolen a place to charade in public office.
Or the folks who perceive they are better than me,
Because of the 'things' they have to religiously worship...
I have long left behind me to leave with a valued peace of mind.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Confronting Delusions

With slander and character assassinations,
Already effective.
And those of defective states of mind,
Still relying on their pretentions to impress.
The ones left who have addressed truth,
As a means of confronting delusions...
Are safely protected,
From a trauma unsuspecting...
That comes,
To those still holding onto their teddy bears.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Confronting Their Common Sense With Logic

To demand some people,
That they should be held morally responsible
And accountable to others...
Would be the equivalent of teaching hoodlums,
The value of learning to sing Broadway tunes...
To enhance their appreciation for humanity.
The thought is admirable.
But the reality of its implementation,
Does seem to be a bit Hollywoodish.

If people are not accustomed to being honest,
Or direct and upfront...
Confronting their common sense with logic,
Is likened to convincing those of greed at a feast...
To share their gluttony with those homeless and hungry.
This is not going to happen.
Unless...
Mother Nature steps in,
To reveal the leeches for the thieves they are.
And even then indignities to God,
Are spewed from their filthy mouths!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Confronting To Remove Their Own Obstacles

Carrying someone else's baggage,
Is not my assignment.
And 'if' you have found it has become yours.
Request another mission.

As I understand it
Each of us have our own roads to explore.
Doing it with someone else,
Is most unique.

Even identical twins will tell you,
They have differences between them.
And seldom will you find them burdening themselves,
Giving the other a free ride through life.

They appear to want others to know,
They can and will,
Carry their own weight.
And some folks seem unable to appreciate,
Confronting to remove their own obstacles.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Confused

'Mrs. Poppington...
If they are derelict in performing their duties
As elected officials
And they represent their contituents,
Who placed them in office
To conduct the protection
And goodwill of the people...
Why are nearly most of them incompetent?
And all of them lawbreakers? '

They are 'not' incompetent, Jimmie!
As you stated...
They represent their contituency!
They reflect those who put them in those positions!
And...
Let me make this clear.
You can not 'break' something you make.
It is 'recreated' to reflect change!
That's called 'addendum'.

'OH!
So...
Does that mean when you tell us not to cheat
On tests,
You really mean the opposite?
You want us to find a more creative way to do it?
And it's okay when Billy 'addendumizes' my work,
When you leave the classroom?
I'm confused! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Confused By The Process Of It

Many don't listen because they refuse to.
Others are confused by the process of it.
Since some believe when their mouths are open,
Their ears are only used to hear themselves speak.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Congestive Traffic

Those who walk on what appears,
For them a lonely road...
May have chosen to do so.
Since the air is crisp.
And the mind is clear.

Choosing happiness over confusion,
Eliminates the need...
For one to fight for a place,
In polluted congestive traffic.

Where others have accepted beliefs,
This way of life is meant for them to live.
With a daily honking their way through,
A series of clogged arteries to die for.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Congratulations

Are you one to have pulled yourself away from...
The dance of delusion.
With 'laws' that proclaim...
A color blind inclusion.

And diversity administered,
By those who seek that done in quotas.
And this tremendous joke that floats...
Manages to do that!
And does it well.
Without giving a clue...
It's sinking comes much too fast!

Are you one to have pulled yourself away from...
The dance of delusion.
With 'laws' that proclaim...
A color blind inclusion.
And you see it for what it is?
Congratulations!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Connected

Some folks say to me...

'Lawrence you don't 'write'
Like you are 'black'.

My handwriting 'is' bad sometimes!
I admit to that!
And I was never taught to be a 'black' writer.
But I thank God this keyboard and computer I use...
Could care less what I am.
Black, white, apricot or mustard seed!
As long as I pay the electricity!
And keep everything in my name connected!
Everything is fine...
And I don't have that as an issue!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Connected And Comfortable

They weren't interested in achieving the best.
They were more focused upon undoing those,
With tests and obstacles to ensure they'd be stressed.
Hoping to prevent their involvement to encourage others,
To reach the heights with dedication and sacrifice.

And as years passed with those tasks suppressed,
The ones responsible for creating the impossible...
Are now the same folks who realize they've provoked,
Unstoppable laughter and uncontrollable told jokes...
That reflects to their connected and comfortable ignorance.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Connected To Politics

Am I political?
That's a strange question to ask,
By someone who also pays.
Religiously,
A tax of some kind to the government.

And those who express,
They want the government.
Out of their lives,
Only do so to hear their own voices.

Now.
If you had asked 'if' I was upset,
Because my taxes paid.
Has not increased my quality of life,
We both would be in agreement.
And on the same page!
Wouldn't we?

Am I political?
Every human being walking this Earth,
Is connected to politics.
Whether they vote, emote or become provoked,
Somebody with political ties.
Will not hide they are trying to get into their pockets.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Connecticut

It has it flaws!
Blemishes.
And unmistakable beauty too!

It has its stengths and weaknesses.
With people strongly cemented,
In their points of views.

Every race is represented with their biases thick!
Enriched with diversed cultures,
And those who visit are awed by it.

Lifelong relationships are established.
Although some can end quick.
Depending upon who starts senseless arguments.

Whether rich, famous or bragging about championships.
Living on the shore or inner city poor...
Unique Connecticut is and offers so much more.

It has it flaws!
Blemishes.
And unmistakable beauty too!

It has its stengths and weaknesses.
With people strongly cemented,
In their points of view.

It has mystery, mystique and kept aged old beliefs.
But when people come to visit, decide to stay or leave,
There is no place like Connecticut to know it and call it home!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Connecticut Basketball

Fast break...
Dribble and reap.
Swoosh,
Through the hoop.
Speed and pace keeps the heat,
Of b-ball.
A full court press and no foul calls.

'Woof-woof...
Holla!
Woof-woof,
Holla! '

Sweating to seek the lead!
Time out delays...
A strategy to stage.
Let them make two...
Catch the rebound and follow through.
Make sure we come back to make three.

'Woof-woof...
Holla!
Woof-woof,
Holla! '

Fast break...
Dribble and reap.
Swoosh,
Through the hoop.
Speed and pace keeps the heat,
Of b-ball.
A full court press and no foul calls.

UConn's got the steam to play.
Season after season...
It's number one,
They choose to stay.

Husky ball.

Holla.
Dropping through the net.
Connecticut basketball,
At its best.

'Woof-woof...
Holla!
Woof-woof,
Holla! '

Dedicated:
To the young men and women,
balancing academic studies AND
playing championship collegiate basketball.
Representing both the state and people of Connecticut.
University of Connecticut
Storrs, Connecticut-Main Campus

'So very proud of you and your efforts!
~LSP~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Connecting Of Dots

You've wasted too much time,
Agonizing with an analysis...
As to how best to approach,
The connecting of dots.
And which part of this activity,
Will clarify the problems you've got.
As you avoid any knowledge,
That you have them to exist.
With a facing of 'reality' you refuse to admit.

And your probing done into others' lives,
While you deny the living of your own.
Has only produced for you more conflicts.
With no solutions presented that can be shown.

So quick you are to beat around a bush.
But you expected others to reveal,
Their own private business...
To explore and expose in a tour,
You and your entourage demand and insist.

And with a consistent persistence,
You proclaim to have entitlements with 'rights'.
To do as you please to appease an appetite.
Do you hear the sounds of distant laughter?
It's not coming from me.
As you see I am doing my best...
To keep my mouth shut tight.
With lips I bite!

Oh...
Those lazy, hazy, crazy days of Summer,
Locked up tight in your head to stay...
Have come to dim your comprehension overnight.
And I recommend an immediate change of batteries.
To regard the doing of it as an obligation...
That may help restore a clarity needed,
That may come to brighten your insight.

Because it has become too noticeable,
The remaining of your brain cells you rely upon...
Are extremely close to being dead.
Yes,
I said it.
And I am sure you'd like to leave an impression,
Instead of addressing what's wrong with me...
As if to perfection I have pledged.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Conned

We have allowed a con to go on.
With hopes a duping will uncover the truth.
We have allowed a con to go on.
To find the humor in it to be produced.
We have allowed a con to go on.

Even in the middle to be tagged!
We stay pro-active to be captured by the act.
Even in the middle to be had.
We perceive that we can dodge it all.
Only to be stricken by a ball to fall.

Hoodwinked, deceived AND prepared to bleed.
Only to be stricken by a ball to fall.
Hoodwinked, deceived AND prepared to bleed.
We perceive that we can dodge it all.

We love it when we have been conned!
We stay pro-active to be captured by the act.
With a staying in the middle to be tagged.
Staying in the middle to be had!
Hoodwinked, deceived AND prepared to bleed.
Only to be stricken by a ball to fall.
Hoodwinked, deceived AND prepared to bleed.
We perceive that we can dodge it all.

Conned with condoning that continues on.
Hoodwinked, deceived AND loving to bleed.
Conned with condoning that continues on.
Hoodwinked, deceived AND with a loving to bleed.
Conned with condoning that continues on.
Hoodwinked, deceived AND loving to bleed.
Conned with condoning that continues on.
Hoodwinked, deceived AND with a love to bleed.
Conned with condoning that continues on.
Conned with condoning that continues on.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Conscious Enough To Notice

And now it seems...
There is a global economic crisis.
Experienced by the Germans,
French...
Russians.
And those of British descent!

A commonness shared.

Allies declaring a need for a fix!
All coming together,
For a One World 'gathering'!
That benefits a unitedness,
To exist!

'What about the others? '

Their pockets are financing this!
With few observing it...
Who remain conscious enough to notice.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Conscious With Purpose

The only time given to any of us that comes,
Are those moments we stay aware...
That a taking it for granted,
To walk on paths of despair...
Without believing every minute of it,
Could be changed if we decided...
The time given to us that comes,
Only can be improved...
If that choice is made and accepted,
As long as we remain conscious with purpose.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Consequences All Must Face

A society beset by diverse realities.
And promised entitlements,
Everyone can and should receive...
Creates its own dilemmas,
When people perceive every wish they dream...
Can be obtained regardless of a depleted economy.

And delusions completely erased from fantasies,
Is difficult for anyone elected...
Or assigned to deliver a truth of consequences all must face.

People are afraid they can't escape,
From...
Those consequences everyone must face.
And...
With a wish to have them quickly erased,
To be done overnight approved will soothe.

A people made afraid they can't escape,
From...
Those consequences everyone must face.
And...
With a wish to have them quickly erased,
To be done overnight approved to soothe.

A society beset by diverse realities.
And promised entitlements,
Everyone will receive...
But the proof of this is not in stone or pudding.
'Cause...
A people made afraid they can't escape,
From...
Those consequences everyone must face.
And...
With a wish to have them quickly erased,
To be done overnight approved...
Will not for them come!

A people made afraid they can't escape,

From...
Those consequences everyone must face.
And...
With a wish to have them quickly erased,
To be done overnight approved...
Will not for them come to be done.
Or ever to be known as soon.

A people made afraid they can't escape,
From...
Those consequences everyone must face.
Will not be undone with a doing...
To replace their gloom.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Conservative Voices

Conservative voices,
Are better heard in the desert.
Pick one.
It doesn't matter which!
And left stranded,
With imagined visions...
Of a perfected way of life,
As an oasis.

Especially by those numbed,
And believing...
Words dripping from their parched lips,
Are not merely hallucinations...
From being out in the Sun too long,
Without sunscreen or thoughts connecting.

While feeding on a diet of delusions,
That has brought an entire society to the brink of disaster.
Hypnotized by their craze.
And influenced by their lust for greed!

Thank God the majority of the people,
Chose not to live in luxurious lofts!
Or highrise condos...
To experience daily nose bleeds.
With beliefs that they are living high and mighty.
Locked within recycled polluted air...
Sickening themselves,
At the price of a good view.

Just think of it...
If they were in their right minds,
Wouldn't they be greater than the claims being made?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Consider

Consider what you didn't do...
As done.
Consider time lost and wasted too...
As done.
Consider advice you could have used...
As done.
And never have it to you be repeated.

Consider what you had but tossed off...
As done.
Consider what you had with intent meant...
As done.
Consider the past from you has moved...
As done.
And no chance will be given to repeat it.

When you do something it's done, done, done.
And the chances are,
Slim to none that it will be repeated.
When you do something it's done, done, done.
Get over it.
Let go that load,
Get to steppin' down the road.

Consider what you had but tossed off...
As done.
Consider what you had with intent meant...
DONE!
When you do something it's done, done, done.
Get over it.
Let go that load,
Get to steppin' down the road.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Consider It Done

Consider it done.
Done.
Done.
Done.
Consider it done.
Done.
Done.
Done.
Consider it done.
Done.
Done.
Done.
Consider it done.
Consider it done.

Getting near a fiscal cliff,
And knowing of it.
But...
ignoring all the warnings,
Or it there to exist...
To feed an addiction to greed,
Regardless of the risks.

Well...
Consider it done.
Your feeding.
Done.
And with a greeding.
Done.

Consider it done.
Done.
Done.
Done.
Consider it done.
The feast.
Consider it done.
That feast depleted,
With a wish for more to eat...

Is done!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Consider Yourself Extremely Fortunate

One normally gets a few seconds,
To make a first and a last impression.
And you say you have been given more than that?
Consider yourself extremely fortunate.
For you that is beyond luck!

Somebody sees something in you...
That you obviously can not.
And they are giving you much more time,
Than I would see you need.
Since I've seen you do some unconscious stuff!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Consideration And Compassion

One moment.
I want to digest your thought process.

I stopped to provide you with assistance,
To fix your flat tire.
And you tell me you are late for a meeting?
And...
I am taking longer than you had expected?
That I should show more consideration,
AND compassion?

'What do you think you are doing to my car.
You're taking the air out of my other tires.
And you haven't put the spare on.
YOU are going to cause ME to get fired! '

Consider this...
With an attitude like yours,
I am sure you are not missed.
Any compassion I 'use' to have,
Will be left to your memory.
I'm outta here!
You mistake me for some other monkey.
And you have become deluded by 'this' zoo!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Considerd The Joke

If I was the one who had been considerd the joke,
Why am I the only one that is laughing?
Has it been discovered,
That my sense of humor matters too?
And there is nothing like a good laugh,
That I can sit back and enjoy!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Considered The Joke Too!

I'd just want to say...
Your spelling of 'considered',
Had been done in an incorrect way.
And...
I wish to point that out,
To bring it to your attention...
You have nothing to really,
Laugh that loud about.

'You can not be serious? '

I am.
I've been assigned to correct your flaws.
And your unconscious blemishes.

'Had you thought you were being used.
And considered the joke too? '

Not really.
I am known to be the master of correctness.

'You must be 'half-way' out of the house? '

Why do you point to your head?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Consistency

Recycled are these days today.
With little that is new...
As some believe.
There has always been:
Dishonesty
Corruption
Lies and poverty.
Homelessness is not too high
On this list...
But issues have been persistent,
With a consistency that exists!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Consistent Excellence

Go...
Ask anyone of your neighbors,
How difficult it is...
To produce consistent excellence.
With a doing done you do,
To ensure your life...
Is lived to make sense.
With the best from yourself,
To show those your excellence...
Is not some luck that has been sent.
Your excellence is what is meant.

Go...
Ask anyone of your neighbors,
And when you are done...
Ask your friends and family too,
If consistent excellence with a bit of sweat...
Is something done you know they do,
For themselves.
And nothing from them to you to prove.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Consistently Persistent

If one is not...
Consistently persistent,
With it wanted to correct...
The presence of flaws,
Faced to accept.
What purpose does it serve,
To have high expectations?
And regret receiving,
Repeated disappointment.
Few cakes are baked,
Without taking them...
To an awaiting heated oven.
Knowing each step of a process,
Helps to validate...
An anticipated success.

Few missions to vision,
Should be kept on a backburner.
Hoping motivation,
Will provide incentive...
To release the heat to feel it.
If commitment isn't there,
But fumes of procrastination...
Continues to be allowed,
As a marriage vow.
One should be prepared,
To end this affair...
If passion is not there,
To connect and sacrifice...
Time, patience and love.
In the mix to witness,
The results achieved.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Consolidated Pain

Effective it is.
And at a cheaper expense,
To have mindsets convinced...
A suffering economically to do,
Is no longer individually experienced.
But more a corporate choice,
Under which, collectively, we all are ruled.
To know it as a fact eventually...
Politics and religious conflicts exist,
As a business only those extremely wealthy...
Can afford to choose what they do and wish,
To empty everyone's pocket of even a penny to get.
And those racist with their petty biases to inflict,
Are victimized regardless of the flags they raise...
Or where they decide in churches to sit in pews,
Scrutinizing 'who' amongst them 'deserves' to be...
Highly favored.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Constant And Self Imposing

To feel not done,
With more to do.
With more to accomplish,
And much more to pursue.
Hoping what one did,
Has represented one's best.
But no one really knows that better.
No one but the one...
Who critiques oneself,
Harsher than the rest.

To satisfy in submission undenied,
A mission with a goal to complete.
No socializing comes to one...
That one who with self competes.
And to understand this,
No one can.
No one...
Than the one who sacrifices sleep.
Time and time and time again,
Just to make something even more acceptible...
And much more easier when peering,
Scrutinized
Under microscopic probing peeks!

This is what it takes.
To make something someone loves...
And creates!
Down to the crevice with perfection,
Sealed with no leaks.
For others to share, view or just stare.
And/or partake to satisfy one's glare!
For taste.
Either to be celebrated...
Or preparing one for heartbreak.
This...
Is not a life lived,
For anyone to despise or quickly dismiss!
This is too much of a constant...

And self imposing challenge to resist!
This...
Is not a life lived,
For anyone to despise or quickly dismiss!
This...
Is only the life,
One is willing to die for and exist!
This...
Can only be the life,
Of one who can live it and persist!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Constant Is This Hip Hop And Pop

It is today,
Very constant.
Constant is this hip hop and pop.

And with some added rapping touches...
This phenomenon is not going to stop.
No not very soon.

I'd like to admit I like Tchaikovsky's,
Attitude.
With a little bit of Brahms,
When I'm in that mood.
Move over Beetoven when I'm open to Chopin,
And Mozart too!

I'd like to admit I like Tchaikovsky's,
Attitude.
With a little bit of Brahms,
When I'm in that mood.
Move over Beetoven when I'm open to Chopin,
And Mozart too!

It is today,
Very constant.
Constant is this hip hop and pop.

And with some added rapping touches...
This phenomenon is not going to stop.
No not very soon.

Constant is this hip hop.
And the attitudes.
Constant is this hip hop.
What is one going to do?
Knowing there's no end that stops.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Constitution Visits

Things would be made much more explicit,
If those of leadership made constitution visits.
And saw and read and comprehend
What that doctrine says
To a nation of men and women!
No one needs to be Christian, Black or Jew
To uphold those rights for me or you!
No one needs to be Catholic, Baptist or 'Witness'
To live a life on this land that was not created for this!
Somehow somewhere someone thought of greed.
And represented the constitution for this purpose to feed!
Someone made it Christian and began to use a Bible.
Someone began making laws that from our constitution...
Was not viable!
We are fighting for the right to change thoughts of others,
When the understanding of what exists...
Has been twisted to make liable to stir up others' troubles!
Nothing that is done today,
Is from a constitution much abused that is reliable to use,
In the hands of those who choose it to confuse!
And where do the Puritans and Quakers fit in?
Believers and founders who arrived without documentation!
Things would be made much more explicit...
If those in roles of position,
Made a few more constitution visits!
Instead of surpressing realities in distress!
Creating not unity...
But a world in a conflicting mess!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Constructive Criticisms

I appreciate your assessments.
And the time you have given.
But guess what?

'What? '

The value I have placed on my life,
With the knowledge and comprehension...
Of my true identity that took me years to find,
With adjustments made to upgrade my mind.
And what I have obtained in the gaining of it,
Does not depend on your assessments.
Or your vocal beliefs on how I can achieve,
Your acceptance.

'I was just offering constructive criticisms.'

And I was offering my time,
To tell you not to continue the wasting of yours.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Consumed Is The Menace

Consumed is the menace,
For an attention to get.
And with a childish bravado,
Think of life...
As their playground.
To insult and talk tough.
While someone videos them,
Doing this.

Chatroom bluffers who bully,
Represent all walks of life.
However...
Reality to face,
Without electronics to
Become useless devices.
And difficult to excuse...
When the abused are discovered,
Neither to be meek. Mild.
Or cheek turners with eyes,
Swollen from nonstop crying.
Prepared to be dared...
Eyes don't blink but fixed,
They stare.

The Universe will not miss,
A bluish speck of dust.
Upon which leeches feed,
Conflicts to bolster up...
Boosted bluff.
And threats escalating,
Death to debate...
The fate of humanity.

Consumed is the menace.
Unaware of what it is.
Making the final,
Ultimate decision...
In this massive majesticness.
Could,

Without a wish but desire...
Eliminate the existence,
Of this menace.
And all other life threatening,
Diseases.
To do...
Whenever 'IT' pleases!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Consumed Within The Process

Consumed within the process
That process we call life.
Immuned? Not from this process.
It keeps the vision near yet uncompromised.
And far enough to become realized.

Consumed.
Within the process.
That process called life!
Don't assume...
This process,
Is a process you can't like!

Consumed.
Within the process.
That process called life!
Don't assume...
This process,
Is a process you can't like!

Consumed.
Within the process.
That process called life!
Don't assume...
This process,
Is a process you can't like!

Consumed within the process.
That process we call life.
Immuned?
Not from this process!

It keeps the vision near yet uncompromised.
And far enough to become realized.
Closing its eyes only when it wishes,
To call itself out!

Consumed.
Within the process.

That process called life!
Don't assume...
This process,
Is a process you can't like!

Consumed.
Within the process.
That process called life!
Don't assume...
This process,
Is a process you can't like!

It keeps the vision in precision,
Until it's in 'all' sights.

Consumed.
Within the process.
That process called life!
Don't assume...
This process,
Is a process you can't like!

Consumed.
Within the process.
That process called life!
Don't assume...
This process,
Is a process you can't like!

It keeps the vision in precision,
Until it's in 'all' sights.

Consumed.
Within the process.

Just consumed.
Within the process this process.

Consumed.
Within the process.
That process called life!
Don't assume...

This process,
Is a process you can't like!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Contagious

If we all had a wish,
To express our gratefulness...
Without hesitating in contemplation.
And just doing this to have it done.
What affect would that have on everyone?

When someone unexpectedly receives,
A consideration that acknowledges...
To another they are appreciated!
Wouldn't that be a contagious disease,
We all would love to have and spread?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Contaminated Minds

The only thing being won,
By a society outdone...
Recalling customs aged and tired,
Are people inspired to discard foolisness.
The kind that vanity,
With secrecy conspires.

More are exploring the root of truth.
Finding it discredited...
To bolster lifestyles of greed pursued.
On the shoulders of police patrols,
Hired to monitor and subdue...
Those outlawed by new 'don'ts' and old 'do's!

As anxieties encourage lost control to those wicked...
Those who are selfish and obviously sick.
This is success by those who are driven.
To take more from those with less...
Has become a sign of being blessed.
A sign unspoken,
Yet is given...
To finance a degrading moral mess!

These images spreading to ooze out all that's good,
Leaves contaminated minds,
In the best of neighborhoods!
And those imposing on the peace some find...
Are supported in 'high places'
To infest more nonsense in these declining times.

'Hip hip Hooray...'
The thoughtless are heard to say!
'Blast away at those resisting,
And insisting on standing in our way! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Contemplating The Insufficiency Of Past Errors

Every position you have taken on this situation,
Has produced the opposite dire results.
And here you have come before us for the eighth time
To request additional financial support for a failed procedure.
How can we be assured that what hasn't worked...
Can and will work this time around?

'I realize the ambiguity of past maneuvers
Jeopardized the wholesomeness of improper injections used.
Therefore diffusing a calculated initialization recommended
To transfix a progress upon our plans to produce the desired results.

After contemplating the insufficiency of past errors,
It has been concluded that optimum success will most certainly
Become sustained if funding viewed as lost on this campaign...
Is interpreted as investments to maintain 'concretivity' to reinforce
The plastering of cracks appearing upon this...our foundation.
To avoid fears of derailing this train now firmly placed on new tracks,
With a stunning ray of eminence from the lighthouse of hope
That promises to shine upon future generations to come.
Clarifying visions!
Removing threats to traditions valued!
Chasing away those darkened shadows on paths.
To embark upon shores with a unity now within our reach!
Expediting our goals...
And removing obstacles on the thresholds of our endeavors! '

Brilliant!
Well stated and direct.
We are unanimous with our support!
No longer will we doubt a point of view so precise,
And vivid.
Your explanation warrants an immediate release
Of every possible resource we have available
To ensure and recapture the pride that must be restored.
You have detailed this with such honest...
And chilling observation.
We applaud your efforts!
I recommend a complete opening of our treasury department,

To advance this direction so well outlined.
You are truly one of the greats!

'I humbly embrace this decision...
And wise assessment of the tasks before us! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Content

If clarity of content,
Has a purpose to propose...
Why is the mind confined and stopped,
To ponder upon 'typos'?
As a writer it will happen,
When thoughts are racing fast!
Sharing compositions to proof read,
Can be a pain in the...
Posterior!

And I wouldn't have chosen 'posterior'
To get my point across!
But there are some,
Who believe cussing is dumb...
And when it is seen,
The subject matter of content
Is entirely lost!
Minds like these,
Are looking for dotted (i's) ...
And crossed (t's) !

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Content I Missed

When I first saw you,
I knew my search was over.
My heart from my head,
Began to disconnect.
And it took me years,
To piece together...
Content I missed.
With it to realize,
Only my eyes were satisfied.

Today...
I am not so quick,
To be hypnotized by lucious lips.
Rotating hips.
Long beautiful legs.
Or a smile fixed to victimize.

Today...
I just drool from the sidelines to find,
Better are my thoughts kept to pass.
With a leaving a behind in my mind,
No time given to reminisce.
Or contemplate wishes to revisit,
Disappointment.

Today...
I have found a much easier way,
To satisfy my fleeting desires.
And with it known to leave,
No questions to be asked.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Contented

I don't know why,
I am delighted you decided...
I was the one weak to defeat.
Did I unconsciously...
Prepare you to eat?

Was there something about me,
That lured you into complete delusion?
Whatever it was that made you choose me...
Will be something that will cause you to weep.
And will leave me,
Contented!
To feed and satisfy...
That evil side!
I can not deny.
Especially when I am selected...
As an easy treat!

We all have them!
Those sleeping evil demons...
Hidden within.
That's why I choose peace,
To feast!

Although I may be known,
To enjoy a bit of spice in my life...
Some decide to provide!
I admit I may take more pride...
Nibbling away,
Upon their curiosities!
To fulfill them.
Until they subside!

Afterall...
I can be charitable!
I was not one raised to be selfish!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Contentions

Disqualified,
By their own inhabitions.
Seeking approval,
That would never come!
So for fun and Earthly pleasures done,
Self destruction begun...
As planned from the planting.
Contentions spent in doubt,
As irrelevent pretentions
Wiped them out!
And attempts to save them were declined.
Since they sought to define themselves,
With no time left to borrow!
Debating arguments,
Stalled their collective purpose and intent!
And they lost to ineffectiveness.
With any worthiness not missed at all!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Contentious And Self-Seeking

An opposition to a movement,
Will always have its followers...
To create with a doing,
Their own interpretation of truth to believe.
Only to feed the popularity of deception

In the beginning there may have been,
A collective approval all defended.
But labels given and chosen to bear,
Keeps those separately worshipping...
Ideals they profess depicts what is best,
For only those 'baptised' to feast and share.

An opposition to a movement,
Will always have its followers...
To create with a doing,
Their own interpretation of truth to believe.
With a promoting of 'inclusivity' falsely to achieve.

And even though the end result of the message,
Is the same.
There will be those within their specific factions,
Who will proclaim their beliefs,
Are divine in meaning and have never changed.

Contentious and self-seeking,
To serve.
Divided in cliques.
And quarrelsome to dispute agreements sought,
Within their own groups to benefit misfit egos...
Splitting with an objective to win,
At the expense of their own detriment.
And doing with a blindness fought.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Contiguous

Contiguous is this connection meant.
With a weaving embracing an intention,
Of our sentiments.
The only absence felt...
Comes when we must condone,
Our separate callings.
You there in creative sacrifice you give.
And I am here receiving...
Your touch that makes my breathing,
Worth the life I live!
Contiguous is this giving between me and you.
To last as we share,
Throughout eternity that keeps us aware...
When that special touch is there,
Connecting!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Continue To Know Your Ball

Continue to know your ball.
Feel it before and after,
The scoring of your points.

Continue to know your ball,
And what your ball can do.

No champion ever appears on the field,
Disbelieving a win is possible.
Or why a game to be won is played.

Continue to know your ball,
And what your ball can do.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Continued Envy And Petty Jealousies

By this time in their aging lives,
Producing revisited foolishness.
Many who relied upon the use of alibis,
And excuses to make to replace...
Being responsible,
Could have set aside...
Their continued envy and petty jealousies,
To realize...
Opportunies and established relationships,
Build and not chip away until they crumble...
Benefits that come for everyone done.

To many say they dream and wish,
For a unified togetherness to rid a childishness.
Yet those who permit arguments to exist,
Will find with their immature minds,
Someone to pick as the reason and cause...
They can not leave behind their mental limitations.
Or sit and discuss how unimportant it is,
To make accusations as to who did what and when...
Like children wasting time whining to complain,
An attention another received...
Because they were favored over others displeased.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Continued Thoughts Of You

These touches known,
And felt!
Did not go buried,
With you when you passed.
Alive with me now,
As I sit alone.
Under these evergreen trees,
Shown.

In those quiet times,
We'd find each other...
To discuss and share,
Our hopes with plans to travel...
To places everywhere.
And we did.
As I still do with you...
Here inside my mind existing.
Glued to this setting viewed!
And unresisting it!
As continued thoughts of you assist,
With my acceptance of this loneliness!
And your always welcomed visits.

It seems as if renewed...
This review of the same things said.
With you near and ever present,
Here inside my head!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Contractors Of Piece

Contractors of piece,
Deciding which piece each will keep.
Contractors of piece,
Deciding which piece each will keep.

Even though wars are ending.
And valiant troops have done their deed.
Loved ones in their hometowns,
Are relieved there's a fighting...
That finally has come to cease.

Restoring broken unities...
Of awaiting friends and families,
Seems not to stop...
The fighting over rebuilding greed.

Contractors...
Now on shores destroyed by wars.
Contractors...
Armed with plans and making demands.
Contractors...
Hoping to restore their greed.
Contractors...
Wanting to get themselves a piece.

Even though wars are ending.
And valiant troops have done their deed.
Loved ones in their hometowns,
Are relieved there's a fighting...
That finally has come to cease.

But contractors...
Now on shores destroyed by wars.
Contractors...
Armed with plans and making demands.
Contractors...
Hoping to restore their greed.
Contractors...
Wanting to get themselves a piece.

Contractors...
Now on shores destroyed by wars.
Contractors...
Armed with plans and making demands.
Contractors...
Hoping to restore their greed.
Contractors...
Wanting to get themselves a piece.

Contractors.
Contractors.
Contractors of piece,
Deciding which piece each will keep.
Contractors.
Contractors.
Contractors of piece,
Deciding which piece each will keep.
Contractors.
Contractors.
Contractors of piece,
Deciding which piece each will keep.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Contradicting To Conflict

Wanting to live their lives,
Done to do...
With wishes to customize a realty,
Effective, accepted and realized.
Has been achieved.
However...
What has left many,
Grieving in disbelief...
Is a contradicting to conflict,
With the presence of truth...
They have come to refuse,
As a 'true' representation...
Of what their interpretations,
Have left them to protest against.
With a disbelief...
What they see,
Reflects realities they've lived.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Contradictions

I don't have to be a mind reader,
To know you are full of BS.
You are the one in complete delusion.
Not believing you reek like you do...
And that is what stinks!
You carry it around,
As if a crown you adorn!
As if that was your only and best,
Attribute shown and worn!

I don't have to be a mind reader,
To observe misplaced activities!
Or to hear contradictions in your speech...
About the good you do for humanity!
You profess not to be like the greedy ones,
But that is what is noticed!
Your taste for greed is what one sees.
If you care so much about the plight,
And poverty of others...
Why not walk to where they are,
Instead of driving air-conditioned and enclosed,
Inside of your new Mercedes!

This image imposes...
An impression that taints goodwill,
By those in pressed clothes...
With stuffy turned up noses!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Contrast

Expect to get contrast.
From a point of view encompassing it.
Because there is contrast,
Everywhere there and here where few may sit.
Since there is contrast,
No matter who resists...
To admit,
Denying its existence.
As it provides,
A doing to bring some and not more...
A shown to be known benefit of this.

Does a contrast provide any benefit.

A contrast...
Provides a different flavor,
To contrast..
A changing of an image quick,
One depicts to predict...
As being,
Quite different.

But how can a contrast from black to white,
Provide...
A benefit.
And how can a contrast from white to black,
Provide...
Any benefit.
And how can a stark contrast provide...
A people remaining satisfied,
To live and be comforted...
With this.

A contrast...
Provides a different flavor,
To contrast..
A changing of an image quick,
One depicts to predict...
As being,

Quite different.

But how can a contrast from black to white,
Decide...
Who benefits.
And how can a contrast from white to black,
Decide...
There's a benefit.
And how can a stark contrast provide...
A people remaining satisfied,
To live...
And be comforted by this.

How can a people rely to decide,
That any stark contrast...
Is welcomed to benefit.

Extreme is a contrast!

And how can a people decide to rely,
That a stark contrast...
For them is a benefit.

Does a contrast,
Stimulate a benefit.
Does a contrast,
Stimulate a benefit.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Contributions Donated

No obligations have I made,
To allow my emotions dragged...
Into pits of despair.
With wishes to find a way,
To climb myself out of a dungeon.

I can commit to feeling love.
And will do my best to stay loyal and devoted.
But entrapment will not be a part of my life.
And I have proven with contributions donated,
To that theory twice to bravely find an exit.

I have escaped unscathed,
With a memory that serves me well.
And there is nothing like feeling duped,
By anyone who feels a love given to them...
Is an act of foolishness to abuse, ignore and deceive.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Contributions Made By Others

When will they find peace?

'When they find something about themselves,
They like.'

When will they feel a sense of harmony?

'When they find something about themselves,
They like.'

When will they begin to appreciate,
Those contributions made by others?

'When they find something about themselves,
They like.'

And...
When will they find something about themselves,
They like?

'When they begin to appreciate,
Those contributions made by others.
And they are freed from wishing to steal a recognition...
By submitting their own deeds,
Without fear or a need to deceive will achieve success!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Contributor To Your Disgust

Tell the truth.
And be honest with yourself.
If I had not been a contributor,
To your disgust...
Would you have had any other ambitions,
To hate for no reason?
And with such a lustful intensity.

Would you be motivated to continue living?
What kind of life could you possibly have?
Think about it.
Without me proving you with an incentive,
That inspires...
You and I both know,
Life to you would be absolutely meaningless.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Contrived

Contrived.
Heightened to spark controversy.
And to keep a creation,
False from the start...
But given,
Undercover...
The breath of life to breathe!

Contrived.
Molded from a choice to cheat...
With a substance complete to tease,
And sell!
This done well...
The 'pitch' believed!

Contrived.
What one is given...
And kept from another,
As a dangled carrot one seeks...
But will not ever reach!
As the interest of a peace...
Sought!
Is quietly murdered.

Contrived.
A marketing masked to solicit the masses.
A task addressed to spread an unrest.
Quenching the thirst for war that is fed!
Killing the young,
And breaking hearts of all!
Pushing backs against the wall.
Caring less who stumbles or falls!
Yet...
Honoring that sacrifice.
Honoring the vanity...
To stand valiant,
Against any opposition.
And not dare stumble or crawl!

Contrived.
Reasons to deplete and demolish...
With polished colloquial approaches done.
Increasing a misery!
Decreasing the fantasies of deceptions kept!
Leaving those weeping with intentions met!
To deprive.
As hunger and squalid images seep.
Delighting the wicked and those who leech!

Contrived with lies...
To stir up a racial division,
In a chaos that is meant...
To bleed resentment,
And spread contempt!

Contrived!
But those architects selected,
Are detected!
And all that has been done,
Is finally put to death!
With a taste of bitterness erased.
As unmarked graves are left.
And with time...
Forgotten!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Controlled And Fenced

The sickness that continues to brew,
In the minds of people...
Should be of no surprise at all!
It is a succession of events.
Witnessed by those with common sense.
And those who are lost...
Continue to pay the cost!
And that price is getting rather dense,
For those with mindsets kept controlled...
And fenced!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Controlled By The Physicality Of Things

Reprisals?
From them?
Forget it.

Most of them are illiterate.
The others are illegitimate.
Comprising an atmosphere of dysfunction!
And the people are controlled,
By the physicality of things.

I know you've gone out of your way,
To ignite 'some' response to your efforts.
Your passion is to be admired.
I suggest you not try to comprehend.
They consider any offense done to them,
As a compliment of attention that's given.

Why are you laughing?
What I say to you is not a joke!

You will be the one targeted to get upset.
The one provoked.
Trust me when I say this...
Don't show it!
That really sets them off.
They then will believe,
You think you are better than they are!

Why are you laughing?
Keep that humor.
You are going to need it!

If I were you,
I'd do more observing.

The others whose footsteps you follow,
Attempted the same thing.
Now they are addicted to prescribed medications.

A few have been spotted talking to themselves.
Some of them have been seen in full conversations.
While answering telephones they don't have,
In conducted conference calls.

Why are you laughing?
They are the ones who run this place.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Controlling

There is no consoling,
Those who are controlling.
Sometimes experiences they have had...
Gives them a certain insight.
Dictating choices made.
With no need for questions to be asked.

Some are wise beyond their years.
Some make decisions that bring them tears.
But whatever it is and the task...
It has to be done their way!
With a returned mumble grumbling,
That does not last!

Perhaps it is a point to prove.
With ultimately leaving,
Nothing for anyone else to say.
Advice given to them will be heard.
And that may be detected...
On another given day!

There is no consoling,
Those who are controlling.
And the ones who know them best...
Think of them as loving folks.
Knowing they will do what needs to be done.
Seldom with complaint.
Rarely with protest!

Maybe they can be a bit more overprotective.
But also...
One will find them to have little time for themselves.
Finding them quite dependable!
And sometimes pests...
Who are never at rest!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Controlling The Narrative

How do you intend to deliver your speech?
With it done uninterrupted,
And attention given to you successfully?
Aren't you expecting to offend,
Those who attend every meeting...
Asking questions you have answered in the past?

Before you had taken positions,
To not have them heard or understood.
You know everyone comes,
With it wished to make their suggestions.
How do you suppose this time will be different?
What makes you believe this speech will be effective?

'I am going to videotape those decisions I've made.
And what will be done to take place.
Those who oppose will find 'something' as always,
To prevent a moving forward...
With their mouths open to initiate conflict.'

But that step you take,
Will be considered as controlling the narrative.
And many will object to your impersonal approach.

'And...
Is there a point you'd like to make?
Impersonal, personal to offend or not...
I have decided we will move forward.
Without listening to hear,
What was done in the past...
That has left all of us complaining,
What to do, how to do it and 'who' is reluctant...
To offend those seeking acceptance and approval.'

What if some leave the meeting,
More disgusted than they normally do...
To say nothing about their future is being done?

'That future will come to go.

And they still will show their disgust,
Because someone had the guts to move forward.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Convenience

Needing!
And again I am from you...
Addiction free.
What you provided was not love.
What you provided,
Was a convenience to me.
A convenience to have someone there.
To hear breathing the air.
As if the company kept...
Communicated with chemistry.

Needing!
And again I am from you...
Addiction free.
It occurred to me,
To you I was just something to do.
And that wasn't done,
Seriously.
Even together,
You preferred to play hide and seek.

And I discovered,
I want and need love.
And when you left that feeling stayed.
Then I knew what you gave,
Was not love.
But a game to be played.

Needing!
And again I am from you...
Addiction free.
What you provided was not love.
What you provided,
Was a convenience to me.
A convenience that eventually,
Faded.
After the quick and ease of preparation,
Left immediately upon its release.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Convenienced With Options

Many aren't convenienced with options.
Or preferences to select from a list.
Many have had to face their obstacles early.
With a doing to either eliminate them,
Or run away and be chased...
Back into the awaiting arms of fear.
To be joined by those who have also chosen,
Life to make excuses and fresh alibis to introduce.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Conveniently Re-Interpreted

If the purpose of truth,
Was to have it accessed...
To have it shown as known,
At all times.
And kept expressed to address,
A quality of life...
Wanted and wished left protected,
Since many say the quality of life...
Is on the decline.
Why is truth today to speak it and face,
Less done to be accepted.
While so many seem to be running away,
With a preference to treat truth,
As if it was an inconvenience...
From other choices one has made,
For impressions to make and use deceptions...
To quickly replace truth to qualify expectations,
That validates receiving approval and acceptance.

And today,
Honesty and truth to speak...
Within listening distance and heard,
Is immediately assessed as an offense intended.
With words spoken not to comprehend,
But 'conveniently' re-interpreted.

'WHY do you purposely deceive others,
When it is so easy to be truthful?
Why do you do this? '
What is it that you fear? '

~FEAR?
I'm not here to practice fear.
Deception, I'll have you know...
Just happens to be my muse.
I enjoy what I do!
Unlike some people,
Who lie and pretend...
They've been SAVED from their sins.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Conversation

'What are you doing? '

Sssshh.
Come over here.
Look at that.

'What are they doing? '

I have no idea.
I've never seen it done,
Inside before.

'Me either.
Nothing is on.
No TV, stereo, radio
Computer...
Nothing! '

Did you see that?

'No, what happened? '

While one was talking...
The other one was listening.
Stopped!
And then the other one started.

'Why?
What is that called? '

I see people doing it louder outside.
But I'm usually on my cell or have my iPod.
I block that stuff out.
Lots of kids do that too,
At my school.
But always they are surrounding dudes on the ground,
Fighting!
That's when I have 'Whitney' blasting out her new jam.
Sheeeee's Baaaaaccck!

'How did you get a copy so soon? '

Don't worry about it.
Sssshh...
They're smiling and holding hands.
They are planning to get rid of me...
I just know it.

'Why would your parents want to do that? '

I don't know! !
Don't KILL ME! PLEASE DON'T

~Boy! ? What's wrong with you?
Can't your mother and I have a conversation,
Without you scaring us half to death! ? ~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Conversations Familiar

When ignorance becomes a way of life,
Even a questionable look
Raises an eyebrow of suspicion.
One who is new in a town with small minds,
Will always find conversations familiar
And many people who seem related...
In one way or another.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Conversations With Angels

I spent five months,
Recuperating...
From threatening life diseases.
Six weeks of total isolation,
Meditating and deep praying.
Doing exercises,
My doctors then thought...
I was too weak to survive.

Well that was five years ago now.
And I know God has bestowed upon me,
A miracle.

I had a mindset that was limited,
To gifts and talents God has blessed me with.
And being alive with that experience behind me...
I am less inclined,
To perceive this world...
As a place God does not watch,
Nonstop!
Especially after having conversations,
With 'Angels'.
And some were unbelievably hilarious!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Convince Me You Really Want To Win

I wasn't always this much fun to be around.
I remember the days when I had been,
Opinionated, all knowing, cynical and sarcastic.
And if it had not been for you coming into my life,
I would not have known what it was like...
To be humble, loving and caring.

'Read it again.
And try not to roll your eyes upward on the last line.
You want to make it clear you are sincere.
And tone down on the arrogance.'

I'm not accustomed to having someone else,
Write my speeches.
No one is going to believe I have changed that much.

'Do you want to win the upcoming election or not?
When you win say and do whatever you want.
And remember to look into the audience,
Just before you deliver...
That humble, loving and caring nonsense.'

What about tears?
When should I put the eyedrops in?

'Do NOT use the eyedrops.
What makes you think people will not see you using them? '

I had hoped that the rolling my eyes upward,
Would water them up a little.
Then I would point to the tear dropping down.
So everyone would notice.
Using the eyedrops makes that effort quicker.
Then I wouldn't have to pause,
Before capturing applause with that last line.

'It will just look too faked.
Not sincere at all.
Especially when you had your hands on your hips,

Batting and rolling your eyes.
Just be natural.
Trust me.
Try to be natural about this.
Okay?
Now...
Repeat the speech again.
And this time without your arms folded across your chest.
Or your head tilted to the side.'

I'm not too enthused to use your approach.
Are you sure your method will work?

'People love to be deceived.
What don't you understand?
And...
When you say...
~I wasn't always this much fun to be around.~
Try losing the sigh and twisted lips.
Your admitting this is suppose to be funny.
Read the speech again.
Convince me you really want to win.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Convinced

So much today has bloomed a lot,
That has been dropped from eyes to pop.
Many take no time to notice.
And so much has bloomed alot nonstop,
Yet...
Many jump in separate boats to row,
To get away from foolishness.
A foolishness they want from them to go.

They've been convinced,
There is too much nonsense...
So many jump in their own boats to row.
They've been convinced,
Too fences offend them...
So many jump in their own boats to row.

Convinced,
Too many fences offend them...
People leave their shores to go.
They've been convinced,
They will leave behind nonsense.
With a rowing away from its hold.

Convinced,
Too many fences offend them...
People leave their shores to go.
They've been convinced,
They will leave behind nonsense...
Left not to hear it unfold.

So much today has bloomed a lot,
That has been dropped from eyes to pop.
Many take no time to notice.
And so much has bloomed alot nonstop,
Yet...
Many jump in separate boats to row.
Fed up and ready to go.

They've been convinced

Too many fences offend them...
So people leave their shores to go.
They have been convinced,
That a leaving all the nonsense...
Wont be awaiting on other shores.
But...
What they leave believed to be giving up.
Is everywhere and can't be ignored.
Yes!
What they leave believed to be giving up.
Is everywhere and can't be ignored.

Convinced,
They can leave behind nonsense.
Yet nonsense is a part of everybody's affairs.
It's there,
And everywhere.
Nonsense is a part of everybody's affairs.
It's there,
And everywhere yeah,
Nonsense is a part of everybody's affairs.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Convinced Its Existence Is A Trick

Fearless is the one,
Who becomes accustomed...
And not stung to be stunned,
By a truth that is and doesn't from it run.
To then hide in denial,
Convinced its existence is a trick.
With a hope it disappears and quick.

Betrayed so long as something evil to avoid,
Truth annoys those confronted by it.
And has destroyed pretentious relationships.

Today there is no escaping away from truth.
Too many are beginning to accept it as a friend.
Although for those preferring to remain unconscious,
A truth to them spoken is done to intentionally offend.

Betrayed so long as something evil to avoid,
Truth annoys those confronted by it.
And has destroyed pretentious relationships.

Fearless is the one,
Who becomes accustomed...
And not stung to be stunned,
By a truth that is and doesn't from it run.
To then hide in denial,
Convinced its existence is a trick.
With a hope it disappears and quick.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Convinced To Accept

What kept perception,
Can be convinced to accept...
That what has been created to be infectious,
Will only affect those awaiting for it...
Prepared and protected at declared selected places.

With no other entrance or exit watched,
Except where the people are dressed impressively...
And other exits and entrances absent of fear,
Go left undetected where flight ot fright does not appear.
And a promised epidemic 'hyped' is nowhere near.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Cooped Up To Be Cuckoo

Does a common sense to have,
Make one a staunch believer.
Common sense,
Kept to receive.

Does a common sense to have,
Make one a believer.
Or is it that deception,
Has made this an exception.

So many dispute truth.
To either neuter or to mute.
With this done to dupe fools...
Cooped up to be cuckoo.

Shake your booty, boo!
We're cooped up to be cuckoo.
Thinking cuckoo to be cool.
To leave abandoned common sense,
For stupid attitudes.

Shake your booty, boo!
Shake your booty, boo!
Shake your booty.
Shake your booty.
Shake your booty, boo!

Shake your booty, boo!
Shake your booty, boo!
Shake your booty.
Shake your booty.
Shake your booty, boo!

Shake your booty, boo!
We're cooped up to be cuckoo.
Thinking cuckoo to be cool.
To leave abandoned common sense,
For stupid attitudes.
OH!

Shake your booty, boo!
Boo-boo-boo.
Shake your booty, boo!
Boo-boo-boo.
Shake your booty.
Shake your booty.
Shake your booty, boo!
OH!
Shake your booty, boo!
Boo-boo-boo.
Shake your booty, boo!
Boo-boo-boo.
Shake your booty.
Shake your booty.
Shake your booty, boo!
Boo-boo-boo-boo...
Booty kept to be cooped up,
Left stupid.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Co-Operation

Co-operation,
Isn't what it use to be.
When people wanted and believed,
Conflicts they could end successfully.

Co-operation,
No longer begins with it done.
Since too many today,
Want to be seen...
As the top dog who has won.

Co-operation,
Is more a need today than not.
Co-operation,
Understood will not have arguments start.
Co-operation,
To comprehend will make people stop...
Doing what they do to create confusion.
Or leave a bitter taste leftover in mouths.

Co-operation,
No longer begins with it done.
Since too many today,
Want to be seen...
As the top dog who has won.

Co-operation,
Isn't what it use to be.
When people wanted and believed,
Conflicts they could end successfully.

To co-exist can not be done,
Without...
Co-operation.
To let live and have this effective,
Takes acceptance and respect.
To co-exist can not be done,
Without...
Co-operation.

To let live and have this effective,
Takes reflection not neglect.

We need effective respect.
And co-operation.
We need effective respect.
And,
With it done.

We need effective respect.
And co-operation.
We need effective respect.
And,
With it done.

We need it effective.
We need it effective.
We need it effective.
And...
With it done!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Corporate Bottom Line

Shabbily they're seen and treated...
Workers jerked and losing perks.
Erased,
Are any raises in pay.

Everyday a job is outsourced,
To prevent a further loss.
And this is cost effective,
As a company directs!

Silk suits sit high to do their looting.
No matter who is booted,
To refine a bottom line.
And...
Silk suits sit high to do their looting.
No matter who is booted,
To refine a bottom line.

Uprooted to make beautiful,
A corporate bottom line.
Those recruited to dilute and choose...
A corporate bottom line.

Uprooted to make beautiful,
A corporate bottom line.
Those recruited to dilute and choose...
A corporate bottom line.

No excuses when it comes to boost,
A corporate bottom line.
Those recruited to dilute and choose...
A corporate bottom line.

Uprooted to make beautiful,
A corporate bottom line.
Those recruited to dilute and choose...
A corporate bottom line.

No excuses when it comes to boost,

A corporate bottom line.

Shabbily they're seen and treated...
Workers jerked and losing perks.
Erased,
Are any raises in pay.

No excuses when it comes to boost,
A corporate bottom line.
No excuses when it comes to boost,
A corporate bottom line.
No excuses when it comes to boost,
A corporate bottom line.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Corporate Intellects

They come in all sizes.
Those who take cheap shots!
With their lowbrow racist disguises.
To end up saying...
They do not abuse,
With the use of such devices.

Corporate intellects...
Fusing amusements with a seriousness.
Then attempt to explain,
Their lame brain-ness.

To say they are not,
The nasty snots they appear.
Only to confuse actions done...
That are overwhemingly crystal clear.

They have taken positions,
To advance their sick conditions.
And believe it okay...
To portray images displayed.
In a manner to influence,
Convincingly...
Their wicked decadence.

Corporate intellects...
Fusing amusements with a seriousness.
Then attempt to explain,
Their lame brain-ness.
Only to expose...
An insecurity of who they are.
That removes a mask what shows,
To reveal a backfiring...
Of a failed task proposed.
On 'all' fronts of their demented labors.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Corporatism

Politicians have long abandoned,
Their constituents to represent.
Lobbyists with bottomless pockets,
Show up like candy makers...
To know who they can tease.
And get addicted to lick,
Business deals...
To get themselves rich.
With a controlling every aspect,
Of anyone who breathes disbelieving...
Corporatism is on the left and the right,
With no in between in sight providing light...
That 'suits' dressed to address,
Who rules the One World monopolized...
By 'their' economics.

'I am going to vote for changes.'

~You already have.
When was the last time,
You saw a politician not wearing a silk suit?
OR spending less than a million dollars,
Trying to convince you...
Your quality of life is going to be better,
Than the lives they are not going to give up.~

'I am going to vote for changes.'

~I made some changes too.
Now when I vote,
I close my eyes.
Hoping that my ancestors realize,
I'm only going through the process.
And although I know they sacrificed their lives,
My choice to make would have been...
To stay in bed.~

'But your vote makes a difference.'

~I've been told that by many politicians.
But no one who owns a business,
Has every hired me on the basis of how I voted.
OR requested my opinion,
For the decisions they make that affect my life.
Have you ever met your 'union' leader? ~

'What does that have to do,
With the way I vote? '

~Nothing.
Nothing at all.~

'You make no sense.'

~I've stopped making that attempt.
I found it too exhausting.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Correct Me If I Am Wrong

I am to stop my own progress.
To aid you in the taking of your steps.
And when you have elected,
To achieve what it is you need...
You will leave,
To proceed in another direction?
With the taking away from me,
My energy?
With a doing done that leaves,
Me with a lesser energy?

Who is going to assist,
With the replenishing of my needs?
You?
Or am I left to do that on my own?

Correct me if I am wrong.
Will you or will you not...
Take from me,
Only to have it dawn on me...
You have no interest in my needs.
And you have gone.

Correct me if I am wrong.
I've already learned those lessons.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Corrected

If I said I love you!
You would not think I meant it!
And I would not object,
You wanting to correct me!
If you thought it best...
You needed to be closer,
So I can be corrected!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Corrected To Experience The Value

There is one distinct disadvantage someone has,
When defending to protect denials they've accepted.
It gets exhausting to the one listening continually,
Knowing what to expect before the act itself is done.
With a dipping into a vat of excuses,
To predict what one does to get the same outcome.

You see...
Time and seasons move forward.
Unforgiving who is left behind they leave.
And some people without this understanding,
Never change with a stubbornness to remain the same.
With a holding on they keep like a picture in a dusting frame.

Many learn to admit a mistake when made,
With a quickness to admit this without being assisted.
And others can not admit what they do to others,
As if to play a game!
Until their backs are up against a wall.
With a pulling of teeth from their mouths to fall.
To make little difference if a mistake is admitted at all.

And adults who do this are worse than the kids.
At least with children there is a sense,
Of wanting to be corrected to experience the value of it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Corrosion

Corrosion.
Knee deep,
In corrosion.
Kept to keep,
Is corrosion.
Fed to feed,
On corrosion.
Bearing down to find,
Everywhere.

Corrosion.
Knee deep,
In corrosion.
Kept to keep,
Is corrosion.
Fed to feed,
On corrosion.
Bearing down to find...
Everywhere.

What does it mean,
When decay is seen...
To lay obscurities,
Stark, dark and demeaning.

Could it be,
Corrosion.
Knee deep,
In corrosion.
Kept to keep,
Is corrosion.
Fed to feed,
On corrosion.
Bearing down to find...
Everywhere.

What does it mean,
When conflicts start...
To leave hearts broken torn apart.

Why does it seem no one will stop,
Corrosion.
Why can't they stop,
The corrosion.
Why can't they stop,
Corrosion.
Why can't they stop,
The corrosion.
Why can't they stop to put an end,
To corrosion.
Why can't they stop,
The corrosion.
Why can't they stop,
Corrosion.
Impoding...
With it shown.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Corrupted Cups

I don't want anymore anonymous stuff,
Some say I must put up with in my cup.
Nothing in the cup I hold will dust from rust.
Since corrupted cups to hold I just don't trust.

'Those cups there 'are' busted.
These have cracks.
But a painting them over,
Will conceal that fact.'

They may just have cracks.
But my concerns are not with that.
I'm into trust not anonymous stuff.
And painting them still leaves them corrupted.

'You are looking too deep.'

I am not looking at all.
I have found what I'm going to keep.
With a guarantee,
Whatever I choose to put in it on me will never leak!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Cosmic Tears

I loved it...
When you danced with life.
As if the light within you kept,
Would shine through your eyes...
Anytime of the day.
And stay bright at night.

I love it...
When you had me in your vision.
And I became enchanted,
With a trance I wanted...
To remain and not make,
Any other decisions.

But now I cry those cosmic tears.
Eclipsing to block out and stop,
The warmth from you I once kept dear.
So many cosmic tears have started,
To flow from broken hearts.
From where did that mood,
And temperment come?
As if manifested from the Universe,
With a contamination done.

I loved it...
When you danced with life.
As if the light within you kept,
Would shine through your eyes...
Anytime of the day.
And stay bright at night.

But now I cry those cosmic tears.
Eclipsing to block out and stop,
The warmth from you I once kept dear...
Like so many others,
Appearing with broken hearts.

Too many I witness crying,
Cosmic tears replaced by fears.

What has come to block the light,
With an eclipsing that stays...
To threaten life.

Those cosmic tears,
Have eclipsed to cover Sun...
But from it the light is needed.

Those cosmic tears,
Have covered up the Sun...
But more light from it is needed.
Much more light from it is needed.
Allowing life to live it with it done,
Zip, zip, zip...
Allowing life to live it with it done.
Shooooo...
Allowing life to live it with it done,
Zip, zip, zip...
Allowing life to live it with it done.
Shooooo...
Allowing life to live it with it done,
Zip, zip, zip...
Shooooo.
Zip, zip, zip...
Shooooo.
Zip, zip, zip...
Shooooo.
Shooooo.
Shooooo.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Cost Effective

Wouldn't it more cost effective,
To pay them not to do anything...
Than to pay them,
With the expectation
They will do something?
And nothing will get done?
Remember those days,
When we witnessed
This same potential come
To stare in the face of everyone?
And what that did...
To you, your 'ex', family and kids?
Either way...
It is still a gamble!
Good luck.
Who knows...
This time,
The odds may be in your favor!
I'm going to wait and see,
Just how much blood you'll bleed...
Before you might need any of mine from me!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Cotton Candy

A few are going to be on one side.
The rest will be on another.
And none will see the same parade...
Or who controls what they observe!
That has never concerned them anyway.
Their eyes are prepared to fix on floats.
And the redundacy of colorful marchers.
And who cares if the vendor has no peanuts to sell...
As long as someone sold cotton candy!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Could I Be Incompetent?

Could I be incompetent?
No.
But I will admit,
I can be stupid, ignorant and foolish...
When making incorrect decisions.
With a hopeful learning from them,
If I take the time to comprehend what I've done.

But incompetent?
No.
No, I am not.
And I am sure if I had been,
Someone who's opinion I accept...
And has shown to me their admiration,
Would have already brought that to my attention.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Could I Be Redeemed

Could I be redeemed,
From the effects of an environment...
That hides its dysfunctions,
In a colorized denial.
Could I be redeemd,
To become rehabilitated...
Without the climate fixed with facts.

Could I be redeemed,
To satisfy book readers...
Seeking for a perfit fit,
With chapters to re-read...
And passages highted to glow,
With words underlined,
And maybe copies to print.

Could I be redeemed,
From the effects of an environment...
That hides its dysfunctions,
In a colorized denial.
Or do I sit,
To analyze the purpose behind it.

Could redeemed?
In colorized denial...
Or do I sit,
To analyze the purpose behind it.

Could I be redeemed,
From the effects of an environment...
That hides its dysfunctions,
Or do I sit,
And wait for GOD to handle it?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Could I Critique Poe

Could I critique Poe?
Would he care to know,
My opinion of his vision.
Would the darkness felt in his heart...
Manifest more light.
If he chose to interpret,
From my insight!
How should Poe and I,
Share similar views on life?

Could I critique Poe?
I suppose I could...
With a wisdom I would bestow.
But how would that effort,
Allow my own to grow.
If from my own environment,
My experiences given...
Come forth from within,
To share as they are told.

And neither Poe nor I...
Would find that a critiquing,
To be the thing we sought...
When revealing from inside of us,
Those thoughts from us unique.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Could It Be Possible

I hear it often said.
And listen with intent to comprehend.
Immediately my mind zeros in,
With a giving of undivided attention.
And I observe. And, I listen...carefully.
To learn that observation should not go ignored.

There is a self pride connected,
When someone begins to brag...
About doing that 'something' no one else has.
To do with a dedicated time of years to give.
And spent to do most of one's life.
Just to hear that admitted is a motivation.

And yet...
After sitting through the tour of one's ego,
Progress accomplished to be made...
Seems to be missing in proof and action.
Nowhere does it appear to be visually exhibited.
Although clearly on display to hear it said,
Is a repetition mentioned of one's past.

'I have done 'this' most of my life.
I remember the meager years.
And how the beginnings of this all started.'

~That's great.
Now...
Could it be possible,
You tease us with a hiding of your progress?
Or have you spent most of your time,
Establishing impressions to make? ~

'Good question.
Perhaps...
A little bit of both.
One without the other,
Does not make for good business.'

~Well...
Your presentation represents your priorities.
That's for sure.
The selling of your 'business' is remarkable.~

'Ladies and gentlemen,
Please join me for refreshments.
And if anyone wishes to hear,
More evidence of my struggles...
Feel free. I am here and open for discussion.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Could Not Possibly Be Done Without Them

A persistent consistency isn't resistent to critique.
No!
Even though this may be believed.
There is a shared interdependency,
That benefits as a gift.

One who has been focused with purpose,
Has become accustomed to this deed.
And determined to use criticsm,
As a sign of something done...
That is appreciated but not by everyone.

And this continues with a seeking of critique one does,
As a method to keep critics feeling instrumental...
To what is needed to achieve what one does to do,
That could not possibly be done without them...
To ignite that inspiration kept and sought,
For a motivation that sparks one's drive to succeed.

'You could have used another line to rhyme with the other.
Why didn't you do it? '

~It's for the critics I exist.
But 'this' I keep them unaware of it.
I like to refer to this done,
As a mutual benefit of applied irritation.~

'But...
Does it work? '

~We've been irritating each other for years.
So I would think that it does.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Could This Be Possible?

'Why have you removed your surgical mask?
And hung that portrait of Tiger Woods,
Upon the wall? '

Since he announced his transgressions...
He has cured us all,
Of the H1N1 flu virus!
There has not been any mention of it since.
And all this time,
He has been disguising himself as a golfer.
Can't you see...
He has proven himself,
To be much more than that!
He's a healer.

'You may be onto something.
In fact...
Just weeks ago,
We were close to a pandemic.
Could this be possible?
Tiger has delivered us from this disease.'

What a magical thing to have happen!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Could This Be You?

Somebody has to keep faith,
Deep believed.
Somebody should feel everyday,
Come what may...
They can not lose.
No matter what it is they may be going through.

Somebody should stop crawling on their knees.
With a moody attitude.
Could this be you...
Who can choose to improve?
If you wanted to!

Some people live their lives,
Caught up in the middle...
Attempting to solve complexing riddles.
To feel 'flipped, flapped and jacked'...
As if heated on a griddle,
Becoming puzzled and belittled.
With a blowing of a stack,
That leaves them to sizzle...
In a whipping stirred that leaves them broken,
Choked up and seen...
In a pity that's demeaned.

Somebody should stop crawling on their knees.
With a moody attitude.
Could this be you...
Who can choose to improve?
If you wanted to!

Somebody has to keep faith,
Deep believed.
Somebody should feel everyday,
Come what may...
They can not lose.
No matter what it is they may be going through.

Could this be you?

Caught up in the middle,
Puzzled and belittled.

Could this be you?
Caught up in the middle,
Puzzled and belittled.

Could this be you?
Caught up in the middle,
Puzzled and belittled...
Feeling flapped and jacked,
And heated on a griddle!

Could this be you?
Caught up in the middle.

Could this be you?
Caught up in the middle.

Could this be you?
Caught up in the middle,
Feeling puzzled and belittled!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Could We Live That Kind Of Life

If I said to you,
Those things you wanted to hear and liked...
Could we live that kind of life forever,
Together like that.
Or would there be nothing deep to express.
To get off our chests to confess.
Ever or never.
Or would we,
Have the best times to find and get...
And together,
Forever.
If we did that at our best to get it.
And together.

If I said to you I'm needing more space and distance.
Would you listen,
If I said that to you.

And if I said to you the emptiness I feel,
Is real.
Would you,
Accept.
OR would you,
Have regrets.
Or would you,
Deny the ride of the truth you begin to hear in your ears.
OR would you,
Care less who has more pride deep inside to hide.

Would you...
Deny the ride of the truth you begin to hear in your ears.
OR would you...
Care less who has more pride deep inside to deny.

Do you,
Care who has no pride to deny.
Say something!

Do you care who has no pride left to hide.

Just say something.

Do you care who has no pride to deny.
Say something!

Do you care who has no pride left to hide.
Just say something.

Say something.
Even if its simply chit-chat.
Say something.
Even if its bitterness you want to spit.
Even if its nothing like that,
I want to hear every bit of it.

If I said to you I'm needing more space and distance.
Would you listen?
Or would you...
Accept.
OR would you,
Have regrets.
OR would you,
Deny the ride of truth expressed.
OR would you feel,
Better if I up and left?
Say something.

Even if its simply chit-chat.
Say something.
Even if its bitterness you spit.
Even if its nothing like that...
I want to hear every bit of it.

Say something.
Even if its bitterness you spit.
Even if its nothing like that.
I don't want to break up and quit.
I don't want to be left doubting.
I want to hear every bit of it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Could You Imagine It?

Would I or could I be supportive,
Of a child of mine blinded by sex...
And barely in their teens,
To have yet experience life!
Then to get pregnant?
With a doing of it without knowing,
What it is like to endure suffering...
Day and night?
With a hope everything will turn out right?
NO!
I would or could not be supportive.

'Is that it? '

I could tell you where to go,
Where the devil sits!
But I wont.
Since God has already spared me,
To declare that blessing for me not to be.

'Could you imagine it? '

No!
No more than I can imagine myself,
Sitting in prison for the rest of my life...
Because a child disrespected,
Not only me but my decision.

'And what decision would that be? '

The only cap adorned I want to see worn,
Is on my child's head at a graduation ceremony.
And any daughter of mine I see breaking down in tears,
Will be after she's been awarded a Doctorate's Degree.

'Do you have any children? '

Didn't you hear me say...
I can not imagine myself sitting in prison?

For the rest of my life...
Since God has already spared me,
To declare that blessing for me not to be.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Could You Love Me?

Could you,
Love me...
And another.
And another.
And another.

Could you,
Love me...
And another.
And another.

Could you,
Love me...
And another.
And another.
And another.

Could you,
Love me...
And another.
And another.

Could you love me,
At night.
And feed my appetite.
Now could you do this,
With another...
And another.

Could you kiss me passionately?
Take risks and submit totally.
Could you do this,
With me...
And another?

Could you,
Love me...
And another.
Could you,

Love me...
And another.
Could you,
Love me...
And another.
And another.

I remember the mending.
After bending and consenting.
I went through all the suffering.
But I don't want that,
On my mind.
Knowing you might be sometimes,
With another.
And another,
Any another

Now could you,
Love me...
And another.
Could you,
Love me...
And another.
Could you,
Love me...
And another.
And another?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Couldn'T Afford To Be Lost!

You have not wasted my life,
By finding yours.
I've had this insight.
I had not been waiting for you...
To come 'see' the light.

I've been making mistakes and living life,
While making all types of sacrifices.
No time did I give to wish for the impossible dream.
Every step I take is a challenge.

Do you see any hired bodyguards,
Protecting me from harm?
But around you I have seen delusions,
Fantasies and myths.
And you have no idea how dangerous I think that is!

You have not wasted my life,
By finding yours.
I couldn't afford to be lost!
My identity and dignity I love too much!
I had to be where I was and focused...
At all times.
Since you never were...
You have no clue as to how important that is!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Count It All As Joy

Count it all as joy!
Even the pain of living,
You believe has increased...
Can and will cease to be.
If the grip you hold.
Loosens to let grief go!
And,
That is okay...
If it goes away.
It is not meant to stay,
To have you in despair that way!
Count it all as joy!

If you did not experience sorrow,
How would you recognize happiness?
Count it all as joy!

If you did not know struggle...
Or a burden to bear.
How would you know a gladness,
That appeared in your heart to share?
Count it all as joy!

If you did not know loss,
And the agony connected.
How can you appreciate...
A peace of mind and reflect it?
Count it all as joy!

Even those rough times,
Appearing along your path...
Aren't there to paralyze you,
As obstacles in your view.
To subdue there to last!
Count it all as joy!

Trial and tribulations?
Even take 'them' and celebrate.
You are awaiting,

To be showered with treasures.
Know it and keep 'that' to anticipate.
Count it ALL as joy!

Maintain a steadfastness in your praises.
To God...
And do not for a moment,
Contemplate a doubt in hesitation.
God prepares every wish to be delivered.
Know you are blessed,
With each test you receive!
Perceiving 'this' as it is!
Depend on this.
And count it all as joy.

Dedicated:
Mrs. Eula Shamberger
Hartford, Connecticut

'Thank you, Eula.
This has been the first time I have been inspired
to begin and finish a composition in the presence
of the person who provided that inspiration!
We both were there in your office January 29th 2008
when you said 'Count It All As Joy'. And I could not
leave until this 'poem' was completed in its entirety!
THAT has never happened to me before. This was
indeed a message...a blessing! And I am very grateful! '

Lawrence

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Counting Dollars Clocked For My Efforts

I've heard it said,
But not as often these days.
How I had it made.
And others 'have' to work.
Although today,
There is an economic crisis.
And many passing their judgements,
Are not so free to critique.
With a shutting done of their lips.

And I use to let these comments upset.
But I stopped recently to think to myself...
They could not be referring to me.
Because I've been working all my life.
Doing things that I like.
And not having the benefit to call in sick.

None of which,
Affords me the time to sit doing nothing.
Or to complain to anyone,
About getting no pay!
As they...
Those in positions to complain AND get paid,
Take money and run on their pay day.
With the doing of one thing most of their lives.
And have the time to mind someone else's business!

Well...
With many today hoping those pink slips given,
From them look the other way!

And if I wished to have a position like that,
I wouldn't be spending sleepless nights...
Toiling as I do something I like.
I'd be spending time entertaining myself.
Or find the time to dine.
Ruining my diet with an unnecessary appetite.
Sitting to gossip about someone's life.

And here I am after many years...
Without the benefit,
Of lunch breaks and two weeks of paid vacations.
While doing fourty five minutes of daily labor!
To then say how easy someone else has it!

Don't we all make choices?
I can't be the only one who remembers this!

So fortunate I am to count my blessings.
Even though there has been times I wished,
I was counting dollars clocked for my efforts.
I'd have a condo on Jupiter by now!
But...
God has my back.
And so grateful I am for that!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Country

I saw lots of dust,
From the bus through South Dakota.
I was a passenger on my way to L.A.

I wish I took a train or a plane,
From Minnesota.
Instead I took my time,
And went the cheapest way!

Riding that seat on the bus,
Every bump my rump and the wheels
On that bus had found.
I couldn't stretch,
To lay my tired body down.

I looked around from the window,
And spotted a Caribou.
I stopped my cussing long enough,
To enjoy the view.

I felt a bit country!
As I started to hum a tune.
I thought of Mount Rushmore,
And Buffalo roaming plains!

I felt a bit country!
Thinking of things I'd do!
Like hiking and biking...
And skipping L.A. to see!

I saw lots of dust,
From the bus through South Dakota.
I was a passenger on my way to L.A.

I wish I took a train or a plane,
From Minnesota.
Instead I took my time,
And went the cheapest way!

And began feeling country.
With a native Indian mood.
Thinking of the tribes who survived,
The Wild Wild West!

I sat feeling country.
Changing up my attitude.
Imagining the Sioux...
And those rough times that they knew!

When I arrived in L.A.
I had forgotten I had wished I'd flew!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Country Heads

They selected their favorites amongst themselves,
In the early stages of their progressive ignorance.
Preferences for those down to Earth and comedic,
And having obtained certain material possessions...
Were those early choices made.
With a backstabbing enjoyed of others done.

However...
Times and things change as observation proves to provide.
And those who have made their choices,
Openly made and discussed on occasion...
Have a similar attribute common amongst them.
Deceiving one another has been maintained as a priority.

'But?
What is it that they 'have'? '

Lots of conversation based on themselves,
And aspects of chasing a dollar bill.
And a love to debase family members.
You know...
The usual country small town backwater stuff.

'I thought you were talking about a people living in a city.'

I'm talking about a city filled with country heads.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Coverups, Excuses Made And Deceit

Coverups, excuses made and deceit.
If I am not mistaken,
We all were told...
The curriculum would be changing,
To research, investigations...
And discovered revelations.

'We too thought we could offer,
Something more relevant...
To the times unfolding before us.
However...
Those responsible for making those changes,
Can not seem to agree...
Upon the degree of honesty,
We would like to approach the findings...
Of what has been uncovered.
Therefore...
Until that happens,
We have committed ourselves...
To teaching what is known and reliable.'

So...
Where is the truth?
And how is that applied?

'That depends on the bursar's office.
And your financial standing.
You will become more familiar with this,
When you become an alumni of this institution.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Cowardly Fool

You celebrated my death.
And delighted in my murder.
You thought your lips would seal and crush...
My life into a hopelessness.
And upon my destitution...
You would rush and stand upon.
And in my ears,
Insults you would murmur!

You have been quite foolish to ever believe...
I would ever grant you that kind of power over me!
Did you perceive my bleeding made me weak!
And that is why you prematurely...
Declared me dead!
Another useless 'entity'?

You cowardly fool!
Everyone can see.
You have never been more than wind!
You have never been a match...
To dare to attack me!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

'Cowed'

'Stylish.
A bit eccentric.
But, uh...
What is it with the thigh high boots?
And the huge umbrella?
There is not a storm.
Or an approaching rain.
You're dressed as if prepared,
For a hurricane.
Are you forecasting?
Or wishing for a blizzard,
To visit you personally? '

I don't know about you.
But I've had enough,
Of the onslaught of accusations...
Dropping from told lies all over the place.
And the poop on the streets it leaves,
Is so thick a herd of bulls or buffalo...
Can graze on the spreading of nonsense left.
Flowiing with a stench making me sick of it.

'Why now brown cow?
No one else has complained.
About their 'udders' to drag by others,
Through the mud without one word to utter.
And that's been them doing it for decades of B.S.
Unless...
You have found being disgusted with yourself,
Unbearable.
Remember...
Like the rest you allowed yourself to be 'cowed''

Your sarcasms wont cause me spasms.
Nor will your comments with the scent of stench,
Intimidate me at all.
I am pro-active and cautious.
To do to keep moving.
Before I become nauseous to prevent your consent,

Of it done.

'Hey.
Who cares?
Mooooove.
Moo-moo-moo-moo-moooooove.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Cozy Up To Woes

Nothing is finished to be done.
With more of life to come.
To bug or cuss or fuss about,
For another day...
To see or hear someone's displeasure.
And with intention to display.

Some awaken each morning that dawns,
Complaining about maintained pains.
Some awaken and can not wait,
To feel unchanged aches...
Felt to remain the same.
Regardless if the Sun shines.
Or if clouds appear,
To pour down some rain.
Prepared they are to find time,
Entertaining a whining to remind...
Anyone within reach,
Of their ability to cozy up to woes.

Run from one to another just to...
Cozy up to woes.
And hoping someone also too,
Has woes they can't let go.

Nothing is finished to be done.
With more of life to come.
Affording some no time to run from,
Those cozy with their woes.
And showing up before the Sun,
Has cleared the horizon.
Prepared to share every detail,
Of 'their'sorrows from a yesterday...
With the ones they disturb abruptly,
Who are not given the respect...
To forget,
How a headache came and stayed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Cracked

Piped and smacking munchies.
Cracked while passing lit delights.
Strung out to numb...
Any thoughts,
Of making decisions that come!

Relaxed and cracked.
Listening to rap tracks.
Fizzled minds gaining nothing learned!
Burning generations to crispy creatures.

As elders watch...
With wise eyes fixed on their demise,
And realizing much too late...
The tick tocking of a clock that's heard,
Does not wait...
For belated actions to solve their fates,
In debates to delay the doom that awaits.
Or flaws to be corrected in the laws all break!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Cracks Of Foundations

She's a woman.
And he is black.
Republicans and democrats...
Fighting to decide,
Who lacks what...
As conditions continue,
To slide into a nose dive.
A pettiness is revealed...
That exposes the cracks,
Of foundations...
Crumbling around us,
As these 'leaders'...
Freely each other attack!

Racist views in a land that is mixed.
Should not exist nor produce conflicts.
But all that this shows,
Is a selfishness that has become bloated...
And overdosed as publicly noted.
With a need to see who's greed,
Will succeed...
To turn what had been great,
To a serving of crumbled toast...
Disributed upon broken plates.
To feed the demonic who salivate!

And only then it seems...
Those with this need will boast!
And how sick can they be,
To willfully lead a fading empire...
With this mental disease!
To float aloft with ego eased...
Licking lips dipped with spitted quips,
And displaying such shallowed valor!

As all sit and observe,
Such a disturbing tragedy!
And the signs are around,
No longer hidden and easily found...

That God is not at all with us pleased!
And He is on the verge,
To bring us all to our knees!
Showing us our 'cancerous' ways...
Are devices He neither wishes,
Or this world He has created needs!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Craftsman

I was asked to do a reading!
And at one time I did them free.
But don't 'expect' for me to do them...
Without offering a fee!
What I do is a skill!
Like teaching or carpentry!
And when I am approached by churches?
They throw that guilt trip...
And exposure thing on me!
And IF their ministers get paid,
To deliver 'the word' from God?
I think they misunderstand my 'gift'!
Since 'this' what they ask from me...
Has been directly given The Master's nod!
And the God that 'IS'...
Has blessed me with my 'gift' to get paid!
And 'if' that is not something that is understood...
From 'me' those who don't agree,
Will get 'shade'!
Is it believed an electrician,
Will turn on the lights...
If an agreement of payment is not made?
Laugh if you wish!
But I am a craftsman at this!
I have skills.
And for them one has to pay!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Crank It Up

I've got to crank it up,
Just another notch.
To face those challenges inside,
That never stop.
There is so much in me I want to share,
And dare to uncover
To another to be shown.
If I didn't do this it will never be known.

I've got to,
Crank it up.
Just another notch to show just what I've got.
If I stopped believing in myself,
Who would know
I could do,
A doing I could prove.

I've got to,
Crank it up.
Just another notch to show just what I've got.
If I stopped believing in myself,
Who would know
I could do,
A doing I could prove.

Crank it up.
The faith I keep tells me I've got it.
Crank it up.
Sometimes I doubt myself about it.
Crank it up.
I push aside inside denial
Hoping that excuses wont seduce me to refuse.

Crank it up.
The faith I keep tells me I've got it.
Crank it up.
Sometimes I doubt myself about it.
Crank it up.
I push aside inside denial

Hoping that excuses wont seduce me to refuse.

I've got to crank it up,
Just another notch.
To face those challenges inside,
That never stop.
There is so much in me I want to share,
And dare to uncover
To another to be shown.
If I didn't do this it will never be known.

I've got to,
Crank it up.
Just another notch to show just what I've got.
If I stopped believing in myself,
Who would know
I could do,
A doing I could prove.

I've got to
Crank it up.
Just another notch.
Just another notch.
I've got to crank it up!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Crap Fed

It is addicting.
With a flavor to crave,
And more desired with each taste.
Although,
Debatable is the quality...
Of the ingredients used.
But...
No one, as of yet, has questioned...
The contents or its nutritional value.
Nothing quite like it has been 'this' good.
And once one gets over the smell of it...
Difficult it is to challenge its deliciousness.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Crapenya

There is no need to take more Crapenya,
If your condition moves one eyelid slower...
Than the other to open,
At the crack of dawn.
Know that enough Crapenya is intended,
To lighten both lids...
With a lift to remember,
No more is your need of that Crapenya.

Crapenya is only for those diagnosed,
For quick relief of disbelief of being deceived.
Stop taking Crapenya...
If you happen to feel the affects,
Of a prolong and throbbing headache...
Lasting more than 90 days.
If at the 91st day you begin to notice neighbors,
Pacing back and forth in slow motion...
In front of your door,
Don't be the one to take that Crapenya anymore.

Call 911.
Beg for cops and protection to come.
Something said and done to you,
Has been obviously mentioned.
And this leaves you defenseless as to what to do.
You've overdosed on Crapenya.
Refuse taking more and do it to choose.

There is no need to take more Crapenya,
If your condition moves one eyelid slower...
Than the other to open,
At the crack of dawn.
Know that enough Crapenya is intended,
To lighten both lids...
With a lift to remember,
No more is your need of that Crapenya.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Craving The Mundane

No one I know,
Has stated to have a craving for the mundane.
With wishes to again taste nostalgic visits,
Or have a yearning to recreate those days...
That have come to replace,
Horse powered covered wagons...
With cars, trains, boats and planes.

Many people are slow to adapt to change.
Only to remain complaining about their lives...
They have chosen to keep the same.
Dull, unimaginative and stagnant.

No one I know,
Has stated to have a craving for the mundane.
Or have found themselves debating over,
Interpretations of life and who does it wrong or right.
And why is it addicting to snoop a sniff of someone's life?
Where are the sacred limits to this affliction?

And those who procrastinate should infuriate everyone.
WHY?
These are the people who advocate,
'It is never too late.'
While taking time and finding money to waste...
To chase a reliving of those 'yesterdays'.
To then accuse others of being impatient.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Craving!

Craving!
An essence within my heart,
Unknown.
Craving!
And yet I know this taste.
A familiarity embraces me.
Craving!
Bathing in the fragrance of it.
Hoping that it will covet me.
Once it identifies,
Which desire it gives that pleases.
Craving!
This life.
And its teasing!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Crazed Madness Now The Rage

To a finger no one lifts...
From hands kept in balled fists,
To stop and avoid anguish.
With a listening to begin.
But those...
Arguments!
Arguments!
Arguments spit...
To foam from twisted lips!
Rose to the top of everyone's list!

To eyes open wide with chaos surveyed...
And fading promises made,
To end conflicts created.
None of this!
None of this!
None of this would have ever existed,
If fellowship for one another...
Had been consistently displayed.
Instead of a crazed madness,
Now the rage everyone seeks to stage.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Crazed Mentalities

Crazed mentalities,
Given entitled rights to believe...
They can continue to display,
Appetites of hatred and division...
Done to do as they please.
And...
Defend the doing of it unauthorized.
Although 'suggested' to be legalized.
Should leave no one less surprised.
Or left to become horrified.
By what they have allowed to let spread.
Untightened nuts are beginning to loosen,
In all kinds of heads to go unidentified.
No matter the race, color of creed.
Religious belief or political affliliation.

And with a madness that has been fed,
To digest manufactured beliefs...
Of a superiority over others preached.
That will reach a solution to decrease,
An increasing of crazed mentalities...
Armed with weapons seeking to eliminate,
The cause and reason behind why their minds...
Have become infected by a disease.
This epidemic has signs of being homegrown.

A disease condoned,
Many have come to feed their addictions upon.
On a daily basis but can not face.
Or will find a cure to erase,
Images of themselves they refuse to see.
Nor accept but quick to reject the reflection,
That has become too obvious to ignore...
What has been revealed.
And long ago to have been diagnosed,
On both sides of a fence...
Where too many have crowded to sit.
Pointing everywhere else.
While defending pretentions and hidden intentions,

To satisfy more of what they crave.
Ultimately to deny their own self destruction.
But thrilled some are,
Of the possibility to return back to the age...
To throw their stones from caves.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Crazed With A Self Centeredness

When a leader of intelligence,
That clearly should get respect...
But doesn't by those who have chosen,
To express their ignorance.
This reflects on what they represent.
With nothing left that can be said,
About beliefs that are kept...
In the minds of those,
Crazed with a self centeredness.

'Not only are your actions disrespectful,
But you also have been fed a belief...
You can do and say as you please.
With a representing of those like yourself,
Providing a validation as to why the world,
Is in such a mess.'

~I thought you were finished with your statement.~

'No!
You wanted to give your ignorance an attention.
And without mentioning how well you represent it,
You should be proud of it being televised.
Congratulations.
Now...
If you have finished interrupting me,
I will proceed with the continuing of my speech.
And may I add...
Thank you for providing your unsolicited endorsement.
You have relieved me from announcing your stupidity.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Crazy Like A Sly And Special Fox

I doubt very seriously,
If he is as stupid...
As he wishes others,
To believe him to be?

'Why do you object?
He wants people to accept,
His stupidity.
He himself has admitted it.'

When was the last time you heard,
Anyone admit to being stupid?

'Maybe he is 'special'.
Or either crazy.'

Yeah!
Crazy like a sly and special fox.
With more 'wit' to dropp that's noticeable,
Than not.

'Then...
What are you saying? '
Why isn't he bothered,
That others regard him as stupid? '

No one is that 'stupidly' at peace,
With themselves.

'Well...
What you just said?
Is real stupid.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Cream Puff

Hey you?
Yes you...
Sweet stuff.
Bold and vivacious,
With some edges rough.
Your cream puff touches...
Moistens me much!
Let's begin together,
To fill your cup up.

Hey you?
I like what you do.
You've got my head mushed with fluff!
I know what you're doing...
When I see you switch and strutt!
I use to feel foolish,
Believing I could make the 'cut'!
But you slowed your flow by me...
And with your wink,
You sent me luck!
Now let's get that cream puff dripping...
Sharing and licking it up!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Create New Chapters Made

You like to dropp those 'have nots' you've got.
But need to stop growing them like crops!
And take them away,
Today!

Pity party chatter that you gather like it matters.
Is not a page you should keep re-read or save.
If your life is lived in a way you say is craved.

Singing songs of what is wrong all day long,
Wont keep you strong.
Let them be!
Why desire that as company?

You like to dropp those 'have nots' you've got.
But need to stop growing them like crops!
And take them away,
Today!

Pity party chatter that you gather like it matters.
Is not a page you should keep re-read or save.
If your life is lived in a way you say is craved.
Then you've got to seek more meaning.
Turn that page and create new chapters made.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Created For No Reason

There is more than one thing,
Swept under a rug that shows to lump.
And those who say as if mystified,
Others have made a mountain from a mole hill...
Are usually the ones accustomed to hiding,
With beliefs they can dump their insecurities...
On everyone else to accept what has been done.
To pretend an issue has been created for no reason.
Even a frowning child shows a disapproval quicker than swift.
And has a reason for doing it that is connected,
To something inappropriate that's no longer tolerated.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Created Rivalry

Most will await to investigate too late,
Why they allowed feelings felt towards another...
To heat and escalate for purposes to initiate,
Some kind of created rivalry.

And with it done mostly for others to see,
How they can pick on someone unnecessarily.
Only to discover the one they chose,
Isn't chased away or afraid to throw the first blow.

To then begin an unending conflict started,
Over a rumor that began...
By someone no one can name.
Or can claim they even know.

'Why are they fighting and for what reason? '

~Over he said/she said stuff.~

'Well...
What did those people say? '

~No one knows to remember.
But they chose to fight anyway.~

'For what purpose? '

~To appease the expectations,
Of those who have been watching...
Encouraging them to put up a good fight.~

'That's sick.'

~I agree.
Now which one of us has the cure,
That will stop these folks to end this disease? ~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Created To Be Hated By Their Peers

Some are often,
Abused and talked about.
Taunted and picked out.
Without evidence to show,
Why they should fit this mold.

And some are often,
Choosen to be the beast.
When they are in the least...
The ones to fear.

Created to be hated by their peers.

Isn't this doing easy.
Isn't the doing easy.
Isn't this doing easy.
Isn't the doing easy.

Some are often,
Selected to be teased.
By others who are pleased,
To make enemies.

And some are often,
Used to just amuse.
And thought to be just fools.
But those who do this lose.

Created to be hated by their peers.
Peers who run to hide and disappear.

Isn't this doing easy.
Isn't the doing easy.
Isn't this doing easy.
Isn't the doing easy.

Created to be hated by their peers.
Peers who run to hide and disappear.

Some are often,
Abused and talked about.
Taunted and picked out.
Without evidence to show,
Why they should fit this mold.

Created to be hated by their peers.
Peers who run to hide and disappear.

Isn't this doing easy.
Isn't the doing easy.
Isn't this doing easy.
Isn't the doing easy.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Created With Originality

Campaigning against a 'thing' that 'is',
To dispute its existence like some people do...
Because it does not fit a customary genre,
By those who place themselves in positions...
To pick and select what 'is' and is not acceptable,
For others to embrace...
Because what they are familiar with is easier to label,
Or in a notch be categorized and safely placed...
Only validates with certainty,
Something has been created with originality.
And 'however' it is depicted does not dim its glow one bit.
Even standing alone,
It manages to produce its own radiance.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Creating A Deadlock Left In Conflict

There are realities,
And kept delusions on trial.
With those opposing both,
Creating a deadlock left in conflict.
Just to waste time debating,
A confused system of mixed beliefs...
Baked and frosted with the taste of escapes.
To then find appropriate escapades to leave,
A people already fantasized by assumptions.
As they are left to medicate themselves,
On entitlements and a daily dose of self importance...
Based upon hyped up propaganda and its greatness,
Creating a rise of denials and mental illness to ignore.
With just a few designated as misfits,
Willing to strip the cream to get to the crust of it.
By a removing of their suits and ties,
And rolling up their sleeves to sweat unafraid of the dirt.
READY...
To get down to Earth and administer to the root of things.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Creating Any Reaction That Is Wished

The only evidence there is...
Seems to be the lack of it existing.
And that is proof enough,
That what one initiates...
Only has to inspire the desire
To make real what isn't.
Like any emotion...
That begins from mere suggestion.
And anyone who has ever felt,
What has not been seen...
Knows it is better left mentioned,
And described...
To gain the best affect!
Thus creating any reaction that is wished!
Especially in a controlled environment.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Creating Illusions To Delude

Only during the Olympic Games,
Are billions of people the world over...
Given a vision of unity.
To witness the reality of true atheletes.
Those who are at their greatest mental,
And physical peaks.
While those of lesser performance skills,
Choose to isolate themselves,
Within images of divisions with a practicing done...
Of effective hatred,
Seem to be the ones...
Marketing to impose their darkest fears,
Promoting threats of all losing their interests...
To those on the prowl with wishes of conquests,
To end those peaceful nights with endless conflict.
After...
Ceremonies to celebrate humanity...
Returns to business as usual.

However...
None of that nonsense is tolerated,
Or even mentioned...
During special events such as the Olympics.
National holidays,
Or...
During the Oscar ceremonies,
When everyone wants to know...
Who has been chosen the best,
In creating illusions to delude.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Creating Keys

Just because those who 'have',
Opposed to those who 'have not'...
Seem to possess keys,
To a treasure chest they can unlock.
Does not mean they obtain a wisdom,
To know how to use...
What has been given to maintain happiness.
Or replace keys when lost,
Without being instructed.

Only those creating 'keys',
Can reproduce them effectively.
And...
They may not be the ones to rise to the top.
But their knowledge is visited repeatedly.
Whether this is mentioned,
Or given an acknowledgement.

Nothing rises alone to suspend on top,
Without 'something' of support to keep it held there.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Creating Scenerios

Creating scenerios to later forget the dialogue,
Setting, date and what took place...
Does not sit well with one who pays attention.
And hears with a fluent active listening.

Nor are the others impressed who remember the sky,
As being clear.
Yet you have described a drought experienced,
As a skipping you did from one muddied puddle to the next.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Creation Of A Truth Produced

With an undisturbed thirst,
To swallow anything...
Depicting adventure AND criminality,
Some will sit affixed to it.
While others 'turned on' by spirituality...
Do not need a convincing,
Fed the media on their TV screens.

Whether or not evidence obtained,
Entertain those enthralled.
There is a life lived one lives based on truth.
While many are persuaded,
By a creation of a truth produced.
The difference being?
A truth that God delivers can not be faked!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Creation Of Heros

Another saber to sharpen,
When a war is planned and announced.
The economy depends on it.
And that's what these conflicts are about.

The creation of heros,
And the pocketing of expenses.
The creation of new weapons.
And the plotting of defenses.

Another saber to sharpen,
When a war is planned and announced.
The economy depends on it.
And that's what these conflicts are about.

The creation of heros,
And the pocketing of expenses.
The creation of new weapons.
And the plotting of defenses.

With the ignoring of the warriors...
Returning wounded and shattered.
And images of victory splattered to convince...
This mindlessness is in the best of someone's interest!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Creation Of His Wish

Can we detach ourselves from distractions?
Can we allow explorations to expand within our minds,
And finding the Universe more than a place
Confining us to taste limitations?

There is so much for us to perceive.
So much to adventure and much more to receive!

On a threaded existence that's how we survive.
Just one snap of that thread and time for us is denied.
This living 'thing' we call cosmic space...
Has much more to offer us,
Something 'divine'
Keep Earth's spin in place.

We hold on to concepts that we alone exist.
And yet there is proof other beings pay us visits!
Many are in denial with thoughts of disbelief.
Close your eyes and view what is seen...
A vastness we are part of,
And yet out of our reach!

Something is there to attract us to IT!
A consciousness more developed,
Must certainly exist!

Can we detach ourselves from distractions,
To ask this entity...
For a more enlightened state of mind,
Such as 'that' which we can not see?

We pray to God to materialize wishes...
And God is ALL of IT!
If we can detach ourselves from distractions...
More 'gifts' from God will come to benefit.
Since all that is witnessed is a creation of His wish!

If we can detach ourselves from distractions...
We can see God in ALL of 'this'!

There is so much for us to perceive.
So much to adventure and much more to receive!

Can you and me...
They and we,
Detach ourselves from distractions,
To validate our destiny?
If 'anything' is possible for God to provide,
Love and peace are not mere illusions...
But in fact realities!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Creative Mindlessness

A collected intellect!
Learned to regurgitate,
To celebrate any signs
Of processed thought!
Even this is an upgrade...
To describe those,
Who propose to have talent.
Yet expose creative mindlessness
As if this has merit and deserve praise.
Shallow are their days.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Creators Of Heartbreak

Creators of heartbreak.
Souless creatures,
Of wasted animation.
And living to strike with venom.
With slit snake eyes,
To victimize at random.

Your flickering light dims.
To live tormented in eternal heat.
With no peace to come,
To your released spirit at all.
Haunted by your deeds.
With no relief to quench,
Your screaming silenced calls.

Creators of heartbreak.
Souless creatures,
Of wasted animation.
Quickly comes your shortened days.
Upon your heartlessness evil preys.

Creators of heartbreak,
Your ways...
Slithers to an end.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Creatures Of The Doomed

Those ungrateful,
And living to inflict sins upon one another...
Are soon to discover,
Much more than just discomfort.
To bear as they weep in sorrows returned.

They will not be pardon for such misappropriation,
Of their deeds whirlpooling in degradation.
Or unconscionable acts committed...
Only a demon would be left pleased,
To see this vortex whipping people to their knees.

These are not those days,
To be one of self praise to vent intentions
Meant with such craze!
Treason for reasons to condemn humanity...
Will have souls like this,
Suffering eternally in a morbid unhappiness.
For crimes that brought them limited bliss...
To dwell in a hell in relentless punishments,
As they drift from a remorse that gathers endorsements.

Stay tuned...
Creatures of the doomed,
Will have their day.
Judged for misdeeds...
That did not leave
Watchers unseen pleased.
Cloaked as they are,
And absorbing this draining pain.
Awaiting to unleash this,
Upon the deserving culprits!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Credibility

If statements are made,
Regarding that which will be done...
Do them!
Or at least admit...
You are not committed.
Your credibility is at stake!
And some make a mistake,
That dismissing this...
Does not jeopardize relationships.
And in some places...
Those of authority,
Have 'chosen' to disgrace their own reputations.
For a fee and leisure.
To please temporary temptations!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Credit

You want credit for my efforts?
Sure.
That is no problem at all!

If it had not been for your lies
And backstabbing ways...
I doubt if I would have found
The motivation, desire and inspiration,
To lift my head up each day.

With your abilities to spread vicious gossip,
Involving my relatives and 'past' friends
I would not have achieved what I have done.
During those times I was alone,
And in emotional pain...
I have you to thank!
You are responsible,
For bringing God and me closer together!
You have no idea how much that excites me.

And now that my suffering and persistence,
To overcome what you intentionally have done...
To destroy me is behind me now,
I can rejoice that my faith is very strong!
You helped to usher into my life,
A complete confidence...
And peace of mind I now have!
No one can take that away!
I thank you.
And give you all the credit for it!
You have been an absolute blessing!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Credited To Debts

There are some who would love,
To have others believe...
One choosing to live simply,
Lacks initiative that motivates...
Urges thirsting,
For those essentials needed...
Credited to debts.
And with a pride to possess,
Their ability to obtain excess.

Some people bite their nails,
Until their fingers bleed to believe...
Foolish is the one living basically.
When others would rather exchange,
The emptiness felt in their lives to receive...
Cocktails served on a silver platter.
And a position bestowed by those,
Selected to be among the ones in high society.
Some would kill to get invitations like this.

However...
The one who is happy and knows it best,
Seldom sits alone holding a cellphone...
Awaiting for it to buzz or ring.
Or reviews text messages saved to collect,
Hoping to discover an invitation missing.
Nor imagines the scheduling,
An empty calendar to fill the dates to have shown.
As they re-arrange a happiness known,
To have been earned to feel...
Without wanting to kill anyone to get it.

OR...
Left sitting depressed,
Over who is next to impress.
With it known the happiness they possess...
Would not be felt to realize as kept,
If the existence of it was not credited to debts.
To accept this as the only way to live.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Crediting Delusions Has Become Their Debt

It's difficult to rid the table,
Of an exclusive feast.
It's difficult to tell those seated,
The feast they eat is no longer free.

Chores given are refused,
To wash dirty dishes.
Participating in a clean up...
Many who sat dismiss this.

And the waiters and the cooks,
From them have gone.
And those who are left to pay the bill...
Are not accustomed to what's going on!

And no one amongst them,
Has skills to combine...
To prepare a meal.
Or can produce a dime,
From empty pockets they all feel.

Since crediting delusions has become their debt.
And no one can leave,
Until all payments have been met.
And coming to collect,
Appear to be...
Chinese?
To remove everything unquestionably made,
In China!

The crystal.
Dishes!
And menus too.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Crescent Moon

I see the presence of the Crescent Moon.
As if to to be reminded,
How effective new beginnings...
Can come to happen and soon.
And all I need to be is accepting as I reflect,
Upon those dreams wished...
Wanting so much to get to touch to feel,
Them real.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Cresting Wave

He decide the future was in his hands.
Elevating annoyance to fresh levels of disgust!
Hand picked by those loyal to falsehoods,
And rusting myths...
He insisted his vision would lift them to greatness.
To rule a world directed by his commanding insight!
Was he right?
Or were they all to scatter like frightened mice?
These episodes finally come to a close...
Exposing a greed that reveals insanity.
As those who chose to ride high on a cresting wave...
Come to realize,
This adventure is about to end with them...
Prepared to celebrate alone,
In isolation.
Without a dropp of champagne to quench their thirst!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Cries For Justice

Cries for justice over injustices committed,
Are first heard to come...
From those who are quick to disrespect themselves.
With a permitting of this to be daily done.

Cries for justice from those heard who sit,
Inflicting themselves with anti-social behavior.
To laugh and joke about their own ignorance.
And doing their best not to rid it from their existence.

They believe they are entitled,
Not to comprehend or listen.
Or self-examine the ways in which they demean.

They believe themselves entitled,
To the best of life that they can get.
No matter who it is they choose to disrespect.

Cries for justice over injustices committed,
Are first heard to come...
From those who are quick to disrespect themselves.
With a permitting of this to be daily done.

Cries for justice from those heard who sit,
Inflicting themselves with anti-social behavior.
To laugh and joke about their own ignorance.
And doing their best not to rid it from their existence.

They believe themselves entitled,
No matter who it is they choose to disrespect.
They believe they are entitled,
And yet themselves they prefer to neglect.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Crimes Against Humanity

It is clearly shown,
We've allowed and condoned...
Crimes against humanity,
By those who proclaim
They act to protect their own.
And we watch this evilness,
As if this way is best!
But no confession,
Will digest these transgressions
When the truth is revealed...
And known!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Criminals Are Protesting

NOW what is all the commotion about?

'The criminals are protesting,
To have their own ordinance passed.'

What?

'Yes.
Since all gun owners,
Have to keep their weapons safely locked away.
With locks specially made...
The gun owners have requested,
All criminals to register their motives and activities...
With the local authorities,
Prior to their intentions of committing crimes.'

That makes absolutely no sense.

'Exactly.
The criminals agree with you.
And that's why the criminals are seeking,
To have their own ordinance passed.
With a wish any prior intentions they may have,
To commit crimes...
Would be considered a disregard for their rights,
To wait until the gun owners unlock their weapons.
And they seek to have an amendment,
That will include this entitlement to rid the waiting period.'

What in the World is going on today?

'Everyone wants to be entitled to their rights.
And the rights to take from others,
To satisfy needs that go unquestioned...
Is the reason why taxes have been established,
Isn't it? '

I don't know.
I've been trying to find 'something',

That will keep the dust off my musket.
Everytime they call for those surprise drills,
The musket I carry on my shoulder...
Collects nothing but dust on my uniform.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Crippled

My heart,
Aches.
My eyes fill with tears.
My arms are vacant.
My steps are weakened.
And I can not eat.
With wishes to hear a voice,
From me that has disappeared.

I am not sure what this is I have.
And sick inside I am with it.
However,
I am beginning to connect the symptoms.
There is evidence...
I am sure of this.
And it is sitting,
Remaining to convince me...
As it takes residence in my mind!
I am missing you.
And I do my best to keep that denied.
Oh...
What a liar I am.

You did say I would,
Miss you.

'You are going to miss me one day!
More than you now realize.'
One day to me you said.
To now yearn for you to fill an empty bed.

And I thought you were being dramatically poetic! ?
You weren't!
And I did not get it.
Now I do...
As I limp with crushed emotions.
Stewed in a hopelessness,
Brewing in deep hunger.

Never did it dawn on me,
You would leave me to become crippled...
With desires just to feel your touch and kiss,
As we reminisce dreams...
No longer shared!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Crippling Needs

Faith and disappointment!
Who merged this disarray?
What signals were introduced...
To produce excuses this way?

Prayer and dissatisfaction?
Who sits to wish for this hypocrisy?
Infractions that attract,
Leaves detractors more detached.
With a unity scrapped,
And no chance of it...
Ever coming back!

Hope and degradation...
Enforced to minimize,
Overconfidence and elation!
Pits an unfitting feast of people,
Against themselves...
With crippling needs!

Faith and disappointment!
Who merged this disarray?
What signals were introduced...
To produce excuses this way?
Hope and degradation,
Enforced to minimize...
An overconfidence and elation!
Pits an unfitting feast of people,
Against themselves...
With crippling needs!
Prayer and dissatisfaction?
Who sits to wish for this hypocrisy?
Infractions that attract,
Leaves detractors more detached.
With a unity scrapped,
And no chance of it...
Ever coming back!
Even to comply...
With a mismatched patching,

Of lives pieced together,
To induced them all
To produce a tethering.
That is linked to seduce,
More elusive alibis!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Crisis Intervention

If it was never what it was.
Quilled in ink,
To seep in sacred parchment.
Or upheld as it should have been,
With ideals to reach.
And keep as an objective...
As a mindset for all to respect.
Why are those now saying...
A way of life victimized,
By their own blindness...
Has been threatened.
To become a socialistic one.
From a 'republic'!
No one stood to honor.
And striking within those...
Stunned by the prospects of change.
When the opportunists have been few...
To totally abuse a concept defaced.
And depleted the many into an economic abyss.
To leave them screaming about the advantages,
Of a democracy envisioned to entertain...
That has outsourced their way of life.
Every aspect of it!
With goods they use,
Produced on foreign soil.
And manufactured to their specifications!
For many generations kept spoiled...
By the imports of cheap oil.

The luxuries of pomp and gluttony,
Heads into tempestuous winds!

The only thing left that seems to have existing value,
And praised as a badge of courage...
Is the respect they maintain for what remains,
Of a much hyped propaganda.
And the successive use of hypocritical rhetoric.
Pledged and obeyed.
Now promoted as crisis intervention!

In an effort to save a self serving...
Conservative greed.
Never mentioned as a format for success.
But is worshipped on every college campus.
Yet masked by theft, corruption and deceit!
A path paved by materialistic meanderings.
Polished by qualities they fed to bleed others.
With a blatant silkened fist.
Although to their neglect and misfortunes...
Coming for them to an end,
With embarrassments attached.
Without matched pretensions to introduce,
Such a swift unexpected death...
Of those 'capitalistic' rights believed,
And studied with self righteousness.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Crisp And Freshened Air

It would be great to awaken,
To the scent of blooming roses.
As the dew is lifted to clear the mist,
With a blue sky appearing...
To be witnessed at dawn,
From an open window one breathes...
The crisp and freshened air.

It would be great to be awakened,
On a daily basis to immediately meditate...
For all the blessings one receives,
Without a hesitation to express...
An appreciation acknowledged,
To confess in devotion that is addressed...
That gift of life one gets and IS aware of it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Crisp Details We Knew, Once!

Few are who they were,
As remembered from childhood.
Familiarities are there...
Somewhere.
To be aided with a nudge.
To trigger and budge...
A memory from the dusting.

But some of us have different postures,
Now.
And many of us have gray hair.
Those of us left with any at all.
With the exception of those,
Who have remained brunette and blond.
Weaved or dreaded.
And this topic can go on and on!

'He did not say that was his hair?
Well...
He did buy it!
So I guess it is his!
And those 'are' his teeth.
Yeah, okay!
Of course she doesn't have any gray.
She paid not to!
Who are they trying to fool?
We have all been out of high school,
Over fourty years!
Even though my niece and nephew
Have kids older than I am!
HOW 'did' that happen?
I do not know!
We all know God works,
In mysterious ways!
Yes, He does! '

Everyone has changed to some degree.
And some have altered themselves drastically.
It's like following the blossoming,

And blooming of a Rose.
We all knew those who we started,
This life cycle with.
And some of us are beginning to wither.
As others are trying to defy time!
They are not going to have none of it!
With goodlooking packages...
That recall an attractive past.
Barely!

'Aging?
Oh no!
Are you kidding?
I'm not going to do that.
Has anyone seen where I placed my glasses? '

But none of us are here forever.
Whether or not we are blessed,
To have kept those memories...
With crisp details we knew,
Once!
But aging fades those memories fast!
No matter how much we keep our exteriors,
Buffed to pass for...
Old folks trying to stay young!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Critical Mass

No confession?
Mental anguish you will possess.
No lessons learned?
The worse for you,
It is going to get.

No relief from your beliefs,
Is going to release you to forget!
A critical mass is upon you now...
Results of it will test.

Your point of view has been subjective.
To feed a greed and hoard.
Your motivation inspired one objective.
And with deceit...
Your own defeat,
Comes with an approval to complete!
And you are the main one...
That will not be ignored.

No confession?
Mental anguish you will possess.
No lessons learned?
The worse for you,
It is going to get.

The pain of it brings much regret!
And you are not alone!
That you can bet!
A collection of waste...
You tasted with acceptance.
And now may bitter your tongue.
But your bitterness inflicted,
Was not welcomed by anyone!

This delivery is just for you...
Without a need for your circumspect.

Disfavor?

Or denials applied,
To attempt rejection!
That which comes leaves nothing left.
All of it...is yours.
All of it,
At your doorstep!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Criticisms Quick To Share

From one side of an open mouth,
Accustomed to judging...
With criticisms quick to share,
One is heard to deliver...
'Holier-than-thou' statements,
To use from sources to inflict...
Upon others their knowledge.
But an absence of it seen,
Conflicts with that which departs from their lips.

And...
From the other side of this mouth open wide,
It is confided to anyone within listening distance...
How one finds it difficult to go through the day,
Without being medicated or in a 'toasted' way...
To enhance one's feeling of devoted faith kept.
With a solid belief one makes sure is always on,
In a public display that is flawless.
And fresh from a stupor.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Criticized For Being A Dog

If a young hungry dog,
Is shown and known to bare its teeth...
Why would people repeatedly tease it,
With a throwing of fresh meat?
To then await decades later to say,
They were unaware a young hungry dog...
Will not admit of eating the meat.
Or licking bones left for it to treat.
As they all gather to declare themselves,
Victimized to believe they can disguise...
They laid the traps to seduce with bait.
Hoping the young dog would take it.
And the young dog did not to expect,
Years later to be criticized for being a dog.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Critics?

Critics?
They do what they do best...
Undress those who create.
It is easier for them to probe,
Than appreciate.
It is a frustration of sorts,
To be boxed within boundaries.
Not knowing or understanding...
What the force behind creativity means,
Or where it begins...
With perceptions taught and conceived.
They have an awareness of it.
Or so some believe.
Although a conformity upon them visits.
But to comprehend what it is...
And why some have it and they don't,
Really makes them pissed.
Although an 'intelligence'
Once applied can hide this.
Is that why they delight in being critics?
As creators sweat to expand their wits,
Critics enjoy deploying...
A complete misunderstanding of it!
As they assist others like themselves...
Attempting to expand minds of limited demands.
Hoping this attachment,
Delivers to them someone's attention span.
And they get it!
That is why there is so many critics.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Critique 'This' If It's Wished

Critique 'this' if it's wished.
Decisions to be made with a decisiveness,
And done to respond to end conflicts...
Aren't embraced by the ones,
Familiar with offering their opinions...
From the comfort of sitting on a fence.
Especially it they are not motivated to participate,
By a funding provided to convince them...
The time they give to 'volunteer',
Will be covered by a payment for their involvement.
To diminish their unsolicited criticisms made,
Heard each time those not getting paid for 'their' time...
Suggest those living within the area of debris,
Should at least express their concerns and with dignity...
With a doing of it with action.
And not with the flapping of their lips.
Critique 'this' if it's wished.

'What? '

The only reason you are involved,
Is not from a duty felt with a feeling of responsibility.
But that you are actually getting paid,
For the time you volunteer.
Critique 'this' if it's wished.

'But that is no reason why others shouldn't be here.'

Would you be?
If the pay you received had not been offered to you,
To please your needs.
But to others who are hired to inspire.
And with a doing of visible deeds.
Critique 'this' if it's wished.

'I don't live in this community.'

Exactly.
And those who do are not getting paid,

To be reminded how lazy others are.
To 'then' become offended,
By a lack of expressed concern...
As others pocket a few dollars,
To spend and leave with nothing left learned.

Critique this if it's wished.
Would you be here without pay?
Critique this if it's wished.
Would you volunteer your time everyday,
To hear people say what you do or don't do?

Critique this if it's wished.
Would you be here without pay?
Critique this if it's wished.
Would you volunteer your time everyday,
To hear people say what you do or don't do?
As if they were diseased by elitist deeds.

Critique this if it's wished.
Would you be here without pay?
Critique this if it's wished.
Would you volunteer your time everyday,
To hear people say what you do or don't do?
And they are getting paid,
To do it too?

Critique this if it's wished.
Would you be here without pay?
Critique this if it's wished.
Would you volunteer your time everyday,
To hear people say what you do or don't do?
As if they were diseased by elitist deeds.

Critique this if it's wished...
Would you be doing what you do,
If the doing what you did was done...
Without pay to enjoy some fun.

Critique 'this' if it's wished.

I'm here with my opened ears.

Critique 'this' if it's wished.

I'm here with open ears.

Critique 'this' if it's wished.

I'm here with my opened ears.

Critique 'this' if it's wished.
Critique 'this' if it's wished.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Crooked

Crooked.
There is nothing straight about it.
There is nothing in the eyes,
Or the face that projects...
An honesty that's been sewned,
For an expected harvest
That reaps up rot instead of respect.

Crooked.
Like snakes with coiled tails.
Thieves bewitched like these,
Should not be speaking to appease...
With such ease.
Crooked are the hoodwinkers' comments.
And what they have done...
Should land everyone of them in jail!

Tastefully displayed...
And yet crooked are the beasts that lead.
Living in shells and crawling to prevail,
Like escargot when 'cooked'...
Are nothing more than scavenger low life snails!

Feeding on and releasing junk,
Are the crooked!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Crooks

It may be a little harsh,
To label what they do as such.
Perhaps another approach...
Would qualify their activities,
In a reproach that dignifies them
In our eyes.
How about 'lifters' of goodwill?
The term 'thieves' implies
Something done with merriment.
And today these 'misdeeds',
Are much too common!
Immediately an image of urban dwellers
Comes to mind!
You know...
The kind that are struggling to survive?
If we call them 'crooks'...
And dress them in suits and ties,
With briefcases and horn rimmed glasses...
Would that deliver the message quicker?
If they were placed in settings,
At the pinnacles of all that's cherished...
With worshipped ideologies,
AND adorn them with respected credentials.
Then we will feel less guilty,
When it is realized they represent
Our utmost values!
Let's just call them 'crooks'...?
And redefine our standards!
Only then,
Will all of our pretentiousness...
Come to an end!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Cropped From A Harvest

I have come to admire,
Those labelled as insane.
At least they are not the ones considered 'normal'.
And one day they've lost their mind and brains.
Like those who commit horrific and horrendous crimes.
The kind known and respected,
To represent those accepted as being just fine.
Before their backgrounds are studied in prime time.

Those who seem to have been called crazed...
Have also been pioneers in their 'day'.
And they are the ones who have paved the way...
To allow the laziness of madness,
To become so commonly displayed....
Today.
Without one hint of this being connected to the status quo.
Or the reason for its accepted hidden sickness,
Growing as if cropped from a harvest to be solicited.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Crossed Borders

Honey squeezed
From a life sweetened.
Sour images begin to slowly display,
Through sugar coated promises.
Told and cracking its mold held.

Such views are good to protect,
Values kept sacred...
Of a way of life one should never neglect.
Although what is seen...
Begins to show its torment.
And cracking at the seams.

And while masses scream...
An undercover scheme to locate
Fresh enemies has already taken place.

No matter what Somalia is...
Somalia has resources,
Like oil to give!

How long will the delusionists
Cry for the need of more fists?
To show they oppose...
Non-conformists,
And how their way of life is crumbling?
Right under their drugged noses!
The noses that could not detect,
Their own scents stenching.

Implementing this...
Is the nonsense of diplomacy,
In ceremonies much too pretentious!
And too grand with lost appeal.
These dinosaurs are struggling hard,
To make comebacks.

Keeping thieves very busy...
Like bees without a 'queen',

Hoarding weapons of defense.
As those who took their dreams...
Away
Crossed borders unfenced!
Invited without documentation!
Even today...
The come to live better lives
Than those who are native,
Bleeding inside...
And crying out in hunger!

As those who come to aid,
From sincere points of views...
Are labelled liberals!
Those who dare to care for others!

And...
We accept this lockstep crush,
To deliver more blood and propaganda!
Rushed to fluster clearing thoughts.
As young people are sent to die,
For interests best internalized...
And kept in secret immoralized,
In a meltdown called 'home'.

On foreign lands they stand...
Where they battle viciously,
To instill beliefs...
That are quickly dissolving.
People are losing their taste
For those who cheer
For the demise of the human race.
And
All if this taking place.
Just to leave those left...
With demonic looks on their faces!
And proud of their achievement,
To become 'thee' most insignificant assholes ever!
With honors!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Crossing Their Fingers

The best distractions to employ,
And enjoy them being seen enacted...
By ambitious leadership seekers.
Are the ones easily fed,
Wishes and dreams...
Dancing in their heads.
Only to hear what is not to them,
Said.
But left impressed by implications.

Implied is a guarantee,
Of delivered gifts wrapped.
And to them received.
If a crossing their fingers,
To then click their heels is done.
Of course,
Not literally.
But said in jest to everyone.
For the fun.

'Should we do that together?
You know...
In unity?
Or would what is promised to us,
Come quicker delivered...
If done individually.
With kept faith? '

-Only if you have a dog named,
'Toto'.-

'What about 'Max'? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Crossroads

The diseasing of greed,
Has come to the crossroads.
And mentalities deceived,
Unconsciously or not...
Can not ignore,
A path brightened with light.
Exposing the blight,
Kept selfishness has caused.
But many will wish to explore,
Devastation and heartbreak more.

Distinctive and clear,
Is a direction free of conflict.
Some will choose to accept.
To leave behind all feelings of regret.
While others will decide to protect pretentions.
With a doing to expect,
Maintaining an opposition and stubbornness...
Will, in a kept darkness,
Sustain their false happiness.
Done with myths and repeated unkept promises.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Crowded With Lies

Why are some stunned by truth?
It is not something taught,
One gets accustomed to.

Billions are spent to fantasize.
There is no room for truth,
In a mind crowded with lies.

A progressive mindset,
Has been stunted because of this.
Dismissed are those who wish for reality.
And often they are labelled mavericks.
Or something less flattering,
To ensure their influence has no chance to exist.

Why are some stunned by truth?
It is not something taught,
One gets accustomed to.

Billions are spent to fantasize.
There is no room for truth,
In a mind bombarded and crowded with lies.

And yet those disillusioned,
Pray on Sunday...
To have their lives fixed.
While listening to sermons,
As to how sins and evil have them bewitched.

Their very lives lived are confused in conflicts.
Although truth for many has become feared,
And resisted.
Observed they are...
Bewildered, bothered and betwixted.

Why are some stunned by truth?
It is not something taught,
One gets accustomed to.

Billions are spent to fantasize.
And there is no room for truth,
In a mind bombarded and crowded with lies.

And the marketing of fresh lies...
Is a mainstay in most societies,
That has thrived and survived successfully!

But a continuation of a success like this,
Does not sustain its permanence.
Eventually a strain draining the brain prevents it.

People everywhere and everyday,
Reflect their lack of consciousness.
And revealing a 'craze' that has become accepted.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Crucial

Deceivers now investigate,
Those accused to have deceived.
And crucial are these times,
Few find truth and honesty...
Nowhere to hear it.
Or can believe anyone,
Accepts it to have meaning.

Where oh where,
Have all the mavericks gone?
The ones relied upon,
To be nonconformists.
But trusted to remain,
To go against the grain.
Now all that seems,
To sustain maintained...
Are liars who deceive,
And perceive it done to do...
As a way of life,
To ensure the doing of it...
Is done right,
By those kept under...
Investigative surveillance.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Crucial Are These Magic Moments

If there's nothing on your mind.
It's okay...
With me.

Now is the time you should unwind.
And let...
Things be.

Crucial are these magic moments.
No one but me,
Can see your sadness lift.

I'm by your side if you want me.
And so glad to see your stress has left.
You need to rest and share our happiness.

Now is the time...
You should unwind,
And let things be.
In this moment.
This is our moment.

Crucial are these magic moments.
No one but me,
Can see your sadness lift.

I'm by your side if you want me.
So glad to see your stress has left.
You need to rest and share our happiness.

Fortunate we are to keep a basicness.

If there's nothing on your mind.
That's okay...
With me.
In this moment.
This is our moment.

Crucial are these magic moments.

No one but me,
Can see your sadness lift.

I'm by your side if you want me.
So glad to see...
Your stress has left.
You need to rest,
And share our happiness.
With me!

In this moment.
This is our moment.
To let things be!
In this moment.
This is our moment.

With me!
In this moment.
This is our moment.
We're free!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Cruel And Insensitive

People who are seen,
Participating in social activities...
Mocking others to demean,
Are conscious of their depictions.
But when it comes,
To be conscious of their insecurities...
Another might insist,
Those who use a public forum for this...
Are the first to declare,
Who has offended them...
With an advocating to say,
Someone else has shown to them...
How they can be cruel and insensitive.

If one can not take they heat,
They should not be the first...
To strike up the match,
With an inflicting that will meet a doing done...
Applied to receive a personal satisfaction!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Cruel To One Another

We are cruel to one another.
For reasons that keep us fools.
And we do this as if,
We wish conflicts to exist.

When this world is our home.
To provide for us all.
None of us here...
Are strangers on a visit!
To make it unpleasant...
And to destroy it as we wish.

Even if we were...
To continue in this selfishness,
What a mess we have made of ourselves.
Picking and choosing,
The kind of lives we like!
And criticizing to despise with hatred,
Others we chase away...
From places they reside.
When this creation was 'divinely' made,
For us...
From God,
To appreciate and celebrate...
The life to us God gave!

Yes...
We are,
Cruel to one another.
For reasons that keep us fools.
As we blindly ruin our own quality of life...
To seperate with standards,
That is taking a nosedive into a darkness.
And promising to end...
Arguments of dislikes,
And the dimming of Sunlight...
Only fools will accept,
On a downward spiral without regret!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Crushed By Invitation

Stunted!
And prepared,
To sink in quicksand.
A rescue sent,
Has been aborted.
Left unaddressed...
Are values gone.
But held as assets!
Held as standards,
Long rusted.
To leave dust and mistrust.
Burning in bitterness.
Yearning just to lust.
Timid without guts.
Busted and medicated.
Screaming with demands.
Ignoring helping hands that come!
Stunted!
And prepared,
To sink in quicksand.
A rescue sent,
Has been aborted.
Left unaddressed...
Are values gone.
But held as assets!
Held as standards,
Long rusted.
Mistrust weighs upon their fate.
No escape awaits.
Burning in bitterness shared.
Drowning in sorrows.
Crushed by invitation!
And hushed!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Crushing To Defeat The Future

Crushing to defeat...
The future.
With a crushing to defeat...
Progress and all changes made.

Crushing to defeat...
All that's new to keep obsolete sustained.

Crushing to defeat...
The future.
With a crushing to defeat...
Progress and all changes made.

Crushing to defeat...
The future.
Just to keep obsolete a doing that remains the same.

Crushing to defeat...
The future.
Just to keep obsolete a doing that remains the same.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Crusty Butts

Get up you crusty butts!
Those who enjoy aging,
And have given a youthful glow up!
Lift up your arms and slowly spin from left to right!
In the beginning you will get dizzy...
So don't get uptight!
Or feel that you are nutts!
Even though others might!

Build up a tolerance until you begin to spin!
Stop and sit.
Put your head between your legs...
Let that blood flow!
And repeat this once again!
You will feel a strength,
Until you can then stand on your head!
Do this as often as you can...
And give all other remedies to the garbage man!
One day you'll dash pass...
Those who are among the walking dead!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Cry, Oh My!

Cry,
Oh my!
Bye-bye.
When a favorite just disses you.
With the words heard said,
'We're through.'

What can one do,
But...
Cry,
Oh my!
Bye-bye.
When the facing of a truth is due.
And that truth is deep hurting too!

What can one do,
But...
Pick up the pieces,
And mend from a hurting...
That no one will feel,
Like one will do.
Who...
Tries not to show,
All of the bitterness...
That a forgiving or forgetting wont soothe.

So,
Go on and cry...
Oh my!
Bye-bye.
When a favorite just disses you.
With the words heard said,
'We're through.'

What can one do,
But...
Cry,
Oh my!
Bye-bye.

When the facing of a truth is due.
And that truth is deep hurting too!

What can one do,
But...
Pick up the pieces,
And mend from a hurting...
That no one will feel,
Like one will do.
Who...
Tries not to show,
All of the bitterness...
That a forgiving or forgetting wont soothe.
Anytime soon.

Anytime...
Soon!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Crying For Much Better Weather

Do the days seem to be deplete of needing?
After rain...
Do rainbows colored shy away and hide?

Smiles are faint.
Tight and strained.
And any laughter felt...
Is encouraged to restrain.

Do the skies today seem a little dreary?
Do greetings shared,
Offer trite remarks with more to spare?

Where are those sparks that ignited gladness?
Why does a happiness bubbling with a start...
Quickly find an exit and departs?

Who is selling a cheapened forgiveness?
To be returned without a connected feeling meant.
Hope has dusted a rusting faith.
Crusting trust...
Many say they'd like to make!
And the times find those crying,
For much better weather to shine upon them!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Crystal Clear

Some have played the same one game for so long,
Even in the playing of it alone...
They believe someone is trying to convince them,
Giving it up...
Is a strategy to see them appear as losers.
And they want to keep protecting themselves,
Behind a wall they do not perceive is made of glass.
And everything that it is that they do is crystal clear.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Cuddled In A Sharing

Midnight flickers on the tip,
Of a candlewick lit.
With sparks of light flashing,
To enhance the romance of it.

And suddenly a glow surrounds,
Bestowing a flood of warmth that comes.

As a chilling wind whips,
The cool and brisk air...
Two inside cuddled in a sharing,
Ignore without a care as they stay focused.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Culprits Of Upheaval

People want their images to be left alone.
Even if those images created,
Have nothing to do with reality.
And only with reality do people have their conflicts.
To despise the truth as it is presented,
With a seeking to deem those who represent it...
As troublemakers.

While those who deceive them,
Are perceived as being misunderstood.
And 'if' given more chances...
They would bring more clarity to their nonsense.
As those who are the true trouble makers,
Will be revealed as the culprits of upheaval.
But what is needed to prove this,
Is more money to finance evil campaigns.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Cultural Identity

From your perspective.
How important is cultural identity?

'From my perspective?
As I see it or believe it to be? '

As you 'see' it.

'Well...
Today as I 'see' it,
One's cultural identity,
Is expressed most effectively...
When funding solicited,
Becomes available.
People want to get paid,
For displaying their identities that way.'

And...
What are your beliefs?

'That depends on which environment I'm in.'

Explain.

'In some environments,
If funding is not extended...
Displaying one's cultural identity offends.
As if to do so requires permission.
And the doing is treated like an event,
When and if this permission is given.'

Hmmm.
I see.
And when you are not in such environments?

'I'm not reminded that my kept identity,
Can be explained by a connection I might have...
To being either West Indian, Rastafarian.
Black.

Or an empathizer to my ancestry or heritage.'

Hmmm.
I see.
That's interesting.
So as you 'see' it and with kept beliefs.
In which environment do you feel most comfortable?

'That depends on the time of the year,
I choose to travel away...
From my own hometown.
When funding expected is less.
But either way,
My identity 'culturally'...
Is something seldom I do to address.'

So you are a maverick? A rebel of sorts?

'No.
But I must admit,
Getting paid to exist...
Just to be who I am,
Is becoming much more of a priority...
Than I had believed it could be.
Perhaps you can put me in that category,
Of being a late bloomer to realities.
Realities others have used effectively,
For many years.'

OH.
So...
It really isn't about one's cultural identity?
Or the names called.
The oppression done.
The opportunities taken to have them fade away.
The disrespect.
The, the, the, the...self hatred.
The, the, the, the...social disgrace shown by others.

'It is.
To a certain degree as to how it is kept.
But...

I'm beginning with belief to see it this way,
Why give away just the milk.
When there are those willing,
To pay for the entire cow.
And...
At a price that cow determines.
For me...
Having cultural identity,
Is becoming more perceived...
As my personal business plan.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Cultural Prophets

Cultural prophets observing nonstop,
That which appears...
Disconnected from a thought process.
Are not too willing to converse,
With those unconscious.
Those professing to take steps to the right...
To declare those stepping to the left,
As idealists unable to conform to the norm.
Although that 'norm' has brought upon much duress.

Cultural prophets observing nonstop,
That which appears...
Disconnected from a thought process.
Are not too willing to converse,
With those unconscious.
Since the ones who are unconscious...
Can not accept the mess they've left.
To address with a correcting of it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Culture Of Forgiveness

A culture of forgiveness,
Has begun to emerge.
As a surge of outrageous madness,
Nibbling on a serving of hatred...
Permitted to exist but no one deserves.

Not too many are finding to discover,
Their judgements to pass...
On and/or between each other,
Retrieves to leave them beneficial results.
To realize what is sent returns to themselves.

A doing away of charades to masquerade.
And roles to portray to display,
Betrayal of a truth kept submerged is now seen.
To make it easier for those to remove their masks.
With a wish to no longer pick anyone to demean.

A culture of forgiveness,
Has begun to emerge.
As many are more willing,
To show they can be bold and brave.
And undaunted by others with less nerve.

People have grown tired,
Of being deceived into conflicts.
And perceiving their neighbors to them are threats.
People are tired of having these accusations thrive.
People are seeking peace with more of it in their lives.

'I pray for peace to come my way.'

~Keep praying and live it.
Show it to display and don't from it stray.
Put your prayers into action.
That's the only way the peace you seek,
Will come to you and others to stay.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Current And Fashionable

There is one aspect to your game playing,
You should be made aware of.

'Oh?
And I am sure you are willing to tell me,
What that aspect is? '

I will do my best.
Since aging and the acceptance of it,
Has a way of outdating one's routine.

'And that's to tell me 'what'?
You don't think my tactics used,
Have been current and fashionable? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Current Is The Event

Current is the activity,
To witness in its existence.
Current is the event,
To be comprehended...
For its intent meant.
Current is the breath of life,
To inhale and exhale that which is.
Current is the 'now' to live,
And not sit to reminisce its passing.

Current is the breath of life,
With it given as a gift to enjoy as is.
Current is the breath as is to get.
Not to be saved to be stored away,
As if to prioritize...
And schedule what is wished,
For a tomorrow that has yet to happen.

Current is the activity,
To witness in its existence.
Current is the event,
To be comprehended...
For its intent meant.
Current is the breath of life,
To inhale and exhale that which is.
Current is the 'now' to live,
And not sit to reminisce its passing.

Current is the event.
The main event to witness.
Current should be those wishes,
With a sense to cement them meant.
Now and today.
Not in a yesterday or yesterdays gone,
When what had been current,
Has faded in time to go away to move on.

Current is the event.
The main event to witness.

To know what is wished...
Comes.
Not in a yesterday or yesterdays gone,
When what had been current,
Has faded in time to go away to move on.
Current is the event.
The main event to witness.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Current Issues

Decisions made,
By those accepting positions...
Are often heard to place blame,
For their mistakes...
On others with it stated,
Had been inexperienced.
Unqualified.
And this,
Should have been known.
By the presence,
Of their shown incompetence.
Although this to mention,
Is unrelated to today's events.

'Excuse me and not to confuse,
Our purpose to correct...
And find a solution,
That will best fix...
To diminish our current issues.
Your comments to hear,
Clearly heard...
Refers to 'them'...right?
The ones you accuse.
But long gone from sight.'

Why is it,
The obvious to you...
Has suddenly become,
Less apparent?
And is need,
of my confirmation?
Who else,
Would I be talking about...
As I face undoing,
These dilemmas to erase.
Toss about like dice played.
And may I add...
Without one request to assist.
Or provide efforts,

I can decide useless to refuse.

'So...
You 'are' talking about them? '

Should I shout out 'bingo' now?
Or do you prefer a memo?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Custody Rights

Did you come,
To hush or mum?
Sneaking silently...
To quiet our fun then leave?

You're acting more like a warden,
Coming to discipline children.
Can we at least have some peace...
Without a nosy neighbor creeping in?

Is the music too loud?
That I am sure it is not.
Have you lost your binoculars?
Is that the reason you did not knock?

You did not ring the doorbell.
Nor did you call to say you'd come.
It's clear you wanted to see...
Who would be here other than me.
To give your approval,
Since with me you didn't want to be!

There is no one here,
You will catch me sitting near...
So go back home to mope,
And let me enjoy these folks!

'Who was that? '

That's just my EX!
Comes to see me to have sex.
Must have heard me having fun.
But tonight they ain't getting none!

'How convenient! '

Yeah!
It was part of the divorce settlement!
I was awarded custody rights,

Of a certain piece of property!
But as you can see...
One of us is 'still' in a state of denial!

'How strange.
Seems like someone has become deranged,
By your arrangement! '

It has its perks...
When one of us is not being a jerk!
But I can certainly say,
I've found a new way today to get laid!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Custom Made Blindfolds

Attempts made to have them see,
Their lives without limits and beyond trivia...
Would begin pointless arguments.
To then prevent to have end yet again,
The cementing of their expressed interests.

Networking with others to open doors,
In places dreamed they've never been before...
Dangled keys at a distance to be kept as a myth.
While leaving their minds behind and invested,
Protecting a pettiness.

Wanted much more than keys to unlock treasures,
To pick and do whatever they wish...
Was a need to feed 'hand-me-down' gossip,
And other misdeeds.
Knowing they could depend on this to do,
With a doing done indefinitely.

'What has happened to them?
Where are they now? '

Protesting the success of others.
And doing this while wearing custom made blindfolds.

'Huh? '

Please don't ask me to repeat it.
I want you to believe I exaggerate.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Custom Made Saddles

I thought you said,
They were avid horse riders?
Why haven't they joined us?

'Who knows?
They mentioned something about,
Having custom made saddles.
And as of yet 'THEY' have not arrived.'

What does that have to do with the horses?
They have saddles already on their backs.

'Who knows?
Maybe they want to impress the horses,
With their abilities.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Customize Your Peace

Sometimes it is best,
To turn away a shoulder.
Than have a pressured back,
Constantly bent over.
Carrying excess weight.
Somebody left to load.

Sometimes it is best,
To unstrap from the past.
And,
Grab a hold of happiness.
With a joy to hope it lasts.

Learn to put a cold,
To your warm shoulders.
Don't be a target marked,
As an easy pushover.
Straighten up that back bent,
And customize your peace.

Put a little cold in,
Your known warm shoulders.
Let go of those who load,
On your back their crap.

Don't be a target...
As a pushover.
If it is not made clear,
A peace to wish...
Will never appear.

Customize your peace,
And...
Straighten up a back bent over.
Let the people say,
Whatever!
Let them know your joy,
They won't kill.

Customize your peace.
And...
Leave as that!
Know people will be talking.
More about your selfishness.
And a happiness you have.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Cute And Generational

With a strategic shallowness uncontested,
It is not easy to mistake what is obvious.
But it is...
Quite mistaken.
An apparent surface fix needed.
To awaken those bred and fed their visions.
There is no depthness that connects...
Witless and made quick,
Those with judgemental observations.
Leaders have hired analysts,
To help them figure out what it is.
Within the hundreds of churches...
They have prayed to God,
To release upon them understanding.
But no one comprehends,
The magnitude of the ignorance...
That has descended upon them.
They think it's cute and generational!
Something like a family heirloom,
To be awarded as a treasure!
Sinking as a sunkened find...
And 'might' be given attention,
Once this shipwreck becomes an interest of discovery!
If not totally ignored forever!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Cutting Away The Fat

When one awakens with eyes wide,
Deciding they deserve a better life to live...
And this decision made replaces,
Another attempt to refuse one's doing...
To do what one pleases without excuses.
The time has come for one to realize,
Sacrifices done for others to make...
No longer needs to be proven,
Their interests kept...
Had not been done from a selfishness.

And that time has come to arrive, finally,
For that one to remove...
Any proving to anyone done to do,
To do less to impress or express it.

'What do you mean?
Your time will be spent,
Doing what you choose to do exclusively?
What about me? '

It is difficult to come to that decision to make.
However...
A cutting away the fat from known facts,
To leave intact...
A deliciousness one can accept is theirs alone.
With no longer being distracted,
By possessions.
Needless confessions.
Or explanations given to appease others.
To prioritize one's own druthers?

'Where on Earth,
Did you find 'this' conception? '

When that time comes to one who knows...
They can do whatever they have chosen to do.
And...deserved!
Headaches from others accepted leave.

For one to enjoy life happily.

'But...
What about me?

~Too much unwanted fat.
And I've awaken to realize,
I feel much better without all of that.
To live my life the way I like it.~

'That's a selfish perception to have.'

~God is good.
I never thought I could,
Know a happiness with such selfishness.
And left feeling deserving,
To be treated to the meat of it.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Cutting Their Own Throats

They are cutting their own throats.

'Aren't you being a bit dramatic?
Just because people happen to say,
A few things you dislike.
And their opinions seem to swing,
From the left to the right...
Does not mean that is what they are doing!
Or they want to seperate politically,
And do their own thing.
Which is basically the same thing,
The others are doing...
But more fanatically.
Besides...
People are expressing their disappointment.
Even if half of what has happened,
They have done to themselves.
They have literally created their own problems.'

Come here...
Take a look.

'Oh my!
I thought you meant that metaphorically? '

Meta 'who-ically'?
I don't know what 'that' means!
All I know is what I see.
And...
They are cutting their own throats.
I would not believe it myself,
If I had not witnessed it.

'Yeah...
They are!
For real...
They are!
Wow.
Geeessshhh!

Talk about taking something to the extreme.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

C-Ya!

Do you think for one moment,
I would stay to tolerate your mess?
Did you think my patience would last forever?
And I would let you test me without protest.

Did you think my understanding,
Was boundless for you to disrespect?
Do you really believe I was foolish enough,
To let you walk over me,
With an emphasis placed on every step?

You have chosen this way to relate.
I have chosen to exercise my own fate.
To listen and learn and know when to escape.
And you I have chosen to witness...
This exit from you that I make.
Now!

You have used up all my 'see-you-laters'...
For an exit I have chosen to do right now!

C-ya!
For you there are no 'laters' left!
They are gone.
Just as if you did not exist.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Cycles Of Death

An accepted pity celebrated with a toast.
Is this routine a joke at someone's roast?
And who is the one being 'done in' by these deeds?
A too comforting procedure,
By those at ease and strangely pleased.

A planned defeat that mocks to win!
Makes little sense except to them.
Keeping their pockets filled to the rim...
By initiating conflicts,
With contractors set to move in!

Serving 'Death by Chocolate'...
And Bloody Marys poured to sip.
More of these secret dealings,
Are rewards to keep few rich!

And abundant with sickness,
As humanity slips away...
They care less of the mess that distresses!
'Why should they? '
They are heard in private to say!
When these cycles of death...
Are created by them to pay!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Cyclic Are The Meager Years Nearing

Cyclic are the meager years nearing,
To appear and experience...
For many unfamiliar,
With being denied to feed when they wish.
As those who were witnessed,
Going through this period...
Had been quickly dismissed as disposable.
But these grotesque images made to be depicted,
Had been intended to frame those suppressed.
And not be lived by those who now protest,
The reality of their own creation.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Cynical

Sarcastic?
I am not!
I am cynical.
With touches of skepticism,
Sautéed with the best of dysfunctions...
And blessed to have a blend of conservatism,
Spiced to delight my sometimes liberal...
Yet most times nonconformist tastes!
Now take your judgemental ass somewhere else!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Cynical Point Of View

Perceptions you have are yours.
That is not in question.
All I'm saying is that fortuitous opportunities...
Seem not to be dancing, of late, on their agendas.
Selling propaganda seems no longer an issue for them.

I know how it is to be blinded by dazzle.
And making payments to fulfill tax collectors' dreams.
I am not completely a nonconformist!
I have suffered dearly to keep up images myself.
With not a dime in my pocket!

Right now...
I could use a flashlight,
To see the depths of my low credit rating!
Don't laugh!
Laugh when we discuss my current finances!
If Richard Pryor was alive...
He'd be crying right now!
My checking account has more dust in it,
Than money!
You see a hint of a smile on my face?
You will not be able to detect that by radar.
Trust me!
I 'still' have dreams of taking a cruise,
And shopping on Rodeo Drive...
In Hollywood!
That's how attached I am on receiving my piece,
Of that MacIntosh Apple Pie.
With a chicken steaming with vegetables in my pot!
I have not given up my addictions to those visions.

So when I say I admire you?
I admire the way you keep up your pretentions...
However,
You need to open up a can of reality!
And if you have none...
I'll give you a case.
I've been storing that up for years!

Remember when I asked you to loan me five dollars,
And you gave me ten?
I have never forgotten that!
You have a good heart!
There is no debate about your warmth,
Or sincerety of purpose.

It's the thoughts in you head I now question!
And believe me,
It is not your perceptions.
You keep those!
I have my own.
It is how you are dealing with facts that concern me!

Somehow you think your lifestyle,
Is worth efforts to keep maintained!
That is going to change.
Along with any prior delusions you may still have,
That my cynical point of view,
Comes from a destitute childhood!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

D.O.A.

Give me your brain.
Give me your eyes.
Give me your tongue and lips.
Give me your heart.
Give me your hands.
Give me your legs and feet,
To walk with!

'What else do you want from me? '

We are trying to determine that now!

'You did not ask for my ass!
Why? '

You've been sitting on that too long!
Keep that!
It's over used.
And much too soft,
To give to someone else with determination.
And we are only collecting parts
That have capability to enhance and enrich,
This experience to experiment!

'What about my consciousness? '

Your what?
Please...
Did I mention,
None of us here are magicians!
Other gifts,
Yes!
But that which you have,
Has been determined D.O.A.
Dead on arrival!
Your mind has been completely useless.
To you or any of us.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

'Da Troof And Only 'Da Troof

When it's spoken and should be understood,
For what it is...
It ain't!
When I'm expected to listen,
With eye contact and sincerety...
I bet not blink!
Enough though what is being said,
Has been pounded in my head.
Even that beaten horse...
Whispers to me to play dead!

'Da troof and only 'da troof,
I swear! '

And I listen to these kids today...
Trying to convince,
With words they say!
Without comprehension...
At all conveyed!
Because what is delivered,
Is from a TV show re-anactment made!
And every syllable from these lips...
Comes a form of some desception.
Scripted from urban streets and learned!
And rehearsed by gifted actors displayed!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Dab Nab It

You've got to be who you are,
To free yourself of enemies.
You've got to free yourself from others,
Who have nothing but hate to feed!

You've got to be who you are,
To free yourself of enemies.
And you've got to...
Free yourself from others,
Who have nothing but hate to feed!

The days of throwing those sticks and stones are gone!
Leave them on the ground to be walked around.

Prolonging your agonies just to sing a bluesy song.
Can't last long if you know it's wrong!
Leaving you to toss and turn all night long!

Dag nab it...
Let go of bad habits!
Don't pat but grab 'em,
And send them along.

You've got to be who you are,
To free yourself of enemies.
You've got to free yourself from others,
Who have nothing but hate to feed!

You've got to be who you are,
To free yourself of enemies.
And you've got to...
Free yourself from others,
Who have nothing but hate to feed!

Dag nab it...
Let go of bad habits!
Don't pat but grab 'em,
And send them along.

If you knew this was true...
Why do you do whatcha do?

The days of throwing those sticks and stones are gone!
Leave them on the ground to be walked around.

Prolonging your agonies just to sing a bluesy song.
Can't last long if you know it's wrong!
Leaving you to toss and turn all night long!

So dab nab it,
Let go of bad habits!
Don't pat but grab 'em,
And send them along.

Dab nab it,
Can't you send 'em along?
Dab nab it,
Can't you send 'em along?
Dab nab it,
Can't you send 'em along?

So dab nab it,
Let go of bad habits!
Don't pat but grab 'em,
And send them along.

Dab nab it,
Can't you send 'em along?
Dab nab it,
Can't you send 'em along?
Dab nab it,
Can't you send 'em along?

Damn nab it!
Can't you send 'em along?
Damn nab it!
Can't you send 'em along?

Dab nab it.
Dab nab it.
Dab nab it,

Send those habits along!
Dab nab it.
Don't you know this is wrong?

Dab nab it,
Can't you send 'em along?

Dab nab it.
Dab nab it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Daily Appetizers

The best way to generate an interest,
With a focus fixed on an enemy.
Is to create one.
With bits that are fed in doses that increase.

Division, chaos and promoted conflicts,
Have proven there are those...
Who are skilled with unquestionable expertise,
In fields to undermine the advantages of peace.

And the best are solicited, hired and paid,
To ensure fear and hatred are daily appetizers.
With many becoming more unafraid,
To go beyond their temptations to nibble and taste.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Damage Control

Did you know my heart ached?
And felt broken into pieces
When you decided to split us up.
Although I did miss you...
I am not so willing to forget,
And make amends.
The pain you left has not yet,
Come to an end.
I bet you didn't know then,
What you have done.
And I have not begun to forgive your sins.
I'm not trying to be like HIM.
God already knows,
I am on a damage control!
And there are many things I'd like to tell you.
But you are not the person worth being told!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Damaged Goods

After knowing how long it took me,
To heal successfully from my own illnesses...
Why would anyone suspect me to have the patience,
To accept, monitor, protect and keep around tolerated...
Damaged goods they expect me to receive from them,
Without question?
And then to say to me my needs are NOT their priority?

'Huh?
Excuse me?
You must be filming a documentary...
And your subject is 'Suspected Fools'.

You've got to be using highly secretive and exclusive medication,
Not yet offered to the public to think of that as my benefit.
You must have been picked to be chemicalized and tested?
Something in your head needs tightening of loose bolts and nuts,
As well as an absence of any respect detected you should locate...
Immediately.'

If I had not experienced this attempt to attack my logic,
My mouth would still be open from the disbelief.
And to see someone look at me as if I am the one who offends...
Is the reason why I am thrilled,
To be both physically and mentally mended.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Damaging Tongues

Pursuing as has been done...
A delight they have taken in destruction.
Those walking on darkened paths...
Character assassinating to undo someone,
With their damaging tongues...
Are the very same ones responsible,
For all that which has to everyone come.
Direct or indirectly.

Label the facts of this as something existing,
As a myth driven by a negativity if you wish.
The proof has been in the pudding.
And has been dished relentlessly and imposed,
By those with nothing but jealousy and intent to circumvent.
As their comments are mentioned through their sickened lips.
And within distance or not...
It isn't easy for one conscious to dismiss the effects of this.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

'Damned If You Do And Damned If You Don'T Be Damned'

The choice to accept a common belief,
And not the work of research.
Has left so many in dire straits.
They who have chosen concepts...
To dictate their fates.
And now they want to find excuses...
For being lead down a path,
Without a glimmer of insight.
One that would endure...
With a comprehension to last.
When that decision upon them was given...
They chose adopting an insight,
As something unneeded.
And for them an insight they passed.
Heeding to that which did not feed.

'Damned if you do!
And damned if you don't be damned'.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Dance

Dance!
When you get the chance.
It's okay to pat your feet.
And sway as you move,
To the rhythmic beat.

Dance!
Enhance your prancing,
By letting loose.
Get up and shake that butt.
Give all those excuses up!

Wave your hands and feel free to do it.
Remove those restrictions with thoughts deluded.
What is there to prove if you don't or do?
Improve your health and state of mind too!
Tighten up those muscles in that sagging behind...
And,
Dance!

Treat it like a mental release!
Dance!
From your head down to your feet.
Dance!
Get rid of those excuses you keep.

Dance.
Dance.
Dance.
Dance.
Dance!

Treat it like a mental release!
Dance!
From your head down to your feet.
Dance!
Get rid of those excuses you keep.
And...
Dance.

Dance.
Dance.
Dance.
Dance!

Wave your hands and feel free to do it.
Remove those restrictions with thoughts deluded.
What is there to prove if you don't or do?
Improve your health and state of mind too!
Tighten up those muscles in that sagging behind...
And dance.
Treat it like a mental release!
Dance!
From your head down to your feet.
Dance!
Get rid of those excuses you keep.
And...
Dance.
Dance.
Dance.
Dance.
Dance!

Treat it like a mental release!
Dance.
Treat it like a mental release!
Dance.
Treat it like a mental release!
Dance.
Dance.
Dance.
And keep on dancing!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Dance To Their Own Rhythms

I see them finding the time,
To dance to their own rhythms.
All of nature's best.
Dressed within each season...
Differently for reasons,
With fresh impressions to make!

The grass once brown now green in Spring!
The trees bare in Winter now adorn bright leaves,
As birds unseen on branches sing.

Flowers from the ground popping through...
With sparkling colored hues,
To infuse poetic wishes.
As mountains snowcapped...
Surrounded by lush valleys wrapped,
Inviting backpacked hikers on trails they pursue.

Seagulls search for fish,
Off sandy shores to return to sit.
As surfing waves roll in mist licked,
Harnessed by rays of noonday Sun.

All of this assists
My mind to drift in Summer breeze!
Identities separate but together come to form...
An orchestrated symphony captured,
To delight a sight...
Mother Nature shares and wears.
As tensions lift from a heart forlorn!

Conducting She does this majestic majesty,
That is heard, shown and blissfully sets free!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Dance With The Wind

I'm doing the best I can,
Trying to remember I should forgive you.
Doing what I can,
To issue you 'another' benefit of doubt.
I am pursuing to rest my bitterness...
And let peace between us exist.
But there is one thing wrong.
And I tell myself we 'should' get along.
But deep in my heart,
Where my feelings play a part?
They have a problem pretending,
Forgiving you will bring them to bliss!
When you are not around...
There is a joy and happiness!
They would rather be left alone...
Disliking you!
And 'that' is the conflict I am having too!
I can say the words...
But being dishonest like you,
Isn't what I find like you I can do.
And trying it is not even on my mind!
Teardrops have long dried from my eyes!
And pretending I am glad to see you...?
I am not good at playing charades,
Dressing up for masquerades...
Or putting on smiles to disguise!
But I would love to see you,
Dance with the wind...
Over there!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Dancing Through Obstacles

Even with a giving of a support aborted.
And arrows shot from bows a lot,
To prevent the stopping...
Of a progressive intention to move forward,
There are those committed with faith so strong...
That a dancing through obstacles,
Seems not for them to be a challenge.
But a feast to eat upon through storms to seek,
A release of unspoken passion.

'Why are you sitting by the road,
Breaking your bows?
And destroying your arrows? '

~I have grown too exhausted.
I was told a chase would slow the pace,
To eventually stop the one I attempted to overcome.
Like it was with others.
I knew for sure success to me would come.
I believed it to be a piece of cake.
I would eat before I chose another bait.

'Well...
It's obvious that was not relayed,
To the baker chased to allow that taste.'

~What do you recommend I should do? ~

'Continue doing what you are doing.
And find something or someone else,
Who is not so devoted to complete a mission.
With a leaving those exhausted,
Like it has happened to you.
Set your sights on your own dreams to pursue.'

~But that would mean,
Staying focused and committed...
To my own dreams to fulfill.~

'Or you can choose to receive a benefit,
By giving your support to another...
With a doing to recognize,
Your exhaustion would be limited...
If you didn't try so hard to prevent,
A success that could be shared...
To eliminate your feelings of despair.
Since those accustomed to a dancing through obstacles,
Are already aware...
Of the sound of broken bows and destroyed arrows.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Dancing To Old Tunes

There are no ties I wish to keep,
With anyone seeking to enter playgrounds.
Wanting to reminisce a swinging on swings.
Or those seesawing near remembered sandboxes.

There is 'something' about living my life,
In the 'here' and 'now'...
That a yesterday that has gone,
I can not relive with a desire of dancing to old tunes.

And there is something to be said,
About those who enjoy...
Celebrating places that no longer exist.
As if their lives lived today comes as a surprise.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Dancing With Insanity

Intellectualizing their own defeat,
With increased double talk...
And selective sound bites,
Has decreased their effectiveness.
And it is clear to those listening,
How insignificant these prolonged mental tests.

They are counting on the many,
Not so few to be fools.
This daily grind they find amusing...
Subjects them as their own enemies,
By the use of their own rules and defective tools.

And even those they have pested into wars,
Have never feared them at all.
Leaving the ones who once blindly followed them into battle...
To dare dropp their pretentions to call these morons, idiots!
But no one knew they could have saved their quality of life,
Resources and sleepless nights...
By acknowledging them not to be suspected morons.
But identifiable idiots,
In the first place!

Taking clues from those observing this twisted self infliction,
Watching them all dancing with insanity and being egocentric!
Doing their best to stop the tick tock heard,
Coming from their own clocks!
Envisioning themselves feasting as conquerers!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Danger

No danger can remain sustained,
By anyone 'claiming' to maintain faith!
That is unshakable and daily paced.
With an awakening that can be traced,
To the Almighty Creator.
And those are abundantly displayed.
In a significant magnificance,
Cosmically embraced.

Born from a beauty this subtlety is!
Condoned in an acceptance.
And mystifies.

Complete with a gracefulness,
Those conscious can not explain.
And too unsuitable for conflict...
Those insist,
With a contradicting implementation of it.
And a manufacturing of weapons resisting...
Their impacting wishes to attract danger!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Danger Estranged

Danger,
Estranged!
With an obligation to it quits.
A danger estranged,
Forgotten from a past that had existed.
To face unafraid the unknown,
And its presence to one...
To overcome what was shown.

Danger,
Estranged!
Will sometimes re-appear,
To chase one's faith away...
With attempts to eliminate it.
But the using of threats so effective,
Is a repetition one with kept faith...
Expects.

A danger the same estranged,
Will remain to be what it is.
Until one living not to fear it...
Becomes familiar with its presence near.
But no longer permits it to exist.
Or find it amongst one's top ten list.
To realize a divorce,
Had long been finalized.

'I am danger.
No stranger to haunting your every move.
Remember when we were once together?
And no steps you made if I did not approve.'

~And? ~

'You are 'suppose' to run away.
As I pretended to let you escape.
Well, I'm back again in your mind to stay.
And this time you wont find a hiding place.'

~Hold on.
Just a second.
I want to check my schedule,
To see if on it your appearance I missed.
Nope!
No danger here.~

'Are you sure? '

~What do you 'mean' am I sure?
Oh...
YES. Yes.
I do recall taking that flight.
And the experiece of it was dreadful.
Bored me to tears.
Thank God I landed with my feet on solid ground.~

'Look!
You are 'suppose' to run away in fear.'

~Let's make a deal.
You pretend my walking away from you,
Is a run.
And I'll pretend my laughing at you isn't done.~

'But...
What about my reputation?
You are destroying it.'

~Tell the folks you left me 'crazed'.
And, in these days we live,
My laughing at you is all the proof you need.
Since everyone else you've chased away,
Can be found begging and pleading for you to leave.
And I aint wasting no more of my time for that.~

'But.
What about 'us'? '

~My politics and the life I 'now' live,
Have both completely changed.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Danger Follows The Child

Yesterday,
Perhaps...
No attention would be given,
To juvenile ambitions ignored.
And dismissed,
As part of a growing process.

Today...
Youthful deeds that sicken,
Others who pay...
At their own expense.
Becomes difficult to excuse,
Adults with childish minds...
Intending to have others suffer
Who never recover.

Danger follows the child,
Permitted to play with fire.
And accustomed with a doing,
To feel entitled to do it.

Expensive are the fences built,
To surround in isolation...
Those who perceive,
Themselves to have a mindset...
That a quality of life,
To have enjoyed...
Is completely free,
Of a dependency on others.
And stubbornly continues,
With unconscious belief...
Their ignorant actions,
Has not cause the flames...
Warned if continued,
Will burned down...
The house to claim attracts,
Threats of those envious.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Dangerous

A mind that knows,
The definition of conformity
And comprehends who benefits,
With full pockets unwilling to share.
Staring at faces not reflecting theirs,
Is dangerous for those who find themselves...
Opposed and hoarding!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Dangerous Journey

To become fully awakened,
By consciousness...
Is a dangerous journey,
For anyone who begins their first steps...
Through the valley slick with pits,
Of ignorance.
And adorned with gleaming temptations.

It is less difficult,
If one's eyes were obstructed by blindness.
Than to have mind and eyes wide open.

Seen with unbelievable clarity...
Is everyone known and familiar,
Participating with wild abandonment.
And some thought to have been conscious.

And tested...
Will be one's faith, integrity and any held belief,
One's footsteps are placed with assured identity!

To become fully awakened,
By consciousness...
Is a dangerous journey,
For anyone who begins their first steps...
Through the valley slick with pits,
Of ignorance.
Since turning away from it to go back,
Is not an option!
And everything once accepted in the past...
Becomes examined, questioned and scrutinized.
As if never seen or known before!
That's what a full awakening does.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Dangerous Precedent

Children are failing at an alarming rate,
In public schools.
They can neither read nor write.
Quote or recite,
Anything...
From approved and acceptable literature.
However,
They do excel and achieve high marks...
At rapping and the playing of video games.

This reality is not 'becoming' a threat.
This reality IS and has been a threat,
To anyone who can see...
What the future ahead is going to be.
And the defending of this IS and has been...
A sick reflection of one's addiction to delusion.

For anyone to perceive themselves,
To be intelligent enough to say
Such freedoms to prevent,
The continued demoralizing decay
Should have such freedoms taken away
Is setting a dangerous precedent.
Has just learned what that term means.
And has decided using it to defend their ignorance,
Will gain them personal attention.

The 'dangerous precedent',
Has been in allowing the absence of respect and discipline
To infiltrate the minds of children who are raising children,
Believing the act of marketing sex and decadence
Is going to overnight produce a society of upstanding citizens.
While illiteracy becomes a prerequisite,
To obtaining a Master's Degree in Physics.

The 'dangerous precedent' had already taken effect,
When the building of prisons began to become considered...
As rehabilitation centers at the taxpayers exorbitant expense.

The 'dangerous precedent' began
When the flowing of crime hit the streets.
And anyone expressing an embittered reaction against this...
Was rumored to be 'negative' and disgruntled,
About the truth of a pretentiousness no one sought to face.
But today
People are blaming those in leadership positions,
For not being strong enough to protect their interests.
Or fight courageously to uphold their rights to entitlements.

Yeah!
It's in the 'water'.
It 'has' to be!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Dangerous To My Health

There are those who were born,
To have no other purpose in life...
Than to agitate others.

I admit,
When I was younger...
I thought I would like to specialize in this field.
Since I was told by several people,
How I got on their last nerve.
And the doing of it I found to be quite easy.

I became bored with that.
Especially when I discovered there were others,
Practicing this craft.
And not doing it with enough bite.
So tempted was I to help them redo their agitations.
I was very serious when I thought I should show them,
My own techniques.

I was young and full of testing authority.
If my parents were alive,
They would confirm and validate my comments.

But...
When my mama screamed at the top of her lungs,
Pulling on her hair with her eyes bulged out...
Shouting at me one day,
'Boy, that's it! You've gotten on my 'last' nerve.'
I knew then...
I was able to do it to such a degree,
To threaten my own existence.

She frightened me.
And I knew then I had reached perfection.
And something inside me said...
Continuing to do that could be dangerous to my health.
So needless to say...
I've discovered more advantageous skills to develop,
Over the years.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Dangle The Trinkets

The crowds have become unruly.
Everywhere protesters,
Are demanding their equal rights.
Racists amongst themelves are fighting.
And divided are the people,
Who are confused and can't decide...
Whether they should stand on the left side,
Or the right.
What on Earth 'now' can we do?

'Trinkets.
Use the trinkets.'

Trinkets?

'Dangle the trinkets.
Promise them more of the bling.
Dangle the trinkets.
With that done,
That 'always' solves everything.'

But that's so trifling.

'You know it and I know it and they do too.
Dangle the trinkets.
Promise them bling and shiny things.
That's all they want us to do.'

And...
Just whose trinkets are we going to dangle?
Yours or mine?

'I said 'promise' them.
That's all.
I'm not giving up nothing.'

Well then...
You make to them that promise.
I've got too much integrity.

'LOL...
You've got WHAT?
Integrity?
LOL.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Dare Dare Double Dare

How could you,
Dare dare double dare...
Daring to go?
From here to leave,
When you are right at the door.

How could you,
Dare dare double dare,
Daring to go?
From me to leave,
Like the daring that you do...
Is on an errand.

How could you,
Dare dare double dare...
Daring to go?
How could you,
Dare dare double dare...
Daring to go?

Baby don't you think you could,
Understand it closer to me?
If we got ourselves together.
And...
Baby don't you think you could,
Stop to think...
Why,
We don't touch and cuddle like we should.
And could.
But don't!
Or wont even try.

Baby don't you think you could,
Understand it closer to me?
If we got ourselves together.
And...
Baby don't you think you could,
Stop to think...
Why,

We don't touch and cuddle like we should.
And could.
But don't!
Or wont even try.

My eyes have opened up so wide to see,
To believe...
You've got another lover under cover.
You've got another lover under cover.
Is that why you threaten me,
To go?
And you throw it in my face,
To know...
You've got yourself another secret lover.

And baby don't you think you could,
Stop to think...
Why,
My eyes have opened up so wide to see...
To believe,
You've got yourself involved with someone other.
Under cover.
Yes you've got yourself involved with someone other.
Under cover.

How could you,
Dare dare double dare...
Daring to go?
How could you,
Dare dare double dare...
Daring to go?
But don't.

How could you,
Dare dare double dare...
Daring to go?
When I know...
You've got yourself another secret lover.

Dare dare double dare...
Daring to go?
When I know,

'That' I know.

How could you,
Dare dare double dare...
Daring to go?
When I know,
'That' I know.

How could you,
Dare dare double dare...
Daring to go?
When I know.
How could you,
Dare dare double dare...
Daring to go?
When I know.
'What' I know
To be known....
Like the daring that you do is not apparent.

Dare dare double dare...
Daring to go?
Like the daring that you do is not apparent.

Dare dare double dare...
Daring to go?
Like the daring that you do is not apparent.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Dare To Dare

Dare to dare.
And run your own race.
Who would be there,
More qualified to challenge?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Dared By Someone To Do It

If anyone can hop on one foot,
Dared by someone to do it...
Why would this same person complain,
About a path they have chosen to follow?
With beliefs they should get paid,
For removing their own obstacles.
Entitlements like this are not delivered.
Although many people believe,
An easy life should be given to them...
And not earned.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Daring To Be Defeated

People refusing to listen,
Create their own dilemmas.
They believe an enforcement done,
Of their wishes...
Retrieves a satisfaction,
As expectations are identified.

They lie to themselves and expect understanding.
Foolish are their delusions.

But an acceptance to be corrected...
Is taken for criticisms refused to enhance a growth.
People like this want to feel protected,
Like a child caught in a lie.
With a tantrum to come that is provoked.

And the circumstances they must face,
They don't do that!
They rather run to hide inside their minds...
Where trappings of safety begin to take place.

'I don't care if you don't believe me.
I don't care...'
And alone they weep!

People refusing to listen,
Create their own dilemmas.
They believe an enforcement done,
Of their wishes...
Retrieves a satisfaction,
As expectations are identified.

A stripping to expose flaws,
Is difficult to do.
A willingness to be wounded...
Speeds up the advancing of a truth.

And when truth is denied,
For something less painful to receive and accept...

A maturity to gain becomes a stagnation repeated.
With a daring to be defeated...
Conquered by insecurities,
As a surrounding wall that falsely protects.

'I don't care if you don't believe me.
I don't care...'
And alone they weep!
Stubbornly affixed to their insecurities,
Keeping them appeased and weak!

Daring to be defeated!
But defeated by a weakness...
Keeps their insecurities appeased.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Daring To Be Exposed

It must be traumatic...
To realize both influence and status,
Has gradually passed on.

A turned up nose preferred by those of wealth,
And class
Means nothing to a generation more interested,
In one's nakedness, sex and how to obtain fast cash.
These are their real images.

Respect?
Aretha Franklin said it best.
'Find out what it means to me'.
R-E-S-P-E-C-T.
'Show me some T-L-C!
Tender loving care.
That is all that is needed there.
Anything else...
Is on its way to be tarnished.
With a staining that can not be restored.
Not after it has been purposely ignored.

It must be traumatic...
To realize both influence and status,
Has gradually passed on.

A turned up nose preferred by those of wealth,
And class...
Means nothing to a generation more interested,
In getting their needs met quick and slick.
With a fresh arriving tasty treat.
Whether 'Bi or 'str8' When first meeting on the streets!
And agreeing to feast on that piece of ass!

Upfront and in your face.
Regardless who hears this,
While crossing their paths.

And if that can not be handled in a way that is swift...

They are off to something else that is!
Such as STD's
HIV
AIDS...
And other designer diseases to live with!

Caring less they are reckless.
And daring to be exposed!

'Why do you wear so many clothes?
Show some skin!
Those imagination days,
Have long come to an end!
Live.
Let!
And be quickly buried.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Dark

Tall
And handsome.
Dark!
And preserved,
In the finest
Of God given humility!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Dark Horse

Do you know who you are?
That is a good sign.
So many don't!
And I am sure by now,
You are not surprised by this.

Do you know your capabilities?
Even those who have spent years...
And mommy and daddy's money,
Partying in the finest colleges...
Will never figure that one out!
They have been 'assigned'
To seek good paying jobs!
Not minds to independently think.
IF you have been accused of 'thinking'...
At least 'everything' didn't end up,
Confused in your head.
Your heart is involved!
No one has to tell you what your potential is!
You know.

Do you know your desires?
What heats you up...
Chills you out and douses your fire?
Many are on prescription drugs...
And scheduled therapy sessions for that.
They haven't the slightest clue.
They are counting on someone else,
To show them the way.
Tell them what to do.

But you?
What does it matter what a stranger thinks?
Or who says what?
Common sense has already spoken.
And you have known...
Everyone who lives,
Does so to eliminate 'something' that stinks!

Speculation may be a good thing.
And used by those you go to casinos.
However...
Speculating over who says what,
About what it is you should or should not do...
Still will not get you to where you know you are going.
That's 'if' you have a need to go anywhere.

And if that is not a need of yours...
Do all the speculation you want.
You will have lots of company.
And the odds will not be in your favor.
There will be too many opinions.
And you will be left spending a lifetime deciding,
Who you are.
Why you exist.
And for 'whom' your decision wins a bet!

Be that 'dark horse'.
And catch everyone by surprise.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Dark The Moods

Dark the moods.
Dark too those attitudes.
The ones that 'use' to visit and annoy,
When I felt quite defeated.

Dark the moods.
Dark too those attitudes.
I could not rid or alone leave.
On me they fed as if a feast to feed.

I had to freeze all emotions,
Shown and worn on my sleeve.
They were too easily revealed.
Too easily perceived.

I had to pick myself up,
Off my knees.
There was a comfort in it,
With a welcome of a hopelessness that pleased.

Dark the moods.
Dark too those attitudes.
I could not rid or alone leave.
On me they fed as if a feast to feed.

Dark the moods.
Dark too those attitudes.
The ones that 'use' to visit and annoy,
When I felt quite defeated.

I had to freeze all emotions worn on my sleeve.
Dark the moods.
Dark too those attitudes.

I had to pick myself up off my knees.
Dark the moods.
Dark too those attitudes.

They 'use' to visit me when I...

They 'use' to visit me when I...
They 'use' to visit me when I felt,
Quite DEFEATED!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Darkened Runway

Once upon a time...
I was out of my mind!
Influenced by delusion
Believing what I wanted...
Was easy for me to find!
Like a dream wished,
Appearing undone
And not clearly defined.

I made the thought mine...
And it sat inside my head!
Only when I decided
To use God's given skills,
Did I I have the will
To focus upon my consciousness...
Get up from where I sat,
From others who dosed in and out
Of schemes with quick plots,
And boasted adventures.

Hoping to snatch 'possibilities'
From thin air,
And keeping hollow promises
There...
To do what needs to be done,
Tomorrow!

When tomorrow never comes,
For the one who sits and waits
To 'see' and contemplate what lands
Upon a darkened runway!
Showing no clues of a purpose,
Without the slightest light that dims...
Where to set the doomed flight down,
To meet a collision with fools,
In delusion!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Darkness Felt

Bring that darkness felt to a peak!
Don't let it stay and destroy your sleep.
As demons creep and trouble!

End that craze and madness held.
Deliver your mind out of that hell.
Free yourself from that hold and leave.
And do it now before blood from you,
Is slowly squeezed!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Dastardly Deeds

With publicity accomplished.
And a promotion hyped,
By all types of media.
These dastardly deeds,
Done in front of our youth to see...
To claim to have the 'majority' offended,
Has yet to end the effects of them.
Since many have chosen,
To believe themselves wholesome...
With a perceived innocence.

'I tell you...
One day they are going to have problems with those kids.'

But yet a questioning of misdeeds and their origin,
Leaves those behind bolted doors...
Alarm systems and guns to protect delusions,
Without any attention prioritized to give...
To their own self reflections and heightened blemishes.
To Instead peep from locked and closed windows,
With their neighbors on their phones to gossip...
About who is doing what while their children sit,
Downloading quietly places on the internet...
To purchase new weapons to get.

'...and not only that,
But I heard they made their children do chores.
And today children, like my own...
Should be encouraged to be children.
With a doing what today children do.
Exactly!
Be left alone to play their video games.
I tell you...
One day they are going to have problems with those kids.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Dats A Doobee Dah Dum Dum Doo

I appreciate,
High cloud mornings.
When the dawn appears,
On the rise.

I appreciate,
All I see...
The Sun doesn't hide from me.

I appreciate,
Those high cloud mornings.
When the dawn appears on the rise.

I appreciate,
Every season...
I'm allowed to grow.
Up...
And in front of your eyes.

And knowing our love grew too!
Dats a doobee dah dum dum doo.
Dah...
I get that while holding you,
Dah...
Dats a doobee dah dum dum doo.
Dah...
And knowing our love grew too!

I appreciate,
High cloud mornings.
When the dawn appears,
On the rise.

I appreciate,
All I see...
The Sun doesn't hide from me.
Dats a doobee dah dum dum doo.
Dah...
Ah doobee dah dum dum doo.

Oh ooo ahhhh,
Ah doobee dah dum dum doo.
Oh ooo ahhhh,
Ah doobee dah dum dum doo.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Dawn Finally Arises

Anyone who has ever remained persistent,
With a fluid consistency...
Has met some opposition.
And is familiar with negativity.

It takes the gritting of teeth.
And the biting of nails,
To prevail even when failure may be in sight.
With a nipping at the heels of one refusing defeat.

And suddenly it seems,
That nothing but nightmares...
Have come to replace hopes and dreams,
When dawn finally arises to clear a bright horizon.

It looks a lot different,
From the rumors I heard...
Of a dawn others said was gone.
It looks much different,
From rumors fed...
Of a dawn that would never turn on.
It looks a lot different,
From the rumors I heard...
Of a dawn others said was gone.
And...
I'm so glad I persisted.
To witness it to see,
For myself.

Yeah, yeah, yeah...
It looks a lot different,
From the rumors I heard...
Of a dawn others said was gone.
It looks much different,
From rumors fed...
Of a dawn that would never turn on.
It looks a lot different,
From the rumors I heard...
Of a dawn others said was gone.

And...
I'm so glad I persisted.
To witness it to see,
For myself.

It looks a lot different,
The dawn!
When it is witnessed,
The dawn!
And...
I'm so glad I persisted.
To witness and to see it,
For myself.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Dawning Of This Age

Suspended are the judgements of the judgers.
Taken aback...
Are those who hid manipulations with deceit.

Elitists connected now barefoot and jailed.
Even amongst themselves,
They wail...
In discontent!

Lamenting of their actions,
Of which no one denies...
Or can prevent an exposed dissent,
Arising!

Apologetic cries ignored,
By those who suffered from their lies!
The dawning of this age has come,
The one that sought truth that IS has won.

And they who pampered themselves with treason...
Sink together,
In an abyss of eternal tears...
Like birds of a feather,
Plucked and frying in hell forever!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Days Fading Away

Important it is to remain alert,
And kept abreast...
To all which is relevant.
With a finding of time,
To keep one's mind active.

Saving days fading away to procrastinate,
In hesitation believing to play it safe...
Only delays with seeking daily escapes,
Until one recognizes it is much too late...
To do what one wishes but chooses to skip it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Dazed

Known!
Rehashed,
And fed in tiny bites...
A snake may shed its skin,
But a demon does not spread light
On initiating deeds to do those 'in'
Who 'see'
These demons
Before their actions begin!

Dipped and sugarcoated to suit,
In recruiting style.
Attracting the unconscious
With sinful deception
And sparkling bright smiles...
Known!

Rehashed,
And fed in tiny bites.
Exciting the hopes of those dazed!
With promises they are being led,
To a sanctuary where they are bled...
Instead.
And left dazed and forgotten.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Dazzle To Daze Those Awakening

There is nothing like a dose of truth,
To awaken the stubbornness...
Of a sleeping done,
Wishing to snooze through life.
There is nothing like it.

There is nothing like a pinch of salt,
That comes to sting a wound...
Healing on the effects of sugar and spice.
And all things created 'should' be nice and sweet.
While those homeless and hungry suffer,
From visions of living their reality living in the streets.
As those of gluttony and greed tease others,
With a taste of their theft with an acquired laziness kept!

There is nothing like a dose of truth,
To awaken the stubbornness...
Of a sleeping done,
Wishing to snooze through life.
There is nothing like it.
There is nothing like witnessing,
The dawn come shining through to blaze...
And dazzle to daze those awakening.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Dead Horses To Beat

No one with eyes clearly open,
Is going to stop to wonder about...
The use of a preposition.
And where in a sentence it should go.
Only those sitting in positions,
Of kept pretense become offended...
By one's lack of proper etiquette.
Or the absence of it,
For the purpose to scrutinize...
Who amongst themselves,
Are socially deprived.
To be done by those thriving on darkness.

As people live on a collision course,
Divorced from reality and reasoning to enforce...
More are caught up in endorsing,
Dead horses to beat.
Who does what with whom,
To use children to excuse a decadence to treat.
As senseless racist divisions allowed to increase,
By reminding to promote obvious insecurities.
To be left and kept as preferences.
And yet...
Political correctness and proper etiquette,
Has nothing to do with those who have let...
The quality of life claimed wished to protect,
Left to go undetected to market the feeding of greed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Dead Minds Confined

Ignorance to have it pleasured,
Has fed enough to those served.
Regardless if more of it is craved.

Today...
It is the only feeding preferred.
And the main meal eaten,
For the ones who just want...
Their serving of dessert first.

So many have been hypnotized.
Without realizing,
Themselves they hurt.
Mentally, spiritually and morally.
To have begun to curse,
A doing of their own births.

Seen dragging themselves around.
As best as they can.
Refusing to believe how blessed they are.
But that concept to accept,
They will never understand.

Walking with the same nonsense to talk.
From dead minds confined.
As if trapped inside bodies.
Their own homegrown coffins.
And awaiting that day for that slow ride,
In a hearse to have had their deaths certified.

'Why did you scream,
During the 'wake'? '

~I could not believe,
How much better he looked.
And it shocked me to see that.~

'You didn't scream,
When we went to her wake last week.'

~I expected her to look better.
She looked like death on a stick.
And thank God,
They didn't put that wig on her head.~

'There are so many of us leaving.
One would think they are responding,
To invitations.'

~No one given life,
Has it permanently.~

'I know that, but gee...
Why live it over-rehearsed for death?
To have no life left to live.'

~Well.
I do know this.~

'What is that? '

~In the past two weeks,
I have eaten some of the best desserts...
I have 'ever' had.
At each repast.
And I am not embarrassed at all,
To ask for the recipes.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Dead-End Clues

If I could put my missteps behind me,
To erase the many obstacles...
I found to eliminate as I chased my dreams,
I guess there would be less critics...
Offering their unsolicited advice,
As to which road I should have taken...
That would have afforded them more time,
To discourage my journey.
And less confused by it they would be.

But I have never made announcements,
As to which of my interests...
My mind would decide to prioritize.
Since a few are more obvious than others I protect.
And then one or two are needing adventure.
Yet there are those I purposely neglect,
If I suspect them needing rest...
From getting too much adverse publicity.

'Where is he going now with this? '

~I don't know.
But he seems to have a knack,
To leave us teased with dead-end clues.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Deaf To Voices

Deaf to voices,
Other than their own ingrown...
Patronizes a tension.
And seeks imbalanced attention.

Creating confusion.
With a self inflicting wish,
That demands...
To be heard as commanded.

And disputes the commonplace of truth.
Dissecting its universal accepted meaning,
Only to appease a deafness,
That wishes truth to be of its own creation.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Dealing With 'Accepted' Reality

The most difficult part in dealing with 'accepted' reality,
Is the financing of the delusional side of it.
With loans due and credit rates soaring to pay.

And creditors seem to lose their sense of humor,
The moment an application is signed...
And denied for having no credit history.
With no one to co-sign for a lifetime of dependency.

Or one having such bad credit a rating no longer applies.
Leaving those with no debts at all...
Feeling ostracized and looked upon as threats.

And today...
If one is not in foreclosure,
Or has a repossession in progress...
A feeling of being in total isolation is the experience.
With stares received from others for being unpatriotic!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Dear Father In Heaven

The gifts I have been given,
Were to not keep to go unwrapped.
I had been taught that lesson,
Very early to escape being entrapped...
Within an ego to believe,
A selfish life to live...
Is not lived successfully.
And 'if' I just had a penny left in my pocket,
I should not for a moment hestitate to give it away.
Because those gifts I received,
Had for me a value more precious than gold!

'Dear Father in Heaven,
I am and will always be thankful for those gifts...
Only from YOU I have been given.
I can not express my appreciation more.
However...
Is it possible the blessings You have upon me bestowed,
Include a tuna sandwich made with whole wheat bread?
Some mayo, lettuce and a couple of slices of tomato?
That's if YOU desire to have me keep my beliefs...
'Something' about my staying devoted to YOUR guidance,
Deserves a 'sign' I would find a little 'more' appetizing.
I aint trying to be greedy, but...
YOU know what's happening.
AMEM.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Dear Lance

Lance?
What enhanced designer drug,
Are you now on?
When viewers are riveted,
To a hopeful revealing interview...
Only one thing confessed,
Made little sense...
By those watching you.

'I called you crazy.
A 'B' that can be switched into a witch.
But never did I say...
On your hips,
You carried any fat! '

Lance?
What enhanced designer drug,
Are you now on?
'But never did I say...
On your hips,
You carried any fat.'

Dear Lance,
After all that you've done...
What was the importance of that?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Death By Gossip

It is amazing.
They have never spoken
To the people they slander.
They don't even know them...
Or have sat to chat in discussion.
Some are related.
Although that means very little.
They weren't raised to build one another up.
They were encouraged to belittle.
And damage their own!
This has been known and shown.
These childish minds have never grown.
They are left alone.
Death by gossip and munching on ignorance.
Peering over fences.
And using lack of knowledge to offend,
As a defense.
Death by gossip,
And buried in jealousies.
This has been implanted...
To ensure this breeding would within them live,
And breathe.
They were encouraged to belittle.
And damage their own!
This has been known and shown.
These childish minds have never grown.
They are left alone.
With no input to keep a survival thriving!
Slowly dieing on lies.
Since this has been inflicted with ambition.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Death Of Accepted Ignorance

A unity to wish without truth to embrace,
And face it...
Is not posssible.
Denials must be stripped away,
From where they exist.
With an honesty to reveal them to admit.
A unity to wish without deception permitted,
Strengthens those steps taken...
That eventually cements a unity felt by all.
To realize and be convinced of its presence.

Death of accepted ignorance brings with it,
Such enriching and rewarding changes.
Everyday our learned beliefs are challenged.
Everyday to be witnessed,
We can see without it told...
Who it is still attempting to hold onto,
Times that have gone.
We've seen them all doing free falls...
With a calling out their aches on a daily basis.

'And how are you, today?
How are you feeling? '
~The same.
Doing my best just to hang in there.
You know how it is.~
'Yeah.
You remind me of Billie Holiday's 'Strange Fruit'.'

Deaths of beloved family members and friends,
Finds us emotionally suffering heartache not to end.
And broken relationships are also difficult to leave.
With a knowing we must move on,
In our sorrow and grief...
From one unbearable day to the next.
Feeling guilt, remorse and sadness,
More that too painful to divorce from these realities.
As we seek to have others validate with their empathy,
Our choice to remain burdened.

Death of accepted ignorance brings with it,
Such enriching and rewarding changes.
If...
Faith we claim is allowed to retrain our kept beliefs.
To accept that the death of anything,
Does not end but begin new and fresh discoveries.
Winter, Spring, Summer and Fall...
Has us all within these seasons to witness changes.
Yet we continue with our own kept ignorance,
To complain about our sustained afflictions...
To believe changes can be made by conflicts we create.

A unity to wish without truth to embrace,
And face it...
Is not posssible.
Denials must be stripped away,
From where they exist.
With an honesty to reveal them to admit.
And there can be no unity,
If death of accepted ignorance is not committed.

What was to be to leave behind with truth defined,
And accept...
Is the challenge.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Death Of Their Realities

Where are they?
All of them are late.

'We left them arguing,
With the psychiatrists! '

About what?

'They insist upon a cure.
Demanding it!
They've been conditioned to believe,
Anything is possible! '

But they are going to miss the funeral.
And soon we will leave for the burial ceremony.

'They are in denial.
Not one of them will listen.
They have refused to put down their weapons.
And hold the psychiatrists and everyone in the building,
As hostages!
The Chief of police has already declared the area as 'toxic'!
And even he is at a loss.
This has never been encountered before.
He now regrets his being the grand marshall,
At the last parade when he appeared as The Wizard of Oz.'

It is unfortunate they can not accept,
The death of their realities.

'Yeah...
This looks as if it will be a very long standoff.
They request an appearance of Superman,
Since many of them say they have proof...
They are citizens visiting from Gotham City.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Death To See Be Not Too Easy

Death to see be not too easy.
To witness it come,
Taking away with it someone loved.
With a stopping of breath for the last time to exit.
And nothing prevents a grieving one laments.

Death to see be not too easy.
For one who's heart pounds,
Against a heavy burdened and ladened chest.
To weep tears from eyes to drop in buckets.
Buckets full with more to fill left.

Death to see to witness it again,
Is a painful experience one feels deep within.
To leave a broken heart mended,
But a healing from it one seldom mentions.
Since timeless is the feeling that began with no end.

Death to see be not too easy,
From season to season as each season leaves.
Death to see be not too easy,
For the one with loved ones missed...
To reminisce more in private with promises never to forget!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Debates About This Can Escalate

If the air wasn't free,
In the atmosphere as it is.
No one here, there or anywhere,
Would be on this Earth,
To be seen as we appear.

And yet we take advantage,
With a disrespect so clear.
There are some on this planet,
That actually believe...
They are in control of it.
And the lives people lead to inflict a fear.

But in every molecule that exists,
That allows all of this...
Is not without a consciousness.
Debates about this can escalate...
But an escaping from the truth,
Is a waste of one's fate.

And those who disbelieve,
The Earth is a nonthinking entity...
Have only their next catastrophe to see,
Just how upset an ignorance of this can get!

No one is a part of 'something'...
That exists to reject,
A dismissing of being part of the all of it!
And a feeding of those who leech without appreciation,
There will come lessons Mother Nature will teach.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Debating It With Those Undecisive

Sometimes it is better to leave a truth observed,
To go unnoticed.
With a keeping of one's peace of mind preserved.
Especially if the appearance of truth,
Begins to stir debate.
And debating it with those undecisive,
Can create a diluting of it...
To satisfy those who wish to keep it distanced.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

'Debits And Credits'

Why are you leaving me a tree and a rock?
We here are experiencing a severe deficit crisis.
And we need more from our clients,
Than sarcastic gifts!

'I have told you countless of times,
When you call my home...
For something to send to you,
I can not find.
Not even a dime.
I thought I would bring,
Some reality on the scene.

No one more than I am,
Know about 'debits and credits'.
And since you believe,
I have something more to give and leave...
I want you to 'see' where I get my money.
And when you exhaust that...
That rock can be squeezed,
To get every dropp of blood from me.

And that's not being sacastic!
Consider that magical.

Go ahead!
I can not seem to do it.
But whoever that is that calls my home...
Believes that rocks and trees,
Is how I manage to exist to pay my bills...
Shelter myself 'and' feed!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Debonair

With your collar up and buttoned,
Struttin' like you're really somethin'
And that somethin' is cool.
With an easy breezy smooth.
That struttin that you do.

Aw shucks,
The way you move
Makes onlookers wanna drool.
With a mockin' of you too!
As they watch you struttin through.

And I.
Stop and stare,
Wishing I could be as debonair with such a flair to spare.

Aw shucks,
The way you move
Makes onlookers wanna drool.
With a mockin' of you too!
As they watch you struttin through.

With your collar up and buttoned,
Struttin' like you're really somethin'
And that somethin' is cool.
With an easy breezy smooth.
That struttin that you do.

And I
Stop and stare,
Wishing I could be as debonair with such a flair to spare.
And I
Stop and stare,
Wishing I could be as debonair with such a flair to spare...
To carry everywhere.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Decadent Trends

To intellectualize a decadence meant to market,
With an enforcement of its acceptance...
Says a lot about those who value their way of life,
And self righteous standards that are on a fast decline.

Yet those who are restrictive in mindsets limited,
With an infliction of their policies of censorship that exist...
Seem less serious than foolish.
Since they are the very ones advocating decadent trends.

'Would you like some Sodom with your Gomorrah? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Decades Gone

Decades gone and times long before,
Like a cancer spreading from shore to shore...
New arrivals landed to depict enemies.
Enemies perceived to threaten 'their' peace.
A peace intended with the utmost integrity.
And this approach was strategically introduced,
To produce a suffering that would increase...
Not reduce.

With sophisticated implementation,
Misdeeds initiated were begun secretly.
As diminishing resources,
From the 'heathens' were taken.
To ensure a benefitting of exclusive greed.
Creating divisions and separate entities.

Those duped never thought they'd be used this way,
As they were taught by the 'self-righteous'...
How they could get into heaven,
If they followed instructions.
And stayed on their knees to pray.
With teachings to fear demons they knew were near.

Today after accepting such hypocrisies and deceit,
Symbolizing myths and distorted prophesies...
Have left the meek too weak,
To stand on their own two feet.
As those same tactics practiced have backed fired,
On them all.
With deceivers and their followers with their backs,
Against the walls they've installed.

'And WHO do you think you are?
Shakespeare? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Decay

Few seek relationships to end in ruin from rust.
But those who make claims not to know,
When signs began to show deterioration...
Are the very ones who implemented,
Not only the dust and distrust...
But also the wounding that began the decay.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Decay To Rust, Dust And Fade

I am not here to compete with dead poets.
Or those with pseudo ambitions,
To foster claims this is what they do.

My depictions are alive,
To represent times lived today.
I wear no mask to imitate,
Those from a past who have passed away.

This is two thousand and twelve!
Not the seventeen hundreds.
Although there are many,
Wishing these times to return.

The landscape today,
Has more censors and critics...
Desiring the past for them will stay.
But even today will decay to rust, dust and fade.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Deceit Can Not Keep Them Hidden

Losing is not born from honesty.
Those who are honest...
Realize they can not always win.
Those who do anything to win,
View themselves as losers.
They blame others for their failures.
Provoked fights are started.
Lies are told.
They ban together...
Sometimes in darkness.
With attacks they wish to feed their greed,
And insecurities.
They have needs to prove their superiority.
They will do anything to be believed!
Deceit can not keep them hidden.
Everything is lost!
Even a pride and dignity once had,
Becomes worthless!
They wish for happiness.
But 'that' within them,
Has never been defined.
They have no patience in their minds.
No time is spent for it to be developed.
They are engulfed with pointless pleasures.
And listening is a thing they have never done.
They view that as weak.
Nothing for them is gained.
And whatever was possessed,
Has ceased to be valued!
An increase of depression is confessed.
Leaving them to self destruct.
They label what they do...
And what has been done as an overview,
As a recession from misdeeds.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Deceit To Trick And Fool

How can anyone substantiate,
Their validation of a kept majority?
When calculations have already proven,
'Minorities' are only thought to be that way...
By those being diminished,
With wishes their influence remained deluded.
And 'minorities' have always outnumbered,
Their oppressors who use deceit to trick and fool.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Deceitfully Victimized

One declaring to be victimized by another,
May pursue to get that atteention...
The first few times mentioned.
But then...
However and eventually,
Those who had been once accused of being culprits...
Become the ones who do receive the empathy,
After it has been discovered...
Those who elected to declare themselves victims,
Are the ones who deceitfully victimized...
To ruin lives of others they chose and selected.
But find themselves today the ones despised.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Deceived

We are reaching critical mass.
In a way not seen before.
In a way that all doors...
Of distrust, bigotry and fear
Will be broken down to crumble!
Disappear.
And love and harmony will come,
To clear those times we fought the many
For just some...
Because we were taught by them,
To despise each other.
Those 'others' who now despise one another!
We have been deceived!
And when that is revealed and received in our minds,
We will begin to heal our wounded hearts.
It will take time!
And that time soon will come!
We have been deceived...
And that is what we needed to know,
To break down the barriers of hatred and grow!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Deceived Purposely

One lie to tell with it believed,
Increases to defeat...
Any existence of deception.
A deception accepted,
That effects and causes...
The beginnings of unrest.

If beliefs kept,
Leaves a people less peaceful...
Less peaceful are the people,
Determined those of demonic souls...
Who are given rights to expose their evils,
Become publicly known...
For the evils done with it to be shown.

Witnessed is the burning,
In its final analysis...
Are mentalities once thought conscious,
Sizzling into a racist crisp.
With a churning done...
Like a disease,
That ruins from a cancer that sits ignored.

Truth to change,
Will and does come to derange...
The minds of all people,
Duped into a hopeless stupor.
And abused by realities enforced to believe.
To discover truth had been from them omitted.
A truth deceived purposely and allowed to commit.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Deceiving As A Choice Made

Who knows when the truth began to offend.
Who knows when those began to give it honor,
With a choosing to keep their lips tightly sealed...
Fearing if truth heard from them revealed,
Would label them betrayers or traitors...
By the ones hoping their standards to value,
Stayed unreal and better left kept...
If they remained that way to forever conceal.

And who would ever come to believe their lives,
Deceiving as a choice made to do successfully...
In times we live like these,
That supporting hypocrites delighting to start conflicts...
Would be a natural defense against opposition.
And witnessed to be praised for their soliciting more of it.
And, who would ever come to believe in days like this,
Delusions to advocate would bring so many relief to permit.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Deceiving Wolves Masquerading Like Sheep

Refusing to have their continued actions viewed,
As losers who have become incompetent and confused...
So they have begun to solicit fashion designers to create,
An assortment of blindfolds for a designated demographic...
Would love to wear and appreciate.
In the hopes this fad will establish a new rage,
That will be adopted by those into the latest craze.
Who will then allow themselves to be led around,
By deceiving wolves masquerading like sheep!

'I can not see.
How am I guaranteed you have been the sheep selected,
Specifically for me? '

~You look good.
Bah-bah-bah.
You look stylish and terrific.
Bah-bah-bah.~

'I hear the sounds of oncoming traffic.
Are you leading me into a busy intersection?
Are you going to abandoned me,
In the middle of the street? '

~Keep your blindfold on.
Bah-bah-bah.
You look good.
Bah-bah-bah.
You look stylish and terrific.
Allow me to be your eyes and ears.
Trust me.
I am here to ensure your safety.
Bah-bah-bah.
Soon you will get the message.
And it will hit you to remove all disbelief.
Bah-bah-bah.~

'And...
What is the message? '

~This one approaches with a speed,
To be delivered before you can get across the street.
Enjoy.
I have others to assist.
Bah-bah-bah.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Deception And Its Relatives

One's inability,
To face the truth...
Should not be a reflection,
Of one's integrity.
With a declaration...
Of deceit being one's motive.

Historically speaking...
When has truth,
Ever been a prioroity?
What are myths?
And what known event...
Has never been embellished?

As powerful as truth is...
The dismissing of it,
Has become a part...
Of why some people exist.
Only the ones choosing to do this...
Seem to be the ones ostracized.

One's inability,
To face the truth...
Should not be a reflection,
Of one's integrity.
With a declaration...
Of deceit being one's motive.

And if that was the case,
Everything people have been led to believe...
About whatever it is that they perceive,
Would have to be erased...
As tremendous lies.
Told for the purpose of keeping fantasies alive.

And we all know what affect,
The effectiveness of facts leaves on minds...
Unsuspecting,
That the producing of facts...

Somehow,
Has a direct connection to revealing truth.

And who knew,
That facts, truth and honesty...
Operated on a different level as a close family.
Than deception and its relatives.
Although denial and amnesia...
Can be debated to be first cousins.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Deception? I'M Not Into That

If your decision is to attack my character,
With degrading creative comments you make...
At least use the facts.
Why do you think I've made them controversial,
And assessible with lots of dirt attached?
Do you think I would do that,
If I did not know my activities would someday be probed?
Come on...
What do you think this business is all about?
Deception?
I'm not into that.
I like it most when folks are shocked by the truth.
That made-up stuff to whisper in ears to gossip,
Is too old school.
I've got the dirt, here it is, come and get some.
Why make it so difficult on yourself?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Deceptions Sold To Sell(Buyer's Remorse)

The first time I had ever seen,
Two people I 'assumed' were white.
And arguing over collared greens.
Was in a grocery store.
In San Antonio, Texas.
I will never forget it.

Not only was I left amused by this.
I was also left to question,
My own perceptions.
Since I had been depicted,
An East Coast 'Yankee'.
And many living in San Antonio,
Believed everyone living...
In a place called Connecticut,
Was rich.
And I had never lived before,
In a place where races for decades...
Had been mixed.

I began to see hypocrisies preached,
Were limited to environments...
Much differently displayed,
As I witnessed portrayed...
In communities and on streets,
Of the beautiful San Antonio.

You see...
I had been raised,
Where divisions by ethnicities...
Was based more on zip codes.
To delude quietly the practice,
Of accepted racism enacted.
Broaden my mind changed.
I knew from that experience,
I'd never be the same.
I learned,
Long before the battle...
Over the Alamo,

Mexicans, Africans and caucasions...
Fought together to do their best,
To keep San Antonio in Mexico.
And out of the hands,
Of General Sam Houston.

And today,
I am more aware that beliefs...
Kept to keep,
Are for those wishing to seek...
To validate their misconceptions.
With deceptions sold to sell.

Who knew,
One day I would find myself...
Faced with having buyer's remorse.
And forced to divorce,
From old beliefs.
I thought would stay forever to keep.
But to live where history,
Is on display with facts...
Has a way to remove created,
Intended mental distractions.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Deceptive Means

What will happen when truth finally descends?
How will it be fought againgst...
When weakened lies lose all defense.
What will happen...
When fences built have lost making sense?
And fingers once pointed,
Now hide eyes that squint!
Squirming in groups squatting...
Grouped and squinched by evidence!

And how will a ruptured mind define normal?
When all things presented,
Had standards that came formal!
None of this to them,
Began or seemed abnormal at all...then!

Until something bit the architect...
And all plans unfinished crept to a stall!
Creating crumbling walls,
And the sight of followers crawling.
Crawling
Through the sound of thunderous applause.
As deafening cheers heightens the fears of deceivers...
And the stares from those who appear quite appalled!
Cementing all exits,
For those who chose deceptive means to live!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Deceptive Vanity

I am sure nothing that they did,
Could be said was done in vain.
Although,
It can be said...
The deceptive vanity of others,
Who placed them in that position...
With interests unknown,
Are the ones to direct your venom.
If their ever changing masquerades,
Could identify their greed...
As having a lack of sensitivity.
And that's going to be very difficult to prove.
Since greed is what has been valued.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Decide This Is Right

Walk in the light.
Hasn't the choosing of darkness,
Repeatedly found you on your knees...
Pleading to show you a way.

Walk in the light.
What fight can you continue,
With a belief you will win.
To find yourself on your knees again.

Walk in the light.
Decide this is right.
Darkness only leaves more weight to bear.
And even more to share it with.

Walk in the light.
The brightness of it will uncover,
The answer to your prayers.
That's 'if' you have faith as you say is there.

Walk in the light.
Why have you chosen not to?
Are you afraid to be seen,
Living your life without suffering.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Deciding They Will Run

Crucial have been the warnings,
Yet the effect of them have had no affect.
Those suspected to be negative,
In the delivery of them...
No longer feel they should be protective,
Or obligated to others...
Incapable of showing either respect or reflection.

Crucial have been the warnings without them to dawn,
Why those events that are going on...
Are signs for those unconscious,
To stop what they prioritize to shaken themselves awake...
With it realized how important life to them is.
And the need it is for them to examine,
All that is celebrated that eliminates truth to value the fake.

And perhaps the ease made to escape from truth,
Has reduced it to an inconvenience.
But nothing can keep it from being produced,
To have it felt by those unprepared...
Deciding they will run away.
But to where?
Since delusions to keep has never kept anyone protected.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Deciding To Achieve Happiness

Deciding to achieve happiness effectively,
Without the stress from others to get...
As a special delivery to accept.
Don't do it and refuse.
And knowing the doing of this,
Is success.

Anyone believing,
A success like this can be demanded...
Will never experience a peace of mind,
As if to pursue it is cheaply to get...
At a flea market to uncover a bargain.
Searching for bargains like this is nearly hopeless.

Happiness with a peace of mind deserved,
Is a process that has to be experienced and earned.
Not demanded.
And one one feels the beginning of this process,
Starting to heal with a calmness revealed...
An acceptance of one's success has arrived.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Decisions

Decisions!
Not too many are easy to make.
Without faith.
And teeth to grit with tears to cry.

Decisions!
Collected possessions to leave behind,
Can be devastating to one who finds...
Remembering time after time,
What it took to collect...
'Things' thought once to be so precious.

But a leaving behind possessions,
Can not be compared...
To a heart that breaks unexpectedly.
And from someone loved nothing can replace.
With it known to be shown,
God decides this kind of decision to make.
As we are left to do the best we can with faith,
To face and take it to condone and alone.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Decisions Come To Be Made

Decisions come to be made.
And when they are to have done them,
They stay that way.
Although they can be undone to redo.
A changing of those same decisions made,
Remain to stay remembered.
Like mistakes to correct.
As if not to make in the first place.

Decisions come to be made.
Are no different than mistakes corrected.
But forgetting to forget them,
Is not as easy as a mistake,
Everyone with time given can forgive.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Decisions I Make Seem To Catch Me Daring

I feel exhausted!
I feel accosted with a pushing of myself,
Beyond limits reached.
Beyond those limits I sought to seek,
With an outdoing to prove...
Barriers and boundaries I could move.
If I chose to do it.
Decisions I make seem to catch me daring.

And from each peak,
There is another to discover that keeps me...
Unsatisfied to sit and look.
To wonder if I should and could,
Silence my doubts.
With a listening to my faith that says,
'Go ahead!
When was the last time doubt stopped you? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Decisions Made To Keep Sleeping

Where is all the madness headed?
And what are the lessons learned,
By those who have fled from truth to refuse.
To be taught with a teaching not to accept it.
With a discovering their lives,
Have left them tormented and minds incensed...
But caught they are between delusions fading,
And nothing else relevant to them making sense.
Where is all the madness headed,
By those who have kept decisions made...
To keep sleeping with their backs to avoid the facts,
But yet unwilling to face truth...
They wish would stay away.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Declaration Of Independence

Reflect the right to be who you are...
With a declaration of independence,
Defended under the eyes of God!
Achieve your greatness.
Share and bring it out of others.
Expect it from yourself,
And everyone will respect you.
This is the process much neglected.
Unmask your heart from dreams sheltered!
Stand up and welcome them.
They did not appear in your mind...
Just to rest unrealized,
Criticized and left ignored.
And betrayed by dismissed wishes.
They need you to make them come true.
Make them flourish!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Declaration Of Intelligence

I have known of no one,
Who has said with it professed...
Of being smart.
With this comfortably accepted.
As if they had been selected,
With a declaration of intelligence.
To them publicly presented.
And no one doubts to question this.
However...
I have met many representing themselves,
As being knowledgeable but were not.
To then start unstoppable arguments,
With others to dispute...
A use of a thought process,
Was proven as a tool to be effective.
To leave any thinking they did to do,
With a finding by others to be found beneficial.
Very few today 'with' intelligence,
Are respected for their suggestions to end conflicts.
Since more seem to permit and wish,
Confusion maintains as a quality of life to exist.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Declared Jackass

Many have been taught and conditioned,
To tolerate your indignities.
As if you were some deity,
In a temporary stupor.
Preparing to announce,
A healing of hypocrisies!
That has you itching to free...
Of flies and fleas.

You may be drunk as a skunk...
And intoxicated with over rated self importance.
But there has been one too many episodes,
Of forgiving and forgetting your actions done.
Compared against your absent,
And nonexisting good intentions!
Did I mention...
You are disgusting?
The only reason for the attention you adore!

And 'if' anyone believes you have value,
As a human being?
That 'may' be God!
Although He can not be too pleased!
Everytime you call His name...
You have been found inebriated,
Pleading on your wobbled knees!

And God knows,
I have a lot of work to do myself.
On more than just inflating my ego!
However...
That is the difference between you...
A declared jackass.
And me!
Not a task I accept to pass.

I can be a fool but I am no damn donkey!
And you have held onto that title for quite sometime.
Finding opportunity to dine on complaints and whines.

Proving your skills have gone unchallenged!
And the tolerance of it has gone into overtime!
The day nears and has got to come!
Since the smell of your heaving,
Has pissed off everyone!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Declared Unfit

They came into my neighborhood,
And found me unqualified.
Selected those they found more suitable...
To administer schemes and plant alibis!
And all that they sold
Was bought lock, stock and barrel!
And when they were done,
Doping all for fun...
I remembered being shunned
As I walked over the drugged and unconsious ones.
Wearing the same exact apparel!
You see...
I hadn't changed.
Even though I had been the one declared unfit.
The misfit one 'deranged'!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Declaring Something Popular

Declaring someone or something popular,
Invites the critics like flies...
To a horse's tail.
Like one's urgent need,
To use an available toilet.
When people seeking to smear,
That which they can not stomach...
When a popularity has been endeared.

Why?

Jealousy, envy.
And a need to compensate,
For those nagging insecurities that hide...
Unmentioned latent dreams of getting attention,
For anything done they do.
No matter what it is.
All they seek to be is popular.

With a making of attempts,
To diminish the popularity...
Of that which has been declared.
And the evidence of that is everywhere.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Declining Comprehensions

Void of perception...
An introspection,
Some don't understand.

Many are inflicted with mind limits.
With no benefits...
To assist this supply,
That has gotten out of hand.

Face to face with truth,
Is useless without eye contact.
Saying something as fact...
Can not be backed up by heresay!
Yet
It happens
But it shouldn't!
Yet it does and can offer,
Considerations for conflict.
This is the kind of sick that is unaware,
Of it existing.

No one explores a better way.
Than the shutting down of borders,
And the closing of cracked doors!

Leaving everything to be driven,
Down the drain!
With claims of no one listening!
With an opened ear.

And everyone seems to fear,
Not being competitive in displaying more anger!
As we take seditives for this and that,
Just to keep ourselves...
Acceptably pretentious.

We do this consciously!
And self-righteously,
Standing in the path of others.

Those who beg for wanting less,
Than they already have!

Void of perception...
And how this rejection,
Stunts our very growth!

No matter who has been taught,
To pass judgements...
Based on declining comprehensions!
Every scene of this memoir,
In this age of reversing progress
Withessed,
And written about these times...
Will reveal detail upon detail,
A fast lip flipping delivery given.
A show of classic ignorance paraded,
With dignity and pride attached!
And masses attacked...
For disapproving this movement!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Declining Forgiveness

We must help those whose lives,
Are stuck in an unchanged past.
It is difficult for them to accept,
The times now out of their grasp.

With embellished insecurities...
Of memories flourished now gone.
Their mentalities are witnessed to be diminishing quick.
And within themselves,
They can not admit...
These times lived today,
Will not continue to permit...
An attention given,
To such stubbornly held sickness...
They have become riddled and sit with!

We must help those whose lives,
Are stuck in an unchanged past.
It is difficult for them to accept,
The times now out of their grasp.

The challenges ahead requires a collective focus,
That has to exist!
To be drained emotionally by someone misfit...
Detaches an empathy!
With a declining forgiveness,
Decaying with it!
And a healing affect,
Will for all go neglected

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Decorated With Plated Gold

Why is it...
People want more slices,
Of someone else's pie...
When it has already been decided,
Two pies made by different chefs...
Are both equally delicious.
And each has their own,
Selected committee...
To pick from pies submitted,
Which one is the best.

'One is decorated with plated gold.
With a getting of more attention,
On it focused to get.
And the other,
Although decorated...
Is not as flashy.
And attracts less attention.'

And who is that chef over there,
Wearing the cap?
Why isn't he caught up,
In this attention to get trap?

'That's Tyler.
He could care less,
Who is protesting over decorations.
He has found a formula,
For everything he bakes...
Pies, cakes and even takes criticisms.
With a doing of it to place himself,
Into a position to create his on prize...
If he so chooses.'

Why doesn't he choose to do just that?

'That man is not into slicing to take away,
A piece of somebody else's pie.
And why should he?

When his pies are all over the place.
And he's not waiting for anyone,
To acknowledge his abilities.
Or the quality of taste.
With announcements made,
That his flavor is better than others.
He has proven he can make,
His own opportunities.
Authentic and not affected by replicas.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Decoyed Ducks

Camouflaged and taught,
Not to quack or waddle.
But stride with a swagger,
To disguise the fact...
They had been employed,
As decoyed ducks.
But their strutting around hens,
Loving to gossip.
And not doing it with them,
Only attracted more suspicions...
When those decoyed ducks,
Began to teach younger chickens...
How to swim without webbed feet.
And to believe they could live,
Lives to never be hen peckers.
Or petty nitpickers quick to judge others,
Based upon appearances alone.

Camouflaged and taught,
Not to quack or waddle.
But stride with a swagger,
To disguise the fact...
They had been employed,
As decoyed ducks.
Can never take away to erase permanently,
Who or what...
That which has been created to be.
No matter the cost paid to create new disguises.
Or diminish intended and meant personalities.
Each thing created has its own mission as a fate.
Often in the movies are these journeys faked.

Funds no longer available to give up,
Have a way of returning reality back...
To where it should have been left.
Alone not to deceive.
Only precious time wasted takes this to believe.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Decoyed Info

Having obtained a privacy one loves,
Becomes protected as if one is guarding treasures...
At Fort Knox.

It only takes one time for a vicious rumor to start,
To ensure...
By the one who gets a whiff of this,
What is from that day falsely stated...
Becomes decoyed info from now on.

Especially if folks have already shown,
A tendency to lie.
And declare what they 'know',
Because of what they've been told by another liar.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Decreasing In Comfort And Questioned

Snatched early to protect a mind too fragile.
And determined by those misguided,
There is a purity that should remain unaffected...
If one's innocence is spared.

And even though good intentions are meant,
The disadvantage comes to the one...
Unprepared for the unpredictable events,
One has to face on a daily basis to mentally survive.

To become shielded,
Is no escape from that which can not be erased.
One shielded remains confused.
And is convinced truth must be avoided.

One shielded remains convinced...
A running away from any hints of truth is a benefit.

And...
Unfortunate are those forever troubled.
Running away to shelter themselves,
In places decreasing in comfort and questioned.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Dedicate Your Life

You...
Still carry your bruises.
But you must get healed quick,
And go through,
The pain...
That seems to remain.

And you...
Must remove your seclusion.
Proving...
A solitude,
For you...
Has no gain.

Just dedicate your to rule,
Over anything that bothers you.
But you can't do that if you stay trapped,
In a blues attitude you choose.

Just dedicate your to rule,
Over anything that bothers you.
But you can't do that if you stay trapped,
In a blues attitude you choose.

You...
Still carry your bruises.
But you must get healed quick,
And go through,
The pain...
That seems to remain.

And you...
Must remove your seclusion.
Proving...
A solitude,
For you...
Has no gain.

Just dedicate your to rule,

Over anything that bothers you.
But you can't do that if you stay trapped,
In a blues attitude you choose.

No you can't do that if you stay trapped,
In a blues attitude you choose.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Dedicated Are The Mothers

Dedicated are the mothers.
There and shown to address.
Before our fathers, sisters or brothers.
Or others who may attempt,
Replacing what mothers prove they can do.
No matter how good the intention meant.

Motherhood done never stops.
With a giving of their time,
24 hours around the clock.
And done to give everything they've got.

Always there when needed.
When needing some rest,
Many mothers don't get.
And prepared to give advice,
Some hear not to realize...
The benefits of it.

Everyone should,
Respect and not neglect their mothers.
With a doing this done,
Not to second guess.

Everyone should,
Respect and not neglect their mothers.
With a doing this done,
Without expressing remorse.
Or one day regret.

Dedicated are the mothers.
Before any others,
Who are not mothers.
And appreciating them everyday to show,
Before our mothers are taken...
Forever from us to go.

Dedicated are the mothers.
Everyday and even on weekends.

Dedicated are the mothers.
And everyday on them we depend.
Dedicated are the mothers.
Everyday and even on weekends.
Dedicated are the mothers.
And respecting them should never end.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Dedicated To Outdated Times

Dedicated,
To outdated times that have faded.
Dedicated...
Are those outraged and crazed.

People focused on skin color,
To say who is better than others...
Still live in their caves.
With minds that stay enslaved.
And some who keep their druthers,
To peek from behind closed shutters...
Are the ones who are afraid,
Of life.
To live,
Restricting them to limits.

Secluded to delude.
Exclusively and fooled...
By life,
To live...
Unhappy yet they carry this on backs.
To attract,
More sadness to unleash without the facts.

Dedicated,
To outdated times that have faded.
They're dedicated...
And exclusively kept fooled,
By life...
To live,
Restricting them to limits.
And with chips on childish shoulders,
They wish to unpack.
As if...
Others dream of this to re-enact.
As if...
People seek more sadness to attract.
As if...
Grown up kids who've been taught to attack.

They are...
Dedicated to times they want back.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Dedicated To Unconsciousness

Each season introduces something new,
That comes.
With a blooming to remove a doing done,
Accepted as if expected...
As a part of life experienced by everyone.
With a step to take to embrace each stage.

And yet a change that is mentioned that affects...
Those with wishes to inspect it,
Is difficult to face the leaving behind which is replaced.
Although if left and not debated,
This process of life would be more consciously appreciated.

Each season introduces something new,
That comes.
With a blooming to remove a doing done,
Accepted as if expected...
As a part of life experienced by everyone.
With a step to take to embrace each stage.

But so many of us have been pre-conditioned,
To believe we can refuse an intention done to stop...
A blooming to do from birth to pick,
That which is preferred and skip over that which is not.
And is a reason why many with faith to claim,
Perceive themselves exceptions to prevent the event of change.

And yet a change that is mentioned that affects...
Those with wishes to inspect it,
Is difficult to face the leaving behind which is replaced.
Although if left and not debated,
This process of life would be more consciously appreciated.

All around everyone is surrounded by change.
And for those to deny it to accept it as is,
As part of life to acknowledge as a blessing one gets...
Conflicts begin with them unending,
By those dedicated to unconsciousness.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Dedication That Is Self Inflicted

You can not stay in one groove,
If you choose to move.

That groove that is now felt will change.
Or updat its beat.
And you will have to find a new way,
To keep the rust off your feet.

And getting that dusted rust off your butt.
And doing 'that' takes sustain motivation.
With a dedication that is self inflicted.
Whether done with a brick or bat.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Deductive Reasoning

Learn to spell...
Well.
Learn to articulate,
With unmistakable known and correct...
Definition others united together and accept.

Be specific in thought.
Without confusion to dilute,
Into invitations to debate.
Misunderstandings often arise,
When connections aren't firmly tied.

And if you are misunderstood,
Because a clarity has been overshadowed...
By a metaphor or two,
Not intended by you to use...
To diffuse.

Learn more math.
Since the exactness of it teaches,
There are areas of life yet to be lived,
By many not seeking to reach a clarity of vision.
With a concentrated effort needing less to hear...
What is spoken 'thought' to be from a pulpit preached.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Deed Delivery

They would like to think of themselves as allstars,
But their stances
Leave them grounded in limited enhancement.
Material attachments sit with them,
With enforced importance.

And if they would disappear...
It would be clear they would have nothing to live for!
Raised to believe their worth was to be adorned,
And processed from recessed minds!

Gone is the sense to practice 'deed delivery'.

They mock those that do...
And those that don't,
Show a vacancy of so much left seen undone!
Even paper wraps from snacks are tossed...
Just like the thoughts of who they are,
Trashing and feeling comfortable about it!
Something had been abandoned much too early!
What transpired from the womb had been fed on disrespect.

Values severed...
From a stunted nurturing quickly untethered.
Untaught to sing or witness gentleness...
Without a hint or touch of love invested.
And this is obvious when observed,
By those who analyze
The unsatisfied in well dressed attire.
Doing their best to keep up fronts in contests.
Straining to mirror success...
Yet,
Invisible these 'tests' but nevertheless flaunted!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

'Deed Over Boasting'

So much evidence is obvious of those made to 'feel' insecure,
By the ones who have chosen to be deep in accepted debt.
Just to enable themselves to acquire things to impress.
Believing 'things' acquired makes them more attractive.

Some may be happy but few outwardly express this.
Even in the act of this being done.
For purposes within themselves to feel accepted.
With an approval expected.

And when they perceive their things will be repossessed,
That's the only time they humble themselves to approach those...
They had at one time intimidated with 'assumptions' they had less.
And having assumptions these days are not the best tests.

Since there are those who have chosen 'deed over boasting'.
And not to flaunt their successes to specifically address.
With a choice to choose to live undaunted and basically.
Knowing, if they wanted to do it to dismiss they could...
Anyone who dared to match their documented accomplishments.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Deeds Done For Others

Few have expectations,
To become an effective human.
Many are scavengers seeking to feed.
And deeds done for others,
Is the least of their activities.
Although the capability,
To implant these seeds are there to share.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Deeds Done They Do

I am not angered at all,
About what has happened.
I am embittered about how it happened.
And why it happened...
To involve someone who had no idea,
They had been selected to be victimized.
And those initiating these activities with lies...
Are still pretending their innocence.
They are still trying to convince those unknowing...
They had nothing to do with the incidents.
And they had been the culprits who plotted the events!
I am not angered at all,
About what has happened.
I am embittered about how it happened.
And the evilness of those who know,
They are involved!
I am not Sherlock Holmes...
So I could care less how that is solved!
And the bitterness I carry,
Will itself be resolved!
I am familiar with the environment
Of such wickedness and those of evil doings.
Choosing I have,
To ignore and resist it.
Truth is truth!
And does not remain concealed...
To protect those who chose to live,
Behind deeds done they do that are unreal!
They reveal themselves in time.
Their minds unwind in observation!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Deeds I Seed And Sow

We all have made our decisions.
And began taking paces,
Towards our fates.
On selected paths.

With eyes we hoped were clear.
To afford our desires,
An unregrettable pass.
Undeterred and focused.

Many wished it easy for themselves.
And followed upon a certain,
Obstacle free smooth surface.
Less bumpy of sweat and grind.
To prove those who sought to be challenged...
Would find they've been left behind.

And the ones overwhelmed,
With a process thought ridiculous...
Chose to live lives of deception and tricks.
Hoping to lick,
A system that would award them with triumph!
Quick.
To impress with appearances dressed.
And finding an acceptance,
From those addressing polished images seen.

'Be patient with yourself.
Do not look down in depression.
Or to the side for anyone else.
If your abilities merit attention...
There will be little,
From your lips you will have to mention.
Your deeds will speak,
For themselves.

Within your mind keep this repeated,
'Deeds I seed and sow...
Will speak for themselves.'

'Deeds I seed and sow...
Will speak for themselves.'

'Deeds I seed and sow...
Will speak for themselves.'

Within your mind keep this repeated.
Do not allow defeat be seated!

'Deeds I seed and sow...
Will speak for themselves.'

We all have made our decisions.
And began taking paces,
Towards our fates.
On selected paths.

With eyes we hoped were clear.
To afford our desires,
An unregrettable pass.
Undeterred and focused.

Within your mind keep this repeated.
Do not allow defeat be seated!

'Deeds I seed and sow...
Will speak for themselves.'

'Deeds I seed and sow...
Will speak for themselves.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Deep Depression

Accomodating whims,
Have noticeably slimmed...
More than a wee bit now.

A running up of debts,
Have met brick walls!
Window shopping at malls,
Has also been stalled...
With credit limits pinched.

And those premeditated Christmas lists,
Prepared to uplift spirits in the heat of July...
Do a drive by.
With no passengers to fulfill,
Minds teased with materialistic dreams treated.

Many are seen dismounting from their high horses!
With easy courses to bypass the realities of life,
To breeze through deceitfully...
Have stopped.

And the only happiness appearing on faces...
Belong to those who have chosen to live on less!
Disregarding the taunting done,
They did.
By the ones now witnessed,
Going through a deep depression!
With a wish for those days...
They sought to impress!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Deep In Belief

I have stopped caring about what others think of me.
That did not aid my productivity.
Or put a dime in my pocket!
Which today is worth a diminishing dollar!
Those who still believe they have powers to persuade,
Should start in their homes.
And put an end to their own disarray.
'That' would begin the mending of their illnesses!
Of this...
I remain deep in belief!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Deep In Kept Fetishes

Undescribable it is,
To be and keep faithful...
To so many interests,
As if religiously possessed...
With a kept focus and without rest.

And time given to me,
To spend with each one...
Is not enough to squeeze and touch,
With equal love to guaranteed done.
But hoping each one reflects my best.

So deep in kept fetishes picked to protect,
Yet...
Not one interest I have has gone ignored.
Since too obsessed with a reverance...
I remain devoted and thankful to be blessed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Deep In That Socket

Lipstick thick on lips delicious.
And I wanna lick 'em...
Then sick 'em in that pocket.

And I don't think I'll deny her,
A reason...
To try it.
Since I know...
How I got it to rocket.

And she dosen't seem as greedy...
As those greedy in a 'need'.
She's not like that!

'That's a fatal attraction! '

I don't like knocking my rocks,
All alone!

Lipstick thick on lips delicious.
And I wanna lick 'em...
Them sick 'em in the pocket.
And she got it to rocket.

Lipstick thick on lips delicious.
And I wanna lick 'em...
Then sick 'em in that pocket.

And if those lips are kissin' right...
We'll get good to satisfy a moan!
Deep in that socket...
To knock, bend and bop it!

But,
She ain't like that!
But,
She ain't like that!
But,
She ain't like that!

'That's a fatal attraction! '

But,
She ain't like that!
But,
She ain't like that!
But,
She ain't like that!

'That's a fatal attraction! '

But,
She ain't like that!
But,
She ain't like that!
But,
She ain't like that!

'That's a fatal attraction! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Deep In The Misting

Deep in the misting,
Of a clogging fog.
Wandering as if blinded,
By minds overwhelmed...
By a light so bright,
A darkness wished...
Prevents them from seeing,
Their paths to journey through...
Confusion and conflict.
With a dismissing of the mist.
And a fog intended to clog,
Minds unaccepting...
The presence of a clear rescue.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Deep Rooted Issues

There are those,
Who would rather get their updates...
On the lives lived they attempt to escape,
From a psychoanalysis, a medical doctor.
Or a high priced and paid psychiatrist.
Then they will go to a bar or somewhere to eat off,
Their surmounting frustrations.
Than to listen to someone who says it,
Just like it is as it has been observed for years...
To accuse them of being unempathetic and insensitive.
And this they tell to those as if to announce,
Their unwarranted victimization.
As the ones giving time to listen,
Provide them with a baited sympathy given.
With a comforting that guarantees,
They will never face their deep rooted issues to confront.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Deep Within The Bowels Of Foreign Wombs We Search

Deep within the bowels of foreign wombs we search,
For something.
Anything...
That reveals a familiarity.
An acceptance discovered,
To claim and not reject...
If its presence upsets.
Beginning thoughts that initiate conflict.
With a probing that dissects.

To then attack if not reflecting...
What we are limited to perceive.
And yet...
Deep within the bowels of foreign wombs we search,
For that which expresses on it's own turf...
What it is as it exists with intentions to leave undamaged.
And if it can not be labelled...
We declare war against it.
Until we find it can be recognized to benefit our interests.
At an expense that creates havoc and dismay.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Deepened Emptiness

To hate
Is such a wasted
Smothering emotion.
An embittered heart...
Only stings with venom,
To poison and freely give!
Hatred is such a selfish thing!
Leaving a deepened emptiness...
To surface a sickness felt,
And sharing with others
A saddened offering!
That returns despair...
To those believing,
A thoughlessness hatred felt
Gets them somewhere!
To find themselves surrounded,
By others like them...
Justified and processed equally,
Into shallow thoughts uncaring!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Deeper Debt

It has been the deliverance of peace,
Severed from a stress...
To completely satisfy a mind at rest.
Freed from hypocrisy that mimics correctness...
Many choose to exchange,
To explore mental games.
And giving them their best.
Blessed some are to have chosen their own happiness.
And not have thoughts that they are sought,
Because they have either good or bad credit...
To produce deeper debt to invest more regret.
And others today have nothing to hock from their pockets,
But another bill to show they owe.
Or an I.O.U. overdue to be reminded,
From someone who has a need to be repaid.
As well as a patience wanted!
But seems from them to be fading.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Deeper Penetration

He had eclipsed her comprehension.
And tried to avoid some actions with her,
He would like to mention.
He was already digging deep,
Through the surfaces
She preferred to reflect her image in.
Although she was a beauty...
She was a bit mentally thin.
And needless to say...
No challenge for him.
Although they enjoyed each other,
Until deeper penetration...
Of other thoughts would begin.
And to make her happy,
And perhaps get 'some' again.
He pretended to be focused on her banter,
While he thought of stripping her
And making love butt naked...
Within the hour,
That would upon them descend!

Deeper penetration
Deeper penetration
Deeper deeper
Deeper the sensation!
He thought...
And thought.
How to get those conversations to begin?
Between her and him!

And to make her happy,
And perhaps get 'some' again.
He pretended to be focused on her banter,
While he thought of stripping her
And making love butt naked...
Within the hour,
That would upon them descend!

And it was just after eleven...

When deeper penetrations he wished,
Did begin!
And she licked his ears,
Whispering...
In each,
What she expected he loved to hear!
In them.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Deeper, My Love...

Since we have met,
And both of us have professed
Our happiness.
There is one thing left,
On this flight we choose to take.
We must be open to our faults...
And forgive heartaches.
We must appreciate flaws,
In our 'awe' we overlooked.
We were then looking to feed desire...
When the fire cooled and left our minds,
And hearts hooked!

I would like to look at it that way!
With the thoughts I have...
And how we have grown from those days!

From looking to feed desire...
With minds and hearts hooked.
We began looking at romance,
As a dance eternity took.
Then we began looking...
At each other,
Like a sister or brother.
Competitors and not friends!
We both noticed that happening...
And I am glad that came to an end.

We have been looking at each other now,
With hopes of always being together...
Somehow.
But along the way we got off track!
We can not go forward
By holding secrets back!
If our love is to stay intact...
We have to unload any baggage,
That might exhaust this flame...
When unpacked by irritation,
And regretful games.

We must not only maintain our love making good!
We must also be good at maintaining it.
And we do.
It's great! It's the best!

We have been looking at each other now,
With hopes of always being together...
Somehow.
Under gold dust weaving into a nest!

It is about to get deeper,
My love...
Deeper inside goes this emotional ride,
This love...
We have to give.
And we hold each other's hands.
Electrified and Synchronized,
Our love we love...
This way that lives.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Deeply Hidden Masquerades

My mission is not to bump them from top tier.
My crusade is to expand what's here to flourish.
How can that be done in discouragement?
How can anyone expect,
Other than shallowness and disrespect...
When getting on the receiving end,
Another whoa and whimper delivered.

I am not accepting anymore gifts like that,
Sent to surprise and motivate my anger!
My ancestors presence is everywhere.
And a sense of a flawed communication...
Is slowly lifting a veil up and away,
From frustrating times
Of unknown disguises...
And deeply hidden masquerades!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Defeated Insecurities

Until I can stand on my feet,
And declare I've defeated insecurities
That drove me to crawl on my knees,
In search of myself...
Shall I believe,
Any steps I take from that moment on
Are mine!
And you are no longer an obstacle,
Observed...
Or viewed as blocking my path!
I can then walk knowing,
I can move around you!
And leave you behind without concern,
Of how far I've traveled beyond the distrust
I had of my own ability to move forward,
With faith and satisfaction.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Defeating Insecurities

Allowed to manifest an infestation,
That protested a digesting of progress.
With visions kept focused on ignorance...
To leave all to seek the best of their weeping.

Look!
Simply put.
Flourishing hype and propaganda,
Debated for the purposes to maintain greatness...
Does not meet to satisfy,
Those pushed to the streets...
To glorify a losing quality of life.

Simply put,
And without proper etiquette...
Days of high profile postering,
In stances taken now weakened.
Has increasingly decreased a respect once received,
Defeating insecurities...
And those pretentions kept to have others believe.

Politics and indecisions exposed,
Does not keep aged old traditions fading...
Upper most in the minds of those in tattered clothes.
Fresh minds advancing to reach new plateaus...
Have decades ago,
Left horse drawn carriages.
While a population strolled along,
Under oil lighted street lamps...
Slowly walking upon those cobbled stone roads.

And the ones holding positions,
To keep days and times like this standing still...
Are the very same people,
Wishing to keep an implementation...
Of this mindset for many no longer exists.

An ignorance cemented and does not self examine,
Loses more than memories to relive and breathe.

Minds fixed and stubborn inflict wounds never to heal.
Wounds future generations will remember as revealed,
As those times when their ancestors fed upon greed...
And lost an opportunity for a greatness to seal.

Allowed to manifest an infestation,
That protested a digesting of progress.
With visions kept focused on ignorance...
To leave all to seek the best of their weeping.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Defeating...That Beast

You've begun...to defeat,
That beast that's come to be.
You've become...to defeat it!
You've begun...to defeat it!

You've begun...to defeat,
That beast that's come to be.
You've become...to defeat it!
You've begun...to defeat it!

Think about the distance you've come,
Defeating...the beast.
Think about your decision not to run,
Away...from the beast.
Think about those knees on the ground,
Weeping for the beast.
Think about the dirt you ate,
Fed...by the beast.
Think about celebrating...
Those days ahead awaiting!

You've begun...to defeat,
That beast that's come to be.
You've become...to defeat it!
You've begun...to defeat it!

You've begun...to defeat,
That beast that's come to be.
You've become...to defeat it!
You've begun...to defeat it!

No longer the martyr,
Defeating...that beast.
Get up...and strut about.
You've defeated...that beast.
Let those words come out of your mouth,
'I've defeated...that beast! '
Let the people see and believe it,
You've defeated...that beast.

Whoop...and hollar about,
'I've defeated...and done feeding it!
That beast is outta my house.'

You've begun...to defeat,
That beast that's come to be.
You've become...to defeat it!
You've begun...to defeat it!

You've begun...to defeat,
That beast that's come to be.
You've become...to defeat it!
You've begun...to defeat it!

More than a piece of cake!
Defeating...that beast.
Gone and eliminated.
Defeating...that beast.

Much more than a piece of cake.
Defeating...that beast.
But gone and eliminated.
Defeating...that beast.

More than a piece of cake.
Defeating...that beast.
Gone and eliminated.
Defeating...that beast.

Much more than a piece of cake.
Defeating...that beast.
But gone and eliminated.
That beatened up beast to beat!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Defections

Defections.
One can expect to witness,
Many more of them.
Abandoning a senselessness...
A foolishness fostered in to begin.

The onslaught of reality,
Has set in.
And what is needed to heal and mend...
Is a unity of thought.
Freed from a loss of common sense,
Indecisiveness welcomed with persistence...
More are wishing now to dismiss,
As if it had not existed!

And those who insist to float on a sinking ship...
Are too narrow minded,
With beliefs that will keep them afloat...
Supported by an ignorance,
That remains to leave them adrift.

And those defections are clearly rejections,
Of maintaining a stance...
That has a zero chance to survive.
Especially when truth unlocked out of its confinement,
Has come to reveal itself for what it is.
In the sight of those who now have opened eyes.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Defective Kept Delusions

Defective kept delusions...
Left sombered.
But not yet sobered.
From those,
Defect kept delusions.
Left to be sombered...
But needing sobering,
Long to be done.

Myths hyped!
Paralyzing blind minds.
Myths hyped.
Shutting tight disguised eyes.
Myths hyped!
By fools let loose from gilded cages,
Parading fanatic erratic decisions made.

Defective kept delusions,
Have their backs against a wall.
Affected with delusions
Hasn't stopped their craze at all.

Myths hyped!
Paralyzing blind minds.
Myths hyped.
Shutting tight disguised eyes.
Myths hyped!
And those,
Defective kept delusions,
Have their backs against a wall.
Affected with delusions,
Hasn't stopped their craze at all.

Madness is the pattern,
And...
Myths hyped.
With those defective kept delusions.

Madness is the pattern,

And...
Myths hyped.
With those defective kept delusions.
Myths hyped.
With those defective kept delusions.

Madness is the pattern,
And...
Myths hyped.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Defending My Right To Exist

Defending my right to exist...
Didn't leave too much time,
To feel insecurities.
Or get emotional about them.
I was always reminded that I wasn't who I was!

I looked like so and so,
And spoke like someone else.
And living in a place where nicknames were preferred,
It was rather difficult to maintain an identity.
Since being clownish and down to Earth,
Was a lesson taught.
And to be ignorant was the main objective.
Few people dared to express knowledge of anything.

Hey,
What can I say?
Even today...
This is not an exaggeration.

Needless to say,
Folks still living in that same mindset...
Seem not to be able to understand,
Why their visits to jails and prisons...
Are more frequent and have more of a priority,
Than when their 'children' were misbehaving in schools.
And teachers are blamed for this?

Defending my right to exist,
Didn't leave too much time,
To feel insecurities.
Or get emotional about them.
I was always reminded that I wasn't who I was!

However...
I was told I 'thought' I was better than everyone else,
Because I spoke as if I was 'intelligent'.
You know,
Clear and not like a...well...

Bunny rabbit!
And I had more than being a 'bad' little boy,
With going to jail on my mind.
I wanted to have my own identity for some reason.
With a wish to be successful at whatever I chose to do!

And there are those who try to convince others,
My accomplishments do not mean a thing!
And to them,
I wouldn't expect that they would.
Since I've lived to witness...
What many of them regard as important.
And hearing the children who brag,
About how much jail time they have served.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Defending The Nonexistence

I've never allowed myself to be in a position,
To refute or disprove anything questioned.
I don't kneel behind walls from which to peek.

And defending insecurities...
Taught me a lesson as a child.
Don't do it.
Why insist something does not exist,
By defending the nonexistence of it?

It makes no sense to persist in nonsense.
And eventually weakens a false integrity...
One keeps under wraps and ego feeds.
Or tries by disguising in masquerade,
Something kept left to be discreet.

I've learned...
An awakening can not prevent,
The seeing through to the truth of things.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Defending Visions

Maneuvering my way through the BS,
Without letting too much of mine rub off!
Gotta keep this intact until I find a way,
To pack it up and leave it alone.

I've adjusted enough to misfits and budget cuts,
To watch deficits slide to raise my taxes sky high.

Definitions of equality need to be omitted or revamped.
Nothing stands for what it meant,
And in the meaning it's clearly misunderstood.
There's no comprehension of intentions to mention.
And recycled events to tense matters between races...
Makes no sense.
Especially when borders and fences are protected
At the expense of neglecting our own needs,
Denied...rejected.
OR outsourced to the highest bidder!

And I'm told I am bitter
Because these facts are observed?
I can't be the only one who believes this is absurd!

Maneuvering my way through the BS,
Without letting too much of mine rub off!
Gotta keep this intact until I find a way,
To pack it up and leave it alone.

The only thing that makes sense,
Is to pretend I have none!
And find a quiet place to hide...
To ride this crest of surging BS!
Sneaking peeks I do at those exhausted,
From a game of fulltime pretention!
How they can maintain their stamina,
Defending visions of lives not lived...
Is as stunning as witnessing Niagra Falls!
And yet wished that all of this,
Could fit into the Grand Canyon to look down upon.

Knowing that when the sunset arrives...
This visit will disappear soon before my eyes!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Defending Your Ability To Become Offended

You've already planted in your head,
Not to listen to a thing I've said.
You wish to perceive and assess,
Something heard you haven't digested yet.

You've already planted in your head,
Not to listen to a thing I've said.
You wish to perceive and assess,
Something heard you haven't digested yet.

And I am to regret,
Your lack of comprehension...
After spending time with you,
Defending your ability to become offended.

Do I seem as if,
My life depends on it?

I don't believe we are on the same page,
Lifted from a book...
Written with pictures to depict life right.
You can not get beyond the cover.
Because you say the colors are loud.
And the background doesn't match...
A preferred darkness you like!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Defense Mechanisms

How can anyone state to have faith,
Displayed publicly to patronize...
Their patriotism.
To then be shown advocating,
Division and hatred to 'exclusify'...
The building of walls, fences,
And discriminating gates...
Within their own borders,
To intend to separate and make...
Those who have made contributions,
Feel less appreciated.
Although...
Proving their loyalty to eliminate,
Unsafe conditions.
Even though they may not be,
In place where they lay...
Their own heads.

And yet...
Those who make such claims,
That their way of life...
Has been threatened by others,
Coming from the outside...
Of their defense mechanisms.
Have not been found,
To have initiated to create...
The increasing divisions,
Permitted to commit within them.
And on a daily basis to choose...
Who should be profiled.
Accused and abuse,
For having beliefs they too...
Are qualified and deserving to live,
Their lives...
Without fearing to be jeopardized,
By those perceiving themselves to be
Chosen to be entitled,
To do unto others as they please.
And...

To justify everything done they do.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Defenseless Against Critics

As long as your stature remains credible,
I will defend you.
And nothing you do...
In my eyes,
Will be regrettable.

As long as your ideals remain upfront,
Without the pulling of stunts...
That initiates the beginning of a witch hunt.
I will defend you.
That's what I will do to prove my loyalty is true.

I am not one quick to leave when the heat gets hot.
I am not one to flee from a good thing I've got.
I'll even accept mud thrown in my face...
If that's what it takes,
To keep you and I protected in a safe place.

As long as your stature remains credible,
I will defend you.
And nothing you do...
In my eyes,
Will be regrettable.

And regardless of what others may say,
I've been with you too long...
To be chased away.
This I have proven over our time spent together.
And you know this.

How many times have you healed my wounds?
When I came to you,
Defenseless against critics.
To become even stronger...
As if it was meant for us together to stick with it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Defenselessness

Doop
Doodoo doo doo doo
Doop doodum doodum doo doo doo.
Doo doodum...
Doo doo doo doo doodle.

Doop
Doodoo doo doo doo
Doop doodum doodum doo doo doo.
Doo doodum...
Doo doo doo doo doodle.

Yep,
That's it!

My baby...
Amazes me.
She's there...
Whenever I may be,
In between.
She's there...
And my baby is everything!

My baby...
Kisses me,
And I,
Get 'hungryness'
For her kiss!
And I know...
What defenselessness can mean!

Doop
Doodoo doo doo doo
Doop doodum doodum doo doo doo.
Doo doodum...
Doo doo doo doo doodle.

Yeah...

Doop
Doodoo doo doo doo
Doop doodum doodum doo doo doo.
Doo doodum...
Doo doo doo doo doodle.

My baby...
Kisses me
And I,
Get 'hungryness'
For her kiss!
And I know...
What defenselessness can mean!

Yes, I know...
What defenselessness can mean!

Who better shows...
That defenselessness in me!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Defiantly Obnoxious

Defiantly obnoxious...
Are those opposed to pretentions.
A truth is pursued,
To undo the subdued...
And expose an honest subtraction!

Yet honesty is kept,
In quiet silent places.
To avoid a satisfaction...
That would come to release,
Fresh smiles erased that are ceased.
And placed upon those with false faces!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Deficiencies They Keep To Protect

Too often she has chosen to lie,
At the expense of others.
As she defended with protection,
Her insecurities she needs to correct.
But they have not been set,
As her priorities.
Just yet.

Too often he makes excuses,
For not making advances.
Towards that which will enhance his life.
And nothing suggested,
Will be okay or considered as right.
To him it is the environment he lives in,
That feeds his appetite all day and night.

They both have the same thing in common.
They both believe they should be bestowed,
Gift wrapped packages.
With their names on them in bold solid gold.

They both have the same thing in common.
They are both getting old.
With preferences they wish respected.
And a keeping of fears,
They can not see defects their steps.
Deficiencies they keep to protect.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Defied Definition

Who and 'what' is he trying to be?
Without our consent...
Or showing such actions,
Not approved or allowed?

Who has cleared his path of obstacles...
When we had planned to upset him.
To see him in public with his head lowered.
At least expectedly bowed.

He has defied definition.
And confused our sterotypes.
We thought he'd be a joke by now.
But a laughter anticipated...
Has left us vocalizing gripes.

Who has cleared his path of obstacles...
When we had planned to upset him.
To see him in public with his head lowered.
At least expectedly bowed.

Who and 'what' is he trying to be?
Without our consent...
Or showing such actions,
Not approved or allowed?

He has defied definition.
And confused our sterotypes.
We thought he'd be a joke by now.
Not leave us to experience sleepless nights.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Define Your Pain As Survivable...Again!

'...raindrops on roses,
And whiskers on kittens.'

If I hear another version of My Favorite Things,
I think I will puked.

Do you have 'anything' else,
In your limited repertoire?

'Yeah!
I thought you came here to uplift me? '

I thought so too.
But if you are going to sing...
You could at least pick a song you can sing,
In the right key!
Plus you're flat as hell!

'Thanks!
You have motivated me to keep my mouth shut,
From now on! '

NOW we are making progress!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Defined-In-Time

Doing their best for a way to find,
Vacant heads to dope.
And...
Erasing logic out of minds,
Of folks still clinging onto hope.
And...
Looking for reasons to rhyme,
Defined-in-time.

Doing their best for a way to find,
Vacant heads to dope.
And...
Erasing logic out of minds,
Of folks still clinging onto hope.
And...
Looking for reasons to rhyme,
Defined-in-time.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Definitely Crazed

These madcow eaters are ready to strike.
With no regard at all for human life.
They are out to prove a point.
Power means blight.
And they are prepared to block the Sun...
From providing natural light!

They wish to attack,
To keep an ignorance intact.
Control they feel they must.
To spread their lustful ways.
Even if it means...
The last of life in the coming days!

They are sick and wicked.
And definitely crazed!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Definitions

Things began to define them.
Giving them reason and a purpose to live.
Living without things teased...
They felt an emptiness within.
With a shallowness they would defend,
With pretention.
And an awareness of self...
A depth did not know.
They did not grow to love themselves...
If they could not purchase things to define them.
And definitions of who they were...
Had to have style and be flaunted,
To identify themselves with cliques of importance.
And...
Where they had been and where they are going,
Depend on things obtained to impress.
And not the lack of substance...
No one has that to qualify,
To ensure that can be addressed or expressed
With comprehension understood and digested.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Definitions As An Intention To Describe

Definitions as an intention to describe,
Can be so confining to the mind.
Case in point...
Having to 'some' a meaning.
But...
To those probing their observations,
Making little sense to make sensible...
A reason to find a rhyme.

I remember when I heard the term,
'Baseball' used.
And when I went to my first game,
I was not overwhelmed with excitement.
I couldn't get the 'bat' out of my head.

'Why isn't this game called 'Batball'...
Instead of baseball? '
I kept thinking of that.
Without the bat,
There wouldn't be any baseball played.

Unlike basket...ball.
I can understand that.
Foot...ball,
Okay...
I'm sold.
Base...ball?
And all that the bases do,
Is just lay there?

Home...plate?
That's not a home...base?
And the hitting of a 'homerun'...
That's out of the field of play?

Whoever created this game,
Is a genius.
The terms used as they are applied,
Makes absolutely no sense.

I can understand,
Why it's one of the most favorite sports.
Like golf!
When a player hits that ball,
That might endanger onlookers...
A shouting of 'fore' is heard.
Fore...what?
If one is hit...
Be-fore the word is heard,
That's it.
And even after 'fore'...
What difference does it make?

The other day...
I watched a player of 'baseball' lose his bat.
It went flying into the stadium...
To hit someone in the head.
No one warned the 'victim' at all.
No one shouted...
'Watch 'that'.
It's a flying bat.'

Hmmm...
Flying bats?
At a baseball game?
Where the selling of hot...dogs,
And pea...nuts with beer...
Is a tradition.

And someone wishes to keep the writing of poetry,
To restrictions?
By whose definition?
And when does prose not become poetry?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Definitions That Evolve

As is now defined...
Time and our minds change.
So do definitions that evolve,
To erase and lift limited restrictions.

Leaving us to redefine meaning.
And why we exist,
To fable our lives lived...
With a fictitiousness.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Deflated Balls

And now...
Ladies and gentlemen.
As well as those refusing,
To give up their lifetime membership...
With a consciousness everyday,
Being abused and mistreated.
With a doing to dismiss,
As some may wish.
All that we have come to value.
And cherish.

We have come to 'this' reality,
As a point of view no one dares to criticize.
Ladies and gentlemen,
Deflated balls have risen to the top...
Of everyone's prioritized survival list.
And gone...
Is a wish by those pushing carts on the streets,
Hoping to collect enough cans...
To afford something to eat.
Let us all stand and applaud.

Gone to vanish from our point of view too,
Is every dream to be sheltered from the rain.
By those who barely live...
Hoping for a miracle.
OR something meaningful,
They can claim moves them forward...
To effect a maintained change.

It is that day,
To have come to us to witness its arrival.
Deflated balls...
Foot-balls!
We now can say and face it...
Has been the cause of all of our sorrows.
Not threats from terrorists.
Or the agonies suffered,
By those jobless and poor.

It has been deflated balls,
Gone too long to ignore...
We now have found,
As the cause of all of our dilemmas.

Let us pray and be grateful,
That this 'event' has been revealed.

'And all this time,
Who knew...
It would be the admitting of deflated balls,
That would come to end...
Conflict, confusion and chaos.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Deflated Commodity

Sharing within a relationship...
Time, devotion, commitment and love
Should not find these values outsourced!
And if that should happen...
Divorce yourself from this!
When you feel your concerns
Are being turned into goods exported,
And taken for granted by anyone.
Consider yourself...
Just another deflated commodity,
Used at the expense of someone's huge return!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Deformities Unseen

Many do not show them,
As those with exposed...
Physical deformities.

However,
The ones with mental deformities unseen...
Are always quick to hide them behind,
A preoccupation to seduce and engross...
With a dosage of fraudulent embellishment.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Defying The Odds

Defying the odds.
Winning to get attention,
After being kicked to the curb...
Is an awesome feeling one deserves.

Faith and promise with hard work,
Motivates a determination.
Taking initiative proves its worth.
And one who sweats gets what's best.

Defying the odds.
Winning to get attention,
After being kicked to the curb...
Is an awesome feeling one deserves.

And those naysayers,
With their bitter bittened lips...
Appear more embarrassed,
By the spreading of their negative gossip quipped.

Faith and promise with hard work,
Motivates a determination.
Taking initiative proves its worth.
And one who sweats gets what's best.

Defying the odds.
Winning to get attention,
After being kicked to the curb...
Is an awesome feeling one deserves.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Defying Those Odds

Why is he laughing hysterically like that?

'It's a mystery to all of us.
I'm sure he knows the reason.

After he shocked with that knockout punch,
He just doubled over...
And began laughing.'

Perhaps he's the only one that knew he could do it?
Or...
He is entertaining those who believed him to be as 'strange'
As they claimed him to be.
And he is doing that for them for his own amusement.

Afterall,
It can not be denied he keeps defying those odds!
Everytime he is challenged.

'True!
You do have a point.
Either way,
He is the only one who really knows his abilities!
And proving he is very capable as well.'

What do you think he will do next?

'Deliver and stun!
Isn't that what he continues to do?
And what he has done? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

'Deities' Amongst Us

They believe themselves to be keeper of secrets,
Stolen from sacred tombs.
They believe themselves to possess,
Origins of an existence...
They wish to themselves kept.
Although something far greater amongst us looms.

And to themselves kept,
Is unrest.
Unhappiness.
And digesting a foolishness...
To only them they get to digest.
An order of higher consciousness,
Has begun to set.

Their mindsets are disturbed.
And an obviousness of this...
Is being monitored closely,
By 'Deities' amongst us...
Doing it with much interest as 'they' observe.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Deities Of Change

A false 'lighting' from them recedes.
The hold of a way of life,
From them begins to leave.
This upsetting recession,
Has them confessing...
Truths many among them disbelieve.

Deities of change,
ARE here.
Invisible to veiled eyes...
Yet they are near!
And those of consciousness,
Feel their presence best!
In an acceptance of an undoing,
That for them is clear.
Not everyone will be stunned...
When they appear.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Delayed Too Late

Can we get together and consumate this?
Since I've stopped dismissing my past wishes,
Missed!
And my needs and wants I can no longer resist.

I felt out of place.
A distant misfit.
I can now admit desires...
With a burning yearning now on fire,
Inside.
Perhaps I smothered this with too much pride.
Perhaps I fought a searching sought.
And delayed too late...
What now baits my weaknesses.

I sing a new song I wish with you to share.
I wish for us to sing!
Are you still there?
Caring.
Is that time you had willing then...
Available for us to start all over again.
To begin again,
What ended then!

Can we get together and consumate this?
Since I've stopped dismissing my past wishes,
Missed!
And my needs and wants I can no longer resist.

Or am I someone you have chosen to forget?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Deleted

The last time you said no,
And I agreed.
You wanted me to extend to you,
An apology.
I couldn't believe you actually insisted.
You wanted me to resist.
But instead I went along with it.

Remember when I persisted...
To get you to see me differently?
I wanted to prove to you,
I was genuine and true.
But you wanted to play hard to get.
And when you did that,
I had no regrets.

And now you wish to begin again.
After you have discovered,
My honesty is not a trend.
I am not someone you can dump,
And pick back up!
You thought you were too good for me.
But it is you who has run out of luck.

The last time you said no,
And I agreed.
I deleted you off the scene.
And that was done immediately.
I am not the one,
Suffering from an emotion of desperate need.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Delicatessen

Stalked by fear and unlimited ambition,
Is too lethal of a foreplay extended...
To expect sheer excitement meant.
There has to be an intention.
Something that isolates and propells one to deliver.
Maybe some of this chat is more than delicatessen.
Many enjoy sharing their brave conquests over lunch.
As they mark down time...
And their lives,
Planning to fulfill wishes.
Once they are eligible...
To retire!
Like prepared meats!
Packaged and ready to be served,
At the right time

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Delicious And Original Prepared Confections

Although the door,
To this one particular store...
Remains open.
As competitors offer cheap treats...
Just to experience a fleeting popularity.
Hoping this will disturb by getting a re-action...
From the one who is accustomed,
To always whipping up delicious and original...
Prepared confections to inspect,
For anyone to compare and at any time...
With attempts to duplicate, rate or try to steal.
Addictions once uncovered and seeks,
Are difficult to keep from another wishing for that fix...
Smothered temporarily by cloaked coatings.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Delicious Enough To Eat

There is a limitation about you,
That has to be cleared.
It has to be removed from you...
Since that is not how you appear.

You appear to be someone,
I was suppose to hold once close.
In conversation as well as touch.
Something I want very much!

You appear to be someone...
Loving I could love lovingly.
Someone who could possibly be
That someone I've been longing for!
And that's a 'possibility'
You 'are' that one I've been saving 'this love for...
All my life!

You appear to be someone,
I could live a life with
In devotion!

You appear to be someone,
I could live a life with
In a 'blissling' happiness!

You appear to be someone,
I could live a life with
Being who I am...
And you letting us be who we are.
Together!
If not always locked in passion,
Embracing to ignite heat!

You appear to be someone,
I could live a life with!
Someone delicious
Enough
To eat!

'Honey...?
Why are you looking at me like that?
Here...
Wipe your mouth with this napkin! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

'Delicious Wit! Come On And Get Some Of It'

Knowing the kind of people they were...
From the time of my birth,
And nourished on their curses.
I've known their taste to spread rumors,
And gossip.
Just to satisfy a craving for maliciousness,
And dirt!

How best could I use this...
To elevate my worth?
Controvesy is a must!
Eccentricness attracts!
Blessed with many gifts...
I would use this to 'sidetrack'!
As I perfected my act!

Very few knew I loved to write.
Even fewer knew I composed.
One or two came in contact,
With my knack for business!
And in my mind I combined all of those!
Right under their noses.

Today I am thrilled,
My skills are exposed.
And those who had not known of my abilities...
Have awakened to find their lips and mouths closed!
But how can I get them to spend their dollars?
Before they realize they have none of those?
How can I get them to open their wallets,
And pocketbooks,
To get that money flow?

I know! !
I'll have myself marketed as a precious gem.
A 'must' have with a price!
An excitement to have...
Quicker than palming and throwing dice!
A work of 'art' and one of 'them'!

'Delicious Wit! Come On and Get Some of It! '
Of course I'll have to pretend,
My ego is offended by this kind of attention!

Flaunting one's ability to manipulate,
Is so passé today!
Humility pays!
I've seen that!
AND...it works!

But I do enjoy the premise...
Of having the naysayers grimace.
Usually they are the first to purchase.
Getting them to discuss something they dislike?
Will send sales through the roof!
And boost my appetite to delight with surprises!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Deliciously Sipped

Scented mint and lilac drifts...
Rise to crest upon my senses.
As I pinch a piece of peppermint...
From a selected twig.
To twist with lemon peel.
And add for taste to rum I drink.

Deliciously sipped,
I sit back and relax.
To enjoy this treat that enhances a peace.
Increasing within me to allow daydreams.
Nothing more I convince myself of this...
Can be so good!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Delighted Attachments

Dreams I feed I keep unbroken.
Timeless are my wishes.
Age has removed them from possibility.
I thought in my youth with limitation,
And speed to reveal desires concealed.
To rush into reality.
To please what I thought then...
Was a success I had to show!
But those 'successes' expired...
With each payment that would grow.
I did not wish my dreams attached,
To payment plans and acceptance.
I needed to accomplish what I inside...
Would hide but someday show!
And even though I wept to fulfill them...
The dreams I feed I keep unbroken,
I see!
But I did not expect,
Them to come with delighted attachments...
And a joyfulness I would release,
Showing a smile wide...
And everyone all of my teeth!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Delighted To Invite It

Negativity is a learned disposition.
A choice to choose.
Accept or refuse.

Negative people seem to stay pessimistic.
With mindsets fixed on selfishness.
As if delighted to invite it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Delighted To Share

What's that smell?
It's delicious.
What is it you're cooking?

'Oh...
That's not coming from here.
That's coming from our neighbor.
I 'wish' it was me!

When he first moved in,
Many years ago.
People around here disliked him.'

Why?

'We thought him to be too arrogant.
Too sure of himself.
And...
He even told me,
He was the 'cheese' AND the chips...
We'd come to like WITH his dip!
And you know that started a lot of rumors.
And gossip with it.'

That doesn't smell like cheese or dip to me.

'Well...
He has been working on new recipes.
Come and sit.
He just called and said,
He is going to be sharing it.'

I hope he brings some of it for me.

'Oh,
Don't worry.
He'll be delighted to share!
And you'll enjoy his company!
He has a taste that is rare.

And...
You will agree.

And if you don't...
Don't worry!
He will go to come back.
With something just for you to please.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Delightfully Fed

Today I pray for your happiness.
Because if you don't get any...
I'm not going to get none at all.
That's right.
Since you will be reminding me,
Of your misery.
And hearing that constantly,
Is a good mood killer.
Diminishing my appetite for life.
And I would like to be delightfully fed,
Sometimes by you with a smile of gratefulness.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Deliver Disappointment

Let your wounds heal,
And don't replace it with an evil.
'Cause...
That's what those demons expect.

Seeking revenge,
To reopen wounds to feel again.
That's what those demons expect.

Let your wounds heal,
And don't replace it with an evil.
'Cause...
That's what those demons expect.

Seeking revenge,
To reopen wounds to feel again.
That's what those demons expect.

Forgetting that your happiness,
Is all from life you live to get.
That's what those demons expect.
Yes!
That's what those demons expect.
But deliver disappointment.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Deliverance In Harmony

When the money is depleted will they cease as enemies?
When they find themselves with cupboards bare,
Will they share this reality?
Or will their stupidity,
Continue as it is?
With divisions they have come to know.
And ignorance to feed.
With stomachs empty...
As they crawl on knees!

'Baritones and sopranos?
Your voices are weakening!
Tenors and altos...
Less vibrato!
I can hardly hear the bass.
Once again.
And folks...
Don't forget,
We are invited to sing...
For the upcoming Unity Festival.
So...
Look alive!
Again...'

When the money is depleted will they cease as enemies?
When they find themselves with cupboards bare,
Will they share this reality?
Or will their stupidity,
Continue as it is?
With divisions they have come to know.
And ignorance to feed.
With stomachs empty...
As they crawl on knees!

'Now 'that' is what I call,
Deliverance In Harmony! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Delivered And Personally Addressed

Some are able with an ability to see,
Events before they actually occur.
And there are regular worshippers,
Who pray for answers to their questions...
To be revealed to help them heal.
With a preference wished...
Noticed and preferred.

And when the answers come,
To be delivered by 'someone'...
God has chosen to deliver to them,
That message without a moment hesitation.
Those very same folks who say they pray with faith,
Turn away to dismiss the gift that has arrived.
And to them given!

WHY?
People are conditioned to go through their routines.
And this they do without purpose or meaning.
And their 'why' expressed is always attached,
To a 'me' that suffers duress.
And no one confesses to dismissing,
A message delivered and personally addressed.

'What are they looking for?
Someone dressed in 'Tux and Tails'...
With an orchestra and chorus led by a conductor? '

~Your Majesty...
I wish I had the answer to this dilemma.
But You must agree,
These creatures are Your creations.~

'I am reminded everytime,
I hear them complain, moan and whine.
And 'still' they refuse to listen to Me.'

~Maybe it is in the disbelief of their beliefs.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Delivered As A Gift

Overcoming self defeat,
Is delivered as a gift to them.
The joy in their eyes is magnified.
And an escape from traps has been witnessed.
A process that manifests happiness is shown.
Freedom given with a peace of mind has been discovered.
Superficiality becomes obvious and is dismissed.
Just like those who carry burdens wishing to share.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Delivered By Letter

Would you understand this any better,
If you saw it poured from a labelled can.
To open slowly to reveal,
A preparation made easier...
That to you would appeal,
On demand as you command.

Would you understand this any better,
If work involved did not exist.
With no effort at all or commitment permitted.
And very little time put into it.
Allowing you to sit...
As your imagination drifted.

Would you understand this any better,
If blood, sweat and tears...
Were not heard from a voice admitted.
To then immediately decrease your interest.
Would you understand this any better,
If all explanations to you were delivered by letter.
And all you had to do was to connect large dots.

Would you then understand this any better...
To attempt to do or choose not.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Delivered From Misfit Lips

No wish to contradict,
Conflicting hypocrites.
Or critics who depict and sit...
With statistics that predict,
Passing judgements placed...
Where they see fit,
Has long lasting benefits!

More are observing this as sick.
As the quality of life,
Slowly tilts and dips.
While spies hide undercover...
Getting tips from lieing gossips!
And they are swallowed in ignorance,
Caring less to be aware of any of this!

As all sinks to a nothingness,
Based on flourished nonsense...
That nourished dysfunctions,
Delivered from misfit lips!
And this 'reality' provides no exit,
For those left sheltered believing...
They sanely hold onto a consciousness!

And little do 'they' know,
They are pieces of every bit.
Every bit surrounding them...
They see for them unfit!
There is no where for them to go.
No where here to escape from it!
The shallowness they wish to be lifted...
Can not be chased,
Or beatened to submission!
Since this discomfort that visits them now,
Has been given much of their attention!
Ridding it when this first came,
Was never between them ever mentioned!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Delivered In June On The Fifteenth Day

Anyone.
And not just a few who refuse to listen,
Or attempt to comprehend...
Someone else's point of view,
But continues pursuing with a doing...
What they please and want to do,
To include a passing of judgements...
And giving their unsolicited opinions too,
Will eventually fact the errors of their ways.
This is inevitable with a lesson taught that stays.

And those experienced in avoiding to evade,
Their own stubbornness have been confronted.
With a knowing it isn't delusion but the power of truth,
That can not be played with to escape from it to dupe.

And when and 'if' through tears that fall,
One who had denied their ignorance has stalled...
Will come face to face with a brick wall,
To find their lips have been shut tight and quick...
Since a learning process overdue has finally begun.
And on that day they will recognize with eyes wide,
Who has become the receiver of a benefit undenied.
With a stunning revelation what is meant to listen.
Even if this should mean a suffering through a pain,
That overwhelmingly stings one stung done to gain.
To be delivered in June on the fifteenth day,
Of the year two thousand and thirteen to retain.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Delivered To A Place That Dispenses Wings

Let's not carry on our backs,
Accepted agonies anticipated.
Let's take steps to rid ourselves,
Of those deficiencies...
We were led to believe,
Were birth marks to confirm...
As inspected.

And told they'd be there with us,
For the rest of our lives.
With a tolerance of them...
While others kept us suppressed.
As we continue to solicit,
A disrespecting done of our identities.

There is a need to awaken,
From this mental disease.

Let's not carry on our backs,
Accepted agonies anticipated.
Let's take steps to rid ourselves,
Of those deficiencies...
We were led to believe,
Were birth marks to confirm...
As inspected.

Well...
They are not,
Brandings of birth marks.

They are implications we kept...
With an expectation,
That one day if we stayed praying...
We would be delivered to a place,
That dispenses wings!

Dieing is a process!
Living the gift of life is a determination...
Some have refused to do,

Without the approval of acceptance.
From those sought to impress.

And if anyone has a need to ask,
To live a life that has been divinely given...
A praying done,
Is an unconscious routine.
Much like feeding an expectation,
That does not with 'intention' connect to the 'source'...
Through the doing of the process of living one's life!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Deliveries Made To Please

Have you ever tried to stop,
Those who have come to feed at a feast?
With an invitation of greed encouraged.
And not a sign of discipline,
To cease the craving of their whims.

Have you ever tried to decrease one's gluttony?
Released from one who has turned into a beast?
Have you ever had your fingers bitten,
By a pet accustomed to being rewarded...
With top choice beef or other approved treats?

Try stopping it!
And the outcome may have you defeated.
And/or beaten into a coma induced sleep.

Maybe even hospitalized...
If not paralyzed.
Coming to a consciousness that finally realizes...
Many do not readily embrace,
A diminishing of supplies denied.

And expectations anticipated,
On a regular basis fed...
Have those caring less,
Who provides those ample dropped deposits.

They want deliveries made to please...
That's it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Delivering Such Sugar Free News

So many have been living in that state of denial,
The keeping of statistics is impossible...
To monitor the population,
Affected by the overwhelming numbers seen.
And...
They want their needs met.
And 'now'!
As if the feeding and leeching of greed,
Is an eternal proposition.

Someone has authored their existence.
And they want it kept exactly that way.
Free of re-writes.
And flourishing with superlatives.
Living to fantasize has been kept the priority.

Truth printed in crayon and scented with mint,
Is not acceptable for them to believe it.
They protest their right to be continued to be lied to.
These folks have become addicted to lies!
With a moisterizing to clear them from any blemishes.

Apologizing to them,
For deceptions presented all their lives...
Offends!

So many have been living in that state of denial,
The keeping of statistics is impossible...
To monitor the population,
Affected by the overwhelming numbers seen.
And sweeping their consciousness,
Is an increase of delusions.

They actually believe,
Just the status of having a good credit rating....
Affords them opportunities,
To bleed blood from a rock.
And they can descend with gold filled pockets,
From mountaintops!

What they have been feeding on is incredible.
Anything fed to them has been edible.

And the one selected...
That should be 'elected'.
Forgive the misperception.

And the one 'elected' to deliver reality...
Has become despised,
For the flavor chosen to present the message.
Anything but a directness is rejected,
As disrespectful!
Although a fashionable decadence,
Is marketed to represent their standards valued.

An arrogant and 'all-knowing' demeanor?
Looking into the camera and giving it to them straight...
With no chaser?
NO WAY!
That will upset this bunch.
They are not accustomed to anyone,
Delivering such sugar free news!
They want it spiced.
And if it's alcoholic...
The better will be the reception.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Delivering The Difference

Shallow platitudes are okay but overused.
But show them only as reliable expression...
That are picked to fit,
A mood and attitude.
Something that is quick and said suitable...
Within the season to match the festivitude.
Seasonally soothed as is one's custom to choose.

This may sit well,
For those who shop for a triteness to drop.
Like an appropriate decoration...
In one's vision to represent.
Like a Halloween costume.
Or Christmas holiday scents.

But there are some folks,
Who only accept and appreciate...
The very best of what's genuine.
And taking the time to demonstrate it,
Says a lot about the person...
Who has qualities unrehearsed.
And that says a lot about them.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Delivering What Is Requested

No need to pay me to be pleasant.
I am pleasant.
My parents gifted my sisters and I,
With a high degree of integrity.
In fact...
My entire family,
Has that as our greatest asset!

However...
And I must say this,
If one should intentionally step on our toes...
We will do the best to break a nose.
On a face that chooses to be exposed.

That's it.
With no further explanations needed.
Some will call that a mutual exchange,
Of ignorance.

We somehow believe...
It is delivering what is requested.
One gets.
And receives.

That pleasantness isn't given to be tested.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Delivery Of Truth

Aborted alibis,
Have been denied...
To carry impregnated excuses.
The womb of lies has been cleansed.
A delivery of truth,
Has begun thrusting to assist a birth...
Upon this Earth!
And delighted in anticipation,
Are those who have kept faith!
A higher consciousness deprived,
Awaits to shine and glisten,
Upon all confined within entrapped minds!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Deluded Concepts

Do I care to be rated,
By egos deflated?
I look not for that embrace...
As I search to expand,
And understand my own space.
Some believe they can achieve,
Success in obscurity.
With nothing connected,
To anything objective...
And subjected to a thought process,
No one can perceive.
Enough to believe for mental protest.
But that comes from a mind,
Accustomed to deceive!
A mind that fosters deluded concepts,
Twisted with unseen schemes!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Deluded 'Ifs'

Lost in deluded 'ifs'.
And trying to make sense of it.

Many minds...
Have long,
Been gone.

Lost in deluded 'ifs'.
And distant from admitting this.

Many minds,
Think...
A wrong belongs.

Lost in deluded 'ifs'.
With wishes this brings a benefit.

But many minds,
Have taken too much time...
To disbelieve.

They are,
Lost in deluded 'ifs'.
And trying to make sense of it.

Many minds...
Have long,
Been gone.

Lost in deluded 'ifs'.
And distant from admitting this.

Many minds,
Think...
A wrong belongs.

Gone is stability.
And in walks suspicion.
Where is reality?

When...
It has never been missed,
Or mentioned.
Since...
Fantasies descended.
With...
A purpose of this meant.
Since...
Fantasies descended.
With...
A purpose of this meant.

Lost in deluded 'ifs'.
And distant from admitting this.
Since...
Fantasies descended.
With...
A purpose of this meant.

Lost in deluded 'ifs'.
And distant from admitting this.
Since...
Fantasies descended.
With...
A purpose of this meant.

Gone is stability.
And in walks suspicion.
Where is reality?
When...
It has never been missed,
Or mentioned.
Since...
Fantasies descended.
With...
A purpose of this meant.

And emphasis placed on deluded 'ifs',
As if this benefits.
And...
With an emphasis placed on deluded 'ifs',
As if this benefits.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Deluded With Cheers

The fool refuses to use a flashlight
To find his way through a cave.
He's deluded with the cheers he hears...
Believing them sighs instead of cries!
He leads an entourage,
Dwindling as he creeps.
And one of them by the name of Blair...
Hauls ass to keep,
A waning dignity he knows is bleak!
'There's a dead end at the bottom! '
Yells a woman in heels as she weeps!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Deluged

Keep them deluged.
Keep them demeaned.
Keep them denied.
Keep them in need.

But you wont be the one...
To know the flood of love.
When the flood of love comes...
You will be the one to run from love.

Keep them deluged.
Keep them demeaned.
Keep them denied.
Keep them in need.

But you wont be the one...
To know the flood of love.
When the flood of love comes...
You will be the one to run from love.

You wont be the one to know what love does.
You will be the one that's stunned and runs.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Delusional

Sometimes the right thing said,
Could be the wrong thing done...
When sharing conversation with someone.
Many are just not ready,
To share depths of truth...
Or explore revelations hidden.

Declaring one's feelings,
Can be a task regretted.
Some are motivated by honesty.
Some are delusional and fear confrontation.
And yet we all pray for answers.
And when they come,
We run away in states of denial...
Putting someone on trial,
For presenting news we refuse to accept.
Since it is not flourished in fantasy!
And that bridge has always been available,
For escape and perhaps to burn.

Running away from truth,
Doesn't make it less potent!
It is always there...
When we are prepared to learn.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Delusions And Their Distractions

I can expect a stubbornness to be accepted,
By a parent experiencing a child growing up...
Who has yet become an adult.
I threw one or two tantrums myself,
Until one day my mother used...
On my butt a leather belt.
This was long before children could accuse,
Anyone for being abusive by dialing...911.

Between 911 and other restrictive laws enacted,
And agencies created to teach parents how to raise kids...
Children showed more respect towards their elders.
And certainly had much more discipline,
Than many of the other spoiled children who were told...
To go to their rooms to sit quietly. And they did.
Thank God I didn't have a room to go to.
Or a video game, cellphone OR a computer I then could use.

But today those spoiled kids who grew,
To become self serving and self centered adults too...
Can be accused of neglecting their own children.
Like many do to blame someone else.
And it's not only them a stiff finger can be pointed.
It's the doing done that everyone seems to choose to do.
With an inability to be accountable...
And/or honest to admit actions they initiate to implement

And the fact that many can not face the truth,
Is the attraction that supports delusions and their distractions.
With the acceptance of denial and the support THAT has,
From anyone who sells deception with blatant lies...
To anyone caring less about what the truth is,
As long as they can get high fast with a quick hit supplied by crack.
Or heroin or coke or whatever it is folks can tote to smoke.
To then complain that the dope they get isn't good enough.

'You should join the priesthood or become a monk.
Or some kind of minister to administer your wisdom.'

Thank you for your suggestion,
And ego massaging flattery.
But...
I'm ridding myself of quietly kept issues.
Every one of them.
And...
I have no desire to have them ordained,
To smother undercover to deceive myself or others.
I am much too honest to keep hidden pretensions.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Delusions To Witness Fade

Hopefully...
Many were jolted to their senses.
With a regaining of a consciousness,
That had stayed dormant...
For decades.
And heard the alarming sound,
Of the most recent wake up call.
Because all signs and messages sent,
Have exhausted the ones appointed...
To ensure their delivery.
And it doesn't appear,
On a once clearing horizon...
More will be forthcoming,
In sunrises that have yet to come.
Or sightings of moons,
Caressing to adorn...
Those suns that set.

And the ones choosing to awaken,
May have been shakened...
By the piercing sound heard to hear,
Loud and clear...
Rush without delayed hesitation,
As they observe...
The last of their kept delusions,
To witness fade away.
And grateful they are,
Not to have been frightened...
Into a long never to end,
Hybernation.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Demand It From The Top

Stop the flock of politicians,
Put them on a leash.
Stop the nonsense that releases,
Worthlessness to keep.

Demand it from the top,
You want the cream of the crop.
You can demand it from the top,
You want more of it than not.
Just demand it from the top,
You want all foolishness to drop.
Since a folly represented is offensive.
And,
A quality of life you just aint gettin'.

Stop the flock of politicians,
Put them on a leash.
Stop the nonsense that releases,
Worthlessness to keep.

Demand it from the top,
You want the cream of the crop...
Since a folly represented is offensive.
You can demand it from the top,
You want more cream than you've got.
Since a quality of life,
You just aint gettin'.

Stop the flock of politicians,
Put them on a leash.
And remind them that they represent all people.
The people who want to be treated equal.

Stop the flock of politicians,
Put them on a leash.
And remind them that they represent all people.
The people who want to be treated equal.

You can demand it,

From the top.
Demand it,
From the top.

Stop the flock of politicians,
Put them on a leash.
And remind them that they represent all people.
The people who want to be treated equal.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Demand Them Gone

Take all of 'your' pains and demand them gone.
Shake them off your back and tell them to move on!
And just like that...
Tell them to leave.
And just like that...
Stop them from feeding.
And just like that...
Tell them to leave.
And just like that...
Stop them from feeding.

Take all of 'your' pains and demand them gone.
Shake them off your back and tell them to move on!
And just like that...
Tell them to leave.
And just like that...
Stop them from feeding.
And just like that...
Tell them to leave.
And just like that...
Stop them from feeding.

No matter if they come back,
Tell them to leave.
No matter if they come back,
Don't get weak.

No matter if they come back,
Tell them to leave.
No matter if they come back,
Don't get weak.

Take all of 'your' pains and demand them gone.
Shake them off your back and tell them to move on!
No matter if they come back,
Tell them to leave.
And no matter if they come back,
Don't get weak.
No matter if they come back,

Tell them to leave.
And no matter if they come back,
Don't get weak.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Demanding Your Love In Return

Comforted by Your comfort.
And a faith that keeps 'Us' connected.
I know my relationship with You is unique.
When I speak to You,
I demand Your attention.
To leave others alone with their beliefs!

Some say they pray for things to get.
Like ornaments to bring them happiness.
While others are taught to plead to You,
On their knees.
But Father You know,
I don't have to do that with You to please.

And I'm certainly not going to pretend,
I do not have a taste to indulge in temptation!
I'm curious about all of Your Creation.
And those who expose their evilness...
Hiding behind pretensions,
With claims they know what You want best.
Are clearly the ones confused!

If they were as righteous as they profess...
Why are so many religiously stressed?

Comforted by Your comfort.
And a faith that keeps 'Us' connected.
I know my relationship with You is unique.
When I speak to You,
I demand Your attention.
To leave others alone with their beliefs!

Hoping one day...
The truth about You,
Will open their eyes and amaze!
To find that You...
Are waiting for them to love You too!
Like I do.
Demanding Your love in return!

But then again...
I am aware of You always there.
And I can do that.
Knowing Your eyes...
Are always on me!
Whether or not I am on my knees,
To impress in pray.
You are with me everywhere!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Demands For A Chocolate Coating

Those who had mindlessly in their whims binged...
Now find themselves cringing,
At the thought of losing their credit status.
And the loss of habitual mall spending sprees.

A reality feared has come too near.
With feelings of being cursed.
Without opportunities to rehearse,
The worse as it appears on the horizon.

Periodic trips to visit urban blight...
No longer excites those on these voyages.
Many now see themselves as addicts needing a fix.
Lifestyles for them have changed.
And desperation sits thick...
Without demands for a chocolate coating,
To spread over it!

Those who had mindlessly in their whims binged...
Now find themselves cringing,
At the thought of losing their credit status.
And the loss of habitual mall spending sprees.
With the usual shopping in snobbing glee.

A reality feared has come too near.
With feelings of being cursed.
Without opportunities to rehearse the worse.
And no time from it to split...
To rush and nurse their grieving disbeliefs.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Demands Of Accomplishment

How great is the feeling of accomplishment?
When the application of dedication,
Has seldom strayed from those sacrifices made.
And one has given undeniable time...
When time itself had seemed uselessly spent.
Is a sensation one can not explain,
To anyone who sits without a purpose...
Trying to comprehend what to them makes sense.

With wishes to have dreams delivered,
And not a finger to lift.
Or hesitant to make a stand,
To place a step forward...
With a footprint made the best one can.

People like that would not understand,
The demands of accomplishment!
Or what it means to one who beams,
After living through experiences,
One sometimes laments.
And with those experiences one has lived...
Motivating as they do to continue making attempts,
To accomplish through pain and feeling of loneliness.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Demands To Keep Fear

Fear is being sold.
And no longer kept stocked,
On shelves in darkened corners...
Covered in thick dust.

Today demands to keep fear,
Supplied where no one came near it...
Now has polished weapons stacked.
With bright lights as if idolized to worship.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Demeaned

They are going to slip,
Those dips that firmly gripped.
Dripping sweat on agony...
And commanding more of it!

Death spiraling on a mission,
With quarrels of what is right!
Fighting themselves with rusting weapons,
And maneuvering for tighter close ups...
Complete with photo ops,
And Worldwide TV rights!

State of the art technologies...
Seem outdated on battlefields.
Enemies sought,
Aren't using video games.
Frustrating soldiers who are demeaned,
When no one is seen on screens to kill!

Pumping iron with oiled pecs...
Aren't impressive enough to win!
Maps and strategies for war have no use,
Although excites the one waiting...
For a good fight to begin!

And this conflict declared on them,
Has been the greatest of all sins!
Exhausting resources to announce a victory...
As further loses of life will escalate with no end!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Demolished From Insight

There are places where people feed,
Upon a constant need...
For more nonsense they can create,
That appeases a feasting less reality...
There in abundance but too few appreciate.
Gone to eliminate is a truth to accept.
Deceptions are served.
And deceptions people worship.
With a consciousness to expect.

And not unusual it is to see,
Just on one street...
Churches of varying denominations,
In which people pray with faith claimed to keep.
Yet all around can be found,
Neglect and a lack of respect.
Or identities attached to dignities,
Kept prioritized if nothing else.
Especially in minds used effectively.

These are places people come to go to leave.
Knowing a quality of life,
Has been demolished from insight.
Yet the hype continues to market the commodity,
Of the beauty of such places.
And not the reality that is seen on the faces,
Stripped of purpose, meaning, diversity.
That signifies the meaning to define their worth.

Minds gone.
But the beat and the rhythm lingers on,
To prolong the detached absence.

'Give it up, your booty.
Gimme, gimme booty.
And...
Shake, shake it baby.
Twerk and work it, baby.
On the floor.

Do it more.
Roll and drop it.
Too hot you've got me I can't stop.'

'Shake, shake it baby.
Twerk and work it, baby.
On the floor.
Do it more.
Roll and drop it.
Too hot you've got me I can't stop.
Twerk and work it.
Work and twerk it.
And...
On the floor.
Do it more.'

Boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom.
Boom, boom, boom, boom, boom.
Boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom.
To da boom boom.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Demons Are Chameleons

Demons are chameleons.
And precise when chamouflaged.
Put on the spot they will hiss and slither quick,
To avoid being exposed with a venom to spit.
Socially accepted and at the center of started conflicts.

Twisted poisonous tongues used to deceive anyone.
With an aim to gain attention from those they deceive.
To eventually sting those of good intentions and deeds.
And demons 'are' chameleons who in chamouflage,
Can hide their evil doings in an unsuspecting entourage.

Demons are chameleons with mentalities demeaning,
And corrupt.
With destructive dispositions.
Demons are chameleons with mentalities demeaning,
And corrupt.
With their minds messed up.
Demons are chameleons with mentalities demeaning,
And corrupt.
With destructive dispositions that are limited in vision.
Demons are chameleons with mentalities demeaning,
And corrupt.
With a stinging done until 'they' are stung.
With a stinging done until 'they' are stung.
With a stinging done until 'they' are stung.
And it comes.
To be done.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Demons Chase

They did not sever their associations
With the crooks and thieves,
That have brought them to their knees.
And at the threshold of devastation.
However...
They want one man,
To denounce another who spoke truth
From a sacred place,
Their self righteous ways continue to taint!
With hyprocrisies.
They have proven themselves not to be saints.
Although the one who follows his heart with honesty...
Is the one their demons chase!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Demons In Their Pockets

Just to 'if' it up and wish it be known,
What it is desired that would satisfy one's taste!
Would be great.
With delusions there included.

And just to 'if' it up and wish it be known...
Not too many people would be underneath their griefs.

Just to 'if' it up and wish it be known...
This would be great.
To satisfy one's taste.

Knocking thick heads against brick walls!
Who hasn't done this as if this had been a wish,
To bang their heads as if this banging to them was a gift.

And who is seen flaunting their miseries?
With a stopping to announce,
They've got demons in their pockets.

Just to 'if' it up and wish it be known,
What it is desired that would satisfy one's taste!
Would be great!
With delusions there included.

Knocking thick heads against brick walls!
Who hasn't done this as if this had been a wish.
To bang their heads as if this banging to them was a gift.

And who is seen flaunting their miseries?
With a stopping to announce,
They've got demons in their pockets.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Demons Keep Active

Everyday demons keep active.
Busy reminding victims who have healed,
Just who inflicted upon them a wickedness.
And with a slick pro-activeness,
Demons believe their obviousness is concealed.
To hope a cover from others is tightly sealed.

But those who pray and stay on the side of faith,
That never strays or betrays...
Become too familiar with demons and their ways.
And often offend them on a daily basis,
Without paying them any serious attention to mention.
Or pretend they do to listen but time they do not waste.

'I told the others how you were treating me mean.
I said...
I told the others how you were treating me mean.
And they agreed with me.
They...
Are you ignoring me?
I said...'

~I'm sorry.
Were you saying something,
You wanted me to find important?
If not...
I got your message a long time ago.
Give the others my regards.~

'You know I'm just teasing you.'

~Isn't that what demons do?
But unlike you, I don't have those aspirations.
C-ya. Wouldn't ever wanna B-ya.~

'You're disgusting.'

~Thank you.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Demonstrative Nonsense (Monstrous Conscious)

Demonstrative nonsense.
Kept defended unended,
By those offended.
Has left a crevice to widen,
In minds split to slip...
Deeper into darkness.
Refusing rescue to permit.

More opposing,
Show their stronghold.
With a losing of light,
Dimming from their eyesight.
And beginning to separate,
From lost souls to decay.

Cuddled up together,
To smother in ruts.
Deeper into gutters they rush.

Cuddled up together,
In a privacy discussed.
But soiled,
Are their souls to let go.

Dim is the light that shines,
Upon minds in darkness.
And a common sense undermined,
Becomes...
An untamed stranger.
Craving danger.

Demonstrative nonsense,
Weakens...
A truth to feed it.
Until what's true...
Becomes defeated.

Truth defeated,
Seeks to leech on souls...

With a monstrous conscious.
And selling demonstrative,
Nonsense!
Bold to behold and sold.
Demonstrative nonsense.
Bold to behold and sold.
From a monstrous conscious.
This demonstrative nonsense.
Sold to behold...
From a monstrous conscious.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

De-Mystified

Demystified are these days now existing.
Coming to pry closed eyes open.
Abruptly to startle without finesse!
Demystified are these days now existing.
Many are surprised,
By the turn of events!

While those of fading power,
Scurry to seek shelter...
In their final hour.
Feel pushed up against,
Thick concrete walls...
Trying to avoid,
Being locked up behind...
Razor sharpened,
Barbed wire fences!

And still they search for excuses,
To relieve themselves from their blatant abuses...
And evidence of their offenses.

Inhumane they have been!
These misdeeds should get them lynched!
When secrets kept...
Find them inept!

But they create defenses 'still',
To hide behind lies in an overkill.
With attempts to deny and convince,
The laws in place...
Are to be changed; erased, replaced!
There are no boundaries set...
To limit their disgraces.
Touched by mental ills!

And those believed blinded,
By their dose of crimes ungrounded.
Rejoice when the time comes...
When these crooks are finally confined,

For their atrocities done!
And demystifying a reach for peace...
These thieves enjoyed,
Decreasing in pieces!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Denial Is So Popular

A kept pettiness,
Can only remain to stay effective...
If the ones choosing to keep petty,
Can produce evidence their kept pettiness...
Has merit with the revealing of proof.
Since sometimes what is thought to be petty,
Results in the tossing of confetti...
Upon those who parade with shoulders raised,
Without the need to exclaim, 'I told you so! '

However...
There are times when such kept petty sentiments,
To have others believe...
With a giving of support,
Often are disclosed to be just petty.
To have it clearly known,
Minds have been abused by those not using their own!
Or have been borrowed,
From others who have already shown...
With this fact established,
That a thinking to do done...
AND 'seldom' with common sense,
Is something that is as distant...
As purpose is from its definition meant.

And...
Could be but not thoroughly investigated to find,
Is the reason behind why denial is so popular.
To do with an ease of it to perceive it benefits...
The ones unaccepting of a thought process that offends.
With thoughts to process no longer to exist.
Or heard said by anyone daring to say,
This had been witnessed in these times we live...
Around so many petty keeping it as a fetish.
As if proud to flaunt and keep valued.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Denial Profits Fools

How many times,
Can one lesson be taught...
Before the benefit of it,
Becomes considered?
Why is admission difficult to admit?

And how many times,
Can one observe their own actions...
Before it connects to be noticed,
What they've done to do to decide...
Is associated with their decision made.

And who suggested,
Denial profits fools?
Who invented this evasive way to live life?
With a passing of judgement to criticize others,
For their attempts to produce truth.
Yet become despised,
By those who would rather feed on lies!
And delusions kept sweetened by deceivers.

How many times,
Can one lesson be taught...
Before the benefit of it,
Becomes considered?
Why is admission difficult to admit?
But liars and their baggage,
Can gain entry anywhere!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Denials Kept

Denials kept,
Victimize and kill.
Denials kept,
Protect the sick from ills.
Denials kept,
Do not warm but chill.
Denials kept,
Keep the truth concealed.
Denials kept,
Produce conflicts to fulfill.
Denials kept,
Hides inside those minds that lie...
To themselves with alibis.

Denials kept,
Victimize and kill.
Denials kept,
Protect the sick from ills.
Denials kept,
Do not warm but chill.
Denials kept,
Keep the truth concealed.
Denials kept,
Hides inside those minds that lie...
To themselves with alibis.

Denials kept,
Destroys not create.
Denials kept,
Chases with debates.
Denials kept,
Confuses those who lose.
Denials kept,
Is the choice of fools.
Denials kept,
Hides inside those minds that lie...
To themselves with alibis.

Denials kept,

Victimize and kill.
Denials kept,
Protect the sick from ills.
Denials kept,
Do not warm but chill.
Denials kept,
Keep the truth concealed.
Denials kept,
Produce conflicts...
To fulfill.

Denials kept,
Protect the sick from ills.
Denials kept,
Protect the sick from ills.
Denials kept,
Protect the sick from ills.

Denials kept,
Kills.
Kills.
Kills.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Dens Of Peace

If more and more people claim,
They have found God...
While they were locked up in prison?
Then why are they not finding 'Him'
In the churches...
That sit on tax free property?
And billions are spent annually
To rehabilitate their 'vision' that reflects
A society moralistically on God's side!
And more of these 'dens' of peace...
Are being contructed to release 'disciples'!
To recycle this everlasting glow bestowed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Dense, Shallow And Dim

They may have graduated!
And may have been declared educated...
With top grades and honorable degrees.

They are taught to shake hands,
With poise as they stand.
And give sincere eye contact...
With the best of spoken English,
That identifies an ability
They have been groomed to regurgitate...
With assumed and unresearched facts.

They are challenged to do their best...
For purposes to produce for them big fat checks!
They are encouraged to socialize...
For an increase of status,
And a marketable name recognition that's prized!

But no one wants to criticize...
Their lack of common sense!
They seem not able to find it in books.
And for them a quality of life,
Grows more dense, shallow and dim!
For them who concentrate more on looks.

These are the future leaders now groomed...
By those with set values too long observed.
Those who prefer to sit and predict doom!
And not daring to teach or stretch these minds,
Beyond the 'hand-me-down' standards
Taught and confined,
In antiquated classrooms!

Leaving them with little...
Or nothing to use to successfully compete.
As they constantly compared themselves,
To people living in hunger...
Sympathized on TV,
Or ignored as they snob them on urban streets!

They may have graduated!
And may have been declared educated...
With top grades and honorable degrees.
But they are not the ones to lead,
With a wholesomeness needed to succeed!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Denying A Participating In Their Existence

Saying it like it is, offends.
And today the truth of this,
Can no longer be protected...
By masquerading a defense against it.

People are living to be rescued,
From the presence of using common sense.
But unfortunately gone unrecognized,
Is that which to them offends yet is sought.

Observe with a listening.
And more one will see,
With eyes clear and ears open.
People denying a participating in their existence.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Denying To Hide It

Those who lie and deny they do,
Have never been introduced to value truth.
Dishonesty for them is a way of life.
And a mindset like this without insight,
To believe others wrong and themselves right...
Inspite of facts shown to them under spotlight,
Will always defy against common sense.
To think of common sense,
As something they can make up to create...
With the use of tears to convince,
An innocence performed well is acceptable.

'So...
Let me see if I understand this.
Even though you lie with a denying to hide it,
You believe the dropping of tears...
Should excuse what you consciously did? '

~A lie is only a lie 'if' I was caught in the act.~

'You 'were' caught in the act.'

~But...
I know other people who lie.
And they weren't caught.
Why me?
Why should I be victimized like this? ~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Denying What They See Is Themselves

Jealousy, envy.
And a lack of self-worth with identity,
Closed the door on them to lock all out...
From a treasure that was theirs,
That could have been shared...
To broaden their opportunities with other things to do.

But blinded to it was the intention of those ignorant.
With a keeping of ignorance as their preference.
And as a means to show themselves down to Earth.
But yet wanting to move away from those,
Who mirrored them with their 'down-to-Earth' activities.
Although denying what they see is themselves reflected.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Department Of Delusions

Shared between them...
They have BA's MA's Doctorate degrees,
Law degrees with corporate affiliations.

They drive nice cars and live in fine homes.
Sit as directors of this foundation...
And that 'creation'.
Some hit and dribble balls as well as throw them.
Many make fantastic incomes,
Entertaining the poor, rich, young...
And those declared slower than some.

There are billionaires, millionaires and others,
Who just carry 'aires' for no apparent reason...
Other than beliefs of having 'birthrights'.
And not one of these folks got the 'memo'
That their beloved decadent society of social ills,
Had begun to crumble?
When lawmakers are stumbling over the homeless,
In Washington, DC.
And many of them are veterans of their conflicts started?

Even though it has not been formally announced!
There is definitely a Department of Delusions...
Fed at the waste of the taxpayers' expense!
And standing in unemployment lines...
Now with those identical feelings felt,
That those who were hung from trees...
And dragged behind cars for far less offenses.
Those folks just wanted an opportunity to be who they were.
And not one has yelled to the ones responsible...
'If you don't like it here,
Go back to where you came from.
With your moronic philosophies about life! '

As was done when it was fun to do so!
And ignorance was bliss!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Department Of Re-Creation

We have heard your side of the story.
And fiction based with a wholesome taste,
Is what has been discovered...
Has made it that way.

And although your story lacks,
Both truth and any basis of uncovered facts...
It has been decided to hire you to head,
The Department Of Re-Creation.
With a keeping intact what is needed most,
To inspire and motivate all of our actions.

We take this opportunity to congratulate you,
In maintaining your determination...
To suspend from the usage of any reality produced.
Our future in your hands,
Has been sealed indefinitely!
We can all now sigh a most needed relief.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Dependable

I have long been prepared and accustomed,
To do at my best and expect it to be compared...
With a mediocrity another who has less discipline,
Had been picked and selected to express similar effort.
And I have learned too many lessons,
Not to let the obvious reasons upset me.

Longevity addressed can not be refused.
People come to know it.
And rely upon its consistency to not become confused.
Tried and staying true to a quality introduced,
Is dependable and is never replaced...
By two-faced excuse makers seeking applause.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Dependency On Others

All their problems began,
When a belief of being better than others...
Developed in the hiding from their own insecurities.

And their dependency on others,
Has become an obvious revelation.
How great can one leeching to feed 'and' deceive...
Be?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Dependent On Impressions Made

Some stay stuck in their party ways.
Floating along not to move on.
Long after they've come to go...
To have ended.
Floating along not to move on.
And others haven't left,
Their college days.
Just floating along not to move on.
Keeping in step with times gone.
But not in their minds,
Where these times remain.

Dedicated to a nonstopping done...
To get up on that good foot.
Dedicated to a nonstopping done...
To shake that 'thang'.
Dedicated to a nonstopping done...
To get up on that good foot.
Dedicated to a nonstopping done...
To times,
Unchanged.
And with,
Minds the same.

Dependent on a having fun.
Dependent on a keeping young.
Dependent on impressions made.
And,
Never aging.

Dependent on a having fun.
Dependent on a keeping young.
Dependent on impressions made.
And,
Never aging.

Some stay stuck in their party ways.
Floating along not to move on.
And others haven't left,

Their old school days.
Floating along not to move on.

Dependent on a having fun.
Dependent on a keeping young.
Dependent on impressions made.
And,
Never aging.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Dependent On Their Sentiments

If I sat with thoughts,
About what others think.
I would be dependent,
On their sentiments.
And my own thoughts would be abandoned.
Orphaned after I gave birth to them.
Hoping someone would raise them...
To greater heights than I could.
With wishes they would be treated...
Like I know I could and would.
If I sat with thoughts,
About what others think!
And I am not into abortion at all.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Depending On The Environment

By giving the people exactly what they ask for,
It becomes foolish to respond to their contradictions...
When they demand answers to questions,
As to how things got the way they are.

And not one person will admit,
They have what they requested.
If not...
Why has the acceptance of it,
Been tolerated for so long?
Somebody with their eyes opened wide,
Had to have seen it and told someone else.

To deny that something does not exist,
That is obvious...
To then declare not wanting it,
After years of pretending it had not been there...
Is more than a 'bit' unrealistic.

This 'phenomenon' can be labelled as...
Living unconsciously.

However...
Those more direct would say this is stupid!
Those less direct,
Would 'think' of this as being mentally sick!
Depending on the environment.
And who is appropriately covered,
By adequate health insurance to be medically medicated.
To co-pay at one's expense to achieve 'normalcy'.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Depending On Who Tells It

Why weren't you there in attendance?

'Depending on who tells it,
And for the reason it has been told...
I was supposed to have known about it.'

So why weren't you there?

'Depending on who tells it,
And for the reason it has been told...
I was supposed to have known about it.'

What are you saying?
You didn't know?

'If I knew,
Who would I have heard it from...
You? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Depends On What I Eat

'How is it that you do what it is you do? '

Well...
From my ambitious toilet creations?
Or would you prefer to take notes,
During my temper tantrum escapades?

'How do you maintain your prolificness? '

Well...
That depends on what I eat,
I imagine.
How do you maintain yours?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Depicted As Narcissistic

Say what you wish,
But the business of keeping people sick...
Has become an industry.
And those desiring to remain in good health,
Have become the ones depicted...
As narcissistic,
Ego manics.
Wanting to live lives feeling great...
Without aches and pains to complain about it,
On a daily basis.

And there those declaring themselves as sick,
Sit in a hospital to prove first IF they can afford it.
WITH prescriptions to be written by a certified doctor...
Hoping someone has paid in advance for advice given,
Knowing that good advice from one's lips...
Does not stick inside a head of one impatient.
Or one unwilling to break away from old habits.
And showing no signs a wish for good health,
Has been accepted in their minds.
Or even given time for it to visit.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Depiction Of Understated Greatness

With their inciting of infighting,
And backbiting done...
I find it amazing,
They can declare anyone to be their enemies.

But they do it with precision,
As if their mode of operation...
Has not revealed their cloak and dagger motives,
They use against themselves 'first'...
To ensure they effectively succeed in their purpose.
Is implemented to promote...
A just and do cause!

Which is...?
To...?
Be viewed as...?
Insane?

I don't know.
What else could explain such devisive tactics?

I was on a roll until I came to the end of this,
Depiction of understated greatness.
But...
I could not 'create' an explanation,
To excuse such mindlessness!
Thoughtlessness?
Or...
Whatever it is!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Depictions May Solicit Unhealthy Images

Controversy and the raising of eyebrows,
Produces the same affect.
From those who prepare to protest,
The reading of an epic.
That depicts within its pages,
A newborn being breast fed.

And the author is neither married.
Or has children.
And the one who has written this epic,
May be a male who describes.
His own upbringing.

Upsetting those who believe,
His depictions may solicit unhealthy images.
To those who are children,
Already experienced at downloading pornography.
On their cellphones.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Depictions To Pay For Their Fears

There will always be those,
From behind their windows and closed doors...
Seeking 'something' to offend their limitations.
And fenced in comfort zones.

To then protest it, they do, to others who get upset.
Yet criticizing what goes on,
Around their isolated lives...
Seems never to have them realize,
What exists on the otherside of their set limits...
Still connects.
With or without a fence to defend,
Whatever it is that is perceived to offend them.
And many will not accept,
Conscious of it or not...
That the only exit there is from it is death.
No matter how, from where or who...
Monitors their high-tech security systems.

There will always be those,
From behind their windows and closed doors...
Seeking 'something' to offend their limitations.
And fenced in comfort zones.
With a seeking to protect themselves.
As they peek without sleeping for reasons to validate,
Depictions to pay for their fears.

'Is this 9-1-1? '

~Yes.~

'I need the police to come here, quickly.'

~What's the problem? ~

'My neighbors have invited people in their home,
I've never seen before.'

~And...

How are 'you' threatened by this? ~

'One carries a six-pack of beer.
And the other holds,
What appears to me to be a bottle of wine.
You know...
The cheap kind.
And I know for a fact an empty bottle can be used,
As a weapon.'

~I see.
Have you tried minding your own business? ~

'Excuse me?
I'm being pro-active here.
Hello?
HELLO? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Depictions With Descriptions To Define

Conflicting hypocrisies will always find depictions,
With descriptions to define in terms accepted.
And with the use of excuses to protect denials.
Yet placed on trial is anyone suspected,
Who questions with a consciousness connected...
That which others routinely receive without thought.
And is rumored to believe they perceive themselves,
To be knowledgeable about almost 'everything'.

And...should be ignored.
Because those they question are not interested,
To invite or explore possibilities.
In fact...
They become easily bored,
By anything that has a direct affect on their lives.
But the asking of 'why' things today happen,
Still remains to be a mystery to keep them puzzled.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Depictive Passages

Each day...
Presents its own uniqueness.
Each day...
Different from the last.

And with imaginations grasped...
Somewhere, someone sees it fit,
To describe their experiences...
In depictive passages.
Deciding to recite or to write,
As each day lived passes them by.

Each day...
Presents its own uniqueness.
Each day...
Different from the last.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Depleted Of An Energy

Depleted of an energy,
I once sought with a seeking...
To have the abundance of it,
Released easily from me.

Depleted of an energy,
I never thought one day...
I had to preserve some of it,
For myself to keep.

Expressed activities I would do,
Without thought to getting rest or sleep.
And eating healthy with my mind on dieting,
Was not a priority when I nibbled on treats.

Depleted of an energy,
As if my youth from me has been released.
Depleted of an energy.
And that agelessness of it has aged me quick.

Mysterious aching bones,
Come to pay me long visits.
Even through my exercises,
I look somewhere for a place to sit.

And I find it no longer difficult,
To admit to myself when it is time to quit.
When the hint of an ailment begins to make me sick.
Depleted I am of an energy.
But nothing keeps me from reminiscing,
The amount of it I once had.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Depleted Of Bonafide Tasks

The only ones appearing to be running afraid these days,
Are those seeking explanations...
Of their non-existing accountabilities.
To prove they are not incompetent.
Since continuing to masquerade with impressions to make,
Has not proven to anyone to be beneficial.

And those now demanding more than speeches without substance,
Accompanied with colorful graphs to depict scientific procedures...
Depleted of bonafide tasks,
Have asked...
'What has any of this to do with caps placed on funding?
And 'who' is responsible for not keeping our expectations,
Cost effective with our money disappearing fast.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Deplorable (Stuck In The Muck)

There is no other way to define,
Deplorable.
Or associating the term,
With a diseasing epidemic...
Allowed to spread a despicable germ.
If the definition fits,
Examples exposed...
To have been dismissed.
Leaving those most affected,
Unaware this activity witnessed...
Represents a sickness,
Then what else can be said...
About the ones who follow,
Blinded without thoughts...
To connect in their heads.
Where oh where,
Has consciousness gone?
Will it ever come back,
From delusions held onto...
Much too long.

'Yes! I said it.
Their activities have been blatantly,
And unmistakably deplorable.
Being politically correct,
Can not close a can of worms...
I did not open.
Nor was I present,
When they were stirred into...
An open pot boiling hot.
If I'm accused of anything,
Accuse me for refusing...
To put a lid on top to stop,
The odor, stench and toxic fumes.'

Stuck in the muck with smucks.
Committed and addicted.
A horror too deplorable,
But not convinced it's sick.

And many don't realize it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Deploying Troops Of Truth

No matter what is said to them,
People will believe what they choose to believe.
And those creative with gossip skills,
Have networked their own reality system...
Into a comfortable safety zone!

There are generations of people,
Who have accepted their lives based on what they've heard.
Can you imagine not asking questions about your existence?
The moment I was told to be 'quiet' about something I had asked...
That was a signal to me!
Find out on my own.

To say I was a nosey little boy is an understatement.
I 'had' to satisfy my curiosity.
And If that curiosity of mine was not satisfied...
Somebody's nerves were guaranteed to be plucked.

There are generations of people,
Who have accepted their lives based on what they've heard.
Can you imagine not asking questions about your existence?
The moment I was told to be 'quiet' about something I had asked...
That was a signal to me!
Find out on my own.

And many people don't do that.
So many are programmed to believe what they are told.
And it is very easy to deceive someone like that.
It's a control factor that is enjoyed.
And that control factor has made attempts,
Deploying troops of truth into minds!
A success of this...
Does not appear to be victorious!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Deposits I Have Made

Deposits I have made,
Throughout the years...
Without expectations,
Of receiving a dividend.
Was not a reason,
Why I chose to bank my time.
There was a giving of it I needed to do.

And then one day it happened.
I became the recipient of interests,
God bestowed upon me...
From those deeds I deposited,
When my needs only God inspected...
To detect it was my time to receive,
Blessings.

Dedicated to:
Gracie Lewis and Family.
Hartford, Connecticut

'Thank you, Gracie.
You are such a positive force.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Depravity

Masking acts of depravity,
Will not make the doing of it go away.
However,
To market it as a sweetener...
That has mental and physical benefits,
With an enhanced diet appeal...
Is good business,
To keep depravity a seduction one accepts.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Depressed With Love

Sometimes I am so depressed with love!
Yes.
Depressed with it!
Some folks don't have it at all to give.
Negative and selfish takers...
Collecting waste and making heartbreakers.
That's what is done,
When someone dumps upon another someone.
For fun and stupidity.
Being as ignorant as they can be.
Oh I can't explain how that gets to me.
But it does.
Sometimes I am so depressed with love!
Yes.
Depressed with it
Instead of throwing kisses...
I'd like to split a few lips with my fists.
I know that's not 'politically correct'
To handle those I view as misfit.
But it sometimes gets difficult to express...
I'm feeling deep warmth and happiness at best!
When I know I expose an anger on my face,
That hides a glowing love kept depressed...
In public I'd like to erase.
But honestly...
Am I the only one that wishes to spank a few butts?
Because a mess spreading has fed many of us up?
And no one wants to RECOGNIZE LOVE for what it is?
This is what gets me livid and pissed.
Yes.
Sometimes I am so depressed with love!
Yes.
Depressed with it

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Deprived

People choose to accept,
The plated fakeness of 'bling'.
And what they have been led to believe.
That a symbolic success...
Is easier to achieve.
If copied as anticipated!
To mimic as one pleases.

The status of bling,
Only has to glow intentions.
With a sheen that gains attention.
To mean anything...
As long as it satisfies the eyes,
With a glitter that sparkles bright.
For those deprived and spending lives enclosed,
Without that genuine experience to expose...
And/or enlighten.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Depth Is Connected To This Process

If I know I have been disrespected,
For the experiences I have gained...
To earn and not be given.
And you did this to show my growth process,
As something no more than a passing fad!
What makes you think I should remain patient,
With a tolerance to accept your choice to stay ignorant?
And I had no choice but to face my obstacles alone,
While you made the decision to run away from yours.

What makes you think those changes I have accepted,
Would not make me aware of who disrespects my efforts?
You have not arrived to that kind of consciousness yet,
To recognize a depth is connected to this process...
That quickly rejects stupidity immediately.
Mine to do temporarily. Even yours. All kinds.
And with a doing that is absent of regrets.
None!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Depth Of Emotions Felt

Those who have never had other reponsibilities,
But to give to themselves with a feeding...
Of self centeredness,
Will never understand the depth of emotions felt...
By others who feel them from that perspective.
Or have a connection to life,
They feel does not entertain their right to socialize.
This is what they believe is accountability.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Depth Of Faith

Defying opposition takes,
Staying awake.
With little rest to get.
And sacrificing sleep at night.
Fighting off doubts and demons,
Looking out...
Determined to make one's life,
As close to a living hell.
To do to serve evil appetites.

Efforts to take steps,
To pursue those endeavors made...
Requires one to remain strict,
To reduce the seduction of giving up.
Or thoughts of doing it to sit and cuss.

And on a daily basis,
This is what one who is determined...
Has to do with a depth of faith unshakened.
Since obstacles one faces,
Just don't go away...
When it is known to be shown,
That strength one keeps...
Can be tested and not easily defeated.

'Is he laughing and crying at the same time? '

~Yeah.
He's trying to confuse us,
With a new tactic he's using.~

'And he is not smoking crack? '

~No.
But he seems to be talking to himself.~

'Hmmm.
Maybe we've gotten to him.
And his mind has snapped.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Depthless Masquerades

They see a vulnerability
And believe to themselves
That is the sum of me.
I do not mine the exposure of my mind.
To have some find me
A fool sometimes.
But they can not see
From the eyes of this fool...
A shallowness they perceive,
Is deep under this skin.
And travels far beyond them!
As they conceive a life they live...
On surfaces of thin density.
Without probing thoughts...
To exchange or relay.
Since masks hiding hollowness,
Is all they have chosen to portray!
And I am perfectly okay,
To fit within any...
And to sit and dip,
With all depthless masquerades!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Depths Unknown

I write from my heart.
And...
That my thoughts or feelings,
Go misunderstood not to comprehend...
Will not stop what is felt,
To experience and explore.
I am not living my life to ignore possibilities.
Or...
To have them simplified to pick from surfaces...
Expected by some,
Refusing to do a depth done.
There are depths unknown I want to adventure.
With an understanding where, what or why,
I choose to reveal the undoing of limits...
And not make attempts to keep them protected.
There are depths unknown I want to adventure.
If others want them kept unknown,
They need not take the option I've taken to explore.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Descendents Of The He Said She Said Types

People who pass judgement
Without knowing the facts.
Or participate in verbal attacks
Against someone
They have no knowledge of...
Are quick to excuse this abuse.

And it is seen in their eyes,
They wish to apologize!
But a glance into yours...
Tells them,
They shouldn't have opened their mouths,
In the first place!

You realize too,
They are professional at what they do.
So the best thing to express,
When you meet someone like this by accident...
Is to say what's on your mind and leave.
They are descendents of the he said she said types.
And wont remember exactly what they said about you,
Specifically!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Descendents Of Their Founding Fathers

It all has been there!
From the very beginning of its plotting.
Ingredients used?
A perception of kindness.
When introduced,
For purposes to reduce a 'selected' opponent.
Thus starting the art of deception.
Use this to exclaim a reason to fear approaches.

It all has been there from the 'arrival'.
Rivals quickly became the feast,
Upon which to feed ignorance.

Manifest ignorance and market its value.
Lay a tax upon its importance.
Dangle loans and credit...
With teased dreams to keeping the reaching,
Never ending!

Blind folks with their own self centeredness.
Steal from them their integrity...
While their eyes are glazed with greed.
Then take their pride and everything they have.
This tactic had worked splendidly with those of 'color'.
But who knew...
These deceptive techniques would work so well,
On their own kind!

Did anyone in the laboratory not realize the affects of this?
It seems that when gluttony reaches its peak...
Those infected,
Then acquire a taste for cannibalism.
The urban areas have been out of control for years.
However,
The mystery of this...
Those who claim to be descendents of their founding fathers,
Are the ones who have become highly addicted...
To the smell of their own blood!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Described As Arrogant

One's desire to contribute,
With a doing done others refuse to do...
Is often interpreted as one who displays ego.
Why would someone like this,
Choose to do what others refuse to?
It has to be ego.
Or a hidden agenda meant to confuse.
Right?

Until one gives up on making such attempts.
To then be described as arrogant.
With a self-centeredness,
Some waste their time in a gossiping...
To expressed.
But the validating of this is difficult to address,
Since the ones refusing to do...
Procrastinate with their making of excuses.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Deserving

Only that which maintains,
A sustained development kept...
Shows those a growth they witness,
To not question its meaning.
Or a progress made and with depth.

If something thought understood,
Begins to confuse one's belief...
To then have others come to agree,
They too misunderstood...
What they took for granted,
Had changed from what they had perceived.

'Blame that on a lack of interest.'

~What? ~

'Perhaps there was a lack of interest.
A lack of it shown and there all the time.
And that which had not changed at all,
Was neither in disguise or difficult to find.
Since only that which attracts an interest,
Isn't said to be heard by anyone expressing...
Their beliefs to keep had been deceived.'

~I just 'assumed' from gossip heard,
What they did to do I too should expect.~

'So like the others you too,
Thought it best to express to them disrespect?
What interest did you show,
In their efforts or endeavors? '

~None.~

'Then why should you expect,
Your assumptions to provide understanding?
Or a receiving of anything to get then leave.
And why do you believe,

Any lack of interest to anything shown...
Should reveal to you what it is 'automatically'? '

~What they do is not my 'thing'? ~

'That's apparent.
But benefits from others' interests expressed,
You expect? '

~Why not?
I think I'm deserving.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Deserving Of Individual Life Boats

Assuming...
That if they let the ship sink,
With a captain they've been made to dislike...
They could hop in the life boats,
Saving themselves...
And row to shore.
To receive the adulation of the people,
They believe await them to applaud their activities...
Adored.

However...
The doers perceive each one of them,
Are deserving of individual life boats.
With a servant to row...
And catered service.

These are the same doers,
Who implemented their own castastrophy.
And these are the same doers who now argue over...
The design of the life boats and the suits they should wear,
When they are honored at individual ceremonies...
To highlight the efforts each individually achieved.

And...
These are the same doers who pretend they can swim,
But have not a clue what to do with their arms.
However...
Dressed the part to play the role,
Is quite different than the acutal performance expected.
And many of them 'now' have decided...
Perhaps letting the ship sink was not a good idea.
So now they scramble amongst themselves,
To determine the cost of repair...
And if that can be done as cheaply as possible.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Deserving Of It To Get

One's success to obtain and achieve,
With it sustained to maintain...
And for years repeated,
Will be difficult to beat.
Especially by those attempting to seek,
Various ways to deceive others to defeat it...
In the hopes one's success is perceived a fluke.
Without proof.
Or investigated documentation.
But through misdeeds created to intimidate,
One with an innovative mind not trying to find time...
For superficial ways to impress anyone.
Since what has been done to accomplish...
Had already been tested by those who protested,
Against the doer accustomed to objections.
And success to achieve,
With sacrifice, sweat, tears and rolled up sleeves...
Is seldom unfamiliar with opposition to receive.
To turn away with a decision made,
That a faith kept is not worth to keep.
Or that which arrives should be rejected.
To be convinced a deserving of it to get,
Was not a blessing intended or meant.
No one who achieves to receive success,
Is easily swayed by those resenting to prevent it.
The doing of it presented is a done deal.
Real as cement and sealed to be revealed.
And...
Leaving those despising often left to plagiarize,
To lie about the origins of their creativity.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Deserving Of Thunderous Applause

In the light shining as brightly,
As man made wattage can create...
On every aspect of life uncovered these days,
There are those still deluded with beliefs...
They can do absolutely what they please.
And not be detected.

With a disregarding of flashing warning signs.
Dead end fences placed in front of paveless roads.
And limping victims bandaged from head to toe.
There are those choosing to stubbornly resist this,
With or without the validation of 'rumors'...
To remove these proven barriers.

And...
Will later admit to anyone who will listens,
How they wished that had made other decisions...
That would not only relieved them from misery and regret.
But would have also eliminated their need to find reasons,
To blame someone else...
For the feeling of their discomforts.

These performances heard more and more each day,
Are deserving of thunderous applause...
From those touched and emotionally moved,
By some the best dramatic acting found anywhere...
Although rehearsed,
But not produced for stage or film to be repeatedly witnessed.

'The tears!
The trembling of the lips.
Your slow downcasting of the eyes...
To become affixed as if saddened?
Simply incredible!
Magnificent.
One of the most brilliant performances I have 'ever' seen.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Deserving To Be Celebrated

A good fight to win if won,
Seems to be more celebrated...
By those distant from trenches.
With a doing not to heal wounds to mend.
Or a single moment spent,
Wishing to impress while stressed.
And under duress with no rest to get.
Just to hear cheers and see the flow of tears...
Dripping down the eyes of the ones,
Glad to collect from the placing of their bets.
Leaving those who have put up good fights to win,
Left to forget with a caring less...
If they are homeless, hungry for love or have regrets,
Knowing that a fight they had sacrificed to win...
Completely disconnects them,
From participating as celebrants...
Deserving to be celebrated.

'Excuse me.
But who invited you?
And why do you appear to be less enthusiastic?
Are you sure you belong here?
OR did someone give you the wrong address? '

~I'm just one of those who prevented your loss.
That's all.~

'Yeah, right.
Then why aren't you being recognized? '

~Convenience.
And wishes of others,
To keep certain images kept.
With a doing not to introduce ill will.
Or feelings of guilt,
While sharing the winnings of their collected bets.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Designated Destinations

I have not traveled on a path to impress,
With assumed expectations.
Or have my eyes on prizes I did not create.
Not a part of it has been safely paved,
To expect my steps freed of obstacles to face.
Or had I guidelines to follow to avoid opposition.
Only with faith and mistakes made to correct,
Did I without doubt continue my journey.

And those who took smooth and easier routes,
With designated destinations in colorized depictions...
To find themselves protesting the serving they taste,
Of that which they have produced with preferences made...
Should blame themselves and not others,
For stubborn decisions they alone condoned...
And effectively put into place to initiate a deluded grandeur.
Although unexpected disappointment is not theirs to erase.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Designs Of Mother Nature

The designs of Mother Nature,
Are often explained.
But an escaping from the pattern,
Mother Nature makes...
Offers few and limited places,
To run to feel safe 'anywhere' to escape.

And as history has shown,
Advanced civilizations escavations revealing...
To be unearthed and known,
Mother Nature has yet to show favor...
To those sophisticated with updated weapons,
With priorities to destroy what Mother Nature deploys.

'God and Mother Nature has nothing to do with it! '

Maybe that's why your beliefs are repeatedly defeated.
With an insisting upon not listening to comprehend.
But willing to defend and 'assume' with no end,
You can do as you please with a creating of your doom.
And each time this lesson is taught to bring to your attention,
You 'believe' you have been chosen to extinguish your existence.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Desire Love

Be still
Temptations teasing
Seeking to release seed
From thighs heated
And the roar of thunder
Shakes
To satisfying heights

Cry in silence

Discipline the need
To waste regrettably
Desire love
And not lust
To come
From one whose heart
Is given

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Desire!

What makes someone become better,
At doing what it is they do?

That depends.
Some feel they have sacrificed enough,
Just by getting out of bed in the morning...
To go to a job to do a routine with lesser effort.

Some have a purpose to do nothing but vegetate.
These people are best at excuse finding.
Suggest 'anything' that will make them feel better...
And it will be their lifestyle they will without end defend.

What makes someone become better,
At doing what it is they do?

Desire!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Desired Outcomes

Desired outcomes that miss the mark,
When someone wishing 'assumes'...
Another to be accountable,
For that which is not heard or mentioned...
From them to set into motion,
To initiate a start in waiting that hesitates.
This...
Becomes fated to never surface,
To see the light of day!

And yet,
People on the fence sitting...
Expect attention,
They seldom get.
Even at the height...
Of their questionable protests,
And public fights ignited...
For rights demanded.
As if these should be to them handed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Desires Kept

Subjective objectivity,
Received and reflecting acceptance...
Effective.
Is never a consideration to suspect,
By those protesting benefits they don't get.
And yet,
Perceive they do...
To also be entitled.

'What about me? '
~What have you done to qualify,
A kept belief...
There is something done that others do,
You are deserving of acknowledgement too? ~

Subjective objectivity,
Seldom benefits those...
Without purpose or focus.
Although most expect,
What others get...
Should not leave them ignored,
Or neglected.

With motivation and inspiration,
Desires kept are often met and introduced...
To success that comes unexpected.
And difficult it is to teach,
From podiums and/or pulpits preached...
Those lessons often left unlearned.
When those who come to hear the 'Word',
Leave to understand one thing heard.

The preacher preaches.
The teachers teach.
Yet attention to them given,
Is not their position to demand understanding...
From those pretending,
They comprehend with a listening.

'But...
But, what about me? '

~Have you focused with subjectivity?
Or did you object,
To the message others received? ~

'What...?
There was a message? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Desiring To Control

Those masks worn to dispense conflict,
Have begun to expose the ones who perpetrate it.
With a penetrating done,
Meant to be permanent.

But an unsuspecting awakening...
Is beginning to make attempts,
To prevent this evil and devilment sent.

Those masks worn to dispense conflict,
Have begun to expose the ones who perpetrate it.
And it should come as no surprise,
How the quality of deceit with the use of effective lies...
Has hypnotized with a sweetened treatment,
That has controlled the lives of unconscious minds.

Those masks worn to dispense conflict,
Are being removed slowly...
From the ones responsible,
For the escalation of troubling world events.

And even though this wickedness to many doesn't make sense...
It does,
If you are among the few...
Desiring to control and over many to rule!
With a keeping of a population convinced...
What is being done is in their best interest meant.

'Do you smell that? '

~No.
Smell what? ~

'A very slight presence,
Of manure in the air! '

~No,
I haven't noticed it.~

'You will...
Or my name is not Wilson.'

~Your name isn't Wilson.~

'That's just how strong that stench is going to be.
Who we 'think' we are...
Will never again be the same.
AND...
Mother Nature?
Is not just going to stand by and watch the unfolding either.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Desperate And Dreaming

Desperate!
And dreaming.
Of a life that would be the best,
With a lot less guessing kept.

Yes, I'm desperate.
And dreaming.
To leave behind a manifesting of,
All that is that comes to suck my blood!

Aches and pains that cause me strain,
That come along to suck my blood.
Emotions that seem to remain the same,
That come along to suck my blood.
Relationships splitting over petty business,
That come along to suck my blood.
It's hard to move forward when a stagnant sits.
That comes along to suck my blood.

Yes, I am desperate.
And dreaming.
To leave behind a manifesting of,
All that is that comes to suck my blood!

I'm ready to leave behind the tit for tat pits,
That come along to suck my blood.
And people who decide they wish an argument,
That come along to suck my blood.
While stirring up their needless conflicts meant.
That come along to suck my blood.
From me I want all of that pushed and shoved.
That comes along to suck my blood.
That comes along to suck my blood.

Oh yes, I'm desperate.
And I'm also dreaming.
To leave behind a manifesting of,
All that is that comes to suck my blood!

Aches and pains that cause me strain,
That come along to suck my blood.
Emotions that seem to remain the same,
That come along to suck my blood.
Relationships splitting over petty business,
That come along to suck my blood.
It's hard to move forward when a stagnant sits.
That comes along to suck my blood.

Desperate!
And dreaming.
Of a life that would be the best,
With a lot less guessing kept.

Yes, I'm desperate.
And dreaming.
To leave behind a manifesting of,
All that is that comes to suck my blood!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Desperate Are These Hours

Desperate are these hours lived that come,
To gather those shattered by slinging innuendos.
And windows once opened to welcome fresh air...
Are sealed to conceal a liveliness heard and shared!

People are afraid and scared to speak their minds.
Afraid of accusations and 'graped-vined' whines...
Descending upon their dwindling peace.
A peace of mind they fought hard to find!

Too many have released,
Little 'white lies' that have increased.
With eyes demonic and with evil tongues that speak!
Ruining lives as time flys by!

Desperate are these hours lived that come!
Leaving most to host their fear in panic,
Behind closed doors...
Bolting locks and ignoring knocks.
As those who boost the spread of scum...
Delight in their madness that has diseased everyone!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Desperate Measures

Desperate measures taken to create motives,
For purposes to explain an absence of discipline...
And a lack of accountability nowhere that remains,
Is a waste of desperate measures taken...
When truth is exposed with it shown to see,
Those spending time creating motives...
Are less motivated with incentive.
And more inspired by inventive imaginations.
Left to leave reality and facts to believe inactive.
With their focus on motives without substance shown.

'I understand what you are saying.
And I have been aware of your motives.
But what is it 'really' that you wish me to believe?
If it's deception I need not to be convinced.
You have more than achieved my expectations.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Desperate To Have Conversation

No matter what is said.
To whom it is said and how.
If the listener is not ready,
Or has patience enough to comprehend...
Whatever is said,
And to whom it is said and how...
That point attempted to be made,
Will offend if eye contact is not established...
From the beginning.
To first gain permission into the mind of someone,
Who can tell without a word spoken...
Whether or not whoever speaks,
Is sincere enough to give attention.

People with eyes cast down.
Or looking from side to side,
Are not prepared or ready for the truth.
And there is nothing like asking someone to repeat,
What has been said that has been addressed to the ground.

Unless...
One is so desperate to have conversation,
To lay upon the ground is not beneath them.
And there is an urgency to have it done,
No matter whose mouth these words may come.

'Okay.
I'm here for you.
Here to understand your needs.'

~This is most embarrassing.~

'For who? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Despicable Flaws

One's fame, fortune and success to achieve,
Sometimes may give them the right to feel...
AND perceive,
They can re-write the rules of morality.
To believe an anointing of self-importance obtained,
Removes the blemishes and defects that stains...
Upon a life in darkened shadows kept discreet.
With temptations secretly addicting to excuse,
To be left hidden and protected to accept...
While abusing those unsuspecting but later detect,
To do as long as they keep denials in check.
And a self-righteous to live life publicly entertaining.
For causes to keep their despicable flaws unknown.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Despised For Taking Heat

'I can't stay here.
I realize my life,
Should be a priority to take...
Much more seriously.'

It is so difficult to be,
In a position of leadership.
With it done expected to please,
Every decision made to be accepted.

Respect may not be always given,
To the one who leads.
Often alone and neglecting their own needs.
Just to appease those who judge and critique.

And from seats to sit,
With arms folded and twisted lips.
Many are prepared to backbite.
To not know what it's like to sacrifice.

Or...
Stand up from seats where they sit,
Without whispering but to commit...
With a voice that is heard to speak.
Regardless if despised for taking heat.

'I can't stay here.
I realize my life,
Should be a priority to take...
Much more seriously.'

~But wait!
We made a decision,
You are the only one qualified to lead us.~

'And I made the decision,
Not to qualify myself...
The one who can prove,
I can be backstabbed to then laugh.

And leave you glad I've been made crazed?
I suggest you return to the picket lines.
Since my time and life ahead,
To spend these days...
Will find me more appreciative to live it.
You all are out of your 'corrupt' up minds.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Despised For Their Honesty

Look around.
Where is truth to have been found to be,
Popular?
Or heard to be seen,
Where people are begging...
To have their thirst quenched with it.

Problems created by those sitting,
In positions of authority...
To have made unwise decisions.
Are the ones most difficult to fix.
No one admits their incompetence.
Or having a hint of knowing what it is.

People like this,
Picked and selected to sit mindless...
Are more often than not,
Liked and quick to smile hiding...
With others in social gatherings.
Hoping to obtain a status to gain.
While promoting themselves,
Among others who drop names claimed.
And that's it.
The beginning and the end,
Of their accomplishments.

Despised for their honesty,
And overlooked expertise...
Are often those well known,
For theirs abilities to get things done.
Too often become the ones ignored and shunned.
With leaving those familiar and accustomed,
To hearing excuses made,
Listening to the ones they have chosen to pick...
Repeating the same promises that satisfies,
An acceptance of a love to complain.

Look around.
Where is truth to have been found to be,

Popular?
Or heard to be seen,
Where people are begging...
To have their thirst quenched with it?

Look around again.
Where are the people,
Despised for their honesty?
And overlooked expertise?
Nowhere around to be found.
But judged for their kept distance.
To be negatively critiqued.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Despised Or Medicated

We do what we need to do,
To get things done.
No one I know has a magic wand,
To pass among anyone.

If you perceive life as chaotic,
It will be as chaotic as you wish.
Whatever you observed to nourish on...
Has been focused upon,
Until you made it exist.

Troubles and struggles of others ignored,
Did not have to find themselves resting...
Comfortably at your door!
Who decided they were yours?
Did you explore the origin of their existence?
Remember...
It was you who turned your back.
You might have made them invisible to view...
However,
Your wish to have them disappear,
Made it clear you were not!
On your door they came to knock.

Whether or not you keep them blocked.
Or despised.
Even medicated...
You can not hide them from your eyes!
The truth that once came to set you free...
Now bleeds within you internally.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Despite Rolling Eyes

Strong!
Confident.
Self-assured.
Endures setbacks,
With faith and dignity applied.
Relies on God...
To assist the dismissal
Of inner struggles,
Disguised
No one can describe,
From a depth inside.
And not afraid at all...
To admit
Sometimes there are conflicts and flaws!
And yet...
Beset by criticisms one gets.
In silence one accepts this!
Taught that it takes...
Heartaches carried with heartbreaks!
And despite criticisms and rolling eyes...
A success rewarded will materialize.
If one seeks to meet challenges,
Without the shallowness of whines and cries!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Despite Sacrifices Done

Stillness is invited in the mind of one,
Who obtains a peaceful existence...
Over a period of time that comes.

And accepting that everyone,
Has their share of setbacks...
A heart once burden,
Begins to learn that fact!

A freedom to be oneself and no one else,
Is a satisfaction gained and maintained...
Producing a certain pride that is felt!

It is a glorious feeling,
To appreciate one's life.
Despite sacrifices done...
Returning with enlightenment,
To brighten one with a deepened insight!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Despite The Lies, Deceit And Torment

People with selective memories,
Always want others not to remember...
What it was they had done.
Especially to those who have survived,
To heal from wounds to live happy lives...
Despite the lies, deceit and torment,
Some enjoyed inflicting upon them.

And...
Coincidentally,
They remain the same people today...
Who selectively 'choose' to forget,
What it was done they did decisively to others...
With a purpose to damage and affect their lives.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Destination: Hate!

Avoided.
Destination: Hate!
Aborted.
A doing of a wasted time,
To schedule or contemplate...
A mindless fate.
Found by many,
Enjoying this direction to keep defined...
A fate of destruction with reasons to find.

'No one gets off at that stop!
It's been avoided.
No one gets off,
To end and wipe out love.'

Too many decades gone to prolong this wrong.
A stopping has been done to those minds to numb.
A deficit of love has sickened all the people.
With a leaving of a future never to them to come.

Avoided.
Destination: Hate!
Aborted.
A mindless fate.

'No one gets off at that stop.
No one gets off to end and wipe out love.'

Too many decades gone to prolong this wrong.
A stopping has been done to those minds to numb.
A deficit of love has sickened all the people.
With a leaving of a future never to them to come.

Avoided.
Destination: Hate!
Aborted.
A mindless waste of time.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Destitute And Isolated

So alone I feel.
So destitute and isolated.
So without hope...
I would sell my faith,
To embrace eyes of kindness once again!
Those tables have turned on me.
And I beg for your forgiveness.

'If you ever face those folks,
Who you deceived with your greed...
I recommend you add a limp!
And don't bathe for a few days.
That is the only way you will escape,
Their hatred.
Do not take for granted,
They will overwhelm you with empathy.
You fed your selfishness...
While destroying their lives.
Hopefully they will not recognize you,
At the food pantry.
We need to eat!

Now...
Say that again.
Add the limp!
And I strongly suggest...
You do not use that,
'Those tables have turned on me' line.
Remember...
These folks are extremely bitter.
And you do not want to leave them with any clues,
Whatsoever.

Okay!
Again.
Do that again!
You've got to be more convincing.
'FEEL IT'.
Feel what you're saying.'

So alone I feel.
So destitute and isolated.
So without hope...
I would sell my faith,
To embrace eyes of kindness once again!
Those taaa...

'Again!
Do it again.
We have to eat.
Someone spit on my fur...
The last time I stood in line.
You want to eat or what?
Do it again.
Perhaps you can get us two cans of fruit cocktail,
This time.
And save 'that' look for 'them'.
I'm not buying your bitterness.
You got us into this mess!

Again!
Do it again! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Destitution

We can not jeopardize our gains.
However...
We can sure maximize our losses.
And at any cost!
What we lose will be an honorable sacrifice...
For all of the hollow victories claimed!
Inspite of our appearances of destitution.
And that is a worthwhile cause to pride,
With a wholesome delivery....
Our future generations will come to respect,
As justifiable!
For the rest of their miserable lives.
And I might add,
We hold these truths to be self evident.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Destroyed But Done With Love

No longer is a kept hype relevent.
With a purpose to keep,
Consistently to serve a meaning meant...
Discovered to have had no content.
Or reason to have whatever it was,
To have hyped without it in sight.
With wishes to keep it kept believed.
Whether it be a quality of life.
Lived day and night to do it right.
Or a greatness of it,
Destroyed but done with love.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Destroyed By Ambiguity

Destroyed by ambiguity.
Distrusting of self...
And disappointed by decisions.
Nothing in nature
Had been distressed like this.
Until progress came along,
To drive humanity into fits!

Employed to sustain confusion.
Correctness is best...
When it is confessed in protest.
And even then...
No one bets to win!
Better off arguing the high costs,
Of medical care and skyrocketing prescriptions!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Destroying Themselves

Each one was given an ax.
To clear the debris on paths they chose.
For the purpose of pursing,
Their dreams and wishes to fulfill.
With the use of an ax to hack away,
Confronting obstacles.
And each one began to chop down,
The support and strength they could have had...
From the roots that grew great family trees.

'What on Earth and in God's name,
Are those people doing to themselves? '

~Clearing from them weeds,
They see and believe to be useless debris.~

'But they are destroying themselves,
And their own family trees.'

~Each one is seeking to get attention.
With a wish to win some kind of competition.
Should we stop them to mention,
Their understanding lacks comprehension? ~

'Hmmm...
No.
What they do makes our renovation process,
Much easier than what we had intended.
Let them finish.
At least it diminishes our plans for diversity.'

~What about that educational component,
We promised to build? ~

'We are not going to change,
The building of a baseball field.
Or the construction of a brewery downtown.
Now we have no need to interpret the meaning.
We'll throw in a few adjoining playgrounds,

For the children.
Just in case some may awaken,
To 'assume' our intentions are to deceive.'

~Well...
Let's proceed.
The entire concept is brilliant.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Destruction As A Purposed Function

Many refuse to accept,
Or comprehend their negligence affects...
What they have done that stuns and comes back,
To their own doorsteps to attack.
Although ample signs have been flashing around them,
With warnings bright and in neon...
Surrounding them with conflicts unending,
And destruction as a purposed function to feed upon.

Those isolated and living within gated communities,
Believing their activities safe and beyond reproach...
To find them blameworthy for their misdeeds,
Are more in fear of the unstable mentalities...
Of those neighbors living close with guns to use,
Kept to them near.
As they feel entitled to arm their children with rifles.
An entitlement their 'kids' are taught to endear.

As an increase of crimes continue to be committed,
By those who can not admit...
Their unquestioned habits,
Have been the reason and the cause for the rise of misfits.
And a self reflection to examine themselves,
Will never come to exist since they've been taught...
With lessons learned and sought to divide,
To then conquer with weapons as their right!
With God on their side.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Detached

The more I see and realize who I am,
I am able to observe those hiding!
Behind masks they believe shields them,
From scrutiny and observation!
They say anything to be believed.
Choosing to be unfocused,
As if protected by fog, smog...
Or other pollutants,
Keeping their thoughts clogged!
It took time to define my vision.
They have no clue,
I am not playing peek a boo.
Even their minds are detached.
Wasting their time attached to mismatches.
Which makes their existence avoidable!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Detailed To Perfection

Overwhelmed, underpaid and married,
To someone who perceives...
Going through the ceremony was enough.
And the performance of being a full-time spouse,
With a part-time agenda given AND expectations...
Roleplayed as seen on TV as duties,
Have a high degree of respect to examine and reflect...
Since no one appears to be exhausted,
From scene to scene.
Nor...
Does a reality hold promise for a lasting relationship,
To depict as scripted for a fulfillment that is blissed.
Not for two discussing retirement plans and death policies,
Just two weeks after the throwing of rice and best wishes.
Although the wedding had been detailed to perfection.
And that picket fence doesn't sit too well,
With the neighbors living across the hall...
In an apartment building.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Details

Before the mind goes...
And any 'suspected' patience,
That is left I 'may' have had...
But did not take an opportunity to express.
I'd like to,
With current humility I recognize within me now,
Say this...
To anyone I might have unwittingly offended.
I'd like to say you can...
Can?
You...
Gee!
It was right on the tip of my tongue too!
How embarrassing?
You can...

'Sounds like...?
Comeon.
Out with it.
I aint got all day to listen to these mushy apologies.
Contrived or not!
Express it. Get it out! '

See?
You see?
That's exactly why folks like you,
Deserve to be told what to kiss!
But I aint feelin' it.
It's a good thing my mind has memory lapses.
Or I'd cuss you out with abundant love.

Which reminds me...
Didn't you promise to pay back my ten dollars?
About a month ago?

Were you hoping I'd forget that?
In fact...
Just last week,
Didn't you borrow fifty more dollars from me?

'Details!
Now you want to include 'details' in the mix! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Détente

We...
You and I.
Have come to see,
Eye to eye.
Cleared are the clouds,
From misunderstandings allowed.
Détente did not come easy.
No sullen breeze,
Was this with it...
When that came!

We...
You and I,
Have come to see,
A shame we both came to claim,
To disperse and dispel...
The hell that kept us blinded!
In mindsets now left behind.

We...
You and I,
Know this détente,
Brings goodwill!
We share to give,
And this does us well.
To feel it be fulfilled
To grow and explore...
Together,
This life we live!
Letting a détente,
To flow between us as it is!
And free us of negative,
Stagnating ills that kill.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Determination

Digging deep.
A complete excavation,
To make a clean sweep.

No explanations needed,
Of this thoroughness...
To one day reminisce.

A detemination comes,
With changes welcomed.
To rid what had existed!
Until a satisfaction lifts.

Like rust from unpolished joy.
Discovered and employed...
With full benefits.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Determined

Empathy to another can be given.
And it is recommended,
When that need becomes obvious.
But to addict someone,
With a getting of it like a fix wished...
Is not productive to a wholesomeness,
One who is determined to get it...
Will value this more when discovered,
That the process comes with some pain.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Determined He Is To Lift Them

He has been selected.
He is the choice,
To remove the use
Of special effects...
From their deluded lives.

And the task will be great...
Since the clean up will be monumental.
He is up for the challenge.
Generations addicted,
Are preparing for their withdrawal from illusion.

It will be a sacrifice,
Unlike any they have known!
He has been selected...
To jolt them into reality!
They had never traveled there before he came.

And all are not aware,
This change he claims he comes to share...
Will not be painless.
It wont be!
Withdrawal from a drug...
Is a most unpleasant, excruciating experience.

How this will be endured...
Depends on his charisma.
And which antidote he has created to infuse,
To rid those who still beg for one more taste...
Of an accustomed assortment of fantasies!
At whims they were quick to intake.

They do not realize it!
He is going to be strict,
And determined he is to lift them...
From the bowels of anger and deception.
Deployed by racists tactics.

And those addictions are difficult to shed.

But the recovery has promise.
Those longing to remain conscious,
Are hopeful for the times ahead.
Understanding his words and everything he says.

And this as he envisions it...
Has never happened quite like this before!
This is a different door,
No one had the guts to open!
To bring a mindset to embrace a new shore.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Determined To Be Me

I do the best I can...
To be a better man than I am!
I can understand,
Why you don't acknowledge me.
I am not looking for your attention...
Nor your sympathy.
I am one who doesn't have that need!

When I greet you with a smile,
I don't expect one returned.
I've watched you over time and found...
You carry hatred like it is earned.

That crap about turning the other cheek,
Is not my style at all!
I've seen the acts of so called christians...
And there are many lessons,
From 'those' hypocrites I have learned.

I am not about to carry a banner...
To make a statement of my stance!
If I decide to wear pants,
Or a dress with heels...
Believe me when I say,
Your opinions about me
And who and what I am...
Doesn't change the way I feel!

In fact my experiences...
Of 'this' man that I am,
Took me time to realize...
Ignoring people like you,
Strengthened my stand!
And clarified my stance.

So forget about your rhetoric.
You are neither the cause,
Or the effect of my plan!
I am determined to be me!

With or without an approval from you,
That sees and/or agrees!

My mission here on this Earth...
From my birth,
Has always been to please God.
And He knows my value,
And appreciates my worth!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Determined To Be Unqualified

A strength one has,
That is recognized and applied...
But assisted by a dragging of it,
Into darkened pits to avoid as it sits.
And this is allowed to be applauded,
As if this brings a benefit...
To those seeking amongst themselves,
Who next is deserving of this...
Is,
Only proving that a future stunted and dumped,
With this kind of invested lack of interest...
And an absence of consciousness doing this done,
Eventually will reflect the mindset of the people.

Although...
Some may awaken too late to erase their fate.
Believing their past actions had taught long lasting lessons,
To the younger ones to follow sorrows all their tomorrows.
And it does.

With a doing that crushes initiative and ambitions.
Leaving in the midst,
Unfortunate consequences all someday pay.
As those recovering from decades of ignorance,
Seek quick fixes by someone appointed to replace...
The last magician determined to be unqualified.
And driven away by an endorsing enforced,
That a hopelessness wished or something like it...
Stays to thrive and be kept alive for purposes to control.
With prayers for a unity to immune them from a doom.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Determined To Display Their Suffering

Bending over backwards,
For others to prove...
A kissing can be done,
Of their elbows and toes...
And other areas exposed.
To then receive from them opposition,
Because the position taken...
Does not impress further expectations,
To address associates, their friends...
And others with kept pretentions,
Seeking to have their demands met...
To be entertained by all of it,
Is done with no regrets.
With outlandish interpretations...
As to how they've been taught to live life.

Guess what?
My fellow citizens...
People like this who do that for free,
May be heard to complain alot...
But a love for attention to get,
Will have them, if possible...
Carry boulders attached to their necks,
Just for the purpose to have it witnessed...
For the sympathy, empathy and pity,
To solicit from someone in tears that gives it.

'That's over-the-top AND 'too' dramatic.'

If you stay around here long enough,
You'll be astounded by the exactness...
You perceive to be embellished by exaggeration.
These people are determined,
To display their suffering is some kind of blessing.

'But 'what' makes them feel they must do that? '

Symbolized images they have come to idolize,
To depict themselves as worthy.

'Worthy?
Worthy of WHAT? '

Life and the pursuit of happiness.

'That's sick.'

Try telling that to those who've been taught to worship this,
As a life they have to live.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Determined To Prove Me Wrong

Are you worth the showing of my impatience?
I determined you weren't.
But you have determined to prove me wrong,
Each time I allow you to do it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Detoxing From Deceit (A Dangerous Substance)

A cancerous mindset,
Once diseasing effectively...
Has begun to slow its defects.
With an applied treatment,
Free of Sweeteners...
Fed to unassuming youth.
Picked purposely to seduce,
On shiny things.
And blinding 'bling'.
Dangling to swing.
As they loved the attention,
Eyes upon them would bring.

Shots fired to kill...
Just for the thrill to flaunt,
And swagger bling.
Brought no lasting satisfaction
When sitting in prison,
Listening to inmates scream...
By the hour.
Being degraded in gangbang,
Showers.
Left feeling devoured,
By scholars of crime.

Detoxing from deceit.
A dangerous substance...
Administered to their beliefs,
Begins awakening the ones...
Connecting the dots to realize,
It's not what 'blings'.
Or dangling shiny things,
That makes life worth living.
Nor is it the main ingredient,
In the mix that makes life...
A blessing bestowed,
More meaningful to live it.

This cancerous mindset,

Left to spread only shows...
Those youth targeted,
With an ease to drug.
Soliciting poison.
Where they nest to infest...
Certain. And intentional,
Monitored death.
Until eyes clear to open wide.
To recognize...
Who supplies the genocide.
And with an ease,
To destroy...
Dignities. Identities.
To ruin possibilities,
Of a collective unity.
A unity diminished,
By an extinguished...
Self respect.
And a condoned to welcome,
Destroying of themselves.

Detoxing from deceit.
Is a difficult battle,
To fight against and defeat.
And takes more,
Than just protesting.
This war takes a complete...
Facing to eliminate,
The feeding that addicts...
A craving to satisfy,
False beliefs!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Detrimental

From the environment,
Does one get those first impressions.
And some of them like a gluing stick.
As a termite chews hidden,
On wood and not brick.
To occupy minds with thoughts hard to rid.

From the enviroment does one get,
An indoctrination of preferred habits.
And some of which never become those to address.
As having the most...
Detrimental and permanent,
Emotional affects.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Devalued

There were times I was made to feel uncomfortable
Because I dared to be me and declare who I am.
And I did not have to go anywhere to do that.
Wherever I went...
I took myself with me.
God has blessed me like that.
And when others would laugh,
I laughed right back.
Few knew how on track I am.
It is not popular to make decisions...
Opposite of those who believe what they do is best.
I did that to protect my peace of mind.
Now today...
Those who who thought me crazed,
To live my life my way...
Are dazed and perplexed,
As to why their beliefs in foundations...
Have brought to them unrest!
And my success,
Was not defined by material possessions...
Or a pretentiousness that has been devalued.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Developing Their Defensive Team

Why are people quick to run,
To someone with a telling...
Of what is being done to them.
As they portray themselves as victims.

Few people would ask,
What it was they've done.
And why they were chosen to become,
'Willing' victims.

I use to take sides with people who cried.
Those who confide in me with their version,
Of reality.
But most folks are just not that honest,
When developing their defensive team.
Only to eventually find themselves quarantined.
Truth has a way to reveal,
What from others is intentionally meant to go unseen.
Or heard from one who attempts to another to demean.

Why are people quick to run,
To someone with a telling...
Of what is being done to them.
As they portray themselves as victims.
Why?
Because they are bona fide liars.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Deviant Ways

How can you say you hate me with a passion,
And then become compassionately submissive...
With a hunger for me to feed.

What is it about me you despise publicly,
In other's eyes?
Yet privately delight to sweat,
In my arms under 'my' sheets.
With a begging of me not to let you go?

And you wish others to believe this...
To keep me from them distanced?

You wish me your private 'piece'?
But discreetly you seek,
From ME loyalty?
For FREE?
In this economy?

I'm going to cut you off until I am paid!
If that's the way it is going to be.
If it means that much to your 'dignity'!

If that's the way it is going to be.
If it means that much to your 'dignity'!
In this economy?
I'm going to cut you off until I am paid!
Why should I tolerate that nonsense,
These days.
I am not your secret trash to used,
To scratch your rash.
So you can hit it and dash as you please.

Since you want to continue to give me 'shade' in public.
And expect me to keep silent about your 'kinkiness'.
There is going to be mutual dividends to this.

If that's the way it is going to be.
If it means that much to your 'dignity'!

In this economy?
I'm going to cut you off until I am 'paid'!
A 'P' with lots of 'AID'!
If you are expecting me to protect,
Your deviant ways.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Devil Music

They called him 'master'...
When he came.
To take them from the comfort of their homes.

Stripped of treasures,
And their names.
With nothing they could say,
And silent broken hope!

Forced to worship,
Strange deities.
And folks who treated them
Like they were beasts.

Some tried to flee,
The increasing heat.
But many found themselves soon in defeat.
The blazing burned their feet.
And the ones who ran were chased like enemies.

This fire...
It kept on burning!
Burning, burning, burning...
Out of control.

The 'master'...
Desired this fire.
To burn, burn, burn
Out of control!

Morning, noon and night
They'd call him devil.
And sang the music to him that he loved.
They would dance.
And together clap their hands.
This devil music kept them in a hold!

Yes,
The fire...

It kept on burning.
Burning, burning, burning...
Out of control.

The 'master'...
He kept the fire.
Burning, burning, burning
Out of control.

Yes this fire,
It kept on burning!
Burning, burning, burning
Out of control.

I said the fire...
It still keeps burning!
And it's blazing in a rage,
That's out of control!

The spreading flame...
Became higher.
So high it fixed in young minds,
Sold by the old!

Yes,
The fire...
It kept on burning.
Burning, burning, burning...
Out of control.

The 'master'...
He kept the fire.
Burning, burning, burning
Out of control.

Burning, burning, burning
Out of control.
Burning, burning, burrrrrrnin...
Out of contrrroooool.

'ssssyessssss...
Children! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Devious Mischief

Isn't it sweet...
When beliefs kept,
Become validated.
And a berating done becomes obsolete,
For that someone singled out as strange...
A bit weird and much the freak!

And those tears one did weep,
While crying to sleep...
Seem to have dried completely.
Smiling widely to celebrate,
A reversal of misfortunes are collected...
To reap from paying those 'blue' dues.

And suddenly without warning perceived,
There comes a pleasing happiness.
One arriving to fix,
All the devious mischief left by folks intrigued...
To see their misdeeds falter, fail and leave successfully,
The one targeted to grieve.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Devoted And Truer Fools

Those who 'use' to be the ones,
Depicted as fools.
With a diminishing done,
To any influence they might have had...
Have not been the fools,
Many were led to believe.
With a choice to ruin their integrity!

It seems those fools,
Had always worn tailored made suits.
And deceived with fake impressions.
Diluting those minds without a conscious.

And it seems as though,
Those who have followed the ones...
Impressing with dress and promises,
Have been made devoted and truer fools.
And today they know this.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Devoted To A Going Through Of The Motions

Is it in the routine shown,
That I believe I am and get favor...
From a 'deity' I wish to impress.
Because of the ritual of the act,
I address as told is expected...
To achieve the best affect.

Or is it my expectation that I receive it,
As I acknowledge my ability to forgive...
To others with proclamations stated,
That I am chosen and highly favored...
Since I am devoted,
To a going through of the motions.

And to do this I am,
With all of the artifacts adorned and attached...
With a flaunting of it to ensure they are seen,
By others familiar with going through the same routine.
And I can redeem myself while passing judgement,
On others anytime I choose and wish.
No matter how artificial the entire process.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Devoted To Being Grateful

When it becomes discovered,
No one is left
To listen to the spreading of their gossip.
Or who do what to who, when and why.
Things are happening to those living 'their' lives,
Perhaps only then...
Will they awaken to realize,
A life lived offers more enjoyment...
Than attempting to discredit those,
That they have marked to undermine or defame.

People like this,
With nothing else on their minds...
Will eventually find themselves,
Wishing they had not wasted such precious time.
And found an appreciation of others there to share,
In a motivation devoted in being grateful.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Devoted To The Promotion Of It

There is no better message to deliver,
Than silence...
To those who decide to remain blind,
With a preference to keep deluded.

Afterall...
Whose time is really wasted,
When debating the facts...
Over accepted fiction?
Especially when so many are devoted,
To the promotion of it.

Only fools choose to stay ignorant,
After being presented...
A variety of choices from which to make.
Then seek they do an attention to get,
When disappointment solicited comes to visit.

Keeping silent is the key,
For anyone who has discovered...
And wishes to keep,
A peace of mind found to come unexpectedly.

'You're awfully quiet over there.'

Ignore me.
I am practicing amnesia.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Devoted With 'This' Commitment To Keep

The only obligation I have,
And devoted with 'this' commitment to keep...
Is a kept honesty I cherish,
First and foremost with it pledged to myself.
Oh yes!

And if anyone becomes offended by my decision,
I want them to know this...
My bucket list does not include a visit to Nantucket.
I've been there before and not to get luck.
I stay devoted and focused.

And blessed to take what I do seriously.
To do with a kept conciousness to know this.
You see..
It took me a couple of trips with fools who love tricks,
To identity 'my' reality! I'm quick to learn lessons taught.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Devotion And Persistence

A warm welcome of deeds performed,
Aren't always received with standing ovation.
Sometimes what is done is not even noticed.
So what does one do?
Break down in devastation?

Those who give from the heart,
Are not that small in number.
They are not out seeking applause,
Like many false givers do!

It isn't rare that there are those sincere.
They do not appear with banners adorned.
Wanting their accomplishments,
To be heard going on and on.
By someone else who may be impressed.
Someone else who may or may not express envy.

A warm welcome of deeds performed,
Aren't always received with standing ovation.
Sometimes what is done is not even noticed.
So what does one do?
Break down in devastation?
Or make proclamations,
Of how long their 'sacrifices' have been in place!

And those social butterflies,
Are never without their resumés.
Or hints of reminders of those deeds done they do.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Diabolical

Isn't it ironic,
That those who advocate spending cuts...
And less government around to touch,
Have themselves had once consented...
But today with a wish for them out of their lives.
Because they have had enough,
Of being spied upon with prying eyes.

Isn't it ironic,
These are the same people who wish,
More money shown that is spent...
On local authorities and federal officials,
To protect them 24/7 to feel safe and defended.
Since there has been an increase,
Of a decadence unleased with a frolic meant.

And too diabolical has been the feeding,
Hypocrisies they can not cease...
That have come to affect,
The manifesting of their delusions...
Feasted upon with no regret to examine.
Or self inspect to do at their best?
Isn't this ironic or just a reflection of a blinded mindset.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Diana

Can you come back,
And give a crispness...
To that glitter and glitz,
You left us with...
Diana.

Your quirky vocals,
Introduced a freshness...
Long missed.
It was how you did this,
That made you reign 'supreme'.

Can you deliver as it was then?
Chirping like a bird...
As you carved out new tunes.
And packaged with a beat,
That mowed us down.
When that punch was driven...
With a snap and crackle,
Unique and given by that old Motown sound.

Can you come back,
And give a crispness...
To that glitter and glitz,
You left us with...
Diana.
Or have you retired,
That glamour with fire...
Pajazz, glimmer, sparkle and zest!

Dedicated:
To Diana (Diane) Ross

'Come back and give us that 'raw'
stuff you still got! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Diana Ross

The dictation,
Clear and precise.
The lyric is felt...pulsating!
With a feeling no one can duplicate.
And the quality of tone delivery,
Hits its target to never miss or be dismissed...
To leave unquestioned the commitment.

The 'Boss' she is Ms Diane 'Diana' Ross!
A product from a 'hood' called Brewster.
And boosted to a status many refer to as 'Diva'.
But a phenomenon beyond definition,
To be depicted within limits to define.
As many have tried to do this for a very long time.

And...
'Not Over You Yet' her fans have come to express,
That experience in their minds Ms Ross has left!
With a standard stamped she alone has made.
To leave no one in our lifetime able to re-create it.
'Not Over You YET' Ms Ross!
Too long you have been 'Sensational'.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Diatribe

Some sit and try,
To dispense with a diatribe.
Focusing on selfish needs,
And hoping not to expose...
An imposing stupidity!
But they unleash such anger,
Attached to a shallowness.
It is clear they come with one objective!
And that one through their ranting,
No one can hear!
Electing to exit as their next step!
Although they believe themselves as sincere...
Once they are spotted,
Those who know them...
Choose not to go near!
And that is a lesson taught endeared!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Dictionary

My recommended suggestion to anyone,
Claiming to have a love for writing...
Is to first establish a loving relationship
With a dictionary.
Keep it close!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Did I Beg From You An Acceptance?

This is not a version of something before that had existed,
To be lifted from your memory to then quickly dismiss.
Not this!
No.
But you've been convinced of it,
As being just another experience you would rather do without.
Until it's remembered for what it is.
To then do your best to recapture the moment to reminisce.

And not a version of it attempted to compare,
Will never satisfy what was there when it had been given...
To you and no one else.
Trust me!
I know from where it came with my eyes wide open.
It was not from me to leave that easily.

And when rejected...
Did I beg from you an acceptance?
No.
I did not.
I've kept what I've got to increase its appreciation.
To flourish as it was nurtured.

What I've got to spare doesn't have to be shared,
To validate its existence to remain with me welcomed!
Time has taught me what to value.
What to keep and always cherish to polish and not let rust.
It doesn't have to be an 'us' for that to be made known.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Did It To Do It Not Sitting To Wish

Those who have earned,
To receive what pleases them...
Did it to do it not sitting to wish.
Or waiting for assistance,
From those tossing rose petals...
On a path to masquerade,
Obstacles to face to fade...
With one's chosen favorite scent.

Those who have earned,
To receive what pleases them...
Did it to do it not sitting to wish.
But did it repeatedly and with tears.
Rolled up sleeves and balled fists.
And sometimes with the hiding,
Of fears one knows they feel to exist...
To know what it is they've earned to get,
Had nothing to do with luck but persistence.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Did It To Flaunt

Did you see what they made us do?
And to ourselves?
The method they used is most embarrassing.

'Method?
No, I didn't see what they did.
What was it that has you so upset? '

They allowed us to verbally abuse,
And victimize them.
To then pretend with it knowing,
Someday we would live to regret...
Our ignorant decisions,
To disrespect and subject them...
To all kinds of humiliating deceptions.
And not once did they defend 'or' seem to object.

'Perhaps they knew you to be fools.'

Excuse me?

'I said perhaps they knew you to be fools.
And to discover that for yourselves,
Without them having to prove it...
Was something left needing not to be confirmed.
There is nothing like a lesson learned,
One appreciates when the time is right.'

That's not fair.
Now everywhere we go,
People will think of us as idiots.

'Don't be so hard on yourselves.
And you should know this especially,
That a negativity one spreads...
Always return with a price to be paid.'

I thank you for your support.
And such...

Positive comments.

'Afterall,
Think of it this way...
What was done you did it to flaunt.
And with such a public display of pride.
Something about the doing of that,
Is admirable.'

Uh.
What?

'There are not too many people,
Who will do stupid stuff 'and' publicly...
To get as much attention,
As you have managed to get.
And now what you've done is on everyone's lips.
That kind of publicity is priceless.
Think of all the people who are envious of you all.
And to have it done the way you all did it?
What an incredible cost effective achievement.'

I don't know what to say.

'Yeah...
I hear ya.
That's how hindsight works.
It's too bad our minds don't work in reverse.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Did To Do

All beginnings have their endings.
Done when they come.
Did to do.
And in between,
Time given from the start...
Until the approaching finish line,
Seems to speed up quicker...
Than thoughts of choices sitting,
From which to pick...
In our undecisive minds.
Remaining to perceive,
Tomorrow and days to follow...
Stay reserved to choose or not to,
Move from the comfort...
Procrastination welcomes.

'I know I should apologize, but...'

All beginnings have their endings.
Even hesitation has its regrets.
Those 'ifs' wished and should 'ofs',
Gone.
Time given does not return,
Opportunities to rewind to have them,
Replayed to replace kept anguish.
Although what we did to do to others,
Revisits without time...
Having those actions return back.
As if our misdeeds had just occurred.
Awakening to attack our thoughtless.
And unconscious decisions,
Impulsively made.

However...
Doesn't it seem good deeds done to do
Return did to do to be reminded of it
And an evilness left,
Stays as fresh as regrets...
Unforgiving or forgettable.

'I know I should apologize, but...
What difference would it make,
If decades have passed.'

All beginnings have their endings.
And yet for some,
They would rather keep...
Their thoughtlessness to themselves.
Than to admit being haunted by it,
Is easier to take...
Than rejection.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Did You Understand It?

You've written something with several typographical errors.
And I question the correctness of your language usage.
Plus it had been written in mixed tenses.
I read it more than once.
And after the third reading it finally dawned on me,
You may have done this intentionally.

'Did you understand it?
What it was I tried to do? '

I'm not sure.

'How would you critique it? '

I don't know if I can.

'And you read it three times? '

At least.

'Why should I bother to correct it?
If 'you' read something I wrote...
THREE times?
And you have never expressed any interest before?
In anything I've ever done?
Why should I correct it?

This is the first time you and I have communicated,
In years.
Who knew...
All it took was a few errors,
To get you to give me what I have been wanting.

Here...
Read this! '

Your first and third lines rhyme.
But the rest of it...
Well,

I think this is a bunch of garbage.

'Thank you.
And all this time,
You had me believing...
You didn't care.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Did. Did You Do A Panic

Did. Did you do a panic.
With a frantic...
Undoing panic?

Did. Did you do a panic...

Frantically?

Tell me did you do a panic.
With a frantic...
Undoing panic?

Did you really do a panic...

Frantically?

Or...

Did you feel romantic?

Or...
Was it really panic?

Tell me did you do a panic.
With a frantic...
Undoing panic?

Did you really do a panic...

Frantically?

Or...
Did you feel romantic?
Tell me, tell me now.
Or was it really panic?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Didn'T Do A Slow Burn Early

I saw a Bluejay in November.
Chest puffed and looking out of place.
I saw 'it' look through my front window
And in the backyard 'it' sat on the fence!
It was odd...
The falling leaves October once colored
Laid waiting to be raked.
And there a Bluejay sat...
Staring in my face!
And this was after Thanksgiving Day!
I got the message!
Hot times come for the ones,
Who didn't do a slow burn early!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Didn'T We Do This Once Before?

Didn't we do this once before?
Say those things,
We did not mean.
Only to ignore the conflict.
To find we could get over it...
To discover we adored each other more.

Didn't we do this once before?
Scream and shout!
Locked each other out with pouts.
Slamming doors to cuss.
Proclaiming who should kiss,
The other's butt.
Along with other disgusting stuff!
Didn't we go through this,
Before?

Didn't we go through this before?
Dramatically dropping to the floor.
On our knees in agony.
Exclaiming to the other...
'Please don't say another word.
Pack your things and leave! '

Crying our hearts out when that has been done.
Trying hard to do without the other one.
And rushing to embrace each other...
When again we were face to face.
Confessing as we held and kissed,
No one else could take the other's place.
Didn't we do this once before?

Like an assignment expected...
On a calendar of monthy chores!
Didn't we do this once before?
Why can't we resist this.
And accept we love each other as opposites.
Can't we decide to identify the conflict...
And fix it?

Instead of using that,
As an excuse to become more passionate.

The foreplay is wonderful!
But can we find another way...
To display a love we know is here to stay!

'We could...
If you were not the one so stubborn! '

Me? That's you.

'No...
It's you! '

No it isn't it's you.

'No...
You! '

Didn't we do this once before?

'And...
Your point,
Is what? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Didn'T You Say This Before?

In the doing of what it takes to get things done,
By a doer...
Why is it,
There are those who do not know what a doer does...
Yet,
There they are...
Appearing from nowhere,
With their mouths opened...
Rattling off their unsolicited and nagging suggestions,
As to how anyone who does what they do...
Should do what they suggest while they,
Do absolutely nothing,
But argue with the doer of a doing that gets done.
With a wasting of that doer's time?

'Didn't you say this before?
This is sounding familiar.'

YES.
And somehow you just can not get the hint!

'Maybe because I have no clue what it is you are talking about.
And who is the dodoer not doing the dodo to the dude.'

HOPELESS I tell you.
It's a 'hope' that's getting 'less'.

'And now you want to change the subject.
And you always tell me,
I am the one not knowing how to communicate?
I am the only one who makes attempts to do it with you.
But NOOOO...
You want to talk about toilets and who uses them.
You've got a problem and you don't want to face it.'

I know.
You're right.
I do.
I agree.

I need some time alone.
Maybe that's what I need.
Some time to myself.
To get some rest.

'I understand.
Give me a call if you need me for anything.
You know I'm on your side.
You take it easy, okay?
Don't stress over it.
Let it go.
Forget it.'

I will.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Didn'T You Welcome It To Visit?

When did you close the window?
When did you stop...
Finding the World too real to face?
When did you decide,
You would isolate yourself and hide?
When did you close the window?

When did your disgust...
Encrust a frown upon your smile?
It appears it has been there,
For quite a while.
What will it take,
To replace that with hope?
Don't close the door...
To sit alone and mope!

Open up that window.
Unlock that door you have blocked.
Tell yourself to stop this self defeat.
It is easier than you think.
If you trust with faith and believe...
You don't need to wallow and weep.
You don't need to share that,
With others you might see who grieve.

Free yourself...
And let that be,
The escape someone else may follow!
You never know who is peeking.
Wishing for one like you...
To lead and show them the way!

Open up that window.
Unlock that door you have blocked.
Tell yourself to stop this self defeat.
You can!
Didn't you welcome it to visit?
Has it not overstayed,
And made itself too comfortable?

Free yourself...
And let that be,
The escape someone else may follow!
You never know who is peeking.
Wishing for one like you...
To lead and show them the way!
They too may have unwelcomed guests to rid!
Show them how that is done!
Do it now.
Today!

Open up that window.
Unlock that door you have blocked.
No need to be hospitable,
To something or someone...
That can be stopped.
Whose prisoner are you anyway?
And why is your defeat so much needed?
And to whom is this feeding being pleasingly fed?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Dieing Is Not An Option

Dieing is not an option,
When one is upset with life.
I like to think of it as a request,
One makes...
When a darkness begins,
To shield one from the light!

We all are born receiving gifts,
To experience our lives as we choose...
And like.
Some refuse to believe they have chosen,
To follow another on a path.
Instead of selecting,
A happiness grabbed for them that will last.

And that is not easy when variety,
Appears to confuse the mind of some.
Especially when discipline and devotion,
Seem to compete with those who have more fun.

But...
Dieing is not an option,
When one is upset with life.
I like to think of it as a request,
One makes...
When a darkness begins,
To shield one from the light!

Desiring with wishes!
Assisted by dreams one wants fulfilled,
Keeps one motivated to achieve and accomplish.
Experiencing the adventure...
Of acquiring skills.
And doing what one likes...
Is a thrill no one consciously,
Wants to see end or kill!

Dieing is not an option,
When one is upset with life.

I like to think of it as a request,
One makes...
When a darkness begins,
To shield one from the light!

'Excuse me,
I know you have decided...
To take your own life.
However...
Do you mind,
Taking it eleswhere?
And away from my sight?
Over there feel free to complain.
And do as much of it as you like!
But doing it around me,
You see...
For that I have no appetite.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Diet And Digestion

I had felt crucified,
In those days long gone by...
When I had admitted to witnessing,
What others would deny and permitted.

I was thought to be then,
On a mission of negativity.
And that was the furthest thing,
From my objective mind.

I observe activities exactly as they are.
With no excuses for them to make.

And today those same folks who are broke,
Disgusted and choking back tears...
Now are willing to admit,
Their quality of life has taken a nose dive into pits.

'I'm sure you have concerns about this? '

I do!
And I've been taught to limit my concerns,
To exercise, diet and digestion with daily meditation!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Different Colors

Showing respect and kindness to give,
Can sometimes stress.
And be too much to continue to digest,
For the one who is perceived...
In need of attention.
With wishes and expectations met,
To be taken for granted.
As if headaches to get is one's kept fetish.
Until that moment arrives,
And one realizes enough is enough.
With a doing to undo,
To show others they have different colors too.
With a proving not to confuse,
The colors they expose...
Are definitely not associated with rainbows.

'I couldn't believe it.
I stood there in shock.
I don't know what happened.
I did nothing wrong.
And suddenly out of the 'blue',
I was told where to go and what to do...
To myself.'

~And to think,
Of all the things you told others 'they' did...
For 'you',
Whenever you wanted them to.
AND for many years?
Who knew they would re-act like that,
Without reason or cause?
Like the last straw to carry,
Broke the camel's back.
I'm telling you,
People today are just ungrateful.
Aren't they? ~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Different Kind Of Setting

When the popcorn is gone...
And the illusions begin to fade!
Even rose colored glasses
Can not hide this charade!
And you will think to yourself...
You have been cruely played!
And you will be right.
Every day and every night.
For decades and years beyond,
This has been going on!
And it is nothing new.
Its just that you...
Have moved your insights
To a brand new theater!
A different kind of setting!
And the management is aware,
You've been hynotized!

So open up your eyes
And finally realize
You've been hoodwinked like the others...
You will find when you go inside!
Enjoy...this is 'real'
The curtain is about to go up on this one!
It is called: I Can't Believe My Ears and Eyes
It has an ending that will 'shock' and surprise!
Putting the 'awe' in awesome!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Different Roads

I have discovered during my years of travel,
So many have different schedules...
To arrive at the same destiny.
With the taking of different roads...
Streets and paths.
As we attempt to complete,
Assignments on our journeys...
Before we leave to pass.

I have discovered during my many years,
Of conflicts, mistakes made and experiences...
I have managed to survive with a wish to succeed.
That the real purpose we all are here to achieve...
With a final judgement made on those tasks,
Is to please the wishes of One God!
With every question we had to ask,
Answered.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Difficult It Is

So difficult it is,
For many people to grow up.
With a accepting of responsibility,
As part of the process.
Since some would prefer to exchange,
An accountability...
For a playing of games.
And hoping to place blame,
On others to accuse.
To claim themselves victims abused.

So difficult it is for many people to grow up.
And some may find themselves stuck in ruts.
Depending on denials.
To excuse in arguments to protect their 'butts'.
But...
One mature learns early to face obstacles.
No matter who says or does what,
To create reasons that the doing of such...
Offends those hiding behind their misdeeds,
Like children weeping to convince of their innocence.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Difficult It Is From It To Divorce

Vicious are they,
Performing hissy fits of late.
With their public fights ignited publicly.
And their petty very adolescent ways.

To them they are given an audience.
An audience made to listen or not.
But so captivating is such ignorance,
It's hard to stop or block this nonsense out.

Stupid is what stupid does.
And this mentality seems to be enforced.
Stupid is what stupid does.
And difficult it is from it to divorce.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Difficult It Is To Let Go

One can love family so much,
That a growth process becomes smothered.
And an adherence to independence,
Becomes a threat no longer welcomed...
To cross a once accepting threshold.

'If you can not obey by 'my' rules.
Get out! '

People enjoy their comforts as they are.
If stale and moldy?
The better.
And a comfort with this is shown.
As sure as everyone knows...
What is stored in the cupboards.
And who enjoys what to eat.

Difficult it is to let go!
Or even force out of the nest...
One who begins to exert an opinion,
That may upset!

And yet...
Doesn't it seem as if those who have enjoyed their lives best...
Are those who had rebelled and been labelled,
As a nuisance and pests!
And...
After experiencing on their own much hell,
Have return to express that once elusive understanding!
And with a comprehension that is openly confessed,
The logic of sharing expenses.
With a patience that should be addressed.

One can love family so much,
That a growth process becomes smothered.
And an adherence to independence,
Becomes a threat no longer welcomed...
To cross a once accepting threshold.
Until a maturity pleasingly seen is approved.

'That's a good idea.
The sharing of expenses and doing that here! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Difficult To Be Encouraging

It can be difficult to be encouraging,
To those mentally under-nourished.
And suspicions of someone threatening them,
To have a thought to think AND comprehend...
Can be quite traumatic,
For those who have accepted...
Their minds are only there,
For others to use.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Difficult To Follow

If in the making of mistakes made,
And the facing of disappointments done...
Had 'not' been faced to overcome,
With a motivating push and the gritting of teeth...
That needing desire to succeed,
Would not exist inside of me.

Heros in my life I looked up to that inspired,
Meant more to me than being embarrassed...
If I was seen publicly crawling on my knees.
They nor I,
Sought limelight to please...
With egos raised for all to see and praise.

And I remain just as determined today,
To leave a mark more difficult to follow.
Since I want it to be known,
My journey had not been an easy one.
Some may perceive to have others believe.

Although I will admit...
Making it look that way had left me,
Questioning myself with doubts if I should quit.
But...
Quitting is not in my DNA to even consider it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Difficult To Quit If One Is Wishing They Could

Accustomed to being good,
It spoils the anticpation.

The first time in the getting of it,
Is the best remembered.

And from there and when repeated,
The expectation is just to get that fix.

With a quieting done that comes to one,
Addicted to a habit and getting it quick.

Satisfying a habit gratified automatically,
Is difficult to quit if one is wishing they could.

With a quieting done that comes to one,
Addicted to a habit and getting it quick.

And from there and when repeated,
The expectation is just to get that fix.

The first time in the getting of it,
Is the best remembered.

Accustomed to being good,
It spoils the anticpation.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Difficult To Relate To This Concept

It takes know-how with specifics,
To create a delicious cake.
And only those experienced,
Know what it takes.

First a mixture of ingredients is needed,
With a whipping up of batter,
Allowing the cake to bake for taste.
Ultimately satisfying the anticipation.

However there are those impatient and can not wait,
Who find it difficult to relate to this concept.
And they are the ones who refuse to comprehend...
That the oven has to be heated,
BEFORE the cake goes in.

'So...
Why are all the people protesting outside? '

They are the ones who have decided,
The baker should be replaced.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Difficult To Stop

Lieing is difficult to stop.
Especially...
If the doing of it,
Has become a part of one's life.

But to face the truth,
For what it is to embrace...
Without seeking to add,
More flavors to change the taste of it.
To accept as quickly,
As the knowing the difference...
Between day and night.
Folks will awaken to begin,
Appreciating themselves.
For not only who they are.
But others as well.

Lieing is difficult to stop.
Especially...
If the doing of it,
Has become a part of one's life.
And there is only 'one' life,
We are all conscious to be blessed to get.
But so many choose the same brick wall,
To hit their heads against to blame someone else.
But stopping the doing of it,
They can not be convinced had been their choice.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Difficult To Understand

Suffering from immaturity?
How about a disbelief,
That when time comes to go...
Many accept the facts of life,
Associated with growing up.
With challenges to face,
On a daily basis.
And to do without a trace of a hint.
They would prefer to be making,
Excuses.

Although those slow to be able,
Of taking hold to control their own lives...
Find it difficult to understand,
With experiences to learn from...
That begins one's comprehension.
Some 'do' move on from a childishness.
And those demands.
To do and have done this...
With a shown indifference to make attempts,
To satisfy the selfish wishes of children.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Dig In

There is no other way.
Once that way has been,
Removed from suspense.
And in one's mind
Begins to deepen,
With a revealing
Pointless to defend!

Dig in,
And get those benefits received.
Forget about that which was taught,
And thought.
Would be so easy.
As if just to wish.
All fantasies one would quickly get.

Dig in,
And get those benefits received.
Forget about that which was taught
By those.
Live to get rich people.
Who wanted to make it look as if,
Not a finger.
Anyone had to lift!

When something is deserved,
It comes to those who do the work.
Very few people
Get from giving hands,
Clean and clear of a sign of dirt.
People deserving are those who work.

People who struggle,
Are not unaccustomed
Of facing their own troubles.
And often are the ones,
Receiving their 'good luck'
Doubled up without much of a fuss.

There is no other way.
Once that way has been,
Removed from suspense.
And in one's mind
Begins to deepen,
With a revealing
Pointless to defend!

Dig in,
And get those benefits received.
Forget about that which was taught,
And thought
Would be so easy.
As if just to wish
All fantasies one would quickly get.

Dig in.
Be the one to make what it wished,
For you begin to happen.
Dig in!
Useless are those complaints.
No one hears,
Or pretends to listen.
Dig in!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Digested By Sunrise

Twilight dims and sets between!
Chosen often as the scene,
After sunset lays to rest
And midnight lingers to lighten
Before digested by sunrise...
And brightens!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Digested To Manifest

Suddenly their sadness,
Seems to be a benefit to psychologists.
En masse they want back,
What does not belong to them.
Like whims delusions provide.

Even tags sewn in the clothes they wear,
Have been produced in sweat shops.
To enhance cost effective greed.
From a bottom discreetly,
Pulled away from their feet.

And they want it all back!
That which is believed belongs to them.
But even those effectively suppressed...
By a lack of thoughtlessness once attractive,
Can not console them!

All that they 'perceived' was theirs...
Was in name only.
And 'that' long ago had been sold,
To grant them a quality of life...
Unconsciously outsourced.
With a blatant boldness.

When they divorced integrity...
To feed a need to be emblazoned with bling!
And impress others with 'things' that rust.
A prized possession was lost.
And that spirit of pride,
Is forever gone!

Never again to be retrieved.
With votes or quoted anthems.
'We'...
Are what has been digested to manifest.
And dignified into an isolation!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Digging Deeper Pits

It doesn't matter how small or big the fool.
Or the number of tricks these fools use,
To disguise their appearances.
Loving the attention is what they wish to get.

Those who believe others to be less intelligent,
Or unaware to acknowledge current events...
Have already been 'assumed' to isolate themselves,
In a perceived easy picking of their 'ignorance'.

But those who can not escape from making this mistake,
Are those who refuse...
To recognize the same school of thought they had used.
Before they began to move to prove 'who' can be made fools.

You see, it's like this...
Those with selected consciousness,
Picking whom they wish to inflict without thinking of it...
Always discover themselves digging deeper pits!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Digging Real Deep

Digging real deep,
In empty pockets...
For a touch or a feel of return.
And a lesson's not learned,
That...
A deposit made to dip,
For tasty lips...
Took too many dips,
To withdrawn the end of it.

And there will be no return...
You put that last deposit in your pocket,
And then you split...
With it.

You put that last deposit in your pocket,
And then you split...
With it.

Digging real deep,
In empty pockets...
For a touch or a feel of return.
And a lesson's not learned,
That...
A deposit made to dip,
For tasty lips...
Took too many dips,
To withdrawn the end of it.

Digging real deep,
In empty pockets...
For a touch of return,
IS...
Digging real deep.

Dig!
Digging real deep.
In empty pockets.

Dig!
Digging real deep.
In empty pockets.

Digging real deep,
In empty pockets...
For a touch of return,
IS...
Digging real deep

In empty pockets.
Dig!
Digging real deep.
In empty pockets.
Dig!
Digging real deep.
In empty pockets.
Dig!
Digging real deep.
In empty pockets.
Dig!
Digging real deep,
In empty pockets...
For a touch of return,
Long ago had been burned.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Diguised As Someone Wise

It is not easier to dismiss a fool,
Than it is to ignore foolish comments made...
By a low grade idiot,
Diguised as someone wise.

I'm sure this has been tried before by many.
But there is no escaping from dim witted dummies,
Who make it a point,
To go out of their way to express their stupidity!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Dilute With A Solution

If it was not wished...
It would not exist!
And since it is here,
Those wishes...
Have been made clear!
And that which is feared,
Had been wished to appear!
Like the steering away of peace...
To market a substitute,
To dilute with a solution
To toast...
And commandeer!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Dimensions Blending

Dimensions blending.
With a mind bending intending,
New beginnings.

Dimensions blending.
With a mind bending intending,
New beginnings.

And witnessed are dimensions blending in!

Dimensions blending.
With an ending of those limits,
Once defended.
Now seen suspended.
Limits departing.
Limits departing...
As dimensions once unmentioned,
Drop those chins!

And witnessed are dimensions blending in!
Limits departing.
Limits departing...
As dimensions once unmentioned,
Drop those chins!

Dimensions blending.
With a mind bending intending,
New beginnings.

And witnessed are dimensions blending in!
Limits departing.
And,
Witnessed are dimensions blending in!
Limits departing.
And,
Witnessed are dimensions blending in!

Dimensions blending.
And,

Witnessed are dimensions blending in!

Dimensions blending!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Diminished Cash

Do I want this?
Or is it needed?
Do I wait until a craving demands?
Or do I resist...
Until I feel it as a command?
With a clarity I understand.
But can afford to ignore it.
Since I refuse to get it on credit...
Or seek a loan I will regret.
And if I can do that...
I can remove it from my wish list!
To keep payments off my back,
That leaves diminished cash...
A commodity,
That seems to grow more unfamiliar.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Diminished Choices

Yes.
No.
And none to come!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Diminished Sanities

To get beyond a crisis divisive,
Takes more than old tactics used...
As a device to suffice it.
And kept repeatedly enacted to expect
Effective change to claim it done.

Steps to correct disparities,
And racial injustice...
Takes a redoing that retools,
A mindset to completely overhaul.
With a picking up all the balls,
Dropped to believe them to go away.
To stay that way unnoticed.

The presence of police has of yet,
Increased the peace on urban streets.
Where unrest is fed by those feeding,
Their feasting upon a selfishness...
Elsewhere.
To then solicit,
An empathy and understanding...
For their lack of comprehending,
Whose wants and needs have gone...
Unexpectedly neglected.

Kept vanities and diminished sanities
Are seldom not that distant,
To go unrecognized...
As being related to one another.
Since Cain, Abel, Adam and Eve,
The relationships between...
Good intentions and evil deeds,
Has always left one or more...
An opportunity to deceive,
Humanity to choose...
Who lies to do it best.
And truth,
If not impressively addressed...
Continues to be ignored and left,

As having no benefit to accept.
To respect and keep protected.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Diminishing Defenses

Let's remove the platitudes.
And rid the phony subtleties,
To dropp to be who we are...
To let that be seen,
Moving forward to do more progressive things.

You offend. I offend.
Let us diminish the fences.
Diminishing defenses.
Let's remove the platitudes,
I defend. You defend.
Let us diminish the fences.
Diminishing defenses.

Let's remove the platitudes.
You offend. I offend.
Let us diminish the fences.
And let's do it to prove,
It done,
To do.
Diminishing defenses.
Down with the fences.

You offend. I offend.
Let us diminish the fences.
Diminishing defenses.
Let's remove the platitudes,
I defend. You defend.
Let us diminish the fences.
Diminishing defenses.

Let us remove those platitudes
Diminishing defenses.
Down with the fences.

Let us remove those platitudes
Diminishing defenses.
Down with the fences.

Let us remove those platitudes.
Diminishing defenses.
Down with the fences.
Diminishing defenses.
Let us remove those platitudes.
Let us remove those platitudes.
Diminishing defenses.
Down with the fences.
Diminishing defenses.
Down with the fences.
Diminishing defenses.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Diminishing In Support And Interest

The business of greed,
Has disguised the starting of wars...
As missions to save humanity.

Such conflicts of hunger and homelessness exist,
Without threats associated to the terrorists.
And exposes those deeds achieved by the hypocrites...
That leaves the business of greed,
A clarifying representation of those using deceit.
With increased opportunities to feed their evils.

And advocating the belief a victory sought...
Will bring a people collectively to their feet to cheer.
Although these acts are diminishing in support and interest.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Diminishing Of Integrity

A diminishing of integrity,
Now gone.
A diminishing of equality,
Now gone.
And...
A quality of life once wished,
To value and exist to admit...
Is,
A deficit of dreams,
That seem to demean...
With no purpose or meaning.

A diminishing of integrity,
Now gone.
A diminishing of equality,
Now gone.
With a deficit of dreams,
That seem to demean...
With no purpose or meaning.

A diminishing of integrity,
Now gone.
With a deficit of dreams,
That seem to demean...
With no purpose or meaning.

A diminishing of integrity,
Now gone.
And seems to demean,
With no purpose or meaning.

A diminishing of integrity,
Now gone.
With no purpose or meaning.

A diminishing of integrity,
Now gone.
A diminishing of integrity,
Now gone.

A diminishing of integrity,
Now gone.
Now gone.
Now gone.
A diminishing of integrity,
Now gone.
Gone!
Gone!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Dimly Lit Attics

The doing is easier to look over.
And eventually forgive...
Someone young.
Thoughtless and a blame exchanger.
First introduced,
To these silly mind games played.
Quick to detect.
And with sentiments visiting,
To reminisce to never forget...
Lessons taught in the midst,
Of jaws forced to be dropped.

However...
When one becomes 50! 60! and...
Nearly kissing 70,
Without needing an I.D. to prove.
Something much more serious,
Than cobwebs...
Have been allowed to go inspected,
In dimly lit attics.
Below those aging roofs.

And yet,
The same tactics used...
Are continued to believe,
The sight of them go innocently... Exposed.
Although too obvious to excuse,
Grown folks remaining children.
Trying to hide cookie crumbs stuck...
To both sides of their lieing mouths.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Dimmer Gets The Light

...and dimmer gets the light.
Dimmer does it get for them...
The ones in debate,
On how to do things right.
Wondering if they select one thing,
Will those on the left,
Choose to fight with anger...
Until all days ahead turn into night!
Conflicts continue.
And those of brightness leave.
They take a hike!
...and dimmer it gets for those who can not see!
Dimmer until it becomes bitter in the dark.
And bitterness is all that descends!
Splitting all into hatred.
Sending a hatred fed to feed until all are dead!
Dead from a truth dieing from a lack of belief.
And the dimming that succeeds leaves all to bleed,
In agreement.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Dinner And A Cocktail. Not 'Cocktails'

Is it possible to have substance,
Without a blend of content meant in it...
Intended?
And who decides what that content is,
With a proving substance exist?

And if one craves to feed an appetite,
Who is to say a substitute is equal?
Especially if one proposes with hints,
Something cheap and reasonable...
Would not be beyond what they can pay.

'You're asking 'me' to borrow twenty dollars? '

~Yes.~

'But...
Didn't you invite me out for dinner and cocktails? '

~Dinner and a cocktail.
Not 'cocktails'.
I am on a budget.~

'What about the movie? '

~That's why I am asking to borrow twenty dollars.
I don't want to offend you, but...
It has been a long long time,
Since you could pass for under twelve.~

'What am I going to do with you? '

~Hopefully sit next to me as we enjoy the movie.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Dipped And Greasy

Dipped and greasy...
Fingers licked from overeating.
They're dipped and greasy,
From a gluttony treated.
And...
Dipped and greasy,
Are those days licked...
Fading away!

Dipped and greasy...
Fingers licked from overeating.
They're dipped and greasy,
From a gluttony treated.
And...
Dipped and greasy,
Are those days licked...
Fading away!

Many praying that the buffet will stay.
Many praying that they'll find another way,
To supply more condiments...
And remove the after dinner mints.

Dipped and greasy...
Fingers licked from overeating.
They're dipped and greasy,
From a gluttony treated.
And...
Dipped and greasy,
Are those days licked...
Fading away!

Dipped and greasy...
Fingers licked from overeating.
They're dipped and greasy,
From a gluttony treated.
And...
Dipped and greasy,
Are those days licked...

Fading away!

Dipped and greasy fingers licked...
Are slowly from us fading.
And those lips smacked,
Are begging for the buffet.
But a gluttony once loved...
Is slowly from us fading away.

Dipped and greasy,
Are those days licked...
Fading away!

Dipped and greasy,
Are those days licked...
Fading away!

They once were licked with ease,
But those fingers have no buffet.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Dipped In Superstitions

My mind has been dipped in superstitions.
From the day that I was born to breathe.
Black cats and cracks on dirty sidewalks...
And splitting poles when walking with people!

My mind has been quick to mend a quarrel.
With those who may not agree to speak!
But grandma always spoke to neighbors...
Even if they stoled her peaches off the trees!

'Good manners and respect will save.
You don't want to take evil meanness...
To your grave! '

Sometimes I sit and pick my memory!
Of things my grandma said to me.
She told me don't talk bad of people...
'Bite your lip and watch them slip,
Off the steeple to their knees! '

Huh?

'Good manners and respect will save.
You don't want to take evil meanness...
To your grave! '

My mind has been dipped in superstitions.
From the day that I was born to breathe!
And when my grandma grabbed the spatula...
I knew when it was time for me to leave! !

'Good manners and respect will save.
You don't want to take evil meanness...
To your grave! '

OKAY...I'm outta here!

'Good manners and respect will save.

And don't pretend your heart is golden...
Before the cookies are baked! '

Huh?
And what is that suppose to mean?

'You'll figure it all out!
Long after your 'teens'...
Good manners and respect will save!
Not pretending that your heart is golden...
Before a cookie is baked! '

Whatever...

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Dipping In The Waters

Why have you become less outwardly vocal these days?
'You try maneuvering through a bunch of spineless jellyfish,
With stingers that quietly sting when commanded.
And enjoy calling themselves teamplayers,
To advance social agendas.'

Well...
I wondered why I hadn't seen you,
Dipping in the waters.
'I'm seeking to swim were I know it is less poisonous.'

Good luck.
Many areas have become contaminated,
With the training of sharks that smile before they bite.
Just to get the attention for doing it.
Regardless of who it is that gets bittened.
No loyalty from them does 'anyone' get.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Dippy Doodles

It is different...
When those changes come.
Yes it's different...
When this doing is done.
It's so different...
It can overcome,
A mind that's left behind...
The many signs of these speeding times.

Dippy doodles think of others to be stupid.
And...
Dippy doodles keep stubborn attitudes.
And...
Dippy doodles do nothing else but snoop.
And hate to sit they do,
With lips shut to listen...
To comprehend a truth to pursue.

It is different...
When those changes come.
Yes it's different...
When this doing is done.
It's so different...
It can overcome,
A mind that's left behind...
The many signs of these speeding times.

Dippy doodles take the opposite position.
And...
Dippy doodles could care less who they refute.
And...
Dippy doodles are conditioned to suspect,
Anyone who rejects to predict...
Those who do this will not get rest.

They're dippy doodles thinking others to be stupid.
The ones with the keys...
They refute.

Dippy doodles take the opposite position.
And when they do,
They perceive...
Others will follow them too.

It is different...
When those changes come.
Yes it's different...
When this doing is done.
It's so different...
It can overcome,
A mind that's left behind...
The many signs of these speeding times,
Rushing to leave minds left blind.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Direct And Decisive

It would be wonderful to awaken,
In an environment...
Where the people found it,
To the best of their interests...
To be direct and decisive.
With an elimination of being evasive.
To then uncover an honesty that refreshes,
The meaning of comprehension with understanding.
Instead of leaving assumptions,
As a basis of one's deluded reality.
Wouldn't it be great?
To awakened to realize this has been prioritized.
With truth as the utmost purpose one has to share.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Direct And 'Hands-On' Involvement

Fraud, deceptions...
And what had once been accepted,
To defend then...
When times were easily manipulated,
By those self-righteous...
Pretending to be above their own sins.
But have become divided by accusations,
Only they have introduced and initiated!
Has come to an end.
And the one thing they seem unable to admit...
Is their direct and 'hands-on' involvement.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Direct And Indirectly

Direct and indirectly...
God has blessed me!
Not to have a child to have lived.
And I am today pleased with that.
And I am being extremely positive.

No one on this Earth,
Would tell me how to raise my kids.
Or suggest that I read,
How someone else believes...
That should be done!

I would spare that rod.
And use one thick belt!
If my child spoke back to me...
A behind would be whipped.
Burning hot!
Preventing him or her to sit!

'Go to your room! '
Would not come from my lips.
'Get out of my house...! '
And that would be it!

911?
They could call it if they wish.
And that child of mine should call...
They better disappear.
Or they will never again exist!

I am not going to be disrespected,
By someone I support!
Or be cussed out in public.
Like I hear some children,
To their parents exhort.
I don't think so!

'Excuse me...
May I use your PA system for a moment?

Thank you!
ATTENTION! ATTENTION!
There is a child needing immediate medical assistance.
Will someone please call the police and an ambulance!
I will be in either produce or Aisle 17.
I have shopping to finish.
I thank you for your patience! '

My children will be disciplined.
Respectful of others.
And not a selfish bone will they have in their bodies.
Free they will be of lies and deceit.
I will not be busting my ass...
To weed my flowers of crabgrass.
And God knew!

~But 'why' would you break your son's nose,
Mister Pertillar? ~

*You see those braces on his teeth?
They cost me a fortune.
His nose will heal and I will probably go to jail.
Far less expensive of a price to pay.
But this 'kid' is in his 20's.
And 'he'...
Not 'you'
Reminds me 24/7...
How long 2 minutes of pleasure can aggravate.'

**You told me it was 4 hours! **

*Do you see what I'm saying?
Even with a broken nose,
His mouth is still open! *

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Direct And Selective

I had been reprimanded,
When I spoke of my love.
When I exposed my love.
When I stripped bare with it!
And offered to take them to heights,
Of ecstasy.

I wanted to express...
A closeness only I wanted,
Them to feel from me.
Wishing this to never end.
I thought I had discovered...
Something cherished and valued within.

And today...
When I am cordial with my greetings.
Firm with a handshake and no hug at all...
I hear the whispers saying,
'Why does he 'think' he is so much better,
Than the rest of us?
Who does he believe he is? '

And overhearing this...
I from them feel,
Even more distanced.
I never sought to find 'who' it is I AM.
THAT I am 'always' willing to share.
But I've learned to become more...
Direct and selective!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Direct Correcting

I hate to offend one's ignorance.
I know too well,
The damage this can cause.

I too have been a victim,
Of my own stubbornness.
With beliefs I once,
Knew it all.

I hate to offend one's ignorance.
I know too well,
The damage this can cause.

To obtain experience,
And gain a knowledge that transcends...
Where an 'awareness' accepted,
Once had been.
Rarely opens all minds at the same time.

I too have been a victim,
Of my own stubbornness.
With beliefs I once,
Knew it all.
With a defense mechanism,
That stalled like a wall...
The coming in of a comprehension.

I hate to offend one's ignorance.
I know too well,
The damage this can cause.

But every now and then,
I can not just sit and pretend...
I am accepting of anyone's delivery to receive,
From them...
A blinding disrespect without my direct correcting.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Directed By Divine Intervention

We are here representing the elements.
The Sun, Moon and Stars.
Molded from the Earth.
In animation condensed.
Thriving within a Mind.
In the Heavens confined.
And directed by Divine intervention.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Directed Evil Is Expected To Be Feared

What is baffling about this whole process,
Is the time spent listening to those complain...
That the ones they have chosen to despise,
And selected to be their opponents...
Are not playing fair.
And have taken their positions as victims...
To levels that benefit them to an advantage.
They actually seem to mock those who pride their hatred.

Clarify the justice in this?
Where is it?
An expressing of directed evil is expected to be feared.

Why can't those who have been selected to be despised,
Just go away and coil in despair?
But no!
They seem to be relishing in the idea of it.
And have chosen instead,
To traumatize the very ones...
Who are doing their best,
To perfect their hatred against them.

Clarify the justice in this?
Where is it?
An expressing of directed evil is expected to be feared.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Directed Through Adverse Winds

There is nothing like the feeling,
Of being vindicated...
After spending YEARS of one's life,
Doing those things felt right...
For reasons one could not explain,
But knew to do.
As if directed through adverse winds.
And stormy seas.

There is nothing like the welcoming of light.
Or a calm feeling existing from within,
That validates the path one has taken...
On a journey,
And most times alone...
One has known,
Has always been the only route to secure...
The meaning of one's happiness.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Directive

A directive has been taken,
To usurp all power and rule!
Secretly this has been done to us...
By one who bypasses the fools.
Dictatorship implemented,
Is certainly due to come.
Quietly creeps
The one in this power seat.
To unravel lifestyles and the laws
Of everyone.
In the days of May...
What's been said has been done!

'National emergency! '
Effective and declared by one!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Directly Remembered

Do unto me,
As you believe has been done to you.
With a doing coming from whispered tongues,
To accept and perceive I could be that lowly?
And be convinced I am the one?
Well...
This you must agree,
We all are born to express a duality.
And here you are...
Inviting yourself to get acquainted with it.

But you have yet to feel to experience,
The heat I can raise you have yet felt.
And I am going to leave your doing unto me,
Unprovoked? As I choke up in sobbing tears?

Directly remembered with a knowing not to forget.
And 'then' and only THEN can you say,
I did unto you...
Something you can not help but reminisce.
When I leave you to sizzle with a 'hissing' not to dismiss.
Are you ready?
For some reason I can still show you hospitality.
Can you feel it?

I've only just begun to do unto you,
A doing you could have prevented being done.

Can you feel it?
A moisture increase?
This is five years of a forgiving kept heat.
Can you feel this?
This is ten years of a forgiving kept heat.
Hsssss...
Can you feel the temperature rise?
Can you feel this?
This is at least 60 years of kept heat,
I thought I would never use to release.
Would you like a pair of goggles to cover your eyes?

If you wish it hotter...
Just let me know.
I don't want what I do to come as a surprise.
I have some bottled up in storage.
For those who 'might' forget I was the one to forgive!
Is the smoke causing you to choke?
Here...
Rub this oil on your skin.
Think of it as a gift with an intention to provoke.

NO!
I did not call you that.
I asked if you would like me now...
To clip on the wires that connects you,
To the electric switch.

Believe me...
The calling you that would have been easier done,
IF you had come to me for a confirmation.
Here...
It's scented.
Rub this oil on your skin.
Think of it as a gift with an intention to provoke.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Directness

I've been in the real world for too long,
And have very little patience...
With those adults,
Who now wish to explore their appetites
To live their lives!

A reality has bit them.
And now they see no choice,
But to cooperate.
That's cool!
However...
Those foolish things,
I've been accused by them of doing...
Throughout my life?
With critiscms they delighted to express.
To cause at times my unhappiness.
As I got my life on track?
To nourish myself with a comprehension,
I once lacked!

Those very things have assisted in my maturity.
With an understanding,
They now know they have not addressed?
And does not provide them a wholesomeness,
That I feel that is mine after being tested!
And that comes with everything I have earned.

I can not share this...
To spare them of their hurdles!
With their fresh awakenings!
I am not here to provide them,
With a scenic tour!
To have 'their' lives lived,
Filled with simple things!

I am not a magician!
Although my pace on my path,
Has been corrected with introspection.
And my directness placed as I step...

Needs no explanation!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Dirt Diggers

The dirt diggers seek to smear.
Only to discover they uncover their own miseries.
Exposing their evilness and their insecurities.
For everyone to see!
And find they are themselves shattered.
Despised!
And haunted by paranoia.
In fear of their own shadows.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Dirt Dumpers

What makes dirt dumpers think,
That where one chooses to live...
Associate with,
Go, eat and drink...
Has limitations on their abilities.
Or the credibility of their deeds.

What makes dirt dumpers think,
The ones they pre-judge by appearances...
Aren't invited to sit with the elite,
And choose to be alone at night...
Since they have peace of mind,
And this is what they are determined to keep!

What makes dirt dumpers think,
Their becoming aware of their own surroundings...
Has come too late to appreciate those,
They smeared with innuendos...
That generated a loathing and a creating of bad taste.

What makes dirt dumpers think,
The ones they have chosen to do this on...
Have tried too many times to warn them,
Their performances have cut their own noses.
And slit their own throats.
To leave them choking in their own polluted air.

'I don't need eyes in my head,
To know or see the things you have done...
And still do.
You are amongst seeds...
Within a rotting apple.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Dirty As It Hangs

Dirty is the teacher's picture.
Dirty is the frame that hangs...
On a wall that supports crack heads dozing.
Dirty are the thoughts of children
Having babies
When they themselves need breast feeding.
Limited by illegitimate lack of mind and sense!
Dirty is this point of view,
That feeds on decadence.
Dirty is a way of life,
That spotlights corruption and defames.
Dirty are those of friends and/or family.
The ones who gossip all the time...
About who's doing who in bed,
Or who is dead
OR 'who' is doing prison,
For selling crap...
Slapped by which crime!
Dirty is the atmosphere,
Tainting unsuspecting minds.
Dirty is the teacher's picture...
But the image being framed,
Could be yours or either mine!
This picture dirty as it hangs...
Collects dust that strangles!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Dirty In Their Pits. Misfits

They now are found,
Down, down, down, down...
In their pits of pity.
Down, down, down, down, down...
On the ground and gritty.
Dirty in their pits.
Misfits.

Haters who can't seem to wake up,
From their own doings.
Haters who believe they're owed,
To have a hand out giving...
Benefitting an ease of living.

Haters who can't seem to shake,
Away from capers.
Haters who made to create,
Their undertakings.
Undertakings that trapped them to be their own bait!

They now are found,
Down, down, down, down...
In their pits of pity.
Down, down, down, down, down...
On the ground and gritty.
Dirty in their pits.
Haters having fits.

Down, down, down, down, down...
Haters who are found,
Deep in misdeeds.
Down, down, down, down, down...
Dirty in their pits. Misfits.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Dirty Irving

He once could care less who felt what.
And he strutted with such arrogance.
He had struggled to get up off his butt!
And he became cold as he grew older.
Exposing a boldness.
With a chip on his shoulder.

He sought the weaknesses of others,
To remind him of those he had!
He showed no empathy to them at all.
He thought the worse of them.
And this made him glad.

Dirty Irving was a hustler.
He knew the street quite well.
Dirty Irving was quick,
To call anyone a bitch!
Hiding the fact...
He himself was bewitched.
Bothered and quite insecure.
Feeling he could endure,
A self imposed hell.

Dirty Irving met his match.
Someone like himself...
That was detached.
But that attracted him!
Like a sin delighting a whim.

And dirty Irving became deserving...
When his desires were from him kept back!
He exposed his heart and the depth he had.
He pleaded to be given...
Temptations that drove him to the edge,
Believing he could not be driven this 'mad'.

And one day dirty Irving decided to abandon his ways.
Dirty Irving found himself serving subservience.
Victimized by sex and drugs!

By the one who kept him 'whipped'.
And treated him as a possession.
As a slave.

And dirty Irving stayed that way.
Like a puppy who now obeys!
Today wherever dirty Irving is seen...
His 'master' is nearby.
Knowing who commands,
Dirty Irving's dreams!
And it seems this is the life...
Dirty Irving appreciates and likes!

'Subservience? '

Who knows?
Maybe he's a bottom kind of guy!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Disappear

There's nothing available for you here.
Take your feet off the welcome mat...
Turn around and disappear!
I hope I'm making myself clear?
We've already gone over that.
Remember when I said I was tired of your crap?
The last time you walk out on me
And said you were never coming back!
That was painful what you did.
I had rather you came to me
Than to sleep alone in sorrow...
And wonder why you had to pack...like that!
That was a low blow you slapped!

There is nothing...'no thing' left for you here!
Are you deaf?
I'm not stupid!
And I know my words are in your ears!
I didn't miss a second of that energy...
That negativity you brought too near!
Step away!
Adios...
Off the mat!
Disappear!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Disappearing Acts

After listening repeatedly,
With patience to tolerate...
The same tired delivery,
Of words heard from those who talk...
But somehow the walking,
Is never sought or caught them in action...
To prove the doing connects to thought,
Those who gave attention to them to listen...
Get up to take their good intentions,
Elsewhere.
To know that their interest,
With concerns will be better served...
When removing themselves to do,
Disappearing acts to not look back...
On folks who would rather gather and choose,
To...
Eat food, be fools and talk about nothing else...
That gets done to provide a benefit to anyone,
With an effect that progresses forward...
As those who talk the talk and not walk,
Sit to eat, joke and believe...
Success will come to them to receive.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Disappearing Fences

Shepards from the cosmic come.
Prepared to invade this dimension fading.
Obvious is the mental lift they gift.
Dissolving quick are traditions drifting.
Are we not in this universe?
Arriving to leave a planet we call Earth.
Some have decided to conquer and divide.
To rule with delusions of who dies,
And who shall reside.
But this barbaricness soon comes to an end!
Nothing keeps an awakening that reaps...
Nor is there a defense,
To protect those behind disappearing fences.
Blending without blood shed to bleed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Disappointed

The best way to avoid,
Something allowed to exist...
But now one wishes it to rid,
Is not to create it.
Or make claims to benefit,
Only when it is to one's periodic advantage.

So many insist,
On not being aware of what they've permitted.
To then attempt to remove themselves,
Of any responsibility that reflects their involvement.
As if a conscious investment made...
Disappointed in the expected dividends given.

The best way to avoid,
Something allowed to exist...
But now one wishes it to rid,
Is not to create it.
Or make claims to benefit,
Only when it is to one's periodic advantage.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Disappointment And Patience

Those that have come to devote themselves,
To that which they have commited to do to achieve...
Have not done so because they thought it easy.
And there are more who believe this than few who chose to do it.

Anyone wishing to be successful,
At anything done they do...
Must know a little bit about sacrifice,
A lot about disappointment and patience...
And forgiving those who say the most negative things,
When observing others doing something they would not do...
Because money is not involved to compensate their imaginations.

And getting 'paid' is their only objective in life.
But to leave good deeds to do to get done for some,
Becomes a necessity for the ones wanting to do their best...
Because that is what they expect and nothing less from themselves.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Disappointments Are A Part Of Life

No success is created,
Without failure to face.
Or making mistakes.
To acknowledge them and recognize.
Too many rather hide and lie to themselves.

Disappointments are a part of life.
To stumble and fall to crawl to get back up,
With a standing tall...
Is a sign of someone already a winner.
And that one with a certain flair in their strut,
May have visited to sit in a few gutters.

Anyone who has made efforts,
To endeavor with obstacles to rid...
With wounds and anguish no one sees,
Did it to do to overcome fear and self doubt.
To know from experience...
Anything else sought to make success easier,
Only invites excuses, alibis and denial.
With that to hear from others on a daily basis.

Getting over oneself,
To leave that kind of ego behind...
Is the best solution one can find,
With a taking of steps away from delusion.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Disaster Sprees

For the moment at least,
It looks as if there's been a freeze,
On leaders who speak of peace
While shopping around to spread,
Disaster sprees.

People have grown tired
Of pointing fingers at foes,
And revealing new enemies...
When everyone seems to be one of those!

With hidden agendas becoming more exposed...
No one can be blamed for appearing less composed.
Especially when it's discovered
Who we now watch eating 'crow'! !
As millions who followed a piper they believed...
Would lead them UP to the light,
To a freedom they can see!
Not DOWN a dismal deadend road!
Too dark to return for him to recompose!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Disasterous Conditions

So easy it is,
To forwarn of disastrous conditions.
From positions taken,
Behind podiums and/or pulpits.
Prophesied when one,
Becomes televised with this done...
To bring attention more to those,
Posing to get...
Their popularity focused exposure.
Yet after the cameras and crowds go,
So does the concern...
To show to those who know,
Not too many of notoriety take steps
Making known with shown endeavors,
To correct...
Their human disasters that affect,
Only the ones who have lived them...
Listening to expect,
Being referred to as refugees.
While those gaining the sympathy...
Are the ones wiping tears from eyes,
Expecting a huge fee...
For their delivery,
Of a touching...
And heartfelt emotional performance.

'You were wonderful.
Now...
When are you going to make visits,
To those impoverished.
And victims of disparities? '

-Just how serious is the problem? -

'But,
You described their condition,
At length and in detail.'

-As long as my presentation,

Came across as sincere.
And donations keep flowing in,
Who cares when or where...
I make off camera appearances?
Everyone knows,
It's not about the disaster.
But who can best attract,
The getting of attention to it! -

'But...
What about those who suffer? '

-I will ensure each one gets,
An autograph photo.
8 by 10 glossy.
That's it.
Personal visits with real tears wept
You should know,
That ain't me.-

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Disbelief Is High On Your Meter

Even though you're numb,
By that which has been done...
More is coming.
More is coming!

You're in it thick or thin,
But keep your faith within...
'Cause more is coming.
More is coming!

A disbelief is high on your meter.
But don't you give up hope.
Keep your hope afloat!

A disbelief is high on your meter.
But don't you give up hope.
Keep that hope afloat!

Even though you're numb,
By that which has been done...
More is coming.
More is coming!

A disbelief is high on your meter.
But don't you give up hope.
Keep your hope afloat!

A disbelief is high on your meter.
But don't you give up hope.
More is coming.
More is coming!

You're in it thick or thin,
But keep your faith within...
'Cause more is coming.
More is coming!

A disbelief is high on your meter.
More is coming.

More is coming!

A disbelief is high on your meter.
More is coming.
More is coming!

Even though you're numb,
By that which has been done...
More is coming.
More is coming!

A disbelief is high on your meter.
You're in it thick or thin,
But keep your faith within.

A disbelief is high on your meter.
You're in it thick or thin,
But keep your faith within.
'Cause more is coming.
More is coming.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Disbelief Kept Invites Madness

Disbelief kept,
Eventually invites madness.
To accept with it hoped,
Behavior found inappropriate...
Will change its way shown.
And with time given,
Becomes correct.
And what about this,
Which is unbelievable...
Yet appears achievable.
Is the depth of those deluded,
Who actually perceive...
An acceptance,
Of their own madness to correct
Is not who they see,
Themselves reflected to be.
Or have been.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Disbeliefs

Even with pieces of the sky
Falling down around them...
They still have disbeliefs,
Their way of life
Comes to a drastic halt!
And no one who leads them,
Will tell them this is true!
However,
They 'are' told
They must keep up the fight...
To protect what is their right!

'What 'is' their right? '

To be deceived and pleased!
That's the only way of life they accept!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Disbelieving Naysayers

Facing failures and mistakes,
With a taking steps to correct them...
Over and over and over again,
To continue to hear but not listen to...
Discouraging comments others choose,
To humiliate and intimidate...
Attempted efforts and endeavors exhibited,
By one not chased away from obstacles.
And doing this to overcome sacrifices made.
Is the one some may try but can not deny,
Has championed with a doing done to defeat...
Disbelieving naysayers seldom not discreet,
In expressing to pass and fast their judgements.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Discipline And Acceptance

The only escape left to face,
From a decay that persists to exist...
Is prayer, discipline and acceptance.
Hesitating in disbelief of being deceived,
To await conquerers of despair are there...
With relief to replace tears with cheers...
As those good times from the past,
Return again to reappear...
Can be counted upon,
By the same folks who made promises...
To only disappear to not hear from again.

'Doth the Sun dips to vanish quick into darkness.
To leave the dew droppings of dawn,
Misting our eyes to blemish visions of a sweetened life...
No longer on the horizon fading away without rainbows.'

The only escape left to face,
From a decay that persists to exist...
Is prayer, discipline and acceptance.
With this done on a daily basis,
To wish delusions tempting to deceive...
Will eventually be replaced,
By the facts of life to taste as is...
Interpreted as being more positive.
As choices previously made,
Become less limited to acknowledge.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Discipline Had Long Been Aborted

Incubated sensations begin to breathe breath.
The taste of temptation,
Comes with the birth that one gets...
Upon the teasing fields,
Of marketed dreams.

Some will say it is not best,
To bombard a thirst to quench with trinkets!
But others choose to select,
What they believe is best!
Until the teething has been satisfied.
And a hunger builds and becomes unrest.

The feeding that has begun,
Now becomes a stinging done!
A demanding has taken place.
Disrespect glares in one's face.
And nothing can replace that!
Since discipline had long been aborted!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Disconnect From The Hustle

Take moments at a time,
To experience complete relief.
Burdens shouldered on your back,
Should be considered as your duty...
To freely release and unstrap.

Manage the advantage,
Of a total needed rest.
Confessions of a selfishness...
Is not yours to manifest.
Or explorations of guilt,
Internalize to upset...
With self inflicted protests.

Take moments at a time,
To experience complete relief.
Burdens shouldered on your back,
Should be considered as your duty...
To freely release and unstrap.

Disconnect from the hustle.
Relax and enjoy that!
Disconnect from the hustle.
Feel deserving,
Not trapped.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Disconnections

No one will treat me anyway that they wish...
With beliefs I have become addicted,
To their nonsense overblown with foolishness shown.
And get away with it to petty my feelings of a relationship.
No!
I did not grow to flow in those directions.
I don't crave the feeding of those disconnections.

If I have not given reason,
For anyone to suspect I have been neglectful...
To then give them purpose to disrespect me?
Something in my mind erases their appearance in it.
Immediately!
With a moving forward that I do knowing time is precious.
And to leave behind the denseness of a mindlessness.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Discouraged From Mentioning Them

'Gray skies are gonna clear up.
Put on a happy face.
Wipe off the gloom and cheer'

Would you SHUT UP with that.
We are undergoing a crisis.

'My.
My, my, my.
Now
This would 'not' be the same crisis,
'We' were undergoing
When some were then,
Discouraged from mentioning them?
Back at a time when a stirring of them began?

And
Would this be the same crisis,
When mentioned
There was a reluctance,
To put them to an end? '

Why are you so negative?
As if to provoke a justification,
To dwell in acts of cynicism.

'You know
You are right.
You do have a point.
I will leave you with your positive outlook.
Since it saddens me to be so happy,
Knowing I can confront truth.
With a looking on the brighter side of life.
And be delusion free.
What was I thinking? '

Note:
'Gray skies are gonna clear up'

are lyrics from the musical Bye, Bye Birdie.
Put On A Happy Face is the title of that song.
Words and Music by Lee Adams and Charles Strouse.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Discovered And Found

The claims you make are fine.
No one but you can clearly define them.
It is when the mind has been silenced,
Does one find an enlightenment that is divine.
With a truth that is indisputable.
And carried within them all the time.
When this is discovered and found...
It is like a lesson learned.
And lessons,
When learned for what they are...
Become a process of much growth,
Too unforgettable to let go.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Discovered As Delicious

Many have a need to cling...
Like a fruit maturing,
That has of yet been picked.
And sits with a grip,
Agonizing over it in a nervousness.

Prolonging the experience...
Of being bitten.
And wishing not to be chewed.
Or spitted about...
In a noticeable disappointment.

But sooner than later it is dropped.
From that which has gotten too tired,
Of its clinging.
Too weary of a fruit that has aged.
And an abrupt disconnection occurs.
The benefit of it seems no longer to pay!

Shakened and disturbed by this,
The fruit begins to flounder in a reminiscing.
Left to thrive with or without comprehension...
In which direction to roll,
Or drift...
Until it finds it feels a fit.

Hopefully comfortable enough,
With itself...
To allow it discovered as delicious.
Or become saddened...
That it has been left alone to rot!
A condition condoned!
With no value to itself emphasized and known.

The structure and purpose of it was missed.
But this with consistent preparation...
Could have been a mindset stopped.
And the value of it shown as part of the crop,
Enhanced.

With expectations of it,
By all who would come to taste...
As juicy to the lips,
Down to the core!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Discovered At The Finish Line

One deciding to pick another,
To initiate a game to play...
Should,
At least...
Be familiar with the skills,
Of the competitor selected.

Anyone with a conscious mind should know,
Or be aware of any outcome that may grow...
If someone chosen to harrass,
Does not embarrass one prepared to laugh.
When another is picked to play a game...
Is discovered at the finish line doing exactly that.

'Where were you?
I've been here and with 'your' friends,
Waiting for that 'next' task...
I have heard from them,
You knew from the beginning to believe...
I had no chance to win.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Discovered In Holes From Which They Hide

When someone spineless,
Hides behind a false identity...
With a smearing of character believed achieved,
They do themselves the harm.

They expose themselves to be the cheese,
Other rats eat.

They become the ones to suffer pain.
Hoping to victimize another,
Will give them something to gain.

But they become the ones,
Finding themselves demonized.
They are the ones who become surprised,
That those who are attacked...
Are the ones with the allies!
They are the ones,
Discovered in holes from which they hide.

They are the ones,
Sleepless at night.
Destroying themselves,
And their own lives!

'Comeon!
I was just kidding.'

~Don't worry about it.
You couldn't find anyone better,
Who loves a good joke! ~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Discovered You Accepting It

It is not what I say you discover to be true.
The truth has discovered you accepting it!
And that is what is happening to you.
And you associate me with not denying it.
But trust me...
It isn't 'my' truth.
It has always been there,
To anyone who wished an access to it.
Unlike deceit,
Truth is not mysteriously kept in denial.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Discovery Of The Self

Discovery of the self,
I've made.
A probing with a complete evaluation.
Blemishes and flaws,
Once wished would go away!
Now are displayed.
With a discovery of the self,
I've made.
Only to correct and refine,
The presentation in my mind!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Discreet Rolled Up Sleeves (Under Siege)

Under siege.
Standards to value.
And fading beliefs.
Under siege.
Minds strung along.
Severed and cut.
Like puppets left,
Without their strings being plucked.

Under siege.
Now by hands unknown.
And discreet rolled up sleeves.
Yet controlling movements,
To make aware and it shown...
Muppets are easier to maneuver.
With it done to convince,
Thoughts from them...
To have been programmed,
And many to speak...
Have no need of their own minds to use.
To do with it still unsuspected,
Strings are no longer attached to their actions.
Under siege.
By no one who has been publicly seen.
Although 'they' control every moment made.

'Whew.
Their hands are so cold.'

~I know.
I wish I knew whose hands they were.~

'What difference would it make? '

~At least we could protest,
To get them warmed.~

'To prove what? '

~We are not completely,
Sold to their mind control business.~

'It's too late.
When strings were attached,
No one bothered to ask...
What steps were expected from us,
To accept next to take.
Now we're just muppets,
With unknown hands up our butts.
Pretending there is a benefit from it to enjoy.'

~To ultimately have 'what' declared? ~

'Their victory over us.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Discreeted Deceit Defeats You

Your shame now shows a blemish.
You would like to diminish,
The exposure of it all.
But pretensions have dressed
An unconfessed illness manifested!
A cure has been found...
To surround with a painful healing.
Discreeted deceit defeats you!
And the leeches that have chosen to keep
Denials as a weapon to defend weaknesses...
Are shown to have fed their needs on division!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Discreetly In Secret Sleaze

Never satisfied they are,
With the dragging of themselves...
Down into the murkiest of dirt.
No.
They want the company of family.
And other innocent people,
They then call friends!
To back them up with support,
To show a confidence in them.

But while doing their misdeeds,
Discreetly in secret sleaze...
Never did they think they would get caught,
With a doing as they please...
To pleasure their own selfish needs.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Discretion To Deceive

Why is it some people seem both shocked,
And surprised with amazement...
By those who got up out of ruts,
To live productive and happy lives?

And this done inspite of the ones,
Doing their best to address blemishes and flaws...
We all have but not those selected,
To be picked upon to go through hell.

Criticising every step, effort and movement made,
There are actually some people offended...
By others who get attention,
To wish evil upon them with their discreton to deceive.

'We can not find anyone with us to unite.'

~Maybe those disliked and out of the loop,
You should contact and reconsider? ~

'And what would that prove? '

~You never know.
If attempts were made to ruin my life.
And I knew the people who were instrumental,
In destroying every sound relationship I had...
I would forgive them.~

'Oh yeah?
And why? '

~I wouldn't be here in the same room with you right now,
If I did not comprehend...
I am the last friend you have.
And you pretend to be mine.
That's why I suggest you contact those you've backstabbed.
Because I am getting tired of pretending.~

'You have no idea how difficult it is to be me.'

~That's great.
Now save that to say to those you contact.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Discrimination Hasn'T Distanced Pain

Discrimination hasn't distanced pain.
And its effect.
Discrimination hasn't distanced pain.
To affect.
Discrimination hasn't distanced pain.
With shown regrets.
Discrimination hasn't distanced pain.
Not yet.

People carry sorrows they can solve.
And...
People if they wished could be involved.
And...
If disparaties would come to cease to end,
Every illness known would heal and mend...
Eventually.

Discrimination hasn't distanced pain.
And its effect.
Discrimination hasn't distanced pain.
To affect.
Discrimination hasn't distanced pain.
With shown regrets.
Discrimination hasn't distanced pain.
Not yet.
To rid it and forget...
The price of ignorance and what it costs.

Discrimination hasn't distanced pain.
Not yet.
To rid it and forget...
The price of ignorance,
And its loss.
Or its cost,
We all have lost!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Discussing Their Disgust

In the valleys where shadows exist,
Those who have made their choices...
Selected to pick,
Should not complain...
Of less light to find,
Upon them to shine.
When a climbing up and away,
From a darkness that delays...
Takes motivation and initiative,
With a desire to move up and towards,
The light.
To know a better life wished,
Doesnt come to anyone...
Believing that a drifting,
Back and forth in valleys...
Discussing with others their disgust,
Of it.
Will always discover discouragement,
And plenty of time to procrastinate.
To accept as an incentive.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Disenfranchised

I remember as if,
Those yesterdays I lived...
Had not gone away at all.
When I first arrived back to a place,
From facing obstacles...
I had been tested to remove.
And found myself,
Amongst minds unchanged.
Minds staying to remain,
To play the same elementary games.

I remember the gaining of experiences,
From adventures and tasks...
I had been forced to explore.
With thoughts I had returned,
Where progress was either...
Prevented or ignored.
To perceive what was exhibited,
Had been requests from the people...
To leave every aspect of their past adored.
And that was in 1970.45 years ago.

I remember it was in 1987.
When I returned again for just a weekend.
To believe I had recovered from earlier disbeliefs.
But here it is in the year 2015...
And many have accepted their unchanging minds,
With very few taking notice...
Of the changing of scenes or the signs of the times.
Yet protesting they've been disenfranchised,
By a future unwilling to be patient for them to awaken...
For them to open their eyes to realize,
Life does not await for points to be made.

'How OLD are you guys? '

~I'm almost 80.
The rest of my teammates,
Are between the ages of 40 and 75.

Why? ~

'What about your children?
Grandchildren?
And some of you who have 'greats'? '

~That's why we've come to protest.
We want more playgrounds.
And the eliminating to remove,
All the gates to expand our games.~

I remember as if,
Those yesterdays I lived...
Had not gone away at all.
When I first arrived back to a place,
From facing obstacles...
I had been tested to remove.
And found myself,
Amongst minds unchanged.
Minds staying to remain,
To play the same elementary games.

'But...
What about your claims of being disenfranchised? '

~That's why we are here.
We want our contributions,
Acknowledged and realized to protect and accept...
the dire affects your lack of interest,
Has had on the future of our children.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Disfigured

He pooped to the top of the charts.
He of talent...
And low self esteem.
His face became a blemish,
He despised and demeaned.
Slowly ending a phase...
Of a career not yet finished.
His dancing and singing for years brought smiles.
He hid inside himself the mind,
Of an unforgiving child.
Embittered...
He disfigured himself
Accomplishing grotesque ambitions.
And the ego he keeps unreleased...
Overpowers.
Trapping him within his own ugly nightmare made!
Chased by fans screaming,
To get nose close.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Disgraced Stage

The price paid for making false impressions,
May not affect immediately...
Those seeking acceptance and entry,
To be amongst those choosing to rub elbows...
With others picked to be in exclusive social circles,
Parading proper etiquette and political correctness.
Although they 'sin' they forgive themselves of them.

However...
Is it advantageous to participate in deception,
With others equally pretentious and selling their souls cheap.
To experience eventually an exclusive embarrassment.
When it has been exposed a prerequisite is selfisness?
And charading a decadence they solicit but to others censor.

Reality has a way of grabbing the limelight,
From hypocrites depicting themselves as self-righteous.
With a taking away the attention from those fighting to get it.
To then discover a wanted spotlight getting much too hot.
Especially when an influence begins to fade and show,
A plague of corruption involves those at the center of it.
As if proud to stand on a disgraced stage committed to dismiss.

'We uphold our standards we value.'

~But at what cost? ~

'Don't be foolish.
Yours, of course.
We play, you pay.
What's the big deal? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Disgruntled

He is not the first or the last...
To stun,
By telling what he knows is true.

Nor is he the only one...
To be labelled digruntled,
By those feeding delusion...
In their high priced silk worn suits!

He could have stayed,
And continued the betrayal...
In dismay.
But a sense of integrity,
He had to pursue.

And now he has been declared embittered,
By proclaiming
He and others have represented dishonesty.
And that was wrongly by them pursued!

And yet,
His admissions...
For whatever the ambition,
Had for years
Kept others ostracized and shunned.

Defamed they were and claimed,
To be nonconformists!
But it is much too late...
To backtrack and replaced,
To undo the destruction
And the killing that's been done!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Disgruntled Grumblings Zinged

My heart and I no longer fight or wrestle,
Over which way to go.
No.

My head and mind decides what's right.
Finally united.
And about that my heart likes.

Disgruntled grumblings zinged!
And from me they've gone.
All zapped and zinged.
And from me they've gone.
Wrapped up and flinged.
And from me they've gone.

No more disgruntled grumblings haunting me,
When they don't belong.

All grumblings have been zinged.
And from me they've gone.
All zapped and zinged.
And from me they've gone.
Wrapped up and flinged.
And from me they've gone.

Disgruntled grumblings zinged with everything,
That did not belong.

My heart and I no longer fight or wrestle,
Over which way to go.
No.

My head and mind decides what's right.
Finally united.
And about that my heart likes.

Disgruntled grumblings zinged!
And from me they've gone.
All zapped and zinged.

And from me they've gone.
Wrapped up and flinged.
And from me they've gone.

Disgruntled grumblings zinged with everything,
That did not belong.
They've all been wrapped and flinged,
And from me now they're all gone.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Disgruntled 'Wannabees'

Disgruntled 'wannabees',
Voicing their critiques to leave...
Are unaware they motivate,
Those who await their premeditated hatred...
To express with confessions,
A wish to live someone else's life.

Without a hint or a clue,
What another has gone through...
To spend a few moments they have earned,
To stand momentarily under a spotlight...
Every moment of their life,
That has been desired and yearned.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Disguised As A Piper

Like a shepherd who watches,
And slaughters sheep.
A molester comes out of hiding,
Disguised as a piper...
Garbed in robes.
And appearing angelic sweet.

Leader of a dynasty...
That preys on followers,
With encouraging sanctimonious words.
By hides evils deep...
As a pious king,
Who underneath this charade...
Condones and shelters creeps.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Disguised As Too Painful To Face

When people wish to relive their failures,
To have them praised as victories...
What better days can they look forward to living?
And upon whose values delusioned,
Are these dreams to be realized?
If truth is despised,
And disguised as too painful to face...
Without it masqueraded.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Disgusting To Witness

What's more disgusting to witness,
But left to ignore or perhaps not acknowledged?
Disrespect and a lack of discipline?
Someone claiming to be a 'Christian',
To then hear them undermine when time permits...
Their neighbors, family members, friends 'and' children.
With it perceived God has given them special permission.

What's more disgusting to witness,
But left to ignore or perhaps not acknowledged?
Those who profess themselves better than others.
And hear them express with selfish druthers,
How someone else dislikes what they do...
When the choice had been theirs,
To verbally abuse another to then excuse...
A doing of it too.

What's more disgusting?
Listening to hear someone complain,
About who did what to accuse and blame.
To then discover the ones someone has framed to blame,
Are the very same ones...
Who took the time to help them,
Say and spell their own names correctly.
When those they now seek attention from to get,
Had no time to give or shown to them any interest.

And heard from them expressing thankfulness,
To the ones they find time to undermine and belittle?
When was the last time you saw a horse,
Pulling a plow in blistering heat...
Wearing a top hat and tails appearing delighted,
To receive hay to eat from a silver gold trimmed platter?
People who deceive are gifted liars.
And the best of them are taunted by their own demons.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Disgusting Trash

I am thrilled and feeling exuberant.
It's the new product line we are soon to market.
To capture the imaginations of old and young alike.
We have chosen certain key demographics,
For testing this weekend.

Our campaign blitz prepared for Disgusting Trash,
Is like none other we have attempted.
We are going to ensure our latest product,
Gains in both educational and entertainment fields.
Are there any questions?

'This is not a question, sir.
I have a statement that should add onto the excitement.
Our sales projections have exceeded expectations.
We have already over one million prepaid orders,
That has elevated Disgusting Trash,
To become the most sought after product EVER! '

Excellent.
Excellent!
That is great and excellent news.
And...
I have previewed the new videos for TV?
I was overwhelmed,
To see the most adorable preschool children...
Loving Disgusting Trash.
Ladies and gentlemen...
We have a hit on our hands.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Dish Up Something Else

If someone continues to sit
And still doesn't 'get it'!
Don't season it with salt and pepper.
No matter what is done...
The appetite for what is being offered
Is not what they brought along
For the meal that is being served.
Either dish up something else...
Or come to agree to reschedule.
It's better than wasting time getting nowhere.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Dishabille Disarray

They don't get it!
He is their last chance,
To regain some measure of respect.

And those around the world who adore him...
Know of his challenges.
And wish him the very best.
Although what he wishes,
Some folks wish to dismiss.
Without comprehending,
The mess he desires to fix.

And all who live with conflicts fantasize...
Have not a clue,
How close they are...
To complete calamity bordering on demise.

They don't get it!
He is their last chance.
Petty has been their way of life.
Entertained by delusion.
And deceit romanced.
With rose colored glasses...
Worn on cloudy drugged up eyes.

They don't get it!
They...
Not he,
Are the ones despised.
And he is the one that seeks compromise.

He,
Not 'they'...
Has been the one chosen!
To make some sense,
Out of their dishabille disarray.

'Are you talking about our mode of dress, style...
The lack of it?

Or the impression of a leader's appearance?
Or our fading comprehension of what it takes,
To make and sustain greatness? '

All of it needs an uplifted innovative renovation!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Dishonest

Some folks may change personas,
But they wear the same pajamas.
And when they expose,
The same butt and nose...
You see them still being dishonest!
There is nothing more offered that's promised!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Dishonesty Is Given To Get And Taken

Too many are dishonest.
And living amongst themselves with it.
With a doing of this playfully,
And encouraged to remain children unfit.
To relish their immaturity and 'thick-headedness'.

Too many are dishonest.
And prepared to lie and cheat.
As witnessed by those much younger,
Practicing false beliefs...
They too one day will teach.

Too many are dishonest.
Thinking it 'cool' to fool and deceive.
And too many have grown older,
Without integrity or identities...
To leave,
Future generations...
With a solid effectiveness respected,
As a qualifying priority.
□
They should expect this from others...
As it is given to get and taken as received.
But this perception is not uppermost,
In minds hosting floating boats...
Circling until their throats are choked!

Since,
Dishonesty...
Is given to get,
And taken...
To receive!

Dis-honesty...
Is given to get,
And taken...
To receive!

With a feeling to fullfill a need.

Dishonesty...
Is given to get,
And taken...
To receive!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Disjointed

I avoid misunderstandings.
Especially with those who seek to be understood.
Why spend time with someone
Who wants to take your time,
Going on a scavenger hunt looking for things
They wont recognize once they are found?
And then disagreeing on the significance.
It makes no sense playing show and tell...
With anyone who does not comprehend,
The art of sharing or communicating what that means!
What's the point of becoming disjointed?
And putting puzzled pieces together,
Is not my forté anway!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Dismantled

Dismantled.
Out of rhythm is this dance.
An unweaving begins it's shreading,
From the seams.
Dismantling begun is being successfully done.

Accustomed to point fingers.
On distant shores...
Everyone!
Identifying trespassers...
When our ancestors were the first ones!
Aboard ships,
Making slave trade trips.
Insisting others to drift seas to come.

Dismantled.
Standards antiqued!
Kept with the thoughts of the past,
To keep!
Outdated concepts show rust and leaks.
Satisfaction from these days,
Have long faded from craving!

See this structured way of life...
Squeezing every bit of human rights,
With a taste of bitterness,
Inviting united global fights!
And losing sight of peace...
In conflicts without ceasing.
As together we come,
Unto one heap to burn...
Dismantled.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Dismissal Of Fears

There is nothing like falling out of a tree.
That has happened to me.
Twice,
At least.

There is nothing like taking chances.
With a clear understanding,
There may be consequences to pay.
That has happened to me.
More times than I care to remember.

More times than even I...
Can remember.
And still find my actions,
Difficult to believe!

There is nothing like making mistakes.
Especially those,
That come to shake one awake.
That has happened to me.
Until running into a brick wall,
Made my nose bleed.
Literally.

And...
There is nothing like getting up,
Off of one's knees.
Stripped of an ego.
And every pretension...
I fed upon as a necessity.

There is nothing like falling out of a tree.
That has happened to me.
Twice,
At least.
As if an introduction,
To prepare me for a journey!

And today...

For some reason...
I can not pass a tree without touching it.
Or giving it a very long hug!
With the gratefulness,
I had the audacity to take chances.
And a dismissal of fears to live my life as it is.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Dismissed As Insignificant

The only power you have is flight.
To flee from the blight you caused.
The anguish you inflicted,
From a demented mind glorified...
Honors you with no praise.
You can not raise you head up.
Not with the winds of disgust confronting you.
You slandered with character assassinations.
And yet those still can still walk with pride...
Everywhere.
You?
You can not pass a note without being despised!
And that high horse you chose to ride passed,
With a turned up nose and your high ass...
Can not gallop away fast enough.
The wings you falsely sprouted...
Have been clipped!
And everything and everyone who lifted you,
Have been dismissed as insignificant...
From this process called human!
They knew you and they too,
Reek from the stench of that magnificent cesspool...
Your leacherous ways attempted to hide and fool!
And you are just but one,
Of the many who still choose to slither.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Dismissed As Misfits

It all began as pure myth.
These psychological ploys,
Too real to decipher...
Yet meanders unanswered,
Until they stop!
Or trail away...
Left to drift!

Sit they do as a teapot brewing...
Boiling mists until someone removes it!
Determined to whip up traditions flavored,
And savored with each sip!

Lip service does not quench,
An undying thirst for more.
Ancestors are not certified,
Or relied upon to explore.

The pouring of it satisfies,
The creation of heros adored.
As those real who were truly the heros then,
Are dismissed as misfits to ignore!

Anthropologists are dispatched...
To search under rocks by bits!
Old ruins are disturbed for clues,
For any truth awaiting that sits.
And persistent are those
Insisting more symbols unfounded be made.
Relying on myths of 'shady' existences...
Regardless of artifacts discovered,
To recover minds illusioned...
Deluded and totally crazed!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Dismissed Fortune Tellers

Time changes that,
Which is believed set in stone.
It's less traumatic today to awaken with amnesia.
Than to witness the wonders of discovery,
Widen the eyes of those devoted to tales told...
Vanishing as truth of events unfold.
While those whistle blowers are being reminisced,
As dismissed fortune tellers.

'In your future I see...
Several hands,
Other than yours...
Playing more than a game of pool,
In your pockets.'

~Stop it.
Were you passed over for a raise you expected? ~

Not to initiate discussions of pervert activity,
But some people became quite offended...
By the thought of someone else,
Tossing big balls around discreetly.
Whistle blowers became labelled...
As those disgruntled,
That nothing was slipped in their pockets...
To keep them hushed.
So they were slandered as liars and crushed.
And to the exits...rushed!

'Those were the days my friend.
Days that came to an end for those snoopers of greed,
Sitting high in executive seats.
And found noticebly cheating to bring more into their homes,
Besides a dozen of eggs and bacon.'
These rats had acquired taste to build their own cheese factories.

Time changes that,
Which is believed set in stone.
It's less traumatic today to awaken with amnesia.

Than to witness the wonders of discovery,
Widen the eyes of those devoted to tales told...
Vanishing as truth of events unfold.
While those whistle blowers are being reminisced,
As dismissed fortune tellers.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Dismissed Significance

A dismissed significance,
As to who is more reliant...
And dependent on benefits,
To receive yet perceived...
No longer needed.
Is an action taken,
By those blinded by 'hype'.
And not reality to see.

Open gates to then close,
With belief a throwing away...
All the keys.
Leaves those within walls,
Created...
Eventually realizing,
The ones dismissed...
As being insignificant,
Are those denied to deliver...
Needed supplies,
To the ones who isolate...
Themselves inside,
Within closed and locked gates.
Celebrating with clouded eyes,
Their own demise that awaits.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Dismissed To Be Kicked To The Curb

Frivolous and trifling actions,
Should not be condoned...
Between 'adults' appearing to be grown.
Yet an acceptance of this does exist,
In some environments beset by many...
Childish in mind and confined to limitations.
And determined to prove,
They can re-act immature like the children do.

However...
Some who have aged and have earned this status,
Are not going to tolerate ignorance...
With a thoughtfulness that has been absent,
Of an idiot conditioned and still cemented...
In times when their actions by others were consented.
But today too much silliness should be seriously prevented.

Folks stuck in dispositions they can not give up,
Should be dismissed to be kicked to the curb.
That's it.
Comprehending an explanation,
To connect the dots...
Would not for them establish to provide a benefit.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Dismissed To Be Missed Yet Dismissing The Missing

There are those who do bring gifts to others,
With the material and the physicalness of this...
To the receiver who gets to go unseen.
And the frequency of the gifts one accepts,
Eventually is regretted when the giver is neglected.
Feeling rejected the giver reflects.
And with a doing refreshes by taking forward steps.

The giver is believed not to be the one who delivers.
And the giver leaves.
The gifts stop.
And dismissed to be missed mysteriously,
Is the giver by the others with their druthers perceived...
That those gifts they once received were not delivered,
By the giver. The giver not regretting a decision to leave.

So the giver goes knowing what true love should bestow.
And dismissing the missing as just one more experience,
To forget to get over until someone recognizes,
This 'gem' to pick up, dust and buff.
And familiar with the glimmer of the gifts one brings...
With a showing of respect.
Sharing and devoted as an offering both receive and get.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Dismissed With Secrets

They did come.
And in time,
Chased away by slander.

Bearing food coupons,
And other certificates...
To shower them with gifts.
It was decided amongst the people,
They did not have an accepted presence.
So they were treated rudely and dismissed.

Carrying maps where treasures were located,
Those berated left...
Because they were not dressed to impress.

The others who wore suits and ties.
And in 'After 6' attire...
Continued on in their façades,
In unspoken wishes...
There was a feast to feed,
Where empty place settings sat.
At least crumbs to lick on vacant dishes.

Even though they looked the part,
Hunger and desire to eat...
Did not treat them to satiate one bit of that!

And many among them chose to dine on pretentions.
Daring not to mention,
A nourishment missing...
Would increase an added spice to their lives!

And those dismissed with secrets,
Were not the ones bowing their heads in shame!
Those dismissed with secrets,
Offered their services to those receptive.
The ones who left behind,
Their days of playing psychological games.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Dismissing The Restrictions

Still there will be many...
Seeking advice!
From those who continue to lead them,
Down the path of darkness.

And stopping they will...
To be instructed to have prayer along the way.
For those heading towards the light!
Brightened by Sun rays.

On their knees they will observe them in unity,
Not carrying Bibles, singing hymns...
Or reciting scriptures as they smiled!
And expressing a happiness heard as they rejoice.

Something 'spiritual' conflicts with a releasing felt,
Dismissing the restrictions of religious 'freedoms'.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Dismissing Thoughts Of Impossibilities

Valiant and courageous are those who remain focused to stay,
Determined to realize their dreams despite opposition in their way.
Or positions some may take to plant obstacles on their paths.

Nor is it vanity that keeps one feeding on faith and lasting beliefs.
It is the willingness to sacrifice for that which is loved and seeks,
To prove in the doing and dismissing thoughts of impossibilities.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Disparities

Like fallen leaves...
In Spring.
A scene that rarely happens.
Or the sight and sound,
Of someone tap dancing on their knees.
It would seem out of place.
Such disparities as these.

And applesauce is not tossed,
From grapevines on grass dewed
By morning mist.
Unless it is composed...
As an artist's rendition on an oiled canvas.

And strangers passing one another,
In total darkness are not aware they are there.
Would you...
If you did not know,
Someone near could be pursued?
Would you say hello?
Or tie a bow in unlaced shoes?

Disparities may come to mix and blend,
Seasons that entwine to kiss briefly
Before one has to go.
Disparities of a separateness...
Yet an eclecticness between them flow.
Disparities like snow melting from trees,
As heat brings two to freeze a kiss.
Disparities gathered and played consonantly...
On piano keys for ears to hear,
And not for eyes to quickly dismiss.
Disparities.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Dispatch Me From The Batch

Dispatch me from the batch,
Of those who wish a rematch back...
To patch relationships that cracked.
As if life lived is meant for that!

I want,
True happiness.
I need,
To feel ecstatic...
In romantic graphic snatches,
That does not leave a single scratch.
Or a fighting done with a tit for tat!

I hope,
For a love that's known.
To be,
Shared and known.
And feel...
It always there,
To grow with two who are aware.

Dispatch me from the batch,
Of those who wish a rematch back...
To patch relationships that cracked.
As if life lived is meant for that!

I want,
True happiness.
I need,
To feel ecstatic...
In romantic graphic snatches,
That does not leave a single scratch.
Or a fighting done with a tit for tat!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Dispensed

They have been feasting with a feeding.
Even at the expense,
Of watching their own young...
Being eaten as if dispensed.
Just to keep themselves 'elite'.

'Can't they see,
The future ahead from them...
They themselves delete? '

They believe that this feasting done,
Will keep them at the peak.

'Without an eating of all that is done...
What they believe,
Is an impossibility.'

They believe that this feasting done,
Will keep them at the peak.

They have been feasting with a feeding.
Even at the expense,
Of watching their own young...
Being eaten as if dispensed.
Just to keep themselves 'elite'.

'Can't they see,
The future ahead from them...
They themselves delete?
And...
Without an eating of all that is done...
What they believe,
Is an impossibility.'

'Blinded are the greedy.
And this they can not see.
When they are finished with their eating...
They will turn eventually to rust..
And all that is left,

Will crumble like dust!
After the rusting with the dusting,
Will swallow them all up.
With no repeating of a feasting,
For them ever again to be known.
Even if eyes,
Knowing what was...
Will again be known.'

They have been feasting with a feeding.
Even at the expense,
Of watching their own young...
Being eaten as if dispensed.
Just to keep themselves 'elite'.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Displays Of Affectations

They loved the smell of money.
And displaying affectations of success.
Making impressions had been a wished they desired.
With a stepping on backs after backstabbing them,
Positions they achieved had them believing they arrived.
To eventually find themselves crying inside.
And false pride kept to address,
Left them depressed, unhappy...
With a profound surrounding of emptiness.
And the day would come when all that they had possessed,
Could not sustain to maintain...
What it was they thought had been achieved.
They loved the smell of money.
But the smell of it alone,
Does not come to attract those preferring to condone...
A quality of life to live without displays of affectations.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Displays Of Diversity

They insist they wish more displays,
Of diversity.
And less racism expressed.
To move forward their policies of democracy.

And yet with their attempts with incompetence made...
They find themselves disqualified.
Since in a suburbanite isolation...
Is the only progress shown they have ever made.

With feelings they know best,
How to save and protect their own interests!
And yet...
They insist they wish more displays of diversity!
As long as there are more of them...
And fewer minorities!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Displeased With Their Own Enforced Activities

Uniting to rid themselves,
Of those people they disliked...
Has found them surrounded with incompetence.
And no one innovative enough,
To know what motivating initiative takes.

Someone amongst them,
Has to formulate an agenda.
And the one who campaign,
To remove discipline and a needed structure...
That had one time produced direction,
Is the first to complain that time and effort...
Is too much of a sacrifice to make things right.

But it had been alright in their narrow mindsights,
To backstab and backbite...
Those who thought nothing of sacrificing their lives,
With a determination to benefit all of their needs.

And this is the plight,
A socially ignorant environment leaves!

People eventually become displeased,
With their own enforced activities!
And finding someone outside of themselves,
To place blame becomes a priority.
With no advancement!
And nothing but excuses exchanged!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Disqualified

They came into the 'hood'.
And began taking applications
For subservience!
At the minimal wage.
I was immediately disqualified!
They said I provided too much of a threat,
By making attempts
To uncover clarity and understanding.
And those were issues
They weren't prepared to debate.
They came into the 'hood'...
Seeking those who were willing to work hard
And long hours,
To do what needed to be done!
For the sake of 'growth and prosperity'.
Not to waste time finding purpose and reason.
That was not on their agenda!
At least not in this season.
As they sought to find those...
Still drugged on and exposed to delusion!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Disregard The Real

Reality is being faced!
Many are awakening...
And finding truth has been replaced.
But when told that this was coming...
A look of pain was traced.
It is difficult to give up,
A way of life based on luck.
Especially when the majority has been taught...
To disregard the real,
And worship that which is fake!
No matter how much of it has been made up.
Created for illusions...
It takes one a lifetime,
To figure out before giving up the chase!
And even this action provides no tax break.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Disregarding One's Gift Of Life

We all have made those decisions,
To live the kind of life we like.

Some have chosen to fulfill their dreams with things!
Others choose to discover life.
Seeking truth.
And what for them true happiness means.

And still there are others who prey,
For all the wrong reasons.
Leeching to please urgent needs.
And completely satisfied...
To play with life all day.
And make commitments,
To waste time at night.

We all have made those decisions,
To live the kind of life we like.

And yet there are those who despise themselves...
With needs to start arguments.
For them conflicts they wish to incite.
To peak their interests by starting fights.
And disregarding one's gift of life...
As something they've been ordained to take away.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Disrespect Can Not Be Erased

If one needs to ask...
If their actions done,
Has offended someone.
What would they comprehend,
If an inability to acknowledge...
A deed that has gone into effective mode,
Is inappropriate?

That is comparable,
To someone consistently late for anything.
And although alibis and excuses are made...
The disrespect can not be erased.
It escalates until an irritation building fades away,
Everything heard coming out of an empty head.
What more can be said?

One can not use a thumb-tack,
To affix a picture to a steel wall.
No matter how many words that picture may paint,
To deliver a message to be digested.
It is best not to try to over-simplify,
What is never going to be understood!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Disrespect For Discipline And Effort

In the land of steady habits,
The lack of initiative began.
And a wish to do away with a work ethic,
Produced a disrespect for discipline and effort.

And today with that observed,
People demand what they do not deserve.
With schemes to take away from those,
To discredit.

And implement an ease of decadence,
That neither takes a sweat to toiled...
Or a concentration,
To materialize a devastation.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Disrespect They Have Chosen

A correct and different image exposed,
Is not one they have been taught...
They should physically embrace.
In fact,
Everything they've done...
Has eliminated any traces of it,
Appearing near or found upon their faces.
With a pride that guides,
Their humiliated paces flaunted as taken.

Therefore...
Any benefits acquired from strong images given,
Has been ignored to replace them...
With those that encompass,
A disrespect they have chosen...
With a preference that dictates,
Every aspect that shows...
How they have adorned an implementation,
Of their social disgraces satiated.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Disruptive Interruptions

Disturbing.
Are those,
Disruptive interruptions.
Dysfunctional and yet,
Becoming less tolerated...
By those who have lost patience
With interfering pests.
Speaking loudly over others,
Also participants...
In the increasing that heats,
An atmosphere of unrest.
And all somehow expect,
Their voices and opinions...
Heard to get,
Undivided attention given.
From those already tensed...
Listening to the petty,
And decades old arguments.

But few,
With any common sense,
On view to use...
Seem willing to prove,
They've been introduced...
To respect.
Or show they know its meaning.
And yet...
Huff and puff to become upset,
When told mouths left open.
To leave ears and minds closed.
Seldom is the road to take...
For anyone expecting,
Success to come.
Or think it bestowed.

'Hood' poses are taken.
Eyes widen and begin to roll.

Excessive ignorance.

With this understood?
Isn't!
And those who have done...
The best they could,
Stop trying to understand...
Why adults with childish minds,
Spend less time...
Than they should,
Growing up to mature...
Somewhere to find it.
Even if this means leaving...
Repeating routines,
Kept stale to mold.
And growing older with age!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Dissatisfactions

If one thought of goodwill came to sit,
It should be welcomed and not resisted!
Overtaxed minds with high crime images
Aren't gifts to treasure
Or accept under any circumstances.
Somehow we have interpreted freedom
To mean indulging in recreational stupidity.
This has been successfully implemented!
Isn't it time to address the loss of love?
And the weaknesses associated with its absence?
It is a struggle to find peace of mind!
Those that have it know how great its power!
And if one thought of goodwill came to sit...
Something 'inside' encouraged it to come!
To chase it away,
Leaves one a victim to continued mental delusion.
Attracting dissatisfactions that trap,
In the best of contempt!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

'Dissed'

Your turned back does not bother me!
What bothers me is your stupidity...
And your accepted ignorance!
You sink like those who refused to be told,
They've reached the limits of competence.
You think like those who are holding on very bold...
To lifestyles and thoughts,
Dropping quick into 'sinkholes'!

Your turned back doesn't both me!
What bothers me is many see
A definition of life that doesn't define clearly.
And when truth is ignored...
Because it upsets those abhorred,
I'm curious what 'freedom' is seen that frees?

Something isn't mixing like it ought to be!

Your turned back doesn't bother me!
As much as my lack of concern...
Seems to bother you!
And I have lots of that to offer.
I do not miss this dismissing I'VE 'dissed'!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Dissension Committed

There are those who have gone on vacation,
To escape from realities they just can not face.
And remain unaccountable with that choice to make,
With beliefs to keep their irresponsibilities...
On someone else's shoulders to carry and burden,
The weight on them placed with accusations made.

Dissension committed to allow to go on,
From dusk until dawn...
Continues to be permitted,
By the ones consenting to agree to it.
And others who defend pretensions that don't end,
Become offended when truth to them is introduced.

There are those who have gone on vacation,
To escape from realities they just can not face.
And remain unaccountable as if prioritized and scheduled,
From dusk until dawn...
With a dissension committed to allow to go on.
And those agreeing to consent to this,
Deserve the confusion and the conflicts they get that exist.

And the irony?
Many still perceive they can do as they please,
To expect a unity of indecisive people...
Who themselves deceive.
But yet...
Prepared they believe they are with a readiness to mend,
And fix...
All of their mental and accepted illnesses kept denied.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Distance. And Nonexisting Assistance

To achieve a title to get,
That is revealed before others to see...
A success has been obtained.
May leave one reluctant,
To express happiness.
And the feeling of it one has also gained.
For the purpose to maintain it effectively.

Although showed and kept to charade,
Is an accomplishment achieved.
While others who witness this,
Are kept with their own disbeliefs...
That what one does to receive attention,
Has left them without opportunities.
None to see or even mention.

'What have they done,
To have been shared with anyone? '

~Distance.
And nonexisting assistance.~

'But why? '

~Who knows.
Perhaps they tried.
But became despised for their efforts made.
You know how 'we' can get.
Whenever anyone makes an attempt,
To share with 'us' anything positive...
Immediately 'we' become suspicious.
To then from us leave to declare their efforts,
Selfish and self-centered.~

'But WHY do we do that? '

~From a love to protest a hindsight.
With belief an 'insight' developed overnight,
Will turn back a clock...

To allow us to re-assess and examine,
The benefits of having envy and jealousies.~

'There is no benefit in that.'

~Is that your 'insight'?
Or 'hindsight' speaking? ~

'A little bit of both.
With age and reality to face.'

~Time also has a way,
To distance us with nonexisting assistance as well.
Especially when lessons that should be learned,
Are ignored like children often do.
To believe they have time to make excuses,
For themselves.~

'I resent your comments.'

~And I am sure it is not the first time,
You have resented what has been said to you.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Distant From Wisdom

So effectively selective,
Has been the spreading of this disease.
That the 'word' ignorant to suggest,
No longer applies to certain people.
Sad but true is the evidence of it.
Since that would be a step up,
From a mental illness fixed to stay...
Locked into a permanent residency.
And found to be occupying many minds,
Today.
Too many vacancies have been mistaken...
For possibilities to find minds awakened.
But...unfortunate are the discovered results.
Even drying eyes cried can not stop,
What appears to be witnessed!
Distant from wisdom are those on display,
To show it to anyone with this made clear...
Comprehension with a listening to do,
Will never be something,
Those affected with lost choices to choose...
To prove with a thought process removed,
That a desire to understand 'anything' remains.
Or is there left behind,
Promising signs of this existing.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Distinctive Instincts

If claims are made,
A knowing when an argument has started...
Why is it heated to increase,
To include others that are innocent?
Who are then made to believe,
Their involvement is needed...
To ensure what they treasure is kept protected.
And at their own expense.

With a manipulating of distinctive instincts,
Strategically repeated...
To trigger emotions to re-act without thinking.
Is a deception that guarantees success.
Yet those used who first get upset,
Never seem to ask the question...
Who eventually becomes the benefactor,
From something implemented they did not initiate.

And...
With a manipulating of those distinct instincts,
The results expected are seldom debated.
Since the outcome achieved,
Has already been celebrated.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Distinctive Instincts To Revisit

Many with distinctive instincts,
Waste little time to think.
Or await a needed reason,
To question where they're moving...
Before taking a blink

Many with distinctive instincts,
Make few excuses.
Conclusions are reduced.
To not to play detective.
Or corrected by the rules.

Many have found out to find,
The using of their minds in these times...
Has freed them from confusion.
And those who undermine...
Wallow in denial like swine.
Mocking with no thoughts to drop!
To do...
Just to entertain brain drained.

Many with distinctive instincts,
Make few excuses.
Conclusions are reduced.
To not to play detective.
Or corrected by the rules.

While those who undermine,
Wallow in denial like swine.
To mock without a thought to drop,
To...
Just to entertain,
The draining of a brain game.

Many with distinctive instincts to revisit...
Don't rewind brain games to find the time,
To clock mocks.
Many with distinctive instincts to revisit...
Don't rewind brain games to find the time,

To clock mocks.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Distracted From The Facts Of Life

If I may take the time,
To express what I have witnessed...
Not to go away but stays on my mind,
About those who solicit, endorse and campaign...
Their dislikes and indifferences,
With a bigotry and a hatred to inflame that remains...
As days pass with their dislikes allowed,
Kept for each other and heating up fast.
And permitted to exist...
While crooks laugh to pocket all the cash.
Divide and split among themselves then dash.

Whose taxes to be paid,
That are growing higher by the minute...
Gets them decreased after having their hatred,
Kept to keep distracted from the facts of life.
Who is it with a bigotry fed to feed notices this?

And who is it that has found their hatred beneficial?
When the facts remain...
Their delusions kept are under attack.
Since...
No one I am aware dares to make such threats.
To then attempt to impress like that.
When their living near poverty conditions,
And 'thisclose' to homelessness...
Leaves them unable to afford to make,
OR create such ridiculous pretentions to fake.
To have them remotely believed to be addressed.

And not 'one' explanation given makes sense.
As to why the increase of violence and crime exists.
To leave those fighting over the color of one's skin.
With more attention paid at an expense,
No one can afford to pay.
But more interest is spent on this...
Than a quality of life diminishing from eyesight.
To accept blinding ignorance as a way of life.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Distraught Some Call It

People that are phony are the frauds.
Watch out.
Many people that are phony are the frauds.
Watch out for them.
People that are phony are the frauds.
Watch out.
Many people that are phony are the frauds.
Watch out for them.

They are the ones who can't,
Stop complaining.
Distraught some call it.
And they are the ones to claim their aches and pains.
Everyday.

They are the ones who can't,
Stop campaigning...
Everyday.
That somebody else or someone is in their way.
Distraught some call it.
Watch out for them,
The distraught.
Watch out for them,
The distraught some call it.

People that are phony are the frauds.
Watch out.
Many people that are phony are the frauds.
Watch out for them.
People that are phony are the frauds.
Watch out.
Many people that are phony are the frauds.
Watch out for them.

They are the ones who can't,
Stop complaining.
Everyday.
Even though they may say everyday they pray.
Distraught some call it.

Watch out for them,
The distraught.
Watch out for them,
The distraught some call it.
Watch out for them,
The distraught.
Watch out for them,
The distraught some call it.

People that are phony are the frauds.
Watch out.
Many people that are phony are the frauds.
Watch out for them.
People that are phony are the frauds.
Watch out.
Many people that are phony are the frauds.
Watch out for them.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Disturbed

Can racist sentiments,
Be so historically embedded...
As to affix itself to a mindset,
Frozen!

Never to be thawed.
Never to reflect,
Upon a hatred directed...
From others it does not suspect.
To eventually leave this nonsense,
Defenseless.
With only weapons used upon itself,
When upset.
And destroying the beginning,
To end those living in innocence.

And the aspect of it,
Shown as expressed by those...
Not willing to address,
The effects of their increased isolation.
Or...
The imploding of their mental illnesses.

Can a people be so blind,
As to the dependence they will find...
From those who will one day leave them behind,
With nothing but egos upon which to feed.

Already the signs of this,
Has begun a willingness...
By those who actually control their lives,
With a severing of their ties and patience.
With no regret.

And economically...
Those who open and close those purse strings,
Could care less about the deluded pretentiousness...
Kept to praise by a people disturbed!
Showing they are perturbed,

Withn an indirect effectiveness.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Disturbed By The Process

What a convenience it is,
Not to think!
Or be disturbed by the process of thought!

I use to believe,
A request to be left alone...
Once admitted,
Should be respected.
Or that person left alone,
As requested.
Not thought of as a conquest!

Today?
People have no sense of 'self'.
With a choice to defend their ignorance.
Like a mob...
Choosing to tar and feather someone,
If that person declares a wish
To be from them dismissed!
This creates tensions that become animalistic.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Disturbed Psychologically

A ripping apart of 'standards'
Does not occur
When people have been politically correct.
Or profess to have qualities that are perfectly expressed,
With a display of proper etiquette.

A ripping apart of 'standard's like those witnessed,
Occurs
When people are disturbed psychologically.
And desperately wish to be correct!
By pointing out the flaws of others.

Enforcing their own beliefs,
To such a degree...
They seek to be bailed out,
From their own failures created.

And 'everyone'...
Whether ostracized or despised,
By racist insecurities or flat out lies told...
Pays a price to right these wrongs,
Condoned by crooks.
Whose peers are also professional thieves!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Disturbed We Are Not Called By Appropriate Names

If we do eventually call one another comrades...
Would we then become communistic socialists?
Or would we remain the social fools,
We prefer.
And disturbed we are not called by appropriate names.
With a more political correctness accepted.
Even though the environment has long been changed.
And the name calling we choose to keep the same,
To defame in disgust.
In a more truer definition of us.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Disturbing Disorder

If we...
All fought together for a quality of life to like.
Then we...
Wouldn't have the color of anyone in our sight.
To be...
More concerned about others and how they feel.
If we...
Truely wanted happiness and peace to keep for real.

If we...
All fought together for a quality of life to like.
Then we...
Wouldn't have the color of anyone in our sight.
To be...
More concerned about others and how they feel.
If we...
Truely wanted happiness and peace to keep for real.

But we...
Choose to demonstrate a dedicated reason to hate.
And we...
Can't seem to rid or eliminate hate felt to erase.
Because...
We are living in times,
Love has disappeared from our minds.
We are living in times,
Love has disappeared from our minds.

There's disturbing disorder,
In these times.
Such disturbing disorder,
In our minds.
There's disturbing disorder,
To confine...
With so many feeding on a hatred easy to find.

And we...
Choose to demonstrate a dedicated reason to hate.
And we...

Can't seem to rid or eliminate hate felt to erase.
Because...
In these times and in our minds,
Many find they're confined...
To disturbing disorder!
And found as if it had been ordered.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Disturbing Is The Thunder

Disturbing is the thunder.
As if accompanied,
By tampani drums.
Orchestrating events to come.
People nervously sit through it.
Or decide from it to run.

Plucked violin strings,
Dance as raindrops...
Begin turning into streams.
Flooding all things possessed.
Abandoned by those running undressed
And caring less to impress.
Fear has replaced,
False pretensions to make.

This storm,
Intervenes...
Without permission.
Or announced intermission given.
To an audience left to leave,
Frightened into enlightenment.
Or returning from it,
To comfort in restored ignorance.

Disturbing is the thunder.
And shakened to their knees...
When God demands to be heard.
Leaving many pleading:
'God, please!
Forgive us who sin.
And disobey YOUR wishes.
Over and over...yet, again.'

Even if this means,
Dramatically changing...
Scenes.
Silencing those needing,
To be reminded where they are.

And who authored this epic,
Losing patience to tolerate...
Disrespect.
But warns that patience kept,
Isn't promising more threats.
Or steps taken,
Before the music of it created...
Gone unappreciated.
Ends!

Disturbing is the thunder.
Dimming a Sun that routinely comes,
For some to witness...
Their wishes and forgiveness,
Given to be granted.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Disturbing To The Nerves

It will be midnight for many,
Soon.
Dawn for some will come.
And for those unable to differentiate,
Between either one...
There will be turbulence ahead for them.
With mindsets fixed upon schedules nixed.
And determined they will sit,
In stubbornness unresisting!

As change surrounds them.
And this they can't admit.
Even though a change has rearranged,
Everything that use to be...
To become what today 'is'.
For all to allow and get use to it!

But something inside their minds...
Keep them affixed and locked to times,
Gone.
And yet the Sun has set,
Like a reality one has met.
One who refuses to allow it to exist

And yet....
No matter what attempts are made...
To loosen a tight grip,
On that which eventually slips away....
For reasons no one should keep,
To be repeatedly replayed.
It is done.
Like a welcoming to seclude in delusion.

When chips begin to fall where they may...
The only thing that should remain to stay,
And strengthen...
Is one's faith!
Unbroken.
Unshakened and obeyed.

Although we feel and know...
Our hearts aren't the only ones that break.
Disturbing to the nerves as that is...
To witness it as it is felt!
Coming as it does to give.
And be powerless against it when it's dealt!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Ditch Kits

One successful way,
To climb out of a ditch...
Is to first be aware,
Where it begins...
Without an end to it.

And one with a kept consciousness,
Will not allow to be intrigued...
To credit to debit a furthering,
Of a deeper ditch to seek.

The best alternative always there,
To never leave...
Is the using of one's mind.
Picked from being teased and deceived.
With acknowledging digging of a deeper ditch,
Only benefits those producing these kits.
Profitting to pocket more bucks to get,
From those known willing to sell their souls.
Just to impress they can dig themselves,
Even deeper in holes with ditch kits to them sold.
With a meeting of approval received.

One successful way,
To climb out of a ditch...
Is to first be aware,
Where it begins...
Without an end to it.
And getting out.
Before a habit that starts,
Becomes difficult to quit.

'Get your ditch kit.
Easy credit to debit your ditch kit.
We accept all souls to exchange like gold.
No questions will we ask,
Just perform the doing of the task.
Get your ditch kit.
Don't worry about your credit to be debited,

Quick.
Get your ditch kit.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Divergence

Don't concern yourself,
With my activities.
They are unimportant!
Just keep paying my fees...
And I guarantee you,
Your life will be enriched.
You have my promise...
Your life will never be the same.
Ever again!
That you can count on.
Just keep your focus,
On the dancing bunny.

'Aren't you practicing divergence? '

Practicing?
Who's practicing?
I am implementing.
But don't worry about it.
You are going to fit right in.
It is going to captivate.
More than your fascination,
With that rabbit.

Your life will never be the same.
Ever again!
That you can count on.
Just keep your focus,
On the dancing bunny.
I'll keep you informed...
When that reform comes.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Diverse And Fractured

Politics have become...
Similar with little difference,
From...
Idealistic and symbolized,
Faith based religions.
Diverse and fractured.
Serving the practice,
Of re-enactments to keep...
The feeding of an image.
But very few are left to feel,
Hearing speeches sermonized...
Are generic in delivery.
And not for them personalized.
To have many come to realize...
They are willing participants,
Witnessing of an unending...
Competition to get attention.
As if being solicited,
To approve the outcome.
With no solution that proves,
Beneficial to those who view.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Diversity

Diversity is sought...
And thought could exist!
But those wishing to practice it...
Seek to administer it to adhere
From positions that are clear,
That they are in control.
And 'that' is understood by those...
Still kept at a distance,
With thoughts about it to themselves.
With eyes open and lips closed!
Making sure diversity,
Is something approved...
To smooth tensions.
But not of a blended equality mentioned.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Diversity And Inclusion

Forums held on diversity and inclusion,
Seem to reveal one thing...
There has been a reluctance to admit,
Divisions exist.

And those wishing to address this,
In open forums...
Are trying to make attempts,
To express in an intelligent way...
How best to have everyone accept,
A way of life that should be lived...
Without having discussions,
About respecting others...
And their cultures.

To have forums, receptions...
And invitations sent,
Is still not admitting...
And enforcement of ignorance.
With an indoctrination,
To allow those to still not strip themselves...
Of hidden insecurities,
That keep themselves at a disadvantage.

A forum I would suggest?
How We Messed Up Other People's Lives!
With A Request They Forget How This Was Done.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Diversity To Market

Why have you come to assess,
My memories...
As your best kept?
When I remember them experienced,
With you rejecting to accept...
How effective they were to take steps,
To prevent them.
And today you are seeking to claim those times,
I remember to be segregated...
You wish now to have others believe,
Had not been opposed to include diversity.
Have you discovered diversity to market,
Is more lucrative to you than not?
And you wish my appearance to window dress.
To line your pockets to still leave me paid less.
While you present another abuse of truth to delude.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Divide And Conquer

Little has a difference been made,
By those seeking to extend...
Their acquired experiences to share,
With others in the hope...
To enlighten them by what one has learned,
About how opportunities are created.
And left to exist for the benefit of many.
There are those who refuse,
The receiving of free and concrete advice.
To believe a getting of their own attention,
Makes the attempt of doing this...
Impresses and addresses a few who may express,
An accomplishment achieved that receives success.
Just to hear it mentioned.
Yet...
Seldom does the feeling of being better than the rest,
Gets a badge of honor,
To place on a boasting chest to get.
Seldom do opportunities remain to stay effective.
Especially when some with divide and conquer,
Attitudes on their limited minds...
Find much too late at the dawn of awakening,
That if anyone willing to donate their time for free...
To have others benefit,
Rarely is that person doing this...
Without a profit made to put into one's pocket,
Runs to a secret place for a massaging of an ego.
And people too ignorant asleep with no vision,
Can be often heard protesting...
About being left behind to find no opportunities.
While a few who do take them and run.

'Comeon.
You had opportunities.'

~When?
We didn't see any opportunities.~

'You can not see,

What you don't have patience to allow and listen...
As to how opportunities,
Are developed to create.
Then to connect to make others.
But you do have abilities to prevent them, don'tcha?
And for years your opprtunities have come,
To be chased away.'

~Oh no you didn't?
But see,
Clearly you don't understand.
We did not like what was said to us.
Or the way people were dressing.
Talking to us all...'Uppity'.
You feel me?
King Of Wisdom.
We are down to Earth.~

'Okay.
Put the shovel to mettle and deep into the core.
You've been down to Earth your entire lives.
So...
What 'are' your 'true' complaints?
Have they been...
Evaluated? '

~'E' what?
Put the shovel into what in deep to core who?
There you go.
Once again.
Trying to talk 'fancy' to place blame on us.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Dividends Expected

If anyone decides they'd like to get immediate feedback,
As to how their investment has progressed...
They need not look any further,
Than to the activities of their children.
And what and who has influenced them...
Along their paths when making their decisions.
When questions aren't asked answers aren't volunteered.

One who has invested time and devoted sacrifice,
Need not be too concern of their dividends expected.
Most times one can count on not experiencing a loss.
And those who have losses may be disappointed,
When all of their eggs have been 'cracked'...
And forced to be placed in one basket and mismatched,
To high expectations without periodic examination.

'But...
My portfolio was designed to retrieve specific,
And guaranteed returns.'

~But...
Times have changed.
And throwing money away...
Does not mean any of it should stick,
When the one receiving it takes it for granted...
Without it being earned to learn or acquire a purpose.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Dividends Returned

You deserve, earn and get...
The dividends returned,
From your wise investment.

Treat me,
Like I am your treat to eat.
Like a burst of flavor quinching your thirst!
And I will provide the motivation encouraged...
To flourish undisturbed,
The nourishment from you that purges.

Speak to me in unregretted respect.
And you will never regret...
Or need to worry what from me comes next!
For you I will be direct and uncomplexed.
To leave you never to wonder,
If I have delivered to you my best.

You deserve, earn and get...
The dividends returned,
From your wise investment.

I will give for you to see...
Only evidence believed!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Division Dens

Living in division dens,
Picking through assorted mints.
Listening to urban music,
And amused by petty arguments.

How blissfully sweet,
This mixed menagerie lifts...
And greets from the streets.
I could not live in suburbia,
The silence of the sameness
Would distract.
And from that my nerves would be disturbed

Living in division dens,
Stacked in concrete...
From several stories of five.
With paths connecting others scattered,
To heights of more than ten!

And within them lives,
A collective eclected excitement of life.
From terraces this is shared.
Or one may choose to sit and breathe alone,
Knowing a world with this blend is out there.

Sparing one of total isolation.
Although inside these division dens,
A sense of freeing needed comes now and then.
And that pleases with an ease.
And yet connects,
In a separation accepted.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Division Had Been Their Decision

For those who believe,
With ease they can excuse...
Every detail of their anger,
Physically enforced upon others...
With a hindsight now wished,
That a forgiveness not given...
From victims they've abused.

KKK, Nazi and skinhead reformers,
Now endorsing love and peace.
From an underground released,
To make public their appearances.
After actively in years increasing...
Racial tensions unleashed like beasts.

Division had been their decision...
To despise those innocent,
With defamation, murder and maim.
Now as guilt rides their consciousness...
In a disrobing of confessions.
Expressing regrets for their ugliness...
They are making attempts,
To re-invent their mental illnesses.

Finding God in prisons...
Or wherever these misfits sit!

For those who believe,
With ease they can excuse...
Every detail of their anger,
Physically enforced upon others...
With a hindsight now wished,
That a forgiveness not given...
From victims they've abused.

Only God has that power.
And it's God who will devour them...
Whether they masquerade in hopeless fear.
Or wish to erase their sins to clear...

Their souls to enter a Kingdom.

A Kingdom lost souls can not smear.
A Kingdom that comes and is near.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Divisions They Have Created

Observing those taking offense,
Against policies and initiatives they implemented...
Is like listening to someone complain,
About the price of cigarettes and gasoline...
While waiting in line to purchase them at any cost.

People have grown accustomed to debating themselves.
As if those overhearing them,
Become attracted to the redundance of the limited topics.

Divisions they have created,
Have outdated realities.
They refer to the 'others' as those on the 'left'.
And yet,
They are 'right'...
With their insignificant infighting complimented with backbites.

Their own divisions they have created,
Escalated devastation.
Clearly they are a people of greed,
Wanting more of it for themselves to feed.
With an outsourcing of jobs...
For cheaper labor to pay as their economy slipped away.

They were the ones to oversee this travesty,
As a means to quietly lift themselves...
To the land of abundant gluttony.
Divisions they have created,
Deletes the fact of their discreeted deceit.
As their own hands dipped
While a diminishing of beliefs of those values and standards,
Were going unpoliced!

They speak of a greatness only reviewed on sporting fields.
They speak of a greatness on streets of decadence no one feels.

To lead is to know how to follow.
To greed is to know how to follow those like this who lead.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Divisive

Is there really a need,
For a segmented and divisive people...
To rip themselves apart,
In a formal public exposure...
By the spending of millions of dollars.
When they have done this freely for years.
At the expense of those listening to them do it.
Using an assortment of media advertisements,
Unstoppable and intentionally offensive?

And...
Incredibly enough,
They are the ones to claim...
To be advocates for tightening belts,
That will curb useless and wasteful expenditures.
But...
At a profit!
With a lining done in their own pockets,
With a solicitation of cash to promote their 'causes'.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Divorced From Mixed Signals

If what is felt with a doing to choose,
Make that move to do it.
Listening to opinions from others to do,
Welcomes indecision.
And maybe an opportunity too,
To experience a satisfaction.
When one's mind is made up,
With a doing it divorced from mixed signals...
There will always be others inviting themselves,
To warn of negative results one will receive.
Especially...
If a choice one chooses without their approval,
Is made to do 'and' succeeds to achieve.

'I'd like to thank you for your advice.'

~Advice?
What advice? ~

'The advice I knew I would oppose.
And that time I chose not to listen.
However...
Remember when I came to you,
And shared with you what I wanted to do?
Again.
Thinking you would be supportive.
Then you said to me,
If I were you I would do it differently.

~Oh.
Yeah. YES.
Thank God you listened to me.~

'Well...
I didn't.
I kept remembering,
Your support to me given.'

~Support?

What sup...
Oh. Okay.~

'Nothing much.'

~Huh? ~

'Weren't you about to ask me,
Wassup? '

~Uh...yeah. Yeah,
Right.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Divorcing All Thoughts

My time spent with you,
I had come to value.
The walks and our talks,
Made it so real for me...
To believe together,
We would and could...
Accomplish to realize,
Dreams not impossible...
To see achieved before our eyes.
Then one day you made it known to me,
Success to achieve you can do independently.
And with me you were just fulfilling,
Another fantasy.
To then thank me for my time.
Well...
I did learn one thing,
Divorcing all thoughts I had of you...
Was not an expense,
Of emotions that stayed I had to pay.
And to you I thank,
For that reality.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Dizzy And Crazed

Feeling,
That the days have come...
Reeling minds of everyone.
Dizzy,
Being overcomed...
By how today some things are done.
Haunted,
To be crazed from it.
Wanted,
Is more peace to get.

People can no longer analyze,
Why...
They have lost a grip,
To prevent the madness.
People can no longer analyze,
Why...
They are whipped up in,
Confusion without end.

Haunted,
To be crazed from it.
Wanted,
Is more peace to get.
Feeling,
That the days have come...
Reeling minds of everyone.
Dizzy.
To leave them feeling dizzy.

Dizzy.
To leave them feeling dizzy.

People can no longer analyze,
Why...
They're dizzy from these days,
And amazed that many seem so crazed.
Haunted with no peace to get,
That's wanted.

Haunted with no peace to get.
Left dizzy and crazed.

Haunted with no peace to get,
That's wanted.

Haunted with no peace to get.
Dizzy and crazed.

Haunted with no peace to get,
That's wanted.

Haunted with no peace to get.
Left dizzy and crazed,
In these days.
Dazed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Dna

You don't have to take my word for anything.
Let's make this simple.
Remember the hair samples you took from my ass?
Use that to verify my movements.
The phone tappings.
The helicopter flybys.
The FBI watches...
And your fake smiles,
Are costing you your won security.
I'm 'within' the borders.
The millions behind you have hopped the fence...
As you made attempts to convince others,
I have been your enemy!
Starving my kind to death is not going to save you!
What other proof do you need?
My hunger feeds your ignorance.
'Hello, is 'anyone' at home 'upstairs'? '
You've been monitoring me for centuries.
Take your DNA and go!
This color is mine.
You can not have it.
It can not be replicated!
What don't you understand?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Do Faith Today

All wishes plucked and wanted not to duck,
With those pitfalls that stick...
Removed to leave untethered.

All wishes plucked and wanted not to duck,
With those pitfalls that stick...
Removed to leave untethered.

Do faith...
Instead of doing any doubt.
And...
Don't let a doubt come out,
To chase those wanted dreams away.

Do faith...
Instead of doing doubt.
And every single dream,
Will arrive upon the scene...
One day.

Do faith...
Today!

Do faith...
Instead of doing doubt.
And every single dream,
Will arrive upon the scene...
One day.

Do faith...
Today!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Do I Appear To Be Desperate

You did...
Show me heights of your disrespect.
And, you did...
Let it known publicly to address.
This you did...
Regardless of feelings I kept, yet...
You expect from me forgiveness.
And what you did to me to forget.

Look at me!
Do I appear to be desperate.
Look at me!
My hair has turned gray with age.
And lessons I've learned,
I wont repeat to fake away.
Take a look at me!
Do I appear to be desperate.
Do I appear to be in need,
To lose again my dignity.

You did...
Show me heights of your disrespect.
And, you did...
Cause me grief and loneliness.
But you wont,
Come to take my happiness.
It took me years to get it.
With the passing of lessons.
And tears cried to dry I wept.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Do I Care That You Are Hurting?

Do I care that you are hurting?
Did you ever care...
Period!

You have not been the one,
Exclusively in pain!
And I am not immune to empathy one bit!
Now that you are ready to express 'your' feelings,
Those of others are not diminished.
Nor did they announce they have left them to quit!

What you are experiencing now...
Has no ending to it to finish.
You once could afford to ignore
The sorrows of others.
Do you believe,
The grief you have recently received...
Brings cheers to those in contant struggle?
And you are on their minds,
As if you occupy their thoughts...
With nothing else but you,
To take up their time?
Or that you with your sympathies are sought.
You have been much too self possessed.
Too self-righteously taught!

Very few I know are suffering from guilt!
'That' happens to be your own curse...
From a life lived in rehearsals.
Built,
And fenced to separate!
This agony you 'dished',
Is now yours to contemplate!
As you kept in practice to perfect...
Deceit and needless hate!
Baited.

Your issues have never defined my point of view!
Do I care that you are hurting?

Did you ever care...
Period!
Without deserting those who did?
And you did your best...
To disrespect them to mock,
Every feeling of theirs in jest.
To depict them as being,
Low life and negative...
Animals who were pests!

Do I care that you are hurting?
Are you aware just how long who has?
From those misdeeds done by you in the past!

I have learned from you,
To return the same concern!
And I certainly don't sit,
Wondering how 'you' feel!
My thoughts are with those who have been dismissed.
Not with someone like you who believes...
Every step you take,
Has been followed and worshipped!

Do I care that you are hurting?
I honestly did not think you could!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Do I Look Like A Rose?

Do I...
Look like a rose?
A mixed hybrid,
That pricks when picked...
If not carefully held,
In an anxious hold.

Do I.
Do I...
Look as if my beauty exists,
For a quick lift...
For you to run off with!

Do I...
Look as if,
I have something to give...
With an offering found,
To be irresistible?

Do I.
Do I...
Look as if my beauty exists,
For a quick lift...
For you to run off with!

Do I...
Look like a rose?
A mixed hybrid,
That pricks when picked...
If not carefully held,
In an anxious hold.
To sit and wither to watch...
As we both grow old?

Do I, do I...
Look as If I'm that kind,
Of rose to behold?
I could be.

But if overnight,
You decide not to treat me right...
I can also bite!
With a stinging done,
You will never forget.

With a pricking you will wish,
You had never chose to pick!
With a scent that will not soon leave,
Your swollen nose.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Do I Look Surprised?

You say you did not know 'this' was in me?
As I recall,
Most of our encounters dealt with your point of view!
What was in me had not been of your concern.
As so expressed.
You had to assume,
I guess...
I had a nothingness to value!
Unless...
I had not let you gain access to my worth?
And I confess...
There are reasons for everything I do!
Including wasting my time if I so choose.
And perhaps I've done that with you to amuse?
For too long!
Who knows?
You say you did not know 'this' was in me?
Do I look surprised?
I've known what has been inside of me,
All of my life!
And you have not been there,
For most of it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Do I Love To Eat?

Do I love to eat?
Well,
I will put it more like this...
My grandmother Clara,
And my grandfather Charles...
Blessed all of their children.
And each one is no stranger to the kitchen.

On rare and special occasions...
A few of us may be seen dining out.
And IF we owned a family restaurant,
Many of us would go broke...
Before paid customers tasted a thing.

Do I love to eat?
I love to cook!
And when my family has gatherings...
Looking good is not all we offer.
Being both biased and proud,
I am grateful to be related to these folks.
And I say that to be heard when speaking outloud.

Do I love to eat?
Just as much as I love the quality of my life.
I would like to think of my experience as a treat.
Than something to feel guilty about.

When my sisters bake,
And my aunts, uncles and cousins make...
Anything that melts with each taste,
I'm never forced to put into my mouth.
I try to silence the wonderment,
That eventually slips out.

Do I love to eat?
Well...
It is the resting between varieties,
I most dislike when teased!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

'Do I Need This? '

'Do I need this? '

Yes you do!
You have been overdue for a wakeup call,
And now that has come to you.
Not only will the clarity
Of the reality
Restore your vim and vigor!
But with that pettiness gone...
You will have your mind on much bigger issues,
To find you becoming centered.
With a desire of 'that' to pursue!

And that's good!
So needed.
And this couldn't be a better time!
For 'you' to be truer to YOU.

'WHY are you so optimistic?
You talk out of your mind!
That's too surrealistic! '

I've been waiting for you,
To find your life more simplistic!
If you realize your time,
Has been devoted being out of it...
Most of the time being unrealistic.
Worrying about trying to keep pretentions up.
Only to find yourself spending time,
For something that sucks!
Just for an image to front up?

You will discover...
Once you have recovered.
How foolish it has been,
To have spent your happiness...
On pinching pennies, nickles and dimes!
And not a dollar left,
To ease a peace you have left behind!

And for what?
To find yourself strapped and saddled,
For 'things' that mean nothing?
For something that continues to leave you,
Broke and flat on your butt?
And have brought you heartache and fuss.
For a life you cuss?

YES!
I am glad you have finally given that up!

Do you need to go through this?
Yes!
Now you have an opportunity,
To seek real happiness!
And 'that' has never been about
Taking mental trips...
That find you left,
Going completely ballistic!

'Do 'you' need this? '

YES!

And I hope, my friend...
You will stop defending that sadness.
To let a gladness begin!
And sever yourself from all that stressful mess!
Let it go.
Free from the addiction...
That keeps you tied up in restrictions!
You are concerned you may miss.

You may...
However,
Experience times of withdrawal!
An anxiety once hidden.
However...
Slowly it will leave you to be,
That 'you' rediscovered...
And totally free from all that 'stuff'
Not worthy to even reminisce.

'Do you need this? '

Yes!
And be grateful...
To whatever it was,
That pulled you away from it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Do It And Be Set Free

Don't be the one,
Delayed to be forgiving.
Open up your heart,
And...
Blessings come,
You will know.

Don't be the one,
Delayed to be forgiving.
Open your eyes wide,
To realize...
Your gift IS life.

Don't be the one,
Delayed to be forgiving.
Do it and be set free.
Do it and you will see,
What God can do.

Don't be the one,
Delayed to be forgiving.
Do it and be set free.
Do it and you will see,
What God can do.
For you.
Do it and you will see,
What God can do.

Do it and you will see,
What God will undo for you.
Do it and you will see,
What God can do.

Don't be the one,
Delayed to be forgiving.
Do it and be set free.
Do it and you will see,
What God can do.
For you.

Do it and you will see,
What God can do.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Do It To Do

If you want something to accomplish to get done,
Do not rely on anyone.
And leave requests that may suggest,
You will not move without approval.
Since approval may come,
From those hoping you will get nothing done...
That accomplishes beyond their expectations.
If you want something to accomplish to get done,
Do it to do and not for the attention or praise.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Do It Until It Numbs Productions

Sorry for the interruption!

As a reminder,
If you have not gotten the message by now...
Do not alarm yourselves.

Most of you will be relieved,
Of never having to worry about it anyway.
Continue with your idle distractions!
Play on.

'This message has been brought to you,
By...
Do It Until It Numbs Productions.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Do It With A Doing That's Done

Keep the brighter light on your side,
And...
Make it your decision,
You're going to stay everyday with it.
Don't let it shine upon you then from it quit.

Keep the brighter light on your side,
And...
Don't give it up to leave and split.
Or turn your back on what the light benefits.

Keep the brighter light on your side,
And...
Determine with a motive,
You will use this light you know exists...
To realize all your dreams wanted wished.

Know it when you're feeling low...
This light for you shines to exist.
Hold onto it with a even tightened grip,
Whenever you are feeling down and out of it!

Keep the brighter light on your side,
And...
Don't give it up too quick to leave and split.
Or turn your back on what the light benefits.

Know it when you're feeling low...
This light for you shines to exist.
Hold onto it with a even tightened grip,
Whenever you are feeling down and out of it!

Keep the brighter light on your side,
And...
Don't turn your back away from it to split,
Too quick!

Keep the brighter light on your side,
And...

Don't turn your back away from it to quit,
To split.

Keep the brighter light on your side,
And...
Do it with a doing that's done!
And...
Do it with a doing that's done!

Keep the brighter light on your side,
And...
Do it with a doing that's done!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Do It! Let Go

Spinning out of control?
With a slipping away from myths,
Once followed so bold?

Growing more disappointed,
By those beliefs you were told?
And everyone seems to have lost a faith,
Making it hard to decipher from...
That which is real and what is faked!

And as of this date,
No chances have you made,
To reveal your true fate?

Do it!
Let go.
You have already convinced yourself,
That which you had is no longer in your grasp...
With beliefs what you had will always last.

Do it!
Let go.
The only thing you will be guaranteed to lose,
Will be your delusions.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Do Not Be Baited Into An Irritation

Be well!
With a protection done,
Of your mind, body and soul.
And don't be afraid to tell...
Anyone disrespectful,
Where to go...
From where you dwell.
Do not be baited into an irritation.

When you have earned a life received,
That has become freed of insecurities...
Do not let it up and leave,
No!
Not even temporarily.

To wear a despondency on your sleeve,
Only seems to please those envious.
Those who are quick to express their jealousies.

Be well!
With a protection done,
Of your mind, body and soul.
And don't be afraid to tell...
Anyone disrespectful,
Where to go...
From where you dwell.
Be well and don't accept invitations to debate.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Do Not Become Depleted

Hope things are going well with yourself.
And you remain 'connected'
Beyond the mess of imperfections expressed.
By a nesting of delusions...
That have come to rest to infest.
Keep some of that deliciousness,
To further explore a usefulness adored...
And rare.
Share it if you dare.
But do not become depleted.

Inspired by:
Maurice D. Robertson
Hartford, Connecticut

'Thank you, Mo...
For all of the gifts and talents you show! '
-Lawrence-

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Do Not Become Suspicious Of This

Where will you go,
To soothe your point of view?
To someone less direct than me?
With the hopes to locate,
Others with shared philosophies?

Those with it are dwindling quick.
Many have begun to analyze their lives.
With the ridding of falsities and nonsense.

Where will you go,
To soothe your point of view?
To someone less direct than me?
With the hopes to locate,
Others with shared philosophies?

Those with it are dwindling quick.
Many have begun to analyze their lives.
With the ridding of falsities and nonsense.

Do not become suspicious of this.
A higher consciousness has overnight made a visit.
And those who slept with foolishness,
Are seeking exits that do not exist.

Where will you go,
To soothe your point of view?
To someone less direct than me?
With the hopes to locate,
Others with shared philosophies?

Do not become suspicious of this.
A higher consciousness has overnight made a visit.
And those who slept with foolishness,
Are seeking exits that do not exist.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Do Not Expect Me To Have Regrets

Do not ever expect me,
To choose...
Between you,
And my creativity.
You will not be pleased,
At the outcome left...
With you I would leave.
And do not expect me,
To have regrets!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Do Not Misinterpret My Lack Of Concern

Please do not misinterpret,
My lack of concern...
As a fact shown,
By my confession of it.

You can,
If you wish...
Interpret it,
As a thoughtful non-involvement.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Do Not Relent

Anything may come with the changing winds,
To affect the strength of your faith.
You may sense a relief by a brief weakening.
But do not relent.
Do not give up to consent.
Let nothing prevent you,
From those goals you pursue.
You have held onto them too long!
For all the right reasons!

Believe.
Remove your heart from your sleeve.
If you dare and you must.
And do what is needed!
But never give up to give in to doubt.
By a lingering distrust of your own decision.
Regrets have a way of resurfacing.

Too many have found that out.
To become subdued by indecision.
Keeping faith strong.
And kept as your weapon...
Will not fail.
No matter how many attempts it takes,
To do what pleases you...
That eventually gets done!

Do not relent.
Nor give in to consent,
To the luxury of self imposed failure...
You will someday resent!
Do not relent,
To anything that may come with the changing winds,
To affect the strength of your faith.
Keep that tested by the act of your purpose.
And do not relent.
Believe!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Do Not Tell Me You Are Psychic

Why...
Are you exposing your 'butt',
In public?

'Did or did you 'not' say,
You wanted to see another side of me? '

I was referring to your personality.

'And...
What are you saying?
You find this side of me offensive? '

No!
But I do find what you are doing 'indecent'.

'To who?
Or whom?
Only you are looking.
Make up your mind.
Do you like this side of me or not?
How do you expect us,
To get to know one another...
If you are already showing signs of being indecisive.'

I think you have issues.

'Do not tell me you are psychic.
I wouldn't have done that at all,
If I knew that.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Do Not Test Me

If you are not prepared...
And ready to leave,
By the time I arrive...
You will be left behind!

Wait for you?
That has been done,
Too many times in the past.
In fact...
Today my life is lived with such urgency,
Because of that reason!

If I had kept on track...
Focused on my actions,
With my eyes on that...
You and I would not have met at all!
And please do not test me.
You will not appreciate the results.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Do Not Threaten Them

I can not teach these children anymore.
They are like animals.
Beasts.

'Well...
Whatever you do,
DO NOT threaten them.
Let's go to the teacher's lounge.
I've got mints and a bottle of scotch.'

I don't drink.
Use 'crack' or smoke weed.

'And you 'think' you will survive,
Teaching these kids?
Here.
Take this.'

What is it.
Your business card?

'No.
The telephone number,
Of my psychiatrist.
Make a decision to choose,
Which one is more effective...
Than having negative publicity.
And sitting in a prison defending your sanity.
Or letting a group of dysfunctional kids,
Supported by their disrespecting parents.'

Do I chew the mints,
Before or after I drink the scotch.

'Do both.
But...
Stay away from vodka and orange juice.
I tried that when I first started,
And passed out.

That's the only time the kids were quiet.
It frightened me.'

Frightened you?
Why?

'When I awakened in the hospital,
They all showed up smiling.
As if they could not wait,
To get me back into the classroom.
I knew 'then'...
It was time to change my brand of liquor.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Do 'Not' Use My Name

I was once told some years ago,
By someone accustomed...
To being noticeably self indulgent.
Deluded and self-deceived.
'Do 'not' use my name.'

Not only did I think of this,
Such a pretentious comment.
By why would I mention someone's name,
To make any claims on 'my' efforts?
With a doing of it at times with blood to bleed.

And why would I spend my entire life,
Sacrificing with a doing done not to come 'overnight'...
A sharing of my experiences?
To give freely and not ask for anything,
From anyone to leave them receiver of the benefit?

I live each day to learn lessons.
And a teacher I could be 'if' I so choose.
But for someone pretentious to approach me like that?
I've never needed them at all for a free ride on their back,
To make with a creating of my own crafted path.

'Do 'not' use my name.'
And this person was limited to full self-importance.
But I didn't take the time to laugh.
No time in my documented past to be research to believe,
Has been dedicated to waste or take pretenders seriously.

'Do 'not' use my name.'
And I had given them credit,
When that credit was mine to give.
Of course those who embellish,
Rely on delusions with no truth that 'is'.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Do Not Wait For Others To Live Up To Expectations

I've learned a few things...
With time and age.
And what experience brings.

One major lesson,
That took a long time for me to accept!
Do not wait for others to live up to expectations.
Yours or theirs,
Suspected or professed.

Time will move on and leave you in regret.
That has been the best lesson yet,
I have learned!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Do Not, Berate...Yourself!

Be not dismayed about your setbacks.
Or your lack of control when they seem to latch.
Avoid any re-enactments,
That attempt to saddle.

Clean the slate.
Do not, berate...yourself!

Be not dismayed about your setbacks.
Or your lack of control...
When those setbacks take hold,
To ride and latch to attach.
Say no!

Why do this,
Then renew it!
Say no...
Let them go.

Refuse to have any of that.
Get those setbacks right off your back.
Decide you are not that easy ride.
Avoid any re-enactments.
That may come to saddle.
To sap and zap your well earned pride!

Remember...
There is a dignity you pride,
Invested.
You can, if wished...
Push that pride and dignity aside.
But you should dismiss this...
If you wish,
Those setbacks not to ride...
For the rest of your life!

Can you imagine...
Being further burdened,
By those freeloaders?

Do not, berate...yourself!
In a gimmick over mimicked,
With a scolding loathed.

Why do this,
Then renew it!

Do not, berate...yourself!
In a gimmick over mimicked,
With a scolding loathed.

Remember this...
There is a dignity you pride,
That has been invested.
Say No...
To that ride!

Clean the slate.
Do not, berate...yourself!

Why do this,
Then renew it!
To boo and hoo.

Do not, berate...yourself!
Why do this,
Then renew it!
To boo and hoo...

THEN renew.

Do not, berate...yourself!
No...no...no.
Do not, berate...yourself!
No...no...no.
Do not, berate...yourself!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Do Something New

Do something new!
Stop peeking from the keyhole.
View to pursue.
And-be-brave.

Unlock your door and get out.
Unlock your door and get out.

Take two or more avacados...
And spice a guacamole up.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Do Squirrels Use Masks

Are people today becoming increasingly nuts?

'Do squirrels use masks to confuse their identities? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Do The Sheep

Go to bed.
You sleepy head.
No need to stay awake,
'Cause your not hearing one word I've said.

Bah-bah-bah-bah-bah-baaa-bah.
Oh no.
Bah-bah-bah-bah-bah-baaa-bah.

Go to sleep.
Count the sheep.
Maybe your snoring will keep others,
From pretending they are dead.

Bah-bah-bah-bah-bah-baaa-bah.
This-I-know.
Bah-bah-bah-bah-bah-baaa-bah.

You might as well pack up your ears with cotton.
The things I've said to you they are forgotton.
You've got me feeling like I'm rotten.
And...

Go to bed.
You sleepy head.
No need to stay awake,
'Cause your not hearing one word I've said.

Bah-bah-bah-bah-bah-baaa-bah.
No-you-don't.
Bah-bah-bah-bah-bah-baaa-bah.

You might as well pack up your ears with cotton.
The things I've said to you they are forgotton.
You've got me feeling like I'm rotten.
And...

Go to sleep.
Count-those-sheep.

Maybe your snoring will keep others,
From pretending they are dead.

Bah-bah-bah-bah-bah-baaa-bah.
This-I-know.
Bah-bah-bah-bah-bah-baaa-bah.
Keep-the-snorin'-low.
Bah-bah-bah-bah-bah-baaa-bah.
Nice and slow.
Bah-bah-bah-bah-bah-baaa-bah.
And count the sheep.
Bah-bah-bah-bah-bah-baaa-bah.
Go-to-sleep.
Bah-bah-bah-bah-bah-baaa-bah.
And do the sheep!
Bah-bah-bah-bah-bah-baaa-bah.
Bah-bah-bah!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Do They Expect Forgiveness

What now do those people do?
Those who actively participated,
In screwing over others.
The ones who pursued,
Their slanderous ways.
Do they expect forgiveness...
From those they have betrayed?
Do they rush to God,
When their backs are against the wall?
Prior to their fall...
All were seen busy shopping,
Leisurely in malls.

And now that their 'values'
Have either been repossessed,
Or pawned.
Do they seek empathy,
From those they deceived...
At the crack of dawn!
To carry on until sunset.
Now to express their belated regrets.

What now do those people do?
Those who actively participated,
In screwing over others.

Should those with healing wounds...
Delight to see them in their doom.
Or just ignore them?

'I've got an idea!
Draw a picture of steak and potatos.
Make many copies.
Issue them!
And...
Oh yeah.
Don't forget to highlight the steam.
Give it the appearance of being hot! '

Naw!
Some might believe it!
And get their tongues burned.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Do This

Close your eyes.
In preparation to dismiss,
Limitation.

Release conflicts to lift.
And shift those burdens,
From weighted shoulders.

Transmit your wishes,
To realize dreams...
From bastions kept as impossibilities.

Know you exist as a gift given,
And only you prevent...
All that you are and can be!

Close your eyes.
In preparation to dismiss,
Limitation.

Do this!
And not what you believe,
Can not be done to welcome...
As others entrap perceive.

Do this!
And not what you believe,
Can not be done to welcome...
As others entrap perceive.

Close your eyes.
In preparation to dismiss,
Limitation.

Do this!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Do This For Yourself

Waking up and giving 'thanks',
Should dawn...
At the crack of the morning.

And waking up to say a prayer,
Would daily rid with a forgetting...
Those moans one groans to go on.

Appreciating more of life,
Than to moan and groan...
And choosing something that is liked,
Will...
Make living life better,
To chase away what has gone.

Get up determined to feel grateful...
Everyday.
Get up determined to feel loved...
Everyday.
Get up determined to confess...
Blessings!
And...
Do this for yourself everyday.

Waking up and giving 'thanks',
Should dawn.
And...
Do this for yourself everyday.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Do This With Interest Shown

When you have finished,
Searching for more dirt...
That has not been revealed,
To appeal to your taste.
For smearing...
Undermining and ruining,
Those who have more than paid their dues.
By the good deeds done with sacrifice,
They continue to do.
Know this,
Your investment in wickedness...
Has not been discreetly hidden.
And you are about to receive the bill,
That requires not only that you pay...
For your offenses spent to diminish and defame,
At another's expense.
But that you also do this with interest shown,
Quick.
Or something that resembles a swiftness.
And,
With such public speed exposed.
Knowing,
That your days are numbered!
And please...
Do not regard this as a warning.
Regard this as a promise of delivery,
Long overdue.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Do This!

Forget about each yesterday.
And what was wished,
To leave not happen...
With a letting of time from you slip.

Forget about the 'what ifs' and 'could bees' too!
You knew each day you procrastinated.
You know this to be true.
Just as you do the finding of excuses made.

Don't hesitate.
Clean the slate.
Be more determined to escape,
A life you have lived faking steps forward to make.

Forget about each yesterday.
And what was wished,
To leave not happen...
With a letting of time from you slip.

Don't hesitate.
Clean the slate.
Be more determined to escape,
A life you have lived faking steps forward to make.

Do this!
Without a plan to prove you can get up and move.
Do this!
Only you can prevent the making of another excuse.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Do We Listen? Do We Learn? Do We Grow? No!

A grief recycled to produce an effectiveness...
Is the same grief experienced,
By a connection that affects us all.
No one is insensitive to devastation and sorrow.
And those who pretend they are,
Only fool themselves.
No one is 'that' distant from feeling 'some' empathy.

Mother Nature is not going to prepare us,
With a scheduling of events.
God has already warned us to obey,
When leaving us to follow the Ten Commandments.
But...
Do we listen?
Do we learn?
Do we grow?
No!

Do we demand and insist,
Others know our discomforts?
The second 'that' lollipop is removed,
From our mouths.
We are prepared to vocalize,
With our petty complaints immediately.
No matter who is inconvenienced,
By our spoiled tantrum fits we are quick to throw!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Do What It Is You Do

Do and be done!
That's it.
Don't look over any shoulder,
With beliefs your actions are witnessed.
If something done comes from the heart...
Do it and be done.
That's it.

If you are like some expecting accolades...
To later become angered and dismayed,
By the lack of respect.
Or any signs of that made!
If you are one of those believing,
Your good intentions will receive a nod...
A mention or a look of acknowledgement.
Do what it is you do...
And let that be it!
Since a disappointment will be there,
Waiting for you to make its next visit.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Do What You Preach

Either do it,
OR you leave it.
Either do it,
OR you leave it.
Either do it,
OR you leave it ALONE.

Either...
Do it,
OR you leave it.
Either do it,
OR you leave it.
Either do it,
OR you leave it ALONE.

Shut that trap.
And put down your fiddle.
Shut that trap,
The ochestra's gone.

Either do it,
OR you leave it.
Either do it,
OR you leave it.
Either do it,
OR you leave it ALONE.

Either...
Do it,
OR you leave it.
Either do it,
OR you leave it.
Either do it,
OR you leave it ALONE.

Get up off your back...
And become a believer.
Get up off your back...
And do what you preach!

Get up off your back...
And become a believer.
Get up off your back...
And do what you preach!

Either...
Do it,
OR you leave it.
Either do it,
OR you leave it.
Either do it,
OR you leave it ALONE.

Get up off your back...
And become a believer.
Get up off your back...
And do what you preach!

Get up off your back...
And become a believer.
Get up off your back...
And do what you preach!

Get up off your back...
And become a believer.
Get up off your back...
And do what you preach!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Do Whatever It Is You Please

With love...
That's the only way I know.
With love...
That's the only way I know to show,
Who I am to you and what you mean to me.

With love...
I am not always going to agree with you.
With love...
I'm not always going to approve what you do.
Or give you a right of passage,
To send you in a direction that is wrong.
Or laugh when you have fallen on your...
Disasterous decisions.

With love...
That's the only way I know.
With love...
That's the only way I know to show,
Who I am to you and what you mean to me.

And if it is with attitude I am direct.
And you choose to dislike what I express,
That makes you upset.
Well...
Keep your delusions of who you believe,
I should be!
But my love is total.
I don't give to deceive.

And when I take my love away...
Do whatever it is you wish.
Do whatever it is you please.
You will get from me,
No love to find.
Or love to see.

I don't invest my time,
To have it played...

At anyone's convenience.

Do whatever it is you wish.
Do whatever it is you please.
You will get from me,
No love to find.
Or love to see.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Do Whatever It Is You Wish

What you are trying to save,
Has already diminished in quality.
Whatever it is you are hoping to gain,
Has lost from you any integrity.

It is not about a disrespect anymore.
Or any signs I await to see...
What is prioritized in your life,
You'd like for me to believe.

What you are trying to save,
Has already diminished in quality.
Whatever it is you are hoping to gain,
Has lost from you any integrity.

Do whatever it is you wish!
But you have already revealed...
You are without a consciousness,
Of my wellbeing.

Do whatever it is you wish.
You have validated a selfishness,
That will never again,
Receive a respect from me to give.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Do Women Do This Better Than Men

How can anyone be the one caring,
And sharing...
With a giving of a devotion,
In a special relationship one is blessed to get...
When everything done someone else is consulted.

How can anyone be the one who says,
What it is they do outside and inside their bed...
Either does or does not satisfy or is dreaded.
And still professes to have an undying loyalty,
With requests to receive solicted suggestions.

Do women do this better,
Than men who brag about their prowess?
Who gathers with the 'girls' to unfurl every secret?
Not a guy dares admit,
If and when they've ever visited a proctologist.

Who 'is' more discreet,
With a keeping of their business sacred?
Who is more inclined to whine about every intimate detail?
To then complain during a night out with the 'gang',
About a spouse who doesn't listen but always has an open mouth.

Do women do this better,
Than men who brag about their prowess?
Who gathers with the 'girls' to unfurl every secret?
Not a guy dares admit,
If and when they've ever visited a proctologist.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Do You Care?

Do you care?
Are you in doubt?
Or do you believe I am?

Do you care?
I don't know.
If you have to ask me,
Then both of us have been duped!

I would think you are being sarcastic.
But I can see in your eyes,
You have no idea if you do or not.

I understand,
We are going through an economic crisis.
But to have 'that' repossessed,
Is sad AND tragic.
Maybe it has been misplaced somewhere.
Don't panic.
It you did care...
I'm sure it will return.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Do You Hear Me?

Give you
Time?
To do what?

'To comprehend
What you are saying.'
And
You expect me to do what?
'Be patient.'
And in my patient waiting,
What from you can I expect?
'An attempt to understand.'

I tell you what
Why don't you make those attempts
To understand on your own time
And if you find me understanding
With a comprehension you have discovered
Not outdated by my continued journey
Of living life by taking chances
Without making excuses
To introduce myself to fresh experiences
'Perhaps' I may be struck by a bolt of motivation
That inspires me to listen with time given
Just to focus on you

'Oh?
So
What are you saying?
You are not willing to take the time?

So
What is it that you are saying?
You are not willing to take the time?
Do you hear me?
Do you hear me?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Do You Know What Time It Is?

The early bird catches the worm.

'Do you know what time it is?
Either take a shower...
Or go back to sleep.
I'm not trying to catch anything,
But some 'zees' at this hour.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Do You Need A More Specific Definition

You may not like my 'tone' of voice.
And how I use it,
To express 'my' feelings.
And your wish to move forward,
With a dismissing of my complaints...
From a prior situation,
That had manifested under someone else's watch.
Sounds good,
To only you!

When you stepped into this kitchen,
With an acceptance of your position.
The kitchen had been heated...
With the oven left on.
You may have been hired to decrease the heat.
But guess what?
I'm one of the pots left hot on that stove.
And whether you like it or not...
You 'will' address my concerns.

And this voice that you hear,
Tone and all...
Is mine.
And however you correct what I've addressed,
Is fine.
As long as it is understood,
You've been hired to meet my taste to satisfy.
And not the other way around.

Do we have clarity?
Or do you need a more specific definition,
Of your position?
With a more detailed job description?
Just let me know,
How we can achieve an agreement.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

'Do You Pay For Love? '

Oh I wish somebody would,
Just...
Take my heart and unlock it.
Yes...
I wish somebody good would,
Just take my heart and unlock it.
And I...
Wish somebody who could and would,
Come and take my heart and unlock it.
'Cause...
It's been locked up too long.
And...
I know it's not right but wrong,
To keep the loving that I've got...
To be paid for out of my pocket.

'What you say? '

I said I wish somebody would,
Just...
Take my heart and unlock it.
Yes...
I wish somebody good would,
Just take my heart and unlock it.
And I...
Wish somebody who could and would,
Come and take my heart and unlock it.
'Cause...
It's been locked up so long.
And...
I know it's not right but wrong,
To keep the loving that I've got...
To be paid for out of my pocket.

'Do you pay for love? '

I said I know it's not right but wrong,
To pay for love out of my pocket.

'Do you pay for love? '

I said I know it's not right but wrong,
To pay for love out of my pocket.

'So...
You DO pay for love? '

I'm not YET that desperate.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Do You Practice?

How do I know,
The love we make is safe.
And do you practice?
And...
Is it love you make.

How do I know,
The love we make is safe.
And do you practice?
How do I know YOU'RE safe.
How do I know the love we make,
Is safe.
And kept protected.
To keep that way and remain respected.

How do I know IT'S safe.
And do you practice?
How do I know,
That the love we do to do to make...
Is safe?
And not be another undercover one,
You attract to practice.
How do I know you practice.
How do i know that this is fact.

I am not the kind no one will find sleeping around.
This is fact.
I am not the kind to be left at the LOST and FOUND.
And this is fact.
I am not a piece of meat to pick,
From a rack.
I am not the kind you can spit on like the GROUND.
And that's a fact.
Don't with me try that.
I am not the kind you can get,
With a wink to then split.
Not me.
You can take me off that list,
Like you might have done others.

I want you to know this,
And notice quick...
I'm not the kind to be fooling around.
Know this,
To notice quick...
You wont see me at the LOST and FOUND.
I want you to know this,
And notice quick...
I'm not the kind you can kick to the GROUND.
Know this,
To notice quick...
I am not some cheap trick,
To pick and leave.

Now is YOUR practice...
Safe.
And is your love to make with me,
Going to stay that way?

Is your practice...
Safe?
And...
Just how long can we keep it that way,
Before...
We make love not to practice,
Safe sex.
We make love not to practice,
Safe sex.

We make love with it made...
Without the practice,
Of it.
We make love with it made...
Without the practice,
Of it.
We make love with it made...
Without the practice.

We make love with it made...
Without the practice,
Of it.

We make love with it made,
Without the practice.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Do You Prefer To Have It Spelled?

I too thought my elders,
Believed they knew so much.
When I had been younger,
And then out of touch.

I too thought those with experience,
Were distanced from reality.
And lived lives they wanted others to perceive,
Had to be lived and not deluded by disguise.

Today with mistakes made,
And blessed to have aged...
I no longer accept the elders are out of touch.
And I know now why they prefer,
To talk to themselves and so much.

Today?
And as it was in those yesterdays gone,
It has always been the wisdom of the elders ignored.
And those like myself,
Either approaching and/or sitting at the edge of that stage...
Have no problem at all telling others where to go,
What to kiss and when to get off.
With a caring less who becomes offended.

'What did you say? '

Do you prefer to have it spelled?
Or drawn with crayons?
I would say it again,
But you wouldn't understand.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Do You Realize Just How Talented You Are?

Those who are talented,
Probably spend less time...
Giving it recognition,
To dote on their devotion...
Of being creative.
In dismissing the notion,
That it is talent they have...
Instead of a love for what they do,
That attracts the attention...
Of those unbelieving,
The ones who are talented...
Are unaware of the discipline and stress,
That goes into the work they do...
To produce their best.

'Do you realize just how talented you are? '

~I tried.
But each time I stopped,
To acknowledge that...
Nothing I did would get done.
And it would ignore me,
As if I did not exist.
Choosing then to concentrate,
On other interests.

However...
I have realized this,
It is best that I do not pay attention to it.
Since I've noticed this allows me,
To do what I do to accomplish something.
I have no interest in critiquing,
As much as others seem to find the time to do.~

'Oh?
So you are not aware of it? '

~I love what I do.
Trying to find ways to define it,

Is too self absorbing and a waste of time.
However...
If you are here to deliver assessments,
Try not to be too insensitive.
This I have observed,
Creates a lot of friction.
And a stubborn defensiveness,
You will not believe.
THAT I know I can show you,
Easily.
For some reason that skill I am very familiar with.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Do You Still Need To Be Convinced

Why the exasperation?

'I'm undecided as to which elitist,
Has the most pathetic...
'How I Got Rich' story.
And has convinced me...
Those I owe money to I don't have,
Will become my best friends...
After I pick one to vote for in a few weeks,
Will lower the costs of my cable bill, taxes...
Gas and oil I need with other utilities I pay.'

Here...
Let me help you!

'Hey...
That hurts.
Why did you slap me? '

I would have kicked you,
But you were sitting down.

'It makes no difference how it was done.
I would be the one to feel the pain.'

Exactly.
Do you still need to be convinced,
As to what decision to make?
Think of it like this...
Who's going to be left to feel the pain?

'And...
Get away with the doing of it.'

Why are you looking at 'me' like that?
You can't say I didn't add a touch of reality!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Do You Suspect I Have Money?

You care about me?
For how long,
And since when?

The last time I saw you,
You ignored me totally.
That's when I decided,
To return my car.
I couldn't afford to drive it.
Remember?
And I would pick you up...
And we would then just ride.

You care about me?
Was this before or after,
Your recent recovery from amnesia?
Or am I the one suffering,
From a breakdown of consciousness?

You care about me?
Why?
Do you suspect I have money?
And I pinch pennies as a hobby?

You care about me?
Why?
Have you lost your friends?
And other ways to survive?

Or...
Have you discovered your pretentions kept,
Worthless.
And you believe I have some,
You perceive I am willing to share.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Do You Think 'They' Are Conscious Of It?

Why is it that some people are racists?

'For the same reason Zebras are black and white.'

But Zebras were born with their stripes.
Do you think any of them stay aware of it.
To go around making announcements,
As to which animals they dislike?

'Who knows?
Which color do you suppose they prefer? '

That probably depends,
Upon where they go...
With the getting of a needed attention.

'Do you think 'they' are conscious of it?
The others who are also different? '

Which ones?
They are all unique and different.
You mean the Elephants, the Tigers...
Lions, Hippos, Leopards?
Or the Monkeys, Chimpanzees or the Apes?
To me they all look the same.

'What about the Giraffes?
They are different than the Kangeroos.'

No.
They probably look above all of that.
And besides...
Kangeroos are not of African descent.

'Do you think they harbor resentment because of it?
Because they too are different? '

Who?
The Kangeroos?

'No...
The racists.'

Maybe that's a reason why they refer to themselves,
As the 'majority'.

'Of what? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Do You Want It Warm Or Hot?

If you want more of this,
There's no need to lick the pot.
I've got it...
To give.

And if you want more of this,
There is no need to stop.
I've got it...
To give.
Do you want it warm or hot?

I'm in the kitchen whipping up more of this.
Do you want it warm or hot?

Would you like some spice with a bit of risk?
Do you want it warm or hot?

Some might prefer to sip before they trip.
Do you want it warm or hot?

If you want more of this,
There's no need to lick the pot.
I've got it...
To give.

And if you want more of this,
There is no need to stop.
I've got it...
To give.
Now do you want it warm or hot?

Be comfortable, relax and have a seat.
Do you want it warm or hot?

What I fix for you no one can beat.
Do you want it warm or hot?

I've got it...
To give.

I know what I do will make you pleased.
Do you want it warm or hot?

I've got it...
To give.

I'm in the kitchen whipping up more of this.
Do you want it warm or hot?

Would you like some spice with a bit of risk?
Do you want it warm or hot?

I've got it...
To give.
Now do you want it warm or hot?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Do You Want Me To Call A Doctor?

'Let that ego go! '

Are you kidding?
You of all people,
Know...
I am addicted to self praise!

And besides...
Isn't it your turn to call me wonderful?
Go ahead.
You know I can be patient.

We've been sitting here,
For more than an hour.
And not once,
Did you make reference to that!

What's the matter?
Are you okay?
Do you want me to call a doctor?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Do You Want More?

Do you want more?
I've got it to give.
I was that kid...
Compared to those of 'influence'
Taunted by those,
Who laughed at me and what I did.
Do you want more?
Or should I ignore your sadness,
With a regret?
Forgive and forget!
Since I have long earned my happiness.
Perhaps I should.
Since you have inflicted,
Your own wounds much better...
Than those I could inject!
And with such imaginative bitterness,
I would have never suspect.
Do you want more?
Perhaps my satisfaction,
Seeing you in disarray this way...
Is enough.
And I have much to be thankful for!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Do You Want That Sandwich?

Not too long ago,
Suggestions were made...
To keep the motivation sustained.
And that progess being made then,
Would have chances to remain.
But a lack of discipline entered in.
With those defending their laziness.
And becoming offended by those against it.

What do you recommend,
We should now do?

'I recommended 'we' should pass the mustard.
'We' should slice the tomatoes.
Added some mayo with lettuce with a dash of salt.
Toast the whole wheat.
Open a bag of chips.
And drink a beer!
Leaving 'we' to enjoy.
And 'they' out of it.'

That's not being responsible.

'I responded to your questions,
Years ago.
Today I am blessed to eat in peace.
And that is what 'we' today are going to do.
Unless you chose that crusade?
With you knowing...
I am waving you on from the sidelines.

I've discovered that 'we' business,
Only works when folks are up against a fence.
And not a fence did I help them make.

Do you want that sandwich? '

What about the crisis?

'Don't worry about it.
I've prepared for that.
That's why I bought two six packs.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Do You Want This?

'Do you want this?
Come and get it.'

I slept with dreams.
And awakened as if they existed.
I awakened as if...
In my hands I held them.
To realize and never to let them drift.

'You want this?
What makes you think,
It will be made easy...
For you to touch and get.'

And I began to taste my dreams,
To me fed on a daily basis.
Years of impatience I knew too well.
Rushing to succeed...
Had me stumbling to fall.
I hated being teased.

'Do you or do you 'not' want this?
How else do you expect to get it? '

I could not shut that voice within up.
It seemed to taunt and I was beginning to have enough.
And then...
A process began within me slow.
Although my dreams and wishes would not let me go.
They were there holding onto me too tightly.

Slowly I began to seek teachings needed.
Gritting my teeth to qualify my desires.
And then one day I did awaken validated.
Feeling with a patience quite surprised.
And accepting what I had not realized.

'You want this? '

Yes.
Yes, I do.
I feel I am ready.
And I've got patience too.

'Good for you.
Now...
Just with a few more steps taken,
All that you wish...
Will eventually come true for you to exist.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Do You Want To Do Maneuvers

Do you want to...
Live each day doing everything that you like.
Do you want to...
Have a crave and satisfy appetites.
Do you want to...
Go to bed and know you will sleep tight.
Boy,
Do want to.
Girl,
Do you want to...
Pursue redoing everything that you do.
Do you want to...
Maneuver.
Do you want to...
Maneuver.
Boy,
Do want to.
Girl,
Do you want to...
Live each day doing everything that you like.
Do you want to...
Have a crave and satisfy appetites.
Do you want to...
Go to bed and know you will sleep tight.
Do you want to do maneuvers.
Do you want to do maneuvers.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Do You Wish To Get Rest?

You want more?
Or do you wish to get rest?
To catch a needed breath?

OR if you'd like,
You might consider...
Ignoring me.

However...
Whatever it is done you do,
I'll still be true to who I am.

You want more?
Or do you wish to get rest?
To catch a needed breath?

And whatever the decision,
You decide to choose to accept...
I make my own decisions too!
With a doing that has much more left.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Do You!

You can stay cooped,
With a pity to cop.
And you can stayed pooped,
As you're locked in your box!
But...
You're needing to,
Get up.
You're needing to,
Walk around.
You're needing to,
Move away...
From the intake you inhale.

You're needing to...
Give it a wrap.
You're needing to...
Pack and sack it,
With a getting up off your back to...
Do you!
And,
Do you...
With a lot of love.

Now...
You can stay cooped,
With a pity to cop.
And you can stayed pooped,
As you're locked in your box!
But...
You're needing to,
Do you!
And,
Do you...
With a lot of love.

You're needing to,
Do you!
And,
Do you...

With a lot of love.
Yes!
Do you,
And do you...
With love!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Do Your Best Even Better

Never stop to think your best is enough.
Always do your very best to then step up.
Never think the best you've done is enough.
Always seek to do your best even better.
With a reaching to the Moon,
To remove the roof.
With a reaching to the Moon,
To remove the roof.

Never stop to think your best can't be better.
OR believe that you're all that and together.
A swift breeze will blow you like a feather.
With a changing of the weather,
And your better best forgotten.

Always do your very best to then step up.
Don't leave with your better best to be forgotten.
Always seek to do your best even better.
With a reaching to the Moon,
To remove the roof.
With a reaching to the Moon,
To remove the roof.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Do Your Duty

Be done with a hook up and go.
Do your duty to the booty,
And satisfy the mood.

Be done with a hook up and go.
And do your duty to the booty,
Don't present an attitude.
Or make excuses for what you choose.

Do your duty to the booty and go!
Whether clothed or nude.
Today folks care less who they screw.
Or spreading diseases and to who!

Be done with a hook up and go.
Do your duty to the booty,
And satisfy the mood.

Be done with a hook up and go.
And do your duty to the booty,
Don't present an attitude.
Or make excuses for what you choose.

Do your duty to the booty,
Whether clothed or nude.
Today folks care less who they screw.
Or spreading diseases and to who!

Do your duty to the booty and go!
And don't present an attitude.
Or make excuses for what you choose.
Today folks care less who they screw.
Or spreading diseases and to who!

Be done with a hook up and go.
Do your duty to the booty,
And satisfy the mood.
Care less about affects,
And what they do!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Do Your Knickers Pinch?

One who has a mind accustom and adjusted,
To initiative and purpose and has lived disciplined...
Will be difficult to limit to the rudiments of life.
With an insistence placed upon this.
Especially if others are seeking instructions,
To that which has been accepted as written...
As a way of life to follow and live,
When those who explore with life to adventure...
Aren't seeking to convince they have book sense,
For reasons to please those believing themselves normal.

'We agree and have found your expressions offensive.
And have decided to censor your observations,
As detrimental to our beliefs.'

~And? ~

'And?
There is no 'and'.'

~There should be 'ands' 'buts' and 'ifs'...
If you perceive your normalcy actually exists,
Outside of your restricting limits.~

'Okay.
We've heard what you've had to say.
Now...
Who amongst us do 'you' believe,
Ultimately benefits? '

~Ummm...let's see.
This for me is going to be rather difficult.~

'Why? '

~I'm too busy living my own life to care.
But I will say this...
The one standing behind you,
With the sunglasses on.

I'd be very suspicious to their commitment,
And loyality to your devoted normalcy.
It seems to me...
One of you is not so accepting to the craze.~

'We find you to be obnoxious, insolent...
Insubordinate AND defiant.'

~WHEW.
Thank 'You' God.
May I ask 'two' questions? ~

'What is it? '

~Do your knickers pinch?
Are your loafers too tight? ~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Do, Get Away!

Do, get away!
From those player haters.
Stop that nagging that attracts,
The backbiting of braggers...
Without delay.

And oh oh...
Do, get away!
From the pinch that inches tensions.
Don't give them more attention,
To incense sentiments.
Eliminate that taste.

And oh oh,
Yes...
Do, get away!
From those player haters.
Stop that nagging that attracts,
The backbiting of braggers...
Without delay.

Don't be used as sucker bait.
Or be a loser estimated.
Get yourself away right now today!

Keep your flow going.
Demote those 'whoa-s' that float.
Without delay.

And stop that nagging that attracts,
The backbiting of braggers!
And get yourself away,
Right now...
Today!

Don't let them pay a cent,
As if they pay you rent!
And, get away!

Oooooh do, get away!
From those player haters.
Stop that nagging that attracts,
The backbiting of braggers...
Without delay.

Oooooh,
Stop that nagging that attracts,
The backbiting of braggers...
And get away.
Oooooh,
Stop that nagging that attracts,
The backbiting of braggers...
And get away.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Doctrines Of Our Comforts

Who we are and our priorities?
You still have your list?
Let's make sure,
We both have the same updates!
I'll read them and you check yours off:

1) What we have.
2) How much did it cost.
3) What year was it obtained,
   And current value.
4) Who we know.
5) What they have.
6) How much did it cost them.
7) What year did they obtain whatever it is...
   And its current value.
8) Who they know.
9) What they know and how.
10) How any of this achieves our satisfaction.

Remember...
Who cares about anything else,
As long as we get ours.
These doctrines are our comforts!
Keep them close to you...
Just in case we are interrogated at the border.
If they are lost you will not gain re-entry!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Documentary

Slowly.
Slowly...steady, and stop!
Play.
Observe 'that' pacing back and forth in the background.
Now...
Listen to what's being said,
And then watch their deeds.
Stop.
Rewind.
Back further...and stop!
'Hey. There's that same 'thing'.
What is that? '
Play.
Now...
Hear their words...
And then watch their actions.
Stop!
Fastforward.
Stop and zoom in! Notice anything at all?
'What on Earth is that? Who is that? What is it'?
That is Lucifer!
He has been the star of this madness since this all began!
'What is he whispering in the ear of that little guy,
The one standing in defiance behind the podium? '
I don't know...
But he's giggling his ass off, isn't he?
'How are we suppose to edit this? '
I don't know!
Someone says there is a memo floating around,
About another little guy with slanted eyes requesting our services.
They say he is daring anyone to believe he is not just as crazy
As that creature we've been assign to edit out of this documentary!

Rumor has it...
He believes this 'Lucifer' character,
Is just a wannabe!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Documented

Have I been honest?
I don't believe you asked me that!
The only thing that has not been revealed...
Is the number of hairs,
In the crack of my ass!
And I am sure someone...
Somewhere,
Has that evidence officially documented!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Documented Change

Gone.
Like an alibi,
Sold and purchased.
Lies nurtured.
Gathered and groomed
To protect from any leak that spills.
But ills like these...
Can not forever sustain medication!
And dedicated memories
Weakened upon false foundations
Crumble.
They do not humble as they should.
Leaving the self righteous to still celebrate,
The faithfulness of fake endeavors!
Gone they are in their minds...
With each documented change!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Documenting Of Those Endeavors

There is nothing more I hate to do...
Than it is to prove someone a fool.
And at their expense.
I hate the doing of that.
Since some lessons to teach,
I should not be the one to feel obligated...
To ensure that they are taught.
I have spent too much time sacrificing to qualify,
Interests of mine in other fields...
With a documenting of those endeavors.

To have shed buckets of sweat,
Drops of blood and lots of tears.
And teaching others to have that certified,
Is not one of them I've ever wished to satisfy.
That's why I hate it when someone comes,
With only one purpose! A purpose I deny.
And that is to try my patience to undo it,
Until that lesson I hate to teach is done.
To then have it said when rumors spread...
I am the one who is sensitive.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Dodge Ball

Some will play all day,
Games of dodge ball and hide and seek.
Wishing to be tagged with 'come-hither' coyness.
Like children believed to be cute and sweet.
But there is a maturity that is missing...
When cheating adults wish discreetness under sheets.
And there are too many enjoying that game on others played!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Dodge The Fog

Dodge the fog.
Why go through it blinded.
Dodge the fog.
Avoid it when you can.
Too many caught up in it,
Don't know why their minds...
Stay clogged.

Dodge the fog.
Keep your eyesight vision clear.
Dodge the fog.
Clean out your ears and good to hear.
Dodge the fog.
Refuse to comprehend or listen,
That a seen fog...
Isn't what it is at all.

Dodge the fog.
Don't be baited to debate it.
Dodge the fog.
Leave it as it is.
Don't await to contemplate,
What appears is temporary...
Quick to go to lift and all is solved.

Dodge the fog.
Why go through it blinded.
Dodge the fog.
Avoid it when you can.
Too many caught up in it,
Don't know why their minds...
Stay clogged.

Dodge the fog.
Don't be baited to debate it.
Dodge the fog.
Leave it as it is.
Don't await to contemplate,
What appears is temporary...

Quick to go to lift and all is solved.

Dodge the fog.
Take another road to go.
Negotiating to slow one's pace,
Could erase intentions made...
That eliminates them meant to keep,
Independently.

Dodge the fog.
Avoid it when you can.
Too many caught up in it,
Don't know why their minds...
Stay clogged.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Dodging Bullets

Never will a resolution,
Stick to fit...
Without some exchanging done to it.
By the ones quick to fast step,
In a rendition of a song and dance...
To skip over,
What has been targeted...
For a direct hit.

People of today arrive prepared,
To dismiss what they say...
And come equipped,
For a dodging of bullets...
That get to close to their slick mental trips.
Just to trick those conscious and analytical.
And ready to shoot holes into a claimed and reputable,
Credibility that is questionable!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Dodging Life

Dodging life for fantasies are not realistic...
But yet goes on.
Wanting to be comforted by things we pick...
Goes on and on.
And the getting upset with regrets that are kept...
Goes on and on.
With a craving that stays forever.
With an appetite changing never.

Dodging life for fantasies are not realistic...
But yet goes on.
Wanting to be comforted by things we pick...
Goes on and on.
And the getting upset with regrets that are kept...
Goes on and on.
With a craving that stays forever.
With an appetite changing never.

Dodging life to only get what is liked and wished...
Goes on and on.
With a holding on we hope is strong,
To keep with us...
Forever!
With an appetite changing never.

Dodging life for fantasies are not realistic...
But yet goes on.
To select with a holding on...
And kept,
Forever!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Does Anyone Wish To Gargle With Mint

Well...
Now that we all are here,
And seem to have eaten...
Reluctantly,
A bit of unsweetened crow.

Let us keep in mind,
We still have heights to climb.
And although it is known,
We all have eaten a bit of crow...
Let's not stop,
Removing other stumbling blocks.
Too much is still there,
To keep out awareness expanding.

Well...
Now that we all are here,
And seem to have eaten...
Reluctantly,
A bit of unsweetened crow.
Does anyone wish to gargle with...
Mint or lime flavored mouthwash?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Does It Hurt? Or...Do You Get Use To It?

They say,
U b illin'
When U aint chilled!

Today's youth have their on views.
And language too.
With their own emphasis on what to like...
Dislike.
And for whatever the purpose.

'That needs to be kicked to the curb,
If it disturbs.'

And if it's thought to be 'sick'?
That's hip to them.

'Did you hear that?
That's SICK.
I love it! '

And those of us who have arrived to live,
To see 'dinosaur' years...
Are blessed!
Few of these kids pay us any attention.
And those who seek wisdom and approach...
Want to know...
'Don't you get tired of being SO old?
Does it hurt?
Or...
Do you get use to it?

My grandfather drinks.
He use to smoke pot!
But I made him stop!
Today's quality isn't as good as it use to be! '

Do you kids know 'anything' about respect?
At all?

'I like her music! '

Who's music?

'Aretha Franklin.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Does It Matter

Does it matter what you say?
Not really.
Today?
People are seeking,
Immediated gratification.
And if it is stimulating to the eye...
That is all that they desire,
To raise their excitement.
And when you are told to leave.
You have pleased their temptations.
Perhaps then it might matter,
What you say.
To protect your own pride.
And hide the indignity endured.
The length of what is said,
Matters not to someone...
Who has used you,
And bled emotions from your heart and head!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Does It Matter Anymore

Does it matter anymore.
As to who decides the time has come,
For their minds and eyes to open wider...
With clarity to see beyond closed doors.
Does it matter,
Anymore.

Does it matter anymore who has ignored,
A common sense that has long been absent.
As a foolishness enhanced,
Has become entrusted to lust and decadence.
Does it matter,
Anymore.

Does it matter anymore,
Who wishes to communicate to others...
A wanting to understand and comprehend,
With them the meaning of a quality of life.
To know they've become bored to listen.
Or have it mentioned,
About times remembered like that...
Never again to return back.
Does it matter,
Anymore? Does it?

And to whom would it matter?
If common sense is absent.
Or kept hidden.
To prevent its existence.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Does It Really Matter What A Preposition Is

Does it really matter what a preposition is,
When the language has been butchered...
And few caring less,
If what is spoken is correct.

Does it really matter what a preposition is,
When attempted comprehension...
Is a waste of definitions,
With no understanding made.

Does it really matter what a preposition is,
With a noun to form a phrase...
That positions should express,
What modifier says it best.

Does it really matter what a preposition is,
If an 'of' is there to shove.
Or if a 'to' is there to use,
To qualify it as a tool.

Does it really matter what a preposition is,
When nobody is impressed...
How a message is addressed.
Or if an intention has any content left.

Does it really matter what a preposition is,
When all minds today are distant.
Does it really matter what a preposition is,
From a consciousness considered unfit.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Does Not Measure Up

They leave themselves penniless.
And thieve on allowed greed.
Bankrupt themselves on bad loans and credit.
And have fed themselves into a diseasing gluttony.

Their decadence is marketed.
Sleazy sex aids and other remedies...
Are given prime time,
On national TV.

Disrespect is expected.
Discipline is,
Not what it use to be.
Today no one knows how to spell the word.
Or know what the word today should mean.

Some believe it means drinking diet coke at a feast.
And those who perfer pepsi,
Gouge themselves but claim to eat little meat.
Trying to convince themselves,
Not others.
Who clear the sidewalks,
As they wobble up and down public streets.

And they gather to meet,
To discuss their displeasure...
Of a new leader elected.
Who does not measure up to their expectations.
Nor does he they claim...
Have interest in protecting their messes.
Or their dwindling treasures.

'And the agenda is...? '

~I'll give you a clue.
You are not a priority.
Does that answer satisfy you? ~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Doesn'T It Seem As If This Dawn Is Different?

Good Morning.
Such a beautiful day.
Doesn't it seem as if this dawn is different?
Doesn't it seem as if the presence of fresh air,
Has made those stop and stare...
And wonder about their priorities and affairs?

Had you been one of those raise to use the 'N' word?
With the 'F' and the 'S' and the 'MF' next?
Were you one of those to 'G-D' them and their kind?
Today you may find yourself,
Feeling stupid and perplexed.
Realizing your beliefs are far from perfect!

Had you been one of 'those' to move away from 'them'?
Because of their features and color of skin.
Did you and your friends,
Plot to deceive.
Believing your future was to create,
Generations of dynasties.
To fulfill selfish needs of a racial 'purety'.

Are you one of those who now sit scratching,
Your once privileged head?
Isolated in surburbia,
And clouded in sadness...
With a dose of overwhelming dread?
You have to admit...
You and yours to yourselves have fed.
With wishes your life and perceptions about it,
Could start all over again,
Instead?

With plantation dreams...
Of having slaves bring to you breakfast in bed.

Those me-me-I-I issues and racist remarks...
Seem a bit trifling today don't they?
Since your values and standards are being ripped apart.

And you were right there cheering this 'BS' on!
Hoping those you selected to lead...
Would not strip away those visions,
To have you plead...
As you and others with similar points of view...
To do to others before they did it to you.

Backstabbing to defame,
Without remorse and/or shame.

And now...
The blame game.
Who has done what to whom and why.
But those who create conflict in fellowship...
Worshipping 'things' that bring upon their feelings of emptiness.
Has begun an experience of a flagrant miscalculation.
One you thought you would never reminisce.
Not to treat you...
One of their own like this!

And yet...
Their deeds will not deliver escapes...
To flee from guilt.
Or the manifestation of such devastation.

Good Morning.
Such a beautiful day.
Doesn't it seem as if this dawn is different?
Doesn't it seem as if the presence of fresh air,
Has made those stop and stare...
And wonder about their priorities and affairs.
With an awareness that dares to be accepted!

How can those who invested in collected deceit...
Be treated with such disrespect.
As a few plan and plot,
To crush them into subservience...
In an accepting consciousness,
That awakens too late to protest!

Good Morning.
Doesn't it seem as if this dawn is different?

To those of you who have been out of touch!

Slowly...
Inhale the realities.
The availability of them have for you arrived.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Doesn'T That Sound Reasonable?

Hey...
Comehere!
Yes...
I am talking to you.
All of you.
Come here.

Listen up.
I have an idea!
If you want to destroy yourselves,
That's fine.
I'm on your side.
Believe me,
I am.

But please,
Do it away from my doorstep.
There is a big open field,
Right across the street.
And...
If you kill yourselves over there,
I wont bother calling the police.
You can do that at your leisure.
Anytime you please!

Now...
Doesn't that sound reasonable?

'Why should we kill ourselves over there?
No one will pay us any attention!
What are you...
Crazy? '

Like I said...
I am on your side!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Doing As They Chose To Do

With the last finger raised,
Outstreched and pointed...
To someone else to accuse,
For problems existing.
Prehaps then and only then,
Will it become fact...
That,
All who were taught to point their fingers...
At someone else,
Were also shown how best to disrespect themselves.
Until no one is left to care who did what and why,
To who.
Because they all had excuses to do what they did,
With a doing as they chose to do.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Doing Exactly What Those Without Souls Intend

She saw a mansion and became a whore.
And couldn't wait to service the 'master'...
In the basement behind closed doors.

She was right in her element.
Doing exactly what those without souls intend,
To do to circumvent...
Anything that connected to a wholesomeness.

Or faithfulness practiced that was never meant,
To a husband who waited outside...
Pretending not to be bothered by driving this floozy home!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Doing Favors For The Devil

-Begin we will to listen.
To that voice inside.
Daring, direct and unafraid,
To critique.-

Pick up those feet.
Use them for stepping.
And not to shuffle along.
As if in agony.

Step to do,
Away from discouragement.
And disappointing choices made.
Run...
From doing favors,
For the devil.
And those who revel,
To acquaint themselves...
With evil relationships.
Offerings,
Of temporary satisfactions...
Can and often leave,
A lifetime of grief and misery.
And others met,
Prepare to share their despair.

What is it?
Quick to give you,
Free access to gloom.
What is this attraction,
That leaves you devoted...
To a hopelessness?
Who profits,
From this addicted affair...
That has you not caring?

Seeking sympathy to discover,
From another...
With their eyes,

Fixed upon the ground...
Is seldom found,
To come from one also lost.
Fooled and tricked.
Dismissing truth...
For a taste of devilment.
And the taste of it,
Will and can seduce.

-Begin to listen!
And not ignore that voice.
The one inside.
Daring to be direct and correct
When suggesting to recommend,
Doing favors for the devil...
Is a lifetime commitment,
Of seeking sympathy.
For allowing to shuffle.
Instead of using those feet,
Resisting...
Doing favors for the devil.
Who only has one purpose.
And that is...
Treating to sell easy,
The acceptance of deceit.
To defeat! -

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Doing It Some Good

It took years to close a door
that should not have been opened.
Now that the action has been finalized...
There is knocking.
To gain entry.
There is a curiousity,
As to 'how' needs are met...
Without a concern shown or a help request.

It's not understood.
The action taken,
Did the one doing it some good.
A seriousness done shook up the ones
Accustomed to a life of jokes and fun!
And the one who took this action...
Showed them a happiness,
Did not need them to exist!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Doing It To Find My Own Solutions

Even if I sat 'unsure'...
I'd have no doubts in my mind,
What it was I did.
And to do it,
With the best of my ability.
Acknowledging I was not seeking advice.
But doing it to find my own solutions.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Doing It With It Done

Getting comfortable with chaos?
Doing it with it done.
And having fear appear.
Although none is near to come.
Then you find yourself begin to tremble.
Doing it with it done.
And you notice your legs getting nimble.
Doing it with it done,
To either run or hide from being identified.

Have you become afraid of your own neighbors.
Doing it with it done.
And your kept suspicions warrant this.
Doing it with it done.
With submitting to give your permission.
Doing it with it done.
To believe,
Someone seeks you as a victim.
Like others who have become one.

Prioritized are threats on your list.
Doing it with it done.
And your home has every weapon,
Prepared to use in your hands and quick.
Doing it with it done.
And when you walk on any street,
You feel you are picked...
By someone you think a stalker.
So you reach for that weapon,
Concealed but tightly gripped.

Getting comfortable with chaos?
Doing it with it done.
And having fear appear.
Although none is near to come.
And after dinner to sit,
Allowing to be bombarded...
By everything heard negative on TV to see,
Are the one with a gun loaded...

Awaiting for a threat from an enemy,
Doing it with it done.
To threaten anyone...
Coming to take what is left of your mind.
Already occupied,
With wishes to find more bad news.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Doing Nothing

It is time,
For everyone to acknowledge...
Defending ignorance,
With it kept protected to keep sheltered...
Has a high price to pay,
By anyone who stays offended...
Yet accepts the effects,
Of what ignorance creates.

'They are just innocent children.
Unknowing the consequences,
Or the re-actions others have...
From being victimized by their misdeeds.'

~That's why all of them will spend time,
To find discipline at a boot camp.~

'But my child is being accused for doing nothing.'

~Trust me,
After boot camp...
Gone will be those excuses you make,
With thoughts of keeping your delusions protected.
And laziness you and others accept,
Will be realized as cost effective.
To keep kept benefits left.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Doing Nothing And Getting Paid

There they are!
Standing where they were...
Where they are right now.
Doing what they did then...
In a perfected stale and staticness.

Like crows on a fence,
Waiting for the scarecrow...
To be updated with a new defense.
And even if that does happen...
They will still complain,
About how things remain the same.

And no one wants to do a thing to change!
Even though they move as group advisers...
From block to block!
Telling those who pass by,
How things 'use' to be in the day...
When they were 'back home' with good jobs,
Doing nothing and getting paid!

And today too many want too much,
For more than it's worth!
And not willing to pay the price,
For the advice they have to offer!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Doing Of It

Putting those assumptions most have aside,
The only one who really has the right to live a life...
The way they would like and decided,
Would be the one making their own way...
Through a thicket of weeds,
No one else has made efforts to remove...
With a proving done of an end result.

Anyone who believes,
A voicing of their opinion to leave and influence...
With assumptions mention,
Need only to do one of two things.
Either take one step or two away from 'themselves'.
To agree that a decision made by one,
And no one else can be done with one's doing of it.

Again.
And there is evidence of this.
There is nothing like,
The minding of one's own business...
That validates with a certainty,
One's own wishes.
Without direction suggested or requested,
From another.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Doing Something On Their Own

I can find the restrooms in my home,
Blindfolded.
There are two.
And I know what to do and how to use both,
For purposes to address an agenda.
I do not need a tour guide,
To make clear my familiarity.
Some have a need to have their hands held,
During a repeated process.
To feel a comfort in this repeating...
Something they do is correct.
And does not offend...
If they should be caught alone,
And doing something on their own
That may not be condoned or accepted.
Hoping that what is done...
Is approved by everyone!
Even if what they do,
Captures no one's attention.
With or without...
Making attempts to apply imagination.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Doing That Is Rude

You know better than I do,
What it is you want and perceive as a need.
But please...
Do not expect me to limit my desires,
To bring into my life to prioritize...
Your indecision.

'I'm not undecided.
I just don't know what it is that I want.'

Dear God...
WHY?

'There is no reason to involve God.
Give me a few minutes and I can tell you.'

Dear God...
Wasn't it just yesterday,
I promised to never again take medication?

'Why have you stopped talking to me.
You act as if I am invisible.
I'm not.
And doing that is rude.'

Dear God...
Is there any way YOU can inflict upon me,
Some kind of a coma?
Or perhaps an immediate amnesia?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Doing That To Ourselves

Anyone convinced to believe,
It is their duty and obligation...
To display in any way a disrespect,
Shown to others with a doing to expect...
Acceptance without their behavior being corrected,
Is someone who has been taught.

And there are so many like this,
Quick to be offended to not have graduated...
Beyond an escalating of ignorance.
To only become offended,
When believed themselves to be mistreated...
By others who have witnessed,
People abusing themselves just for the amusement of it.

'They treat us as if we are less than human beings.
Just because we've been doing this to ourselves,
Doesn't mean we are requesting assistance.'

So...
When will you quit administrating your own mistreatment?

'Let me make this perfectly clear.
We are accustomed to abusing ourselves.
And the fact that we disrespect each other,
Is not an open invitation for outsiders to do it.
And that is the reason why we've come together in protest.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Doing The Best They Can

The hardest thing people are finding,
Almost impossible for them to face today...
Is a truth they can not manipulate,
Or take the credit for its creation.
And many who have not yet lost their minds,
Are doing the best they can...
To live their lives with those lies they have told.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Doing Their Best To Achieve

What advice would you give,
To anyone seeking with a wish...
To become successful.

'That's a difficult question.
I really don't know.
And advice?
I am no authority to be giving advice,
To anyone.'

Okay.
What would you say about those,
Who have given their support...
To the ones who do become successful.

'Few people know,
From the beginning who will become successful.
However...
I will say this,
It depends on the enviorment one lives in.

If one hears over and over again,
That they need to leave an enviornment...
In which people are not accustomed,
To those wishing to achieve success...
There will be many people there believing themselves,
Limited in mind and insecure.

And many will berate anyone choosing to think...
They can do something else with their lives,
Than wasting their time talking about others...
Doing their best to achieve.

And achievement takes work, discipline, devotion and sacrifice.
With a getting of very little sleep,
Those unaware would never accept to believe.'

Do you believe you are successful?

'Extremely.
I was born with the ability to ignore naysayers.
Especially those hiding their insecurities,
To make excuses to dump their self hatred on others.
And people like that I have known all my life.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Doing Their Best To Save Face

Doing their best to save face.
Even if that means...
Continuing to disgrace themselves.
Or place the blame for their mistakes,
On someone else.
It is a pattern that has decreased,
A credibility...
Slipping away.
And very close to ceasing.
As a quality of life,
Slides from an existence.
They insist their troubles...
Are not of their creation!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Doing What It Takes To Feel One's Best

Doing what it takes to feel one's best,
Is 'not' something one adopts to do...
To get the attention.
Misconceptions about that are taught to those,
To leave them feeling insecure to be left exposed.
And psychologically dependent on others.

Those who are seeking the attention,
Are the ones making the excuses...
For everything done they do,
To avoid doing that which they should.
Fearing then no one would notice them at all.
And for them to be noticed is what is sought.

Leave them alone to figure themselves out,
And they wouldn't know what to do 'with' clues.
Especially if no one is there to listen,
To their opinions given or their version of life...
Yet for them to live.
But they'll try to convince others they know about.

Doing what it takes to feel one's best,
Is 'not' something one adopts to do to get the attention.
Doing what it takes to feel one's best,
Is something one does to comprehend.
And many not comprehending,
Can also be viewed amongst those refusing to listen.

Only a life lived to be one's best,
Is often a life lived making fewer excuses.
With less complaints heard,
To create and produce to seduce someone else...
For whatever the reason found around,
To digest.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Doing What They Wish

When people can not accept direction...
They live their lives in denial and rejection.
And it is difficult to remove from them...
A mindset they within live in!
A mindset that has been programmed...
To believe reality is a sham.
And a deceit released feeds all their needs.
With a doing what they wish and as they please.
Believing that hypocrisy is something done religiously.
And others,
Not them...
Are the ones who are producers of conflict.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Doldrum Free

God has come to lift me from my doldrums.
There is now a peace beneath my daily bouts,
With conflict.
They are there but I no longer sit with them.
They no longer demand my time...
Found when I am snuggled up in doubt!

God has come to lift me from my doldrums.
Shouting I do with delight...
I hope this process isn't mind to witness alone!
Infighting without insight,
These doldrums I borrowed...
I never owned.

I did not know that!
But I know I keep my faith,
And something about that pleases my Savior!

God has come to lift me from my doldrums.
And it was as if I knew instantly...
Why they were there so long!
I was finally convinced,
The world I lived in and thought was mine...
To fence in defended senselessness,
Was of God's creation!

I am here to test burdens...
Not to market them to insist they produce pleasure!

And when God came to lift me of those burdens,
They were no longer mine to define with emotion!
God knows I am not competent reflecting sorrow!
That task He took away from me...
Leaving me doldrum free as He commands!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Domestic Scenes

Bitter.
Battered.
And booted.
These domestic scenes,
Could erase one's attraction
For enchantment with one devoted
To a life of commitment and love!

It seems too easy to be beaten,
By the one first sweet...
Then spoiled by a left hook,
After ducking!
In attempts to work things out...
Sparring in boxing bouts!

Or sit to drink at a local bar,
Complaining!
Of being misunderstood.
To find one alone...
Stooped in a stupor!
Or mangled behind a hood of a car!

And it is said,
Times have changed!
People are more deranged and convinced...
A knock out punch solves their dilemmas!

If we developed our skills
To listen without barking,
And park out reactions!
A walk down the aisle
Will keep trials and juries,
Out of the minds of those who are not sitting,
With crossed fingers...
At the reception!
For those who are truly matched,
For the sounds of wedding bells...
And not for the slam,
Of awaiting prison cells!

'I do!
And God...
Let us communicate,
For the sake of our united love! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Domestic Violence

Burned to a crisp,
And blistered by it.

Some may not come to expect,
A direct announcement one might get.
From one sharing a relationship...
That time has come,
For the two of them to split!

Burned to a crisp,
And blistered by it.

Some signs are subtle.
Like an introduction made,
Of a new face someone has laid.
Under unusual circumstances.
When a spouse or a mate...
Is caught in broad daylight,
Making obvious advances.

Other signs are more direct!
Like catching a spouse or a mate,
Making arrangements for a date!
And that date shows up...
To immediately strip,
And both expose naked butts!

THIS is a 'clue'...
Someone has been fooling around,
On you!
And cares less what it is you do!

I would think this relationship...
Has lost something 'valued' too!
Wouldn't you?

Burned to a crisp,
And blistered by it.

Some may not come to expect,
A direct announcement one might get.
From one sharing a relationship...
That time has come,
For the two of them to split!
And to prove this...
Someone dares to incite,
Domestic violence!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Domesticated Animals

Chastised defiance to inflict punishment.
To give a consent...
To those who abuse the first amendment,
With a contempt.
That is meant.

Chastised defiance to inflict punishment.
To give a consent...
To those who abuse the first amendment,
With a contempt.
That is meant.

The bold are duly noted,
For attempts to smooth the road.
But domesticated animals,
Are dumping smelly loads...
With a turned up nose.

Chastised defiance to inflict punishment.
To give a consent...
To those who abuse the first amendment,
With a contempt.
That is meant.

And exploding with their codes,
As a defense.
And exploding with their codes,
With a contempt.
That is meant.

Chastised defiance to inflict punishment.
To give a consent...
To those who abuse the first amendment,
With a contempt.
That is meant...
And with minds bent!

The bold are duly noted,
For attempts to smooth the road.

But domesticated animals,
Are dumping smelly loads...
With a turned up nose.

And exploding with their codes,
As a defense.
And exploding with their codes,
With a contempt.
That is meant.
And proving they can dump their decadence,
To offend.

Domesticated animals,
Are dumping smelly loads...
With a turned up nose.
And proving they can dump their decadence,
To offend.
That is meant...
With a contempt.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Dominated By Love (A Must To Be Lovers)

It would be wonderful,
To meet someone who felt it...
A must to be lovers.
And prepared to appeal,
To the 'I' in me.
And we both agree,
All our 'I's are dotted...
Without doubt to realize,
What we together have...
Needs not to be separately,
Capitalized.
Or individualized to exclaim...
With self serving exclamations.
To know it to feel,
A mutual must to be lovers.
And not distrusting to resent,
Each other as competitors.
Together we win,
When dominated by love...only!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Dominating Hours

Dominating hours...
Can impose on closing doors.
To keep a purpose focused.
No one who is can ignore.

Dominating hours...
To get a doing done.
Takes a mind commited.
With devotion never to be overcomed.

Divorce is not a thought to think.
When something loved has to be done.
Divorce is not a thought to think.
When someone is creative.
Divorce is not a thought to think.
Or a getting of a thing to eat or drink.

Dominating hours...
Can impose on closing doors.
To keep a purpose focused.
No one who is can ignore.

Dominating hours...
To get a doing done.
Takes a mind that is commited.
With devotion never to be overcomed.

Divorce is not a thought to think.
In dominating hours.
No rest to get or eyes to blink.
In dominating hours.
When one known is creative,
They may lose time and not know dates.

Dominating hours...
To get a doing done.
Takes a mind commited.
With devotion never to be overcomed.

Divorce is not a thought to think.
In dominating hours.
No rest to get or eyes to blink.
In dominating hours.
When one known is creative,
They may lose time and not know dates.

Those dominating hours.
Closes doors on time and dates.
Dominating hours.
Closes doors on time and dates.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Dominionistic

They wish to rule the world,
With strong fists that restrict.
They want it hidden,
That they are dominionistic.

They believe that they should rule,
Over land and sea.
As if they are supreme authority,
With 'sovereignty'.

And the people...
Dominionistic,
Think they...
Can rule with tough fists.
These people,
Who are like this...
Wish to rule and control.

Yes these people,
Dominionistic...
Think they...
Can rule with tough fists.
These people,
Who are like this...
Wish to rule and control.

They believe that they should rule,
Over land and sea.
As if they are supreme authority with 'sovereignty'.

They wish to rule the world,
With strong fists that restrict.
They want it hidden,
That they are...
Dominionistic.

People,
Who rule with tough fists.
People,

Who are just like this...
Conquer and control.

And the people...
Dominionistic,
Think they...
Can rule with tough fists.
These people,
Who are like this...
Wish to rule and control.

Yes these people,
Dominionistic...
Think they...
Can rule with tough fists.
People,
Who are like this...
Want to rule and control.

Restricting with dominionistic ideal wishes.
Restricting with dominionistic ideal wishes.

Yes these people,
Dominionistic...
Think they...
Can rule with tough fists.
People,
Who are like this...
Want to rule and control.

People,
Dominionistic...
Think they...
Can rule with tough fists.
People,
Who are like this...
Want to rule and control.

Restricting with dominionistic ideal wishes.
Restricting with dominionistic ideal wishes.
Restricting with dominionistic ideal wishes.
Restricting with dominionistic ideal wishes.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Domino

Dining on the minus sign.
Dollars dwindling.
Leaving many to feel swindled.
And the pressures of the times grind.
People try to dismiss the pissed feeling.
'Issues' carried seek others to use!
To dump confusing abusive excuses.
Domino...
The slow fall comes,
To those perplexed.
Domino...
Shows upon those doorsteps.
As the stumbling to avoid,
A growing unrest...
Knocks to shatter a peace that's kept,
With foreclosures to consume,
Consumers of their valuables...
Along with dwellings they treasured,
As their safety net of nests!
Domino takes.
And leaves nothing for them left!
Gone are family heirlooms...
Auctioned with the rest!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Donald And Rosie

Give it up!
You have both been trained,
And housebroken.
Brats who receive attention...
Like excrement unflushed,
Offer selfishness a feast
Maturity will never recognize
When two like you
Defend and persist in childish displays!
Give it up!
Your rants do not heighten your influence,
That frightens and stinks at the core!
Your use of media does nothing
To excite, uplift or enlighten those poor!
Or those who choose to ignore schoolyard antics!
There are children younger than you...
Losing their lives to defend what you do!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Donated Love

I have already donated love.
And volunteered heartbreak.
To believe my invested interest,
Was a rush too soon to assume...
I would receive from that mistake,
A lifetime of returned dividends made.

Not thinking I would find to discover,
Myself being remarkably...
Charaded by someone who plays,
The part of a committed lover.

On a 'trip' I took my emotions on a cruise.
Through one night stands.
Meeting those I thought understood.
Only to leave scenes like these,
More to comprehend and understand...
People who bare their hearts on their sleeves,
Seem to need their victimization validated.
And leaving feeling satisfied they've been abused.

I have already donated love.
To think of it and accept,
Every bit of it I had given away.

And then one day it dawned on me...
As I removed tears from a pity pot to do.
That a love I gave away to donate it given,
Had come from a place...
Where more had been stored to ignore.
To know I am love.
With time needed to recuperate,
From someone who would never appreciate,
Or come to know what love was to feel it.

And I know what love is to give and admit.
Although today with my love kept to age,
I'm hoping to be the receiver of more.
From someone who has it stored.

With a seeking me to donate,
As much of it as I can take to share it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Done

Started with intentions,
To finish.
Completed.
Satisfied with it,
And done.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Done And Over

You never knew what you meant to me.
But you found out.
But you found out.

I really loved you,
But you didn't believe me.
Now you found out.
To leave no doubt.

But I've moved on and you should too!
Whatever has been done let's call us through.
To be done and over,
Like an alcoholic sobered.

You never knew what you meant to me.
But you found out.
But you found out.

I really loved you,
But you didn't believe me.
Now you found out.
To leave no doubt.

But I've moved on and you should too!
Whatever has been done,
Let's call us through.
To be done and over,
Like an alcoholic sobered.
Done and over.
Done and over.

I really loved you,
But we're done and over.
There's no need for us to suffer,
'Cause we're done and over.
Done and over.
Done and over...
Like an alcoholic sobered.

I've moved on and you should too!
Whatever has been done,
Let's call us through.
To be done and over,
Like an alcoholic sobered.
Done and over.
Done and over.

You never knew what you meant to me.
But you found out.
But you found out.

I really loved you,
But you didn't believe me.
Now you found out.
To leave no doubt.
But now we're done and over,
Like an alcoholic sobered.
Done and over to leave.
To leave.
To leave.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Done To Come

A winning to do,
That has been won...
Is when the doing of it happens,
For the one who discovers to get...
A peace of mind to find,
Unchallenged.
And to have been done to come,
Without competition to receive...
Public approval.
To witness the achievement deserved.
By the one,
Who has accomplished this...
In the midst of chaos and havoc.
And had managed not to seem,
Emotionally affected...
To have it detected.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Done To Do

Never wonder if what is wished,
Can come true.
Or doubt what is wanted is real.
Touch to feel as if done to do.
Done to do.
Done to do.
Never wonder if what is wished,
Can come true.
Touch to feel as if done to do.
Done to do.
Done to do.
Or doubt what is wanted is real,
To do as if done.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Done To Do With A Seriousness

To witness someone loved,
Sacrifice their time and giving...
With a knowing that is realized,
How much one means to them...
In the living of their life.
Makes it easier to walk away,
From those self obsessed.
And living with only themselves to address.
Everyday.

Then one day hearing them say...
What others have not done for them.
And who does not live up to their expecations.
It makes it easy to walk away,
From those like this.
And when it is done to do with a seriousness,
One is left to wonder,
Why it wasn't quicker?
Since the doing of it was painless.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Done To Infect And Infest

An effective ineffectiveness,
Has kept you sufficiently...
Ineffective as a test.

And the best of yourself,
You have made sure endures the stress.
To inflict and spread to others of distress.

And this distress that depresses...
Keeps others confessing to profess,
If it wasn't for a nothingness to live for...
There would be nothing at all to protest.

And that is done to infect and infest,
In an effective ineffectiveness kept to perfect.
Like a gift expected and accepted...
One awaits to get.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Done What I'Ve Come To Do

My intentions I don't mention.
Why should I when they are performed?
And if I mentioned my intentions,
You would expect a performance...
With a song and dance routine,
That goes on and on and on and on...
To affect emotions with a meaning.

And...
If I can affect emotions like that,
Without mentioning my intentions...
To leave an unexpected performance,
Without a song and dance routine...
That goes on and on and on and on,
I have done what I've come to do.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Done With A Commitment

Campaigning to convince others,
Someone picked to be depicted...
As despicable,
Only proves that one as doing 'something.'
And...
Has done with a commitment.
Proving as a doing is done to show those unfamiliar,
Results.

Therefore...
With a belief they are deserving to receive,
An award for their devotion to passing judgement...
And years of giving their critique with a hidden envy,
Some campaign to convince others...
Someone picked to be depicted,
As despicable,
Should be demeaned and not praised...
For a doing done that attracts attention.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Done With A Doing Of It

Usually when something is desired and sought,
There is an ambition ignited that unmistakably pursues...
What is wished by the one hoping to accomplish it.

It would be difficult for anyone to attempt to convince,
They have a passion and drive that thrives inside of them...
If they are only seen publicly bragging about their efforts.

To do with a doing,
Is usually a method most use...
To get what it is that is wished,
Done with a doing of it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Done With My Ways

Come to me!
Come
Come
Come
Come
Come
Come and see,
My heart is open.

Please believe,
I'm done
Done
Done
Done
Done
With all the mis-erry...
Dropped,
From hope-less-ness.
Then!
But I've changed,
Mah wa-a-a-a-ays.
Yes,
Done
Done
Done
Done
Done!
Come to me!
Come
Come
Come
Come
Come
Come and see my heart is open.

And-it-wont-be-long...
'Till-you-give-it-time,
To know you!
Come

Come
Come
Let it know you.
Come come come
Let it know you.
Come come,
And...
You will see,
I'm done
Done
Done
Done
Done
With all the misery!
Dropped from hope-less-ness,
Then!
But I'VE changed,
Mah wa-a-ays.

Done I'm done....
With mah wa-a-ays.
Yes I'm done done done...
With mah wa-a-ays.
Done I'm done...
With mah wa-a-ays.
Yes I'm done done done...
With mah wa-a-ays.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Done Without Instructions

There are those having the most difficult time,
They have ever had to experience in their lives.
And adjusting for them,
Has to be done without instructions.

To awaken and to realize,
A road stubbornly followed...
Has a dead end that surprises,
Is quite traumatic.

Especially when it becomes consciously accepted,
Those who have been denied participation...
For a host of reasons thought to be unethical,
And foolish.
Have them now exposed as fools.
With nothing but walss they have constructed,
To hit their heads against.

To awaken and to realize,
A road stubbornly followed...
Has a dead end that surprises,
Is quite traumatic.

There are those having the most difficult time,
They have ever had to experience in their lives.
And adjusting for them,
Has to be done without instructions.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Don'T Act Like That

Don't act like that,
Don't!
Don't treat me like
You think I need defeating
'Cause you're the one who's getting it.
Inflicting it with wickedness.
Don't act like that,
Don't!
Don't do it.
Don't do it!

Don't act like that,
Don't.
Don't criticize,
To hide your pack of lies.

Don't act like that,
Don't!
Don't do it.
Don't do it!

Don't act like that,
Don't.
Don't come to me
Like a game to beat.

Don't act like that,
Don't!
Don't do it.
Don't do it!

Give me something I can believe.
Like more love.
Like with you...
In it!
Give me something you want to leave.
Like a kiss to show
That when you go
You might miss me.

Don't act like that,
Don't!
Don't treat me like
You think I need defeating
'Cause you're the one who's getting it.
Inflicting it with wickedness.

Give me something I can believe.
Like more love.
Like with you...
In it!
Give me something you want to leave.
Like a kiss to show
That when you go
You might miss me.

Don't act like that,
Don't!
Don't do it.
Don't do it!

Don't act like that,
Don't!
Don't do it.
Don't do it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Don'T Alarm The Passengers

Steward...
Is it my imagination,
Or is the plane flying without a pilot?

'Don't alarm the passengers,
But yes.
The conservatives aboard,
Have decided those liberal...
Are in too many positions of control.
And wish to replace the pilot,
Because it is assumed...
He is a Muslim, born in a different country.
And determined he is no longer qualified to fly.'

But don't they realize all of us might die?

'I have been promised a high paying position,
By them...
When the new pilot is found and we land.
However...
No one else aboard has the guts,
To sit in the pilot's seat.
So I'm doing my best to keep all of you calm.'

Are you NUTS?

'Sir,
I must beg of you to lower your voice.
We have many conservatives flying first class.
And they will be distubed by your outbursts! '

But we all will die without a pilot!

'Hopefully not.
Many are now praying to have someone appear,
Who poses no threat to their stolen traditions.
And that person not be of color.'

What difference does that make?

'Many on board...
Rather die than be saved by a Negro! '

Are they all INSANE?

'Sir,
I must beg of you to lower your voice.
Don't alarm the passengers,
But yes.
The conservatives aboard,
Have decided those liberal...
Are in too many positions of control.
And wish to replace the pilot,
Because it is assumed...
He is a Muslim, born in a different country.
And determined he is no longer qualified to fly.'

So...
What happens? ! WHAT HAPPENS? ? ?

'Sir,
Please lower your voice.
What happens?
Whatever happens...
I'm sure no one will ever learn a thing! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Don't Argue With Anyone Fantasized

I don't argue with anyone fantasized.
I have long removed that to minimize,
With a downsizing out of my mind...
Unnecessary stress coming to upset,
A peace I have earned to welcome today...
And all days ahead to come.
Deductive reasoning I use to have done.
For most of my conscious life.
And if what I see conflicts with 'my' reality,
Well...
There are no myths, symbols...
Or false kept beliefs,
I will idolize with wishes my mind accepts.
To be tricked, duped or left confused,
By delusions taught to teach.

Call me what you will.
To kill with innuendos my integrity.
Or my character to assassinate,
A truth I have earned to appreciate.
But taking away from me my kept identity.
Is not going to be anyone's easy mission,
I can or could or would allow to succeed.
Not with a redundancy of repeated ignorance,
Others plead to keep praying on knees...
To be released from suffering burdens and agonies,
Hoping to be freed from misdeeds...
Done to themselves with a getting of less respect.

Respect to get to expect it,
Has first to be recognized to give.
And even with it done to display,
Few should feel offended...
If the act of it does not back to them come.
Ignorance repeated,
Is an ignorance that self defeats.
Leaving it alone where it is known to be found,
May increase more minds with peace around.

Who knows?
I have never seen those choosing to argue,
While yelling at one another...
Over who has discovered,
More peace than the other.
Have you?
To then hear anyone refuse the truth,
Of this reality?
Or as of yet taken their time to produce it.
Without deluding to assume,
An existence that isn't within anyone's vision.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Don'T Ask Don'T Tell...What?

Don't ask?
Don't tell...what?
What is obviously on display,
In the faces of the public everyday?

My philosphy about that is this...
IF people were familiar with truth,
And exposing it...
Many of those self righteous,
Would be observe being hypocritical.

And values that they have...
Would not be ideals left to go unpracticed.
Or symbolized for the sake,
Of keeping an image that is fading away.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Don'T Ask Me To Explain

You'd be foolish to think,
I share with you what I have
To boost an ego wish!

Or that I premeditate secret manipulations...
To see adulation for me in your eyes.
I believe you hide inside that kind of desire.

My mission is just to satisfy my need to see you happy!
And when I have succeeded to please you that way...
That's when I 'get off'.
Don't ask me to explain,
Or complain about my deeds!
You have a choice to accept my offer.
Whatever you decide...
Either way,
I'm not here to convince you.
I am to offer, give it to deliver and leave!

Believe me...
I'm not the one doing this!
God has done this to me.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Don'T Be Afraid To Make Mistakes

Don't be afraid,
To make mistakes and move on.
Admit them to be made
And that you were wrong.
Don't be afraid,
To make mistakes and move on.
Attempts to keep them hidden,
Will not see them gone.

Everyone stumbles,
To get up from a fall.
Some may look around,
Like a child learning to crawl.

No one lives escaping,
Embarrassments to face.
Some see these as lessons,
To learn each day to take.

Don't be afraid,
To make mistakes.
And move on.
Don't be afraid,
To move on....
From those mistakes.

Don't be afraid,
To fix mistakes that you have made.
If not they'll stick like glue,
To stay and bother you.

Don't be afraid,
To fix mistakes that you have made.
And move on.
Don't be afraid,
To move on....
From those mistakes to learn.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Don'T Be Alarmed By This

Don't be alarmed by this.
But there are people who actually believe,
They have a purpose with a faithfulness
To keep their noses up in other people's business.
And,
With dedication.

Some go to the extent,
To let it be known they stalk.
With a creation of all movements to gossip.

Others are so obsessed,
They tell others 'who' it is they know.
That they have yet not met
With the detailing of what that one has done,
From the moment they leave to return to their doorstep.
And who enters their home and what time that person left.

Don't be alarmed by this.
But there are people who actually believe,
They have a purpose with a faithfulness.
To keep their noses up in other people's business.
And,
With dedication.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Don'T Be Bullied By A Fool

If you've got a snotty nose,
Learn to wipe it.
And if somebody's on your toes,
Don't be invited to ignite...
A fight they incite.

Bite your lip unball your fists,
And resist the thought of it...
To do a walk away.
That's right don't fight.
Just do a walk away.

And that's not easy to do.
To choose to walk away.
No that's not easy to do.
To choose to walk away.

Don't be bullied by a fool.
Choose to walk away.
Don't be bullied by a fool.
They'll have their day one day.

If you've got a snotty nose,
Learn to wipe it.
And if somebody's on your toes,
Don't be invited to ignite...
A fight they incite.

Don't be bullied by a fool.
Choose to walk away.
No that's not easy to do.
To choose to walk away.

Don't be bullied by a fool.
Choose to walk away.
And abort it.

Don't be bullied by a fool.
Choose to walk away.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Don'T Be Down

Don't be down.
Keep both feet on the ground.
And take that frown off your face.
Remove that frown to be found.
Don't be down.
Just keep both feet on the ground.
Although you have been hurt,
Know some folks will throw their dirt.

Don't be down.
Refuse to give in to those wicked.
Don't be down.
No benefits from this you get.
Don't be down.
Hold your head up and believe...
The best of life is coming.
And the best you will receive.

Don't be down.
Pick a wish and see it happen.
Don't be down.
Make your dreams reality.
Don't be down.
Recognize those people evil,
But don't nibble what they feed.

Don't,
Be down.
Get up and see your faith work.
Don't be down.
Get up and use your faith.
Don't,
Be down.
Get up and see your faith work.
Don't be down.
Get up and use your faith.
Don't...
Ever want to be one down.
Get up and see your faith work.

Don't be down.
Get up and use your faith.
Don't,
Be the one the people see down.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Don'T Be So Quick To Pick Them Up

I think I've said enough,
About the importance of letting things be...
What they are.
Without the wanting to enhance them,
Or advance delusions placed upon your shoulders.

There is a reason applied to everything done.
We prefer not to become too closely associated,
With the outlook some say comes.
But in the letting of things be what they are...
As they come to be what they are,
Would save you the weight of added burdens to carry.

Don't be so quick to pick them up.
They may not come to you at all.
What will you then do...?
Feel neglected?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Don'T Be The One

Don't be the one,
To begin those thoughts...
Of doubts that crop up,
Begun by others wishing to have...
Your happiness to end with it stopped.
To have you believe enough is enough.

Don't be the one,
To rely on those who gossip...
About someone who cares for you,
But from them you hear...
Another point of view you use to accuse,
To find what you wanted has gone.

Don't be the one,
To share with someone loved your foolishness...
With discovering your stupidness not forgiven.
Don't be the one,
Seeking to get your world rocked better.
Only to regret tears wept,
With sleep at night you no longer get.
To find what you wanted has gone.

Don't be the one,
To find what you wanted has got up and gone...
Behind lies that had you deceived,
To find what you wanted has gone to leave.
Don't be the one to run,
After someone you had wronged.

Don't be the one,
To share with someone loved your foolishness...
With discovering your stupidness not forgiven.
To find what you wanted has gone,
And for good like they should.
Don't be the one to run,
After someone you had wronged.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Don'T Beg Me To Keep On It

Don't beg me to keep on it.
Don't you beg me to keep on it,
No, don't beg me to keep on it.
Please don't beg me to keep on it!

Don't you follow me or try to spy.
To see if I keep on it.
Or...
Try to catch me in a lie.
To see if I keep on it.

Don't beg me to keep on it.
Don't you beg me to keep on it,
No, don't beg me to keep on it.
Please don't beg me to keep on it!

Don't you follow me or try to spy.
To see if I keep on it.
Or...
Try to catch me in a lie.
To see if I keep on it,
Until I get back in bed.
To finish what I said I would do.

In those days we were those newlyweds,
You begged me to keep on it.
In those days we were unseparable...
You begged me to keep on it.
Yes you begged me to keep on it.
But today we are not new at this at all.
And to roleplay is your dream.
To see,
If I remember.
But...
Don't beg me to keep on it.
Don't you beg me to keep on it,
No, don't beg me to keep on it.
Please don't beg me to keep on it!
No!

Don't beg me to keep on it.
Don't you beg me to keep on it,
No, don't beg me to keep on it.
Please don't beg me to keep on it!
No!

Why do I feel...
You want more from me than I can leave?

No!
Don't beg me to keep on it.
Don't you beg me to keep on it.

Why do I feel...
You want more from me than I can leave?

Don't you beg me to keep on it,
No, don't beg me to keep on it.
Please don't beg me to keep on it!
No!
Don't beg me to keep on it.
Don't you beg me to keep on it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Don'T Count On Me Being Diplomatic

Do you know how long it took me,
To discover with a keeping of my peace of mind?
With a few trying to take if from me,
By leaving obstacles on my path intentionally?

You have NO idea what it took me to realize,
Those who disguised with ambush, intrigue...
And deceit to have me believe,
The peace I enjoy now was not what I needed.

But like you...
They too had NO idea what I would do to keep it.

'Why are you pointing to your front door? '

You can go out the back if you prefer?
And don't count on me being diplomatic.
Within my habitat I'm not into that.
So do you want what's behind door one or two?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Don'T Count On That At All

When I give...
Don't count on it being everlasting.
Unless there is a mutual exchange going on.
I have needs and desires to.
I can sit and listen to you.
And sitting to listen to you,
Is all that I have been doing.
That was not a career choice.
You have taken no time to hear me.
Feel or understand that I might wish for you to listen...
To me.
And I know that would be traumatic for you!
And like I said,
When I give...
Don't count on it being everlasting.
In fact,
Don't count on that at all.
I am removing myself from this nest.
I am leaving this convention of selfishness,
That I have allowed and made too comfortable...
To have my presence disrespected!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Don'T Dare To Me Wave

How do I know I am the real 'thing'?

'Yeah.
How do you know that? '

For some reason,
I am not willing to sell myself cheap.
With the getting of recognition.
While others will strip naked,
Just to confess...
They've done it just to get,
Noticed.

'So...
What are you saying? '

I don't want to offend you,
But...
I don't want to be arrested,
Because you have chosen to be undressed.
Nor am I seeking to be declared your accomplice.

Go over there and away from here!
And don't dare to me wave.

'People like you are so ungrateful.
I am here to help you out.'

Go over there and away from here!
And...
Don't dare to me wave.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Don'T Do 'We'. Do 'You'

OKAY!
Your point has been made.
You can destroy yourself with ease.
However...
In the doing so,
Must you make others around you to feel...
Equally miserable about themselves as well?

If you want to bring anything to an end,
End 'your' contract.
Don't decide you want to play God and end mine.
Or anyone on the street you find,
That doesn't meet your standards and mental limitations.

OKAY!
Your point has been made.
You can destroy yourself with ease.
However...
In the doing so,
Must you make others around you to feel...
Equally miserable about themselves as well?

Represent 'your' interests and leave mine alone.
Every time you say 'we',
Bring some clarity to that!
Take your time to name names.
On your agenda...
My name you will not find.
Leave my behind out of your nonsense.

If you have exhausted 'your' resources...
That's on you.
But 'we' did not get 'you' in this dilemma.
You and your 'ilk' slickly did that to yourselves.
Emptying your cupboards to collect dust on your shelves...
Had nothing to do with me.
Remember...
I wasn't invited to 'your' feast to greed.

OKAY!
Your point has been made.
You can destroy yourself with ease.
The obviousness of that has been seen.
However...
In the doing so,
Must you make others around you to feel...
Equally miserable about themselves as well?

When you set out to destroy yourself...
Don't do 'we'.
Do 'YOU'.
You've done enough to 'us' already.
You did 'your' feast.
Now do your own famine.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Don'T Embarrass Yourself With Those Assumptions

You've had your way!
Now why do I find you in mine?
You made it a point to announce my ignorance.
You made that clear,
In a mocking done at my expense.

You've had your way!
Now why do I find you in mine?
You took time to boast of those things you have.
Remember laughing at my possessions?
You referred to them as rags.

Remember I made attempts,
To share with you my experiences?
And you spent your time dismissing them.
To be with your colleagues.
And other cling on pretentious friends.

You've had your way!
Now why do I find you in mine?
You made it a point to announce my ignorance.
You made that clear,
In a mocking done at my expense.

Am I suppose to forgive and forget,
The agony you left I met?
Or are you that stupid to believe I am?
And my heart awaits for us to reconnect?
You must stop embarrassing yourself,
With those assumptions.
Please...
Don't embarrass yourself with those assumptions.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Don'T Even Volunteer To Treat

When people use others,
Then make attempts...
To have those 'doing' appear as fools,
They show themselves for who they are.

And eventually their campaigns,
To depict someone else as crazy and strange...
Will have their own abilities questioned.
And those impressions they once made disregarded.

The moral of this story is...
It is best to select from a menu,
That which is most delicious.
And pay for it out of your own pocket.
Don't even volunteer to treat.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Don'T Expect An Apology

I have not been a child for so long.
So if my offensive demeanor,
Comes from an adult mind...
Free to express itself from a hiding,
You have yet dealt with.
Don't be stunned.
Or run away in tears!
With a nose you sniff.

Perhaps you should leave the playground,
Of scraped knees, sandboxes
And petty childish gossip.
I have not been a child for so long.
My adventures have been aged on paths...
That have shown me a life,
To live as it is!

And to find myself alone,
Being accountable for my steps!
Sometimes I have experienced regret.
But like all things I have accepted...
I am blessed not to stay in one spot,
To complain of rain that got me wet!
Nor do I get upset...
If thunder, lightening and clouds,
Are temporarily above my head!

I have felt sunshine too many times...
To find a moment of whining as a means,
That have ever attracted my happiness!
A maturity with learning,
Has come to me it seems!

So if my offensive demeanor,
Comes from an adult mind...
Free to express itself from a hiding,
You have yet dealt with?
Don't expect an apology.
I only give those when they are meant!

And I feel that one should be given.
And 'that' no one else gives to me,
To determine!
I'm in this life to live it!
Not to split from it...
When my feelings are hurt!
Or to dig up dirt to spread.

Don't expect an apology!
You 'aint' gettin' one of those.
Not from me!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Don't Expect It

Respect?
You mean the r-e-s-p-e-c-t?
With a wanting to know,
If it's spelled correctly...
Like it is meant to be?

'Yes.
That's the one thing today,
I don't receive.
And it is basic too.
With a quality that determines,
One's identity and integrity.'

Well...
It's like this.
And I don't intend to offend,
Your expectations.

If respect is not given to get,
Don't expect it.
Or become upset to feel neglected.
These are not those times,
To find minds thinking like that.

However...
If that's the trip you have been on,
To return back...
From a recent brain storm.
With a belief you will uncover,
Anyone's interest to hold to discover...
I suggest you change the topic.
Since many folks have yet to be sold,
That their respect to give unconditionally...
May or may not be accepted,
Without pre-conditions met.

'Pre-conditions?
What kind of pre-conditions? '

The way you dress.
And who designed it.
Where you live.
What you drive and the year it is.
With proof of ownership,
That what you drive is actually yours.
And not leased or rented on weekends.

'But what has that got to do,
With giving to show someone respect? '

Today?
EVERYTHING.
People want to be impressed, first.
Before they decided,
Their time to give has not been wasted.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Don'T Fall To Pieces

Feeding on the things you want,
Undaunted.
And doing it to flaunt?
With hopes to generate stares,
To delight in a doing of superficial taunts.
To prove whatever it is you think you do,
Excites.

Don't...
Fall to pieces.
Or be the one that weeps.
When you discover you are not the priority,
On anyone's mind...
You'd like to impress in the streets,
In clown declining times.

When...
Those days don't go your way,
Don't fall to pieces.
Or be the one that weeps.

When...
Blue skies cover with clouds and turn to gray,
Don't fall to pieces.
Or be the one that weeps.

Biting on nails and getting pale,
As rose colored glasses worn...
Begin to fail.
Don't fall to pieces.

If the bread you nibble on taste as if stale,
Don't fall to pieces with a rushing home...
To your own jail cell.
With a rummaging through other costumes.

Remember this...
What you did yesterday,
With beliefs you could do it.

People today are not as shallow...
And can see through it.

And what you represent...
In your Superfly garments,
Reminds those who have awakened...
How lost in space,
Those who still chase...
The ridiculous.
With hopes those days return.

Don't...
Fall to pieces.
Or be the one that weeps.
When you discover you are not the priority...
On anyone's mind,
You'd like to impress in the streets.

Don't fall to pieces but seek,
Your true identity.
These are the times,
Your mind could use a hefty dose of it.
Truth is on the scene and here to prevail.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Don'T Fight To Flee With A Flight To Try

Strayed into the web and stayed,
With no apparent struggle.
Clued to value the sticky tricks of it.
And giving birth to a message relayed,
To exist within limits.
Generations accept as a gift that is exquisite.
And without question against it...
Don't fight to flee with a flight to try.
This life entrapped is envied and despised...
By those who 'appear' to be web free.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Don'T Flick Those Embers On Me

Don't feed me heat from your tempers.
Don't flick those embers on me.
Don't feed me heat from your tempers.
I am not your foe or the enemy.

Don't feed me heat from your tempers.
Don't flick those embers on me.
Don't feed me heat from your tempers.
I am not your foe or the enemy.

You burn a lot of fuel just brood a mood.
Don't feed me heat from your tempers.
Don't flick those embers on me.

You burn a lot of fuel just brood a mood.
Don't feed me heat from your tempers.
Don't flick those embers on me.
You want an argument to venture.

Don't feed me heat from your tempers.
Don't flick those embers on me.
Don't feed me heat from your tempers.
I am not your foe or the enemy.
You want an argument to venture.

Don't feed me heat from your tempers.
I'm not in the mood to venture.
No foe am I or the enemy.

You burn a lot of fuel just brood a mood.
Don't feed me heat from your tempers.
Don't flick those embers on me.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Don'T Get It Twisted

Don't wait to die...
To be acknowledge and glorified,
For time you spent
Bounced back and forth
In emotional ping pong!
Underplayed and less fulfilled.
Here on Earth.

Acknowledge your time,
Bounced back and forth...
In emotional ping pong,
Spent on Earth.
Played with the best of your ability!
Champions know about failure.
That does not stop them from being champions!
You will win and lose!
Win and lose again!
That's the nature of the game.

Then die.

Rest in the kind of peace,
You were killing yourself
Attempting to achieve!

You have been freed...
Knowing you are still manifesting your joy!
And you knew you didn't have to wait for death,
To initiate any of it!

Don't get it twisted!
Know just how important you are!

Dedicated to and Inspired by:
'To my dear friend...and 'empathy' coach...LOL
Philomena McGee'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Don'T Get Offended By It

No one has said,
What you offer is not good enough.
Stop putting yourself down like that.
Get out of that rut!
Don't be so hard on yourself.
Stop being so negative.

Look at it this way...
Everyone does not recognize a diamond.
Some can not tell the difference between silver and gold.
And even though what you offer,
Is not my treat...
Does not mean someone else will not find you,
Delicious enough to eat.

I just happened to have started a new diet,
That's all!
Don't get offended by it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Don'T Get On My Nerves

My love ain't sittin'
Waitin' to be givin'

My love is everywhere,
To share.

And if it ain't recognized?
Who cares?

It's there!
And I'm here with it.

Wherever I go,
It's there to show.

And if it ain't observed,
Don't get on my nerves!

Take my word for it,
I know what love is.

And when you see me ball my fists...
Someone has pushed my love over its limits.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Don'T Go Thinking You'Re The Only One

Rumors and lies seem to fly as high as kites,
In the breezes of Spring to untighten Winter jaws thawing...
When someone believed known achieves an unexpected notoriety.
And quick are those to dismiss the accomplishment,
As if it had been collectively perceived the attention received...
Had little to do with one's persistence, devotion or ability.

And the one discredited is often accused as being negligent,
For not being accessible to be further abused...
By the ones unprepared to express their appreciation.
But arrive they do are the few to belittle the one who sacrifices,
With a belief that to disrespect a success one gets AND deserves...
Is a way to ensure some acknowlegement for their ignorance is given.

'I've heard what you've done.
Don't go thinking you're the only one.
There are others just as talented as you.
In fact...
I know of those who are better.'

~That's great.
And if they should manage to get recognized,
For doing a job well done IF and WHEN that should happen...
They will have my deepest sympathies.
Because easy it aint a thing to do to achieve,
When people seek like leeches to defeat others.
Especially themselves in some places where faces can deceive.~

'Such a negative comment to make! '

~Feel free to quote me when you fly your kite.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Don'T I Keep Telling You What You Want To Hear?

An accepted insanity,
And its connection to madness...
Is not as quickly detected,
In some environments in which...
People are paid to defend those crazed,
While supporting their efforts to stay that way.

And depending on who represents,
Those totally out of their minds...
They might donate professional services,
Knowing eventually...
If they decide to run for a position in politics,
Their constituents living within certain demographics...
Will elect them over others,
Who are already known to debate and question...
Their capabilities to think independently.

And this is a procedure those insane find offensive.
They want it kept believed their entitlements to receive,
Remain unaffected and left protected...
By those they see once every two years,
With smiling faces and promises...
Guaranteed to be delivered,
IF those out of their minds are not influenced to change.
Or self examine why their lives stay the same.

'Comeon you guys,
You know me.
I'm your buddy.
Don't I keep telling you what you want to hear? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Don'T Knock

Come to me.
You ought to know I am at home.
Here I await.
Alone for you.
Patiently waiting.
For the nearness of you to be in view.

I'm waiting.
Anticipating your touch.
And the rush I get when we together kiss.
Here I await.
Alone for you.
Patiently waiting.
For the nearness of you to be in view.

Don't knock.
I've left my heart unlocked.
Don't knock or stop to hesitate.
I am your destiny.
I'm here. I'm yours. Your fate awaits.

Come to me.
You ought to know I am at home.
Here I await.
Alone for you.
Don't knock or stop to hesitate.
I am your destiny.
I'm here. I'm yours. Your fate awaits.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Don'T Let It Bother You

Everytime I see you,
You appear to have nothing on your mind.
As if you are happy all the time.
To me this doesn't make sense.

'Don't let it bother you.
You should see me when I am in a good mood.
On those days I feel ecstatic.
But I'll settle for just being happy.
Some things are out of my control.'

What you've said doesn't make sense to me.

'Don't let it bother you.
You appear to have enough as it is on your mind.
And I don't want to imagine,
What that must be like.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Don'T Let My Confidence Offend

Please,
Don't let my confidence offend.
I did not always place my steps,
With such self assurance.
And when I first met my own arrogance,
Even I became overwhelmed...
With the flaunting of it.

My experiences and indifferences from others,
Witnessed.
Did this to me.
And when I discovered my own identity,
Well...
People were quick to abandon my honesty.
And so difficult it was for me to let them go.

Please,
Don't let my confidence offend.
I did not always place my steps,
With such self assurance.
And when I first met my own arrogance,
Even I became overwhelmed...
With the flaunting of it.

However...
Becoming use to it I've done.
You don't have to.
And this I completely understand if you don't.
But compensating where I am for you?
To show it can be done at your satisfaction?
Is not going to happen. Period. With no explanation!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Don'T Make Me Go

Don't...
Make me go.
Don't make me,
Disbelieve.

Don't...
Make me go.
Don't make me,
Disbelieve.

Let's make this work.
We can.
Let's make this work.
We can.
And...

Don't make me go.
Don't make me,
Disbelieve.
Don't make me go.
Don't ever...
Disbelieve.

Let's make this work.
We can.

Let's make this work.
We can.
And...we can!

Don't make me go.
Don't...
Make me,
Disbelieve.
Don't make me go.
Don't...
Let them win,
With deceit!

Let's make this work.
We can.
Let's make this work.
We can.
And we can now!

What did you hear?
Who did you hear it from?
What did they say?
I've been the faithful one.
Did you doubt me?
Please don't doubt...
What you see!
Don't be blinded,
By those misdeeds.

Don't...
Make me go.
Don't make me,
Disbelieve.

I wish you knew me...
Like you should!
Please come and let's be...
Like we could,
Drop what's misunderstood!
And...

Let's make this work.
We can.

Let's make this work.
We can.
And...we can!

What did you hear?
Who did you hear it from?
What did they say?
I've been the faithful one.
Did you doubt me?
Without 'us' there's no 'we' to be!

Don't...
Make me go.
Don't make me,
Disbelieve.
Don't...
Make me go.
Don't make me,
Disbelieve.
Please believe,
In our love!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Don'T Need A Pity To Pat

Wont be defeat to be the thing,
To disease me.
I've got to find a peace of mind,
To unthaw this freeze!

Wont be denial that I search,
To please my hunger.
Doing that like the rest...
Is tempting and too easy!

Wont be a hope I had and lost,
To drown in surrounding sorrows.
Wont be shallow whispers,
Others feed to boost their greed.

I'm going to do what it takes,
To get myself together!
If I have to face mistakes I've made,
Then I will for me!

Don't need a pity,
To pat and please my anger!
Don't need approval to wallow in my grief.
Don't need to weep my tears on soggy shoulders.
With the others who welcome me and misery!

Wont be defeat to be the thing,
To disease me.
I've got to find a peace of mind,
To unthaw from this freeze!

Wont be denial that I search,
To please my hunger.
Doing that like the rest...
Is tempting and too easy!

I'm going to do what it takes
To heal from these allergies!
So many cough up nothing...

But talk,
And that 'ain't me!
I'm going to do both walking and talk
To feel relieved.
And pity patting me on my back,
Wont do for me!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Don'T Nick To Chip It When It Benefits

You can forget it when the getting has gone.
But you can't forget when you get it.
You can't forget when you get it.

You can forget it when the getting has gone.
But you can't forget when you get it.
You can't forget when you get it.

When the feeling is strong,
It belongs.
Don't nick to chip it when it fits.
When something given is a benefit.

You can forget it when the getting has gone.
But you can't forget when you get it.
You can't forget when you get it.

When the feeling is strong,
It belongs.
Don't nick to chip it when it fits.
When something given is a benefit.

When the feeling is strong,
It belongs.
Don't nick to chip it when it benefits!
Don't nick to chip it when it benefits!

When that feeling's with you all day,
And night long.
Don't nick to chip it when it benefits!
No don't nick to chip it when it benefits!
No don't nick to chip it when it benefits!
Don't, don't, don't-don't no don't,
Nick to chip it when it benefits!
No don't nick to chip it when it benefits!
No don't nick to chip it when it benefits!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Don'T Only Focus On The Money

When you go for the money,
You'll be selling your soul.
And when one goes for just the money,
The heart turns cold.
So don't focus on the money,
Don't.
Don't only focus on the money,
Don't.

Bling is nice but there's more to life.
Don't focus on the money,
Don't.
Open your mind with bright wide eyes,
To take a ride that will excite you.
With a view to greater heights.
So...
Don't focus on the money,
Don't.
No don't you focus on the money,
Don't.

When you go for the money,
You'll be selling your soul.
Don't focus on the money,
Don't.

Don't let your heart grow old and cold.
Don't focus on the money,
Don't.
So...
Don't you focus on the money,
Don't.
No don't you focus on the money,
Don't.
So...
Don't you focus on the money,
Don't.
No don't you focus on the money,
Don't.

Don't only focus on the money,
Don't.
No don't you focus on the money,
Don't.
So you just don't focus on the money,
Don't.
So you just don't focus on the money,
Don't.
No don't you focus on the money,
Don't.
Don't only focus on the money,
Don't.

'I feel funny when I don't have any money.'

Don't focus on the money,
Don't.
Don't only focus on the money,
Don't.
Don't you only focus on the money,
Don't.

Don't keep your focus on the fact that you always stay broke.
Don't focus on the money,
Don't.
Don't only focus on the money,
Don't.
Don't stay focused on the money,
Don't!
Don't keep your focus on the fact that you always stay broke.
Don't focus on the money,
Don't.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Don'T Own Those Woes

Let go of a tightening hold.
Loosen up and remove that load.
Be free and step out bold.
Lift up those bended shoulders.

Let go of a tightening hold.
Loosen up and remove that load.
Be free and step out bold.
Lift up those bended shoulders.

Stop those tears that you drop.
Stop those woes that you moan a lot.
Stop those tears that you drop.
Stop those woes that you moan a lot.

Don't own those tears that you drop.
No.
Don't own those woes you moan a lot.
Don't own those tears that you drop.
No.
Don't own those woes you moan a lot.

Don't own those woes that you've got.
No.
Don't own those woes you moan a lot.
Don't own those woes that you've got.
No.
Don't own those woes you moan a lot.

Let go of a tightening hold.
Loosen up and remove that load.
Be free and step out bold.
Lift up those bended shoulders.

Don't own those woes that you've got.
No.
Don't own those woes you moan a lot.
Don't own those woes that you've got.
No.

Don't own those woes you moan a lot.

Let go of those woes you've got.
And...
Stop those tears that you drop a lot
Don't own those woes that you've got.
No.
Don't own those woes you moan a lot.
Don't own those woes that you've got.
No.
Don't own those woes you moan a lot.

Let go of a tightening hold.
Loosen up and remove that load.
Be free and step out bold.
Lift up those bended shoulders.
Let go of those woes you've got.
And...
Stop those tears that you drop a lot.

Don't own those woes!
Let them go.
Don't own those woes!
Let them go.
Don't own those woes!
Let them go.
Don't own those woes!
Let them go.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Don'T Play Me Cheap

Don't play me cheap.
I'm pure as gold.
You'll never know...
Until you hold me close.

Don't play me cheap.
Or let me go.
To quickly unload,
On a dirty dusty road.

I'm a jewel unpolished but a keeper.
I'm not just a coverup...
Or a rooky just with looks.

I'm a gem of lasting quality.
All you need to see I'll show...
The depth inside of me.

Don't play me cheap.
I'm pure as gold.
You'll never know...
Until you hold me close.

Don't play me cheap.
Or let me go.
To quickly unload,
On a dirty dusty road...
And get rolled over.

I am not someone to cry upon your shoulder.
Or wear some petty weakness on my sleeve.
My word is my bond and I don't deceive.
Whatever I tell you,
You can believe.
I'm not the kind to take from you and leave.
I pride the fact I've got some integrity.

My word is my bond and I don't deceive.
Whatever I tell you,

You can believe.
I'm not the kind to take from you and leave.
I pride the fact I've got some integrity.

Don't play me cheap.
I'm pure as gold.
You'll never know...
Until you hold me close.

My word is my bond and I don't deceive.
Whatever I tell you,
You can believe.
I'm not the kind to take from you and leave.
I pride the fact I've got some integrity.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Don'T Play Too Hard To Get

When the power of attraction comes,
Don't run.
Let that attraction be a distraction,
Before the spark of it begins to dim...
And the affect of it has gone,
To another one....
Waiting to welcome it,
With a smile bright as the Sun!

Don't play too hard to get.
I did it.
And I was not benefitted.

Because I thought I was all that,
And a box of crackerjacks.

Don't play too hard to get.
I did it.
And I was not benefitted.

Because I thought I was all that,
And a box of crackerjacks.

When the power of attraction comes,
Don't run.
Let that attraction be a distraction,
Before the spark of it begins to dim...
And the affect of it has gone,
To another one....
Waiting to welcome it,
With a smile bright as the Sun!

Don't play too hard to get.
I did it.
And I was not benefitted.

Because I thought I was all that,
And a box of crackerjacks.

Don't play too hard to get.
I did it.
And I was not benefitted.

Because I thought I was all that,
And a box of crackerjacks.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Don'T Promise Me

Don't promise me you'll give it.
Just give it and see me overwhelmed,
And surprised.
Don't you promise me you''ll give it.
Just give it and see in my eyes,
Excitement and delight.

Don't you promise I will get it,
What you know I want the most.
Don't you promise I will get it,
My wish to hold you close.
Closer than most.

My eyes are open wide,
When they should be shut tight.
Feeling so secure about us.
And with a trust.

My eyes are open wide,
Thinking where you might be.
And who you're with and why,
When you're not here with me.

Don't you promise you will visit.
To then not call me at all.
Don't dare...
Say you are committed.
And I find I'm not the one...
You admit this.
But to someone else you're with.

Don't you promise you will give it.
Just give it and see me overwhelmed,
And surprised.
Don't you promise me you''ll give it.
Just give it and see in my eyes,
Excitement and delight.
Even if to me you lie.

Don't you promise you will visit.
To then not call me at all.
Don't,
You say you are committed.
And I find I'm not the one...
You admit this,
But to someone else you're with.

Don't...
Promise me.
Just show up I'll forgive your lies.
Don't promise me.
I will accept your alibis.
Don't promise me,
That I am on your list of fools.
I know.
And you do too to prove it true.
I know.
And you do too to prove it true.
I know.
And you do this to know it too!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Don'T Putter In The Muck

Don't putter in the muck too much.
Give that up.
And learn to strut your stuff.

Don't putter in the muck too much.
Give that up.
And learn to strut your stuff.

Don't putter in the muck too much.
Give that up.
And learn to strut your stuff.
Pack that sad act you do,
And put it away!

Don't putter in the muck too much.
Give that up.
And learn to strut your stuff.

Don't putter in the muck too much.
Give that up.
And learn to strut your stuff.

Don't putter in the muck too much.
Give that up.
And learn to strut your stuff.
Pack that sad act you do...
And put it away!

Don't economize,
Your happiness.
One bit.
Give that up!

Don't apologize,
For an 'is' that 'is'
Don't quit.
OR give that up!

Don't get paralyzed,

When the lies fly.
And you realize
That the lies are all about you!
Just don't,
Putter in the muck too much.
Give that up.
And learn to strut your stuff.
Just don't,
Putter in the muck too much.
Give that up.
And learn to strut your stuff.
Pack that sad act you do...
And put it away!

Just don't,
Putter in the muck too much.
Give that up.
And learn to strut your stuff.
Pack that sad act you do...
And put it away!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Don't Rain On My Parade

Very few have been known to succeed,
Without motivation, incentive...
Or initiative that drives desire.
Too many young and impulsive believe,
Their dreams to wish overnight...
Should appear gift wrapped,
And magically delivered.
After their mobile devices,
Have been re-energized.

'Hi baby.
What's going on? '

-I wish you would stop,
Calling me that.
I'm old enough to find,
The right website.
That shows me which steps to take,
To create my own restaurant.
And then to start a franchise.-

'That's wonderful.
And all this time,
You showed no interest in cooking.'

-How difficult can it be?
Take some stuff out of the 'frig'.
Put it in a pot.
Put that pot on the stove to heat.
Throw it on some plates.
And then make people pay to eat it.-

'Sure.
And expeditiously done too!
Until you find,
Something else that's quicker to do.
Congratulations.
I can't wait to see the menu.'

-Always! Always!
You bring up the dishes.
I'm gonna wash 'em.
Just because,
You didn't have these opportunities.
Don't rain on my parade.-

'You kids.
All of your minds have been ruined.'

-Well...
Don't attempt to take mine to do it.
Like some folks I hear,
Talking about purpose.
And work ethics.
That stuff today has played out.
By the time I'm thirty,
I might just retire.-

'Why not at 25? '

-There you go.
Trying to make my dreams and wishes,
All about you.
Don't worry.
I'm going to buy you,
All new appliances.-

'Make the the first one,
A reliable dishwasher.'

-That's almost funny.-

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Don'T Rush Through The Process

If I did not deliver to you my best each time...
What would be the point?
To show to you I can do this isn't easy.
To show to you I can do this,
Has not added hours to my sleep.
I have a need to prove to you,
I am dedicated.
I am loyal.
I am...
Are you listening to me?

'Yes.
I know you love me.
But making these errors...
I don't find acceptable.
Take your time.
Don't rush through the process.
I'm not going anywhere.'

That's what I am saying.
See how ungrateful you are?

'I am not ungrateful at all.
If you are calling 'this' your best...
I know you can deliver something far better!

Now...
IF you had said,
You were making attempts to produce your best...
I would not object at all.
In fact,
I would have thought of all of it as great.
And both of us would have been getting more rest!
But your confession that you can do better...
Has me wanting to get it as good as you can give it! '

I said nothing about doing or getting it better.

'No...

True!
'You' didn't.
I did! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Don'T Rush Too Quick Through It

Don't flip through pages so quick to age.
There is a phase and a process to it.
Don't flip through pages so quick to age.
One day you'll wish you sat through it,
To experience each moment...
With a doing to reminisce,
What it was you did remembered...
Not to forget what was missed.

Don't rush too quick.
Through it.
Enjoy each stage in phases.
Don't rush too quick,
To forget,
And deny the phases of age.

Don't rush too quick.
Through it.
Enjoy each stage in phases.
Don't rush it too quick,
To forget,
And deny the phases of age.

Don't rush too quick.
Through it, children.
Enjoy each stage in phases.
Don't rush it too quick,
To forget,
And wake up to deny you've aged.

Don't rush too quick through it children.
Aging should be done to enjoy...
And not deny!

Don't rush too quick through it,
Children!
Aging should be done to enjoy.
Don't rush it too quick...
Children.

Aging should be done to enjoy.
Don't rush it too quick,
Children!
Learn to experience it.
Don't rush it too quick,
Children!
Aging should be done to enjoy.
Aging is a process you should accept.
And not one that should annoy.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Don'T Say Goodbye

Don't say, goodbye!
Or sigh up alibis...
To leave me miffed,
And teary eyed.

'Cause,
You've got my heart.
You've got my mind.
Emotionally...
There is no peace I can find!

'Cause,
Most of the time,
I feel entrapped and confined.
Without a bit of self defense.
None that comes that makes to me any sense.

'Cause,
I had believed...
You were as happy as me.
But I see you desire to leave,
Me hurting deeply and permanently!

Don't say,
Goodbye!
Don't patronize me with lies sighed!

You're dirt and not worth it.
Not even to curse.
And I can't believe all you did was deceive.

You're dirt and not worth it.
Not even to curse.

But...
Don't say, goodbye!
Or sigh up alibis...
To leave me miffed,
And teary eyed.

'Cause,
You've got my heart.
You've got my mind.
Emotionally...
There is no peace I can find!

You're dirt and not worth it.
Not even to curse.
But...
Don't say,
Goodbye!

You're dirt and not worth it.
Not even to curse.
But...
Don't say,
Goodbye!

You're dirt and not worth it.
Not even to curse.
But...
Don't say,
Goodbye!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Don'T Say Oops Or Stay Mute

Because you don't sit drinking vodka,
With a twist of lemon peel.
Or a dry martini...
Doesn't mean to me,
You are,
Less real.

I aint into impressions.
Or introductions that are faked.
I want to know how you feel,
About the weather.
Tell me what that's gonna take?

I want to know how you feel,
About the weather.
Tell me what that's gonna take?

Don't say oops!
Or stay mute.
I wish to hear,
What you're going through.

Don't substitute truth for duping.
To excuse,
What you think I knew!

I want to know more about you.
I like what I see and the attitude.

Don't say oops!
Or stay mute.
I wish to hear,
What you're going through.

Because you don't sit drinking vodka,
With a twist of lemon peel.
Or a dry martini...
Doesn't mean to me,
You are,

Less real.

I aint into impressions.
Or introductions that are faked.
I want to know how you feel,
About the weather.
Tell me what that's gonna take?

I want to know how you feel,
About the weather.
Tell me what that's gonna take?

Don't say oops!
Or stay mute.
I wish to hear,
What you're going through.

I want to know,
More about you.
I like what I see and the attitude.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Don'T Shout When You Wipe Out

To those misguided,
And surfing to ride...
On the crest of waves,
Behind those who champion...
The act as a challenge,
And not a followed task.
Don't shout when you wipe out!
Screaming for the attention you seek.

If the water is too deep...
And you wish to touch the sand,
By using your own abilities.
It will be your own feet,
Upon which you will eventually stand...
To explain why you surf,
When you are not yet deserving...
To qualify yourself as a champion!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Don'T Slow Your Pace

Whatever your endeavors,
May you seek them with happiness.
I hope this is a labor of love invested...
And not just time spent,
For a resumé to document!

To show others what you've accomplished,
Just for accomplishment sake...
Works to satisfy an ego that passes,
Leaving eventually your heart at stake!

And if you are not doing,
Something 'you' are pursuing...
But instead seeking a fortune to obtain!
You will one day discover,
Time has slipped away.
And the passion for collected treasures...
Has faded!
Just like the time you traded that strays!

Whatever your endeavors,
May you seek them with happiness.
I hope this is a labor of love invested...
And not just time spent,
For a resumé to document!

Don't wait to do those things you want!
Because of fears you will have nothing to flaunt!
In your heart is where your true ambitions are.
Don't waste it to delay the glow...
That makes you your own superstar that shows!

Go for it!
And don't slow your pace in doubt!
Make the best of it!
That is what the life you live is all about!
Living it just to please another...
You can do without!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Don'T Stop Me, Please

I had to be here to express relief!
Don't stop me...
Please.

I had pent up emotions needing release!
Don't stop me...
Please.

I once had shied away from my own mistakes.
I once denied I even made them.

But I awakened with a need to admit...
My perfectness,
Was not a perfect fit!

I had to be here to express relief!
Don't stop me...
Please.

I had pent up emotions needing release!
Don't stop me...
Please.

When I was wrong I couldn't handle it!
I would run to hide afraid like a kid.

I have grown to my own benefit.
And...
Ready to express my own childishness!
So don't stop me,
Please!

I had to be here to express relief!
Don't stop me...
Please.

I have emotions needing to be release!
Don't stop me...

Please.

When I was wrong I couldn't handle it!
I would run to hide afraid like a kid.
Now I see how that was quite childish.
I am here to ask for your forgiveness.
So don't stop me,
Please!

I am to ask for your forgiveness.
So don't stop me,
Please!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Don't Stop To Drop

Don't let sit,
Limits to diminish...
Dreams wished,
Thought to be impossible.
Or day and night long,
Keeping disbelief...
Just to make it more believable.

Do not stop to drop...
A feeling so strong that wont go.
Do not stop to drop...
What others say is a fantasy.
Don't stop to drop...
That journey on a lonesome road.
You know why you're there and on it.
No matter who says what not to know.

Don't stop to drop...
A taste you've kept to crave.
Don't stop to drop...
A desire set on fire.
What anybody else says...
Tell them to get off your back.
Tell them to catch a bus.
Don't let sit,
Dreams wished to limit.

Do not stop to drop...
What others say is a fantasy.
Do not stop to drop...
Your desire.
Don't!
Do not stop to drop...
That fire!
Don't!
Don't stop to drop...
A journey of need.
Don't!
Don't stop to drop...

Your dreams.
Don't!
Don't stop to drop...
Your journey or the dream!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Don'T Take It Personally

Here's a scoop,
For those who have been duped.
Don't take it personally.
People who do this have no idea,
You may be among the few...
Who are aware of what they do.
And you are not blind,
To what they pursue!

With an awakened consciousness,
Here is what truth will prove...
Know they represent your environment.
And If I were you,
I'd assess the others living in it...
To see if there are signs,
Of a collective mindset...
That embraces a thought process,
That anyone possesses.
And this has not yet...
Been considered a crime.
And be cautious to what it is you exchange,
With anyone who seems 'sane' of mind!
Some folks have lips like leaking faucets.

Here's a scoop,
For those who have been duped.
Don't take it personally.
People who do this have no idea,
You may be among the few...
Who are aware of what they do,
With an awakened consciousness.

However...
This is suggested!
Do not become suspected,
Of over using your point of view.
To then become publicly detected,
Of making attempts to walk tall...
With bright and unclouded eyes.

That are able to see through masquerade.
Or charades that are disguised.

Or those 'promised' opened doors,
Will suddenly slam close.
To then have you 'tarred and feathered'.
Or even perhaps fire hosed!
Or both.
Vicious are those who become exposed.

You have then to 'them' become the enemy.
One that has discovered a secret perceived,
No one sees.
A discovery of witnessing them...
And theirs and most of their kin,
As deceiving thieving busy bees.

Here's a scoop,
For those who have been duped.
Don't take it personally.
Those who believe themselves superior,
Have labelled you a fool!
Just be cool about it.
And observe and notice what real fools do.
Someday this may be of benefit to you.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Don'T Take My Word For This

To age is a blessing.
Ask anyone who has not...
Aged.
And I am sure their lips,
Will be silenced.
Don't take my word for this.
Observe it for yourself.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Don't Test Me

I would rather see proof,
Of your growth process in action.
Than to be asked repeatedly,
If I remember your mistakes made.
To have forgiven them to forget.

Why keep me reminded.
Of something you did to tell me,
Over and over again...
That I am the one who can not let go,
Of what had happened between us.

I 'had' forgiven you.
What else you want me to say or do?

It is you who leaves me to wonder,
If there is more you did to have done.
It is you who leaves me to perceive,
My forgiveness given...
You can not believe.

Don't test me!
Or take my forgiveness for granted.
Don't test me to see,
If I will allow you to walk all over me.
You will pay the price for that deed.
Don't test me to see if I still have abilities,
To teach a lesson or two.
I do.

Don't test me or my patience.
Just show me the proof,
The price to pay for that kind of 'schooling'...
Is unnecessary for you and me too.

I would rather see proof of your growth.
Know that's all I want from you.
But don't test to upset me.
To leave any forgiveness to you given,

Taken back to forget...
Those tests in the past you had passed.

Don't test me.
I am in no mood to teach.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Don'T Think Of It As An Oversight

How can anyone expect,
More to be accountable for their actions?
When only a few take responsibility,
And they are considered to be fools.

Those who are accused,
Of standing on their feet...
And doing it with a maturity,
Are the ones some choose to see defeated.

'Where is it do you live? '

In a place where I defend and keep my peace.

'And where is that? '

Have you been invited?

'No.'

Don't think of it as an oversight.
But something intentionally done.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Don'T Throw My Heart Away

It's never beneath me.
To show it above,
Those feelings that I have for you...
That exposes all my love.

No it's never beneath me.
Or is it here to fear,
Without you in my life to love...
I'd have no happiness so near.

I am born with needs.
And I want to keep them,
Open, honest and direct...
To remove any doubts left to have you guess.

Don't throw my heart away.
I wont settle for a loneliness,
Like others who accept to expect.

Don't throw my heart away.
Like others who choose to neglect,
The ones they've left in loneliness.

No it's never beneath me.
Or is it here to fear,
Without you in my life to love...
I'd have no happiness so near.

Not one second of a thought do I give it,
To allow my feelings to be quickly diminished.

Don't throw my heart away.
Not one second of a thought do I give it,
To allow my feelings to be quickly diminished.
Don't throw my heart away.

It's never beneath me.
To show it above,
Those feelings that I have for you...

With exposing of my love.

Don't throw my heart away.
Not one second of a thought do I give it,
To allow my feelings to be quickly diminished.
Not one second of a thought do I give it,
To allow my feelings to be quickly diminished.
Don't throw my heart away.

No it's never beneath me,
To show you my love.
Don't throw my heart away.

Not one second of a thought do I give it,
To allow my feelings to be quickly diminished.
Not one second of a thought do I give it,
To allow my feelings to be quickly diminished.
Don't throw my heart away.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Don'T Treat Me Evil

You may not,
Like what you've got.
But...
Even when you're medicated,
You can be evil.

You may not,
Like what you've got.
But...
Even when you're medicated,
You can be evil.

I don't want to be around you,
When you get evil.
I know you are ailing and you're sick,
But...
You can get evil.

I know you don't complain...
But when you do,
You're so evil.

I try to keep my patience,
But you keep being evil.

You may not,
Like what you've got.
But...
Even when you're medicated,
You can be evil.
I try to keep my patience,
But...
You can be evil.

I know you're feeling sick,
But do you have to be evil.

I know you're ill and feeling it.
But,

You can be evil.
Even when you're medicated,
You can be evil.
I know you're feeling sick,
But do you have to be evil.
I know you're ill and feeling it.
But don't treat me evil.
Don't treat me evil.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Don'T Try To Blame It On Reality

It has been decades,
Decay has been in place.
Too obvious for it not to have been faced.
It has been decades,
The quality of life...
Has been slowly fading away.
Decades,
People have accepted...
A chasing of time from them long gone.
To say what they have isn't wanted.
But what is it do they want to make it clear,
That has remained to sustain to go on?
Besides complaining of what they have,
With wishes for more.
To successfully destroy it from existence.
And this to do to enjoy and explore.

It has been decades,
Decay has been in place.
Too obvious for it not to have been faced.
It has been decades,
The quality of life...
Has been slowly fading away.
But what is it do the people want?
To make it clear to remain and sustain?
Besides complaining of what they've received,
To then successfully destroy it from existence...
With criticisms prepared to have them believed.

'We want better schools and qualified teachers.
Our children are thirsting for more lessons to learn.'

~Okay.~

'We want more police to protect our peace.
God knows we don't have enough of it,
On our quiet, urban tree lined inner city streets.'

~Okay.~

'We want jobs with higher wages.
And a future to prepare for whatever comes our way.
We want our entitlements to stay intact.
We want the greatness we once had to return back.
With more services we can depend upon.
And with that done to decrease the taxes,
Squeezing our pockets to show them tattered and torn.'

~Okay.
And for that what can we expect from you? ~

'Well...uh...
Let's see!
Stay entertained and remain complaining.
And with a doing of it to show less respect.
A lack of motivation, no discipline or initiative.
But more wishes and wants to have them met.
Why?
Have you become dissatisfied,
By our demands and expectations? '

~Oh. No. Not by any means.
We desire to keep your delusions kept intact.
But the expense of it has not been cost effective.~

'And...
Who's fault is that?
And don't try to blame it on reality.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Don'T Try To Use Logic

Let's set aside our differences,
Of opinion.
And together,
Come to this agreement!

No where will I...
Or should I obligate myself,
To have your priorities...
In my head.
Nor hold myself accountable,
For the lack of interest to do so.

No where in my mind...
Can I find,
Justification to feel guilty...
For your display of irresponsibility.
And I recently spent all of five minutes,
Being concerned of giving that too much thought.

Let's set aside our differences,
Of opinion.
And together,
Come to this agreement!

You will,
In the very near future...
No longer accuse me for not being 'there' for you.
And I...
Will not find it necessary,
To wonder where you are when I arrive...
To find you gone.
Doing whatever it was that suits you.
AND with whoever.

And we...
You and I,
Can today agree...
That completing those things I need to do,
To get things done...

Will not anger you.
And while I am doing that,
At the best of my ability...
You will focus all of your attention,
On locating a purpose for your life.
How's that?
Does that sound reasonable enough to you?

'Don't try to use logic on me.
It is a little too late for that!
You're 'always' thinking of yourself!
What do you think I am,
Stupid?

If you don't have time to drive me,
To my job interview.
And wait patiently,
Until I'm done to bring me back home...
Fine!
But say it.
Don't beat around the bush with me.'

Son...
I love you.
But at 45 years old...
Don't you think,
That's YOUR responsibility?
You 'kids' are something else today.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Don'T Turn Me Off

Did I ask you for an estimate,
To be shown.
Did I ask you for an estimate,
To make known.
Did I ask you for an estimate,
To condone..
My asking for a need of it.
To have you in my life,
And...
With a making of a perfect fit.

Don't turn me off with your tests.
Or think of me as your pet,
To fetch with a feeding your needs.

Don't turn me off 'cause you may regret,
The way I respond that you wont forget...
I don't accept estimates of love,
Or am I desperate of it to get.
Don't turn me off...
With your tests!
Or think of me,
As your pet.
You will be left and without regret.
Don't turn me off with your tests.

Did I ask you for an estimate,
To be shown.
Did I ask you for an estimate,
To make known.
Did I ask you for an estimate,
To condone?
Don't turn me off...
With your tests!
Or think of me,
As your pet.
You will be left and without regret.
Don't turn me off.

Did I ask you for an estimate,
To be shown.
Did I ask you for an estimate,
To make known.
Did I ask you for an estimate,
To condone?
Don't turn me off!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Don'T Wanna Be Again The Fool

Do you need someone...
To hug,
And sweep your heart away?

Do you need someone...
To love,
And...
Say true love will stay?

You know you do,
Don't you?
You know you do!
You know that's true...
For the fools.

Do you need someone...
To hold,
And be your number one?
Do you need someone...
Who's told,
More love is yet to come?

You know you do,
Don't you?
You know you do!
You know that's true...
For the fools.

You know you do.
You just know that's true.
But you,
Don't wanna play again
The fool.

You know you do.
You just know that's true.
But you,
Don't wanna be...
Again,

The fool.

Do you need someone...
To love,
And...
Say true love will stay?
You know you do.
You just know that's true.
But you,
Don't wanna be...
Again,
The fool.

You know you do!
You feel it too!
But you...
Don't wanna be again the fool!

Don't wanna be again,
The fool!
And be played against...
Your rules.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

'Don'T Worry About A Thing, I'Ll Handle That! '

I've been around a few Summers.
And I know where the Buffalo roam.
Where the Deer and the Anteloupe play.

And those discouraging words I've heard.
More than seldom.
And at one time...
I heard them all day.
Spiced with a variety of insults.

And when someone says to me,
'I've got your back.
Don't worry about a thing,
I'll handle that! '
My concern radar goes on full alert!

You know how you can tell,
A blood hound has his/her target in sight?
Not a muscle moves.

I'm not accustomed to folks being that overt.
Not when it comes to my wellbeing.
This is a statement of fact.
Call it a conditional acknowledgement.
Not a complaint.
So,
Please don't get this confused...
With one speaking the truth,
And another being delusional.
There is a difference.

My eyebrow raises before my lips part!
And whatever comes out of my mouth,
Is intended to offend.
With no apologies extended.

Like I said...
I've been around a few Summers.
And I know where the Buffalo roam.

Where the Deer and the Anteloupe play.
And discouraging words I've heard.
More than seldom.
And at one time,
I heard them all day.
Spiced with a variety of insults.

And,
They were not sung by a cowboy!
Strumming a guitar by a campfire,
On the prairie.

And when someone says to me,
'I've got your back.
Don't worry about a thing,
I'll handle that! '
My concern radar is on full alert!

A 'fool' I can do.
But being a jerk at my own expense?
Today?
With all the deception and devilment going on?
I don't choose to prove that kind of ignorance.

There are more Autumns, Winters and Springs,
I'd like to experience without submitting myself...
To complete stupidity.
Not consciously, anyway!
Or for a few tease dollars.

But,
If that's going to be use to motivate...
I may reconsider.
Like I said...
A fool I can do.
Depending on what price is paid.

SURE!
I've got your back.
Don't worry about a thing,
I'll handle that!

~I see!
You will 'always' be a capitalist.~

I see!
You will 'always' have your mouth open,
In times when it should be shut!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Don'T You 'Ever' Call Me Baby

There has been no time you've spent,
Listening to one thing I've meant.
Or pretend you understood,
To com-pre-hend.

There has been no moment when,
That I thought you had intent...
To take me as serious,
As-I've-been.
So don't,
You 'ever' call me baby!
That will never be a maybe,
In-my-head.
No don't,
You 'ever' call me baby!
You have never heard a word,
That this 'baby' said.

There has been no time you've spent,
Listening to one thing I've meant.
Or pretend you understood,
To com-pre-hend.
So don't,
You 'ever' call me baby!
That will never be a maybe,
In-my-head.
No don't,
You 'ever' call me baby!
You have never heard a word,
That this 'baby' said.
No don't,
You 'ever' call me baby!
That will never be a maybe,
In-my-head.
So don't,
You 'ever' call me baby!
You have never heard a word,
That this 'baby' said.

There is more below the surface.
With a depth that has a purpose.
And you seem to be allergic to my words.

There is more below the surface.
With a depth that has a purpose.
And you seem to be allergic to my words.
So don't,
You 'ever' call me baby!
You have never heard a word,
That this 'baby' said.
No don't,
You 'ever' call me baby!
That will never be a maybe,
In-my-head.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Don'T You Feel Better Already?

The only thing we have in common,
Is nothing.
And the more of that we share...
The better off we will be!
Think about it.
Don't you feel better already?
It's a weight lifted off my shoulders,
I know that!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Don'T You Feel Better?

I'm in your corner.
And on your side!

No.
Not that corner.
The other one.
No, no, no.
Not that side.
Turn around.
Don't move.

I'm in your corner.
And on our side.
Now...
Knowing where I'm coming from,
And where I'm at...
Don't you feel better?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Don'T You Feel Sometimes That People Just Should Hush

Don't you feel sometimes that people just should hush.
And give a rest to their mouths and keep them shut.
Even if taped or glued to prevent the rush.
Don't you feel sometimes that people just should hush.

Don't you feel your peace of mind is being crushed and flushed.
And everywhere you go you hear the fussing and words cussed.
Picking up a brush to throw it would not do too much.
Especially if it should hit someone waiting quietly for a bus.

Don't you feel sometimes that people just should hush.
And everywhere you go you hear the fussing and words cussed.
It's enough to go beserk and scream to cause a scene that disrupts.
Like those ushered away in silence to be confined and locked up.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Don'T You Find Yourself In An Odd Position?

Don't you find yourself in an odd position?

Remember,
It was years ago...
When you mentioned to me,
I could be a bank president...
If I chose to be?

And you went on to gain success in finance.
Only to find you and your position...
Assessed as being outdated and flat broke.
And even with your 'genius' mind...
You can't make a dollar worth more than a dime.

Don't you find yourself in an odd position?

Remember,
It was years ago...
When you mentioned to me,
I could be a bank president...
If I chose to be?

And I chose to see myself happy,
And free of sustained delusions.
And you?
Well...
I can not say,
You did not make your own choices.
You've got your title.
And I've got my life!
With a basicness only happiness,
Has fulfilled.

Don't you find yourself in an odd position?
If not...
You must have adopted fresh delusions.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Don'T You Get Pushed

Move along and don't get shoved.
There's nobody in the fast lane,
Listening to complaints.

Just move along and don't get shoved.
Step up,
Your pace.
These days are not for fakers.

People are seeking truth.
Leaving those behind who fake it.
And tired of being duped,
For too long to go on.

People are seeking proof,
They've been over medicated...
On truth that's been diluted,
To keep their minds deluded.

Move along and don't get shoved.
Step up,
Your pace.
And...
Don't be pushed.

Move along and don't get shoved.
Step up,
Your pace.
And...
Don't you get pushed.

People are seeking truth.
Leaving those behind who fake it.
Don't you get pushed,
Into keeping old addictions.
Don't be pushed.
Don't you get pushed.
Step up,
Your pace.

And...
Leave behind restrictions.

Move along and don't get shoved.
These days are not for fakers.
Or excuse makers.
Move along and don't get shoved.
Step up,
Your pace.
And...
Don't you get pushed,
By pushers!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Don'T You Have Something Else To Do?

Okay.
I'll pretend I am curious.
Why are you peering over your fence,
With binoculars?
It is obvious what you are doing.
And those neighbors have moved.

'You don't know everything.
I happen to be observing,
The activities of rare squirrels.
Grey in color and munching on pine nuts.
And...
I am not looking at 'that' house at all.
Okay?
Nosey.'

I see.
And...
Would they happen to be sitting,
Eating dinner...
In the living room of our other neighbors,
Living across the street...
Who invited their friends over?
Because those 'rare' squirrels,
Should be eating their nuts in the trees.
Shouldn't they?

'They just ran behind that house.
Don't you have something else to do?
Besides spy on me.
Sssssshhh.
Someone's getting a divorce.'

Oh?
Since you're into reading lips.
What else are those 'squirrels' discussing?

'You need to learn how to mind your own business.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Don'T You Know Me Anymore?

Baby...
Don't you know me,
Anymore?
We were the best of friends.
And lovers caring to the end.
Baby...
Don't you know me,
Anymore?

What happened when chit-chattin',
With lips from others rappin'?
Did you feel more about that real.
And...
My appeal had been reduced,
To executed excuses...
Now easily produced.

Baby...
Don't you know me,
Anymore?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Don'T You Love It?

Don't you love it...
When people tell you,
How you feel.
What to feel.
How to think.
And what those thoughts are.
If you have them.
Only to discover,
They are not the center of your universe.
Nor do you wake up,
With them first on your mind.
And when you express the time you spend,
Has nothing at all to do with them.
They become upset,
When you express...
Your mind is at peace.
And at rest.
Don't you love it?
Especially when so many...
Are in the business of others!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Don'T You Think It Strange

Don't you think it strange,
That the ones you once regarded as 'crazy'...
Are today doing their best,
To avoid any contact with you!
As you pursue them to seek advice.
While you stalk their every move.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Don'T...Look At Me

Whenever you're out all night,
And I sleep alone.

I wonder who holds you tight,
When you're not at home.

I admit my eyes are cried out.
And I wish that you weren't missed.
But,
Whenever you're here and near...
Don't touch me!

Don't touch me don't.
Don't tease me don't.
Don't kiss me don't.
Don't...
Look at me.
Don't touch me don't.
Don't tease me don't.
Don't kiss me don't.
Don't...
Look at me.

Whenever you're out all night,
And I sleep alone.
Don't touch me don't.
Don't tease me don't.

I wonder who holds you tight,
When you're not at home.
Don't kiss me don't.
Don't!
I admit my eyes are cried out.
And I wish that you weren't missed.
But...
Whenever you're here and near,
Don't touch me!

Don't touch me don't.

Don't tease me don't.
Don't kiss me don't.
Don't...
Look at me.
Don't touch me don't.
Don't tease me don't.
Don't kiss me don't.
Don't...
Look at me.

Don't touch me don't.
Don't tease me don't.
Don't kiss me don't.
Don't...
Look at me.

Don't touch me don't.
Don't tease me don't.
Don't kiss me don't.
Don't!
Look at me.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Doobie People Too Dumbed Down

A dumbing down to do is already done.
And there's no need to defend,
Or be the one offended.

A dumbing down to do is already done.
And with effect to leave affected,
The minds of most everyone.

A dumbing down to do is already done.
And...
No place from it to hide or to escape to run.
And...
Those unconscious are the ones remaining numb.
Addicted on delusion praying more of it comes.

Dumbed down.
Doobie doobie doo dumbed down.
Dumbed down.
Doobie dumbed down.

Dumbed down.
Doobie doobie doo dumbed down.
Dumbed down.
Doobie dumbed down.

People dumbed down.
Doobie people too dumbed down.
Dumbed down.
Doobie people too dumbed down.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Doodle Traced

I can do a doodle traced.
And be careful not to waste space.
Showing somewhat of an artistic origin.
To maintain a flow most would call talent.
With an assurance any doodle done I do,
Does that.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Doodles

I've got plenty made doodles.
Some done and some new doodles too.
I've got plenty made doodles.
And doing those doodles is what I choose,
When doing those doodles I choose to do.

I've got plenty made doodles.
Some done and some new doodles too.
I've got plenty made doodles.
And doing those doodles is what I choose,
When doing those doodles I choose to do.

I've got plenty made doodles.
Some done and some new doodles too.
I've got plenty made doodles.
And doing those doodles is what I choose,
When doing those doodles I choose to do.

I've got plenty made doodles.
Some done and some new doodles too.
I've got plenty made doodles.
And doing those doodles is what I choose,
When doing those doodles I choose to do.

I've got plenty made doodles.
And doing those doodles is what I choose,
When doing those doodles I choose to do.

I've got plenty made doodles.
And...
Doing those doodles is what I choose,
When doing those doodles I choose to do.

I've got plenty made doodles.
And...
Doing those doodles is what I choose,
When doing those doodles I choose to do.
Doing those doodles is what I choose,
When doing those doodles I choose to do.

Doing those doodles is what I choose,
When doing those doodles I choose to do.
I've got plenty made doodles
I've got plenty made doodles.
And...
Doing those doodles is what I choose,
When doing those doodles I choose to do.
I've got plenty made doodles.
I've got plenty made doodles.
I...
Do all my doodles with doodles done.
I do all my doodles with doodles done.
Do all my doodles with doodles done.
I do all my doodles I do all my doodles.
I do all my doodles with doodles done.
I do all my doodles with doodles done.
I do all my doodles with doodles done.
I do all my doodles I do all my doodles.
I do all my doodles with doodles done.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Doodles Done

It comes gushing with a rush bursting...
Then it stops!
This mental void that annoys,
Like a spinning top on a tip that drops.
It wobbles then flip flops!
Avoiding an ending to its spin.
Doodles done I did,
Even retracing them!
But still those thoughts connecting,
Refuse to come in!
And again I beat out rhythms...
Denting more my trusted pen!
Pounding out a beat,
Hoping words come back again
In a flow of a ceasless streak.
Tap tap tap...
Tap tap tap!
Come on! Give me something!
'Honey Bees on Spring Flowers? '
Naw...
Too everydayish!
I'm searching for aggravation.
Something agitating that offends!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Doomsday Philosophies

Doomsday philosophies,
Continue with prophesied endings.
But seem to not have stopped visions
Of inhabiting planets to populate,
And contaminate to replicate...
As done on Earth.
Proving the doing progressive.
But not intelligent enough,
To correct a mess left behind.
Once divine.
With belief to perceive,
What God has created...
Can be duplicated with specific,
Preferences made.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Doormen Chronicles

Show me someone living high on the 'hog'...
And I'll show you someone finding it very difficult,
Trying to hide their sufferings of mental malnutrition.
And other wasteful diets they are attempting to maintain!
When they say 'shrink'...
It isn't weight they are losing.
Fees to keep those like them believing
They can walk on water...
Aren't about to dry up any time soon!
They are the first to pawn any and eveything they can.
The 'snoots and snots' padlocked in these boxes.
Very few tag sales are conducted in condo high rises!
Those dwellers are doing their best to make deals
With the doorman these days.
And even they are getting pissed.
No one gives them huge tips as before!
They stand now with their arms folded.
They know who 'had'...
And who now 'has not'!
These doormen chronicles will not easily be forgotten.
Too many tears have come to dropp on spit shined shoes.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Double Talkers Feed Poison

Double talkers feed poison using double speak.
With a building of a bridge,
Constructed on the strength of lies told.
And hoping friends, relatives...
And others duped into becoming allies,
Will not learn of this...
Before their evilness has been firmly cemented,
With a perfect charade and a few scriptures learned.

Double talkers feed poison using double speak,
In some of the most unique and unsuspecting places.
With venomed tongues honeyed with a dripping of spice.
Since they have created their prefabrications on kindness,
To depict themselves as victims from a distance.
With a wish their defenses against reality have been made,
Delusioned and fantasized enough to be truth and honesty proof.
To conceal them from 'ever' being revealed or detected as deceivers.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Double Talking

Be careful of those who show,
They can be decivious.
Witness what is delivered,
From the side of their mouths.
A double talking through twisted lips...
Can be expected to come out.

Eyes may glaze with lies prepared.
Rehearsed and staged,
To make an appearance...
If one is not aware,
A presentation is all that is there.
With a hope to see the receptive in belief.

And a mind that exposes,
An absence of an occupant.
Ready to be sold on anything.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Doubters

It is the level of expectation,
One must achieve...
To gain that respect,
From those who can only reflect...
Upon some self importance,
Believed...
Another gets and expects,
From gratifying accolades made.

And is proud of what one does.
And..
Is proud,
Of what has been done!
To some...
With a sign that is shown.
To others...
Perhaps a perception,
Of one keeping silent a conceit.

And giving no attention to the doubters...
Who will always remain who they are.
Doubters with beliefs,
Their expectations have to be fulfilled...
To pass along positive and assuring comments,
That allows the doubt and the judgement of critique...
A nod of approval to bestow.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Doubts, Fears And Obstacles

A daily routine,
Of a regimented and implemented discipline...
Done with a purpose and meaning meant,
Can and will cement a positive direction...
With a declining found that begins to erase,
Lamenting over revisited sentiments...
In one's mind that takes place on a daily basis.

And with a confirmation of affirmations stated,
Those doubts, fears and obstacles...
One accepted with belief,
Will fade away to permanently leave.
And a cheerful disposition one chooses to stay.
If...one decides,
To have it that way!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

'Down' For The Good

Don' did it...
Did it and don' with it!
That which 'ain't sittin' on my positive tip!
That which annoys,
And teases my peace...
Doin' that to amuse,
A latent confused release!
Don' did it...
Did it and don' with it!
The BA's with BS's
Who are PHD's in pretense at teas.
I don't need that,
To expose where my comfort lies.
And I 'ain't tryin' to hide it, either...
With cries and false alibis.
Don' did it...
Did it and don' with it!
Every bit of nonsense...
That use to come and sit.
To leave me alone,
Heated in a fit.
Don' did it...
Did it and don' with it.
And now I'm 'down' for the good!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Down Low

I've heard it said...
Those down low,
Do it slow in bed!
They want to keep
Discreet yet sneaky.
And I can't defend...
That kind of sense,
That makes none in the end!

Well...
That 'end' is a beginning,
For them!

Dudes say they are down low,
When sharing with like minds.
Just to satisfy desires...
They themselves can not define!
And choose to keep these thoughts,
More kept within!
And felt it better unexpressed,
If not mentioned and left behind!

And women do the same...
But they refrain from giving it a name!
Lesbian, gay or homo doers...
When it is done,
It is plain...
No one is blamed!

And a game played unseen...
Shouldn't make one feel ashamed!
Yet it has to be admitted...
Acts of love are done!
Look around...
They don't have to be claimed!

For those who know,
They are 'special' to someone!
It is a fact that is known.

It doesn't have to be publicly shown.
As long as what is shared...
Is between those who expose they care!
Whether down low,
Above...
Or any and everywhere!

For those who know,
They are 'special' to someone!
It is done protectively...
And out of sight of those who oppose,
How others live the lives they choose,
To live as 'they' do and chose!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Down The Street And Around The Corner

Down the street and around the corner,
May be someone's prized possession...
Yet unknown.

Some people wont take advantage,
To even speak to those they meet.
And today that is understandable.

But we all take chances!
And gamble...
With each step taken with our feet.

And down the street and around the corner,
Someone is going to discover their opportunity.
Even if another name could have been on it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Down To Earth

Expectations,
As expectations go...
Seem only to achieve,
A certain level of acceptance.

And to appease those with ambitions...
To be down to Earth without attempts,
To pollinate wishes and dreams...
Often considered out of reach and unobtainable.
May those who are believed to be out of touch...
By a seeking to break down walls of limitations,
One day be welcomed from their flights of 'fancy'...
In the sharing with others,
That the world is, indeed, round.
And not flat!
With those living in other places,
Experiencing the many cultures and races...
With an acknowledgement of that fact!

'YES!
I witnessed this with my own eyes.'

And unbelievable as it may seem to them,
There are others also 'down to Earth'.
And apparently living to explore it!

'YES!
I witnessed this with my own eyes.
Believe it.
It's true.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Down To Earth And Obvious

Why is it those of limited minds,
Have unlimited time to belittle and pick on others...
With a doing to prove,
Someone they choose...
Has wasted their time doing nothing at all?

And if they had interests in something to do,
Like the doing done by the ones who choose.
Less to say with created gossip done about anyone.
Or who should do what or go where 'if' truthfully attached.
By leaving where they are to go to prove they are 'ALL THAT'.

Only to discover with embarrassment that shows,
That the one they picked on...
Is not only national but internationally known.
And the doing of it was right under their noses,
To expose those of unlimited time to belittle...
Just who knows what about nothing at all.
Especially if it's beyond,
Their overly protected and inexperienced comfort zones.

'Excuse me.
Have often do you it and how long is it kept? '

~What?
What are you talking about?
Kept? !

'Your ignorance.
Do you enjoy it left marinated?
Or have you taken the opportunity,
To taste a bit of wisdom from a dish you have yet to nibble? '

~I am fine staying just the way I am.
Down to Earth.
Without trying to be someone I am not.~

'That's obvious.'

~And what do you mean by that? ~

'Don't get upset.
You're not the only one down to Earth and obvious.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Down To The Bone

Doctor...
Shouldn't the patient be given an anesthetic?
Something to ease the pain,
And provide comfort during this procedure?

'No!
If there is any pain felt...
They will know that soon enough,
When I prepare the bill.
And this one will leave them in shock,
For the rest of their lives.

I'll prescribe something...
That will keep them coming back again.
There are too many vacations my family and I
Desire to take.
And I have clubhouse fees that are essential,
To keep paid.

And if I don't receive my fee in a timely fashion...
I am the one who bares the brunt end of the suffering!

Hand me the buzz saw, please!
I need to get down to the bone.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

'Downers'

It has been conducive to restrict mindsets,
To the surface of things.
This minimizes evaluation.
And de-values the importance,
Of what deductive thinking means.

If truth uncovered is not scented with mint,
Many will perceive these revelations to be 'downers'.
Since their delusions and fantasies,
Have been circumvented.

And they can no longer enjoy the festivities employed.
Or the addicting taste of the cotton candy,
Free and dispensed...
Inside their sheltered and safe environments.
Provided by the contruction done of big circus tents.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Downfall Of An Industry

He wishes to be right.
And incite he does debate.
Not listen for those solutions.
And what those conclusions for all,
Might celebrate.

Of course millions of dollars are at stake.
And present lifestyles enjoyed,
By physicians associated with new pharmaceuticals...
May not from decisions escape.
The threatening downfall of an industry...
On the verge of a collapsing devastating break.

Not to mention...
At the saving of tons of money!

And there are those hoping to block,
With a stopping of this activity!
Shaking in their high priced Guccis.
Loudly declaring these acts,
Do not represent democracy!

'Excuse me,
But aren't our allegiances pledged to a republic,
For which it stands? '

Please...
Not you again! ?

Security? SECURITY? ?
Bar that individual from free speech.
And strip that clown disguise,
Off that crazed man!

We are here to discuss the future of health care.
Not to turn this into a circus.
Unless we begin to collect a fare!
And that may be an implementation...
To gain the attention of those who are serious.

And will assist with the infliction of our purpose.
Hmmm...
Jot that down.
The atmosphere is 'brimming' with ideas.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Download To Let Go

Download to let go,
Of a doing unchanged.
to let go,
The same playing of games.
to let go,
For something else to claim.
Without it to tweet.
Twitter or snapped to chat.

Is it possible,
A cellphone can be used...
To place a quick call.
Is it possible,
A decision can be made...
To meet and have lunch,
At the nearest mall.
Is it possible,
This can be done...
Without sending a 'selfie' at all.
Has it become too strenuous,
To await for a dial-tone.
With a few numbers to push.

to let go,
Of a doing unchanged.
to let go,
The same playing of games.
to let go,
For something else to claim.
Without it to tweet.
Twitter or snapped to chat.

It has become too convenient,
To have less time for another to give.
It has become too convenient,
Wanting but not getting...
Time to spend with someone,
Seen on a hand held screen.
To only be told,

Their minutes are limited.
And they don't over roll.
It has become too convenient,
To have a connection stopped.
Into a 'cloud' that has dropped.
And how this happens...
Only the service provider knows.

to let go,
Of a doing unchanged.
to let go,
The same playing of games.
to let go,
For something else to claim.
Without it to tweet.
Twitter or snapped to chat.

'I can't believe you lost your cellphone.
And you walked over here to see me.'

~I do.
And got some exercise too.~

'You did WHAT?
Exercised?
I wish I had time for that.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Downloaded On My Cellphone

My grandmother told me about,
That 'adult' movie you made...
Over 40 years ago.

'Oh?
Your 'grandmother'?
How interesting.'

Yep.
And she said,
Everytime she saw it,
She prayed for your lost soul.

'LOL.
Really? '

I've got it.

'You've got it?
You've got it...
Where? '

Downloaded on my cellphone.
But I still don't understand,
What the fuss made was all about.

'Perhaps I offended those self righteous,
Back in those days.'

It's funny to me.
It's the best comedy I've seen in years.

'That's what I thought.
With a little sex involved.'

There was sex in it?

'Yes.
Of course.'

I didn't even notice it.
I'll have to look at it again.

'What about your grandmother? '

Who knows.
Since my grandfather died,
She's been dating this college dude.

'WHAT? '

And his rear end is in clear view.
She says she finds that attractive.

'What? '

She says she finds that...

'Nevermind.
I heard you.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Downloaded To Expose

Since the invention of the computer,
And internet...
People are discovering more truths,
To them revealed.
Than gossip heard,
From whispered mouths to get.
And the ones who belief they knew,
Someone else to know...
Are finding once they've 'Googled',
Through information to ..
Even their past relationships,
They had dismissed as worthless.
Were with others they now regret,
Had been more productive than those
Wasting time spreading lies.
And embellished innuendos.

Since the invention of the computer,
And internet...
People have become more reluctant,
To pass their quick judgements.
Or find it that easy to be deceived,
By so called 'friends'...
Business associates and nosy bodies,
Doing their best to represent...
Themselves,
As having no other agenda...
Hidden to hide up their sleeves.
Since today...
Anything wanted to know to reveal,
No longer kept to keep concealed...
In seconds can be exposed.
And with it done,
To have one's mouth closed.
Or...
Wide open.
And that depends on the content,
Downloaded to expose.

'Ssss. Oh, God! Yes. YES! '

-Honey?
What are you doing?
And at this hour?
Every night you complain.
About not getting enough sleep.
What are you doing?
Homework...again? -

'Yes. Oh yes.
I'm...I'm...whew.
Just about finished.'

-Well...
Keep the noise down.
I've never heard anyone more excited,
About doing their homework than you.-

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Downloaded To Get

Youth is felt with a rush and wish,
Always to catch the first wave...
Of a love to fantasize.
Undelayed to make what is craved,
More sense.
And if it keeps a suspense,
That desire is raised...
By a to get,
An anonymous simple message sent.

'I thk u cute.
I thk u sweet.'

~Who this b?
U on my 'friends' list? ~

'No.
But kiss ur lips I wnt n wsh.'

~Who ths is?
Dd we meet n a tweet? ~

'No.
I sw u on street.
Wld u like us 2 meet? '

~I dnt knw. myb. is ths bobby? ~

'Bobby?
Myb. yeah. myb.'

Youth is felt with a rush and wish,
Always to catch the first wave...
Of a love to fantasize.
Undelayed to make what is craved,
More sense.
And if it keeps a suspense,
That desire is raised...
By a to get,

An anonymous simple message sent.

~Mommy,
I'm being watched as I walk to school.
And mommy?
I think I being followed,
By that old man you say is a fool.~

*You kids and your imaginations.
Wanting to appear older.
And looking over your shoulder,
To see if anyone notices it.
It's probably someone making sure,
You get to school safely, dear.*

'I thk u cute.
I thk u sweet.'

~Who this b?
U on my 'friends' list? ~

'No.
But kiss ur lips I wnt n wsh.'

~Who ths is?
Dd we meet n a tweet? ~

'No.
I sw u on street.
Wld u like us 2 meet? '

~I dnt knw. myb. is ths bobby? ~

'Bobby?
Myb. yeah. myb.'

~Well.
Ok.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Downsized From An Ego

Taking time to waste it,
Undermining someone else...
Does not brighten the future,
For those exercising...
Their beliefs they have rights,
To criticize others as an entitlement.

Too often the ones who practice this,
Will find their lives not yet to experience...
Being downsized from an ego.
And an ego diminished can not escape,
From a public display of deflated pretentions.
Attempts to do this guarantees disappointment.

Although not intended,
But a living a life to know what it's like...
To do without becomes more appreciated.
Especially when one is on the receiving end,
Of negative comments meant for them to hear.
To have it done to hear those words heard clear.

And a listening to learn to close one's mouth,
Is a test of a lesson some eventually will pass.
Done to accomplish at last,
A complete understanding to comprehend...
The meaning of humility.
Its use and purpose to make it shown it is known.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Doxology

...as it was in the beginning,
Is now and ever shall be.

When will man 'ever' come to realize,
A creation that has existed...
And inhabited as it was, as it is and will,
Long before the interpretations...
Of the limited mind of man,
Decided there was an 'inside' scoop...
God selected only a few to reveal.
This world...
Will continue to be as it is until it isn't!
On God's schedule and that schedule only.

Man is not here to make attempts to destroy the Earth,
Then to proclaim they know when this existence is over?

For them...
It just may well be.
For them whose minds are affixed upon themselves.
As has been evident.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Drag It Somewhere Else

Decisions are decisions!
And those who make them,
I wish them my best...
With nothing from me projected,
That will detect I disrespect.
However...

YOU made that decision to mount your high horse.
With a gallant striding away.
Spirited and brave.
And with your stately posture,
Giving me your back with your nose thrown up...
You left me to weep as you strutted your stuff.

Decisions are decisions!
And those who make them,
I wish them my best...
With nothing from me projected,
That will detect I disrespect.
No matter how heartbroken I feel.
Or a loneliness in an empty nest felt.

YOU needed to make a statement made.
To impress.
YOU needed to make a statement made.
And one left alone to forget and not address.

And 'now' you want to drag a dead horse,
Back here to beat?
And 'now' you want to drag a dead horse,
With a laying it at MY feet?
To repeatedly beat?
You better drag it somewhere else.
And leave me in peace.

Decisions are decisions!
And those who make them,
I wish them my best.
I wished you my best when you left.

And repeating routines with an expected comfort,
Is not what I accept...
From anyone who leaves me for others to impress.

You left.
I healed.
Goodbye.
Don't sigh.
Just drag it somewhere else.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Dragged Into The Open

I am the first to sympathize,
With those wishing not to see...
Their dirty laundry dragged into the open,
So publicly for it to be seen on the streets.
With a doing done by them...
But goes unadmitted consciously.

Living in denial is not a gift to cherish,
By anyone seeking others to disparage.
Opening one's eyes to be freed of dishonesty,
Reveals the truth within.
Realizing a critique quickly given...
Is not neccessarily meant as negativity.

I am the first to sympathize,
With those wishing not to see...
Their dirty laundry dragged into the open,
So publicly for it to be seen on the streets.
With a doing done by them...
But goes unadmitted consciously.

And if so much which is soiled is publicly exposed,
Denying its existence only tarnishes more...
The credibility of those,
Believing they can hide to smother anything...
Under impressive dress.
In the wearing of brand new clothes recently purchased.
And yet,
Missing a message when delivered and told.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Drastic As The Smell Of A Tom Cat's Turf

Why have they not been told.
Their greed and the excessiveness of it,
Has ended.
There is no going back...
To the days of the 'haves'
Versus those who have not.
Those lifestyles of luxuries,
Upon us has stopped.
Although catastrophic to pretensions...
That change long mentioned,
Has upon us dropped.
As drastic as the smell of a Tom cat's turf,
That has been sprayed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Drastic Measures

Drastic measures taken,
Most of the time...
Produces the desired result.

If I knew I had to instill discipline,
Within the minds of 'my' children.
And all else I have tried has failed.
Contemplating in hesitation,
I simply could not do.
An immediate solution is needed.
And with a quickness this should be heeded.

Delay advocates an acceptance further disrespected.
This suggests it is okay,
To continue to ignore with increased child's play.

IF I knew I had to instill discipline,
Within the minds of 'my' children.
I would have them quarantined,
Without their 'toys'.
To show them and myself,
Just how serious their diseased behavior...
Infects.
And what this means.

And...
They would not be released,
Until the demons from them cease.
With a passing of my 'Show Me Your Gratefulness Test'...
AFTER an obstacle course,
The Marine Corp developed for children who are pests...
Has silent their mouths.
And they have begun to digest and comprehended,
Whose rules under my roof...
Will be given the utmost attention.

This,
If I should mention...
Would save tax payers millions paid,

To rehabilitate any child of mine requiring discipline.

Drastic measures taken,
Most of the time...
Produces the desired result.
And...
Establishes a peace of mind!

However,
In these times we live where decadence thrives...
As a marketing device to divide and entice,
Drastic measures confines those to 'rights'.
With amendments and laws outdated,
And much flawed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Drastic Measures Employed

I don't cater to excuses.
In fact,
When I hear them being made...
They instantly annoy.

Those who test the patience of others,
Eventually discover their 'ways' rejected.
Leaving them to wonder,
What it is that they've done.

When a routine has without doubt,
Disrespected to overdo and over-run...
To overkill with a doing done,
Drastic measures employed...
Must go into immediate effect.
With no exceptions expressed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

'Dreads'

It's not a statement of defiance,
I wear my hair in dreads.
It's who I am...
And I'm proud to show them.
Naturally...
On my head!

I use to keep my hair short and faded...
Conservative in conformity!
To fit into a 'conscious' acceptance...
An unspoken, visual uniformity.
Believing to appear like everyone else...
Would bestow upon me,
A certain respected sense of self.

Having no clue it was 'me' I pursued!

It took me a while to realize,
From myself I ran and fled!
Then when I 'woke' up clear with understanding...
I still had concealed a truthfulness not revealed.
My hair is 'nappy'!
And when not cut,
It dreads!
Curling into 'naps'.
And feeling comfortable on my head.

How sweet the awakening...
To a wholesomeness fed!
Not to dred but to wear in pride.

It's not a statement of defiance,
I wear my hair in dreads.
It's who I am...
And I'm proud to show them.
Naturally...
On my head!
Dreadlocked.

And now that I feel,
My best of self can be expressed...
I see so many who are trapped in masquerades.
Doing their best to project...
What they feel someone else,
Will accept without protest!

And I am so happy I can live my life...
With a peace of mind I find at rest!
Knowing a simple thing like 'dreads'...
Exposes a complete identity I keep.
And makes me feel at my very best yet!
Instead.
Forgetting the 'me' who I thought I knew...
And having not one regret!
Not within my heart I thread.

Note:
Dedicated to those dreadlock wearers
who feel the gloriousness of being who they are!
And a deep kindred with 'Jah' The Supreme!
A strengthening of 'spirit' develops when one
becomes...'dread-headed'!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Dream

If it is wished and kept mentally fixed,
With a wanting inspired by desire...
Keep that dream to touch.
Taste it to know it with a yearning much.

If life known to be lived as given,
Has been witnessed as it is to be 'reality'...
What restricts what is accepted to be,
Impossible.

Dream to affirm with a doing done.
Dream with your wishes to see them come.
Dream to keep possibilities near.
Dream and make it clear what you desire.

Know...
To dream is as valid,
As the life you have been given to life.
Dream whatever it is to have it appear.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Dream Team

Who better to select...
Than Gore for V.P.
With both him and Obama,
The United States
Would again unite undivided.
And succeed.

The people would believe,
In agreement they can and could lead...
A country on a down spiral.
And pulled out of darkness,
With a credibility achieved!

'Who? '

Al Gore!
The surprise choice Obama should make.
They could put this mess back on track.
With undeniable ability that heals from past mistakes.
And a team that could restore a lost integrity!

Let's get on with it and fill this vacancy...
Of a leadership crisis.
And give a people a greatness...
One that will demonstrate as it proceeds!

'WHO? '

Al Gore and Barack Obama.
In these times,
That is 'the dream team' the people need!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Dreaming

Dreaming to live a life to live,
And not living a life that has been given...
Is much like wanting to see flowers grow,
In one's backyard.
Without planting seeds,
Or making attempts!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Dreams Of Freedom

Call me what you wish,
I am not the one doing evictions.
Or removing dreams as they exist.

Say whatever you like.
My eyes are not fixed on a high flying kite.
Or riding a bike licking icecream cones.

My observations,
Aren't from the mind of a negative pessimist.
My way of life has not been diminished.
By disconnected insights,
Denying what appears as obvious blight.

It is what it is!
Argue if you like.
But it wont be with me.
My mind is not fixed to delusions like yours.
Nor am I conditioned to dismiss those in pain.
There is nothing in it for me to gain,
To witness others in agony.

Call me what you wish,
I am not the one doing evictions.
Or removing dreams as they exist.

Too many excuses from you allowed this.
And this I see as your denials allowed to breathe.

But I wont permit them to walk on my path.
Nor will you do to me as you please.
As was done in your ancestors past.
Those strategies may work for 'them'.
I'm not feeding on 'dreams of freedom'.
And this I am sure you can plainly see.
Those thoughts don't have their hooks in me.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Dreams To Wish

Dreams to wish,
With a wanting them to get...
Come alive,
Identified to thrive.
Takes one conditioned,
To a mission kept envisioned.
And a giving up the taste to have dessert.
Although it hurts.
And those intermissions sought to do less work.

Those dreams to wish,
With a wanting them to get...
Come alive,
Identified to thrive.
Takes the giving up the taste to have dessert.
As if to murder.
To stop it going further.
And a doing this with dreams to wish and thirst...
To do first!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Drenched In Defense

Drenched in defense,
And...
Tossing about,
Rumors of a doom.
To then be talking about,
What is heard without a fact.
And people re-act,
To every stranger that they see...
As someone who has evil deeds,
Because of their ethnicity.

Today...
People are made to be afraid.
Today...
Fear is marketed as if,
Everyone is threatened.
And should have on them weapons.
Today...
No one is immuned,
From being one assumed...
To be the cause and reason,
Why there's craziness.
And yes today...
No one can be happy...
Unless they are on crack.
Or something to compare to that,
To take them off a list...
Declaring them suspicious.

Today...
People are made to be afraid.
Today...
Fear is marketed as if,
Everyone is threatened.
And should have on them weapons.

Drenched in defense,
And...
Giving up the use of common sense.

We're drenched in defense,
And...
Making this mindset permanent.

Today...
People are made to be afraid.
Today...
Everybody pays,
To be drenched in defense,
And...
Giving up the use of common sense.
We're drenched in defense,
And...
Making this mindset permanent.
We're drenched in defense.
And...
Tossing about rumors of doom.
To feed upon it and consume.

Drenched in defense.
That will not prevent a mental illness.
Drenched in defense.
And consenting to this epidemic.

Drenched in defense.
That will not prevent a mental illness.
Drenched in defense.
And consenting to this epidemic.

Drenched in defense.
That will not prevent a mental illness.
Drenched in defense.
And consenting to this epidemic.

Drenched in defense.
That will not prevent a mental illness.
Drenched in defense.
And consenting to this epidemic.

Drenched in defense.
And we all got it.
This epidemic.

Drenched in defense.
Who now can doubt it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Dress To Kill

That which once worked,
And relied upon to patch quarrels...
Before guns and knives were used,
To prove one to be upset with another.
Has no affect on emotions today.
Or offer to ease their tensions,
By having a quiet meal.

'Why are we making a big deal of this?
Let's go out and share a pizza.
And wear something casual.'

It seems as if some people insist,
On provoking some kind of conflict.
The use of common sense,
Is as outdated as watching someone,
Hand wash dishes.
Without a screaming match.
Or observing the preparation of a meal,
From scratch.
When was it seen someone did that?
And leaving that which is frozen in the 'frig'.
Not to microwave thing.

Today,
People are impatient with their own lives.
And have no respect for the lives lived by others.
Disagreements aren't settled through discussion.
Today...
People don't even bother to dress to kill!
Preferring the use of threats.

In their underwear,
People could care less...
If they are seen in public addressing their rage.
To eventually declare a 'temporary' mental insanity.
And lots of sympathy shown,
By those who totally understand.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Dressed For Effectiveness

You say he is building a coalition,
With no top Blacks.
You don't know that for a fact.
And besides...
He is making attempts to unite.
Not keep up division...
With those proposing,
A continuance of undecisive
And continued indivision.
The days ahead will be of change.
Not a rearrangement,
To keep the same folks and policies estranged...
With fresh faces to retrace old places.
In his administration...
You can guarantee,
No one will be there 'dressed' for effectiveness...
Just to play a part.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Dressed For The Occasion

One step made to move forward,
And away from a known quicksand...
Is the best advice one can give to another,
Who believes sinking into a pit with others...
That refused opportunities to be rescued,
But repeatedly told...
It takes effort and motivation to recognize benefits,
With a leaving behind old habits and addictions.

A togetherness unified in an ignorance,
Eventually results...
In a deepened mental sickness.

So difficult it is to relate...
To those unaccustomed to listening to comprehend,
That requesting assistance to escape from a pit...
Is what most will describe as self-determination.
And Is not the same thing as,
Awaiting for decisions to be made by others promising...
Each one dipping slowly in quicksand,
Will be granted their wants and wishes...
Of getting prestigious jobs and equal pay with bonuses.
And one day...
All of their dreams will be fulfilled.

'So...
I'm kinda confused.
Should I or should I not,
Express my unity by joining the others...
Sinking in quicksand? '

~Well...
Some of us rushed here to pull them out.
Earlier.
But they refused.
Because we did not come dressed for the occasion.~

'That makes no sense.'

~And that question you have just asked of me,
Does? ~

'Yeah. In a way.
You don't look like the ones,
I've seen on TV.
You know...
The ones with the boots and cowboy hats.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Dressed In Personas

Yes...
You may come in to sit and chat!
You may come in...
Feel welcomed and relaxed.

You are invited to explore beliefs,
Released from tensions created by deceit.
I will not greet you with conceit,
Or provide an atmosphere teased to defeat!

I too have known flight from misunderstanding.
And I stood my ground...
When I found I refused to fail my mission
To be unconditionally 'me'!

And I learned how upsetting that can be...
For those still dressed
In personas that keep them hidden,
Cloaked and tested.

Yes...
You may come in to sit and chat!
I recognize where you are at!
And it feels so good we both are here...
Without seeking direction.
Focused with introspection free,
And undenied.
Being who we are...
Unthreatened with nothing to hide!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Dribbling Balls Being Playfully Tossed

For decades they've kept the same charade.
To stand on urban corners...
Idled to brag,
About children abandoned they fathered.

Some even spent jail time sharing cells with sons.
Not having a clue what this has done.
And everyone of them meet and greet everyday.
Wasting time and their lives away.

They wish to unify this ignorance.
With games of sports played...
As their babies mamas,
Look on from behind fences.

With beliefs this connects,
To benefit a long lasting wisdom in retrospect.
Yet a maturity from their minds,
Has been dissected!
And a respect for progress,
Is left rejected.

For decades they've kept the same charade.
To stand on urban corners...
Idled to brag,
About children abandoned they fathered.

And a society that has condoned this,
Does not seem to bother to comprehend...
The feeding of these cycles,
Weaken and demean.
Once this investment has been deposited...
The return is mediocrity.

And mediocrity neither glitters brightly.
Nor does it sparkle with a sheen.
Especially when motivation...
Has been demoted and freed of expectations!
Cheered on by those mesmerized...

By the sweat inducing effects,
Of dribbling balls being playfully tossed!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Drifting Away From Under Where They Sit

Plummeting from careers of positions,
Are those who jumped hastily.
On the backs of high horses.
So attached to the climbing,
There they were.
Focused and attracted to silver linings.
Blinding many by the bling.

And leaving behind as fast as they could,
Established relationships with friends.
And memories of those old neighborhoods.
The climbing for the bling,
And taste for expensive things.
For them that did this,
Felt so good.
And.
Liberating.

Moments of desperation suddenly came overnight.
A changing of insights began to weaken feelings of 'might'.
It was back then.
In the golden era of two thousand and ten,
A blazing Sunshine upon them began to dim.
As if someone had greased the backs,
Of those high horses drifting away from under where they sit.
How dare those visions split from them like this.

Many could not hold on.
Good times from dusk until dawn,
For many.
Were going to go to be forever gone.
With an unpaying of pretentions due.
And a pride of high credit scores.
Falling too?

And it seemed as if a quick grip on yesterday,
With a feeding of those dreams with wishes they would stay.
Upon demand.
Were slipping from grips to slide away,

From those clutches of now trembling.
Wet with sweat,
Manicured and shaking hands of those in deep regret.

And the cries of those trying to keep their hopes alive,
Are heard.
To reach the ears of those strolling upon the streets,
From the most extravagant of places.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Driven By A 'Drive' Makes Life Worth Living

Each day we live to witness,
Has its own identity.
And each day we see begin,
From Sunrise to Sunset's end...
Has reason to be,
Like none before it...
Gone and experienced.

To live life inspite of what others may say,
In whatever day that is done.
Everyone has a different appreciation for life.
Some choose to limit their existences,
By being busy beavers in other folks' business.
And doing that with a priority.
Since their own lives are empty with purpose.
And no one should live without having an interest.
A hobby or 'something' to call their own....
Makes the sharing of this,
An adventure more condoned

Others are observed enjoying each second,
As if it is their last.
I admire the ones who are obviously in pain.
Walking around with assisted 'walkers'.
Or getting from A to B with the support of a cane.
And driven by a 'drive' makes life worth living.

Each day has its own identity.
As sure as we decide to address and change agendas.
Exhaling what has been inhaled,
With a breath released to push out.
And there are no guarantees that are offered to us.
No matter if we scream and shout.
Or keep it 'twisted' like Chubby Checker.

'Chubby who? '

~Let's keep this moving forward! ~

Thank you!
Although we believe we can adopt certainties.
Like having a 'career' after spending thousands,
On getting a college degree.
Or receiving an award for some display of loyalty.
And many believe they can live each day,
Doing exactly what they please.
WE don't have those opportunities.
Not to do 'exactly' what we please!
I don't care where someone parks their yacht.
Or make claims how many millions it takes,
To keep them from feeling worthless.

But each day that comes to us,
If we are blessed to live it.
Needs from us a committment shown...
We are grateful to participate,
By creating 'something' to give and celebrate.
Not hoard or brag about how we stay entrapped...
By 'things' that can't touch us back.
Like grass and the leaves on trees.
Or watching a river flow...
From atop a hill and 'still' we lookup,
With our eyes opened wide under falling snow.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Driven By Delusion

Driven by delusion?
Where did you get that conclusion?

We heard that and chose it to ignore.
Since we know how we arrived.
And persistence did it.
Most times with the pedal pushed to the floor.
With a confidence to approach,
And knock on many doors.

Driven by delusion?

Delusion might have taken the credit.
But we did not sit in stifled reminiscing!
With champagne sipping on caviar dreams!
Are you kidding?
Not one of us tried to find that time.
If you knew how precious to us time means?

Driven by delusion?

We do admit there had been some wishes.
But all of us are aware of this...
A good work ethic could not be dismissed.
And delusion came along for the ride.
Delusion had nothing to do with our drive!
Not a thing to do with this...
Not one bit!

And,
Let me say this...
'IF' you believe any of this was driven by delusion,
You obviously have been fantasized by 'bling'
And not by substance.

Since substance requires one to take control,
With an experience to be behind the wheel!
And none of us has acquired a taste for substitutes.
To waste and use as an excuse.

Choosing to lead.
And not be the ones who followed.

'And,
Just 'who' are the 'we' you refer to? '

Oh...
Apologies!
I always refer to myself in third person!
Especially if the task 'appears' to be more than I can handle!
With 'that' on my mind.
And so far...
I've underestimated myself too often.

But 'never' my abilities!
You have no idea,
How they seem to have a mind of their own!

'I'm learning not to take anything for granted!
Not a single thing.'

Why are you backing away from me like that?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Driven From The Seat

His life is a lie.
Smothered under alibis.
Tied he is to connected delusions!
Only his breathing...
Is not worth debate or denied!
Everything else should be of concern.
As he is driven from the seat,
Of every illusion he yearns!

Kept nourished he is,
To feed an ego burning...
That has marred a scarred reality.
And nothing of this he has learned...
For him to expect a respect not earned!

His life is a lie.
Smothered under alibis.
Tied he is to connected delusions!
And a dangerous mind like his,
Continues to leave behind misery!
And tears to those believing...
Anything he says he is!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Driven Into Fits As Unrestless Misfits Twitch

I've noticed children that lack discipline,
Are accustomed to their parents or guardians...
Shouting out demands to them.
With cussing heard that eventually is returned,
To the same people to have their ears burn.

For the most part children learn by example.
Not from samples taught by teachers in classrooms...
Driven into fits as unrestless misfits twitch unable to sit.
To have parents defend their children looking innocent,
In front of a judge delivering limited sentences.

To nip that disrespect in the bud,
With a punishment suitable is no longer legit.
Instead what children do today is tolerated...
And out of control they are,
As everyone seems to make excuses for it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Driven To Madness

No matter where one goes.
Or language one speaks...
With or without an ethnic heritage,
To proclaim!
There is going to be a gratification sought,
To satisfy.

Human beings have a tendency,
To denounce their animalistic cravings...
As unnatural.
Confessing...
They have 'sins', flaws and other blemishes.
And yet attempt to escape from their insecurities...
Through games of conflict.
And the obsession they impose upon themselves,
To obtain possessions.

Only to rid themselves of possessions...
To be lured and tempted to seek physical gratifications,
To satisfy.
And driven to madness,
If denied!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Drop Kick That Evil

We've got to get together and defeat the beast that eats...
Any remnants of peace!
That beast wants to cease a potential feasting of peace,
Released.
And this keeps a people teased by evil.

We've got to get together on collective feet.
And march together in a harmonized beat.
To sweep away the preaching of what's evil.

Drop kick that evil.
Like a football kicked right over a goal.
Drop kick that evil.
Don't leave it in your hands to hold.
To get tackled and crushed up.
Laying flat on a knocked out butt.

We've got to get together and defeat the beast that eats...
Any remnants of peace!
We've got to get together on collective feet.
And march together in a harmonized beat.
To sweep away the preaching of what's evil.

Drop kick that evil.
Like a football kicked right over a goal.
Drop kick that evil.
Don't leave it in your hands to hold...
To get your butt dumped on!

That beast wants to cease a potential feasting of peace,
Released.
And this keeps a people teased by evil.
Drop kick that evil.

There is nothing that appeals.
Drop kick that evil.
No matter how you feel...
'Eveal' is real.

Drop kick that evil.
There is nothing that appeals.
Drop kick that evil.
No matter how you feel...
'Eveal' is real.

Drop kick that evil.
There is nothing that appeals.
Drop kick that evil.
No matter how you feel...
'Eveal' is real.

Drop kick that evil.
No matter how you feel...
'Eveal' is the 'real' enemy!

Drop kick that evil.
'Eveal' is the 'real' enemy!
Drop kick that evil.
'Eveal' is the 'real' enemy!
Drop kick that evil.
'Eveal' is the 'real' enemy!
Drop kick that evil.
'Eveal' is the 'real' enemy!

Drop kick that evil.
Drop kick that evil.
Drop kick that evil.
Drop kick that evil!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Drop Your Buns Aunt Betty

Drop your buns Aunt Betty,
And that package on your back.
We ate your baked cookies,
And they went rather fast.

Drop your buns Aunt Betty,
We know they are delicious
Since they're made with cinnamon.
We're not a bit suspicious
Of the love that's in them.
Drop your buns Aunt Betty,
And grab a little snack and relax.
You owe us that!

Drop your buns Aunt Betty,
And that package on your back.
We ate your baked cookies,
And they went rather fast.

Drop your buns Aunt Betty.
Would you like a bowl of soup,
To boot that mood that has you pooped.
From all that mixing in the kitchen fixing food that you do.
There's some noodles with onions and peppers in it too!

Drop your buns Aunt Betty,
And that package on your back...
And relax.

Drop your buns Aunt Betty,
We know they are delicious
Since they're made with cinnamon.
We're not a bit suspicious
Of the love that's in them.
Drop your buns Aunt Betty,
And grab a little snack and relax.

You owe us that!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Dropped From Acknowledgement

And suddenly prevented,
To receive.
With a stunning astonishment,
That stops in doubts...
An acceptance to believe.

People have been ushered away,
From an acceptance to believe...
They can be happy.
And know love.
With a keeping of those promises,
That come from above...
A faith that's kept will have them manifest,
Joy!

But people have been made afraid,
By deceptions told to keep.
And left behind...
Are the possibilities of peace.
And left behind...
Are those wishes for a harmony!

Dropped from acknowledgement.
And suddenly prevented to receive,
Is love.
And...
Dropped from acknowledgement.
And suddenly prevented to receive,
Happiness!
And....
Dropped from acknowledgement.
And suddenly prevented to receive,
Harmony!
And....
Dropped from acknowledgement.
And suddenly prevented to receive,
Is a doing and with joy!

Suddenly prevented from acknowledging,

All of life can be lived...
With a quality of it received!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Dropped Jeans

No men popped for them.
Not those raised to lay in playpens.
Hot topics of 'where' the men could be?
Seems to be an ongoing mystery...
To those accepting disbelief.
As if this has been buried in backyards,
And vaulted in concrete!
Instead of glaring in their faces,
Uncovered by dropped jeans.
Exposing aging butts!

Why they haven't given that up?
Why can't they see the desperate need,
For changing?
Could it be...
No one wants to touch the butts?
Or mention a clean hygiene!
Perhaps fresh thoughts of reality...
Would be a touchy subject,
That would to them demean!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Dropped On Strong Scented Roses

Where do people think they go,
To run and hide...
In a creation God has made.
Only fools believe themselves unseen,
From The Creator.
And those who seek truth revealed.
Lies become like manure one thinks,
Can be dropped on strong scented roses.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Dropped To My Knees

'Whoever is using the bathroom!
Will you please close the door?
I've run out of candles and incense!
And the deodorant spray I left at the store!
I do understand your need to connect...
But you've got me dropped to my knees,
And you are cutting off my breath!
So do that for me...
I beg you 'Please? '
(whew...jeez!)

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Drops Of It Hitting Shores Everywhere

Feed me unfed delusions.
If you believe me to be that unconscious.
Too slick and greasy has been the sleaze.
Even as I observe the deceit,
You wish to keep my mind fantasized.
And me kept fast asleep!

Feed me unfed delusions.
If you believe me to be that unconscious.
Too slick and greasy has been the sleaze.
Even as I observe the deceit,
You wish to keep my mind fantasized.
And me kept fast asleep!

But how can you keep such a stench out of the air?
How can you keep drops of it hitting shores everywhere?

Feed me unfed delusions.
If you believe me to be that unconscious.
Too slick and greasy has been the sleaze.
Even as I observe the deceit,
You wish to keep my mind fantasized.
And me kept fast asleep!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Drown Me In Your Light

Drown me in your light,
And let it shine on me.
Stormy are the clouds.
So treacherous the seas.

Drown me in your light,
And let it shine on me.
Stormy are the clouds.
So treacherous the seas.

Pull me up.
Come and pull me up.
From the gutters that I suffer,
I don't want or need.

Pull me up.
Come and pull me up.
From the gutters that I suffer,
That keeps me on my knees to bleed.

Drown me in your light,
And let it shine on me.
Stormy are the clouds.
So treacherous the seas.

Pull me up and set me down,
On solid ground.
Pull me up and set me down.
With your shining light on me.

Could you please,
Come and shine your light on me.
Could you please.
Could you please...
Come and pull me up,
From the gutters that keep me on my knees.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Drugged In A Self Love

Change the title.
Leave the content unfulfilling.
Call yourself brilliant.
Applaud.
Develop your own audience.
And as long as you keep your taste,
To keep a redundancy in place.
You will always enjoy the sounds of your own clapping.
Feeling what you have done,
Deserves an ovation.
It's the stagnation of what you present,
That has you drugged in a self love...
Too obvious it goes unshared.
But then again...
What is done is based upon whims.
And not with depth reflected.
You have just but a surface...
Thinned by lack of purpose!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Drugged On Myths, Symbols And Image

Marketed fantasy based realities,
Sold to increase a depleted thought process...
Many today have discovered useless,
As a necessity of life to be taken for granted...
While entitlements handed have become prioritized.
Continues to astound the ones skipping around,
The facts attacking their delusions.
Delusions fed to consume to go unrecognized.

And today as times are and enforced to exist,
So many resist for them a truth to face,
As being too offensive, too honest...
And just too expensive to expose to those duped,
Drugged on myths, symbols and image to pursue...
Too addicted to standards they value,
To jeopardize a hypnotized conformity disguised...
With minds safely unconscious and aided by deceits,
That might disturb an awakening of all from their stupors...
To identify the alternative opening eyes wide from a deep sleep.

'Am I dreaming?
What's going on?
Where am I?
How did you get in here?
Are you the Sugar Plum Fairy?
Here to deliver my wishes to come true? '

~Yeah.
I'm here to deliver to you some truth.
Snap out of it.
I aint got all day.
You're not the only one on my list.~

'Santa?
Is that you? '

~GOD?
I think this calls for another approach.
This mysterious messenger deliver service,

Isn't working.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Drugged On Status And The Superficialness Of Looks

They've accepted themselves as worthless.
Giving in to subservience,
To flourish a form of obedience...
Only a blinded leech would love!

Drugged on status and the superficialness of looks.
Giving themselves over to bad diets without insight...
With a lack of discipline,
That now has caught up to each one of them!

Addicted to worshipping false gods and 'things'.
Believing confessing 'sins' will produce for them wings.
Distorted by their own reflections,
They believe their neighbors envy!
And sickened by myths...
To limit the lives God has blessed them with,
They sit reduced to produce their own sorrows in ignorance!

They've accepted themselves as worthless.
Giving in to subservience,
To flourish a form of obedience...
Only a blinded leech would love!
And none could care less,
How to spell 'shallow' or address it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Dt

Stirring the pot,
On a flame kept hot...
Makes an interesting taste,
For those who like their lives...
Deliciously spiced and enticing.

There is a new chef in town,
Finding a soup served...
Too common and predictable.
Too self-serving and void of imagination.
And the new chef wants that changed.

'What's the new chef's name? '

In the kitchen he prefers to be called DT.
But those who are beginning to adore his flavor,
They personally desire to call him, Mister Trump.

'That's the same guy running for 'President'.'

Sssshhh.
Keep your voice down.
He's also the one,
Attracting the people who come around...
Loving what he does.
And he doesn't want it shown,
He's just doing it to flaunt his ego.

'How many hats does he wear? '

Who cares?
In these times what he prepares,
We have found deliciously unpretentious.
And direct.
He's coming out of the kitchen.
Pretend you don't notice him.

'Why? '

He likes to captivate first,
Before revealing his intentions.
Since the best of chefs,
Test to build their demographics...
Without assuming,
Who has already been sold.

'And that approach,
Leaves him Dramatically Triumphant.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Ducking Tasks

Ducking tasks to not to face,
But pass to leave unfinished.
Only get bigger,
To appear in one's gaze.

Ducking tasks with hopes they pass,
Begins one to start dashing fast...
From harrassments no one out runs,
From those awaiting to do that done.

Too many attempt to dodge obstacles,
While seeking scapegoats...
Often feel provoked by puzzling troubles,
To double on their paths.

And sweating to create more escapes,
To play it safe...
Only places people like these,
Repeatedly on their knees.
Pleading they've been victimized,
By denials and lies they want others to buy.

Ducking tasks to not to face,
Does not eliminate mistakes one makes.
Or remove those doubts one can not figure out.
But heard with it to continue,
Is the trash they spew from their filthy mouths.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Due For Much Success

I had not decided to become impressive.
Anyone who knows me...
Knows that's the last thing,
I wish to address.

I don't think anyone begins with that in mind.
One who lives to do their best...
Isn't obsessed by impressions left.
Or have concerns with what they should do next.

When I hear that I've impressed...
By doing something I enjoy.
I wonder to myself,
What is it I've employed?

I know I've been considered 'different'
In an environment where folks are conformed.
I have never felt restricted by conditions like that!
Perhaps that is why I've been considered out of the 'norm'.

I've always been encouraged to express myself.
And not to follow on a path...
Laid down by someone else.
I was taught to listen to comprehend.
And to leave my mind open,
For a thinking process to begin!

I had not decided to become impressive.
Anyone who knows me...
Knows that's the last thing,
I wish to address.
However...
I am willing to bet it is holding myself accountable.
And acknowledging my mistakes...
That so many are afraid to say they make!

And if that impresses...
I am due for much success!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Due To Interpretation

The troubles most people have,
Are all due to interpretation.
With an excuse to remain amused,
While refusing to face them to eliminate.

You see...
There are those who choose to perceive,
Their kept delusions to be threatened.
And by the ones doing their best,
To ignore them but with little success.

And yet with the increasing mental stabilities,
Being exposed and freely released...
A peace one wishes to live is on the decrease,
As those with troubles seek to approve this 'peace'.
To fear it done without conflicts to inflict on everyone.

Troubles are kept and projected.
Mindsets accept manipulation.
And the ones experienced in deception,
Keep their mental defects under radar.
To leave the implementation to go undetected.

'Your assessment is quite severe.'

I have learned to drink my scotch on the rocks.
No ginger to aid a clarity I endear.
Nor do I have a preference for expense.
Since the pretense of it I discovered,
Had been too socially accepted.

'Then what are you doing here? '

Drinking scotch on the rocks.
Obviously you are not into it?

'No I am not.
I prefer to 'wine'.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Duels Between Thieves

Duels between thieves,
Eventually have to happen.
A source to go where thefts are made,
To ensure quality craved maintains its taste...
Does not sustain itself,
When thieves are not focused on originality.
Thieves have none!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Duet In Harmony

Wanting it more to stay.
This feeling I have and prayed for.
If it should leave,
My needs would feed
Off misery
And pain I made.

Escapade days.
This is one I would save.
Caught in between...
A love I daydream,
And past thoughts I can not free
From me.

Who is that one in a crowd?
That one that looks at me now!
With a smile that seems just for me,
And a nod or two.

Who is that one in a crowd?
That one that looks at me now!
With a smile that seems just for me,
And a nod or two.
Not knowing one nod would do!

Sitting with thoughts.
My heart with memories brought.
To give me reason to sigh...
And wonder why,
I deny I'm all alone!

If only...
You were with me,
To see the way I can be.
Wishing...
More for romance.
And just once more chance...
To duet in harmony,
When greeted!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Dumb As They Come

I resent you calling me dumb as they come.
At least when you called me ignorant,
I felt secure and amongst my peers.
But now,
You have ruined that by singling me out.
And since you have done that,
I am treated with envy and jealousy.
And I have never been one,
To seek that kind of attention

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Dumb Stuff

A flop I did do!
I was a rookie when I hooked up,
To the dumb stuff.
I was a rookie when I hooked up,
To the dumb stuff.
I was a rookie when I hooked up,
To the dumb stuff.
With a giving as much of it up!

I let it done to overcome,
All the dumb stuff.
I let it done to overcome,
All the dumb stuff.
I let it done to overcome,
All the dumb stuff.
With a giving as much of it up!

A flop I did do.
At times I hated when I found out,
It was dumb stuff.
At times I hated when I found out,
It was dumb stuff.
At times I hated when I found out,
It was dumb stuff.
With a giving as much of it up!

A flop I did do,
To help improve my movements.
Yes a flop I did do.
A flop I did do.

Oh yes a flop I did do.
To help improve my movements.
Yes a flop I did do.
A flop I did do.

I was a rookie when I hooked up,
To the dumb stuff.
I let it done to overcome,

All the dumb stuff.
At times I hated when I found out,
It was dumb stuff.
But that dumb stuff finally helped me wake up!

All the dumb stuff,
That I did I chose to give up!
All the dumb stuff,
That I did I chose to give up!
And it was dumb stuff...
That I did I chose to give up!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Dumb Things Done

Can you save me?
From those dumb things done.
Can you save me?
To stop those dumb things done.
Is it possible,
That I can overcome...
Being such a fool and thinking that it's cool.

Can you save me?
To stop those dumb things done.
Is it possible,
That I can overcome...
Being such a fool and thinking I'm extra cool.

My mama told me my head was thick.
And my papa use to look at me,
Then bite his lower lip.
My teachers thought of me as just a tragedy,
Because whatever they taught...
I asked for facts to see.

Can you save me?
To stop those dumb things done.
Is it possible,
That I can overcome...
Being such a fool and thinking I'm extra cool.

Can you save me?
From those dumb things done.
Can you save me?
To stop those dumb things done.
Is it possible,
That I can overcome...
Being such a fool and thinking that it is cool.

Can you save me?
From those dumb things done.
Is it possible,
To stop those dumb things done.

I don't want to spend my life just thought as a fool.

Can you save me?
From those dumb things done.
I don't want to spend my life just thought as a fool.

Is it possible,
To stop those dumb things done.
I don't want to spend my life just thought as a fool.

You've got to save me,
And point out dumb things done.
I've begun to realize I might that fool.

You've got to save me,
And point out dumb things done.
Just don't call me 'stupid' prove to me it's true.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Dumb, Stubborn And Young

When the printed money ends.
Will you love me like back then?
Often spending every dime we had.

When the heat this Winter cools.
And my toes are cold to touch.
Will your love for me be half filled...
Gladly in an empty cup?

Can we still do the boogey like we ate peanuts.
Sipping on one glass of powdered juice?

Can we still do the boogey with the shells...
From licked cream puffs?
Each rubbing on our loose caboose.

Oh remember when we weren't bling stung!
Oooohhh remember when we were so dumb...
Stubborn and young!

'Sounds like the names of my lawyers.
Trying to convince me,
The money I have invested with them...
Will help restore the economy.'

Oh remember when we weren't bling stung!
Oooohhh remember when we were so dumb...
Stubborn and young?

And to those days we should say...
Goodbye and...so long!
Since we are now held captive...
By those who love the wrong!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Dumbed Down, Profoundly Ignorant And Entertained

Without a knowledge of what is going on around them...
It is best that they remain,
Dumb down, profoundly ignorant and entertained.
Symbolized into a dysfunctional bliss.
And controlled by myths...
That have nothing to do with their existence!
But an awakening comes to stun everyone.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Dumbfounded

Using the same routines,
To polish up on achieving
The same results.
Although they profess to be professionals...
Many are left heartbroken!
Astounded and dumbfounded,
As to why their activities
Has yet to revive,
The minstrel era!
Claiming this oversight...
Is not humorous to them at all!
Since they did recall a time of full employment!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Dumbfounding Those With A Nose Disease

There is a solution,
For those who become irritated...
By others who seem not to be able,
To mind their own business.

It is suggested to develop multiple interests,
In diverse areas...
That appear to be completely disconnected,
By the ones infected by this nose disease.

Announce publicly a specific interest,
That will attract nose diseasers to focus on it...
With their creative comments, criticisms, etc.
While those other areas of interests...
Are free to flourish without detection.

Until,
Of course...
An unsuspecting attention is given,
As a flourishing noticed begins.
Dumbfounding those with a nose disease,
With the shutting of their puzzled mouths

These and other antidotes to protect one's business,
As well as one's happiness in communities...
Where an active dipping into other people's business,
Satisfies a cost effective entertainment...
Can be implemented to decrease aggravation.
With thought and aggressive conscious strategy applied.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Dump It To Quit

You can choose to dump it,
Whenever you get sick of it.
Choose to do it,
With a getting rid of it
Whenever you get sick of it...
Dump it.
Dump it.
Dump it...
Quick!

You can choose to dump it,
Whenever you get sick of it.
Choose to do it,
With a getting rid of it
Whenever you get sick of it...
Dump it.
Dump it.
Dump it...
Quick!

Choose to get rid of it.
And dump it.
Choose to get rid of it.
And dump it.
Choose to get rid of it.
And dump it.
Dump it,
And quick.

Choose to get rid of it.
And dump it.
Choose to get rid of it.
And dump it.
Choose to get rid of it.
And dump it.
Dump it,
And quick.

You can choose to dump it,

Whenever you get sick of it.
Choose to do it,
With a getting rid of it
Whenever you get sick of it...
Dump it.
Dump it.
Dump it...
Quick!

Choose to get rid of it.
And dump it.
Choose to get rid of it.
And dump it.
Choose to get rid of it.
And dump it.
Dump it,
And quick.

Dump it,
And quick.
Dump it,
And quick.
Dump it,
And quick.
Dump it,
To quit.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Dump Their Do's Undone

Concealing one's dysfunctions,
Can lead to presumptions...
That 'anyone' can dump,
Their 'do's undone
On those who didn't see them,
Coming!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Dumping Ground

The dumping ground,
Attracts dysfunctions of all kinds.
Those with and/or without minds...
Wherever and whenever,
The scent of encouragement is found...
Solicited!

And anyone not playing a part,
In this disturbed slice of life ordered...
Complete with social misfits witnessed.
Can only be made to feel,
Like a piece of a puzzle that does not quite fit.
Although the allure of it often smuggles,
Anyone with a consciousness away!

This is the dumping ground found...
Surrounding to enrich,
Suburbia.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Dumping Many Buckets

A building done,
With no retraint...
Peels the paint.
And cracks the stairs.

And those staring in despair,
Are not there to tile the roof.
When all moved in...
Everything 'appeared'...
To glisten with gloss and be good as new.

Now they are inside,
Dumping out the buckets...
From a dripping done,
Through the roof.

Yes...
Now they're inside,
Dumping many buckets...
With the hope their home stays status proof!

Nobody cares about repairs!
No one aware of repairs is prepared.

And those staring in despair,
Are not there to tile the roof.
When all moved in...
Everything 'appeared'...
To glisten with gloss and be good as new.

A building done,
With no retraint...
Peels the paint.
And cracks the stairs.

Nobody cares about repairs!
No one aware of repairs is prepared.

Now they're inside,

Dumping out the buckets...
From a dripping done,
Through the roof.

Yes...
Now they're inside,
Dumping many buckets...
With the hope their home stays status proof!

Now they're inside,
Dumping many buckets...
With the hope their home stays status proof!

And with a crying sigh,
Dumping many buckets...
With the hope their home stays status proof!

No one has driven by,
Watching them dump buckets...
And pretending there's no leaking from their roof

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Dumping To Pump Up A Negative

Pull from me...
My very best.
To expect it.
And to get.

Pull from me...
Positivity.
With a doing I can give,
To be seen and to reflect it.

I will not give it or receive,
A dumping to pump up a negative.
I am not one to feed and leave,
A dumping to pump up a negative.

Pull from me...
My very best.
To expect it.
And to get.

Pull from me...
Positivity.
With a doing I can give,
To be seen and reflect it.

I will not give it or receive,
A dumping to drop just poppycock.
I am not one to feed to leave,
Poppycock droppings to do nonstop.

Pull from me...
Positivity.
With a doing I can give,
To be seen and to reflect it.

I will not give it or receive,
A dumping to pump up a negative.
I am not one to feed to leave,
Poppycock to drop and done nonstop.

I will not give it or receive,
A dumping to pump up a negative.
I am not one to feed to leave,
A poppycock dropped nonstop.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Dungeons

Big shots poop out now!
Mangled they are...
And twisting in gale forced winds.
An ending to feed them notoriety...
Has bled enough sorrows,
They no longer can bleed gains.
Fame, fortunes and slander...
Have become useless as weapons,
For them.
They are stripped and seen as shallow.
Gone are the accolades.
Torment arrives.
Fear in their eyes,
Can not close tight enough...
To keep them from lamenting their misdeeds!
These folks are worthless!
Deserving their shame.
And not one ounce of pity...
Should they get or claim!
In clandestined delight...
They united to usurp freedoms.
Now they have none,
In the dungeons of their trapping grief!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Duped To Be Used

Duped to be used.
To leave confusion by the doing.
Duped to be used.
Those tricked,
And hoodwinked.
No matter what who thinks.

Duped to be used.
To leave confusion by the doing.
Duped to be used.
Those tricked!
And hoodwinked.
No matter what who thinks.

Not rare.
But...
So convenient it is for those who lie,
To boost their egos and rely on someone picked...
And perceived vulnerable enough,
To twist the truth of their activities.
With a doing of this done,
By the ones valuing to pride their slick tongues.

Duped to be used.
And left confused by the doing.
Duped to be used.
To trick.
And hoodwink.

Until those picked become suspicious of it.
To then realize they are not the only victims of this.
There have been others too buying into this mental slickness,
Unknowing how quick they have been to listen...
To someone with issues they are unable to admit,
By lieing as a habit they will do and not quit.
Just for the attention of it they get.
With a relishing done in embellishments.

Not rare.

But...
Those who lie on others,
Don't really care.

Duped to be used.
And left confused by the doing.
Duped to be used.
To trick those hoodwinked.
No matter what who thinks.

Not rare.
But...
Those who lie on others,
Don't care.

Duped to be used.
And left confused by the doing.
Duped to be used.
Are those tricked!
And hoodwinked.
No matter what who thinks.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Duplication Of A Dream One Wishes

Beauty can be depicted,
To become one's replica...
Of a perception of it.

Whether on canvas or in magazines.
3D movies and on smaller screens.
Even in pageant shows,
With beauty depicted row after row...
Of replicas posing,
Hoping to reflect an acceptance of it.
To come close but not a clone.

And beauty represented for what it is,
Can never be duplicated!
Imitated, yes!
Duplicated, no!
Not as much as it can be appreciated,
When first and only seen.

Dolls are manufactured in factories,
To assemble for the purposes of just that.
A duplication of a dream one wishes,
To fulfill as fantasized...
As an image sought one seeks to re-create,
To be perceived as the real thing.
Like a snowflake when under microscope,
But not quite as closely scoped,
To examine as being unique 'and' original.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Duplicitous

Isn't it duplicitous,
To duplicated duplicity?

'Uh...
Run that by me one more time.
What is being duplicitous? '

A duplification.

'Okay.
But what duplification is duplicitous,
To qualify as being a duplicity?
You leave me stupefied.'

That's on you.
I'm not the one to introduce,
A stupefying of a stupefication.
Although I will admit,
The act of it can be duplicitous...
If stupidity was the topic.
But it isn't.

'Then what is? '

A duplification of one who is duplicitous.

'But who or what is being duplicitous? '

Anything that dupicates duplicity.
But apparently...
Your being stupefied complicates the issue.

'Do 'us' a favor! '

Sure.
What?

'Take your duplicity somewhere else,
To be duplicitous.

And I'll be okay with you leaving me stupefied.'

Trust me...
I will not be offended.
The doing is as sure as done.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Duplicitous Events

Everyday...
The same thing goes on.

And it's everyday...
We sing the same song!

Duplicitous.
Duplicitous.
Duplicitious are events who choose to live with.
And it is duplicitous.
As is seen duplicitous...
Those same events repeated,
Are met to greet as if they belong.

We seek to get duplicity!
To appear as if conformists.
We seek to get duplicity,
To perform a doing of a 'norm'.
With a doing that's duplicitous.
Just duplicitous.
Duplicitious are events who choose to live with,
Everyday come what may...
And everyday that stays.

We seek..
That duplicity,
To awaken everyday displayed!
We seek to get duplicity,
To awaken everyday displayed!
We seek..
Duplicity,
Everyday...
The same thing goes on.
We seek duplicity,
Everyday...
To sing the same song.
We seek duplicity,
Everyday...
The same thing goes on.

We seek duplicity,
Everyday...
To sing the same song.

And here we stay duplicitous,
Everyday...
The same thing goes on.
We are duplicitous,
Everyday...
To sing the same song.
Duplicitous events do prevent,
Fresh air and a welcomed change.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Duplicitous In Needs

Adorning shells.
Teased with temptations,
To physically update...
What is worn on their backs,
To impress and attract...
Those with eyes on fashion.
Fads and quick existences.
Trained to accept,
Themselves as domesticated.
Duplicitous in needs...
Adorning shells this human species.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

During And In The Aftermath

Always during and in the aftermath,
Exaggerated actions taken...
Seems to rush those quick and fast,
To erase the effects of what had just passed...
With a sudden awakening,
Of a reality no one has held in their grasp.

Always during and in the aftermath,
People are heard to ask themselves 'why'? ...
Such occurrences experienced,
Has them in the midst with a tightened grip.
And few refuse to acknowledge,
Being prepared to defend themselves or resist.

Yet with warnings signs appearing,
And messages delivered...
No one affected emotionally wishes to admit,
What had been clearly on their path...
Sat openly to exist,
To overlook and dismiss.

Always during and in the aftermath,
Eyes are opened wider with a priority...
And a sadness had.
To leave a truth that could have been pursued,
Again ignored...
With a permanence fixed.

But then...
Since many have become deluded...
That self-examining an addiction that fits,
Has nothing to do...
With a pain that periodically comes,
To make excuses once again to find comfort for its visit.

During and in the aftermath,
Even those affluent can not escape their foolishness.
Or attempt to hide their mental defects,
To isolate among those in an environment of riches.

But missing is the common sense,
No matter how analytical investigations get...
To convince those troubled although in denial.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Dust Collector

Not as close to center.
And away from the spotlight,
On life's stage.
This becomes evident and noticed,
By the one who becomes of age.
And having it one's way...
Is given.
Without swaying any one's opinion.

'Hey why not?
They are not going to be around here,
That long! '

~They who?
I'm aging too and so are you!
IF you're 'lucky'.~

A withering in appearance,
Is experienced as this 'blessing' occurs.
And the one who goes through the process adapts.
Since encouraging words seem to overflow as heard!
Coming from those still in their youth.

'You seem to be lost!
Do you need help crossing the street? '

~I need no help.
I happen to be thinking of a new recipe,
Thank you! ~

Reminding those who are aging...
How brave it is to have that much nerve,
To allow it to show and be done.
Leaving those in their youth,
Stunned by someone over the age of '31'...
Loving the act of aging!

'Mister, I heard you.
And you are well over '31'.

You are old enough to be my grandfather.'

~And I am willing to bet,
Your 'grandfather' never suggested...
Kids like yourself,
Need to learn how to mind your own business.
I could care less about you being in the spotlight.
I can shine just as bright and with more lustre without it.~

'Listen up...dust collector!
I don't have to pay you any attention at all,
Old man!
Wrap that around those aching bones and wrinkles.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Dust Off Those Wings

I am not saying your point of view is not validate.
Or that your perspective has been repetitively defined.
It has!
And I have not been exposed to any growth in your mind.
Of that I am convinced.

I too am here to learn!
And that is why I am leaving you where you are.
To satisfy both of our decisions.
You wish to dissect the reason why birds fly.
I wish to join them in the doing of it!

Maybe one day we will observe life in a similar way.
But right now,
Something inside me says...
'It is time to get to steppin'!
Dust off those wings.
If regrets are to be experienced...
Do it when they arrive.
But right now...
Soar and sing!
And IF you grow tired of the flight...
You 'might' experience regret.
But not before you are trying to make strides...
Others are attempting to delay.'

That is what I choose to listen to!
And that is what I am going to obey.
With no approval that my decision is 'okay'
From anyone.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Dusted Traditions

You will not find the answers in books.
Or researching through archives,
For clues to undo subdued remorse.
Nothing found printed,
Can seal cracks in cement!
What is occurring has needed full attention,
With 'hands on' acknowledgement...
And not through documents!

Those who followed scholars,
From a time long gone...
Those deemed to be brilliant...
In the centuries they were born!
Living processed concepts of life,
In days romanced and passed...
Can not be found today,
On cobblestones paved...
Erased to support,
Those urban sounds now heard...
And around on ground,
Violently shaking and disturbed!

Dusted traditions,
Picked over in transitions...
May satisfy those who try,
To bring a wholesome innocence back.
One that was glamourized,
And even then painted to attract!

Living in denial in the face of facts...
Is stirring up a turbulence,
In the minds of those...
Wishing added chapters exposed,
Were not so traumatic...
Sealed, abandoned and closed!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Dustmites

Within uniting in darkness we do.
In restful sleep that captures dreams.
Implants of an awakened 'world'.
To manifest a consciousness...
With choices made that come true,
It seems.

Within uniting in darkness we do.
Traveling unrestricted,
As limitations known are lifted.
And this 'energized' ray...
We see at night and call a star,
Merges all souls together in slumber...
Inside this cosmic feasting 'bazaar'.
Captured until our needs disappear.
Aliens too of this universe we are!
Illegal we are not!
In this vast blackness...
Where we are dropped.
On a tiny speck of dust.
Spinning without a stop!

Within uniting in darkness we do.
In restful sleep that captures dreams.
Implants of an awakened 'world'.
To manifest a consciousness...
With choices made that come true,
It seems.
Living to survive,
As dustmites on a piece
Of twirling fragile string!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Duties Are Diverse

God selects to whom He speaks.
When a mission needs to be addressed.
And it may not be to anyone,
Who is frequently on their knees.

And those who are chosen,
Know who they are.
They know what they must do.
And they have no one to prove it to!

When God tells His angels who to contact...
It isn't by telephone,
Or other listening devices outsiders can 'tap'.

The duties are diverse!
And these deeds on Earth He monitors.
Leaving those who believe,
They are in control to have others plead!

They seem to be left in amazement,
As to just how the power of God works!
To have those with current deceptions uncovered.
And exposed and reprimanded...
By those who have been picked,
To be the ones they are powerless...
To fight against!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Dwindling Supplies

If no one else has made attempts,
To what was perceived was there
And did not replenish it.
No one person alone can restore
That which is gone.
And isn't there anymore.

If it was not prioritized,
With an inventory taken of dwindling supplies
No one should be surprise,
The diminishing of it
Has vanished from all eyes.

No one can have what is not given right back.
That is not the way,
A feeding comes to stay.

No one can have what is not given right back.
That is not the way,
A feeding comes to stay.

If it was not prioritized,
With an inventory taken of dwindling supplies
No one should be surprise,
The diminishing of it
Has vanished from all eyes.

That is not the way,
A feeding comes to stay.

If no one else has made attempts,
To what was perceived was there
And did not replenish it.
No one person alone can restore
That which is gone.
And isn't there anymore.

No one can have what is not given right back.
That is not the way,

A feeding comes to stay.

No one can have what is not given right back.
That is not the way,
A feeding comes to stay.

No one can have what is not given right back.
That is not the way,
A feeding comes to stay.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Dysfunctional Minds

How can those with dysfunctional minds,
Be determined and confirmed.

'How? '

They are first to arrive at the scene of an accident,
And overheard discussing the appearance of the victims.

'But you must admit,
They could have dressed appropriately.
The colors they are wearing clash.
And not one has anything on that matches.'

That's not what I'm talking about.
We have been standing here to watch this,
And not one person has sought to seek help.

'It's appalling if you ask me.
Look.
Did you see that?
People are crowding around us.
And 'now' I've got to stand on my toes,
Just to see what's going on.'

That's what I'm saying.
People could care less about others.
Comeon, let's go.
People today are so insensitive.

'Tell me about it.
Now I can't see a thing.
Let's get out of here before I lose my appetite.'

I can't believe no one has yet called for help.
Psychopaths.
All of them.
Socially accepted psychopaths.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Each Dawning Every Morning

The Moon.
And Stars...
Reflect in your eyes,
To show the bright light you are.

And the Sun,
Above...
Gives you much more meaning,
When giving your love.

And day and night,
My mind stays right...
On you.

The Moon.
And the Stars...
Reflect in your eyes,
To show the bright light you are.

And the Sun,
Above...
Gives you much more meaning,
When giving your love.

And day and night,
My mind stays right...
On you.

And day and night,
My life feels like,
Brand new.

Each dawning every morning you'll hear me say,
Day and night...
My life feels like,
Brand new.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Each Day

Today,
Like everyday...
I'm thankful for the blessings that come!
No matter who may say they have none...
I see with my own eyes,
Mine are not disguised.

Each day,
That comes my way...
I'm thankful for the blessings that come.
No matter who may say they have none...
I see with my own eyes,
Mine are not disguised.

I don't awaken for unhappiness to test.
Nor do I look for it when Sun is on my roof,
In a mood.
In the morning I express my thankfulness.
Knowing I can choose to feel my very best.

Today,
Like everyday...
I'm thankful for the blessings that come!
No matter who may say they have none...
I see with my own eyes,
Mine are not disguised.

Each day,
That comes my way...
I'm thankful for the blessings that come.
No matter who may say they have none...
I see with my own eyes,
Mine are not disguised.

Each day,
I don't awaken for unhappiness to test.
Each day,
In the morning I express my thankfulness.
Each day,

I can select to feel my very best.
Knowing in my mind I wish this to address.

Today,
Like everyday...
I'm thankful for the blessings that come!
No matter who may say they have none...
I see with my own eyes,
Mine are not disguised.

Each day,
I don't awaken for unhappiness to test.
Each day,
In the morning I express my thankfulness.
Each day,
I can select to feel my very best.
Knowing in my mind I wish this to address,
Each day!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Each Day Lived Has Been A Dream

Why do you wish to know,
What will happen tomorrow?
You are not living today,
To appreciate what tomorrow brings.

Each day lived has been a dream.
A wish often disregarded.
And you were not prepared to start,
To fulfill your desires...
Or take part.

Each day lived has been a dream.
If your heart is not in it...
Tomorrow will come and go.
And you will not realize,
Or know you have benefitted...
And grow.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Each Day You Live

Feel blessed.
Give thanks and be grateful.
Your talents and gifts
May not be like those of your neighbors.
But that does not diminish your value.
And you are valued.
If you weren't...
The Sun would not shine upon you!
Even when you felt a little bit cloudy.
And sometimes drench with a cleansing rain.
But it is all good.
All of it.
Only if you saw it that way,
Each day you live...
With life given to you.
You would think of them as priceless.
Each and every day.
And glow knowing it!
Having no one in a position to assess you at all!
How could they?
When you are among God's treasures.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Each Moment In Prayer And Faith

I am not seeking interpretations...
Of how I see 'it',
This life I have that is mine.
Nor am I here to convince,
Your observation of 'it' is incorrect.
I am not here to spend that time.
I am perfectly happy with no regrets.
I have found my peace of mind.
However...
You seem to want to criticize,
The path you have chosen.
You claim with opened eyes.
Yet not accept without complaint!
But you believe I am being unrealistic...
Because the way you view 'it',
Does not disturb my point of view to taint!
I journey each moment in prayer and faith.
And it is obvious to me you 'ain't'!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Each Night That Dissolves Into Bright Daylight

The droning of their complaints remain unchanged.
A reaching to conceive refreshing heights of consciousness...
Goes unaddressed.
An addiction to deceive is profoundly obsessed.
And left to those who choose to break away,
From a conformity suppressing common sense...
Each night that dissolves into bright daylight.
Leaving those 'dense' to restrict movement.
With a choice of conflict and wickedness to sicken.
As attractions to define limitations are defended.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Each Of Us Will Have That Season

To leave and face...
The last dawn and Sunset,
Taking place as we graduate...
To do a shedding that eventually comes.
With a lifting our souls to other plateaus,
Invisible to the eyes of everyone.
As an animated life from our shells rise.

And all who have yet to travel there,
Are left feeling sorrow with tears cried...
In emotional despair.
Whenever that season comes to witness,
Someone loved we will miss to reminisce...
Transcend alone to another beginning unknown.
Leaving us to wonder what it is that condones,
A journey we call eternity and accept to call home!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Each One Needs A Title

Each one needs a title.
It's not enough to call them by their first names.
Or not be introduced,
Without hearing one's résumé.
And they are serious too.
They want people to know they've earned degrees.
They quickly reveal where they live, what they drive.
And where they eat to be fed the best cruisine.

Each one needs a title.
Something that widens eyes a lot.
Some are overheard saying,
Where they vacation and shop.
Who has a nanny!
And which ones do not.
Who employs a housekeeper.
And which services some had to stop.

Each one needs a title.
At least one impressive enough...
For tongues to wag,
And jaws to drop!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Each Step Of Life

To come to life and then to leave life,
Is not a probability.
The sequence is set in a procession,
One not needs to guess or attest.
Although many unconscious are heard,
Protesting each step of life...
As if some part of it disliked and not deserved.

Some are taught to think of themselves as chosen,
And believe it to recieve their wishes and dreams...
By affirming them true as possibilities.

Yet every life has been blessed,
And there are no exceptions.
Only those willing to acknowledge each step of life,
Has with it a required sacrifice...
Known as shown through a growth process,
Do it through disappointments.
Regardless if setbacks leaves them to feel upset.

And with this to witness but not to depths to digest,
Only a few come to qualify themselves...
Seeking a purpose to achieve.
Only a few with this identified,
Keep a pride to dignify and their identity believed.
And with this to witness but not to depths to digest,
Only a few pursue their endeavors to focus upon deeds...
With that done to do to leave others pleased.

Some are taught to think of themselves as chosen,
And believe it to recieve their wishes and dreams...
By affirming them true as possibilities.
Although each step of life one takes should be taught,
Lessons to learn have a purpose to serve.
To want with a wish to skip over them to choose,
Will never produce for anyone to experience...
Joy with happiness Or a wisdom to come that's done.

Each step of life,

Requires a prerequisite of time to give and patience.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Each Time You Ask Me

I am not going to tell you again,
What you should or should not feel.
Don't ask me to do that.

Each time I've done that in the past...
You brought your tears to weep upon my shoulders.
Caused by someone else I begin to despise.

You told me you would leave.
After asking me what you should do.
And how you should feel as you did it!

Why do I feel I am the one who has been victimized?
At least I am held hostage.
My heart is attached to you as well.

And each time you ask me...
To forgive and forget,
Someone I have not yet met!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Each Time You Disagree With Me

I just love to mess with you!
The only thing I dislike,
Is the smell you claim I leave
Each time you disagree with me.
But you must admit,
What it is we do you like!
Right?
That is why I am invited back.
And you and I both enjoy that!
Right?
Without each other in our lives...
We would not find what we do between us done,
As sweet!
And each time you disagree with me...
The time you wish us to meet seems so far away.
Until we both agree to say,
How much being away like this because of that,
Can hurt!
And my love to mess with you,
Often causes my own suffering!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Each To Our Own Beliefs

Do you mind if I asked you a question,
About 'your' beliefs?

'What about my beliefs?

Do you prefer to be constantly reminded,
Of someone's suffering?
Or would you rather see them freed,
Of their pain and agony?

'I am a Christian.'

That's why I asked you that question.
I see you wear a crucifix.

'Oh, that?
That's just a symbol of my religious affiliation.'

And...
Your beliefs,
Right?
A belief you maintain to sustain religiously,
Right?

'It is just a symbol.'

I get it.
A symbol of extreme and painful punishment,
Afflicted to have one suffer.
A belief you adorn to be constantly reminded of it.

'Not necessarily.
And you?
What are your beliefs? '

My beliefs don't keep me reminded of suffering,
That's for sure.
I'm into 'resurrections', revival...
And 'spiritual' growth that comprehends with understanding.

I'm not into contradictions.

'Each to our own beliefs.'

I agree.
Exactly.
You get no argument from me.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Each Word May Have A Multiple Definition

We must not protest,
Thoughtlessly...
The pre-sweetened taste,
Of truth...
That has been fed to mask the naturalness.
Set it aside.
But do not eagerly digest it!

And once that is done,
Everyone should at least get an opportunity...
To at least eat the fruit that has been peeled.
And not throw it away in belief it is not nutritional.
These are new days.
We must save the contents of the 'book' and cover.
Using everything to comprehend intentions.

In other words,
Even deceptions are viable.
And can effect the overall affects of understanding!
Remember...
A picture can paint a thousand words.
However each word used,
May have a multiple definition.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Each Yesterday

With each yesterday,
To have lived witness come...
Brighten to glow,
Into a slow colorful sunset.
Beautiful.
Fading away,
To take 'that' yesterday.
Few not so grateful,
Would pay attention to know...
With each yesterday reminisced,
Those tomorrows...
To have had to live,
As gifts to get...
Become more appreciated,
When noticed are the stages...
Coming to go as we grow older,
Accepting the phases of age.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Eager To Learn

On many levels you were told and shown.
In many ways,
The questions you now ask were raised,
And answered.

But the times were too early.
And in those days you shoveled away,
The best advice...
Like snow and ice on your path!
You wanted your outlook to be the one,
With stubbornness to last.

On many occasions you were there in debate.
Waiting to win,
An opinion given.
And even then you made decisions,
You often would regret.

Listening to comprehend,
Some folks like you have never learned to do!
And a suffering for them like yours,
Begins to sink through.

I was a victim myself...
Of a thick skull,
Protecting hard headedness.
Restricted by an ego I would not let go!
And lessons taught I ignored,
To do those things I thought were best.
Until I got tired,
Of blocking my own happiness.

On many levels you were told and shown.
In many ways,
The questions you now ask were raised,
And answered.

Perhaps in these days...
You now feel you are crazed.

And your ways like others you have followed...
Have left you dazed in sorrow.

But tomorrow,
If you let it...
Will come to please with teachings.
And you will be eager to learn...
How to patch those bridges burned.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Early Gifts

Don't worry about what others say and do.
If I come home and find you haven't done,
What I told you to...
I am not going to them!
I'm going straight to you.
In fact...
I will make it my business,
To make sure I see you first.
I'm not raising a child.
I'm grooming a man.
One day you will understand this.

'Those were early gifts,
Delivered and given to me by my mother.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Earned From Lessons Learned

I was not born to be dependent.
And used because of it.
I spent most of my life,
Being of assistance.
Since waiting for an exchange to be done...
Others resisted.
Or so it seemed.

I've laid on my back,
With several illnesses to recover.
And I can not recall,
Being pampered with love.
Or smothered by another.

So if it seems I am more direct than most.
It is not that I am unconcerned.
I've learned from my own experiences...
That my happiness depends on me.
And any success achieved by my efforts...
I know every bit of it has been deserved.
Every aspect has been blessed.
And all of it has been earned from lessons learned.

If there is any arrogance you may now detect...
You had not witnessed those obstacles I removed.
Nor those I regard now as fools.
As they chose to sling mud on my footsteps.

Am I still embittered by this?
Of course.

I am not that self involved to realize challenges remain.
And continue to exist.
Each one I meet and struggle to defeat...
Leaves me more humbled to reveal,
That side of me that can be tender and sweet.
After I've removed the sweat,
Underneath the armor!
That has protected me in battle.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Earned Happiness

From the day we first met,
I offered no pretense.
No attempts did I try,
To make for you a good first impression.

I learned very early in life,
To be 'me' without adornments.
And if that was not acceptable...
A connection was not meant!

From the day we first met,
I discussed with you my interests.
And they haven't changed from what they were.
They are the same today as is preferred.

But somehow you believe,
I have been deceiving.
When it has been you all this time...
Wasting mine playing hide and seek.

Somehow you believe,
I have been deceiving...
When all that I am,
Has been a public acknowledgement.

And that is why I live my life,
Free to be me.
With flaws and all to be addressed.
Leaving little to interfere with my earned happiness.

Hey...
To declare oneself to be free,
Is all the freedom one needs to experience it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Earning A Peace Of Mind Has Its Benefits

What makes people believe,
Those they had ignored in the past...
Have awakened with a wishful desire,
To be around those that had opposed them?
Or socialize with them,
To mingle and chit chat while smiling falsely.

I have never understood this!
Not with a longing to understand.
If someone ignores me,
That's one less face I have to look at.
And I immediately feel blessed for that.
Earning a peace of mind has its benefits.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Earning The Life I Live

While earning the life I live,
With a knowing what I wanted...
From the time I had been depicted,
As a strange and weird little kid...
I can imagine others spent their time,
Finding impressions to address them made.
And with an attention to get,
From those giving approval and to them gave.

While earning the life I live,
I endeared comments unforgotten...
About who did what to please my wants and needs.
As I sat with this done with them running to me.
And I enjoyed a 'lucky' life.
Because I did nothing else...
Being as 'smart' as I could be.
And I was free from doing chores or had responsibilities.

While earning the life I live,
I took steps early to explore to adventure the unknown.
And in places distant and away from relatives,
Or anyone I knew to adorn a military uniform.
With a facing of obstacles I had to prove I could remove.
To do to kiss boots and massage moody attitudes.

Earning the life I live,
With a making of mistakes made...
And surviving through broken relationships,
Gossip and innuendos spilling from critics' lips.
And confronting those wishing more my defeat,
As I witnessed to watch the doing of these misdeeds...
The earning the life I live kept me tolerant and patient.
Without rushing to knock out somebody's teeth.

While earning the life I live,
I know I've been blessed to stand on my own two feet.
And doing it to forgive those still evil.
Demons who 'assume' my dues were pre-paid for me.
And 'if' anyone should say this they did,

I'd like to know who they are and where they've been...
When my scars and wounds began to mend.

Earning the life I live to know it as is,
May have others opposing...
My peace of mind and happiness.
But while earning the life I live,
No one can say they have heard me complain.
Or lay blame on someone else to claim,
The benefits of experiences I've gained to maintain...
While earning the life I've been blessed to live.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Earning The Right To Live My Life

What do you want to hear?
Remember...
You were the one,
To make fun of my attempts.
And you solicited an audience to applaud,
What you thought were my failures.
I don't understand!
What do you want me to hear?
How you now would like to erase those years?
Do whatever you wish.
You don't have to whisper that to me!
I have long considered you,
And those who gave you their attention...
Fools.
I've been too busy,
Earning the right to live my life
The way God wants it lived!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Ears Are Closed

There is one basic problem that sits between them.
They all have been conditioned to believe,
Each one of them were born to lead.

And no one perceives a listening should be done.
Where the foundation,
Of true leadership begins for anyone.

That is why what's going on can not be fixed.
Those involve desire to captain their own ship.
And ears are clearly plugged to be closed

While those of flapping lips persist...
The resolving of their started problems,
Should lay on someone's shoulders.
But not on theirs to take the risk.

'You should be blamed for this! '

No.
You should be blamed for this!

'No.
You should be blamed for this! '

No.
You should be blamed for this!

*EVERYONE SING:

You should be blamed for this,
No.
You should be blamed for this,
No.
You should be,
You should be...
You should be blamed for this!

You should be blamed for this,

No.
You should be blamed for this,
No.
You should be,
You should be...
You should be blamed for this!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Earth Bound

Is it to anyone's surprise,
That those who had despised their attempts...
To live better lives,
With a focus and seriousness.
And criticized by the ones who perceived themselves,
As being 'down-to-Earth'...
Are the very ones who today complain,
About the people who accepted their philosophy.
By remaining ignorant and depending upon stupidity.

And this effectively has created their detriment.
With a witnessing of their wishes eroding their communities.

Is it to anyone's surprise,
That those who had despised their attempts...
To live better lives,
Are the very ones who today complain,
About the people who accepted their philosophy.
And...
Can not believe to accept,
These are the people they kept Earth bound.
And...
These are the people,
Today they don't want to be around.

'We need better education.
We need better jobs.
We need police protection.
We need, we need, we need...'

~More professional mental assistance,
Perhaps?
To help you adjust to 'reality' as it is? ~

'We just want to be perceived as being 'Down-to-Earth'.'

~Don't worry about that.
You've been very convincing.
It continues to cost us a fortune,

To get you to acknowledge your own garbage.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Earth Is A Growth Place!

The energies of dimensions met.
And my ancestors did I see.
I knew in my heart they had not left.
And those tears once wept...
Turned into smiles happily.

A higher consciousness this was.
And beliefs of death from me erased.
What is this witnessed I then asked.
And I was told...
Earth is a growth place!

The energy of God I felt within.
And It was neither a Her or a Him.
And cleared my eyes,
Did my 'spirit guides'.
And life as I knew it...
Lifted its disguise!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Earth Is Her Domain

Mother Nature listens.
And with intent comprehends.
Mother Nature knows which of those creations,
Should be left protected and not neglect.
And Mother Nature also knows and will show,
Which lessons to teach to leave to learn...
Until respect is given to receive and to get,
For those disbelieving the Earth is Her domain...
And no one is here to expect exceptions.
No one is here to believe they have been picked,
To be better than the rest.
The Earth is Her domain to change as She wishes.
And sees fit to do it when creations God has made,
Begin developing mindsets they can better Mama's best.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Earth Is...

You've been riding on the back of a flying horse.
And I'll explain that the best way that I can.

You've been riding on the back of a flying horse.
And I'll explain that the best way that I can.

You've been riding on the back of a flying horse.
And I'll explain that the best way that I can.

You've been riding on the back of a flying horse.
And I'll explain that the best way that I can.

And when it flew through the universe.
It didn't make a sound...
As it moved so quick with speed.

And when it flew through the universe.
It wasn't without those far viewed planets we see.

You've been riding on the back of a flying horse.
And I'll explain that the best way that I can.

You've been riding on the back of a flying horse.
And I'll explain that the best way that I can.

And when it flew through the universe.
It didn't make a sound...
As it moved so quick with speed.

And when it flew through the universe.
It wasn't without those far viewed planets we see.

Earth is...
What's inside you,
And me!

Earth is...
What's inside you,
And me!

You've been riding on the back of a flying horse.
And I'll explain that the best way that I can.

You've been riding on the back of a flying horse.
And I'll explain that the best way that I can.

You've been riding on the back of a flying horse.
And I'll explain that the best way that I can.

Earth is...
What's inside you,
And me!
You've been riding on the back of a flying horse.
And I'll explain that the best way that I can.
Earth is...
What's inside you,
And me!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Earthbound

Earthbound.
In it to be of it to covet.
And to possess with obsession,
To live just to impress.

Born to take for granted,
A feasting to feed selfishly...
Is an expectation.
A duty of an oath,
Sworn to provoke...
Others believed to be less worthy.

Earthbound.
Deceived by teachings taught,
Greeding to feed selfishly...
Represents success.
And happiness to get.

Earthbound.
And in it to be of it,
To covet...
Beliefs to leave,
Souls feeling empty.
Unfulfilled.
And left to seek,
Purpose, meaning.
And a connection to spirituality.

Earthbound.
To be in it.
But not of it.
Many are awakening,
To find their purpose found...
Feeding to feast on prayer,
To speak to 'Deities' spirituality.
And meditating quietly,
With a listening to hear...
What it is wished,
We who are here earthbound...

Should not ignore to do.
To prove our ignorance.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Ease Appeases With A Bit Of Tease

Assumptions you have held and chosen...
Know they must go.
Those assumptions you have held and chosen,
Know they must go.
Release them to go.

Relax!
Find that place,
Where you can go...
Within.
To bring outside of yourself,
A comfort shown to shine without end.

You seem to be hiding inside too much.
And not enough of you,
Is believed or known.
Those assumptions you have held and chosen,
Know they must go.
Release them to go.

Relax!
First impressions,
Aren't always the best to leave.
Especially when some expect magic...
Unnatural miracles and a tap dance,
Done comfortably.

Assumptions you have held and chosen...
Know they must go.
Those assumptions you have held and chosen,
Know they must go.
Release them to go.

Relax!
Just be you.
You will be surprise by how enchanting,
The unseen you can be,
To dazzle others unexpectedly.
When ease appeases with a bit of tease.

Those assumptions you have held and chosen,
Know they must go.
Release them to go.
Assumptions you have held and chosen...
Know they must go.
Those assumptions you have held and chosen,
Know they must go.
Release them to go.

And relax.
Know ease appeases with a bit of tease.
Just be you,
To dazzle others unexpectedly.

Assumptions you have held and chosen...
Know they must go.
Those assumptions you have held and chosen,
Know they must go.
Release them to go.
And...
Relax.
Know ease appeases with a bit of tease.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Easier It Is To Reminisce

Easier it is to judge,
Than it is to be the recipient...
Of a ridicule.
Followed by a sustained laughter,
Behind one's back.

Easier it is,
To leave one's past behind...
When one discovers to find,
Those who had sustained their laughter...
Now with only time to complain and whine.

And easier it is to reminisce,
When one's path has been cleared of injustices.
To allow one to sit freed of obstacles lifted.
And not be bother with wishes,
To remove from one's consciousness the presence of regrets.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Easier Than I Had Imagined

Making to create one's own opportunities,
Is a much greater task to face...
Than those following along on a path,
Behind others to less appreciate...
What it took to take,
To stay awake and identify poisonous snakes...
On an unpaved path that hid,
All things that could be evil.

And then for them to say who follow,
What they did to do...
Was not so difficult to achieve.
Not as difficult as they were made to believe.

'Tell us...
What was the most challenging obstacle,
You have ever had to confront? '

~Well,
I am finally glad 'someone' asked.
Let's see...
I did stumble once on the pavement.
Luckily no one noticed.
That would have been most embarrassing.
Oh yes...
The planted flowers and shrubbery,
Looked as if they had not been cleared of weeds...
For months.
Empty cups and discarded bags of eatened chips? ~

'Anything else? '

~Yes.
There is a broken vending machine in need of servicing.
But other than that...
I found my journey much easier than I had imagined.~

'Think of those who pioneered those paths.'

~I think not.
The sweating and the clearing of debris?
The doing of that for days, months, years.
And not taking a shower or getting a massage?
No. YOU think of that.
Me?
I'm not having it.
I have a degree in Mathematics.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Easier To Accept

As painful as this experience may be...
For some.
There is nothing like having it come,
Unannounced!
If preparations were made...
Decisions to change it,
Would have prevented a growth process.
And not one person came to this life,
Without causing someone pain.
To eventually gain 'something' from it!
Some kind of a learning process occurred.
Unless they were unconscious?
And that might explain,
Why so many choose to remain medicated.
It is easier to accept something,
When it is not personally felt!
Or mandated as someone else's sacrifice.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Easier To Be Revealed

When I began to affirm happiness in my life
Every obstacle possible seemed to appear
As if long lost friends I had not seen in years
With a making of their special visits
At odd hours days or nights for purposes
To joke in laughter with a demeaning of my character
Like children trying to keep my vision off the ball

Everything began to show on my path
To distract with determination
To prevent my journey to be freed
Of unnecessary nonsense
And player haters planting their misdeeds
I am glad I was able to identify their works
Early in my life

But I had already made my mind up
To recognize my wants from my needs
And I knew I did not need to repeat miseries
Allowing my wants to become easier to be revealed
It took me awhile to pinpoint the roots of my headaches
And a bit longer to confront my denial to get rid of them
Clarifying for myself that having patience was not weakness

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Easier To Be Selective

Doesn't it seem easier to be selective,
When one's life has been materialistically blissed?
Easy it comes to pass judgements on others,
As if one has a purpose to do it!

Doesn't it seem easier when one has money,
To do with as one pleases?
To make demands and have them met.
And show disrespect without regret.

Doesn't it appear easier to live life without needs,
Or wants.
To purchase and/or throw away...
And maybe choose some people to taunt!

Doesn't it seem as if those people do what they desire?
Doesn't it seem as if it was just yesterday...
Those same people today,
Have been expose to be the biggest thieves.
Deceitful evil liars.

And now the ones on their knees...
Pleading,
To be forgiven for a world in dire straits.
One in which they participated to diminish...
A quality of life that has no escapes.

With conscious deeds to destroy humanity!
And this has evidence they wish not to admit.
Even 'if' they choose to charade and dismiss...
A degrading of their masquerades.

Much too obvious today...
For anyone not to witness it, .
To deny it does not exist!
With wishes the creation of these conflicts...
Would disappear and go away.
For a return of a selected chosen bliss...
Once loved when it betrayed!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Easier To Digest

Civil unrest
Civil war
Civil chaos
Or...
My personal favorite,
Civil disobedience!

Which of these has more flavor...
And yet caffeine free?
More taste,
And yet less filling?

'I vote we go with civil unrest!
It's easier to digest...
And maintains that robust appeal.'

Now we are getting somewhere!
And you George...
What would you like?

~Just pass me the vodka!
No rocks! ~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Easier To Do

What point is there to be made,
To repeatedly acknowledge...
Those who sabotage themselves,
With the hopes one day they will be embraced...
By the ones who find their jobs easier to do.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Easier To Face Opposition

It is much easier to face opposition alone,
Than to remain in a mental state of stagnation...
Amongst those who have chosen to stay,
Fixed in positions to restrict themselves from growth.
With a blaming of others who attempt to do something,
Much more than quoting scriptures.
And defending their fears while doing absolutely nothing,
To improve their negative outlooks on lives they condone...
That feeds into their own suppression they keep validated.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Easier To Monitor

Shut down and zipped.
Estranged from entangled arrangements.
To meet for 'this' and not having 'that' delivered!
Games of 'chase and catch me' seem so blasé,
When played between adults...
Who react more like disturbed children today!

Shut down...
Zipped and doo dah(ed) out!
When I arrived at irritation,
I knew quickly that was not my destination!
I wasn't willing to digest...
Another round of annoyance,
Just to test my perfection at sealing my lips
And biting my tongue,
As I witness rolling eyes and hands on hips.
Expecting me to sit through another round of fits!
I've learned how to hum hymns...
That come out of the blue!
With a quick 'hit' for a boosting lift!

'O Come all Ye Faithful...
Joyful and Triumphant.
Come Ye O Peace of Mind,
Without Gun In Hand! '

Splitting...
Shut down I did and glad it happened!
Do I miss the opportunity
Of freelancing headaches...
To quiet a guilty need to be involved and sharing?
No!
Not when that is attacked and misunderstood,
By those who only understand evil...
And not comprehend what's good!
For their own well-being
In their own neighborhoods!

Some lesson plans have been discarded,

Along the way!
Teaching 'cats' the basics of hygiene...
Is not one of my magic tricks!
Or my forte...
Mothering is not on the resumé.
I don't do the 'blues' as a lullaby well!

And for this...
Qualifications are asked and expected!
While the infestation of delusion goes on!
Prolonged without my involvement!

I've shut down!
Zipped my lips and skipped my 'doo dah' out!
I had to...
To keep my own 'piece' much easier,
To monitor!
Some things have to be kept sacred!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Easier To Predict

It would be easier to predict,
The sex of an Easter Bunny.
Than it would be to guess,
Which people seen on a regular basis...
Are actually honest with themselves.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Easier To See It For What It Is

A lie told,
Is never loyal
To the one who tells it!
It comes back to bite.
And it is not apologetic at all.
In fact it wants to prove,
How foolish the teller of it is.
It does not forgive.
Or want to listen,
When the truth appears.
And the truth...
Exposing a lie with a lashing.
A thrashing soon not to forget.
And the truth,
Can become quite indignant...
When slighted!
Or upset.

Why people continue to fight it,
Or try to hide it...
Is a hard lesson for some to learn!
Many never do.
Choosing to live lives,
Behind excuses built upon alibis.
And this, of course...
Diminishes any remorse,
A falsity of sincerety shows.
But they aren't aware of that.
And that saddens the character,
They have selected to portray...
That day!
Their shallowness becomes as visible,
As an image does...
Behind clear and crystal clean glass!
Once that becomes obvious,
It is easier to see a lie for what it is and pass!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Easily Accessible

I am glad we all have come to agree,
That something has to be done...
To protect our children from the trash,
That is easily accessible to them on the internet.

For three hours I watched with disgust,
Some of the most appalling scenes...
I have ever witnessed in my life.
I sat there in total disbelief.

'I do have a suggestion to make? '

Let's hear it.

'Why don't we each find,
The most disgusting trash available.
Take a week in observing it.
Exchange our findings.
And by the end of next month...
Form a committee to analyze the affect,
This unacceptable filth has had...
On the minds of our innocent children.'

That's a great idea.
Anyone opposing?
Oh...
And by the way.
I recommend an observing of this filth,
After our spouses and children have fallen to sleep.
To ensure our investigations are not interrupted.

'That's another good idea.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Easily Bamboozled

Who knows 'who' is telling 'who' the truth these days?
Lieing is as common as ordering fish and chips.
Banana splits with cherries on top.
And...
Get a piece of delicious pecan or apple pie.
With a flaky buttered golden crust,
That melts within your mouth...
Inviting the next taste with a drool!
That's how good these lies are told today.
'Fools galore for sale! Three dozen...fiften dollars!
Per basket! '
And not a face prepared to express remorse.
In fact,
The more sincere the eyes these days...
It appears that's the one telling the biggest lie of all.
And nothing will there be mentioned,
About those pinching each other on the butt...
Throughout the halls of justice.
They are the worst offenders.
Some say this is acting.
I say...
These are lies told by liars,
And they are criminally minded people!
Habitual and needing clinical confinement.
These folks have no integrity.
None.
And they are the ones who will convince anyone...
Easily bamboozled,
They have the feet of 'angels' in daylight.
But in some sleazy darkened guttered crevice...
The foundation under those 'angel's' feet,
Is being sold at a nice profit.
To someone who's language is foreign.
Rich! No matter how they got it!
Or who they are!

And those with 'angel's feet'
Will be offered first rights to purchase!
That land where 'your' ancestors had the pleasure to steal!

'All of this can be yours...
And,
Once upon a time it was! '
But, if and/or only...
You have an updated passport to sign the agreement.
'That is inside the safe where it sits on our shores! '
AND the agreement 'with' the required transferral of funds,
Has been done in Euros!
To provide you with comfort on that U.S. soil...
Belonging to us to you we will be glad to sell!
Anything to begin to heal and mend,
Our re-established...friendship!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Easily Bored

Let's play...
'Do As We Please'.

'Again?
I'm tired of playing that.
Let's play something else.'

Like what?

'We haven't played...
'I Could Care Less' in a long time.
Let's play that.'

Okay.
Only if you promise,
Not to make it too stressful.
The last time we played it,
You made up too many rules to follow.

'How are we going to play...
'I Could Care Less' without any rules? '

You're right.
That's true.
At least when we play,
'Do As We Please'...
We do it without keeping score.

'Okay.
Why don't you play...
'I Could Care Less'.
And I'll pretend to do as I please,
To have you 'think' I'm not noticing you.'

It's no fun in that.
Let's come up with something else.

'I've got it.'

What?
What is it?

'Let's play...
'Wasting Time.'

We need at least four players for that.
And besides...
After arguing who has time let to go unwasted,
Always ends in an argument.

'That's true.
And you know how I can get easily bored.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Easily Expressed As Found

From a stumble that humbles,
To a stride in a strutted pride...
Is a recovery witnessed,
That lifts one from despair.
Knowing what was there...
Unshared and comprehended,
Without a doubt.

From tears that sat and visited.
To a broad smile generated,
From a constant frown...
Appearing on one's mouth.
Initiated as one knew what being down,
Meant...
And was about!

On a face with a nose,
Pressed close to the ground.
That seemed permanent.
A rejoicing would soon come,
Heaven sent.
And stayed around,
To be easily expressed as found.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Easily Given

Many make decisions to ignore,
Someone who has love to give...
Easily given.
And only to them to explore.
A few take the invitation.
With a preference list.
To eventually leave.
Because a 'match' does not fit.
Perfectly.
As is wished.

'I'm sorry.
Time is not on our side.
I don't see us working out.
Maybe we could have lunch.
If I bump into you.
When we both,
Are around and about.'

Others await for promises made.
And take that teasing ride,
Through games of hide and seek.
To realize too late...
That the milk turns sour.
And what is said to be homemade
Turns out to be,
A store bought pie.
Frosted as if a delicious cake.

Embarrassed and disappointed,
One stunned runs.
Leaving behind...
A useless preference list.
Only to wish for it wanted...
That love remembered,
But chose to ignore it...
Easily given.
To know what could have been,
Someone to adore.

With time spent,
Loving every moment.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Easily Misunderstood

Here today,
To maybe think about tomorrow.
Any Sunrise that comes to set,
Upon eyes conscious.
And thoughtless to return a thankfulness

Unquestioned are those blessings that come,
One receives to get.
With a numbing effect of a clock that ticks,
And having a way of blocking out...
A life easily misunderstood to take for granted.

Here today,
To maybe think about tomorrow.
With thoughts left to linger.
But seldom appreciated are those experiences,
Given to us to witness.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Easily Spotted When On The Move

I've been taught not to buckle,
From a cursing done.
Or fall on my knees with anguish,
When my way is blocked.
And my steps become delayed,
With expressed dismay.

None of my dreams seemed,
To have been dangled like a carrot...
As if to tease until someone believed,
I had earned the merit...
To be the 'me' I have paid the price to project.

And not a stage or spotlight did I seek.
Who knew such decoys would be effective?
Only I knew what I sought to reach!

Perhaps those that did not know that,
Planted obstacles on the wrong road to teach.
Or the path of my choice...
Was not suspected to be the one I chose!
Or one that I could successfully complete.
Either way,
Naysayers are easily spotted when on the move!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Easily The Perception

The air is there to breathe,
No matter who attempts to avoid its presence.
Like so many who try to deny what feeds them.
And will not admit they seek to get it on a daily basis.
Without acknowledging it at all,
As the only source for their survival.
Comparable to another believing the deeds of one,
Are dispensable!
And that is easily the perception of those accustomed,
To nibbling habitually with a mooching done established as natural.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Easter

Easter.
Bunnies and colored eggs.
Pastel shades,
And folks dressed for church.
Commemorating,
The resurrection of Jesus.
After his crucifixion.

Although this is not Christmas,
Also celebrated by christians.
It is on the Sunday...
Following the full moon next
After the vernal equinox,
Welcomes Spring to bloom at its best.

Falling between March 22nd,
And April 25th.
'Eastre' that Spring Goddess...
Brings a sense of joy,
And merriment with it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Easy Has Not Been The Word

The challenge was first,
To do it.
To move in that direction,
Pursuing what some said...
I could not do.

The next was to improve,
Upon that which I pursued.
And remaining focused and true...
To that which I chose to do.

Then the real test came,
When I began to hear my name.
And instead of support,
Out from the woodwork critics came.

The next challenge I faced,
Was to appear in public...
Without a sign of emotion to be traced.
Nor quick to defend...
Or attempt to erase those steps I placed.

And 'easy' has not been the word,
To take or describe...
Some of the things I've heard,
From those who have tried...
To discredit my efforts!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Easy It Is To Forget

Easy it is to forget,
The witnessing of someone else's pain.
Easy it is to forget,
Stinging comments made about another...
That comes to sit and prolongs a visit.

Easy it is to forget,
One's intention to discredit someone's deeds.
Easy it is to forget,
The sight of one falling from heights to climb...
To be seen crawling on knees.

But not so easy it is,
To forget inflicting a wickedness...
With it to be acknowledged,
By the one meeting another who purposely did it.
And then expect a forgiveness to be given.

Easy it is to forget,
A bitterness felt after a healing has been done.
And easy it is to forget...
Knowing someone who had been evil,
Needing not to be reminded of it to be mentioned...
When observing them limp away in sustained pain.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Easy Made Cake

Easy made cake...
Doesn't taste,
Homemade.

An easy made cake...
Doesn't taste,
Homemade.
Or does it age...
Like a fine wine.
Made from grapes,
Picked and saved...
Off of a selected vine.

Easy made cake...
Doesn't taste,
Homemade.
Or have a flavor staying,
In one's mind.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Easy Often Does It

Easy often does it,
When one wishes to keep trust.
With a turning from a fussing,
Done and quick as if a must.

Easy often does it,
When one finds a peace loved much.
And to do it not to give it up,
No matter who says what.

Because in these days,
A getting peace of mind is recommended.
And not to have it ended,
With a healing done to mend.

Yes in these days,
A getting over conflicts is a gift benefitting.
That...
One should pursue and not resist.

Easy often does it,
When one wishes to keep trust.
Easy often does it,
When one finds a peace loved much.
Because in these days,
A getting peace of mind is recommended.
And not to have this end quick.
Because in these days,
A getting over conflicts is a gift.

Easy often does it,
'Cause...
In these days,
A getting peace of mind will benefit.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Easy Prey

I have already had from me,
Tears to squeeze...
To have me feeling drained and empty.
As if a sponge left dry to see crumble.

Demons believing I would be left in grief.
Agonizing my torment.
With a memory cemented,
In permanent misery.

I have already had taken an honesty to give,
Those who displayed their wickedness...
To perceive my life to live,
Had not involved faith I kept to keep.

I have already had from me taken,
Unconditional love to those I gave.
Returning to me evil and disbelieving,
They would become one day easy prey.

It doesn't pay to be evil,
When deceivers stay...
Easy prey for others,
They befriend to discover they too betray.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Easy To Dismiss

Not to acknowledge one's failures,
That has produced the arising of conflicts...
One initiated when introducing such events.
Is much like enjoying the act of making children...
But refusing to be known as the offspring's parent.

And apparently an accountability,
Is as easy to dismiss...
As is hunger and homelessness.
Since absent is the taking of responsibility,
When an obnoxious child throws a tantrum fit!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Easy To Do And Even Easier To Leave

I 'had' been accustomed to being treated,
As if I were a fool.
That's why today it is easy for me to manuever,
Around and through...
Those obstacles set,
On my path to upset my direction.

Derogatory comments made,
By those with tongues out to degrade integrities...
Is nothing new in my environment.
I was raised to witness it...
In my early impressionable development days.
And learned very quickly,
How to make steps and not expect praise.

I've seen those with the best of intentions,
Destroyed by innuendo.
Even though they were...
Champions of good deeds.
And having seen this as examples,
Of what people can do to themselves...
I've found my own contributions,
Easy to do and even easier to leave.
Regardless of what I did to annoy or please.

I 'had' been accustomed to being treated,
As if I were a fool.
That's why today it is easy for me to manuever,
Around and through...
Those obstacles set,
On my path to upset my direction.
Knowing God makes the final,
Inspection of my attempts.

'Why does that dude love to be dragged through the mud? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Easy To Forget

I never thought it would be wrong,
To question what was going on.
Or...
Feel reluctant,
To probe with desire.

Now today...
I am told I am too specific,
With a peeling away of those responses I get...
To know how deep,
One's thoughts go seeking to reach...
To satisfy my curiosities.

Oh I know,
I am the last to be picked...
On anyone's fun list.

I know without a clue or hint,
I am the most likely to forget...
When a relationship with me ends in a split.

Oh I know,
I am the last to be picked...
On anyone's fun list.
And I also know too well,
I am easy to forget...
When someone runs away,
From me in a relationship!
But...
Why is it,
I still feel reluctant...
To stop my probing with desire?

'Maybe if you keep your mouth shut,
Without interrupting...
You may find your relationships lasting,
Longer than five minutes.'

So what are you saying?

There is a possiblity I can get a full ten?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Easy To Indulge

Moist and sweet,
Like a Macintosh can be in Spring!

An apple bitten dripping juice...
Savored as the brisk warm breeze blowing,
Upon the sight of blossoming flowers.

And the young budding leaves,
On an assortment of swaying trees!
Enchanting images imagined and seen.

Quickly I eat every morsel before I leave.
So much of this feeds my appetite.
And yet this is the beginning...
Of a new season delight I witness!

It will be here for me to enjoy even more.
Mother Nature teases to peak my interests...
Knowing I am easy to indulge Her every move.

She is delicious...
And She satisfies that need in me!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Easy-Livers

Seek many have done to do,
An easy life to live that's sought.
With beliefs to succeed,
Comes without disappointment.
Or fears that bring unstoppable tears.
Sometimes in darkness to no one shown.

Behind the scenes few people see,
What agonizes achievements to be received.
Or those heartbreaks suffered,
When one is alone.
With a fighting against doubts tossed about,
Those 'easy-livers' condone to moan and groan.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Eating Yesterday's Scramble Eggs

It is...
For whatever the reasons why,
What you wish to exist...
Isn't.

And to spend again the wasting of time,
Trying to attempt with pretense...
That your mind is not of your design,
Is just another lie you hope comes to life...
To hide behind one more excuse denied.

It is...
For whatever the reasons why,
What you wish to exist...
Isn't.

'It's never too late.'

For what?
Eating yesterday's scramble eggs?
Or waiting for a tomorrow to watch chicks to hatch?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Ebola

What IS the problem 'now'?
I have had it up to 'here' with those monkeys.

'The African monkeys are protesting.
They are making claims that the 'EBOLA' they knew,
Had been known since 1976.
And they refuse to associate with those monkeys,
Who were imported to Reston, Virginia...
From the Phillipines in 1989 when some nurse,
Infected herself fooling around with them.
But it's always the African ones getting the blame.'

Tell them all,
We have a serious epidemic infecting the people today.
And they need to stop that arguing between them.
Those in the know knew about this almost 40 years ago.
Why NOW the monkeys decide between them,
They want to take up time arguing...
Who is reponsible for this disease is not going to prevent,
Or slow down the spread of it.

AND...
IF those monkeys were so intelligent,
About the origin of all of this...
Why on Earth are they not offering their assistance?
Can't they end their pettiness long enough to realize,
A worldwide infectious disease problem is getting out of hand?
Someone has to know 'something' about how to cure it!
We need them to stop 'monkeying' around.

'Well...
When I insisted to have a conference with them this morning,
Some covered their mouths to 'speak' no evil.
A few covered their ears not to hear it.
And the ones that were left already had blindfolds on.
They preferred not to see a thing!
And...
You wont believe this,
But...

The elder monkeys were too involved,
In a game of 'dominos' not paying me OR them any attention.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Echolalia

Autistically freed...
From a conformity enforced.
And inflicted!
A society drenched with beliefs...
That its 'normality' is sought.
Although chilling ills...
Upon it Mother Nature has brought.
And conflicting with it!
As a message is left...
To dust and sit!

Characterized by self-absorption!
Repetitive behavior...
And language dysfunctions!

Echolalia is on the rise.
And the infected have increased.
Observe it as it is practiced...
Everywhere and on every street!
A mental beast is unleashed,
To cease sensibilities.
Could this be...
Another designer disease to feed us now?
And strapped on the backs,
Of those divided between greed...
And unconsciously fed,
On racist attacks allowed!

'Niggercrackerniggercrackerniggercracker get back! '
'Niggercrackerniggercrackerniggercracker get back! '
'Niggercrackerniggercrackerniggercracker get back! '

'Crank the radio up...
And give us more of that! '

'Niggercrackerniggercrackerniggercracker get back! '
'Niggercrackerniggercrackerniggercracker get back! '
'Niggercrackerniggercrackerniggercracker get back! '

'Crank the radio up...
And give us more of that! '

'Crank the radio up...
And give us more of that! '

'Niggercrackerniggercrackerniggercracker get back! '

TURN THAT THING OFF!
That is disgusting and offensive!

~Huh? Why?
...get back?
Those ain't cuss words! ~

You have no idea how sick your madness is!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Echos From The Past Are Heard

If,
For a number of decades...
A pleading made,
Flies away with the birds.
Why are eyes opened so wide today?
As if something rotten has been eaten.
And their bodies are ready to purge.
With an unrelenting cleansing.

And an increasing release of violence,
Does not perturb or disturb those fast asleep.

Why is a society suddenly awakened,
To find itself on collective knees?
Looking for reason,
As to how, when and why...
Their security and peace,
Can be so threatened?
With a clipping of their safety nets,
Right from under their feet!

'We need to reset our priorities! '
Echos from the past are heard.

'We need to be more diligent...
In protecting the wellbeing of our citizens.'
Those echos from the past are heard.

'We need to uphold and maintain those high standards.
Those that are cherished upon this land so loved.
We need to ensure our fellowmen are safe and secure.'
These echos from the past are heard.

And those echos from the past,
Annoy and go ignored.
As if made by attention seeking children.
To leave no one listening.
Or caring enough to pay attention,
Any given that is mentioned.

'Mommy?
There is a man outside.
And he's pointing a gun at our house! '

~Go to your room and pick up your things.
Do as I say.
Learn to obey.~

'That's more problematic than rational.
And poses a preventable illogical outcome.
Promising to have an impacting dire affect.'

~Go to your room!
Before I impact some dire affects on your bottom,
Young man.
Soon!
Do you hear me?
Soon!
And stop being such a smarty pants.~

Echos from the past are heard.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Eclectic Assets

Out of order and control,
This may seem...
By someone looking from the outside,
Onto an inside scene.
But eclectic assets,
Are collected by one who dreams...
Of having a full life experienced.
And not one that travels,
One way down a stream.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Ecologically Speaking

What more than life is more precious?
Ecologically speaking!
And why does it take a crisis,
To begin to realize this?

Wreckless deceivers,
Have always been in the midst.
But time appears not to be on their side...
To hide their lies.
And this is recognized.

Life for them has become more precious, again.
More than the pocketing of fortunes.
Since no where on Earth could it be spent.
Not if life as we know it ends.

With a rush to mend and fix mistakes,
Misdeeds created will be hopefully corrected.
To allow greed to proceed as if unaffected.
And nothing at all learned to feed from lessons.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Economic Stimulus Package

Sounds like something will be delivered,
To appease a taste for something once desired.
But...
Will it satisfy an addiction craved?
Will a boost reduce the urge to want more?
What about those insisting more stimulation?
Should the wrappings of this package be kept,
And savored?
Will the crumbs remembered,
Induce long lasting affects?
Will there be another economic stimulus package...
Arriving after that one has exhausted its test?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Economically Speaking

Economically speaking,
It has been the keeping of greed and theft...
That has left a bottomless pitt of debts unpaid.
With an overwhelming creation of fantasies unfaced,
That can be traced to the suffering.

Economically speaking,
People feeding on delusions of loans and credits...
And borrowing on debits,
With interests blamed on threats...
That has left everyone following in the steps,
Generating today's cloud cover of unhappiness.

Smearing truths in denial and refusing to listen,
Leaves unhearing ears...
With thick headed skulls.

And those self righteous,
Hiding behind their mix of faith and bad politics...
Wish to shift their deceit,
On the backs of those...
Carrying the weight,
That enables the thieves to escape scot-free...
From any responsible accountability.

Economically speaking,
It has been the keeping of greed and theft...
That has left a bottomless pitt of debts unpaid.
With an overwhelming creation of fantasies unfaced,
That can be traced to the suffering.
And today's buffering of a smothered reality.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Economism

Those with their visions,
To inflict conflict and continued division...
With a sitting in positions,
Where a few viewing themselves...
As rulers to choose and trick all people,
Create not for themselves victory.
But an isolated shared stupidity.
Born from a need to selfishly feed greed.
With kept beliefs strickly based upon fiction.

Racism wished to spread and split factions,
Fractured to pit one against another...
For the purpose to pocket wealth and riches,
Is their 'economism' facing an erasing...
Of a disturbing sanity some may define as fit,
As being intellectually equipped but witnessed...
To show signs of a mental illness that is,
But making attempts too late to rush to fix this!
By those consciously permitting a disease to exist.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Edible?

You may choose to fool yourself,
With overused semantics.
To recreate definitions as you wish.
With an appeal to appease.
Philosophies are just what they are...
Subjected to limitations.
Edible?
They are not!
But they can feed,
The minds of those...
Who choose to gather,
In preparation to debate.
And some may not have a taste for that.
To leave just as pleased.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Editing My Assumptions

It is not as easy as it may appear,
To the one reading to listen...
With an open mind and attentive ears.
What for them,
May or may not be clear.

At times I find I am editing my assumptions.
With a wish to be understood,
Without diluting a comprehension...
To include something else believed is meant.
I allow myself this torment.

At times I find I am editing my assumptions,
Instead of leaving what has been said and meant...
To either be accepted or offend.
And feeling defensive is not my intension.
But neither can I define,
What might be on someone else's mind.
Especially at those times when I care less...
In the letting my assumptions go unedited.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Eeeeooow!

Baby you've got me...
So hot.
I like it!

Baby you've got me so hot!
I like it a lot.

Baby when you touch me,
I seem to sizzle on a grill overheated.

Baby when we smooch...
I feel my booty goosed!
And I get woosie like I'm boozed.
I am that flare you send right there.

Eeeeooow!

Baby you've got me...
So hot.
I like it!

Baby you've got me so hot!
I like it a lot.

Ow ow ow ouch!

Baby when we smooch...
I feel my booty goosed!
And I get woosie like I'm boozed.
I am that flare you send right there.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Effected Etiquette

Oh...
There are a few choice cuss words,
I'd like to use right now.
But I do not want to offend...
Your high brow outlook.
Or your effected etiquette.

I respect your false pretentiousness maintained.
Really, I do.
But you have to admit...
You would like to let your hair down,
And cuss a little bit!

You have got to have something else on your mind?
Especially today.
Something besides appropriate table placements.
And where your dinner guests will sit?
Daring...
With the nerve to complain,
About the items given to you...
From the food bank?
And 'those' people you were with!

I am 'trying' my best to respect you!
But you are making me absolutely sick,
With your lack of empathy.
And your devoted self centeredness!
Displayed with such focused objectivity.
Or the lack there of!

Oh...
There are a few choice cuss words,
I'd like to use right now.
But I do not want to offend...
Your high brow outlook.
Or your effected etiquette.
Or ruin the extended invitation,
To me you have given!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Effective And Dramatized Innocence

Trust and truth decided,
By those who believe...
Honesty can be hidden and denied,
Can be reasons why people choose...
To keep to themselves,
After being victimize by someone who tell lies.
With effective and dramatized innocence.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Effective Change

Just how effective,
Is change?
When a few believe,
A change is needed.
Yet others can not accept it,
With a feeling they can continue...
To protest against it to reject.
But can no longer can it be prevented,
As a change no one can further neglect.
That change becomes effective.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Effective Depression

A success obtained,
With intentions to share with others.
Is a success undenied.
This kind of success is not implied,
By those who benefit.
And multiplies to see it thrive.

A success hoarded to manipulate,
With a selfishness one prides.
Is a success that suppresses.
With a digressing of those who oppress.
To leave an effective depression to digest.
That certainly does not impress those affected.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Effective Etiquette

Representing a decadence this is...
Represents its existence,
As it is and this is clear.

To uphold values and standards,
Many rush to come to defend...
Is hypocritical in presentation.
When a marketing of decadence,
Does not offend.

Until...
One elected,
To sit in a prestigious position...
Lies and denies a taste for lust.
With an innocence trusted,
Adored by those upper crust.

But...
That trust becomes busted.
And pretentiousness kept,
Becomes betrayed.

And those who know...
Their values and standards,
Meet an acquired effective etiquette...
Are seen to be embarrassed,
By a smearing done to their politcal correctness!

Oh...
What a feeble web they live to weave.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Effective Exceptions

There are some who are picked,
To do what they please.
And as they wish.
With little regard of others' detriment.
Or who pays the price,
Sacrificing their lives being victimized.
As others are solicited to criminalize,
Anyone to undermine...
Exposing a mind found to be wise.
.
While those given effective exceptions,
Are appointed to positions to restrict and limit...
The ones who have proven they are qualified,
AND competent.
Since being qualified AND competent today,
Has yet to be accepted as an expectation.
But more of a threat that upsets the status quo.
A status quo that slowly flows,
Into an abyss of intellectual and moral depths.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Effective Is This Inflicting

Mindsets have been selected.
Images have been perfected.
Impressions have been made.
And represented symbolically,
As a lifestyle to seek and embrace!
While pleasing a diminishing done.
And so effective is this inflicting...
In those minds that come to be stung.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Effective Kept Deceptions

Lives to live are more gratified,
And satisfied...
When truth is undenied,
Or left suspected...
By effective kept deceptions.

A trust to share has gone.
No longer is it strong.
More people are forlorn,
By effective kept deceptions.

More minds have been messed up,
By corruption and teased lust.
That has come to smother trust,
Under lies disguised.

Effective kept deceptions are denied,
To hide them.
Effective kept deceptions on the rise.

A trust to share has gone.
No longer is it strong.
More people are forlorn,
By effective kept deceptions.

More minds have been messed up,
By corruption and teased lust.
That has come to smother trust,
Under lies disguised.

Lives to live are more gratified,
And satisfied...
When truth is undenied,
Or left suspected...
By effective kept deceptions.

Effective kept deceptions are denied,
To hide them.
Effective kept deceptions on the rise,

To protect.
Effective kept deceptions are denied,
To hide them.
Effective kept deceptions are denied.

And truth is,
Disguised.
To live and survive,
With it felt deep inside.
To keep protected.
Without neglect.

And one's truth is disguised.
To live and survive.
When effective kept deceptions,
Arrive.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Effective Progress

Effective progress,
Is believed to eliminate complication.
Effective progress,
Is believed to simplify...
Those who have lived their lives,
Expressing indifference.
However...
Effective progress,
Only affects...
Those who have stayed abreast,
With the observing of changes to accept.
And in so doing...
An awareness of advancement,
Has increased a broadened consciousness...
With a mental effectiveness kept addressed.

No one stays effective if they don't address,
With consciousness...
A progress.
For them believed.
And to accept.

No one stays effective if they don't address,
With consciousness...
A progress.
For them believed.
And to accept.

Effective progress has to be addressed...
With consciousness,
For it to stay accepted.
And it to stay effective.

Effective progress has to be addressed...
With consciousness,
For it to stay accepted.
And it to stay effective...
To affect with a getting received.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Effectively Accomplished

They've received their titles.
And obtained positions...
Worthy of the affected snobbery shown.
And yet with all of their influence,
And affluent tastes...
Absolutely nothing by them has been effectively,
Accomplished!
Nothing that would merit the attention,
From a suppressed humanity!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Effectively Protected

I want it cemented.
My feelings in your heart.
From the start not to depart.
Meant.
Regardless who may come to resent,
Us.
And the trust in each other,
We must keep...
Effectively protected.
To meet and feed 'our' needs,
Wanted to be left the way it is.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Effectiveness Some Do Not Expect

Just because I show anyone,
My concern and respect.
Does not mean I am meek with weakness.
And those who dare to know the real me...
Will attest I can be short of temper,
With a mouth...
The kings and queens of etiquette,
Will isolate from pretentions they protect.

Especially when I am found,
To have a mind with lips...
Quick to deliver obscene sounds.

I am not the only one around,
Who has a mind and heart based in sincerity.
But step on my toes...
And I wont try to go to soak my feet,
With silent cursing behind clinched teeth.
No not me!
I will do my best,
To preach and teach lessons to address.
With a hopeful effectiveness some do not expect.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Effects Of What Others Do

Don't you dislike those implications?
I know I use to.
Especially the ones made,
By those who owe their lives to you.
The ones who have lied to others...
Who now have everything surfacing,
To have people see them...
As the fools I knew.

Those are the ones who like to take credit,
For things they did not do.
And today they want to prove themselves,
By overcompensating their judgements passed.
Only to find themselves,
Trapped by lies and deceit believed...
Buried in their past.
To now see what they've done now being trashed.

And not by me!
By that reflection they see.

'What goes around comes around.'
My mother use to say.
And, 'God don't like ugly, boy.
So you don't be that way.
He knows what's going on.
You'll see that one day.'

And as I've aged and matured,
I see the effects left by what others do.
With the attempt made to ruin lives of others.
And I know if they could have their druthers,
They would wish their feelings now felt inside...
Would not cling to linger as truths they can not deny.

'There is a reason WHY for everything.'

And I...
Use to dislike those implications made.

But I must say today I realize as I empathize...
Those I had despised,
Ruined their own lives not mine.

I'm not the one sitting with wishes,
I had lived a more righteous life.
I am happy living the life God to me has given!
With a conscious free and glad I had listened.
And did not rush to revenge those judgements.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Effervescent Efforts

I too have learned to develop,
Kept and precious protected preferences.
And if it seems I am less interested,
In the repeating of visiting a past...
No longer present yet once loved,
With a doing with more effervescence.
You should not feel offended by this.
Since what has fizzled,
Leaves no pop with a snap and crackle I seek.
And those tired masquerades are outdated for me.
Efforts with effervescence made today aids my vitality.

I want to stay UP,
With effervescent efforts.
I need to stay UP,
With effervescent efforts made.
Stay UP,
With effervescent efforts...
Since I choose to keep my vitality,
With an effervescent effort that increases!

I've got to stay UP,
With effervescent efforts.
I need to stay UP,
With effervescent efforts made.
Stay UP,
With effervescent efforts...
Since I choose to keep my vitality,
With an effervescent effort that increases!

I too have learned to develop,
Kept and precious protected preferences.

Since what has fizzled,
Leaves no pop with a snap and crackle I seek.
And those tired masquerades are outdated for me.
Efforts with effervescence made today aids my vitality.

I want to stay UP,

With effervescent efforts.
I need to stay UP,
With effervescent efforts made.
Stay UP,
With effervescent efforts...
Since I choose to keep my vitality,
With an effervescent effort that increases!

I only wish to keep...
Kept effervescent efforts.
And within my reach,
Those effervescent efforts.
I only wish to keep...
Kept effervescent efforts.
And within my reach,
Those effervescent efforts.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Efficacies Effective Leaving

Oh. Oh. Oh...
Efficacies effective leaving,
Those who...
Feel this with emotions ceased.
Oh. Oh. Oh...
Efficacies effective leaving,
Can produce...
Inducing energy.
For those guaranteed...
To reap from good deeds,
They've done.

Oh. Oh. Oh...
Efficacies effective leaving,
Those who...
Feel this with emotions ceased.
Oh. Oh. Oh...
Efficacies effective leaving,
Can produce,
A noticed boost.
And noted are the ones...
Who own the power of love!

Oh. Oh. Oh...
Efficacies effective leaving,
Those who...
Feel this with emotions ceased.
Oh. Oh. Oh...
Efficacies effective leaving,
Can produce...
A power driven by love!
And reduce...
All needless reasons to fuss.
And get rid of...
All that nonsense and 'stuff'.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Efficiently Sufficient

Efficiently sufficient.
And enough to meet the needs,
Of an expected mediocrity.
Efficiently, sufficient and effective,
Is a mediocrity to reach,
For those taught to teach...
A doing less than their best is accepted.
Efficiently sufficient.
Are the lives many live to wish,
For nothing more to exist.
With it believed,
When mediocrity from them leaves...
The best years of their lives had been lived.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Effort

It takes initiative.
Sometimes unrelenting...
To accomplish a task,
From the beginning to end.

And there are times,
What one has chosen to do...
May be too much loved,
To ever give up to walk away.

With motivation, purpose and direction,
It takes effort to make things work.
It takes sacrifice applied.
And initiative with sacrifice 'and' devotion...
May require dedication for the rest of one's life.
Depending on how deeply one is determined and affected.
No matter how easy or hard it may look,
From the outside looking in.

It takes effort to make things work.
It takes sacrifice applied.
And initiative with sacrifice 'and' devotion.
With that set in motion,
Few people could careless how they are perceived.
Knowing blood, sweat and many tears,
May never be subjected to leave.

Oh yes...
It takes effort to make things work.
It takes sacrifice applied.
And with that set in motion,
In the heart of one devoted...
Few doing this could careless,
How they are perceived by the rest.
It takes an effort that will be tested.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Effort Takes

Just a wish supported by initiative.
And a desire driven by a crave.
Effort takes,
A willingness to dismiss opposition.
With refusing discouragement,
To adopt to adapt as if welcomed.
Effort takes,
Faith.
Effort takes,
Motivation unshakened.
Effort takes,
Being unafraid to make mistakes.
And an acceptance of those who critique,
Since they will be all over the place.
Effort takes,
Identifying to stop doubts.
With a knowing what is wanted,
Blocks doubts out.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Effortless But It Isn'T

No one knows like a writer,
What it takes to sit...
And receive,
Words that come to flow.

Without forcing to create them,
As non-writers believe.
When the doing of it...
Seems effortless but it isn't.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Efforts Already Made Difficult

When all efforts to endeavor,
Become respected with less critique...
Those opinionated may one day choose to assist,
To then realize those who endeavor to do this...
With their efforts already made difficult to make,
Are not doing it for the sake to create...
More challenges for themselves.
Or wishing those who oppose to face and debate,
Their reason. And the 'why'...
Of their choices made.

'Why have you chosen your efforts to endeavor,
In 'this' neighborhood? '

~Uh...
Because I live here? ~

'I 'knew' it.
You have doubts you will succeed.
Don't you? '

~No...
I question your position,
Wishing to get yourself attention.~

'Oh yeah?
And what do you think your efforts to endeavor,
Will get you? '

~Hopefully a show of an appreciation.~

'To then do what with it? '

~Strip butt naked and run down Main Street.~

'I knew it.
You didn't have me fooled at all.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Efforts And Endeavors

Their entire belief system,
Isn't being updated or enhanced.
But completely refurbished.
And, revamped.
To remove any existence,
Of it ever to have appeared.

And yet defiant they stand,
With petitions signed in their hands.
Offended to defend themselves,
In the presence of truth.
They don't accept.
To deny a truth they wish to refuse.

They make demands.
That the land they have garbaged,
Remains untouched.
For the purpose to leave preserved,
The influence and significance...
A trashing has had on them.
And the raising of their children.

'What, exactly, is your protest about? '

~Our efforts and endeavors.
You wish to demolish and destroy,
All what we have come to cherish.
And with a doing most of our lives.~

'Those rumors you have heard are nonsense.
No one has come to threaten to take away,
Your delusions.
We promise to leave them with you to keep intact.'

~But what about our beliefs? ~

'Any beliefs you have had,
Have been ours to change as we please.
However,

Your delusions we promise to leave,
With you for as long as you wish.
What's fair is fair.
And at least we can show you that compassion.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Efforts Of The Underdog

The only game I am here to play,
Is...
'How To Stop That Crap That's Maxed'

The only reason why I desire to compete,
Is...
'The Good Guys Seem To Be The Ones Defeated'

And I...
Support the efforts of the underdog.

Everyone seems to wish,
To kick those down and out.
Everyone seems to desire,
To be everywhere...
To champion despair.

The only game I am here to play,
Is...
'How To Stop That Crap That's Maxed'

The only reason why I desire to compete,
Is...
'The Good Guys Seem To Be The Ones Defeated'

And I...
Support the efforts of the underdog.

'Here...
Get up.
You take the ball.
Hopefully I can block you.
If I get knocked down...
You jump over me,
Finding a space...
To speed your run.
Until you have found,
Solid ground.'

The only game I am here to play,
Is...
'How To Stop That Crap That's Maxed'

The only reason why I desire to compete,
Is...
'The Good Guys Seem To Be The Ones Defeated'

And I...
Support the efforts of the underdog.
I've been there too many times myself.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Efforts To Endeavor

The dominating of achieved success,
Can begin to destroy the mind of anyone...
With a kept perception that accepts,
Accomplishing expectations of others...
Will always from them come praise.
And not opposition or a rejection to get.

To pursue efforts to endeavor,
As a discipline not to mention...
But with a faith kept intended,
Keeps one focus regardless...
Of the attention one may be given.
Or not receive when that phase has passed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Efforts To Unite

What are those people protesting,
Against?
In a rotation that seems,
To have recycled comments.

'Unfulfilled promises made,
To their ancestors.'

And when were such promises,
To their ancestors made?

'Hmmm. Let's see.
Maybe...
Five or six decades ago.'

I don't understand.
Why do they keep protesting?

'They are hoping one day,
Someone in a position of authority...
Will come to show them the way,
How they can create...
Their own opportunities.
But first they seek to be taken seriously,
For their efforts to unite.
And sing songs of freedom.
That will be recognize and validated.
With an attention given to them...
Not to dismiss this time, again.'

Can't they do this 'and' on their own.
To condone.
Without seeking attention to get.
That usually those in leadership positions,
Have little time to give.
Just to focus on this.
These days have become too complex.
Too complicated.

'Well...
That had been suggested,
By others who made recommendations...
To have rejected.
Since many of the ones who do protest,
And on a regular basis.
Claim they have yet to be taught,
To multi-task.
With a need not to be left less educated.'

Educated?
Educated to do what?

'Listen. Comprehend.
And become more disciplined.
With a patience that tolerates,
What it takes to appreciate progress.
As well as an identity and dignity to address.'

Whew.
And when will that begin?

'That depends on who doesn't offend them,
By a truth that is expressed...
All hear and accept as is.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Efforts With Taught Ethics

The wanters have been taught to believe,
They can receive what is teased with ease...
To dream as they vividly wish.
As they sit awaiting the delivery of it.
To then become envious of those who get,
With perceptions that luck and not with sweat...
Tears wept or pain to endure those sorrows to feel,
Were medicated on quick dosages of delusion.

And those with wishes who also work to produce,
Dedicate their efforts with taught ethics first...
Set with applied principles they come to value.
Realizing even with discipline and a thirst to quench...
The only thing that comes to them guaranteed,
Is a thirst that may never experience being quenched.
But a devotion that stays to remain with the journey.
With no expectations of entitlements to be given.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Eggs Are Laid

Chew the few do on tidbits.
Some onioned and green peppered!
And moo with sounds like cows,
Ruminating cud...
When touched by cool fingertips.
Gently squeezing milk from filled utters.
Hens peck.
Roosters crow.
Eggs are laid...
As opinions are tossed to and fro.
Farming fresh water fished.
And booted to gossip in spring waters.
This, when viewed, inspires appetites to write.
Delighting one to dine...
On the imaginative scrambling to perplex fixed minds.
Sometimes!
Some do chew on tidbits stewed.
Spitting pits of cherries picked,
On a hilltop sitting sniffing fumes of manure.
Thinking of stiff necks to crack...
Within the shells of those stuff shirted backs.
Smacking on rhetoric and tossing crap,
As if narrow points of view...
Will influence a sunnyside up disposition,
Of one who knows they desire news to poach
From all sides of this valley.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Ego Trips That Bore

If subjective objectivity
Depended on substance...
And its effective projected quality,
Few who nourish the encouragement of thought,
Would have none to offer that triggers independent stances!
As they await to bait souls with predetermined fates,
Debated!
Since the collective who deem their points of view,
Selected based on merit,
Are they themselves limited and lost
To qualify such understandings!

They meet to empower themselves...
Yet are powerless to control expressed experiences of others!
They would like to find an exclusiveness,
That produces a greatness desired.
But instead discover they argue among themselves...
In an induced seduction,
About direction and content of their values!
In an ever changing process,
That is free of excessiveness...
And ego trips that bore!

They are eventually ignored,
And this they find repulsive!
Since their activities do not attract the desired attention,
Of those who find such minds closed and barren...
Unworthy to contemplate or given time to mention!

'If you are going to award yourselves...
Can it be done with less commotion?
And more devotion to content,
That is devoid of trivial nonsense?
There has to be more meat...
To sink your teeth into?
Giving more time to expand your minds,
Instead of monitoring the actions of a few
You pursue! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Ego Warriors (Inside The Gripe House)

Strutting about to prove,
The only defense against...
Differences is an intolerance.
To ensure humanity endures,
Through rumors and threats...
And escalated steps to move,
Closer to needless wars.
With a protecting effectively,
Quick to mask insecurities.
Leaving ego warriors,
To perceive...
Only a shown might makes right,
Between themselves.
With wishes wanting to be seen,
The one and only...
Left sitting on a higher throne
Even if it's copper.
But casted in fool's gold.

'MY throne,
Is custom made.
To fit only 'my' behind.'

-MY throne,
Is inlaid with imported...
And grain fed emeralds.-

*As if...
Such a thing existed.
And I...
Must use a megaphone!
To let it be known,
Who sits on a throne...
Highest of all.
So there.
Stretch necks.
And widen up those eyes.*

Nonstop,

Continues the grumblings.
And petty complaints,
Between the ego warriors.
Reported by those,
Invited but reluctant...
To go anywhere near,
The 'gripe' house.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Egocentric

They have said he is all into 'it'.
With some super intelligent brain to pick.
But he aint nothing but an average 'hood' dude who sits...
Thinking about what to do next,
To keep from being bored...
And exploring the life he is blessed with!

He hates to be complimented about things he does.
You would think he isn't serious...
Because he seems delirious.
And he knows too well how he is perceived.
His persona has been crafted...
So he can have a peace of mind,
To be left alone!
And have folks believe what they please!

Loving to tease.
But keeping his privacy enjoyed.
And his life discreet!
Choosing to live life,
Without becoming annoyed.

'Man...
You aint foolin' nobody!
You just described yourself! '

I'm flattered you would feel that way.
But I am not nearly that egocentric.

'Oh Yeah?
Well...
You're the only one I know,
That can write and talk to yourself...
And at the same time!
You need to get out more!
Do something else with your mind! '

Excuse me?
And who are you to be passing judgement?

'Hey...
I don't have to sit here and listen to this.
I am going for a walk.'

Good!
At least one of us is doing 'something' productive!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Egos Addicted

Images are needed,
By a society fantasized...
With hyped perceptions.
At the expense of an enforced,
Dwindling greed.

How can egos addicted,
Keep from bleeding?
How can selfishness worshipped...
Be curbed?
Stopped!
And no longer serving,
Those disturbed in denial fits!

Images are needed,
By a society fantasized...
With hyped perceptions.
At the expense of an enforced,
Dwindling greed.

And those elected to protect their 'treats',
Find they've become accountable...
To ease a reality upon these minds.
Teasing them with beliefs of victory!
When deceit and defeat...
Has surrounded them for sometime!

How can selfishness worshipped...
Be curbed?
Stopped!
And no longer serving,
Those disturbed in denial fits!

How can egos addicted,
Keep from bleeding?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Egos Fly High

Over a deal to purchase a football team.
People of notoriety,
Have elected themselves to use the media,
To demean.

People are losing lives.
And treasures they once owned.
Folks are being ostracized,
Not only from their families...
But also removed from foreclosed homes.

Folks with money and influential friends,
Are making their tantrums a priority.
At the expense of common sense,
For them that has yet to begin.

Egos fly high when little boys play together.
With more concern shown for their toys.
Than those homeless living in shelters.

And everyday they show evidence,
A taste to pride decadence is top on their list.
As millions of people,
Struggle to maintain an existence.
In a remorseful abyss.

Idiots with power,
Insist they have the right...
To ignite,
Their petty infighting.

As those they consider dispensible die!
Just to keep themselves in the limelight,
With perceptions they are adored day and night,
As millions cry.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Eight Ball

These situations did not develop overnight.
They flourished and nurtured,
And encouraged to exploit their appetites.
The alarmists are sounding loud and clear...
How they find themselves disbelieving,
What they have initiated...
And promoted into the atmosphere.
Is one for the deaf, dumb and blind!

Garbage in garbage out.
That's what it has been all about.
Oppression done oppression given.
A slap delivered gets a slap back!
God has been trying to teach us that.
But all we want delivered from our prayers,
Are more sweets to snack or packages gift wrapped.

Spoiled and indignant enough to cause another's pain.
Just to say we are brave to take,
From what others themselves have gained.
There has been no shame in this game at all.
And you are surprised we are slipping to a fall?
To beg and crawl from foreclosed properties?
Is there anything about greed that comes to mind?
Give it time!
And your whining does not excite others...
To come to your aid, beck and call?
On hands and knees pleading?
Nothing about you is envied!
Your mommy and daddy should have mentioned that
As they sat abd delivered to you your history!
But we all know how that's been twisted...
To give a honey coating to the mix!

These situations did not develop overnight.
They flourished and nurtured,
And encouraged to exploit their appetites.
The alarmists are sounding loud and clear...
How they find themselves disbelieving,

What they have initiated...
And promoted into the atmosphere.
Is one for those completely out of their minds.
And easily set up to betray.
What they have done has left themselves closer behind...
An eight ball!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Either By Force Or Nature

If everything about it had been presented,
As it was intended...
This life experienced.
There would be far less people delusioned.
And feeling defensive about the reality of it.

Once someone strips another quick,
To present the value of truths...
Unbearable for many to face.
Attacks begin
Like a collection of toys,
Eventually taken away either by force or nature.

And Mother Nature has a way of not playing,
By anyone's rules but 'her' own.
Once that has been accepted and known,
Priorities have a way of being re-arranged.
And an appreciation for what 'is' sustains.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Either Now...Or Later!

You are correct.
I could not agree with you more.

I have not been in touch with you.
Nor have I bother to call,
In a few months.

You have a song and dance routine,
I've seen and heard consistently unchanged...
For years.

Your ears remain closed to suggestions,
I propose.
And you say my life lived is delusional.
Since I choose to be uplifted and positive.

I find it incredible that someone like you,
Who quotes from scriptures.
And speaks in tongues with such fortitude...
That God would not listen with the utmost attention!
And your life would then have less,
Of a negative judgemental attitude...
Needing you to address.

Unless God and what I have to you to mention,
Isn't returning to you what your ears wish to hear.
The messages sent to you are ignored.
And your understanding of God,
Is a comprehension for you that isn't near.

However...
One thing I know is absolutely certain!
I am not as nearly as patient as God.
I have yet to be gifted with that kind of time to waste.
Or chase you in games of hide and seek,
While you take notes as to which quotes to provoke.

You are correct.
I could not agree with you more.

I have not been in touch with you.
Nor have I bother to call,
In a few months.

And right now a dialtone given to you,
From the bottom of my giving heart...
Is the only 'thing' I can see useful to you I can offer.

At least in my generous giving of it to you...
You can choose to quickly call someone else?
Either now...or later.
Or elect to sit...
In your own undisturbed quietness!

To you I hope a peace of mind comes.
Either now...
To appreciate.
Or later...
When only God knows,
Whether of not...
If this has been to your advantage.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Either Run Or Duck

So much wanted that is wished,
Seems to come with required prerequisites.
Just to test one's desire.

Sometimes it feels as if,
There are more steps taken backward.
As that scent gets stronger to behold.

A twist of impatience glued in cement,
Angers.
Who hasn't experienced this to decide,
If it is easier to let go and be crazed?
And in these days we face,
Who would notice this as abnormal behavior?
Would you argue with anyone throwing a fit?

Either run or duck,
That would be my recommendation.
Confronting someone on a rage,
Is not conducive to a maintaining of one's health.

So much wanted that is wished,
Seems to come with required prerequisites.
Just to test one's desire.
Only until tears begin to drip does it appear,
Those locked doors begin to open.
Leaving one to wonder...
What was the significance of the attempt tried.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Either Way

I am dedicated to producing,
The best work I can.
And excuses to make not to do this,
To leave mediocrity for someone else...
With a belief what I've done,
Represents my interest I approve...
To be left accepted,
Will only expose how I feel about myself.

And to do that to be expected,
By others...
Is not the reason I make every attempt,
To silence critics prepared to diminish...
My efforts to endeavor as nonsense.

Yet,
Either way...
I find myself more motivated,
Whatever the comments of me are being made.
Ridiculous with intention or not.

'So...
No one really knows,
What your best of an effort to make is? '

Hmmm.
You are right.
Since 'my' interpretation of medicority,
May leave them with belief...
I have produced my best endeavor,
That seeks their critique.
I like that.
Thank you.

'But in all fairness,
What are your feelings about mediocrity? '

The same.

'Meaning...? '

They will remain unchanged.
Boring is a life lived without a bit of controversy.
And controversy is what critics enjoy.
Am I not correct?

'How can you say this to know that? '

I have been dedicated to listening.
With a developed comprehension....
That has assisted my efforts to endeavor,
My understanding of what mediocrity is,
For many years.
But never have I been gifted with such clarity.

'By who? '

You.
Didn't you hear me thank you,
For your assessment?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Either Way You Look At It

Will those who have selected to do good deeds...
Discover their souls resting in peace?
When they have deceased,
And moved on from the release of this dimension?

Or will they spend eternity,
In a quiet void screaming!
Finding themselves tormented in darkness...
For the afflictions they have brought upon others!

Either way you look at it,
I think it is best to appreciate...
All that God creates!
And thank The Almighty for the blessing.
While that opportunity has been given to do it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Either You Have It Or You Don'T

When I discovered my peace of mind,
Every doubt I had took a hike.
And everything I disliked no longer existed.
A discovering of one's peace of mind does this.
And if anyone should ever believe they can pay for it,
They are still in a long line with others...
Awaiting to impress 'someone' in the hopes to be approved,
By a valued nonsense.

To have peace of mind,
Can be compared to being stripped bare!
Yep. Butt Naked!
And loving every blemish and flaw one has.
With a doing to care less who solicits from 'whom',
A whispered and critiqued opinion.

This...is about peace of mind.
And those who chanced to have found it,
Are not seeking it to be explained...
To have it comprehended for anyone to understand,
What the having of it means to study from the taking of notes.

Either you have it...
Or you don't.
There is no in between.
Class dismissed.
Go out there and live your life.
If you have a need to ask questions...
Be specific.
And remember this...
Adapting to accept B.S. only invites more of it to regret.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Either Your Cash Or Acceptable Credit

Glamorized violence.
Decadence and disobedience.
Disrespect, disgrace and thoughtlessness,
And...
Let's see.
I saw no books for maintaining proper etiquette.
Or...
Sustaining to keep one's integrity intact!
And I want my children to prioritize these values.

'I see.
Well...
The books you have here to purchase,
Are amongst are best sellers.
We haven't had a demand for the others in years.
In fact...
They just might be out of print.'

And you expect to stay in business?

'Expect it?
We can't keep books like this on our shelves.'

The whole idea of it is appalling 'if' you should ask me.
Where is the justice?
Where is the decency?

'Anything else?
Would that be cash or credit? '

Did you hear what I just said?

'If it's not about cash or your having good credit,
You'll have to address your comments in writing...
To the manager.'

I demand to speak to the manager, immediately.
The rudeness. The insolence. The gall.

'The manager has requested,
Either your cash or acceptable credit.'

It's all about profits.
It's all about profits, isn't it?

'We do have a section on 'hypocrisies'.
That's if you have time to browse? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Elaborate Masks

As a child,
I was never one
To have fun playing games,
Of hide and seek!
I wanted to be found.
As quickly as possible.
To explore and adventure.
Not the last one to be discovered,
In hiding.

That was years ago.
However,
Some I know and knew well,
Back then.
Many are still crouched behind places.
Hiding.
Trying to win...
At a game that has been long played out.
And nothing anyone says,
Will remove the elaborate masks they wear!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Elastic Attitudes

So much is available to learn and digest.
For those willing to make efforts,
With patience to tolerate...
The going through the process.
A lack of discipline, desire or motivation,
To initiate.
Since opportunities come.
And seldom await,
For the ones unprepared...
To identify them to appreciate.

Envious fits and jealous splits,
Delivers a returning...
Of what has been invested.
And negative elastic attitudes to plaster,
Stretched to wrap around...
Continous unproductive moods to be found,
Eventually snaps...
With a loud heard sound,
From those who have created their own divisions.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Elated To Have Been Distanced

From which side are those with kept delusions,
Would 'they' say are most difficult to view?
Those on the side witnessing their values diminished,
By the ones they've entrusted to keep them endeared?
Or the ones advocating the others to be fools,
To dismiss those standards hyped as reality...
When both sides refuse to accept reality as it appears,
With a denying of its existence?

And those censored as nonconformists,
Who continue to offend them with truth...
Are defamed on a daily basis,
For their attempts to introduce truth to them.

From which side are those with kept delusions,
Would 'they' say are most difficult to view?
When both sides refuse to accept reality as it appears,
With a denying of its existence?
And those censored as nonconformists,
Sing their praises to be the ones isolated...
To view all of this from a higher consciousness.
And elated to have been distanced.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Elected To Fix An Economic Crisis

What minds are behind,
The spending of billions of dollars...
For two people to hollar promises,
GUARANTEED to 'all'...
If elected to fix an economic crisis.

What nonsense advertised,
Is going to change the quality of lives...
Overnight?
Or increase a depleted reality that exists?
When what has been wasted,
Could eliminate the deficit with a quicker pace.

What idealistic dreams are kept,
That will deliver a feasting of greed...
For those already suffering from hunger,
AND homelessness?
With other needs dismissed that go unheeded.

And what deluded fantasies are left,
That have not yet been swept...
Away to fill the bulging pockets everyday,
Of those thieves teasing...
With their smiles and high profile deceptions.

Which elitist who represents...
Those supporting to have their special interests,
Protected regardless of who is elected...
Is going to have influence enough to convince,
Life as we know it needs an injection of sincerity meant...
Before a peace that could be easily reached dies upon the streets.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Electric Slide

No I am not a Spring chicken.
Nor think of me,
As a Canadian Winter goose.

And I don't strut around at dawn,
Like a rooster to awaken those who yawn.

But I do know all the steps,
To the Electric Slide!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Elements Of Invention

What do you want to hear and me to say?
I feel your pain?
Okay,
I feel your pain.

And should I beg of you your forgiveness,
As well?

'Yes,
I'm in need of that! Can you tell?
That would be swell.'

Well,
You can go to...
Elements of invention.
There you will get that attention mentioned.
And when there and at your consent,
Animate it with everything for you that's meant...
To keep the event,
At the center of a focused love.
I am not that one you've been dreaming of!

'I'm in need of that! Can you tell? '

Well,
You can go to...
Elements of invention.
There you will get that attention mentioned.
And when there and at your consent,
Animate it with everything for you that's meant...
To keep the event,
At the center of a focused love.
I am not that one you've been dreaming of!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Eleventh Hour

Waiting until the eleventh hour,
To voice outrage, support and empathy...
May have little effect for habitual tactics,
To change what has been neglected for years.
And appearing clearly in one's own backyard.

To acknowledge the ignoring of truth,
Many have allowed to grow to produce...
Actions that upset,
Those gathering to defend and protect...
A right to believe lies kept to themselves,
Will not eventually catch up with them...
As if divinely protected.
Makes pointless their arguments.

And...
Clearly an absence of common sense.
But...
A feeding together upon such foolishness,
At their own expense...
Seems to have become their best activity.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Eliminate That Habit To Procrastinate

I wouldn't wait from others to get motivation.
Or approve of what you do they will appreciate.
A need for this may come and done for you too late.
Eliminate that habit to procrastinate.
It it's what you want to do don't hesitate.
Maintain that taste you have.
And keep it craved.
Keep it tasted.
All day.

I wouldn't wait from others to get motivation.
I wouldn't wait for others to mix your baked cake,
No!
Not today.
Initiate the flavor of that taste you crave.
Keep it tasted.
All day.
Don't wait for others to take your taste away.
Eliminate that habit to procrastinate.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Eliminating The Charading To Display

No one should feel they are made,
To make the right decision.
When a decision that is right to make,
Affects the lives lived by others.
And the times we live today,
Are in dire need of truth...
With eliminating the charading to display.

And who is it given a position that decides,
Whether they will or will not deny...
Others the comfort of living the lives they wish?
Especially when it has been shown to prove,
Those in positions making such decisions...
Have been the reason conflicts exist as they do.
With a doing to infict upon themselves sustained pain.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Elitists With Egos

I shutter at the thought,
My brother experiences loses.
Or that my sister weeps...
From wishes to keep,
Herself sheltered!
And the innocent smiles...
On her children's faces.

And elitists with egos debate their fates.
As if their decisions...
Time will allow,
To puff those chests of those walking proud.

I shutter at the thought,
My brother experiences loses.
Or that my sister weeps...
From wishes to keep,
Herself sheltered!
And the innocent smiles...
On her children's faces.

There is a madness about this that makes no sense!
And how can those cry in privacy...
As a few who represent their wellbeing,
Disrespect the seriousness of tears falling.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Eloquence, Comprehension And Competence

What upsets and unnerves,
To become clearly revealed...
Is the doing of someone,
More sensible than others feel.
And they take the road,
Of embarrassment.
Not to admit,
They sit with minds harassed.

Secretly they make decisions.
Sweetened by sabotage.
Discreetly they agree,
What someone proposes...
They, together, could do,
A much better job.
And they are convinced,
Their quick fixes...
Does the trick,
That cements all the bricks.
Even though between them,
Not one has the experience.
Or proven competence.
And none of this seems one bit,
To turn on the switch...
In the minds of those who sit,
With smug faces.
Defiant in their stubbornness.

And yet...
The one abruptly dismissed,
Who had assisted to give...
Comprehension,
Eloquence and competence denied
To be despised for obtaining,
Intelligence not to hide.
Or disguise its presence.
Was despised for being arrogant
Instead of expressing...
Overwhelming confidence.

And this misinterpreted...
Leaves those smug who sit,
Accusing each other...
For proposed quick fixes.
With no proof to show,
How they fit or who benefits!
And which one amongst them,
Is brave enough to publicly...
Make it known,
To announce this!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Eluding Truth

Eluding truth,
Does not make it insignificant.
Nor does the attempt to ignore it completely,
Change the evidence of its existence.

Contemplatng to alter it,
To keep it hidden...
From one's consciousness...
Is a foolish proposition.

Since mankind is in a precarious situation...
When coming face to face with truth,
And still proceeds to try to manipulate fate...
Without faith in The Creator to guide the way.

Eluding truth,
Does not make it insignificant.
Nor does the attempt to ignore it completely,
Change the evidence of its existence.

There is no escaping,
From that which initiated the process of one's making!
Even the wisdom one shows,
Has been bestowed by 'that' which is ALL Knowing!

How foolish can an ignorance get?
We are in the midst of witnessing it!
Or...
Maybe all of it is intentional and not ignorance.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Email

I don't know where you are.
All my messages have been erased.
And replaced,
By question marks.

For five years I saved each one.
And the other day I awakened...
There was nothing.
I had none.

And the email we shared,
And exchanged with one another.
Is gone!
Including every address,
I hung onto has vanished!

I don't know where you are.
All my messages have been erased.
And replaced,
By question marks.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Embarrassed And Battered

Embarrassed and battered.
And nothing you have done is deserving of that.
Nothing you have done is deserving of that.

Embarrassed and battered.
And nothing you have done is deserving of that.
Nothing you have done is deserving of that.

Some people bring home their tempers to leave.
And nothing you have done is deserving of that.
While others show their hearts hanging on their sleeves.
And nothing you have done is deserving of that.
Nothing you have done is deserving of that.

Dragging on their backs every burden to keep.
And nothing you have done is deserving of that.
Bringing on their moodiness when they turn the key.
And nothing you have done is deserving of that.
Nothing you have done is deserving of that.

Keeping everybody up so they can't sleep.
And nothing you have done is deserving of that.
Nothing you have done is deserving of that.

Embarrassed and battered.
And nothing you have done is deserving of that.
Nothing you have done is deserving of that.

Embarrassed and battered.
And nothing you have done is deserving of that.
Nothing you have done is deserving of that.

Some people bring home their tempers to leave.
Bringing on their moodiness when they turn the key.
Dragging on their backs every burden to keep.
While others show their hearts hanging on their sleeves.
Keeping everybody up so they can't sleep.
And nothing you have done is deserving of that.
Nothing you have done is deserving of that.

Embarrassed and battered.
And nothing you have done is deserving of that.
Embarrassed and battered.
And nothing you have done is deserving of that.
Nothing you have done is deserving of that.
Embarrassed and battered.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Embarrassed?

You seem to have no problem,
Admitting those things you've done.
Even those things not socially accepted,
Others in a similar position...
Would try to hide or lie about them to run.

But you...?
You almost seem to brag,
About those things that shock and stun.
Why is this?
People today expect remorse shown.
At least some sign of embarrassment.
But you...?
You want it known what you've done,
With an emphasis in expressed sentiments.

'Embarrassed?
Are you kidding?
Why should I be embarrassed,
To experience and adventure?
I've been blessed with life,
To explore and discover...
Those things for me that are right.

The walking on water to prove I can do miracles,
Has already been done by the Chosen One.
And IF I am going to be doing any walking on water,
It will be frozen to be witnessed by at least someone.
Embarrassed?
Are you kidding?

And I am certaily over qualified to run for politics.
I do not lie or deceive or pretend to do magic tricks.
Or use religion...
To deny my sins committed.
With a doing them over again...
To dilute a forgiveness to me that had been given.
Embarrassed?
You make me laugh.

You see those people over there,
Hanging their heads down in despair?
They are the ones embarrassed!
Not me.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Embarrassing Admission

Preventing with attempts to stop truth,
Does not dilute its effectiveness.
Its presence once captured,
Seduces and stays.

And those unaware of its power,
Are the ones who eventually run away...
From the reflections that detect pretensions.
With the attention given to them,
An embarrassing admission difficult to erase.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Embarrassing Predicament

If everything had been given to him,
As has been rumored and believed.
Where did he obtain that work ethic from?
And how was that achieved?

'That is what has been given to him.
And that is what folks unbelieving,
Can not conceive.
Although that is clearly seen! '

But if he is the lazy one...
What have the others done?

'Good question.
Perhaps that is why they remain in hiding.
There is nothing like the exposure of full disclosure.
Or the silence heard from one producing.
Unseduced by rumors, innuendo or slander.'

Or an embarrassing predicament,
Experienced by fools with minds confused.
Who still find excuses to meander.

'Either way.
He gets done what he does,
With very little to say.
He needs to be teaching that.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Embarrassments Can Be Quickly Erased

If a declaration is made,
Of having amnesia...
'After' a violent act of atrocities,
Against others have been committed...
'That' is acceptable.
In any court where laws are aborted,
Tom distort.

And if one's amnesia can be connected,
To a childhood deprived of attention given...
Senseless attacks upon others are warranted.
No matter how innocent those who are defenseless.
Or a decision one makes,
To premeditate...
A conscious doing that takes place.

'So what is it that you are saying? '

Embarrassments can be quickly erased,
Depending upon...
Who passes the judgement.
And the quality of the statements heard to be taken.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Embedded

I am 'never' going to forget,
Being quarantined and isolated.
And those hurtful things said to and about me.
As I laid in recovery...
Fighting for breath and a return of my dignity.

That time spent as if I was a leper,
Is cemented in my mind.
And the experience of it,
Is a changing thought process embedded.
I am 'never' going to forget! Ever.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Embedded In Their Minds

People lie.
Especially to themselves.
Because the act of it,
Makes them feel good they can control...
A truth they can manipulate,
They believe will never be told.

People lie.
And caring less others are aware of it,
When embedded in their minds...
They have created something that does not exist.
And with a planting of misdeeds they watch their lies grow.
Everyone has been exposed to one or two chronic liars.

'Why do you have to be like that? '

Like what?

'Keeping it real.
And making me feel as if I am naked.'

That's what truth does.
It reveals everything.
Even exposing those who believe themselves to be hiding.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Embedded To Stay In Your Head

Whatever it was you accepted,
From someone else making claims...
About you to them I said,
There is nothing to you I'll say to confuse...
With a hearing of this from me instead.

LOOK...and it's like this,
IF ever I say something or anything about YOU...
You will hear it from me and no one else,
With a guarantee the words heard will be from me.
Since they will be embedded to stay in your head.

Let me clear this up and in your face make a stand...
Whatever I say you wont misunderstand,
Since what I say to you will stick like glue.
As if...
Embedded to stay in your head.

Let me clear this up and in your face make a stand...
Whatever I say you wont misunderstand,
Since what I say to you will stick like glue.
As if...
Embedded to stay in your head.

As if...
Embedded to stay in your head.

UNDERSTAND?

Whatever I say you wont misunderstand,
Since what I say to you will stick like glue.
As if...
Embedded to stay in your head.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Embellished By Desire

Does a greatness exist,
To remind itself that's what it is?
Or is it what it is because it is convinced...
A greatness has been achieved?
From its perspective.

Although the quality of it,
Has long been diminished...
By those seeking clarity and definition!
And not deluded interpretations,
Fantasized and embellished by desire.

An isolated slice of a whole...
May wish to call itself anything it chooses.
But it can not exist as it is by itself exclusively.

One day it does awaken...
To realize the foolishness of this!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Embellished Performances

It only takes once creative deceiver,
To establish with an implementing...
A strong and cemented roadblock,
That stops with a blocking to prevent...
Those who had experienced free passage,
With an access given to be taken for granted.

But a distortion of facts distorted that passage.
One accustomed to embellished performances,
Always detracts from facts to sell their own acts.
And with a doing this restricts others to be limited.
To then end that access,
Others who had received missed benefits no longer have.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Embellished Skills

Something has been clearly omitted.
From your receiving to get,
The real, upfront...
And in your face translation.
I am disappointed but not upset,
How you have allowed to permit...
Others to use you to entertain,
Their thoughts to delude you...
In the hopes that truth,
Is kept from you to know it true.

Often I have overheard misquotes,
To re-interpret what I've said.
With an overlooking the facts I have stated,
To choose to mislead and deceive instead.

Often I have sat with my patience intact.
To listen to words contributed to me.
Or listen to others laugh,
About things I have done even I can not believe.
But let me say this since you are here and near,
Directing to me your rolling eyes and frowning lips...
Doesn't mean a thing to me,
If truth in your mind you rather leave to keep distanced.

And if ever you wish to know how I feel,
I am in need of no interpreter with embellished skills...
To offend you personally with an intention to do.
Or have you whisper to others to gossip and prove,
You know better about the life I live...
With a mocking of my voice and movements too,
Let me be the the first to share this with you...
I am neither the one you beleive to be rumored.
Nor am I that fool interpreters have translated,
You have accepted to believe.

'Then...
Who 'are' you? '

That depends.
Tell me what you think you know.
And I will agree to accept,
Whatever you keep controversial and exciting.

'But all I know about you have been lies.'

I know this.
And 'you' know this.
But those with embellished skills,
I have yet to approached to undo their delusions.

'But why share your truth with me? '

The rolling of your eyes and the frowning of your lips,
As if I did something to you personally...
Is the most honest thing anyone has shown me all day.
Okay?
Let's start with the disgusting controversial stuff, first.
What have you heard?
And try to remember the details.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Embellishing Events

You have been accused of lieing.
Embellishing events that actually occur.
What statement can you make,
To defend yourself?
And dispute what others have said,
As being totally ridiculous.

'I have also been accused,
Of tap dancing on my neighbor's lawn...
Well after midnight.
And the doing of it they wish to stop.
Since my tap dancing awakens to disturb,
The sleeping of their pet parakeets.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Emergency Kit

One should keep this,
As an emergency kit...
Their word unbroken.
Promises made and kept.
And sacrificing one's own needs.
If a bond that has been spoken,
Becomes threatened by a shakened...
Heartfelt neglect.

Remembering 'that'
And nothing else,
Will keep one safe...
With a mind at rest.

When times come to change.
And the one without a power seen...
Makes impressions with tremendous footsteps,
Unforgettable in new days to come...
Changing values and standards upset.
Everyone personally will say they have met.

Especially the ones who witness,
Conscious misdeeds made.
Or an integrity traded...
To never forget the regret.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Emerging From The Darkness

First I am baited to debate my beliefs.
Crucified I am when my facts are released.
Then someone decides my opinions have been correct.
Now my opponents are loosening their grips around my neck.
Hoping to masquerade themselves as crusaders.
And not the thieves many are beginning to suspect,
As thoughtless creatures, self-centered with no respect.

Truth is emerging from the darkness to be exposed to light.
And I haven't budged at all from those insights I know are right.
I don't mask loopholes with pretense they don't exist.
Nor am I here to protect those rich,
From dipping further into their pockets to assist those in ditches.
Those unable to switch from caviar,
Or beef skewered shish-kebobs rotorized on thick sticks!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Emotional Bullies

We should not be undercover,
To announce the recovery of another's blame.
When will we begin to look up and over,
Our own barriers?
With sensitivities we should question,
The need to protect and defend them.

Shame begets what shame gets to be 'gotten'.
In return.
What other lesson do we need to learn,
But 'that'?
And all lessons learned are together attached.

Something in our minds disconnected.
To trigger quick and snap!

We should not be undercover,
To announce the recovery of another's blame.
We should at least be maintaining our own dignity.
Self-respect.
And a proud identity.
Flaunted!
And undaunted by the implementation of those insecurities!
And who hasn't had those?

LIES!
If you live you have had those!
And please...
No debate with me do I invite,
On the topic of 'Which Side of Ignorance Is Right'

It is what it is.
So if that makes you uptight...
Go somewhere and backbite me.
I see the thought of it enlightens your eyes.
I'm sure your lips would prepare,
Something with venom..
If I called you a 'fool'.

Would that get you there any sooner?

We should not be undercover,
To announce the recovery of another's blame.
When will we begin to look up and over,
Our own barriers?

When are we going to come to challenge one another,
To overcome and defend the right to mend within us?
That is the real fear.
And that makes us all not want to come face to face,
With an ugliness we all see in ourselves.

And that takes work.
To self examine.
In the convenient fields of doubt.
With,
Initiative and desires unknown!
And hope with wishes knocked out of practiced.
As over rehearsed sorrows about who did who wrong...
Remains centerstage.
Provoked by new lines found on someone's cellphone.

'I just love the way drive.
With so much compassion.'

When are we going to come to challenge one another,
To overcome and defend the right to mend within us?
God knows...
What is on stage right now has long required re-writes.
With a consistent updating, scrub and polish.

'...I haven't been driving too long.
Infact, you are my second passenger.'

We should not be undercover,
To announce the recovery of another's blame.
When will we begin to look up and over,
Our own barriers?
And 'own up' to that which we do,
To reveal the same thoughts being shared.

But what is not there has been purposely kept away.

LOVE!
When never known,
Can not be there to share unconditionally.
It has to under conditions met,
Be shown.
With committment!
Desire.
Hot.
But not to overheat kept respect.

We should not be undercover,
To announce the recovery of another's blame.
When will we begin to look up and over,
Our own barriers?
Our own deliberating and limited intentions,
To free what it is that we don't want to feel.
It is not wanted!
Why is it there?

To free what it is that we don't want to feel.
And welcome what it is that we do,
Wish.
To feel.
We should at least be maintaining our own dignity.
Self-respect.
And a proud identity.
Flaunted!
Undaunted,
By the implementation of those insecurities!
And who hasn't had those to chase away?
Insecurities?
Emotional bullies.

Insecurities?
Emotional bullies.
Same 'thang'!
Get rid of 'em!

We should not be undercover,
To announce the recovery of another's blame.

Or an addicting unconsciousness,
That leaves us entrapped within our own barriers?
And a lot of paranoia has been known,
To be shown from that.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Emotional Vampires

Emotional vampires exist.
Nothing but despair,
Comes from their lips.
Negativity is a ride they take,
On a constant basis.
Attempt to share any happiness at all!
And they will be there to erase it,
Quick!

Emotional vampires with evil sit.
Darkness clouds their minds.
And sharing it they do not resist.
Focused on their aches and pains.
With a draining done wherever they visit.
It would be quicker to give them a pint of blood...
Than to have them leave someone,
Mentally exhausted in an atmosphere...
That was not that way before they left it,
Gloomy, ugly and rich in thick sickness.
After they appeared.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Emotionally Drained

You know what you don't have?
Good love to give.
It's not that it is bad.
Just needs to be re-deposited.
With someone else...
Who appreciates,
Pinching pennies...
And squeezing nichels.
Knowing that a dime worth of nothing,
May give them some incentive!
Since you have left me,
Emotionally drained.
And stress is not what I value!
Or find it mentally cost effective.
Not at today's prices one has to pay...
To keep a peace one gets,
Left to completely enjoy!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Emotions Kept Inside

The flesh.
The bones.
The breath to breathe.
And the expected perfection.

The mind.
The thoughts.
The comments expressed.
And them connected to rejection.

The feelings felt.
Denial to hide,
Emotions kept inside.
To try without success to protect them.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Empathizing With Their Grievances

Is there anything left they have not protested?
What are they protesting NOW?
And...
Why are they dressed in their Sunday best?

'Interesting enough,
They have come to protest the actions,
Of those they had accused...
For everything to them that had been done.
Everything they claim to them had been promised.
But...
Nothing they wanted has been accomplished.'

Like what?
What were those actions promised?

'Well...
It seems,
Those that had been accused...
For just about everything and anything you can mention,
Have stopped doing anything.
Leaving nothing at all to accuse them for.
Since no one came forward to assist with their efforts.
Or suggest with interests the steps they should take.'

Huh? And those protesting?
What is the purpose? The reason?

'As crazy as the doing is,
They 'now' complain they have no one else...
But themselves to blame.
And nothing about this is being done.
So they have taken to the streets.
To bring attention to their dilemmas.'

To make what obvious?
The obvious?

'They have been told if they protest,

They would find more people...
Empathizing with their grievances,
Who would band together with them...
To demand those who have been accused,
To return to the doings they had done.
And that would allow those voicing their complaints,
To continue making excuses.'

What is going on these days?

'We are at the stage of rage and craze.
And people obviously mentally disturbed,
Have begun protesting the effects...
Of what it is they have created.
With belief that dressing in their Sunday best,
An acceptance of whatever they do is overlooked.
And all of their prayers will be answered.'

I'm not going to say what I'm thinking.

'Good.
Save your voice.
All those that were accused,
Suffered from the same thing.'

What was that?

'They all shouted themselves hoarse.
Believing the doing,
Would get these 'nuts' to pay attention.
As you can see...
That did nothing but make them more upset and defensive.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Empathy Given To Sympathize Ignorance

Empathy given to sympathize ignorance,
With it increasing and leaving more evidence...
That an acceptance of it has been achieved to protect,
Is a direct reflection...
Of that which is wanted with a wish to possess.

And for anyone who denies...
What is witnessed they do not expect or accept it,
Not only lie to themselves with a doing kept effective...
But also accuse those who reject their behavior,
As noncomformists who can not seem to adjust...
To a way of life as is instead of wishing to better its quality.

'Some people just 'think' they are better than others.
To then have the nerve to suggest what we accept,
Can and could be improved.
If we choose the doing to be fools,
What difference and to 'whom' should this make?
We are 'narcissists' not idealists. Get it? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Empathy They Campaign To Get

Those who get things their way,
Only change their minds to say...
Someone else is at fault,
To allow them to appear as the fools they are.
And...
With a getting of their way done,
They feel they should be empathized...
For their ignorance.
And an empathy they campaign to get.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Emphatically Expressed

A writer doesn't write to attract readers.
Maybe gossip columnists do.
To sell images and ruin a few.
But a writer who is true,
Writes because that is what writers do.

I wrote years before anything I wrote was read.
It wasn't to impress.
Those issues express about me,
Have long been put to rest in my head.
If something I write is read...
I hope a connection is made from what I've said.

Some also make claims they too like to write.
And I say to myself,
'Liking and loving are different appetites.'
No one who 'is' a writer takes it 'light'.
And those who feel this way...
May stay up night after night,
After many a sleepless night.

And it isn't for fame or money.
Trust me on that.
And I thank God what I do isn't done for the glory.
That's another story.
However,
When my contributions do become discovered...
It will be 'seen' there is some depthness meant.
Something within me that seems never to be solved.
Something with content I can not just dissolve.

And there is nothing to glorify,
When someone who writes for nourishment...
To feed others,
Do not think themselves to eat or drink.
Not when a thought comes to possess their minds,
With a desire to be completed.
Coming with a sensation one should heed.
And most of the time this is the writer's deed.

Whether the one who 'writes' gets a wink of sleep,
Or blinks.
And no matter if what is written is accepted,
Or thought to be rejected and stinks!
This kind of discipline...
Does not seek to reach for that attention!

Unless,
Money becomes mentioned.
And only then,
Of course...
What I have just emphatically expressed,
You have my permission to ignore.
Since my intention will take upon another direction,
To excite my need to explore...
With a more deepened Introspection.

I do write.
But biting into a good meal,
Intrigues!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Empire

Named were they,
To become kings of power!

Gay Hall
Overton
Cecil
Julius
Donald
Edward
Albert
Charles, Jr.
Lawrence

Named were they...
Because they were queens!

Anna
Lorraine
Virginia
Sandra
Leola
Edna
Emily
Isabelle
Catherine
Clara, Jr.
Jesse

These are the children...
Born to aspire.
To nurture the beginnings
Planted and branched...
From the foundation of an Empire!
Strengthen at the base by Countryman roots!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Empowered

Do you read and leave,
Without feeling the content?

Do you receive the message...
That is left and meant?

Do you sit and contemplate,
What it is that is said?
Does anything stay connected...
In your head to reflect.

Every word selected has a purpose,
To affect.
Those emotions hidden deep.
To respect...
Not neglect.

Each of us are directed,
To use this gift we have to touch.
And if it is protected in honesty...
The delivery exposes an effectiveness,
The receiver can not reject.

Do you read and leave,
Without feeling the content?

Do you receive the message...
That is left and meant?

The you have become empowered!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Emptiness Is Something Some Wish

You can not tell someone,
Clutching onto ignorance...
It has been devalued.
Try it!
And they will argue and fight,
To remain as shallow as possible.
Leave folks like this alone.
One only knows...
What they have been shown to treasure.
And emptiness is something some wish,
Never to give away!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Emptiness Of Depth

People who don't like the cover...
Will not investigate the contents.
Just like a book.
And I'm sure your've heard of that expression?

And without knowing the heart of matters,
Based upon how something may look...
They begin ignorant chatter.

Perhaps you've done this yourself?
Stirring up gossip about what's not known...
Simply because what is shown has been 'seen'!

They may have not confronted it...
Before it has been labelled,
A bunch of horse...manure!
And like everything else,
That has been taken for granted...
They are not sure what to say when a 'thing' endures,
And has been found to be of value!

Just like someone who has been shining,
Beyond the scope of their confined minds!
And when it is discovered that has happened...
Why is the blame place on 'that'
Which has been undermined?
When 'that' has been always what it was...
Without trying to 'shine' in the minds,
Of those who do their best...
Doing nothing but seeking ways themselves,
How to impress...
With a shallow pretentiousness addressed!

Like the emptiness of depth,
They bare and expose...
To those of similar qualities,
With superficialness to share and examine!
As if over a period of time,
This increases to feed...

A diminished mentality famine!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Empty Bucket

You can make it better!
If you insist that it is.
By getting better,
With a doing more of it!
Much better.
If you want it to exist,
By getting better.
With a doing more of it.

Now...
Take that empty bucket and you tell yourself enough,
And then you kick it away...
To-day.
Now...
Take that empty bucket and you tell yourself enough,
And then you kick it away.

'Cause you can make it better!
And place and win on any bet,
By getting better.
And...
Do it at your best,
By getting better.
And be that best of better yet!

Now...
Take that empty bucket and you tell yourself enough,
And then you kick it away...
To-day,
Now...
Take that empty bucket and you tell yourself enough,
And then you kick it away.

'Cause you can make it better!
And place and win on any bet,
By getting better.
And...
Do it at your best,
By getting better.

And be the best of better yet,
But better...
Than an ever you can get!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Empty Glad Bags

Disappointing assumptions made,
To have them discovered by others...
Recovering from their embarrassments,
Can leave integrities trashed...
On the paths of those returning back,
With faces sad knowing they've been 'had'...
By those who had issued to them,
Empty glad bags.

Assumptions to believe without the facts,
Can leave a trail of broken hearts...
Shattered like glass to sever relationships.
Never again able to mend again,
By assumptions that had functioned...
As a truth that had no aspects of reality.
Nor a shred of evidence left anywhere to believe.

Disappointing assumptions made,
To have them discovered by others...
Recovering from their embarrassments,
Can leave integrities trashed.
And as time passes...
Those sad faces knowing they've been had,
Find it difficult to even ask to be forgiven.
Fearing the possibility they wont be.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Empty Pockets Not To Stop

Never tell those discovered,
They are fools and idiots.
Eventually they will come to know this.
And on their own time to find,
The making of excuses...
For their stupid decisions made,
Would be pointless to blame others...
They had claimed to be incompetent.
Or those less experienced,
To B.S. with the best in social settings.

When a picture painted and with colored dots,
Reveals a truth everyone sees exhibited...
As to who is clearly displayed to be,
Openly the creators of a mess...
To have been started although convincingly,
Masqueraded.
This 'opening' to awaken minds,
Is progress.

A progress that leaves everyone regretting,
To have let fools and idiots represent...
A mindset that reflects a thoughtlessness.
A thoughtlessness to never forget,
As a lesson to learn to leave deep burns...
In already empty pockets not to stop it.

'But...
We were promised,
They had the right solutions...
To fix our problems.
And why are you staring at 'me'?
As if you are in total disbelief?
That's what they said to promise.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Empty Vessels

Of all ethnicities appearing,
Clearly seen to inspect...
And represented,
Unnoticed they float!

Empty vessels.
Spaces vacant,
Of detected cargo.
Drifting souls left to go,
Unanchored without purpose.
Or a destiny determined,
Explained or defined.
Yet...
From their berths pushed away,
With it expected,
They could, should and would...
Find effective guidance.
And direction.
Although unfound...
Had there been evidence,
Of solid ground...
From which they were pushed,
Away.
To declare them prepared...
For their perspective,
Journeys.
And left unaware...
It is expected,
They should know to flow...
With,
And not against the tide.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Emulating Themselves

Emulating themselves,
But they too accuse...
The very ones learning lessons from 'them',
What it is that should be done to follow...
And what it is with limited choices to choose.
With a doing that is taught to others to do.

Absent is an insight,
To recognize themselves denying...
Reflections applied,
Before their hiding eyes.

And blind as bats,
To reactions that enact...
With mirrored similarities,
They attack but can't subtract.

Absent is an insight,
To recognize themselves denying...
Reflections applied,
Before their hiding eyes.

Emulating themselves,
But they too accuse...
The very ones learning lessons from 'them',
What it is that should be done to follow...
And what it is with limited choices to choose.
With a doing that is taught to others to do.

Blind as bats,
To reactions that enact...
With mirrored similarities,
They attack but can't subtract...
From that which they have done to embarrass.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Emulation Stimulates

Emulation stimulates,
Whatever that image is projected.
And those most affected often impressed,
Are the ones with thoughts strickly surfaced.
With a having of lost minds never having depth!

Caught up in the circus of life and indecision,
So many undisciplined minds are found quick to snap.
And those who have become older to shoulder tolerance,
Perhaps have waited too long being patient as a defense!
In a belief what is witnessed today will eventually make sense!

However...
When fools are known to crack from their shells,
To be thought of as amusing as more evil dwells.
Only those remaining in denial and unconscious,
Are complaining of the hell they have allowed to dwell!

Emulation stimulates,
Whatever that image is projected.
And some who sit on fences to portray themselves less ignorant,
With 'perceptions' they are isolated from that which offends...
Are the ones who have invited terror upon them to descend!

Emulation stimulates by imitating that which has been created!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Enacted To Practice

Re-inventing discrimination,
To eliminate it visually.
In new ways not to detect,
It blatantly displayed...
For the purpose to appease,
Social sentiments to please...
Ethics and proper etiquette,
Of what reflects accepted...
Political correctness.
May come to erase attempts,
Made to lessen...
Its public appearance.
However...
Bigotry historically taught,
Will always be thought...
As an entitlement to feel.
And kept real for the many,
Who know it enacted...
To practice it.
With its worth perhaps,
Minimized to disguise visually.
Although the task,
Does not diminish its value...
Believed from birth,
One has been chosen to have.
And in which way...
One chooses to enact its value,
Kept practiced...
Will not change the mindset,
Of beliefs affixed...
To maintain its permanence!

'We are determined...
To have 'our' beliefs,
Enforced!
Whether endorsed or not.
There will be no negotiating.
Or further,
Time wasting discussions.

As to how...
They will be enacted.
Or practice 'our' way.'

-Uh...
Again,
What about the rest of us? -

'If your names,
Do not appear on the guest list
Guess what?
We not here to respond,
As to the clarity...
Of the obvious.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Enchantment

Rain falls
Like teardrops to release...
Allowing the sunshine to nourish,
And increase our happiness.
Awakening to manifest hope.
Freeing to reap a joyful harvest!
Knowing a faith tested brings abundance.
Anticipated and flowing to encourage...
An enchantment that comes to bestow.
And flourishes uninhabited,
To enjoy in the moment it arrives.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Encircling All The Madness

It is unfortunate...
Those who are obstinate,
Have no back up coming to defend
Those who stubbornly see they can't win!
It's like a jump into water and pretending,
One can swim.
When everyone sees the sharks closing in,
Encircling all the madness...
From where it started,
To begin its end!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Enclosed And Sheltered

There is a need for change.
And all agree.
Yet.
Sitting in the coolness,
Enclosed and sheltered.
From an unbearable Summer heat.
No one is willing,
To sweat.
Since there is a fear
That if someone goes near,
A flattened tire.
To move them forward,
In a car they all ride.
The one who changed the tire,
Will receive all of the admiration.
So they sit in waiting.
Until a winning of a debate,
Has been decisively won.
Although all inside.
Did a driving that was done!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Enclosed In A Bubble And Knows

Does it really make any sense today,
To do things at one's best.
And...
Does it really make any sense today,
To do anything effective...
With a hope that it connects.

Does it really make any sense today,
To do things at one's best.
And...
Does it really make any sense today,
To do anything effective...
With a hope that it connects.

Who is left unaffected,
By confusion and unrest.
And...
Who is left unaffected,
By a disrespect they get.
And...
Who is left unaffected,
By conflicts that exist.
And...
Who is left unaffected,
Yet remains in the midst of it.

Does it really make any sense today,
To do things at one's best.
And...
Does it really make any sense today,
To do anything effective...
With a hope that it connects.

Who is left unaffected,
By confusion and unrest.
And...
Who is left unaffected,
By a disrespect they get.
And...

Who is left unaffected,
By conflicts that exist.
And...
Who is left unaffected,
Yet remains in the midst of it.

Who is left unaffected.
And yet remains connected.
Who...
Is enclosed in a bubble and knows?

Who is left unaffected,
By conflicts that exist.
Who...
Is enclosed in a bubble and knows?

Who is left unaffected,
By a disrespect they get.
Who...
Is enclosed in a bubble and knows?

Who is left unaffected,
By confusion and unrest.
And...
Who is left unaffected,
Yet remains in the midst of it.
Just who...
Is enclosed in a bubble and knows?
Who...
Is enclosed in a bubble and knows?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Enclosed Within

So out of touch and numbed by bling,
Are those attached...
To images, symbols and material things.
And,
On the other side of a widening mind divide.
Sliding under what is believed,
Protective cloud cover.

It is as if exits have been closed.
And those who have escaped towards the light...
Can see clearly,
Without assistance or direction needed.

While those closed within,
Can not detect their points of view...
Continuing to dim.
There are too many of them,
Dancing in neglect and sweating expectedly...
In the corners of chosen dark shadows.

And they remain...
So out of touch.
And decisively free,
From reality.
A choice many sought successfully to seek.

With a love for scriptured darkness bought.
And preached with a delivery to suit acquired tastes.
So out of touch,
And numbed by bling.
Sliding,
Without denial...
Under what is believed,
Protective cloud cover.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Encompassed

Away from home.
A place where comfort is.
People drifting all alone...
To gather bits and pieces.

Away from home...
Roaming with no one to telephone.
Or share secrets with in whispered tones.
No one there to wet sheets,
Like beasts in heat moaning!

Tears fall and disappear,
Staring from smudged and smeared windows.
Lonely nights spent in a quiet atmosphere.
And watching the moonlight cast passing shadows!
Unfamiliar...
Yet so near to provoke and conjure fear.

Away from home.
Deep in captivity!
An activity no one hears.
And it is clear...
This remains encompassed!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Encounter With A Higher Power

They could care less...
Who comes to add blood and/or funds
To their monetary war chest!
These beasts are beating
Peace into the ground...
No matter who confronts them with protest!
The few want to rule.
To enslave all of us in detention camps...
Like mindless fools now used as tools!

They could care less...
Who comes to add blood and/or funds
To their monetary war chest!
They are counting on the dollar...
To fall to have us caged in in squalor!
That's why the borders go unpatrolled.
To have million fighting,
To make excuses for control!

But that is not going to happen.
As their plans unfold!
An encounter with a higher power comes!
To leave them and their ambitions stunned!
Unknown by the many...
Although these events will be told!

Leaving them left behind...
To be squashed like insects,
In nests no one can fathom, comprehend or define!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Encouraged And Given Nourishment

Remember when I chose to walk to your home?
When was the last time you chose to walk to mine?

Remember when I would call you just to say hello?
The last time you called me...
Was to say something shallow.
With a gossiped emptiness to the content of it.

Remember when I was a true friend to you.
And you took for granted my intent?

Well...
There's no mistaking what is there between us now.
I declare it distance.
One that has been encouraged and given nourishment.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Encouraged To Discredit

They believed by discrediting,
Some folks...
That would put them in their places.
And those folks would feel disgraced.

But little did the doers of evil know...
The ones they were 'encouraged' to discredit,
Were responsible players behind the scenes...
Who made it easier for them to obtain certain means.

But ignorance,
As seen...
Has always dominated,
As a successful marketing process.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Encouraged To Lie

Making it all up,
As they go along.
Most children do that.
Pre-fabricating,
With undeniable excitement.
Whether in the telling of their stories.
Or, In the singing of their songs.

And we listen to them.
Telling them how important it is,
To use their imaginations as gifts given.
With lessons we teach...
How significant it is to expand one's mind.

Some children do grow,
And break free from this practice.
Knowing when for them a reality begins.
And when an adolescence for them ends.
Some children do leave their immaturities behind.

Others remain to embellish their entire existences.
Confusing the difference between right and wrong,
In the telling of their stories.
Whether or not they are sung in songs.
And convincingly deceive to have others believe.
From dawn until night lingers on.
With a kept belief.
That their realities created,
Should not leave anyone upset.
Especially if their imagined realities,
Have brought a benefit that many later regret.

And the ones not understanding with a comprehension,
Are those who all their lives.
Have been encouraged to lie.
And in their minds they see no reason why,
This should not have been left to go on existing.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Encouraged To See The Misdeeds Of Others

If I want my neighbor to project
And reflect a wholesomesness,
Why do I continue to tolerate
Such a stench in my own backyard?

My whining becomes more and more absurd!
Holding onto spoiled attitudes that self service,
Undeserved.
Or without hint that I will discard by listening...
To criticisms about me I've heard!

My views are right,
And I protect them fighting.
I'm not accustomed to insightful biting words!
I've been encouraged to see the misdeeds of others...
And ignore those of my own I've incurred!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Encouragement

It is a feeling unexplained,
When someone acknowledges...
A good thing done.

And if a family member,
Or a friend does it...
It becomes twice as nice to share.

Those who do good things and enjoy them...
Deserve the encouragement that is given.
And they too will learn to do the same.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Encouragement Of Inappropriateness

How can they be corrected?
When eyes have been set upon,
Incorrectness.
How can a pride be handed to them?
When
Generations manifesting
Indecision, temptation and sin
Is branded upon them!
Who introduces which roads to take?
When appetites are prepared,
To satiate themselves
In a world saturated by hate!
Have you awakened too late to realize...
How can these misfortunes thrive.
And be there to smothered guilt felt inside,
Not to show remorse?
Or something that may reflect upon it!
What can be said about doing one's best...
When lies and lack of pride,
Seems to infest
With an encouragement of inappropriateness!
That feeds a mental unrest that is projected.
And protected from self examinations confessed,
By those declared dangerous...
To a way of life loved by the rest!
Observed digesting,
With drooped heads,
About to nap!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

End Gossip You Start

You talk about sins.
Who does it and how it all begins.
But you...
Can't end gossip you start.

You talk about lovers of others.
Brothers, fathers, sisters and their mothers.
But you...
Can't end gossip you start.

In your own backyard you keep much trash.
That your neighbors see everyday when they pass.
But you...
Can't end gossip you start.

A kept evil feeds on evil to feed.
With a feeding of an evil fed that never leaves.
Yet you...
Can't end gossip you start.

A kept evil feeds on evil to feed.
With a feeding of an evil fed that never leaves.
Yet you...
Can't end gossip you start.

You talk about sins.
You talk about others.
You talk about the bruthas, fathers, sisters and their muthers.
But you...
Can't end gossip you start.

A kept evil feeds on evil to feed.
With a feeding of an evil fed that never leaves.
Yet you...
Can't end gossip you start.
No, you can't...
End that,
Gossip you must start!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

End Result

You may wish to give me suggestions
To encourage my belief that I can not be or do something.
But you are not going to prevent me to believe
I can not do something.
Or replace my dreams with yours.
That's been done to me too many times before.
You have shown me your weaknesses.

I am your brother and you regard me,
As if...
I am here to exist for you.
Aren't we all here to exist to benefit one another?
You are much too naïve.
And programmed to receive the wrong signals from me.
What I can do is to prove to you what I can not!

These days you have exposed too much incompetent thinking.
In other words...
The process taken is to be admired.
But the end result for your kind of mindset...
Is for you,
Regrettably near.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Endangered

Threatened are the thinking species.
Those who dare it to expose,
Their close relationship...
With thoughts that are linked,
To common sense and express it meant.

Endangered they are wherever they roam.
Showing this process to use,
Often offends some unprepared...
To listen and hear words that are spoken,
Unapproved by many or allowed condoned.

Fearing their beliefs to be detected with defects,
Some run to jump on fences...
To sit on them like predators.
Whispering amongst themselves.
In the hopes that rumors and pointing fingers,
Will keep them effectively protected.

Threatened are the thinking species.
Those who dare it to expose,
Their close relationship...
With thoughts that are linked,
To common sense and express it meant.

And without fear of opinions,
Whispered in ears by those making it clear...
They have chosen not to be associated,
With a process that requires their commitment.
Or have it suspected to leave them endangered.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Endangered Are These Species

I see many things and most are facts.
Others I see,
I would rather subtract from my view.

Endangered are these species seen.
Treated to dispense.
And numbed to grow weak,
On updated renovated streets...
To glamorize a replacing of lives,
Until they've been erased from memory...
In a slow diminishing to have them go unnoticed,
When the deleting of them eventually becomes complete.

I see many things and most are facts.
Others I see,
I would rather subtract from my view.

I remember when respect was expected,
And shown with dignity.
I remember when identities,
Were as diversed and common...
And represented countless nationalities.

Endangered are these species seen.
Treated to dispense.
And numbed to grow weak,
On updated renovated streets...
To glamorize a replacing of lives,
Until they've been erased from memory.

Gone is the flavor replaced by vague substitutes.
Gone is the magnificence I came to love and knew.
Gone from this is 'LIFE'...
Perceived can be easily reproduced.
But now too expensive to live,
With a doing before the greeding to feast...
Soured the moods and divisions came,
To restrict and limit those who fenced their biased attitudes.

Endangered are these species seen.
Treated to dispense.
And numbed to grow weak,
On updated renovated streets...
To glamorize a replacing of lives,
Until they've been erased from memory.

Gone is the flavor replaced by vague substitutes.
Gone is the magnificence I came to love and knew.
Gone from this is 'LIFE'...

I see many things and most are facts.
Others I see,
I would rather subtract from my view.

I remember when respect was expected,
And shown with dignity.
I remember when identities,
Were as diversed and common...
And represented countless nationalities.

Gone is the love no longer to exist.

I see many things and most are facts.
Others I see,
I would rather subtract from my view.

Endangered are these species seen,
On updated renovated streets...
To glamorize a replacing of lives,
Until they've been erased from memory.
And gone from this is 'LIFE'...
As if the doing can be easily reproduce.

I see many things and most are facts.
Others I see,
I would rather subtract from my view.
Endangered are these species seen.
Endangered is this magnificence...
Believed can be easily renovated,
To reproduce a life to live and glamorize.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Endeavors And Those Efforts

Assumptions made,
Do not make dreams come true.
And no one without initiative,
Can prove they've become exhausted...
From endeavors and those efforts,
That were implemented to do.
Not too many and less the notable few,
Have achieved to reach heights of success...
On backs of others,
Who seem to always express...
They have been left out to mention,
A deserving of credit they did not get.

'They would not have been able,
To know their success...
If I had not inspired them with focus.'

~And for the years they have been dedicated,
To the deeds they have produced...
I am sure you were there with support,
And undeniable encouragement.~

'YEARS?
For how long have they been doing this? '

~Probably much longer,
Than you've been making attempts to convince others...
When you arrived on the scene,
That's when their dreams began.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Endeavors Kept Personal

It takes a doing everyday.
And from it not to stray to stay focused,
On that which is desired, loved and devoted.
With a putting thoughts of doubts and fears away,
That come to block with attempts to stop...
An initiative inspired by motivation one can trust.

Keep a motive going that grows and moves one must.
As faith is held with a noticed hope.
Keep a motive going that grows to never let go to lust,
As that spark excites to keep the embers of passion flowing.
And wishes dreamed come true they do.
Appearing to exist in sight to touch with a proving manifested.

Endeavors kept personal are always within one's reach.
Like the planting of seeds one witnesses begin to bloom.
Until it becomes time for them to harvest the fruits to taste.
Those endeavors kept personal can be modified to justify,
One's doing to have them perfected if wished but not in haste!
Since what one does to complete succeeds in due time.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Ending Deficiencies

I can not correct,
Anyone's mental insufficiencies.
Nor can I pretend,
A defending of deficiencies...
Others can not see to believe they have.
And I wont sit to listen to people argue,
Over who suffers through life with it done...
To hold onto dysfunctions,
Since they were children to not overcome.

And I am not the one,
To invite a taunting from anyone dumb...
With a doing this to me for giggles and fun.
Believing they can prevent my wishes to succeed,
Will be allowed to be prevented by their misdeeds.
Regardless of the attention they may seek to feed a need,
By using my abilities...
To weaken to gain for themselves,
An empathy from others to receive.

Although I may agree with some who may accept,
My living to dismiss ignorance...
Is perceived to be self-centered and shown to be selfish.
I have no defense against that I wish to protect.
Since I know of no one,
More knowledgeable about dysfunctions than myself.
But I'm not going to devote my time, patience or efforts,
Proving with a doing that I have chosen to prevail in failure.
Too many are doing that without my assistance.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Ending Of The Feast

How can one tell a people,
Accustomed to feasting...
The ending of the feast,
Approaches with the upcoming dawn?

And a living done 'within' their means,
Is in their future.
With no credit cards to own.

With a parking of their cars.
And a healthier way of life...
Showing a more discipline with fitness,
Shown.

Because all of their loan days,
With debits will be gone.

How can one tell a people,
Accustomed to feasting...
The ending of the feast,
Approaches with the upcoming dawn?

And they,
Will live on!
Or wont.

A change they can believe in.
With a reality to clearly breathe,
Comes.

And the singing of 'We Shall Overcome'
Will just be another song to sing.
As a process begins...
To fulfill a communal socialism,
On the horizon.
On the scene.

How can one tell a people,
Accustomed to feasting...

The ending of the feast,
Approaches with the upcoming dawn?

And they,
Will live on!
Or wont.
Leaving those humble and meek,
To inherit the Earth.

'Why so evil, dark and gloomy?
You're evil to wish that upon us! '

SNAP out of it!
The amusement park is closed!

I reference the Bible!
What...
Or should I say,
'WHO' supplies your observations?
And...
I'm evil?
Why?
Would it be because I do not cling,
Onto 'your' delusions?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

'Endless Love'

'Where are the other passengers?
Has everyone survived?
Is everyone keeping their hopes alive? '

Some stayed aboard the vessel.
With hopes to bail themselves out!
The rest of them that did not drown...
Are in the rowboat with the Captain.
With cheers and their undivided devotion!

'Cheers?
Devotion! '

Yes!
They are proud he stayed the course.
And kept to his principles.
Even though the ship is sinking.
From lack of common sense.
Never used to bring about...
A collective process,
To produce comprehension...
Triggered by the act of thinking!

'What is that song...
They keep singing over and over?
And what is that appearing on the horizon? '

They are singing 'Endless Love'.
I believe the Captain and his wife are singing.
It sounds like him.
A bit intoxicated.
Some of the others have been heard whispering,
Amongst themselves.
Something about a new commander.
Coming to save us.

'New commander?
Coming to save us?
And what is his name? '

I'm not sure!
But they too are singing.
I hear it.
Listen!
It's getting louder.
It's that Pointer Sisters tune from years back!
I remember it now.
It is called 'Yes We Can Can.'
It's ethnic.
And has a lot of rhythm!

Note:
The song 'Endless Love'
composed by Lionel Ritchie.
And sung in duet originally
by Lionel and Diana Ross.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Endlessly

To me...
You are everything.
To me...
You're my Summer,
And my Spring.
To me...
You're warm when shoulders cold.
To me...
You bring fresh air,
I hold!
And to me...
You spark a flame that inspires.
To me...
You set fire to my desires.
And to me,
I would not feel this free...
To be this fascinated,
Endlessly!
To me...
You are everything.
To me...
You're my Summer,
And my Spring.
To me...
You're warm when shoulders cold.
As Fall turns into snow drifts in the Winter...
Knowing I grow old.
To me...
You're my Summer,
And my Spring.
And never will I dismiss that,
Feeling this...
You're with me,
Endlessly!
And never will I dismiss that,
Feeling this...
You're with me,
Endlessly!
You're with me,

Endlessly!
And never will I dismiss that,
Feeling this...
You're with me,
Endlessly!
You are with me,
Endlessly!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Endorsed Enslavements

Endorsed enslavements,
Has left them insignificant.
Has left them in stagnation...
In segments where their conditioning,
Leaves them infighting.
And in competition!

Divided by beliefs.
And controlled by religious divisions.
Within themselves they have bigoted concepts.
Triggered from birth.
And constantly rehearsing their indifferences.

Jealousy and envy...
Keeps them as a people divided.
Entertained by transgressions.
And left to recycle their anguish and pain.

No gains are made.
As unity spoken becomes a myth nonexistent.
And resistent to change,
Keeps them significantly deranged...
In a sustaining acceptance of shallowness expected.
Intentional!
And identity eroding.

To effectively impede a higher consciousness...
Few of them nonconforming choose and succeed!
Freeing themselves of limiting weaknesses,
Taught that they had no choice but to breathe.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Endorsed Remorse

He was not shooting at the people.
He was shooting at the world.
He wasn't shooting in specifics,
It was from a random frustration...
He unleashed to unfurl.

And everytime I hear these excuses,
Made in the defense of these social misfits...
I've come to realize how quick some are,
To apply their comprehension...
For a call for all,
To forgive their embarrassments!

He was not shooting at the people.
He was shooting at the world.
He wasn't shooting in specifics,
It was from a random frustration...
He unleashed to unfurl.

And psychologists are called,
To calm a public fed on decadence.
With attention to examine...
Their lifestyles spent in ignorance,
But no one should pay at their own expense.

And with accepted intelligence,
The media gives them time to explain...
How certain people amongst them live...
Suffer from stress,
That makes them temporarily insane.

He was not shooting at the people.
He was shooting at the world.
He wasn't shooting in specifics,
It was from a random frustration...
He unleashed to unfurl.

And the business of depicting their enemies,
Continues with alerted threats.

Yet no one with this deluded mindset,
Is described as a terrorist.
With a face splashed over the news,
With a demeaning of their ethnic heritage...
Exclaimed to diminish and to disrespect.

But...
He was not shooting at the people.
He was shooting at the world.
He wasn't shooting in specifics,
It was from a random frustration...
He unleashed to unfurl.

And all need to empathize,
In reminded sympathy
With the giving to him...
Our endorsed remorse.
Especially in 'his' hour of need!

'Huh? '

He is not responsbile.
Our lack to befriend him...
Has resulted in his acts.

'And the others? '

What about the others?
They have the look,
We have decided as guilt.
They have that guilty presence...
They and the rest of their ilk.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Endorsement

The only endorsement I pride,
Is the one God has given.
With the many attempts I've tried.
With prayer and faith with God by my side.
And I am so blessed to give my testimony,
With confessions made on a daily basis.
So please there is no need to be concerned,
What position I seek!
Or what notoriety from you I believe I've earned.
That has already been confirmed and done,
From the moment I knew WHO condoned my tongue.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Endorsing Enforced Poses

To umask insecurity...
A weakness is sought
To be brought to the surface,
And revealed.
Something expressed,
To free the confession.
Something that gives,
A confidence to expose.
With a healing that begins...
A realness felt one feels.
Hopefully appealing to those
Who have chosen to remove
Hangups
And unlock doors they chose,
To keep closed
From endorsing enforced poses.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Endure Through Opposition

What is it that time has allowed me to admit?
With an acknowledgement of it I could not deny,
Even if I wished and tried...
By using a bevy of creative excuses to make?
Only me, myself and 'I',
Accompanied by tears to cry and obstacles to face...
Have remained to be responsible and accountable,
For any actions I have made on the path I have taken.

And no one else will ever know this to this day,
Those sacrifices I have made with heartaches bestowed...
Without delaying it as I paved my way moving forward to go.
And not to assess my progress as being differently addressed,
But to say to anyone with dreams and wishes to see realized...
If success 'is' attempted be prepared to be committed,
Both mentally and physically to endure through opposition,
Positioned to discourage with an array of conflicts presented.

Endure through opposition if what is wanted is wished.
Endure through opposition no escape route is permitted.
Endure through opposition if what is wanted is wished.
Endure through opposition with a faith to pray...
And never to quit.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Endured Through Tribulations

I respect and admire those,
Who have gone through a lot...
In their lives.
Whether they have gained names of fame...
Or remain unrecognized.

Especially there are those I appreciate,
Who have endured through tribulations.
And have stayed away from becoming judgemental.
Or self serving.
As if they had lived unneedlessly sacrificial.

And yet there are others who are blessed,
To remain uncentered expressing unhappiness.
Offering unsolicited opinions...
Dressed in digressive selfish shallowness.
With a controlling as if all knowing.

I respect and admire those,
Who have gone through a lot...
In their lives.
Whether they have gained names of fame...
Or remain unrecognized.

And I am not surprised at all,
To hear them say...
How they have managed to stand up straight,
To force themselves to walk tall.
People like this,
Get my respect unlimited!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Enemy Of The Year Award

And 'finally'...
Ladies and gentlemen,
The moment we have all been waiting for.
The winner of our last award.
What a year it has been.
False accusations.
Protests and deceits.
Ruined reputations.
Violence, corruption.
Witnessed to not deny.
Right here on our own city streets.
Oh. The tension.
Envelop please.
Thank you.
AND...
As expected!
The winner of our most prestigious,
Enemy Of The Year Award...
Goes to,
OURSELVES.
What a 'tight' competition this has been.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Energy

You wont get me,
To deplete more of my energy.
While you plug up to pull out,
Leaving me none.
Or believing some from you will come.
Those days are gone and I'm done.

That switch I let you easily flip,
From on to off...
Has been permanently disconnected.
No more affect on me like that do you have.
And no more will I sit by the window,
To watch you drive by where I live to do fast.
That switch I let you easily flip,
No longer exist.
So you might as well just end your,
Acts you think I am blind to witness.

You wont get me,
To deplete more of my energy.
I'm telling you now...
My time is not for you to take.
I'm telling you now...
You aint plugging up to pluck my nerves.
Or think me desperate to await,
A call from you to say you'll be late.
When you don't show your face at all.

I'm telling you now...
You aint gon' plug up here just to pluck,
My nerves.
Or waste more of my energy.
Or think me desperate to await,
A call from you to say you'll be late.
When you don't show your face at all.

'Hi, baby.
I saw you looking out the window.
Sorry I am a little late.

But I was rushing to get you that cake,
I promised I would bring for dinner.'

That's right.
I had forgotten.
What a coincidence.
I just got home to close the window.

'Oh?
And it took you two hours to do it? '

Huh? What?

'Nuthin. I'll see you soon.'

I'm so glad both of us are understanding.
And patient with trust.

'Yeah.
Me too.
We've got so much in common.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Enforced With A Focus Fixed

Being alone and wishing to be,
With an acknowledgement of it.
I chose to experience removing myself from limits.
And with the doing of this helped me to realize,
I depended on the feeding of my weaknesses.

And when I faced this doing to prove I could do...
With a self examination to improve,
I became enforced with a focus fixed upon it.
I had to divorce from my emotions then too sensitive.
And with a taking I did...
I took the oars to row my floating boat back to shore,
To never again ignore those obstacles.

Being alone and wishing to be,
With an acknowledgement of it.
I chose to experience...
Distance!
And I became enforced with a focus fixed.

Divorced from my emotions then too sensitive,
I became enforced with a focus fixed.
With a focus fixed.
And with a focus fixed...
I divorced from my emotions,
Then too sensitive.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Engrossed And Trapped

They feel the freedom to express the affects,
Of today's racism.
As technologies advance.
To leave mindsets like these...
Engrossed and trapped within their insecurities.

One would never believe these conversations breed,
This kind of attention in the year two thousand and ten.

There seems to be more focus on one's color of skin.
By ignorant radio talk show hosts...
Being paid top dollar,
To use the airwaves to solicit a hatred...
That validates the feelings of those who listen.

Whites who describe themselves,
As disliking blacks, browns and jews.
Are given this kind of authorized soapbox...
To discuss their self righteousness.
And who should live as they choose.

There seems to be more focus on one's color of skin.
By ignorant radio talk show hosts...
Being paid top dollar,
To use the airwaves to solicit a hatred...
That validates the feelings of those who listen.

They feel the freedom to express the affects,
Of today's racism.
As technologies advance.
To leave mindsets like these...
Engrossed and trapped within their insecurities.

One would never believe these conversations breed,
This kind of attention in the year two thousand and ten.
But then again...
IF a superiority is what is truly felt.
Why are there reminders needed?
And why is a country of physical diversity...

Have some folks believing,
They should be directing all people...
To do what a few who deceive as they please.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Enhance Me

Enhance me,
With understanding.
Let 'that' which I know,
Lift me up above restricting shadows.
There to entrap my contentment!
So that I may remain attached to resentment.

And I must not stop,
My growth to contemplate doubt!
I want 'that' out of my mind.
I have come to single it out...
Too much of 'that' has been experienced!
With those indifferent,
And still tossing about!
In anguish.

I wish to dismiss this and let it drift away!
Today.
Enhance me...
To allow acts of comprehension,
Give no immediate attention...
To the intentions I make clear,
And desire to be understood!
Enhance my steps with a calmness of breath.
Enhance me...
Like I can be!
And should.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Enhanced Awareness

I confess...
I am guilty!

I do exercise,
To enhance my stamina.
I watch my diet,
To enhance health.
I meditate,
To enhance my peace of mind.
And I do the best I can...
To ignore the ignorance
Coming from people like you,
Who seem to enjoy
Seeing my fingers ball into a fist,
Resisting it from splitting your lip!

So yes,
I confess!
I am guilty as charged,
For using enhanced awareness...
To keep me from behind jail cell bars.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Enigma

Split!
The earth shakes.
The weather changes,
To bring heartache.
The seasons are overlapping,
And no one can explain.
Accept to say...
A global warming is being displayed.
No comrephension comes of it.
A mystery that is hidden...
Complex and void of understanding.
Comes without invitation and sits.
An enigma to confuse and sustain.
To maintain and delude!
Diluting a mindset conscious.
Afflicting a fear into the mix.
And pulling away from a normalcy,
Once fit to strut...
In denouncements of nonconformists,
Who utter objections to a way of life.
In an enigma they are!
Between an ascent that descends upon them...
A turning point that spins away from 'reason'!
For purposes to clear,
And begin anew.
Whether or not,
Agendas scheduled to address it are made.
This enigma values not the thoughts of man.
Or desires to control on demand.
This is an evolution that visits.
To transfix what was...
With all elements perceived,
Involved.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Enjoy Every Moment Of It

You picked with me a fight.
You thought would be easy for you to win.
Was it my appearance,
Or the sound of my voice?
Or was it my occupation...
My selection of choice.

Whatever made you decide,
To pick with me this fight.
I'm going to ensure you enjoy every moment of it.
And when I get through with you,
Guess which one of us will be sleeping peacefully,
At night?
I'll give you a hint...
It will not be you.

You've chosen just what I like to do,
With fools using unconsciousness...
As a means to prove their ignorance!
Since I like to teach and leave lessons learned!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Enjoy The Smut

The only dirt on me you claim to have discovered,
Is the dirt I left behind easily to find.
Trust me...
There is nothing you have found,
With a belief you can smear my reputation...
I have not already calculated,
For noses like yours to quickly sniff...
With no embarrassment to me at all.
You have no idea how long I've been waiting,
To get limited minds like yours to critique my efforts.
Enjoy the smut!
I left it available just for you.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Enjoy Your Day

You approached me to ask a question.
And taking my time to listen...
With a response I had hoped,
You would comprehend.
Not only did you not do that.
But you edited my answer...
To 'insert' what you thought,
For you did not offend.

Now you accuse me of not being direct.
You say my answer,
For you is not effective.
You inject words connected to my response,
To something you rather accept.
And I hear your attempts,
To try to comvince others...
What it is I really meant!

'Why are you leaving? '

You asked me a question.
I answered it.
Now I take my exit.
To that do you also object?

'But I think your response,
Should be open to debate.'

First of all...
You approached me.
And the time given...
I did not hesitate.
You wanted to hear something you formulate.
Something in your mind you hoped I would find.
And I'm not wasting any more of my time...
To play a game of ping pong,
With someone who has yet to learn...
The reason or the effective use of the paddle.

And besides,
If I did decide to play...
It would be with someone,
Who had something meaningful to say.
And all you wish to do is to occupy space,
In the hopes someone will come forward...
To assist you in the use of it!

'Don't you think your point of view is a bit arrogant? '

That depends!
Is that your second question?
Or should I be seeking your permission to leave?
And neither question,
Do I seek from you an answer.
But I will give you the benefit...
To decide for yourself,
Which one eventually applies!
How is that?
Enjoy your day.

'You will not be asked back here again! '

Was I not already here when you entered?
Again...
Enjoy your day!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Enjoy Your Holidays

I pray you stay safe.
And not get too close,
To those chestnuts hot and steaming...
As they lay roasting,
On an open fire!

While nearby from you aching feet,
Wet socks removed from your exposed toes...
Dry.
And the snifles of your nipping nose,
By Jack Frost...
Can be in your mind set aside.
If just for a temporary release of thankfulness...
This season of joy and merriment.

Although in your heart...
You would rather not be experiencing,
Your current hunger and homelessness.

And those yuletide carols being sung by a choir,
Heard through windows of a church...
As members celebrate the festivities,
From across the street.
Helps you envision,
At least one sugar plum thrown by someone...
Who unselfishly decides you are deserving of a treat.
Be with you forever remembered.

Enjoy your holidays!

Hopefully soon.
And within a year from now...
Your life by then,
Will have invited more of a happiness you wish.
And these days treasured to value by some,
As their best...
Will from you leave,
Feeling 'still' you've been blessed.
And much more enlightened by your sacrifice.

Dedicated:
To those who may feel they have been forgotten.
But those who are aware of you,
In their hearts and minds...
You are in view!
All the time.
And in prayers of those you may never see or know.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Enjoyed

If we should never meet...
To greet or see one another eye to eye,
Know this...
We are experiencing to witness,
This life we have been given...
Together.

We are visitors in this moment and time.
Acknowledging the unimportance,
It is to define or uncover the reason or rhyme.
But to find a common bond to share.
And appreciate the breathing of fresh air.
With the understanding you and I are here.
Commited to achieve,
The very best we can be!

If we should never meet...
To greet or see one another eye to eye,
Know this...
We are experiencing to witness,
This life we have been given...
Together.

And for whatever reason,
We may never get to touch...
Know this...
What is kept in our minds and hearts,
At this time...
Is enjoyed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Enjoying The Exposure Of Enlightenment

Divided.
Lost in darkness,
To hide are some.
Those in Sun...
Have always walked.
They never run.
Enjoying the exposure of enlightenment!
As those afraid of their own shadows...
Await for messages that deceive,
While those delivering are left pleased.
Leaving the few observing the deeds they do...
Wishing the many veiled in confused delusion,
Spent more time with their heads out from under
Smothering sand and molds they make to fantasize!
Choosing to see things as they are.
Instead of selecting to see them...
As they are told they are meant to be!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Enjoying The Feast Of It

Some write,
Showing an ineptness as an appetite.
Enjoying the feast of it.
Without a nibble digested.
Or a taste of it comprehended.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Enjoying The Freedom To Breathe

The Ten Commandments were not created,
To have subdivisions of laws initiated...
For the purposes to make those 'Commandments'
More obeyed.

There are Ten commandments and that should be it.
But those creating laws to choose to create their own,
To make those laws more legit.
And who has not broken 'any' of them?

Soon there will be a tax on relaxation.
You know...
The act of it!
Choosing to take a walk alone through the park.
Enjoying the freedom to breathe the remnants of fresh air...
Will someday be reason to become taxed.
Someone is going to initiate 'that' as a money maker!

And in the beginning...
Well,
Closer to it than we are now.
There were just '10' of those commandments to obey.
Today...
There is a Supreme Justice Department.
Justices of the Peace.
Attorney Generals.
Lawyers.
Local Police.
Ministers and Priests.
None of which,
Are able to stop, control or re-invent...
The marketing of decadence, deceit and flat out lies!

So...
Do not talk to me about your Christian values.
Or your Muslim ideologies.
And WHY is the Vatican in Rome.
And WHY is there only one Mary sitting at the Last Supper.
Where are all the women, huh?

Where are 'those' standards in effect and practiced?
And you tell ME to keep it real?

No!
I don't have a dollar for your cup of coffee!
And that's well over two dollars now.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Enjoying The Process Of Life

Enjoying the process of life,
Takes a constant reminder.
Stress getters are often left feeling depressed,
By facing their daily challenges,
To become upset.
With a tension that pinches every nerve.

Without it recognized that more rest should be prioritized,
One can not fully enjoy the process of life to realize.
Or the benefits of it.
And a rest to get to be achieved,
Will leave success more appreciated...
When it comes to be received but not necessarily expected!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Enjoying The Solitude

There is so much more to life,
Than the gathering of stones to throw
Or marathon talks about blues and strife.
Do people like that...
Ever step out of their 'box' and grow?
That's just a thought I'm composing,
Not a sleep aid to see you dozing!

When I walk alone on busy streets,
I observe others qualify some
When their eyes come to meet!
Secrets that are kept
Are not as discreet as many believe.
When lives become routine...
And conversations overheard,
Are those of defeat.

I watch pigeons fly nearby.
Workers from skyscapers...
Grabbing lunch and back inside buildings
They hide.
I observe students laughing in cliques with glee,
Reminding me once how I felt that free!
And all that I desire from all that is viewed...
Is just one to understand what this man goes through.

It's not that I haven't had that in my life.
I've had wonderful friends and two ex-wives.
I've had failures and successes...
And paid my dues many times it seems.
But it is days like this I reminisce those I miss,
And wish to be held and sincerely kissed!

There is so much more to life...
Much more than quick fixes!
Or being pulled down to the ground,
By those playing games and dirty tricks.
Why folks don't get tired of that...
Sometimes makes me sick!

'eeeewww...(sic) ick! '
So I spend my time to find a twig in the park.
Enjoying the solitude as I pick the twig of its bark!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Enlighten Me With Something Sick

Stoked and chilled.
With a calmness set and ready,
To receive the best...
Of that which has yet to come my way.
Enlighten me with something sick!
Remove the slickness off my path.
That's all I ask.

No luggage to unpack do I have to drop.
None that will pop those out of Queasyville.
You feel me?

Nor am I into weasels who sneak to creep on peeps.
That's what they do to smooze a groove.
And for them whatever is hip is cool with me.
I don't sit on that kind of turf to consider as a re-birth,
Awaiting to quench my thirst to burp on stale leftovers.
I'm down and prepared to get up at anytime the clock ticks,
Wtih a pointing a clear direction chocked full of benefits.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Enlightened By An Initiation

It is what it is.
Not what one wishes it 'could' be.
Or should become,
After the experience of a composition exposed,
Has been done.
To trigger the process of thought not before shown.
Or enlightened by an initiation previously unknown.

We can pretend there is much more to capture,
After the game has been indentified.
Or its construction laid,
Within boundaries to be played.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Enlightened Will They Find Their Minds

Suppressed by their own demonic ties.
And pewed upon by pulpit culprits.
Preached to follow doctrines that do not apply,
To a wholesomeness...
But instead to lies!
Beasts that have fed them an emptiness...
Also taught them to remain suspicious of themselves.
And the days ahead will reveal their confinement!
And enlightened will they find their minds...
Released from deceptions and traditional receptions!
Returning invitations...
To dine and wine with disciples of Lucifer!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Enlisted To Agitate

How can someone without integrity...
No credibility, discipline and/or deeds done,
To benefit anyone with time spent as an investment!
Be given the time of day?
However...
They do manage to attract the attention.
With opinions about anything and everything,
Given.

As if they have been authorized,
To expresss input with validity!
And they are there in droves.
Reminding those that there are some folks...
Who are enlisted to agitate.
Welcoming volunteers to solicit unhappiness.
Trained to catch those off guard...
And willfully recruited to participate in this infestation.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Enormous Pride

I am guilty.
With a hope my admission of this,
Leaves me sentenced,
To my admitted commitment...
For the rest of my conscious life.
I am one who believes,
I don't have to prove my ethnicity.
By expressing anger.
To repeat and revisit that kind of history.
Nor will I allow myself to contradict,
My integrity with a pretense...
When and if I am invited to social events.
Hobnobbing around to convince anyone,
I am different and born...
With undeniable intelligence.
I've jumped off that fence too many years ago.

I am not one who prefers to charade,
My appearance in public to masquerade.
Like some may do who would rather excuse,
Their identities everyone sees and in clear view.
With a proving themselves clowns down to Earth.
Remove those masks and fast,
Insecurities they have will appear.

I take enormous pride,
When representing my ancestors.
I want it known with it shown immediately,
Discussions of slave ships, plantations...
And who did the oppressing,
To leave this documented in minds...
Is not a conversation I will defend to define,
Who it is I am.
As if I am in need to be kept reminded.

I am guilty.
With a hope my admission of this,
Leaves me sentenced,
To my admitted commitment...

For the rest of my conscious life,
To be 'black' as a fact.
But assisting others to keep me labelled,
Like that?
Is not a concern I've inherited to carry,
On my back or in my mind to be reminded.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Enough For Us To Know

You magnify more than just love in my mind.
I can not define it!
And to say it is love alone...
Seems so limiting.

You bring to me a radiance and glow.
Only my heart feels it without description.
In my head my mind has you there all the time.
I envision us in a togetherness.
A completeness felt,
Others say they can not find.

A void of emptiness I had experienced is gone.

You magnify more than just love in my mind.
I can not define it!
And I waste no time...
Trying to understand why it is you that comes,
To occupy my life like this...
With an easiness for me to welcome.

You bring to me a radiance and glow.
Only my heart feels it without description.
In my head my mind has you there all the time.
I envision us in a togetherness.
A completeness felt,
Others say they can not find.

And I am left feeling happiness for us.
In a devoted loyality...
I neither doubt or question.
Or confuse with lust.

To have such a blessing bestowed...
Is enough for us to know and trust.
As it within us,
Seems to nurture and grow.

Glowing and showing it...

As it grows to glow.
With you and I alone knowing,
What it is that is there to love.
And we are in it to give and receive.
That is all I know we have and can believe.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Enough Of That

Woe on shoulders,
Carried to uphold.
And enough of that...
Mindset,
To show where everyone goes.
Enough of that...
'Why me?
What is it that I've done?
And...
Why does it seem my life is troubled,
Doubled with a burden that comes.

Enough of that...
Getting up for nothing!
Enough of that...
Finding blame.
Enough of that...
Looking to be pitied.
And...
Empathy given to claim.
Enough of that...
Seeking for excuses.
Enough of that...
Time to find.
Enough of that...
Moaning to groan,
With an ease in the mind to whine!

Enough of that...
Woe on shoulders,
Carried to uphold.
And enough of that...
Mindset,
To show where everyone goes.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Enough Of The Questions

Am I understanding this correctly?
Trillions of dollars are being borrowed...
And/or created,
To keep the feeding of those greedy?
And this will promote a healthy economy?

Okay...
So once this hole is filled,
The same folks are going to ensure it doesn't happen again?

My mama was an expert at using that very same approach.
She would open up a can of beans...
Serve it to us and say,
'The steak and mash potatos will be coming soon.
Eat this while you wait.
And don't worry about not having enough.
I've got more from where that came from! '

~What about the steak, ma? ~

'It's coming!
I didn't say what day.
But when it comes...
You will know about it!
Enough of the questions.
Eat! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Enraptured

Tease those with the least...
That a college degree is needed.
Feed them greed to tax!
Sit back and watch them display dysfunctions.
And keep them addicted to that.

Make that part of a lifestyle to achieve.
With the spreading of misfit behavior...
And solicit to award as if the worst of it,
Are indeed opportunities!

Bombard everyone with a variety that is not needed.
And manufacture this with hype that is marketed...
With a sugarcoating to leave those who gloat,
In ecstasy!
Enraptured are they in states of mind.
These folks could be easily sold degradation,
Anywhere and at anytime!

It's quite elementary.
A successful feeding of eventual defeat.
And without the gloss of irradicable attachments.
You know the kind that is quickly dismissed...
As posing havoc against the status quo!
Although provides a slower,
More acceptable affect.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Enrich This

Unobstructed truth.
Observed without the frills.
Enrich this.
Since it has everlasting value.
And zooming to the top,
Of anyone's list!
Never to hinder one's passage.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Enriched

What was difficult?
A decision made to be me.
A decision to leave,
Everything and everyone...
Who did not grasp,
Their own identity.
And when clarity came,
And stared in my face...
I stood and stared right back!
That was the most difficult thing I did.
And since then...
I recognized,
How many had not done that.
How many,
In fact...
Did not know who or what they were.
And I did not fully realize until I witnessed them...
How long I had been back then,
Like them...
In hiding!
Pretending I knew the life I lived.
But today I do not seek,
Acceptance from anyone to qualify that.
I did not know that finding myself,
Would leave me feeling so enriched!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Enriched With Thoughts

Butt strutters...
Pushing up to the curb,
With babies in tow!
And giving up nothing,
But bad parenting skills...
For those on the weekend
Crack Head Tour.
Implanted to enhance sightseeing.
Insuring methods of suppression,
Are in full force!
Before endorsing campaigns,
To secure more 'nonprofit' funding...
Dropped into the pockets,
Of their daughters and sons!
As jobs...
Benefitting recycled poor mentalities!
To administer the continuance,
Of the blight sighted and the needs surveyed!
Someone has to make sure,
Employment is created!
Implementing the 'boosting' of good deeds,
Done for those impoverished and feeding on 'dreams'.
Mandating 'hope' as just a dope 'hit' away!
And sustained by those of goodwill!
Pimp sensations never overkill,
A diverse and growing economy of riches.
For those enriched with thoughts of maintaining greed!
And a subservience that services self destruction!
These fruits seem to be everlasting.
And there free to squeeze and juice.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Enrichment Done

An enrichment done.
By you,
And given to me.
And I am sure I am not the only one,
Who can say this to have others with me agree.

What you do without premeditation,
Some hesitate to do.
You may not be aware of this,
But this is true...
What you do,
Enriches like a snuggled fit.
And inspires those who recognize it.

An enrichment done.
By you,
And given to me.
And I am sure I am not the only one,
Who can say this to have others with me agree.

What you do without premeditation,
Some hesitate to do.
You may not be aware of this,
But this is true...
What you do,
Enriches like a snuggled fit.
And inspires those who recognize it.
Going beyond descriptions to depict.

An enrichment done,
By you unassuming it given as it comes!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Ensuring They Stay In Place

I've learned not to accept,
But return all disagreeable attitudes.
Those tossing about any mood they choose...
May have found that comfortable to do,
When they were children.
But as an adult we should have rules,
We adhere to and follow.
Ensuring they stay in place.
It saves from being regarded a phony.
Or called a two face.

No one gets that close,
I have to publicly disrespect.
Nor do I do my best to get other people,
To choose me over someone else...
As if there's been an announcement made,
Of a popularity contest.
I do not think it necessary,
To lie behind a friend's back. BUT...what 'friend' does that?
And that's probably why I have few of them...
Since deceit and distrust is not where my mind is at.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Entelechies

I hated that you hated me and did not hate you back.
I felt a hurt that crushed me deep...
And I did not fight that back.
My feelings aren't scientific...
Nor do I depend on analogies.
A stirring inside my brain connects.
And with my mind I have redefined how I see myself.
Sending entelechies to each cell,
No one suspects or can inspect...
Since this is done for effect.
I hated that you hated me and did not hate you back.
But something deep inside of me,
Is inside you paying you back!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Enter Greed

A progressive society,
Is one in which its people are productive.
And all aspects of their deeds done,
Is towards the uplifting of the entire society.
Not one selected segment but for everyone.

ENTER GREED

A people focused on greed in a decadent society,
Develop selfish interests in deceit and evilness.
Create divisions within themselves.
And seek to punish others without limits.
Resulting in their own ignorance accepted.
With a repetition of it kept inflicted to digest.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Enterprise

It's time to walk.
The overtime spent talking,
Is through.
You've been given a boost!
God has given you the desires of your heart!
If...
You just see this and get up and move!
That power of The Almighty,
Is there.
Be now aware of it!
The enterprise inside you,
Should no longer be a surprise.
It's time to walk.
Stop your squawking.
God has given you the desires of your heart!
If...
You just see this and get up and move!
The enterprise is not disguised.
Or to realize before your eyes...
To appear in the skies.
It is and has been within you.
It is there...
If you so choose.
Now get up and move!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Entertained And Distanced

The expense of keeping minds entertained and distanced,
To sustain a maintaining of those frivolities kept...
Has become more prioritized than the realities lived.
And those who oppose and protest,
The thought of being threatened...
Of losing this as a main interest kept to protect,
Even though their ability to afford them has lessened,
The keeping of themselves as hostages is more accepted.
Regardless if the effect has produced mental defects.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Entertained By A Nakedness

What does the future hold,
For those already entertained...
By a nakedness,
That has dismissed imagination!
And whose standards are left to be kept,
If a nakedness not too long ago,
Had been rejected.
But today everyone accepts!
Except...
The ones with kept pretentions,
Many are finding more reasons to reject...
As all the nakedness around them,
Becomes more appealing to closely inspect.

'Excuse me.
I would like two butts and four thighs, please.'

~And...
Would you like that delivered,
Where it is convenient for your privacy.~

'Oh heavens no.
I have brought with me too many guests.'

~Do you have a race preference? ~

'Not necessarily.
But surprises do excite, you know?
Although...
If you mix it up a bit,
You might get a big tip.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Entertained By The Reproduction Of Limits

Mumbled whispers,
Always find their way...
To ears focused,
On treasured nonsense...
That feeds a decaying,
Of those lives entertained...
By the reproduction of limits.
Shared by those boxed in by them!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Entertained With Ideals To Match

I do understand,
The lost of interest in reality.
And I can sympathize with those,
Who have chosen to manifest...
And let grow their delusions.

Those who have dealt with the reality of things...
Have seemed the most disrespected,
For professing the obvious.
While those deluded,
Have always been detached.
Preferring to be entertained with ideals to match.

The mavericks and the nonconformists,
Have long lived lives referred to as fools.
And few of them seem saddened...
To have been separated with a peace of mind,
For them that soothes.

I do understand,
The lost of interest in reality.
And I can sympathize with those,
Who have chosen to manifest...
And let grow their delusions.
Although I do wish,
They someday will find solutions...
For their mental conflicts!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Entertaining Hypocrisies

Entertaining hypocrisies,
Has cost lives.
And hearts too shattered,
Mending them with a forgiveness given...
Is not going to stop the pain.
Nor can words composed substitute truth,
To pretend it does not exist...
By those who live to know the depth,
Of a reality felt to weep from eyes unable to dry.

Entertaining hypocrisies,
Has diminished the quality of life.
Exchanging delusions for preferred deceptions...
Only increases an observed hatred released.
With physical wounds and mental scars exposed to show,
Few are left with hopes to dream...
A rescue from their conflicts anyone prioritizes, comes.
And far too often they are seen being demeaned.
And, pop to fizzle to then bottom out is the culture. Nonstop!

'So cryptic a depiction with no finality to it.'

Oh, but there is.
Entertaining hypocrisies will have its finale.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Entertaining The Absence Of Logic

There are still those who are amply baited,
Who remain over medicated...
With hallucinations they satiate.
And prescribed just the right mix,
Of delusions to keep them fixed.
With a bombardment of mental distractions...
To ensure denial and truth is resisted.

There are still those who are amply baited,
Who remain over medicated...
With hallucinations they satiate.
The time to awaken their minds has passed.
Addicted to fantasize and this will last.
As they have been treated to dismiss,
All elements of reality in their consciousness.

Confirming with validation the admittance of conflict.
Entertaining the absence of logic and common sense.
Numbed and insisting this existence persists.
Entertaining the absence of logic and common sense.
Numbed and insisting this existence persists.
Entertaining the absence of logic and common sense.
Confirming with validation the admittance of conflict.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Entertainment Escapes Made Accessible And Free

Accepting challenges around the clock nonstop...
Defantisizes life for some.
And crystallizes a maturity.
This is not often seen...
Where folks are committed to irresponsibility.
Where folks schedule their activities...
Between being uninvolved and making party scenes.

Entertainment escapes made accessible and free...
Are generally observed,
Where people are not concern.
And quickly display disrespect for themselves.
As they show a lack of discipline.
And an absence of identity.

Those like this often call for unity.
And pray to have their communities monitored...
As they beg for more police.
To keep them protected from themselves,
As they spread more of their mental disease.
And this is done by urbanites,
At a price that is paid by everyone!

Although no one acknowledges a consciousness claimed...
To be seriously considered or concrete of beliefs.
Not when so many have exited from accountability.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Entice

I could never love like that again.
Not with that kind of investment given.
Not with an openness of a heart I had.
Not when I was too ready...
To share all of myself
And that which I had!

I could never love like that again.
Waking up to sing before dawn.
Hearing bad news,
That solicits my heart to sing
Happy songs!
Not caring to carry a guiltness,
To decide if right or wrong!
And then all day long,
Just thinking in a reminisced fit...
About kissing!
Or sharing a bliss lifted,
To the eternal confines of the universe!

Not to say I could have been,
Perhaps more diversed...
To set free in passion.
Instead of living in a mind,
Too hesitant!
And reluctantly too over the top,
With emotions over-rehearsed!
And sometimes shallow.

I could never love like that again!
If I did...
I would have to kill someone.
Become totally undone,
In anyone came to put a scratch,
Or a dent...
Upon my sparkling heart,
That has been completely healed...
And remodeled.
Not to show

The slightest hint of pain!

I could never love like 'that' again.
However,
I could see myself in a renewal of old attitudes.
I am comfortable in my 'new place' now...
And that elates me.
I could,
Begin giving tours.
To point out all that has been done!
And only 'if' that 'someone',
Was quick to identify...
How much of a renovation has been made,
To remove every conflict from appearing
On the surface!
Only then...
Would I consider,
Contemplating having 'testing' affairs.
To a narrowed selective few.
In an opened house...
Understood,
Has been opened for closer inspections!
And to accomodate any chemistry,
That might arrive...
To entice and stimulate,
The arising of an enhanced view!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Entities Ineffective

No one wanted to sell a ticket.
Or hand out a flyer to promote their talents,
To induce an influence.
And strengthen foundations with identity!
Their minds are not of that quality.
A potential for greatness,
Came.
Gone.
And by them missed!
But they each wanted to get paid...
For time they had spent,
Dismissing this event.
Getting together to socialize instead...
And this 'selected' intention,
Was not initially meant!
It did not sit inside their heads.
Not for this production.
Or what it required and would represent.
This production sought sweat...
With a message of intent.
It was beyond a hobby.
There was a hidden meaning within it to be sent.
But their ignorance did not realize that.
They could have showcased their skills to the world.
And that was not fiction!
That was indeed fact!
An historic undertaking was about to unfurl!
Yet they kept a gaze on their pockets.
Proving their minds were stuck and locked.
Blocked within egos that did not stop.
And no one understood,
That challenge that came to knock.
Or how God had provided them with 'gifts',
To raise consciousness!
They do not get this connection then!
That is why they remain...
Entities ineffective now.
Maintaining a sustained,
Subservience to shallow greed.

A need to complete yet leaves unfulfilled!
Although thrills at that final curtain bow.
Mintrels collective of paid but vacant deeds.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Entitled To Disrupt

There is a certain class of people,
With a belief they can disrespect anyone...
Anywhere and when they please and choose.
They have become increasingly indignant too!
To prove themselves above others they detest.
With an attention to get as if to acknowledge,
They have been selected to be entitled to disrupt.
But yet...
Only expose themselves as the cause and reason,
A solution to resolve conflicts is not in their mindset.
And shown to validate a consciousness limited.
With a swiftness quick and in public they are identified,
As certifiable pests loudly protesting their ignorance.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Entitled To Do This

To deny that their greed,
Has depleted all quality of life.
Is to admit that those homeless and starving...
Enforced by a few,
Feeling entitled to do this...
Had been acceptable and alright!

They've been clearly on a mission,
To diminish with racism and division.
And these acts have been barbaric.
Yet they have by them been cherished.

The plug has been pulled,
On once closed eyes now wide open.
They never conceived, perceived or believed,
They would someday become victims.
Or cloaked in their own deceit,
And left defeated and broken.

And even in the moments,
Nearing towards their end...
They still choose to point fingers,
At those long ostracized...
From a way of life,
They themselves have brought to an end.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Entitled To Thieve

The approach to it has been,
And still is
Extremely basic.

If that which has existed,
Has done so as consciously implemented.
By those who now oppose the results of it.
Who has a right to criticize anyone,
For an irresponsibility.
Seen to be observed as collectively done,
By everyone who has allowed its presence.

Who has had the authority,
To shift with a blaming
Of an accountability?

Me?
I know your fingers are not pointed at me!

Who has been on hiatus?
To have left the candy store unattended?
Remember,
I am not trusted to even be a customer.
Let alone
To be one endeared with a key.

And
Don't look at me.
That assignment has been given to others,
Most of my life.
With a success that has left them motionless.

And
Perhaps that attraction to my activities,
Has been the basis
Of those insecure.
With a leaving to others
Feeling entitled to thieve.

The very same ones,
Unbelieving
The ones they have protected,
Have been the deceivers and thieves
Bleeding them of their own 'borrowed' resources.

Look
The only threat I've posed to you,
Has been my skin color.
I have never had ideals to corrupt.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Entitlement

They are praised and much rewarded...
For enhancing steps,
To fill and stock treasure chests.
And doing what it takes,
To obtain high grades...
To please those who have raised them!
With teased comforts valued,
And whatever gadgets added...
To assist their upward mobility with an ease,
They hope to have made.

These spoiled offspring discover soon...
The meaning of entitlement to ensure dreams,
As if they were kings and queens heaven sent!
Splurging lives lived only for money spent...
Securing lifestyles for themselves,
That has been ordained and meant for them...
And no one else!

Prepared they do to leave their homes for schools.
With a pressure to receive BA, MA and Doctorate degrees.
And draped at graduation with caps and gowns...
Proud they have escaped,
A mental poverty believed erased!
Dropping on the marketplace...
To chase delusions,
Craving wealthy solutions!
Concluding they are the brightest of stars!

They are then expected to feed,
A perception of ancestral need to thirst for greed.
To display a kind of self contained respect.
Accepted and expected from these knowledgeable minds...
As others left behind are snubbed,
In an ignorance protected not very hard to find!

And again and again...
This 'system' fed has no end!

They are expected to feed,
A desired taste that promotes a qualified greed.
Commonly endorsed to land them on plateaus.
As they watch from glass towers...
The snacking of those trapped!
Lured and attracted within competitions to match,
A sitting in the lap of luxury...
And entertained by conquests,
That sustains and distracts
From a lack of accountability...
No one is prepared to approach or address!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Entrapment

Defy to deny,
With opened eyes wide to recognize...
Solicited invitations dated to bait,
Entrapment.

Know it to be disguised,
To first introduce its criticizing ways.
Done to do by those who masquerade.
Those too deceiving to reveal true indentities.
For the purpose to offend someone believed,
Easily picked to pluck and get stuck...
To do nothing else but defend themselves,
Without knowing who it really is...
Using cloak and dagger tactics just to entrap,
Anyone unaware of it to get themselves snatched!
With an alluring that distracts yet attracts...
As practiced by those accustomed to using,
Mental acrobatics.

Defy to deny,
Solicited invitations dated to bait...
Entrapment.
Recognize it disguised,
To first introduce its criticizing ways.
Done to do by those who masquerade.
Those too deceiving to reveal true indentities.
With a hiding of insecurities,
Behind a variety of adorned and ever changing masks.

Refuse to accept becoming side tracked by such tasks.
Or allow being played by those who charade,
To leave those left emotionally bleeding
As they salivate on fed laughter and the feeding of ego!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Entrapped To Feed The Whims Of Fat Cats

What difference does it make,
Who is selected to represent...
Fake entitlements.

If such distractions can be afforded,
To maintain and sustain them...
That is going to happen!

Those entrapped to feed the whims of fat cats,
Will continue.

You...
Not they,
Provide them entertainment.
That's all.

You may have done it.
However...
I am sure they have not,
Lowered their expectations.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Entrapped Within A Big Ego

Can someone be so distracted by their own vanity,
That they will ignore...
The last of the giving of sound advice?
Can someone be so entrapped within a big ego,
They will destroy themselves at any price?

And this is not as mysterious,
As witnessed by those who observe.
There are those for years will do as they please...
No matter who warns them,
To duck from a punch or swerve away from a curb.

They are just in it for the punishment!
To secretly in discreet treat themselves to deviations.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Entrenched

Now a request
To revive and clean up
An intentional mess
Is professed!
But what has been nurtured
With evil deeds to succeed,
Will not be changed because of pleas.
What has been done to cultivate
The minds of prim and proper asses,
Shall be left the way it is
Since the trash that has been planted,
Was instigated
Without advancing
The process of thought to enhance!
Dance on your own garbage entrenched...
And purposedly self entranced!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Entrenched In Denial

More interesting these days,
Are those who have chosen...
To stay with fading beliefs,
That needed changes overdue to be made...
Will come to take place,
With a doing of outdated and repeated denials.
Denials entrenched to have been fictioned,
In their kept stubbornness and unfaced facts.

More interesting these days,
Are those who have chosen...
Deception over truth reduced to soothe lost minds.
Even if the truth is produced with evidence,
Many are still convinced hoping they will find...
What is presented is intended to offend.
And not to awaken them,
To a light that shines meant for them to follow.
With a leaving behind their addictions to sorrows.

But...
So many today have been entrenched in denial,
That truth and reality to them to present...
Represents an ending to their delusions fed.
And defending against a reality to resent,
Will, if prolonged to ignore, will for them, eventually...
Return those times they relive to reminisce,
To not notice how long from them they have gone.
And with such an obviousness madness,
Many today are more willing to accept...
As a passing phase to their reflected craze,
Solicited and cheered on without a consciousness.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Entrusted With A Faith

Unfortunately those convinced to believe,
I operated from a shallow ego to leave...
Wherever and whenever I chose to display it,
Have allowed themselves to express a willingness...
To expose to me a foolish unconsciousness,
I 'had' refuse to perceive but now confess...
If it was from an ego I ever wished to address,
I would not have approached them with steps...
To delay my own success,
Which today leaves me totally focused.

And with an ability I have shown to let go,
Of those seeking just to get attention...
At social events with a passing of their judgements,
On others as if they should critique while exhibiting...
A display of mediocrity, self righteousness and indignities.
And an addiction to conceit.
I can be direct but never could I be self obsessed.
Blessed I am and grateful to express this,
With no regrets to depress my devotion and commitment.
I've been entrusted with a faith to never let it be undermined.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Entwined In Concepts

Both of their minds were entwined in concepts of relationships.
Wanting their own to be one that was perfect.
And defining that with having good credit.
With things believed that would keep them in bliss.

And when these 'things' began to lose their sheen...
Less interest in themselves slowly could be seen.
The need to constantly be together became a non-necessity.
With a wish to be alone in one's own space.
In a place the other was either invited...
Or not invited to be.

And a love between them,
Although expressed...
Was missed.
Leaving dreams and desires,
To be held and kissed...
Becoming less obsessive.
And often dismissed.

As those things cherished gathered dust with time.
There was an emptiness felt!
And invited.
Under one roof where no happiness once there,
For them.
No longer, for them, they could find!

Yet and regretfully...
Both of their minds were entwined in concepts of relationships.
Wanting their own, they did, to be one that was perfect.
And defining that with having good credit.
Loans and debts could not keep this correct.
With things believed that would keep them in bliss.
Gone was 'that' and any remnants of happiness.

And when their credit became less than good.
They found themselves in arguments...
Blaming the other for a wasted life spent.
And agreeing to split is what they should do,

To prove this less the expensive.

With a being together for them now making less sense.
As they express to others,
They've done the best they could.
But a love to make better wasn't theirs to save.
Nor was it there from the beginning!
And this had been the costly mistake they made!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Envelop Yourself

Break free you must!
And shatter the shell of enclosure.
An investment of breath is wasted.
This life you'd like to keep...
Stale as the crumbs of it nibbled.
Heaps upon you complaints attracted.
You from them can not detach!
A match is found in a comfortness.
And that comfort has lead,
To your welcomed stress.
That has distanced a desired happiness.
Perceptions you have that it will come if you wait...
Like a patience adopted for something disliked,
But tolerated...
And perhaps even hate!
What else have you convinced yourself...
And determined about your fate?
That something special will come to you?
Because you sacrifice your life like you do?
Get real and envelop yourself,
With a selection of developed escapades!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Envied

Digging deep,
For signs of credibility...
Being swept along streets,
To catch between the grated holes...
A mass marketing sweeps,
Those of vacant minds into consumed
Materialistic hysteria!
Keeping back orders of ridiculousness in business!
It's amazing this BS is tax free.
It's amazing,
Just how crazed this madness is these days.

The sight of squeezed fat ugly butts,
Into imaginations stretched beyond...
Digusting jellied guts.
To hide a gluttony of sad habits.
Like a 'secret' tote that's puffed,
From that 'weed' folks can not give up!
As a few stand by and watch...
This drug infested simmering stew brew!
It's amazing this BS is tax free.
It's amazing,
Just how crazed this madness is these days.

And as amazing as it is,
It does not daze or faze at all!
The unconscious have been immunized.
Once dumbfounded and surprised?
Those eyes are now glazed.
It's amazing this BS is tax free.
It's amazing,
Just how crazed this madness is these days.

Those in this 'conditional' situation,
Ride this gutter ride as if it is envied.
As if this life of dismissed consciousness is sought,
By those thought to be kept at bay and disadvantaged!
And those used to maintain those images...
Pray for the salvation of their sanctuaries,

To stay off the radar for such 'missionaries'...
To advance upon them with these teachings of their ways!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Envious

Those who are envious,
Do not only hold that inside...
It is expressed openly,
In the environment in which they live.

This enviousness,
Often oppresses...
Those who are afflicted with this sickness.
And it is handed down through generations,
As if the display of it is a gift!

It should be quarantined,
The moment it is witnessed.
Addressed for what it is and dealt with!
Or it will decay any relationship,
That becomes exposed and associated to it!
Look around.
I am sure it's not difficult to see,
The evidence of it wherever it sits.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Environmental Setbacks

On painted canvases,
With depictions personalized to capture...
Within ornate frames that traps an essence,
Of a time to remain standing still.
Although hypnotized to images kept,
Are those known to obey...
That which sits to keep kept polished,
In environmental setbacks trashed...
But frames unchanged are 'reverently' dusted.
As a teaching done to pray stays,
For those with hypnotic images kept...
Of those teachings taught restricted to limits.

'Food for thought replenishes the soul.'

~For those who are aware of what's beyond the frames,
Yes!
However...
Those kept trapped within environmental setbacks,
Must only eat what we feed to them...
We know to be tainted and left to blind their hypnotic visions.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Epiphany

An 'epiphany' manifesting in a sudden appearance seen.
Observed to be on January 6th.
And depicted as the coming of the Magi.
One of three 'wise' men from the East.
Paying homage to the infant Jesus.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Episodes I'Ve Closed

Inside me is this feeling,
I've just got to share.
This love I have inside of me...
Travels freely everywhere.

The meaning I must send,
Transcends descriptions defined.
I want it to radiate and glow.
Showing it more...
And wanting it to shine!

This chapter of my life...
And those episodes I've closed,
Brings today an understanding
Of what I must expose!
I have deep love...
From a place that surfaces.
I want it more to show outside,
From inside of me where it hid!
I am more ready now to receive,
And with love I am more willing to give!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Episodes Of This

What episodes of this has not been read?
What challenges were missed and have not been fed?
Why are those professing to be christians,
Turning away with self righteous backs?
And why are they quick to criticize...
With demoralizing practiced acts?

Something is not 'clicking'
To connect with knowledge known!
Something is disturbing...
About the flow that keeps this growing.
And analysts repeat statistics as if none of this is showing!
Shoppers at the malls could care less of current events.
As television broadcasts sports...
As if this is the world condensed!
To make a buck to keep people seduced,
And suckered up!

Paparazzi making 'stars' out of those with lacking talent!
Catching minds entertained off guard...
While those in charge are clearly out of tune,
Taking sides to what is apparently off balance!
And those people convinced they are Jesus' decendents,
Are proving a dementia from all perspectives!
As more of this voraciousness spirals...
In an avoidance as if none of this exists!

What episodes of this has not been read?
What challenges were missed and have not been fed?
Why are those professing to be christians,
Turning away with self righteous backs?
And why are they quick to criticize...
With demoralizing practiced acts?

Large doses of medications must be passed...
Slipped quickly in a method,
That keeps this mental trash.
Making this 'not' a sickness but unresisted bliss,
To last!

As new fads expose bare asses of those...
In chapters of a morality,
Enforced and inflicted upon the world.
Men. Women. Boys and Girls.
Since all of this is foolishness...
Resulting in stupidness conducted,
As to 'who' will control the oil...
To raise the prices for the use of natural gas,
Sucked from the soil of foreign lands.
To grease the palms of just a few greedy hands!

'Intentional Inflictions...'
Makes for them a life that's grand!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Equal Comfort

Every decision up to this date,
You have made...
Has been done to disregard,
Suggestions to consider.
Or anyone's feelings,
You had not before quickly dismissed.
And I have been a witness to hear this admitted.

Yet today to hear you say,
Someone has treated you disrespectfully.
And in a way that displays a total disregard,
For any experience or wisdom you have earned...
Surprises me.
I would suspect you would accept that,
As a return of an equal comfort.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Equally As Sad

Doesn't it strike you as 'funny'?
I do.
That the 'nothingness' I once had,
And meant to you 'then'...
Has now risen in value.

And all those 'things' you wished,
That brought you a 'status'...
And a happiness,
Has diminished in worth.
Don't you feel you've been cursed?

And that 'nothingness' I still have...
Is priceless.
That same nothingness,
You wish you could now afford.
Since your 'circumstances',
Has brought you down to Earth.

Doesn't it strike you as 'funny'...
That your taste for things and money,
Has changed in its importance?
I do.
In fact...
You should be laughing hysterically,
By now!

And...
Somehow.
As much as I want to laugh at you...
I can't do it.
There are too many fools trying to prove...
Like you,
That the look on their faces...
Expressing heartache,
Is faked.

And I don't find that funny at all.
I thought I would.

But I don't.

Even he who laughs last...
I have discovered,
Doing it alone...
Is equally as sad.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Equally Duped To Be Tricked

Today a pity has become the equal,
For all people who believed...
They owned a potty to poop.
And free to do as they choose.

Today a pity has become the equal,
For all people who believed...
They owned a potty to poop.
And free to do as they choose.

Difficult it is to brag about success,
Without a potty to poop.
And in private to do.

People are finding...
Equal they're becoming,
Without calling someone 'dummy'.
Yes all the people are finding...
Equal they're becoming,
Without calling someone 'dummy'.

People are taxed and stressed,
No matter what it was they possessed.
More people today confess,
The world is becoming...
One big mess and everybody's upset.

Difficult it is to brag about success,
Without a potty to poop.
And in private to do.
People are taxed and stressed,
No matter what it was they possessed.
More people today confess,
The world is becoming...
One big mess.

Today a pity has become the equal,
For all people who believed...
They owned a potty to poop.

And free to do as they choose.

Today a pity has become the equal,
For all people who believed...
They owned a potty to poop.

What difference does it make who dresses to impress,
If there's no potty to poop.
And in private to do.

What difference does it make where one goes to confess,
If there's no potty to poop.
And in private to do.

What difference does it make what one had to possess,
If there's no potty to poop.
And in private to do.

People are finding equal they're becoming.
And everybody thinking they are dummies...
Duped to be tricked and used as fools.
Just duped to be used and tricked.

Duped to be tricked and used as fools.
Just duped to be used and tricked.
And equally,
Duped to be tricked and used as fools.
Just duped to be used and tricked.
And equally,
Duped to be tricked and used as fools.
Just duped to be used and tricked.

There is no potty to poop,
When you're duped and used as a fool.
Duped to be fooled and tricked.
And equally done to do.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Equally Foul

Sometimes it is easier to hide,
A red elephant in a closet.
Than to open the door of one,
Looking for a good mood to wear.
And...
Hoping to keep it,
Without someone having something foul to say...
To ruin one's entire day.
As if they knew just how to do it.

It takes all the strength in the world,
Not to step toe to toe with ignorance.
And a good mood can be stripped to grit teeth...
Just like that!
Quicker than someone with decent intentions,
Indecently allows something equally foul...
To come popping right out of the mouth.
And,
Consciously!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Equally Sheltered And Confused

You can not believe what is going on?
And in your disbelief,
You seek and explanation for it?
Perhaps you should ask yourself this question...
'Where have I been not to have been a witness.
And how much of reality,
Have I chosen to dismiss? '

Whatever it is that is in existence today,
To even admit not to have known about this...
Is to personally announce the living in denial.
And the mind that you have,
Is both isolated and limited.
Leaving you not alone to share this point of view,
With others who too...
Are equally sheltered and confused.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Equally Worshipped

An ignorance historically condoned,
Has opposition if protested.
It is like taking crack from an addict.
Or suddenly professing their ill affects!
And these addictions are best left alone.
Especially in places,
Where religion 'and' hypocrisy...
Are equally worshipped!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Equipped To Fly

A bird with wings,
And equipped to fly...
Is seldom seen,
Trying to be convinced of it.

And why would a thoroughbred,
Choose to race with an average horse?
To rehearse the practicing of what?
A waste of misplaced curiosity?

If a thing is known and established,
To be that which it is...
What is the advantage,
Of not utilizing its benefits?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Equipped To Score Some Serious Points

I did not come to this field to play games.
I came equipped to score some serious points.
And to prove my aim is beyond bragging rights.

Closing mouths permanently with the aid of tight lips,
To say nothing else but witness...
Is my mission to accomplish with a purpose to do this!

Those coming to size up their competition with egos inherited...
Would serve themselves a better benefit,
By spending their time creating something that has merit.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Equipped With One's 'A' Game

The road most traveled,
And one that is familiar on a daily basis...
Is the one that creates,
The biggest challenge few are left to debate.

It is too easy to take for granted,
That which one believes is well known.
And to stay awake and remaining equipped
With one's 'A' game...
Is something one accustomed to obstacles,
Has shown time and time again.

It only takes one mistake,
To ruin the flavor of an expected taste...
Of one's favorite cake and that's all it takes,
For one to regard a whole day a major catastrophe.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Eras Passed

I can not depict those eras passed.
As if I wish to have them last.
Yesterdays gone,
Belong to someone else's future...
To envision an existence,
Not mine to attempt to glorify them lived.

Romanticized eras passed,
Some can't let them go.
Those romanticized eras passed,
Have put minds on hold.
In those eras passed already had,
Times then were so slow.
No one can compare them to today,
As remembered golden days.

What has been learned from eras passed?
When a quality of life has faded.
What has been learned from eras passed?
When a feeding on greed has many crazed.
What has been learned from eras passed?
When people are so divided.
With minds that are so misguided.

I can not depict those eras passed.
As if I wish to have them last.
Yesterdays gone,
Belong to someone else's future...
To envision an existence,
Not mine to attempt to glorify them lived.

What has been learned from eras passed?
When a quality of life has faded.
What has been learned from eras passed?
When a feeding on greed has many crazed.
What has been learned from eras passed?
When people are so divided.
With minds that are so misguided.

What has been learned from eras passed?
To prove respect has progressed.
What has been learned from eras passed?
To accept we're human beings.
And what has been learned from eras passed?
That's left us more reflective.
With minds used more effective.

What has been learned from eras passed?
That's left us more reflective.
With minds used more effective.
What has been learned from eras passed?
That's left us wisened up.
What has been learned from eras passed?
That's left us wisened up?

As eras pass not to last,
Have we wisened up?
As eras pass not to last,
Why are minds corrupt...
And abused.
As if to choose,
A mental confusion.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Erased

My trust in you has rusted,
Cracked and crusted.
My faith?
That remains strong.
That has helped me carry on.
My thoughts of you...
With an 'us' I knew?
I am doing the best to forget,
That you and I even met.
We did our best.
And perhaps,
Could have done better...
To avoid any regrets.
But I have recovered,
To find a peace of mind.
Whatever we had...
I have long put to rest.
It is in a past I have left behind.
And the happiness I have?
That I hope you can detect?
See it and know none of it is yours...
To touch any part of it to get.
Not to waste time...
Sitting in chats to reminisce.
This joy I feel is very real to me.
And 'you' have been replaced,
Without a single trace!
Erased from my Christmas list.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Erect

There is more than one way to stand out!
Stand tall.
When one speaks,
Lift up your head...
From the cracks on the street.
Eyeball to eyeball.
Direct.
Respecting that which one gets.
Erect.
Firm.
And glad to be living to give!
Seeing what's there ahead...
And not below!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Erratic

They can not grasp
The onslaught of thought!
Erratic.
Dramatic destruction
Shows an ignorance taught!
Peace is not going to be won or bought...
By past actions of power.
This is not the hour,
For displays of that might.
It isolates the aggressor,
And promotes a call for more to fight!
Erratic behavior creates a stagnant insight.
And the stronger one weakens...
Losing all to a mental blight!
Erratic they are
Who believe such stances are right.
Goodbye say the allies,
Without a kiss to wish goodnight!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Errors Of Their Ways

Even fools slowly awakening,
From the errors of their ways.
Should immediately notice the ones,
They attempted to portray as fools.
To betray them.
But never were.
Nor were they connected unconsciously,
To a foolishness to accept being abused.

Only fools believe what they do to others,
Is left to stay on a dead end street.
To leave with no return that is possible.
But time never remains the same unchanged.

Which makes such awakenings,
More difficult to face and admit.
Especially when minds recover,
From their own thoughtlessness.
To discover...
Who had done the tolerating,
Of self-centered errors made.
And time to waste at their expense.
Or have a need to convince fools awakening.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Esaciadacious

Isn't it good?
Doesn't it feel grand?
It's one of my own creations...
To share and spread upon the land!
'Esaciadate'?
What does that mean?
For me it is a taste that's wonderful.
Beyond estatic!
And bordering supreme!
It is a feeling one has...
Greeted with the morning Sun.
With a thrill to rejoice...
And share this with everyone.
It's almost 'rollercoasterish'...
That leaves a stomach 'queazy'.
'Hey...
That's not a word at all! '
Yes queazy is but sometimes not easy!
But it could land near a quayside.
If I chose...
And 'if' I pleased to free from that 'queaze'

And I do!

'Esaciadacious'?
I just love the way it feels.
And if it describes the 'high' that appeals...
'Esaciadacious' is the way I'm 'queazed',
In the morning, at noon and even at night...
When I'm left to tingle 'esaciadated' in the breeze!
(Es-say-she-a-day-cious)
And you say what?

Noted:
'Esaciadacious'
Is my creation to mean one feeling in between

a release that satisfies the mind and relaxes
with contentment! When this wonderful feeling occurs...
one can truly say they have become 'esaciadated'!
LOL...
(Es-say-she-a-day-cious)
And you say what?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Escalated Are These Events

The events today upon us done,
Are not isolated to escape from.
It only seems that way...
When whispering in intentive ears,
With words we say are not heard by those...
Believed from us to be far away.
And they can not our words hear,
To ascertain what it is that is said.

Escalated are these events.
No matter who attempts to convince themselves,
What is done with a doing to another...
Is a doing done not to them.

How foolish self-deception becomes,
When beliefs taught are twisted...
Until a grief upon one comes to visit.
And that pendulum begins to swing,
From one end to the other.
Without preferences or druthers.

'Are you familiar with the works,
Of Pablo Picasso? '

No.
Why?

'Your writings remind me of his paintings.
I never understood them.
They have such an ambiguous complexity.
And yet...
I am sure you intend them to have some depth.'

Vague and disjointed.
As if to have meaning and purpose?
Although captivating.

'Exactly.'

No.
I'm not familiar with his work at all.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Escalated Mistakes

Pretentions seldom correct mistakes.
Often it takes a facing of them,
To admit they exist.

Since escalated mistakes do not evaporate.
Nor do they seem to fade away to be erased...
With more excuses made as replacements.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Escalation Of A Consent Given

Preventing an escalation of a consent given,
Of a quality of life relentlessly indecent...
And descending with intented purpose meant,
Is an effort completely ineffective...
Since,
Those who had given their consent meant...
Were without common sense,
When it came to pocketing dollars and cents...
To believe that such decadence would not one day,
Come to stay as a way of life to live.
And a taste that is craved to become addicting like this,
Is not easy to rid from the minds of kids...
Fed to perceive that prosperity and greed,
Is a life to worship no matter who is left to suffer and bleed.

'Dear Father in the sky where You alone reside,
Please shower my life with things to get.
Regardless from where it comes from,
As long as I am the one who flaunts it to impress.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Escalation Of An Infestation

Escalation of an infestation...
Gone unaddressed.
And producing heartbreak,
For those who now confess...
They wish they had not rejected,
For purposes to correct,
What was 'then' a mess.
Chosing denial...
Instead of facing truths
About themselves.
Not realizing only the truth is best!
But today their suffering,
And association with distress...
Leaves those who cared,
Caring a whole lot less!

'Hey...
Don't look at us!
We were the ones,
They ignored and cussed! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Escapades She Tapes

From Italy to shores unknown.
She convinces she leaves footprints.
But her doors and windows...
Expose dust from a lack of being cracked.
As she sits aging in a familiar rocker,
With a knack to dream in spinster silence.
Romanced by novels.
And escapades she tapes and replays.
She is afraid she can not erase,
The age that daylight shows on her face.
Hiding...
She charades between chapters,
Fading.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Escape Goats To Use To Confuse The Issues

It will be great one day,
To awaken to hear.
Voices acknowledging their faults.
With an admitting of them,
That eliminates finger pointing.
To end placing blame on others,
For our own actions a suffering to ourselves.
Mistakes and decisions,
WE cause and brought.

There has to be an accountability,
That initiates what happens.
Escape goats to use to confuse the issues,
Never succeeds with lessons taught.
And excuses quickly used to refuse those things we do,
Has to stop looking for someone's back.
To attack,
As we keep packing upon their shoulders.
Our weight to carry as if they are suppose to do that.
Then verbally express our lack of appreciation.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Escapes From Truth To Delude

Escapes from truth to delude,
And found easily done to do...
Seldom leaves the doer who does this,
Kept to feel that real satisfaction...
Has been accomplished.
Especially when truth to delude,
Can no one say to validate...
Has ever chased away doubts to eliminate.

Escapes from truth to delude...
Doesn't change it.
Escapes from truth to delude...
Causes pain.
And escapes from truth to delude...
Come back to attack with the facts.

All escapes from truth to delude...
Doesn't change it.
And escapes from truth to delude...
Causes pain.
Every escape from truth to delude...
Come back with those facts to attack.

All escapes from truth to delude...
Causes pain.
All escapes from truth to delude...
Come back with those facts to attack.
They come back to attack with the facts.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Escaping Definitions

Words should not offend,
Or become twisted to bend
Curiosities!
Like a flower blooming,
Without a stem
To uphold its nourishment.
Words can be defined...
Unlike feelings
Different from yours,
Or that of mine.
When spoken...
We should find out what words mean.
How they are used.
When they are used.
And who refuses...
To take them for what they are.
Instead of insisting,
Something else was meant!

'What in 'hell' are you talking about? '

Escaping definitions!

'Well...
You're doing a damn good job...
Because I haven't a clue
What you're talking about! '

Great!
That's two of us!
At least we agree.
And you thought we had nothing in common!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Escorted To The Threshold Of Fame

Many have more than been escorted,
To the threshold of fame.
Some visualized this at their births.
Knowing within them,
Fame was the name of the game to claim.

Others want notoriety.
And don't know why they want it.
Not realizing it's much more of a risk...
To have a life flaunted,
With little time to rest.
Or just quietly be alone to reflect and sit.

Many have more than been escorted,
To the threshold of fame.
Some will admit they enjoy the attention.
Others signed to contracts,
Wish they could end them quick.

Knowing it is more than posing for photos.
When so many would rather,
Eat biscuits with syrup.
And lick their lips clean...
Of the bacon fat that drips.

'This is so delicious!
May I have more of it? '

~What about your physique and figure,
To please with 'mystique'...
For your fans? ~

'Please pass me another biscuit.
I will diet when I can.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Essential

I know I am more than qualified.
Every moment of my life,
Has been scrutinized under microscope.
When I used the bathroom...
There were those who gave up hope,
I could do that on my own.
Every step I made has been followed.
And attempts to overcome my weaknesses...
Were spent in public view.
I did not hide behind a desk.
Nor group with a clique...
To mask my defects.
I know I am more than qualified.
Every moment of my life,
Has been scrutinized under microscope.
I had been considered foolish...
Quite lazy and a joke.
And as I realized those who found time to criticize...
I knew then I was more than qualified.
Since I used my time...
Clearing obstacles off my path.
And thanking God along the way...
I had humor left to laugh,
At those who took their valuable time...
Finding fault with what I did.
When all I've done is to use my mind!
And blessed to have teachers,
Who knew how to subdue my ego!
And thanks to them I let that go when it annoyed!
I know I am more than qualified.
I am removed from that which had blinded my eyes!
Which in fact...
Just might make some folks highly dissatisfied,
That I have made my credentials far more essential...
Than I have utilized!
I like to keep that as a surprise!
It's fun to throw around a resumé every now and then.
Not to impress.
But just to get a moment's rest when interviewed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Essential To Growth

Essential to growth,
Is listening.
And those factors that bridge,
Understanding...
Do introduce comprehension.
That contribute to dimensions,
Of communication.

To turn away a blind eye,
Does not attract clarity.
Many of those,
Who are tunneled visioned folks...
Find themselves easily provoked,
By self imposing delusions.
With the hope their fears are not exposed.

Although...
They do show a tendency to represent,
A majority who are dissenters.
And...
Essential to one's growth,
They must not be disregarded...
From enhancing one's life!
Whether they are discovered to be wrong or right.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Essentialness

Subjected to the essentialness of things.

There is a mood that dictates,
The essentialness of things.
When the importance of 'it' is given...
And how much of a priority is placed.

But should we wait in debate,
To enhance an effectiveness?
Or chase it with impatience,
If there is a mood that dictates.

Subjected to the essentialness of things.

And when it comes...
It brings its own taste!
A certainty not to go to waste.
And maybe subject to change!
Replacing what has been debated.

Subjected to the essentialness of things.

Like something one has eaten...
Does not meet a later craving,
One had envisioned to devour...
And let satiate without it becoming sour.

Subjected to the essentialness of things.

When discussed in the hour,
Of exchange.
Or at a later date.
Arriving when it does...
And not considered to be late!
To deliver an anticipated freshness.

Subjected to the essentialness of things.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Established

Fixed.
Like a cornerstone.
Or a sidewalk one has known,
And made from cement.
In one's mind.
The placement has been established.
Pointless would be the argument.
Whether or not what one witnesses,
Does in fact exist.
Fixed to become established it is.

An invention of a gadget one has to have!

Fixed!
To remember it and not to forget.
A melody.
An impression made,
By something done that never leaves.
A relationship that begins.
With an acknowledgement felt,
When a union begins to not end.
Like lessons learned in our minds,
That somehow stick.
Fixed to become established,
An event that happens...is!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Established Institutions

Established institutions.
And with a success of this,
They have done.
Mainly from a creating of their own problems,
Only to seek solutions to solve them.
None of which have yet to come.

They continue to solicit,
Those that call themselves professional therapists.
And others accredited to be psychologists,
To correct with book knowledge...
Remedies to correct the mess upon them visited.
But none of their efforts involves common sense!

Still beset by dilemmas,
The best of research can not undo...
And those left mystified and upset,
Have questions to ask to relieve themselves of regret.

'What are our children left fatherless?
What has a moral fabric become tattered and torn?
Why is there a lack of discipline?
That has left us disrespected and forlorn?
Why do these activities that grieve us,
Seem to be permitted to continue to go on?
And why are we left to defend...
All of these problems that have no end? '

~You have presented very good questions.
And we are awaiting for those answers.
However...
Our concerns are also yours.
That's why we have been pro-active,
With a setting up of several committees...
That will begin to implement a much needed task force.~

'And why hasn't any of this,
Been endorsed to be enforced? '

~We are awaiting to be approved,
For adequate and appropriate funding.
And then we have to decide,
Which supervisors have credentials to be paid.
And who will be selected as assistants.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Established To Accept

Those who teach violence,
Ultimately receives to get benefits...
Today find they have awakened,
Surrounded by their own teachings...
With wishes they can reverse,
All of the consequences paid from this to quit...
Should expect more and not less of it.
And protests to stop it wont prevent its existence.

Since to commit crime and violence,
Has become a natural habit to do to be done.
And established to accept as an expectation,
As part of one's environment to protect,
Against anything or anyone suspected...
That represents a perception in minds embedded.
Or believed 'might' be a threat that comes to dread,
With an attacking to do first and have no regrets.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Etched In Deep Sorrow

Why are those who are baited to strike,
With the biting of venom
Eventually find they've become victims,
Of a misunderstanding they can't
From their minds ever erase?
Or replace with repeated apologies.
And the looks on their faces are etched,
In deep sorrow as if in permanent positions.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Eternity

I've been paying attention,
To eternity.
With my eyes looking in the sky,
To eternity.
I've been paying attention,
To eternity.
With my eyes open wide,
To eternity.

Within distance and observed,
Is eternity.
And all its tremendous massiveness,
Is eternity.
The heavens of heavens and of other heavens,
Is eternity.
No human mind can absorb it to imagine...
We don't exist as dust to see.

No longer can be viewed,
And just a few miles up...
Conflict and confusion,
From here disappears.

No longer can be viewed,
Are opposing accepted values.
And just a few miles up,
Light years define time.

I've been paying attention,
To eternity.
With my eyes looking in the sky,
To eternity.
I've been paying attention,
To eternity.
With my eyes open wide,
To eternity.

Heavens of heavens and of other heavens,
Is eternity.

Heavens of heavens of heavens not seen,
Is eternity.
Heavens beyond light years existing,
Is eternity.
Yet we created our own nonsense,
Nowhere in the heavens seen.

I've been paying attention,
To eternity.
With my eyes open wide,
To eternity.
I've been paying attention,
To eternity.
With a mind now broadened to realize,
How deluded we are as human 'beings'.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Euronomics

To those still hypnotized by fantasy,
Euronomics has come to purchase fresh dreams.
Inventions created to bait your pockets dry,
Have died.
The slime of subprime hides true crimes.
A blank piece of paper,
Has more value than your last dime.
However...
Keep your delusions!
They are as priceless as worthless commodities.
But these times warned were not believed.
And those who sacrificed 'things' to breathe freely...
Can rest peacefully,
As those who snubbed them bleed!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Evaluated

I would or could not,
Place a bet against anyone...
Who 'appears' to be less impressive.
Or...
Could I ever contemplate,
A decision to make...
To take a step in that direction.
I have lived to travel to observe and see,
Too many people defeated by false beliefs.

I've heard some offend others to express,
Less respect to give them...
Based upon,
Where they lived and how they dressed.
With proven substantiated ignorance,
Evaluated to rate.
As unconscious ignorance...
Dropped out of their mouths to escape.

I would or could not,
Place a bet against anyone...
Who 'appears' to be less impressive.
Or...
Could I ever contemplate,
A decision to make...
To take a step in that direction.

I have been taught and with it learned,
Passing judgement does not pay.
Especially to know that day will come,
For those who do misdeeds to others done...
Becomes difficult to overcome,
When the ones who remember...
Can forgive but can not forget,
Being disrespected...
By those who objectify appearances.
To justify their acceptance or rejection.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Evaluated To Comprehend

Spending time to finally recognize,
The doing of it should not be wasted...
Taking life less seriously,
To more appreciate the getting of it given...
Evaluated to comprehend,
How precious life is and the experience of it...
Is a blessing one should not delay,
Awaiting another day to procrastinate.

Perhaps this is a decision made,
One who grows older awakens to do.
Refusing to remove limitations to choose.
With a leaving behind outdate attitudes.
Unless, of course, they have minds,
Kept stubbornly to youthful beliefs...
That a tree that ages stays that way.
Without a leaf from it seen,
Growing from a bud to drop.
To stop and fall to have life from it,
Decay.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Evaporated

Why in Ohio,
In Connecticut, Brussels and places beyond...
Do people seek with a preference to use,
Evaporated milk as their choice to choose?
What on Earth is left in the can?
And...
Are the worms left in milk,
Said to be made and sold as 'Silk'?

Okay I will admit it,
I prefer evaporated milk too, I do!
However...
Never had it occurred to me,
What has been evaporated?
To leave what I believe is 'milk' to see?
With a preference I keep?
And find it remains with its deliciousness?

If it's been,
Evaporated...
What gives this milk 'that' taste?
To notice,
A taste that satifies...
And I think that is great.

If it's been,
Evaporated...
What gives this milk 'that' taste?
To notice,
A taste that satisfies...
With evaporating that took place.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Evasive

With a tight and nail biting grip...
They held onto the rails
Of the sinking ship known as Evasive!
And all on board,
Relied on it for generations
To guide them through shifting winds
And seas of trubulence often conquered.

Evasive was growing old and tired
Of charting courses it had taken for granted...
Although increasingly becoming more challenging,
With each mission undertaken!

The storms became more threatening...
And Evasive began to leak!
Showing signs of weakness ignored
By passengers entertained by tradition.
Those allowing themselves to ride along,
Under the influence of submission!
Granting a conceived 'vision' of strength
To delude them with a reliable reinforcement
That was rumored to be forthcoming!

Those secured on islands of thought...
Denied Evasive docking at their ports!
Many onboard sought 'new ports'...
For comfort and safe haven!

But...
Some of those who rode with a liberal colorblindness,
Could not see their pastures fading beneath their feet!
Too many demanded to command...
And their destinies became uncertain and bleak!

No one witnessed those who knew how to survive,
Leave them and their ways...
Leaping to shores of welcome
When the signs of discontent,
First began to rock Evasive

With a surf of lapping truth surging
And rising to defeat Evasive!
All shouted...'Stay the course of our journey'!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Even Between Us With This Distance

I am here to feel you.
Even between us with this distance,
Every emotion you have has become mine.

Even between us with this distance,
I hold you close with a touch I can not let go.
I wont.
Even between us with this distance,
I am here to feel you as if...
I too experience,
The silence of your personal loss...
Delivering to bring to you an agony that pains,
On your heavy and weighted burdened shoulders.

Even between us with this distance,
Only you pay the cost to bear...
There!

But I...
Even between us with this distance,
Care.
But it seems not enough to mend and heal your heart.

Even between us with this distance,
I am here to feel you.
Even between us with this distance,
Every emotion you have has become mine.
Even between us with this distance,
Every emotion you have has become mine.
Even between us with this distance,
I am here to feel you.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Even If Fantasized

How I feel and use words to interpret those emotions
Has nothing to do with you
And I know
You believe yourself to be at the core of my being
But you are not! Even if fantasized

How I depict my experiences with justified merit
Is 'my' therapy
Go find your own
And I'm hoping your therapy does not include agitation
With a mission to sniff every crack I walk on

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Even If He Feels It

Wise is the man who stumbles...
Gets up.
And continues to move forward.
Many would rather sit,
And relive the experience,
Of it.
To discuss the affects.

A man who stumbles,
Will not allow himself to be broken.
Even IF he feels it.
He may even show it hurts.
However,
When he begins to believe he is...
He will spend the rest of his life,
A broken man.
With only sadness to offer!
And memories of failure to share.
Recalling a stumbling fall,
Over and over.

Wise is the man who stumbles...
Gets up.
And continues to move forward.
Many would rather sit,
And relive the experience,
Of it.
To discuss the affects.

Seeking pity!
Or something to numb,
The effects of regret!

Dedicated to:
Landry Marcel Pertillar
My Nephew

'No...you are 'not' Superman. But close! '

Love you,
Uncle Larry

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Even If I Had Amnesia!

Somebody came to take my moon and stars,
Before the morning dawned.
Somebody planned to hijack all the rays,
Of my day.
But...
I'm not born to be that type of a guy,
To give up what's been routinely mine...
No!
Not ever.
Even if I had amnesia!

Somebody came to take my moon and stars,
Before the morning dawned.
Somebody planned to hijack all the rays,
Of my day.
But...
I'm not born to be that type of a guy,
To give up what's been routinely mine...
No!
Not ever.
Even if I had amnesia!

Oh,
I'm not born to be that type of a guy,
To give up what's been routinely mine...
No!
Not ever.
Even if I had amnesia!

Even if I had amnesia!

Even if I had amnesia!

Even if I had...
Amnesia?

Who IS Amnesia?
And just how many have had it?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Even If I Had The Time

Whether you believe or accept what I say,
I could care less.
I do not awakened with you on my mind...
In preparation for a contest.

I seek only to be me,
The best I can be.
And long before you chanced upon the scene,
Nothing about my perception of my life lived...
Will be altered by your indignities.

Hopefully something about this I share,
Will make taking care of your own business...
A focus of your priorities!
Since I have certainly placed my own agenda,
On the top of mine!

With none of it to waste on you...
Even if I had the time!
My hobby is production.
And making the effort,
With the seduction of it...
Look easy with every 'piece' released.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Even If I Had Them To Juice

You need not for me to dangle carrots.
I am not easily teased,
To believe my eyesight will clear...
Even if I had them to juice.
Or enticed to slice a piece,
After mixed and baked sweetened.
To lure my craving for a taste of your warm cake.
I am much too brave to be that seduced.
I will wait until it cools.
Only a fool is outdone by impatience.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Even If I Should Disappear

Turn away from me if you wish.
Give me the silent treatment.
Ignore my words.
And act as if I do not exist.

But know this,
Even if I should disappear...
What would be clear,
Are your obstacles.

And those are far more daunting,
Than any haunting I may leave...
Because you were too obstinate to believe,
I could be in your corner.
With your back as my concern.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Even If It Isn'T

What it is that's wished...
Give it a thanks and be grateful.
And look upon it as a benefit.

Even if it isn't to impress,
Look at the depth of the message.
Few will do this to accept,
Believing a delay in their forward steps!

Some get blessings,
And they're not enthused.
Some get blessings,
They get to refuse.
Some get blessings that may confuse,
A getting they find wasn't wished.
And quick they are to dismiss.
Since it's not on their top ten list.

Even if it isn't what is wished,
One day the getting will benefit.
Even if it isn't what is wished,
The benefit of it will be admitted.

Even if it isn't what is wished,
One day the getting will benefit.
Even if it isn't what is wished,
The benefit of it will be admitted.

Even if it isn't to impress,
Look at the depth of the message.
Few will do this to accept,
Believing a delay in their forward steps!
Even if it isn't,
To impress!
Even if it isn't,
Believed the best!
Even if it isn't,
Shimmered in bling.
Even if it isn't,

Captivating!
Even if it isn't,
To impress!
Even if it isn't,
Believed the best!
Even if it isn't,
Shimmered in bling.
Even if it isn't,
Captivating!

People get stunned when the times comes,
To learn what they had was rejected.
People get stunned when the times comes,
To learn what they had is long gone
People get stunned when the times comes,
To learn what they had was rejected.
People get stunned when the times comes,
To learn what they had is long gone.
Long gone.
To learn what they had is long gone.
Long gone.
Long gone.
Even if it isn't what is wished,
The benefit is...
Long gone!
The benefit is...
Long gone!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Even If There Is Sentimental Value

Once a shattered window has been replaced,
No one wastes time gluing those pieces together.
Even if there is sentimental value.

Folks choose to see what they want to see.
Especially if that means,
Someone else has to pay for it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Even If They Have To Annoy

Why do they waste time,
Trying to find the deeds of others...
Insignificant!
When their own activities,
Produce little to none at all.
None to announce a coming stampede,
To awaken a sleeping community with news!
These folks are not that tremendous.
Nor are their jaw dropping, heart stopping
Accomplishments!
And they elaborate in detail,
About the years they have spent...
Doing something of relevance,
For some cause somewhere...
Somehow.
For someone...
At one time or another.
But it is not the insignificance found,
They question.
As much as it is the time those find,
Pointing out what others are not doing...
To highlight the obviousness of their lack of inactivity!
These folks want attention by any means necessary.
Even if they have to annoy to get it!
And they can become quite annoying when ignored.
Demanding.
And obnoxious!
But they will be the first to tell you...
Why and how they do what they do.
No matter if that time has been given or not,
It will be taken!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Even If They Have To Steal Images

I am sorry Mister Thief.
But it is difficult for me to believe,
You are here to protect your integrity.
Not with a water gun you are trying to pass,
As a weapon.
And that nylon stocking pulled over your head,
Has a run in it over your right eye.

Now...
Let me show you my loaded 45!

Mr. Thief?
Mister Thief?

Has it come to this?
People are desperate,
To keep their good intentions...
At any cost!
Even if they have to steal images.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Even If You Dared

Sitting on a ledge...
And edgy!
Don't push me to show,
My ugly side.
Or flaunt that you can...
Get that close to try.

Why you are the only one,
I let frustrate me to get like this...
Wanting more to impress you each time,
Or just to unnerve you a little bit.
I haven't figured that out yet,
To control and handle it.

And you know this to be true too!
Knowing I will allow you to do what you do.
However...
You will not be that one,
To see me stumble, fall or jump...
To conclusions!
Even if you dared.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Even In The Midst Of It

What now can be said to those led to believe...
To have and to flaunt,
Would bring them a life other's wished.
And this would be envied with jealousy!
The kind of jealousy that brought to them,
An ego lift!

But then a foundation,
Crumbles from under their feet.
Not only do they realize they've been lied to...
But they've been used as part of the deceit.
This was not the plan!
Or was it?
To become degraded like this?
Upon these stolen lands?

And these same folks for most of their lives,
Have been taught to look down from upturned noses...
While they welcomed crooks into their homes,
To hoodwink them.

And as these decayed façades,
Display a hollowed shallowness...
They still remain self righteous.
Even in the midst of it!
Their own created crisis.

But...
This was not the plan!
Or was it?
To become degraded like this?
Upon these stolen lands?
And forced to foreclose...
Property,
To be sold...
To foreign hands?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Even In The Midst Of Summer

Silver frosted ornaments.
Are carefully packed to move,
To a place where there is cheaper rent.
Many Christmases here have been spent.
To reminisce them everyday.

No more trick or treaters known.
To tease in masquerade.
Or sips of eggnog made.
To celebrate Thanksgiving Day.

And it's a mix of fun and gloom,
To move.
And plant fresh memories,
While hanging onto those wished to keep.

It is a mix of fun and gloom,
When it is time to move on.
With those precious holidays to be missed.
Replayed as furnishings are packed away.

Even in the midst of Summer,
One sits with thoughts of holidays.
And who will make more just as great,
To be eventually savored as the best remembered.
And where they were,
Remembered.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Even Its Roots No One Hardly Sees Exposed

Cutting down a single tree,
Affects all of its leaves and branches.
Everything connected dies in one way ot another.
Even its roots no one hardly sees exposed,
Above ground.

That's why it pays to show respect.
One never knows,
Who's watching their back...
With a taking for granted,
Whatever they do is not being observed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Even On Cheese

I say baby...
You don't need me to love!
You may degrade to crazy,
Filling up on chocolate fudge.

I'm not a maple syrup keeper.
To feed your sticky sweet needs.
You've got that sugar spice leaking,
Pleasing even on cheese!

You don't need me to love!
You made me hate eating peas.
You've got that power inside you,
To make me crawl and plead...
'You don't need me to love! '

I'm not a maple syrup keeper.
To feed your sticky sweet needs.
You've got that sugar spice leaking,
Pleasing even on cheese!
Baby baby please leave.

And...
You don't need me to love!
You may degrade to crazy,
Filling up on chocolate fudge.
Wondering,
How to 'mess' me up!
And you don't...
No you don't,
Need me to love!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Even On Sundays

When people begin using excuses,
To destroy themselves with self abuse...
As a means to show their abilities,
To rely on crutches that allow them...
A continuance to feed on discouragement.
They prove to no one,
They have a faith kept that is maintained.
Even on Sundays their routines are seen,
As being highly hypocritical and sustained.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Even Still No One Admits

Decades have been spent,
Defending the nonsense.
Those who spoke of it,
As it was and still is...
Have long been ostracized,
For making comments...
Considered by many,
To be negative!
And not reflective,
Of the good side of life!
A quality long on the downslide.

Well...
Now that everyone affected,
Can no longer rely on denials.
Generations of waste...
Seems to be stuck on pretentious faces.
Even still no one admits,
Just how deep in sssshhh...quicksand
They truly are!
And those of 'insight'
Refuse to be in view!
Saying repeatedly, 'I told you so! '
Is not what those of consciousness,
Choose to do!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Even The Beautiful Can Be Ugly

Whether emotionally made to be that way,
Even the beautiful can be ugly.
On display.
To be thin of depth and self reflection.

With beliefs instilled,
That begins a centeredness one notices.
As one finds it easy,
To get needs pleased quicker.
For reasons that are kept on surfaces.
And confirmed by comments,
Heard and expressed.

A society obsessed with the physicality,
Of appearances just to impress...
One day comes to face,
The shallow importance placed
On exterior façades.
To one day find itself at odds...
With those of superficial values.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Even Those Paid To Be Biased

People are awakening to realize,
They've been played.
Even those paid to be biased,
To spy on others...
Find they've been set up,
To sit and quack like feathered ducks.

Eyes all over the place,
Are opening wide to see...
Exactly who those victims are.
And recognizing everyday,
The identity of the wolves.
And knowing they've been branded as sheep.

People are awakening to realize,
They've been played.
Even those paid to be biased,
To spy on others...
Find they've been set up,
To sit and quack like feathered ducks.

And the ones who tremble and shake in their limousines,
Find they feel desperate not to be revealed, caught or seen.
Afraid their deceiving and greedy days,
Rapidly lose in snob appeal and popularity.
And in their social circles they sweat, yes!
All of them are suffering in nervous regret!

People are awakening to realize,
They've been played.
Even those paid to be biased,
To spy on others...
Find they've been set up,
To sit and quack like feathered ducks.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Even Though It's Just A Light Switch Away

Steadfast and too dumbfounded,
To get up...
And move from a groove.
Even though it's just a light,
Switch away!
Even though it's just a light,
Switch away!

Caught up in a crust of raucous.
With something 'bout the raucous,
That attracts it to us.
With a fussin' and a cussin' that we love so much.
In a crust of raucous wanted,
And too caught up!

Caught up in a crust of raucous.
And caught up.
With a fussin' and a cussin' that we love so much.
Even though it's just a light,
Switch away!
To turn off and keep it like that!
But some want it back on!

Even though it's just a light,
Switch away!

To turn off,
And keep it like that.
But some want it back on!

Even though it's just a light,
Switch away!

To turn off,
And keep it like that.
But some want it back on!

Even though it's just a light,
Switch away!

To turn off,
And keep it like that.
But some want it back on!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Even Though Some Do Not Show They Have A Clue

I do not have to respect you.
I choose to do so.
I choose to be respectful,
Even though some do not show...
They have a clue to what that means.

There has been a breakdown of concern,
Others display for one another.
There is a total lack of empathy,
In many environments where people bleed.
And are homeless and go hungry.

I do not have to respect you.
I choose to do so.
I choose to be respectful,
Even though some do not show...
They have a clue to what that means.

And it is difficult to sympathize,
With those who have 'had' now 'have' not' in their lives.
Those who made it a point to criticize and devalue,
Others they despised.
And now they cry their own tears they can not hide.

I do not have to respect you.
I choose to do so.
I choose to be respectful,
Even though some do not show...
They have a clue to what that means.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Even Today The Incompetent Deny It

What will you say to those,
Who were unafraid.
The ones of faith and spoke the truth.
The ones you have betrayed.

What realities will form your words,
To be accepted and believed.
What will one who spoke of hatred,
Say to those who suffered from misdeeds.

Even today the incompetent deny it.
They gather to seek new committees...
To explain their failures.

Even today deceit is used.
To attempt more confusion.
And to abuse those accused...
Of seeing things too clearly!

What will you say to those,
Who were unafraid.
The ones of faith and spoke the truth.
The ones you have betrayed.

What will you say,
When that day arrives...
To find you,
The one despised.
What will you then say?
It is okay?
Like you have done...
To have things your way.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Even Us! We. You And Me

Even us! We. You and me.
Along with others...
Will one day return to dust.
Particles we see and breathe,
Floating freely.
To do without one thought from us.
As life we take for granted,
Becomes eventually hushed.
Slowly recycled,
Like spokes on a wheel.
Rushing with a speed until,
That final destination is reached.
With disbelief leaving many grieving,
A time that seems to have been brief.

But...
Even us. We. You 'and' me,
Are just figments of a majesticness.
Here experiencing the rush,
Prioritized in this womb of silence.
To replenish the Earth as a must.
Minimizing whatever it is...
You and me. We! Us. And collective others,
Perceive to be kept significant.
A significance that makes no difference,
When appearances to experience them...
Returns to a ball that spins.
To begin and end when...IT does!
Not you. Or me. Or 'us' to see. To change,
IT!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Even When Exposed To It

Some folks don't want to be told the truth.
Even when exposed to it...
They insist it is an evilness,
Coming to destroy their deludeness.

And they will do anything to prevent its existence.
As they persist to solicit deception visits!
With preferences wished.

And a list of demands,
They hold tightly in sweating hands.
Hoping their insistence,
Will diminish the affects of what they will...
Or will not accept!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Even When I Rap It With A Scatting

That beat.
Sometimes I lose that beat.
That natural beat that's in me.
And my...
Feet pats on,
But the beat is gone.

That beat.
Sometimes I lose that beat.
That natural beat that's in me.
And my...
Feet pats on,
But the beat is gone.

My fingers start to snap it,
But the beat is gone.
I try to tap and pat it,
But the beat is gone.
I even try to scat it,
But the beat is gone,
Even when I rap it with a scatting that snaps!
Something's wrong.
The beat is gone.
Even when I rap it with a scatting that snaps!
Something's wrong.
The beat is gone.

My fingers start to snap it,
But the beat is gone.
I try to tap and pat it,
But the beat is gone.
I even try to scat it,
But the beat is gone,
Even when I rap it with a scatting that snaps!
Something's wrong.
The beat is gone.
Even when I rap it with a scatting that snaps!
Something's wrong.
The beat is gone.

That beat.
Sometimes I lose that beat.
That natural beat that's in me.
And my...
Feet pats on,
But the beat is gone.

That beat.
Sometimes I lose that beat.
That natural beat that's in me.
And my...
Feet pats on,
But the beat is gone.

My fingers start to snap it,
But the beat is gone.
I try to tap and pat it,
But the beat is gone.
I even try to scat it,
But the beat is gone,
Even when I rap it with a scatting that snaps!
Something's wrong.
The beat is gone.
Even when I rap it with a scatting that snaps!
Something's wrong.
The beat is gone.

Even when I rap it with a scatting that snaps!
Something's wrong.
The beat is gone.

Even when I rap it with a scatting that snaps!
Something's wrong.
The beat is gone.

Even when I rap it with a scatting that snaps!
Something's wrong.
The beat is gone.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Even When They Have Been Teased

There are people everywhere,
Caring less they are sinking fast...
Into thick quicksand.
There are those who stand by,
Offering a helping hand...
But they are being demeaned.
It seems those who have come,
To rescue some,
Are being taunted by the ones
Who still want to flaunt their delusions.
And hold onto things that keep them sinking!

And prayers to free and release them...
Those in this fix,
Have been dismissed.
Since the others with faith,
And making gestures to save them...
Were the same 'outcasts' not invited,
To the last social ball!
That kind of sickness should appall them all!
But it doesn't.

The ones who sink...
Prefer those of status and name recognition,
To reach out with lifelines to assist in their survival!
And as they sink fast,
Those observing this...
Are deeply saddened by the ignorance displayed!
But this scene does not keep them dismayed.
They will always choose to dance in Sun!
Even when they have been teased,
To blindly leap into disaster!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Even When You Feel You Are At Your Worse

Don't give it a thought.
Or contemplate,
Those good deeds by you
Left done.
Or spend a moment,
Rehearsing your remorse.
Your heart is good.
That reflects...
As it should.

Do what you have been doing.
No need to get upset.
You have nothing to regret.
Or should perceive to have done differently.
Even when you feel you are at your worse...
You still have bettered someone's best!
No need to become embittered.
To sit alone with your actions revisited in torment.
Or curse with wishes,
Your actions in resentment.

What 'is' yours...
Will 'be' yours!
Restored.
And/or new,
In due time!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Even Witches Return

Even witches return,
To straddle their dusting brooms.
Preparing another round of disgust,
With personal strikes and offenses.

Prehaps if given enough room,
To ignite from the bowels...
Of their own gloom,
To fly away.
Maybe the stench left,
Will not be consumed...
Or noticed to associate,
With one!
As cheap and choking perfume,
Does to everyone.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Even With A Prescription

As I sat nestled amongst the weeds,
I remember how high I use to get.
But these days I have grown to have allergies.
And coughing to sneeze with just one puff,
Disturbs me much.

Just knowing what I use to do to sneak,
To please me quietly...
Has now been legalized on many city streets.
And even with a prescription from a doctor,
This stuff I can no longer touch.

Although it is everywhere.
And within reach.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Even With Their Sunglasses On

I do not pussyfoot or beat around bushes.
And I don't get offers to speak sweet messages either.
Not publicly.
I am prone to be...
Less controlled by proper etiquette.
How boring can people get?

In fact...
In the middle of my presentations remembered,
People were riveted to their seats.
Undecided whether it was safe to exit,
Or stay fixed in one place to slowly breathe.

My last poetry reading...
I stripped bare!
There was static in the air.
And I needed to clear it.

And those witnessing in a state of shock,
Did their best to keep eye contact with me.
They knew I was there to deliver a message,
With a package unwrapped and firm...
Then!
And I was proud to be able to reach such heights.
The older I get,
I have noticed my emphasis has drastically changed.

Today...
People have raised their expectations much too high.
Even with their sunglasses on...
I can still tell where the focus of their attention is!
And it is not on listening to a word I have to say.
So I have discovered another more appropriate way,
To rise to the occasion.

I have not lost my ability to entertain.
It isn't easy finding more effective ways,
To handle my business.
And...

At least get 'someone' to appreciate my efforts.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Events Consenting To Ignorance

Too many events consenting to ignorance,
Could come to a peaceful end if not provoked.
There are just too many folks,
Who have found a kept dependency...
On excuses made have left them with reasons,
To please their diminished use of common sense.

Too many events consenting to ignorance,
Could come to a peaceful end if not provoked.
But...
There are just too many folks,
Who have found a kept dependency to believe...
Their childish actions 'are' deserving of sympathy.

Why do people use more excuses,
To not face what is true.
Why do people think they are owed,
To do things that they choose.

They choose...
To not hear or to listen.
And,
They choose...
To claim others are the blame.
And,
They choose...
To accuse somebody else,
For what they do to themselves.

Too many events consenting to ignorance,
Could come to a peaceful end if not provoked.
There are just too many folks,
Who have found a kept dependency...
On excuses made have left them with reasons,
To please their diminished use of common sense.

They choose...
To not hear or to listen.
And,

They choose...
To claim others are the blame.
And,
They choose...
To accuse somebody else,
For what they do to themselves.

And,
They choose...
To use more excuses.
And,
They choose...
To accuse somebody else.
And,
They choose...
To put their blame on backs,
On others they attack.

And,
They choose...
To not hear or to listen.
Or respect with a dignity.
But believe that other folks,
Should protect their insecurities.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Eventually

The ones who lose,
Eventually...
Are those who choose to accept,
To neglect their efforts...
And endeavors to make,
For an exchange of discouragement.
With lowered heads.
Until their thoughts of wishes,
And kept dreams are dead.
Eventually.

Success to achieve with it believed,
Is the only way obstacles faced...
Are removed to eliminate with them done.
It doesn't matter where one lives.
To have what one creates,
Rise to shine to have noticed by everyone.
Eventually.

Content can not be prevented.
Or kept meant to be hidden behind shadows,
Away from the Sun.
Eventually...
What someone does with faith to keep,
Continues to rise above all with disbelief...
To witness and accept,
Eventually.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Eventually They Discovered Him To Be Their Teacher

Actively and from behind the scenes,
There were those who took it upon themselves...
To ensure his deeds he wished to see accomplished,
Were minimized.
And to their surprise attempts made to deny him,
Did not make a difference in his outward appearance.
And, in fact, he seemed happier than he had ever been.

And when it was revealed to them his sacrifices made,
With an exhausting of himself and unafraid...
By putting his neck on the line like no one else,
They then began to accuse him again to charade...
His expressing of a concern.
Or that he showed outwardly he had learned,
Any lessons at all they thought they were teaching him.

Eventually they discovered him to be 'their' teacher.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Ever Present

You,
Most High...
Know who I am.

With you,
Ever present...
In my mind,
My whereabouts anytime...
Is not diificult for you to find.

You,
Most High...
Know where I am.
With my emotions deeply felt,
Under the radiance of Your Sun...
I welcome with the rising,
And when the setting of it is done.

Stripped to disconnect and distanced,
I once had a need to believe...
I could be out of Your view.

I use to wish to escape from Your Omnipresence...
And those obstacles that would test,
Until I saw my own way through.

But with You,
Most High...
I am so glad I've decided,
To seek challenges to undo.
And to self examine and reflect...
Why I 'must' do as You choose.

You,
Most High...
Know who I am.
And You Most High...
Know 'if' I chose to I could stand,
From a fall.

To come to realize...
You are my ALL.

And to You,
Most High...
I raise my head,
In devoted praise.

You,
Are ever present in my life.
And the reason I exist...
With a flowing of encouragement You give.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Every Aspect Of It!

Just because you do not see me driving,
Do not assume I am not licensed to drive.
Or that I do not 'think'...
Because I do not look the part.
You don't see half the things I do and have done.
Nor are you on my agenda.

And folks who focus their sights on others...
Are the first who find these times we live,
Difficult to adjust.
Even though they feel they 'must'...
Demand understanding,
Without participating in the development of it.
You know the kind...?
The ears closed, mouth open types!

With claims they don't know what is going on!
And rush they do to prevent,
The circumstances of truth.
Coming to bombard and overwhelm.
With the consequences of their ignorance.

You know the kind...?
The ears closed, mouth open types!

Yet conflict they are quick to define...
Instead of using their minds to take time,
Comprehending remedies.
To set aside a strategy...
To stop the havoc that has begun,
Happening in their own lives.

You know the kind...?
The ears closed, mouth open types!

And this kind of mindset today,
Is reflected on a massive scale.

People into minding the business of others...

Have found their business in shambles.

Every aspect of it!

With shock and disbelief,
As a return for their 'investment'!

You know the kind...?
The ears closed, mouth open types!
The ones who rush to cover their butts,
With implusive mindless decisions!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Every Aspect Of Their Lives Has Been Colorized

Shot, maimed.
Dragged from behind trucks.
And swung randomly from trees.
That is the visual...
I get from 'those' people.
And with me it sticks.
From me it wont leave.

And I remember Katrina,
When these same people...
Were calling 'my' people refugees.
As if they weren't the immigrants...
On land their ancestors illegally stole.
From those who are native!
To instigate intimidation and disrespect.

And I've been told I carry an embitteredness.
I've been told by those I carry a chip on my shoulder,
That I should address.
I've been 'called' and told many things...
By those folks who will not confess,
If it wasn't for people of color...
They would find it difficult to feed themselves.
Or be able to protest,
Whatever those interests are...
They have to defend and protect.

Since every aspect of their lives has been colorized.
And maybe that's why their 'greatness'
IS apparently on the waning side!
And they walk around envious, insecure, unhappy and upset!
Yet...
If it wasn't for those of color,
Their achievements would not have been their best.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Every Blessing

All that I want,
Is within my reach.
All that there is to satisfy.
And...
All that there is I seek.

All I need is to notify My Father,
On a daily basis.
As I beseech in prayer.

All I need is to notify My Father.
And My Father,
Will be there.

Every Blessing I receive I keep,
As He gives.
Every breath I take,
My Father creates.

Those blessings I receive,
And given to me...
Can not be possibilities,
If not granted by My Father.
To gift as a pleasing done.
In complete devotion,
My Father welcomes.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Every Bump Of This Internal Ride

So much of myself has grown.
From depths of solitude known...
But left to go unquestioned.
Left to accept what had been said,
But never confirmed.
So much of myself has grown.
When on my own I sought to learn...
To face insecurities.
And not claim them as personal property,
To rid and live life with discovered excitement.
Freed...
To enjoy,
Every bump of this internal ride!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Every Cent Spent

Laugh.
I want you to do it,
Until you are through.

Do it with unstoppable fun.

I hope your eyes are wide open to see...
I am not blind at all to notice,
Your laughter is directed at me.

Laugh.
I want you to do it,
Until you are through.

Do it with unstoppable fun.
I'm wanting you to do this until you are done.

Laugh!
Continue on.

The expense of your humorous joviality,
Will not be paid by me.
But you.
This I guarantee.

And at these prices paid today,
For what you do...
Every cent spent,
At 'your' expense...
Comes with a receipt,
To verify the value.
Showing you the worth,
Of your actions served.

Laugh.
I want you to do it,
Until you are through.
Laugh,
Don't stop.

I encourage more of it from you!

And I promise you this...
Every cent spent,
At 'your' expense'...
Will be returned as deserved.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Every Effort Served With Purpose

If it's to be solved,
One must...
Not hesitate,
To procrastinate.

That's if it's ever to be solved,
One must...
Get involved.
With every doubt to drop.

Every effort served with purpose,
Should have doubts that stop.
And kick excuses to the curb,
In the gutters to drop.

Why are people stuck with troubles,
As if they can't give them up.
Every effort served with purpose,
Should have doubts that stop.
And with a kicking to the curb,
In the gutters to drop.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Every Election Season

More are becoming less interested,
To openly address their business adventures.
Since a growing malaise these days,
Has been allowed to spread and lay...
An overwhelming feeling of disgust and distrust,
With an expressed remorse.
And an enforced disappointing of regrets endorsed.

Yet left condoned alone to nurture,
In inner cities neglected...
Where those who live in subdivisions,
Permitted to exist...
Are people expected to thrive and survive,
On realities of hunger and homelessness.
With empty opporturnities promised,
Getting further to be distanced...
From dreams and wants that are dismissed.

Every election season,
Hopes are lifted high to get votes...
From folks positioning to get their photo ops.
To leave on the back burner,
Those left heated to steam.
With their self-esteem dwindling.
And their identities demeaned.

Every election season,
Made efforts to endeavor appear on scenes...
By both conservatives and liberals,
Coming to debate again...
Over reasons and purposes they will serve,
As if commodities and not meaningful things...
Have been patiently awaited by those who deserve.
With them unchanged.
Yet perceptions expected and deceived remain.
Every election season.

More are becoming less interested,
To openly address their business adventures.

Since a growing malaise these days,
Has been allowed to spread and lay...
An overwhelming feeling of disgust and distrust,
With an expressed remorse.
And an enforced disappointing of regrets endorsed.
Every election season.

'What are they protesting against 'NOW'?
Those who vow to prevent what's been allowed.'

~For more truth without it sweetened.
And less delusions to eat.
By vote catchers coming to sell them,
As visions to treat...
Realities gone unfulfilled.
Although they are not opposed,
To hearing who best...
Can do a dance around expected deceptions.~

'None of it convincing.'

~True.
But millions will be spent to do it.
With a proving to convince of their priorities.
Every,
Election season.
With a hope to defeat completely,
Everyone's reality.
OR what's left of it to remember.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Every 'eve'

May this Christmas 'eve',
And every 'eve' not be left to leave...
Without remembering to express blessings.
Felt to feel or openly confessed to address.
Let no evening go pass to allow it done,
To pray and stay grateful.
Sooner or later a noticed difference comes.
Even during those times found to find,
Not as exciting to invite...
Promises intended to be kept.
With wishes to keep them honest and fresh.
Only the ones with wishes wanting them to stay,
Will pray every 'eve' of everyday...
To know whatever comes with it done,
Is an experience to consider it a blessing.
Even the testing of one's faith to recognize it that way,
Has come as a purpose to acknowledge it to accept...
Steps taken and made with an opportunity to correct,
Every 'eve' of every day and before the next.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Every Four Years

Once upon a time,
Before corruption and crime...
Became a diseasing epidemic.
Leaving people indebted,
To credit this activity...
As a blind mindset to make,
Impressions on others...
Less 'fortunate' to find.
Humanity to respect it,
Had not been deceived...
To believe,
Acquiring a social status...
By being as crooked,
As one could be.
To prioritize as necessary.

Oh how the minds of people,
Today have changed.
More have become crazed.
And others have been,
Long deranged.
Yet one activity remains.
Leaving some to be heard,
Over the 'herd' of sleeping...
And unconscious sheep.

'Stop presenting yourself,
As a representative....
Of my well being.
Every four years to do it.
Then you disappear.
However...
There is one true thing,
You have made very clear...
To my awakening ears.
Is your ability to take me,
For granted.
As much as I have...
Taken for granted my ability,

To keep believing...
Those of selfish misdeeds,
Will someday give up...
Their need to feed exclusive,
Greed.'

-Where do these folks,
Come from?
Everyone today should by now,
Know...
Injustices and disparities,
To fix with known inequalities
Are just performances.
You know...
Part of the show?
Where have you been?
Protesting our way of life?
Gee whiz!
What's different?
Haven't we been consistent...
Every four years? -

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Every Gamble Chanced

Every gamble chanced,
Is a risk taken.
The only thing believed,
To have been guaranteed...
Was a yesterday one can say,
They lived to validate.
Whether a risk to chance,
Enriched to benefit or not...
No one plays it safe,
To eliminate mistakes made.
Or find there is a safe place,
Where excuses made...
Are found erased from memory.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Every Hour I Have Is Precious

You said you would be here.
And gave a time when you would arrive.
That time passed.
I did not get upset.
I elected to believe you had other priorities.
Since you did not call me to confirm that!

A week had gone by...
And you left a message on my answering service.
I did not call right away,
Since at the time I had priorities.
I called you when I could.
And when I expressed that...
You believed I was upset!
I was not upset at all.
At least I did call!

I spoke the truth.
I had something else to do!
And you weren't on the agenda!
There is nothing in my life,
I have put on hold...
For anyone to make a decision,
How best to use my time!
Certainly not to play tag!
Every hour I have is precious.
Obviously...
I am the only one that feels that way!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Every Illusion Is Catered

Trapped and confined.
With unbalanced queasy feelings...
Felt in these times out of alignment.
And trying too hard to fit in we do!
Is this the fate one chooses to keep?
Are people too amazed,
By the speed of it increased?
As many pursue youth...
With a refusal of aging to beat!

Every illusion is catered,
But peace.
Every illusion is rated,
But peace.

On knees or on one's feet,
No peace is peeled then eaten.
It's fed and felt from the heart,
And then released.

Like a soothing breeze of air to breathe.

Every illusion is catered,
But peace.
Every illusion is rated,
But peace.

On knees or on one's feet,
No peace is peeled then eaten.
It's fed and felt from the heart,
And then released.

Like a soothing breeze of air to breathe.

Trapped and confined.
With unbalanced queasy feelings...
Felt in these times out of alignment.
And trying too hard to fit in we do!
Is this the fate one chooses to keep?

Are people too amazed,
By the speed of it increased?
As many pursue youth...
With a refusal of aging to beat!

Every illusion is catered,
But peace.
Every illusion is rated,
But peace.

On knees or on one's feet,
No peace is peeled then eaten.
It's fed and felt from the heart,
And then released.

Like a soothing breeze of air to breathe.

Every illusion is catered,
But peace.
Every illusion is rated,
But peace.

On knees or on one's feet,
No peace is peeled then eaten.
It's fed and felt from the heart,
And then released.

Like a soothing breeze of air to breathe.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Every Inch Of Square Footage

'The new home you've built is awesome.
I like the way you've got it decorated.
Every room seems to have its own personality.
But the bathroom?
Why do the walls made of glass,
Have holes in them?
With 'private' painted in large letters?
Anything anyone does in it can be seen.'

That's a gift to myself.
To let everyone else,
If I so wish...
Know when I use it to smell up,
Every inch of square footage in here.
As a reminder.

'A reminder? '

Yeah.
You know how some folks can get?
Go to someone's home and become,
Indignant and disrespectful.
So if they should see me,
Use this room purposely to do my 'thing'...
They will know immediately,
Just 'who' made all of this happen.

'I THINK they will know.'

I don't want them 'thinking'.
I want them to come and go,
Completely without doubt.
And besides,
There are two other bathrooms...
They can use and lock doors to be secluded,
For their own creative moments to make.

'How thoughtful.'

No one is going to come in here to leave,
To plagiarize my efforts I've endeavored...
With claims made to say they assisted,
With my creations God has blessed me to make.
With it known after I smell up every inch of space.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Every Intention The Creator Has Had

'When should it be realized that life is precious? '

Once it has been discovered,
With opened eyes...
That the Earth rotates,
Majestically in the Universe.

And no one known giving an opinion...
Can claim to have had anything to do with it!
Or can say The Creator of our existence,
Has made a mistake!

Although there will be those...
Who will attempt to convince,
Every intention The Creator has had...
Was 'first' given their approval.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Every Minute In Every Day

Every minute,
In every day...
Somebody chooses,
Not to pray.

And every minute,
Come what may...
Somebody says,
They've should have prayed.

The one who struggles with a load on shoulders,
May not get upset...
But sweats.

The one who holds onto their troubles like a boulder,
Wants to prove....
That boulder can't be moved.

But every minute,
In every day...
Somebody chooses,
Not to pray.

And every minute,
Come what may...
Hey,
Somebody says...
They've should have prayed.

The one who holds onto their troubles like a boulder,
Wants to prove....
That boulder can't be moved.

The one who struggles with a load on shoulders,
May not get upset...
But sweats.
And seem to live their lives,
Free of regret.

Yet every minute,
In every day...
Hey,
Somebody chooses...
Not to pray.

And every minute,
Come what may...
Today,
Somebody says...
They've should have prayed.

Yet every minute,
In every day...
Hey,
Somebody chooses...
Not to pray.

And every minute,
Come what may...
Today,
Somebody says...
They've should have prayed.

Somebody who believes,
God is far away!

The one who struggles with a load on shoulders...
May not believe,
That God is far away!

The one who holds onto their troubles like a boulder,
May not believe,
That God is here today!

The one who struggles with a load on shoulders...
May not believe,
That God is far away!

The one who holds onto their troubles like a boulder,
May not believe,
That God is here today!

Every minute,
In every day...
Somebody chooses,
Not to pray.

And every minute,
Come what may...
Somebody says,
They've should have prayed.

Don't be the one to not,
Pray today.

Don't be the one to not,
Pray today.

The one who holds onto their troubles like a boulder,
May not believe,
That God is here today!

Every minute,
In every day...
Somebody chooses,
Not to pray.

And every minute,
Come what may...
Somebody says,
They've should have prayed.

Don't be the one to not,
Pray today.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Every Moment Felt Kept Precious

In these hours now,
With every moment felt kept precious.
I've become more sensitive to your needs.
With a satisfaction I am able to feed them.
In these hours now.
In these hours now,
With every moment felt kept precious.

Simple talks and quiet walks I welcome.
Leaving complexities and what they could be,
Left...
Alone.

Wanting us to be more honest with an openness.
Are wishes like this I am glad we witness and condone.
To know our love has never roamed.

And just as strong as steel and stone!
In these hours now!
And every moment felt kept precious...
In a respectfulness that has survived,
Through sour times.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Every Move You Make

I will always be your friend!
But...
I will not always be accepting,
Of those things you do!

If you are seeking those who will approve,
Every move you make...
To constantly give you a boost,
To make you feel okay about everything you do...
You need to schedule visits to see a psychiatrist.

And I am sure with each visit...
That psychiatrist will show you,
Just how patient they are with you too.
With an expectation of payment.

I will always be your friend!
But...
I will not always be accepting,
Of those things you do!
And you wont have to pay me a thing,
To tell you when or when you are not...
Doing those things that are not suitable or 'cool'.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Every Muscle Has A Purpose

Long before you decided,
To gather the nerve to taste...
I had been in preparation.

Long before you knew this brew I cooked,
Existed!
The seeds of my ingredients were being nurtured,
To implant in minds...
Needing a boost with a quick lift.

And as you observe this,
For structure to compare...
My skills and talents.
To categorize,
And place them somewhere.
To eventually declare what I prepare,
To be free of content!
Let me say this,
If you didn't get it...

If the aroma doesn't capture your interest...
You will never comprehend the intent.

Every muscle has a purpose!
Every jesture is connected to meaning!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Every Need In Me

I've got to move...
From memories,
Haunting...
Every need in me!
I've got to move.

I've got to move...
From shadows,
And dark places.

I've got to move...
From despairing melodies,
That keep me in such solitude...
And,
Deep dark gloomy moods!
I've got to move.

I've got to move...
To open all closed windows.
And,
I've got to move...
More than two steps away from doors.

Closed within I've been.
And I've got to...
Leave behind memories,
Haunting...
Every need in me!

I've got to move.
I've got to move...
From memories,
Haunting...
Every need in me!

I've got to move.
I've got to move...
From memories,
Haunting...

Every need in me!

I've got to move.
I've got to move...
From memories,
Haunting...
Every need in me.

I've got to move.
I've got to move.
I've got to move...
From memories,
Haunting...
Every need in me.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Every Other Day When You Say It

Okay!
So I am not as great as I 'think' I am.
In fact you have stated you find me obnoxious.
But at least we do come together to agree,
The only ones that will put up with us...
And the skill we have to annoy,
Is each other.

'I don't have to put up with you.'

I know.
I am reminded of that,
Every other day when you say it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Every Right There Is To Complain

You have the right to vote.
Invoke, provoke and joke.
Even going through the motions,
Is encouraged to promote.

And...
You also have the right,
To dislike being taxed.
With a growing of them stacked,
Packed and gift wrapped.

However...
The right not to pay them,
Will not get your property back.
And those who have tried that,
Have every right there is to complain.
With a vocalization done tear stained.

Remember this,
Your rights to be heard are granted.
And what you believed is wished,
Has been granted the right to be dismissed.
These are facts you can trace to track.

And...
With your disappearance into the woodwork,
One of the best rights you have,
That will achieve the quickest endorsement...
You will experience yet.
Without the need for a costly compaign.

This,
Believe it or not...
Is no exaggeration.
There you will find,
Your position taken advocated!
With a waste of your time and efforts observed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Every Step Of The Way

He knew his voice,
Could have made and selected...
Other choices.
In a way he could not say...
To those putting obstacles,
Onto his path to delay...
And him betrayed.

But he prayed everyday,
For clarity and faith...
To guide his movement,
Every step of the way.
And his direction and voice,
Became strengthened...
As he rejoiced.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Every Strand Of Fiber Grey

It is too late to captivate my interest.
The moment I knocked on your door,
There was an opportunity for the both of us...
To explore possibilities and stop immaturities.
But no!
Instead you adopted,
A chase you wanted me to follow as if to enjoy.

I must remind you of the other little boys you tease?
Look at me...
Every strand of fiber grey on my head you see,
I have earned.
Hoping to flatter me by saying I look distinguish,
Does not a peaking up of my interest do!
With a staying power that will suit either one of us.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Every Word Of This

Every word of this,
Brings with it some thought.
To pick and select,
Which ones to piece together...
Seamlessly.
As if the doing was custom made.
With a hope one day,
You will come to appreciate...
What for you has been done.
To understand and comprehend,
If you were not my interest...
My words to select,
Would have no purpose to serve.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Everybody Pays

Too many bosses are lost.
And they are lawless.
All leave effective the cost,
To pay high.
Bosses lost have their aides.
And they are taught well,
To ensure that each day come what may...
Everybody pays.

No matter 'what' people pray to,
They pay.
No matter who has said what to say,
They pay.
No matter who runs away,
They pay.
No matter who hides to stay,
They pay.

Too many bosses are lost.
And they are lawless.
All leave effective the cost,
To pay high.
No matter where they go to stray,
They will pay.
No matter what belief one has today,
Everybody pays!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Everybody Wants That Top

Doing it and not to be lipped,
Will move off a path those rocks.
And,
Doing it not to be lipped...
Are obstacles to be blocked.
With a doing and not to be lipped takes,
Everything one's got.
And,
Intiative, purpose and motive...
Will lighten up burdens until they stop.

Everybody wants that top!
To spin at the summit with a lot of ease.
And everybody wants that top!
To look around, down on others, to see.
And everybody wants to 'cop',
Abundance, fame and rewards to claim.
As if to achieve this has no pain.

Everybody wants that top.
To spin at the summit with a lot of ease,
Flapping their lips in a warming breeze.
And everybody wants to 'cop',
Abundance, fame and rewards to claim.
As if to achieve this has no pain.

Doing it and not to be lipped,
Will move off a path those rocks.
And,
Doing it not to be lipped...
Are obstacles to be blocked.
With a doing and not to be lipped takes,
Everything one's got.
And,
Intiative, purpose and motive...
Will lighten up burdens until they stop.

Everybody wants that top.
To spin at the summit with a lot of ease.

And everybody wants to 'cop',
Abundance, fame and rewards to claim.
As if to achieve this has no pain.
And pain sustained gains one the fame.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Everyday Being Tested

Everyday there is a witnessing of miracles.
And everyday someone unbelieving,
Chooses to complain about their aches and pains.
In a celebration with invited guests.

And those who seem the happiest...
Are those everyday being tested.
Expressing how their lives are gratefully blessed.
With faith and prayer done everyday to attest and reflect.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Everyday Gets Crazier

I am obligated not to instigate,
Debate between two fools.
Already heated up with attitudes.

I am obligated not to instigate,
Debate between two fools.
Already heated up with attitudes.

But I like to stand near by,
To analyze why...
Stupidity ends in a fight.

And I try my best to hide,
My own foolishness...
When I'm heard laughing out loud,
With tears in my eyes.

I'm getting this for free but it aint funny.
But...
Crazy people do some funny things.

I'm getting this for free but it aint funny.
But...
Everyday gets crazier it seems.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Everyday Someone Feels Betrayed

Everyday accusations are made,
To place the blame on others...
When 'our' quality of chosen life to live,
Has become affected by those choices we choose.
And everyday accusations are made,
When our selfish ways are violated.

Everyday expectations are raised,
That our entitlements should be kept protected...
As exceptions no one should neglect.
But neglect to respect others as a choice we choose,
We do.
To then expect others should be held accountable,
For those things done to us...
That the use of common sense could have long avoided.

~The mirror reflects,
That which is kept in front of it.
No matter who wishes to impress,
With an image to address not shown.~

Everyday...
Accusations are made,
To place the blame on others.
And everyday...
Someone feels betrayed,
Because their chosen life to live...
Has become affected by those choices.
And everyday...
Those with kept selfish ways,
Can not accept what they've done to themselves.
To regret but kept...
Unchanged.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Everyone Around Here

Everyone around here planted those seeds!
So there is no need to ask,
Where all of 'this' is coming from!
You got what you wanted.
If it was not...
It would not be there!

Now that it is in your hair...
And all over the place,
You want to declare a lack of knowledge!
A noninvolvement!
If you declared total stupidity...
Prehaps there could be found a solution,
To resolve your devotion to a 'divine' ignorance!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Everyone Competes

Even a fanatic,
Can not stop the dance.
Even a fanatic,
Chooses with a chance...
A direction.
Before inspecting it.
Knowing not...
If what's ahead has benefits.

Even a fanatic,
May have no rhythm.
Even a fanatic,
May be forgiven.
For having no beat,
With two left feet.
And...
Even a fanatic,
May have no rhythm.
Even a fanatic,
May be forgiven.
For having no beat,
With two left feet.
And...
Even a fanatic,
Can not stop the dance.
Even a fanatic,
Chooses with a chance...
A direction.
Before inspecting it.
Knowing not...
If what's ahead has benefits.
Or if prepared and well equipped.
Yet...
Even a fanatic,
Can not sit.
And appears unfit and fidgets.
Even though considered misfit.

Yes...

Even a fanatic,
May have no rhythm.
Even a fanatic,
May be forgiven.
For having no beat,
With two left feet.
And...
Even a fanatic,
May have no rhythm.
Even a fanatic,
May be forgiven.
For having no beat,
With two left feet...
Because everyone competes,
In a life...
That moves on.
With or without rhythm given.

Because everyone competes,
In a life...
That moves on.
With or without rhythm given.

Because everyone competes,
In a life...
That moves on.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Everyone Does It

It is difficult to refuse the creating,
Of excuses to make.
This addiction becomes an ownership.
A habit others expect that reflects upon,
One's credibility and absence of confidence.
With a doing to perceive everyone does it.

People in denial,
Find a hiding behind told lies...
Think nothing of a deception done,
As an activity everyone does to do...
To perfect and keep treasured.
Regardless of who's life is affected,
By what has become one's best possession.

'What a broad and generic judgement to make.
I happen not to fit in 'that' category.'

I apologize for my observations.
Perhaps I have been a bit opinionated.
There are only a few, like you...
Who will admit the telling of the truth.
How do you manage to do that?

'Well,
First of all...
A lie becomes a 'lie' if one is caught,
In the telling of it.
And I have found that if I pretend with innocence,
I don't know anything?
Often I am left to be believed.'

But...
You are still deceiving.

'Who? '

YOURSELF!

'Not if I accept my own deception.
And everybody does it anyway.'

Where is your sense of kept integrity?

'I've told you the truth.
At least cut me some slack,
For admitting to you what it is I do.
And you aint 'gon find too many who do that.
With or without 'integrity'.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Everyone Else

Everyone else,
Has a problem to solve...
But us.

Everyone else,
Has proven themselves wrong...
But us.

Everyone else should do what we do.
And when they don't,
We view them as fools to ridicule.
Everyone else,
Has a problem to solve...
That can be faced to resolve 'and' dissolve,
But us.

Everyone else,
Needs to learn from lessons taught...
But us.
Everyone else,
Needs to listen to comprehend...
But us.

Everyone else needs to adjust,
To our way of life.
And adopt those standards we value.
With a validating of judgements passed,
That justifies why we criticize...
Others not up to the task.

Everyone else needs to follow rules and laws.
With an obeying of religious doctrines...
To excuse our blemishes and deny our flaws.
Everyone else should be honest, respectful...
And take pride in keeping their integrity,
To reflect their kept dignity believed as is perceived.
Everyone one else needs to aspire to ideals,
With an improving of life and a quality that appeals.
Everyone else should accept and expect this!

Everyone else,
Has a problem to solve they refuse to see.
Everyone else does...
But us.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Everyone Else Seems To Be Drugged

Militant, nationalistic...
And nonconformist!

Gee...
I remember in my youth,
Folks like this were called misfits.
Now they are regarded as patriotic.
Since they are the only ones today,
Expressing a passion for their beliefs.
And proud to say they will defend them.

Everyone else seems to be drugged,
On some addictive prescription needed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

'Everyone Here Is Working Hard For You'

Do you realize how many poems I've seen,
That you have written?

'No!
How many have you actually 'read'? '

Comeon...
You are not aware of this at all?
I read a few but not all.

'I am aware that I am a writer.
Not an accountant.
Nor someone who sets limits,
To achieve a final goal.
Or someone seeking to impress.

Each day presents its own personality.
I'm learnig to appreciate quality and not quantity.
There is something about life I more understand each day.
My personal awareness of 'that' is what I keep addressed.'

Oh...
So what is that?
If you don't mind me asking?

'I know I am not alone...
Even though I perceive I am on my own!
I hear voices clearly say to me,
Everyone here is working hard for you.
That you must believe.'

I see.
And that makes you produce quality you don't notice?
An involvement you keep distanced?

'I did not say I didn't notice the quality.
Painfully that's done.
I don't put my sights on 'quantity'.
I don't want to overwhelm.

As much as I choose to stun!
And that takes paying attention to everyone! '

Like the voices heard in your head?

'You see...
You're trying to take this somewhere else.
And what you are 'attempting' to imply...
I'm not wasting any more of my time to listen to!
Read more than you do.
And if there is any comprehension to communicate,
You need not announce that to me! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Everyone I Knew

No one I knew had been given a public format,
With a getting of undivided attention...
From many willing to listen,
To their discomforting irritations...
That brought upon them temporary agonies.
We 'then' lived to love a pursuing to do.

No one I knew,
Had everything at their fingertips...
To live without wants or dreams to fulfill.
No one I knew had fast cash like that.
Or parents to depend upon,
To chase away those fears to sweeten the facts.

No one I knew,
Who grew up in tenement projects...
Sat to await for someone that would protect,
The taunts from bullies with this expected.
We fought fearing not to gain some respect.
Knowing if we didn't our parents would get upset.

No one I knew who grew to know hard times to accept,
Did absolutely nothing to achieve success.
Everyone I knew,
Who took steps to do their very best...
Got up off their butts to do it to prove it can be done.
IF that's what they wanted with it tasted to come.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Everyone Is Looking To Impress

Check this out!

After spending nearly fourty or more years,
With a giving to a cause, belief...
Or a creative activity one has donated,
Without expectations to receive an acknowledgement.
And fighting against obstacles of deception and pretense,
Leaving it all to be documented with time spent to convince.
Am I the only one left to perceive,
Someone in this position owes nothing to anyone...
If the doing not to admit has provided others a benefit.

'Who has done that intentionally? '

Only a very few.
That's why I asked you,
To check this out!

'Maybe people aren't aware of it.'

And maybe...
Who knows?
That 'may' have been the purpose.
For them not to know.
But to eventually discover it.

'Some seek attention.
And others let their deeds speak for themselves.'

Yeah but...
Who has done that intentionally?
Today...
Everyone is looking to impress.
Or seeking it to address.

'Oh?
Everyone is? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Everyone Knows They Have Been Exposed

When conflicts arise,
To become the mainstay of life...
Not too many can avoid the presence of them.
Or pretend they have not become affected.

As if a dsease that could have been prevented,
Just to keep the expense and purpose...
Of finding a cure to ensure one day it comes.
But everyone knows,
They have been exposed to a fear that will not leave.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Everyone Of Us (No One Is Exempt)

People.
Everyone of us stay to keep in touch,
With our insecurities.
No one is exempt.

People.
Everyone of us can become flustered.
And frustrated with wishes someone comes,
To understand what it is we keep secretly.
No one is exempt from feeling kept deep.

People.
And we all are 'that'.
Whether we do or do not straddle fences,
To agree or disagree...
When our emotions come close to being attacked.
No one is exempt from defending our own backs.

And people like to receive and get,
A compliment or shown appreciation...
Said and meant with expressed sentiments.
To feel it real with meaning to believe.
No one wants to think they have been,
Flattered unnecessary just to deceive.

'I like 'you' for 'you'.
Just as you are.'

~Why?
Who told you to tell me that?
What do you want from me?
When did your like for me start to begin?
And 'how' are you going to convince me,
It's love? ~

'WHOA.
I said I LIKED you. Not LOVED you.'

~I see.

So I'm not good enough,
For you to feel that, huh? ~

People.
Everyone of us stay to keep in touch,
With our insecurities.
No one is exempt,
For wanting something to mean much more...
To then decide,
How to rate and place a score to ignore or accept.
With a doing to check over preferences.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Everyone Pays A Price

The act of evil does not go unscathed.
Nor will the wearing of a huge crucifix...
Protect a deceiver who is a hypocrite,
From receiving to them what comes that is due.
Intentions done do not erase themselves.

And a pain felt is not dismissed,
Regardless if a forgiveness is given...
And someone elects to do that to forget.
Do they?
Forget?

No one gets to ride through an amusment park,
For free.
Everyone gets paid for their deeds...
Good, bad or indifferent.
Everyone pays a price even to observe.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Everyone Pretentious Pretends

Pretending not to be pretentious,
In an environment amongst those...
Who value their impressions to make,
Is a position someone takes...
To be different.
But no one notices this.
Since everyone pretentious,
Pretends they are not faking.

'I just absolutely LOVE,
That outfit you are wearing.'

~You said that same thing to me yesterday,
When I saw you in the mall.~

'But we weren't amongst,
Our dearest 'friends' then.
Now were we? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Everyone Wants To Feel Validated

Today,
Everyone wants to feel validated.
No matter how outrageous their ideals.
Appealing to their sensibilities has become easy,
For me.

If something said or done I find conflicts...
And I realize my response may lead to an argument,
I nod my head in agreement and leave.
People seeking to argue are often upset by that,
Today.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Everyone Who Has Been On A Terrorist Binge

One man is clearly brilliant.
While the other is fairly clever.
However one has scars remaining...
In a mind still clinging onto war.
And yet the other tries to convince...
Those mental wars will end.
And he recommends...
Psychological treatments,
To begin for everyone...
Who has been on a terrorist binge.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Everyone Will Become Affected

Houses built on stilts,
And on mountain sides that slide.
Folks believing their stubbornness...
Will be ignored by nature when nature shifts.

Earthquakes and volcano blasts,
Are soon to join hurricane and tornado winds.
No one is here to conquer Mother Nature.
She has been speaking.
And no one has listened.

People in tears and fleeing with items they collect.
Praying to God they are not victims next.
But a truth about who we are has been ignored.
And a comprehension of this,
Is coming to humble those in fixed delusions.
To settle a score,
Not to question anymore...
The power of God.
And the disrespect this Earth has endured!

The spirits are upset...
With all the conflicts and human neglect.
And this has come to be reflected.
In a way that is best to be witnessed and shown!
None of the deceit shown has been condoned!
Everyone will become affected!
A balance that is off has to be found,
And must be respected.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Everyone Will Feel Pinched By A Grinch On The Loose

Everyone will feel pinched.
By a grinch on the loose.
This festive holiday season...
Has a sputtering train on the tracks.
With barely an engine!
And no caboose.

No champagne to sip.
Or horse radish with bacon dip.
Don't light up that Christmas Tree...
Unless you have gas,
Instead of electricity to heat.

Take the turkey out of the freezer,
With other leftovers from Thanksgiving Day.
Share this with your neighbors.
The ones still living near...
And haven't moved away.

Buy a box of crayons...
And color some brown paper bags!
Find something you will not have to offer,
To sell at a tag sale.
Like a teapot.
And not a sofa you have to drag.

Wrapped 'whatever' it is and tape it.
Take pictures of this!
Since this Christmas just may be...
The best one you've had!
Maybe not one you'll wish to reminisce.

'Be glad for what you've got!
You kids think money...grows on trees.'
My mom use to say.
And I began to pray,
For that to happen one day.

But today,

This is the reality...
The thought of eating fresh picked leaves,
May not be too far away!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Everyone's Favorite

Save all ways to fake it.
A quality of life once near to appear.
Save all ways to fake it.
What is known that isn't right.
Since what is wrong is everywhere.
And within awakened sights.

No one can defend,
A proper etiquette to keep it.
Or continue to perceive to believe,
Deceiving is not in season.
To be picked as if it is everyone's favorite.

No one can pretend,
They can not see divisions clearly.
Or attempts made to leave those unconscious,
Left behind to find them...
Permanently deranged and crazed.

These days have become difficult,
To keep respecting those disrespectful.
These days it is difficult to express,
A keeping of one's faith...
Amongst others awaiting to berate,
One who cares.
And willing to confess love to give,
Without some deciding to hiss and knit...
Their suspicions together with a purpose served,
To stir up and ignite a reason for conflicts.
With them to begin,
The ending of established relationships.

Save all ways to fake it.
A quality of life once near that appeared.
Save all ways to fake it.
What is known that isn't right.
Since what is wrong is everywhere.
And within awakened sights.

No one can defend,
A proper etiquette to keep it.
Or continue to perceive with belief,
Deceiving is not in season.
To be picked as if,
No other choice is there to choose.

No one can pretend,
They can not see divisions clearly.
Or attempts made to leave,
Mentalities crazed...
To eventually regard them to discard,
As worthless debris affecting to infect...
A humanity a few with diseased mentalities,
Promote to increase...
The acceptance of their defections.
Kept to protect the flaws in their reflections.
To endorse and enforce a divorcing from truth.

No one can defend with it kept pretended.
They can not see divisions of hatred.
Or the deceiving attempts made,
To leave many crazed by a taught bigotry.
As if a choice to do this these days,
Would be a season to pick that stays...
Remaining that way as everyone's favorite,
To create the permanence of mindless...
Devastation.
While witnessing life and its significance,
Diminish to a nonexistence.
To then proclaim death,
As an honor more respected to accept...
Than the blessing God has bestowed,
Upon us all to neglect and reject it given.

Save all ways to fake it.
Faith and religious beliefs.
Save all ways to fake it.
Hypocrisies to leave everywhere.
And in sight.
To protect and deceive,
All conflicts begin...

With a worshipping of non-ending greed.
To even dismiss the air to value.
To acknowledge without it...
No one lives to survive.
Without it no one is left who can breathe.
To discover too late this choice to make,
Can not be saved to fake.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Everything About This I Adore

Nothing more is it I adore,
With such a certainty would be...
Knowing my interests,
Is never placed at your backdoor...
To ignore to leave to dust.
And I am left to feel beset with insecurities.
As if your doing of this was to test my trust.

Nothing more can tease me to wish,
I had a bigger cup to fill...
If you are not of part of it.

I may have had many experiences,
With an adventuring done to do...
To several places of unique differences.
Long before my eyes gazed upon you.

I may have lived in diversed environments.
But nothing about what it was that I did,
Could ever bring to me this happiness you give.
With such anticipation that leaves me impatient.

Nothing more is it I adore,
Than knowing what we have...
Continues to be explored.

And everything about this,
Makes me love you even more...
Than before.
Each time I think of our walks along the shore.
And each time I think of our love and what it's for...
To last!
Regardless who has opinions.

And when we aren't together,
The first thing I miss...
Is holding you in my arms,
And kissing your lips I can't resist.
With a wanting to do this...

Each moment and second,
That seem to drag on like years.

And everything about this,
Makes me love you even more...
Than before.
And everything about this,
I adore.
And everything about this,
Makes me love you so much more...
That even I could not explain if I wished.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Everything Once Familiar

A standard valued and a way of life lived,
Is crushing those with a fixed point of view.
Everything once familiar,
Known and kept in place...
Is slipping away faster,
Than anyone can retrace the importance.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Everything That 'Is' Has Its Limits

It is difficult to agonize through change.
Or to let go of those comforts,
Knowing the familiar will not be the same.

It is difficult to grow,
Around many who fear the doing of it.
While they choose to sit and reminisce,
The times they miss and wish to revisit.

It is difficult to agonize through change.
Or to let go of those comforts,
Knowing the familiar will not be the same.

It is difficult to witness,
Seasons come and go.
But everything that 'is' has its limits.
No matter who denies that this is so.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Everything That Is Meant

Everything that is meant...
Has its intent.
Even upnosed people,
Who stoop to do their wicked evils.

Everything that is meant...
Has its intent.
Even those deceivers,
Believe themselves as divas.

Everything that is meant...
Has a purpose and content.
And there are people looking,
Who still seek what's illegal...
But with their eyes like 'Eagles',
Dismiss what does exist.
Believing its somebody else's business to be fixed.

Everything that is meant...
Has a purpose and content.
And those becoming crazed...
Everyday give their minds away.
To conform to the madness.
People everyday...
Conform to the madness.
Obeying like they're slaves,
Giving minds away...
To conform to the madness.
With a purpose meant.
That conforms to a madness.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Everything The Others Ate Had Been Great

When will I ever write 'something' you like?
Probably never.
Since you seek to have your appetite pleased...
And I will never cater to those who player hate.

'Who said I player hated? '

You had no problem eating,
Everything I prepared and dished upon your plate.
Until someone mentioned that I was the cook.
And everything the others ate had been great.

Up until 'then' you munched and grinned.
And then when my name was mentioned...
You proceeded to whip out,
A pad and pen!

'Who said I player hated?
I just happened to have lost my appetite.
It had nothing to do with you beaming,
Or the fact you appeared to block out my light! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Everything You Have

I want everything you have,
If we are to share as mated lovers.
And with an ending to all suspense,
Commenced.
Like the doings of some others.

Worthless to me,
Are those spoken tokens of love.
In conversations intended,
To satisfy my craving on words alone.

Pointless it is and irrelevant to mention,
That a going through a motion...
Has been consistent.
I am persistent when I insist...
I want everything you have.
Including loyalty and love.
With a showing of known devotion.

I have consumed enough,
On reason without rhyme.
To await a purpose,
That did not feed my need.

Worthless to me,
Are those spoken tokens of love.
I want everything you have,
If we are to share as mated lovers.

Pointless it is and irrelevant to mention,
That a going through a motion...
Has been consistent.
I am persistent when I insist...
I want everything you have.
Including loyalty and love.
With a showing of known devotion.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Everytime I See This In Others

Every time,
And I've noticed this.
Since you are the lesson taught,
I see in myself.
Everytime.

Every time,
There is an obstacle presented...
For you to overcome,
There you are looking...
For an easy way to go around it.
Instead of confronting it head on,
On a journey meant for you to undo them.

But stubbornly you don't want to do it.
You want to sit and make excuses.
Hoping someone will come along,
To convince you have been victimized...
By someone who wants to see you punished.
And of this you are right.
You are the biggest self abuser you have in your life.

Every time,
And I've noticed this.
Since you are the lesson taught,
I see in myself.
Everytime.

And everytime I see this in others,
I am immediately reminded of myself.
And so blessed I am to recognize it.
Everytime I see how much I have learned.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Everywhere And In Abundance

If progress is in the making of a total mess,
There must be absolutely without a doubt...
Many responsible who have accomplished this.
And they should walk around with puffed up chests.
With a consciousness undenied and quick to admit,
The 'who'...the 'why'...and the 'how'...
Such progress has been so effective.

Although some may perceive,
Those responsible for this achievement...
As dysfunctionally incompetent.
And proud of it they should be.
No matter how confusing their realities may be.

However...
If this is progress as it is interpreted,
Who can dispute the existence of it?
Since it is everywhere and in abundance.
To leave no one observant in shock or disbelief.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Everywhere And Not Rare

They wish to project their beliefs on others,
To protect their own insecurities.
Cold shouldered and indifferent.
Distant and aloof participants,
In the passing judgement game.

They do not show their envy.
Just express it enough,
For that to be understood.
They don't realize their tasks are masked.
Or that they wear sheep clothing,
Bearing teeth like wolves.

They believe their fake smiles,
Keep them hidden in camouflage.
But anyone who has lived and learned...
Do not find them at all odd!
Not when façades like these...
Are determined to satisfy,
Only themselves to please!

And folks like these...
Are not few to spare.
They are here.
They are there.
They are everywhere,
And not rare!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Everywhere There Is A Medic

Isn't it easier to criticize,
Anyone doing something with their life...
They seem to like to do with a doing done.
Than it is to stop from feeling aggravated...
That no one gives us the time of day to listen,
To everything negative we say and can find...
That describes why we are such miserable people.
All the time.
With a tuning into grief as if to be treated by it,
On a daily basis to feed on diets of aches and pains.

We keep those feelings bottled up,
And ready to blow...
To explode!
As mean streaks steam...
From jealousies we can't let go.

Oh yeah we keep those feelings bottled up,
And ready to blow...
To explode!
As mean streaks steam...
From jealousies we can't let go.

And everywhere there is a medic.
Over here there is a medic.
Oh yeah!
And everywhere there is a medic.
Over here there is a medic.
Oh yeah!

We keep those feelings bottled up,
And ready to blow...
To explode!
As mean streaks steam...
From jealousies we can't let go.

And over there there is a medic.
And everywhere there is a medic.
And even here there is a medic,

Oh yeah!
And everywhere there is a medic.
Oh yeah!
And even here there is a medic.
Oh yeah!

And over there there is a medic.
And everywhere there is a medic.
And even here there is a medic,
Oh yeah!
And everywhere there is a medic.
Oh yeah!
And even here there is a medic.
Oh yeah!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Everywhere You Go

Everywhere you go...
You are there,
Trying to find yourself.
And a happiness given,
From someone else.

And everything done you do...
Is an attempt to compare,
Something someone does...
With those things 'you' like.
And those things 'you' choose!

No one lives up to your expectations.
This you say...
As you judge in pursuit.
Even though your offerings,
Are slim to none.
As you taste and take,
From unsuspecting ones.

And...
Everything done,
Is from your point of view.
Perhaps that's why
There is a sadness you drag.
And you can not see it,
Like many others do!

Everywhere you go,
It's right there with you!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Evict

That painted picture hides some tricks.
Disguishing scars...
No one sees as camougflaged.

Nick picking pieces of it to bits.
Exposing peeks of it to a past...
As chips of plaster
Fell from where it hung real fast.

A tension hidden had heated again.
Something unmentioned was beginning to win.
Indecision and conflict,
Was rushed back in.

Aborting all the grand plans had.
Leaving renovations premature...
To sit abandoned,
Next to faith and hope trashed!
Preferring disturbances,
They love to insure for them would last!
And although this was sick...
They could not from them evict this quick!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Evidence Has Already Proven

Evidence has already proven,
Truth and facts to combat against...
Is a frivolous and useless futile attempt,
To prevent reality and its significance...
From remaining less influential.

While those with maintained delusions,
Solicit in campaigns to advocate...
Outdated promises made to upgrade,
A quality of life all have witnessed to fade...
Will return to those days long forgotten.

But...
If prayers with hope and faith to keep,
Become discovered as deceptions...
To leave people left bending on bruised knees,
Their wishes and dreams to see life improve...
Will never happen if they decide to move,
From their kept positions of subservience.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Evidence Of An Imbalance

Naturally...
If someone accepts something has no substance,
Because of teachings believed.
They are going to be shocked,
To find the opposite.
But an ignorance has blocked its benefit.

And the one who profits from this blocking,
Is the one who created tainted beliefs.
Even though in reality...
Neither receives a complete and wholesome experience,
From these actions to increase a shallowed authority.

And this reflects on the detriment of one's comprehension!
To become indoctrinated into a falsity believed,
Ultimately feeds a diseasing mind to unwind in time!
To leave evidence of an imbalance.

And this consequence is irreversible!
A damage done is what it is...
Unsalvageable!
Worthless to others.
But within itself...
Thought a priceless and much sought,
Rare commodity.
Everyone dreams to possess.
With the best of propaganda and marketing accessed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Evidence Of Shown Proof

Believing a game to be played,
Can be better done...
Than the one who has been trained,
In every aspect of it.
To then assume a mediocrity presented,
As a challenge to get from others...
The same attention one gets,
To 'assume' what is given...
Has not been well deserved to achieve,
Will leave those who plagiarize every time...
Believing a game to be played,
Is as easy as taking away one's dream.
And a dream to keep to have it realized,
Takes more than wishing to get it...
With the ease to plagiarize to disguise,
A lie told to keep lies told to those...
Who eventually discover,
The one who plays the better game...
Had to have been trained to do it.
With it proven time after time.
Regardless who disputes,
The evidence of shown proof.

'Get off the field.'

~Who, me? ~

'No. Not you.
The other one we know comes,
Only to embarrass your mediocrity.
We're here to cheer on the underdog.
Please...
Continue to entertain us with your ignorance.
We love the way,
You take your stupidity so seriously.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Evidence Of This To Be Witnessed

If there is one thing,
People will ultimately come to understand...
About life and living reality.
If comprehending is in their game plan.
Is that a change to be done,
Affects everyone and not some.
Self inflicting pain remains the same,
For those with minds fixed to limits...
With a teaching taught to obey restrictions.
And those who stay with their beliefs to keep,
Are the ones fighting...
From becoming mentally diseased.
At the expense of their own demise.
Obtaining consciousness...
With a wanted awareness to prolong its visit,
Can be easily discovered...
To see the evidence of this to be witnessed.
And not to object to either embrace or reject it.
This is a process we all must accept.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Evidence Of Truth

Many have not received benefit,
By keeping the rules.
To have them watched,
Yet not be followed.

Many have not found it beneficial,
By obeying laws...
Known to be flawed.
And broken by those when they choose.

Creators of the rules,
Break them.
And fakers who charade,
Escape.

Others videotaped,
Lie about actions they take.
To then be supported,
By those taught to audit...
How to abort a truth that is sought.

And everyone is told to believe,
A deceiving of the truth they see.
Since a marketing of evil deeds,
Ensure minds are kept...
Hypnotized by 'bling'.
And what 'bling' to them can bring.

Evidence of truth is destroyed,
With proof.
Evidence of truth is destroyed.
All the evidence of truth is destroyed,
With proof.
Evidence of truth is destroyed.

Many have not received benefit,
By keeping the rules.
To have them watched,
Yet not be followed.

Creators of the rules,
Break them.
And fakers who charade,
Escape.

And everyone is told to believe,
In new rules...
Those who make them break.

Evidence of truth is destroyed,
With proof.
Evidence of truth is destroyed.
All the evidence of truth is destroyed,
With proof.
Evidence of truth is destroyed.

Evidence of truth is destroyed,
With proof.
Evidence of truth is destroyed.
All the evidence of truth is destroyed,
With proof.
Evidence of truth is destroyed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Evidence Sought

How quick some people are,
To excuse those who abuse others...
By comments said to be made out of context.
And ready they are to protect and defend them.

But the very same people,
Will seek to look under every rock...
For evidence sought,
To reveal the exact time, date and place...
Someone else was born to prove they were not!

For purposes to stop and discredit their abilities,
And any intelligence naturally shown.
As well as an integrity with an influence gained.
That to many is obviously known and is sustained.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Evil As You Like It

Evil to entice.
To have me take a bite.
No evil as you like it,
Is welcomed here.

No evil as you like it is welcomed here.
No evil to be mentioned,
Do I invite in my atmosphere.
To expect me to accept it,
Delivered at my doorstep to infest...
Is not going to happen to victimize me next.

If I had not recognized it,
It would have entered my home unexpectedly.
To have me believe the peace of mind I've earned,
Could be taken away and easily.
With a leaving me to feel defeated.
And why I would awaken to grieve endlessly.
Oh no.
You've got to go.
Take that evil somewhere else.
Take that evil and hit the road!

Evil to entice.
To have me take a bite.
No evil as you like it,
Is welcomed here.

'I'm sorry.
Did I catch you at a bad time? '

Take that evil somewhere else.
Take that evil and hit the road!
Evil to entice.
To have me take a bite.
No evil as you like it,
Is welcomed here.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Evil Business

Desperate are the demons losing control.
With a fixed foothold on which beliefs,
Are acceptable to achieve...
A release from their wicked,
And treacherous deceits.

Teasing those unconscious,
With fear if they should disobey...
No wings will be issued on judgement day.
And if they 'should' choose not to follow rules,
A hell to pay will come their way.

Desperate are the demons losing control.
With more awakening to get off their knees.
As they begin to see vivid hypocrisies.
And conflicts inflicted with a purpose to squeeze,
Independent thoughts from minds that perceive...
Only truth acknowledged can set one free.

Desperate are the demons losing control.
And desperate are those not knowing which way to go.
So accustomed to teachings that restrict them from life.
With a doing to listening to what they've been told,
Keeps the benefits flowing as long as they are sold...
That an inflighting over entitlements day and night,
At the delight of evil business to keep darkness away from light...
Will eventually satisfy those faithful to the myths.
And their dishonest origins.

'If they can not follow or obey our laws,
Locked them away!
Like the other two million we have found flawed.'

~No one with a thought to think,
Will escape from this business.
No one thinking can erase,
The evil of this business.

No one with a thought to think,

Will escape from this business.
No one thinking can erase,
The evil of this business.~

How evil is it?
This evil business?

~Well...
No one with a thought to think,
Will escape from this business.
No one thinking can erase,
The evil of this business.

No one with a thought to think,
Will escape from this business.
No one thinking can erase,
The evil of this business.~

How evil is it?
This evil business?
How evil is it?
This evil business?

~Well...
No one with a thought to think,
Will escape from this business.
No one thinking can erase,
The evil of this business.

No one with a thought to think,
Will escape from this business.
No one thinking can erase,
The evil of this business.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Evil Eye Rollers

Have you noticed?
Evil eye rollers don't blink.
Negative evil eye rollers,
With chips of ice and other attitudes...
Propped and shown on frozen shoulders,
Need not apply to be advocates of cheer.
Not here.
Not in these days and times.

There are too many as it is,
Sneering all over the place...
Occupying positions of underpaid clowns.
Who knew,
They were over qualified and thought to be fools?

If evil eye rollers accepted this,
Why do they gather to protest...
Requesting higher pay?
For jobs yet created but promised will exist.

Why do evil eyes rollers disrespect,
Just to have their way.
Instead of smiling and showing themselves to be,
Leaders of the pack...
Of days often celebrated as 'great'.
But long have they gone to have faded away.

Leave those wishes to backbite.
Focus upon that which is in clear sight.
The only ones claiming brighter days are on their way,
Are the ones wanting it known to be shown...
That a craving for a feast to eat is their creation.
Although...
Seldom does a feast keep one smiling.
Nor does one leave,
Feeling in the best of mental health.

There are too many as it is,
Sneering all over the place...

Occupying positions of underpaid clowns.
Who knew,
They were over qualified and thought to be fools?
Who knew,
That the day would come...
When being thought to be over qualified,
Would put a smile in one's eyes.
As if greatful to be recognized as a fool.

'Your eyes?
They seem to sparkle.
As if you have been preparing to dance.
What has happened? '

~I met someone incompetent,
Who called me a fool.
Because I refused to be a clown.~

'You did WHAT?
What on Earth is the matter with you?
How much were they paying? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Evil In Their Dna

People evil with that in their DNA.
Are going to stay evil people,
With 'that' in their DNA.
Portrayals to charade themselves,
In masquerade to deceive...
Will still leave that evil in their DNA,
Used in some way to be released.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Evil Intentions

When and where,
Did a bombing done to increase peace...
Has this ever shown to be effective,
With a peace to keep.

And when and where,
Did a hatred cease to put a stop to creating...
Sophisticated weapons to unleash destruction,
To test how many innocent people...
Can be put to their needless deaths.
Just to have those wishing to pump up their chests,
To prove they are capable to exterminate...
With evil intentions as they are meant.
When and where they choose to please their egos.

No 'will' that is divine,
That claims to be in this state of conscious mind...
Would continue to define their actions,
As those that represent the wishes of God.
If 'God' is, indeed, in the midst of these misdeeds,
To have life destroyed to leave survivors weeping...
With a suffering done and left pleading on their knees.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Evolution Of Truths

Experiencing now we are,
The evolution of truths.
Our consciousness can not resist it.
Preventing it is a fruitless pursuit.

All that was done prior to this change,
Has to be forgotten.
Times that are gone can not be relived.
Nor can they be rearranged...
To live a tomorrow expecting the same.

Experiencing now we are,
The evolution of truths.
Realities are not what they were.
Nor are caged animals at the zoo.
Every living thing on Earth is going through this.

If you believed reality was what you perceived it to be...
You are not alone.
You have much company.

The evolution of truths has arrived.
It has come uninvited.
And for anyone unaccustomed to quick changes,
As most are not when gate crashers pop in.
This process we are going through...
Is the difference between keeping a secret limited,
Within the neighborhood of gossips.
With that same secret already announced at Fort Knox.
Many are familiar.
Many wish to stop it.
Or have it blocked from our consciousness.

Experiencing now we are,
The evolution of truths.
Our mentalities can not resist it.
Preventing it is a fruitless pursuit.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Evolvement

One can not live a life,
Refusing to accept its transitions.
Many state they will remain unchanged.
And unlike some they come to criticize,
They will keep their feet planted on the Earth.
With kept pretentions denied.

To not comprehend the evolving done,
When one from birth,
Back to Earth all are 'unconditionally' welcomed...
And no one is shunned,
Is a belief any one can remain unchanged,
On this Earth to be perceived as one to be 'earthy'.
To experience what they 'conceive' leaves them uncommon.

All are here to grow to bloom...
With a whithering to make room as nature chooses.
To be foolish about the changing phases of these transitions,
Is one observed to be afflicted with ego self inflated.
And here to judge self righteously,
How others bloom from a bud to nourish Earth's 'evolvement'.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Evolving Bond Of Oneness

Revisions may not always relate.
When across the board,
A changing slate is constantly updated...
Then erased!

What is taking place is the antiquated replacement...
Of a mindset being conditioned to be controlled.
With a bold leap unforeseen.
As it demeans those living lives in division.

'Global 'this'! '
'Global 'that'! '
Will be on your lips soon.

Revisions may not always relate.
When across the board,
A changing slate is constantly updated...
Then erased!

To do this and not be associated with treason!
Or less patriotic than those on foreign shores.
A global federation of nations come.
Networked to produce that same effect on command.

And then to reannounce the financing of our wishes,
Must be federation approved!
As those with invested assets perserving in the Federal Reserve,
Strengthen the link that binds this evolving bond of Oneness!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Exact Facts And Truth

The efforts taken to discredit,
Proof of evidence...
And its presence.
With efforts to reduce,
Researched endeavors produced.
As a hope to confuse.
Only solidifies,
The meaning of stupidity.
And the ones making attempts,
To use this definition...
As a defense mechanism.

Sometimes this strategy works.
When those listening...
Have been convinced from birth,
Not only they are fools.
But also certified jerks.

'We suggest,
Any attempt to use intelligence
Once associated to connect...
With common sense,
Has been suspended as proof...
Of there being evidence.'

-And...uh...
Your version of truth,
Is what? Exactly! -

'First and foremost,
Exact facts and truth,
Does not necessarily...
Validate the presence,
Of reality.
And...
Until,
Our thorough investigation...
Has been determined,
To be complete...

We will not be satisfied,
Or accept the results.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Exactly The Way It Is Seen

It is pointless to review,
A detriment that has been done.
Pointless it is to ask opinions,
From anyone.

It is exactly the way it is seen.
And the steps to get it there...
Were placed with all aware.
Some preferred to see it for what it was.
While others chose to have it disguised...
And they are the ones unbelieving,
The realities on the scene!

And to chase for explanations,
From those who put in place the degradation.
Is to verify the obvious...
Some chose to see others and not themselves,
Being demeaned!

Now that 'melting pot' is hot!
With all knowing what it is like to be burned!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Examine The Dwindling Of Your Whims

Listen to them...
Self described conservatives.
Directors of isolated separations.
Keepers of crumbling values...
Inflicted in strict restricting divisions.
And unmonitored greed.
Delusioned in self righteous feeding.

Listen to them...
Self described conservatives.
Then from your listening,
Examine the environment!
Examine your diminished way of life.
Then self examine the dwindling of your whims.
And the color of your money.
Is anyone who is oppressed,
Have their image imprinted?
Where are their wishes implemented?

And on whose backs,
Are sentiments lamented?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Examined

I would hate to be thought of as...
Examined.
I would hate to be thought of as...
A novelty to closely inspect.
I would hate to be thought of as...
Someone who can not be hurt.
Or...
Someone who deserves the dirt,
People come to dump and to leave.

I would hate to be thought of as...
Not worthy of a given respect.
And I would hate to be thought of as...
Someone wanted wished to forget.
And I would hate to be thought of as...
Someone doing all they can,
To be the better person who understands!
But that doing is rejected.

I would hate to be thought of as...
Examined like that.
And...
I would hate to be thought of as...
Someone to be stabbed in the back.
And I would hate to be thought of as...
Someone useless.
Or...
Someone that others regret.
Or...
Someone in the past to forget,
Dissected and examined.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Examined From A Distance

When people fixed with allowed stubbornness,
Have gone overboard...
Inflicted with too much attention given,
While feeding their minds on poisonous adulation...
There will be those assisting without resisting this.
And as accessories refuse an active involvement,
Labelled to be seen but not apologetic.

There is a supporting of needs being fed to feed,
A mindlessness bent beyond control.
And remaining as ignorant as possible...
With senses numbed and flowing into engulfing seas.
And determined...
To supply whatever it is that is wished as a need,
In an atmosphere condoning betrayal and treason.
Deliveries done to quiet the dictates...
Of those spoiled with a getting sought,
With a vicious disregard for dignity and composure.
The soothing of a monster,
Becomes the number one priority!

When people fixed with allowed stubbornness,
Have gone overboard...
Inflicted with too much attention given.
Fantasizing on an achieving of fantastic outcomes...
Seems not to be in the arena,
Where truth and honesty frequently perform....
With every bat of an eyelash examined from a distance.

To that one who is...
Examined from a distance,
This can't be fun.
To be done and this witnessed,
Where can one run...
When it's done.
When it's done.
To be one that's afflicted,
Where can one run...
When it's done.

When it's done.

Examined from a distance,
This can't be fun.
To be done and this witnessed,
Where can one run...
To be one that's afflicted,
Where can one go...
When it's done.
When it's done.

There is a supporting of needs being fed to feed,
A mindlessness bent beyond control.
And remaining as ignorant as possible...
With senses numbed and flowing into engulfing seas.

Examined from a distance...
With senses numbed!
And flowing into engulfing seas.
Where can one run...
To be one this afflicted?
Where can one go...
When it's done.
When it's done.

Examined from a distance!
With senses numbed and flowing into engulfing seas.

Examined from a distance!
With senses numbed and flowing into engulfing seas.

Examined from a distance!
With senses numbed and flowing into engulfing seas.

To be one this afflicted?
Where can one go...
When it's done.
When it's done.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Excavate

A people who have taken effective action,
To impede with a guarantee...
Others do not succeed with oppressive measures,
Applied to suppress to distress whom they please.
With beliefs they teach lessons of authority and control.
Can not keep themselves distant from their own impementation.
Since those who do learn from lessons like these,
Are eventually those who discover themselves trapped.
History repeated should teach them that!
There is more than enough of recycled facts.

A digging of a hole to impose on others restrictions,
Exposes addictions to ignorance and insecurities.
And not comprehending this...
Those who eventually excavate an advanced society,
Ruined by a hatred but waited much too late,
To rise above and leave behind petty indignities.
With a feeding of a feast that left them all crazed in mind.
And the findings of those who investigate,
Can be seen scrathing their heads in disbelief...
How histories repeated never seem to teach.

'What on this God made Earth could they've been thinking? '

~Those who greed do not become their own worse enemies.~

'Look at this one...
Buried with gold chains and sneakers.'

~Put them with the others we discovered holding make up kits,
Barbells and wrapped diet snacks.~

'Can you tell if they were male, female, black, brown or yellow? '

~Hey...
They're just a bunch of bones to me.
Let's move to the next bombed out site.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Excellence Only

If you are the kind to whine.
Make excuses and complain,
The Excellence Only Program...
Is not for you.

The ones to make claims,
They are devoted...
AND committed,
Will be required to remain,
Painfully disciplined.
With a doing to listen.
Learn and comprehend,
The one who teaches...
Will be given,
Your utmost respect.
And undivided attention.

There will be no faking,
Of having migraine headaches.
Or created fainting spells,
To waste time to make.
Nor will there be,
The taking of 10 minute breaks.
For the purpose to test,
A tolerated patience.
To perceive success to achieve,
Is as easy as A.B.C.

Once you have entered,
The Excellence Only Program...
Just one option do you have,
To use as a legitimate exit.
And that would be...
Carried through it,
On a stretcher.
And a medic does what is best,
To 'hopefully' save you...
From experiencing death.
With it done to attempt,

Getting for yourself...
Some expected empathy.

'That's cold! '

You have not achieved, Excellence yet.
Wait until it's done to come.
With it shown.
And see the kind,
Of reception you get.
Warm shoulders you may expect,
Will quickly freeze.
With eyes frozen solid.
As if ice.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Exceptional Are The Heights

From where those first steps,
Seemed from a low self esteem...
Too impossible to face the fears,
A moving to do it has proven successful.
Even though the stopping of obstacles,
To completely eliminate...
Come unexpectedly with no escape.
And no longer is an escape one seeks.

Exceptional are the heights,
From where those first steps...
Seemed too impossible to take.
Exceptional becomes the view to be seen,
When those dreams wished...
Are within one's reach.
With the knowing that obstacles are not impossible,
To remove when faced to do with kept desire.

Exceptional are the heights to view,
When one refuses to fear teachings taught to limit...
One's self esteem not meant to be kept in pits,
Low in the comfort of confined darkness.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Exceptional Deceit

I accept your apology.
And have forgiven all your dirty deeds.
I have also spoken highly of you.
Since I don't have revenge to retrieve.
Nor do I focus on you with bitterness.
I don't have that appetite to please.
I honestly wish you all the best!
And from me right now you can leave!
I do not do repeats.
Especially since I know...
You can show and display,
Exceptional deceit!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Exceptional Excellence Undenied

Tease the cooker!
But not too much.
Remember the cooker decides,
Whose taste buds will be satisfied!
And why...
If the cooker so chooses to apply,
An exceptional excellence undenied.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Exceptions

Exceptions...
Are dispensed all the time.
By those in positions,
Given authority to be selective...
To change what has already been defined.

Exceptions are granted...
Depending on the excuses,
Others can find.
And awarded they are,
To those with the same frame of mind.
With a forgiving of whatever it is that is done.
Or whomever has become affected,
By the one who has been accepted...
As an exception to overlook.

To then be regarded as a 'slight' imperfection,
Others with equal flaws and blemishes...
Would have long ago been rejected.
To experience shame and a life lived in regret.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Exceptions And Expectations Awaited

Exceptions and expectations awaited,
Can deflate those believing...
They deserve entitlements served automatically.
Because of who they are, where they live...
And who they know.
With a clearing of obstacles off their path.
To have a prefernce upon them bestowed.

But these are not those times gone,
One will find...
An ushering done to the front of the line,
Will change the minds of those impressed.
There are those seeking specifically to address,
The ones who have sacrificed their lives with the doing...
Of deeds seen to believe and not delusions to express.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Exceptions Made To Created Rules

Exceptions made to created rules,
Has established the need.
For a Department of Addendums.
Making the following of rules,
Foolish.
For anyone attempting to understand,
The purpose of their origin.

Since the following of rules legitimately,
Hasn't made those values and standards...
Many proclaim as adding a quality to their lives,
A cost effective proposition.

In fact,
Prior to those exceptions made,
One's life lived had been with less complications.
Today,
Those complications are needing interpretations...
For those seeking explanations,
Whether to live basically with no rules to follow.
Or demand more addendums,
To define what basic means.

And which lawful rule is broken,
If one decides living a life that 'is' basic
Will not have them arrested for indecent exposure.
Since many will protest they have become offended.
By someone daring to live,
Without attempting to make impressions.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Exceptions Revealed

Some perceive a success to achieve and get,
Depends upon who lets it become acquired.
As if a rating to place against others,
Will heat a competition that feeds its quality.
Only the ones with this perception,
Create their own deceptions.
With a success determined by this process,
Thought to be a request,
For their impressions to bestow.
With it granted as acceptable.

However...
There will always be exceptions revealed.

One who has achieved success to get,
With it done to feel and this feeling felt...
Knows with faith what it took to make,
A taking of each step to execute and correct...
Mistakes that were made before anyone knew,
Who did the sacrificing with belief kept to keep...
That success to see to be earned with tears and sweat.
Without needing to seek others left to leave impressed.

Since...
Success from someone else is not given to be done.
With a bestowing of it known to 'everyone'.
Success one gets is a process that is earned.
With a yearning seldom to another shown.
Often this process is discovered by others,
Unaware until they learn of it.
Long after one's success has been in progress.

Always there will be,
Exceptions revealed.
Making themselves known.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Exceptions To The Forgiveness Rule

I am the first to admit,
That a forgiveness given...
Should not be a consideration,
With a solicitation that escalates in debate.

We all make mistakes...
And care enough to correct those made.
At least the effort proves this to be true!

However...
Those anticipating things done that they do,
Should automatically be granted a stay of execution...
Puts others through what it is they do,
As if an approval of understanding of their misdeeds...
Are exceptions to the forgiveness rule!

And this creates a repetition,
Of those same conflicts initiated.
Without a sign of any lessons learned,
That establishes a sustaining confidence

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Excessive Build Up

Prejudged based upon notions of perfection.
And what one must do,
To gain with acceptance...
An entrance into exclusive social sets,
With those appropriate invitations...
From those of status one wishes to get.
Is...
As some dubiously believe,
A needing of one to be relieved...
From an excessive build up of too much gas.

And,
As a recommended suggestion...
It is thought one in a position like this,
Should relax alone and quietly sit.
Without a straining done to enforce,
A moment in the letting go of it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Excessive Confessions

Let go and let rest,
Of those excessive confessions.
No matter how exciting,
An awareness becomes and can get.

When eyes and minds begin to widen,
With it realized all of life connects...
Even those with objections,
Who had in the past stubbornly disbelieved...
Are quick to begin preaching,
About their new found discoveries.

'The Sun is fixed.
And the Earth rotates while in orbit,
Around it.'

~Thank you, my brutha.
I notice your eyes are glazed.
But today I'll pass on what you've taken.
Maybe tomorrow I will feel more adventurous.~

Let go and let rest,
Of those excessive confessions.
No matter how exciting,
An awareness becomes and can get.

Like those who annoy others who enjoy,
Their smoking that addicts them...
To the nicotine in cigarettes.
Awakening to an awareness,
Can come to destroy the best relationship.
To then begin an unwanted argument.

'No.
Like you I too was ignorant.
Now I see the light.
And why the Moon and Stars twinkle at night.'

~Uh...

Are you calling me ignorant?
You haven't found nothing but a new drug.
And that's all that is.
Calling me ignorant is not productive.~

'You and I are more alike than different.
And that dawned on me,
When I began to walk among the trees.'

~I see.
And when you walked amongst the trees,
Did you stop and perhaps...
Begin to 'sniff' their leaves? ~

'I see life to love.
The Moon and Sun and Stars above.'

Let go and let rest,
Of those excessive confessions.
No matter how exciting,
An awareness becomes and can get.
Since many are not yet prepared,
To break from their limits and restrictions...
With a finding to discover,
All life that's lived can not happen without air.

~Congratulations.
Now,
And before you get on my last nerve...
Let me suggest,
You go home.
Lay down.
And allow yourself to get some needed rest.~

'I didn't realize I could be this free.
I'm FREE. You're FREE.
All of God's children!
We are as Free as we choose to be.'

Let go and let rest,
Of those excessive confessions.
No matter how exciting,

An awareness becomes and can get.
A truth that is seen can demean and offend,
Even those once believed...
Had been understanding good friends.

~Sssshhh.
Stop it. Stop it.
Lower your voice.
I'm in no mood for this kind of attention.
Here comes a cop.
Take whatever 'crack' you've got in your pocket,
And throw it in that gutter.
Don't say a word.
I'll attempt to explain your enthusiasm.~

'It's life.
I've got LIFE.'

~SHUT...UP.
Close your eyes and grab my arm.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Excessive Drama

What school of thought
Best describes your current slide,
Into a slow motioned destitution?
A pinch of bittersweetness is not so bad?
Or...
One's sacrifice is nothing more than pride,
To be carried forth with the utmost dignity!

Politicians will have all believe,
Those now crawling on knees...
Have options!

'They could hop on the highways of this great land,
On one leg and blindfolded.
Like so many have chosen to do,
To prove their loyalty! '
Some are heard to say between cocktail sips!

The opposing argument will say...
Those hungry and homeless,
Are experiencing momentary lapses in exaggeration.
Their plight has incited excessive drama.
Especially on the steps of this great nation!

Then someone like Obama comes along and says...
'Look...
All of this sickness has been addicting!
And turned into a blame game.
Millions of dollars have been stuffed into a few pockets.
And my opponents...
With all of the years of their experience,
Want you to know...
Those few pockets are going to change.
And be fondled by different hands.
Theirs!
Snap out of it, fools!
There is no honor to fight in darkness,
Below the gutter! '

~I resent his 'tone'.
And appalled by his directness.
He is too honest.
Too forthright.
And too commanding!
Let's continue to dig.
Perhaps light will be discovered below us! ~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Excessive Esoterics

Excessive esoterics.
Privately kept.
Within limits expressed,
Between those with similar pursuits...
And interests done to choose and do,
Exclusively amongst a few...
May provide some with that kept comfort zone.

Yet the excessiveness of it done exclusively,
Leaves those more diverse and prepared...
For a world ever changing.
Expanding to broaden once confined minds,
Becoming more conscious of restrictions.
With them found dissolving from definitions.
And situations limits permit.

More are awakening seeking to communicate,
On simple, direct and basic levels.
To understood and comprehend,
How worthless pretense and impressions made...
With them done to welcome and prioritize,
Is a waste of time lived just to throw away.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Excessively Broke

Wealth of abundance.
Wealth of friends who have abundance.
Wealth of friends who have abundance and influence,
With an ability to persuade those who have created...
Wealth and those connected to it,
Probably do not associated themselves...
With those who just have a wealth of intelligence.
Since those who have a wealth of intelligence...
Usually are the ones excessively broke!
But possess a wealth of humor to entertain.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Exchanged To Give And Receive

From naughty to nice,
And a life spiced with adventure...
I have discovered to find this time of year,
Exciting to participate with anticipation.

So inviting is the feeling to be hugged and snuggled.
To know I am close to the one I love most,
Has a lasting affect...
That allows me to reflect upon my past,
Without regrets for some that may last.

And those things I have done or did not do,
Enables me with the one most special...
To express my appreciation with no expectation,
What is being done is to do to get approval.

As memories shared and reminisced this Christmas,
With less gifts promised...
But with an abundance of blessings acknowledged,
Exchanged to give and receive...
Makes the reason this season I am feeling so pleased.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Excited About Living My Life

I want to feel relevant.
With a significance that is competent,
Energized and prepared.
When I strut it is done with a pride I stride,
That dares to face the affects of aging.
No excuses do I seek to borrow or create,
To chase away fear to delude or to fake.
I want my light to shine to show,
How excited about living my life I am.

Too many today wear their wounds and scars,
As if trophies to discuss...
What pains them everyday so much.
As they point point to their aches,
To describe how it feels and where they are.
And I refuse to sit and reminisce,
Those things I did in my youth to miss.
While portraying how I deserve to receive,
Free prescriptions paid by Medicare or Medicaid...
To convince my complaints qualify,
The burdens I carry to be believed.

I want to feel relevant.
And I am going to stay active.
I want to keep my mind alert.
And I can't do that laying on my back to wish,
I had incentive and intiative like I once did.
Or waste to spend time blaming to make claims,
How it is I am showed no respect...
For a motivation I am owed but do not get.
Oh no.
I am going to stay excited about living my life.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Exciting Promises

Whose idea was it to appoint,
Those most liked...
To be aggressive in moving forward,
A progessive agenda that had been our wish?
Where oh where are the results of this?

'It had been determined those who were too direct,
And accepted no excuses had, in fact, upset...
With a rubbing a few of us the wrong way.
To make comments that bordered on disrespect.'
The results? We all agree with patience and time,
Results we will get.'

Are those picked and liked,
Competent enough to fight for what is right?
Are they aggressive with initiative to push forward,
Our expectations with a doing to progress our agenda?

'The agenda has yet to be discussed.
No one has had time of late to bring that up.
But...
Those most liked and we have picked,
Have proposed some exciting promises.'

To do...
What?

'You know...
Begin with effort to step forward.'

And...
Hopefully with initiative as well?

'We haven't gotten to that just yet.
That, we are sure,
Will be mentioned at the next session.'

And the 'next' session has been scheduled 'when'?

'First we must introduced those we've selected,
With a social event that has not yet been announced.
And then we have to ensure those we like and have picked,
Will find the time to prioritize our agenda.
Giving us all an opportunity to dress appropriately,
For effect to impress.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Exclamation

!
'Is that it? '
Is what it?
'(!) ...That? '
The title of this poem is 'exclamation'
What did you expect?
A sharp or sudden utterance?
A vehement expression of protest or complaint?

I'm seeking something
That is oozing with profuse profundity.
And reeking with profligaticity...
As well as being profluent!

'OH?
I too am seeking something.'

Cool. What is that?

'Somewhere where I can 'throwuppity'
Your 'obnoxiousismonosis.'

Those are not 'words'.

'Yeah...
But they were vehemently expressed weren't they? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Excluded

Excluded.
And,
With an acceptance of it.
No wish is there lingering,
To be exclusively included.
With an invitation,
Third party given.
With an expression of an oversight.

How many times can one be disrespected,
Before the thoughtless act of it...
Dawn upon the minds of those,
Revealing themselves to be not so bright.
Those days celebrating with those with dimmed lights...
No longer excite,
A glimmer of a wish to have conversation.
On any level of shallow.

Excluded.
And,
With an acceptance of it.
No wish is there lingering,
To be exclusively included.
With an invitation,
Third party given.
Or is there any desire,
To be involved at all.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Exclusive Booty

Some have a crush on,
Just one they have a lust.
And that one that is the lusted one,
Just may run from their touch.
Not wanting it that much.

Some have a crush on,
Just one they have a lust.
And that one that is the lusted one,
Just may run from their touch.

Others have a chronic logic that exists.
And it's difficult for them to reason,
With hearts distanced from their minds...
Thinking them to be affixed.

And hard it is to interfere with people who insist,
A jumping to conclusions is a way to happiness.

Some want exclusive booty that they can do.
Exclusive booty chosen just to do with one boo.
And...
Some want exclusive booty.
Some want exclusive booty.
Some want exclusive booty just with one boo.
And,
Some want exclusive booty that they can do.
Exclusive booty chosen just to do with one boo.
And...
Some want exclusive booty.
Some want exclusive booty.
Some want exclusive booty just with one boo.

And hard it is to interfere with people who insist,
A jumping to conclusions is a way to happiness.
But...
Some want exclusive booty.
Some want exclusive booty.
Some want exclusive booty just with one boo.

Some have a crush on,
Just one they have a lust.
And that one that is the lusted one,
Just may run from their touch.
Not wanting it that much.

Others have a chronic logic that exists.
And it's difficult for them to reason,
With hearts distanced from their minds...
Thinking them to be affixed.

Some want exclusive booty that they can do.
Exclusive booty chosen just to do with one boo.
And...
Some want exclusive booty.
Some want exclusive booty.
Some want exclusive booty just with one boo.
And,
Some want exclusive booty that they can do.
Exclusive booty chosen just to do with one boo.
And...
Some want exclusive booty.
Some want exclusive booty.
Some want exclusive booty just with one boo!
And today that's hard to do,
Wanting it exclusive too!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Exclusively Aloof

You dip in your evils.
While others choose to sneak,
On those who sleep.

You dip in your evils.
While others choose to sneak,
On those who sleep.

There are sneaks and evil people...
Creeping up on people.

But I find that I am,
Exclusively elusive.
And I find that I can be exclusively aloof.
Yes I find that I can be exclusively elusive,
Caring less I'm in the loop.
As you and other people,
Can choose those things you do.

You dip in your evils.
While others choose to sneak,
On those who sleep.

But I find that I am,
Exclusively elusive.
And I find that I can be exclusively aloof.
Caring less I'm in the loop.
As you and other people,
Can choose those things you do.

There are sneaks and evil people.
Creeping up on people.
And I find that I can be exclusively aloof.
Caring less I'm in the loop.
As you and other people,
Can choose those things you do.

Yes I find that I can be exclusively elusive,
And I find that I can be exclusively aloof.

Caring less I'm in the loop.
As you and other people,
Can choose those things you do.

You dip in your evils.
And I find that I am exclusively aloof.
Others creep on people.
Yet I find that I can be exclusively elusive,
Caring less I'm in the loop.
As you and other people,
Choose that what you do.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Exclusively Inflated

They prejudge and evaluate,
On a scale that is much outdated!
And now they find
No one pays them any mind,
And they believe that they are being baited!

But they can't see their isolation is not desired...
Nor are their thoughts no one seeks
From those who reek of egos...
Postdated, wasted, delayed and incubated!
With opinions of themselves...
Exclusively inflated, obnoxious and insulated!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Excrementitiously Packed

Can an offensive statement
Purposely said...
Heard and digested
Be excused?
Then taken back...
Elating those with equal lack of tact!
As if not stated,
To distort without fact?
Because one 'adorned' in position,
Believes they've been commissioned
To address with a 'throned' mission
To disperse a 'godly' reason to attack!

Excrementitiously packed...
That's where people like this need to be,
Tossed and shacked!
And ceremoniously sacked like the manure,
And other crap...
To infest with other beliefs,
They have climbed to 'elected' power
To breed upon those who grieve!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Excuses With Exits

If honesty is something you rather not deal with.
And truth frightens you?
You and I will never see eye to eye.
Excuses with exits are your main focus.
With disappearing acts an attraction.
And participating in a seance to locate your 'spirit'...
Does not appeal.
Not for the realities I seek to share.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Excusing Accountability

Desperate to deceive with commitments made,
Are those who choose to be adversaries.
The ones who will do and say anything...
Just to get their way.
No matter how the doing is done,
Or who may be betrayed.

Usually these folks are the ones who feel privileged.
And demean with dirty deeds.
Developing such skills on college campuses...
Where the learn to lie and cheat.
With advancing techiques apply such 'thrills'.

Pledge they do to protect themselves,
As members of selective and private...
Separatist societies.
And keeping their loyalities to one another...
After receiving questionable 'earned' degrees!

~Why do you want to lay blame on 'kids'
Out to have some fun? ~

'Those same 'kids' graduate...
Some stunned to be labelled adults.
And excusing accountability,
With irresponsibility successfully achieved...
And unfortunately done.

Observe your elected leadership.
Who seem to solicit atrocities...
They prefer to leave as if there are none.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Excusing Everything

I often wondered what my life would be like,
If I had the luxury of being protected.
With a sheltering from harm,
Every step of the way.
And to accuse someone,
For abandoning my sense of feeling safe...
Whenever they temporarily went away.

And...
Upon their return,
A look I would give would riddle them with guilt.
To then be cuddled with assurance,
That everything was okay.
And I could live excusing everything I did.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Execution Of Time-Released Solutions

Execution,
Of time-released solutions.

From you remove those attitudes,
To further plant a need to reduce yourself...
To the making of excuses.
Create a need for your purpose,
To free yourself of teasing temptations.
And stuff that corrupts,
A taste that satiates the pleasure of wasteful,
Devastation.
To become fuddled up in muck.

An execution,
Of time-released solutions,
Do!
An execution of time-released solutions,
Choose for you an undoing to prove...
A fuddled up in muck that has left you muddled,
To coddle and cuddle...
Muffled to snuggle,
You have had enough of.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Executive Privilege

Am I really the one you wish to touch and frisk?
As if to do it,
Will rejuvenate a youthfulness missed.

'Silence!
I am a professional.'

You may become addicted,
To then put your search at a serious risk.
And I will be the first you arrest,
For soliciting frisking!
And stalking 'you' just to do this.

'Silence!
I am a professional.'

Am I really the one you wish to touch and frisk?
As if to do it,
Will rejuvenate a youthfulness missed.

If I were you,
I'd be careful how you do it.
Since I am innocent of implications.
And that I can prove.

But a frisking done might satisfy...
My need to have more of your hands applied.
Since you are the first to thoroughly search.

'This is serious business.
Stop giggling.'

I can't.
Not with your hands where they are in my pants!

'I am seeking something you may have concealed.
I told you I was professional.
And 'that' is real.

Ooo...oh!
Isn't it apparent,
The only weapon I have has been revealed!

'You are a pervert! '

And you seem to enjoy my perversity!
With a fondling done that has ended on your knees.

'You have been cleared!
I can't find anything suspicious here! '

You are the liar!
You female cops like to set pants on fire!
As if to do this is an executive privilege.

'You are free to go.'

Where?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Exercise More

Mistakes made should make,
One's wish to move forward.
And admit to have faced,
To remember and not replace...
With excuses to prove,
Using them erases...
What's been done to do.

Lessons to learn,
To refuse them to understand.
Don't go away to not return.
And the ones that do,
Demand and get...
Undivided attention.
Until comprehension,
Is understood not to forget.

Yet,
Minds finding to waste time,
Discover procrastination ages.
And when those days come,
To stack attached...
Upon one's back.
Difficult it is to pretend then
That what aches to pain,
Are those memories remaining...
Of not learning that lesson,
To do what one has to do...
Even if disliked.
Since it just might...
Be the one thing to like.
At an age too old,
With a kept youthful mind.
But the body,
No longer can afford...
To explore the heat,
Of those activities anyone!

'I remember being told,

To exercise more...
On a daily basis.
To keep my mind and body fit.'

-How long ago were you told,
This? -

'Before I became addicted,
To my own ignorance.
And medications prescribed,
By my doctor monthly...
Who seems happy to see me,
To know I am insured.
And payment he will get,
Each time I visit.-

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Exhausted

Exhausted.
From the high cost of living,
Charity giving and donated sweat.
Let's you and me,
Set aside some time so we...
Can get busy!

Exhausted!
From daily fears warned,
And people torned
Between what's right and wrong.
Let's you and me,
Cast aside those trivialities.
Getting butt naked...
And doing as we please,
Getting busy!

Exhausted...
From creditors who call,
To arrange bill payments!

The neighbors barking dogs,
And arguments not making sense.

Let's pretend we have none at all,
And get busy after dating for lunch...
Easing these tensions,
With the headboard banging against the wall.
Busy like rabbits and making catcalls.

Are you exhausted,
By those images I recall?
Me too!
And I am so glad you didn't dare me,
Like your eyes were wishing for those days
Like I do!
We both know we're too...
Busy to get naughty,
Like we did before age 40.

When we come to that line we'll cross it.
Next time!
But right now we're both much too exhausted!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Exhausted Is The Process

Not everyone with common sense,
Can prove it to use.
Minds too occupied,
With thoughtlessness to keep it.

Not everyone with common sense,
Can prove it to use.
Minds too occupied,
With thoughtlessness to keep it.

Exhausted is the process.
One's thoughts have been accosted.
Minds too occupied,
With thoughtlessness to keep it.

Not everyone with common sense,
Can prove it to use.
Minds too occupied,
With thoughtlessness to keep it.
And gone,
Is a common sense that people once knew...
What the purpose for it was and how to use it too,
Since minds are turned off.
As if they've lost a fuse.
And gone,
Is a common sense that people once knew...
What the purpose for it was and how to use it too,
Since minds today are turned off.
As if they've lost a fuse.

Not everyone with common sense,
Can prove it to use.
Minds too occupied,
With thoughtlessness to keep it.
And gone,
Is a common sense that people knew,
Since minds today are turned off.
With no connecting fuse.

Accosted is the process.
And lost is common sense.
The ones who had it tossed it,
To never have again.
Since too many offended,
By a thinking that is used.
Oh,
Exhausted is the process.
And lost is common sense,
Since too many are offended...
By a ht as 'sin'.
Oh,
Accosted and exhausted,
Since a common sense offends.
And with it in a mind to use too many find abusive.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Exhausting Promises Meant To Keep

Is there anyone who lives,
Without expressing some regret?
Something done one wishes to forget?
Perhaps making a remark,
That was left to spark an animosity.
One even forgiveness given,
The mind can not leave alone.
Or remove completely,
From our doorsteps.
To find us inside comforted in total rest.

Is there anyone who lives,
Without expressing some remorse?
A wish a decision made had taken another course?
Like a marriage that ends in divorce?
Or a relationship desired...
That has not replaced,
The emotional investment paid for the cost...
Of a loss reviewed as time spent and wasted.

And memories kept have a way of replaying,
Every detail of each moment embossed with highlights!
Exhausting promises meant to keep,
To be freed of indecision.
When someone else one meets,
Finds us against our wishes...
As the repeating of the same steps,
Creep to leak unresolved issues.

Saying once again...
To a valued peace of mind.
That if that 'next' time should come...
We...
By then,
Will have overcomed and corrected an oversight!

Yet...
Another flaw neglected,
Has a way of surfacing.

To be heard from departing lips...
In daydreams wished to once lick with kisses,
Now sickens with the thought of it!

Again,
Where should these lessons learned,
Be kept to stay fresh in our minds?
Or should one desiring to dance with romance...
Again,
Just sit and observe?
And not rush to be partnered.
Again!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Exhibit A

What appears,
Is a clear re-introduction of reality.
You can say it's Exhibit A.
The one quickly scanned...
When sweetened dreams,
Were distributed to be held...
In fat greedy hands.

Exhibit A depicted...
What would occur,
If deceit was released
To be inflicted.
But as always...
As temptations do.
Blind those who believe,
They are among the chosen few.
Those who are usually the ones left screwed.

Exhibit A...
Was not just there on display,
For folks to glance and walk away!

Exhibit A...
Though abstract!
Presented facts of discomforts.
Facts presented by those nonconforming.
Facts shouted out.
And now those degradations...
Come to visit,
Those who are being...
Economically tossed about,
In a suffering they were led to believe...
Would never be theirs to bear!

But...
No one prepared,
For Exhibit A to be harsh on them.
Not those who entertained their selfishness!
Not those who maintained and fed their whims.

Not today!
Not Exhibit A.
To begin all over again for 'them'!
And theirs.
Who flaunted their wares,
Without a mercy they cared to share!

What appears,
Is a clear re-introduction of reality.
You can say it's Exhibit A.
The one quickly scanned...
When sweetened dreams,
Were distributed to be held...
In fat greedy hands.
Now demanding full attention.
An attention that commands!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Exhibited Respect

Exhibited respect,
Can be observed and seen...
To be done from those,
Who do not demand it given.
Sit they do with a listening first,
Before an opinion asked from them comes

It seems from their demeanor,
An experiencing impatience...
They once had themselves,
Made them more tolerant of others.
And their expectations to receive respect,
Is not set so high nor do they await for it done.

'You seem so cool and calm.'

~I've learned that a sitting back to chill,
Is more beneficial...
Than creating ill will.
And if others wish to heat up,
A pointless debate that escalates...
To not listen or comprehend,
Anything that is being said to them.
Why should I waste my time or breath?
Right now my eyes are on that exit sign.~

'But you can not leave,
Without participating to contribute...
To an argument that has been introduced.'

~I didn't come here to argue.
I came to listen to solutions to end conflicts.
I came here hoping resolutions would begin.
With them to do and prioritize quick.~

'Are you kidding?
I apologize. I didn't mean to laugh.
These people aren't prepared or aware of that.'

~That's why I leave respectfully.
In the hopes my doing will be noticed.
But not offend.~

'Are you kidding?
These people aren't prepared or aware of that.
These people pride themselves,
On their abilities to character assassinate.
With an enjoyment done to backstab.
That's the only thing here that will be accomplished.
However...
You may 'try' to exit with exhibited respect.
To see what's done to come to you next.

And...
Who knows?
Maybe your doing,
Will be a new strategy proposed.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Exhibitions Of Genocide

This planet has not condoned or dismissed...
Exhibitions of genocide.
Remissed by those who participate in it!
For purposes of gentrification...
To relocate,
The ones in need who are left broken and shakened.

This planet has not condoned or dismissed...
These acts of selfishness,
With the ease that 'had' existed.
And those who have done this,
Will soon find themselves despised.

Not only by their own kind,
In time.
But also from the watchful eyes of God.
Who has begun to turn the tide.
With the destruction of values!
As witnessed by the influx,
Of those left with crazed minds!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Exhibits

They haven't learned to let things go.
Listen to their conversations,
Diced with bitterness and things
That happened to them many years ago!
Notice the wheezing and premature aging.
They speak of leaving,
Although nothing they do now is accountable!

The ones over there pointing?
They have no clue who they harass.
And could care less if you asked them.
They are the community victimizers.
Also 'leaders' picked who lack abilities.
They speak of unity,
When their children are arrested for crimes!
Of course they do not see themselves to blame.

And the last of the exhibits,
Are the new arrivals.
They are recruited from various places,
To enact as replacements!
You will observe their ambitious natures,
For at least six months...
Until they too begin to wonder,
'Who' inflicts and controls the madness!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Existing As I Do!

I exist as I do,
To observe the perfection of God.
The magnificent detail,
Each season brings.
The purpose of bees...
Birds and trees.
Snow and grass.
The fish and all the animals...
With separate yet connecting tasks.
And all that God has created.
I am not here to change or debate...
With an offered opinion.
God is good!
God is great!

The Master is fantastic.
And my wish is to please,
His will.

At one time,
I felt I should restrict my dreams.
It seemed my wishes I should limit.
Until I visited the treasures of God's many gifts.

I now have my dreams back.
And intact they are.
Existing as I do...
To observe the perfection of God.
And I am a part of it,
With an approved acceptance...
From the rain that falls from cloudy skies.
The awesomeness of thunder heard.
The lightening flashes before my eyes.
And I am here to witness,
All that God is.
Existing as I do!

God is good!
God is great!

And I could not awaken each day,
Without expressing my gratefulness.
This I will never be too selfish to admit.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Existing Realities

It really doesn't matter,
Who attacks who to rubbish...
With expensive campaign squalor.

The ones being battered,
By existing realities...
Are those being played like dominoes.

As sitting fat cats laugh...
While tossing out to scrambling mice,
Even smaller bits of cheese.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Existing To Amuse

We are the curiosity of nature.
An after-thought of the Earth's creation.
And amusing it,
With our conflicts.

We have been made to believe,
We are greater than we are.
Made to perceive...
We are more than dustmites.
With power great.
Because we can destroy as we please.
And premeditate it!

What we reflect is an experiment.
Controlled by greater spirits.
In other dimensions near us!

And in this reality we have named and called 'life'...
We are just figments,
Of a 'Supreme' imagination.
Existing to amuse!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Existing To Feed The Greed Of Thieves

If the eyes of today,
Aren't opened as wide...
As the hole one feels in saddened hearts,
Or emptying pockets
Stripped
Of everything other than one's balled fists.
Those unaware...
And can not feel this,
Are either hopelessly smug.
Or drugged on crack!

People like these are addicted to being deceived.
And do not need to become awakened from their beliefs.
Leave them to be left...
Experiencing a slow painful death enjoyed!
Only a twisted mind will become annoyed,
If attempts are tried!

They are in denial!
They have accepted their lives have been lived well.
And all this time they are doing just fine!
With minds existing...
To feed the greed of thieves.
Choosing to perceive them,
As the ones who have been 'chosen'...
To lead them to abundance and victory!
And absolutely nothing anyone says,
Will close that hole in their hearts.
Or mend that space in their heads!
They are already...
Among the walking dead!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Existing To Please

No longer do I make myself assessible to folks.

I'd find myself rearranging my priorities,
At the dropp of a hat.
Wanting some folks to know,
They were special to me.

Those days are gone.
And so are old agendas!

I've updated my own needs.
And I no longer believe...
I should find myself last,
On a list of important things to get done.

If I don't think I belong at number one...
No one will believe I deserve to be!

The relevancy of my life has been changed!
And I had to act fast and drastically.
Before I found myself just existing to please.

It's not always best,
To make things look easy for the rest.
To 'be' or 'not to be' taken for granted...
Is a choice one makes,
And should not become an expected test!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Exit List

Everything a good life lived to mean,
And sought by those seeking...
A happiness for themselves that is wished,
As defined by their own interpretation of it...
Seems to be disappearing,
On a hidden and authorized exit list.
To prioritize with a slow doing done.
With a preparing everyone to do their best,
Since less to address...
Is there for everyone to come.

Suspicions arrive to minds and quick,
As to how and why...
An implementation of this began to exist.
Some point to the feasting of greed,
And an abundance of isolated selfishness.
Advocated by those who feel,
Their best interests no longer entitles them...
That quality of life as a benefit connected to it.
And very few are honest to admit the cause,
Has indebted them to debits and the depth of unpaid debts.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Exiting The Infighting

When opposition begins to arise,
Against those facts to be believed?
The best advice to minimize doubters...
Is to remove them from sight.
By exiting the infighting,
And leave.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Exiting To Emerge

Emerging from a purging...
That's where I've been.
And I must do that,
Whenever I feel the urge...
To release with a cleansing,
All I wish to rid...
From my mind that disturbs.
Sudden and startling outbursts,
Have never been on my agenda...first.

If I did not purge with an urgency,
The scent from my words heard to leave...
Would be incredibly foul.
Trust me.
That's why you see me exiting to emerge.
Although,
I have been around for quite awhile.
Keeping each appearance I make,
As fresh to accept as possible.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Exits Are Not Hidden

So accustomed they have been,
To believe they can selected to pick...
Those they choose to disrespect.
With a caring less how these folks are connected,
To that which may one day come to affect...
Every aspect of their lives.

'Times and with them images have changed.'

~You have no idea how today's connections are made.~

'I have a sense you are not speaking,
Of that which has a physical impression to make.'

~I suspect you seek a hint to be convinced,
Of another presence that has more influence? ~

'And you'll give no clue as to who it is you mean? '

~I see you are quick but your wit is not slick.~

'I think with that I'll leave you fast to exit and split.'

~Exits are not hidden from you to exist.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Expanded Possibilities

We live.
We learn.
We give to earn,
A right...
To enjoy this experience called life.

We grow to age.
And mature from mistakes made.
With a forgiveness shown towards others...
Hopefully done,
Before it is realized...
How short the time it is,
All of us hold this 'light' within...
To choose to dim or sparkle bright!

Some...
Just do whatever they can,
To stay with their petty ways.
Delaying any involvement,
With expanded possibilities.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Expect A Sudden Awakening

While folks were concerned about being politically correct,
And expressing proper etiquette...
They were being ripped off by professional crooks.
With slick wardrobes and fresh faced looks.
And being lied to by elected officials,
While degradation was being marketed on airwave stations.
And sold to appease to all on their TVs!

The best of crimes found their way on bookshelves.
By authors who renounced their misdeeds,
With confessions of how they made millions...
As inside traders doing stints on Wall Street.
And thieves became praised by every child exposed.
While designers of decadence,
Produced their logos and symbols on expensive clothes.

And those who wished to do the right thing...
Became disrespected,
Because they weren't in debt...
Chasing the American Dream.
Now that everyone seems to be in 'hock'...
There are calls from the government that this greed has to stop!

But a way of life that has been perfected to seduce...
Has reduced truth and reality into insignificance.
While those who fed the addictions now dreaded...
Expect a sudden awakening of many without common sense.
And a miracle that will restore their shores,
From the hands of foreign investors...
Collecting every dime that is spent!

This is not incompetence.
This is stupidity and madness at its best.
And...
Signed, sealed, delivered
As approved!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Expect Debt

If you are one who wishes to get,
Everything you see...
Expect debt.

Each day you live and breathe,
Expect debt.

If you are one who's easily,
Convinced you have a need...
Expect debt.

Each day you live and breathe,
Expect debt.

If you are seeking for the forest,
But the trees you can't believe...
Expect debt.

Each day you live and breathe,
Expect debt.

As long as you are teased,
Expect debt.

Infested with effectiveness,
That makes one dig to depths...
Expect debt.

By design it's in your mind.
To sign upon the bottom line.
Infested with effectiveness,
That makes one dig to depths...
Expect debt.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Expect More

Expect more,
From yourself...
Before your self respect,
becomes enclosed
Behind shut doors.

Expect more,
Not less.
When your best,
Has been ignored.

Expect more,
Or you'll be next...
Left when your intentions,
Begin to bore.

Expect more,
From those awake.
But the exchange makes them snore.

Expect more,
If a game played becomes too straight.
And you must be that whore!
To gain the attention,
Some express you adore.

Expect more...
From them and yourself to win.
In this life expect more.
Don't accept what is suspected.
Don't throw tantrums and fits...
Just to keep limits explored!

Expect more!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Expect Some Blushing

When one sweats to deliver,
I doubt if basking in adulation
Is the purpose behind it.
Unless it has been whispered,
A good cup of coffee is served.
Then by all means,
Expect some blushing too!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Expect That Snoop To Pooh Pooh You

Leaking info from a hunch.
Heard when you are passing people.
Only proves you are nosy...
Just like the people you pooh pooh.

Then you get your knickers bunched.
When you are thought to be a gossip.
But what you do to the people,
Expect that to be done right back to you.

When you snoop and pooh pooh people...
Expect that snoop to pooh pooh you.
When you snoop and pooh pooh people...
That pooh pooh that you're doing aint cool.

Leaking info from a hunch.
Heard when you are passing people.
Only proves you are nosy
Just like the people you pooh pooh.

When you snoop and pooh pooh people...
That pooh pooh that you're doing aint cool.
Expect that snoop to pooh pooh you.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Expect To Be Offended

Everyday I am offended.
By those who are entertained,
But choose not to accept...
They do a protecting of their own ignorance.

Everyday,
Someone 'attempts' to remind me...
I am black.
As if I should dance and rap,
Twenty four hours a day.
With a joking to display...
Being black should put limits,
On my willingness to be intelligent.

Everyday I am offended.
But no one calls me fat.
Even though I have wishes to achieve,
Beyond limits placed upon me...
There are some of my own kind,
Upset by that fact.
With made attempts to hold me back.

Everyday I am offended by those insecure.
Those who choose to abuse themselves,
With a doing they believe I should endure.
But one thing is clear to me,
As I continue to pursue my dreams.
Few offend with a doing,
With a hope to be constructive.
And many offend with a doing,
Hoping something said will be destructive.

And those who achieve with wishes to be believed,
Should expect to be offended...
By those who jump off their fences to do it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Expect To Hear Dialtone

If a call is placed to another,
And there is a hesitation to speak.
Or say hello to one who expects a response,
After answering the telephone.
Expect to hear dialtone.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Expect Your Value To Become Diminished

Would you like to discover your value quickly?
Here is a simple thing to do to test it...

With identity and dignity you pride inside,
Speak directly with honesty and truth...
In places not accustomed to it.

Begin with those who are family.
Then approach those you call friends.

I've seen this attempted by others.
Character assassinations began.
And you know there will be labelling done!

Well...
Some do not know this.
And are ready to seek approval and acceptance.

Expect your value to become diminished,
If you buy any of that, 'You are not like us' nonsense.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Expectation Of Reprisal

Are you trying to find a way,
To save what now exists?
Is that like a soul...
That has been tossed about in thoughtlessness?
And now finds a consciousness,
Collectively perceived beginning to slip?
One that has been insisted,
But resisted to produce and absorb...
The need for struggle and prolonged conflicts?

Is that like the undoing,
Of that which should not have been done?
Hoping that something said or taught,
Will erase with forgiveness,
And accept a wholesomeness that comes?
When 'you' are ready to get serious...
And release your nonsense,
Believed to bring a comfort...
When you are done,
With a self destructiveness
That has lost its fun?

Is the sting that has stung...
Too painful to accept?
Then you must have been satisfied,
With a numbness gone...
And you can't go on with feelings of regret!

But yet...
You were warned,
Your actions could not go on...
Without an expection of reprisal!
Felt deep to increase an understanding.
Although you perceive a prayer or two,
Will provide a new dawn,
To clear your view!
Is that what you think?
Who and what...
Taught this lesson to you?

'I've never seen this before!
Why are You patting Your foot,
Impatiently?
What are Your plans for us...
My Father?
May I get a sneak peek?
Will this be revealed to me? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Expectations

Regardless of what affect they leave,
On anyone who has expectations.
Many are left to believe,
Their needs and wishes must first be fulfilled...
Before they are willing,
To give others consideration.
And those with expectations forget,
What they offer is also being assessed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Expectations Are Too High

If what is believed is so easy.
As it is perceived and rumored to be.
Why do so many express less interest?
To denounce those doing it,
Do it without a labored effort.
Or an agonizing heard as an input.

While others suspend the notion of hard work...
To be something that is monitored from 9 to 5.
Leaving a majority to whine and cry,
That expectations are too high.
And those salaries that are paid,
For their avoidance to do any work at all...
Is too low!

And a 'luck' has been bestowed upon those,
Who enjoy what it is done they do.
With few getting paid to complain.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Expectations Existing

Don't get me mixed up with an image fixed.
Or innuendos heard through quick and juicy gossip.
I may feel to feed you with perceptions to believe are real.
But as those perceptions go to fade away,
As fashionable as a fad had to pass to be forgotten...
So does my appetite to appease and appeal,
To those with expectations existing to feast upon...
Limited insights long left behind and gone.
I'm here to bloom.
Not to wither prematurely.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Expectations Kept Low

Expectations kept low and enforced to be accepted,
Have those attempting to climb out of holes...
They dug deep to keep mediocrity appealing.

I've heard it preached to be sermonized from pulpits,
How God loves those who are humble in deed.
Especially those who tithe at least,
10% of their weekly earnings and proudly.
Without giving a thought to a minister who leaves,
Driving away in a polished Mercedes...
To live comfortably AND tax free.
And as that 'old' saying goes...
'Do as I say. Not as I do.
Don't expect me to share my profits with you.'

~Are you SURE that's how it goes? ~

I'm not one who faults or seeks judgement to pass,
On those addicted to receive interpretations of their lives.
Or how they get their dose in Sunday clothes,
Dressed to the 9's and refine to get their minds entwined.
HOWEVER...
If blunt was the truth by those delivering the 'word',
Less hunger and homelessness would occur.
And those on their knees would reject hypocrisies,
To see as they observe...
Anyone who has benefitted from a better life deserved,
Are those not on their knees pleading from God to be blessed...
But doing their best with applying discipline and hard work 'first',
To detest in protesting against kept delusions creating confusion...
To thirst.

~Or...
Are you an observer of what 'goes' that 'shows'? ~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Expectations Not Anticipated

Don't address it.
That's the easiest way,
Something that is needed to be said...
Never gets delivered.
And keeping an intention meant,
With a content...
Eventually becomes meaningless.
Until someone mentions,
They have been waiting...
With expectations not anticipated.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Expectations Of A Hospitality

Let's make this clear,
Between us.
What you wish to do,
At the expense of my time...
Is not permissible.
I see that as blatant disrespect.
And you might not ever understand this.

But,
You inviting 'your' friends over to my home...
With expectations of a hospitality,
None of you get...
Should not make you upset at all.
Regardless if you did call,
To ask if I minded some company.

'I thought you and I were friends? '

Yeah.
But I'm not prepared to host,
An unexpected party.
Whether it is a 'surprise' one or not.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Expected Acceptance

Refinancing dreams, illusions and schemes,
To keep delusions afloat...
Has cost them their visions of luxury,
To visit them with traumatic truths!

Existing to thrive on good credit and loans...
Is slowing ripping apart an economy that groans.
With no ending to the moans heard,
From those still faithful of a resurgence.
And a return of self-servance.

Lifelines are frayed!
Are wearing on the nerves of those afraid.
A monoply of fear is losing its fan base.
Its use to produce a threatened standard of life...
Begins to tatter the stars and stripes,
With the reality of corrupted treason...
Seasoned by deceit.
And exposed as common news,
On gossiped streets.

Refinancing dreams, illusions and schemes,
To keep delusions afloat...
Has cost them their visions of luxury,
To visit them with traumatic truths!

And pursued are the doers...
Found attempting to patch the cracks,
Upon their own established foundations.
With promises of changes to correct!
Effective changes,
For a system crumbling from selfishness...
And neglect!

Molded to bleed and fed on myths...
How can this be done?
Who will implement them?
Since such devastation,
Has already begun...

In the minds of everyone!

Who will implement them?
Or recognize them when they do come,
To be defined for those...
Born to feed a greed state of mind!

How can one be led away...
From what has been known all this time.
And lived to be worshipped,
In a conformed restricting consciousness.

Who will implement this...
Expected acceptance!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Expected As A Practiced Custom

When people accept and believe,
It is okay for them to lie...
They will approve of all,
And everything else they do...
Without showing any remorse.

And of course today why should they?
Especially when what has been done,
Is expected as a practiced custom...
That reflects a learned and social tradition,
No matter whose lives are affected by disrespect.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Expected Opposition

Those who naysay the strides made by others,
To ignore or dismiss their deeds as being worthless.
With a negativity promoted to invoke jokes upon their deeds,
Will never mention the time they have given to these folks...
Who have contributed and for decades,
Regardless from where these comments come to provoke...
A doing that produces undenied accomplishments,
That continue to succeed as if the doing of this done...
Feeds and breathes on expected opposition.
And an opposition known by those who have shown it,
Becomes as expected as an acceptance...
Of one's environment that remains to go unchanged.

'They believe they can be better than the rest of us.'

~I pray the day comes,
When the children are inspired by those same thoughts too.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Expected Or Not

A success sought to reach,
And kept to impress is a taught perception.
With a belief that achieving acceptance,
Also annoints one with a status that's attached.
Perhaps...
Even leaving one with a massaged ego.
But a success like that wanted to achieve,
Only remains on the surface temporarily.
How one feels about that which has been accomplished,
Happens long before what is to be noticed...
By those making their critiques to mention,
With an attention given whether expected or not!
Or if the doing is positive or negative.
One who 'feels' successful has already claimed it to obtain.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Expected They Are To Babysit

Growing up is hard to do.
Especially in environments,
In which so many of an older age...
Refuse to move away,
From their playpens and knitting dens...
To become offended by those accepting,
An adulthood they have chosen...
With a responsibility to defend.
Yet expected they are to babysit,
And tolerate a condoned nonsense shown...
By those entrenched,
In a committed youthful self indulgence.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Expected To Be Protected

There was a time I too,
Sought justification...
For my insecurities.
And excused my frustrations.
Then one day,
My faith was all I had left.
And I awakened to a depth of understanding.
With a comprehension that scared me half to death.
I realized I fed myself a safety net of deceptions.
And expected to be protected by God.
And God tested me with truth.
The kind that peels away all falsities.
Leaving me with a peace of mind.
I believed outside myself I had to find!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Expected To Deliver

The creating of feeding greed,
Has slowly become the focus...
Of everyone's priority.
And those who have been teased,
With the getting of entitlements...
Are addicted to the taste of it.
And those they select to then elect,
to represent their interests...
Are expected to deliver.
Regardless if the feasting,
Has little to nothing left.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Expecting The Best

Once it has been decided,
My comments written are ready...
For public scrutiny.
I've already committed myself to content.
But excited?
Not as much as one might perceive.

I am as protective as a parent.
Wanting to shield what my child hears.
Knowing there will be criticsms freely given.
But feelings critiqued.
Never leave to disappear.

And difficult it is to correct,
What has been addressed and expressed.
Once it has been decided,
Comments written are made ready...
For public scrutiny?

I hold my breath.
Expecting the best.
Hoping my 'child' will not become offended.
But listen!
And become challenged to digest,
First.
With comprehension.
And not reflect...
What has been spoken.
And not to get upset or heartbroken.

It isn't easy,
Being devoted to missions.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Expecting To Be Heard But Not To Listen

If I dared not to test my faith,
How would I know the strength of it to validate?
And If I prayed but still keep fears,
What is it that I wish to prove...?
An ability to choose a kept fear to keep near,
As an excuse?
How deep are my beliefs and 'who' do I fool?
Who am I to believe God can be deceived?
Especially when I am taught many lessons.
And on a daily basis do I learn from past mistakes.

If I dared not to test my faith to remove doubts,
How would I know the strength of it...
To validate with steps ahead to make.
And If I prayed to still keep fears worried about,
Who creates those limits to restrict understanding?
Am I not that awake to admit my faith is faked? Is it?
And what is it that I really wish to dismiss to rid,
When I claim to pray faithfully to One God knowing 'all'...
Before I do to confess.
Yet, expecting to be heard but not to listen.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Expecting To Solicit

Only those who express,
A tiredness of hearing...
Familiar topics similarly addressed,
Are the ones expecting to solicit...
Others to also criticize,
A position taken another has mentioned.
With a hope to have their own point of view,
Rise above the one who has spoken...
To expose a doing of an attention getting ego.
And with a hoping to convince,
Such nonsense is found attractive to distract.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Experience

Experience?
Those with it...
Have grossly diminished,
A quality of life.
Those with it...
Have not communicated,
On levels to diffuse conflicts and fights!
And their argument as to who has more of it...
Has spotlighted the inexperienced,
As being less dim, far less dull...
And actually a lot more bright!
If those with experience had any at all...
Why have they not chosen,
To prove or show they have it as an appetite?

The experienced have been trained,
In prestigious schools!
Granted they probably partied...
And cheated to receive degrees that honored fools.
Or pledged to be in cliques...
Like fraternities and sororities,
As their parents financed it!
Since alumnae supports these halls Ivy Leagued.

And the trails of those experienced have led to this:
Corporations have failed!
And so has the dollar.
Mental and physical diseases have increased.
Fast food to feed the greedy,
Has those obesed from gluttony!
The expense of educational institutions...
Has produced and graduated,
Students who neither can write, comprehend or read!

Where is this experience,
Taught in lessons to them?
Video games and a laziness...
With encouragement of their every whim?

In hospitals.
Politics.
Laws and crooked police!
And churches of all faiths...
Rather keep their preachers wealthy.
As they scandalize from pulpits!
Confessing sins and rules of God they break!

The paths of those experienced!
Has caught them trapped...
Mainlining treachery and deceptions they expose.
Perfidy and poop they do,
While giving the thumbed up nose!

'Crack backers! '

These 'leaders' who have led us,
Have been selected to be the best?
If this is what having experience is...
Bliss has to be redefined,
As being thrilled to live in a heartbreaking mess!

Experience as it is currently being delivered...
Has to have everyone conscious wanting it to stop!
So those with 'less' experience,
Will put those who are...
In psychiatric care!
As well as locked up behind cell bars!
This kind of 'experience' needs to be imprisoned!
Or put these pickled peaches...
Preserved to sit on shelves,
And locked tight in jars!
To collect dust forever.
The taste of them has scarred.

'You talking about experience or peaches?
I'm confused! '

Don't worry about it!
It's time for old ways of doing things
To be changed!
And that's why they need to be preserved.

But not necessarily used for these times!
You know...
Like museum pieces. Relics!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Experience Has Much More To Value

Life to live it to experience,
Has much more to value...
With peaks and valleys,
To make mistakes and admit...
Than it is to sit,
Criticizing what others do.

Like so many choose,
As if in their doing of this...
A life to live to make excuses,
Delivers a wisdom that comes to exist.
Or they welcome to permit periodic visits.
To then pretend a life not lived is comprehended.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Experience Teaches

The Oak. The Pine.
The Birch, Willow...
And Maple Trees,
Are as different from each other...
As is the Coconut,
From Pineapple and Banana.
But why is it the Peanut not a vegetable?
Yet the Tomato is a fruit?
When a potato tasted is not sweet?
Although 'Yams' can be.
And 'melons' to discuss...
Would open up who sees what,
To fit in 'which' category.

Poison Ivy when picked or touched,
Can itch very much.
But in appearance it looks innocent.
Doesn't it?
Similar to the 'vines' producing grapes,
To make fine wine.

'That's why it pays to know exactly,
What it is one says 'I Do' to choose.
Experience teaches what to avoid,
After becoming annoyed by it.
And ointments to use are much cheaper,
Than divorce lawyers.
When one overcomes the illusion and 'allure',
Of throwing away one's life...
For something craved that entices.
Or alimony payments to eat,
When one's mind had been completely hypnotized...
By a ritualized ceremony.'

~Let's take a walk through the forest.
But...
Promise me you will not want to touch a thing!
Unless, of course...
Both of us are conscious and aware of the effects.~

'Eve? '

~Yes, honey? ~

'Don't those look like apples on 'that' tree? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Experienced Recognition

Am I perfect?
No.
But I am faithful to a fault,
To my opinion given.
And I do my best,
To not give it unsolicited.
Since my loyalty may be misunderstood.

But perfect?
Even if I chose to be...
From where would I have received,
To achieve...
Such an example to express it?
And who could identify my perfection?
You?

And if you can do that,
You would know...
Perfect I am not!

Although being obnoxious...
I have learned that from those who are skilled.
Perhaps that is what you identify?
With an experienced recognition!
That applies to your own comprehension.
And 'that' is the familiarity,
In me you see you'd like to mention.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Experienced To Witness And Live

Today is not yesterday.
Although some have stayed,
In those yesterdays.
With a hope that tomorrow,
Those yesterdays will return.
To remind others,
They still have not yet learned...
Sunsets are more appreciated,
After the Sunrise has been recognized.
Experienced to witness and live.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Experiences To Revisit

I can not with honesty represent myself,
To have had experiences to imagine them...
From different environments,
I have not lived in to exist.

Nor can anyone tell me to convince,
That what I have done to experience...
Is exaggerated,
With the assistance of a creative...
And embellished imagination.

Since...
Being innovative with that kind of mind,
Would have left me less time...
To explore the realities I have adventured.
With left experiences to revisit and reminisce,
Anytime I wish without a need to invent them.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Experiencing A Welcomed Self Defeat?

Did you ever think to give someone a compliment?
Without needing an incentive to do it?
Or to say something kind,
Behind one's back.
Instead of finding a fault.
Or picking upon something they lack?

Have you ever taken an opportunity,
To say hello?
To anyone passing on the street.
Someone you did not know,
But just happened to meet and greet.

Or...
Are you like so many,
Experiencing a welcomed self defeat?
Perceiving your challenges are greater than others.
And a bitterness expressed,
Is what you'd rather leave others to treat.

Some have no where to live.
And nothing to eat.
Yet...
They seem to be giving more of themselves,
Than others who seek a self centeredness to feed.

Exploring opportunities,
That does not rely on one's own need...
May uplift another,
That provides in a sharing...
One had not considered to receive.
To be left astonished,
And in total disbelief!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Experiencing Humiliation

Without experiencing humiliation,
On a daily basis...
Has there been anyone to have won races,
Admitted to confess...
A progress they've made had time wasted.
Or for them there had been no advantage,
To losing a few races to do...
With a giving up a wish of tasting a win.
No one craving a wanted wish,
Sits to forget what is desired to dismiss.

How life to live in accepting disappointments,
Is a lessons that proves has benefits.
With it realized no one lives wanting to accomplish,
Sits to criticize and pass judgements.
Getting up from setbacks to get things done,
Is the one who has already proven they have won.
Regardless who says what to attack this fact.

Only those living lives to complain everyday,
Can be heard accusing others in every way...
With fresh excuses to make,
As a way to seek empathy for fears they can not face.
And use this as a way to defend their positions,
To validate their lack of initiative and/or absent discipline...
While soliciting others who also await to smear blame,
How it was someone else had been able to succeed...
Inspite of the misdeeds to prevent their endeavors.
Or please those regretting of their efforts gone ignored.

'What has been your biggest accomplishment? '

~Without experiencing humiliation,
Some believed would leave me devastated emotionally...
I would not have been able to accomplish anything.~

'How were you able to overcome it? '

~Keeping a crave for my wishes wanted.

And not flaunting my despair.
For whatever the reason,
There are people who love to see others defeated.
And if defeat is not seen...
Eventually their tactics are used on themselves.~

'Like a weapon someone has,
Needing to prove that it works?
Is this an analogy you thrive on with a thirst? '

~Exactly.
But there are exceptions,
I keep prioritized first.~

'Oh? '

~Many don't have to prove anything,
To be who it is they are.
Having purpose and identity is always made known.
Whether it is accepted to be liked or not.
And for them being humiliated this is a part of life.
Something that may annoy,
Those seeking immediate gratified satisfaction.
But for them knowing how their days may begin,
Avoiding what annoys becomes an obstacle course...
Expected and enjoyed.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Experiencing Life Has Made Me Wiser

What are you doing?

'Making it easy and obvious as possible,
How much attention you give to me...
To give others the opinion,
You can not wait to grit your teeth...
Upon my appearance.
To leave the tactics you use,
As if a child in grade school.'

But you are not suppose to notice,
What it is that I do.

'I too was once a child.
But experiencing life has made me wiser.
And apparently,
You have yet to have had that opportunity.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Experiencing The Meaning Of Freedom

To be scrutinized over periods of time,
Eventually brings to one a liberty...
To choose to do what they please.
Knowing in the doing of it...
Someone's going to mention,
What is being done!

The how. The when. The where. And the 'who'.
Questioning the 'why' to create their own answers.
To make anyone listening come to wonder,
What their own lives would be like...
Experiencing the meaning of freedom?

And what gives others the right to waste their time,
Making attempts...
To evaluate those minding their own business.
Something many living today find most difficult to do!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Experiencing Those Interests

As one who has chosen to live my life,
With an appreciation to be creative...
And many times facing opposition,
Attempting to prevent...
My experiencing those interests as I saw fit.
I sometimes felt those obstacles I confronted,
Were place on my path with a deliberateness.

And when I decided I would and could,
Overcome each one with a struggling done.
I began to realize the benefits of my own wisdom.
To refuse as I do today any invitation,
To revisit my past.
For the purposes to entertain those who believe,
I seek to joke to solict and get their laughs.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Experiment Of God's Wish

That we live encouraged,
To acknowledge and grow...
Is important.

That we share what is learned...
And upon others bestow,
What it is we know...
Is important.

That the slate is wiped cleaned,
From that which is demeaning.
And we strive to occupy our minds,
With meaning and beneficial things.
And this to others we present and bring...
Is important while we still exist.

To discover that which affords us all happiness,
Is important.

Since this is why we have been blessed to be here!
And this is the 'experiment' of God's wish!
For you,
And me.
On this planet we have come to call Earth.
This has been important,
From the time we experienced,
That process of birth.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Experts In Their Chosen Fields

Does it make much sense,
To prolong discussions in debate...
Over the purchase of horse drawn carriages,
By those hired to cut expenses.
When arguments focus upon,
The number of people that can be carried...
In the carriages per trip with payments made,
To then believe the horses...
Are unneccessary.
And to cut them out of the budget,
Would not be missed by those who trip!

Somehow the idea looks good on paper,
To those proposing this.
However...
To eliminate the most valued and needed ingredient,
To regard it as unimportant in the mix of things...
And to have others agree to it,
May be the basis as to why those appointed...
Should have never been considered as experts,
In their chosen fields of endeavor.
But they were selected for their effectiveness,
From others determined unqualified.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Explain

Explain...
If one with 'good' credit,
Is still paying on debts.
Why is one without any debts at all,
Considered a credit risk?
Or can not achieve a credit rating!
And the one with debts...
Is pursued to go even further in it?
Or at best,
Has a low credit standing!
BUT...
Can achieve even 'more' credit,
IF debts are kept at a minimal amount!
Explain...
The one who can not make a bill payment at all,
Is sought to make 'arrangements'!
And 'this' is a way of life that's loved?

Leaving those unemployed who lose benefits,
To lower unemployment statistics...
Even though they can not find jobs!
And those hopping the fence illegally,
Without documentation
No vested interest.
No signs of reading, writing, speaking
OR understanding the language...
Are offered retirement packages,
WITH health coverage!

And they wonder 'why' wild animals
Are leaving the forest in droves!
Many are seen escorting their young,
To soften the hardest of hearts!
'Look...
There's a wolf attacking our pet dog,
In the backyard!
But...
Aren't those eyes just adorable? '

Explain!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Explicit Expletives

It's...
Never ever going to get fixed.
This mad addicted love we have...
For more division, hatred.
And the spreading of inflicted,
Sick indifference.

It's...
Neither a puzzle or riddle to quibble.
Those left befuddled and troubled,
By occurrences of events allowed to exist.
It's the pieces stripped away,
From where they use to fit.
That made all of this turned minds into misfits.
Roaming everywhere prepared to flip wits.

Sick and tired of it.
Explicit expletives spill to spew from lips.
Sick and tired of it.
But when did it begin,
To steam and boil over on shoulders bearing chips.
But when did it begin,
Before those chips on shoulders...
Became to become walls of bricks.
Without anyone to notice,
An epidemic spreading defending a mental illness.

It's...
The pieces stripped away.
From where they once comfortably sat to sit.
It's...
Not a puzzle or a riddle,
As to why an escalation of division is permitted.
It is the result of all of it,
That has caused explicit expletives to spill from lips.
And those who created their own madness,
Are heard to make excuses to abuse...
The ones they believed would be easy to accuse.
However...

Those bearing chips.
And hitting their heads against bricks.
Have discovered but can not admit,
It's...
Never ever going to get fixed.
This mad addicted love we have...
For more division, hatred.
And the spreading of inflicted,
Sick indifference.
If...
Truth can not be faced.
But delusions kept to chase...
Remain worshipped to replace it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Exploited

The only acceptance a known deception seems to have,
Is the feeding of a greed that benefits the one who receives.
But leaves the one deceived unexpectedly flattered.
Until the repeating of the deceiving becomes a routine.
As if an unknowing of it is done.
And the one who becomes offended,
Pretends a sincerity given to the one unaware of it...
Or relies on an ego to be lifted,
Didn't appreciate having their abilities accomodated,
For the purposes to be exploited.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Exploration Of Expectations

Exploration of expectations,
Without one explanation done.
Can be difficult to comprehend,
For those wishing a hand to hold...
Every step of the way,
To avoid making a single mistake!
Although wanting with wishes to be accepted!
And it believed they have had an experienced life!
To know nothing about taking chances...
OR what a risk means to define!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Explorations Of A Boredom

Take me.
Take me on a new escapade.
And away from the same,
Explorations of a boredom.

Take me.
Now and without delay.
From others who have designated,
Their lives to decay.

Too many are on 'trips',
Digging through old dirt to get...
A repeating of a nothing.
Too many are on 'trips',
Hoping to discover and hit...
A jackpot of gossip.
Buried and forgotten.
But hoping that a fresh twist,
Juices up to lick lips...
Of those unexposed.
Or aware of it.

Come on and just take me.
Now and to not further delay.
From others who have designated,
Their lives to decay.

Take me.
Away from the same,
Explorations of a boredom...
Gone.
I've had enough of hearing their,
Sad songs.
I've had enough of hearing what's,
Going on.
For too long.

Take me.
Take me on a new escapade.

And away from the same,
Explorations of a boredom.
And who did what wrong.

I've had enough of hearing their,
Sad songs.
I've had enough of hearing what's,
Going on.
For too long.

Too many are on 'trips',
Digging through old dirt to get...
'Nuthin'.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Explored And Treasured

Some of us meet,
With an instant feeling felt...
There is some kind of unspoken history.
An intention sent,
Is recognized as if meant.
A chemistry bonds,
From the heavens and beyond.
And this to us comes...
As if a piece of a puzzle,
Becomes shared from a deck of cards...
That has been dealt!

'I have two aces and two kings! '

~That's not possible.
Is it?
Because I too have two aces,
AND two kings! ~

'What does this mean? '

And what 'does' this mean?
Since we all perceive,
We are here to live lives...
Chronologically spent.
If I feel an energy generating,
I have known before...
Where is that coming from?
When is this going to make some sense?

And...
What is 'IT' that allows,
To open 'that' door?
To be explored and treasured...
Respected and adored.
While most of our experiences,
We accept as lessons taught...
As learning to walk,
Eventually becomes ignored.

~Is The Creator of 'this' experience lived,
Doubling over in laughter?
And wiping from the eyes joyful tears,
That we are caught by surprise.~

'What joke is 'this' experienced?
That 'The One and Only Omnipresent'...
Has us live as if an experiment? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Exploring Life Has Its Rewards

Anyone can elect to be whomever they wish.
They can do this in campaigns,
Or in a gathering of forums conducted...
To convince others of like minds,
They have positions of influence.
And it is to their advantage to keep this maintained.
In efforts to refrain from facing their hypocrisies.
Hypocrisies contained without them being challenged.

However...
Those selective of thoughts that exist like this,
Are on top of their own priority list to impress self importance.
But in reality this move they have chosen to approve,
Only keeps them restricted to limits they 'assume' benefits.
Yet diminishes an experience to live lives more fulfilled.
To leave others who do adventure to reveal realities,
With wisdom to acknowledge exploring life has its rewards.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Exploring The Universe

Take me with you to soar in flight.
Above and beyond distractions that fright.
Be this time done at night or broad daylight,
I would like to be a passenger...
To view with you wonders that excite!

Take me with you on this trip you make.
Breaking through barriers...
That escorts our escape.
Thunderous clouds may below us take shape,
As the sea of cosmic heavens...
Engulfs us with an appetite,
Nothing Earth bound could ever satiate!

And that is what I most appreciate...
Exploring the Universe,
Without adverse boundaries made
To further create establishing divisions to make!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Exploring Those Adventures

I have not witnessed the Scottish Pine,
With branches crooked as those
Of the Oak or Maple trees.
Or the bark of Birch,
Like that of the Palm.

I am not mesmerized,
By ripples made on a Pond.
As much as I am by waves...
During low and/or high tides.

Sand Dunes of Cape Cod,
Are striking when first seen.
Although the beaches,
Sweep breezes across the waters...
Much like they do on South Padre Island,
And Key West!
While watching the flight of Seagulls...
Fish then come to rest.

Fisherman's Wharf in San Francisco.
The color of the Golden Gate Bridge.
The blue sky above the floating pink clouds,
In the early morning sunrise...
Lifting after dawn!
Hearing the clang of trolley cars.
Climbing steep hills,
In clean crisp air!
I often feel it...
As if I'm still there.

The sunsets I like the best,
Seem to be those in San Antonio!
And yet...
When I am at home,
Reminiscing times I miss...
As I witness the snowflakes drift,
From my bedroom window...
Alone in Connecticut.

I select from memories I cherish,
With you and me...
Happy to be together.
Exploring those adventures...
As our eyes close to kiss,
Each other's lips!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Exploring Your Options

What side do you stand on,
In the midst of change?
Or have you chosen a comfortable position,
In which to remain sitting on the fence.
In the hopes that doing so,
Will convince time to let you go...
Ignored.

There are clear divisions and splits,
Beginning to exist.
And a straddling of a fence,
Will not permit a sitting to stay comforted.

What side do you stand on,
In the midst of change?
Or have you chosen a comfortable position,
In which to remain sitting on the fence.
In the hopes that doing so,
Will convince time to let you go...
Ignored.
Without exploring your options.
And those you still have!
But not for too long.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Exposed

With an obvious uncaring done,
Their recent tactics shown to everyone...
Has lost them much respect.
With a designation of them as a people,
Deserving of their lowlife status.

What is there left about them,
That can be admired?
Their selfishness described has been exposed.
What is there left about them,
Is aspiring with a wish to achieve?
Their status to show themselves,
Willing to allow to see others suffer and bleed?

With an obvious uncaring done,
Their recent tactics shown to everyone...
Has lost them much respect.
With a designation of them as a people,
Deserving of their lowlife status.

No matter how much class,
They can squeeze from a plastic existence.
They will choose to be ruthless in any situation.
And this has proven to be a testimony of their reality.
Opened to review as it is since it is no longer concealed.
These folks are petty thieves in leadership positions.
These folks are thieves and that has been revealed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Exposed Behinds In Arrears

Believe it.
It is here.
Men and women barely dressed.
And having children fed disrespect.

Believe it.
It is here.
Illiterate minds,
Having illegitimate good times.
With not a shred of evidence...
Of an act of discipline seen!
And people who condone this,
Wonder why they've been demeaned.

Excuses with abuses have been ignored and accepted.
A process of ignorance has us all infected.
Accountability?
What is that?
Is that a new fad coming back?
And who is proposing it?
Those detoxed and now off crack?

Irresponsibility is a thing now that is the rage.
Of course folks are demented.
Who amongst us now is not absolutely crazed?
Bill collectors everywhere,
Are being pestered by the banks.
And they are dropping from the skies like flies...
Being caught in lies,
Tanking with worthless alibis.

'Naked is the beast...
That has nothing left to feed or eat! '

Believe it.
It is here.
Men and women barely dressed.
And having children fed disrespect.
Exposed behinds in arrears they show!

Using bounced checks to pay their bills.
Spending welfare money...
And shopping to supply their ills!

Believe it.
It is here.
Illiterate minds,
Having illegitimate good times.
With not a shred of evidence...
Of an act of discipline seen!
And people who condone this,
Wonder why they've been demeaned.

Believe it!
These are conditions...
From compositions,
Played and heard!
But much too late to rearrange!
What had been due...
Is now too insufficient to correct.

Believe it!
We are up to our necks,
In a morality debt.
That has satisfied those who are virtueless!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Exposed Fangs

When any novelty begins to overstay its visit,
The joy of having it around...
Quickly becomes,
An abusive attempt to get rid of it.
Especially if a tune sung changes in key.

People expect the wounds they've picked,
To be healed overnight...
By someone declaring to have a remedy.
And a cure producing miracles many can see,
With lightening speed that allows a return to routines.

But if it becomes suggested,
An assistance from them is expected...
What is welcomed begins to irritate.
With a pouting that makes once smiling faces,
Drip foam from exposed fangs all over the place.

No one wants to be told,
They must pay a price to heal.
Fresh faces prepared to replace the old,
Will never admit what has been omitted...
From their enthusiastic speeches given to later reveal,
The unpleasantness in making unpopular decisons.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Exposed To A Ridiculosis

Common and yet often unconsciously done,
People will say one thing to change...
To then make claims to others,
Not a word to say from them did come.

'Say what? '

~Yep.~

And then profess innocence,
For something they began...
With a doing to do this with twisted lips.
Not once or twice,
But many times to do to prove themselves hypocrites.

'No way? '

~Way. Okay? ~

Suffer many do from 'ridiculosis'.
To infect and expect their mentalities to be accepted.
And not reproached to be rejected.
Some of these folks are quick to strike poses,
Of a defense that imposes an indignation that shows...
They've been victimized and someone should apologize,
For 'insinuating' they lie from head to toe.

'And this is so? '

~You and I and others know.~

Common and yet often unconsciously done,
People will say one thing to change...
To then make claims to others,
Not a word to say from them did come.

And anyone who knows who is familiar with their tactics,
Yet continues to not admit the permitting of this to exist...
Are just as guilty as if,

They too lie from head to toe as well.

~Why are you looking at me like that? ~

'You started looking at 'me' like that 'first'.'

And so it goes...
With few not immuned but yet left exposed,
To a ridiculosis inflicting anyone unintentionally...
With their nose in someone else's business.

'Say what? '

~Yep.~

'And this is so? '

~Why are you looking at me like that? ~

'You started looking at 'me' like that 'first'.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Exposed To Experience Life

I see what I know,
From being exposed to experience life!
Curious and adventurous.
No pain did I feel to become healed,
Did not do this to leave it unnoticed.

And no steps did I take to invite heartbreak,
Can I accuse anyone to blame consciously.
I see what I know,
From being exposed to experience life!

And had I not chosen,
The path upon which I still walk today...
To do it at times with a stubborn indifference,
Every mistake I had ever made...
Would have someone else's name attached to it.

I've learned that love is not blind or an experiment.
And anyone I have loved with love to find,
Made my life to live more enhanced.
And I could not have ever admitted that,
If love that I still have and continues to grow...
Had been taken away from me to leave me bitter.

And bitterness did make attempts to visit me,
But too much about love I knew to rid bitterness.
Love comes to go and not to claim indefinitely.
And with a knowing of this,
My happiness flourishes from right where it is.
No longer am I deluded by who has it to give.

I see what I know,
From being exposed to experience life.
Curious and adventurous with no emotion left detached.
Since no pain did I feel to become healed,
Did not do this to leave it unnoticed without depth.
And no steps did I take to invite heartbreak with tears wept,
Can I accuse anyone to blame consciously.
I hope what I have and continue to give,

Inspires.

Afterall...
No one who has loved me to leave me with it given,
Have I stopped to feel ungrateful or unmotivated.
And if I had been blinded by love...
By now I would have awakened,
To not know what it was to appreciate having it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Exposing Any Of That Makes Them Upset

How many opportunities should be given,
To those who are clearly incompetent?

'Are they liked and impressively dressed? '

Well...
Yes.

'Do they appear to be dim of wit.
And protected by others who prefer them best? '

Well..
Yes.
Of course.

'Accept their incompetence.
What else should you expect.
A respect for intelligence,
You have yet from them to get?

Stop deluding yourself with reality.
Where has that ever been seen to be detected?
Accept their incompetence.
Forget any signs of intelligence.

Exposing any of that makes them upset.
If not diminished into a novelty...
To diffuse its seriousness.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Express What It Is In Terms That Pleases

Express what it is in terms that pleases.
Do your best to unleash the truth.
Very little of that,
Has manifested intact!

More are obsessed with deluded impressions.
Created for affect.
To keep a conformity in check!
No one is expecting truth,
To be for them today complex.

Express what it is in terms that pleases.
Do your best to unleash the truth.
Very little of that,
Has manifested intact!

However it is done...
None will embrace it.
And the rawness of reality,
Will certainly stun!
These folks have been fantasized,
All of their lives!
The truth you reveal will not appeal.
In fact,
Be prepared to be 'boo-ed'.
Threatened and despised!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Express Your Gratitude

Say it,
With a meaning done.
Express your gratitude,
To someone.

Do it,
Why delay in hesitation?
If someone is deserving,
Of your thankfulness...
Say it.
Do it.
Let them know...
They are separate from the rest.

Say it.
Do it.
Express your gratitude.
With a meaning done to 'someone'.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Expressing Their Discontent

Those who befriend others,
By expressing their discontent...
Of what takes place in a shared environment,
Need to be distanced...
From that kind of negativity mentioned.

Being caught up in another's bitterness,
To add to one's priority list...
Does not do anything to rid one from it.
And when others are participating...
More minds get stuck in accepting of this.

Those who befriend others,
By expressing their discontent...
Of what takes place in a shared environment,
Need to be distanced...
From that kind of negativity mentioned.

And there is nothing like an experience,
That teaches one what to accept...
And what from one should be resisted.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Expression To Address

Sometimes it is not safe to compensate,
For those gifts one gets to welcome with appreciation.
Sometimes it is the best thing one can and should do...
Is to pollinate the air for the purpose to have it known,
One is proud to be blessed to have them...
Bud to bloom until they have grown.
To be recognized and shown!
And allow every color representing the spectrum glow.
Shining to sparkle so bright that the doing nearly blinds.
With a radiance!
Time, after time and each time to permit its flow.
Sometimes...
It becomes too difficult to confine,
And too unbearable to limit...
That which one desires with a wish to find,
Expression to address that has to leave one's mind.
And whether accepted to be respected or not,
It has to be released.
It has to be set free.
It has to go and climb with an undefined reach!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Expressions Can Be Censored

Everyday...those living in a free society,
Are bombarded with conflicting hypocrisies.
Although...
Chosen written expressions can be censored,
If they should offend...
Those wishing to keep their pretentions protected.
With a moaning about who disrespects,
The nonexistence of a correct social etiquette.
More reflective in museums,
Where they are kept more romanticized...
Than realized.

And everyday...those living in a free society,
Are bombarded with conflicting hypocrisies met.
As those pious and self-righteous cry publicly,
With their false tears wept to weep on TV...
While begging to be forgiven for their taking of steps,
For being human like others they protest against.
But 'they' and their misdeeds should be exceptions,
Since...
Their impressions to make with 'fewer' mistakes made,
Does not often occur on a daily basis like 'them' and 'those'...
Choosing to be less refine and confined to physical 'defects'.

'What is it that you are reluctant to say? '

~Reluctant?
We are not reluctant at all.
It should be clear and obvious,
'Them' and 'those' we speak of are not like 'us'.~

'So...
You admit there are double standards.'

~Of course.
Divorce yourself from those foolish delusions.
How many more close-ups of us do you need? ~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Exquisite B.S.

Exquisite B.S.
Finessed at its best.
This wont sit to become fossilized.
Maneuvered?
Yes!
The finest B.S.
Gets to be marketed.

Exquisite B.S.
Tested for perfection.
To leave no guessing game to correct.
As this exquisite B.S. is set...
To endure without stopping.
To ensure its success.

No remnants will be left,
To forge with a defense...
By those unconvinced,
It is solidly based in cement.
And will not ferment...
As circumvented intentions meant,
Are sent.

This is exquisite B.S. to document!
To subdue those who protest.
And addict those who confess...
A weakness they get.
As if to crave a feeding,
With a licking of lips with a wish...
For more of it.

To induce into seduction,
With an unlimited fix.
Until the power of thinking,
Independently...
Lifts from minds,
That are drugged to drift!

Exquisite B.S.

Yes!
Yes!
YESSSSS!
And as delicious to offset,
Any cure that should manifest...
With attempts to correct!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Exquisite Details May Be Missed

Returning from a visit,
Of unleashing inquisitive explorations.
Experiences alone adventured,
Does not fulfill.
Without someone with them to share.

Observations can be communicated,
But the exquisite details may be missed.
Especially if what one sees to witness,
Is interpreted to be depicted.
As an embellishment wished and not lived.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Extendibly Kept

Greatness declared,
Seems almost too simple to say.
Too simple to adorn that which isn't...
With such a high placed esteem.

Greatness just to say,
With few ways of it expressed.
Seems as if a parody,
Of what isn't there with wishes it could be.

A greatness achieved and extendibly kept,
Takes a constant self reflection.
And a careful watching of one's steps.

A greatness achieved and extendibly kept,
Takes repeated self examination.
With a wanting always to do one's best.

Greatness declared,
Seems almost too simple to say.
Too simple to adorn that which isn't...
With such a high placed esteem.

Greatness just to say,
With few ways of it expressed.
Seems as if a parody,
Of what isn't there with wishes it could be...
Forever peceived and to others believed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Extinguished And Declared Unfit

What is kept protected,
If life itself,
Is threatened to disregard?
As if divisions kept,
Will find honor amongst the stars.

And who benefits? The poor or those rich,
When the Earth becomes contaminated.
With it extinguished and declared unfit,
For human existence.
As once a divine experiment.

What then will wars to end it all,
Will profit whom or 'what' to benefit from it!
When an attention demanded is a wish to get,
By deceivers playing bandits and petty thieves...
To have themselves perceived as disciples of GOD.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Extra Fingers To Point

'Why are those people standing in line so patiently.
What's going on? '

They've been allowed to trade in their excuses,
For extra fingers to point.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Extra Tall

Make up your mind.
Decide the moment has come,
For you to consider sacrificing your time.
With a determination to concentrate,
On that which is for you most wanted...
To eliminate those dates you make,
And undo procrastinaton.

Dismiss hesitation to forget the wait.
And do what it takes to get your desires done.
No one else but you can make your dreams come true.
Just know this...
Allowing a time to arrive has nothing to do with this.

And before you notice it,
It wasn't about time at all!

It was about you!
And how your mind was used.
With a doing that made you stand.
To walk grand as if you were extra tall.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Extra! Extra! Have You Heard Who Did Who...

Extramarital this.
Extracurricular that.
Extra! Extra!
Have you heard who did who...
As gossiped at the laundromat?

Let us all get real petty.
Since those self righteous,
Have microscoped some facts!

It seems a pristined society,
Has had its image smudged.
Unfaithful athletes are having sex.
And their spouses are being snubbed.

So appalling are their actions.
These idols of our kids.
How can any of us walk with dignity...
Knowing what these folks,
Behind our backs did!
And this is offensive to our way of life.
With a highlighting of our standards,
To reflect what is done undercover.
With a getting of their 'rocks' off...
As if they have the right!

Extramarital this.
Extracurricular that.
Extra! Extra!
Have you heard who did who...
As gossiped at the laundromat?

Let us all get real petty.
Since those self righteous,
Have microscoped some facts!
Adulterous folks are having sex.
And wiping their bare feet,
On foreign welcome mats!

And everyone secretly wishes to know,
If what was done...
Was irresistably good!
Like that which is given in discreet,
And sneaked in deceit.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Extraordinary

There is nothing in my life,
Found extraordinary.
There's not a creditor I have,
That doesn't want to get paid.
I'm not saved from a rent I pay.
Utilities are there and just wont go away.

Nothing in my life I find extraordinary.
I do what I do to get things done.
I'm accountable for what I do and don't try to run.

There is nothing in my life,
Found extraordinary.
I do what I say and that's what it is.
No multiple choice I give as a quiz.

There is nothing in my life,
Found extraordinary.
There's not a creditor I have,
That doesn't want to get paid.
I'm not saved from a rent I pay.
Utilities are there and just wont go away.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Extraordinary Talent

As long as you continue to feed,
Into your own weaknesses.
With emphasis and conviction.
Do not expect to be strengthened...
By random deliveries of expected acceptance.
Providing a wealth of abundance,
That offers you the glow of good health!

The package wrapped in gold dust...
And shimmering bright in blinding sparkle,
May be something you believe...
Comes as you plead,
On your bended knees!

However,
These and other delusions you perceive,
Often do not appear...
For those basking in their trials,
And tribulations!

Unless...
You have mastered the art of despair!
And you have been assigned,
To show others...
The best way in which to do it!
The best way they can remain glued to sorrow.
And how to keep themselves there,
Today,
And all their tomorrows to come.

If that 'is' the case...
Forgive my interference.
You have extraordinary talent!
Done with remarkable and exquisite realism.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Extraterrestrials

Wake up folks!
Not only do they exist.
Extraterrestrials...
Are about to conduct block parties,
On every street in every city...
And in every country of the World,
On this planet!
After all...
Who sent who signals from 'our'
Space probes to let 'them' know
Who we are...
Where we are?
Location...
And absolute ability to show,
A lack of hospitality?
I'm sure their observations
Have detected our own dislike
For one another!
No wonder they are reluctant
To expose their complete disclosure!
Wouldn't you?
Especially 'after' you've been invited!
And scientists 'here' are trying to convince us
That there is and has been life elsewhere
In the universe!
You talk about hypocrites?
These fools are outright nuts!
And they talk about perserving a way of life that is envied!
Who and what are they attempting to preserve it for?
All of the mental institutions are currently listing,
High occupancy levels!
Business in these places has been beyond expectations,
Of late!
Booming.
Even luxury suites are booked!
And that's the 'real' phenomenon no one seeks,
OR wishes to have publicly revealed!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Extra-Vated

Escalated to aggravate,
Those with patience who once had waited.
Has many clearly witnessing...
A chipping away of that tolerance,
Many one time were convinced...
A doing of things they should not do,
Today makes absolutely no sense at all.
To leave more than a few,
Showing they have become incensed.
And their impatience is no longer stalled...
Behind a wooden picket fence,
To smother their intentions hidden...
Enclosed within brick walls.

'eXtra-vated I am with this!
People hissing hatred from between their lips.'

Even the elderly have begun cracking whips.
Demanding from their care-providers,
To use heated moisturizer...
While rubbing gently on their replacement hips.

'Young man?
I began adding 'crack' to the cookies I bake.'
Says the old lady trying to look,
Like a much younger, hair flowing, vivacious Beyoncé.

'I use to prefer 'macadamia' nuts.
But I discovered they made me constipated too much.
And just yesterday I saw a couple,
Chasing each other butt naked.
To make me so upset by that...
I felt a throbbing in my arthritis.
And my heart palpitated.
To leave me 'eXtra-vated.'

~What do you mean? ~

'Well...

Honestly?
I attempted to stop those feelings between,
Passion and heat that stirred up past memories.
And...
Well,
There's an old man I am trying to get a rise everyday.
But it is taking too long for him to inflate! '

Escalated to aggravate,
Those with patience who once had waited.
Has many clearly witnessing...
A chipping away of that tolerance,
For a few today who say that makes no sense.

'...and, that's why I bake with crack these days.
Hoping to grasp onto a memory that stays.
And I am less eXtra-vated.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Extremely Comfortable Within My Skin

IF I was of another race,
And not considered out of place...
Of course I would not 'see' restrictions.
Of course limitations,
I would not perceive.
Nor would I feel embittered emotionally.
IF I was of another race.
Or 'if' I thought steps I took,
Were steps I should and should not take.

However...
If my sensibilities are constantly reminded,
Wherever I go with a look to get...
From others who freely believe they can give it,
To judge my appearance from head to toe...
That to me will be obvious.
That to 'me' clearly shows.
Regardless who 'perceives',
How I should feel about this.
Inbred is this racist divisiveness.
Perhaps unconscious for some...
But the fact of it exists.

IF I was of another race,
And not considered out of place...
Of course I would 'see' restrictions.
Of course limitations,
I would not perceive.

And 'if' I did not have parents,
To advise me early in life...
Where 'others' might feel I should be,
And 'this' may not be for them 'alright'...
Perhaps I would not embolden my identity,
With a dignity I pride.
As I take strides to show just how proud I am.

Perhaps...
Everywhere I go to let it known,

Would not be so noticeable...
That I am extremely comfortable within my skin.
With no one having to remind me of it.
And flaunting it to appear arrogant...
Would be accepted and not out of place.
IF others who were American blacks,
Also felt and acted like that with a presence.

Perception.
It's 'all' about perception!
Perception.
That's where 'all' conflicts begin.
Perception.
Once it's embedded it is hard to end.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Extremely Personal

Is it big?
How big is it?

'What? '

You know?

'No...
I don't know.
What on Earth are you talking about? '

As if you didn't know...
With that broad smile on your face.
Your EGO!
How big is it?

'Well...
I do wear a ten and a half shoe.
And the size of my hands are ten too.'

Yeah...but,
What about your EGO?

'That depends,
On the 'time' you are willing to spend...
Allowing me to reveal it.
Some things I like to keep,
Extremely personal.'

Oh?
Ooooohhhh.
Well...
Forgive me.
I don't intend to get 'that' close.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Extremely Positive

What I want I want.
No substitutes for me.
I settled for replacements then...
Back when I had those needs.

I've tasted afairs that went nowhere.
And embarrassments I faced.
But those days are not returning now.
I can not see that as a possibility.

What I want I want.
No substitutes for me.
I settled for replacements then...
Back when I had those needs.

I look for clarity to guide my steps,
After weeping tears of much regret.
I've removed all issues of a mental debt!
And now I want all that I can get...
To please and satisfy,
A happiness I once denied!

What I want I want.
No substitutes for me.
I settled for replacements then...
Back when I had those needs.

Right now I am pleased,
To discover the real me!
And what others believed...
Brought me misery to grieve!

What I want I want.
No substitutes for me.
I settled for replacements then...
Back when I had those needs.

Opportunities came,
To catch me undecided.

Overnight I found myself...
Filled with excitement and much delighted!

What I want I want.
No substitutes for me.
I settled for replacements then...
Back when I had those needs.
To do for others as they chose I did.
But now a joy inside me lives!
Knowing it was 'me' I had to forgive!
And wanting what I want allows me more to give!
Feeling a freedom I had never known or shown...
That I condone and is extremely positive!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Extremely Powerful

Those choosing to sit
And do nothing with their lives
Are extremely powerful
And this is not an accusation
This is an observation put into activation

They can toss and display their garbage
Blatantly in the streets with ease
And have meetings with authorities
To prioritize their every whim and need

With a cleaning up after them
Solicited from donations
Or other funds given to them to implement
Every entertainment diversion and whim
Just to keep them doing
Exactly as they please to appease
With a keeping of them from becoming restless

As a straining drains minds from calling them lazy
To maintain a political correctness
That has never been cost effective
Or a discipline enforce to sustain one's respect
Because this would be regarded as discrimination

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Extremely Rude

I have nothing against those mentally challenged.
I experience being challenged mentally on a daily basis,
Myself.
And accepting invitations to participate,
Is not on my top ten wish list.

Although,
It seems I am solicited regardless of my wishes.
And my only defense I use is to offend...
Someone who perceives,
My defense mechanisms beg for their ignorance.

With a showing of my disrespect they ask from me,
And I am made to feel obliged to deliver...
What they request from me and they get.
Since to ignore them,
Feeds the giving of their agitation.

'You are extremely rude.'

I find that to be a coincidence.
Since my rudeness would have never been shown,
If you had not insisted upon its appearance.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Extremist

Daddy?

'Yes son.'

Today at school we discussed threats and fear.
And those people trying to harm us.

'And? '

Well...
A week ago the teacher kept calling them terrorists.
But today?
She said they were extremists.
What's an 'extremist'?

'Someone who spends money we can't afford.
To then squeeze every penny we've got to go shopping.
With it believed I wont see,
New coats, dresses and shoes,
Hidden under the bed.
Wrapped in sheets as if they were mummies.'

Oh?
So there are terrorists,
Someone tries to hide under our beds?
Wrapped up like mummies?

'No.
Don't have that kind of fear, son.
There is only one I know...
Who makes claims to have a doctor's appointment,
But I am willing to bet is at the mall right now.
Making plans where to hide other stuff.'

I don't understand.

'You will my son.
Sometimes I am terrorized I just want to scream.
But I don't.

I pretend I don't notice.
Then I get up slowly to go to the bathroom.
And once inside...I lock the door to pray.

Stop it, daddy. You're scaring me.

'I don't mean to. Trust me I don't.
I wish there was a way,
I could prepare you for that 'look'.
That look that will forever have you hypnotized.
I wish I could be there to cover your eyes.
And tell you to run as fast as you can.
The other way.
But that look that will hook you,
Will have you programmed as if you are a robot.
You can't escape it. God knows I tried. I failed.

I am really confused.

'We'll share notes one day.
But promise me what we discuss,
You will never tell your mother.
She's part of it.'

Part of it.
Part of what?

'The plot.'

Plot?

'All extremists plot and meet at the mall.'

What about the terrorists?

'Don't worry about them.
I'm sure none of them brag about having good credit.'

Are you talking about mommy?

'No!
And don't you dare tell her I was.

I will deny it.
I will deny making you a tuna sandwich.
And will accuse you of drinking all the juice.'

Life.
Why is it so confusing?

'Confusing?
Son?
I wish I had a magic wand,
To prevent you from ever falling in love.'

~Daddy?
Daddy, are you here? ~

'Sssshhh.
There's your sister.
Let's pretend we don't know each other.
That's the only way we can protect ourselves.
She's one of 'them'.
Another extremist! '

~Daddy? ~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Exuberance

When I feel and know it,
Only then will it exist.
A happiness felt and within me shown...
With an exuberance I can't resist.

Some wish for objects,
To shine with a light that bright.
Something to feed someone else's appetite.
But I have prayed all my life,
To express and highlight...
How wonderful my life is now.
How wonderful it is to be blessed with it.

When I feel and know it,
Only then will it exist.
A happiness felt and within me shown...
With an exuberance I can't resist.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Exudes An Oozing Flaunted Pulchritude

Seeking a familiarity,
That comforts a nervousness?
Seeking to be gratified by a confirmation...
That allows for a polishing of pride,
And a strut that exudes an oozing flaunted pulchritude?
I do too!

But unlike you,
My attempts have always met with contempt.
They call what you do 'strength'.
Of course my identical movements are called arrogance.
Either way...
I just want it known that the 'air' I embrace feels great!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Eye Chats

Why scheme a reason to 'freak'?
With obvious eye chats going on...
Sending signals to meet.
Uttered conversations,
Prepares one for grunts.

There is nothing descreet or secret,
When two share glares...
In speechless awareness.
Teasing the air with flashes of heat.

'Hmmm...
Bondage and Hookups?
Even the rooms are labelled.
It would make little sense,
To ask for a cup of tea with lemon! '

As others are observed,
Creating their own language
To connect and explore,
Behind locked doors.
With far less subtlety...
Even those passing through,
Could not ignore the purpose
For these social gatherings.

'Whippings?
With or Without Handcuffs? '

It is best to arrive at these affairs,
Dateless.
And prepared to raise an intentional eyebrow...
Or two.
With a licked lip near dimmed lighting.

These company executive parties,
Are getting a bit bizarre.

'Where are the snacks?

There is nothing to munch on here! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Eye Contact

There is 'something' about you,
That I find different.
Something so different,
I can not quite put my finger on it.

Something...?
That's it!
You are not texting! ?

And your eyes...
I've never noticed them like this before.
You've got them focused.
On me!
I can not believe this.
You are actually looking into my eyes.
What are you going to call it?

'It is called...
Eye contact! '

YES.
I remember it now.
Eye contact.

Is it painful?
How long do you believe you can do it?

'Why are you being so sarcastic?
I am charging my cellphone.'

This is amazing.
I had no idea you knew how to do it.
Do it again.
I want to remember it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

'Eye' For You

If I had one eye.
One ear.
One hand attached to an arm.
With a foot to hop on a protruding leg.
You would still say,
I was going out of my way to be different.
With a seeking of attention to get,
I intentionally projected.

And yet...
You still will not accept,
Efforts I made to be myself...
Regardless if I did nothing extraordinary,
Nobody else would care to notice but you.
Why do you think this is true?
Do you feel I should only have 'eye'...
For you?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Eye Of The Beholder

You say...
Beauty is in the eye of the beholder.
Well,
I'll put it to you this way...
Sometimes I'm not in the best of moods!
And my attitude can be crude and uncool.
I appreciate all your compliments...
Of which you say I've earned.
But I can 'be-holding' some ugliness,
You have yet to see.
And all the beauty in your eye,
Of what you might be beholding
Might be unfolding onto another scene...
Once you've seen me at my worse.
Especially being obnoxious,
Unapproachable and very mean!
That part of me,
Neither one of your eyes have ever seen.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Eye On Identifiable Quality

So many are caught up...
In the nonsense.
Believing all points of view,
Thrives on such limitedness.

As the world crumbles down around them...
They insist on holding onto pettiness.
With darkness guiding them,
Into conflicts seeping deep into oblivion!

And nothing anyone says,
Sinks to a depthness in their heads.
They are determined to see life...
Through a tunneled vision.
Refusing to expand their minds...
And sharing their attraction for dread.

And that does not feed,
A mind seeking a peaceful existence...
With an eye on identifiable quality.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Eyebrows Raised

Maturing with an expanding insight,
Is a lonely path to travel.
Especially when so many,
Are doing their best to reverse the clock.
And are limited in experiencing,
Alone time with God.

Or find it odd,
Someone walks by faith.
And not with a credit card.

To many the notion of God,
Is a 'thing' unseen and told exists.
With a telling they should be 'good'...
To appease the wishes of God.

'God please...
Gimme, gimme, gimme.'

Only to appear showing up to beg for 'something'.
As if a panhandler in any neighborhood.
Hoping to find someone, anyone...
Forgiving and willing with an empathy to give.

Maturing with an expanding insight,
Is a lonely path to travel.
Especially when one dares to announce,
The doing of this affords them to be trinket free.

'Where are your 'credentials'?
You aint nothing.
And if you were...
Where is it for me to see.
Show me something,
That validates your right to breathe.'

With eyebrows raised,
People are quick to defend their beliefs.
If they become to feel threatened,

Their insecurities are being exposed...
To another that can see their activities,
Are based upon charades masqueraded by routine.

'...and don't talk to me about your belief in God!
You aint got a thing to show for it.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Eyes Betrayed

Eyes trained to look away,
With beliefs that which remains...
From them one day will vanish to fade...
Are eyes betrayed.

And generations will pass,
With perceptions the grass is greener...
On the other side of a fence,
Eyes staying fixed on it...
Hope someday will be theirs to get,
If they did nothing but sat to sit...
Fixed.
While allowing the weeds in their fields,
To grow...
With a doing of nothing about it!

And generations will pass,
With perceptions the grass is greener...
On the other side of a fence,
Eyes staying fixed on it...
Hope someday will be theirs to get.

And...
Those eyes trained to look away,
With beliefs that which remains...
From them one day will vanish to fade...
Are eyes betrayed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Eyes Bright Upon The Universe Are Widening

What 'Lord' selected to represent,
The complexity of an abundant Universe...
Would then have 'His' creations limited,
To be interpreted to make little sense?
As presented by re-written to omit,
Then re-submit scriptured verse.

Eyes bright upon the Universe are widening,
Beyond the worshipping of clouds...
Through which these observances are allowed.

And with a pretentious display,
Pomped to poop with circumstance...
Everyday betraying trusted values and standards,
To have people remain convinced...
There is only one way with restrictions to live.
That have been sent to obey,
By created documents printed to say...
What it is that this Creator for them has meant.
When 'everything' on this Earth observed as seen,
Continues to thrive if left to do it as God intends...
Without interference and the conflicts that don't end.

Eyes bright upon the Universe are widening

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Eyes Once Clouded Clear To Brightness

Hussshhh...
The presence of truth,
Is amongst us on the scene.
Ssshhh,
A silence invited...
Stills the air,
Of chirping birds.
And frantic human beings.

The rustling leaves on trees slowly blow.
It is as though,
A divinity has arrived.

Eyes once clouded clear to brightness.
Those accustomed to disguises,
Stop charades paraded with lies.
And...
Hussshhh...
The presence of truth,
Is amongst us on the scene.
Ssshhh,
A silence invited...
Stills the air,
Of chirping birds.
And frantic human beings.

The rustling leaves on trees slowly blow.
It is as though,
A divinity has arrived.

Eyes once clouded clear to brightness.
Those accustomed to disguises,
Stop charades paraded with lies.
And to everyone's surprise,
Truth does not victimize...
As rumored.

And that which had been disrespected,
Is now observed.

As those things nature protects.
With a consciousness of this as it is.
To expose regret for all the neglect done and shown.
Awakening sensitivities dismissed...
And many to experience tears of happiness.
And...
This is good.

Hussshhh...
Let the presence of truth,
Amongst us on the scene...
Prevail.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Eyes Once Fixed To Gawk With A Gaze

Eyes once fixed to gawk with a gaze upon others,
With their frozen dare to blink glares.
Seem to be melting,
As the heat upon their shoulders.
Is being felt with a renewed comprehension.
There is a re-direction of attention given.

Without one word heard said to mention,
Such focus is now.
Seen to lay upon those of similar hues,
Who are in need of an infliction meant.
Of overdue self examination severely needed.
With a hopeful freeing of excuses made.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Eyes Swollen From Tears Cried

Wounded are those left scarred,
Again.
Reminded of a pain that remains,
Unhealed or given a chance of it.

Wounded are those scarred to sob,
Alone to weep.
Or nights to receive,
A moment of peace to allow some sleep.

Crave they do...
Just a piece of equality.
Gone unsatisfied...
Are their forgotten dreams.

Lost.
And cast aside,
Are their dreams just to taste...
That horse! And promised 40 acres.

Eyes swollen from tears cried.
To rely on a hope,
That seems to be purposely...
From them denied.

Feelings of being,
Misguided, patronized and disenfranchised...
Becomes more validated as truth.
Yet testify they continue to do,
With kept disbeliefs their agonies...
Are used as excuses,
By the ones who choose...
To leave them suffering,
For their own sickened amusement.

'We've been left to feel orphaned.
We've been left to feel abandoned.
We've been left to feel kicked to the curb.
As if creatures of humanity,

Serving an undeserved purpose.'

~And...cut!
I love it.
Some of using the fake tears?
Remember,
On film they don't register,
As being realistic.
But, I must say this...
The ones more accustomed,
To suffering and pain?
You guys are the true stars,
Of this documentary.
Great job.~

Wounded are those left scarred,
Again.
Reminded of a pain that remains,
Unhealed or given a chance of it.

Wounded are those scarred to sob,
Alone to weep.
Or nights to receive,
A moment of peace to allow some sleep.

Eyes swollen from tears cried.
To rely on a hope,
That seems to be purposely...
From them denied.

Feelings of being...

~Just a second.
The narration.

'What's wrong with the narration? '

~It's...well...
Not ethnic enough.
I'm not 'feeling' it at all.
That...'sickened amusement business'...
Kills the overall effect.

Hmmm...
Get me someone,
More connected to this grief.
I want to produce something memorable.
I don't want anyone who sees this,
To hesitate emptying out their pockets.
Although I must admit...
Visually as depicted historically,
This is some classic stuff.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Eyes Wide Opened

The light...
Bright,
Has been turned on.
Most who chose to delight in darkness,
Have come to realize...
This kept prize has been diminished.
This prize of darkness,
From them has been lifted.
Gone from its prolonged visit.

The light...
Bright,
Has been turned on.
And those fearing the sight of dawn,
Are being effectively etched away from it.
Those fearing the sight of dawn,
Are being minimized...
With the removal of their disguises.
Eyes wide opened welcome Sun rise.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

F.Y.I.

If I wished to reach a goal...
And my thoughts were not assisted?
And all I did was sit and lipped it.
How close to that goal do you think I'd be?

If I sought something to achieve...
And I called for help to do it.
And nothing I did produced anything at all.
Because I waited for others to 'get-on-the-ball'.
What would you think of me?

If I complained about another,
Who accomplished with success.
If you knew I had no motivation...
But to you I would say 'Be Blessed'.
And I mentioned to you,
About my faith in God...
But I was always the one in distressed!
Would you think I was empty and hollow?
And all I did was to say things to impress?

Or would you think I was like the others,
Who sat around doing nothing.
But talking about what they want...
And not making one step,
Towards where they have to get!
I bet you then would think,
Not one of us know the concept of work!
And how that concept to us connects!

But I am not that way at all.
I will surround my life with the best!
And I will do that with the aid,
Of 'quality' magazines I select!
I will visualize what I materialize.
And that is an F.Y.I.
To all who produce sweat...
To get!
But...

Not me!
And that is For Your Information.
Here...
Get to flippin'.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fables And Other Assorted Fantasies

It takes some people,
A very long time to make up their minds...
To digest what conflicts with their beliefs.
Beliefs set in cracking concrete,
Yet kept are their wishes...
If change is to be made at least they should come,
With more of a subtlety done.
Instead of leaving those shocked and horrified,
That a day has arrived...
When truth and the acceptance of facts,
To avoid has become impossible.
Gone is the ease to make that choice.

What had been whispered to mention,
Has found a comfort and sits in backyards now.
But hoping if prayed away to ignore its existance,
Many still hold onto beliefs ignoring the enormity of it...
Will lift to drift away from their presence!
As if a myth like a superstition can be sold,
To those buying into fables and other assorted fantasies.
However...
Stunned are the ones who have become offended,
By anyone who insists,
A scheduling to put reality on their agenda...
Is not a suggestion as it is highly recommended.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fabric Of Corruption

The fabric of corruption,
Is attached and fits...
The frame it has covered,
Like traditions sacred.
And held deep with sentiments.

The comfort of it delights,
The appetite for some.
Who believe the doing of this...
Produces gold with a deceiving tongue.
And leaves a satisfaction,
As good as the sniffing of grandma's biscuits.

It's gets in one's system...
With no getting rid of it.
It is as normal as the licking,
Done by anticipating lips!
And,
Enjoying every bit of it...
Like an addiction meant,
With no attempts to resist!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Façade

Success had meant for many,
The acquiring of things.
And a dress to impress façade.
To gain attention and enhance,
A presence others would give approval...
And meaning.

But today a substance is more in demand.
A quality that expresses a genuine-ness...
Is a preference wished on fading deceiving scenes.

A success that impresses is slowly detected.
Folks today are seeking basic ways to live.
Finding themselves to be happier...
In participating in donating their deeds.
When that is done they quietly leave,
Without a need to make pronouncements.

Success had meant for many,
The acquiring of things.
And a dress to impress façade.
To gain attention and enhance,
A presence others would give approval...
And meaning.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Face

You say you want to see my face,
Before we meet each other for a date.
It will not be 'blind'...
Both of our eyes will be opened wide!
And receiving a picture of my face,
Before I arrive...
Will not describe,
My warmth.
My honesty.
Sincerety or soul.
My humor or integrity.
Nor my good looks!
Well...
Of that I am told.

A picture will not instantly tell you,
The kind of person I am!
And IF you did regard me goodlooking...
That would not mean,
A dime on you I would spend.
So 'if' you'd like to greet and meet...
Do it!
Because a face picture to you,
I will not send!
An 'ho'
Is not what I will be!
Nor is that what I intend!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Face And Fix Those Obstacles

Face and fix those obstacles.
If ignored they will continue to grow.
If you don't do it,
They will never let you go.
And you will be the one regretting...
With eyes not words seen,
With an eyebrow or two lifted...
Expressing this, 'We told you so! '

Face and fix those obstacles.
If ignored they will continue to grow.
If you don't do it,
They will never let you go.
And you will be the one regretting...
With eyes not words seen,
With an eyebrow or two lifted...
Expressing this, 'We told you so! '

Scoop them up with a boot.
Don't be the one regretting.
Snip them quick from the root,
Don't be the one regretting.
Don't adorn your stress as if...
Accessories to brag about,
Like you've been given gifts.

Face and fix those obstacles.
If ignored they will continue to grow.
If you don't do it,
They will never let you go.
And you will be the one regretting...
With eyes not words seen,
With an eyebrow or two lifted...
Expressing this, 'We told you so! '

Scoop them up with a boot.
Don't be the one regretting.
Snip them quick from the root,
Don't be the one regretting.

Don't adorn your stress as if...
Accessories to brag about,
Like you've been given gifts.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Face It For What It Is

A hurting felt doesn't hurt less,
When one pretends an ignoring it...
Will make it end.
Nor does a kept bitterness self inflicted,
Helps to diminish a refusal to forgive,
If one doesn't feel the anguish...
Or admit the pain.
No matter what or who it is,
The one who hurts wishes felt the same.
Many do this and still nothing changes.

A hurting felt doesn't hurt less but remains,
When one pretends an ignoring it...
Will make it end.
Since a pain felt to end,
Has to begin with one being honest...
To face it for what it is to confront.
Until it isn't there anymore,
To welcome as if it should stay valued.
Since time will find a reason,
To forget a hurting that eventually goes away.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Face The Truth Day

'Why are all those people blindfolded?
And hand-cuffed?
Then put in cages.
What have they done? '

It's a new process being introduced,
By community leaders making attempts...
To solve and end the array of problems,
Most have been complaining about...
They wish to see come to an end.
And very innovative is the process too.
After they are put into the cages...
They then are surrounded with mirrors.
It's the first Face The Truth Day.
Here.
Take these ear muffs.

'Why would I wont those?
Hey...
I've just noticed.
Most of those folks are church members.'

And I promise you...
Once those blindfolds are removed,
And it is realized who has caused the problems...
The screams are going to be unbearable.

'Why are the police dressed in riot gear? '

They have been directed to arrest anyone,
Trying to resist reality.
To ensure no one escapes,
Back to their neighborhoods...
Destroying them at the tax payers' expense.

'This is crazy.'

Is it?
This is much more cost effective,

Than continuing supporting their pretense.
To then hear them lay blame to claim,
Their freedoms have been violated...
When the facts presented to them offends.
Take the ear muffs.
They are putting the mirrors into place.
Get ready.
The ones pious that are hypocrites,
Will be heard cursing worse...
Than sailors do aboard their ships.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Face To Face

So busy they were...
Actively preventing others,
From living lives those greedy denied.

Now they are relying upon those trapped and helpless,
To pay for huge deficits.
And warning their quality of life,
Will become jeopardized...
If they do not go along with it.

Now deceit...
Once done behind closed doors,
Has come to stare them face to face...
To strip them of all their assets to erase in disgrace.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Faced With A Path To Master

I feel obligated to provide a presence,
To prove to those also dedicated to a cause...
That their efforts are not futile,
Inspite of the obstacles they live to remove.
Inspite of those decisions and choices we choose.

Too many lose when sitting to think of a quick access,
Just to impress...
Someone else with a pumping up of a chest.
To then feel an emptiness left addressed,
That leaves them alone to condone depression.

The work and the deed that comforts one and pleases,
Is a mindest difficult to embrace as a destination.
During these challenging and changing times.
But each of us are faced with a path to master.
To leave behind fears and doubts to overcome them.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Faces Are Not Happy

What is it about life to live,
In some atmospheres...
When positions are mentioned,
With them given to people...
To address a recognition.
For deeds done in other places,
What one does for others is an expectation.
And not a celebration that one would flaunt.
Not for a doing of deeds benefitting everyone.

What is it about life to live,
In some atmospheres...
That leaves many people more interested,
In participating in creating impressions to make.
Yet a quality of life seems to rapidly fade away.
With meaning, purpose and importance of it meant,
While an absence of it has no prioritized intent.
But everyone brags about what it is they have.
Although faces are not happy. Most faces are sad.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Facing Reality

For the first time in many lives,
There are those facing reality.
Some are now seeing...
That the taking away from someone else,
Does not guarantee...
What has been taken will last forever.
Especially when consuming is involved.
The ending of it if not replenished,
Is going to be felt.

And then there are those,
Who will not let others take from them.
Regardless of how they are depicted.
Terrorists, enemies or whatever.
And if those who start conflicts were so great.
Why do they depend on their greatness,
By the taking away from others?
And why do they have to create sensations,
For the sake of keeping their mental deformities sold.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Facing Rejection

Feelings may be hidden but felt not to lie,
From a heart left broken no matter how disguised.
So many fear,
Facing rejection.
So many fear,
Admitting how they feel.
So many fear,
No one will accept what is felt and real...
To keep that hidden and not to reveal.

So many fear the facing of rejection.
So many fear admitting how they feel,
To keep that hidden with it not revealed.

Feelings may be hidden but felt not to lie.
No matter how disguised this is felt inside.
Feelings may be hidden but felt not to lie.
Pain numbed eventually returns to be done.
Proving to the one temporarily numbed,
A rejection to taste maybe better to face.

So many fear,
Facing rejection.
So many fear,
Admitting how they feel.
So many fear,
No one will accept what is felt and real...
To keep that hidden and not to reveal.

Feelings may be hidden but felt not to lie.
No matter how disguised this is felt inside.
Feelings may be hidden but felt not to lie.
Pain numbed eventually returns to be done.
Proving to the one temporarily numbed,
A rejection to taste maybe better to face.

So many fear,
Facing rejection.
Proving to the one temporarily numbed,

Pain numbed eventually returns to be done.
Feelings may be hidden but felt not to lie.
No matter how disguised this is felt inside.
Proving to the one temporarily numbed,
Pain numbed eventually returns to be done.

So many fear,
Facing rejection.
But rejection to taste maybe better to face.
A rejection to taste maybe better to face.

So many fear,
Facing rejection.
But rejection to taste maybe better to face.
A rejection to taste maybe better to face.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Facing What Could Have Been Done

By the time a maturity awakens,
In the minds of those seduced to stay asleep...
An existence of truth that has always been available,
Will be as useless as those wishing to eat steak...
Carved up on a plate,
And with a readiness to satiate...
But without neither real or false teeth.

And although it may be 'gummed'...
The act of facing what could have been done,
Is a pointless one.
Since there is no point,
In turning back a clock.
If the ticking of the tock of it...
Has long come to a stop!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fact Finders

Fact finders and those who can not face facts,
Will always disagree at the expense of those...
Who choose to oppose 'anything' they may regard,
As highly offensive.
Truth offends anyone with a mind closed,
To be kept within limits.
And fact finders know those who oppose facts,
Wish to maintain control with the telling of lies.
If people are not wise to contradictions,
Or hyprocisies that manipulate...
There will 'forever' be divisions, indecisions,
And a postering done to invite conflicts.
FACTS and not re-written attachments,
Are not what reality makes for the ones dumbed down.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fact Finding

Detecting ignorance,
Prevents the lost of integrity!

Apparently...
Researching the evidence,
Has slowed the process to secure results!

It seems no one has been deemed qualified,
To proceed with the challenging task
Of fact finding!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Facts

Give me some of that stacked you've got packed.
Give me some of those facts,
Carried on your back.

Give me some of that stacked you've got packed.
Give me some of those facts,
Carried on your back.

People don't want to believe,
You've got the facts.
People don't want to believe,
Facts like that.
No the people don't want to believe,
You've got the facts.
No the People don't want to believe,
Facts like that.

But,
Give me some of that stacked you've got packed.
Give me some of those facts,
Carried on your back.

Give me some of that stacked you've got packed.
Give me some of those facts,
Carried on your back.

So many people...
Accustomed to be dumbdowned,
People...
Loving to be kept deluded,
People...
Accustomed to be dumbdowned,
Are people....
Fearing to run from the truth.

Give me some of that stacked you've got packed.
Give me some of those facts,
Carried on your back.

I said to give me some of that stacked batched you carry.
Give me some of those facts,
You've got stacked.

People...
Accustomed to be dumbdowned,
People...
Loving to be kept deluded,
People...
Accustomed to be dumbdowned,
Are people....
Fearing to run from the truth.

People...
Accustomed to be dumbdowned,
Are people...
Loving to be kept deluded,
People...
Accustomed to be dumbdowned,
Are people....
Fearing to run from the truth.

Give me some of your facts,
To loosen up your back.
Give me some of those facts,
You've got stacked.

So many people...
Accustomed to be dumbdowned,
Are people...
Loving to be kept deluded,
People...
Accustomed to be dumbdowned,
Are people....
Fearing to run from the truth.

People...
Fear the facts and turn their backs.
Are people...
So deluded they boot truth.

Give me some of that stacked you've got packed.

Give me some of those facts,
Carried on your back.

Give me some of that stacked you've got packed.
Give me some of those facts,
I can handle that.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Facts Are Surfacing All Over The Place

Confronting anyone today with facts,
Not thickly coated in enriching sweetness...
Begins in an unending argument!
Oh...
Wait a minute!
That was yesterday.

Today...
Facts are surfacing all over the place.
Creating protests for a return,
Of those yesterdays!

The speed by which truth is being exposed,
Has diluted those minds uncertain to determine...
From which 'reality' to pick and choose.
And 'this' has confused the minds of many.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Facts Enacted

Very few 'doers' are without their critics.
And they may be relatives.
Or 'close' friends to suspect.

When one does things that are made public...
No matter who they are,
They will be scrutinized.
And flooded with advice and suggestions to test!

Very few 'doers' are without their critics.
Especially those who have expressed their concerns.
They are the ones often scandalized.
With a receiving of a 'burning'
For their good deeds in return.

And the evidence of that...
Becomes evident,
With the witnessing of those facts enacted.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Facts Have Been Subtracted

Regardless of those statements you've made,
To anyone who has given you time to listen.

I was the one who accepted your blemishes and flaws.
I had been the one,
Giving you time to disrespect mine.

And I was the one...
To turn my back on another one of your excuses.

And I am sure any empathy you have manged to gather,
Facts have been subtracted...
From your version and depiction of truth.

And of this I am certain from witnessing your past.
Since your routine suffers from a much needed update.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Facts I'Ve Learned To Face

Those expectations I have for myself,
Has yet to require
A solicitation of assistance.

Although I do feel I owe you the respect,
Of perceiving my abilities
In need of direction.

Trust me
I am not seeking that kind of guidance.
Perhaps one day I will more receptive.

It is enough for me,
Just to complete what it is that I do.
And the discovery of that,
Has kept my focus on track.

I had been one distracted,
By too many delusions carried on my back.
But not today.
Not with the facts I've learned to face.
And the facing of those facts
Has kept me on track.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Facts Of Life

It's to be understood.
Not discussed.
To do so will bring upon shame.
A certain digust,
Will lead to finger pointing and blame.

That's why when it is mentioned...
There is a rush to hush it!
There may be claims made,
To defame those proclaiming their righteousness.
And the status of those
Who have established themselves...
As household 'names'.

It is best to leave this gossiped.
Best to play the rumor game.
It is best to whisper this in ears.
To let it simmer first to ignite the heat!
Then pass unnoticed through the streets...
While observing those who did not know,
Engage in a flaming rage...
As their tempers flare and increase!

Leaving are those who chose to maintain their silence...
To live their lives with peace of mind.
And doing that in discreet.
Being uninvolved!
Finding to be concerned a waste of time.
As they have learned.

To keep their peace.
To live among those who react...
Without exploring the facts of life!
As known.
And not assumed to suspect.
Or allow it to be condoned!

This conditioning process observed...
Is left alone.

As they watch those select,
From offerings presented.
And rejecting the rest to go neglected.
Resenting,
Lessons one needs.
But choosing to refuse any test...
To broaden a limited consciousness.
And behind they are left and kept,
To protest in a collective ignorance digested.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Facts Remain Unchanged

I did what?

Use YOU,
To accomplish MY deeds?

Let's see.
I know you suffer from selective memory.
And 'if' that is what you are saying to others...
I hope you are 'also' stating to them,
'You' approached and 'solicited' me.
With deeds I had already accomplished.
And those deeds accomplished,
Inspired 'you' to acquire 'your' notoriety.
And the scope of that,
Has been based upon your exaggerations.

And I bet,
How we met...
Is not a part of your conversation,
You have with others at all.
And I am not a gambler with a taste for faking.

Your embellishments may bring to you attention,
But the facts remain unchanged.
No matter how you attempt to re-arrange them.
And I 'hope' you are not attempting to 'use' me...
To score your ego points!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Facts Remembered

No longer do I participate,
In prolonged conversations...
Involving events that had taken place.

Especially when people refuse to trace,
Any evidence they left to leave...
As to why they are so compassionate.
When all they did was to seek exits.
With a means to find an easy escape.

But today they speak,
In the hopes that facts remembered...
From those listening have been erased.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Facts With Truth Told

Anyone making attempts,
To get advice from someone...
Who has not experienced,
The tolerance it takes...
To remove layers of confusion,
Place in their heads...
To embed with a permanence,
With a hope to distance them further...
From their own identities to feel with depth,
Can not be seeking from them a truth to be told.
Not to advance their enhancement or growth.
Since the doing of that,
Would involved the revealing of facts.
And facts with truth told,
Too many are still finding offensive...
To 'pretend' a defense with a dignity felt,
Deep within their souls.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fading Standards

Preferences to feast,
Decrease.

Many admit that theirs...
Have long ago ceased.

Some have minimized,
And selected a few treasures to keep.

While those who thought they had many choices...
Try to hide themselves!
With collected assets they own,
Behind them dragged.
In plastic bags!

Or carried with embarrassment,
From under bridges or street corners.
Looking disheveled and in lament.
To blend in fast...
With fading standards.
Bearing college degrees but can't pay rent!

As they mingle and stand with others...
Today!
Victims of a way of life,
From them taken away.

But it was just yesterday,
It seems.
They had sat in comfort and laughing.
Believing their selfishness would last.
But,
Mock no more or jokes to tell they do...
Not!
As they sit in sadness...
Amongst those same folks,
They once called trash!

As they once drove from their suburban nests...

To come to squeeze the life from those,
Barely surviving on urban city blocks!
Who knew those times...
Would for them suddenly stop?

'Did you...?
Mister and Missus Whiffenpoofer?

Okay!
Listen up!

Clairemonts, Duponts and Jones.
Here are your uniforms and brooms.
We are commencing our 'Civic Pride Project'.
Come...
There is much to be done.
Too much to clean...
To sit and look stunned!
And Mister and Missus Whiffenpoofer,
That applies to you too!

All uniforms issued...
Are the color blue!

Do not concern yourselves,
With 'those' eating and feeding.
You will see them later.
We have hired them as our guides,
To introduce you to the fundamentals of 'Street Cred'.
Short for 'reality' check!

They are professional.
We made sure to secure the best.
And of course...
Insure their happiness.

Follow me!
To the 'change' we all can believe in! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Failure

What is it about failure,
That some seem to have come...
To enjoy it done and love seeing the most?
Has this been an intentional acquired desire?
With it observed as others do it.
Or is it a thrill some get,
While assisting folks to ensure 'their' failures...
Done to do is appropriate.
Is it something chosen some have found easy to do?
And sought after as attractive to accomodate a pursuit?
Some seem to seek it to validate their lives too!

'Those people over there walk as if,
They have purpose, initiaitive...
And lives to live with a meaning meant.
How stupid they are to believe in that nonsense.
Huh? '

~Yeah.
They must be visitors.~

'Naw.
I've seen them before.
Charading around others to ignore.
They just don't know what failure is!
That's how stupid they are.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Failure Of Imagination

Abundantly I come to you.
To grant you abundant gifts.
Receive them from the heavens.
Perceive them in the air you breathe.

See yourself with wealth of health.
Close your eyes and increase your desires.
Release yourself from limitation...
And allow abundance in to begin.
Witness...
And surround yourself in it.
Surrender and break away,
From boundaries created within.

Do not accept a failure of imagination...
To keep you depleted,
In a devastation.
Have you forgotten how to feed your dreams?
Leaving them in a mental freeze needing to be thawed?
Needing to be freed as you wish them to be!
Now.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Failure To Face

A failure to face,
Is not meant to stay pretty.
And perhaps the reason,
So many avoid...
Being honest with themselves.

To then be seen publicly,
Making foolish attempts...
To keep their deceptions,
Meant to excuse the obvious
For as long as they possibly can.
Before a truth exposed,
Becomes too unbearable to remain...
Deceived to leave,
Anything one says left to depict...
As suspicious and having,
Ulterior motives.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Failures

Ironically,
They wanted to see him fail.
And with effort they collectively,
Have consciously chosen to do this.
And ironic has been the exposure,
Of their own concentration not to accept...
Those failures they will not and can not admit.
The ones done by their own creation.
The ones they deny upon them reflect.
They want to prove themselves more competent.
But the evidence of it has of yet to be revealed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Failures Found

Success may come,
To those wishing others failure.
But a failure to wish on others to come,
With it done...
May keep those feeling very successful.
For their ability to create such failures.
Only to end up paying for a mess.
Indebted to the excess,
Of their own kept ignorance.
And the expense of this is exorbitant.
Look around anywhere,
To observe failures found.
And find you will,
Those using failures of others...
Believing what they've created,
Leaves them feeling good about themselves.
Publicly.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fair Is Not Equal

(1-2-3 and...)
Make it stop!

You can not!

And this takes,

All you've got!

People from their pain,
Turn away.
And there's nothing anyone,
Can say.
Advice that's good they don't obey!
And,
A price for this some people pay!

To stop it not!

Fair is not equal.
People see this everyday.
Repeated sequels...
Relived by some who love to stray,
Just to keep a fake face in place.

Make it stop!
You can not!
And this takes,
All you've got!

Fair is not equal.
People see this everyday.
Repeated sequels...
Relived by some who love to stray,
To keep charades played...
Made to chase.

Yet it doesn't go away.
No matter what the price paid.

But make it stop!
You can not!
And this takes,
All you've got!

People from their pain,
Turn away.
To make it stop.
And nothing listened can be said,
To make it stop.
And this goes over people's heads.

(1-2-3 and...)
Make it stop!

You can not!

And this takes,

All you've got!

'Til it's dropped...
And gone!

People from their pain,
Turn away.
To make it stop.
And there's nothing you,
Can say.
To make it stop.
Advice that's good they don't obey!
To make it stop.
A price for this some people pay!
To make it stop.
A price for this some people pay!
To make it stop.

Fair is not equal.
People see this everyday.
And it wont stop.

People see this everyday.
And it wont stop.

People see this everyday.
And it wont stop.

People see this everyday.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Faith Alone Is All One Needs To Succeed

If those of goodwill, peace and harmony...
Have created foundations with the spreading of this,
And there are many of these 'structures' today that exist...
With signs adorning them to capitalize upon their purposes.
Where on the streets that support corrupted minds,
Increasing with the giving of time...
Are the ones with those lofty ambitions?

Could they be inside those places hiding,
And too afraid to show their faces...
Outside where their actions,
Would interact with those in need.
And there is a belief...
A faith alone is all one needs to succeed.
And kept inside is a dependency on going through the rituals.
And not performing the actuality of their deeds.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Faith And Gratitude

In the midst of seeking joy,
Where is the search one makes...
To show and express faith and gratitude?

Many pleased with their lives,
Seem to be absent in the display of it.
Although complaining quite a bit is heard and done.

Everyone enjoys some attention when they get it.
Even if not admitted...
Statistics will prove that is why conflicts are commited.

In the midst of seeking joy,
Where is the search one makes...
To show and express faith and gratitude.

I am not too heavily traveled,
But there are days I wish I observed more people...
Determined with a purpose just to express this.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Faith And Hope

Some brick walls are easier to penetrate.
And that depends on when they were cemented.
The thickness.
And the chipping done,
Has to be taken into consideration.
Knowing that one's patience,
Still has to be applied.
And there is no going around it.
No matter how hard one tries.

One can choose to flee.
Or proceed to chip away quick.
Or begin this process slowly.
Just do what needs to be done.
There are obstacles to rid.
Faced by everyone.
Those who cope...
Realize the value place in faith and hope.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Faith And Jesus

Jesus came back into my life.
But I had to get myself ready...
This time to make things right.

Jesus came back into my life.
But I had to get myself ready...
This time without a struggle.
Prepared to pick a fight!

Misgivings?
I had to leave.
Deceiving...
People,
Who left my heart to bleed!

Receiving?
More love to give!
Leaving behind me...
All the things negative!

Jesus came back into my life.
But I had to get myself ready...
This time without struggle or fight.

Jesus came back into my life.
But I had to get myself ready...
This time to make things right.

Receiving?
More love to give!
Leaving behind me...
All the things negative!

And believing,
I had to see!
I held misery inside,
That grieved and troubled me!

Yes...

Jesus came back into my life.
But I had to get myself ready...
This time to make things right.

Said...
Jesus came back into my life.
But I had to get myself ready...
This time without struggle!
Prepared to pick fight.

Misgivings?
I had to leave.
Deceiving...
People,
Who left my heart to bleed!

I'm living,
Stronger each day.
I've got what it takes..
To make sure what I've got,
Stays that way!

Hey...
Jesus came back into my life.
But I had to get myself ready,
This time to make things right.

I had to get myself ready,
This time to make things right!

Pettiness is fading steady...
With faith and Jesus on my side!

Jesus came back into my life.
But I had to get myself ready...
This time to make things right.

I had to get myself ready...
Without a struggle!
Or a search to fight.

This time I'm more than ready,

Knowing what it takes to feed...
My growing appetite!

'Don't lock it up...
Let it out and rock it!
Collect the good that's offered you,
And share it from your pocket! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Faith I Don'T Question

How can I 'see' some things and you don't?
That's a good question.
One I can not explain.

When I see a clear path,
I walk on it.
There may be some obstacles.
I face them and move on.

You,
I hear rustling through the brush,
Cussing at the leaves falling from trees.
And criticizing the insects,
And other animals in their natural habitat.

I hear you struggling over aches and pains.
You inflicted them.
On that route you insist you must maintain.

When I see a clear path,
I walk on it.
There may be some obstacles.
I face them and move on.

How can I 'see' some things and you don't?
That's a good question.
One I can not explain.

I make sure the path I'm on,
Has some direction.
And I stay on it with faith,
I don't question.
I just 'do' and let God be my guide!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Faith I Keep

The only thing I know today with certainty,
Is a yesterday I was blessed to live..
With the same devotion to a faith I keep.
Anything else on my path I have yet to witness,
With the same devotion to a faith I keep...
Will be met with a certainty I am blessed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Faith Restricted

So glad am I faith restricted my attempts...
To take tempting shortcuts,
Around those obstacles I did not want to face.
So glad am I,
To have been faith restricted.

So glad it was not stubbornness but insight...
That shown as if a beacon bright,
On my path and journey.
Those doubts that appeared disappeared quickly.
So glad am I,
To have been faith restricted.

So glad am I to have been open to criticisms.
And not afraid to stumble and quit.
With an ego driven into embarrassment.
So glad am I,
To have been faith restricted.

So glad it was not stubbornness but insight...
That shown as if a beacon bright,
On my path and journey.
Those doubts that appeared disappeared quickly.
So glad am I,
To have been faith restricted.
Having it strong and blessed with it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Faith Unbroken

The 'true' unemployment numbers...
Will stun those awaiting the percentages,
Of collected statistics.

If anyone believes the rise of foreclosures,
And people sneaking to eat government cheese...
Is as reported?
To have them believed?
There are more than delusions,
On these shores being imported.

The economy is in a state of an emergency.
The dollar is thisclose to worthless.
Why people are being deceived about this?
Is a joke provoked upon those hopeless.
Faith unbroken,
Is not the same as keeping stupidity alive,
To thrive.

Truth has always been the enemy,
To the ones clinging onto...
How things use to and should be.
Hospitals have become a booming industry.
With countless of people trying to escape,
From reality.

There are more today being medicated,
To continue 'trips' in mental escapades.
No one wants to deal with the way things are.
So they believe all they need to do is pray!

Anyone disobedient to discipline,
Eventually suffers the consequences.
Whether it's from greed that's being fed,
Relentlessly to heads.
Or ignoring the obvious...
With a wish to fly away from it instead.

Sweeping dust under a rug to then shrug shoulders,

Does not a lightened load to those shoulders make.
Pretensions are fine for those who wine and dine on them.
But a wake up call,
When it comes...
Is best to answer than make attempts from it to escape.
And attempts to escape from the inevitable...
Creates tremendous heartache.
Solutions then become few!

Faith unbroken,
Is not the same as keeping stupidity alive,
To thrive.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Faith Within

Everyday I feel blessed,
To awaken and not address my ailments.
Or seek with this acknowledgement,
A reason to complain about my circumstances.

A faith within me I know exist,
Has done this.

I hear others disrespect themselves,
With criticisms directed.
I hear comments returned to them,
By those sharing a mutual unconsciousness.

Everyday I feel blessed,
To awaken and not address my ailments.
With a facing of those obstacles,
Presented on my path to test.

And yet,
I know from where my blessings come...
To on me become bestowed.
A faith within me I know exist,
Has done this.
And I am able to let go,
Of that which troubles me.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Faith, Hope And Trust

We all make those decisions,
To follow that which attracts...
Our footsteps to walk on certain paths.

Some choose to seek a validation given.
Hopeful that an approval,
Will greet and meet them along the way.

Others make selections because of 'something' felt.
Something inside at first denied.
And feelings of aloneness upon them are dealt.

We all make those decisions,
To follow that which attracts...
Our footsteps to walk on certain paths.

And one day that climb on a path begins to clear.
A purpose that erases doubts...
Inside is felt to be near.

And all fears one had of being alone with feelings sad,
Disappear.
Knowing it was faith, hope and trust...
That never left them abandoned.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Faith, Stamina And Endurance

When their worshipped nonsense is avoided,
There is a degree of offensiveness felt.
A wounding perceived has been inflicted.
And...
A pressure to share their ideals begins to ease.

Such self destructing ways as seen,
Are no longer felt as a need to become entrapped...
To a conformity regularly celebrated with hoopla.
Since one's hunger for that diminishes.
Like a permanent lifestyle change.

And a self indulgence adapted within minds...
Accustomed to dictated limitations,
Ceases to become a test of one's faith, stamina and endurance.
With a life chosen to live less influenced,
By a marketing of decadence...
Observed from the sidelines as the unconscious helps it thrive.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Faithful

Feeling uncomfortable,
Inside your own home?
And although people reside within it,
Do you still feel all alone?

Do you find excuses,
To constantly use and be on the telephone?
Is your mate and/or spouse suspicious of this?
Do you proclaim to be faithful?

And...
Is that stuttering you often do when questioned,
A medical condition?
Or an unconcious habit that begins an argument?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Faithful To Their 'Things'

Raw and sugarless...
That's the reality,
Many will be forced to see...
As 2011 continues on its journey.

Many and not a few,
Are going to view the days ahead...
As if visiting unaided by delusions,
For the very first time.

Crimes by those still blind,
Will be commited...
To try to bling and ca-ching their way,
To impress someone in those dead days gone.

Prolonged agonies attached to things,
Will remind those of Moses' return...
From the summit of Mount Sinai.
But even that symbolic image...
Will fly over heads,
Like a peeping satellite!

Raw and sugarless...
That's the reality,
Many will be forced to see...
As 2011 continues on its journey.

Leaving many to fight over the worthlessness,
Of possessions still taxed.
But as long as they gleam and glisten,
They will find a reason and meaning to live...
As faithful to their 'things',
As a marketing of them will allow!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Faithfully Deluded

Repeatedly disbelief is expressed.
Although...
The presence of police,
Has increased to address...
The rise of crime in schools and on streets,
In inner cities and neighborhoods...
Where people are left to suspect,
Everyone they meet to admit their disbelief.
And with a doing on a daily basis...
Reality to face is erased to delete and disconnect.

Acceptance to leave with delusions to keep,
Has not yet kept the people assured of finding peace.
Acceptance to leave with delusions to keep,
Has not yet kept pretentions a standard to value...
Without them protected or witnessed to be released,
As ideals of reality to re-enforce has lost its endorsement.
While too many people are observed to bleed,
From an unlimited ignorance too overwhelming...
So effective that those defending it...
Choose to become offended when truth is introduced.

And yet...
Repeatedly disbelief is expressed.
Although...
The presence of police,
Has increased to address...
The rise of crime in schools and on streets,
In inner cities and neighborhoods...
Where people are left to suspect,
Everyone they meet to admit their disbelief.
Although...
Repeatedly disbelief is expressed.
And yet...
Those who are wishing to have this mindset corrected,
Are found to have offended those who are faithfully deluded.

'Let us pray for better days to come.'

~I don't intentionally wish to offend anyone,
But...
Wouldn't it be more effective,
If we got up off our knees with a proving we could do it? ~

'And leave our dependency on delusion?
That would be blasphemous.
And we are not that foolish to offend our kept beliefs.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fake An Amnesia

When a truth spoken,
Reveals overwhelming opposition...
There 'is' an alternative one can take.

Keep a truth known protected,
Not to be exposed,
In places where delusion is the main event.
And celebrated on a regular basis.

It pays first for one to be observant,
To that which is highly regarded.
No matter what temptations present themselves,
To tease with a going against the grain...
Of what is accepted and cherished as tradition.

When a truth spoken,
Reveals overwhelming opposition...
There 'is' an alternative one can take.
Fake an amnesia!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fake Makers

There are some of us who have a right to be outrageous!
And completely crazed by lives lived chasing materialistic dreams.
Trying to express a happiness by the acquisition of things...
Brings heartbreak and remorse.
And of course...
A dose of suffering.

Then someone comes along whistling and singing a happy song.
Someone who could have been suppressed but isn't!
Someone who tells the truth and isn't fazed at all by the telling of it.
Someone whose eyes dance and sparkle with sanity.

'SANITY? '

Yep!
And no one has ever seen anyone like him before.
No one ever dreamed or could expect.

'Just words!
And the use of them,
Can eliminate your burdens...
And stop them from riding on your back again!
'Just words' he says.'

Pumping the idea of change into our heads.
Raising minds to a higher consciousness instead.
Beyond racist divisions and those committed to deceit!
Those who kept us with beliefs...
We need to remain,
Living lives self destructing on urban streets!

'Just words', He says. 'Just words! ', He repeats.

And what an economic mistake that has been!
Not to mention the stress on a mindset oppressed...
By the fake makers who say they protect the American Dream.
With 'words' it seems.
While poisoning all the slices of grandma's apple pie.

And exposing fresh schemes to keep everyone optimistic.
And with each piece of decadence served...
There are those first tempted to taste to ease the tease.
Believing this they deserve.
However...
It is recommended one 'sees' it for what it is!
But it is suggested one is better off,
If what is seen is left alone for something genuine!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fake News

Fake news.
Truths diluted to delude.
Lives lived hyped to deceive,
And fictionalize facts.
Where has been reality?
Or proof with evidence,
To reveal it had ever existed.
Whether today, yesterday...
Or in anyone's,
Remembered past.
Why is that news to fake,
Become suddenly prioritized...
As a part of life,
Designated to eliminate.
To be replaced by what?
Honesty?
From whose perception?
And who oversees,
The correcting of deceptions?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Faked Faith Tolerated Fades

Some more will come.
Thy 'Will' for them...
Will be done.
And all then will come to see...
A way dictated to others to live,
Is a falsity observed decreasing.
With nothing about it positive.

More will even come to know,
Only God 'our' Father...
Can bestow,
What it is,
We need to live and grow.
This as it is,
Is the life one should live.

A faked faith tolerated,
Has...
Gone away.
A faked faith tolerated,
Fades.

A faked faith tolerated,
Has...
Gone away.
A faked faith tolerated,
Fades.

More will even come to know,
Only God 'our' Father...
Can bestow,
What it is,
We need to live and grow.
This as it is,
Is the life one should live.

A faked faith tolerated,
Has...
Gone away.

A faked faith tolerated,
Fades.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Faked To Create

I grew up encouraged to think independently.
And to believe 'everything' I saw on TV,
Was faked to create what was not real.

Many haven't had that opportunity.
And live controlled and unfortunate lives.
Not because of TV.
But because they've been taught,
To have thoughts to think...
Is a waste to keep them processed,
And a value that has no place.

I grew up encouraged to think independently.
And to believe 'everything' I saw on TV,
Was faked to create what was not real.
I feel so alone sometimes,
When I have trouble finding the remote.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Faker

Can you come take this back...
This sadness that you wrapped.
And kept in a sack,
That seeps out this madness.

Can you give up on a hate...
You made from your mistakes.
Prefabricated to induce
A 'paradise' based on a fluke.

On lies you had us both go through!

You're a faker!
Heartbreaker...
Of the fools you make!

Faker!
Such a sick...
Degenerate!

Faker!
I want to leave you with this,
'See my balled fist?
I want to give you some of it! '

You're a faker!
Heartbreaker...
Of the fools you make!

Faker!
Such a sick...
Degenerate!

Faker!
I want to leave you with this,
'See my balled fist?
I want to give you some of it! '

Faker!

Can you come take this back.
Faker!
This sadness that you wrapped.
Faker!
I want to leave you with this,
'See my balled fist?
I want to give you some of it! '

You're a faker!
Can you give up on a hate?
Heartbreaker.
Of the fools like me you make!
Faker!
I want to leave you with this,
'See my balled fist?
I want to give you much of it! '

Can you come take this back...
This sadness that you wrapped,
And kept in a sack!
That seeps out this madness.
Faker!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fakers Of Faith

Limited by fakers of faith...
Ready to share their praises,
With defeat and downfall on their lips.
Christians only in quick church visits.
Describing the evils,
And how they deal with it.
Uniting to bring themselves to levels
They understand.
Allowing those to sing the blues
And those who come with good news,
Are looked upon with disgust and contempt!
Smiling faces are abandoned...
With these messages sent
From those who claim to 'know' God!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Faking It For Them Is Easy To Replicate

I've always believed poetry to be,
A depiction of life as seen.
Not a conversation between poets...
Trying to convince a public,
With influence a significance.
Whether real or imagined.

I've always believed poetry to be,
One's 'calling' like a ministry.
And without unnecessary bickering done,
By those who have no clue.
Or will ever have one!
As to what it takes to create.
Since faking it for them is easy to replicate.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Faking Love And That's All

People think that love is easily made.
And if it's not to their taste,
Somewhere else they will play charades.
But this is not true love.

Some people think that if they shop in malls...
Someone on an escalator,
Will solve their love calls.
But this is not true love.

Some will debate it's over-rated,
The meaning of love.
Some overdo it to inflate it,
The meaning of love.
Some lay and fake it,
The meaning of love.
And,
Some-just-toss-it out of their way.

Some will debate it's over-rated,
The meaning of love.
Some overdo it to inflate it,
The meaning of love.
Some lay and fake it,
The meaning of love.
And,
Some-never-had-love meant to stay.

People think that love is easily made.
And if it's not to their taste,
Somewhere else they will play charades.
But this is not true love.

Some people think that if they shop in malls...
Someone on an escalator,
Will solve their love calls.
But this is not true love.

Some will debate it's over-rated,

The meaning of love.
Some overdo it to inflate it,
The meaning of love.
Some lay and fake it,
The meaning of love.
And,
Some-never-had-love meant to stay...

With one that was a lover.
A lover in love.
Making loving like no other,
Faking love and that's all.

With one that was a lover.
A lover in love.
Making loving like no other,
Faking love and that's all.

Making loving like no other,
Faking love and that's all.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fall Of Greatness

The fall of greatness comes
When one believes himself the best
He sees his quest uncontested...
And he second guesses the foe he shuns!

The fall of greatness comes.
Suspicion rides a guilty back,
Who announces the enemy prepares for attack!
When even the boarders aren't secure!
How much of this nonsense can people endure?

The fall of greatness comes.
And only the ones who lie can be blamed.
A culture of crooks whose strategies are lame.
And they claim themselves to be superior to who?
They took a gamble and lost!
Losing integrity to a dollar and their credibility too!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

'Fall Off! ...Again! '

What do you expect from me?
A sigh of relief?
A show of gratitude...
That we have ended our 'beefs'?
You waited much too long
To get off your 'high horse'...
Remove chips off your shoulders,
Continuing our discourse!
I know I'm not an angel,
Even though I can pretend I'm one!
But you didn't want to pretend at all...
Which left me rather hurt
To build this bitterness that has begun!
You shouldn't be stunned!
There has been many things I've done...
To end this foolishness!
But you were the one
Who thought your actions fun
And my patience has left you dismissed!
It has long said, 'Fall Off! Bitch! '
What do you expect from me?
A sigh of relief?
A show of gratitude...
That 'we' have ended out 'beefs'?
Coming to me now,
To say our friendship again you seek
Is much too late!
You thought I would wait,
But to me you're no more than a creep!
'Fall off! ...AGAIN! '
Don't bring me your grief!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fallen On Hard Times?

Fallen on hard times?
Harder than those times,
You have fallen on before?
And with more stinging to the knees?

Think of it as a rehearsal to perfect,
A happiness to look forward to.
Since eventually behind you,
Will be left this mess to forget.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fallen Twigs

Not one interest do I have,
To be caught up in the mix...
And added to the list,
Of unfortunate statistics.

Too many lessons I have learned,
From feeding those yearnings that burned...
To leave me mentally drained and physically sick,
Because of desires I had to be a part of it.

Not one interest do I have,
To be caught up in the mix...
And added to the list,
Of unfortunate statistics.

Too many I have seen that were demeaned,
After exhausting themselves for someone else...
To be left as fallen twigs.
To wither of potential that held promises to bloom.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Falling Apart

They are falling apart.
Greed has split them into pieces.
Palms greased in stench,
Leaves their sleazed fingerprints.
And those who fed upon decadence bleed...
Themselves,
In public declarations...
With a united front and schemes,
Crumbling at the seams.

They are falling apart.
Faster than a hyped staged production,
With actors cast...
In a performance the audience wish would end fast.
'This is crap! This is trash! '
And everyone observing knows it.
Except the one who directs.
As those who have become angered by lost investments...
Wait in the wings heated,
And with one noose!
To slip and squeeze around the deceiver's neck!

They are falling apart and quite upset!
A fool they have followed,
Now brings them deep regret.
Yet they were the ones...
All of them together.
In total acceptance.
When the plot was initialized...
But not realizing the mess,
That had already infested their nest.
By selecting someone,
They have come to detest.

They are falling apart.
It is being shown and confessed.
But these crimes committed should not be forgiven.
Save the energy of protest.
These demons should be arrested for treason!

Just for creating terrorists and inciting racial unrest.

'Look! Up in the sky.
What is that? '

That's another thing to be discussed.
They've been monitoring this for years.
It is going to be difficult...
But keep your focus,
On one reality at a time.

They are here to provide maintenance,
If you must know!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Falling Into Slumber

Falling into slumber,
In a peaceful sleep relieved...
That steps I've taken,
Did not shaken me.

I had those doubts descending.
But I faced them to set them free.
I had those doubts descending,
But faith was not chased from me.

Falling into slumber,
And...
I feel so pleased,
I did not fear what appeared...
On my path to leave.

I'm not one to be frightened,
Of a mission to complete.
I'm not one to leave a mission,
To feel defeat.
I seek to be tested.
With a quest to be my best.
And I can not rest,
If my best is thought to be less.

Falling into slumber.
And at peace to feel relieved.
I am falling into slumber.
And with myself I do feel pleased,
To do it with all doubts removed!

Falling into slumber,
I will sleep...
Peacefully.
With a falling into slumber,
I do it with relief and feeling pleased...
All doubts I had have been removed.

Falling into slumber,

I do it with relief and feeling pleased...
All doubts I had have been removed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

False Beliefs And Misconceptions

We've been there.
To witness conflicts.
As if to approve of them to start.
We've been aware,
Of our hypocrisies.
And valued contradictions.
Kept to entertain us,
From dawn until dusk.
As if delusions to keep,
Have become a need to feed upon.

Everyone declares being sick of it.
Yet everywhere this acceptance,
Of a shown decadence exists.
With people insisting,
Their problems have yet to be fixed.

If a street is trashed.
And garbage all day on it sits.
Who's responsible to allow,
The removing of it to permit.

And if a child is acting crazed.
With other children being wild,
Who then decides a discipline...
From them omitted,
Is an appropriate time...
For an introduction of it to get.

False beliefs and misconceptions...
Kill,
Futures.
Kept false beliefs deceived to save,
Create mental illnesses.
Leaving no one to benefit...
From false beliefs to worship!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

False Faces

I have got a 'thing'
For trust.
And loyalty.
I've got this 'thing',
For being who it is that I am.
I have got a 'thing',
For people who portray...
A charading to be what they're not.
With faces to mask to then drop,
A parading to masquerade.
When attention they get starts to fade.

Gone everyday are the masks.
But...
Some still choose to charade.
Gone everyday are impressions made.
But...
Parading false faces stay.

I have got a 'thing'
For trust.
But some still choose to charade.
I can't stand people who parade,
A faking who they are to masquerade.

Gone everyday are the masks.
But...
Some still choose to charade.
Gone everyday are impressions made.
But...
Parading false faces stay.

False faces.
Under masks cast,
False faces.
To discover fast.
False faces.
Under masks cast,
False faces.

To discover fast.

Gone everyday are the masks.
But...
Some still choose to charade.
Gone everyday are impressions made.
But...
Parading false faces stay.

False faces.
Under masks cast,
False faces.
To discover fast.
False faces.
Under masks cast,
False faces.
To discover fast.
False faces.
Under masks cast,
False faces.
To discover fast.
False faces.
Under masks cast,
False faces.
To discover fast.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

False Information

Why are you dropping 'those' crumbs?

'Look behind us.
Thay have been following us for months.'

So why are you teasing them,
By doing that?

'I want them to believe,
They have pioneered this path.'

I know that.
You know that.
But they...
Have no clue.

'What do you think the others will say,
When we reach our destination? '

Nothing.
Probably give them false information,
To assist in re-writing their history.

'That's not funny.'

I find it hysterical.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

False Pride

It's not about the rhythm that you keep.
Or the way that you pat your feet to the beat.
It's all about the moving that you do,
When you get to grooving.

It's not about those things that you've got,
That eye pop.
To think I'll be impressed...
But I'm not!
I don't want to be used by someone
Slick and fooling.

I'd like to have fun with a special one.
I'm not about to be undone by a hunt.
To be captured and put up with a false pride,
You prize!

I'm not going to feel like I'm second best.
Or be the one you select to test!
The peace of mind I've got,
You wont molest it!

No it's not about the rhythm that you keep.
Or the way that you pat your feet to the beat.
It's all about the moving that you do,
When you get to grooving.

When you bust that move,
I want to see you do something true.
Something that comes from the heart,
And soul of you.

When you bust that move,
I want to see you thinking too!
I want to see how you put together,
What it is you do.
Expose it so I'll know,
What you show...
Just keeps improving!

I'm not going to feel like I'm second best.
Or be the one you select to test!
The peace of mind I've got,
You wont molest it!

Or lie and deny,
There's a false pride you prize.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

False Realities

It's just a bunch of unconfessed mess,
Allowed to simmer until it boils over...
From a pot neglected set high to heat,
By those who felt it could be ignored...
While awaiting to feast exclusively,
On greed they chose for no one else to feed...
But themselves exclusively.
Although stolen utensils were used,
From those they denied a bite to eat.
Has increasingly created unwanted disturbances.

Evil a doing of selfishness,
Can unexpectedly reveal to the public such misdeeds.
Evil such wicked thoughts can leave,
Perceived inappropriate actions taken...
By those deceived to spill out,
Even on tree lined suburban streets.
In places depicted as having ethnic equalities.
And opportunities for all.

But those left behind the stage,
And kept away from the fake of the gloss...
Know the truth to live as is.
With a caring of showing less...
Who perceives them to be negative and not reflect,
Those false realities they are fed to feed on their TV sets.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

False Representations

Seldom strengthens trust.
Those false representations,
Keeps one to question...
Too often and too much.

And those doubts increase repeatedly
With beliefs decreasing...
To leave relationships released to cease.

Never to be what they were before...
When doors were open free to explore.
Now closed they are to ignore.
Closed to lock forevermore.

False representations,
Seldom strengthens trust.
False representations,
Keeps one to question...
Too often and too much.
And out of touch is not a wish but a desire,
To quickly dismiss that which was trusted to rust.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

False Statements

How can anyone prevent,
False statements from being made...
When that's the only time,
Many people find themselves most creative.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Falsely Applied Devotion

They still insist,
Upon critiquing others lives.
With a passing of their judgements.

They still point their fingers,
To pick out weirdos and freaks.
Those they consider different from them.

And those folks are hardly uptight.
Those folks picked sleep peacefully at night.

They still insist,
Upon critiquing others lives.
With a passing of their judgements.

And everything around them has begun to sink.
As their hypocritical lives lived...
Shows cracks in foundations,
And with their beliefs on the brink.

But still they think of themselves as better than others.
And nothing they can show with evidence can prove this one bit!
Since the medications they take everyday faithfully...
Can not with falsely applied devotion just be prayed away.
Nor can their evils be hidden in masquerade.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Falsifying One's Intent

Falsifying one's intent,
After being caught in acts of suspicion...
Does not gain them more respect.
And yet,
People with this mindset...
Are quick to get upset,
Whenever their excuses made...
Are questioned.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fame Is Not Mine

Fame is not mine alone.
Not to claim as my own anymore.
That's for sure.

Too many have paid!
And at their own expense.
Those who really know me...
Realize,
I give them the full experience.

And practicing being me 24/7...
Isn't something easily referenced.
Since there is just a few who do know me,
On a part time basis.
And any fame I've received,
Has not quite been perceived by them.

They are still nonbelieving.
And I...
Had not a clue,
I would be this humble!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fame To Achieve

Fame to achieve,
Seems easy to get.
Delicious, sweet and pretty.
Although not too many know,
The price of acquiring fame...
Can be an expense to pay,
Extremely high.

And Although it may be a desire,
To take others along for the ride...
This wish gets quickly hammered down.
As more folks sit just to hang around
Not to contribute.
But expect to be fed and sheltered,
Freely.
Leaving all egos to perceive,
They have reached a place...
That has left them,
Overwhelmingly Admired and... Untouchable.

And then the unthinkable happens.
Those rose colored glasses,
Begin to smudge and crack.
The ones thought to be friends,
Laugh as they turn their backs.
And that climb to the top,
Takes a faster slide to the bottom.
With one who had claimed fame,
Laying face up.
Smothered in sustained humiliation.
To finally learn a lesson to realize,
Celebrating life doing what one likes
Without announcements made,
Of one's accomplishments.
Has more benefit than a fame to get.
And nearly guarantees one to obtain,
A happiness less affected and...
Disconnected from pretense.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Famed Gained

Famed gained and the obtaining of success,
Does not automatically adorn one with integrity.
Nor does one who sits in a position of idol worship,
Can be expected to remain...
Undetected to have temptations to please.
And the thoughts many maintain,
That those blessed with talents and gifts...
Are somehow different,
Because they express intelligence...
To keep secretly hidden their selfish pleasures,
Often shocks those surprised they have normal lives.
And can entertain deception to keep themselves idolized.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Familiar And Reliable

Preferences enjoyed...
Does not make one less or better than the rest.
Something received, shared and expressed,
Are desires that best suit
Comforts of those who choose to satisfy tastes,
Familiar and reliable without thoughts to test...
Or digest in complexed explanations.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Familiar Deceptions

Provoked folks returning back,
Indiscretions directed towards them...
By those who attack with a getting of attention,
Are seldom mentioned as to why they react...
With actions for them that are uncharacteristic.

But those who campaign to complain to defame,
Others to publicly shame to exclaim...
In declarations to blame they have been offended,
Will not admit what they did to initiate a doing done.
And with hidden pretentions intend to receive empathy.

Just for the sake to state in baited ears listening to await,
How it was they were 'randomly' picked upon...
By someone they have chosen to character assassinate.
To have everyone believe of their innocence to deceive,
With wishes others perceive them to have been victimized.

And as time goes by...
After lies are revealed and pitiful eyes have dried,
A routine repeatedly tried no longer can be denied...
By those who have been imposed upon to have exposed,
Familiar deceptions once unknown but shown much too often.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Familiar Doors

What was there isn't anymore.
Times have change to undo,
With each day to leave behind...
A comfort many wish to keep revisited.
And with others to reminisce,
Memories fading away from existence.

Times have changed.
To have left many unprepared to accept,
Each step taken progresses to the next.
And familiar doors they once knew before,
Are no longer there to express,
A regretting not to explore...
The possibilities of once existing opportunities.
Yet gone to ignore for those who perceive,
Time awaits for them to make up their minds...
As to how to live their lives while seeking approval,
From those who have created their own doors to make.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Familiar Is The Build Up

Familiar is the build up used to excuse,
The hiding of truth and its effects.
Yet...
Its absence is not unusual,
For anyone accustomed to the doing.
With a consciousness of what is pursued.
And not mysteriously deceit,
Is sought to be released.

Since in some places where thoughts are not deep,
If the same tools used before aren't repeated...
The steps taken to legitimize a build up to destruct,
Disappoints.
And would give no reason for those anticipating chaos,
To find fault with a placing of blame.
Especially if in the doing of this,
Happens to threaten addictions to conflicts.

Familiar is the doing of a build up.
With steps to attract and then attack.
So familiar is the doing of a build up.
With people expected to accept...
A destruction wished and wanting to get.

Familiar is the doing of a build up.
With people expected to accept...
A destruction wished and wanting to get.
So familiar is the doing of a build up.
With people expected to accept...
A destruction wished and wanting to get.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Familiar Misdeeds

A misjustice claimed to have been done,
That becomes objected.
Is only rejected not to accept,
By those who do not expect to be affected...
Until effective is that justice to all is applied.

'Why are those people protesting,
A judgement on them passed? '

~They had not been accustomed,
To judgements on them passed.
Because...
They believed their kept biases to keep,
Were enough to relieve them,
From familiar misdeeds they've always done.
And they, like everyone else...
Are now fighting amongst themselves,
For an appropriate justice...
That better reflects their delusions.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Familiar Scenarios

Too many have approved,
The doing of their snooping...
In the backyards of others.
With this done to later discover,
They begin to defend...
A spreading of garbage...
Beyond their own fences.
With excuses to make,
When face to face with a judge...
Begging for a lighter sentence,
Given to their garbage they refuse to see...
To have become neighborhood thugs,
Threatening to ruin life lived and its quality.

'But judge,
I have done the best I could.
Everyone is going through this,
In my neighborhood.'

~I know this to have noticed it for years.
With a judgement to make,
To realize your fears.
And your best you've said was done?
Well...
I'm just going to do it better.
There is no need now in here to waste your tears.
Next case.
And please let's limit the depicting to describe,
The familiar scenarios and those in denial.
I'm due at the country club in an hour.
So save the dramatics.
I'm not going to let the garbage you've devoured,
Sour my mood.
Next and make it quick.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Familiar With The Routine Of It

People who inflict pain on others,
Do not feel the intensity of it.
But they are quick to seek
A forgetting in one's forgiveness.
And relying upon that happening...
To ease the guilt of their transgressions.

They have become too familiar with the routine of it.
And the sincerety has long been missing from their eyes!
Why do they wonder in surprise...
That a peace of mind as described,
Has never been their experience?
Nor comes to comfort them in their darkness!
Something that eludes them.
This 'peace' rumored to exist in minds!
They can not pay for it...
Even if they wished!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Familiar With The Setting

I was not raised on islands of enchantment.
Nor do I know anyone who drives a Bentley,
And lives in a mansion!

For some reason,
I was born into a reality...
That came to test my every breath.
And games played like 'dodgeball'
And hide and seek...
Came in very handy as I grew older.

And for a number of years,
I lived in emotional shock!
From losing friends I knew to a nonsense war.
That once was called Viet Nam.
Now a vacation destination!
A tourist 'must see' spot.

I've witnessed some wonderful people,
Pass on!

Being near death myself a few years ago...
Gave me a boost to my insight!
And my eyes became clearer.
Becoming clearer than I thought they could.
Opened for the maximum of enlightenment.
And not of my doing...
I might add!

I was not raised on islands of enchantment.
Nor do I know anyone who drives a Bentley,
And lives in a mansion!
However...
And this is strange!
I am familiar with the setting,
And the scene!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Familiarity From Them Suddenly Leaves

Why do people panic,
When a familiarity from them...
Suddenly leaves their lives.
And they have nothing left,
But to focus on that which they've denied.
Like reality!
Without the kicking of those,
Who tried to present it!
And now they make no attempts,
To show themselves in public...
With warnings, suggestions or solutions.
It is almost as if...
Those who struggle with an ignorance,
Are now on their own to combat it!
And no one to blame they remain defenseless.
Since no one is there to sympathize or listen.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Familiarity Is Rarely Rejected

Those making choices from which to choose,
Often make them with preferences...
With a selection made relatable to comfort.
Familiarity is rarely rejected by those with this perspective.

Those unaccustomed to live without boundaries or limits,
To experience other environments or diverse cultures...
Can not be expected to prioritize this as a value.
Since seldom are people like this free of their biases.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Familiarity With Darkness

There are those who see daylight.
And to them the sighting is obvious.
It brings to them a joy.
And a feeling of excitement.
As for others,
What appears for them to see...
Is an annoyance they would rather,
From it flee.
Because it reminds them,
Of something their familiarity with darkness...
Helps them to avoid.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Familiarized Lust

Only that which has become familiar,
Can claim to come to produce a lust.
Which keeps a taste to satisfy if needed.
In a time that arrives to invite a rise,
A familiarized lust delights with a trust.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Family Rivalries

Family rivalries?
Bring nothing to them but grief.
Eventually members split apart...
And no one wishes to speak.
Jealousies maintained,
Because someone has issues.
One lies to another,
Leaving the truth ignored and abused.
People accused of doing things...
They wouldn't think to do.
And those that created the conflicts,
Pretend they didn't start...
The heartbreaks that no one shakes!
Family rivalries?
Need not to be at all!
And the ones who ignite them,
Are the biggest complainers.
You'll see them standing out...
Living behind the eight ball!
Raising children to adopt their hatred.
As everyone walks around with frowns...
And rolling eyeballs!
Stunted in limitations.
While strong foundations fall!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fanatics Are Back

Fanatics have been turned loose,
To make their presence legitimate.
Misting the air with lavender...
Lemon and apple scents!
A normalcy believed,
Is losing its grip!
The flower children have returned,
With peace to deliver...
And incense to burn!

Crazy mixed up baby boomers,
Slammed by reality...
And it couldn't have happened sooner!
Realizing their 'highs'
Have allowed today's 'lows'...
Following down a path,
And being lead by the nose!
Waking up from their fantasies...
With rusting trinkets,
And nothing else to show!

Fanatics of greed,
And teased by materialistic needs...
Are leaving plastic lives,
Once chased to thrive.
Now with open eyes...
And agendas to correct.
Seeking a sober happiness,
Instead of fulfillment in drunkened debt!

Questioning policies,
That bleed them 'and' enemies?
There seems to be discrepancies,
Lifting them off knees with a clarity.
These 'fanatics' are back,
And prepared with mended senses...
To restore an order from foolish acts,
Fixing ignored and broken fences!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fantasies Enriched

With fantasies enriched,
And lives protected...
By the foolishness of censorship.
One aided by religious beliefs,
That restrict the expansion...
Of one's mental consciousness.
People do seem they are getting,
Very tired of this.

Although misjudgements,
Expect an effective controlling.
Enforced and condoned through imagery,
And symbolic teachings.

Although a Taste for decadence,
Provides a good foundation...
For hypocrisies to exist.
With a contradicting of values and standards.
There is a need to keep these pretensions,
On the top of the list.

However...
Truth IS and not a myth.
And those with fantasies enriched,
Are on the road that will expose...
A discovery of this comes without a welcome.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fantasies Left And Kept To Be Adventured

I had come to love,
A freedom of creative expression.
A freedom that allowed,
My interest and ability to write.
And to do this to share,
My observations and insights.

I had come to love,
My willingness to be candid...
With others also of a consciousness,
And open to permit their minds...
To break through barriers,
Often existing by those living within limits.

But too many today,
Have allowed themselves to be restricted...
By political correctness,
And what is accepted as proper social etiquette.
Too many today fear they may offend,
Anyone with kept pretentions and delusions to defend.

I had come to love,
A freedom of creative expression.
A freedom that allowed,
My interest and ability to write.
And to do this to share,
My observations and insights.

But so many today are afraid to live their lives.
Too many today are seeking to censor,
Truth to be spoken and anything that might...
Expose a truth that is observed both day and night.
With prolonged debates of what is wrong or right.
Although to mention it in written words...
Disgusts those who wish such depictions not written.
Yet existing conflicts that afflict to be ignored,
Seem more of a preference for those who adore...
Their fantasies left and kept to be adventured.
With no obstructions to them when they are explored.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fantasies Of Accomplishment

Does a normalcy achieved with good credit,
Remain so when lifestyles crumble...
And taxes are still due on what is 'owned'?
When a quality of life as shown today,
With very little quality of it left...
Begins to fade as the end of a masquerade nears.
Do those who brag about being on one job,
For twenty-five to thirty years
Rush to retirement pensions dwindling?
Or do they wish they had been mavericks
Who decided many years ago...
Being thought of as 'crazy' isn't nearly as bad
As trying to hold onto something,
That not only has lost value...
But everything about it has lost meaning?
When squirrels are secretly meeting
To discuss sharing their nuts
With the less fortunate..
I would think that this would be a hint
That a way of life taken for granted,
Is changing more rapidly
Than those who believed...
Holding onto material possessions
Leaves an impression,
They should and could possibly sleep peacefully at night!
Especially those who find they are clocking more hours,
Than dollars to maintain fantasies of accomplishment!
And 'where' does this all lead?
To a sharing of never ending delusion!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fantasized By Lives Deluded

Fantasized by lives deluded.
Where will their minds go?
When all of their beliefs,
Have been depleted.
To release them to realities...
They've been taught to fear.
And takes away those choices,
To isolate
Behind locked doors!

Their eyes charaded,
With disguises and masquerades...
Now can no longer be kept closed!
Or escapes to shelter them,
From the beast at the feast...
They enjoyed without limits.

This beast creeps within their consciousness.
And bares exposed sharpened teeth.
Preparing them to eat!
They see this...
As the gates of a way of life,
For them once lived...
Crumbles to rust and has been disposed.
Where will their minds go?
With no amusements left to show.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fantasized By Science Fiction

Economic liberties,
And those entitled to experience them...
Seems to be the title of a new movie,
To entice those fantasized by Science Fiction.
And other escapist delusions being presented,
At a fee few today can no longer afford.
Or can sit through without being horrified,
By the quality of the special effects.
And the technique of using 3-D...
Making the possibility of touching the 'Bling',
Jump and scream right off the screen.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fantasized Enchantment

'What is Love,
If there is no wounding done? '

Fantasized enchantment.

'I'm not asking you.
You've been wounded too many times.
I'm asking that delicious dish,
In the back of the room!
You're new with us at Bible class,
Aren't you?

You, young lady.
What is love,
If there is no wounding done? '

~Please...
Can you direct your question to someone else.
I use to be a man before I went through post-op.
Now I've changed my mind.
So much I did not take into consideration.~

'Well...uh,
OH!
Uh...well.
Let's change the subject.'

Reverand Smith?
I think 'Fantasized Enchantment',
Would be a good topic.
And an appropriate one to talk about.
Perhaps you have a recent wound,
You would like to share and discuss with us?
Reverand Smith...?
Hello?
Reverand Smith?

'Let us pray.
To be forgiven of 'our' misunderstandings.

With a trust that The Almighty accepts our decisions.'

With an emphasis on our temptations?

'Bowed heads with eyes closed, please!
Thank you.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fantasized Out Of Reason

The proof is in the evidence.
Accusations end...
When one's lips have been sealed,
To reveal fingerprints.
And only then are confessions,
Reluctantly made.

And when this happens,
A seeking of forgiveness seems shallow.
The act of it expresses one's narrow mind.
With attempts to define the crime,
As not as serious...
If the act itself is admitted!

These folks have been watching,
Too much TV and fantasized out of reason.
Admitting anything makes the act of it okay.
And the logic in their minds has been betrayed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fantastic Duo

You have been my rock.
Like it there or not.
Chip to pebbles from this boulder.
But a strength is held,
As if moltened gold.

You know.
You know.
You know you know.

You are there in my mind alot.
Feelings we've known don't come to a stop.
Because of an argument I or you can not drop.

You know.
You know.
You know you know.

Fantastic duo!
You know.
You know you know.

We've been that rock.
As a duo.
You know you know.
That just wont stop.
As a duo.
You know you know.

And whatever claims you want to give me shade,
Don't gloss or laminate it.
Duo.
Duo you know!

We've been that rock.
As a duo.
You know you know.
That just wont stop.
As a duo.

You know you know.

And whatever claims you want to give me shade,
Don't gloss or laminate it.
Duo.
Duo you know!

Fantastic duo!
You know.
You know you know.

We've been that rock.
As a duo.
You know you know.
That just wont stop.
As a duo.
You know you know.

And whatever claims you want to give me shade,
Don't gloss or laminate it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fantastic Is This Magicness

It's magic is,
Wrapped fantastic.
And efficiently preserved to eat.

Its magicness,
Is fantastic.
And fresh enough,
Whenever the need.

It's magic and wrapped fantastic.
And never to be used as one would please.
Leaving all a quality that's hard to believe.

It's magical,
And fantastic.
To satisfy like nothing could.
With the coulda wouldas wishing they understood.

Oh it's magical,
And fantastic.
To satisfy like nothing could.
With the coulda wouldas wishing they understood.

Fantastic is this magicness.
With the wannabees sneaking a peek.
Fantastic is this magicness.
With the wannabees sneaking a peek...
Wishing they could get a piece of this recipe.

Fantastic is this magicness.
With the wannabees sneaking a peek.
Fantastic is this magicness.
With the wannabees sneaking a peek...
Wishing they could get a piece of this recipe.

It's magic and wrapped fantastic.
And never to be used as one would please.
Leaving all a quality that's hard to believe.

Its magicness,
Is fantastic.
And fresh enough,
Whenever the need.

Its magicness,
Is fantastic.
And fresh enough,
Whenever the need.
Leaving all a quality that's hard to believe.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fantastic Tool To Use

I have long been in and out,
Of the boxing ring.
My kid leather gloves,
Have been starched and propped...
And on display as reminders.

The next time I am offended...
I use my mind instead.
Like a thunderbolt,
To get my point across.
And it works!

Leaving me to be at peace.
And still to be about my business.
The mind can be a fantastic tool to use.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fantasy Fits

Encircled riches...
Possessed in protective clutches.
Prizes awarded to raise influence,
And materialize a gain.
Without common sense attached...
Since this is not a matching game.

A perception of greed,
Feeds this haunting curse increasing.
Freedoms decrease...
From this abusing crush!

They can not see themselves,
Licking fingers...
With thick drippings of incompetnce.
Backed up against walls,
Fenced and closing in!
Stalled...
By leeching façades.

Odd they are,
To self inflict wounds and scars unbothered.
Choosing to ignore the power of God...
In rituals sobbed to keep misspent resources.
Selecting rejections and who remains endorsed!

Messages Mother Nature sends relentlessly,
Leaves not a dent...
On these minds in scenes routinely gluttony bent!
Exploiting shores that are way off course.

And kept distracted,
Are those entrenched in entertainment whims.
Fretting to maintain good credit standings sustained,
With stains of a stenching detriment!
Drained to locate borrowers who will lend.
While foreclosures come to hint...
A dwindling comes to crooked pockets to leave just lint!

'Spending limits come to those plugged into fantasy fits.'

Resistance drifts,
On playgrounds erected on soundless gambling risks.
Coming to drown those in profound debt!
Shifting from those with...
To those with nothing left to lose,
Or could care less about any of this!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fantasy Pimp

Online quietly with a fantasy pimp!
The children are asleep and the spouse
On another business stint!
Naked and feeling sensual,
With no sense at all...it seems!
These lonely PC seduced smut pushers...
Bare their souls,
For a cyber sex scene!
Text messaging their 'do's and 'dont's
With choice fonts in 'Arial' at 10 point print,
The fantasy pimp captivates and pleasures
In this chatroom where just screen names are known...
In 'Big Sticks With Feathers'
Sharing downloads of shared 'visions' breathlessly shown.
And the sex is quite sleazy.
Making it easy to masturbate a thick and stiff bone!
In the comfort of one's home alone.
Watching 'Big Sticks With Feathers' teaches as one sits...
A few tricks to use when the spouse returns,
And the desire not to forget none of the penetrating grips!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Far And Near

Aren't you tired of all the evil.
Far and near.
And the suffering it inflicts.
Far and near.
Aren't you tired of hearing people.
Far and near.
Denying they are part of it.
Far and near.
Aren't you sick of petty chats.
Far and near.
And nagging people stabbing backs.
Far and near.
When will people begin to see.
Far and near.
What evil does is what it leaves.
Far and near.
If it's not a wish to want.
Far and near.
Why so much of it exists.
Far and near.
If it's here and it appears.
Far and near.
Too many lie and this is clear.
Far and near.
Far and near.
People lie to then deny it.
Far and near.
Far and near.
Far and near.
Aren't you tired of all the evil.
Far and near.
And the suffering it inflicts.
Far and near.
Aren't you tired of hearing people.
Far and near.
Denying they are part of it.
Far and near.
People lie to then deny it.
Far and near.

Far and near.
Far and near.
Far and near.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Far Beyond Limits Of Restrictions

If a peeling away of every layer of their pretentions,
Is their intention...
More than an economic crisis now experienced,
Will be revealed.

They also will discover,
A weakness in their deceit and delusion...
Has increased in awareness,
By those they have chosen to oppress...
With their foolish beliefs,
That a truth 'they' seek...
Is a concept of their creative mentalities.
To continue a manipulation they alone control.
Not so.
As the evolution of those reaching a higher consciousness,
Are lifted to new plateaus to view and 'see' with visions...
Far beyond limits of restrictions.
Or druthers of others sold on dominance and confusion.

With a leaving behind those of demented minds!
As a magnitude of this reality and truth,
Breaks free...
From confined and defined divisions of flaunted greed,
That has suppressd with a keeping of a materialistic feeding!

These times that have arrived are here to stay.
And can not be chased away or threatened by ignorance.
No religious or political movement,
In this invisible 'spiritualness' is involved.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Far From An Exaggeration

The reality lived,
That those who awaken each day...
To first express a thankfulness,
For being aware they are blessed is...
Doing their best to not become upset,
When their steps are faced with an obstacle.
As if planted to test their kept faith.
There are times when evildoers on the loose,
Want to have known exactly what they do.
And blessed are the ones,
Who continue making efforts to endeavor done.

Surviving through told lies,
And fields where deceivers sit...
Prepared to disguise their dishonesty.
Sometimes takes the strength of a mule,
To plow through a day just to get through it to do.

The reality lived that is,
That many awaken today to face...
With attempts made to ignore,
Others seeking 'something' to be negative about...
Is doing the best one can,
To keep a mouth closed and lips together pressed.
Carrying mints kept available is highly suggested.
Especially when listening to anyone wishing,
To diminish any signs that show...
Someone has discovered,
Their own happiness to have found.
And 'that'...
During these times few find fantasized to live,
Is far from an exaggeration!

'Those people talk about me all the time.
And they have no idea what kind of life I live.
I'm not donating 'my' head for 'their' headaches.
I've done enough of that,
With friends I thought were close.
And backbiting relatives.

I'm not going to...'

~Would you like one or two mints? ~

'You're not listening.'

~I know.
Would you like one or two mints? ~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Far More Effective

The lies and dirt
And hearing things untrue.
The gossip and innuendos...
Done by those with limited minds too!
There is nothing else I would rather do,
Than to pull these thoughts
Out of my memory...
With the pain I felt!
And the scars that healed with much attitude!
It hurts...
To know others find feelings of mine,
Worthless.
It hurts...
When lies and dirt
And hearing things untrue said
To ruin my happiness...
And to mess up my head!
It hurts!
But not as much as being on the other end
Of retaliation!
Even forgiveness doesn't seem to control it,
When that times comes...
To payback what others have done!
I am not of the 'turn-the-other-cheek' kind!
I pray everyday that God removes the players...
And the bitterness I've been holding for years,
In my mind for some time!
Doesn't make sense repeating the ignorance.
Especially since those deeds done
Have already been repaid with my approval and delight...
By my Father!
And I thank God throughout every hour,
He has allowed me to overcome my taste for retribution!
Knowing that a 'higher power' does that
Much better than I can!
And far more effective.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Far More Satisfying

The moment expectations become,
More important than a relationship...
One is led to believe,
Is shared with someone...
And a lack of feeling,
Verifies something is missing...
And has gone.
Those expectations,
Become less important to fulfill...
Than talking on the telephone,
With an obscene caller.
And far more satisfying,
Each time those obscenities are placed.

'I'm busy right now.
But...
Is it possible you can call back,
At eight thirty?
I'm sure my mate and I will not be speaking,
At that time.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Farce

It's not an identity
That displays the affinity.
It's the question of whose black,
That they keep themselves attacked!
Not from the outside but from the inside,
They seem closed as if afraid,
Stunted in a mindset dim...
That sheds no light to their shade.
And in this disposition...
There is a competition,
To show themselves aware...
Others might stop and stare!
But there are those who know who they are,
And shrug off being color barred!
Living to be inside color free.
Because the mind is not restricted,
By this farce...
Or predetermined destiny!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Farewell

Farewell.
It's not so easy to,
Say goodbye.
It's not so easy to,
Try to say so long...
When a 'gone' done to do,
Is forever.

Farewell.
It's not so easy to,
Sit reminiscing to pretend...
Someone known as a friend,
Leaves for something new to begin.
And inside a loss started does not end.

A selfishness one wishes to keep,
Agitates a need to plead.
'Why are you leaving?
What about me? '

Confessed remorse,
Does not disguise a sorrow.
'Why make this decision?
Wait until tomorrow.'

And that tomorrow comes,
To bring with it anguish.

Farewell.
It's not so easy to,
Say goodbye.
It's not so easy to,
Try to say so long...
When a 'gone' done to do,
Is forever.

Farewell.
It's not so easy to,
Say goodbye.

It's not so easy to,
Try to say so long...
When a 'gone' is done,
For good.

It's not so easy to say goodbye,
Farewell.
When farewells are said for good.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Farewell To Those Times I Knew Too Well

Goodbye to those midnights,
And tears that came to fall.
No longer am I there.
No longer there am I,
At all.

So aware I am,
Where I am today.
No regrets have I saved.
Not from those days,
To relive and replay!

And with any midnight now,
That comes along.
I am not sitting with sorrows forlorn.

I have said my farewells,
To those times I knew well...
That held me,
To memories that saddened...
But have since gone!

I have grown more to want my life to live,
For me!
I have taken more time needed,
Just to grieve.
And when I sit at midnight now,
I'm not with yesterday.
I am here today to say,
Farewell...
To those times,
I knew too well!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Farewell To Those Wishes Kept

I have admitted my wrongs.
To correct mistakes made.
With the hope to recognize them,
Not to again repeat.
Flawless without faults I am not.
Nor am I one to pretend I have none.
Too long I have lived learning to forgive.
Myself and others too.
Quick with druthers,
Pursuing a passing of judgements.

Too much time I have spent,
Self-examining my own activities.
And criticisms heard to me sent,
From some who meant them...
Not to be constructive.

Too much time I have spent,
Relentlessly making efforts to endeavor.
Without approval or consent given.
To keep my motivation and initiative alive.
And alone it is difficult to thrive on that to survive.

Becoming victimized by others who sit,
Picking to choose who they next will abuse...
To select with a doing of it.
All I can say is this...
No more do I permit those mental visits.

Farewell to those wishes kept,
By those leaving nothing at my table...
But negativity to expect I will allow it served.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fascinated

Fascinated by sex.
Overjoyed time was taken,
To allow me to be here...
To express my satisfaction!
And pass it on!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fascinated With The Notion

On a daily basis,
Mother Nature is underestimated.
De-valued and unappreciated.
And given little if any respect.

And all that Mother Nature is...
We still take that power that is there,
To eliminate us completely off the scene...
As something Mother Nature will not do.

Although there remains a few of a negligent mindset,
Developing weapons to test to destroy Mother Nature's best...
That have become fascinated with the notion,
Mother Nature can't wait to have them rock her world.
As if 'she' is not prepared to let them have it where it hurts.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fascinating Popcorn Munching Moments

Those profiled to be threats,
Are not the ones...
To bring to them ultimate regret.
Their neighbors, family and their own friends...
Premeditate daily to do them in.

'Did you get mine buttered? '

And this cycle of vindictive viciousness,
Is a part of their welcomed valued way of life.
As if predicted from an ignored and sitting script.
With a wish to rid themselves,
Of those not like them.

~I've seen this before.
You might not like this.~

And yet those who prey to choose their victims,
Are...
Their neighbors, family and their own friends,
Who premeditate daily...
To do them in.

Making for fascinating popcorn munching moments.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fashion Statements

When they become prepared and ready,
To be who they are...
With clarity and confidence,
Few will be there to care.
And those among 'them'
Will have graduated from the need to make,
Fashion statements or follow fads.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fashionable (Never To Be Outdated)

Who...
Has yet still left,
With consciousness...
Can say,
They have not felt offended...
By the overwhelming acceptance,
Of ignorance displayed today.
As if this epidemic,
Has been approved as a way...
To define the progress,
Humanity has made.

Who is it that sits...
In any position of leadership,
Can prove they represent...
The definition of competence.
And believe their deeds...
Should not be questioned.

And who can sit listening,
With eyes and ears...
To know what thinking is,
And a mind to use...
Can stay sitting to accept,
All truth and their beliefs...
In the meaning of honesty,
Is as quick to pass...
Like a youthful fad to update,
To whatever is fashionable.
Although ignorance to have...
Seems to have made a statement,
This is not going to be...
Anytime soon outdated.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fashions For Massive Chaos

And now ladies and gentlemen...
What you all have been waiting for.
The highlight of our presentation this evening...
Fashions For Massive Chaos.

Let the strutting up and down the runway,
Begin.

Here we present...
Our after 6 evening wear.
You will notice the evening gowns,
Precisionly stripped from the waist...
To bear both mud and garbage stains.
Makeup and hair?
Courtesy of Dumpster Mix and Drippings.
Thank you, Veronica.

Jeffrey?
Do you mind exposing your bullet proof vest.
Even though it appears,
That the tuxedo is riddled with bullets...
Our own reversible bullet proof vest,
Can be worn to beaches, galas...
And to the local grocery store.
This outfit is very versatile.
And the holster also holds,
Bows and arrows.
Thank you Jeff, Stefan and Mr. Thick.

Next...
Our Spring line up!
Thin is in folks.
And our designers...
As you can see,
Are extremely innovative.

We call this look,
Own Those Bones In That Bag.
Notice, if you will...

How the suspenders hold up,
In very colorful attachments...
To those bones walking inside the bags.
Thin but not distasteful.
Thank you Monica, Less Lee and Sunk'n Mei Cheeks.

Finally...
And what you all have been waiting for.
Our leisure division.
We call this, Beyond Tattoos.

As you notice,
Our models are nude and adorning few tattoos.
The effect of this is to allow all black lighting,
To capture the live sexual performances...
AS the chaos unfolds around the love making.
Incorporating both nudity, sex AND advertising potential.
We see this as a very lucrative marketing choice,
For business owners, and sports enthusiasts alike.

Thank you all for attending.
Oh...I'm overwhelmed!
A standing ovation?
I alone am not desrving of it!
I could not have done this alone.
I have you all to thank so much.
Please stay for refreshments.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fast And Furious

Fast and furious,
Are the hypocrites jumping...
From one side of the fence to the other.
If not comfortably sitting on it,
To spew contradictory conflict...
Slipping from either side of their mouths.
People like this are only about division.
And those who slither behind them spineless.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fast And Too Quick

Fast and too quick this life we lived is.
With a rushing through it to slow down...
When one gets older.
To become more sensitive,
To those things overlooked did when kids.

Who would think that sharing recipes,
Would become for some their main interest?
Or when the morning dawn approached,
Some older folks...
Could be seen picking weeds from gardens.

Who would think that sharing ailments received,
Would become the main focus of conversations?
Or the making of searching through posted obituaries,
Became for a few their daily routine.
With a hope that a doing a familiar name is not seen.

Fast and too quick this life we lived is.
With a rushing through it to slow down...
When one gets older.
To become more sensitive,
To those things overlooked did when kids.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fast Forward

Why is your fist all up in my face?

'I just wanted you to see my knuckles,
In the event you should say something...
Totally disrespectful.
And I wanted you to see,
What I am capable of doing...
Before your lights are turned off.'

Why would my lights be turned off?
'Only your conversation will determine that.'
We haven't started it yet!

'So far we understand each other.
And I am liking it so far.
I'm ready whenever you want to begin.
And remember...
Keep it respectful.
And let's try to stay away,
From backstabbing relatives, past relationships...
Politics, religion or religious beliefs.
And especially cheating spouses.
I get upset easily.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Faster To Get To Madness

Racing to see who is faster to get to madness.
And I sit back and watch this...
Amused that those who are doing it,
Have no clue each will cross the finish line!
And when one is losing their mind...
What difference does it make,
How quickly that is done?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fat Status

Bring your fat status,
And sit it right here.
Let me say something to you,
And make it quite clear.
Your greasy rump bumping days are gone.
Along with your meat squeezed into latex.
The attractiveness of it has been overrated,
And too prolonged with a diet that is all wrong.

You are not alone...
With your munching on chops and chips!
You will lose a lot of it.
Especially with those jelly rolls,
Around your thighs and hips!
You are going to learn to exercise.
Every inch of your body.
Excluding your tongue and lips!

You see that refrigerator?
Padlocked and sealed.
I've cleared the cupboards clean of snacks.
No more sneaking at midnight...
To hear the creaking of cracks,
Of your poundage on the wooden floors.
You will...
From this day foreward,
Do something besides sleep, complain and eat.
We've got to budget.
And your gluttony will be addressed.
To cut our expenses,
Before we are thrown out into the streets.

No more buttered muffins,
With fried chicken wings.
To bring to bed as treats.
Or boxes of chocolates to nibble...
As you and I watch TV!
Then one day...
Maybe we can remove it from the ceiling.

And you will be able to view it...
Without all that excess,
Between your head and feet!

'Why are you so vicious? '

Vicious?
I'm trying to save myself,
From being crushed to death!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fatal Consequences

Finding others to ridicule,
Because of the way they speak.
Walk and present themselves,
With a dignity commonly found in places...
Where people make no excuses for being themselves,
Is...
An environment where people are accustomed,
To belittling others and kept in practice.

With a choosing to see them conform to a mediocrity,
Many accept and enforce others to be...
Stereotyped and useless.
Illiterate in social skills.
Baffoons and fools.

And conditioned to perceive an ignorance lived,
Is the best quality of life to have.
With a feeding of this to generations that grow,
Worthless with no contributions to make...
But to be laughed at to add,
More suffering to their own fatal consequences.
And begging for an assistance to keep what they value,
Supported as if a sport to play and a self hatred as a goal.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fatalist

If you gave me what I wanted,
All the time.
You would not be on my mind...
Doubted.

If you gave me what I wanted,
All the time.
You would not be on my mind...
Doubted.

How can I be the one demanding,
If I'm there at your command?
You should have no questions about it,
To doubt it.

How can I be the one demanding,
If I'm there at your command?
You should have no questions about it,
To doubt it.

You make me think you're a fatalist.
No doubt about it.
No doubt about it.
You make me feel I could slit my wrists.
No doubt about it.
No doubt about it.

If you gave me what I wanted,
All the time.
You would not be on my mind...
Doubted.

If you gave me what I wanted,
All the time.
You would not be on my mind...
Doubted.

You make me think you're a fatalist.
No doubt about it.

No doubt about it.
You make me feel I could slit my wrists.
To see if this would make you happy.

How can I be the one demanding,
If I'm there at your command?
You should have no questions about it,
To doubt it.

You make me think you're a fatalist.
No doubt about it.
No doubt about it.
You make me feel I could slit my wrists.
To see if this would make you happy,
If I laid in blood bleeding.

If you gave me what I wanted,
All the time.
You would not be on my mind...
Doubted.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fatcats Are Back

You've been booted so scoot.
Scat.
The fatcats are back.

Adorned with updated,
Sheepskins attached.
And with delivered 'empathy'.
How do you like that?

You've been booted so scoot.
Scat.
The fatcats are back.

We've implemented a blockade,
To ensure your needs...
Will never see the light of day.
And from you they will fade.

Remember getting rid of us,
As we lined our pockets full?

Remember we reeked havoc...
To fool with deceit,
You ate with a lot of 'bull'?

And we watched you laughing,
At attempts to correct.
But you refused to research our activities...
To ensure your backs will never again be attacked.

You've been booted so scoot.
Scat.
The fatcats are back.

Adorned with updated,
Sheepskins attached.
And with delivered 'empathy'.
How do you like that?

Fools.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fated To Mate

You say...
Your heart is too easy to break.
And you're getting over past mistakes,
But
Give me another reason
Why you think I might make,
Those same mistakes.

You say...
You think I'm the one for you.
And you really want to know
If I'll stay true.
But,
You must have a certain reason
Why you think I might do
The same to you.

On my mind,
You're staying.
All the time,
I'm praying...
Relationships that we once had,
Has prepared us for the future...
Not the past!

I'm alone more than you know.
I'm not seeking fun to run
With playmates for show!
I know what it is I want.
If It wasn't you,
I wouldn't let this haunt me!

You say...
You think I'm the one for you!
And I knew from 'that' moment...
You were too,
But...
Give me another reason,
Why we shouldn't escape

From those memories
To accept we are fated to mate!

You say...
Your heart is too easy to break.
And you're getting over past mistakes,
But
Give me another reason
Why you think I might make,
Those same mistakes.
With you!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fault Finding, Judgemental And Negative

If you have come here to be,
Fault finding, judgemental and negative...
You can leave to be,
Fault finding, judgemental and negative...
Somewhere else to go to show,
What it is you can not let go.
But you will not leave me feeding your grief.
Step back and take that from my door.

Peace of mind I have found to keep.
You wont bother me with your sorrows.
Borrowed to follow your brought grief.

Too many love to get up in heads.
To feed them and leave them with grief.
And collected dread.
Too many will pop open cans of worms,
And pleased to have done the misdeed.
As if earned.

If you have come here to be,
Fault finding, judgemental and negative...
You can leave,
To be..
Fault finding, judgemental and negative,
But...
Not with me.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Favorite Utility

There are two words,
That come to mind...
When I'd like to express my feelings,
With you to address...
In the best way I could.
Even if I decided to!

That first word begins with an 'F'
And that second word ends in 'U'.
And 'no' it is not a 'Favorite Utility'...
I wish away from me you used and pursued.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Favorites Of Whomever May Best Flatter

Limited in vision.
And rehashed personality clashes,
Prioritized with egos thriving...
On attention to get.
As their environments slip,
Away from the light of consciousness.
While they maneuver to maintain,
A kept false social status.
As those who oppress them gain,
Benefits of fools proving the ease...
Of their manipulation.
Isolated to believe themselves,
Favorites of whomever may best...
Flatter their lack of worth and purpose.

'You are so good at what you do.
I can use you to greet,
Those who arrive at my events.'

~You mean like a security guard? ~

'Oh No.
You are much more important than that.
I would like to assign you,
As a guardian of those...
I depict and invite as having established taste.
You will be the first they see to welcome them.
Think of yourself...
As a hospitality agent.'

~Oooohhh.
Yes.
Where would you like me to welcome them? ~

'At the door.
You have such a wonderful and pleasant smile.
I will supply you, free of charge...
With a uniform.
And also...

Consider your pay as negotiable.
I don't like that term 'minimum'.
That's so...yesterday-ish.
You feel me? '

~Yes, suh. I do.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Faxed. Texted. Or Emailed?

I apologize for the many interruptions.
You were saying...
Something,
About my being obnoxious, rude...
And disrespectful in my comments made,
When I chose to say what I did...
To defend my integrity,
You believe you could just do...
While you and your friends,
Were humoring yourself at my expense publicly.

'Yes.
You should have known,
We were not serious about it.'

I see.
Excuse me once again.
I hope you don't mind me paying a few bills,
While I listen to your nonsense.

'That's what I'm saying.
You think a forgiveness to give is nonsense.'

No. Not at all.
Now...
Which one of these bills I pay,
With my name on them all...
Do you assist in the payment?

'None.
Not one. Why? '

That's why I regard...
Whatever it is you want me to believe,
As nonsense!
How do you want that delivered?
Faxed. texted. Or emailed?
Because right at this moment,
I regard your visit as a waste of my time.

'That's what I'm saying.
You think a forgiveness to give is nonsense.'

That's not true.
I 'know' you to be nonsense.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fear

The only ones who seem to be unafraid to face fear,
Are those who are unaware they are suppose to.
And refuse they do to listen to definitions of it,
For reasons others do to find it valued.

'The only thing we have to fear is fear itself.'
Franklin D. Roosevelt once stated that.
At his first inaugural address back in 1932.
And today some use fear as their formal address.

Why should anyone want fear to them to be delivered?
Why should anyone want to hear it addressed to express?
And why is it confessed today as an expectation,
But anyone with blemishes and flaws are quickly rejected.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fear And Complacency

It is sad your range of vision is narrow.
And your complaints have limited your steps,
To accept fear and complacency with its feeding.

You run to your cage and lock yourself inside.
With a peeking from your window,
Whenever you hear strange voices outside.

And you say that I have chosen to live in my own world?
You are so correct with that assessment!
There is not a place in it for deceit or fear to exist or lies told.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fear And Faith

One blessed with gifts of special talents.
Creative and originally innovative.
To then claim a faith easily chased away,
By the presence of obstacles, doubts and fears...
Identified to give them power,
Is one who tries to pray away their lies.
With the hope a kept fear and faith,
Will someday be fated to become long lasting mates!

'Why pray?
I mean...
What point are you making if done everyday?
And still acknowledge fears?
Don't you find this a bit hypocritical? '

~Well...
There are things I want,
I know God doesn't have time to give me.~

'Why can't you just express a gratefulness?
And be thankful for the gifts you have? '

~What makes you think,
I could ever be an atheist?
My faith is much too strong.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fear Daze

We're in a,
Fear daze.
We're in a,
Fear daze.
We're in a,
Fear daze...
With a wanting to awaken.

A fear daze has made the presence of threats,
Having people taking the next step to stop it.
With a protecting themselves,
From thoughts not visibly detected.
But wanting their religious beliefs kept suspected.

A fear daze has made being crazed a part of life.
Many are preparing themselves for mayhem.
To protect their suspicions with weapons.
And hoping to achieve a solution.
With their fingers on triggers and minds left cracked.

We're in a,
Fear daze.
We're in a,
Fear daze.
We're in a,
Fear daze...
With a wanting to awaken.

Everyday threats seem to be escalated.
In reminders of wars fought to celebrate.
Everyday in highlighted reminders we see,
People of all ages killing themselves...
And anyone else to pay the ultimate price.
A price to pay for learned beliefs.

A fear daze has made it impossible to escape,
From a negativity initiated.
Then wishing to defend against it,
When a return of it comes.

Run. We can not. There is nowhere to hide.
Run. We can not. Our denials don't subside.
Lie. Deceiving we feed more evil.
Lie. Receiving a fear made to be.

We're in a,
Fear daze.
We're in a,
Fear daze.
We're in a,
Fear daze...
With a wanting to awaken.

Fear daze.
We're in a,
Fear daze.
We're in a,
Fear daze.
With a hope we will awaken,
From a celebrated hatred that was made...
But has left us crazed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fear Had Not Been An Option

The way was not paved!
But called.
Unafraid as thunder clapped.
Without thought of bravery.
Or the understanding,
Of what that meant.
Nor did the roar of winds,
Prevent a forward movement.
The way was not paved!
But called.
To do and get what needed done,
Accomplished!
Fear...
Had not been an option!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fear Kept To Keep

Fear is dearest,
To be held close mostly...
By those choosing to hear about it,
Being near and how it appears to avoid.
As if to worship its existence,
With attention and acknowledgement.

They seek in graphic and detailed depictions,
To have fear described to identify it.
And shown where to obtain those opportunities.
In places where fear is taught to teach, daily.
To ensure a fear kept to keep with it sought,
Will always be recognized for what it is!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fear Of Being Intimate...Again

I'd never thought as I aged,
I would feel 'more' romantic.
Maybe it is because I hadn't had that in years.
And my fear of being intimate...again,
Speeds quickly to a fade these days.
It is fun as well as frightening too.
I am no longer a child.
I am well into my 60's too!

Who knew it would be like this?
Living alone and happily single.
Then 'whoa'...
What IS this?
I am wishing to be intimate?
In a relationship?
I thought I had donated my feelings...
When I sent them packing and they went away?

I'd never thought as I aged,
I would feel 'more' romantic.
Maybe it is because I hadn't had that in years.
You know...
THAT?
Someone around just to nag?

Maybe I am going through a 'phase'...
And will soon wake up,
Before I find I have done something quite foolish.
Like commit...
To a delusion.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fear To Leave Behind The Mundane

Fear to leave behind the mundane,
Because of its overwhelming popularity...
Leaves a sustained remaining stagnation,
Many live to accept...
As steps of repeated mediocity.
With minds never to stretch beyond limits,
But yet a progress is expected...
By those comforted by their fears,
To leave behind the mundane...
In hopes without effort changes needed made,
Will appear from a selected list of preferences.

'You can not expect the people to feel the way you do,
About the future.
With a seriousness to contemplate.'

~What makes you think that's on my mind?
I now live here as if I visit.
Periodically when I am feeling nostalgic,
My curiosity is always satisfied...
When I mingle and socialize to then realize,
The only new replaced are the faces.
I've experienced living in other places.
Today?
There is nothing more I now treasure,
Than the same conversations I've had from my past.
This rejuvenates my mind 'and' never fails.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fearing A Slip Of A Greatness Sipped

Trillions they owe.
Trillions are owed to them.
And still they encourage everyone,
To spend spend spend.

A tragedy born of plastic.
With a dramatic loss of elasticity.
Strained by concepts and poor decisions.
This has created an overwhelming deformity.

Even turnips have been sucked,
Of the blood they bleed.

Not millions or billons but trillions they owe.
Indebted to the flow of greed.
With a selfish need bestowed.

And fearing a slip of a greatness sipped,
A diminishing surrounds and grows!
Down from the top the drifting is real quick.
But a slickness of deceit...
Has been removed their grip!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fearing Fear

Fearing fear to fear it done,
Has become a welcomed expectation.
And with it produced to be identified,
Has everyone anticipating it.

As if to remain fearless today,
Will bring upon immediate suspicion...
By those pre-conditioned,
To seek and create their own threats.

'Why do you look disappointed? '

~I just left a conference on fear.
And not one time did I feel threatened.
All they showed were pictures of those,
Wearing 'hoodies', turbans...
And Jeeps driving behind camels,
Kicking up dirt somewhere in a desert.~

'And 'this' disappoints you? '

~Of course it does.
I paid to leave feeling threatened.
And not one video did they show,
Of anyone wearing a suit and tie...
Smiling wide, carrying a briefcase,
Coming out of an office building.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fearing Obstacles They Do Not

Those taking risks with a faith that stays,
Aren't the ones begrudging with a moaning heard...
To blame others for what to them occurs.

Those taking risks and doing this,
With an awakening of consciousness...
Are the first to confess 'and' with candidness,
The facing to embrace their own consequences.
Since...
Fearing obstacles they do not,
Stop...
To whine about what it takes to have them erased.
And,
Fearing obstacles they do not,
Drop...
The making of excuses to change their fates.

Those taking risks with a faith that stays,
Aren't the ones begrudging with a moaning heard.
To blame others for what to them occurs.

Fearing obstacles they do not.
Are the people.
Fearing obstacles they do not.
With faith.
Fearing obstacles they do not.
They chase them.
And not from them to run away.

Those taking risks with a faith that stays,
Aren't the ones begrudging with a moaning heard.
To blame others for what to them occurs.

Fearing obstacles they do not.
Are the people.
Fearing obstacles they do not.
With faith.
Fearing obstacles they do not.
They chase them.

And not from them to run away.

Fearing obstacles they do not.
No.
Fearing obstacles they do not.
They chase them.
Fearing obstacles they do not.
Are the people.
And with a faith that remains to stay.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fearing Reality

The only people fearing reality today,
Are those who have been sold...
On delusions to permit as their way of life.
While giving attention to threats created,
They accept to hear described to incite.
And told they are initiated by outside forces,
Endorsing attacks while they sleep at night.
Resulting from spiteful envy and jealousies.

'Why are you peeking out the window?
Holding a gun at this hour of night.

~We must protect our interests.
With a watching every move of our neighbors.
Who knows what they do when not in sight.~

Although from the inside looking out,
This quality of life fearing threats tossed about...
Seems to have been diminishing a 'consciousness',
By their own inbred biases existing to keep kept.
With preferences declared as entitlements,
To disrespect and shared to express openly...
A love for decadence to effect ongoing hatred.
And facts left ignored purposely to deceive truth.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fearing The Honesty

Endorsing the enforcement of safe stereotypes,
On the minds of those between identities...
Often appeases the ones,
Seeking acceptance and approval.
And others who are comfortable,
Being stuck as if glued to their given places.
To prove themselves worthy of the labels given.
And preferring to stay oppressed.
Fearing the honesty to be who they are.
With a wish of this to remain quietly unaddressed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fearing The Process

The only ones fearing the process of life,
Are those who believe they have control of it.
To realize the living of it to do to come too late.
And living one's life to do with it done to experience,
As wanted and wished to do...
Is limited,
Because a fear with it lived kept them controlled.

'Suppose I should say or do something,
Someone might find offensive? '

~Suppose you don't?
And still you find the doing of that offends.
What then?
Who's decision do you await to make,
To approve your moves? ~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fearing To Test Solo Flights

There will be times
When flying alone,
A treasure is discovered...
Unexpectedly!
But those who travel in flocks,
Often stop to squabble.
Quarreling and sharing sorrows,
In diminished nourishment!
Fearing to test solo flights.
And mocking the ones...
Who dare to use their wings!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fearmongers

The fearmongers,
Are soliciting your attention.
They want you to feel uneasy,
And threatened.
Using this against you...
As their most powerful weapon.

To have you medicated,
Enduring sleepless nights.
To have you suspicous of your neighbor...
Black, brown, red or white.

They would like to whip you into a frenzy.
Cowering to your knees.
They would love to see you hypnotized!
And frightened of the thought,
Of losing your democracy!
You know...
The one they are stealing away from you?
As they have done the economy!

The fearmongers,
Are soliciting your attention.
They want you to feel uneasy,
And threatened.
Using this against you...
As their most powerful weapon.

They would like to whip you into a frenzy.
And doing the zombie dance!
They would love to see you hypnotized!
And paralyzed in a trance!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fears And Pointless Restrictions

With an over concern of image and appearance,
And how one is perceived physically...
By others who pray to escape from temptations,
And removed from thoughts of committing sins...
As determined by their religious affiliations!
It is not a wonder why...
Many have decided to let God be the judge,
As they live their lives without trying to hide.
And free of those fears and pointless restrictions,
Some feel forced to adopt to place upon themselves.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Feast Or Famine

It is up to your love...
Whether we have a feast or famine.
It's,
Up to your love.
It is up to your love.

It is up to your love...
Whether we have a feast or famine.
It's,
Up to your love.
It is up to your love.

Baby, I've been sighin'.
And wondering why with a hurt inside,
Why I can meet your needs.
But my needs you leave.
And baby I've been tryin',
How to understand...
You!

Baby, I've been sighin'.
And wondering why with a hurt inside.
Baby, I've been sighin'.
And wondering why with a hurt inside.
Why?
We either feast or famine.

It is up to your love...
Whether we have a feast or famine.
It's,
Up to your love.
It is up to your love.

It is up to your love...
Whether we have a feast or famine.
It's,
Up to your love.
It is up to your love.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Feast To Eat And Enjoy

Feast!
So delicious are these offerings,
For only you prepared.

Feast and eat.
Until your heart is contented.
Relax.
And take the weight off your feet.

Unbridled and free,
From each and every discourse presented.
Whether disguised in debated argument or not,
To undermine your dining done.
With purposes to have that stopped.

Feast!
So delicious are these offerings,
For only you prepared.

Be daring and selective,
As it is your wish to nourish...
Upon that which feeds your encouragement.

Feast to eat and enjoy.
Nothing tasted to you presented,
Has been created to disappoint, displease...
Or leave you to become agitated or annoyed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Feast Your Eyes On This

What point is made in remaining relevant?
Who stays influenced by the significance of it?
And if a relevance kept when accepted is significant...
What happens to it when those disapproving its existence,
Decides with an outdated consciousness...
Their values have been offended!
And what had been then relevant...
Should 'today' be censored for its tastelessness.

'I can not believe what today has been exposed.
There are people walking around barely without clothes.'

~That's not as upsetting,
As their choice to speak with disrespecting words.
Or have it in print,
To upset with an effect the innocent minds of our children.
We must keep them protected,
By censoring that which may affect...
The keeping of proper etiquette.
Let's go through those submissions again.~

'I can not believe what today has been exposed.
There are people walking around barely without clothes.'

~Forget that. Feast your eyes on this.
Read what's being said and let's agree it's offensive.
I find it absolutely appalling, offensive and inapprorpiate.
We can not have our children persuaded by this nonsense.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Feasting Upon My Peace

Each day there is a struggle,
Within myself...
To fight against reliving,
Repeated painful memories.
Those I have,
Others will never come to see.

And it is a struggle to keep,
The doers of misdeeds forgiven.
And kept tucked away in a place,
That stays and remains that way.
Each day...
'Something' triggers a flickered flashback.

Since it is 'my' heart and mind,
That has been affected!
With an attacking of my happiness,
Now moving on a forward track.
And it is up to me to find,
Comfort that releases...
From memories like these,
That come feasting upon my peace.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Feces

It is going to take a miracle...
To remove the fumes left,
By this rodent's feces!
And all of those who followed,
This disaster with support...
Are just as guilty for their 'droppings'.
But their stench has been perfumed!
Although leaving absolutely no room,
For doubt of their treacherous ways!
And betrayal isn't quite the word,
On the tips of tongues these days!
Everyone will pay for decades,
For the extravagant charade they laid!
Leaving millions to live in anguish forever.
With an inflicted display of greed...
These rats created!
With the belief they can quietly leave!
And history will not be blind,
To colorize with flair and added dignity...
Or beautify the shaming disgust,
Just what these 'monsters' left behind!
It is going to take a miracle...
To remove the fumes left,
By this rodent's feces!
And surely the foundation,
Of that which has been glorified...
Has to be revamped,
To improve and solidify
All the damage that has been done!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fed And Led To Believe

It is not beneficial,
To lie on someone...
With a protecting done,
Of one's insecurities...
Seen and clearly exposed.

It doesn't pay to do this because,
One never knows...
Just how close a relationship,
Another has with Mother Nature.
And whether we like it or not,
We all have that in common.
Some are fed and led to believe,
They are more special than others.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fed Demographics

Feed an image.
By the marketing of it.
And the start of reality,
Begins to flow...
As part of one's atrmosphere.

And if the campaign meets the needs,
Of selected and fed demographics...
A success is guaranteed.
With a word of mouth done,
That will keep deceits believed forever.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fed On Antiquated Qualities

He is his lover,
Yes.
That she is a lesbian...
No one yet of that has guessed.

Lives lived to be happy,
Isn't for them to confess.
What they have between them,
Is for them that is best.

He sees himself as strong and brave.
And she respects that.
Having her own path to pave.
And both are independent.
Defending the choices they've made.

Emotionally,
They have been freed from sexual conflicts.
To live in a society...
Breast fed on antiquated qualities.
In a world that keeps evolving...
From descriptions that depict,
What is and should not be!

He is his lover,
Yes.
That she is a lesbian...
No one yet of that has guessed.
And fewer today spend their time concerned.
Is this a process of a higher conciousness?
Perhaps that is what we are here to witness,
And learn.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fed On Contradiction

If you've only read,
One of my poems...
And found it to be,
Contradictory.
You certainly haven't read,
'My' poems.
Most of them are...
Fed on contradiction.

You should read the ones,
Based on dysfunction.
They are the ones,
That are most normal.
And...
You might not find them,
To your liking at all!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fed Up And Disgusted

The thing that is most treacherous,
About those who deceive...
Is their ability to portray innocence,
To have others believe...
They have been victimized by the ones,
Who have become fed up and disgusted...
By how well they can disguise,
A hiding to do behind the telling of lies.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fed Up With A Fighting Of Battles

Done with a living through their escapades,
Too many are living fates they can not chase away.
And very few know they can't delay or fake,
The ridding of fantasies accepted but betray.

Detached from seeking distractions,
That had fooled.
Left people feeling down and trapped,
Under pressure and used.
Detached from seeking distractions,
That had fooled.
Today more want facts and with truth.

Fed up with a fighting of battles,
And tainted tales to pursue.
No more do they wish to lament them,
These afflictions they want removed.

Feeling pressured and used!
And fed up with a fighting of battles,
With tainted tales to pursue.
No more do they wish to lament them.
These inflictions they want removed.

They want that funk from them to dump!
They are fed up with a fighting of battles.
Take that funk from them to dump!
And the wickedness of evil.
They want that funk from them to dump!
They are fed up with a fighting of battles.
Take that funk from them to dump!
And the wickedness of evil.
They want that funk from them to dump!
And the wickedness of evil.
They want all funk from them to dump!
They are fed up with a fighting of battles.
Battles.
Battles.
They are fed up with a fighting of battles.

And they want all funk be dumped!
With no hint of it re-acted.
They want all funk from them be dumped!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fed Up!

Change?
Less of that,
Will be left in your pocket!
The 'spiritual deities'
Are fed up!
They have come
To prove to all...
No longer are they sitting in wait,
For those to partake
In salivating destructive greed.
Change has come to us,
Indeed!
And for those contemplating,
A celebration to occur.
A curbing of enthusiasm,
Is now being stirred.

Divisional religious beliefs?
These 'deities' aren't sitting with wings...
Humming on clouds and patting their feet!
This 'organism' we call Earth,
Will be heard...
When He of the She of It finally speaks!

And we are here to witness a major transformation.
Disturbing with cracks...
To dismiss the myths of bogus foundations!
And fake destinies created,
For purposes to deceive!

Fed up 'They' are!
And on the move to prove...
They are not in debate or seeking advice.
From a group of 'louse'...
An insecting family of lice!
'They' have created this planet that breathes!
Correcting this misunderstanding will be done.
Without scriptures to read,
To free 'itself' of further disease!

Whether or not humanity lives or dies...
Those 'deities' controlling us,
Are certainly going to thrive and survive!

Fed up!
'They' are.
With our pretentions, pettiness...
Disrespect and neglecting ways!
With a disregard for our lives 'They' made.
And excuses to abuse this 'home' we nest,
Infesting it with destruction...
And selfish alibis!
Fed up!
'They' are.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Federation Of Unions

A collective of unions,
Of one
Is being done.

This globalistic mission,
To dismiss divisions...
With a socialistic point of view,
Comes to reflect upon those upset.

Isolated protectivism,
With beliefs fading quick!
Has those of a mindset,
Internally struggling...
To maintain foundations in conflict!
And this can not persist like this!

A collective of unions,
Of one
Is being done.
Affecting the lives of everyone.

And the change coming to all who resist,
Is going to stun...
By the effectiveness of it!

A federation of unions comes to exist!
And who leads,
Will not be as important...
As those who will be forced to follow!
Swallowing a past,
From times no longer everlasting.

He may have said it!
Many may have regrets.
But all will experience,
And feel the affects of change!

This globalistic mission,
To dismiss divisions...

With a socialistic point of view,
Comes to reflect upon those upset.
But there will be little a few in opposition can do!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Feed Like Cannibals

An attempt to stop the bleeding,
Of their own blood
Now dripping significantly in drops...
Appears to be futile!
Since the spilling of it...
Does not cause alarm.
Or an empathy from anyone.
As they continued their backstabbing charms.
Although bringing themselves drastic harm.

They've become addicted to their own applied sickness.
Accustomed to doing this to others,
They have smothered their own reasoning.

Lost in their own perceptions!
Their own blood they now bleed.
And they feed like cannibals...
Caring less they eat their own!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Feed Me Love

Feed me love!
That's it.
All of those other promises,
To nourish my diet...
Has not left my appetite encouraged,
One bit!

Feed me some love as a main course.
Do not tease me with it as if it is dessert!
Whatever you say it will do for me,
I want that fed to me as an entrée first.
Feed me with it to quench my thirst.
Do not tease the love I hunger and deserve.

Feed me love!
That's it.
All of those other promises,
To nourish my diet...
Has not left my appetite encouraged,
One bit!

Feed me love,
And fill me up with it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Feed The Need In Me

Bleeding...
Desire!
I wish to satisfy...
A smoldering tempered fire,
Inside of me.

Hungered from the pain,
Sustaining that remains,
To feed!
And wishes quick release.
That leaves me wanting...
With urges to feed,
This need in me!
And I am haunted!
With wants to be set free...
And emptied!

Feed...
The need in me!
Whenever I'm overcomed,
I'm wishing more than some.
And I am needing...
To be free,
Of a bleeding need...
To feed and breathe!

Feed...
The need in me.
I wish to satisfy...
This hunger here inside!

Feed...
The need in me.
Wanting to be free,
To explore my destiny.

Feed...
The need in me.
I wish to satisfy...

This hunger denied,
In me!

Bleeding...
Desire!
I wish to satisfy...
A smoldering tempered fire,
Inside of me.

I want and wish,
A happiness complete...
And free of bleeding need!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Feedback Received

Why is that fools,
Go out of their way...
To be noticed?
It's like someone requesting to sing a solo,
In a church choir.
And that person couldn't hold a note,
If it was wrapped in silk...
And placed upon a silver plate,
With handles attached to it!

And yet,
Fools will take it upon themselves to irritate,
For the attention given.
Regardless if the feedback received...
Is an entire crowd of people,
Turning their backs...
For fear of showing anything,
Remotely expressing...
Encouragement.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Feeding My Soul

Why do you do what you do,
To get off.
Knowing that someone,
Wants with a wish to see you duped.
And why would you do what you do,
Doing it done...
When others are not aware,
You are prepared not to care.

'I'm feeding my soul to keep a peace I hold.
Hoping to behold it as an aging older I grow.'

I can understand you're doing this,
To keep your good kept on.
But others with their druthers,
Believe you to be a fool.
With you an easy mark for them to use.
And The King of Stupidity,
To be used when they choose.

'I'm feeding my soul,
To have it done to please me.
If others see me dumb,
I'll be The King of Stupidity.
To keep a peace I hold,
As I age and grow...
To know what it is and what I want and need.
Ahhh beez-a feeding my soul,
To have it done to please me.
If others see me dumb,
I'll be The King of Stupidity.
To keep a peace I hold,
As I age and grow.
To know within my soul I'm pleased.
And to do...
To keep my sanity.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Feeding Nonsense

I have grown less silent.
With so much that can be said.
I have grown less silent.
To notice too few care...
About their lives,
And who controls them.
With no thoughts,
Inside their heads.
And who it is that makes decisions,
Feeding nonsense to them fed.

I have grown less silent.
As I witness needless violence.
I have grown less silent.
As I hear people deny and whine.
I have grown less silent.
To take notice who has lost their minds.
I have grown less silent.
As I witness needless violence.
I have grown less silent.
As I hear people deny and whine.
I have grown less silent.
To take notice who has lost their minds.

Feeding nonsense,
To defeat.
Feeding nonsense,
To succeed.
Feeding nonsense,
To the people...
Feasting on greed and deceit.

Feeding nonsense,
To defeat.
Feeding nonsense,
To succeed.
Feeding nonsense,
To the people...
Feasting on greed and deceit.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Feeding On Evil

The creating of rivalries that eventually leave,
People improverished...
Builds up feelings of being superior,
And strengthens mental securities...
Of those with low self esteem,
Who practice with weapons to destroy human beings.

Those with thoughts like this,
Are no different than a cancer allow to grow.
Even though the cures to relieve these agonies,
Have long been made available.
But fear has it advantages,
To benefit the ones unconscious.

It's in the advertising of good hype,
That keeps people supporting...
The creation of fears and misdeeds,
With beliefs those of deceit and greed...
Actually have sensibilities to heal wounds.
They wont since it's not to their best interest.

The creating of rivalries that eventually leave,
People improverished...
Is,
For reasons to be left condoned...
To diminish all quality of life as shown.
And the ending of humanity if not stopped.

Even though,
The cures to relieve agonies that come...
With an intentional implementation of grief that is done,
Have long been made available to eliminate sorrows.
To ensure this existence of life,
Is enjoyed by everyone blessed to be gifted with it.

The markings left by the beast feeding on evil increased,
Will be decreased to cease and soon!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Feeding The Monsters

A shift in blame is in full force.
And those responsible,
For creating division...
Are, of course,
Trying to divorce themselves...
From their initiations.

Their hate speeches,
Over the media that reaches...
Has them in denial,
Their instigations with rage...
Began to cloud the Sunrays with haze.

A shift in blame is in full force.
And those responsible,
For creating division...
Are, of course,
Trying to divorce themselves...
From their initiations.

But listen to them,
On any radio or TV station...
That employes their venom.
And you will hear them jeer,
With talk that promotes anguish and fear.

And it becomes clear!
These highly paid jocks...
Are feeding the monsters,
Nonstop slop.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Feeding Up A Deficit

Many bent over,
With sorrows on their shoulders...
Have been living deep in debt.
And,
Stretched beyond their limits.

Many bent over,
With their burdens to hold.
Have been doing this to get...
Their hands on dangled carrots.
Pulled quick from their grasp.

Deeper gets a deficit,
Deeper.
Stronger are addictions,
Teased.
Digging is a ditch dug deeper.
Feeding on a need to have more greed.
Deeper gets a deficit,
Deeper.
Stronger are addictions teased.
Feeding up a deficit,
Deeper.
Just to please a few who greed.

Many bent over,
With sorrows on their shoulders...
Have been living deep in debt.
And,
Stretched beyond their limits.
With no intent to end this...
Feeding up a deficit deeper.
With no intent to end this...
Greed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Feeding Upon Desire

No one soars to reach,
Heights done to accomplish...
With thoughts of time to confine,
To definitions meant to prevent...
A mission to complete intended.
Since it is not the impossible,
One keeps in their mind...
To be reminded of it.
It is the wish to soar for more to reach,
The kind of heights that leaves behind...
Limits or impossibilities desires to keep,
Are not kept to define.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Feeding Upon False Information To Feast

Everyday I pray,
With a thankfulness I have been blessed...
To observe and without a judgement to profess.
And have kept an ability to listen and grasp,
Onto that which helps me to evaluate and comprehend.
With a curiosity to ask questions.

There is not a day that comes along at dawn,
When I am seeking a lesson somewhere to learn.
To absorb and reflect to improve upon my knowledge.
With a keeping myself vulnerable to all that which connects,
To a reality less deluded that includes understanding,
I accept and not reject.

I witness too many today,
Prepared as if ready to reject what others say.
As they limp around and groan from pain,
To claim what pills they take to numb their aches.
And not one appreciates a remnant of truth to them told.

I witness too many today with a preference to complain.
Who say they've been diagnosed 'professionally',
By someone who doesn't know what they do medically.
So they 'choose' to use canes and wheelchairs to move.

I have heard it said by those who pledge a loyalty,
To keep feeding upon false information to feast...
Since those they ignore have no doctorate degrees,
To give advice from them to explore the credibility of it.

Everyday I pray,
With a thankfulness I have been blessed...
To observe and without a judgement to profess.
And have kept an ability to listen and grasp,
Onto that which helps me to evaluate and comprehend.
With a curiosity to ask questions.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Feel Good

If it's good that feeling,
Felt you get inside...
Keep inside that feeling,
To occupy and reside.

If it's good that feeling,
No longer you deny...
Submit to it completely,
And enjoy the ride.

People like to hide what they feel inside.
Especially if it's too good to admit.
And...
Some are just too shy to do backflips,
In public view but when alone they do.

So feel good,
And hide this if you must...
From others you can't trust,
To take your good to mess up.
So feel good,
And hide this if you must...
From others you can't trust,
To take your good to get it messed up.

Feel good.
As if you can't get enough.
Feel good.
Don't let nobody mess it up.
Feel good.
As if you can't get enough.
Feel good.
Don't let nobody mess it up.
Feel good.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Feel It To Feel

MOVE with that beat to keep it.
MOVE with it not to stop.
MOVE with that beat to keep it.
Show that rhythm that you've got.

Loosen up your hips.
And let go of those stiff lips.
Let your hair down.
Toss it and your head around.

All night,
Stay with the feeling.
All night,
Feel it to feel.
All night,
Stay with the feeling.
All night,
Feel it to feel.

MOVE with that beat to keep it.
MOVE with it not to stop.
MOVE with that beat to keep it.
Show that rhythm that you've got.

Forget the listening to the ctickets.
The crickets you hear soon will quit.
Forget the listening to the ctickets.
Feel what you've got and stick with it.

MOVE with that beat to keep it.
MOVE with it not to stop.
MOVE with that beat to keep it.
Show that rhythm that you've got.
All night,
Feel it to feel it.
All night,
Feel it to feel.
All night,
Feel it to feel it.

All night,
Feel it to feel.
All night.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Feel Lifted

Feel lifted.
And consider it done.
Feel lifted.
And consider it done.
Feel lifted.
And consider this,
Your best benefit...
With a reaching that's done.

Get away from yesterday and all that has decayed.
Feel lifted.
And consider it done.
Feel lifted.
And consider it done.
Feel lifted.
And consider this,
Your best benefit...
With a reaching that's done.
Feel lifted.
And consider it done.
Feel lifted.
And consider it done.
Feel lifted.
And consider this,
Your best benefit...
With a reaching that's done.

Only you know what's not good,
For you.
Get away from yesterday and all that has decayed.
Feel lifted.
And consider it done.
Feel lifted.
Only you know what's not good,
For you.
To...
Get away!

And consider this,
Your best benefit...
With a reaching that's done.
Feel lifted.
And consider it done.
Feel lifted.
And consider it done.
Feel lifted.
And consider this,
Your best benefit...
With a reaching that's done.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Feel Terrific

You keep me lifted.
And I admit.
I feel terrific...
When I'm given this lift.

You keep me lifted,
And I admit...
I feel terrific,
When I'm given this lift!

No alcohol do I need to get this boost.
Anything that aggravates I just let loose.
I feel like sitting on the roof,
To do exactly what I choose.

When that mood in me rules!

And I want to get lifted.
I admit.
I feel terrific...
When I'm given this lift.

I do,
Just feel terrific.
And you...
Can feel terrific.
Just choose...
To be terrific.

And be lifted with a boost.

Be specific.
When you get your lift.
Feel terrific.
And just handle it!

I do,
Just feel terrific.
And you...

Can feel terrific.
Just choose...
To be terrific.
And,
Be...
Llifted with a boost.

I do,
Just feel terrific.
And you...
Can feel terrific.
Just choose...
To be terrific.
And be lifted with a boost.

You keep me lifted.
And I admit.
I feel terrific...
When I'm given this lift.

You keep me lifted,
And I admit...
I feel terrific,
When I'm given this lift!

I do,
Just feel terrific.
And you...
Can feel terrific.
Just choose...
To be terrific.
And be lifted with a boost.

And you...
Can feel terrific.
Just choose...
To be terrific.
And be lifted with a boost.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Feel Tickled With That Giggle

When you feel tickled,
And you giggle.

Don't hold it in,
Laugh back.

People try to hold onto their sadness traps.
Thinking an award is going to honor that.

And they want to sink even deeper in that crap!
Believing this activity is where they should be at.

But when you're tickled.
And then you giggle.

Don't hold it in,
Laugh back.

When you feel tickled,
And you giggle.

Don't hold it in,
Laugh back.

People try to hold onto their sadness traps.
Thinking an award is going to honor that.

And they want to sink even deeper in that crap!
Believing this activity is where they should be at.

Release it,
And...
Don't hold it in,
Laugh back.

He he he with your ha ha's.
Don't hold it in,
Laugh back.
Feel tickled with that giggle...

Don't hold it in,
Laugh back.
Release those giggles,
And...
Don't hold it in,
Laugh back.

Do the he he's...
And
Don't hold it in,
Laugh back.
With the ha ha's.
And
Don't hold it in,
Laugh back.
He he he ha ha!
And
Don't hold it in,
Laugh back.
Release those giggles,
And...
Don't hold it in,
Laugh back.
Feel tickled with that giggle...
Don't hold it in,
Laugh back.
Feel tickled with that giggle...
Don't hold it in,
Laugh back.
Feel tickled with that giggle...
Don't hold it in,
Laugh back.

When you feel really giddy?
Don't hold it in,
Laugh back.
When you feel really giddy?
Don't hold it in,
Laugh back.
When you feel really giddy?
Don't hold it in,
Laugh back.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Feeling A Good To Keep It

Feeling a good to keep it,
With a doing that's done to seek it...
Knowing that,
A doing it...
Isn't fun to get done.

Mending broken pieces,
From pain felt to decrease....
While healing knees so scarred and bruised,
To walk tall on two feet.
And...
Knowing that,
A doing it...
Isn't fun to get done.

Keeping my mind real busy,
And far from focused grief...
Took away those tears I wept,
And also self defeat.
With a knowing that,
A doing it...
Isn't fun to get done.

Oh no a feeling a good to keep it,
With a doing that's done to seek it...
Knowing that,
A doing it...
Isn't fun to get done.

Oh no a feeling a good to keep it,
With a doing that's done to seek it...
Knowing that,
A doing it...
Isn't fun to get done.

Oh no the benefits,
Of feeling good...
Isn't fun to get done.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Feeling Freer To Smile With Less Suspicion

If people listened to comprehend,
With an understanding to exchange...
There would be fewer people observed,
Using an assortment of crutches...
Walking sticks and adjustable canes.
To depict with assistance...
Their daily ailments felt to share.
With a validation of opinions given by others.
While doing their best to limp through life,
Re-creating what they believe...
Is an acceptable performance to be approved.
There then would be more people on the scene,
Feeling freer to smile with less suspicion.
And, enjoying their lives too.

'Yes.
Good morning to you.
I'd like to have a cup of coffee with cream and sugar.
A slice of cake.
And if I may...
I'd like to look through your new selection of canes?
Although,
There is one on display in the window I would like to test.
The one with the marble handle and golden tip.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Feeling Grateful And Blessed

I awaken each day,
Feeling grateful and blessed.
To have had overwhelming success,
Very early in my inquisitive life.

I awaken each day,
With memories of lessons taught.
And those who freely shared their expertise,
With sincerity shown and without deceit.
None I perceived or from them received.

I awaken each day seeking to give away,
My time to those wanting to succeed.
But sometimes this wish goes misunderstood,
By those with their kept suspicions...
That anyone who gives with a doing done to do,
Wants more to take from 'them'.
And as much as they possibly could.
If this was a choice picked and for 'them' to choose.

I awaken each day,
Feeling grateful and blessed.
To have had overwhelming success,
Very early in my inquisitive life.

HOWEVER...
To martyr my life in the sacrificing for others,
Who have selfish druthers I've come to witness AND discover.
Well, I have awakened from that...
To realize people with egos needing to be fed,
Wanted to approve my doing of backflips instead!
And 'that' talent to expose someone has to show me payment.
The biggest of BIG BUCKS! And...'before' my performance.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Feeling In A Rendezvous Mood

Feeling in a.
Rendezvous mood.
Feeling a bit desperate about it too.

And only to myself,
Will I admit this.
And only to myself,
Will I even address it.

Feeling in a
Rendezvous mood.
Feeling a bit desperate about it too.
And only will I pat myself on the back.
For encouraging urges inside me like that.

Yet I'm too,
Given to have one on ones.
Too...
Selfish to share anyone.
And just too loyal to be about cheating.
Especially with another,
Who woos me to be fooled.

I'm just too
Committed to be sneaky.
Too.
Suspicious of that hit to miss.
Too.
Quick to fall in love.
To have someone tell me,
There is another one they are thinking of.

Feeling in a...
Rendezvous mood.
Feeling a bit desperate about it too.
And only will I pat myself on the back.
For encouraging urges inside me like that.

Yet I'm too,

Given to have one on ones.
Too
Selfish to share anyone.
And just too loyal to be about cheating.
Especially with another,
Who woos me to be fooled.

Feeling in a.
Rendezvous mood.
But just too loyal to be about cheating.
Especially with another,
Who woos me to be fooled.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Feeling It To Share

It is there.
Accepted.

The leaving of each season.
Yet regretting to let go.
And slow from them,
It is to disconnect.

Accepted to expect.
Happiness.
And its long lasting affect.
Hoping to match,
Preferences attached.

Accepted to expect.

Taking steps forward,
Leaves behind those made.
Some attempt to delay,
The process it takes to grow.
And others afraid,
Say they will stay away...
From a full bloom.
As if life to live to receive,
Had not been a blessing...
To experience.
But a proposal of permanence,
If one chooses not to refuse.

Feeling it to share,
Is given without guarantee...
That tomorrow comes to offer,
What today delivers.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Feeling Like You'Re Wrapped Up In Tight Knots

Feeling like you're wrapped up in tight knots.
Well you've got it.
Wanting to feel better but you're not.
Well you've got it.
You've got it and you wont give it back!
No.
Burdens carried as if they are treasures proud you pack.
Oh!

Holding on as if you can't let go,
Like something golden.
Snuggled up so close it makes a mold,
Like gold you're holding.
You wont let it slip away to live!
No.
So attached to madness,
Someone would think that you stoled it.

Holding on as if you can't let go,
Like something golden.
Snuggled up so close it makes a mold,
Like gold you're holding.
You wont let it slip away to live!
No.
So attached to madness,
Someone would think that you had stolen it.

Feeling like you're wrapped up in tight knots.
Well you've got it.
Wanting to feel better but you're not.
Well you've got it.
You've got it and you wont give it back!
No.
Burdens carried as if they are treasures proud you pack.
Oh!

Feeling like you're wrapped up in tight knots.
Well you've got it.
Wanting to feel better but you're not.

Well you've got it.
You've got it and you wont give it back!
No.
Burdens carried as if they are treasures proud you pack.
Oh!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Feeling More Secure

Disparities are known,
And only shown to be of interest...
To reveal the effectiveness,
Of divisions and widening gaps.

Leaving many feeling more secure,
That others are being left behind.
And they are the ones proud to expose,
The updates of their periodic findings.

'I could care less what status they have.
As long as we are perceived as doing,
Much better than they are.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Feeling Obligated

Someone has to give in and give up,
A dream...
About to be touched.
If a love of another is wanted that much.
Someone has to give in and give up.
Someone has to give in and give up.

Someone has to give in and give up,
A dream...
About to be touched.
If a love of another is wanted that much.
Someone has to give in and give up.
Someone has to give in and give up.

It's hard to love someone,
If that one is creative.

It's hard to leave and separate from...
Someone loved that's very innovative.
Someone loved that is creative,
Someone loved that is creative.

It's hard to love someone,
If that one is creative.

It's hard to leave and separate from...
Someone loved that's very innovative.
Someone loved that is creative,
Someone loved that is creative.

When one wants to be that one and only...
Someone is feeling isolated.
When one wants to be that one and only...
Someone else is feeling obligated.
Someone else is feeling obligated.

It's hard to love someone,
If that one is creative.

It's hard to leave and separate from...
Someone loved that's very innovative.
To leave another feeling obligated.
To leave another feeling obligated.

It's hard to leave and separate from...
Someone loved that's very innovative.
To leave another feeling obligated.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Feeling Okay To Be Ignored

Being alone does not have to mean loneliness.
Or interpreted by others as a desperate existence,
For one who has chosen...
To live a life without accepting nonsense.
And feeling okay to be ignored,
When others believed one's actions were foolish.

And on a daily basis...
One like this does what it takes,
To ensure a peace discovered...
Is not replaced or exits to escape,
By others trying to find their way...
Through a chaos they have created to permit.

No phones to answer or knocks on the door,
Can take away what one has earned.
Not when one has found what one adores.
An arrival of a peace within and quiet restored.
One hopes to keep with a feasting kept...
With no regrets and forevermore.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Feeling Quite Comfortable

Contrary to your beliefs...
I do know my place.
And that is why you might see me anywhere,
Feeling quite comfortable.
Exchanging eyebrow lifts too.
Whatever the requirement.
I can adapt to any environment.
Body language is a universal tool I use.
Sometimes eliminating the need for conversation,
Altogether.
And...
I am amazed by the things I 'hear'.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Feeling Quite High And Mighty

You have stopped with your dazzle.
And I am done questioning my daze.
We have reached a mutual boredom that has come.
Hopefully to welcome,
A more enlightened phase!

I have sobered from an intoxication,
That has stood me nearly on my feet.
With eyes wide open now...
I think!
And teeth ready to bite,
Ripping away delusions...
Kept dimmed in my sight.

You have stopped with your dazzle.
And I am done with my daze.
We have reached a mutual boredom,
That has come.
Hopefully to welcome,
A more enlightened phase...
Assisted by this coke and rum!
Refreshing a haze.

'Leave that alone!
I'm not done!
I am not a drunkard.
Nor am I a bum! '

I am not perplexed,
By my wishes to reject and disconnect!
I am hoping you a better best yet.
But I see our sparkles have been flawed...
By choosing to shine like rhinestones,
After being chewed and gnawed.

I am ready to glisten like a diamond now.
Tired am I of accepting the expected!
It has been stated but then over-rated.
But I know that I can...

And I will,
Shock and awe!

Yes,
I am...
Feeling quite high,
And mighty!

And...
So what?
Don't be rude,
Or interrupt!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Feeling Romantic

You made me feel like this.
Oh yes you did.
I am...
Feeling romantic.
And admitting it.

And,
You've got my nose wide open.
Hooked and hanging limp.
Like a fish with glazed eyes.
Smiling as if given a 'fix'.
From something that has left me addicted.

Blinded I am by your sight.
Beaming with a smile and unresisting.
Like a deer caught in broad daylight.
You made me feel like this.
Oh yes you did.
I am...
Feeling romantic.
And admitting every bit of it.

'What's the matter with you? '

Huh.

'I said...
What is the matter with you? '

I think...
I think,
I'm in love.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Feeling The Sensation Of The Blade

People who usually find themselves in discussions,
Backstabbing another do not think of the repercussions...
To reverberate in reflection a reciprocal reaction to suffer.
And...
Find it difficult to believe,
Feeling the sensation of the blade...
Is the same blade they laid in a place with them that stays.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Feeling The Sting

Those who speak of a future,
But have divested all investments...
In effective selfishness.
To quickly feast and digest,
With a leaving behind those hungry...
To condone alone their own homelessness.
Becomes an image not easy to forgive and forget,
When that pendulum begins to swing...
For those painfully remembering their entitlements.
And feeling the sting of what division brings.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Feeling Truth A Bit Too Thick

You wouldn't dare be with me,
If it was only truth I pursued.

You would wish to have fun.
With an escapism done.
Feeling truth a bit too thick,
And uncouth.
Believing it to be wicked...
And undoing the deceit,
You are accustomed to.

You wouldn't dare be with me,
If it was only truth I pursued.

You would campaign to smear my name.
Deny knowing me and have me framed.
You would even prefer to see me shamed.
If I claimed to live a life doing what I felt was right.
If I denounced having an appetite,
For slandering others I didn't like to backbite.
And stirring up arguments just to provoke a fight.

You wouldn't dare be with me,
If it was only truth I pursued.

You would wish to have fun.
With an escapism done.
Choosing to manipulate.
And wanting me to participate.
With others you select,
As disposable playmates!
And I have a consciousness you fear.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Feeling Victorious

People find more topics offend them these days.
And those aware and unafraid to discuss what disgusts,
Find they have become the ones...
Accused of doing the offending done.
Although those living to write about happenings,
Centuries ago are today praised for their courage...
For exposing such limited thinking accepted.
With enlightenment increased.
And a wish for peace to keep effectively.

Today?
Delusions kept have become protected.
Disrespecting reality is expected to be reflected.
Honesty heard spoken is immediately rejected.
And conflicts to begin with no ending coming to them,
Are excused away as part of life...
Few refuse to censor as a topic they invite,
If it means their battles and their initiated fights...
Leaves them feeling victorious over someone else.

Fed to feed on selfishness and greed,
Are those living with entitled wishes...
They must live to feel victorious.

No matter who bleeds,
To be left homeless and hungry to leave abandoned...
And with an obviousness to be seen,
Can be observed but censored as a topic that offends.
Just to have those ignoring what shows,
Feeling victorious and their self righteous values untouched!
With beliefs kept they keep themselves above the message.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Feeling Vindicated

You took to me,
Like fish does to water.
And it was joy,
When my life had order.
But now we've become a mystery.

You take the gold.
Leave me the silver.
No 'beef' do I hold.
My heart is closed and bordered.
And what was is not meant to be!

And I feel vindicated.
To know ahead are my best days.
Yes I feel vindicated.
I stayed and did not cheat.
And I feel vindicated.
Since you strayed away from me.

And I feel vindicated.
To know ahead are my best days.
Yes I feel vindicated.
I stayed and did not cheat.

You took to me,
Like fish does to water.
And it was joy,
When my life had order.
But now we've become a mystery.

And I feel vindicated.
'Cause I believed.
I feel vindicated.
You would never cheat.
And I feel vindicated...
'Cause I was there,
I feel vindicated...
To see your deed.

And I feel vindicated.
'Cause I believed.
I feel vindicated.
You would never cheat.
And I feel vindicated...
'Cause I was there,
I feel vindicated...
To see your deed.

You take the gold.
Cause I feel vindicated
Leave me the silver.
Feeling vindicated.
No 'beef' I hold.
Though I'm feeling vindicated.
My heart is closed,
And bordered.

Since you strayed away from me.
And now we've become a mystery.

You take the gold.
Cause I feel vindicated
Leave me the silver.
Feeling vindicated.
No 'beef' I hold.
Though I'm feeling vindicated.
My heart is closed...
Since you strayed away from me.
And now we've become a mystery.

And I'm feeling vidicated,
No 'beef' I hold.
I'm feeling vidicated.
My eyes believe.
Feeling vindicated.
That truth is told.
And my heart,
No longer grieves.

You took to me,
Like fish to water.

And it was joy,
When my life had order.
But now we've become a mystery.
And my heart,
No longer grieves.

And I'm...
Feeling vindicated.
Yes I guess I'm,
Feeling vindicated.
And I and I...
Feel vindicated.
Yes I guess I'm,
Feeling vindicated.
And I and I...
Feel vindicated.
Yes I guess I'm,
Feeling vindicated.
And I and I...
Feel vindicated.
And I and I...
Feel vindicated.

And we leave,
Without the risk of rifts.
Feeling vindicated,
And we leave knowing this is it!
And I and I...
Feel vindicated.
Yes I guess I'm,
Feeling vindicated.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Feeling 'Whole' I Do!

To live is to learn and to grow...up!
Here I am at 62 and I tell you this...
My best 'teachers' I disagreed with.
Yes, I did.
Only to realize...
Now I value their assessments,
Of the 'me' I denied existed.

To be 'now' more of that 'me'
They saw I did not see before.
And I am so glad I found myself.
With a patience to put ignored pieces together.

Feeling 'whole' I do.
With self examinations through,
And completed with no tests to tease.
Seeing is believing to testify what is true!

And 'free' with a peace of mind I am.
I can release to leave doubts behind.
Feeling 'whole' I do.
And the experience of it...
I wish others could achieve,
To release themselves from turmoil.
And inner conflict stubbornly held...
With perceptions gone unaddressed.
To face them as they are is best.
This clears the mind of mental stresssss,
Yessss!

And as difficult as a quiz can get...
It is with acceptance,
Challenges can be met with success.
With a removal of those obstacles.
That seem so plentiful,
On paths we walk alone.
Condoning with an acceptance done.
Without confronting them one by one!

If one confesses and leave behind...
The useless time spent in regret!
And turning those obstacles,
Into worthless pebbles to forget!

Oh,
Feeling 'whole' I do.
Choosing to let the 'me' in 'me'
Just 'be'!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Feelings And Emotions Felt

There is nothing like watching,
A backfire taking place unexpected.
From a comfortable distance.

Especially when the heat,
Is on those who sneakily deceived.
And believed their actions,
Would never bring them grief.

'And you enjoy knowing this?
Even though your life now lived,
Is at peace that brings you...
Complete and total happiness? '

Of course.
My feelings and emotions felt,
Have never been from me divorced.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Feelings And Thoughts

I remember being told,
Many years ago...
My feelings and thoughts,
To them did not matter.
But they were under the impression,
The feelings and thoughts I expressed...
Were my own alone to be kept.
And today many have discovered,
How expensive a kept ignorance can be.
Especially by those,
Who believe themselves never to be affected...
By thoughts or feelings others have,
They have turned their backs on to ignore...
To perceive they can leave them to go unaddressed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Feelings Expected

No relationship can be kept strengthened,
Without acceptance to respect.
Or a closeness inviting suspicions,
Of anyone deceiving to be dishonest.
To become the center of attention to get.
The only feelings expected,
Are envy and jealousy.
As pettiness develops to become effective.

So many in relationships,
Make attempts to maneuver...
Someone to find they can undermine.
With beliefs the doing of this,
To convince others what does not exist...
Does because they've spent time creating it.
And a closeness perceived,
Is never supported to be believed or received.

'At least you can 'act' like you care.'

~I agree.
Now...
Show me how that is done.~

'Show you?
I can't show you how to feel what isn't there.'

~That's a relief.
Because my acting is terrible.~

Even the ones selected,
To be the favorites of those with this shown...
Have their moments when they disappoint,
To have done or said something not condoned.
And these are the relationships,
So many in them have lost their interest.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Feelings Known

Feelings known,
With them shared and shown...
Has become for many,
And not just some...
To have them done without premeditation.
With a giving to make impressions,
A quick exit made.
Without explanation.

People today are discovering more,
No time they will take to beat around a bush.
While a few may remain hoping not to offend,
Anyone holding onto impressions to defend.
People today on all shores are discovering,
Their feelings shown to make them known...
Will no longer be expressed to address,
What is or is not politically correct.

And anyone today who can say,
Their point of view has not been affected...
By politics and their affiliated religious,
Imperfections...
Need not sit amongst others to pretend,
Their standards to value and beliefs to keep...
Have not been changed or re-arranged,
To notice an infestation of accepted deceptions.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Feelings Of Guilt

Gee!
Please tell me this...
Am I the only one to awaken,
From a peaceful undisturbed sleep...
To feel immediately the presence of guilt?

I do.
Sometimes I do.

I awaken each day...
To first exercise and meditate.
I do my yoga routine.
And then with a gratefulness I pray.
To affirm my blessings.

And then a total and complete happiness,
Comes over me.
I want to scream with joy.
So loud it makes me feel gulty.

For years I've expressed,
My happiness with my neighbors.
A few, I know, are convinced...
I smoke crack.
Because I enjoy burning incense.
And most of my neighbors know that.

Sometimes I don't have a dime in my pocket.
And those close to me know this.

I can walk for miles...
With nothing but a smile on my face.
And I just might approach a stranger...
To ask why a frown that makes them look down,
To 'me' appears out of place.
I wont repeat some things they say.

'Uh...
No thanks!

I couldn't do that to myself,
If I wanted.
But...
You have a good day.'

Gee!
Please tell me this...
Am I the only one to awaken,
From a peaceful undisturbed sleep...
To feel immediately the presence of guilt?

I do.
Sometimes I do.

However...
I keep my routine the way it is.
I am the product of my experiences.
And naïve I am not.
Nor thoroughly innocent.
But feelings of GUILT?
Because I am happy?
Absolutely makes no sense!
Does it?

Does it to you?

What's the matter?
Why are you looking at me like that?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Feelings Of Inadequacy

Most of the problems people today face...
Are not tied to economics.
Or financially traced.
Most of those problems are delusion based.
With investments made to escape,
Feelings of inadequacy.

People have been fed deceit.
And it has become part of their lives.
Crime on the rise on urban streets...
Can be attributed more to the feeding,
Of suburban greed!
And the spread of isolated ignorance.
Defended by insecurities.

Those 'us' against 'them' theories used,
As tactics to uplift causes of segregation...
Has degraded the very folks,
Who have provoked their own demise.
With lies seen coming to destroy their dreams,
Emptying into abandoned philosphies once worshipped.

And believing themselves worthy of exclusive gluttony!
Chosing to ostracize those who spoke truth.
And now they are on the pursuit to find escapes.
But the price they have paid,
Has closed those exits!
To leave them crazed.
Praying their visions of an apocalypse,
Is realized.
To afford them purpose, identity and reason...
For their misguided beliefs!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Feelings Once Had

No one can make anyone feel,
What has been made to fade away.
Or take for granted,
One's feelings once had for another...
Expressed with honesty, devotion,
And sincerity felt to stay and remain...
If the exchange of the same,
Had not been shown to be respected.
Yet expected regardless of the neglect.
With beliefs kept,
Whatever feelings one may have had...
Easily detected and never to suspect,
Thought to require less attention to them given...
Everyone wishes to have what they feel validated.
Or give mention with concern of it known.
It's human nature.
Like seasons that come and go,
Unappreciated although reminisced...
To remember them for what they were,
With wishes that are missed.
People also can be like this,
When the time comes for them...
To find reasons to move on.
And leave behind them what has gone.
Without feelings or thoughts to prolong about it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Feelings To Regret

Deceiving people I have met.
To disbelieve how deceiving,
With me they would get.
And to witness with it seen,
What I saw to never forget...
I wish nothing for them,
But the best of what comes...
To be done as it is given.
With a returning to receive,
Feelings to regret their deceptions.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Felt Inside, Known And Not Hiding

Wholesome expressions delivered,
May be great to hear from podiums raised...
By those speaking from prepared speeches.
To have those listening needing a boost,
With a lifting done coming from roaring cheers.

There is a truth that is lived,
And inescapable it is.
For those who know it is not in disguise,
To eliminate or compromise...
What is felt inside, known and not hiding.

A truth that is lived,
Isn't waiting for the next speech heard.
Or standing in line,
To select from a multitude of choices offered.
A truth lived and once picked becomes one's commitment.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Felt That Without Description

When love came to us...
Where were the conditions?
I did not hear or see them.
I did not feel a restriction,
Slowly peeling to strip from us...
The hunger of touching.

When love came to us...
We did not care there were physical flaws.
Or blemishes of imperfection.
Only caressing kept us awed.
As we pawed and played.
In uninhabited abandonment.

When love came to us...
Why could we not keep it,
As it came to nourish.
Was there too much of it shown?
Too much to satisfy,
Until it was decided it will be there...
Whenever!

I had taken us too for granted.
And you took too much to leave me...
Finally in my own grief.
I can not believe the depth.
I have felt that without description.
Realizing my selfishness became too soon,
A demand of your attention...
I did not have the patience to wait for then!
And now with patience,
I have no peace without you...
I can announce is mine,
If in conferences we shared
Before we slept close...
Finds us in separate beds yearning.
At least...
I am in need.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Felt To Feel By Everyone

No one can keep pretending,
What they could have been...
Or should have been with a wanting to be,
If they kept it make believed...
Forever.
There is no forever that protects a mind fictioned.

No one is that clever to keep truth deceived,
Without their true identity eventually revealed...
For everyone to see,
They have been pretending to make believe.
And this is felt to feel by everyone when done,
As a nonfictrion comes to uncover one's dramatics.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fenced In

So bright the frost that comes to freeze,
Pink cheeks and other hues.
Some mixed.
All definitely ethnic.
Playing in the snow all day.

So delightful are the faces innocent...
To bring one walking about to stop,
To absorb the warmth of children...
Feeling free to be a part of a season,
To be enjoyed.

As some sit observing this,
Aged with cold shoulders.
And minds split into divisions...
Permanently fenced in.
And breathing mist...
Within distance,
Upon their closed windows.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fenced In To Be Viewed

One of the most difficult things,
Someone decides with a choice to do...
Is to forgive another known to be deceiving,
And intended to make their life a living hell.
But...
There comes those times,
When it is not difficult at all...
To find it mentioned those with evil intentions,
Have hissed to knit their own wickedness...
On a quilt with others of like minds,
And they have found themselves stuck in a web...
With a belief the doing done,
Was intended to catch someone else 'suspected'.
And there they are...
Fenced in to be viewed as if in a zoo!
There they are...
The evil doers together.

'Just a second.
Am I to believe what I see at 'that' exhibit? '

~Which one? ~

'The one teaching the other monkeys,
How to knit.
While at the same time hissing...
The one that has come to feed them all.'

~Yep.
At one time it was very popular.
But today?
The message it had has been ignored.
It 'use' to have a relevance.
When there was only one knitter hissing.
As if to thrawart rumored activities of enemies.
The others became entrapped unconsciously,
To lose the attractiveness of that exhibit.
No one has expressed a collective curiosity after that.~

'Why? '

~It was discovered all the monkeys knew each other.
And plotted together to create their own demise.
We knew that to be true,
Because they seemed not to need any training to hiss...
At the one who came to entertain and feed them.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fences. They Are Everywhere

I tried balancing on different fences,
To straddle perfectly to do with time spent.
And then limits to my curiosity began to expand.
To find those fences only meant,
For the purpose of keeping something in.
With no intent for that something,
To feel free to roam out and about.

And those who stay offended,
By the mention of fences...
Need not to see them to feel them everywhere.
But are kept reminded in their minds,
Of those limits and expectations...
Where they should remain and stay,
Until permission is given as a condition of accepted...
Belief, conformity and threats of sins to avoid.
Posted on 'fences' by those claiming ownership.

'Beware.'

~Of what? ~

'Trespassing.'

~On what? ~

'Thoughts to think others might find offensive.
To then be tempted to mention them.'

~What...are you talking about? ~

'Fences. They are everywhere.
Everywhere someone is defending them.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Ferguson?

Ferguson?
Just another place,
Where racism exists.
And historically...
Has been tolerated.
With a of pointing fingers with it done,
While ignoring these times that have come...
That only affects the ones who have accepted,
Themselves to be better than other ones.
Yet continue to self inflict with ignorance they do,
To believe blood shed with corruption to spread...
While result to benefit the ones who perceive,
Keeping those less advantaged and controlled...
And on their knees,
Will prove that the few who oppress to uphold...
Archaic beliefs their ancestors to them have sold,
Without confessing to self examine...
That ferguson isn't just an isolated incident.
But Ferguson represents,
A darkness attempted to be kept hidden...
That exposes and reflects a selfishness believed,
Can thrive undetected by keeping reality deluded.
While hoarding resources, benefits and opportunties,
Exclusively shared amongst those using deception...
To please the feeding of evil and ignorant misdeeds.

And yet unfortunately as hunger and homelessness,
Continues and existence that is permitted...
Ferguson may get current focus and media attention.
But Ferguson is far from the only place...
Where people are restricted to limits,
By those with minds blinded by their own insecurities...
To not face the consequences these insecurities leave,
Only achieve the increasing of social conflicts.
And minds inflicted with mental illnesses,
Decreases the quality of life 'everyone' deserves to live.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Festival Of Sickness

People are trying to find reason,
Without the aid of reality.
People want to separate cause from the affect.
And ignore with neglect,
Obvious connections!

People seek remedies that entertain.
Find substances to numb their brains.
Locate purposes to remain unchanged!
But clearly they maintain dimming wits...
With few choices left,
To excuse them from an addicting mindlessness.

All aboard a luxurious ship called INSANITY.
Sinking quickly in celebration.
As they partake in this festival of sickness,
In an elaborate and decorative collective madness.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fetish

If the relevancy of one's identity,
Is not prioritized as significant!
Then the purpose of one's accomplishments,
Is to achieve egotistical status.
To satisfy temporary goals.
That may fluctuate...
When and if one ever becomes satisfied.
But doesn't.
No guarantee is there,
Based upon concrete measures.
Becoming much like a craving one has!
There one moment and gone the next.
To rim to the brim with whims,
Ever changing.
Like a fetish one might have for shoes.
Or something carried!
Like an eagerly given opinion.
Much like those shared that go ignored.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fetishes

Some may have their fetishes,
As a fixation or a reverence to give.
Without a profit to solicit,
An attention to get.
They have purposes for fetishes for them to live.

And there are those who choose to take risks,
At their own expense.
To leave those who have fetishes,
To do what it is!
To leave those who have fetishes,
To do what it is!

Some folks can not mind their own business,
'Cause their lips move too quick.
Some folks can not mind their own business,
'Cause their lips move too quick.
Some folks can not mind their own business,
'Cause their lips move too quick.
They'd be better off alone to nourish their fetishes!

And there are those who choose to take risks,
At their own expense.
To leave those who have fetishes,
To do what it is!

Some may have their fetishes,
As a fixation or a reverence to give.
Without a profit to solicit,
An attention to get.
They have purposes for fetishes for them to live.

Some folks can not mind their own business,
'Cause their lips move too quick.
Some folks can not mind their own business,
'Cause their lips move too quick.
Some folks can not mind their own business,
'Cause their lips move too quick.
They'd be better off alone to nourish their fetishes!

Whatever that fetish may be,
To give them a lift.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Few

Few that do things done unknown,
Often find they are on their own!
And it does not seem to bother them...
To be alone!
There is less confusion in the mix,
Or comments made by others to condone!

Few who understand themselves...
Like no one else,
They know the 'self'.
And many times their words are short!
Some quick to abort!
Since they have long removed their needs,
To have useless conversations...
Dipped in collective, socially tipped bullshit,
Degreed and cocktailed stained!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Few And Far Between

Preferring subservience,
Over self determination...
Feeds those begging,
To be seen with appetites...
Under spotlight.
Telling tales of struggles.
For a fee paid!
During the short celebrated days,
Of Black History Month.

An enhancement done,
Of an identity with committment...
Ignoring and resisting resentment,
Takes self assurance.
And a freedom felt...
No one can deny,
By the raising of an eyebrow.
Feared by those wishing to please,
And entertain as appointed.
Commissioned to deliver,
Minutes of guilt freeing reflections.

But those who are aware and know themselves,
With minds untethered or locked in chains...
Pierce through empty promises,
To be acknowledge when these attractions dim.

Goldleaf wishes to adorn 'wings'
In a glorified afterlife with a halo glowed...
May be in the eyes of those,
Hoping to gain favor.
However...
Those who do not 'trip' like this.
And not conflicted as to who they are...
Are few,
And far...
Between!

Those who are aware and know themselves...

Do not need these scenes,
To manifest their ambitions to reach for greatness,
Beyond the limits of staged sterotypes.
OR delight in such paid performances...
To then select from donated boxed meals.

'If you are going to feed me 'anything'...
Feed me your respect! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Few Are Awarded

Personified ignorance justified...
Should not be argued.
Especially if one has chosen,
To keep what is wished left personal.
With the acknowledgement,
That,
To maintain such devoted stances.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Few Are Champions

I make mistakes and need to be challenged.
But few are champions I seek to feed my thoughts,
Wishing to become ambitioned by their left impressions.

Few are champions.
And those steps made I take,
Are often criticized for the appetite displayed.
Leaving me to miss,
An atmosphere motivated...
By this kind of companionship.

Few are champions,
In an atmosphere motivation mostly sits.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Few Are Empathetic

Challenges continue to be faced.
For one experiencing life.
Knowing those expectations,
With multiple choices to make...
Are yourthful visions providing escapes.

No one who has fallen,
To have their hands and knees scraped...
Gets up from being humiliated,
With a bowing done as if to entertain.
No one should accept falls to claim.

'I remember you.
I loved the way you fell.
To then look around,
With that look of embarrassment.
And the covering of your face,
With that jacket you took off...
As you ran through the crowded sidewalk,
Bumping into people.
I'll never forget how entertaining you were.
Are you a street performer? '

~No.~

'Well, you should be.
The attention you received,
I will remember for the rest of my life.
If I gave you 5 dollars,
Would you do that again?
For me and my friends.
We're taking a lunch break.
And I told them how precious,
What you did and how you did it...
To make you look like a fool who was chased.
PLEASE.
Can you repeat the doing of that for me? '

Challenges continue to be faced.

For one experiencing life.
Knowing those expectations,
With multiple choices to make...
Are yourthful visions providing escapes.

No one who has fallen,
To have their hands and knees scraped...
Gets up from being humiliated,
With a bowing done as if to entertain.
No one should accept falls to claim.
However...
There will be those,
Meeting the meaning of failure.
And...
For the first time to disbelieve,
Even when publicly observed...
Very few are empathetic.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Few Are Making Positive Deposits

The best way to teach,
Fools that can not be reached...
Who stay stubbornly out of touch.
Walk away!
And leave them to be fools.

Preaching never taught any lessons!
Especially if those lessons taught,
Have not been sought to value!

The best way to teach,
Fools that can not be reached...
Who stay stubbornly out of touch.
Walk away!
And leave them to be fools.

Preaching never taught any lessons!
Especially if those lessons taught,
Have not been sought to value!

And time wastefully spent...
Is not time returned.
Especially if investments are expected,
To reflect healthy dividends.
And few are making positive deposits...
To encourage the flourish of them!

The best way to teach,
Fools that can not be reached...
Who stay stubbornly out of touch.
Walk away!
And leave them to be fools.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Few Can Express True Happiness

They have homes.
They have titles.
They have their materialism.
Nice cars. Nice clothes,
That some consider...
Is an expensive extensive wardrobe.
But what they all seem to lack,
Is an identity that has kept them on track.
They appear lost in pretension traps.
And even though they have obtained the 'image'...
Of success,
Few can express true happiness.
Why is that?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Few Can Pick Them To Then Run

How can one live without risks.
Or prevent risks to exist.
Risk taking is a part of this life lived,
As it is...
For everyone.

Few can pick them to then run.
Few can pick them to then run.
Few can pick them to then run...
To be undone.

Few can pick them to then run.
Few can pick them to then run.
Few can pick them to then run...
To be undone.

How can one live without risks.
Or prevent risks to exist.
Risk taking is a part of this life lived,
As it is...
For everyone.

Few can pick them to then run.
Few can pick them to then run.
Few can pick them to then run...
To be undone.

Few can pick them to then run.
Few can pick them to then run.
Few can pick them to then run...
To be undone.

Living life is taking risks.
And no one living can resist...
Those risks.

Few can pick them to then run,
From those risks.
Few can pick them to then run,

From those risks.
Few can pick them to then run...
To be undone.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Few Can Resist The Autumn

Few can resist the Autumn.
And...
This season with changes upon them.
Few can resist,
The picturesqueness...
Of the Autumn.

With the color of the leaves turning bright,
To their delight.
Red and yellow with orange in sight.
From Sunrise until twilight.

Few can resist the Autumn,
When...
Autumn falls.
And...
Few can resist the Autumn,
When...
Autumn calls.
And the East Coast comes to host,
Them all...
Winter, Spring, Summer and again the Fall.

Few can resist the Autumn.
Hoping that Summer stalls.
Few can resist the Autumn.

Few can resist the Autumn.
Hoping that Summer stalls.
Few can resist the Autumn.

And the East Coast comes to host,
Them all...
Winter, Spring, Summer and again the Fall.
Few can resist,
The picturesqueness...
None at all.

Few can resist the Autumn.

Hoping that Summer stalls.
Few can resist the Autumn.
None at all.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Few Can'T Take It Down A Notch

Some have decided to...
Sacrifice.
And others have decided to...
Live their lives,
Searching for escapes...
To escapade.

Some have decided to...
Window shop.
And many have decided to...
Dream a lot.
With a doing of this every moment they've got.

But few can't take it down a notch,
Just to rest.
No those few can't take it down a notch,
Just to catch a breath.
And a few refuse to confess as if a secret's kept,
That a staying in a dog race...
Has left them less with a happiness to keep.

A few can't take it down a notch,
Just to rest.
No those few can't take it down a notch,
Just to catch a breath.
And a few refuse to confess as if a secret's kept,
That a staying in a dog race...
Has left them less with a happiness to keep.

Some have decided to...
Window shop.
And many have decided to...
Dream a lot.
With a doing of this every moment they've got.

But few can't take it down a notch,
Just to rest.
And a few refuse to confess as if a secret's kept,
That a staying in a dog race...

Has left them less with a happiness to keep.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Few Complaints Would Be Heard

If all addicting habits were abruptly stopped,
Few complaints would be heard.
The need and reason to borrow money,
Would no longer exist.
And life as it is known now...
Would not be credited by a challenging of myths,
And delusions to prove we all could successfully chase.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Few Fools Can Be Saved

Pity the actions of a fool,
I do.
I've been there too many times myself.
With an open mouth wide,
Followed by quick steps.
To later hide in the collection,
Of pieces of pride scattered...
All over an exposed face.

I've learned few fools can be saved.
After a public display has been made.

To acknowledge a degrading of self,
Is brave.
If not,
Intimidatingly lonely.

And maybe that is the reason so many fools,
Have yet to see themselves reflected.
Since this requires aspirations from another,
To kick them where the ego hurts the most!
On the scene.
And not in between performances.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Few Have Seen Those Bruises

Few have seen those bruises on my knees.
Or heard me pleading in the wilderness weeping,
With kept faithful prayers...
To heal my concealed wounds.
As I laid in a weakened state,
Awaiting for the Sun to pierce the darkness.

And for anyone to believe,
A pettiness they wish to leave on my path...
Is going to be worthy of my giving it and them attention,
Have no idea of the obstacles I have had to face...
To overcome to continue on my journey.
And I am not about to stop to explain anything I do.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Few Have Tears On Hold

Who's not living getting minimal aid?
Everybody's living with a whoop pooped
Everybody's living with a whoop drooped.

Going where their woes flow.
Few have tears on hold.
Today everyone's affected.
And emotional.

Everybody's living with a whoop pooped.
Everybody's living with a whoop drooped.

Who's not living getting minimal aid?
Everybody's living with a whoop pooped
And who's not feeling some pain today?
Everybody's living with a whoop pooped
Everybody's living with a whoop drooped.

Going where their woes flow.
Few have tears on hold.
Today everyone's affected.
And emotional.
Everybody.
Everybody's living with a whoop pooped.
Everybody.
Everybody's living with a whoop drooped.
Everybody.
Everybody's living with pain.
Everybody.
Everybody living is drained.
And...
Everybody's living with a whoop pooped.
Everybody.
Everybody's living with a whoop drooped.
Everybody.
Everybody's living with pain.
Everybody.
Everybody living is drained.
Everybody.

Everybody living is strained.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Few Knew Sanity

Sell the people on fear and what they will lose.
Accustomed these people are already...
To some kind of dysfunction of mental disarray.

And being uninformed and out of touch...
Is somewhat like throwing one's mind away.
And relying on embellishments,
Others make up from made up stuff...
Folks love.

And...
That doesn't last.
Not in 'that' lane of road ragers.
Where the people drive themselves 'mad'...
Fast to a fade,
From a sane that seldom came.
And when it did,
Few knew....
Sanity!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Few 'May' Have A Clue

The life given to me,
I have made it my own.
With time taken to structure,
And develop with interests...
All that what was needed,
To make adjustments and correct.
And sometimes finding myself...
Defenseless against a public critiquing done.

But what I've chosen to do,
Was to prove to 'myself'...
Challenges and obstacles I will face.
And fear I may feel...
But its appearance from me will not be shown.
Few 'may' have a clue what it has taken...
Even to produce 'this',
For others to disregard 'after' they read!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Few Of Those Thoughts Are Theirs

People are no longer in fear,
Of trusting their own thoughts.
And beginning to become aware,
Few of those thoughts are theirs.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Few People Are Not Liars

Is it meant to be...
People are made dependent.
With dependency to keep.

Is it meant to be...
People are made to leech.
On people they can deplete.

Why is it people,
Deny and lie?
'People are made dependent.
Independency offends.'

Why is it people,
Deceive then hide?
'People are made dependent.
Independency offends.
People are made dependent,
From birth until life ends.

Is it meant to be...
People are made dependent.
On others they depend.

Is it meant to be...
People are made dependent.
On people they can leech.

Is it meant to be...
People are made dependent.
On others they depend.
And from them they expect to feed,
Their selfishness to greed.

Why is it people,
Deny and lie?
'People are made dependent.
On others they depend.'

Why is it people,
Deceive then hide?
'Few people are not liars,
But many are trained to lie.
Few people are not liars,
But many are trained to lie.

Why is it people,
Deny they lie?
'Who knows?
Who knows.'

Why is it people,
Deny they lie?
'Who knows?
Who knows.'

Few people are not liars,
But many are trained to lie.
Few people are not liars,
But still they wish to hide.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Few People Say What They Mean

No one yet has been banned,
From thoughts to have.
Or limited to wishes dreamed.
Although today it seems,
Everyone has stopped to let...
What dreams meant for them to keep,
Remembered.

Too many find no time to take...
To break away from headaches,
Others create.
To make them their own.
Leaving them to moan and groan.

Too many find no time to escape,
From others who complain everyday.
To say they wish.
And they dream...
One day to be away from such scenes.

And yet...
Few people say what they mean.
To forget...
What it was they wished to dream.
Then to let...
Someone unknown make them scream!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Few Would Be Here

If truth was the foundation,
Of what many claim is valued...
Few would be here to experience life,
If truth was a factor used at all.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fewer Bad Habits

It is like magic.
My doctor has asked me
How have I managed to heal so quickly?
I didn't know exactly what to say.
But I have noticed
Since the divorce and seeing you less...
I have fewer bad habits!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fewer Questions To Ask

The more my mind expands,
Into a broadening clarity that connects...
I see how easy it is for many to invest,
Their time in unrest and acceptance of evilness.

In seems those choices are purposely met and kept,
To perpetuate and manifest as necessities.
Since those who are left asleep to stay that way,
Have fewer questions to ask or demand to be answered.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fewer To View Sunsets

My life seems to be,
Quickening its once slow burn.
Like a wick lit to light,
A scented candle to flicker bright.
With more wax appearing to melt,
From a flame that began...
Like a birth to brighten to sparkle,
A darkness giving it undivided attention.
Until...
Fewer dawns come to rise,
To then be swallowed...
By even fewer to view Sunsets.
And shadows to cast in a darkness,
Dim to fade and leave to go...
Away.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fiasco

I am very grateful,
To have writing
As a form of expression.
If I did not,
I'd be caught up
In this fiasco called humanity!
Human it is...
To numb mind of thoughts,
From liquor bought to soothe.
With too much spice,
That over supplies my vigor!
And sustains long after my brain,
Drains from restless curiousity.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fibbers Are Quick To Deliver

Stay bonded to commitments,
You make to benefit.
One day you'll be rewarded,
For your giving focusness.

Many say they'll do something,
And that 'thing' becomes nothing.
Others promise they'll deliver,
But remain they do just fibbers.
And fibbers are quick to deliver,
More of their lies.

Some will take a task to do,
To do and with closed lips.
While others may just sit...
Perhaps to start but not finish.

Some will take a task to do,
And not from it to quit.
To then get deserved credit...
While others moan and pitch a fit.

Some will take a task to do,
To do and with closed lips.
While others may just sit...
Perhaps to start but never to finish.

Stay bonded to commitments,
You make to benefit.
One day you'll be rewarded,
For your giving focusness.

Some will take a task to do,
And not from it to quit.
To then get deserved credit...
While others moan and pitch a fit.

And those who moan and pitch a fit,
Believe they too should benefit...

With a doing nothing but to prove,
They give mood with attitude.

And those fibbers are quick to deliver...
More of their lies.
Yes those fibbers are quick to deliver...
More of their lies.

Fibbers are quick to predict who'll accept when delivered,
More of their lies.
Fibbers are quick to predict who'll accept when delivered,
More of their lies.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fickled Bits Of Info

Even though they had been accused,
Of a meddling done in others' lives.
They have now been criticized,
For not expressing or showing a concern...
Over what others do.
With a minding of their own business.
And this has a few upset.
As they go about spreading,
Fickled bits of info to stir up a pettiness.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fictionalized

If you happen to be near to overhear,
Words heard said about anyone or anything...
That may to you be interesting enough to repeat,
To someone else on the street or on the phone...
Android or landline in the comfort of your home.
Be one quick to think,
'Whose life am I willing to jeopardize? '
Do yourself a favor and turn your head the other way.
Seldom what's heard to repeat is strong enough,
To keep bricks sealed to steel...
Or forever held to concrete.

Do not get stuck to a web spun by false beliefs.
You will discover your feet unable to move as freely.

Lips quick to spread gossip,
Are the first to claim and annoint the blame...
On someone else to name to add them eventually,
To a list of others that have defamed.
And the ones victimized to have healed and mended,
By a viciousness intended...
Have not been known to forgive and forget.
Like the ones fictionalized in movies or on TV.
THAT is fantasy. Know this to take notice.
Some don't. Many wont.

When the culprits and the victims,
Have been depicted at the end...
As becoming close and unseparable friends,
While dancing under moonlight to hear an orchestra...
Playing softly with credits given to those who performed.
THIS to be seen has been scripted.
And reality it is not nor will ever be.
Know this to take notice and hopefully learn from it.
Stop in your tracks before repeating something,
Not yet validated to have produced discovered facts.

Be you one quick to think,
'Whose life am I willing to jeopardize? '

The answer?
~Don't let it be yours.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fictitiousness

A creation to celebrate holidays,
To worship in praise a fictitiousness...
Symbolized with images raised.
Is immediately given focused attention.
With a giving of days to emulate a cherished pride

However...
Heated debates to end disparaties,
And hatred on a daily basis...
Affecting people with such atrocities,
Are not prioritized as a humanistic need...
To end them with an immediacy that is eminent.

But an animation of talking rodents,
Doing their best to survive...
Will not leave a dry eye to eventually cry as if,
A touching of an emotion...
Has come to affect their consciousness.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fictitiousness Of Our Convictions

An environment created,
Has spurned much heated debate.
In investigations...
Solicited by allegations,
And revealed are findings of travesties,
Decreed by double standards...
Fostered and sanctioned by hypocrisy!

Democracy this isn't.
Although it feeds the blind,
To breed lifestyles declined!

Christianity and 'faith' healers...
Encourage a flourishing,
To defeat those already down!
As an escalation of defamations,
Of goodwill...
Is smeared and spread around!

Dumbfounding those with high expectations.
Those reviewing blueprints,
Underground and in darkness.

And devalued in shallowness,
Are wishes for peace to prevail!
With covert intentions...
Done to undermind,
Anyone defiant of what is assailed!

As we become more suspicious,
Of those with sound minds who dismiss us...
And wish the fictitiousness of our convictions,
Would disappear!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Field Mice

With a gathering to follow commands,
And with it done as if blinded by charisma...
Of those wishing from them an attention to get,
They are led into traps to find a smiling cat.
That very same cat,
Who has known the weakness of each leader...
To feed what appears to be delicious cheese.
And behind each leader the field mice eat.
Unaware of the cat,
Becoming less amused by that.

'Why, why, why?
Do they continue to do this to themselves? '
Says the cat to himself.
Getting bored by the act.
And one by one each mouse is done.
As the cat begins to nap.

~You.
I've been bored by this too.~

'Whoa. You nearly scared me to death.
Who in the hell are you? '

~I'm the dog of the house.
Before the owner's decided to get a cat.
And I've been watching your every move,
Wanting to discover why they had to pick you.
And you know what? ~

'I'm all ears.
What? '

~I can't believe outsiders could be that stupid.~

'Outsiders? '

~Yeah. The mice.
What lessons are left for them to learn? ~

'Listening to the message,
And not make up those of their own.
Without sniffing around to find something else.
Choosing to dismiss what they hear.
And not learn a thing.'

~Hmmm. I see.
And just perhaps,
The cat has been feeding each leader...
A taste of different cheeses.~

'You're a sly dog.
How long have you been watching? '

~Long enough to know,
To stay away from the cheese.
And not take you for granted.~

'Great.
That's good to hear.
Come back later after I take my nap.
There is something I want to discuss with you.'

~Oh? ~

'Yeah.
I've been accused for your bad hygiene habits.
They know I can take care of the mice.
And clean up behind myself too.
But you?
What else can you do besides stink up the place? '

~Oh no you didn't.
Let me remind you who has seniority around here.~

'But I can purr...
Bitch! Can you?
I know how to handle my business.'

NOTE:
Those who may find the word 'bitch' derogatory,
Offensive and not appropriate to describe a female dog...
Will find the word in 'any' English language dictionary,
To be used and especially in this poetic depiction...
As an artistic 'necessity' and not meant for another intention.
Yours, 'artistically'...
~LSP~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fighter For The Right To Love

If you want to give me anything.
Give me something to enhance my peace of mind.
Continual platitudes don't do it!
A barrage of compliments...
I can see right through it!

Flattery is okay,
For those with egos to display.
But my needs are simplistic.
As are my desires.
I'm not one to race off into the woods...
To show how good I am,
At making bonfires!

Show me you can be yourself.
That's all I want to see.
I'm not asking for your resumé.
I wish to discover your hidden qualities.
And as long as you allow yourself,
To invite and welcome a pretense.
I'm going to do the same to you.
And when I do that...
I'm not seeking to make sense.
Not at all.

So...
If you want to give me anything.
Give me something to enhance my peace of mind.
Give me something I can return to you!
Like being real and genuine!

'And I didn't mean for those last lines to rhyme.
But you know I am a writer.
Did you know I was a fighter...
For the right to love, too? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fighting From Within

There is no intention,
To implement a whim!
One to stop countries...
Fighting from within!
What has begun...
Should not have 'began'!
When one threw first rock...
As the other hauled ass and ran!

NOW the one 'ran',
Comes back assisted with lots of rocks.
And the neighbors who started this conflict...
Are shocked these 'spats' wont stop!

But not enough to keep their eyes...
On the scrumptious oil down the block!

There is no intention...
To implement a whim!
Since not one of them have sat to chat...
But scap like children
With threats to destroy...
To the bitter end!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fighting To Struggle Against The Grain

We all must come to learn,
We will and can make adjustments.
And not perceive ourselves,
As incredible creations incapable of listening.
Especially to messages delivered to us,
By those we deem unqualified...
And not having established credentials to bring them.

There is a reason why,
We can all identify the hearing of birds chirping.
There is a reason why,
We can all smell the scents...
From different flowers that bloom.
There is a reason why,
The Sun is where it is...
With a moon orbiting a spinning Earth.
Sitting where it is to benefit from this.
There are reasons why these 'mysteries' applied,
Before our eyes...
Remain as they are to be specific.

And 'if' anyone believes they are NOT here existing,
As a result of this...
To do as they wish with another agenda on their list,
Well...
They will follow anything to believe,
That the doing what they please has been ordained.
Like many who are caught up,
Fighting to struggle against the grain.

Even when the rain has come to fall to leave,
Nothing survives without its nourishment.
Regardless of implementing divisions and religious beliefs.
Even when the rain has come to fall to leave,
Nothing survives without it falling down from the sky.
Why?
Because everything we are,
Plays a part in being a piece of the whole.

And...
Fighting to struggle against the grain,
Is not going to change it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fighting To Sustain The Presence

An endangered quality of life,
Symbolized by idols adorned...
And things worshiped to value,
Is not recognized as endangered...
By those addicted.

Yet the fighting to sustain the presence,
Of its decadence to maintain every degree...
Of the wickedness of its relevance,
Has more focused interest on it...
Than those attempting to prevent its demise.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Figments Of Creative Imagination

One fed to greed should be,
The least of those selected...
To be qualified to referee.
Without a bias shown as expected...
Between those who have,
And those who have not...
Been historically known,
To keep what is theirs...
Which rightfully they own!
Since others clearly do not!

Declarations of entitlement...
In these cases,
Are mostly always left...
To figments of creative imagination.
And philosophies based...
With a marination done to bake,
In a treasured and safely protected delusion...
Has been what it takes,
To keep the 'gift' of greed...
Alive and well in the pockets of those who thrive.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Figments' Of My Imagination

From my point of view,
And I do believe I am deserving...
Of being conscious enough,
To know I have one to acknowledge.
Afterall...
With my own eyes open wide and ears to hear,
There were times I sought validation...
From strangers to 'solidify' my observations.
And none were of 'extraterrestials'. Not a one.

My life to live has been based on facts.
Facts to face and not deluded by traps.
Traps to dangle like carrots,
To addict my appetite for that kind of distraction.
Just was not a taste happening for me.

With 'that' said.
And 'this' to be expressed...
At this stage and age of my life,
I need no one to convince me...
Those crazed and displaying it all over the place,
Are 'figments' of my imagination.
Since my mind to create is not that awesome.
Trust me.

And if these are just 'figments' kept within my mind,
Dancing with sick pits sitting in the center of them...
To have those attempting to have them censored,
From being mentioned...
To minimize the attention truth to speak gets,
Hello to the sick pits...
As they rush to give priority to depictions inflicted.
To an existence of protected pretensions.

I doubt very seriously...
If what comes next will have them claiming,
Misfits and fools diminished their quality of life.
With an active booting them to the curb,
Shunned and ostracized.

To then hear them explain how this was done,
When they used effective measures...
To have all believe greatness and progress,
Have been steps they have taken to achieve success.
And with this done not to give credit to a misfit or a fool.
But those who do plagiarize lie and deny it, anyway!

From my point of view,
And I do believe I am deserving...
Of being conscious enough,
To know I have one to acknowledge.
It seems to me,
The higher one climbs to get to the top of the tree...
Seldom is it heard from them mentioned,
Who at first gave to them the encouragement.
But often they seek to get their egos a boost,
To have it perceived...
Not only did they first see the tree,
But they also nourished its growth.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fill This House

Fill this house with abundance.
None like it has ever known.
Fill this house with peace and joy.
And let those within it,
Witness this shown.
Fill this house with a wealth of health,
With a giving of opportunities to dismiss all pain.
Fill this house with the light of light.
And keep the darkness outside to remain.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Filled With Light

And when the evening comes,
The Sun has already paid me a visit.
And when the morning arrives,
With my blessings kept...
I too will arise to express my gratefulness.
Delighted with a brightness I am,
To feel and be filled with the comfort of light.
Animating the reflection of my soul.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Final Offer

'Isn't what they are doing unprecedented? '

Who? What?

'I mean,
This 'is' a flea market isn't it? '

What are you talking about?

'Over there.
Don't you see those religious zealots?
And politicians under that sign that says...
'Final Offer'?
85% off?
What's going on? '

OH.
I hadn't noticed.
They were also here last week too.
But at that time the final offer was 50% off.

'50% off?
50% off of what? '

FEAR?
They are here to sell fear.

'Fear?
But no one seems to be paying them any attention.'

That's why they are hoping the 85% off,
And making it a final offer...
Attracts more attention.

'At a flea market? '

People are losing interest.
And these are desperate times.
So I guess they are using desperate measures,

To keep people reminded...
Their peace is desperately threatened.

'Ooooh?
So where did you say they were selling those generators?
I also can use a new shower curtain.
And don't let me forget,
We did come here to pick up those work boots you mentioned.'

They are up ahead.
Next to the pots and pans.

'Cool.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Finalized

Coming finalized to those kept divided,
Is the strength and presence...
Of a truth no one dilutes.
Or refutes to have deluded.

Coming finalized to those kept divided,
Is reality...
That everybody sees to believe.
Felt inside and undenied.

Truth just can't be booted to the curb to refuse.
Truth can't be diluted.
Truth can't be refuted.
No,
Truth just can't be booted to the curb to refuse.
Truth can't be diluted.
Truth can't be refuted.
No,
Truth just can't be booted to the curb to refuse.
Truth can't be diluted.
Truth can't be refuted.

Coming finalized.
Felt inside and undenied,
Truth just can't be booted to the curb to refuse.
Truth can't be diluted.
Truth can't be refuted.

Coming finalized.
Felt inside and undenied,
Truth just can't be booted to the curb to refuse.
No,
Truth can't be diluted.
Truth can't be refuted.

Felt inside and undenied.
And from it nobody hides.
Truth just can't be booted to the curb to refuse.
No,

Truth can't be diluted.
No,
Truth can't be refuted.

Felt inside and undenied,
And from it can't nobody hide.
Truth just can't be booted to the curb to refuse.
No,
Truth can't be diluted.
No,
Truth can't be refuted.

Coming finalized.
Felt inside and undenied,
Truth just can't be booted to the curb to refuse.
No,
Truth can't be diluted.
Or can be refuted.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Finally Understood

We are all changing,
Despite your dislikes.
Despite your opinions,
And beliefs you wish to incite.
And enforcing your point of view,
On those who don't see life like you do...
Will not bring you a restful sleep at night.
What is right for you,
Should not bring you to fight!
And if it does...
Be prepared to lose.
Because like you,
Others wish to live their lives...
Like they choose to!
And there will be no peace,
When you can not mind your own damn business!
It has already proven not to be cost effective!
The only exchange you will receive,
Is a life defending your ignorance!
And the tragedy of misunderstandings...
Finally understood,
At your expense!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Finally You Have Found Time To Listen

Finally you have found time to listen.
And I am happy that comprehension,
Has moved to the top of your list.

Now,
Let's both sit and discuss our differences.
Which today,
Are becoming more and more similar.
They may not even exist!
Since you've come to realize,
Neither one of us were satisfied...
With pretensions that falsified,
That initial attraction we had for one another.

What a relief!
I never thought we'd come to see eye to eye.
I had grown tired of you believing we should compete.
And for what?
Each other's affection?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Finally...Here We Are

I knew you knew me.
The moment I saw you,
I knew you knew.

I knew you felt my heart.
The passion and compassion.
Here inside...
Wishing for someone to recognize.

I knew you knew me.
The moment I saw you,
I knew you knew.

I knew you too wanted to touch.
And we hungered for that very much.

And finally...
Here we are!
To notice,
And taste this dream.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Find An Exit

When it has been made clear,
There is nothing you share with someone...
Other than sex.
Nothing but a togetherness,
Wet in naked flesh.
Seek counseling.
This is just a prolonged fling.

You may not like this suggestion,
I offer to you next.
Find an exit.
And don't reject it.
In belief an adjustment made,
Will satisfy and correct.
It will not.
No matter who enjoyed what.
On the bottom or from on top.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Find Everyday Something To Love

Find everyday something to love.
Even if it's looking at the stars above.

Find everyday something to love.
Something that is wished,
And you keep thinking of.

Find everyday something to love.
A keeping negativity doesn't benefit.

Find everyday something to love.
And don't just sit,
Move around a bit.
Get up,
And find the time to unwind.
Get up,
And with a positive mind.

Find everyday something to love.
Something that is wished,
You keep thinking of.

Find everyday something to love.
Even if it's looking at the stars above.
Get up and find the time to unwind.
Get up and with a positive mind.
Get up,
From that place you sit.
Get up,
And move around a bit.

Find everyday something to love.
It doesn't have to be big to benefit.
Find everyday something to love.
The smallest of things can bring you happiness.

Find everyday something to love.
It doesn't have to be big to benefit.
Find everyday something to love.

The smallest of things can bring you happiness.
Know it...
With a positive mind.
Know it...
And that 'something' you'll find.

Find everyday something to love.
A keeping negativity doesn't benefit.
Find everyday something to love.
A keeping negativity doesn't benefit.
Know it...
With a positive mind.
Know it...
And that 'something' you'll find.

A keeping negativity doesn't benefit.
Find everyday something to love.
Something to love.
Something to love you'll love.
Find everyday something to love.
Something to love you'll love.
Something to love you'll love.
Find everyday something to love.
A keeping negativity doesn't benefit.
Find everyday something to love.
Something to love.
Something to love you'll love.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Find It. Your Purpose

Find it.
Your purpose.
Once it has been discovered,
Do not let it be undermined.
Your purpose.

It is difficult to be oneself,
And declare oneself to 'be'.
It is much easier to locate acceptance,
When approval from others...
Does not threaten,
A routine enjoyed with unchanged beliefs.

Find it.
Your purpose.
Once it has been discovered,
Do not let it be undermined.
Your purpose.

And once it is recognized...
Be prepared to be criticized.
Be prepared to be humble too...
When a strength felt opens your eyes.
But never be apologetic,
For those steps you make.
Moving forward has been known,
To cause many heartache.

But find it,
You must...
Your purpose.
And trust that it is...
Your purpose!

And...
Once it has been discovered,
Do not let it be undermined.
Once it has been discovered,
Your purpose...

Will open and broaden your mind.

Finding one's purpose,
Does this every time!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Find New Ways To Annoy

To those who annoy...
For purposes to gain attention.
And other conscious efforts,
Motivated by childhood deprivation.
Or something connected,
To a seeking not found.
Listen up!

Find new ways to annoy.
Don't just do it,
Because it is enjoyed and routine.
Make this a process of your creativity.
Revel with refreshed integrity involved.
Build upon it.

And you can...
Take pride that 'your' annoyance done,
Is second to none.
With an established identity,
Only you can deliver!

Only 'you' can prevent...
Hand-me-down-annoyances.

Make that your goal.
Think it over.
You can develop your own customed genre.
Annoyances From The Heart
Or something like that.
Just don't annoy for the hell of it!
Make it your concentrated area,
Of a deliberate artform.

And, If you'd like...
I'll provide you with a list of folks,
To test market your service.
I see success there for you.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Find The Humor In It

There are those who profess,
The same aging miseries.
As if to keep them possessed,
Makes their complaints more acceptable.

If I was to say,
I have heard people comment...
About the same agonies today,
They had 'decades' ago...
There would be those believing,
I am finding fresh ways to exaggerate.

There are those who profess,
The same aging miseries.
As if to keep them possessed,
Makes their complaints more acceptable.

I couldn't even embellish this stuff,
To find the humor in it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Find The Time To Beat That Funk

Giving up this funk I got from the grinch.
Tossed my coin in the wishing well...
Just to make that grinch in me wince.
Routine business...
And around the clock watches,
For something to anger me
Notching with knots that grow and block.
This has to stop...
This carelessness to care for others
When inside I'd rather 'do' than 'not'.
Giving up this funk I got from the grinch.
I'll have to leave it behind...
With the others who are left,
In minds cranked to the borderline!
Hopefully that funk I leave...
Will be enough misery,
To have them all continually...
Find the time to beat that funk to death!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Find Your Own Voice

Find your own voice.
And in time you will recognize it,
To be just yours when that happens.
With a dismissing of those other voices,
Someday heard who will then say...
The sound of your voice,
Has a tone you have made known.
One distinctive, clear and unavoidable.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Finder's Fees

They don't want to be real.
And yet the reality of their existence,
Has manifested them in constant complaint.
Their eyes have been shielded from a truth,
Distanced from their remote touches.
Their anger suppressed,
Has them locked within traps...
Of Sunday confessions.
Torned with guilt that slaps,
If those visits have lapses.
Dictated to keep their tithes high
To ensure,
An answer to their prayers will come.

And All that God 'Is' is free for the asking.
Punishments are of our own choosing.
God has watched us abuse one another.
Do you think He gets paid a percentage,
Of those 'finder's' fees?
His only pleasure,
Is to have us come to HIM.
Alone.
And not understanding this...
Has a temendous price at a cost,
We suffer to deliver.
Just to keep a nightmare of sin away!
But we keep our wishes for things.
And these things wished...
Eventually are asked to have the pressure
Of keeping them,
Blessedly kept and protected.

And All that God 'Is' is free for the asking.
Punishments are of our own choosing.
God has watched us abuse one another.
Do you think He gets paid a percentage,
Of those 'finder's' fees?
His only pleasure,
Is to have us come to HIM.

Alone.

They don't want to be real.
And yet the reality of their existence,
Has manifested them in constant complaint.
Their eyes have been shielded from a truth,
Distanced from their remote touches.
Their anger suppressed,
Has them locked within traps...
Of Sunday confessions.
Torned with guilt that slaps,
If those visits have lapses.
Dictated to keep their tithes high
To ensure,
An answer to their prayers will come.
Or at least a developed plan to put them on layaway.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Finding Chaos To Understand

No one can,
Or will accuse me...
Of doing my best to be regarded
As foolish.
Stupid!
And hopelessly ignorant.
Why would I wish to want,
To remain amongst the few...
Who try to find logic.
Or reason how admitted idiots,
Committed to stay morons...
Are today highly respected.
And selected to represent,
Themselves...
In such a public way.
Why should I continue to allow,
My sanity to be betrayed?

Too many intelligent,
And have exposed common sense..
Are shown to be victimized,
By making attempts to explain..
The difference between,
Keeping the peace...
And agitating conflicts.
Only to begin arguments.

And...
When people today like this,
Find chaos more appealing...
To understand and comprehend,
As an entitlement?
Why would someone choose,
To lose their life to defend...
Against a mindset sold,
On seeking to be offended.
And ready to prove themselves,
Out of their minds and crazed!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Finding Peace Within

Where are your children?
They are awfully quiet this evening.

'We're trying new methods of discipline.
My doctor told me this morning,
I should try yoga to calm my nerves.'

That's great.
So you taught the children?
Is that where they are?
Doing yoga?

'Oh no!
I found an easier way to find peace within.
For a half hour each day...
And for total relaxation,
I tie the kids up and tape their mouths! '

You shouldn't do that.
That's against the law.

'That's where you and I disagree.
I am finding peace within.
And they are helping me locate it!
I told them my doctor suggested I do this,
For at least two weeks.
They believe this is lesson one! '

What is lesson two?

'Total rage!
That is what they will see.
If they forget the rules of lesson one.'

But you're not doing any yoga at all.

'I beg to differ.
It's a slow process.
I am working on my breathing technique.

Calms the nerves!
You should try it.
It's wonderful.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Finding That Pride In Accomplishment

The offerings are there,
To appease our growing need...
Feeding those ever changing sensibilities.

And each of them are teased constantly,
With an ever increasing boredom!

Then unconsciously,
We accuse our children...
Of not being able to focus,
With a priority to get at least 'something' done.
Finding that pride in accomplishment!

As we justify our sitting to reminisce,
The basicness of a youthfulness spent...
Entirely on being evasive!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Finding Words To Define Regret

Be not me,
When I'm with you?
Is that what you're saying,
You see me do?

But not me,
Is that one who is...
Doing the best to collect regrets,
With an attitude that's negative.

We do and we don't,
And most times it's ignored.
We can be under one roof...
Yet behind separate doors.

I am he
You once adored.
The one committed
To adventure
We said we'd explore?

We're on different shores...
Together.

Be not 'me',
When I'm with you?
Is that what you're saying,
You see me do?

But not me,
Is that one who is...
Doing the best to collect regrets,
With an attitude that's negative.

Only you helped me decide...
That part of me you took for granted,
Had to heal and mend when my eyes opened.
I was happy when that happened.
I wanted us both to see the same sunset...

Holding hand and hand facing the horizon.

But not me,
Is that one who is...
Doing the best to collect regrets,
With an attitude that's negative.

Sometimes that would be both of us...
Disgusted together.

But I'm not about that anymore,
Anytime soon!
Be not me! ?
The ME
When I'm with you?
Is that what you're saying,
You see me do?

We do and we don't,
And most times it's ignored.
We can be under one roof...
Yet behind separate doors..
Disgusted and distrusting both of us,
Together.
Reminiscing the worse,
Of one once adored.

This is not love,
Baiting a mating match...
At all.
And yet time we waste,
Finding words to define regret!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fine Line

There's a fine line between,
Those who find ground to break.
And the ones to declare,
What had been found...
Were trouble makers.
To have purposely disturbed,
The status quo.
Too obvious to let go unnoticed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fingerprints Are All Over The Evidence

It only takes one with a doing done,
To destroy with a displaying of being a decoy.
And that one that comes with intent,
To do a destruction done to prevent...
A cohesive comprehension meant,
By those meeting with feeling a need to do it...
Will never admit their involvement,
To undermine.
Even though their fingerprints,
Are all over the evidence time after time.
And the act of innocence to convince,
Of being the victim to attract attention...
Reeks with familiarity at each perfomance.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fingers Crossed

It's true...
They do have the experience.
And we are all looking for a few,
Who can not spell the word at all.
In fact,
It would be better for all humanity...
If they had never heard the word before!
We all got out fingers crossed,
In the hopes this miracle comes.
Those who have had experience...
Have brought us to face some grave circumstances.
Similar in appearance to lost quality of life,
And lifestyle depletions.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Finish This List Of Chores

You want my vote.
And march and protest in your behalf,
To do...
With a keeping my hopes and dreams alive.
Perhaps the doing of that is too much for you.
How about delivering my needs?
With a doing you claim to represent.
To do as of yet to convince me.
You want my vote?
Take off that tie.
Roll up your sleeves.
And finish this list of chores that are yours.

'These pages go on and on.'

You want my vote?
Stop ignoring those tasks,
You promised to do each time I've asked.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Finished I'M Not

I may now and then,
Step away for a minute.
To replenish my energy.
And to keep it from being diminished.

To consider myself finished,
Would be foolish to admit.
When so much I have not tapped,
To think to declare I have nothing there,
To give right back!

There's more!
And finished I'm not.
I am far from depleted...
Or diminished to stop.

I may now and then,
Step away for a minute,
To replenish my energy.
But to say its been diminished?
Diminished it's not!

There's more!
And finished I'm not.
I will not be depleted or diminished to stop!

I know,
There is more I've got!
I will not be depleted or diminished to stop!

To consider myself finished,
Would be foolish to admit.
When so much I have not tapped,
To think to declare I have nothing there,
To give right back!

There's more!
And finished I'm not.
I will not be depleted or diminished to stop!

I know,
There is more I've got!
I will not be depleted or diminished to stop!

There's more!
And finished I'm not.
I know,
There is more I've got!
There's more!
And finished I'm not.
I will not be depleted or diminished to stop!
I'll not be depleted or diminished to stop.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Finishing This Particular Race

If the playing field was level,
And impossible obstacles...
Removed from my steps,
With intentions there to place.
For purposes to amuse those observing.

And if I was not isolated,
To have a blindfold on my face...
You can then ask,
What I believe my chances would be...
Finishing this particular race as a winner.

But then I do understand,
How important it is...
Certain perceptions should be kept,
With no exceptions...
That may apply to the keeping of rules.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fire Hot Mama

Where would you like that chaser?
Inside,
To the side...
Or in an ounce cup to chuck?
Where would you want that chaser?
Let me know,
Before I leave.

Where would you like that chaser?
Inside,
To the side...
Or in an ounce cup to chuck?
Where would you want that chaser?
Let me know,
Before I leave.

Where would you want that chaser?
Where would you want that chaser?
Where would you want that chaser?
Before I leave.

Oooohhhwhere would you want that chaser?
Where would you want that chaser?
Where would you want that chaser?
Before I leave.
Where would you like that chaser?
Inside,
To the side...
Or in an ounce cup to chuck?
Where would you want that chaser?
Let me know,
Before I leave.
No sense keeping the oven on...
If you're ready for an exit!
And I want to see you,
As a fire hot mama!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fire Starters

Nestled in the thicket of a wickedness,
One choosing to pick their own battles...
Can not fight them alone.
And this makes them upset.
With a dialing on their telephones.

A recruiting with a pursuing of an empathy begins.
Eventually,
With redundancy...
Fire starters torch others to believe,
They've become victims of treacherous deeds.

If fire starters lie about one fire started
The need to investigate further,
When those same fire starters
Begin to holler about others,
Around them that burn
As they innocently watched.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

'Fire! '

Attached they are without curteousy...
A demand to strike when needed
Seems cursed.
Extinquishing sparks
From arched eyebrows of those heated.
Alliances threaten to leave before dessert is served.

The feast that began,
Begins to lose the enchantment...
With the splitting of nerves!
Conversations are overheard,
Of the host having fits!
Seating arrangements are disturbed...
As uninvited guests come to sit!
And the chef is in the kitchen,
Throwing up his hands!
The meal he prepared,
Has been spoiled by such demands.
A coup in Thailand?
And now Iran breaks down the door?
The feast is looking bleak!
And Iraq continues to crumble as a nation for sure!
While those who make announcements to split...
Witness fumes and rising smoke,
Pouring through cracks from the floor
Abandoning a course 'selected' they ignore!

'Fire! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fired Up

I'm so fired...
Up.
I can't get enough.
And filled with desire,
That keeps me strong...
With a feeling tough.
I'm not in the mood,
To accept that funky stuff!

My troubles have been minimized,
Since my eyes have been opened wide.
And my mind is no longer pre-occupied,
With a trying to run away from purpose...
I once denied.
I am fired up with a seeking to blaze,
On a path where excuse makers...
Have no choice but to get out of my way.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fireflies At Night Flew

Did the pollen of the willows,
Disturb the moss on the bark?
It settled there and slept.
As the marsh in the meadow,
Kept fresh and wet.
Did the breeze sweet with lavender,
Keep the sounds rippling from the brook
More enjoyed?
It did and found my chest at rest.
Did the flight of the humming bird,
Excite my eyes with this sight?
It was peaceful to witness...
The fireflies at night flew to fly,
To twinkle bright...
Under moonlight.
As buttons were loosened and undone,
To welcome the warmth coming...
Deeply inhaling the Spring air exhaled.
Released,
And easy to breathe.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

First Amendment Rights

Just a few topics left...
To choose by the hosts of radio talk shows.
They do their best to discredit leaders selected.
Especially those of competence!
Those who are literate and speak in sentences.
And they represent a population underexposed.
For purposes not to reveal,
Many who are opposed to talk show ignorance.
And those uniformed at the microphones...
Droning on with limited consciousness,
Bought and owned by nonsensical advertisements.
And they fear the coming of the end,
To their First Amendment Rights.
If they offend...
Why should they have them?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

First And Foremost

First and foremost...
With pre-eminence to commence.
I'd like to thank you,
And your listening audience...
For giving me this opportunity
To provide clarification on the matter.
With open and honest dialogue,
About those issues we face as a great nation.

When last I visited,
I had stated 'this' was 'that' time.
And without 'that' to advance...
'This' would not be an enhancement.

Now...
Let me explain my position.
I am sitting comfortably!
Am I not?
Will you concur with me, Dirk!

'This is your host...
Dirk Kincaid.
And yes,
It appears our guest...
The honorable and nobel,
Crisp...
Is, indeed, sitting quite comfortably'

If I sat 'this' way...
Would 'that' then be another position?

'I am not sure I follow.'

Exactly!
And I would not expect you to, either.
Only a fool would confuse two separate positions,
That are completely different ones...
As debateable!
And for eight years...

Eight grueling years,
I have stayed the course.

I am not expecting everyone to agree.
But 'this' is the position I have taken.
And 'that'...
As you can plainly see, Dirk
Has to be our objective and main focus!

'Well, ladies and gentlemen...
There you have it.
And as always...
We have been given the facts.
Brilliantly stated.
And clearly defined.

Folks...
We have witnessed
One of today's most gifted statesmen of our time.
We...
And I speak collectively for all of us enthralled.
We...
Have been truly blessed by your presence.'

I am the one deeply honored to have been invited!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

First And Not Our Second Thoughts

Let's romance our first,
And not our second thoughts of love.
To maybe caused and tossed about,
By doubt.
Kept to keep in a closet.
Fearing them to come out.

We now can embrace,
And warm those frosted shoulders.
To do away with a pretense meant,
That would leave others unaware...
And convinced,
Far from us are those wanted wild desires.

I want to be with you naked or clothed.
Showing together with it known to expose,
I love the kissing of your lips.
Your touch and hugs,
Whenever I can get them.

Let's romance our first,
And not our second thoughts of love.
To maybe caused and tossed about,
By doubt.

I know what I see to me revealed.
And hard it is,
To keep what we know denied.
Isn't it?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

First Born

I am the first born.
My journey into the real world,
Had an entirely different perspective.
The value of experimentation,
Is only respected IF the experiment is successful.
Prior to that,
There's just a series of tests to affect,
The emotions and mental stamina.

AND...
A respect that is obtained that is deserved.
As well as earned.
Since there is nothing and no one,
To protect the first born.
But a developed common sense...
That comes from the experience of being pioneered!
Or whatever that's called,
When no one knows what the hell they are doing!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

First Class Passengers

Within us all elements shake.
An adjustment that makes...
For an unsettling disburbance.
And those choosing not to see,
Themselves...
Connected to Earth.
As if separated from it,
Yet from it all exists.
They,
Who continue to be unaccepting...
Are trying to ride,
Without acknowledging their positions...
As first class passengers.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

First Flinch From Wincing

Running away from the right thing to do,
When the wrong thing has found acceptance...
Just delays those installment payments of blood.
Pretending not to see what is obvious,
Comes with a pinch
Until that wince turns into a scream.
And that first flinch from wincing,
Becomes a nightmare no one dreamed!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

First Monday In December

This first Monday in December,
Comes with a beauty none like I can remember.

The Sun so bright in a cloudless sky.
Air clean and fresh...
A gift that surprises.
The first day of the month,
Beginning on the first day of a work week.
After spending a joyous festive Thanksgiving,
With family and friends and having fun!
What a gift!

What a joy it is to witness this.
I couldn't wish for anything better,
On my Christmas list.

This first Monday in December,
Seems more like Spring.
With birds chirping,
And barren trees without their leaves.
Reminds me of something quite surrealistic.
And free of falling snow,
New Englanders have come to know.

This first Monday in December,
Comes with a beauty none like I can remember.
And I fill with so much gladness,
I can't explain!
Nor do I wish to complain,
About this visit that delivers!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

First Nibbled To Munch

There is more!
Much much more,
Of this to come.
More than you may welcome.
More to deliver...
Than the total sum,
Of those who bring none!
And when you wish it to be done...
More of this awaits.
Either satisfy or deny your appetities.
Pile this upon your mental plates!

Some of it will be spicey to taste...
Leaving not a dropp of it to resist.
Or disappear with the infighting...
Over who gets the last crumb!
There is more!
Much much more,
Of this to come.
More of this is in the oven.
Prepared to dish...
For those who chanced,
To feast and sit!
Digesting it and not thinking at all...
Why they are not getting sick of it!

And the chef delights,
Observing what is being served...
First nibbled to munch,
To addict those who lick!
Those who sat,
Receiving in disbelief.
As each morsel of this is eaten...
And devoured undisturbed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

First Of All, Santa...The Roof Is Pitched

Dear Santa...
It is easier for me to accept I have been scammed,
Most of my life.
Than to continue playing the same mental games,
That you ride in a sleigh pulled by flying reindeer.
And that you land on my roof...
To then fit your enormous girth through a chimney.
First of all, Santa...
The roof is pitched.
And I doubt if you and your flying reindeer,
Could balance on it.

And the closest thing we have to a chimney,
Is a hole in the roof...
The landlord has been promising to fix,
Since my folks tried to pass off a stuffed chicken...
As a turkey for Thanksgiving a month ago.

However...
IF you are real and you find this note,
I am taping outside my window...
Leave me everything you think I deserve.
AND 'if' you do get this note without me hearing you,
I will believe everything about you I have ever heard.

You see,
My bedroom window is on the third floor.
And every night before I go to bed,
I would have a long talk with the angels there.
And I've been waiting to hear something from them,
To say negative about you.
But all they do is smile and walk through my walls at night.
And...
I bet you do the same thing!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

First Time For Everything

Since time has begun...
There has been the first time for everything.
The first time for this.
The first time for that.
The first of its kind and color.
The first to arrive.
The first to leave.
The first to be born.
Like Adam and Eve.
Why it was Adam first?
Then Eve?
Even today,
That is difficult for me to perceive...
Since women are the only ones,
We believe conceive!
And trying to understand this,
With comprehension?
I ask myself...
WHY is it that so many are caught up in conflict?
Why is it...
There are those who 'still' exist,
Who can not accept...
Reality?
Even under hypnosis...
Reality for some,
Will not be induced.
No matter if it is screamed,
From a pulpit!
To reduce to something exclusive!
That's how effective,
A conditioning process.
Once that has been done...
Reality for some,
Is as controlled as what they have been told.
And we all know how potent lies are!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

First To Complain About Obstacles

May those who throw stones,
Come to know...
What the baring of one's own burdens mean.

Shoulders left alone to carry their weight,
Do it...
Without anticipating to be assisted.

It seems as though those,
With nothing positive to offer.
Are the first to complain about obstacles.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

First To Thirst With An Impression Rehearsed

If success and the encouragement of it received,
Had always been the objective to reflect greatness...
The presence of failure would not have been introduced,
To produce mediocrity to use as an accomplished goal.
And those making attempts to reach higher to achieve,
Would never be opposed by disbelievers who deceive.
IF insecurities and greed were not priorities to feed...
First!
To thirst.
With an impression rehearsed upon those observing.
If success and the encouragement of it received,
Had always been the objective to reflect greatness...
The presence of failure would not have been introduced,
To produce mediocrity to use as an accomplished goal.
Or advocating divisions with an emphasis on race,
To minimize greatness and those benefits replaced!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fiscal Accountability

Fiscal accountability?

With a showing that is physical?

And this is being proposed by those,
Who suggest a tightening of belts?

Debits that are achieved on credit and loans...
Must be explained in terms that are real.
And pertaining to one's pocket.

To use apples and oranges as a means,
To assist one's awareness about how money works...
Has helped the farmers comprehend.
But those who frequent the malls...
Have no clue as to the association of gold,
As applied to fresh minted printed paper.
Or...
That plastic is trash once it has exhausted its usefulness.

But 'somehow'...
Those who know those who know 'who'
Can turn plastic into mansions.
And still make claims of being fiscally responsible.
With wishes to have their interests protected.
Though none of those interests attract dividends.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fiscal Cliff

People fed lies all their lives,
Could care less about a fiscal cliff.
Or if a sweet potato pie is baked from scratch.
Too many have lived in or near poverty,
With a priority to eat...
Under a roof that does not leak.
With ends on a weekly basis,
They remain hopeful again with faith to meet.

Only those given preferences,
To get their entitlements met...
Are threatened by nightmares,
Of not receiving more loans...
To brag about their 'good' credit,
That allows them to stay in debt.
With impressions to address...
While inspecting what's at the local mall.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fiscal Responsibility

Annually!
Thousands of scholars are presented degrees.
Dedicated to professions with expressed expertise.
And awarded they are in exciting ceremonies,
From various colleges and universities.

Millions of dollars are spent by these scholars,
To implement their knowledge obtain and effectively.
And hired they are by companies awaiting,
For their assistance to enhance...
The advancement of the economy.

But few, if any, are awarded degrees in 'fiscal responsibility'.
OR common sense it seems.
With dreams that reflect the health of an economy,
Kept as an objective.
And if this was true an overwhelming debt would not be accepted.

Annually!
Thousands of scholars are presented degrees.
Dedicated to professions with expressed expertise.
And awarded they are in exciting ceremonies,
From various colleges and universities.

But few, if any, with sights on greed to please,
Are awarded degrees in 'fiscal responsibility'.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fish

Fish me up in nets.
Mesh closed to flesh,
I'm pressed.
Inspect me like the rest.
Then toss me back...
To catch up with the others,
In school.
Before it is addressed
I confessed 'playing hooky'.
I 'ain't' no fool!
I'm cool with that!
At least I wont be left,
To flip and flop around!
Like those other clowns on deck.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fishing For Fresh Water Bass

By the time their minds begin unfolding...
They will have the consciousness
Of also knowing,
The ignorance they manifested...
Will provide such a stench,
To bring clarity to their eyes as well!
Getting accustomed to truth...
Is like being slapped in the face
By a 'trout'!
When all the time,
You thought you were fishing for fresh water bass!
And then all of a sudden...
A mind awakens to guilt,
And a polluted thought process!
You now see...
Had been addicting!
And those folks you 'had' thought were crazy...
And out of their minds?
You now find a desire to be in their presence!
And they now look upon you with suspicion!
Hey...
That's how it is!
NOW,
Attempt to have a conversation with someone...
You knew,
Before you lost the confinement,
Of your once narrowed mind!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fishing To Net A Big One

Excessive.
External.
Assessing...
To determine,
What one has to value...
Instead of that person's
Frame of mind and worth,
Says a lot to the one being assessed...
About the shallowness of the assessor.

A scanning done before introductions are made,
Does not make the doing of it...
A good first impression to leave,
For someone seeking a relationship...
With the hope to be seen with a prized trophy.

Embarrassment is usually felt,
When someone hollow has been told...
Their fishing to net a big one,
Would be better spent on obtaining lessons...
On how to approach those,
Who are accustomed to sighting a leech.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fit As A Fiddle

Mentally fit as a fiddle,
With minds like solid rock.
Fit as a fiddle,
And determind not to stop.
Mentally fit as a fiddle,
And removing that which blocks...
Experience gained and abilities known.
Earned with a doing from bottom to top.

People disciplined have no intentions to end,
What they've started just to drop.
While mopping up their sobbing tears.
And wept from expressing their created fears.
Mentally fit as a fiddle,
People like this are rarely heard to quibble...
Over facing obstacles to bicker,
In tit for tats to argue back.

Fit as a fiddle,
With minds like solid rock.
Mentally fit as a fiddle,
And determind not to stop.
Fit as a fiddle,
And removing that which blocks...
Experience and abilities gained,
Earned with a doing from bottom to top.
To prove with a doing what they are.
Regardless who believes what they are not!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fitting Conditions One Accepts

Look for them.
Definitions!
They will be there.
Used for what they are...
To become redefined,
To suit minds seeking reason.
On their terms.
To find a value that expresses,
One's way of life.
To either correct or ignore,
What is right.
To apply these definitions...
Fitting conditions one accepts.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fitting Into A Socket

My 'self' was made to feel out of place,
At one time.
Made to feel the odd ball 'out' of pocket.
With a connection that didn't fit...
Into any accepting socket.

But time has made it okay for my 'self',
To deliver beyond my own expectations.
And today I can say,
I am rather proud I allowed 'me' to just 'be'.
Knowing it was never going to be easy...
Putting together all those pieces of me,
To feel completely whole.

And today,
I am feeling so bold.
Wherever I choose to plug myself in...
To energize.
I don't have to worry about fitting into a socket at all.
Since I come providing my own motivation.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fitting Me Are My Own Shoes

Fitting me and feeling perfect.
Fitting me are my own shoes.
Fitting me and feeling perfect,
Are the shoes I wear I bought brand new...
Not used,
But some believe they can fit them better.
And...
Some believe in them,
They could better step.
They could better do what I haven't done yet.

If I decide to walk in mud knee deep,
I would still have my own shoes.
And...
If I decide to take them off my feet,
No one else could fit my shoes.

Fitting me and feeling perfect.
Fitting me are my own shoes.
Fitting me and feeling perfect,
Are the shoes I wear I bought brand new.

And...
If I decide to walk in mud knee deep,
On my feet would be my shoes.
And...
If I decide to take them off my feet,
No one else could fit my shoes.

Fitting me and feeling perfect...
Are the shoes I wear some people think that they can fit too!
Fitting me and feeling perfect...
Are the shoes I wear some people think are easily used.
Fitting me and feeling perfect...
Are the shoes I had to break in just to do what I do!
Fitting me and feeling perfect...
Are the shoes I wear some people think that they can fit too!
Fitting me and feeling perfect...
Are the shoes I wear some people think are easily used.

Fitting me and feeling perfect...
Are the shoes I had to break in just to do what I do!
And...
If I decide to walk in mud knee deep,
On my feet would be my shoes.

Fitting me and feeling perfect.
Fitting me are my own shoes.
Fitting me and feeling perfect,
Are the shoes I wear I bought brand new.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Five Minutes Ago

When you chose to stay away from comprehension...
You traveled further than you knew from understanding.
What was then basic,
If you had grasped and held onto it...
Has become too complexed that it threatens.
And for you to ask me what is going on...
I must admit,
I do not know how to answer that now.
You thought too long to pose that question.
And it has since been deleted from my concern!
I am moving as fast as I can...
Just to keep up with what happened,
Five minutes ago!
And I know what you have on your mind,
Has long been outdated!
And does not exist in these times!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fix Your Own Wreckage

You fix your own wreckage.
I have lost all patience to assist.
When I determined I would face obstacles,
Alone on my path is how I did it.

Even those who knew my struggles,
Did not trouble themselves to be curious.
Nor when they witnessed my crawling on knees,
To me not one expressed concern or interest.

You fix your own wreckage.
I have lost all patience to assist.
When I determined I would face obstacles,
Alone on my path is how I did it.

Call me selfish!
Call me whatever you please.
But nowhere around were you...
When a healing began with a kept faith within me.

You fix your own wreckage.
And make 'that' your opportunity,
To appreciate your life...
With a making of less excuses done so easily.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fixation Of Disbelief

If to them,
Others determined did not provide light.
Or encourage with an insistence persisted,
For them to open a door...
After explaining what the door was there for,
Not one of them would know its purpose.

They would have stood for hours glued,
With a fixation of disbelief.

With a slow approach to examine,
Closely...
To inspect,
Attached hinges.
Enabling the swinging back and forth,
Of the closed door.

And in complete and dumbfounded amazement,
There they they would stand,
With jaws dropped...
Astonished by what was revealed on the other side.

If to them,
Others did not provide this light...
The would still be on the inside,
Debating the significance...
Of exploring life!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fixed And Effective Changes

Major transformations taken,
With a putting into place...
Effective transitions to position them,
Fixed and regardless...
Of those opposing against them to permit,
Makes no difference...
Who gets upset to protest what comes,
To be done.
When transitions begin to transform the normal,
Time does not await for anyone to decide...
If the doing what comes is accepted,
To provide 'some' with a remaining of their comforts.
Fixed and effective changes maybe objected.
Rejected to accept.
But protesting against them is meaningless.
As are the tears from eyes not to dry in denial.
No one lives without new challenges to face.
Or a fear that threatens to take away routines.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fixed As If Cemented

Those who remain with wishes,
To see things as they would choose to view them.
And not how things are.
Since things are the way they have been...
Unchanged and unbending.
Fixed as if cemented.
There is nothing to say,
To those like that.

Those who disbelieve,
Things are not as they are seen.
But 'should' be the way they would 'like'?
That is alright.
Do not frustrate in argument with them.
Your time...
Not theirs,
Is to mellow like fine wine.
Know this!

Others who have had these 'things'...
Just as they are and wish to leave them that way.
Defend their points of view.
Despite what it is you do.
Whether you condone what is done or not.

And it is difficult to get that across to some people.

But not for the few!
Who have chosen their own lives to live.
And have chosen to do the best they can...
To assist,
With any apparent awakening...
Some stand by and expect.

However,
If things as they are as observed are accepted...
By those affected.
And they wish things to be just the way they are?
'Left-a-lone! '

It is better to leave what is seen that way.
ALONE!

Turn away from it and live one's own life.
Frustration free and nurturing one's peace of mind!

Unless?
There is always an 'unless' involved.

Unless...
One has desires to remain in darkness!
And argue about the prospects,
Of a light that could shine...
Between two ears already known closed.

Optimistic people love the concept of options!

Although,
Some narrow minds will never open that wide!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fixed Beliefs

So difficult it has to be,
For many to catch up...
From principles outdated.
And feeding on fast diets of all kinds.
To leave them with poisoned minds,
Stressed...
By a merriment cemented,
To a way of life...
Causing duress with fixed beliefs.
And in fear of reality...
Encroaching upon their precious 'standards'
Kept deluded.

To dismiss this has to be difficult.
To observe it as a witness,
Is a blessing disguised!
Revealed as eyes are opened.

Despite restrictions...
Those feeling suppressed,
Grew.
They had to.
Knowing life offered more than traps.
Beyond displays of isolated hatred...
Graphically mapped,
And strategically studied.

To finally comprehend...
For them,
They are all related...
In blood and need.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fixed Eye Contact

If it was not for ambition,
Promoted by devotion.
And motivated by faith.
Who could say,
Their achievements to accomplish...
Had been based upon receiving,
An encouragement given...
From people overheard insisting that gave,
To the ones who sweated...
With the noticing of none of it coming.
But expected to be gracious...
Amongst those showing false faces.

If it was not for ambition,
Promoted by devotion.
And motivated by faith,
Less would be the success...
To benefit others to get,
At the expense of the ones...
Shedding tears AND sweat,
To have it heard by those expressing it...
How high they had set their expectations.

'Did you hear those mother...'

~Just...
Nod and smile.
With a giving of fixed eye contact.
Do 'that' and the message they will get.
You no longer have to prove,
The work you've done is yours.
Here.
Take this napkin.
And wipe the blood off your bitten lips.
Do the nod and smile thing.
The fixed eye contact will do the rest of it.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fixed Focus

Refuse the empathy and keep...
Those dreams you wish kept alive.
Keep...
Them in your mind to survive.
Just keep...
Them with you and realized,
There is no hocus-pocus...
That is better than one's focus.
Just keep,
Those dreams kept inside.
Because...
One day,
You will witness them to touch.
And, that day,
You will know them to be real...
To eliminate those doubts,
Sometimes you come to feel.

Just keep...
Your dreams and wishes kept alive.
There is nothing hocus-pocus,
That replaces a fixed focus.

There is nothing hocus-pocus,
That replaces a fixed focus.

Keep a fixed focus,
And your dreams will be there noticed.
Keep a fixed focus,
And your dreams will be there noticed.
There is nothing hocus-pocus,
That replaces a fixed focus.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fixed In A Stubbornness

Fantasized with a clinging onto old myths,
Has not only continued to destroy with obviousness...
The value lacking they have in all of their relationships.
Their addictions fixed in a stubbornness,
Will not open their eyes to become aware of this.
But accusations stay and with them to exist,

Every warning face with messages delivered,
They have ignored.
Every chance to self examine with an honesty,
Has been refused to explore...
The maintaining of wishes they can not dismiss.
They view themselves as having 'character'.
And not suffering from severe defective mental illness.

Fantasized with a clinging onto old myths,
Has not only continued to destroy with obviousness...
The value lacking they have in all of their relationships.
Their addictions fixed in a stubbornness,
Will not open their eyes to become aware of this.
But accusations stay and with them to exist,
With a blaming of others for their own failures.

And a hope they have to change their leadership,
With a strengthening of their myths...
Will erase their pains they have self inflicted,
As well as relinquish them...
From all aspects of their foolishness to add even more,
Sweetness.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fixed Income

'You are a spendthrift and should budget.
Economize your lifestyle.
And not seek reasons to fuss.
Limit your wants and provide first your needs.
Decrease your appetite,
And this activity will eventually please! '

You don't have a fixed income.
Or live alone.
Do you?

'What does that have to do with me?
All of us in my household,
Eat less meat and dine out infrequently.
And we are able to save an exorbitant amount of money.
Proving we can reduce 'our' excessiveness.
And this I am sure you have not tried.'

You don't have a fixed income.
Or live alone.
Do you?

'There you go!
Trying to compare anchovies with caviar.
And there is quite a difference.'

You don't have a fixed income.
Or live alone.
Do you?

'No I do not!
But if I did,
I certainly would be able to do it better than you.
With far fewer complaints.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fixed Positions

I wish you the best.
Those who are stuck in routines!
And those with priorities,
Living on deadlines...
And schedules set.

I hope your apple cart,
Will never get upset...
By any of the changes,
On the road ahead projected.
Some already there.
And more detected.

May your life lived today,
Find you living...
With as much peace as you can get.
And I pray you have some of it,
Stashed away in storage.
Or packed safely in a treasure chest.
Since I suspect...
You'll be dusting it off to use very soon.

Some people make adjustments,
And are able to go with the flow.
Others choose to avoid the flow...
To remain comfortably unchanged,
In a stagnation.
Awakened to be forcibly shakened.
Separated in horror...
From their fixed positions.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fixed To Fit Mode

I've never said anything to you,
I did not mean.
My record for being direct,
Should not in your mind be questioned.
But often it is.
You are prepared to be defensive.
And if I chose to be more basic,
You would believe I intend to offend.

It is just in the way you wish to hear my words.
You are seeking a definition to satisfy...
What you believe is my intent.
With alternative meanings.
Instead of comprehending,
With active listening skills...
What to you I am saying.
But...
Reacting to assumptions,
Is the basis of our lack of communication.
And your willingness to stay on fixed to fit mode.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fixed To 'Things'

Fixed to 'things'
And not depth.
Inept in explanations.
And this one accepts.

What does it take,
To scratch beneath a surface?
Does it take an expected wisdom?
Or one who is wise with purpose.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fixed Wishes

Fixed wishes from us begin to drift,
As they currently relate to a life lived...
That is.
In the present to be passed.
Remembered,
As we travel on...
To welcome new experiences.

Fixed wishes to keep in place,
Youthful faces that times ages.
And appearances to remain untouched.
As if seasons come to go,
But do not released from us...
Noticeable physical changes.
Producing within us a sadness that remains.

And we sit with fixed wishes,
Unaccepting that which this is...
A life,
We all have come to live...
Is not in a forever hereafter kept.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fixed Within It And Will Not Leave

The thought of it is easy to read.
That is the intent.
As if it had been concieved.
And for you meant,
To exist and breathe.

Had it not been composed...
None of it you would believe.
And that is why each word of this...
Has been selected,
For you to digest.
Think about it and re-read!

And while you are doing that...
Think of it as something you thought easy,
To read.
Then think of it as something nonexisting.
You can't can you.
Because this was given life to breathe.

And each time it is read...
It is in your head!
Fixed within it and will not leave!
And your thought of it at first was easy.
Why should that be?
When I took my time to insure you'd be pleased.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Flagrant Blatantness

The flavor of it hangs in the air.
It burns the eyes.
With no escape anywhere.

Stinging the young,
With an acceptance done.
And silencing the old.
There is nothing valued to uphold.

A flagrant blatantness has smothered.
A once meaningful process,
Now too late to recover...
From a molding that grows.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Flashbacks

Even sinking they maintained their pretensions.

'What are you saying?
What are you talking about? '

Oh...
Nothing.
Just having flashbacks.
Thinking about those times gone...
When folks refused to listen.

'When was that?
Where did that happen? '

At a time people were lost,
In their own personal issues!

'Yes...
I did hear about that.
Was it traumatic?
To witness it? '

Not at all!
I was happily labelled crazed!
I went about my own business,
To experience the joys of living.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Flashmob It Is

Now they are calling,
A total acceptance of tolerated ignorance...
Condoned and allowed and collectively expressed,
With an addressing of it...
As 'Flashmobbing'.

'How chic and fashionable.'

Perhaps if they supplied the kids,
Guns and bombs and other destructive kits.
Maybe they should call this then...
A reflection of their self hatred and sensitivities,
Aimed to prove they are without identity or dignity.
With a successful escaping,
Of who they are...
From boundaries of their own inabilities...
To face the truth about themselves.

'mmm...
I can't see that on a marquee in lights.
That's too long to get out.
Plus the marketing would be too expensive.
It has no 'flavor'.
You feel me?
Let's just call it 'Flashmob' and leave it alone.
It connects and shows the best of a self degrading.
Plus...
The kids love it.
This is their way to get on TV.
It makes...
News.'

Flashmob it is.
Today's added craze!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Flat On Their Backs

Caught up in confusion has them glued,
To refuse a leaving of their permanent traps.
Like test mice being used they are teased,
With the eating of treats...
That keep them flat on their backs.

And when the fat cats sneak up behind them,
As some doze in stupors while others soundly sleep.
A silent auction to have them sold...
Is planned when their dancing is done,
While smiling on addicted happy feet.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Flatliners

They don't raise themselves up!
So what do they expect,
To get.
Accept,
Flatliners!
Shuffling along with barely a pulse,
To indulge in promoted replusiveness.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Flattered

I've been battered,
And shattered by it.
But the process of putting the pieces back,
Have healed.
And I find myself flattered by your comments.
It does feel good,
Knowing I can still appeal.
And I thank you for that.
You have reminded me I can attract.
I am flattered.
But I must also state...
If you keep that up,
You might find I'm easy to bait!
And the first to want to snuggle.
I've been battered,
And shattered by it.
But I did not say one thing,
About rejecting the notion...
Of being tenderized.
I am not that self sufficient.
Nor do I choose to be!
Although I have made some attempts...
The results of them did prove to be less gratifying!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Flaunt That Stuff

It doesn't matter who else expresses what.
If you've got it.
Just flaunt your stuff.

It doesn't matter who else has not enough.
If you've got it.
Just flaunt your stuff.

Don't be the one demeaned with this to be seen,
If you've got it,
Tighten up that gut.
And don't you let your feelings be chased from a scene,
To run and hide to just give up.
'Cause if you've got it,
Others will notice.
And they too might want to strut,
Their stuff.

It doesn't matter who else expresses what.
If you've got it.
Just flaunt your stuff.

It doesn't matter who else has not enough.
If you've got it...
Just flaunt your stuff.
And don't doubt it,
To give up!
Flaunt that stuff!

And if you've got it,
Flaunt that stuff.
Don't doubt about it.
Flaunt that stuff.
Feed it to breathe,
And flaunt that stuff.
Don't bend a knee,
Get up and strut.
And if you've got it,
Flaunt that stuff.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Flaunting An Expressed Incompetence

The only time being manipulated,
Is the wasting of one's own pretentiousness...
If it is perceived,
The doing of it is at someone else's...
Detriment with a lesson to be taught.
Often delivers dismay.
And a bringing with it an embarrassment.

Many times those who perceive themselves,
Influential...
Are caught off guard by another,
Who is less impressed...
By 'anyone' flaunting an expressed incompetence,
They refuse to accept that eventually addresses...
A defeating of their own public foolishness.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Flaunting Their Looting

There is not a rock they can hide behind.
Not a boulder molded near the summit
Of mountain peaks...
Can plug the stench caused by these hoodlums.
These renegades of 'low with odor'
Infest digressions with plans of wealth.

Drenched in chaos...
And worthy of pathos they are not!
Not these slick demons.
Yet...
Pitiful in this pickeled juice,
They may be
In attempts to preserve their dishonor!

They shed publicly their integrity...
Quicker than the hair from wild dogs.
Barking in a pack to ward off danger,
As they scour lands seeking fresh meat!
To leave bones to scavenge.
And...
Allowed they are
To flaunt their looting of common sense,
From all of us
Standing in line to donate more blood!
To protect this crazed point of view,
Of who and what invades!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Flavor Fed That Feeds Defeating

Gifts you were given are gone.
What did you do that was wrong.
Did you sit with your gifts to drift...
In a mind where they didn't stay long!

Gifts you were given are gone.
What did you do that was wrong.
Did you sit with your gifts to drift...
In a mind where they didn't stay long!

Your eyes are looking all around on the ground,
To find yourself with meaning...
And something you discover that fits.
But nothing that you pick seems of benefit!

Your eyes are looking all around to be found,
As someone to be lifted and praised.
And saved from stress you labor!
With a flavor of life you savor and crave.

Gifts you were given are gone.
What did you do that was wrong.
Did you sit with your gifts to drift...
In a mind where they didn't stay long!

Gifts you were given are gone.
And now just stress you labor.
Gifts you were given are gone.
And this is life you savor.

Gifts you were given are gone.
And now just stress you labor.
Gifts you were given are gone.
And this is life you savor.

A flavor fed that feeds defeating!

Gifts you were given are gone.
And now just stress you labor.

Gifts you were given are gone.
And this is life you savor.

A flavor fed that feeds defeating!

You don't want to miss a beating.
You don't want to miss a beating.
You don't want to miss a beating.

A flavor fed that feeds defeating!

You don't want to miss a beating.
You don't want to miss a beating.
You don't want to miss a beating.

A flavor fed that feeds defeating!

Gifts you were given are gone.
You don't want to miss a beating.
What did you do that was wrong.
You don't want to miss a beating.
Did you sit with your gifts to drift...
In a mind where they didn't stay long!

You don't want to miss a beating.
You don't want to miss a beating.
You don't want to miss a beating.

A flavor fed that feeds defeating!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Flavor Of The Month Club

Members of,
The Flavor Of The Month Club...
Love to dissect those they select,
Who speak too much truth...
And to them this upsets.

Members of the Flavor Of The Month Club,
Run from one event to the next...
Picking choices they all agree,
Will satisfy their insecurities...
With 'who' says what to feed their deceits.

And what does this accomplish?
A need not to face the truth.
A need to continue doing...
Those things they will pursue,
The taste of those condiments...
That keep them protected with more alibis and lies!

Those that have chosen new diets,
Have long been ostracized.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Flavor That Is Savored

Being able to connect,
To the reading audience.
Makes one poet...
More appreciated than the next!
A consciousness has been affected.
An expectation achieved...
That feeds an anticipation one gets!

If one poet is obsessed,
With maidens on islands with white alabaster skin.
Or Vikings from the old country,
Pursuing Cyclops with Zeus...
Chatting with Sophocles sipping on gin.

Well...
The writer may be thrilled,
Getting goosebumps and chills from the aspect of it.
However...
The reader of such a description,
May not 'get' the meaning of what the poem depicts.
And may not care if the poet was a college graduate...
With certificates from Harvard or Yale.

If what is written does not connect,
To an emotion or a collective imagination...
One poet with college degrees,
May not be as popular
As another who has an appetite to write.
And may sleep on a ghetto street at night.

It is much like cooking!
Writing is.

Some love to do it.
While others who 'say' they can cook...
Should be ushered from the kitchen!

Quality is not determined by the schooling of it.
Nor is common sense something that can be taught.

It is like one's taste.
If the flavor is savored...
The only ones finding disapproval,
Are the ones discussing the ingredients used.
And ultimately looking like fools...
As they are surrounded by those licking off their plates!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Flaw

The father was a hard worker.
A businessman who fed them all.
The mother was a homemaker...
She was there as if on call!
The daughters were pioneers,
Diverse and adventurers.
The sons like to dress...
And argued who looked the best,
They had no balls at all!
None that the girls said they even saw!
There was a flaw.
The girls were like their father...
And the boys just flapped their lips and jaws!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Flawed By Deceptive Appearances

They are well disciplined.
They appear to be happy and healthy.
They are ambitious...
With wishes to enjoy life.
They are determined and respectful.
They have a graciousness,
That appears upon their collective faces.
The cities are clean and progressive.
The infrastructures of them all...
Far exceed expectations.

'Yeah...
But they are socialists.
Deprived of the joys of democratic rule.
Look around!
Who in their right mind,
Would not envy our quality of life?
At least...
That is what I've been told.
And how they live,
Is a 3rd world existence...
Flawed by deceptive appearances.
And it is clear their terrificness has been staged.
Who are they trying to impress?

WE have rehabilitation centers across the land.
With two million people sentenced,
To have their minds restored!
To reflect our great society.
THEY can not top that!
AND they get free cable and meals three times a day!
That's how great and humanitarian we are!
And...
They can NOT top 'that'!
And we, at least...
Can do as we please.
When and where we choose.
In a manner in which WE select!
AND...

Trying to top that,
Brings them much regret.
And I know that to be true...
Because that is what I have been told! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Flaws

Blemishes are like opinions given.
They are exposed for what they are.
To either accept or reject them.
Something eventually is corrected.

Someone with flaws has to be convinced.
Some flaw bearers are nauseating...
And sometimes over compensate what is done,
For approval sake that comes close to being disgusting

However...
Few with blemishes AND flaws,
Have the ability to capture the imagination of anyone.
Unless they are comedians laughing sadly at themselves.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Flaws To Face

Flaws to face,
Varing insecurities...
Many with them wishing to hide,
By either eating them away...
In the hope to erase them.
Or bringing them up in conversation,
On a daliy basis.
As if their insecurities,
Are the only ones to exist.
To have them become difficult to deny,
For anyone listening to them described.

'Face them to eliminate them.'

~I can't do that.~

'Why? '

~If I do,
What else would there be for us to discuss? ~

'How about other stuff,
That doesn't include you?
Stop mentioning your insecurities,
That's what you can do.
We all have them.
I have them too.'

~You act as if I am boring you.~

'I don't believe it.
Finally both us notice,
You are beginning to make some progress.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Flaws To Have

Just because you can't do it,
Don't mean it can't be done.
By anyone.
Just because you can't do it,
Don't mean it can't be done.
By anyone.
Just because you can't do it,
Don't mean it can't be done.
By anyone,
Not so hung up about having some flaws.
Proving...
They can show and flaunt them,
Faults and all.
Proving...
Flaws to have has yet to break a law.

Just because you can't do it,
Don't mean it can't be done.
By anyone.
Just because you can't do it,
Don't mean it can't be done.
By anyone.
Just because you can't do it,
Don't mean it can't be done.
By anyone,
Not so hung up about having some flaws.
Proving...
They can show and flaunt them,
Faults and all.
Proving...
Flaws to have has yet to break a law.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Flea Market

It is claimed,
After nine years of conflict...
A man labelled,
To be the originator of it...
Can not be found.
But children in our grade schools,
Know his name.

And his comments are given more attention...
As 'if' aired like a TV series.
And this man can not be found?
But a citizen minding his or her own business,
Can be detected walking on Earth...
By a satellite orbiting,
Miles above the ground?

And...
Uh...er...
Are there any other bargains at this flea market?
Or should we wait for something else fresh to be sold,
At the 'next' tag sale?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fleet Of Foot And On The Run

A social etiquette,
To select others to repress...
Will someday stop the paying of dividends,
To those who have taken steps...
To make sure those kept oppressed,
Will never see them doubting...
Their own credibility,
Which has enabled them to debit on false claims.
And...
With unashamed requests to borrow overwhelming funds,
To protect the cost of keeping their fears,
Undetected and hypocritical...
While 'still' keeping fleet of foot and on the run.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Flesh And Blood Drops

Who pays...
For the displays of injustices,
Dispatched and laid?
As rights and defenses,
Are removed...
And offenses grow to prove
An array of dismay!

Who amongst us can truthfully say...
These occurances appeared,
While we were on a leave of absence
Cleared of a consciousness that drifted away?
Or kissing the cheeks of starving children,
Dieing behind the scenes...
Of antiqued lighted picturesqued streets!

Who pays...
For displays of injustices,
Dispatched and laid?

Could they be the ones
Whose voices are heard
Screaming from atop gleaming glass towers...
Like clipped winged birds.
Jumping!
To weed themselves from crops...
They intially described to the world,
As root rot!
Plummeting to the ground to spread...
Flesh and blood drops!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Flexibility

The only people who seem to complain,
That others should be more understanding...
With a showing of a flexibility,
And a patience that condones...
The ones with deficiencies,
Are the ones who make excuses for themselves.
And force others to accept their laziness.
As the heights of mediocrity for them are raised.
While accountability and expectations,
With a lowering of standards become the ideal.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Flexible And Suitable

Your platform!
The one who have chosen to stand on,
With your advocating of issues.
What is the core and basis of its foundation?

'Mostly a thick and sturdy sheet of plexiglass.
Supported strategically,
By a few quick removing cinder blocks.'

And the people whom you wish to leave,
Approve your ability to take and shift...
Your priorities as you please?

'My priorities are as safely placed,
As the plexiglass we have tested for defections.
Making my platform both flexible and suitable,
To represent my beliefs.
And dare I do anyone raise an eyebrow,
To the new flag I will introduce to incorporate the seriousness...
Of my campaign.'

A new flag?
To represent what?

'The firm beliefs I have in morals and family values.
And I have chosen Mickey and Minnie Mouse,
Who are overdue for this prestigeous honor...
To be lifted with their images held high! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Flexible...And, Resilient You Are!

You find you are alone...
Faced and pleased with pride
Earned and undenied by the trying.
Fueled by tasks grasped,
And mastered!

You weren't always,
On a path fast pacing.
I see your knees expose wounds...
From crawling stalled by emotions.
Reviewed and glued to cement,
In revolving mental inventions meant
To keep you 'dramafied' in suspense...
And confusion!

Back on track
From doubts attacking
Patience to see scars from scabs
Peel
To fall by the wayside
From the mending of your 'thickening' skin!
Trials and tribulations,
For you...
Begin to loosen their hold
On your up...held...chin!
From its sifting through despair,
!
As if missed...
With visits!

Pushing you from behind come winds,
Strong as the 'will' you have to breathe
Fresh air!
Pleasing you with strong daring breezes!
And...
You find you are alone.
Faced and much pleased with pride,
That fueled tasks grasped and mastered.

'What more can be done? '

You have fun with these thoughts...
That lift to comfort and cushion your feet!

You find you are alone!
Faced and pleased,
With pride that once hid teasing!

You grew to let your wings sprout out!
And your flight takes you even higher...
Higher
Far beyond expectations tossed about!
As onlookers witness you 'soar'...

Flexible and resilient you are!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Flicker Of A Spark

The spreading of a devastating fire,
Raging to ruin everything in its path...
Can begin unintended.
An unexpected to last for as long as it has.
Especially when a starting of it,
Began from a flicker of a spark...
That gathers those with a serious task,
To end it as fast as humanly possible.

The spreading of devastating gossip,
Beginning from a whisper...
Intended to mention in a listening ear,
Can begin from an unknown source.
And the juice of it flapped from nonstop lips,
Reaches unexpectedly to ruin the lives...
Of friends, family members,
And others once sharing close relationships.

Fueling duels and unending quarrels,
Creating chaos and vicious conflicts.
With a doing to prove fools can be made,
To cause hearts to break never to mend.
And a mental illness perceived as a kept sanity,
Believed to protect defending divisions...
Of those unconscious with lost and clouded,
Fading visions.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Flight Instructor

Why are some of those jumpers,
Plummeting to the ground?

'I told them all specifically,
What they had to do...
To execute a successful jump,
By counting to ten.
Then with a pulling of the cord,
Their 'chutes' would open.'

Why do you suppose,
The others have chosen to plummet?
Their outcome does not look favorable.

'One of them told me,
They did not like my tone of voice.
And 'flight' instructor or not...
Did not have to pay attention to me.
And will do what it is they choose.'

Well...
How do you explain so many of them,
Not opening their parachutes?

'Hey...
For some apparent reason,
They also chose to do the same thing.'

You know what this means?

'Yes I do.
There will be fewer for me to feed,
At my house warming party.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Flight Of The Naked Hearts

Some had been on sleeves.
For years grieving
With emotions deep.
And taken for granted...
By those who believed them weak,
And soft of spine.

They loved too much...
And too much left behind.
To be found in concern...
For someone who had not learned,
To recognize
Sincere eyes that carried love!

The flight of the naked hearts...
Chose to depart
Instead of dipping into bitterness.
And broken hearts to mend...
To heal and break again!
With arguments to defend...
Why they love!
And love like theirs will never end!

The flight of the naked hearts...
Begins!
And very few...
Who practice spewing venom,
Will come to understand.
Until an unsuspecting fang...
Appears from the mouth of a friend claimed.
Who pierces them to expose
Blood that's sucked!

A loved one they gave up,
Would never have had those thoughts to allow!
Or inflict that kind of pain!
And no unconditional love left comes...
To heal the depth of the drip dropp blood letting,
Felt in this sorrow!

Is left to regain!

All tomorrows...
And the comfort known
From yesterday has gone.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Flight Status

I don't believe I know too many people,
Who have to be consistently warned...
To move out of harms way.
Or be convinced that death may threaten.
Those I know love life.
And any hint or clue Mother Nature gives,
That she 'may' show up in the neighbood...
Cranky!
With the huffing and puffing up dangerous winds?
That 'should' give anyone reason to prepare,
For flight status.
Those who have desires,
To confront Mother Nature's bad side...
Are either crazy,
Or...

There is no 'or'!
Those folks are nutts!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Flip That Guilt

Too quiet are those silent nights.
When guilt decides it is time to visit.
And some will sit with wishes,
To undo whatever it was they've done.
Some will sit and for hours fidget,
Awaiting until the morning Sun comes..
To have it hope,
Those feelings of guilt will be chased away.
But when dawn arrives,
That same guilt stays.

It's better to face what it is,
To rid it and not live with it...
Instead of being chased away.

It is better to flip that guilt,
To rid it...
Instead of being chased away.

Give it the boot and flip that guilt to rid.
Don't be chased.
Give it the boot and flip that guilt to rid.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Flipping The Bird

You question whether my efforts are poetic?
And the merit of their designation of being labelled 'poems'?

Well...
I have an activity for you.
That is understood,
In many languages too!

I want you to observe me flipping the bird.
And when I'm finished doing it...
I'd like for you to sit,
Reminiscing on what was delivered.

Along with the poeticness of it.
And the image depicted.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Floating

No interest in confessing,
A depressed state of mind...
Others will have no time,
Trying to understand.
And that is understood!
These thoughts I have now...
Are like driftwood.
Seen floating.
As if it is on its own!
Something that had grown attached.
But overtime has become detached...
Released!
And roams disconnected.
Freed from a conformity bred!
Is it dead?
Has it in fact been rejected,
Instead?
Because it shows no life known,
Anyone could say they knew!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Floral Scented Teases Of Repeated Love Sonnets

You have commented more than once,
That my writings are a bit edgy, sinister...
And a little dark and critical.
I agree.
There is something about reality that attracts me.
'My' reality that 'is'.

However...
Your floral scented teases of repeated love sonnets,
Just doesn't depict the 'hood' I embrace.
And trust me...
Anything edgy, sinister, dark and critical I write,
Is for me a motivator that would chase you away.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Flow The Mississippi

Hello...
And what is this?
In the midst of this wonderful feeling.
And hello...
What's your name?
Do you want my number?

Hello...
And what is this?
In the midst of this wonderful feeling.
And hello...
What's your name?
Do you want my number?

I can be your rock Robin!
If you like to pop with lots of knocking.
Be my rock Robin!
I'd make you flow the Mississippi.

Hello...
And what is this?
In the midst of this wonderful feeling.
And hello...
What's your name?
Do you want my number?

Hello...
And what is this?
In the midst of this wonderful feeling.
And hello...
What's your name?
Do you want my number?

I can be your rock Robin!
If you like to pop with lots of knocking.
Be my rock Robin!
I'd make you flow the Mississippi.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Flowing Into The Gutters

What I say to you offends.
But what should offend,
Is that which is observed...
Not to express my opinion,
But describe as it exists.
Flowing into the gutters,
From the curbs to be noticed.

And the mentioning of it,
You quickly defend.
I don't keep a faith in that which blinds.
I want my eyes opened wider.
And my mind affixed to comprehension.
I don't choose to remain ignorant.
I live my life with a need to know.
Wanting to be exposed not opposed to truth.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Flu Blitz

The marketing of flu,
Has become a multi billion dollar industry.
There is money to be made in creating vaccines,
By private corporations.
Guaranteeing you will be ticked off and pricked...
Some awaiting to become sick,
By a disaster coming soon to a neighborhood near you.
With mandatory injections you simply can not refuse.
Since you will be scared to death not to!

Note:
Much gratitude and deepest respect to,
Hebert 2.

'Thank you, Mr. H'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fluff Seekers

Fluff seekers know where to go,
To get their daily fix.
And those wishing to get their reality,
Straight up with no chaser...
Like to remain sober as long as possible.
Although their activity may not be received,
As popular.
And today...
People can not seem to get enough fluff.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fluffing Up Of Plastic Feathers

Where I come from,
People are berated...
For their accomplishments done.
Then are expected to participate,
In calls for community unity.
Only to socialize with others...
In a flaunting of their charaded pulchritude.

I prefer not to confuse their issues,
With what I do.
I like to mingle with those,
Who are straight up in the 'hood'.
Appreciating them for who they are.
And there is a mutual exchanging done too.
Without a fluffing up of plastic feathers.

'What do you know about living in the 'hood'? '

People like you would be surprised.
In fact...
People like you wouldn't know what to do,
If not appearing for photo ops...
After making hollow speeches.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fluke

A successful stroke of luck?
Bestowed upon someone...
Who is both surprised and amazed,
By a sudden fuss stirred up?

Oh. Is that what that is?

Perhaps that would be true...
For those finding something new,
To chew on or 'seep' to brew about!
However...
What is being witnessed here,
Is far from the definition of a fluke!
This 'fluke' has been in preparation...
For many, many, many years!

A lifetime spent in spinning 'flukeness'
To perfection!
And that is why the attention,
Does not excite the one who has sacrificed!

See that blood on the trail?
To whom do you think it belongs?

Fluke my...
Aspirations!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Flushed And Eliminated

Like a fast or a cleansing one takes,
To clear the mind and body of toxins...
Undergoing a thorough self examination,
Has the same affect if one has been reborn.

There is an unnecessary waste carried,
Completely flushed and eliminated.
And an unexpected happiness,
Lightens the heart.

With a change accepted,
Needing little if any explanation.
It is just that obvious,
Not to be noticed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Flushed With A Gush!

Protecting one's domain,
Is a natural human instinct.
To have some say...
Which way this should be done.
And how to do it,
In a way that pleases everyone,
Is a theory created by fools!
Especially those who invade when they come.

Protecting one's domain,
Can become vicious.
Can become wicked...
Strange and insane!

But there are those,
Who continue to impose...
A point of view
That will pull the guts of humanity,
Sucking away in a twirling whirlpool...
Flushed with a gush!
Down with the stench of cussing fuss...
Thrusted through an awaiting drain!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Flying Too High Of A Kite

One having an unexpected experience,
With a momentary dose of anger...
May just be the thing needed,
To beat and defeat a kept disbelief...
That what has begun to be witnessed,
Happening to others to have done to criticize...
Has not been in disguise to hide.
Ignored perhaps.

But next door,
And doors throughout their entire neighborhoods...
Are being visited by what had been dismissed.
To bring back down to Earth,
Anyone flying too high of a kite.
Not to notice the filth and dirt or the affect left,
To excuse from their eyesight yet collects...
Right in their own backyard to delude it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Focus Maintained

Gain!
All I have is love to give,
And gain!
I'm on a fast track to stay,
And to gain.
Nothing in my life...
Remains the same,
With my focus maintained!

And gain!
All I have is love to give,
And gain!
I'm on a fast track to stay,
And to gain.
Nothing in my life...
Remains the same,
With my focus maintained!

I've got to reach,
With my focus maintained.
And,
I've got to keep...
My focus maintained.
And,
I've got to seek...
With my focus maintained,
And prepared I am to change...
Keeping focus maintained.

Gain!
All I have is love to give,
And gain!
I'm on a fast track to stay,
And to gain.
Nothing in my life...
Remains the same,
With my focus maintained!

I've got to reach,

With my focus maintained.
And,
I've got to keep...
My focus maintained.
And,
I've got to seek...
With my focus maintained,
And prepared I am to change...
Keeping focus maintained.

I'm teased a lot!
But my focus maintains.

I dream a lot!
But my focus maintains.

My needs don't stop!
But my focus maintains.
And prepared I am to change...
Keeping focus maintained.

I'm teased a lot!
But my focus maintains.

I dream a lot!
But my focus maintains.

My needs don't stop!
But my focus maintains.
And prepared I am to change...
Keeping focus maintained.

Gain!
All I have is love to give,
And gain!
I'm on a fast track to stay,
And to gain.
Nothing in my life...
Remains the same,
With my focus maintained!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Focus More On Motive

Please,
Why can't you give me time...
With allowing my mind,
To find a bit of comfort.

Please,
Why can't you leave me alone...
With a time I can find,
To enjoy that bit of comfort.

I need to...
Focus more on motive.
And,
I need to...
Release anxiety from me.
And I need to...
Let frustrations go,
With a hope you'll comprehend my need.

I need to...
Focus more on motive.
And,
I need to...
Release anxiety from me.
And I need to...
Let frustrations go,
With a hope you'll comprehend my need.

So please...
Why can't you give me time,
With allowing my mind...
To find a bit of comfort.

And please...
Why can't you leave me alone,
With a time I can find...
To enjoy that bit of comfort.

What I need is to focus more on motive.

And,
I need to...
Release anxiety from me.
And I need to...
Let frustrations go,
With a hope you'll comprehend my need.

What I need is to focus more on motive,
With a hope you'll understand my need.
I need to...
Focus more on motive,
With a hope you'll understand my need.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Focused And Fixed

If I have done anything without intent to offend anyone,
With an unconsciousness to do it.
Believe me i have nothing to hide inside.
My vision has been focused and fixed with pride,
To accomplish and not just to sit in disguise.
I could have found countless reasons to complain,
But didn't. Why should I? I recognize my blessings.

I can only say it has been truth I have pursued.
And perhaps my contact with anyone delusioned,
By what it is I know I was born to do...
Misunderstood my commitment to move and set aside,
Obstacles I have had to face in this doing and not deny...
With embarrassing results that had seem relentless.

Early my lessons learned were enforced and strict.
I could not excuse what I did even if I wanted to do it.
I had to fight for the right to speak sometimes.
Only to be told those times I was out of my mind.
With those I would find trying to redefine my purpose.
As if they knew my wants, wishes, dreams and urges.

Through marriages reminisced that disappointed,
And the deaths of close family members...
A son and loved friends always within me remembered,
I can not express how difficult it was,
To lift myself sickened from hospital beds and drugged.
With a doing miraculously only with faith I could mend.
Only those who have been there know the freedom of truth.

So...
If I have done anything without intent to offend anyone,
With an unconsciousness to do it.
Believe me I have found inner strength to confess this,
My vision has been focused and fixed to leave me addicted...
To accomplish and not just wallow away in tears to sit.
And I know today it has been God who would not allow this.
To provide me with this courage to admit my thankfulness.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Focused Upon The Wax

An entertained mind seeking to get it easy...
And with a breeze,
Can not be expected to think of life...
As a blessing to accept.
And...
To be taken seriously.

Only when a candle begins to flicker,
Does the wax with the wick burning in it...
Become regarded as important.

But...
In the beginning,
When the freshness of the glow...
Seems to bestow imaginations that go on forever,
Who remains focused upon the wax and its melting?
Not too many.

Just the light and all that sparkles,
With an identifying meaning...
Is wished to linger.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Focusing On Other People

I am willing to comprehend,
With a listening intently.
However...
The moment I suspect,
Your reflections are critical...
To what it is I respect,
Then I am sure you will not expect...
Me to sit and remain objective.

As long as you keep your evaluation directed,
With a focusing on other people...
And their defections,
I am here to give you as much time as you need...
With the passing of my judgements as well.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Foes

You've got foes.
I've got foes.
Everybody you know got their foes,
And this God shows.
However...
Seldom do foes know wherever they go,
An awareness of their presence...
Has kept eyes open and not closed.
And...
It is better to meet the opposition to greet,
Than to have them believe...
Your life is in their control.
God knows with your kept faith...
He'll erase the obstacles those foes make.

You've got foes.
I've got foes.
Everybody you know got their foes,
And this God shows.
However...
Seldom do foes know wherever they go,
An awareness of their presence...
Has kept eyes open and not kept them closed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Folks Like That

Respect them?
They don't respect the honor
Of their own.
Although they do embrace,
Misfit manifestations of all kind!
Except homosexuality.
AIDS
And HIV
And yet they fill those churches
Like saints
Haloed and worshipped.
They need not teach me about hypocriscy...
Nor the brotherhood of mankind,
Or the affects of a communal unity!
My actions are not low down,
As those down low!
But they have taught me...
To keep my eyes and ears opened.
And to watch my back,
When I'm around folks like that!
They'll be crying to me...
Before they ever see a tear,
Fall from my eyes!
And I pray everyday.
But it's not for a new Mercedes!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Folks Who Make Claims To Be Christians

Why are there some who say,
They believe in God.
Speak in tongues.
Pass judgement on others,
And how they live.
Where they live and with who?
Express issues they have with materialism.
Usually their lack of it.
Or what someone else has.
Complain about their ailments...
With associated limitations.
And,
Are the ones to say to others,
No one understands where they are coming from.
And when asked 'why' they don't take their troubles to God?
They say...
'This has nothing to do with God! '

And these are the folks,
Who make claims to be Christians!
These are the folks,
Who produce their own problems.
And get upset,
They can not share their headaches...
With those who observe them all as hypocrites!
Seeking those they wish to inflict their afflictions.

'But isn't that demonic? '

I suppose.
However...
They do get their teachings about the 'devil'
And 'sin' on Sundays!
Perhaps they can better tell you,
What it is they do believe...
That God does for them,
And when and where that is done! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Folks Who Sugarcoat

If people were to come out of their closets...
Millions would find
They can exchange similar wardrobes!
Especially a taste for kinkiness,
Many in business attire...
Can't wait to discard to immediately address!
And these are the very folks who sugarcoat,
The World's mess!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Folks Who Wish To Boo Hoo

My abundance is flowing.
Yes it is.
I'll sit and observe you,
Wallow in tears.
But I am not here to share any of that.
Not to wrap, pack and carry.
Like you have done to burden your back.
You do an excellent job.
And I am sure you are proud of that fact.
However...
Your sobbing and choked filled anguish,
Is not an involvement prioritized on my agenda list!
My abundance is flowing.
And I am going to keep it like this!
I am through with folks who wish to boo hoo...
As if they exist for it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Folks You Can Not Trust

I wish you stop saying what you mean!
That upsets my deluded state of mind.
I wish you wouldn't step on my toes.
You expose my sensitivity to hearing the truth.
And you have me challenge the excuses I make!
My disguise no longer provides me escape.
I wish you stop saying what you mean.
It's too painful to hear it.
And I'd rather be around those of pretense.
At least when I am with them...
Your honesty has no defense.
I wish you stop saying what you mean!
And be like us...
Folks you can not trust!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Follow The Leader

For the first time,
Questions are raised
As to who was paid
To keep the innocent deluded...
When the sky was caving in.

As celebrations kept them numbed.
And receptive to refuse signs of truth.
Even when their foundations were seen crumbling...
The passing of the buck was done real quick!
And marketed to heights,
Was a slipping of greatness.
To keep festivities light and bright,
With accepting sleaze.
Left to the thieves...
Who were praised on Wall Street!

For the first time,
Questions are raised
As to who was paid
To keep the innocent deluded...
When the sky was caving in.
And the bombardment of terrorists,
Successfully kept attention...
Away from 'inside' misdeeds committed,
As crooks with political ties...
Perfected economic sins!
To pocket and divide.

Disgust is not enough to slow...
The effective falling of dominos!
When so many have been suckered to play,
Follow the leader.
And made to obey incompetence displayed.
Without dispute to mute.
Or boot this failure away...
In a straitjacket.
To muzzle.
And then lynched to commence healing.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Follow The Path Of Awareness

Follow the path to awareness.
You will notice it is not paved!
It is not aligned with floral scents.
It may have threatening obstacles on it.
But...
Follow the path of awareness.
Let those go who choose to skip,
And frolic along with inducements.
Nothing will change the minds,
Of those who wish to find roses...
They did not grow.
Or suffer through their planting.
No one does this,
For something that they've done...
To be easily picked.
It's just common sense.
And so many live without any of it!
Follow the path of awareness.
And you will see...
How all of the pieces fit together!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Follow Your Heart

You can if it is wished,
Make attempts to touch this.
But through the wilderness,
And with kept faith...
I did not reach with obstacles to face,
Just to give away...
The fruits I have come to enjoy.
Or pretend that my journey,
Is completed and I am satisfied...
To sit with a doing to stay.

Oh no.
You can make attempts,
If you wish to touch this!
However...
Be prepared to be afraid and frightened,
By those with appetites and drooling...
With a wanting of nothing else,
To eat and feast if you should fail.

'Will you stop with all this drama.
Where are you?
I can hear your voice,
But the path you have laid...
Has limited my choices to make.'

Follow your heart.
That's all it takes.
And if your faith is not strong?
There is nothing more I can say.

'Keep talking! '

I aint got time for that.
And if I did...
Why should I give it to you to waste?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Followed By A Sunset (Better Kept To Forget)

It becomes for some,
To realize too late...
Time to all of us given moves forward.
And not in reverse to replace or appreciate,
A doing one should have done.
Each day comes to arrive to leave.

No time awaits for anyone to contemplate,
A taking an advantage of it...
For purposes to reschedule what is convenient.
At a later more appropriate date.

Too many perceive opportunities to them given,
Can be kept on hold until decisions are made.
Too many perceive opportunities to them given,
Can not be taken away from them to fade.

And too many perceive,
What they have been given to receive...
Comes without a dawn,
To be followed by a Sunset that comes to go.
With a leaving them behind along with their shadows.

Too many perceive,
Any excuse they make or alibis made to believe...
Will be accepted with apologies.
No matter who is affected by their negligence.

'I assumed you would always be here for me.'

~I was. And had been.
Until I awakened to realize,
You were nowhere around to be found...
When my need for you,
Disappeared from existence.~

It becomes for some,
To realize too late...
No time awaits for anyone to contemplate,

A taking an advantage of it...
For purposes to reschedule what is convenient.
At a later more appropriate date.

'But...
I value our relationship.'

~And when was this decided? ~

'I assumed you knew.'

~I've learned not to live on assumptions.
Or await for another Sunset,
With beliefs to keep...
Your consistent disappointments.
And disappointments I have found,
Are better kept to forget,
Than accepting my regrets.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Followed With A Hollowed Faith

I am who I am!
A proud and determined man.
And glad I am not limited to labels.
Call me anything you wish.
I am one of those folks,
Grateful to have life to breathe.
And grateful to be able to express,
A sharing of gifts...
With others to exchange to leave.

People who find time,
To restrict their origin with ethnic traces...
Without appreciating themselves,
Or whomever they debase.
Seek excuses to offend and discriminate...
And do so to incriminate with a satiation,
Those hypocrisies followed with a hollowed faith.
And they call themselves 'believers'!
But of what? Jealousy, deceit and hate?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Followers Blinded

'Behold not long those days you crave.
Things that enslave will craze.
And those who seethe will rage and bleed! '

They were warned and told,
Long before the arrival of those...
Spiritual Deities.
Now amongst us trying to prevent,
A further downslide into a darkened decadence.
One that is irreversible.
But excused as making sense.
By those who are sold on division.
And convinced that enlightenment is sin,
Demon sent.
And they have become the followers blinded...
In their blatant representation that has addicted.
With a wickedness inflicted in their minds to sit.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Following A Bouncing Ball

Why haven't I contacted you at all?
My priorities have completely changed.
I had to adopt another focus.
It became too difficult for me,
To continue following a bouncing ball.
Especially one I thought I could hold.
But that ball you bounce,
Is too much out of control!

And as for me,
I needed to keep a peace concrete...
Within my walls.
You had me feel they were closing in.
And climbing over walls,
To breathe fresh air...
Over and over and over again,
I will not accept as an agenda!
Activated to keep on call.
I came to realize,
That's just not me.

Why haven't I contacted you at all?
I threw that ball over my walls.
And not a regret left do I have!
None.
Not one in my mind there kept to stall.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Following Those Hollow

And those who say they knew him,
Did not know him from within.
They knew of his accomplishments...
And some with him embellished them.
While others were contented,
To show how much of him they resented.

He would listen with a sensitivity...
From depths unexplained,
Or could tell what they meant!
From a divine philosophy sent.
And when he passed away from them,
His life seemed to have more purpose 'then'.
Since he was validated for not wasting his wishes...
Instead of dismissing 'gifts' tormenting him to fits!

Unlike those who sat...
To gather in chats,
About what he had accomplished...
Despite their unwarranted jealous attacks!
And what he left behind were discovered facts.
Leaving them shocked and amazed,
He had spent his days...
Protecting their backs!
While they made efforts to stop him in his tracks.

Leaving them stunned and in a daze...
To discover he was the martyred one,
And they scrambled in a maze quite crazed!

Friends,
They say!
As thick as thieves,
They say!
And these,
They say...
Will never betray!
They say!
As long as they...

See themselves,
Following those hollow!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Food For Thought

I can not forget,
Intentions meant...
To prevent my dreams and wishes.
No I can't.
And wont forget...
Discouragement encountered.
And from who made attempts,
To stop my steps...
With their negative comments.

I can not forget,
Wanting to share...
My observations made.
And having them dismissed,
By those without dreams...
For them to get.

I can not forget,
Knocking on doors to have them closed.
I can not forget,
The ones who said what they had...
Was theirs and I should find,
My expectations too high.
And it would be best to keep mine low.

I can not forget,
Being left behind...
To remove my own obstacles.
I can not forget,
Wiping my tears from fears to go.
I can not forget,
When I stopped listening...
With risks to take and faith to keep.
I can not forget,
The wanting to succeed to believe I can.

And...
I will never forget,
A doing to achieve...

With a using the tools and gifts God gave.
And to me.
To realize what I possessed to fulfill my needs,
Were always there to create...
My own opportunities.

'I heard from you,
What it is you can do to offer.
But what do you bring exclusively,
To add to this crowded table?
Besides 'your' appetite.
Hmmm? '

Food for thought.
And none of that do I see.
Or hear it with it to appear to feed.

'Well...
Pull up a chair.
And...
Let us share some of it.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Foolish Restrictions

Come,
And spend the night with me.
Unleash those temptations.
And be freed of them.
Have we witnessed,
Enough of the passion and yearning?
It is time to get explicit.
It is time to let...
What naturally comes next.
A love expressed,
With the act of sex just between us.

Come,
And spend the night with me.
Let the flowing of our urges...
Complete that need.
Time has long passed,
Since I wanted just a piece of...
Love!
To grasp and call my own to grow!

Come,
And spend the night with me.
Now and tomorrow.
And beyond...
If that is our destiny!
You and I have too long known...
A togetherness our hearts have shown.

Come...
And let us remove,
Those foolish restrictions!
Those that keep us relating in limited conditions.
When we wish more than anything,
To lay in each other's arms.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Foolishly Limited

Intimidations done,
To undermine someone...
Seldom work.
Those who do this...
Prove themselves to be certifiable jerks.
They must use whatever works!
Even though these acts show them to be...
Inept and foolishly limited.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Foolishness That's Lived

A shallow mind,
Will always find...
Depth,
An exception.
With not a thought to have as a weapon.
And not a comprehension to come too soon.

Shallow minds!
Will always find...
Depth an exception.
And running on emptiness,
Of meaning.
To leave foolishness more room!

A shallow mind,
Will always find...
Depth,
An exception.
With not a thought to have as a weapon.
And not a comprehension to come too soon.
While running on an emptiness of meaning.
To feel enlightened,
That a foolishness that's lived...
Will welcome more room!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fools Don'T Listen

No one can fix a fool's determination,
To keep their problems hidden.
If the fool can not face them to admit.
Especially a fool...
Who stubbornly resists.

And only a fool will persist,
Their problems seen to exist...
Can not be forced to divorce themselves,
To sit and permit truth an opportunity to speak.
Fools don't listen but expect attention given to be heard.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fools Drool

We must tolerate those,
Who wish to be viewed as fools.
We must tolerate them,
To understand what they seek to do...
With a distorting of sick intelligence.

Fools feed on attention to get.
With a need to mask their insecurities.
Fools travel on paths from all walks of life.
Fools have no other reason,
But to admonish those they trash.

We must tolerate those,
Who wish to be viewed as fools.
We must tolerate them,
To understand what they seek to do.
Since all fools drool from their undercover gutters!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fools Will Do Stupid Things

There will always be those,
Choosing to change rules...
To prove themselves incompetent.
With a testing to annoy if possible,
Others refusing to be limited.

And those with skills to know them legit,
Are more amused by those given positions to get...
To discredit the ones with shown abilities,
For the purpose to expose themselves unknowingly...
That only fools will do stupid things for the attention.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Foot In Mouth Disease

My foot in mouth disease has healed.
Now when I speak...
I make sure my feet are ready to flee.

Standing alone,
And implanted in my own beliefs...
Has taught me a lot about diction!

I mumble what I say to quickly walk away.
Leaving anyone to wonder,
Whether or not I had offended.

And those greetings I receive,
The next time I meet with anyone...
Are more acceptable and less intriguing.

I've learned that one's speech understood,
And flawless with punctuated emphasis...
Can condemn an intelligence perceived.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Foot Shooters (Wolf Tickets)

Foot shooters and crow eaters,
Exhibiting despair.
And unexpected taste...
Faced with public disgrace.
Unable to replace,
The obviousness...
Of their exposed disappointment
Have agreed to significantly,
Reduce the inflated boosting...
Of wolf tickets to sell.
Not doing well,
At the box office.
Or on crowded noonday streets.
Decreasing expectations,
To fill stadium seats.

Hope is leaving the belief,
The covering of expenses...
For such an extravagant show,
Would be as easy as teasing...
Kids with a new combat video.
That promised,
To blow away the competition.
And 'anything' they want sold.

But!
As always 'butts' do to prove,
Too many became appalled...
By threats made.
That they had better views,
From front row seats.
When visited by clowns dressed,
Making personal appearances...
At their unlisted,
Home addresses.
Offering services as chaperones
Explaining to them an event...
As if they had no minds,
Of their own.

To think of them as children.
Too ignorant to comprehend,
What's fluffed up to bluff.
Sweetened to butter the cover,
Of smothered real stuff.
Or...
The reality that meets to feed,
Grown up appetites.
Clowns dressed to impress...
Discover their routines,
Outdated.
And performed for too long,
At selected wrong addresses!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

For A Host Of Reasons

2010 comes to an end.
And for a host or reasons...
Some who had stood,
On shaky ground...
Have found that standing tall,
Has come to motivate...
A determination to do it.
And to do this...
Without need of support,
Or limitations of assistance.

And as some skin is peeled away,
To enjoy its fruit within...
Some can say,
They have discovered a better way...
To share with another,
A life that had been taken for granted.
But now they can taste without waste,
Something overlooked before not thought delicious.
Something about this gift given,
That has been cleared of needless mental debris.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

For A Life To Live They Like

It shows on the faces of those that don't grow...
How difficult it is for them,
To let things go!

And how some are restricted,
To values and myths that do not exist...
With permission consciously given,
To daily pick up their struggles from sleep...
As if to meet schedules they keep.

It shows in the places one goes in routine.
To discuss in conversation,
The same revelations...
Gone from them to never again be seen.

Creatures of habits from themselves they can not break!
No matter if the ground around them rumbles and shakes...
They will not awaken.
And no progress do they make.
With a holding on to their yesterdays...
As they chase away a happiness for heartbreak that stays.
To say someday they pray for those days to come their way...
For a life to live they like!

It shows on the faces of those that don't grow...
How difficult it is for them,
To let things go!
For a life to live they like!
But too busy to find the time to do it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

For A Peace Of Mind Kept Within One's Budget

With a bleeding done to get,
And secure...
Those 'things' endeared.
Some choose and have chosen...
Bottomless debt.
Without expressing regret.

As long as the credit given continues,
To satisfy temptations!
Followed by Sunday visitations,
To beg in prayer to connect in silence...
For a peace of mind kept within one's budget,
To maintain and to find...
All is well with their souls.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

For A Solitude I Have Found

No longer satisfied
To visit dead horses beaten...
Or hear another false statement accepted,
Deceptively sweetened.

I relinquish to them that right,
To defend their stench...
For a solitude I have found,
In breezes clear that sets me free!
Released from burdens that weren't mine,
To find and trouble me.

As I watch them now from afar
Locked in revolving hostilities,
With a consistent and deliberate
Emptiness they grieve!
Seeming pleased they have recovered reasons,
To live the way they choose to breathe...
With such stagnant activites done,
That has become for them a life of ease!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

For All The Good Things

Observing an inflicted self destruction,
Of those who destroyed with intent...
Family members and friendships,
With deceptions done relentlessly.
And evil deeds meant with them to leave.
Isn't as fulfilling as one witnessing,
Thought provoking observations...
Of this would be.
To see those with wicked minds,
Slowly drift from them effortlessly.
To have their craze exposed.

And others who stood by to defend them,
Disbelieving the evidence of their evilness...
Dare to speak of them,
With voices of empathy protecting their 'integrity'.
When more appropriate would be a eulogy.
Spoken with truth without apology.

'And,
As we gather here today to say,
Something for all the good things done...
But were not,
By those who had lied and tried to hide it.
Let us, instead, take this time to remember,
The attempts by those who had been prevented...
To do good things others resented.
And hope in due time,
All of us find what God has done to consent...
By the taking away the minds from those,
Not using them...
To allow us to come to our own senses.
Eventually.
With it revealed to heal us all to understand,
Those disguising to be in their right minds...
Never were.
Or ever will be.'

~What a moving eulogy.

And for those of us still alive to hear it.
With it to be known,
For all the good things undone...
We can and still have time to do.~

'Amen.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

For All The Wrong Reasons

We are here...
To shed this awareness,
And receive and accept another.
In steps.
Just as lessons are taught and learned.
And not meant forever to be kept...
As secrets unshared and stored until they rust.
They must be passed on!
Like we do.

Anyone believing this reality has no finality...
Find themselves saddled in sadness,
And glued to dilemmas.
To become their own designated opponent.
Nothing pleases!
And they sit and dissect in doubt.
Trying to maintain a control,
That seals and locks them within...
A senseless nonsense blocked and protected.

This can not be sustained.
A happiness that could exist,
Diminishes until it becomes unrecognized.
Illnesses and sickness become discussed,
As if they were friends to share!
Baring similar affects that keep them ineffective.
And a must to have for those who dare to live!

Leaving those in debate awakening too late...
To shake themselves free of this treason.
With an understanding,
As if a bright light shines upon them...
They have lived this life,
For all the wrong reasons!
To become reflective,
Of those seasons with many moons missed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

For All To Still Do

The living of life,
Is not for me to dwell upon.
The doing of deeds,
And keeping a belief to see them done...
With an effort that stays focused,
On each attempt intented...
Is success enough,
That does not stresses me out.

Thoughts of being impressive,
To those who may think...
My ego addresses this,
Should not have what I consider...
MY Accomplishments,
On their priority list.
There is still enough business left undone,
For all to still do.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

For An Anger That Comes To Visit

Most of them have no discipline at all.
Nor have they had a patriotic thought.
Not within those of shallow conciousness.
Or expressed a patriotic deed...
Disconnected from materialistic needs.
Their mouths have been open to be fed.
And they have only known to feed their greed.

So it should come as no surprise,
They do not understand...
The bitterness that lies,
Under the surface of someone...
Who finds it difficult to close their eyes,
And can not forget losing a love one
To war, pain or suffering.
Or a day they awaken with those feelings met.
Or participate in needless conflicts.
Ones long gone...
But their minds can not forget.

And to endure these constant images...
Coming when they please,
To haunt.
While watching others sit back...
Undaunted as they flaunt their trivial existences.
And not have a care connected to this,
At all!
Yes...
I can say,
I've lived through it.
That's why I can be appalled,
Without a need to apologize to anyone...
For an anger that comes to visit!
And dedicated to my memories.

Yes...
I can say,
I've lived through it.
Sometimes in masquerade.

And doing that quite well.
Praying...
As I thank God everyday,
I have no traits of Godzilla!
Or any other destructive being,
Real or imagined...
To chase away those in fear screaming,
From something horrific that they've seen.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

For An Old Man

Why do I prefer to be direct, blatant in my remarks...
And honest?
It is fun for me to observe those deceitful,
To find something I do to undermine.
And when they can not find anything embarrassing...
Since I do that myself with glee anyway,
I love to hear the fresh rumors they create.
They are more innovative than the ones I start,
On myself.
Just to see which ones,
Keep those tongues wagging.

Very few people know,
I am devoted to writing.
With a life that would bore
Roosters in cock fight to sleep!
Well...
I exaggerate.
But,
I do live a life that is quiet.
And I admit I do get excited when I hear,
About that 'wild' life I'm living.

It makes me smile when I realize...
For an old man...in age.
According to my great nieces...
('Gee Uncle Larry! You're 62? ? ? WOW')

Although not in appearance!
~the older the berry,
the sweeter the juice...remembered~(LOL)
With gossipers I use to keep me popular!
If they only knew,
How clever my rumors are!
And I have to spread at least one a month,
On myself.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

For Anyone Anticipating To Be Convinced

There is nothing about this train that moves backward.
When the conductor announced, 'All Aboard'...
That was not a question.
That was not a wish for anyone to make a decision.
That was a statement made with no debate.

If someone hesitated hoping to occupy a seat...
They will be greeted with a vacancy complete with space.
Leaving them with an isolated emptiness.
The affect of seriousness has taken place!

And plans delayed are plans too late,
For anyone thinking the trip they wish to take...
Will be shared with others confused,
About which direction is a forward movement...
One should have observed and kept up the pace.

Plans delayed are plans too late,
For anyone anticipating to be convinced...
And motivated.
To realize and experience,
The importance of their lives!

Those that have made up their minds to do this...
Are already enjoying fresh new scenes.
Without issues to unpack from old baggage carried.
Or reflective thoughts about who might have been left behind!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

For At Least Two Or Three Weeks A Month

I feel there is nothing upsetting.
Nothing at all...
With those devoted to self love.
And committed to pretentions.
I find people like that,
To be great conversationalists.
Even if they do it...
With every chance to talk about themselves.
I find nothing wrong with that at all.

And when such social affairs are over,
So blessed I feel...
Not to live under the same roof,
With anyone like that...
I could not avoid to escape,
If I chose to move from room to room.
Just the thought of them being that close,
Would make me always find excuses to leave...
For at least two or three weeks a month to rejuvenate.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

For Comments And Judgements

'This'...
Does not come as quick.
As picking up a pen.
To think of something that begins.
'This' is not how this 'process'
In the mind enters in!

'This'...
Some say is a gift.
Many with it,
Receive.
It is much more than collecting words,
And connecting then to sentences to breathe.
Becoming relieved...
While an ego is pleased.

'This'...
Comes as if,
Nothing else matters in the world.
A consciousness cleared is fed.
And the creator of 'this' is led.

And like all of those who read 'it'...
It amazes the writer too!
The outcome does not start as it begins.
And an explanation of 'this'...
May be attempted,
But that is hard to do!

'This'...
Does not come as quick,
As preparing a sandwich...
With mustard and mayo on fingers to lick!
'This' somehow knows when it is ready...
For the comments and judgements,
Of those who are critics!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

For Eight Years

For eight years...
An incompetent leadership,
Rallied behind the support...
Of despair and fear.
To incite the rise of terrorists.

And it has been made very clear,
Those uniting together to keep fear near...
Have themselves been distanced,
By the people who have chosen hope.
To conquer and defeat division.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

For Empty Benefits

No time these days,
Should any heart explore envy.
An encouragement that nourishes...
Brings closer to home,
A satisfaction kept.

It is much too easy today,
To criticize someone else.
With no empathy involved,
And to cast problems off
For others to solve.

Too many immoralistic drifters,
Leech on and preach to others...
For empty benefits,
With desires that make no sense.

And this some do for fun.
For shallow reasons done.
Many who are 'sick' just joke.
No matter who is left in pain!
Regardless whose tears may fall.
Or who is near just to provoke!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

For Every Moment That I Live

You've changed.
Like the summer heat...
Leaving to linger.
And remembered as one walks,
Through the ice and snow...
Brought by Winter,
And left on City streets.
To then bring Spring scents...
From budding flowers smelling sweet.

You've changed.
Like Autumn leaves in October breezes.
And teasing with anticipated holiday treats.
You've changed like the seasons.
And captivated I am.
Without one disappointment...
I observe this and agree.

And I love them all.
Every change there is.
And I love you here in my life.
For every moment that I live!

You've changed.
Like the summer heat...
Leaving to linger.
And remembered as one walks,
Through the ice and snow...
Brought by Winter,
And left on City streets.

And captivated I am.
Without one disappointment...
I observe this and agree.
You keep changing on me.
Like an adventure that excites!
With your delightful love of life!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

For Far Too Many Days, Months And Years

The only point that you can make...
That can be proven,
Is a disappearance made.
And you can save any excuses,
You would like to waste time to make...
To use on someone else.

Any shallow steps you wish to correct,
That had in the past been done...
Have been placed.
And if you did not know what you were doing then...
Today will not make the difference.
For far too many days, months and years,
With my tears flowing for hours...
You have accused me for not understanding.

Well...
Today I do!
And it is clear you and I are through.
I'm not here to rehash and trash the past.
That 'fact' does not need another re-enactment.
Backward movements I'm not taking.
And that merry-go-round has stopped.
You're the only one wishing to ride it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

For Fools Like Us

There are mothers...
Who have left their ducks unplucked.
And that's done everyday.

There are poppas...
Who have not stop clockin' who they rock,
Just to say they gave.

And there are fools made...
On a daily basis but who's gonna stop it?
When society allows this play.
For fools like us that have to pay!

There are mothers...
Who have left their ducks unplucked.
And that's done everyday.

There are poppas...
Who have not stop clockin' who they rock,
Just to say they gave.

And there are fools made...
On a daily basis but who's gonna stop it?
When society allows this play.
For fools like us that have to pay!
Hey.
Fools like us that have to pay!
Hey.
Fools like us that have to pay!
And there are fools made...
On a daily basis but who's gonna stop it?
For fools like us that have to pay!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

For Hire

If you want a keeper
Without bleeping everything
That's said.
Direct,
You can bet!
And fearless like a watchdog,
Peeping.

If you want to sleep,
Peacefully
At night in your bed.
Get the one for hire,
Who'll inspire all
To think
And shake up
Web cobbed heads!

Don't fear the details!
Prevail,
And get the best presenter.
A fresh face to replace,
A sickening condition!
That leaves you pissed and hissing!

If you want a keeper
Without bleeping everything
That's said.
Direct,
You can bet!
And fearless like a watchdog,
Peeping.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

For Kicks

Let me just say this for 'kicks'.
There is a reason 'why' your problems exist.
YOU!
And done with a conscious enjoyment.

You have been in the center of all of it.
Unless...
You are making claims like the others,
To have fallen asleep to get rest.
While someone else commanded your ship.

And as it was allowed to drift,
You were lulled into a deeper noninvolvement.
It's an excuse so many make...
To accuse others for their mistakes!
And staying awake creates the taking of effort!
An effort that escapes from your self-assessment.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

For Many Countless Years

When I decided to look each one of my troubles,
In the face to eliminate with tolerated patience...
I began to pick replacements.
I had not realized I was feeding light to a darkness,
Until I stopped making attempts,
To share what was being taken for granted.

When I decided to look each one of my troubles,
In the face to eliminate with tolerated patience...
I said goodbye with a meaning meant to leave.
And turned my back to be received I did,
Into the arms of that which had been awaiting...
For many countless years to bring to me happiness.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

For Many This Is 'still' A Mystery

It annoys me when I hear,
People say they must go away...
To another place to get things done.
As if when they arrive at their destinations,
Someone there is awaiting...
To hand to them their lives to live.
And without any effort...
A strolling through an amusement park is welcomed.

For anyone who knows what it takes to initiate a process,
Time must be given to it.
And there will be opposition.
Especially if qualifications are considered.
But there are some who believe,
All they need is to show up.
And the doing of that for many...
This is 'still' a mystery as to how they should proceed,
Even in places they wish to leave.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

For Mental And Physical Health Reasons

Short term memories manipulated to feed...
Upon long term needs,
With investments made on sand castles...
Can be successfully done.
IF the fad of chasing rainbows,
Remains fashionable...
And,
One stays fantasized within their minds,
With an accepting of a total brainwashing.
And...
A lifetime of nourishing on delusions.

A weeping mouse can dream,
For the taste of cheese.
And for some,
A picture of a steak...
Is better than none.
But one facing reality as it is today,
And has taken the suggestion to do it...
Has been saved from the monitoring,
Of taking an assortment of daily medications.
For mental and physical health reasons.
And this may be difficult to detect,
Since everyone is addicted...
To one myth or another,
That explains the endurance of their aches and pains.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

For No Apparent Reason

Those gifted with selected memories,
Never seem to admit...
Their presence at the scene of misdeeds done.
And yet can express to the minutest detail,
Of what someone else to them has inflicted.
As they were innocently being attacked,
For no apparent reason.
While they did the best they could,
To make attempts to comprehend the sense of it.

And this they wish,
With a re-telling of such events...
As convincingly as possible.
However...
There is just one problem in the doing of this.
There are too many people,
Making claims they had been victimized...
Randomly.
Without having any knowledge of their participation.

And the eyes of those who choose to remain sane,
Do their best to keep at distances invisible...
To the doings of those refusing any hints of reality.
Or the phenomenon of the presence of truth.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

For No Other Purpose

There are those who are into other people's lives,
To voice their opinions about how some folks live.
I've been conditioned to keep them distanced.
Generally they are the kind who do not mind,
To share updates with beliefs attached.
Introducing those they know,
By resumés they don't mind exposing.
Like busy bodies on a field trip!

Often they begin to probe about background,
And things one has done.
To qualify their associations...
Especially when around to dropp names of some.
They are socialites who enjoy being on the scene.
For no other purpose but to show some folks...
Who they believe is vulnerable.
And which ones they can select to demean.
All for the sake of ego...
That exposes a personality that borders on the obscene.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

For No Other Reason But To Do It

When you say it is best,
Not to protest annoyance.
And it is better to accept it,
Than make attempts...
To ignore annoyance.
What is it that you mean?

'Sometimes our best efforts,
To avoid what appears...
Becomes noticeable by those,
Who clearly seek to annoy...
For no other reason but to do it.
Just to ensure what they do is received.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

For 'Others' To Debate

If a peace earned comes to one,
Feeling blessed to have overcome...
Experiences no one else has witnessed,
With a choosing to keep such peace protected...
Regrets to express for others to acknowledge,
With a belief they should expect...
Is not from this one going to happen.
What becomes valued to accept to appreciate,
Has been left behind for 'others to debate...
Or argue amongst themselves,
What for them is prioritized to live and have realized.
Open eyes with a mind that searches finds what is needed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

For Purposes To Digest This Quest

Presentation,
Not qualification...
Does more to impress,
Those of 'images' wished...
To address,
As heard professed.

And those confessing ideals,
Have more appeal.
Are the least to manifest,
The ones that are best...
To reveal as if on a mission.
For purposes to digest this quest.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

For Purposes To Eliminate

Nothing keeps me committed,
To your interpretation of facts.
Or your decision to accept,
My dismissal of your beliefs.

My gut reactions felt,
Do not keep themselves attached...
Emotionally.
I quickly digest for purposes to eliminate.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

For Purposes To Present

With words selected and meant,
For purposes to present...
Can be thought to be an easy task,
For those who believe it to be.
But many doing it find no time to sleep or eat.

And others who take what's done for granted,
Would never consider the sacrifice and discipline...
It takes to accomplish this doing as if there is no end.
Since for them criticizing is much quicker to produce.
With a doing this in seconds without effort induced.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

For Purposes To Sustain Exaggerations

When one speaks from experience,
And not from visions that are embellished...
It is difficult to call one like this a liar.
Especially when what has been mentioned,
Is validated and confirmed by documentation.

When one speaks from experience,
It becomes unnecessary to reflect...
With self indulging introspection.
Like others who accept invitations to entertain,
For purposes to sustain sugar coated exaggerations.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

For Reasons That Go Unexplained

Shy,
And wise.
Brave and yet so sweet.
Strong with lips so soft.
You make me weak.
And...
For reasons.

You are the Moon and the Stars.
You're Sun and the rain.
Lightening and thunder.

Shy,
And wise.
Brave and yet so sweet.
Strong with lips so soft.
You make me weak.

You are the Moon and the Stars.
You are Sun and the rain.
Lightening and thunder.
Exciting my hunger.
And...
For reasons,
That go...
Unexplained.

You are the Moon and the Stars.
Lightening and thunder.
Exciting my hunger.
For reasons unexplained.

You share with me,
Happiness.
This you do with me.
And that I do believe...
For reasons that go,
Unexplained.

Reasons in my heart,
That remain.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

For Services Rendered

What's the use of tap dancing...
If you are doing so in hush puppies?
I thought the whole idea
Was to make as much noise as possible,
When washing windows?
Especially if the purpose is to attract attention,
For the need of a higher pay!
Unless there has been a promise made,
To give everyone a pig AND a chicken...
For services rendered?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

For Shameless Popularity

That I do not find myself accepted,
By those who have acquired
A false sense of themselves...
Is fine!
I sleep well at night.
And I have a strong appetite,
For life!

To sacrifice the peace of mind I like...
For shameless popularity?
One must be burdened with and carry.
That is something I leave my deeds to do.
Wouldn't you?
If you knew...
You were the possessor,
Of such tremendous talents!

'You are certainly in no need,
Of an ego massage.'

You are right about that!
In fact...
You can massage my neck and back.
I am feeling a bit of tension,
From the affliction of this greatness.
Not to mention the attention...
Not solicited.
But leaves me stressed!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

For That Prize

For that prize...
Those who wish stick to their dreaming.
For that prize,
Kept in eyes with a fixed believing...
Nothing is impossible,
To touch, hold and bestow...
For the ones with their eyes,
On that prize to know!

For that prize...
Those who wish stick to their dreaming.
And, for that prize,
Kept in eyes with a fixed believing...
Nothing is impossible,
If what is wished is wanted so...
To touch, hold and bestow,
For the ones with their eyes on that prize...
To know!

For that prize...
Held on tightly night and day,
One wont let go!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

For The Betterment And Goodwill Of All People

The advice that helps best...
Is to stay away from each other.

I do not want to accuse you of being opinionated.
And hearing you call me ignorant...
Does not increase my respect for you.

Especially since neither one of us,
Are running for public office...
With the pretense that we do so,
For the betterment and goodwill of all people!

Those comments...
Are generally made by 'christians'.
Who usually spend their time defining,
The characteristics of those who live in sin!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

For The Ease Of It

Some folks say what they do,
For the ease of it.
That is quicker to produce,
Than it is what they've said they've done.
If the mind isn't there with a physical connection.
Produced by faith that takes blood, sweat and tears.
And a spiritual affinity...
That is closer than any blood one my drip,
From that attachment.
Only then can someone say they do something...
Because it is loved.
The others?
They say what they say at social functions,
To impress.
And it shows from a lack of discipline...
Whenever they do what they do is addressed.
The mediocrity of it is a mess!
There is no work ethic that has been expressed,
Or valued.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

For The Entertainment

There are people who always seem,
Trying their best...
To make others look like fools.
Yet, for whatever the reason,
Can not prevent themselves...
From being exposed and shown,
To be the idiots they are.
And taking their own time to prove,
The doing can be done.
Free from anyone else having to pay a cent.
For the entertainment.
To cost them the expense,
Of providing undeniable proof with evidence.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

For The Favor

I am not surprised by critics who have attacked my activities.
And those things I've done with hopes to discourage.
Not at all. I have learned to savor it as my favorite flavor.

And for the more than fifty years I've been doing this,
I've come to rely and thrive on their consistency.
With a motivation I could never repay for the favor.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

For The Love Of Things

For the love of 'things'...
People will deceive other people.
And for the love of keeping 'things',
People will deceive other people.
To impress with bling,
People will deceive other people.
And no matter who hurts....
People want to quench their thirst,
First.

Shopping and done nonstop,
Are baubles to glimmer in eyes to gleam.
Shopping and done nonstop,
Just to flaunt...
An attention wanted.

For the love of 'things'...
People will deceive other people.
And for the love of keeping 'things',
People will deceive other people.
Shopping and done nonstop.
Affixed are the people to decadence.
Shopping and done nonstop.
Addicted and affixed to decadence.
For the love of 'things'...
People will deceive other people.
And no matter who hurts....
People want to quench their thirst,
First.

'Gimme that,
Whatcha got.'
And no matter who hurts....
People want to quench their thirst,
First.

'Gimme that,
Whatcha got.'
And no matter who hurts....

People want to quench their thirst,
First.

For the love of 'things'...
People will deceive other people.
'Gimme that,
Whatcha got.'
And no matter who hurts....
People want to quench their thirst,
First.
'Gimme that,
Whatcha got.'
For the love of 'things'.
'Gimme that,
Whatcha got.'
For the love of 'things'.
'Gimme that,
Whatcha got.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

For The Moment

Moody?
Yes.
But never ungrateful.
I say what I mean...
To the ones I want to hear it!
I'm not like many who backstab and grin...
With phony agendas they can't wait to begin.
If something I've done and said
Is directed to the one that it is delivered...
There is no misunderstanding!
Talking behind one's back?
I'm not into that!
That's why I have very few
I regard as friends!
And 'they' are on my acquaintance list!
Since they believe I am easy to offend.
Because I saw them without me with other friends?
I'm bigger than that!
I still have their telephone numbers unscratched.
With their birthdays and special things they like...
And who first to contact.
For the moment!
Things change...and I'm prepared.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

For The Obvious Of Reasons

'They have renamed an organization you founded.'

I am almost shocked.

'You are not bothered by that? '

Of course not.
They also renamed an entire street,
Where a famed theater company got its start.
Just to erase its history.
And those who first brought it acclaim.

'That's a shame.'

If I had a statue erected,
To attest to the contributions I have made...
My nose would be defaced.

'Why your nose? '

For the obvious of all reasons.
My ancestors are Egyptian.

'That is so funny.
You should be a comedian.'

Why you say that?

'For the obvious of reasons.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

For The One Who Knows That Road They Chose

The pursuit of dreams,
And not chase things...
Is to grow to know,
The power of one's faith.
And the sacrifice it takes...
To remain true to self.
With a healing done in recovery...
From weeding out those criticisms,
That create heartache.

It isn't easy to reach,
For that which others do not see.
It isn't easy to materialize,
What one visualizes from inside.
Keeping a stiff upper lip.
And the biting of one's tongue...
Often results,
In the doing of what needs to be done...
For the one who knows that road they chose!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

For The People And By The People

Two million?
Dislocated?
That's nothing.
We have that many in prisons here!
And besides...
They were ruled by a dictator,
Everyone there despised.
Why they aren't willing
To accept democracy is a mystery.
The best way of life is the one we reflect.
Run for the people and BY the people.
That talk about oil has got to come to an end.
We are there to help them become like us...
AND protect our interests from those who wish,
To do us harm.
Just because there are over seven hundred
Military installations around the world doing it,
Doesn't mean one thing!
Those are just 'allegations' alleged by those
Who are jealous of our way of life!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

For The Purpose To Protect Themselves

Time spent in hunting down threats,
And depictions of the ever changing fashion choices...
Enemies have been making on a daily basis,
Has not curtailed or diminished one bit...
The rise of crime everyone can find of all kinds,
Where people claim a freedom exists.

But rumors heard and permitted to spread,
Has begun an increase releasing done of fear.
And the thought of it alone condones,
More purchasing of legalized guns that are sold...
And everyone wishes it known they own,
For the purpose to protect themselves...
From suspicious neighbors they have been told through gossip,
Have been witnessed visiting others disliked during week nights.
And living on blocks within their manicured subdivisions.

Time spent in hunting down threats,
And depictions of the ever changing fashion choices...
Enemies have been making on a daily basis,
Has not curtailed or diminished one bit...
The rise of crime everyone can find of all kinds,
Where people claim a freedom exists.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

For The Purposes Of Making Claims

To take a piece and rave about its taste,
While disparaging the creator...
After learning who it was,
Who spent the time in its delivery.
Only validates,
When something delicious is nibbled...
Some will enjoy it for what it is.
And will become interested,
As to 'who' whipped together the flavor.
Seeking an opportunity to meet and greet.

However...
There will always be that 'one' amongst them all,
Who will convince anyone who listens...
They too should become suspicious,
When someone does something so well,
There has to be another motivation...
Needing further investigation.
Because there just has to be much more,
Than just one's experience...
And love that assists one to excel.
Especially when something done is accomplished,
With such tireless effort.
Someone like this needs an instigated probing.

'Have you tasted this?
It is wonderful.'

~I know.
I enjoyed it much better before I discovered,
Who made it.
Aren't you the least bit curious as to 'how' this was done? ~

'No!
If it's to be enjoyed,
Why should I be the one to make attempts to destroy it? '

~Well...
Some of US like to get to the bottom of things.~

'For what purpose?
To re-create the flavor for the purpose of making claims? '

'Not necessarily.
Just to ensure certain procedures were accurately followed.'

~Oh!
I hadn't thought about that.
You do have a point.
Let me recommend that to the others.~

'By all means.
You do that.
And...
If you have the time,
I'd like to have another piece.'

~Sure.
Me too! ~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

For The Record

For the record.
Let this today,
Be expressed.

No interest to apply discipline,
Or respect for their own culture...
Came from them with respect given.

Until someone they believed they knew...
Had been rumored to get paid,
For this activity!
And years unknown,
By them achieved.

It was perceived what had been accomplished,
Comes to some quite easily.
And collectively a failure grew.
Leaving them stunned.
With a mumbling done.

'How is this possible? '

Knowing the gifts from God,
Who gives.
Maintaining integrity.
And taking initiative.

Sustained with faith!
And the facing of obstacles.
With a belief success comes uncontested.
Desired and possible.
Although it might be tested.

With a bit of heartbreak and failure,
In the mix.
But getting up after stumbling.
Convinced...
One can accomplish anything,
If one's mind is committed to it!

For the record...
Let this today,
Be expressed!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

For The Sake Of All Of The People

They seek to find anything,
To represent lofty images they have of themselves.
And yet,
Opportunities to display a public mudslinging...
Seems to be their best attributes.
Similar to tactics children excuse.

And when told by those exposed to this,
By their undeniable observations,
It is then claimed they have the right to debate their differences.
No matter how misguided a definition of unity they use...
To declare this process healthy and good,
For the sake of all of the people they represent 'and' confuse.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

For The Sake Of Being Clever

Here to energize and motivate.
Not to attempt to make a quick escape.
For the sake of being clever.

Too many are using this medium for that.
If Shakespeare did it...
He wouldn't be popular to use by copycats.
Who today consider him great!
But in his day....
Upon him some spat.

That's what people do...
When a truth is pursued.
And someone dares to rub against...
Those who are offended,
As they sit comfortably on a hidden fence.

To later jump on a bandwagon...
As if to convince they too have been there,
To protect and defend without pretense of intentions.
Only then to gather as much attention that can be mentioned.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

For The Sake Of Having That Kind Of Dedication

When those symptoms of love,
Begin to show signs...
They are design to kill?
Focus your emotions on an exit.
Do not sit and wish for alternatives to arrive.
They wont.
And usually don't.

When love becomes a twisted mix,
Of misunderstandings and heated arguments.
Focus your emotions on an exit.
Do not sit and wish for alternatives to arrive.
They wont.
And usually don't.

Unless you are one of those lucky ones.
Who decide to remain medicated.
To numb every feeling you have.
For the sake of having that kind of dedication,
Interpreted as an appreciation for maintaining tolerance.
And that is annually celebrated.
Complete with a pill popping done and chased by vodka.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

For The Sake Of Providing Clarity

For the sake of providing clarity...
It is not that those plans promised,
Did not produce those expectations.
They did!

However...
Those listening to what those plans were,
Assumed they were included in them.
And they weren't. Since this was never intended.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

For The Sake Of Saving Themselves

When a people find justification,
To do what they please...
When.
Where.
And how they get pleased,
Repeatedly.
Under false pretensions.
Regardless of whose blood bleeds.
Retribution is sought.

And none of that is mentioned,
Nor acknowledged.
To intelligently seek...
Alternatives as a means,
For an intervention!
Is encouraged by goes ignored.

And devious intentions continue,
To have it their way!
As if selecting from a menu.
Whatever it is that has them craving.

There are lessons gone untaught.
Or something misunderstood,
That has to be obeyed...
And brought to their attention!
For the sake of saving themselves,
From disgrace or worse...
That may curtail their fates.

Especially during times,
When blatant hate is displayed.
And common sense moves away,
Further from their minds!
To leave them totally isolated...
In an arrogance that depletes,
Those of this kind.
Those like them who are blind.
Those who have cut off,

Their own life lines!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

For The Sake Of Visuals

What dilemmas can be solved,
If the proof of truth is not involved?
Or sits in places unfaced and hidden,
Away from a table that should enable...
A sifting through facts.
How can issues be resolved,
If a bickering revolves...
Around a nitpicking to continue that!

And yet...
Professions of confessions,
Stay falsely intact.
As a plea to end needless debates,
Are purposely presented to create more attacks.
And bets are placed to congratulate,
The one already deemed to be victorious...
With a guaranteed confetti laced parade.
Just for the sake of visuals made.

'Excuse me,
But...
What has any of this have to do,
With the presence of truth? '

~Truth?
This is about image.~

'But earlier you said...'

~Ssshhh.
The presentation of the trophy is about to begin.~

'What a farce.'

~Yet...
You must agree,
It is one that is spectacular.
Isn't it? ~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

For Their Dreams And Expectations

We do what we do,
Until we don't.
It 'will' be declared finished.
Eventually in time.
To be left abandoned.
And this is not the mystery.

The mystery?
Those who don't do,
At someone else's expense.
AND...
Argue about not getting paid enough,
For their dreams and expectations.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

For 'Them'

For those looking for it,
For them...
To do so,
It all makes sense.
For 'them'!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

For Them It's Automatic

People lie and they like it...
Just that way.
People lie out of habit,
Like a sport...
To play!

It is in their eyes as if there's something to hide!
And there are those people lieing to defy with denying.
People lie and they like it...
Everyday.
People lie out of habit,
And it's here to stay!

It's in their eyes as if there's something to hide!
And there are those people lieing defying to deny,
They are lieing out of habit since for them it's automatic.
People lie and they like it...
Just that way.
Lieing out of habit since for them it's automatic.

People lie and they like it...
Everyday.
Lieing out of habit since for them it's automatic.
People lie and they like it...
Just that way.
Lieing out of habit since for them it's automatic.

It's in their eyes as if there's something to hide!
Lieing out of habit since for them it's automatic.
People lie and think,
They're in disguise.
And lieing out of habit since for them it's automatic.

People lie and think,
They're in disguise.
And lieing out of habit since for them it's automatic.
And lieing out of habit since for them it's automatic.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

For Them 'That' Begins

The real reason unemployment statistics,
Are dropping?
To keep mouths closed,
And delusions from stopping?
And favor those who believe things are great!
With an economy flourishing in fantastic ways!

When the days of unemployment compensation ends...
And there are no benefits to monitor,
To send to a family of five or maybe ten?
They fall from radar!
They become the hungry and the homeless!
And for them 'that' begins!
The greedy are still the greedy!
The treachery and deceit are still tools used...
For fantasies to continue on mindsets to transcend!
As lifestyles of us all,
Dwindle!
To uphold beliefs a relief comes to release tensions!
And honesty will never be!
Nor the truth to those deceived...
Mentioned!
But...
It will certainly not be avoided in this season!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

For Them 'That' Goes Unrecognized

Sad are those who sit and criticize.
With nothing to value but a love to despise.

Everything done is for them to undo.
No matter who does it.
Or how it is pursued.

Sad are those who sit and criticize.
With nothing to value but a love to despise.

Self centered with a selfishness.
For them 'that' goes unrecognized.
But for those who see them for who they are...
There is a desire to get away from them.
Quickly when it is noticed.
With wishes to get away from them and far.

Sad are those who sit and criticize.
With nothing to value but a love to despise.

And suffering from unmasked disguises,
From their own sense of failure.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

For This I Stay Thankful

Some may choose to rush through life,
With a seeking done...
That reflects an absence of appreciation,
To anyone or at anytime shown.

And becoming frustrated with impatience,
Never to overcome.
Only to complain with accusations...
Directed towards some 'thing' or someone.

With a point of view...
Guaranteed to deliver a headache,
To a few.
Or an 'annointed' unsuspecting one,
Who elects to get involved!

Believing to do so...
Is an obligation,
One fellowman has for another.
You know the kind.
Prepared to donate a lung...
When that opportunity comes.

And for those who choose this kind of sacrifice...
God bless them!
I do not lay awake at night,
Envious of Mother Teresa, Gandhi or Martin Luther King, Jr.
Or those devoted to hard headed folks.
I admire them!

However...
I am so grateful,
God has blessed me with a different calling...
That limits my cussing to a minimum.
And some days I go cuss free.

Leaving my right eyebrow...
Relaxed from a familiar lift!
And for this...

I stay thankful.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

For This They Have Reason To Walk Proud

With a loss of communication between them done,
What could be mending without comprehension?
Without that factor!
What understanding is being shared,
If none is allowed to be there?
And how effective have those of negativity been?
I would say they have been remarkably successful.
Wouldn't you?
They have achieved division and distance.
Motivated by envy and jealousy.
And for this they have reason to walk proud!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

For Those Disbelieving These Times Now Lived

Today it makes very little difference,
Who defends what and why the reason.
Few left are honest with integrity.
And many are still playing the blame game,
In the hope their deceptions will eventually be believed...
By someone who has been worned down by inescapable charm,
And unavoidable flattery used to bait to fake out their next victim.
And so...
That's the way it goes,
For those disbelieving these times now lived.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

For Those Feeling More Detached

So uncomfortable some are with the truth.
It's not enough for them to have it smeared.
And jeer at those,
Who have come not to fear it.

So much of what they believe,
Has been created on falsities.
An openness with honesty...
Is as laughable to them,
As any cartoon a child sees.

And those who have discovered themselves,
In the midst of quick and sudden change...
Are finding out about truth more today than ever.
And this has become traumatic,
For those feeling more detached...
Entrapped and much deranged!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

For Those Nonaccepting

What is goin on here?

I have never seen so many people,
Walking around with limps.
Using walkers and canes,
As if to prevent them from falling.

And people with prescriptions,
To lessen their mental afflictions.
And the atmosphere is thick with sadness.
What addictions did they get to have them like this? '

'Lieing about others and to themselves.
With a denying of a reality to confront as is.
As long as they can get anyone,
To approve their delusions...
They are happy with their dysfunctions.
And delight in expressing their illnesses.'

WHY do you insist on remaining negative?

'Oh.
Forgive me.
Is there another version you would like to hear?
I do have one I keep to fantasize my observations,
For those nonaccepting...
With closed minds and blocked ears.'

Yeah.
Please.
Let me hear that one.
Lighten it up a bit.

'Once upon a time,
When the little girls and boys were told...
They could do as they please until they grew old.
And...
What it is they should do as long as they should live,
Is to ignore the truth since truth is wicked.

And running away from it is what they should do

Since a listening to it,
Came from those disgruntled.
You know,
Misfits!
And they should regard people like this,
Noncomformists and weirdos and mentally sick.'

Now 'that' is the version I prefer.

'You are not alone.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

For Those Observing

Easily manipulated,
We.
People who suspect truth,
And receive deceit...
Gleefully!

Attacked by desires hyped on TV.
Believing in the spice of variety.
With the dismissal of devotion,
Patience and/or loyalty.

We are just not into it at all.
Not in these days,
When disrespect is the rage.
And being crazed,
Is the epidemic no one seems to fear.
That is clear...
For those observing.
And keeping recommendations,
In their own survival kits!

Easily manipulated,
We.
People who suspect truth,
And receive deceit...
Gleefully!

People have become entertained,
By their own demise.
And victimize those who attempt to stop them.
As if cocained!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

For Those Opposed To The Pressure Of Thought

If quality of content,
Was recognized and the issue...
There would be few in number,
Achieving any attention at all.
Since their efforts are not based on creativity.
But restated repetitions renovated,
To give a fresh appearance...
For those opposed to the pressure of thought!
And that process requiring the ability to do it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

For Those Restless Ones

Do I regret anything I've done in my past?
Yes! Most certainly!
I regret I am not able to expose my eclectic interests,
Faster than I am able to live...
To have them critiqued,
By those with nothing else to do.

It is frustrating keeping a mystique...
For those restless ones,
Chosen to uncover dirt!
And doing the best I can,
To satisfy this need.

I am on their side!
I understand their cravings!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

For Those Who Are Gifted

These gifts to me have not been given,
To let sit and observe their rust.
But to constantly polish and share their lustre.
And I perceive this mission as a must.

For those who are gifted,
With talents they let drift away.
Seem too quick to earn a dollar from them...
Only to quit to say,
The worth of their gifts...
Did not return to them any profit!

These gifts to me have not been given,
To let sit and observe their rust.
But to constantly polish and share their lustre.
And I perceive this mission as a must.

One blessed by God...
Should first serve His purpose.
With a gratefulness to prove,
A decision God has made...
Was done to shine forth a light!
To move where He chooses,
Whether day or night.

Not to smother in unthankfulness.
To offer God one's attititude.
Why do people do this?
Take for granted what God does...
Then choose to dismiss it?
To satify egos others should solicit.
To flaunt and cherish,
As if one merits the attention.
To take and celebrate...
Without a word of God to mention!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

For Those Who Blindly Pick Their Foes

This is suggested for those,
Who blindly pick their foes.

It is recommended,
BEFORE moving ahead...
With an unconsciousness,
Be sure the chosen foe...
Isn't one protecting your back.

The results can prove to be,
Emotionally devastating.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

For Those Who Cling Onto Their Fantasized Insights

I do hope things work out alright,
For those who cling onto their fantasized insights.
Those who impose upon themselves and others,
Restricted wishes...
To see the World that is,
With realities observed quickly dismissed.

I do hope things work out for them,
Who choose to live in 'comfort zones'
Scented in marmalade, lilac and peppermint mists.
And cuddled within mindsets,
Absent of truths to deal with.
With choices to erase from themselves,
All signs of conflict.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

For Those Who Don'T Recognize Opportunities

Deciding an opportunity,
One gets that comes.
Will await until a decision has been made,
By the one who perceives.

An opportunity staring in one's face,
Is obligated to stay in place.
Until that decision to take it has been done.
Should not stun the one.

Who gets an opportunity that abruptly leaves,
To be discussed with digust as a memory.
For those who do not recognize opportunities.
They will never experience them for what they are.
Or when to take them immediately.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

For Those Who Drift Just To Follow

Soon...
Closed eyes awaken,
As dawn breaks.
A replacement shakes up misunderstandings.
And all that 'was'...
Is erased.
Soon.

Tomorrow,
Like today...
Has gone away!
And will not be like yesterday.

Tomorrow has taken a leap.
And all who have 'chosen' to stay asleep...
Notice they are without shadows!
In a world that they've been bleeped.
Like a dream no one keeps.
If none were kept to seek!
And souls are lost!

As souls are lost,
For those who drift...
Just to follow with hollow beliefs!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

For Those Who Know Who They Are

Stay and remain committed,
To that which is true to you.
Stay focus with devotion meant,
No matter what others do.
Pray, meditate and be honest with faith.
And one day your dream will come to life,
With a recognition you give it that feels right.
Leaving naysayers doubting.
But you never will you find time to complain,
About having no appetite or sleeping tight at night.
And that's how it is for those who know who they are.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

For Those Who Say It Is Never Too Late, It Is!

For those who say it is never too late,
It is!

The only thing those who choose to procrastinate do,
Is use more time to make excuses.
And this they do from the experience of it!
Doing so to abuse someone's time.

For those who say it is never too late,
It is!

With thoughtlessness attached.
And at the expense of getting attention.
Since their comprehension is only used to waste.
In celebration of their own hesitation.

For those who say it is never too late,
It is!

With an aspiration to agitate those exasperated,
To heights of exacerbation unnecessarily created.
And pleasing no one but those who choose to bait,
Disrespect and neglect achieved.

For those who say it is never too late,
It is!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

For Those Who Scrutinize Others

This one is for those,
Who scrutinize others.
But are afraid to expose,
Insecurities they hold that smother.

Take some time,
And isolate your druthers.
Don't share them with your sisters,
Or inflict them on your brothers.

Cleanse your mind,
Of judgements that you pass.
Chew your food like cows do!
And fertilize the grass.

This will keep you real busy!
To moo and graze...
Will keep you off the pavement.
And do your do-do too!

Take some time,
And isolate your druthers.
Don't share them with your sisters,
Or inflict them on your brothers.

Cleanse your mind,
Of judgements that you pass.
Chew your food like cows do!
And fertilize the grass.

This will keep you real busy!
To moo and graze...
Will keep you off the pavement.
On farms where good manure is bagged.

And celebrated you can...
On farmland where manure is bagged!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

For Those Who Seek Comfort

Now that the race has been won...
You can move forward with your agenda.
And those plans you are ready to implement.

'Oh...
That's right! '

You 'are' ready to implement those plans?

'Uh, yeah.
As soon as we can figure out what they are,
We are certain to come up with something.'

But you won a race,
On the basis you are prepared to move forward.

'Uh...
Yeah.
Gee!
Well...
We'll have to go backward first,
To see if moving forward is in the best interest...
For those who seek comfort,
In a past that no longer exists.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

For Wanted Dreams To Come True

There will always be envy and jealousy directed,
To the ones shown and known to possess...
An attention given to their talent and abilities,
With other skills that may be assessed.
That develops eventually a thick skin,
One learns early to wrap and protect within.

Those without this focus,
Do not comprehend it is about the work first.
And not about absurd or hurtful remarks,
Coming from those in the shadows afraid...
To apply themselves with discipline,
And many sacrifices made.

It takes more than a wishing,
For wanted dreams to come true.
And not picking through and from delusions...
Like many fantasized do.

'Can you show me how to become,
As successful as you? '

~Sure!
Get on your knees and start crawling,
Until the bleeding starts.
And your bones are exposed too! ~

'Okay.
And then what? '

~Strip butt naked.
Allow your blemishes and flaws,
To be publicly seen.
And then have someone pour on you acid,
With a proving you are willing to endure anything.~

'Are you kidding?
I wouldn't be able to live through that.'

~Then you are not wanting success.
You just seek attention upon yourself to attract.
When you are able to smile,
With wounds still carried on your back...
Your dreams will soon arrive.
And only to you will the feeling of success,
Be achieved to see them survive.~

'That's nuts.
That's a bit too crazy.
What do your recommend as an alternative? '

~Here's one you might like.
Many have discovered this to be beneficial.~

'Oh good.
Let me hear it.'

~Pick any corner in your neighborhood.
And stand there to complain about your unlucky life.
Who knows...
Maybe one day someone will decide to join you.
And eventually you will draw a group of people,
Who will prove to you there is so much there and shared...
All of you have in common.

OH.
I almost forgot.
Try the liquor stores first.
Where you live,
There's at least two within a few blocks.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

For What It Was. And What It Is

All day,
The people are praying...
To heal from sickness,
For them that exists.

All day,
The people sit to wonder...
How many wished,
For their lives like this.

But everything exposed was shown...
For what it was.
And what it is.

Everything to them was known...
For what it was.
And what it is.
But many sat,
Ignoring all of it.

Everything was shown and known!
For what it was.
And what it is.
But many sat,
Ignoring all of it.
For what it was.
And what it is.
The people sat,
Ignoring all of it.
Everything was shown and known!
But...
The people sat,
Ignoring all of it.
Everything was shown to them and known!
For what it was.
And what it is.
But people sat,
Ignoring all of it.
All day,

The people are praying...
To heal from sickness,
For them that exists.
Everything was shown to them and known!

And...
All day,
The people sat to wonder...
How many wished,
For their lives like this.
Although...
Everything exposed condoned was known,
For what it was.
And what it is.
Although...
Everything exposed condoned was shown,
For what it was.
And what it is.
To remain unchanged.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

For What It's Worth

There will always be those,
Finding others to accuse...
For their lives lived in fear of competence.
And taking perceived negative comments,
Made to them that offend...
To those empathetic with listening ears,
In the hope that their lack of confidence...
Is protected to defend.

'You know how they are.
For years they have used the same antics.'

~And for years those antics accepted and liked,
Has prevented any progress to be made.~

'Well...
At least they and the others,
Have stayed to remain down to Earth.'

~Okay. I agree.
But for what it's worth,
Enough tears cried on Earth...
Changes that dirt into mud.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

For Whatever One Believes Is Achieved

I've got to be in a wrong state of mind,
If I find the act of self aggrandizement...
A sign the reflects one's self centeredness.
And by design others give attention to this.
Perhaps I should re-revaluate,
The purpose of life!
And why we all exist to bridge gaps.

I've got to be in a wrong state of mind.
Not to attempt to define such obsession,
As a professed ego expressed.
Or am I so behind the times,
That believing what one does...
Has nothing to do with deed!
But the prospects of being honored,
For whatever one believes is achieved...
Can lift an ego to great heights.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

For Whatever The Reason

I made the choice not to follow,
Or borrow opinions...
When I was much younger,
And then had decided...
To adventure into the unknown.
By the carving my own path.
Knowing the task would not be welcomed.
Or with cheers received.
I believed and accepted.
And that's what I did and felt had to do.

I chose to stand and walk.
Not talk about my pursuits.
Like many do who seek acceptance.
I chose to benefit from others' doubts.
I needed to prove I knew what I was about.

I sought to be...
Myself.
No one else did I know as well.

I sought to be the me I knew.
And began preparing,
A life too few would put themselves through.

For whatever the reason,
You and I were not meant to be a 'we'.
For whatever the reason,
I had to encounter my destiny...
On this specific journey,
Alone.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

For 'Whatever' The Reason

One thing I have learned not to confirm.
That would be my inabilities!
I have learned to affirm my assets.

What I thought I could not do and achieve...
Has left me speechless.
With mouth opened and eyes wide like a child.

And since my identity is secured,
With less doubt fed to myself to nurture...
I do not try to hold two conversations at once.

And I am not going to prove to anyone I can do it.
Even though,
I can do this without anyone else joining in!

And yes...I have noticed,
I have had fewer arguments these days.
For 'whatever' the reason.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

For Whatever The Reason That Is

I lived that 'straight' and normal life.
That's right!
For whatever that was and for some does.

I also walked upon paths,
Others decided were the best and no one should pass.
That's right!
For whatever that was and for some does.

I even chose to leave my own interests behind.
To please others who had druthers to believe,
What I was born and with a choice to do...
Was a foolish move and I was a fool.
That's right!
And day and night I was laughed at too.

Then one day I awakened,
Determined to put a stamp on my identity.
That's right!
I awakened to realize my life should be prioritized,
For me.

And for whatever the reason that awakening did,
I began to witness what others sought to seek.
That's right.
I observed and witnessed in disbelieve,
What it was others sought to seek.

And it was the approval from others,
They are still attempting to get.
But somehow have not received.
For whatever the reason that is!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

For Who And Why

To those who value it...
Life becomes more precious,
When the thought of death and its permanence...
Comes to be not so distant,
In the reality of one who reflects on the years lived.

Fragile is this gift that has been given.
And those who believe,
They can do as they please at a time when they choose...
Often find themselves wishing they did not refuse,
To take that time when it came...
For themselves and no one else.

Realizing who they did that for...
Has either ignored them,
Or pushed them aside.
To show no appreciation.
As they live their own lives!

It is best to prioritize what one does...
For who and why!
Before they see their lives,
Like flashing snapshots.
Passing fast through what seems an hour glass.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

For Wishes Of Good Credit

For wishes of good credit...
Should be the least of one's concern.
Good credit against an admitted deficit,
Seems less meaningful and senseless...
If debts unpaid go uncollected.

And if one with good credit,
Is employed and fears.
How can one expect it to be kept good...
If the threat of joblessness,
Approaches.
And repossessions draw near!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

For Years To Hear It

For years to hear it.

If what appears was not wished.
Or wanted as is to exist.
And subjected to an unchanged,
Sameness that remains.
Who really can be blamed,
For the consistency...
Of its appearance.

Who and for years would sit,
Reviewing to pick...
From a limited menu to know,
Choices on it served...
Are there to select.
Or make better suggestions,
To make that menu the best.

How much time does anyone need,
To realize what they accept...
Others will regard as done,
To do consciously.

For years to hear,
Have been the same complaints.
Of garbage stacked,
In backyards to collect.
As if this accepted reality,
Gone for years ignored...
Is the responsibility,
Of others to place blame...
For allowing such 'eyesores',
Permitted.
Without knocking on doors,
To awaken the inhabitants...
That their choices,
To have personally made...
Could eliminate,
Further protests...

If they take responsibility,
As a personal involvement.
With a stopping of acts,
To attack others...
For expressing,
Their lack of concern.
When the garbage stacked,
Had not been theirs...
For years allowed to collect.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

For You

For you...
I could never be another fool.
I'm the same one I've always been,
For you.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

For You Just To Come Back Home

A dripping from a wall seems so like sweat.
So like the tears the occupants had wept.

The roof leaks to expose the sky.
And if eyes were dry...
They weren't for long.
Not if they were seeking answers to prayers.
To come to the door.
Or stand on dirt floors...
With the one thing wanted more!

And a pot that steams from the stove,
Smells of chicken...
Feathered and in rice.

As a limousine slows outside to come to a stop.
Stains from the floor are mopped.
Eyes pop.
Jaws drop!

'Mama, I've come home.
Look what I've brought for you.
Look at what I've got! '

~I've prayed for this day.
I've prayed for this day.
I've prayed for you just to come back home!
With 'you' not things make us feel less alone~.

A dripping from a wall seems so like sweat.
So like the tears the occupants had wept.
And so much unlike their lives lived now!
Nor in their minds revisited.
Happy together.
That's all they ever wished.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

For You To Address And It To Clean

The choice had been yours,
To ignore what is.
With the thought someone else,
Would come to rid...
What you knew appeared.
And now with it too big to hide,
You think someone else...
Should rush to dry your crying eyes.
But the tears you cry are not theirs to dry.
Nor with ears do they hear,
With your excuses to make more alibis.
You chose to refuse to believe what is.
To rely on denial your delusions were real.
Yet today those delusions you keep are fading.
And still you blame to debate with a hope to win,
As to who is responsible for the mess you are in.

The choice had been yours,
To ignore what is.
With the thought someone else,
Would come to rid...
What you knew appeared.
And now with it too big to hide,
You think someone else...
Should rush to dry your crying eyes.
But the tears you cry are not theirs to dry.
Nor with ears do they hear,
With your excuses to make more alibis.
You chose to refuse to believe what is.
To rely on denial your delusions were real.
Yet today those delusions you keep are fading.
And still you blame to debate with a hope to win,
As to who is responsible for the mess you are in.

Does ignorance to you sound too familiar?
Do you still find it offensive to be accused of it?
Have those pretentions you keep,
Stopped you from weeping?
Is the quality of life the kind you like?

Have the decisions you made with them to create,
Left you to realize your own mistakes?
Or are you seeking assistance to help you escape,
From the overwhelming facts you can not seem to face...
That you and no one else,
Are responsible for your own actions you can no longer fake.

'But faking is what we have done best.'

And the expense of it has not been cost effective.
Nor should you expect more time to waste from others to get.
Your mess is for you to address and it to clean.

'We are not accustomed to that.'

To what?

'The truth.
How do we do it without offending anyone? '

Well...
Not too many are left defending your faking.
Or have found you have made it beneficial.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

For You To Keep Deep

Do I need to give you a reason...
Why I picked you to be mine?
And do I wish to take that step to prove,
You are special and one of a kind.

Don't suspect from me you will get respect.
Don't suspect it.
Expect respect to get,
'Cause...
You have been the best that's happened to me yet.
You have been the best I know that I will get.
And getting my respect,
You can always expect.

For you to keep deep to feel,
Always!
For you to keep it deep and to feel...
In your mind not hard to find,
Always!
For you to keep it deep and to feel...
In your mind not hard to find.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

For You... I Will Go Along With It

Okay!
I will admit what I observe daily,
Does not exist with a worthiness to mention.
It will be difficult.
But for you...
I will go along with it.

In fact...
I am ready to do this.
Only 'if' you admit,
You have a preference for sugar and spice.
With a wish to keep prioritized,
The nice and bright side of life kept highlighted.

And that which you dislike,
I will assist in keeping 'your' illusions alive.
To then pretend we are totally unaffected.
Until we both get home to realize...
Time to take to feed upon delusions,
Does not satisfy the reality of our limits.

And...
When you should ask,
What it is I plan to prepare for us to eat?
I will reply...
'The feast is in the eye of the beholder.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

For Your Own Reasons

I just want to be the best.
And I confess it.
I just want to be the best me...
That I can get.

I just want to be the best.
And I confess it.
I just want to be the best me...
That I can get.

You should want to feel your best.
You should want to do your best.
You should want to be the best...
For your own reasons.
And...
You should want to feel your best.
You should want to do your best.
You should want to be the best...
For your own reasons.

Some are defined by the moans they find.
And they don't want to be their best.
Some like to sit with others who whine.
And they don't want to be their best.
Some have minds cemented in crime.
And they don't want to be their best.
And many do confess,
They are owed for the doing.
Some are defined by the moans they find.
And they don't want to be their best.
Some like to sit with others who whine.
And they don't want to be their best.
Some have minds cemented in crime.
And they don't want to be their best.
And many do confess,
They are owed for the doing.

You should want to feel your best.
You should want to do your best.

You should want to be the best...
For your own reasons.
And not have a mind cemented in crime.
'Cause that's not being your best.
OR sitting with others who like to whine,
'Cause you can't be your best.
Get away from those who waste your time,
'Cause you can't be your best...
And,
Give up the doing.

I just want to be the best.
And I confess it.
I just want to be the best me...
That I can get.

I just want to be the best.
And I confess it.
I just want to be the best me...
That I can get.

You should want to feel your best.
You should want to do your best.
You should want to be the best...
For your own reasons.

Some are defined by the moans they find.
And they don't want to be their best.
Some like to sit with others who whine.
And they don't want to be their best.
Some have minds cemented in crime.
And they don't want to be their best.
And many do confess,
They are owed for the doing.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Force Of Peace

Are we the force of peace?
And as a people,
How is that released and shown?
From whose perspective is this known?
When battle cries express victory!
With enemies to conquer.
To enforce 'our' beliefs.

Are we the force of peace?
How is it identified,
As many conflicts are ignited.
With division created!
And from this hatred is released.

If indifference to others is an observation increased...
Who determines what warhead to use,
To end the breath of those who breathe...
For purposes to win and not to lose,
An impression of power that can only express death!

Leaving not peace for those who might survive.
But a planned connived lifelessness left...
For those who believe,
Blood they shed...
Will not leave them to eternally grieve.

Are we the force of peace?
That depends...
When a determination begins,
To end an unnnecessary weeping and bleeding.
And an unconsciousness that awakens,
To realize no success meets and greets...
An obsession to feed a greeding.
One day to eventually cease...
From the minds of those who are beasts!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Forced To Expose Themselves

Forced to expose themselves and show,
Every flaw and existing blemish there is...
Is a better life to adapt and live,
Than it is to not have had this experience...
Like many who make attempts,
To keep up with appearances and kept pretentions.
Ask anyone who seems to have quickened steps,
With a caring less who shuffles along.
As if to hunger for approval and acceptance.
From anyone who notices on their faces shown regret.

And the rest of those who seem to live life best,
Are the ones who have been stripped naked.
With nothing left kept but identity, pride and dignity.
To consider them as being true to value possessions,
Amongst those folks who once provoked and joked.
Folks who joked and laughed from a long gone past.
But today seem to live unhappy lives,
Based on self deception and the creating of lies.
And trying to deny they hide a seeking of approval.
As if they do not hunger for an acceptance gone to reject.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Forced To Live Within Their Means

Who has made the acceptance of debt,
With more credit to get...
A way of life expected?

And having bills to pay,
With a card to make it okay...
To charge on it without a cent in one's pocket.

And who has made it a bragging right,
To have more plastic to carry...
Than a dollar one can not produce?

Who has made this way to live acceptable?
To then expect a hole dug to do...
With delusions kept to keep,
That those forced to live within their means to budget...
Are the reason why a depleted economy futher is reduced.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Forced To Rush And Turn Away

Today.
There are no roles to play.
None respected in the way they were.
No believable masquerades to convey,
The remotest concepts...
To display an innocence worn to convince,
A possibility lives to consider.
Today.
Anything cheap and easy to get is preferred.
As long as it shines.
To be sold and rhymes with gold.
Nickel plated to glimmer like rhinestone...
Worn and bold,
It is okay!
Today.
The quality of life is attached to that detached,
As far as possible from reality.
Today!
Even pointing out the truth pursued,
Is subject to being ostracized...
From those who want to believe faith and hope,
Are nasty rumors to hush!
Today.
People are forced to rush and turn away from dreams,
If not overnight expressed...
At doorsteps!
Or promised to arrive before noon.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Forced Upon Me To Live

Free me,
From this false reality.
Too much I've sacrificed,
For the right...
To live my life,
As I like.

Free me,
From heartbreak and pain.
It seems to be everywhere.
As if a constant downpour,
Of a wicked reigning game.

Free me,
To have a love satisfying.
Free me,
From heartbreak and pain too real.
Free me,
From a life minimized...
To just alibis and creative lies,
Forced upon me to live.

Free me,
From this false reality.
Too much I've sacrificed,
For the right...
To live my life,
As I like.

Free me,
To have a love satisfying.
Free me,
From heartbreak and pain too real.
Free me,
From a life minimized...
To just alibis and creative lies,
Forced upon me to live.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Forecast

For those of us
Holding onto a return of the past,
With economic hopes
A temporary loss will not last!
And something about treasures gone,
Will eventually be revealed,
As a bad dream found to be wrong!
Here's the forecast...
Say goodbye to yesterday,
Today things are changing fast.
Everything remembered,
Is as good as growing grass!
Once it has been mowed...
The waste reminisced is trashed!
And nothing about tomorrow,
Will come to comfort memories you had!
Lose your grip on this...
And get over it quick!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Foreclosed Dreams

People chased money.
And relocated their lives...
To acquire things.
Based upon materialistic values.
And what they thought,
That chase to them would bring.

And those who kept their faith...
Believing to be fools,
With impossible dreams to pursue.
Seem to be the ones more fortunate,
With less things.
Appearing to be happier...
To express an inner being.
And feeling quite pleased,
God has acknowledged their devotion.
With a gift that calms and soothes,
Dispositions.

While those feeling self obsessed...
Do their best,
To resist displaying an external anger!
With their investments in assessing others,
Passing judgements done.
Aren't as freely given today.
As much as they receive them!
In a repossession way!

And foreclosed dreams...
Leave them feeling much betrayed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Forever And Together

You've hit me with a magic had,
I needed to feel.
Because it is real,
Together.
With a hope it leaves us never.

And oh oh!

You've come to capture my heart,
From the depths of despair...
And now I'm aware,
Who I need to be with and forever.
A forever that's together.

And oh oh,
Never let us go solo...
To keep that magic had together.
With a tight hold on it known.

And oh oh,
With a tight hold on it well known...
Forever and together.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Forever Cemented

The removal and taking away,
Of one's experience...
May be successfully performed,
In a scientific clinic.
However...
Some may have those experiences,
Amnesia could not erase.

These experiences are deeply implanted.
Like the Earth spinning slowly,
In a protective Universe.

Some things people are forced to deal with.
And this enhancement is forever cemented,
To never be forgotten.
As if compassion has them knotted.
And a recollection is felt,
With every nuance of what has been inflicted.
Whether bitter or sweetened by the memory of it.

People prolong what they take for granted.
And for too long they can not see this is wrong.
Until a 'too late' comes!
To then find them and those times forgotten,
Like a Sunrise witnessed but soon gone.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Forever From This Life

Everyday,
Opportunity comes along
For all to say...
Or find a way to admit committment!
To something.
And/or someone that has been initiated.
But somehow had been shunned.

Everyday,
Some awaken to clear the slate...
Of that which had irritated.
To let go and fade with yesterday.

And yet,
Many who claim to have undying faith,
Are challenged to forgive.
With a knowledge of that which now lives...
Forever from this life given,
Perishes.
With 'what ifs' existing and still wished.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Forever Like This As One

So it is, as I am.
To see and live and breathe...
To be here with you near.

To know this as we do.
Like,
We do.
You me...
Together.

One of two 'but' one!
Happy and having fun.
Loving...
And getting that right.
Sometimes wrong...
But not for long.

You and I.
So it is, as I am.
As you are with me...
As we.
Are!

Now!

Together.
Forever...
Like this,
As one!

Again like this.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Forget About Being Realistic

Forget about being realistic,
When it comes to dreams kept and are wished.
Forget about keeping them limited...
Or sharing them with minds found to be negative.

Pots of gold at the end of rainbows...
Can be yours to hold.
And no one else has a need to know.
Or from you heard to be told!

Dreams that are wished can come true to exist,
If...
Kept them near to hold.
To witness them bestowed.

Don't pick from wishes others may admit,
Just...
Dream your own.
And, don't pick from wishes you believe to be limited.
Just...
Dream your own.
No need to reveal them to make it known.
Forget about nit-wits who persist,
That what you wish is a foolishness.

Pots of gold at the end of rainbows...
Can be yours to hold.
And no one else has a need to know.
Or from you heard to be told!

Forget about being realistic,
When it comes to dreams kept and are wished.
Dream your own.
And witness them bestowed and known!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Forget About Who Did What To Get

Enjoy the feeling of being healed.
And mended.
Enjoy the doing of it.
As a witnessed dawn begins.
From Sunrise until beautiful Sunsets end.
Enjoy each day that you've been given,
With a welcoming to do you choose to approve.
To forget about who did what to get,
Temporary satisfactions with them to defend.
Forget about who did what to get,
For them what has faded to no longer exist.
And you...
Continue living happiness.
A happiness you found with meaning meant.

Forget about who did what to get,
You to be seen as a fool to use.
You can forget about who did what to get,
Others to believe this too!
Just forget about who did what to get,
Themselves...
Exposed as,
Doers of horrendous deeds.
The ones you now see on knees.
You can forget about who did what to get,
Themselves...
Exposed as,
Doers of horrendous deeds.
The ones you now see on knees.

Forget about who did what to get,
Themselves...
As receivers who now retrieve,
A wickedness of their own misdeeds.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Forget It

Forget it.
Clinging onto times now gone.
Forget it.
Holding onto resentments.
And exposing pessimistic points of views.
Forget it.
Sitting embittered.
With wishes to remember reasons and why!
And showing others how you despise their lives.
Forget it.
Trying to convince others your are right,
And they are wrong.
Making attempts to stop your feet from patting...
From the nonsensical words heard,
Over the monotonous thumping of rap songs.
Forget it.
Looking for escapes to allow your comfort zone to spread.
Forget it.
Accept.
You are among those who are aging.
And the quickness of this you dread.
Forget it.
Accept.
This is the process of life,
Each generation is fed!
And we...
Those of us who live to become elderly,
Have a routine we keep!
We get up in the morning...
Take a nap at noon!
Or find ourselves in conversations about it all!
Until we become bored and fall to sleep!
Forget it.
Accept.
Be grateful and feel blessed!
The best thing done that comes to those who live...
Is forgetting and forgiving.
And not finding where or when to take time to rest!

'Excuse me.
I'm sorry.
I didn't realize you were sleeping.
We were talking just a few seconds ago.
And suddenly your eyes closed.
I just wanted to make sure you were okay! '

~I was meditating on your last statement.
Remind me...
What was it you were saying? ~

'Forget it.
My stop is coming up soon.
I'm getting off.
We can continue this tomorrow.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Forget The Forgetting

Forgiving does not erase to replace,
Or eliminate a pain to feel that is felt.
And words to use to abuse someone,
Has a way to linger...
When reminiscing them is done.
Forget the forgetting.
It just does not happen.
Especially when acts like this,
Are meant to personally attack.
With a doing unexpected for that to come back.

The affect of what one says,
Is there to stay to replay in one's head 'forever'.
And better it is for this to be expressed,
By the one to have it acknowledged...
To another to have this addressed.
Instead of pretending to others solicited,
Unaware of those comments made...
To have them also believe,
Something done in innocence...
Should not have left one victimized oversensitive.

'You 'had' to have done 'something',
For them to react as if you don't exist.'

~I said or did nothing I have not done to do or say,
That had not been any different for many years.~

'Oh.
So they aren't sensitive.
They just got tired of your same repeated nonsense.
I understand.
They took the initiative to make the difference.
And ridding oneself from that kind of addiction,
Takes courage.'

~Excuse me?
What do you mean by that?
Who's side are you on? ~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Forget The Unassuming Humble Approach

There is no such thing as acquiring a quiet notoriety!
None done that goes unnoticed.

It can not be down played by the one who achieves it!

Forget the unassuming humble approach.
This reeks of a perceived conceit.
One hidden underneath an acknowledgement,
Of a self containment.
And folks with pretentions love to have others believe...
A notoriety given,
Depends on them!
And their willingness to notice,
What has already been shown and known!

And then there are those,
Who choose to appease others...
By making foolish comments:
'I'm just like everyone else.
Except...
I am exceedingly brilliant! '

This may work for precocious children.
The ones thought of as adorable and cute.
And could count to ten
Before they were nine months old!
You know the ones?
Appearing on Oprah!
Held by their nannies.
And praised by parents traveling abroad...
But keeping in touch via satellite!

OR...
Those gifted convicted felons,
Always seem to get a book deal

However...
And this is straight up 'info'!
If you happen to be a blackman,

WITHOUT a basketball...
That is palmed and dribbled with one hand.
And unable to perform comedy,
sing 'or' tap dance...
Any notoriety successfully achieved,
With an equal amount of blood, sweat and tears...
Does not come easily,
For one who has proven to be more than deserving.
People associate this with 'good luck'!
And not applied work.

Especially if one has no church affiliation!
Or motives that can be clinically dissected,
With suspicion.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Forgetchu 4 A Minute

You like to give it like it's being regulated.
And...
Then you want to send it in a memo to me.

You like to give it like it's being regulated.
And...
Then you want to send it in a memo to me.

Gon' forgetchu 4 a minute.
Forgetchu 4 a minute.
Gon' forgetchu 4 a minute.
And flick you like some lint!

Gon' forgetchu 4 a minute.
Forgetchu 4 a minute.
Gon' forgetchu 4 a minute.
Then flick you like some lint!
Since you pay no rent,
4 me!

You like to give it like it's being regulated.
And...
Then you want to send it in a memo to me.

You like to give it like it's being regulated.
And...
Then you want to send it in a memo to me.

Gon' forgetchu 4 a minute.
Forgetchu 4 a minute.
Gon' forgetchu 4 a minute.
And flick you like some lint!

Gon' forgetchu 4 a minute.
Forgetchu 4 a minute.
Gon' forgetchu 4 a minute.
Then flick you like some lint!
Since you pay no rent,
4 me!

Owwwww!

Forgetchu 4 a minute.
Forgetchu 4 a minute.
Gon' forgetchu 4 a minute.
And flick you like some lint!

Gon' forgetchu 4 a minute.
Forgetchu 4 a minute.
Gon' forgetchu 4 a minute.
Then flick you like some lint!
Since you pay no rent,
4 me!

No more of this do you get.
No more of this do you get.
No more of this do you get,
4 free!

Gon' forgetchu 4 a minute.
No more of this do you get.
Gon' forgetchu 4 a minute.
No more of this do you get.
Gon' forgetchu 4 a minute.
No more of this do you get.
No mo' freebies do you get from me!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Forgetfulness

An illness identified,
Can not poetically be romanced away.
Or described for laughs.
To depict this disease as common.
Like someone with flaws and blemishes,
To have many become accustomed...
Not to notice until they eventually fade.

But an illness of the mind,
Denied to be an epidemic stays to inflict.
With a spreading to affect too many,
Unconscious of it.

And the ones carrying the virus,
Are the ones defending the ending...
Of their ability to recognize making sense.
To think the losing of it,
Has nothing to do with being poisoned.
But a forgetfulness,
Some are welcoming with relief.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Forgettable But Mentioned

I've never understood why,
Some would jeopardize their own lives...
To gain three seconds of fame and attention,
Although forgettable but mentioned.

And to ruin others in the doing,
Just because they can.
Is a mental outlook even the doer,
Can explain it or understands.

And in the doing expresses,
No one should get upset!
It is that lack of respect for humanity...
That minds today project with a sickness.

Unfortunate are those,
Who see nothing wrong with this.
And unfortunate are the times,
That allow crimes like this to exist.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Forgive Me Quickly

If I showed you what you don't know,
Would I suffer...
If I listened to your life of misfortune?

If I showed you what you don't know,
Would you show me what I thought I knew?

If I showed you what you don't know,
Would I suffer...
If I listened to your life of misfortune?

Would I stop myself and realize...
Your life aint easy breezy.
Would you find it in your mind you'd be assessing me?
Or would you find it in your mind the need to forgive me,
Quickly!

Would I stop myself and realize...
Your life aint easy breezy.
Would you find it in your mind you'd be assessing me?
Or would you find it in your mind the need to forgive me,
Quickly!

Forgive me quickly!
Would you find it in your mind the need to forgive me,
Quickly!
Forgive me quickly!
Would you find it in your mind,
The need...
To forgive me,
Quickly!

Would you find it in your mind you'd be assessing me?
Or would you find it in your mind the need to forgive me,
Quickly!

Forgive me quickly!
Would you find it in your mind the need to forgive me,
Quickly!

Forgive me quickly!
Would you find it in your mind,
The need...
To forgive me,
Quickly!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Forgive! The Forgetting Will Come

The most difficult thing one can do,
But has proven to rid one of anxieties...
Is to forgive oneself!
With an acknowledgement of a wrong done.
Regardless of who did what first,
To anyone!

Forgive!
The forgetting will come.

Why remain embittered waiting for another,
To express remorse.
Some folks carry a hatred to their graves.
And for what reason?
To ensure the beating of a dead horse,
Has been successfully done?

Forgive!
The forgetting will come.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Forgiveness Is Not There

When cries of the young,
Can not be soothed or stopped.
And bombs continue to drop...
Outside of their innocent visions.
No cheek is turned,
As flesh of loved ones burn.
Nor fear can be explained away.
These images stay!
And a hatred grows.
Increasing a revenge held within them.

These scenes never diminish.
What begins does not finish.
They grow more intense!
And a wish for peace...
Will find an advancement of weapons,
To isolate and save humanity from countless graves...
A game played to the end.
With no one declared the winner.
Since a forgiveness is not there...
To be spared!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Forgiveness Should Be Given

The lesson to be learned?
Forgiveness should be given.
It is not an act,
For anyone to earn.
Once forgiveness has been done...
A releasing power that frees the mind,
Unlocks an entrapment,
One overcomes!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Forgiveness To Give It

Some may find it convenient,
To use another,
They might consider to be...
Either an easy target.
Or not a challenge,
Intellectually.

Being respectful and thoughtful
And sincere to a fault,
Is often taken for granted...
By those who expect,
They can say and do...
As they please and choose.
To someone regarded,
With a screw 'upstairs' loose!

Until...
Winds shift.
Deadends to limits come swift.
Doors close to lock.
Knocks on them go unheard.
Brick walls are built.
Bridges are burned...quick!
And a forgiveness to give it,
Becomes understood...
Is not repeatedly renewed,
To exist for eternity.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Forgiving Epiphanies

Forgiving epiphanies,
Coming to awakening minds...
Darkness once kept,
From seeing the 'light' of their actions.
Is difficult for those victimized to do.
Even though what is said is true...
About people regretting mistakes made.
No matter if intentions are premeditated.

However,
A growth process...
Can not be determined with a schedule set.
And one who has been affected,
By another's unconsciousness...
Should step aside from a bitterness,
To observe how epiphanies...
Have a way of inflicting,
Their own mental adjustments.

Those deserving to connect past actions,
To what comes to visit,
With clarity...
On the other side of those closed doors.
Should be given the opportunity...
To welcome repercussions.
If it is just for the experience of it.

Why should anyone inflict pain on another,
Without knowing how it feels?
To give is to receive...
Right?

~God don't like 'ugly'! ~

I've heard that before.
That's why I got rid of all of it from my doorstep!
I did that many years ago.
I'm glad from me it decided to leave.
Having that ugliness did nothing for me.

'Hi.
I'm here to remind you of what you did.
And since your mind is open now...
I am going to be staying inside of it for a while.
I'm sure you don't mind if I play with your consciousness?
I left someone who directed me to you.
And only recently was I able to locate where you were.

Stop it.
Don't flatter yourself.
Invite me in.
You have no idea how much there is for us to discuss.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Forgiving Isn'T Easy

Forgiving isn't easy.
And the doing of it,
Is difficult.
Ask anyone who has been there.
With feelings that seem to sit,
Eating away a heart that aches.

But as a result of forgiving,
The act of doing it seems okay and fits.
And completely seems to remove,
Any revisiting of leftover bitterness.
To recognize by the one receiving a happiness,
As an unexpected benefit one prefers to live with.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Forgiving Myself

In my youth...
My casting shadow
Appeared to glide
Against all it reflected.
There were few rests between strides.
And I did not concern myself,
With the limitations of time and uncertainties.
I've aged to witness my slowing pace...
With an acceptance,
A mind of a child does not forgive!
I've learned to respect the 'do's and 'don't's
Of life!
That did not come easy!
Nor did my patience come without making mistakes.
Or taking risks!
And forgiving myself has been the best lesson I've learned!
Afterall...
These steps I take today,
Are watched much more carefully with a purpose...
Each time they are taken!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Forgiving Themselves Of All Sorrows Borrowed

Unstrapped from an entrapping sadness.
And unwrapping sentiments.
With no lingering laments intended meant.

And quickly breaking free of those sacrificial deeds,
Misunderstood.
Although grasping to hold onto patience.

When a mind is at peace,
Everything is as it should be.
With a price that has been paid.

And investing in one's happiness,
Is a gift delivered from a faith that comes to save...
The ones who have awaited to dance too long.

With wishes to sing and share praises,
In celebration of those days now they are.
And forgiving themselves of all sorrows borrowed.

To leave tomorrow cleared...
And detached,
From that which was in a use to be that is gone.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Forgotten And Dismissed

Crediting debts has produced regrets.
And demands to keep delusions untouched...
To enhance the need of a feasting to feed,
The many addicted to an unending of it...
Ceases,
The quickness for some to obtain...
By just the signing of one's name.
Without any collateral to claim or barter.

What is broken can only be fixed,
When addictions are admitted.
And fantasies are cured,
As realities are gained.
With a detoxing from this starting...
The painful return,
To a forgotten and dismissed consciousness...
Aided by the use and ease of plastic wishes.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Forgotten To Bring A Pad And Pen

With my writings...
I would love to communicate,
With a clarity comprehended.
But the levels of misunderstanding...
Have increased.
And concepts one chooses simplified...
Does not provide growth.
Even though ignorance,
Does seem to attract more attention!
And having conversations with myself...
Has not convinced one bystander,
That I was intelligent at all!
Not if I am the one witnessing
Any one of them on any given day...
Whispering in the ear of a policeman,
Who suspiciously glances my way!
And on those days,
Wouldn't you know it...
I had forgotten to bring a pad and pen?
And to memorize my thoughts,
Of course...
They had to be said over and over...
And over again!

'Yes officer...
I am a writer.
'Lick me quick! Lick me quick! '
Was not a reference made to that young lady at all!
You see...
I write in double entendres!
And I...'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fort Hood

Young then,
And committed.
Feeling patriotic...
Obligated.
With desires to protect.
A country loved with much respect.

Much now has transpired,
Since those days I enlisted.
And wanting to whip some ass.
In the military wanting to save,
Rights of my family and others.
No one had to ask.
Too proud I was of the task.

Today my sorrows are with soldiers,
At Fort Hood.
And those who died unexpectedly
Shot and shocked,
By one of their own.
With intentions unknown.

And here I sit,
Wanting and trying to make sense...
Of all of this.

I knew when I was an airman then,
My devotion was unquestionable...
Towards my fellow comrades,
Family and friends.
And I...
For the life of me,
Will never comprehend...
How someone can harm their own.
And wear the uniform of trust.
Others rely upon and depend.

My heart goes out to those at Fort Hood.
The soldiers who wear their uniforms.

With a quest to sacrifice their lives,
Day and night.
And even though actions of one,
Will never make a horrible action understood.
As a veteran I offer my empathy to give.
Knowing your tears weeped,
Will be with you for a while to keep.

We can only pray those conflicts that exist,
Come to an end...
For all affected by these wars that bring disturbances,
Like the one you've experienced.

And forgive.
Because we must!
We must demand to have a future...
Stripped of hatred!
Racist debates.
To realize humanity given to us ALL,
Is God's gift!
To uplift.
And not abandon!

In Dedication:
To those who serve at Food Hood, Texas.
In and/or out of uniform.
But united in sorrows felt!
May God bless you.
Healing your pain to relieve you soon,
from grief.
~lsp~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fortunate And Blessed

Fortunate and blessed are they,
To have gone through upheaval.
And conflicts witnessed.
With a noticing them beginning to end.
As a higher consciousness arrives.
Slowly diminishing casualties that feed,
Upon an ignorance kept protected too long...
Purposely defended.
As a dependency to intend it meant.

Fortunate and blessed are they,
To remain faithful.
Keeping strong regardless of opposition.
Initiated to create,
Remorse, confusion and doubts to replace...
That dawn upon the horizon,
Rising to be seen.
Clearing the clouds that stayed but fading,
From all sickened by a sad madness...leaving!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fortunate To Be Lucky

If it was not for fame to claim.
Or it known to ever exist...
With visions of having it glittered,
To have one's name strobed by spotlight...
High upon billboards to be noticed,
Day and night and through fog...
Very few people would think of it,
As something wished for them to get!
Especially if they knew,
Privacy is sacrificed to have that kind of life!

Those who prepare and keep their focus there,
To do and often without sleeping nights...
Or dodging doubts if steps they take are done right,
Are often stunned by their own success.
When their eyes are left kept on producing deeds.
And to question themselves if their deeds would please.
Only to awaken one day to realize,
They had arrived to accomplish and this surprises.
Inspite of those inner fears,
They seem to have near to never from them disappear.

A sustaining effectiveness is the life,
Of the one who submits to sacrifice.
With faith, hope, prayer and kept belief,
THAT which is greater and 'always' aware...
Will someday deliver blessings to reward,
Those who remain devoted.

'Some people are just lucky.'

And those who are fortunate...
What are they?

'They are fortunate to be lucky.
That's what they are.
What else could they be? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fortune Would Spoil My Hunger

Without fortune I feel a freedom.
A freedom unrestricted,
That allows my creative spirit...
Room to explore.
Fortune would spoil my hunger and thirst,
To adventure with it done to do it more.
With a knowing I have been bestowed,
And blessed to be 'fortunate' with a gift.
Others one day may come to think of it,
As a treasure that brings them pleasure.
A pleasure I could never sell for a price,
If I wanted to.
That is why like all gifts given,
This one from me is free.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Forward With Today's Activities

Those that can not adapt to change,
Should not be convinced...
Change for them awaits,
For them to embrace its arrival.

Nor should they be ignored...
In the belief for them there is no option.
When there is.
Everyone should be respected,
For their perceptions.
Deluded or not!
It is democracy in action,
That affects one's comfortability!
And a right to choose from choices.

The ones in stubborn defiance,
Of certain and unquestioned change.
Should not be confronted with argument.
They should be offered a choice to take,
A one way ticket...
Back to a treasured paradise.
Complete with collected artifacts,
Rusted.
Or sit to rock,
Behind windows cleared.
As their lives fade away...
Listening to their own pre-recorded voices.
Looped in repeated opposition to hear.
In rooms closed and sealed.

With meals slid under locked and blocked doors.
Conveniently outfitted to dropp suggestions,
For their preferences...
From a limited list of options given.
And then read and forgotten...
By those assigned to make sure they are observed,
Going through a routine of scheduled motions!
And directed to ensure...
All elements of expectation,

Have been appeased to meet satisfactions.

'Is everyone happy?
Are all the cells scented with favorite mists?
And those who have required licorice,
Placed on folded napkins...
Next to required peppermints,
With their appropriate assortment of condiments...
Are fine?
Great.
There is not one hint of a whine!
Fabulous.
That task gets easier upon daily implementation.
FORWARD with today's activities! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Foul And Unwarranted Indignities

There are many who believe,
That a task made to look easy...
Is quite simple to achieve.
Until they apply what it takes.
And very early in the game,
These folks begin to invoke plagiarism.
Or 'assume' a depth needed,
Should go quite so deep.
But it does

And sooner or later they find themselves
Stopping the desired activity.
Discovering it more difficult,
Than earlier perceived.
And these people become loud critics.
Or people who spew to others,
Foul and unwarranted indignities.
And exposing without knowing it,
Their shown insecurities.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Foul Mouths Shouting

This magic we hold...
Comes from deep 'withinside' of us.
The moment our hearts began to beat...
That magic of life,
Began
To sweep us up in its wonder....to keep,
In wonder.

And so ungrateful we become,
Soon after that's done.
With a so too often shown...
Disrespect to be allowed.
And foul mouths shouting...
In someone's house.

And so ungrateful we become,
And soon after that's done.
Foul mouths shouting...
In someone's house

To cuss it!
For what it is,
And what it is not!
Soiled from the beginning.
And spoiled to aggrevate and annoy!
A lot!
Until there is conflict.
And it does come.

And so ungrateful we become,
And soon after that's done.
Foul mouths shouting...
In someone's house

And we re-act the way we've been taught,
To defend ourselves.
From those 'bad guys'.
With their differences...
Few make attempts to hide.

Foul mouths shouting...
In someone's house rise.

And we spy on 'them'...
To undercover their weak spots!

Making it easier to do them in.
To cuss it!
For what it is,
And what it is not!
Soiled from the beginning.
And spoiled to aggrevate and annoy!
A lot.
Until there is conflict.
And it does start!

And so ungrateful we become,
And soon after that's done.
Foul mouths shouting...
In someone's house
To cuss it!
For what it is,
And what it is not!

Soiled from the beginning.
And spoiled to aggrevate and annoy!
A lot.
Until there is conflict.
And it comes to start again!

Foul mouths shouting...
To cuss it!
For what it is.

Foul mouths shouting...
To cuss it!
For what it is.

Foul mouths shouting...
To cuss it!
For what it is.

To cuss it!
For what it is.

To cuss it!
For what it is.
Cuss it!
For what it is.
To Cuss it!
For what it is.
Cuss it!
Cuss it!
Cuss it!
Cuss it!

Cuss it!
For what it is.
To Cuss it!
For what it is.
Cuss it!
For what it is.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Foul Odor

Either this connection,
Is getting more defective.
With no urgency to correct.
Or is it suggested,
What stinks with a foul odor...
Would be better left to accept.

'Why do you insist,
Your standing in the middle...
Of a sinking swamp,
Can be sold as the best...
That a future you envision,
Offers.
And only you have the ability,
To sell the concept.
Without producing,
A speck of proof.

'Because I have learned,
How to seal a deal...
Before proving evidence.
To leave no one to suspect,
The best of my work...
Is motivated,
With lots of hype.
And midnight guessing.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Found A Way To Stay Protected

I've learned to strip away nonsense,
To get to the core of where my happiness...
Wanted to surface to breathe,
With a breath to freely exist.

And telling it like it is,
I discovered eliminated conflict...
To keep inside to confuse ideals.
And those lessons learned taught to me,
Were real and created my appetite...
To crave the need to keep my peace of mind,
Kept delicious.
And it is.

I've learned to strip away nonsense,
To get to the core of where my happiness...
Wanted to surface to breathe,
With a breath to freely exist.
And it has found a way to stay protected,
From close inspections wishing to monitor...
On a daily basis.

Let me share something with you.
And I am going to keep it basic and quite simple.

I could care less what you think.
Or how you arrived to express an opinion about me,
My activities or the size shoe I wear.
I have not crawled on my knees to appease your assessments.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Found And Made Time For Growth

The one drawback to being stubborn?
Being the fool and knowing it...
Should come 'before'
The proof affects a self righteousness,
That completely ruins one's integrity.

Although that 'integrity...
Might have stood,
On shaky ground.
A willingness not to appear so stupid,
Would have found and made time for growth!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Found And Right On Time

More than anything felt to feel,
Is a...
Peace of mind.
And it...
Found and right on time.

More than anything that appeals,
Is a...
Peace of mind.
And it...
Found and right on time.

Treasured like a precious gem.
Rated higher than stocks with dividends.
And safely protected with kept interest.
Is a...
Peace of mind.
And it...
Found and right on time.

Treasured like a precious gem.
Is a...
Peace of mind.
And it...
Found and right on time.

And rated higher than stocks with dividends.
Is a...
Peace of mind.
And it...
Found and right on time.

More than anything that appeals.
More than anything felt to feel,
Is a...
Peace of mind.
And it...
Found and right on time.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Found In Abundance

Have your eyes been open?
Then what is it you do not comprehend?
Is it the affect of your observations?
Or the reality of the application?
Which is it?
The sting of the feel...
Or the absence of fantasy?

Which is it,
That leaves you filled with grief?
Applied upon your borrowed sorrows.
Which is it...
The sight of it without fruited scents?
Or the magnitude of your nonacceptance?
Which is it?
Didn't your actions present the invitation?
Your display of disgust and irritation...
Will not make what 'is'
Disappear from your delusions.
This mess has been left after the festival...
You thought you could forever digest.

What would you like...?
Would you care for another foreclosure,
To add with your sip of whine...
And the malicious dip,
You and the others find in a shared decline.
Which is it?
I'm sure all of this can be found in abundance for you!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Found In Our Treasured Constitution

Oh...
Today those enraged,
Have become engaged...
With those displaying their outrage.
As they publicly defend their craze.

With excuses made,
About their accepted way of life.
One that incenses the activation of division...
That spreads like a cancer,
To have no ending in sight.

Although they are responsible for conflicts incited,
Like children they are...
Denying they've started any fights.
And yet those who are observing the initiation of all of this...
Do not wish to admit,
They've been influenced by those given microphones...
To air their 'beefs',
That victimizes those innocent.

Oh...
Today those enraged,
Have become engaged...
With those displaying their outrage.
As they publicly defend their craze.

'We have the right to defend,
Any unrest that we begin.
And 'that' can be found in our treasured constitution.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Found Odd, Trifling And Out Of Place

Stay perplexed and fixed,
To the politics you chose to pick.

Examine those policies,
You selected as priorities...
To be of interest by those elected.

And while you are doing that...
Remember when you dismissed others,
As insignificant voices to forget.
I've done it...
Remembered.
With a healing done I do not regret.

That's why my choice is not to be stunned.
I'm sure I had not been the only one,
Kicked to the curb by you and those...
With noses upturned,
And feeling the more deserving.

You pursued degrees...
You 'still' are billed to pay.
And your tunneled vision,
Has been blocked along the way.

Now I am approached by you,
And others too.
To unite and serve...
To assist in your desperation,
To save what you were told then...
Not to take for granted!
And...
One day from your 'perch'...
You will be unnerved.
And from within you,
A reality will be purged.

Has that happened?

However...
You were convinced,
My actions and those of others then...
Made no sense.

You were convinced,
My actions and those of others then...
Was a waste of time uselessly spent.

And today your frantic actions,
Have been isolated and distanced.
No one is seeking,
To protect your standards valued.

No one is seeking,
To uphold your exposed decadence.

You've made that and yourself too exclusive.
And did not include the needs of those who bled.
Or anyone you were instructed to bleed to death.
With a choice that led you to flee, instead.

And as you fled,
So did we.
Not to scatter like you.
But to find a peace of mind we keep.
With a doing done not to undo.

Today you say we need to call on God.
Those I know,
Have been and remain in daily conference.
You are the ones who are now found 'odd'.
Trifling and out of place.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Found Offensive To Those Told

Deception always seems to have...
Hands outreached to grasp and hold.
With a comprehension understood.
And those unquestioning duped to follow,
Standing supportive with a strength bold.

A truth spoken if it is noticed,
Is seldom welcomed.
Highly suspected.
Often rejected to disrespect.
And found offensive to those told.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Found On The Receiving End

I extend my hand.
And you examine it,
To see if my nails are manicured.

In the bag,
I've delivered to you...
An assortment of cans of soup.
With a can opener.
Familiarize yourself with it.
And use it as you choose.

You are going to find,
Less attention given to your pretensions.
And more are you going to accept,
Acts of kindness that do not distract.

Especially when your needs,
Become identified in your mind...
To be found on the receiving end!

You will discover a forgiveness,
On the streets...
Has today,
Become an urgent necessity!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Found Procrastinating

The ones who are born to be creative,
Do not operate from an ego...
As some believe to debate.
With pointless agruments to make.

Anyone born to be creative,
Are not the ones found...
Procrastinating time to waste,
With excuses made to find escapes.

Creative folks are the least egotistic.
With a mission to produce.
That those with egos try their best to reduce.
To find themselves seduced by an attention given.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Found To Be A Detriment

The seeking to ignore and silence those outspoken,
Has been found to be a detriment...
To the ones believing,
A truth heard one speaks affects an environment...
With negativity to diminish and progress meant or intended.
And does not benefit the inhabitants within it who live,
As closed minded citizens restricted to limits for them that fit.
To ultimately discover an enhance motivated desire to fail.

Rituals practiced to adapt as unquestioned habits,
Has effected a loyalty many are defecting to abandon.
Messages conflicting with beliefs set in stone,
Have become immediately rejected...
Since the meaning of them circumvents,
Elements of lessons taught to condone and convince...
What has been learned is depleted of common sense.

The seeking to ignore and silence those outspoken,
Has been found to be a detriment...
To the ones believing,
A truth heard one speaks affects an environment...
With negativity to diminish any progress meant or intended.
And does not benefit the inhabitants within it who live,
As closed minded citizens restricted to limits for them that fit.
To ultimately discover an enhance motivated desire to fail.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Found To Find More Capable

If one has to be kept reminded,
Of what another has prioritized not to forget...
Perhaps the importance of what is shared,
Should be discussed with a caring done...
To determine which one,
Has enough of that left to spare.

Some people just nod their heads in agreement,
With other things on their minds...
Found to find more capable to entertain,
At selected chosen times.
And have grown accustomed to listening,
To what they regard as insignificant yet familiar noise.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Found To Offend

Fantasies fed will keep a people seduced,
To believe in anything...
With the sweetening of entitlements,
Easily given.

How else can it be explained,
A truth that exists going purposely ignored...
And found to offend,
Whenever the existence of it is mentioned...
With a resistance of it?

And those with a consciousness daring to do this,
Labelled misfits seeking attention?

Fantasies fed will keep a people seduced,
To believe in anything...
With the sweetening of entitlements,
Easily given.

How else can it be explained,
A truth that exists going purposely ignored...
And found to offend,
Whenever the existence of it is mentioned...
With a resistance of it?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Found Where They Decided To Stand

After reaching the top...
Full of themselves and peacocking nonstop!
Where do the scratch and clawers go.
With their blinded achievements reach...
Once the subduing and the beating of opponents,
Has been done.
With the burning of many bridges!
And skipping through hoodwinked relationships.
Backstabbed to get a position on the summit!
Where do those who have scratched and clawed go?

And will those who had healed...
Over time,
And 'below'...
Care to show them a bit of empathy?
When a not so slow declining descent,
Brings upon these 'achievers'...
Feelings of remorse and guilt that shows?

Or...
Will they discover,
A return finds them neither missed or reminisced...
By those who found where they decided to stand,
On the ground...
Happy and sharing meaningful lives lived.
And achieved...
When peace reached out to them from the Sun.

Proving with such glows bestowed,
They did not have to go to seek to reach to find.
All they had to do was to stand and 'be'...
To claim!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fractured

I am quite fractured when we are detached.
When you have feelings I can not touch,
I am concerned more than you realize
About that.
And that's a fact.

I can not force you to communicate,
If you believe I'm impatient.
And it is with patience I wait.
I hate it when you begin to assume.
And those assumptions you use,
Just create more confusion.
And I am not having that on my plate.

I am quite fractured when we are detached.
When you have feelings I can not touch,
I am concerned more than you realize
About that.
And that's a fact.

But I am not going to do flips and roll on my back.
I've done that before.
Not to do that anymore.
No matter who you tell,
How well you have me trained!
And I respond to your commands,
Without demands.

I can be fractured,
And heal from that.
But a fool I will not allow you in me to see!
Just to have your needs pleased.
To leave me at ease and in peace.
But still confused...
If it was something you heard I did not say.
Did I should not have done.
Or didn't do I could for you.

Or...

Do I not hesitate to keep my lips sealed.
And my eyes fixed and in place,
Staring into space.
Getting as much benefit from that as possible.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fractured Divisions

Fractured divisions advocated by a system,
Feeding on comsumption...
That has invested on providing more variety,
As a main priority...
To leave its people in positions of weakness,
Soon depletes a supply that quickly diminishes.
And with demands that a way of life now too expensive,
Returns to a strength allowed to be cheapened.
Makes not once bit of sense,
If a cheapness that has fed on a weakness promoted,
Reflects an absence of discipline or a respect there to get.
When fractured divisions have been made the focus,
High expectations become as foolish as the pointlessness...
Of it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fragments Of Solid Stone

Assumptions understood,
Hampers an understanding one demands.
Clarity misted in foggy speech...
Makes less sense,
When passed from first
To second hand.

How to keep integrity protected,
When it is infected with flaws?
How can statements be respected...
When truth is kept behind shut jaws?

Not a shred of honesty seeps,
When one seeks to appease...
With a purpose to awe!

Assumptions understood,
Hampers an understanding one demands.
Clarity misted in foggy speech...
Makes less sense,
When passed from first
To second hand.

And taking a stand,
To reveal realities be known...
May be tossed about like pieces of plastic,
To convince distractions of the masses,
These are fragments of solid stone!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fragments Picked To Bits

Fragments picked to bits,
Leave bits of fragments picked...
With a wish when witnessed,
Those fragments picked to bits...
Had more potential when left to sit,
Alone.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fragrance Of Your Closeness

I want so much to know you.
So much of you I crave to taste.
Your eyes and mouth within my touch..
The fragrance of your closeness,
When we are face to face...

Keeps that image so alive in me,
You have my mind pacing
In a space that feels so great!
Waiting and anticipating,
Each other's fate.

I want so much to know you.
And I wish that time was near.
I feel as if we can be part of each other...
You would know that if you were here.
You would know that if you were here to hold me.
You would know my feelings are true and sincere!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Frank And Bluntness

Why do you insist,
On having me confront...
Your frank and bluntness.

'That is entirely of your doing.
That has to be 'your' wish...
AND selected point of view.

Since I've said very little,
Or anything at all...
About your freaking pretentiousness.

And there is less of me,
Represented here...
Than appears to be the more of you.

I was invited like a few...
To be recruited just like you.
But I'm not feeling up to par.
Although I will have a drink or two,
Provided by the open bar.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Frantic

Some believe redundancy,
Makes a point that sticks.
While others are getting sick of repeatedness...
And they've decided not to listen,
To any of it!

Shifting from fear to panic driven fits...
Frantic describes it all!
Hopefully an appointed committee will agree,
An overhaul is needed...
For assigned wakeup calls!

And everyone appearing at the meeting will be clear,
As to how they arrived...
At one place with opened eyes,
And who should be the one they perceive,
To be annointed to take the blame
For instigating something that works,
Finally!
Once and...for all!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Franticness

Wouldn't you know it?
After years of saying,
What was then occurring...
Comes to light and panics,
With such a franticness.

And all that disturbs has been there to see.
But many who were sleeping,
Chose to believe the decay would leave.
The same decay now that prevents them to breathe.

And wouldn't you know it?
After years of saying,
What was then occurring...
People have the nerve to question,
The accountability of those accused...
For not making them listen.
Even though they fought against,
Being awakened to pay attention!

'Excuse me?
And 'why' is it too late to play catch up?
I demand a full explanation!
I KNOW my rights.
And I will stay where I am,
Until I am satisfied my way of life returns.'

Just to ensure we are on the same page.
Are you familiar with the definition of crazed?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fraternity Of 'separatists'

House and Senate Democrats.
Conservative Republicans...
In divisions,
With their liberal chats.

Left wingers despising the right!
As they all fight to support,
Their pork projects to protect.
Inspite of an economic blight!

And all these 'representatives'
Elected by the people...
Seem to have forgotten,
Whose needs they should project!

And this fraternity of 'separatists'
Have done nothing but neglect...
And disrespected an ailing unitedness,
That has drifted into splits.

Thank God someone on the scene,
Is making attempts to lead these 'fiends'.
To restore what true leadership to them all,
Should mean!
With a hope to update...
These antiquated visions!

As time is not awaiting to debate...
For no one to decide whose pride,
Will be left to stand boosted with a lustre!
To intiate a round of applause.
Those moments of grandeur,
And causes for those eruptions...
Have long since passed.

The people on the streets...
Want to eat and shelter themselves.
Regardless of who maneuvers,
For manicured photo ops!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fraud

Why do I call you a fraud?
Everything you say and claim you are...
Has remained on your lips.
And from there your actions,
Has produced little evidence.
Movement with action,
Usually requires less description of it.
Unless,
Of course...
This too is in the planning stage.
And you are waiting for this to mellow with age?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fraudulent

While they've been hating with their venom,
They've been fraudulent.
With pretensions they've been imminently,
Fraudulent.
Cheating and deceiving...
They've been fraudulent.

As they greased their palms....
Showing public charms.

Dissecting innocence and being,
Fraudulent.
Thieving with intent and keeping,
Fraudulent.

People can't believe who lead,
Are fraudulent

Be they young or old,
They've sold their souls.

Mentally the most of them,
Are fraudulent.

Evil and wicked...
They are fraudulent!

Sneakng in the dark,
They are fraudulent.
And tearing things apart.
While they rip out people's hearts!

With pretensions they've been imminently,
Fraudulent.
Cheating and deceiving...
They've been fraudulent.

Like snakes in the grass...
Greed is their task.

And tearing things apart.
While they rip out people's hearts!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Frayed Patches

Aging to soil frayed patches,
On an elaborate fabric.
Noticed with its fading diversity,
Unravelling from an attachment...
Once had to a tattered quilt.
Has had many come and go in the past,
With hopes their wishes and assistance...
Given.
Would one day complete,
A witnessed restoration.

But...
For whatever the reasons submitted,
The patches on the fabric...
To show an examined diversity,
Was left abandoned to lose its value.
With a leaving from memories,
The importance attached to an established...
Yet left to tatter its significance once had,
On a quilt that has come to pass...
As just another,
Rag.

Gone from minds are those adored times,
When they were affixed.
With pride to share their cultures and identities.
From other shores to prioritize the 'why'...
They were much stronger together unified.
Before they were taught,
How to divide into divisions.
Allowing the representation of their patches,
On a quilt attached...
To become frayed. Worthless and ignored.

Now...
They sit,
With only conflicts inflicted to visit.
To believe the doing of this leaves them,
A benefit to value without their existence.

An existence fantasized never to realize.
And leaving behind an exhibit of kept to keep,
An invested infested manifestation of ignorance.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Freak

There is more than just a'little'
Freak in me.
And I ain't trying to hide none of it,
For rumors or gossip mongers...
To whisper behind my back,
To feel my character they can attack!

I want it known!
Yes I do.
Every dropp of freak you see...
Has been perfected and rehearsed,
With every nuance of it complete.

So if I am not as 'freaky'...
As the freak I choose to be?
I am still a work in progress.
And my freakness will not rest...
Until it's the freshest freakness you can get!
And on 'that'...
You can bet!

Do not 'think' my freakness,
Came to be what it is...
Without much effort!

'This is a 'production', baby! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Free From A Deluded Need

Too serious I've become,
With a different point of view.
Too serious,
And...
Too complexed.
With my eyes free of clouds.
Following a Sun,
That has etched with clarity...
A connection that corrects.

I have no wish to satisfy,
Misunderstandings I have left.
I have no wish to revisit,
Repeated regrets.

Too serious I've become,
With a different point of view.
Too serious,
And...
Too complexed.
With my eyes free of clouds.
Following a Sun,
That has etched with clarity...
A connection that corrects.

And clarity is what I seek,
On a path to become...
The very best I can be!

And with clarity I am free,
From a deluded need...
To impress!

Free from a deluded need,
To address pretentions.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Free From Any Involvement

Life comes to present to us all,
Losses to accept to eventually let go.
Even though lamented sentiments,
Are difficult to experience...
Without, somehow, letting them show.

Life comes with it a price to pay as well.
And for some this doing seems a daily process.
With lessons to dismiss,
Or just ignore them to not benefit.
To continue to resist as tears from eyes drop.

And still people live as if indifferent,
To what it is they condone and permit to not stop.
With a pretense to have no acknowledgement.
Although appearing at their doors,
Are imprints of their muddied footsteps galore.

'Who is coming to help us resolve 'our' problems,
To allow us to be free from any involvement? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Free Me From Your Teases, Please

Free me from your teases, please.
No longer can I hide inside,
That exposed exterior side I show.

You are chipping away at it.
And I'm noticing how I can not resist.
Something you do keeps me anticipating...
A boost of the 'giddy'
That begins to reveal my insecurities.
Stop it and dropp this teasing done to me!

Free me from your teases, please.
You make me uncomfortable.
And I know this you can see.

I can not look you straight in your eyes.
You're doing something to me,
And I am caught by surprise.
Why have you picked me to do this to?
I am not a piece of putty,
Or wish to you to be glued!

Free me from your teases, please.
I will not be your next choice,
To play the fool for you.
Unless you give me a sign or a clue...
You are serious to pursue,
The depths of my lust!
And how you and I can keep that thrusting!
On a daily basis with touches we trust...
Belong to just us!

I can be discreetly sleazy.
Expect that to please...
And end your teases to meet your needs.
I can and will deliver.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Free Membership

How deeply fixed are your transgressions?
Is that slide you took,
Looking to hold onto a lifestyle of possessions...
Impressing enough?
Have you come close to confessing,
Just how low you will go?
Before your bittersweet taste to maintain a waste,
Of things begin to slow the urge...
To splurge more on common sense?
If it has not been completely shattered!

How deeply fixed are your transgressions?
Remember that pride you once flaunted?
You are close to seeking to pawn it.
For a few dollars...
And a pain no longer seeking to be convinced.

A dignity and pride has gone!
And you had been the one,
To pass judgements on others!
Feeling gossip was a delight...
To help you brighten all of your 'tomorrows'.
You felt so right and privileged.
It showed on your moistened lips.

However...
A despair you feel severely now...
Comes to dampen your 'Gucci'-ed steps!
Your ego is soaking wet!
And your pulchritude has found regret.
An upsetting remorse has come to visit.
You witness it...
Unload an unexpected baggage full of issues.
Don't fret!
Join the club.
A free membership dismisses segregation!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Free Of Clutter

One who finds they have found,
A silenced mind free of clutter...
Isn't seeking for anything missed.
That which is reminisced to do,
Purposely...
Comes to make quick visits to leave.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Free Of Deception

'We find your comments,
Offensive, demeaning and disrespectful.'

Which comments?

'The ones that are honest,
Direct, free of deception or a shown bias.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Free Of Disguises

Difficult it is to be adult and face life,
In environments in which the doing of it...
Becomes perceived as an opposition,
Against those fantasized with fed and kept...
Honored delusions tied to beliefs religiously.

Recruited are mindsets restricted to childishness,
With a sustained effectiveness...
That entertains with benefits the ones gaining,
To profit by providing exits and escapades...
Validating with approval a running away from accountabililty.

And it has become okay to disrespect and neglect,
One's own responsibilities.
As is evident today the ones who seem to be unafraid,
To offend those who choose...
Denial to excuse what it is they intentionally do to others.

Difficult it is to be adult and face life,
In environments in which the doing of it...
Becomes perceived as an opposition,
Against those fantasized with fed and kept...
Honored delusions tied to beliefs religiously.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Free Of Imitation

It's not ironic that I'm simple.
And prefer simplicity.
I've found a basicness that's easy.
And it suits me beautifully.

I use to be the one to introject,
My intellect and will.
Feeling if I addressed impressions...
I would also prove my skills.

But I was just like everybody,
Wishing 'somebody' to be.
Free of imitation...
Yet involved in situations.

I was just like everybody,
Wishing 'somebody' to be.
Free of imitation...
Yet involved in situations,
Like a need.

It's not ironic that I'm simple.
And prefer simplicity.
I've found a basicness that's easy.
And it suits me beautifully.

I was just like everybody,
Wishing 'somebody' to be.
Free of imitation...
Yet involved in situations.

I was just like everybody,
Wishing 'somebody' to be.
Free of imitation...
Yet involved in situations,
Like a need.

I was just like everybody,
Wishing 'somebody' to be..

And with that need.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Free Of Lip

The ones who are quick to assume,
Can be counted upon to initiate rumors.
And don't ask twice,
From them to give opinion.
Or listen to their advice.
The giving of it already comes unsolicited.

If familiy members become confused,
And neighbors are found spreading...
News untrue,
Head for the ones...
With their mouths on ears.
Stuck to them like teeth to chewing gum.

And those ears choosing to stayed glued,
To the ones who are free of lip...
Prefabricating fresh gossip,
Soon will discover...
Who has been making daily deposits,
To aid to all of their misunderstandings and confusion.

The ones who are quick to assume,
Can be counted upon to initiate rumors.
And don't ask twice,
From them to give opinion.
Or listen to their advice.
The giving of it already comes unsolicited.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Free Of Radical Toxins

If understandings are kept basic,
And elementary...
Most would easily comprehend,
That which is misunderstood.
Leaving those who love to complicate issues...
In a collective indecisive and incompetent,
Blatant area to dismiss.

'We are passing through the area of 'intellectuals'.
Please adorn quickly your safety masks.
There will be no other warnings! '

Isolated!
And there to fight amongst themselves...
As to the degree of their 'superiority',
At the taxpayer's expense.
This alone would generate billions,
To replenish a sickened economy.
As if on exhibit to attract the interested.

And the thickening air of stagnation...
Once diminished by pompous stench,
Would become salvaged and cleansed.
Producing an atmosphere free of radical toxins.
No matter from what prestigious schools,
They've been classified as degreed!
The air and quality of it...
Would again be manure free.
Or at least the smell of it would not exist.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Free Of Treachery

Let them protect their ills.
Let them slide down the hills.
Let them do whatever they please.
As long as they do it quickly,
And leave!
To let the releasing of peace increase.
And then we 'will' all be removed from deceit!
Free of treachery, dishonesty...
And mental disease!
That has brought humanity to its knees!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Free People

Some may admit they wish another lover.
Although they've suffered and have since recovered.
Some may admit they wish another lover.
And many underestimate the cost,
The feeling of a loss.

Free people weep alone when undercovers,
Wanting to be held.
Free people weep alone when they discover,
Moaning known too well.
Free people weep alone when undercovers,
Wanting to be held...
Inside when they hide alone,
And there all by themselves.

Some may admit they wish another lover,
But they really don't.
They miss the suffering and being smothered,
By somebody known.
And just to have another troubled lover,
There to condone...
Isn't worth the heartache or the tears that are shown.

Free people weep alone when undercovers,
Wanting to be held.
Free people weep alone when they discover,
Moaning known too well.
Free people weep alone when undercovers,
Wanting to be held...
Inside when they hide alone,
And there all by themselves.

Free people weep alone when undercovers,
Wanting to be held.
Free people weep alone when they discover,
Moaning known too well.
Free people weep alone when undercovers,
Wanting to be held...
Inside when they hide alone,

And there all by themselves.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Free Round Trip Tickets

Those in search and seeking explanations,
For hints or clues as to what is going on today.
Are in need of one thing...
Free round trip tickets,
To their favorite amusement park.
With accomodations for two.
And one is required to be a licensed,
Psychiatrist.

'Why are you so sarcastic about this? '

I once had visions.
That came as I slept or kept awake.
They would not go away.
Something inside me said,
'You have the gift of a psychiatrist.
You need to get inside people's heads.
That's where your fortunes lay.'

But I chose to get on people's nerves,
Instead.
And I could have made a fortune doing 'both'.
Who knew it?
I blew it!

Always listen to those inner voices.
That is the best advice today I can give.
However...
Do not make public your arguments.
Being hauled away and locked up,
Could happen.
And this is what one confined will dread.

Unless...
One is at that amusement park,
And accompanied by someone...
Loving the multiple conversations conducted,
In and out of one's bed.
And affording every bit of the expense of it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Free Speech

Free speech?
You neither have that...
Inside or near,
The boundaries...
Where you believe,
What you say and do is okay.
Especially if it effects,
The placement of my footsteps.

When your free speech,
Begins to tamper with my peace?
You may be free to protest about it...
For as long as you like.
But not in my backyard.
From here you can take a hike.

Since not a penny of tax,
Have you paid...
To cross my path or threshold,
To express your opinions...
About how it is I live my life.
With your aggressive impressions.

Is that understood?
I hope so.
You have no freedom here to do as you please.
I am not from that generation!
Unless you want to experience my freedom,
To give you a taste of my interpretation.
And when I feel threatened,
That's the only freedom here that exists.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Free Tickets

One never knows when history has been made.
Until it is discovered,
There has been an intention to prevent it.
And a truth manipulated has been replaced,
With attempts to erase it completely.

People making false claims,
Have been found to conceal...
Who first opened the doors to them,
Before they entered and began to steal.
And these same people peach to have it believed,
They created organizations and foundations successfully.

With a giving away of free tickets to sit in seats,
They want it shown to be known...
How the doing expresses an unquestioned generousity.
They want it known in urban places,
Where corporate funding they get...
What they do for the people who from them benefit.

Yet the people in these places who should be upset,
Are unconscious they've been used...
By those who have lied to fill their own pockets,
To achieve acclaim and fame to not name...
The ones to be forgotten who had started it all,
But nowhere are they mentioned within celebrated walls.

'Isn't it wonderful what they are doing for 'us'? '

~Trust me.
More for you they could do,
If you knew who they screwed over...
To leave you sitting shoulder to shoulder,
In belief a getting your free tickets to sit...
Comes from their heart to provide you the experience.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Free To Be Filthy

No regard or sign of respect.
Raised on material values...
And ideals they neglect.
Just for a dollar,
They have turned the world into a mess.
Free to be filthy.
And a scum achieved...
Has been their best effort yet!

Mongers of hate...
With absence of thought!
Taught by a society,
Seeped in delusions brought!
And yet they believe their lifestyles appeal!
As they trash humanity,
With an allowed zest and zeal!

Creeps and leechers...
Seeking attention they get!
Representing sleaze,
As a determined conquest!
And those who wished...
At a time,
To correct all of this...
Watch as bystanders,
Stepping over to avoid
All the crap that exists.
Others seem consciously accepting,
And so quick to digest...
Disgusting appearances,
With a filth nourished without protest!

And this diseased way of life...
Spreads like an uncurable cancer.
No opponent in battle is winning this fight!
Mindsets have been condoned,
To avoid any insight!
Fed on destruction.
To eliminate the good,

From lives no one wants to live as it should.
And 'threatened' by all,
That living right might ignite...
In goodwill, peace and brotherhood,
Feeding on this appetite.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Free To Breathe

Free to breathe.
Slow in comfort.
And done with ease.
Is such a peaceful opportunity.
And one who takes,
Advantage of it...
Doesn't wish from it to leave.

Sitting and away,
From traffic lights...
To hush a rush and welcome,
Silence.
Is a gift to know it found.
Undisturbed is that sound.
Deep and free to breathe.
Released,
From the hustle of being...
Hasseled strapped and shackled,
To a fast paced way of life.
Until...
One is free to breathe.
Slowly and with an ease.
Away and what is suppose to be,
Progress.
So many caught up in it,
Wish.
But reluctantly regret,
Its association to madness.
Sadness and unhappiness.
With no time to find free.

One who takes advantage of it,

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Free To Deeply Breathe, Again

On my way to feeling lost and blue...
I remembered what you said,
About inviting dread.

And I found myself standing,
By a closed window.
Prepared to open it...
For a breath of fresh air.

And there with the air to flow,
I let go of my held grief.
And there with the air to flow,
I felt free to deeply breathe,
Again!

And on this day to you I say,
You are the reason I have chosen happiness.
You are the reason I gave myself to love again!
A love within me I thought I knew.
But it was kept inside of me...
Not allowing it to grow as I believed I grew!

On my way to feeling lost and blue...
I remembered what you said,
About inviting dread.

And I found myself standing,
By a closed window.
Prepared to open it...
For a breath of fresh air.
And as I stood there...
I felt free to deeply breathe,
Again!
To love and do it without fear,
Again!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Free To Imagine

The wizard spends no time to drift,
Between those antagonistic with wishes...
To monitor the new touches of their wickedness.

The wizard only exists to uplift and reveal,
Probable possibilities with innovation and zeal...
To invest with an arresting of those free to imagine.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Free To Liquor Up And Pray

They've joked themselves
Right into remoteness.
Mintrels of salvation conditioned...
And prepared to say 'cheese'
With the guaranteed backing,
Of an appropriate missionary squeeze.
Promoted to angelic heights...
They have become addicted to and love!
Hoping one day they too will be declared saints,
For a display of good behavior...
Exquisite manners and pristine etiquette!
Wishing to be considered good children,
For the rest of their lives!

That needed 'fix' keeps them affixed
To the crucifix as if their sacrifices
Are ones to be praised.
These actions keep them crazed...
And so entertaining!

In pews praying to be released,
From their own demonic fears applied.
As they request for a more repetitiousness,
To hear Lucifer's name proclaimed from the pulpits!
By ordained and orthodox pimps!
Or whoever adorns a mask representing...
A disguised lust,
Probing the congregation for a mid-week tryst!
'You can handle your sins my brothers and sisters.
Like I fondle my own.
For I too have sinned...
But don't keep those tithes from coming in!
Remember...
The more you give,
The more you will be deceived! '

Shouldn't that be 'received? ',
Reverand Hoodwinker?

'You get my drift!
Just fill my pockets with your love!
That's all I ask! '

And this has kept them insignificant.
With minds stripped and powerless.
Desposited into divine images of ludicrous concepts.

'He's got a new CD out you know? '

Who? Reverand Hoodwinker?

'Ludicrous! I'm one of his biggest fans! '

Stunted they all are...
Between what 'is' real and what does not exist!
This has easily made them their own worse enemies.
Even gathering to march to 'Zion' to denounce injustices!

'We're marching to Zion!
Beautiful, beautful Zion!
We're marching upward to Zion...
That beautiful city of God! '

Hey...
I 'thought' we were Baptists?

'Well,
Zionistically speaking!
Silence...
Keep all heads bowed! '

What has been employed...
Will keep them totally worthless to anyone!
And they will be free to liquor up and pray,
As much as they wish!
To induce uplifting 'spirits'.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Free To See Beyond Limitation

To be free to see beyond limitation,
Would be a welcomed transformation for anyone.
That is idealistic.
But as I grow older,
I become more accepting of those who choose to remain,
Living within boundaries.
If I had not...
An ego I could not have dropped!
I would be there within boundaries,
Seeking to fit into a conformity unrecognizeable.
And yet effective.
To keep me contained and less reflective.
Within a maze.
For purposes to leave those dazed...
By their own inflicted amazements!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Free Yourself And Let It Go

Deflated ego?

You think I say the things I do to you,
To deflate your ego?
I am hoping my assistance,
Helps you get rid of it.
And seeing no benefit in being limited.
And that's what your ego has done!
Made you believe you are number one.
And everything you do is correct.
Without a self examination...
Needed to allow you to live your best yet.

Deflated ego?

I may say some things to you that upsets.
I may even criticize something you do,
You accept as your best.
I might even attempt to strip,
That façade you charade.
Since it's your ego that has you 'tripped'...
When you see it for what it is,
You will realize your greatness has nothing to do with it.
In fact it is keeping you,
Inflated with bs and other nonsense.

Deflate your ego?
You think I do that,
From a threat I feel.
To diminish you in some way...
So I would have a greater appeal?
And deflating your ego would give me thrills?

You need to free yourself and let it go.
If you believe that keeping it,
Inspires a greater you with heights to reach!

Free yourself and let it go.
That ego you've got stunts your growth!

Free yourself and let it go.
That ego you've got stunts your growth!

Free yourself and let it go.
That ego you've got stunts your growth!
Stunts your growth!
Stunts your growth!

That ego you've got stunts your growth!
Stunts your growth!
Stunts your growth!

That ego you've got stunts your growth!
Stunts your growth!
Stunts your growth!

That ego you've got stunts your growth!
Stunts your growth!
Stunts your growth!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Free Yourself...And Breathe

Think from that place.
Be in that space.
Make it yours...
And breathe.

Free all your doubts.
Toss your troubles out.
Open your windows...
Sniff the air,
And breathe.

Procrastinate.
It's not too late...
To free yourself.

Free yourself...
And breathe.

Think from that place.
Be in that space.
Make it yours...
And breathe.

Procrastinate.
It's not too late...
To free yourself.
Be yourself...
And breathe.
Be yourself...
Free yourself...
And breathe.

Free yourself...
And breathe.

It's not too late.
Be in that space.
Make it yours...
And breathe.

It's not too late.
Be in that space.
Make it yours...
And breathe.

Procrastinate.
Is not your fate.

Free yourself...
And breathe.

Procrastinate.
Is not your fate.

Free yourself...
And breathe.

Free yourself...
And breathe.

Free yourself...
And breathe.

Free yourself...
And breathe.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Free! And Eons Away

What would leave,
'Anyone' suspecting.
Or left to suggest,
Their opinions shared with others...
To perceive,
Someone discussed...
Who has survived being hospitalized,
At least three of four times...
Healing from life threatening diseases.
Done to do to remain the same.
With a mind not to change.

Or expect someone who has been quarantined,
Six weeks treated like an ostracized leper.
To never forget obscene comments,
Meant to direct personally.
Would be left unaffected by the experience of it.
With it realized others living their lives,
Of effective selfishness continue to assume...
Some cherries picked have pits.
And some grapes chewed are seedless.

There are many people choosing to live like this.
However...
To live with an awareness one has not chosen,
A reality known becomes completely stripped...
Free! And eons away,
From a pettiness that stays in minds to recycle.
In a deceptive reception of an accepted reality.
Deluded at best to keep this mindset kept.

Yet...
That one who arrives to a higher consciousness,
Leaves behind to ignore...
Those remaining the same to explore the mundane.

Note:
Aeon or eon.
A very large division of geologic time,

Equal to one billion years.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Freed By A Clarity

Some live to impress...
While others live to express.
Those digesting that which is confessed,
Find themselves on paths paved with concrete!
Although the way ahead may be dusty...
A trust isn't kicked away,
Once frustrations have been freed
By a clarity that stays,
On a journey taken...
With a confidence that has a purpose,
And a determination that does not stray!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Freed From Lieing

When people can not handle honesty,
Or periodic self examination...
The meaning or definition of discipline,
Will be as foreign to them as being freed from lieing.
And not having the ability to create new excuses.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Freed Of All Costumes Worn

How out in the open,
Can an out in the open get?
When those in masquerade,
Can be identify by...
Well,
A masquerading.

And those parading their charades,
Are obvious enough to solicit a snoring...
From those bored.

And those bored ignore to the point...
They rather walk away than to play anymore.

How out in the open,
Can an out in the open get?
Before the screaming is heard from those...
That a clarity of reality,
Has been freed of all costumes worn.

'Will you please stop singing,
'Send In The Clowns'?
Don't bother...
They're here! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Freed Of Most Addictions

My time will not be wasted,
By a dispersing attempted through your rhetoric.
My genes are not compose to be,
In a receivership of it.

My mind has been freed of most addictions.
Although I remain in conference with nicotine.
And I've ridden wild horses determined to throw me off.
But there I stayed to learn lessons.
Some of which were extremely painful and mean.

My time will not be wasted,
By a dispersing attempted through your rhetoric.
My genes are not compose to be,
In a receivership of it.

And none of it no matter how slick,
Is even welcomed here to make a quick visit.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Freed Of The Thought Of Foreclosure

Look...
It is what it is!
When did you begin,
To acknowledge that fact?
When did you begin,
To focus your sights on that?

If things are seen as whacked.
And way off track.
It is what it is!
Perhaps for you,
All of this has been a quiz!
You just didn't want to see it,
As it is.

You wished to see it,
As an affliction affecting...
Others you were taught to detest.
Now that 'mess' you ignored...
Has come to lay upon your own doorstep,
To comfortably rest.

Look...
It is what it is!
When did you begin,
To acknowledge that fact?
When did you begin,
To believe your ideals were being attacked?

Now you find yourself sleeping with a weapon.
Feeling safe and secured.
Keeping sure you are protected...
In a neighborhood free of enemies.
Enduring agonies.
Knowing you can not trust who lives next door!
Who's life are you living?
And what is your life lived for?
When you just might kill yourself...
To escape from your own safety zone!

Freed of the thought of foreclosure.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Freed Of Unnecessary Suffering

You decided you wanted your life the way it is!
Not me.
Remember...
I'm the one you said didn't know a thing about life!
And you were right!

That's why I have chosen to leave you and yours alone.
To live my own.
From afar!
With a condoning done,
That is freed of unnecessary suffering that might offend you.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Freed To Be Enslaved

Freed to be enslaved.
But without chains or whips.
Just by a deepening credit,
With more debts...
Permitted.
And is enough to wish,
For...
That glad to be back 'home' feeling.
To thirst another purchase,
Regardless of those bouncing checks...
And the following of such remorse one gets.

Remember it?
When that first credit card came,
To make easy the tightening of bolts...
Slowly squeezing in the addicted need,
To have and to get...
Those 'things' to own to yet bring regrets.

What one buys to see get broken,
Seems to be a lost expense...
That makes no sense.
What one buys to see get broken,
Again?
Begins dim eyes to open and wide...
When what one buys,
Starts to no longer satisfy alibis to make.

And the hunger is for more.
A hunger not to end what is craved 'everyday'.
Coming to ignite sparks to start an appetite,
Increasing with each tease.
And...
Tormented with a kept yearning,
Of a want with a wish to dig consciously deeper...
In a hole,
Even further in debt to get.

Freed to be enslaved.

But without chains or whips.
Just by a deepening credit,
With more debts...
Permitted.
And is enough to wish,
For...
A life to live not to impress,
But kept..
Loved to live and with a lot less.

Freed to be enslaved.
But without chains or whips.
Is not a life blessed with a getting,
But a seduction that abuses!
Yet so few refuse the pain,
To maintain it felt for that next 'fix' to feed.

Freed to be enslaved.
But without chains or whips.
Is not a life blessed with a getting,
But a seduction kept abused!
Yet so few refuse the pain of it they get.,
To maintain it felt for that 'fix' to feed.

I am...
Freed to be enslaved.
And you...
Are freed to be enslaved.
Together,
You and me...
Enslaved until we reach the grave.

Freed to be enslaved.
With a wanting meant to yearn.
We are...
Freed to be enslaved.
With a wanting meant to crave,
Whatever is savored for the day...
We are,
Freed...
To be enslaved.
We are,

Freed...
And yet enslaved!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Freed To See Others Not As Equals

There are times I'd like to confess,
My wish to address those professed...
To be selected 'blessed and highly favored' folks.
The ones who set themselves aside,
As having more knowledge to know...
How to live their lives as The Almighty has decided.
As an excuse to live their lives,
Isolated and divided.

Everyone living is a work-in-progress.
No one lives perfectly in a world beset with temptations.
Struggling to survive these days is an everyday test.
And to claim to be favored from the rest who are tested,
Is the height of a self centeredness...
One believes is freed to see others not as equals.
But as those who 'sin' doing things they pretend,
Separates them with an advantage to pass their judgements.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Freedom

Freedom,
Should be accepted as a given.
Freedom,
Shouldn't be a thing done to bid.
Freedom,
Should be lived without sorrow.
Freedom,
Shouldn't be split into bits.

Freedom,
Should be accepted as a given.
Freedom,
Shouldn't be a thing done to bid.
Freedom,
Should be lived without sorrow.
Freedom,
Shouldn't be split into bits.

Freedom,
Shouldn't be a thing that's debated.
Freedom,
Should be more appreciated.
Freedom,
Shouldn't have some eliminated...
From it being done everyday.
But,
Some think of freedom as a ticket.
And,
Some think they give it as a gift.
Yet,
Freedom is a given to living...
To anyone livng given life to live!

Freedom,
Shouldn't be hidden from the living.
Freedom,
Should be accepted as a given.
Freedom,
Shouldn't be taxed to the max.

Or...
Thought to take from those attacked.

Freedom,
Shouldn't be a thing that's debated.
Freedom,
Should be more appreciated.
Freedom,
Shouldn't have some eliminated...
From it being done everyday.

Freedom,
Should be accepted as a given.
Freedom,
Shouldn't be a thing done to bid.
Freedom,
Should be lived without sorrow.
Freedom,
Shouldn't be split into bits.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Freedom And Right To Enjoy Life

Shallow are those joys bought on good credit.
And gifts expected to remain treasured forever.
That just does not happen...
When temptations tease to release,
Greed from us.
To toss about a tantrum or two,
Thrown to hook a guilty conscious.
And how can we teach children to be patient,
To receive a success for hard work applied?
When adults are observed crying daily...
About 'things' they can not buy to satisfy,
Whims they don't need but believe they can afford!
Everyone ignores the freedom and right to enjoy life.
It is always someone else's fault why they can not buy it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Freedom Of Speech

A freedom of speech...
Is generally upheld by those,
Who are not offended or opposed...
To either printed or expressed content.
And always they are in control of the editing,
Of others they refuse an equal point of view.

To say that one has a freedom of speech...
Is governed by those who create such laws.
In a democracy that has its flaws.
And excuse what they do to undermine others...
Who do not control the medium used,
That extends such 'freedoms'...
To those affected by the abuse of degradations.

Or can affect public opinion!
Nor manifest a protest in defense,
By character assassination...
Defamation and its effectiveness!

And those who protect such expressions...
As freedoms they select,
Are the ones who do their best...
To address what they do by means of indirectness.
Or through an accepted comedic ignorance,
Vocalized by an apologetic edit.
But the image remains just as blemished.

Even though a language preferred,
Has a high degree of illiteracy!
But a picture,
However...
Paints more than just words to unnerve.
And in the doing...
What laws are broken,
If no one is screwing?

And what would be those limits...
To pictorials recreating despicable images!

If they reflect a society demented.
And on a decline that is being documented.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Freedom We Have To Breathe

Freedom we have to breathe.
And still with this given,
As a gift one is blessed to get...
So many believe themselves entitled,
To receive assistance.
With benefits to claim,
Does not achieve adequate...
Nor desired expectations.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Freedoms Now Enjoyed

They wish for him not to win.
They say with him,
The government would rule,
Every aspect of our lives.
They say with him,
The government would end...
Freedoms now enjoyed!

Which of those 'freedoms' now enjoyed,
Are not taxed by the government?
With or without him winning!

Unless they speak of the breath,
We now breathe.
Increasingly polluted.
With no decrease of greed that feeds it.
And he who runs to end this need...
They say he is without experience to lead!
Although an hypocriscy keeps them bleeding.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Freelanced Interpretations

So uncomfortable they are!
In their own skins.
So uncomfortable you wouldn't know it.

But listen to them passing judgement.
Listen to them quote scripture.
And begin to give their freelanced interpretations.

Listen to them denounce the lives of others.
And their choices made.
Then listen to them smugly admit,
In high self satisfied indulgence...
What they will or will not do...'IF'
The situation called for their 'qualified'
Decision making techniques!
Of course found common...
On accepted garbaged and trashed piled streets.

And...
'If' a choice made was not taken upon their advice?
How dare
Should that 'someone'
Have that much independence?
And it will be mentioned...
Until forgiveness is begged!

Then...
These sheltered from reality 'predictables',
Pronounce an undying love and closeness to God!
Enough to turn a listener's stomach!
If an excuse hasn't already been made earlier to leave!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Freeze

You don't have to give me a cold shoulder...
To discourage my advances,
Or lower the rise in my pants that exist.
You could freeze and I'd be still there...
Wishing to know what flavor you were,
If I got to lick you!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Frequently Heard Complaining

If the same people are frequently heard complaining,
About being chased away from those places they go...
On a daily basis to show their faces,
What is it that they obvious love the most?
Complaining or being chased?

And who are they with addictions to witness this?
Those not offering or suggesting alternatives?
Or are they all awaiting to entertain a fix...
Needed to validate their exchange of gossip.
Done everyday to inflict a guaranteed nonsense?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fresh Air And Clear Sunsets

I am the happiest,
Near you stripped.
Bare and naked,
With love exchanged from our lips.

I feel real joyous,
As if you are the prize.
Or a special gift...
Here in the midst,
We share.

Fresh air and clear Sunsets,
There appearing in your eyes.
And I love the dance I see...
Twinkling back at me like stars.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fresh Air Missed

The hold of self defeating leaves,
When one decides a routine should go.
To escape from a place that offers no growth.

And when the excitement of living a life,
Begins to stale...
One should not prevail in that which fails.

A door that stays shut,
Supported by hinges that rust...
Needs only to be opened,
Just once.

Fresh air missed,
To breathe in again...
Can addict.
If one decides,
To experience being in it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fresh As If New

When a love is given keep it,
On your mind.
All the time.
When a love is given keep it,
Protected where it's kept.
To never neglect.
When a love is given keep it,
Willing to share.
And to show it is there,
Fresh...
As if new.

Everyday,
There's somebody who says...
They've been hurt by another.
Who left their love for someone other.

And everyday,
There's somebody who says...
Love is not for them.
It's for them a disappointment.

It's everyday,
Love is more abused.
Leaving more confused.
Feeling they've been used.

And on display,
Cold shoulders shown are known.
By people who don't claim love,
To have it to own or alone condone.

When a love is given keep it,
Fresh as if new.
And left to be viewed,
By others doubting love.

When a love is given keep it,
Fresh as if new.

And left to be viewed,
By others doubting love.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fresh Baby's Breath

The boldest moves to take,
Are those one makes...
To shake away from the past.
And divorcing from it quick!

The faster that is done,
An invited switch for a new beginning comes.
And a space that can be cleared to place...
The floral arrangement,
Of fresh baby's breath arriving.

A reminder...
For the one who commits.
With an intention,
For this kind of 'marriage' to last!
And welcoming the birth of it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fresh Blood

Now confessions have been professed.
After heartbreaks have occurred,
And many needless deaths...
Have been left to upset!

Now...
Confessions have been professed,
But why not before?
Before a book has been written?
And before the media is contacted?
To get one publicity and press...
Before a book release,
With a promise of lucrative sells to impress.

Fresh blood is on the table!
Fresh blood is there!
But not to clear a consciousness.
Of 'that' you can bet.
One of morals and consciousness,
Had never expressed that at all,
To be intially something they had...
To have others believe and made aware!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fresh Cock

No one exploited the evening.
No one dared to declare
The host as boring
As any snoring conversation can get.
Even the hors d'oeuvres seemed to beg for escape.
Faster than the 'help' could deliver them.
They were deliciously placed...
On silver platters that held homemade doilies!
And dipped to taste in minted sauce.
The better half of 'Mister Excitement' had made.
Even the chambermaids made an appearance,
To check for life by feather dusting!
And this was to be the highlight,
Until some drunkened and delusional socialite exclaimed...
'May I have a fresh cock here please! '
And all the men rushed to her aid.
As the butler squeezed a bit of lime to deliver,
To this minx!
'As you like, madam!
One fresh...cocktail.'
And she sipped and wiggled her way through,
Stiffened embarrassments!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fresh Crop From A Premium Stock

Viciously they fight themselves.
As if these attacks,
Will bring back a lack of integrity.
Or erase the affects of their greed.
Again and again...
Truth exposes their misdeeds.
And again and again,
They attempt to hide their sins!
But for how long can this go on...
When the light of honesty,
Brightly exposes the darkness...
That is being lifted away from them.
Showing none familiar or experienced,
To keep this effect dimmed!
Catastrophic is their drop.
A consciousness of this wont stop!
A fresh crop from a premium stock,
Is being harvested!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fresh Debt Offerings

Yes...
My credit is bad.
It has been for a long time.
But guess what?
Even though I didn't start that trend...
I now feel more American and patriotic than ever!
My credit has been bad for so long...
It has become good with fresh debt offerings!
Visa and Mastercards with applications sent.
With approval guaranteed...
If I should call within 24 hours.
Yes!
Whether or not I am penniless.
And at one time I felt ostracized,
Because I had no credit at all!
And today I've become embraced,
As a true American.
After more than 400 years!
And many stolen inventions.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fresh Dirt

They were relieved!
They had finally found something negative,
To hold against me.
I was relieved too.
They can finally find something to do with their lives.
They had been searching for years.
I did the best I could to leave some dirt on the surface.
I had to redo most of it.
Since I wanted them to find fresh dirt.
And an opportunity to do 'something' else,
Before they ran out of time...
To at least catch up with it!
And I'm still accused of being thoughtless.
I can't believe it!
And that dirt was at least three or four years old.
Well...
It was the best I could do!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fresh Entrances

I am trying to find a way to restart.
Somewhere to begin to say
What is in my heart,
Right now.

Before what's in it now...
Snuggles deeper inside with the other,
Excuses made.
Seeking to reintroduce,
A redefined dignity.

While attempting to find a place comfortable,
To stay and hide disappointments lived!

I am trying to find a way to restart.
I can choose any way to begin.

But I am examining fresh entrances...
To boost a few butts to move.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fresh Fingerprints

This healing will not be sexual.
Nor will decided preferences of discretions,
Be considered as submissions...
To capture imaginations.
Not on this list,
One might wish to solicit.

What approaches is more atmospheric.
Touching lives of everyone near it!
A toxic mist hovers and visits.
And a descending mixes...
To stir those transfixed.

A repayment of what has been done comes.
Affecting those who directed...
Their infectious flavored addictions!
Delivered to seduced those reduced to cravings.

A repayment of what has been done comes.
And now people sit,
Stunned with glazed eyes and affixed...
To quickly barren cupboards.
Where dusts collects,
To show fresh fingerprints!

A repayment of what has been done comes.
As a silent fear on faces appear!
And frozen in place is a once fast pace.
Quickly erased are separating boundaries...
Remembered as clear and vivid!
Those less fortunate and of obvious lack...
Are witnessed now to be turning their backs!

'What has happened?
An economic pay back attack? '

A repayment of what has been done comes.
And those who fed their greed...
Now find themselves without shelter.

Empty shelves!
And to their lack of bolstered credit...
A depleting of it with nothing left to feed.

No where is there to run or hide.
To cry in anguish with anyone empathetic.
Pathetically the bleeders weep.
Pleading for a restoration...
Of needed pretensions desperately sought,
To mask and strengthen weakened insecurities.

A repayment of what has been done comes.
And shocked they are how deep this incision!
How horrific the deceit.
How madness creeps upon them at night.
To drive them sobbing in guilt to their knees!
With no nights to come,
To welcome them to rest in peaceful sleep!

And dug are their fresh fingerprints,
As they crawl in a socialistic sweep.
Devoured like vagrants on urban streets!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fresh From Out Of Darkness

It is not hard to fight against those with limited visions.
They are clearly the ones,
Squinting eyes from being exposed to rays of light!
Fresh from out of darkness.
And the ones excited,
To discover familiar faces.
And they 'choose' to beg forgiveness for their ignorance.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fresh Is A New Day That Comes To Many

Fresh is a new day that comes to many.
Those that see it that way...
Seem to have experienced fully,
Past fresh days with a letting go.

Holding onto limitations of thought,
Attaches to more anxiety and frustration.
And emotions become insensitive,
To adventure life without something to excuse.

Fresh is a new day that comes to many.
Those that see it that way...
Seem to have experienced fully,
Past fresh days with a letting go.

Some have chosen to exist,
Relying on being told what is around a corner.
Instead of leaving their zones of comfort,
To investigate with a sealing of their own confirmation.

Holding onto limitations of thought,
Attaches to more anxiety and frustration.
And emotions become insensitive,
To adventure life without something to excuse.

And finding something to excuse,
People would prefer to do.
Than to move from point A to B,
To voice an opinion given...
That confirms an absent of knowledge.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fresh Is The Scent Of Invention

Fresh is the scent of invention.
It invites to awaken the adventure,
In us all.
Without hesitation....
We are attracted to taste what is offered.
And if it adds a flavor to savor,
An introduction becomes the next craving...
Anticipated,
Until something new comes along to replace it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fresh Meat (A Soliloquy To Candyass)

You say it is tender...
And you call it ever sweet!
You say nothing like it,
Will be found on these streets.
You say it is rare,
And it can not be beat!
You 'wink' of a seasoning,
That has not been tweaked!
Making this treat so complete!
But it had to come from somewhere?
Besides thin air for us to meet.
Others might have told you...
It was good to them to eat!
But the presentation is overdone,
And for me that is not fresh meat!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fresh Moans To Sigh And Heard Groans

Fresh moans to sigh and heard groans,
From younger folks to hear...
Have been handed aged old and remaining,
Unchanged complaints.
And this tells me that the youth of today,
Are also too reliant upon following the path...
Those older but not wise have laid,
To emphasis to those still in their youth...
Not to do what daddy and mommy did.
Because daddy and mommy have stayed kids.

And this is not to pick excuses.
With a sitting to expect empathy.
Since there is too much information,
Available to anyone on a mission to get it.
With wisdom to gain to assist escaping pain.
And mommy and daddy made choices to choose,
To keep wishes to share their aches and pains...
With anyone near who listens.
Even if done to cuss.
And to disrespect everyone,
By shouting their discomforts from a distance.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fresh Roasted

I can't get enough of fresh roasted stuff.
The presentation of it seems customized.
As if my preference had been known to recognize.
And I don't often show that I can be surprised,
But I have jumped on tables...
When I did not expect to date,
Someone to get right to the point...
With the asking of what it is I most appreciate.
And the heat I thought I would await for and beg,
Is quickly delivered.

'Oh my.
Oh dear.'

Trust me.
Not only are you the first I knew,
Who enjoyed raw peanuts.
But to boil them before roasting them too?
Without me hinting or giving a clue?
You have no idea just how rare you are.
Why are you looking around?
As if you expect a mouse.
I know it's silly...
But I'm not into mice.

'Well...
Don't get off the table too soon.'

Stop joking.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fresh Targets

In these days and times...
It is difficult to leave confrontational people,
Alone!
And/or behind.
They seem to want to follow a process,
Of pursuing conflict to address their illnesses.

One has to strategically avoid them.
Sometimes at one's own risk.
Even if it means to be recognized...
After perfecting an assortment of disguises.
They seem to just know how to solicit,
Those they wish to identify as fresh targets!

'Oh!
I didn't know that was you.
Didn't you say you would be home at 2?
I thought that was you earlier passing by too!
What are you trying to do...
Fool me with another disguise?
As if you are trying to avoid me! '

Not at all!
You see on Wednesdays I like to dress up,
In this pirate outfit and adorn a powdered wig...
With sunglasses.
And this cane I use as a prop to enhance the limp.

'It's amazing what some people do to attract attention!
Was that you last week dressed as Mother Hubbard?
Now 'that' was very entertaining.
Why don't you do Whoopie?
She hardly gets imitators.
And I think she's terrific! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fresh Thoughts

The same kept rhetoric,
Pregnant yet again...
With expected effects,
To leave a difference than the rest...
Still has defects.

Aborted are fresh thoughts,
To catch attention sought...
Isn't coming,
For those awaiting updates...
To see that new age.

Gains,
To obtain...
Have been diminished.
And shown to be witnessed,
Any gains to obtain have all been finished.
Gains to obtain,
Have lost to gimmicks.
And tongue twisting tricks.

Fresh thoughts,
Have been aborted...
For quicky gimmicks.
To trick the minds for them to get.

Fresh thoughts,
Have been aborted...
For quicky gimmicks.
To trick the minds for them to get.

Gains,
To obtain...
Have been diminished.
And fresh thoughts have been aborted.
Gains,
To obtain...
Have been diminished.
And fresh thoughts have been aborted.

To deliver aging ideals bought.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fresh Threats

Keep them in your pocket to pull out,
Fresh threats.
To remember and address them.

Increased are fresh threats.
So fresh...
Even those taking quick steps,
Through shopping malls...
Have become worried to death,
They wont be able to catch their breath...
If holiday sales usually easy to get,
Suddenly attract mad dashers...
Rushing to use their credit to max,
Since all available cash...
Has been stashed away to spend for gas.

And those updated fresh threats,
Make it difficult for folks...
Knowing their delusions are being provoked,
And hacked by attackers.
Even movies depicting comedic fantasies,
Have begun to assault mindsets fixed...
With it disbelieved their most treasured possession,
Is being stripped away to have them crawl on knees...
Begging to plead,
'Please don't take our values away.'

~Where have the minds of the people gone? ~

'Most can be found on the fifth floor.
That's where the new video games are sold.
Unless you're referring to something else.
I could get a salesperson if you are seeking help.'

~The one with the headphones on? ~

'Yes.
Isn't awful how these kids,
Have lost respect for our values.'

~Yeah.
How terrible they are,
To have been permitted to degrade...
Our standards in such a public way.~

'Well...
If only the people we elect to represent us,
Were more competent...
We would have less of this nonsense going on.
OH! There it is.
Excuse me.
I can't believe this!
My daughter has been looking for that exact lingerie,
To wear at her senior prom.
I'm going to get it for her for Christmas.
God is so good. Aint He? '

~I need to pray.
I need to just get away...and PRAY.~

'I hear you.
Prayer reveals so many wonderful things.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fresh Tidbits

I wouldn't call them preferences.
That's too severe!
I would call them 'fresh tidbits'!
Anything that adapts to adjustments made,
To my ever changing fantasies.
Preferences are too unstable,
And subject to scrutiny!
Don't you think?

'You're a 'tiddlywinker'...
And I'm more into dominoes'.

As if 'that' should make sense? !

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fresh Voices Heard

Do the fresh voices heard,
Enhance to inspire...
The encouragement of higher consciousness?
Deceit can not seem to smother.
Or have they too been sold,
To silence the old insights.
The ones that frighten sweetened appetites.

With beliefs a release from the past,
Will undo delusions praised to last.
And a comforting with a replacement of truth,
Those with old insights,
Were too quick to strip away...
The selling of misconceptions fresh voices heard,
Will keep pursued.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Freshened And Sweet

The air is freshened and sweet,
When minds are in sync and they meet.
Appreciation shown is greeted.
And with a giving that's believed.

When an honesty of living,
With a giving that's believed...
Is there to know and feel is real,
With a giving that's believed...
No one guesses to question it,
Or doubt one bit the benefit.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fried Chicken Grease

How their daddies dragged them through the mud,
To leave momma alone to talk to potted plants...
On an urban window sill to nourish,
Is a depiction of life...
Some say represents events,
That qualifies good theater.

And I say,
Daddy didn't end up in jail...
Because the superman suit he wore,
Just happened to have been sent...
To the local cleaners,
To remove fried chicken grease.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Friend Of Mine

Friend of mine...
I want you to know,
How important it is...
That you will always find...
Me with time for you.
Since I will be as good a friend...
As you wish and see,
Me for you to always be...
A friend for you that is there and true.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Friends Do Not Accept A Disrespecting

People who disrespect themselves,
And call themselves friends...
Are not!

And...
Should refer to themselves as something else.
Like pests who dissect with an inspection,
That is regrettable when actions become suspect.
And not call themselves friends.
To eventually become upset.

Friends do not accept a disrespecting.
Nor is deceit and theft expected,
Between those who say they love to death!

Maybe the thrill of those who love to death get,
Is a neglecting to respect a friendship that is deceived.
Especially when one does to another,
As if the doing of a backstabbing is something one does,
To please.

Friends do not accept a disrespecting.
Nor is deceit and theft expected,
Between those who say they love to death!
That's a bunch of B.S.
Not actions between friends doing that at their best.

People who disrespect themselves,
And call themselves friends...
Are not!
And should not regard themselves as such,
With a consciousness that goes untouched.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Friends, Associates And Close Family

On the sidelines jeering!
Deafening boos are heard leering...
With catcalls and other strange sounds.

And signs of failure,
Thunderously applauded.

'Who' are these folks,
You claim to have your back? '

~That is their way of expressing their support.
As well as undefined devotion.~

'But...
Didn't you say they were your friends, associates
And close family? '

~Yeah!
We are still working on that.
Especially that community spirit 'thing'.
Outside of those religious practices, of course.
However...
One thing is certain,
They can not be faulted for their beliefs.
Nor for that 'togetherness' arguably maintained!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Friendships Do Not Begin That Way

What purpose is served by befriending someone,
With the giving of respect?
Who later offends with a comfort that generates,
A disrespecting with a belief what is done is okay?
It isn't!

If friendships do not begin that way,
More often than not...
That is usually the way they end!
With someone feeling highly offended.
And another comprehending the reason.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Frightened When Alone

Believe it or not...
I walk a path,
On a journey...
I have never taken before.

And I am not one to assume it will last,
On an everlasting tour.
I am sure about the process.
But the end result of it my mind ignores.

I have selected a direction,
That to me feels right.
And sometimes I admit,
I do get uneasy but with no thoughts to quit.

I am the type that often wishes,
To have someone to share my life with.
And so far I have not known,
What the meaning of that is.

And frightened when alone,
When I think about this

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Frightening Conclusion

In a pickle sizzling because of recent risks.
And unable to face or come to grips with it,
For fear of other unsuspecting hits.
Can be a frightening conclusion,
For the one who pitches a fit.
This can be frightening to someone,
Unprepared for it even a little bit.

The one who smiles on the outside,
May hide inside their moping.
As they do their best to cope.
To make each day for them okay.

The one who smiles on the outside,
May hide inside their moping.
As they do their best,
Not to confess trials they face...
On a daily basis.

This is a frightening conclusion,
For someone unprepared for this!
This can be frightening for anyone,
In a pickle sizzling because of recent risks.

Frightening conclusion,
For someone unprepared for this!
This can be frightening for anyone,
In a pickle sizzling because of recent risks.

The one who smiles on the outside,
May hide inside their moping.
As they do their best to cope.
To make each day for them okay.

The one who smiles on the outside,
May hide inside their moping.
As they do their best,
Not to confess trials they face...
On a daily basis.

This is a frightening conclusion,
For someone unprepared for this!
This can be frightening for anyone,
In a pickle sizzling because of recent risks.

Frightening conclusion,
For someone unprepared for this!
This can be frightening for anyone,
In a pickle sizzling because of recent risks.

Frightening conclusion.
In a pickle sizzling because of recent risks.
Frightening conclusion,
For someone unprepared for this!
This is a frightening conclusion,
For someone unprepared for this!
This can be frightening for anyone,
In a pickle sizzling because of recent risks.

Frightening conclusion.
In a pickle sizzling because of recent risks.
Frightening conclusion,
For someone unprepared for this!
This is a frightening conclusion,
For someone unprepared for this!
This can be frightening for anyone,
In a pickle sizzling because of recent risks.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Frigid Lizzie

What days do you want to play?
What days do you want to stay,
In my way...
Wanting dodge ball and hop scotch,
As a need to display as you charade.

What days do you want to hide as I seek?
To then whine if I don't,
Attempt to sneak a peek.

Sometimes your game is detachment.
And other times..
You smother me with hugs.
Then 'Frigid Lizzie' hisses at me like a bug.
To decrease any interest I had to snuggle up.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Frigid Shift

Snow like no one has seen before.
Piled high in plowed drifts,
To sit against blocked doors.
Artic tops with warm air mixed...
Gathers moisture to dropp flakes,
Unstopping in this fix!
Coming as it does,
In this frigid shift!

Those in cities and rural towns alike,
Witness changes...
Of a plight in their sight!
What is now ocurring,
Did not stir up overnight.
Can Mother Nature be appeased,
To again be pleased and make things right?

Or are we so ignorant...
To choose excuses,
Over the use of insight!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

From 9 To 5

More than most want those perks,
With a boosting to boast an ego hosted.
And to mingle amongst attention getters,
Deserving of whistles and bells that are heard.
Although disputed by the ones comparing themselves,
To the perk retrievers receiving the praise...
For achievements they've accomplished,
Everyday without a raise in pay.

'From 9 to 5 I am here to do the very same thing.
But nothing I do seem to award me with a gratitude.'

~Perhaps from 9 to 5 some have their eyes,
On tasks to complete.
And what you have been assigned to do...
Has yet to begun to be noticed by anyone.~

'But I have been here for years to assist.'

~Perhaps it has been your lack of assistance,
That the others who have retrieved to receive...
Those perks that they get,
Have been producing the work and not wasting time...
Being paid to procrastinate and successfully doing it,
From 9 to 5.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

From A Birth Of Duality

We seek to find completeness,
From a birth of duality.
Father Sun provides us 'light'...
Mother Moon controls all fluidity!

'Behold a 'Oneness' throughout life! '
We are told this is the way.
We are told the 'Creator'...
Will not have it no other way!

And yet the challenge to merge this split,
Keeps us tested to place these pieces in one fit!
We pray one day the answers will come...
As temptations on this path,
Confronts everyone!

Are we an experiment of a Supreme Diety having fun?
Living in cells as molecules that gel...
Fighting to protected a few chosen 'Selected Ones'?
In a Universe of one body,
How can this 'division' be undone?

If we are of 'One'...
And this 'Oneness' is for all,
Our wish to find bliss in a promised heaven...
Comes disguised as conflicts,
We are quick to address...
To leave peace forever stalled!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

From A Brokenness That Darkness Keeps

You're gone...
And still I'm trying to find you.
A laughter quick,
With amusing wit is missed.
Even your moodiness,
And explicit displeasure,
Whenever our points of view came to clash...
In splits of silence!

Wishing the telephone would ring,
As we would sit not to answer it!
Only to find ourselves stumbling...
Humbled in apologies.
Accepted from you and those from me.
Both appeasing and wanting to please!

You're gone...
And I'm still trying to find you.
In every place I seem to sit,
Someone with a face reminds me of you.
There is not just one thing I miss...
I think of our arguments,
And miss those too!

You're gone...
And I'm trying to find you.

I've tried to have affairs,
With those I knew I did not care about!
I lied to myself...
Thinking I could.
Pretending I would get over you,
And it was time I should!

But you are gone!
And I am still trying to find you.
In everything I do...
I wonder how you would feel about it!
I wondered about you when kissing someone new.

I felt deep guilt as if I had 'jilted'...
A promise made,
Not clearly thought through!

No one like you I know I will ever find.
And I know that more...
As time hasn't come to mend my mind!
I'm trying from a brokenness that darkness keeps.
Slipping you in and out of a restless sleep.
I'm trying for a new beginning for us to start...
A useless wish for you and I
To not be this far apart!

But you are gone!
And moving on...
Has not been easy!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

From A Conditioning Processed

Only those believing they control,
Seek to limit.
And confine those within it.

Only those believing themselves,
Better human beings than everyone else...
Seek to restrict with rules to obey they inflict.

But these are the days,
Those with a higher consciousness...
See the foolishness in this.

These are the days advancements are made,
Yet those with insecurities...
Are losing their grip on a mental healthiness.

Only those believing they control,
Seek to limit.
And confine those within it,
To restrict...
With a finding themeselves losing 'it' quick.
Too much evidence of this is too obvious to resist,
Its existence from a conditioning processed to permit.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

From A Deeply Rooted Vision

The laughs have faded
On the path chosen
One for years has walked alone.
In silent tears...
God assured would someday dry,
To bring one praise.

And deep within a faith kept,
Allowed steps made forward...
To continue through thunder.
The ground would shake beneath one's feet.
And yet with determination,
One would keep seeking that which is desired.

Feeling blessed with a gratefulness expressed,
Each day.
As those laughs once heard...
Now brings a smile to one's face.
Tears have been replaced with joy!
And this journey has uncovered,
Much fruit to share from a harvest...
No one can deny,
Who is closely identified...
With the toil of its planting!

Those who stood by to criticize in idled time...
Offer cheers.
But one who reaps and wipes a sweating brow,
Does what has to be done...
To fulfill one's purpose.
Not expecting to be watched,
How obstacles are removed to unblock...
From a deeply rooted vision!
Cleared with the assistance of The Almighty!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

From A Distance

Seeing it from a distance,
Makes reality much easier...
For many to accept and believe.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

From A Door To Closely View

Everyone should feel devastated,
By the re-occurring of disturbances.

Everyone should feel a part and not distanced,
From overwhelming attempts...
To have these appearances seem as minor events.
Isolated from deluded minds to keep them convinced,
Activities resulting from disparities are preventable.

And one day they will no longer represent,
Hidden undercurrents undisclosed but more exposed...
By those who know why they are incensed.
Regardless of who it is coming to debate,
With their opinions given to misinterpret the truth...
In forums that are publicly designed...
To dumbdown minds with that purpose to do.

Everyone should feel devastated,
By the re-occurring of disturbances.
And the belief of them being isolated events,
Since...
What seems to be senseless,
With a doing for others to perceive as meaningless...
Will come for them to have more meaning,
When this sickness begins to spread within their fences.

And...
To come to a door 'from' a door to closely view!
With it to touch and not reported to ignore the news.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

From A Faked Surface

My love is complete!
I do not offer pieces of it to please.
What is felt is spoken.
And the affect of it given,
Is not my purpose or intent...
To disrespect or offend.

And...
If my love is received that way,
What I am given in return...
Has to be crumbs conveniently scraped,
From a faked surface.
To be eventually dismissed.

My love is complete!
I do not offer pieces of it to please.
If that is what you are accustomed to doing...
You will not know true love with me.
When I give it,
It is with all that I have...
Blemishes, flaws and regrettable moods.
To correct...
But never to hide.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

From A Growing Observation

Anyone living today,
Lost in between false identities...
And not knowing from which of the many delusions,
To pick and keep...
With standards valued slipping from their reach,
Are more than just confused...
In times that seek clear and unclouded visions.

Since those who have long chosen paths to walk,
With a faith communicated and with less talk...
Are not the ones these days,
Found following anyone crazed.
Or teased by promises to taste slices of apple pie.

Those who have chosen to label them as such...
'Crazed with strange ways! '
Seem not to know 'who' they are,
Or for what purpose they exist to hustle, bustle and rush...
To live lives for materialistic reasons to impress,
Throughout each season!
And from a growing observation of those evaluating,
These 'priorities'...
Appear to be a fading cause to provide one happiness.

Although...
Quick they are to defend their chaotic existence,
To announce themselves as, 'Followers of God's wishes.'

Really?
Well...
I hope God forgives the rest of us,
For interpreting His or Her 'wishes'...
With a seeking of a better way to live our lives,
That has a lot less upheaval and no turmoil.
But thank you for the invitation anyway.
We've decided we'd rather have God judge our ways.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

From A Limited Perspective

I don't see where justice has been served.

'That's because you choose to see it,
From a limited perspective.'

How is that?

'Well...
Even though one has been charged,
With breaching the national defense of the country...
By emailing secrets to his mistress.
You have to admit...
Good he looks in uniform.
Especially with those 'stars' on his shoulders.'

Okay.
I agree with that.
However...
What about the other guy,
Who was seen smoking a joint...
Near church property?
And the smoking of weed has already been legalized.

'That's because you choose to see it,
From a limited perspective.
What has been dilberately done,
Is an intolerable action considered blasphemous...
Against those standards that are valued,
By the ones who are above reproach.

Which are?

'Now...
Had he been in uniform AND cruising the neighborhood,
Chugging a bottle of vodka...
He would not have been brutalized so severely by the police.
This was judged as an unforgivable sin.
That's why they dragged and kicked him repeatedly.'

Smoking weed?
That's ridiculous.

'No, no, no!
He chose to stand within one hundred feet,
'Outside' of the church

But...
Didn't they recently have a sex scandal?

'That was 'inside' the church.
There is a difference.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

From A Miracle Called Birth

I don't want to burst your bubble...
But when I close my eyes to pray,
I don't have imaginations of you
In the image of Jesus Christ,
Anytime of any day!
And this may come as a shock,
I don't think of God as being white...
Staying up all through the night!
Trying to make things right,
For those so uptight...
Trying to interpret
What HE wants done!
With the assistance of 'chosen ones'.
To enforce THEIR will on everyone!

I know all of us are on this Earth...
And HE or SHE created the Sun.
Allowing all of us to live
Until we die,
From a miracle called birth!

Immaculate?
Whatever the perceived conceived perception,
That has many on knees to feed with deception!

So this is what you can do...
You can get off your high horse,
And let me live as God has chosen me to!

I don't want to burst your bubble...
But what he wants for me,
Has nothing to do with you!
And this is the lesson you haven't learned,
That keeps your mind crazed and screwed...
Trying to untie from a scorch that burns!

Do you see conflicts everywhere?
I'll give you one guess who put them there!
Those who feel threatened...

By a way of life that lessens
From actions they implant,
That lands them in confession booths
And given affirmations to soothe and chant!

From a miracle called birth?
For what it's worth...
All of us were screwed,
To bring us here for God to use!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

From A Needom I Feed

I am...
Channeling a need.

Channeling a need,
I am.
Channeling a need,
From a 'needom' I feed.

Gobbled up and in my mouth,
A lot of it chewed.
I am...
Channeling a need,
From a 'needom' I do.

Gobbled up and in my mouth,
A lot of it chewed I do...
Channeling a need,
With a needom to chew.

I am...
Channeling a need.

Channeling a need,
I am...
Channeling a need,
From a 'needom' I feed.

'Why are you so ridiculous? '

Us?
There is no 'us in 'I'.
I prefer you say 'ridiculi'.
And that is why...
I am...
Channeling a need,
From a 'needom' I feed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

From A Pied Piper

People will not accept,
The revealing of the truth produced.
Whether seen with eyes high on a billboard.
Or expressed but yet still to be ignored.

But someone known to lie, cheat and deceive,
Without a bit of scrutiny...
Will have followers lined up listening to believe,
A spreading of false words to be heard.

And from a pied piper playing the blues they choose,
They hear, cheer and praise at an expensive cost...
What they have come to expect as if in a daze.
Independent in thought these minds are lost.

Preferring darkness to hide behind and to remain.
Finding no way to the light that brightly shines.
Preferring darkness as a way to undermine the times.
And a truth that would reduce delusions wished unchanged.

'We want the truth from us to leave sing they do in harmony.
Too painful it is to believe and receive.
We want to be free to entertain our fantasies.
And the existence of truth we want kept deceived.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

From A Place Of Creative Thought

Travels through time done adventurously,
Is a much more rewarding experience...
Than embellishing to impress,
The imaginations of others...
To address with exaggerations,
From a place of creative thought improvised.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

From A Reference That Is Past Tense

Doing to get anything done for anyone,
Some are born with that philosophy.
With a need to give of themselves to others,
As others choose to do to them...
As they wish and please.
I've witnessed those relationships.

But there is a limit for me to this process of giving.
If it is hinted my doing done is taken for granted,
For anything from my heart I do...I am gone! C-ya.
And someone is going to find themselves distanced,
As I look at their disappearance...
From a reference that is past tense.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

From A Safe Place

No one who has been defending,
Others to do...
Beside them in trenches,
Is quick to critique...
Their expertise or skills used,
To undo obstacles faced.

Yet those from a safe place,
Will argue in prolonged debates
What they would do.
And how.
Without moving from seats.
Enjoying what they eat.
Lounging on a couch.
While offering empty opinions,
In front of a wide screen TV.
Pretending to know the facts.
And defending,
What they've created.
But no one volunteers,
To have anyone hear...
Of their experiences.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

From A Superficial Point Of View

Keep this in mind.
From a superficial point of view,
Everything on one's banquet table appears fine.
As long as there is a feast on it.
Doesn't it?
And the presentation impresses.
To have only this on their mind,
Awaiting for anyone to express it.

As long as one's cupboards,
Have no spaces on their shelves...
People like this,
Feel better about themselves.
Don't they?
It would seem that way.
Shouldn't it?
Would you expect them to quietly,
Be grateful enough to express a blessed thankfulness?

Have you ever listened intently,
To those who have unsolicited opinions...
They openly address,
When talking behind someone's back?
With a mentioning of what 'they' should and could do.
And how they would be better off if they did that.

Keep this in mind,
Before being sold on a bunch of hollowed nonsense.
Those who find time to compare themselves to others,
With a sharing to prove what it is they do or don't...
To then belittle someone else.
Ask this of yourself without hesitation...
How many times have you discovered that person,
To have done 'anything'...
Without first expressing it to address to impress?
And...
How long did they wait,
To hear you congratulate them for their unselfish deeds?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

From A Through Z

Any emotion you want.
Anything read you'd like to experience,
And/or see!
I've got it here for you...
From A...all the way through to Z!
I've been watching you,
And you have had your eye on me.
You should know I enjoy to thrill your mind...
With something you can find,
For these days and times!

You like to eat?
I've got recipes.
Suspense?
I have a few 'pieces' that will tease.
What about sex and violence?
The most disgusting of those,
Of these will please!

Are you into the church,
And love to pray?
I love God myself...
And I pray everyday!
How about just silly stuff,
That makes no sense at all?
I have a sense of humor...
Sometimes I laugh until onto the floor I crawl!

Sweet love poems about broken hearts?
Some of my best,
Have left my keyboard wet!
Trying to write tearjerkers takes a lot of sweat!
Writing that stuff ain't easy!

Seasonal outlooks and holiday greetings?
I love the freshness of Spring.
Summer activities...
And Fall and Winter scenes!
And in New England?

What majestical offerings these seasons bring!
A tasty treat of eyepoppers.

I've got conflicts and gossip and pointless war.
With racist visions too!
If you those you choose to explore.
And children's lullabys with topics to make you cry!
Whatever you decide,
And whatever it may be.

I wish to please with an understanding.
And from A through Z...
I hope you will find 'something' there.
Something you weren't aware of...
That now makes you see.
And turn your frown into a smile...
With a touch of happiness,
And perhaps some glee!

I'd like to share with you my understanding!
Not necessarily have you agree,
With me...
At all!
But,
I am hopeful!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

From A Time Gone By

Is this surge worse than Viet Nam?
At least back in 1968,
There wasn't so many conflicts going on!
And being a patriotic black young man...
I had returned from the military,
Feeling strong and giving a damn!

I was in the military,
Two weeks after graduating from high school.
Seeking to protect a nation,
Not then realizing...
When I was discharged,
I would be considered a fool!
And I was shown this,
More times than a few!
Especially by those...
Who went on to graduate,
With BA's and MA's and PHd's...
From top notch schools!

And here we are today...
Approaching two thousand and eight!
With our sons and daughters in wars,
They participate.
And I think back then,
How patriotic I had been.
To think I was prepared to give up my life...
So others can have rights,
To denounce me and the color of my skin!

But let me say this...
Not one hint of bitterness,
Within me exist!
Not because of actions,
I consciously did take!
Although it irks me to no end...
To see so many folks make the same mistakes.

As I grow older with the grace I am blessed!

I am so happy
My tattered emotions have been mended.
My inner conflicts have been cured of buried stress.
But I must confess...
The world we live now is in a mess!
Not because of real threats made.
But because of an ignorance accepted and expressed!

People have lost an inner worth it seems.
Gone are visions of fellowship,
To the marketing of schemes and corruption themes!

And the youth of today,
Have one thing on their minds!
How best they can 'get over'...
To obtain 'things'
By committing an assortment of crimes,
They are assisted to define!

As the sacred dollar...
Falls to worthlessness.
I feel my basic needs are those of a relic!
From a time gone by when people just wanted
To 'be' and do their best!
One who seeks peace of mind with quality...
While others seek to feed an endless greed,
From an emptiness that is felt!
Whether or not,
There is conflict and unrest!

And I observe this 'mess'...
Wondering why this humanistic 'slide'
Tumbles into oblivion!
Without more cries of those rejecting this in protest!

And each day that I awaken...
I thank God,
He has put my faith and bravery I have shown...
Through such obstacles and tests of mental strength,
He has produced!
And He and I alone have known!
While others may portray a sympathy...

Just to maintain a materialistic gain.
Without one hint of dignity that remains!
Or none remembered to be sustained!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

From A Wound Self Inflicted

How many days of sadness,
Have you sat?
With still no reception,
Of an inner peace.
Or a wish to be reprieved,
From a wound self inflicted.

You pamper it as if...
Holding onto it,
Will eventually...
Clear the air you breathe.

Who came to visit you with agony?
And you decided to keep it to host!

Who came to convince,
A draining of your happiness...
Was a duty to impose.

With a closing out of any light...
That has left you etched against a darkness,
You decided to select with a satisfaction...
You chose!

How many days of sadness,
Have you sat?
With still no reception,
Of an inner peace.
Or a wish to be reprieved,
From a wound self inflicted.

You pamper it as if...
Holding onto it,
Will eventually...
Clear the air you breathe.

And nothing but a suffocation,
Is all I witness!
All that I see...

That keeps you shadowed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

From Afar

From afar,
I can only wish you well.
Within me I can feel...
I can tell,
There is an urgent disturbance.
And a need to reach and speak to someone.
Something unsettling has been done.
And from afar,
I can only wish you well.
I hope you know I am here for you.
I hope you do.
And will let me know how you are,
From afar.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

From All Sides Of Those Common Playing Fields

Ridiculed for saying things they meant.
Including less flattering statements,
About those in leadership positions...
And those who falsely ruled in government.

Now that those leaders and the economy,
Have taken a nose dive...
How can those mend burned bridges,
With the others they wrongly criticized?

How can deception so deep,
Now tossing and turning those feeling like fools...
Return them to a peaceful sleep?
When those who once respected one another,
Now don't care to each other to speak?

Well...
It's like this,
IF you participated in slandering those who had your back...
Because folks who care for others are like that.
Would you suddenly want to have a picnic,
To enjoy games and snacks?
With those who calculated...
In their character assassinations?

How would you feel if a friend campaigned,
To have you called crazy?
Would you want to sing with them,
The 'Hills Are Alive' with the sounds of music.
Collecting Daffodils and picking Daisies?

Eating and tasting from a selection of hors d'oeuvres...
And clicking glasses filled with champagne,
To lift those damaged and tainted 'spirits'?
To re-establish depths of concern?
Somehow...
I doubt it!
Complete lives have forever been ruined,
From all sides of those common playing fields...

Left to sit in unrelenting bitterness.
I doubt if hugging and kissing are acts,
That are yearned!

Not in the reality of things...
Bruised and busted!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

From All That He Awards

In a destiny reached,
I hear less of those preaching.
The opinions of those,
Made to keep me insignificant...
With a crushed ego on crack and bent
Like them,
Has soared to heights...
My blessings have received!

In a destiny reached,
I feel a strength of conviction.
An honesty within never felt.
Knowing I have dealt with pain,
Concealed and carried.
With heartbreak I thought I married...
I have been lifted with confidence,
That has made me more convinced...
My faith in God has done this for me.
And I will never let go,
Or release God!
And my belief in Him,
To let another sorrow hold me back...
From all that He awards!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

From An Egg One Hatches

From an egg one hatches.
And what appears is born.
Growth is expected.
And life goes on.

Experiences come.
Knowledge is obtained.
A sharing is learned...
With comprehension maintained.

Although...
Some gifted with birth,
Choose a worthlessness to serve.
And they believe what is given,
To them is deserved.

So they wait...
To see what is being delivered on a plate.
And complain if what is presented,
Does not meet 'their' expectations.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

From An Innocence Depicted

A heavy lid is wished to be lifted.
Inside a pot,
That boils hot.
With a stewing done,
One now desires not to eat.
But assisted in the brewing.
And it promises to heat.
From an innocence depicted.
Down to one's sweaty smelly feet.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

From Another Era

Old and out of touch.
Nothing else needs to be said...
To address their shallowness,
Collecting dust with much distrust!

With a presentation that has not changed.
And attitudes from another era...
Where a greatness sought,
Is needed and claimed.

To say they are deranged would be repetitive.
They have little to show.
And less than that to give.
Their mindsets have been poisoned!
And gone is the light from lives they once lived!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

From Another Neighborhood

No one should kick a dog,
Once it has been found...
Laying on the ground.

'But those people over there,
Have confessed they weren't aware.'

That is difficult to believe.

'The only thing they do admit to seeing,
Is the dog being dragged behind a truck.
Then strung up in a tree.
To then be cut down to lay upon the ground.
But no one saw it being kicked.'

But why didn't anyone rush to the dog's aid?

'Most of them have said,
They have a preference more for poodles.
And that dog appeared to be a mutt.
From another neighborhood.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

From Atop High Fences I Distanced

I had been cautioned not to take steps,
Beyond set boundaries I kept no regrets to dismiss.
But those who warned were always behind me.
Trying to convince by the shouting out their fears,
From atop high fences I distanced.
Until their taunts disappeared.
And each time my eyes and ears were cleared,
After I removed with a refusing...
To be stopped by those obstacles.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

From Atop My Roof

I have minimized confusion,
To know how it starts to end...
Before it begins.

I have never been one to state or brag,
About having the brightest light...
To be seen to beam day and night,
From my attic.
Addicted to getting that kind of attention,
I am not.

Nor have I ever made claims,
What I view from atop my roof...
Will benefit anyone looking in other directions.
All experiences are there to share to embrace.
I don't solicit opinions I am asked to give.
Or argue a position I prefer to take.

From atop my roof to view what I want,
Is what people do to choose.
However...
If I am asked to make a suggestion,
From someone awaiting my recommendation...
Why would my response be opposed?

And if my hospitality given,
Begins to cloud my disposition...
By those who insist it isn't what they accept.
Or expected.
Well...
From who's roof can they leave with it done?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

From Atop Peaks

The climb to the summit,
With a reaching of it done...
Is anti-climatic.
From atop peaks the valleys below,
Appear lush and beautiful.
And freed of harmful snakes with venom,
Camouflaged and prepared to strike.

The process of falling down on paths,
Picked by one believed are less dangerous...
Than the ones previously experienced.
With a giving to one more endurance to achieve,
Is a myth!
That one path picked is it!
With no guarantee or return of a deposit.

Only those who have accomplished,
With patience...
Realize it was during the journey,
The lessons taught were more appreciated...
Upon reviewing their steps made.
And coming to grips with surviving through fantasies...
Is a raw...'up-in-your-face' undertaking.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

From Bad To Worse Attitudes

It makes no difference,
To whom and what today is said.
Since those addicted to their selected poisons,
To do with a choosing to numb their own heads...
Will stay in a blame mode,
With moods to shift...
From bad to worse attitudes instead.
Just to pick someone else to accuse and depict,
As being responsible for living lives they lived to get,
If a seriousness promises to effect their deluded highs.
Kept scented with excuses prepared and creative alibis.
And so many today anticipate them to use,
To know they will be fed to feed on more misconceptions.
With it done to seek all threats kept away,
From their daily routines and undisturbed habits.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

From Behind A Cart They Push

I've become less impressed on a daily basis,
With those who wish to express their views...
From behind a cart they push.

To express to those who toil and pull from the front,
The standards they value and their expectations.
While providing no encouragement.
But insisting upon being treated with respect.
And dignity!

As those who pull dodge flagrant insults thrown...
Scouting out for safe passage!
And entertaining the whims of those,
Who have chosen to make rear view comments.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

From Behind Closed Windows

Is it easier for one to gaze from windows closed
To daydream daily of wishes to come true?
Than it is for someone seen from those same windows,
Making advancements towards making their dreams...
A reality.
Although viewed to stumble to fall to get back up again,
Many times.
And embarrassed by the sight of this,
To sit for a moment in tears but to get over it...
By the one seen laughing as they stare,
To have their dreaming interrupted...
From behind closed windows,
Amused but chooses to go back,
To a daydreaming done daily.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

From Behind Floral Skirts

They will come to accuse anyone,
Of being...
Less of the person than they are!
That's the tactic that is used,
To confuse the issue with their voices heard.

They would wish others to perceive,
One who attempts to do anything...
As weak and naïve.
When they are the ones,
Jealous and corrupted with ignorance.

And...
They have proven how deep,
The flowing of their surfacing insecurities.
So shallow...
As to destroy themselves with accusations.

Calling the doers 'punks' and sissies.
And they do this,
From a place of hiding not to reveal themselves.
Fearing their tears might be seen...
From behind floral skirts that provide,
That scent of protection needed to deceive.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

From Behind Podiums

Now that scholars have declared this crisis official,
They gather to discuss agendas to address it!
The same 'minds' who stood on the sidelines,
To watch the escalation with intellectual explanations!
Accustomed to debating from behind podiums...
They have long lost touch with the people on the streets.
And yet they feel they are qualified to find solutions!
They are the ones crazed...
Since the chaos uncontrolled,
Can not be discovered on studied pages
Of outdated books!
And degrees obtained alone,
Provide no respected conclusions!
Their speech is out of reach of those lost in translations!
It seems as though common sense...
Has been bartered for influence obtained,
But gains no respect from those neglected!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

From Behind The Shadows Of Others

How do I recognize a demonic influence?
It demands to interfere with one's peace of mind...
With an annoyance kept.
Seeking to be understood.
And trying to convince that an interpretation of life,
From behind the shadows of others easily influenced...
Is the rule to be followed.
And seeks to whisper doubts and curious conflicts,
In one ear to confuse with fear and procrastination.

And insists it does...
With criticisms directed and made,
Towards others not tolerating this nonsense.
With a spreading of lies to isolate and defame.
Especially those...
On a path taken and chosen with experience to clear,
Familiarized debris...
That tries to prevent a consciousness,
Already introduced to truth!

And those demonically influenced,
Are deceivers of truth...
And anything remotely connected,
With an attached understanding of it.
One demonic wishes to stick,
With a sweetness that delays.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

From Birth

From birth,
All should begin to bloom in directions...
No one going through this,
Can make claims they knew to know...
In which direction that blooming takes.
Or how they will appear,
To show as they grow...
With an encouragement that is nourished,
And applied to steps...
Wherever those steps go as they thrive.
Thriving to succeed,
A blooming done to flourish.

And yet some make wishes wanting to get,
Images projected on others...
They would rather prefer,
Than a blooming identified they can not accept.
Perhaps its shown diversity to reflect,
Disappoints and eventually loses its effect.

Prospects of benefits begin to wither and fade.
Limited minds begin a continous whine,
Believing they have been betrayed...
By wishes wanted that have not been relayed.
They protest and reject what they perceive,
To be flaws.
Flaws that do not represent their limited wishes,
And wants at all.

A blooming that is done,
From birth is not recognized for it's purpose.
Or worth.
Nor are the benefits understood to comprehend,
Each generation brings a new direction...
To protect and follow this process of growth to accept.
And not compare to a yesterday.
A yesterday that came to have its end.

From birth,

All should begin to bloom in directions...
No one going through this,
Can make claims they knew to know...
In which direction that blooming takes.
Or how they will appear,
To show as they grow...
With an encouragement that is nourished,
And applied to steps...
Wherever those steps go as they thrive.
Thriving to succeed,
A blooming done to flourish.

But as limited visions and closed minds go,
Stunted is a growth process...
That prevents a blooming of an unknown shown.
To kill a benefit all could get.
For wishes wanted to relive a 'yesterday'.
And protesting against what is represented,
To resent the benefits and appearance...
Of its presence until its effectiveness ends,
From a birth to not comprehend,
The steps or the meaning of progress.

From birth...
There is a purpose.
There is a worth.
From birth...
There is a thirst to nurse.
Nobody gets to rehearse.
From birth...
There is a purpose.
There is a worth.
From birth...
Nobody gets to rehearse.
From birth...
There is a purpose.
There is a worth.
From birth...
There is a thirst to nurse.
Nobody gets to rehearse it first.
From birth...
There is a purpose.

There is a worth.
From birth...
Nobody gets to rehearse.
From birth...
Nobody gets to rehearse it first.
From birth...
Nobody gets to rehearse.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

From Birth To Exist In Eternity

Any torch one elects to carry,
Must be lifted high with pride.
With a purpose not to tarry.
And,
Through any storm if necessary.
Kept and held high,
As if to reach stars in the sky.
With a flame,
That blazes one's name on it.
To remain unchanged...
From birth to exist in eternity!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

From Blue To Blue You Choose

There are clouds above your storms...
Afraid to let Sun through.
Also empty wishes,
Have you feeling shades of blue.
On the dew...
At dawn.

There are clouds above your storms,
Only no one but you.
And...
That's the way it seems.
That's the way your dreams are too!
From blue to blue,
You choose!

Open up your windows.
Feel the breeze.
Let your heart breathe free.

There are clouds above your storms...
Afraid to let Sun through.
Also empty wishes,
Have you feeling shades of blue.
On the dew...
At dawn.

Clouds above your storms.
And they are there watching you.
Wanting to drift,
Away.
But you wish them to stay..
From blue to blue,
You choose.
The way your dreams are too!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

From Both Sides Of Irritated Aggravation

From both sides of irritated aggravation,
One with a patience tolerating this sits...
In the middle of it,
Made to be convinced those of intelligence...
Should be more understanding,
With a comprehending as to why...
Ignorance continues to be permitted.
As if it's a concept of kept pride.

And moving away from the existence of this,
One perceived as intelligent...
Is rumored to be stand-offish when seen to exit.
But weighing the benefits one wishes to keep,
Against an ignorance impossible to defeat...
A leaving of aggravation to irritate completely,
One decides a peace of mind should be kept prioritized.
And splits as soon as the doing is possible.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

From Both Sides Of The Fence

Intelligence.
And who has an abundance of it,
Will always offend those incompetent.
No matter how well they are dressed to impress.
Or address their material values,
To use against those historically oppressed...
With comparisons to make expressed insecurities.

Intelligence.
And who has an abundance of it,
Will always offend those fearing competence.
It shows in the way,
In who is hurting most today...
From both sides of the fence,
Exposing an overwhelming display of ignorance.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

From Burrowed Troughs

They came to share...
Not invade another's space.
With a nothingness but faith,
They brought.

They were laughed at and disgraced.
Opportunity was all they sought.
Not to thumb their noses.
Or expose smirks set upon their faces.

Speaking in languages mocked and degraded.
In time they created their own separate rules.
Leaving behind those who treated them rude and cruel.

Now they are the ones with shoulders of frost.
Passing those who still laugh in sadness.
As they watch them line up in masses...
To eat slop they feed from burrowed troughs!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

From Day One

As soon as you get the picture,
After it has downloaded in its entirety...
In your mind that's beginning to broaden.
And you have matured enough to comprehend.
I hope you are able to move your lips,
To find and express an apology to me and others...
You went out of your way to offend with obscenities.
Now that you can clearly see,
Who has and has not been in your corner,
From day One.
And I hope I am in the right mood when and 'if',
That should happen.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

From Different Points Of View

...and over there where the clouds are parting,
I once stood in despair
With no burden departing!
And I came to lift my emotions mixed and fixed.
Deciding to confront each one,
And here with peace I sit!
It's nice to get over it...
Above those scenes I believed were never ending!
Until I found you here...
Above yours too!
How panoramic and dynamic life becomes,
When renewed...
And allowed to be assisted,
From different points of view!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

From Dimensions Advanced

Seek many do,
With a wish to reign...
And over others rule.
With a desire to create,
A history...
To leave scholars appointed,
To make a teaching of this...
A mandated policy.

But that which shall be,
Will never be retold.
That which is created and made by design,
Takes its assignment...
From a much higher state of conscious mind.
Defining what is to be revealed.
From dimensions advanced.
And not of this kind.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

From Dirt To Muddy Up When It Rains

I would not be the one to suggest,
That the Earth is a living and breathing entity.
Superior in thought than mankind will ever be.
No.
This 'thing' is just a ball in space.

I would not be the one to suggest,
That from the Earth...
All that has come to witness life,
From Earth had its birth.
From ashes to ashes.
Dust to dust.
From dirt to muddy up when it rains?
No way.

I would not be the one to suggest,
Any of this.
Even hypothetically.

Since everyone knows...
We came here bestowed upon this,
Our existence...
By way of immaculate conception.

Divine!
With a purity and wholesomeness,
As commemorated on December 8th.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

From Dusk To Dawn

You're the heartbreak,
That I never had...
Before you came,
Nobody did that to me.

You're the headache,
That can turn up the gas...
To heat me!
That I can't get to sleeping.
When you heat me...
You leave me weak.

You're the heartbreak,
That I never had...
Before you came,
Nobody did that to me.

You're the headache,
That Can turn up the gas...
To heat me!
That I can't get to sleeping.
When you heat me...
You leave me weak.

Yes when you heat me,
I light up like a fire.
When you heat me,
From dusk to dawn.

You're the headache,
That can turn up the gas...
To heat me!
That I can't get to sleeping.
When you heat me...
You leave me weak.

You're the heartbreak,
That I never had...

Before you came,
Nobody did that to me.

When you heat me,
I can't get to sleeping.
When you heat me...
You leave me weak.

Yes when you heat me,
I light up like a fire.
When you heat me,
From dusk to dawn.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

From Dust To Dust

A recycling comes,
To be lived as given to everyone.
From dust to dust.
In God we trust.

A recycling comes,
To be lived as given to everyone.
From dust to dust.
In God we trust.

To leech with a feeding.
And to feed from that which has been leeched.

A recycling comes,
To be lived as given to everyone.
From dust to dust.
In God we trust.
And to feed from that which has been leeched.
Until that leeching fed is done.

By you...
And me!
And...
Everyone.

Leechers!
Creatures!
And thieves under the Sun.
We be sighted to be unseen,
To hush when that moment comes.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

From Either Pulpits Or Podiums

Teachers teach.
And preachers preach.
To do it from either pulpits,
Or podiums. Forget the desks.
To lecture those taking notes.
OR pretend to sit listening intentively.

And when these performances are done,
The only thing people seem...
To keep with them remembered,
Is how who used stunning gestures...
To deliver a message addressed.
But few will leave understanding the content.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

From Examples That Support

Children,
And many adults...
Instilled with beliefs,
They will and can...
Achieve against the odds,
Do.

And those who don't,
Find it easy to remain unmotivated,
From examples that support,
Their disbeliefs held stubbornly...
They can and could achieve anything.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

From Generation To Generation

They destroyed themselves,
From jealousy.
And envy took many of them to their graves.

With self inflicting animosities,
They do to others as they wish.
With a hatred of themselves,
Heard on cussed exchanging lips.

Many of them are 'raising' children,
Like neglected pets...
Chained and leashed,
On trashed doorsteps.

Neglect is not understood,
Since many only comprehend handouts.
And living in sleaze like leeches,
Is a quality of life they only know and perceive.

They destroyed themselves,
From jealousy.
And envy took many of them to their graves.
From generation to generation...
Freedom for them is meant to enslave.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

From Holiday To Holiday

This is what I've learned about living in reality
The few who choose to do it,
Become highly suspicious by those who travel
From holiday to holiday to celebrate escapes.
With the doing to others who speak of truth,
Everything they can
To depict them as mavericks.
Who have anti-social unacceptable motives,
To inflict
On those conformists,
Wanting nothing to do with a consciousness
That produces visions of clarity.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

From Invisible Places

The flesh is not where the mind is confined.
As if one can observe a thought process occurring.

The mind like one's soul is a 'spirit' designed,
To communicate from invisible places.

And those who meditate within a quietness allowed,
Find themselves connected.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

From It You Ran

You came to me running.
Out of breath to say...
You now understand.
You came to me running,
For love I gave.
But from it you ran.

You thought of me as nothing.
Someone quick to kick to the curb.
You thought that I deserved it.
Because of gossip and the lies,
You heard.

You didn't see it coming.
Friends of yours to play their tricks
To fool.
And I told you that would happen.
With destroying our relationship too!

You came to me running.
Hoping what I had would still,
Be there.
And it was for awhile that way.
But I couldn't stay...
Hoping that you understood,
What I felt for you wasn't easy...
To admit.
And commit to it.

From it you ran.
And it's gone.
From it you ran.

From it you ran.
And it's gone.
From it you ran.
Understand,
What was isn't to have moved on.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

From Its Hypnotic Misdeeds

Impoverish,
To make predictions
With statistics wished!
Reveals a declining state of mind,
In time...
Can no longer be nourished.
Since what it has done
Gives those shunning it,
Opportunities...
To do all they must do,
To enlighten and awaken...
From its hypnotic misdeeds!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

From Its Perspective

Give 'yourself' the opportunity,
To see things as they are.
Investigate.
At least become more observant.

And you may be quite surprised,
You might have spent most of your life lived,
Totally based upon assumptions.

And that which 'is' has been ignored,
By your lack of participation confessed.
And from 'its' perspective...
You don't exist either.
Leaving no benefit of this to be exchanged.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

From Limits Wished To Pick

A quick turn around found,
By those hot and trodden...
Down in the dumps,
Getting up to vacate....
Kept miseries to take.

A quick turn around,
By those hot and trodden...
Down in the dumps,
Giving up to vacate the taste of hate...
Beginning to offend in their minds.
And...
Destroying images that confine.

From limits wished to pick,
A life to get to live it...
Is a life one gets to accept.

From limits wished to pick,
To irritate the getting...
Begins a life to live to leave regrets.

Getting up to take a stand,
To live one's life without demands...
Begins a life to live without regrets,
Met.

Getting up to find a way,
To live life better...
Begins a life to live without regrets,
Everyday to fetch.
Or accept a doing that as a donor.

A quick turn around,
By those hot and trodden...
Down in the dumps,
Giving up to vacate the taste of hate...
Beginning to offend in their minds.
And...

Destroying images that confine,
To...
Conflict and confusion.
Just a conflict and confusion.
To do conflict and confusion.
And abuse those who will lose,
To...
Conflict and confusion.
Just a conflict and confusion.
To do conflict and confusion.
And abuse those who will lose.

And done to do this,
From limits wished to pick.

And done to do this,
From limits wished to pick.

And done to do this,
From limits wished to pick.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

From Lip To Ear

'I thought you did not like me.'

Oh?
Did I tell you that?

'No.'

Oh,
So my actions expressed it?

'No.'

I see,
So how did you determine I disliked you?

'That's what I heard.'

I see...

Remember the last time I asked how you were?
And we were face to face?
And you neglected to ask me the same?

'Yeah...
But I didn't have time to stop to chat!
I nodded my head.
And that's a fact.'

I see.
Well,
Let me say this within listening distance...
Get-Out-Of-My-Face.

Take that and share it with your reliable sources.
And make sure you put emphasis,
On how nasty I was, okay?
And IF we should cross paths again...
You will have reason to roll your eyes.

I give what I deliver,
From lip to ear.
Not through clogged up and petty party lines.

'I heard you were a nasty and bitter person.'

Great!
Now you have that confirmed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

'From Me You Will Get Love'

I want you to believe,
From me you will get love.
I will even repeat it,
If needed to hear.
Whispered close.
Or Loud and clear.

'From me you will get love.
From me you will get love.'

For so long I have wished,
For the right one to give it.
For so long in the giving...
The wrong ones misunderstood.
And me and my love,
Was shoved away and dismissed.

From me I give this.
Since you have been my gift.
And I recognize it to behold.
To cherish what I have been blessed with...
To receive in the sharing.
And in the sharing of what love is!

I want you to believe,
From me you will get love.
I will even repeat it,
If needed to hear.
Whispered close.
Or loud enough to know it is clear.

'FROM ME YOU WILL GET LOVE.
FROM ME YOU WILL GET LOVE.
FROM ME YOU WILL GET LOVE.'

Every second.
Every hour.
Everyday throughout the year.

'From me you will get love.
From me you will get love.
From me you will get love.
From me you will get...
LOVE! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

From Myths Created As Conceived

Those maintaining their tight hold,
On traditions to believe...
From myths created as conceived,
Will always seek definitions to define...
Why they are afflicted,
With increasing physical and mental illnesses...
Dismissing truth being revealed.
Hoping that concealing truth eventually heals.
And will give them more time to find,
New medications to drug their minds.
With a solving done of their dissolving dillusions.
Although a higher consciousness experienced,
As many by the minute have begun to witness...
Has arrived and is in the midst,
To prevent the continuance of deceit to exist.

More are becoming detoxed,
From offensive and distubing behavior...
That has shocked those awakening,
To recognize to witness for themselves...
A need for it to be stopped.
Or have their mentalities,
Blocked from being conscious forever.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

From Obscurity To Clarity

A composition to be read,
Is not much different...
When it is heard to hear,
Or felt to feel to comprehend...
Its intent when completed to finish,
With a getting of an attention...
To either critique or consent to its content.

The position of the composer still remains to select,
An approach that is best effective...
That will bring from obscurity to clarity,
A 'vision' appreciated and easily detected...
By those with mindsets prepared to digest,
What it is the composer's composition might suggest...
With words expressed or notes placed never to forget.

A composition to be read,
Is not much different...
When it is heard to hear,
Or felt to feel to comprehend...
Its intent when completed to finish,
With a getting of an attention...
To either critique or consent to its content.

And to do with a taking what has been done for granted.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

From One To Another With Love

We come here to go!
And in between...
We should come to experience,
Being touched.
And knowing someone known...
Who has touched and done it well.
Not for the purpose of it being shown.
But just to have it done.
To have it passed on from one,
To another with love.

We come here to go!
And in between...
We should come to experience,
Being touched...
From one to another with love.
And knowing someone known...
Who has touched and done it well,
From one to another with love.
Just to have it done.
And not for the purpose of it being shown.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

From One To Ten

If people wanted their exceptions made,
To rules created to instill discipline.
With expectations they be followed.
And obeyed to be given strict attention.
Then why have they been called 'rules'?

Wouldn't they be better followed,
And specifically obeyed...
If they had been called 'Commandments'?
With each assigned a number from one to ten.
And then texted to everyone.
Or perhaps faxed?

Or maybe texted?
Then better yet...
Downloaded privately for a quicker effect.
Depicting each position explicitly of sex.

But, then again...
Wouldn't people then complain,
About the 'rules' they would need to followed.
And obey.
That still did not achieve,
Those satisfactions they believed...
From a telling told that had them sold,
That 'all' exceptions were accepted.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

From One's Soul

When a rawness has rubbed off,
And one knows they have paid the cost...
With that touch that is finished.
To glow and not diminish.
A gloss radiating seems to fit,
An acknowledgement that praises it.

Raise up a glass.
And toast those facts at last.
That a polishing done did it.
With a sparkling gloss it gets.

Raise up a glass.
And toast those facts at last.
That a polishing done did it.
With a sparkling gloss it gets.

When it's done from one's soul,
It can not be bought or sold.
With that giving of a gloss it gets.
And an attention that seems fit.

When it's done from one's soul,
It can not be repo(ed) .
With a polishing done to it.
And that gloss that seems to fit.

Raise up a glass.
And toast those facts at last.
That a polishing done did it.
With a sparkling gloss it gets.

When a rawness has rubbed off,
And one knows they have paid the cost...
It can not be repo(ed) .
When it's done from one's soul.
And...
A polishing done did it.
With a sparkling gloss it gets.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

From Origins Within

The sadness of a hatred created that escalates,
Stamps the seal of revenge...
On minds remembering misdeeds,
Coming with torment.
And the satisfactions of comforts,
Are long overdue and keep the many waiting.
No one who suffers in grief...
Completely leaves it alone!
And no hand glading back slapping politician,
Can patch these pains in painless campaigns
To gain support for change and majestic opportunities!
These are not the days,
For dispensing 'goose bumping' promises.

Dimple smiles revealing flawless white teeth are fading!
Glamorizing the glitter of life has produced
Cavities of injustices upon moral standards that decay!
In fact...
Much of which is on display is rotting!
And from origins within,
Connecting to descendants of this thinking...
Is where this unraveling begins on its descend.
Stopping it would be to admit...
Something unfit began all of it!
And today there is no time left,
To explore and examine these revelations!
Not when addressing the affects,
Sinks and digresses any expectation for progress!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

From Pen To Cyber Pals

From pen to cyber pals,
Sending expressed thoughts...
To do within seconds.
Over the internet.
Sharing wishes and wants to get.

Quick and brief,
Are their abbreviated messages.
And released to receive,
Is content meant to intend.

From pen to cyber pals,
There is an innocence lost...
Once known to have by guys and gals,
Gone from a past to have had.

Today...
Children no longer are doing things to tease.
To satisfy pleasures whenever they please.
From pen to cyber pals some may agree to meet.
While others just suggest,
Experimenting sexually.

From pen to cyber pals,
Sending expressed thoughts...
To do within seconds.
Over the internet.
Sharing wishes and wants to get.

Quick and brief,
Are their abbreviated messages.
And released to receive,
Is content meant to intend.
With an innocence lost they never had to begin.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

From Pen To Then 'Pewter' Put

From pen to then 'pewter' put...
Is how I does to do my writin'.
From pen to 'pewter' put...
Is how I does to do my writin',
From pen to 'pewter' put...
Is how I does to do my writin',
Done!
From...
Pen to then 'pewter' put,
Is how I does to did my writin' done!

Sometimes people sit quizzin' my spellin'.
And screwed up grammer needin' more to school.
To more than offen tell me it's my contint.
Some don't even no to be confused.
And they be the ones,
Who could step ta do a crewz.
Wit a movin' it to chewz.

From pen to then 'pewter' put...
Is how I does to do my writin'.
From pen to 'pewter' put...
Is how I does to do my writin',
From pen to 'pewter' put...
Is how I does to do my writin',
Done!
From...
Pen to then 'pewter' put,
Is how I does to did my writin' done!

'Whatever this is,
Is worse than what the kids can do.'

~I hope it to be true.
But I know they witted and they git it,
To better do to prove.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

From Pits To Sunshine

A name to have well known,
Does not become easy to own.
Or wear it comfortably.
Like a pair of shoes.
Worn after being used and abused.
Those witnessing come to expect,
This fit that appears perfect...
To connect to an arrogance.
Or something else to reject,
Found to find in their minds...
To warrant suspicion,
That objectifies one's position.

Anytime one climbs,
From pits to sunshine...
There will be opposition.
Coming out of mouths,
Creating nonexistent...
And outrageous stuff made up.

Anytime one climbs,
From behind shadows...
To win over personal battles.
Always it is perceived,
The doing was not strategic.
But had been assisted...
By a variety of opportunities.
Provided to one from which to pick.
And after one had been spun around.
To remove a blindfold that profits,
A delayed but assumed enthusiasm.

'Some are just 'lucky'...
To be able to climb out of pits,
Blindfolded.
And still have notoriety to them,
Handed.
Without it earned at all.'

-But I saw them crawl up,
From the lowest of ditches.-

'That's your opinion.
And today...
Opinions are worth more,
If they are overly exaggerated.
Yours to give is too specific.
Too honest and detailed.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

From Places Not That Far Away

Never do anything intentionally,
To create obstacles...
Or lie about activities,
Attributed to someone else.
Since the negative returns for the doing of such,
May not be influenced by the one chosen and picked...
To be the choice one victimizes,
With a seeking sought to revenge evil implementations.

Those with faith kept they have never left...
To go unquestioned,
Keep their steps moving in a forward direction.
On a path that's seen with clear and focused eyes.

There are 'entities' amongst us much too wise.
With abilities to see those wicked tricks played.
Using the assistance of 'spiritual' capabilities,
To witness this and other disparities inflicted to betray.
And...
From places not that far away!
To ensure the appropriate punishments,
Come to sting and without delay.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

From Positions Of Popularity

When the obvious becomes less fantasized.
And delusions are premanently released,
From positions of popularity...
Can all then begin to confront ignorance,
As a preventable mental disease.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

From Safe But Yet Inquisitive Distances

Once a fresh new fragrance has been sniffed...
By those accustomed to experiencing,
A life adventured and explored!
It is understood how some can become overwhelmed.
If their steps have been hesitant in debate...
As a discussion takes place,
To uncover the benefits of something shown.
Instead of partaking in the unknown...
From safe,
But yet inquisitive distances!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

From 'scratch'

Let's begin,
From 'scratch' again.
To salvage and get back that attraction,
Before we began an adding onto 'zero'...
With a duplicating of complications.
And mutliplying dissatisfactions.
Subtracting all the happiness from our lives.

Let's begin with starting over again,
To admitting our mistakes made...
And not to ignore with attempts to explore,
New excuses to use to replace or forget them.
Or to convince one another,
From our minds they have been erased.

Remember when we use to slowly close doors?
As if every hinge on them we wanted to keep adored.
But we began to slam them to thrown things to the floor.
With a calling each other names to exclaim, 'No More'.
Do you remember when our tempers,
Began to heat into shouts to cuss each other out?
With a doing to refuse to cool our attitudes.
To then purposely not speak or have our eyes meet,
As if we had romance in them still dancing.

Let's end all that and return to enchantment.
Can we make that possible again?
Can we...
Start over from 'scratch'.
When 'zero' had been a factor.
And our attractions matched every satisfaction.
Do you remember when we met and promised,
To express the best of positive thoughts?
Let's abort what has brought us to the edge of divorce.

Let's begin,
From 'scratch' again.
And if we can do that to admit love still exists,
Let's not resist that feeling to believe...

Staying stubborn and childish has its benefits.
Benefits that will leave without love we knew,
We once shared together to receive...
From 'scratch' that kept that attraction attached.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

From Seats To Feet

A style that brings the people,
From seats to feet...
Is something that isn't easily done.
Especially if more than a few are pleased.

This is a skill of a master,
Unmasked.
And more than any other,
Who has crafted a task.

And it...
Takes a chef to know just how to bake a cake.
It takes a chef to know just how to bake a cake.
Yes it,
Takes a chef to know just how to bake a cake.
To whip a cake to taste takes more than a...
Shake and bake!

A style that brings the people,
From seats to feet...
Is something that isn't easily done.
This is a skill of a master,
Unmasked.
And more than any other,
Who has crafted a task.

And it...
Takes a chef to know just how to bake a cake.
It takes a chef to know just how to bake a cake.
Yes it,
Takes a chef to know just how to bake a cake.
To whip a cake to taste takes more than a...
Shake and bake!

No need to ask a master what is the task.
When people move from seats to feet,
They've been razz-a-ma-tazzed.

And it...

Takes a chef to know just how to bake a cake.
It takes a chef to know just how to bake a cake.
Yes it,
Takes a chef to know just how to bake a cake.
To whip a cake to taste takes more than a...
Shake and bake!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

From Sunrise To Sunset

Many have never had responsibilities,
With a sacrificing their lives.
And...
Many have never been held accountable,
For knowing the difference between wrong and right.
Many have lived,
Believing themselves entitled to be enticed...
By...
Getting what they have wanted.
And deciding what it is they liked.
To pick up their rods and fishing when they wished.
Doing whatever it is...
Day AND night!

Choosing from their choices.
With a doing what they wish.
Tasting the delicious...
And skipping over what is dismissed.
To sacrifice they've never realized,
Not a moment in their lives.
And people like this only exist to be selfish...
From Sunset to Sunrise,
With themselves in their eyes!

Many have never had responsibilities,
With a sacrificing their lives.
And...
Many have never been held accountable,
For knowing the difference between wrong and right.
Many have lived with only themselves to exist,
From Sunset to Sunrise,
With their eyes blinded by selfishness.

DAY-O!
As their daze grow old.
Here Sunrise comes...
As the Sunset goes!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

From Sunset To Dawn

Is cleverness essential to project,
To show and bestow...
With a determined self righteousness?

It can not be purchased,
Like created diamonds flawed.
Fools' gold can adorn,
When it is worn...
To mask the wealth,
Some falsely display to capture awe.
Unbelieving those shown,
Have not been exposed to a reality known.

These tricks go on...
From sunset to dawn!

And depicting self worth,
Could someday curse
Those without 'innervision'.

Those who perceive,
Living life on surfaces kept...
With no depth of thought to retrieve!

Choosing to use an apparatus,
For purposes to attract a social status...
Maybe a clever endeavor at first,
But forever leaves a genuine malice!
For those who seek truth,
To quench their thirst!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

From That Zone As Shown

With consistency when someone known,
Speaks 24/7 negatively.
From that zone as shown.
That person needs mental therapy.
And if suggested but does not heed.
That person known should be left alone.

Those who take advantage of one's hospitality,
To disrespect a giving done.
For an opportunity,
To reduce a pleasant environment offered.
For a chance to pollute the air others breathe.
That person should be asked to leave.
And fast!

With consistency when someone known,
Speaks 24/7 negatively.
From that zone as shown.
That person needs mental therapy.
And if suggested but does not heed.
That person known should be left alone.
With an asking to leave your environment in peace.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

From The Beginning...To The End

From the beginning...
We all feed on those perceptions fed.
To feel an acceptance...
Of a normality taught,
That is compared.
And when those comparisons begin to conflict,
Some with nagging curiosities begin to investigate...
The validity of those perceptions that restrict.

Some settle for those teachings taught to them.
While others elect to peer over fences...
To view the doings of their neighbors.
And begin to confide in the opinions,
Of those who become trusted and loyal friends

It seems beyond the boundaries of families,
Or those we accept before adventuring...
Outside of those limits set.
An expansion of our minds happens.
And this broadens with a widened consciousness.
Only to offend those with beliefs they wish kept protected.
To keep closed in and unbending they defend....
To the end!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

From The Black Perspective

Why don't you write more from the 'Black' perspective?
Or the African-American point of view.
Perhaps from the 'Negro' in you.
You have several points of view,
From which to choose.
Why aren't your depictions more from this experience?

'You mean...
The isolation and pain? '

Yeasss.

'The oppression I've endured,
With little gain to claim? '

Oh! Yes, yes, yes!

'My feelings of discrimination,
Racism and hatred? '

Ooooohhh...Yesssss! Yes.

'That bitterness within me.
For being 'Black'?
And carrying it on my back.
With a torment that rips my soul? '

Oh, please. More, more, more.

'The hunger, the poverty.
The homelessness expressed...
Within my people that keeps us divided,
In a separateness?
The misery, the tears.
The sleeplessness for wishing to be white?
And the fears of being a Black man,
With no allies in sight? '

Oh...I feel your anguish!

So tragic.

'My need to tap dance to gain public acceptance?
Regardless of my burdens, tribulations and suffering? '

Please stop this.
You have driven me to tears.

'Well...
To answer your question,
I haven't given that much thought.
However...
When and if I change my mind,
I'll give you a call.
You seem to be more empathetic about that,
Than I am!
Nobody but me pays my bills.
And my creditors could care less,
How I sign my money orders or checks.
Like everybody else...
They just want to get paid.'

Is that it?

'That's it!
That's how I feel about it.
And I am free to complain and whin if I choose.
Just like you.'

Well...
Thanks anyway.
I was hoping for a deeper,
More 'probing' insight!
I'm writing a thesis for my doctorate.
And I was hoping you would co-operate,
With more venom.

'What are you seeking?
To be attacked? '

Oh, no.
Why?

Do I look as if I'm wishing to be seduced?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

From The Field Where The Game Is Played

People talk a good game!
But...
Either from the sidelines.
Or from the bleechers.
Even from the comforts of their homes.

However...
From the field where the game is played,
Nowhere are they seen...
To show anyone any proof at all,
They can hold a bat to foul or strike out.
And the hitting of a homerun to accomplish?
Comeon.
Let's be realistic.
That takes showing up.
And getting off one's butt!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

From The Hollow Minds Of Demented Men

Now the big boys with the bucks,
Argue who is right and wrong.
While the oil from the ocean,
Gushes up from a hole.
The oil made them spoiled.
And their souls have been sold.
And people witness the environment,
Being destroyed because of their greed...
And indefinite ignorance.

Everything that lives will suffer,
The experience inflicted by this tolerance.
Allowed and followed...
To benefit more decadence.
That now becomes everyone's to swallow...
From the hollow minds of demented men.
Who can no longer mask their wicked tasks,
Or their incompetence lacking common sense.
That has never been aligned with mental substance at all.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

From The Inside Of Your Own Mind

Be you physically freed.
Or mentally tied up trapped in knots.
Encased in invisible limitations...
Viewed from a perspective,
You can not seem to stop!

It is 'you' that has to be faced.
It is 'you' that has to find your place.
It is you and no one other,
That has to unravel what it takes...
To deliver an approval,
No one can erase.
Or say what it is,
A happiness only you allow and make.
To give and let live...
From the inside of your own mind.

There for you to discover.
And there...
For 'you' as it is to define.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

From The Lips

Excuse:
'I didn't want to see them like that.
That is why I didn't come by to see them,
Before they passed away.'

Excuse:
'I know I should have asked you
How you were doing!
But I was told you were doing fine,
And that's why I hadn't called! '

Excuse:
'Even though I know most of our relatives
Attended.
I didn't get an invitation.
My father got one.
I should have received one too! '

Excuse:
'I really didn't tell lies on you and things you did.
I just told them what I heard.
And when I saw you the other day,
You didn't speak to me.
But I didn't tell them you didn't see me...
And what I heard came from someone,
Who hasn't seen you at all! '

These excuses come from the lips,
Of those who will swear they know you!
Everything about you...
And more!

Why they stay amazed,
You would rather keep away from them...
Day and night to remain in peace,
Will not stop a dropp of their gossip!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

From The Moment It Is Learned

It is a tremendous feeling,
To know...
Someone is there,
Who cares deeply.

It is a tremendous feeling,
To know...
Every effort one attempts to make,
To break away from obstacles...
Is appreciated.

And this tremendous feeling comes,
With wishes of wanting to stay.
From the moment it is learned,
This unexpected gift is given...
Without the benefit,
Of one's return in patient expectation.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

From The Moment You Awakened

From the moment you awakened,
To face a new day.
As fresh as the leaving,
Of scented morning dew.
It was you who made decisions,
To address as you presented yourself...
With choices you alone made.

From the moment you awakened,
Until you made accusations...
To place blame on someone else,
For that which you alone chose to do...
Is to say to anyone within listening distance,
From the moment you awakened...
To face the day,
You premeditated to find excuses to make.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

From The Most Secretive Of Places

Wouldn't it be nice to live a life we like,
Free without fear of being smeared...
By slander.

And wouldn't it be great if everyone claimed,
To be a friend that can be trusted...
With a faithfulness so loyal and unquestioned,
Until the end.

Wouldn't it be just wonderful to know,
What we do for others...
Is appreciated with a giving back of respect.

Yet...
A life lived without regrets,
Just does not seem to be lived...
If opposition did not exist to make an appearance,
From the most secretive of places that are surprisingly kept.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

From The Outside

From the inside,
Much easier it is...
To open a closed door.
With it to unlock if wished.
But from the outside,
Knocking on a closed door...
Awaiting for someone to open it,
May take a lifetime for one to learn...
How to approach the unknown,
Without fear to face it alone.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

From The Right Side To Doubt

To switch what comes from twisted lips,
With a listening to those...
Who have made a habit of this,
As if to remove themselves from a truth...
To admit.
Has yet to prevent them to be the ones perceived,
Dependable or honest to say anything believed.
Although quick to protect and defend,
Any suspicions they have been deceiving.
Or have made attempts to be direct.

'Do you mind repeating what was said,
From the left side of your mouth?
It conflicts what came out...
From the right side to doubt.'

~I'm insulted.
You know I have a speech impediment.~

'I am appalled you would believe,
I have a hearing deficiency.
Now...
Which lie and from which side,
Is it that you prefer to again repeat? '

~Why is it that you wish to embarrass me? ~

'You've already done that!
And, at my expense.
Prove you intend to pay me what is owed.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

From The Root

How difficult is it,
For someone to pick from a selection of rocks...
To take one to wash and keep?

Would that same person have the patience,
Or time to give...
To observe all rocks be created,
To then allow that selection to take place?

That's how easy it has become,
For those to pass their judgements done.
When all they have to do is choose to do it.
With an excusing of themselves from everything else,
That connects to the development of the process.

Doesn't life seem easier to live,
When one's hands are not accustomed...
To being involved with the making of things work?
From the root to watch with a patience,
The direction towards which they may grow.
Or have that focused as their main curiosity.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

From The Time I Was Born

All of my life,
From the time I was born...
I was told,
From the time I was born...
Don't have initiative too bold.

And all of my life,
From the time I was born...
I found that wrong.
From the time I was born...
I had to be,
From the time I was born...
More than stong,
Bold all day long.

All of my life,
From the time I was born...
I was told,
From the time I was born...
Don't have initiative too bold.

And all of my life,
From the time I was born...
I found that wrong.
From the time I was born...
I had to be,
From the time I was born...
More than stong,
All day long...
And bold,
All of my life.

I was taught so early,
To feel real blessed.
And...
To watch the eyes on my back.
With no rest from taking a nap.

I was taught so early,

To feel real blessed.
And...
Not to ask for slack.
Or be slapped for lacking facts.
If I lived my life like that.

All of my life,
From the time I was born...
I was told,
From the time I was born...
Don't have initiative too bold.

And all of my life,
From the time I was born...
I found that wrong.
From the time I was born...
I had to be,
From the time I was born...
More than stong,
All day long...
And bold,
All of my life.

I had to be,
More than stong...
All of my life,
From the time I was born...
I had to be,
More than stong,
All of my life.

From the time I was born,
I had to be,
More than stong.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

From The Top To The Bottom

From the top to the bottom,
There were those who chose to stop...
Actions they believe were made,
By those who went against the grade.
No matter if that grade,
Had been all about 'shade'.

From the top to the bottom,
There were those who were just rotten.
With nothing on their minds,
But themselves all the time.
And believing they had power...
To stop tick tocking from a hanging clock.

From the top to the bottom,
There were gobblers who loved robbing...
Anything they thought had meaning,
And to smear it with their scheming.
With no scruples in their 'noggin'.
And sipping on mischief like it was eggnog.

From the top to the bottom,
There were crooks and there were snobs...
With their noses in the air!
But no empathy is shown to come,
From anywhere.
Now find their lives blocked,
And going no where.

From the top to the bottom,
They are slipping off roofs...
Into muddy ruts.
With no boots or shoes,
And on their butts out of luck...
Singing the blues!

From the top to the bottom,
Slickers sliding in slop!
From the top to the bottom,

And it's done nonstop!
From the top to the bottom,
Slickers sliding in slop!
From the top to the bottom,
And it's done nonstop!

From the top to the bottom,
Now the bottom's got 'em shocked!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

From The Very Moment That It Stings

From the very moment that it stings,
Forgiving to forget a harboring that swings...
Back and forth from that day forward,
When a heartbreak begins to be remembered...
Doesn't end to forever disappear.

From the moment that it strings,
One's heart is torn and broken.
And those tears that flow that shows one's woes,
May come to mend.
But a bitterness sits every now and then.

From the very moment that it stings,
It's difficult to pretend...
A feeling inside no longer rides.
To disguise it for something else,
With a charading faked denied on one's face.

From the very moment that it stings,
Enough is enough..
A quality once known can not be patched up!
And from the moment that it stings...
One knows a change has begun.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

From The Watchful Eyes Of God

My advice?
I am not one to give it.
Since it is not my expertise.

But I will offer a suggestion,
I hope you do not question!
Since it is my observation.

Anyone making decisions to select someone,
To become prey of slander being done.
With character assassinations...
To defame with false accusations.
Hoping to impede worthy deeds,
With an unconscious evilness that succeeds.
Should evaluate the depth and permanence,
Of the circumstances...
Once implemented they can not circumvent,
With calls of forgiveness a regretful mind...
In time,
Will not let one forget!

Some folks will pretend,
Such actions against them does not offend.
However...
Those who are victimized,
Are never far away...
From the watchful eyes of God!
And He, She or It will not legitimize these actions,
By ignoring them as innocent fits of fancy.
No matter how deep a deceit of cloaking goes!

Something will be done,
To affect the lives of those who choose darkness
To impose...
Such sinister actions dressed,
Masquerading in pious clothes.
Disguised as sheep...
Baring fangs of demons to wolf,
Under choral robes!

Their souls are not veiled at all!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

From The Window

Am I not to know or feel the pain,
You went out of your way to inflict upon me?
Am I not to know the sneakiness by which you did it?
Or were you hoping I would dropp to my knees...
To plead for mercy to appease your taste for sleaze?

Who in the hell do you think you are dealing with here?
I've learned to fight my battles on playgrounds.
With mommy and daddy...
Looking on,
From the window!

And I might have left with scars.
But I was not about to leave,
Feeling defeated.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

From Their Backdoors

They've backed themselves into a corner.
Now they wish to have someone comissioned...
To paint scenes of the Bahamas on it!

Envisioned still is a crystal chandelier...
Softly lit.
To romanticize the falling chips,
From long neglected ceilings.

And I see them now...
Leaving from their backdoors.
Where they use to greet the 'help'
Frisked before ordered...
To go inside and clean.

To leave these doors now in despair.
With heads down.
Carrying plastic bags,
To fill from a foodshare giveaway.
And to return inside to darkened walls.
Where joy and happiness...
Have both been asked to leave.
I see them...
Entertaining their decreasing whims.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

From Their High And Lofty Gilded Cages

Those giving their opinions,
From their high and lofty gilded cages.
Sitting on lakes in secure tall buildings,
Where the winter breezes blow...
On those crawling homeless,
On pavements below.
Are the last to be sipping with quips,
From behind insulated glass...
With insecurities they drown to numb,
By a doing done as if their thoughts...
To anyone matters.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

From Their Perch On Fences

It can become such a foolish waste...
To chase someone who gets things done.
With a hope for a clue,
That will reveal a preview.
Complete with blueprinted details,
And freed of obstacles as this is overviewed.

Folks on a mission...
Aren't out making announcements.
Not for attention or steps taken to blurt.
They are conditioned with discipline.
And challenged to do something,
With their lives experienced here on Earth.

Whether or not they deserve praise...
Isn't an issue they themselves raise.
They are motivated to accomplish!
That is why most people like this,
Are often thought of to be crazed!
And often are...
Dismissed.

And many of them seem quickly evaluated,
To be out of their minds.
And unrestricted by set limits...
Others find comforting to hide securely behind.

Like a pretense some embrace,
They have no traces of abnormalcy!
With lots of company defending their 'common sense' with them.
While finding themselves to be commonly undecisive...
As they join others of similar desires,
Clinging and straddling...
With approved mindsets,
Sitting to discuss their opinions.

Like an image of a row of Crows,
Who judge squawking.
Noisely!

From nearby trees.
Or from their perch on fences.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

From Their Point Of View

There will always be those who choose to see life,
From their point of view.
And not necessarily from their own experiences.
As many feeling entitled excuse themselves to do.

There will always be those who choose to see life,
And the struggles others endure...
From movies, widening TV screens,
Or binoculars used as they peer from behind trees...
To validate a faking of a wisdom often to be argued,
With the ones who have received their completed lessons...
Taught fresh from the trenches to prove with wounds,
They did not sit to observe someone else fighting their battles.

There will always be those who choose to see life,
From their point of view.
And not necessarily from their own experiences, either!
As many feeling entitled excuse themselves to do.

And others will volunteer as a sacrifice to feel as a duty,
To assist in securing freedoms for all as promised.
With a few who will come to assist in providing comfort,
Or express an appreciation and with respect...
To the ones who will always associate life,
With a feeling of mental and physical pain for their efforts.
And this is the view many refuse to acknowledge.
Since to do it they will have to admit a reality exists.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

From Them No Empathy Comes

The longer you waited,
In hiding with false claims.
The later it became...
To undo any resentment,
That a guilty mind...
With a shame confined.

And those wrongly accused,
But found unjustly abused...
May have long ago forgiven you.
Although...
It is in your mind that shows a disturbance.
From all that you had done on purpose.

And those who may show you empathy,
Aren't the ones who now show you none!
From them no empathy comes.
And you they see,
As the deserving one to grieve.
In a pity they would rather leave behind and not see.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

From These Genes

It is from these genes,
From which the genius beems.
It seems to create delicious dreams.
Like the juice that flows to taste familiar...
Yet so sweet.
It's too much to keep it hidden.
Or fabricate its comfort.

It's from the planted seed that's nourished.
To grow, bloom and rejoice the moment!
And it's good...
When it is seen that way!
And better when it isn't.

It is from these genes,
Within me to encourage...
Self,
With a desire to grow.
And to know what I can...
Or can not do.
If I just go ahead and do it!
To prove it to myself.

It is from these genes...
That I have taken so much for granted!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

From These Scenes People Split. That's It!

The more turned off a turned off people get,
Very few are trying to relive the moments...
That created it to reminisce.

Once a patience has been spent,
I know of no one who records this to document.
And those that do,
Seek clues and evidence.

But when something has been tolerated,
Comes to an end...
It is over and done.
Not revisited to start over again.

No one conscious is into that kind of punishment.
No matter what deflated dollar is said to be paid,
To those willing to give information that relates to it!

From these scenes people split.
That's it!
Not to look back ever again.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

From Those Heard Who 'Boo'

The retooling of minds,
Overtime steeped to marinate...
In the comfort of nonsense.
And too much foolishness,
That has become too stale...
To rejuvenate,
Is without debate a waste of patience...
For those who have been asked,
To forget the past by grasping onto tasks...
That will assist those limited in consciousness,
To step up to the plate.
And at least attempt the faking,
Of hitting homeruns with a wanting it done.
Before the game 'they' play Is over!
With no empathy left from those heard who 'boo'.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

From Those Innocent Beginnings

My anger and how that is expressed,
Is inherited.
Yes!
From an initiation process.

My parents donated sperm and a womb.
With an implantation done.
Allowing my birth and breath to breathe.
With some uncomfortable yelling...
Heard by everyone.
So deliberate,
My lungs stunned!

And from those innocent beginnings,
I heard comments made...
About which side of the family I was most like.
From nose, to eye color...
And hair grade.

'...he's got 'good' hair like...? '

Who I reminded them of...
An uncle, or an aunt,
Or a relative held in 'Im not speaking to them'
Family capitivity!

With a temperment no one claimed.
Except bestowing upon me,
My father's first and last names!
With an understated but delared ownership.

I was 'his'...
When being 'hers'
Presented reasons to be pissed.
And, of course...
I was the receiver of those, 'If you weren't born comments.'
With an occasional running away from home added.
My sister and I were latchkey kids.
So we were the ones left...

Home alone sometimes.

To leave the required stamp of approval,
By a surrounding, dysfunctional environment.

Which upon reflection...
And observed after understanding,
That 'stirring up' of youthful independency...
Is the source of my success.
And I am happy as I age,
To confess it.
With an acknowledgement I now can pride,
Were the best years of my life!

'And here 'you' are...
From those innocent beginnings
And here 'you' are..
Challenging to have identified,
Your independency.
And its origins that has left you,
Proud as can be! '

'And here 'you' are...
From those innocent beginnings
And here 'you' are..
Challenging to have identified,
Your independency...
When there is a need to feel you can be,
Challenged! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

From Unclean And Putrid Ends

In deep shit!
And denying the depth
Or which asses created it,
Does not alter the smell!
Or how long this stench will stink!

When begun...
It was neither the time
Or place
To take a dump!
But those who have been spoonfed crap
All their lives,
Surround themselves with those who too are familiar
With squatting down and thrusting disgust,
Whenever and wherever they please!
That is the disease they find excuses to spread!

Nothing has really changed!

The unbelievable odor,
Once accepted as a passing fume...
Is now being detected as an addicting gas,
From unclean and putrid ends.
Excrementing in mutual agreement!
And creating an atmosphere of sheer pain.
For those who remain quietly unbelieving...
This is what they chose!
Hoping
With crossed fingers,
They were going to receive a lifetime of roses!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

From Uninformed But Programmed Lips

To fear a truth,
Does not enlighten.
Nor does the concealment of it...
Restore an honesty.
Deception used as a weapon...
Is more effective when thrusted,
As a projectile targeting like a missile,
From uninformed but programmed lips!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

From What Is It Are They Freed?

Is a vacating of one's responsibility,
Okay just to label as immature?
Who endures the consequences?

And is it cost effective,
To agree with those who have made no investment...
Yet lack both tact and discipline,
Encouraged as they nourish irresponsible children?
When then grow to believe...
They are entitled to implement their misdeeds.
To declare themselves free?

And...
From what is it they are freed?
That does not come out of thin and lint dusting pockets.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

From What I'Ve Been Told

For someone who floats from ear to ear,
As often as you do and with regularity...
You should never complain about having weight issues.
Have you tried not to snack so much between whispers?

I'm not one to say this habit you have is annoying,
But the chips do make the listening to you gossip...
Less satisfying and sometimes not clearly understood.
From what I've been told.
And I hope my recommendation does not offend.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

From Where

From where...
Did such madness come.
Innocently to mingle.
Unnoticed or announced.
Before allowing the affect,
Sting with it done.
Leaving no one stunned.
Or begin to examine,
A difference that had begun.

From where in the air,
Did a madness descend.
Were the signs of it misleading
To ignore comprehending,
Whatever smells foul...
Should be understood,
It up to no good!

Once something familiar,
Begins to decay...
The arrival of negligence,
Has been approved to display.

From where...
Does such a dismissal,
Get an 'okay'?
To allow an epidemic,
An opportunity to mimic...
Conscious minds...
To self destruct.
Until eventually diminished.

From where did unconcern,
Begin its slow burning...
Of enjoyed evil to inhale.
From where...
Did malicious wickedness,
Get its start to survive...
And thrive to prevail.

And...
Who is foolish enough,
To still believe...
They are immune,
Mentally and physically...
These days to keep it perceived
They are amongst those freed,
Without doubt to question...
Their ability to perform,
All activities...
With complete to validate,
Who is or is not crazed.

These days?
From where,
Does such a madness come?
To be unnoticed.
And innocently done?
Hmmm...let's see...
Perhaps,
Our indulgence...
In an overdose of delusion.
Maybe,
Our unwillingness to admit...
Kept insecurities,
Keeps hatred manifested.
And accusations to invest.
How about self respect?
There are not too many left,
Keeping that addressed.
Either to express.
Or confess to accept it.

From where...
Does such madness come?
Don't look at me.
I didn't bring it.
It was yours to claim,
Long before...
You try to put that blame,
On me to frame and shame!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

From Where Did They Get This?

Too many young,
Have been stung on the run.
By what their elders still do,
And have done.

Too many young,
Think everything is fun.
To do their vicious mischief,
Blaming someone.

'From where did they get this? '

From those who taught them how to deceive.

'Where they get this? '

From those who taught them how to deceive.

Too many kids are raising kids to stay kids.
With their troubles doubled,
Turning their lives into rubble.

'Who brought them to this?
These innocent kids.'

Those who taught them how to deceive.

'Who brought them to this?
These innocent kids.'

Those who taught them how to deceive.

'Who? '

The ones unchanging what they believe.

'Who? '

The ones unchanging what they believe.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

From Where I Came

I've lived in places,
People wouldn't dare visit...
To nod to fall to sleep.
That's why to a degree,
I could care less...
Who believes they can assess me.
Or my abilities.
And how I received them.
I know from where I came.
And how I have managed to get,
What I have obtained.
To remember it for the rest of my life.
And in the process...
People can assess me for as long as they like.
To come to go to leave me knowing who I am.
That's a given not to be taken away.
I don't do fake!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

From Where It Comes

Mock me to stop me.
And laugh at me for as long as you wish.
But truth does not seek an acceptance to exist,
To win any battle to defeat it
And on the horizon truth rises from the Sun.
And from the Sun is where it comes to exist,
To be as 'Is'.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

From Which Perspective

Folks believing they are normal,
And the center of the universe...
Enjoy slotting people into categories.

I'm overdue to try that too!
Let's see from which perspective,
Shall I choose.
Let's see...

These are the same people,
Now bleeding economically.
They have been conditioned,
To 'assume' they are 'better than' most.
And depicting 'everyone' non-white...minorities!
I overheard someone from Liberia, Africa...
Tell how some 'Americans' visited his country.
And labelled them 'minorities'.
Yes!
And paraded around like royalty.

They are the ones who dictate image and policy.
They are the ones who feed decadence and lowlife.
They are the ones who begin conflict...
Just to get everyone to fight,
For 'their' interests.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

From Which They Receive No Substance

How do I feel,
About the escalating disrespect...
Shown to me?
And the pride I have taken,
In priding my identity?

That is a very good question.
And I am glad you asked it of me.

First and foremost...
I am not the one to be traumatized,
By an awakening...
To realize my entire existence,
Has been a hoax!

And that is why I stride with a dignity.
Everything about me that 'appears'?
Is what it is!
And my consciousness,
Has never been sold to be stripped away from it.

Everything about me that 'appears'?
Is what it is!
Others may be here to make excuses for themselves.
And...
Out of mind and feeling out of place to escape from fates.

So unfortunate are the ones who have been 'hoaxed' to live...
Their lives they do not value.
And support themselves...
On a faith that is replaced on a daily basis,
From which they receive no substance.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

From Who's Perspective?

Have times changed that dramatically?
From who's perspective?

I was young and patriotic.
With a drive to volunteer my life and future,
In the putting in harm's way.
Nor was I afraid of being drafted.
I bought and was sold on keeping values.
And those standards 'then' I wanted them to stay.

Have times changed that dramatically?
Yes.
From who's perspective?
Well...
I have aged and it doesn't matter today what I say.
But...
Not only have times changed dramatically.
The minds of the people have become delusioned,
With beliefs that those who have given their lives...
To allow ongoing greed to feed,
Are not those still emotionally wounded...
Or left homeless and hungry and living on streets,
To be disrespected and/or ignored.
As a society they fought to keep intact...
Has no intention to acknowledge their deeds!
Or make attempts to pay them back.

'That's not categorically true.'

From who's perspective?
Are you requesting specifics?
Or do you wish my own experiences,
Be left to generalize...
As we both do a random observation?
Would the doing of that make you feel better?

'There you go with Vietnam again.'

Vietnam?

That history has all but been erased.
I am talking specifically about those,
Who dared to showed they cared, period!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

From Whose Perspective

Does one expect...
A peace of mind that takes time to get.

From whose perspective,
Does it affect...
What one wishes has not come to them yet.

And who awakens with the Sunrise on their mind to find,
A Sunset they regret...
With anticipating Sun,
To realize what comes is done unexpected.

And who awakens with the morning dew to view,
To only then complain...
About their aches and pains,
With a wish the day brings rain.

And who awakens with the Sunrise on their mind to find,
A Sunset they regret...
With anticipating Sun,
To realize what comes is done unexpected.

From whose perspective,
Does one expect...
A peace of mind that takes time to get.

And...
From whose perspective,
Does it affect...
What one wishes has not come to them yet.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

From Within I Began To Listen

Too often had my path,
Been smogged by uncertainty.
And one too many times,
Did I drift to sit and ponder my fate.

With faith I stood,
Afraid and shakened.
My eyes lowered and sometimes closed,
I would take those forward steps.
Not knowing what would come next.

But...
I would not allow another tear to fall.
Afterall,
This journey I knew...
Would one day bring to me a clarity.

And with my vision cleared...
I would see through whatever appeared.
If...
I just kept moving.
If I felt a guidance that approved.
And from within I began to listen.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

From Worlds Within My Dreams

I feel a kindred with you,
My native...
Land.
And brethren of spoken tongues.
Those of my ancestors,
Every one.
I feel a kindred with you,
My native...
Home I've come to know.

I feel the wind coming to sweep,
And stir the prairies.
I see the tumbleweed roll.
And swirls of dust enfold it!

I feel the rhythm with each drum beat.
I paint those symbols I see,
From skies above.
And when they land,
We beings meet.
We greet as if lost souls.

I feel a kindred with you,
My native...
From worlds within my dreams you've come.
To me and others who have not succumbed...
With misgivings of a tortured faith.
Never in doubt but sometimes clouded!

I feel a kindred with you,
My native...
Land.
And brethren of spoken tongues.
Those of my ancestors,
Every one.
I feel a kindred with you,
My native...
Home I've come to know,
From worlds within my dreams.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

From Years Of Growth That Is Done

Caught up in a poisoned mind,
Uptight.
Folks watching other folks watching folks' backs.

Conditioned and disciplined to have their noses,
In someone's business.
And entertained by it with illiterate wishes.

While observing life with an illegitimate social perspective,
And refined by an acceptance of mediocity.

Those with a more adventurous mindset...
Find a wealth of companionships
During nature visits.
And always is nature there patient,
In waiting!

'Not always!
And what you tryin' to say?
A tree got more sense than me? '

A tree wouldn't comprehend that,
From years of growth that is done!

'And what is that suppose to mean? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

From You This Is Kept Secret

The dollar bill is worthless.
Why are you the last one,
On Earth to know this?
Why are you protected,
By such obvious lies?
And the truth comes as pain,
And kept from it...
There's nothing left for you to gain.

Is it because your fantasies are enforced?
And your delusions are encouraged...
To delay this course of certain divorce?
Hoping addictions aided and supplied...
Will cushion the fall of every belief you hold,
Although they are going to crumble and soon die!

Everyone who sees this is real and comes...
Wonder why,
This truth stares!
And you are prepared from it to run,
Stunned!
It is over and done.
But from you this is kept secret!
From you this truth is denied!
Why?

Even your racists antics fed,
Will not dry a tear you cry!
Or soften the blows of increased,
But weakened alibis.
And this is being watched,
By those with opened eyes...
Who see you are quick to self destruct,
With standards and values sinking you deeper...
Into a darkened hole that sucks you up!
While you are determined,
To save your exposed and naked butt!

Perhaps one reason you have not been told...

Is to keep your point of view,
Believing you are powerful, valiant and bold!
And if that wasn't done...
There would be no reason,
To feed you fears of enemies...
To overpower with pretense,
With a sense of hollow victories!
And shallow accomplishments won!

'How long is this...
Slow withdrawal going to exist? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

From Your Point Of View

If you allowed from me,
What I have tolerated from you...
Over the many years,
I have accepted your thoughlessness...
We would have had a different relationship.
One that is more respecting.
And free of expressing a selfishness.

But from your point of view...
Your best is what I have been getting.
And maybe what it is I most need to see,
Is your ability to care for me.
Since we both have long witnessed,
The giving you do to your self centeredness...
As if it supplies you with determination.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Frozen As If Stuck To Be Glued

As I age and on some days done gracefully,
I find I have less tolerance...
For those who openly discuss,
Their sexual preferences as if they must.
Especially when I think of their parents,
And imagine their druthers now kept hushed..
Most people today who rush to freely bed hop,
Would have had their births aborted.
And their parents' agonies stopped long ago.

Discussions of who sleeps with who when and why,
Use to be private and closed behind doors.
Now people are invited to drop their curiosities,
To give same sex a try as mate possibilities.
And even those who are openly gay or lesbian,
Could care less who guesses if they swing or fling...
When two men are seen holding hands broadly grinning.
Or two women kissing doing yoga in a gym.
It is obvious what they have is between just them.

As I age and on some days done gracefully,
I find I have less tolerance for ignorance displayed daily.
And immaturity heard from those with their noses,
Frozen as if stuck to be glued up someone else's butt.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Frozen Stiff

When you have spent most of your life,
Donating time in devotion to others.
And all they can express,
Is a selfish disrespect.
With nothing but stagnation to invest.
And a deceiving achieved that stifles,
Their own progress!

You can choose to do what I've done!
As an alternative to nothing.

You can elect to concentrate your focus,
On taking misplaced weight...
Off of hunching shoulders.
To leave folks to dance in hypnotic trances.
Suitable to those who have been frozen stiff.
Awaiting appropriate identification.
Selected for those who have been misfit.

Some folks grow and do show it!
While others have stopped completely breathing.
With a seeking of assistance sought!
Hoping someone brings to them some attention.

'Have they stopped breathing? '

Who knows?

Can zombies tap dance to clapped rhythms?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fruitless

A fruitless life one lives and perceives,
May be for many...
An actuality.

But how could that be?
When all that exists on Earth,
Is an experience of abundance and variety?
To all of this is an applied worth!

Whoever that is feeling useless and negative,
Have decided for themselves,
To await a process that has a more suitable fit.

And nothing will ever be suitable,
For one excusing a life gifted and given...
Just to sit and waste what one takes for granted,
To compare what is there without exploring the advantages.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fruitless Connections

Everything one owns,
Or believe to own...
Has a theft connection.
Someone, somewhere...
Has either been deprived,
Or denied.
To enrich philosophies.
With a base in taxation.
To justify division and separation.
As a strategy with racist tactics.
There are surveys and graphics,
To compare demographics.

Those that benefit,
Are the ones who make the rules...
Create and change laws,
To keep it that way.
Making this a preferred existence.
And feeding the minds of many fooled.

And those indoctrinated to pray...
Have been trained to keep their eyes,
On the hereafter...
On Sunday if not everyday.
In the hopes of receiving shimmering halos,
Golden slippers, robes and wings!

And if gospel singing is their thing...
Less truth is induced.
To produce fruitless connections.
With a sweetened pot that is tithed.

Those awakened are labelled blasphemers,
Nonconformers, misfits and perhaps terrorists.
To keep ignorance a commodity to market.
And making sure an emptied pocket,
Is regarded a tradition to be obeyed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fruits Of Labor

The implementation and the planting of it,
Had been documented.
With an acknowledgement well known...
As to who had did this,
As a reaping of a harvest by all was sewn.

No one objected,
To the weeds seen and grown.
Since an anticipated fruits of labor...
Was expected to leave sweetened tastes,
To satisfy without a frown shown.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fruits Of Their Labors

It may be too soon to know if tomorrow produces,
An overwhelming harvest of love...
That blooms to prove dreams do come true.
And to pick from them a doing as one chooses,
With no time spent to sit with wishes of an abundance.
Or be delayed by tasting the fruits of their labors.

And those with endeavors refusing to sit,
With disappointment and obstacles that come to visit...
Continue to toil through heat and the dripping of sweat.
With faith kept and sacrificing any feelings of regret.
To know what they do to have done at their best,
Will eventually come to provide them with benefits.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fruits, Nuts, Vegetables And The Buzz Of Bees

Does a grape know
That it is sweeter than the ones
Already picked from the vine?
And it is left to sit,
Knowing it?
Is it sour?

Does an apple know whether it's Delicious?
Granny or MacIntosh?
Suppose it thinks itself a peach?
What outreach programs would it seek,
To undo the confusion?
Especially with more varieties,
Moving in to further complex the issue.

And what about the pineapple?
Sitting in a palm tree.
Knowing bananas do palms too!
How would you feel...
If someone called you a coconut?
Would you be upset?
Why couldn't you have been the one,
To produce milk instead of nectar?

Watermelons and nuts come from the ground.
Well...
Peanuts anyway!
Can you imagine the conversations of pecans?
Growing in trees.
And having lemons, oranges and pomegranates too...
Giving them much attitude.
Because they have skins!
And not shells to live in!

Some squashes have seeds.
Peas are grown in pods.
Beans like lima and blackeyes,
Are considered vegetables.
Like collard geens, cabbage and lettuce!

And corn being stalked by crows.
Some are chosen to pop!
And thrown to pigeons...
Who dropp their 'doo' on street blocks.

Can you imagine?
If they ever decided to stir up conflict,
Amongst themselves.
Over the way they've been treated!
Not the pigeons!
They could care less.
However...
We would have no fruits, nuts or vegetables to eat.
Maybe this is something the bees already know?
Since they are just getting 'some' acknowlegement!
And they have been buzzing around and getting no respect.
For 'all' they do!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Frustration Fades

Frustration fades.
When time one takes to meditate.
And not medicate or await,
For the right prescribed...
Remedy or cure.

Conflicts to market,
Fear and false beliefs...
Sought to empty pockets,
Can immediately stop.
When truth to face,
Becomes embraced and not blocked.

Frustration fades.
When time is taken to meditate.
And not medicate.
But we are living in those times,
More are finding their minds unwinding.
With fear and threats,
Giving opportunity to a few who invest...
Their interests kept to keep,
A madness unleashed that increases...
More profits for themselves to collect.

Horror to live is not an inspiration.
Only those who perceive this belief to feed,
Eventually degrade themselves effectively.
And this is not a prophesy.
These are the times,
Those frustrated have come to find...
False beliefs to keep faithfully,
Have taken a peace away from their minds.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Frustration Mode

I am not daring you at all!
I dare myself!
I wish to stretch,
From enclosed boundaries.
Those alone I have set.
You will have your opinions,
Of what you believe...
Should rise to a ceiling,
To achieve my best!
But how can you do this?
When I am still learning.
I am still there yearning...
As a work-in-progress.
I'm not thinking to compete,
In tests to win contests.
I am not daring you at all!
I dare myself!
I am daring to break molds.
Not be burden by limitations,
To satisfy expectations.
I must release from that kind of hold!
What you witness are my attempts...
And a relentless struggle,
With my own frustration mode!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Frustrations Cursed

If we show You neglect...
Neglected are our lives reflected.
If we expect to be comforted,
Without giving You
The attention we must that is due...
To release us in a peace,
That soothes.
No comfort comes that subdues!
Since we forget...
Who You are that has kept us,
Living in a World
Twirling in a Universe.
Swirling in a pattern...
Only You have made and created to happen!
Without the trust in You,
To deliver us from these times affixed and glued.
We will remain thoughtless without hint or clue...
Why our frustrations cursed,
And thirsted.
Leave us rushing in a collective gloom...
We perfect and decide to choose,
In a destructive blossoming bloom...
With each bomb that drops and booms!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fuel Your Gratefulness With Thanks

Pick up your speed.
Don't be afraid to lead.
Crank.
It.
Up.
Crank it up!

You turned the key,
To keep you heat.
So crank it up!
Pour and sip champagne from your cup.

Crank.
It.
Up.
Don't slow your roll.
Crank it up...
When you get on the road.
Don't get into a situation,
To see your ambitions curbed...
Blocked, Locked and stopped.
And eventually towed.

Crank it up!
Fill up your tank.
Fuel your gratefulness with thanks.
Crank.

You turned the key,
To keep you heat.
Pick up your speed.
Don't be afraid to lead.
Crank.
It.
Up.
And go!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fueled By Gossip That Initiates Attacks

I'm sure they now feel foolish.
Those who publicly ridiculed.
Those who raised such banners high...
To announced themselves as uninformed,
In a united display...
Of an ignorance done their way.

With an absence of facts.
And fueled by gossip that initiates attacks.
I'm sure they now feel used and foolish.
The ones who have chosen to perform like that.

I'm sure they now feel foolish.
Those who publicly ridiculed.
Those who raised such banners high...
To announced themselves as uninformed,
In a united display...
Of an ignorance done their way.

As they convey...
A love of paraded stupidity!
With a pretense that is charaded.
As if comprehension of facts are made!
And doing this daily with truth in their way...
I'm sure they now feel foolish.
But what can anyone to a fool say?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fulfilled To Get Their Wishes

People...
Only want to hear what they want.
People...
Only want to get what they want.
People...
Only want their selfishness,
Fulfilled to get their wishes.
People...
Only want to hear what they want.
People...
Only want to get what they want.
People...
Only want their selfishness,
Fulfilled to get their wishes.

And people deny other people to live their lives!
WHY?
And greedy people could care less,
Who dies...
Or survives!
When everything on Earth is here to feed 'ALL' needs,
Without the lies.

People...
Only want to hear what they want.
People...
Only want to get what they want.
People...
Only want their selfishness,
Fulfilled to get their wishes.
People...
Only want to hear what they want.
People...
Only want to get what they want.
People...
Only live and want to fill their selfish wishes.

People...
Only want to hear what they want.

People...
Only want to get what they want.
People...
Only want to hear what they want.
Just to fulfill their wishes.
People...
Only want to get what they want.
People...
Only want to hear what they want.
People...
Only want to get what they want.
And nothing less to meet their wishes.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Full

To the rim.
It gets full.
Spilling.
It can be used.
To soak a sponge.
If it was liquid.
But it just sits,
Evaporating its contents.
Whatever the act of the intention meant!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Full Of Promises

People who claim to have faith
And hide behind fears...
Are so hypocritical,
With each excuse made I hear!
They will convince with sincerety,
How strong their convictions are.
But they wont step up to the plate...
Unless they are riding in an armored car!
And people like that with issues on their back...
Seem to be full of promises,
And conflicts prepared to share!
As they subtract facts...
From a mind they've created
To preceive life as abstract!
With that kind of faith kept...
Where they expect to get,
Has to be 'thisclose' to nowhere!
With judgements to pass,
As they prepare to adopt more frets to inspect!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fully Endorsed

All the avenues had been open wide,
And to them provided with benefits.
To collect, share and amongst themselves,
Divide if wished.
But those envious and jealous,
Can perform such wicked deeds...
With a doing to crush all opportunities.
Just to ensure no one takes the credit,
With an attention given to be mentioned.
Unless their names appear in an obituary.
And only then, of course...
A remorse exposed comes fully endorsed,
As people flock nonstop to join in a unity.
With an expressing of heartfelt messages,
To themselves addressed to hear.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fully Indebted To Creditors

Being labelled lazy,
Because one has not embraced the choice...
Of adapting to a materialistic way of life.
May have its benefits.

Since today those materialistic,
And fully indebted to creditors...
Can not use lazy as an excuse,
To free themselves of a tightening noose...
Being squeezed without a shown empathy,
By every overdue payment owed.

Being labelled lazy,
Because one has not embraced the choice...
Of adapting to a materialistic way of life.
May have its benefits.

The most obvious one...
Is observing those whose mouths are now closed,
As signs of foreclosure appears on once prized property...
They bragged about owning.

While those depicted lazy,
Still maintain their pride and dignity.
They never leased or mortgaged their sensibilities,
To prove their self worth to anyone.

And...
Feelings of embarrassement has ever occurred,
As a leisurely stroll through the nieghborhood...
Is now regarded as healthy and good exercise,
By those shocked and locked out...
Of their materialistic worlds.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fun

You think it is fun,
Being wicked and promiscuous.
You think it is fun,
Caring less about the one you're with.
You think it is fun,
Picking victims you know how to trick.
You think it is fun,
But a damage is done.
With a hurting of one.

If you knew the feelings I have for you,
You wouldn't play me...
As a piece of cheap meat.
If you knew the feelings I have for you,
You wouldn't play me...
Or betray!

You think it is fun,
Being wicked and promiscuous.
You think it is fun,
Caring less about the one you're with.
You think it is fun,
Picking victims you know how to trick.
You think it is fun,
But a damage is done.
With a hurting of one.

If you knew the feelings I have for you,
You wouldn't play me.
Or betray!

But you,
Think this is...
Fun!
Knowing you have hurt someone.
Yes you think it is,
Fun!
Leaving damage to be done.
Yes you think it is,

Fun.
But there's nothing you've won.
Since I'm not just anyone!
From you I know I must run.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fun And Time To Waste

Why be in it not to finish,
A starting from the beginning...
For a result that is wished.
Why be in it not to finish,
A doing done to leave it...
Unaccomplished.
Why be in it not to witness,
A dream that is wanted to see come true.
Why be in it just to run,
For the ease of wasting time to choose.

People want their fun,
And time to waste.
People everyday say,
They would love to taste their favorite cake.
People want their dreams to come,
But will not take advice.
To live a life right.
People enjoy doing what they like.
But sacrificing to get what is wished,
Few have this prioritized...
At the top of their list.

Why be in it not to finish,
A starting from the beginning...
For a result that is wished.
Why be in it not to finish,
A doing done to leave it...
Unaccomplished.
Why be in it not to witness,
A dream that is wanted to see come true.
Why be in it just to run,
For the ease of wasting time to choose.

People want their fun,
And time to waste.
People everyday say,
They would love to taste their favorite cake.
To then complain how long it takes...

While criticizing the baker,
Who is not only patient but also tolerates...
Those awaiting the cake to eat,
But refuse to develop the expertise...
With time to learn to make their own.

Fun and time to waste,
Seldom achieves what one wishes.
When fun and time to waste is attempted,
With expectations...
That dreams to get without initiative,
Can be demanded as an entitlement.
Without sweat involved or desire in the mix.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fundamentally?

Fundamentally?
You and I,
Are on the same page.
Reading the same text.
From the same book.
However,
We both want to comprehend...
'Why' we have chosen different outfits to wear.
And because our tastes are not similar,
We believe the other not understanding fashion.
Even though we have complimented each other,
In the past!
And...
Have met often to chat in familiar settings.
Although today 'is' a bit cloudy,
Isn't it?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Funk Busters

Rusting trust discussions,
Can not seem to hush...
Those gathering more disgusted,
Who represent themselves...
As determined organized funk busters.

They wish to eliminate,
An escalation of discrimination...
Caused by petty indifferences,
Amongst them that exist.
That has created infighting to ignite,
Expedited confusion that abuses...
A nonstop acceleration of mental and physical pain.
And growing tired they have become,
Of hearing the same accusations claimed...
To lay blame on others using unchanged complaints.

They wish to eliminate,
That which has been in their sight for decades.
Decaying their quality of life rapidly fading.
But what these funk busters wish with a wanting to do,
Can not be done if no one is courageous enough...
To self-examine with the facing of the truth.

Rusting trust discussions,
Can not seem to hush...
Those gathering more disgusted,
Who represent themselves...
As determined organized funk busters.
And their arguments continue.

'No one will take us seriously,
If we have these meetings with just snacks to eat.
People have requested fried chicken and potato salad.
And how seriously can we expect them to take us,
If nobody brings at least...
One sweet potato pie or a pound cake to treat?
And what about the card games we use to play,
While we met to discuss our priorities to list?

The people don't take us seriously,
Because what they value we have decided to dismiss.'

Rusting trust discussions,
Can not seem to hush...
Those gathering more disgusted,
Who represent themselves...
As determined organized funk busters,
Wanting to rid all that funk from us.
But without the funk displayed,
Will the people then be made...
To acknowledge and clean up the junk they've laid,
With a doing to find themselves the cause of it?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Funky Attitude

You don't have to 'cover' for him.
I know when I am being avoided.
I'm not 'that' slow.
I'm know what's going on.

'Why do you say that? '

Everytime I call...
He says,
'Hello. Leave a message.
And then I hear this tone.
Waiting for the message he leaves.
Then...
For no reason at all,
He hangs up the phone.

'And...uh...
Just how long have you been doing this? '

For at least a month.
Why?
Why are you looking at me like that?

'I agree.
He probaby is avoiding you.
The next time I see him.
I will ask him what you have or have not done.'

Yeah.
Please do.
Because if there is something I've done,
He should at least tell me about it.

'Oh,
I'm sure he will tell you.
Hopefully what he says,
Will not offend.'

It's not me!

I know that.
Everytime 'he' is around 'me...
I've noticed he gets into this,
Funky attitude!
And I am not a mind reader.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Funky Skunks

Isolated pumped up funky skunks,
Seldom distance themselves...
To unload their junk.
They want ti know they've been funked up.

They want it to be known,
It is their scent that stinks.
To leave everyone smelling of it.
Reeking with a leaving of their presence.

Isolated pumped up and punked out,
Funky skunks...
Seldom distance themselves...
To unload their trunks filled with weak junk.

And often they will solicit others,
To convince them too...
That a skunking up to stink is needed.
As if this weakness left eventually rules.
But fools to be remain fools to see.
With a smell becoming known to identify too well.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Funky Stuff

I promise not to let,
The left step go...
Not too far to the left.
Or be bothered by right at all.

I promise not to let,
The left step go...
Not too far to the left.
Or be bothered by right at all.

I promise not to let,
The left step go...
Not too far to the left.
Or be bothered by right at all.

I'd like a life that glides...
Free and easy.
No matter who it is I crush.
Or whose life is turned into mush.

I'd like a life that glides...
Free and easy.
No matter who it is I crush.
Or whose life I turn into mush.

I can't get enough,
Of that funky stuff.
Of that funky stuff,
I can't get enough!

I'd like a life that glides...
Free and easy.
No matter who it is I crush.
Or whose life I turn into mush.

I can't get enough,
Of that funky stuff.
Of that funky stuff,
I can't get enough!

I'd like a life that glides...
Free and easy.
I can't get enough,
Of that funky stuff.

I can't get enough,
Of that funky stuff.
Of that funky stuff,
I can't get enough!

I promise not to let,
The left step go...
Not too far to the left.
Or be bothered by right at all.

I can't get enough,
Of that funky stuff.
I'd like a life that glides...
Free and easy.
No matter who it is I crush.
Or whose life I turn into mush.

I can't get enough,
Of that funky stuff.
Of that funky stuff,
I can't get enough!

I'd like a life that glides...
Free and easy.
No matter who it is I crush.
Or whose life I turn into mush.

I can't get enough,
Of that funky stuff.
Of that funky stuff,
I can't get enough!

Of that funky stuff,
I can't get enough!
No matter who is crush.

I promise not to let,
The left step go...
Not too far to the left.
Or be bothered by right at all.
I can't get enough,
Of that funky stuff.
I'd like a life that glides...
Free and easy.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Further Away Is The Truth From Them Kept Distanced

For every moment an episode of delusion is presented,
To influence a fertile and innocent mind...
Further away is the truth from them kept distanced.
And easier it becomes to admonish those,
Who still have memories of what it was to be honest.

As honesty, integrity and the speaking with truth,
Becomes for many an unaccepted process of life!
To then offend those overhearing the truth spoken,
Publicly to totally disregard the ones who believe...
Deceiving to lie to another is the only reason one lives.

'What are you doing.
Why are you in such a panic? '

~I'm calling 911.
I will not continue to listen to that nonsense.
I want to ensure my entitlements are left protected.~

'Ignore them.'

~Like the others have continued to do?
Do you see what is happening to our kept delusions?
I'm not going to have mine destroyed like that.
Someone has to stand up for our rights,
And standards that should be kept valued.

HELLO?
Yes.
I'd like to report language I find unacceptable.
In fact...
I am outraged 'these' people have not been arrested,
For their obscene and insolent behavior.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Further In The Distance

Your attempt to excuse your actions,
With vacant explanations...
Has aided in the speeding,
Of my forward steps.

And yes...
I can hear your voice.
But further in the distance,
Your voice gets.

I no longer prepare myself,
To have the patience you expect.
Since much of that has already been given.
And I have none left that affords your disrespect.

Further in the distance,
Your voice gets.

Further in the distance,
Your voice gets.

Further,
In the distance...
Your voice,
Gets.

Your voice...
Gets,
Further...
In the distance!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Further Than Just Skin Deep

I can not deny an observation seen,
To receive conflicting explanations.
Or a nonsolicited interpretation,
To deceive my own mind...
With an intent to undermine!
That is not my assignment.

You may define my findings as you wish!
My debate still would not be with you...
Since I recognized you were out of touch,
Long before you noticed...
My travels went much further,
Than just skin deep!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Further Trivializing Their Quick To Get High Lives

When something to do can be done better,
But ignored because it does not qualify as urgent...
Or a necessity.
The opportunity given that should have been taken,
Is not going to return to those on knees pleading!
Yet again.
To again...
Give them another chance to express their regrets.
As they dry tears from eyes that don't appear to be wet!

How many signs should one receive to get?
When a doing to do something done better,
Is not perceived to be a neccessity or something to neglect.
But something to be done that comes to interfere,
With scheduled events and preferences made to escape...
By those who have chosen to prioritize,
The further trivializing of their quick to get high lives!
And to criticize the inconvenience taken,
From them with an expectation that they should pay attention!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Fussing To Stay Stuck To Images

Fussing to stay stuck to images.
And this teaching keeps us cursed,
To symbolize that first without worth.
With idols to believe in to quench our thirst.

Our minds are closed to the Universe.
With a disbelief the Universe birthed Earth.
And eyes limited to a consciousness...
To refuse to see we're not the center of it.

Many are dimensions that do exist.
Too many explanations for them don't fit.
And scientists looking through their telescopes,
Find other planets that are far and remote.

Yet we have been taught to believe,
We came from Adam and Eve.
And an eating from an apple from a tree,
Has left us with a wickedness that just wont leave.

Our minds are closed to the Universe.
With a disbelief the Universe birthed Earth.
And eyes limited to a consciousness...
To refuse to see we're not the center of it.

Fussing to stay stuck to images.
And this teaching keeps us cursed,
To symbolize that first without worth.
With idols to believe in to quench our thirst.

Many are dimensions that do exist.
Too many explanations for them don't fit.
And scientists looking through their telescopes,
Find other planets that are far and remote.

Yet we have been taught to believe,
We came from Adam and Eve.
And an eating from an apple from a tree,
Has left us with a wickedness that just wont leave.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Future Can't Be Neutered

A future can't be neutered,
To neutralize it by disguise.
Or cut off to have it tossed,
From minds that wish...
Tomorrow and days that follow,
They can resist them to exist.
This experienced event,
No one lives can prevent.

Many refuse to move to budge,
To accept and make the best...
Of a time that was.

Some reach a stage,
They want to stay on.
Long after a noon,
Has allowed them to bloom.
With wishes to step over,
Sunset and dawn.
To think eliminating aging,
Will permit them to prolong.

Many refuse to move to budge,
To accept and make the best...
Of a time that was.
With attempts to erase,
Being replaced by changes to face.
Yet...
The expense it takes to renovate,
What has been done to rejuvenate...
Is a waste of time and a future to find,
Can not be created to appreciate...
Before it comes to live.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

G With An O-N-E

I'd like to say this for clarity.
When I give...
I give.
When I take...
There will be no mistake of it.

And...
When I do neither of them with you,
You need no longer question...
Or come to doubt my point of view.

That...
Along with everything else I share,
Will be none of your business.

A decided e'motion of mine,
Has been put by you into a de'motion mode...
With a mesaage that has left me touched,
For the very last time.

And I was glad to leave behind,
You and it and those arguments...
In a permanent split that is gone.
G with an O-N-E...
That's it!
You will not have me live a life of desperation.
My name is not Bennett,
To be in it like that!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

G.A.M.E.S.

Getting attention made easier in steps.
These games preyed upon victims...
For test and adolescent appeal!

Getting
Attention
Made
Easier in...
Steps!

These 'games' grow tired,
For the one who has played them!
And undesired by the one...
Who does very well,
When playing with the best!
Games as a whole,
Should be put to an emotional rest!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Gaffes

Why are you laughing?

'It appears that the ventriloquist and the puppet,
Have different approaches to voice their points of view.'

You are not suppose to notice that.
Even though I must admit,
This performance has been a disaster.
And...
That shouldn't be a reason to laugh,
At such a blunderous gaffe.

'Oh,
I'm not laughing at the numerous gaffes.
I am laughing at those who are watching this show,
Who believe what is being presented is fantastic.'

Well...er..uh...
Hopefully the second act,
The ventriloquist and the puppet will agree...
The seriousness to agree on the economics,
Is what the listeners hope that can be mastered.

And stop laughing.
The audeince will think you are crazed.

'These days?
Does my reaction really matter? '

Kiss my buttocks.
And have some respect for those who are Polish.

'What?
How many puppets are in this entourage?
All of you are hysterical.'

You will regret that when you see the 'polls'.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Gaggle And Tattle

Some grab a snack to sneak back to gaggle.
Super snoopers getting scoop just to tattle.
Hitting gossip back and forth as if paddled,
Like a ping pong ball played in battle.
Back and forth, back and forth,
As if paddled...
To gaggle,
And tattle...
To paddle it back!

Some grab a snack to sneak back to gaggle.
Super snoopers getting scoop just to tattle.
Hitting gossip back and forth as if paddled,
Like a ping pong ball played in battle.
Back and forth, back and forth,
As if paddled...
To gaggle,
And tattle...
To paddle it back!

Like a ping pong ball played in battle.
Like a ping pong ball played in battle.
Back and forth, back and forth,
As if paddled...
To gaggle,
And tattle...
To paddle it back!

Like a ping pong ball played in battle.
Like a ping pong ball played in battle.
Back and forth, back and forth,
As if paddled...
To gaggle,
And tattle...
To paddle it back!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Gain Without Some Pain

If there has been a pain to feel,
With a doing of it and from it heal...
A lesson to learn has been earned.
And the experience aids to add wisdom.
Gain without some pain,
Seldom sustains an obtained knowledge.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Galloping Away As You Wish

When you,
Rise and shine...
With a giving up of all your sorrows,
You will...
Hop on your high horse and ride,
To gallop away as you wish.

When you,
Rise and shine...
With a giving up of all your sorrows,
You will...
Begin to travel on a path,
That leaves behind a saddened past.

You've got to feel more deserving,
To leave behind a saddened past.
You've got to get up the nerve to...
Leave behind a sadness had.

Ride high in that saddle.
And...
Don't look back.
If you wish a better life and want it to last!
All you have to do is ask.

You've got to,
Feel more deserving...
To leave behind a saddened past,
If you wish a better life to be in your hands...
Held on tightly to grasp!

When you,
Rise and shine...
With a giving up of all your sorrows,
You will...
Hop on your horse and ride,
To gallop away to a better life.

When you,

Rise and shine...
With a giving up of all your sorrows,
You will...
Begin to travel on a path,
That leaves behind a sadness had.

You've got to get up the nerve,
To leave behind a sadness past.
Ride high in that saddle,
And...
Don't dare look back!

You've got to feel deserving...
To leave behind a sadness passed,
If you wish a better life to come to you...
At last.

Saddle up on that high horse,
And let it gallop away...
From troubles you've had in your past.
And...
A better life you will have,
Today!

If you...
Ride it high,
You'll be given a momentum lift!
Saddle up on that horse and let it,
Gallop away...
To where you wish.
Gallop away...
To where you wish.

Forget about those troubles that you've have had in the past,
And...
Gallop away to where you wish.
Gallop away to where you wish.

Forget about those troubles that you've have had in the past,
And...
Gallop away to where you wish.
Gallop away to where you wish.

With a galloping away as you wish.

Humming with a hmmm.
And...
Galloping away as you wish.

Humming with a hmmm hmmm.
And...
Galloping away as you wish.

Humming with a hmmm.
And...
Galloping away as you wish.

Humming with a hmmm hmmm.
And...
Galloping away as you wish.
Galloping away as you wish.
Galloping away as you wish.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Game Changing

To take a difference and make game changing,
From a beginning where it starts to endure...
Insulting names to declare one shamed,
Is not easy to do or listen to...
When one sets out to prove,
A doing decided one doesn't budge...
To undo with sudden moves.
Since those determined and on a mission,
Seldom seek to be approved.

Game changing...
Takes dedication and with patience.
Game changing...
Takes initiative fixed and motivation.
Game changing...
Takes a focus held to hold.
And those steps taken that are bold.

Game changing...
Has those benefits with it to get.
And game changing...
Doesn't permit one to sit and quit.
And game changing...
Many don't understand it.
Or the mind of the one that has a plan.

Game changing...
Takes dedication and with patience.
Game changing...
Takes initiative fixed and motivation.
Game changing...
Takes a focus held to hold.
And those steps that are taken,
Are not timid but kept bold.
To unfold that game changing...
Has those benefits with it to get,
Game changing...
Seems only to be done by the ones,
Making changes instead of none.

Game changing...
Has those benefits with it to get.
And game changing...
Doesn't permit one to sit and quit.
And game changing...
Many don't understand it.
Or the mind of the one that has a plan.

Game changing...
Comes to do with a bit of pain.
And, game changing...
Is done not to leave a doing the same.
Game changing...
Comes to do with a bit of pain.
And, game changing...
Is done not to leave a doing the same.
Few-do-live,
Without the game changing.
Few-do-live,
Without the game changing.
Few-do-live,
Without the game changing.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Game Over

Game over.
Your request for an additional overtime,
To play...
Will not be granted.

Your insistence that your opponent,
Has weaknesses you have capabilities to defeat...
Needs nore evidence,
Than those strategies used...
Produced to see you the one getting beat.

Huddling with neighbors and friends...
As well as family members,
Who have expressed their doubts...
Knowing your preference to embellish,
Have already signalled...
They believe you undeserving of more time outs.

Game over.
Your request for an additional overtime,
To play...
Will not be granted.

Your tactics to delay your removal from the field,
Only yields to your embarrassment...
And yet you wish to keep your deceit concealed.

Game over.
Your request for an additional overtime,
To play...
Will not be granted.

Your GAME...
Is OVER!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Game Ready Folks

Game ready folks,
Have a ridiculous response...
For every nonsensical mindless thing done,
They do.
As if strategically placed on paths to annoy,
For reasons to test...
Those taking their lives seriously.

If one listens to excuses that the elders make,
One no longer questions why the younger ones...
Disrespect and have no discipline.
Especially if an increase of immaturity,
Is shown to be expressed by those decades older...
Than elemenatry school aged children.

But a fool kept in practice never seems to wisen.
And the excuses used...
Prove,
One strapped with an enforced handicap...
Will always seek assistance from others,
To undermine another with their charm.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Games Of Betrayal

Wait.
I just heard what you said.
And it has to be a joke?
Or you believe I am the ultimate fool.
Which is it?
And what in me are you trying to provoke?

You stated,
In amazing sincerity...
That you,
Are one of my closest friends.
And you want to shelter me from harm.
With a coming to my defense without question.

Your comments are very convincing,
And...
If I had not been targeted,
With a remembered backstabbing done...
A few years ago,
And a few years prior to that...
Your comments would have me sobbing,
In grateful tears.

I do not carry bitterness on my sleeve.
And lucky for you I am not revengeful.
What you have done I will never forget.
But don't ever take my kindness for weakness,
If you want to keep your consciousness.

I do not play,
Games of betrayal...
At all.
Nor find it 'cute' or funny...
That anyone would perceive me,
As disconnected from my sensibilities!
That...
Would be a heartbreaking mistake to make.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Games Of Procrastinating The Delaying Process Of Age

When that time comes,
And all that has been done...
With a leaving of those holding on,
As if each day faced...
Is not to be lived to their expectations.
Before it is chased away.
There is nothing anyone to them can say,
To be heard to prioritize.

Some just do not get it,
And for them it is difficult to perceive...
Nothing about this existence,
Is here for them to exist permanently.

There are those who sit alone,
In their shadows wishing for those moments...
To relive a past that has slipped from their grasp.
And goes too fast for them to realize it.

And there are those who believe,
They can do as they please.
Only to awaken one day to discover,
Mother Nature is not here to play with them...
Games of procrastinating the delaying process of age.

No leaf hangs onto a tree,
With decisions to make when it is time for it to leave.
And if anyone believes they live to make these decisions...
Will find those things they could have done,
Much too late to do.
Since nothing God creates awaits to be manipulated.

'IF I only had more time to find.'

For the doing of 'what'?
Getting up off your butt?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Games To Entertain

Games to entertain...
To numb the pain,
And, with an effect...
That accepted addictions,
Go undetected.
Games to entertain,
Softens that which is being changed.
Games to entertain...
Makes useless the using of a brain.

People are crossing off their losses.
And values once obtained.
People more thoughtless pay the cost.
But believe they've made some gains.
People are crossing off their losses.
And values once obtained.
People more thoughtless pay the cost.
But believe they've made some gains.

Games to entertain,
People who are crossing off their losses.
Games to entertain,
People who are thoughtless paying the cost.
Games to entertain,
To numb the pain.
People are crossing off their losses.
And values once obtained.
People more thoughtless pay the cost.
But believe they've made some gains.

Games to entertain,
People who are crossing off their losses.
Games to entertain,
People who are thoughtless paying the cost...
For games to entertain,
Those people who are crossing off their losses.
For games to entertain,
People who are thoughtless paying the cost.

Games to entertain...
Makes useless the using of a brain.
Games to entertain...
Makes it useless,
The brain.
Games to entertain...
Makes useless the using of a brain.
Games to entertain...
Makes it useless,
The brain.
Just makes it useless.
The brain.
A brain gamed to entertain.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Games You Play I'Ve Played

I've walked across your stages,
On many occasions.
And alone.

It is you who fears,
Entering my playground...
Without an escort,
To interpet for you...
Strategies to use.

Games you play I've played.
And find myself,
Much too bored to notice,
You in practice.

However...
I will leave for you my schedule,
To keep in touch...
If there is anything new you'd like to introduce.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Gang Banged

So many things,
Are knocking on the heads to bang bang.
With a chasing to be gang banged.
There are many things,
People can't maintain in their brains.
Without them going insane.

People going crazy on the streets,
To gang bang.
Weather changes rob people of sleep,
To gang bang.
Trust to have in others has decreased,
To gang bang.
Even those who speak 'The Word',
With interpretations heard...
Have become themselves disturbed,
By events that now occur.
Hoping that escapes will take place,
From the high tide of lies.

Everywhere the truth is stolen.
To be gang banged.
From Coast to Coast they're bending over.
To be gang banged.
And nobody wanting with it wished,
Has received their peace to get.

So many things,
Are knocking on the heads to bang bang.
With a chasing to be gang banged.
There are many things,
People can't maintain in their brains.
Without them going insane.

Everywhere the truth is stolen.
To be gang banged.
From Coast to Coast they're bending over.
To be gang banged.
And nobody wanting with it wished,

Has received their peace to get.
Peace to get.
Where is the peace that the people prayed,
And 'paid' to get.
Paid to get.
Paid to get.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Gaping Holes

A single thread of illness,
One has in mind...
And accepted over time,
Will eventually fray what has been sewn...
To be shown and detected as problematic.

But the effects overwhelmingly seen...
Will never correct or mend,
Those gaping holes...
In a family of assorted fabrics.

All waited too late to make attempts...
Pretending a nonexistence in its making,
Had begun a slow unravelling.
Thinking the occurrence of this illness,
Was something to dismiss.

However,
Allowing just one piece of thread...
To pull them 'consciously' apart,
Becomes apparently obvious when viewed...
In the most inappropriate of places.
As this illness decays with intention.

'Wait a minute!
So what I had been told,
Was not true? '

~What you had been 'told' to believe,
Never existed.~

'Well...
How did all of this begin? '

~That should be easy for anyone to detect,
NOW.
A squeaking wheel ignored claiming to be victimized,
Has a way of getting louder and louder...
With a gaining of momentum as time goes on.

And all knew from the beginning,
Where the noise was coming from.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Garbage On The Sidelines

They stood by on the sidelines
Pointing at spectacle after spectacle.
Watching those parading and serenading
Taunts with gestures.
And when the street sweepers came...
Only then did they realize,
They were the trash to be hauled!
Garbage on the sidelines,
Had been declared eyesores.
Observing participation...
Was outlawed and long outdated!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

'Garbage Vendor'

No love to lose.
Out to use and abuse,
'Fools', she says.

Patterns watched she got from mom?
Or perhaps past actions from dad,
That caught on?

'Love is just in fantasy books.
I don't have attractiveness,
Like a princess with looks! '

Framed to think she's just a piece of meat,
A broken hearted rose that's rare...
On fast filthy streets.
And no one is there to say,
Just how beautiful she is!
She believes this is the only way...
She can feed herself and her three kids!

And across the street on the corner,
Is one who paints...
City scenes for visitors
Who purchase these sites,
Called 'Street Saints'.
And not one dime goes to the one,
Titled 'Madame LaWhore'!
She seems not care...
'No one else did! When I was there! '
She shares this...ignored.

This circle of bad habits...
Stroked in hues on canvas,
Delight those who sightsee
Feeding those 'unseen'
But who are well established.

Like the artist who captures
And sells these 'views',

At the expense of those giving,
Free daily exhibitions...
To whomever they choose.
So that others may sit,
To pocket 'handsomely' off their blues!

'Garbage Vendor'
That's what I call this one!
That will be $200!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Garrulously Speaking

Either it is or it isn't!
That's it.
Those attempting to create a utopia in between,
Will find their supporters to negotiate
A more loquacious terminology.
To determine how significant,
Which side of 'nonexistence' is preferred.
To the more acceptable 'glimmer of hope' theory!
Garrulously speaking,
Of course!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Gawked At And Photographed

People who choose,
To leave their comfort zones...
For a stroll through nature,
Done to condone...
And with a choice to do this,
To expect to find wild life...
Living freely,
Within their own domain to roam...
Should be there to greet them,
For the purpose to entertain.
AND found...
Dressed in top hats.
Dancing in a chorus line.
And welcomed by...
Talking lions, apes, crocodiles, elephants,
And other undomesticated animals...
Animated and awaiting to perform,
Just like the ones they see on TV.

And why is it,
When people who choose,
To leave their comfort zones...
For a stroll through nature,
Done to condone...
To prey as predators,
Are heard screaming through the woods...
Claiming to have been threatened,
By a beast that has grown tired of being stalked.
Gawked at AND photographed.
By the ones trespassing upon,
THEIR natural habitat.
And yet accused and blamed,
For upsetting those expecting an interview.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Gay

He's gay!
She's gay!
They be gay too!

If everywhere someone is gay...
Why do heterosexuals,
Abuse like they do?

Normal and confused.
Seduced by temptations.
And refusing curiosity...
But undercover,
This is what they choose.

Declaring themselves to be straight in public.
But in privacy they cheat and screw...
Discreetly!
They do.

Boys doing boys.
Fooling around with girls.
Who fool around in every town.
To ask where men to use can be found!
And they all come together...
To do what they do secretly.
In a growing 'underground'.

He's gay!
She's gay!
They be gay too!

If everywhere someone is gay...
Why do heterosexuals,
Abuse like they do?
While accusing others...
As they do what they choose,
To please their 'closeted' needs!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Gazing At The Stars Too Long

What has happened to my wishes and hopes,
To cling onto dreams.
What has happened to that spark that ignited,
Each dawn that came when I awakened excited.
Who invited themselves to repossess my happiness?
I left my windows open to catch the freshness,
Of expected clear and crisp morning air.

Had my eyes been gazing at the stars too long.
When I heard the singing of blues,
Did I refuse to sing along?
Or did I believe my wishes and hopes,
To cling onto dreams were exempt...
From being slipped away as I slept contented.
As if the doing prevented me of a theft.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Geeessshhh! Please...

Bring me good thoughts.
Don't bring no bad ones here!
If you've got bunions that hurt...
Limp around me with a smile,
And pretend you are in good cheer!

I've had a corn or two on toes...
And arthritis that made me want to scream.
Muscle aches on my back,
That felt like dogs and cats fighting...
It seemed!

I realize you want to share,
And personalize your life.
But sometimes I'd like to stay clear of your sorrows...
Without hearing what's wrong,
Ain't something with you ever right?

Geeessshhh! Please...
Enough of that,
Pack up that crap!

Bring me good thoughts.
Don't bring no bad ones here!
If you've got bunions that hurt...
Limp around me with a smile,
And pretend you are in good cheer!

You don't give me time...
To complain,
And tell you what's on my mind.
AND that's not fair...
If we're in a friendship to share!

Geeessshhh! Please...
Enough of that,
Pack up that crap!
Treat me like an equal,
And rub some of this ointment on my back!

Now...
Don't you feel better?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Generalities

Generalities have never appealed to me,
Specifically.
They seem to invite indecisive,
And a divisiveness this always feed...
To ultimately create debate,
And challenging arguments...
To never satisfy any solutions made.
Even if solutions are too obvious to evade.

And anyone seeking a peaceful existence,
To resolve with specifics to mention...
Would be better off avoiding to leave,
Wishes for a certainty with it agreed...
Left alone to know it wont happen.
Since few in a room full of people...
Desiring to end a continuing conflict,
By using deductive reasoning that offends.

'If we had the ability to be rational.
And recognized the benefits of common sense,
Why would we find the time to waste it...
By being petty and foolish?
Wouldn't that reveal we were concealing,
A pretentiousness? '

~Uh...uh...good question.
Had I known you all were rehearsing,
To perfect stupidity...
I would have left minutues ago,
When you had me convinced...
The reality of it had been accomplished.
With such disgusting believability.
To have achieved it and with success.~

'We have found conflicts,
To be a very lucrative profession.
You should consider it.
You're going nowhere being reasonable.
These are not the times,

People are wanting to use their minds...
Trying to find understanding.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Generational Theft

They talk about 'their' principles.
'Their' values,
Standards!
And 'their' land.

They talk about 'their' rights.
'Their' rules and restrictions.
And who is not correct in etiquette!
With 'proper' social grace...
That makes them uptight!

They talk about themselves,
And 'their' interests...
That has led others on the brink,
Of a global blight!

But nothing has been mentioned,
Of the spread of this disease...
That has blinded them,
Of a consciousness with sight!

And 'their' way of life,
Has caused severe harm to humanity!
That has created an economic devastation.
Keeping them in fear.
And awake at night!

And...
They campaign,
To lay the blame...
Upon others for 'their' shame!

Referring to 'their' own need,
To feed 'their' own greed that has bled them...
'Generational Theft'!
And yet...
They have planted these seeds!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Genius Observations

Is there an intelligence involved,
In the creation of this Earth?
Does the Earth itself
Have an intelligence misunderstood?

It is a mindless breed who feed like maggots,
On the back of this spinning ball.
And scientists are hired,
For their genius observations?
To reveal the facts to all?

No wonder Mother Nature,
Has unleashed Her displeasure
Upon the idiots...
Who take for granted,
Why they are here and 'how' in the first place
They exist!

Fools who qualify themselves,
As progressive thinkers of our times.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Genuine

When one accepts,
Who one is...
All that isn't,
Is made clear.

And that which has an identity,
As distinct as a tree.
Also appears to be genuine.
And recognized for what it is,
Naturally.

No pretentions are given to get from it.
Nor would that be acceptable,
Since a falseness is understood.
And not to be permitted.

And...
It becomes more difficult to respond,
To that which has no reality or vision.
It is as if a game of charades exist.
And one acknowledging this,
Rather not participate.
Or observe the nonsense of it!

'You can not force upon me,
What in my heart does not feel is real.
Or perceive to be.
So...
You are correct.
I do not believe you offer to give me,
One hundred dollars.
To do absolutely nothing! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Genuine The Gift

I heard this said.
As I sat to be dismissed:
'I make my own decisions.
Decisions I make as my own life is lived,
There is no one I need to discuss this with.'

I heard this said,
As my ambitions were ignored:
'I don't know why you crave,
To be independent and establish your own business.
When other options you should explore.'

I heard this said,
From someone I thought I loved:
'I think of you as a friend.
Nothing more than that,
Could I possibly adore...
Or believe between us can begin.'

And one day I heard this from myself.
To believe it to repeat it.
Like nothing else before I had never deeply felt:
'Stop wasting to drop tears.
Genuine the gift you are.
Genuine your gift is.
Get over those who dismiss it.
And don't be so willing to give it away.
Be patient one day someone will earn it.
And love between you two,
Will be there to share 'and' forever displayed.'

I heard that said and from within my head:
'Genuine the gift you are.
Genuine your gift is.
If given to anyone freely,
Taken for granted it will always be.
And...
Priceless keep your milk.'

Uh?
What?
'How priceless is a cow,
That gives up milk for free? '
But...
I am a bull.
At least I see that from my perspective.
'I'm applying an analogy here.'
Ooooohhh.
Oh.
I get it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Gestapo

You had life so easy...
You thought you were the chips and cheese.
And you mocked,
Those who were not!

You thought it a breeze,
To do just what you pleased.
And you shopped...
'Til you dropped.

You stole what you had,
And you thought it would never stop.
When you thought your life was threatened...
You would call the cops.
Now that things have turned around...
A mess is all you've got,
To show.
And you know...
Your back's broke.

A gestapo is on the march.
Soon to knock on your door...
With a broom and mop.
To clean up your slop!

A gestapo is on the march.
Issuing brooms and mops.
To clean up the slop!
Believe it or not!

And the ones who sit on stoops...
Will be grouped,
And pooped from pushing.

'Lock step! Mops! Push! '

A gestapo is on the march.
Issuing brooms and mops.
To clean up the slop!

Believe it or not!

A gestapo is on the march.
Issuing brooms and mops.
To clean up the slop!
Believe it or not!

You had life so easy...
You thought you were the chips and cheese.
And you mocked,
Those who were not!
But...
A gestapo is on the march.
Issuing brooms and mops.
To clean up the slop!
Believe it or not!

'Lock step! Mops! Push! '

A gestapo is on the march.
Issuing brooms and mops.
To clean up the slop!
Believe it or not!

And the ones who sit on stoops...
Will be grouped!
And pooped,
From pushing.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Get A Grip

This extraordinary trip,
Is going to involve backflips.
Upsetting what is 'normal'
With a normalcy perceived squeezed from it.
Bringing many to vomit.
And leaving many more quite sick.
However...
The awareness of what comes,
Is better than denying none of it comes to exist.

Get a grip!
There is no avoiding it.
Even magic applied will not disguise the ride.
It is going to deliver...
A bump to the rump of those already grumpy.
And lumps galore,
To the throats of those who had been bored.
This is not a tease to appease as before.
Get a grip!
You will witness there is no joking about this!

Blindfolds?
Only if those using them,
Can promise their use...
Will buffer the screams that begin.
And the first jolt experienced,
Introduces a breathtaking scene.
Some will think gets progressively mean.

Get a grip!
Especially those opposed to reality!
And accustomed to rely on denial to hide them.
This 'trip' is going to hit,
Like an unblocked fist that strikes in transit!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Get A Name

'I am not a slut, tramp or whore.
I am selective when I lay down,
With those who acquire fame.'

So what are you saying?
How should I interpret your words?

'Get a name and make it big.
And there will be no need for interpretation.
For services rendered you will pay, that's it! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Get A Puppy

I don't chase...
Play hide-and-seek.
Nor did I quiver,
Upon meeting you!
So don't toy with me.
If you are in need,
Of a companion like that...
Get a puppy.
Or adopt a dog for your house!
I am sure you will be able to find one.
Me?
I am not in the training mood!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Get Away From Me

Let me help you find some clarity.
In terms of my personality...
And why you say others,
May get upset with me!

First let's eliminate what others say.
I am discussing this with you.
I could care less what others say,
And/or do!

If I've given you my respect and attention.
And I have given you no reason to doubt my word.
Don't show me that you have taken me for granted.
Don't allow yourself to get on my last nerve.

When that is done,
I become someone else.
I show a side that comes out of hiding.
I've been called a monster by those who have seen it.
Those who say I am two faced and crazed.

But I respect myself and that I show to others.
And take pride in what I do,
Like others should too.
I don't collect excuses and alibis to make.
And those who do,
I consider fake!

So without further explanation,
Let me make to you this declaration.
You have no more time,
To waste that of mine!
Now...
Have I made myself clear?
I hope so!

'Yeah...
But everybody else,
Don't make such a big stink about me being late!

And everytime I was late or didn't show up for a date,
I gave you a call! '

And every year I have known you...
Which has been over twenty five.
You have managed to use excuses,
And have told me some of the biggest lies!

And if you had respected me at all...
You would not have found it easy to make excuses.
Or bothered to lie in any of those calls.
And everyone else who accepts that from you...
Didn't receive this patience I am giving.
Or that 'monster' getting ready to chew and spew!
You know why?

'No!
Why? '

I'm giving you the opportunity,
To get away from me as fast as you can!
You see my chest?
And how I'm taking deep breaths?
The monster comes!
You better prepare to run!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Get In The Boat. Sink Or Float

Hey...
Everything done today,
Occurred as you had 'your' way.
With opportunities to contemplate,
From which to choose and pick.
Only you chose to ignore all of it.

Now 'today'...
You have emerged with protests,
With a wasting of time...
You have yet to confess.
To say a delay is needed to implement,
Changes you wish to delay and dismiss.
However...
Those changes are here to stay.

And either way,
Whatever the choice you decide to make...
Only one of the three maybe to your advantage.
You can get in the boat.
Sink or float.
Which of those three do you believe,
Will leave you to receive 'some' benefit?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Get It? I Hope You Do

Oh...
I am going to give you what I've got.
Whether my choices made,
Are acceptable or not.

Remember this...
I am not here to please the whims,
Of your friends...
Parents, co-workers or other associates.

We are here TOGETHER.
That's all that is important to me.
You want to stretch that importance,
To include other people?
For you from your point of view,
May be a possiblility.
But from where my eyeballs sit...
None of that nonsense will cloud my mind.
Get it?
I hope you do.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Get Me Back

Get me back,
On that right track
Baby.
I kept myself delayed,
Playing dead end games
And strayed.
And so...
I figured that,
I need to get back on that track!
Wishing's not enough...
I have stopped my bluff and cussin'!

Get me back,
On that right track
Baby.
I kept myself delayed,
Playing dead end games
And strayed.
And so...
I figured that,
I need to get back on that track!
Wishing's not enough...
I have stopped my bluff and cussin'!

Abandoned is a self defeat,
That creeped!
It didn't feed me what I needed!
You helped me once get on my feet,
After sleepin'.
Much more of me I know...
Is yet complete!

Get me back,
On that right track
Baby.
I kept myself delayed,
Playing dead end games
And strayed.
And so...

I figured that,
I need to get back on that track!
Wishing's not enough...
I have stopped my bluff and cussin'!

I haven't done my best.
I have messed up in digressions!

Get me back,
On that right track
Baby.
I kept myself delayed,
Playing dead end games
And strayed.
I need to get back on that track!
With less rest to pave my way!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Get Name And Number

Sometimes the best thing one can do,
After witnessing someone fall from a stumble...
Is to give them a few moments alone.
Let them quickly pick an excuse to make.
And if they make none,
To then jump back onto their feet.
Congratulate them immediately.
You have just met someone who knows what it takes,
To live life by facing obstacles and mistakes made...
Without pretending to deny them.
Get name and number and schedule a date for lunch.
This person you can trust not to deceive or tell a lie.
And just 'maybe' you have met a friend for life.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Get Off My Mind

I wish I can get you off my mind.
Doo wah diddy doo wah diddy,
Doo wah doo.
I wish you wouldn't be on it...
All the time.
Doo wah diddy doo wah diddy,
Doo wah doo.

You're not the ordinary kind...
That's easy for someone to find.
But you affect with permanence.
And I'm convinced your passion will last!
Because you're all in my mind!
You trap fast,
And confine!

Doo wah diddy doo wah diddy,
Doo wah doo.
Doo wah diddy doo wah diddy,
Doo wah doo.

Doo wah diddy doo wah diddy,
Doo wah doo.
Doo wah diddy doo wah diddy,
Doo wah get off my mind!
I wanna take my time!

Oooh...
Doo wah diddy doo wah diddy,
Doo wah doo.
Doo wah diddy doo wah diddy...
Get off my mind.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Get Off The Couch Get Out

Stable those thoughts that shake you,
More to live on doubts.
Listen less to judgements passed,
You can do without.

So many today wont leave,
Their lives to live depending...
On opinions others have.
As time slips away from them,
Quicker than sand through an hour glass.

Get off the couch get out.
To do something different not done before.
Get off the couch get out.
Take a walk.
Or a bus ride.
Decide not to stay inside.
Get off the couch get out.
Get off the couch get out.

Stable those thoughts that shake you,
More to live on doubts.
Listen less to judgements passed,
You can do without.

Get off the couch get out.
Explore.
To do it more.
Get off the couch get out.
Ignore.
Living to be bored.
Get off the couch get out.
Get off the couch get out.

Take a walk or a bus ride.
Exercise.
Decide...
To live your life to like.
And find you can,

An appetite to invite...
Not leftover to repeat,
From pased days or those nights.

Get off the couch get out.
Get off the couch get out.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Get Off The Dance Floor

Slowly they are being strangled.
But the rhythm maintained and the floral scents,
Keeps them unaware...
Of their own involvement that squeezes them,
From their dollars and common sense.

Slowly the hold imposes an enclosure.
And caring less.
As long as they are able to dress to impress,
And mingle!
With a 'buzz' to tingle every deluded sensation.

Slowly they are being strangled!
And some are loving it so much,
They have become way out of touch...
As to accuse others who have been warning them of this,
If they don't like the music...
To get off the dance floor and go back to Africa!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Get Off The Seesaw

Find the living of your life...
Awesome.
Be your own boss and toss away,
Those feelings of loss...
That have cost you to set into motion,
Emotions you would rather not display.
As if in a playground on a seesaw.

Why live your life to listen to fears.
Get off the seesaw.
Why live your life to keep fears near.
Get off the seesaw.
Why be betwixt emotions you should rid to nix.
Get off the seesaw.
Why shoulder a load to stay devoted to it.

Live your life as if it is awesome.
Determine and accept that you are your own boss.
Get off that seesaw that has cost you to set into motion,
Emotions you would rather not have publicly displayed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Get On Mama's Wrong Side

Take opportunities to appreciate Mother Nature.
Hasn't 'she' encouraged your development?
And continues to nourish you throughout your life,
Wherever you went inspite of your questionable habits.

Like a doting mother would do,
No matter what it is you put her through.
She seems to be there.
Although sometimes changing,
Her caring mood.

Do 'mama' right.
And mama will always do right by you.
Get on mama's wrong side...
And mama will not soon let you forget it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Get On To Get Off

Someone who had been allowed,
To approach you using the right weapons...
With charm you approved,
Flattered to shatter your close relationship.
And as time has passed,
Many lessons you have learned...
About holding on to grasp firmly,
That which others may not like to entice...
Your decision to end that happiness had.
Today you seem to reminisce with it missed.
Do you mind sharing the details of it?

'So foolish I was 'then' to believe,
All the rumors and gossip...
People in my ears would specifically leave.
Until I let my ego slip away from me to go.
When a sour dip destroyed that bag of chips,
I thought I had been...
With a doing to end the love of my life.
And that relationship we both were in.'

~Well...
At least now you know,
That high horse you rode...
Was actually a gift you got rid of quick.~

'I didn't realize it then,
But I thought I had been the reason...
And the one getting the praise,
For what I did to get done back in those days.'

~What did you do to get done? ~

'Get on to get off,
The back of a thoroughbred.
But I didn't know what I had,
Was the center of the show.
To high I rode with a flaunting of an ego.'

~How did you discover this to find that out? ~

'When that sour dip began chasing my gift.
And all I had left,
Were kept pretentions I had to rid.
There's nothing like facing the truth,
That heals to mend quickly...
One with that kind of self-centeredness.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Get On Your Knees

This disaster is massive.
One unlike anyone has seen.
Mother Nature has grown weary
Of the ignorance shown to Her.
So she comes and she's mean!

She cares less about the name,
You give her winds.
Or spinning temperments.
She has tired of your spoiled ways.
And a lamenting you can not prevent.
She comes!
Ready.
And tired of whims displayed!

Whatever Katrina did not let you know.
Gustav strengthens to unleash...
Unforgiving blows!
Get on your knees...
'Mama' has not been pleased with you at all!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Get Out Of My Face!

Get out of my face!
You have convinced my own flesh and blood,
To erase a closeness.
To become replaced...
By the bangles that you dangle.
By the presence of a rusting gleam.
And the brightness of a 'bling'...
That now is assessed as worthless.

Get out of my face!
With your temptations,
That has disgraced an elevated pride.
Backstabbed by greed and degradation.

You can never heal wounds,
Left to scorch from bleeding the blood...
You sucked from hearts you trampled!
Living to realize you left me to sample your demonicness,
Does not remove the taste of your wickedness.
Or the filth you have left...
To leave some still in worship!

Get out of my face!
Nothing about you,
Is deserving of eye contact!
Or depicts anything I wish to forgive.
Even your breath reeks of a stench that poisons!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Get Out Of The House

Shut up!
Sit down...
And listen!
You did what you had to do!
The throne was never meant for you to sit,
Sprewing tantrums and bad habits forever!
Attempting cleverness...
Believing all your fits should be accepted!
There's nothing great about your approach,
And outlook on life!
Your disasterous plan
Has come from the darkened corners to centerstage!
And the only one appearing to be shocked is you!

Shut up!
Sit down...
And listen!
You and your clan,
Ran on self delusion too long!
You've invaded common sense
With senseless ignorance.
And much of that you sold on people's pride!
That 'downhome' approach
Played enough to scatter rats!
Even they got tired of the lies!

Shut up!
Sit down!
You may have seen yourself,
As a cat who was able to deliver the cheese!
But you are a fool.
And that is a fact!
You and the others
Brought a kingdom to its knees!
And that is treason by any name,
For those whose mindsets have not been diseased...
Or drained by your games!

Shut up!

Sit down...
And listen!
The image of your 'vision' is done!
Collect your ego and history shifting myths.
There's a lot that has to be completed!
And anyone who is sane can see,
You have no brains for it!

Shut up!
Sit down...
And listen!
Get out of the house and go fishin'!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Get Out Of The Kitchen

Ready and hoping for that taste of cake,
After the last slice of it is gone?
To then express attitude,
With an announcement made...
Of how selfish everyone else is.
And at no time saying a thing,
When the cake was being baked?
Or mixed with all of the ingredients,
Put into it 'before' it was placed into the oven.

Nor mention did you one word,
About having a craving for a piece?
Until the last crumb of it,
Had been licked away!
And the aroma of it from the air has ceased.

Look here...
You have no right to point a finger,
At nobody, no time soon.
But you can take all the time you need,
To blame yourself.
I will be your witness if you seek one.

No one here,
Is living to be your personal mind reader!
Let me make that clear...
No ONE here, H with an E-R-E,
Has been assigned to be your personal mind reader.

Take the first step you can away from yourself.
Not to make mental notes or excuses to abuse anyone.
But to open your mouth and declare what it is you wish.
No one is obligated to do that for you but yourself!
Now get out of the kitchen.
You are about to get me heated.
And you don't have it like that.
Not in my home.
You were offered a piece and said nothing.
Do you remember that?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Get Over The Hump

Take your bumps and get those lumps,
Although some days you'll be grumpy.
You may also feel crunchy.
But you will get over the hump.

Take your medicine unsweetened,
It is suggested that you do.
Keep yourself from being beatened.
Or you will always feel screwed.

Why do you overwork and welcome ruin?
What is this that you're doing?
There's nothing you're improving!

Why do you overwork and welcome ruin?
What is this that you're doing?
There's nothing you're improving!

Take your bumps and get those lumps,
Although some days you'll be grumpy.
You may also feel crunchy.
But you will get over the hump.

Why do you overwork and welcome ruin?
What is this that you're doing?
There's nothing you're improving!

Take your medicine unsweetened,
It is suggested that you do.
Keep yourself from being beatened.
Or you will always feel screwed.

Why do you overwork and welcome ruin?
To feel crunchy?
What is this that you think that you are doing?
To feel grumpy?
What is it that you're seeking.
A beating that is treating? ? ?

Why do you overwork and welcome ruin?
To feel crunchy?
What is this that you think that you are doing?
To feel grumpy?
What is it that you're seeking.
A beating that is treating? ? ?

Take your medicine unsweetened,
It is suggested that you do.
Keep yourself from being beatened.
Or you will always feel screwed.

Why do you overwork and welcome ruin?
What is this that you're doing?
There's nothing you're improving!

Only you can keep yourself from feeling grumpy.
Only you can keep yourself from getting crunchy.
Only you can keep from doing,
What it is that keeps you screwed.

Only you can keep yourself from feeling grumpy.
Only you can keep yourself from getting crunchy.
Only you can keep from doing,
What it is that keeps you screwed.

You can get up off your rump.
You can get over the hump!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Get Over Yourself

You are upset about something I said?
And the way I said it?
And you believe I should have used more tact?
But it is okay for you to say to me,
Anthing you like?
Even if it attacks?
I did not attack you at all...
Yet!
And what I said to you,
I have no regrets.

Have you noticed how many stars there are,
In 'this' Universe?
I suggest you get over yourself.
Before your 'light' dims.
There is just too much brightness,
To miss one dimming that goes out!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Get Rid And Cut The Tease

When beginning to trim off that fat...
Don't economize,
The height of how high your kite flies.
Don't economize,
The height of how high your kite flies.

Baubles dangling beaming to gleam,
Is more of a wanted dream and not a need.
Get rid and cut the tease.
Staying basic is the best policy.
Why break your neck to accept the debt.
Know and keep your needs,
The main focus of your priorities.

When beginning to trim off that fat...
Know and keep your needs,
The main focus of your priorities.
Know and keep your needs,
And rid and cut the tease.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Get Rid Of Pity 'Cause Pity Isn'T Pretty

Get rid of pity and be done.
Get rid of pity and be done.
Get rid of pity.
'Cause pity isn't pretty.

Get rid of pity and be done.
Get rid of pity and be done.
Get rid of pity.
'Cause Your pity isn't pretty.

Drop your flip flopping make it stop.
Release it as a needed habit you have adopted.

Get rid of pity and be done.
Get rid of pity and be done.
Get rid of pity.
Pity isn't pretty.

Refuse all excuses you have ever made,
'Cause they can seduce.
To reduce you to accepting,
A life lived infused with abuses.

Yeh hey!
Get rid of pity and be done.
Get rid of pity,
Yes.
Get rid of pity,
'Cause your pity isn't pretty.
No.

Get rid of pity and be done.
Get rid of pity,
Yes.
Get rid of pity,
'Cause your pity isn't pretty.
No.

Get rid of pity and be done.

Get rid of pity and be done.
Get rid of pity.
'Cause your pity isn't pretty.

Drop your flip flopping make it stop.
Release it as a needed habit you have adopted.

Get rid of pity and be done.
Get rid of pity,
Yes.
Get rid of pity,
'Cause your pity isn't pretty.
No.

Get rid of pity and be done.
Get rid of pity and be done.
Get rid of pity.
Pity isn't pretty.

Get rid of pity and be done.
Get rid of pity and be done.
Get rid of pity.
'Cause your pity isn't pretty.
No!

Get rid of pity and be done.
Get rid of pity,
Yes.
Get rid of pity,
'Cause your pity isn't pretty.

Get rid of pity and be done.
Get rid of pity and be done.
Get rid of pity 'cause your pity isn't pretty.

Let those woes you know just go!
Since your pity isn't pretty.
No your pity isn't pretty
Let those woes drop from your hold.
Since your pity isn't pretty.
No your pity isn't pretty
No your pity isn't pretty,

It's poetically pathetic.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Get Rid Of The Rust

You ought to get up in the morning,
With it dawning that a new you is due.
And changing attitude.

You ought to get up in the morning,
With it dawning that a new you is due.
And pursuing it through.

Get all that dust out of the corners,
With a cleaning of that...
Long overdue.
And you know it's true too.

Then decide to get rid of the rust,
With a doing to do.
And sweep away those yesterdays,
To leave them staying there forever.

You ought to get up in the morning,
With it dawning that a new you is due.
And changing attitude.

Get all that dust out of the corners,
With a cleaning of that...
Long overdue.
And you know it's true too.

Then decide...
To get rid of the rust,
With a doing to do.
And,
Sweep away those yesterdays to leave them there forever.
Then decide...
To get rid of the rust,
With a doing to do.
And,
Sweep away those yesterdays to leave them there forever.
Then decide...
To get rid of the rust,

With a doing to do.
And,
Sweep away those yesterdays to leave them there forever.
Like the doing of bad weather.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Get Right With Yourself

Get right with yourself!
To see your blemishes and accept your flaws.
Get right with yourself!
Why do you numb your head with alcohol.
You need to get right with yourself.
Nobody else can do this for you.
You need to get right with yourself before...
Blaming somebody else for your downfall.

People refuse to see the truth to make excuses.
And...
Live lives on told lies denied.
People will blame somebody else,
For their same games played...
With tears in their eyes.

You need to get right with yourself.
Nobody else can do this for you.
You need to get right with yourself before...
Blaming somebody else for your downfall.

People refuse to see the truth to make excuses.
Or...
See the writing on the wall.
At all.
People refuse to see the truth to make excuses.
Or...
See the writing on the wall.
At all.
Get right with yourself!
To see your blemishes and accept your flaws.
Get right with yourself!
Before...
Blaming others but yourself for your downfall.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Get Some Rest

Getting little rest...
Isn't what's suggested is the best thing.
But...
Once one is committed,
It's difficult to quit.
Like many would would rather sit,
Just to...
Reminisce a bitterness,
Or...
Ignore the taking of those risks,
To...
Excuse the value of it.

And as a bit of a reminder...
Progress isn't made by sitting.
Progress isn't made by quitting.
Progress takes sacrificing,
What is wanted and what one likes.
And...
Progress isn't made by wishing.
Progress isn't made by shrinking...
Away to sneak a taste of cake,
While awaiting for someone else to make.
And...
Progress isn't made by sitting.
No.
Progress isn't made by quitting.
no.
Progress takes sacrificing,
What one wants, prefers and likes.

And,
Getting little rest...
Isn't what's suggested is the best thing.
But...
Once one is committed,
It's difficult to quit.
Like many would would rather sit,
Just to...

Reminisce a bitterness,
Or...
Ignore the taking of those risks,
To...
Excuse the value of it.

And as a bit of a reminder...
Get up and be tough.
Know,
To quit is not the best thing.
But...
Enough is enough.
And...
When it gets too rough,
You can...
Decide to get tougher.
But...
Get your rest.

Remember,
You can't do nuthin without...
Getting some rest.
You've got to,
Get your rest.
You've got to,
Get some rest!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Get Stiff Quick

When your backbone bends,
And your vision dims...
You've got to,
Get stiff.
Get stiff quick.

When you know you need to move,
From foolish doers...
Get stiff.
Get stiff quick.

No need to put up more with that funky stuff.
You've got to,
Get stiff.
Get stiff quick.

No need to ride a roller coaster,
You know was tough.
No need to do a shuffle singing those sad songs.
Or get along with others you wish from you gone!

Just,
Get stiff.
Get stiff quick.
You've got to,
Get stiff.
Get stiff quick!

When your backbone bends,
And your vision dims...
You've got to,
Get stiff.
Get stiff quick.

Mean what you say and be done with it.
You've got to,
Get stiff...
Get stiff quick!

Don't let just anything fall from your lips.
Or bite your tongue to let an old patience sit.
When you wish to make a point you know wont quit.
You've got to,
Get stiff.
Get stiff quick.

You've got to,
Get stiff.
Get stiff quick.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Get That Fat Back Offa My Rack

Get that fat back offa my rack.
No need to take a nap.
Bags you've got I want them pack.

Get your fat back right offa my rack.
No need to take a nap.
Bags you've got I want them packed.

Get that fat back offa my rack.
I wont invite the mood...
To lay in bed with you.

Get that fat back offa my rack.
Re-writing history,
Does not agree with me.

So get that fat back offa my rack.
I want my happiness..
With a life I wish and miss.

Whatever we lost will not be backtracked...
To see if we got it,
When the getting wasn't coming at the time.
And I am not trying now to find it.

So get that fat back offa my rack.
I wont invite the mood...
To lay in bed with you.
Re-writing history,
Does not agree with me.

So get your bags pack fast and get a new act.
I wont invite the mood...
To lay in bed with you.
Just to prove I'll miss you there!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Get The Boogey When It's Hot

You're playing the right song,
But at the wrong time.

You see...
I use to love to boogey with my body
Sweating hot!
And in that beat.
That heats the feet.

I use to love to boogey with my body
Sweating hot!
And in that beat.
That heats the feet.

Then when twilight comes along.
With the fireflies twinkling bright.
And you have just begun to see the Sun.

You're playing the right song,
But at the wrong time.

You see...
I use to love to boogey with my body
Sweating hot!
And in that beat.
That heats the feet.

I use to love to boogey with my body
Sweating hot!
And in that beat.
That heats the feet.

I use to love to boogey sweating hot!
I use to love to boogey sweating hot!
I use to love to boogey sweating hot!
And in that beat.
That heats the feet.

You're playing the right song.

I use to love to boogey sweating hot!
You're playing the right song.
I use to love to boogey sweating hot!
You're playing the right song.
I use to love to boogey sweating hot!
And in that beat.
That heats the feet.

I use to love to boogey sweating hot!
Play it.
I use to love to boogey sweating hot!
Play it.
I use to love to boogey sweating hot!
And in that beat.
That heats the feet.

You're playing the right song,
But at the wrong time.

I love to get the boogey,
When it's hot.
I love to get the boogey,
When it's hot.
I love to get the boogey,
When it's hot.
I love to get the boogey,
When it's hot.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Get The Hint?

If you read my words,
You wouldn't have to ask
What it is I meant.

If, indeed, you say you understand...
What you confess to me makes little sense.

If one comprehends,
A flow that is out of the box.
Where does the conflict begin to start?
If you say you understand,
With your head and heart!

If you read my words,
You wouldn't have to ask
What it is I meant.

Unless you are seeking more from me?
Like if I brush my teeth,
With regular toothpaste...
Or if it is scented with mint!
Since nothing else you have said thus far,
Does not entice me to ask you...
To move in with me and share paying my rent.

It you are reading my words,
You should know by now...
Being alone to me is not lonely!
And my peace of mind has been heaven sent.
Get the hint?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Get Them Booted

Boot those blues,
You are too quick to slip on.
Like a pair of comforting shoes.
You choose to wear,
With a careless attitude.
And despairing to keep,
Your relief unreleased.

Clipping coupons may ease,
A setback to fill the void...
Of feeling trapped,
Lifeless.
With happiness scratched,
Off of your top ten list of priorities.
As if sadness is your chore.

Get yourself together.
Protect from stormy weather!

Boot those blues,
You are too quick to slip on.
Like a pair of comforting shoes.
You choose to wear,
With a careless attitude.
And despairing to keep,
Your relief unreleased.

Get yourself together.
Protect from stormy weather!
And chisel obstacles that come to stand in your way.
Don't you let them in your life parade.

Get yourself together.
Protect from stormy weather!
And chisel obstacles that come to stand in your way.
Don't you let them in your life parade.

Get them booted,
Don't let them root.

Get yourself together.
Protect from stormy weather!
And chisel obstacles that come to stand in your way.
Don't you let them in your life parade.

Get them booted,
Don't let them root.
Get them booted,
You can do this if you choose.
Get them booted,
Only you can pick and choose 'your' good news.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Get To Keep Your Thoughts Clear

Get to keep your thoughts...
Clear.
Be the one to keep your thoughts...
Near and endeared.
Get to keep your thoughts...
Clear.
And never left to be confused.
Or easily abused.

Get to keep your thoughts...
Clear.
Be the one to keep your thoughts...
Near and endeared.
Get to keep your thoughts...
Clear.
And never left to be confused.
Or easily abused.

Don't be willing to be living,
Without thoughts.
Don't be willing to admit,
You have no thoughts.
Or an opinion wished to give.
You do.
Just like the others.

Don't be willing to be living,
Without thoughts.
Don't be willing to admit,
You have no thoughts.
Or an opinion wished to give.
You do.
Just like the others.

Get to keep your thoughts...
Clear.
Be the one to keep your thoughts...
Near and endeared.
Get to keep your thoughts...

Clear.
And never left to be confused.
Or easily abused.

Don't be willing to be living,
Without thoughts.
Don't be willing to admit,
You have no thoughts.
Or an opinion wished to give.
You do.
Just like the others.
Don't silence your druthers.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Get To Stepping And Adventure Your Life

Travel on!
My brothers.
Travel on...
My sisters, fathers, mothers.
And others who recover,
From disturbance they discover.

Travel on...
All you people under steeples,
Who can not get off your knees.
As your backs are burden with such guilt,
To plead forgiveness endlessly.

Travel on...
To see your life as it should be.
Unlimited with happiness!
Believe it and receive.

Travel on...
Get to stepping and adventure your life!

Move it like you knew it!

Travel on!
My brothers
Travel on...
My sisters, fathers, mothers.
And others who recover.

Travel on...
Get to stepping and adventure your life!

To see your life as it should be.
Unlimited with happiness...
Believe it and receive.

Travel on...
Get to stepping and adventure your life!

To see your life as it should be.
Unlimited with happiness...
Believe it and receive.

Travel on...
Get to stepping and adventure your life!

My sisters, fathers, mothers.
And others who recover,
From disturbance they discover.

Travel on...
Get to stepping and adventure your life!

See your life as it should be,
Unlimited with happiness!
Believe it and receive.
Believe it and receive.
See your life as it should be,
Unlimited with happiness!
Believe it and receive.
Believe it and receive.
See your life as it should be,
Unlimited with happiness!
Believe it and receive.
Believe it and receive.

Travel on...
Get to stepping and adventure your life!
Believe it and receive.
Believe it and receive.
Believe it and receive.
Believe it and receive.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Get Up And Outta My Life

With your promoted to boast assumptions.
Get outta my life...
With deceptions fed about me.
Get outta my life...
With pretensions that are mentioned,
To others who listen to interpret with belief.

Get outta my life...
With your faked half-baked devotion.
Get outta my life...
With a doing to leave me free.
Get outta my life...
With your disturbing of my peace.
To leave none for me to keep.

Get outta my life!

I don't want to see you in the morning.
Ding dong the bells are gonna chime.
And when I awaken,
Gone will be your fakin'.
So no more will you be wasting my time.

Get outta my life...
With your faked half-baked devotion.
Get outta my life...
With a doing to leave me free.
Get outta my life...
With your disturbing of my peace.
To leave none for me to keep.

Get outta my life!
I don't want to see you in the morning.
Get outta my life!
And when I awaken,
Gone will be your fakin'.
And no more will you be wasting my time.

Get up and outta my life.

Go and don't be slow.
Get up and outta my life.
Go!
Get up and outta my life.
Go and don't be slow.
And no more will you be wasting my time.
Get up and outta my life.
Go. Go. Go.
Get up and outta my life.
Go!
Get up and outta my life.
Go and don't be slow.
Get up and outta my life.
Go!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Get Up And Pray

Sometimes,
What comes is not decided.
And when it goes away,
Somebody is left to wonder why.

And there are times,
We plan each day that arrives...
Unexpecting that which happens,
To surprise our lives leaving us to sigh.

It's better just to get up and pray.
First,
To do each and everyday.
Yes it's better just to get up and pray.
Regardless of what happens,
That may come your way.

Sometimes,
What comes is not decided.
And most times,
Nobody is prepared.

It's better just to get up and pray.
First,
As if the doing of it,
Has been rehearsed.
Yes, it's better just to get up and pray.
Regardless of what happens,
That may come and want to stay.

Not only sometimes.
Or even most times.
But a doing to be giving it found to find.
It's better just to get up and pray.
First,
As if the doing of it,
Has been rehearsed
Yes, it's better just to get up and pray.
The moment eyes are opened up everyday.

It's better just to get up and pray.
To do it done without delay 'now' and today!
It's better just to get up and pray.
Don't check watch.
Or watch a clock.
It's better just to get up and pray.
And with a doing it with time to find.
First.
Don't check a watch,
First.
Or watch a clock,
First.
Or quench a thirst,
First.
Or fuss or curse,
First.
Get up and pray.
Everyday.
First.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Get Up Off That Pity Pot

Why don't you,
Get up off that pity pot...
You've sat on quite a lot.
Why don't you get up off that pot.
Why don't you get up off that pot.
Why don't you,
Get up off that pity pot...
You've sat on quite a lot.
Why don't you get up off that pot.
Why don't you get up off that pot.

No need to keep weeping tears,
That long ago overflowed.
Why don't you,
Get up off that pity pot...
You've sat on quite a lot.

Holding onto woes,
Have eroded your motives.
Get up off that pity pot...
You've sat on quite a lot.
So wipe your eyes to dry,
And realize...
You are not alone.
You're not alone.
You are not alone.
You're not alone.
Get up!
Off your butt!

Get up off that pity pot...
You've sat on quite a lot.
Why don't you get up off that pot.
Why don't you get up off that pot.
Why don't you,
Get up off that pity pot...
You've sat on quite a lot.
Why don't you get up off that pot.
Why don't you get up off that pot.

And realize...
You are not alone.
You're not alone.
You are not alone.
You're not alone.
Get up!

Get up off that pity pot...
You've sat on quite a lot.
You need to get up off that pot.
Why don't you get up off that pot.
Why don't you,
Get up off that pity pot...
You've sat on quite a lot.
You need to get up off that pot.
Why don't you get up off that pot,
And stop those woes to drop.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Get Up Off Your Knees

When I then let go to let God,
Take from my hands...
Reins I held too closely to control,
Every movement made...
I believed I could command.
The faith I thought was strongly felt,
Wasn't there at all.
Until I fell to my knees to crawl.
And I heard a 'voice' say to me,
'You have a choice to stay here...
To weep as long as you please.
But keep this remembered,
Weeping on your knees...
To then appease ME with a crawl?
Has been your choice to make.
And if you'd like...
I can find for you a thick brick wall.'

Whaaaa...?
But God wouldn't want me to hurt myself.

'You're right.
However...
You are making this choice.
And I am here to grant wishes.
Now...
Would you like that wall,
Re-enforced with steel?
Or should I double up on the bricks? '

And that's when,
I knew my faith took second place...
To an ego I no longer needed to use.
God?
Please take control of my life.

'Get up off your knees.
You folks believe I should be doing,
EVERYTHING for you.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Get Up Off Your Knees And Think

The time has come...
For self inflicted sorrows to end.
Get up off your knees and think!
That which has pushed you to the brink,
Can not last without your involvement!
You have fed it like a habit too long!
Your happiness begs to be released...
If you allow it to increase within your mind!
That time has long been awaiting.
Get up off your knees and think...
Everything that has held you down,
Enjoys the grief you are too willing to give!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Get Up Off Your Pity Pot To Stop It

To wiggle out from under all doubts,
With a hanging them out to dry...
In front of passersby to eye,
Is intended to get attention.

Give those petty bits of pity,
To solicit empathy...
Away.
Today.
And...
Throw those doubts you've picked to pity,
With that selfishness that doesn't pay...
To get attention to gain.

Just get up off your pity pot to stop it.
And...
Get up off your pity pot to drop.

Just get up off your pity pot to stop it.
'Cause,
Believe this or not...
Very few are into pity.
And believe this or not...
Pity does not benefit.

Fight those doubts to stop and dropp them.
'Cause no pity benefits.
Fight those doubts to stop and dropp them.
'Cause no pity benefits.
And...
Believe this or not,
Very few are into pity.
And believe this or not...
Pity does not benefit.

Just get up off your pity pot to stop it.
'Cause,
Believe this or not...
Very few are into pity.

And believe this or not...
Pity does not benefit.

Give those petty bits of pity,
To solicit empathy...
Away.
Today.
And...
Throw those doubts you've picked to pity,
With that selfishness that doesn't pay...
To get attention to gain.

Just get up off your pity pot to stop it.
'Cause,
Believe this or not...
Very few are into pity.
And believe this or not...
Pity does not benefit.

Just get up off your pity pot to stop it.
And...
Just get up off your pity pot to stop it quick!

Get up off your pity pot to stop this quick.
'Cause believe this or not...
Your pity does not benefit.

Just get up off your pity pot to stop it.
And...
Just get up off your pity pot to stop it quick!
'Cause believe this or not...
Your pity does not benefit,
One bit.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Get Up Thankful To Be Blessed

Feeling Blessed.
And with each day I am more receptive.
Less inclined am I to accept a restlessness.
With a peace of mind,
That having an openness...
Achieves and gets.

And...
How you doin?

'I aint so lucky,
To have my life that way.
I have to get up to go to work!
And be annoyed everyday.

My life aint nuthin'...
But ups and downs.
I've got bills to pay!
And my creditors are always around.'

Oh!
So you're saying,
That's the way you choose to live?
Looking for something to complain about.
And deciding there's no reason,
To be positive.

'No!
I'm not saying that at all.
That's just the way my life is.
I can not afford to fantasize,
Like 'some' people who pretend...
They've got it made,
With no pot to piss in! '

Well...
I guess you do have a point.
I get up thankful to be blessed,
I have a toilet...

Where I conduct all my private business.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Get Up! Get Over It

Do not seek me for a caring done,
To compare to your own feelings...
You now experience with a deepened,
Feeling of being left distraught.

I admit I did suffer from your indifference then.
With a secret wish,
You felt what I had felt but you quickly dismissed.
But I am not the one to mend with a healing to end,
Those memories that trouble your consciousness.

I could only wish you what you then wished me...
Your 'good luck' absent of any empathy touched.
With a toss of a thoughtless blurted to me in my agony!
'Get up! Get over it. Life sucks.'

Well...
Get up.
Get over it.
Life sucks.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Get Up. Shut Up. And Move

Get up.
Shut up,
And move.

Get up.
Shut up,
And move.

Get up.
Shut up,
And move.

If you want things to improve,
You've got to...
Get up.
Shut up,
And move.

Nobody's living their life for you.
While you sit back,
To approve what they do!

Get up.
Shut up,
And move.

Get up.
Shut up,
And move.

Get up.
Shut up,
And move.

Nobody is here to pamper you.
You've been much too spoiled,
And selfish too!

Get up.

Shut up,
And move.

Get up.
Shut up,
And move.

Get up.
Shut up,
And move.

Get up.
Shut up,
And move.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Get Use To Being Tested

If one is not specific and precise.
Or makes attempts to be responsible,
With an accountability for their actions.
What influence do they expect to have,
On someone else...
Who has been taught to be 'upfront',
From birth?
Even a displaying of pretentions does not work,
When one is made to feel 'humbled'...
In these situations.

'Ma?
My teacher says I think I know so much.'

~Don't blame your teacher.
I had nothing to do with raising her.~

'He's a 'man'.'

~Well...
Get use to being tested.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Get With The Program

The only thing from the past,
Worth keeping...
Is a lesson taught one learns.
And the only thing from the past,
That seems to last...
Is a wisdom one has earned.

So many have found themselves held back,
By accepting traps to live without facts.
So many in motion promoting commotion,
Are devoted to provoking verbal attacks.
To then discover their acts become,
Trash kept to gather around everyone.
But they can and you can,
We all can...
Get with the program.
And...
Vacate complaints to make.
Nothing that is trash should be valued,
If division it creates.

People...
Get with the program.
And...
Vacate those complaints to make.
People...
Leave behind times outdated.
And all that decaying mental waste.
People...
Get with the program.
And...
Vacate those complaints to make.
People...
Leave behind times outdated.
And all that decaying mental waste.

The only thing from the past,
Worth keeping...
Is a lesson taught one learns.

And the only thing from the past,
That seems to last...
Is a wisdom one has earned.
So people...
Get with the program.
And...
Vacate those complaints to make.
We can as a people...
Leave behind times outdated.
And all that decaying mental waste.

We can as a people,
Leave behind what decays.
And...
Get with the program,
To do what it takes to rid that waste...
From our minds to find,
It can be done to do.
If...
We as a people,
Leave behind what decays.
And...
Get with the program,
To do what it takes to rid that waste...
From our minds to find,
It can be done.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Get Your Opinions Notarized

Everybody has a right,
To express their own opinions.

'I don't object to that at all.
In fact...
I agree.
But to express my opinions,
To someone else?
And without my authorization?
Is disrespectful.'

Why don't you get your opinions notarized,
From now on!
Or better yet...
Certified as being yours.
And only yours to be expressed.

'I never thought about that.
Thanks!
There is something new to learn everyday.'

~I hope he knows you were joking.~

Did you see the look in his eyes?
Like a kid given a brand new toy.
I couldn't break his heart after witnessing that.
Why didn't you tell me to bring my video cam?

~Who knew?
Usually you have it.
Just in case we run across,
Suspected acts of police brutality.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Get Your Spirit Right

Practice.
Active,
Prayer...
Everyday,
You can!

Be active in the practice,
Of prayer...
Everyday.
You can!

Care less about the he said,
Or she said...
Conflicting pickers of fights.
They'll keep you awake with sleepless nights.

Be true to your practice,
In active...
Prayer,
Everyday.
You can!

Erratic tactics,
Keep captive...
With distractions,
To minimize your pride.

Don't worry about their appetites...
For doing things the wrong way.
You stay on the side of what's right,
Now!

Practice.
Active,
Prayer...
Everyday,
You can!

Be active in the practice,

With swift actions of your prayers...
Everyday.
You can!

Get your spirit right!
Let backbiters do what they do.
You can choose not to approve!

Just keep your practice,
Active...
In prayer,
Everyday.
You can!

Don't worry about their appetites...
For doing things the wrong way.
You stay on the side of what's right,
Now!

Practice.
Active,
Prayer...
Everyday,
You can!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

'Get-That-Thing-On-The-Victim'

Who cares which one is better suited...
Has more stage presence,
And is preferred to apply a much needed touniqet?

The victim has been sedated!
Medicated for years.
And has been in a failing state of delusion!

The blood once dripping.
From a scratch denied that was done...
Has begun to gush!

Life and the quality of it...
Slips from the unconscious lips,
Of this patient!

Who cares which one is better suited...
Has more stage presence,
And is preferred to apply a much needed touniqet?

Who gives a flippidy doo da dee...
Whether he is black with a Harvard degree!
Or she is white?
An ex-president's wife.
And might wear combat boots in her bedroom?

'Get-that-thing-on-the-victim'

Already the smell and stench of it...
Has reached the streets!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Gettin' Sacrificial

When you see me believe me...
I am doing just what I do,
Like you.
Living my life and doing that right!

When you see me believe me...
I am doing just what I do,
Like you.
Living my life and doing that right!

I can't be bothered by those sobs that drop.
Or sit with pity partiers,
On the block.
Or listen to the whining and the crying,
With the moans.
From grown folks acting like kids,
They've disowned!

I know,
It's getting harder everyday,
For some folks to stand on their own.
Alone!
I know,
It's gettin' sacrificial when the rent gets paid on loans.
I know that,
Many have flopped from the top!
I know that,
Honesty for many has stopped.
I know...
It's gettin' sacrifical just to keep,
In a safety zone!

I know,
It's getting harder everyday,
For some folks to stand on their own.
Alone.
I know,
It's gettin' sacrificial when the rent gets paid on loans.

When you see me believe me...
I am doing just what I do,
Like you.
Living my life and doing that right!

I know that...
People don't eat,
Can't sleep.
I know that many feel they're living on a meter.
I know that...
People are disgusted with their leaders.
I know that...
Misery is spreading through the air.
I know...
Some folks wanna do it,
But get screwed
Showing they care!

I can't be bothered by those sobs that drop.
Or sit with pity partiers,
On the block.

I know that...
People don't eat,
Can't sleep.
I know that many feel they're living on a meter.
I know that...
People are disgusted with their leaders.

Good God...
It's gettin' sacrificial just to keep,
In a safety zone!

Yes I said,
It's gettin' sacrificial just to keep,
In a safety zone!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Getting A Few Fingers Burned

I would be surprised if I had been told,
A mental growing process done by one...
Was accomplished with the aid of a group of people.

Too many opinions can dilute something in the mind,
One hopes will stick.
With a comprehension to understand with it.

And too many cooks in one kitchen,
Can not a homemade meal deliciously fix.
Some may advise this or that.
When nothing recommended actually suits one's taste.

Especially when the heating of an oven,
Becomes a complicated mix of suggestions.
And a debate begins,
That eventually ends one's interest.

A mental growing process done by one...
Is to discover the sensation,
Of getting a few fingers burned.
Lessons will be learned.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Getting A New And Clearer View

What are you doing?

'Getting a new and clearer view.'

How is that possible through binoculars?
And at this distance?

'I was told that using a microscope,
I was too close and missing...
A personality that was filled with warmth,
And an overwhelming concern for others...
I just couldn't see because I had probed too closely.'

And now...
Have your perceptions changed at all?

'Yes.
I actually detect a movement.'

But...
You are looking at the leaves moving,
As the wind blows through the trees.

'Oh...
So what is that stick making animated movements,
Next to them? '

That's then one they are trying to promote,
As having charisma.

'So...
What is it do you think he's doing? '

You didn't hear this from me...
But,
I think he might be dancing.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Getting Away With It

Like an appendage attached.
And there to feed.
Not to assist in the nourishment.
Or to restore an energy,
Supplied by encouragement.
But there to defend,
The protectiveness of this leeching.

Like an appendage attached.
And there to feed an excessive gluttony,
Of progressive greed.
Draining to succeed to bleed an obsession.
To feast!
Whether or not...
The programming of this beast is stopped!

Conditioned,
To getting away with it!
And delusioned...
Never to be prevented.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Getting Bodacious And Less Discreet

The guys lay in secret with misters.
Laying discreeted doing dirty deeds.
Some downlow on hands and knees,
And all bugged out with plugged up mouths.

The guys lay in secret with misters.
None denying they've come out of the closet.
Few denying they now cruise on the streets.

The guys lay in secret with misters.
Some are married and some are not.
Some just started and they like it a lot.

The guys lay in secret with misters.
It may be caused by the economy.
With some feeling weakened,
With effeminate needs.
And some feeling weakened,
With a need to please.

The guys lay in secret with misters.
None denying they've come out of the closet.
Few denying they now cruise on the streets.

The guys lay in secret with misters.
Some are married and some are not.
Some just started and they like it a lot.

The guys lay in secret with misters.
Laying discreeted doing dirty deeds.
Some downlow on hands and knees,
And all bugged out with plugged up mouths.

You know the guys lay in secret with misters.
And getting bodacious and less discreet.
Getting bodacious and less discreet.

You know the guys lay in secret with misters.
And getting bodacious and less discreet.

Getting bodacious and less discreet.

You know the guys lay in secret with misters.
And getting bodacious and less discreet.
Getting bodacious and less discreet.

You know the guys lay in secret with misters.
And getting bodacious and less discreet.
Getting bodacious and less discreet.

You know the guys lay in secret with misters.
And getting bodacious and less discreet.
Getting bodacious and less discreet.
And getting bodacious and less discreet.
Getting bodacious and less discreet.
They're getting bodacious and less discreet.
Getting bodacious and less discreet.
The guys lay in secret with misters.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Getting 'Down' And Funky

Take all the time you need.
And if you choose to do it...
Go to each vacant room,
To sit.
Reminisce if you wish,
About those 'good' times spent...
While you were getting 'down' and funky.
Sustained in that soothing groove.
At a pace without forward movement.
Felt, dreamed or meant.
Listen to the echo to affirm a hollowness.
And when you leave,
Turn off the lights.
Since no one dares to keep these scenes revisited,
With such an appetite...
But you!
So turn off the lights when you are through.
What's more important,
Than 'gettin' down and funky'?
If this is what one chooses to do!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Getting Down And Funky, Staying Low And Earthy

The first time I made attempts,
To be mature and endure those who weren't.
In my neighborhood,
Of aging children.
My attempts did not work.
In fact they provoked those who chose,
To remain irresponsible.
And had not yet been introduced,
To accountability.
Something they accuse others for not doing.
You know.
Those and them,
Who are suppose to care about us.
More than we care for and about ourselves.

Those conversations are still used to convince,
The many loitering around playgrounds.
Seeking to play their familiar games.

Today with age and maturity experienced.
I come into contact with those refusing to make sense.
Those who believe life is a telling of an endless joke.
And laugh at the keeping of their insecurities hidden,
Behind masks that change with fashionable fads.

And I observe their children who are no longer 'kids'.
Many are limited to an ignorance lived.
And they are raising their offspring to disrespect.
As I witness those of us now elders.
Doing our best to break a sweat,
Getting down and funky.
Staying low and Earthy.
As if this is an investment we hand over to a future.
With expectations that a quality of life diminishing,
Will deliver us to a consciousness to grasp overnight.

There's not enough praying on knees that can be done,
To awaken those with nothing but time and lives to waste.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Getting Down To Business

Tickle me in places done.
That battle to win my heart,
You have won.

And fun we share,
Like none I've known.
And getting down to business...
Is loved.
Shown.
Groaned in moans.
So much...
We enable our neighbors,
To make contributions of their own!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Getting Fat

Bring me back something from the store.
Here's my list,
It tells you what I need.

Bring this back from the corner store...
Just what's on it,
Nothing more!

You've got me,
Wanting to lay and snack!
You've got me,
Smacking snacks on my back!
You've got me,
Thinking I'm getting fat.
You've got me,
Thinking I'm getting fat.

You've got me,
Wanting to lay and snack!
You've got me,
Smacking snacks on my back!
You've got me,
Thinking I'm getting fat.
You've got me,
Thinking I'm getting fat.

Bring me back something from the store.
Here's my list,
It tells you what I need.
You've got me,
Wanting to lay and snack!

Bring this back from the corner store...
Just what's on it,
Nothing more!
You've got me,
Smacking snacks on my back!
You've got me,
Thinking I'm getting fat.

You've got me,
Thinking I'm getting fat.

Bring me back something from the store.
Here's my list,
It tells you what I need.

Bring this back from the corner store...
Just what's on it,
Nothing more!

I think I've had enough snacks on my back.
'Cause you make hints I'm getting fat!
You've got me,
Thinking I'm getting fat.
You've got me,
Thinking I'm getting fat.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Getting Good Deeds Done

The best of good deeds,
Are not the ones discussed to be done!
The best deeds that are good...
Are those deeds lived,
And done by the ones who know
When and how to give!

Getting deeds done
Without discussions,
Weaken good intentions...
With diminishing attention given!
And spoken words without action,
Provide no satisfaction.

Although distracts with attraction,
That gets everyone talking...
And then walking away,
Just to say,
They promised they would come!
They promised to provide support...
But not get involved,
With getting good deeds done.

They see deeds as no lasting remedy!
But distortions of their involvement,
In the eyes of everyone!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Getting Hit By A Truck

Keep faith strong.
Forgive those who have wronged you.
Keep your mind and head where they belong...
Focused!
With this as an acknowledgement...
The life you live from birth,
Has been no accident.

Your choice to look for them to happen,
Has resulted in your reality.
To be freed from this...
Takes desire!
Not luck!
Getting hit by a truck,
Says much about those with closed eyes!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Getting Involved Is Expected

People believing it easy,
To get involved and commit...
With a doing to submit time and effort,
Are often the ones who had observed this done...
To find they have become the ones,
Who had criticized others to then perceive...
They could do a better job,
Than those who decided to up and leave...
After showing their deeds to prove to do,
Received no respect they had expected to get.

But instead to them was shown,
What others too had given up to have it known...
Perceptions are best kept,
By those who distance themselves...
With lip and not a drip of sweat to experience the 'ease'.
It isn't easy to sweat...
While others express how someone's ego is addressed.
And that is the only reason...
Why someone willingly would sacrifice,
A doing of their deeds to volunteer.

Getting involved is expected.
And people will show up in numbers,
With claims to convince their presence represents it.
Since they have come with intentions mentioned?
To do what needs to have completed and done.
However...
Doing the work?
Others decide by standing aside,
To select those amongst themselves...
Who is better qualified to be eventually criticized.

And...
How was 'your' day?

'You will not believe.'

Trust me.

If anything else...
I 'am' a believer.

'You mean...
If 'nothing' else.'

Whatever it is 'your' picture is clear.
And need not to be redefined.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Getting It

Some find that the only attention they can get,
Is to demand it.

I'm from the 'old school'.
IF I should get any at all,
I appreciate it.
It's not expected.

I often felt that way around my ex-wife.
Who I do admit...
Did have unique gifts,
And talents.

And 'getting it' was mostly,
From a charitable deed she delivered.
Established and released...
If we agreed to meet on the same foundation.
Which then mutually satisfied our donations.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Getting More Difficult To Defend Within

A culture of violence,
Is getting more difficult to defend within.
As perceptions of a normalcy,
Once defined with an understanding...
Has made a growing madness not 'out' but 'in'.

People are shocked by what they see on the streets.
But become entertained on a daily basis,
By the most disgusting things freely seen...
In the comfort of their homes on wide screen TVs.
To be downloaded on iPhones and CDs.

People express shock by what their neighbors do,
But defend the offensive language that their children use.
And today in elementary schools few can tell the difference,
Between the teachers and the kids.
The issuing of condoms should 'not' be as obvious as it is.

People are shocked by what they see on the streets.
But become entertained on a daily basis,
By the most disgusting things freely seen...
In the comfort of their homes on wide screen TVs.
To be downloaded on iPhones and CDs.

A culture of violence,
Is getting more difficult to defend within.
As perceptions of a normalcy,
Once defined with an understanding...
Has made a growing madness not 'out' but 'in'.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Getting Old And Bolder

I'm getting old and bolder,
And feeling blessed about it.
But opinions I can't stop.
They seem to drop right out my mouth.

Oh yes I'm getting old and bolder,
And feeling proud about it.
But out my mouth opinions drop.
They don't stop!
They fall right out my mouth.

Doctor...
Can you prescibe something for me?
And doctor...
Is there a 'med' or remedy?
Doctor...
Before I stop my mouth,
The words fall right out.

Oh yes I'm getting old and bolder,
And feeling proud about it.
But out my mouth...
Opinions drop.
They don't stop!
They fall right out,
And sometimes shoutin'.

Doctor...
Can you prescibe something for me?
And doctor...
Is there a 'med' or remedy?
Doctor...
Before I stop my mouth,
The words fall right out.

So...
Doctor,
Can you prescibe something for me?
And doctor...

Is there a 'med' or remedy?
Doctor...
Before I stop my mouth,
The words fall right out.

I'm getting old and bolder,
So...
Doctor,
Can you prescibe something for me?
And doctor...
Is there a 'med' or remedy?
Doctor...
Before I stop my mouth,
The words fall right out.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Getting One To Speak Fluent French

You can dress a monkey in a tuxedo
To mingle amongst key guests and their associates.
But getting one to speak fluent French at cocktail parties,
To impress those of social influence
Is almost impossible to negotiate
IF they are not asked to participate in selecting the menu
And choice of hors d'oeuvres served
They can be very tempermental when feeling imposed upon
To perform in atmospheres with too many pretentious people.
Gathering around to be entertained and 'Mais Oui-ed' for kicks

'My next impersonation?
Edith Piaf
La Vie en Rose
In the key of G-flat, please
AND
May I just say this
IF there is going to be any of that fluttering around
As I deliver Edith
I'm leaving
I want that understood
I can not be mesmerizing with all that other stuff competing.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Getting Outside Of Themselves

I did not drive a Mercedes.
In fact I had a bus pass.
So naturally anything I had to offer...
They believed should be quickly trashed.
I would laugh inside.
Knowing I would soon see them...
Sitting on the sidewalks with tears they cried.
And I tried to tell them to become conscious of events.
To exercise their rights to enjoy their lives.
By getting outside of themselves...
To be with Mother Nature!
Well...
They did get outside with Mother Nature.
But I doubt if Mother Nature expected them to cry tears...
When 'she' does the best she can to deliver Sun,
To all who understand where their blessings come from!
And what God gives...
Is much more than things to worship.
Much more than reminiscing treasures taken,
For lack of payments made!
And embarrassments witnessed diminishing pretentions.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Getting Over Bumps And Humps

Getting over bumps and humps...
Is not easy.
Taking a leap that's jumped...
With a wish pushed done by winds.

Getting over bumps and humps...
Is not easy.
For the one who seeks to see,
All their needs pleased.

Getting over bumps and humps...
Is not easy.
Taking a leap that's jumped...
With a wish pushed done by winds.

Getting over bumps and humps...
Is not easy.
For the one who seeks to see,
All their needs pleased.

It pays to face mistakes,
When getting over bumps and humps.
With a faith that's dedicated.
Getting over bumps and humps...
One should never turn away,
Hoping troubles fade.
No!

Getting over bumps and humps...
Is not easy.
Taking a leap that's jumped...
With a wish pushed done by winds.

Getting over bumps and humps...
Is not easy.
For the one who seeks to see,
All their needs pleased.

With a faith that's dedicated.

One can rid their junk.
Knowing it's not there to stay.
Getting over bumps and humps...
Is not easy.
For the one who seeks to see,
All their needs pleased.

It pays to face mistakes,
When getting over bumps and humps.
With a faith that's dedicated.
Getting over bumps and humps...
One should not turn away,
Hoping troubles fade.
No!

Getting over bumps and humps...
One should never turn away,
Hoping troubles fade.
No!

Getting over bumps and humps...
One should never turn away,
Hoping troubles fade.
No!

Getting over bumps and humps.
Getting over them to dump!
Getting over bumps and humps.
Get rid of all that junk.
Get rid of all that junk!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Getting Paid Under The Table

Getting praise does not make one pretty.
No matter how great one's talents.
Or longevity in the spotlight.
However...
One with money and looks like a moose,
Could convince anyone getting paid under the table...
That they are an Easter Bunny masquerading as Halle Berry.
And deserving to be featured on the cover of Playboy Magazine.
With the exposure of their 'gifts'.
Someone with money or the capability to make it,
And narcissistic too?
Can not be told they do not possess natural beauty.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Getting Plenty Of Exercise

When you snore,
My imagination awakens.
No longer do I sit...
Disturbed by the sounds,
Coming from your unshut lips.

I now have learned to use this.
With added rhythms,
I dance to it.
And getting plenty of exercise,
While you unconsciously sleep...
While providing,
'My' physical fitness.

With no expense to me at all.
And you,
Are left with no clue...
Just how involved you are.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Getting Something Wanted

People deep with choices to stay asleep,
But hoping with a wishing for their dreams to reach...
Are stuck devoted to a rusting gone unnoticed.
But shown to those who know,
A getting something wanted takes the moving of feet.
And then,
With it mentioned...
Those who stay asleep want to seek a revenge,
For lives they have been living with them to defend.
And then,
They want attention that defends...
Excuses that they make that never come to an end.

People deep with choices to stay asleep,
But hoping with a wishing for their dreams to reach.
Object to made suggestions.
And wont learn from taught lessons.
Yet want their voices heard,
About what they deserve.
And then,
The want attention that defends...
New excuses that they make,
To have them seen as victims.
And then victimizing themselves begins,
Again...never to end.
But they're getting something wanted.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Getting Their Weekly Dosages

It is remarkable.
People actually believe,
They can sit through a ritual...
And transcend their demons.
Like a forgiveness given,
Automatically erases misdeeds.
As if a cleansing takes place.
And one becomes gifted,
With selective memory.
And all is forgotten.
Perhaps that is the reason,
Why some places...
Are so crowded on Sunday,
By those getting their weekly dosages!
With descriptions of sins,
So vividly captured to tempt one's taste.
AFTER deep prayer.
To entice a repeated visit.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Getting Things Done

Criticized!
Are the ones,
Getting things done.
To be despised,
By those quick to sit on fences.
Who realize,
What they do to not do...
Too late!

Only the ones who sacrifice,
Create for others opportunities.
Without being selfish to satisfy,
Their own needs to please.

Criticized!
Are the ones,
Getting things done.
To be despised,
By those quick to sit on fences.
Who realize,
What they do to not do...
Too late!
To appreciate...
What others do they don't have to do,
To prove an approval they await.

'Whose going to waste,
More time to find to do that? '

-Not me.
I aint got the patience.-

'And whose going to listen,
To others complaining?
Without mentioning their own troubles
They carry on backs stacked?
And 'still' take crap from others? '

Criticized!

Then lied upon.

-Not me.
And do it to have,
Someone not at least...
Fake an appreciation?
Even a nodding of one's head,
I would accept...
As some acknowledgement,
Of being pleased...
Whether or not it was pretended.-

'Suppose you were criticized.
Lied upon and deceived?
Stepped on your toes 'and' provoked? '

-I'm still getting things done.
No one can change people like that.
And in every conversation,
I have ever had with God...
Nothing was mentioned,
About adding miracle worker...
To my job description.
God already knows I still struggle,
With the idea of being humble.
However...
A stepping on my toes,
Requires my immediate request...
That God and I discuss,
Whether I deep breathe or...
Prepare to take a swing! -

'You mean,
Fight? '

-No!
Go for the knockout.-

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Getting This Kind Of Mistreatment

When someone says to you,
Your assistance is not needed.
Nor any suggestions from you they've requested.
And you sense you are being treated like a pest.
A nuisance they rather disregard,
That makes you get upset?
Take deep breaths and little steps...
Closer to the nearest exit,
To leave!
And forget the episode!

Something about you annoys.
But you do not have to be annoyed,
By anyone's display of ignorance.
See it for what it is and retreat.

And IF...
You have a need,
To repeat getting this kind of mistreatment?
Next time...
Just rollover on the floor,
After being walked on.
And play dead!

Perhaps by delivering this reaction,
You will accomplish a mutual satisfaction.
That pleases what is sought and understood.
With something acceptable for you,
That has been achieved.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Getting To Enjoy The Space

However you say it...
Do not make attempts,
To intoxicate me.

Deliver it to me straight,
No chaser!
Or an added twist of anything.

We have been here too many times before!
And by the time you are through,
Beating around the bush...
I am finding more space between us.

And caring less,
How much wider it gets...
Before it is decided we are no longer,
Significantly in a relationship!

Especially when I am quite familiar
With your routines.
And getting to enjoy the space!

Please don't make me choose between the two.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Getting Up And Leaving

Getting up and leaving,
Just before the dawn.
And after making love,
With a doing made that's gone.
Instills suspiciousness,
With the one feels dismissed.
And wronged.
All day long.

Those who please with teases,
Just to feed their needs.
Can never be believed.
With their doings that deceive.
But they seem to be first,
To suffer from the hurt.
Felt deep.
And they weep!

Getting up and leaving,
Just before the dawn.
And after making love,
With a doing made that's gone.
Instills suspiciousness,
With the one who feels dismissed.
And wronged.
All day long.

Getting up and leaving,
Just before the dawn.
Is wrong.
Is wrong.

Getting up and leaving,
Just before the dawn.
Is wrong.
Is wrong.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Getting Your Way

Full of fluff and pampering...
Like a backbone left on a children's swing.
Expecting to be pushed higher in the sky...
To catch butterflies in rainbowed eyes!
Told that nothing desired would be denied.
Taking things from others...
As you delighted to see them cry.
And unresisted you grew like this.
Getting your way and having whims delivered,
As you wished!
Now you believe this world belongs to you?
Guess what?
It doesn't.
And those treated with the poisons you fed!
Now come after you and wish 'you' dead!
And what 'you've' been fed...
Has put mucho BS in your head!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Ghastly Ghoulish Rule

Why be dismayed,
By the eggs these chickens laid?
You were told that the rooster
Was a goosing hooting booster.
From the beginning it was said,
Everything he touched he poisoned dead!
And STILL you let him in your coop?
With all his stink and all his poot!
You should have given him long the boot!
He like the others...
Are gangsters with loot!
And you like a fool,
Keep drooling over this ghastly ghoulish rule!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Ghetto

Heads up.
A clarification,
Of a definition descends.

Ghetto,
Associated with inner city blacks.
Living deprived and needy,
Near railroad tracks.
Was a word first used,
Where Jews were forced to live.
And required to do it,
Before that word...
Was applied to moving in Negros.
As Jews migrated to places,
Now referred as 'Suburbs'.
With a removing of Stars of David,
On buildings I remember,
As a 'kid' to reminisce...
A doing of that.

And 'if' the word 'ghetto',
Still offends as it does...
Those who are 'black',
And also African-American too...
Why do most defend,
The singing of hymns referring to 'Zion'?
In most Baptist churches,
To worship with a praising...
On Sundays with this done to do?

Heads up.
A clarification,
Of a definition descends.
Who is it that is really ghetto?
And who continues to march to 'Zion'...
Wishing for this beautiful place,
To open up its gates to let them in...
After their lives lived,
Depraved in 'ghettos'...

Comes to an end.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Giddy Fit

Suddenly a wilting blooms,
When a meeting that is right
Lifts one from gloom.
Eyes once clouded,
Brighten as if lit!
Holding excitement inside,
Like a teenager riding...
On a wave of a giddy fit!

And what is it that happens,
That ignites this spark to flame?
Especially when such heat arrives,
Without being introduced by name!
Something that has laid dormant,
Begins to let sunshine in!
To remain as a welcome change,
And rids a staleness that should end!

All that matters when beginnings like this starts...
A budding of two have begun to pursue,
Desires that have attracted their hearts!
And time is not to be wasted...
Playing hard to get with pretense of disinterest,
When a togetherness like this is meant!
And sending away a need to delay...
A chance to attract an allure of inducement.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Gift Certificate

Don't give your love to me,
As if a gift certificate.
You mailed without fail.
And I should wait for it.
To then expect from me,
Expressed happiness.
Without benefits delivered.
But on your mind I remain.
And you want me to know this.
When I get your gift certificate.

I want to be touched.
Hugged and kissed.
I want to feel from you,
What I desperately miss.
And not a gift certificate,
With kisses on it.
To think it satisfies,
A kept denying to hide...
With a purchase to limit,
My craving to taste your lips.

'Hi baby...
I called to say,
There's not a day that comes...
That goes away,
My wish to be with you isn't there,
To stay.
Please answer my calls.
And leave me a message.
At least let me know,
If you've received my gift certificate.'

I want to be touched.
Hugged and kissed.
I want to feel from you,
What I desperately miss.
And not a gift certificate,
With kisses on it.

To think it satisfies,
A kept denying to hide...
With a purchase to limit,
My craving to taste your lips.

Why would anyone think,
A limit on a gift certificate...
Would be forever remembered,
To not forget who sent it?

'Hi baby...
It's me again.
Are you there?
You act as if you don't know who this is.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Gift Giver Of My Life

For me you are amongst the stars.
I sense you are there,
In the universe somewhere.
And I know you know,
I am here.
Even though I am just a speck.
To you I appear,
Much more to you than just a guest.

For me you are the air.
And each breath I breathe...
I share.
As the breeze blows,
Through the trees.
And the radiance that 'is'
That makes me aware.
From me you will not leave.

For me you are the ocean waves.
The tides as far as the horizon seen.
The cold, the ice and Winter snow.
The humidity in Summer...
I wish would go!

You are the mountaintops...
And lush valleys below.
And in my mind...
Thoughts I hold,
You already know.

You are the Sun, the Moon.
And in everything that grows.
The birds and bees.
And in the pollen that makes me sneeze!
You are for me,
The gift giver of my life!
With any imperfections I suspect...
You are there accepting.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Gift Horse

One's earned portfolio,
Stock with life experiences.
And complete with certifying documents,
Of researched studies obtained...
Shown by one devoted,
To have initiative, motivation...
With unquestionable discipline maintained,
Should feel but it isn't by them revealed...
Their efforts to endeavor are, indeed, quite real.
And needless it is to explain to others,
Why they have come to volunteer...
An assistance to give,
Without one word of appreciation to hear.

'Everytime he gives us his opinion to suggest,
He does this as if we should be impressed.'

~Perhaps he's not the one who is self-obsessed.
And to think...
Not one word has been heard,
About him wishing to be compensated.
Although he has stated,
A doing of his best to get 'you' paid.
And...
To think he is willing to do this,
With a hope to expose 'your' interests...not his.
To ensure those obstacles will be eliminated,
He has already done to have your way paved.~

'That's what I'm saying.
Why would someone do that,
If they did not want us left impressed? '

~Perhaps he has been sent to you as a gift horse.
And, of course...
Instead of accepting him as a thoroughbred,
Your limited vision and image of him...
Only keeps him viewed to be seen,
As a donkey you can kick around.

Until that 'donkey',
Is no longer around to be found.
To leave no one suspicious or gets to benefit.~

'Yeah?
Whatever.
Great philosophy.
But today, prayers to be answered...
Don't come that easy,
To be delivered that way.'

~And I am sure,
You are more qualified than anyone else to know...
What a gift horse looks like when God sends one.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Gift Of Deception

The only way they have ever achieved success...
Is by blaming someone else for their failures.
And when it has been proven they are incompetent...
They whine about the ease of someone else's chores.
And now when it is clear they are the reason for their sorrows...
They choose to say they should not be faulted for making bad choices.
Although thousands of lives have been lost,
At the expense of tremendous heartbreak but not felt at their cost.
All as a result of their gift of deception and continous misdeeds!
And now they pay the price to bleed but seek someone else's blood!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Gifted Ticket Taken

With a gifted ticket taken,
Anyone can go to places...
With a price already paid.

With a gifted ticket taken,
It becomes easier to get away.

And with a gifted ticket taken,
One will discover it's okay...
To get onboard,
And explore the unknown.

With a gifted ticket taken,
No one is bored.
Or feel they have ignored their trials.
Or chores expected to soothe with smiles,
Upon the faces awaiting to take full credit.

And with a gifted ticket taken,
All onboard...
Are ready to tour.
With a freeing off their backs,
Attractions carried that attacked.

And with a gifted ticket taken,
All onboard...
Are never bored,
With a freeing off their backs...
And with a sigh of satisfaction.

And with a gifted ticket taken,
Everyone can celebrate...
The patience,
It took...
To get that taste anyone can salivate.

And with a gifted ticket taken,
Everyone can celebrate...
The patience,

It took...
To get that taste anyone can salivate.

And with a gifted ticket taken,
Everyone can celebrate.
And with a gifted ticket taken,
Everyone can celebrate.
And with a gifted ticket taken,
Everyone can celebrate...
The patience,
It took...
To get that taste anyone can salivate.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Gifted With Choices To Choose

Were you not...
Gifted with choices to choose.
And were you not...
Given what it is to refuse.
Were you not...
Happy.
Were you not...
Pleased,
To receive.

Were you not...
Doubting what it is you should do.
Were you not...
Undecided too.
And were you not...
A bit conflicted.
As you sat to give more time to reminisce.

You have a voice.
Did you use it or abuse it.
Did you voice,
Your objectives.
Or did you just complain and whine...
As you left those reasons you found behind.

Were you not...
Gifted with choices to choose.
And were you not...
Given what it is to refuse.
Were you not...
Happy.
Were you not...
Pleased,
To receive.

Like many who take for granted,
The air they breathe.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Gimme Just To Gimme It

Gimme just to gimme it.
ALL YOUR LOVE.
Gimme just to gimme it.
ALL YOUR LOVE.
Gimme just to gimme it.
ALL YOUR LOVE.
Gimme just to give me it.
Gimme it!

Bring it over the threshold.
ALL YOUR LOVE.
Gimme it so I will know,
ALL YOUR LOVE.
Don't hide it to deny it.
ALL YOUR LOVE.
Since it is ALL YOUR LOVE,
I want from you to receive.

I don't want quick sent 'selfies'.
Or messages your text.
I don't want downloaded emails,
To confuse what you've expressed.

Why can't you bring it with it given?
ALL YOUR LOVE.
Why can't you face me to confess?
ALL YOUR LOVE.
Why do you need permission,
To share with me LOVE.
From 'friends' collected you don't know,
To ask what they suggest.

I don't want quick sent 'selfies'.
Or messages your text.
I don't want downloaded emails,
To confuse what you've expressed.

Why can't you bring it with it given?
ALL YOUR LOVE.

Why can't you face me to confess?
ALL YOUR LOVE.
Why do you need permission from 'them',
To tell you what is best.
If I am here with love to give,
Why do you choose to text?

Gimme and commit to it,
ALL YOUR LOVE.
Since it's ALL YOUR LOVE,
I want to feel.
If ALL YOUR LOVE,
Is REAL.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Give An Inch, They Want A Mile

It has become too easy for some to take,
From others with a doing to steal and feel...
What is done to do needs not to be approved.
To then conceal the facts to validate their acts,
With legalized documents to cover their tracks.

But those who know from them what was stolen,
Are depicted to be envious, jealous and sensitive.
And without reason or cause,
To be seen gritting their teeth to show tightened jaws.
With it told to others who become convinced,
People like this despise others more fortunate.

'This affair we attend leaves me feeling a bit uneasy.'

~Why?
You're not having a good time? ~

'I'm trying too.
But a few are over there staring at you.
As if you did something evil to do.'

~I can't blame them.
They are probably seeking from me a donation.
Knowing how generous I've been in the past.
Give an inch, they want a mile.
Give them 'some', they want it all.
Put them in one window to window dress...
And before you know it,
They want more windows to put 'their' faces in.~

~Today they call that 'diversity'.~

'And tomorrow they will call it,
Socialized segregation.
Either way,
Pleasing everyone is impossible.'

~Maybe you remind them of someone.

Someone they mistake to be deceiving.
And a thief in disguise to charade.
I know I get mistaken for other people,
All the time.
Smile.
I'm sure they will wave.
Especially the one with the middle finger raised,
Attempting to get your attention.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Give And Free It Up On The Rough Stuff

When I was hard,
It wasn't enough.
The sensitive and warm nice guy,
I had to give with no hint of the tough stuff.

I was the one who supplied the tenderness,
With touches.
Supplied I did the sweet kisses too!
You want it tough and rough and ready,
Through the weekends.
And all week until we get through too!

The sensitive and warm nice guy,
I had to be with no hint of the tough stuff.
You want it tough and rough and ready,
Through the weekends.
And all week until we get through too!

You've got to give and free it up on the rough stuff.
I like to get it and receive it with a tender touch.
I like to feel it getting heated with a whispered love.
I like to get it and receive it with a tender touch.
I like to feel it getting heated with a whispered love.
You've got to give and free it up on the rough stuff.

Free it up to give it up!
That rough stuff.
Free it up to give it up!
That rough stuff.
Free it up to give it up!
That rough stuff.
That rough stuff.
That rough stuff.

You've got to give and free it up on the rough stuff.
I like to get it and receive it with a tender touch.
I like to feel it getting heated with a whispered love.
I like to get it and receive it with a tender touch.
I like to feel it getting heated with a whispered love.

You've got to give and free it up on the rough stuff.

I was the one who supplied the tenderness,
With touches.
Supplied I did sweet kisses too!
You want it tough and rough and ready,
Through the weekends.
And all week until we get through too!

You've got to give and free it up on the rough stuff.
You've got to give and free it up on the rough stuff.

Free it up to give it up!
That rough stuff.
Free it up to give it up!
That rough stuff.
Free it up to give it up!
That rough stuff.
That rough stuff.
That rough stuff.

Supplied I did the sweet kisses too!

Free it up to give it up!
That rough stuff.
Free it up to give it up!
That rough stuff.
Free it up to give it up!
That rough stuff.
That rough stuff.
That rough stuff.

You've got to give and free it up on the rough stuff.
You've got to give and free it up on the rough stuff.

When I was hard,
It wasn't enough.
The sensitive and warm nice guy,
I had to give with no hint of the tough stuff.

You've got to give and free it up on the rough stuff.

Free it up until it's nuthin'...
That rough stuff.
Free it up until it's nuthin'...
That rough stuff.
You've got to give and free it up on the rough stuff.

You've got to give and free it up on the rough stuff.
Free it up until it's nuthin'...
That rough stuff.
Free it up until it's nuthin'...
That rough stuff.
You've got to give and free it up on the rough stuff.

You've got to give and free it up on the rough stuff.
Free it up until it's nuthin'...
That rough stuff.
Free it up until it's nuthin'...
That rough stuff.
You've got to give and free it up on the rough stuff.

Free it up to give it up!
That rough stuff.
Free it up to give it up!
That rough stuff.
Free it up to give it up!
That rough stuff.
That rough stuff.
That rough stuff.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Give And You Will Receive More

Enjoy your blessings!
Each and everyone.
Those to you that have arrived.
And many more to come.

None are disguised,
To try to identify.
If you have lived your life with opened eyes...
The presence of their existence is felt.
They should not have traumatized.
Or surprised.
They come to you,
As well as to someone else.

Acknowledge them with thankfulness.
Be grateful they are yours.
Undo yourself from selfishness.
Give and you will receive more.

Enjoy your blessings!
Each and everyone.
Those to you that have arrived.
And many more to come.

Acknowledge them with thankfulness.
Give and you will receive more.
Blessings given are to be shared!
If they were not...you would have been ignored.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Give Him Credit For Something

He wants to damage our way of life...
And the economy!

He wants to frighten us with scare tactics.
With a bombardment of truths.
And we aren't accustomed to it!

He wants to inflict us with decisions,
Unlike any made before.
He wants to remove deceit and lies.
And expose us to reality.
To leave that at our front doors.

He dares to reveal an incompetent government.
He dares to be a leader...
Choosing to use common sense.

'Don't be so hard on him!
He has yet to say anything...
About taking away your delusions.
Those he wishes you to keep.
They have been excluded.
Give him credit for something! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Give It

If it's there and sits,
On fire with desire...
Its flame will one day glow,
With the world to know.

And the sizzle of it,
Will never fizzle.
But...
You've got to give it.
Don't be inhibited.
Give it!
All the time.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Give It A Try

Those of oppression,
Do not let a suppression felt thrive.
Choose to unlock your mind and fly!
It can be done.
If you dictate to have those obstacles overcomed.
Move your burdens aside in your mind.
Take this time to unwind from them.
And let those conflicts within you die.
Let them go.
At least...
Give it a try!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Give It Flair

You were blessed with something,
No one has...
But you got,
To get.
Give it flair.
Every bit.
Give it flair.

You were blessed with something,
No one has...
But you got,
To get.
Give it flair.
Every bit.
Give it flair.
And never fear your flair to give,
Has no benefit.

You were blessed with something,
No one has...
But you got,
To get.
Give it flair.
Every bit.
Give it flair.

You were blessed with something,
No one has...
But you got,
To get.
Give it flair.
Every bit.
Give it flair.
And never fear your flair to give,
Has no benefit.
Or less significant.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Give It Some Thought

I am not going through anyone's rag days,
But my own.

'What do you mean by that? '

Give it some thought.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Give It To Them Their Way

Give it to them.
Their way.
Let them have it.
Their way.
Keep your mouth shut.
Let them get hit,
By the approaching truck.
And if they survive...
Don't even offer to help them get up,
Off their butts!
Your kindness was given once before.
Remember then,
When you were ignored?
Remember when you were first at their aid?
And you were surprised they gave to you 'shade'?
Remember when you gave your last dollar from your pocket?
And when you needed them...
You never heard from them again?
And now they appear to ask what you think!
About a situation,
That has them on the edge.
Sitting on the brink!

Give it to them.
Their way.
Let them have it.
Their way.
Keep your mouth shut.
Let them get hit,
By the approaching truck.
And if they survive...
Don't even offer to help them get up,
Off their butts!
Your kindness was given once before.
Remember then,
When you were ignored?
And there is no need...
For you to be used,
Or abused...

As they please!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Give It To This Beast

Gimme 'nutin',
That I'll quick to give up.
No 'nuthin'...
I'll regret I wanted wished.

I'll regret I wanted it,
If it's not love.
I'll regret I ever wished,
If it aint love.

Come and give it to this beast!
Don't tease.
Come and give it to this beast!
Your love.

I don't chase.
Or play it safe.
Don't give me just a nibble,
When I want the full taste.

Gimme 'nutin' that I'll quick to give up, babae.
'Nuthin' I'll regret I wanted wished.

I don't chase.
Or play it safe.
Don't give me just a nibble,
When I want the full taste.

Come and give it to this beast!
Don't tease.
Come and give it to this beast!
Your love.

Give it to this beast don't tease.
I don't chase.
Give it to this beast don't tease.
Don't fake a taste.
Give it to this beast don't tease.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Give It Up

Tired of keeping it,
Myself.
I'm seeking someone else,
To...
Give it up.

Give it up.

Tired of being the one,
To be keeping a list of pages with...
No one's name on it.
As 'if'...
I'm a bag of chips.
I'm tired of it!

And I'm...
Ready to give it up.
Tired of keeping my stuff 'cuffed'.
Yes!
Ready to give it up.
Give it up.
Give it up!

Feelings I've got enough.
To unlock and give up some stuff!
Ready to give it up.
Yes...
Give it up.
I'm...
Ready to give it up.
Give it up.
Ready to give it up!
Give it up.

Tired of keeping 'it',
Myself.
And I'm seeking someone else,
To...
Give it up.

Yes!
Give it up.

Tired of keeping 'it',
Myself.
With a letting of a someone else,
To...
Give it up.
Yes.
Give it up.
Yes.

Tired of keeping 'it',
Myself.
With a letting of a someone else,
To...
Give it up.
Yes.
Give it up.
Yes.
Tired of not getting my stuff touched.
And I'm ready,
To...
Give it up!
Ready to give it up!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Give It While It Is There To Give

Not intrigued by teasing.
Or one who welcomes being pushed to distress,
Awaiting someone's confessions of love!

Those scenes that milk emotions to wither...
To be breast fed back to life,
After hiking from valleys to cloudy peaks
Does not keep my interests soaring.

I seek a raw and honest exchange that's done!
A long ranging game played...
For the sake to see how heartbreak happens...
Isn't on my radar!

I am far from anyone not within touch,
Or within a frame of mind that has no time to share!
And stripped bare of playground tactics.
That's the ideal.
And it is there very strong!
Give it while it appears there to give...
Or be gone!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Give It...Up! Give It Up

Give it...
Up!
Give it up.
Give it...
Up!
Give it up.
Give it...
Up!
Give it up.

Give it up!

I am here,
For one reason...
It's your love.

I am here,
For one reason...
To get the love!

Your love.

Give it...
Up!
Give it up.
Give it...
Up!
Give it up.
Give it...
Up!
Give it up...

Give it up!

I am here,
For one reason...
It's your love.

Give it...

Up!
Give it up.

I am here,
For one reason...
To get that love!

Your love!

So give it...
Up!
Give it up.

I am here.
Give it up!
I am here.
Give it up!
I am here.
Give it up!
Give it...
Up!
Give it up.

I am here.
Give it up!
I am here.
Give it up!
I am here.
Give it up!
Give it...
Up!
Give it up.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Give Me A Nod

Attack you do,
With passion that asserts!
That is my dessert...
That begins my flirting!

Ignore with teases beginning to please.
I know when I am baited...
If it's good I'll succumb with ease!

You lick your lips as if I am looking.
Of course I am...
Your glimpses come,
And arrive at my stares.

Just give me a nod!
You can tell from where you are,
I'm throbbing and ready to go,
As deep and far as you want to take this

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Give Me A Reason To Address The Same Enthusiasm

I have no need to have anyone,
Show me the evidence...
That identifies my own footprints.
From where I have been.
I need not to be convinced,
They have been cemented.
I am the experience of them.

I did not initially lay them to trace.
I am conscious!
But not self obsessed.

It is a new day with a fresh dawn.
My feet with eyes on a path I walk,
Moves forward.
And I move on!

Now...
If you are watching me,
With any degree of interest...
I suggest,
You begin to establish your own impressions.
And do that at 'your' best.

I am happy you are impressed with those of mine.
However...
Make those you can say you have made,
To enable us both to be equally impressed!
Give me a reason to address the same enthusiasm.

I also seek to be entertained as well.
And that means...
You must be constantly in the business of doing it.
To get any attention from me expected.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Give Me A Smile

I appreciate your efforts,
To clarify the exits.
With an enthused anticipation,
That I'd rehearse...
The coming and goings of my ways.

But you may find those exits,
More complexed than me.
I saw them in the construction stage.
And made my suggestions and recommendations...
As to whom through them should come and leave.
And it seems my opinions...
Although not often given,
Have, surprisingly, been approved.

Please don't tease.
Why do you look as stunned as you do?
You look bewildered?

I may associate with fools.
And enjoy their company.
But I have not been invited to deliver that speech.
You see this face I wear?
A seriousness you'll hear from me.
Please don't despair.
I will be brief.

I am here to bridge gaps.
And pour down fresh concrete.
I am here to ensure...
Misunderstandings once done,
Come to an end and cease.

With a foundation more dependable,
Than the one you had!
Did you think I was here to provide entertainment.
So you then could mock me, joke and laugh?

I'm here for that too!

When my comments are through.
You don't think what I do I take that seriously?
Comeon...
Do you?

Comeon...
DO YOU?
Give me a smile.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Give Me Any Reason

Give me any reason why,
You walk around and talk, talk.
As if you're on a mission,
Just to walk around and talk, talk.

Are you peace keeping...
And is this what you believe?
Or are you demonstrating,
That your mind is conflict free.

Give me any reason why,
You walk around and talk, talk.
As if you're on a mission,
Just to walk around and talk, talk.

People think you're cuckoo,
Since this is all you do.
Some believe you're stalking them,
To mock their attitudes.

Are you making it a point,
That they are uptight?
And are you doing this in sight,
To prove you're right?

Are you making it a point,
That they are uptight?
And are you doing this in sight,
To prove you're right?

Or...
Are you demonstrating,
That your mind is conflict free.
And your mission is to have this seen released?

People think you're cuckoo,
Since this is all you do.
Some believe you're stalking them,
To mock their attitudes.

Give me any reason why you walk around and talk, talk.
Since people think you're cuckoo,
And you're mocking them too.

Give me any reason why you walk around and talk, talk.
Since people think you're cuckoo,
And you're mocking them too.

Are you mocking them,
Quacking.
Are you mocking them?

Are you mocking them,
Quacking.
Are you mocking them?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Give Me Image

Enough!
Enough of this...
Self righteous ambiguity!
Fed by those seeking consciousness.

Give me image.
I have yet to have enough,
Of this 'truth-as-I-see-it-life-I-live'.'.

Give me image.

How else can it be expected,
I keep my pretensions alive and thriving?
Do not rid from me my freedom,
To exist living for images I see fit to project.
I can not bare the acceptance of the reality...
Thrown in my face I am suppose to respect!

Give me image!
Do not strip me of my need,
To seek quality delusions to please, eat and feed.

Give me image.
So that I may feel free,
To live in the midst of unending fantasies.
And aspects of threatening truth...
Disturbs my mentality!
As I witness it pursue the awakening of masses.
Pass me my rose colored glasses, please!

Enough!
Enough of this...
Self righteous ambiguity!

Give me image.
I have yet to have enough,
Of this 'truth-as-I-see-it-life-I-live'.'.

Give me image.

Let those images forever in my mind,
Find within me reason to exist!

Give me image.
And enough...
Enough of this,
Self righteous ambiguity.
Fed by those seeking consciousness.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Give Me Just A Moment

Give me just a moment,
Of your time...
Found.
That you can spare.
And I will guarantee you rollover minutes,
I'll give to you anytime you wish to use...
Anywhere,
As a gift for your investment.
Leaving you never to wonder,
About my availability.
With a hope this plan,
Does not change hands!
I desire to keep you locked in,
And happy!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Give Me Liberty

Give me liberty!
Or an approved government subsidy.
To free me of my unpaid debts.
Then we can discuss my patriotism,
Sometimes I am reluctant,
To show openly expressed.
Because I am refused,
More credit to get.
That keeps me from impressing,
My neighbors.
Who don't own a thing but lease.
And I again,
Want to be given the liberty,
To at least choose that option.
That seems to me to be,
A decision that is...
Much more reasonable.
So please give me liberty,
Again to pretend.
Since I've awakened,
To accept common sense.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Give Me Mimmie

Give me Mimmie.
Her honesty I accept.
Give me Mimmie.
What she does,
It's done at her best!

She 'may' have a flaw.
Not too many I have seen.
She's my oldest 'and' younger sister.
And when she whips her dander up...
Watch out!
She can let off some steam.

A jewel, a star...
A bright light shining.
Never to complain,
She refrains from whining.
Wife, mother and devoted grandmother too.
She says she has retired!
But from what?
She's 'so' busy.
She's always finding something to do!

Give me Mimmie.
Her honesty I accept.
Give me Mimmie.
What she does,
It's done at her best!

She's funny when she says she is going to relax.
By preparing a meal for fifty or more people...
For some function at her church,
Where she is very active at!

She doesn't hesitate,
To express the wisdom that she has.
It's sharp and quite clear,
To whomever it is passed.
And she entertains with humor.

When she jokes,
You are going to laugh.
She's quite accomplished...
Undertaking several task!

Yes...
Give me Mimmie.
Her honesty I accept.
Give me Mimmie.
What she does,
It's done at her best!

Dedicated to:
My sister Andrea Doreen 'Mimmie' Pertillar Dixon

'Love you, young lady! '
Larry

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Give Me More

Do me a favor?
Do not flavor your speech,
With flowered outreach touches.
Get to the core of it!
Do not decide,
What is suitable or fit for me.
I am on you like radar.
Detecting your every nuance.
And if substance is there...
I will provide you with mine.
With more to share.

I am not the kind to window dress,
Just to attract attention.
Or to confess a collection of nonsense...
To profess.
Unless...
We are both together,
Sharing dreams to be completed.
Free of deceptions unneeded.
Give me more...
To sweep us away in a unity invited,
That is kept to feed and keep a hunger...
Manifesting to be explored.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Give Me More Than Wishes

Give me more than wishes on a long extended list.
I know it's time Christmas,
But I'd like a hug and kiss.
All I want is with you near and not just reminisced.
Everyday I prayed for we had and what I missed.

I miss us walking in the cold snow.
And the giving thanks for what we had to share,
Together.
I miss the silly things that we would do.
But today a picking of a gift 'is' an effort to endeavor.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Give Me No More Booty

Give me no more booty,
'Cause your booty is too good.
Ah
Booty is too good
Ah
Your booty is too good.

Give me no more booty,
'Cause your booty is too good.
I can never stop,
When you give it out a lot.

Give me no more booty,
'Cause your booty is too good.
Giving me so much,
Makes my head get such a rush.

I can't sustain my game with it!
Or sustain my need to be relieved.
I'm whipped!
Quick.

Give me no more booty,
'Cause your booty is too good.
Ah
Booty is too good
Ah
Your booty is too good.

Give me no more booty,
'Cause your booty is too good.
I can never stop,
When you give it out a lot.

I'm no beast to eatcha.
When you are in heat.
I'd rather just keep ya...
Between sheets,
Beneath.

Oh,
I'm no beast to eatcha.
When you are in heat.
I'd rather just keep ya...
Between sheets,
Beneath.
Oh,
But...
Give me no more booty,
'Cause your booty is too good.
Ah
Your booty is too good
Ah
Your booty is too good.

Give me no more booty,
'Cause your booty is too good.
I can never stop,
When you give it out a lot.

You make it hard...
To give that booty a boot.
Make it hard,
To give that booty a boot.
You make it hard...
To give that booty a boot.
Make it hard,
To give that booty a boot.
You make it hard...
To give that booty a boot.
Make it hard,
To give that booty a boot.
You make it hard...
To give that booty a boot.
Make it hard,
To give that booty a boot.

I've got to,
Get up off your booty and boot.
I've got to,
Get up off your booty and boot.
I've got to,

Get up off your booty and boot.
I've got to,
Get up off your booty and boot.

Got to,
Get up off your booty and boot.
Got to,
Get up off your booty and boot.
I've got to,
Get up off your booty and boot.
Got to,
Get up off your booty and boot.
I've got to,
Get up off your booty.
Get up off your booty.
Get up off your booty.
And boot!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Give Me Not Which Does Not Feed

Give me not which does not feed,
Not now!
Or stop the quenching of my thirst,
To have my needs I wish met first.
I've sought avenues,
Where I have fought to pay dues.
And they've been paid,
'As' I continue to pave my way...
Through ever changing obstacles,
That have attempted to keep me...
Distant from connecting with the realities,
Of my desires that would please!
And erased from teasing,
Those sacrifices I have made.
Indeed!
I have worked my tasks,
To satisfy that grasp!
And so sweet it would be,
To see my dreams come true!
For me.
To undo delusion and fantasy!

Give me not which does not feed,
Not now!
Nor allow a nibbling needlessly,
With nonsense that has been known...
To bleed my emotions shown!
Growing once...
To throw away more than twice,
A nitpicking on my nerves nonstop!
Coming as I doubted...
Although greeted uninvited sorrows!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Give Me Something Other Than What Is Preached

Give me liberty...
Or something else I can value.
The cost of maintaining my freedom...
Has already achieved for me deepening debt!

Give me a solution.
Or something today that makes more sense...
Than turning on my TV
To watch the media salute crime.
With repeated decadence.

Give me less self righteousness...
From those who profess,
They harbor no racistness.
And yet they do their best...
To leave that smothered to go unaddressed.

Give me honesty and truth.
Even from a pulpit...
These days that is rare!

Give me something other than what is preached!
Something other than what is exposed,
Blatantly on the streets.
Give me something other...
Than lessons that teach evilness and sin!
Give me something other...
Than addicting temptations,
Left at my doorstep to let in!

Give me someone who does 'not' commit a crime...
Does prison time.
And then 'finds' God...
To declare His word to me.
Wanting to preach to me from scriptures...
And that God has 'revealed' to him...
A need I have,
He now 'sees'.

Please! !
Give me something other...
Than a rehabilitation done,
By those who have not sacrificed their lives...
Trying to live a life from the beginning that is right!

Then I will know there is some positivity...
Trying to clean and clear this polluted air!
Choking with a reekness.
To leave masses insane to make claims,
For material gains perceived with deceptions...
That no one with 'insight' is aware of their aims.

Since everything else...
Experienced by those still left with good intentions,
Seems to be a marketing of a recycled mess!
By those on the 'right' denouncing those 'liberal'
Standing on the left!

Leaving no one to accept responsibility.
And those who desire to...
Are treated with much disrespect!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Give Me That Love

When you give me your love...
Give me 'that' love,
You love.
Give me that love you say,
You've been dreaming of.
And I will give you what you're yearning.

When you give me your love...
Give me 'that' love,
You love.
Give me that love you say,
You've been dreaming of.
And I will give you what you're yearning.

Give me all your love...
And I'll return what you've been yearning.
Give me 'that' love...
And you'll have earned what I'm returning.
Give me all your love...
And I'll return what you've been yearning.
Give me 'that' love...
And you'll have earned what I'm returning.

When you give me your love...
Give me 'that' love,
You love.
Give me that love you say,
You've been dreaming of.
And I will give you what you're yearning.

Do not trick me with a double dip slicked.
If you want me just admit it and be quick.
Do not doubt my heart is yours to benefit.
I'm ready and prepared to be with you and be committed.

Do not trick me with a double dip slicked.
If you want me just admit it and be quick.
Do not doubt my heart is yours to benefit.
I'm ready and prepared to be with you and be committed.

Give me all your love...
And I'll return what you've been yearning.
Give me 'that' love...
And you'll have earned what I'm returning.
Give me all your love...
And I'll return what you've been yearning.
Give me 'that' love...
And you'll have earned what I'm returning.

Do not trick me with a double dip slicked.
If you want me just admit it and be quick.
Do not doubt my heart is yours to benefit.
I'm ready and prepared to be with you and be committed.

When you give me your love...
Give me 'that' love,
You love.
Give me that love you say,
You've been dreaming of.
And I will give you what you're yearning.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Give Me That Signal

Take your hands out your pockets...
And,
Give me every signal...
That you don't have to worry at all.
Give me that signal...
That you don't have to worry at all.
Give me that signal...
That you don't have to worry at all.

If you believe...in!
Whatever that it was that gave you faith.
Believe...in!
Whatever that it was that kept you in faith.
If you 'believed'....
You could move any cloud cover in the sky.
You would not cry.

Give me that signal...
That you don't have to worry at all.
Give me that signal...
That you don't have to worry at all.

If you believe...in!
Whatever that it was that gave you faith.

You wouldn't have to worry at all.
Give me that signal
And wouldn't have to worry at all.
Give me that signal
You wouldn't have to worry at all.

If you believe...in!
Whatever that it was that gave you faith.
You wouldn't have to worry at all.
Give me that signal
No wouldn't have to worry at all.
Give me that signal
No wouldn't have to worry at all.
Give me that signal

No wouldn't have to worry at all.
Give me that signal
No wouldn't have to worry at all.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Give Me The Challenge

Don't present to me,
Repeated rhetoric.
Or nonsense debates,
Tossed in my face to regurgitate.
Give me the challenge.
One with specifics,
Clear and definitive.
Lay it out in place before you say,
To anyone what I can or can not do.
Then let them decide,
Who it is endeavors with efforts made.
And without excuses to delude,
A having of qualifications validates...
What someone can do but yet has moved,
To neither show proof nor what has been done.
Besides critique, pass judgement and deceive.
Give me the challenge.
At least I will deliver something seen believed.
Concrete and without hype to envision myths.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Give Me The Love

If I had a choice to be spanked,
Or smothered with love.
I would care less what went on next door.
Or what activity was the more popular!
Give me the love.
I will scream with delight from that!
Knowing that a delivery I accepted,
Was far more appreciated.
And a lesson I can share...
Will be more readily taught!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Give Me The Opportunity To Grieve Your Absence

I am waiting for you to disappear,
To enable me to miss you.
However...
I can not do that successfully,
If you are going to constantly remind me
You will be gone!
At least give me the opportunity,
To grieve your absence.
Give me at least five years,
To allow the beginning of any noticeable affect.
I will give you a call when that monitoring starts!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Give Me The Rifle

Created recreational freedoms,
Kept within protected entitlements...
Have come to concern and trouble,
Those of double standards with demands...
To limit and restrict,
Some of their valued freedoms permitted.

They want new laws created.
As if laws already ignored,
Will remind those who make them...
Why any of them were passed before.
And the purpose and reason they exist.

Guns, drones and 'How To Do' videos,
Made to market and sell quickly...
At convenient and easily found,
'Specialized' stores...
For that fast buck to get.
Has begun to dispense a growing havoc,
On anyone living in or near...
Quiet suburban townships.

'Honey...
Before you go to the shooting range,
To prepare for your wildlife African trip...
Do you mind shooting down,
That drone flying around...
Filming our every move.
And darting the sky.
Becoming a nuisance,
To all kinds of planes flying by.'

~That drone belongs to one of our neighbors.
They have a right to use it as they like.~

'Give me the rifle.'

~You'll go to jail. You can't do that.~

'I'm sure it will be much quieter,
Than the living hell being created around here.
Replacing the peace we once had to believe.
This is becoming more dangerous,
Than any terrorist threat.'

~ETHEL? ETHEL?
At least get out of the middle of the street.
You're making a spectacle of yourself.~

'Shut up and toss me my Sun glasses.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Give Me Your Flavored Love

If you give it I will take it.
Your flavored love.
And if you give it I will make it,
My treat to feast.

Give it and I'll take it,
Your flavored love.
Please don't tease me just to fake it,
To leave me incomplete.

No half step is accepted.
Not when I yearn to feast.
A teasing just defeats,
Wishes left repeated.

Give me your flavored love.
The kind I find completes.
Give me your flavored love.
The kind that knocks me,
Off my feet.

Give me your flavored love.
The kind I find completes.
Give me your flavored love.
The kind that knocks me,
Off my feet.

No half step is accepted.
Not when I yearn to feast.
A teasing just defeats,
Wishes left repeated.

Give it and I'll take it,
Your flavored love.
Please don't tease me just to fake it,
To leave me incomplete.

So give me your flavored love.
That love I'm dreaming of.

The kind I find completes.
Give me your flavored love.
The kind that knocks me,
Off my feet.

Give me your flavored love!
Only your love makes me complete.
Give me your flavored love.
Without it I feel so weak.
Oh,
Give me your flavored love!
Only your love makes me complete.
Give me your flavored love.
Without it I can't even sleep.
So,
Give me your flavored love.
Only your love does this to me.
Give me your flavored love.
Without it I feel so weak.
And,
Give me your flavored love.
Without it I feel so...
Very weak.
Give me your flavored love.
Without it I feel incomplete and weak,
And,
Hot with fever.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Give Me Your Life

Give me your life...
To like to love.
And not a piece of it to peep,
As if it's in a keyhole.
Give me your life...
To like to love.
And both of us can let go,
Of meeting to compete.
And...
Both of us can let go,
Of feelings to deceive.
And both of us can let go,
Of needs to be discreet...
Without a sharing honesty,
To have it faked completely.

Give me your life...
To like to love.
Just like you like it loved.
Just like you like it loved.
And not a piece of it to peep,
As if it's in a keyhole.
Then...
Both of us can let go,
Of nervous overworking antics.
Both of us can let go,
A frantic that becomes a panick.
Both of us can let go,
A masquerading to evade.

Give me your life...
Like you like it loved.
Just like you like it,
Loved.
Just like you like it,
Loved.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Give Praises For This Day You Witness

Give praises for this day you witness,
In gratitude for those blessings...
That have come to you.

Why hesitate to await permission?
Why do that,
After all you've been through.

Yesterday with delays and impatience...
Has gone and should be erased.
No need to redo or relive a past,
For you that has dues paid at last.

Give praises for this day you witness,
In gratitude for those blessings...
That have come to you.

Who more than you deserves these gifts?
To do as you choose...
As God wishes you to do.

With faith and hope and sacrifice,
You have succeeded to achieve a peace.
It is yours to keep,
And know this is true!
Be thankful.
Give praises.
Know that God loves you!

Do not feel guilt or a selfishness.
This God for you has done.
He has chosen you to bless!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Give That Up!

There is no gain one can claim with pain,
That remains the same...
Unchanged.
With a wish to rid it!

Give that up!
With a wish to rid it.
Give that up!
With a wish to rid it.
Give that up!
With a wish to rid it.
When too much of the stuff gets tough.

Give that up!
With a wish to rid it.
Give that up!
With a wish to rid it.
Give that up!
With a wish to rid it.
When too much of the stuff gets tough.
And you know you have had enough!

There is no gain one can claim with pain,
That remains the same...
Unchanged.
With a wish to rid it!

Give that up!
With a wish to rid it.
Give that up!
With a wish to rid it.
Give that up!
With a wish to rid it.
When too much of the stuff gets tough.
And you know you have had enough!

Just give that up!
When it gets too much...
And you know you have had enough!

Just give that up!
With a wish to rid it.
Give that up!
With a wish to rid it.
Give that up!
With a wish to rid it.
When too much of the stuff gets tough.
And you know you have had enough!

To live life you've got to live it...
And get up off your big butt!
Pull yourself out of that rut.

Give that up!
With a wish to rid it.
Give that up!
With a wish to rid it.
Give that up!
With a wish to rid it.
When too much of the stuff gets tough.
And you know you have had enough!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Give Them Cake From The Baker

I've been told,
There is an ethical approach to poetry...
That is both etiquette and acceptable.
And yet...
Those who express this clinical direction,
Seem not to be able to define...
Poetic limitations.
If it does not expose the comforts,
Of either prose or rhyme,
Or addresses a particular interest to reflect...
Emotions scented with a retrospective.

'Give them cake from the baker!
And not just the crust from which to taste.'

~Now...
I have these 'nagging' questions.
Would that be whole wheat flour?
Or all purpose and enriched?
Is the baker qualified with a certificate?
And...
Would the crust be frosted? ~

'Well...
Wouldn't that depend on who critiques?
And who has the ability to influence,
What it is others should or should not 'eat'? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Give Them My Regards

Why is it people pretend innocence,
When someone stops and refuses...
To again associate with them?
Something has happened.
And they know exactly what it is.

Something inappropriate was either said or done.
Perhaps a lie was told and no one wants to own it.
Today deceit is easy to squeeze into a picture.
And those claiming not to know,
Are the planters of misdeeds.
And behind the making of the frame.

Why is it that the ones who have moved on,
Seem unaffected by intentions towards them directed?
And continue living their lives without benefit of disguises.
Yet often depicted to be the culprits who lie.
Although gossipers depend on hearsay and no evidence.

Why is this?
Especially when the ones depicted to be wicked,
Are given opportunities to defend themselves...
But don't.
Or wont without a 'why' to leave to have interpreted.

'Hey...
How are you?
I haven't seen you around in quite sometime.
Where have you been and doing with your time? '

~Around.~

'People have been talking about you.
And wonder how you are doing.'

~Oh yeah?
Is that so?
I can imagine.
Give them my regards.~

'Aren't you the least bit curious?
Aren't you interested in what it is they say?
Don't you want to give to me a message to deliver? '

~Not at all.
Not even remotely.
But give them my regards at your next conference.~

'What would you like me to say when we meet? '

~Make it up. Create it. You are good at that.
Take the opportunity.
I am sure they will appreciate your abilities.
And the ones you mention have my telephone number,
AND address if they await to hear something from me...
They suspect I should confess.
Just...
Give them my regards.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Give Them No Credit

Maybe it is believed,
Those who have achieved success...
Seek attention,
From those of mediocre ambitions?

'That doesn't make sense!
None of it.'

Well...
Perhaps it is perceived,
Their expressions of jealousy and envy...
Will attract those of peace of mind,
To want to be around them all the time.

'That sounds just as sick as your first explanation.'

Then maybe they are just crazed.
And they are given too much attention.
Perhaps you are 'feeling' them with empathy...
Not realizing insanity has already smothered them enough.
And you are trying to find an excuse,
That gives them a purpose for their existence.

'There has to be a reason why God made pests!
Something my mind has not been able to digest! '

You should give your mind a rest.
And give them no credit for being near one.
And leave whatever they are or are not,
Alone!
It is obvious they are attempting to addict you.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Give Them That Right To Stand Out And Shine

When one begins a life,
Of obvious habitual lieing...
They should be encouraged to continue.
Nothing of merit to be labelled credible,
Will be coming from them anyway.

So why should anyone assume,
These people do not have mental issues?
And can be rehabilitated,
To fit in a dysfunctional society like the rest of us!
Give them that right to stand out and shine!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Give Them What They Want

Give them what they want.
And their limitations expect.
It may not be what you wish.
But at least you will have fewer headaches.
And will gain from them much needed rest.
Give them what they want.
Let them choose to receive less.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Give To Me Your Cocoa

Give to me your cocoa,
Although I prefer the green tea.
Give to me your cocoa,
It seems your favorite specialty.

Give to me your cocoa,
Although I prefer the green tea.
I'll share with you what it is you like,
Since I like your company.

Sipping on your cocoa,
Our eyes stay fixed in mid-flight.
And not to drift away at all,
But sparkle and delight.
And...
Sipping on your cocoa,
My mind wont let you go...
To notice you too have feelings,
For me to see them shown exposed.

Give to me more cocoa,
It gratifies me right.
I had no idea your cocoa would be,
A welcomed addition to my life.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Give Up All Your Sentiments

Give up all your sentiments,
About lamenting Winter.
Give them right up.
You ought to,
Give them all up.

Because,
Each season has with it change...
And change is what's delivered.
Although it's tough
Whether you fuss or cuss.

It makes no sense to dismiss Winter,
When the Spring and Summer turns to Fall...
And,
Weather making people want to shiver.

It wont give up.
Until its had enough,
No!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

'Give Us An Image'

'Give us an image.
One that wont diminish.
How can we exist...
Unconsciously following into a total darkness? '

~Hear the misdeeds of the doers,
Pleading.
To now believe they've been deceived.~

'Give us an image.
One that wont diminish.
How can we exist...
Unconsciously following into a total darkness? '

~Hear the misdeeds of the doers,
Pleading.
To now believe they've been deceived.~

The ending of those quick to pick declarations,
With a purpose to serve...
An undeserved but praised exclusivity,
Of choices preferred.
And voices heard with words to refuse,
The many distressed and left oppressed.

Those selected and rising to heights,
With their images imposed.
And despising with indifference,
Others appearing they wanted with wishes...
Dismissed from their sight.

As clouded delusions of their influence fades away...
Reality concealed,
Reveals they have been...
Historically betrayed.

'Give us an image.
One that wont diminish.
How can we exist...

Unconsciously following into a total darkness? '

~Hear the misdeeds of the doers,
Pleading.
To now believe they've been deceived.~

'Give us an image.
One that wont diminish.
How can we exist...
Unconsciously following into a total darkness? '

~Hear the misdeeds of the doers,
Pleading.
To now believe they've been deceived.~

The ending of those quick to pick declarations,
With a purpose to serve...
An undeserved but praised exclusivity,
Reveals a betrayal.
And images portrayed by those feeding at the feast,
Now discover themselves crawling...
On bare knees and weakened feet.

~Hear the misdeeds of the doers,
Pleading.
To now believe they've been deceived.~

'Give us an image.
One that wont diminish.
How can we exist...
Unconsciously following into a total darkness? '

~Hear the misdeeds of the doers,
Pleading.~

'Give us an image.
One that wont diminish.

~Hear the misdeeds of the doers,
Pleading.~

'How can we exist...

Unconsciously following into a total darkness? '

~Hear the misdeeds of the doers,
Pleading.
To now believe,
They have been deceived.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Give Us Chains We Can Believe In

What has occurred at that vacant plantation?
It looks as if there had been a stampede.
Rusted gates have been broken off their hinges.
And hundreds of people inside the main house,
Have barricaded themselves against the doors...
And wont leave.

'I am not mystified by this at all.
Listen to what the people inside are screaming.'

~Give us chains we can believe in.
Chains we can believe in.
We demand chains we can believe in.~

But...
There has been change!
Maybe not as fast as many would like.
But there has been change and is witnessed.
And observed.

'You don't understand.
Listen carefully to what they are demanding.
And...
They represent hundreds more,
Strill feeding into stereotypes.'

~Give us chains we can believe in.
Chains we can believe in.
We demand chains we can believe in.~

And who is that guy munching on that fat cigar,
Carrying that megaphone and pacing back and forth?

'Here it gets real confusing.
You see...
He owns the property.
And he wants everybody out.
So he can renovate the plantation,
With a golf course and condos.

He's been trying now for decades...
So he says.
To convince the people inside they are free.'

For decades?
He exaggerates.

'He may not be.
I've been witnessing this for 'hours'.
And I am not in disbelief.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Give Us Time

Give us,
Time to dignify our own insanities.
Give us...
More than seconds to reflect the steps taken.
And why they appear to be absent of benefit.
Are there hidden meanings,
As to why we break our necks...
Unimprovised?
Give us,
Purpose that is indepth.
And feeds a constant flow of energy.
One others detect...
Before we throw up our noses.
Give us,
Something else to think of,
Than a craving to hunt for enemies.
Give us,
Discipline within ourselves.
Bringing to us an inner peace.
Or something that is believable.
Give us,
Hope that satifies and stays,
Without the onset of customary regrets.
Give us,
Courage to postpone those noises in our heads...
To produce an increase of interest,
In excuses from us fading.
And...
Many of us had, at one time, easily implemented them.
With a joy and reverance.

Please return to us these values,
Since many of us are be suspected of treason.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Give You What?

Give you WHAT?
Time?
Whose?
Mine?

What on Earth have you done with yours?
And what makes you think I am going to give you mine?
Do you know how much of it I have spent in development?
To produce what today I can without a shred of doubt,
In other minds to have them discriminate to define?
And you want my time to do what?
Help you find your own that has been WASTED?
As you sat around procrastinating on your 'ifs' and 'buts'.

My days being your fool,
No longer exists!
I gave that nonsense up.

Give you WHAT?
Time?
Whose?
Mine?

I am not in that position,
To afford to have that disposition.
Call it what you wish...
But that kind of patience,
From me I have dismissed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Given A Llicense With Rights To Thieve

I don't know why it should now come,
To bother me.
That so many believe,
They've been given a license...
With rights to thieve.
And experience always teaches,
What is taken dishonestly...
Pays no just rewards.

But those perceiving they have achieve,
Greater heights by theft...
Usually become the ones frightened,
That their appetites have taken a last bite.
With a pacing done on a floor...
In the wee hours beyond midnight.

I don't know why it should now come,
To bother me.
That so many believe,
They've been given a license...
With rights to thieve.
As I find I am the one who can not sleep,
While others are pacing their floors...
Seeking new and fresh ways to deceive.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Given A Separate Life To Live

This has to be 'divine' intervention.
And so happy I am you called,
To bring my activities to 'my' attention.

You know,
Just this morning I awakened...
With just this one thought on my mind.
I thought...
How can I be of more use to those,
In the catering to their self-centered ways.
And no sooner had I finished my questioning...
Here you are,
Telling me I have nothing else to do anyway.
Why should I object to fulfilling your requests?

This has to be 'divine' intervention.
And so happy I am you called,
To bring my activities to 'my' attention.
And...
I will be giving more of my attention,
To my own activities...
Very soon.

'Did I upset you?
What did I say? '

Upset?
With you?
Are you kidding.
No.
You said exactly what I needed to hear.
At the right time and hour of my life!

'Well...
Are you going to be on point or not? '

Oh...
So sharp am I going to be on point,
You may claim I am too dangerous to annoy...

From this day forward.
Knowing...
We each have been given a separate life to live.
Amen.

'AMEN? '

Amen.
Thank you.
I needed that.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Given A Sequel

People sit and think of what,
They should have done...
Before a doing of a done did to do.
People stop and think of why,
They are on the run...
From what to them has come.
With a doing of nothing substantially pursue.
As a clock tick tocks with it heard nonstop.

People perceive they are given a sequel,
Of a life to relive and redo as wished.
People perceive they are given a sequel,
That erases misdeeds with a forgiveness to fit.
As a clock tick tocks leaving minds found blocked.

People perceive they are given a sequel,
As they sit and think of what should had been done.
People perceive they are given a sequel,
As they stop and think of why they are on the run...
From what to them has come.
As if a life to relive and redo as wished,
Will be granted from the 'heavens'...
To have all their misdeeds dismissed.

People perceive they are given a sequel,
As a clock tick tocks with it heard nonstop.
People perceive they are given a sequel,
As a clock tick tocks leaving minds found blocked.

People perceive they are given a sequel,
As a clock tick tocks with it heard nonstop.
People perceive they are given a sequel,
As a clock tick tocks leaving minds found blocked.

People perceive they are given a sequel,
Of a life to relive and redo.
Of a life to relive as renewed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Given By The Giver

Whatever is given by the giver,
Is seldom their loss to lose.
And not often is remorse,
Felt to feel...
When one has made a choice,
To give with it done.
And not be concerned,
As to who chooses to decide...
A giver giving,
Will not notice being taken...
For granted.
But,
It is not up to the giver...
To decide,
Who chooses to lose...
Just to prove their wish to be,
Thought of as a fool.
This...
Is not a given by the giver.
This...
Is sometimes witnessed,
By those who are giving...
To others to later discover,
That choice,
Had been independently made.

To

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Given Commitment

When does a tune,
Too long replayed...
And continues to skip.
But no one finds this,
As unusual or strange.
Like a redundancy.
Given commitment.
An addiction rhythmic.
With a devotion kept sustained.

When does a wish for needed change,
Become steps to move...
In that direction.
Without anyone re-acting as if,
Their existence is undergoing...
A personalized attack.
Leaving people like that,
Expecting change to be painless.
Sweetened without grief.
Or a remorse to endure and overcome.

Nothing begins,
In full bloom and scented...
From which favorite flavors,
Are recommended to pick.
Nor are maps distributed...
To avoid disappointments.
Images portrayed decays and betray,
Realities many are unable to face.

And when the dance of life...
Starts to have its twists and turns,
Many are not taught to learn...
Giving up comforts,
Is part of a growth process.
Yet this occurrence when it happens,
Does not rely or preferences.
Or one's desire...
To keep unchanged rhythmic steps.

When a tune too long replayed ends...
Nature has a way,
Of updating the beat.
To have folks adjust.
With given commitment.
To believe they've made the choice.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Given In The End

The continuance of wasted life,
In wars fought...
To depict another's right to inflict conflict,
Produces not a single winner.
Or does the act come to cystallize,
The shape of one's greatness.

What a barbaric ignorance does,
Is expose a mentality that is absent of reason.
And in fear of not being noticed,
If a power chosen to display insecurities...
Is not forcibly respected.
Only to be delivered disrespect given in the end.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Given The Best Treatment

Explaining the definition of a lie,
By a liar...
Should prove to anyone who is 'familiar' with truth,
How dire...
And deceivingly unconscious these times we live are!

When one is given the time to defend a lie told...
The satisfaction of knowing the truth,
Has already been diluted.
To give one time,
To further confuse minds.

And since we live in those times,
Of total corruption and complete dishonesty...
Those of integrity,
Are dismissed as fools.
With a high degree of stupidity!

Explaining the definition of a lie,
By a liar...
Should prove to anyone who is 'familiar' with truth,
How dire...
And deceivingly unconscious these times we live are!
And they are...
Given the best treatment,
A worshipped cesspool can get!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Given Time By Another

No one should volunteer their time,
To do willingly and without expectation...
Come to find that those accepting,
Believe it to perceive...
A receiving from someone done to get,
Is done as a favor to disrespect.

'Not only did they show up,
At least two hours late.
They also stated I should not be agitated.
Since they did arrive to accomodate 'my' efforts.'

~Say whaaaat?
No they didn't?
Then what did you do? ~

'I took that as an opportunity,
Not to waste my efforts on them again.'

~Say whaaaat?
No you didn't?
Then what did they do? ~

'I don't know.
But I am sure you will tell them.
That's why I am taking this time,
In the hopes this you will do.'

~Now you know I'm not the one to gossip.
So...
What else happened? ~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Given To Be Myth-Ed

Messengers with messages sent,
Has been done.
Yet...
Many await the evidence brought to them,
By images they have created...
To make the seriousness of the messages,
Worthy of them to pay attention.

And unfortunately...
Physical images given to be myth-ed,
To have people convinced to believe...
Have never existed in reality.
Especially when truth,
Has been easily distorted and fed to deceive.
And 'THAT' which 'IS' is aware of this.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Given To Those They See Fit

People take from others...
And tell them what is theirs,
And what is not!

Promote fear they do,
In the hearts of descendents of crooks.
Who have been taught to receive,
And protect their ill gains with weapons.

But those 'deities' unseen,
Aren't pleased by the demeaning!
This thief of treasures all belong to them.
Given to those they see fit.
Those loyal in their 'faith'...
And yet victims of this greed that exists.

Unknown to us but 'they' are all knowing.
Those 'souls' invisible observing this!
From dimensions about to blend...
To end actions of misfits!

We are now in the midst...
Of a shift in consciousness.
And those with eyes open wide,
Will have nothing to decide.
Or divide between them.
Or pride to recapture waning myths...
On failed foundations splitting to bits.

This will be witnessed,
In unique transitions!
To seal lips of falsified claims.
And a ceasing comes...
To dismiss oppositions!
There will be no exchange,
Of medals to award to those of valor,
Or standing ovations...
Applauding those of shame with fame!

A crushing of values,
Maintained on shaking ground...
Comes!
And will not sustain those exposed,
Holding onto worthless treasures they prize.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Given Visuals

Told,
They were.
Given visuals.
They were.
But this did nothing,
To affect them.
What did affect...
Was the pain.
And this was felt!
And they realized,
This was not fantasized.
No one knew what to do.
Since the origin of it...
No one knew.
Or remembered,
They were told.

'Told what? '

Ignorance is not bliss.
When listening is replaced,
By the use of fists.
Someone not observant,
Will be hit!

'You talking about 'boxing' again? '

It doesn't matter 'now'...
Does it?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Giver And Doer Of Deeds

I admit to being spoiled.
But not of the rotten kind.
I want to achieve the doing of my best.
And yes,
I expect to receive...
An appreciation to get.

When given a task to do,
I want to prove more I can pursue.
And with a doing of that without being asked.
I have a need to please.
I have a wish to accomplish and complete,
A doing that benefits what others receive.

And I admit this without ego or a bit of conceit...
That my spoiled behavior by others perceived,
Isn't centered around my own selfish needs.
When I deliver to someone the doing of my best,
I expect them to appreciate it...
Without belief I should pass more difficult tests.

I admit to being spoiled.
But not of the rotten kind.
Since my mind is rarely on myself,
When I hope someone else finds...
My time has been devoted,
To showing I am a giver and doer of deeds.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Giving Advice

If the energy I receive comes naturally or stimulated,
By a multi-vitamin I take.
Or a drink that is free of additives,
To initiate a motivation I keep sustained...
With a doing that remains constant?
WHY do you attempt to convince me,
I am putting my health at risk?
When I have witnessed most of my life,
Those giving advice...
Either do it from couches,
Where they lay or sit to munch on chips...
While critiquing 'my' choices.
Or another with more healthier habits.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Giving And The Taking Was A Lesson Saved

You make my days...
More sunny in the night time.
That faith I gave,
Stayed.
When you said I would be yours.
And you'd be mine.

And everyday.
In every way...
We've been paid.

The price was high,
And we could have ran away.

But the giving and the taking was a lesson,
We saved.

You make my days...
More sunny in the night time.
That faith I gave,
Stayed.
When you said I would be yours.
And you'd be mine.

And everyday.
In every way...
We've been paid.

The price was high,
And we could have ran away.

But the giving and the taking was a lesson,
We saved.

And everyday.
In every way...
We've been paid.

The price was high,

And we could have ran away.

But the giving and the taking was a lesson,
We saved.

We now have no doubts.
We can work things out.
Because the giving and the taking was a lesson saved.
We now have no doubts.
We can work things out.
Because the giving and the taking was a lesson saved.
We now have no doubts.
We can work things out.
Because the giving and the taking was a lesson saved.
We now have no doubts.
We can work things out.
Because the giving and the taking was a lesson saved.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Giving Birth To More Of Your Denials

Someone has been filling your head,
With cotton candy.
And your mind has been nibbling on it,
As your thoughts leave from you,
To take breaks for recess.
With a seeking to censor...
Yourself,
From the reality of truth.

If you have not yet digested,
What is as it exists...
Without colorizing it,
Free of your idealistic insistence,
Persisted.
Your disgust of hearing children cursing...
Is going to be further traumatized,
When you realize their 'sweet' innocence...
Being issued condoms they do not use,
In elementary schools.
With a having of unprotected sex and giving birth,
To more of your denials.

And guess what?
Many of them are not inner city heathens!
Where you would like to project,
Your soul saving missionary visions.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Giving Eye Contact

If I appeared here,
To fill your ears with fluff...
You wouldn't hear a word,
I had to say!
Since the fluff stuff you believe,
Protects you from experiencing...
A brusing done to your ego.

And I am clearly not in masquerade.
Already...
Without one word I utter,
You are prepared to be afraid.
Although you are the one that struts around.
And I am the one giving eye contact.
Without one dropp of sweat to be found.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Giving In

Giving in may,
Not be a benefit.
Giving in may,
Just be an excuse to quit.
Giving in may,
Not be the end of it
If,
What is done to another is offensive.

Giving in may,
Not be a benefit.
Giving in may,
Just be an excuse to quit.
And giving in may,
Not be the end of it.
If,
What is done to another is offensive.

Saying what is wrong to one,
May not be the right thing.
Especially if the other is a lover.
Who believes what is done,
Is okay and approved.
With an acceptance expected,
To be received as cool.

Giving in may,
Not be a benefit.
Giving in may,
Just be an excuse to quit.
And giving in may,
Not be the end of it.
If,
What is done is offensive.
And it is said and admitted.

Giving in may,
Not be a benefit.
Giving in may,

Just be an excuse to quit.
Giving in may,
Not be the end of it.
If,
What is done is offensive.
And an argument begins,
That is unended.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Giving In This Season

Giving in this season,
Is a reason to forgive.
Letting go to then receive...
A peacefulness that can mend.
And if it wasn't for these days,
Would we find a way to say...
Be merry and spread cheerfulness,
With joy that's felt today.

Living in the moment,
To let harmony arrive.
Knowing that a smile that's shown,
Is clear in someone's eyes.
And it's given with a wish that's known,
A gift is there to share.
There is hope for one and all that comes...
When someone shows they care.

Giving in this season,
Is a reason to forgive.
Letting go to then receive...
A peacefulness that can mend.
And if it wasn't for these days,
Would we find a way to say...
Be merry and spread cheerfulness,
With joy that's felt today.

Be merry spreading cheerfulness,
And joy will bless our days.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Giving Innocence

You created the fences.
And constructed the walls.
You put up all of your defenses,
While in the midst of conflicts...
And initiating those brawls.

In the past when you bullied it seemed much fun.
You undermined many and you saw some run.
You picked your enemies with a consciousness done.
And now you want to sit to complain about it.
As if you were the innocent one in the mix.
As if you were the innocent one in the mix.

In the past when you bullied it seemed much fun.
You undermined many and you saw some run.
You picked your enemies with a consciousness done.
And now you want to sit to complain about it.
As if you were the innocent one in the mix.
As if you were the innocent one in the mix.

You created the fences.
And constructed the walls.
You put up all of your defenses,
While in the midst of conflicts...
And those brawls.

In the past when you bullied it seemed much fun.
You undermined many and you saw some run.
You picked your enemies with a consciousness done.
And now you want to sit to complain about it.
As if you were the innocent one in the mix.
As if you were the innocent one in the mix.
As if you were the innocent one in the mix.
As if you were the innocent one in the mix.

You caused the riffs and conflicts.
Giving innocence.
You caused the riffs and conflicts.
Giving innocence.

You caused the riffs and conflicts.
Giving innocence.
And nothing innocent about it you can convince.

You caused the riffs and conflicts.
Giving innocence.
You caused the riffs and conflicts.
Giving innocence.
You caused the riffs and conflicts.
Giving innocence.
And nothing innocent about it you can convince.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Giving It Attention

Will you stop observing us,
In such an offensive way.
And disrespectful manner.

'I'm not observing you at all.
In fact...
My point of view,
Has been directed elsewhere.'

And you don't find that,
To be offensive?

'No.
Why should I?
I'm not the one,
Giving it attention...
To mention it.'

Well...
Perhaps you should.
Then you would notice to see,
Just how appalled we are.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Giving It Space And Lots Of Distance

Why waste time and a conscious mind,
Commenting on expressed ignorance.
Left alone to speak for itself,
No longer should offend...
Those still pretending they have a defense,
That repeatedly protect themselves against it.

Giving it space and lots of distance,
Instead of the attention that ignorance gets...
Helps to isolate this kind of illness,
With a hope it eventually dies...
Without feeding it reason or an appetite to live.
Or trying to find a cure for its anticipated death!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Giving Just To You

I wish you...
A duplicate feeling,
No one else knows.
Like you will when it is met.
To complete and satisfy,
Every one of your preferences.

I wish you joy and total happiness.
Coming to fulfill each step kept,
Blessed with your requests.
With a hoping my wishes are yours,
Not to miss what it is I have here giving...
Just to you. No one else. Just to you. I do.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Giving Of The Time That You'Ve Got

When you get to pick and eat it,
It tastes so good.
Even giving it a minute,
It tastes so good.
Licking lips and fingertips,
It tastes so good.
With a taste only you,
Believed it would.

When you get to pick and eat it,
It tastes so good.
Even giving it a minute,
It tastes so good.
Licking lips and fingertips,
It tastes so good.
With a taste only you,
Believed it would.

And...
Giving it the time that you've got.
Want and needed.
Giving it the time that you've got.
Want and needed.
You're giving it the time you've got.
Want AND needed...
You're giving it the time you've got.

When you get to pick and eat it,
It tastes so good.
Even giving it a minute,
It tastes so good.
Licking lips and fingertips,
It tastes so good.
With a taste only you,
Believed it would.

And-you-are...
Giving it the time that you've got.
Want and needed.

Giving it the time that you've got.
Want and needed.
Giving it the time that you've got.
Want and needed.
Giving it the time that you've got.

When you get to pick and eat it,
It tastes so good.
With a giving of the time that you've got.
Want and needed.
Giving of the time that you've got.

Giving it a minute it will taste so good.
With a giving of the time that you've got.
Want and needed.
Giving of the time that you've got.

When you get to pick and eat it,
It tastes so good.
When you get to pick and eat it,
It tastes so good.
When you get to pick and eat it,
It tastes so good.
And-with-that...
Giving of the time that you've got.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Giving Options Prevents That

No bonuses.
No more pats on the back.
No bonuses.
Lobbyists fight back.
No bonuses.
And that's why they attack.
Gone will be fat pockets.
And lifestyles lived in shacks.
Thieves like these greed.
Giving options prevents that.

No bonuses.
No more pats on the back.
No bonuses.
Lobbyists fight back.
No bonuses.
And that's why they attack.
Gone will be fat pockets.
And lifestyles lived in shacks.
Thieves like these greed.
Giving options prevents that.

No bonuses.
No more pats on the back.
No bonuses.
Lobbyists fight back.
No bonuses.
And that's why they attack.
Gone will be fat pockets.
And lifestyles lived in shacks.
Thieves like these greed.
Giving options prevents that.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Giving Others

Giving others what there is to give,
From the inside...
Are the ones most missed.

Giving others what there is to give,
To prioritize...
Are the ones most remembered,
To reminisce.

Yet receivers getting seldom sacrifice.
But can be heard exaggerating,
About their lives...
To deserve,
What's given.

Receivers getting seldom sacrifice.
But can be heard exaggerating,
About their lives...
To deserve,
What's given.

Giving others what there is to give,
From the inside...
Are the ones most missed.

Giving others what there is to give,
To prioritize...
Are the ones most remembered,
To reminisce.
With a shown appreciation,
To make known who benefits.

Giving others is a gift,
With a shown appreciation to make known who benefits.
Giving others is a gift,
With a shown appreciation to make known who benefits...
From it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Giving The Attention

If someone finds they are reminding another,
Repeatedly...
Of a disrespect shown and done,
Maybe another approach would be...
Is to not be the one repeatedly,
Giving the attention to remind them.
Sometimes absence delivers a message.
But then again,
Some are so accustomed to being disrespectful...
It has to be part of their D.N.A.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Giving Too Much Time In The Wasting Of It

What are my intentions?
Not to sit idle,
Listening to you mention...
What it is I am not.

When I know that I am,
Giving too much time in the wasting of it...
Proving your depiction of me,
Has validity.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Giving Up

Giving up!
I don't know,
The meaning of it.
Am I out of luck?

Giving up!
I don't know.
The meaning of it,
To stay stuck in a rut.

Giving up!
I don't know.
But many people...
Seem to share this equally.

I hear the fussers cussing,
Not to give it up.
I see those hustlers rushing,
Not to give it up.
And...
I see some frantic.
And,
In a panic.

Giving up!
I don't know.
And I wont!
'Cause I don't.

Giving up!
I don't know.
The meaning of it.
Am I out of luck?

Giving up!
I don't know.
The meaning of it,
To stay stuck in a rut.

I hear the fussers cussing,
Not to give it up.
I see those hustlers rushing,
Not to give it up.
And...
I see some frantic.
And,
In a panic.

Giving up!
I don't know.
But...
I hear the fussers cussing.
I see those hustlers rushing.
Giving up!
I don't know.
But I...
See some frantic.
And...
In a panic.
But giving up!
I don't know.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Giving Up All Attachment To Love

'Giving up all attachment to love.'

That doesn't make sense.

'Why...
You don't like it? '

It's a bit absurd to me.
When love makes the world go round.

'What are you talking about? '

You just said...
Giving up all attachment to love.

'Oh...
That has nothing to do with you.
I was just thinking of a title for a poem I am writing.'

I thought you and I were having a conversation?

'We are.
I'm just waiting for you to say something interesting.
And when you do...
I will participate.'

Why do I keep believing,
To me you will ever be a friend?

'I love it.
Thank you.
Listen to this...
Giving up all attachment to love.
Why do I keep believing,
To me you will ever be a friend...

Go on.'

I don't even know why I am here.

You are sick.
You know that?

'Where are you getting this from?
I love it.
Listen...

Giving up all attachment to love.
Why do I keep believing,
To me you will ever be a friend...
You are sick.
You know that? '

You really are.

'Stop it.
Is this your own stuff?
You should be a writer.
I am stealing this.
I don't care what you say.
It is magnificent.'

I'm leaving.

'Why? '

We were suppose to go out to dinner.

'Why didn't you remind me?
You think I'm suppose to remember everything? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Giving Up Is Hard To Do

Giving up is hard to do.
Even for those who walk away.
Convinced that this is what they've done.

A parent who has had it with a disrespectful child,
Seems to be the first one to come to that child's aid.
Feeling remorse and guilty as to how that child was raised.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Giving Up Lip When Tilted

What you've got,
I...
Use to have a lot of.
And what you've got...
I,
Once had.
And...
What you've got,
I...
Use to have a lot of.
And...
So glad,
Those times have gone.
And not with me to carry on.

Giving up lip when tilted...
I had.
Giving up attitude with it,
I use to have a lot of.
Running my mouth and not listening...
I had.
And...
So glad those times are gone.
And not with me to carry on.

Giving up lip when tilted,
I use to have a lot of.
Giving up attitude with it...
I had.
Running my mouth and not listening,
I use to have a lot of.
And...
So glad those times are gone.
And not with me to carry on.

What you've got,
I...
Use to have a lot of.
And what you've got...

I,
Once had.
And...
What you've got,
I...
Use to have a lot of.
And...
So glad,
Those times have gone.
And not with me to carry on.

Giving up lip when tilted,
I use to have a lot of.
Giving up lip when tilted...
I had.
And...
Giving up lip when tilted,
I use to have a lot of.
And...
So glad,
Those times have gone.
And not with me to carry on.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Giving Up On Stacking Burdens

Finding 'self' to happen,
Is seldom mentioned...
By the one experiencing life to live.

And finding 'self' takes self examination.
With a staying unafraid to admit,
Made mistakes.
And this takes...

Giving up on false impressions.
And,
Giving up on what is faked.
And,
Giving up on stacking burdens...
On shoulders felt about to break.

Finding 'self' to happen,
Is seldom mentioned...
By the one experiencing life to live.

And finding 'self' takes self examination.
With a staying unafraid to admit,
Made mistakes.
And this takes...

Giving up on false impressions.
To do it,
Giving up on what is faked.
And to do it,
Giving up on stacking burdens.
With a doing it,
On shoulders felt to break.
Eliminate,
Giving up on false impressions.
Eliminate,
Giving up on what is faked.
Eliminate,
Getting rid of all those burdens.
To do it,

On shoulders 'bout to break.
Then it's possible one can escape...
From a rat race that has them chased.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Giving Up On Status

Giving up on status felt once automatic.
And representing 'bling' people use to own...
With a flaunting about and publicly shown.

The days,
Of impressing others are over.
And addressing one's needs are now priorities.
As symbols of status have taken backseats.

Those days oppressing now more shoulder.
And the ones on bruised knees,
Have no egos to please.
Feeling as they do about necessities.

The days,
Of impressing others are over.
And addressing one's needs are now priorities.
As symbols of status have taken backseats.

Giving up on status felt once automatic.
And representing 'bling' people use to own...
With a flaunting about and publicly shown.

Those days oppressing now more shoulder.
And addressing one's needs are now priorities.
As symbols of status have taken backseats.
And the ones on bruised knees,
Have no egos to please.
Feeling as they do about necessities.

The days,
Of impressing others are over.
Felt once automatic.
But backs are turned away,
On status as a habit.

The days,
Of impressing others are over.
Felt once automatic.

But backs are turned away,
On status as a habit.

The days,
Of impressing others are over.
Felt once automatic.
But backs are turned away,
On status as a habit.

Nobody has to have it.
That status as a habit.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Giving Up Should Be A Thought To Rid

Giving up should never be an option,
For anyone...
With more to be done.
Giving up should never be considered.
Giving up should be a thought to rid.

Giving up should never be an option,
For anyone...
With more to be done.
Giving up should never be considered.
Giving up should be a thought to rid.

People who've been spoiled haven't lived,
To know all there is...
About life.
To let it quickly fizzle into an abyss.
It's about risks!
That's what life is!

Giving up should never be considered.
Giving up should be a thought to rid.

People who've been spoiled haven't lived,
To know all there is...
About life.
Giving up should never be considered.
Giving up should be a thought to rid.

Giving up should never be an option,
For anyone...
With more to be done.
Giving up should never be considered.
Giving up should be a thought to rid.

People who've been spoiled haven't lived,
To know that living life is taking risks.
And...
Giving up should never be an option,
For anyone...

With more to be done.
Giving up should never be considered.
Giving up should be a thought to rid.

Giving up should never be considered.
Giving up should be a thought to rid.
Giving up should be a thought to rid.
Yes,
Giving up should be a thought to rid.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Giving Up To Give Away

You're just another who has run out of luck.
And living amongst the others,
Who have decided...
To throw their hands up!

You're just another one seen,
Not to be around them to strut.
With a chosen disposition,
As if to say, 'So what! , if I sit around on my butt.'

Who cares,
If initiative is not there?
Who cares,
If initiative is not there?
Who cares,
If initiative is not there?
With a bottled up...
Giving up!

Who cares,
If they're living in a danger?
Who cares,
About a pain feeling stranger?
Who cares,
If they're living in a danger?
With a bottled up...
Giving up!

You're just another who has run out of luck.
And living amongst the others,
Who have decided...
To throw their hands up!

And who cares,
If you're living in a danger.
Who cares,
About a pain feeling stranger.
Who cares,
If you're living in a danger?

With a bottled up...
Giving up!

Who cares,
If initiative is not there?
Who cares,
If initiative is not there?
Who cares,
If initiative is not there?
With a bottled up...
Giving up to give away!

Bottled up,
With tensions that are on display!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Giving You The Best Effect

...and if it wasn't me,
Then who would it be?
To...
Deliver what you expect.
And...
Giving you the best effect.

...and if it wasn't me,
Then who would it be?
To...
Deliver what you expect.
And...
Better than you ever can get from the rest.
Better than you ever can get!

Better than you ever can get from the rest.
Better than you ever can get!
My time is...
Better than you ever can get from the rest.
Better than you ever can get!
With you I'm...
Better than you ever can get from the rest.
Better than you ever can get!
My love is...
Better than you ever can get from the rest.
Better than you ever can get!

...and if it wasn't me,
Then who would it be?
To...
Deliver what you expect.
And...
Giving you the best effect,
Yet!
And seeing in your eyes it confessed.
Yes!
And seeing in your eyes it confessed,
That...
I've given you the best effect,

Yet! And...
This you can always expect to get!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Giving!

Giving!
Slows a devoted heart,
Of one who takes!
And takes without rebuttal.

Giving!
The shirt off one's back...
Can be shredded too many times.
When it is not accepted.
Yet a return of consequences,
Are often gained.

Giving!
How many bites on a hand,
Can one bleeding receive?
Why should one apologize,
For being taken for granted?
Or kicked in the rear,
Because opportunities presented,
Do not please those with few choices.
Those who voice,
With a giving of spoiled demands.

Those who voice,
Ultimatums eventually ignored!
With a giving once explored,
Ceased!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Glad I Had Nothing To Do With It

Am I embarrassed?
By what?
'Anything' I've ever done?
As a performing artist?

Why...
Do you think I should be?
Are you referring to that porno movie?
Now 'that' was a brilliant work of art.
And that was thirty four years ago!

Embarrassed?
Are you kidding?
I have more than gifted jewels to expose!
I'm a performing artist!
Not a scientist...
Wishing for my talents!

However...
I must admit,
I am a bit experimental!
Isn't that what creativity is?

Afterall...
Look in the mirror!
Two performers were very creative,
To put 'that' together!
But don't blame God.
He assisted them the best He could!

And I doubt...
If He is embarrassed at all!
Not saying that He should be.
But I am very glad,
I had nothing to do with it!

God delivers.
And we must accept it.
No matter if we are pleased with what we get.

Or not!
But keep faith!
Someone is there somewhere,
To love us for who we are.
No matter what we look like!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Glad They Have Been Abandoned

Have you yet grown sick of it?
Women referred to as pitbulls.
And men in politics stating openly...
The opposite sex,
Are lipstick wearing pigs!

Ladies and gentlemen,
Regardless of what you might think!
But those of you who are still among the conscious...
Have to agree,
While this is going on...
The quality of life for all,
Is nearing the edge to a close call.
And about to fall off the brink!

Isolated and united in racist remarks.
Increases to diminish common sense!
Leaders are focused on catfight brawls...
While a once great nation,
Is showing a greater taste for sensations that stagnate.

Have you yet grown sick of it?
Women referred to as pitbulls.
And men in politics stating openly...
The opposite sex,
Are lipstick wearing pigs!

And those who proclaimed these days would come...
Seem to be the only ones keeping their distance.
Since they have long been slandered and ostracized.
And clearly peaceful beings,
Who are glad they have been abandoned!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Glad To Live

With blues sung,
And the drinking of booze done...
Strung out I am now,
On life.

Habits and addicting vices,
Once craved to feed my appetite...
Are gone.
There are much fresher commitments,
I anticipate to visit.

With blues sung,
And the drinking of booze I use to do,
Done and not missed.

I am here!
And no longer curious...
about that happiness I use to fear,
I'd never know.

And I am glad to live to know and show,
This life within me I've got!
Oh yes,
I am glad to live!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Glad To Spread Their Sadness

It's too bad some folks stay emphatically mad.
And insist with inciting that others fight their battles.
It's too bad that people like this exist.
And sad it is they seek to solicit,
Others to assist.
From early morn until the Sun begins to set.

It's too bad some folks stay emphatically mad.
With a riding to stay glued and stuck to these saddles.
It's sad it is people like this can inflict their sickness.
And glad to spread their sadness.
Like raiders of hearts attacking happiness that starts.
And glad to spread their sadness.

On negative missions as if proud of it.
And glad to spread their sadness.
Enjoy they do these misfits that sit.
And glad to spread their sadness.
With a ripping apart anything that benefits.
They are glad to spread their sadness.
And glad to have their actions established.

With a riding to stay glued and stuck to these saddles.
They are glad to spread their sadness.
Like raiders of hearts attacking happiness that starts.
With a ripping apart anything that benefits,
So glad they are to have their actions established...
Are the people like this inflicting their sickness.

On 'Conflicts', 'Divisions' and 'Tensions' they sit,
Like raiders of hearts attacking all happiness.
With negative missions as if proud of it.
On 'Conflicts', on 'Divisions' and on 'Tensions' they sit,
Are the people like this inflicting their sickness.
And...
Glad to spread their sadness.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Glass Cutter

We are living in times...
When reality no longer rhymes
With delusional speeches,
Proclaiming things are doing just fine!

WANTED:
Eyes to meet mine.
Opened wide and accepting,
The closeness of my reflection.

We are living every moment tensed.
Convinced we are threatened,
By terrorist events!
Has anyone looked out of their windows?
Does anything click to make sense?

'I'm ready to get real with so much with one person! '
You 'feelin' me?
Act like you know!
Stop this interview process.
'I'm ready to get real with so much with one person! '
You 'feelin' me?
Act like you know!
Stop this interview process.

I know of no other way to 'say' commitment.
It has to be shown in a way I can see it!

WANTED:
Eyes to meet mine.
Opened wide and accepting,
The closeness of my reflection.

When someone gets that close to me
For a closeness of a reflection of me I see...
To become closer still to be here with me,
I will stop my search.
Until then...
Relax your pretensions.

I am sure you are not seeking a glass cutter?

Is there any other 'thing' you'd like to discuss?

We are living in times...
When reality no longer rhymes
With delusional speeches,
Proclaiming things are doing just fine!

Somehow the road to glory...
Has been a deceptive tool used!

WANTED:
Eyes to meet mine.
Opened wide and accepting,
The closeness of my reflection.
To meet me in the middle with a kiss.
Shattering a plastic existence that exists!

WANTED:
A giving without excuses meant.
And a lifting of resistance
Regrettably sent.
Wanted is someone who knows,
What being free of opposition means!
And has left throwing rocks to shock
The mocking of the unawakened,
Behind!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Gliding On The Surface

There is nothing like being assessed,
By those who prefer to just...
Do their gliding on the surface.
With a doing that at their best,
Against all warnings of first testing the depth...
To inspect and ensure,
What they have chosen to do...
Is not on thin ice!

Or...
Angers the one who has volunteered,
To provide them with 'sound' advice.
But that advice goes ignored,
Because it has been decided by those who glide...
The one speaking intelligently,
Does not physically impress them with image.
And 'image' is all they have been taught to address.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Glisten, Glow And Shine

It is not enough to be just 'who' we are today.
Today we must be on alert...
To insure who we believe we are,
Hasn't been overtaxed.
Or devalued at our own expense.
We must show what we treasure,
Does not suffer from a neglect,
We leave disrespected.
Glisten, glow and shine...
All the time.
Even those flaws and blemishes,
We rather keep hidden.
Are themselves also gems!
If they belong to us...
What else could they be?

Dedicated to:
My sister...
Dr. Lisa Anne Pertillar-Brevard

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Glitches To Fix

I would like to take,
Just a few minutes of this meeting...
To express my heartfelt gratitude,
For your unwavering support...
That allowed and enabled me,
The win over my opponent...
I am more than excited to show,
An ownership of it you will come to know.
With glitches to fix,
None of you wont soon forget.

Now...
Let's get down to the seriousness,
Of business.

Most of you will become disappointed,
To learn...
Promises I made to say could and would,
Be delivered?
Well...
As that old saying goes,
Promises made are not always kept.
Some are done and others are left,
To expect.
But that's the way the ball bounces.
No one knows when a strong wind blows.
And when that ball bounces to return back?
No one really knows about that.

And just for a second,
I'd like to mention something personal.
You all have no idea,
How my eyes fight back the tears.
With a pain inside to you that doesn't appear.
But drastic cuts deep to wound,
Pretentions and impressions to make...
Come to drop with a stopping them soon.
To leave no one unscathed,
By the decisions I have made.

These are the days all delusions fade away.

However...
I want you to remember,
As this meeting comes to an end.
I am going to bring to you,
A reality unlike you've ever witnessed before.
To believe the presence of it not to forget,
For the rest of your lives.
And that is one of the promises,
I have kept to prioritize.

'You've only been the mayor,
Not even one hundred days.
You deceived us with lies.
And your masquerading ways.'

I know.
And I hope from it,
Truth eventually...
You will come to know as a benefit.
That's just one of the many glitches to fix,
You will remember done.
With a promise I will not stray,
Too far away from that commitment.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Glittered And Glossed Over

Does it really to anyone matter,
If a package delivered...
Comes glittered and glossed over,
To effectively keep concealed...
Hidden blemishes and flaws,
Beautifully wrapped to not reveal...
It's unappealing contents?
No!
Today, yesterday and a tomorrow that comes,
It is about appearances.
And first impressions seen,
That means so much...
To those accustomed to suffering illness.
And corruptions to deceive within their midst.
However...
If what is presented isn't glittered and glossed over,
That's the only time people will express concern.
And gathered upset to protest they do,
Why truth delivered to them has to be so brutal.

'They could have at least warned us,
That the amusement park would be closed indefinitely.
To close it to leave smiling clowns,
Left around to hand out messages...
Is disrespectful to our values!
And we've come demanding answers,
For this treacherous atrociousness.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Global Deficit

There is a global climbing,
Economic deficit.
And those hungry and homeless,
Had nothing to do with it.
Their lives have been shattered and torn,
With little concern...
To correct this and get their lives fixed.

There is a global climbing,
Economic deficit.
With few blaming the greedy...
Or the thieves employed,
That caused all of it.

Where is this heading?
As divisions of conflicts split?
Only more distrust becomes the experience.
And that seems to be the greatest effectiveness,
Of this...
Global deficit!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Global Policy

There are those who are quick,
To strike poses.
Quick to tilt up their noses.
And slow to admit...
Something within their minds,
Feels not quite right.
Nor is it a snug fit.
Something is ajar,
Off track and misfit.

And,
There are those who discard good deeds.
For fear attention given,
Will be received by others...
Who achieve.
Regardless of who it is this does not please.
And they are usually despised,
By those unwise and...
Self righteous!

And among some others there are a few,
Who do what they do no matter who is abused...
By what it was they refuse to acknowledge.
And there is a following of those who admire this.
Although these conscious acts should be abolished.
Dismissed!

What would be left of the lifestyles and mindsets,
Of those who have spent entire lives...
Delusioned by those trusted who insist,
Lies and bravado is a prerequisite needed by all to exist.
With a sense that THEIR 'correctness',
Should be at the top of everyone's priority list.

A foolishness preserved...
Has them feeling,
What is done to others...
Is something 'others' deserve.
With a dictating displayed,

And heard...
As the beginnings to inflict global policy.
With races trading places,
Of felt and implemented significance.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Globalistas

Globalistas outreach to speak.
Inspired wired and wireless alike...
Connecting shared perspective thoughts,
Over the internet.
To let an awareness be known and texted.

Through email and downloads,
In a communication explosion.
Exploring with fingertips...
Without a phone call to place.
Or a mouth with lips with a voice to lift.

Gone are those days when simple dialtones amazed.
These 'globalistas' have minds more advanced.
Using mental skills that are much more enhanced...
Than those still romancing times long gone.
And few care to remember as the 'good-old-days'.

Note:
'Globalistas' as defined by Lawrence S. Pertillar...
'Those who use internet services to communicate globally.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Globalistic Wishes

You may be noble,
With your globalistic wishes.
You may want to control,
With a doing analystic.
But will you ever know how to define,
A faith I find divine.
And will you ever find a way to control,
What's on my mind...
With a globalist mold to hold.
In an untold globalist control.
As if all life you own.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Glorifying Vanity

What is there left to disbelieve?
What is there left,
For one with a grieiving heart to receive?
Messages of hope...
From thunderous speeches,
Preached from tainted pulpits!
Keeping reality afraid to live...
As topics of sins keep them profitted.
The ones mopping up their treasures.
Sopping up tears that soak their silk suits!
Threatening others...
That God wants from them more to give!
And glorifying vanity,
When all of that has driven many...
To question their beliefs.
Fearing the truth,
And welcoming deceivers!
Who say they will assist...
To free them of 'their' demons.
So they can join the ones of their own!
To keep them remembering...
How they can come in homes,
With moan and groans.
And at 10% of your hard earned sweat...
They will tell them to leave you alone!
When God is there in all hearts from the start.
Waiting to hear you make that known!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Glossed Over Cracks

Who is it that says,
Anger has to be shown to accept...
When displayed and felt,
To then have it known?
Where do people owning...
Amusement park season tickets,
Get their beliefs...
To keep such concepts kept perceived?

Just because one doesn't feel another bleeding,
Does not mean the fact of it isn't done.
And a fresh coat of paint,
Glossed over cracks on a wall...
May hide them temporarily.
But the effects will not permanently go undetected.
Or pretentions kept,
Will not prevent them from one day being exposed.

Glossed over cracks have a way of returning back.
To eventually be seen with a peeling away,
With an upsetting of someone...
Unexpecting the event or the expressed obscenities.
Or the cost of the expense,
When such suspense has been revealed.

'We need to go back to investigate,
How these things can happen.'

~To eliminate to deceive?
Or do we pretend with intentions,
That one day all of the defects will be improved? ~

'Whatever decision we make effectively convinces.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Glossed Over To Shine And Gleem

What appeared in my mind,
At one time to have been abstract...
Has long cleared from my vision to obstruct.
No matter how abstract,
Those wishing to keep hidden out of sight those facts.

Hindrances I spent time to quiz,
Have vanished from the attention I had given.
I see now why the picture created had been distorted.
To eliminate those questions truth would support.
Now exported to never import or aborted to deport.

What appeared in my mind,
At one time to have been abstract...
Has long cleared from my vision to obstruct.
To realize there are reasons to confuse,
And corrupt a mind off-track to misguide.

And speeches delivered,
Have nothing to do with what is on exhibit.
Although those who seek glamour...
Are thrilled to hear from someone understanding,
How much they have a need to safeguard their delusions.
With a keeping of a tour glossed over to shine and gleem!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Glowing Superlatives

Unloading glowing superlatives
Does not make what isn't felt or seen
Sparkle brighter
If maintenance is daily conducted
By those entrusted
To prevent it from rust

Many can choose to blow off the dust
To represent their interpretation
Of what they describe not viewed by eyes
And they are to be commended
But what isn't comprehended
By that which is defended
Is what it takes to establish and keep
Such high status mentioned to be presented

Unloading glowing superlatives
Does not make what isn't felt or seen
Sparkle brighter
If maintenance is daily conducted
By those entrusted
To prevent it from rust

When a focused attention becomes applied
With all determined to rise to such heights described
An approval of the removal of exaggerations embellished
Will then become less tolerated and more appreciated
For what it truly is in appearance for all to stand and applaud

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Glowing To Show Its Contentment

One's mission to live,
Determined to follow what is felt...
Deep in one's heart.
May not bring instant fame,
Or glory to impress.

But one's eventual success...
Does not have to be express,
As it is shown!
With an obvious happiness,
Glowing to show its contentment.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Glued To It

As a weaving of a web in secret done,
Forces those from their hidden corners...
Out in the open.
And seen to be in the middle of it.
Exposing themselves,
To be the culprits.

There is no need for the ones,
With sticky fingers to admit...
Which one of them is at fault.
Since all in view had participated in this.

And without a finger able to point...
As in the past this has been done.
All clearly glued to their mischief...
Can not denied their involvement to anyone.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Glued To The Script

Stylish.
Impeccable taste.
And that shows in her public appearances.
Flawless diction.
Eloquent with undeniable intelligence.
Extremely cool under pressure.
And...
You must agree,
She has an engaging personality.

'And...
You must agree,
She has been noticeably absent of late.'

Give her a break.
Cut her some slack.
You know she has been traveling the world,
Patching up indifferences.
And easing volatile tensions at that!

'Who?
Who are 'you' referring to? '

Secretary of State!

'WHO?
I thought you were talking about Michelle Obama! '

She does not yet have a title.
She doesn't command an elected position.

'I know and she's doing all of that without having it!
You can not be talking about that Rice woman? '

Look...
Who said anything about expectations of her being effective?
For eight years she has done what she was suppose to do.
Give the 'image'!
After all...

Can you say,
Her deception revealed one hint of being disloyal?
Can you?
She was glued to the script!
Her smile and demeanor...
A class 'act'!

'...tress.'

Well...
Let's just say,
She was the best looking one who took centerstage.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Go Ahead

You want to sit and weep?
Well...
Go ahead!

You want to mope and tote woe.
Well...
Go ahead.

You want to hang onto your grief,
And solicit empathy.
Well...
Go ahead.
Go ahead.

Bolt your doors,
And load your shoulders!
Go ahead.
Weight them down.
Why don't you practice making frowns.
Go ahead.
Go ahead.

One day that misery from you will fade away.
You'll wake up one day and choose happiness to stay.
So go ahead...
And feel what someday you'll choose to ride.
Go ahead.
Go ahead.

You want to sit and weep?
Well...
Go ahead!

You want to mope and tote woe.
Well...
Go ahead.

You want to hang onto your grief,
And solicit empathy.

Well...
Go ahead.
Go ahead.
But one day,
That misery from you will fade away.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Go Ask Your Grandmother

When time comes to replace the old,
With new adventures to address...
Those who are much younger,
Aren't familiar with those 'old' days...
Gone to reminisce to remember them,
Blissfully as perfect in ways to embellish...
By those romanticizing what today they miss.
As if they did not take them 'then' for granted,
With a wish to skip over them to dismiss...
As quickly as they came to leave to be gone!

'Grandpa?
How do you remember your childhood? '

~A lot of stupid people doing stupid stuff.
To leave their stupid mess to be cleaned up,
By those stupid enough to do it.~

'But grandma says,
Those were the best times of her life.
And she is reminded of it,
At least two or three times a week.'

~She did?
Well...
She must be talking about those times,
When stupid people weren't around...
To assist us to get you here.
And every moment we can get,
Incredibly enough...
Is still a pleasure.~

'What do you mean by that? '

~Be patient.
You'll discover that on your own.~

'Will I like it? '

~You will.
As long as you don't enjoy too much of doing it,
With stupid people.
I was lucky to find chemistry.~

'I HATE chemistry.
It's too hard.
I sweat through it all the time.'

~That's the only thing that 'still',
Keeps me liking it.~

'What do you mean by that? '

~Go ask your grandmother.
She will agree.
The sweating done is the best part,
To deliver just what is needed.
For us it is.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Go Away From Me Danger

Unwinding from danger,
With time that I am finding.
Unwinding I am.
And finding I can be,
Impatient.
And desperate to rid the fear,
To escape from those dark shadows...
So near,
To me.

Go-go-go-go-go,
Away.
Release me to welcome,
Other visions in my head.
Remove that fear within me I dread.

Go-go-go-go-go,
Away from me...
Danger.
Tonight don't creep so close to my bed.

Go-go-go-go-go,
Away from me...
Danger.
From you I must unwind!
To leave this fear I find behind.

Release me to welcome,
Other visions in my head.
Remove that fear within me I dread.

Go-go-go-go-go,
Away from me...
Danger.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Go Away!

A gathering came together
To compose a message.
The contents of it were very clear.
When he received it...
He did not approve of the punctuation.
He sent it back,
With his own message attached.

'Let there be no mistake,
I am responsible for my irresponsibility.
If I can admit that...
At least you can come up with a better way
To make me understand
Why...
And I want this with more clarity!
'WHY? ' do you insist on bothering me,
With your petty ways of misunderstanding
My dysfunctions?
I made that clear from the onset!
Now leave me alone
And find better use of your time!
Go away! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Go Back To Sleep

There has been a mental shift!
Can you feel it exist?
Do you have a sense...
That 'something' in your consciousness,
Has produced a sudden uplift?
Well...
If you do,
It has!
And if you haven't...
Go back to sleep!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Go Kiss Bricks

There are people at the door,
Complaining with claims...
You have no reason to ignore them.
Or their efforts to make gains.

'Are they the same people at the door,
Who in the past ignored my interest...
To assist with their efforts,
Long before? '

I'm not sure.
But I 'think' they heard you.

'Why do you say that? '

They left with a taking of a few steps back.
Your character I believe they came to attack.
And then you mentioned activities,
They remembered to be facts.
And with embarrassed looks,
They disappeared and fast.

'Did you recognize anyone? '

You know how quickly people change their masks.
One day they will say they are on your side.
And the next day wont speak as if you should ask.

'Ask what? '

To go kiss bricks before they pass.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Go On And Slam The Door

Huffin' with a puffin' isn't something that one plans on.
Nor is it considered as a wish that came and has gone.

You can throw a fit!
But how does that,
Benefit need?
Go on and slam the door!

Huffin' with a puffin' isn't something that one plans on.
Nor is it considered as a wish that came and has gone.
You can throw a fit!
But how does that,
Benefit need?

Go on and slam the door!
Its all been done before.
Your rudeness I'll ignore...
And your nasty snapping.

Go on and slam the door!
Its all been done before.
Your rudeness I'll ignore...
And your nasty snapping.

You can throw a fit!
But how does that,
Benefit need?

Huffin' with a puffin' isn't something that one plans on.
Nor is it considered as a wish that came and has gone.
You can throw a fit!
But how does that,
Benefit need?

Go on and slam the door!
You can throw a fit!
But how does that,
Benefit need?

Go on and slam the door!
Its all been done before.
You can throw a fit!
But how does that,
Benefit need?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Go Out And Have Yourself A Ball

Isn't it easy to accuse someone,
Who is relied upon to be accountable...
For abandoning those that take their own irresponsibility,
As belonging to the one they take for granted!
While declaing that person to play...
The role of the absentee father.

Trust me...
This will be therapy!

My advice to this 'cinderella'?
Go out and have yourself a ball.
You can not live everyone else's life.
And ignore your own.
Although you will be declared guilty,
If you decide to make such an attempt.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Go Outside And Play

Mommy?

'Yes. What is it? '

When the minister told the people talking,
During his sermon...
To shut the hell up.
What side of heaven is hell?
And why didn't he say...
Shut the heaven up?

'There are some demons,
Who need to be reminded where they are.'

OH.
So is that why you tell me,
To sit quietly and learn?
And...
Demons go to our church?

'Honey...
Go outside and play.
You giving mommy a headache.'

Well...
At least I'm glad you didn't tell me,
To go to hell.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Go Slow

Why you get your Gucci's in a bunch,
Because some folks...
Are out to lunch.
And they want to crunch and munch,
On little biddy pieces of your weakness.

Why let them squeeze you into a heat,
Untill you're gritting all of your teeth.
You would allow each one to be pulled,
Without amnesia just to please.
Then a dripping of foam is released...
As a deep growl is heard.

Begin to sing songs you know they know,
And can hum along.
Carry chocolate kisses.
And with this you can't go wrong.
Or...
Do the electric slide,
With steps you know are easy.
And don't try to rush through them...
Go slow.

Why you get your Gucci's in a bunch,
Because some folks...
Are out to lunch.
Why let them squeeze you into a heat,
Untill you're gritting all of your teeth.

Carry chocolate kisses.
And with this you can't go wrong.
Or...
Do the electric slide,
With steps you know are easy.
And don't try to rush through them...
Go slow.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Go To Bed

I need to know this isn't.
And if it is,
What is it? Or was?
Can this be clarified as it existed?
Or will it transmit,
Something different to conflict?

And will that make all of nothing,
Something that generates more sense?
To leave me to know what isn't...
Had once been there afterall.
And having that confirmed!

'Go to bed!
Your mind needs to rest!
I am starting to understand you.
And I wish not to be 'that' crazed!
Go to bed.
Turn the light off in that head! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Go With It

Where do you have it stated,
That I seek your self importance?
Point it out to me,
Where my dreams, wishes and beliefs...
Depend upon my following your lead.
I hate to burst your bubble but I don't.

Perhaps it is my willingness to listen,
With intent to comprehend.
And that made you feel good about yourself.
I can't imagine treating anyone with disrespect.
And you went ahead and interpreted that as praise?

I hate to burst your bubble but...
Well,
And today I wont.
If I've done something to make you feel good about yourself...
Go with it!
But give yourself more of the credit,
Not me.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Go With The Momentum

When I was a child I remember vividly,
This young woman reaching for sheets to hang...
In one of the community spaces used,
To hang and dry washed clothes.
And I wondered to myself,
While watching from our second floor three room apartment.
Shared by my sister and parents...
If those sheets hung,
Were hand washed.

'I like it.
This is a touching personal interest story,
We can introduce during the next debate.
And remember...
To look right into the camera,
As your lower lip begins to quiver.'

What about a tear?
Let me repeat it again.
With a tear at the end.

'Only from the left eye.
That's when we give you a closeup.
Then begin to lower your head.'

Don't you think,
That would be overly dramatic?

'Of course it is.
But we have to go with the momentum.
That last debate and your appearance,
Left everyone stunned.
Go deeper emotionally.
It will guarantee another win.
Take a ten minute break.
And we will begin again from the top.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Goals To Reach

Goals to reach,
Are only known and satisfied...
By those giving up something,
That is sacrificed.

And usually not identified,
By a group effort applied.
If goals to reach,
Are personalized.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Gobbling Up Good Goo

I gaggled with the flock who gob goo!
Even knowing that the gab was dished 'do'.
And when the gabfest was through...
I did what they don' did too!
Spread that around to the others,
In this small town.
Like a gaggled gabber gobbling up good goo,
Giving it gossiping gas...
To have it passed around,
Like a hand me down wedding gown!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

God Already Knows This

Anyone on a mission,
To save my life from demons...
Would be better accepted,
If they prepared me a sandwich.
And quickly left.

The teaching of demons,
And their affects...
Are not on my ears,
When they are not near!
To remind me how effective...
The lessons they leave,
On those remaining in fear to breathe.

I am not living for a deliverance,
Not of that kind.
To leave my mind entrapped,
And conditioned!
By anyone claiming,
To be a missionary in my behave!
And God already knows this.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

God Bestows With Added Obstacles

It seems as if I have lived a long life...
In defense of the right to be me.
Naïve at times...
And unafraid to admit it.
Remaining vulnerable has kept a freshness,
To my creativity!
Sometimes I pray...
'God why this insight,
You have given me! ? '
And more God bestows with added obstacles,
Just to see how I would perceive...
And receive my blessings,
With less lip!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

God Has Done This For Everyone

And day and night...
My power comes from God.
I pray each day
And I don't find that odd.
That my power comes from God.

Each and every way...
The deeds I do will be done.
I hope each one pleases the main One.
Knowing He made the Moon and the Sun!

Those who leech leave attitudes.
Using and abusing whomever they choose.
Like animals with changing moods,
Preying on bad habits.
And fooling just a few!
Who strengthened their minds...
And had them removed!

And day and night...
My power comes from God.
I pray each day
And I don't find that odd.
That my power comes from God.

Each and every way...
The deeds I do will be done.
I hope each one pleases the main One.
Knowing He made the Moon and the Sun,
And for them who find this,
The right time comes!
Knowing what's been done,
Comes from just the ONE!

And day and night...
My power comes from God.
I pray each day
And I don't find that odd.
That my power comes from God.

Each and every way...
The deeds I do will be done.
I hope each one pleases the main One.
Knowing He made the Moon and the Sun!

And God has done this for everyone!
To know what's been done,
Comes from just the ONE!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

God Has Instructed Me 'Not' To Be The Judge

Before...
When I denied myself,
The right to be happy.
I was told that was being selfish.
And my life was to be lived,
Being of service to others.
And to do it to give.
And I did.

For years and years,
I gave to give.

Today?
With no more sacrificial tributes,
To display in charitable moments.
God reminded me my doing to give was done.
And with Him in conference,
He pointed out each one!
And confirmed it.

He knew I knew what to do to please.
And it was time to do that for myself!
AND 'if' anyone wants to see that as being selfish?
God has instructed me 'not' to be the judge!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

God Is In My Life

God is in my life!
Always...
And forever.
He will make things right!
Always...
And forever!

He is in control!
Even though some show,
None of this they know.
Many want it known and told...
He will never leave,
A grieving heart in misery!

God is in my life!
Always...
And forever.
He will make things right!
Always...
And forever!

He is in control.
Never will He leave,
Me in misery!
I know it can be told,
I don't have to grieve...
Since He is the Keeper of my soul!

Said...
God is in my life!
Always...
And forever.
He will make things right!
Always...
And forever!

From the moment I was born,
God has never disowned me.
My transgressions to Him I have shown.

And He has been right there...
To comfort me in my despair!

Said...
He is in control.
Never will He leave,
Me in misery!
I know it can be told,
I don't have to grieve...
Since He is the Keeper of my soul!

God is in my life!
Always...
And forever.
He will make things right!
Always...
And forever!
And never will I ever,
Forget the love of God I keep!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

God Is My Supply

Whatever I want or believe I need,
God is my supply.
And from His inventory I am given.

Whatever I want or believe I need,
God is my supply.
But not until God is convinced and pleased,
That the doing of my deeds,
Have not been completely freed of obstacles.

I am tested daily and I know this.
And with faith I have taken risks to prove,
The experience provides me benefit.

I am tested most times until I get no rest.
To show God I will toil and sweat,
Without complaining in regret...
To express I am upset and yet,
God knows I attempt to do my best.

I am tested daily and I know this.
And with faith I have taken risks to prove,
The experience provides me benefit.

Whatever I want or believe I need,
God is my supply.
And from His inventory I am given.
BUT not always.
Since God decides if I should try a bit harder.

'But...'

~No 'buts'.
You want. I give. You do!
That's it.
No 'buts'.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

God Is Not Some Mindless Creation

On these battlefields they leave no triumphs.
They leave no scars or wounds to pride!
Heartaches are collected,
Within memories devastated.
To understate this need to destruct...
Reveals a thirst,
For blood and guts!
By those mentally and morally corrupt!

Those who blindlessly march into war...
Will regret what they've done on innocent shores.
They will regret their ambitions,
To disguise their intentions!
No peace will come to rest on their consciousness.
No forgiveness comes to sit.
For those who willfully inflict this brand of evilness!

No one's way of life is rewarded,
By creating strife for another's life of blight!
It is just not the way,
God wishes His children to play in these days!
And The Almighty has already begun,
To show those He alone rules in His Kingdom!
He will insist this is ultimately understood!
And not dismissed by a display of hollow rituals.
Some believe they have this right and should!
Oh no!
God is not some mindless creation...
Depicted by those in Hollywood!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

God Is The Entity

I don't live my life on a discounted escapade.
Every bill delivered to my address...
Has just my name on it.
And they all get paid.

Because I've arrived at an age,
It is expected I get assistance.
And whatever I get I like to think I'm deserving.
Since I've never lived with a selfishness.
And most of my life I've been in service to others.
And to others I have served.

Very few times I've accepted hand outs given to me.
Especially knowing how easy it is for others to speak falsities.
About what they do in quantity...
And neither quantity nor quality from them do I receive.

God is The 'Entity' that has blessed my life tremendously.
Of this I have witnessed with no pretensions to exist.
And those who have come to go out of my life...
From me they knew as one to give,
And any taking was done was in respected appreciation.

I don't live my life on a discounted escapade.
Every bill delivered to my address...
Has just my name on it.
And they all get paid.

And if anyone has ever thought,
My life has been one of a free ride?
Not one of them has a clue,
As to why I strut with pride with my head held high.

It is what I have inside of me that God has allowed.
And about this I am not confused.
In fact...
I may be accused of being 'too' proud!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

God Is The Main One

I know I am on no one's 'Favorite Things to Do' list.
It has been a long time since I've been twenty one.

I don't have money in the bank.
No home I own,
Or car to drive.
I am among many...
Who do what they can to survive.

My hair is grey,
And will hopefully turn white.
I've been married before!
Even done that twice.

But I do feel blessed,
With health I maintain.
I'm grateful to say...
'Thank God I've remain sane! '

My social life is zero.
And I'm no hero to no one.
However...
You are in no position to assess my life.
I enjoy the peace of mind I have.
And the things I do...
I like!

I don't apologize for anything done that I did.
When I walk I do that proudly.
Caring less about those who can not forget or forgive.

Today very few have options.
They have lived for things,
Now to find them meaningless.
And I may have nothing to show you I possess.
Although you appear to have everything.
Except the presence of happiness.
And a life without happiness...
Can not fully be expressed!

You see the sky?
Without a cloud and exposing Sun?
That's the way I feel!
Dismissing anyone who believes,
I'm the one they can look down upon.
Like others receiving judgements,
By those doing that as a means to have fun!

And God is the Main One in my life,
That's got me like that!
And I'll leave 'that' with you!
You can look away if you wish.
Since you have nothing...
To keep me here,
I find benefits or attract!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

God 'Is' The Master Planner

What lessons are learned,
When someone adored...
Suddenly from us,
Quickly passes?

And we on 'this' side...
Are too overcome inside with grief!

The shedding of a shell,
We recognize and know well...
Oozes from this 'vehicle' encased.
With a consciousness that transcends us,
To another place.

We come to accept this as a door...
That opens.
All of us living,
Will experience and explore.
Since life for us all as known...
Does not last forever.
Like a fairytale in a 'forevermore'.

Although many of us stubbornly wish,
This was God's gift to us condoned.
Hoping with a lost power...
This gift to us given,
Is not so shockingly dismissed!

With a heartbreak that descends.
And tears without end seeming to flow.
A vacancy felt within,
Soon begins that 'mourning'
We all come to know.

And that emptiness lingers...
Until 'something' inside of us,
Heals with an acknowledgement...
This is just the beginning,
And not a final end of such a mysterious 'trip'.

God 'is' The Master Planner!
And with kept faith,
We pray and trust in Him!
We do it and we must...
As witnesses to learn and grow.
Aboard this 'journey'...
An invisible God has bestowed!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

God Is...My Audience

God is...my audience!
If my Father is pleased...
No applause do I need,
He has a way to make that known!
I am shown.
And this alone excites me.

I do not seek any other approval.
Or standing ovations.
With looks of adulation sought.
To appease an ego I need to feed.

My mind is satisfied,
When 'something' inside...
Let's me know,
My Father is right there...
By my side.

And 'if' my Father should get upset...
He does not stop loving me.
Or burden me with regrets.
And teased I am not,
By what is outside of me!
My identity I do not hide.
There is a pride God helps me grow!

If God accepts...
I can endure the dejection that may stun some.
And any rejection directed towards me,
I will take and overcome.

God is...my audience!
And I am very thankful,
He has allowed my performance!
For what it is that is done in His honor!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

God Is...My Lover

Yes...
I confess.
God is...My Lover.
And we are attracted and attached.
Nothing done that I do,
Is behind my Lover's back.

Yes...
God provides my every need.
From shelter to clothing...
And the food I receive that feeds me.

And whenever I am feeling down...
God,
My Lover...
Is always around.
And I admit,
I have at times taken Him for granted!
So spoiled am I!
But I do not try to ever deny Him,
With my all!

God is...my Lover!
My Provider.
And the reason I am here to give,
And live a life to fulfill with complete joy!

He loves me.
And I love God.
And we...are lovers!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

God Knows I Stay Rehearsed

I am not suppose to be the one sentimental.
And I hope it doesn't show.
God knows I stay rehearsed...
Not being too emotionally diverse.

And I pray my demeanor,
Does not leak sentimentality.
Or expresses a weakness,
Desiring to be touched!
In those still hot places.

Afterall,
I have aged.
And I'm told with age comes tolerance.
So I'm tolerating the fact...
I'm lacking affection.
And that is not detected,
Because I keep it in check.

Those young people with their hearts on their sleeves,
Get on my nerves!
They collect bedmates,
Like the ground receives Autumn leaves.
All year 'round.

With their music and freedom to express themselves.
If these were the 'good-old-days'...
They would see immediately my disapproval!
When I was their age...
At least I was secretive about my transgressions.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

God Only Knows

Sitting around in chats,
With those looking back...
At those 'good ole days',
Are not scenes I welcome.
Since those days I lived,
Back then 'when'...
I remember mostly as unpleasant.

To rate those days,
I would say...
Good to the riddence of them.

Not that I didn't have 'some' good times.
I do remember some of them.

But where would I put them,
On a scale of 'good and plenty'?
Some I 'weeded' through...
With beer or a glass of wine.
At other moments,
I was losing family and friends.
And attending their funerals...
Numbed and in denial.
Crying...
Home alone.

I now have my peace of mind.
And a life I can declared,
Has more happiness...
After spending most of it in despair.

Some may say,
Today I display an air of arrogance.
And that is okay!
Since God only knows,
How grateful I am...
To be breathing any air at all!
And deluded by the bliss.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

God Provides

Even when others turn their backs,
God provides to compensate...
Anyone who suffers through a doing of that.

Even when others deceive and lie,
God provides and does not hide...
A doing to smooth over to remove those loads.

To love and done to do unconditional,
God forbids to rid all obstacles.
With a keeping of faith to never under-estimate it,
God provides and does not hesitate...
To show those of misdeeds,
What they can expect and receive to keep.

With open eyes and tears dried,
God provides to have it realized...
No one with faith faces life alone.

With open eyes and tears dried,
God provides...
What is needed to overcome defeat.
God provides.
What is needed to overcome defeat.
God provides.

Twenty-four seven and anything between,
What is needed to defeat...
God provided.
God provides.
...God Provides!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

God Works In 'Mysterious' Ways

I now think less to have my thoughts assessed better.
I had believed I possessed a process,
To let and enabled me to perceive myself...
With an ability to have many things on my mind,
To give each more than just minutes of my time.
And I found I was irritable, moody and obnoxious.
However...
I have discovered a benefit to this as well, yes.

Upon self examination I began to 'see',
What had made me irritable, moody and obnoxious?
I eliminated 'that' to realize to my surprise,
People believed my activities with them...
Had been getting on my nerves. ('this is great.')
And 'today' I am left to keep more peace,
Than I ever believed I could keep to myself to have.
God works in 'mysterious' ways.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

God's Blessing

If you aren't brave enough to live your own life,
By doing those things you say you like...
But put off.
Because you claim,
You can not find time!
Don't lie to me about it.
I am living my life!
And not a moment too soon.

With mistakes.
Doubts.
Blemishes and flaws.
Fears and everything else involved.
I want to experience it all.
Exhausting God's blessing.

You can keep yours gift wrapped if you wish.
Delayed...
With each excuse you make,
To schedule priorities.
Fantasized and fairytaled.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Going Through A Ritual

It has become somewhat of a ritual.

'What has? '

This going to church on Sunday business.
To sit and listen to calls for unity.
With no one paying a bit of attention.
It's like someone who has good intentions,
To go to church to pray and feel blessed.
But forgets where they are in the process.
And can not remember after the 'ceremony'...
What was preached or even 'why' they went.
Although in great detail,
They will tell you who attended.
What they wore and where they sat.
And how much they put into the collection baskets.
To 'then' stop and chat to those known in the congregation...
Before returning back to their seats,
To continue running their mouths.

'Yes it has.
I agree.'

What has?

'Their call for unity and respect.'

~Will you two be quiet!
No need to turn around.
I'm talking to you 'two'.
In the fifth row.
Am I or am I not here to preach a sermon?
What do you think I am doing up here?
Wasting my fire and brimstone performance?
Going through a ritual?
May I remind 'everyone'...
We are 'here' AND 'inside' of a church! ~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Going Through Hard Financial Times

I can understand,
Your going through hard financial times.
But stealing the little I have to be yours,
Is not a mistake but a blatant crime.
You just can not come into my home,
To serve your purpose to take what's mine.
That to do is just not cool.

And forgiving you to make it easier,
Again to me to do...
Will only give you permission,
To believe me to be an accessory...
Willing to shelter your obvious disrespect.
While you continue to use me,
As your number one fool
Do I look that stupid to you?
Do I?

'Well...
I have to admit,
When you give me direct eye contact...
As if you are actually serious about that,
I get confused.
Do you mind turning your head to the right? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Going Through My Head

Is it worthy to keep and maintain notes,
On the proper execution of social etiquette?
Or expressing flawless elocution,
When asked to publicly speak...
At a dinner party when a food fight erupts,
Over misunderstanding what was heard.

When the key speaker mispronounces words,
Intending to impress.
Or leaves those who are contributors believing,
They are being described as leechers...
Instead of donators that has afforded a success.
There has been an absence of preparation.

'I specifically asked my speech writer,
To replace the word 'suckers' for philanthropers.
That word might have been a thought,
Going through my head in the early stages...
To incorporate 'my' own experiences.
And not meant to be verbally said.
This has clearly been a misinterpretation of intent.
And for that I apologize.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Going Through The Motions

An existence recycled.
An unknown is feared.
Possibilities are debated.
Leaving a stagnation so clear.
Opportunities for change...
Never occur with chances to begin!
Things stay the way they are,
Going through the motions...
With a devotion,
To a growth of nothingness...
That seems not to end.
Finding a comfort in it!
And keeping pretentions real,
To attend!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Going To Find That Time To Be Available

I find I remain available,
For that which I am blessed to get done.
I don't sit and find excuses to express my gifts.
Nor hesitate to create...
With both curiousity and gratefulness appreciated.

I find I remain available,
For that which I am blessed to get done.
I feel that which I am able to get done and do...
Is an obligation I have chosen to devote and love.
And I am going to find that time to be available!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Going To Have Fun

I am going to have fun.
Even if it is done at your expense.
I had been the one,
Seeking sense when there was none.
And feeling betrayed,
As I withessed thoughtlessness displayed.

Oh, I am going to have fun.
You can consider that activity,
One already welcomed!

Yes...
I am going to have fun.
Even if it is done at your expense.
I had been the one,
Seeking sense when there was none.
And in these days lived,
I do not expect any to come.

Call it what you wish.
But I don't dish out negativity.
Nor do I accept it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Going To Keep You Haunted

Did you think I was just going to let you go?
Freeing you to believe,
My grieving you have achieved?

Did you...
Think that?

You underestimated me,
And my capable abilities.
I am more than flesh and bone,
My love.
And in your mind...
I'm not about to leave!

Did you...
Think that?

Did you think my show of respect for you,
Was a sign of weakness?
And without you about...
I would mope around and pout?
Be 'blue' without you?

Did you...
Think that?

Did you think I would throw trantrums,
Like a child...
With a frown on my mouth?

Did you...
Think that?

I am more than flesh and bone,
My love.
And in your mind...
I am not about to leave!

In the quietness of your dreams...

That shadow appearing to creep silently,
To hear you gasp with muffled screams!
Will be me.
Smiling.

Rush to turn on the light.
I will not be there to see!

Resting in a peaceful sleep...
Freed of me.
Is no longer for you,
Meant to be!

I am going to keep you haunted.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Going, Going, Gone

Going, going, gone!

The pulchritude of those who believe,
They were born to lead.
And have been blessed...
With superior intelligence.
Going, going, gone...
Is that mindset!

Going, going, gone!

Stereotyping others,
With the depiction of them being lazy,
Shiftless and ignorant.
This pendulum has already swung.
Reality for many has clearly begun.

Going, going, gone!

Thoughtlessness.
Too much of it existing has not been addressed.
Out of necessity a 'thoughtfulness' to protect the shores.
There seems to be an acknowledgement today...
Of what is not 'mine' exclusively,
But also 'ours' and also 'yours'.

Going, going, gone!

Ethnic jokes and the fools who tell them.
There is nothing funny about watching 'certain' people,
Making fun of the plight of others...
As their druthers has humanity,
Sitting at the brink of disaster.
Because they believe they have been the chosen ones.
There is nothing laughable in the observation,
As to what 'these' people have done!

And going, going, gone...
Are their beliefs with philosophies.

And their blatant madness.
Perhaps they are wizards of delusion.
However...
They have not proven they have been,
Masters of Ecology nor will ever be!
That's for sure.

With an arrogance to destroy 'my' planet?
I don't think so!
Some folks like that will just have to go.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Going, Going...Gone!

Gon' git outta here...
Trying to spread that mess!
You ain't heard me say nuthin'...
About her or her ugliness.
All I said,
Was he wasn't wrapped too tight,
In his head.
Because 'you' have issues with her...
You need not tell lies,
To have them roll their eyes at me.
You goooooood for stirring things up!
And then sittin' back and laughin'...
Like you're not the cause for all the fuss!

Gon' git outta here...
Trying to spread that mess!
Talkin' 'bout,
How you saw who with who.
And which one said something,
About me...
That I should address!
And you don't want to get involved?
Because you don't think it is your place?
But you are all up in their business...
And you are telling lies all up in my face?

Gon'...
Git.
Outta here!
You ain't satisfied...
Until an argument hits the air.
And you don't care,
Who is in it or how it starts!
You just like to agitate.
Do it...
And then depart!

Gon' git outta here...
Trying to spread fresh mess!

You are getting too old for this.
This act of yours is too predictable.
And getting easier to resist in protest.
Folks have updated their ways to gossip today!
They use email, blogs and text messages,
To say what they have to say!
And this method that you are using...
Is tired.
Outdated.
Slow and lacking imagination.
Like a turtle stuck in molasses.

'Huh? '

You gotta add some 'beatz'!
And package it with somethin' slammin'.
With a rhyme or two.
And loop that with some hip hop!
it and then you in da biz!
Got that?
THEN,
You dropp it!
Hot or not!

'What in the hell are you talking about?
Nobody is in their right mind today.
No where!
I can't find a single person,
Who values the art of gossip!
Going, going...gone, is another lost treasure!
Man, you need to see a doctor...quick.
You're going through some menopause...
Or something!
SOMETHING is wrong with you!
I think your mind has 'flipped'!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Gold Dipped And Personalized

People...
Please.
All of you must listen.

They have dug us into a very deep hole.
And we have stood by long enough.
We can not allow them to do this!

People...
Please.
All of you must listen.

We must insist upon doing this ourselves!
We are more experienced.
And besides...
The shovels we are more accustomed to using,
Are the custom made gold dipped and personalized ones!
With the silver studding around the handles for better gripping.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Gold Mine

What are you all doing?
With such enthusiasm and excitement.

'Shaping public opinion.
With the use of false demographics.
And unreliable yet to prove surveys.'

Oh.
So...
Why the enthusiasm and excitement?
Nothing you are doing is any different.

'We've made a major difference.
This time we have decided to smile more.
And do less dressing to impress,
By lowering our expectatons.
And stepping away from that social etiquette,
Politically correct mess.
In otherwords...
We've decided to go back to the future!

We've learned people are more suspicious,
If we represent an image they could never reach.
So this time around,
We thought the use of deception makes more sense.
People today have been conditioned to be deceived.
And today?
We are going to tap into this gold mine.'

You are in the right neighborhood.
You have found a treasure here.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Golden Nuggets

I am not a maker of cotton candy.
Nor am I a distributor of peppermint sticks.

I do not carry a bag of tricks to treat,
With marshmellow filled chocolate sweets.

On the other side of the rainbow where I live,
I am assigned to polish at least one tarnished pot.
To then hope I can find my own golden nuggets,
To dropp into it.
On a path I travel alone.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Golden Rule?

The golden rule?
Those who hold and control the gold...
Will rule.
Those who disbelieve,
And are knee deep in fantasy?
May not wish to think of themselves as fools.
But...
Show me the beef!
No!
Nevermind...
That's tainted.
Show me the way to relief!
And in doing so you will bring me peace.
At least that will not be leased.
Yet!
But those who have found happiness with less...
Will also find themselves free of regret!
And did not do to others,
What others have done without any druthers!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Gone

Gone!
I had been gone,
So long.
I didn't know it...
Until it dawned on me,
Never there will be...
Another 'we'.
For us to see,
Again.

Gone!
You left,
And I went on.
Wondering if I...
Should have tried harder,
To show
My love much more.
Now that it seems
You have
Even the score.

It will never be the same without you near.
I want to hear you,
Say it's me you need too!

The atmosphere
Is not fresh or clear.
Your smile lit the room.
I want it to light,
This gloom
From my sight.
But,
You are
Gone!

I wish my heart I could pawn.
I don't need it beating,
A beat.
I have no place to keep it,

Since
You're gone.
And I can't ignore...
I was wrong!

I'll never have what you gave in the past.
Now I'll hunger forever,
That 'us' we had together.
But you...
And I are,
Gone!

I had been gone,
So long.
I didn't know it...
Until,
It dawned on me.
Never will there be...
Another 'we'
I need to love so desperately.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Gone And From Sight

It is finalizing at midnight.
A molding hold that has grown old,
On a yesterday,
Slipping away...
To be gone and from sight.

And those of good deeds proceed,
With beliefs...
Held onto tightly,
To see them succeed.
With a defeating of grief,
Doubt and desperation.

It is finalizing at midnight.
A molding hold that has grown old,
On a yesterday,
Slipping away...
To be gone and from sight.

Incited by lack of light that blinds minds.
And perceptions of entitled rights,
Fade.
As the dawning of a new day,
Arrives to lift all eyes...
Above the restriction of limiting foolishness.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Gone Are My Nuts

Gone are my nuts.
The ones I mixed up,
With raisins, dried pineapple bits...
And cranberries.

The roasted cashews are over priced.
I replaced them with Brazil,
The shells were so thick...
I got tired of cracking them into bits.

I tried to go without.
As I walked about with nothing to munch.
I prefer a quick snack,
Over a fast food lunch.

Apples and bananas also satisfy.
Or strips of carrots and celery...
To make the long hours of the day fly by.

I once did a vanilla icecream drink.
With Strawberries, bananas and orange juice.
That was good too!
Although the cashews provided the missing link.
Yes...
Gone are my nuts.
The ones I mixed up,
With raisins, dried pineapple bits...
And cranberries.

I don't know what it is...
But that seems to be the 'fix' for me.
As I age and become more aware,
How wonderful I feel...
Being as healthy as I can be!
Even if I have to do without cashews,
In this stressful ridden economy!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Gone Are Their Treasures

From which one of your stale placements,
Do you believe you can rate...
My taste for staying updated?

No powdered wigged out judgements,
Of colonialistic restricted mentalists...
On the pursuit of political correctness,
Can exam with blinded minds...
These times that now exist!

Gone are their treasures.
And documented claims made in print!
Pomp and circumstance pulchritudes...
Appear rather silly!
And exposes their foolishness.
With a laughable return of such seriousness.
That should be burned and left in dusting urns!

From which one of your stale placements,
Do you believe you can rate...
My taste for staying updated?
With methods to attempt,
To make your nonsense permanent.
And there is evidence everywhere...
Your beliefs are vanishing in thin air!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Gone Are Those Sad Songs Sung

Gone are those sad songs,
Sung begun some sang.
With the singing of those sad songs,
Gone
Once sung 'then' now no one sings,
With a wish to begin them again.

Too many on the streets.
Now too accustomed to fresh beats,
Declare they will not be defeated.
By a repeating of old tunes.
Too many collectively.
Have decided to leave.

Gone are those sad songs,
Sung begun some sang.
With the singing of those sad songs,
Gone.
Once sung now no one chooses to sing,
With a wish to begin them again.

Solos and duets seem for many more accepted.
With a clouding once done to dim overcasting skies.
Clearing now as a harmony begins,
To find eyes brightening.
With a listening to voices heard.
And giving each one specific attention.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Gone Are Those Temptations

I remember what I did to do.
And with who to do each season.
But I no longer live those days,
To relive with them wished again.

I remember what I did to do,
And why I did it too.
But I no longer live those times,
To have them rewinding in my mind.

Gone are those temptations,
Experienced to reminisce.
And gone are those sensations,
That had excited but I don't miss.

It took me time to find myself.
And to define my wants,
As not my needs.
It took me time to find myself,
To know my priorities.
With a leaving behind temptations,
Experienced to reminisce.
I've left behind temptations,
That had excited but I don't miss...
To know my needs.

I remember what I did to do.
And with who to do each season.
I remember what I did to do,
And why I did it too.
But I no longer live those days,
To relive with them wished again.
I no longer relive them wished,
They stayed to never end.
Because I know right now what it is I need.
And I've got it without it doubted.
Yes, I keep my needs my main priority.

Gone are those temptations.

To know temporary wants come to leave,
And not stay to keep my needs pleased.
Like a love I give and I get received.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Gone Are Touches Missed

When ghost shadows came,
To join a heart with stains left...
From a raining that seemed not to end.
Inside undried eyes,
Remained open but vacant.
And wanting to be absent of pain.

Those feelings one once had,
Now no longer needed as bad.
Since gone are touches missed.
Gone with them are those missed lips,
Remembered and again wished to kiss...
If only the clouds were not allowed to linger.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Gone Ballistic

I want to do the cussin'
The fussin'
And the hushin'!
I want to be the one to say,
'Don't do that as I did...
You do it the right way! '

But today youth lips,
Are quick to spew out filth!
I admit I liked to shock the old folks then...
Especially the elderly women,
Who did needlepoint and made quilts...
From the safety of their 'hen dens'!

The words loudly displayed everyday,
As if picked from nearby garbage bays...
Are so awful,
Even I must close my ears!
Although I do stir into fits...
Wishing I was as bold as these 'misfits'
I'd get some things off my chest,
Instead of having them sit inside me...
Until I explode like a mad man gone ballistic.
Wanting so bad to chase them with a bat,
Just to see the fear in their eyes...
As I am handcuffed by the police,
And taken away for a ride!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Gone But Not For Long

Gone!
But...
Not for long.
The ones who came and still come,
To sit with us to visit.

Gone!
But...
Between noon and dawn,
And hours to go on...
Those memories reminisced,
With those most loved continue to exist.

Spaces left empty can not be replaced,
By other faces.
Or remembered smiles that linger.
Days, months and years are spent,
Wondering where our loved ones went.
To leave our hearts left with deep sentiments.

Gone!
But...
Not for long.
The ones who came and still come,
To sit with us to visit.
With a doing felt to have them near.
But wished again to feel them touched,
So much.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Gone For Good

A greatness once had,
Can not be recaptured...
By the snap of one's fingers.
Or an emergency visit made,
By one's drug dealer...
Who has promised to restore,
Unblemished visions from the past!

When you are washed up,
You've become washed up for good...
In Hollywood.
Listening to one's self singing,
Sweet melodies...
Recorded on CD's on loan,
From the local library...
Doesn't get empathy from Mother Nature.

When fame and fortune is misused,
In a conscious self abuse.
It becomes known and shown.
To garner bouquets of disrespect.
And loyalty is noticed to be distanced.

A greatness once had,
Can not be recaptured...
By the snap of one's fingers.
Or an emergency visit made,
By one's drug dealer.

Achieving greatness is something,
No one should ever take for granted.
Or believed can be enforced,
To be accepted once it is gone.
Once it leaves an ego unguarded...
That greatness is gone for good!
And not for the good of perceptions.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Gone Is Another Chance

Stuck in a backed up duct...
A flow has start to slow.
And there one sits until a busted luck,
Erupts!
In a panic that one shows.

And gone,
Is another chance to do...
What one chooses.
Or sip on booze to fuel.

Gone...
Is another chance to do,
What one chooses.

Plucked like a duck that will get stuffed.
To cook until one's done.
One like this is too corrupt.
With winning thoughts to come.

But gone,
Is another chance to do...
What one chooses.
Or sip on booze to fuel.

Gone...
Is another chance to do,
What one chooses.
Or pick a fight to feud.

Gone...
Is another chance to do,
What one chooses.

Stuck in a backed up duct!
And gone,
Is another chance to do...
What one chooses.

Stuck in a backed up duct!
And gone,
Is another chance to do...
What one chooses.

Stuck in a backed up duct!
Stuck in a backed up duct!
And gone,
Is another chance to do...
What one chooses.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Gone Is The More

After a craving has been fixed,
Gone is the more of it.

Sleepless nights,
Spent fighting an appetite...
Unfulfilled until,
That crave is satisfied.
To forget it wished.
Is forgotten to forget it.

Gone...
Is the thought to want,
For more.
And the excess of it,
Begins to sicken.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Gone Is The Sting

Too many have found themselves,
Behind times that have moved on.
Gone is the sting,
Of protesting against the obvious.
Gone is the accepting of excuses,
Used to prevent a common sense refused.

Too many have found themselves,
Behind times that have moved on.
Meant to permanently exist,
Although meaningless with intent...
Is a purpose to serve,
But nowhere is that purpose heard.

People want this and want that,
To have it delivered while they lay on backs.
People want less stress 'and' success.
But to achieve it to receive,
People wanted it handed from others to get.
To then complain who it is that benefits.

Gone is the sting,
Of protesting against the obvious.
Gone is the accepting of excuses,
Used to prevent a common sense refused.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Gone Not To Keep Alive

Gone with a meaning,
Is a hope to let go.
Gone with a meaning,
Are dreams.
Gone with a meaning it seems...
Life to live with it to know.

Gone with a meaning is a love to show.
Gone with a meaning is devotion.
Gone with a meaning are emotions exposed.
Gone not to keep alive.
And gone not to have them to hide to feel,
Anymore felt inside.

Wishes to be wanted from the time Sun dawns.
Gone not to keep alive.
A happiness to get with somebody else met.
Gone not to keep alive.
Picking out places to be walked in the park.
Gone not to keep alive.
Life to live exciting every moment to invite.
Gone not to keep alive.

Gone with a meaning,
Is a hope to let go.
Gone with a meaning,
Are dreams.
Gone with a meaning it seems...
Life to live with it to know.

Wishes to be wanted from the time Sun dawns.
Gone not to keep alive.
A happiness to get with somebody else met.
Gone not to keep alive.
Picking out places to be walked in the park.
Gone not to keep alive.
Life to live exciting every moment to invite.
Gone not to keep alive.

Gone with a meaning is a love to show.
Gone with a meaning is devotion.
Gone with a meaning are emotions exposed.
Gone not to keep alive.
And gone not to have them to hide to feel,
Anymore felt inside.

Gone with a meaning,
Is a hope to let go.
Gone with a meaning,
Are dreams.
Gone with a meaning it seems...
Life to live with it to know.

Life,
With pursuit of it.
Gone not to keep alive,
To live.
Life,
With pursuit of it.
Gone not to keep alive,
To live,
Life.
To live with it,
Liked.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Gone Off The Handle

There is no apparatus used,
When someone tries to regain
A status they abused!
Or nothing disrespectful,
To request a chance to win...
Those who may have felt offended,
By something offensive done
One attempts to defend!

And everyday brings a lesson that is learned.
Regardless of the teacher who supplies it!
And each of us has our days to forgive...
At least one person who we'd like to 'kill'
And not let live!
OR strangle!
At least someone who we know
That has gone 'off' the handle!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Gone To Forget To Leave

There are those who may choose to die.
For whatever reason...
Eyes are wanting to feel,
A realness and not a friction to absorb.
When platters of gold filled deceit,
Offer nothing else to be fed....
With a side order of sincerity seen,
Or felt to mention.

'Gone to forget to leave'

And the feasting of this is encouraged.

Until dishonesty is all that one dreads.
With a wish to numb the head,
From the stirrings that occur from truths.
And although the eating of deceit weakens,
On a daily basis when that addiction eats...
A cry goes unheard.
A sickening overwhelms...
And,
A wish to be released from it increases.

'Gone to forget to leave'

An encouraged emotionally abandoned mind...
Feeds until the peace of eternal rest has come,
Of what is wished.
And with a consciousness,
Desperately wanting transistion now a mission...
But never accepted to come from one so...
Talented and gifted!

But hurting from a place...
No one took the time to touch to get to know,
And so much pain was inside hiding.

And what was known to God,
Has joined the stars awaiting.

Pain was inside hiding.
Pain was inside hiding.

And what was known to God,
Has joined...
With the others worthy.

Pain was inside hiding.
Pain was inside hiding.

And what was known,
To God...
Has joined,
Eternity!

Goodbye to pain inside there hiding.
Pain inside there hiding.
No more pain inside there hiding.
Pain inside there hiding.
Gone is pain inside there hiding.
Pain inside there hiding.
There's no pain inside there hiding.
Pain inside there hiding.
Gone...
Pain inside there hiding.
Pain inside there hiding.
Gone...
Pain inside there hiding.
Pain inside there hiding.
Gone...
Pain inside there hiding.
Pain inside there hiding.
There's no pain inside there hiding,
Gone.
Gone to forget to leave.
That pain inside there hiding!
Gone to forget to leave.
That pain inside there hiding!
Gone to forget to leave.
There's no pain inside there hiding.
Gone to forget to leave.
Gone to forget to leave.

There's no pain inside there hiding.
Gone.
Gone to forget to leave.
Gone.
Gone to forget to leave.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Gone Too Far To Prove

Someday
You will think about this
And come to wish you chose
To be with me
Sharing your world
Wanting with overwhelming desire
For me to be there
To hold close

Someday

You will find
Dining alone and asking
Why
Sit and stare
Aware
Like I am right now
My embraces have gone empty
Without you
I know too well
This is just a spell

Someday
I hope my bitterness
Dispels my anger
To lift any loneliness
For me
Away from you
I am close to wishing you are
Lonely
Sitting there in remorse
Reminiscing dismissing me

And someday
You will wish
Sending me away
As quick
To convey
The finality of the anger

You displayed that day
Comes less often to haunt
Reliving intimacy

Someday
You will wish
Sending me away
Did not stop happiness
Everyday

Someday
You will find where we were
And sit aware
Staring
From a window lit by moonlight
Knowing
We both had gone too far
To prove
What stupid people do
To feel as stupid as I do
Now
Hearing your words
Punctuate
As I listen
Getting what I had missed
With a bit of hindsight
And wanting your eyes
To witness mine
Sometimes
Closed
Dripping with tears

Someday
You will think about this
And come to wish you chose
To be with me
Sharing your world
Wanting with overwhelming desire
For me to be there
To hold close

Someday

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Gone Unaddressed

They would like to excuse their degradations.
With their hands-on implementation of it.
To accuse others for standards and values...
Placed upon them from 'out-of-the-blue'.
And for generations there had been success,
By using the media to focus on this unrest.
With eyes focused upon the urban areas.
While the desperate needs of these folks...
Were purposely left gone unaddressed.

Well...
Those days are slowly moving on.
With a revelation...
That has come to unmask the perpetrators.
And a host of them,
Professed to be religiously those upright citizens.
For photo-ops in daylight to capture their fixed smiles.
With intentions to deceive and bleed with misdeeds,
In darkness.
Where demons like these spread and leave their bile!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Gone Unannounced Although Convincing

If in the being of yourself,
Has become disliked by someone else...
Why dwell upon it?

The odds are against anyone disliking this,
Sits sulking with a suffering...
From a high self esteem.

Or when seen publicly is exuding,
An over-abundance of self confidence...
Gone unannounced although convincing.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Gone Undetected

If everyone who lies,
Had lied or intends to...
In a professed confession...
To address this done,
For the purposes to say...
Their dishonesty that had ruined,
The life of someone...
They had convinced many others,
That THEY were victimized...
By those who despised them!

And to 'now' with wishes,
Desire to cleanse themselves...
To admit what they did,
Deserves heartfelt forgiveness!

Well...
Guess what?
Those whose lives have been ruined,
By every liar that told one...
Very few people embroiled to feel,
YEARS of bitterness...
Would admit,
The first thing on their mind is a forgiveness.

There has been 'millions' of people,
Affected by this wickedness...
By those who have achieved success,
Hiding their lies at the expense of someone else.
With a lieing done at their very best.

Who has not been affected,
By those self righteous who have gone undetected?

Who?

And who has not been conditioned,
To lie as if it is NOT a tradition?
And who has not been affected,

By those self righteous who have gone undetected?
Who?

'I too have been victimized by lies!
Most of my life.

Oh yeah?
Well, pick a number.
Then stand in line to voice your complaint.
And when that is done...
Cool your heels with those over there,
Making attempts to forgive someone...
As IF they weren't aware.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Gonna Live My Life For The Love Of It

Not gonna deal with the BS no more.
Or with the dirt left at my front door.
No more, no more, no more...
No more, no more!
Not gonna fight against ignorance.
Or with conditions that present it.
No more, no more, no more...
No more, no more!

I've grown to want a better appetite.
I like.
For my life.
Without a bit of blight,
To nibble off a piece of it...
To satisfy my hungered sight!
I've grown to want a better appetite.
I like.
For my life.
And spiced my way,
With a taste I can say is for me...
Done just right!

Not gonna fight against ignorance.
Or with conditions that present it.
No more, no more, no more...
No more, no more!
I've grown to want a better appetite.
I like.
For my life.
Without a bit of blight,
To nibble off a piece of it!

I've grown to want a better appetite.
I like.
With a taste I can say is for me...
Done just right!

No more, no more, no more...
Denying it.

No more, no more, no more...
Refusing it.
No more, no more, no more...
Unhappiness.
Gonna live my life for the love of it.
Today and always.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Good Advice Is Free

Looking up and down the street,
Before one goes across...
May save one's life without the strife.
And prevent paying a cost.

This advice is free.
This advice is free.
No matter what it is one thinks,
Agony is mean.
Nah, nah, nah-nah.

Before you pout and give me looks,
About something I say.
Open up your ears a moment,
Don't push me away.

This advice is free.
This advice is free.
No matter what you think of me...
I'm not your enemy.
Nah, nah, nah-nah.

Why do people get offended,
By a truth that's told.
But lies they seem to cling onto,
And then sell their own souls.
To leave them feeling...so low!

This advice is free.
No fee paid.
This advice is free.
No matter what expense is paid,
Good advice is free.
Nah, nah, nah-nah.
Nah, nah, nah-nah.

Why do people get offended,
By a truth that's told.
But lies they seem to cling onto,

And then sell their own souls.
To leave them feeling....so low!

This advice is free.
No fee paid.
This advice is free.
No matter what expense is paid,
Good advice is free.
Nah, nah, nah-nah.
Nah, nah, nah-nah.

Looking up and down the street,
Before one goes across...
May save one's life without the strife.
And prevent paying a cost.

Before you pout and give me looks,
About something I say.
Open up your ears a moment,
Don't push me away.

Good advice is free.
Good advice is free.
No matter what you think of me...
Good advice is free.

Good advice is free.
No fee paid.
Good advice is free.
No matter what expense is paid,
Think of preventing the agony.
Nah, nah, nah-nah.
Nah, nah, nah-nah.
Nah, nah, nah-nah, nah-nah NAH!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Good And Nasty

I am not one to play with.
Or someone to enjoy,
When you take time for recess.
Just for a moment of diversion,
Dipped in scripted pleasures.
You have stayed too long in the books.
Studying for answers,
And how things should look.
Even when it is good and nasty!

I am not an experiment...
For discussion or task to pass!
I am genuine and real.
Nothing in my makeup suggests...
I wish to leave anything covered,
Left alone in the dark untouched.
Or
A search to get dressed...
After satisfying in complete nakedness.

I am not one to play with.
Or someone to enjoy,
When you take time for recess.
My feelings for you are serious.
When you discover them...
We both will become delirious with joy!
Unless you have other methods,
To seduce in display...
To teach and convey,
Lessons of digressions!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Good Enough To Appreciate Me

One who has no desire to initiate a kindling,
Of a fire
To bring or stimulate pleasure to another.
But has an expectation on an ongoing basis,
To be the one fulfilled,
With outlandish fantasies to command,
From another to demand for a thrill
Is,
The one who will experience
A multitude of unsatisfying relationships.
With complaints heard in lamenting this,
In an attempt to show self restraint
Dared to slip from selfish lips.

'Why,
Is it always
I can not find anyone,
That is good enough to appreciate me?
And all I have to give.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Good Eye Contact

I have learned,
From the taking of surprise tests to pass...
That good intentions meant and verbally sent,
Are not always received...
Without them being re-interpreted,
By those seeking to evaluate and qualify...
A purpose other than the sentiment expressed,
Mentioned and sent with it meant.
People live lives,
Overthinking the basics to complex themselves.

I have learned simplicity treats me quite well.
With it best to keep good intentions kept meant,
To oneself until it has been shown to make known...
A life lived to accept and respect others,
For who they are to be...
And not heard from another what to expect,
Is a mutual understanding of an awareness felt...
To be as is and not a deception of someone's belief.

And today?
It is in one's own interest,
Not to say anything but nod.
With a doing to leave good eye contact.
To be left remembered,
As being sincere, sustained.
And perceived to have done this with intent.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Good For Business

It has never mattered,
Who from the elite is picked to lead.
Or where they sit alphabetically,
After they've been requested to return...
R.S.V.P. invitations to them, Sent exclusively.

The one thing,
That should matter...
To anyone still conscious,
With reality kept to believe.
Is...
Seldom are those,
Who have obtained wealth...
Have on their minds,
Those working homeless.
Pinching pennies, nickles...
And adding up dimes.
Or will they soon be seen,
In public grieving over...
People living in poverty.
Living their lives depleted,
By corruption, deceit.
And other cases of greed.

To those not on top,
Should not be shocked...
When it becomes discovered.
That anyone who has achieved,
Elitist status...
Have only one thing together,
Shared to find.
And that is an offshore bank.
To redefined this crime,
As good for business.
While complaining,
About those begging on streets
For change from them,
Of any kind to allow...
The possibility to get,

Something affordable to eat.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Good For Freakin'

Take with me a minute to freak!
We can stay together,
In unique-n' freakin'.

And we don't have to do it under sheets.
Unless the thread count of those sheets,
Soothes the shriekin'.

I love those sheets.
They're good for freakin'.
And when the count is high,
I go-oh!

I feel complete.
When freakin's over.
I roll away,
And to sleep I go-oh!

And we don't have to do it under sheets.
NO!
Unless the thread count of those sheets,
Soothes the shriekin'.

ooo-ooo-ooo-ooo-ahhh...
I love those sheets.
They're good for freakin'.
And when the count is high,
I go-oh!

I feel complete.
When freakin's over.
I roll away,
And to sleep I go-oh!

And we don't have to do it under sheets.
Unless the thread count of those sheets,
Soothes the shriekin'.

ooo-ooo-ooo-ooo-ahhh...

I love those sheets.
They're good for freakin'.
And when the count is high,
I go-oh!

And we don't have to do it under sheets.
NO!
Unless the thread count of those sheets,
Soothes the shriekin'.

I feel complete.
When freakin's over.
I roll away,
And to sleep I go-oh!

I love those sheets.
They're good for freakin'.
And when the count is high,
I go-oh!

Those sheets,
Are good for freakin'
And the count,
Is good for sleepin'.

Those sheets,
Are good for freakin'
And the count,
Is good for sleepin'.

Those sheets,
Are good for freakin'
They're good for freakin'.
Those sheets,
Are good for freakin'
They're good for freakin'.
Those sheets,
Are good for freakin'
They're good for freakin'.
They're good for freakin'.
They're good for freakin'.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Good For One's Moral Fiber

As astounding as the realities of today's events are,
Any attempt made to censor the availability...
Of what children can get,
Whether innocently ot not...
Without anyone's permission,
Almost makes that censorship done ineffectively...
More obscene in the denial of what exists.
Than those acts themselves commited.
And professed to be offensive.
But to whom?
Those locked up in sealed rooms?
Reviewing nonexisting standards...
That laid the foundation of today's wholesome outlooks?
Only a few self righteous dare to embrace.

Something planted to grow,
Had to have passed the sniff test.
With a disguising of it,
As good for one's moral fiber.
And acknowledging the consistency,
Of the effects this would mean to one on a regular diet.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Good Health That Is Enjoyed

There is nothing like knowing,
A peace of mind that one has achieved...
Came to be,
In increments.
Until every last bit of it,
Was deservingly welcomed.
And with joy received.

And as time passes on,
With those believed deceiving to please...
The one who reflects about the past,
Has no regrets.
Or wonders what has happened,
To those who did their best...
To upset one's current happiness.

As one who has received this peace of mind,
Has a life abundant...
With good health that IS enjoyed.
And validated success!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Good Is What You Need To Feed

Close your eyes.
Remove disturbances from your care.
Care less where you put them.
Just know they aren't there.
To stare and haunt your composure.
Silence the race within you.
Gently inhale and exhale your wishes.
Send them to become delivered.
And do not wait.
They need time to make them come true.
For you!
They will.
As soon as you begin to release impatience.
And exercise your desires.
Kindle that flame that sets a fire to them.
Feed your mind this in solitude.
Nourish your life with that which you like!
Let go of any bits of vindictiveness that may sit...
To visit and discomfort!
You want happiness to attract.
Let go of tit-for-tat spats that nibble on your good!
And good is what you need to feed,
Your dreams!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Good Luck

Your quest is to defeat me,
To relieve a sense of winning.
A challenge for you comes as a must.
And my needs are quite simple.
I seek just one relationship,
One I can enjoy and trust.

You wish I would show more dependence.
And my strength is in my identity.
This I acknowledge and it can not be given up.
But you wish to see a weakness in me.
And I can only say,
Good luck!

You have no idea,
What inspires my devotion!
Or what cements to anchor,
To that depth of my loyalty!
You have no idea,
What motivates me.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Good Medicine

Positivity kept in a mind to keep,
Is good medicine.
A negativity heard but from it to leave,
Is good medicine.
Getting up to have had enough,
Of all that stuff felt in one's gut.
With emotions connected to a rut,
Is good medicine...
Better than a staying,
In a medicated daze.

A mind determined negativity ends,
With a mending known...
What's not wanted again.
And stopping all nonsense,
Not to start to begin...
Is,
Good medicine.
Doing everyday to prevail.
Done with a doing,
And not thinking what would fail.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Good Mood Killers

I can not stay around,
Those good mood killers.
With their targets set,
Aimed to induce a producing of negativity.
And doing their best to squeeze,
Every remnant of freshness...
Welcomed with a pleasantness,
In once peace filled air.

I can not stay around,
Those who bemoan their lives...
With sustained groaning sounds.
To droan on and on,
As if their selfish thoughtlessness...
Is found to be discovered as a priceless gift.
And valued as a one of a kind bargain.

I can not stay around,
Those good mood killers.
Not if I seek to keep my peace and happiness intact.
And I have earned that.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Good Morning

Good morning.
I bet you thought you'd catch me snoring?
I had to get up early with the sunrise today.
To show another side of me...
You had not seen me display my way!

Good morning.
I wont hear you say today I'm boring.
I wanted to see a surprise look in your eyes.
But you're giving me shock...
As if I am in some kind of disguise!
It's me!
No need to look for an exit to flee!
And I've prepare for you breakfast, toast...
With your choice of coffee or tea!
Scrambled eggs just the way you like them too.
But baby don't look at me...
As if I'm trying to poison you!

Good morning!
I am glad to show an appreciation,
For you that's finally dawning!
Good morning!

Baby, I'm okay!
Sweetheart get off your knees like that...
There's no reason for you to take this time to pray!
Unless you're feeling blessed,
In the same way I discovered myself today?

Good morning!
And I'm going to do...
All those things I promised I would for you!
Good morning.
Yes, it is me!
The 'me' you thought I forgot you knew!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Good Things!

It's never too late to do good things...
When those good things come,
To be done!

It should never be a decision made,
Whether to show gratitute...
Whenever an attitude,
Is moody when it comes.
Do it...
No one loses!

It's never too late to show someone there,
You think of them just because you care.
Thinking they will know what it is you feel...
Does little for the one,
Who believes no one is aware...
With feelings that are real.

'How could they,
When they aren't there shown or spoken? '

And it's always a good sign...
To release and let things go!
When doubt is removed,
And your mind has approved
The doing is true and it can be proposed.

Hesitation for you will seldom come to show!
Knowing for you that good is in the doing,
And pursuing it from head to toe...
Has you moving.,
Reaping as you sow.

It's never too late to do good things...
When those good things come,
To be done!
Always contemplate good things,
And good things you did...
Makes those good things done grow!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Good Tidings, Goodwill And Lots Of Cheer

I just want to say,
During these holidays...
May every wish you dream,
Brings blessings fulfilled.
And the arrival of special gifts,
Coming your way without delay.

This is the season many reminisce,
Those cherished times...
With those often missed.

Hold all of these moments close to your heart.
Everyday throughout the year.
As joy and happiness,
Touches all that is treasured...
With such good tidings,
Goodwill and lots of cheer.

Happy holidays to you always.
Given with my wish...
These days bestowed upon you bring,
A fresh and crispness to unwrap and delight.
To sparkle and surprise.
Lifting you to shine and glow bright.
As the silent peaceful night...
Welcomes the magic witnessed at Sunrise.

Happy holidays,
To you always.
These days and throughout the year.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Goodbye To Uncommitted Shifting Rifts

No tears delivered,
From eyes known to cry.
From eyes open wide and dried...
A sparkle comes.

No tears delivered,
From eyes known to cry.
From eyes open wide and dried now...
A sparkle comes.
A clearing of Sun has shown to begun.

Goodbye to uncommitted shifting rifts.
To go through old emotions,
Too remoted to emote.

Goodbye...
Uncommitted shifting rifts.
And those performances unsuited,
To risk a happiness.

Goodbye...
Uncommitted shifting rifts.
And those performances unsuited,
To risk a happiness...
One wishes for to come and needs.

No tears delivered,
From eyes known to cry.
From eyes open wide and dried now...
A sparkle comes.
A clearing of Sun has shown to begun.

Goodbye to uncommitted shifting rifts.
To go through old emotions,
Too remoted to emote.

Goodbye to uncommitted shifting rifts.
No need repeats restarted.
Depart...

And from this heart just leave.

No tears delivered,
From eyes known to cry.
From eyes open wide and dried...
A sparkle comes.

Goodbye to uncommitted shifting rifts.
No need repeats restarted.
Depart...
And from this heart just leave.

Goodbye...
Uncommitted shifting rifts.
Goodbye...
Uncommitted shifting rifts.
And those performances,
Risking a happiness...
One wishes for to come,
And needs.

Goodbye to uncommitted shifting rifts.
Risking a happiness...
One wishes for to come,
And needs.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Goodbye, Dark Shadows

I've become detached.
I am one who has awakened,
From all that has held me back.

Goodbye,
Dark shadows.
Get up and off my path.
I am not the one to be saddled,
With anything to drag from my past.

My thoughts have been relieved,
Of anything dragged from my past.
And I refuse to relive and breathe,
Anything dragged from my past.
No painful memories,
Will visit with me to grasp.

Goodbye,
Dark shadows.
I've become detached.
I am one who has awakened,
From everything that held me back.

Goodbye,
Dark shadows.
Get up and off my path.
You are not gonna strap and saddle,
Anything dragged from the past.
No more groaning to condone,
Anything dragged from my past.
Shutting down tears I've wept for years,
Has dried up quick and fast.

Goodbye,
Dark shadows.
I've finally given you the shaft.
So...
Goodbye,
Dark shadows.

I'm feeding on the light at last.
A light that's on and streams with beaming,
Everything on my path.

Goodbye,
Dark shadows.
And clouds that came with rain.
Goodbye,
Dark shadows.
All doubts are gone to claim.
Goodbye,
Dark shadows.
A change in me remains.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Google Me

'You need to go to Los Angeles,
New York City, D.C.
Or even Atlanta 'if' you are serious.'

If I am serious about what?

'You know,
Making 'it'? '

Why should I go to those places?
I've been comfortable making 'it'
Right here.
And sometimes I use incense.
That's how potent 'my' making it is!

'Oh!
You got jokes? '

However...
If you're referring to making 'it'
In terms of name establishment?
Google me!
Isn't that what 'they' say in 'those' places?
And I don't have to step foot out of my home,
To be successfully Googled.
Can 'you' say that?

You need to go to Los Angeles,
New York City.
Or even Atlanta 'if' you are serious.

'If I am serious about what? '

You know,
Making 'it'?
To then become 'Googlized.'
When you're 'googled' people go 'gaga'.
But...
I didn't have to trip like that.

I was 'discovered'.

'Geeesssshhh...
Why are we talking about this? '

You brought it up!
Quicker than if I had been URL'd.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Goose Bump Me Weak From A Grumpy Crunch

Who do you think you are to me?
Someone who keeps my eyelids separate,
Fluttering to close but don't shut together to sleep?
You come with a touch to tremble me deep!
Goose bump me weak from a grumpy crunch that leaps.
You think you got it like that?
Like that you think you got it?
I'm not quick to say come take this!
Take it quick and then from me split.
Thump my heart and pump me up...
Make me believe I can rub your rump!
To leave me heated for you to dump?
You think you got it like that?
Do you?
Well...
You do!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Goosebumps With Shivers

Countless nights I use to lay in fear,
Sleepless and wondering how safe...
My personal security I held dear,
Was being jeopardized by those I could not see.
Someone around me I was told to believe creeps.

Goosebumps with the shivers I would get daily!
Looking for that man who bogeyed to boo.
So I danced with a golf club in my hand.
Prepared to hit a hole in one over par.
Whenever given that chance.

And today that fear from me has ceased.
Since I discovered those wining and dining,
Have invested their self interest only...
In protecting their own treasure chests,
Kept on shores hidden somewhere overseas.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Got To Get Away

Got to get away.
Too many things I'm paying
For no reason.
Tensions come...
And I want them off my back!
For a fact...
Got to pack,
And need to leave!

Got to get away.
Before I say something
I am forced to retrack.
Before my 'goodness'
Comes under attack!
And like most folks...
I am not having that!

Got to get away...
Without hesitation!
Without delay!
This has to happen and right now!
Any second thoughts are not allowed!

Got to get away.
Before I say something,
I am forced to retrack.
And like most folks...
I am not having that!
For a fact...
Got to pack,
And need to leave!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Got To Knock Those Fences Down

We've got to knock,
Those fences down!
And every opposition,
Creating tensions mentioned.

Those defenses we keep hanging around...
Gotta be knocked knocked knocked to the ground.
Minimizing mistakes once made.
And lay purpose to correct our ways.

They will stand up in dismay,
To say they dislike what is said.
Those feeble beavers.
Munching on foundations.
Degrading with fixations...
To increase their greed,
Feeding sickened mentalities.

While some choose to sniff for floral scents...
Refusing to acknowledge,
The presence of decadence.
Hoping to get as high as possible...
On pretense and attempts,
For meaningless attention.

Those defenses we keep hanging around...
Gotta be knocked knocked knocked to the ground.
Minimizing mistakes once made.
And lay purpose to correct our ways.

We've got to knock,
Those fences down!
And every opposition,
Creating tensions mentioned.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Got Up To New Stuff

Today is 'my' day!
And,
I'm going to have it my way,
Today.

Getting rid of those 'come what mays'
Laying around to delay.
But not today.
This day is mine.
To do and find ways to please,
Me.
No matter who believes,
I should not live this selfishly!

Today is 'my' day!
I got up to find my mind had had enough.
I awakened to find a filled cup.
And what had spilled over,
I didn't miss a beat...
When I bottled the rest of my gratefulness up.

Today,
I got up to new stuff.
Today,
My mind had had enough,
Of the old ways of doing things.
And recognized my cup spilleth over.
With a rushing done to bottled the rest of it up.
To ensure tomorrow,
There was some left to sip as I chose.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Gotta Bad Nose Job

Bah bah bah babbay,
You brought the Moon.
Bah,
Babbay...
You brought the Stars.
Bah,
Babbay...
You brought the Sun,
Right into my heart!

Bah,
Babbay...
And when I sleep.
Bah,
Babbay...
My dreams get to leaping.
Bah,
Babbay...
And you know...
I am up to pace the floor.

'Cause I know,
You know...
I gotta bad nose job!

Bah
Bababy...
You brought the Stars.
Bah,
Babbay...
You brought the Sun,
Right into my heart!
And you know...
I know,
I gotta bad nose job!

Bah bah bah babbay,
You brought the Moon.
Bah,

Babbay...
You brought the Stars.
Bah,
Babbay...
You brought the Sun,
Right into my heart!
And you know...
I know you know,
I gotta bad nose job!

Yes I know you know...
I've got that bad nose job!

'You wanna put some 'salsa'
On that 'lemon merange'?
Do ya!
For your rhythmic pleasure?
Do ya?
And seal it with a French kiss?
Do ya? '

Yes I know...
You KNOW,
I've got that bad nose job.
Bah babbay...
Yes I've got it.
Bah babbay...
Yes I do.
Bah babbay...
Yes I've got it.
And you know it too.

Yes I know...
You KNOW I've-got-that BAD nose job!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Grabbing That One Brass Ring

Some choose to ride on the bandwagon,
That fights for rights...
And the replenishing of lost jobs and entitlements.

Others have chosen to ride their bandwagon,
Of less spending to be done...
With an elimination of too much government in their lives.

Both groups are justified,
In the keeping of the visions they have intact.
No one wants to pay for a way of life that is slipping away.

However...
They should not call their activities,
Bandwagons at all.

They should call what they do,
A riding on separate merry-go-rounds.
And build a bigger one,
To ensure all are seeing...
The needs they are seeking,
Have just one brass ring to reach.

And all the horses on that merry-go-round,
Are going up and down as they argue about...
Who amongst them should be credited,
For grabbing that one brass ring.
The only thing that has become more important,
For them...
Than the diminishing of gold,
Slipping away from the hold of their grasp!

Everyone wants diversity.
But no one seems to know what the word means.
Or who should be in a position to define it,
To represent all fighting to keep their divisions...
While a chasing continues for tails they can not catch.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Graciousness

I don't intend to dye it at all.
It has been well deserved.
I earned it.
I try to execise,
To keep my body physically fit.
So I don't give the appearance of Godzilla.
I don't have that temperment.
But I do admit to a raised eyebrow...
Especially around those who assume,
My graciousness comes without effort!

The older I get,
The more of it is expected.
And on some days I may disappoint.
Those are the days I'm not hardly trying to show grace.
Those are my rudeness days.
And I do my best to provide balance!
Some folks don't get the message...
Until all sides are allowed a scrutinized view!
It entices gossip.
And I am not beneath delivering to this need!

'I am not talking about your hair.
I thought you thought I was talking about your hair? '

I've learned as I get older...
Say anything!
It doesn't matter.
Few listen.
And those that do...
Have no clue what the conversation is about!
Tie it all in!
Ultimately they will believe it all makes sense.
It doesn't have to!
And that's what I love most about aging!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Graduation Day

The moment it is realized,
A chip long carried on your shoulder
Has been dissolved...
A graduation has occurred.
And you have moved on.
It has dawned on you,
Bitterness that you knew...
Has gone!
It's graduation day!
And knowing you belong among
Those who can truthfully say they can forgive.
Is a blessing to have lived to learn,
That lesson!
So many have failed and given up.
They are the ones heard stuck...
Finding fault with everything.
And nothing within them is felt to give!
Those are the ones who live life,
Being right without insight!
And on the tips of their tongues,
Is a complaint about something or someone.
And what who did and how it was done...
To them.
They want the attention,
Although they don't listen!
And...
At some point in time,
Minds they have are left behind!
In affairs misunderstood with blame to claim.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Grand Design

Too many live in the world to be of it.
And like particles of dust,
Collect where the wind blows.

There are not enough in it but not of it,
To captivate the growth...
Of imagination these days.

Overcrowded are the pews of those praying,
To keep their lifestyles fixed to an accustomed rust...
Than there are those keeping their faith and trust,
If dust...
To be swept up to participate in all that life,
Has given them to experience.
Knowing they contribute to a grand design.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Grandiose Approaches

Those grandiose approaches spoken,
From podiums to deliver token speeches made...
While the ones running to be elected,
To represent the best of delusions...
Dress in tailored suits and silkened ties,
With patriotic symbols affixed to lapels.
As if to yell an affiliation to make this clear,
An intention to elicit those sitting in their seats...
To stand and cheer.
With a sending of signals to the listener,
Every two to four years...
They are in the midst of a campaign season.

And everything to fix their problems...
Is understood what the people wish to hear.
No matter if it appears to the people...
Not a word is mentioned,
Of when their needs promised will be met.
Yet...
A selling of an image is more important,
To impress.
Than the reality of the lives they live.
Left to go unaddressed...
But great are the performances that stun.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Grandma Didn'T Spend A Dime To Find Logic

Those who believe they can predict Mother Nature,
Are the same ones who perceive,
They can create the flavor and taste...
Of Grandma's award winning Sweet Potato Pie.
Only to realize,
Such predictions are a waste of time...
And money spent,
Educating themselves to 'be' Grandma.
When Grandma didn't spend a dime to find logic.
Grandma had a mind of her own.
Satisfying each and everytime AND was unpredictable!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Grandma Knew What She Put Into The Oven

Crime is rampant
Children are out of control
Corruption is mainstream
Mental chaos is the norm...
And the people say
How could this be?
Where were they upon this delivery?
'Someone' had to want what's going on!
If they did not...
These things would not exist!
People only have what they want.
When did it occur to them,
These disturbances were not of their making?
Even grandma knew what she put into the oven!
She had to!
Sometimes I was there when she took it out!
She might have left the stove on once or twice...
But someone was always there to turn it off!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Granola Homemade

Give me some of those walnuts.
Dried cranberries, brown sugar...
And rolled oats to bunch up.

I'll crush that stuff with raisins...
To make granola to munch!

Add with that papaya bits.
Cashews too with diced pineapple mixed.
And a snack to enjoy with fingers to lick..
Is granola homemade that's great and fit.

Granola homemade is a wonderful taste.
And a snack that'll boost you up.
Replace that soda with some lemonade.
And a snack that'll boost you up!

Give me some of those walnuts.
Dried cranberries, brown sugar...
And rolled oats to bunch.

Granola homemade is a wonderful taste.
a-knock knock
And a snack that'll boost you up.
Replace that soda with some lemonade.
a-knock knock
And a snack that'll boost you up!

Add with that papaya bits.
Cashews too with diced pineapple mixed.
And a snack to enjoy with fingers to lick..
Is granola homemade that's great!

Granola homemade is a wonderful taste.
a-knock knock
And a snack that'll boost you up.
Replace that soda with some lemonade.
a-knock knock
That's a snack that'll boost you up!

a-knock knock
That's a snack that'll boost you up!
a-knock knock
That's a snack that'll boost you up!
a-knock knock
That's a snack that'll boost you up!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Granted Powers To Disrespect

People have taken their lives too lightly.
With expectations of an easy serving of entitlements.
Only those who volunteered and fought for the rights,
To keep them intact should receive gratitude.
The others who protest,
As if to them a giving is part of an inheritance...
Have shown themselves self obsessed.
And the cause and effect why a quality of life,
Has become diseased by those privileged to show...
They've been granted powers to disrespect.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Grass

May I lay upon your essence fresh.
With morning dew as the Sun slowly rises,
In bluing skies.

May I,
Grass...
Just lay with my back on you.
To feel your hold,
Lush to the touch.

So green against my skin.
Feeling a new day,
Beginning.
And welcoming it,
Happy and grinning.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Grassroots And By-Products Of The Ghetto

Suited with blessings I have been,
To live amongst 'my' people.
People others consider to be grassroots,
And by-products of the ghetto.

There is nothing like knowing,
An environment from its core.
Or a place and how it operates,
By the reflection of how the people are treated.

And when divisions and disrespect is shown,
Immediately I see and connect as to how this can exist.
Who allows it to happen.
And those if they wished...could have long prevented it.

Suited with blessings I have been,
To live amongst 'my' people.
People others consider to be grassroots,
And by-products of the ghetto.

There is nothing like knowing,
An environment from its core.
Or a place and how it operates,
By the reflection of how the people are treated.

And when divisions and disrespect is shown,
Immediately I see and connect as to how this can exist.
Who allows it to happen.
And those if they wished...could have long prevented it.

I also see the reasons why...
So many have sacrificed the giving of time and their lives,
To eventually walk away from that which has been cemented...
In minds wanting things to remain just the way they are.

'I'm not asking you to do 'as' I do.
You will do as I say you do,
In my home and I hope that is understood.
No one here seeks your judgement to pass.

Or have asked for it.

And how you handle your business,
May not be a wish how I will handle mine.
I am comfortable here if you're not go home.
To be or not to be as you choose.
I am not confused as to who I am.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Grateful

Any day
That the Sun,
For me
Rises!

I will leave days lived alone.
A new day has been born.
And forward I move on.
Those yesterdays are gone.

Any day...
I wish to say,
I am...
Grateful!

To leave days left alone.
A new day has been born.
And forward I move on.
Those yesterdays are gone.

My eyes search desperately with clarity to see,
Where I can plant seeds.
And do good deeds to please.
I will live a life that's happy.
I will live a life in peace.

All the days,
That the Sun rises...
I will be grateful!
To be able to pick happy,
On my face and back to carry.

All the days,
That the Sun rises...
I will be grateful!
To be able to pick happy,
On my face and back to carry.
To be able to pick happy,
On my face and back to carry.

To be able to pick happy,
On my face and back to carry.

All the days,
That the Sun rises
I will be grateful!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Grateful And Pleased

I've been too real.
And I think,
That has been my greatest flaw.

When someone discovers,
A thing one does...
Is much bigger than they perceive.
They begin to believe,
It should be shown...
As they conceive it to be.
Like in magazines, movies...
Or on national TV.

And when it isn't...
They don't know how to react.
Since they know they have shown,
A lot of disrespect.

And they expect to get that back.

And when they realize,
Something genuine has been missed...
They attempt to overcompensate for it.
Instead of showing the respect given,
That has been shown to them.
They begin to then look at another a different way.
As if what had been displayed for years...
To them had not been known that way.

I've been too real.
And I think,
That has been my greatest flaw.

And that's why I prefer the peace of my own company.
Too many are deluded,
By impressions of success.
And why those amongst them...
Should live somewhere else to do that best.

'So and so,
Has a condo in New York City.
Did you know so and so,
Moved from Atlanta to LA? '

No I didn't.
I'm glad to have a bus pass.
Ad peace of mind with me everyday.
And I pray for it to last.

I am grateful and pleased,
To be right where I am!
And happy to have my life in perspective.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Grateful For This Consciousness

Mold and crafted,
Shaped and tweaked.
Here I am
With memories bittersweet.
And I stand on my feet,
Knowing who and what I am.
Grateful for this consciousness,
And blessed to be this man!

Bold and unafraid to speak,
About exposed injustices...
I observe on urban streets!
I realize my connection
Is linked within me deep.
I am so much a part of this,
So much I am restless...
And I can not sleep!

Told of limitations born
Upon my heritage.
Given statistics I am shown
To keep my thoughts negative!
But I am more,
Than flesh one sees of color.
My feelings are genuinely fused...
And these abusing views,
Of my brother being used
Bestows no peace,
on my mind...
Like some others!

Mold and crafted,
Shaped and tweaked.
Here I am
With memories bittersweet.
And I stand on my feet,
Knowing who and what I am.
Grateful for this consciousness,
And blessed to be this man!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Grateful For Traditions

Thick the gravy made did sit.
With turkey giblets tempting,
The licking of awaiting lips.

Dressing prepared,
Next to a glazed honeyed ham.
With collard greens smelling good,
As the potato salad nestled close
To chit'lins and delicious candied yams.

Pumpkin, apple and sweet potato pies...
Filled the air with anticipation,
As the black-eyed peas and rice
Were passed by!

Heads are bowed in prayer...
Giving thanks for blessings,
And grateful for traditions!
Feeding a heritage nurtured well,
When families gather...
For these feasting eating missions!

'Grandma...
Will you tell grandpa to stop talking,
And pass the fried chicken...please! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Grateful One

I do not wonder why,
Things are the way they are.
They are the way they are!
And I don't wonder why.

I do not sit with wishes,
That events could turn out differently.
Or reminisce in 'what ifs'...
Of 'that' which should have been done.
Especially if I've been empowered,
To pursue a choice that has been made.
With regrets I should have left alone...
Like some frozen in a time zone!

I have known for quite some time...
Whatever happiness I have,
Is happiness that is mine!
And I don't wonder why that is!
It 'is' as it is.
And I am the grateful one!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Grateful To Express

They don't know what 'this' is!
'This'...here!
Because they have no idea who I am,
And 'how' I am connected to it!

'They'!
'Them'!
'Those' and/or the others...
Believe creative expression is easy.
That's why they are quick to toss it aside...
And dismiss it as simplistic.
A lazy man's genocide!

They rather adorn something worn...
Or display a thing or two,
To show those thoughtless how well they are doing!
In something quick and pleasing to the eye.
Since being creative is for the 'lazy'.
And they want to be portrayed as 'thee' workers,
Of the Earth!
You know the type...
Every 15minutes,
They're running to get a cup of coffee!
Or stopping by a co-worker's desk...
For a twenty minute chat,
About where they are going for lunch!
To spend at least an hour and 20 minutes.
Those who 'work' HARD ALL DAY LONG!
You know the kind!
The ones who don't have time,
For exercise or hobbies!
And exhausted from a 9 to 5 gig!

And, of course...
What I do 'anyone' can do and...
WHY aren't you in New York City Or LA...
Anyway?
And as I watch their realities wither away and rust...
I thank God for blessing my life with an abundance,

Of 'nothingness' I am grateful to express!
And share with those from places,
All over the world!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Grateful To Have 'That' Affect Suspected

I don't 'get off'...
By self promoting my abilities as writer.
I have this 'thing' about wanting to comprehend,
Relationships and how they begin and why they end.
That has always been my interest.
I wish there was some hidden agenda to share and reveal,
As some may suspect I do to get something off my chest.
But there is nothing I keep on my chest to get off.
That's why I am grateful to have an ability to write.
With a leaving to have others to believe,
There's more depth in this...
Than my own cost effective therapy.
Applied over the years...
To have some believe I spy through their windows.
And I am blessed and grateful to have 'that' affect suspected.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Grateful To Them For This

I've earned the right to make my own decisions.
And to decide what I like and dislike.
I 'try' not to give unsolicited opinions.
And the passing of judgement,
I rarely do.
What does my critique expressed,
Satisfy or improve?

For many years,
I've known what had created my past headaches.
And when I recognize them coming,
I head the other way.
To save them a sniff or a lifting of their nose.
Where I come from...
There are many in number of those with upturned noses.

It took me a long time to understand,
Not to waste my time seeking acceptance.
Because people who perceive someone seeks,
Their acceptance...
It gives them validation to believe themselves,
Better than anyone else.
And 'if' they have created ways to isolate themselves...
To others they have given to them a gift!
And I am grateful to them for this.

'I like very much,
That effort you made.
Now...
Can you prove you can stay out of my way?
And leave,
Not take...
Those resources that are mine.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Gratefully Not Available

No thanks!
Scratch me off your list.
No matter where I appear on it.

You call...
After all these years.
To have a confrontation,
Or to leave me in tears?
Which is it?

A call to see how I am doing?
To ask who I am screwing of late?
What audacity you have,
To think I am here waiting?
I'm surprise you're still alive!
I have no intentions to return to your jive.

No thanks!
Scratch me off your list.
No matter where I appear on it.

I am doing well.
And I hope you are too.
I have no animosity in my heart for you.
I have gone on with my life...
Inspired and motivated.
Is that what you do?

You want us to discuss what went wrong?
You want us to reconnect,
To make what you left stronger...
From your point of view?
You must be crazed to believe those days,
With you I wish to relive.
To raise more havoc I rid from myself...
To invite back with you to live?
You're nuts!

No thanks!

Scratch me off your list.
No matter where I appear on it.
And no matter what thoughts you had,
And still have of me...
I appreciate your call.
However...
Erase from your mind,
Any memories you believe I still cherish.

No thanks!
Scratch me off your list.
No matter where I appear on it.
In fact...
Burn it!
And connect this to your mind:
'For you there is not time!
It has gone.
And I am gratefully not available! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Gratifying Power

Beauty that is chased,
May not realize it is sought...
To be admired!
It makes attempts to be elusive.

On the other hand...
Ugliness will hunt you down!
And is not satisfied,
Until someone pays attention!
Leaving a lot of what it does enforced.

Much like heaven verses hell.
Peace without unrest.
Marriage before divorce.
Sex and the quieting affects of masturbation.
Stimulating with such mental relaxation.
However...
There can be something said,
About the gratifying power...
Of just being alone!
It seems to be less of a quorum needed!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Gravitas

Sir?
I hate to disturb you.
And your meditations.
Sir...
Remember those people,
Who ostracized you?
A few years ago.
Do you remember them?

'Like a prostrate exam.
Why? '

You will not believe this.
But,
They are at the door.

'What door? '

Your door.
This one.

'Uh...um..uh.'

Sir?
Incredible as this may seem.
They still wear those same outfits.
The ballroom attire.
The gowns and tuxedos.
But...
They are torn and tattered.
They look dreadful.

'Uh...I..I..um.'

And...
They carry a huge basket of assorted fruits.
A case of champagne.
With a bouquet of the most fantastic flowers,
I have not seen since the passing of Princess Diana.

'What are they upto I wonder? '

They 'say' they are hoping you forgive them.
Not only for ruining your life.
But the years of the backstabbing,
Character assassinations done against you.
When you attempted to persuade them,
Their lives were being endangered.
By their negligence.
And they've come to offer heartfelt respect.

'What kind of apples were in the basket?
Any Empire or MacIntosh?
Walnuts or cashews?
Bananas? Tangerines? Pineapples? '

Uh...yeeeaaah.

'Great.
The gravitas of the moment escapes my tongue.
I think there is a sewing kit in the pantry.
Give it to them.
I can get another one.'

And?

'Close the door.
Bring me the basket.
Take what you want.'

Sir?
Are you malaised,
With no gravitas?
Is there something else you wish to say.
Something you wish of them to ask?

'No.
Oh...
Yes there is.
Remind me to remove the baked chicken,
From the oven in twenty minutes.'

That's it?

'You can hand me a MacIntosh.
I can't wait to sink my teeth in it! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Gravy Train

Many more will find it easier,
To hop off the fence.
Once they have convinced themselves...
That sitting on it,
Makes little sense.

That practice had lasted too long...
With some appearing as if monuments.
As others claimed they had evidence,
To prove scarecrows can't fly...
They just sit making noises,
As time goes by!

While others from a different flock...
Fall asleep,
Awaiting the arrival of a gravy train.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Greasy Fingers You Don'T Need 'Em

Would you give up your midnight snack,
Knowing you should not do that?

Oh oh.
Oh. Oh. Oh...
Ooo.

Would you give bad habits back,
If it widened you with fat?

Oh oh.
Oh. Oh. Oh...
Ooo.

Would you minimize your woes,
If you chose not to buy new clothes?

Oh oh.
Oh. Oh. Oh...
Ooo.

Would you get down on the floor,
Exercising even more?

Oh oh.
Oh. Oh. Oh...
Ooo.

If you really want to feel real good,
You've gotta work your butt...
Off!
No diets you can take,
Will erase those pounds you make.
To leave,
You...
Happier each day.
And determining to stay,
That way.

Greasy fingers you don't need 'em!

Would you give up your midnight snack,
Knowing you should not do that?

Oh oh.
Oh. Oh. Oh...
Ooo.

Would you give bad habits back,
If it widened you with fat?

Oh oh.
Oh. Oh. Oh...
Ooo.

If you really want to feel real good,
You've gotta work your butt...
Off!
No diets you can take,
Will erase those pounds you make.
To leave,
You...
Happier each day.
And determining to stay,
That way.

Greasy fingers you don't need 'em!
One day you'll lick,
And pay.

Oh oh.
Oh. Oh. Oh...
Ooo.

Would you give up your midnight snack,
Knowing you should not do that?
Would you give bad habits back,
If it widened you with fat?

Oh oh.
Oh. Oh. Oh...

Ooo.

Ewww!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Great! Some Progress Is Being Made

The only ones who seem to come,
To appreciate life...
And the value of this blessing,
Are those who have endured through losses.
The losing of a loved one not to return,
Can burn through a heart to leave a big hole in it.

Those who have endured,
Health issues to feel them to last forever.
To never rid the condoning of them alone.
Are left to moan to disturb no one's silence.
And then...
An injection of reality happens.

Others who have yet to experience,
What it takes to depend just on their faith...
As a way to eliminate,
Their pain and sorrows to feel.
Will always be the ones heard to say,
What 'they' would do if in someone else's shoes.
To have never been alone condoning...

Being forced to strip butt naked.
Stuck in every body part,
With needles flowing unexplained fluids.
And listening to medical hospital personnel,
Adorning masks to ask...
If what they have done,
Provides any comfort at all that comes.

'Uh...
I'm unable to feel anything anymore.
Why are your faces turning into birds chirping?
And why is that 'tuba' being played so low?
Why is strawberry icecream,
Slowly dripping into my arms? '

~Great! Some progress is being made.
Perhaps in a few weeks,

We can release you from isolation.~

'Do you have to?
Why are you wrapping me so tight,
In vanilla toffee?
Please don't leave me alone, Popeye.'

~Popeye? ~

'The sailorman.
Is that 'you' Olive Oil? '

~Do as we say.
And before you know it,
These days you will seldom reminisce.~

'Okay, grandma.
Why are you jumping rope in here? '

The only ones who seem to come,
To appreciate life...
And the value of this blessing,
Are those who have endured through losses.
The losing of a loved one not to return,
Can burn through a heart to leave a big hole in it.

~You are making fantastic progress.~

'She's a brick...
Howwwwssss.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Greater Than Most

Challenges are many.
And those balls some juggle,
Are greater than most.

The steps it takes to move forward,
Seem weighted and thick.
As if the paths those journey,
Must be done with the carrying...
Of a ton of bricks.

Yet,
There is a light that shines...
With an easing of tensions.
There is a fresh breeze that blows,
To cool and dry the wetness of sweat.

And even though the challenges of many,
That are faced.
There is a place of rest to reflect...
The rewards of continuing on.

With an achieving of success...
Those determined and motivated,
Feel within themselves and get!

Challenges are many.
And those balls some juggle,
Are greater than most.
Yet,
There is a light that shines...
With an easing of tensions.

With an achieving of success...
Those determined and motivated,
Feel within themselves and get!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Greatness

You want to be led to greatness.
You believe that it comes,
Without pain and sacrifice.
You perceive it to be a condition taught.
Something instructed or can be bought.
Something delivered upon your acceptance.
But no one known that is considered great...
Waited in anticipation to have it placed,
And presented on a plate as they safely ate!

Greatness isn't something someone takes.
Greatness is announced...
After someone has been trounced,
Through the trenches!

And 'remarkably' survives.
Surprising even the one who is stunned.
This was not a consideration,
In the mind of one who kept focused...
On what at the time,
Needed to be done!

And greatness was bestowed,
By what one did and showed!

Rising to heights,
Inspite of opposition!
And not submitting to a conformity,
That sits and seeks to be led!

Greatness is ahead of those,
Following!
Those feeding,
Upon wishes to be fed!
By that which has been left,
To nibble and taste...
From pioneering explorations!
In a desperation to succeed!
And most times discovered,

In disregard of danger!
In disregard...
Of blood one might bleed!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Greatness That Was

A greatness that was...
And grossly depicted in myths.
With an embellishment done,
Throughout generations entertained by this!
Has long sat on shelves dusting.
And rusted from a lack of activity.
But convenient to use as reference material...
To excuse these times abused.
Although...
Long neglected.
Yet now picked to select,
During times accusations are displayed.
For many to wave their fingers to blame...
As a decaying lays.
And everyone has paid the price,
To maintain their observances...
And their rights,
To fight to keep this in place!
As is.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Greed Is The Feast Of The Beast

When industires can easily,
Produce billions of dollars...
To effect mentalities negatively,
Who amongst those making these decisions...
Will admit this with an honesty?

Especially...
When it has been already observed,
That a purpose has been served.

And yet...
Making it more difficult to get,
Mental assistance for the ones needing it...
Than it is a weapon to protect someone,
Who has been made to believe...
There are enemies on the prowl.
Whether hunted to uncover or not...
A creating of them is allowed.

When industires can easily,
Produce billions of dollars...
To effect mentalities negatively,
Who amongst those making these decisions...
Will admit this with an honesty?

Business has infested integrity.
And greed is the feast of the beast.
No matter from where opposition is released,
Business has infested integrity!
And greed is the feast of the beast.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Greed Promotes The Rage

A greed promotes the rage.
A greed permitted...
And it parades.

Conflicts and battles picked,
By the ones soliciting this,
To have their greed protected and saved.

But the madness doesn't sit.
It spreads with a permanence,
Until the greed that is fed fades.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Greedy Eagles

Even the eagles' greed have killed them!
Can you believe?
Bald eagles wet and can not fly?
Gorging themselves over wasted fish to die!
And when the temperatures dipped,
Into freezing 'teens'...
At least nineteen of fifty greedy eagles,
Were frozen wet and had met their deaths.

And 'they' are the symbols of this land!
Representing...
Just how far,
A land where greed and mankind,
Have gotten out of hand!
To feast and die,
Feeding greed...
That does not guarantee or provide survival!
Not their own,
It seems.

NOTE:
This report was made January 12th 2008.
Occuring in or near Kodiak, Alaska.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Green, Peppermint And...Or Blueberry Tea

Squeeze fresh lemon or concentrate
Into a cup of hot water,
Where the tea brewing awaits.
Green, Peppermint and...or Blueberry tea,
Are good to sip and relax with...
When sitting peacefully.
They have properties to cleanse as well.
So many herbs like them do.
But if you want to soothe your mind and rest...
Have a treat,
Perhaps a bagel or croissant to eat.
And make this a daily thing you do.
Choose to do something different just for you.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Greet The Sun As It Rises

Remove thoughts cemented in disappointment.
Decide that life is meant to live happily.
Greet the Sun as it rises with this to do intended.
And give gratitude to the Moon.
With this done to realize without their presence,
Life to live on Earth would not be possible.
Even though those believing themselves powerful,
Have misguided minds searching to find more demented.
Do not consent to lament their actions.
Or consider giving attention to conflict and confusion.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Greeting Quickies

Uh uh uh
Don't you touch that dial.
You tuned in on me...
And that made us both smile.

Yes I'm available.
Not tied to a wedding band.
Unfaithfulness in theory,
Is tired when discussed...
When matters are taking in one's hands!

We both want this...
And that we understand!
It is the cheating that attracts these meetings,
And tomorrow let's lay down,
Instead greeting quickies...
Doing it as we stand!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Grew To Believe

I did not awaken with dreams to write.
Or decide I was creative.
I awakened each day trying to fight it,
This appetite I had.
Especially when I thought that I had,
Something I should not want to have.

Few people I knew were encouraged to express,
An acceptance of their gifts.
I grew up in the projects.
And those who were 'different' were made to feel it.

Few people I knew were encouraged to express,
A happiness with talents they possessed.
With a gladness from others...
Who did not address an envy with a jealousness.

But a showing of a knowing that I knew,
Grew...
Inside of me.
Yes,
A showing of a knowing that I knew...
Grew!

A showing of a knowing that I knew,
Grew...
Inside of me.
Yes,
A showing of a knowing that I knew...
Grew,
To believe.

I did not awaken with dreams to write.
Or decide I was creative.
I awakened each day trying to fight it,
This appetite I had.
But...
A showing of a knowing that I knew,
Grew...

Inside of me.
Yes,
A showing of a knowing that I knew...
Grew,
To believe.

A showing of a knowing that I knew,
Grew...
Inside of me.

A showing of a knowing that I knew...
Grew,
To believe.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Gridlock Blocks

Gridlock blocks and stops,
Advancement.
And those who attempt to prevent this growth,
With their votes...
Choke,
On their own ineptitude provoked.

And there...
Under a glaring spotlight,
They've become stunned...
By those seeking to see them,
Get things done.
To eventually be revealed to everyone...
That gettings things done,
Is not one of their capabilities.

Upsetting a correct direction,
That has promise to become effective...
Is the only implementation used to increase,
An obsession the opposition uses,
To ensure complete defeat.
Even if it is at their own expense.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Gridlock, Polarization And Shown Indifference

Gridlock.
Polarization and shown indifference.
Each has a similar effect.
Each prevents progress.
Each suppresses without exception,
Those who believe their best interests are kept...
By anyone elected to represent them.
This process used to be called 'oppression'.
But for whatever the purpose and reason,
To have a political correctness accepted...
Gridlock, polarization and shown indifference,
Has become more tolerated by those constituents...
Teased 'indefinitely' and kept in divisions,
With belief their 'entitlements' include...
A debating of their lives and the quality,
Will someday be enhanced...
When gridlock, polarization and shown indifference ends.
And a resuscitation to that which had been valued returns.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Grilled Tofu (Soiled Beans)

Fed to feed on a series,
Of back to back factless...
And smothered in unhealthy,
Fat distractions.
Leaving many left to perceive,
What they are being served...
Is grade 'A' selected meat.
With it hoped no one notices,
What they eat to request...
To wish for more,
Of its deliciousness...
Is actually leftover,
Grilled tofu.
The curd of soiled beans.

'You mean,
The curd of 'soybeans'.'

No!
Those beans have been soiled.
Spoiled and rotten to the core.

'Why would anyone want more? '

It's the cook!
The cook convinced them,
His beef was real.
And not made up to lie about,
Its origin.
And no one as of yet,
Directly has questioned him.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Grim And Stuck On Their Knees

Grim and stuck on their knees.
Too many people with weak souls.
They are the ones claiming to know...
How others should go about their days,
And pray.

Grim...
And stuck on their knees.
Seekers wishing to be equal.
But complain about their troubles,
And evils they face all day.

Seen running to be hidden in shadows.
Running from realities they choose not to believe.
Desperate are the lives of these people.
Sharing as seen their half filled cups...
With others they seek,
Like them who have given up!

Grim...
And stuck on their knees.
They see themselves with bad luck.
Grim and stuck on their knees.
Afraid to get out of ruts.
They want their boats re-ruddered.

Grim and stuck on their knees.
They want them sugar buttered.
Grim and stuck on their knees...
They seek a life that's other than the one 'not' cookie cutter.

Grim...
And stuck on their knees.
They see themselves with bad luck.
Grim and stuck on their knees.
Afraid to get out of ruts.
They want their boats re-ruddered.

Grim and stuck on their knees.

They want them sugar buttered.
Grim and stuck on their knees...
They seek a life that's other than the one 'not' cookie cutter.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Grinding Slowly

I will never understand...
A mind closed off,
And afraid of challenges.
One that accepts,
And sees life the way it is!

Even though the way it is,
Shouldn't be that way at all.
If a point of view introduced...
Is not what the 'crowd' selects?
Mindsets become trapped.
And a growth becomes stalled.

I see an increase of regret on faces.
I see a reality that comes to them all!
I see a lifestyle that decreases immensely.
And I see an absence of acknowledging...
Their way of life and how it's lived,
Grinds slowly to a fall!

I wish I could remove deceptions,
From the eyes and minds of some.
They could influence those they knew...
Of a consciousness,
With a higher awareness that comes to everyone!

They would understand mankind can demand,
An ending to things by taking a stand!
But a conformity that has been fed on greed...
Only breeds on selfishness that is held in one's hand!

I see an increase of regret on faces.
I see a reality that comes to them all!
I see a lifestyle that decreases immensely.
And I see an absence of acknowledging...
Their way of life and how it's lived,
Grinds slowly to a fall!

I will never understand...

A mind closed off,
And afraid of challenges.
One that accepts,
And sees life the way it is!

I see an increase of regret on faces.
I see a reality that comes to them all!
I see a lifestyle that decreases immensely.
And I see an absence of acknowledging...
Their way of life and how it's lived,
Grinds slowly to a fall!

I wish I could remove deceptions,
From the eyes and minds of some.
They could influence those they knew...
Of a consciousness,
With a higher awareness that comes to everyone!

I see an increase of regret on faces.
I see a reality that comes to them all!
I see a lifestyle that decreases immensely.
And I see an absence of acknowledging...
Their way of life and how it's lived,
Grinds slowly to a fall!

Grinding slowly,
To...a...fall!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Groans To Bemoan

Just how much more time is needed,
For anyone to believe it can be scheduled...
In a future dated to do as they wish,
Because they say for them...
It is never too late.
Or they hate to be rushed,
Into making quick decisions.
With a hoping that a ship comes they can see,
Heading towards them with their name on it.

If one isn't doing that which they wish,
In the hopes that time will grant them this...
That day will arrive to pass them by,
With tears in their eyes using repeated alibis.
Trying to convince someone who empathizes,
While permitting a listening to the reasons why...
Someone could not do what they wanted or tried.
Because of old lies hidden denied they hide...
From Sunrise to Sunset and with groans to bemoan.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Grounded And Stable

People want to keep their lives to live,
Grounded and stable.
Whether or not those shocks that shift,
Have long been made.
People want to keep their lives to live,
On sold rock.
With holding onto times long gone...
That are not.

People make their ultimatums.
People protest,
Taking that next step.
People make their ultimatums.
Expecting what they do,
Will be effective.
People make their ultimatums,
To believe what they do will leave...
Decisions made in their favor,
To deliver relief to lessen their grief.

People want to keep their lives to live,
Grounded and stable.
Whether or not those shocks that shift,
Have long been made.
People want to keep their lives to live,
On sold rock.
No matter if their walls are shaking,
Around them, nonstop!

People make their ultimatums.
People protest,
Taking that next step.
People make their ultimatums.
Expecting what they do,
Will be effective.
People make their ultimatums,
To believe what they do will leave...
Decisions made in their favor,
To deliver relief to lessen their grief.

People want to keep their ways the same.
Believing they can make ultimatums.
People can't accept these times have changed,
Everyday until that clock stops...
From tick to tocking.
And no one living can block,
As if they have both key and lock.

People want to keep their ways the same.
Believing they can make ultimatums.
People can't accept these times have changed,
Everyday until that clock stops...
Its tick to tock.
No one can block.

People want to keep the lives to live,
Grounded and stable.
People want to keep their lives to live,
On sold rock.
No matter if their walls are shaking,
Around them to be moving.
No matter if their walls are shaking,
To move to do nonstop.
No matter if their walls are shaking,
To prove they will be moved.

Nobody lives to be...
Grounded and stable.
Everybody ultimately will be,
Tossed about.
Nobody lives to be...
Grounded and stable.
Everybody ultimately will be...
Stopped by the clock.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Grow Up! Geeessshhh!

Many expect respect to them given.
And will huff and puff over the reason with details.
However...
With it received to show it as known,
Is something for decades they can not reflect...
As an aspect of their lives.
Since for them there is nothing about respecting,
That impresses enough...
To get for them a wanted attention,
Many still stuck with childish mindsets wish.

~Grow up! Geeessshhh!
And stop that pouting.~

'No.
And 'why' should we?
If we did that...
Who then would be giving us any attention? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Growing Naturally

Nothing growing naturally stops!
Unless...
This process becomes tampered.
And a lot.

Nothing growing naturally stops!
Unless...
Something does this to detest,
What God does to do it best!

Always there's ideas to do,
A thing much better.
Dissecting it.
Creating conflicts.
No one can quickly fix.

Always there's ideas to do,
Improvements made.
Then upset protesters gather,
In hopes permission given...
Will fade from minds to go away.

Nothing growing naturally stops!
Unless...
Something does this to detest,
The work of God.
To start a mess.

Nothing growing naturally stops!
Unless...
Ignorance comes in to enter,
Minds in heads uncorked.
And long gone to have popped,
From their sockets.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Growing Too Fast

I too knew so well,
Exposed scenes young eyes...
Should not see.
To begin a journey with steps to skip,
Right over indulging innocence.

I too felt with empathy,
Much too early and too deep...
With no one there to protect me,
To explain what I would get to know...
I had already known from growing too fast.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Growing Up In The Projects

You want to know what it's like,
To grow up in the projects?
Being different and taking risks?

'Can't be that bad! '

Follow me.

'Where are we going? '

Up to the roof.

'To the roof? '

Yeah.
I want to show you something from my point of view.
Now...
Turnaround.
Put your hands behind your back.

'Why? '

I'm going to tie your hands behind your back.
Then I'm going to blindfold you before I leave you alone.

'But...
I might fall off the roof.
Aren't you concerned about that? '

You'll learn to adjust.
If you want to survive.
And...
If you can not get up from a fall?
Maybe you were too blind not to pay attention.
Some steps some folks shouldn't take.
Listening and observation is key.
Common sense is precious.

You be surprise how many lessons one learns,

Growing up in the projects.

'But my hands are tied.
And I can't see.'

I use to hear that all the time!
~Boy! Can't you see my hands are tied?
I can't see where the next dime is coming from.
And all I get from you is lip! ~

Note:
Not too many folks I knew who grew up
in the projects became victims from the experience.
In fact, most of the folks became very successful people.
But...that was a time when expectations were high.
And many years ago when folks chose to have 'some' identity
and dignity connected to the 'self' and a growth process.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Grown Folks

Too foolish I think I would be,
To keep remembered youthful events...
That once an immaturity kept me incensed,
Revisit to reminisce on a daily basis.
Or bother with those with intent to relive them.
Even though in some environments,
Tolerating children who never become adults...
Often result in repeated confrontations.
To appease the ones who refuse to believe,
Growing up to leave behind the past to forgive...
Is just a small part of a life experienced to live,
That a majority of grown folks are expected to do.
Although very few communicate with this in perspective.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Grown In Age And That's About It

Grown!
And still making immature comments.
Grown in body but not in mind.
Making comments about likes and dislikes.
And who it is they wish to beat and fight.
With the whipping done of someone's behind.

Inspite of the fact,
The one on their list for wishes to attack like that...
Has no idea these childminded creatures,
Stalk them near.

Grown in age and that's about it.
Expressing who they wish to 'get'.
And 'hit' over foolish and unbelievable nonsense.
Regardless if they are mothers and fathers with kids.
Ignorance is their policy AND initiative.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Grown To Bloom

In the days gone,
When I took for granted...
My life.
And the ease of complicity,
I had accepted nature...
As it surrounded me.
I've grown to bloom!

I've grown to comprehend...
What begins ends soon.
To feed a process,
I am blessed to experience.

And...
I have learned to enjoy whatever it is,
I do!
More than any time before!
Now that I know I can open doors!
And not be concerned how it was done.

That task...
I leave in the hands of a mind,
Far greater than mine.

I've grown to bloom...
To wither.
To feed a process,
I am blessed to experience.
Until I have finally come to rest,
In the nest of eternity!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Guaranteed Not To Change

The only thing guaranteed not to change,
Is the way people embellish to romanticize...
A yesterday lived with the telling of incredible lies.
And done to do with gazing vacant eyes.
As if to do their best to relive the same delusions.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Guardians Of The Law

Those who choose to become police,
Can not effectively do so with it done...
For all who inhabit communities infested,
By people living within them suffering...
From mental and social interaction problems.
Or have become diseased to show increasingly,
A neglect of minds detected with defects...
To prove signs showing dignities diminished.
And an absence of self respect.
Yet upset are some hoping to expect a miracle.

'They came and left to make one or two arrests.
Then made recommendations to us to suggest.'

Those who choose to become police,
Do so from a duty to protect the public peace.
And as guardians of the law,
Are often called by the ones who seek...
Disturbances to end to have them ceased.
But too many blame the police to claim,
They are not qualified to be psychiatrists...
Babysitters, teachers or smiling priests.
To believing them to be capable to fix and mend,
All of their illnesses hidden denials they've kept...
To allow them to keep their delusions manifested.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Guess What?

Guess what?
When I discovered,
I could appreciate my own happiness.
Without feeling the guilt of being selfish,
Or self centered.
I began to do it with more consistency.

I was one who believed,
Doing for others came first.
To bust my butt for my brother!
Be dutiful and strong for my sister.
And so on and so forth.
You know...
That me for you,
You for me BS.

I am 62 years old.
And that kind of human spirit...
I have witnessed used infrequently.
And I can't be the only one...
Subjected to live in the valley of leeches.
Some folks are blessed to give with that sacrifice.

And this too I have learned...
You can not do enough for other people.
They will squeeze you dry of every emotion you have.
And then complain to anyone who listens...
About how 'you' think you are better than everyone else.

Guess what?
When I discovered,
I could appreciate my own happiness.
Without feeling the guilt of being selfish,
Or self centered.
I began to do it with more consistency.
And left those to say what they will,
Alone.
Because they will.
Whether they are alone or not!

Guess what?
I've also learned I can spend wonderful times,
Away from miserable people!
And I'm not saying 'all' are miserable.
Just the ones I enjoy being away from!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Guess What's On My Mind Today?

You want to be understood.
And I get that.
But to locate where you might be hiding,
On a daily basis which has become too often.
To discover you want to play, again...
'Guess What's On My Mind Today? '
Is not worth it to me wanting to know anymore.
Especially if I am not myself playing...
'Forget Anyone Who Hasn't Found Themselves.'
And to stay there until I am identified,
By someone who has met and experienced honesty.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Guess Who Has Fewer Headaches?

The lesson I've learned,
From my own observations...
That had me debating what decision to make.
And I am the one left in an emotional state of mind?
That left me awake at nights from time to time.
And sometimes crying.
To begin hating myself because of someone else?

Well...
I have found a way,
To do what I can then to walk away.
With no feeling of guilt at all.

'Oh yeah?
What have you found,
To keep you smiling all day without making a frown? '

Today...
Whenever someone begins to argue with me,
As to 'how' I should rescue them from a quicksand pit.
And the person who needs to be saved...
Has a preference as to which device they would like,
Besides the kind and type of rope I brought to use...
To free them out and cleared from their own dilemma?
And they say to me the choice I made,
Isn't the one they would choose?

I have learned to do this...
Throw in the rope to tie it to a rock.
In knots!
And leave them with a decision to make on their own.

'But that is not the Christian thing to do.'

I know.
But guess who has fewer headaches?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Guess Who I Am

I will no longer participate,
In those...
'Guess Who I Am Today! '
Relationships.

When young and in my past,
I will admit it had been exciting...
Not to know who or what to expect,
After midnight caressing...
To then awaken to someone,
Whose mood and change of attitude...
Took my breath away.
To have me quickly getting dressed.
And awaiting for dawn to make an exit,
From my own home address.

Today as I age and gratefully with faith,
Those 'Guess Who I Am Relationships'...
Are in my past to stay that way.
And I could care less,
How wonderful someone looks...
In broad daylight,
To do their best to impress.
But my expectations have been raised,
Very high.

Today and single I 'will' socialize and mingle.
However...
I'm not playing hard to get,
When I choose and pick someone special...
I perceive more than a one night stand.
But when all clothes come off,
Including wigs, weaves and masks.
All I ask...
Is for a gentle nudge to prepare me,
For anything hidden I had not seen.
Before romance and that done left the scene,
That doesn't awaken me to have me leap...
Out of my bed and ready for combat.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Guess Who I Saw At The Mall?

Do me a favor?

'What's that? '

Promise not to do me anymore favors.

'Why'?

When was the last time you did me a favor?

'I don't remember.'

That's why I want you to promise,
Not to make anymore promises...
You will do me a favor.

'What was I suppose to do for you? '

Call my boss this morning.
To tell him I was sick in bed with a fever.
Guess who I saw at the mall?
Asking me 'if' I plan to be sick,
For the rest of the week?

'I don't know.
Who? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Guess Who Will Be Still Writing?

You say to me,
You can not read 'all' of my poems.
As if your comments will stop my productivity!
And this process I am blessed to have and given to me.
There are writings of mine no one has yet to read.
But they will seem just as fresh...
As if you can feel the heat of my breath,
Whatever poem of mine you decide to read.
And even if you decide not to bother...
Guess who will be still writing?
Attempting to find different ways to express!
Guess.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Guess Who Will Find That Offensive?

My comments offend?
Your skin must be very thin.
If my depictions are available,
To be observed...
And your eyes have been fixed on sweets.
While you couldn't get enough,
Of those delusions fed...
To quickly eat of that 'funky stuff'.

My comments once made,
Freely and unafraid...
Will eventually be all up in your head,
To repeat back to me.
And guess who will find THAT offensive?
People like you who now wish,
They had listened and not passed judgement.

Have you ever heard the term,
'It Is Never Too Late? '
Look around you.
What time have you been waiting for to arrive?
That has long been sitting to visit.
And right before your eyes undisguised.
I didn't welcome that.
You did!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Guest Speaker

I am not here to participate in your nonsense!
Wherever on Earth did you get that idea?
That I treat you with respect,
Does not mean I'm open season
For you to neglect mine!
When do you find the time
To fill your head with this BS?
You amaze me!
But that's not awe.
You amaze me in ways,
That you actually believe you are irresistable!
That's astounding!
Since I've been trying to get way from you!
You don't have to follow me...
OR call security!
I was not asked to dress in suit and tie!
I was 'invited' to be the guest speaker.
Did my appearance throw you off?
I mostly get that look you give me now...
After I speak!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Guidelines

Everyone here,
Received the same guidelines.
From the same 'source'.
With not a one amended.

None made decisions,
To retrieve them in a coma.
Conscious,
Everyone had been.
No one made a claim to have had amnesia.
And...
All proceeded,
In the direction of their beliefs.

Who knew,
Concretely.
What would be in store for them?

Some maintained their faith.
With prayers daily they would make.
Struggling through emotional heartache.
But never in doubt,
What their faith was about.

Others struggled,
Through their emotional heartaches.
To curse the air they breathe.
And choosing to rewrite the same guidelines.
Replacing what they did not like...
For something else to appease their appetites.
With a choice to fight with voices heard.
No matter what around them occurred.
With revealing evidence.

Those of truth...
And aware of evidence,
An awakened mind would witness.
Became enriched with peace, love and happiness.
Following the same guidelines,

The others refused to comprehend!
And adhere to as was given!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Guilt Can Never Be Left Abandoned

A feeling of guilt,
Comes to attach to a mind...
As if applied to affix with supper glue.
To disturb only the one who knows it.

No matter if the truth is told.
It is going to be there,
To eventually show...
Someone mentally troubled.

Guilt can never be left abandoned,
As easily as a lie one leaves to tell.
Or believes...
In the doing of it.

Truth on the other hand,
When it eventually appears...
Seems never to mind,
To have tolerated a wait with patience.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Guilt Revisits

Even though forgiveness was given,
To those who performed needless misdeeds.
A guilt reviisits...
Shared amongst the ones who believed,
Impressing others would accomplish trust...
With a keeping of their cups filled up.
But...
A guilt revisits.
With a coming to sit.

Reality is a fiction long lived.
As a guilt felt eventually reappears.
To leave those who duped to deceive,
Wishing less...
They were taunted by memories.

A guilt revists!
Like a bandit without standards.
Guilt revisits,
To inflict unseen pain.
A guilt revisits!
And regardless who say they forgive,
A doing done isn't forgotten...
From a mind reminded a lot.

Guilt revisits...
Even though forgiveness is given.
A guilt revisits...
And sits to inflict a pain,
One with memories haunted...
With a taunting that remains.
A guilt revisits!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Guilt Ridden With Temptations

If I was to choose to love a man.
And a woman does the same with another...
There is not a law,
Whether it was passed or not...
That could keep us from each other.
IF this was a mutual decision.

The emphasis made on homosexuality,
Or if one chooses to live a lesbian life...
No matter how 'straight' public impressions,
On those heterosexual...
Determined to keep their outlook as 'right',
Will not change a decided preference.

Today,
People are seeking those to match their happiness.
And those seeking to roleplay to mask with impressions,
Are most likely confessiing to someone, somewhere...
They have become guilt ridden with temptations and sin.
While sneaking around to 'downlow' on their spouses.

'I 'heard' you were involved in homosexual activities.'

Oh?
And...
How was 'your' experience?
I'm sure it wasn't gossiped.
You don't seem to have the look of one curious.
And I am not one you can hunt.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Guilt Seldom Ever Benefits

It doesn't matter who admits with reason and why...
Guilt seldom ever benefits.
No...
It doesn't matter who denies and found out to lie...
Guilt seldom ever benefits.
And...
When the morning dawns,
All dew...
May disappear,
But...
It doesn't matter how creative those alibis...
Guilt seldom ever benefits.
And...
No matter who is kneeling with tears in their eyes,
The guilt seldom ever benefits.
And...
When the morning dawns,
All dew...
May disappear.

It doesn't matter who admits with reason and why...
The guilt seldom ever benefits.
No...
It doesn't matter who denies and found out to lie,
That guilt seldom ever benefits.
And...
When the morning dawns,
All dew...
Disappears,
But...
It doesn't matter how creative those alibis,
Guilt seldom ever benefits.
And...
No matter who is kneeling with those tears in their eyes,
A guilt seldom ever benefits.
And...
When the morning dawns,
All dew...
Disappears.

No matter who is evil,
And worship under steeples...
Nobody guilty seldom benefits.
And...
When the morning dawns,
All dew...
May disappear.
But...
No matter who is evil,
And worship under steeples...
Guilty people seldom benefit.
And...
When the morning dawns,
All dew...
May disappear.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Guilt That Stalks

No mascara or masquerades,
Can hide this trash.
No close ups or switched commercial fades...
Can unblemish the flaunted
Rough flawed edges,
In 'light'...
Now made.

Two countries vowed to invade,
With a plan!
Now each man grandstands,
To excuse devastation by their hands!

No camera angles or shadowed profiles,
Can disguise the bile of demonic smiles!
They make when 'Breaking News'

And strategies of success...
Are looking dimmer crushed by a mess!
Leaving souls of lost lives,
To return to their nests armed...
With a message received!

God has chosen them now to deliver!
Haunting those who chose greed and death
Followed by a guilt that stalks those who quiver.
To frighten and surround them in their shivers!
Exposed and disposed,
As the givers who forced...
Humanity's destruction!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Guilty Of Denial

A rising of mental sickness witnessed,
And its affiliation with kept beliefs...
Can not be separated as if to determine,
Something unusual will be uncovered...
To qualify it as a defection in the mix.

A connected fed and tolerated has led,
To a mindset fixed on serving hypocrisy.
And dissecting to find causes,
For the increase of current wicked events...
Would make more sense,
If truth was the basis of any of it...
And foundation of investigations meant.

A rising of mental sickness witnessed,
And its affiliation with kept beliefs...
Can not be separated as if to determine,
Something unusual will be uncovered...
To qualify it as a defection in the mix.

Psychological exams administered to give,
Will not afford anyone relief...
To have some feel in the giving of them,
A freedom that releases 'someone' from fault...
Will provide a quick exit through which to vault.
With a bolting to escape to create more 'mistakes'.

What has been observed has been in place,
As a part of their lives lived...
To reflect an accepted existence.
And everyone is guilty,
Of denial, deception and lies that effectively addicts...
From birth and the moment eyes are open to focus.

A connected fed and tolerated has led,
To a mindset fixed on serving hypocrisy.
And dissecting to find causes,
For the increase of current events...
Would make more sense if truth was the basis,

And foundation of investigations admitted...
And not to omit.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Guinea Pigs

Too many unconscious,
Live for the doing of misdeeds.
Too many unconscious,
Have been easily duped to believe...
A 'boomerang' thrown,
Will not come back to be with speed...
To its thrower received.
Much like seesaws, pendulums...
And doors that revolve to return.

'Lessons like this taught,
Should be obvious to learn.'

~Well, too often they are not.~

Those spreading to participate in innuendos,
With a purpose to deceive purposely...
Eventually find their minds blocked and stopped,
From cures to prevent mental illnesses.
And other uncurable designer diseases.
Used as guinea pigs to experiment they are.
Used to test their self-righteous,
To leave them wounded for life...
And visably scarred.

But the ones awakened who have dismissed,
Teachings allowed by the blinded...
Refuse the existence of this kind of life permitted.
And can only pray with strengthened faith...
Those souls now sitting as 'spiritual' and divine spirits,
Will with their power correct this existing nonsense.
With the hope the ones taught to suffer restrictions and limits,
Soon will remove veils from their eyes and minds...
To recognize the masquerade and 'who' created this mischief.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Gun Toters

Does a madness...
Labelled as it is and justified,
Continue to protect the rights of those...
Clearly crazed with ignorance.
And sending signals of racist intent.
With given and granted sentiments,
To do things documented...
As a tradition,
That is becoming more demented!

Gun toters define for themselves,
What is liberty.
By the rights to wound and maim.
And make claims of self-defense,
A government amendment...
They uphold,
And have not gone against.

With a purpose to hunt anything that is deemed,
Game for sport
And other games supported...
To distort,
Reasons to sell...
And cavort if licensed.

An unapproved I.D.
Could get one a weapon...
Over the internet easily.
To market on the street...
In exchange for drugs.
Or something even more devious,
Secret and discreet!

Does a madness...
Labelled as it is and justified,
Continue to protect the rights of those...
Clearly crazed with ignorance.
And sending signals of racist intent.
Be granted sentiments,

To do things documented as being demented?

Some laws followed today,
As rules in dusted books...
Were clearly devised,
At a time when geese would fly...
At shot by Quakers.
Seeking meals to satisfy!

Now reasons to keep guns under pillows,
Mattresses and near to the bed...
Says a lot about insecurities.
And the fear in people's heads.

They get no sleep...
Awaiting a prowler instead!

Gun toters define for themselves,
What is liberty.
By the rights to wound and maim.
And make claims of self-defense,
A government amendment...
They uphold,
And have not gone against.
Only to witness their children die...
From needless accidents!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Gun Toting Hypocrites

Gun toting hypocrites,
Devoting their beliefs...
To an outdated ammendment.
And yet professing themselves,
To be devout 'christians'.
As a 'progressive' society,
Further decreases...
Into an abyss created,
By an effective threatening...
From their own demands,
Of kept entitlements.

'How dare he wish,
To see a humanity...
Lifted with a higher consciousness?
And then depict scriptures from God,
We should all obey and follow...
To solve with an ending of our internal problems.
Who is this wishing we commit blasphemy? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Gutter Of Debt

We have terrific news to announce this morning!
According to our 'Get Off Your Ass Index'...
Or as we affectionally have come to call it,
The GOYA! ...'Go-YEAH' for those of you
Who maintain a certain fashion consciousness,
If you will.

It has been brought to our attention the middle class
Has risen above our earlier projections...
And it is now expected we WILL be able to provide
Those ladders to assist those climbing out of the gutter
Of debt after all!
And we want to just say this...
Before we take a break
To enjoy our 3 weeks of a well deserved vacation!

'You JUST had vacations a month ago! '

NO! Not true at all! We had divided into 'Discovery
Committees' to investigate the shopping wars in
Monte Carlo! That report is currently being finalized!
And prior to that...remember there was discussion
Of tainted oysters being served in the bars in Belize?
We want you all to know we are here doing all we can
To make sure that we are not only safe...
But also that our freedom is not jeopardized!
And if there is anyone here NOT freedom conscious...
Let he OR she speak out and let those displeasures
Be known! Anyone? No ruffled feathers,
Means we're all together! Very good.
And now I'd like to address...

(To Be Continued...)

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Guys And Girls

Guys,
And...
Their girls,
Together they seem better.

Guys,
And...
Their girls,
Always on their good behavior.
When there are no player haters.

New daters wish to play it safe!
Guys and girls.
They want to start out with clean slates.
Guys and girls.

When separated they nitpick.
Guys and girls
With a focus on their differences...
And accepted blemishes get dissed.
To bring division with a split.

Guys,
And...
Their girls,
Together they seem better.

Guys,
And...
Their girls,
Always on their good behavior.
When there are no player haters.
Since these haters love to hear...
Who broke up to gossip in ears near.

Guys and girls,
When separated they nitpick.
Guys and girls
With a focus on their differences...

And accepted blemishes get dissed.
To bring division with a split.
And player haters love to hear,
Who broke up to gossip...
In ears near.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Guzzle From The Pump...Chump

Guzzle from the pump...
Chump.
Pump payer.
Wallet slayer.
Guzzle from the pump...
Chump.
You ain't by yourself.
And the ride is bumpy...
Gonna leave you grumpy.

Muzzle up and hump,
Chump.
Pump payer.
Wallet slayer.
Grumble in a mumble if you want.
But if you want to get by...
You're gonna squalor for that dollar.
No matter if you holler!

Guzzle from the pump...
Chump.
Pump payer.
Wallet slayer.
Guzzle from the pump...
Chump.
You ain't by yourself.
And the ride is bumpy...
Gonna leave you grumpy.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

'H' With An 'E' To Then Double The 'L'

Time to them given,
Comes soon to see it end.
It's beginning to look a lot like...
Dismissal of that which is ignorant,
Will be wrapped to pack like freshly caught fish...
To stink if not cooked quickly,
Or if small to dump and flush down a toilet.

Time to them given,
Comes soon to see it end.
Those not fish...
But from distances smell,
By those who once knew their flagrance well.
Although wish they do now for them to go,
To 'H' with an 'E' to then double the 'L'.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

H1n1

How about R2D2?

'Naw...
Too Star Warish.'

KYQZ?

'Too FMish.
Folks will associate it with,
Sex, Lubricants and music! '

H1N1?

'Repeat that? '

H1N1

'YES...I love it!
We will scare the hell out of them.
Calling it 'swine' isn't doing it.
Of course you and I know this BS to be the regular flu.
There are fewer folks dieing from this,
Than the common flu.
H1N1?
It has such a flair to it too!

And this is the economic touch we need.
To keep that money flow more in controlled.
Brilliant! This is brilliant!

Contact the media immediately.
We need a few homeless people.
And not those recently homeless.
They appear too crazed.
Get those who are thin!
Paris Hilton thin.
And get them into makeup quick.
I think we've got a winner with this one!
AND emphasize this is an epidemic.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Habit Inhibitor

You need to get up and change.
And stop that complaining,
About the same 'thang'.
Yes,
You need to get up and change!
And get rid of...
Or,
Arrange that pain.
Yes,
You need to get up and change!
You're a habit inhibitor a lip bitter giver!
Yes,
You need to get up and change!
You're a misfit fixed to unhappiness,
Looking for another trick...
To end that mix the same.

You need to get up and change.
And stop that complaining,
About the same 'thang'.
Yes,
You need to get up and change!
You're a habit inhibitor a lip bitter giver!
Yes,
You need to get up and change!
You're a misfit fixed to unhappiness,
Looking for another trick...
To end that mix the same.

You're a habit inhibitor a lip bitter giver!
A misfit fixed to unhappiness,
Looking for another trick...
To end that mix the same.

You need to get up and change.
And stop that complaining,
About the same 'thang'.
Yes,
You need to get up and change!

And stop looking for another trick...
To end that same 'thang' claimed!

You need to get up and change.
You're a habit inhibitor a lip bitter giver!
Yes,
You need to get up and change!
You're a misfit fixed to unhappiness.

You need to get up and change.
You're a habit inhibitor a lip bitter giver!
Yes,
You need to get up and change!
You're a misfit fixed to unhappiness.
Looking for another trick...
To end that mix the same.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Habits Like Theirs

They only share drugs in their relationship.
And when there is none to do...
There is nothing for them to discuss.
Nothing worth mentioning,
Without the aid of it!
An emptiness is not admitted.
For fear to sever a connection
They both would miss!
And habits like theirs aren't easily dismissed.
Not like 'that'.
Not for this!
Since the only thing important to them...
Is how to sustain a 'dependable' thing
Between them.
Like the one they have...
That is!
And what they have may be called?
Is okay.
As long as they...
Are getting 'high'!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Habits That Become Addicting

The only mystique there is to consume,
And believe...
Is that which has a more concentrated,
Feasibility to release from periods of testing.

Keeping a feeding of this process is needed.
And if leaks of deceit should begin to be 'peeped'...
More opportunities are created,
To tease with more advantageous temptations.

And habits that become addicting like a good wage,
Are encouraged to nourish satisfactions.
Until the expense of those habits,
Begin to diminish the cost of protecting delusions.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Habitual Forgivers

Habitual forgivers,
Can be walked on.
Like a welcome mat,
That should long be gone.
Is it dependency,
People like this need?
Or is it a wish to change,
Someone loving to do wrong.

There is no recovery,
From repeated lies told.
And habitual forgivers,
Seem hypnotically held...
In some unseen chemistry hold.

If someone trusted is busted,
And witnessed to deceive.
Why would another assist,
To recommend alibis.
With making a suggestion,
Which are more appropriate...
To pick from that list.

Still expected,
Will be forgiveness.
Still to come,
Will it be done.
Still accepted,
Will be a repeating...
Of familiar words softly sung.

There are those who believe,
Amnesia can be scheduled.
And erases misdeeds from
memory.
And the ones,
Who are serial liars...
Know just who to choose,
To dupe, keep hooked and fooled

Yet...
There has to be,
A physical activity...
That keeps a liar and forgiver,
Bonded together...
Like flies to a web,
A spider who has spun it eats.
There has to be 'something',
Gone undenied...
That keeps minds like these,
From seeking help.
Professional psychiatry.

Perhaps what is needed,
Is a bolted door.
One cemented to prevent,
Further addicting sentiments.

Or...
Perhaps what people like this,
Have...
Is a knowing what pleases,
When busy conducting...
Their own business.

'People like that,
Have mental problems.'

-Whatever it is,
That problem isn't physical.
There is a need there,
Somewhere.-

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Habitually Fixed

People addicted to nonsense,
Are no different than those addicted to crack.
Or any other sedation that medicates.

Dumbed down and seeking entertaining escapades.
And afraid of any thought process,
That causes comprehension.
Or communicating some of that might exist.

People addicted to nonsense,
Prefer to see a disagreement with their ideologies...
As confrontations..
With a nothingness with someone in this mindset,
That ever gets done.

Dumbed down and seeking entertaining escapades.
And afraid of any thought process,
That causes comprehension.
Or communicating some of that might exist.
This activity is representative of those who create conflicts,
To protect interests.
And those interests have been habitually fixed to delusions.

And people like this,
Stubborn and fixed...
Live assuming any progress that moves forward,
Is a conspiracy that threatens their beliefs!
And as long as they keep passing the 'pipe' around...
They will interpret the crumbling of foundations,
As a work of art!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Hacked

Living in times when minds are blind to facts,
And attracted to deceptions that have intercepted...
Reason, common sense and consciousness,
Those who have accepted...
Delusions to fantasize and not truth to live,
Will never be convinced to patiently listen to comprehend...
That beliefs have long been hacked to circumvent,
And prevent...
The existence of honesty to promote it as offensive.
And abused it is to to be used and confuse,
As a means to diminish the process of critical thinking.
For the purpose to have everyone dependent,
On lies to follow and swallow whole to quickly digest.
While despising just nibbles of truth that are told,
With a comfort that remaining ignorant satisfies desires...
To easily sell to those sold on anything cheap and sweet.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Had A Brain Been There To Vanish?

Since I see the light within you dims...
The urgency to stop it,
Has me slowed.
I used to get excited,
By a potential you once showed.
But when that was allowed to dull...
I wondered alone in my private thoughts,
What it was encased in your skull?

Had a brain been there to vanish?
And to whose advantage,
Was it given permission to disappear.
And what is it now that occupies the space?
Something on a remote control...
And needing its batteries replaced?
Trained mice are not as distracted,
As you have shown to be!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Had I Knew Ya!

I would not had wished you break your neck.
Had I knew ya!
I would have given you much more respect.
Had I knew ya.

With the best...
Had I knew ya!
Of sincerity one gets.

I would not had wished you break your neck.
Had I knew ya!
I would have given you much more respect.
Had I knew ya.

With the best...
Had I knew ya!
Of sincerity one gets.

You can bet...
My foul mouth would be kept,
Under lock and key and silent breath!

You can bet...
Knowing you don't annoy!
You can bet...
Knowing you don't annoy!

I would not had wished you break your neck.
Had I knew ya!
I would have given you much more respect.
Had I knew ya.

With the best...
Had I knew ya!
Of sincerity one gets.

Knowing you don't annoy!

I would not had wished you break your neck.

Had I knew ya!
You can bet...
Had I knew ya!
Knowing you don't annoy!

You can bet...
Had I knew ya!
Knowing you don't annoy!

You can bet...
Had I knew ya!
Knowing you don't annoy!

You can bet...
Had I knew ya!
Knowing you don't annoy!

You can bet...
Had I knew ya!
You can bet...
Had I knew ya!
You can bet...
Had I knew ya!
You can bet.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Had Once Been Delivered To Others As Given

If given a voice attention to listen...
Ears open with silent lips,
May hear with an understanding...
That which has eclipsed,
Comprehension quickly dismissed.

If a choice to delay information,
That comes.
The message to be delivered,
May not produce the right outcome...
For some expecting more.

And a continued conflict sits within those minds.
Sitting with a grasping restlessness,
To express time after time...
They have found themselves outdone.
Wishing empathy to be shown by 'anyone'.

Although not introspective in self inspection moods.
To perceive what has been received,
Had once been delivered to others as given!
With much thoughtlessness...
Dumped upon them to leave,
To brood in solitude.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Ha-Ha To The Hee-Hee

I may not 'ever' obtain a degree,
From M.I.T., Harvard, Yale OR Columbia University...
And from my point of view,
That is not a necessity to have done...
What it is that I do to have been pursued.
And that is to be read...
By those seeking a taste of my version,
Of reality.

Even one who had been depicted a fool,
Like me...
Could be the choice of scholars.
Especially those who can not believe,
They see my name in print.
And my words from their minds wont leave.
Deserving at least...
A ha-ha to the hee-hee!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Half Mast Flags

What was,
Maybe the 'is' we celebrate.

But the 'now' we live,
Deserves much more attention...
Then we give it!

To decide that a time that leaves...
And greatly taken for granted,
In a quick reflected assessment.
Has less than an impact than it does.
Is a neglect.

Although in ceremonies we respect,
There is a praising of ourselves.
With impressive feelings aroused.
And conducted in a pomp...
We circumspect in a masking of opulence.

And consciously under appreciated,
Are those moments we share...
And currently breathe!
There is a disbelief...
Too commonly discussed.
With a purpose to achieve it.

Displeased about something,
That should pleasure.
But doesn't measure up,
To those high standards...
We have allowed to fall down.
Stays fixed around our daily movements.

And yet expect,
We do...
Those half mast flags to flow,
In honorable breezes that capture imaginations.
As we stand in devoted silence.
With donations of lust in our minds to deliver.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Half-Truths

Those half-truths told have one intention,
To entertain the ones known...
Who will feed on those half-truths,
To create a reality of their own.

Only to eventually oppose that which is real,
With a confronting of it as unbelievable.
And disbelief has been shown,
To be an unavoidable opponent.

'Do you promise to tell half-truths?
A hint of them?
Or none at all?
And be specific.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Halitosis

My mind seems to want to find you,
In times when my thoughts...
Wander and stray.

And I am not fine with that at all.
Since those days of togetherness...
Have long gone away.

I would say hello to you...
If I knew you would do the same.
Just to acknowledge your presence.
And nothing else would I wish to obtain.

But I have no desire for that to occur.
Perhaps it is you,
Who thinks of me today.
After victimizing someone else...
You charmed and betrayed.

You appear from a distance,
I would rather dismiss!
Than to sit and wonder 'if'...
My happiness would be better appreciated,
Under hypnosis...
And cleansed of all of it.

To completely remove your existence!
Like a rebirth renewed and fresh.
That's how much I want your face erased,
From my memory.
Totally!
And I know that would be best!

Requesting without haste,
To clear the air.
Desiring it to be replaced!
When scented by a mint...
Offered to give and taken,
By one suffering from...

Halitosis of the breath,
That leaves a stomach aching.

And it makes me sick...
To think,
I craved to kiss your lips!
UGH!

'Medic...? '

No.
It's okay.
I'll be fine!
Just a bit of reminiscing.
It will pass...
Fast.
Like unwelcomed gas,
That does not last!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Halloween Approaches

Have you reached the peak,
Of your level of competence?
And no one has discovered that.
But something inside you,
Wish it not to be known?

Well...
Don't give up hope.
Halloween approaches.
And just in time.

You can find the right costume,
And blow people's minds.
With the knowledge that the mask,
You have chosen to hide behind...
Will give you the freedom to treat or trick,
Any unsuspecting fool you wish!

And you can keep your lack of competence,
Conveniently hidden...
For at least another year.
No one will ever know the difference.
Unless you forget,
To remove the wrong mask.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Hallucinated

Looking for confusion.
Conflict, war and woe.

Those petty.
Unhappy.
And the ones thinking,
They only exist to disturb others.
With an inflicting of their mental instabilities,
Just for fun and the attention this gets.

And for too long too many have stayed willing,
To permit and give people like this...
Their patience, time and tolerance.
Along with a diminished quality of life.
To accept with beliefs kept to keep cherished,
That vigils and prayers conducted overnight...
Will awaken fools who have been created,
With a seeing themselves unappreciated.
To begin their struggle against,
Blight and ignorance to adapt and adopt...
What those 'now' enlightened,
Prefer to refer to as common sense.
Long before normalcy became accepted decadence.
But only those who have aged,
Remember those straight, narrow and simple days.

'Good luck! '
Say some ducks.
Realizing to comprehend,
All of them have been fated...
To a lifetime of quacking.
Although a few insist with continued wishes,
Others will eventually come to see them to believe...
When they waddle to strut with feathers to pluck,
They are far more superior than just being ducks.

Looking for confusion.
Conflict, war and woe.
They go.

Those 'young' and unable to overcome 'themselves'...
Seeking with it demanded from teachings interpreted,
To be convincing with beliefs...
No matter how outrageous they may be,
They are entitled to do what they choose...
Wherever, whenever to do what they please.

Looking for confusion,
With a spreading their delusions...
From the bottom to top.
And no matter where they drop it.
Looking for confusion,
With a spreading their delusions...
From the bottom to top.
And no matter where they drop it.
Hallucinated.
They are...
Hallucinated.

Hallucinated.
They are...
Hallucinated.

Hallucinated.
They are...
Hallucinated they are.
Hallucinated they are...
Hallucinated.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Handcuffed

There's not a single day,
One gets up to face the dawn...
Without some challenges.
And from noon with frowns to adorn,
Some will be heard to cuss...
Those challenges,
They meet to greet more than enough.
And...
Every single day,
People are heard to say they pray.
And...
Every single day,
More voices are heard to fuss...
Until the moon has them handcuffed,
As if they had disobeyed...
Those rules that restricts them to have happiness,
In their lives.
And every single day more obey,
Rules that restricts them to have happiness...
In their lives.

More voices are heard to fuss and cuss,
Until the moon has them all handcuffed...
As if they had disobeyed,
Those rules that restricts them to have happiness...
In their lives.
Cussing but to follow...
Those rules that restricts them to have happiness...
In their lives.
To be handcuffed...
To rules that restricts them to have happiness,
In their lives.

There's not a single day,
One gets up to face the dawn...
Without some challenges.
And from noon with frowns to adorn,
Some will be heard to cuss...
Those challenges that wont stop to go on,

They meet to greet more than enough.
And...
Every single day,
More people give up to be handcuffed...
To rules that restricts them to have happiness...
In their lives.
Handcuffed...
But not to give up,
Those rules that restricts them to have happiness...
In their lives.
To be handcuffed...
But not to give up yet they cuss,
Rules that restricts happiness...
In their lives.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Hands Attached To Limp Wrists

Too many still seek to use,
The same overdone replaying of excuses.
With an intention meant to berate,
Anyone subjected to listen to them.
To eventually disregard the act of this,
In an apparent show of having no respect.

Too many still seek to abuse,
Those who accept and choose this nonsense.
As if their doings done had been approved.
To then await in expectation to hear...
A forgiveness of expressed mistakes,
Once again heard to be given when mentioned.

Only those exposing a lack of backbone,
Would tolerate a repeating of misdeeds...
Upon them inflicted.
With a belief a benefit to remain patient and tolerant,
Welcomes an understanding from those accustomed...
To a feeding of slick trickness as their disrespect is accepted.

Only those exposing a lack of backbone,
Will allow themselves to sit and agonize...
Over someone else's habitual performances,
To be the one left upset regretting as tears drip...
They could speak with words chosen and quickly directed,
And not have hands attached to limp wrists.

Too many still seek to use,
The same overdone replaying of excuses.
With an intention meant to berate,
Anyone subjected to listen to them.
To eventually disregard the act of this,
In an apparent show of having no respect.

Too many still seek to abuse,
Those who accept and choose this nonsense.
As if their doings done had been approved.
By those exposing a lack of backbone,

Sitting with wishes to be more defiant and direct...
Yet protect they do hands attached to limp wrists.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Hands-On Involvement

Can you comprehend any of this?
With bricks crumbling to the ground...
Many collective in voice,
Are finding others to blame around.

Even though those bricks,
Were by them picked apart...
With a consciousness insisted.
And the blamed is laid on those trying to fix...
What the lips of those wicked,
Lay to say...
To remove themselves from it.

In well attended campaigns!
Used to smother any remembrance...
Of the many seeing them,
With their 'hands-on' involvement!

Can you comprehend any of this?
With bricks crumbling to the ground...
Many collective in voice,
Are finding others to blame around.

And the confused are alarmed,
Like guinea pigs addicted to abuses inflicted.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Happier Will Be This Voyage

Why is it,
When someone embraces another...
And accepts their blemishes, flaws
Funky moody attitudes...
And total disrespect sometimes,
They begin to think...
You are the one that is crazed?
And tell others that you are.

And then begin campaigns,
They do...
To tell others anything but the truth.
With a giving of opinions to those unfamiliar,
As to how it is you have become upset with them...
When you have expressed,
With clarity...
Where and when they can get off your last nerve.

Because you have had it!
With No 'ifs' nor 'ands' or stuttered 'buts'.
That's it.
You have given up!
And that goodwill train,
They've become accustomed to riding...
Is finally coming for them to an end.

'You shouldn't be impatient like that! '

~Impatient?
IMPATIENT?
I've known those folks for well over 35yrs.
I am saving 'my' sanity.
That's what this is all about!
And...
If they have already done this to me?
That's great.
Then happier will be this voyage.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Happily Removed

It took quite a while,
Before my space...
Became a peaceful place,
Free and cleansed...
Of confusion I let in!
I had to remove and let go
Of emotional attachments
That kept me distracted...
And detached from me!
A 'me' I had not known existed,
Before I resisted change and growth.
I know what I want.
Now That I am totally undaunted
By fears of rejection and being taunted by doubts.
I found out I can do without deceit.
And self defeating comments critiquing my needs.
Within me they were valid.
That 'are' still!
And...
It took quite a while,
Before my space...
Became a peaceful place,
Free and cleansed...
Of confusion I let in!
And I am not going to begin,
To relive those moments again...
Because I have learned to forgive and forget.
I hope you are not relying on me,
To welcome your growth in my space on your terms?
That didn't work then!
And where my head is now...
Has been completely earned by your undoing
What I thought then could not be undone.
But you proved me wrong.
And I've moved on to reap this peace I am keeping!
It took quite a while,
Before my space...
Became a peaceful place,
Free and cleansed...

Of confusion I let in!
And you are outside of it.
Happily removed like a blood clot...
That stopped the flow of fresh air.
I am not craving to repeat you,
Anywhere in here...
Where I can deeply breathe freely!
I can not see that happening to me,
With you as an 'us'...
Again!
I am in complete recovery.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Happiness Felt

If I am seen on my knees with tears to weep,
Think not of it as my acceptance of failure.
I may be doing it to release a happiness felt,
I can no longer keep to myself to do selfishly.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Happiness Isn'T Imminent

A receiving of a happiness,
Isn't imminent.
Or unlimited,
If...
One sits with a wish for it to get.

A receiving of a life that pleases,
One has to cease...
To release,
A complaining on a daily basis,
About every single obstacle one must face.

Few are born,
Without tasks to test we must complete.
And...
Few are born,
Without crawling to walk tall on two feet.
And...
Few are born,
To be fed to feed on sweetened treats.
And...
Few are born,
To have their paths cleared of debris.
To allow heights to reach successfully.
And...
Few are born,
Without tears from their eyes to cry!

A receiving of a happiness,
Isn't imminent.
Or unlimited,
If...
One sits with a wish for it to get.
And all they do is benefit.

We all are flawed...
With some kind of blemish we wish to diminish.
And...
We all are flawed,

To make mistakes we can not erased.
And...
We all are flawed...
With 'something' everyday to bemoan.
Believing all our troubles are condoned alone.

But a happines,
Is more than a wish to get.
It has to first be recognized,
In the giving and receiving of it.
And...
A happiness,
Isn't imminent.
One who knows about sacrifice,
Knows about a living with a happiness.
And...
A happiness,
Isn't imminent.
No!
One who knows about sacrifice,
Knows about a living with a happiness.
And...
A happiness,
Isn't imminent.
No!
One who knows about sacrifice,
Isn't waiting for somebody else's happiness.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Happiness To Achieve

Fewer are happy.
Although with things to claim,
They have happiness possessed.
Happiness to achieve and feeling success.

Yet fewer of them are left to express,
What it means to have feelings...
Basic to define and only to address.
And finding that to accept.

'What would happen,
If your things were re-possessed?
Would you have any confidence left? '

~I would, yes.
But my friends would have doubts.
And losing them would leave me stressed.
That's why I do my best to keep them.~

'Possessions obtain,
Has nothing to do...
With friendships that remain.'

~Oh?
And where does that neighborhood exist? ~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Happiness To Find When Found Is A Keeper

I no longer question my dislike for anyone.
Or their displeasure for me.
I admit I once did.
But the answer lacked substance.
And I felt unqualified to keep wondering why.
So I left it with an acceptance unexpected.
Like many who witness each season change,
From one to another as if to discard...
The advances made of an unwanted lover.
A replacement comes to move one out of the way.
Druthers of others to interpret is too complicated.

Something had been permitted to exist,
Occurred.
And I don't intentionally initiate negativity.
With it known if shown a reason is deserved.
Nor do I wonder with prolonged curiosity,
Why a day begins with sunshine to then end,
In pouring rain to keep an appetite craved,
For blue and cloudless skies.
It is what it is to be left as part of life to live.
To get over with it done to keep moving on.

And it hurts sometimes not to be petty. It does.
Especially if relationships develop that way.
Always gray with an overcasting of gloom.
But someone has to grow to know,
Remaining petty does not define having peace of mind.
And happiness to find when found is a keeper.
With no one to degrade it in debate to rate its longevity.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Happiness We Can Not Hide

You and I,
Should decide to live our lives,
Together.

Why should we deny,
A happiness we can not hide.
For the sake of what others think.

You and I,
Should decide to live our lives,
Together.

Why should we deny,
Those feelings we know...
Reside inside.

You and I,
Should decide to live our lives,
Together.

Why should our happiness,
Be someone else's business?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Happy Birthday Daddy Larry

86 years old,
Today my Daddy Larry...
Would have celebrated on this day.

He and I had a unique relationship.
We weren't particularly close.
And yet,
A closeness existed.

He and I were so much alike.
But he never did scold me,
Since my mother Edna did that...
To keep my steps on a path walking right.

When I was young,
My daddy was called Lawrence.
I was then Larry junior...
With my own presence known.

Then when I became of age,
He wanted to be called 'Larry'.
And I thought, 'How could he do this to me?
Moving in to claim 'my' territory.

I became Lawrence 'S'...
Back in 1971.
And when I discovered on his birth certificate,
He was Lawrence 'A'?
I had not known that up until that day.

And AS I grew...
Knowing my daddy would soon pass away?
I told him I loved him.
And he looked at me as if to say,
'I wish I had more time! '

That was back in 1988,
Days before my Daddy Larry...
Would from us pass away.

And on this day, December 11th 2010...
I miss my daddy very much.
With a more understanding of him,
And who he was.
Feeling his presence is near.
And we are closer now than ever.
Just because...
That is the way it is!

Happy Birthday, Daddy Larry!

Dedicated to the memory:
Lawrence Pertillar, Senior...
My father.

'Miss you, daddy.'
Love,
Lawrence ('Larry') ...lol

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Happy Easter

Who wants to be a rooster,
Crowing before dawn everyday.
Who wants to be that rooster?
Who wants to be that rooster?

Who wants to be a rooster,
Crowing before dawn everyday.
Who wants to be that rooster?
Who wants to be that rooster?

To strut and cluck for someone sleeping,
To get up.
And do that if programmed before the dawn shows up.
And if that rooster gets into a rut...
Who will then do the clucking?

Or wake up,
To collect the eggs!

Who wants to be a rooster,
Crowing before dawn everyday.

Who wants to be that rooster?
Who wants to be that rooster?

Who wants to be a rooster,
Crowing before dawn everyday.

Who wants to be that rooster?
Who wants to be that rooster?

To strut and cluck for someone sleeping,
To get up.
And do that if programmed before the dawn shows up.
And if that rooster gets into a rut...
Who will then do,
The clucking?

Or wake up,

To collect the eggs!
'Happy Easter'
~Do you notice anything different about those eggs? ~

'Yeah!
They are colored.
Why? '
~They are for the Easter Egg Hunt.
Put them back.~
'Oh!
I must be dreaming.
I thought I heard a rooster crow.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

'Happy Holidays'

I've drifted amidst,
Broken promises once wished.
From parents and friends.
Even past lovers gone...
With exaggerated dreams,
That linger on!

And I often think,
I am the one to blame.
For displeasures showing a selfishness...
I displayed without gain.

Sitting alone,
At home
And reminiscing prepared Christmas lists.
Today I miss them dearly.
Realizing now...
Those promises weren't broken at all.
They did come my way.

Those wishes given,
As God's gifts.
Some I enjoyed!
While others I simply craved.
Leaving me with that everlasting flavor tasted...
I wished had never gone away!

Within my mind I can still hear them say...
We are always with you near!
Cheer up...
'Happy Holidays'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Happy Holidays To All

The season for the joyful,
Brings with it a spirit of happiness lifted.
And those memories within us,
That seem never to cease...
As another year appears to draw to an end,
With promises to inspire...
An anticipation of gladness that begins.

The season for the joyful,
Brings together those far and near.
In a celebration all can share...
Felt as brisk winds fill the air,
With a freshness sought in the atmosphere.
And a witnessing of an acknowledgement...
There is an infectious feeling of cheer.

Happy holidays to all.
And to all those blessings received.
To indeed know those blessings to us come,
With an intent to keep desiring in our wishes...
That everyone this season before it leaves,
Discovers the connection between joy and faith.
And this comprehension is kept to please!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Happy Holidays To You As Well

Those brave faced days,
Have been packed to put away.
What is felt as seen...
Is no longer emotionally,
Denied as 'is'.
That major part played,
Cast as we are as human beings.

It is difficult enough,
Feeling those aches and pains...
With no one wishing to knock,
To borrow just a cup!

And to leave without understanding,
How the bills get paid.
Or who lives on a fixed income...
When one thinks nothing,
Of even coming to take that away.

Hey...
Aren't these days about sharing?

Those brave faced days,
Have been packed to put away.
What is felt as seen...
Is no longer emotionally,
Denied as 'is'.
That major part played,
Cast as we are as human beings.

Cast as we are as human beings.

I said,
Cast as we are as...
Oh,
Nevermind.
You're welcome.
Anytime.
What's mine is yours.

My regards to your family.
No!
Consider it a favor.
Keep the cup.
Happy Holidays to you as well.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Happy I Am

I am here as you wish,
To sit and listen.
Although I must admit,
I'm disappointed too!

Both of us know to realize it,
Your best has yet...
Been proven to be shown.
I hear this in your sighs.
And between deep breaths you take,
With a grunt to be followed by another moan.

Expecting less is not acceptable.
But I am here to sit with you to agree.
As I promised I would,
In support of your every move.

However...
If you want the best for yourself to come true,
Believe that you can and I will too.
With a leaving your disappointments,
Left behind not wanting to find again.

'What are you saying?
If I am happy with myself,
You are happy with me? '

Happy I am with 'and' for you.
But to bring to me your disappointments,
Both of us can better do without.
Unless negativity is what you seek to hear,
Come out of my mouth.

'Why would you do that? '

In support of your every move.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Happy Lives To Live

Happy lives to live,
Are gifts to get.
And happy lives to live,
Come to those who pick them..
With a comfort that fits.
To rid themselves of anything,
That doesn't benefit.

Happy lives to live,
Seem seldom done by the ones...
Comparing themselves to others,
In rat races wasting time...
Trying to find a happiness to define,
That will be accepted...
By a collective approval or suitable to meet,
Expected preferences some agree they seek.
With their unsolicited opinions given,
On how deserving that happiness should be.

Happy lives to live,
Are gifts to get.
And happy lives to live,
Come to those who pick them..
With a comfort that fits.
To rid themselves of anything,
That doesn't benefit.

'Now that you are at the age of 68,
What about that have you discovered...
Can you say you have found more to appreciate? '

~I've noticed my focus is less on appearances.
To know 'sometimes' appearances can be faked.
Nor do I spend time evaluating my happiness.
Since each day,
I may wish to experience a different taste.~

'So you are still evolving? '

~Of course.
With time I am changing.
I can't remain the same.
Nor can I define my happiness to anyone.
But I know whoever makes claims,
They live life to stay the same unchanged...
Will never know for them what happiness is.~

'How can you say that with such confidence? '

~Life to live happily is to experience it.
And those who live each day to repeat,
A happiness sought years ago to keep...
Find it difficult to let old things go!
And at the age of 68...
Each day I'm seeking something new to embrace.
As if a gift to be blessed to get had been given.~

Happy lives to live,
Are gifts to get.
And happy lives to live,
Come to those who pick them..
With a comfort that fits.
To rid themselves of anything,
That doesn't benefit.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Happy Sack Trackers

Snacking at a bar.
On a stool to sit not too far,
From subdued desperation.
And agitating memories.
While munching on nuts.
Looking around for someone to pick up.
If lucky enough to stay sober.
With the hope to one day get over,
The drifting alone on urban streets alone.
With the wish,
To take someone special home.
Giving time to pleasure.
Then dismiss...
Again.

Happy sack trackers.
Committed to one night stands.
And survivors of love tossed away,
By another to misunderstand...
Love to give,
Shouldn't be kicked around like a can.

Happy sack trackers,
Seeking selfishly...
For kisses, touches and hugs to get,
Temporarily then to leave.
And to keep only loyal to their needs,
To be pleased without feelings to remain...
Neither appreciated, obligated or remorse,
Because of a divorce.
Because of pain still felt unable to detach.
Or keep it in the past.
Where feelings of love was discovered trashed.

Happy sack trackers.
Committed to one night stands.
With the hope to one day get over,
The drifting alone on urban streets alone.
With the wish,

To take someone special home.
For an hour or two to do to leave the thought,
And the act of it behind.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Happy They Have Been Able To Please

At one time,
People were complaining...
No activities for them were scheduled.

Today,
More than enough diverse activities...
Are scheduled for those wishing to participate.

And there are those calling from their windows,
That the planners of the activities...
Should have not scheduled them,
On the same day.
And that is why they have chosen,
Not to take advantage...
Of any those choices made available.

And the ones caring less,
Who is expressing what and for what reason...
Come and go to do as they please,
With a doing to get done...
Keeping prioritized,
From Sundown to Sunrise...
Their own focused motivations.

At one time,
People were complaining...
No activities for them were scheduled.

And the naysayers are still there,
Supplying from one event to another...
Their unsolicited critiques.

And the planners,
Who have scheduled such activities...
Are thrilled and happy,
They have been able to please...
The wants, wishes and needs of everyone.
They seem to be anyway.

'My goodness.
How were you all able to do this? '

~Excuse me?
I had earplugs in my ears.
We all do.
Most of us have removed them.
Those of us on the committee.
Do you mind repeating that?
What was it that you said? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Happy To Ignore Those Who Do Not Have A Clue

Some years ago,
I was told by someone...
Lacking 'self' consciousness,
That my adding an 'S' to my name...
Did nothing for my own identity!
As if 'they' had annointed me with awareness.
And they had a backyard that was weed free!

Not only did I have 'identity'...
I knew every aspect of 'who' I was.
Still do!
And 'who' I was meant on Earth to be.
Unconfused and clear...
I did not express my best by seeking approval.
If it came...
That was fine.
But I was also fine without it!

I seek life to live it.
Not to become confined in restrictions and limits.

Why is it that some people believe,
They can live someone's life...
Better than the one,
Who has proven they have no problem...
Doing that on their own?
And happy to ignore those,
Who do not have a clue...
What it is they should do while in the midst,
Of pretending every movement they do fits.
And excusing their own embarrassments.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Happy To Spread Dirt

We are of the soil.
Many of us spoiled.
And annoyed by the nourishment...
Some of us enjoy.
While some others...
Refuse to see or get.

We are of the Earth.
To feed it our lives.
From the moment of our birth.
No matter what,
Our religious indoctrinations.
Or those kind of alibi ties.

We are here to encourage growth.
Not abort it.
Or its worth...
However that is spoken!

We are 'spiritual' beings sent.
Although some choose to remain,
To sling mud with a mixture of garbage.
With a dislike as they curse.

And some of us are thrilled,
Ecstatic and happy...
To spread dirt.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Happy Valentine's Day

Arrows and bows...
And chocolate proposals.
Shared candied hearts,
With notes of love and kisses.
Engagement offerings,
Announced to start beginnings.
Cupid has his way...
To make a Happy Valentine's Day!
And the anticipation of Spring,
To bring with it to us such joy!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Happy Valentine's Day, My Dear

I have denied my pursuit,
To secure elusive love.
With a wish for it to have it known,
By someone who would come...
And to me have it shown.

And each year as Valentine's Day,
Approaches near to make it clear...
Whoever it is but is reluctant to appear,
I only have one desire to whisper in their ear...
'Happy Valentine's Day, My Dear.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Harassments Have Given Me Strength

You can call me anything you like.
But guess who is responsible,
For the removal of my obstacles?
And guess who has known that...
Long before you came along,
To voice opinions to set traps upon my path.

And guess who listens...
As I continue on my way?
I'll leave you with that thought.
Since my yearning,
Does not depend upon your response.

You can call me anything you like.
You do not cast any light on my journey!
I have been well prepared to endure hecklers.
And harassments have given me strength.
So there is something you provide that enlightens.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Hard For Them To Believe

I was asked,
At a time...
If I knew what I was doing?
As if my thoughts,
Could not produce my deeds.
As if my efforts,
Did not match where I lived.
Since I was born and lived in the ghetto.
And I should not be aware or know,
Of those things I did!

As If my blackness was for them limited!
Like it was for friends I had,
And some relatives.
All believing then I was trying to be white...
And not the black neighborhood kid!
Who did for me,
What I knew was right!

They believed I should be,
That kind to clown and be down to Earth.
And not have a mind as creative as mine!
With dreams to fulfill...
That broke down barriars and walls,
Others believed I existed behind!
And not to know my own value or worth.
Or reach for heights...
Few I knew took effort to climb!

I was asked,
At a time...
If I knew what I was doing?
I am not asked 'that' question anymore.

Today,
Some try to downplay...
My affect!
But I had always known,
To be grateful to be blessed.

And let God handle the rest!

I was asked,
At a time...
If I knew what I was doing?
Of course I knew.
From the very beginning.
But the few who did not know...
Now they do too!

And nothing has changed...
From where I live,
To what I do.
And that is a fact...
Hard for them to believe!
That I can say who I am.
Be who I am.
Stay where I am and know it!
AND achieve!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Hardheadedness

Ignorance for what it is...
Is ignorance for what it is!
Romanticizing it as it has been done,
In urban centers throughout the country...
To benefit those living in suburbia,
And their misguided opinions and decisions...
Is not going to bestow upon anyone,
The glow of enlightenment.
Not with the thickness of hardheadedness in the way!
Some folks can not be taught.
They 'have' to be shown!
All of it has been to someone else's benefit!
And if you are one who find that you are whining...
This benefit does not belong to you!
It is not yours.
A picture drawn in crayon is best understood!
Hopefully.
At least an attempt should be made...
To search for any display of a higher consciousness,
Seeking release.
From under the rubble of thoughtlessness,
After the onslaught of attacks from mindlessness.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Hardworkers Not Crooks

Hardworkers,
Not crooks.
Were those I knew,
Who raise early my beliefs.

Maybe perhaps a few of them were thieves.
But none showed me,
An abandonment of greed was fed publicly.

Whatever it took,
To accomplish any deed...
The satisfaction was in the doing.
And not at the expense,
Instilled in my integrity.

Materialism and other 'isms'
Of all kinds.
Was never on my agenda.
Or made to prioritize in my mind.

I needed to keep my identity defined.
And hardworkers not crooks,
Made sure that discovery was not hard for me to find!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Harvest Like Golden Crops

Keep doing what you are doing!
And stay in one spot.
Eventually 'someone' will be curious...
And will stop to see what you've got!
If you keep that interesting...
Enough to make it worth their while.
Soon others will be attracted too,
And will offer to pay you a lot to stockpile.
If not...
Take care of all your wants and needs,
To harvest like golden crops!
Leaving you with a bright shining smile!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Harvesting Hollow Beliefs

The teaching of beliefs to think humanity,
Can succeed on greed alone...
To feed it.
Without the well-being,
Of the people kept enhanced...
To flourish mind, body and soul.
As a benefit.
With long lasting advantages.
Leaves a society,
Already showing signs...
Of becoming sickened mentally.
Yet left enchanted with failures,
To have overcome to admit them done.
Many today perceive,
As a depiction of fiction...
Written to embellish facts to distract.
That threatens a distorted reality,
Of lives some have come to live...
Primarily based upon recycled promises.
Assisting the existence of truth to ignore,
For a preference to remain deluded...
Many addicted have come to adore.
Need not worry with a fear of its shores.
Or of its borders being broken...
By undocumented immigrants.
A status once defended.
To now offend those given prestige.
And entitlements.
Since what has been destroyed,
Are the minds of those...
Harvesting hollow beliefs to achieve,
Their own self destruction done successfully.
A reputation to keep above the well-being,
Of people to guarantee them relief from grief...
Condones to make known a shown irresponsibility.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Harvesting Of Weeds

Why wait and sit,
With anticpation?
Has it been deposited,
Within anyone...
Familiar with it?

An absence of respect,
Has long been accepted.
And when neglect of it is shown...
Pleading moans,
Go unheeded.

A fertilized seeding unknown,
Left to grow alone...
In minds unaware of its existence,
Are distant.

Why wait for a flourishing to occur?
When none of it was sewn.
An organic matter has been scattered.
And a firm planting of this,
Was never homegrown!

A protection of these flowers were left...
To set aside wrapped and unpackaged,
For a harvesting of weeds.
A priority of the majority has succeeded.
Feeding to produce seducing delusions!
To heighten imaginations that cropped.
And gathered, stocked and baled like hay.
For horseplay!
Or other enhanced enchantments.
And quick to burn nonstop.
Allowing a smoking to choke,
Hallucinating induced dreams wished.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Harvesting Their Planted Fears

Ambitious ones on a mission,
Seldom get free passes...
From those wishing to block their paths.

Obstacles are possible,
And often unexposed...
By those who have their minds conditioned,
To oppose any progress sewn.

Fenced in by limitations,
And doubters with trepidations...
Harvesting their planted fears.

Obstacles are possible,
And often unexposed...
By those who have their minds conditioned,
To oppose any progress sewn.

Ambitious ones on a mission,
Seldom get free passes...
From those wishing to block their paths,
With a backlash.

Fenced in by limitations,
And doubters with trepidations...
Harvesting their planted fears,
In fields everywhere that appear.
And with backlash...
To stop ambitious ones on a mission,
With a blocking their paths.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Has It Been Depleted?

You are upset with me,
Because I have created my own success...
With sacrifice and patience.
In a place you told me I invited my own defeat.

And you have a Master's Degree in Business Finance.
With nothing to show for it,
But foreclosed and repossessed possessions.
Sometimes you don't eat?
Geeessshhh.

And your degree is packed away in storage.
While today you find yourself standing,
In an unemployment line.
Why are you upset with me?
Aren't you following your dreams?
What in your mind are you trying to define?

I can only say I have been blessed.
And kept my faith devoted.
Allowing God to do the rest!
And did not try to impress.
God often addressed this.
Perhaps that is the reason,
I still remain focused.

Why would you be upset with me?
I fell, crawled...
Stood up to clean and pave my path.
And had to endure the laughing of others,
As I passed.
With very few dimes...
To send my clothes to the cleaners.
And I remembered you told me,
You had an expense account for that!
Has it been depleted?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Has It Been Noticed

Has it been noticed...
Egotistic people with kept egos,
Seldom seem to be at peace.
And,
Has it been noticed...
Egotistic people with their egos,
Selfishly say they succeed.
Since,
People with kept egos want it known...
That,
Alone by themselves...
They have achieved.

Has it been noticed,
Those behind the scenes are not mentioned...
By the ones climbing to the top.
Has this been noticed,
When those of egos begin to slip...
They are blaming others because of it.

Has it been noticed,
Those with criticisms in their vision...
Are the same people who offend,
Others who have spent their time giving...
To not have the truth heard,
Who pretends.

Has it been noticed...
Egotistic people with kept egos,
Seldom seem to be at peace.
And,
Has it been noticed...
Egotistic people with their egos,
Selfishly say they succeed.

Has it been noticed,
Those with criticisms in their vision...
Are the same people who offend,
Others who have spent their time giving...

To not have the truth heard,
Who pretends.

Has it been noticed,
Egotistic people with kept egos...
Make excuses for their flops.
Has this been noticed,
Egotistic people with kept egos...
Often learn too late,
For lessons to start...
To leave their egos.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Has My Delivery Come To You Too Easy?

You dropped me.
Too many times stopped me,
You did.
No matter what I tried,
With swollen weeping eyes...
Unhidden and hard to dry.
To appeal to your wants...
And,
Expressed needs.

You can not or wont,
Compromise.
You can not or wont,
Empathize.
Nor will you set aside...
Your pride to embrace reason.
But yet you do a rushing,
To quickly satisfy yourself...
With a temporary decision,
That will not last or please.

It is you that will be swept into regret.
You can not see that yet.
But you will.
This I feel.
And they are real,
These feelings for you I've kept.

You have been convinced by others,
Another they have picked...
Has your best interest.
And I am unfit.

You have been convinced by others,
To introduce between us...
Their conflicts.
And this,
For whatever your purpose meant...
You wish not to avoid or prevent.

No matter what I tried,
With swollen weeping eyes...
Unhidden and hard to dry.
To appeal to your wants...
And,
Expressed needs.
To see...
I am that package you've been awaiting.

Has my delivery come to you too easy?
And you are more familiar with conflict?
Would I have had a better chance,
If I had introduce it?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Has That Been Sold Too?

Other people may accept and swallow,
Your nonsense.
And think nothing of it.
I am not going to allow that.

Not only because of the fact I respect myself...
But also to remind you,
You at least owe yourself 'some' kind of dignity.
Or...
Has that been sold too?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Hasn'T The Freedom To Self Destruct Been Enough?

Unbelievably convinced and not offended,
With minds fenced in and densed.
After more than four hundred years,
Of holding on to the same defenses...
And self inflicted fears,
That there is a 'they' and 'them'...
To accuse without ending,
As the reason...
For their 'conditional' mental problems,
Affecting the acceptance of their bondage.

And with a repeating of kept grief,
To hold close and near...
As if to appease their ancestors,
Who were brave enough to face these fears...
Generations after emancipation,
Has freed the physicality...
Of those shackles and chains,
In their minds that still remain blocked.
With their brains staying locked,
To a self enslavement they can not stop.

The power they've given to 'them' and 'they',
Remains so effective...
Even today!
And on their knees they are still found praying,
For 'something' to arrive out of the day or night sky...
To validate it is okay to disobey,
The rules of every abandoned plantation.
But they can not get up out of their ruts,
To express homage to their own ancestors...
Who did not struggle just to have them whining on 'butts'.

'Where is your identity? ' They say from their graves
'What has happened to your integrity?
That integrity you've chased away.
And if you refuse to respect yourselves,
What do you expect from someone else?
Hasn't the freedom to self destruct,

Been enough?
Or are you seeking an approval to retrieve your dignity? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Hate Groups

The presence of hate groups,
Isn't a new phenomenon...
Created by the media.
With them produced to introduce.
Hate groups have been part of the fabric,
To establish, divide and conquer.
And for those opposing the hearing of facts,
Are the very ones who have assisted...
Keeping certain ethnic folks,
Restricted to limits with the holding them back.

A pretentiousness to charade,
Has never fed those hungry or homeless.
A pretentiousness to relay portrayed,
Has yet to fade disparities so obvious...
Even the ones with impaired vision,
Run into light fixtures on city streets...
Hoping to find somewhere relief.

And many rushing to get,
To areas they depict as safe and free...
From those they have prevented opportunities,
See the ones who 'seem' upset...
Gathered together and shouting in protest,
Believe them to be...
Disgruntled people wanting attention to get,
For not being as 'lucky' as others who have taken...
Opportunities away.
With it done to do in their faces blatantly.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Hatred Baited

Your hatred...
Baited!
Has from you to fade away.

Your hatred...
Kept baited!
Has from you to fade away.

You can't keep bigotry,
Feeding as a need.
No.
No it's got to go.

You can't keep bigotry,
Feeding as a need.
No.
No.

Your hatred...
Baited!
Has from you to fade away.

Your hatred...
Kept baited!
Has from you to fade away.

You've got to give your heart,
A reason to harvest...
More,
Of the love!

You've got to give your heart,
A reason to harvest...
More and more of the love!

You've got to take notice hatred baited has to go!

Your hatred...
Baited!

Has from you to fade away.

Your hatred...
Kept baited!
Has from you to fade away.

You've got to take notice hatred baited has to go!
Your hatred...
Kept baited!

You've got to take notice hatred baited has to go!
And from you faded away!

You can't keep bigotry,
Feeding as a need.
No.
No it's got to go.

You can't keep bigotry,
Feeding as a need.
No.
No.

You've got to take notice hatred baited has to go!
Your hatred...
Kept baited!
Has from you to fade away.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Hauling Not To Stall My Aspirations

If what I have possessed impresses more,
Than the deeds I bring for anyone to address...
There are those with eyes and minds closed,
Needing not to give me a single clue that shows...
What I have to offer is better left unexpressed.
Since experiences I have collected,
Have taught me over time not to get upset.
Nor should I make attempts to convince,
Sincerity is my best asset to have suspected.

Especially...
If I volunteer to give without attention meant to get.
To then volunteer with a begging to be stressed.
Or donating my time with this expected.
I am not one to give up my peace of mind,
To receive an unconscious rejection to accept.
I know where to go and not to move slow,
With a hauling not to stall my aspirations...
For a life to live disrespected with time given to reject.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Haunted

If you don't leave the feasting of your greed,
It will haunt you.
If you don't leave the feasting of your greed,
One day it will come to haunt you.
If you don't leave the feasting of your greed,
It will haunt you.
If you don't leave the feasting of your greed,
One day it will come to haunt you.

Don't be the one who has deceived,
Or this will haunt you.
And...
Don't you be the one who hides lies,
Told to sell.
With a doing this very well.
Because one day,
You may awaken stalked and haunted...
By your ways.
One day you'll be feeling afraid.
And haunted.
With a doing this very well.
Because one day,
You may awaken stalked and wanted,
For revenge.

Don't be the one who has deceived,
Or you will be haunted.

Don't you be the one who hides lies,
Told to sell.
'Cause this will haunt you.

Don't be the one who has deceived,
Or you will be haunted.

Don't you be the one who hides lies,
Told to sell.
'Cause this will haunt you.

Don't you be the one up all night,
To feel hunted to haunt.
No!
Don't be the one who's losing sleep,
To get barely none...
After being haunted.

Don't be the one who's losing sleep,
To get barely none...
After the doing of being haunted has been done'
To taunt.
Don't be the one...
Haunted.

Don't be that one with the doing done,
To feel haunted.
And...
Don't you be the one with no sleeping done,
To be taunted.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Haunted By Their Own Misdeeds

One should never base their opinion given,
Received from another...
To judge someone else with purposes to defame.
The outcome to them delivered by such actions...
May not return the same to shame.
However...
The chances that the consequences faced,
Seldom embraces them to favor.

Since most people are often haunted,
By their own misdeeds.
Squeezing from their minds,
A comforting of rational sensibilities.
Left to themselves they are.
And abandoned.
To convalesce on their own alone.
And a wish to sleep peacefully at night,
Is rare.
As unfamiliar sounds come to creep in the silent air.

'Who's there? '
They are haunted by their misdeeds.
'I can hear your footsteps.'
They are haunted by their misdeeds.

'Slowly...as a stalking panther,
I can hear you coming up the stairs.'
They are haunted by their misdeeds.

And when the dawn comes to find them shaking,
Crotched in the corners to hide from darkened shadows...
Lifted.
It is soon discovered,
A door thought locked and bolted had been left open.
Leaving them to wonder...
How many visits like this will be repeated?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Haunted By Your Own Remarks

Haunted by your own remarks?
That attacked someone without facts,
To impart?
And when the truth surfaces...
You can not take your misdeeds back.
And the one you criticized with your falsities,
Is also aware of that.
Which one of you do you 'think'...
Has a mind filled with guilt,
That invisibly stays on the mind and attacks?
Could it be the one,
Who knows exactly what you've done?
Let's say...
The odds are not in your favor!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Haunted Without Excuses To Make

A trickster calculates,
With thoughtlessness to solicit and trick...
Anyone unaware they are victims of it,
To be teased into giving one like this sympathy.

With a careful picking of the ones chosen for this,
The trickster plays with emotions of others,
To gain an empathy with an attention to get.
And does.

But everything on Earth,
Is born with a consciousness.
And those who manipulate with self centeredness,
Are eventually exposed for their disturbing nonsense.

And those with tricks up their sleeves to deliver,
Become slaughtered by their own misdeeds that shivers.
To feel themselves haunted without excuses to make,
With a host of deformities eating with a keeping on their minds.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Haunting Forevermore

How should I know?
I am not the one to try for treason!

Hide behind lies and distorted histories.
Create your own symbolic dieties.
And still gluttony and your greed,
Will not set you free.

I am not the one to try for treason!

Live high and mighty on the hog of resources,
You have come to hoard.
But those objects and things you have come to adore,
Will become worthless when they rust.
Dripping like a fine slime to ooze on your front door.

I am not the one to try for treason!

And your own thoughts can no longer be trusted.
With those endless hours and days,
You believed would never betray...
To repay,
Those of you who have 'preyed'.

With a knock you can choose to ignore.
If you wish.
Haunting. Haunting. Haunting forevermore.
Inside your mind and this can not be dismissed.
Never again with an assistance like before.

Haunting.
Haunting.
Haunting,
Forevermore!

I am not the one to try for treason!

'Grandpa? Snap out of it!
Are there anymore 'Gummy Bears' left?

Or not?
That's all I asked! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Have A Blast

There is nothing here you left but lint.
Maybe dust.
And I can claim that since I pay the rent...
After making many adjustments!
Come back?
You mean like in a return?
Back to something
You didn't want to have anything to do with,
As I recall being said!
There must be static on this phone line!
I said I was doing well...
And you said,
COME BACK?
You left me!
For someone who flew planes if I recall!
Well...
I'm glad your parachute worked,
And you landed on your feet!
If you keep stepping...
That will strengthen up your legs!
Try it!
I do remember you were fast,
And quick to leave!
I have a date!
And you are much too late!
Have a blast.
And kiss my...
Memory!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Have Fun! Why Not?

When confronted by repeated opposition,
To question what feeds them deceptions fed...
That leads them to take,
Unconscious positions demons create.
Have fun! Why not?

Serve their appetites well on something unknown.
And watch as they sink their teeth into it to bite.
There is nothing that excites more,
Than an expectation awaiting a deliciousness.
Especially if the doing is freed from suspiciousness.

Have fun! And why not?
At least this will leave them,
With tongues never again to try...
To use to abuse those innocent to offend.
Knowing if they do with attitudes to choose,
They will think tiwce before taking a bite to swallow...
On juicy gossip not to verify before they chew.
That leaves them the ones,
Unable to eliminate the lasting of continued laughs.

Have fun! Why not?
Those deceived,
Can never accept to believe...
Their doings perceived to victimize others,
Always leaves the facing to suffer...
Through consequences to endure,
On the backs of the ones who most regret...
Finding dirt turned into mud,
Dropped at their own doorsteps.

Have fun! Why not?
But don't be the one left,
Discovered having too much of it.
The fun...that is!
Avoid being suspected,
Since...
Those who are wicked,

Will always seek demons to revisit...
With renewed endeavors to go undetected.
Have fun!
But just enough to shut tight lips,
To hopefully silence those giggles.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Have I Been That Crazed

Only those who have become fed up with ignorance,
Are they who first to make attempts to quench their thirst...
With a feeding that begins to attract them to wisdom.

And in this doing,
Which becomes for them an endless journey...
They begin to recognize,
Just how ignorant they've allowed themselves to be.
With all there is to witness and learn.

Disbelieving how quickly they were convinced,
To settle for mental limits.
With 'all' there is connected to possibilities,
That have yet to be reflected on imaginations.

An acknowledgement snaps,
Like the sound of a cracking whip...
'How is it that anyone can accept to being fenced in?
Have I been that crazed? '

~I'm sorry.
Was that a statement made of your final self analysis? ~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Have I Ever Been Unreasonable?

I have never been one to proclaim,
I...
Was perfect.
Everyone knows,
Those self proclaimed declarations...
Invite those who are seekers of flaws.
And...
Well,
You know me?
I do not send out those invitations.

I merely 'hinted'...
That some things 'you' may find,
I do...
You may perceive as being flawless.
And I simply agreed.

It was 'you' who wanted to define my doings,
As perfect.
You are the beholder!
And as the 'beholdee'...
Why on Earth would I want to argue,
With your assessment?

Have I ever been unreasonable?
Have I?
Especially when you are addressing the obvious.
I respect your visions.
Geeessshhh.
You always want to argue,
Over the truth of things as they appear.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Have I Not To You Lifted...Up!

Am I not,
Deserving of the love you give.
Oh,
Am I not.

And,
Am I not...
The one that rids your fears.
Oh,
Am I not?

Have I not,
To you gifted?
Have I not to you,
Lifted...
Up!

Am I not,
The one that you wish to kiss.
Oh,
Am I not.

And,
Am I not...
The one that you really miss.
Oh,
Have I not,
To you gifted?
Have I not to you,
Lifted...
Up!

Everyday I come to give you a gift.
And everyday I want you lifted.
Everyday I come to give you a gift.
And everyday I want you lifted...
And not,
Bottled up.

Am I not,
Deserving of the love you give.
Oh,
Am I not.

And,
Am I not...
The one that rids your fears.
Oh,
Have I not to you gifted.
Have I not to you lifted,
Up!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Have It Near You To Visit

Take this.

'And do what with it?
What is it? '

It is a piece of truth.
Someone gave a piece to me,
A long time ago.
And now I have plenty of it.
Growing in my front AND backyard.
Having it around,
Has also restored my inner peace.
It's incredible what truth can do.

Here.
Go ahead.
Take it.
Plant it.
And have it near you to visit as much as you like.

'Are you kidding?
And have my neighbors seeing me do that?
To attract that kind of attention to myself?
No.
You take it back.
I've got enough on my mind as it is.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Have It Said

Evidence of existing reality,
Has left many unprepared...
To accept any of it.

Have it said...
That which you've accomplished,
To know the doing to be true.
Yet rumors spread by others said,
About what you did and with proof...
They still make attempts to undo.

Have it said...
Where you live to choose,
Does not impress.
Therefore...
You have no reason to expect,
From them to get respect.

Have it said...
Your efforts to endeavor,
Is more a public relations stunt.
And your sincerity to benefit others,
Goes unmentioned for the attention...
That is desired for a flaunting,
Of what it is you really want.

Have it said...
Your ego is so big,
You wear a hat to keep it unnoticed.
And if no one focuses upon your deeds,
You quickly show them attitude.
And in display of shallow selfishness,
From them you abruptly leave.

Have it said...
Whatever is heard to have others to hear,
To whisper innuendos in their ears.
But never allow the peace felt you keep within,
Become disturbed by folks,

With their own problems they can't end.

Have it said...
By those finding others with time to give,
To ultimately discover...
Who creates the lies to have them begin.
And who it was that made no attempts,
To endeavor their efforts to not defend.

Have it said...
By those who deceive to have others believe,
Their activities had been positive.
And not negative misdeeds to leave.
Have it said...
But don't be the one awaiting,
For forgiveness to be asked...
From those dishonest living lives to tell lies.

Since...
Evidence of existing reality,
Has left many unprepared...
To accept any of it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Have The Happiest Of Holidays

Have the happiest of holidays.
Live each moment as if you have been gifted!
Know that you have...
And begin to unwrap and witness the glow within!
'That' has been inside you all this time!
Protect it.
Keep it polished...
And let it shine!
Have the happiest of holidays...
Live each moment as if you have been gifted!
You have!
Tremendously!
If you are disappointed...
Revisit your wish list!
You'll see things differently,
Once you realize your joy and glee
Has a lot to do with you...
And what you perceive is best to receive!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Have You Been Here Before?

Have you been here before?
At this moment in time?
To know me to find,
A judgement to pass?
Have you?

I haven't.

Nor could I put myself in a position,
As a technician to mentor with expertise...
To suggest to anyone which steps to take,
That will ease their life successfully.
With a lesser affect of heartbreak.

I can't.

Can you preview tomorrow,
From where you are today?
To say with a guarantee,
My life will be free from making mistakes.
And no regrets will I express prepared to fake.

Have you been here before?
At this moment in time?
To know me to find,
A judgement to pass?
Have you?

I haven't.
That's not on my wish list.

And yet...
You can qualify yourself,
To judge me?
And you expect me not to be upset?
Or not think of you as someone who oppresses?

I do.
But I will not waste my life,

Deciding if I should stop to wonder why.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Have You Been Waiting For This?

Have you been waiting for this?
With lips twisted, head tilted...
And hands on defiant hips.
Have you been waiting for this?
To prove to everyone,
Your consciousness is slipping...
From your grip.
Have you?
Given any thoughts,
To repaying an onslaught of consequences.

Have you been waiting for this?
Someone to expose a candid sentiment.
To then criticize the content you despise.
With a taking the opportunity to deny,
A truth to you spoken but wont realize...
Was meant to do and for you to hear.
But your own lies you've prepare,
Are identified to recognize.
Have you been waiting for this?
Just for the anticipated attention you'd get.

Have you been waiting for this?
Stripping away someone's credibility...
To fit your need to beef up a slump done,
In a self confidence you wish but have none.
For an ego massaged the odds are against.
Then to show those observing,
The revealing of your mental illness witnessed.
Is this what you're waiting to validate to get?

Have you been waiting for this?
With lips twisted, head tilted...
And hands on defiant hips.
Have you been waiting for this?
Have you been waiting,
To have your mind confirmed unfit?
Have you?
Well your wait with wishes,

Have arrived to be affirmed.
Congratulations!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Have You Ever Done That Before?

Your 'things' do not make you a better human being.
You may believe they establish you a status.
But there is something that can be said about pretense...
That leaves those hungering to spend their time,
With people who express a common sense...
From thought producing minds.

It is a rarity to find folks,
Who have not been tainted or provoked...
By teased materialistic dreams.
Or the kind of people who become identified...
By where they live and what they drive.
Living a quality of life that seems delightfully contrived.
Yet inside of them there is a frightful hollowness...
That is silently screamed,
And quietly demeaning them.

Your 'things' do not make you a better human being.
And their absence,
Also has not revealed you possess an integrity.

With your identity gone packed away with your 'things'...
And no integrity left you can display or bring,
What is it that you claim you can give to offer?
Superficiality?
Okay...
And,
What else do you have besides that?

Do you have anything we can chew on that's concrete?
How about a conversation we all can contribute.
Have you ever done that before?
Had you considered comprehending after listening,
To complete sentences...
Delivered to your assuming ears.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Have You Ever Tried To Share Your Bliss?

Have you ever tried to share your bliss?
And someone questioned,
What you wanted in return for it?
And when you attempted to leave it with them...
A look of suspicion began to settle in.
They would not let you walk away.
An interrogation soon was relayed.

'Why you wanna give me this?
I don't want this mess!
This bliss you give!
Where you from anyway?
Do I look like I'm in need that way?
Do I look like I'm some tormented fool?
And why you lookin' all peaceful?
I didn't just graduate from nursery school.
Get that attitude away from me!
Screw you! '

Have you ever tried to share your bliss?
And someone questioned,
What you wanted in return for it?
And when you attempted to leave it with them...
A look of suspicion began to settle in.
They would not let you walk away.
An interrogation soon was relayed.

And when you left as they requested...
Did the next person you meet,
Look at you and cross the street?
Afraid of your clinched fist and bared teeth...
Was ready to pounce on them,
Ripping them apart like an angry beast?

Sometimes it is best...
To keep a bliss felt,
To oneself!
Some folks will never recognize,
A cheerfulness one has...

That another might despise!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Have You Forgotten?

Are my arms not strong enough,
To hold you within them...
When your times get tough?

Have I not proven I could carry the weight,
Of sharing your troubles...
Without you feeling alone embracing heartache?

Have I not been there for you,
Whenever whatever it was...
You were going through?

It was you,
Not me...
Who decided you were alone.
It was you,
Not me...
Who wanted to tackle the world on your own.

Are my arms not strong enough,
To hold you within them...
When your times get tough?

Have I not proven I could carry the weight,
Of sharing your troubles...
Without you feeling alone embracing heartache?

Have you forgotten?
When you feel rotten...
So do I?
That's why I dislike to see or hear you cry.

Come here!
Put your head on my shoulder.
We can get through whatever it is you wish!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Have You Heard A Duck Hiccup?

Has anyone seen the elite eat beets?
Has anyone ever seen them pat their feet?

Have you ever seen them groove in seats?
Or bust a move sweating in the Summer heat?

Have you heard a duck hiccup?

Have you heard a moth cough,
Flying in a loft?

Have you seen a bison eat?
And why aren't they called Buffalo,
With hot wings?

Adam and Eve I can see in Eden.
But I can't see either one elite.
I can even see them grooving in the heat.
But I can't see them with ducks cuttin' up!

Oh. Oh.
Oh. Oooohhh-a-noooah.

Has anyone seen the elite eat beets?
Has anyone ever seen them pat their feet?

Have you heard a duck hiccup?

~Huh? ~

Oh. Oh.
Oh. Oooohhh-a-noooah.

'What? '
~Huh? ~
'What? '
~Huh? ~

Have you heard a duck hiccup?

Oh. Oh.
Oh. Oooohhh-a-noooah.

'What? '
~Huh? ~
'What? '
~Huh? ~

Have you heard a duck hiccup?

Oh. Oh.
Oh. Oooohhh-a-noooah.

'What? '
~Huh? ~
'What? '
~Huh? ~

Have you heard a duck hiccup?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Have You 'No' Shame?

Have you 'no' shame?

'Of course I do!
Why?
Have you run out of yours?
And you'd like to borrow some of mine?

Every time I turn around,
There you are...
Always begging.
For something!

I'm sorry!
Any shame I have,
I'm keeping.
You'll have to find some of that,
On your own!
What do you take me for?
A shame giver?

You better get out of my face with that!
Bring 'me' something once in a while! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Have You Seen My Other Shoe

Excuse me,
But have you seen my other shoe?
I know I had two of them on...
When I first met you.

Last night was so alive.
And I remember the kiss.
But after observing the Moon light,
I don't claim to remember any of it.

We did meet,
That I know.
But you look entirely different.
Where did those beautiful eyes...
And that flowing long hair go?

I don't want to be rude,
But who are you?
Weren't you wearing a dress?
Why are you now with a tie on,
And in that suit!

Oh! Ooooh! Oooooh, noooo!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Have You Thought About This?

Have you thought about this?
For every minute and second,
Of those days and nights we spent together...
You were made to believe by others,
I was only with you to satisfy my needs.
To take advantage of the benefits,
To use to get from you to do as I pleased.
And I told you...
Stop listening to those who were liars and thieves.
And were are your companions now?
Have you thought about this?

Where are they now?
The people who convinced you,
Only to do it to deceive.
Where are they now?
The people who convinced you,
From me you should leave.
Have you thought about this?

Where are they now?
Those close friends.
Whispering to share their miseries,
In someone else's ears.
Or have they left that for you to do,
Between drying your eyes...
And waking up to the truth.
Did you discover it wasn't me but you,
They played for a fool to use?
Have you thought about this?
I use to.
Until I realized...
You left me vicitmizing myself.
To believe to you I should apologize!

And...
I thought about that and I thought about you.
And I thought about the relationship,
I believed was shared with a love we knew.

But too much truth was there for me to see,
You were living your life to appease...
False friends to please.
And where are they now?
Have you thought about this?
I have.
And I am glad those thoughts,
Have long been gone.
To allow me to move on to know true happiness.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Have You Tried Listening?

Being aware and observant,
Of one's own environment...
Has its dividends and mental benefits.
With less questions needing to be answered,
When an active listening begins...
To commence a comprehension that connects,
Understanding that affects an effective communication.
Yet...
So many are left with wishes to be heard,
But refuse to use their ears to hear one word...
From someone waiting for their mouths to close,
To at least be given an opportunity to respond.
And these are the people accused of being quiet.
With expressing little interest in what is being shared.

'I tried to have a conversation the other day.
You know...
To open up the lines of communication?
And I did all the talking.'

~You're kidding?
I find that hard to believe.
And I bet you both have common interests too.
Like those who have that in common do.~

'I don't remember.
That was never brought to my attention.
At least none that I remembered mentioned.'

~Some people just don't know,
What communication means or how it's done.
Or even its importance when having conversation,
To make what's being communicated more effective.~

'Aint that the truth.'

~Have you tried listening? ~

'To what? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Have You?

You have never lived alone,
To be on your own.
With a vigilant and watchful eye,
On every possible angle in your life.
Have you?

You have never had the experience,
Of creating to walk on your own path...
Hoping not to be attacked, backstabbed,
Or laughed at.
Have you?

Have you ever found yourself in a corner,
And up against walls that seem to close?
But chose to crawl away from them,
To stand tall with everything about you exposed?

You have never felt pain,
That made you fall to your knees.
With just your faith AND God,
To relieve you from your agonies.
Have you?

You have never found a peace of mind,
To leave all your tragedies and suffering behind.
Or ever felt blessed with a happiness expressed,
To address your life as being very precious.
Have you?

Have you attempted to undo,
All those sorrows you go through.
Have you?

I know you haven't!
And, how do I know this?
All I hear from you are complaints.
And how you've been victimized too!
With not a sign from you to prove,
There is a concern for others...

Or an understanding that is not about you.

And all you wish to do...
Is to have more time to be negative,
Thoughtless and self-centered.
And this...
You have done as if experienced.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Haven'T I Done What I Said I Would Do?

Can you explain why you have left,
Several people confused...
By your activities?

'Why should they be confused?
Haven't I done...
What I said I would do? '

From my observations,
I would say you have.

'Then...
What is confusing about that?
Were they expecting contradictions? '

Well...
Let me say this,
Most of us are familiar...
With people saying one thing,
Then making excuses to do another.

'Is that the reason why the few you represent,
Are left confused? '

Well, yes.
And that's why they expect from you an apology.

'For doing what I said I would do? '

That.
And also...
For making them upset because they lost a bet.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Haven'T You Been All Of Them?

If you have not been aggressive,
In addressing the current mess.
Your sudden wish to become more active...
Has fallen upon ears long closed.
And you might benefit better,
If you were dumb, blind, mindless and deaf.

You've prolonged your indifference,
Far too long.
When you spent your time wasting it...
There was evidence all around,
Something was wrong.

But you left it to 'them'
To come correct your stuff.
And you allowed them to decide,
When you would have enough.
Guess what?
You have never been a priority.
In fact you've been thought of as a liability.

If you have not been aggressive,
In addressing the current mess.
Your sudden wish to become more active...
Has fallen upon ears long closed.
And you might benefit better,
If you were dumb, blind, mindless and deaf.

And in a way...
Haven't you been,
All of them?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Haven'T You Done 'You' Enough?

Haven't you done 'you' enough?
I mean...
Isn't hearing how tough life is,
Laid on others' ears...
Given you all of the incentive,
To quit it?

No one is left willing to listen.
When you appear is it not clear,
No one dares to go near you?
Haven't you done 'you' enough?
Trust me...
You have!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Having A Taste For Hints

What makes you think you know so much?

'Oh,
Trust me I don't.
My Father has warned me about that,
On many occasions.
And getting on His bad side...
I don't recommend to anyone.

If you ever want to see a temper displayed,
Disobey my Father.

However...
I do admit,
Having a taste for 'hints'.
Dipped in and covered with clues.
And He drops them on me all the time.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Having Access To Accept

Having access to accept,
Without appearances...
Of bigoted biased preferences.
Can only restore,
A blemished greatness left...
Defective by neglect.
With permitted racial divisions
Kept envision,
That success achieved...
Is a taking away from others.
To leave a few who receive.

Having access accepted,
By all to not object...
To ethnicity.
Or religious beliefs,
Are steps not yet taken...
Beyond speeches made.
Or a shown extended outreach.

Having access to accept,
Removes barriers away...
From preventing dreams left.
By all who wish to benefit.
With a lifting up of others,
To know and experience...
What the true meaning to feel,
Of a greatness felt is!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Having An Interest

Having an interest to understand something,
Makes it easier to comprehend.
And that understanding wanted increases to flourish,
With a nourishing that heals and mends.
And an acknowledgement needing not to be prompted.

Although on the other hand...
If there is no concern expressed shown at all,
After scratching one's head to the obviousness of it.
Those questions asked about why the lack of interest...
Will also quickly fade away eventually.

Leaving that which only has interest directed,
Getting all of the attention without the requesting...
To at least express some.
And when none comes,
Why bother?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Having Courage

A dropping from the top.
To not give up or stop,
Takes a courage done.
Not known by everyone.

Some quit.
Never to get over it.
And others are not noticed,
They fell down to get up quick.

Discussing having courage,
Isn't courage shown to have it believed.
Discussing having courage,
Isn't courage known by others to see.

A dropping from the top.
To not give up or stop,
Takes a courage done.
Not known by everyone.

Discussing having courage,
Isn't courage shown to have it believed.
Some quit feeling disgusted.
But having courage isn't courage,
If it isn't felt by the one...
Who has it to keep,
Moving on despite the pressure.
Having courage isn't courage,
If one stops to weep in defeat.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Having Experienced Life And Obstacles

Wouldn't it be great to erase each moment,
We lived in the doing of making conscious mistakes!
Wouldn't it be great to erase those things said offensively,
With the intention to hurt...
Someone's feelings and create heartbreak.

Wouldn't it be great to have the taste of cake,
When so desired?

However...
For those who wish this,
With their faces replaced as quickly as a grasping of a mask,
To pursue the doing of those tasks.
Those wishes dished as if magic...
Along with someone erasing pain from their memories,
Can be likened to observing a turtle removing its shell,
To Sun bathe on a beach and restricted for exclusive use.

Many will soon learn how living in this existence works!
In 'this' life lived here on Earth!

Doing unto others first,
Has its consequences!
And there is nothing like the presence of clarity.
Even with eyes closed,
Can be felt and seen.

To live each day respecting,
And being empathetic towards others...
Restricted from being given equal opportunities to express themselves.
Or coming to their aid with assistance to lend an ear to listen,
Is not a position of weakness.
And...
Will come to affect those who believe they sit on higher pedestals.

Having experienced life and obstacles to overcome one's troubles,
Alone...
Stengthens!
Broadens the mind!

And heals wounds of all kinds.
Patience is awarded to those who grit their teeth.

And a faith kept in self reflection knowing it is best to respect others,
Has a way of gaining the attention from The Master.
The One and Only Most Divine...
With a returning of that,
Which had been enforced to ride on innocent backs...
Unneccesarily!
To suddenly have a burden placed,
Upon those who believe this life afford them exits to escape...
Unscathed.

A suffering comes to them to be done.
And it will not be complimented,
With the serving of hors d'œuvres!
Or valet service awaiting on call.
Not for those in the business of initiating conflict.
There is a shifting of a consciousness that comes.
There is a shifting of injustices to be done.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Having It To Validate

The truth for some does not come,
To be personally experienced.
Having it to validate must first be approved.

Many come to know truth from a gossip done.
And those unable to get their truth that way,
Just make it up the best way they can.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Having No Fear To 'Appear' To Be Stupid

Taking in hand a pen to write,
But not knowing where to begin...
Or start with a seeking,
For a meaning that completes...
An ending that satisfies,
Is not easy to stop a topic...
That a writer feels inside has arrived.

Taking in hand a pen to write,
Is a task that becomes difficult...
When it becomes realized,
Others exposed to it might criticize.
And the writer prepares to be offended,
By those unwilling neither to understand...
Or comprehend what it takes to be exposed.

'If you were not a writer,
What would you be? '

~A teacher encouraging students,
To disagree with me.~

'Why would you want them to disagree? '

~I would want them to realize,
Learning is an exchange of thoughts...
And possibilities.~

'But how effective would that leave 'you',
As a teacher? '

~My students would leave me 'thinking'.
To discover the process of it never ends.
Without having expectations,
What someone has is owed to them given.~

'And that would teach to them what? '

~Not to accept to believe,

Everything they are taught...
Without thinking to ask questions.~

'Even stupid ones? '

~That's the purpose of learning.
Having no fear to 'appear' to be stupid.
I would want them on their own,
To discover the ones refusing to admit it.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Having Not A Reason Or Purpose To Purchase

There is something comfortable I found,
In the wearing of my own shoes.
I have never wished,
I could fit those of others.
Or have I wondered,
What it would be like...
To rest my eyes,
So that I could see a perspective...
I did not myself experience.

However,
I've learned that in the sharing of events,
I am more inclined...
To listen with interest.
And not believe the shoes I wear on my own feet,
Could have been easily exchanged...
To feel someone else's pain.

And...
If that was possible,
Many would decide the shoes they pick to wear...
Would be a wasted decision.
With the wearing of them at all...
Having not a reason or purpose to purchase.
Especially,
If someone already knows how they feel when they fit.
Or where my travels may take me.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Having Not A Thought To Express

Had someone ever asked you a question?
And you answered with an honest response?
To get into a debate,
Over how your answer was delivered?
Although the content was not the issue,
As much as the way it was done.

And then that person tells another,
What you had said...
That should have been said with more tact!

Then you find yourself,
Wishing to have not responded at all.
And if you had done that...
You would have been accused,
Of being thoughtless.
To leaving your point of view,
Butchered.
And discussed by others,
To dissect and attack.

And at times having not a thought to express...
Can leave you at the mercy,
Of those who will decide for themselves...
What it is you think!
How you think!
And about what!
The beliefs you have,
And your lack of concern!
With advice that spreads to others...
It would be best to ignore you.
Because you 'think' you know too much!

And,
You always have something to say...
To have things done your way.
And,
You take that as a clue...
To do just that,

To keep your peace of mind!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Having Patience Works

It is the most easiest tactic to use.
And commonly effective.
When something has been said,
Known to be untrue...
Do not retort or respond in defense of integrity.
Let that integrity be the spokesman for you.

The integrity kept solid might suffer a few bruises.
And receive some unwarranted and evil attitudes.
However...
And with mouth shut and patience intact,
Allow those who trick to fool AND ridicule...
Discover eventually they are the ones to be laughed at!

I'm telling you,
Having patience works most of the time.

And those times patience does not work?
Well, I am not one to suggest going berserk.
Or ballistic with a showing of uncontrollable rage.
There are too many people out there already...
Who have graduated to this phase with 'honors'.
To specialize in vengeance and retribution.

And identifying those crazed,
Who have been overheated masterfully to a degree...
With tempers to blaze?
Isn't as difficult as it use to be these days.
So it is best one elects to adapt to caution,
As an alternative field of study.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Having The Best

Having the best may mean,
Having less than someone else.
Or having more to digest!
Leaving many despondent,
And overwhelmed by despair.
Since comparisons between others,
Keeps that suggested everywhere!

'I am going to have the best! '
Many publicly announce...
As if they have entered a contest.
Or their point of view is being tested.

One's quality of life is at its best,
When one experiences good health.
And has happiness.
With a freedom felt no one expects,
Is not on credit.
Or anticipating a loan one waits to get...
To stretch and compensate,
Before depression arrives at Sunset.

Having the best may mean,
Being away from others...
Who have nothing to express but regret.
For not having 'things' in their lives that sparkle,
To impress and widen another's eyes.
Especially someone new,
One has just met.
And not getting a bit of sleep at night...
Thinking of different ways to disguise,
Excuses and alibis from deceit and familiar lies!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Having The Nerve To Excuse Thoughtlessness

When something treasured is given.
And it is disrespected and given back...
Do not expect warm greetings to flow,
From the one who felt slighted by that!
Children, perhaps...
Can be excused for this lapse.
However,
Those who wear grown up clothes,
Are 'suppose' to use far more tact!
And when they don't...
They are the first to pretend,
They don't know 'why' or 'what'
Has happened to them.
Proving by their actions...
They are as self centered as children.
Getting what they deserve.
And having the nerve to excuse thoughtlessness.
One mature would not accept this to dismiss.
Being an adult can be a painful process...
Especially when the playground,
Has been abandoned...
By those no longer seeking,
Childish games at recess!
There is a seriousness of life that develops...
That one should achieve to aspire and expect!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Having Their Feathers Plucked

The only ones seen steaming these days,
Are those having their feathers plucked publicly.
To know an achievement of displayed superficiality,
With a 'peacocking' perceived to do to flaunt it...
As an accomplishment to get them attention,
Has left many awakening from a sleep to witness...
Benefits to them are not forthcoming to get.
Not from the ones who only want it known to be done,
How they can charade an imitatiing of a shallowness.
A shallowness no one regards today,
As a representation of a quality of life...
Few dream to wish to live without meaning or purpose.
Not too many today can say they seek,
A masquerading of reality to live deluded lives...
Without substance or truth involved with others to gain,
Respect. integrity and detected sincerity.
All that other puffed up fluffed stuff has been outdated.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Having Too Much Curiosity

The more one understands,
To perceive has been made...
Comprehended and understood.
Each day presents,
Fresh additional nonsense.
To leave one gasping,
Out of breath.
Running away to escape,
From the unexpected.

'Is it those of cancerous minds
Attacking?
Or is it those attacking,
The cancer?
To keep it from spreading,
When learning the prognosis...
Has revealed to diagnose,
An unsuspected effect.
And as of yet...
No one has come forward,
To claim they will achieve...
The receiving the benefit,
From their support to give...
To the elite free reign,
An unleashed feeding,
That defends and protects...
A destroying humanity.
To do as they please to greed,
Exclusively their gluttony.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Having Very Little Fun

There are those
Still wanting to play hide n' go seek!
With truth and reality...
As if in their aging days...
It is okay to sneak a peek!
Wanting to be chased...
Leaving behind excuses left as clues.
They may not know where they are,
Even though you do!
But choose not to!

Let them play...
These adults are the reason,
Most children are lost today!
Let them play!
They will never admit to what they've done.
Even though the rest of us are paying...
At a losing game,
And having very little fun!

Many can claim,
Those actions have brought them none!
With nothing that is gained to show...
Or to prove anyone can win,
When blinded eyes can not see,
What they have ignorantly begun!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Having Wisdom

Having wisdom should enlighten,
But sometimes it can frighten.
Especially when its expected,
Those of age should reflect it.
But they don't.
A disproportionate of those shallow...
Can be callous with a callowness expressed.
Believing an aging process,
Delivers them out of an immaturity that is further digressed.
Yes...
Having wisdom should enlighten.
Having it should produce the brightest moments,
Of our days.
Yet it seems that having wisdom does not mean...
An extension of it shared is not declared,
But the thought of it demeans.
And that is troubling today,
When so many escapes from it are seen!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Having-Less-Is-More

Money isn't 'everything' you know?

'Ooooohhh mon ami,
Big dummy you!

YOUR money may not be 'everything'.
Or not nearly what it use to be.
However...
SOMEWHERE someone is spending it,
Caring less about your limitation.
Or who has good or bad or indifferent credit.
And they have yet to accept greed as a motive,
To live a happy life! '

I am not referring to foreigners,
I am talking about us...
Living today in 'this' country.

'Oh?
I see.
So you've already adopted,
That 'Having-Less-Is-More' attitude?
Good for you.
You make me proud.
But as for me...
Give me a ten dollar bill anytime.
Even a five dollar bill,
Seems less than a dollar these days.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Haywire

Nothing really seems,
What today it should mean.
And 'anything' and 'everything'...
Is inspired,
To go haywire.

Pockets thin are getting leaner.
Empty dreams have left a vacancy.
And the people even meaner...
Demeaning themselves and others,
With an encouragement at every scene.

And beneath from the gutters,
We are being teased to release sleaze.
To keep this real with sex appeal.
Revealing more skin to expose and show!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

He And I Had Been Friends

Remember when you rejected my apology?
And I did my best...
With effort that still makes me wonder,
'Why'?
Why was I then so forgiving.
Giving you the benefit of a doubt.
And when you said 'No'...
I felt you had crushed my heart.
And you knew your response would do it!

Remember when you rejected my apology?
And I did my best...
With effort that still makes me wonder,
'Why'?
And I am wondering 'why' right now.
Why are you here,
To beg from me the same.
And 'why' do you appear to me now...
Bigger than the fool,
I could never be,
Again!

I forgave you then...
For doing what you did to me.
But I would never forgive myself...
If I allowed you,
To play with and/or use my emotions.
No!
I can not revive,
What is not alive there for you!
No!
Go back to your abusive husband.
Your lover who had once made me believe,
He and I had been friends.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

He And The She Of 'It' Prepares

They turn up the heat
To begin a more visible sweep
Of mass confusion
Created on streets urban...
Wherever they are where people meet
And greet.

To delude those to believe
They are followed by ghosts and goblins!
Enemies they've secreted from between
Griting teeth
To market war games.
Injecting a taste of blood
To boost it's affection
Smeared on innocent hearts!
And induce us to crave
The sweetness of conflict!

And the stage is prepared,
With an audience made
To embrace the message
They protect to die for!

As a plan for the final assault is made
For ALL consciousness to be dismissed!
Be it UN...DONE...or BROKEN!
They want to shatter thinking thoughts,
To have everyone viewing their production,
Of 'Captured Fools Who Kept Faith'

But The Divine is watching!
And will not allow them to lavish in grandeur!

There are those who know...
'IT' to be The Supreme Divine of Light.
He and The She of IT prepares
To make an entrance
Far beyond anything Loretta Young has done.

~And Loretta Young was born to make an entrance.~

This time...
The Supreme Divine of Light
Is going to make it right,
For you and me and even 'them'
Overnight!
And...with surprises!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

He Arrives

He arrives,
To apply a different tactic.
And at His will.
You may not notice this at first,
By the way it was achieved.
With a quiet precisioned skill!

You have been accustomed,
To seeing life from one dimension.
From a point of view,
With an indoctrination pursued.
And His intention although not mentioned,
Is to shatter all limitations too!

He arrives,
In your heart, soul and mind.
And once your eyes have been opened wide,
You will realized the depth of those lies told to you.
Why and the reason...
They were fed to control everything done you do!

He arrives,
To gift you with the truth.
With an absoluteness you can not refuse.
Since He is the One that comes who can do this.
The only One to get a detoxing done.
The One who introduces the kind of truth that stuns.

He arrives,
And those conditioned,
To hiding behind their lies...
Find themselves without protection,
Into shelters after a run.
Or tongues to twist,
A truth for all to see that exists!

He arrives,
No need to prepare with prayer.
He arrives and when He comes...

You wont see Him,
But you will know He is there.
His eyes are upon you...everywhere!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

He Believes He Is Being Praised

A fool will never understand,
Why his actions are understood.
He sees this as approval...
And continues to remain a fool.
Even moved to the exit...
He believes he is being praised.
In isolation,
He awaits to be knighted ruler
And king!
No one has the heart to tell him,
Bulldozers are at the base
Of the hill upon which he sits!
His eyes drift.
Befitting one of dignity who leads,
And commands action!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

He Chooses To Move Towards Daylight

They have come together,
To collectively agree...
He lacks experience.
And he is not qualified to lead.
And perhaps they are right.
Since he chooses to move towards daylight.
And those in opposition...
Are accustomed to a darkness,
To enhance a deepened isolation!
And to exist to feed conflict...
Is all that they have known.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

He Chose To Eat

Attacked!
He sought shelter in silence.
Angered.
They could not locate,
Another word of his to deny!
Accustomed to disagree...
With anyone who came to rescue them.
They grew weak and mentally unnourished.
And when left alone,
They realized...
He who came to speak,
Spoke and did not joke or entertain their whims.
They missed beating him with collective ignorance.
And he who they chased away...
Did not miss one meal he chose to eat alone!
He wanted to share,
The variety of life...
And the spices he discovered; enjoyed and liked!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

He Comes Knowing

He comes knowing he is challenged.
He has live his entire life...
Challenged.
Disciplined and observant.

Do you think he is oblivious to the obvious?
And living in a preferred time zone.
Comforted by hidden insecurities...
And deluded by the absence of practiced truths?

He comes knowing he is challenged.
He has live his entire life...
Challenged.
Disciplined and observant.

Do you believe,
One who has been made to feel an 'outsider'...
Does not perceive,
Who receives him as he is!
Amongst those who are quick...
To ridicule him with their negative judgements.

He comes knowing he is challenged.
He has live his entire life...
Challenged.
Disciplined and observant.

And...
He is guided by the 'Divine'!
In time,
You will discover that.

He comes knowing he is challenged.
And knowing he does...
What will and must take place,
To clean up disgraceful traces left,
By those who have lived their entire lives unchallenged...
Thoughtless.
And,

Born to feed their greed!

Prepare...
For the 'We Can and 'We Will'
Winds of change to blow,
Dramatically across the land!
And free of addicting pollutants.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

He Declares Himself The Victor

His safety net is wet and still he jumps.
He takes a flying leap peeing on himself!
And in his throat he feels a lump.
He wishes to play the hero...
From Nordic days envisioned.
With a tall stature he stretches to flex...
Long of head.
Light skin and hair,
With blue eyes...
All perfected to precision.

Grasping a mirror,
And at his reflection he stares.
He becomes captivated!
But his contacts fall out.
Flying upward into the air.
His toupee sweeps from his hold.
He lands on his feet from a two foot leap...
Expecting applause!

But no one is awed.
Except an ego he prides,
As he declares himself the victor!
Passing a few who stand by,
With raised eye brows as he strides.
He loves the pretense,
Of convincing himself...
He,
If he so desired to exploit his power.
Would be available if invited,
To explore his next event...
From the Sears Tower!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

He Does It In The Giving

When one is given to serious thought...
That seriousness,
Should be on one's 'mental list'.

I choose to begin with God.
Followed by family,
And my love of friends.
Then myself.
With a desire to keep my wishes,
Prioriticized.

My thought process is always orderly.
Sometimes God pushes me,
To have me think of myself first.
I use to think that was selfish.

And God laughs at me!
Knowing no one could ever be more 'selfish',
Than He!
And He does it in the giving!
That's how 'selfish' He is!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

He Does Look Presidential

Oh...
I beg to differ.
That is a matter of opinion.
I say he does look presidential.
He looks as if he has ended his second term.
And he saw Casper the Ghost having cocktails
With those believing they would be pardoned,
For their war crimes.
And even he becames stunned,
By his own ghastly appearance!
As he denies them.

'What about the Romney guy? '

They are going to do an about face and select him!
His hair takes to dye like his cheeks will take to rouge!
And that's the image they want representing them.
Like that other guy!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

He Found Himself By Losing

He found himself by losing!
Race after race,
Kept him paced with rejecting,
His innervision coming from within himself.
And he had no plans to schedule a meeting,
Anytime soon.

He had fallen in love,
With beating himself down!
Something he knew he did,
But not honest enough to admit...
He himself has done it!
Infatuated with self loothing,
A smile feared to show upon his face!

And everyday...
He seemed to enjoy the company
Of low self esteem.
He prowled on the scene to display
His thoughtless and mean side.
Establishing his disposition.

But then...
He has found himself by losing,
Concepts of restrictions.
When he slipped and fell on an outspoken yell
That evoked his truth to rescue him,
From conformity.

It was not liked!
And nothing about it,
Struck a note of excitement.
From those who thought his mind had snapped!

He stopped revolving on that dog track!
And barked back to reveal his discomfort.

He has found himself,
By losing myths...

That dragons can not do anything more,
Than blow flame.
Or become upset when little things annoy.
He found himself...
And the right to throw his uptight caution to the wind.

He has found himself by losing...
And leaving that losing self he felt behind,
With excuses to abuse that made this all begin.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

He Gave Them What They Wanted

People came and waited for him,
To validate his success.
But his success had already been validated,
Before the people arrived...
With premeditated thoughts of him,
As not living up to their high expectations.

And he gave them what they wanted.

Time to waste.
Waiting for him to show them appreciation.
And he continued to ignore them,
By going about his business as usual.
Not seeking or requesting their approval.
To leave them miffed and confused.
And not one bit amused.

'You folks can save a lot of time, ' He said.
'By doing yourself a favor and some research.
The only thing sought here,
Is what I've had for years! '

And with a snapping of his fingers,
In a rhythmic beat...
He began to rap and move his feet!

'I've got...
P with an 'e'
A with a 'c'
E-O-F
M-I-N-D!

And that is...
P with an 'e'
Can you feel me?
A with a 'c'
Okay?
E-O-F
M-I-N-D!

And it's right here with me all the time!

Say 'P' with an 'e'
Can you feel me?
A with a 'c'
Okay?
E-O-F
M-I-N-D! '

Reluctantly,
They all began this infectious chant:

'P' with an 'e'
Can you feel me?
A with a 'c'
Okay?
E-O-F
M-I-N-D!
'P' with an 'e'
Can you feel me?
A with a 'c'
Okay?
E-O-F
M-I-N-D!
'P' with an 'e'
Can you feel me?
A with a 'c'
Okay?
E-O-F
M-I-N-D! '

And as he quietly left them in a trance inducing boogey,
The people 'got-down-and-funky'

'P' with an 'e'
Can you feel me?
A with a 'c'
Okay?
E-O-F
M-I-N-D!
'P' with an 'e'

Can you feel me?
A with a 'c'
Okay?
E-O-F
M-I-N-D!
'P' with an 'e'
Can you feel me?
A with a 'c'
Okay?
E-O-F
M-I-N-D! '

Some even improvised their 'jive',
In this eclectic electric 'slide'.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

He Has Only Given

I've only told a few.
Not even you.
What it is that ticks my clock.
And gets me boiling hot...
Until the letting off of steam,
Slowly cools...
That anger that builds up in me.
With the acknowledgement...
My peace of mind is worth the 'keep'.
My peace within I wish not to release.
Or stop!

It keeps me going.
That's all I've got!

I've only told a few.
Not even you.
Who and what...
Stirs that pot,
I keep covered.
Not take off the lid,
To blow my top!

I've earned too much,
Just to sizzle and burn.

And the patience I have had,
To resist from going stark raving mad...
Is a blessing only God knows,
That I have what He has only given.

My lips have almost been bitten off.
But I've learned to chew and swallow my resentment.
And witness the doers,
Receive their due from their misdeeds done.

With a repeating that chills my heat...
As that boiling within me starts.
'I have what He has only given.

He has only given.
He has only given...
What I have.
And I am grateful to receive.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

He Is Claimed To Have Your Complete Devotion?

The behavior of your religion sickens.
And the wickedness observed that you portray...
Will not delay how I am perceived by God!
Not 'if' you are as close as you say you are!
And He is claimed to have your complete devotion?
For some reason...
I am not at all concerned,
About what God thinks of me.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

He Is Clearly A Winner

He has been declared a loser,
But his appearance has been felt.
And those who would like to see him defeated,
Have exposed themselves to be who they are.
And what they have been!
Without showing their reflections at all!
The voices they have kept hidden,
Now loud in objection
Have shown those around the world...
That he is a man of integrity!

So many had given up hope,
That one like him actually existed...
On shores where crooks,
Stood high and mighty in the limelight!

He may be declared a loser,
By those who choose to view him that way!
However...
He is clearly a winner to millions,
Who have grown tired of watching thieves succeed!
And the greedy bleed the needy.
Creating a downslide...
That has been gaining momentum,
For decades!
And they wish that he should fail...
To continue their ignorance.
With a hope and a desire that it prevails.
But none of it inspires!
That is why that too soon expires!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

He Is Expected To Bless Them With Gifts

I am on a mission to complete it.
Not to question each task,
To ask God to replace my challenges.
That's why I keep my faith...
Strong and without doubt that can be debated.

And those who remain confused,
Insisting they pray...?
I often wonder to 'who' and 'what' they do that to?
And 'why' they have reasons to complain everyday?
As if they have been assigned to carry the burdens of others.

And 'if' that is the case...
How strong is their faith,
That leaves them to believe...
To express their grievances,
Is what God desires to hear.
As He is expected to bless them with gifts,
That fulfill their wishes.
Everytime they are found whining,
About obstacles they agonize...
And delivered to God's attentive ears.

How strong is their faith,
That leaves them to believe...
To express their grievances,
Is what God desires to hear.
And disappear to await for a miracle!
Only to defy it in denial when it arrives.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

He Panders To Europeans

They make claims he's an opportunist!
And he panders to Europeans.
Those who own New York City, Los Angeles
Chicago, New Orleans and every city in between.

The ones who own the debt...
And set aside more loans to borrow!

The ones collecting outsourced jobs,
To leave many left in sorrow.

The ones who dictate policy...
That feeds lobbyistic greed!

The ones with financial backing,
From movies seen to mobile phones...
With their distinctive rings,
And other play things!

The ones pandered to who spend vacations,
From Cape Cod, Pebble Beach to the Florida keys!

Then ones who police their shores,
Who themselves are foreign.
Making sure their imports,
Are more than exported!

The ones who build cars they drive,
Because they are better made!

And they accuse him of pandering to them,
While those in debt up to their ears...
Give him on his home turf,
Their reasons to snub him with distain and shade!

However...
He never once stated,
Those he wishes to lead out of darkness...
Aren't capable of being the greatest.

Claims to this they make!

And he never once stated their quality of life...
Is nearing the brink and about to break!
And he never once slighted their heritage at all.
Or answered questions why he is best qualified,
To represent their European traditions...
On a land they confiscated,
To enhance their European ways...
Barely thriving to keep their delusions alive!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

He Poked Fun At Those Pretentious

Shakespeare wasn't the first writer,
Playwrite or poet...
Defamed for his insights.
Or criticized for his distaste,
For the wasteful lives lived...
By those of royalty.
Or the corruptedness of political thinkers.
They declared his shenanigans were 'great'.
The way he poked fun at those pretentious!
Today?
He would be censored,
Daring to exist AND be relevant!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

He Prefers Pears

Apples may be the fruit of choice.
But the chef says he prefers pears in his kitchen.

'Are you ready to order?
Or would you rather find a more suitable view?
The chef wouldn't mind at all!
Afterall...
How did you know we were here?
Someone made to you
Our menu clear!
If not by taste...
Certainly by a choice that was voiced?
Quality here is our adventure.
With a hint of heat to leave you moist! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

He Presents Himself With Such Intelligence

He presents himself with such intelligence,
They are 'still' making attempts...
To find his birth,
Not natural enough for them to be convinced...
That he is a bona fide naturalized citizen.
Since nothing else to them makes sense.
He is almost over qualified to be president.
If they could they would take fingerprints,
From the womb he grew.
So desperate are they to find...
A way to dissect and undo his mind!
With hopes to uncover evidence,
He is not of the human kind!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

He Represents Their Ideal

I would say the other one.
Not 'that' one.
But the older one.
He has the more experienced presence.

'Why do you say that? '

He is inconsistent.
Clearly irrational.
Bares the scars from being abused!
Mentally imprisoned in a time warp.
And the look of being crazed!
He represents their ideal.

'I hadn't thought about that!
Perhaps that is the reason,
The race is a close one! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

He Rode On A Bus

Since he rode on a bus,
They believed him to be without powerful allies.
Since he rode on a bus,
They believed him to be limited in influence.
Since he rode on a bus,
And lived amongst the poor and not the rich...
He was disrespected more.
But only a few knew,
His worth was more than this.
Even though his funds were limited.

And since he chose to ride on a bus,
He knew he could do what he wished.
His life was not lived to acquire material possessions.
His life was lived for him...
To enjoy every bit of it.
Being there with the people,
As his experience.
And if he rode on a bus...
That was a piece of 'his' happiness.
No explanations did he have to make,
Since for him this was a perfect fit.
Unlike the others,
Who expressed pretentions...
Every chance they would get.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

He Started It

So many have left behind,
Their playground days.
With a doing to create,
Their own paths to make.
And to do with prayer and kept faith.
Becoming an adult is not an easy task.
Many are not asked,
To pass those tests when kicked..
Out of the nest.
Or given a treasure chest to call their own.
Borrowed, loaned or understood it given.

There are more childish minds,
Operating inside adult bodies to hide.
Then there are actual adults,
Trying their best to be less accountable.

And those who have long tested the waters,
To know how deep to dive or swim...
Are often blamed for taking responsibility,
Others deny to find fault with them.
True are those like this who lead.
With no attention wished or wanting to get.
However...
Some handed their lives to live,
With few obstacles and less opposition to face...
Believe they qualify to become great leaders.
Even though the doing of it is most likely faked.

'Listen!
Both of you have wishes,
To be leaders of the people.
But neither one of you have proven,
To have grown beyond your petty ways.'

~He started it.
By saying I had small hands.
And you know what 'that' means.~

'Yes I do.
Small hands.
Small minds.
Have nothing to offer,
But small and self-centered objectives.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

He Will

He will...
Remove all the troubles we've got!
He will...
Heal us from the bottom to top.
He's the Maker,
Of the Sun, Earth, Moon and Stars.
Even made the men and women we are!
He's the Maker.

He will..
Wipe all our tears away.
He will...
Deliver what we need if we pray.
Don't let nobody say,
Faith is not for believers...
Chase that thought away.
We've got to stay...
With God today!

He will...
Remove all the troubles we've got.
Yes He will...
Heal us from the bottom to top.
He's the Maker,
Of the Sun, Earth, Moon and Stars.
Even made the men and women we are.
That's all we really have from the start!
We have to get more God in our hearts.
He's the Maker!

Get more God in our hearts.
He's the Maker!
We gotta get more God in our hearts
He's the Maker!
Can't quit
Get God in our hearts!
He's the Maker!
Get get more God in our hearts!
He's the Maker!

Gotta get...
Can't quit!
Don't sit
With God in our hearts!
He's the Maker!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

He Will Never Leave

Wherever you go...
To get your faith groove on.
I hope it's in your heart,
That God remains with you strong!

I hope you know too...
Only one God can only be!
It didn't take thousands of deities,
To make one tree.
Or new churches in construction,
To make a single blade of grass.
Nor repetitious scriptures learned...
To erase misdeeds done fast!

There is only the pursuit of truth.
And recognizing there is only just ONE!
Let others adorn symbols to convince they 'believe'.
But in your heart and mind keep Him there...
And from you He will 'never' leave'!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Head Banger

A banging of one's head observed,
Being done against a brick wall.
Appears to be painful.

Should the one observing,
Empathize with the head banger.
With the supplying of aspirin?

Or should one applaud the wall,
For enduring through the agony sighted...
As the wall does provide one,
Such a public and pathetic display...
To a complete commitment to unacceptance.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Headache Makers

Why is it that headache makers,
Are the first to participate in the generating...
Of annoyances wished to inflict,
And knowing this?

Uncomfortable with social etiquette,
Headache makers have their own priority list.
And it is studied to make sure,
Those in their presence know they exist!

Number 1...Be the center of attention.
Number 2...Name dropp and embellish.
Number 3...Speak loudly and laugh at own jokes told.
Number 4...Disrespect with opinions not solicited.
Number 5...Create nicknames to call others when socializing.
Number 6...Pry and be a nuisance.
Number 7...Tell everyone present what is wrong with 'them'.
Number 8...Interrupt and interfere with other conversations.
Number 9...Suggest to host and/or hostess what needs to be done.
Number 10..Pretend to be something that one isn't.

Why is it that headache makers,
Are the first to participate in the generating...
Of annoyances wished to inflict,
And knowing this?

As they wonder why,
Very few people wish...
To be in their presence again,
Consciously!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Headaches

Getting peace to get it,
In their homes some don't.
Getting peace to get it,
Many wont.

A getting peace to get it,
In their homes some don't.
Getting peace to get it,
Many wont.

Winds are heard to roar.
Taking leaves off the thunder comes.
And the lightening flashes.
he trees.

People running from the rain,
And getting wetter yet.
Hoping when inside their shelters,
No one's upset.

Coming home to find the same storms.
And pettiness accepted.
Repeated with effect.
Coming home to find the same storms.
Are people greeting tears,
They have known for years.

Headaches...
Begin with them born at home.
Headaches...
Condoned to start in comfort zones.
And permitted to exist.

Getting peace to get it,
In their homes some don't.
Getting peace to get it,
Many wont.

The thunder comes.

And the lightening flashes.
'Headaches.
Headaches.'

Winds are heard,
Blowing winds through trees.
Leaving 'Headaches.'
Headaches.
Inside where no peace is received.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Headaches To Tolerate Patiently

An escalating of a child's game played,
With it done to bluff...
And charade a toughness,
To bully those believed afraid.
Today does not deliver,
The expected results.
Since those today who are bullied,
May come around the following day...
Equipped with a bulldozer,
Without explanation why they found it,
Neccesary to eliminate experiencing...
Headaches to tolerate patiently,
When an easier way has been found...
To completely remove their existence,
From the ground where they had been played.

'You can't do that.
Using that kind of tactic.'

~Why shouldn't I? ~

'You are suppose to plead with us,
To let you play without being harrassed.'

~But I'm not feeling harrassed at all.
I've discovered a way to erase my impatience.
Don't be offended.
I'm sure you will find a way,
To escalate a needless tension to get yourself...
More attention.
And at least, when and if that should happen,
Neither one of us can rely on the past...
To make what was done worthy to remember.
Do you mind,
Finding a seat on the 'new' bleechers being installed.
Time is no longer mine to waste,
In attempts made previously to negotiate.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Headed In The Same Direction

Despite of their lack of light.
And vision clouded,
By an absence of insight...
Many have begun on the right road,
To see...
A disharmony fading from them to leave,
Whatever it had been to dislike...
About one another.
To make them hate and fight.
Their paths out of darkness,
Will begin to reveal them all to be...
Headed in the same direction.

Headed in the same direction.
Away from conflict and their fears.
Headed in the same direction.
Wanting to be freed from agony and pain.
Headed in the same direction.
Wishing to let go of burdens and woes.
Headed in the same direction.
No matter what their color shows,
That day will come they all will know...
What they've been taught to dislike,
To keep feeding upon this kind of appetite.
And despite of their lack of light and insight,
Paths they have taken away from the darkness...
Will reveal them all to be,
Headed in the same direction.
Effectively!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Headed Towards The Summer

Headed towards the Summer.
Headed towards the beach.
Headed towards the Sunshine.
And loving that tanning heat.

Headed for some fun time.
And wanting it to keep.
Planning those special moments.
With someone special to meet.

Laughing and enjoying that together.
Wishing each second of it kept,
Not to ever leave.
Even the humidity is welcomed to please.

Headed towards the Summer.
And without a cloud in sight.
Hoping that this Summer reveals,
Someone discovered to have it known,
It's not only the Summer liked...
We both have found to make it shown.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Heads Down

Greed has fed a selfishness,
To leave so many with their heads down.
Grieving over 'things' re-possessed.

Greed has fed a selfishness,
To leave so many with their heads down.
Grieving over 'things' re-possessed.

And gone,
Taken by the Earth's storms...
Are pretentions.
Impressing to be mentioned.
And gone,
Are beliefs kept to self deceive.

Greed...
Feasting on a bigotry,
Has fed a selfishness.
To leave so many with their heads down.
Grieving over re-possessions,
Once protecting racist steps.
And gone,
Taken by the Earth's storms...
Are those pretentions.
Impressing to be mentioned.
And gone...
Are all beliefs kept to self deceive.

Heads down.
Looking all around.
Heads down.
Grieving disbelieving.
Heads down.
Seeking for their values on the ground.
With heads down.
Seeking for what's valued on the ground.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Healed From A Wound

Would I consider,
Beginning a relationship...
With anyone I had been in love with,
In my past?
Is that what you've asked?

'Yes.'

I don't see why not.
I don't remember them anyway.
I've learned to forget,
All things meant to be forgotten.

And...
After my heart has healed from a wound...
I do not seek to reminisce,
How I came to arrive...
To achieve my current happiness.
I'm not one to sit repeated gloom.

Nor do I reflect upon...
Who at a time that has gone,
I had given my best.
Once I have been tested...
Giving my best,
I never regret it.

And if a chemistry is there to share,
I am sure a maturity has been involved.
Who cares what had been there to mend?
I live in the 'now' and glad of it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Healing Has Its Sacrifices

Aching from pain hurts.
To numb and release from the origin...
Isn't easily done.
Not for the one,
Trying to find a solution...
To overcome from the affects.
Since the stinging of it seems to sit.

A direct weakness,
Clinches on as if bitten...
By sharp sinking teeth.
To free from this is a wish.
And it takes time!
Until the mind decides...
Either to harden or forgive.
To be frequently revisited,
By the appearance of embitterness.
At the expense of someone innocent.

Or...
One can choose to let go!
Of any feelings ever felt.
And to do one's best,
To forget ever having them!
Disconnecting to regret nothing.
In a recovery one justifies.

Healing has its sacrifices.
And life without sorrows to relive...
Is a gift when it comes.
To deliver happiness again.
With a choice one makes that remains.
Regardless of the circumstances.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Health Care

If I am not aware...
Who else can I fault,
For not being there?
And more conscious,
Of my own health care.

To show a responsibility,
Upon my neglect!
And an absent mindedness...
I have chosen to reflect,
With a disrespect accepted.

Who should I hold accountable?
Insured or not!
Since I have been too busy.
With no time to stop!
Or keep informed.

Who should I accuse for my illnesses?
Or new infections created and born.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Healthy And Accepted Sense

Dependable can be thoughts that come,
From someone who listens first...
To comprehend then to another gives,
Silence an opportunity to birth...
Healthy and accepted sense that's made.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Hear Me With Your Ears

Hear me with your ears,
To open.
Let go of previous assumptions.
Do it to dump them.
I've come with an offering,
Of something fresh.
Something to unleash...
Your hidden inner inhibitions.

Hear me with your ears,
To open.
And close your eyes to listen clear.
Your blemishes and flaws,
As you perceive them to be...
Makes you the main jewel,
I will always keep treasured...
To adore and respect as a genuine gem.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Heard From Those Purging

There is a mega gap exisiting between,
Those who wish to be seen as being righteous...
And those who exemplify the meaning,
By the ones who attest,
They have witnessed their actions in progress.

Confessions with testaments,
Heard from those purging their self righteousness...
Seem first to offer 'and' suggest,
What they value with a knowing is for others the best.

There is something about one who is humble,
With a doing done without seeking attention.
But becomes discovered by others,
They have gained to benefit from these deeds.
And when those self righteous begin to protest,
It is often disappointment with others they leave.

There is a mega gap exisiting between,
Those who wish to be seen as being righteous...
And those who exemplify the meaning,
By the ones who attest,
They have witnessed their actions in progress.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Heard Is The Singing Of Mistrust Carols

Heard is the singing of mistrust carols.
La,
La la la.
La,
La la la.

Heard are frightened shoppers stopping.
To purchase ammunition done.
For guns they carry everywhere.
Shocked are people who then run.
Bang,
Pop pop pop.
Bang,
Pop pop pop.
People have begun to fear with reason.
Everyone feel threats to keep.

And hark drop the shells.
Hear people yell.
On urban streets,
Hate is released.
No one is safe.
There's no escape.
Where is the peace.
No one can sleep.

Heard are frightened shoppers stopping.
To purchase ammunition done.
For guns they carry everywhere.
Shocked are people who then run.
Bang,
Pop pop pop.
Bang,
Pop pop pop.

People have begun to fear with reason.
Everyone feel threats to keep.

Hark drop the shells.

Hear people yell.
On urban streets,
Hate is released.
No one is safe.
There's no escape.
Where is the peace.
No one can sleep.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Heard Much Too Often

Taking responsibility to be and teach...
The values of discipline.
And the benefits of being accountable.
Establishes a life long lesson taught.
That creates an atmosphere,
Of those more willing to understand.
And with a comprehension that begins,
With an ending of disrespect and tempers...
Quick to flair and pass judgements on others.
To do to choose who is next to pick.

The ones motivated taking initiative done,
Seem to have less time fault finding to blame...
Anyone else to defame or make claims,
What they've accomplished with effort to make...
Proves their use of time not to excuse,
Has enabled them to continue to ignore...
Negative comments made,
So many are heard much too often to do.
When they lack discipline and initiative too.
And a responsibility taken to be accountable,
For their own actions they alone have produced.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Heard Shouting Their Doubts Out

Efforts made to get something done,
By anyone making a transition...
From excuses made to take those steps,
Has already accomplished the unexpected.
Regardless of who may become upset,
To object to such audacity.

And those heard shouting their doubts out,
Amongst a crowd that is loud with faceless mouths...
May attempt to bring disgrace to the ones proving,
A moving ahead with a choice chosen to do 'something'...
Only sets the mood to continue with those efforts.
As they stand on the sidelines awaiting failure to entertain.

Efforts made today takes courage, pride and identity accepted.
Too many prefer to critique instead.
Efforts today takes a sacrificing of time to devote and not neglect.
With a sustained self-respect kept protected.
To detect and find a leaving behind complacency...
Has ultimately freed their minds,
From those defining themselves by labels...
To keep themselves within restricted limits,
Perceived to bring benefits...
Never to come with it done for them to receive.

And those heard shouting their doubts out,
Amongst a crowd that is loud with faceless mouths...
May attempt to bring disgrace to the ones proving,
A moving ahead with a choice chosen to do 'something'...
Only sets the mood to continue with those efforts.
As they stand on the sidelines awaiting failure to entertain.

Efforts made with chances to take,
Seldom awaits the arrival of failure to entertain.
Efforts made today takes courage, pride and identity accepted.
And...
Seldom are those efforts made to contemplate rejection,
While awaiting the arrival of failure to entertain.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Heartaches Mean Nothing

Heartaches mean nothing,
To those who mean nothing.
But we who mean something...
And show nothing felt.
Can be mean...
And,
Demean.

Making up from breakups,
Show those who love most...
What is meant to be lonely.
And wanting only to forgive.

You mean to me something!
More at times than I admit.
Why can't we get over our indifferences?
To say it is the love that's missed.
And from each other this is known,
To exist!

To keep away those breakups,
And heartaches to resist!

Heartaches mean nothing,
To those who mean nothing.
But we who mean something...
And show nothing felt.
Can be mean...
And,
Demean.

You mean to me something!
More at times than I admit.
But why can't we get over that...
To protect our love from it.

Heartaches mean nothing,
To those who mean nothing.
But we who mean something...

And show nothing felt.
Can be mean...
And,
Demean.
But...
So in need.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Heartbreak Seems So Easy

People...
Today can be so evil.

'Heartbreak seems so easy.'
~Is it? ~
'Heartbreak seems so easy.'
~Is it? ~

People...
Today can be so evil.

'Heartbreak seems so easy.'
~Is it? ~
'Heartbreak seems so easy.'
~Is it? ~

'Heartbreak seems so easy,
When it's done to someone else.'
~Is it? ~
'Doesn't it seem easy? '
~Is it? ~
'Doesn't it seem easy? '
~Is it? ~

When someone decides it's time,
To find somebody new...
Heartbreak seems so easy,
Just to do it and pursue.

'Heartbreak seems so easy,
When it's done to someone else.'
~Is it? ~
'Doesn't it seem easy? '
~Is it? ~
'Doesn't it seem easy? '
~Is it? ~

No matter who the one who does this,
Doesn't suffering too.

'Heartbreak seems so easy.'
~Is it? ~
'Heartbreak seems so easy'.
~Is it? ~

People...
Today can be so evil.

'Heartbreak seems so easy.'
~Is it? ~
'Heartbreak seems so easy.'
~Is it? ~

People...
Today can be so evil.

'Heartbreak seems so easy.'
~Is it? ~
'Heartbreak seems so easy.'
~Is it? ~

'No matter who it is to do the choosing that is done!
A heartbreak is so easy.
~Is it? ~
'Heartbreak seems so easy.'
~Is it? ~

People...
Today can be so evil.

'Heartbreak seems so easy.'
~Is it? ~
'Heartbreak seems so easy.'
~Is it? ~

People...
Today can be so evil.

'Heartbreak seems so easy.'
~Is it? ~
'Heartbreak seems so easy.'
~Is it? ~

'Heartbreak seems so easy.'
~Is it? ~
'Heartbreak seems so easy.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Heartless Creatures

Shameless...
Are the ones who will do anything,
To reach the top!

Shameless...
And prepared to defame,
Anyone to ruin.
Anyone,
With no stopping done.
But hints from them are dropped.

And shameless...
With an aim to claim themselves,
Capable and able with experience to deceive.
Shameless are these heartless creatures.
Leave them and their thoughtlessness,
If from them ruthlessness is perceived.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Heartless Precision

Sadly stagnant with toxic tactics.
Mentally witless.
And morally pathetic!
And this might reflect,
The best that they can give.
Since everything else they've done...
Has them depicted lower than scum!

Proving they can undo one's quality of life.
With heartless precision.
And declarations to insist this sickness is right.
What purpose serves the conflicts...
If land we stand on is being to foreigners sold?
Who today is left believing,
All the lies that are being told!

What medications are they on?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Heat And Ice Could Together Dwell

I may come to feel it but never come to say,
How others feel about what I do...
They have a choice to accept or refuse,
If they choose.

And that depends on what is done.
And if it is done with an intent.
If I am responding to a specific action,
Then what I choose to do is direct and meant.

Oh I can be arrogant and I can be rude.
I can be tempermental and give attitude too.
I can be distant and be cold as hell.
Even though I've never understood how heat and ice,
Could together dwell.

And that depends on what is done.
And if it is done with an intent.
If I am responding to a specific action,
Then what I choose to do is direct and meant.

I may come to feel it but never come to say,
How others feel about what I do...
They have a choice to accept or refuse,
If they choose.

But when I'm pushed to the limit I can freeze and steam.
With a melting to eventually thaw,
To become someone's manipulated putty!
Showing a protective crust although within a soften dough.
And I hate it when its known I just puff to blow smoke.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Heat Dispensed

We all are pawns to planned speeches and day old bread.
It's stale no matter how it's nibbled...
Wrapped around the tongue,
Or followed by reheased sincerety.
It is becoming common to hoodwink, sidetrack, derail...
Or simply just flat out lie!
And it's enjoyed!
Addicted to the wickedness....
And finding ourselves cynical in dealing with reality!
It's not political!
It's 'anal'-istic!
A rustic suburban thrust up the rear end,
That's becoming enjoyed...
With each disgusting revelation,
Of another high profile butt exposed...
As if being crank out on an assembly line,
From a factory producing 'nutts' without bolts being craved!
Or chalk boards sold to the blind...
To communicate daily updates!
The supply for this is in much demand!
And we no longer seek solutions!
Instead we are seen shopping for better lubricants...
Some fantastic and with heat dispensed.
And sharing the routines by which we are getting laid,
Without a hint of being compensated.
This method is preferred!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Heat It In The Kettle

Mix and blend before you can,
Feed me!
Heat it in the kettle then,
Feed me love!
Mix and blend before you can,
Feed me!
Heat it in the kettle then,
Feed me love!

Mix and blend before you can,
Put in the potatoes.
Mix and blend before you can,
Add the tomatoes.
Heat it in the kettle then...
Use chopped beef.
Or any kind of meat.

Take that homemade bread out of the oven.
Thickly slice.
Butter it nice.

Take that homemade bread out of the oven.
Thickly slice.
Butter it nice.

Mix and blend before you can,
Feed me!
Heat it in the kettle then,
Feed me love!

Take that homemade bread out of the oven.
Thickly slice.
Butter it nice.

Mix and blend before you can,
Put in the potatoes.
Add the tomatoes.
Use chopped beef.
Or any kind of meat.

Heat it in the kettle then
Heat it in the kettle then
Heat it in the kettle then...
Feed me love!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Heated Words

The Sun.
Heated words from someone.
Blistering the ears,
Of those fearing what they hear.
And yet when this is done...
They claim not to know,
Where the burning churns from!
With wishes and desires,
To be noticeably tanned.
Tongue spanked,
With an off colored reprimand,
Demanded and asked.
Applied to one's face, arms and legs.
And rubbed firmly into one's back!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Heating Up To Boil Over

Attitudes.
Cemented and fixed in stubbornness.
And displaying a selfishness.
With beliefs amendments document,
Who is more deserving...
To get handed to them entitlements.

Attitudes. Driven with a drive to prove.
To show it shown they can sizzle.
With a heating up to boil over.
And spill upon those innocent too!
Need an immediate turning down of a volume.
To do it as an adjustment to chill,
And listen and not refuse.

Nothing unexpected that has come to appear,
Should surprise those with opened eyes...
To see with a clarity,
Choices they made to make yesterday...
Today they claim has them living in fear.

Only those in denial and self hypnotized,
Find their deluded minds under attack.
With a doing to disbelieve...
A clicking clock that moves forward,
Is not going to stop or for them move back.

And attitudes by a few fools refusing,
To see the light for what it is...
Had always been there to accept without question,
Each step of darkness to ignore the dawn...
They chose to reflect deceptions.
With this now to turn them off but kept to carry on.

Attitudes.
Heating up to boil over.
On streets to prevent their own progress.
Attitudes. Spoiled and cemented in self-centeredness.
And selfishly kept to make less sense.

With a proving disturbances 'organized' and meant,
Are documented entitlements.

Since no one ultimately benefits,
From a disarray of displayed ignorance.
To wish and convince with a thoughtlessly...
That attitudes quick to fuse best represents,
A doing of misdeeds...
To believe them good intentions to leave.

'I want what is mine.'

~That's fine.
But why trash and destroy everything?
To leave NOTHING behind.
I will admit I took liberties from you I didn't need.
But you also have to admit and truthfully...
When I did this you pretended to be blind.
And only occasionally you whined.
To accept what I did to you 'all' this time.~

'But you chose not to hear me,
When I spoke 'peacefully'.
And now this squeaking wheel,
Is in need of much more...
Than a request of just token drops of used oil.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Heaven Sent

How blind can a hindsight be?

Do you remember yesterday?
When corruption and thieves,
Were given carte blanche...
To do as they please.
From gilded cages in glass towers...
Lined up and down,
On poverty stricken trash strewn streets!
Where homelessness and hunger,
'Still' lays there below there upturned noses...
And at their feet.

Wasn't it just yesterday,
a smothering of truth and misdeeds,
Were deceitfully employed?
While much need jobs were outsourced overseas?
And 'this' practice they enjoyed.

An infrastructure has not stopped crumbling,
For as far as the eye can see.
While thugs in silk suits pull duping tricks.
And this they do from the cuffs of stolen sleeves.

And the ones with honesty as a mission,
Are being blocked by much devilment.
There is a gaping hole that deepens...
Not recently dug by those of common sense.
Those with elitest intentions did it!

And they wish to prevent,
The ones unconscious to realize...
The pointing of fingers is done towards,
The real 'bad' guys.
And a worshipping of greed and gluttony,
Is a privilege heaven sent!
With a hope that those unconscious...
Stand up in their defense.

'But...
What about the waste, fraud and all of this abuse? '

Good question!
Aren't those the directions you inflicted,
And introduced?
Didn't that occur while you addicted the people...
And them seduced?

'Well...
I...I...I...uh.
Uh...oh...well...I...I...I...uh.'

Thank you for your obvious admission.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Heavy On The Congas

It's my kind of night.
In my kind of season.
Pleasing a teased and craved appetite.

This brings me joy.
With a thrill I employ.
Pass the half & half.
Pour just a bit of it,
In this drinking glass.

It's my cup of tea.
Sipped and yes...
It is quite tasty.
With soft and fresh croissants.
Baked.
Buttered.
And slightly flaky.

It's my kind of night.
In my kind of season,
I like.
I might not show the excitement.
Since I am delighting each bite.
How can I express 'scrumptious'?
When a rhythm thumps with a groove just right!

Heavy on the congas.
I bite croissants,
And taste.

Heavy on the congas.
I bite croissants,
And taste.

Bobba-doobah-doobah bup bup.
I bite croissants,
And taste.

Bobba-doobah-doobah bup bup.

I bite croissants,
And taste.

Bobba-doobah-doobah bup bup.
I bite croissants,
And taste.

Heavy on the congas!
I bite croissants,
And taste.
Bobba-doobah-doobah bup bup.
I bite croissants,
And taste.
Beaucoup ooo aux mais oui!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Heeding The Call To Their Expectations

Initiators, instigators, implementators...
Whatever you want to call people,
Who create their own dilemmas...
With an inviting of rage,
To then put the blame on someone else...
For actions they will not admit,
Are of their own making.

Although accuse those they say and do...
That they want out of their lives,
For not doing enough to help them...
When faced with a crisis,
Are those they despise publicly...
For not doing what they want done,
BECAUSE...
They are entitled.

And they wonder why their lives,
With whatever natural disasters they face...
Have come to affect them,
In places...
Where they have gone,
To isolate themselves...
Yelling for calls for 'help'!
Do the best the can to prioritize,
Their madness.

From 'who' or 'whom' or 'what'...
Do they believe,
Will come rushing to their aid?
Heeding the call to their expectations?

The very same people,
They have attempted to eliminate...
From being too controlling,
In being instrumental in their lives.
To dry their weeping eyes.

There is no doubt why people who shout,

Are being today...
More ignored.
With a focus that shows them to be,
The reasons why any progress is stalled.
Not only are these people 'nutts'.
They are clearly the ones needing to be locked up.
To allow humanity to rid its fences.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Height Of Admiration

Isn't it just amazing...
How a few may keep a list,
Detailing the things disliked by someone.
And the one discussed,
Has no idea what was did, said or done.
Especially to disgust,
Another one so much.
And to take that person's time...
To enable them to find time to whine.
Putting their own life on hold!
And neglecting a mind that could be at rest!
THAT act alone...
Has to be the height,
Of admiration!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Held Accountable

We all seek to get attention.
But many who wish it to get,
Pay little of it to others to mention.

We all want to be understood.
And if we could,
Describe ourselves...
With the having of no flaws at all.

We would like to have others seen,
As treating us indifferently...
When our good intentions are interpreted,
To be deceiving misdeeds.

And...
Some people wish not to be responsible,
For their own actions.
Preferring to place the blame,
For their responsibilities unclaimed...
On the back of someone else,
To be held accountable.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Held Up High With Pride

It takes more,
Than a holding of one's head...
Held up high with pride,
To reflect upon experiences...
Of what it takes to have broken through barriars,
For one to get to that point...
With a feeling of doing it has been earned.

Those peacocking with a crowing done,
Either perceive themselves to have...
A few more dollars pocketed,
Than those seen on the streets deadlocked.
Or are convinced they have achieved success,
Because they possess what others do not.
And 'that' determines a self worth more valued.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Hell Spiced

I 'use' to be in the fifth grade.
And I remember junior high.

I remember enlisting into the military.
And that was in nineteen sixty five.

I remember being a father...once!
And experiencing incredible emotional depth!
When I witnessed my son die...
Oh yes!

I remember doing marriage twice.
And knowing what I can and can not do,
After giving it a try.
I've replaced those *I Do's* with *Don'ts*.
Keeping any lieing to myself at a minimum.

And as I approach the age of sixty five,
Only God knows how blessed I feel.
With a gratefulness to be alive.
Although I am told I don't look a day over sixty.
And on my good days...
Fifty nine and a half with a smiling done I can pass.

And...
Each day when I make it my business to pray,
I know there could not have been any other way...
I could say I have survived.

Since God and I only know how it has been,
To experience such a hell spiced ride...
With the opening of my eyes,
Even wider.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Help Them See It

Help them identify the source of their ignorance,
Dear Father.
Help them see it...
And not become overwhelmed by its magnitude.
Help them remove the disguises that hide their fears.
They have been duped big time.
And so fraudulent are their beliefs.
What was once an ideal...
Has been infested by the illness of greed manifested!
And this,
They can not see...
Has deluded them from any contact with reality!
Help them identify the source of their ignorance,
Dear Father.
Help them see it...
And not become overwhelmed by its magnitude.
Help them see it...
Before all of their visions cease!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Helped To Pack

It is said absence makes the heart grow fonder!
Some experience amnesia during these times,
And not only have been found in states of euphoria...
But hoping that the absence produced,
Creates a disappearing act!
And the one who sought to leave...
Never comes back!

Whoever coined that phrase,
About the absence of hearts and lonely days!
Never awakened against a slab of ice.
Or kneed in the groin,
By someone who has no depth going on!
And nothing to share...
But a blank thoughtless stare!
Someone like that...
Is often helped to pack!
Especially after many years,
Of being denied human contact!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Her Best Friends

How big of a fool can she be?
She got you to believe what she said.
So she can't be that big of a fool.
In fact...
I think she has made some fools,
Her best friends.
Those who enjoy defending themselves,
With a protected dignified ignorance!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

'Her' Domain

What lessons today are being learned?
Who dares to turn their heads away,
To believe chips seen and heard cracking...
Are not the beginnings for a complete over haul,
Of those neglected to age foundations...
Starting to fall on them, they and 'us' all.
Regardless who is depicted evil and/or wicked.

What lessons today are being learned?
Who is it that still is left to disbelieve,
That Mother Nature is without thought.
And 'She' is not a living and breathing 'entity'.
We rule nothing within 'Her' domain.
The only thing we control is a mentality.
Everyday with shown evidence growing insane.

What lessons today are being learned?
As those with a fragmented consciousness,
Dangle precariously on deluded self-deceptions.
Who can not observe it to be clearly seen,
That Mother Nature, God and other invisable 'Deities'...
Have had it with those declaing themselves,
Selected to be better than the rest to decide who lives.

What lessons today are being learned?
By those who can't accept or respect what time it is.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Her Lips Did Crumb From Nibbling

She offered her custard for me to sniff.
I'm into pound cake so I resisted.
She then wanted me to lick her cheeks.
Well...
Since her lips did crumb from nibbling,
I obliged.
And thought the adding of lemon extract,
Would enhance the flavor,
To the frosting I removed from my tongue!
But she did whip with good hip action.
I had to admit that!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Her Punishments Are Not Random

When Mother Nature is angered,
Doesn't it seem her punishments...
Are not random?

Mother Nature knows,
Specifically and without mystery...
Exactly who to spank to awaken.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Here And Beyond

You wont know this,
Until it occurs.
Your appetite for isolation...
Has left you disconnected,
From those offended
And abhorred.

You could not exist,
Without resources others have.
The very ones denounced with fun...
Should be exulted,
But you have made their lives
So very sad!

And everything that nature gives,
You believe is yours to destroy.
But every living thing here and beyond,
Will unite to stop your crazed
Demented joy!

You wont know this,
Since corruption is for you...
Just another toy!
But something comes that will not tolerate,
Furthering things you've done that annoy!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Here And In My Heart

Everyday you are near,
Here and in my heart...
To feel your presence,
As a gift to keep it celebrated.
Close to know it felt to feel.
Always kept to never depart.

And I remind you of this,
On a daily basis.
You are special to me.
Before and after,
The 14th of February comes...
To then on the 15th leave.

Everyday you are near,
Here and in my heart...
To feel your presence,
As a gift to keep it celebrated.
And no matter who awaits,
For a certain month or day to say it.
Love for you is what I have.
To stay to go nowhere.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Here Committed With A Giving

I am...
Only here committed with a giving to listen.
And hope that what I do will not confuse.
I am...
Here to end and not begin a conflict.
If I can...
Understand,
What it takes for patience.
And if I can...
Understand,
The meaning with it done.
If I can...
Understand,
What it takes for patience.
And if I can...
Understand,
The meaning more than some.

At times when I have come to give my patience.
It is defeated.
Before I'm seated.
And at those times I know I'm left with none.
At times when I have come to give my patience.
It is defeated.
Before I'm seated.
And I know I'm the one who needs to be...
Patient.
If I can...
Understand,
What it takes.
And if I can...
Understand,
Why sometimes I don't.
With a looking for an exit.
To then patiently breathe.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Here I Am Again

When I turned away,
I...
Never thought I'd be back.
Or wished I had not left,
But...
When I turned away,
I...
Had excuses to be made.
Thinking away I would stay.

And yet,
Here I am again.
For reasons not lamented.
Here I am again.
With opened eyes.
And,
Here I am again...
Seeing,
For the first time...
With a change of mind.
Patience taught me how to find.

When I turned away,
I...
Never thought I'd be back.
Or wished I had not left,
But...
When I turned away,
I...
Had excuses to be made.
Thinking away I would stay.
Forever!

But,
Here I am again.
For reasons not lamented.
Here I am again.
With opened eyes.
And,

Here I am again...
Seeing,
For the first time...
With a change of mind.
And...
Hoping I will find you,
Forgiving.
And willing,
To free me...
Of your doubts!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Here Is A Four Dollar Bill

You want to hold me responsible,
For not agreeing to your mistakes made.
Or supporting your decision,
To pretend you were not aware...
You initiated them with an implementation?

Okay! I'll go along with your scheme,
To have you release from any accountability.
I will campaign to make that known.
But first, before I do that...
Here is a four dollar bill.

'? '

I'd like to have you make change for it.
And in return I'll accept only tens and twentys.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Here Is My Resumé

We...
You and me.
Have spent too much time,
Playing charades.
Instead of being in the parade,
To live our lives.
We stood by cheering or booing others on...
To leave our own lifelines disconnected.
Nothing to protect or keep us from being neglected.
We've been disrespectful of ourselves.
And we expect...
A rescue mission to come and find us,
In a wilderness of mess we nested...
To willfully let it become infested?

Don't look at me...
With readied criticisms!
I have been prepared all my life,
To voice my thoughts.
Whether wrong or right...
Day or night!

I have not chosen flight as my expression of rebellion!
Many were those times I took to the streets,
To become my own Grand Marshal.
Even though it was disregarded as a display of ego.
But I did not compromise my dignity.
And I see none of that...
OR pride around!

We...
You and me.
Have spent too much time,
Playing charades.
Instead of being in the parade,
To live our lives.
We stood by cheering or booing others on...
To leave our own lifelines disconnected.

Some have chosen to flaunt their pretensions.
Others went on to do good deeds.
Very few I see could care less about their own survival.
And you accuse me of being insensitive?
Remember this...
I have always kept my identity intact!
I didn't sell my soul to trinkets.
To play games of 'I-Can-Out-Shine'
Never did I find the time to laugh at anyone.
Even though I did think...
Those I now see in sorrow,
Were completely out of their minds.

We...
You and me.
Have spent too much time,
Playing charades.
Instead of being in the parade,
To live our lives.
We stood by cheering or booing others on...
To leave our own lifelines disconnected.
Nothing to protect or keep us from being neglected.
We've been disrespectful of ourselves.
And we expect...
A rescue mission to come and find us,
In a wilderness of mess we nested...
To willfully let it become infested?

Here is my resumé!
And there is nothing I have earned,
That spells out rejection on it!
I've gained from my despair.
And licked my own damn wounds...
With a wish to assist others heal!
Do you know how that feels...
To have your own turn away,
From that reach to appeal?
And I am glad those who now cry,
Did not find me qualified!

Self-serving?
Yes...it is!

And well deserved.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Here Is The Deal

Here is the deal.
I am not afraid to give.
Nor make foolish mistakes.
Sometimes done,
To immediately redo.
With no excuses made,
Like some choose to!

But absent are your offerings.
With whispers overheard.
With a quick exit in charade.
As if to escape.
Is that your purpose to prove,
You can scrutinize as you do.
Then leave when you're through?

Here is the deal.
I am not afraid to give.
Nor make foolish mistakes.
Sometimes done,
To immediately redo.
With no excuses made,
Like some choose to!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Here Is Your Copy

Thank you.
Now that you are pleased,
You have left me completely crazed.
There is still nothing we have in common.
Perhaps a desire to strangle one another.
But even that act,
Would not satisfy my craving...
To see you dragged under a truck!

Thank you.
For allowing me to get myself this upset.
For allowing myself to get this deep in debt.
To have you say to me...
'Without you in my life,
I would have never known regret! '

Thank you for that show of support.
But being locked in a cell,
Will not happen yet!
So take that smile off your face.
I may be crazed...
For listening to you,
Demoralize me like you do.
But nothing left that still remains in my name...
Will you touch nor will you get!
Or make attempts to claim.

Every unfaithful step you have taken...
Your lawyer and mine each have a filmed set!
And there will be no need,
For you to see me in court...
In a distressing sweat.
That just will not happen!
So that imagined joyfulness...
Seeing me suffering in ruin,
You can remove from you mind...
And forget!

'Oh...

Before I leave!
Here is your copy.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Here Just To Drop Off The Evidence

I can not tell you...
How, when or even why this happens.
I can only leave you in undisputed denial,
Since that is your gift!
Not mine to convince.

I'm here just to dropp off the evidence,
Of it!
Then split...
With an obtained focus,
Gained and maintained.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Here To Bark You

I'm here to bark you.
With a not too thick protecterate.
Enclosing you to allow you growth.
To allow your branches,
To reach with leaves.

I've done the pines,
With their needles to prick.
I've done the birch,
To have them stand out...
For an easy search.

The oak and maple were not difficult for me.
The redwoods were the ones,
To reach as high as the eye could see!
Towers and the tallest on Earth,
They chose to be!

I'm here to bark you.
With a not too thick protecterate.
Enclosing you to allow you growth.
To allow your branches,
To reach with leaves.

I'm here to bark you...
Trees, woody vines and shrubs.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Here To Breakdown Barriers

Please.
No need to apologize.
We all have a reason to misinterpret.

And yes, I do agree.
They should regard it a privilege,
That I am in their presence.

Ain't too many of me up in here!
Providing 'urban' insight.
From a point of view,
They believe from TV 'should' be...
Full of venom with tidbits of hate.
Because I am a black man.
Raised in projects they have created,
And made ghettos.

I do not serve that kind of mentality.

You see...
I know I have more to offer.
And I give it to them for free.
I am not a Huxtable.
Although I greatly appreciate Bill Cosby.
He too delivers from an insight fresh!

And as a writer/poet...
I do my best to express from a consciousness,
Much broader than the confines...
Of mindsets defined by one's color.
And from me,
People do get those experiences and observations...
Far beyond fenced in divisions.
And from me,
Expressed!
Not based upon beliefs or limitations of ignorance.
Those boundaries I wish to stretch!

And many might find that offensive,

Since it represents an intelligence unrestricted.
And some wish more ethnicity to see,
To classify me.
I defy those branded standards.
I am here to breakdown barriers!
Not to build them!
There are too many of those architects.
And I do not apply my insights,
To those aging blueprints I detest.
Yes.

And those who say they judge folks on their character?
Should not self annoint themselves as judges at all!
That's the point I make!
Again...
I am here to breakdown barriers!
Not to build them!
Or provide a safety net...
For those insecurities yet to heal.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Here To Chase Those Clouds

You've been on my mind,
Sunshine and when it rains.
And I know this is something,
You may wish from me not to hear.
But I feel that you and I,
Are meant to be together!
Whether or not,
That's been made clear!

When you are not around,
I feel you.
I hear you.
I do!
Or maybe it's a need in me!

When you can't be found,
I wonder where you are.
And if you are with someone else...
Giving you,
Less than their best!

You've been on my mind,
Sunshine and when it rains.
And I know this is something,
You may wish from me not to hear.
But I feel that you and I,
Are meant to be together!
Whether or not,
That's been made clear!

I'm here to chase those clouds,
That may appear!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Here To Communicate And Connect

I don't exist,
To see my name on the top
Of any list.
Or debate about my life experiences.
With anyone quick to pass judgement.
I am here to communicate and connect,
With those reflecting a consciousness
I can respect.
And that mission has been tough...
Since expanded minds,
Are not spread around enough!
But it is quick to spot egos.
They come out of the woodwork...
With pretensions they show much.
Flaunting ignorance and misdeeds,
As a sign of their intelligence.
And a senselessness that's out of touch!
Some will even use flattery to capture victims.
There have been all kinds of obstacles on my path...
To delay meaningful conversations,
With those who have similar tasks!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Here To Conduct Business

Not a fluff do I flow,
With a willowness to interprete...
To be puffed into a whiff.

I'm here to conduct business.

Not provide safe images,
To allow a giggling...
You've been blinded by immaturity,
To validate a purpose...
As a life that exists.

If you misunderstood me,
To be something else...
That is your perception,
From a life you've been dealt.

I'm here to conduct business.
Not provide safe images.

Nor a fluff do I flow,
With a willowness to interprete...
To be puffed into a whiff.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Here To Create History

Not one am I,
For nostalgic inflictions.
To revisit a past...
I have loosened from my grasp.
I am proud and that is carried.
Nationalistic confrontations...
Awarded by scars and wounds.
May interest your curiousity!
But not one for me...
That freely releases.
With a forward speed,
To produce and leave behind
'Greater' deeds to achieve!

I am here to create history.
Not relive a single bit of it!
I am not into antiques.
They have no value to me.
Or on this path I burn...
To leave my markings!
I place my steps very carefully,
With a wish to have them found!
I am not here to rediscover,
Relics left by another.
Planted and/or laying around.

(Dedicated and Inspired by: Dr. Jai Smith/Director of Student Activities
Capital Community College Hartford, Connecticut 06103)

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Here To Disperse

And the last conflict comes.
With the winning of it...
Not done by Earth inhabitants.
But by beings around the universe.
Here to disperse...
Misunderstandings of 'who' commands.
To stun the barbarians.
And bridge with a healing.
That spreads a peace...
Upon all lands.
With a removal of diseased minds!

So magnificent and bright.
Descend the colorized lights!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Here To Give

I am here to give.
Not wallow away,
In your solicitation...
To be understood for 'your' insecurities.
While you self indulge,
Seeking opportunities...
To feed more of your greed.

Or subject myself to listening to testimonies,
Of how your needs are not being met to please...
More of your selfishness.

I am here to give.
And feel blessed...
I am not caught up,
In attempts to make impressions.

'But you ain't got a penny and your pocket.
Or a bucket to carry anything claimed you own.'

Who is to say I was the one needing those things?
And someone else didn't?

Like I said...
I am here to give.
And not to impress...
You or anybody else,
In the doing of what it is 'I' do!

Does that provide you with a hint or a clue,
As to how I feel about your assessment made of me?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Here To Leave Their Garbage

I don't allow myself or my time to be played with.
What would be the point to lay back and waste it?
Or complain about others,
Taking their lives too seriously?
Isn't that the purpose?

Neither the time or the experience to live it,
To do 'something' beneficial...
Was not meant to whine and dine,
With a trashing done to take for granted.
Is that the reason why we all are here?

I would think we would want to do our best,
With an appreciation expressed somehow.
However...
Many believe they are here to leave their garbage,
For someone else to clean up behind them.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Here To Perform Tasks Then Leave

It is there within us,
Left safe...
And kept protected.
All of our fears we do not admit,
There is 'something' in the mix...
That does not satisfy what we get.

'What about 'me'?
Are my feelings not legitimate?
Why aren't they perceived? '

And yet,
With all there is from us to give...
Many live to know of this.
There is a feeling of dismissal.
And this is lived with acknowledgement.

We must live and trust,
That a power far greater than us...
Knows our deeds.
And we believe this 'power' relieves,
With an erasing done of a grief...
We did not originate to initiate,
Those feelings of distrust received.

And yet,
We spend our lives regretting...
A sacrifice we do that comes to upset,
Those unappreciated efforts made...
Gone unrespected and left to go undetected,
By those we feel are close to our hearts.

Not all,
But many feel they are not benefactors...
Of what they know to be,
An unconditional love that is given.
And received by others as if from the giver,
This to them is meant to be a special delivery!

'What about 'me'?
I am not living ungrateful or selfishly.
What about me,
We ask.
Am I here just to perform tasks,
Then leave?
What about me? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Here To Rescue You

I caught you drifting.
In the midst of dark shadows,
There...
Claiming fear.
With a hope,
More comes along.

I am not surprised,
My eyes have been opened wide.
And with hindsight in view...
Sifting through wishes incomplete.
One stays with me,
To make come true!
I am here,
To rescue you!

Like me you have been your own victim.
Closed within by a bitterness,
Sitting feeling an emptiness...
You wish was not hidden so well.
It isn't!
I realized that when I visited,
My own inhabitions.

Let them go.
The teachings you have come to know.
To keep you fooled,
In desperate yearning.
Those lessons I knew and learned then well,
Too.
I am here to rescue you!

Take my hand I once kept disguised.
With a wish not to be touched or be held.
Celebrating misery.
In a hell I brought upon myself.
And knew too well.

Yes,

I caught you drifting.
In the midst of dark shadows,
There...
Claiming fear.
With a hope,
More comes along.
No...
I am not surprised,
My eyes have been opened wide.
And with hindsight in view...
Sifting through wishes incomplete.
One stays with me,
To make come true!
I am here,
To rescue you!

I am glad my heart persisted.
And so glad am I,
Time permitted this!
Fight together we will.
To undo the chains of your despair.
I had been there.
Isolated in my own awareness.

Take my hand I once kept disguised.
With a wish not to be touched or be held.
Celebrating misery.
In a hell I brought upon myself.
And knew too well.

Claiming fear.
With a hope,
More comes along.
I did that too!
I am here,
To rescue you!
Together we belong.
We do.
We do!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Here We Are In The Year 2015

Here we are...
In the year 2015.
Two-zero-one-five!
And it seems as if,
Many would prefer it...
To be 1520.
When more had interest,
In wanting to progress...
To do with a moving forward,
Than attempting to re-create...
The Dark ages,
That had more light to shine on minds...
Much brighter with a wish to be enlightened,
Than can be found today...
Being encouraged,
To stay and remain as dim as possible.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Here We Are, Yet Again!

After decades of steady and rapid decline,
It is becoming increasingly difficult...
For anyone to prove,
With or without a protesting to do...
That time has been spent,
Focused and disciplined...
Sweating in an exhausting sacrifice,
In support of efforts each has made...
To ensure opportunities produced,
In all fields endeavored,
Has created benefits obvious and seen...
Throughout their communities.
Validating the existence of a unity believed.
And people have come in unity to protest,
A request for more time to express...
Their appreciation and gratefulness.
This...
Is a delusion,
Of an impossible dream.

'Here we are, yet again.
To show our unity as a people.'

~To prevent, yet again.
The doing of what, grandpa? ~

'Sssshhh.
It's just a ritual.'

~Oh.
Like going to church?
And saying 'Amen',
After a sermon has been preached.
To leave and believe,
'Something' has been learned? ~

'This time it's different.'

~How? ~

'There are more younger people,
Determined to keep...
Active their beliefs without faking faith.'

~Grandpa, stop being so negative.~

'I'm hoping you will help me do it.
If God allows me to live.
Everybody my age,
Are here to be seen to impress.
To do nothing meant that's meaningful.'

~You don't know that, grandpa.~

'Hopefully that reality,
You wont come to know either.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Here We Go, Again

Minds reset on negative investments,
Should not, but do...
Expect positive returns.

'Here we go, again.'

Today people gather in protest,
Against a neglected environment...
They alone have left seeded to harvest.
With a weeding done that has manifested.
To observe a slow growth of it,
And allowed themselves to follow...
Until claims that are blamed on others,
Are relayed to have made them become upset.
By choices they've selected,
That has caused a detected effectiveness.

'Here we go, AGAIN.'
Yes!
Here we go,
Yet again...
In full amazing displayed pretentiousness.

Prevailing on tall tales to us told, .
And holding onto the hope that delusions sold...
Will keep the truth that exists,
Kept denied and resisted.

'Here we go, AGAIN.'

Yes!
Here we go,
Yet again...
In full amazing displayed pretentiousness.
Selling to solicit more protests,
That seeks to unify those deceptions accepted...
With others who no longer try,
To keep their eyes and minds closed.

'Here we go, AGAIN.'

Yes!
Here we go,
AGAIN.

Yet again...
In full amazing displayed pretentiousness.
A pretentiousness that repeats,
A reality refused by many to see...
Their denials to keep as an entitlement,
Do not dry eyes preferring to stay sleeping.
Or restore delusions,
The reality of truth continues to sweep away.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Here We Go, Again!

Speak up I can't hear you,
With those mumbles done.
Do you seek my attention,
With those mumbles done.
And why is it you whisper,
With those mumbles done.
What is it that you're hiding...
And,
Who is it from.
What is it that you're hiding...
And,
Who is it from.
Speak up I can't hear you,
With those mumbles done.
Do you seek my attention,
With those mumbles done.
And why is it you whisper,
With those mumbles done.
What is it that you're hiding...
And,
Who is it from.
What is it that you're hiding...
And,
Who is it from.

You are getting on my nerves,
With those mumbles done.
Do you expect to be heard,
With those mumbles done.
Are you on the run,
With those mumbles done.
And if you're on the run,
Who is it from?

That marbled gobble sounds like garble.
With no listening done.
That marbled gobble sounds like garble.
With no listening done.
That marbled gobble sounds like garble.

With no listening done.
And I wont be the one to strain,
For what comes.

Here we go,
Again!
Speak up.
Speak out.

Here we go,
Again!
Speak up.
Speak out.

Here we go,
Again!
Speak up.
Speak out.

Here we go,
Again...
Speak up I can't hear you,
With those mumbles done.
Do you seek my attention,
With those mumbles done.
And why is it you whisper,
With those mumbles done.
What is it that you're hiding...
And,
Who is it from.

That marbled gobble sounds like garble.
With no listening done.
That marbled gobble sounds like garble.
With no listening done.
That marbled gobble sounds like garble.
With no listening done.
And I wont be the one to strain,
For what comes.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Here You Are In Need Of A Fix

I've come here to inform you,
I no longer will be taking...
Anymore of your nonsense.
I've decided there is no more need,
I have of it.
None whatsoever!

'That's a relief.
I'm glad you came to my home to tell me that.
I was just about to call you,
To refuse your invitation sent.
Requesting a visit I thought made no sense.
And here you are...in need of a fix.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Here! Here...You Take The Cheese

Mice like rats and slick napping cats,
Only appear to do as they please...
When it is believed the coast is clear,
To re-energize their determined activities.

Only when they are unmistakably trapped,
Do mice and rats feel the penetrating claws...
Of those one eye opening awakening cats,
With a squealing of their innocence.

'Here! Here...
You take the cheese.
I'm on a diet anyway.
I was only in your neighborhood,
Seeking a way to cement new friendships.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

He's Been Linked

He's been linked.
And that is all they care and think about.
It's on their minds and whispering lips.
Another scorching juicy scandal...
Hot and sizzling,
With ascorbic, tantalizing and tingling gossip.

Ohhhh he's been linked!
'No! '
Yes.
To drugs and freaky sex.
His steps are followed,
And when he belches...
They stare to see what else is done next!

He's been linked.
'Mmmm...'
To nasty trash and gripping slime!
And they who spy on his every move...
With wishes to get closer,
To rub and pinch his tight behind!

This mass of muscle has been linked!

'No...
Someone lies on our idol! '

And he wont be left alone.
He symbolizes heated...
And loose testosterone.
All men and women secretly dream,
To cream and fondle his bone!

He's been linked!
And he laughs to himself,
As he sinks comfortably...
In his plush leather chair.
Feeling at peace,
And having a cup of tea to drink!

Wishing he too had been there to be aware...
That he has been linked!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

He's Everything!

God can,
And will understand.

God,
Is there...
Whenever others leave you.
God,
Will take you in His hand.
Comfort and feed.
As he guides and protects,
Your destiny.

God,
Will step in and command.
God,
Is ALL there is.
From the smallest creatures unseen.
To reveal those scenes so grand.
God,
If you'd just believe...
He wants for you a happiness,
Freed of misery.

But you gotta know this,
In your mind.
And you gotta feel this,
All the time.
And say in your prayers,
Just what you mean.
There's nothing you can hide from God.
He's EVERYTHING!

God can,
And will understand.

God,
Is there...
Whenever others leave you.
God,

Will take you in His hand.
Comfort and feed.
Step in and command.

But,
You gotta know this,
In your mind.
But,
You gotta feel this,
All the time.
And,
Say in your prayers...
Just what you mean.
There's nothing you can hide from God.
He's EVERYTHING!

There's nothing you can hide from God.
He's EVERYTHING!

But,
You gotta know this,
In your mind.
But,
You gotta feel this,
All the time.
And,
Say in your prayers...
Just what you mean.
There's nothing you can hide from God.
He's EVERYTHING!

There's nothing you can hide from God.
He's EVERYTHING!
There's nothing you can hide from God.
He's EVERYTHING!
There's nothing you can hide from God.
He's EVERYTHING!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

He's Not Fond Of Rice

She dresses nice and speaks with falsities.
But she's never without spring water.
She wants to give impressions like she's queen of deities.
But true leaders listening in are getting bored(er) .
She shops without stopping for those TV ops.
In the finest silk tailored suits.
And her hair doesn't move' cause it's glued!

He's not found of Rice.
Me neither.
It gets gummy on the plate when it's thickened.
Not too many cook it right.
And overnight it has lost many their appetites.
Some might like their Rice,
But I dislike it when it sickens.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Heterosexual Dawn

My rhythm is not as good,
As those who do it for quick tips.
I am your servant by my choice...
Not because I feel a bit desparate!
I understand your husband,
May be gone for the week.
But I am not on call to lust...
Or to freak with those who pay my keep!

I understand you want to use,
My man-ness,
To compare to him and complete.
But madâme I love this life I live...
And you and your mistress,
Wish a male companion to give,
And share fantasies for three some heat!
A heterosexual dawn you request...
Although it is a lesbian affair you lust,
Under your sheets at best.
But your husband will not catch me there,
When he returns from his affairs on the streets!
I have my own buns to fondle when I'm home.
And there my own croissants to eat!
Slightly buttered, not too crusty or too sweet!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Hey You, On The Phone

You,
On the phone...
You can be much more than what I see,
But you wont.
You can be much better than just 'be',
To condone.
But you wont,
And you don't.
But you wont,
And you don't.
But you wont,
And you don't.

Hey you,
On the phone...
You can be much more than what I see,
But you wont.
You can be much better than just 'be',
To condone.
But you wont,
And you don't.
But you wont,
And you don't.
But you wont,
And you don't.

All you want to do is stomp around and rock.
And,
Talk on the phone.
Or text mess. at home.

All you want to do is groan and shock a lot.
And,
Talk on the phone.
Or text mess. at home.
And,
Turn away to turn your back...
On something someone ask you to do.
Yes you do.

But...
You want someone there who just can't get there quicker for you.
Yes you do.

Yes you,
On the phone...
You can be much more than what I see,
But you wont.
You can be much better than just 'be',
To condone.
But you wont,
And you don't.
But you wont,
And you don't.
But you wont,
And you don't.

Hey you,
On the phone...
You can be much more than what I see,
But you wont.
You can be much better than just 'be',
To condone.
But you wont,
And you don't.
But you wont,
And you don't.
But you wont,
And you don't.

Hey you,
On the phone...
You can do much better.
Hey you,
On the phone...
You can do much better.
Hey you,
On the phone...
You can do much better.
But you wont,
And you don't.
But you wont,

And you don't.
But you wont,
And you don't.
AND YOU WONT!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

'Hey! Do Not Judge Us'

Why are all the messengers,
Sitting around. Sipping on wine
And...
Eating buttered croissants,
As if...
The world is not,
On the verge of utter turmoil.
Can't you see,
Millions are protesting?
And resisting the loss,
Of a quality of life...
Witnessed,
Downsliding?
Right before our own eyes.

'Chill. Calm down.
You too uptight.
Join us.
We were sent to deliver,
Simple, uncomplicated messages.
And no one listened.
In fact...
Some of us you see wounded,
Scarred and bandaged...
For doing good deeds intended,
Have been given,
Other less confrontational..
Assignments.'

What 'assignments'?
Sitting?
Pretending you don't notice,
The outrage, craze and chaos?
People are upset.
And allowing themselves,
To become physically...
And,
Most importantly...
Mentally ill.

'Hey! Do not judge us.
We don't do the choosing.
We are here,
Only to obey...
And follow instructions.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Hey? Are You Conscious?

It's yours.
You created it.
Do not attempt,
To put your crap on my back.

You've escape many years,
From accountability by doing that.
And I believe everyone sees,
Just where today you are at!

And yes,
It's yours.
You created it.
Take it back.

Everything you tried to claim,
You have said...
Was not your fault,
For a blame game to be laid.
But every decision made,
Resulted from your stubborn ways.

And you sit there with a list of accusations?
Hoping someone will erase your frustrations?

Everything you tried to claim,
You have said...
Was not your fault,
For a blame game to be laid.
But every decision made,
Resulted from your stubborn ways.

'HEY?
Are you conscious? '

It's yours.
You created it.
Do not attempt,
To put your crap on my back.

You've escape many years,
From accountability by doing that.
And I believe everyone sees,
Just where today you are at!

And yes,
It's yours.
You created it.
Take it back.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Hi

Nosy ass!
I tried to surprise you.
But nothing I do,
Gets by you.
What do you have...
Radar too?

Do I carry a 'scent' you sniff?
Whenever I'm near...
Close or present?
And where were you anyway...
When I thought I was sneaking through?
Hiding somewhere,
To see what I would do?

Hi...
Nosy ass!
Here's your gift!
The one you selected.
The one I said I would not get!
Well...
Here it is!
You are worse than the kids!

I'm glad we are still together though.
And another year God has blessed us
To see pass!

Give me a kiss!
Nosy ass.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Hidden Agenda

Bring it to me.
Just like I brought to you.
But it seems you can not do that,
Without an audience that approves.

If I can expose my honesty...
Why can't you?
I don't have a hidden agenda,
To do what I choose to do.

Bring it to me.
Just like I brought to you.
But it seems you can not do that,
Without an audience that approves.

Does it make you feel better,
To undermine and sneak too?
Is this choice that 'you' make,
Give you a boost?

If I can expose my honesty...
Why can't you?
I don't have a hidden agenda,
To do what I choose to do.

Does it make you feel better,
To undermine and sneak too?
Is this choice that 'you' make,
Give you a boost?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Hidden Agendas

Perhaps I can attribute it,
To my imagination.
Or my daring to take chances.

But it seems to me,
Those who express wishes...
For being understood,
Are the least considerate of others.
With the same respect they expect to get.

And yet can find sympathizers,
To protect them from harsh winds believed...
Blown from those,
Who do not sit with wishes of being understood...
As much as they tell it like it is.
From a perspective unprotected by a self censorship...
Of hidden agendas unsuspected.

And gone undetected,
By those equally inexperienced...
To live a life that is honest, bold and daring.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Hidden Underneath

Look at me.
And look at what I've got.

'Which is? '

Things.
I've got things.

'Which are?
And does what...
For whom? '

Impress.

'Who?
Impressed by 'that'?
I am not.
What else can you show me,
That you've got? '

Me?

'Is that a question?
Is that hidden underneath an identity,
I can not see? '

Identity?
That's not my priority.

'You are right.
And that is quite obvious.
As clear as clean glass
Anyone can see through.'

Well...
At least I am showing something I can offer.

'To who?
And what would that be? '

MY things.

'And that would leave you with...
What? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Hidden Wishes

Hidden wishes are not the best ones,
To keep secret.
Not when two are sharing space,
In a relationship as mates.
And seen before sleeping,
With eyes opened wide...
To awaken to bare blemishes,
On a daily naked basis to rub against...
A touching of hips, legs and thighs.
If lies become treasured...
And from one,
Another hides.

When mates that close become distrusting,
Whether or not legal vows had been exchanged.
A presence of love can be said was never there.
Or a devotion known between them shown.
What depth of caring is done if no one is aware.
When two are sharing space,
On a daily basis in a relationship as mates...
Hidden wishes are not the best to keep,
Between two left unconnected.
And separately discreet.
But meeting each other to heat under sheets,
With a keeping of hidden wishes secret.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Hidden With Intent To Do

Why do you believe I keep secrets?
Why would you think this,
When all my emotions are devoted to you?

Why do you believe I keep secrets?
Why would you think this...
When all my thoughts you know them, too.

And every step I take to make...
They're there and you know them, too!
And when I begin to hesitate,
You know what I'm going to do.
And yet you,
Think I keep from you secrets.
To do to hide the truth.

You think that I would keep from you secrets.
But there's too much about me,
I've done to do you knew.

I give up just too much information.
And in one conversation.
To do and you notice too!
I give up just too much information.
And you told me that was true!
But yet,
You think there are some secrets.
Dark and out of view.
You think that I would keep hidden secrets.
And...
That's why you give me mood.

But I'm not one who needs to keep secrets,
Away from you.
I'm not that kind to keep any secrets,
Hidden with intent to do!
I'm not that kind to keep any secrets.
What would the doing prove?
I'm not that kind to keep any secrets.

To prove I can be a fool.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Hiding With A Squab

'Have you run out of luck? '
Said the goose who left a flock of geese,
On an approach...
To what was thought,
To be a sitting duck plucked.

~No not at all.~
Replied a nearby pigeon,
Practicing ventriloquism...
And hiding with a squab,
Of witnessing young pigeons.

~My family and I,
Have grown tired of berries, popcorn and nuts.
And we decided to use a decoy,
To see what showed up.

But to my surprise,
A nosey goose has arrived.
Strutting with a pulchritude...
To annoy a duck...
My uncle disguised.
Telling me that I had talents,
The family thought could be put to better use.

And here you come strutting...
Believing a plucked duck has run out of luck,
When tonight a family of pigeons....
Are going to feast on cooked goose.
Something to feed the younger pigeons,
To lift them with an ego boost!

Get 'em boys! ~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

High And Buzzed

I met a new love.
Yes I met a new love.
And the clouds cleared up.
And my heart got a rush,
With an overflowing gush...
That fills my cup!

Aaaahhh met a new love.
Oh, I met a new love.
And with a slow stride I strut,
Got my chest puffed up.
Like I can't get enough,
Feeling high...
And buzzed from love.

Yes I met a new love.
Aaaahhh met a new love.
And the clouds cleared up.
And my heart got a rush,
With an overflowing gush...
That fills my cup!
Feeling high...
And buzzed!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

High Approval Ratings And Crowd Size

For the love,
Of self imposing...
And affordable comforts.
Always there will be those,
Proposing made to state...
Empty promises to make.
To believe them scrutinized,
Has nothing to do...
With a sitting in a position,
Of leadership.
While conducting their personal
Business.
As they see fit.
Regardless who finds this,
Hypocritical and contradicts...
What people who pick leaders,
Expect from them to get.

'If I may...
Your Wonderful Magnificentness,
Shouldn't you be more discreet?
And less contradictory?
Especially when making,
Public appearances.
People will begin to believe,
You are of thin skin.
And distort the facts.
Just to please yourself,
Intentionally.-

'I disagree.
High ratings and crowd size,
Is not reliable science.
Nor can one's obtained,
Popularity...
Be determined by camera angles.
Since millions love my ability,
To display...
Proof I can attract,

Hugh numbers! '

-Huh?
But...
What about promises made,
To the people? -

'I promised them I would win.
What is it more do they,
From me expect?
Lower ratings? '

-Uh...
Wow.-

'My sentiments, exactly.
We need more proficient,
Camera people.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

High Class Trash

High class trash!
Many have addicted themselves fast...
To that.
Feeling trapped after the experience.

And yet can not retreive their senses back.
Hypnotized and zombied...
With selfish needs that bleed them,
Of an unrestfulness.
Throughout this process.

These selfish needs squeeze resources.
Constantly with a bombardment.
And with a viciousness that attacks,
A consciousness dimming.
One they wish now they had kept intact!

High class trash!
And demanding no questions be asked,
Of them.
Slaves to temptations.
A beginning begun that has no ending.
As heartache upon them comes.
Teased and sleazed with sensations.
Never from them to ever overcome.

High class trash!
And many have addicted themselves fast...
To that.
Many decide to cheat and thieve,
For 'that'.
Many seen in an unending need,
For 'that'.
Deny the tears they cry inside...
For 'that'.
Wont leave.

And this is done at the expense,
Of good deeds abandoned.

With beliefs...
Those acts of harmony and goodwill.
Are just methods used to excuse...
A seeking to increase their deceit.

High class trash!
And many have addicted themselves fast...
To that.
Many decide to cheat and thieve,
For 'that'.
Many seen in an unending need,
For 'that'.
Deny the tears they cry inside...
For 'that'.
Wont leave.
Since they have become comfortable.
Even though foundations under their feet,
Shake their senses...
Fearfully!

Note:
Any depictions used,
As a consequence...
Unsettling!
And resembling anyone's reality.
Or those who enjoy the meddling done.
The familiarity may be there.
But know this is purely coincidental!
A creation of one's delusion.
And should not be subjected,
To the whims of scrutiny.
lolhehehelolololololol.

'Here. Take this tissue.
Those tears falling from your eyes,
Reek with a sincerety...
You will not be awarded for! '

lolol...stop! Stop...
You're killing me!
lol

Lawrence S. Pertillar

High Expectations

Those with high expectations,
Would not be noticed...
If the ones with low self esteem,
Chose with a choosing done...
To take more initiative to discover an incentive,
That would motivate something they desired...
With a focus upon it to accomplish,
Instead of making new excuses to insult...
Sacrifices made by those stepping forward,
And unafraid to do this with a keeping 'their' expectations...
High,
Without the comfort of using alibis to hide insecurities.

'You 'seem' to be fearless.'

~My ambitions have long stopped,
Prioritizing what others keep as their kept fears.~

'But...
What about failure.
Aren't you afraid to fail? '

~If I had not known failure,
You would not think of me as being 'fearless'.~

'I don't get it.'

~I do.
That's why I choose to keep my expectations high.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

High Five

Thank you for the attention given.
And the quickness you do this with such speed.
I am so blessed you've left my cup half full.
And yours?
I am sure from your position,
You have enough not to leave you empty.
So I too give to you my high five!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

High On Hype

Where has been my brother's keeper,
From his side long left to leave.
Where has been that unity,
People claim they wish to see...
As a need to feel believed.

High on hype with no insight.
Feeding selfishly on greed.
And with visions independent,
Doing this continually.

Where has been my brother's keeper?
'High on hype to go through motions.
High on hype with no devotion.
High on hype with poses shown.
with these acts known overblown.'

Where has been my brother's keeper.
Making speeches to believe.
Where has been that dedication.
Or those good deeds said to leave.

'High on hype to go through motions.
High on hype and out of sight.
But my brother's keeper will say,
They are there both day and night...
To rid what's wrong to make things,
Again alright.
If...
They have the appetite.

Where has been my brother's keeper?
'High on hype.'
Where has been my brother's keeper?
'High on hype! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

High On Ignorance

No,
You can not call them idiots.
To them,
That is not offensive enough.
Truth does not embarrass them at all.
No matter if it is written on walls,
Or hanging tall on billboards!
It will not penetrate,
Through all that other smoke screening stuff.

It is easier for them,
To have others decorate their minds with whims.
Then to have it brutally honest.
Honesty for them is worse than committing sins.

Their minds are so gone!
No longer is there light in them to dim.
And the prognosis is not favorable.
If nothing today has been followed or understood...
What are the prospects for comprehension to begin?
They are killing 'enemies' on their own homelands.
And continue to kill themselves from within!

No,
You can not call them idiots.
To them,
That is not offensive enough.
Truth does not embarrass them at all.
No matter if it is written on walls,
Or hanging tall on billboards!
It will not penetrate,
Through all that other smoke screening stuff.

There might be one last hope!
Legalize the drugs.
This will give them opportunities to cope!
Since those who see them high on ignorance,
Notice truth and reality...
Has never in their lives been accepted.

As a purpose or means for their focus!
And those who know this,
Have been labelled fools who are useless jokes!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

High On The List

Why isn't accountability,
High on the list.
Why isn't responsibility,
High on the list.
And,
How come denials done...
At the top of that list,
With...
Excuses made,
Along
With
It.

Why isn't integrity,
High on the list.
Or...
A dignity believed,
High on the list.
And,
Why is it that good things done
No where to exist.
While those vicious and the envious...
Dance and do high kicks.

Why isn't accountability,
High on the list.
Why isn't responsibility,
High on the list.
And,
Why is it that good things done
No where to exist...
While those vicious and the envious,
Dance and do high kicks.

Why are denials done...
At the top of that list,
With...
Excuses made,
Along

With
It.

And,
Why is it that good things done
No where to exist...
While those vicious and the envious,
Dance and do high kicks.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

High Or Not

Who cares who did what when?
And 'who' was high as a kite,
On 'what'!
Be it crack, smack or Jack Daniels!
Where are the life jackets?
And...
Does anyone,
High or not...
Have the keys,
To unlock the rowboats?
Let them fight amongst themselves...
As to who has more experience,
Than the other!
Not one of them is in a panic,
Right now...
About saving an ass on this sinking ship!
If folks want to debate which one is more impressive...
Fine!
Let them!
But I'd rather witness that from one of those boats.
Either watching them float,
Or doing the backstroke.
Neither of which is going to provide smooth sailing!
Not on the course...
This Captain has chosen stubbornly to embark upon!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

High Profile

They came to socialize,
In the best of their wardrobes...
And the least of their concerns.
They mingle and flutter around
On 'A' lists
Taking little risks to campaign
For those in need.
Even though they may be constituents...
These 'representators' have other priorities,
To line their pockets to feed more greed.

They have scrubbed faces...
And credentials to impress!
Photo op name droppers,
Who give interviews to the local press.
Sharing strategies to keep
Building upon their golden nests.
And those that they use,
Will continue to be abused.
Until they who leech upon them,
Have been exposed without question...
As high profile pests!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

High Standards

Some do some don't.
While others may come,
To observe the latest in Fall fashions.
With no intentions of opening a book.
And yet...
There will be a few in view,
Seen sharing their crack...
Between classes.
While those who say they love to teach...
Will come prepared reeking of alcohol.
Or found sipping from a 5th...
As the principal pays a surprise visit,
To give moral support...
To everyone brave enough,
Who left their weapons with security guards!

'I'd like to welcome you all.
And hopefully we will maintain our high standards! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

High That Five

High that five up,
High that five.
Give it up, give it up.
High that five up,
High that five.

High that five up,
High that five.
Give it up, give it up.
High that five up,
High that five.

You win.
And I've won.
In everything we wanted done.
No one could perceive it.
But we kept it,
To believe.

High that five up,
High that five.
Give it up, give it up.
High that five up,
High that five.

High that five up,
High that five.
Give it up, give it up.
High that five up,
High that five.

You win.
And I've won.
In everything we wanted done.
No one could perceive it.
But we kept it,
To believe.

You win.

And I've won.
In everything we wanted done.
No one could perceive it.
But we kept it,
To believe.

High that five.
High that five.
High that five.
Give me some.
Give me some.
High that five!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

High Tuition Rates

Many perceive teachers,
To be magicians with wands.
And a child with no ambition,
Will suddenly become disciplined enough...
To enjoy the process of learning,
To eventually become wise.
Like the getting of good grades,
Teaches one how to survive.

Some parents believe schools,
Are created for this.
With no encouragement at all,
From them do their children get.
Afterall...
Few are taught that thinking,
Is an investment made.

And no one can fault those who assume.
Many who pay high tuition rates,
Assume after one graduates...
With a degree in hand,
They can declare themselves intelligent.
As if a payment for common sense,
Also applies.

'No!
The other end of the broom,
Is used for the sweeping of the floors.
Your abilities look excellent on paper.
Are you 'sure' they are yours? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Higher Fly Your Kite

Live your life as if a kite.
And fly it.
Hang on tight and take that ride,
To heights and don't defy it.

You will encounter struggles when the wind blows.
But...
Keep your grip.
Don't let your grip slip.

There will doubts about your flight,
But don't give up to quit 'cause...
Everyone has days they face a storm.
And, cloudy rainy skies are sure to come when done.
So higher fly your kite to do under the Sun.

Higher fly your kite to choose to do it to prove,
You can move on from struggles when they come.
Fly your kite.
You can move on from struggles to be done.
Fly to heights.
So higher fly your kite to do under the Sun.
You can move on from struggles when they come.

You will encounter struggles when the wind blows.
Hang on tight and take that ride to heights and don't defy it.
You can move on from struggles to be done.
Fly to heights.
You can move on from struggles when they come.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Higher Ground

No.
You are wrong.
I make no attempts,
To criticize your standards...
Of a lifestyle you prize.
Not I.
My eyes do not hide,
Jealousy as a motive.

However...
The fallout occurring,
That you believe I should endure...
Does pollute the fresh air,
I remembered once there...
Before your campaign began,
To rid the atmosphere...
Of corrupted beliefs!

Had I known...
You practiced deceit,
I would have kept my feet moving...
To higher ground.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Higher Self

Economize my rise I've done.
And snipped from useless baggage kept,
With steps directed towards the Sun.
And clouded eyes are now so clear.
Like the dawn in the morning that appears.

The higher self awaits...
To free a satiating quest I take.
Shakened loose and untied from knots.
The me within transcends and lifts...
To a place where my burdens,
Are forgotten and dropped!

Enhanced I am,
With renewed insight I've got!
Holding on I do,
With a faith unrestricted...
To heights that will not stop!

The higher self awaits...
To free a satiating quest I take.
Shakened loose and untied from knots.
The me within transcends and lifts...
To a place where my burdens,
Are forgotten and dropped!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Highlighting An Observation

For themselves,
There is a need to create competitors.
To see a competing done between,
Different influences.
You know...
To feed conversations,
In cliques and forums...
Focusing attention,
To eventually infuriate themselves.

And,
To do this with such dedication.

They have a need to do this,
Since their egos are the only ones wounded.
Although it is believed,
The opposite infflicted affects someone else.
But that 'someone' just notices, laughs...
Without addressing this,
To submit 'reflections' to then leave.

'If you are not addressing it,
What do you call what you are doing? '

I call it,
Highlighting An Observation.
With a donating of comments that are 'sidebarred',
That will be intended for a mention or two...
To ruffle a few feathers.

'Leave it just as 'Highlighting An Observation'.
The other part is too wordy.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Highlights Of My Life

I'm not the one to criticize,
The value of what is wrong.
Or weigh with unquestionable decisiveness,
That which is chosen is correct and right.
Nor am I the kind to nitpick, fuss or argue to fight.

I am the kind that's going to live with a focus.
And weeding to clear that which comes to dim...
The highlights of my life.

Many wish to see themselves winning not to lose.
While some deceive with tricks to menace,
Someone to abuse.
More than a few are confused,
As to which direction to choose to move in.

I am the kind that's going to live with a focus.
And weeding to clear that which comes to dim...
The highlights of my life.

Today,
Chasing troubles away takes commitment.
Today,
Having good things to say conflicts.
Today,
People are finding playing games and tricks...
Helps them exist in the chosen fields of 'their' battles.

Many wish to see themselves winning not to lose.
While some deceive with tricks to menace,
Someone to abuse.
More than a few are confused,
As to which direction to choose to move in.

I am the kind that's going to live with a focus.
And weeding to clear that which comes to dim...
The highlights of my life.

I did not select a mission to abandon it.

I heard a voice within me familiar.
A voice so strong that called.

I'm not the one to criticize,
The value of what is wrong.
Or weigh with unquestionable decisiveness,
That which is chosen is correct and right.
I follow a voice within me familiar.
And on my path it is with me day and night.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Highly Competitive

I 'had' been in those relationships,
With those who thought of me as competition.
And that became unfortunate for them.
Since I was in it for companionship.
You know...
Someone to share and experience life with.

But when I began to realize,
How I was regarded...
Something within me had to prove,
Who would win in the end...
Since when challenged,
I am highly competitive and choose to leave...
All my opponents alone and in amazement.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Highly Favored

I will never understand,
Or with intent pretend to comprehend...
Those who claim to have beliefs,
But from them no faith is released.
Although preaching to others is what they seek.

I hear people talk about what it is they fear.
But fear they keep and with them near.
I see people do unto others first.
And then loudly protest against what they deserve.
With a hoping their words by empathizers are heard.

I witness those who stab others in the back.
And these are the same ones,
Who character assassinate as a routine to do that.
With a declaring themselves to be victims too,
To whomever listens not knowing who...
They may have screwed over while looking over shoulders.

And over and over people like this choose,
Deception over truth to hide what it is they do.
Until they are found limping around on crutches and canes,
Claiming themselves to be highly favored and show no shame...
To believe whatever it is they perceive is convinced of their lies.

'The Lawd knows my faith in 'Him' is unshakened.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Highly Polished And Gleeming Gloss

The use of highly polished and gleeming gloss,
Buffed over defections to keep them undetected...
With hopes of keeping them unsuspected,
To diminish from a scrutiny for all to see...
Eventually loses an effective appearance.
And a respect kept for deceptive delusions.
Since what is there below the surface emerges,
To expose those who no longer can protect...
A true reflection of what and who they are.
No matter what excuses they use.
Or refuse to identify themselves as the image.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Highly Recommended

When a trust in another,
Has been replaced...
By a game of sneak to hide...
To run away from to escape.
It is safe to say,
This kind of relationship...
Is not one that will foster,
A peace of mind...
That encourages,
A physical or healthy mental outlook.

It would be highly recommended,
That anyone in this situation...
Find it necessary to pack all their things,
And leave...
Immediately!
Don't even compose a note,
Signed...Anonymous.
Or make the fact that your absence,
Will be missed.
Consider this a door meant to close and cement.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Highly Skilled And Quite The Professional

When she squeezed my 'noogies'
I indeed had a fit.
I wanted her to immediately produce,
Her 'learning' certificate.

'Look at the wall to your right and cough.
No need to look at me,
As if you are pissed off.'

She insisted she was a doctor.
Dressed in black and not a white smock.
She told me to dropp my pants to examine...
My prostrate and other things I've got.

'Bend over. Spread those cheeks for me.'

~Do you understand how uncomfortable I am? ~

'I'm only here to do your prostrate examine.
Your primary doctor made this request.
And I'm a 'specialized physician'!
Mister Pertillar?
Get over it!
You can 'now' pull up your pants.'

I was hot!
Not for her.
Just hot.

And I was more shocked that she was beautiful.
That part of my prostrate appointment...
I came to hate.
But it was too late.
She was highly skilled AND quite the professional.
With a big diamond 'rock' on her left hand.
Out of my league.
And clearly not 'dating' material.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Hillary With Barack

The only way a healing can begin,
Is a Clinton and Obama win.
A sharing to mend all conflicts,
To end them is the only solution...
A resolution to restore.
And not a continuance of defeat,
To defend as a state of mind.
Those options have been explored.
With a Two trillion dollar...
Mindless war.
It is time to leave such separatism,
Seep in division and ignorance behind!
A co-presidency for us and 'them'...
Dictates these times!
And Hillary 'with' Barack,
Are the only ones who can stop the decline!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Him! ...Who? ...He!

Don't you get so obsessed,
To forget what's important to you.
Remember that.
And apply that message,
Where it applies.

'What is that suppose to mean?
What are you talking about? '

I don't know,
I just deliver them.

'Deliver what? '

Messages.

'Messages?
What kind of messages?
And from whom? '

You know?
Messages from Him.

'Him?
Him who? '

You know.
Him! ...Who? ...He!

'Hem Wu Hees?
That Chinese Restaurant? '

Naw, man!
Forget it.
Forget I said anything to you.
Have a good day.

'You tell them,
My liking General Tso chicken...

Is not for public announcement.
Deliver 'that' message.
And you stay out of my business.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Hindsight Can Not Be Blinded

Hindsight can not be blinded,
To be erased by those wishing it done.
Many are awakening to find these times,
Had warning signs they ignored to have fun.
And wanting to escape to eliminate what appears,
Is commendable by the ones who chose...
To delude themselves and not expect fear.

And here it is,
Threats and fears.
As hindsight retrieved leaves many stunned.
While the ones protesting an outcome that nears,
Too late is it for them to find places to run.
That time has passed.
Along with their fun.

Reality makes no exceptions,
For those unprepared to live truth to accept.
Rejecting its effect,
Does little to stop its purpose or objective.
Regardless who perceives,
Kept delusions will protect them...
From a life to live without truth pursued.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Hindsight Discoveries

Hindsight discoveries,
Uncovered to find too late.
Have a way of producing,
New excuses to use made.
But time wasted abusing it,
Is as old as those,
Who refuse to let go...
Of their assumptions.
To continue to worship,
Delusions to validate.
That have no basis.
Yet created to maintain,
A merit to inherit.
Like a habit left to go,
Uninvestigated.
Although after time passes,
Many defend its existence...
As proof of truth.
To have never known of it.
To inspect, accept or deny,
Its value or validity.
But with belated hindsight,
Always there will be those...
Who will say,
They knew about its importance
But living life,
Kept their minds pre-occupied
With necessities.
To keep them prioritized,
As everyday realities...
Deceived,
Have become for them...
Much more reliable.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Hip Hop It Really Rocks

Botched up and rocked by hip hop...
That has drowned out all the pop,
People 'use' to love a lot.
Although almost on top is hip hop...
Like it or not,
It is part of culture.
And hip hop can't be stopped!

Pop...
Botched up and rocked by hip hop,
Is no longer the main 'thing' on the scene.
With a meaning meant,
Like the appetite for Fort Knox.
And pop now in shambles.
Struggling not to be completely dropped.

Hip hip hip hip hip-hop,
Is in a glorifying role.
Hip hip hip hip hip-hop,
Is in a glorifying role.
Hip-hip-hip-hip is hot,
And in a glorifying role.
Hip-hop it knows it really rocks.
And in a glorfying role.

Botched up and rocked by hip hop...
That has drowned out all the pop,
People 'use' to love a lot.
Although almost on top is hip hop...
Like it or not,
It is part of culture.
And hip hop can't be stopped!

Hip hip hip hip hip-hop,
Is in a glorifying role.
Hip hip hip hip hip-hop,
Is in a glorifying role.
Hip-hip-hip-hip is hot,
And in a glorifying role.

Hip-hop it knows it really rocks.
And in a glorfying role.

Hip hip hip hip hip-hop,
Is in a glorifying role.
Hip hip hip hip hip-hop,
Is in a glorifying role.
Hip-hip-hip-hip is hot,
And in a glorifying role.
Hip-hop it knows it really rocks.
And in a glorfying role.

That hip-hop grows and can't be stopped.
It's in a glorifying role.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Hip Hoppin'

So sad the world...
So cruel the fate that comes to creep
Upon those awaiting signals to advance
Abrupt revengeful rituals!
Hiding hearts changing inside minds
Prepare arrangements to binge on despair
Without romance or dreamtime!
Aging once youthful limbs attack
Steep stairs burden with cares that focus
On tit for tat encounters born on concrete stoops.
Nothing can change this self-righteous lust for losing,
Ready to boot quickly made babies
With designer shoes down unkept littered steps.
These are our children abusing bleak futures
Tweaked on weed that choke nature's purpose
As remnants of reason seeps from rhythmic beats
On streets in a world too hip that's 'down'
With hoppin' away from common sense!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Hired As A Tax Collector

What classifies him to be qualified?
He knows nothing about the Irish jig.

'Neither do you.'

His ancestors are not connected,
To the British throne.

'Neither are yours! '

His home is not Dutch Colonial.

'And yours...
Isn't either.'

He has not attended any operas.

'And your music of choice is country.'

Well...
He doesn't 'look' American.

'And...
What 'look' is that? '

Hey...
Who's side are 'you' on anyway? '

'I don't have to be on anyone's side.
I've been hired as a tax collector.
That's why I am here.
You and your neighbors are in arrears.
Would you like to schedule a payment plan?
How are you going to handle this obligation? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

His Actions Have Appalled Us All

The people have become enraged.
Look at their faces.
He promised us,
With his leadership...
He would attempt to walk on water.
But he asked us to be patient.
Since the task before him was tremendous.
And may require time to undertake!

'Excuse me!
He 'is' walking on water.'

With argyles?
When was the last time,
You saw anyone fashionable...
Wearing argyles?

'Yeah, but...'

But nothing!
No one wears argyles today.
Not a soul.
He's not Scottish!
What he needs to be,
Is impeached.

'What? '

That's right.
I-with an 'm'-P-E-A-with a C-H-E-D...
IMPEACHED.

We expect our leaders 'here' in the 'free' world,
To wear silk suits...
With BOSTONIANS!
But no! !

He speaks of 'CHANGE'.
He...

Has to wear short sleeve shirts.
Play basketball.
Be cool and stay goodlooking.

And...
Adorn his shoeless feet,
Exposing them covered...
In ARGYLE? ? ?

WHO does he think he is?
Charleston Heston?
AND Billy Dee Willaims?
His actions have appalled us all!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

His Best Qualities

When is a fool a bigger fool than normal?
When he decides being just a normal fool,
Doesn't get quite enough publicity.
And hiding his ignorance,
Keeps his best qualities unexposed!
Especially when someone with intelligence,
Captures all of the attention.
And this solicits his jealousy.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

His Defeat

Why are they cheering so enthusiastically?
'They've just blown up their own foundations.'

And...
Their reasoning behind this?
Is...?

'They chose to show that guy over there,
Sitting in that chair and eating a sandwich...
Just 'who' is the boss.'

At 'their' loss?
He seems to be unaffected by it all.
In fact...
Isn't he getting up to play a round of golf?

'Yep.
But they are hoping what they've done,
Will be at 'his' cost.'

Huh?

'It's a new strategy.
They want to prove to him,
What it is they can do...
If they so choose to do it.'

And...
If I understand this clearly,
Those foundations they've destroyed...
Are not his?
What they've done makes no sense.
Weren't those foundations declared,
To have for them a permanence?

'Like I said.
They wanted to show him,
Just 'who is the boss.'

Are they insane?

'Remember...
You said that.
I didn't.
They are the ones cheering,
HIS defeat.'

They certainly have reached new heights of petty.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

His Doctrines

It's too sad to know,
They hold onto their hatred.
I'm glad to show,
My understanding ways.
It's bad to think...
Evil done they do delivers,
What they 'assume'
Some good!
And for them who wish this belief
Of these deeds...
The day comes when the total sum,
Of that which has been done...
Will indeed be revisited and repaid.
It's too pitiful,
Some are taught they are better,
Than others.
It is critical,
That this mindset met be addressed.
Where do we go?
As a people needing healing?
Without an empathy instilled and felt...
An absence of who God 'is'
Never is dealt with to leave all in tears!
And His doctrines for us and how to live...
Are never practice for what they are,
But forever erased from the human race...
To leave us to inflict,
Continued ignorance and scars!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

His Leadership Saved A Ship From Sinking

Their entire reality,
Is based upon what they believe...
From behind the steering wheels,
Of their cars.
And without them their lives,
Would be unliveable and scarred.

He came in from a fresh election,
To save that industry.
Only to have people see the thieves...
Publicly,
Flying into Washington, D.C.
In their private jets,
To plead selfishly...
For more money to feed.

His leadership saved,
A ship from sinking!

The biggest crooks in town,
Left banks and Wall Street...
Turned upside down.

And again...
His leadership saved,
A ship from sinking!

The housing industry was over built and bleeding.
Those given mortgages,
Couldn't afford homes they received.
The rich got richer...
As jobs were outsourced overseas.
Where it was cheaper,
To fill hot pockets...
And to grease the palms of thieves.
While those in the middle class...
Paid handsomely by these misdeeds.

And the people seem they wish to forget,

A prior administration...
Created this wreck.
And yet,
He of color was the best one to get...
To save a ship from sinking.

People feel uneasy,
That he of ability...
Has taken the helm of this ship!
And they want to blame him for everything.
Even the irresponsibility...
Those prior to his leadership,
Have made no pronouncements...
Of regretting the mess they left!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

His Momma Cries

He don't know his daddy.
So to compensate,
A bigger fool he makes...
Of himself!
Thinking baby making does it.
A manhood he makes of this.
Taking virgins from safe dens.
Impregnating most of them.
Bragging he has several children.
At least he has made ten!
He don't know his daddy.
And his momma cries!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

His Voice Only

Rest my voice...
In fast and scattered passages.
Too many choices,
My mind searches from within.
Let me hear His voice.
His voice only...
I choose for me now.
His voice only...
Let 'it' sink in!

Let me realize my eyes are His too!
To 'see' what it is I need,
And what I should and should not do!
My purpose and worth,
Will with Him increase.
I want to hear His voice only.
And let my life upon His wishes feast!

Rest my voice...
In fast and scattered passages.
Too many choices,
My mind searches from within.
Let me hear His voice.
His voice only...
I choose for me now.
His voice only...
Let 'it' sink in!
Deeper,
Within me somehow!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Hissing From Them Begins To Vent

They run back into their dungeons,
Afraid to face another day of daylight...
And conflicts with those,
Who oppose darkness.

A demand to correct their ways has come.
Leaving them stunned by the one who says this!
And protest the way this 'commandment' is made.
As a retreating commences,
A hissing from them begins to 'vent'.

They run back into their dungeons,
Afraid to face another day of daylight...
And conflicts with those,
Who oppose darkness.

As a retreating commences,
A hissing from them...
Begins to 'vent'.

A hissing,
From them...
Begins,
To vent!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

'Historians' Of How Things Use To Be

Oh...they are there!
Those who wish to share,
Their insecurities.
And dislikes for others.
As they pass their opinions...
To infiltrate,
Already divided communities!

Inciting disagreements.
To get family and friends involved.
As they choose and select,
Who to victimize next!
Who among them they disapprove.
And who deserves to become pestered,
With an ostracizing that accepts,
An infestation of rejection.

Oh...they are there!
Yearning to bring anyone down,
To discomfort in their 'bleak' despair!
And they even declare there should be a unity!
And 'why' those they have slandered...
Choose to leave them,
At the first opportunity!
Quickening a packing.
And instigating a chase!

Oh...they are there!
'Historians' of how things use to be!
And how they remember,
A quality of life...
They had 'issues' with then.
And made it known they did not like!
Since the ones they have already chased away...
Would not stay,
For more of their hostilities...
Interpreted as respect!
But they can not see...
The quality of their backstabbing hospitality!

And why their 'nests' decay!
No one conceives it is desired that way!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Historic Contributions Made

Attempts to diminish historic contributions made,
To ignore the significance of them.
Or refuse to grant acknowledgement,
To the ones who influenced their implementation.
Is not an oversight.
People take for granted the ease of their lives.

And undoubtedly the lack of attention given,
Can be attributed to those who wish...
The ones who made strides are forgotten.
To never mention their historic significance.

Especially the ones who could care less,
Who made sacrifices that are addressed...
To have enabled them to dance,
Clothed or undressed...
Up and down paved roads doing as they please,
With no hint of appearing obstacles.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Historic Myths

The place is overwhelmed,
With a fragmentation.
And for a united nation to declare unity,
Many believe it should be seen.
And lifted from a documentation.

But those guided by policy and division,
See unity as a disadvantage.
Since some mentalities,
Prefer to keep historic myths...
Worshipped and not dissected,
To detect an embellished existence!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Historic Phenomenon

There is no Santa Claus
Bearing gifts flying in the skies
with reindeer.
And yet...
These scenes are worshipped!

That revelation may be traumatic for some...
But the statement is true!

There is no Easter Bunny
Nor talking mice
Tarzan
King Kong
Godzilla
Super, spider OR Bat men!

John Wayne? ?
Cowboys and Indians?
Disneyland and Hollywood?
Well...
Some 'truths' have been created,
And have done well!

However...
There is a 'bush' in Washington, D.C.
That is miraculously jumping through hoops,
In the White House!
Unscathed...without a scratch,
Or with a hint of one to come.
And as slick as the oil in Iraq!

This is an historic phenomenon...
beholding us all.
There is no magician greater,
That can create a better illusion...
And keep it sustained to hypnotize all
In complete acceptance of its appearance...
In unconditional awe!
It's 'biblical'...

And the suspense is astounding.
Every scene is a popcorn poppers' dream!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Historical Excuses

'We've grown tired of seeing,
Foreigners coming into our communities.
Taking 'our' jobs away.
To leave us with nothing.
And with a doing of it,
As if 'our' needs do not exist.'

~That's not entirely true.
You still have your excuses and complaints,
To make.
They have not taken them.
The liquor stores will still remain,
To numb your head through the week.
And on the weekends your depencency on drugs,
Will not stop you from finding a 'dealer'.

And...
IF you wanted to work the jobs are there.
But you want to get paid for not having...
Motivation, discipline, dignity or self respect.
And getting a job to expect requires experience.
But the time that takes...
You would rather sit and procrastinate.
To then not want to listen to comprehend,
Lessons taught to keep your mouth closed.
Instead of pretending to be knowledgeable,
About something mentioned that offends...
Your kept ignorance.~

'Yeah, but...
You don't have to talk 'down' to me like that.
My ambitions and dreams have been oppressed.
All of my attempts to make,
Have been beset by obstacles and opposition.
To leave me and everyone else you see,
Doing the best we can to overcome.
And one day. One day...
We SHALL Overcome.

~And I don't see it to believe,
Foreigners have come here purposely...
To take any of your insecurities away from you.
In fact...
The only thing I see them taking away from you,
Are the opportunities available you could have had...
Without making your kept historical excuses.
While awaiting for that one day to overcome them.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Historically Speaking

Why am I 'not' making attempts,
To participate locally...
With my creative attributes?

Let's see.
How best can I respond to that?

I would love to!
However...
My ancestors used gaslamps,
And initiative to light their way!
I see no reason to follow in their footsteps.
Their activities have historically been implanted.
There is nothing they've done,
I wish to recreate.

Their sweat has brought me here to do my own thing.
And when 'my' reach is circumvented by my own folks,
Insisting I do a Step n' Fetchit...
To identify my loyalty to my ethnicness?
Well...
There is a misunderstanding going on.
Plus,
Identities are not as enriched as they should be.
And...
Historically speaking and from my perspective,
I wish I had another lifetime to give!
But I don't.

So I will not be retreading the traced steps,
Of those I know who have been trailblazers.
I have been blessed to do that on my own.
In my way.
And in my time!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Historically You Know This

Tactics used,
To maneuver your way into portraying yourself...
As a better qualified human being than me,
Through the devisive use of corruption, deceit...
And the calculated infusion of mental abuse,
Has resulted in your exhaustion.

You seem to have run out of fresh manipulations.
I hope not.
You provide me with mental candy.

On the same leveled game playing field,
And blindfolded...
You provide no competition.
And historically you know this.
No one is that sound asleep!

That's why your apparent deadend,
Has you rushing to find 'something' of validity...
To divert attention,
Away from insecurities you wish would leave...
To continue doing the mocking done you do of me.
To further falsify your abilities.

You seem to have run out of fresh manipulations.
I hope not.
I have never met an obstacle,
I did not find intriguing.

On the same leveled game playing field,
And blindfolded...
You provide no competition.
And historically you know this.
No one is that sound asleep!
No one could be 'that' naïve...
About a fact based reality faced and believed.
But then again...
Tactics used,
Are not always on the surface...

To be observed!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

History

Those who lived it...
Don't come back,
To see how much of it has been changed!
Those that didn't,
Could care less!
As long as there is something there,
To plagiarize!

It's 'just' history!
Something to put a new face on,
Updated to please the masses...
And flourished!

Look what happened to Anthony and Cleopatra?

One hundred years from now...
If there's going to be,
A One Hundred Years From Now...
Martin Luther King Junior
Will have faded into being a mulatto,
And the illegitimate son of a warrior pope
Who reigned from a kingdom,
On Pennsylvania Avenue.
Nestled 'high' on a mountaintop,
In Texas!
'Someone thought to binge on surges,
Urged by the delusion to dominate'

Note:
'Thanks, Onajé G.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

History Is Rewritten

A presence felt,
To leave meaningful steps.
And expressing 'that' which is observed!
Some might experience with encouragement.
Some with none...
Although brave enough,
And tough of nerve!

Others are not so quick,
To move forward without someone to assist.
Hiding behind insecurities found.
And protecting themselves with excuses,
Gone unaddressed.
To be left all around!

Paths many walk are with obstacles,
And unpaved.
Often they are criticized...
For what they do.
And what is done rarely goes unscathed.

The pioneer walks alone to adventure and discover.
To return to share with others.
As history is rewritten,
Over time!
To romanticize the specifics of events.
With a change of what has been done.
The absence of facts!
And no mention at all of the heritage.
OR nothing of the person's color.
If 'black' like the Eygptians!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

History Made To Eliminate (Symbolisms)

A history made to eliminate,
Those symbolisms some come to idolize...
That which had taken place,
Does not erase...
The feelings of others left affected.
With those sorrows to revisit with them to sit.

Nor does attempts to chase away pain,
Or remove blood stains still causing eyes to cry...
Overnight dry.
From the ones who have lived with broken hearts.
Only an effective change to make with it done,
Comes to be felt and not left to debate it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Histrionics

Histrionics...
Considered theatrical and deliberate.
May seem that way,
To those unaccustomed to emotions shown...
By those depicted overacting with flare.
Although a reality spoken is dismissed,
Yet declared...
Too real for some to deal with.
And too much for them to hear.
Especially when it has been made clear,
They have no idea of the connection!
Or if there is an expectation for them to feel,
And give feedback.
Should they applaud?
Or clap in approval?
Or what is it one should do...
Beside stare wide eyed?

Inspired By:
Maurice D. Robertson
Hartford, Connecticut

'Thank you, Maurice.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Hitting Rock Bottom

There is no secret
As to how things get done.
It takes initiative...
Desire
And something that sparks agitation,
To ignite a motivatiing push
That begins to drive an ambitious force!
Sometimes hitting rock bottom will do it!
This often supplies just what one is needing,
To get back on one's feet!
Only then are such efforts appreciated...
Without any assistance or intervention approved.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Hoards In Sorrow

If I 'have' whatever it is to give.
And you 'have' but to give not!
Which one of us eventually,
Can claim to have more?
Of whatever it is!

Which one of us has resources,
From which that has been given...
Will always be restored?
And which one of us hoards in sorrow?
Peeking from behind windows.
And through cracks of doors.
Fearing...
And in tears!

I'll give you a clue.
Why are you wiping dust,
Off of past accolades!
And I am happy...
Knowing I have not a cent,
In my pocket!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Hoax

As they stumble over the crumbling of their foundations...
They still insist they must persist,
To inflict their standards and values.

But a hoax has provoked most folks.
And the joke invoked has them now in tears.
The gloom and doomers have appeared.

They wish to soften the effects of their demise.
Quick they try to cover all told lies.
To hide their deceptions with an injection of relief.
And a promise to restore a greatness,
Anyone of a consciousness can see...
Has been a game for thieves to play,
At their expense and ignorance.

Those precocious folks learn to hoax,
Early.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Hobnobbers

Satisfaction,
Is never thought as a sacrifice...
By some who know others,
Doing what it is they like.
And to make it seem easy too?
Socializing to accomplish...
Hobnobbers and attention getters,
Can not refuse...
Like those who take seriously,
What some may 'think'...
Has no accepted credibility.

Too many perceive...
What one does with skill and ability,
With a devotion to it done.
And also satisfies.
Has to be easy.
Or it would be disliked.
Especially if it does not feed,
Someone else's appetite.
With the best of impressions made.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Hocus Pocus

They don't know what they want.
Taking indecisive jaunts...
With new personas changed,
Undaunted with flaunted aims!

And they are the ones
To say others aren't real.
When they themselves aren't sure,
What it is they feel.
Quick to attack...
Without a moment's notice,
Disappearing to come back...
As if it's hocus pocus,
That keeps them so unfocused!

Demanding a respect,
They themselves do not reflect!
In times when it's accepted...
They with disdain,
Often reject it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Hold And Escalate It

The flame I see within you brightens.
Something has dawned,
To ignite a dimming need.
Something has connected,
To spark an increase...
Of a desired feeding pleased.

You have attached to happiness.
An entrapment has been detached.
You have come to decide,
Whatever you carried...
To lift it off your back!

I hope you allow this to magnify.
Hold and escalate it.
Embrace and motivate it,
To keep you satisfied!

Whatever it is,
It has come to you as a gift!
To identify any remnants of darkness.
I can tell by your smile...
And the ease of it.
You once tried to hide from escaping,
To show on your face.
And tightly shut lips!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Hold On Tightly To The Reins

Hold on tightly to the reins,
Of your life.
With this done both day and night.
As if sugar cane you had,
Was the last no one else has.
And choose to do a path picked,
To nibble on sweets you have.

Hold on tightly to the reins,
Of your life.
To know a holding onto reins,
One can and will succeed.
As a devotion kept set in motion,
Clears a mind of disbelief.
Hold on tightly to the reins.

'I can, I will and I must keep trust.
I can, I will and not give up,
Holding onto the reins...
Through changing winds and storms prolonged,
I will witness all obstacles from me gone.'

Hold on tightly to the reins,
With faith.
And don't be one who panics,
Know your obstacles will vanish.

Hold on tightly to the reins,
With faith.
Hold on.
Don't look away!
Keep faith.
Don't look away!
Keep faith.

Hold on tightly to the reins,
With faith.
And don't be one who panics,
Know your obstacles will vanish.

Hold on tightly to the reins,
With faith.
Hold on.
Don't look away!
Keep faith.
With a dedication made.
Hold on tightly to the reins.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Hold Onto Me Don'T You Leave

Hold onto me don't you leave.
Don't let go.
Hold onto me tightly, please!
I'm wanting to know,
Is this side you see
More to love?
Is this side of me
One you'll let grow,
On you?

Free of doubt,
And
Never me to worry about.
And
Free of heartbreak.

Hold onto me don't you leave.
Don't let go.
Hold onto me tightly, please!
I'm wanting to know,
Is this side you see
More to love?

Free of doubt,
And
Free of heartbreak.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Hold That And It Against Me

I once crawled,
Before I learned to walk.
Hold that against me.
I once wore a diaper,
Before I learned to talk.
Hold that against me.

I once made mistakes,
To repeat them again.
With a doing until I understood,
Mistakes to make,
I could and would correct.
But each mistake I made to do,
Had been different from the ones...
From others that came next.

I made decisions not to expect,
Criticisms would come.
And some I made left me,
With nowhere to run.
Hold that against me.

Hold it against me,
The doings of my childhood...
And in my youth,
Would follow me by those...
Seeking to undo my endeavors to pursue.

Hold it against me,
Things I did you remember...
Better than I do.
Hold it against me,
Whatever it is you wish.
But know this...
I am not remembering any obstacles I faced.
Nor do I keep in my mind to embrace,
A living my life being chased...
By impressions others think I should make.
Hold it against me,

If my life lived to do...
Disappoints those remembering,
What I've done to do to leave the past.

Hold it against me,
Things I did you remember...
Better than I do.
Hold it against me,
Whatever it is you wish...
I don't miss at all,
With wishes to recall what I've lived through.

I once crawled,
Before I learned to walk.
Hold that against me.
I once wore a diaper,
Before I learned to talk.
Hold that against me as well.
But know this...
What I use to do,
In my mind does not stay to dwell.
Nor do I sit to reminisce,
Those who seem unable to live their own lives.
Hold that and whatever you wish against me.
Pettiness and I have never been eye to eye.

And if someone does me wrong,
To step on my toes...
Day and night long to mask their evil tasks,
To choose to do to have them last.
I will not be the one,
Limping around to be seen...
As to who lives a life to have such misdeeds,
Returned to have them happen.
To cripple those minds or bodies to witness done.
So don't hold that or the doing of it,
Against me.
That is the doing that comes from their own pleasures.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Holding On With Wishes To Experience This

Altrhough...
They're slipping with a gripping,
To a bottomless pit.
With an ignorance addicted unresisted.

And,
Holding on and wishing to experience it...
Are the ones who practice posing,
In a darkened abyss.
With a proving that an ignorance for them is bliss.

The people of today...
Are crazed with beliefs.
And refusing to release,
All delusions they've been feeding.

The people of today...
Are crazed with beliefs,
That the only life to live,
Is the one of deceit.

Holding on with wishes to experience this,
Darkened abyss...
With a proving that an ignorance for them is bliss.

Holding on with wishes to experience this,
Darkened abyss...
With a proving that an ignorance for them is bliss.

The people of today...
Are crazed with beliefs.
And refusing to release,
All delusions they've been feeding.

The people of today...
Are crazed with beliefs,
That the only life to live,
Is the one of deceit.

Holding on with wishes to experience this,
Darkened abyss...
With a proving that an ignorance for them is bliss.

They keep on holding onto to wishes to experience this,
Darkened abyss...
With a proving that an ignorance for them is bliss.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Holding Onto A Discipline

I regard the making of an effort,
With actual attempts to do my best...
As my greatest achievement.
Compared to the many experiences I've had.

Holding onto a discipline,
And devoted to it isn't as simple as it seems.
I've learned the bigger the dream wished,
The more unnoticed to others is one's sacrifice.

And if the acquiring of money and things,
Is not associated to one's produced dreams...
One's achievement is not validated.
Although a life lived in a superficial existence is.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Holding Onto The Reins

Easy it becomes to discredit and despise,
A thought process from one that is done.
If the process is committed to reveal outcomes.
And if those outcomes stated,
Become a cause for others to debate...
With a seeking of a way,
To label those statements created...
Crazed.
And initiated by someone who is inebriated.
Exhilarated by an addiction of ego.

Only time will find the ones debating,
With nothing left to say.
Observations deliberatedly overlooked...
Often haunts,
The status quo with a dismay that daunts.

A way of life assumed to be lived...
Rarely escapes from becoming outdated.
And if not lived on a daily basis,
Offends those attempting to keep it unchanged.

And the ones who have chosen to acknowledge this,
Seem not to defend a lack of acceptance.
Since there is no apparent reason to prove an intoxication.
Knowing how difficult it is to convince,
Those accustomed to riding in horse drawn carriages...
There can be a smoother ride had by all,
By an updating of their vehicles now pulled by engines.
To roll upon air inflated tires.
Many electrified and others simply using the adding of gas.

Some have their grasp on the past so tight,
They keep beliefs with wishes kept...
That those who wish to usher them into the light,
Are those too jealous to admit they are envious...
Of those holding onto the reins of the horses they guide.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Holding Onto Yesterday

Barriers aren't meant to stop us!
Those that come stocked,
With mental blocks dropped...
To inconvenience.

Obstacles,
Struggles and delays may be gifts.
It's not for us to determine,
What part of this has God to do with!
Reasons unbeknown will be shown,
If we can get over 'ourselves'...
And those ego tantrums
Throwing our purposes off track!

Out of alignment
With minds seeking to defined themselves.

'Hey...
Garbage in, garbage out!
Leaving it to scatter about.'

If it was about the grace and poise
Of jumping over hurdles,
And being ambushed by grief...
That makes holding a deep breath routine!
It is not about those scenes that I see anymore.
None that makes my opened eyes,
Now see any clearer!

I wouldn't be winning races...
If I kept holding on to yesterday!
If 'faith' I kept wasn't going my way!
I wouldn't be winning races...

Or raging to chase my ambitions.
Peaches and cream? ?
I haven't seen a peach near anything
Resembling cream!

I wouldn't be winning any races...
Or able to make every night making love,
Seem like a one night stand!
Confidence was the key,
That was taken away from me!

I know you found yours...
Or I wouldn't be with you.
We wouldn't be together!

'Everynight? '

That's the way I feel about my life!
Where is your mind?

Inspired by and Dedicated to:
Paul Dailey-Artist
Hartford,
Connecticut

'Paul! You are a genius! May the Almighty
continue to bestow gifts and blessings upon you! '
L

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Holiday Sentiments

Get real!
With yourself,
And circumstances...
You've been dealt.

Reality comes!
And nothing that it brings,
Will be fantasized for 'caroling'
Welcome this as an awakening gift,
Of your joy!
Experience your 'fresh'...
And newly discovered focus.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Holidays Approach

When Christmas comes,
It is the time I most like.
Holidays approach,
And I'm excited.

The Summer reminds one of Fall.
And Labor Day begins the best,
Season of all.

But it's the Christmas with its Winter cheer,
After the Halloween masks and Thanksgiving..
That brings us all closer and near.
And whatever troubles us seem to disappear.

When Christmas comes,
It is the time I most like.
Holidays approach,
And I'm excited.

And when the new year arrives...
We make those promises we try,
To live by!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Holidays Celebrated

Ding.
Dong.
Ding.
Dong.
Ding...

Ramadan begins with a fast that cleanses.
At least 10 days when this begins.
The Muslims practice this with faith.
A faith for them without an end.
Ding.
Dong.
Ding.
Dong.
Ding...

So many wish for Santa Claus,
To gift them with a tax write off!
And those who celebrate the days of Kwanzaa,
Do this when Christmas has gone.
Ding.
Dong.
Ding.
Dong.
Ding...

Hanukkah Feast of Consecration,
Has a Menorah glowing bright.
And everyone wishes a pleasing season.
With no appetite to fight.
Ding.
Dong.
Ding.
Dong.
Ding...

Why can't these be holidays,
Celebrated each and everyday?
Ding.

Dong.
Ding.
Dong.
Ding...
Why can't these be holidays,
Celebrated each and everyday?
Ding.
Dong.
Ding.
Dong.
Ding...

Ramadan begins with a fast that cleanses.
At least 10 days when this begins.
The Muslims practice this with faith.
A faith for them without an end.

So many wish for Santa Claus,
To gift them with a tax write off!
And those who celebrate the days of Kwanzaa,
Do this when Christmas has gone.
Ding.
Dong.
Ding.
Dong.
Ding.
Dong.
Ding.
Dong...
Hanukkah Feast of Consecration,
Has a Menorah glowing bright.
And everyone wishes a pleasing season.
With no appetite to fight.
Why can't these be holidays,
Celebrated each and everyday?
Ding.
Dong.
Ding.
Dong.
Ding...
Why can't these be holidays,
Celebrated each and everyday?

Ding.
Dong.
Ding.
Dong.
Ding...
Why can't these be holidays,
Celebrated each and everyday?
Ding.
Dong.
Ding.
Dong.
Ding.
Dong.
Ding...
Dong!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Holier Than Thou

In the land of demonic praises...
They mask deception well.
Basking in torment and daily heated hell,
They are called to worship from kilns of comfort
To speak in tongues!
To convince those wrung with guilt and anxiety...
They are holier than 'thou'!
Allowing a congregation freshly singed to cool
From a blistering message performed to remind them
Of the instigating presence of Lucifer
In their lives!
IF they do not tithe in 'spirited' devotion
In the name of the Lord and His great sacrifice...
That have kept them out of the bowels of evil!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Hollow

You seek fame.
And a name.
With no integrity...
Or dignity with identity attached!
To support and frame your claims.
Keeping your aim and goals unmatched.

Your soul becomes weak.
And shallow success,
Loses its meaning.
A harvest of a sowing,
Has been reaped!

You feel defeated.
Although you may have achieved,
What others believe.
The emptiness felt...
Leaves you depleted.
Hollow!
With that shallowness,
Sought.
But definitely unsatisfying.

'Hollow? '

That depends.
How low are you?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Hollow Content

A delusional unfortunate misuse of power,
Has stunning affects on reality...
At first capturing denial.
In private sessions confessed.
Seething tempers in confusion,
Awakens distrust...
And scambles those to seek,
Strategies to calm the storm!
Ships rock in tempestuous seas!
And weapons used to stop controlled conflicts...
Are as effective as speech is without sincerety,
And hollow content!
Bravery mentioned can not be sustained,
With commanders at odds!
And chaos fragments communication,
Amongst those unfamiliar with its purpose...
In cultures where soft drinks and diets
Are not suitable replacements,
For those whose appetites hunger for blood...
And wounded flesh!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Hollow Flatterers

Hollow flatterers,
Do absolutely nothing for me.
Maybe because I've observed them before,
From childhood.
Those people showing their toothy smiles.
As if friends.
And behind someone's back,
They flap their lips loosely with gossip to attack

Compliments not honesty,
They perceive as a correct thing done.
But a sincerity felt in truth...
Is disconnected from them,
And this they can not do to show to anyone.

And as I age with a clarity,
That is daily wisening...
I see the hollow flatterers empty of depth and deed.
And wonder I do to myself as I observe...
Do these people realize others through them can see?
Flapping their lips loosely with gossip...
Yet deceptive as they practice,
A self righteous hypocrisy.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Hollow Flattery

If a doing to be done is not at one's best,
What point does one make...
To believe a doing of one's mediocrity,
If one is conscious of it with this known...
Deserves praise in an acceptance that is approved.
And then declared as great without proof of it shown,
Seems to always satisfy an ego standing by.

Too many are quick to flaunt their perceptions.
And too few will allow themselves to be pleased,
By deception.
Although to receive hollow flattery given to not dismiss,
No matter where it comes from or if sincerity is involved...
One could and can avoid if wished,
Will still mean everything for some as long as they get it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Hollow Rituals

When they were young,
Adorable and cute.
You announced to me...
That they were 'your' children.
And I respected that.

Now that they've grown older...
Opinionated, loud and abusive.
Lazy and disrespecting.
Impatient with no time to listen.
You do not hold yourself responsible.
Nor accountable for their actions.
In fact you are quick,
To rely on your selective memory.

Remember...
I was there observing,
Those lessons taught to them you did teach.
In a loud judgemental roar...
You sometimes to them preached.

And your self righteous activities...
Are there to be observed in church!
And you tell me you can not remember,
Your own pastor's sermons?
Although you dress impeccably...
As if this is rehearsed!

That is why I find it difficult,
To follow hollow rituals.
Or believe anyone feels...
What they sing in spirituals.
With voices raised in serious praise!
For them it is just a routine...
Without depth and very little meaning.
Like a 'buck' that is passed...
And has lost its worth.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Hollow Wallow

Too predictable.
That hollow wallow you want followed.
And sustained with someone else's,
Borrowed pain.
Bruised and battered,
You have not yet experienced...
To know and accept the rejection.

There are real people who have suffered,
With it done to have their voices hushed.
Faking to have your heart broken and crushed,
Is too much and too predictable...
That even Peter 'with' The Wolf,
Have become disgusted by your attempts...
To re-invent 'their' original act.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Hollow Wishes

I am without sleep...
Most times.
Not from an unrest,
I can not explain.
But from a creative process...
Absorbing my mind,
Where these thoughts are contained.

If I am not there to please your needs...
Know that my desires are there.
There is this 'thing' that takes hold of me.
And I become hypnotized,
Like a victim undeclared.

Know that I want to share with you,
I do.
But I am committed to gifts,
I can not ignore.
And the seriousness of this affliction...
I was born with and do adore.

Even though I am without sleep...
Most times.
At all times,
I am not without gratitude.
So forgive me if it seems,
You are not included...
In those dreams I must make real.

Please do not feel neglected.
I must reveal the me reflected.
And if I don't produce...
My life would be reduced,
To hollow wishes.
And those I can not validate...
Creatively enough to share,
As evidence of my presence.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Hollowed Beliefs

I awakened with a taste for greatness.
My eyes before,
Were set upon limitations...
Wasted.

What I did not have,
Saddened the feeding...
Of hollowed beliefs!
Like chores ignored...
I became bored,
With the good I had...
But did not increase!
With an emergence,
To set my mind at peace!

I awakened with thoughts...
An emptiness I brought!
Doubts and blame,
I had indentified by name.
Grief I could not release...
Until I realized what I had to shed!
I had to remove all those 'things',
I alone put into my head!
And a discouragement I nurtured then...
Found me too boring,
And fled with the wind!

It tried with ease to breeze up on me again...
When,
I awakened with a taste for greatness.
My eyes before,
Were set upon limitations...
Wasted.
And I discovered the familiarity!
Chasing it away...
For good!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Holy Is The Ghost

Do I believe that you can be,
Saved?
It's not up to me,
To place that judgement made.

And,
Do I believe that you can be,
Saved?
It's not up to me,
To grade or rate your days!

I'm not one to sum up with a fuss...
Who has had it tough,
Without a suffering one covers.

I'm not one to sum up with a fuss...
Who has had it tough,
Without a suffering one covers.

Some days I slip away to pray.
Knowing the expense,
Of the dues I had to pay.
And,
Some days I slip away to pray.
Knowing the expense,
Of the dues I had to pay.

Do I believe that you can be,
Saved?
It's not up to me,
To place that judgement made.

Holy is the Ghost,
That paves the way!
Holy is the Ghost,
That saves!

Holy is the Ghost that paves the way.
Holy is the Ghost that saves.

In the morning,
That Ghost saves.
In the evening,
That Ghost saves.
From the dawn and through the night time too!

Holy is the Ghost that paves the way.
Holy is the Ghost that saves.

In the morning,
That Ghost saves.
In the evening,
That Ghost saves.
From the dawn and through the night time too!

Holy is the Ghost that paves the way.
Holy is the Ghost that saves.
Holy is the Ghost that paves the way.
Holy is the Ghost that saves.
Holy is the Ghost that paves the way.
Holy is the Ghost that saves.

From the dawn and through the night time too!
Holy is the Ghost that saves.
Holy is the Ghost that saves.
Holy is the Ghost that saves.
Holy is the Ghost that saves.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Homage

Six foot descend,
In grave opulence repose.
Sombre are the passages...
Shared and quietly spoken,
In emotional rituals sparked
With tears falling
And gently eased!

Under breezes cascading,
Between tombs on lush green fields.
Soft comments exchanged
As those close kneel!
To pay last respects...
For our sons and daughters laid to rest,
Unshaded in radiant Sun!
Honored are those,
For a job well done!

Dedication:
'I dedicated 'Homage' to all those who have lived their lives
in the service of others without fanfare,
and most times without being shown gratitude!
I am only one man, however, I salute them for their unselfish acts
and deeds i deeply respect! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Home Plate

Know 'something' about the game.
And how it is played.
Know 'something' about strategy,
Before believing a task to pass...
Can be mastered without the rudiments.
Skipping over the fundamentals,
Does not provde the essentials of life.

There are those still aging in classrooms,
Awaiting to approve how lessons are taught.
And from pictures, movies and TV screens,
Deem themselves qualified to know about life.
Believing themselves prepared to describe,
What takes place at home plate...
Where a game they've never played,
Will tolerate them to change the rules.

What fools we mortals be.
And yet too ignorant to perceive stupidity.

And it is not behind the umpire,
One should inspire or attempt to get the best results.
Or initiate complaints to begin arguments,
As to why other people are needed on a field of play.
To then ask why they appear to be aggravated,
With their arms folded.
When they should be minding their own business.

'It is obvious,
You are totally misunderstanding this entire process.'

~Oh?
People like you get on my last nerve.
If you knew so much...
Why are you wearing a mask? ~

'It is part of what it is I do.
I decide who breaks and/or follow the rules.
And you have broken all of them from the beginning.

Not only are you unprepared to play.
You are not willing to comprehend or learn the game.'

~I'm leaving to come back.
And when I do,
You're going to be sorry you said that.
I'll return with others who will protest your 'facts'.~

'Either way...
Any game you want to change,
You first have to know the rules.
And those 'boos' you hear?
Are not directed at me they are directed at you.'

~OH yeah?
Then why are they screaming at 'me'...
To get 'you' off the field?
They know who is and 'who' isn't,
In masquerade.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Home Schooling

'Hello.
I am taking a survey of those,
Who have chosen home schooling...
Oppose to private or public schooling,
For their children.
Is there any particular reason.
And how old are your children? '

~I have a daughter who is five years old.
And a son who is ten.
He is now with his father.
At the rifle range.
I am especially protective of my daughter.
I do not want her exposed to the awful things,
Happening today in any school.
I have hired tutors to do what I can monitor.
Right here in my home.

In fact...
She is currently having private dancing lessons.~

'That's terrific.
Do you come in contact with the other,
Home schooling parents? '

~Yes.
Of course.
I certainly do.
And we all have agreed to use the same methods.~

'I thank you.
And have a great day.'

~You too! ~

(1-2-3-4...
Now shake it.
Rotate those hips.
Now shake it.

Sexy mama.
Shake it.
Rotate those hips.
Over to the left...
Give me swivelled hips.
Over to the right...
Swivel those hips.

Now shake it.
Sexy mama.
Shake it.
Rotate those hips.
Over to the right...
Now shake it.
Over to the left,
Rotate those hips.
Turn, turn.
Shake that butt.
Over to the left...
Give me swivelled hips.
Over to the right...
Swivel those hips.)

'She's five?
And he is ten?
What are we doing to our children? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Homebase

People do make decisions to leave a comfort zone,
Wilfully...
To seek opportunities elsewhere,
With a doing of this regretfully, sometimes.
And there are those who feel less comforted,
By a showing of a lack of support...
Within their own homebase.
Unable to create their opportunities,
Without feeling to be chased away.

Knowing to maneuver around this truth,
Is too much to convince others to prove.
So they leave happily with this acknowledged...
A growth that explores life,
Is much more important to experience...
Than withnessing a tired stagnation permitted to exist.
While others sit with no ambition,
Advocating the acceptance of this.

Now...
To return with a learning process to share,
With others prepared to become aware...
Is a different story.
Since one's tolerance level has broadened,
To be or not to be involved.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Homegrown

If I was an unknown...
Would I be a better habit?
If you could not cast your eyes upon me,
Would you care to not freely,
Daily let me 'have it'?

I would walk about,
Without your 'penetrating' burn!
You could save those actions made,
For someone else you've chosen to earn.

And if you had not known my views,
Or my philosophy that's kept.
You would not think of me publicly,
In terms to belittle to spew words of disrespect!

Why bother taking time for that?
Your eyes may roll...
But you and I have never met!

If I was an unknown...
Would I be a better habit?
If you could not cast your eyes upon me,
Would you care to not freely,
Daily let me 'have it'?

Or are those signs of implied affection?
And in my 'imperfections' stated...
I've misunderstood your comments!
And I've should have dispelled...
Your loud obnoxious yells,
As a way of showing me you are actually elated! ?

I had not known!
Since like you...
I am also homegrown!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Homegrown Stuff

Simple.
Profound...
And to the point!
No detours or scenic views.
Directly applied,
Without sedation.
Or an offer of a variety,
Of freshly baked desserts.
Topped with icecream with a cherry.
The identity present...
Does not seek definition.
This is homegrown stuff.
And it is good.
Trust!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Homemade

Blessed are those,
Who have had the experience...
Of walking and talking.
With the ability to chew gum.
And,
Can appreciate the taste of a banana split.
With an occasional strawberry and banana smoothie,
Homemade with vanilla icecream and orange juice.
With wishes to whip up another.
Knowing the taste of this has been delicious.
That's what I call a tummy tuck!
All that other stuff,
Is not on my 'things to crave' list.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Homemade Common Sense

Homemade common sense,
Seems to always get the rent paid...
When it comes to the basics of life kept valued.
With a clear separation to save those needs,
From wants that can be held to give time to delay.

Homemade common sense,
Is...
Prioritized over any other wish intended to attempt.
To then sacrifice a taste one wants to freeze on ice.
To thawed out to think about 'if' resources permit it.

Living life without excuses to use a shovel to dig,
Out of debts one regrets eventually benefits...
Those who remain upbeat and positive.
And when those greedy temptations come to appear,
It becomes easier to face reality than to invite the crying of tears.

That old homemade 'and' outdated common sense,
Is...
Prioritized over any other wish intended to attempt.
To then sacrifice a taste one wants to freeze on ice.
To thawed out to think about 'if' resources permit and/or forget!

Living life without excuses to use a shovel to dig,
Out of debts one regrets eventually benefits.
Since homemade common sense seems,
To not only get the rent paid...
But can save someone from excuses, alibis AND embarrassment.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Homesick

Homesick!
And committed to be brave.
Pretending to shield against a tendency to fear.
No need to save tears,
Clearly falling from eyes...
Like a leak from a faucet that can not be turned off!

These conflicts fought on foreign lands...
By soldiers taught,
To keep emotions devoted and frozen not to show!
Yet expectedly they do.
Dangers faced.
The homesick embrace.
Wishing one day from them to be erased.

Homesick!
And committed to be brave.
Pretending to shield against a tendency to fear.
What is near is too real.
What is there is theirs to feel.
With a wish to touch...
Someone loved so much!

Homesick!
With no weapon provided to avoid it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Honesty And The Depth Of It

Some allow their projections,
To become influence by their perceptions.
And when they project a perception incorrect...
They find themselves in situations,
Not knowing what to believe or accept.
Since honesty and the depth of it,
They have yet to respect or digest its presence.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Honesty Has A Difficult Time Being Respected

Liars always seem to have their supporters.
Praising them for past deeds and activities.
Although they proclaim themselves,
To have morals and integrity.
With high standards obtained and reached.
But there is something about a liar,
That can teach those who may be disappointed.
A liar in today's society...
Has been lifted to realms of praise.
It is those who tell the truth and pursue decency,
That are despised and criticized for being arrogant.
And honesty has a difficult time being respected.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Honesty Killed

Too many people keep their evil disguised.
And they do.
Too many people.
Too many today being evil.
Too many people keep their evil disguised.
And they do.
Too many people.
Too many today being evil.
Gone...
Is the innocence from children's eyes.
Too many people.
Too many today taught them evil.
Gone...
Is the innocence from children's eyes.

There is just too many people,
Keeping evil disguised.
And they do.
Too many people.
Too many people thinking evil.
Gone...
Is the innocence from children's eyes.
Too many people.
Too many people taught them evil.
Gone...
Is an honesty killed by told lies.
Killed by the people.
An evil that defeats the people.
Killed...
To leave no truth recognized.

Killed.
Honesty killed by an evil,
Feeding defeat to the people.

It's been killed.
Honesty killed by an evil,
Feeding defeat to the people.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Honesty With-Held

Opportunities to be relevant,
Are often missed...
When those relying on myths,
And nursery rhymes,
Find it difficult to come forward...
To be real.
Without the twisting of facts,
Done most of the time.

Facts soon are learned!
But honesty with-held,
Eventually suffers...
An onslaught of unexpected attacks.
And those attacks increase...
By those unbelieving truths released!
And disturbing it is to learn,
Truth and peace together is an explosive mix!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Honor Of Deed

Raised to place their values in 'things'.
And the superficialness of looks,
With the best of false pretensions.

Very few of them have sacrificed their lives,
In the honor of deed.
Without proceeding that 'development'
With the asking for payment,
Or if an hourly fee for their activity was involved.

None would find time available.
If certain desires are not met.
And the few who are...
Available,
Busy themselves for critique,
And fashion!
AND may spend all day perfecting the 'look'!
As if in ceremony.
To welcome their own 'gorgeousness'.

No one would roll up their sleeves.
To sweat for free and purpose?
Even though the act of that,
Would aid in their survival!

These folks would rather be clothed...
Dressed to 'the nines'.
Seen strolling on urban streets looking healthy and 'fine'.
Or at least giving that perception.
Although in reality...
Many thought it distasteful to share.
Or beg for anything to eat!
If that was not done...
Like everthing done they do,
In discreet!

Note:

Dressed to the 'nines' was an expression
said in 'the day' when Black folks, Negroes...
African Americans, if you will, would dress
as if to impress and flaunt their looks. Primarily
in urban centers. Saving their best attire for Sunday.
In a respect that has drastically diminished over the years.
Today...
More are concerned with babysitting idealogies of the past.
As if not to offend the existence of disrespect.
With a condoned neglect and an acceptance of ignorance!

Of course this is an opinion...
many can not seem to erase from the 'clarity' of observation!
As well as other tragic signs of those living in denial.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Hoodwinked To Be Used

Divisions and indecisions,
Blatant and admitted.
Does not heal with a mending wished,
By those who claim they represent...
The best reflection of a people's interests.

Aging routines used to demean and defeat,
Only leaves a taste of bitterness...
With a craving for more it,
Obviously seen.

And that which cracks and falls apart,
Has proven to be cost effective...
For those making their quick dashes,
With hopes to lay the blame on those...
To exit fast from trash they've left exposed.

Aging routines used to demean and defeat,
Only leaves a taste of bitterness...
With a craving for more it,
Obviously seen...
On faces expected to clean up these scenes.
Unbelieving they've been hoodwinked to be used.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Hoofs Of A Demon

Sugar free...
Are these words splurted.
Spiced with the language,
You will understand as you read.

You've been sugarized so long!
Without the use of it...
You attack those who speak truth,
Believing their perceptions of your life is wrong!

Every belief you have has been fantasized.
And those who know you better than I do...
Run to you quicker to tell you the biggest lies.
Quicker they are to abuse your thoughts too.
With excuses and alibis to test as foolproof!

And when it is said,
Concepts fed to you trapped in your head...
Are absent of honesty,
You want to pick a fight instead.
Like a child who is denied,
Something sweet to quiet tantrums!
Only to find this brat on the floor...
Kicking and screaming and crying for more!

You've been sugarized so long...
You believe the blood sucking of others,
Is a birthright that belongs.
You believe theit blood,
Has been yours all along!

You believe hypocrisies,
And backstabbing others
Is a 'right'!
You believe everything you do...
Justifies a perplexed,
And disturbing insight!

Conflicts inflicted that you pick,

Shows others quickly...
Just how deeply you are sick!

Sugar free are these words,
And languaged used you read!
You believe you've been expressing harmonicness...
But the fangs of a wolf,
And the hoofs of a demon...
Clearly shows underneath robes!
As you sing songs,
Of christianity.

Sugar free?
You've been fed on disaster...
That breeds your creed!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Hooked To The Bone

Something done you did inside me,
Has a hold and wont go.
And...
I'm left in a hopeless stupor.

Something that has made me afraid,
And has me seeking escape.
But...
You've got me hooked to the bone.
And I can't give up,
'Cause...
You've got me hooked to the bone.
Of you I can't get enough,
'Cause...
I am hooked right to the bone.

Something done you did inside me,
Has a hold and wont go.
And...
You've got me hooked to the bone.
From the bottom to the top,
You're in my comfort zone!
Those feelings for you will not stop.
'Cause...
Whatever they are you own.

All day and every way,
You've got me hooked to the bone.
I'm left in a hopeless stupor...
And I want this to be known.

All day and every way,
You've got me hooked to the bone.
I'm left in a hopeless stupor...
And I want this to be known.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Hookey Rookie

You can teach me...
Like I never ever had been taught in time before.

Said you can teach me...
Like I never ever had been taught in time before.
'Cause before I met you, baby...
I played hookey!

You can teach me...
Like I never ever had been taught in time before.

Said you can teach me...
Like I never ever had been taught in time before.
'Cause before I met you, baby...
I played hookey!

I asked myself if that did...benefit?
What I did.
And who was with me.
Nothing that was done then was a fit.
No one would give.
And being played in the streets today...
Some say ain't easy!
I left it done and behind me, to forget.

You can teach me...
Like I never ever had been taught in time before.

Said you can teach me...
Like I never ever had been taught in time before.
'Cause before I met you, baby...
I played hookey!

Yes...
And you can teach me.
Like I never ever had been taught in time before.
Said you can teach me...
Like I never ever had been taught in time before.
'Cause before I met you, baby...

I played hookey!

Just for nookie.
I played hookey!
Just a rookie,
Gettin' nookie!
Missing you...
My Cookie!

You can teach me...
Like I never ever had been taught in time before.

Said you can teach me...
Like I never ever had been taught in timebefore.
'Cause before I met you, baby...
I played hookey!

Just for nookie.
I played hookey!
Just a rookie.
Gettin' nookie!

Just a rookie.
Gettin' nookie!
A hookey rookie getting nookie,
Missing Cookie

Just rookie getting nookie,
Missing Cookie

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Hope And Faith

Some say they will and then don't.
Some begin to do it then wont.
Some wish to give...
And,
Some wish to be given too!

But...
With hope and faith,
One can...
Choose to stay elated!

Each day may not be easier to live through,
To do what it is one must and should do...
But...
One can,
Prove the odds wrong.
If one remains strong!

Keep your hope and faith!
Dedication with a patience pays.

Some say they will and then don't.
Some begin to do it then wont.
Some wish to give...
And,
Some wish to be given too!

But...
With hope and faith,
One can...
Choose to stay elated!

Each day may not be easier to live through,
To do what it is one must and should do...
But...
One can,
Prove the odds wrong.
If one remains strong!

Keep your hope and faith!
Dedication with a patience pays.
Dedication with a patience pays.
With hope and faith!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Hopefully

When I wrote this...
You weren't ready.
You were still waiting for rainbows,
And clouds with silver lining.
You were defining life,
As I lived it with curiousity!
As I chose adventure...
Over nursury rhymes.

When I wrote this,
I knew better then
What came to me fresh
Was not someone else's collected wishes.
These gifts were mine,
And I wanted to share!
But you were hoping,
Glittering gold dust from the skies
Would pour upon you in buckets.
And wealthy you would live,
In the world to hide.

When I wrote this...then!
I knew when found,
There will be something you will come to confide.
You will awaken to realize fantasy,
As entertainment choking you with lies.

And when I wrote this,
That was true then.
And when you find this to read...
Hopefully your wounds are healing!
Hopefully some reality has been introduced!
Hopefully truth is being induced and not reduced,
By your camouflaging campaigns.
To show how well you can remain disguised!
Why?
When all that you are has been exposed!
And hopefully you will awaken,
With a wish to enhance the life you chose.

Hopefully!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Hopefully It Is Not Too Late

There is a malignant tumor,
Growing fast...
Right under,
Those standards we qualify...
And regard,
As valued.

And radiating it with interest,
Seems out of date.

But hopefully,
It is not too late...
To cure ourselves soon.
And quick...
Before it ruins any renovation,
Begun on a foundation claimed...
As treasured!
And needing all minds,
To assist with its restoration.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Hopefully Someone Has Called 911

Those blood gurgling screams heard,
Coming from the other room.
Why are those people being tortured like that?
The sounds are unbearable.
It's ruining the tour of the foreigners,
That have come here to visit.

'They are the ones who have just discovered,
Their amenities have just been cut...
As a result of the recent sequester.
And they must be the legislators,
Who have noticed the caviar and escargot...
Have been eliminated from the buffet tables.'

But didn't the chef guarantee,
Their accustomed feast would not be touched...
By those budget cuts?

'Apparently they had been told this.
However...
The chef took for granted,
That the sardines and tuna fish would suffice.
So hopefully someone has called 911,
To immediately address the emergency.
And the medics are on their way,
To appease the ones overcomed with disappointment.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Hopefully 'something' Is Being Learned

A capitalistic way of life foreclosed,
Has put an end to values claimed.
That treasured piece of the pie grows mold.
And standards proclaimed can no longer be maintained.

Shocked into reality and stunned by defeat,
People who once gloated then...
Find themselves now knocked off their feet.
No longer now declining others,
To be neighbors on vacant streets.

Those who knew the quietness of suburbia,
Find a fresh kindred with those in shelters.
Those kept enclosed to live lives on urban streets.
Victims of the greedy...
Who never thought they'd see,
Themselves sharing a commonness...
With the people they described as lazy, shiftless and weak.
How bleak.

A capitalistic way of life foreclosed,
Has put an end to values claimed.
That treasured piece of the pie grows mold.
And standards proclaimed can no longer be maintained.

Who is to blame for their misfortunes?
A self righteousness flushed down the drain?
Who can they now point their fingers to as heathens?
Do they look at mirrors found,
Without lowering their heads in shame?

'That's doubtful.
Since they've been conditioned and trained,
To see themselves above all others.
With any changes made...
To return them back to times that were,
For them that remains the same.
Unchanged,
Lacking empathy.

And ungrateful.'

Well...
Hopefully 'something' is being learned.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Hopefully What Is Given

You were promised a change,
You could believe in.
It comes.
Be patient.
They are working on a plan,
To ensure you become taxed...
With a certainty you can believe,
Has changed from the past!

You were promised a change,
You could believe in.
It comes.
Be patient.
And the change you seek...
Hopefully is given,
By someone allowing you to eat!

You were promised a change,
You could believe in.
It comes.
Be patient.
Hopefully what is given,
Will provide a cup of coffee too!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Hopefully When You'Ve Been Released

This ax I wield,
Is not raised to attack you!
Those chains that keep you held in bondage...
I am doing my best,
To free them from you.

You've become attached,
And to them attracted.
I can not grow...
If you wont let your troubles go!
There is no bliss in this ignorance kept.
And I must confess,
This test leaves me unrested.

There will be a separation done.
Between those of true faith and walk it!
And those who fake faith,
And talk about it to convince.

And hopefully,
When you've been released...
A clarity will bring enlightenment,
With an increase of reality!
That is shared in an accepted harmony.

Be quiet.
I am already nervous about this.
I don't want to miss,
The aim of this mission I've been given.

'Me either!
But aren't your eyes suppose to be open? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Hopefully You Will Have No Regrets

I know you have more to do in your life,
Than to agitate and stir up fights.
Criticizing me may appease your appetite,
For the time being.
Until you notice I am not focused,
On your critique...
Or a bittersweetness you may get.
I hope that does not upset?
You'll get over it.
And hopefully you will have no regrets.
I have been accessible to those who pass judgements.
I want those like that to feel...
They too have an importance.
Something that is done that eventually appeals.
If I did not have that to rely on...
I would not make attempts to do my best!
And getting your attention,
Proves I am worthy enough to mention.
And I should relish that with zest and zeal.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Hopefully Your Mind Will Awaken

The reason I have nothing to say to you...
After years of listening,
How you dodge the facts and skirt over issues...
Is a matter I have chosen not to discuss.

Hopefully one day you will get the message.
Hopefully your mind will awaken...
With a maturity to face that wakes you up!
And not be willing to defend with childish stuff,
That should have long ago been erased.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Hopeless And Regretting

As expectations and having regrets,
Come and not from them to go...
There are some people who have shown others,
Disrespect and this done for decades...
To find themselves shakened with heartbreak,
Upon discovering how difficult it is...
To distance and escape from their own misdeeds.
With excuses to make about how they've been misled.
Although consciously feeding a wickedness to spread.
And a wickedness to spread has a way to return the dread!

Those who deceive with a sneaking secretly to defeat,
Always seem to leave their scathings done to trace.
And left to follow by others with no attempts to erase.
As if on a mission to brag with lifted egos,
To exclaim who it was they sought and brought to their knees.
With it unexpected eventually,
They would discover themselves in gutters on their butts...
Hopeless and regretting from their own knees scraped,
Looking up to others who had healed and recovered...
From misdeeds implanted by deceivers who now plead!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Hoping He Does Not Win

I am hoping he does not win.
He is much too good for them.
Let them continue to protest.
Stirring up division and racial unrest.
They've created their own unhappiness.
Why should he stick his neck out...
To help them rebuild their nests,
They have set,
Themselves...
To flames!
Alone.

And if he should win...
They would dump their crap on him.
Because that is what they do!
In everything done,
That they have ever pursued.
People who know this...
Know that is true.

Exchanging blame...
With accusations and false claims.
That is what they do best!
Let them clean up their own mess.
He has proven himself to be qualified.
But they should not be the ones,
On his back to ride!
They have created their own downslide...
Alone!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Hoping I Do Not Intend To Do So

If I was told by another,
Something I had not researched myself...
To declare as fact.
And I went ahead to whisper into the ears of others,
A rumor heard hoping my telling would keep intact...
I then become an accessory,
To unnecessary and unsolicited lip movement.
Open to be subjected to direct and vicious cussing.
IF...
I was told by another something I had not researched.

That's why if I am asked if I can keep a secret,
I immediately begin to laugh.
Because the one who has asked that question,
Is hoping I do not intend to do so.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Hoping Someone Is Convinced

If anyone follows another,
To the edge of a cliff...
And claim not to know it?
Either has done it prepared,
With a parachute strapped their back.
Or stands hoping someone is convinced,
They visit from a different neighborhood.
And thought they were touring to uncover,
An assortment of aspects others sought...
To revitalize the area.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Hoping That A Kept Threat Clears

Obstacles are tests we get in life to know,
We face them to erase them.
Then go...
Challenged by another obstacle.
Some become familiar.
While others more advanced,
Can leave us trapped in trances.
Wanting to wish them fantasized to romance.

Obstacles are tests we get in life to know,
It's always better to remain prepared.
Since lessons taught get more difficult to learn.
And are meant to keep us aware,
There is much more to life...
Than demanding our expectations be met.

Life to live experienced,
Takes patience and some tolerance.
And often dropping wiped away tears.
Tears dropping nonstop to disbelieve,
There comes a time in our lives...
That a taking responsibility leaves,
No one else certified but ourselves to qualify.

Life to live experienced,
Takes getting off a fence.
And jumping in the middle of fear.
To rid it.
Not hoping that a kept threat clears.

Obstacles to face can't be chased away,
To rid.
With eyes closed or turned up noses,
Hoping that a kept threat clears.
And too many embrace a faking of their faith,
By hoping that their obstacles...
Disappear.
But a life to live to do it best gets tested.
With no exceptions or excuses made to hear.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Hoping To Get A Quick Fix Of 'What Ifs'

Under the shadow of those shallow,
They follow.
Loyal and addicted.
A sickness they have lived with.
It is known.
But a fear to leave it alone,
Bombards them from slick lips spoken.
Entranced and engaged by mesmerizing promises.
Even though conflicts restrict them.

They brave the cold winds,
Attached to fantasies no one has seen.
They would rather be demeaned...
Than the thought to be left alone.
Their quality of life has been slowly butchered.
Right from under their noses.
And the truth about their circumstances,
Continues to be attacked!
They don't want to hear about that!
They desire their facts presented in disguise.
And the pain sedated with delusion.
A wish to keep wasted has been their driving motivation.
Even if they are deceived by those they follow...
They are hoping still to get a quick fix of 'what ifs'
With no more 'furthermores' or 'therefores' to deal with!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Hoping To Regulate A Way Of Life

Referendums on values and ethics,
Expressed from minds of those times not existing.
And glamorized as if they've lived...
To legislate those enactments,
Of deeds to follow with a lawful intent.
In movements preconditioned,
To make common sense a practical depiction.
But of what?
Pretensions masqueraded to impress in debate.
To prove to the masses a good use of paper weights.
Hoping to regulate a way of life much out of touch.
With a purpose to keep stagnated,
Within limitations crumbling from rust.
And ineffective as witnessed by those who distrust,
Documented incompetence...
Enforced to experience,
An out of control marketing of decadence assisted!
And delicious as topics to discuss as wished!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Hoping With My Fingers Crossed

Long after your perception of relevance,
Has gone to leave you...
A creativity you only identify to plagiarize,
I still will be innovating...
Ahead of a time you find you can not relate.
Just to regurgitate that which I have done,
Today...
You will claim tomorrow as being fresh.
And with it believed you had discovered.

But the doing of it,
Will be difficult for you to prove.
Since your ability to steal to make real,
Has already exposed...
Your capabilities as being a thief.
To assume another approach of its doing,
Allows you to rename to claim it as original.
Any path made by one who innovates,
Is not done by one awaiting steps to follow.

'What you are doing we find unacceptable.
There is no way we can rate the significance of it.'

And?

'And?
And you should do what we 'perceive' is acceptable.'

That's great to hear.
But for years I have cleared my own path.
And in fact,
Something about it you find approving.
Or you wouldn't be standing on it,
Seeking as you search to find anything that offends.

'We will.'

I'm hoping with my fingers crossed that you do.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Hoping With Their Fingers Crossed

From the very moment they raided the kitchen,
To leave the cupboards and the shelves empty and bare...
Those who had been entrusted,
To oversee the supply in abundance there...
But stole what they could,
And ran like lieing thieves who connived...
Are now back on the scene in the same suits and ties.
Hoping with their fingers crossed,
That no one remembers who had their fingers in the cookie jars...
Long before their attempts to place the blame,
On the ones who came with rolled up sleeves and one purpose...
To permanently rid every rodent and remodel the entire house,
With a fresh coat of paint and furnishings...
That will restore accountability and integrity,
To once again have the occupants...
And everyone in the neighborhood,
Feeling proud that someone has focused with priority...
To finally move forward by naming every rat trying to come back,
These crooks are now on the defensive and innocence in their eyes...
Also display gestures,
Of having had an absence of memory for their misdeeds.
And of course...
They seek an attention to have everyone believe,
Their intentions are nothing but wholesome, honest and sincere.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Hopscotch

It takes a lot to hopscotch over the line,
When it is done.
It takes a lot to get a push and open a mind,
To let things done be overcomed.

Some people hold onto their grief...
And never overcome.
Some people have their beliefs...
To never overcome.

A change that comes may stun them to run.

Some people hold onto their grief...
And never overcome.
Some people have their beliefs...
To never overcome.
Some people say they have needs,
But can not leave their limitations left alone.
Condoning them to say,
They live a life meant to be lived that way.

It takes a lot to hopscotch over the line,
When it is done.
It takes a lot to get a push and open a mind,
To let things done be overcomed.

A change that comes may stun them to run.

Some people say they have needs,
But can not leave their limitations left alone.
Condoning them to say,
They live a life meant to be lived that way.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Horror Stories

Massive scandals.
Deceitful and corrupted politicians.
Incompetent leaders,
Fronting business interests.
And selected puppets dangling,
From strings pulled becoming frayed.
Wearing thin on the pockets,
Of those underpaid and jobless.
What horror stories.

'Well honey,
Just change the channel.
Why sit there letting that science fiction stuff,
Get next to you.
There is always Animal Planet and Hallmark.
And...
I am sure there are other movies you can watch.
We are paying enough for cable as it is.
Take advantage of the benefits.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Hostile Craze

Can a reversing of decay,
Prevent more to pay...
The ultimate price that's paid,
To have innocent lives...
Protected and kept unaffected,
While those who adore...
Playing games of war,
Ignore warnings displayed...
Coast to coast.
And on all shores.

Who is it that sits to get,
Their ego massaged.
And patted on the back.
For their vanity to have...
While being fanned,
Under a canopy.
Accepting praise.
To cause a hostile craze.

No one should feel honored,
To have caused and initiated...
Divisions of hate.
With attempts to convince,
Fences made they've created...
Isolates their obtained to fade
Greatness...
Had not been a dependentcy,
Upon others to deplete.
With a doing to greed,
Their own exclusive feeding.

Who is it that continues,
To fake the making,
Of a hostile craze.
Deluding the truth to abuse it.
To deceive and have this stay.
Who is it that declares,
Greatness to have is only... Theirs.

Alone to condone,
Divisions they've made.
To have it perceive,
Themselves to be independent.
And not the leeches,
Entitled to do to whomever...
They please.
As others accept,
The spreading of their diseased
Mentalities.

This hostile craze,
That has approved decay.
Has begun to isolate,
The culprits!
And their evil ways.
This,
Hostile craze...
May today portray a power.
But the hour comes,
For the ones who witness...
Sick minds diminished.
And their hostile craze created
Ends.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Hot Hot

Beneath that hard covered rock.
I know there's something you've got.
On the surface you are cool.
But deep within you're hot!

You keep your-mind-confined.
Like a sweet treasure hidden.
You want to offer me a bite.
And I know just how you like it!

And the birds and the bees sing and hum.
And When I sting you'll know you're stung.

Beneath that hard covered rock.
I know there's something you've got.
On the surface you are cool.
But deep within you're hot!

Hot hot!

You keep your-mind-confined,
And hot!
Like a sweet treasure hidden...
So hot!
You want to offer me a bite,
That's hot!
And I know just how you like it!
Hot hot!

And that's what I've got!

And the birds and the bees sing and hum.
And When I sting you'll know you're stung.
And when we're done no one will run!
From the morning Sun 'til the Sunset comes.

'Cause we're hot!
Like a sweet treasure hidden...
So hot!

You've kept that mind confined!
And hot!
It's so delicious we both lick it!

And the birds and the bees sing and hum.
And When I sting you'll know you're stung.
From the morning Sun 'til the Sunset comes.
Sssssyou'rehot!
And I know just how you like it!
Hot hot!
And that's what I've got!

And the birds and the bees sing and hum.
And When I sting you'll know you're stung.

Beneath that hard covered rock.
I know there's something you've got.
On the surface you are cool.
But deep within you're hot!

And the birds and the bees sing and hum.
And When I sting you'll know you're stung.
And when we're done no one will run!
From the morning Sun 'til the Sunset comes.

Hot hot!
Hot hot!
Hot hot!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Hot Topic

Don't dropp it...
That subject that you picked.
Don't stop it...
Because there is no response,
Coming fast to arrest upon its visit?

Thoughts are sinking deeper!
That's why there is no quick lip dance.
Your words encourage minds to be enhanced.
And unexpected as that seems...
This hot topic has a meaningful theme!

Don't dropp it...
That subject that you picked.
Something profound has landed and grounded,
That's why we sit dumbfounded by it!

It is not about sex or those that are whores.
It's not about conflicts or those existing wars.
It's not about the gossip whispered all over town!
This is about humanity,
And that's why this silence has been found!

We seem to always criticize,
How someone wears their shoes.
How someone does what is done...
And whose blues they choose to further abuse..

We want to hold others accountable,
For what we elect to encounter!
Disliking everything they do that is right...
That keeps us up turning and tossing all night!

Don't dropp it...
That subject that you picked.
Don't stop it...
Because there is no response,
And answers aren't there...
At least none on tip of tongues to share.

Why does success of others' happiness,
Leaves so many to despise in despair?
This hot topic has a meaningful theme!
Why can't we support,
Instead of abort others' dreams?

Don't dropp it...
That subject that you picked.
Don't stop it...
Because there is no response,
Coming fast to arrest upon its visit?

We must become aware...
The challenges we face,
And who has placed them there!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Hot! Like A Heat Hot Drops

Hot!
Like a heat hot.
These past few days,
In the first week of July 2010...
With humidity high.
Sweltering the air and wetting the skin.

Not a part of the body remains dry outside.
And usually it is the month of August,
That simmers in New England...
With an egg on rocks to fry.

Hot!
Like a heat hot drops,
Moisture undenied.
Cooling to dry has to be done inside.
Unless one is among the unfortunate.
With a crying done that goes undetected.
Since tears from the eyes go unrecognized.

Hot!
Like a heat hot,
Drops.
As temperatures soar.
Dripping a salty sweat from every known pore.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Hotdogs And Beans

Those heard loudly complaining today,
Are the same people heard yesterday.
Debating how a can opener is used,
As instructed by directions.
They insist should be followed,
To remove the contents properly.
And neither is it a coincidence,
They are the ones still trying to impress,
With etiquette and attire at the dinner table.
For a meal of hotdogs and beans.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Hour Of The Hunting

Fading seductions,
And reduced temptations...
Do not leave easy,
As we face replacements.

Habits are only bad,
If guilt is applied.
It would be nice...
To be gratified,
Without remorse at its side.

Undoing explicitness,
Is difficult to do without.
Discreeted peeks do not satisfy,
A libido that is denied...
In and outside.
With wishes to be freed,
To 'sniff' a whiff and scatter about!

And there hiding in our minds,
Is an undefined lust that grows.
And the more we try,
Losing that part of us...
Like a diet from it teases,
Until an urgency explodes!

The more the craving,
For 'it'...
Within us shows,
The hounding of the wolf!

'Where are my sunglasses?
It is the hour of the hunting,
To release some grunts! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

How Am I Qualified?

How am I qualified?
I would not be selected,
To be in your presence!
What experience do I have?
Has anything you verified,
Been connected or tied to corruption?
My life is based on 'fact'...
Not on created lies!
I am here to replace a mess,
I did not create.
I am here to achieve...
Not sit around and fake!
What did I like about my last position?
Leaving it in a better condition.
What did I dislike and why?
Being surrounded by incompetence.
And being around people who made no sense...
And got paid.
Proving I can correct mistakes,
Others had made.
Being taken for granted.
And having my point of view slanted.
Having my character slandered and despised.
Seeing people backstab and creating viscious alibis.
Gossipying and not doing tasks assigned.
Dining on the clock and whining all the time!
Why should you hire me?
That's a decision you must make.
But if you take a look out of your window...
And leave those pretensions you have behind.
You will discover there are very few left...
Who are 'not' completely out of their minds.
You are not going to find anyone like me...
For that fee to continue to swallow your BS,
And smother your crimes!
Let's get real here.
If you don't hire me...
Who else will you get?
To protect what's left of a quality of life,

You did your best to keep away from me.
Now that infestation has defected your reality.
And for years I've been getting you to hear and see...
Without me you will never do things right!
That's why you have few peaceful nights.
How am I qualified?
I've stood by and watched you,
Defy your own ignorance,
To spite everything I am.
Including my intelligence.
If you don't hire me and my honesty...
You will never climb out of the hole,
That swallows you as it grows.
How am I qualified?
I would not be selected,
To be in your presence!
With a mind still clear...
That is competent and bold!
And that clearly has not happened here!
I do not fear success or working at my best.
I may be more than qualified.
Judging from the surprised look you have in your eyes.
I would call what I have 'integrity'.
And if you don't hire me...
It will be the last of it you see!
And I hope you wont gamble with this opportunity.
Especially at these prices you offer and wish to pay!
Consider this deal a steal!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

How Archaic Can They Be?

Only children not given attention,
Are out of control.
Spare the rod, spoil the child.
That's what I've always been told.

And the evidence of that,
Is not an assumption!
That's a fact.
A child undisciplined,
Will bring grief in the end.
And those doing their research through books,
Are the ones seen tearfully...
Expressing they've done what they thought it took,
To keep their children from becoming...
Liars, criminals and deceiving petty crooks.

How archaic can they be?
Wanting to whipped their children...
Into respectful human beings?

Only children not given attention,
Are out of control.
Spare the rod, spoil the child.
That's what I've always been told.

And still to this very day,
As the industry of incarceration...
Blooms to a boom without a bust,
There are those who are scholars...
Professing they know a way,
How a restoration of values and standards,
Will eliminate division and the onslaught of decay.
AND return the public's trust.
IF...
We all follow 'their' instructions,
Outlined in their bestselling books!

Instilling within us a more educated way...
To properly train our children to become,

The liars, criminals and deceiving petty crooks...
A decadent society has obviously become.
And with a price to pay.
That's the way it looks!

How archaic can they be?
Wanting to whipped their children...
Into respectful human beings?

Only children not given attention,
Are out of control.
Spare the rod, spoil the child.
That's what I've always been told.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

How Are You Going To Explain That...

While you took all this time,
To undermind me...
To have me found as subservient?
The system you valued has crumbled!
How are you going to explain 'that'
As my creation?
When you've spent every moment,
Of your existing duration...
Defending your right to fail!
And I have never been accused,
Of being incompetent!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

How Are You Handling This?

Thank You,
My Father.
For insisting that I concentrate,
On 'that' which I am.
With the giving of no attention,
To that which I am not...
Others from their crevices,
Whisper in ears to mention.

Although,
My Father I must admit...
Adventuring to experiment,
Has always found a place...
To stay on my preference list.
How are You handling this?
Since...
I am here as your work-in-progress.

If You are cool with it,
My Father...
I am too.
And so far...
You have not given me a cold shoulder.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

How Are You Still Left To Wonder?

How are you still left to wonder,
Why someone full of life and excitement...
Would choose to refuse to associate with stagnation?
And mediocrity that is prioritized,
As a quality of life to achieve.

How are you still left to wonder,
Why an environment is only good enough...
To perform actions to leave alone to just get rest.
Since the climate eats its young,
And is observed to protest progress.

How are you still left to wonder,
Why those who choose to close their doors...
Do it it to keep themselves protected.
And not to again become infected,
By those overdosed with ego and superficiality!

How are you still left to wonder,
Why people weakened by not having identities...
Do not attract those who specifically look for that.
And only make appearances to limit,
Before they quickly leave.

How are you still left to wonder?
When the reality of what is missing,
Is deluded by those who themselves deceive.
How are you still left to wonder,
Why when even your own eyes are closed!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

How Bad Do You Want This?

How bad do you want this?
And are you willing to sacrifice,
Any and every benefit wished?

How bad do you want this?
And are you willing to sit,
Overwhelmed by critics...
Picking you apart as if you don't exist?

Just how bad do you want this?
Suppose it was revealed behind the scenes,
Sweat streams from those working?
With relentless hours were spent,
Redoing that which was done.
And with no guarantee an attention comes.

Suppose it was revealed behind the scenes,
Abuse is common for everyone.
Would you still be wanting with desire for it?

Just how bad do you want this?
Are you willing to sit through trials and tribulations?
Referred to being considered a misfit...
Stripped and bared?
Would you care?

How bad do you want this?
And are you willing to sit,
Overwhelmed by critics...
Picking you apart as if you don't exist?
Are you willing to crawl,
Until your hands from blisters split?

Then you are more than deserving...
To settle for no more or less than the best.
If what you wish is wanted that bad,
It can be tasted.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

How Best To Engage Your Outrage

I am...
Outraged.
Livid.

'That's great.
That's good to hear.
Unfortunately...
It's a little late for that display,
To find sympathizers to lend an ear.

You see those people,
Sitting patiently over there?
They too had similar sentiments.
Feel free to join them.
I am sure they will share with you,
How best to engage your 'outrage'...
Into a more fulfilling 'enrage'.
One that is better suited for these times.
And don't worry about that lividity...
It will help to exercise the rolling of eyes!

And...
Don't forget to take a number,
Before you are called to stand...
Amongst those dumbfounded,
With a numbing they are trying to overcome...
In the unemployment line.

Oh...
Before I forget.
If you wish...
Feel free to join others down that hall.
They are smoking.
Those are the ones who arrived here,
Upset and appalled!

Next! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

How Best To Reach For The Stars

It's not that I stay away and cleared,
From people who have acquired and obtained,
A sustained and maintained hold that is loved...
Onto their treasured bling and things.
I do not player hate.

It's just that I have a prejudice with a taste,
For bigotry...
That doesn't seem to want to leave me,
With a bitterness on my tongue...
The very moment I learn,
What some have done with their teachings.

You see...
These are the very same people,
Who keep others suppressed to digest...
How best to reach for the stars,
While keeping their own feet nailed...
Cemented in fresh concrete.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

How Can Anyone Be Convinced

How can anyone be convinced,
That the banging of their head against a wall...
Has no affect emotionally,
On the ones who may be on the other side of it.
Nor would they care if they are not there,
If someone spends the time to inflict their own grief.

Frankly, the doing of it is rare these days,
Since people are prone to share their agonies...
With those close and claimed to be loved.

How can anyone be convinced,
If they chose to sit on a picked fence...
That anyone paying attention to this,
Hasn't already accepted...
Another one they perceive as being crazed.
And going out of their way to prove it.

Why do the self-centered always believe,
People are patiently waiting to feel their pain?
With feelings they have that can be easily numbed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

How Can Fault Be Expressed?

Either tolerate the affects of noninvolvement,
Or praise yourself for deeds that failed!
Whatever has been done,
Reflects a belief that has been achieved.
A perception conceived and done!

Any tears shed...
Should be those of joy!
If you aren't feeling that way at all,
How can fault be expressed?
When impressions given and accepted...
Were of your own creation.
And Included in exclusiveness,
A degenerating degradation!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

How Can I Do That...?

I must show no love has been lost.
I must conceal a fragmented heart.
I must...
And at all cost!

I must keep my eyes dried from teardrops
I must stop a drip,
Not a dropp must fall.

I must pretend my mind isn't shakened
I must
I will!
Even though I'm shattered as I crawl.
Moaning so loud I know it's heard by all!

I must show no love has been lost.
I must conceal a fragmented heart.
I must...
And at all cost!

But how can I do that...?
When all I had is lost!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

How Can I Forget

Don't you find it odd,
You can remember everything...
I have ever done to you,
That offended.
With unending elaboration.
But you have an absence of memory,
Each time you have publicly disrespected me.
And the latest of your misdeeds,
You sought just recently to do.
But how can I forget...
It's all about 'you' isn't it?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

How Can I Give That

Thank you for helping me,
Protect my steps.
Happy I am that my seriousness,
Has convinced you...
My footprints made,
Were placed in a direction...
To be respected as I thought,
You too wanted kept.

And now that I know,
My best efforts...
You prove you wish not to neglect,
I am happy you now see...
It is about maintaining one's integrity.
And IF you express a giving of this to me...
I have nothing but that,
From me to you to show I can and will do.

You deserve the best.
But how can I give that,
If you take for granted my seriousness?
And my seriousness to deliver...
You should always expect.
In fact...
I would not mind if you demanded it.
Since this will tell me our feelings are mutual.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

How Can It Be Good?

How can it be good,
To enjoy a slice of life.
If that keeps you up nights,
Worried with strife...
Pacing the floor
To wonder more and more
How to keep appearances right!
As frightful fears are carried,
Wiped to dry and out of sight!

How can it be good!
When everything you own,
Is taxed beyond the satisfaction
Of your pleasure once condoned!

How can it be good...
When there is no juice left,
To boost the aging switches?
And all connections are threatening,
To have you ditched!
Left in a fit...
To rage and bitch!

'All of this exists as it is permitted! '

Yet,
How can it be good...
If the electricity missed,
Sparks with someone new!
Allowing a sickness of disinterest,
To renew and pursue!
Knowing in your heart,
Substitutes will never do.

How can it be good?
When a few who remain say that it is.
Caring not to disguise the tears that fall,
Pretending a life loved is lived.
How can anything once comforting to satisfy...

Hide feelings that excited,
Ignited smiles...
Yet disappears! ?

'No one listens or hears any longer! '

How can it be good?
How can this be wonderful and ecstatic...
If whispers of love fall on deaf ears! ?
None of this will emerge as it started...as it was!
To surface intact as it nears!
Since it has submerged in darkened misunderstanding.
And accepted without exception for that which it is!
Lost.

'A front to recapture imaginations,
Of those who glimpse and pass by...
To witness overacted exaggerations,
But admiring those who still try! ? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

How Can One Close Be So Distant?

How can one close be so distant?
So out of touch,
And unresponsive?
Not even a touch done can be felt.
Once there had been a melting!
Now a quick freeze is often dealt!

How can a reach feel more like a search?
Two under one roof...
Now pass as strangers.
What has happened to the spark,
That had once ignited the fire?
Why is there now more of a desire,
To turn off the lights!
And make excuses not to go to bed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

How Can They Relate?

How can anyone,
Communicate to another...
Who has a reality that is clearly flawed?
When they believe,
They have an insight that can be trusted.
When they have never been alone...
To trust themselves on their own!

How can anyone,
Communicate to another...
Who has never taken a chance.
Or lived to rely on their own decisions?
How can they relate?
Or put things in perspective?
When it is from their own point of view...
They perceive the world turns.
And yet their opinions are shallow!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

How Can You Drive With A Stuck Clutch?

Why do you do what you do with a stuck clutch?
Or are you proving you can drive and do it without limits.
Why you do what you do with a stuck clutch?
Or is this your way of showing me,
With a mind you can overcome...
To get what's done.

Why do you do what you do with a stuck clutch?
Or are you proving you can drive and do it without limits.
Why you do what you do with a stuck clutch?
Or is this your way of showing me,
With a mind you can overcome...
To get what's done.

How can you drive with a stuck clutch?
I've never seen it done.
How can you drive with a stuck clutch?
You're the only one.
How can you drive with a stuck clutch?
Is this your way of showing me,
With a mind you can overcome...
To get what's done.

How can you drive with a stuck clutch?
I've never seen it done.
How can you drive with a stuck clutch?
You're the only one.
How can you drive with a stuck clutch?
Is this your way of showing me,
With a mind you can overcome...
To get what's done.

Why do you do what you do with a stuck clutch?
Or are you proving you can drive and do it without limits.
Why you do what you do with a stuck clutch?
Is this your way of showing me,
With a mind you can overcome...
To get what's done.

How can you drive with a stuck clutch?
Is this your way of showing me,
With a mind you can overcome...
To get what's done.

How can you drive with a stuck clutch?
You're the only one.
How can you drive with a stuck clutch?
Is this your way of showing me,
With a mind you can overcome...
To get what's done.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

How Can You Expect Me To Know?

How can you expect me,
To respect who you are,
If you have yet to reveal...
Who it is you are to me?
And you continue to let me,
Expose my feelings...
To allow them to show?

How can you expect me,
To respect who you are,
If you have yet to reveal...
Who it is you are to me?
And you continue to let me,
Expose my feelings...
To allow them to show?

How can you expect me to know to do this...
When all through our relationship,
You have been in denial mode.
How can you expect me to know?
When to me you have not let that show.
How can you expect me to know?
Do you...
Know when it shows when it does,
And,
Point that out to me to witness.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

How Conformity Is Achieved

Take an abnormal way of life,
And hype it as accepted.
Ensure every aspect of it...
Is praised for its ways and acclaimed.

Take those who do not fit,
This picture of twisted mental bliss...
And defame them as misfits.
With an announcement made of this.

And that's how conformity is achieved.
With a maddening insanity,
Increasingly projected.
Respected and received.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

How Creative Can A Repetition Get

How creative,
Can a repetition get?
How innovative can a mindset become,
If that mindset is conditioned...
To follow the footsteps of everyone else.
And everyone else,
Is repetitious.
And suspicious of those,
With other wishes.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

How Dare He Not Need Us

He...
'That' one,
Should be punished!

'Why? '

He promised to take public money,
To finance his campaign!
The money we worked hard for,
And donated towards those running
For political office!

'He changed his mind!
Saying he preferred not to do that.
He wanted to find another way...
Than to diminish the public trust!
That is the reason why he didn't take it! '

But that makes us angry!
He did not give us one opportunity...
Not one chance to deny him.
Or throw that in his face...
If we chose to do so!

We are outraged by his arrogance!
How dare he not need us?
His success has been enormous.
This is appalling.
Where is the justice in this?
We want his virtue and integrity investigated.

What makes him think he is better,
Than the thieves and crooks...
We have grown accustomed!
He has chosen to be honest?
And 'this' is not reflective,
Of our way of life.
How can we trust him,
To represent our interests?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

How Deep Can An Ignorance Get

I'm telling you...
I saw a five dollar bill.
When you were discussing,
The clarity of the sky.
And how that has not been seen,
In quite sometime.

We'll discuss that later.
Now go see if you can find someone,
With a rope or ladder or something.
Or find someone with a flashlight.
I know what I saw.
And I saw it from up there,
Where you are.

'How deep can an ignorance get? '

There you go getting philosophical.

'No one told you to jump down there,
Like a fool.'

Who are you calling a fool?
I've got more than five dollars in my wallet.
And I bet you can't say that?
Can you!

'You are right!
But who is asking who for the assistance? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

How Deep Do You Want It?

How deep do you want it?
You want it cloaked or flaunted?
Would you like it raw and bare?
Or perhaps a little sweet...
Discreet without flair?
Procrastinated teases,
Would that please your fantasies?
Breathy telephone calls delivered...
With heightened obscenities?
Would this arouse a need,
Or a possibility?
Would that get you moist?
Hot and bothered...
Is that your choice?
How deep do you want it?
You want something slow and thrusting?
You want something 'nasty' done to you?
You want something throbbing...
Hot to make you sweat!
How deep do you want it?
I'm not saying I can do it!
But at least I will know...
Where on your wish list this will go!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

How Deep Do You Want To Go?

Here we are!
Finally.
At level one.

'What were those other levels,
We passed through?
And...
Just how many levels are there? '

Those 'other' levels?
They comprised the toy department.
Now we begin the seriousness,
Of our journey.
Level one is the introduction.

'And...
How many levels are there?
How deep are you taking us? '

How deep do you want to go?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

How Deep In Debt Are You?

And,
My love...
You have my mind.
My heart and my soul,
For all eternity.

'And you, my pet...
I will be forever indebted.'

No!
Think of my love as ours to share,
For the rest of our lives.
I have so much of it to give!

'No,
My love.
I am hoping...
With your assistance,
My bills and creditors...
Will procure for us a decent payment plan.
And eternity will not find us forever...
Fighting to deny our bliss like cats and dogs! '

Wait a minute!
How deep in debt are you?

'Deeper than the depths of the Atlantic Ocean!
Where do you go my love?
Do you rush to purchase more wine? '

No baby...
I'm trying to find the exit,
So I can get out of here as fast as I can.
I'll give you a call, okay?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

How Deep Is It

How much is something said missed,
If one has to be reminded of it?
When surprised by a chance meeting.

When someone says to another,
They have a love within them felt...
How deep is it?

How deep is a love one feels,
If one it had been given to once before...
Is not recognized to remember?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

How Did We Get Here?

Some people will go to the extreme,
To get an attention...
Even if the getting of it,
Demeans acceptable standards meant.
And degrades what is valued with intent.
To then dress in costume to heighten the event.
Never to know or grown into adulthood.

And those who eventually become selected to be victimized,
Are usually those who closed their eyes...
Believing themselves unaffected by this.
While innocently allowing the ones to select and pick them,
As dispensable objects to disregard and perform...
Actions to define,
As a sickness a normal mind would not permit.

Then out of the woodwork unsolicited opinions come.
From those intellectual to separate themselves from those,
Created from the same fabric.

'But...
How did we get here? '

~Charading and afraid,
To reveal a parading of masquerades.
With a cherising to protect pretentions made.
And finding it acceptable to mask what is inevitable!

'Seriously...
How did we get here? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

How Did You Get Here?

The good news?
We are not that close to the bottom,
As expected.
The bad news?
We are not that close to the bottom,
As expected.

'So...
Where are we?
And why is that both good and bad news? '

Not knowing where you are can be motivating.
Forgetting who you are and how you got there,
Is total darkness.
That's where ignorance will leave you,
In total darkness!

'So...
What does that have to do with anything? '

Turn off your flashlight!

'I will be in darkness.'

How did you get here?

'I followed you! '

And you believed I knew what I was doing?
With loss of light and without eye contact?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

How Did You Get Past Me

'What are you waiting here for? '

I'm waiting to get a glimpse,
Of the new president.

'Who? Obama?

Yes, of course.
Is there any other?

'No!
Not quite like President Obama.
And...
He's already inside.'

Impossible.
I've been standing here waiting.

'Well...
We not too long ago played a game of basketball.
He's amazing.
I see him from here.
He's looking at us now! '

WHAT? No way?

'Way! '

President Obama?
How...what...did you?
I've been waiting to see you.
How did you pass me...
To get inside?

~There is more than one way to get inside,
You know.
And besides...
What direction were you looking in?
Up?

You should see my fading jump shot.
And I have yet to perfect it!
Come on in.
I'm showing my teammates,
A new game of 'strategy' I'm developing.
I'm calling it, 'Let Them Call It What They Want.
However, They Will Know It As This'
I am still working on the title.~

Can you be more specific?

~Of course!
But that will take the fun out of something I want 'felt'.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

How Did You Get Past The Guards

Whatever you deem,
At the time...
Is important,
To you.
Let whatever it is at that time,
Be important.

That's the same way I feel about my time,
You take for granted...
Whenever you feel okay,
To dropp by unexpectedly...
To make your time,
The time I am not feeling.

Whatever you deem,
At the time...
Is important,
To you.
Let whatever it is at that time,
Be important.

But do not think for one moment,
My time...
Is not important to me.
And not a second of it do I plan to share!
Or...
Will be convinced that I should.

You are on the East side of this rainbow.
How did you get past the guards?
I keep telling them,
No visitors.
You...
Must have been annoying them for too long!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

How Did You Get Yourself Bruised Up Like That?

Do you see that brick wall,
And the solidness of it?
I want you to hit your head up against it!
Kick it and use your fists.
And when you have grown tired of doing that,
You can then ask me any question you wish!

'Why should I do that to myself...
When I carry a ladder!
They are sitting in a pile,
Right around the corner! '

Oh!
I didn't see it!
Where did you say they were?
Those ladders?

'How did you get yourself bruised up like that? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

How Difficult Can It Be?

How difficult can it be,
To admonish others...
Whose lives are affliated,
With direct desperation?
And indirected misrepresentation?

And this is commented upon,
By those from the warmth...
Of custom built comfortable homes,
As they view 3-D wide screen TV.

What suffering is being done,
By someone laying back...
And munching on snacks.
To demand a sandwich be made...
As a mate hollers back,
'You want rye or wholewheat bread?
Lettuce, tomato, mustard or mayo?
Did you finish your beverage yet?
Or should I get another...
Cold from the 'frig'?
What for you would be best? '

Just how difficult can life be?
When the basic of needs are taken for granted.
Just how difficult can it be?
When those born into 'standards' of quality,
Have not a clue of struggle...
Or have lived a moment in poverty,
To be believed.

And yet,
Can live in the midst of prosperity...
With contempt for others who are only aware,
Of a poverty lived not one of them chose.
And if they did,
Not one of them thumbs up their nose.

How difficult can one's life be...

When conversations of importance,
Centers around shopping sprees.
Just to buy new clothes to impose an image.
An image sustained in superficiality.

How difficult can it be,
To admonish others...
Whose lives are affliated,
With direct desperation?
And indirected misrepresentation?

And this is commented upon,
By those from the warmth...
Of custom built comfortable homes,
As they view digital 3-D wide screen TV.

How difficult is life?
How difficult is it really?

'This 'guy' whatshisname,
Is trying to change our way of life...
To give others less fortunate a 'real' opportunity,
To do the same.
What is he 'insane'?

~Just change the channel, honey.
That's all that has to be done.
Just change the channel, honey.
No need to get upset by rumors of suffering,
Done by the other ones.

We all were born to make choices!
Remember that.
Just change the channel, dear.
How difficult can it be?
Just change the channel.
Relax and set your mind at ease.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

How Difficult Could That Be?

Those chasing acceptance,
From the ones they perceive sitting in positions...
Have earned them with shown competence.
Or had been detected of it revealed,
As suspected by those chasing acceptance.
But...
Left they remain baffled to find themselves limited,
By requests to repeat a familiarity done...
Only to find their attempts made to better produce,
Reduced not to offend the very ones who pretend...
They comprehend what it means to reach for heights.

'I'm misunderstanding what it is you wish.
After listening to your comments,
I am left to believe my desire to succeed...
You would rather not have it shown so publicly.'

~And?
How better can that be stated to you?
You know...
For clarity purposes.~

'Uh...
Huh? '

~Okay.
Let's see if I can find a better way to say it.
Your abilities are frightening.
If we accept you,
Then we will have to admit to ourselves...
We lack competence.
And to have someone like you to prove this,
Would mean every tactic we use is outdated.
Pointless.
Meaningless.~

'So what should I do?
Pretend I am stupid or ignorant? '

~Of course.
Gee whiz.
You look the part.
How difficult could that be? ~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

How Dim Can A Wit Be?

In a world
Where those of 'progress'
Have benefitted
From lives eroding in degradation.
I am often amused by the ones
Who express moralistic values.
And sit in judgement of others...
While condoning the killing of those,
Whose shores are invaded
As others from distances...
Declare these intrusions,
As acts of common interests.

And yet professing how terrorists...
Are threatening lands they have taken,
To administer their own selfish greed!
And shunning those who too have rights...
Who wish to live as neighbors.
But condemned.
Because of the color of their skins!
How dim can a wit be?
And still profess,
A superiority!
Growing shamelessly denied.
With a guilt that is numbed...
And medically supplied!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

How Do I Look?

Now...
You wait until I am in complete focus,
Before you start the video.

'But this makes no sense.
People will label you a mental case.'

Hey,
They do that anyway as a precaution.
Begin to film seconds before I jump.
I want this to look spontaneous.'

What about me?

'What about you?
They never question the videotographer.
That's why you were paid.
How do I look?
Here he comes.
Get ready.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

How Do I Touch You?

How do I touch you?
And 'where'...
If I wish.

How do I do this?
To have you know,
Your feelings have not been dismissed.

How can I say I comprehend,
And understand your thoughts.
If you are expecting empathy!
And I wish to share,
Something I've been taught.

How do I touch you?
And 'where'...
If I wish.

How do I do this?
To have you know,
Your feelings have not been dismissed.

We are more alike than not, you know?
So much alike,
I want that to show!

But 'how'...
Do I touch you?
And 'where'...
If I wish.

How do I do this?
To have you know,
Your feelings have not been dismissed.

How do I do this?
And avoid conflict!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

How Do You Like Me Now

Coming from a distance,
You picked me to offend...
And,
How do you like me now?

You believed my wrists,
Were limp and bent...
But,
How do you like me now?

You thought it would be easy,
To spit in my face.
And you thought that the doing,
Would humiliate.
But all you did was show me...
Who to boot,
To the the curb.
And I showed you,
You shouldn't pick your battles with someone...
Accustomed to fighting in dirt with the dirty.
And...
How do you like me now?
And...
How do you like me now!

Coming from a distance,
You picked me to offend...
And,
How do you like me now?

You believed my wrists,
Were limp and bent...
But,
How do you like me now?

You shouldn't pick your battles with someone...
Accustomed to fighting in dirt with the dirty.
And...
How do you like me now?

And...
How do you like me now!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

How Do You Maintain Such A Meticulous Appearance?

Yes sir...
I will keep this brief.

In your most recent press conference,
Prior to this one.
You had stated a correction made,
To the previous BS you fed us.

Are we now to understand,
That the current BS reflects...
A more concised effort,
For immediate implementation?
Or are we to wait for an appropriate effectiveness,
To be delivered.
And will that expected corrected BS,
Satisfy as promised and expected?

'Good question!
Let me be perfectly clear about this!
Any BS delivered by this administration,
Will be the best BS we can orchestrate.
And...
Don't confuse this with just ordinary BS.
Consider this BS we are working on...
To benefit like no BS has in the past!

I'll take just one more question.
That gentleman sitting next to that light skinned woman,
Of mixed heritage in the third row up in the balcony!
Your question? '

Yes sir...
Thank you for this opportunity.
And I am sure I speak for the majority.
Your pecs?
How many times a week do you work on them?
And...
Because our national security is priority,
How do you maintain such a meticulous appearance?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

How Do You Use Your Gifts?

I'm using my blessings and faith,
To create identifiable miracles.
And you?
How do you use your gifts?
In the begging of stuff?
That others have?
By using their own,
Faith kept persisted.
And what they have manage to materialize,
Makes you jealous and mad?
Your selfishness is pathetic!

How do you use your gifts?
Do you help lift other minds around.
How do you use your gifts?
Do you help lift other minds around.
How do you use your gifts?
Do you help lift other minds around.

How do you use your gifts?
In the begging of stuff?
That others have?
By using their own,
Faith kept persisted.

How do you use your gifts?
Do you help lift other minds around.
How do you use your gifts?
Do you help lift other minds around.
How do you use your gifts?
Do you help lift other minds around.
How do you use your gifts?
Do you help lift other minds around.
How do you use your gifts?
Do you help lift other minds around.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

How Do You Wish To Start Act Two?

Often brought to the edge,
By an overheard interpretation....
Taken out of context.
Only to be asked to be forgiven,
Again...
For a misunderstanding,
Another did attempt to prevent.

Often brought to the edge,
By something thought said...
But wasn't.

And when one stood on the ledge,
Prepared to jump from it...
Fraught with guilt feelings,
Felt...
From being often the cause,
Of a once solid relationship...
To slump into deep distrust.
The one accused dares to budge to intervene.
But makes a sandwich to munch...
Instead.

While listening to threats of a following through,
To jump as a drama addict promises to do...
A sandwich was made,
Using pickles, lettuce, tomato and mayo.
With a touch of marmalade on whole wheat bread.

'Aren't you going to do anything?
I said I was sorry.
What is it that you want me to prove? '

~I'm waiting for you to prove to me,
Just how sorry you are?
You've taken it this far!

And...
Maybe for reasons to satisfy your own insecurities.

I can come to close the window?
So as to not have you blame your decision on me.
I've already suggested that we should talk about it.

So prove to me...
How do you wish to start Act Two?
With a climbing inside to talk?
OR with a swan dive?
Either way...
I've ended catering to your nonsense.
Do whatever you choose.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

How Does It Feel?

How does it feel,
To have your realities debated?
To have your essence of your way of life...
On the precipice,
Of being stripped away from you overnight!

This nailbiter has to have you uptight!
To come to grips to realize,
Those picked for leadership...
Have gambled away your well-being,
And thoughtlessly your benefits.

How does it feel,
To have your standards and values erased?
While you sit with nothing to eat...
As you pride yourself with exquisite etiquette!
Knowing you are moments from being evicted.

How does it feel,
To be completely duped?
Tricked by slicksters from resources you treasure.
And told what you thought had belonged to you...
Now requires your blood and heartbeat too!

How does it feel,
To be cast aside like trash?
How does it feel to be called out of your name...
By those who show no empathy!
And you have exhausted,
The need to feed you further deceit.
How does it feel...
To have others deplete you of your dignity?

Believe me!
There are those of color with a history,
That have already experienced...
Those acts of greed,
You assisted in implementing.
Now it's your turn to bleed.

How does it feel?
Surreal?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

How Does One Become Better

How does one become better,
Doing what one does?
And remain happy at doing it?

It takes time, patience...
And the acceptance of critique.

Biting lips and gritting teeth.
Lots of anxiety with loss of sleep.

Making mistakes.
And making mistakes.
To undo them to make more!

Motivation without expectation.
Sacrifice and mental suffering.
Emotional stress.

Being able to forgive and forget.
And do that as best as one can!
Not fearing to apologize when wrong...
Or right.
Do it regardless.
That increases one's peace of mind!

Be accountable for all actions.
Take responsibility.
Even if that means...
Taking that away from someone else.

Be thankful!
And pray.
Pray.
Pray.
Throughout each day.

Don't be afraid to ask God...
'Hey! Wassup?
You here or not?

You doin' what you suppose to do?
'Cause I'm doin' my best!
Or what I believe to be my best.'

~That sounds like you are describing a relationship!
Or a marriage.~

And...
Your point,
Is what?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

How Easy Has This Been Made To Do?

How easy has it been made,
For anyone to lift...
An accusatory finger to point to someone else,
As a reason for their problems?
How easy has it been made,
To destroy other lives including their own...
By the creating of lies and hiding behind them.

How easy has it been made,
To ruin the quality and standard of life...
Of those who want to live their lives right,
In environments where people have been taught...
Mediocrity is acceptable.
And a public performance of ignorance,
Is just the thing to do since it's attractive too.

How easy has it been made,
To degrade a neighborhood to do it with a doing done?
As others from the outside watch this,
With an open invitation for more to come.
As if everyone has free admission to see fools in a zoo.
How easy has this been made to do?

And who benefits from this?
Not even the ones who make a dollar in profit.
Or the ones who created it,
With beliefs they can drive away...
To an exit that no longer exist.
Or a door to lock to keep them safe.
Those who have that kind of mind will never from it escape.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

How Else Will We Get Them To Split Apart?

When you slapped me.
I knew why.
Although bruised and crying...
My attraction for you grew.
And I just 'knew' this was true love.
The kind from you,
That possesses my obsessed heart.
And canoes around my blinded mind!
With hopes one day,
Only you and I will throw coconuts at each other...
Blissed together,
On our own private island!

'That is sick! '

How else will we get them to split apart?
To get what is inside,
Seen...
To discuss?
And for us,
Now open.
To mend with licks and share more lust.

'By seeking the help we both need.'

Please...
That's too everydayish!
Besides...
There is no passion in that!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

How Far Above It Can Not Being Of It Be?

After many decades spent,
Living lives on dwindling cash...
And value placed on cards,
Made of plastic...
Senses seem to be coming back,
To minds lost...
In luxurized strife and hustle.

People are finding,
That a basic life can be lived happily.
And detached from rusting things,
Overtaxed!
To come back to oneself,
With renewed understanding...
Is a gift!

People are finding,
A walk through nature...
Can be relaxing.
A quiet park visited...
Can be more welcomed,
Than the constant sounds of flapping lips.
And people arguing over redundant nonsense.
As if attached to habits no one wishes to break.

People are finding themselves.
Realizing crack addicts,
Dope fiends...
And other reflections of their environments,
Had only been an elevator ride away.
As they tried to rise above it.

But...
How far above it,
Can not being of it be?
And...
How far into the woods,
Can one breathe without a tree?

How far away...
How far above...
How deep below...
Can one go,
To be in this 'experience'...
And not of it be?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

How Foolish

You weren't there when my pains were inflicted.
That is why you believe the pain I receive from you,
Should have some special meaning!
Something that is going to affect my stride.
OR the pride I carry!
Perhaps my dignity and self confidence,
Is falsified?
Is that what you're thinking?
You have no idea how foolish your actions are.
Or the steps of the depths of my recovery!
You think my life lived has been without heartbreak,
And blood shed?
I hope you don't think I stay at home baking cookies?
Even though,
I must say...
I do enjoy cooking!
When I say, 'I am blessed! '
Trust me...
I AM blessed!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

How Glad I Am To See You

When you arrived at my doorstep...
I was not prepared,
To accept your presence.

The day you left,
To explore promises made by others...
You told me then,
My way of life and 'you' did not blend.

You even mentioned my lack of things.
And what I did not have...
That others you sought,
To you could bring!
With a stinging you intended.

You even stated,
How you had hated the sacrifice.
And if I loved you like I did...
I was reluctant to pay the price.

Then I witnessed you gather the support of friends.
Who convinced you our relalationship should end.
And that was done!
With my heartache to begin.

Abandoned you are now.
Without one friend.
Abandoned are your wishes,
That our relationship ended.

And you believe I would leave you out in the cold.
With a sweeping of your BS,
Away from my doorstep.
And yet,
I must confess...
How gald I am to see you.
And yes,
The love you left...
I have kept!

Hoping you would come to realize,
I haver never stopped loving you.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

How Grateful I Am

The only existence,
Real to me...
And I believe,
Is not my ability to impress anyone...
With the acquiring of 'things'.
I have already done that to address,
To prove to myself and no one else...
Eventually 'things' to me became meaningless.

Things never returned to me a touch I felt.
And no matter how long I would buff off the dust,
Nothing reflected from them a love I wanted much.
And it occurred to me,
One day when I noticed how difficult it was...
To remove rust,
I could never be in love with 'things'.
If what I buffed up could rust like that and turn to dust.

That's messed up!

And as I began to age to prioritize my life,
I realized there was much more to living...
With a sharing and giving,
Than to waste my time and mind...
Emphasizing the nothingness of collected dusted stuff.
And those who are in love with there things glistening,
I would know immediately...
We could have nothing in common.

'You have nothing I 'see' that impresses me.'

And you have no idea how grateful I am,
You have openly expressed that observation.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

How Great It Would Feel

I've never shared a luck with love.
I've had great responses from flings,
And one night stands...
When searching to be libido-ized.
Stripped to a guilt I got over with when naked.
And feeling quite primitive!

How great it would feel for me to be...
That one,
Flingless!
And free from cruising,
To satisfy a mental quota of smiles...
Flashing with hope and possibilities.

How great it would feel for me to be...
That one,
Flingless!
How great it would feel for me to be...
That lucky in love, again.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

How Has He Managed To Do This...?

I think he is fantastic.
I think he is glorious and tremendous.
I think he is exceptional.
Brilliant.
Focused and sharp.
He is credible and responsible.
A breath of fresh air.
Magnificent with integrity.
And...
As long as he remains,
As high as he is in the polls...
I will endorse him with the utmost respect.
When he dips,
That's it!
He can forget all of the praise.
However...
This also has to be taken into consideration.
These are the days of change.
And IF he should plummet into a cesspool...
He will still come out of it smelling like a rose.
Since he is the first one,
To speak with a connected common sense.
And 'that' has kept people baffled!
How has he managed to do this...?
Without one appearance with Minnie,
Or Mickey Mouse?
We are living in phenomenal times.
And he is definitely extraordinary!
With an identity that is clearly one of a kind.
In public view...
So few knew he could represent.
With a commanding attention,
That is void of pretention.
How has he managed to do this...?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

How High A Price

Justice IS blind!
And government is to shield...
As lie is to conceal.
Eventually,
Truth is revealed.
No matter how high a price paid,
To entertain reality...
By keeping it hidden!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

How High Do You Lift Those Legs?

If I saw myself as others wished me to be,
I'd be more frightening than 'godzilla'.
And those who have actually seen me,
Prior to my morning routine of prayer and execise...
Have difficulty recognizing me,
When I am walking around on the streets publicly.

Therefore,
I completely understand...
Those who have found themselves attracted,
To werewolves and horror films.

'You look sensational.
Have you had a 'make over'? '

Is that suppose to be a joke?
I am just finishing my execise routine.
In fact I decided to do it earlier this morning.
I told you I was into doing leg lifts.

'Yes you did.
But...
How high do you lift those legs? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

How I Approach My Life

I am often reminded,
How the direction of my writing...
Has changed over the years.
And for the life of me,
I can not understand it.

I've done the best I could,
To keep my outlook elementary.
And perhaps it has been my evolving,
Since high school...
That my thought process and experiences,
I had since then...
That I should attribute to my maturity.
What a dilemma!

However...
God knows I am doing the best I can,
Not to be so observant and intelligent...
As to how I approach my life.
But I do keep my fingers crossed,
That my growth process is not that noticeable...
To those choosing to remain in denial,
And become offended by my adult revelations.

Hey,
Who knows?
Maybe I'm just one of those people,
Who refuse to stay limited to perceived expectations.
You know...
Rebellious, arrogant, self confident, honest and forthright!
And...
65 years old.
One would think I should know my place by now?
Huh?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

How I Want You

Do you want me?
Why?
And most importantly...
How?

'Am I to make quick deliveries?
Donate.
And then leave?

Am I the one you had your eyes on,
All your life?
Or do you regard me as a chocolate bar?
Something you want to nibble and lick.
Finding within your mind a like you delight.
Or perhaps...
Something that doesn't prick your lips...
With venom if it isn't what your thought of it.
And the absence of it is an absence to forget.
Which is it?

Do you want me enough,
To put up with my stuff?
And...
How do you want it?
With tenderness...
Or do you like it rough?
Tough.
Insensitive and mean?

What is it with me you see differently? '

Do you want me?
Why?
And most importantly...
How?

'Well...
If it has not been observed by you,
Yet!

What that is standing up,
Damn near to my chest.
Or,
How I want you.
And the 'why' in my eyes,
Have not made it clear...
They are trying with a struggle,
Not to pounce out from a hiding...
In the crevices of my mind.
Ready to declare this a begging scene.
Then...
You have missed 'your' dream.

However...
PLEASE do not interfere with mine!
As you analyze the How and Why of this...
Already taking too long! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

How I'M Able To Accomplish What I'Ve Done

All through my life I've heard it stated,
Who is doing 'what' for me.
And how my life has been made easy...
By the very same folks,
Who haven't been in my life for many years.
And I love and miss them.

But facts are what they are!
Most of my life has been spent,
In the practice of assisting other people.
Carrying oil cans and doing those chores.
Because I was the only man in my household.
And my mom didn't 'shrimp' on what she expected,
Of me.
That's how I remember my 'cushioned' life.

'But...
Son,
You have been able to do this...
With such effortless cool.
I dig it and it's hip! '

~But, My Father...
Without You,
None of what I've done would have been accomplished.
Without You...
I'd just be another fool complaining about my life! ~

'Sssshhhh...
Yeah...
They do complain a lot, huh?
Keep your voice down!
I thought you said you wanted to keep your activities mysterious? '

~Yeah, I do...
But Geessshhh,
Don't these folks know...
How I'm able to accomplish what I've done? ~

'Not necessarily!
If I had a nickel for every hypocrite professing their faith,
And devotion to Me...
I'd be able to end the economic crisis within hours!
If not immediately.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

How Ironic

What goes through the mind,
That spends time undermining others?
And what is discovered,
Once they find themselves entrapped...
By their own evil deeds?

Who do they go to?
To plead for forgiveness?
Especially when they have lead,
The character assassinations.
And one of the ones they chose to slander...
Becomes the one who controls their needs.

How ironic would that be?
To look into the eyes...
Of the one who is aware,
You were the one...
That made attempts,
To harm and circumvent...
With a life filled with despair!

How would you feel...
If someone like that,
You knew had stabbed you in the back?
And the opportunity comes to return the favor.

Would you have fun?
Doing to them what they have done?
Or...
Would you recognize,
Their souls will never find rest?
And it would be best...
To leave them in their anguish.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

How Is A Protection Done?

How is a protection done,
When what is being defended
Is attired is confusing beliefs...
Fostering fear
And nurtured by games,
Aimed with precision to spot enemies!

Disguised terrains depicted,
In high glossed technicolor...
Once clearly evolved from black and white
Images!
Assisted by graphs and lifestyles twisted!

Toy guns gifted with radar...
To lift and expose foes from where they are!
Even at night when surprise attacks,
Uncover those sleeping.
Unprepared to be blown from sacks.
Some without shacks to call home!

How is a protection done...
When a false existence,
Creates distance
And a persistence of determined rivalries.
On shores where ancient histories,
Are stripped of truth
To allow the inciting of troops to boost,
Ideals failing!

How is a protection done...
When the source of these conflicts
Ails with a mental disease! ?
Very few perceive this that way!

How is a protection done successfully...
With expectations to overcome,
With a peace understood?
When the very air we breathe,
Continues to pollute concepts believed!

How is a protection done,
When everyone is taught deception...
And defeat of humanity!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

How Is It Possible

How is it possible to lay blame,
And not profess to be near...
To claim involvement?
How is it possible to own reactions...
But not invest any knowledge,
Of participating in the created unrest?
As if that finger pointing,
Is unattached to the one recognizing fault!
How is that done by someone...
Who attacks another for exposing,
An emotion returned that was equally matched!
How is it possible to lay blame,
And not profess to be near...
To claim involvement?
And how can anything be solved,
When someone hurt is on the prowl.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

How Is Life Treating You?

Some one asked...
'How is life treating you? '
I thought about that,
And couldn't help but feel blessed...
Grateful with a thankfulness
My mind and body are both intact
And healthy!
So I replied...
'I am treating life with my best efforts!
And we are both enjoying each other's company!
That's the way I see it!
How is life treating you? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

How It Feels To Be 61

I was asked how it feels to be 61?
As if I was an exhibit.
Lost...
And finding my way back to a museum.
I didn't know whether to say I still felt like a human being.
Nothing about that has changed!
Was I being made to feel paranoid?
How could I avoid that 'look' if it was seen?

'I feel great!
I have never been this age before.
So the experience is new to me.
I can better respond to that,
When I turn 62! '

Sixty-two? SIXTY-TWO? ? ?

Seriously.
I never think of aging until someone brings it up.
When I am with my nephew and niece and their children,
We all have a lot of fun.
Now my brother-in-law and sister see them more than I do.
Maybe that is the reason they are less hesitant,
To jump around and giggle with them.
AL and my sister Mim look as if they have giggled out!
With expressions that beg for vacations.
I tell them all the time just how blessed they are!

'Yeah, we're smothered in our fortunes! '

I can just imagine!
Ahhh...to be 61!
God knows what He is doing.
Because I know if I had children...
They way these children are today?
I'd be sitting up in a prison.
Or strait jacketed in a pad locked cell!
I was extremely sad when my son Michael passed.
Many years ago!

But I can say I am rather glad...
Mimmie and AL had the task,
Of raising some wonderful children!

'Yes...
We are so blessed.
Aren't we AL? '

My sister Mimmie gives these looks,
That are so very funny!

I can look at them all and leave!
That's how it feels to be 61!
Kiss them all and leave with them my love.
And take some with me.
To a place where I have quiet and peace.

'Thank you, God! '

I was asked how it feels to be 61?
As if I was an exhibit.
Lost...
And finding my way back to a museum.
I didn't know whether to say I still felt like a human being.
Nothing about that has changed!
Was I being made to feel paranoid?
How could I avoid that 'look' if it was seen?

'How do I feel?
Great.
I had a wonderful workout with my great niece Kamara...
And my great nephew, Kevin...her brother!
I feel wonderful.
I go for my next workout sometime next month!
But I will take twice that time to rest...
In the quietness of my home! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

How Joyous Is That Song Sung?

Is there really a freedom that comes,
When one is released from the fear
Of obstacles?
Isn't that experience secretly enjoyed,
In one's life?
To awaken each day to face created challenges?
If they are gone...
How joyous is that song sung?

Doesn't it become monotonous,
To eventually sing the same tune endlessly?
To then begin feeling guilty about continuous joy felt?
And becoming afraid to express it,
Knowing someone will be annoyed by this?

There seems to be more happiness shared,
Between those who are depressed.
At least they are not moaning alone.
They seem to be together,
In a bonded collectiveness.

But when one is laughing...
And no one else is around?
A staring is done.
And it is difficult to determine,
If this is resentment.
Or expressions of sympathy given.
Especially if the laughter done increases.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

How Juice From Fruit Is Produced

Teaching children still imaginative,
And with fertile minds capable...
Of taking a thought,
Without complicating the process...
One in a position with a belief they can teach,
Should not be so involved...
In the squeezing of juice from the fruit.
But explain with patience,
How juice inside the fruit is produced.

'I've got juice in my head? '

~Correct.~

'How did it get there? '

~Like an engine put inside of a car or a truck.
Or anything that needs to be gased up to move.~

'And 'you' provide the fuel?
Is that the juice? '

~Yes.
And 'if' you don't pay attention,
Success to prove your car will move...
To heights to accomplish anything you like,
Will not happen.~

'Suppose something you say I don't understand? '

~I'll do the best I can to connect to your engine.
However...
Using a dictionary is going to be your best tool to use.
And remember...
Keeping your car looking good,
Requires you looking under the hood once in awhile.
Just to make sure you've got the right juice.
And everything is connected for the best ride you want to get.~

'What has this got to do with life? '

~Refuse to listen and not pay attention,
And you'll end up on the side of the road...
Without juice.
But with plenty of wax to use,
From ears you will learn to keep clean.
To do 'that' more with less of your mouth staying open.~

'But...'

'Now...
Listen to learn and questions about life,
Will become easier for 'you' to answer.
But let's get under the hood first, okay?
Let's see how the juice is produced by the fruit.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

How Long

How long,
Can we go on...
Being
Deceiving!

And how long,
Can we keep strong...
When we're receiving,
This pain.
Our heartache is all that remains.
And, we pay!

Just how long,
Can we go on...
Being
Deceiving!

For how long,
Can we keep strong...
When we're receiving,
This pain.
Our heartache is all that remains.
And, we pay!
With wishes it all goes away!

And, we pay!
With wishes it all goes away!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

How Long Did It Sit

If something has been allowed,
To escape from the making of sense...
How long did it sit on a mind to ponder?
Before it was noticed to have left importance.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

How Long Do You Think It Will Take Them?

In denial?
Here...
Take these!

'Gee...
I didn't see that! '

With these binoculars,
It can be clearly seen...
Those folks are still blinded,
By the darkness.
And their approach to consciousness,
Has been severly hampered.
By inflighting and division.
Come on...
Let's go.

'How long do you think it will take them? '

For what?

'To reach daylight? '

You can't be serious?
You are...
Aren't you?

'Why can't we give them a benefit of a doubt?
It was given to the others.'

How long have we been here waiting?
They have been there eroding everyone's patience...
Since...
Well,
Since the first computer was introduced.
And that was in the '60's!

Are you coming?
We've run out of flares.

The floodlights have been turned off.
And the bonfire is about to go out!
The ship is about to leave.
Do you want to be on it?
You can waste your years...
In preparation,
If you want to!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

How Long Had It Been There

It would only have taken minutes,
To sit and listen.
Giving undivided and focused attention.
But what was chosen by many to do instead,
Was a protesting not to hear to do or want...
To comprehend or understand,
With ears to leave open and mouths left closed.

And those who chose to protest,
Have found themselves left behind...
In times that have gone.
To find what's going on,
Is a confusing mix of conflict and division...
They condoned to permit with it to exist.
But insist what exists is not what they wished.

'What did you want? '

~Not this.~

'Well...
How long had it been there to sit,
Before your realized it? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

How Long Has This Been Planned?

The guests are due to arrive,
By the end of the week.
Do you think we can,
Get the new furniture, remodel the house...
And have the landscaping done,
Before the caterers do the luncheon...
This Saturday afternoon.

'What caterers?
How long have you known about this?
And 'why' is this the first I've heard of it.'

Do NOT tell me you forgot to call the caters?
Do NOT tell me that!

'How long has this been planned?
You're right.
I didn't call anybody.'

Five years.
I've been planning this for five years.
And I don't want to hear one word about procrastination.
I told you about this six months ago.
And 'still' I see nothing that you've done accomplished.

'ME?
Well...
Why didn't you remind me?
As I understand it...
These are your friends.
And high school mates.'

I know you do not expect me to keep everything on my mind.
Now you want to accuse me of being neglectful and thoughtless.

'Well, I..uh...
Hey!
What can I say?
I understand?

But you've invited 'your' guests to spend their vacation with us.
For some reason I did not put that on 'my' priority list.?

Hurry up. Hurry up,
Make your point.
You are wasting valuable time.

'If you know it is going to snow.
And you've been given ample time to prepare for it.
Why is there a need to rush to get shovels,
AFTER the blizzard? '

And I guess that philosophy,
Is going to get the caterers here on time?

'You're special.'

Don't try to start nothing.
I aint got time for your foreplay right now.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

How Long Have They Been Doing This?

What and who are they looking for,
Outside of their own backyards?

'The neighborhood association,
Has contacted them about the trash...
Piling up.
Or they would be fined,
If the other homes depreciate in value.'

And...
Their actions are connected to what?

'Well...
It seems as if they are seeking hints or clues,
To place the blame on others.'

How long have they been doing this?

'Since they were notified a few days ago.
And of course they want to prove themselves,
Not the culprits others believe them to be.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

How Low Can A Low Blow Go?

How low can a low blow go?

'Are you still hopeful
For the return of the dollar per gallon,
Gasoline?
How about your taxes actually used
For your benefit and well being?
Remember the 'family values' slogan?
How about your quality of life,
Being restored...
Before you ignored its slide?
I would say,
Someone's in denial! '

I am still hopeful!

'Great!
I am sending down a life long supply
Of flashlight bulbs and batteries!
Keep trusting 'this' is going to turn around!
You've got a long way down to go!
Apparently...
The low blows are still coming.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

How Low Can Traditions Sink?

Is he a hypocrite?
Another self righteous sleaze,
To be known to victimize boys...
With compelling sermons,
Preached from a pulpit.
Or...
Is he just another demon,
Philosophing life with hymns and scriptures.

And using standards long now ditched,
Into cesspools where the wicked become enriched.
And with a knowledge of this...
Give glorious performances as expected.
But when they leave people pleased,
They crawl back into their holes...
Where others like them remove their pretentions.
By disrobing from a slickness...
To do things discreet, down-low and unmentioned.

Is he a hypocrite?
Another self righteous sleaze,
To be known to victimize boys...
With compelling sermons,
Preached from a pulpit?
What do you think?
How low can traditions sink?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

How Many Ideas Have You Stole

How many have you stole,
From an idol you say that you like.
How many have you stole,
Chosen ideas to re-write!
And...
How many have you stole,
And how many of them have you sold.
With a knowing to be never told.

Just how many ideas have you stole.
From an idol you say that you like.
How many have you stole,
Chosen ideas to re-write!
And...
How many have you stole,
And how many of them have you sold.
With a knowing to be never told.

'Who knows. Who knows? '
Just how many ideas have you stole.
'Who knows. Who knows? '
Just how many ideas have you stole.
'Who knows. Who knows? '
And how many of them have you sold.
With a knowing to be never told.
Does your idol know about those?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

How Many Times Had You Been Forgiven?

I haven't done one thing to them,
To be treated in this manner.

'Perhaps it wasn't that one thing you did.
Maybe it was an accumulation,
Of many things you did that were previously done.'

I hadn't thought of it that way.

'How many times had you been forgiven? '

That doesn't matter.
They know me.

'Well...
Perhaps your disrespect,
And negligence for years detected...
Says it all.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

How Many Times Have You Asked Yourself

Finally...
You reach home.
Believing you are sheltered.
And will get deserving rest!
Then suddenly the phone rings.
To leave you wondering,
If the caller is someone you should address.

And with unanswered questions,
You unleash from your mind...
What should be done next!

You want to know...
How many times,
Have you...
Asked yourself,
How many times...
You've asked yourself,
How could you find...
Yourself in the middle of somebody else's mess!

How many times,
Have you...
Asked yourself,
How many times...
You've asked yourself,
How could you find...
Yourself in the middle of somebody else's mess!
When you have issues you have not yet to address.

How many times,
Have you...
Asked yourself,
How many times...
You've asked yourself,
How could you find...
Yourself in the middle of somebody else's mess!

Relax?

You can't!
A tension is enhanced.
The phone keeps ringing to erase the chance.
And...

How many times,
Have you...
Asked yourself,
How many times...
You've asked yourself,
How could you find...
Yourself in the middle of somebody else's mess!
When you have issues you have not yet to address.
And that somebody wants to disturb your rest.

And with unanswered questions,
You unleash from your mind...
What should be done next!

You want to know...
How many times,
Have you...
Asked yourself,
How many times...
You've asked yourself,
How could you find...
Yourself in the middle of somebody else's mess!
When you have issues you have not yet to address.
And that somebody wants to disturb your rest.

How many times,
Have you asked yourself...
How many times,
You've asked yourself....
How many times have you done this and did nothing else?
To be there to please somebody else...
And not yourself!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

How Many Times Have You Told Me That?

You have your version!
And I have mine.
One of us got hit by conclusions,
For purposes to comprehend.
The other...
Wishes to be correct!
And lays up in traction,
From toe to neck.
Hoping a mending of fractures,
Is successful.
With a wish for an embarrassment,
Not to be made this public.

And I will say this,
About your version of the 'incident'.
And your need to have it accepted.
From a point of view you wish respected.
You need no longer to protect it.
Since it is obvious who between us,
Has been more affected.
So I will leave you to get some needed rest.
With any version that conflicts,
With the one that I witnessed.
And your attempts not to be involved in it...
Will be a matter between you,
And your deluded consciousness.

Do you see me?

'Of course I see you! '

Which one of us seems to be traction free?
And which one of us 'seems' to be...
Stubbornly on the defensive?

'You just 'think' you are right ALL the time! '

You have your version!
And I have mine.

One of us got hit by conclusions,
For purposes to comprehend.

The other...
Wishes to be correct!
And lays up in traction,
From toe to neck.
Hoping a mending of fractures,
Is successful.
With a wish for an embarrassment,
Not to be made this public.

Do you see me?

'Of course I see you! '

Which one of us seems to be traction free?
And which one of us 'seems' to be...
Stubbornly on the defensive?

'You just 'think' you are right ALL the time! '

Oh,
I can be wrong.
How many times have you told me that?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

How Many Years Has It Been Now?

So right you are.
When you say to me,
I don't know you.

How many years has it been now?

Everything you do,
Competes with the wind.
And I am not looking,
To begin questioning a habit...
I should not let begin.
This should have ended,
The moment it began!

So right you are.
When you say to me,
I don't know you.

How many years has it been now?

I wish you had been a cigarette...
And said that when I became first introduced.
I wouldn't be smoking now.
And of course,
I would not have had anything to do with you.

Neither one of you would have existed...
To get me to believe,
There was something in it for me...
Other than a habit that addicts I can no longer explain!

How many years has it been now?

'Too many! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

How More Lucky Can One Be?

Too delusional you are.
In a maniacal frantic way displayed.
You say you've been touched by an angel.
I believe that angel threw a brick.
Hitting you in the head with it.

You've attached yourself like dog doo.
To stink after removing from one's shoe.
You say you love unconditionally!
That's a good thing...
I guess.
But I wonder with who,
Would desire all that gooey giving...
From you!

'What's that you doin'? '

Oh...
Just throwing up!

'Maybe it was something you ate.
And you had enough.'

You have no idea.
I wish I did have that kind of luck.

'Well...
You do have me.
How more lucky can one be? '

Too delusional you are.
In a maniacal frantic way displayed.
You say you've been touched by an angel.
I believe that angel threw a brick.
Hitting you in the head with it.

'You act as if you want me to leave? '

Really?

What makes you say that?

'Everytime I surprise you with a visit...
You go sit in your window,
To lean dangerously on the edge.
As if you're trying to escape from a trap.
When your love to me you wish to pledge!
Would you like me to sit with you?
So both of us can share such a romantic view? '

And I would LOVE that too.

'This is the first time I've seen you so excited! '

How more lucky can one be?
I agree!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

How Much Is Needed

Most folks wait too late...
As if they have time to borrow,
To live.
And put off until tomorrow,
An opportunity that comes today...
To share in what has been awarded.
But it is delayed...
As if they can afford it!

Only to declare something not done...
Was not.
Because they chose to lock that time away.
To be saved.
Later forgotten and dropped.

How foolish can one be,
To wait to live a life God gave?
As they spend their existence...
Seeking assistance in the collection of trash.
Worthless souvenirs,
Reminisced.
And most of it not wanted.
But sought to leave impressions...
That do not last!

And we hear these confessions,
From the lips of those...
In preparation to pass on!

'Time flies by so quickly...
I wish I had more of it! '

How much is needed...
To always find the time,
To repeat the same wish?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

How Much More

How much more
Can a love be loved,
When that love that is given...
Is like none other?

How much time
Should one wait to find,
A love to discover...
That one is not restricted with
To exist within limits someone inflicts.

Unconditional is that love that lifts,
From minds not pre-occupied with it!
Or fantasized to pleasure and tease.
As something on a list,
Required as a prerequisite!

How much more
Can a love be loved,
When that love that is given...
Is like none other?

How much time
Should one wait to find,
A love to discover...
That one is not restricted with
To exist within limits someone inflicts.

Expectations and preferences,
Finds one living life with regrets and disappointments.

Dismissing one's looks,
As a book unread...
Yet accepting a physicality,
Without chemistry...
Delivers a reality!

How much more
Can a love be loved,

When that love that is given...
Is like none other?

How much time
Should one wait to find,
A love to discover...
That one is not restricted with
To exist within limits someone inflicts.
Or deal with a second hand romance...
Taking a chance,
That whatever isn't there...
May with time be forced to fit!
How much more,
Can one put up with this?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

How Much Notice Do You Need?

Uh-uh!
Uh-uh Uh-uh Uh-uh Uh-uh...
Uh-uh Uh-uh uh!
I don't think so!

You're not going to get up in my face.
To leave any bitterness,
With me to leave you believe will be unnoticed.
Or think with me is perfectly okay!

I'm not having that as a piece of your cake,
To enjoy with a taste from you I will take.
And there will be no misunderstanding between us.
Today or ever...
Not in this place.

For as long as you stay in my home.
Without a payment of a bill you make!
Or anything in it you can say you own.
And anytime you believe you are grown...
There will be no argument.
Since my acceptance of that,
You have made known!

Now go to your room...
Before I deliver to you some real heartache.
Directly applied.
And you can expect soon!

'But you have to allow these kids today,
'Some' breathing space! '

That child of mine is fortunate to be breathing, period.
The only thing that is going to walk over me,
Is a bird taking off from the roof!

What I say inside these walls and doors I pay for,
Goes!
There is no democracy in here.

And calling the social services department...
Police, priests or Jesus.
Is not going to make one bit of a difference.
No disrespect shown in my home will be exposed.

Now,
If you want that kind of nonsense in your home,
I'll be glad to pack his bags!
And once that is done,
You can adopt him as your son!
How much notice do you need?

'And what about your other children? '

What have two left!
Which one do you want?
Take all three of them...
No questions asked!

'And your wife? '

She's sedated in the bedroom.
But I'm sure she will request...
A total absence of consciousness!
If she is part of the package!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

How Much To Me That Is Meant

Where would I be...
If you were not near to remind me,
I am loved.
And I know that to be true,
When together I am with you.

Where would I be...
If no one was there to listen,
Even sometimes to disagree.
And I display weakness born from insecurities.
And there you are with encouragement!
You have no idea how much to me that is meant.

I have those days that come to gnaw on my strength.
Those days that come to drain my good intentions.
I sometimes betray the attention I am given...
In selfish ways that stay not to go away.
Only to awaken to feel blessed and grateful.

Where would I be...
If you were not near to remind me,
I am loved.
And I know that to be true,
When together I am with you.

Where would I be...
If no one was there to listen,
Even sometimes to disagree.
And I display weakness born from insecurities.
And there you are with encouragement!
You have no idea how much to me that is meant.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

How Often Do You Bat Your Eyes?

Can you explain to us,
With clarity...
How you were able to do that,
And this.
And that.
And this.
And that.
And still leaving us to believe,
We had our eye on you.
With many of us agreeing,
We saw you do absolutely nothing...
You have claimed to have done.

'Oh...
They are not 'claims'.
Those are facts!
That's why I've listed them...
In an order,
To make my efforts...
Easy for you to tract.
Have you discovered an embellishment?
Or an exaggeration stated with false content? '

Nooooo...
We have not!

'Then why are you on my path taking up my time? '

We just can not understand amongst ourselves...
How you have found the time to do this!

'Let me ask you this question? '

By all means,
Go ahead.

'How did you do these things? '

How often do you bat your eyes?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

How People Grow From Their Experiences

There are very few,
Who dare to say they qualify...
To identify themselves,
As bona fide human beings.
Can say...
They have lived their lives,
Expriencing pain, emotional stress...
Caused either mentally or physically.
With a witnessing of happiness, loss...
Love and the affects of feeling loneliness,
After someone loved has passed away...
From life!
To then say...
Nothing what they have experienced,
To witness...
Has not taught them lessons.

Many of which have aided in a peace of mind,
To claim as it has been earned.
How people grow from their experiences,
Depends upon the condition,
Of how they have accepted the reality of being human.

Others,
However...
Are still relying on their pretentions to keep them,
Making false appearances they sell to others...
As a means to pass their judgements.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

How Prevalent Is The Act Of Promiscuity?

How prevalent is the act of promiscuity?
Well...
I am sure there are some parents today,
Who have become a bit leery, hesitant and cautious...
Of telling nursery rhymes to their pre-school children.
Without first seeking counseling from some 'shrink',
Who just may advise them to refrain from doing so.
Since the children today are precociously curious,
About anything.

And the undertones of images created,
By Jack and Jill, Mother Hubbard, Bo Peep...
And Little Tommy Tucker,
Could lead them to playing adult versions...
Of doctor and nurse,
With thorough 'inhouse' examinations practiced...
Not so innocently.

Today...
Even parents are treated with suspicion,
If seen touching their children inappropriately...
As determined by a bystander,
Who may interpret affection shown to children...
By their own parents,
As deviant sexual behavior.

And...
Who knows who may report them,
For being unfit?
Because the gesture was witnessed in public.
And determined to be unlawful.

That's how prevalent,
The act of promiscuity today has become regarded.
As a means of implementating the beginnings,
Of such mental and physical sexual dysfunctions.
It has become enough for some to call for a ban against sex,
And the having of it as a distasteful representation of humanity.

Inappropriate eyeballing soon will be outlawed.
I feel it in the air!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

How Real Peace Is Lived

Treated with a taste of truth,
That minimizes rudeness...
Is soon to come.

Beating up yourself with troubles,
Snacking on stale bubblegum...
Is over and done!

The map of life,
Has gotten brighter.
Hot spots lit...
Have added misplaced pieces!

Wars and fights,
Ignited around the world...
Aren't won,
Or satisfied to thrill
When love decreases!

Keeping in perspective,
What's expected and demanded...
Is refreshing.

Making stands that hands of all be clean,
Seems instantly insane...
But must be done!

People must see,
The paths of their destinies...
Unbroken!

No one has the right to take,
What God has given us each to make.
Instead we move ahead to fake peace...
By disturbing freedoms!

Treated with a taste of truth,
That minimizes rudeness...
Is soon to come!

People must feel freedom as it is,
Or nothing is felt as free as peace...
And the chase for it
Just keeps us on the run!

Wars and fights,
Ignited around the world...
Aren't won,
Or satisfied to thrill
When love decreases!

People must feel freedom as it is!
People must feel that peace is positive!

Peace is positive...
When peace itself alone survives,
And left sensitive to give
That's how real peace is lived!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

How Rude

I've never fought,
For the right to address...
My feelings felt to express.
Nor will I allow myself,
To take the opportunity...
With it to believe I should,
Disrespect someone else's Opinion different than my own
To make it known,
How rude I can be...
When seeking attention to get.
And today,
Not displaying obnoxiousness,
Disqualifies any potential...
I might have to be a leader.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

How Strong Are Your Interests?

Bold must be the steps,
To remove one from doubts...
About their own interests kept.
And to not let regrets to fret.
Or prevent with a fearing,
An unknown one has yet to have met.

A moving forward takes faith.
With testing obstacles to overcome.
On a daily basis to defeat.
And that can not be done,
If one believes the day will come...
Opportunities to pick from,
Will be delivered.

Dreams and wishes,
With them wanted to come true...
Takes mistakes to make.
Tears to cry.
Disappointments to face.
And sometimes witnessing,
Some relationships to split...
To see fade away to heal from this.

A sacrificing one finds is not kind at all.
Especially when one is down,
Trying to get up again from a painful fall.
Sacrificing may take one to unfamiliar places.
To make it known and shown to others unaware,
Just what those interests are one keeps...
With faith maintained and strong belief.

'But...
Suppose I go somewhere and know no one there? '

~How strong are your interests?
Strong enough to accept rejection?
Strong enough to stay determine to get,
What it is you want and wish.

Or are you like the others,
To claim faith only 'if'...
You are not made to prove it felt to exist.
Which is it?
Your interests or insecurities,
You would like and prefer to be accepted? ~

Bold must be the steps,
To remove one from doubts...
About their own interests kept.
And to not let regrets to fret.
Or prevent with a fearing,
An unknown one has yet to have met.

'But...
I am not like you.'

~True.
And our interests are different too.
Would my expressing to you regret,
Make you feel better?
Or should I show I am empathetic?
Either way...
Whose interests would receive to get,
The benefit? ~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

How Strong 'Is' Your Faith?

Let me settle this,
And get it over with.

I did not just establish my relationship,
With God.
In fact,
In my life I know God exists.
Any atheist wanting to argue their beliefs,
It is not me they need to convince.
That's their business.
I know the path on which I walk.

My acknowledgement comes,
From my own experiences.
And knowing 'Who' and 'What' was there,
To come to my defense.
I have no fear of being alone!
And this I've shown for the past twenty five years.
That's when God and I got down to business.

My relationship with God has even gotten stronger.
So anyone who fears being alone on their own,
Should not perceive with belief...
They can compare their lives lived with me.
And I hope that leaves any doubters,
Out of my affairs.

'Uh...
Who are you talking to?
And why is it necessary to interrupt,
Your meditation? '

I just get fed up sometimes, Father.

'And, I don't? '

I just wanted to get something off my chest.

'Isn't that why you came to Me in the first place? '

Well...I...er...

'I don't want to hear it.
How strong 'Is' your faith? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

How Thankful I Am

I awaken each day,
With gratitude on my mind.
And to do it to find time,
To identify my blessings...
Given to me and witnessed.

I awaken each day,
Knowing my life to live...
Could have easily not been this way.
Or not be able to say as I pray,
Just how thankful I am.

And thankful I am,
With a sharing done to do...
Of all the experiences I've lived through.
Whether I was given support,
Or shown indifference by anyone doing it.

I awaken each day,
Feeling the benefactor to every contributor.
To acknowledge this to myself and admit,
A growth process I could not achieve...
If my faith and beliefs were not kept priorities.

God has allowed me to open my eyes.
And each day when I awaken,
I have grown less critical of others to realize...
Just how thankful I am to be blessed,
To be able to identify my life to live...
As a gift so precious to never take it for granted.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

How They Do That! And, Survive

I've begun to notice those same people,
Were standing on this corner yesterday.
And now they are on that corner.
What's going on?

'Neither one of us are doing too much,
If I agree we both notice...
People with nothing to do,
But move from one side of the street...
To the other.'

Yeah?
But there is a difference.

'And what is that?
We both still have our jobs.'

You're right.
We complain everyday about the same routine.
To do nothing else,
But notice the same people do nothing...
As you put it.

'Like I said.
There is a difference.
We are getting paid to do nothing.'

And very soon,
Guess what?

'What? '

We might, one day...
Be asking them how they do that!
And, survive.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

How To Catch A Demon

Do not...
Try or make attempts,
To get me caught up in your nonsense.
If I have stated I am not aware,
Of what's going on between you and the others...
Without a thought to spare that cares.
And that's the way I have known it to have been.
With a relief to leave behind those who participate.

To expect of me to know what's going on,
With you and the others in your kept exclusivity...
Is something not to me you should mention.
Since it has been you not me,
Who sought to receive from them a popularity.
I have long given up,
On that 'who-said-what-to-who' stuff.
To have it changed with my name in the middle of it.

Today?
How to catch a demon,
Isn't as difficult as it seems.
Today?
How to catch a demon,
Is as easy as listening to those who demean...
Others as they scheme to then pretend,
A non-involvement with a professed innocence.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

How To Do Things 'Their' Way

Those who age want to stay in place.
Fearing to let go...
To allow the younger people,
A quicker advance and a move forward...
With their prospectives on life.
That brings enlightenment,
To those still holding onto...
Standards and values,
That are speeding with changes...
To broaden insights.

Those who age think they can stay,
With a showing of those younger...
How to do things 'their' way.
Until those aging find themselves convalescing,
In retirement homes where they sit wishing...
For another chance to live a life,
Being as rebellious as possible.
Instead of attempting pretensions,
To appease to old fashion values...
That cause conflicts and ignorant fights.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

How To Do What Has Been Done Even Better

The achieving,
With a delivery done...
To another,
Of their expectations received.
Only increases the level,
To heighten...
Something else more demanding,
That is wished.

And 'if' disappointment,
To the one who receives and gets comes...
Because that one accustomed to giving,
Has no time to fulfill demands on command...
As if a magic wand is in one's hands,
Those who have become spoiled...
Are quick to soil one's reputation.
Without hesitation.

And...
Just as easy as those who believe...
Deeds done by a 'doer',
Is nothing more than picking what is wished...
Out of a hat!
With a rabbit or a cat.
And perhaps a few flying doves...
As an added surprise to delight and satisfy,
Those sitting with nothing else to give,
But critique and suggestions...
On how to do what has been done,
Even better.

The achieving,
With a delivery done...
To another,
Of their expectations received.
Only increases the level,
To heighten...
Something else more demanding,
That is wished.

With a showing of a caring less,
Quick to be expressed from their lips.

'You've ALREADY done 'that'!
I've seen it.
How about you doing 'this'?
With a doing of it...
As if you mean for 'me',
To be impressed.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

How To Prepare For Love

One never knows...
When love to them arrives to show.
And,
One never knows...
Where it goes or how to grieve it.
No.
One never knows.
How to receive it or let it go.
No.
One never knows.
One just never knows.

And...
One never knows,
Who will ignite that spark.
Or,
Who will make their tears to drop...
With a doing done nonstop.
No.
One never knows,
Who will lower their upturned nose.
No.
One never knows.
One just never knows.

And...
One never knows,
Until that rock is dropped.
Until two hearts are shattered,
To crack what had been sealed and locked.
No.
One never knows,
What love looks like before they're sold.
No.
One never knows,
Who will have them fully exposed...
From the top of their heads to their naked toes.
No.
One never knows.

One just never knows.

One never knows,
How to prepare for love.
No.
One will never know.
Who knows...
Where love comes from or why it goes.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

How To Succeed In Politics

How to succeed in politics,
Without lifting a finger to try?
Get slick with those in the business field,
And party with CEO's who lie.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

How To Survive Without Riches

First,
We must relax.
And begin to breathe...
Slowly.
In with the new.
And out with the old.
In with the new.
And out with the old.
Remember...
There is only one cycle of breath.

Now...
We are all ready,
To learn a lesson about trust.

Let us all close our eyes...
Gently.
Deep breathe...and,
In with the new.
And out with the old.
In we go...
With the new,
AND...
Removed from us,
Is the old!

In with the...

'Hey?
My watch is gone.'

~Where are my shoes?
My wallet is missing.~

'You said,
We are all going to learn a lesson about trust.
Everything has been taken from us.'

Trust!

Has been a lesson...
A major lesson,
All of you have learned today.

~TRUST?
Everything.
Our valuables have been stolen from us.
That's not trust.
That's THEFT! ~

I disagree.
IN with the NEW.
And OUT with the OLD.
There is nothing crooked about that.
And TRUST?
I think you all have learned that lesson.
DO NOT EVER DO IT!
EVER...
AGAIN!

'What about our valuables?
Our things? '

You have all signed contracts,
Stating you come to me...
For lifestyle changes!
And...
You can admit with assessment,
Everyone here has experienced...
Immediate and rapid change.
Have you not?

I will expect all of you back,
For the next session...
BASIC LIVING!
HOW TO SURVIVE WITHOUT RICHES.
And...
STILL FEEL THE GLOW Of LOVE!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

How To Undo And Remove A Lock

As I remember love to get,
When then wishing it to possess.
To destroy until it from me left.
So wrong was I and had I been,
To believe what I received freely...
I could smother with a suffering it,
Until it ends.
To have envy and jealousy within me begin.

As I remember love to get,
When then wishing it to possess.
To destroy until it from me left.
With a teaching of a lesson I will never forget.
Love to give or get can not be possessed.
Or kept under lock and key.
Always there is someone else who comes,
Knowing how to undo and remove a lock.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

How To...

How to...
Demonstrate love!
And,
How to...
Just do,
And believe it.
And,
How to...
Make the best of moments,
With someone who is worthy...
To keep a cuddle hugged up!

How to...
Identify a reason!
And,
How to...
Receive and be pleased.

How to...
Clear of a mind of doubt,
When what appears is there...
With unquestionable peace.

We sometimes impatiently,
Expect...
And get,
Deceived!

And we,
Would rather see an opportunity leave.
Than connect a happiness!

How to...
Demonstrate love!
And,
How to...
Just do,
And believe it.
And,

How to...
Make the best of moments,
With someone who is worthy...
To keep a cuddle hugged up!

How to...
Make the best of moments,
With someone who is worthy...
To keep a cuddle hugged up!

How to...
Just do,
And believe it.
With someone who is worthy...
To keep a cuddle hugged up!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

How Unappropriate

Chasing mediocrity,
To seek an approval...
Is to deny one's best efforts.

Just because there is a variety of sleaze,
Presented in acceptable decadence...
Does not mean quality is not appreciated.

It just appears that everyone seeks mediocrity.
And those who desire an occasional taste of lowlife,
Do not necessarily welcome this in their homes.

They are the first to announce how unappropriate this is!
And what should be done to monitor such behavior.
As ideas to create new employment situations for themselves.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

How Was He Able To Escape?

Inspite of those in opposition meeting in secret,
Seeking to find ways to defeat with deceit...
All efforts one makes to succeed with achievement,
A pursuing to do to satisfy those already toasting...
The one subjected to an undoing guaranteed to be done,
Has been discovered to be incompleted.

Blinded by misdeeds they could not see...
Determination is the key held,
By the one holding onto kept faith.
And ready to prove it takes much more,
Than the making of foolish attempts to break...
One concentrated with a connection to fate not faked.

A yearning burning hot with fire inside,
Can not be visualized by those scheming outside...
To diminish one's identity andf integrity affixed to one's pride!

'I am not believing a word of this.
Repeat that again.
HOW was he able to escape from confinement? '

~We have no clue.
All of us there,
Participated in the tieing of his arms, legs and chest...
To the chair.
His mouth was taped with duct tape too.
And we taunted him with the music of Vanilla Ice.
Hoping the use of this device,
Would put an end to his appetite for living life.~

'And...
When you returned to his cell,
He was gone?
The cell was unlocked and empty?
Except for his clothes?
That is impossible.'

~We are telling you what we know.~

'But...
How could he have escaped from this place butt naked?
What is it that he has that is so impressive,
To mesmerize those with opened eyes? '

~Well...
In defense of those who had not seen him before unclothed,
I am sure it wasn't his mind that hypnotized.~

'Was he with a weapon? '

~I would say YES.
And that would be a guess.
One, I would imagine...
Much larger than the rest of us.~

'I see!
It is clear to me now.
Someone amongst you...
Had to return to the cell,
To loosen the rope around his legs and thighs.
Captivated by more than just his mind,
We all had agreed should be kept confined.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

How We Learned Our Lessons

Through the living of their lives...
That's how we learned our lessons.
Through the observation of their sacrifices...
That's how we learned our lessons.

And we understood each one of them.
With our minds, eyes and ears opened.
Through the living of their lives...
That's how we learned our lessons.

Through the acceptance and loving ourselves.
That's how we learned our lessons.
Through the giving of respect,
We ourselves sometimes did not get!
That's how we learned our lessons.

And even though our steps made forward...
Were made to believe by others as limited.
And sometimes we wept and knew this was negative.
It was through the acceptance of who we were,
And loving ourselves.
That's how we learned our lessons.

And the parents we loved and had,
Did not brag about their college degrees!
Or 'things' with them we could buy to achieve...
To succeed in the repossessing of our minds,
Some permit an entry for this to be done!

They were with us all the time,
Telling us we could accomplish anything!
And could prove that too to ourselves and anyone.
'Whatever' it was we chose in our lives to do.
And working hard we did...
To pursue.

Through the living of their lives...
That's how we learned our lessons.
Through the observation of their sacrifices...

That's how we learned our lessons.

Dedicated to:
Andrea ('Mimmie') , Tammy and Lisa
My sisters.

'Love you for your 'gifts' given...
Edna Pearl Roberts Prudhomme Pertillar
And Lawrence Pertillar, Sr.'
Our Parents.

~lsp~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

How Would I Know It

You may be sweeter than honey.
But how would I know it.
You may not trick me but treat.
But how would I know it.
You may be perfect and right.
And the spice of my life.
But...
How would I know what's not shown to me.

You may be one that I desire.
But how would I know it.
And the type that I like.
But how would I know it.
You may be one of a kind,
To take up all my time.
But...
How would I know what's not shown to me.
And how would I know what only others can see.

Show me what's unknown.
So I can come to know it.
Show me to others shown.
So I can come to know what others seem to see.

You may be sweeter than honey.
But how will I know it.
Perfect and nice and some say right.
But will I come to know what others seem to see.
And what the others see will I believe.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

'How'?

'How'?
With the elimination,
Of who and what...
Where and when!
That is 'why' this 'how'
Had to begin!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

However This Is Perceived

I am in no mood,
To prove I'm familiar with those same tired games.
I've graduated to another playground.
Consider it an upgrade.
Or...
At least a fading of immaturity.
However this is perceived,
Makes no difference to me.
Just scratch me off your list of playmates.
Take your time.
Or do that as quickly as you please.
Whether that is before or after,
You have digested from your prolonged recess.
Too long regressed...
In an outdated and overdone self repression.
Needing to be addressed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

However You May Lay Your 'Loo-Yahs'

So given we are,
With beliefs our thoughts within us...
Are kept detached and private.
We are born into this 'reality'...
With a belief we jouney alone,
On a separate trip.
Alone and away from others,
Also participating in this experience...
We are taught in the process to call 'life'.

So given we are,
With beliefs our thoughts with us...
Are kept detached and private.
We even believe we are separate from the trees,
Birds and bees...
Are other created creatures upon thie Earth,
God, too, has made.

So given we are with beliefs,
There is something that will be achieved...
With the infliction of division, fear, hatred and greed.

There are some creatures God has blessed with life,
Who actually believe they have been certified...
As human kites.
To maneuver to heights,
And by themselves.

So given we are,
With beliefs our thoughts with us...
Are detached and kept private.
Some self righteous even perceive...
They can even deceive God!
As if God takes momentary leaves,
Of absences.

Only to discover,
When Mother Nature gets upset...
And has had it with our selfishness.

Just how fragile those who 'empower' themselves...
Are lost to fight against the true power of God,
His 'Diciples' and those messages delivered...

'Whether one is feeling blessed or cursed.
With abundance to enrich...
Or poverty experienced in cycles that are reversed.
What is here to witness on 'this' Earth...
Is 'not' one's dress rehearsal.

From birth...
Be 'yee' and those of 'thee',
Tested.'

WHEREVER!
Or...
HOWEVER you may lay your 'Loo-Yahs',
In the best of pretentious praise.
These days we now live,
Are not for the fake faith seekers...
Preaching their hollow beliefs,
To maintain their materialistic thieving.
It is time to give those corrupted ideals up!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

However, I Will Say This...

You run away from me as if chased.
And I stay in place wondering,
Is this an expression of your stamina?
Or should I hide to allow you,
A catching of your breath?
Maybe I should pretend to chase 'you'.
Just to see what you do next.
However,
I will say this...
It is a wonderful feeling to know,
You want to make it obvious...
That you are acknkowledging my appearance.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

However...

Physically?
I can deliver the 'image'.
Mentally?
I can leave that image,
Left to be undepicted.
Undefined.
And...
Without limits.
With depths to take,
Anyone!
If...
Expectations and preferences,
Are dispensed to accept...
Blemishes and flaws,
We all can agree...
Are just on the surface,
To disguise a purpose.

However...
Physically?
I can deliver the 'image'.
Mentally?
I can leave that image,
Left to be undepicted.
Undefined.
And...
Without limits.
With depths to take,
Anyone!
If...
Expectations and preferences,
Are dispensed to accept...
Blemishes and flaws,
We all can agree...
Are just on the surface,
To disguise a purpose.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Huffing And Puffing And Hoofing Up Dirt

Do you recall anything I said at all?
About feeling the need to stretch...
And not fenced in or stalled?
Exploring outside of a box that's watched.
That is the life for me!
I've considered the limitations of others...
But why should I stop,
To observe their treadmill deeds?

There is so much abundance displayed,
On this God's sphere called Earth.
Do you think I'm going to spend time corralled,
Huffing and puffing and hoofing up dirt?
I don't think so!
But don't fault me if I decide to come back,
Appearing to be laid-back in my tracks!
This is still my home and I've learned how to roam...
But the moaning and groaning you all have condoned,
Is not for me my destiny!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Huge And Hefty Pockets

A man in his eighties...
Admits to sleeping,
In his mansion.
With young blond girls.
And he is loved...
For the sordid decadent parties he throws.

A King of Pop...
Shares his gigantic bedroom,
For 'his' biological children...
And others to play.
Some even on his bed!
Where he would sometimes lay.
Perhaps to rest.
And enjoy his peace.

He even admitted to sleeping with them as well.
After they've played and rode on the carousel.
Or rode the train that surrounds the land.
Sharng this 'Neverland' to have the kids feel grand.
And from the train depot...
All enjoyed popcorn,
Movies and candy.
This was considered such a fantasy land.

But he was thought to be a pedophile.
And the old man regarded a hero!
With 'huge and hefty' pockets!
To give trinkets to solicit,
Young and buxom mistresses.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Human Experience

What other experience,
Would one wish to have...
Than this as it is.
This human experience?

Having life,
Which is not always happy or sad!
Although on occasion ecstatic.
And at other times life sits in a static.
Emphatically stagnant,
That seems to drag!

Blending in with nature's mix...
Are the 'have nots' with those who 'have'.
And many interpret this,
Based upon materialistic wishes.
With accumulated treasures...
To fulfill dreams and hopes,
The human experience teaches...
Showers those who are persistently consistent.
And driven by 'ethics' of hard work.

And yet there are others,
Who would rather sit and complain.
As they seek someone devoted to listen to them...
With patience enough,
That does not exhaust with a straining of the brain.
Or completely drain to leave one insane.

Relationships diverse and complex...
With choices chosen by preferences.
To tease with variety,
That appease appetites craved...
To quench a thirst that exists.

Having life,
Which is not always happy or sad!
Although on occasion ecstatic.
And at other times life sits in a static.

Emphatically stagnant,
That seems to drag!

But what other experience,
Would one wish to have...
Than this as it is.
This human experience?

Would it be better enjoyed...
If taxes and the stress of living it,
Were totally eliminated?
And the ease of laziness...
Awarded those who are,
With prizes and gifts...
For this accomplishment!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Humanity Silenced

Freed to parade ideals and charade.
As an attack is made,
To dismantle and fade its greatness.
They babble on in divisions!
As intentional conflicts,
Chip away common sense.
While an intensified diminishing,
Orchestrates an ending to their existence.

Entertwined to find themselves,
Warring to explore a lost greed.
They fight to succeed in victory.
But none comes to them...
In a blindness fed.
As they curse the living...
To praise those dead!
Recruited to bleed.
In steps that lead...
Humanity silenced!
With all mechanisms,
Successfully in place.

'We are the champions,
My friends.
We must keep fighting,
To the end.
We are the champions!
WE ARE The CHAMPIONS.
No time for losers...
Cause we are the champions,
Of the World! '

So sings...
Queen.

Note:
'We Are The Champions'
Performed by Queen

British rock band.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Humbling Those Who Are Most Defiant

Anyone wishing to enforce their beliefs,
With a flaunting done insisting their point of view
Is correct with a pouting stubbornness,
No evidence presented will convince.
Should be Left alone to feel offended.
Since,
Truth known as shown
To be clear as clarity for all to see as 'is',
Has a way of humbling those who are most defiant.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Humiliated

Which intentional humiliation hurts worse?
The one publicly done and does not affect?
Or the one that 'does' affect.
The intending doer expecting 'that',
Which did not happen.
To the one getting things done.
You know.
The 'other' one.
But the humiliation suffered by the doer,
Was completely a blindside move.

Anyone who has ever been humiliated,
Knows exactly what it takes and to do.
To create the right atmosphere,
To return a deed done.
And.
Like an 'elephant'.
Many do not find it so easy to forget.
Or participate in the playing of the game, 'Shallow'.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Hummers And Knee Benders

Indignities done to others,
As a custom.
With a dignified indifference,
As accustomed.
Returns to them to receive,
An unexpected loss of a felt empathy.
Shown by those,
Healing from political correctness.
And...
Once having an abundance of empathy to give.
Done without question to the ones expecting,
At least some to come to get...
From their favorite backs to stand on and crack.
With identities taken and their minds snatched.
To always be counted upon as easy forgivers,
Cheek turners, hymn hummers and knee benders.
But an awakening from that,
Has miraculously occurred to restore their pride.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Humored Unexpectedly

To bait me into a debate,
With a belief I'd get upset...
To be placed into a position,
To defend against an opposition...
Is what I have been taught to expect,
If my choice is to take steps...
Others have neglected to not yet take.

But to choose with a doing of my time to waste,
Has already been done with those less experienced!
And today to be baited into a debate that way,
I would rather just walk away.
Than to allow myself to become either bored or humored.
And God knows I am easily humored unexpectedly,
By those too willing to take their foolishness seriously.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Humped Over Stoops And Stumps

Too many people,
Live their lives to punk it out!
And afraid to take chances.
More romanced in their heads.
To embellish from their mouths.

Humped over stoops and stumps.
Yet expect their lives to advance.
From a foot patted or dragged.
But refusing to get up and dance.

Too many people,
May make their quick bucket lists.
But sit back to disparage,
Others who adventure bold and brave.
To do this without wishes,
Stale and reminisced.

Too many people grow old too young.
By listening to others tell them,
What they should or shouldn't do.
To discourage any attempts,
With a killing of dreams to see them
Ever come to be done.

Humped over stoops and stumps.
Dead without arrival.
Dreams wished murdered on the streets
In minds left hopeless.

Humped over those stoops and stumps,
As dream killers pass...
Talking trash and garbage,
To those punked out.
And hiding behind masks.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Hung

Today...
Hung has a new meaning,
For men of huge balls
That have stalled the lives of those innocent!
But death to seeds returned to Earth...
Does not result in a peace that increases!
One tyrant quickly deceased,
Does not lay dust on the gallows!
Or marshmellows to roast,
For men who may boast...
Yet still bear arms!
With missions to destruct,
At campfires where no one is heard rejoicing!
There are weapons to clean and reload...
To patrol misunderstandings undefined!
Hanging on threads of hope,
Answers will come forth to make sense...
To acts that have yet produced any!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Hunger For More

How can anyone wish to go back inside?
After a discovery begins to connect,
Thoughts they could not get to think...
From an outside source,
Found that links...
Ideas,
Appearing that appeals.

And this process starts...
To clear with comprehension.
How can anyone wish,
To undo something like this?

How can anyone wish to return a gift?
One that begins to reveal an unveiling,
Of a thought that had not existed?
Or seek to reopen a door that has been closed?
To choose to refuse what has been exposed?
Knowing what one knows...
That allows a hunger for more.
For a darkening that stops a tease,
Baiting as it does...
The craving of a curiosity!

Who would want to leave 'that'...
If that was a possibility?
If one could,
Who really would desire...
To wish for less of an interest to digest?
Coming as it does to feed!
Who would choose not to adventure...
When the power of it,
From one does not leave!
How can anyone wish to go back inside?
Once bitten to probe a need.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Hunted By Those Hunting

As a marketing tool...
Some may choose to select peace.
As an item worn like a necklace!
Silver, diamond crusted, gold...
Or a gold leaf piece that treats!

An external 'closeness' worn...
One adorns and feels protected.
A symbolic jester...
That 'manifests' a pride from inside,
To show of one's affliliation...
As a limb attached to one's belief.
Yet often such 'bliss' is hidden,
Much sequestered...
For an ease that brings a quick relief.

Externally on it's own...
Peace is not shown,
Or actively produced!
Some may reveal,
For them it is internally concealed...
To express freely to release,
Whenever it is induced!

And still we subject others to profess,
Whether or not their faith is strong enough...
To fight demons that come to test!
As if we are 'all' above treating each other,
Like beasts unleashed...
Ready to show,
Our own displeasure that grows with unrest!

Enjoying to be hunted...
By those hunting as we're left grunting.
Satisfied those labelled,
Have become pests,
In tit for tat adventures heated,
Upon our own bait ladened requests.

'Why do they persist,
In ignoring us like this?
Can't they see...
What we have is what they need? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Hurry Up! The Authorities Head This Way

What part of insanity,
Has your endorsement and support?
Forget about all of that,
Common sense with sanity talk.

That has long been aborted.
And away from reality,
People have walked!
Or screamed their way...
Into a rehabilitation cage.
To be monitored with instructions...
For a possibility of returning back,
To take their place...
In a society completely and totally crazed.

What part of insanity,
Has your endorsement and support?
You must choose a side very soon,
Before you've been labelled...
A maverick misfit!
Or someone with an attitude...
That expresses one to be a bad sport!

People have walked!
Or screamed their way...
Into a rehabilitation cage.
To be monitored with instructions...
For a possibility of returning back,
To take their place...
In a society completely and totally crazed.

Hurry up!
The 'authorities' head this way!
What part of insanity,
Has your endorsement and support?

If you decide right now,
To be one out of your mind...
They may leave you alone.

But I recommend don't hesitate.
Since independent thinkers...
Are quick for them to find!

'What are 'you' going to do? '

Me?
I'm prepared to tap dance.
And sing, 'Ol' Man Ribber'.

'You mean 'river'! '

No!
It's 'Ribber'.
Trust me.
Here they come!
Start shuffling.
And...
It's 'Yus Sah'!
You got that?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Hurt. Healed. And Now Distanced

Hurt.
Healed.
And now distanced.
With an attitude that has abandoned,
The honesty of feelings.
With no need for a heart,
To show emotions that include love...
With a purpose to elude the topic of it.
One to ignore and to skip.

Hurt.
Healed.
And now distanced.
From thoughts of relationships.
When they appear to show up...
They are immediately dismissed.
Not permitted to wonder!
Or permitted to exist.
Relationships that close...
The door has shut.
Sealed. Bolted!

Hurt.
Healed.
And now distanced.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Hurting From Inside

Pretensions used as a defense fails.
A truth of a reality,
Impales an ignorance.
They wish the blood that seeps,
Stops an honesty that can not be faced.
But they are not willing to heal the pain,
Hurting from inside.
They wish alone to cry.

The bleeding does not subside.
And denial keeps them fading,
With false dignities!
Exposing a tattered pride that all can see.
This is perceived to conceal their grief.
And yet it is not hidden!

A cure desired does not publicly endure,
Their constant sorrows.
They choose to refuse to admit,
The origin of their pain!
Denouncing the reason why they see no gains!
And they remain,
Lost amongst themselves...
Without identities.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

'Hush Up! Say What? '

I use to think I had been the only one,
Wanting with a wish to assist others excel...
To achieve and succeed to heights they desired.
And done to do with less sweat.
That's what I once believed.
With positive thoughts I perceived I would be,
Appreciated and accepted.
After I told them who I knew and had met.

But to you I must confess,
I began to realize I was being despised.

'Despised? Why? '

For my efforts to endeavor.
And with my eyes open wide and ears to hear,
I learned I had more motivation...
Than those I wanted to assist with a seriousness,
Than they were about their own lives.
Or seeking to accomplish with this meant.

'Hush up! Say What? '

Boldly I had been told by a few,
My expectations were too high.
Too high for them to pursue.
And they are the same ones today who say,
People with experience should help others succeed.

'That's true.
I believe that too.'

But as soon as some folks get notoriety,
They throw up their noses...
And from their own people leave.
People had the 'nerve' to say that to me.
And there I was with rolled up sleeves.

'Stop.'

I have.

'And...
What after doing that have you done? '

Watch to observe,
Those with wishes to allow themselves,
Become disrespected and discouraged...
By those self-inflicted with this ignorance.
To believe they do others a favor,
With accomodating a wasting...
Of their time, efforts, knowledge and abilities.

'Lies.
These are lies.'

I wish they were.
I wish they were embellished exaggerations.
But after 'disbelieving' the reality of it,
I'm glad my peace of mind has not been affected.
Nor am I the one you will see to be running around,
Shouting through a bullhorn trying to calm folks down...
With expectations they are entitled to get something,
By singing their interpretation of 'We Shall Overcome'.
And not yet have 'come' to their senses.
You know...
With a self-examined consciousness.

'Hush up! Say what?
LOL. You too funny.'

I know.
I'm told my 'observations' are hysterical.
And too funny not to need the use for words.
Since they go unheard anyway.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Hypnotism At Its Best

Some will say,
There is no magic...
In the tragedy of things.
However...
I beg to differ with this assessment.
Yes!

It seems that the tragedy has occurred,
Under the noses of everyone.
And no one will admit to noticing anything.
If that is not magic,
I don't know what else is.

And to have everyone awakening,
To what has been there staring in their faces.
Declaring they did not see what has been observed?
While others they have shunned to ostracize,
Have been pointing these observations out for years?
This is hypnotism at its best as seen reflected.

And 'now' people are protesting,
What they had digested to accept.
To declare themselves unwilling victims?
Who amongst 'them' has implemented this brilliance?
And...
To get everyone's focus on pointless rascist issues?

Tragic has been this magic.
Brilliant in its deception.
And hypnotism at its best.
Now will those awakening take steps,
To mend to heal from their self inflicted wounds?
Or...
Will they continue to accuse each other for being human?
Once this has been noticed to be seen.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Hypnotize And Mirage

Stripped of implemented fantasies.
And sanctimonious delusions,
Of what they represent.
And who best presents...
A more 'justified' image' for their causes.
They all come together...
To review evaluations that demand,
A higher dose of sedation...
To create longer lasting hallucinations!
And sweetened for a population,
Insisting less raw sewage be revealed.
This consideration for immediate innoculation...
Takes place without haste to initiate,
A complete camouflage to hypnotize and mirage!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Hypnotized By The Bling Of Things

Fed on concepts that have gotten them into ruts.
And they are stuck.
Like flies glued to a dead horse's butt.

Licking on sweets and teased by more honey.
Hypnotized by the bling of things,
And craving for themselves a taste of more money.

Screaming and convinced they are owed entitlements.
Regardless if they've been overindulged...
With the feeding on debts.

And the ones who have been forced to face realities,
Seem to have always been the ones,
To be accused of have needs.

And those who protest,
Their once gushing faucets now drip with barely a leak...
Demand more of a feasting caring less who really needs to eat.

While those who wish to rid them all,
Are not one bit upset...
Whose appetites remain stalled.
As a long as a truth is kept from them to pursue.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Hypocrisies Of Those Hypocrites

Is there anyone left wishing to revisit,
The hypocrisies of those hypocrites...
Exposing more to show themselves,
The ones who are the ridiculous misfits.
With a voicing to demand to get,
Their absurd and preposterous values...
That are contrary to nature, reason,
And common sense to censor realities of life.

A life lived by many with a higher consciousness.
And yet protested to have the 'World' convinced,
Their advocating to keep fantasies politically correct...
While their entitlements should be left as kept,
To sell to be sold as the muskets they use to protect...
Their visions focused on ancestral interests,
They claim to be theirs in affairs of others to manifest.
Although infesting no peace but civil unrest.

Is there anyone left wishing to revisit,
The hypocrisies of those hypocrites...
Exposing more to show themselves,
The ones who are the ridiculous misfits.
With a voicing to demand to get,
Their absurd and preposterous values...
That are contrary to nature, reason,
And common sense to censor realities of life?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Hypocriticisms

YOUR hypocriticisms,
Seem not to be able...
To prevent your children,
From using foul language...
And exposing themselves.
Although you argue their rights,
To free expression.
Is that with parental guidance?

YOU may consider,
Taking your vocal compaign...
To defend the political correctness,
Of language use.
And use a few cuss words on your kids,
To get their heads together.
Because somewhere in your explanation,
Respect and the application of it is missing.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Hypothetically Speaking

How can experiences lived,
Be shared positively.
In conversations,
That are openly expressed...
As being constructive.
And direct and honest,
As a one on one can be.

A restless figeting begins.
When the listener is young...
And filled with deluded apprehensions,
Mentioned.

And an impatience that sits,
Begins to reveal less tolerance with this.

How can any experience lived,
In certain circumstances...
Cause one's mind to drift,
With a secret wish...
To leave not a single fingerprint?
When applying methods of strangulation,

~Are you listening to me?
No one cares or listens to me.~

*Oh I'm listening to you, darling.
With unequivocal intent! *

Or...
Should one consider,
Being convicted of premeditated murder?
Hypothetically speaking,
Of course.

'Wouldn't it be cheaper,
Just to seek a divorce?
Instead of repeatedly beating a dead horse? '

What if it's a son,
Or a thick headed daughter?

'What if it's a sentence,
Of twenty years or more...
For perpetrating manslaughter? '

What if it's a one way trip to the Bahamas?
To never again feel guilt.
Or be visited by remorse.

'You said 'hypothetically speaking' this is? '

Huh?
Oh...
Yes!
Of course.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Hypothetically Speaking, Of Course

The origin of this investigation...
Is to determine 'who' to hold accountable,
And pinpoint those responsible...
For the creation of a process,
That has been implemented.

Not to interrogate those who followed orders,
As instructed.
In other words...
'Initiators beware.
We are sniffing like hound dogs,
On your trail.'
Next question, please!

'Your Royal Majesty?
And I hope I do not offend.'

Good heavens, no!
Just consider me as someone who sits,
At the pinnacle of power...
After pulling myself up by my own boot straps.
And ready to kick some butt!

'OH! I see.
So you 'are' determined to put some folks behind bars? '

No!
We have all the bartenders we need.
Excuse the levity.
We 'are'...if you will, determined to drag a few behinds,
Across smoldering hot coals.
Humiliate them to no end.
And simply lock them up for the rest of their lives!
That's all.

'But isn't that going against what you said earlier...
Just a few weeks ago? '

Let me say this...

An enactment of incredible deception has taken place.
Now,
Does two enactments of incredible deception,
Make the initial act less tolerable?
I think not!
And besides...
I was still basking in the throes of a successful campaign.
After winning and exchanging gifts...
My advisors and I decided,
Enough of the BS.
We are going to go after those perpetrators...
Regardless of which part of Texas they reside!

'Why Texas?
Why not Oklahoma, Missouri or Wyoming? '

Hypothetically speaking, of course.
I could have easily mentioned a few names.
But your questions have left me 'bushed'.
Again...
A little levity.

No one has to tell the Attorney General what to do.
That is why this entire procedure,
Has been placed confidently in his hands!
No more questions.
I promised my children I'd build them a tree house.
And then I have speeches to make in Boise,
Paris, Hong Kong and Hartford before dinner.
And Michelle hates it if I am a second late!

Thank you for coming.
I'll spend just three hours signing autographs.
And that's it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Hypotheticodeductive

Hypocritically speaking,
I might have the right...
To voice my self righteousness.
However...
Does my ability,
To be hypotheticodeductive...
With charisma,
Afford the attention my abilities get...
To initiate conflict with a declared innocence?
As an inciting of a riot stirs?
And my skills to manipulate go ignored?
From my hypotheticodeductive point of view...
As expressed!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Accept Apologies

Have I done many things,
That were 'blindly' experimenttal?
Well...
I was not completely blind.
And yes,
I confess to being adventurous.

Do I have regrets,
For doing those things...
That were less socially accepted?

Gee...
You have no idea how I wish,
These questions you ask...
Were from a multiple choice test.

But...
I was born with a creative nature.
And I've done my best to express those interests.
So...
Even though some folks may have been upset,
I have no regrets.

Hopefully a time will come,
When more will welcome that choice to live.
And people will remove their noses,
From cracks and crevices on other folks exposed.
I keep my fingers crossed on that!

'You are direct and bold,
Aren't you? '

What did you expect?
Apologies made with excuses?

'Well...
Yes.
I guess.'

I accept apologies!
But...
Excuses I don't make.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Accepted That

I wish I can explain to define my interest,
In being creative with such an attached attraction.
But just like my birth I don't remember when I first,
Took notice of the beginning of it...
To describe that as an experience to document.
However...
I do recall my initial steps learning how to walk.

I crawled to stand to move my feet to then fall.
To repeatedly do it again and again.
And for whatever the reason I became amused.
With a keeping that excitement for many, many years!
So, I accepted that as part of the process.

Had I known one day I would be approached,
To explain in detail how this was done...
I would have taken notes.
Although I must admit I had other curiosities.
But never had it occurred to me,
To observe this process I have always known...
That closely.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Ache

If it wasn't,
Here and meant to be...
Would one know it,
For what it is?
To dry eyes from falling tears.

And if was sudden,
From one to leave...
Would it be missed,
So desperately?

That's how I feel,
When you're not near.
With a touch that clutches,
Close and wanted most.
To reminisce what has disappeared.

I ache...
For your love.
I ache...
And I can't fake it.

Yes I ache...
For your love.
I ache everyday,
In silence to remember...
What it was I wish I had more of.

If it wasn't,
Here and meant to be...
Would one know it,
For what it is?
For what it was and so sincere.

That's how I feel,
When you're not near.
With a touch that clutches,
Close and wanted most.
To reminisce what has disappeared.

Oh I ache...
For your love.
I ache everyday,
And it just wont go away.

I ache...
For your love.
I ache everyday and pray in silence,
You'll return to undo...
This wish I did not dismiss,
That love to me you gave.

Oh I ache...
For your love.
I ache everyday,
And it just wont go away.

I ache...
For your love.
I ache everyday,
And it just wont go away.
Oh how I ache...
For your love!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Admire Those Brave

I admire those brave,
And unafraid of their own shadows.

I admire those,
Whose lives have been enhanced...
By the act of taking chances.

I respect those who anticipate,
Their tomorrows with expectations.
And not spending a moment drifting,
Into a yesterday for a purpose to waste.

I admire the ones who inspire.
And they always seem to be...
Those recovering from despair.
And doing that successfully.

I admire those brave,
And unafraid of their own shadows.
The ones able to cover their bruises well.
The ones willing to listen.
Without sob stories to tell.

I also admire an acquaintance I knew,
Who had been penniless.
And yet in dire circumstances...
Managed to offer a bright eyed smile.

I admire the ones who inspire.
And they always seem to be...
Those recovering from despair.
And doing that successfully.

I admire those brave.
They assist unknowingly,
In maintaining my faith.
And everyday my steps are paced,
To lay down even stronger than before.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Admit It

Okay, I admit it.
I confess my weaknesses to be addressed.

I have not been acquitted from making mistakes.
Or faking experiences to hope for an escape.
Like some who try to charade perfection,
With hope they are not labelled,
As someone who has gone in the wrong direction.

I admit it.
Some days I awaken with intent to mind my business,
When out of nowhere I am tempted to satisfy...
And experiment to participate,
In the most decadent of urges.

And then convinced I am,
If I followed through I could prove to myself...
Stoop so low to gratified those pleasures.
And with my fingers crossed
I promise God to never again submit to them.

Okay, I admit it.
Promises I make to myself sometimes I can not keep.
But I do pray everyday,
The 'Angels' observing my every move...
Will send me 'someone' special,
To do decadent things with we both enjoy and approve.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Admit To Being Repetitive

Yes,
I admit to being repetitive...
As if to hammer in without end,
Things I choose and elect to say.
Using this format in a creative way.

But,
Is there so much love left...
The overflowing of it,
Needs not again to be expressed?

Is there an abundance of respect,
Gone unsuspected?
To leave the expectations of it,
To decay and sit in obvious neglect.

How about relationships?
Are all relationships unconditionally committed?
To satisfy the needs of people...
Found to be sighing in a constant bliss from this!

What about faith?
People confess they pray and this fulfills their needs.
Maybe that's why so many of us are not so hard to please.

Is hunger and homelessness a thing of the past?
Are conflicts and wars with us,
Here to forever last.

Yes,
I admit to being repetitive...
As if to hammer in without end,
Things I choose and elect to say.
Using this format in a creative way.

But,
When will that day come...
To free with relief from this necessity,
To comment as a writer on these things I see.

And they seem more each day to be fixed in cement!
With no updating or cures to replace,
The decadence or negativity...
With a positivity directly and sincerely meant.

Yes...
I admit to being repetitive.
And until there is a drastic change,
I guess that is the way it will be as it is!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Agree. I Am Not An Easy Read!

I agree.
I am not an easy read!
To lay in your head.
Or am I?
Easy in your head to lay.
Agreeably?
I agree.
I am not an easy read!
To lay in your head.
Or am I?
Easy in your head to lay.
Agreeably?
I agree.
I am not an easy read!
To lay in your head.
Or am I?
Easy in your head to lay.
Agreeably?
Agreeably?
Easy in your head to lay.
Or am I?
To lay in your head.
I agree.
I am not an easy read!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Aint Been 'Right' Since

Just throw me any compliment you wish,
With superlatives dripping with adverbs and adjectives.
And don't forget that 'ego' written all over my forehead.
Be sure not to miss that.
That wants to be massaged.

I'm telling you...
Just how 'shallow' is my deepness?

Don't get me wrong...
I am tremendously grateful I am blessed,
But...
Comeon!
I guess some people perceive my head,
To be as big as...
Alaska or Texas.

I'd be stuck on 'uh' if it was.

I just do what I know I do.
Those who 'really' know me,
Know this is no secret.

The only time I was impressed,
Is when my mother followed my every movement...
During my tap dance recital.
She was on my every step.
Better than I was.
And that was 59yrs ago.

And it was more than 50yrs ago,
My sister 'Mimmie' exclaimed...
'Larry? You did 'not' write this! '
Her nosey eyes was all up in my business,
Back then.

Don't get me wrong...
I am tremendously grateful I am blessed,
But...

Comeon!
I guess some people perceive my head,
To be as big as...
Alaska or Texas.

It really isn't.
Although it's expected to be.
And I don't know why.
Not soon after my birth...
I demanded my parents,
Stop by the store...
To pick up some pads an pens!
I had some ideas to jot down...
As soon as we got home!

And wouldn't you know...
They got me pencils instead.
And I aint been 'right' since!
Well...
At least the pads had 'lines'.
Upon which I was prepared to deliver.

I am embellishing a little bit.
But...
Not by much.
Give or take a few years!
I would 'add' at least...
6 or 7.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Ain'T Got It Like That

I am not going to be chased by sorrow.
Because I find I can not borrow money,
To produce gifts.

I am not going to lay in deep depression,
Because some one expects me...
To deliver to them their Christmas wish.

And I'm on a fixed income.
Enjoying my basic life!
With a bowl of grits.
That's right.

God and Jesus will forgive me,
I'm sure!
But this year,
The greed that expects for me to feed it...
Can stay clear away from my door.
With expectations I will ignore!

I ain't got it like that!
And ain't trying to get to give it either!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Aint Got Time For That

What empathy shown from me,
Could I give to share?
If I am there prepared to give it,
And unaware of it my empathy is.

If I volunteer to someone my love,
And they interpret my love as something else...
To have it dismissed as if it doesn't exist,
To have them believe there is something they have...
I wish to get.
To then tell others I am giving to rip them off,
And 'my' cost?
I am quick from them to disappear.

'Can we do this again?
I misinterpreted your doing and did not comprehend.'

Let's stand here together and watch that clock.
You see the hands on it moving forward?
Do you here it tick tock?

'Yes I do.'

Let's stand here together.
And then I want you to watch me walk away from you.

'No. No...
Please stop.
Come back.'

Tell that to the forward movement of the hands on that clock.
'Cause I aint got time for that.
I've already given and you have reminded me I shouldn't have.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Ain'T Mad Atcha!

Sorry...
I'm not here to provide,
A lesser intelligence.
One that establishes an ignorance,
You will be at ease to welcome.
Sorry...
I ain't about that.

And I've just stop apologizing,
For my talents and gifts.
Yeah I got 'em and their enjoyed.
Everyone of them.

Hey,
If folks don't appreciate where my head is at...
I still have to pay my own bills.
And pray to God to keep my head above water.

Cook, eat and chill!
That's what I do when I entertain a meal!
And I ain't 'fellin' no BS in my life!
I ain't about that.

If you are?
I ain't mad atcha!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Already Knew

I did not begin this journey,
Seeking to be followed.
Or gave it a single thought,
As I kept focused with a purpose...
With my steps placed to move ahead.

Many times on my path I cleared of obstacles,
I ignored rumors and whispers heard...
That my task was foolish.
And with their laughter fading,
I never looked back.

And as the years pass while I am often asked,
What has driven my motivation?
With an initiative that has long lasted?
And I quickly look into the eyes to witness a determination.
To then realize someone else notices it takes sacrifice.

'When do you eat?
When do you sleep?
When do you take time to relax and just rest? '

That depends.
What is more important to you?
The doing?
Or the finding of time?

'I find the time to do to get done what I should.'

And you seek from me a better answer?
There is none.

'I already knew.'

I know you did.
One day you will witness many more knowing this too.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Am A Bull

Common cows,
Can be found on common lands.
Where the calmness of common life,
Without the bustle and strife exist.
A bliss capture on film or in portraits.
I am a bull!
Full of adventure.
And I choose to sit or drift.
Where the trees have breezes,
With an ease that teases curiousities...
I feel that briskly flow!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Am A Veteran

I am a veteran.
Once a young patriot who had volunteered,
To join the military.
And it was clear a sacrificing of my life,
Was a possibility.
And yet the thought of it did not frighten me.

I am a veteran.
I did not decide,
To slide over onto Candadian borders...
Thinking I could avoid my responsibility.
With an escaping of a draft I did not receive.
I wanted to protect those deserving of freedom.

I am a veteran.
One of the Vietnam War Era.
I didn't walk the halls of an Ivy League college.
To party in between studying for a degree.
No!
But I did take college courses and studied diligently,
While also performing my military duties.

I am a veteran.
One who is Black 'and' American AND proud to be.
But as a veteran I have learned,
The battles I continue to fight...
Are needlessly fought on the streets of my own country.
With people who did not serve a duty at all...
But feel they are more deserving of entitlements,
And a respect not shown to me.

Yes...
I AM a veteran.
But yet I am expected to support,
Those who feed their greed.
As I am perceived,
Not to be worthy!
And so hard it is for me not to believe,
The color of my skin is the reason for that.

I am a veteran.
Conditioned to aware of the facts.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Am A Writer Not A Defender Of Fantasies

As a writer I feel I am obligated,
To remain true to the expression I choose.
With an honesty depicted within to reach a point.
A point made I refuse to confuse.

I am 'not' a politician elected by popular vote,
To represent contituents...
Depending that I do that at my best to address.
I know what it is like to be oppressed,
Depressed and subjected to suppression...
By those believing my observations,
Should not offend or distress their delusions...
Kept to censor insights they do not approve.

I am a writer not a defender of fantasies.
To keep my experiences,
And the affect thay have had on me emotionally...
Unaddressed to appease those with concepts they wish,
Left deceived to leave my reality unconfessed.
What then would be the purpose of this gift,
God has blessed me with to express.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Am Aging And I Know This

I am aging and I know this,
With a doing to show.
My tolerance level,
Has lowered tremendously.
And excuses made by others I hear,
Immediately reminds me...
Of an elementary teacher I once had,
Who slammed a yardstick on my desk...
With a telling me, 'SHUT UP!
Am I here to teach?
Or listen to your nonsense? '

And...
Not knowing if this was a test I responded,
~I'm sorry.
Do you mind repeating those choices again? ~

'Go stand in that corner.
And if you move...
You will know if you've made the right choice.'

I am aging and I know this,
With a doing to show.
My tolerance level,
Has lowered tremendously.
And excuses made by others I hear,
Immediately reminds me...
Of an elementary teacher I once had.
And as I reminisce,
Those lessons I had then been taught...
Makes me today less tolerant.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Am Always Willing To Learn

I don't mind being played a fool.
The only challenge I have,
Is pretending I am not aware of it.
And getting bored by the time it takes,
For those going out of their way...
To perceive me to be,
Someone they can make...
A better fool they have made themselves.

'Why would you play games,
With people like that? '

I am always willing to learn,
From those who teach me how to win.
I regard this as common sense.
Since...
Whatever they teach is not at my expense.
I find it cost effective and a benefit,
To divorce and detach myself quickly...
From those who are fools.
To leave them paying the price,
For the misunderstanding.

'But don't you regard that as manipulation? '

Of course!
If I'm going to be played to be someone's fool,
Why not take advantage of the situation?

'You are not as stupid as you pretend.'

I'm doing the best I can to do that better.
Any suggestions?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Am An American

Even during a crisis...
There will still be those,
Who will need their eyebrows done.
Fresh weaves to pick.
Nails polished.
And scentless deodorant sticks.

There will still be those,
Who need their weekend with the boys,
With computer gadgets and other toys.
The cheating on their wives.
And those three somes enjoyed...
Most likely with guys!

And even dressed to jog...
It doesn't matter how they do it.
They will shop, eat out, rent or buy their movies.

One thing is certain...
Even during a crisis,
Those programmed to ignore it...
Can not be told they can not afford,
The luxury of spending another dollar.

They will look at you as if to say...
'How dare you tell me the way to spend what I don't have?
Whose debt is this?
Whose poor credit am I financing it with?
Whose delusions are these?
I rate myself on a scale of my needs.

THIS is the way I am going to enjoy my suffering!
With or without your approval!
And without a dime in my pocket!

I am an American!
And I will do as I please.
Even if that means giving 'image' to others!
And 'that' is my duty!

To stimulate and delude.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Am An American Indian

Ahwhoo-ooo hey hey ah whoo hey hey...
Ahhhwhoo-ooo hey hey ahhh hey!

Ahwhoo-ooo hey hey ah whoo hey hey...
Ahhhwhoo-ooo hey hey ahhh hey!

I am an American Indian more than an image to fade.
I am an American Indian more than an image to fade,
Away!
I am an American Indian more than an image to fade.
I am an American Indian more than an image to fade,
Away!

Ahwhoo-ooo hey hey ah whoo hey hey...
Ahhhwhoo-ooo hey hey ahhh hey!

Ahwhoo-ooo hey hey ah whoo hey hey...
Ahhhwhoo-ooo hey hey ahhh hey!

On the prairies I would hunt and stay and pray,
And worshop the 'Deities' high.
I would wear the warpaint when invaded,
Chasing enemies away.

Ahwhoo-ooo hey hey ah whoo hey hey...
Ahhhwhoo-ooo hey hey ahhh hey!

Peaceful living in a brother giving,
And dedicated to nature everyday.
Never from my heritage did I stray.
Or ever would be enslaved.

Ahwhoo-ooo hey hey ah whoo hey hey...
Ahhhwhoo-ooo hey hey ahhh hey!

I am an American Indian more than an image to fade.
I am an American Indian more than an image to fade,
Away!
I am an American Indian more than an image to fade.

I am an American Indian more than an image to fade,
Away!

On the prairies I would hunt and stay and pray,
And worship the 'Deities' high.
Aye, aye,
I'd would wear the warpaint when and if invaded,
Chasing my enemies away.
And faithful to my heritage I am...
Never far away to stray.

Ahwhoo-ooo hey hey ah whoo hey hey...
Ahhhwhoo-ooo hey hey ahhh hey!

I am an American Indian more than an image to fade.

Ahwhoo-ooo hey hey ah whoo hey hey...
Ahhhwhoo-ooo hey hey ahhh hey!

I am an American Indian more than an image to fade,
Away!

Dedicated:
To all American Indian Tribes.
With the deepest of respect.
'I love you.'
~lsp~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Am An Urbanite

I am an urbanite.
Accessible and in full sight.
And comfortable I am waiting,
At a bustop.

Conversing with those who walk by me...
As sirens scream down streets.
While teenagers pass cussing each other out.
Some holding hands.
Some laughing about.

I see them textmessaging...
And shouting on cellphones.
Overnight I am a dinosaur...
Feeling more like a foreigner,
On a distant planet.
But very close to home.

I am an urbanite.
Accessible and in full sight.
And comfortable I am waiting,
At a bustop anticipating quiet and peace.
Holding onto my consciousness.
And praying it does not from me quickly drop.
Or suddenly be from me released.
Before these 'aliens' discover...
I'm clinging onto thoughts marinating with age.
In a process they will never experience.
And I am so thankful that I've got!
Yes...
I do feel saved!

I am an urbanite and overnight...
I've witnessed minds switched off like lights!
Or so it seems!
Something has disconnected,
From these creatures.
Affectionately remembered and called human 'beings'.

'Who da hell you starin' at?
Poppa fart! '

I am not here to dignify your ignorance!

'I am not here to dignify your ignorance.
LOLOLOLOLOL...
Ya'll hear that?
I'm glad I'm not no old fool! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Am Aroused

I am aroused.
Because of the state of my lifestyle.
It's simple and basic from greedy needs.
And this has me happy...
Like no one would believe.

I am...
Aroused.
Because of the state of my lifestyle.
It's simple and basic from greedy needs.
And this has me happy...
Like no one would believe.

Economics use to rob me,
From a peaceful sleep.
Thinking who to impress and to please.

When I got 'downsized'
My heart I thought would stop.
Seeing myself broken and on bended knees.

But,
I got...
Aroused.
A pity party started but I took my leave.
I didn't want nobody pity me!

Somehow,
I-got-aroused!
And started the beginning of a new lifestyle.
It's simple and basic from greedy needs.
And this has me happy...
Like no one would believe.

Happy like a monkey,
In a banana tree.

Economics use to rob me,
From a peaceful sleep.

Thinking who to impress and to please.

When I got 'downsized'
My heart I thought would stop.
Seeing myself broken and on bended knees.

And no pity party started was a remedy.
No pity party started was for me.

Then I got aroused.
And this has me happy...
Like no one would believe.
This has me happy and relieved.

No pity party started was no remedy.

And now I.ed!
Because of the state of my lifestyle.
It's simple and it's basic from greedy needs.
And this has me happy...
Like no one would believe.
A pity party started had to leave.

I saw no pity party as a remedy!

No pity party started was for me.
Nope.
No pity party started was for me.
Nope.
No pity party started was for me!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Am Attached

I see it to witness...
This life.
My life.
Nothing within me disconnects my senses.
I see it to witness with curiosity to touch.
And temptation to experience,
That which is there to tease...
I do!

And not to excuse what I have done.
I don't do that.
Being conscious is my preference.
I am here to learn.
I simply can not avoid the living of my life.
Or repeatedly attempt to refuse in denial,
To be attached to my emotions.
I am attached and not a single guilt do I feel.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Am Certainly Not Going To Leave It

If I can not say I love you,
When I love you...
Because I do.
Without offending.
Or sending a message,
I did not intend.
Because what I feel...
Is not being comprehended?
Too much of it I give and send?

Then I need to take my love somewhere else.
Since I am certainly not going to leave it...
With anyone who can not recognize,
Or believe what my love is?
I am not playing let's make a deal!
What I feel is for real.

And today...
No one can afford,
To throw that kind of treasure away.
Or to be left to sit and rust!
Not this stuff.
I have come to value it too much!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Am Channeling Poe

Once upon a midnight dreary
'I've heard that before.'
I am channeling Poe.

'You don't have to channel po' no 'mo.
I think you have been very successful.
I make a suggestion you channel some dough,
So you can pay me back the money you owe.'

You have no sympathy for artists at all,
Do you?

'Why should I have sympathy,
For somebody channeling po'?
Do you know how many people
Right outside that door,
That have painted that picture too long.
Now...
IF you can channel up some fish and grits,
I'll give you all the sympathy you want.'

Are you here to bug me or what?

'You go right ahead.
Channel up all the 'po' you want.
I aint into it.
I know a few folks,
Who are not painting those kinds of pictures.
You told me earlier
You were home alone writing! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Am Closer To You

You do not have to be alone.
You choose to be that way.
You do not have to be on your own.
That's the choice you made to obey.

I have never been that far away,
From you that you could not reach.
I have never been that far away,
From you if you needed to hear me speak.

You do not have to be alone.
You choose to be that way.
You do not have to be on your own.
That's the choice you made to obey.
And I understand you,
More that I can say.

You choose to be that way.
And I am closer to you,
Than you ever suspected you knew!
It is almost as if we are 'one'...
Not two.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Am 'First' A Human Being

I had walked around for decades,
Feeling and shouldering emotional pain.

When I decided I had nothing to gain...
By accepting this as an invitation,
To prove I could endure...
With a strength to regard as bravery?
No one had to point out to me,
Just how crazy this was.

I am 'first' a human being!
And I no longer have to adapt to that fact.
To me that has been shown.
And to others I make that known!

I am 'first' a human being!
Any other layers some choose to address...
I have learned to let it be expressed.
But to cause me stress to stay to become effective?
No.
These days I do not live in those times.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Am Glad One Of Us Does

Where do you pick up your IFS and BUTS?
You are quite proficient with their use.
Your escapades with excuses,
Are notoriously known.
And you have been consistent,
With an accepted inefficiency.
An effort that disqualifies you as remarkable.
Yet qualifies your abilities,
As a dangerous role model to follow.
And no pity you accept should be interpreted for praise.

WHERE did you purchase this mentality?

Too many with this mindset,
Should be feared for their lack of basic comprehension.
If it is easy for them to gather IFS and BUTS...
What else could they be hiding?
Like those who say, 'You know what I'm saying? '
And you have not one clue,
Why 'you' are the one expected to know.

'You know what I'm saying?
Do you?
I am glad one of us does! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Am Going To Throw My Arrogance Around

You may think this distasteful,
And I can care less.
But I am going to throw my arrogance around.
With a pulchritude that is peacocked.
Like a rooster doing goose steps.
And swimming like a swan,
On my own fresh water pond.
Why?
Because that's what I choose to do.
You?
Can take a hike or fly a kite!
Like I said...
I can care less.
I am going to throw my arrogance around.
And guess what?
Not even seek your approval.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Am Happy. For Them Both

Your 'ex' has remarried.

'I am happy.
For them both.
And hopefully between them,
Reality will be discovered.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Am Here

Waking to await the dawn to appear,
I am here.
Anticipating the horizon,
To see cleared...
Of all those yesterdays.

Waking to await the Sun To slowly rise,
I am here.
Waiting to experience,
A life distanced from fears.
Or remorse that brings on tears.

I have decided to rid all thoughts of doubt.
With none left to debate my wants and dreams.

I have decided to free myself from feelings,
Limited to 'if's and 'maybees' and all foolish schemes.

I am here...
Knowing all that's wished,
Will appear.
I am here...
To witness every wish I've ever dreamed,
Come true.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Am Here To See You Through

Take from my heart,
All that you want.
All that you need.
Don't leave displeased.

And start your new day,
Freed from you tears.
Your dreams and wishes...
Keep near,
Don't fear.

And just,
Keep your eyes open wide.
And don't deny those tears you cry.
To keep from living a lie!

Take from my hands,
All that you want.
All that you need.
Don't leave displeased.

I am not,
The one always correct.
Or someone who thinks I know what's best.

I am not,
The one less than I am.
For you I'll do all that I can...
To see that you get through.

I am not,
The one always correct.
Or someone who thinks I know what's best.
I'm here to do and prove to you,
I'm here to see you through.

So from my heart...
Take,
All that you want.

All that you need.
Perceive and believe,
That I...
Am here to see you through!
And I...
Am here to be with you.
That's all I wish to do!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Am Here To Stretch, Grow And Bloom!

I do not walk in your shadow.
Or idolize your humanness.
Nor do I wish for things you possess,
From my ancestors' treasure chest!
Your quest to defeat my presence...
Only diminishes your own.
Your look upon me with the same eyes I've got.
The same two feet I stand upon.
And a heart that beats God stops!
You are just but a twig,
On the same branch I live!
I am grounded from the same tree of life.
Without its roots...
Neither one of us would exist!
Unfortunately you are the one,
Apparentally not aware of this!
And I do not intend...
To let my experience given,
Begin to rot from within!
I am here to stretch, grow and bloom!
And you will not block from me the Sun.
I knew what it is you were and was not...
From day one!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Am Hoping You Have Chosen To Soar

I am not out seeking,
To crush your feathers!
Nor do I wish...
With my own ambitions,
To search the sky...
To see how high you fly!

I am hoping you have chosen to soar.

And if in your flight,
Your eyes are on me...
To see whether or not,
You are ahead...
Or I may overtake your lead.
You are not flying high just to succeed!
You are hoping in your heart,
My ego is not pleased.

I am hoping you have chosen to soar.
Nothing less.
Nothing more.
I have my own sights,
On how high I choose to fly!
There is just too much sky,
To keep you blocked in my vision...
And locked in my eyes!

I am hoping you have chosen to soar.
Nothing less.
Nothing more.
Your success is yours to explore!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Am Hurting

I'm hurting.
And all I am expected to show for it,
Is a stiff upper lip.
And unknown courage.
Only I know exists.

As if I keep a faucet inside.
To decide to turn off and on at will.
Or desert how I feel!
To isolate...
And leave abandoned.
Until it dies.
Or until I smother it to kill.

Like a common well that has dried up,
Either from lack of use...
Or the need of it has gone.
From a contamination,
That has gone on for too long!

I feel diminished.
Finished.
Left to wither and die.
Forgotten for the attempts I've tried!
To keep together...
What has now been brushed aside.
Regardless of an existence,
I showed with pride and caring!
For a relationship shared...
That has slipped away.

I'm hurting!
And I find I am admitting that!
But to whom?
This wound inside that afflicts me,
Is mine.
Not to share.
No one but I know,
The history that is there.

And if I could...
Would the sting of it be transferred?
With the pain that sits on my every nerve?
No!
I know that.
And even if I could...
With tears to deliver,
How and what I feel...
With this depth.
Would still leave me...
The one out of breath.
And out of my mind with this sorrow.

I would not wish this on anyone.
Not to be dismissed in the way I have been!
Not today or anytime.
Not in anyone's tomorrows.

I am hurting!
And it is mine alone.
To comfort or ignore...
Or dare to bare to show exposed.
Since of this no one hears,
Or care to know!
I'm hurting.
And I feel it is not deserved!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Am In Total Agreement With Your Assessment

I am in total agreement with your assessment.

It is difficult to live with limited funds.
Budgeting to pay for shelter, food and utilities.

I am in total agreement with your assessment.

It is difficult to witness others live being deprived.
While their lives are being ignored.
And/or exploited in a hussle to keep them needy.

I am in total agreement with your assessment.

So many now are forced to descend from high horses.
And getting a taste for the first time,
How life is lived without good credit scores.
Or multiple opportunities coming to knock at their doors.

I am in total agreement with your assessment.

Very few are not so quick to pass judgement these days.
And knowing from my own experience...
How to remove myself from someone stunned.
Learning they too have become shunned and 'thumbed'
By the very same ones they supported,
At the expense of their own inhumanity.

I am in total agreement with your assessment.
But do not believe,
I am here empathetic and prepared to embrace your pain.
I've already been numbed by your reaction to mine.
I see nothing in that to aid my benefit with gain.

Like I said...
I am in total agreement with your assessment.
It is so vivid.
As if I'm still living it with too much acceptance.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Am Just A Poet

I am just a poet.
A philosopher of sorts.
One who cohorts with others...
With common ideals as if at sport.

I am just a poet.
Observing those in an environment.
Trying to make sense of activities done.
And why some are done without consciousness.

I am just a poet.
Blessed to have what I do as a gift!
And living each moment to understand more of life.
As I share this point of view through the poems I write.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Am Life

I am...
Committed.
To unlimitness to give it.
I am...
Seeking to be free.
Yeah.

I am...
Committed.
To unlimitness to give it.
And to admit...
The benefit.

I am...
Committed.
To unlimitness to give it,
And this seems to fit...
Me,
Just perfectly.

Yes, I am...
Committed.
To unlimitness to give it.
With a happiness to give and get.

I am...
Devoted to possibilities.
Oh,
I am...
Sleepless until I attempt to reach.
I am...
Committed.
To unlimitness to give it.
I am...
Devoted to possibilities.
Oh,
I am...
Committed.
To unlimitness to give it.

I am...
Sleepless until I attempt to reach.
Oh,
I am...
Sleepless until I attempt to reach.
Yes, I am...
Life.

And, I am...
Not a substitution.
I am...
Life!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Am My Father's Creation

Each moment I get to experience,
Will be to acknowledge...
The magnificence of it.
With a freedom to explore,
What does and could exist...
And to use my imagination.
As I do this beyond restrictions.
Done to do,
Without limits or divisions of fences...
I can't and wont permit.
I am my Father's creation.
And He nourishes to encourage me.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Am Needing What It Is You Have To Give!

I'm needing it.
I can't resist...
More time,
With you by my side.

I am needing it.
And I can't resist...
More time,
With you by my side.
And less time,
For you to decide...
How much time you're going to give,
To fulfill my need.
Or the time you've given is enough for me.

I'm needing it.
I can't resist...
More time,
With you by my side.

I'm needing it.
I can't resist...
More time,
With you by my side.

Hope?
I have and got it.
Hope?
I've never doubted.
Hope?
I do not mope.
Or cope,
With hope to scope.

Hope?
I have and got it.
Hope?
I've never doubted.
Hope?

I do not mope.
Or cope,
With hope to scope.

I am needing it.
And I can't resist...
More time,
With you by my side.
And less time,
For you to decide...
How much time you're going to give,
To fulfill my need.
Or the time you've given is enough for me.

I'm needing it.
And I can't resist...
More time,
With you by my side.

Hope?
I have and got it.
Hope?
I've never doubted.
Hope?
I do not mope.
Or cope,
With hope to scope.

I am needing it.
And I can't resist.

Hope?
I have and got it.
Hope?
I've never doubted.
Hope?
I do not mope.
Or cope,
With hope to scope.

I am needing what it is you have to give!

Hope?
I have and got it.
Hope?
I've never doubted.

I am needing what it is you have to give!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Am Never Alone In 'This'

Wherever it is You lead me,
I will allow...
Without hesitation,
To follow.

I remain a witness,
To the greatness of Your Creation.

Whenever I am troubled,
With burdens condoned...
I am never in this alone.

I remain a witness,
To the greatness of Your Creation.

When I witness more obstacles,
On my path that may persist...
I resist them knowing it.
Since I am never in this alone.

There will be times I come to face,
I can not take another heartache.
And emotionally feel my mind is numb.
With despair everywhere...
I am too weak to overcome.

I remain a witness,
To the greatness of Your Creation.
And realizing it...
I am never alone,
In 'this'.

Wherever it is You lead me,
I will allow...
Without hesitation,
To follow.

I remain a witness,
And realizing it...

I am never alone,
In 'this'.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Am No Doctor

You want the truth but dispute it.
What is it that you really wish?

'Something that doesn't fit too tight.
Yet impresses both day and night.
And also it must not offend,
With a noticable difference...
From a comfort I now daily depend.'

I see.
And you want only to hear,
What you decide to accept and believe?

'That's correct.
And I want my weekends free of stress.'

No problem.
But may I suggest one thing?

'Sure.'

You seek to remain medicated.
With a change to a higher dosage.
And I am no doctor to deliver your request.
Nor am I seeking patience like that to find.

'I thought you said you practice truth? '

I do.
But I also live it too!
I'm not the one seeking a smooth transition.
Pain free to abuse the substance of it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Am No Longer A Puppy

You are correct.
No I don't know you.
Nor am I obsessed,
With the thought...
That leaves me guessing,
Which identity I've witnessed...
Is the one that is the basic you.

You seem to believe a game of hide and seek,
Adds to your allure and captivates with mystique.
But those games you play of fake the chaser,
Hard to get and guess 'my' mood...
Is pushing me towards the exit.
To leave you and have no regrets.

You are correct.
No I don't know you.
Nor am I obsessed,
With the thought...
That leaves me guessing,
Which identity I've witnessed...
Is the one that is the basic you.

If you haven't noticed,
I am no longer a puppy.
But I can be a fulltime dog...
In a wide opened field,
I can cruise if I choose to occupy my day.

I am with you because of an interest.
Not to be tested for a patience endured.
If you seek a playmate to exchange,
In the playing of games...
I suggest you select someone,
On your level and equally immature.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Am No Politician

I am no politician.
I am direct.
Every blemish and flaw I have,
I accept without regret.
I am not trying to win your approval
To represent your requests.
Nor will I disappoint you...
With deceit to later confess.

I am no politician.
Seeking a way to line my pockets.
I find that disgusting!
And I observe those who can not stop it!
Your quality of life...
With standards you behold.
Isn't my fault at all!
That your best interests,
They have sold!

You selected them to dismiss me.
To keep me and mine in check!
You elected them to suppress my dignity.
To keep my indentity distressed.
You chose them to divide and conquer.
By rules and laws
They clearly defied...
You now regret!
Why me...
You despise?

I am no politician!
My priorities are my happiness.
Not to masquerade with pretentions...
For purposes to make promises,
With intentions to forget.

I am no politician...
To trap you like prey.
And dangle you to capture...

As I make arrangements with others,
To take away the safety from your nests.
To portray in false charades.

I am no politician.
So voice your anger,
To those you believed...
Would come to your aid.
While on your knees you plead.

I am no politician!
I sleep at night.
In peace and at rest!

I am no politician...
Nor a hypocrite you will find,
Who will say something other
Than what is on my mind!

You can bet,
With respect...
I am direct.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Am Not A Masseur To B.S.

If I should say what you do stinks,
It does. Trust me!
It reeks with a doing...
That can be done much better.
Even if you attempted to improve,
The results will return to you benefits.

I'm not like the others,
Who will have you convinced...
A producing of mediocrity,
Has been accepted...
To meet 'their' expectations.
You invited my opinion! Remember that.

If my comments offend you,
Then you know where you can go...
To get your ego massaged.
I am not a masseur to B.S. or serve it.
You should acquire an appetite for honesty,
At this stage of your life.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Am Not A 'socialite'

Some have come into this arena,
With eyes bright.
And seeking to delight in relationships.

The invitation I responded to,
Was to enter into the arena as a poet who writes.
And others in the arena believe I should socialize.

But this I make clearly understood.
I am not a 'socialite' like many who are 'socialists'.
I am without pretense a 'writer'.
Not a socialist pretending not to be!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Am Not Here To Revisit Your Limits

I want it known...
I didn't appear here,
To be absent from view.
I want it known by you,
Everything I do...
Is to show you and prove,
I didn't come to revisit your limits.
Or restrict my wishes to live,
Within barriers you've picked.
I refuse to accept it.

Fear and the thought of threats with anguish,
Are not for me delicious treats to feed consistently...
On any basis you face with convincing conviction.
You are going to find a leaving that behind,
With me...
A done deal.
And this is not an appeal for your opinion.

I didn't come to revisit your limits.
Or restrict my wishes to live,
Within barriers you've picked.
I refuse to accept it.
Come on...
Debate with me later.
But I am sure in your mind,
Little time you will find for that.

Come on...
I am not here to revisit your limits.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Am Not Living My Life To Impress

You will not catch me unaware,
You are prepared to strip me bare.
Thinking I live my life,
With something I wish to hide kept denied.

You will...
However,
May find me already unclothed.
And ready to expose...
Everything with a willingness,
To show every flaw and blemish I have.

I am not living my life to impress.
I live to address my own interests.
Knowing your only wish is to see me naked!
To only have what you believe should be revealed,
Is really nothing that will create...
The excitement you anticipated.

'We did all of 'that' just to see 'this'? '

You didn't have to do 'that' to see 'this'.
As you see...
The only mystery you have kept to keep,
Is in your imagination.
So what is it you wish to call me now?
An exhibitionist?

'Well...
Hopefully your kept integrity,
Will do something quick...
To avoid us from jumping to consclusions.'

So...
You are requesting me to fully dress?

'Heavens, yes.
Please!
We would rather keep our imaginations intact.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Am Not Ready Yet

I'm sorry.
I misunderstood your question.
I thought you asked,
If I am still embittered
And feeling animosity towards those
Who slander me and made attempts
To destroy my life
Because they objected to my creative expressions.
And tried to limit them by lieing
With an assortment of other devices used
To embarrass my family and associates to shame!

'You quoted me almost verbatim!
That's exactly what I asked.
Do you feel more at peace now?
Since it has been many years.'

Does my appearance before you,
In a strait jacket with my psychaitrist
And armed security guards give you any hints?
I am LIVID!
SEETHING!
However...
My most recent prognosis shows,
I am making tremendous success to retreive full sanity.

'So there has been a forgiving of sorts?
And you have a renewed outlook,
Regarding those who made such blinded attacks...
On your creativity and your approach to this expression? '

Oh...
You have no idea how I have developed the taste,
To express my total and complete understanding of their deeds.
I have learned so many things about the human mind.
Its function.
And what parts of the body services other areas.

'What do you mean by that? '

I've developed a patience I never knew I had.
And can not wait until I am released.
I wish to share my new and innovative ways...
To create fulfillment.

'Yours'
Whose?
The public? '

Let's just say...
I have been anticipating a satisfying outcome.
One that will motivate my skills.
And I love drama that thrills and excites.

'Uh...
No offense.
But,
Your comments are a bit threatening.
It's as if I can feel your hands around my throat.'

Damn...
You're kidding!
Thank you.
I'll have to work on that.
Because they are not suppose to be there at all.
Are you sure?
I guess I am not ready yet.
I still have more rehabilitation to do!
My new routines have yet to be perfected.
I'm developing something 'fresh' for my 'fans'.

Please take me back to my cell!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Am Not That Giving

If you do not know what respect is.
And you wish for me to point out to you,
Those things you do that are disrespectful?
And your attraction to immaturity too?

You need no longer excuse what you do that has been done,
On pride.
There is something disconnected in your head.
And I am not about to teach another adult,
What is appropriate social etiquette.

That would be likened to teaching a full grown cat,
The aspects of hygiene.
I am not that giving or blessed with those skills.

You want me to do what?
Tell you when you are being disrespectful?
How old are you?
55?
I am not that giving or blessed with those skills.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Am 'Not' That Intelligent

So blessed am I to know with conviction,
I am 'not' that intelligent enough to be persuaded...
I should accept confusion as a way of life.
Or perceive I have solutions or answers to solve,
Dilemmas conflicting beliefs otehrs have adopted.
To digest a series of ongoing disappointments.
Not me.
I am not here to carry those burdens,
To account for responsibilites not mine to bear.
A good politician or diplomat I have never claimed to be.

However...
I will acknowledge a gratefulness to having one ability.
And that has afforded me with a capability to reject,
Within seconds...
And with a doing of it to care less,
Who or whomever may object...
To whatever it is I may choose to do.
Since a seeking of an approval for the steps I take,
Has never been my 'thing' to deny or fake.
For some reason I admit the making of my mistakes.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Am Not That Kind Of Vendor

I do not peddle to sell familiar flavors.
Too boring is the deed.
In fact,
Some expecting my most vivid colors
Seen,
To be sweet.
Will find my tongue,
Isn't suited to the recreations of myths.

It has been long overdue to move away,
From that
STUFF!

What I have to sell is as it exists.
Free of long lasting preservatives
That sit to be twisted and mixed,
With no bite to excite unforgettable memories.

That is why I have chosen colors so bright,
And eye popping.

Don't you want something to taste,
That lingers
With a craving to wish for more?
Of course you do.
I'm not just going to whip anything together,
With an expectation you will be sold.
I am not that kind of vendor!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Am Not That Privileged

What is it you are thinking?

'I'm thinking of all the people,
Referred to as refugees.
When that hurricane Katrina,
Left 'those' people desperate...
Homeless and hungry.'

They were not 'refugees'.
They were citizens.

'Oh.
I see.
And why no mention of 'refugees' left,
Desperate, hungry and homeless...
By a wider devastation,
Created by the hurricane Sandy? '

A depiction of priorities have changed.
And obviously quite different.

'I see.'

Is there an implication you are trying to emphasize?

'Of course not.
I am not that privileged,
To pass judgements with prerogatives.
I've learned too many lessons too early.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Am Not That Way!

When I came to you,
I came to give my heart.
For you,
To share it.

And when I came to you,
I knew,
What I had done was love.
With more than a piece of it,
I gave.

But you misunderstood this right away.
Thinking it to be a game play.
And you misunderstood this right away.
Thinking I had come to manipulate.

But,
When I came to you,
I came to give my heart.
For you,
To share it.

And,
When I came to you,
I knew,
What I had done was love.

But you misunderstood this right away.
Thinking it to be,
A game play.
And you,
Misunderstood this right away.
Thinking I had come,
To manipulate.

I am not that way!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Am Not Thinking

I am not thinking.
I do not wish to do it.
Nor am I feeling,
An emotion I can spare.
I am sitting here composing.
Smoking and sometimes dozing.
Without one wish to be profound.
Or communicate a depthness found.
I am typing on my computer.
Thanking God I have not been neutered...
I was seeking a rhyme at this time,
To end that line!
I am not thinking.
But my mind seems to be concentrating,
With this discipline it finds!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Am On A Diet Of Peace

It is not that I don't think of you.
I do.
Sometimes I find myself thirsting,
With wishes wondering how you are.
But when I am satisfied with that desire,
And my senses are convinced you are okay...
My attention is focused elsewhere.
With you and the 'us' we were,
To fade away.
Not to stay to confine me like yesterday.

I remember there was a time,
You occupied all of it!
And there you were,
In my mind!
I could not eat or sleep.
I awakened to find that not very nutritional.
Today I am on a diet of peace.
And that is all I wish to receive.
In a cycle of breath easy for me,
To inhale with an exhaling that is easily released.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Am Saving My Credibility

I didn't mean to say,
What I said previously.
I meant to say something,
Entirely different.

'But...
Isn't that a contradiction? '

Not necessarily.
Not at all.
You see...
I am 'still' running as a candidate,
For public office.
I have yet to be elected.
And until that happens,
I am saving my credibility.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Am Tested...Yes!

For whatever the reasons,
Those feelings felt inside me...
Are there and deeply understood.
I bring them to the surface to expose.
As if a necessity.
As if this is a conscious mission,
I have chosen to do better than just good.

For whatever the reasons,
My expressions connect...
I am commanded by an ability,
To ensure what is said is done at my best.
I may upset some and others I may inspire.
A writer of honesty I am.
I don't have developed skills to be a liar.

Inquisitive with a curiosity,
Sometimes my visions take me to the edge.
I only pledge to be who it is I am.
I don't seek to be impressive...
Yet,
I am told I impress with the words I express.
And on a daily basis I am tested...yes!

Dedicated to:
Ms Kajari Laskar
India

'Thank you for your comments, Kajari.
You have made me feel extremely blessed,
And gratefully honored.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Am That Dream

I wish you knew,
That.
I can see,
That.
You and I are...
On the right track.

And,
As a matter of fact...
I am that dream,
You need!

I hope one day,
That.
We both can say,
That.
We're so glad we met.
Never to regret or let...
Moments we come to love,
Be the ones thoughtlessly tossed away.
Or allow anything to come in our way...
To lose those moments we come to love!

We will come to choose to be together,
Forever.
This I know.
With nothing to prove...
To one another.
You and I will come to show this.
Somehow...
That too I know!

And like a dream that appears...
I am here.
As clear as my touch!
No one else for you will do!
You are in my head and heart.
Making true,
My dreams too!

I wish you knew,
That.
I can see,
That.
You and I are...
On the right track.

And,
As a matter of fact...
I am that dream,
You need!

Believe it!
I am that dream,
You thought...
Would never come to be!

Believe it!
No one for you will do...
But me.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Am That I Am

I am that I AM.
And whoever it is that decides,
The I AM that is me is not worthy...
Gives me too much attention.
They should be spending that focus,
Probing into their own toilets.
Since I keep my own clean,
And free from meaningless associations.
Especially those who wish to come to sit...
And eliminate dropped nonsense to leave,
Just to stink up my space.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Am That Prize Recovered

In soulful song praises,
To a life that is so loved.
I totally submit committed.
And admitting it...
At this hour of my awakenedness.

Transparent are my flaws.
And all of my blemishes.
No masquerading is involved.
Although words I choose...
Are selectively picked.

As I tremble less from nervousness.
Refusing I do,
To mask true feelings...
Behind bitten and licked, chapped cracked lips.

I am that prize recovered and awarded to me.
After many years of confusion and personal conflict.
I am that prize recovered!
And this motivates.
And keeps me lifted!

'Would you like to ride,
In my beautiful balloon?
High up in the sky,
In my beautiful balloon.

We can float among the stars together,
You and I.
And we can fly.
Up, up and away...'

Note:
My thanks to composer Jimmy Webb,
for such an inspiring song.
Introduced and sung by The 5th Dimension.

'Thank you, Jimmy.'

~LSP~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Am The Best At This

You can give your regards.
And your attention to whom you wish.
But I know who I am.
And I am the best at this!

Did I bat an eyelash?
Or stutter from my lips?

I'll repeat that again.
Just in case you missed it.

I said...
I know 'who' I am!
And...
I 'am' the best at this!

'The 'best' at what? '

Whatever it is I decide.
Why?
Are you seeking leadership?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Am The First To Express My Apologies

Why am I able to stand firm and cemented?
And how can I agonize through pain to do it?
I am not a product of innuendos invented.
And my experiences are more,
Than I've revealed to mention.

And when I am challenged by someone,
I have never met with steadfast and fixed policies...
I am the first to express my apologies.
Since I know they have no clue,
As to 'what' and 'who' has had me already tested.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Am The Only One With These Keys

The first question I would ask,
Of anyone expressing a wish to drive...
Through life without dues to pay.
With only desire in their eyes.
And a request from me to give them my keys,
Is this...
What makes anyone think I will turn over keys,
To something I have earned...
Because the doing of it I have made to look easy?

I've got to witness some sweat with labor done first.
With initiative that has been prioritized.
Life is not a cakewalk...
To choose what frosting to taste to then decide.

'You are not the only one with keys.'

That's true.
But guess what?
I am the only one with THESE keys.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Am Using My Option To Exaggerate The Truth

Of course I'd be lieing,
If I said I have never lied.
I'm just not doing it right now.
I am using my option,
To exaggerate the truth.
At least I have a few,
Of those options left to use.

You?
On the other hand...
Are motivated to lie.
With a telling of the truth as optional.
And you have long used up your options,
As well as your credibility.

But don't concern yourself about that.
Your reputation to be a liar,
Is incredulous.
In fact,
Your thought process...
Has been determined to be corrupted.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Am Wishing For Something Other Than This

Because I made decisions,
To release and free myself of tensions.
I have been told I am not 'really' happy.

I am told I hunger for a success that shows.
I am told my lifestyle is much too basic.
And I wish for things to hear others sing,
My praises.

Because I made decisions,
To release and free myself of tensions.
Preferring my peace,
Surrounded by more of it...
I have split from all conflicts to release.

I am told 'this' is NOT what I want!
By those who have no clue...
Just how much of this nothingness,
I have earned!

And how grateful I am,
To have what I have 'heard' said...
I am wishing for something other than this,
Which isn't mine to keep as is...
In abundance.
Instead of participating in a rat race,
With those of familiar faces.

Needless to say...
I can smile,
And walk away!
With this treasured basicness I own.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Am With It Not To Be Without

I am with it not to be without,
Those memories reminisced...
Of obstacles faced to experience them gone.
And expecting opposition,
When expressing a conscious opinion...
I may take not to budge if the doing is unpopular.
I can be political but I am no student of politics.

Too early I did learn to step forward and not back,
If I felt it strong enough in my heart to keep on track.
A looking back over my shoulder for me is unproductive.
And mistakes I have made were done not to deny.
Or feel excuses to make with fresh alibis expressed,
Could be easily used to release me from being accountable.
Like others who do this with such finesse.

I am with it not to be without,
Those lessons taught I will always respect.
And some who live their lives to deceive with lies,
Hoping that a hiding behind them increases their credibility...
I leave alone with it known,
Whatever it is that people choose to believe...
Will not change the peace of mind I have found to keep.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Am With Today's Youth

Who have grown tired and refuse...
To accept aging concepts.

I am with today's youth,
Who see clear through pretentions...
And political correctness no one believes.

I am with today's youth,
Whose minds are on another plateau.
And limited by immature older folks.

I am with today's youth,
Torn between hypocrites and their pretentions.
With wishes to keep those ideals that don't exist.

I am with today's youth,
Bored with the conflicts allowed to be permitted...
As those attempt to shield them from reality.

I am with today's youth,
Who are told who to follow and what they should do...
By elders too confused by a doing of what they've done,
Without paying attention to anyone...
Or the times that have come.

I am with today's youth,
Who are too gifted with talents...
To deny the presence of a truth that has been introduced.
And gone ignored by the fools who refuse it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Am Your Convenience

Have you lost your wits and gone mad! ?
Those are 'my' friends you just insulted.

'I will admit to the going mad business.
However...
That losing of the wits bit,
I need them to hang on to for future excursions.
Besides...
If it was not for my wits,
I would not have been able to convince you...
I have gone mad.
Now would I? '

You are doing this on purpose,
Aren't you.

'Doing what on purpose? '

Trying to drive me crazy!
You want everyone to believe,
I am the one that is really the nut case.

'Hmmm...
Are you?
And you are the one behind the wheel too.
What else do you want me to admit?
I'll do it.
I just want to get home safe.

After you dropp me off,
You can go anywhere you want.
And...
Keep your eyes on the road.
Unless you 'do' want me to drive.'

I should have left you.

'And what would that have proven?
I am more popular with your friends than you are?

And you would not have had an excuse to leave.
Other than the one of you having a headache.
And it was time for us to go.'

You are an embarrassment.

'No!
I am your convenience.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Am Your Mirage

I thought you told me you were moving away?

'I did.'

Oh.
So you are here on a visit?

'No.
Just shopping for a few things I need.'

But you told me you were moving away?

'I did.
I moved away from you.'

Well,
It's good you're still in the area.

'You know what a mirage is? '

Yes.
Of course I do.

'That's good.
Then you will have no problem at all,
Considering me to be one.'

What are you saying?

'I am your mirage.
C-ya! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Am...Free

I am...
FREE.

'Of what? '

Well...
What sense would it make,
To be free?
If I do not constantly,
Remind myself of it?

'Why would you have to remind yourself? '

One never knows,
What version of it...
Is more expensive to experience.

I like mine basic.
I find it more cost effective.
And besides...
I am on a fixed budget.

And that's worth reminding myself,
Just how free I am.

'I can't wait until I am free like that.
I have creditors calling me on a daily basis,
To validate my bondage.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Appreciate Their Teachings

Many today are discovering,
The ease their introduction to poverty has become.
Some of us already experienced with its effects,
Thought of poverty as a prerequisite to upper mobility.
When people of a 'certain' class were living,
Right across the street.
Just before the terms minority and ghetto were popularized.
And poverty was 'NOT' a fast fall from greed.

We seemed to have never qualified for anything back then.
But sympathetic looks and eyes cast down...
From those with turned up noses.

That was a long yesterday ago though.
But today,
Greed has become the 'boss'.
People have falsified qualifiers,
Just based on them knowing how to use a pen.
To sign documents eventually forged to approve a loan.
I couldn't make this up if I wanted to.
Too much of this is factual.

And people are up in arms,
About a downward credit rating...
That puts a smudge on their pretentions.
And that hole they have dugged deep...
Will take a hundred years to plug.

Many today are discovering,
The ease their introduction to poverty has become.
Some of us already experienced with its effects,
Thought of poverty as a prerequisite to upper mobility.
And not a fast fall from greed.
We seemed to have never qualified for anything back then.

I remember those who now crawl on their knees,
Use to say to my family and me...
Back in the day of our struggles,
How unfortunate 'we' were with their sarcasms.

Today I look at 'these' people and purposely buy a can of beans,
With a slowing of an opening done...
To then eat the beans in their honor.
Expressing a blessed thankfulness for having people like 'them'...
To realize how much I appreciate their teachings.

Maybe they will...
'Get off their lazy ignorant butts and find a job.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Appreciate Your Keeping Of Such Distance

If I am not mistaken,
Wasn't it you who stated to me...
Skills I had were being wasted?
And I should concentrate with a more emphasis,
In applying my talents in fields of business.
Like banking or accounting,
With a focus on economics.
And I could count on a future of financial gains,
To remain well into my retirement.

If I am not mistaken,
Wasn't it you who stated to me...
Skills I had were being wasted?
And you without hesitation would remind me of this.
While I kept insisting with my creative persistence.
As you and your friends decided I should be distanced.
Well...
I thank you for your confidence.
And I appreciate your keeping of such distance.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Asked Him To Blow On It! (My First Kazoo)

I remember when I got my first kazoo,
In those days so slow paced...
I was bored to tears at recess,
When in elementary school.
We were made to think like fools then.
I am convinced of that.

So I brought my kazoo to school.
And sent to the principal's office.
And as I sat,
Watching the principal play with my kazoo.
I asked him to blow on it!
And he proceeded to believe,
I had asked him to do something else.
I had always been perceptive.
That's why in those days I was bored to tears.

So I cried!
Hating the thought of being sent,
To the principal's office!

I told one of my friends about that.
And within days...
I saw my friend's father,
Not shake...
But hold the principal's hand!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Barely Can Find My Own Thoughts

What do you mean I never think of you?
I think of you all the time.
In fact you are on my mind so much,
I barely can find my own thoughts to start...
Without you there blocking to stop them.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Bet That Is It

Come from behind,
The mood you love to shadow.
It doesn't quite hide,
What is inside you.

Come from behind,
The mood you love to shadow.
Or give me a reason or rhyme,
Why you occupy my mind.

And doing it,
On my time.

Come from behind,
The mood you love to shadow.
It doesn't quite hide,
What is inside you.

Come from behind,
The mood you love to shadow.
Or give me a reason or rhyme,
Why you occupy my mind.

From night...
Until the Sun,
On the horizon shines.

Is it that you want your heart there for me to find?
I bet that is it!
Is it really what that is?
I bet that is it!
Is it really what that is?

Is it that you want your heart there for me to find?
I bet that is it!
Is it really what that is?
I bet that is it!
Is it really what that is?

Come from behind,
The mood you love to shadow.
It doesn't quite hide,
What is inside you.

Come from behind,
The mood you love to shadow.
Or give me a reason or rhyme,
Why you occupy my mind.

Is it that you want your heart there for me to find?
I bet that is it!
Is it really what that is?
I bet that is it!
Is it really what that is?

Why can't you let me know alone?

I bet that is it!
Is it really what that is?
I bet that is it!
Is it really what that is?

I bet you want me for your own!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Came To Accept The Invitation

What does one do when found attractive?
Available AND dateless.
With a presentation that begs for attention.
And the ease of it makes one suspicious.

'Have we met before?
You look awefully familiar.'

~I was thinking the same thing about you.
And you do.~

'Are you in the neighborhood?
I mean...
Do you live here in it? '

~I could if those needs were met.~

'What kind of...
Needs.
If you don't mind me asking? '

~I was hoping you would...
Ask.~

'Who sent you here?
And don't laugh.'

~My heart.
And my willingness to listen,
Finally.~

'Why are you licking your lips? '

~I'm beginning to notice,
We both want to grope! ~

'And that was the first time done,
Ever looking into someone's eyes.'

~I am not surprised by that at all!
I came to accept the invitation.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Came To Deliver Your Dreams

I came to you.
Believing I was needed.
Believing I assisted,
With the sharing of your happiness.

I came to you.
But from your point of view,
I was in need of charity.
And you sacrificed your donations to please.

Either way,
We spent little time communicating our minds.
With more of it invested in foolish misunderstandings.
Without accepting the giving intended,
In the sharing of blessed gifts to offer.
And the basic caring to fulfill our needs.

Either way,
We allowed appearances to get in our way.
And on the day we met,
I was not thinking of being impressive.
I came to deliver your dreams.
With not a thought premeditated,
For profound commentary.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Can Afford To Be Patient

I can wait.
I can afford to be patient.
There is nothing left for me to prove,
To myself or others...
With a doing done that has been consistent.
And observing those upset,
Who insisted for many years...
I wasted blessed gifts to me that were given.
To sit and procrastinate.
With time too late to chase unfulfilled dreams.

I can wait.
I can afford to be patient.
There is nothing left for me to prove,
To myself or others...
With a doing done that has been consistent.
I can wait and be humored by those still hesitating,
To tolerate excuses made...
By others chasing dreams they fake.
When no dream I've ever had has escaped,
From my vision to see realized.

I can afford to be patient.
And I can wait.
Since other dreams I am creating to appreciate,
Are in development to make their presence felt.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Can Afford To Gloat

Under your direction,
Our entire belief system...
Has plummeted.

Why are you gloating?
You have been clearly defeated,
By your foes.

'I know!
But my ego had never been involved.
Those who opposed my recommendations,
Have devastated themselves.
And what has been exposed,
Is their lunacy.
Not mine.
I attempted to find ways to save their 'beliefs'.

So...
What is your next move?

'A repeating of what I initially said.
We,
Not me.
But WE have lots of work to do.
You've already proven your personal attacks on me...
Does not solve 'your' problems.'

I can afford to gloat.
The only risk I have taken,
Was to reveal the truth.
Your belief system needed to be freed,
From delusions kept that cause your bleeding.

And...
Not once,
Did I call anyone a fool.
Or an imbecile.
I am proud of that.
And I am not gloating.

That is 'your' interpretation.
But 'if' it pleases you to believe that?
A gloating done I will do.

Now...
Do you insist on continuing playing,
Childish games?
Or...
Do you want to get down to business?
It's up to you.

And,
Remember this...
I can afford to gloat.
Can you? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Can Be Naïve

Most of my lusty ways,
Have been primarily delusional.
I will admit to it.

Most of those lofty expressions I make,
Are spoken to entertain...
The nimbleness of my own brain.

I admit there is a wall,
Behind a façade I've installed.
Only to protect what others do not suspect.

I can be naïve.
Sensitive and easily crushed.
By anyone I've selected...
Who has the nerve to refuse my lust!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Can Be Wrong

I can be wrong,
To admit it
But...
You can't be wrong,
No matter what it is.

I can be wrong,
To admit it.
And...
When this is admitted,
You ball up your fist.
And when this is admitted...
Less truth you wish to get.

I can be wrong,
To admit it
But...
When this is admitted,
Less truth you wish to get.
And when this is admitted,
I duck from flying fists.
And...
When this is admitted,
I exit from you quick.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Can Boot A Droop

I can move from a mood that I've been brooding.
But I don't know why,
I can't give it up!
No...
I can move from a mood that I've been brooding.
And I will defy...
I'm in a rut and stuck up.

I can boot a droop.
And pooh pooh who I choose to leave.

I can fly from any coop.
And still enjoy my own company.
Hey...
I'm in no rut or stuck up,
Since I've got with me a rudder.
And...
I can boot a droop.
And choose to pooh pooh who I leave.
Hey...
I'm in no rut or stuck up,
Since I've got with me a rudder.
And...
I can boot a droop.
And choose to pooh pooh who I leave.
I said...I said...I said and able,
I can boot a droop...
And choose to pooh pooh who I leave.

I can move from a mood that I've been brooding.
But I don't know why,
I can't give it up!
But I can boot a droop and choose to pooh pooh,
Whom I please.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Can Do Love

Too familiar with truth,
To become separated from that bond.
Could I do marriage again,
With a role play to do without end?
No!
But I can do love.
With no pretentions to begin.

And devoted to it,
Would not be questioned.
A chemistry would ensure,
The endurance of honesty...
Shared between two would never confuse.

Too familiar with truth,
To become separated from that bond.
Could I do marriage again,
With a role play to do without end?
No!
But I can do love.
With no pretentions to begin.

A love that is true can not be divorced.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Can Do Without

What can you give me?
My grandparents?
I doubt it.
My parents?
I'm sure you can not.
My son?
Forget it.
My friends who were murdered?
I can't discuss it.
Can you give me back my two ex-wives?
Or that love from them I 'thought' I had?
They gave that back to me.
Or my youth?
I just through that in,
Because I know that's impossible.

You can not give to me your integrity.
You have already shown you don't have that!

What can you give me?
For what price would I have to pay?
And...
I am not for sell.
You've already attempted to play me cheap.

And what you have sold to others,
I don't want to be a part of.
That's for them to keep.
And discreetly if they wish.

That's why I couldn't accept from you anything!
You have already shown...
That which you have to offer...
I can do without.
I seek nothing that is worthless to me.
I have had my rewards and prizes in my life.
And those that still remain treasured...
I make sure to them I keep that known!

Even if you bragged you had an extra million dollars,
To throw away to impress.
I would tell you to do that.
Since from you...
What you and I have had,
Has already been addressed.
And I know...
You can't give to me anything.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Can Handle It

Who do you come to when...
Your 'world' begins to cloud.
Who do you come to when...
The freshness of the air,
Suddenly becomes foul.
Who do you come to when...
Arms known to you are open wide.
To wrap you within them...
Soothing to do to calm your every sigh.
Who do you come to when...
Others don't appreciate what it is you do.
And your troubles seem to double,
From puddles you step in...
You can't take anymore to walk through.
Haven't I been here?

I know your days are not all great.
And I can handle it.
I know at times you feel betrayed.
And I can handle it.
You should know by now,
What it is I can and can not do.
But nothing for us is impossible.
Haven't I been here to make that clear.
To prove I can handle,
Whatever those days bring...
I will not allow you to go through alone.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Can Love

My love is shared,
When it is not disrespected.
Or taken for granted and neglected.

I can love.
I know it!
It's not as if I don't!

But I won't let it,
Be abused or used.
Or given as if,
When I give it it's expected.

I can love.
I know it!
It's not as if I don't!

I've said 'I Do' twice before.
And I'm prepare to say it once more...
When I know that door can be opened,
Once again.
By that special 'someone'
Who knows my love for them does not end.

There is too much of it,
I have within me to give....
Unconditionally as long as I live!

I can love.
I know it!
It's not as if I don't!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Can Not Help It

I can not help it.
I want you.
I simply can not help it.
Everyday you're on my mind.
I...
Can't seem to help it.
Other thoughts I try to find,
To keep the want of making love to you...
Off limits and kept from me confined,
So you can't see what you do to me...
Wishing with you I could do all the time,
To help you want to help me.
Everyday.
To help you want to help me.
Everyday.
To help you want to help.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Can Not Imagine

I can not imagine living,
Anywhere...
To not take notice,
Of the environment.
Or completely become disconnected,
From changes being made...
That are visably effective.
With them allowed to escape,
My attention to give a shown interest.

Nor can I imagine living anywhere,
To have my life affected for decades...
As the quality of it fades to decay.
And then decide with others to protest,
How so many have been ravaged...
By a decline that has reached their doorsteps.
To then have it 'suggested',
A collected unity...
Can prevent a disaster 'now' all have come to see.
With it pretended what is seen is disbelieved.

I can not imagine living,
Anywhere...
To not take notice,
Of the environment.
Or completely become disconnected,
From changes being made...
That are visably effective.
With them allowed to escape,
My attention to give a shown interest.
But then again,
What I have witnessed without imagining...
Seems to re-occur,
As if the doing had been time-released.

'Why aren't you joining us to prevent,
What is happening in our community? '

~I've done that to do too many times.

To find my recommendations to suggest,
Were thought to be negative.
And they were quickly rejected.~

'But times have changed! '

~I know.
And as the old saying goes...
Why beat a dead horse,
To try to revive it to come back alive.
When a leaving it alone,
Is the best thing one can do.
With a proving to accept a making forward steps,
Is best for the one who chooses to move on.
Since what is dead and obvious,
Can not thrive on death as a preference.~

'That doesn't make sense.'

~I know.
And no more time will I waste,
Imagining it can happen.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Can Not Imagine My Life Without You

I can not imagine my life without you.
It's like hopping on one leg...
After I've been using two!
Or kissing with one lip.
I know I wouldn't enjoy it!
And to have no tongue?
My close ties with God,
Would have to be undone!
Until He decided,
I am deserving of another one.
With full lips to kiss.
And two legs to chase you...
When your teasing persists!

I can not imagine my life without you.
Especially when I 'let' you win arguments.
Those I know I have no chance anyway.
So the best I can do is to listen and sit.
Until you get over it...
With whispers in my ear.
To awaken me from a sleep...
When you realize not a word from you I hear.
And that seems to make it clear,
I can not imagine my life without you.
And you know I am the only one,
Who refuses to give you attention...
When you just want to vent!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Can Not Locate A Benefit Of Doubt

I dislike pretenders.
And when I begin to notice them...
I can not locate a benefit of doubt.
I see them for who they are,
Before they find out...
They have been analyzed by my probe.

And,
I am not discourteous at all...
When my microscoping is over.
Nor do I engage them in a battle of wits.
I've discovered people like this,
Are seeking support for their distorted beliefs.

So,
When I exit from them to leave,
I do it with the best showing of respect.
People who pretend,
Are no different than the ones...
Who become over-protective of their impressions.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Can Not Teach You How To Get It

Yes, I have my issues.
With each I have admitted.
There are struggles I've been through.
And some I still have that I deal with.

I have my days when my flaws loudly speak.
With blemishes I wear and carry,
Exposed publicly.
And accepting 'me' as I've done.

I know I feel a freedom.
That seems to conflict with no one...
But you!
And I can not teach you how to get it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Can See The Evidence Of That

Yes...
Of course,
I do remember you.
And all the fun we had back then...
In those days as children spent,
We together knew.

But to say I wish to reminisce,
Each one of those days...
That are now hazed by the effects of time,
Have been from both of us distanced.
I know it has from my mind.

To expect I will spend time trying to recall them,
Is a bit ridiculous.
Since for me...
I have had so many varied experiences.
That has made us both different people.
I've grown and developed a broader consciousness.
And it would be hard for me to do that with you.

'Is that so?
Well,
I am going to stay exactly the way I am!
I 'aint' changing for nobody.
No-Bah-dee! .
Thas wassup, 'P'...
You dig? '

Oh 'mos def'.
I can see the evidence of that!
You still wear the same high school jacket.
And on your head is that 'same' baseball cap.
How long has it been?
46 years? !

'And...
What is your point?
At least the dudes I hang out with...

Aint trying to be pretentious,
Boring people to tears.
All my kids' mamas know I aint in that crap.
When I get bored I split! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Can Take That Now

No matter if I am not
What was once there,
But now you say...
Has long been forgotten.

I have not dropped you,
From my heart...
Or out of sight and view.
I hope I will be forgiven.
To let each other live.
And become more positive.

No matter if I am not,
What was there...
When we both shared and cared.

There is none other,
I would dare to say I loved.
After all we have been through...
I guess I am due,
To get a taste of your bitter attitude.

I can take that now.
And understand.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Can'T Admit To Secrets

Accept to believe it,
Because it's true.
Accept or leave it,
It's up to you.

I can't admit to secrets,
If I don't have them here to keep.
And I don't commit to secrets,
Because I wish to sleep in peace.

There is nothing hidden to omit.
And I don't lie with it to exist.
I don't keep secrets,
From you.
And I've never wished to do this,
To prove...
I could do it to dupe when I choose.

I can't admit to secrets,
If I don't have them here to keep.
And I can't commit to secrets,
Because I wish to sleep in peace.

Accept to believe it,
Because it's true.
Accept it or leave it,
It's up to you.

I can't admit to secrets.
And, I can't commit to secrets.
There will never be secrets,
To prove I could keep you duped.

I can't admit to secrets,
Like some may do when they confess...
Their secrets,
To lie about to leave them stressed.
I can't commit to admit,
That I've kept secrets...

Like some may do when they confess,
Their secrets,
To lie about to leave them stressed.
I can't commit to secrets.
I can't admit to secrets.
Like some may do when they confess,
They've lied about and now they're stressed.

Accept to believe it,
Because it's true.
Accept or leave it,
It's up to you.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Can'T Answer That

Is a return to appreciate someone,
Just too late?
When one discovers,
A position taken of a situation faked...
Had been by another instigated to irritate.
Is it too late when one waits too long,
To express to another an appreciation?
And that time has gone?

What if an attempt was made,
To right a wrong that had been done.
And someone had been accused and blamed,
To discredit and defame.
Should a forgiveness be given?
When an admission of guilt has been finally admitted.
Or should a door that had been open be permanently locked.
Since all feelings of the situation has in the mind been stopped.

'Is that a question asked and said off the top of your head?
Or is this a feeling expressed from your heart instead? '

I can't answer that.
I wont allow my emotions to be played or reminisced.

'So...
You speak of this hypothetically? '

Are you going to answer the question?

'What are your expectations? '

I don't have them anymore.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Can'T Argue With Your Assessment

How many times has my reluctance to say no,
Left me feeling as if I have betrayed myself?
And worried if I did say 'no'...
I would offend some unseen deity,
Who then decides my attitude is not good enough...
To reside for eternity with wings and golden slippers,
As I sang sweetly in the presence of The Supreme...
Floating around freely in heaven.

'Well...uh...'

And my choice of tone to use,
Was not found acceptable...
By uptight self-righteous faking faith 'Christians',
Given free passes to voice their opinion...
When my life appears on a huge flat screen,
Going through a flashback treatment on judgement day!
And all of this happening and held against me,
Because I told someone where to go?

'My son.
Listen to Me clearly.
I was cool with you up until the time you stood,
In the middle of the minister's sermon...
With the giving to him your finger.
And then to express to him what to kiss,
Upon your exit from the church...
I find unacceptable.
You will be placed on a 90 day probation.
That's it.
I have spoken.'

Well...
You 'are' the Boss.
And I can't argue with your assessment.

'Consider yourself very fortunate, My son.
You have tested Me more than once.'

Your Most Significance?

'What is it? '

Is it possible I can use 'work-in-progress',
As my defense?

'I'll have to think about it! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Can'T Be Boxed In A Frame

I can not sit for long in one zone.
Oh no!
I'm not the one who can sit.
I need a challenge,
To match my itch.

I can not sit for long in one zone.
Oh no!
I get bored with that quick.
My itch will need a quick fix.

I can't be boxed in a frame,
To tame.
And with a label that's named.
No!

I can't be boxed in a frame,
To claim it fits.
And I'll stay the same.
Knowing I'm needing a change.

I can not sit for long in one zone.
Oh no!
I'm not the one who can sit.
I need a challenge,
To match my itch.

Some people like it steady.
Prepared and ever ready.
Like the movement of a clock,
They want to hear and see it moving with a tick tock.

I can not sit for long in one zone.
Oh no!
I'm not the one who can sit.
I need a challenge,
To match my itch.

I can not sit for long in one zone.

Oh no!
I get bored with that quick.
I need a challenge,
To match my itch.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Can'T Breathe

No honey...
I'm not wishing upon a star.
Your standing on my foot.
The one with the corns,
Bunions.
And ingrown toenails!
I can't breathe.
That's why I'm whispering.
The pain is killing me.
Please...
The weight.
I'm losing consciousness.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Can'T Buy Another Lie

I can't buy another lie to tie up my life.
No.
My diet wont treat it.
I can't buy another lie,
To nibble and try.

No I can't buy another lie to tie up my life.
No.
My diet wont treat it.
I can't buy another lie,
To nibble and try.

With a slice of apple pie and cider on the side,
And a piece of tainted meat...
Isn't good for one to eat.
It sticks and stays in between clean teeth.

With a slice of apple pie and cider on the side,
And a piece of tainted meat...
Isn't good for one to eat.
It sticks and stays in between clean teeth.

No I can't buy another lie to tie up my life.
No.
My diet wont treat it.
I can't buy another lie,
To nibble and try.

Whomever's in the kitchen mixing more tricks to fix,
I can't buy another lie to nibble and try.
Whomever's in the kitchen fixing more tricks to mix,
I can't buy another lie to nibble and try.
Whomever's in the kitchen mixing more tricks to fix,
I can't buy another lie to nibble and try.
Whomever's in the kitchen fixing more tricks to mix,
I can't buy another lie to nibble and try.

I can't buy another lie to tie up my life.
No.

My diet wont treat it.
I can't buy another lie,
To nibble and try.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Can'T Drink The Lemonade I Made

When you miss me...
That's when we kiss a lot!
And when we're touching...
That's when we talk nonstop!
And when we're holding...
We begin to rock!
With a rocking heard...
Around the block.

You make my blood just rush!
If I had it in me I would blush.
You make my chest puff up!
Knowing that somebody loves me...
That much!

When you're near me my knees get weak.
And,
When we're not together I don't sleep.
And,
There's little more I can do...
When my mind's always on you too!

And,
When you're near me my knees get weak.
And,
When we're not together I don't sleep.
And,
There's little more I can do...
When my mind's always on you too!

Oh,
I can't drink the lemonade.
No...
I can't drink the lemonade I made!
Oh,
I can't drink the lemonade.
No...
I can't drink the lemonade I made!

And,
When you're near me my knees get weak.
And,
When we're not together I don't sleep.
And,
There's little more I can do...
When my mind's always on you too!

You make my blood just rush!
If I had it in me I would blush.
You make my chest puff up!
Knowing that somebody loves me...
That much!

Oh,
I can't drink the lemonade.
No...
I can't drink the lemonade I made!
Oh,
I can't drink the lemonade.
No...
I can't drink the lemonade I made!

When you miss me...
That's when we kiss a lot!
And when we're touching...
That's when we talk nonstop!
And when we're holding...
We begin to rock!
With a rocking heard...
Around the block.

Oh,
I can't drink the lemonade.
No...
I can't drink the lemonade I made!
Oh,
I can't drink the lemonade.
No...
I can't drink the lemonade I made!
I can't drink the lemonade I made!
No...

I can't drink the lemonade.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Can'T Let Go

When do I begin,
To say 'enough'.
And let what has troubled me in the past,
End!
What addicts me to revisit,
Emotions still raw...
To self inflict?
Only I seem to sit,
Prepared and ready for conflict.

Holding onto a bitterness,
I can't let go.
Although I must quit!
What initiated it?
I don't remember that at all.
I do, however, recall wanting to play baseball.
And 'someone' shouting,
'He's too young!
He can't hold the bat!
And besides that...
That kid is too small! '

When do I begin,
To say 'enough'.
And let what has troubled me in the past,
End!
Especially those things that happened in grade school.
When I wanted to fit in,
With the other children!

'Uh, grandpa?
Snap out of it!
You'll be fine.
Somethings take a little bit longer than others.
But you will be okay! '

Too SMALL?
I'll show them!

Note:
Some of us 'do' harbor ill feelings for far too long!
Maybe beyond the ridiculous!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Can'T Put My Finger On It

Why Don't I like you?
I don't know.
I can't put my finger on it.
I just know I don't.

Maybe one day,
We will become lovers.
And I'm sure by then,
I will have an explanation.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Can't Take It Anymore

The one disease people fear most,
And has begun to spread as if an epidemic.
Is truth.
Truth to speak it and to hear,
Has left many heard screaming...
How some have come to take away,
Their quality of life.

'Everything is in an upheaval.
Corruption shown and distrust for others,
Is ruining everyone's mind...
To find they are tormenting themselves.
Baited to be crazed.
As their minds become decayed.'

~Please. Please, go away.
I can't take it anymore.
You and others like you,
Are trying to destroy my values.
You are trying to disturb my precious way of life.
I can't. I wont take it anymore.
I'm going to call the police.
POLICE. POLICE. I'm being attacked.
I'm being attacked.
Help me. Somebody PLEASE. PLEASE help me.~

'Oh.
And the aliens?
They are everywhere.'

~AHHHHHHH.
Help me. POLICE. Somebody, PLEASE! ~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Can'T Yodel On A Horse

Keep this in mind...
I wear my sox,
And tie my shoes.
Do you?
Hip hop and fox trot?
Tango and bop?
Don't worry if you don't!
I can't yodel on a horse.
And I am willing to bet...
That is your area of expertise.
You just look so confident.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Care

I care.
But with no one will I share,
A welcoming of their despair.

I have been there.
And with routine...
Struggled with troubles,
To get nowhere.

Until I chose to leave behind,
All those factors...
That comforted and satisfied,
My then limited mind!

I care.
But with no one will I share,
A welcoming of their despair.
Too much of life goes unexperienced.
And experiencing life...
Seems to bring a freshness,
To an atmosphere filled with stagnant air.

Philosophies and past ideals,
Spoken about but never seized...
Leaves those choking on remedies,
Of 'what could be' and possibilities.
But few are willing to venture...
Beyond their own censored cemented senses.

And in a country settled by Europeans,
A conflict remains...
As to whose mindset,
Has influenced the strain...
Of an etiquette that maintains,
And sustains a continued drain!
With such influence.

I care.
But with no one will I share,

A welcoming of their despair.
It is what it is...
And that's it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Care Enough To Agree With You

What isn't today known,
To one day have it acknowledged...
By others identifying it as 'wisdom,
Takes a willingness to face life.
And unafraid of truth or how painful the bite.
With its ups and downs and disappointments.
Mistakes to admit with a forgiveness permitted.
And refusing to accept ignorance as a pre-requisite.

To live through life in denial and making excuses...
Will always leave those defending their insecurities,
With a soliciting of others to believe...
There are those specifically picking on them to victimize.
And today...
So many prefer to remain in a mental bondage.
Free to limit their own experiences.
To then hold others accountable for their choices made.

'I can't read or write.
I'm too stupid to learn.
Others are too smart.
I am just too dumb.'

~I agree with you.
You're right.~

'You're just like the others.
You don't care about me.'

'I do care.
I care enough to agree with you.
Others would disagree.
To have you believe differently.
Right?
I'm on your side.
You say you are stupid and dumb and I agree.
How much caring shown from me do you want? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Cherish Those Steps Taken By My Ancestors

I cherish those steps,
Taken by my ancestors.
And I do my best...
To reflect against their shadows left.

I hold my breath,
With wishes to please.
I am here to uplift their spirits,
With a selfishness to receive...
Their blessings.

And to leave my mark,
To enlighten the brightness...
Given to me to spark,
A continued greatness...
My ancestors afforded me.

To fulfill with a belief I can and will
A destiny achieve!
And feeling proud I am allowed to labor,
In this quest with a life...
Blessed with such an honor,
That ignites to incite an encouraged insight!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Choose To Be A Rooster

I can strut it like a rooster,
Recently freed from being locked up inside of a coop.
I can strut it like a rooster,
Recently freed.
I can strut it like a rooster,
To cluck as I please.

I can strut it like a rooster,
Recently freed from being locked up inside of a coop.
I can strut it like a rooster,
Recently freed.
I can strut it like a rooster,
To cluck as I please.

And before the dawn,
I can disturb your sleep.
And as the Sun arises,
You wont hear from me a peep.
Because,
I choose to be a rooster.

I can strut it like a rooster,
Recently freed.
I can strut it like a rooster,
To cluck as I please.

And before the dawn,
I can disturb your sleep.
And as the Sun arises,
You wont hear from me a peep.
Because,
I choose to be a rooster.

I can strut it like a rooster,
Recently freed from being locked up inside of a coop.
I can strut it like a rooster,
Recently freed.
I can strut it like a rooster,
To cluck as I please.

Because,
I choose to be a rooster.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Choose To Be Eccentric

I don't think you are listening to me.

I make no attempts,
To duplicate the efforts of others
For comparison purposes,
That may gain your approval.
If I left that impression...
May I have it back?

I am carving out my path in this jungle.
Alone and slightly nervous...
Without a sigh of desperation or fear.
I want to make that clear,
To anyone in doubt...
And in observation!

I am not the 'next' of anything!
I am the first of everything.
I will ask for your advice,
Perhaps.
And if I do so...
It is not a request to hold your hand,
Or be handcuffed to ideals!

This is what I want understood.
This is what I want you to understand.
And that is the only reason you noticed!

The fact that I enjoy eating crumpets,
Sipping mint tea naked in public...
Is MY decision,
And has nothing to do
With seeking attention,
Trust me!

What do you mean I am being arrested?
Because I attest restrictions?
I protest.

I don't think you are listening to me,
Officer!
I choose to be eccentric!
And the other patrons are offended by that!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Choose To Heal

I've decided not to be reminded of my griefs.
I've learned that carrying a baggage of sorrows,
Only weighs on my back...
Unhappiness to be left to be repeatedly monitored.

Tears cried as others measured my pain,
On a scale from one to ten...
Are days I've chosen not to live.
Again!
And again.
AND...again without end.

Why should I celebrate my agony,
On a regular basis?
What does doing this for me achieve?
A hatred and bitterness I pray from me will leave?
Or a constant search to seek validation,
How miserable my life lived can be?

NO!
For others that may be so,
To acknowledge without a letting go.
But for me...
My happiness comes with the knowing,
I can forgive.
Not forgot!
My mind wont let me do it.
But make attempts to forgive I can do.

I've decided not to be reminded of my griefs.
I've learned that carrying a baggage of sorrows,
Only weighs on my back...
Unhappiness to be left to be repeatedly monitored.
I choose not to keep my healing wounds,
Left to pick to bleed repeatedly in anger.

I choose with faith,
That God will handle my business.
I choose with faith,

God has my back.
And will correct all that has gone wrong,
To make right for my life.

I choose with faith,
That God will handle my business.
I choose to heal,
Not to relive moments of my agonies.
I already know what it takes to moan.
I already know that process.
I've renewed my commitment to living.
And give my deepest respect,
To those who had experienced...
Untimely deaths.

I've decided not to be reminded of my griefs.
I've learned that carrying a baggage of sorrows,
Only weighs on my back...
Unhappiness to be left to be repeatedly monitored.
I choose not to keep my healing wounds,
Left to pick to bleed repeatedly in anger.

I choose to heal.
Not to be left,
For the rest of my life dropping tears wept.
To spend in the process of mourning.
Riding high on the shoulders of grief.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Choose To Listen And Comprehend

Your words...
The voice
Of who you are,
Is heard.

I choose to listen.
And comprehend,
Emotions sent.

Lamented in unspoken sentiment.
Written with intention unhidden,
And meant to loom in my mind to linger.
Perhaps to even cement within.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Chose To Like My Own Life

I chose to like my own life.
It wasn't easy then to do it.
Since many then pretended,
With no identifiable dignity.
Or a pride that had reality.

I chose to live my life right.
Free of masquerades,
And...
Those days I spent charading.
With dim light to pass.

I chose to greet the morning Sun.
Feeling a freedom at last.
Like never before I felt could be done.
I opened the door inside of me once closed.
And released my own mind...
To find a truth I could believe,
See and daily breathe.
And wanting more of 'me' exposed.

And I chose to like my own life.
Not finding fault or wrong with it.
Or defending what for me felt right.
What for me I knew existed.

I chose to like my own life to live,
As I do...
To prove,
It is mine to live it as I choose.

And this day I choose to live my life!
And so peaceful do I sleep at night.
Free of masquerades,
And...
Those days I spent charading,
Behind an assortment of masks.
With no direction on my path,
Cemented and paved.

I chose to like my own life.
It wasn't easy then.
Since many then pretended.
As if that was their task.

And pretending for me,
Has ended.
As clear as unstained glass,
Allows light to pass through it brighter...
With no intention to leave a blemish.
Coming as it does,
To radiate that which lives.

And this day I choose to live my life!
For me...and you too.
To get those deeds we need to do,
Done.
Knowing now we have identified,
And overcomed the fear...
Of liking one another like we like ourselves.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Chose To Mickey With The Mouse

I chose to mickey with the mouse,
And that's how it started...
Easy to manipulate and delude.
I chose to mickey with the mouse,
And that's how it started...
Losing to deny it and refusing truth.
I chose to mickey with the mouse,
And that's how it started....
Giving up my mind.
Giving up my time.
And giving up to turn my back,
On what was true.

I chose to mickey with the mouse,
And that's how it started...
With a giving up to turn my back on what was true.
With a giving up to turn my back on what was true.
With a giving up to turn my back on what was true.
I chose to mickey with the mouse,
Like many still do.
I chose to mickey with the mouse,
Like many still do.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Chose With This Prose To Share

I could,
With this prose...
Ramble on,
Nonsensical.

And in doing so,
Seek content.
In a way I believe,
Would have intention meant.

But for some living foolishly,
Whatever another observes and perceives...
Would be for them a waste of print.
And that would be,
Their message sent.

Yet there come those days,
That separate themselves...
From events experienced,
Like none that have before been felt.

And with aging comes an acknowledgement...
Of an acceptance done,
As one awakens to enjoy each moment.
To appreciate with gratefulness...
An opportunity to address,
A growing enlightenment...
Arriving to inspire within one's consciousness.

I could,
With this prose...
Ramble on,
Nonsensical.

However...
It seems that in the making of sense,
Only those who have the time to do it...
Are the ones caring less,
To make attempts to convince!

And I chose with this prose,
To share a part of me I willfully expose.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Close My Eyes

I close my eyes.
And when I do,
Nothing I have heard you say...
To have said,
Stays in my head to keep it...
Memorable to believe.

Visually...
You are beautiful.
And appealing in the latest fashions.
Your hair and what you wear,
Are images of perfection.
That is a fact.
When you enter a room,
Attention you attract.
To entrap captured.

But a feeling that you mean anything,
To me you wish it felt...?
I close my eyes and when I do,
It is as if I am still waiting...
For whatever it is to connect,
That has yet to arrive.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Come Out Swinging!

I come out swinging!
I don't need a damn bat.
When I am at home plate...
I aim to send a message.
I do not condone,
A weaking of my fate.
With a static that is 'rapped'.

I've waited too long,
To correct many wrongs.
Those of which...
A stagnation was pitched.
To find me in a pity.
Lost in a deep darkened ditch.

I come out swinging!
I don't need a damn bat.
When I am at home plate...
I aim to send a message.
I do not condone,
A weaking of my fate.
With a static that is 'rapped'.

Nor do I need a pat on my back.
From those who choose to use deception...
As a means to expose my imperfections.

I was the first,
To recognize my blemishes and flaws.
Now I stand at bat.
To hit homeruns,
And dropp disparaging jaws in awe!

I come out swinging!
I don't need a damn bat.
When I am at home plate...
I aim to send a message.
I do not condone,
A weaking of my fate.

With a static that is 'rapped'.

Or give attention to shallow attempts
To mar my presence...
As one less honorable,
Than the one I've been blessed...
With a gratefulness to create.
And strengthened by obstacles that test,
By those who believed my abilities fake.

'Stand back fools.
You seek to dim my natural light.
Okay...
Give me what you've got!
But never make attempts again...
To keep my journey blocked,
With your nonsense and foolish whims.
About 'that'...
I am not!
I am about business.
My business!

Call this vanity if you wish.
Whatever the time you have to waste to do it...
Do it!
And be dismissed,
And quick! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Come To Dwell In This Loneliness

I come to dwell in this loneliness.
It is my turn to do it as I wish!
I am not that far away from moonbeams,
And stars.
But right now I'd rather ponder my heart...
Where it is,
And who has a part!

I come to dwell in this loneliness.
Thinking of those I love...
And how much they are missed!
In a way I can only say,
As a poet can convey.

I come to dwell in this loneliness.
But torment and grief...
Is not what I am here treating!
I am remembering them,
With love that wont end!

I come to dwell in this loneliness.
It is my turn to do it as I wish!
And when I am finished,
I feel a burden lift!
Without agony relived...
Since I am aware,
Love is still there.
And for me I realize,
True love was shared!

I come to dwell in this loneliness.
And it's okay...
It does not stay.
Like the love that was known,
And remembered shown that way!

I come to dwell in this loneliness.
And when this period permits...
It will leave me lifted,

When it is done with its visit!

I come to dwell in this loneliness.
But not to hide...
Or become absorbed with it!
It is my turn to do it as I wish!
And when it departs,
It leaves a happiness in my heart!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Confess

It is true.
I confess.
I have been spoiled.
And My Father,
The Almighty...
Knows this confession best.

When I feel I have a need,
And I please My Father...
With deeds I attempt,
And some not successfully...
My Father decides,
To then surprise.

It is true.
I confess.
I have been spoiled.
And My Father,
The Almighty...
Knows this confession best.

When I pray each day,
And express my gratefulness...
I don't take for granted,
Those blessings from My Father...
I know from Him I get.

When I find I struggle,
And I am wet with sweat...
I am comforted by My Father,
Who then allows...
My peace and rest.

It is true.
I confess.
I have been spoiled.
And My Father,
The Almighty...
Knows this confession best.

Before Him I place no 'thing' I value more.
Before My Father,
I profess a love for him that is adored.
My loyalty and devotion,
Is given without thought.
And My Father and I...
Tackle those obstacles,
He assists me to abort.

It is true.
I confess.
I have been spoiled.
And My Father,
The Almighty...
Knows this confession best.

And nothing do I have do I take for granted.
I know from 'WHOM' my gifts have come.
I know from 'WHOM' has 'allowed' this to be done!

It is true.
I confess.
I have been spoiled.
And My Father,
The Almighty...
Knows this confession best.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Could Arrest You For Disturbing The Peace

What's going on?
What is this all about?
And why is that guy standing,
With his hands above his head
Butt naked?
And why are there two groups of people,
Arguing with one another?

'Officer.
I want these people out of my store.
They are ruining my business.'

Has anyone stolen anything?

'No.
That guy naked,
Came into my store.
And said he had 'had' it.
He wanted me to call the police.
I told him he committed no crime.
Then I said
Sir,
Even if you stripped butt naked
With your hands above your head,
That would be indecent exposure.
I could have you arrested for that!

Well.
I called 911.
While I was explaining what was going on.
Those people standing over there,
Thought he was not indecent.
That other group over there behind you.
Decided that he was

And then he started screaming,
~What difference does it make if I am circumcized or not?
I am the one requesting to be arrested.

So.
What is it you want me to do?

'GET THESE PEOPLE OUT OF MY STORE! '

I can't.
Aren't those people still in the middle of their debate?
When did debating become a crime?
Now I do admit,
This situation is most unusual.
But calm down.
And I 'hope' you have a permit for that gun.
I could arrest you for disturbing the peace,
And threatening your customers.
I'll have to call for backup.
Are you the owner?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Could Be Interrogated For The Rest Of My Life

Hey...
What can I say?
I am not without,
My own severe limitations.

If breasts do not sit on the chest,
As my fantasies expect them...
I could be interrogated for the rest of my life,
If shown a face picture of my ex-wives.

I would not remember who they were,
Standing next to me covered in street clothes.
But I could tell you...
Which one had those that bounced.
And who had the ones that perked,
As if perched.

And how you have described them,
I can tell you too have no clue.
They remain as far as I know...
Respectable women.
Unless time has changed their points of view.

I know I have memory lapses.
And I am sure some sagging has occurred,
On those two!
Time has a way of changing definition.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Could But I Choose Not To

If one has been given a gift to 'see',
With a wish to deliver...
That vision coming to one with insight,
To another but that other argues...
And refuses to listen to comprehend,
Then...
The best thing one who 'sees' can do,
Is to observe without displaying an attitude.

'Can you believe what had happened to me? '

~No!
What happened? ~

'You're not paying me any attention.
Are you listening? '

~Sometimes I do.
Sometimes I don't.
Does any of this sound familiar? ~

'That's not funny.'

~Who's laughing?
I could but I choose not to.~

'You 'think' you know everything, don't you? '

~Only when I 'think' it is convenient.
But today?
I've stopped seeing as well.~

'You've got jokes, huh? '

~Apparently none you find funny.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Could Do It Better

I don't understand as good as I should.
And I know I could do it better.

I don't do my best when 'that' I could.
And I know I should do better.

Patience to listen to comprehend,
I could do this done better.
Deciding my attention undivided to give,
I could do this done better.
To empathize to realize and not compromise,
I could do this done better.
Forgiving to forget and to apologize,
I could do this done better.

Live life to let live and let it be done,
I could do this done better.
Appreciate the people who go and come,
I could do this done better.
And accept,
This I could better.
Without regrets,
This I could do better.

Live life to let live and let it be done,
I could do this done better.
And accept.
This I could do it better.
Without regrets.
This I could do it better.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Could Do Tears

Ladies and gentlemen,
We are so pleased to announce...
A successful defeating,
Of those we have picked to see fail.
Now...
And with your help and best wishes,
It is our hope to undo what we've done...
To mend the lives of those,
We have totally broken to prove with this doing...
An assurance of an empathy,
We will...
From this day forward guarantee to be documented.
And proclaimed...
As a slight adjustment made,
To have created a dint in our greatness...
With a returning of all the hype and pretentiousness.
How does that sound?

'It reeks with sincerity.
Read it again.
This time lose the smile.
I understand it comes from nervousness.
But the audience?
The may perceive something else from it.'

I could do tears.

'Only to drop from one eye.
Not both.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Could Have Easily Used A Simple Wrench

What do I think about the increase,
Of today's rising social ills?

I remember once having a leaking faucet.
I ignored the dripping of it for weeks.
One day it got on my nerves so bad,
I broke the handle off the faucet.
And tried to stop the gushing of water.
And ended up,
Having to have my entire bathroom remodeled.

And then decided to take out a loan,
To redo my entire home.
Only to discover,
The value of my home depreciated...
When the homes around me were being foreclosed.

And now I am stuck with a bill,
My grandchildren's children...
Will never be able to repay.

And everyday I say to myself...
I could have easily used a simple wrench,
To tighten a loosened nut!
And that would have stopped the dripping.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Could 'Never' Be Repetitive

If I wanted I too could choose,
To live a life that is redundant.
In an existing repetitiveness.
With a love of doing it,
Day after day after day after day.
Night after night after night after night,
From Sunrise to Sunset from dawn until it dusks.

If I wanted I too could choose,
To live a life that is redundant.
In an existing repetitiveness.
But I don't.
I choose to do something different,
Everyday and night...
From Sunrise to Sunset from dawn until it dusks.
With a love of doing it,
Day after day after day after day.
Night after night after night after night.

And...
To do this with belief,
A routine I keep faithfully...
Is kept and approached with a fresh perception,
Day after day after day after day.
Night after night after night after night,
From Sunrise to Sunset from dawn until it dusks.
Knowing that I could 'never' be,
Repetitive!
Not me.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Could Not Have Shown You That!

By that time you were in between,
Making up your mind...
Which direction to take,
With an identity that was your own...
I had been there, by myself, alone!
And you could have asked me...
What it was like.
But that struggle would have been,
Still your fight!

I know for you...
The road ahead would have been easier,
To pursue.
But,
You chose not to ask what you should do.
And I respect that.
Since we have become closer...
After you stumbled more than a few times,
To know exactly what you've gone through.

And...
I could not have shown you that!
What you needed and wanted,
Could not have happened overnight.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Could Not Move To Boo Hoo

You once had said you loved me,
But the end of fun had come.

And there,
I stood and was stunned.

You left it to your friends to tell me,
It was over and done.

And there,
I stood and was stunned.
There was...
No place I could run.

I could not move to boo hoo,
'Cause I felt like such a cuckoo.

And there,
I stood and was stunned.

If I was a drinker,
I'd be woozy from the booze.

And there,
I stood and was stunned.
There was...
No place I could run.

You once had said you loved me,
But the end of fun had come.

And there,
I stood and was stunned.

You left it to your friends to tell me,
It was over and done.

And there,
I stood and was stunned.

There was...
No place I could run.

I could not move to boo hoo,
'Cause I felt like such a cuckoo.

And there,
I stood and was stunned.

I could not move to boo hoo,
'Cause I felt like such a cuckoo.

And there,
I stood and was stunned.
There was...
No place I could run.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Could Reach From A Stoop

Up from sitting on stoops in projects,
I can glow clear and bright...
As a star at night in the cloudless sky.
And visit a full Moon,
Just because I wanted to.
With a daring from anyone,
From my remembered childhood...
That I could reach from a stoop,
To realize whatever it was I chose!
Knowing it would be ultimately my efforts,
That ceritified my qualifications to prove in my doing.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Could Use A New Suit

I have misplaced twenty dollars.
And it drove me crazy,
That I could not find it.
But misplacing six hundred million dollars?
And claiming not to know where it is...
When it belongs to someone else too,
Smells of theft.
Misappropriation.
Fraud.
And, a willingness to publicly do it.
Call this whatever name it is given.

To describe the loss as a misunderstanding,
And a mistake of accounting procedures...?
That will be corrected and not happen again?
Uh...
But...
Where is the money?
Whose pockets did it line?
This...
Can not be blamed,
On the shift of unexpected bad weather!

'But...
Could that be used as a possibility? '

And...
If it is as easy as that to take and not find?
Who are these people...
That can get away doing this time after time?
I want in on this action.
I could use a new suit!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Could. I Would. And, I Will...

In a flight that has never grounded me,
To relate to life in physical limits.
To perceive an existence,
Bombarded with restrictions.
An acceptance of that...
I would not allow to weigh on my back.

Different,
I had been depicted.

But a resistence to this,
Did little to prevent my wishes...
To fulfill and make real,
Those reachable dreams.

I could. I would. And, I will...
See!
With a confidence driven by nail biting sacrifice.
And a discipline applied day and night...
To make my creative beliefs come true.
They just would not let 'me' let 'them' go.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Cried Away The Tears From My Eyes

I cried away the tears from my eyes.
Trying to minimize the hurt I felt inside.
I cried until my eyes had dripped and dried...
That night you walked out and said goodbye.
Making me to feel I had been downsized.

I cried away the tears from my eyes,
Connected to your leaving with a grieving underneath!
And rode it out the rest of the night...
Alone and knowing you were gone on your own.
And wouldn't be answering your telephone.

I cried away the tears from my eyes.
Trying to minimize the hurt I felt inside.
I cried until my eyes had dripped and dried...
That night you walked out and said goodbye.
Making me to feel I had been downsized.
Hoping one day I could apologize.

I cried away the tears from my eyes.
Hoping one day I could apologize.
Since you made me feel I had been downsized.
That night you walked out and said goodbye.
And I cried my eyes until they dripped and dried.

You came and maximized my whole life.
But you hit me in the gut with a sucker punch.
And caring less I'm in a mess,
Feeling much crunched.

I cried away the tears from my eyes.
Trying to minimize the hurt I felt inside.
I cried until my eyes had dripped and dried.

I cried away the tears from my eyes.
Trying to minimize the hurt I felt inside.
I cried until my eyes had dripped and dried.
Trying to minimize the hurt I felt inside.
I cried and cried until my eyes had dried!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Cry For You

I cry for you...
In places where I am served
Scotch and soda.
With either a lime to twist,
Or a lemon to chase.
Taking my time not to waste,
A single drop!

'I'll take another, bartender!
Pour it on.
Don't stop! '

Dewdrops sparkle,
When the skirt of morning lifts with light!

I cry for you...
Each morning,
Without shaving...
Unshowered and dazed,
From too much to think!
Drunk as a 'skunk' drinking...
I must stink of loud accusations?

Not a word of excuse was spoken!

I look down at my shoes...
And I realize I am missing a sock.
No one looks shocked.
And concern does not visit,
Anyone's eyes!

Are you surprised?

I cry for you!
No matter what you've done to me!
Or torture claimed I put you through.
I cry for you...
And hope one of us has moved on
To welcome new horizons.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Dare Anyone To Say I Embellish

How do I know times have changed,
And say that with a confidence?
I can say I've seen homosexuals and lesbians...
Engaged in public sex,
While filming pornographic scenes...
In between advertising the marketing of KY Jelly,
With the boring to tears of some school kids...
Sitting in a park skipping school,
As they sit giggling enjoying the passing of crack.

As busy censors do their best...
Trying to discover who is using the 'N' word,
Inappropriately on TV as if this bothers blacks.
As they sit to listen to rap music,
That offends everyone.
And Snoop Dogg is an honored guest,
At Buckingham Palace dressed and high off weed.
These are the days we live.

And I dare anyone...
To say I embellish with exaggeration!
Or have said 'anything' that conflicts,
With the existence of standards valued...
As representing lofty and moralistic ideals.
Those days are gone along with the expressing of respect.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Dare To Adventure

I don't make attempts to define,
What it is I did to do to have done.
Or oppose interpretations,
Of those who might have some.

Too long I've been probing,
Below surfaces to explore depths.
To allow my mind to ignore confinement,
Others seeking limits within them to accept.

Nor can I say I am completely without fear,
When I dare to adventure.

Nor can I say all doubts I chase away.
But it is with faith I stay on my path to journey.
And if I experience anything to regret,
I do not pretend I am not upset to let it be known.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Dared

All that is,
And welcomed to be remembered...
Lives here,
In my heart within me.
To be recaptured,
As fresh
Or as stale as I choose to recall.
So packed my life is with memories.
Sometimes I find myself laughing or smiling alone.
Knowing I've done some outrageous things.
And happy today...
I dared!
And was encouraged to live uninhabited.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Decided To Affirm What I Wanted

With all things considered.
And less to reminisce,
That is remembered to forget...
The only focus I now have,
With a hope to keep...
Is on a deserved peace of mind.
To have come to be found,
When it came to me unexpectedly.
I decided to affirm what I wanted in my life.
And demanded in my life what I wanted made right.

I think I was then walking away from an ache.
A pain I was determined I was going to shake,
To seek more happiness for myself to find.
And I can not believe I use to perceive of this,
As a selfish activity I refused in my mind to accept.
I wanted more happiness and demanded that to get.

You know...
Some folks believe to grief for them is a blessing.
And when I confess this to God to be expressed...
About my being a trooper with burdens carried on a heavy chest.
God said to me,
'Blessings like that you did not from Me receive.
Who's been feeding your head with that kind of nonsense? '

But...
Aren't You God?
Don't You expect me to endure Your tests?

'Yes I do.
But I did not create you to endure pain.
I don't want you worshipping any other gods 'before' ME!
If you are not happy I expect you to come to ME 'first'.'

That's what I've decided to do.

'And it took you this long to do it? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Demand A Return Of Those Old Remedies

I understand the economy suffers,
From an assortment of bankruptcies.
I understand there are those...
Who may be processing for the first time,
Their own financial emergencies.

No need to tell me,
I must endure through agonies.
Yesterday...it 't'was'...
I would not fathom or could believe,
Such dire straits would dance upon the horizon.
But...
So much for tragic impressions!
'Where' is my caviar?
And before dinner hors d'oeuvres...
I've grown accustomed to eat.
I'm feeling a bit despondent.

'Uh...Mister Pertillar,
They have long not been within your budget! '

EXCUSE ME?
I want and need my delusions fed!
Where has the Prince of Delsuions gone?

'He and the others,
Were replaced by your new medications.'

Well,
I demand a return of those old remedies.

'Sir...
Your 'supplier' is on strike!
Demanding those fees be hiked.'

Oh I can't wait until they legalize that stuff!
What has happened?
Has 'everyone' been corrupted...
By rumors and that kind of bluff?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Desire Only His Blessings

I've stopped attempting to find explanations,
For my thoughts.
Or, make someone feel less intimidated...
For the experiences I have,
On the avenues I've walked.

I am not seeking to please
Or satisfy another's comfort...
To discover me in a defensive position.
Needing or pleading from anyone,
Their attention.

Did I mention...
I make no excuses or seek acceptance.
I am a grown man.
And I am who I am.
I seek only God's favor.
And I desire only His blessings.
For which I am grateful.

Any forgiveness or forgetting that has to be done...
Is discussed when I am in conference with Him!
And we...my God and me,
Are not seeking outside approval!

Inspired by:
Anita Atina
Mumbai, India

'Thank you so much, Anita.
Be well, prosperous.
And enjoy your abundance of faith,
Which supplies all needs! '

Lawrence

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Detest Those Kinds Of People

Please,
Do not interpret my giving...
Of an unsolicited opinion,
To be biased in any way.
Or as a passing of judgement.
I detest those kinds of people.

However...
Why were those folks invited,
To this exclusive party?
They look as if,
They have an absence of social skills.
I hope I am not approached.
What on Earth would 'we' have in common?

And I know for a fact,
People who live where they live at...
Are not what you might say,
Mentally equipped to comprehend...
Any of the subjects we will be discussing.

And...
Take a look at his shoes!
The last time they had a shine on them,
Was when he took them out of the box.
And that 'had' to have been many years ago.
I'll be right back.
I need a double scotch and ginger.

'I hear you.
I'm glad those people who pass judgement aren't here.
They would have a field day picking people like that apart.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Did

I did,
Once think with thoughts...
I had found my ideal mate.
I did,
Find those days more glossed.
And free of flaws.
I did,
Whatever I could...
To accept and appreciate delusions.
I did,
Play it safe in the creating my own life.
With the belief my mate and I,
Were perfect in every way.
I did!
But don't regret anymore do I now,
Having the ability not to let brick walls...
Stall reality like I did not to do, again.
Since truth to feel it for what it is,
Will always be the truth.
No matter who believes it can be deceived.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Did It Right

What a wonderful feeling,
One to self can finally admit.
To not question or doubt,
The truth of it that exists.

I Did It Right.

Anyone who has arrived,
With a knowing what it takes...
To hold and not let go of a wish.
Or become discouraged,
By time or words heard to lose interest...
Should not give up or give in to this.
Never let a dream die if it's on a wish list.

I Did It Right.

If there is 'anyone' with a dream,
Wanted so much...
Hold tightly onto it and in 'mind' keep it touched.
Make each day an awakening process,
To appetize and savor that which is wished.
And one day that taste will become reality.

I Did It Right.

Maybe not overnight.
But what has been envisioned to see,
To know it clear and broad daylight as real...
Gone will be the need to convince,
Since what is felt is a truth to feel.
Persistence and not quitting did it.

I Did It Right.
It can now be admitted.
With a validating why the feeling is there.

My life, my wants and wishes.
To know there had to have been a reason,

Why fears I had to face with faith and sacrifice.
And today I can say to myself, I did it right.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Did Not Lose Any Sleep When You Left

Your decision made to follow others,
On a path that seemed safely paved for you...
I respected.
With my regards given,
As my last remarks.

That you appear today to say to me,
There are regrets you wish to express...
Will not recapture,
The many years of suggestions...
I gave to you I believed were best.

What are you expecting,
From me to you for your ears to hear?
An 'okay' with understanding?
As if when you left me you did not make it clear,
To the others you chose to follow...
How crazy you thought me to be!
And my 'know-it-all' personality...
You were glad not to have it near you,
Finally.

Well...
I did not lose any sleep when you left!
And I am sure I will sleep even more peacefully...
When in a few seconds from me you will leave.
I am not here to host another game you wish to play.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Did Nothingto You

'I did nothing to you.'

Isn't it ironic,
When these words are heard...
They come from the voice of one,
Expressing childhood innocence.

And directed they are to another to convince,
What had been tolerated repeatedly...
Makes more sense to end the nonsense,
Than to experience more of it again.

And without one word left to express,
From shut lips tightly pressed.
The one who has had it...
Just walks away with nothing else to address.

'I did nothing to you.'

Isn't it ironic,
When these words are heard...
They come from the voice of one,
Expressing childhood innocence.

And without one word left to express,
From shut lips tightly pressed.
The one who has had it...
Just walks away with nothing else to address.

'I did nothing to you.
Idiot.
Who cares...
Fool.'

And directed these words are,
To another to convince...
What had been tolerated repeatedly.
Is making more sense to end the nonsense,
Than to experience more of it again.

'You're a big stuck up fool.
I did nothing to you.'

And without one word left to express,
From shut lips tightly pressed.
The one who has had it...
Just walks away with nothing else to address.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Did That From Scratch

Some create their best work,
By using their abilities to cut and paste.
And with fresh glue to apply to it too...
Motivates them to bragg about their talents.

When I hear someone say,
'I did that from scratch.'
And I believe their statements...
As I witness their fingers,
On their heads do that.

To create from 'nothing',
That one envisions from an inspiration...
Isn't easy to put together,
For pieces of it to fit.

And after what one completes...
Others become motivated,
To snip an idea.
As a qualifying aspect of their originality.
Signed and delived with no sweat equity attached.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Didn'T Expect You To Be Prepared For That

Did you think I came to you,
To tenderize the moment?
I didn't come for that.

I came to spread some light on your darkness.
With a whip that cracks.
And I didn't expect you to be prepared for that.

That's why I brought along a stiff kick...
To set it a blaze up your lactic acid,
Placid plucking monoaminergic ass!

'Why are you so angry?
And what does all that mean? '

I'm not as nearly as angry as I was,
When I started composing this.
That's why I am late getting here!
It took a while to put this together.
Don't ask any questions!
You make me sick with your laziness.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Didn'T Express That Assessment

I will never find you trustworthy.

'Why?
Because I have the right to change my mind,
When I decide?
And I am not concrete in any decision I make,
To declare I've made one to keep?
And I have never did anything to prove I have integrity? '

That's my feeling about you exactly.

'Well...
Everyone has a right to express their own opinion.
Even though I may not agree to that assessment,
You have of me.'

Remember...
I didn't express that assessment.
You just made it easier not to argue with you.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Didn'T Have That As An Option

Read this at your leisure.
With a doing to comprehend if wished.
You are not obligated to understand...
Once a message comes to me then goes,
How detached I am.

And like a tool to be used,
Nothing about it done did that I do...
Will leave me feeling a need to detail explanations.
Since whatever it was I left to be read,
Sometimes bewilders me as well.

'So...
What are you saying?
Sometimes you don't understand the message?
You own message? '

Trust me,
My own mother use to say and do things to me,
I would ask her 'why' and what she meant.
And she said one day I wouldn't have that need to ask.
And sure enough...
Here it is years later and she was right.

'Oh.
So she was a writer too? '

She wrote.
But she was more of a disciplinarian.
Before the doing of it became outlawed.
And desrespectful children were taught,
To dial 911.
To report the doings done by their parents.

'So...
What is 'your' message? '

Oh no.
You wont get me to beat it into your head.

I did say...
Read it at your leisure.
I didn't have that as an option.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Didn'T Pay That Much Attention

You came to rip me up to bits...
Then you were gone.
And I stood there just taking it...
Because I was wrong!

I didn't know...
How much you loved me.
No, no.
I didn't know.

I didn't pay that much attention to the caring there.
No, no.
I didn't know.

You came to rip me up to bits...
Then you were gone.
And I stood there just taking it...
Because I was wrong!

I didn't pay that much attention to the caring there.
No, no.
I didn't know.

I didn't know...
How much you loved me.
No, no.
I didn't know.

I didn't know...
How much you loved me.
No, no.
I didn't know.

I didn't pay that much attention to the caring there.
No, no.
I didn't know.
I didn't pay that much attention to the caring there.
No, no.
I didn't know.

I didn't pay that much attention to the caring there.
No, no.
I didn't know.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Didn'T Sell To You What You Bought

Why are you so insensitive?

'Insensitive?

I didn't sell to you what you bought.
Nor was I there to promise you fulfillment.
You are the one experiencing buyer's remorse.
What do you expect from me?
Empathy?

Remember...
You were the one to argue with me,
About minding my own business.
Since you didn't solicit any recommendations.
And if you sought suggestions...
It would be from someone,
You believed had more experience and expertise.

I'm not being insensitive.
I'm keeping it real.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Didn'T Think You Would Be That Observant

You expect me to sacrifice more,
With the giving to you...
The little that I already have,
To enable you to feed,
The continuance of your greeding...
With a feasting that leaves me grieving?
While I quietly sit back,
To allow that to happen.
As if I am consciously in acceptance of it?
To agree your needs have a more priority?

And...
You believe you are entitled to receive,
At my expense what I have earned...
From my own experiences,
You wish to see further diminished and condensed?
And I am suppose to agree to your nonsense?
Are you nuts?
Or just totally out of your mind?

'Well...
I didn't think you would be,
THAT observant.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Didn'T Want It Around

I sat and chatted with the fear I was given.
I had grown accustomed to it and grew tired.
And asked of it before I angered...
Why it felt comfortable to sit with me.
Why I had to look over my shoulder,
To acknowledge its presence?
And if it was not there...
Why was I out to find it?
To identify it.
And attract it back into my life.
And why was it closer to me than anyone?
I wanted an answer.
I looked fear in the face.
And I demanded that it leave me.
With doubt and all of its associates.
I did not realize how easy that was.
I knew then...
For fear to go,
I had to release my hold of it!
It was only there because I allowed it to visit!
And I didn't care who or what gave fear to me.
I didn't want it around!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Didn'T Want This To Admit

I wish I could say I awakened one day,
To 'decide' I would have interest...
In the writing of poetry to express.
Because nothing else kept my interest.
I wish I could say this to delude the truth.
But something within me I did not pursue,
I could not ignore even as a child to do.

In fact when I did it I hid it.
I didn't want this to admit.
In fact when I did it I hid it.
With hopes one day it would quit.

And then it became unexpected.
A desire to write on walls.
A desire I could not explain to anyone.
Or have it understood at all.

I wish I could say I awakened one day,
To 'decide' I would have interest...
In the writing of poetry to express.
Because nothing else kept my interest.
I wish I could say this to delude the truth.
But something within me I did not pursue,
I could not ignore even as a child to do.

And 'now' today it isn't hidden.
Today it's displayed to admit.
Today I am called a poet.
Although this title I am given limits.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Died Inside Slowly

I died inside slowly,
When I witnessed my son Michael...
Doing it many years ago.
Slowly and in a pain I still 'envision'.
At Saint Francis Hospital,
In Hartford, Connecticut.
That was in 1970!
To experience it again...
For me,
Would just be repetitive.

'Why?
WHY can't you do 'nothing'
Bur pump him up with drugs.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Do

Who wants a love like this?
One that one can't resist.
Who wants a love like this...
One that can't be categorized,
Or dismissed just that quick!

Who wants a love like this?
One that one can't resist.
One that can't be categorized,
Or dismissed just that quick!

I'm fascinated...
By what this could be.
Hold I do close.
I'm so elated...
No imitation.
It is not faded.
It kinda says,
Don't let this go
To my head!

I feel no need...
To feel demanding or greedy.
I am ecstatic,
That this has come to me!

Who wants a love like this?
One that one can't resist.
One that can't be categorized,
Or dismissed just that quick!

Who? I do.

I'm fascinated...
By what this could be.
Hold I do close.
I'm so elated...
No imitation.
It is not faded.

It kinda says,
Don't let this go
To my head!

I feel no need...
To feel demanding or greedy.
I am ecstatic,
That this has come to me!
Who wants a love like this?
Easy in the giving...
Long lasting to please.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Do Admit This

I must admit,
I've gone through several personality shifts...
During my lifetime.
Finding those adjustments not so easy to take.
But glad that God took the time with me,
To make those growth periods...
Ones I now appreciate.

I must admit,
I've had great teachers.
Several I did not meet in classrooms either.
I've had close relationships with those,
Who taught me lessons to keep.

I must admit,
I miss my grandparents and parents.
Ex-wives and tight friends who in my life,
And in my mind....
Will always exist.
It seems those who were most interested in me,
Are gone.
And for some reason what they taught,
Has left me powerfully strong.

And I do admit this...
So much of their presence lives within me.
I feel them surrounding me constantly.
Whether this is memory or actual occurrence.
I must admit,
They've assisted in my endurance.
Leaving me to know I am blessed!
And admitting to myself,
What they have left has allowed my happiness.

I would not be able to live,
Without this admitted.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Do Care

I do care.
With a caring done too few accept.
But I can't just neglect or pretend,
Reality to face...
Some would rather leave unmentioned,
For something more suitable...
With a sweetened taste.

If I were rich and had conflicts with greed,
Perhaps recommended visits to see a psychiatrist...
I would consider.
But I never lived being restricted by political correctness.
Or thought I should be apologetic,
To that which I observed...
Others did not have the courage to see.

I do care.
With a caring done too few accept.
I am often told what I mention offends.
As if I initiated a creating of my own visions.
I 'may' take a creative position to write what I see.
But to exaggerate with embellishment?
I do this less frequently.

I do care.
I care enough to give my perspective,
On what affects those who appear physically like me.
I pride myself on being who I am.
And as a nonfiction writer of poetry...
I am blessed with the gift of 'honesty'.
With a doing not intended to offend those pretentious.

I do care, however...
Hiding behind lies to protect those with excuses to make,
With their kept alibis to deny...
I can not say I have a craving to protect them.
Or do I contemplate stepping lightly around their delusions.
Since those deluded with wished deceptions to make,
Have never been close to be called the best of my friends.

Take me or leave me it has been done before.
But to be lonely?
With all of this 'reality' going on?
To be refused and not accepted?
To be neglected and not respected?
I don't think so. Not by me from my perspective.
I care to much for it to have it leave me alone.
I'm approachable. It can have me anytime it wants.
Come here, baby. Come to poppa!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Do My Own Mowing

I did not solicit your attention.
Your threats of me not getting more of it,
Suits me fine.

I just do not like the constant warnings,
Placed on my answering machine.

And that is why I called the police,
To remove you from my lawn!

And no,
Officer!
I do my own mowing.
And did not hire a gardener.

Especially one in heels and hotpants!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Do No Tours

Where
Do you get all of this 'stuff' from?
'From the attic'

From the attic?
But
I don't see any attic

'And you wont
I am the only one that has the key
And in my 'home'
I do no tours
I do guests
And no tours do those guests get.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Do Not Haiku

I do not haiku
Or miss a shoe
That sits untied

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Do Not Hunger For Your Unhappiness

My hands can gently hold.
Also ball into fists.
I refuse to lift my hands to hit.
I refuse that kind of anguish to sit,
Within me.

My tongue could be peppered,
Or honeyed sweet.
I could deliver bitterness,
Or clinch my teeth!
I could bite my lips,
And resist to throw a fit!
And I do...
With my legs.
Taking my heart away,
From all of it!

I will not entertain...
Your appetite for ignorance.
But I can.
I choose not to!
And I suggest...
You let this rest.
Since I've confessed,
I do not hunger...
For your unhappiness!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Do Not Play To Be Played

Freely I'm not one to give love.
With a doing readily expressed to show.
Love to me is precious to keep and share.
With it specially given.
I've never regarded my love as a sport,
For entertainment purposes.
Not me!
I care too much to just leave it anywhere.

Freely I'm not one to give love.
I feel if I have it it has to be earned.
I wanted it protected I don't want it burned.
I don't want my heart to be mended from pieces.
Or have my feelings tested to be left once teased.
Too many do that to appease their own needs.
And I care too much about love just to leave it,
With anyone who will do that to me!

No free love to anyone do I give.
Not today when much of love has been cheapened.
I want what I give to be recognized and respected.
And when that to me is shown...
What I give to then receive in return,
Will never be neglected with an ease to reject...
For what comes next.
Once love from me is given love is what one gets!
I do not play to be played to lose points another scores.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Do Things I Don'T Mean

Why do the same people,
Playing the same unchanged games...
Can not accept those who refuse to play them,
Have left immaturity and those still there...
With time to find on their minds,
Can do nothing else but remain confined...
To a doing that defines their childishness?
And then to pretend like children often do,
That 'someone' did something to offend them.
To then embellish and exaggerate,
The nothingness to them that has been done.

'What to you did they do? '

~You know how I am and others accept me? ~

'Oh? '

~You know how I do things I don't mean? ~

'Yeah, I do. But why continue to do them? '

~That's how I am.~

'Well...
Perhaps the 'you' that you are,
Should face the facts that others have grown up.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Do This For You

I do this for you.
I do this for you.
I do this for you.
I do this for you.

After all the things that we've been through,
Of course I do this for you.
And getting me upset like only you do,
Of course I do this for you.
Of course I do this for you.

I do my best to give you time.
Of course I do this for you.
And you have driven me out of my mind.
Of course I do this for you.
I do this for you.
I do this for you.
I do this for you.
I do this for you.

After all the things that we've been through,
Of course I do this for you.
And getting me upset like only you do,
Of course I do this for you.
Of course I do this for you.

If I look crazy...
And seem upset.
And you see the nerves about to...
Pop out my neck.
I do this for you.
I do this for you.
I do this for you.
I do this for you.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Do Wonder About This

I do not harbor or solicit,
Any perceptions that may distrust you.
Although I have noticed your persistence,
In eroding those perceptions...
You believe I might and should have,
To refuse those deceptions...
You to me would like to introduce,
With no regard shown to me at all.
Just as long as I pretend I am not affected,
By a preference you wish I should depend.

Now,
I do wonder about this...
Are you asking me to trust your deceptions,
With a more obvious devotion and loyalty...
To you known?
Or...
Are you asking me to consider re-evaluating,
Those perceptions of distrust I do not harbor...
To enable you to diminish my peace of mind.
Which is it?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Don'T Accept Uninvited Guests

Choosing to live life as you wish,
Has its limits I am willing to assist.
Meaning...
A probing done into my private business,
May get you to receive one of 'my' wishes...
Gift wrapped with a fist on the end of it.
If I am pushed to produce anger.

And perhaps then it will begin to dawn on you,
I don't accept uninvited guests.
With wishes to appease themselves,
At my expense to be disrespecting to what I protect.
Peaceful I am and ready to offend you or anyone,
To defend my privacy with an unexpected giving...
Done to deliver unannounced.

A novelty to please anyone,
Believing I am to be shown no respect...
Is not my ambition.
To be accepted and approved as 'nice' or liked.
By those who perceive I want that kind of attention.
I will never be accused of being a diplomat...
Or a vote seeking politician.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

'I Don'T Believe 'You' Wrote This! '

I am told I have a way with words.
I am encouraged when I hear that said.
I remember listening to my father talk.
And when he would sing...
He would bring a different meaning,
To each word I heard.
And what his singing to them he would bring.

My mother would play the piano.
Thunderous and loud!
And when I walked through the projects...
I would sing to the trees,
I once walked into one...
Humming to the clouds.

I would make up melodies and tunes with words.
Mocking my dad and my mother's love,
For gospel verse she would rehearse.

I didn't think anything really about words I wrote.
Until my sister read a poem of mine.
And I wanted to choke her by the throat!
YES!
She was the first to read something I wrote out loud.
I was embarrassed by that.
Her nosy grown up butt...
Reading my 'stuff' behind my back!

And then she said to me,
'I don't believe 'you' wrote this! '
I must have been 13 years old...
When I started to make my writing public.

I am told I have a way with words.
I am encouraged when I hear that said.
I remember listening to my father talk.
And when he would sing...
He would bring a different meaning,
To each word I heard.

And what his singing to them he would bring.

Each 'thing' I write now...
Is added to a mixed bag offering!
And reflecting how I'm feeling at the time.
I am grateful for this blessing.
It offers a comfort and a peace of mind!
And when someone says they enjoy what I do...
I must be honest with 'you', the reader!
I-do-too!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Don'T Come Cheap

'Stop! '
She says.

'I will not continue this futile babble.
Unless you offer some baubles and beads.'

~Are you serious? ~
He responded.

'Very! '
She says.

~I'm not paying for nuthin'
I can give to anyone for free.~
He says.

'That's fine with me! '
She says.
'Cause I don't come cheap,
When it comes to listening to BS.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Don'T Do Demands

I don't do demands!

I 'may' take a request,
Every now and then.
Very cautiously.

At one time...
I would dropp whatever I was doing,
To be at someone's beck-and-call.
I had to put an end to that.
Some folks began making suggestions,
As to how I could do for them...
A better job!
YES.

'Maybe you should do it this way.
So and so said...'

I don't do demands!
I 'may' take a request,
Every now and then.
Very cautiously.

And...
Very cautiously,
I ask myself...
IF I am prepared to receive critique,
By the one who has asked for my assistance.

I don't do demands.
Especially made by those who say...
'Will you do this for me.
AND make comments.'

~I feel very appreciative,
You are demanding of my time.
AND...
You would like my comments,
As to how that time of mine I've spent...

Was enjoyed.
I'm getting goosebumps already.
I am shivering all over with just the thought of it.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Don'T Expect Respect

I don't expect...
Understanding from anyone selfish.
I don't expect...
A comprehension from someone among,
Those who have not sacrificed.
Or...
Those who live self-centered lives.

I don't expect...
Understanding from anyone selfish.
I don't expect...
A comprehension from someone among,
Those who have not sacrificed.
Or...
Those who live self-centered lives.

I don't expect...
Respect,
From them to get.

I don't expect...
Respect,
From them to get.

I don't expect...
Understanding from anyone selfish.
I don't expect...
A comprehension from someone among,
Those who have not sacrificed.
Or...
Those who live self-centered lives.

I don't expect...
Respect,
From them to get.
I don't expect...
Understanding from anyone selfish.
I don't expect...
Respect,

From them to get.

I don't expect...
A comprehension from someone among,
Those who have not sacrificed.
Or...
Those who live self-centered lives.

I don't expect...
Respect,
From them to get.

I don't expect...
Respect,
From them,
To get.

I don't expect...
Understanding from anyone selfish.
I don't expect...
Understanding from anyone selfish.
I don't expect...
Respect,
From them,
To get.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Don'T Get That Message At All

When no interest is shown...
Don't get upset,
Because it was not accepted!
Perhaps bad taste was displayed,
And it was thought of as rejection!
Who knows?
Either way...
Nothing today works like it did yesterday!
If I see one more exposed crack of ass,
I am using my passport and moving to...
Moving to...
Well,
Why wear a belt?
I don't get 'that' message at all!
Unless...
Dressing one for malfunctions
To capture a dysfunctional approach to life,
Is the rage! ?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Don'T Have To Crusade

I don't have to crusade to make a difference made.
If I can eliminate myself from making excuses,
To defend on a daily basis to allow that shown...
I've already impressed someone,
By a taking of that step I can identify as change.
And if I can do that for myself first to prioritize,
I've already made that difference to me known.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Don'T Keep Schedules For That

Try being sincere with a giving of respect.
And I will meet you back 'here'...
In 48 hours.

'I can't do it.'

Hey.
That was only 15 minutes.
You still have 47 hours and 45 minutes.
I was just about to leave.

'Where are you going? '

Are you kidding?
I've lived here most of my life.
I carry schedules for buses, trains and planes.
And the first one I can get a reservation on...
That's the one I take.

'To go where? '

I don't care and don't want to know.
Wherever that destination is...
I want to be kept surprised.

'For how long? '

Much longer than 48 hours.

'So you had no intentions of being here to meet me? '

Not really.
But I didn't think it would take you that quick,
To notice what I have known for years.

'I only came back to ask you,
Where do you recommend I go? '

Before or after you've been attacked by ignorance?

I don't keep schedules for that.
But I can direct you to where it can be easily found.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Don'T Know How You Do It

Even one's peace of mind,
Earned to keep to leave as wished...
Has become subjected to those,
Who can not seem to be able...
To prove they are mentally stable,
In the minding of their own business.

Even those who appear,
To have everything at their fingertips...
Are often those heard complaining,
About how they wish they had more time...
Others seem to find,
In a doing to pursue a getting of a peace of mind.

'I don't know how you do it.'

~How I do what? ~

'Manage to pretend as if you are so happy.
And nothing that you have impresses me at all.'

~Except my happiness.
And the pretentiousness in which it is kept.
Right? ~

'Anybody can pretend to be happy.'

~Well...
Let's both hope you are able,
To keep your negativity to yourself.
And I'll 'pretend' the reality of your ignorance,
Does not exist with wishes to offend me.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Don'T Know If I Like It

Why,
Are you in my mind...
More,
Than I'd like to admit.
More,
Than I can resist.
I don't know if I like it.

And...
Why,
Can't I find the time...
To,
Determine the reason or the rhyme...
You are in my mind,
Haunting.

You're haunting every move regardless what I do.
Haunting all my moods,
No matter what I choose...
You are there.
You are,
Everywhere.

Why,
Are you in my mind...
More,
Than I'd like to admit.
More,
Than I can resist.
I don't know if I like it.

Even in my dreams...
And I don't know if I like it.
Even my routines...
And I don't know if I like,
You are there.
You are everywhere.

In different scenes I see,

You are there everythere within me...
Haunting.

Why,
Are you in my mind...
More,
Than I'd like to admit.
More,
Than I can resist.
I don't know if I like it.
Or why it is invited...
To live and breathe so deep in me.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Don'T Know Of One

There's not too many people bleeding,
With it wanted done.
There's not too many people pleading,
With it wanted done.
Un uh.
I don't know of one.

Giving up pain and taking it.
I don't know of one.
Suffering but love faking it.
I don't know of one.
Crawling on their knees to please,
I don't know of one.
Sacrificing not to eat.
I don't know of one...
Un uh,
With it wished to come.

There's not too many people bleeding,
With it wanted done.
And there's not too many people pleading,
With it wanted done.
Un uh.
I don't know of one.
Un uh,
With it wished to come.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Don'T Know Why You Are So Sensitive

Not one word from me did you hear,
About your lifestyle being in a state of shambles.
Or my saying anything about your way of life lived,
Sitting on the edge of oblivion.

'It was implied.'

How?

'Your eyes are very expressive.
When they squint and your jaw drops,
It is a hint...
Something does not meet with your approval'

I don't know why you are so sensitive.
I am very tolerant of that which soon will not exist.
Somebody will eventually learn,
Which end of a broom is used and what a mop does.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Don'T Leave It To Chance

I don't leave it to chance,
In the hopes my wishes and dreams come true.
I don't leave it to chance,
In the hopes my desires...
Is what someone else wishes me too!

There aren't many people,
That way.
Or are they,
That committed to giving.

There aren't many people,
That way.
Or are they,
That committed to giving.

I don't leave it to chance,
And that way...
I'll get the benefit.

There aren't many people,
That way.
Or are they,
That committed to giving.

I don't leave it to chance,
In the hopes my wishes and dreams come true.
No, I don't leave it to chance,
In the hopes my desires...
Is what someone else wishes me too!

I don't leave it to chance,
And that way...
I'll get the benefit of it.

I don't leave it to chance,
And that way...
I'll get experience.

I don't leave it to chance,
And that way...
I'll get the benefit of it.

I don't leave it to chance,
And that way...
I'll get experience.

I don't leave it to chance,
I'll get experience.
I don't leave it to chance,
I'll get the benefit of it.
I don't leave it to chance,
I'll get experience.
I don't leave it to chance,
I'll get the benefit of it.
I don't leave it to chance,
And that way...
I'll save myself from heartache.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Don'T Like You

I do not like you.
And no liking of you from me,
Is going to be done.

And I'm sure you will get over it,
Since not a bill do I pay,
Delivered to your home...
With me doing it,
To ensure that is done!

No...
I don't like you!
And like me,
I am sure...
You do not like everyone.

It is a mutual agreement,
Only distance approves!
I know when you're breathing easier,
Not a thought of me occurs to you.
And far from my mind,
You are too!

And the paying of those bills,
No one thrills!
Today,
Or tomorrow...
To stun and chill.

No I don't like you!
And...
It is a mutual agreement,
Only distance approves!
I know when you're breathing easier,
Not a thought of me occurs to you.
And far from my mind,
You are too!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Don'T Play That!

Call me names!
Convince others I am a 'nut'
Talk behind my back...
And make things up!
Distort the facts,
As you are accustomed to do.
Criticize my demeanor,
When I am out of view.
Tell me to my face,
How close a friend you are.
But you do more pretending,
And pretense wont take you far.
Do whatever you think,
I am not aware you do!
Screw around with my 'work'...
And my abilities too.
You and others who see me as a fool,
Will discover that 'jerk' isn't me but 'you'!
I don't play that!
Those games are for children.
And adults who still play them...
Aren't worth the time to return that crap!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Don'T Pretend To Be Detached

From my doorstep I witness.
With an interest to experience,
Life!
And when I leave to explore,
I do it to observe,
That which is intact.

Attached I am to the facts.
Facts in an environment,
I don't pretend to be detached.
Yet so many are.
And I wonder how that could be?
But not for long.

From my doorstep I witness.
With an interest to experience,
Life!
So many don't.
And I wonder how that could be?
But not for long.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Don'T Recommend Sardines

I use to love my cabbage with potatos,
Buttered and baked.
And with fired pork chops!
Crispy too!
And that's what I ate.

Until I rediscovered,
A fresh salad with tomatos.
And...
With a slice of pound cake.
To me this was great.

But I don't recommend sardines,
For certain people.
Or acquiring a taste for rare steak...
Served to drip,
With a bleeding done on paper plates.

No...
I don't recommend sardines,
For certain people.
Or acquiring a taste for rare steak...
Served to drip,
With a bleeding done on paper plates.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Don'T Sit With Expectations

Nothing that I have given to give,
Do I regard in the giving...
As something I still own.
If I have it to give,
Why should I announce it to be known?

When I give that's it.
I don't sit with expectations,
Believing I'm deserving of a return favor or gift.
I'm not one to sit premeditating what it is I give.
Or a value placed on that which is received to take.

It would be nice if I am respected.
But I admit there is a bit of selfishness connected.
I know that God will bless me more...
If I give just to give and not think what it is for!
I don't need my back patted to have my ego explored.

And My Father doesn't tease when He pleases me.
I receive to do a giving and in that doing is my need!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Don'T Subject Myself

I don't subject myself to rudeness,
Or condone it where I go.
I see some prude who allow this crudeness...
As if ignoring it doesn't make it so!

I've earned the right to be respected,
I don't expect with demand that it's there.
But I do reject,
An offensiveness I get.
And I let it be known...
With me those actions,
Are not to be shown.

'And 'who' are YOU? '

I'm a grown man...
I don't have to prove that is true!

I don't subject myself to rudeness,
Or condone it where I go.
I see some prude who allow this crudeness...
As if ignoring it doesn't make it so!

And I don't mind,
Removing myself.
With a dignity I command...
And walking out your door!

Never to return anymore!

Leaving me and you too,
With an understanding of who I am...
If and when I should come around again,
And a common sense by then is found.
Hopefully!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Don'T Think It's Punch

Many have been so unfortunately deceived,
It's too incredible to believe they have not a clue...
As to which lies told to them to follow.

And those unrelenting to let go of truth,
Have decided to await for time to diffuse the issues.
With the hope what is revealed,
Will begin to mend and re-unite those brushed aside.

Today...
So many have begun slitting their throats,
Just to protect a false sense of pride.
Denying any presence of reality that pains them inside.
And why?

'Good question,
But look.
They have so much punch at their parties,
Buckets of it they pour in the backyard.'

I...
Don't think it's punch.
Too many have distanced themselves from reality.
Believing to see someone else's blood flow,
Will solve all their problems.

'Why do you say that?
Because they are not into punch? '

Yeah.
I guess you're right.
It makes little sense,
To attempt reversing a mind that has lost a touch,
With whatever it was that periodically visited reality.

'The noise coming from over there is so loud,
One would think that bone chilling screaming...
Would convince those hearing it,
They are not actually inside having a great time.'

You can not be serious.
I think we are witnesses to a crime.
A big one.

'Me too.
All that punch being thrown away.
And we weren't even invited.
I wonder what flavor it is? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Don'T Think So

Am I here once again,
To suffer through another round of...
Dodge the ball and duck from bows and arrows.
And be quick!
With a nimbleness of a rehearsing youth.

Am I here once again,
To minimize...
My anguish and tears to have them bared,
As if on call...
To fall.

Am I here once again,
To suffer through another round of...
On my knees.
On my back,
To adapt...
With a crawling again to stand tall,
Again.

Am I here once again,
To do that?
I
Don't
Think so.
There are boulders where I had before,
Leaned to rest and catch my breath.

Am I here once again,
To do that?
I
Don't
Think so.
But I'm not 'spiritually' oppose to show...
I could do that if I wished and I chose.
But I,
Don't
Think so.

Am I here once again,
To suffer through another round of...
Dodge the ball and duck from bows and arrows.
And be quick!
With a nimbleness of a rehearsing youth.
I could do that if I wished,
And I chose with a doing it.
But I,
Don't
Think so.

Could I want to if I chose?
I don't think so.
Could I do it just to show?
I don't think so.
To do it and be exposed?
I don't think so.
No I don''t think so.

Could I want to if I chose?
No I don't think so.
And could I do it just to show?
No I don't think so.
To do it and be exposed?
No I don't think so.
No I don''t think so.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Don'T Understand You At All

I don't understand you at all.
What has the tightening of my belt,
Have to do with the feeding of my gluttony?
Everywhere I look...
You Tease me with greed.
You offer my imagination,
A choice of varieties.
Even with my attempts to diet,
There are an array of them...
From which you bombard me to pick.
And no matter which one I select...
You create another method,
You say is more delicious.

I don't understand you at all.
What has the tightening of my belt,
Have to do with the feeding of my gluttony?
Everywhere I look...
You Tease me with greed.
You offer my imagination,
A choice of varieties.
Even with my attempts to diet,
There are an array of them...
From which you bombard me to pick.
And no matter which one I select...
You create another method,
You say is more delicious.

I don't understand you at all.
Are the warnings of a failing economy,
Just another one of your false calls?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Don'T Wanna Know No 'Mo

Yes, you're right.
I don't know.
And I don't wanna no 'mo!

Yes, you're right.
I don't know.
And I don't wanna no 'mo!

You complain,
Your life...
Is just not right.

All day.
And all night.

You say you need to change.
But the change you don't like!

All day.
And all night.

You toss and turn when your sleepin'
I hear you get up to weep.
You say the pressure cooks you.
And I'm the one at the feast.

I guess you're right.
I don't know.
And I don't wanna no 'mo!

Yes, you're right.
I don't know.
And I don't wanna no 'mo!

You are right!
I don't know.
And I don't wanna no 'mo!

You're right!

You are right.

You complain,
Your life...
Is just not right.
You say you need to change.
But the change you don't like!
You can not sleep.
You spend your time weepin'.

I guess you're right.
I don't know.
And I don't wanna no 'mo!

You are right!
I don't know.
And I don't wanna no 'mo!

You are right.

Good night.

Sleep tight.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Don'T Want To Be Let Go

Why is the sky so blue?
Why are your eyes,
Twinkling with stars?
I've analyzed this love.
And I am surprised,
It's still a mystery.

Why does my heart feel warm?
Since you've been there,
It even skips a beat.
You have me in your hands.
And I don't want to be,
Let go again!

Why are the nights so clear?
Why do the birds come near,
To sing like they do.
Under the full moon...
Just to be near me and you.

Why is the sky so blue?
Why are your eyes,
Twinkling with stars?
I've analyzed this love.
And I am surprised,
It's still a mystery.

Why does my heart feel warm?
Since you've been there,
It even skips a beat.
You have me in your hands.
And I don't want to be,
Let go again!

You have me in your hands.
And I don't want to be,
Let go again!
No I never want to be...
Let go again.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Don'T Want To Go

You know I don't love you,
But you made up in your mind I can not go!
And, you won't let me go.

You know I don't love you,
But you made up in your mind I can not go!
And, you won't let me go.

Oh-ooooh-oh
oh...ooooOOHH!
And...
I don't wanna go!

And I know you don't believe this, but...
You know I don't love you,
But you made up in your mind I can not go!
And, you won't let me go.

You know I don't love you,
But you made up in your mind I can not go!
And, you won't let me go.

Oh-ooooh-oh
oh...ooooOOHH!
And...
I don't wanna go!

Being here ain't easy.
And you won't let me go!
Your nose is just too busy.
And you won't let me go!
A busy body busy.
And you won't let me go!
I'd rather 'tip' and 'dizzy'
And, you won't let me go!

Oh-ooooh-oh
oh...ooooOOHH!
And...

I don't wanna go!

Oh-ooooh-oh
oh...ooooOOHH!
And...
I don't wanna go!

You know I don't love you,
But you made up in your mind I can not go!
And, you won't let me go.

You know I don't love you,
But you made up in your mind I can not go!
And, you won't let me go.

Oh-ooooh-oh
oh...ooooOOHH!
And...
I don't wanna go!

Oh-ooooh-oh
oh...ooooOOHH!
And...
I don't wanna go!

Being here ain't easy.
And you won't let me go!
Your nose is just too busy.
And you won't let me go!
A busy body busy.
And you won't let me go!
I'd rather 'tip' and 'dizzy'
And, you won't let me go!

Being here ain't easy.
And you won't let me go!
Your nose is just too busy.
And you won't let me go!
A busy body busy.
And you won't let me go!
I'd rather 'tip' and 'dizzy'
And, you won't let me go!

Being here ain't easy.
And you won't let me go!
Your nose is just too busy.
And you won't let me go!
A busy body busy.
And you won't let me go!
I'd rather 'tip' and 'dizzy'
And, you won't let me go!

Being here ain't easy.
And you won't let me go!
Your nose is just too busy.
And you won't let me go!
A busy body busy.
And you won't let me go!
I'd rather 'tip' and 'dizzy'
And, you won't let me go!

oh...ooooOOHH!
And...
I don't wanna go!

Oh-ooooh-oh
oh...ooooOOHH!
And...
I don't wanna go!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Don'T Wear Those Masks

I'm not in it for the fashion.
Or to shake my 'booty' to the music.

I represent what I feel.
It is real,
My heritage given.

An ethnic inheritance I honor.
And not a nightclub fling,
Waiting for the weekends to binge.

To awaken with a hangover on Monday...
With an excuse to make,
As to why I am late to perform my tasks.
Not me...
I don't wear those masks!

I'm not in it for the fashion.
Or a fad to display until it fades.

What you see is 'me'...
With an idenity I carry.
And bonded I am to it like a marriage.
Only death will divorce me from this love!
Firmer than steel in cement,
I am grounded.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Don'T Welcome Bitter Fits

I don't have a spicy tongue,
Normally exposed.
Until somebody stands too close,
To step on my toes.

I don't welcome bitter fits,
Instantly to show...
To anybody who should know,
When to get up and go.

I am respectful,
Until I can't be...
To those people unaware,
Of what this means.

I try to be accountable,
Without apologies.
I make sure I'm there,
Taking care...
Of responsibilities.

I don't welcome bitter fits,
Instantly to show...
To anybody who should know,
When to get up and go.

I don't have a spicy tongue,
Normally exposed.
Until somebody stands too close,
To step on my toes.
And when somebody does that,
My ignorance shows.

I don't welcome bitter fits,
Instantly to show...
To anybody who should know,
When to get up and go.

I don't have a spicy tongue,

Normally exposed.
Until somebody stands too close,
To step on my toes.
And when somebody does that,
My ignorance shows.

I am respectful,
Until I can't be...
To those people unaware,
Of what this means.

I am respectful,
Until I can't be...
To those people unaware,
Of what this means.

I don't welcome bitter fits,
Instantly to show...
To anybody who should know,
When to get up, leave and go.

I can be respectful,
Until I can't be...
To anybody unaware of what this means.

And I don't welcome bitter fits.
Or think of them as benefits...
When somebody gets me heated,
And my ignorance shows...
The moment someone gets too close to step on my toes.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Dropped My Draws

I dropped my draws!
And instantly...
We did not care,
Where they were!

I drew her in my mind!
All the time.
On my canvas!

I caught the sunlight on her hair.
Dew dipped in the mornings,
To glisten.
With a hint of tint...
Captured by the setting of the Sun.

And after I was done...
I would collect my drawings,
To begin my long walk home!
High on Russian Hill.
In San Francisco.

And she rushed around from Chestnut.
Brushed against me...
As I turned to lose sight of the Wharf.
We bumped!
And I dropped my draws.

Scattered they flew into the street.
She noticed her image,
On nearly all of them.
She looked at me and grinned.
Within an instant...
We fixed our eyes.
And neither one of us cared,
Where my draws were.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Drove

No back seat rider.
Cruising to view a life...
And selecting scenes,
Preferred and/or liked.
I drove.
Cautious.
Even though a few accidents,
Caused me to pay more attention.
Although that was meant.
I ran out of gas.
And stumbled when I pushed to fast.
But I finally found my path identified.
I felt at home!
I knew I had arrived.
I'm glad I took it upon myself...
To learn to drive.
Although my preference is to walk.
Observe.
Touch and enjoy life.
If I had cruised through it...
I would not have known,
How much of it I would have missed.
I drove with hope.
And faith kept me blessed,
To see my life from the driver's seat.
I drove over hills and through darkened valleys.
And there awakened to touch the sky at sunrise.
I drove at midnight.
And the stars would keep my dreams alive.
As obstacles kept my drive alive through thunder.
I drove...
Until I knew and felt the Sun,
Would come to chase rain clouds of storms away!
Although my preference is to walk.
And I do.
If I choose...
Today!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Exaggerate Not

If I knew what to do and say,
To feel in the doing...
What I did was appropriate,
I would do those things...
Without hesitation.
But I would be more observant,
Of the environment I was in.

I have learned today,
Even saying with a doing...
Of that which 'is' appropriate,
Will be misunderstood...
By those not comprehending,
What is appropriate from that which isn't.
And what is not intended to offend.

Even saying hello to someone today,
Can put one's life in jeopardy!
And I exaggerate not!
People have become protective of their insanities,
To which I pretend goes unnoticed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Exist For No Other Purpose

I am asked to give my support,
For this cause and that.
And for reasons I should not reject.

But I have needs myself...
Few have given attention to mention.
And even though I am blessed,
I do regret not being shown respect...
By those who suspect,
I exist for no other purpose but to give...
What it is I've got to be forgotten.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Feel A Rising

What I say to you,
Seems to be big news...
In-the-neighborhood.

I didn't think it true.
You...
Whisper in ears too.
I...
Couldn't believe you would.
I...I...
Wouldn't believe you could.
I...I...
Couldn't believe you would.
I...I...
What I say to you,
Seems to be big news...
In-the-neighborhood.

I didn't think it true.
You...
Whisper in ears too.
Why?
Why?

You come and go as you please,
And say...
Not,
A word to me.
Why?
Why?
Why?

You've got my heart wrapped up,
In some kind of beating hold.
I can't from you let go!
Why?
Why?
Why?

Why I let you torcher me...
Emotionally?
Why?
Why do I feel you needing?
Why is your heat so close to me?

You've got my heart wrapped up,
In some kind of beating hold.
I can't from you let go!
Why do I feel you needing?
Why is your heat so close to me?

What I say to you,
Seems to be big news...
In-the-neighborhood.

I didn't think it true.
You...
Whisper in ears too.

Why is that heat I feel on me...
Feel so good.
Why does that heat on me...
Feel good.
What is that heat?

Why is that heat I feel on me...
Feel so good.
Why does that heat on me...
Feel good.
What is that heat?

What we do,
Seems to be big news.
In,
The neigborhood.

Why is that heat I feel on me...
Feel so good.
Why does that heat on me...
Feel good.
What is that heat?

I feel a rising hypnotized...
By your heat.
Yes...
By
Your
Heat.
Yes...
I feel a rising,
By your heat.
I feel a rising.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Feel Fantastic

I feel fantastic!
How long will that last?
Until...
Well,
That I don't.
But I wont spend time,
To question or ask!
Or figure that out...
As you 'scout' about!

So don't waste yours,
Wondering in comparison.
There is nothing to compare.
Just remember this:

Stop before you start.
There will be no broken heart left here.
For you to drop...
To name as another victim tamed.
Or claimed you have trained,
To produce your wishes.

I said I feel fantastic.
Not stupid.
I didn't get to feel this way...
Without recognizing past mistakes.
To allow shallow flattery,
Consume a nonexistent ego!

Do you believe I am blind?
I have long left that kind of stupidness,
Far behind.
And that took some time...
To 'see' in my mind,
The teases you present.
Desperation...
Does not sit with me here,
In anticipation!

The only thing I'm giving up to you,
Is much gratitude!
I have found the strength...
To keep temptation you represent,
At a distance!

You have no idea,
How fantastic it is,
To know and hear...
That admitted.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Feel It Is Not True

I do not have to 'know'
It is not true,
To KNOW
It's not true!

I 'feel' it is not true!
And 'that' is HOW
I 'know' it is not!

Instincts?

You can call it what you want!
However...
If it does stink?
It will be brought out into the open.
Truth can not be concealed!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Feel So Stupid

There are those who have chosen,
To go out of their way...
With a doing kept believed,
To pick on someone else they perceive...
They can degrade to decrease,
Insecurities they have to momentarily cease.
Insecurities they keep deep inside felt protected.
To later discover they are the ones to be made fools.
By the ones who have done deeds,
Documented to leave and speak for themselves.
Regardless who flaunts a false sense of self.

'I feel so stupid.
So ignorant I feel to now show this exposed.'

~Okay.
Is there any one particular reason you feel this way?
Or does this feeling re-occur...
With it felt it might stay? ~

'I don't know.
That depends on where I've shown it.
And to who or 'whom' has known it.
Embarrassed I feel and I don't know what to do.'

~Oh.
So you're admitting this feeling isn't 'normal' for you?
I've seen you being stupid,
But I thought you were accustomed to the doing of it.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Feel Wonderful

Not only do I come alive,
When you give me the eye.
And not only do I feel inside,
So satisfied.
I...
Feel,
Wonderful.
Because of you.
Yes,
I...
Feel,
Won-der-ful.

Not only do I come alive,
When you give me the eye.
And not only do I feel inside,
So satisfied.
Because of you,
I feel wonderful.
This is true.
I...
Feel,
Wonderful.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Feel You

I...
Just because we're distant.
Still...
Although I admit it's different.
Feel you.
And I don't resist this.

Do you...
Have me in your view?
Do you...
Feel me near you,
Like I feel you too?

All day!
All night...
I feel you close not to resist.
All day!
All night...
The feeling I get stays and persists.
It's you I miss.
Do you know this?

All day!
All night...
I feel you close not to resist.
All day!
All night...
The feeling I get stays and persists.
It's you I miss.
Do you know this?

I...
Just because we're distant.
Still...
Although I admit it's different.
Feel you.
And I don't resist this.

Do you...

Have me in your view?
Do you...
Feel me near you,
Like I feel you too?

All day!
All night.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Fell To Get Up To Move On

When I fell...
I coveted the experience.
Oh yes.
And with a doing I did not expect.
I became possessive.
Caring less if another had done this.
And for what it seems to have been minutes,
I just laid there to dare to feel embarrassed.
I didn't.

When I fell to fall to find myself,
Facing the ground...
I knew it was then I found the true meaning,
Of what a getting back onto my own feet meant.
Since when I fell from a stumble to be humbled by it,
There was nothing to prevent me,
From making excuses to delude the happening.
I fell to get up to move on!
With a doing to remember I fell to fall for a reason.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Felt Freed

One day I awakened,
And there was an insignificance I sensed,
From yesterday!
That cleared the morning air.

There was something about my life,
That had arrived and I liked.
Appearing in my sight...
With such a happiness I could not ignore.
It was there to make certain,
I had been aware.

And whatever to me was done and/or said,
Before I laid my head down in my bed...
Prepared to flee.
Somehow this was unknown to me.

And when I had awakened it had fled!
No longer to me to be important.
To address as my priorities.
And I felt freed!
I felt freed.
I felt...
Freed!

To live a life much more motivated.
With a quest to face challenges...
I now seek and dare!
As opportunities to prove...
I can move anything off my path,
That isn't of benefit and doesn't belong there!

And I felt freed!
I felt freed.
I felt...
Freed!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Felt Insulted

I once did a task,
I thought would make others pleased.
I accomplished this with sacrifice...
Hoping this would elevate their priorities.

But they were of limited mindsets.
A bigger picture they could not see.
And one day I got a knock on my door.
From two who came to say...
'We appreciate your efforts.
And the quality of your deeds.
If you want us we are here,
To take you where you wish to go.
To hand out some flyers to promote us...'

Excuse me?
Say what?

You've come to do that,
So I can advertise your abilities?
And accomodate 'my' needs?
For 'me' that is what you will do?
So I can continue to observe you sit?
And watch you eat on my time too?

I felt insulted.
They had no clue as to why!
So I closed the door.
On them and that project...
I said a final goodbye!

And they wanted to get paid.
With a few tickets they sold.
And with lesser time spent,
To promote themselves made!
These Negroes were bold.

They had no clue as to why,
I felt insulted.

So I closed the door.
Not to re-open it again!
On them and that project...
I said a final goodbye!

'When folks begin to take advantage...
Disadvantage your input,
From those who do the taking.
And be sure the time you take for yourself,
Is for you to make better use.
And no one else!
Disadvantage your input.
Make some time for yourself.'

I have.
And I thank You, Father.
That was well stated!

'Thank you!
You are too kind! '

You think?

'Well...
I think your desires to assist others,
Within a certain creativity...
To get them to feed themselves,
Is a bit ambitious!

You know how some folks can be,
When they perceive these things.

As if they do 'you' the favor!
And trust me...
Everytime I hear them in prayer,
I understand what you mean!
I gotcha back, bruh!

Don't feel like the lone ranger,
Kimosabee!
Me see with eyes clear,
As I gaze upon the horizon.

Fixed I am...
In your heart and mind.
In this hemisphere...
And beyond, all the time! '

Father?

'Yes, My son.'

Why is it, Father.
You seek and go for the dramatics?

'You know they are from Detroit? '

WHO Father?

'The DRAMATICS!
What and 'who' are you talking about? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Felt Tested

A squirrel threw a 'nut' at me.
It didn't want it.
Neither did I.
It was too overdressed.
And I am no longer impressed,
By deception.
I felt tested.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Finally Began To Use My Head

It is not the standing on my own two feet,
With a walking tall...
That I have come to appreciate my legs.
Enabling me to do this.
It is the listening with my ears,
That I finally began to use my head...
To not think of my knees and hands,
As only crawling devices.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Find I Must Clear The Air

Why can I smell your lies?
And each time...
Before you attempt one,
I find I must clear the air.
Before you put one in it!

Why can I smell your lies?
And your mood that arrives with attitude,
Is something that's done...
To announce a lieing done comes.
And you're the one stun I no longer get upset.

That dance you do as a prelude to your tales,
Needs more direct eye contact.
And less shuffling of your feet.

And those lips you lick between nonsense sentences,
Could use more moisterizer.
Since the heat that keeps them cracked,
Comes out of a familiar twisted mouth.
You're the only one that hasn't figured yourself out.

Why can I smell your lies?
And each time...
Before you attempt one,
I find I must clear the air.
Before you put one in it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Followed

I followed.
And learned from one respected,
How to lead and leave...
Personal feelings,
Kept to keep unspoken.

I followed...
With a taking of notes.
And observing my steps.
To notice them made,
Without excuses or regrets to accept.

I followed...
Until I knew,
It was time for me to lead.
To find and discover for myself,
How easy it is to follow someone else...
With a doing done to believe,
Those who lead are without fear.

I followed.
And learned from one respected,
How to lead and leave...
Personal feelings,
Kept to keep unspoken.

I followed...until I learned how to lead.
With a facing of fear I believed I could leave.
To know without faith to claim it but fake,
I'd be awaiting for threats to prevent my steps.
And admitting that to myself is not acceptable.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I For You Will Not Abuse My Mood

And I,
Refuse resentments.
Made to make a difference sent.
Confused laments,
Are not my sentiments.
Since I for you...
Will not abuse my mood,
To yield in crazing arguments.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Found God

If a forgiveness has been given,
To those who had perpetrated misdeeds...
Until after years they are awakened to receive,
An unexpected epiphany.
What makes them assume to believe,
Those inflicted intentionally...
Would mysteriously have their wounds,
Disappear from their memories?

'I found God.'

That's ironic.
I discovered The Savior too.
However...
Are you here to try to attempt me to accept,
That my pain and your guilt felt...
Have become easier for you to forget,
With no regrets?

Or are you hoping your ability to quote,
From scriptures...
Paints upon you a different face.
And the old one I don't remember?
With an erasing it to be replaced.

'But I have found God.'

Don't become offended if I suggest,
The next step you should make...
Is to find a good plastic surgeon.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Found It. And It Works!

'One should not live,
With a prioritized agenda...
To persistently feed a greeding,
Fed to disenfranchise the lives of our fellowmen.
Together we can and could accept our differences,
To respect our ethnic contributions.
And embrace one another in unity! '

It must be close to election time.

~Why do you say that? ~

It was just last week that same person said,
'I earned every dime I had.
No one help me to achieve my success.
Any money I've accumulated and stored in hidden accounts,
I have in various offshore banks...
Is my business and my wife can attest to that.
People need to get up off their backsides and find a job.'

~Well...
you know we must all give him a benefit of a doubt.
Perhaps he has had a change of heart.~

Yeah, right.
His heart began to change when his opponent,
Began to rise in the polls after that convention.
And that convention was the best thing I've seen,
To motivate people since TV was invented.
Every speaker came to the podium with one intention.
One united purpose.

~And what was that? ~

To capitvate and electrify!
And the convention those other folks had?
I taped it!

~Why?

For what reason? ~

My doctor told me I should find something...
Something other than sleeping pills to aid my sleep.
I found it.
And it works!
The sheep I use to repeatedly count,
Are relieved I don't need them any more.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Found My Niche

I found my niche.
And it was a bitch to get it.
There is no convincing to be done.
For me what has come...
Restores a confidence.
And ignores without defense,
Those comments made...
By the ones searching for clues,
And hints as to what is best they do.
I found my niche.
And that is it for me.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Get A Bit, Romantic

I get a bit,
Romantic.
I get a bit,
Sensual.
I get a bit,
Romantic when enchanted...
And caught up,
When I can't get enough.
I get a bit,
Romantic...
When you and I touch.

I get a bit,
Wanting to be cuddled.
I get a bit,
A wanting to be held.
I get a bit,
Ear nibbling.
And...
Wishing all goes well.

I get a bit,
Romantic.
I get a bit,
Sensual.
I get a bit,
Romantic when enchanted...
And too caught up,
When I can't get enough.

I get a bit,
Wanting to be cuddled.
I get a bit,
A wanting to be held.
I get a bit,
Ear nibbling.
And...
Wishing all goes well.

I get a bit,
Romantic.
I get a bit,
Sensual.
I get a bit,
Ear nibbling.
And...
Wishing all goes well.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Give To You What You Give To Me

I give to you what you give to me.
Whether in the giving it had been space,
Or thoughtlessness.
And whatever it was you expected me to take,
I did to give back unselfishly.

I give to you what you give to me.
Mood, rudeness and with a relentless attitude.
Two-faced and distance.
Whatever it 'is', was or had been...
You can not say I did not return what you delivered.

I give to you what you give to me.
Sometimes on, sometimes off and sometimes truthful.
You know...
The 'sometimey' kind.
And believe me,
I no longer wonder what it is from you I will receive.
I give you what you give to me...
Instantly, direct and without hesitation.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Got A Train Set

I got a Lionel train set for Christmas,
Many years ago.
I saw it.
And I watched my father and his brother,
Play with it...
Until the motor burned.
And the control switch was ruined.
I never touched it.
I looked as they argued...
Over who did what and why.
I told friends of mine at school,
I had gotten a train set for Christmas!
As their eyes widened,
I smiled.
And they were envious of me.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Got And Sought The Best Of Other Estimates

My body wanted to begin,
To breakdown too.
But I refuse to let it.
Or listen to others about their newly discovered,
Aches and doctored pains.
As if an aging like that was to be contained.

I don't think so!
I've got too many miles to go!

I guess I have a respect for life too much,
To just let 'any' mechanic get a look under my hood.
And I got and sought the best of other estimates.
With copies of xrays and scans to put right in their hands.
To keep my engine 'purring' as best as it could.

Knowing the abuse of my youthfulness spent...
I had to make sure,
I received the best recommendations...
To keep my travels on a road,
I am not yet prepared to stall on!
Or Fall to lay flat on my back off track.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Got Back On My Feet

This I'm sure will be found...
I'll be around.
No matter what is done,
By those who spite it.

Oh,
This I'm sure will be found...
I'll be around.
No matter what is done,
And who DONT like it...
To hide it.

I've been,
Tripped to the ground and bound.
I've been,
Made not to make a sound.
I've been,
Left alone when down...
But I got back on my feet.

I've been,
Tripped to the ground and bound.
I've been,
Made not to make a sound.
I've been,
Left alone when down...
But I got back on my feet.

Oh,
This I'm sure will be found...
I'll be around.
No matter what is done,
And who DONT like it...
To hide it.

This I'm sure will be found...
I'll be around.
No matter what is done,
By those who spite it.

I've been,
Tripped to the ground and bound.
I've been,
Made not to make a sound.
I've been,
Left alone when down...
But I got back on my feet.

I've been,
Tripped to the ground and bound.
I've been,
Made not to make a sound.
I've been,
Left alone when down...
But I got back on my feet,
Just to beat those feelings of being defeated.
I had to get up,
To beat those feelings of being defeated.
I had to get up,
To beat those feelings of being defeated.
I had to get up,
To beat those feelings of being defeated.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Got Over It

Anyone who believes someone else lives...
For the purpose of sacrificing their dreams,
To permit the fulfillment of one who demands it...
While they sit to make excuses,
Procrastinate AND complain?
With a gathering of others who are just as crazed,
And lazy?
Yet expect sweet juices to sip from borrowed cups?
No wonder people who were once convinced to assist them,
Turn their backs and refuse not another moment,
Of their time to offer with a giving up.
No matter who declares the doing of this is selfish.

'What you've done is a selfish thing.
You should be ashamed of yourself.'

~You are right.
I 'should'. And I did with a feeling of incredible remorse.
And for about ten seconds I was riddled with guilt.
And then I got over it to make myself a banana split.
It was delicious.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Grow To Keep This Between Us Flowing

I grow to keep this between us flowing.
Open and without issues to address.
And I'll be the first to admit,
My life had been once a mess.
But I am not regressing to my past.
I know now I am at my best.
And misdeeds done I've put to rest!
I grow to keep this between us flowing.
With a secret wish,
Inside my head you'll get!
It's not too often I will soften to say that.
But there is something about you,
I can not resist!
Perhaps it is that look you have,
That seduces me to persist.
And if you insist on staring at me...
I will keep pursuing you like this!
I grow to keep this between us flowing.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Guess I Could

I guess I could...
Be with you.
And I guess I could...
Have true happiness.

I guess I could...
Be with you.
And I guess I could...
Have true happiness.
But...
What is it about you that I'm guessing.
That has me left uncertain and with doubts.
Can you,
Tell me what about you leaves me guessing.
And why do you do nothing about my doubts.

I guess I could...
Be with you.
And I guess I could...
Have true happiness.

I guess I could...
Be with you.
And I guess I could...
Have true happiness.
But...
What is it about you that I'm guessing.
That has me left uncertain and with doubts.
Can you,
Tell me what about you leaves me guessing.
And why do you do nothing about my doubts.

'I'm not perfect nor is that my purpose.
Doubts you're going to have in your mind,
To remove.
Not me to do.
I'm not perfect nor is that my purpose.
Doubts you're going to have in your mind,
To remove.

Not me to do.'

I guess I could...
Be with you.
And I guess I could...
Have true happiness.
Yes, I guess I could...
Be with you.
Since neither am I perfect.
Or have a purpose to you I could prove.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Guess My 'so Much' Just Has To Do

I love you so much.
'How much is that? '

I don't know.
When is the giving of it,
Too much?
How would anyone know,
When the giving of love...
Has them fulfilled?

'I can never get enough.'
And I can not say to you,
When enough has become too much.
So,
I guess my 'so much' love to you I give...
Just has to do!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Had Been Drinking

I had been drinking.
That's why the reality of my true ignorance,
Was revealed in the manner that it was.
Normally I am a more private fool.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Had Been There Before

I had been there before.
To feel indecisive in between doubts.
With an open mouth,
Quick to defend the presence of my insecurities.
And then to deny fears I perceived were well hidden.
I had been there before.

I had been there before.
To make excuses to produce more to come.
As if to run away from being held accountable,
For actions I should have taken but instead procrastinated.
To believe if I hesitated,
It was easier to blame someone else like others chose to do.

I had been there before,
Until I awakened from an unconsciousness...
That had me realize alibis I used to self abuse.
And that day when I saw myself from an honest point of view,
I knew immediately...
I had to rid myself of seeking approval to 'expect' disappointment!

I had been there 'before' to give more time to fear and delusion.
But today I am glad to have discovered the expense of masquerade.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Had 'Had' Enough

I have sought to seek,
No personal purpose...
To brag about efforts,
The Creator has blessed me...
With both strength and ability,
To remain focused with discipline...
On endeavors I've been given.
That thrives to keep me driven,
Endlessly it seems.

And ironic it is,
I have never had a need...
To feed on attention to get.
With or without it to have others believe,
My achievements made with steps taken...
Were done to make mistakes,
To do to correct them with lots of sweat...
Disappointments and heartache not to fake.

Only God knows the ways,
Throughout my life I have been tested.
And if what I do appears outwardly easy,
No one can say they were there observing...
Doing what I have accomplished,
Laying on my back napping.
As I slept to get plenty of rest.
Or wasted my time away with others chatting,
While I took suggestions as to what I should do next.

I see no purpose,
To brag about my efforts.
Or endeavors I have managed to achieve.
I see no purpose to brag about this.
Nor embellish the fact,
How I got up off my knees...
After I had 'had' ENOUGH,
Doing that to believe...
I was following God's wishes.
And God had been pleased,

To see me stay that way.
With allowing my faith to fade.

I had 'had' ENOUGH one day.
And God and I had a confrontation.
And needless to say.
But say I will...
God assisted in the moving of those obstacles.
Since God knew His wishes I wanted to fulfill,
Were being delayed with those obstacles...
In my way.

So I see no purpose,
To brag about my efforts endeavored.
God knows when I said,
I had 'had' ENOUGH of all the pointless stuff...
No pretentions were attempted to be made,
To escape from the testing 'I' did not create.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Hate You With So Much Love

I hate you!
With so much love.
I no longer deny it.
How could you leave me?
How could you decide...
Your life lived without me was best?
For who?

I hate you!
I hate you keeping me up at nights.
Wondering if you are being treated right.
If whoever you are with now...
Know what you like and that appetite of yours.

I hate you for making my heartbreak.
With aching I can not shake.
I look and see your face...
Everywhere and every place it seems.
In my dreams I am pleading that you stay.
And when I awaken...
I realize you have actually gone away!

I hate you for doing this...
To us without a ponder.
But a quick dismiss!
I hate you!
With so much love.
And I know it is that 'me'!
That 'me' I need to fix.
Will you give me a chance to do it?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Hated Those Multiple Choice Questions

Greed has chased their jobs,
And employers overseas.
Outsourcing was the word I heard...
When a few years ago,
I was downsized and released.

And when I heard the word 'downsized',
I didn't think it meant out the door.
And that's when I began to see...
Economics!
And what that term was used for.

Too many debits decreases credits.
And a negative credit,
Needs cash to cover it.
When no cash is there...
The cupboards grow bare.
And my mama taught me that...
When I'd ask for a dollar and she would stare,
'Boy where do you think money comes from?
Out of the blue?
Picked off trees?
Thin air? '

Hmmm...
I hated those multiple choice questions!
I wonder...
Is it 'All' or 'None Above'?
And not a hint on her face as to a clue.

Greed has chased their jobs,
And employers overseas.
Outsourcing was the word I heard...
When a few years ago,
I was downsized and released.

And people are screaming for their lifestyles back!
But I learned very early in my life,
If no cash is to be had...

Wishes and dreams stay right where they are at!
And those delusioned by grandeur need to face the facts.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Have A Love For People

Feelings on my left and right,
Are mine...
To keep.

Feelings on my left and right,
Are mine...
To feel deeply.

Feelings on my left and right...
Are there.
Even though no one's aware.

Feelings on my left and right...
Are there.
Everyday. And every night.

I have a love,
For people.
But no one knows what it is I feel.

I have a love,
For people.
But no one knows what it is I feel.
Or what it is I feel is real.

I have a love,
For people.
But no one knows what it is I feel.

I have a love,
For people.
But no one knows what it is I feel.
Or what it is I feel is real.

I have a love,
For people.
But no one knows what it is I feel.

Feelings on my left and right,

Are mine...
To keep.

Feelings on my left and right,
Are mine...
To feel deeply.

I have a love,
For people.
But no one knows what it is I feel.

I have a love,
For people.
But no one knows what it is I feel.
Or what it is I feel is real.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Have A Wand

I had no idea,
You had placed me on a list.
To keep me in waiting to kiss your lips.
What magic is this you believe you have?
I am not into teases.
Or thrills another has.

I had no idea,
When your eyes met mine...
I'd find myself,
Swept into an emotion...
You controlled and dealt.
To affect my devotion.

But one thing is certain...
After we do embrace and hold.
My patience kept to kiss your lips...
Will be something you will insist.
You did not intend,
To put off or play with!

And I have a wand...
To keep you addicted!
To cherish as often,
And as much as you wish!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Have An Idea

Your campaign to ease your pain,
By the chopping off your nose...
Just may work.
Since those blinders you have on your eyes,
And the covering of your ears...
Has not prevented the truth to appear,
At your door.

And you still honestly believe,
The ignoring of those who speak from observation...
Will actually decrease your burdens?
I have an idea.
Why don't you clean your mirrors,
First.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Have An Image To Uphold

Doing your best for someone else,
And in the doing an ungratefulness is expressed?
That doing done with no ulterior motives,
But to do...
Will prove one thing that is guaranteed.
Trust me.
This experience will never fail,
To awaken and remove all doubts,
About 'some' folks.

And this procedure,
Has a way to directly introduce one to reality.
With an introduction leaving one never to question,
What it is one will do for another...
No matter what the reason,
Not to do...
Ever again!

'Young man?
Would you happen to have ten dollars?
For a cup of coffee, danish AND busfare? '

~EXCUSE ME? ~

'Oh don't give me that!
Just last week I saw you give someone five dollars,
And two cigarettes.'

~And where were you? ~

'Standing across the street.
Minding my own business.
And enjoying my lunch break.'

~You got a job? ~

'Yes I do.
Why do you think I'm asking you,
For ten dollars?

I'm not your average everyday beggar.
I have an image to uphold.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Have Asked From You Funds Not Direction

I understand and accept your strategy.
And beliefs you may 'assume'...
Of an influence a doing,
You should have on me.
However...
If I accept funds from you given,
To do 'that' which I please...
Leaves my decisions made to make,
To have nothing to do with your strategy.
Although...
I will give you the respect to listen.
With no influence I will consider to choose.
And 'if' I did that,
Would that make what I do easier for you?

I understand and accept your strategy.
But I have asked from you funds.
Not direction.
Does this now have an effect on your strategy?
With interest I've agreed and you have accepted?
What do I have you believed from me you would retrieve?
My consciousness?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Have Been Doing This For Many Years

Who am I to say,
What will and will not take place...
In my life?
The one I consciously live,
Inspite of outside distractions?
I imagine it is my ability to convince myself,
My brain and all that is attached to it,
Has empowered me to think.

And as incredible as that may seem...
I have even made my own decisions.
Without placing blame on anyone else.
And believe it or not,
I have been doing this for many years.
And at times feeling much alone,
In my quest to do more of it!
With a hope I don't get arrested for attempted daring.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Have Been Right Here

I have been right here.
With blemishes and flaws,
Without one excuse to make.
I have been right here to accept,
And chase my own obstacles away.
With a facing of fear and suspected threats.

I have been right here to confess,
Steps I have made to admit mistakes.
I have been right here to allow myself,
To endure whatever it took for me to see...
What it was I had not done,
To better the living of my life.

I have been right here to know,
What it feels like to be despised AND loved.
I have been right here to realize unhappiness too.
But I refuse to continue,
To have my good intentions be abused...
By anyone confused by who it is I am,
As I have been here to know to have no doubts.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Have Burned Some Bridges

No open doors do I turn to close.
Although I have burned some bridges,
I admit.
And they were the ones...
Some chose to display temper tantrums done.
I do not revisit those quick to give hissy fits.

There are some genuine and wonderful people.
And they have expressed themselves throughout my life.
None that I knew had expectations when they gave.
And I always did my best to treat them right.
Since they are among the few and far between.
For them I will remove the doors from their hinges.

For some others?
I did say I have burned some bridges!
And did not mind if I had been caught in the act of it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Have Chosen To Focus On My Destiny

At the crossroads,
We may have met.
But to rest and ponder,
As to which step to take next?
Remember...
I left to leave you,
Seeking no suggestions.

That is why I have had time to rest,
With a catching of my breath to move on.
And I appreciate you mentioning,
That which I should fear.
But I have chosen to focus on my destiny.
And if there was something to fear...
I have yet to notice.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Have Chosen To Mend And Heal

Even if I did have some time,
I'd make sure I had none,
For you.
Not a second would I spend,
Listening to you weep through...
Selected excuses.
While you rip apart my heart!

We're no longer kids on a swing,
Chasing each other around the playground...
After dark.
One of us refuses to grow up.
And the other is a sucker!
Trying to prevent another mothering.

Even if I did have some time,
I'd make sure I had none,
For you.
Not a second would I spend,
Listening to you weep through...
Selected excuses.
While you rip apart my heart!

What happened to your 'new' relationship?
The one you left me to start a 'serious' life with.
Isn't that what you said to me?
As both of you laughed,
To leave me pleading!

I don't have enough energy to despise you.
Nor am I the least bit curious.
Why you appear here and I am not furious.

Even if I did have some time,
I'd make sure I had none,
For you.
Not a second would I spend,
Listening to you weep through...
Selected excuses.

While you rip apart my heart!

I have chosen to mend and heal.
Not bend and kneel.
Remember how I did that and you laughed?

Those times with you,
Are in my past.

You taught me how to shiver and freeze.
And baby...
You will never see me thaw.
Even if you crawled and stopped breathing,
Instantly!
A melting would not take place.
That wouldn't happen.
What would?
A sealing of the windows and doors would be done.
And then I would turned off the lights.
With a whistling of a happy tune.

My cheeks,
Have been made raw...
From too much turning!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Have Come To Open A Window

Not to ensure that it is kept shut.
Or pretend the smudges are not there.
And a clarity once now has collected dust.
I want that window opened up!

I have come to open a window.
To allow fresh air in to circulate...
Hoping others deeply breathe and participate,
With an enhaling of reality.
And an exhaling of it to believe as known.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Have Come To Value My Peace

When I announced to you,
I wanted to be left alone.
Did you think that brick wall,
I built to surround myself...
To keep your nose out of my business,
Was an exaggeration?

What should I do next?
Electrify it?
With striking lightening bolts,
Of unpleasantries.
To get that message across...
To prove to you I am serious?

I am!

I have come to value my peace.
And I will keep it protected.
Those days and times I gave to you,
To keep your insecurities entertained...
Are gone.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Have Earned What I'Ve Received

I have not had the experience,
To live behind fences protected and defended...
By standards and values I was taught to uphold.
Not me.
I'm a ghetto baby.
I grew up in the projects.
With a love I still have for the people.

All of my life I have been tested.
All of my life I have earned what I've received.
Be it punishment for being too independent,
With a stubbornness I refused to correct.
Or the facing of consequences...
If my curiosity led me beyond boundaries.
And limits and boundaries i don't accept. Period.

But never did I bow my head in regret,
When facing obstacles I met...
To accept as impossible.
The only thing impossible I couldn't do,
Was a looking into my father's eyes...
When I knew he knew I pushed the wrong button.

I was told whatever I did expect to be accountable,
For my actions.
And those were the days,
Before making excuses became the rage.

And perhaps others may perceive this as arrogance,
When this I confess...
But,
I'm not on a mission seeking acceptance!
Or if my boldness is interpreted as overconfidence.
I'm not on a mission to re-invent the wheel.
I'm here to live my life with faith and not doubt.

However...
I will admit this,
The shoes I wear, brand new or not...

I break in with a forward movement I will not stop.
On 'me' they fit.
And I walk a lot to know them to be comfortable.

Never have I used excuses to run away from responsibilities.
And anyone who says I've done this, lies!
They don't know me to describe me like that.
Nor do I feel I should express apologies for the life I've lived.
Time spent to do that is not on my agenda.

And as a writer,
I address my observances from 'my' point of view.
With a truth introduced as I know it to be.
No one else's.
I do my own research.
Regardless of who may become offended.
With belief I should show them courtesy.
I shown them that by revealing my honesty,
To take or leave.

In the environment I grew up in back in those days,
As a child being impressed by those both intelligent...
And unconsciously ignorant,
The only thing to me I remember that was given...
Was the right to fight to keep my identity intact.
And with a dignity to pride and let known.
That's it!

I wasn't one to practice becoming an escape artist.
Those were the other kids embellishing what they did,
On their Summer vacations as they got A's and praise...
From impressed teachers.
I was often accused of plagiarism.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Have Friends

What's meant to be kept private.
And left within walls thought protected,
By closed and locked doors...
Seems to often find its way to be whispered,
With unsolicited opinions to give...
Shared between distant lips.

'I wouldn't have believed it.
If I didn't happen to hear it from the horse's mouth.'

~And how is it you know so much,
About what's going on inside their house? ~

'I have friends.'

~With it convinced you are one too.~

'Don't be vicious.
You want to hear this or not? '

~Whatever.~

'Well, stop interrupting me.
And then...after 'that' happened,
I was told the police arrived.'

~Who told you that? ~

'I don't know.
Bernice knows.
She's on the other line.
Give me a moment.
Don't go anywhere.
Bernice?
I'm sorry.
Now...
Who called the police?
And what time did they get there? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Have Given That Some Consideration

Am I trying to win friends?
And influence people?

That depends on the day of the week.
My attitude and mood.
Patience.
And if I am willing to sit through,
Conversations with those whose minds...
Are stuck in times that have long gone.

But,
I have given that some consideration...
Whenever my medication,
Has been filled from a new prescription.
And I can afford to carry extra dosages with me,
Quickly to calm me down.
When I sense a clown is around...
Seeking to be humorous.
And I am not feeling jovial.

And...
If I happen to be traveling through,
A neighborhood that has been totally renovated.
That's the key.
I need to be exposed to a freshness.
And scenes not 'yet' littered with garbage.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Have Grown To Love You

Not connecting on a level,
That evaporates an empty space.
You and I here sitting.
But not face to face.
And yet,
Once alone...
I can fill that vacancy with an imagined love.
A love remembered,
You had graced.
Somehow a fading of that wished,
Had come between us to be replaced.

I hold your hand tighter now,
In memory.
And with more intent...
With you gone.
Then ever I did with you in view...
But not close to me.
And not caring that the time we knew,
Moved on.

And I sat not wanting to be that close to touch.
Not even wishing to be near,
To hold you as such.
As if I had dismissed,
The fragrance of a cherished flower.
Once...
I could not get enough to sniff.
Or lift too high to admire its light!
As the Sun gently kissed.
Admiring it from dawn until night.
Hungering for the meeting of our lips.
Now...
It is with distance,
I have grown to love you!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Have Had Enough Of It

The last time I said,
I have had enough of it.
That's it!
No more.

I was then asked,
'Enough of what? '
And it was brought to my attention,
That whatever it was I had enough of...
Wasn't enough,
For me to walk away from it.

Today I don't say that.
It makes much more sense if I don't.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Have Heard It Said

Most of my life,
I have heard it said...
'It Is What It Is.'
And yet...
What it Isn't,
Seems to be occupying...
The minds of many people.
This is what is kept in their heads,
A 'What Is' that shouldn't be there.
With a 'What Isn't' getting the attention.
And perhaps that is why a doing,
Doesn't get done...
Like it should.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Have Learned

I had been told 'never' to say never.
And for as long as I lived,
I will learn a 'never' said will return.

And I found that to be true.
I have learned to focus and remain conscious.
Never to keep repeating the same mistakes.

I have learned,
The giving of oneself...
Opens the door to heartache.

I have learned,
Forgiveness for some...
Means a forgetting for them to what they've done.

I have learned,
A revolving door...
Revolves not solve solutions.

I have learned,
A no does not mean yes...
To a depleting of my happiness.

I have learned,
Never to allow my peace of mind...
To be plucked by anyone wishing to get on my nerves.

I have learned,
THAT!
And 'that' aint gon' happen no mo'!
Never.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Have Learned Enough

With faith trust.
And revisited hindsight,
Unneeded to reveal.
Or in conversations to discuss.
I Have learned enough,
About the affects left...
By competition.
What it takes to win
How gracefully to lose.
And how to return,
After wounds mend.
To not expose to show,
A stitch, scratch...
That leaves to detect a bruise.

I have learned enough,
About selecting preferences.
Separating my likes,
From dislikes.
Or what will appease,
My appetite.
Based upon presentation.
Before I've had,
A taste to bite.

What appears delicious,
May sit to realize...
Too difficult to digest.
Or pretend okay.
When feeling it to stomach,
Something is rotten.
And decays.

I have learned enough,
About grudges to hold.
Until they manifest,
And I am left without...
An ability to eat. Sleep.
Or rest to get.

I have learned enough,
About who to forgive.
And what to forget.
To admit and confess,
Happiness is not a given.
Nor from others to expect.

I have learned enough,
About hatred.
And the effects of felt bigotry
To witness who eventually,
Becomes victimized...
To despise themselves.

I have learned enough,
From my own experiences...
To acknowledge them lived,
That complaining...
While seeking others to leave,
Faulted to accuse and blame...
To know...
I will still remain,
Not only held responsible.
But also accountable,
For my own actions to initiate.
And regardless,
As to who says what.
Or does what to do to excuse.
I have learned enough,
About deceiving myself.
And I have learned...
If I choose shoes to wear,
They will fit comfortably.
To not declare an unawareness,
Of steps I've made...
That may have left a mess.

I have learned enough,
About addressing to fake...
What I've to do,
Was not with consciousness,

To purposely do to choose.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Have Learned From Similar Experiences

If it should seem,
I appear to be free...
To laugh with happiness.
And share with others,
An empathy felt that is deep.
With a tear to dropp from my eyes,
Quickly.
But not to turn on with a full weeping.
I have learned from similar experiences,
Earned.
And now I can express with acknowlegement,
I have grown to yearn for more of this life to live.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Have Learned To Do Something New

You have made promises upon promises.
And since you have been gone,
Those disparities you left us to face...
Have been attempted to be corrected,
By someone who has replaced you.
And this direction taken is what you hate.

NOW...
You appear again with the same promises to make,
With a tailored suit that has been updated.
But...
How can we tell if your statements made to us,
Are not faked?

'Well...
I do appreciate your honesty.
And let me make this perfectly clear.
The last time I made to you those promises,
I have learned to do something new.'

And please tell us what that is?
What have you learned to do?

'I have learned to speak,
From the other side of my mouth.
And smile at the same time.
I am hoping this is something,
You all will find acceptable!
And if not...
Both sides will contradict the other.
And hopefully with this confusion,
You will forget the importance of your needs.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Have Lost A Lot Of Patience

Never have I had the option,
To make decisions I later refused.
Or was there a door left open to me,
To walk through to leave behind excuses.

And perhaps that's why I take full responsibility,
If it is found and discovered I offend and intend it...
I've noticed I have lost a lot of patience as I age.
Especially with those still at a childish stage.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Have My Opinions Too

You want to...
Prove to others I am wrong.
And, you want to...
Have me feel I don't belong.
But, one day it will dawn,
On you...
I have my opinions too!

You want to...
Disapprove of what I do.
And say.
Yes, you want to...
Have others from me,
Turn away.
To believe...
I am a fool.
But who does fool,
To do it without playing...
Better than you?

Regardless what you say.
And with who to choose.
Behind my back or face to face.
I have my opinions too!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Have Never Had That Need

If I was not an author with innovative thoughts,
On a mission to create my own compositions...
I 'suppose' I would be more motivated,
To solicit a need to read for inspiration.
With a doing like others to be approved.

I have never had that need nor can I perceive,
To follow behind those paving their own paths.
I did not awaken with a want to write.
I was born knowing what it was I should do.
To then listen to others who believed I could improve.

And do I listen to those who are critics?
Of course.
Do I wish I could appease everyone,
With a doing to permit my consciousness to limits?
No! I write. I have no aspirations to be a politician. None!

'I believe your statements made are too assumptive.'

Cool. Now prove to me what I have stated is not true.

'I can't do that.
I don't know you personally.'

So it is you who 'assumes' what I do is not authentic.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Have No Desire To Limp Home With Agonized Feet

I don't have to be in 'his' shoes,
To know what it is like...
To commit to do for others.
And have those oppose my sacrifice,
To share with a few who listen and gossip...
About what I do they would do differently,
Because what I do for 'them' is either criticized.
But mostly disliked.

I don't have to be in 'his' shoes,
To know what it is like...
To commit to do for others.
However,
I have learned over the years...
When those shoes became too tight to wear,
I do not keep them on to soak my feet...
When not in public.

Oh no.
I don't have to be in 'his' shoes,
To know what it is like...
To commit to do for others.
Every pair of shoes I put on today...
Are guaranteed to provide my comfort.
I have no desire to limp home with agonized feet.
After I have met with a group of ungrateful people.
And to argue their cause too?
No!
I've already made those donations.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Have No Desire To See Our Worlds Collide

You have always said to me...
I lived in my own world.
And I did not object.
In fact...
I accepted what was 'then',
Your way to address...
My nonconformity.

And today you say to me,
I should express more empathy...
To you,
As 'your' reality...
Has increasingly ceased.
But I...
Have no desire,
To see our worlds collide.

Nor am I wishing,
To seek an approval that accepts my insights.
Just know this...
You have been right all along.
And I wish to keep things as is.
For me your assessment,
Has awarded me with benefits.

And I...
Have no desire,
To see our worlds collide.
Goodbye!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Have No Other Choice

Here I am.
To stay with you.
If that's what you want me to do.
And,
Here I am.
Under your spell.
And wishing to be...
Held captivated.

Here I am dazed from dawn until Sunset.
Hypnotized.
And realizing,
How you speak with your eyes.
And here I am with no thoughts to regret,
As I....
Give to you my consciousness.
And the rest,
Of me.

Here I am.
To stay with you.
If that's what you want me to do.
And,
Here I am.
Under your spell.
And wishing to be...
Held captivated.

Here I am dazed from dawn until Sunset.
Hypnotized.
And realizing,
How you speak with your eyes.

And...
Here I am with no thoughts to regret.
As I....
Give to you my consciousness.
And the rest,
Of me.

I have...
No other choice.
I'm under your spell.
And I have...
No other choice.
What you do you do it well.
I have...
No other choice.
But to...
Let it be.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Have No Wish To Ever Give It Up

I feel relaxed with a comfort.
And I have no wish to ever give it up.

Prioritized to come first,
Is a getting I deserve and wanted much.

Blessed to feel,
What now is real...
After waiting for so long.

I feel relaxed with a comfort.
And I have no wish to ever give it up.

Prioritized to come first,
Is a getting I deserve and wanted much.

Blessed to feel,
What today is real...
After waiting for so long.
I thought this wouldn't be revealed,
Until all hope was gone.
But...
I feel relaxed with a comfort.
And I have no wish to ever give it up.

Prioritized to come first,
Is a getting I deserve and wanted much.
A comfort I have and prefer.
And I have no wish to ever give it up.
Blessed to feel what today is real...
A comfort I prefer and wont give up.

Blessed to feel,
What today is real.
And I have no wish to ever give it up.

A comfort that comes first.
And I have no wish to ever give it up.
A comfort I deserve and prefer.

And I have no wish to ever give it up.
I have no wish to ever give it up.

Blessed to feel,
What today is real.
And I have no wish to ever give it up
.
A comfort that comes first.
And I have no wish to ever give it up.
I have no wish to ever give it up.
No I have no wish to ever give it up.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Have One Request

Would someone find it better to be critiqued,
By another known to beat around the bush?
Or would they appreciate a more directness,
From one with no investment placed...
To fear they may bring to tears,
That 'someone' who threatens to jump off the roof...
Upon hearing the truth pure and free of sweeteners.

'And...
What is it you want to say to me?
I can take it.'

I have one request.

'Go ahead.'

You don't mind coming down off the roof,
Do you?
There is something about your wish to get fresh air,
While staring at the sidewalk below...
That makes me just a little bit nervous.

'So you 'do' have an investment in my emotions? '

Look...
If you are going to jump,
Let me run downstairs to move my car first.
It's parked right in front of the building.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Have Searched My Soul

I have searched my soul,
With a deepness...
That is complete.
I've addressed this to confess.
And express this to accept.

I have searched my soul,
With a deepness...
That is complete.

I've addressed....
My weaknesses.
I've addressed...
Insecurities.
I've addressed,
Past failures.
And I have addressed...
My wants and needs.

No more,
Do I run and hide.
And no more to myself lie.
No more,
Do I refuse to be...
Who the 'me' I am.
And...
I have searched my soul,
With a deepness...
So clear my eyes can see.

I've addressed....
My weaknesses.
I've addressed...
Insecurities.
I've addressed,
Past failures.
And I have addressed...
My wants and needs.

I have searched my soul,
With a deepness...
That is complete.

No more,
Do I run and hide.
And no more to myself lie.
I have searched my soul,
With a deepness...
For me that is complete.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Have This Theory

I have this theory...
IF I wrote one poem,
And change the title of it...
Several times,
No one...
Would know the difference.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Haven'T Heard You In Days

When I discover,
That the minding of my own business...
INSIDE my home,
Alone and condoned.
By someone who chooses nothing else to do,
But snoop!
I escape to take an unannounced vacation,
To leave my nosey neighbors...
Awaiting with beliefs,
I have updated information to release.

'Where have you been?
I haven't heard you in days.'

Don't you mean,
You haven't seen me in days?

'Oh.
Yes.
Right.

Where have you been?
I haven't seen you in days.'

I've had silent proof tiles,
Installed on my walls.

'OH?
Oh.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Heal Very Quickly

I could stay away from you for the rest of my life.
But why you wont allow me to prove it,
Keeps me mystified!
Everywhere I go,
You are there to annoy with your presence.
I do not wish to be bothered with you!
Didn't you tell me to leave you alone?
And I want to.
But I didn't think you would be all over the place.
Or in my face,
To say you didn't mean it!
It's too late!
I have already forgotten your name!
I've been blessed like that.
I heal very quickly.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Hear The Static Like It's Feedback

I hear the static like it's feedback.
'I hear the static like it's feedback.'
And it's coming in both ears.
I hear the static like it's feedback.
'I hear the static like it's feedback.'
I here this static like it's feedback,
And I...
Hear it loud and clear.

There are people,
Out of mind and out of time...
People,
Looking back and trying to find...
People,
To get involved.
People,
With their problems solve...
People,
Who can attract...
The eyes, the head, the ears, the arms,
Kissing lips that give it back.

But...
They don't want to give up,
Anything that they've got to give...
To get it.
What it is they wish and dream.
To give it up to give.

No they...
They don't want to give up,
Anything that they've got to give...
To get it.
What it is their purpose 'is'.

I hear the static like it's feedback.
And it's coming in both ears.
I hear the static like it's feedback.
And I hear it loud and clear.

But...
People want what they claim,
But not to give what it is.
But...
People want what they claim,
But not to give what it is,
To get it.

I hear the static like it's feedback.
'I hear the static like it's feedback.'
I hear the static like it's feedback.
'I hear the static like it's feedback.'

But...
People want what they claim,
But not to give.
'I hear the static.'
But...
People want what they claim,
But not to give.
'I hear the static.'
But...
People want what they claim,
But not to give.
'I hear the static.'

I hear the static like it's feedback.

'People wanting what they want.'

I hear the static like it's feedback.

'People wanting what they want.'

I hear the static like it's feedback.

'People wanting what they want.'

I hear the static.
And feed it back.

If people want to share their pains,

They get that right back.
And if people want to share their sorrows,
They get that right back.
If people want to share their pains,
They get that right back.
And if people want to share their sorrows,
They get that right back.
And...
If the people want to share their pains,
They get that right back.
And if the people want to share their sorrows,
They get that right back.
And if the people want to share their pains,
They get that right back.
And if the people want to share their sorrows,
They get that right back.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Hear You Say It Often Enough

If it is love that you have,
Where is it practiced?
Is it still in development being rehearsed?
And if it is thrist first...
Where on Earth,
Do you keep yourself replenished with it.
And...
IF it 'is' love that you have,
Why isn't it from you easily given?
I hear you say it often enough.
But...
I sure would like to feel more of it,
Instead of it bluffed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Heard What You Said

You understand me?
WHEW.
What a relief.
I thought I was the only one,
Who left worldly possessions behind...
To come to the aid of someone I loved.
I did that twice.
How many times did you do that?

I did that twice!
How many times did you do that?

I did 'that' twice.
How many times have you done that?

'I have not done 'that' yet.
But I am sure...
I will give it understanding.'

Yeah,
I'm sure you will.
Especially since I've noticed,
Where and on what...
You prioritize your devotions.

'Oh...
I heard what you said.
But I was thinking about,
Where I could store my things...
At the best price for storage.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Highly Recommend You Find Another Job

You want the oven turned on,
But you don't want to go into the kitchen?
And you expect the pots and pans to be spotless,
Because you are a new arrival.
With a jumping into this heat...
With a full set of teeth seen grinning from ear to ear.

And you wish the others to greet you,
Living in the home as if you are a queen...
And 'not' the MAID they will believe they own?
I highly recommend you find another job!
Because this one you 'claim' to qualify for,
Is not going to be what you've been led to believe.
Because of positions you have had before.

You will not believe how unique this one will be.
The people living in this home,
Think of it as a mansion.
And not only expect you to be the chef...
They expect you to clean up after them,
And cater to every whim they have for you to expect.
With no complaints from you about being worked to death.
Or moaning about being disrespected.

Oh...
And before you leave for the day,
Be sure to mow the lawn and scent each pillow...
That the 'family' living here sleep on!
And after you have made the beds,
From hand washing and Sun drying clean sheets...
Go to each one and listen to their sorrows.
They will love you for it!

And...
I wouldn't advise you to wear make-up on this job.
You've come to serve.
Not the other way around!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Hope By Then

When yesterday came,
It seemed as if I wanted you more.
It seemed my craving would not stop...
I could not block you out of my mind!

When yesterday came,
I attempted to resist
Doing a 'love stalking'...
So you would find me available and walking,
Close enough to run up to and touch.
By 'accident'!

We would then caress and giggle much...
And you would ask me not to leave!

When yesterday came,
I had so many thoughts like these!
And today I have more...
With thoughts of you from me to adore.

Although I am not so sure right now,
If today you would notice me at all!
It's not like we have been introduced.
I'm just seduced by my imagination.

And when yesterday came
The plan I began to have you in my arms,
Will someday meet with your approval.
Tomorrow's refusal will not be allowed,
To come to play!

I'm not entertaining that possibility today.
I'm transmitting something you're going to like.
Every inch and cranny!

Whenever I get my new 'pics' done...
I'll email you one to 'update' my profile.
I want to keep that image you have of me,
Fresh, exciting and with little to disappoint...

When you lay your eyes on me.

I hope by then...
You will be forgiving and not into images,
But into me!
With flaws accepted.

I hope by then,
Your heart has transcended...
Beyond preferences.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Hope You Get The Hint?

From whatever angle you choose to look.
From whatever glance you make...
To be caught in a double take.
There will be nothing I will do,
To give you the impression...
I have the remotest interest,
In a child wishing to play grown up games...
With an old man aiming to take a nap!

I hope you get the hint?

Especially when those games begin,
To reveal a boring limited mind.
Since...
Those tease to get me naked days have long gone.
And...
Whatever you think I've got,
You better come and get it quick.
Or act like you want it with more aggressiveness.

'Hi...
Do you mind if I practice approaches to molestation,
For my college thesis?
You 'can' say no! '

For...
Huh?
What?

'It is for my Doctorate's Degree.'

And...
Where will you begin to fondle me?
Slowly.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Hope You Will Be Pleased With It

I have so much love for you...
I'd like to see it squeezed,
From your eyes.
Choking you to death in disbelief!

'Hey...
I thought you said,
You were writing me a 'love' poem! '

I am!
I'm just trying to find a way,
To smother you with it!
A way in which...
You will never question me about it,
Again!

'Honey...
You're not upset,
That I spent the last of our savings.'

Of course not!
Don't be foolish.
You were testing my love.
And I understand that.

Ssshhh...
I'm almost finished.
I hope you will be pleased with it.
I can't wait to see the expression on your face.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Invited You To Visit

'You are despicable and rude.
Self serving and inconsiderate.
Impossible 'and' also stubborn.'

Finally we have reached an agreement.
Now...
I hope what I say to you next,
Will not offend your high expectations.
But it is from 'my' point of view,
As you probe to dig in 'my' backyard...
You have disrespected my hospitality.
I invited you to visit. Not steal.

'I'm tired of hearing your accusations.
First it was your missing toolbox.
And I only borrowed it because you weren't using it.'

So you do admit you have it?

'Do you need it? No.
Then you accused me of stealing your water hose.'

Did you replace it?

'Why should I?
Didn't you buy a new one?
And NOW you have the audacity,
To keep vegetables you have grown...
Without sharing them with me? ? ?
You have more than enough to feed your needs.'

But this is MY property.
I pay the taxes. I pay the bills.

'It's always about 'you'...
Isn't it? '

I think you have taken this 'neighbor' business,
Much too far.

'Oh yeah?
And I think you are ungrateful and unappreciative,
Of the time I have given.
When I don't have to watch your back as much as I do.'

You're stealing to take advantage of me.

'Whatever.
Call it what you want.
So I guess you're going to change the locks,
On your front and back doors? '

You have a key?

'Keys! I have keys! '

You are nothing but a thief.

'I am not going to stand here,
While you attempt to further ruin 'my' integrity.
And I believed you were a good neighbor.
But all this time you were deceiving me,
With false sincerity.
I am very disappointed by your reaction.'

MY REACTION?

'Go ahead.
Get loud and ignorant.
I was warned by the others...
You can be two faced.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I 'Is' What I 'Is' Too

I 'is' what I 'is' too.
But there is an acknowledgement,
Coming from a knowing of that.
I have had to accept a self examination,
Away from those who felt a need to discriminate.
With a facing of opposition,
Whenever it appeared and came my way.
I could not afford,
To hide my face behind masquerades.
Or choose if I could to charade my identity.

I 'is' what I 'is' too.
And everyday I seek ways to improve.
But to use what I 'is' as an excuse to prove it,
Has never provided me a benefit...
With a sitting to get empathy from anyone.
Even though I 'is' what I 'is' to be the man I am,
I am still feeling abused by those who confuse...
That 'is' who I am,
As a means to amuse themselves as a reward...
With a getting of publicity and at my expense.

Enough of this self confessed grandiosity.
Enough of this over-expressed self obsession.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Just Do It For The Enjoyment

I hear this all the time:

'Oh?
So you're a writer?
What else do you do?
How much money do you make? '

I write poetry!

'Ooooohhh!
So you like to write 'poooems'?
I use to do that,
When I was in elementary school.
You make money from doing that? '

No.
I just do it for the enjoyment!

'Oh gawd!
You're one of those sentimentalists?
One driven by emotions and unresolved issues?
Confused by life!
And abused by a dysfunctional upbringing.'

I suppose.
But I currently have two books out!

'Nooooo?
But no one's into reading poetry! '

Me either.
I didn't say I read it!
I write it!

'Oh!
Well...
You 'must' be doing it for the money? '

Not yet!

That's next!

'You want me to help you? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Just Feel So 'Equally' Patriotic

Many movements ago...
When the land seemed active,
With reactive participation.
Weed puffed and flowers worn in the hair,
Upon the heads of people who cared...
And shared their dreams.
Then considered 'hippies'...
Singing 'Up Up and Away'.
And 'Monday Monday' everyday!
As they 'hopped and scotched'
Across the national scene.
How innocent...
Those times once demeaned.
Now gone to accomodate,
The greed that has been going on.

Rejected and dejected,
By those doing undercover shady things.
As today many look back,
Wishing to 'update' those priorities.
In a hopeful restored flashback!
To actively practice...
A more meaningful satisfaction to gain.
With a purpose that sustains.

'We're being stripped of our means! '
Tea party 'groupies scream.
As they witness a diminishing democracy.
Corrupted with the selling,
And the outsourcing of their treasured dreams.
The dreams of the 'hippies'...
They collectively demeaned.

'...and 'if' you're going to San Francisco...'

Now these same people,
Who ostracized and shunned the 'mavericks'.
Say they were nonconformists then...
Of set standards.

Defined by an 'exclusiveness'...
Those qualified and selected to express them.

And today...
Ruined by their deformities of blatant greed.
They 'consciously' say they wish a unity existed!
One that is proactively practiced.
To get a society off its racist knees.
But those are not the knees...
Seen begging in pleas.

Many movements ago...
When the land seemed active,
With reactive participation.
Weed puffed and flowers worn in the hair,
Upon the heads of people who cared...
And shared their dreams.
Then considered 'hippies'...
Singing 'Up Up and Away'.
And 'Monday Monday' everyday!
As they 'hopped and scotched'
Across the national scene.
How innocent...
Those times once demeaned.

How distant and insecure,
A slipping from greatness...
Exposes realities!
From torn and shredded seams.

'Oh beautiful.
For spacious skies.
For amber waves of grain.
For purple mountain majesties.
Above the fruited plain! '

~What gives YOU the right to sing that song?
You are an African-American.
Not a true American.
Like the rest of US! ~

'Oh...

My apologies.
I had no idea,
You were Native American Indian.
With Aztec, African and Chinese blood.
The original inhabitants,
Of this great land of ours.
You look so...
Different.

No offense I hope is taken.
I just feel so 'equally' patriotic! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Just Know This Is 'Not' Your Best Effort

My mother used to assign my sisters and I...
The most remedial tasks to complete.
When we were much younger.
To test our mental capabilities.
Oh...
Those lessons my mother would teach.

And then...
Shower us with praises.
Having us believe,
We were gifted with unspeakable talents.
After connecting 'dots'.
Or...
Knowing which end of a handle held,
Was used to sweep or mop.

And as years have passed us by,
It became clear her tactic and strategy.
She knew we would seek more difficult tasks,
To satisfy her to complete.
And even to this day...
I can hear her voice say,
'This is wonderful.'
As her eyes express...
'Even though THIS is wonderful.
I just know this is 'not' your best effort.'

And with a seeking we sought,
Increasing much more difficult challenges.
Never becoming satisfied,
Just to do our best.
There 'has' to be something 'greater' to achieve.

'I just know this is 'not' your best effort?
And if it is...
Well,
I 'guess' it's...okay! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Just Know What I Like

What makes you think you've been invited,
To tingle up and down my spine?

What makes you think candlelight and wine,
Does the trick?
Or that soft music, grapes...
And frankenscense,
Will curl my toes?
Hmmm?
I 'spose you gon' say you psychic?
Or sumthin' cuning.
Like you're a honey?
And I'm gonna get stung!
Hmmm?

Now you better not bring sharp cheddar cheese,
In here!
OR, I'll just have to...

'I like mine extra sharp.
With slices of pepperoni.'

What makes you think you've been invited,
To tingle up and down my spine?

What makes you think candlelight and wine,
Does the trick?
Or that soft music, grapes...
And frankenscense,
Will curl my toes?
Hmmm?
You psychic?

'No!
Not one bit!
I just know what I like.
And from 'whom' to get it.'

Oh...

I'm your 'whom'.
I'll be your 'who' too!
Since you've got this like you do.

'I just know what I like.
And from 'whom' to get it.
That's all I need to know,
About you.
It aint no mystery.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Just Want A Happy Life To Live

Giving up on dreams I've made,
To wine and shop all day.
And come home to have cake,
Served by a butler or an upstairs maid!

Giving up on dreams I've made,
For escapades to escape.
And never worry 'bout,
Dimes I saved...
From stocks and bonds,
Stashed away!

I just want a happy life to live.
And not be driven to fits.
I just want a healthy life that is...
Free of doctor bills.
I just want a happiness to give,
With a peace I've earned to keep!
And a joy I feel so deep!

Giving up on dreams I've made,
For those escapades.
And never worry 'bout those dimes I save...
From stocks and bonds,
Stashed away!

Giving up on dreams I've made,
To wine and shop all day.

I just want a happy life to live.
And not be driven to fits.
I just want a healthy life that is...
Free of doctor bills.
I just want a happiness to give,
With a peace I've earned to keep!
And a joy I feel so deep!

Giving up on dreams I've made,
To wine and shop all day.

I just want a happy life to live.
And not be driven to fits.
I just want a healthy life that is...
Free of doctor bills.
I just want a happiness to give,
With a peace I've earned to keep!

I just want a happy life to live.
And not be driven to fits.
I just want a healthy life that is...
Free of doctor bills.
I just want a happiness to give,
With a peace I've earned to keep!
And a joy I feel so deep!
And a joy I feel so deep!

I just want a happy life to live!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Just Want To Say 'Hello' Then Step

You may claim not to know my name.
But I remember,
You're the same 'old' you.
And if our love had remained...
You would take away my memory too.

But I,
Am not...
Gonna play those stale games again!
I just want to say 'hello'
Then step!
I don't want to start,
Anything I'll later regret!

You claim not to be a part,
Of a past that broke your heart!

Well,
I feel the same as you do.
I am not going to bring up,
All the things we both have gone through.

But I,
Am not...
Gonna play those stale games again.
I just want to say 'hello' then step!
I don't want to start anything,
I'll later regret.

No I,
Am not...
Gonna play those games again.
I just want to say 'hello',
Then step!
I don't want to start anything upon the scene,
I'll later regret...
To undo!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Just Wanted To Get Your Opinion

What do you think about the Pope?
And the...
Influence of the church,
These
Days...?

HEY! ?
I just wanted to get your opinion.
I did not mean to chase you away.
Oh well.

Geeessshhh...
Is it 'that' bad?
I heard about the exorcisms.
But my goodness!
Impeaching a Pope?
What is going on inside that place?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Keep Focused

Whether I am on your list...
Or do not make an appearance at all.
Guest what?
Not a footprint on this path I have made,
Belongs to anyone else....
Who can claim a doing with little assistance.

I keep focused!

And guest what...?
You can compare me to anyone you please.
But I have never been impressed,
By your ability to stretch an imagination.

Why?

I keep focused!

And I try...
To stay focused.

And I choose not to guess how or when...
You have managed to do what you've done,
Without sweat or eyes dried,
As if a tear you have never cried.

Why?

I keep focused!

And I try...
To stay focused.

But I do believe the path you have chosen,
Has been repaved over so many times,
As to accomodate those who have found their way to go...
Much easier than the one I pioneered.
And I know it shows,
I am focused.

And I try...
To stay focused.

Yes I try...
To stay focused.

Whether I am on your list...
Or do not make an appearance at all.
Guest what?
Not a footprint on this path I have made,
Belongs to anyone else....
Who can claim a doing with little assistance.

I've updated and changed my list of preferenced wishes,
So many times...
I might have even been on the top of your list,
But...
Having a mind like this with desires to exist,
And improve what I do...
I keep focused.
With that in my mind,
That's kept...
Noticed.

With a leaving behind...
Those provoking others with their jokes!
To keep me...
Focused.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Keep My Best Advice To Myself

If I had a dime,
For those times...
I did not take my own advice,
I'd be up at least a dollar.
At least.

'That doesn't make sense.
You're saying you take your own advice,
Most of the time.'

Exactly.
The problem is this...
The people I use to give it to,
Have no clue as to its value.

And I am very protective,
Of my own investments.

That's why I keep my best advice,
To myself these days.
And somebody owes me some money,
To have it kept that way.

No more freebees!
Not here.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Kept It To Keep Believed

You did not leave me left,
Out of breath and sighing...
For your return.
Although my heart was broken.
It did not burn from yearning.

You taught me yet,
Another lesson to learn.
To know.
As I kept it to keep believed.
My giving to do with you as done,
Has proven to me...
Love that is felt to be real,
Maybe suspended.
But never given to anyone to end.

You did not leave me left,
Out of breath and sighing...
For your return.
Although my heart was broken.
It did not burn from yearning.
In fact...
I was glad and not sad at all,
To realize the love I gave to you to give...
From you I did not depend on it to get.
To know and feel within me it still exists.

You taught me yet,
Another lesson to learn.
To know.
As I kept it to keep believed.
Love.
I kept it to keep believed.

You didn't take anything away from me.
I kept my love to keep it believed.
To know.
And feel within me to remain and still exist.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Kinda Figured It All Out By Myself

'Daddy...
When I called for you last night,
To bring me a glass of water.
And you were moaning.
And mommy was calling God.
I yelled even louder!
But you didn't hear me!
And I waited for God to bring me water!
But He didn't do the job! '

What are you saying, young man?

'Nothing daddy.
I kinda figured it all out by myself! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Knew It

A movie maybe based,
Upon some segment of reality.
But the 'totality' of reality amovie is not.
Can a few of you nod your heads,
If this you agree.
Good.

And what is watched on TV,
Has been rehearsed for the most part.
And what is actually seen on those big TV screens,
Is captured by those operating cameras...
With a director following a script put together,
By a bevy of hired writers who have written what is said.

Now...
Are we on the same page?
Those with their mouths open and looking as if shocked,
Believe me...
What I say to you is absolutely true.
Although there are some exceptions.

You see...
Some of 'us' have become too affixed with a limited consciousness.
And too quick to be persuaded by this envasion on our minds.
With lots of time to be convinced 'thinking' is only done to prevent,
A stopping of preciously kept delusions from existing.
And with that said...
Do you mind repeatingf for all of us to hear,
WHY you called 911?

'My parents disconnected my X-Box.
And threatened to stop paying my cellphone bill.
IF my grades did not improve.'

And you thought this to be an emergency?

'I knew it.
I knew you would be on their side.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Knew What You Know

I'm not disputing,
What it is you believe you know.
However...
Do not attempt to convince others,
I knew what you know...
When I have not seen or heard from you.
Since what you do does not make,
For happy endings to take place.
All my deliveries to do face to face,
Are never misunderstood to be re-interpreted.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Know For Me There's No Benefit

Why did you abandon my love,
And then announce it missing?
Then you called all your friends to tell them,
Not even a glance from me you are getting.
Why do you pretend and lie to your friends.
Why don't you tell them you're the reason we ended.

I know deep inside you have a love for me.
And I know you wish to control what can't be.
You wish to have it your way and that's it.
And I will not take anybody's,
'S' with an 'H' and a 'T'...not me!
Nor to moods or attitudes,
From another will I commit.
Not if I know there's no benefit.

I know deep inside you feel something there,
For me...
To be revealed,
For YOU to see.

Why did you abandon my love,
And then announce it missing?
You wish to have it your way and that's it.
And I will not take anybody's,
'S' with an 'H' and a 'T'...not me!
I'm not into that kind of play.
Not if I know there's no benefit.
Or a connection to my feelings meant.

Why should I bother,
When there is no love in it for me meant.
Why should I bother?
Why should I bother,
And I know for me there's no benefit.
Why should I bother?
Why should I bother,
When there is no love in it for me meant.
Why should I bother?

Why should I bother,
And I know for me there's no benefit.
Why should I bother?
Why should I bother,
When there is no love in it for me meant.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Know How You Feel

I find it quite amusing,
That those who do not know others...
Can tell anyone how the one unknown,
Spends their time...
In a doing to them unseen or shown.

I like that expression...'I know how you feel.'

Really?
Then you wouldn't mind if I took a sledgehammer,
And hit you over the head with it a few times?
And if you wait here for a second...
I will call around to see if I could rent a Mac Truck,
To knock you down to roll over at least twice.~

People have no clue what others go through.
Even those living together,
Will say they know nothing of what the others do.
And they may be brothers, fathers, mothers and sisters too.

People do not care about anyone else,
Unless it is to the best of their interest.

And those who do show and express a genuine interest...
They are not suspected to be human.
At least not to have suffered through the experience,
Of being one.

Only those that have laid down like a welcome mat,
To have crap and all kinds of dirt rubbed on their backs...
Can say they qualify to raise a high eyebrow.
Or express an opinion no one likes to hear.
And that's the point of view everyone should respect.
Not the one created by someone pretending to know,
What they don't.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Know I'M A Moody S.O.B.

We can be the best of friends.
Or the worse of enemies.
I know I'm a moody s.o.b.
And you can be obnoxious,
As a moody s.o.b. can be!

We can be happy together.
Or separated in our miseries!
But none of that is like that with us.
We can cuss each other out!
But that trust has never left...
To leave us disgusted.
To carry that as baggage about.
To add to issues we can do without!

We can be the best of friends.
Or the worse of enemies.
I know I'm a moody s.o.b.
And you can be obnoxious,
As you can be.
And how many people do you know...
Can say that kind of love,
Between them shows?
Or admit to themselves...
Both desire to grow!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Know It 'Aint' Been That Easy

I know it 'aint' been that easy...
Cash strapped,
And on your own.

I know it 'aint' been that easy...
Making ends meet,
And feeding.
With nothing to spare for treats.

I know it 'aint' been that easy...
Cash strapped,
Like that.

I know it 'aint' been that easy...
Living alone,
And the money's gone.

I know it 'aint' been that easy...
Like that,
Cash strapped.

I know it 'aint' been that easy...
Being alone,
And on your own.
Doing your best,
And the money's gone.
Living a life that is condoned,
You manage.

And I know it aint been that easy...
Cash strapped and trapped.
I know it aint been that easy...
Cash strapped and trapped.

I know it aint been that easy,
Being alone,
And on your own.
Doing your best,
And the money's gone.

Living a life that is condoned,
You manage.

Being alone,
And on your own.
Doing your best,
And the money's gone.
Living a life that is condoned,
You manage.

I know it 'aint' been that easy...
Cash strapped,
Like that.

I know it 'aint' been that easy...
Cash strapped,
And on your own.

I know it 'aint' been that easy...
Cash strapped,
Like that.

I know it 'aint' been that easy...
Cash strapped,
And on your own...
Doing the best you do to make it through

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Know I'Ve Grown

I know I've grown.
Had I not...
Mother Nature would not stop me,
Suddenly with her beauty.
And I now am aware,
Of what has been always there.

I know I've grown.
I'm fascinated by a walk in the rain.
If clouds are there,
I do not complain.
And when I get wet,
I get a sense of happiness.
Without feeling 'strange' at all!

I know I've grown.
When I think of obstacles as adjustments.
And it seems as if it was just yesterday,
I struggled against this!
Finding it unbearable to face another challenge.

Today...
I know I've grown.
Since I think of those who passed their judgements,
As gifts received.
And I am able to forgive and let live?
Believing what had been done has its meaning.
Something from that has been retrieved.
And I am relieved by it.

Oh, I know I have grown.
Especially if I can come to smile,
In the face of a known tormentor.
And observing a suspicion,
From them I get!
I am equally as amazed.

And yet...
Not forgetting what was done.

But knowing I have overcomed my anger.
To allow a peace of mind I have found!
And trust me...
The power of that can stun.

And that did not arrive...
As I sat trying to justify my bitterness.
That crap had to go!
And when that was decided,
I knew inside myself...
I had grown to appreciate,
My life with more of an awareness...
Of what Mother Nature shows.
And this has been a blessing.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Know Not What Course Others May Take!

Is life so dear?
Or peace so sweet!
As to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery?
Forbid it, Almighty God!
I know not what course others may take!
But as for me...
Give me liberty or give me death!

~Now...
Who amongst you have heard that before? ~

'I have Mister Potts.
My mom said that just last night to my dad.'

~You amuse, Mister D Plus!
But no!
That statement is part of Patrick Henry's famous
'Give Me Liberty or Give Me Death' speech.
Delivered March 23,1775...
To the House of Representatives.
And I expect you all to have that memorized by next week! ~

'Geeesshhh, Mister P.
It took me longer than that to understand Jay-Z's 'Blueprint'.
And it was 'representin' in quite a few houses.
I know not what course others may take...
Mister Potts.
But this one I ain't recommendin' to nobody! '

~I see you've come with jokes,
Mister D Plus!
Do you wish that to be a Minus? ~

Note:
'Give Me Liberty or Give Me Death'
Had been delivered to the House of Representatives
March 23,1775

The title of my poem, 'I Know Not What Course Others May Take' is a line from that famous speech by Parick Henry.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Know 'she' Nosy

I know 'she' nosy.
She know she nosy too.
I know 'she' nosy.
She know she nosy too.

All up in my biz'ness...
Like its hers
And she aint got 'that' wit me.

Oh no...
No-no.

Everytime I see her,
She wanna stop...
To give me her 3rd degree.

She believes I'm hers,
'Cuz I was once...
And wanted to be.

But-that-was-then,
And now no time I keep...
Being under her lock
And keyed.
'Cuz I 'be' free!

I know 'she' nosy.
She know she nosy too.
I know 'she' nosy.
She know she nosy too.

She believes I'm hers,
'Cuz I was once...
And wanted to be.

But-that-was-then,
And now no time I keep...
Being under her lock
And keyed.

'Cuz I 'be' free!

Yeah yeah yeah.

Everytime I see her,
She wanna stop...
To give me her 3rd degree.

Oh no!
Don't want that no mo'.

All up in my biz'ness...
Like its hers
And she aint got 'that' wit me.

Oh no...
No-no.
No mo'.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Know This Bliss For Us Is Blessed!

When I am focused in your eyes...
I fall into pools of love.
Undenying it is.
As it captivates and hypnotizes.

When I feel your fingertips...
As if I'm being probed.
With a wish to uncloth me quick.
To experience together our nakedness.

When I'm in your arms and we hold and kiss...
Wherever we are,
The surroundings seem to vanish...
Quick and instantly dismissed.

And when I lay awake,
To see you fast asleep.
I wish I could leap inside your mind...
And share those dreams to forever for us to keep.

I know this bliss for us is blessed!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Know What I Have Here To Give

I am not that one to forget.
To be pushed aside,
For something better to wish...
To inspect what comes next!
I know what I have here to give.

For you it doesn't get any better than this.
Some have insisted what I give can be dismissed.
And I don't bother to interfere in argument.
If it is believed there is something to get better than me...
I only offer and give my best wishes!
With a send off to continue on a journey pursued.

I am not that one to forget.
To be pushed aside,
For something better to wish...
To inspect what comes next!
I know what I have here to give.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Know What My Master Does

I know where my Master lives.
I need no invitation to visit where He is.
I know where my Master lives.

I know what my Master does.
I witness this on a daily basis.
And not with eyes fixed on skies above.

My Master is available whenever I call.
My Master is everything and to me my all.
My Master has seen me stumble and fall,
To get up off my knees to again walk tall.
And if it wasn't for my Master I'd be left to crawl.
I am aware ot this.

I know where my Master lives.
I need no invitation to visit where He is.
I know where my Master lives.

I know what my Master does.
I witness this on a daily basis.
And not with eyes fixed on skies above.
I know what my Master does,
Can do...
And has done for me.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Know What The Score Is

If I've known for years,
My credit has been sad...
So sad that saying it's bad,
Would put a smile on many faces.
Why are people calling me,
To convince I should know what the score is?
I KNOW what the score is!
That's why I don't play the game anymore!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

'I Know What Time It Is With You! '

'I know what time it is with you! '

Finally!
That's great news.
I had given up,
Trying to assist you.
Now...
All you need is 59 more people,
To make a full minute.

Your unemployment counselor,
Has to show some pride?
You 'are' making progress.
You ARE!
What a ray of hope.

Stick with that motivation.
You never know about these things...
You may even stretch your activities,
To someday complete a full eight hours...
Of something you have proven,
You can accomplish!
And totally on your own merits.

Congratulations.
I had no idea I was 'that' important to you!
You bring me to tears.
Go on...
Go on!
I don't want you to see me do this!

I can't believe you spent such valuable time,
Making me 'that' important in your life!
Go on...
Go on...you...

'HEY!
I'm not trying to get that eight hours in 'today'!
Okay?

Gee!
Some people can really be melodramatic.
You give them a second...
And they alone want to take a full minute!

And you aint 'all' that!
Trust me.'

Don't let me stop you while you're ahead.
Some folks you may discover,
Might be that and a bag of chips.

'Now you're trying to insinuate,
I'm looking for handouts! '

No not really.

'Well...
If you've got a dollar...
I'll take it.
That wouldn't be beneath me! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Know Where Those Hearts Are

I know where those hearts are.
I've seen where those hearts are.
I've felt where those hearts are.

I do not need a tour,
To have them shown to me...
To be known!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Know Who You Are

Again...
I must thank You,
For the joy that I get.
Satisfaction You show me,
From my devotion which is complete.
My faithfulness given to You,
Has been received.

I must thank You,
For my happiness and rest.
My mind is not in doubt.
Nor do I have to guess.
I know who You are.

I must thank you,
For my life that is blessed.
I feel i can express this,
Since what I've done and do...
You are there to accept!

Again,
I must thank You.
I feel within committed.
Nothing I have pursued...
Has been done without You.

I must thank You,
For my happiness and rest.
My mind is not in doubt.
Nor do I have to guess.
I know who You are.
And 'that' is all I need to know.
I know who You are.
And without You...
I could not grow.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Know You'Re There And Listening

Everyday I will say,
I am glad to walk beside You.
Come what may everyday,
I am glad to know You're here!
And when I look up to the sky I feel,
Your eyes upon me near.

Everyday when I pray,
I know You're there and listening.
Everyday when I pray,
I'm listening to You too!

And no matter if gray clouds appear.
Or thunder in my mind...
Brings tears.
I find You there protecting.
I find safe shelter here.
It's very clear
I find You near me...
Everyday.

Everyday I will say,
I am glad to walk beside You.
Come what may everyday,
I am glad to know You are so near.
And when I look up to the sky I feel,
Your eyes upon me close...
To watch.

And chase away those fears that come.
To let me know I'm not just one with You.
You prove this everyday that I go through.

Everyday I know I'm not alone.
And with You I'll never be...
To question where You are.
You are never from me far,
Away.

I know You're there,
With me...
As always.
I know You're there!
To comfort me.
Eternally...
You're there.
Inside of me.
And in my heart,
To believe.

Everyday I know I'm not alone.
And with You I'll never be...
To question where You are.
You're never from me far,
Away.
You're here with me.
Kept faithfully to believe.

Everyday as I pray,
With faith and believe.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Laugh As I Reminisce

I listened to them.
Yesterday when the sky seemed always gray.
To remember the sound of their laughter.
To wonder why,
They enjoyed the doing of it...
Much more than I did.

Today feeling cheerful when I whistle,
I look at them under a bright and cloudless sky.
To remember their laughter.
I laugh as I reminisce.
They listen.
I enjoy the doing of it knowing I've been blessed.

But it seems the sound of my doing it,
Makes them sad as if they are depressed.
And...
I move on.
Not to look back.
Or wonder why!

I've got to laugh when I reminisce,
Those times when I felt so blue.
I've got to laugh when I reminisce,
Those sorrows that no one knew.
I've got to laugh when I reminisce,
All that I had lived through.
I've got to laugh when I reminisce.
I laugh as I reminisce.

I've got to laugh when I reminisce,
Those times when I felt so blue.
I've got to laugh when I reminisce,
Those sorrows that no one knew.
I've got to laugh when I reminisce,
All that I had lived through.
I've got to laugh when I reminisce.
I laugh as I reminisce.

I have got to laugh when I reminisce.
I laugh as I reminisce.
I have got to laugh when I reminisce.
I laugh as I reminisce.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Learn From Observation

I learn,
From observation.
Accepting a yearning.
With a consciousness attached.

I disbelieve what I hear,
Most times.
Until my curiousity strikes.
And unleashes with nosiness as a devotion!

Gathering facts becomes an obsession.
And stumbling over something ignored...
Usually reminds me,
I need to pay more attention.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Like It

I like,
Those moments of life you live...
Shared with me.
Free to abandon the maddening crowds,
Loud and chaotic.
With a misguided compassion.
And reacting as if robotic.

I like it,
When it is just you and I...
And nothing else between us comes.
To load upon our hugs and touches,
With distractions of any kind.

I like,
It.
Yes I do.
When the two of us can leave behind,
The unnecessary where it is.
Outside to be left.
As we keep what we have inside,
Close and loving.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Like That Bite Of Edgar's

I like that bite of Edgar's.
That one that takes flight in the night.
To rest on chimneys...
Leaving a darkened shadow
Cast by a glowing full moon night!
I like that bite of Edgar's.
A troubled brilliance seeking escape.
From a mind that has suffered
From his own and others' heartbreaks.
And to sit alone with thoughts to write.
Allowing a forbidden bitterness,
The head will not forgive!
And to deliver a quick liquor shot.
To ease a pain felt.
But no one will believe!
Not from the words left behind,
One reads.
I like that bite of Edgar's.
After he is read.
And the gloom in Edgar's head remains...
He sustains,
With a style...
Not easily forgotten.
I like that bite of Edgar Poe's.
And I know now...
He had to numb to succumb,
To chance a romance he was after...
That flew away one day,
Into the darkened night!
And then...
Death seemed to have come knocking.
Knocking!
To repeat unrelentless-ly!

Dedicated to:
Edgar Allan Poe

'To feel such anguish within.
Touched by diversed experiences,
that brings a clarity to one's life.
So emotionally vivid...
One can only reach out to this world
in the form of writing to express the depths of our pain
and unaccepted sorrows we keep inside of us.
That undescripted anguish that torments, unresolved.'
~lsp~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Like That Hat

I like that hat,
You've got on your rack.
I'll take it like that,
Don't wrap it.

I like that hat,
You've got on your rack.
I'll take it like that,
Don't wrap it

It gives me a feeling,
I could croon a new tune.
I'll take it like that,
Don't wrap it.

With a singing of a song,
I need to do.
I'll take it like that,
Don't wrap it.

I need to get away from moody blues.
I like that hat,
Don't wrap it.
I'll take it like that,
I like that hat!
Take it off your rack,
Don't wrap it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Like That Too

You know I can't stop trying being more for you.
And wanting to be every part of the life,
You live too.

With you with me,
I feel this selfishness.
As if I want to protect you...
In a possessiveness,
You would wish I'd give...
As you do.
And I am not resisting it,
If it shows.

You know I can't stop trying being more for you.
And wanting to be every part of the life,
You live too.

With you with me,
I feel this selfishness.
As if I want to protect you...
In a possessiveness,
You would wish I'd give...
As you do.
And I am not resisting it,
If it shows.

Okay...
You want me to be the one to go first?
Since you are the more submissive!
Just let me know when you get tired of it.
I like it when you are dominate.
And this I know,
I will not come to miss.
When you are aggressive,
It gives me a boost.
A lift!

'I was just about to say I like that too.
About you!

When we do it.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Like That You Do Do

Whatever that is you do,
You, do it with a do to do.
I like that you do do,
With a doing to do.

Do, do, do, do, do that...
Doing that you do,
'Cause...
I like that you do do,
With a doing to do.

Do, do, do, do, do that...
Doing that you do,
'Cause...
I like that you do do,
With a doing to do.

Whatever that is you do,
You, do it with a do to do.
I like that you do do,
With a doing to do.
I like that you do do,
With a doing to do.
Do, do, do, do, do that...
Doing that you do,
'Cause...
I like that you do do,
Whatever that is you do.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Like The Odds

Hmmm...
Interesting question.

How can I assist,
In keeping 'your' way of life
From slipping through your fingers?

Good question!

Well...
You did say something,
That was key to your dilemma.
It is 'your' way of life,
Right?
If it was mine...
You would have wasted no time,
Pulling the plug!
Believing that action
Would not mire you in sludge!

I tell you what!
I will not budge.
Instead...
I'd rather observe how your way of life changes.
Maybe there will be a lesson in it for me!

I like the odds.
And it is worth the gamble...
To see you scramble without thinking,
Of me as competition!
Either way...
There is nothing for me to lose.
I am already grateful,
I am not wishing to walk in your shoes!

Does that provide you with a little hint?
Or perhaps reveal my response to you,
With a clue to use?
Your way of life...

Has never included my wellbeing too!
Now has it?
And I regard you now,
As a hazard I am not willing to risk to take.
I pride my consciousness that is at stake!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Like To Get It Before It's Gone

In the midst of the budding of a birthing Spring.
I stood at the edge of a forest green.
And sought a path to walk through,
When Summer made it.

And the bees would hum,
As the birds did sing.
While I did this one on one,
With Mother Nature doing her 'thing'.

In the midst of the budding of a birthing Spring.
I stood at the edge of a forest green.
And wanted these days to happen.

I love to walk through the park at dawn.
Just to see what's going on.
And breathing clean fresh air everywhere.

I like to get it before it's gone.
Before the noon is born.
When the noises in the air aren't there!

And the bees would hum,
As the birds did sing.
While I did this one on one,
With Mother Nature doing her 'thing'.
In the midst of the budding of a birthing Spring.

I love to walk through the park at dawn.
Just to see what's going on.
And breathing clean fresh air everywhere.

I like to get it before it's gone.
Before the noon is born.
When the noises in the air aren't there!
Or anywhere.
Peace and I,
Choose to be!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Listen To Learn

If I knew what I should have done to do,
To know the outcome...
Then the doing done I did,
Without knowing the outcome of it...
Would have kept the experience,
Of hearing others say who sit to do nothing...
What they would have done to do better.
In a doing of it another way.

And I listen to learn.
With it understood to comprehend....
I am taking the opportunity,
To be criticized for mistakes and chances...
I am not afraid to make Or admit.
With a patience I quickly tolerate that's given.
And I am asked quite often as if it's a mystery,
From where do I get my insights?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Live In A Place

I live in a place,
Now free of conflict.
I live in a space that is blessed,
To have unrest...
Stop at the front door.

I live in a place,
I didn't recognize at first.
It was silent and patient.
And it kept within me thirsting,
For more of it.

I live in a place,
Now free of conflict.
I live in a space that is blessed,
To have unrest...
Stop at the front door.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Live My Beliefs

I respect your acceptance,
Of that which you keep...
As a means to obtain your sanity.
Never have I questioned your choices.

Although I have never received,
A mutual showing of respect shown to me...
I am not the one complaining in a campaign,
To have what it is I believe focused upon...
With such attention.

I live my beliefs!
I have no need to reach out,
With a convincing of them to mention.
I live my beliefs daily and with intention.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Live My Ministry

Many inexperienced with listening,
And the difference it makes...
To comprehend lessons taught to them,
Are seldom found listening to do this done.
But first heard to pass judgement.
With claims they have obtained,
A practice to do daily a deepened faith.
Unlike those they've determined,
Hide their suffering from everyone.

They are there to appear,
On street corners quoting scriptures.
While handing out pamphlets,
To the ones that are picked...
More in need for a change to do and quick.
Since time no longer has them favored,
To be the ones to adorn wings.
Or admit their lives lived in wickedness.
With a defending of their sinful ways.

'It's okay.
We all have sinned, my brutha.
There is no need to express happiness.
When I know...
Feelings you have are too depressing,
To address.
I'm here for you.'

~I am fine.
In fact, each day I live I know I am blessed.~

'How do you know that? '

~By walking in faith.
Not to contemplate or fake.
And accepting each test God gives to me.~

'By walking in faith not to contemplate or fake.
Oh please!

Another one.
Who believes that crap?
Give me a break.
Where are you people coming from?
MARS?
How happy can you be...
Masquerading your true identity.
And trying to charade with me,
That tired philosophy.
What do you do so different I can't see.
Hmmm?
Besides denying your deep anguish.
Frustration, anger and suppressed sorrow.
God wants to know.'

~I live my ministry and not from quotes.
To know that god has blessed my life.~

'Geeezus!
Where on Earth do you people come from?
Let me get away from you,
Before I lose my religion.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Live To Adventure

You wish to seek for definitions.
And I live to adventure,
The unknown to explore.

You wish to recreate,
That which has been discovered.
To then complain to others who listen,
How I refuse to value your standards.

You wish to seek for definitions.
And I live to adventure,
The unknown to explore.
My standards I value have been met.
With no regret of ignoring yours.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Looked For That Luck To Pocket

I looked,
For that luck to pocket.
I looked,
For that guarantee.
I looked...
With a searching done.
And I kneeled faithfully,
On bended knees.

I looked,
For that luck to pocket.
I looked,
For that guarantee.
I looked...
Everywhere for it to come to me.

I looked,
For that luck to pocket.
I looked,
For that guarantee.
I looked...
With a searching done.
And searched all over on bended knees.

I looked,
For that luck to pocket.
I looked,
For that guarantee.
I looked...
Everywhere,
Here and there.
And luck never came to me.

I looked,
For that luck to pocket.
I looked,
For that guarantee.
I looked...
With a searching done.

And I kneeled faithfully,
On bended knees.
And Luck,
Never came to me.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Lost My Rose Colored Glasses

You can say to me whatever it is you like.
I have heard it all before.
Not to ignore or invite spite.
Fortunately I lost my rose colored glasses.
You know...
The ones with the black frame,
And lenses tinted to heighten and mesmerize...
My own sentiments and druthers to tantalize.

And at first I will admit,
I was traumatized by this.
But adjusting to reality and the presence of facts,
With a researching that revealed so much truth I lacked...
My mind has adapted with a wish to detach from delusions.
Although difficult in the doing,
Not a moment do I regret with a looking back.
And with a doing decisive to reach cleared conclusions.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Love A Good Fight

I love a good fight!
Especially if the opponent has agreed,
To challenge me blindfolded.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Loved The Way You Did It

Hey...
I am the joke.
And you are the teller of them.
Remember?
I do.
I will always remember your laughter.

No!
I do not accept your apology.
I like things just the way they are.
With you believing me to be a joke.
And the laughter those jokes at my expense,
Would bring...
I do not wish it any other way.

You have no idea,
Just how inspiring you have been.
Hey...
I am the joke.
And you are the teller of them.
Remember?
I do.
I will always remember your laughter.
By all means...
Continue.

I loved the way you would laugh at me,
In the presence of others.
Can you still do that?
I loved the way you did it.

No.
Please.
You are spoiling my fun.
Don't apologize.
Laugh at me.
Laugh at me.
I loved the way you did it

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Make My Own Decisions

Not to take commitment ceremonies,
Seriously.
Or feel them felt deeply,
In the exchanging of vows...
To profess within listening distance,
How one's independence will be kept.
And accepted not to make any difference,
Will eventually leave that one alone...
To have all the independence they wish,
With it never again needing to be expressed...
By someone who leaves,
Not even a raised eyebrow.

'Where are you going,
With all of your things packed? '

~I too can make decisions.~

'But...
What about 'our' relationship? '

~Which one?
The one we had?
Or the one you haven't divorced from yourself? ~

'I only said,
I make my own decisions.
And being in a relationship,
Shouldn't change that to make a difference.'

~There is a difference.
What I seek is a shared relationship.
And what you need is to feel competitive.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Make My Students 'Believe'

If it wasn't for me,
They would not know how to use utensils...
To cut their meat.
Eat properly.
Or how to chew with their mouths closed.

Now...
They hardly speak to me.
And...
Want to take full credit,
For inventing the plate!

Does this make me irate?
Of course.
That's how great of a teacher I am.
I make my students 'believe'...
They can walk on water if they wish!
And...
Forget I dragged them,
To the pond for their first lesson!

Today,
They look at me as if I am the one subservient!
And that ain't hardly gonna happen.

I'll let them believe it for a while.
However...
When I get tired of it.
And their taught tricks.
They will know!
And so will you.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I May Be Thinking Of You Now

And I may be thinking of you now,
But tomorrow...
That thought's gonna go!

And I may want you more than ever,
This hour...
With a ticking that's slow.

I don't know.

But you're not gonna rob my time!
After all we've been through!

And you,
May see me and ask...
If I,
Am doing okay.

I am!

And you...
May wanna stray,
Just to see...
If you can get in my way.

No...
That door has long been closed.
Not to be reopened.

And we won't open it.
I refuse...
To pay more dues,
Today!
Baby...bay-be!

And that door has closed,
Keeping my heart from being decayed.
Baby...bay-be!

And we won't open it.
I refuse...
To pay more dues,
Today!

Baby...bay be!
No we won't open it.
I refuse...
To pay more dues,
Today!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I May Get Misty Eyed

I could never be inspired with this motivation,
Without you.
I could never attempt to reach to heights...
Once believed out of my own sight,
Without you.

And I may get misty eyed,
When thoughts of you in my life...
Gets next to me.
And I may show moods of attitude,
If you...
I feel I don't please.

And I wish I could say, 'What's love got to do with it? '
But it has been the love you've given to me...
Is all I need.
I could never be inspired with this motivation,
Without you.
I could never attempt to reach to heights...
Once believed out of my own sight,
Without you.

And I may show moods of attitude,
If you...
I feel I don't please.
Since it has been you,
And who you are...
That feeds my need.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I May Have Burned A Bridge

It was believed when I left them,
I had burned a bridge.
But from my point of view...
After receiving their undo discouragement,
For years.
A severing of ties,
Led my steps to fresher air.
And a place they were hesitant to share.

I may have burned a bridge!
However,
It is clear to me I am where I want to be!
And not one wish do I have of moving backward,
To join anyone still living in fear and doubt!
If I knew this would be my experience...
I would have burned that bridge a long time ago!
With the same confidence that motivates me now!
I did not need to cross that bridge with anyone in the first place.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I May Not Have 'Bling'

You've done everything possible,
To get what you wanted.
And you did that.
Incorporating some of the most,
Disgusting things.

Now you say you wish I were in your life?
That want you have is not a possibility.
You see...
I may not have 'bling'.
But I do have integrity and lots of it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I May Or Might Not

I may or might not,
Awaken some days...
To have an unmistakable taste,
For evil.
And I may or might not,
Avoid or invite...
The other side of that duality.
Just to satisfy a feeding,
Of a lowlife pleasure...
To soothe that appetite.
With an ending of that crave.
Temporarily.
Some days I may or might not,
Get off the fence of pretensions.
Kept to defend them.

I can be self-righteous.
To have it sit,
At the top of my list.
I can be vain to then decide,
Whether to be seduced...
Or choose to be tamed.
If the doing of it,
Is accepted and not criticized.
I can be faced up or faced down,
To climax the maximum excitement.
But I won't be found laying around,
From a boredom day and night.
I'm not living my life,
Restricted to limit...
Within rules to obey.
God did not create me that way,
To stay.

I may or might not,
Like or dislike...
What the Sunrise to me brings.
And I may or might not,
Decide which side of a duality...

Is more appreciated to accept,
If I am expected...
To be someone else.
By those who fear to be themselves.
On 'whatever' day that may be.

'You don't seem the same,
As you were yesterday.'

And you have done your best,
To remain unchanged.
Is it painful?

'Painful?
Why should it be painful? '

I use to get sick by making attempts,
To keep up with others.
Insisting to maintain,
Unchanged appearances.
These days as I grow older,
I'm learning it's best to just...
Go with the flow.

'And let go of making impressions?
What kind of life is that to live?
I can not fathom to imagine it.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I May Play Aound With My Own Gifts

I remember once,
Of having the nature of giving.
And enthusiastic,
By the mere participation...
In the doing of it.

But when I heard from others' lips,
I should not expect most...
To feel that same way.
And there I was in heated sweat...
With the giving of myself,
Assisting them?
With the expanding,
Of their expressed creativeness.

Someone wasn't getting what I had attempted,
To enlist.
Someone attempted to take my experiences,
And make a mockery of it.

And when I discovered being looked upon,
As a fool for doing this! ?
There were no long goodbyes with sighs.
My eyes I placed on an exit.
And I through that exit I went quick.

I may play aound with my own gifts.
But for others to do it?
That's not allowed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Meant It

To you it was funny
When they were using my money,
And now you're so far in debt...
You may as well stay there!
It wouldn't be cost effective to bail you out!

'Feast or famine? '

You talking to me?
You sat on pews to pray.
Drove many a day past me
Without a nod or a sign that we had met.
That you are going through a 'phase'
Is something I regret...
Like the time you left me stranded.
Knowning I was damn near on my hands and knees!

I'll take the feast...
You can have the famine!
And the empty space you say I left in your heart!
Remember?
You left me.
I just agreed not to give a damn.
And I meant it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Missed You

I'm so glad to see us back together.
Even though we argue and fight!
Let's keep 'us' back together...
So I can sleep peacefully at night!
I missed you...
And you missed me loving you right!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

'I Missed You Today! '

When it gets like this,
And snow drifts outside pile.
Separating us,
Between 'mountains'...
For just a short while.
I gaze out of the window,
With a protective wish!
Hoping I am in your heart...
And my touch,
When we are apart...
You also miss.

When I am alone at home,
Wanting to feel you near.
I play the songs we love,
With lyrics I hear so clear.
And just as sunset approaches,
Upon this scene!
The tingling begins.
A slow smile turns into a grin!
The door unlocks.
My loneliness for you stops.
I dropp everything and rush to you.
No longer are we 'hidden'!
We are together.
Within each other's view!

I hum and sing.
That's how much to me you mean!
I can't get enough of you...
These days,
It seems.

'I missed you today! '

Really?
I've been so busy.
That's why I hadn't called!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Must Have Said Something Wrong?

What you're saying to me makes no sense at all.
My utility company hired your telehone center,
To call my home to convince me,
I can save money by using a discounted service...
That will provide me a lower rate on my electric bill?

There is only one thing that troubles me about this.
Why would they hire your company,
Which is located on the West Coast.
And I live on the East Coast?
When all they could have done,
Is not hire you at all to save them on phone calls...
With an additional lowering of my bill!

Plus...
Those I know that have been laid off,
Because of the lack of jobs...
Would love to get paid for just a walk to my home,
Announcing the good news...
That the local utility offers because of their concern.

And...
IF they have that kind of money to throw away?
They can pay my entire bill monthy...
AND buy me a new car.

Hello?
Hello?
I must have said something wrong?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Must See What I Feel First

On the tip of my tongue,
Sits the words, 'I Love You'.
But...
Somehow,
In the depths of my heart...
I seek to define,
An appropriate meaning...
To send to my head.
There are embers I wish to burn.
To keep a warmth inside me fed.

I've been here one too many times before.
And my mouth...
Like an unlocked door,
Welcomed in a stranger...
Maybe one or two.
But no more than three...
I thought I knew but didn't.
And my peace of mind,
I no longer wish to be kept hidden.

So much do I enjoy my blessed space.
And hopefully you will come to know it.
But I must see what I feel first,
To be a part of who you are.
That thirst...
With a constant appearance on your face.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Must Win Again Your Trust

I...
Wish,
Another chance.
I...
Want,
To enhance that chance...
To prove,
To you...
That I can be,
All that it is...
You need,
From me.
Honestly,
I can and will deliver.

And I wish,
Another chance to prove...
I can improve.
And I will since I must,
Win again your trust!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Need To Feel You Near

Do you stay with a craving...
That is a hunger for me?
And,
Is this...
Just more than a 'fling'?
And is it...
More than midnight 'thing',
Between...
me,
To be?

Is it...
Just more than a 'fling'?
And is this...
More than midnight 'thing',
Between...
me?

Do you stay,
With a hunger for me?
And...
Do you crave,
A taste to treat to feed,
From me...
Everyday?

Or...
Is this,
What I hope to see?

I'm the one who needs you...
Breathing on me.
And...
Touching my skin.
with a warmth that never ends.
And....
Am I the one who needs you,
More than I'm wishing...
You wont let go once you know.

Do you crave,
A tasty treat from me everyday?
And do you....
Stay with a hunger this way,
Just for me.

Do you stay with a craving...
That is hunger for me?
And,
Is this...
More than a midnight 'thing'.
'Cause....
I need to feel,
You touching me.

And I need to feel,
You breathing...
On my skin.

I need to feel,
You touching me.
And I need to feel,
You breathing.
And...
On my skin.

I need to feel you near and breathing...
On my skin.
I need to feel your touching to breathe,
On my skin.
I need to feel you touching,
On my skin.
I need to know that feeling here,
Next to me.

I need to know it and to have it here,
Next to me.
Next to me.
Next to me,
I need to know it and to have it here...
Next to me.

I need to know it with you showing it,
Next to me.
Next to me.
Next to me.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Needed To Be Naked

When I began to realize,
My insecurities victimized...
Wishes I had to plant good deeds,
Those ambitions I had 'then'...
I made more challenging.
I had to.

I needed to be naked!
Bared with flaws exposed.
And free of masquerade...
That began to entrap me in smothering denial.
I witnessed too many living like this.
Cursed and motivated by pre-meditation.
Dwelling on the surface without depth.
And at a loss to live life with passion.

I needed to be naked!
Bared,
And free of masquerade.
If I had to strip to magnetize my dreams,
So be it.

Those barriers placed around a comfort zone,
I 'had' to remove.
I invited criticisms.
I wanted to grow.
And I knew I couldn't do it...
If all I did was dance with pretension,
With others who were equally well hidden.
And a keeping in rhythm with 'that'...
Was not me!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Never Thought Of It That Way

I disagree!
I think I happen to be among the few,
Who believes they have succeeded tremendously.

Look around.
Observe.
What do you see?

'I see a waste of human energy! '

Go on...
And?

'I see a breakdown of dignity and self respect.'

And?

'I see a mess!
That's not progress.'

Who's talking about 'progress'?
I'm talking about what they've succeeded to do!
And it had to have been what they wanted...
Or this condition would not exist.

Hey...?
Maybe from their point of view,
We are witnessing THEIR 'progress'.
I never thought of it that way!
Maybe that's why they reject our version of unity!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I No Longer Fish

I wanted more to be with you,
Than anyone other.
But the way I went about it,
Left you suspicious and in doubt.
And as time has passed by,
You have discovered to find out...
I was neither in desperation.
Nor was I fishing with common bait.
And here today you appear to believe,
After years of being by others deceived...
That I've been awaiting from you to receive,
A feeling for me you say wont leave.
Well...
I wanted more to be with you,
Than anyone other.
But the way I went about it,
Left you suspicious and in doubt.
And as time has passed by,
You have discovered to find out...
I was neither in desperation.
Nor was I fishing with common bait.
I can only admit with this to honestly say,
Not only has that bait deflated.
But I've also lost my taste for fish.
I no longer fish to wish it or even miss.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Offered You My Understanding

No more of your B.S.,
Am I digesting.
To believe your serving of it,
I deserve.
Your menu may be limited,
But none of it am I having.
Nor am I going to have you pick,
A choosing with me to start a conflict.

I offered you my understanding.
With a sitting to comprehend,
Your childhood pain.
But my own dysfunctions,
Were not a Sunday picnic to face.
And an ignorance I once defended,
Today I can not accept.
I've gotten too old to allow my patience,
To be tested by anyone...
Proving they can neglect,
Showing me respect.

'Sir?
You asked of me,
What were today's specials.
And you've been here before.
On many occasions.
Normally you would order,
The 'Beef Stroganoff'.
And all I said,
Was that I was prepared...
To serve you B.S.
The way you have come to like it.'

Uh...
Could I have,
A glass of wine with that?

'Sure.
Before, during or after...

Your favorite B.S.? '

I'm having one of those 'moments' today.
Do you mind just saying Beef Stroganoff?
And I apologize bringing up your childhood.

'That's okay.
You made me realize,
Aging to acquire patience...
Has nothing to do,
With those dysfunctions coming back to visit.'

I'll have that wine, now.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Often Wonder About This When I Am Solicited

It is difficult to remain objective...
When a solicitation comes.
It is difficult not to feel imposed upon...
When a rating is demanded,
From someone.

Does someone doing what they do,
From a love connection.
Desire to have it rated...
With a close inspection?
I often wonder about this when I am solicited.

It is difficult to remain objective...
When a a solicitation comes.
It is difficult not to feel imposed upon...
When a rating is demanded,
From someone.

And what is the ultimate purpose?
To feed an ego...
Or improve.
What if I should say I dislike what has been done?
What for that 'someone' will my comments prove?

That I don't know what I am talking about?
AND...
I am an eccentric fool?
I've been told that too many times.
That is why I refuse,
To respond to solicitations.

There is an honesty involved.
And I will protect mine too!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Oh I

Even if I have to sweep the streets...
I wanna be the one,
To do that for you.

Even if I don't appear that neat...
I wanna be the one,
You rush to speak to.

I oh I...
Gotta be the one you need.
And I oh I...
Gotta be the one you see,
Could share with you eternity!

Even if I can not sleep a wink...
I wanna be the one,
You wake from sleep to.

Even if that leaves me feeling weak...
I'd rather stay that way,
To show my heart is true.

I oh I...
Gotta be the one you need.
And I oh I...
Gotta be the one you see,
Could share with you eternity!

Oh I,
Know why...
Only you do this to me.
And I oh I...
Wanna share with you my destiny,
Forever eternally.

Oh I oh I...
Gotta be the one you need.
And I oh I...
Gotta be the one you see,

Could share with you eternity!

No 'maybe' it's gonna be!

Even if I have to sweep the streets...
I wanna be the one,
To do that for you.

Even if I don't appear that neat...
I wanna be the one,
You rush to speak to.

Oh I oh I...
Gotta be the one you need.
And I oh I...
Gotta be the one you see,
Could share with you eternity!

Forever just you and me!
In a world we make,
For us complete.
Even If I have to stay...
Awake!
Each day.
Whatever it takes I'm willing to go,
That way.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Once Couldn'T Get Enough Of You

It's strange how you aint on my mind no more.
Strange I don't feel you,
Like you at my front door.
And absent is any thought I have of you.
This is good news.
Maybe far away from my neighborhood,
You have moved!

It's funny now that I don't have to roll my eyes.
I don't have to prepare my lips for a frown,
'Cause I'm glad you're not around.
It's also less of a grief when I go to sleep.
Before I couldn't do that.
Because in my mind you wouldn't leave!

I hope and pray everyday is like this.
The longer you stay away,
Brings my life much happiness.
And to think it seems as if it was recently...
That I once couldn't get enough of you,
When you told me I was all you ever would need.
But today I'm so glad...
You thought enough of me,
To have left all this fresh air to breathe freely.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Only Get To Pick One?

Why is it always 'after' the fact,
Observed and witnessed deliberate actions taken...
At the expense of someone by another's doing,
There are those with sad faces who come forward...
To express what it is they should not have done?
With a 'look' as if a puppy not yet house broken,
And with sorrowful eyes intentionally set in a tilted head...
Hoping the punishment will not be as severe as it should be.

'I didn't mean any harm.
To anyone.'

~Did that feeling begin to stir within you before or 'after',
You realized we had your misdeeds videotaped? ~

'I don't know what came over me.'

~I have some suggestions.
Pick one.
Bad acting lessons?
How about the rolling of eyes of a passing stranger?
And my old time favorite that might work for you...
A dysfunctional childhood.
And...
As a bonus,
How about being ignored by parents,
Who themselves had mental instabilities.
Which one would you like to use? ~

'I only get to pick one? '

Oh well...
Go ahead and pick two.
But no more than that.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Only Live To Love

I only live to love.
With a wanting everyday to do it.
I only live to love.
To give it to get.
To give it to get.
With a wanting everyday to do it.

I only live to love.
To give it to get.
To give it to get.
If you're not giving you wont get it.
If you're not giving you wont get it.

I only live to love.
With a wanting everyday to do it.

Many people choose to share their negative deeds.
With a wanting everyday to do it.
Many people have become crooks and thieves,
With a wanting everyday to do it.
Many people have tricks up their sleeves
With a wanting everyday to do it.

I only live to love.
With a wanting everyday to do it.
I only live to love.
To give it to get.
To give it to get.
With a wanting everyday to do it.

Many people choose to share their negative deeds.
To give it to get.
To give it to get.
And many people have become crooks and thieves,
With a wanting everyday to do it.

I only live to love.
With a wanting everyday to do it.
I only live to love.

With a wanting everyday to do it.
I only LIVE to LOVE.
With a wanting everyday to do it.
To give it to get.
To give it to get.
More love.
To give it to get.
To give it to get.
More love.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Only Wish To See It

Experience and not to be it.
And not to build a shack to pack it in the back of my home.
I want to leave it all alone on its own condoned.

I only wish to see it.
And know that it's there.
Experience and not to be it.
To admire with care.
And not to pack it on a rack to look at in my home.
I want to leave it all alone on its own condoned.

I only wish to see it.
Yes I do.
Experience and not to be it.
This is true.
And not to pack it on a rack to look at in my home.
I want to leave it all alone on its own condoned.

I only wish to see it.
With eyes wide.
Experience and not to be it.
Under the skies.
And not to build a shack to pack it in the back of my home.
I want to leave it all alone on its own condoned.
I want to leave it all alone on its own condoned.

I only wish to see it.
Oh yeah.
Experience and not to be it.
I want it shared.
And not to build a shack to pack it in the back of my home.
And not to build a shack to pack it in the back of my home.
I want to leave it all alone on its own condoned.
And not to build a shack to pack it in the back of my home.
I only wish to see it and not wish it to be owned.
I only wish to see it and not wish it to be owned.

I only wish to see it.
Oh yeah.

Experience and not to be it.
I want it shared.
And not to build a shack to pack it in the back of my home.
And not to build a shack to pack it in the back of my home.
I want to leave it all alone on its own condoned.
And not to build a shack to pack it in the back of my home.
I only wish to see it and not wish it to be owned.
I only wish to see it and not wish it to be owned.
To leave.
And not own it...
Just-for-me-to-keep.

I only wish to see it.
Oh yeah.
Experience and not to be it.
It's got to shared.
And not to build a shack to pack it in the back of my home.
I only wish to see it and not wish it to be owned.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Owe It First To Myself To Be Honest

I owe it first to myself to be honest.
I use to believe it did not matter,
If I kept the depth of my feelings hidden.
But then I realized I had a wish,
To have at least one person unafraid...
To escape and leave behind their pretentions.

And today after doing it to strip myself free,
My ability to recognize honesty in others...
Is a feeling I get that is non-verbally expressed.
And I could care less,
Who accepts expressed pretentions!
I owe it first to myself to be honest.

I had been the last to know I'd been tricked,
By the foolishness of believing others had arrived.
To find myself deluded in the midst,
Of those too comfortable with the telling of lies.
I can now detect with my ears and eyes.
To leave my honesty disguised if I must.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Owe That To You

I acknowledge your input.
And sacrifices made.
I acknowledge too, I do...
Your time spent to me given.
As I pursued my endeavors.
However...
What I need more from you,
Is understanding to comprehend...
Your input given I wish to end.
With a strengthening of our relationship.
To know I have grown to make,
Decisions on my own and...alone.

But I don't want you to leave me believing,
You have been replaced.
That would cause me heartache.

Even if I should fall flat on my face,
I want it known right now...
If it wasn't for you and your encouragement,
To me given.
I wouldn't be able to continue on.
Day and night long to feel stronger than ever.
Hoping you remain proud of my efforts.
With it known from where I received,
Motivation. Intiative. And, in myself to believe.
That I can and will succeed.
I owe that to you to remember.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Owe Who I Am To You

How grateful I am,
To have lived.
And You have allowed it.

To experience seasons,
With changes that exist.
In an acceptance,
Of Your offerings...
That come and go,
To be as is.

And to be able to express this...
In a completedness,
I do not resist.
With an acknowledgement,
My life on Earth without You...
Would leave me less blessed,
And prehaps without gifts.

How grateful I am,
To have lived.
And You have allowed it.
To lead me to learn and to grow.
Knowing I owe who I am to You!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Owe You A Depth Of Gratitude

Remember...
They are there to represent 'your' interests.
Your standards.
Your way of life.
Your depiction of normalcy.

And from what I've seen...
Your decision to label me an outcast?
Brings a comfort to my consciousness.
At least I now know,
Those ambitions I had wishing to fit in...
Have been saved by your acknowledgement,
That I didn't.

I owe you a depth of gratitude.

But I will admit,
I did have my doubts for a very long time.
And a not fitting in...
Is today,
The least of my concerns.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Own Them

Are my two balls
Too big for you?
When they are exposed and admired...
Do you become ashamed
You have none to show too?
You want your friends to believe,
You wear the pants in here!
I played along with you for years...
But it is what it is,
And if I would leave...
You would be in tears.
They are loved,
And you like them there!
Hanging in front of your nose.
Just as they appear!

So why are you letting small town talk
And gossip you hear...
Make you feel these balls and not for you,
And near!

Are my two balls
Too big for you?
When they are exposed and admired...
Do you become ashamed
You have none to show too?
If you let me be the man I am
And not one just to screw...
Like your friends and neighbors
Tell you they do
Behind the backs of their spouses,
And that's a fact that's true!

It will be much better...
If you decided I own them!
They are mine,
Hanging in front of my behind!
And they are there to share with you.
Anytime you've got an hour or two!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Peep Through Windows And Read Lips

Inside the other side.
And not sure why,
I had been invited.
Perhaps I had been outside,
So long...
I was not recognized.

But then again,
If it was not for the exercise...
In the minding of my own business,
I make attempts to try...
I would have stayed outside.
Since I hate to be around those,
Faking humor.
AND charading pretentiousness.

Although looking through the window,
I found too difficult to read lips.
Especially the ones munching,
On those little finger sandwiches.
And I must admit,
They were delicious.

'Hello.
You're new.
What do you do? '

I peep through windows and read lips.

'LOL...
That's funny AND quite original.
I'm glad someone around here has a sense of humor.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Pity The Fool

There is nothing like witnessing,
What has come to pass.
Especially in the lives of those,
Who believed themselves with time to laugh.
As they expressed their judgements on others,
Experiencing criticsms and unknown heartaches...
Never to forget when these events took place.
And who participated.

And 'today' those others,
With judgements upon them passed in laughter...
Could 'if' they wished choose to be just as ignorant.
But what difference would this make to do,
In the presence of the ones with a doing to prove?
What would be the benefit of it with a doing done,
If their slower paces and saddened faces etched...
Are obvious enough from a distance to witness.

'I pity the fool.' Mister 'T' once said.
However...
Those who had believed he was one too,
Were obviously not viewing life,
From his perspective.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Pray This Comes To You

I pray this comes to you,
With a warmness in your heart...
For me that has started.

I pray this comes to you,
Wanting me.
And wishing we,
Were near...
Free to love, give and take.

I pray this comes to you,
Forgiving what I've done...
That has caused you heartache.

I pray this comes to you,
Forgiving me.
And we...
Both have grown to be,
Together.
Forever.

Yes we...
Both have grown to be,
Loved.

I pray this comes to you,
With a warmness in your heart...
For me that has started.

I pray this comes to you,
Knowing both of us have made mistakes.
And we...
Both have grown to be,
Together.
Free to love, give and take.

Yes we...
Both have grown to be,
Loved.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Pray To Have Your Memory Linger

What we had yesterday...
From me,
Just will not go away.

I would get up at dawn,
And think about you.
I would sit to witness the Sunset.
Until from the horizon,
It was gone from view.

What we had yesterday...
From me,
Just will not go away.

Each face I'd see smiling...
I'd see you smiling too!
Each couple I'd see holding hands as they walked...
I'd remember your voice,
With a wish to hear you again to me talk.

I would get up at dawn,
And think about you.
I would sit to witness the Sunset.
Until from the horizon,
It was gone from view.

What we had yesterday...
From me,
Just will not go away.

Even today,
I pray to have your memory linger.
Even today,
I pray the thought of you...
Never goes away!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Prefer The Pound

I remembered being married.
Now I am happily divorced.
I don't recall wishing this bliss.
Or when I preferred pound cake,
Over one called Death by Chocolate.
But I have learned,
Not to touch chocolate
Without backup or guard.
It is hard breaking free of habits that decay.
Even when it's inviting...
Nothing guarantees an addiction,
Will not kill ambition.
Some escape with slight healing bruises!
Others are beaten into the ground!
That's why I prefer the pound,
When it is around and I can taste it!
Nibble and leave...
That's my philosophy I'm feeding me.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Prefer To Keep It Basic

I want to hold you in my arms...
With one thing on my mind!
A holding of 'you',
In my arms.

All that other chatter,
That you want to make matter.
And happening next door?
That is not what I am here for.

I want to hold you in my arms...
With one thing on my mind!
A holding of 'you',
In my arms.

I have no other priorities.
Or nothing else on my agenda.
I cleared my head,
And everything i had deemed important...
To be here with you!

And if it is me you want to be with...
I'm cool with it!
But what your neighbors and friends do...
With 'trips' taken with family members.
And how they do it with flapping lips...
Aint got 'nuthin' to do with me.

Comeon...
Let's you and me,
Spell clarity!
As we allow it to approach us.

I want to hold you in my arms...
With one thing on my mind!
A holding of 'you',
In my arms.

When it comes down to you,

With me in view in a togetherness...
I prefer to keep it basic!
With a minding of 'our' business to get done.
I am not prepared to embrace group relationships.
Not just yet.

In you,
My heart is invested.
And I want us to bond with solid stock.
Knowing what we've got,
Is not determined by the benefit of dividends.
Although...
Our actions are the cause and the effect of them.

And like I said...
I want to hold you in my arms...
With one thing on my mind!
A holding of 'you',
In my arms.

Let me know,
If any of this...
Does not click in your head!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Promise Not To Be Too Severe

Okay!
It's a deal.
I promise not to be too severe,
When I evaluate in the giving of my assessments.

I'll see the scum for what it is,
And not exaggerate.
I'll simplify by relating to it as a disadvantaged placement...
For those who sought to seize the moment!
And found themselves humanity's disgrace.

Doesn't that sound less pessimistic?
I keep telling you I've updated and refined my taste.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Promised To Lead

I can not monitor your movements.
I can only respect the direction you take.

For me to be held accountable for your mistakes...
Is not the purpose for the steps I take.

And for you to suggest,
Your responsibilities are tests for me to accept...
Is not a contemplation I will digest.
Or load on my back...
To prove I can condone your added foolishness.

I promised to lead...
Not bleed to receive your approval,
Or acceptance.

There is more than your priorities,
On my agenda.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Protect My Own Needs

I protect my own needs, desires and wants.
Since no one perceives I might have them.
And I've learned to keep my peace of mind,
Not easily detected for others to find...
As a means to duplicate its existence.
To claim they originated it,
With persistent instances insisted.

And all I do is pretend most of the time,
I am blessed with that which no one else can get.
Even tested I appear not to become upset.
And those who have mastered in the giving of such tests,
Seem more perplexed as to how I pass them.
As if they created my responses,
While I sat from distances to watch in a vacuum unaffected.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Provide You The Fool

Why?
Yes,
Why do you do this...
When you know it is love.
You have my emotions cascading,
Over rocks you come to lay.
And my heart you dissect...
As if nothing I feel is meant,
Or respected!

Why?
Yes,
Why do you do this?
To begin and twist every argument we have.
And to continue with it,
Until a storm has been cast!
And tears flow fast from eyes that swell.
Why when you say, 'Go to hell! '
You're the one clearly on that path!

Why?
Yes,
Why do you do this?
To apologize to me.
Knowing your apologies...
Are not meant to believe.
Nor do they last.
Why?

'I'm just a sucker for your love! '

And I provide you the fool!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Question

I question.
With few exceptions I will question.
And inspect that which I select,
To understand and comprehend...
What I seek answered,
Now and then.

I question.
Nearly everyday,
Something that comes my way...
To attract my curiosity.
And leaving this dismissed to forget,
May have some perceive me as being naive.

But I live my life to question,
That which I might misunderstand.
I don't misquote or take notes from those,
Who perceive I should believe,
A point of view that does not connect.
Or left to accept the unknown I am shown.
If it is 'there' I want to be more aware of it.
What it means and how it benefits.

Therefore I question...
To learn.
I just don't accept to have it perceived,
I arrived to obtain knowledge,
From someone who donated it as a volunteer.
I question until a clear connection has been made.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Ran!

I ran!
I didn't want to stay.
I couldn't.

To witness and feel,
What was being revealed...
There,
Before my eyes.
Frightened.

I ran to escape from it.
I could not sit.
There was something I knew,
I had to resist.

I had not been accustomed to truth.
Everyone I knew,
Ran from it too!
What else could I do?
But run!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Rather Have My Heart Break

When we were attracted,
We sought to seek deep details.
After discovering the capture,
Lost the need to continue the hunt.

The details began to repeat themselves.
And the wish to be freed...
Became excuses we used,
To escape and breakaway...
From an attention no longer paid,
That once kept us enthusiastic.

Now we both feel entrapped!
Caged like blood thirsty opponents.
I rather have my heart break...
Than my blood to gush!
Or have you rushing away,
From a knock out punch attempted.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Rather Sit And Nod

I seek with a doing to escape from explanations.
With a choosing not to confuse my understanding,
Of what I believe is to be meant but not mentioned.
Sometimes I find to ask questions for clarity,
Seldom does a response clears my mind...
To leave me with comprehension.

And it becomes foolish to keep asking,
The same questions over again...
That begins an argument about what has been said.
Especially if one feels they must defend...
An explanation not to be understood.
So I rather sit and nod as if I am in total agreement.

'I see someone here agrees with me.
The rest of you have puzzled looks on your faces.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Receive

This beautiful gift You have given me...
I receive.
And grateful I am blessed,
It is yet from the peak...
Of its bloom unfolding.

I receive this breath of life You give.
I admit I am inquisitive...
To witness an obstacle that sits.
And You assist with a lift of it,
Off my path.

The faith I have,
Does not ask of You how this is done.

I receive my challenges,
In all ways they come to be wrapped.
To let me know my life...
Is full of assorted delights.
Some I may or may not like,
But they are mine.

And I receive what it is You wish for me.
In prayer everyday in the way I know I can...
I thank You.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I 'Recently' Changed My Mind

Could I live with myself,
Sleeping with a seeking...
To revenge an act done to me,
Deeply sinking in as if intended?
And I promised myself,
To let such foolishness go.
Could I?

Would I hold onto thoughts,
Without a wish to abort them?
To continue to be reminded,
Who initiated the impregnating...
As if I laid in waiting to satiate it?
Would I be that consciously stupid,
To not use some kind of protection?

Forgetting what was done,
Forever!
Knowing inside of me,
This feeling would grow to sit.
Making periodic visits.

And could I go through belaboring a birth,
Surging to emerge and pretend it goes unnoticed?
Knowing in my mind it isn't worth it to suppress.
Or...
Would I be proud to deliver a healthy punch,
With my right as I might...
To address it as expressed?

'Owww!
What did you do that for? '

You don't think I am going to carry around,
What you did to me...
For months.
And not harbor 'any' remnants of ill feeling?
Do you?
DO YOU?

'But...
You 'said' you forgave me.'

I thought I did too!
Well...
I 'recently' changed my mind.
Ahhh...
NOW I feel okay about leaving it all behind.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Recommend

You're upset with regrets,
And yet...
You keep them in your weeping.
I think for you the best thing to get,
Is determined to have them ending.

And I recommend...
You open up your door,
With no sentiments to mention...
When you rid them all.

You're upset with regrets,
And yet...
You keep them in your weeping.
I think for you the best thing to get,
Is determined to have them ending.

And I recommend...
When you open up your door,
To rid them all...
Never,
To mention them again.

I recommend...
When you open up your door,
To rid them all...
Not to mention them again.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Refuse To Have My Mind Rattled

I've got my shoes shine bright,
With a smile that shows...
Wherever I go,
My troubles aren't with me to follow.

I've got a look that reflects confidence.
No matter if I don't have a single cent.
Or the people think I pay no rent at all.
Because I don't complain with contempt.
Or...
Go around creating problems to invent.

I refuse...
To get into an argument.
I refuse...
To get upset with that intent.
I refuse...
To have my peace and patience spent.
And I refuse...
To have my mind rattled to snap.
Yes I refuse...
To have my mind rattled.

I re-fuse...
To get into an argument.
I refuse...
To get upset with that intent.
I refuse...
To have my peace and patience spent.
And I refuse...
To have my mind rattled to snap.
Yes I refuse...
To have my mind rattled.

I've got a look that reflects confidence.
No matter if I don't have a single cent.
Or the people think I pay no rent at all.
Because I don't complain with contempt.
Or...

Go around creating problems to invent.

I refuse...
To get into an argument.
I refuse...
To get upset with that intent.
I refuse...
To have my peace and patience spent.
And I refuse...
To have my mind rattled to snap.
Yes I refuse...
To have my mind rattled.

I've got my shoes shine bright,
With a smile that shows...
Wherever I go,
My troubles aren't with me to follow.
Because,
I re-fuse...
To get into an argument.
I refuse...
To get upset with that intent.
I refuse...
To have my peace and patience spent.
And I refuse...
To have my mind rattled to snap.
Yes I refuse...
To have my mind rattled.
Yes I refuse...
To have my mind rattled to snap.
I refuse...
To have my mind rattled.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Refuse To Lament

I have things to lament.
You have things to lament.
I refuse to lament.
But, you stay glued to sentiments,
With contented reasons meant.

I have things to lament.
You have things to lament.
I refuse to lament.
But, you stay glued to sentiments,
With contented reasons meant.

Growing old,
You lament.
As if you're sold,
To lament.
Inviting mold,
To convince to start a pointless argument.

Growing old,
You lament.
As if you're sold,
To lament.
Inviting mold,
To convince to start a pointless argument.

I have things to lament.
You have things to lament.
I refuse to lament.
But, you stay glued to sentiments,
With contented reasons meant.

Growing old,
You lament.
As if you're sold,
To lament.
Inviting mold,
To convince to start a pointless argument.

I refuse to lament.
But, you stay glued to sentiments,
With contented reasons meant.

I have things to lament.
You have things to lament.
Why shoiuld we be here lamenting,
When lamenting makes no sense.

I have things to lament.
You have things to lament.
Why shoiuld we be here lamenting,
When lamenting makes no sense.

I have things to lament.
You have things to lament.
Why shoiuld we be here lamenting,
When lamenting makes no sense.

I refuse to lament.
I refuse to lament.
I refuse the consenting when to me it makes no sense.

I refuse to lament.
I refuse to lament.
I refuse the consenting when to me it makes no sense.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Refuse To Leave You

I'm gonna chase...
All of your blues away.
I say,
I'm gonna chase...
All of your blues away.
And all your blues will stay,
Away to-day.

And I will do this because...
All those feelings that make you weep,
I'm gonna chase.
And, all those feelings that make you grieve
I'm gonna chase.
And, all those feelings from you will leave,
'Cause I'm gonna chase them.
I'm gonna chase them....
Away!

I'm gonna chase...
All of your blues,
Away.

Yes, I'm gonna chase them!
All of your blues away.
And, all of your blues will stay...
Far a-way!
And...
HEAR ME NOW.
All those feelings that make you weep,
I'm gonna chase them.
And all those feelings that make you grieve,
I'm gonna chase them.
And all those feeling from you will leave,
'Cause I'm gonna chase them.
I'm gonna chase them.
And you will be,
Left okay!

YES, and I will say this...

I'm gonna chase,
All of your blues away.
Since I refuse to see you lose.
I'm gonna chase,
All of your blues away.
Today.
And I refuse,
To leave you in...
That way,
To stay...
In 'that' way.

I refuse to leave you,
With the blues to stay.
I refuse to leave you,
With the blues that way.
I refuse to leave you,
And the blues from you...
Must go away.

I refuse to leave you,
With the blues to stay.
I refuse to leave you,
With the blues that way.
I refuse to leave you,
And the blues from you...
Must go away.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Refuse To Say Anything About It

I am 'not' going to say anything,
About 'anyone' and their insecurities.
It is pointless to keep harping upon them,
When those who have them are clearly possessive.

And who am I to mention who is insecure?
You know what I'm saying?
Who gave me the right to perceive,
Those with insecurities feed upon them.
With a seeking of others,
To defend their weaknesses.

And that is one of the reasons,
I refuse to say anything about it.
I'm sure people with insecurities,
Know they've got them.

'Well,
I am glad you didn't bring it up for discussion.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Remain To Stay An Observer

I remain to stay an observer.
Although I have heard,
I am a writer who prefers...
The getting on nerves.
With hopes this activity,
Is less obvious yet effective.

'So your criticisms of others,
Are not gossiped to detect? '

Not in church.
I don't want to be perceived,
As one being disrespectful.

'Oh.
So you do sit and listen,
To sermons preached to learn? '

Are you kidding?
How can I do that,
Without missing all the gossip...
Whispered quietly I can bearly hear?
Sometimes I have to keep my focus,
On worshippers moving their lips too quick.

'You're no different than the rest of the hypocrites.'

That's your opinion.
When I hear something worthy,
With it to comprehend...
Every now and then,
I will say...'Amen'.

'But...
You do it in church.'

And you call 'me' a hypocrite?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Remain, Yours Truly

If you want me to accept and believe,
You are there caring and in my corner...
With a watching my back to protect.
I suggest giving me a hint or clue,
As to when you do this.

And it doesn't have to be often.
Not at all.
Even done on a semi-annual basis,
Would be quite nice to know...
You can actually show me.

I am sure from your prospective,
Your feelings for me should be clear.
But when I am asked by others,
If we still are together and a couple in love...
I would like to answer those who question,
With a more decisive response.

Please call, email, text or fact...
At your earliest convenience.

I remain,
Yours Truly.

PS...Will I get to see you,
BEFORE your 'next' business trip?
Just curious.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Remember Being Told

I remember being told,
My wishes to climb fences...
Didn't make sense.
Or my escapades to escape to places,
To others unknown...
Did not return back,
Anything to them to impress to be shown.

I remember being told,
That which I had learned did not mean a thing.
Since what I had learned could not be seen.
Or prove to anyone that I had dreams.
If...
I had them at all.
And if I did they weren't bold enough to behold.

I remember being treated by acts that demeaned.
And in my face some would laugh,
As if the doing of it would end my tasks.
But what was done by them did not affect what I knew!
I had planted seeds until they grew.
And...
The blooming of them I see.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Return What I Get

I don't do well faking.
Or pretend feelings I have,
To express...
Reflects my acceptance.
Towards those I dislike.
If I am fed seeds planted,
By anyone done with disrespect...
They should not expect,
A reception that releases...
Floral scents of a rose,
To sniff and not suspect...
A cucumber heated underneath,
Remains to sustain its cool.
I'm not a fruit or a vegetable,
Capable to do that.
Step on my toes and who knows,
What will happen.

I return what I get and that's it!
Pretense?
Is not a 'thing' I can prove,
I can successfully do.
I've been infested,
With too much truth to live it.
To exchange it for pretense,
May prevent me...
From receiving social invitations.
Sent R.S.V.P.
But neither am I awaiting,
To charade in masquerade.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Rule

I rule.
Therefore,
What I choose to do...
Is imposed.

I fool.
Only myself.
But that which is ruled...
Becomes addicted to my tricks.
And...
Is glued.
Trapped.
Within a web that cocoons and sticks.

I rule.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Run To Comfort The Trees

I feel inside a need I must trust.
I wish to ignore those disturbed,
With urges to decrease signs of peace.
This disease I wish from them released.

I see outside a quietness.
When I arise to welcome Sun.
And before anyone comes with conflict to offer...
I run to comfort the trees.
Knowing they hear and see...
With few appreciating their tolerance.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Said Nothing Like That

I have made no references...
Sarcastic or not,
To any animated rodents...
With big mouse ears.

Or of them having more significance,
For many people...
Than the realities happening aound them,
Right in their own neighborhoods.

I said nothing like that!
So don't go around saying these things,
You are telling people that I said.
There are enough rumors going on around here as it is.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Said 'suppose' Because

You posed an opposition,
'Cause I said, 'Suppose'.
Without a hint or clue,
Of why my 'supposing' rose.

You doubt me without even knowing...
Whether or not I might agree.
You doubt me without even knowing...
Whether or not you'll disagree with me.

You posed an opposition,
'Cause I said, 'Suppose'.
Without a hint or clue,
Of why my 'supposing' rose.

You doubt me without even knowing...
Whether or not I might agree.
You doubt me without even knowing...
Whether or not you'll disagree with me.

I said 'suppose' because a picture painted...
Needed for me and it to get,
Acquainted.
You have tainted my intention!

You posed an opposition,
'Cause I said, 'Suppose'.
Without a hint or clue,
Of why my 'supposing' rose.

You doubt me without even knowing...
Whether or not I might agree.
You doubt me without even knowing...
Whether or not you'll disagree with me.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Save My Passions

I don't dislike you with a passion.
I just dislike you.

I save my passions,
For more worthy events that benefit.

Some people talk,
From both sides of their mouths.
In the belief they are providing comic relief.

I see this as a distasteful embellishment.
At someone's expense...
Who is believed not to know the cost of it.

I don't dislike you with a passion.
I just dislike you.

I save my passions,
For more worthy events that benefit.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Saw 'Me' In Their Eyes

When at first I was introduced to it...
I must admit,
I felt bare and naked.

I thought all I had to do was deny its entry.
And I would feel protected.
With a choice to reject,
Its presence and affects.

But truth was not what I expected at all.
It was overwhelming.
Something I thought I could ignore.

Even lies I had stored inside me...
Had no defense against its intentions.
I was selected to contend with it.
When my emotions were crushed.
With wishes I did not exist.

And when I realize,
How meaningless and useless were all lies...
I began to see those falsities in others.
And I could no longer empathize,
With those who were living...
Empty and shallow lives.

I saw 'me' in their eyes!
A 'me' I once thought no one could see!
A 'me' I once hid inside and denied.
And knowing this hasn't freed me as much...
Since now I feel compelled to touch,
The truth inside others.
To show I can identified...
Why they must untie themselves,
From denying what they try to hide!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I See No Reason Why We Can Not Stay Engaged

Why do you wait to the last minute,
To change your mind.
And show just how indecisive you are.
The next time,
Whatever it is you say...
Do not expect me to be there.
It's too embarrassing.
Especially returning gifts...
With a 'Thank You' note.

'Maybe we should stay engaged.
Everytime I see you walking down the aisle...
You look completely different.
Dressed in white AND behind a veil.
You should see it from my perspective.
That's the only reason why I asked the minister...
How much time could I take before I said 'I Do'?
I just want to be sure.
What's wrong with that?
We've been living together for ten years without a contract.
I see no reason why we can not stay engaged.
That's the only part of our relationship that seems to work.
And has lasted for years.

Oh...
What about the towels?
Are you returning those too? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I See This Negligence In Children's Eyes

'Where is 'my' beginning? '
I see this negligence in children's eyes.
I see their intelligent minds ignored,
By unfocused parents...
Who believe raising their children,
Is a chore assigned.
And not blessed by The Divine,
By design and...
Who art in heaven.

'Where is 'my' beginning?
To receive the attention I am not getting.'
And I don't wonder why,
When these children grow denied...
They despise their parents!
Or 'whoever' raises this sense of hate,
Created within their minds to find and ignite.
As if to spite their births.

When I recognize what is in those eyes,
From my own experience I use to choose to deny...
I deliberately make eye contact with these children,
Who 'know'...
When someone else perceives their feelings,
And this shows.
To leave them with a quick smile.
And that attention given!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I See This Reflected

I used to think of them as funny too.
People who acted foolishly,
To portray themselves as clowns and buffoons.
In fact,
The more they acted like that I never took them seriously.
I wanted to be entertained by them continuously.

I noticed when I got older,
I hated to see people I knew with intelligence...
Disrespected for their attempts to convince they had sense.
And mocked for the doing of it to diminish with contempt.
Wanting them with wishes meant to lower their self esteem,
With a representing others who also had lower expectations...
Dreamed.

And I see this reflected upon the children who have no respect,
For others in this kind of environment...
Wanting to become successful with the doing of their best.
But depicted to be fools for thinking to believe,
They can achieve to heights if they wanted to succeed.
And although difficult they do...
With a disregarding those who object to their goals and priorities.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I See You Have Come Prepared

This is the first time,
I have actually come inside your store.
There is so much variety.
Where should I begin?
And what would you recommend?

'I would recommend having patience and time.
And I would suggest,
Not making up your mind to quickly.
Each item you see has meaning.
And has been carefully pieced together for a purpose.'

So you are saying,
Nothing I see should be viewed...
Just on the surface.

'Bingo.
I'll come to find you,
If I think you have lost yourself.
Some have become offended...
Refusing to comprehend to understand.
But I see you have come prepared.'

And able.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I See You In The Spring

I see you in the Spring.
So full of life...
And enjoying it.

I see what happiness to you can bring.
With a renewed rejoicing,
As your eyes as express...
Such a fulfillment you get.

Take me with you this I wish.
To dance and sing with inner bliss.
Your radiance is there when the sun appears.
And it is clear to me...
You choose to be trouble free.

I see you in the Spring.
So full of life...
And enjoying it.

I see the commitment you have made...
To bask in Sunshine.
And not wallow in gloom,
Expecting a blooming done in the shade.

I see you in the Spring.
So full of life...
And enjoying it.
I see you there,
As a fresh flower budding.
And I admire your smile.
Along with your strutting!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I See You...

I see you...
Holding onto someone else.
I see you,
Peeking from behind a disguise...
Trying to send a naked eye too!

I see you!
I see you!
Or do you think...
You are not in public view?

I see you...
Let others cuddle up and touch.
I see you...
Grinning like a mouse on weed too much.
And ready...
To taste some delicious fresh cheese.

I see you...
Opening up your eyes.
I see you...
Coming out of it,
Like you've been hypnotized.

Do I...
Look like marmalade or jelly?
Do I...
Look as if I'm not,
Processed cheese?

I see you...
Opening up your eyes.
I see you...
Coming out of it,
Like you've been hypnotized.
But do I,
Give-it-all-up-to-saaaayyyy...
Good luck.
Goodbye!

And...
Good riddance.

I see you...
And good luck.
And goodbye...
And,
Good-but-never-ever-wassss...
Riddance.

I see you...
And good riddance.
I see you...
And good riddance..
I see you...
And good riddance.
I see you...
And good riddance..

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Seek A Need To Succeed

Sometimes I do wonder,
What it is i've done.
Whether I've accomplished,
What I have set out to do...
With a task that breathes a breath,
That is fresh and accepting.
And...
If I am pleasing anyone at all,
Besides myself.
And if that drive I have within,
Can be accelerated!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Seek To Have Sun

Show me anything other than an enemy.
An enemy to fear with threats kept,
Near.
I seek to have Sun.
The moment dawn arrives and I arise,
Feeling blessed each day...
To witness dew and its mist,
Lift...
As the horizon brightens,
To identify with clarity...
The difference between night and day.
With all yesterdays gone,
Left to leave experienced.

I seek to have Sun upon me to shine.
And not thoughts of a fear,
Allowed to have follow.
Or have sentiments cemented,
In my mind engraved...
To permit revisits.
I don't have a fear to keep.
Nor do I sit to reminisce,
The past or whatever presented...
An anguish time has diminished.

I look ahead and not behind.
With a mind clear and not confined,
By limits, disappointments or fear.
Rumors of threats to prevent my steps
Nowhere appears in my life,
As an experience to invite...
Sleepless nights,
Without anticipating fresh air...
To daily breathe.

I don't and wont,
Keep fear near me to live.
Not as a pre-requisite,
To remind me of barriers of any kind.

Although they may be there,
I don't make it my obligation...
To let it known I am aware of them.
I was not blessed to live my life,
Fearing to explore the opportunity...
God has granted to bestow upon me.
I don't have a fear,
God has proven can be removed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Seek To Hear God Guide

Your enemy aint here in me.
I refuse to breathe that life you see.
Or stay prolonged on bended knees.

I seek,
To hear God guide.

When I listen I believe.
I'm to follow not to lead.
And rise above those petty pleas...
Of who says what just to compete.
God's guidance is what I seek.

I seek,
To hear God guide.
I seek,
To hear God guide.
I seek,
To hear God guide.

God guides me both day and night.
God is always by my side.

Your enemy aint here in me.
I refuse to breathe that life you see.
Or stay prolonged on bended knees.

Oh I seek,
To hear God guide.
I seek,
To hear God guide.
I seek,
To hear God guide.
God guides me both day and night.
God is always by my side.

Oh I seek,
To hear God guide.
I seek,

To hear God guide.
Oh I seek,
To hear God guide.
God guides me both day and night.

When I listen I believe.
I'm to follow not to lead.
And rise above those petty pleas...
Of who says what just to compete.
God's guidance is what I seek.

Oh I seek,
To hear God guide.
Oh I seek,
To hear God guide.
Cause God guides me both day and night.
And God is always by my side.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Seem Not To Have Time To Do It

How do I define impatience?
I don't.
I seem not to have time,
To do it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Should Have Worded The Question Differently

Angry?
Don't be foolish.
Why would I be angry?
Of course I'm not angry.
I don't know why you would even think that of me.

Do I look like the kind that would mind,
Someone stealing my ideas and concepts...
To claim them as their own?

'To be honest...
I really wouldn't know.
Every time I've seen you,
You've had that laughing mask on...
Covering your face from the day we met.'

Well...
Maybe you are right.
I hadn't thought about that.

I should have worded the question differently.

Does my 'voice' sound as if I would be the kind,
That would mind someone stealing my ideas and concepts...
To claim them as their own?

'No not at all.
But I do wonder why,
Your fists stayed balled up the way they do?
Is that normal?
Were you born that way? '

No.
It's my way of processing thoughts.
My doctor says it is a nervous condition.
Don't let it bother you.
I'm taking medication.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Sit, Think And Wonder

I sit,
Think and wonder...
What is 'this' that we are in?
Why are so many commited,
To visit with sin?
The act of praying,
Seems to have some stalled
At deadends!
Are we all twisted hypocrites?
Fixed in our ways,
And dazed by these crazed days?

I sit,
Think and wonder...
What is 'this' that we are in?
How can we avoid a slide that begins?
Why are so many desperately wanting to win?
And what is 'it' that has this grip?
Is satisfaction out of reach...
For those whose minds are torn and split?
Peace has become passé!
Are we foolish enough...
To let our lives be destroyed this way?
What are we obeying when we say 'In God We Trust! '
I sit,
Think and wonder...
About you and me and US!
And how we have allowed,
Our minds to be clouded
In a destruction that attracts...
A rush to destroy a trust we crush!

I sit,
Think and wonder...
What is 'this' that we are in?
Why are so many commited,
To visit with sin?
The act of praying,
Seems to have some stalled

At deadends!
Are we all twisted hypocrites?
Fixed in our ways,
And dazed by these crazed days?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Sleep

Please don't confront me today,
With your self righteous indignations.
To wave your reminder of sins over my head.
And threats to make,
If I do not follow your ways instead.
I live!

Is it really peace that you wish?
Or the authority to see what I do in bed?
And who with?
I sleep.
And apparently,
You don't get enough of it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Smiled And Nodded

'I am losing the freshness of my garden, '
She said.
Staring at me as she reached for my hand.
And anticipating my response.

'This time of the year,
I would begin to smell my roses bloom.'

I smiled and nodded.
And grateful I was to keep my lips sealed.
Because the bush I thought she referred to...
Began to show signs of drying out,
Long before her admission.

'Do you remember how fragrant it use to be?
With just one sniff I was re-energized.'

~Yep!
I remember my addiction to sniffing that freshness.~

'Would you stop it.
You never helped me with the weeding.'

~You're right.
Especially when you stopped,
Softening up the bed.~

'There you go again...
Not paying me any attention.
I am talking about the sweetness of the fragrance.
And you refer to my leg hairs.'

And grateful I was to keep my lips sealed.
Because the bush I thought she referred to...
Began to show signs of drying out,
Long before her admission.
Leg hairs?

~Oh!

So that's how all my razors,
Lost their sharpness.~

'That's 'almost' funny.
You get no 'hees' but a half of a 'ha' with that one.'

~I'm not complaining.
When am I going to get a piece of that? ~

And she removed her hand...
With a daring look.
As if I wasn't up to the challenge.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Sometimes Forget

Okay!
I agree.
You don't have to accept what I say.
I take what I said back.
You are not the fool I called you,
When you loaned someone one hundred dollars...
Who promised to pay you back!

However...
I wouldn't take someone by their word,
If I did not know their name and/or address.
Or how to trace their tracks.
And I could care less...
How dramatic the act,
With tears flowing intact!

You have called me worse things than that.
And you know everything about me.
And never once have you treated me to lunch!
But you get upset,
If I don't prepare you a perfect cup of coffee!
Or pay for Sunday's brunch.

Forgive me, Your Highness.
I sometimes forget,
Just how giving you are!
Or that you and I,
Are the closest of friends.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Stand And Watch To Wait...To Rest!

I stand and watch to wait.
I've been told to have patience.
But...
Hesitating in anticipation,
Has never satisfied my curiosity.
And it seems such a waste,
To rely on someone else's opinion...
When this experience of life is mine.
So I am convinced...
If I should wait for another second,
Another minute to pass...
My venture will be delayed!
And 'why' should I let it?

I stand and watch to wait.
I've been told to have patience.
But...
I am no doctor!
And at the price I've paid already...
I am no longer willing,
To trust my fate...
In the faith kept in someone else's statement.
I've given that kind of time before.
No more!

I stand and watch to wait...
To rest!
And catch my breath I do,
Before I move.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Stay Amazed

I wish kept identified all pieces out of place...
I recognize with my own eyes.
And with a doing to investigate,
That which is obvious and in my face.
To take someone else's explanation,
With a doing to satisfy my curiosity and accept...
As I quickly reject to neglect my own perceptions,
Is not respecting this life I've been blessed to live.
Truth and honesty I've never hesitated to give.
I feel it one's accountability not leave 'anything' assumed.

I wish kept identified all pieces out of place,
I recognize with my own eyes.
And with a doing I alone investigate,
That which is obvious and in my face.
With a doing I believe is my obligation and right to do.
And I stay amazed these days,
How my taking responsibility for my own actions...
Often comes to offend the ones not comprehending,
That the asking of questions to clarify with answers...
Should not be interpreted as distrust.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Stay Available

I stay available with kept faith,
To do whatever it takes...
With a facing opposition,
And conditioned to submit...
Without doubting a decision I've made,
To quit.

I don't intend to be perfect.
I just want to stay alert.
I am not completely fearless at all.
But I don't focus on that which might leave me hurt.

I stay,
Available...
And obedient in that way.
Everyday not a thought do I keep,
Something unknown may cause me to weep.

I stay available with kept faith,
To do whatever it takes...
With a facing opposition,
And conditioned to submit...
Without doubting a decision I've made,
To quit.

I stay available,
To receive.
I stay available,
To give or get.
I am available with belief,
Faith within kept delivers peace...
Of mind.

I stay available,
To receive.
I stay available,
To give or get.
I am available with belief,

Faith within kept delivers peace...
Of mind.

Faith within kept delivers peace to me,
All the time.
Whenever I need fears released.
Faith within kept frees me to be,
More of who I am 'and' much defined.

I stay available,
To receive.
I stay available,
To give or get.
I am available with belief,
Faith within kept frees me to be,
More of who I am 'and' much defined.

I stay available.
Not to quibble,
Argue or object.
I stay available,
With a faith...
All my steps will be blessed,
If I...
Stay available.

And if I....
Stay available,
All my steps will be blessed.
If I....
Stay available,
All my steps will be blessed.
Just if I...
Stay available.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Stay Blessed

I have been told I'm blessed.
And everyday I get up to express,
My appreciation and thankfulness.

'Me Too!
But I get tired sometimes,
Of hearing how selfish I am...
By those wishing,
With them I share more of my blessings.
Since they go to where blessings are bestowed.
And I should give at least 10 percent,
Of my blessings to them away...
Each week.'

Who told you that?

'Some guy driving in a Mercedes,
Attempting to teach me by preaching...
Facts of life he said I needed to know,
If I wanted my blessings to grow.
Then he drives away.'

How come he doesn't offer you a ride?

'I wasn't dressed to impress.
And he was on a convincing mission.'

I take it you weren't convinced?

'I am convinced he is not the reason,
I stay blessed.
And I've already paid,
For the peace of mind with me that stays.
On a daily basis.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Stuck It Out With Passion

I stuck it out with passion.
I was not in it for any other reason.
Some have a connection of high fashion meant.
A statement others can either fake or not mention.
I stuck it out with passion.
And nothing less could from me give.
Sometimes I felt pitiful,
In my attempts to deliver.
Hoping to please and satisfy.
But not overestimating the climax expected,
Or desired.
I stuck it out with passion...
And I hope that leaves someone relieved.
Since I have learned to produce feeling proud!
Keeping my lips zipped after each performance.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Suspect

I suspect...
You are the only one who knows,
What you are doing.
And I suspect,
You also choose the way you feel,
When this you do.
Whether that color is bright,
Sunny and yellow mellow.
Or royal blue to appear as you do,
In the dumps with clouds gray...
That appear to be near you to subdue.

I suspect...
Any cheerfulness you get,
Comes from your chasing of rainbows.
After your eyes have dropped rain...
From many tears you've wept.
With no bucket of gold,
At the end of those chased rainbows.

I suspect...
The happiness I have chosen,
Makes you upset.
Because I wont let you,
Lead my parade...
With a showering done,
Of a negligence you wish to pour on me.
And this I will not accept,
To be in a darkened blackness on bended knees.
Not me!
You wont find me trying to please your disrespect.

I'm on the go and I am green.
Keeping my mind opened,
To experience refreshing beneficial scenes.
Romancing an agony?
You will not find yourself doing that here with me.

I suspect...

There is a controlling of me you wish to do.
In a closeness together...
I will not allow us to get.
Or you attempt to pursue.

And I suspect you have a selfishness.
Since only those things you wish to do...
Disregards what my wishes are with much disrespect.
Yes.
I've noticed that about you too.

And I suspect...
The happiness I have chosen,
Makes you quite upset.
Because I wont let you,
Lead my parade to redirect.

And I suspect,
You are afraid...
I don't need you to make my decisions.
And this you are correct.
I wont live a negativity...
As you do at your best.

I suspect...
You don't know me,
As well as you think you do.

I suspect you believed,
For you I'd be a fool.
Why should I want that kind of life with you?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Suspect You Are Free Of Them

You wish to mention,
My flaws are faulted?
Yet somehow that motivates me...
To expose them even more!
Since I do not waste my time,
To find yours.
I suspect you are free of them?
Or you are too aware.
Hoping the degrading of others...
Impresses someone,
To believe you have none!
None you would dare to self examine.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Tap The Universe

I tap the Universe,
Which keeps me fed...
In a reciprocating relationship.

I reflect what I am given.
And my needs are fulfilled.
Much happiness I get.

There is an understanding,
I once had forgotten.
But now I know,
What has kept me blessed.

I tap the Universe,
Which keeps me fed.
I reflect what I am given.
And my needs are fulfilled.

And no stranger am I,
To this exchange.
Or my obligation to this arrangement.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Thank God I Have Recovered

I have learned from you,
Lessons taught I will never forget.
With just one exception.

I could never disrespect,
Anyone to impress another...
That the decisions I make,
Have no impact or should effect...
My mate, spouse or lover.
Even opinions of acquaintances,
I listen to comprehend.
Before I dismiss them to consider.

And I thank God,
I have recovered from you.
And your self-centered point of view

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Thank You

I express my thanks to all,
Who offer their comments...
That are analytical,
With indepth perceptions.

As writers we all are 'connected' to what we create.
At times we assess with critique we feel is best,
To uncover 'identities' we believe, infact...
Are the writers' personalities.
And most times 'conceive'...
What we read leads us,
To the core of a writers' mentality.

I express my thanks to all,
Who offer their comments...
That are analytical,
With indepth perceptions.

And many times humorous,
That ushers the writer,
To incorporate and open...
Other selected directions.

I thank you!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Thank You For Helping Me

When I lift up my eyes,
To see your face...
From my weakened state,
Of mind.
I am so grateful,
For the medications I take.
But I do not wish...
To overdose,
In time!
I appreciate your concern...
But I will be fine!
I 'think' I know now,
What has made me sick.
And I thank you for helping me,
To identify it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Thank You For Your Assistance

You made choices in your life.
With accusations made to others,
That I believed I knew 'everything'.
And if that was remotely true...
People would have lived happier lives.
And you,
Come to me with attitude,
Accusing me of ignoring 'you'?

~Sir...
May I please use the PA system in your store?
I am trying to locate someone who is totally lost.~

'Sure.
Go to customer service and let them know,
You have my approval.'

~Ladies and Gentlemen...
May I have your attention, please.
I wish to locate someone that is lost.
And I'll repeat what I just said to them,
To you...
In the hopes we can find this person's mind!

THIS is what I said:

You made choices in your life.
With accusations made to others,
That I believed I knew 'everything'.
And if that was remotely true...
People would have lived happier lives.
And you,
Come to me with attitude,
Accusing me of ignoring 'you'?

If you see this fool in your presence...
Please direct them outside,
Where I am going to breathe some fresh air.

I thank you for your assistance.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Then Did Not Know

Today...
I've decided with hindsight shown,
All nonsense I have ever tolerated...
Has ended to be cemented,
In concrete to stay that way.
And behind me to be left alone to condone.
As experiences I have accepted.
With having no regret, tears to shed or grief,
To have left them to leave.
Acknowledging happiness I deserve to receive.

The discovery of solitude,
As a benefit of my kept peace...
Leaves me to understand and comprehend,
No longer is my patience and respect given...
Are accessible 'entities' easy to leech,
By demons who thought of me as their feast.
And I then did not know,
My willingness to be available...
Had been interpreted as seeking an attention to get.
With a 'character' perceived by others as weak.

Today I have peace and happiness kept.
Regardless who believes,
My peace to have with happiness...
Would be their loneliness to get up and leave.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Think We Are About To Have Some Company

'The sky is falling!
The sky...
It's falling! '

Would you go out there,
And shut her up!

~But that's not Chicken Little,
Your Majesty.~

Well...
Who is it?

~That's that backtalking head hen,
You got rid of long ago.
You know...
The one who told you where to go,
And shove your 'weapons of mass destruction BS'?
She's leading a bunch of other chickens.
And it seems as if they are heading this way!

Remember that guy you tried to have silenced?
Reverand 'What's-his-name'
When he shouted from the pulpit,
About chickens coming home to roost?
I think we are about to have some company.
And none are too pleased...
About the state of the economy either.
Maybe that guy was 'Wright'? ~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I 'Thought' I Recognized You

It's not me that forgets,
The life I live or my experiences.
But often it seems,
Anyone I haven't seen in YEARS...
Like over fifty of them?
Wishes to take me back to the 5th grade.
To visit schools no longer physically there.

'I know you remember Arsenal School?
It was in between Canton and Pavillion Streets?
Northeast Junior High?
On Westland? '

Uh...O-Kay!

And I wouldn't mind the doing of it,
If I could remember those days and where I sat to sit.
Or what I said back then that had the kids chuckle a bit
And even a hint or clue from the one I speak to,
Who is more comfortable living in the past than I am.
Yet expects me to pull a rabbit out of a hat.

And...
Your name is...?

'Aw comeon, man. You don't remember me?
I'm Arthur. But they use to call me 'Goo-Goo'.
You don't remember sitting next to me in the cafeteria?
I don't believe this! '

Uh...uh...oh? Oh, oh yeah. Yeah, Parker.

'No. Arthur. 'Goo-Goo'? '

LAWD! Goo-Goo is that you?
What a small world.
I 'thought' I recognized you.
You still got that same...
Walk.

'Well...
I didn't have arthritis in my knees or a cane back then.
Or a hip replaced. Nor these back spasms.
How about you? '

Uh...hey. What can I say?
You know how it is.

'You don't have to say nothing to me.
I know.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Thought That Was Understood

Make the effort and do your part.
Show you've taken 'some' initiative,
Right from the start.
Fear not the experience of it!

You pray!
And with 'faith' you say...
'Let God lead!
He doesn't need to have others,
In His way.
God is there.
Let Him deliver you,
To where you need to be.'

Instead...
Like so many seen,
You are often observed dragging hopelessly...
On scraped and bruised knees.
As if God adores the agony.

~And all that is required from these folks,
Is just to ask.
I thought that was understood? ~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Thought That You Were Hot

If I wasn't who I was,
That you thought I should be...
Then who were you?
And why did you pretend to be...
Someone that I thought was real,
But wasn' wouldn' couldn't be...
Romantic with me.

I thought that you were hot.
That nonstop hot!
But you proved to a flicker,
That could not heat up my flame.

You proved to me a heat,
Was not meant to be.
So I laid without a fire to ignite the night!
I laid there wishing you were out of sight.

I thought you were hot.
That nonstop hot!
But you proved to a flicker,
That could not heat up my flame.

You proved to me a heat,
Was not meant to be.
So I laid without a fire to ignite the night!
I laid there wishing you were out of sight.

I thought you were hot.
That nonstop hot!
So I laid without a fire to ignite the night!
I laid there wishing you were out of sight.

I thought you were hot.
That nonstop hot!
So I laid without a fire to ignite the night!
I laid there wishing you were out of sight.
So I laid without a fire to ignite the night!
I laid there wishing you were out of sight.

I thought you were hot.
That nonstop hot!
So I laid without a fire to ignite the night!
I laid there wishing you were out of sight.

Thought that you were hot,
But you were not.
So I laid without a fire to ignite.
And prayed that you would say goodnight,
And be out of sight.

Thought that you were hot,
But you were not.
And prayed that you would say goodnight,
And be out of sight.
I prayed that you would say goodnight,
Or 'later'.
But just be gone.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

'I Thought We Were Talking About Me? '

I see the 'me-me I-I' in you.
I was there...
Glued to myself too!
Thinking the world didn't exist,
Until I awakened.
With beliefs that my wants,
Belonged to everyone's wishes.
And on my tantrum days...
I went ballistic!
If my needs were not being fulfilled!
Whether or not...
It took magic to make my whims realistic.
And then one day I was slapped by truth!
When I took a backseat to a waning youth.
Maturing made that happened.
Glad I am that it did.
I was getting to the point I couldn't stand myself.
And there's nothing like watching a grown man in tears...
Because he doesn't like himself,
Or who he is!
Or what he has done to make others run!
Today I thank God that guy has gone!
Now I deal with someone...
Who thinks he knows more about life than anyone!
And 'now' I don't know which one I'd rather deal with!
At least I am kept entertained!

'I thought we were talking about me? '

We were!
But don't you think I am a better topic?
Comeon...
Be subjective about it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Thought You And I Had An Agreement?

It is not pretty,
When one shows an ugliness.
There is nothing appetizing that greets the eye,
When foam from both sides of the mouth...
Begin to drip from lips baring clenched teeth.
There is nothing inviting that says welcome.
'I'm here to provide you with hospitality galore.'

IF you are foolish enough,
To remain dishonesty when you've turned romance,
Into something by someone that threatens...
Your immediate peace,
This is no time to ask where the beauty is...
From this beast you helped release.

Beg forgiveness.
Especially if a peaceful sleep is wished.
Beg forgiveness.
If you don't,
Never will what you did be forgotten.
Beg forgiveness.
And 'hope'...
No hands approach your throat!

'You say you were...
Where?
Again.
You did not say you were,
There?
I know I did not hear you say that?
I thought,
You and I...
Had an agreement? '

~Uh...
Uh...why are your eyes changing?
Are those...
Fangs? ~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Thought You Knew

The only shame I claim,
Is not being honest.
When I took it upon myself...
To decide you could not bear,
The truth.
I pretended not to know it!

And now you are left to suffer.
Clinging onto delusions.
Hoping...
That what has been diminished from your reality,
Will survive to revive a time that has passed!
A time that has gone.
With no guarantee given,
That it would last!
Not to linger for you...
To pick up when you wished.
And to be carried on!

And I observe you in despair.
Wishing to revisit yesterday!
Wishing to do those things,
You promised yourself you would!
If only you could!
With intentions that are good.

And I was there...
Letting you believe,
You had time!
And I knew in my mind,
You were not living in yesterday then!
And I pretended not to know it.
I thought you were teasing.
And unwilling to show it!

And today,
No matter what I say to you...
You aren't prepared to accept tomorrow.
You are not living in the 'now'!

And doing that,
Now...
Can only bring you joy!
But you wish to keep...
Those memories kept in bitterness,
To refresh as if they sit to treat!

And I pretended not to know that...
Because I thought you knew!
Because,
Well...
I thought you knew me too!
But I realize so vividly now...
Both of us have been wrong,
For too long!

The only shame I claim,
Is not being honest.
When I took it upon myself...
To decide you could not bear,
The truth.
I pretended not to know it!
And the happiness I have discovered...
You would not understand it.
Even though I have been here.
And wanting it to be shared!
What you have found to rely on that comforts...
I view that as a sign of despair.
I thought you knew...
I have not been there to share that with you!

And that's the only shame I claim!
Not being honest.
When I took it upon myself...
To decide you could not bear,
The truth.
I pretended not to know it!
But you...
I know now,
Aren't pretending at all.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Thought You Were Serious

You want to play with me?
Good!
Be prepared.
I've been seeking a competitive opponent,
For quite some time.

'Why are you putting those six inch spikes on your shoes?
Those gloves have razors attached to them.
And your helmet?
Why does it seem to be plated with steel? '

I thought you came to play?
What did you believe?
I would share with you strategies...
To beat me?
And I thought you were serious.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Thought You Were So Sweet

I'm at a loss.
Because my feelings for you,
Have been tossed.
But at who's cost?

I'm at a loss.
I should feel crossed,
And upset...
But I'm more in awe,
You could leave me without cause.

There was no argument,
Before you put me down.
There was no hint or clue,
Before you kicked me to the ground.

Like a clown that you had made into your private joker.
Leaving me to feel I drove but you removed the motor.
Before I thought you were so sweet but now I smell your odor.
You bit me with a venom to poison me like a boa.

I'm at a loss.
Because my feelings for you,
Have been tossed.
But at who's cost?

I'm at a loss.
I should feel crossed,
And upset...
But I'm more in awe,
You could leave me without cause.

Like a clown that you had made into your private joker.
Leaving me to feel I drove but you removed the motor.
Before I thought you were so sweet but now I smell your odor.
You bit me with a venom to poison me like a boa.

You bowled me over just to bite me like a boa.
Leaving me to feel I drove but you removed the motor.

Like a clown that you had made into your private joker.
Before I thought you were so sweet but now I smell your odor.

You bowled me over just to bite me like a boa.
You bowled me over just to bite me like a boa.
I thought you were so sweet but now I smell your odor.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Thought You'D Be Glad To See Me?

I am totally baffled,
By your appearance.
And why you are here.

You were the one who told me,
Many years ago...
The way I lived was unacceptable.

The fact that I live the way I do,
I remember when you said to me...
How much I embarrassed you.

And when you drove me to the suburbs,
You rushed me into your home.
And insisted I speak quietly,
As to not disturb your neighbors...
Entertaining in the backyards,
While talking loudly on their cellphones.

And when I requested to sit in the Sun on your deck...
You rushed me to your garage,
To show me tools and artifacts you collected.

I am totally baffled,
By your appearance.
And why you are here.

You were the one who told me,
Many years ago...
The way I lived was unacceptable.
And you made that quite clear.

Does your appearance have anything to do,
With you losing your job?
Does it have anything to do with your eviction?
And repossessions from those possessions,
From you that have been dissolved.

I remember standing outside,

In the pouring rain...
When you waved to drive away.
And that was just two months ago,
As you shouted out of your car window...
To quickly say,
'I have an important meeting to attend.
I'm in a hurry.
Have a good day.'

And today you claim,
To be passing through my neighborhood.
But you're needing to pay the cabdriver.
And if you can borrow twenty bucks from me...
That should take care of the fare,
And all is good.

No it isn't.
What do you take me for?
Nevermind!
That's not a question.

I'm going to give you fourty bucks.
Half to pay for the cab...
And the other half,
To get away from my door!

'Why this attitude?
And I thought you'd be glad to see me! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Told You So

The ones that can not be reached,
Must be left alone.
When time after time again,
It is noticed no attic light is on.
And there is no linking connection,
Allowed or condoned in that home.

Time is wasted on someone like this.
Especially if excuses are heard,
Being made from them often...
With consistent persistence.
The walls are constructed very thick,
And none of them not at all too thin.

With beliefs what they do is right from the start...
Nothing within them sticks,
Or goes too far.
Whether they are neighbors, relatives or friends...
What they think will always be right...
From the beginning to the end.

You can knock and knock...
Until your nose begins to bleed.
But people like this,
Must be left alone to leave!

It will be your consciousness,
Not theirs to lose...
If you don't take heed.
Accept this.
Believe...
And let go!
Release.

If you don't...
You will never hear from me these words,
I TOLD YOU SO.
I've learned too many lessons about interfering,
When a listening not done...

Has been made to me quite clear!

And when I recognize these people,
I don't walk away from them in a slow cordial strut.
I run.
In fear of losing my peace of mind.
And that I aint giving up.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Too Am Human

I too am human.
And exist with human needs.
At one time I believed,
Those needs I had...
Were in the pleasing of others.
And that was okay,
For those days long gone away.
But those days long gone away,
Today I do not address.

I too am human.
And when I awakened to realize,
Just how human I was...
I felt grateful and blessed,
To have been there for others.
But today...
My needs I want met.
I too am human.
And today that is what I address.

The giving, the taking with its heartbreaking,
Has been done with the best of my time invested.
I too am human.
And it has taken me a while to digest it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Took Their Advice, Of Course

Tell me,
What is the point of chasing the same people...
Who run into the same deadends and brick walls,
With claims they have a faith that is steadfast.

'The other day I told someone,
To watch out for the oncoming traffic...
As they were walking across the street,
Talking on their cellphone.
I was told to mind my own business.'

What happened?

'They got hit by a car.'

What did you do?

'I took their advice,
Of course.
It's difficult to do sometimes.
But...
I'm learning.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Took You Too Seriously

You have image with a sense of fashion.
You are cordial and appear to be accessible.
And you are social in a variety of public settings,
With a display of humor and wit on several topics.
And yet...
If only you had credibility, honesty and integrity,
You would make for someone a terrific mate.

I would even pursue you myself,
Again.
But just for the sport and challenge of it.
You have proven to be a fierce competitor.
I like that.

The first time around I took you too seriously.
However...
Today?
I can handle any charade.
Especially the ones I am familiar with.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Traveled To Paris

I traveled to Paris,
To do my one-man show.
And this was in the year 2000.
Fifteen years ago.
And when I left I felt,
Accepted and loved.
By those who embraced me,
Not because of race.
I felt accepted and embraced.
Since Paris, for me...
Will always be that place,
Where love is not what is wished.
Or a myth that one dreams.
Paris 'is' for me remembered,
A place where one's identity...
Is respected.
And everyone I met...
Greeted me with smiles that beamed.

'How 'poetic'.'

Yes.
I found that too,
To be true.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Try Hard Not To Fantasize

Whose reality is it that I keep,
When I prepare to lay in bed...
Thinking ahead I am there to sleep.
But suddenly finding myself awake,
With memories that seem to creep...
Holding me with wishes,
I wasn't alone but snuggling close...
With someone loved especially there,
Just for me to never leave and love most.
Whose reality is this that I keep,
When I feel I try hard not to fantasize.
Or make attempts not to lie to myself.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Try To Deliver Those Lines

I try,
But sometimes deny...
Any attempt to do poetry justice.

I try,
To deliver those lines...
With exquisite meter and rhyme.
And with a subject that produces content.
Keeping within a topic that is well defined.

But there are times,
I am not seeking correctness when I express.
My mind isn't calibrated for premeditated stress...
To toil away in a standardize acceptance.
That is as difficult for me,
As knowing the difference between cheap and fine wine.

However...
If treated with a glass of champagne.
Everything I bring into creative focus,
Will take upon a poetic justice as I sip and uncover...
Justification for it.

I can then write about life and why birds fly.
Boots I perceived worn by the bees...
Since they do work in the thickets of pollen,
To get that honey whipped.
Or I could sit back and imagine mowing snow in the Winter.
As I observe someone bar-b-cue in a fur coat joking.

I try!
Especially when I write,
To do poetry justice.
But like Poe few would know...
If my best creations were enhanced by alcohol,
And I had been wasted.
Or if a sip of champagne is all it takes,
For me to awaken with a banging hangover.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Turn To The East

I see on the horizon,
The lifting of mist...
From a fresh morning dew.

I witness the dawn,
And the Sun rising to shine...
Through a cloudless sky of blue.

I turn to the East,
With a prayer to give...
Everyday I live as if pursued.

A thankfulness to be so blessed,
I can not help but express...
With a doing done and not a wish to do!

I turn to the East,
With a prayer to give...
Everyday I live as if pursued.

I witness the dawn,
And the Sun rising to shine...
Through a cloudless sky of blue.

I see on the horizon the lifting of mist,
From a fresh morning dew...
I do not wish to miss.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Understand. I Will Give You A Call Later

You can not be serious?

'Oh...
I am.'

But...
You can not be?

'Not only am I serious...
I had been speechless,
As well.'

She said 'what' to your next door neighbors?
Her parents.
These are 'her' parents...
Right?

'Yes!
She stated to them she was pregnant.
And wanted to have a better life,
For her and her child.
A life better than she was given.
So she decided to keep the baby,
And move in with her parents.
WITH her jobless boyfriend.'

Uh...uh...

'I had the same reaction!
When I first heard about this...
My mouth opened and wouldn't close either.'

Um...ah...wha..wha..uh...

'I understand.
I will give you a call later! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I 'Use' To Be Many Things

I 'use' to be many things!
Like Mother Nature I am.
When 'she' decides...
It is time for Fall, Winter
Summer or Spring.

I 'use' to be in fifth grade!
And sometimes I 'act'
As if lessons learned...
I have yet in my life made,
To prove that at all!

I 'use' to have youthful looks.
And denied I was aging.
I 'use' to be what others say I had been.
And as long as I live...
I will always be what it was,
I am not now!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Use To Believe Any Moon Could Be Blue

I use to believe any Moon could be blue.
Before I discovered there were actual Blue Moons.

Feeling depressed and selfishly centered.
Waiting for someone or something,
To find its orbit around me.
On days like the one I am having...
I wished to be spoiled.
I'm tired of doing that for myself.

All that talk about being happy alone...
Doesn't work on the weekends.
Or on rainy, cold or full Moon lit nights.
Don't listen to anyone who lies and says the opposite.
I've squeezed my foam filled pillows flat.
I have to fold them and hold them in my palms,
Just to feel my head lifted at a comfortable angle.
And that is sad.

I use to believe any Moon could be blue.
Before I discovered there were actual Blue Moons.
I use to think that way.
But lately I've been thinking I should change my pillows.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Use To Have Your Number

I use to have your number,
At my finger on speed dial.
Prepared I was to give you a call,
To feel and hear your smile.

I use to have your number,
At my finger on speed dial.
But high tech had ended that,
And I haven't seen you in awhile.

Texting to
Messages to send...
Becomes to complicated to express,
When I want to talk with you...
And hear your voice I like best.

Texting to
Posed pictures now called 'selfies'...
Just to address,
Feelings that aren't spoken...
Loses my interest.

I use to have your number,
At my finger on speed dial.
Prepared I was to give you a call,
To feel and hear your smile.

I use to have your number,
At my finger on speed dial.
But high tech had ended that,
And I haven't seen you in awhile.

Confusing is this high tech today we use,
If I waited to hear a word from you...
I have to 'tweet' your twitter,
To then follow too.
Only not to know what's meant,
Or who it is from just a few letters sent.

I use to have your number,
At my finger on speed dial.
Prepared I was to give you a call,
To feel and hear your smile.

I use to have your number,
At my finger on speed dial.
But high tech had ended that,
And I haven't seen you in awhile.

'Hello.'

Yes...
Hello.

'Why so formal?
You don't know who this is? '

I'm sorry.
But...
No. I don't.
Is this a bill collector?
Are you real?
Or is this a recording?

'Comeon...
You should have caller ID? '

Oh?
Where would I find that?
Is that on my rotary?
Wait...
I can punch that in on my land line, right?
I just got a new telephone.

'Your what?
A new who?
What is that? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Use To Play Basketball

Do you play basketball?

'I can.
I did.
Why do you ask? '

And...
You live in Connecticut, right?

'Yes.'

I've noticed from your writing,
There is a biting that defies description.

'What has that have to do with my ability to play basketball? '

Just curious.
Your eyes are penetrating.
As if you seek a challenge from me.

'A challenge?
From 'you'?
I said...
I use to play basketball.
In my much younger days.

However...
If I had been prepared for a challenge to play games,
I would have brought along a blindfold.
That's how confident I am of winning.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Use To Wish I Had Children

Pour that coffee in my cup.
Do it and don't interrupt.
Can't you see that I'm on the phone?
Why can't I have time on my own,
Without your ears near.

Make no sound and say no more.
Go quietly and shut the door.
Let me sit and sip and relax.
Can't I have a moment for that.
Pretend I'm not here.

As soon as the phone rings,
Children I don't see...
Suddenly appear.

They want my full attention,
As if they've been ignored for many years.
To annoy and make clear...
I'm not alone.
Even though I know they're at home.
And wanting me not on the phone!

'I use to wish I had children.
But after our conversations...
Which we never finish.
I'm happy I have peace of mind.
But I do sometimes spike my coffee with scotch! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Want A Mate. A Companion. A Lover

Give me life with your love.
Not money thrown to me to impress.
To think my desires you have addressed.

Lift me up!
Don't pull me down.
To kick my efforts all around.
Until I am found crawling on the ground.

I am not overly sensitive,
If I am wishing to hear from you...
Something said that is positive.

I am not seeking special attention to get...
If all I request from you to admit,
Is I deserve to be hugged.
And thought of when missed.

I want a mate not a competitor,
To remind myself I should look behind...
In preparation to avoid a debate or conflict.

I want a mate.
A companion.
A lover.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Want His Sentiments To Roar

Has it come time,
To place him back into the cage...
Master?

'Are you kidding?
Of course not!
I want his sentiments to ROAR!
Loudly.
For all to hear.
I don't groom my pets,
Just to have them caged! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Want Love

I want love,
Until all of it...
Sits here within.
I want to have that feeling...
Inside of me,
To stay once it visits.
Exciting a bliss that does not end.

Inviting it,
With a welcome.
Without doubt...
Or question why it comes.
I want love,
Until all of it...
Captures me,
And I succumb!

I want to love,
Until all of it...
Lifts and inspires.
Taking me to heights unknown...
With a rush that flies me higher.

And I want to keep this documented,
For purposes that makes undeniable sense!
I want love,
Until all of it...
Remains within,
And I am convinced!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Want More Pay

I want more pay for what it is I do.

'What is it that you do?
Where is your job description?
And with whom do you sit and it reviewed? '

Well...
I have not gotten to that yet.

'Why not? '

I have to first clean out my in-box,
With unnecessary stuff I am expected to finish.
However...
I do keep my work area free of crumbs,
After I make lunch runs for everyone else.
And the boss has no clue how exhausting this can get.

'And for this you want more pay? '

Of course.
Wouldn't you?

'What about doing what you've been hired to do? '

Are you kidding?
And ruin my office reputation?
I want more pay.
I don't want to get fired.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Want My Heart Affected

I want a love that fits a difference and appears...
Clear these days.
And in every way.

I want that love to fit a difference and appears...
Clear these days.
And in every way.

Oh...
I want it deep in depth.
Oh...
I want my breath affected.
And my heart accepted,
Never to disrespect.
I want it that indepth and better it will get.

I want a love that fits a difference and appears...
Clear these days.
And in every way.

I want it deep in depth.
And I want my breath affected.
Plus my heart accepted never to disrespect.
I want it that indepth and better it will get.

And I've got it in my mind,
What it is I want to find...
To get and be with,
All the time!
And I've got it in my mind,
What it is I want to find...
To get and be with,
All the time!

I want it deep in depth.
And I want my breath affected.
And I've got it in my mind,
What it is I want to find...
To get and be with,

All the time!

And I want it deep in depth.
With my heart and breath affected.
And I've got it in my mind,
What it is I want to find...
To get and be with,
All the time!

I want my heart affected,
Now and then and all the time.
I want to catch my breath.
Now and then and all the time.
I want my heart affected,
Now and then and all the time.
I want to catch my breath.
Now and then to ease my mind.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Want My Reality On A Gradual Basis

You want this high or low?
'What? '
The blows of reality,
I am prepared to hit you with.

'Will they be painful? '
Let's just say,
When it happened to me...
I was glad to have been knocked out.

'Why? '
When I finally revived...
I was no longer excusing my limitations.
But it took several blows to my head...
To get some sense knocked into it!

'Make my blows low.
I can deal with the pain.
And I want a slower process.

I want my reality on a gradual basis,
To come to me.
I am not quick to adapt to changes.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Want Names

Oh no.
You think I am not aware?
Do you think I am blind,
To what is going on in the atmosphere?
And your history is unknown to me?
With a reviewing of it that you have made clear.

I know when I have been replaced,
By someone new rocking your world.
And there is no sign or trace of it left behind?
Where did you get that limp?
It wasn't there yesterday.
I want names!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Want That Rut To Go

I can use a big lift,
To leave a rut.
And have it benefit,
To fill my cup.
And if it should ever spill over,
From my head to wet my toes...
That rut I was in,
I'll never go back again.

Pull me up,
To give me that big lift...
Out of this rut.
And have it benefit,
To fill my cup.
And if it should ever spill over,
From my head to wet my toes...
That rut I was in,
Never will I revisit again.

I'll tell you when I've had enough.
Just pull me up to give me that big lift.
I'll tell you if enough is too much,
Just pull me up to give me that big lift.
I want that rut to go.
Just pull me up to give me that big lift.
I want to let go of that hold.
Just pull me up to give me that big lift.
I want to live a life that's sweeter.
Just pull me up to give me that big lift.
I'll tell you when I've had enough.
Just pull me up to give me that big lift.
I'll tell you if enough is too much,
Just pull me up to give me that big lift.
I want that rut to go.
Just pull me up to give me that big lift.
I want to let go of that hold.
Just pull me up to give me that big lift.
I want to live a life that's sweeter.
Just pull me up to give me that big lift.

Sweeter than the fruit on trees.
PLEASE!

Just pull me up,
To give me that big lift...
Pull me out of this rut.
And have it benefit,
To fill my cup.
And if it should ever spill over,
From my head to wet my toes...
That rut I was in,
Never will I revisit again.

I want that rut to go.
Just pull me up to give me that big lift.
I want to let go of that hold.
Just pull me up to give me that big lift.
I want to live a life that's sweeter.
Just pull me up to give me that big lift.
I'm more than willing to leave.
Just pull me up to give me that big lift.
I want to let go of that hold.
Just pull me up to give me that big lift.
I want to live a life that's sweeter.
Just pull me up to give me that big lift.
I want that rut to go.
Just pull me up to give me that big lift.
I want that rut to go.
Just pull me up to give me that big lift.
I don't want nuthin' mo!
I want the rut to go.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Want To Bang

It's been a long time
Since I've done that 'thang'.
You know...
What people do
When they get together and screw?
And the bed makes a noise,
That shakes the walls, floor and ceiling too!
I want to 'bang'!
Yes I do!
I'm admitting that.
How about you?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Want To Know

There is too much I can not ignore.
Too much beyond my open door,
I explore to have those unknowns shown.

I can not sit...
Just to imagine what exists.
Or to hear from others...
From their point of view.
As they experience what it is,
I too wish to do!

There is too much I can not ignore.
Too much beyond my open door,
I explore to have those unknowns shown.
And my mind will not leave me alone...
Until my curiosity satisfies that quest in me.

There is too much I can not ignore.
Too much beyond my open door,
I explore to have those unknowns shown.
I want to know...
More of this life God has gifted.
I want to know...
And not inflict upon myself limits!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Want To Know That You Will Munch

If it is going to be from me stated,
Not a syllable connected...
Has been chosen in haste.
I do not intend to waste time.
Neither yours or mine.
Throwing anything together,
To satisfy a taste.

I don't want you just to nibble.
I want to know that you will munch.

If I find there is something important to say,
And I regard you as an important receiver?
I am not going to select anything quickly,
To pick and appease what I believe,
Will be acceptable to your taste.
I am not that kind of chef.
To deliver less than my best
If what I say is important enough to say to you,
That importance I show to you I wish to keep.
I want you to expect each time a feast from me.

And if that is not believed...
I have no other way to convince.
Other than to ignore you.
And I perceive you have been already,
Accustomed to that.
Or you wouldn't be so offended,
By the closeness of my approach.
Or my willingness to remain attached.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Want To Spend Some Me Time With You

I like it!
This feeling.
I like it!
Am I dreaming?
Oh, I like it!
And it seems,
I want to spend some me time with you.

I like it!
This feeling.
I like it!
Am I dreaming?
Oh, I like it!
And it seems,
I want to spend some me time with you.

Yesterday,
I noticed.
The day before,
I noticed.
And just this morning,
Yes I noticed...
That,
I wanted only you to pursue.

I like it!
This feeling.
I like it!
It's not a dream.
Because I like it!
And...
To me this only means,
I want to spend some me time with you.
I hope you notice,
I want to spend some me time with you.

I like it!
And...
You've made my tongue numb.

Oh yes I like it!
And....
I hope you don't run,
Because I like what I see...
And I hope you're not stunned,
Or...
Think of me to be crazy.

I like it!
And...
You've made my tongue numb.
Oh yes I like it!
And....
I hope you don't run,
Because I like what I see...
And I hope you're not stunned,
Or...
Think of me to be crazy.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Want To Tell Him I'M Feeling Like That! (Heartache)

...I want to tell him I'm feeling like that!
'Cause he's my brother.
I want to tell him I'm feeling like that,
Anyday!
But the right words drift away.

I've got to tell him I'm feeling like that!
Since he's my brother.
I need to tell him I'm feeling like that...
'Cause he's my brother!
If I don't this just decays.
Oh oh...
If I don't more hearts will break!
Oh oh...
Because my brother has a lover,
I date!
Oh oh...
And 'maybe' heartaches will be saved?
Should I be brave...
Or continue being your discreet sex slave?

'WHAT? Excuse me...?
Run that back! '
From the beginning.
I've got to be missing something!
WHAT DID YOU SAY...?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Want Too Much To Love!

I want too much to love!

Too much I want,
Peace and happiness shared.
Someone to care,
With a devoted loyalty.

Too much I want,
Someone who is there.
Like I would be.

I want too much to love!

Too much I want,
Someone to communicate,
And comprehend with it mentioned.

Too much I want,
Someone who has time,
Without faking to give and take.

I want too much to love!

Too much I want,
Someone who desires a life of peace.
And not a life together spent...
In unconditional heartache to make.

Like those in relationships,
Wishing them to end.
So they then eventually will seperate.
To find what true love for them means again!
I want too much to love.

To grow as it is meant.
And not break to fall at all!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Want What I Want To Possess

I want what I want.
And with a selfishness,
That feels deserving.

I've committed my time,
To others with a giving.
And with a sacrifice to leave behind,
Collected precious treasures...
I had found to claim I believed were mine.

I want what I want.
And without a guilt to feel.
My wishes and desires to me are real.

And I have done my very best,
To be there for others...
Without sleep or rest for myself to get.

I want what I want.
And if this means my confession upsets.
I have already experienced having regrets.

I want what I want.
And with a doing done.
No matter who I offend with my requests.
I want what I want to possess.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Want You Near...

From the bottom to the top I give it!
Beginning from a structure started solid.
Making sure each step...
Has been given a concrete-ness.
Before I choose to take a breath...
I allow a thought process,
To happen next.

With deliberation I rest to sit.
Knowing,
From the bottom to the top I give it!
And motivated with that determination...
To have you examine what it is I offer.
Discovering an addiction only I can fix.
When you find yourself,
Freed of foolishness!
That's not my 'bag'.

Nor is mediocrity suitable for the mix!
I want you near...
And glad to have me!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Want You To Find Where 'F' Is

No!
It's not 'A'.
Neither is it 'B' or 'C'.
And...
It is not the 'D' or 'E' of it either.
I want you to find where 'F' is.
And...
I want you to do this,
Yourself.
With no assistance.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Wanted

I wanted...
And at one time,
To be accepted.
With a feeling I connected,
As a respect that I would get.

I wanted...
And at one time,
To discover someone I would like AND love.
With that daily expressed between each other.
And having that never wished to forget.

I wanted...
And at one time,
To be able to afford a happiness with bought things.
Believing an ability to purchase this,
I would have social status and that would be 'everything'.

I wanted...
And at one time,
To leave behind my perceptions of success.
With a hope a peace of mind I'd find,
If I prayed faithfully everyday to have that witnessed.

I wanted to be freed from false beliefs I kept.

And at one time,
No one could convince me to have it known...
That today that peace of mind is here to condone.
With a doing not to have 'things' to impress.
As long as I feel I have received to achieve my own success.

I wanted...
And at one time,
What is now mine that has arrived...
My eyes would not have been opened wide to accept,
The forgiving of myself was all I needed to achieve my happiness.

'But...

Don't you think that is being selfish? '

Yes.
And I want as much of it as I can get.
Regardless who perceives me as being selfish,
Only I know what it took to achieve my success.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Was Not Born To Walk Behind Shadows

When I noticed my own shadow,
I needed no one or nothing else...
To validate my existence.
Hours at a time.
Weeks, months and many years,
It would stay behind me.

Even those who attempted to insist,
I should seek their acceptance...
Could not prove why I would want it.
I was not born to walk 'behind' shadows.
My mind was not prepared for this.
It was too obvious I created my own.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Was On My Way To The Bahamas

How dare you say you have a love for me...
With respect and much interest in my well being?
And I should know this as it has been expressed,
By you over the years.

I think twice you've been inside my home.
Each time you pronounce my name,
It is incorrect.
And when I tell you that...
You change the subject.

And any and every conversation we've ever had,
Has been about you.
Or someone you just met with a name dropping done.
And when you are through doing that,
You leave.

'That's what I say to people about you.
You always got something sarcastic and nasty to say.
I didn't have to come over here, you know?
I was on my way to the Bahamas...
For YOUR information.'

Don't let me stop you.
I'll be shortly paying a visit to the bathroom.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Was Out Shopping With A Friend

People into basking away from adulation,
And solicited flattery...
Can also be overheard comparing themselves to others,
With an accuracy unbelieved...
But entertaining in the telling of their versions,
Which sounds awfully familiar to those listening...
Until that familiarity overheard begins to become identical,
To what they had expressed to the one basking away.

'I know this is not going to be believed,
But this happened to me last week...
I was out shopping with a friend,
And we got so caught up in our conversation...
I rolled a cart full of groceries right out of the store.
AND begun to unload them in my car when the manager 'suggested'...
I MIGHT want to pay for them first.
And I wondered why all the police cars were filling up the parking lot.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Was There Myself

I wish I could find the right words to say,
Why your mind and my time...
Are not going to be close friends.

I wish I could say this to you,
Without you becoming upset.
I am a lot older in many ways.
And in those ways you do not respect.

My tolerance you accept,
As an approval of your nonsense.
I am just more patient.
And have more than you will ever know.

My willingness to listen,
To your petty conversations...
Is a hope you will comprehend,
Just how small you make that world you live in.

My suggestions that you live and let live,
With a letting go...
Comes from experience.
Not because I believe there is so much I know.

Your mind is limited and fixed in stubbornness.
Then to me you complain,
About your attempts to convince...
With an acknowledgement foreign to common sense.

And to learn one has to listen.
But your issues and insecurities,
Are excuses you use as a defense.
I was there myself!
That is why you are so obvious.

I wish I could find the right words to say,
Why your mind and my time...
Are not going to be close friends.

I wish I could say this to you,
Without you becoming upset.
I am a lot older in many ways.
And in those ways you do not respect.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Was There. You Were Not

What happened?
I told you I wanted to go with you.

'You should have been there waiting,
When I arrived.
I was there.
You were not.
I moved on.'

Do you think that was fair to me?

'Do you think Santa Claus delivers,
From the North...
Or South Pole? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Was Told You Are Indeed A Rose

Even though I was told,
You are indeed a Rose.
I still could not tell from the scent,
Since I suffer from a recent bad head cold.
Something suddenly has happened,
To convince me of this.

And you can be quite different,
Not so detected as a Daffodil.
I can tell the Tulip from a distance.
Or a Carnation on a suit lapel,
Without getting close to sniff it.

But you 'they' say,
Are a Rose to uphold.
And I can't tell if that is true.
Since my nose is blocked.
And getting near to you...
Waters my eyes,
And keeps them closed.
Whatever that is you've got...
Makes me sneeze a lot!

I wanted to get a dozen of you,
To splurge.
But I think I am allergic.
And that has prevent my urge.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Watch You From The Window When You Pick Up Poodle Doo

Is that your moody poodle,
You feed heated noodles to...
When I see you,
Rushing home from school?

I want to say to you,
That I could walk your poodle too.
And scoop up all that poo poo just for you.

I watch you from the window,
When you pick up poodle doo!
I imagine if I helped out...
You would not have to rush from school?
To noodle up your poodle.
Then pick up poodle doo.

Is that your moody poodle,
You feed heated noodles to...
When I see you,
Rushing home from school?

I want to say to you,
That I could walk your poodle too.
And scoop up all that poo poo just for you.

If you had a cat,
You wouldn't have to do that.
You would have so much free time.
I had a cat but he got fat...
And died when I chased him,
With a turkey butt he swallowed...
I was thawing.
For some greens I was going to buy!
He was the only cat I had,
That did not have nine lives!

I watch you from the window,

When you pick up poodle doo!
I imagine if I helped out...
You would not have to rush from school?
To noodle up your poodle.
Then pick up poodle doo.
I will do that,
If you want me to?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Watched

You have absolutely nothing to share with me!
What I was willing to give,
You completely ignored to explore avenues of your ego!
Even though I knew this...
I watched!
My mission here is over!
Your headaches have yet to begin!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Will Always Do It

Whether I win, place or show,
And even find a reason to prepare to lose...
For myself or anyone else,
I will take those chances to do as I choose.
But for you I couldn't do it.
Without discussing what it is I do.

I am not looking for confusion.
I'm trying too hard to break those habits.
But I do want from you an honest opinion.
And I do need from you,
An eye on my back too.

Whether I win, place or show...
I want you to be there.
I want your advice given,
I want to share what I do...
With someone who cares.

And for you,
I will always do it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Will Be Here!

I will be here!
Long after your fascination,
With fads and trends have passed.
I will be here!

I will be here!
To deliver truth on your plate to taste.
With it to linger on your palate.
Or wait to microwave at a later date.
I will be here!
No matter how many roads you take,
Making attempts to escape from me.

I can endure,
Being rated against...
Other flavors and scents.
To be pushed aside,
Until that appetite dies.

I can endure,
Competing to compare to aging ideals.
To believe what they offer,
Has more of an appeal.
With an accepting to enhance them,
As a false representation...
That reflects, temporarily, a truth to feel.
But both of us know...
Substitutes to romance are not for real.

I will be here!
Long after your fascination,
With fads and trends have passed.

I will be here!
To give to you what will forever last.
I will be here!
To give to you like no one else has.
I will be here!
To satisfy your present, future and past.

That's how confident I am,
I can provide your every want and need...
Whenever you may seek them to have them pleased.

I will be here!
Free of masquerade or charades to fake.
Once tasted,
You may leave but you will return,
To save yourself from making further mistakes.
With it to discover in one way or another,
Replacing me is not an easy task to be done.
I will be here,
When the truth of found facts to you do come.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Will Continue To Pray

I can understand a desire and a wish,
To want to defeat an opponent in competition...
IF I am prepared with and/or without cheers,
I hear that gives me a support I can not ignore.
I can understand this mindset.
Although to me it bores.

But there is something about competing against,
Another who has been made to be an enemy who wants...
To attack my interests.
When those who cheer me on from where they stand,
Have different beliefs from my own.
And it is known they are my closest ally.
Who say I should prioritize their demands.

When I complete...
On myself I place my own demands!

'How do I comprehend this?
What's in your mind I don't understand.'

Maybe you will.
Or maybe that day to you will never come.
Like many who embrace conflicts that are done.

And, although I will continue to pray to win...my way,
To a Creator my ally does not accept or believes exists...
I hope the results of the competition I am in to stay,
Leaves me in a position to have my decisions respected.

'Well...
Who's side are you on? '

I am hoping to cross the finish line.
To be declared on the winning side.
With hopes to have this nonsense of winning,
A choice I'd like to have accepted as being shared.
I just don't want to be viewed as a loser,
No matter whose side I am on.

And looked upon as representing no one.
With a sharing to benefit all.
I'm sure you can relate to that?

'I do?
But...
What about that competition 'spirit'? '

What about it?
I'm not into divisions.
I'm into actions that share success.
With a praying done that I accomplish,
My best effort and God approves.

'What does God have to do with any of this? '

You asked me who's side I am on...
Didn't you?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Will Do This Only If

I do apologize.
My interests have been totally misunderstood.
I have no resources to fund,
Those homeless and needing to overcome their poverty.

I do,
However...
Have millions to spend and donate,
To those campaigning to end such atrocities.

And...
I will do this only if,
My giving is regarded as charitable.
And I am invited to the ball.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Will Fight For You

He has been described as inexperienced.
And an arrogant, elitist with socialistic wishes.

It has also been stated,
He has no knowledge of foreign affairs.
Although global leaders prefer his judgement,
On issues similar to theirs.

Plus he is admired for his intelligence,
Integrity, discipline and even his temper.
He seems to be honest and direct when he speaks.
He can identify with everyone.
Including the average person walking on urban streets.
And...
He just happens to be Black!

'Using 'that' as an offensive mechanism...
Disqualifies him and his credentials.

AND...
I assure you the campaign we run,
Will not adopt or solicit racial tactics like he has done.
I am a war hero!
I will fight for you.
And I have the scars to prove it.'

~From inside which house, John?
From inside which house will you fight for us? ~

'Well...
That is up to you.
It is up to you and the other voters,
To decide who has the right...
To add the White House to our growing list,
Of property holdings!
And may I say this in all fairness...
If elected as your leader,
I will not raise taxes.
I will just eliminiate what's left to your way of life! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Will Hunt You Down

You need not ever worry.
Or express a moment of concern,
If I am going to return to you...
Anything that I have borrowed.
Or a dime from you that in my pockets,
Did a quick burn to turn to lint.

I will hunt you down!
With a paying of whatever it is,
You have given to give it right back.
And you can count on me to do just that!
Since I do not believe in taking and escaping...
To then become invisible.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Will If You Will

Please never think that I ignore you,
If I quickly do not respond.
I listen to comprehend every word you say.
And digest I do,
From your point of view...
That which is wished,
You would like for me to understand too!

I don't speak from my head.
I do more of it from my heart.
And perhaps you perceive this to be,
A disconnection on my part?
It isn't!
Nor with a consciousness is it intended.
I am here for you with a doing to prove it.

Please never think that I ignore you,
If I quickly do not respond.
I listen to comprehend every word you say.
And digest I do,
From your point of view.
Perhaps I could improve communicating that to you.
I will if you will continue to love me.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Will Keep You With Me Celebrated

I will keep you with me celebrated.
I prayed too long for you to appear.
Your importance to me remains attached.
Nothing I've experienced has made that so clear.

If I should be stripped of everything I have,
You'd still be in my mind...
Addressing my every need.

If others observing this thought me foolish,
It would not be them I sought to please.
Or incited my excitement,
As you do with such ease.

I will keep you with me celebrated.
I prayed too long for you to appear.
Your importance to me remains attached.
Nothing I've experienced has made that so clear.

If I should be stripped of everything I have,
You'd still be in my mind...
Addressing my every need.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Will Let You Believe You Have A Right To Question Me

Remember this...
I came to you,
To point out the obstacles on your path.
You weren't aware of them.
They have been there.
I have been in preparation to deal with them!
I've dealt with my own first.
That is how I recognize yours.
I've been in touch.
You insult me,
By questioning my capabilities!
Remember this...
I came to you,
To point out the obstacles on your path.
The only thing I fear...
Is your inability to assist me in their removal.
That is the only reason I am here.
You insult me,
By questioning my capabilities!
Especially when you aren't aware,
Of those things that threaten your way of life!
I will let you believe you have a right to question me.
How's that?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Will Never Forget It

Surprises come,
In all shapes and sizes.
And not always,
Are the largest ones given...
Left kept remembered,
In the mind.

There are times unexpectedly,
A shift in reality is done.
Stunning effectively,
To undo assumptions...
Manufactured to package.
To leave what has been visioned
With an 'awe',
Words can not describe.

'What...
Was that? ! '

-What was 'what'?
And why are you shaking? -

'I don't know.
It was there.
Then it wasn't.'

-Where wasn't it? -

'I'm not sure.
But the it gave to me,
I will never forget.'

-And that feeling you have?
Is what? -

'Something it told me,
Was mine not to share.'

-Well...

Maybe I should be the one,
To thank God.-

'Why? '

-Not too many people today,
Will admit losing their minds.
And then,
Wanting not to share,
Their craze.
I don't know who,
Is more blessed...
By your confession.
You or me.-

'I am serious.'

-And I am not? -

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Will Not Be Sharing That Kind Of Mindset To Obsess

Not here to deal with those,
With thoughts of a lowered life.
Those who can not appreciate others.
But find themselves embittered...
With circumstances they do not like.

We all make choices.
And everyday,
There are obstacles in everyone's way.
But I care not to choose to see those on my path.
To accuse someone else...
Why theirs seem easier than mine to pass!

I'm not here to experience that kind of harrassment.
Or slither with an evilness.
Because someone has found that's what they do best.
I will not be sharing that kind of mindset to obsess.
I have found my peace of mind.
And those like that...
Can kiss my behind!

Not here to deal with those,
With thoughts of a lowered life.
But I will 'moon' anyone...
Who believes my happiness is theirs for the taking.
To shatter and spoil,
To add to a turmoil that would satisfy their heartbreaking.
I do not seek those companions on my path!
Or become asphyxiated by those who are out to bait.
To satiate their point of view...
That their outlook sought is for lives to trash.

I'm not having that as my existence.
And resisting the need to be tempted!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Will Not Read Another Email

What destination is arrived,
When those on selfish 'trips' take them.
And who is it that they travel with,
Expected to accomodate their every emotion.

More folks have abandoned their own responsibilities,
To leave someone else to blame...
For not being accountable for that dumping unclaimed.
And then to name others who bear the shame.

And if that doing doesn't happen with effectiveness,
So many are given opportunity to pretend,
An innocence with an absence of knowledge.
Or with selective memories to declare themselves victims.

What destination is arrived,
When those on selfish 'trips' take them.
And who is it that they travel with,
Expected to accomodate their every emotion.

'What you said hurt my feelings.'

~What did I say?
I have not seen you in weeks.~

'It was the tone of your email.
I would have chosen different words myself.
To eliminate the chances,
I could use a multitude of definitions...
Besides the ones I chose to select,
To determine your mood and tone.'

~I see.
All of this could have been avoided,
If you had called like you have just done.~

'And waste my minutes?
I've called to tell you my feelings have been hurt.
And you have already proven,

Just how inconsiderate and insensitive you are.'

~Whatever.~

'I will not read another email of yours again.'

~Great.
So that means you will not be sending them.
And I thought when you called,
You had bad news to deliver.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Will Nourish

I will nourish.
And will grow.
I wish to encourage,
Others uncertain to flourish.
And know they too can soar.

I will nourish.
And will grow.
I wish to encourage,
Others uncertain to flourish.
And know they too can soar.

OH
I
Will
Nourish!
And I will grow.

This is what I want,
And I will make it so!
Yes...
OH
I
Will
Nourish!
And I will grow.

This is what I want,
And I will make it so!

Yes...
This is what I want,
And I will make it so!

I will nourish.
And will grow.
I wish to encourage,
Others uncertain...
To flourish,

With courage.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Will Remain Connected

I will remain connected,
To an identity that reflects respect...
And honors the dignity of my ancestors.
With an upholding I will never neglect.
Teased by fashion and designer fads,
Only to last for the next impression to make...
Is not part of my D.N.A.
My ancestry I pride and 'it' I will never fake.

I will remain connected,
To an identity that reflects respect.
Too many I observe to witness and see,
Have been too willing to leave behind to find...
Substitutes to replace and reduce,
The keeping to reveal their true ethnicity.
With adopting to adapt to beliefs just to deny,
Who they are and 'should' be to sacrifice with lies.

Not me.
I have no dreams to be perceived as anyone else.
I stand on two feet to walk with purpose.
And I do this not to seek defeat anticipated to meet.
I am connected to an identity that reflects respect!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Will Remind Him Of It

These days as I age,
To feel blessed to experience...
A noticeable ache not there before,
To greet me as I awaken.
Sine the furthest thing from my mind,
Is attempting to recapture a youthful appearance...
With a magic wand and assistance,
I will never again find as quickly as I had in the past.

If I can get out of bed and go through my daily routine,
Of taking a shower after stretching and exercising...
That alone has become the only event I wish to accomplish,
BEFORE anyone has had a chance to witness...
Unbelievable miracles I perform without them being seen.

Geeessshhh.
Who could that be at this hour of the morning?
Knocking on the door.
Maybe it is that beautiful woman who lives next door.
And has come to confess undying love she has for me.
Maybe there is still hope.

One moment please.

'Oh.
I'm sorry to disturb you.
I was looking for Larry.
Does he still live here? '

Yes he does.
I am his great grandfather.
He should be back later this evening.

'Oh, okay.
I'll see him then.'

You sure will.
If God has anything to do with it.

'You're funny.
I can see where he gets his sense of humor.'

I will remind him of it.
The moment he arrives.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Will Say This

I will say this.

'What?
What is it? '

Sssshhh...
As soon as the gossip is finished,
I'll pass along...
My added comments to it.
And as soon as they are finished,
I will give you my opinion.
But first be quiet,
To allow me to hear the rest of the dirt.

And I will say this,
To give it to you to hear...
Fresh from the horse's mouth.
How's that?

'I...uh...'

Sssshhh,
I can't listen to you and them too.
Be quiet.
Give me just a few more seconds.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Will Share This With You

hmmm...
You thought I came to you
To review your testimonies?
And I thought I was invited
To express my thoughts at will!
One of us isn't being who they should.
But I will share this with you...
I don't need you to prove that I am good!
I proved that many years ago in my old neighborhood!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Will Travel

I will travel.
From point A through to Z.
To journey on a path,
With no guarantee...
If the doing of it succeeds.
Or if my attempts should be defeated.
But faith I keep strong with me.
Knowing I will travel.
Knowing there will be obstacles.
And prepared for opposition.
To face and not replace with fear.
Doubts I chase away.
I've never been comforted by limits.
I will travel.
Since my mind will not permit,
A sitting to wish dreams to visit.
I am one who would rather travel.
I choose to greet and meet my destiny.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Will Wait For You

I will wait for you.
To recover from despair.
Renewed with a refreshened,
Point of view.
I will wait for you.

I will wait for you.
Freed of excuses to make.
And accusations too.
With a hope you found it to realize,
I have been in your corner.
To prove it done and shown to you.

When I left you to leave,
Not far from you I kept.
I wanted you to believe,
My appearance was distant.

It was you not me,
Who wanted to argue my experiences.
It was you not me,
In need to know my giving is dependable.
And I never thought of you,
As competition to beat.
I wanted with you a relationship.
To build upon with it secure and complete.

When I left you to leave,
Not far from you I kept.
I wanted you to believe,
My appearance was distant.
But away from you,
I was the one who wept.

I will wait for you.
To recover from despair.
Renewed with a refreshened,
Point of view.
I will wait for you.

I will wait for you.
Freed of excuses to make.
And accusations too.
With a hope you found it to realize,
I have been in your corner.
To prove it done and shown to you.

And now,
I am back and so glad...
You see within me,
Like I see within you...
Wants and wishes not to confuse.
But to accept what it is,
Each of us takes...
From the other to give.

I will wait for you.
Freed of excuses to make.
And accusations too.
I refuse to keep that between us.
When the doing breaks both our hearts.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Wish An Acceptance For My Strengths

I have all the support I need...
For those weaknesses upon me that feed.

I wish an acceptance for my strengths!
Strong and bold shoulders,
To come and be at my defense.

Whenever I choose to suffer and bleed publicly,
I have all the support I need.

But I don't have those in my life who oppose,
Those sorrows others choose in me to see.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Wish I Knew That

You didn't want to hurt my feelings,
By being specific and direct?
Well,
Let me say 'this' about 'that'.
With my own assessment,
You may or may not have been able to detect.

My feelings have been already crushed,
By your deceptions.
And whether accepted or not,
Those are the facts.
With no exceptions.

'I wish I knew.
I wish I knew that.'

I'm glad you didn't!

'Why?
Why not? '

If you had been honest with yourself,
I would have known and met someone else.
And from my perspective...
At least I know now,
Whoever you are or could to me have been...
Would not have earned my trust.
Since...
Someone who lies never knows when to end them.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Wish My Heart To You Was Known

I wish my heart to you was known.
With emotions deep.
I do keep within reach.

I can be distant at times.
But my mind is aware.
Who approaches with sincerity.
And a return of it,
I can and will share.

Without defense or fences seen.
To pop up suddenly...
From nowhere.
To be rude, indignant or mean.

I'm here to care.
But not just for anyone.
Nor do I seek perfection.
Not with the flaws,
I've yet to overcome.

It is not often that I meet someone...
Who can accept with forgiveness,
The unconsciousness of others.
And allow them time...
To correct what they have done.

I try not to sit with bitterness inside.
Knowing my pride could be hard to handle.
Since I overly protect a sensitive side.

A peace of mind I have.
And it was not easily obtained.
It took years in development.
To keep as is.
Proudly maintained.

Many times I have sat alone.
Amazed in the ways that I have grown.

And wishing someone knew,
My life the way I do!

Perhaps that's why I wish...
My heart to you was known.
I recognize your thoughtfulness!
And that...
Not too many can express.
In the way to me you have shown!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Wish My Own Uterus Was Left Alone

Didn't I tell you not to use,
That kind of language 'inside' this house?

'Yeah, but mommy...
Daddy uses it inside, outside,
And 'everywhere'.'

And tell me this,
Why is it you rush to the mailbox...
When the mailman comes everyday.
What's going on?

'I'm waiting for a letter from the President.
I wrote to ask him a question.
I want to know why he hasn't replaced my piggy bank.
With the money I had in it.'

Didn't I tell you your father did that?

'Yeah but daddy said if it wasn't for the President,
The gas prices wouldn't be high.
And he would be able to buy his own cigarettes.'

The President had nothing to do with your father's actions.

'Tell that to daddy.
He said he can't wait to vote him out of office.'

And what do you think the President will say about that?

'I don't care.
I just want my money and my piggy bank back.'

I wish my own uterus was left alone.
Without debating over who stays and who goes.
Pretty soon we'll need permission to use the bathroom.

'Huh? '

Don't worry about it.
Trust me.
What you have and how it's used...
Will 'never' be up for debate.

'Mommy?
Nevermind.
I don't even know what to ask.
I'll just wait to get my letter from the President.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Wish To Experience The Honesty Of Romance

There is no interest here for your magic.
Nor are there embers here to rekindle,
That would ignite a slow dying flame!
I'm jaded.

Games played like that have faded.
I am not against recognitions of love.
I wish to experience the honesty of romance.
A natural ocurrence that stirs within the heart.

Something that happens while strolling in the park.
Something in the eyes and not so much from the lips.
Something that stays in the mind...
After separating ourselves from the hips.

For me that's all the magic I need.
That's all I wish to get!
A sideshow I can leave behind.
And that has been done once.
One too many times!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Wish To Get Paid For The Publicity

I have been mentally harrassed.
And my mind has been taken,
To inapproriate places.
Leaving my imagination...
To become,
Touched with such a disturbing hold...
I can not sleep peacefully at night,
With unsolicited thoughts...
I have never had before.

'And...
When exactly did this happen,
To merit your charges against...
The defendant? '

It doesn't matter.
It happened.
And besides a wealth of media coverage,
I desire my accusations to pay for a life of leisure...
I am due,
Just for having the audacity to make such ridiculous claims.
Enough.
Let's get down to business.

'And you expect us to find fault with the defendant,
Based upon your foolishness?
You are relying on the public,
To be the judge and jury? '

I expect my 'foolishness',
As you put it...
To be as legitimate as the rest of the 'foolishness',
That has today become prioritized.
AND...
Judge and jury courting whatever the laws may be,
I wish to get paid for the publicity coming to you FREE...
Since I alone created to generate overwhelming TV ratings.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Wish To Give What You Expect

Whatever it is you need,
I'll do my best to get it.
Whatever it is,
To ease your mind.
Anytime.
No matter the reason,
Or the rhyme.
I wish to give what you expect,
Of my love.

Whatever it is you want,
I'll try to find it.
I wont got to sleep until it's found.
I don't want to see you,
Ever feeling down.
Or...
Feeling less,
Since I wish to give what you expect...
Of my love.

You're in my heart and it's felt deep.
And I wish to give what you expect,
Of my love.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Wish You Found The Time To Find Me

I wish you found the time to find me.
Not just to see me,
In chance encounters when we meet!
To appear out of the blue...
In such out of the way places,
To say hello when we greet!
And I...
With these deep feelings I have for you,
Sitting inside of me wishing you knew.

I wish you found the time to find me.
I wish you could witness the preparation taken,
To await your presence each time...
We catch each other by surprise.
And I find that look in your eyes,
So priceless.

'Oh hi!
It's you again!
You too.
Have a good day.'

I wish you found the time to find me,
The one to value!
The one you discover to have met,
By an accident...
That happened to have blessed,
Your life and mine.
And not just merely as an occurrence...
Of a repeated coincidence!
Planned.

But who knew...
Just how 'lucky' two like us can be?
What a karmic fate we share?
You...
And me?
Meeting like this?
Isn't it breath taking?

Would you say that to me,
I wonder?
When we cuddle and it is raining,
With lightening and thunder!

I wish you found the time to find me.
As I have found you...
Not quite yet,
To take notice of my efforts!
Perhaps I should apply the basics?
Instead of the diverse creative approach?

Yes!
I had not thought,
You may prefer the 'basic-in-my-face-stuff'.
But declaring, 'I want to jump your bones! '
May be too offensive.
Even today!

Oh...
I am getting tired of these inner monologues!
They go on and on and on and on...
And I have yet to select my disguise for tomorrow.

I wish you found the time to find me.
I am running out of ideas!
And I fear your rejection!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Wish You Had Never Come To Exist

It's not my heart,
I find broken apart...
I can not mend back again.
This I've done before.

And it's not my tears I can not dry,
I use to cry...
Day and night...
From swollen clouded eyes.

It's you...
Haunting me to want,
To fill that needed urgency.
With a taunting me awake.
To keep me from a peaceful sleep.

It's you...
I can not seem to erase.
Or replace to escape,
From thoughts of you cemented...
Fixed with a permanence staying I can't get away.
And...
I wish,
You had never...
Come to exist!

It's not my arms I miss around you.
Or your lips I wish to kiss.
Nor those times we loved,
I had sat for moments to reminisce.

It's you...
I can not seem to erase.
Or replace to escape,
From thoughts of you cemented.
It's you...
Haunting me to want,
To fill that needed urgency.
With a taunting me awake,

From a deep and peaceful sleep!

But...
I know,
It is possible...
I can both heal and mend again.
If...
You did not exist.

I wish you...
Had never come to exist.
Ever.
I wish you did not come for me to exist.
Never.
I wish you...
Had never come to exist.
Ever.
I wish you did not come for me to exist.
Never.
I wish you had never come to exist!

You...
Knew you'd have my mind mess up like this!
You...
Knew what you did I could not resist if I wished!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Wish You Knew Me

I...
Wish you knew me.
Like you said you did.
I wish you knew me,
When I thought it already done.
I wish you knew me,
Like you said you did.
But now that I'm told,
We are done...
That hip-hopping all over town...
You accused me that I would do,
Well...
I didn't.

I...
Wish you knew me.
Before it was over and done.
I wished you...
Had believed in me,
To have that one on one.
I wsih that you knew me,
For what I came to give.
Instead of listening to the others,
About what I wanted to get.

I wish you,
Knew me.
And not believe what you hear.
I wish you,
Knew me.
To know what I'm like when you're near.
But no chance did you give,
When I wanted it.
And from you.
When...
I wanted it.
And from you.
When I...
Wanted it.

And from you.
When...
I wanted it.

I wish you...
Knew me.
When I wanted it.

At night when I try to close my eyes,
They're open wide.
Wishing deep down inside,
You knew me.
It could've been a benefit.
If...
This had been your wish.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Wonder What The Trees Think

Do you see that tree,
With the branches reaching?
Think of them as nerves...
Coming from the Earth.
Are they feeling?
Do they sense like you and I?
Or are they here to assist us to breathe?
If they did not exist...
Would your life on this Earth be useless?

I wonder what the trees think,
About our selfish ways!
And they stay as they are...
Basically providing us life.
Tolerating their destruction,
As they sit watching us in conflict.

Without a hug or a visit from us,
As we sit and cuss our existence.
With neither acknowledgement,
Or an expression of our appreciation.
I wonder what the trees think,
About our selfish ways!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Wonder Where You Are

Often we are not apart,
And needing.
With our hearts too near,
And accessible to feel.

We have not been many times distant,
To miss what is wished...
For us that is clear.

I wonder where you are,
When I am here wanting you.
I fear I do,
Someone new you might meet.

I am that insecure.
And this only you can do to me.
When I am not sure,
If I satisfy your needs completely.

We have not been many times distant,
To miss what is wished...
For us that is clear.

Often we are not apart,
And needing.
With our hearts too near,
And accessible to feel.

I wonder where you are,
When I am here wanting you.
And I fear...
I do.
Someday you may not find,
I satisfy your needs completely.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Wont Be Renewing My Love At All

I wont be renewing my love at all.
To me it's over-rated.
I hate to even make it.

I wont be renewing my love at all.
Oh-oh...
No no!

I'll be happy with a cat and glad of that!
It wont have painted nails,
Or sit around getting fat.

I wish I could trade you for a new Cadillac.
Oh-oh,
I'd be ready to go!
And I wont be renewing my love at all.
Oh-oh...
No no!

I wont sit around to watch your thick hips jiggle.
Or try to wiggle into jeans you know are too little.
I can't look at you because you look like a fool.
You'd be a big hit on YouTube!

You've made spandex your best catch yet.
There are no holes located...
When it's stretched around your weight.

I remember when we dated,
I had chased you for 'some'.
But those days from us have passed.
And I don't want 'none'.

I wont be renewing my love at all.
Oh-oh...
No no!

I wont sit around to watch your thick hips jiggle.
Or try to wiggle into jeans you know are too little.

I can't look at you because you look like a fool.
You'd be a big hit on YouTube!

I wont be renewing my love at all.
To me it's over-rated.
I hate to even make it.

I wont be renewing my love at all.
I'll be happy with a cat,
And glad of that!
Oh-oh...
I gotta go!

'If you're going near the store,
Bring me back a bag of chips! '

I remember when we dated,
I had chased you for 'some'.
But those days from us have passed.
And I don't want 'none'.

'If you're going near the store,
Bring me back a bag of chips!
Everytime you talk about us dating,
I get the munchies.
Don't you? '

I wont sit around to watch your thick hips jiggle.
Or try to wiggle into jeans you know are too little.
I can't look at you because you look like a fool.
You'd be a big hit on YouTube!

'Will you stop teasing and go get me those chips! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Wont Be The One To Tell You Go

And when you come,
There's no retreating.
When you come...
There is no leaving from me.
Since I wont be,
The one...
To let you go.

When you come,
There's no deceiving.
And when you come,
You will not soon leave from me.
Since I wont be,
The one...
To tell you go.

No I wont be the one,
You'll hear that told.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Wont Hide My Disgust

Some like to question my patriotism.
Because I express pessimism,
With negative criticisms.
If anything I should be accused,
Of being idealistic.
I joined the military when just a kid.
I wanted to protect this great land,
From enemies that threatened...
Where my family and friends would stand.
As I did!
And proving to myself and others,
I was that brave and fearless man.
That was during the Viet Nam era.
When many my age,
Were trying to pass college entrance exams.

Two weeks after my high school graduation...
I was pledging allegiance to this great nation.
In an Air Force uniform!
I bravely adorned.

Friends I knew who lost their lives,
Weren't considered warriors...
But to my surprise were despised.
It took me years to get over this.
As I witnessed some had gone to college,
To earn degrees that made them capitalistic materialists.
Of course those of us who went through that...
Became very upset about this and quite pissed.
And some of 'them' on us...
Turned their self righteous self centered greedy backs.
As they licked their fingers...
From eating fast food snacks!

These are facts that happened!

My heart is with the soldier,
Because I understand that mindset at hand.
However...

It is unfortunate,
Those who sit and make decisions to begin conflicts...
Are rarely the ones who stick their necks out.
Like the ones who sit alone in barracks!
Getting five minutes to shit...
Keeping their spit boots shined!
Putting their lives on the line.
And rehearsing this at a moment's notice.
They are NOT the ones heard moaning and whining,
About what belongs to them...all the time!
And having no idea just how precious their lives are.
And who keeps it that way for them to smear!
Those times then,
Fear for us was kept within!
There were no places to hide our pretentions.
We could not afford to have them.

Some like to question my patriotism.
Because I express pessimism,
With negative criticisms.
If anything I should be accused,
Of being idealistic.
Especially today...
When people have the audacity,
To express their selfish sickness whims.
And using racism as a tactic,
To exploit their increasing madness.
With freedoms to enjoy.
To advantaged themselves as better than 'them'!
Praying to keep their lives of sin!
In a secret confidence to deny in pretense.

And 'if' I express any pessism at all...
As a black man I feel I am justified!
Yes,
I am appalled!
No one is fighting for my right,
To remain encouraged to stand tall!
In fact...
I view those unconsciously creating cracks,
In their own foundations...
They alone on their own mindlessly attack.

From a negativism they dare to call pride!
What lies these 'moralists' live!
When deceit has been the deeds they give!

And I wont hide my disgust,
When my trust has been abused...
And allowed to rust!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Wont Pretend

Don't you come to think it...
That I am going to be apologetic.
Don't you come to think it.
Don't you come to think it...
That you deserve from me an empathy.
Don't you come to think it or believe,
Your old tactics are attached to facts...
When truth is refused,
And frequently attacked.

Relationships should be about the benefit,
Of a sharing done and felt to know exist.
With no roles to play so someone can betray,
To purposely maneuver to have one's way.
Yet some do.
And some don't.
But I wont...
Play mind games for no apparent gain.
To push buttons for nothin'.

Yes some do.
Then some don't.
Although I wont,
Expect something from nothing...
To give up empathy and pretend.
I wont pretend.
Some do.
Some don't.
I wont...
Never again give in.
I wont pretend.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Wont Take It!

Give me what you love.
And not what you don't.
Or...
I wont take it.
I wont take it.

Give me what you love.
And not what you don't.
Or...
I wont take it.
I wont take it.

Give me what you love.
And not what you don't.
Or...
I wont take it I wont.
I wont take it.
I wont take it I wont.
I wont take it.

I wont stand here permanently,
Hoping one day you'll see...
Me as your lover.
And no other.

I wont stand here permanently,
Like a tree picked of its fruit...
But that true juice is for you.

I wont stand here permanently,
Like a fool...
For you.

Give me what you love.
And not what you don't.
Or...
I wont take it, I wont.
I wont take it.

I wont take it, I wont.
I wont take it.

I wont take it, I wont.
I wont take it, I wont.
I wont take it, I wont.
I wont take it!

Give me what you love,
Or I wont take it.

Give me what you love,
Or I wont take it.

Give me what you love,
Or I wont take it, I wont.
I wont take it, I wont.
I wont take it, I wont.
I wont take it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Wore Those Dog Tags

I'm not here to lick or heal wounds.
Or run quickly to see,
Who or what approaches...
A locked gate and surrounding fence.
In my youth I wore those dog tags.
Believing with intentions,
My doing assisted in preventing...
Further harm that kept those protected.
Since...
My loyalty did not keep those defended.
Nor did my growl, bark or brave stance,
Chase those who threatened away.
And today I'm left reluctant to obey commands,
From those who have shown me...
Just how fast they can bite 'my' hands.
With a doing to prove,
My loyalty to them has meant nothing.
Nothing that permits me to keep hope alive,
With dreams to wish,
That my sacrifice to do what's right...
Will be recognized for what it was and not disrespected.
I'm not emotionally affected by those delusions anymore.
However...
No one could ever say,
They caught me catnapping or attempting to get rest...
To neglect any task I was assigned to protest.
I did my duty and with the best of my efforts.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Would Ask My Inner Voice

'Do I have a choice? '
I would ask my inner voice.

~Does a bird fly with one wing?
Is a ventriloquist near by,
When you hear that bird sing?
Have you seen a rabbit hop on one foot?
Does a fish swimming freely beg to be hooked? ~

'Do I have a choice? '
I would ask my inner voice.

~Your guess is as good as mine.
If you believe you have a choice,
Why are you wasting my time? ~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Would Hate To Ruin My Reputation

Why don't you see me hanging in the streets?
Or at the local clubs,
Milling through a crowd of people...
With a drink or two,
And having small talk with those I meet.

Why don't you see me socializing,
And sitting around?
Discussing who is still living.
And who has moved out of town?

And when you do see me...
I appear to have peace of mind,
With no complaints to share.
Or fresh gossip to spare to toss around.
Why is it that I seem to have something to do...
And less time to find to moan and whine?

I don't know!
I've heard I am crazy!
Lazy and unmotivated!
I hope that's what you've heard too.
I would hate to ruin my reputation.
It would be devastating for me,
To discover that wasn't true!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Would Like It Better If

If I wrote to be liked,
I would not be read.
And I do like that some read,
What I write!
But I would like it better,
If I was fed...
By what it is I've said that is written...
And read by those who read what I wrote!
Finding a nibble to afford,
Liked And nourishes...
To feed the reader something read,
Coming from this writer's head!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Would Like To Apologize As Well

By the way...
I'd like to take this opportunity,
To apologize for all those negative things...
I said about you.

'No problem at all.
I would like to apologize as well.'

You do?
For what?

'For all those things you will regret,
Once you come to realize...
I was there to protect your back.

And now that you've convinced everyone,
My purpose was to feed my own ego...
I am sure you will remember that,
Now that you are in front.
And expected to lead!

By all means...
Do that as you please.
In fact,
What you've done...
Has provided me with relief! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Would Like To Round The Edges Of Your Squared Table

I would like to round the edges,
Of your squared table.
To eliminate the snags I get,
In my expensive pants.

I would also like to sit,
Comfortably and eat.
Either on a cushion...
But not to stand.
Or be on bended knees to be pleased.

I would like us to touch,
Without thinking we'd be pricked.
I would like to smooth the rough surface.
And flatten it a bit.

'Say 'May I? ' to Mama.'

Mama, may I?

'Yes, you may! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Would Rather Be Sociable

I have learned,
Not to expect the getting of respect...
From those seeking first to be impressed.
Especially when many perceive success,
As something done one wants to address...
When achievements have been accomplished,
And one wishes nothing less...
Than to mention it with a getting of attention.

'So...
Tell us.
What is it that you do? '

I sacrifice my time to my interests.
Until the doing of it achieves success.
And after I have done that at my best,
I move on to leave them to do something next.

'Oh?
You should think of becoming a poet.'

Who knows.
Maybe one day I will consider it.
But for now I would rather be sociable.
Communicate current issues,
That affect us all.
And connect to them with a meaning.
To feel it as a purpose.
Without being pretentious.

'Oh?
Well,
Good for you.
Perhaps one day before you get much older,
You will find what it is to enjoy and flaunt...
Like the rest of us,
Who have adjusted to established careers.
And to do it with common sense.
To live life not to fantasize.'

You mean like banking, management.
And social services?

'Exactly.
Something real.
And less...
Delusional.'

Hmmm.
I must say you've given me food for thought.
But at 'this' time...
I have no appetite.
Perhaps one day I will.

'Don't wait too late.
Excuse me.
I see some influential friends of mine,
Who have just arrived.
Good luck with your efforts and endeavors.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Wouldn'T Say That Too Loudly

When I ask you how you are doing,
Can you respond by telling me 'how' you are?
Instead of discussing what you've written,
All the time?

'Do I say anything at all...
When you show me picture after picture,
Of your children...
Growing from day to day? '

That is not the same thing?

'Oh?
I wouldn't say that too loudly
You've already hurt 'my' feelings!
I'm glad I decided to leave my 'kids' at home.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I Wouldn'T Want You To Miss It

I want you to come to the wedding.
'Who's wedding? '
Mine.
'Sure.
I would love to.
I couldn't miss it.
When?
When is the date? '

As soon as you let me know.
We could set one.
Right now if you wish.
'Are you asking 'me' for a date? '
Well...
Of course.
How else could there be a wedding?
I wouldn't want you to miss it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I...Just Do!

I don't know why,
I care for you.
I don't know why.
I just do.

I don't know why,
I care for you.
I don't know why.
I just do.

I don't know why,
I care for you.
I...
Don't know why.
I...
Just do.

It may be wrong,
To carry feelings this long.
And to feel them...
So strong.

I use to wish,
From me they would be long gone!
But they're not.
They're more than hot!

I don't know why,
I care for you.
I...
Don't know why,
I...
Just do.
I...
Don't know why,
I...
Care for you.
I...
Don't know why!

I...
Just do!
I...
Don't know why,
I...
Care for you.
I...
Don't know why!
I...
Just do!

It may be wrong,
To carry feelings this long.
I don't know why,
I...
Just do.
I...
Don't know why,
I...
Just do!

I use to wish,
From me they would be long gone!
But they're not.
They're more than hot!
I...
Don't know why,
I...
Care for you,
I...
Don't know why,
I...
Just do!
I...
Know you're hot.
My heart is poppin'.

I don't know why,
I...
Care for you,
I...
Don't know why,

I...
Just do!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I...'Think' We Are Both In The Kitchen?

Mom?
The kids at school,
Are picking on me again.
They say I'm gay.

'Gay? '

Because I don't have my ears pierced.
Or have my eyebrows arched.
I wear my hair short.
And my pants are not below my butt.

'Kids can be mean.
Just try to cope with it.
Things will change soon.
Besides...
By the time you begin high school,
Being interested or married...
To someone of the opposite sex,
Is going to be laughed at.'

My girlfriend says the same thing.
And 'both' of her fathers adopted her,
When she was a baby.

'She has TWO fathers? '

Yep.
And not only that.
They were professional football players.

'Where have I been? '

I...
'Think' we are both in the kitchen?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Ice

One made to heat.
And not to do overnight.
May never recover,
From the wicked deeds of others.
The ones given the wrong advice,
As to how to treat one sincere.
Someone who is clearly,
Nice and naturally.

One made to heat.
With a doing done slowly.
May one day awaken unable to stay,
Away from a temperature made...
To boil over.
And a warmth once known,
To others shown yet disrespected.
Has turned shoulders cold. Like ice.

One made to heat.
No longer keeping this feeling discreet.
Now has eyes prepared to slice.
With a doing of it effectively.
Even the use of a knife to pick,
A heart frozen to freeze...
Hoping to thaw and warm again,
Is discovered too late to undo the process.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Ice Capades

Frigid!
As if it was up to me,
To patiently peel away...
Each layer of discomfort,
I felt or may feel...
And at my own expense.

Without a clue,
I am suppose to unravel...
What I did or did not do.
And with no hint given...
I am to know from previous experience,
The nature of my accused thoughtlessness.

It's the nature of the beast,
One can either choose to release.
Or cease an argument...
Heading for a cranked up heat!

These scenes from ice capades,
That include smooth skating on some days...
But not always scored with a warmth to receive.
Sometimes one is rated,
If cracked eggs not intentionally done...
Someone else left to leave.
Who knows when a temper begins to show.

Cold shoulders and attitudes,
From nowhere chills the air.
And if one is in a longlasting relationship...
To be blamed for anything,
By someone professing love...
Is not a circumstance that is rare.

These scenes from ice capades,
May last for a few minutes...
Maybe a couple of hours!
They can go on for days,
If no one submits...

To a begging for forgiveness,
That lowers an eyebrow raised.

Do it!
The benefits of this,
Will ultimately be proven.

Just to ensure,
A reception for an expected performance...
Stays intact.
And that union needing a little pat,
Of understanding quickly enacted...
Endures and sustains a security maintained.

Do it!
Don't allow a stubbornness,
To ruin a night of peaceful sleep.
Go ahead do it!
Apologize and get it over with.

'I apologize, honey.'

~You do?
YOU do?
Well...
In that case,
I do too.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Icecream

Why is icecream called icecream?
Instead of what it is?
Milk that is creamed,
With added sugar and flavoring...
To taste delicious after it is set to chill,
At a certain temperature.
Wouldn't it be easier to sell and order?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I'D Be Lost Without You

From you I've only heard complaints.
With divisive comments made to vocalize.
I have never gotten to get or expect,
Support from you to me to give.
And not once had I thought you to be negative.
In fact...
Your actions have provided my motivation.
With a showing my deeds and efforts you disrespect.
So please don't change whatever it is you've done.
Since nothing positive from me will come.
I need you.
More than you suspect.

'Are you 'trying' to use reverse psychology on me? '

No.
I just want you to stay as you are.
You are my inspiration.
A gift.
And don't you forget it.

'But you have never before given me credit.'

I'm giving that to you now.
Before you attempt to make changes.
Don't change.
I'd be lost without you.

'But...
I dislike 'everything' you do.'

And I don't know that?
I know that.
I'm begging you not to change.
You light my fire.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I'D Be Rich!

I have never felt more examined,
Microscoped and discussed...
Than anytime in my life,
Than 'now'.

From thought process,
To how I digest my food...
To my beliefs and what I pray to,
As if I exist as a novelty.

Sometimes I feel,
That I am an animated mannequin,
For many.
And in 'some' folks eyes,
I can see the surprise when I speak...
With elocution, tone and diction intact.

And no where will I go,
Will I ever forget I am black.
Or...
Should I say African-American,
To be politically correct...
About the whole concept,
Of where folks' heads are at?

I have never felt more examined,
Microscoped and discussed...
Than anytime in my life,
Than 'now'.

And don't think it hasn't occurred to me,
That IF I carried a basketball...
AND tapped danced in a shopping mall.
I'd be RICH!
Even if I didn't have a clue,
As to what I was doing.
All I would have to do is to be entertaining.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I'D Like My Pockets To Be As Full

My days and nights,
And appetite to live my life right...
Is a quest sometimes,
That leaves me unrested.
I wish to share and seek happiness.
Not to reminisce those obstacles I've dismissed.

So many today seem dismayed.
Stuck in ruts they replay everyday.
And offering nothing but despair to express.
I understand those difficulties...
Especially the ones that come to test!

But I've discovered it was best for me,
To see my cup half filled.
I've discovered it was best for me,
Not to dramatize my ills.
Or over burden others with them,
In an overkill.

Today we all can say,
We've made mistakes and had heartbreaks.
Today we all can come to agree...
We are disappointed with 'something'
Connected to the economy!

I'd like my pockets to be as full,
As that cup I imagine filled with gold.
And I pull it.
Glad to drag it behind me!

My days and nights,
And appetite to live my life right...
Is a quest sometimes,
That leaves me unrested.
I wish to share and seek happiness.
Not to reminisce those obstacles I've dismissed.
Or bore anyone with the repetition of it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I'D Like To Practice Harmony

I'd like to snap you back,
To a place,
We had!

I'd like to snap you back,
To a time before delusions.

I'd like to snap us back,
When we were happy and glad.

I'd like to snap us back!
And awaken from delusions.
I'd like to practice harmony...
And get more of that!

I'd like to snap us back!
And awaken from delusions.
I'd like to practice harmony...
And get more of that!

I'd like to snap you back,
To a place,
We had!
There was no substitution,
For the love we made.

I'd like to snap us back!
And awaken from delusions.
There was no substitution,
For the love we made.

I'd like to snap you back,
To a place,
We had!

I'd like to snap you back,
To a time before delusions.

I'd like to snap you back,

To a place,
We had!

I'd like to snap you back,
To a time before delusions.

I'd like to snap us back!
And awaken from delusions.
I'd like to practice harmony...
And get more of that!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I'D Like To See That Done

I'd like to throw a stone,
Into that glass house you live.
I'd like to see you out in reality...
Being honest with yourself as you give.
I'd like to see you dropp pretensions,
And all of that political correctness mess.
I'd like to see you be yourself again...
If 'that' from you has not yet left!

I'd like to see that done,
Before you are overcomed...
By repossessions and foreclosures!
I'd like to see you.
But not with the look of shock.
Or the stunning that has knocked you out,
In a bout with reality!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I'D Like To See What Makes You Qualified

I am glad you are here to discuss my qualifications.
Now...
If you don't mind.
I'd like to see what makes you qualified,
To discuss mine with a revealing of your evidence.

And please...
Spare me those explanations,
About following your job description.

Never once have I had a position...
That did not take advantage of my abilities.
Once I expressed my capabilities...
That I needed not to embellish with exposed facts.
And if you are reluctant I will understand.

'Are you seeking employment?
Or do you want to run the place? '

I seek employment,
Of course.
However...
To prove myself to be competent,
Would offend too many people.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I'D Rather Be Loved

I'd rather be loved,
Than to be painted...
As somebody that I aint,
To then be tainted.

I'd rather be loved,
Than to be sainted.
As someone that's depicted,
In a way to be shamed.

And by...
The light of the moon,
I want to be seen as the person that I am!

And by...
The dawn until noon,
I want to be seen as the person that I am!

I'd rather be loved...
Under bright lighted moon.
And,
Seen to be the person that I am.

I'd rather be loved...
From the dawning 'til noon.
By somebody who completely understands.

I'd rather be loved...
Under bright lighted moon.
I'd rather be loved...
From the dawning 'til noon.
And...
By that one who knows and understands.

I'd rather be loved...
From the dawning 'til noon.
And,
When night falls we know there's no demands.
And...

When night falls we're there and understand.
And...
We know what we do and what we can.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I'D Rather Have A Cat For That

You want anyone.
Someone,
To occupy that void felt inside.
Left in your life.
I feel this to be true.
But there is nothing I can do.
I am not one who spackles cracks.

Me?
I'm not trying to create,
A passion for someone awaiting just anyone.
To come along to satisfy a patching of a heart.
Providing another body,
My time and air just to be with me within walls.
As we both sit to stare breathing air to rock in chairs.
Naw!

Desperate?
I am not.

You and I can go on a thousand dates.
But a mate?
To awaken daily in a nakedness,
In one space developing a routine.
We together on a regular basis face?
To share likes and dislikes in the acquiring,
Of similar tastes?
I'd rather have a cat for that!
And my preference.
Would be a Tabby.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I'D Rather Have Love

I am no stranger,
When it comes to love.
No stranger to the feel.
I am no stranger,
When it comes to love.
And I know it when I give it's real.

I am no stranger to giving up my loving.
I am no stranger to giving up love.
I am no stranger to giving up my loving.
I am no stranger to giving up love.
But there are people,
Afraid of the touch.
And there are people,
Afraid of the feel.
And so many people will not admit,
There is someone wanted they wish to kiss.

I am no stranger,
When it comes to love.
No stranger to the feel.
I am no stranger,
When it comes to love.
And I know it when I give it's real.
But there are people,
Afraid of the touch.
And there are people,
Afraid of the feel.
And so many people will not admit,
There is someone wanted they wish to kiss.

I am no stranger,
When it comes to love.
No stranger to the feel.
And I'd rather have that,
Than the getting of pain.
I'd rather have that,
Than the getting of sorrow.
I'd rather have love.

That's a fact.
I'd rather have love.
Give me that.
I'd rather have love.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I'D Rather Watch Grass Grow

I am not going to follow you,
To feel secure...
In anyone's darkened dungeon.
To feel protected from what?
Life?
Or the light of day?

To then pretend I am feeling safe?
From what?
Your increasing insanity?
No thank you.
I'd rather watch grass grow,
Just to get away from your concept of living.
Than to sit and listen to you...
Complain day in and day out,
About the neighbors!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Idealistically Detached

Holding those accountable,
For public speeches made...
Idealistically detached from that,
Which is actually lived as fact...
By those scratching their heads,
Trying to reveal for themselves a relevance...
Applicable!
Is...

A routine of a message given,
By politicians witnessed...
Hoping,
No one notices a life of reality...
Those who ball their fists and listening,
While gritting their teeth...
Live on a day to day basis.

'I know!
Trust me...
I know,
There may be some amongst you...
Disgruntled and negative.
But I tell you this...
A prosperity for all,
Is as close as my manicured fingertips.
This I am certain of, notice...and can feel.

And just the other day,
While cruising in the Mediterranean...
I was overcomed by feelings of joy and peace.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Idealistically Romantacized

The greatness of those who verbally express...
Whether with pen or deed intended.
Once did capture those moments,
In a time now gone and lived.
Yet endlessly prolonged in depictions never to finish,
For those stuck in memories of outdated prose.
As others make attempts to emulate,
Those treasured moments long gone.
Although...
Some cling onto language butchered,
In the hopes to refine those times overrated.
And glorified to uncover a sense of depth in imitation.
Leaving today's ills to be sweetened tomorrow.
To find they too have become idealistically romantacized.
Deep in the giving of much remembered attention.
And serviced with orchestration,
That invites probable applause.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Ideals Envisioned

You would rather hear philosophies,
Kept to protect ongoing fantasies.
Or specified with ideals envisioned,
You feel represents values cemented.
Values outdated and today making less sense.
And I...?
I would rather re-invent the wheel.
To provide you a less bumpy ride through life.
Although a doing of it you will still criticize,
Just to give you something to do to disapprove...
From a comfort done given to you.
And, at my expense for daring to make attempts,
To initiate with a completing of what I promised.
From start to finish and done within your sight!
Has my doing too much of that caused you to backbite?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Ideals Of The Elite

Ideals of the elite,
Are fleeting.
The pace to reach these heights...
Seem to be rapidly decreasing.

There is now more of a need,
To boost the consciousness
Of all humanity.

And it is no secret,
Corruption allowed has increased.
To sustain the elite and their deceits.
And an awareness of this depleting,
Has to cease.

And a releasing of this greed...
Has come to heal,
A bleeding done...
Too long concealed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Ideals Of What Is Perfection

Only in captivating movies,
And in the creation of wished dreams...
Can ideals of what is perfection,
Be realized.
It seems.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Ideals Rusting From Distrustful Deeds

We're on the edge of a bottomless pit.
Those conflicted in transit opposition to this...
Can not be consciously aware,
Of the seriousness there!

The one selected and picked to lead,
Now seems overwhelmed by those wishing...
Actions he has taken does not succeed.

With arguments and ignorance intact...
Those accustomed to feeding their greed,
Insist they've come with prerequisites...
To have their selfish ideals succeed.
Even though economically,
Their pockets are being systematically emptied!

And many stand firm,
To have their interests proceed.
With ideals rusting from distrustful deeds.

But the one elected to prevent their demise...
Has warned them all witnessing,
They must now open their eyes.
And if they choose not to see reality...
He will use his influence,
To allow them all to experience the breeze...
Of a downward spiral coming to them quickly.
And he,
Will disregard their screams!

Since he and others who do believe...
Are not about to partake,
In the welcoming of their embraced failures.
Nor desires they wish to keep...
A blinding feast created by their deceit.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Ideals, Dreams And Wishes To Fulfill

If you are one seeking depth,
To satisfy an insatiable appetite...
That quiets a quest and delights your curiosity?
The Atlantic Ocean is on the East Coast.
And the Pacific is on the West.

Whichever one you select...
Depth will be there for you to be pleased.
Absorb as much of it as you want.
Take all the time you need.
Allowing you to create your own definition,
Without any interference...
You perceive I may possess secretly.
With a hope eventually,
A quenching done has for you manifested.
To leave your feasting upon this belief.

You've chosen to keep your attention fixed,
And teased.
Giving me too much credit...
For thoughts I have no ability to conceive.
Although some things revealed and presented,
Just aren't meant to be that analytical...
From surfaces on which they are seen!

But don't hold back on that flattery!
You can pour some more on me.

However...
I know this is going to be difficult.
But 'please' keep this to yourself.
Pretensions are not my 'thing'.
And they bore when I detect them,
From someone else.
Sssssshhh...

Keep that to yourself!
I do understand your desire to dissect.
But losing sleep over it,

Is not what I recommend.
Nor do I suggest.

And yet you will make you own investigation...
Only to admit it in the quietness of your space.
What you uncovered was simple and direct.
With no depth involved for you to 'get'.
And you found me genuine and not faking.
Since depthness and I have yet met!

If you are one seeking depth,
To satisfy an insatiable appetite...
That quiets a quest and delights your curiosity?
The Atlantic Ocean is on the East Coast.
And the Pacific is on the West.
In between there are canyons, streams...
Adorned with rivers, lakes, mountains and valleys.
All I offer,
Are ideals, dreams and wishes to fulfill.
And not having the time to do all those things envisioned...
Is what I most regret.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Identifiable Nonsense

I give little thought these fast changing days,
As to why more people seem to be crazed.
The evidence of acceptance to tolerate decadence,
Has been fed to a mindset...
With no stopping to end its appearance or existence.

And the more people talk about morality and rights,
Diminished is the quality of a life once valued...
By those upholding beliefs,
They are entitled to free speech to do what they like.
Even if this means lowering standards to enjoy filth,
With an appetizing on blight.

And I remember the days when those crazed offended.
But today they are defended as representing a 'normalcy'.
While those who had been ostracized,
For being misfits, nonconformists, weirdos and mavericks...
Are now preferring to keep their distance.
To be labelled either sensitive, indifferent, aloof or selfish.

And frankly...
As I observe the madness to see it for what it is,
I realize with my mind focused and eyes wide and clear...
My dysfunctional upbringing I use to deny...
I now recognize as a blessing.
Thank you God for allowing me to maneuver through,
Every aspect of identifiable nonsense exposed and shown,
But...
For whatever 'unseen' reason gone unnoticed,
By those with minds either empty or unfocused.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Identifiable Senselessness

A fool will always insist,
There is something besides an imbecile...
Inside that resides and does exist.

It is just the proving of this...
Seems much deeper under the surface,
That even floodlights can not find the evidence...
Because of the darkness clouding,
This kind of clownish mind...
All of the time,
With an identifiable senselessness.

A fool will always insist,
There is something besides an imbecile...
Inside that resides and does exist.

One argument is,
If one cares to know...
A fool would rather not let just anyone be exposed,
To a rare an unappreciated intelligence kept within.
Stop grinning!
For the fear that polluted thoughts may attempt to corrupt,
The brilliance that is shown once secrets have been discussed.
That's 'that' argument.

Now...
The more popular argument is,
That the proof is in the pudding.
And very few have any patience left,
To stay around wishing to get a taste of it!
With the amusement of waiting for an appearance,
Dwindling quicker by the minute.
Knowing that a fool is just seeking the attention.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Identified To Leave Prioritized

From all of those yesterdays gone,
To forget the importance...
Of that which was wished.
Few come to think,
Of those yesterdays to reminisce...
As having once been,
Our tomorrows taken for granted.
To witness them also go to make...
The same old promises,
To better live them and correct...
Those relationships we let,
Left to go without them being...
Identified to leave prioritized,
As having more value...
Than the 'things' we obsess,
To possess.
That eventually loses any interest,
We once kept to keep treasured.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Identified To Recognize

This feeling is like none other.
And unexpected to accept as new.
Easier it is to let go of the past.
To know true happiness I have at last.

It has arrived and I can't deny it.
I can only testify!
Know it I do since it's here inside.
Inside of me it has arrived,
To identify and recognize.

It's here and I know it's a perfect fit.
It's here and I live to love to welcome it.
And easier it is to let go of the past,
To identify and recognize what I have at last.

It has arrived and I can't deny it.
I can only testify!
Know it I do since it's here inside.
Inside of me it has arrived,
To never let it go.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Identifying How It Is Applied

You're looking for relevance?
What a coincidence.
So am I.
But I think the retrieving of it...
Will depend on one of us,
Identifying how it is applied.
Whenever it is discovered!
And to what will it be processed?
To impress whom?
And why should we care,
If it doesn't become recognized.
Since whose relevance will it then belong,
Once you and I declare it so and agree?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Ides Of March

The Ides of March come.
Seven days preceding the 15th day
Of every other month.
What significance did the Romans give this?
And 'why' is the 13th of October their 'ides'?
Outside of poetic expression,
What value does 'ides' have?
And whose ides come to visit you and when?
Will they be in March, May, or July?
And then...
Will you notice them?

My mother use to say,
When I was a child and extremely naïve...
'The Ides of March will soon be upon you.'
I thought she meant 'eyes'!
Needless to say,
I was glad when March came and went away!
Not realizing then...
Every other month from March also had 'ides'.
I still want to know,
What importance do these 'ides' have and why?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Idiotocracy

When words are no longer,
Heard for their meaning.
Or content connected,
That establishes comprehension.
Useful to interpret,
An agreed upon clarity.
The purpose for using,
Those specific words...
That should be heard,
With them understood...
To comprehend and understand,
Leaves certainty abandoned.
And mentalities freed,
Of any detectable sanity.

Gone...
Is any reason to explain,
Hypocrisy shown to exist.
Disrespect and it known,
To be as is to permit.
Bigotry, racism and hatred,
And the affect this has...
On all relationships.
With few conscious left,
In 'wonderment'...
Why truth and the reality of it
Has today been replaced,
By deception to accept.

'And...
Without further adieu,
Proud am I...
To introduce to all of you,
'Idiotocracy'.
A concept discovered,
To be a more effective way...
Our message will be relayed.
Quicker. Efficient.
And powerful upon delivery.'

-Uh...and...uh,
How 'exactly'...
Will this event be ultimately,
Left best defined? -

'The proof is in the pudding.
And after testing,
That will be determined.
But first know this,
The results will be tremendous.
And all who witness,
I guarantee...
Will be left shocked.
And surprisingly overwhelmed.'

-So...
It's more powerful,
Than a locomotive? -

'Much.'

-Quicker,
Than a speeding bullet? -

'Oh heavens, yes.'

-And,
How will humanity be left? -

'Humanity?
Oh. Oh, yes. Humanity.
Well...
Remember,
This is still...
In the concept stage.
And after testing...
If adjustments are needed,
We will make those adjustments
Our priority.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Idle

Suicidal.
Idle.
And self-obsorbed.
Vain.
And obsessed.
Living for no other interests.
No interest but self,
Kept addressed.

Temperatures rise.
And from the skies,
Ledges are reach.
Pushed to the edge are those,
Finding a lack of peace.
Never in their minds,
Found to know it or to keep.

Leaving Bible thumpers stumped.
Feeling like 'pinballs',
Being bumped and in mental slumps.
Even scriptures learned to quote and explain,
Will not remain in minds closed.
No matter what 'The Word' to others expose.

'It's better to be up in Heaven,
Than to live this life of Hell.'
Say those who have made their own Hell to live.
A Hell they have created to make.
A now seek a better way.

And they believe if they should leap,
With and ending of their lives.
God will come to realize,
Their self-centered acts are 'not' suicidal.
Or idle.
Vain.
But...
Sacrificial.
Sacrifices made to show independence.

An independence that will impress God.
And relieve this DEITY to please.

Leaving God to perform more important duties.
Than the taking away burdens too heavy to bear,
Away from those believing themselves chosen...
To live their lives,
Without God in them to depend.

Suicidal.
Idle.
And self-obsorbed.
Vain.
And obsessed.
Living for no other interests.
No interest but self,
Kept addressed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Idle Lives Live To Wander

Idle lives live to wander,
Under discouraged eyes...
Reset to ponder,
Why they choose fits to drift...
In a constant need.
Of wanting to please.

Idle lives live to wander,
Under discouraged eyes...
Why,
There are others who believe...
They live just to be on bended knees.
Begging freely from a 'Deity'.
In a pleading to make easier,
A way of life they accept to breathe.

Idle lives live to wander,
Under discouraged eyes...
Reset to ponder,
Why they choose fits to drift...
In a constant need.
Of wanting to please.

Idle lives live to wander,
In a constant need.
Of wanting to please.

Idle lives live to wander,
In a constant need.
Of wanting to please.

Idle lives live to wander,
In a constant need.
Of wanting to please.

In a constant need.
Of wanting to please.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If

Imperative.
And yet...
The importance of it fades.
Initiating one's escape from laziness today...
Quickly becomes a phase to excuse away.

An urgency to critique what others have done,
Has risen to the number one focus...
Of just about everyone.
And on backsides people sit...
Acknowledging what they should do.
But not do it.

And those who persist,
Knowing there is work, sweat and some tears...
Involve in being determined.
Will always hear from someone who dares to say,
'If'.
As 'if' the definition of it means...
'Do not disturb my excuses to get done to do! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If A Prevention With Good Health Began

To those who oppose,
A national health care be imposed...
To insure the ones exposed without it now.
Are kept without it now!
With efforts they avow.

And the millions who are not covered,
With a suffering done to them...
Known and discovered.
Cures of truth are not fed to them.
When this should be available.
Free of debated questions,
With no end.
But common sense for them,
Has long been dropped as an option.

Too many support,
Insitutions that thrive on death.
Institutions wishing to keep fear and illnesses kept,
To market diseases.
And increase the greeding of wealth.

If a prevention with good health began...
As an intention,
These mammoth implementing producing plants,
Would have to close.
To blow those snots with upturned noses.

And those in the know do not want to take that chance.
Since Opportunities to feed on the weaknesses of people...
Is the only way to keep them and those golf balls on course!

'Fore! '

The well being publicly mention to supply expert opinion!
Nothing more to suspect.
But a whole lot less can be expected.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If Action Is Absent

Without them felt from within,
Digested and understood to comprehend
What purpose is served to hear words,
Heard.
To their definitions.
Yet left less to express,
Is one's heart disconnected...
From meaning to leave another,
With no other alternative...
But to guess what is intended,
That has not been directly addressed.

What 'is' happiness, love.
And devotion to understand this,
If one wishes to be committed.
Yet refuses to be taken for granted.
Where is the satisfaction?
If action is absent.
Although one is told felt feelings,
Are there to smolder deep.

And...
If absent is the expectation,
Of an action not to receive...
Why would anyone await to anticipate,
Vacant gestures repeatedly to get.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If Ah Feel It

I feel that rhythmic vibe alive in people.
And how they meet on the street...
To speak,
And leave.

I feel that rhythm come alive to vibe in people.
And...
I might snap my fingers to create my own beat,
And...
Pat my own feet!
If...
I,
Feel it!

ooo
ooo
ooo

If,
I...
Feel it!

ooo
ooo
ooo

If,
Ah
Feel it!

ooo
ooo
ooo

I feel that rhythmic vibe alive in people.
And how they meet on the street...
To speak,
And leave.

I feel that rhythm come alive to vibe in people.
And...
I might snap my fingers to create my own beat,
And...
Pat my own feet!
If...
I,
Feel it!

ooo
ooo
ooo

If,
I...
Feel it!

ooo
ooo
ooo

If,
Ah
Feel it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If All Your Issues Had Been Fixed

What would you do?
If all your issues had been fixed.
Tell me,
What would you do?
Tell me,
What would you do?
What would you do?

What would you do?
When your ship arrives.
And your dreams come to life.
Tell me,
What would you do.
Tell me,
What would you do.

When your ruts are covered up.
And no more 'buts' or 'ifs' are there,
To share.
Tell me,
What would you do.
What would you do.
Tell me.
Tell me.

When your struggles are over.
And a happiness sparkles,
With your smile gleaming and it beams!
Oh, you've got to tell me...
What would you do.
Tell me,
What would you do.
What would you do.
Tell me,
What would you do.
What would you do.

What would you do?
If all your issues had been fixed.

Tell me,
What would you do?
Tell me,
What would you do.
What would you do?

What would you do?
If all your issues had been fixed.
Tell me,
What would you do?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If An Argument Begins

With a giving of a freedom done,
One does to do as a choice made...
To express love or a deed,
Hoping to please another...
Whether for a sister, brother, father or mother.
And...
If there is a significant other,
A hesitating premeditated to make excuses...
Seldom, if ever, occurs!

Yet...
And not too often is a 'yet' expressed.
However...
As expectations can, at times,
Escape from the mind of one who finds...
They have found what they've done to do,
Is not always appreciated but debated...
To diminish a good intention to remember it,
Not to do again if an argument begins.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If An Honesty Is Given

I am not one to hide emotions,
To have them spared.
I am a human being and I want that known,
With feelings 'here' and 'there' to be shown...
And shared with others who also care.

Those afraid to express themselves,
To keep hidden those sentiments to protect.
Do themselves much injustice,
When 'they' expect...
Others to understand what they can not confess.

What point is it to keep feelings deep,
To have others guessing...
What is below the surface kept.
While those denials one accepts...
Are secretly peeking from such inner depths.

What point is it to wish for honesty,
If one has not taken those steps to believe...
If an honesty is given,
Shouldn't that one who has given it...
Have expectations for honesty to be received?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If And But Free

The time has arrived,
To leave behind...
Those treasured moments reminisced,
With the best of good intentions meant...
To do what had been desired and wished,
Left alone to forget.
Make this a promise and stick to it.

Know the 'ifs' and 'buts' of life,
Once adored to motivate actions...
Never to happen as distractions intervened,
And allowed to be replaced,
By satisfying procrastination to accomodate...
The doing of meaningless things.
To eventually from them get bored.

The time has arrived,
To settle down with a quieter mind.
And determine to find when tomorrow comes,
Being if and but free will be...
Not only a purpose to serve a duty,
To get something accomplished with it done...
To say, 'I did to do to refuse to make excuses'.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If Annoyed Beyond Reason

Imposing one's opinions and beliefs,
To enforce upon others without a giving of relief...
Does not leave those impressed,
By something done by another that is wished...
They were prepared to accept as being agreeable,
Or reject as upsetting.
Before such imposition happens,
To soar to heights that leaves a negative taste.

But wait!
There's more.

Some people honestly believe,
Their activities interpretated by some as being obnoxious...
Is a way they can prove,
Not only do they wish others accept their nonsense...
As a thinking process that is correct,
But also is the best from them anyone can get.
Even if others are left annoyed beyond reason and/or explanation,
That affords them an opportunity to express the presence of doubt.

'Why aren't you accepting MY beliefs? '

~Maybe it is because I am comfortable with my own.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If Any Sense Is Attempted To Be Made

It makes little sense,
If any sense is attempted to be made...
Becomes yet another thing to be censored.
Or authorized to be regulated by those who fear,
This process of thinking independently...
Has found a way to prove with a doing,
To reveal to others as if undercover and smuggled...
That a continued snacking on delusions has proven...
To be worse than smoking two joints of crack,
Back to back.

'Are your findings scientific? '

And a kept munching on a daily dose of fantasies,
Will begin to horrify the ones whose minds...
Accepting to believe truth is an infectious disease,
With such symptoms to affect...
One's inability to acknowledge how having good credit,
Effects the depth of debt one seeks and gets.

'How dare you attack my shopping habits.'

Yes!
Truth can be brutal and will upset,
Those doing their best not to get infected.
Or become suspect of betraying delusion by dissecting it,
With too close of an interest that may offend the authorities.

'Are you ignoring me?
Are you?
You are. I can tell.'

Yes!
Truth can be brutal and will upset,
Those doing their best not to get infected.
Or become suspect of betraying delusion by dissecting it,
With too close of an interest that may offend the authorities.
And then there are others...
Snooping just to sniff around to get a cheap high!

Caring less who they pester.

'Are you ignoring me?
Are you?
You are. I can tell.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If Both Of Us Are Protective

And I know you know it too.
A truth we feel existing.
And we do not sit...
Wondering about it.

And I see it in your eyes.
A longing to be near.
What makes us stay away?
What we feel does not betray.

And if you came to me,
You would know my heart is yours.
But both of us are wanting more,
To be sure.

We are not afraid of love.
Maybe its splendor.
Maybe its bliss.

We have not touched yet.
But how can that touch be met.
If both of us are protective...
Of a lust we'll get,
We wish is kept.

And I know you know it too.
A truth we feel existing.
And we do not sit...
Wondering about it.

And I see it in your eyes.
A longing to be near.
What makes us stay away?
From what we choose to do,
In bed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If Chihauhaus Were Not Chihauhaus

If chihauhaus were not chihauhaus,
They'd be just called little dogs...
Right?
That's what I've been told.

'Itchy wahwahs?
What's an itchy wahwah? '

No!
IF 'Chihauhaus'!

'Uh...
Oookay.'

Thank you.
That's all I wanted to know.
Some people confused them with Cairns.
But it's those Cockapoos that get me confused.
Don't you think they look like Cairns?

'Uh...
Has anyone ever said to you,
You have minor issues? '

Not anymore.
I got rid of those birds a long time ago.
I'm into Chihuahuas now.
And to think...
I had been into 'Tabbies'.

'What are 'Tabbies'?

Those are cats.

'Oh! '

So...
Where are you going?

'After this conversation with you,
I have a need to get into a fifth of liquor.
Any kind.'

Hey...
I hear you.
Enjoy.
I use to drink,
But I found myself doing that alone.
Too many times.

'You're kidding? '

No.
The more I did it,
People said they were misunderstanding...
My thought process.
Do you have a pet?

'No,
Not yet.
But you have certainly opened my eyes.
Trust me.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If Commitment Isn'T Pursued

One can only recommend to another,
Of other choices one can make.
Than denying a way of life taken,
Will not deliver long lasting benefits...
To one who settles for that which is faked.

But emotions sometimes can replace,
A rational point of view.
And I know too well,
This to be true.

Although a doing is difficult,
With attempts to face reality.
But a clearing of a mind eventually comes,
With a removing of those blues...
Confronted by some with a doing done.

And yet...
If commitment isn't pursued,
Those who enjoy the sound of the blues...
Will always find that perfect place,
Where others have chosen to do the same thing too.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If Destructive

Be with me or leave.
Arguments or debates,
I can not take...
If destructive.

I seek a companion.
Not a competitor.
And your attempts to do both,
Does not qualify as a satisfaction.

Be with me or leave.
Arguments or debates,
I can not take...
If destructive.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If Devotion Is Expected

She wanted to appear to others,
She had it together.
And was in complete and total control.

And he has stated,
Under one roof shared by two...
If communication wasn't done,
A key would be left...
And he would be through.

Both wish to have a relationship,
Shared with a caring done by another.
But someone has to agree,
Trying to impress others...
To prove one to be independent,
Is not good to establish a relationship...
If devotion is expected to flow with honesty.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If Dreams Stick

If dreams stick and they cling,
And real to you they seem...
Let them with you cling.
One day you'll live those dreams.

If dreams stick and they cling,
And real to you they seem...
Let them with you cling.
One day you'll live those dreams.

Nothing is impossible so don't dare give up...
Your dreams.
Nothing is impossible so don't dare give up...
Your dreams.

If dreams stick and they cling,
And real to you they seem...
Let them with you cling.
One day you'll live those dreams.

Validate to make them real.

Nothing is impossible so don't dare give up...
Your dreams.
Nothing is impossible so don't dare give up...
Your dreams.

Validate to make them real.
Your dreams.
Validate until you feel,
Your dreams.

If dreams stick and they cling,
And real to you they seem...
Nothing is impossible so don't dare give up...
Your dreams.

Validate to make them real.

Let them with you cling.
Your dreams.

Nothing is impossible so don't dare give up,
Your dreams.
Nothing is impossible so don't dare give up.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If Eternity Is Timeless

What is time?
And why is it a limiting factor,
Of our existence?
Would we still think of it as it is?
Something fixed.
As man attempted to control it!

What is time?
If eternity is timeless?

Why do humans claim to have little of it,
To spare.
When it is everywhere.
And seems to be there uncaring who shares it.

What is this thing manmade called time?
And assigned to aging.
To declare those who have passed their prime.
Even though fine wine is better aged!

And what phase are those,
Who are upstaged by deep climbs?

'What does that have to do with time...
And/or aging? '

I'm just trying to find sense in any of it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If Ever You Suggested It

You are as if...
Fresh morning dew,
I would come to miss...
If without you,
My eyes, head and arms...
Were unable to reach,
To greet the Sun rays dawning.

You are as if...
My happiness depends,
On your presence...
In my life.
And...
You would be right,
If ever you suggested it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If Feeling A Bit Uncomfortable

To tell many of them,
They have been programmed...
To self destruct.
Would be like telling ducks,
To not accept what other ducks do.
If some waddle...
Perfect strutting like a peacock.
Or crow like a rooster.
But whatever is done,
Research identities...
If feeling a bit uncomfortable.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If Flying Has Been Made Their Priority

To use this anology,
For one wishing to know...
What it is like to fly!
If flying has been made their priority.

If one is booted from a nest,
And has wings.
Eventually they will learn,
What they are used for.

However, there is a possibility...
If they should survive the fall,
They will teach themselves how to fly.
And with a discovered appreciation for it.

Everyone isn't equipped,
To answer questions asked!
Nor should it be expected,
Those who have answers also have patience.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If Given The Attention

Many regard the hearing of truth,
As offensive.
And those who tell it...
To be evil.

And in some environments,
Those who can not handle the speaking of it...
Are afflicted with all kinds of ailments.
Their minds will not accept the truth.
And institutions to assist them,
'Heal'...
From an assortment of psychological perceptions,
Grow!

And those seeking to campaign against truth,
Often annoy others...
With every complaint imagine.
From not being understood...
To finding someone or 'something' in their neighborhood,
Not meeting the expectations.
AND...
If given the attention,
It is clear they are amongst those living in denial!

AND...
If given the attention,
Mouths are open...
With ears closed and nothing is heard,
Giving anything heard a time to listen!
Unless,
Of course...
The 'word' is spoken in church,
For them to misinterpret.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If Given The Keys

If given the keys to unlock,
A flowing of bestowed opportunities...
Is not believed to be the responsibility kept,
By the ones handed those keys...
Who can not accept,
That the action done was precious?

And they lose the keys kept with no sense,
That reflects an appreciation...
But just an expression of a thoughtlessness?
Why bother to give someone like this,
Time to make excuses?
Or address their foolishness, period!

'Back this thing up,
And get me outta here! '

I thought you said,
You were going to leave them...
With another set of keys?

'Maybe you didn't 'get it'...
But that's what they were anticipating I would do.
And I had a change of priorities,
The moment I was given a look of impatience.

Let's go!
Enough time has been wasted here.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

'If' Given The Opportunity

If one is in possession of anything,
One has earned and deserves...
Why would others expect,
That this person will beg from them...
To be welcomed with acceptance?
And just for kicks do a tap dance routine.
'IF' given the opportunity to entertain,
Those sitting on neighborhood stoops...
In discussion about what goes on across the street.
While standing on corners are others protecting their turf,
As if to supply security for vacant lots filled with trash.

If one is in possession of anything,
One has earned and deserves...
Why would others expect,
That this person will beg from them...
To be welcomed with acceptance?
And just for kicks do a tap dance routine.
'IF' given the opportunity to entertain them,
Until they give approval of one's ability...
To tap and smile at the same time.
Just to prove one's affiliation and representation.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If God Was Not With Me

I thought I had taken much of my life,
For granted.
With a mind God has blessed.
And a family I think is the best.
And trust me...
There is a lot of love to go around.
So much of it...
I realize,
More is still to be uncovered and found.

And as I reflect those taken steps,
Some made I regret.
I have never yet to meet,
An obstacle that stopped the movement of my feet.
Or a challenge created masquerading as my defeat.

Andrea, Tammy, Lisa and I...
Were encouraged to live our separate lives.

Early my identity was molded.
And I held onto beliefs...
My dreams were no bigger,
Than I could make them!

And I can now admit to this...
Having been blessed,
Not to lay all my eggs in one nest to rest.
Or get upset by mistakes I've made!
And glad a few cracks,
Only appeared in two or three baskets.
With ambition as my mission.

I thought I had taken much of my life,
For granted.
With a mind God has blessed.
And I have found the willingness to forgive,
Without regret to forget my failures.

Knowing my own success,

I would not realize...
If God was not with me to open my eyes.
Or provide me breath to breathe,
I would not recognize any achievement.
Or believe deeds done I could do.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If I Am Not Seen Following You

My heart that beats,
May to you have no purpose.
Or my emotions felt,
To you may not be shown.
But what is known,
Without you condoning it...
Are wishes and dreams.
And although different they may be,
Every wish I dream seems to be mine alone.

I live with a desire to fulfill,
Those adventures that appear...
To have my signature on them clear.
And if I am not seen following you,
On a path you pursue...
That should leave you a clue,
My life is mine to live.
Just as yours is for you to do,
With wants and wishes made to come true.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If I Awakened Without Life

If I awakened without life,
How could I prove it?
Or validate I once did live?
Who would know I even existed?
And what of myself did I live to give?

If I awakened without life...
What would it be,
That I would awaken to?
Would I continue to be a dream,
My mind created?
Or is all of this an illusion I have pursued?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If I Began To Distrust

I shouldn't trust as much.
But I feel I must.
If I began to distrust,
Would purpose would my kept faith serve?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If I Can Learn A Few Lessons So Can You

You did not ruin my life,
By proving to me you can ruin yours.
Nor do you get from me any sympathy.
My empathy years ago you ignored.
And I have no desire to explore your destitution.
Or offer solutions with advice.
Why? And for what reasons?
Hmmm?

Remember you once told me I was 'nuthin'?
While you strolled passed me wearing spit shined shoes.
And smelling nice.
Like the atmosphere was cologned?

And sporting the latest fashions...
As you supported materialism as your way of life.
And you satisfied that appetite very well.
I remember you then and saying with laughter...
'People like you aren't worth the time spent in hell! '
And look at you now...
Trying to convince me of that!

You did not ruin my life,
By proving to me you can ruin yours.
Nor do you get from me any sympathy.
Not the way you applied your indignities,
At the expense of my integrity.

My empathy years ago you ignored.
And I have no desire to explore your destitution.
Or offer solutions with advice.
You caught me in a bad mood.
And I am not about to mask it to play nice!

No!
Don't try attempts to leech,
Upon my good graces.

If I can learn a few lessons,

So can you!
And you look as if you are learning one right now!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If I Can Not Fight With Pen

If I can not fight with pen,
And motivate you to curtail your woes...
And wickedness,
Then by all means...
Proceed with your thieving ways.
If I can not convince...
Then the power of my pen,
Is meaningless!

LOL

'Are you serious?
Shakespeare...
We are hoodlums,
Crooks.
Lowlife common thieves.
What makes you believe,
We do not enjoy this?

Now...
What I will recommend,
Is that you step aside before we break your nose.
With a 'Wherefore art thou, knockout! '
You got that? '

Hey...
I just thought I'd try something fresh.
You know...
A different approach?
To do as much as I can,
To aid the end of the cycle of crime.

'Oh yeah?
Well you came close to getting pistol whipped.
Now get out of the way...
With a good 'adieu' and safe passage.'

You sound like you know a little bit about Shakespeare?

'Man,
I've got a Doctorate degree from Harvard.
And you've got a pen to try to convince me,
Times have change!
I know about that.
Now scat...
Unless you want to duel? '

LOL

'You with 'pen'?
And me with... gun and bul-lays.'

LOL

'Come on guys.
Who knew this would turn out to be comedy night.'

~Did you see the ruffled shirt,
And those knickers that guy was wearing?
I know I shouldn't have smoked that joint.~

LOL

'Come on.
Let's get out of here before the cops find us.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If I Condoned The Making For Them Impressions

I often wanted and wished,
To have a support of a lover.
Or someone I trusted,
Who expressed an interest...
To realize the doing of this,
Would provide the both of us...
With benefits to exchange.

But those who seek,
Relationships to compete...
Will time and again ask upon meeting,
What it is I have, where I live...
To then scrutinize my appearance,
As if to prioritize preferences they keep.

And unfortunately...
These are the people I know I would feel alone,
If I condoned the making for them impressions.

I seek a lover, a friend...
Not confinement to be rehabilitated,
To then be left and unappreciated.
Like many of them have done to others,
Before uncovering to realize...
A prize they could have had,
Has to be unwrapped prior to deciding...
What the worth is below an assumed surface.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If I Could Afford It

Would I rather live,
Where a quality of life...
Is a fact and expected?
With a respect no one rejects?
And I am free to express my identity.
With my pride intact and kept dignity.

Or as you suggest...
Stay where I am,
And hope for the best?
Which decision,
Do you believe I will accept?
IF I could afford it?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If I Could Turn Back The Time

If I could only chase away,
Every disappointment that had come your way...
To stay and not appease,
Your expectation to be please.
I would.
If I could turn back the time,
To establish an earning of your trust.

If I could only chase away,
Your willingness to give attention...
To those who chose to interfere with us.
And the clues so obvious,
They planted a wedge that grew to bust us up.
I would.
If I could turn back the time,
To establish an earning of your trust.

If I could eliminate your doubts and fears,
That now appear to bring your tears...
And hold you close as I did in past years,
Oh I would!
If I could turn back the time,
To establish an earning of your trust.

But you had sought immediate satisfaction.
Believing an attachment to 'things',
Would bring you that.
But what began as an attraction,
Has entrapped you with an addicting lust.
A lust you now seek,
From anyone to deliver it regardless of trust.

And a trust for me,
Has always been a must.
A must I still seek!
But a dishonesty that knows no trust...
Has become an epidemic.
And my memories of your innocence,
Leaves me convinced...

A reminiscing of you once with it,
Comes from a childish lingering that wishes...
From nowhere and then in the distance,
To me I see you rush.

But...
You had sought immediate satisfaction.
Believing an attachment to 'things',
Would bring you that.
But what began as an attraction,
Has entrapped you with an addicting lust.
A lust you now seek,
From anyone to deliver it regardless of trust.

And I too...
Find myself entrapped as well.
Within memories I daily find I reminisce.
Of you once with an innocence...
Before your addiction to lust.
A lust you now seek,
From anyone who delivers it...
Regardless of trust.
And I would if I could turn back the time,
To enable your mind to find that trust in me.

Excuse me.
But...
Could you be someone I use to know?

'Nice try old man.
But trust me...
You aint got nuthin' I want you could offer.
Buzz off.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If I Did It

If I did it.
I would place obscene calls,
To you between seven and nine pm.
I would then stalk you,
After you got off from work.
Climb the Oak tree
Outside of your bedroom window.
The one facing the backyard.
I would throw pebbles
To get your attention.
And you would be totally naked.
You would then put on your orange bathrobe,
To open the window and see if anyone was outside.
If I did it!

If I did it...
I would sit behind you in church,
And cough every time you opened your mouth to sing!
You can not hold a note.
Plus every first Sunday you arrive late!

If I did it...
I would send you anonymous notes,
You find on your desk on Tuesdays!

AND 'if' I did remove your husband's picture,
And replaced it with mine...
Signed, 'I Love You More'
I certainly would be the first to admit it!
IF I did it!
However...
I have no idea what you are talking about.
And I am tired of being accused!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If I Did Not Believe In Miracles

My fellow Americans...
Latinos, Blacks
Rednecks, bigots
Aztecs, Egyptians
Native Americans.
Those Chinese...
Who chartered these waters before anybody.
Mulattos...
Racists and others,
Who choose to live upon this soil...
In a hyphenated existence.
Let me make this perfectly clear,
We are emersed in tremendous dodo.

And...
Quite frankly,
We are in it to smell...
For years to come.

So...
Check this out,
I know many of you have expressed disappointment
With my presidency.
However...
Allow me to take this trip to hip you.
Wrap your collective heads around this...
Aint nobody else gonna deal with this mess,
Better than I can.
Can I get a 'holla' on that?

And...
Quite frankly,
If I did not have your best interests at heart...
Do not think,
I would subject myself...
To your overwhelming ignorance?
Think about it!
Your ignorance can overwhelm.

And if I did not believe in miracles,
As I stand before you as a testament of that fact...
Being 'your' miracle.
You all would be eating mud pies.
And I...
Well,
I'd be writing my memoirs.
Playing basketball.
And being my humble self.

And I can do 'humble' better than anyone.
Trust me!

'Mister President?
President Obama?
Do you think this kind of direct diplomacy,
Will increase your popularity with the polls?
We consult with them on a daily basis! '

I ensure you,
I am not insulted.
A little miffed!
But not insulted.

My debates have not been conducted with the Polish.
They have suffered enough from our thoughtless jokes.
And...
I will not show how much I am provoked by that question.
However,
My concerns are getting us out of this mess.

And I am hopeful our activities produce their blessings.
To one day,
Have all of us embrace the New Federation...
As one big happy family under my watchful eye.
That's it!
I aint got no mo' time for your silly questions!
I'm out.
Slip me some peace.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If I Did Not Express

If I did not...
You would not know.
Or grow.
If I made no effort...
You would show no ambition.
Or bestow that upon others.
And if I did not express...
You would have no conversation!
Even your footsteps,
Seem to be placed upon my time.
My son is deceased.
So is my father.
Should I feel flattered?
Since I am not amused.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If I Do Invite The Eating Of Leftovers

Leftovers or once tasty treats
If there is anything used,
I would prefer to have near me...
Is a pair of old shoes,
I've taken off my tired feet.

Leftovers or once tasty treats,
I seldom eat.
Even if they happen to be delicious.
And If I do invite the eating of leftovers...
I initiated the cooking and generated the heat.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If I Don'T Drip Blood For You To Lick

I wish I could come to the plate,
With a holding done to my bat...
Swing at any pitch,
And be able to hit homeruns for you.
That's what I would do.

But you would become bored with that.
With expectations set,
Higher each time.
Regardless how I felt.
Or what I had on my mind.

And if I should strike out,
You would be the first to 'boo'.
Believing my strengths,
Have become spoiled by weaknesses.
And that's all I've ever shown to you.

But in my preparations done...
You are not there,
To know what I go through.
If I don't drip blood for you to lick...
You turn your back to me and quick!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If I Found Love

If...
And with commitment to a giving,
I would love again...
With commitment to a giving,
I would give,
To commit to a giving...
Love another spin,
And with commitment to a giving.
But if...
And committed to a giving,
In my search...
To be committed to a giving,
I would find,
In commitment to a giving...
Someone with a like mind,
Also committed...
To a giving given.

People who love and not trust...
Do not love.
Or can be trusted.

People who say love's a must...
From someone else,
But keep their's hidden...
Do their best to qualify,
A love they lie minimized inside.

People who love and not trust...
Do not love.
Or can be trusted.
Or...
Faithful to commit.
Or submit,
With this to admit.

If...
And with commitment to a giving,
I would love again...

With commitment to a giving,
I would give,
To commit to a giving...
Love another spin,
And with commitment to a giving.
But if...
And committed to a giving,
In my search...
To be committed to a giving,
I would find,
In commitment to a giving...
Someone with a like mind.
But...
People who love and not trust,
Do not love.
Or can be trusted.
And...
People who say love's a must...
From someone else,
But keep their's hidden...
Do their best to qualify,
A love they lie minimized inside.
If...
I found love,
Forever it would stay that way.
And if...
I found love,
Forever it would stay that way.
And only if...
I found love.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

'If' I Get Them

Remembering when things,
Had a control and purpose...
I once believed had everlasting meaning.
And with them my life by others was received,
With the same limited perceptions then conceived.
Has today...
With a knowing I had more to value.

But I didn't know that...
Until things from me were taken away.
To leave me with a hightened and relieved,
Perspective of a better life.
With this thought kept...
I am blessed knowing I don't need things.
But they are nice to want to have 'if' I get them.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If I Had A Nickel For Each Of Your Thoughts

If I had a nickel for each of your thoughts,
I'd still be awaiting for some sense you make.
To share something between us that is common.
And maybe it is the inflation done,
That prolongs my impatience.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If I Had Done Those Things

Love is not a test of will power.
Nor a fight kept to prove,
Who is right...
When being wrong is easy to admit.

In a lasting relationship...
The one who wins,
Is the one who forgives the quickest!
Or pretends that is being done.

And 'if' I had done those things,
When I was younger...
I may not be the happy single man I am today!
It works for me!
This single life I sought desperately.
I had to divorce myself,
From that philosophy!
When I was right?
I was.
Right.
I was not too cool about that 'I'll be wrong
For the sake of love business.'
Who?
Not me!
Sometimes one thing done,
Does not work for everyone!
But it is a great feeling to think that it could.
And the happiness I now enjoy giving advice...
Is a coverup for some deep misery,
I am suppose to feel.
Right?
No.
And I lie about having a peace of mind,
Without being nagged all the time...
Trying to find it!
Right?
No.
I am not trying to find anything I've got!
The only thing I miss,

Is filing joint tax returns!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If I Had Fed On Thoughts Of Limitations

If I had fed on thoughts of limitations,
You would not know...
How to spell my name correctly.
Or be aware of my existence.
Or hear me laugh.
Cry.
Or wonder why...
I accept defeat gracefully.
To me defeat is fleeting.
If not self inflicted.

You see...
And you do not have to agree with me.
Each step forward I decide to take...
I make.
To only compete with myself in the doing.

If I had fed on thoughts of limitations,
I would not be aware I could reach beyond them.
There would be too many excuses,
To use to pick from right under my feet.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If I Had Not Knocked

You did not know when I came to knock.
I came to give and not to take.
I came to share...
And to stay!
If you and I wanted it to happen that way.
And you would not have known that,
if I had not knocked.

If I had not knocked.
But I did.
And I am here.

I came because of you and your love.
And If I could not give it...
You and I would not be here with this need!
I came to give and not to take.
And I recognize your desires are mine as well.

If I had not knocked.
But I did.
And I am here.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If I Had Not Moved To Knock

If I had not moved to knock,
On the door of opportunity...
We would not have come to recognize,
Similarities that have become familiarized.
If I had not moved to knock.

If I had not moved to knock,
Or stopped because of overwhelming insecurity...
The me you've grown to know,
Would be ignored on the street.
With other faces that go unnamed.
If I had not moved to knock.

But something inside my heart,
Pushed me beyond my own limitation.
I dared to know what was on the other side,
Of a fantasized reality...
I needed to witness and touched.
And if I had not moved to knock,
You and I would not have been possible.
Or any other imagery realized.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If I Had One More Chance To Love

I tried to think of reasons,
Why I should keep love away.
But in my mind each love I knew,
Were memories that would stay.

I did my best to forget,
How each love came to end.
I could not blame no one else,
But me.

And so clear I now see,
I was not then ready...
To love.

I tried to think of reasons why,
I lie and not admit...
I want another chance to love.
If I had one more chance to love...
I would.

I tried to think of reasons,
Why I should keep love away.
But...
If I had just one more chance,
Just one more chance to love again...
I could.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If I Had Stayed Afraid

If I had stayed afraid,
To walk upon paths unpaved...
I wouldn't today be able to express a gratefulness.
Or identify a faith that has kept me blessed.

If I had stayed afraid,
To not take steps to adventure life...
Or reject the obstacles I came to face,
I wouldn't today be able to express a gratefulness.
Or witness that if I had not kept my faith,
I would not be in any position to admit...
The acceptance of blessings I have received.

If...
I had stayed afraid to allow fear and falling tears,
To stop me to recognize regret to realize...
As a way of life that I should live undenied,
Nothing I had attempted to have tried...
Could have possibly been accomplished.
And to do this with an initiative that remains motivated,
Has been my greatest achievement.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If I Had 'Their' Time

Time and again,
People say they have none of it...
To do that which needs,
Their immediate attention.

And time and again,
The time that is wasted...
For them procrastinated to selected excuses,
Easy for them to make.

These are the people who say it's never too late,
To again...
Be freed of making decisions,
With a putting off what they see others do.

To say like most people who choose foolishness...
'IF I had 'their' time,
Of course I could achieve similar accomplishments.
But unlike them...
I don't have that kind of time to do what I wish.
I am not that fortunate.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If I Knew In My Heart

If I knew in my heart,
I was right.
I would not fight...
I'd walk away.
Not from a feeling of weakness.

If I knew in my heart,
I was right.
I would not fight.
I would be bleeding inside...
From wounds I self inflict.

Knowing whatever I chose to do,
You would pick until I shared with you...
Ignorance.
And so much of that,
Has gotten us off track.

If I knew in my heart,
I was right.
I would not fight...
I'd walk away.
Hoping one day...
Your mouth would shut!
And your ears would open.

If I knew in my heart,
I was right.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If I Knew What Tomorrow Held In Store For Me

If I knew what tomorrow held in store for me,
My kept wishes and hopeful dreams...
Would not stop my wanting,
To adorn them with additional accessories.
Since whatever I receive has to be customized,
With touches to confirm what comes is 'indeed' mine!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If I Love You

I've never felt your touch.
Or tenderness.
To feel it inside.
Or felt it from you to express.
To make it realized.
But why?
Do you expect from me,
More than what I get.
To plead from you belief.

If I love you,
It is what it is and nothing more.
If I love you,
My heart is yours like an open door.
But why,
Do you expect to see...
More from me to give.

I have wants,
And...
Human needs.
I'm not pleased,
By mysteries.

I have dreams.
And wishes too.
But chasing teases,
I have ceased...
For truth to pursue.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If I Offend, So Be It

If I offend...
So be it!

I am not here,
To be the 'next' James Baldwin.
Or follow in the footsteps,
Of Langston Hughes.
The shoes I wear are quite comfortable.
And the path I walk upon,
Has not already been paved.
That is the task that has be laid before me.
To do that myself!

If I offend...
So be it!

I am not living my life intending to be anyone else,
Than who I am.
I am the first Lawrence S. Pertillar.
And make no mistake about it...
I will be acknowledged,
For the life I've lived.

If I offend...
So be it!

I just know who it is I am.
And I am not who I am because I seek to get paid for it!
Like most folks lost and deluded,
By the meaning of 'identity'.
I've been blessed and I am grateful...
To have a dignity as well.

And 'if' I offend...
So be it!
There's so many others,
Who have minds associated with making a quick buck.
And people like that...
Are indoctrinated with corrupted agendas!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If I Really Cared For You

I'm not that one to tell you,
Someone else you love...
Doesn't care.

I'm not that one to tell you,
Someone else you love...
Isn't there to care for you,
Like I do.
Because....
Who you see back then,
I never was.
This is the me,
You haven't seen.

I'm not that one to tell you,
Someone else you love...
Isn't there to care for you,
Like I do.
Because...
I was always hiding just to see,
If you...
Cared for me.

I'm not that one to tell you,
Someone else you love...
Doesn't care.
Because...
If I really cared for you,
You'd know it too!
And you wouldn't...
Be there!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If I Should Stop Trying

If I should stop trying...
The value of my sweat and tears
Would diminished
And you wouldn't have a clue
How priceless
This gift of myself I give!
If I should stop trying...
To be better at what I do.
Not only for me,
But also for you too!
I want you to stay proud.
That's why I will not allow you to find me...
Hiding in self doubt,
Shaded by my own shadow!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If I Understood The Art Of Being A Craftsman

I can establish and build upon a mess.
To have some express they rest comfortably.
And if nothing better than a mess has been professed.
But in my heart,
If I understood the art of being a craftsman...
I would not brag about the accumulation I've achieved.
Especially if little of it reflects from a basis of quality.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If I Wanted To

I could hop all day on one foot,
If I wanted to.

'But why would you want to? '

That's exactly the point I'm trying to make.
Why should I go out of my way,
To prove to anyone what I can do.
If I have chosen not to want to do it.

'I'm cool with that.
It seems to me there is a lot you could do,
If you wanted to prove it.
But at least 'you' know you have that option.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If I Wanted To Choose

I could if I want to.
I could...
If I wanted to choose.
I could if I want to.
I could if I want to.

I could if I want to.
I could...
If I wanted to choose.
I could if I want to.
I could if I want to.

Have faith.
I could if I want to.
Keep hope.
I could if I want to.
I could...
If I wanted to choose.
I could if I want to.
I could if I want to.

Understand.
I could if I want to.
Comprehend.
I could if I want to.
I could,
If I wanted...
To listen with my ears,
Open.

I could..
Comprehend.
I could if I want to.
Understand.
I could if I want to.
I could,
If I wanted...
To listen with my ears,
Open.

Since nothing is impossible!
I could if I want to.
Yes I could if I want to.
And I could if I want to.
Since nothing is impossible!

Have faith.
I could if I want to.
Keep hope.
I could if I want to.
I could...
If I wanted to choose.
I could if I want to.
I could if I want to.
I could...
If I want to Choose.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If I Was Inclined To Criticize

If I was inclined to criticize,
I would first research the motive...
For my purpose with intent to do that.
And then prepare myself to present facts.
IF I was inclined to criticize.
However...
I find it much easier to be opinionated.
Therefore...
The use of facts would have no purpose,
Or meaning to serve.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If I Was On A Mission To Impress

If my mission was to impress,
To effectively address a perceived ego...
Gone unidentified as an awareness.
With a labelling of being arrogant.
I certainly would not begin,
With a depiction of a forest others do not see...
Although walking through it to go unseen.
Nor would I mention with acknowledgment,
My familiarity with each kind of tree within it...
To call each one by name to express my respect for them.
If...
I 'was' on a mission to impress.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If I Wish

I wish nothing more than to sit,
Doing nothing and liking it.
IF I wish.

I wish nothing more than to walk,
And not seek a word of conversation.
IF I have an inclination,
To do this without a bit of hesitation.

I wish nothing more to take a nap.
If that is where my mind is at.

And if I wish nothing more than to be alone...
It is not because I am lonely.
It is because that is what I wish.
To be undisturbed when and IF I wish,
Is bliss.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If I Wished To Kiss Your Lips

That's absolutely foolish of you,
To believe I would have 'no' opinion...
After telling you twice,
I wish I could see more of your eyes.
I think they are beautiful.

But those eyelashes.
They are much too long.
If the flies are using them to land...
AND take off as if you provide them with,
A runway.
And I am looking at this as if,
You are pretending not to notice it.
And you expect me not to express my opinion?

That's absolutely foolish of you,
To believe I would have 'no' opinion...
After telling you twice,
I wish I could see more of your eyes.
I think they are beautiful.
I do.
I said nothing about you,
Having too much makeup on.
Did I?

However,
IF I wished to kiss your lips...
I wouldn't know whether or not,
I should first make a reservation.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If I Wrote One Poem

I have this theory...
IF I wrote one poem,
And change the title of it...
Several times,
No one...
Would know the difference.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If I'M Going To Be Intimate

I, I, I, I...
Need no certificate,
When I want to be intimate.

I, I, I, I...
Will never be solicited,
For a purpose to be intimate.

I, I, I...
Can be specific,
When I wish to be with someone...
Special.
And just for me.

I can get specific,
With standards I will keep...
Spoiled,
As if...
I was royalty.

Oh I, I, I...
Need no certificate,
When I want to be intimate.

I, I, I, I...
Will never be solicited,
For a purpose to be intimate.

Oh I, I, I, I...
Need no certificate,
When I want to be intimate.

No I, I, I, I...
Need no certificate,
When I want to be intimate.

Oh I, I, I, I...
Wish to nitpick,
If I'm going to be intimate.

Oh I, I, I, I...
Wish to nitpick,
If I'm going to be intimate.

I, I, I, I...
Wish to nitpick,
If I'm going to be intimate.
If I'm going to be intimate...
I don't need a certificate.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If In The Acquisition Made

What benefit is there to things,
If in the acquisition made...
Not one touch from them they bring.
Or a pair of eyes caught,
Making a passing glance.

What benefit is there to flaunt,
That which one has...
Believed others want.
Although dauntless in appearance,
Is the the one who flaunts unnoticed.

And if one has tired of a charade,
Where does one go...
To validate satisfaction done,
From a masquerading others shun.
Although impeccably dressed to impress.

What benefit is there to things,
If in the acquisition made...
Not one touch from them they bring.
And no caring is there to share,
Romanced to be enhanced from anyone anywhere.

What benefit is there?
When the expense of getting attention,
Doesn't make sense without a dividend to please.
Or noticed received by someone teased.
Or at least pretending to be caught up in the moment.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If 'Is' Not A Was

An IF 'is' not a WAS.
So therefore a 'MAYBE'
Still has time left...
To be pursued!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If It Fits

I am going to be on your mind,
For entire lifetimes.
Your perceptions and mine
Are out of sync.
I don't share what I think!
These observations come from a 'knowing'.
A something existing.
With or without my experience in the mix.
However I got it like that...
That's the way it is!
I am going to be on your mind,
For entire lifetimes.
The basicness of thought,
You can not today comprehend.
You rather glide through life,
On just a piece of the puzzle.
I want to discover how those pieces fit.
And what the big picture looks that,
To get a sense of it!
I am going to be on your mind,
For entire lifetimes.
Because my curiosity,
Will not allow me to quit.
And God has granted me the gift to write...
And with that 'gift'
I choose to express my impressions.
And I am impressed not with pieces...
But the whole.
As it sits.
Using a bit of explored insight,
And an array of lessons learned.
Not one bit of them imagined,
To get the jest of it as a process to yearn...
For confirmation and less for shock.
Each time I perceive the evidence...
Someone tries to keep suspended in disbelief!
If it fits...
There is less to ponder!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If It Gets Too Thick

You are not going to know,
From where I'll be coming from!
The flow of winds and I are not strangers.
I am not one to make announcements,
To prepare anyone for my arrival.
I am coming with no expectations.
And none will I honor or receive.

Yet,
To anyone I deliver,
Quickly my respect.

I am often easy to please.
Although I prefer spontaneity!
Routine is okay.
But I don't try to wear it as a fit,
For my way of life.
And...
I'll be the first to excuse myself and leave...
If it gets too thick I can detect it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If It Had Not Been For Chemistry

I have never been here before.
To explore such views,
With anyone quite like you...
Full adventure and unafraid to explore.

Never before have I felt the student,
To allow myself to be taught...
By someone who brings,
A different insight to things.

If you had gone on another path,
I would have sat unchallenged.
And taken too much time,
To eventually let doubt have its way.

I can say today,
I am happy you found me sitting.
And owe meeting you to patience,
Somehow you knew for you it stayed.

I have never been here before.
To explore such views,
With anyone quite like you...
Full adventure and unafraid to explore.

'If it had not been for chemistry,
You and I would have only been here to see...
Just another someone else to forget and ignore,
As we continued on our separate journeys.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If It Had Not Been For You

If it had not been for you...
I would not know joy like this.
Or know such happiness I have,
Could like this exist.
If it had not been for you.
So true this is!
As I think of those times,
Share between me and you.
With those memories I miss...
Never to ever could I just dismiss.

And if it had not been for you,
The weight of the world I'd still be holding.
I would get upset by the pettiness,
Of my own minor setbacks.
Brewing from a thoughtlessness.
I would later regret.
You taught me how to let 'go'...
Let live! And just 'let'.
If it had not been for you...
None of this would I be able to live through.

And if it had not been for you,
I could not walk forward...
Knowing I had attempted something tried,
I would hide and deny inside had failed!
You showed me I could and would prevail.
Even without you near as I wish...
I know if it had not been for you,
My life as it is lived now...
Would not be as rewarding as it is.
With a happiness that keeps me uplifted!
If it had not been for you,
To teach me to accept and enjoy...
All of my experiences.

And I do!
Knowing I couldn't.
If it had not been for you!

To show me whatever I wished...
It was up to me to pursue!
And I do!
And I do!
And I owe this feeling I have...to you!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If It Has Taken Years To Inflict 'This'

If it has taken years to inflict,
The awareness of fear and conflict.
It is going to take a complete letting go,
Of all those 'stable' things we've come to know...
As unshakable standards,
Demanded by those who command.
With full acknowledgement,
Of an invested ignorance...
That has not returned a dividend since,
Implemented.

However,
There has been a decadent waste worshipped.
By a taste uninhibited by displays of disrespect.
As grown to be expected as accepted.
And...
IF it has taken years to inflict 'this' awareness,
Of fear and conflict.
It is going to take a complete letting go,
Of all those 'stable' things we've come to know...
As unshakable standards,
Demanded by those who command.

Since nothing as it was or had been then...
Is recognizable enough to bluff over boundaries.
Or to fight for the occupation of turf!
To realize after many lives die...
Gone is the vanity and the struggle over worth.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If It Has To Be Mentioned And Not Lived

If I did not have my own dreams to fulfill,
I would be envious each time...
You came to compare your life to mine,
With announcements of your happiness.
And I wonder how much happiness one can have,
If it has to be mentioned and not lived...
Without a provoking done for others to notice.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If It Is Carried To Be Dropped

If it is carried to be dropped,
Then the dropping of it has its purpose.
To leave it as is to move on.
However,
If it is picked up to be dropped
Again.
Without a purpose intended,
Then a carrying of it
Is a needless undertaking.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If It Is Felt

If it is felt with a depth to mean,
Love to have and express...
To another human being,
Should not require exceptions.
Or decisions to make,
Affiliated with one's religion.
Or perceived to be politically correct.
With a doing left to leave others accepting,
What is shown to be done is proper.
And is socially correct when addressed.
If it is felt with a depth to mean love,
That's what it is.
Without a need for anyone to seek,
Approval to allow it done.
With a rating to feel it before it comes.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If It Is Given Again

Left to mend pieces of a broken heart.
As if that had been my expertise.
And today to mend as an experience done,
I seem more prepared than I ever was for love.
At least I know to keep interested when I have it,
To realize if it is again given...
It will still be mine to have to keep,
Whether or not my heart is in pieces.

'I can not understand why you stay so happy.'

I have learned to keep with me super glue.
And...
ALMOST as treasured as my monthly bus pass.

'You've got jokes, huh? '

Jokes?
What do you carry in your survival kit?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If It Is Going To Be

If it is going to be,
Just you and me.
Then let it just be,
You and me.

Don't let me see you with another.
Someone you introduce...
As your sister.
Or your brother.
While something else goes on,
Behind my back and undercover.

If it is going to be,
Just you and me.
Then let it just be,
You and me.

Don't let me go through sleepless nights,
Wondering if you are okay.
And things between us...
Don't quite feel so bright and 'tight'.
And you call me to say...
You are on your way.
And it's another day...
When you tell me,
'Business got you delayed'.

Right then you plant seeds...
Of one who betrays.

Right then,
Without you saying it...
I knew you had strayed!

If it is going to be,
Just you and me.
Then let it just be,
You and me.
Or leave!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If It Is Love

A love unrestricted,
If it is love as one says it is...
Does not await to accomodate.
If there as it is.
To give unconditionally,
Like none other to a lover loved.
If it is love as one says it is...given.

Love seeking time to accomodate,
Another kept waiting to appreciate it...
Is not love at all.
But a version of it expected to be accepted.
Whenever it is there to give.
With a sharing done that is effective.
If it is love as one says it is. If it is.

And without it being announced,
As an obligation to pronounce it...
To be a love devoted.
When a love that is given and detected,
And understood by a heart freed...
Of all doubt and suspicion.
If it is love as one says it is? It is.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If It Is Not About You

If it is not about you,
That you keep such desire to do...
To prove,
Then what is the purpose...
That necessitates the heat of your fire?

If it was no about 'you'...
That flame inside would not burn.
And that yearning to accomplish,
Would not be kept as valued!
IF it was not about you.

So many do believe it is not about them.
From false teachings taught to keep their lights dimmed.
But it IS about you.
If it wasn't you would not be here to do.
With a proving to others...
It is about them too!

'It isn't about me.'

I see!
Then why do you exist?
To prove your worth is unrealistic?
And you would rather be something real like a tree?

'No.
You are not understanding me.'

And selfish as this may seem to be...
My understanding will not be confused,
To diffuse it with your accepted comprehension...
Of whoever it is all about.

'We all are a reflection of God! '

Then it IS about YOU.
Will you get out of my face!
You are obstructing my view.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If It Is Not Of Mutual Benefit

It has been explored.
Loving what I do and sharing.
And I have been abhorred,
By those who believed...
Sleep walking through my life,
Was perfectly alright.
On 'my' time.
As if a mission of doing me a favor,
Has been a charity completed...
To leave another pleased.

I had to make it clear to many...
I am more than a surface animation.
To be serious with life is not an ambition.
It is what I live this life appreciated and given.
And if it is not liked how I handle my life...
There is no need to be involved in it with pretense.
I do what I do with an intention meant.
I am not seeking anyone to 'accomodate' my desires.
If it is not of mutual benefit,
What is the point of being around folks like that?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If It Is Not There

To have any kind of unity,
Known to show a devotion...
Committed to behold.
There has to be,
One collective belief.
One accepted vision.
Kept with steps to complete.
Without time consuming,
Disagreements.
Chipping away,
That wish to succeed.

A strategy without sacrifice,
Is like hopping into a new car.
With no engine in it.
No key or anyone,
Determined qualified to drive.

'I have my opinions to express.
Just like everyone else.'

-I'm sure.
And for years we come to appear
At these annual unity meetings.
Hoping to redefine,
The definition of unity.-

'I object.
You don't have to talk to 'me',
Like that.
And with 'that' low tone,
In your voice.'

-You're right.
And I'm sure 'your' words,
To have heard before.
Came disrespectfully,
From either a child or spouse.
Inside your house.-

If a unity wished to get...
Is not there to experience it,
Where one lives to call home.
Why is it expected easier done,
When people come together...
From places they live,
Tolerating none created.
Or have the patience it takes,
Teaching and learning...
What unity means to get some.
Before going somewhere else,
Expecting their suggestions...
Deserve to be heard.
Then become upset,
If opinions for years expressed
Are not accepted.
And had been known to condone,
Disrespect shown...
In their own homes.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If It 'Is' Or Isn'T?

To be OR not to be?
Is 'that' your question?

Please,
Ask me another.
I don't even know how to respond.
Not to that one.
Not anymore.

If it 'IS' or isn't?
Would be more appropriate,
Under these circumstances.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If It Is Peace

With imagination...
Free we are to deliver,
Our best creations.
Only we restrict them to limits!
Sometimes selfishly we decide,
To explore or hide.
Within those limits.
And satisfied we are,
When they've been reached.

Snuggle some do...
In moods of fictionalized attitudes.
Set and draped upon landscapes,
Author made.
To invite escapes.
For the mind traveling to other times.
To visit while watching a movie.
And hypnotized to feel...
Live and breathe,
The experience.
Believed with feelings felt to be real.

~If it is peace we say we seek,
Why isn't this captured and released...
To be as it is wished and witnessed? ~

Rendered portraits on canvas hooked,
To walls.
Will stop and stall one in motion.
With eyeballs that seem to follow.
If the artist wishes this.
From a devotion set in motion.

~If it is peace we say we seek,
Why isn't this captured and released...
To be as it is wished and witnessed? ~

With imagination...
Free we are to deliver,

Our best creations.
Only we restrict them to limits!
Sometimes selfishly we decide,
To explore or hide.
Within those limits.
And satisfied we are,
When they've been reached.

Architects.
Dancers with bodies flexed.
Poets sometimes rhyme,
Or ramble on with prose...
Depict from the heart,
What sensations lay bared...
To pen and share right from the start.
'Please...
Leave me to drift,
Upon the smooth watered rocks.
In a cascading not to stop...
The fresh bleeding of my emotions.'

So much of us can be exposed,
To silence our indifferences.
If we chose to compose our thoughts.
To bring to life 'that' which is sought.
And,
If it is peace?
Why must it be fought?
Before it becomes realized...
In our presence and prioritized to keep.

~If it is peace we say we seek,
Why isn't this captured and released...
To be as it is wished and witnessed? ~

And yet...
Perhaps peace is too abstract to define,
To permit it a basic comfort.
For those who have nourished to feed,
On complexities!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If It Is Their Wish

'They don't get it.
So it's best to leave them with their wishes.'

If it is their wish,
Not to see how they will benefit...
From the taking advantage of someone's experiences,
Guess who is left to get more rest?
And guess who's life is detected less affected,
By their acceptance of their own foolishness?

~But what is it that they don't get? ~

'That person who is giving to them voluntarily,
Relieved from getting caught up in their mess.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If It Is There To Be Given I Am Here To Receive

Can you give me something more,
Than less than your professed best?
I've been waiting to be impressed...
Since you let it known,
When you 'try'...
You can produce much better.

At least show me the evidence you are trying.
I wouldn't be such a pest.
But you were the one who stated,
I knew nothing about good taste.

Okay...
I'm done with your serving of appetizers.
I am now prepared to nibble on the main event.
If it is there to be given I am here to receive.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If It Is To Be Left

If it is loved...
The thickest of ice,
Wouldn't be able to freeze it!
To leave it to believe it frozen,
Without it 'somehow' known!
And to be expressed.

If it is loved...
Impossible it is to forget or neglect.
OR...
Left randomly on any doorstep,
To surprise the receiver...
Who instantly seeks to keep it protected.

And...
If love like this is to be left,
It is expected to be accepted...
To regret each moment a separation disconnects.
And awaits when it returns,
For more of it to get!

Oh yes! If it is loved...
The thickest of ice,
Wouldn't be able to freeze it!
To leave it to believe it frozen,
Without it 'somehow' known!
And/or left to go unexpressed.
A love like this does not surprise,
Or disguises what is felt to show.

'I missed you so much! '

~I was only gone for seconds to take out the trash.~

'I know.
It's just the thought of you leaving.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If It Is Wanted

If it is wanted,
First it takes a planting...
For that seed with a wish,
A nourishing of it...
Continues its growth.

If what is wanted with inspired desire,
Felt to know there is no letting go...
Sacrifice and commitment,
Becomes closer than one's pillow.
With little sleep or a need for it to get.

If what is wanted so bad,
The craving of it had stays...
Like a 'puppy' love that dogs the mind.
Found to find one all the time,
Blinded by the hunger.

And if it is wanted,
With a mission to realize it has arrived...
There is no need to flaunt,
That which has come to want.
Since the doing of it has proven,
A wanting with a wish...
Is not impossible to get.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If It Isn'T There To Show

Without integrity,
Or dependable credibility...
How can anyone expect,
To be trusted?

Integrity does not come to go.
And if it isn't there to show?
It would be foolish to wait upon it,
As if it is to be expected.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If It Isn'T What It Should Be

When a tree begins to grow...
Is it nurtured to seek approval?
Does it do it to get that from other trees?
Or does it just grow to be what it is?
To grow to be what it is freely,
With only God to please.

And if it isn't what it should be...
What and who is there to correct it?
What recommends or suggests to it what it must do...
To become what it is and comfort it too?

And if it isn't growing in faith...
Does God choose to get moody,
And brood?
Observing this with attitude?
Insisting Mother Nature refuse it,
Any assistence on a 'menu'...
Kept constantly reviewed.

When a tree begins to grow...
And decides not to produce branches.
Or allow a leaf or pine needles to bloom...
What affect would that have on other trees observing?
Will they begin to feel,
Maybe that tree is not deserving?
Will they make attempts to move away from it?
Or will they just let it sit...
Doing nothing to fulfill its purpose?
As the sky beckons,
To give it space and room.

Will the other trees observing this...
Watch another tree rot,
To not exist?
How long will a forest of trees,
Put up with it?

And what about the purpose that tree has here on Earth?

Who and what becomes affected...
When that tree does not fulfill its worth from birth?

A connection becomes neglected.
And the affects from that can be expected to reflect.
Somewhere in time to be ultimately discovered.
Uncovering what has been revealed,
To stir up some kind of backlash in protest.

However...
Shouldn't something about this process...
Make 'something' upset,
And furious about the lack of respect shown?
Or,
Does it condone it like us humans do?
By just looking away...
Only to complain about the shame of it all.
Or...
Does it one day become furious?
Like Mother Nature is showing now...
By unleashing Her attention grabbing disgust,
Unexpectedly disrupting as She fusses...
With all of us!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If It Made Sense

If it made sense,
It would not be worthy to mention.
The necessity to achieve it,
Would be instilled as a natural acceptance.

Only that which others find uncommon,
Is where those decisions to be offended begins.

With a witnessing of those taking offense,
Not for them being cost effective.
But it is the making of sense,
Many find not to be so common to obtain.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If It Makes A Better Stew

Medicate to get your groove on,
If it makes a better stew.
And the taste of it is 'super',
With a knowing of this too.

Medicate to get your groove on,
If it makes a better stew.
And the taste of it is 'super',
With a knowing of this too.

Why not,
Create your own stupor.
Why not,
Pace inside your coop.
Why not,
Minimize beliefs.
And...
Maximize that duping,
To yourself that you do.

Medicate to get your groove on,
If it makes a better stew.
And the taste of it is 'super',
With a knowing of this too.
Why not,
Create your own stupor.
Why not,
Pace inside your coop.
Why not,
Maximize that duping,
To yourself that you do.

Why not,
Minimize beliefs.
And...
Maximize that duping,
To yourself that you do.
Why not,
If the taste is 'super',

And this makes a better stew.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If It Makes You Feel Good

Whatever your favorite perception may be...
You should keep it.
If it makes you feel good.

Whatever it is that justifies your outlook,
And way of life.
You should keep it.
If it makes you feel good.

Whatever decision you make,
That defies acceptible logic.
That's great.
You chose a choice that was made.
And it was your decision.
Hey...
What can I say?
There's no need to place blame,
If a shame comes to be claimed.
Right?

I think it is wonderful to know what we do has been done,
Based upon our knowledge.
And not an impluse we chase.

I think it is wonderful to know what we do and choose...
Has nothing to do with stubbornness.
And more to do with an expertise we possess!

You chose a choice that was made.
And it was your decision.
Hey...
What can I say?
There's no need to place blame,
If a shame comes to be claimed.
Right?

Whatever it is that justifies your outlook,
And way of life.
You should keep it.

If it makes you feel good.

I think it is wonderful to know what we do has been done,
Based upon our knowledge.
And not an impluse we chase.

I think it is wonderful to know what we do and choose...
Has nothing to do with stubbornness.
And more to do with an expertise we possess!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If It Offends

I awakened no longer beholdened,
To those emotional traps.
The kind that others leave,
With expectations...
Something done I did disliked,
Eventually to have me feeling guilt ridden.
And I would then offer an apology.

I awakened no longer beholdened,
To those emotional traps.
Or do something done,
Without being consciously attached.

I use to be the one to forgive and forget.
No matter who said what to me.
To show no concern or expression of a regret.
And I would laugh when publicly,
I was shown nothing but disrespect.

I awakened no longer beholdened,
To those emotional traps.
The kind that others leave,
With expectations...
Something done I did disliked,
Eventually to have me feeling guilt ridden.
And I would then offer an apology.

Well those days do not exist for me anymore.
I say what I mean and if it offends,
I let others know immediately...
Being provoked I don't consider to be a joke.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If It Rained On My Parade

If it rained on my parade.
There would be others,
To come my way.
And if not?
Standing on the sidelines,
I have done many times.
And finding to do so.
Involves less stress.
My peace of mind has become my essence.

Yet.
Being able to critique,
What I know takes work and sweat to deliver.
I have learned not so quick to do.

I too have sat on shoulders as a kid,
And wondered why someone who paraded.
Would also be shedding tears.
Held inside of them that did not appear.

Today.
I know the reason why!
When a parading starts.
Few observing care who from the inside cries.
Or tries to hide what it takes to parade.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If It Should Come To Go Unrecognized

I could care less,
About your obsessions...
And assessments,
You qualify yourself to test.

There are so many restless like you.
With low self esteem,
Brewing rude and crude attitudes.

You're joking right?
You think If I spend time with you...
You'd be someone I like?
Someone to renew a lost appetite?
Did you fall out of bed...
And hit your head last night?

I could care less,
About your obsessions...
And assessments,
You qualify yourself to test.

There is no interest in you,
At best...
On levels I'm pursuing.
The undoing what you did has been done!
You've made that quite clear.
And I've healed from shedding tears!
But I see you're still absorbed...
In perfecting an ego I've long ignored!

Remember...
You were the one who cheated on me!
You were the one then who said I was b-o-r-i-n-g!
'A snore a moment! ', as I recall.
When maturity comes,
It is not welcomed by all.
Especially if it should come,
To go unrecognized!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If It Started On A Petty Note

If it started on a petty note,
You will not find me...
Giving attention to it,
Until it ends.
I'm not into petty.
I will leave before it begins.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If It Was About A Lot Of Money

If it was about a lot of money...
My mind would be,
Trimmed in dollar bills.
With-my-thoughts-on a million of them,
And a caring less of my fellowman.

And if it was about a lot of money...
I'd ignore,
Every two cents made.
By anybody wanting to deliver to me,
Any consciousness attached to common sense.

If it was about a lot of money.
If it was about a lot of money.
If it was about a lot of money...
I wouldn't be concerned about the suffering seen.

And if it was about a lot of money.
If it was about a lot of money.
And if it was about a lot of money...
My eyes wouldn't cry when I see these scenes.

If it was about a lot of money...
My mind would be,
Trimmed in dollar bills.
With-my-thoughts-on a million of them,
And a caring less of my fellowman.

If it was about a lot of money...
I'd ignore,
Every two cents made.
By anybody wanting to deliver to me,
Any consciousness to instigate.

If it was about a lot of money.
If it was about a lot of money.
If it was about a lot of money...
I wouldn't be concerned about the suffering seen.

I'd fill my pockets and get away!
If it was about a lot of money.
I'd fill my pockets each and everyday.
If it was about a lot of money.
I'd fill my pockets and get away!
If it was about a lot of money.
I'd fill my pockets up and run the other way.
If it was about a lot of money.

If it was about a lot of money.
If it was about a lot of money.
And if it was about a lot of money...
There wouldn't be a single word I would say.
I wouldn't have concerns or feel this way.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If It Was Not Concerning Them

How can one be detached,
From their own feelings?
I've heard that said before...
By those who were chosen,
To be ignored.
Therefore...
'Someone' had to have had no feelings.

You know how quick that spreads around!

And I am sure I am not the only one,
That can relate to this.
There are those who make attempts,
To squeeze an empathy.
And if no emotion is expressed,
Or showed to be exposed...
That person is labelled cold.

And I can understand being in that position.
After saving myself from being completely depleted...
By those who could care less 'how' I felt,
If it was not concerning them!
So those lights in my life had to be switched off.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If It Was Not For My Mother

They would spread lies,
On my sisters and I.
And they were relatives.
Preparing us very early...
How vindictive folks can be!
Regardless of bloodlines!
Or professed thickness of clans,
With underhanded jealousies unraveling
Any hint of closeness between members!
Just as long as they received some attention,
To merit a lack of consciousness displayed
By ignorance paraded around,
With applied unfounded accusations!
And being used as the fools they are as tools...
To diminish concepts of family!
But they had no idea...
If it was not for my mother,
Who protected us with her own fears...
We would not know that concept at all!
Her tears would fall to make me bitter...
To discover their origin!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If It Was Not For Poetry

If it was not for poetry,
Would 'thou' be left to live with less art?
Would the meaning and significance,
Of forget-me-nots...
Be just words quibbled to dribble,
From an opened mouth.
Without them flaunted with flair.
Dropped to be forgotten like a rock,
Rolling away never to gather upon it moss.

If it was not for poetry,
Would hearts entwine on vines of verse?
With a leaving of a sweetened taste kept to thirst?
Or would an 'ode' unfolding mystery and suspense,
Keep one wanting to be haunted and even cursed...
If the doing is meant to sustain intrigue and desire,
Yearning to heat embers to glow and ooze...
From every pore no one ignores.
Or can not refuse but submit.

If...
It was not for poetry,
Would the wish to kiss lips of someone missed...
Be depicted as a craving,
Like none other one has wished with such passion.
Or with a depth kept to keep,
The Sun and its heat driven into madness.
If...
It was not for poetry.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If It Was Not Terrorized

For all of the wealth one man has,
Another lives in poverty.
For all of the poverty that man has...
Another finds hope.
For all of the hope that man finds...
Another is motivated.
For all of the motivation that man has,
Another finds success.
And from all of the success stories told...
The quest for peace seems neverending!
Much like the cost of it that feeds fear,
And yet the price to find it...
Is more visible than it is to locate!
Perhaps if it was not terrorized,
It would appear!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If It Was Possible To Borrow Time

If it was possible to borrow,
Time from tomorrow...
I would fill every gap that lacked,
A happiness not felt today...
Full to overflowing.
If that was possible.
And I knew I could pursue it with a doing,
To be done.

And...
If it 'was' possible,
To be in debted to a sadness left behind...
I knew came from time to time,
To quickly erase from my mind debt free of it...
I'd be grinning from ear to ear.
Knowing I would not have to deal,
With something I'd never feel again.
Or think of it appearing on my path.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If It Wasn'T As It Is

If it wasn't as it is to be noticed and accepted,
The many who oppose would have no reason to object...
To its presence that is obvious.
If they were not told they had the right to oppose,
And to do so is their entitlement to be indecisive.

If it wasn't as it is to be noticed and accepted,
With the attention of it that it gets...
Few who mention any attention to it to give.
Nor would there be those who choose to be upset,
Just for the purpose to object and reject whatever it is!

'Why are they here and what is it that they oppose? '

~They have not disclosed their reasons yet.
But it has been rumored someone will announce,
Their efforts to protest is legitimate 'and' effective.
And to do this is their right, regardless.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If It Wasn'T For The Love

If it wasn't for the love,
To me others showed and expressed...
I would not be here to enjoy,
Such a quality of life...
With a known happiness.

If it had not been for that love,
Upon me bestowed and addressed...
My disposition and condition of mind,
Would not be so full of light...
Shining at my best.

I grew,
I did...
To like myself.

I grew,
I did...
To appreciate both my ups and downs.
Learning I have found,
Mistakes and failures were not permanent.
I learned there were lessons,
For me that were meant.
Eventually I comprehended,
My life lived from those events.

If it wasn't for the love to me others showed,
Nothing I have accomplished...
Would have been remotely possible.

I would have remained self defeating,
With a blaming that was done.
I would have remained narrow minded too.
With a finding of fault and criticizing everyone.

If it had not been for that love on me bestowed,
I would not have identified my own self worth.
Or a dignity I keep now to pride.
With a knowing of it,

I make sure is shown first.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If It Wasn'T True

The only ones known,
To dispute documented facts...
And with evidence of them shown,
Are those who have spent their entire lives...
Creating their own realities,
To never accept the proof of truth.
No matter who has deceived them with intent to do.

~I'm telling you...
There is nothing that supports your point of view.~

'I know what it is you are here attempting to prove.'

~What's that? ~

'You want me to refute my beliefs.
And what I've been told by others too!
But people would not have told me what I've heard,
If what they have said to me was not true.
I will live my life the way I choose.'

~Even if you've been lied to? ~

'Your facts will not satisfy the paying of my debts.
You live with your facts until you can come back,
With the evidence you are prepared to pay my bills.'

~You created them I didn't.~

'So who do you owe for the depth of your knowledge?
Who did you pay to leave me with the fact,
You can annoy.
And trust me...
I'm not lieing to myself about that! '

~I'm just here to share.~

'That's great.
Now take the sharing of your truth somewhere else.

You've convinced me,
That my delusions kept are at my expense.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If It Wasn'T What It Is

If it wasn't what it is...
You still wouldn't know it.
You still would react,
As if my heart is detached.
And I have never shown you that!

If it wasn't what it is...
It would still be overlooked.
It will still be taken forgranted...
Like the wisdom collected to produce,
Encyclopedia books.

If it wasn't what it is...
Would your eyes then dance upon me?
Would your smile light up and glow?
Or would you tell me to go?

If it wasn't what it is...
You still wouldn't know it.
You still would react,
As if my heart is detached.
And I have never shown you that!

All I have ever shown you is what it is.
It has always been love.
I am hoping one day you will recognize it!
I'm hoping that day comes to us soon!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If It's Free!

If it's free...
With no purchase necessary?
And you have my address,
You confessed you got
You have my email and zipcode...
And a copy of the worse photo,
I've taken in my life...
For the first time! ; -)

You call me on the phone,
Knowing I've been divorced...
And married twice.
To ask me to confirm if it's me,
In my own home!
To play 'kittens skipping with mice'.
That's not awfully bright!
Not at this hour of the night!

I 'thought' you said you had a gift for me?
If it's free...
Send it!

That's none of your business,
If I'm still single Or live alone!
You will know if I'm pleased,
By not getting a response
When the gift arrives and is received!

Wasn't that easy?
Now just send it...
IF It's FREE!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If It's Love!

It's important that unshown love,
Comes directly shown from you.
To say it...
Doesn't make,
That-love-be-true!

It's important that unshown love,
Is a thing one wants to do...
Just to prove what is said,
Is absolutely true.

A hug,
And maybe a kiss.
A touch,
That has been missed.
A show of thoughtfulness...
Can go a very long distance.

A call,
Every once in a while...
Will go further than a mile.
If love is there to be shared...
Show someone they are cared for!
And doubts will come no more.

It's important that unshown love,
Comes directly shown from you.
To say it...
Doesn't make,
That-love-be-true!

It's important it's directly shown,
If it's love.
Yes!

It's important it's directly shown,
If it's love.
Yes!

It's important it's directly shown.
It's important it's directly shown.
It's important it's directly shown,
If it's love!

It shoos a boo-hooin'...
Known.

It's important it's directly shown.
It's important it's directly shown.
It's important it's directly shown,
If it's love!

A hug,
And maybe a kiss.
A touch,
That has been missed.
A show of thoughtfulness...
Can go a very long distance.

It's important it's directly shown.
It's important it's directly shown.
It's important it's directly shown,
If it's love!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If It's Me You Love!

Do you really want it?
Do you really need it?
You don't!
Do you?
Don't you know?
And...
Do you really want it?
Do you really need it?
You don't!
Do you?
Don't you know?

Whatever that pleases?
Do you.
Don't you...
Don't you know?

What you need?
Do you.
Don't you...
Don't you know?

What you want?
Do you.
Don't you...
Don't you know?

Who to love?
Do you.
Don't you...
Don't you know?

If it's love?
Do you.
Don't you...
Don't you know?

How to love?
Do you.

Don't you...
Don't you know?

With true felt meaning.
Do you.
Don't you...
Don't you know?

Do you really want it?
Do you really need it?
You don't!
Do you?
Don't you know?
And...
Do you really want it?
Do you really need it?
You don't!
Do you?
Don't you know?

If it's me you love!

Do you?
Don't you know?

If it's me you love!

Do you?
Don't you know?

If it's me you love!

Do you?
Don't you know?

If it's me you love!
When love's not there to show.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If It's Obvious

You want my heart to touch?
Then avoid the teasing.
You want me to know you so much?
Then why play hide and seek?

Both of us should know,
We are too old to play games.
And too old to turn cold shoulders,
With it done to pretend...
We want something 'heating' between us,
To happen and begin.

If you want my heart to touch?
Then avoid the teasing.
If you want me to know you so much?
Then why play hide and seek?

Both of us should know,
We are too old to play games.
Both of us should know by now,
Embers once quick to stir them into flames...
Isn't as easy to do to ignite or claim,
If it's obvious youth no longer there can prove it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If It's That Good

When a cow moos...
What is it really ready for?
And after the cud is chewed...
We praise it as nutritional,
In glasses lifted.
And why have we become so enthusiastic,
About that which a cow keeps regurgitating,
Over and over again?
If it's that good...
Why isn't the first swallow disgested?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If It's Thick And Sticks

If it's thick and sticks,
Think of it as a benefit.
Rich to have an assortment,
Of undiscovered opportunity.
For those motivated.
And initiating moving forward, With steps to make.

Too much that is thinly based,
Many accept.
But not know it to be junk.
Until it's too late to see,
What's to believe is gold...
Begins to rust,
With a tarnishing of it done.

And yet,
For whatever the reason...
When substance comes,
Some will run from it.
Unfamiliar with its value.
Since accustomed,
Those who shun it to run...
Are more familiar,
With junk upon them dumped.

If it's thick and sticks with,
An abundance of undiscovered
Opportunity.
Only a few...
Will pay attention.
Others will run from it,
To make claims...
That opportunities,
Should come to them...
Customized and gift wrapped.
To then be told,
Where and when to expect them,
Delivered.

If it's thick and sticks,
With richness that promises...
Success if patience kept,
Remains applied done...
To identify what comes,
Endeavored with effort.
Few will stay.
Most will run away.

'You want me to do what?
Learn to develop,
Patience and correct...
My outspoken attitude?
And what's that suppose to do?
Pave the way to my success?
Do I look like a fool to you? '

-Uh...
Is there anyone here,
Who can answer that?
I must apologize.
Since I'm not from,
This neighborhood.
But I can say this,
You do seem as if to expect...
An honest opinion.-

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If It's Truly Believed

You and I,
Share a history...
We should not deny.
And I,
Believe...
Disagreements can be shattered,
If we leave what really matters...
To harmonize as we please.

Let us know peace,
And live happily.
Let us defeat,
All disharmony.
Let us accept and reject...
All the misery behind us to leave.

Let us know peace,
And live happily.
Let us defeat,
All disharmony.
Let us accept and reject...
All the misery behind us to leave.

We should not wish that to keep!

You and I,
Share a history...
We should not deny.
And I,
Believe...
Disagreements can be shattered,
If we leave what really matters...
To harmonize as we please.

You and I can reject all disharmony.
You and I can accept all the happiness...
We have been blessed to receive.
If...
It's truly believed.

And kept and perceived.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If It's Wanted

Make it wished,
To make it happen.
Do that now!
And don't forget.

Make it wished,
To make it happen.
Do that now!
And don't forget.

Make it wished,
with a doing.
And don't dismiss,
The time you get.

Many waste their minds and time,
Hoping for things.
And they do nothing,
To make them happen.

Many think that if they sit,
Their dreams will appear.
And nothing comes...
But lots of napping.

It it's wanted,
You will get.
But it takes more,
Than just a wish.

If it's wanted,
You will get.
And if it's wanted,
Don't just sit...
To wish for it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If Johnny Only Had An Eight Inch Foot

I remember being in elementary school,
And on the very first day of fifth grade...
The teacher said to us,
'Always know this...
No question asked is a stupid one.'

We all looked at each other.
To then compete to ask,
Some of the most stupidest questions...
We could create she could not possibly answer.

Because we all lived in a low income project,
It was believed we were deprived of intelligence as well.
And we, then, as children...
Did not want to disappoint her expectations.

'If two shoes were on the wrong foot,
Would that be twelve or twenty-four inches missed...
If Johnny only had an eight inch foot? '

~I don't know.
Is there a Johnny in the classroom? ~

'No!
We only have Mikes and Bobs.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If Kept To Value

If kept to value,
Had been life and everyone's right...
To worship as they please,
With a faith that expresses...
Their gratefulness for being blessed.
Contests would have not been created.
By those of selfish misdeeds,
Living to feed upon greed... Exclusively.
To discover themselves,
And their selfish ways regretted...
When it is Mother Nature,
One day that takes all possessions...
Away.
From those with kept beliefs.
That their ability to acquire things,
Kept to keep cherished.
Perishes with a self worth.
No longer to pride those values,
To decide...
They are better than others,
Picked to deny...
The right to live their lives,
As they like.
And many awaken too late to realize,
It is God that 'giveth'.
To also exhibit a 'taketh awayeth'...
When faked faith displays,
Bigotry and hatred as a way...
To portray themselves as 'Chosen'.
And...
Who knows?
Maybe they were 'chosen'.
As those charading a faith to betray!

Yet...
If kept to value,
Had been their faith left to express.
Less would be the distress,
Shown from those who accept...

God knows what's best,
To address this better than anyone...
Claiming to be qualified.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If Maturity Was Involved

Paranoid, hypocritical and self-righteous.
With a mix of self-centeredness,
And statistics gathered on a daily basis...
To depict percentages of which races sit,
In categories to ensure themselves on top of it...
Just to keep others reminded,
In divisions they have created to inflict...
That racial disparaties kept documented,
Are for purposes only to have their insecurities...
Not observed as the cause or their flawed mentalities,
As main reasons conflicts are permitted to exist.

And...
IF maturity was involved in any of this,
One's intelligence, color of skin or religious preference...
Would be accepted as benefits to achieve a united humanity,
To undo and rid all the nonsense.
But...
This perspective is dismissed as a sickness is permitted,
With no cure to heal or mend...
The foolishness of hatred,
That has diseased the mindset of the people.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If My Interests Were That Limited

If my purpose had been to deliver a message,
With an ego left remembered as expressed...
I would have long confessed my regret to prove,
It was never about a message.
But the emptiness of a shallowness.
If my interests were that limited.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If Neither One Of Us Can Leave It

In your eyes,
You've decided...
I would be,
A fantasy you'd like to reach.

And,
In your eyes...
I can see,
There is something I do receive.
Something you wish to give to me.

I can feel,
In your eyes...
Something real.
In your eyes.
Wanting with a yearning.
A passion there burning.

I begin thinking,
What would it be like...
If I lived my life,
With you.

I find inside,
I am thinking...
What would it be like,
If I lived my life...
With just you.

If neither one of us can leave it,
Then we must both believe it...
Since we seem not able to leave it alone.
If neither one of us can leave it,
Then we must both believe...
In instant love.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If Not Faced To Rid

Kept to us most precious,
With claims that remain dear and treasured...
But ironically freed,
From those experiences we had agonized...
With tears to cry and the asking of God,
'Why me? '
And eventually with patience,
Those clouds we question begin to disappear.
With a clearing before us of brighter skies.

And yet doesn't it seem...
If it had not been for experiences,
No one wished to dream...
Few would deny if not faced to rid...
Those precious memories we now keep dear,
Could not be for us kept treasured to realize...
If we had not dried our eyes to decide,
Life and the living of it has its ups and downs.
Although many are found walking around with frowns.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If Not For Eternity

Everyday,
All of us are given opportunities...
To explore and adventure,
Another aspect of life...
To experience something new.
And everyday excuses are made,
To have no time to find...
What it is we could and should do.

Complaining and delivering faults,
Have found many to accept this as their expertise...
With a choice to expose this as a gift.
And without solicitation...
This craft upon others is released.

Everyday,
All of us are given opportunities...
To explore and adventure,
Another aspect of life...
To experience something new.

And yet there are those who say they can not afford,
To waste their patience...
On something they rather ignore.
And ignore they do...
Themselves.
Commitments made to relationships.
Friendships taken for granted...
As futures of their children,
Delayed for a taste of procrastination.

But participating in something done...
That guarantees hours spent in frivolous fun,
Is given without a moment's hesitation.
Since this has been marketed as a life to live!
And aging with a maturity to reflect,
Is no longer regarded as a process to respect.
Nor is it prioritized as a positive.

And under a plastic surgeon's busy knife,
Everyone has a desire to pay...
Whatever it takes,
To appear and 'look' youthful...
Jusr for a day or a week.
If not for eternity!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If Not For June

If not for June,
My memories of Winter in December...
With a wish to witness,
The freshness of Spring March would bring...
Would not still remain so vivid.
As if only yesterday visited.
If not for June.

If not for June,
My eyesight would not be teased...
By the freedom felt in Summer,
With hopes that linger of those things I could do,
Under clear skies showing bright Sun.
And seeing the fun shared by nearly everyone,
If not for June.

And if not for June I would not be able to reminisce,
From so many experiences I could pick.
June seems to be the month I can do this.
With a thankfulness I am still in the midst,
Of a year that appears to have just begun.
With so much left to offer before it is done.
And for me this happens only when June comes.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If Not For Love

If not for love,
no love poems would have been written.
None of us would experience life,
without the act.
Some could and would,
argue about that.

And without the act of love...
how would our indifferences thrive?
If love was not kept wanted...
with a thirsting no one can overcome.
Or a driving purpose that keeps us alive.

Yet suspected to exist.
Hidden by fears it has been dismissed.
And so disguised by those who want some.
If not for love...
would any of this get to be done?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If Not For You

Because of you,
Everyday...
My point of view,
Remains unexplained...
To thrill my life with sensations.
And heightened beyond,
My own expectations.

Because of you,
Each day...
Blessings come to stay for hours.
Leaving me more determined to remove,
Suspected obstacles in my way to do.
Knowing...
If not for you,
I would be seeking fear.
I would be seeking doubt.
I would be seeking others to hear,
Negativity and reasons to toss that about.

And...
If not for you,
I would be trying to find validation...
For excuses made I'd make everyday.
With them found to do to prove I could.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If Not Wished

The popularity of vulgarity,
And the ease it offends...
Those with political correct realities,
With a refusing to believe...
Restrictive laws to prevent dropped jaws,
In an attempt to create 'utopia'...
Is a foolish doing by those deluded,
Who market decadence with a temptation...
And a teasing meant to sell relentlessly.

Truth is free to face and at no one's expense!
And far less cheaper than advertising to market,
A decadence effectively done to fill pockets.
Intended for a few to charade their pretense.

But so many are convinced,
A congregating in places where demon ways are taught...
Will release from an existence,
If on their knees there is a seeking sought...
To eliminate and erase,
That which validates a kept feeding of fed appetites.
Sold to be bought and available day and night.

Only that which exists,
Would not be there to cause despair...
If the presence of it was not wished.
No!
None of this would exist,
If not wished.
But through prayers the validating of it is permitted.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If One Admits It

Being bottled up...
Can be resisted,
If...
One admits it.
With a wsh to rid it quick.

Pop it with a fizzle,
To be from your mind gone.
Don't get that bothered to be bottled!
Get rid of it quick.

Pop it with a fizzle,
To be from your mind gone.
Don't get that bothered to be bottled!
Get rid of it quick.

Panic can be managed,
With admitting it to rid.
Pop it with a fizzle,
To be from your mind gone.

Panic can be managed,
With admitting it to rid.
Don't get that bothered to be bottled,
Let it fizz and rid it quick.

Pop it with a fizzle,
To be from your mind gone.
Don't get that bothered to be bottled,
Let it fizz and rid it quick.

Being bottled up...
Can be resisted,
If...
One admits it.
With a wsh to rid it quick.

Panic can be managed,
With admitting it to rid.

Pop it with a fizzle,
To be from your mind gone.

Bottled up and panicked,
Can be popped and fizzled quick.
If one admits it.
To rid it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If One Hesitates To Produce, One Also Hesitates To Protect

Many do not do well,
In triumphanting with a purpose...
To declare victory,
With faith and beliefs.

Some rather march along as followers...
To relieve themselves of responsibilities.
And with 'that'...
Be accountability free.

Preferring to lay the blame on others,
Who aren't afraid to make decisions...
With a flow of actions directed.
If one hesitates to produce,
One also hesitates to protect.

And those who lead,
Do not assume a comfortability.
Their abilities and capabilities...
Are just not in constant doubt.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If One Smiling Looks Out Of Place

Why do you smile now all the time?
It looks out of place.
Especially around those,
Adorning exposed frowns on their faces.

'I've found a different approach to reveal my bitterness.
I have discovered this way expresses my agitation.
And if anyone is offended,
They would have to ask themselves why this offends? '

It does not offend as much as it just looks out of place.

'Well...
Don't you think that is a sad commentary to make?
If one smiling looks out of place...
That should irritate everyone as to what it is they find important.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If One Understood And Had Patience

A mind that remains stifled,
Will always be in conflict...
With one of growth.

And an attempt to convince the other,
Communication could be established...
If one understood and had patience.

As if hesitation and patience...
Were related to a life of experience.
And a consciousness unafraid to dare.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If Only They Could Market Their Gossip

People who can't seem to mind their own business,
Seem to have time to spend.
Being in the business of others.
As if they awaken each day.
Hoping not to miss something done that they do.
If only they could market their gossip,
There would be no economic crisis

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If Our Sun Is A Star

Everyone living on Earth can see,
The Sun shining brightly...
With a radiance believed.

But when we leave this Earth,
Do we become stars...
To twinkle far?

And if our Sun is a star,
To shine brightly day and night...
Who and what is this,
Assigned to protect our existence?

Are we too not 'gods'...?
Here as a work-in-progress.
Awaiting to be assigned,
Somewhere in the Universe...
To exist eternally as 'divine'?

If not...
Why would God insist,
We exist to love Him first...
Above all others?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If People Accept Self Defeating

If people accept self defeating...
As an achievement.
What can someone disrespected say,
To a people with a mindset...
Affixed to beating themselves to death?

'Let's unify? '

Nooo.
That's not exactly,
What first comes to mind.

I had thought a game of hide and seek,
Would produce better results.
With a kidnapping of those who hid.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If People Can Not See

There is nothing,
Anyone can say or do...
When people have repeatedly,
Chosen stupidity as a way of life.
Truth to them offends.
And they will do anything,
To defend themselves against it.

There is nothing,
Anyone can show to prove...
That excuses to make,
With denials to use...
Will not remove this cycle to continue,
If people can not see...
What they've done to themselves,
To approve of and choose.

And taking steps from them to stay away,
Accusations are made...
To be heard from them everyday,
How it is no one cares...
About the lives they have picked,
To have done with a thoughtlessness...
Should at least have others quicker to show,
Empathy given to them to get.
Instead of re-acting to them as if they are stupid.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If People Comprehended

Hypothetically speaking,
Of course!
And with the use of 'what ifs'...
To 'temporarily' divorce a mind,
From fantasies found to exist!
Let's pretend truth does not offend.
Okay?

If people comprehended the insignificance,
Of their own ignorance...
And not a phenomenon kept throughout the Universe.
With the prospects of highly intelligent life,
More enhanced and advanced...
Than the limited enchantment those self indulged,
On this planet keep themselves dancing around...
With a profound unconsciousness habitually inflicted,
There would be increasing attempts to rid beliefs...
Divisions based on race to manipulate humanity,
Would quickly eliminate foolish conflicts.

And...
With eyes opened wide to clearly observe and see,
The only ones indebted...
With billions of dollars owed to a declining economy,
Are those seeking to pay for their dreams...
After claiming to be connected religiously and with kept faith,
That an Almighty God will provide the way.
Without doubts to interfere.
As they tithe to keep their faith based places,
Free of all debts!

Proving both businesses deliver delusions.
Yet to enter one a tuition is paid.
To keep the doors open and lights on.
And selected are the best to teach those lessons.
However...
One business is prioritized as divine.
And the other...
Promotes the obtaining of 'things' out of reach.

Although...
Not one guarantees a freedom from hypocrites!
Which business picked,
Gets those off their knees...
To deliver wishes and dreams quicker?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If People Did What They Enjoyed

If people did what they enjoyed,
There would be fewer people in debt.
With an identifying who there were.
And the Joneses living next door,
Could live their lives without fearing...
Who tries to keep up with them.
Once they decided...
Living basically was a choice.
And something they did not have to do.
Preventing health and mental issues.
As well as an economic crisis!
If people did what they enjoyed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If People Were Not Curious

If people were not curious,
This written acknowledgement of it...
Would not be of anyone's interest.
Now...
To get people to rave with a craving done,
Is another piece of business...
That requires an elevated innovative twist.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If Power Alone Was The Ingredient

Is the power to be divisive,
Power given to provide one's own defeat?
Is the power to induce conflict misdirected?
Since this power driven,
Produces more of a madness.
Clear and complete.

If power alone was the ingredient,
To satisfy the masses as an instrument for peace.
Why does that power increase chaos?
And why is there little of that peace released?
If power alone was the ingredient,
To satisfy the masses as an instrument for peace!

Especially when no mention is made,
To a mixture fixed in spirituality...
With intent of purpose displayed to save!
If religiously applied,
By those who say...
They pray faithfully and obey!

And to 'who' and 'what'...
Generates a response to inflict those solutions,
To confuse with permission...
The ones listening who become impressed!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If Pride Was Felt Inside To Feel

If pride was felt inside to feel it...
It would be shown.
And to all would be known.

If pride was felt with intent and integrity,
Few would be envious.
And who would then express jealousy.

But pride and identity,
Is as distant as an orphan...
Seeking purpose and a home,
Alone.
To roam.
Feeling disconnected.
Leaving one who travels...
Wishing this corrected.

If pride was felt inside to feel it...
It would be shown.
And to all would be known.
But...
One who travels,
Wishing to connect...
Feels as distant as an orphan,
Alone.
To roam!
And...
Feeling disconnected.
Hoping one day,
Pride will be displayed and known.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If Situations Were Different

Once something has been torn down,
And ceases to exist...
That's it!

Those who talk about,
Things they have been done...
If situations were different,
With a voicing of their opinions...
To allow a disappearance,
Are usually the ones to others say...
They wish they knew what was going on.

The matter of the fact is...
They did.
As as their custom...
Watched from a distance.
As those who claim to have had an interest,
Do!

Once something has been torn down,
And ceases to exist...
That's it!
And many will be to over glamourize,
Their involvement...
When something no longer existing,
Leaves.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If Someone 'Is' Dismissed

Do not believe for one second,
One dismissed sits and fidgets...
Wishing their presence is missed.

Too many perceive they have the power to do this.
As if the one that has been dismissed,
Sits making adjustments...
In a chair doing nothing,
But looking at thumbs as a twisting of them is done.

Do not believe for one second,
One dismissed sits with wishes to be enlisted...
Into a clique of forget-me-nots full of 'wannabees'.
And usually they are the ones issuing approvals,
To those fearing rejection.

Too many perceive they have the power to do this.
As if the one that has been dismissed,
Sits making adjustments...
In a chair doing nothing,
But looking at thumbs as a twisting of them is done.

Do not believe for one second,
One dismissed sits and fidgets...
Wishing their presence is missed.
How foolish would this be...
If someone sat seeking for an authority,
To approve the choosing of what they do...
And 'who' they should do it with.

If someone 'is' dismissed,
They should be glad of it.
Since there has been a lifting from them,
Any kind of restrictions.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If Someone Loved Leaves They Leave

You have broken my heart.
And again I find myself mending.
To know love is to know,
When the getting over it...
Never ends!

And glad I am to recognize,
Pain is part of realizing...
When to let go.
But the feeling of having known it,
Love...
Is a pursuit that seems to remain forever.

And if someone loved leaves...
They leave.
But love...
Is a pursuit that seems to remain forever.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If Someone 'stays' Observant

For someone who has bruises on their head.
Two swollen eyes that are blackened.
One sprained wrist...
And a full cast on a broken leg.
You...
Have asked me,
To prove to you there is a relevance connected...
That pays,
Without a doubt...
If someone 'stays' observant.

'Yeah!
That's right.
What do you mean by that? '

I don't think there is anything left,
I could say in words...
That will get you to comprehend,
What I am talking about.

'Oh yeah?
You always 'think' you know EVERYTHING.
But you don't.
You are not immuned from learning lessons,
You know?
You are not 'that' smart.
And I am no dummy.'

Okay.
So what did your lawyer say,
About the police report?

'Like I told him and the police...
That driver should have seen me using my cellphone.'

But you were talking on it,
Standing in the middle of the street.

'BUT...

WHO was driving that car?
Was I driving that car?
Everyone wants to make those who are innocent,
Look as if crimes committed against them...
Is a result of something 'they' have done.
And I am sick and tired of hearing that.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If Something I Observe Isn'T Seen

Sometimes I don't want to see or hear...
What comes to the surface.
I don't want to pick it up,
For fear of where its been!
I check it out,
Before I open my mouth.
I check it out.
Making sure in my mind,
I am doubtless about it.
Then it becomes free to go...
From my lips or fingertips!

Sometimes I don't believe,
Thoughts that come to me.
I'm the kind that seeks evidence...
To digest,
Before I'm convinced.
And I do not mince words,
If something I observe isn't seen.
I may hear lies...
But my eyes don't do it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If Something Is Done With Love

If something is done with love...
Who and how is it determined,
That the source of it...
Does not legitimately please?

And the affect,
To one accepting...
Has not received it completely.
Regardless of who evaluates,
With a detached feeling...
To contemplate with a rating of it.

If something is done with love,
It will stay that way...
Since that is the way,
One who is loving...
Is.

'But...
They believe you are competing.'

With 'who'?
And for what reason,
Would I want to jeopardize...
Those feelings of 'mine' I have inside.
They are mine to devote my time.
Perhaps they believe my loyalty can be undermined?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If Summer Should Fall Short

Here is my number to call,
If Summer should fall short
Of your dreams.
Or has lost its meaning.

You have my name.
And my address remains the same,
As before.
Remember when we met.
Under skies that left us wet...
When rain came pouring down.

Remember it was then,
We said we'd meet again.
And the holidays came to go.
Although the snow has gone...
All Spring you have been on my mind!

Here is my number to call,
If Summer should fall short
Of your dreams.
Or has lost its meaning.

There is a reason why...
We met with eyes that say,
Let's try this again!

This Summer we have found ourselves,
With feelings to reveal.
We met with eyes that say,
Just how we feel.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If Superficiality Sells

If superficiality sells,
And the price for substance...
Stays out of reach,
For those finding it too complicated...
To rent or lease.
Or discover no one accepts,
Lay-away payments today.
What remains faked...
Will leave few left to argue,
Over the cost or the quality of it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If That Day Should Come

I am not as fragile as glass.
Nor is my heart,
Quick to stain as silk or satin.
Or in reluctance to speed the draining,
Of love I have for you that remains.
You are that essence that excites.
And overnight it seems to grow.
You have slowly become the nectar,
That has brightened my sunrising glow!
It shows...
I know this!

But you could shatter me...
If my love you dismissed.
And break me apart,
If you deny your lips...
To touch mine and kiss!

I can fall to wither...
Losing color like an Autumn leaf,
Crumpled with no life left to live!
If you leave without your key,
As a reminder you no longer wanted me.
And I could not find you around...
To beg your forgiveness!

Collapsed inside,
With torment beginning its visit.

And I will know right then...
When and where to begin my charade!
A performance I would struggle to delay.
If that day should come,
And someone else awakens you...
To find you theirs,
And gone from my dreams!

If that day should come...
To undo and split,

Dissolving
What we together have done.
Leaving me to portray a loneliness believed.
And rendered to convince myself of your absence!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If That Is Done Now

Today...
Be aware of time,
As it is now.
Be conscious and forgiving,
Of what is done.
As if you have only one opportunity...
To escape, correct or ignore what takes place.

Tomorrow...
Be aware of time,
As it is now.
Be conscious and forgiving,
Of what is done.
As if you have only one opportunity...
To escape, correct or ignore what takes place.

Yesterday...
Wasting it wishing,
You had been more conscious...
Is why you have today.
There is always time to mend and correct...
If that is done now!
Since there is no other time like it is right now.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If 'That' Is Kept Pursued

'Why does reality have no chance of surviving,
In a land where fantasy is worshipped...
And prioritized for all to understand,
Throughout one's life as a demand? '

Fantasy is worshipped in a land,
Where reality has no chance...
And is repimanded,
From birth as a command.

'Oh...
So there is no choice involved? '

Of course there is.
If one chooses to be deluded by truth.
And decides to become ostracized,
If 'that' is kept pursued!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If That Is Possible

If you are not about who you are...
Then why are you here in prejudgement?
The only decisions you can make,
There is a hesitation.
You can not make up your mind!
Most of the time.
And you want your opinions heard?
Unsolicited?
To spend the time of others?
When you should take that time,
Finding yourself.
Or where you are.
If that is possible.
And if it is...
You've got a lot of work to do.
And time is not on your side waiting.
Not for those decisions to be made.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If That Is The Objective

The best argument to have,
If time is of no importance...
Is one with a fool.
There is nothing to be learned.
And if that is the objective...
Time has been well spent!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If That Is To Be My Experience

Please,
Do not remove the thorns from that rose.
I wish to experience every bit of it.
If I can not handle it and it should prick,
Let me be the obe to adjust to it.
I want to know what it is as it is.
Not what you wish me to believe,
To leave me to discover...
You decided to have me,
Think of it as something else.

Please,
Do not remove the thorns from that rose.
I've chosen it just the way it is...
Thorns and all.
I will never appreciate it,
If you make the decision...
To keep me from getting pricked.
If that is to be my experience...
Let it be.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If That Is Understood

We bring to each other what we have,
At that moment.
And each moment that we bring,
May not come from places familiar.
If that is understood...
Why can't we seem to meet
For moments we keep to understand
There will be moments
When we rather not be near each other!
Instead of taking moments discussing misunderstandings...
Let us take those moments not to be found!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If That's The Path You Are Waiting To Have Cleared

Why have you chosen to climb over those boulders?
And walk your way through the forest,
Instead of following along a trail that has been paved? !

'I chose this as 'my' path!
I wanted to experience...
Those obstacles at my own expense.
To learn and observe as much as I could see.
Without taking it for granted,
I could take advantage of an easier way for me.

And I have no regrets.
How about you? '

I've been waiting now for awhile.
They have discovered an enormous amount of debris,
On my path.

Are you coming 'back' from distances?
Or are you moving along on a journey?

'Well...
I am moving forward,
Hopefully.
There was once a clear path.
I saw some folks on it.
If that's the path you are waiting to have cleared...
To visit or stay...
Or fellowship near.
Best wishes, my 'brutha'.
You got a long wait!

Back there...
Folks like to stay in debate,
As to who should do what...
To get things done!
You should go.

You'll be welcomed and caught up in it,

Before you know it!
That's why I long decided to do my own 'thing'!

Stopping to discuss what action to take...
Is not on my agenda!

Go! Or wait...
Or whatever it is you do!
They will love you!
And they will not believe,
Just how naïve you are! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If The Almighty Knew

No planning involved.
Just last minute picked up scraps...
Rushed and throwned together.
And from observation,
That's how this is regarded.
Under bright or Cloudy skies!

Can it be,
This is how they feel about themselves,
And their lives.
Lived to achieve the heights of mediocrity.

And very jealous of others,
Who accomplish with hard work to achieve.
By setting goals and removing obstacles.
Although,
Those who are disciplined they prefer to see as jerks.
And call them out of their names.
To sell their own false hope and insecurities.

It is no longer pitiful,
The mindset they reflect.
And it is clear where their interests have been!
Just listen to what is coming out of the mouths of their children.
Reflected investments placed in an assured future.

It is twenty thousand and ten!
I must say that again...
It is twenty thousand and ten!
And most of those ignorant have minds of barbarians.
Even the lowest of animals have ascended to a thought process.
Using the power of deductive reasoning.
While some folks are lost,
In discussions of color of skin!

And...
If anyone finds this accepting,
And still proclaim to have intelligence?
It is not a mystery why this society is crumbling into pieces!

As a self examination that should have long taken place...
Has been disregarded to focus on the mocking of other races.
Those with branches extended from our own ancestries.
We are all from the same tree.
With opened eyes this can be seen.

Like there is only one Earth we leech upon?
You, me and those we despise.
You know...
'Those' disgusting creatures!
We try to rise above with lies.

No planning involved.
Just last minute picked up scraps...
Rushed and throwned together,
Just like that.
With the belief something lasting should happen.

I often wonder IF God knew we would eventually feel like that?
And If The Almighty knew this...
WHY has He or She or It,
Allow us to become such misfits?
With beliefs we are the center of the Universe.
As if a joke has been provoked,
To prove that God is extremely humorous.
And I am sure of that without doubt.

Now,
On the other hand...
If our existence here is an intended blatant dysfunction,
What I have written should not offend.
However,
If it does...
Your comprehension is based upon pretension!
With a history that has not pursued truth!
And I suspect a lot of that of late...
Consistently annoys.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If The Beginning Had Not Ended

If the beginning had not ended...
Would we find a need to be in discussion,
About addressing its start?
Again?
Or the unbalancing of nature...
Affecting the moss growing on trees.
And who authorized this meeting in the first place,
Without beverages or hors d'oeuvres?
I hope we are not expected to pay attention.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If The Climate Invites Crime

A child will always try to do,
What others they see doing too.
A child will always choose to prove,
What's done by others...
They will imitate until someone approves.

Children return what they get.
To reflect it.
Children return what they get.
Whether lack of discipline or disrespect.
Children return what they get.

If,
The climate invites crime.
Children return what they get.
If,
Violence is on the streets to believe.
Children return what they get.

Children return what they get.
To reflect it.
Children return what they get.
Whether lack of discipline or disrespect.
Children return what they get.

If,
Neglect is effective and shown to accept.
Children return what they get.
If,
Everywhere they go they step in mess.
Children return what they get.
If,
Every other word heard demeans their best.
Children return what they get.

Children return what they get.
To reflect it.
Children return what they get.
If,

The climate invites crime and violence too.
Children return what they get.
And if this is all they see to do,
Children return what they get....
To feel accepted!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If The Intention For Peace Was Reached

The madness that is there,
And some have declared...
Is for them in the sharing of it!
Is there for them to declare,
Ruin upon humanity.

If it is recognized for what it is,
And attempts are made to prevent...
An existence of it,
Is a legitimate undertaking.

Only,
And if...
It is not presented,
As a natural occurrence.

It isn't!

There is nothing natural,
About the spreading of a disease.
Prevention would not be mentioned,
If the intention for peace was reached.

Conflicts, chaos and division....
Have been made neccessities of life,
By those wishing to inflict,
A desperate attachment they have...
To self destruct!
And those validating a destruction,
To maintain a peace...
Worship the wicked ways of demons.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If The Intention Is Not To Captivate

Why go through this process,
If the intention is not to captivate...
Or mesmerize as mentored!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If The Kids Don'T Buy Into It

An effort is being made,
To clean up the foul language.
To show and display respect.
Express our appreciation...
For diversity.
With lessened racistness.

An effort is being made,
To be more accountable.
Show more responsibility.
Give more meaning to integrity...
Honesty and the wholesomeness of truth.
And produce more capable and competent citizens!

'And how is this going to be done?
We have a limited budget.
These images are going to cost a fortune.
The special effects alone will take months to create.
And where are we going to find the actors to pull this off?
There is no guarantee the viewing audience is going to accept this!
I say we stay with the decadence.
At least we know that sells!

Why didn't you just tell them the truth?
We operate one of the most prestigiously corrupt outfits,
In the industry.
We will lose our foreign investors!
Do you want to ruin our reputation,
By releasing such clean filth as that?
And if the kids don't buy into it...
We sink.
Period.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If The Mood Is Not Receptive

From a point of view,
How truth is delivered...
To many who request it,
With promises to listen...
Often leaves,
Someone to feel offended.
Especially...
If the one who speaks it,
Does it with honesty.
And truth that strips delusions,
To leave one naked...
Can sometimes end relationships,
If one is not aware...
Who is and who is not prepared,
If the mood is not receptive.

'You asked me to tell you the truth.'

~Yeah,
But...
You could have beat around the bush,
A bit longer.~

'Then you should have asked for clues.
Since I'm not good at all,
With the dropping of hints.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If The Past Has Come To Go

If the past has come to go,
As it has.
Why do so many,
Make attempts to hang onto it?
To debate in heated arguments,
Those treasured good times remembered...
When complaints exchanged,
Often remained the same.
And shared on a daily basis,
By the ones defending their pessimistic views.
With a doing of it and enjoying it too!

If the past has come to go,
As it has.
Why are those who had opportunities,
Observed to be heard to criticize...
The ones making sacrifices,
To better their lives.
Despite those who stood by,
Attacking their endeavors and efforts to try.
To then today not admit,
What was done to others provided no benefit.

And if the past has come to go,
As it has.
Why do so many hang onto it,
With wishes their devotion to ignorance...
Had a different approach with less commitment,
To beliefs that would stay 'and' allow it permitted...
To bestow upon those with such kept afflictions,
An advantage that progresses...
Without chasing delusions away.

If the past has come to go,
As it has.
Who amongst those unprepared to awaken,
Will await for their debates to end...
To realize too late,
Their priorities isolated have eliminate escapes.

And what they believe to remain forever is gone,
With a leaving them and their standards to value...
In a past to come to go,
As it has.
Like they have,
To be forgotten and determined insignificant...
By those who have found reality,
To discover and accept...
As a part of living their lives.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If The Playing Field Was Leveled

If the playing field was leveled,
And those with skills were playing the game...
There would be fewer less disappointed people,
Observed wasting their time, resources and patience.
And bored out of their minds.
While the ones with no apparent talent,
Continue to strike out at everyone's expense.
But...
Are cheered on to convince they too,
Can eventually become great...
If given the opportunity to hit just ONE ball,
Without a fouling to strike out...
Each time they get to hold the bat.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If The Surface For Them Did Not Exist

If the surface didn't exist,
Many wouldn't have a thought to cling to.
Many wouldn't know,
Which gossip heard was true.
If the surface for them did not exist.

If the surface didn't exist,
The many dependent on having lives not their own...
Would be lost without being told what to do.
Many absolutely would not have a clue...
How to find their way around,
Without following in someone's footsteps.
If the surface they sniffed did not exist.

And if the surface for them did not exist...
They would not be able to sit alone,
Doing something completely on their own...
And appreciating life,
With the minding of their own business.
If...
The surface for many did not exist,
It would be taumatic for them to seek a thought process.
Many would not know where or how to begin.

So many are accustomed to living lives that are shallow.
With an ability only to identify with that...
Which is supplied and arrives to them surfacely.
Even a dog sniffing tries to find a place to bury a bone.
And doing that alone.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If The Truth Be There...Tell It

The strength of America,
Was built on the backbone
Of those of color.
Those who paved the railroads...
Chinese, Mexicans, Indians and Blacks.
And slaved in the fields.
The Irish know that these are facts.
Indentured slaves...
Many of them were.
While the 'others' found ease in comfort!
And doing what they feel.
While they imported relatives...
To begin nepotism deals.
Some with no English spoken at all.
And their ancestors made sure,
They were not the ones to sweat.
While ignorance at a time ran rampant...
To create today's regrets!
And that is the history,
Often not told...
To those who have chosen racism,
As the way to go!
To claim what is and not theirs to share!
If the truth be there...
Tell it!
And not sell deceit,
That defeats...
Lost souls!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If Their Knees Stayed Glued

The ones coming to face,
Insurmountable dilemmas...
Replacing misdeeds they seeded to place,
On paths of others...
They chose to debase and humiliate,
In secret and deceiving ways.
To believe they could do,
And walk away unscathed.
Free to live their lives fantasized!
Will come one day to realize...
Lieing on others and from them trying to hide,
Is not wise when truth does not end its pursuit...
To return to them with a vengeance done,
They could not defend themselves from it...
If their knees stayed glued to church pews.
And not with a heartfelt sincerity.
But...
With hopes to prevent,
Negativity of their invested interests intended...
From a stopping of dumping on them to deposit,
All the trash and garbage they meant to send.
Done to do right back on them!
Even with their best portrayal of kept denials.

'WHY?
Why is all of this happening,
To me? '

~Who knows?
Maybe God has you mistaken for someone else.
Have you bothered to ask Him? ~

'I have.
When I can find the time like today I have found.
Some Sundays I do go to church and pray.
After I buy something new to wear.'

~Then perhaps your asking,
Masquerades a fear of removing your pretense.

I've heard it said,
God is All-Knowing and Omni-present.
Maybe you should try being more...
Convincing.~

'Maybe you should 'try',
The minding of your own business.
My relationship with God is 'unique'.
You don't know me.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If There Is Anything To Miss

If there is anything to miss,
About my not missing you.
Is the time it took to realize,
I could have had this joy a lot sooner.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If There Is Division

If there is division...
It has been envisioned,
By those who call for unity!

A unity of what?
Collective respect?
A diversity realized...
Should have that in perspective.

A unity of color?
To accomplish what with each other?
To make the same claims...
That no one lives up,
To a common name?
Or those with divergent purposes,
Should come together
And be entertained?
Or remain as crabs in a barrel?
So everyone will see to it...
No one makes any gains?

If there is division...
It has been envisioned,
By those who call for unity!

Those who have insecurities.
And believe they should be shared by all.
To continue to stall a growth process...
Those professing unity,
Can further dissect...
To feel this done as an acceptance.
And to keep those with identities,
Fearing to accomplish...
Individual opportunities.
That a collectiveness would not embrace.
Because a familiarized ignorance,
Has been replaced!

If there is division...

It has been envisioned,
By those who call for unity!
Those who seek support...
For purposes to abort any gain!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If There Is No Rain

Forget all and any tests administered in your past.
Keep a focus moving forward on your chosen path.
With strengthened faith dismiss darkened clouds,
To make it possible to complete further tasks...
You allow and determine you will pass.
And observe obstacles becoming less noticeable.
As if they did not appear to exist.
Or frighten you away as rumors of storms persist.
Although others may run afraid to face them!

'I don't understand that at all.'

Too many symbolic images?

'No.
The listening to pay attention to rumors.
Why is it people fear thunder,
Before it is heard or witness any lightening? '

That's the 'nature' of gossip to rumor.
Spiced with effective innuendo.
But for me...
If there is no rain,
I am not going to worry about a pain to gain.
AND...
If it does happen to rain,
No umbrella is going to stop my arthritis!

'I like the symbolism of that.'

Symbolism?
That's a fact!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If These Times Lived Did Not Exist

May these times lived,
Be those times we now live in...
With the acknowledgement,
That if these times lived did not exist...
There would be no other times like these,
Experienced to say...
They have come to us to be witnessed,
Like this.
To enjoy to disagree in argument.
Or observe the necessity of conflict.
If these times for us lived did not exist...
How many can honestly say,
They awaken each day prepared to resist...
Such a majestic blessing many do not appreciate.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If They Can Afford To Pay

And...
Which hours am I allowed to roam,
Away from my home if I so please?

'You are given at least eight hours per day.
To use together or separately if you wish.
But remember this...
In this community your safety is our concern.'

Suppose I choose more hours to use?

'Your lease requires you to pay an additional fee.'

I see.
Is there anything at all available in an urban neighborhood?

'We do have a few homes left.
However...
We can not guarantee you will sleep more peacefully,
Since in those divisions...
Our effective profiling has been stopped.
And as frightening as it may be...
Many of 'those' people can be seen walking around freely.'

I am confused by your policies.
Why would I want to be restricted to limits?
And then pay to do as I please?

'You specifically requested to see,
The best neighbors we have available.
And with fees to pay we guarantee your safety.'

Why are some homes patrolled by those,
Wearing camouflaged fatigues?

'They are the ones who have paid handsomely for their freedom.
And after constructing the barbed wired fences,
They also chose to have armed guards.
And the fees they pay are enormous.

Rarely do they come outside if we are not given,
A list of their errands at least a month in advance.'

And 'this' is what they wish?

'We provide anyone living here ultimate safety,
IF they can afford to pay.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If They Can Excite Fresh Fish To Bite

I could never trust anyone I knew,
Who told outright lies!
To undo good reputations.
To spew unfounded allegations.
And I have known people who have done this.
Some with unsupported assertions to spread.
Others who quote from scriptures...
Once they have found God,
In the recesses of their thick heads.

While others are much too busy,
Plagiarizing something written or read.
Declaring something profound has been discovered.
And they had been the creator of its inception.
With dates of such theft,
Given for these spurts of mental fantasticness...
Prior to the originator's documented and copywritten,
Certified best!

Some liars are gifted tricksters!

Thusly so with henceforth to conclude...
A stirring up of controversy is solicited.
If they can excite fresh fish to bite!
And liars of all kinds make claims...
Even from behind Maple, Oak and Cherry wooden desks,
And/or pulpits!
They are skilled with one thing on their minds...
To hopefully go to and fro undetected!
If they can excite fresh fish to bite!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If They Had The Time And Opportunity

What I have chosen to do,
If I know what to be done is right...
Is to do it.
And take responsibility,
For that action that I've done.
To leave others not accustomed,
To the doing of the same thing...
Left in discussion,
About what they would have done themselves...
IF they had the time and opportunity!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If They Have Time Like You To Waste

You would like to find something hidden,
In my background.
To expose and despise.
Wouldn't you?
Something you discovered,
To prove my life is based upon lies!
Wouldn't you?
Graduating yourself from whispered gossip,
To embarrassing full public announcements...
Wouldn't you?
But what is there to prove in those activities that you do?
Especially when I've been several steps ahead of you!
Making sure everything I've done is there!
And easy for anyone to find.
If they have time like you to waste.
And a mind that generates in dim space.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If They Knew

Ask anyone who is hungry.
And thirsting from it until it hurts.
Whether or not they have concerns,
If the food delivered to provide them nourishment...
Had been grown in Muslim or Christian dirt.
Or which part of the Earth,
Did it rain upon first...
To supply them with water to drink!

Ask anyone who is hungry.
And many in this position,
What it is they think...
About those who decide...
To incite into their divisions.
Ask them if they would rather not...
Feed to eat or sip to drink,
If they knew what to them had not been known.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If They Wanted

Maybe I've been around the block...
Maybe just one and too many times.
Maybe I've been around the block,
And...
Those times have opened my mind.

Maybe I've been around the block.
And...
Too many times.
And it leaves me, I-M-P-A-T-fatigued.
With a I-E-N-...
Repeated.
It's hard for me to sit and quietly when I see...
Decadence.
And lack of discipline defended.
Maybe I've been around the block.
And...
Much too long.
When I perceive respect is given,
Where it belongs...
Everybody gets it and that isn't wrong.

Maybe I've been around the block...
Too long.
And if I move from it my headaches,
Will be gone...
For good.
But the treaures go invisible in my 'hood.
And maybe I'm just seeing it like no one else could.
And they could,
If they wanted.

Maybe I've been around the block.
And...
Too many times.
And it leaves me, I-M-P-A-T-fatigued.
With I-E-N-T...
Repeated.

Maybe I've been around the block...
Too long.
And if I move from it my headaches,
Will be gone...
For good.
But the treaures go invisible in my 'hood.
And maybe I'm just seeing it like no one else could.
And they could,
If they wanted.

Maybe I've been around the block,
For too long.
And I want those treasures seen not defeated.

Maybe I've been around the block,
For too long.
And I want those treasures seen not defeated.

Maybe I've been around the block,
For just too long.
And I want those treasures seen not defeated.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If They'Re Available

What I find...
Will be mine,
On my journey to be named.
If it's available and not part of a game.

And what I find...
Will be mine to be known,
AND claim.
If it's available and not part of a game.

A discovered new lover, to know.
If they're available and not playing a game.
Someone to believe.
If they're available and not playing a game.
Someone devoted.
If they're available and not playing a game.
Who's easy to please.
And...
Together we can be happy.

A discovered new lover, to know.
If they're available and not playing a game.
Someone to believe.
If they're available and not playing a game.
Someone devoted.
If they're available and not playing a game.
Who's easy to please.
And...
Together we can be happy.

What I find...
Will be mine,
On my journey to be named...
If it's available and not part of a game.
A discovered new lover, to know.
If they're available and not playing a game.
Someone to believe.
If they're available and not playing a game.
Someone devoted.

If they're available and not playing a game.
Who's easy to please.
And...
Together we can be happy.

I'm ready to...
Give all my love.
If they're available and not part of a game.
With a heart wide open.
If they're available and not part of a game.
I'm ready to...
Live.
If they're available and not part of a game.
Take and give.
If they're available and not part of a game.

What I find...
Will be mine,
On my journey to be named.
If it's available and not part of a game.

I'm ready to...
Give all my love.
If they're available and not part of a game.
Giving all they need.
If they're available and not part of a game.
Giving all my love.
If they're available and not part of a game.
Giving all they need.
And...
Together we can be happy.
I'm ready to...
Give all my love.
If they're available and not part of a game.
Giving all they need.
If they're available and not part of a game.
Giving all my love.
If they're available and not part of a game.
Giving all they need.
If they're available and not part of a game.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If This Is Meant

If it's meant,
A loneliness experienced.
Will come to an end.
And not in a forever,
Be for one spent.

If this is meant.

If it's meant,
To discover loyalty and trust
One seeks as a must,
That trust will be unquestioned
When that time comes.
And instead of 'one'
Two together becomes an 'us'.
To trust.
If
This is meant.

A searching with a wish,
Is dismissed to be given up.
And if it 'is' meant to be to undo,
That patience sacriifced,
Awaiting that special one
Will come to appear in one's view.
If it's meant to be for one's eyes to see.

If this is meant as it should be.

If it's meant,
To discover loyalty and trust
One seeks as a must,
That trust will be unquestioned
When that time comes.
And instead of 'one'
Two together becomes an 'us'.
To trust.
If
This is meant.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If This Is To Be 'My' Destiny

My time to exist is in the 'now'.
Not in a hesitation waiting.
Nor procrastinating in dreams wished.

To do with a falling to crawl,
IF this is to be 'my' destiny.

But to 'do' with a doing to get done,
To know consciously I can accomplish...
Even that which I try...I, will identify as success.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If This Needs Repeating

I feel blessed.
Yes.
And less stressed with mess.
I feel deep within me a happiness,
I can bring to the surface and express.
I'm not going to say,
I am free of an ache or pain.
I'm not going to elaborate...
On my losses or gains.
Or even my despairs and disappointments,
That may come!
I'm not sharing any of that!
None,
With anyone!
I feel blessed.
Yes.
And less stressed with mess.
I feel deep within me a happiness,
I can bring to the surface and express.
I'm not going to say,
I am free of an ache or pain.
I'm not going to elaborate...
On my losses or gains.
Or even my despairs and disappointments,
That may come!
I'm not sharing any of that!
None,
With anyone!
If this needs repeating...
I don't mind being the one,
To get that done!
I feel blessed.
Yes.
And less stressed with mess.
I feel deep within me a happiness,
I can bring to the surface and express.
I'm not going to say,
I am free of an ache or pain.
I'm not going to elaborate...

On my losses or gains.
Or even my despairs and disappointments,
That may come!
I'm not sharing any of that!
None,
With anyone!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If This Was 1953

If this was 1953,
And I was still beset with fantasies...
I 'might' consider your challenge to compete with me,
Seriously.
But I am at a stage of my life,
I do not seek to dine in limelight.
Or humbly bow with the receiving of applause.

It has been over sixty years my craving has been fed,
With a wiping of nervous sweat from my forehead.
And I am extremely flattered you have chosen me to pick,
As someone you believe would be interested.

But...
If this was 1953,
And I was still beset with fantasies...
I 'might' consider your challenge to compete with me,
Seriously.
But I am at a stage of my life,
I do not seek to dine in limelight.
Or humbly bow with the receiving of applause.

My priorities have been narrowed,
To the getting out of bed.
And praying with a thankfulness,
Not to feel a new pain or ache to dread.
However...
I AM honored to 'think',
You believe me someone 'you' could hoodwink.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If This Was Not For You

If this was not for you,
I wouldn't take the time.
I'm sure I can find other things to do.
If this was not for you.

If this was not for you,
I don't think I'd be sitting with this patience.
Wanting to achieve what I believe,
You would approve.
If this was not for you,
I would not bother...
To listen to my heart like this.

It has been too long I've wanted someone like you.
Someone with finesse and attitude.
Direct and yet aggressive.
Optimistically objective...
Without getting upset.
With the very best of me...
There for you 'if' you do!

If this was not for you,
I wouldn't take the time.
And you wouldn't know this,
Is something from my heart!
Something that is mine to give...
And deliver to you as is!

I'm sure I can find other things to do.
If this was not for you....
The moment this was started.
You have to know that's true.
My feelings for you would have long departed.
From a passing fantasy into the emptiness,
Of forgotten thoughts.

If this was not for you,
You would not make time...
Stand still in my mind!

Nor will I seek to find it

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If This Would Mean An End To A Chase

I wish I could issue rose glasses to those in need.
Those hoping to get a taste of that dangling carrot.
Or a slice of apple pie topped with homemade icecream.
If this would mean an end to a chase.
And heartaches embraced would fade away from desiring,
Such teased treats to feed and fantasize.

I wish I could purchase enough peppermint sticks,
To dip in minted tea...
For all of those wishing a life lived in comfort and luxury.
Wouldn't it be nice to see on TV...
Parents laughing and singing with their children happily,
While engaged as a family living life peacefully.

I wish I could issue rose glasses to those in need.
Those hoping to get a taste of that dangling carrot.
Or a slice of apple pie topped with homemade icecream.
If this would mean an end to a chase.
And heartaches embraced would fade away from desiring,
Such teased treats to feed and fantasize.

If this would mean an end to a chase.
To live their lives as they see fit.
Without the constant bombardment,
Of being fed nonsense.
And heartaches embraced would fade away from desiring,
Such teased treats to feed and fantasize.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If To Just Listen

I can give you my attention.
But please do not mention,
The time I spend.
Or the quality of it.
When yours I can not depend.
I care about your welfare.
If I did not,
I would not be here.
When I'm in need of your appearance...
It is as if you have disappeared.
And I am not here to compare cares!
I am here to make it clear,
I care whether you are aware of it or not!
Am I the only one...
That has come to knock on your door?
Am I the only one...
To come to you,
When my wants and wishes you have ignored?
But then I remember too...
This 'is' all about you!
As it has been for quite sometime.
Isn't that true?
Even when you whine...
Who can you count on,
To give you their time?
Whether or not...
You appreciate that it's mine to give,
To you to abuse!
I can give you my attention.
But please do not mention,
The time I spend.
Or the quality of it.
When yours I can not depend.
Whenever I may be in,
A need to have you near...
If to just listen!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If Truth Is Lived

If truth is lived.
As you say it is to believe.
Why are you constantly arguing,
With others who live...
Their lives,
Based upon rumors to gossip.
And...
Innuendos shared to perceive?
If...
Truth is yours to live.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

'If' Truth Mattered

'IF' truth mattered,
Conflicts to pick would not exist.
Nor would divisions splitting quickly,
Biased by racial differences...
Focused upon to offend.
'IF' truth mattered.

'IF truth mattered,
Lies to tell would not be told.
To sell and buy to have them sold.
'IF' truth mattered.

'IF' truth mattered,
Gossip heard with rumors to spread...
Would not be a thought to keep in one's head.
With facts squeezed from the truth until it's dead.
'IF' truth mattered.

And 'IF' truth mattered,
More people would seek truth to live.
With a pursuing it in their lives.
Without expressing a negativity,
To address this until all positivity dies.
'IF' truth mattered in all living life,
Delusions to protect would be despised.

'IF' truth did matter,
Very few would be left to question it.
Very few would question the reason why,
Anyone would tell lies to deny them told.
'IF' truth mattered to be what it is to accept,
There would be more of it shown to have it known...
That a truth to have to feel with it lived for real,
Should not be a request to suggest.
Or solicited to demand in organized street protests.

Yet too many are refusing its presence to reject it.
On a daily basis truth is ignored.
Neglected to disrespect.

Nor is it debated anymore.
Too many still await for their invitations,
To participate in all kinds of unrest.
Mental. Social. And civil.
As if adopted to become the 'new' etiquette.
Until no one is left on a quest for peace to get.

And here we are!
Whipped up into a craze.
Running towards and not away from madness.
Prioritizing everything else in our lives,
To list as a preference with an interest invested.
But truth?
Truth has yet to matter.
To reach and achieve to stay among the top ten.

'Another innocent child has been shot.
After doing homework and leaving the library.
Of all places.
Thank God he didn't die.
Another kid confessed and said,
*Yeah, I shot him.
My mama told me people like that always think,
They are better than the rest of us.*
And his mother said nothing,
When she found out about it.
But had the 'nerve' to stand defiant.
With her arms folded and head tilted to one side,
As the cameras filmed her unconcern.'

~Remember those shoes I wore to church last week?
You wont believe this.
But yesterday...YES-STIR-DAY...
I saw those exact 'same' shoes on sale.
I'm gonna return them. Thank God I saved the receipt.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If Truth Was A Factor

If truth was a factor,
There'd be no backup to go after.
If,
Truth was a factor.
If,
Truth was a factor.

And if truth was a factor,
There'd be less sadness and more laughter...
If,
Truth was a factor.
If,
Truth was a factor.

We all would benefit from it!
If,
Truth was a factor.
There'd be no sadness that existed.
If,
Truth was a factor.
If,
Truth was a factor.

If truth was a factor,
There'd be no backup to go after.
If,
Truth was a factor.
If,
Truth was a factor.

And if truth was a factor,
There'd be less sadness and more laughter...
If,
Truth was a factor.
If,
Truth was a factor.

We all would benefit from it!
If,

Truth was a factor.
There'd be no sadness that existed.
If,
Truth was a factor.
If,
Truth was a factor.

And if truth was a factor,
There'd be less sadness and more laughter...
If,
Truth was a factor.
If,
Truth was a factor.
If,
Truth was a factor.
There'd be less sadness and more laughter...
If,
Truth was a factor.
If,
Truth was a factor.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If Truth Within Them Does Not Reside

People who believe they can erase,
What they have come to face on a daily basis...
And not dissect to self exam their routines and rituals,
But expect their denials kept does not affect...
To reflect what they oppose and choose to neglect,
Are those seeking miracles to undo to themselves...
What they've done but can not seem to overcome.
And delusions to live with a wish to keep them alive,
Will not free them to know truth if truth within them...
Does not reside but from it they hide to chase lies.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If Using Profanity Was My Proclivity Of Choice

Why do they look at you,
As if they are upset?

'They 'are' upset!
They said something I disliked.
And I responded not using one curse word.'

What did you say?

'All I said was...
If using profanity was my proclivity of choice,
I would not hesitate to use such procryptic measures.
But an insect to show my color,
I am not.'

Maybe they didn't know what you said,
And they were expecting for you to cuss them out.
And that is why they are upset.
Maybe they thought you were referring to them,
As roaches.

'Roaches?
No.
I have more respect for them.
They aren't the creatures getting on my nerves.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If War Is At The Core

If war is at the core,
That fuels the engine...
To keep an economy thriving.
And at full speed.
There will be more war.
More weapons made.
And more rumors of peace, Wished.
As if,
The elusiveness of it to get
Is dependent upon...
Who next can be depicted,
As a threat to a way of life
Inviting fears to produce.
And new enemies to describe.
While another innocent insect,
Or animal is introduced...
To be the reason and cause,
Of the latest created...
Epidemic to spread,
By lust and too much...
Prolonged and lingering,
Suspicious eye contact...
That has been found to be,
An unlawful way to solicit...
Sex!
Determined not politically,
Or morally ethical correct.

But war?
And rumors of more...
Has become more acceptable,
Than the naturalness...
Of confessing wanting,
To be naked with someone...
Many find repulsive.
And offensive,
To their values...
And high moral standards!

Although...
Honorable it is to kill.
Lawfully to justify.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If We Are Not Here To Give And Receive

If we are not here to give and receive...
Why are we blessed with arms to reach.
And hands to offer,
What we have to share?

Why would our hearts be where there are...
With legs attached,
To move as we choose...
To distances near or far?
With minds when unconfined,
Can be anywhere and at any time!

If we are not here to give and receive.
And to believe,
That is why we are here.
Then why do some deny others the gifts...
They have been given to collect,
But they elect...
Just to let sit to do nothing with?

As things they witness dust and rust...
Providing them an emptiness.
With a faith they must keep trusted.
And an absence of their happiness,
Allowing themselves to be burdened...
With feelings to fulfill,
An unadmitted insignificance...
Enclosing within them,
As they pretend to hush this alone...
Condoning.
In a silent crush!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If We Borrowed From Tomorrow's Joy Today

Stop endorsing thoughts that do not flourish
Your best wishes for complete and total wellness.
It's not a good feeling to have body aches
Or feelings of sickness you know you can't fake.
Not when it is yours...
Embracing you behind closed doors.
I KNOW that to be true!

I wonder if one chooses,
To tell the mind not to feel confined.
Within walls of limitation of all and any kind...
What would follow?

What would come...
If we borrowed from tomorrow's joy today,
What would follow in tomorrow's uncertainty?
Will we have enough for the rest of our lives...
To make more of it happen each day,
And be able to thrive in ways we wish!
Let it be known...
Any agony you own,
Is up for sale or leased!

Inspired By:
Frances J. McAlpine Sharp
Hartford, Connecticut

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If We Choose To Ask

We live to give.
And share in the taking.
Comparing our differences,
Does not lead to a wholesome life.

To receive life as it is,
Heightens one's consciousness...
With an exploration of it.
Until The Creator decides it is over.

Even those burdens we carry on our shoulders.
Can be removed.
If we choose to ask.
Although few do!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

'If' We Focused And Dared

On 'this' side,
Of our daily lives...
So many chances come to us,
To reflect.
So many chances come to us,
To accept or reject...
And/or decide,
The direction of our lives.

On 'this' side,
We can...
If we wish,
Choose to cry, sigh or create alibis...
Over 'that' we can not change.
Many make claims,
So much for them remains the same.
Revolving in slow motion.

On 'this' side...
We can slip,
Dip and slide...
Into regular doses of misery,
Profused in dripping sweat.
Proving to all...
We are doing the best we can,
For the expected results we get.

And we can try hard to hide,
On 'this' side...
Every last borrowed sorrow.
Or...
We can TAKE PRIDE in who we are!
To make 'that' a goal,
For us to consciously accomplish!
As a means of assurance to complete,
And get done...'if', we focused and dared.

On 'this' side,
We can...

If we wish,
Correct and not dismiss...
Events of nonsense.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If We Just Ask

Structured to withstand the blows of heartache.
Although we tremble within with emotion...
There is a healing taking place.
It may not show on our faces!
Or flow from shut tight lips,
Concealing teeth gritting.
We moan.
It is felt.
Sometimes unshown.
And unknown to those who know us.
The pain alone we bear!
Unable to share a bit of it.
But God knows what it is that we go through.
And it is God that knows what we must do!
And that comes to pass...
If we just ask.
If we just ask...
That which seems to leave us to grieve,
To go.
Will!
If we just ask God to make it so!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If We Just Leave Those Battlezones Alone

Consumed with you,
But not a dressed confection.
A naturalness my taste selects.
I am not one who seeks perfection.
Nor expect you to pass a preference test.

The reason I adore you,
Is because you are complex.
And simple basicness will not please,
Your or my interests to fulfill...
An expectation of happiness.

You and I booted normality.
And scooted from boozed up realities.
With more to enjoy than anatomy.
Or discuss the isn'ts of what should be...
In a world few live with priorities.
And no adventure,
Or discovery.

There's more to seek than just enemies.
With limited wishes to cheer their defeat.

You and I know there's a destiny...
If we just leave,
Those battlezones alone.

You and I booted normality.
And scooted from boozed up realities.
There's more to seek than just enemies.
With limited wishes to cheer their defeat.
If we just leave,
Those battlezones alone.

You and I know there's a destiny...
If we just leave,
Those battlezones...
Alone.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If With Truth It Bites

Experiences.
Come to sit within.
What one does with them,
Depends upon the stripping that begins.
To remove that which one knows is untrue.
Deceit for them is not accepted or quickly served.

Experiences can not be exchanged,
For refreshened outlooks to eliminate...
What has been gained.
And perhaps that is the reason,
Those with experience...
Maintain and sustain a growing wisdom.
Many fail to solicit if with truth it bites!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If You Ain'T Practicing

You can not spit watermelon seeds
Across the street.
Not if you are watching it grow on a vine,
From the confines of someone's backyard.
How can you perfect anything,
If you ain't practicing it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If You Allow Yourself To Set High Standards

If you allow yourself to set high standards...
For yourself!
No one else.
Just yourself.
You will enjoy a higher flight.
Feeling right and certain with this decision,
Made.
With your sights gliding,
Towards an enlightenment sent...
To aid your clearing vision.
As clouds from a darkened limitation,
Fades.

And...
If you allow yourself to set high standards...
For yourself!
No one else.
Just yourself.
Who knows...
You just may influence,
Someone else...
To take flight and also soar.
Who knows who will choose with you,
To explore the soaring done you will do!

And all of those struggles you fight,
Will come from behind those doors you closed.
In a silent battle.
To expose themselves,
As obstacles you allowed to impose...
Upon your attention given.
They will know then...
To you they seem so insignificant.
And they will argue!
But from you they will eventually leave.

With a sliding right off your back.
To become detached.

Never to find you to saddle for a ride again.
As you once had welcomed them!
To harness as if a limb needed.

And there will be a peace enjoyed...
Leaving you to command your destiny!

If...
You allow yourself,
To set high standards!
Listen to your heart and learn.
Your eyes will open,
With a dismissing of the fog...
That drifts away,
To reveal your triumph.

If...
You listen to your heart and learn.
You will allow yourself,
To set high standards!
For yourself.
No one else.
Unless they too...
Have a wish for a dimissing of a fog!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If You Are Not Feeling It

Do you have it in yourself to achieve?

Are you bothered by listening and discipline?
Does either one of them or both...
Make you cringe?
Especially when someone experienced,
Tells you over and over again...
Those are the two key elements to success.

And you regard criticisms, advice and suggestions...
As being offensive to your sensitivities?
Plus you rather socialize than to sacrifice your time,
To do anything that prioritizes...
What you claim to have love and interest to do.
And there is no loyalty or devotion applied?
Where is your passion?

Do 'I' think you have it in yourself to achieve?
That's the question you did ask me,
Right?
Well...
You have none of that of which I just mentioned.

Was that a trick question?
Or did you just want to see me laugh?
And why would you ask me,
A question like that in the first place?

If you are not feeling it...
What makes you believe that I can feel 'that',
Coming from you?
Stop seeking attention.
Stop seeking acceptance.
Start...
Believing in yourself and your abilities,
And you will never have to ask me...
Or anyone else,
A question like that again.
Now get out of my face.

You're wasting 'my' time.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If You Are Up To The Challenge

No.
Do not do that to yourself.
Do not wish to live a life to please me,
Or others you desire to impress.
You will never be happy doing that.
Because I know for a fact,
If I understood my own moods...
You'd be bored to tears.
Knowing you had wasted your life,
Uselessly devoted to someone so predictable.

However,
I will say this...
With that said!
If you are up to the challenge,
And love adventure.
By all means,
You'd be ideal.
And the one I have been seeking.
Since neither one of us would know,
What each day to us would bring.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If You Bake It

If you bake it...
So hard it is to then look for escapes.
To create.

If you bake it...
It is easier to face it than to fake.
What you have baked.

People know a flavor,
And the origin of scent...
If you bake it,
To create.

And if you bake it...
So hard it is to then look for escapes.
To create.

People know a flavor,
And the origin of scent...
If you bake it,
To create.

If you bake it...
It is easier to face it than to fake.
What you have baked.

If you bake it...
It doesn't make a difference if you're naked.
You can't even fake it,
If you're naked.

And if you baked it...
It doesn't make a difference if you're naked.
You can't even fake it,
If you're naked.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If You Build It

'If you build it they will come.'
Has always been a statement made,
By those with beliefs...
They know what is best for everyone.
And when this building to be done,
Becomes abandoned to leave...
By the ones who run from such dumb deeds,
Those who believe what they build...
Will leave all pleased,
Are left not to understand...
Wishes and wants of others to ignore,
Is not good business...
If it is desired,
For paying patrons with an interest kept...
To keep doors of a business open.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If You Can'T Dig Me

Do them not me like your enemy.
To lock me tight to stop the very breath I breathe!
Do them not me like your enemy.
To lock me tight to stop the very breath I breathe!

I'm not your property...
A dangled piece of meat.
No trophy to exploit,
To sneeze away like sleaze.

I'm not your property,
Or an ego tease.
With shine to rust or tarnish,
By neglect that bleeds.

Do them not me like your enemy.
To lock me tight to stop the very breath I breathe!
Do them not me like your enemy.
To lock me tight to stop the very breath I breathe!

I'm not a dropp you pop!
Just to say you've got.
If you can't dig me...
I wont break down in shock!
If you can't dig me...
I wont wither and rot!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If You Could Pray Frustrations Away

If you could pray frustrations away...
Would you try it?
Or,
Would you fight it?
And could you work all day without pay?
Would you try it?
Or,
Would you fight it!
Or would you climb to the stars?

If you could cook a meal for peace...
Would you try it?
Or,
Would you fight it?
And could you sauna with your enemies?
Would you try it?
Or,
Would you fight it!
Or would you...
Climb to the stars?

People need to find fresh places to arrive,
And meet.
People need to find a way inside to a reason,
To let go and discover...
The good feeling felt of coming from undercover!

If you could cook a meal for peace...
Would you try it?
Or,
Would you fight it?
And could you sauna with your enemies?
Would you try it?
Or,
Would you fight it!
Or would you...
Climb to the stars?

People need to find fresh places to arrive,

And meet.
People need to find a way inside to a reason,
To let go and discover...
The good feeling felt of coming from undercover!
And getting to know another.
With a goal to hold each close together.

If you could pray frustrations away...
Would you try it?
Or would you climb to the stars?
Alone as wished to be,
Would you climb to the stars?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If You Decide To Go

You can not leave me cold and wet.
Not at this moment.
Not just yet.
The Sunrise isn't promised,
To be clear of clouds.
And I fear left to be dewed...
Without a drying out,
Allowed.

You can not leave me cold and wet.
Not at this moment.
Not just yet.
Can't you stayed to rekindle what was made.
And lay until the heat...
Lingers,
As we peacefully fall to sleep.

You can not leave me cold and wet.
Not at this moment.
Not just yet.
The Sunrise isn't promised,
To be clear of clouds.
And I fear left to be dewed...
Without a drying out,
Allowed.

Even if you decide to go,
The scented pillow that I will hold...
Will not promise your light,
To shine as bright.
Leaving me anticipating your return,
Tomorrow.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If You Decided To Explore

I've never said I wanted to see you fail.
I wish you become more physically disciplined.
This will enable you to energize your mental agility.

You will then discover your abilities.
Extending beyond your set limits.
I never implied your were less adventurous.

When I purchased that map of the city for you...
It was a means to assist you in finding your way back!
IF you decided to explore outside of your comfort zone.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If You Did Have One Of Your Own

If you are finding my actions inappropriate and suspicious,
Wait until you discover what my intentions are!
That's if you are still minding my business.
And not have found any of your own to monitor,
With such zest and enthusiasm.

But I understand.

If I did not do what I do,
You would not have a life I supplied.
One that motivates and initiates excitement.
And this would not keep me inspired,
If you did have one of your own!
Life,
That is!
One you like that radiates joy and light!
That is,
The kind of life that can be yours!
That is,
About your own business and not mine.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If You Did Not Know!

If you sit and listen,
To those deranged.
You will leave them believing...
They are innocent of their misfit ways.
And they had nothing to do with,
A way of life that for all has decayed.

With halos adorning upon their heads.
And wings attached from their backs to spread.
If you sit and listen!
If you did not know!

If you thought of them victimized...
In a world they themselves did not bestow,
Their own love to feed and grow...
A decadence!

A decadence only they nurtured.
And allowed themselves to show!
If you sit and listen to them.
And...
If you did not know!

'What is that over there? '

~Oh...
Those are the two million people incarcerated.~

'How did that happen to them? '

~Who knows?
Perhaps that is what they chose.~

A government for the people,
And by the people!
Certain people...
That is.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If You Don'T From Them Leave!

When mouths are open and ears are closed...
Walk away from this.
Do not hesitate,
As if waiting for this to change.
Walk away from this.
People have been conditioned and trained,
Not to hear or further listen.
Pieces of what they miss is impatiently dismissed
Walk away from this.
When mouths are open and ears are closed...
People will choose ignorance to expose.
Since they have been conditioned to not listen.
And folks convinced like these...
Will bring you to your knees,
If you don't from them decide you should leave!
If you don't from them leave! ,
You're doomed to grieve.
Minds like these are locked without a key.
Walk away from this.
People have been conditioned and trained,
Not to hear or further listen.
Pieces of what they miss is impatiently dismissed
Walk away from this.
Before your life becomes a misery.
And choose to move and do it instantly.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If You Don'T Know What You Want

How long have you been doing this?

'What time is it? '

No,
I mean in years!

'What time is it?
Do you have a second hand,
On your watch?
Should I include those...
Seconds!
Now...
Do you want the time before,
Or after my birth? '

Why can't you ever answer my questions directly?

'I'm trying to!
Do you want a response you want to hear.
Or the one I wish to give? '

Either way I wouldn't know.

'Than why ask the question?
Don't accuse me of not being direct,
If you don't know what you want.'

Why you gotta use logic?

'As if you know the difference! '

Why do you want to insult me!

'Now you are making requests.
Like I said...
You don't know what you want! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If You Ever Make A Mistake

If you make a mistake,
Admit it.
And get it right out of your way.
Don't you ever fake it to escape.
Believing what is done is okay!

If you ever make a mistake,
Just admit it!
And get it out of the way.
Don't you ever fake it to escape...
That mistake someday you'll repay!

There's no need for moaning or groaning,
Over what's been done.
No one lives a perfect life,
Under the Sun!

Alibis are like houseflies.
They begin to annoy.
And habits are like pests when invited...
They are hard to destroy.

Even if you hit 'em with a bat...
They come right back!

If you make a mistake,
Admit it.
And get it right out of your way.
Don't you ever fake it to escape.
Believing what is done is okay!

If you ever make a mistake,
Just admit it!
And get it out of the way.
Don't you ever fake it to escape...
That mistake someday you'll repay!

Strap in that saddle and take that ride.
Admit that mistake made,

And push it aside!

'Okay, okay, okay!
So I made a mistake.
So what's the big deal? '

~Getting you to admit it! ~

If you make a mistake,
Admit it.
And get it right out of your way.
Don't you ever fake it to escape.
Believing what is done is okay!

If you ever make a mistake,
Just admit it!
And get it out of the way.
Don't you ever fake it to escape...
That mistake someday you'll repay!

'Okay, okay, okay!
So I made a mistake.
So what's the big deal? '

~Getting you to admit it!
If you didn't...
That mistake would have others that you make!
And with me,
That's not okay! ~

'Geeessshhh...
Okay!
But please...
Stop the song and dance routine.
I get it! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If You Feed It Good

If you feed it good...
It stays fresh.
It stays the best,
One can get!
Yes.
And,
If you feed it good...
It stays fresh.
It stays the best,
One can get!
Yes,
Feed it good...
And it stays fresh.
It stays the best,
One can get!

I'm not gonna mock you anymore,
'Cause you're good to me.
You don't have to knock,
On that unlocked door.
No more...
I'll rock your needs

When we get it heated! .

Now,
If you feed it good...
It stays fresh.
It stays the best,
One can get!
Yes,
Feed it good...
It stays fresh.
It stays the best,
One can get!
Yes,
Just feed it good...
And it stays fresh.
It stays the best,

One can get!

Don't shout or scream,
To be mean and demean.
I'm not your enemy.
Nor do I owe a thing....
To ya!

You can pout with a frown,
Thinking it will bring me down.
To be around...
For your clown count!
To the ground.

But,
If you feed it good...
It stays fresh.
It stays the best,
One can get!
Yes,
Feed it real good...
It stays fresh.
It stays the best,
One can get!
Just,
Feed it good...
And it stays fresh.
It stays the best,
One can get!

Keep that in your head,
And let it feed real good!
Like it should.
Feed it good.
Keep that in your head,
And let it feed real good!
Like it should.
Feed it good.

Yes,
Feed it real good...
It stays fresh.

It stays the best,
One can get!
And,
Keep that in your head,
And let it feed real good!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If You Feel You Are Important

We are no more important,
Than the importance to us given.
If that is the reason,
You are basing your self worth.
And those opinions of others,
You and others may overrate as valued.

However,
If you feel you are important.
And this is the significance of your identity,
Why should you care what impression you make,
On those not paying you any attention.
Why is it a concern an attention to you be given?

If,
You feel you are important.
This is not a reflection of someone's ego.
This is acceptance with acknowledgement.
Who one 'is' is a gift of known identity.
And not an imitation of an interpretation.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If You Get Up And Move

Get up and move...
With a living that you're given.
Get up and move...
With a living that you're given.
Get up and move...
With a living that you're given.
With a living that you're given...
You'll receive what's yours to get.

That's If you,
Get up and move...
With a living that you're given.
Get up and move...
With a living that you're given.
Get up and move...
With a living that you're given.
With a living that you're given...
You'll receive to get what's missed.

Get up and move...
With a living that you're given.
Get up and move...
With a living that you're given.
Get up and move...
With a living that you're given.
With a living that you're given...
You'll receive what's yours to get.
And what you'll get will be a gift....
To lift your consciousness.

That's if you get up and move.
You will see what has been missing!
If you get up and move.
You will see what has been missing!
Get-Up-And-Move.
You will see what has been missing!
You will see what has been missing!
You can't miss what's yours to get.
That's if you...

Get up and move.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If You Had It

Once you have been lied to...
By anyone who claims,
They are close to you.
And this has been excused.
Get used to it.
You've allowed someone,
To make this a custom.

And you have become the one...
To disregard when it comes to respect.
So you should not suspect,
A reaction of getting upset...
Will be noticed or connected,
To what has been done.

Afterall...
When it comes to integrity,
It was accepted you had none.
If you did...
Your behavior would not be considered erratic.
If you had it!
But what you have is a lack of consistency.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If You Handled Your Business

Come on and handle it quick.
Your business.
Handle it quick and then split.
Your business.
Tired am I of your lip.
It's twisted.
And I deserve none of it.
It's real sick.

'Cause you're too busy pitching what's imagined,
But,
Does no exist.
It's unrealistic and I feel ballistic.

Come on and handle it quick.
Your business.
Handle it quick and then split.
Your business.
Tired am I of your lip.
It's twisted.
And I deserve none of it.
It's real sick.
It's unrealistic and I feel ballistic.

And if you handled your business,
The air between us would not stay thick!

Come on and handle it quick.
Your business.
Handle it quick and then split.
Your business.
'Cause...
You're too busy pitching what's imagined,
But...
Does no exist.
It's unrealistic.
I feel ballistic.

And if you handled your business,

The air between us would not stay thick!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If You Have Been Given The Opportunity

IF you have been given the opportunity,
To be invited to view a bigger picture of life...
That includes you,
But for some reason...
You are no longer tha main topic of it?
Grab a hold onto this opportunity.

You may discover a different world,
You had no idea existed.
And others like yourself,
Finding the useless need...
To adorn rose colored glasses.

Getting a much wider vision of life,
And how the experience of living it...
Can benefit with a more rewarding purpose,
That redefines your identity with clarity!
If...
You have been given that opportunity.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If You Have The Nerve To Listen

If you have come to believe,
Someone can actually be blamed...
For your pitiful life lived?
Look in the mirror!
Add that person to your list as well.

If you want to accuse anyone,
For failures you feel?
Point your finger at everyone,
Who tolerated listening to your nonsense...
As they allowed you to get away with this!

A dead end just doesn't happen.
An accident in the making,
Has had several eyes withnessing it.
A mind condoned to drift into foolishness...
Had been nurtured to follow,
A path one sought with assistance directed.

If you have come to believe,
Someone can actually be blamed...
For your pitiful life lived?
Look in the mirror!
Add that person to your list as well.
And if you have the nerve to listen,
To yourself tell you where to go?
Pay attention!
It may be the beginning for you,
To the doing of 'something' about it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If You Hold Me

If you hold me...
All of your disbeliefs,
Will have to go!
I am not the kind,
To sit and tease you!
I deliver what is real.
And can prove it!
All I ask of you...
Is hold me, please.

If you hold me...
With a faith and trust.
(You can) Release and free,
There is more unseen
I'd like to show you.
Just let go...
And I will fulfill your needs!

If you hold me...
Satisfaction is guaranteed.
I will quarantine you away from grief.
I am not the one to dope up hopes.
That's not what I am here to give.
And you will see this in me!

If you hold me...
That 'someday' comes right now!
And with forever collecting all tomorrows.
Together we can chase those sad sorrows.
If you hold and come with me...
We'll have lasting memories,
To keep!

If you hold me...
All of your disbeliefs,
Will have to go!
I am not the kind,
To sit and tease you!
I deliver what is real.

And can prove it!
All I ask of you...
Is hold me,
In your arms enfold me,
Please!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If You Just Give Me Freedom

If you just give me freedom,
On me you know you can depend,
On me...
You can depend.

If you just give me freedom,
On me you know you can depend,
On me...
You can depend.

With your love,
Give me freedom and you'll see...
On me,
You can depend.
On me you can depend.

Your faith in me will never end.
Give me freedom and you'll see...
On me,
You can depend.
On me you can depend.

A lover like no other lover.
Give me freedom and you'll see...
On me,
You can depend.
On me you can depend.

But I'm not the kind you think,
You can settle down to overload.
I'm not that ready.
And on 'that' you can depend.

If you just give me freedom,
On me you know you can depend,
On me...
You can depend.

If you just give me freedom,

On me you know you can depend,
On me...
You can depend.

But I'm not the kind you think,
You can settle down to overload.
I'm not that ready.
And on 'that' you can depend.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If You Keep The Need Believed

Don't linger to wish for those dreams,
Too long.
Give them a moment or two...
Then begin to make them true.

Escapades seldom come to stay.
Fade they do...
And drift away.
What is wished can come true,
If you keep the need believed.

Don't linger to wish for those dreams,
Too long.
Give them a moment or two...
Then begin to make them true.

Make it your promise,
You will remain honest...
With yourself,
And...
Chase every doubt away,
To places you don't go to visit.

Don't linger to wish for those dreams,
Too long.
Give them a moment or two...
Then begin to make them true.

It may seem impossible at first.
But you must keep your thirst,
Real and certain.
And if you do...
Those dreams you feel,
Will come to touch you too.

If,
You keep the need believed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If You Knew Me

If you knew me,
You'd be here to share with me life.
And it you knew me,
You wouldn't have one sleepless night.
And if you knew me,
You would be here treating me right...
That's if you knew,
My feelings for you...
Leaves me in goose bumps real and true.

Oh,
If you knew me you would know....
What I like about you,
But your doubting makes me sick.
And,
If you knew me you would know...
I want your lips on mine and in a passionate kiss.
And,
If you knew me you would know...
The moment that I met you,
I went into a fit.
My heart began to pounding,
And I couldn't stop it.

Oh,
If you knew me you would know....
My heart began to pounding,
And I couldn't stop it.
Oh,
If you knew me you would know....
What I like about you,
But your doubting makes me sick.
Oh,
If you knew me you would know....
The moment that I met you,
I went into a fit.
Oh,
If you knew me you would know....
I want your lips on mine and in a passionate kiss.

Oh,
If you knew me you would know....
.
If you knew me you would know!
Oh.
Oh,
If you knew me you would know....
Oh. Oh.
If you knew me.
Oh,
If you knew me.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If You Knew The Outcome Of Your Journey

If you knew the outcome of your journey,
What would you do...
If you knew?

What would you do...
If you knew,
The outcome of your journey?

Scheduled dates to procrastinate.
In a sitting done to wait for an excuse to make.

Or would you not waste a second of your time...
If you knew what putting off today,
Will do to your peace of mind!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If You Know Who And Where We Are

As long as you feel I remain accessible,
And here for 'you'...
Needing not a hint or clue,
As to my motives.
That should be enough,
To stop a potential rocking of our boat.
Our hearts are known,
And shown to be devoted.

Why should you prioritize the opinions of others,
That have nothing to do with the relationship we share?
Why should you care,
If you know who and where we are.
And what is between just us.
With a caring deep within our reach.
Especially when you know others can barely stay afloat.
And together they find no time to speak.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If You Let Me Drive

What do I do,
When all I have is You?
All my needs with You are met,
Expecting nothing due. It's true...
I have no regrets.

What do I do,
When plans I make
Are made with You beside me...
Without one thought to hesitate.

What do I do...
When everything prayed for is being done?
I know You're Omni-present and Magnificent...
All Things Delicious,
Most Revered and Precious One!

I know You're 'there',
To protect and guide!
All I ask from You, Your Grace...
Is to let me drive!
Haven't I boosted up enough,
Your Rooster Boasting Pride?
If You let me drive...
I wont forget You're there with me,
Along for the ride...
Right by my side!

'You have a unique way to attract My attention,
My son.
Such a...
Revamped approach to making clear to Me,
Your needs!
With a spoiled sense of expectation!
Sure...
I'll let you drive!
As soon as you prove and show to ME,
You deserve the 'keys'!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If You Lie You Fly That's It

My rule...
To sustain everlasting happiness.

If you lie you fly that's it!
Your wings here with me will be clipped!
With changed locks as evidence...
I have had enough of your moods.
Nonsense.
And your shifts!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If You Must Know

If you must know...

I'm the meadow.
I'm the stream through the hills.
I'm the valley below.
If you must know.
(If you must know)

If you must know...
I'm the Winter breeze.
I'm what you see but can't believe it.
I'm the heat.
I'm the snow.
If you must know.
(If you must know)

If you must know.
I'm the moonlight at night.
I'm the Sun giving 'sunlove'
I'm there at birth and when life goes.
If you must know.

So many live,
Trying
To de-mystify me.
Too many
Trying
To dismiss what 'it' is...
When
All this that I give.

If you must know...
I'm the heartbreak that comes.
I'm the wound and the healer.
I'm the shadow that appears...
Then out of sight...it goes.
If you must know.

So many live,

Trying
To de-mystify me.
Too many
Trying
To dismiss
What 'this' is...
When
All this that I give,
Brings life to those who live.

Too many times,
I've left sorrow and pain.
With
Too many know me...
As welcomed rain,
When I poured down on others.

I'm the meadow.
I'm the stream through the hills.
I'm the valley below.
If you must know.

And if you must know!

I'm the Winter breeze.
I'm what you see but can't believe it.
I'm the heat.
I'm the snow.
If you must know.
(If you must know)

I'm the moonlight at night.
I'm the Sun giving 'sunlove'
I'm there at birth and when life goes.
If you must know.

And If you must know!

Too many times,
I've left sorrow and pain.
Too many people know me...
As welcomed rain,

When I poured it down on others...
To bring them back in touch!

So many live,
Trying
To de-mystify me.
Trying
To dismiss,
All this that I give.
And I give with all my love.
Too much.

I'm the meadow.
I'm the stream through the hills.
I'm the valley below.
If you must know!

And I'll give,
All I can...
To those who live.

If you must know.
I give.
If you must know.
To let live!

If you must know...
Let live.
If you must know...
Let live.
If you must know...
Let it go,
And live!
If you must know...
Live.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If You Must Limp Alone Across The Finish Line

If you must limp alone across the finish line,
Do it and be proud.
You have no challengers to win this race.
Goals you've chosen,
No one can deface or cheapen.
Or replace your dreams with their wishes.

You have already won your prize.
By keeping your eyes focused.
And remaining unvictimzed by fear.
You were able to fight it off.
And it did not cost you a thing!
But initiative.

You are to be congratulated.
What you desire,
Is so close.
So near.
So very clear.
Just choose to see it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If You Need It Keep It

If you need it keep it.
Faith.
If you need it.
Hope.
If you need it.
Don't ever let them go.
Oh.
If you need it keep it.
Faith.
If you need it.
Hope.
If you need it.
Don't ever let them go.

Don't abandoned your beliefs,
To please those nonbelieving.
Don't ever grieve to feed,
Those lost of faith.
And, don't ever leave behind,
Your peace of mind...
To become confined,
In untreated heated fever.

If you need it keep it.
Faith.
If you need it.
Hope.
If you need it.
Don't ever let them go.
Oh.
If you need it keep it.
Faith.
If you need it.
Hope.
If you need it.
Don't ever let them go.
Be aware of prayer and stay right there.

Don't ever leave behind,

Your peace of mind...
To become confined,
In untreated heated fever.

If you need it keep it.
Faith.
If you need it.
Hope.
If you need it.
Don't ever let them go.
Oh.
If you need it keep it.
Faith.
If you need it.
Hope.
If you need it.
Don't ever let them go.
Be aware of prayer and stay right there.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If You Only Knew

Why is it,
People seeking dirt to find on others...
Seem always to be the ones discovered,
Making attempts to shovel themselves...
Out from under it?
And when unexpectedly caught in the act,
Will first depend on getting some empathy.

'If you only knew what I was doing,
To keep myself from being victimized.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

'If' You Picked Up The Beat

Remember when we first met?
And we couldn't wait,
To touch our nakedness next?
The thrill of those sessions...
I confess I miss!
But after the hunt,
And we captured each other...
We allowed our bliss,
To turn into sssshhhhhady kisses...
Pecked to flea!
We spend no time together.
We can't wait from each other to leave.
Sssshhhhhady maybe we've become!
Because we haven't kept up together...
Our long lasting fun!

Remember how we use to stroll,
Hand in hand as if hypnotized?
Remember when we walked into that tree...
That day our eyes we could not leave.
Do you remember saying forever,
Together we would be?
And I remember us making love...
As if we were rabbits in heat!
Where is the spark that ignited,
My arched back?
Where has the thunder gone...
Between your thighs you packed?

Sssshhhhhady kisses...
Pecked to flea!
We spend no time together.
We can't wait from each other to leave.
Sssshhhhhady maybe,
We've become!
Because we haven't kept,
That togetherness...
We've done!

Remember when we first met?
And we couldn't wait,
To touch our nakedness next?
The thrill of those sessions...
I confess I miss!
But after the hunt,
And we captured each other...
We allowed our bliss,
To turn into...

'Sssshhhhh...
I am tired of hearing that same tune sung!
'If' you picked up the beat,
Under the sheets!
Perhaps we can have that heated fun! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If You Really Want It

You don't have to give it up to come to a stop.
You don't have to give it up to come to a stop.
You don't have to give it up to come to a stop.
You can do it if you want and climb to the top.

You don't have to give up it to come to a stop.
You don't have to give up it to come to a stop.
You don't have to give up it to come to a stop.
You can do it if you want and climb to the top.

Successful,
People don't stop...
A wanting,
To climb to the top.
And dreaming,
To succeed...
With belief!

And...
Often found to weep.

Successful,
People don't stop...
A wanting,
To climb to the top.
And dreaming,
To succeed...
With belief!

And...
Often found to weep.

So,
You don't have to give it up to come to a stop.
No,
You don't have to give it up to come to a stop.
So,
You don't have to give it up to come to a stop.
You can do it if you want and climb to the top.

No,
You don't have to give it up to come to a stop.
So,
You don't have to give it up to come to a stop.
No,
You don't have to give it up to come to a stop.
If you really want it you can climb to the top.

Successful,
People don't stop...
If you really want it you can climb to the top.

Successful,
People don't stop...
A wanting,
To climb to the top.
If you really want it you can climb to the top.

Successful,
People don't stop...
If you really want it you can climb to the top.
If you really want it you can climb to the top.
If you really want it you can climb to the top.
If you really want it you wont come to a stop!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If You Sincerely Choose To Excel

The only thing,
You may be able to prove...
Is your right to live your own life.

However,
In doing so...
You have no right to believe,
Your success or lack of it...
Depends on someone else,
Being depicted as less deserving.
Because that is what you wish.
And you make attempts,
For others to acknowledge this.

Be not that big of a fool.
IF you sincerely choose,
To excel.
Fools are a dime a dozen.
And today...
Anyone just may get two dozen,
For less than that!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If You Still Remembered Me

This space I wanted,
Seems too large and empty
Without you.

In this place,
You've taken all my comfort.
I did not know you could do that.
I did not know I would want you back...
Like I want you back now.

This space I wanted,
Seems too barren and bleak
Without hearing your words
I wish to hear you speak.

You split...
And I called it quits.
We could not sit and talk,
Over it any longer!

That stays and replays in my mind!
Had I known I would find myself,
AFTER you left...
I would have sat and listened.
And put a stop to denying my faults.
You would not have walked out of my life!

I would have begged you to stay.
I would beg now to have you back.
If I knew where you were...
And if you still remembered me.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If You Suggest It

I did not realize,
The depths of my being alone.
And my involvement with my peace.
Until I heard a knocking on my door.
Only to have it dawn on me,
Someone on the other side of it...
Had to have done that.
And...
With then use of their hand.

'I'm sorry.
Were you knocking long? '

~That's okay.
I began to use my other hand.~

'Well...
It has been awhile,
Since I have heard that sound.
It took me a few moments,
To connect it to the door.
I apologize.'

~Were you sleeping? ~

'Not at all.
But as you can see...
I am not familiar with receiving guests.
Come in!
Oh...
Don't pay my nakedness any attention.
But I will get dressed.
If you suggest it.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If You Take Me As Your Hostage

If you take me as your hostage,
I will have to stop...
My shopping around.
Just be sure of what you're doing!

If you take me as your hostage,
I will have to stop...
My shopping around.
Just be sure of what you're doing!

Maybe your the right appetite to feed.
I've never been before a hostage.
And maybe your the right thing that I need.
I've never been before a hostage.

'You asked for this ride home! '
I've never been before a hostage.
'And you're not...
I'm going to leave you home alone.'
But,
I've never been before a hostage.
So when you get me home,
Can we get it on?

'Say what? '

If you take me as your hostage,
I will have to stop...
My shopping around.
Just be sure of what you're doing!

'You asked for this ride home! '
I've never been before a hostage.
'And you're not...
I'm going to leave you home alone.'
But...

'No Butts, what ifs or whatevers of acts!
I'm out! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If You Want Me

You've got to make me...
Baby!
Feel as if I'm part of your heart,
And not a maybe.
With a feeling right from the start,
I'm not so crazy...
To have a love like this for you.

You've got to make me...
Baby!
Feel as if I'm part of your heart,
And not a maybe.
With a feeling right from the start,
I'm not so crazy...
To have a love like this for you.

When I'm home alone I feel I'm such fool for you.
With a feeling that I can not...
Undo.
And when I see you on the street,
I'm feeling very incompleted.
Because the love I have for you...
Is not what you choose.

You've got to make me...
Baby!
Feel as if I'm part of your heart,
And not a maybe.
With a feeling right from the start,
I'm not so crazy...
To have a love like this for you.

Oh when I'm home alone I'm feeling such a fool for you.
With a feeling that I can not...
Undo.
And when I see you on the street,
I'm feeling very incompleted.
Because the love I have for you,
Is not what you choose.

If you want me...
Baby!
You're the one that's got to make the move,
To prove it.
If you want me...
Baby!
You're the one that's got to make the move,
To prove it.
If you want me!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If You Want Me To Be Your 'Boo'

Don't you 'guess-what-chicken butt' me!
Unless it is prepared in a soup.
We've already wasted enough time,
Playing games with one another.
When are you going to get real and serious?
And take my feelings that way as well.
If you wish for us to be an 'item'...
You've got to minimize your juvenile ways.
I'm not into you for what you say you do!
I am into you for what I see.
And I see a lot of stuff you have got to drop.
IF you want me to be your 'boo'!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If You Want To Keep Your Peace Secured

I've been in one spot for twenty one years.
Mended from several heartbreaks.
And dried my own tears.
I know I've lost my mind...
At least a few times or more.
And the few people I knew had little to say.
Or bothered to knock on my opened door.

And today! TODAY...I get visitors.
Who claim to be my friends.
But I also know this much too well...
Folks only come around,
When they are near a dead end...
With no money to spend!
So I sat listening to 'them' ask...
'How have you been? '
And when I said I was doing great...
I was given from them big fake grins!
And I offered to them my hand and said...
'I'm so glad ya'll came by!
I need a loaf of bread.'

They quickly got up and left!
And that is how I have managed,
To keep my peace of mind.
Especially in a place...
Like this hometown of mine!

I can't wait for that fresh gossip,
To go around a few times!
And...
If you,
Any of you
Want to keep your peace secured...
Tell folks you ain't got a dime!
That will do it!

Unless...
You just happen to be cooking,

Collard greens with fried chicken wings.
Potato salad and yams,
WITH ice tea?
Unexpectedly?
You 'then' have folks,
You can't get rid of fast enough!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If You'Re Going To The Ball At All

If you're going to the ball at all,
Be prepared to be the topic of the week.
And,
Be the one prepared to leave...
Jaws dropped.
And people awed.

If you want to be the one at the ball,
To set the record straight and hear the boos...
You boo back at the ones doing it to you.

'Cause you are too far out in space.
Too ahead of time and first place in the race.
And you're too much! Too soon...
Delivering a taste people have yet to crave.
And too amazing to be dismissed as the next rage.

If you're going to the ball at all,
Be prepared to be the topic of the week.
And,
Be the one prepared to leave...
Jaws dropped.
And people awed by your technique that will be copied.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If You'Re In A Committed Relationship

If you're in a committed relationship,
Ensure it stays strong.
But don't feel you have to stick stucked to it,
If there is something you feel is wrong.
Many who do this slowly turn off,
To never turn on and soon are gone.

If you're in a committed relationship,
To want it strengthened after a petty argument...
Fine!
At least you are not feeling devoted to confinement.
However...
If you find your behind climbing from the floor,
With a busted lip after being stunned by two thrown fists...
By someone who apologizes for the doing of it,
To then expect you to be passionate with the kissing of lips...
This is NOT the kind of relationship one should wish.
And the opportunity to run away from this and quick,
Should not be a consideration.
Unless one has agreed to compete and enjoys getting beat.

If you're in a committed relationship,
Ensure it stays strong.
But don't feel you have to stick stucked to it,
If there is something you feel is wrong.
Many who do this slowly turn off,
To never turn on and soon are gone.
And others who become punch drunk...
Become addicted to the passionate kisses,
With the heated sex that comes next.

'Honey...
I think the neighbors are listening to us.'

~You were the one who wanted to take this 'outside',
Remember? ~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If You'Re Traveling Through Babylon

If you're traveling through Babylon,
Keep your respect in check.
Keep your inner vision there protected.
And...
Don't try to reflect what is best.

And if you're traveling through Babylon,
You'll see many people there neglected.
But,
Keep this in perspective...
You are not of it.
You're only in it...
And for a 'minute'.

If you're traveling through Babylon...
Don't let you jaw drop.
With your eyes bugged out.

You may see many people there...
Who don't respect or even care.
You may see them swapping mates for sex.
But don't be sold to get naked and sweat.
Remember you're in Babylon.
Where the people turn their lies on.

If you're traveling through Babylon...
Don't let you jaw drop,
With your eyes bugged out.

You may see many people there...
Who don't respect or even care.
You may see them swapping mates for sex.
But don't be sold to get naked and sweat.
Remember you're in Babylon.
Where the people turn their lies on.

And if you're traveling through Babylon,
You'll see many people there neglected.
But,

Keep this in perspective...
You are not of it.
You're only in it...
And for a 'minute'.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If You'Ve Got Issues You'Ve Got Issues

Aren't you curious and find it strange,
That those who ridicule and complain...
About what others do and/or don't do,
Seem to have no activities at all...
Other than to come together day after day,
To do the same things?
With nothing to show for their efforts wasted?

'No.
I haven't noticed it.
I do my best to keep busy.
I don't take time watching what others do.
And where are you to observe this...
On a regular and daily basis.'

I'm..uh...I...well...
I asked you the question.

'I understood your question perfectly.
But what I don't understand...
Is 'how' and 'what' THEY do,
Has any connection to you? '

I...uh...well...I'm...
I've got to go.
It is difficult to have a conversation,
With somebody like you...
Who can't answer a simple question.
It's not complicated.
If you've got issues you've got issues.
Avoiding what they are wont solve them.
Especially to judge others.

'I agree with you.
And IF you have to go,
You have to go.
There was a time I'd wake up in the morning,
Confused and complex myself.
Until I self examined.'

Yeah.
I can see that.
Well I hope things work out for you.
Try not to be so negative.

'And...
Try to keep what we discussed,
To yourself, okay? '

No problem.
None at all.
I wont tell a soul.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If...Never Is Definite. Is It?

If...
Never is definite.
Is it?
There seems always to be,
An anticipated expectation.
As if a hidden wish is wanted.
But when one is in an 'if' fit,
And mentally committed,
To if around...
That 'if' heard,
With an awaiting pause...
Is seriously hoping,
Someone to come up with a what?

And 'if' no one does?
What purpose does 'if' serve?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

If...You Are One Of The Lucky Ones

Whether you get it from me or not...
You 'are' going to get it.
I know you would rather I be someone else.
Perhaps someone you have dealt with before.
Someone who deliver it to you with sugar and spice.
With a lie or two thrown in.
To comfort the ease of an unsettling reality!
Someone who presented an image that attracts.
Someone who had 'bling' dripping off their backs.
Someone who appeared on TV and in magazines.
Someone who had dunked a ball,
In basketball playoff games you've seen.
Someone who had either blond hair with blue eyes.
Someone who smiles in your face,
And backstabs you with lies.
Someone who delivers an empathy that has been prepared.
Someone who declares they bring...
Comfort in your despair!
Well...
Snap out of it!
That ain't gon' happen!
Here's the deal!
Get real with yourself.
Do it soon.
All that other BS you've been fed?
Was BS!
That you've been fed!
Snap out of it!
No one comes to your door...
With a dozen home made chocolate chip cookies!
And grandma didn't do that!
Unless she was in the mood!
And today?
The kitchen is closed!
And the only 'cookies' that might be eaten today...
Will be the ones dragging behind your hunched back!
Know that.
And get up off of them!
Or be assisted by someone's foot!

And that's only if they think that much of you!
IF...
You are one of the lucky ones.
And fortunate enough to have someone like that,
Who cares!
Look around you.
Blues singers are everywhere!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Ifs And Buts

You want me to believe in you.
In everything you may say and do.
But when you almost touch my trust...
There is something that you do,
That messes that up.

You do a slick sliding done on alibis.
Thinking I will stoop for duping.
And this you try!
I've had enough of ifs and buts.
Dressed and hidden behind a disguise.

You deceive me with increasing ease.
As if to do it is okay with me.
You expect me not to question at all,
Your whereabouts without a telephone call.

You deceive me with increasing ease.
As if to do it is okay with me.
You do a slick sliding done for fun.
But let me tell you baby I am not the one.

You want me to believe in you.
In everything you may say and do.
But when you almost touch my trust...
There is something that you do,
That messes that up.

I've had enough of your ifs and buts.
Pack your bags fast and don't shuffle a strut.
I'm use to you thinking quick on your feet!
But save your innocence it isn't working on me.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Ignited From Birth

I live to touch the stars in the sky!
And nothing that I wish is simulated...
To imitate.
Or have a trace of being emulated...
To fake my fate.

This mission triggered emissions,
Ignited from birth.
And everyday to it I'm dedicated,
To create.
And stimulated I am wide awake.

I stay aroused by the thought I can soar.
And stimulated I keep wide awake.

I stay aroused by the reaching for more.
And everyday to this I'm dedicated.

I live to touch the stars in the sky!
And nothing that I wish is simulated...
To imitate.
Or have a trace of being emulated...
To fake my fate.

I stay aroused by the thought I can soar.
And stimulated I keep wide awake.

I stay aroused by the reaching for more.
And everyday to this I'm dedicated.
Although....
Some things I leave uneaten on my plate.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Ignorance Has Died

Why are they so gloomy?
Sitting and dressed as if for mourning?

'They have been there for a few days,
Sitting in a vigil.
Praying over the demise of ignorance.'

LOL...
You can not be serious.
Why don't you tell them,
Ignorance has yet to pass.

'Are you kidding?
Do you realize how long it took me,
To devise some kind of a plan...
That would keep them quiet.'

So how long you think they will sit like that?

'I don't know.
I paid some kids a few dollars,
If for two weeks they would walk up and down the streets...
Carrying school books and talking loudly,
About their Math and English classes.
I'm on a roll,
So I'm pulling out all stops to see what happens next.'

But it is still Summer.
All the kids are on vacation.

'When I told those children sitting in that room,
That 'ignorance' has died.
I was joking.
I thought they knew it was a joke.
They have been sitting like that for at least two days.'

And that's why you pay the other kids?

'Yeah.

Do you know how much I've spent on cellphones,
Video games, iPods and 3-D Tv's?
To get those kids nagging off my back.
And all I had to say...
Was 'ignorance' has died? '

I don't believe it!

'You?
I've been trying to find something totally ridiculous to say,
To get them to clean up their rooms.
I'm glad I don't drink or smoke crack.
I don't believe it either.
But you are my witness.'

And all you said was 'ignorance' has died?

'I swear to you.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Ignorance 'Is' And Can Be Bliss

Ignorance 'is' and can be bliss,
For those who leave reality and truth...
To the ones who choose to argue over,
Which delusions should be kept or dismissed...
From a wishlist preferred to live and pick.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Ignorance Is Bliss

Why should I lower my expectations,
To accomodate someone else's incompetence?
Why should I accept mediocrity...
Because that's the highest the bar has been risen.
And anything above that,
Is asking for miracles!

Dumbed down you may be,
With a philosophy bordering on self neglect.
That's you and the way you have chosen to see your life.
But 'ignorance-is-bliss' I can not dismiss...
To skip along and whistle like this mindset is alright!
A drugging has been done to delight blind appetites!

Who wins a debate as the nation is set to flames...
With clear leadership nonexisting,
Is a moral shame being played out as a blame game.
And folks treating this like a boxing match...
As they discuss who looks presidental,
While thieves seek an escape hatch...is sick! Okay?

You can say what you wish.
But millions of people observing this,
Have to see deception being praised.
And the question of expectation that I have raised,
Seems the wrong thing to ask...
In these days when appearances are more important,
Than the death of reality in the minds of those crazed!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Ignorant

If listening is not your thing,
Don't be offended when called ignorant.
So many pretend they comprehend,
To leave others knowing,
They are ignorant.
But wasting time to tell them that,
Wouldn't make any difference.
At least you show you are offended.
And listening may become your thing,
To prove to yourself you can do it.
Listening eventually achieves wisdom.

'Did you hear someone,
Have the nerve to call me ignorant? '

~Yes I did.
And I'm glad I finally got your attention.
There was a time I defended my own ignorance.~

'What happened? '

~I began to achieve wisdom,
When I could no longer keep hidden...
Insecurities I kept,
To prove to others I would rather protect them...
Than to express my ignorance to expect,
Others to be more patient with it.
Even with friends and family members,
Who accepted my stupidity.~

'Where is the growth?
No one grows in that kind of environment.'

~I know.
And I'm glad I caught you being ignorant,
By surprise to forget...
My comments made to you offended.
To think before starting an argument.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Ignore Them

Even if they see,
Their initials flagrantly monogrammed...
Encased with gold trim.
And handed to them with silk gloves.
There will be some folks,
No one can give opportunities to.
Or give clues with specific hints,
Where in front of their noses...
Openly sitting and clearly exposed,
Those opportunities...
Close enough,
A thief would be afraid to pick.

And even though a thief would be attempted try,
There will be others who will stand near by...
Those opportunities to see and sniff.
But ignore them because...
They do not appear,
On a list of specific preferences.
So...
What is one expected to do about this?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Ignoring Many Hints Of Trouble

Remember when the truth was spoken,
And...
The people who spoke it dismissed.

Remember when the truth was spoken,
And...
The people who spoke it dismissed.

Ignoring many hints of trouble,
Only makes those troubles double up!

With a change of leadership,
It is believed by many a return to greed and prosperity...
Is within their reach to have it repeated.
However...
It is not the current leadership,
That drove their lives into the pits.
Or purchased their persuasions with investments made...
In monopolized businesses.
No!
That monkey sits on the wrong shoulders.

Those known in positions of leadership,
Are just pawns used regurgitating rhetoric.
With hopes to keep following sheep distracted.

Remember when the truth was spoken,
And...
The people who spoke it dismissed.

Remember when the truth was spoken,
And...
The people who spoke it dismissed.

Ignoring many hints of trouble,
Only makes those troubles double up!

Remember when the truth was spoken,
And...

The people who spoke it dismissed.

Remember it?
Remember it?
Ignoring many hints of trouble,
Only makes those troubles double up!

Ignoring many hints will double troubles.
Ignoring many hints will double troubles, up!
Ignoring many hints will double troubles.
Ignoring many hints will double troubles, up!
Ignoring many hints will double troubles, up!
Ignoring many hints will double troubles.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Ignoring That The Facts Exist

Play too cool and lose!
Many ultimately choose this to do.
Only to become alarmists,
After ignoring that the facts exist.

And denying them,
As if the opening of eyes...
Will chase them away,
From their comfortable places.

Like tolerating disrespectful children,
Thought to be cute...
Until what they do,
Incarcerates them in prison cages.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Ignoring The Increase Of Its Presence

In places where evil is kept practiced,
It takes one to find ways...
To ensure it is always distracted.

Approaching evil with righteousness,
Interpreted as giving it empathy...
Will leave one feeding into it.

Being observant to its effects,
Seems to be the best remedy...
In keeping one step ahead of it.

Pretending it does not exist,
Gives evil reason...
To deliver more of it to sit to go undenied.

Evil seems to reside comfortably,
In those places where people try...
Ignoring the increase of its presence.

Approaching evil with righteousness,
Interpreted as giving it empathy...
Will leave one feeding into it,
In those places where evil is kept practiced.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Ignoring To Dismiss

The ones unknown and smiling who come,
To get an attention meant and intended...
From everyone.
Is not subjected to suspicions inflicted,
As experienced by those known to show...
Their deeds done get less respect,
Than those dressed to impress...
But more successful at deception.

'And I bought 'everything' they had to sell.'

~Including your soul.
With none of it left within you to dwell.
And you tell 'me' your life has been hell?
When that could have been avoided,
Before ignoring to dismiss...
Envy and jealousies directed to your own kind,
You invested in and could not resist.
Or considered listening with patience and tolerance.~

'But...? '

~Your buts.
You're accustomed to sitting on them a lot.
Aren't you? ~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I'Ll Be Outside In The Car...Waiting

They will welcome you.
And shower you with accolades.
You will feel embraced and accepted.
UNTIL...
You do or suggest something said,
That is in their best interest...
They dislike and despise.
With a dismissing of your efforts,
Of wanting to be too close to them.
Your jaw will drop.
And your eyes will pop from your head.

Then they will attempt to shred you apart!
Quicker than a rabid bobcat...
Leaving you with memories,
Of their viciousness...
You will not soon forget.

'Comeon! Don't be so negative.
THESE people?
They are my friends.
You just don't like them,
Because they are outgoing.
And extremely cordial.
That's all they have shown to me thus far! '

You will discover,
Just how far outgoing they can be.
You go ahead and make that speech,
About what it is you can do!
For 'them' not 'you'...
And the proof will be yours forever,
For you to believe, see and keep!

I'll be outside in the car...
Waiting for you,
When they begin to crank up that heat.
To get us from around here.
Faster than you can run on your feet.

Go ahead...
You've just been introduced,
With thunderous applause.

I will be on the otherside of that door.
Oh...
And grab one of those bottles of wine.
The one on the table nearest to the exit.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I'Ll Be Spending My Time Flying!

If I chose to fly...
And you chose to deny I could.
Guess which one of us,
Would not be thinking of the thoughts
Of the other?
And with denial on your mind,
I'll be spending my time flying!
Feeling the breeze,
To leave doubts of limitation behind!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I'Ll Be Your Hostage

You've driven me to senselessness.
And as a passenger sitting I do not object.
I need this ride that would take me away,
From the seriousness of everyday conflicts.
And acts of betrayal on display feeding craze.

You've driven me to senselessness.
And I like the mysteriousness of it. Every bit.
No longer do I have to be abused by delusions.
Or truth excused by those refusing it to accept.
For however long it lasts, I'll be your hostage.

'Okay.
It's my turn.
Take off the blindfold.'

Where are we now?

'I have no idea.
None of it looks familiar.'

That's a relief.
Unlike you...
I'll be asking no one for directions.

'Head in that direction.
It looks calm and peaceful.'

Let's pray it is not a mirage.

'I doubt it.'

Why do you say that?

'People of the same sex are holding hands.
And not one of them has a gun.'

What are we going to do with ours?

'Keep them in the trunk.
I don't think we will have a need for them.
What should I do with the blindfold? '

Put it on.
I'll tape your mouth and tie your hands.
I want them to believe I've rescued you.
Hopefully they will accept us and not feel threatened.

'I hope they don't become suspicious.'

Why do you say that?

'We've never held hands in public.
Or admitted to other things we share.'

First things first.
Put on the blindfold.

'Something tells me,
They will find us more ridiculous...
With only that left to suspect.'

Tie my hands.
I'm putting on the blindfold.
Then shut up and drive!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I'Ll Do All Of That For You

I can...
Come and leave the coop.
I can...
Skip and jump through hoops.
I can...
Rollerskate or float.
I can...
Canoe or row a boat.
But I can't...
Mount a boulder rolling,
Down a hill to slow...
By myself to try to stop,
With a body block or a karate chop.

But I can...
Come and leave the coop.
And I can...
Skip and jump through hoops.
And I can...
Rollerskate or float.
And I can...
Canoe or row a boat.
But I can't...
Mount a boulder rolling,
Down a hill to slow...
By myself to try to stop,
With a body block or a karate chop.

Or will I try to fight a wind,
Blowing up against my back...
To speed me along my way.
Nor will I ever confuse the taste,
Of honey or mayonaisse...
Just to say,
I'll do that all for you!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I'Ll Do My Best To Deliver

Ask me for what you want.
Just ask me,
Ask me.
And make it anything,
You need...
From me.

Ask me for what you want.
Ask me for what you need,
And I'll do my best to deliver.
Ask me.
Just ask me.

Ask me for what you want.
Just ask me.
Ask me.
Ask me for anything,
And I will fullfill...
That need.

Ask me for what you want.
Ask me for what you need,
And I'll do my best to deliver.
Ask me.
Just ask me.
And I'll do my best to deliver.
Ask me.
Just ask me.

Oh ask me for what you want.
Ask me for what you need,
And I'll do my best to deliver.
Ask me.
Just ask me.
And I will do my best to deliver.
Ask me.
Just ask me.
And I'll do my best to deliver.
Ask me.

Just ask me.
And I will do my best to deliver.

Just ask me for what you want.
Just ask me for what you need,
And I will do my best to deliver.

Come thunderstorms, rain or shine...
That pressure you have will be taken right off your mind.
I will do my best to deliver.
Just ask me...
Ask me,
And I'll do my best to deliver.
Ask me.
Just ask me.

Come thunderstorms, rain or shine.
That pressure you have will be taken right off your mind.
And I will do my best to deliver.
Just ask me...
Ask me,
And I'll do my best to deliver.
Just ask me...
Ask me,
And I will do my best to deliver.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I'Ll Eat The Fish

I use to like it well done not rare.
Prepared tenderly as if one cared.
I had to have my steak well cooked and baked.

I use to slice it into pieces split,
With fried potatoes...
And some wine to slowly sip.

But when I changed my diet I got into fish.
And I discovered baked fish was quite delicious.

That was it.

And today there is no beef for me,
I'll eat the fish!

I use to slice my beef into tiny pieces split.
But when I changed my diet I got into the fish.

That was it.
That was it.

And today there is no beef for me I will eat the fish!
That is it for me...
Today I'm on the fish!

I use to like it well done not rare.
Prepared tenderly as if one cared.
I had to have my steak well cooked and baked.

I use to slice it into pieces split,
With fried potatoes...
And some wine to slowly sip.

But today there is no beef for me I will eat the fish!
That is it for me...
Today I'm on the fish!

Today there is no beef for me I will eat the fish!

That is it for me...
Today I'm on the fish!

Even fish sticks,
Will be eaten very quick.
I will handled eating up those fish sticks very quick.
Especially if they're deep fried and battered!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I'Ll Even Practice Opening The Door

How can I better trick a practicing magician?
I think of it but those thoughts quit.
Whenever you threaten to leave and disappear,
I'm not trying to take notes to recreate your act.
I stay devoted like a child,
Who anticipates in waiting...
For a stated promise to be delivered.
And that is made very clear.

Hoping for the moment you will actually do what you say!
And praying for that time to come,
When you've perfected what will be done.
With the taking of those steps long rehearsed.
And you are ready for a display,
That finally arrives to satisfy my thirst.
Like nothing else you ever can convey.

And don't think I will blink.
I want to be there to witness,
With applause that focuses on every detail...
Of you going away to gift as my benefit.

But I do admit of losing patience.
Since you can't seem to make this trick of yours,
Stick like you say to stay that way.
Comeon just do it!
All what's needed is for you to go through it!
Do it please. Just do it!

And I want to ask if you need my assistance...
But something inside me stops my lips.
With a wish when you do this,
It will be silent and quick.

'What did you say? '

~Nothing! Nothing at all.
I'm in total agreement with what it is you decide to do.
I'll even practice opening the door,

And locking it behind you too! ~

'What did you say? '
~Oh...
Nothing.
Nothing at all.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I'Ll Find A Way To Handle This Myself

The best advice to give to anyone,
Is the advice that isn't given.
Especially if the attempt intended,
Has not been directly solicited or mentioned.
Avoid controversy.
And by all means...
Do not give opinions on anyone's relationships.

If there are those who insist,
Upon being fools at their own expense...
Why bother throwing away an invested interest?
Benefits are more rewarding,
To come when one does not expect them.

Keep lips shut.
Listen to nod as if to comprehend.
And prepare to do something creative,
If a situation warrants it.
With a leaving people like this to exit quick,
To allow them to obtain...
Their own experience as needed.

If you don't,
Any advice you give will be yours to regret.
And anyone you give it to,
Whether solicited or not...
Will never let you forget it.

'So...
What do you think?
Should I ask for a divorce?
Or should I continue to cheat on my spouse?
With both of my secret lovers?
What's wrong.
Why did you suddenly,
Cover your mouth with your hand? '

~Oooo...
I gotta ooofache.~

'A toothache? '

~Ummhmmm.~

'Well, don't just sit there.
Go take care of it.
I understand.
I'll find a way to handle this myself.
I'll catch up with you later.
Go.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I'll Forget The Difference It Would Make

There are statistics kept,
That conflict with known truth.
And discovered facts.
What would be the reason,
For the purpose of anyone doing that?

'Why would you ask 'me' such a question? '

You seem not to notice or care what is popular.
And yet you say you are competitive.

'I am.'

With who or what?

'Myself.'

What about the others?

'The others? '

Yes.
The others.

'OH.
I have had multiple experiences.
So diverse and different.
Whew!
You had me worried for a moment.'

Why?

'I thought you were referring to other people.
And I admit through my growth process,
It may seem as if...
I am in a competition with 'them'.'

And...
You're not?

'It's enough competing with myself.
Why would I want to invite,
That kind of confusion? '

But...
What about your popularity?
And how you are rated?

'By who? '

Forget it.
What difference would it make?

'For me?
None.
However...
If you want me to pretend,
You and I are in competition...
We can.
When do you want to begin? '

Forget it.
What difference would it make?

'Hey...
Are we on a candid camera?
You picked a wrong day.
How about tomorrow? '

Forget it.
What difference would it make?

'Okay.
Geeeesssh.
I'll forget the difference it would make.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I'Ll Just Shorten My Speech

'Captain?
The ship has a leak.
I think it is sinking! '

What part of it?

'What part of it, sir? '

Yes!
Is it near the dining room,
Or near the kitchen?

'I am not sure, sir.
But I do believe it is near the bow! '

Well...
I'll just shorten my speech.
And tell the crew not to use,
The applause sign!
And you get a mop...
Or some sponges,
To take care of that.
I don't want anyone slipping...
After OR before I take that bow!
Got it?

'Sir...
You have no idea! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I'Ll Make Your Options Multiple Choice

Whether you go from glad to mad,
Sad and back to glad again.
Guess who has been there,
To experience it with you?
Guess who could have left...
But decided not to?
I'll make your options multiple choice,
If that's what you'd like me to do.
However,
Whatever you choose...
To allow me to get through to you,
Know this...
I have not tinted my hair the color of gray,
Because I want the people to think...
It is premature.
And I wish to keep it that way!
You, my dear...
Have been a habit I just can not kick!
You are definitely a piece of work,
I seem not to be able to leave alone...
Or totally decide I have had it to split!
It's gotta be love!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I'Ll Never See You As Cupid

10 minutes.
5 minutes.
No minutes of my time,
To
Waste my priorities.
Just to start an argument,
To please that need.

1 minute
2 minutes
No minutes will I find,
To
Let you mess around with me.
Trying to destroy my every bit of peace.

You're not gonna rock my boat,
I float on peaceful waters.
No.
Your envy and that jealousy...
Will not get again that close to me.

1 minute
2 minutes
No minutes will I find,
To
Let you mess around with me.
Trying to destroy my every bit of peace.

You're not gonna rock my boat,
I float on peaceful waters.
No.
Your envy and that jealousy...
Will not get again that close to me.

You can swing back and forth on a rope,
To get me to notice your show.
But that swinging that you're doing is a childish thing.
And bringing much attention to a fool,
Who

Only broods...
In 'stupid'!

10 minutes.
5 minutes.
No minutes of my time,
To
Waste my priorities.
Just to start an argument,
To please that need.

And...
Whatever you do,
I'll never see you as cupid.
You brood too much,
Like a fool who's doin' stupid!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I'Ll Point It Out To You, Right Now!

The misunderstanding began,
When you perceived me to be a figment created...
By your imagination.
And your attraction,
To the surface of things without a pursuance of depth...
Has begun a division that ends in a permanent separateness.
Oh yes...
Taking a respect I've always shown to you,
As a sign of acceptance of your disrespect.
And you have not gotten this correct yet!
Your thoughtlessness,
Disgusts me.

I'll point it out to you,
Right now!

Do you see my raised eyebrow?
See how that is followed,
By the gritting of my teeth?
Do you witness my hand making a fist?
Does anything about this,
Relay to your mind that I might be pissed?
I am!
Very much.
And prepared, physically, to let you know all about it!
Since retaliation is what you have instigated.
I have no choice but to deliver what you wish.

'But...
You confront me with violence.'

And...
You have defamed me with deceit!
You get no cheeks here to turn.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I'Ll Prepare The Kool-Aid

I am called a nonconformist
Because I choose to be who I am...
After finding myself.
They are still waiting for approval and acceptance.
Something certified to help them feel worthy.
They believe I seek membership,
When I approach them as they gather...
Waiting patiently in line to pass inspections!
All dressed to impress and practicing their speeches!
Someone from 'inside' directs me to come immediately...
I am expected the voice inflects.
Someone yells out, 'How can he go before us?
He's not dressed for the part! '
I offered apologies for being late to those inside who wait!
Looking back at those with pretentions on their minds,
And turned up noses captured on them all the time!
I responded, 'I am here on business. Not to masquerade!
Many of you are here earlier than expected!
After I'm done...I'll prepare the Kool-Aid!
Spiked...
Just the way ya'll like it,
And...on the rocks! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I'Ll Satisfy Your Mind

When you tire of the numbers,
That make you slumber fast to sleep.
Come to me I'll satisfy your mind,
With deliciousness that treats.
And when you discover others offer nothing to you,
But repeats.
You know you can count on me to bring movement,
To your feet.

I will not bore you with a serving you have had.
I will not bore you with a...
Roasted stuffed turkey.
With nothing going on...
And a taste you can not savor.
No flavor to the meat.
That greets your teeth to eat.

When you tire of the numbers,
That make you slumber fast to sleep.
Come to me I'll satisfy your mind,
With deliciousness that treats.

I will not bore you with a serving you have had.
I will not bore you with a...
Roasted stuffed turkey.
With nothing going on...
And a taste you can not savor.
No flavor to the meat.
That greets your teeth to eat.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I'Ll Show My Passion

Come to me when,
Something's bothering you.
Come to me when you want to boo-hoo...
And I'll show my passion.
With compassion.

Come to me when,
Something's bothering you.
Come to me when you want to boo-hoo...
And I'll show my passion.
With compassion.

I'm not the one who sits around,
To put folks down like they're the clowns.
Without a passion.
Or show compassion.

I'm not the one who sits around,
To put folks down like they're the clowns.
I do show passion.
With compassion.

Come to me when,
You want to be hugged and close...
And I'll show my passion,
With compassion.

Come to me when,
You want to be hugged and close...
And I'll show my passion,
With compassion.

Give up your fears to feel,
My passion.
Give up your fears to feel,
Compassion.
Give up your fears to feel,
There's nothing that you have to prove...
Or be someone that isn't you.

Give up your fears to feel,
My passion.
Give up your fears to feel,
Compassion.
Give up your fears to feel,
There's nothing that you have to prove...
Or be someone that isn't you.

Come to me when,
You want to be hugged and close...
And I'll show my passion,
With compassion.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I'Ll Stay Your Favorite Dessert

I can count on you,
To follow my every move.
As if a stalking of the Sun,
Is being done.
And I am selected to be the one,
Exposed to your eyes...
When the dawn comes.

At high noon...
I feel you've chosen me to munch.
As if there to be your lunch,
To nourish.

And at Sunset,
There you are...
Encouraging me to be delicious.
And if it's your wish...
I'll stay your favorite dessert.
Craved anytime of the day.
It will be made available.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I'Ll Take Care Of Yours, First

Oh.
I get it.
It's making more sense to me now.

I am responsble,
For the feeding of your excesses.
And my own necessities,
Of which you could care less
'How' they are met.
You regard as none of your business.

Why didn't you explain to me,
Before I became upset.
I was under the 'assumption,
You and I were into this together.
How could I be so selfish to believe that?
Now that I have clarity,
By all means taqke from me whatever you wish.

I'll just forget my needs all together.
I mean
What is the purpose of my having needs anyway?
Do I mind the continued sacrificing?
No.
Don't be foolish.

I was just about to pinch my pennies to pay my bills.
You know
The rent and utilities?
Why don't you bring yours over.
I'll take care of yours,
First.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Illegitimate

No one knew.
They kept this to themselves.
For years they carried this,
On their shoulders.
With a pain unaddressed.
Cloaked in a silentness.
Then one day the birth of it shown.
They had secrets hidden and unknown.
And from their lips the truth of it flown.
Admitting it quick they felt illegitimate.
They had been impregnated by thoughts...
An outsider had brought.
None of which they claimed or sought.
And with others they had fought.
Until they realized the lies.
Seeking now to legitimize their cries.
Hoping their delay...
Has not jeopardized their lives!
They deserve to criticize like the rest.
Afterall...
The birthing of awareness,
Is something no one ever regrets.
When it comes to open minds...
Disception and dishonesty attempts to infest!
In these darkened times.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Illegitimate Judgements

The doubling of standards lived,
Has cracked foundations...
Of tired traditions,
Rocked by what 'truth' is!

Passing illegitimate judgements,
From narrow minds in times that are sick.
Proves that liberty and justice for all...
Are 'schemes' sold to many,
That can't be forced to fit!

One group chooses from their point of view,
To demean with disrespect that is seen!
As another finger pops and hip hops through life...
Are marketed to have values that are the best,
Of 'worldly' sparkling blinge with diamond sheen!

Then proclaimed degrading remarks,
Starts sparks to fly with snarls and barks.
Startling those who have choosen to live apart!
In pretense separated by fences
As values praised aren't reflected on pop charts!

The troubles descending upon mankind today
Are pieces of false securities,
Once lifted blindly...
To glorify those of greed,
Sheltered and dazed.

And obvious it is,
Very few have escaped this craze.
As the passing of illegitimate judgements,
Are lifted higher...
In glorious voices raised.
To shield the wickedness,
Of these times lived...
That are savored with lust,
Greed and praised!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Illuminate A Mind Found Blinded

Keep your peace nonstop,
From blockers.
Do!
Keep your peace nonstop,
From blockers.
Don't...
Be the one to think about it.
Or...
Be that one,
To have peace doubted.
Know that you can,
Dedicate yourself to pray away,
Dismay.
And each day with deeper faith,
Illuminate...
A mind found,
Blinded by these darkening
Times.

Keep your peace nonstop,
From blockers.
Do!
Keep your peace nonstop,
From blockers.
Don't...
Be the one to think about it.
Or...
Be that one to pout.
With doubts.

Dedicate yourself to pray away,
Hate.
Dedicate and with deeper faith,
Pray.
Help you can illuminate,
someone found...
Blinded by these darkened times
And looking down.

Keep your peace nonstop,
From blockers.
You can...
Keep your peace nonstop,
From blockers.
Do!
Keep your peace nonstop,
From blockers.
You can...
Help someone illuminate,
Too!

Illuminate a mind found,
To have been blinded.
Show them that a looking down,
No one should do.
To approve.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Illuminated Doings

I can not resist,
Your illuminate doings.
That fit me quick,
Those illuminated doings...
With perfectness,
Your illuminate doings.
And...
To them I submit.

I can't resist,
Your illuminate doings.
That fit me quick,
Those illuminated doings...
With perfectness,
Your illuminate doings.
And...
To them I submit.

You brighten up,
With illuminated doings...
My darkest days,
With illuminated doings...
And even others come to say,
They feel the say way.

You come to shine,
With illuminated doings...
A light to find,
With illuminated doings...
And I enlightened,
With illuminated doings...
To leave my doubts behind.

I can't resist,
Your illuminate doings.
That fit me quick,
Those illuminated doings...
With perfectness,
Your illuminate doings.

And...
To them I submit,
All the time.

You come to shine,
With illuminated doings...
A light to find,
With illuminated doings.
And...
To them I submit,
All the time.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Illusionist

How was it done?
We are asking ourselves that.
And you can see for yourselves,
We all have become stunned.

It was clear to us,
An eviction notice appeared.
As if he had been for everyone here,
An illusionist with tricks.
One day within vision...
The next to disappear.

And one by one,
It is heard...
The economy has 'someone' known,
Up in the wind...
And gone on the run!
Effectively done.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Illusions Meant To Soothe

There's nothing in a book,
Detailing how to stay and be hooked...
To illusions meant to soothe,
Delusions.

When one is feeling fine...
There's no need to medicate,
To pretend one's okay.

But when one's on a ledge...
Don't encourage them to jump,
With a getting in their way.

Since tomorrow isn't guaranteed,
For those who try to fly and reminisce...
With company.

Tomorrow doesn't come to reminisce,
For those discovering this...
To leave many chapters left unread.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I'M 39

What's the purpose of writing down something,
So as not to forget
When doing so is forgotten,
And remembering it one quits!
Or...
How about this one,
Looking for a sock that is in your hand?
And walking around with it,
Then throwing it in the trash can!
Not saying I've done this...
But I know these things 'someone' has done!
Afterall,
In my mind I still think I'm 39!
And I'm sure the day will come when I am reminded,
I will soon be 61!
'That' too 'someone' will put into the trashcan to find!
I'm celebrating anniversaries these days.
And I'll be celebrating my twenty-second time,
Of being 39!
THAT I do remember!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I'M A Believer (With This Known)

Take your evil self away...
To lie and hide liar.
Liar.
I am not inspired,
By your lies.

Take your evil self away...
To lie and hide liar.
Liar.
I am not inspired,
By your lies.

'Cause...
I'm a believer,
With this known...
I'm here to grow,
With this known...
And I'm not gonna stop,
With this known...
To woe,
With this known.
And I am here to overcome,
Obstacles.
With this known.
With this known.

And with this known...
People will lip,
With this known...
To deceive.
And unknown is their evil.
But...
I'm not one to give up,
Because I'm a believer.
And with this known.

Take your evil self away...
To lie and hide liar.
Liar.

I am not inspired,
By your lies.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I'M An Entertainer As Well

I use to be the kind,
To just give away my stuff.
During the time I was convinced,
My willingness to share,
Would return respect.

And then one day,
It occurred to me my giving...
Had been expected not to end.
And those who I gave would use my stuff,
With a pretending it was theirs.

Today those yesterdays,
Of giving my stuff away have gone.
As so have those naysayers who oppose,
To think my asking to be compensated,
Is an ego I show that has been inflated.

Although,
No one had anything to say about my ego...
When it was believed I did not know,
What I gave away was valuable.

And if it had been ego,
From which I operated to inflate...
I could have done that years ago,
To keep my stuff and be as self-centered and petty...
Like the people who continue to feed on deeds,
While criticizing what others do...
To not know the value and price paid,
When time to find and mind to spend has been sacrificed.

You want something from me?

'Yes.
We would like to know,
If you'd mind writing something...
Or singing for our church program?
We will give you an hour.'

Sure.
It sounds great.
What is your budget?

'Budget?
BUDGET?
This is for the Lord. God. Our Father in Heaven.'

Oh.
Well...
I'm sure the 'Lord. God. Our Father Which Art in Heaven,
Will understand there's some folks here on Earth...
Got bills to pay. Food to eat.
And would love to be paid.
Show God that you can show me...
Just how highly favored I am.

'We can't do that.
But we can feed you to show you our appreciation.'

Tell that to your minister and musicians.
I am an entertainer as well.
God knows I don't need the exposure.
I hear the voice of God right now saying,
'Get Paid.'
Seek 'yea' the silence.
And hear to listen to the words from 'Our' Father.

'I don't hear a thing.'

Perhaps you are not as devoted as I am.
I'll be willing to negotiate,
When 'my' reality becomes a fact you'd like to pay for.

'God has bestowed upon you your gifts.'

I will say this...
You are getting closer to understanding,
What my needs are to maintain them.

'We CAN get someone else, you know? '

Call me if you want recommendations.
I know tons of folks,
Seeking exposure, cake and a free meal.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I'M Better Than That!

I know I'm not that...
Greedy.
I'm not,
Greedy a lot.

I know I'm better than just sleazy.
I'm not that,
Hopeless cat.

I know I'm not that...
Greedy.
I'm not,
Greedy a lot.

I know I'm better than just sleazy
I'm not that,
Hopeless cat.

So many pick up wrong meanings,
From what is perceived and...
Not known.

So many trip on just seeing,
What is believed and seen as shown.
What is believed and seen as shown.

I know I'm not that...
Greedy.
I'm not,
Greedy a lot.

I know I'm better than just sleazy
I'm not that hopeless cat.

I know I'm not that...
Greedy.
I'm not,
Greedy a lot.

I know I'm better than just sleazy
I'm not that,
Hopeless cat.
I'm better than that.

So many trip on just seeing,
What is believed and seen as shown.
What is believed and seen as shown.

I know I'm not that...
Greedy.
I'm not that,
Hopeless cat.
I'm better than that.

I know I'm not that...
Greedy.
I'm not that,
Hopeless cat.
I'm better than that.

So many trip on just seeing,
What is believed and seen as shown.
What is believed and seen as shown.

So many trip on just seeing,
What is believed and seen as shown.
But I'm not that,
Hopeless cat.
I'm better than that.

So many trip on just seeing,
What is believed and seen as shown.
But I'm not that,
Hopeless cat.
I'm better than that.

So many trip on just seeing,
What is believed and seen as shown.
What is believed and seen as shown.

I know I'm better than just sleazy

I'm not that,
Hopeless cat.
I'm better than that.

I know I'm better than just sleazy
I'm not that,
Hopeless cat.
I'm better than that.

So many trip on just seeing,
What is believed and seen as shown.
But I'm better than that.

So many trip on just seeing,
What is believed and seen as shown.
But I'm better than that.
Yes I'm...
I'm better than that!
Oh yes I'm,
I'm better than that!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I'M Boring

I like you and we get along great.
Like a little bit of pepper with salt for taste.
And I don't want you thinking I'm snooping just to peek,
But I got to use this minute quick to make sure this is it.
I'm boring,
Deeper into you I feel it needed.
I'm boring,
'Cause of possibilities I see.
I'm boring...
Way beyond the meeting of the greeting,
'Cause I see right now you are meant for me.

I'm boring,
Deeper into you I feel it needed.
I'm boring,
'Cause of possibilities I see.
I'm boring...
Way beyond the meeting of the greeting,
'Cause I see right now you are meant for me.

Deeper,
Are the questions of you that I ask.
Deeper,
Are your answers given back to me.
And deeper,
Into ourselves we get...
And this deepness makes us happy.

Deeper,
Are the questions of you that I ask.
Deeper,
Are your answers given back to me.
And deeper,
Into ourselves we get...
And this deepness makes us happy.

I'm boring,
Deeper into you I feel it needed.
I'm boring,

'Cause of possibilities I see.
I'm boring...
Way beyond the meeting of the greeting,
'Cause I see right now you are meant for me.

I like you and we get along great.
Like a little bit of pepper with salt for taste.

Deeper,
Are the questions of you that I ask.
Deeper,
Are your answers given back to me.
And deeper,
Into ourselves we get...
And this deepness makes us happy.

I'm boring,
Deeper into you I feel it needed.
I'm boring,
'Cause of possibilities I see.
I'm boring...
Way beyond the meeting of the greeting,
'Cause I see right now you are meant for me.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I'M Done

Once efficiently conditioned,
To submit and sit to vision...
Myself fitting in positions,
That for me had limited.
And with no 'buts' I am done...
Running from dreams,
To let those nightmares come my way.
I say,
I am done...
Running away from all my wishes and hopes,
To mope with frowns looking down...
With woes-stacked-on-my-back,
Today!

And once again I say,
I wont be chased away with a doing to pursue...
To fool anybody,
Today.

I'm done...
Running away from my wishes and hopes,
To mope...
To prove,
I can do it...
Today!

Once efficiently conditioned,
To submit and sit to vision...
Myself fitting in positions,
That for me had limited.
But I am done...
Running from dreams,
To let those nightmares come my way.
I say,
I-am-done...
Running away from my wishes and hopes,
To mope around with woes...
Today!

I am done.
So done,
From running from my wishes and my hopes...
Just to mope with a woeing today.

Said I'm done.
So done,
From running from my wishes and my hopes...
Just to mope with a woeing today.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I'M Down For More 'Hits' And 'Tweets'

No longer can I tolerate or welcome,
Vague relationships in which...
I am not regarded as a partner, friend,
Or a participating lover.
And on this day I affirm my stance,
To share myself with a mate...
Who has passion and knows,
A thing or two about romance.

No matter how warm the eyes that dance.
Or promises of devotion to commit.
Since I have already experienced this,
To get from others with only heartfelt selfishness.
And at this stage of life I have matured with age,
To know there is much more I expect...
Than having quick satisfying recreational sex,
With a rating of it to compare against who does it best.

To then accept being disrespected,
By someone unimpressed...
That my performance hasn't left them out of breath.
And yes...
I may be 'old school' but desperate I am not.
If I am willing to share my nakedness,
I am not going to lay patiently to listen...
To anyone who may be disappointed I've got age spots.

'Now I can see,
Why you have no mirror above your bed.
Or kleig lighting set up for my cameras.
And you expect me to be romantic?
Old school or not...
Do you know what time it is?
I'd be too embarrassed to that performance.'

I'm seeking companionship and one to love.

'With no lights, camera and...no action?
Good luck.

I'm down for more 'hits' and 'tweets'.
And 'friends' with opinions to give.
Do you know what day and age this is we live? '

I still remain the optimist.

'The op-to-who?
You have got to be kidding?
How old are you? '

Looks are deceiving.

'You can say that again.'

Looks aree deceiving.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I'M Finding Time To Make More Of It Mine

No reasons do I have left,
To express an accessibility.
Nor are my ears available,
For empathetic listening.

I'm finding time to make more of it mine.

Patience I have no more,
To explore avenues to be of assistance.
I make sure I am distanced.
My own needs will no longer be ignored.

I've learned if others are aware you are there...
For them to dropp whatever they wish.
They will do it.
Like a habit done that has been approved!

I've learned from some enough can't be done!

And forget needing them.
You'll experience each season...
From a Summer breeze, leaves falling from trees
Winter snow and budding in the Spring...
When flowers begin to grow.

No reasons do I have left,
To express an accessibility.
Nor are my ears available,
For empathetic listening.

I'm finding time to make more of it mine.

Patience I have no more,
To explore avenues to be of assistance.
I make sure I am distanced.
My own needs will no longer be ignored.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I'M Frazzled

Frazzled by the foolishness turned on,
And the quality that's gone...
As the people try to pawn,
All their values quick.

And I'm frazzled by the...
Hopelessness that's fed,
Accepted without care...
By the people everywhere,
Sobbing in their pits.
And within their pits,
Holding on with tightened grips.

Oh I'm frazzled by the despair that I see.
I'm frazzled by the frowns surrounding me.
I'm frazzled by the acceptance of all this.
And no one will admit,
This is sick!

And I'm frazzled by the sight of all of it!

Oh yes I'm frazzled by the...
Foolish turned on.
And the quality that's gone,
As the people try to pawn...
All their values quick.

I'm frazzled by the quality that's gone,
As the people try to pawn...
All their values quick.
This is sick.
And I'm not 'hip' to this one bit!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

'I'M Glad Somebody Does! '

May your memories be greater...
On this day.
This day...
You can say,
Brought you into this 'now' from yesterday.
You can say that...and,
You can say anything you wish.
Say something about what you think,
Is missed!
And you hold onto a desire it can be retreived.
But you have to leave the scenery behind.
It's outdated.

You have walked down that path.

It's okay to have those kinds of memories,
When they do not linger.
They are enjoyed when they do come...
And the going away isn't painful.
Even in the bitterness then...
There shouldn't be any bitterness,
To cling onto now.

May your memories be greater...
On this day.
This day...
You can say,
Brought you into this 'now' from yesterday.

You have walked down that path...
How many times before?
No need to quizz and analyze yourself.
Know you've donated and done your duty.
And just step!
Slowly away if you have to tip toe,
But just step!

Then...
When your memories can actually spark,

With a radiance you can only describe as...
A sense of complete joy within you.
Bouncing another step forward,
And enhancing...
Then 'kazaam!

The power of doubt begins to shade the Sun,
And cloud the blue sky!
Then suddenly the thunder roars,
And the lightening strikes.
Leaving you in an indecisive state of mind!

'I hate that shhh..'

Shhhh! !

You may say anything you wish,
About 'this' and 'that'.
And who should have washed the dishes!
And who was reponsible for letting out the cat?

Comeon!
You can only have it so good!

Then it dawns on you,
Something you think you might have missed...
Can someday be retreived.
You might believe that...
But you have to leave the scenery behind.
It's outdated.
Clip and paste it.
Put it in a safe place in your mind!

You know what I'm saying?
You do?

'I'm glad somebody does! '
Yes...
I'm glad somebody does!

May your memories be greater today,
Than the ones you are feeling freer to let go.

Let them go...
To be among the others,
You have chosen to pick.
From a wealth of good ones.

'Why did they laugh at you? '

When? Laugh? Who?

'When you repeated what I said...
'I'm glad somebody does.'

They were laughing at you,
And that 'snide' remark!

'What 'snide' remark?
They couldn't see or hear me! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I'M Gon' Lay Some Happy On Your 'Halloween'

Why do you expose your teeth,
With such a fixed smile?
And your eyes?
They sparkle like diamonds
So bright and glistening.

And why is your eyebrow raised,
As if you are excited with delight.
And why are you holding my arm so tight.
As if the Moon ignites your might.
Like I am a...

'Victim I am preparing to bite?
BINGO!
You win the prize.
You are so deliciously right! '

NO!
No, you can't be.
You can't be! NO!

'Golly gee...!
You're right again.
I'm not just your average salesman.
I'm a 'werewolf'.
With a woofer that out 'woofs' all wolves.
AND I'm gonna suck some blood from your neck!
Yep.
I'm gon' lay some happy on your 'Halloween'.
Bet?
Would you like,
Some candy? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I'm Gonna Stay Hopin' (I Know Love)

I'm gonna stay hopin',
That your heart for me soon opens.
And those cold shoulders that you keep,
Begin to thaw and warm up for me.
Yeah.
I'm gonna remain hopin',
That your heart for me soon opens.
And those cold shoulders that you keep,
Begin to melt to receive my love.

I've gotta hunch you've been nibbled and munch on,
Too long and you've been crunched...
By someone wanted lunch,
And...
You paid with love.

I've gotta hunch you've been nibbled and munch on,
Too long and you've been crunched...
By someone wanted lunch,
And...
You paid with love.

I'm gonna stay hopin',
That your heart for me soon opens.
And those cold shoulders that you keep,
Begin to thaw and warm up for me.

I know love.
And I know how to feel it deep.
You will never have to worry about me,
Fooling around to sneak.

I said I know love.
And I know how to feel it deep.
For you I'm gonna stay hopin',
Your heart opens up to see...
That I know love.
Not to leave but keep.
I know about love.

And I'm hopin',
You will open up your heart for me.

I know love.
And I know how to feel it deep.
I know about love.
And I know how to feel it deep.
I know love.

I'm gonna stay hopin'...
For your love.
Trust me.
I'm gonna stay hopin'...
For your love.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I'M Guided By...Life!

My needs are overheating and exceeds excessive feeding.
Yes my needs are overheating and exceeds excessive feeding.

Tonight,
I'm guided by...
Life!
I'm driven by...
Desire!
And finding it right,
Tonight.

Surrender,
I might...
To your delight.
And excited I am...
With you,
Tonight!
And...
Forever.

My needs are overheating and exceeds excessive feeding.
Yes my needs are overheating and exceeds excessive feeding.

Tonight,
I'm guided by...
Life!
I'm driven by...
Desire!
And finding it right,
Tonight...

My needs are overheating and exceeds excessive feeding.
Yes my needs are overheating and exceeds excessive feeding.
Yes my needs are overheating.
Yes my needs are overheating...
Tonight.
My needs are heating.
Yes my needs are overheating.
Tonight.

My needs are heating.
Yes my needs are overheating.
Tonight,
I'm guded by...
Life!
Tonight,
I'm driven by...
Desire!

Yes my needs are overheating.
Yes my needs are overheating.
Yes my needs are overheating and exceeds excessive feeding.
Tonight,
My needs are overheating and exceeds excessive feeding.
Tonight,
My needs are overheating and exceeds excessive feeding.
Tonight,
My needs are overheating and exceeds excessive feeding.

Tonight,
I'm guided by...
Life!
I'm driven by...
Desire!
And finding it right,
Tonight!

My needs are overheating and exceeds excessive feeding.
Yes my needs are overheating and exceeds excessive feeding.

Tonight...
I am guided by life!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I'M Here To Give

It's raining on the inside of my heart.
Too long it has had periods of starting,
Without a stop.

I'm in a struggle to love.
Don't know why I've gotten like that.
I'd rather sit feeling trapped,
Than to be dropped...
Tapped and drained of it again.

I'm in a struggle to love.
And sometimes I want it back!
But the last time I gave in...
In my face I was slapped.

It's raining on the inside of my heart.
Too long it has had periods of starting,
Without a stop.
I've gotten so weak,
I can not sleep!
And I don't need to give love up...
To recieve another heart attack!

I'm in a struggle to love.
And sometimes I want it back!
But the last time I gave in...
In my face I was slapped.

I'm in a struggle to love.
Don't know why I've gotten like that.
I'd rather sit feeling trapped,
Than to be dropped...
Tapped and drained of it again.
To feel that pain like I did back then.

I'm in a struggle to love.
And sometimes I want it back!
But the last time I gave in...
In my face I was slapped.

It's raining on the inside of my heart.
Too long it has had periods of starting,
Without a stop.
It's the fear of letting go.
I want my need of it to show!
But who will know I'm here to give?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I'M Inclined To Call You Stupid

You spent all of this time wasting yours...
Finding ways to hurt me.
I can not believe you allowed yourself...
To lower your mind to such a degree.
Did you not notice me,
Ignoring your tactics to feed your ego needs?
Did you not witness my willingness,
To expose my agonies for the public to see.

With my beliefs and faith...
I continued to remove each obstacle you made!

You spent all of this time wasting yours.
And I've spent mine...
Building an empire.
To strengthen my bloodline I leave behind!
But those thoughts never entered,
Or crossed your mind!
I'm inclined to call you 'stupid'...
But you may regard that as a compliment.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I'M Into Profits

Based upon the quality.
Presentation and preparation.
Taste and the unique use of ingredients.
And the excitement that fulfills,
And anticipated wait.
I would say...
Perhaps if a higher rating was given,
To the other offerings on the menu...
Maybe one day they too will excell.

'I admire your desire.
But it's your philosophy...
If followed,
Will kill this business.'

That's a lot of nonsense.
People are sold on how a product is marketed.
Not on value, substance or credibility.
It's just my philosophy.
Don't think for a moment,
I will give up something I find delicious.
There is a huge difference between getting business done,
And the reality of using effective deception.
I'm into profits.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I'M Just Curious

Is it superficiality,
That makes some people believe...
An apology from them given to one person,
Should be gratefully received...
After many years of false accusations,
By them to another done to have others deceived.
While they expect a forgiveness from one to come.

Or...

'Is this hypothetical? '

Of course.
Or...
Should that one continue to sit and witness,
Those suffer from their own wickedness...
As they limp and whimper from ailments that exists?

'Your question is 'hypothetical', right? '

Of course it is.
Do you think I enjoy your pain and anguish,
Everytime I come to pay you a visit?

'Then why do you smile,
Each time I'm stricken with an ailment? '

I'm just curious.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I'M Just Sayin'

When someone decides,
To pick upon someone to belittle...
It is highly suggested and recommended,
That they first consult a psychic...
In the event the one selected to be picked upon,
Is not associated with anyone that is directly affiliated...
To the quality of life they had believed was once enjoyed.
I'm just sayin'...
No one ever really knows their prospective victims,
Until it is too late to appreciate...
The minding of one's own business.
Ignorance eventually can be forgotten to forgive.
And there is nothing 'blissful' about it either.
But blatant stupidity affixed to a lack of common sense?
THIS has a way of staying permanently to be remembered.
As if to sit in a time saving capsule.
For the purposes to keep folks reminded.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I'M Many Things

I'm many things,
Picked from each season.
And that which I represent,
Has a meaning that reflects on me.

I'm many things,
Like the snow in Winter goes,
When the Spring begins to melt...
With the dawning of a warming Sun,
Shows.

I'm many things,
From experiences I've known.
Reflect I do,
An affection for adventure.

I'm many things,
To resist a strict unchanging,
From a blooming that insist...
Limits diminish and go.

I'm many things,
Like in Summer that shares it all...
To remember,
When the leaves in Autumn...
Fall.

I'm many things,
Like the snow in Winter goes,
As a dawning of a warming Sun...
Shows.

I'm many things,
Picked from each season.
I'm many things,
And that which I represent,
Has a meaning...
That reflects on me,
And grows.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I'M More Than Needing You

From my mind you had to leave
And go
Away
From me
And, with speed

From my mind you had to leave
And go!
Away
From me

But now I'm more than needing you
But now I'm more than needing you
In my life to make things right
To return and redo
And forgive me too!

From my mind you had to leave
And go
Away
From me
And, with speed

But now I'm more than needing you
In my life to make things right
To return and redo
And forgive me too!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I'M New At This

A robust return to a 'then' that has diminished...
Complete with backyard barbecues,
And Sun drenched bathers.
Sitting along the family pool,
That's fenced in and envied...
By binocular using neighbors.
Can now be considered as historical occurrences...
Of a time when plastic reigned.
And good credit was an interpretation,
Of a bank that has closed.
With executives overqualified to flip burgers.
While those too poor to step through doors,
Without being escorted out by security guards...
Now find themselves annoyed by those complaining,
About what they don't have and the difficulties experienced...
Trying to feed themselves on foodstamps.

'You're kidding?
Well...
I'm one of those 'useless' welfare people.
Perhaps the one standing at the end of this line,
Will find your comments more interesting.'

~OH!
I'm sorry.
I'm new at this! ~

'Making announcements will not make a difference.
If you follow this line about 3 or 4 blocks...
You 'might' discover the end of it!
And...
Don't worry about it.
This gets old very quickly!
As well as those degrading insults.
You know...
Like the 'go-back-to-Africa comments?
Most of us have been living in a jungle for years!
Hope you enjoy the 'safari'.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I'M No Bozo

Did I leave a false impression?
That left you to second guess?
And you have come back to arrange,
My passing of your test?
To select.

Did I leave a false impression?
That left you to second guess?
And you have come back to arrange,
My passing of a test?
To select.

Well let me tell you,
I'm not a bozo.
To be collected...
And left so low.
Oh no.
I am not that bozo.
Oh no.
No no bozo.

Well let me tell you,
I'm no bozo.
Oh no.
To be left solo.
NO!

No one picks me for a purpose,
Just to take a test.
And no one selects me,
As a choice to sit amongst the rest.
I'll be no bozo.
Oh no.
To be left so low.
NO!

Did I leave a false impression?
That left you to second guess?
And you have come back to arrange,

My passing of a test?
To select.

Well let me tell you,
I'm not a bozo...
To sit and consider,
Your proposal.
With twitters to twit,
Like a bozo!
Oh no.
No I'm no bozo.
NO!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I'M Not About To Love You...

I'm wanting more to see you less.
And yet I know this isn't best.
Because my heart gets much upset...
To think you might find someone new.
Someone who is not good for you.
Although I feel I am not either!
What am I to do?

I'm wishing for you better things.
Those things I know I can not bring.
And though you say it's me you wish.
I wish I felt that too.
Perhaps it isn't love I feel for you.
Perhaps this isn't love with you I choose.

And when we are apart,
I wonder why I miss you.
And when we are together,
I can't leave.

I've had a broken heart,
Before we met.
And that with you I can't imagine.
I wont invite regret!
To visit me again.
I wont let it.

But then I find I'm wanting...
You!
But not the haunting,
If one day you leave me!
If that is what 'you' choose to do!

I'm wanting more to see you less.
And yet I know this isn't best.
Because my heart gets much upset...
To think you might find someone new.
Someone who is not good for you.
Although I feel I am not either!

What am I to do?
I'm not about to love you...
Like I do!

I refuse,
To know...
I could with you.
Let's not admit that's what it is,
We do!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I'M Not Certified With Those Qualifications

I've come to you to feed you love.
Not treat you with a desserting,
Of an agony you've been told to keep.
And you gaze upon me,
As if I am here to threaten.
As if I am here to take away...
Your enjoyment to taste defeat.

No!
I am not here to fulfill,
Those opportunities you seek.

I've come to you to feed you love.
Not treat you with a desserting,
Of an agony you've been told to keep.
As if I am here to take away...
Your enjoyment to taste defeat.

No!
I am not here to fulfill,
Those opportunities you seek.

I've come to you to feed you love.
But I am not one,
To do a force feeding done.
Or nourish you back to mental health.
I'm not certified with those qualifications.
Nor will you see my ego boosted,
To be declared on public walls.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I'M Not Convinced

I'm not convinced,
That you really believe...
You have any feelings for me.
I'm not convinced of it.
I'm not convinced of it.

I'm not convinced,
That you really believe...
You have any feelings for me.
I'm not convinced of it.
I'm not convinced,
Of it.

What you do,
And what you say...
Are opposites that conflict.
I'm not convinced,
That you really believe...
You have any feelings for me.

What you do,
And what you say...
Are opposites that conflict.
I'm not convinced,
That you really believe...
You have any feelings for me.
I'm not convinced,
Of it.
At all.

Some days,
You want to rub up and hug.
And other days,
You look the other way.

And some times,
You stare into my eyes and say...
'Baby, I love you.
From me don't go away.'

I'm not convinced,
That you really believe...
You have any feelings for me.
I'm not convinced of it.
I'm not convinced,
Of it.
At all.

I am convinced,
You've got another lover...
To smother with love.
I am convinced,
You've got another lover...
To smother with love.
I am convinced of this...
You are unfaithful,
And you wish not to be alone.

I'm not convinced,
That you really believe...
You have any feelings for me.
I'm not convinced of it.
I'm not convinced...
Of this.
At all.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

'I'M Not Crazy. Really, I'M Not'

If a starting of something,
Was done by one...
To begin with a doing done.
And at a time one thought,
The doing was fun when that one was young.
Now wishing a starting of fun would stop,
To end to be a doing understood has been dropped.
But...
Chooses and decides to continue to hide,
As if another should seek...
Playing that game unfinished to complete.
Although from the minds,
Games like that have been long left behind.

Why does that 'child' now appearing to be grown,
Remains heard screaming...
'I'm over here. I'm clearly shown.'
But those passing by and know this,
Refuse to care with giving attention noticed.
With many of them wishing a cop comes along,
To arrest this 'Peter' for disturbing the peace.

~What's the matter with you?
Are you a raging lunatic? ~

'No officer.
I just wanted anyone, someone...
To notice me.
I'm not crazy. Really, I'm not.'

~Well...
Apparently you've gotten the attention you sought.
Someone has noticed and wishes you a lesson taught.
Pull up your pants and place your arms behind your back.
I'm going to introduce you to others,
With beliefs they too can scream out like that.~

'You can't arrest me. You can't.
I was just playing around.

But it seems others who once played with me,
Have either left town without me being found.'

~Guess what?
Your 'cover' has been discovered.
And...
Don't consider what I do as an arrest.
Consider this a reservation I have made for you.
At the nearest mental institute,
With others expressing similar druthers.~

'MOMMY? MOMMY? '

~Dear God...
Please let this be the last 'nut' for me today.
Why am I being punished? ~

'Huh?
You?
I'm the one that has done nothing.
MOMMY? MOMMY? '

~It's okay.
It's okay.
I'll give you one of my donuts.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I'M Not Here To Kiss Your 'Boo Boo'

I'm not here to kiss your 'boo boo'.
I am here to put my foot up your rear end.
I am here to bring a stinging of reality.
With a hope to knock you away...
From your neccessity to pretend.

Do you know what time it is?
Do you hear the ticking nonstop of any clock?
Steps you should have placed have not moved,
One bit!
And all you have are tears to drop?

I'm not here to kiss your 'boo boo'.
I am here to put my foot up your rear end.
I am here to bring a stinging of reality.
With a hope to knock you away...
From your neccessity to pretend.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I'M Not Here To Lose What I'Ve Earned

There may be a remote possibility,
That a lieing done to have affected others...
May not be remembered,
By those gifted with selective memories.
With a doing to choose amnesia,
Whenever they wish and do so to please.

Some may even decide to forget,
Being quarantined and isolated...
By an illness they were accused,
To have violated their lives...
By a disguising done someone had realized.
To have infested family, friends and others unknown,
They had not met with a purpose to infect.

But...
That possibility they are not visited,
By emotions felt in depth is remote.
And folks believing they joke unconsciously,
Have demoted themselves to be fools.
No one chooses to agonize emotionally as a rule.

'I understand.
And you? '

~And you 'who'? ~

'You?
Don't you have anything to express?
Something embittered that eats at your chest? '

~I've lived through too much to get me upset.
If I carried anything on my chest,
I would ask all my blessings to be re-possessed.
And trust me...
Every blessing I received was not easily achieved.
Nor had been a breeze for me to get.
I'm not here to lose what I've earned.
Just to see your eyes twinkle...

With a twisting to turn something I say to misinterpret.
Or crave with a yearnig to be heard.~

'Oh?
So you do have something kept in depth unexpressed? '

~Yes.
I sometimes regret not meeting more people,
Who were less self-obsessed and more reflective.
But then again...
Difficult it is to meet those who live life,
Without doing it through the eyes of others.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I'M Not Here To Reminisce 'Your' Experiences

Those who speak out,
And unafraid to oppose...
A direction popularized,
With a blindness followed.
Are often left behind but find they meet,
The very ones to greet...
Explaining how they misunderstood,
The meaning of ignorance.
And how listening to comprehend,
Saves time to prevent...
Suffering through needless consequences.

'Why aren't you paying me any attention? '

~I did.
But today I'd rather walk,
Than to waste repeated talk.
Unless you are going to tell me,
Those wounds appearing on your head...
Are not from hitting it against a brick wall.~

'I didn't think you would notice.'

~Do you want to see a healing done,
From scraped knees?
Falling down until I learned the message?
I'm not here to reminisce 'your' experiences.
I've got my own.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I'M Not Hostile

I'm not hostile.
Maybe impatient.
Maybe too long I've waited,
To say...
Get out of my way.

No...
I'm not hostile.
But...
Long I've waited,
With the giving others benefit...
To keep me in their grip.

Up on signs I've clearly posted,
'Hey you...
Out of my way! '

In black and white,
Big blocks to noticed...
'Hey you,
Out of my way! '

But I'm not hostile.
No.
Maybe impatient.
Perhaps...
Maybe too long I've waited,
To say get out of my way.

No...
I'm not hostile.
But...
Long I've waited,
With the giving others benefit...
To keep me in their grip.

Up on signs I've posted,
'Hey you...
Out of my way! '

I'm not hostile.
I just want you out of my way.

I'm not hostile,
'Hey you...
Out of my way! '

No I'm not hostile.
I just want you out of my way.

I'm not hostile,
'Hey you...
Out of my way! '

Up on signs I've clearly posted,
'Hey you...
Out of my way! '

In black and white,
Blocks big and noticed...
'Hey you,
Out of my way! '

But I'm not hostile,
'Meow with a woof-woof.'
No...
I am not hostile,
'Meow with a woof-woof.
Meow with a woof-woof.'

~Owww.
Why did you bite me? ~

You got a 'little' too close.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I'M Not Into Dirty Dogfights

If this isn't what you're fishing for a dogfight,
Then why you wanna keep barking at me?
And if you're really not looking for a dogfight,
I suggest you find somebody else to grit your teeth.

Don't you try to dump your pettiness,
Or selfish sentiments on me.
I'm not into dirty dogfights.
I like to think that I can keep it,
Real and with a dignity.
Go somehwere else,
With that shtick you oughta quit.

I will not play your gimmicks to be gagged.
I'm not with it.
I'm not into shtick.

I will not play your gimmicks to be gagged.
I'm not with it.
I'm not into shtick.
Don't you try to dump your pettiness,
Or selfish sentiments.
I'm not into 'dirty' dogfights.

If this isn't what you're fishing for a dogfight,
Then why you wanna keep barking at me?
And if you're really not looking for a dogfight,
I suggest you find somebody else to grit your teeth.
Don't you try to dump your pettiness,
Or selfish sentiments on me.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I'M Not Into Zombies

Whatever you have ever said
Has been fine with me
Remember you were the one
Who kept reminding me
I lived in my own world
And in your world I did not fit in
I've accepted that

Why should I be blamed
For not expressing to you empathy?
Shouldn't you be getting that
From those you claimed to me
Had your back?
You made the announcement
You wouldn't be caught dead around me
With your friends
Have they realized you died?
Or have you come here just to taunt me?

Either way
That ghost look you have is rather ghastly
Maybe you should return back to your world
I'm not into zombies
Whatever has happened
You need to see your doctor immediately
Maybe it's from something you've been feeding on
For too long

Yeah!
That's what I would do
Go see your doctor!
You don't look too good to me at all

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I'M Not Leaving Nothing

I'm not leaving nothing.
I'm not leaving 'nothin',
Near my feet to peep.
I'm not leaving nothing,
No.
I'm not leaving nuthin'.
I perceive as 'sumthin',
Within my reach to keep.
My eyes will focus closer.

I'll spot a penny in a minute.
To pick it up and quick.
Then slip it in my pocket.
To make it benefit,
With a doing of it.

Noooo...
I'm not leaving nothing.
I'm not leaving 'nothin',
Near my feet to peep.
I'm not leaving nothing,
No.
I'm not leaving nuthin'.
I perceive as 'sumthin',
Within my reach to keep.
Not-these-days!

I know a quarter when I hear it,
When on cement it drops.
And 'if' I see a dollar bill,
My foot on it hops to stop.

Well...
I'm not leaving nuthin'
Even if it's in a tree.
Call me what you wanna...
But I need every cent I've got,
To help buy groceries.
Oh...

I'm not leaving nothing.
I'm not leaving 'nothin',
Near my feet to peep.
I'm not leaving nothing,
No.
I'm not leaving nuthin'.
I perceive as 'sumthin',
Within my reach to keep me fed...
With a dignity I'll always keep inside my head.

I'm not leaving nothing.
I'm not leaving nuthin',
Behind if it shines.
I'm not leaving nothing.
No...
I'm not leaving nuthin',
I'm not leaving nothing...
A dime, penny, quarter, nickle it will be mine.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I'M Not One Of Those Peephole Old People

I'm not a portrait painting on a canvas.
Waiting for a visit to exhibit.
I'm not one of those peephole old people...
Peeking out of keyholes all day,
Hey...
I,
Am much...
Alive.

I'm not a portrait painting on a canvas.
Waiting for a visit to exhibit.

I,
Am much...
Alive.

I,
Am much...
Alive.

I'm not one of those peephole old people,
Peeking out of keyholes all day!
I'm not a portrait painting on a canvas.
Waiting for a visit to exhibit.

I,
Am much...
Alive.

I,
Am much...
Alive.

I'm not a portrait painting on a canvas.
Waiting for a visit to exhibit.
I'm not one of those peephole old people...
Peeking out of keyholes all day,
Hey...
I'm not a portrait painting on a canvas.

Waiting for a visit to exhibit.
I'm not one of those peephole old people...
Peeking out of keyholes all day,
Hey...
I,
Am much...
Alive.

I'm not one of those peephole old people.

I,
Am much...
Alive.

Peeking out of keyholes all day.

I,
Am much...
Alive.

I'm not one of those peephole old people...
Peeking out of keyholes all day,
Hey...
I'm not a portrait painting on a canvas.
Waiting for a visit to exhibit.

I,
Am much...
Alive.

I,
Am much...
Alive.

I,
Am much...
Alive.

I'm not one of those peephole old people...
Peeking out of keyholes all day.
I'm not one of those peephole old people...
Peeking out of keyholes all day,

All day.
All day...
Hey!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I'm Not One To Mock

I wont nor can I be,
What it is you believe to rumor.
Those shoes you wish to fit on me,
Are much too small to wear everywhere.
With a making my steps smoother.

And I can not see to accept,
My life you've created to oppose and object...
Should for you expect my rejection.
Since I know what to be for me is real.
And not an imitation to attempt a reflection.

Too long I have traveled,
On a path I have made.
To know those obstacles faced to chase away.
And no one appeared to soothe my fears.
With doubts about hiding in darkness like monsters,
Awaiting fro me to seel my soul to unseen threats.

I'm not one to mock.
Or be stopped by idle gossip.
I wont nor can I be,
What it is you believe to rumor.
I am me.
The reality.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I'M Not Quick To Disrespect

I'm not quick to disrespect.
However...
I am quick not to waste my time,
To pretend I am tolerant...
Of others who have no idea,
What the meaning and definition...
Of what respect is.
And how and when it is applied.

Those who accept being disrespected,
Are usually the ones who become offended...
When others who have no time to waste,
Are not hesitant to remove themselves...
Without feeling a needed reason,
The doing of it has to be explained.
And with an exit quickly taken,
Through it from nonsense left behind they leave.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I'M Not Quite Feeling That One, Today

I had not always been one considered,
To make good decisions with a wisdom done.
Nor in my youthful exuberance spent,
Adventuring blindly cause trouble for anyone.

But aging has a way of delaying thoughtless actions.
And no longer do I re-act with my head detached,
From my heart.
Since false starts to do as fast aren't so quick to recover.
Not today when I pray my feet and legs wont remain aching,
As I pretend my humming in public...
Will sustain a pain I would rather groan alone at home.
Owe ooh....ahhh...kla...Ohmahh. Hmmm...

'That's from South Pacific isn't it?
I recognize a few bars you began to sing of 'Oklahoma'.'

Oh! Yes.
I didn't realize you were listening.
For some reason I am overcomed,
With a rendition of that song when it begins to rain.

'I can tell you were really in to it before you began to hum.
Does the rocking back and forth help to keep the rhythm?
With the rubbing of your knees? '

Yes.
You have no idea.

'Myself?
Whenever it begins to rain,
I enjoy, 'Tomorrow' from Annie.
You know it? '

I do...but...
I'm not quite feeling 'that' one, today.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I'M Not Really A Fool

People assisted with their jumping to conclusions,
Before taking it upon themselves...
To investigate the decisions they make,
Find it extremely difficult to erase this mistake...
Once they have exposed themselves to others,
To have been fools willfully.
And with a doing that promises to stick,
As a depiction they chose and wished...
To be described without a doubt,
In anyone's mind to question.

'I'm not really a fool.'

~Don't worry about it.
I understand your predicament.
It took me years to realize,
There are so many folks...
Who would rather stay in denial,
Than be exposed for who they are.~

'Seriously.
Really.
I am 'not' a fool.'

~Calm down. Calm down.
Trust me.
I understand.
Whatever it is you 'choose' to be...
Is okay.
I'm not going to pass judgement.~

'I AM NOT A FOOL.'

~Sssshhh.
Calm down.
I understand. I do.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I'M Not Surprised By That At All

It is not unusual to find,
Those accustomed to making decisions...
To be upfront and blunt.
And placed in positions of responsibility,
To confront.
With a probability too,
To be the ones who have become...
More tolerant of others.
And not afraid to admit their mistakes.

It can be also found,
People like this to be the ones most likely...
Criticized and despised for whatever they do done.
Since those who rather pass their judgements,
Are comfortable with a doing of this...
Surrounded by others who often listen to hear,
How their protected childhoods had been lived...
While either an older sibling or someone else,
Got more attention without the deserving of it.

'Let me ask you this question,
If you don't mind? '

~No.
Not at all.
I don't mind.~

'If that person was not around for you to criticize,
Or complain about for making you do things...
You believe was undue and you disliked to despise,
Where would your life be today? '

~I don't know.
I have never been alone to think about it.~

'So you have never lived alone to make decisions,
On your own? '

~No.

Not really.
However...
I made sure I did what I wanted to do.
Me and my friends.~

'Oh?
So you have no clue what it takes,
To lead and not follow.
Although you perceive someone who leads,
Isn't disciplined to listen before they speak to object.
In other words...
You always convinced others you were right.
And you never accepted your wrongs.
You made them right as well. Right? '

~I don't comprehend what you are saying.~

'Don't worry about it.
I'm not surprised by that at all.
Hopefully one day you will be left alone to self-reflect.
Like those who live alone and many preferring to do so.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I'm Not That Citizen

I'm not that citizen,
Representing how or who does what to get done.
I am not that citizen,
To prove my outlook is the right one.
I'm not that citizen,
Wishing a perfect life to live.
Or have it found what I choose to be effective.
No!
I'm not that citizen,
Quick to play the role model.
I am not that citizen,
Praising those I've never met to know.
I'm not that citizen,
Without seen flaws or blemishes.
Or live my life pretentious with this to give.

Sometimes I cuss.
And fuss.
Smoke and joke.
And I might find fault as I please,
Just to pass judgement on other folks.
I may take a nip to then nap after tea.
And when my feathers get picked to pluck,
I'm not one to turn a cheek.

No!
I'm not that citizen,
Quick to play the role model.
I am not that citizen,
Praising those I've never met to know.
I'm not that citizen,
Without seen flaws or blemishes.
Or live my life pretentious with this to give.

I will cuss.
And fuss.
Smoke to nip to nap after tea.
Or call somebody another name,
If it pleases me.

And I care less about social etiquette,
To sell it sold to have believed...
A political correctness I follow to feed endlessly.
No!
I'm not that citizen,
Corrupted to live as a must.
No.
I'm not that citizen,
To accept those I distrust.
Or forgive to fit in with 'Christians'.
Who say things they don't mean or believe.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I'M Not Trying To Find Any Clouds

I have yet to be that kind of person,
To awaken then look out of a window...
To determine how I am going to feel.

And 'if' the weatherman might say,
Rain is coming my way...
That has nothing to do with the Sun,
In my heart.

And these days...
I'm not trying to find any clouds,
To disturb my weather.
That's on me to decide,
What's going on inside!

It's such a beautiful day,
Isn't it?

'Some people got it like that!
I've got arthritis.
My back hurts.
I've got bills to pay.
Prices are going through the roof.
My kids are getting on my last nerve.
Two of my children are in jail,
For selling crack.
And I didn't raise them like that!
I don't have time for fantasies.
It's the economy.
I'm telling you...
It's the economy.
Get real.'

Enjoy your day!

'Whatever! '

You hear that, Father Sun?
After all for us you've done...

Many are blaming their woes,
On the 'economy'.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I'M Not Upset! Not Yet!

Tell me where you go,
When you've got to leave me.
To say you're seeking some harmony!

Tell me where you go,
When you've got to leave me.
To say you're seeking some harmony!

I'm not upset!
Not yet!
'Cause,
I know you need alone time on your own.

I'm not upset!
Not yet!
'Cause,
I know you'll come back here to me at home.

Tell me where you go,
When you've got to leave.
I'm not upset.
Not yet,
'Cause...
I know you're needing some time alone on your own.
But you know at least you can pick up a telephone.

I'm not upset!
Not yet,
But...
Tell me where you go,
When you've got to leave me.
To say you're seeking some harmony!

Tell me where you go,
When you've got to leave me.
To say you're seeking some harmony!

I'm not upset!

Not yet!
'Cause,
I know you need alone time on your own.

I'm not upset!
Not yet!
'Cause,
I know you'll come back here to me at home.

I'm not upset!
Not yet!
But...
Something's getting heated and I'm feeling every bit.
I'm not upset!
Not yet!
But...
Something's getting heated and I'm feeling every bit.
I'm not upset!
Not yet!
But...
Something's getting heated and I'm feeling every bit.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I'M Sure 'someone' Is Aware Of That

It would be nice to know,
Those I had chosen to follow...
Were not secretly making attempts,
To sabotage my interests.

Since that would make no sense at all...
Especially,
If I carry on my back the maps...
I belabored over to detail a safe journey.

I'm sure 'someone' is aware of that?
I hope no one in front whispering,
Believes I follow...
Because I have nothing else to do.
And I hope the one giving them attention,
Knowing what I have in my possession...
Isn't easily deceived,
'IF' arriving to their destiny is a priority for all.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I'M Sure You Get The Point

If you are in a conversation,
You 'thought' was being shared...
And it begins to dawn on you,
The conversation you thought for two...
Was actually a conversation of one.
And no listening to you is being done!
Pay even closer attention,
To what is being mentioned.

And...
You will begin to realize,
What's important in people's lives.
And it shouldn't take long,
For anyone listening to another...
Go on and on about themselves,
Just where they are reagarded and placed...
One someone's priority list.

'Oh?
Yeah and...I...
Uh huh, huh...yes...and I...
Uh huh.
Yep.
And you know...uh huh...okay.
Uh huh...and...uh huh.'

I'm sure you get the point!
And if you don't...
Maybe you should be the one to listen.
And let someone else say something,
While you familiarize yourself...
With the process of breathing.
You know...take a few breaths.
And learn something.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I'M Taking You Off My Best Friends' List

I'm taking you off my best friends' list.
Yes,
I am.
If I have to put up with your nonsense,
And you don't have time for mine...
I get offended by it.

I don't care if you do have things in your life,
To prioritize.
Or that I might contact you,
At the most inappropriate times.
Or...
You just might like some time to be left alone.
Or...
That I've done the same thing to you,
And my activities you've condone.

So what!

I'm taking you off my best friends' list.
Yes,
I am.
If I have to put up with your nonsense,
And you don't have time for mine...
I get offended by it.

Especially when I have time to sit,
With a wasting of time!
And you have none for me that exist.

I've tolerated your selfishness!
How come this time,
You can not tolerate mine?

I'm taking you off my best friends' list.
Well...
I'm moving you to number 2!
And I could care less how you feel about it!

Hello?
HELLO? ?

I know you did not give me dial tone!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I'M Tired Of Giving It

I'm tired of giving it.
My patience and with love.
I'm tired of giving it,
Everything I need.
And no one gives to me.

I'm tired of giving it.
My patience and with love.
I'm tired of giving it,
Everything I need.
And no one gives to me.
It seems.

Time and understanding,
With an empathy that feeds...
I'm tired of giving it,
Everything I need.

A listening ear,
To comprehend my feelings.
Maybe I shouldn't even be near...
To have a dumping of a pity appear.

I'm tired of giving it,
My time.
I'm tired of giving it,
My patience.
Tired of giving it,
Empathy...
No one gives to me.

I'm tired of giving it,
My time.
I'm tired of giving it,
My patience.
I'm tired of losing my mind,
With a showing of impatience.

Tired of giving up,

Time.
Tired of giving up,
Patience.
I'm tired of hoping to find...
Some peace-of-mind.

I'm tired of giving it,
My time.
I'm tired of giving it,
My patience.
I'm tired of losing my mind,
With a showing of impatience.

Tired of giving up,
Time.
Tired of giving up,
Patience.
I'm tired of hoping to find...
Some peace-of-mind.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I'M Your Remedy

I...
May not be,
Impressive enough.
To catch your attention.
Or maybe you think,
I get too much.
But,
I may not be...
The one you need.
But I know I've got what you want.
Because what you want,
I offer.

It's there in your eyes...
Yes.
A wanting to be held.
Yes.
A wanting to be touched and loved.
And...
Done so well.

Oh,
It's there in your eyes...
Yes.
A wanting to be held.
Yes.
A wanting to be touched and loved.
And...
Done so well.
Like...
I do!

I...
May not be,
Impressive enough.
To catch your attention.
Or maybe you think,
I get too much.
But,

I may not be...
The one you need.
But I know I've got what you want.
Because what you want,
I offer.

It's there in your eyes...
Yes.
A wanting to be held.
Yes.
A wanting to be touched and loved.
And...
Done so well.

Oh,
It's there in your eyes...
Yes.
A wanting to be held.
Yes.
A wanting to be touched and loved.
And...
Done so well.
Like...
I do!

It's there in your eyes,
But you can't hide...
What I,
Can undo.
I'm your remedy.
I'm what you need.

It's there in your eyes,
But you can't hide...
What I,
Can undo.
I'm your remedy.
I'm what you need.

It's there in your eyes,
But you can't hide...
What I,

Can undo.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Image Ultimately Is The Victor

Whose right of law depicted,
Is above...
That which documents the rule,
To be obeyed and followed...
If it has been determined,
An unlawful executive order...
Put into place to be ignored,
That promises...
Constitutional chaos.

And...
Who is it,
Whether legally or illegally...
Eventually drinks the coffee?
Eats the crow?
With this demanded,
To have this directive...
Expected to be upheld.
Without further discussion.

'That's what makes,
Debating hypocrisies...
Special and reflective,
Of our greatness to envy.
Since image ultimately...
Is the victor.
And 'that' kept prioritized,
Never fails a challenge.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Images

Images.
Images invented.
Images invented to cement.
Images invented to cement and limit,
To give images purpose and intent.
A reason to solidify limitations that prevent,
A bombardment of unrestricted imaginations.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Images Embedded In Heads Once Fed

The introduction of a feasting on greed,
Will never see a reduction of it mentally.
The feeding of the taste buds HAS been teased.
A scrambling for nuggets of what 'was'
Has too many on their knees,
Pleading for a return to satisfy their yearnings.

And regardless if the cupboards are bare,
Fantasies to replenish them
Even from the pounding on rocks,
From foundations crumbling,
Disturbed by the constant knocking of shocks
Will not stop a determined stubbornness,
That impairs a widening of fixed and restricted visions.

The seeking done of another way,
To restore what no longer exists
Has from minds been dismissed.
Since there are those who can not let go,
Of images embedded in heads once fed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Images Of Power

Fading ideological preferences,
In the face of realities...
Many find difficult to do,
Is coming close to the edge...
Of closure that exposes,
Those who believe their political postering...
Has something to do with integrity.
Or the decency of showing one to be,
Less incompetent...
And more of a human being.

But in times we live today,
Folks who are deluded with sustaining...
Images of power,
Will do so...
Regardless,
If every inch of ground they stand on...
Is shaking!
And crumbling from beneath their feet.
Maintaining a mindset of unpreventable failure...
They would rather keep as a meaningful representation,
Of a weak thought process.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Images Of Stability

A shake up caused by all Earthquakes,
Removes the comfort...
Of any settled dust that has created rust,
That supports a false trust...
Too many rely on to stay,
In a 'forever and always' place.
That can be traced through generations.

With a delaying of those decisions,
Many of us put off...
Until the rays of another dawning day is faced.

Dismayed...
Are those awakening unprepared,
For the changes nature brings...
That leaves us to stare in disbelief,
At all of those images of stability...
Lost to evaporate and cease to be.
As if they were never there.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Images Presented

The image that's presented,
Determines how impressive...
Those pretentious rush to protect.
And the image that's presented,
Has less to do with intellect.
Or competence and its effect,
Upon those expecting...
Much more than an image projected to accept.

Images old have molded.
Although repeatedly they have been sold!

Those images presented,
Represent times gone.
Those images presented,
Have been rusted so long.
Those images presented,
Do not feed!
Those images presented,
No one needs now!

Those images presented represent a decadence.
And they represent with evidence pretentions that are meant.
Those images presented do not feed.
Those images presented no one needs,
Now.

Those images presented represent a decadence.
And they represent with evidence pretentions that are meant.
Those images presented do not feed.
Those images presented no one needs,
Now.

Those images presented,
Represent times gone.
Those images presented,
Have been rusted so long.
Those images presented do not feed.
Those images presented no one needs,

Now.

Those images presented represent a decadence.
And they represent with evidence pretentions that are meant.
Images old have molded.
Although repeatedly they have been sold!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Images To Reference

When one travels alone,
And not from views high on a saddle...
Adventures are experienced,
Close to brush against and to touch.

When one unravels in travels on paths,
To face and and fight their own battles...
An appreciation for life one is blessed to live,
Increases with each taste of it...
As one examines with a focus.

Images to reference with preferences wished,
Become less idealistic...
When a reality of life lived,
From strolling through valleys is a given to witness...
Beyond restricted fences.

Images to reference has a lesser effectiveness,
When one takes time to climb to a summit...
To reach and breathe freely,
Without seeking to impress...
Knowing the sacrifice it took to accomplish each step.

When one travels alone,
And not from views high on a saddle...
Adventures are experienced,
Close to brush against and to touch.
And those images to reference has a lesser effectiveness,
As one reaches out from atop a summit...
To stretch in the freshness not to reminisce regrets.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Imaginative Associations

I can no longer occupy my mind,
With imaginative associations...
To those who choose to distort friendships.
Especially the ones I've known for years...
But have 'never' been inside my home,
To say they paid me a single visit.

But can travel across the country,
To sit with 'their' friends to spend a weekend.

I can no longer defend or excuse,
Someone who abuses and disrespects my time.
To find alibis to make,
As if in the doing of it...
Is perfectly fine.
I've learned those people are not my kind.
Especially if I regard my time as equally important.

Oh...
I can pretend to be fluff and full of that stuff.
But do not believe I am made of it to disregard.
I too can easily dismiss and forget.
I am not a one trick pony.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Imagine What We All Could Do

Imagine what we all could do,
With truth kept to respect.
Imagine what we all could do,
Without a hatred to accept.
And imagine what we all could do,
To prove with it done pursued...
Together we can undo divisions.
Fed selfishly to feed on greed.
And a need to be self-righteous!
To depict every day who the enemy is.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Imitation Crab Meat

Sir,
The mice have begun to scatter.
And a few are displaying independent attitudes.
What do you recommend we do to keep them under control?

'Add some hip-hop to that soul music.
And upgrade that cheap wine for some Moet.
Those re-allocated funds have finally arrived.

With the cheese and the Moet with baked bacon,
Wrapped around imitation crab meat...
We should have them soon eating out of our hands.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Immaculate Myths

We all have been seduced to perceive...
A virginity preserved,
After the act of sex should be believed.
Indignities are shared,
And inflicted to ostracize...
Those we choose to victimize,
For not keeping their temptations fully disguised.
But glaring from pulpits,
Is a venomized ignorance inflicted.
Torturing minds and defining sins.

Microscoped and penalized are those of leadership.
All of us have arrived here sweating up sex.
And those of pretensed forgettable values...
Project our leaders should walk on water,
And yet not get wet!
These immaculate myths,
We are conditoned to accept...
As if human beings are flawless.
In need of severe suffering imposed,
In public exposure to get whipped!
There are contradictions,
Within themselves hypocrisized.
And enforced!
But difficult to admit...
Who is there amongst us is perfect?
You?
With your imperfections,
Feeding conflict!

Inspired by:
Baba Kazembe (Mr. Wesley Smith)
Hartford, Connecticut

'Thank you for this 'insight', Wes'
Lawrence

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Immah Bee Mee

Whatever you see in me believe...
Immah bee,
Immah bee...
Immah bee mee.
Immah, Immah, Immah, Immah, Immah bee mee.

Some folks can't themselves just be.
To leave others to live freely.
And the brisket lickers want their cheese.
But Immah bee,
Immah bee...
Immah bee mee.
Immah, Immah, Immah, Immah, Immah bee mee.

Immah bee,
Immah bee...
Immah bee mee.
Immah, Immah, Immah, Immah, Immah bee mee.

Whatever you see in me believe...
Immah bee,
Immah bee...
Immah bee mee.
Immah, Immah, Immah, Immah, Immah bee mee.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Immature Minds

There is one thing,
Those with immature minds...
Do without fail,
When they allow denial...
Kept to hide behind and prevail.

Denial has a way,
To react and rely on cowardice.
With a sacrificing of courage.
And to not think twice of truth to use,
One immediately ignores to abuse.

When truth is revealed,
Reacting cowardly prevents...
The presence of maturity one attempts,
To convince with the making of excuses...
Represents what a grown mind chooses.

Immaturity quickly takes offense to truth,
When facts produce truth to be conclusive.
Immaturity quickly takes offense to truth,
In attempts that are tried to reduce it.
And those with immature minds will do this,
With few exceptions all the time.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Immediate Effectiveness

Take away what everyday is taken for granted,
To prickle the comfort of anyone...
And guess what happens?
A cherished gratefulness automatically begins.
With an immediate effectiveness that starts,
To never end.

And a pettiness once bemoaned,
Suddenly becomes known...
As a display of childishness.
Assisting many to graduate to empathy.
With a giving of expressed patience.
Some never knew they could achieve.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Immediately Connected

My eyes have laid on the Sun,
For many moons.
And for most of my life,
I have been creatively active.
Both on and off stage...
I've gone through many phases.
And I am blessed to be able to address it,
In this manner.

From writing on walls...
To having my writings read on the internet,
I must confess...
Amazes me.

IF I had 'just' developed this interest...
I wouldn't be that impressed.
Or feel a sense of accomplishment.
And I still use a pad and pen,
To keep this discipline as fresh as possible.
Since electricity isn't as dependable,
When I have a need...
To be immediately connected.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Immediately Locate The Exit

To find meaning and the concept of it,
Is as pointless as never having heard of it before.
If common sense isn't a factor...
Or if someone has to struggle to understand the term?
Or why it is important to communicate?
There is a need for someone to immediately locate the exit!
No need for an explanation.
Just know it's there to use as quickly as possible.
Vacate and forget.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Immediately They Took Offense

What happened to the beautiful home,
That once elegantly stood here?

'The occupants burned it down,
When a new maintenance worker hired...
Just a few years ago,
'Suggested' that getting a new furnace...
Would save them a bundle in their utility bills.'

And...
They burned the house down?
Because of a suggestion?
That doesn't make sense.

'Well...
Those very same words were spoken,
By the maintenance worker...
Who attempted to tell them,
They were blinded by their own stubbornness.
And immediately they took offense.
And, well...
That beautiful home no longer exists.'

There's go to be more to it.

'Oh...
There is.
The residents declared him,
An arrogant lowly nobody.
Who was in no position to tell them 'what' to do.
And the head of the tenants' association,
Got the rest of the occupants to agree...
They would end his job.'

By burning down their own home?

'You wanted to know...
What happened to the beautiful home,
That once elegantly stood here?

That's what happened.

You should have heard the occupants applauding...
An hour before anyone called the fire station.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Immuned From Payback

Who are these creatures with their minds fixed,
On obsessed importance and self-centeredness.
What makes minds like these,
Accept and believe it is never too late...
To express an appreciation to those they hesitate,
An admitting of taking their patience and time...
For granted.

Who are these creatures,
Who had once been placed in positions...
To climb over fences protected by locked gates,
For the purpose to ensure they would come face to face...
If they just knocked on doors to have success happen.
To then have it heard by them to later state,
How what was accomplished was based on merit...
And their strong kept faith.

Who are these creatures,
Who stepped upon backs to crack...
To believe they are immuned from payback?
Or a fall from heights so fast they've been stripped naked,
To perceive when they have reached rock bottom...
Someone dismissed by exposed cold shoulders,
Would be awaiting gleefully to accept from them an apology.

'I've returned with it hoped,
You would accept my apology.'

~That's great.
But I believe those cookies you want to sell,
My find a better reception next door.
They may be what you are into.
As for me...
I'm not into nudists.~

'Please, anything...
A coat, a jacket. Perhaps an unused blanket?
You don't remember me?
Even my tattoo?

REMEMBER MY BOTTOM,
BECAUSE YOU WILL SEE IT ON TOP.'

~Uh...
Are we on camera? ~

'No.
I've been struggling through some very hard times.'

~Like I said...
Next door you might find better luck.
Who knows...
Maybe your struggles wont be that hard.
I remember when my own use to be.
But today,
Maturity and age has taken care of that.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Impact

It hits!
No one knows,
How to deal with it.
An upsetting impact strikes.
And the suddenness of this,
Finds many unprepared.
It does not fit.
There is no choice,
To accept or resist.
It hits!
Unexpectedly.
And no one knows,
How it was imposed.
An upsetting impact strikes.
And the suddenness of this,
Finds many unprepared.
It does not fit.
There is no choice,
To accept or resist.
This impact scatters a consciousness.
Storming mentalities and doing it quick.
And this no one believes.
All exits are closed.
With eyes opened wide...
Leaving those feeling exposed.
There is no where to flee.
Some receive this as a gift.
But what are they going to do with it?
It hits!
But how can it be described?
When the impact attacks from inside.
It hits.
An evolution stirs a higher consciousness.
An impact comes...
To split and lift!
As if assisted by a divine shift!
Without debates or mandates to pick.
It hits.
And we are in the midst of it!

Beset...
Or bothered not!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Impacting With Facts

More difficult than it is,
To sit in a position...
Being scrutinized,
For one's approach to lead.
With unique skills.
And unquestionable abilities.
Is the capability one has,
To leave an image left...
So impressive,
No time soon to be surpassed.
Or...
Will be forgotten to replace.
Nor...
Come near to duplicate.
Especially in times like these,
When authenticity...
Is a rare discovery.

Thank you...
President Barack Obama.
Thank you...
Michelle Obama and family.

Your presence,
Will be remembered to miss.
Often to reminisce,
Your unselfish call to duty.
And done to do not to delude,
The reality of sacrifice.
Or the constant existence of it
Under the most layers,
Of pressures...
Few will ever come to know.

Thank you...
For remaining genuine.
With little today,
Anyone can say to have found...
Is that way.

Too many are addicted,
To substitutes and deception.

Thank you...
For your impact.
Thank you...
For keeping your identity.
And your identity,
Above and beyond reproach.

This impact...
Removes the fact,
Qualities to have intact...
Can never be replicated,
To disguise, charade or imitate
With a faking its reality.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Impairments

People do themselves the injustice,
When they perceive with belief...
They can prevent a mission of another.
And...
What they do and how that doing is done.
With an effective movement that stunts,
To stop with a doing dropped of all advancement.

To then wonder why,
Their own lives have been limited...
By a self inflicted ignorance.

With a doing to expect others,
To provide them assistance to escape away...
From their own creation to protest against!
And then to accuse 'them' and 'they' and 'whomever',
Along with others they have kept distanced...
Of being indifferent to their mental 'impairments'.
To deny this impositon implemented can not be resolved.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Impeccably Dressed And Prepared

The anticipation for the end of times,
Has overwhelmed beauticians and barbers...
From coast to coast and globally.
And 'After 6' evening wear is running out of stock,
As being reported by those in the 'in' crowd.

While reliable tailors everywhere,
Are working their fingers numb...
Trying to get their customers' requests,
Ready for the final fitting on time and as scheduled.

Oh yes...
Many are guaranteeing their end of times experience,
Will find them impeccably dressed and prepared...
To be enthralled by the 'Rapture' of it all.

'Mervin?
Is this like New Year's Eve...
When we celebrate with the toasting of champagne? '

~Gee!
That's a good question.
I don't know.
This is my first 'End Of Times' as well.
Call Bill and Evie.
They think they know 'everything'.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Impediment

Impediment!
Either in speech,
Or something done...
It's evident.
There is an impediment.
It's evidence.

And imminent is this impediment living.
Sitting and getting in the way not giving.

Impediment!
Either in speech,
Or something done...
Is evident.
There is an impediment.
It's evident.
An impediment...
Is evidence.

A flowered talking doesn't pay,
Today.
When much deceit,
Is released.
And it feeds and increases.

'Where are those truth and honest days? '

They are gone in thin air...
With respect that had been there!

There is an impediment!
Either in speech,
Or something done...
Is evident.
There is an impediment.
That is evidence and it's evident.

A flowered talking doesn't pay,
Today.

When much deceit,
Is released.
And it feeds and increases.

That is evidence and it's evident.

'Where are those truth and honest days? '

They are gone in thin air...
With respect that had been there!
And imminent is this impediment living.
Sitting and getting in the way not giving.

That is evidence and it's evident.

Impediment!
Either in speech,
Or something done...
Is evident.
There is an impediment.
That's evident as evidenced.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Impersonal Questions

I don't know exactly how you feel.
Or the depths of how you are affected.
But...
If you don't mind,
I'd like to ask you a few 'impersonal' questions.

'Impersonal? '

Yes.
I'm not one to probe into anyone's business.

'Sure.
Go ahead...
Ask.'

Who pays your bills.

'I do.'

Who is responsible for the care of your children?

'I am and by myself.'

Cool.
Now.
Anytime you had ever been sick
With a decision made to get over it,
Who was there to aid you with assistance?

'No one.
I had to do all of this on my own.'

I don't know exactly how you feel.
Or the depths of how you are affected.
But...
If you don't mind me saying this,
WHY should you care who says what about you?

'I do at times.

But 'they' don't know me.'

Trust me!
At no time will they give to do it either.
Do not feed the unknown to you what has not be shown.
Ignore what you know to be lies.
Let God handle the rest.

'But...
I do have strong faith.'

Is it as strong as it can get?
Or are you living to seek approval?
Especially from those who choose to argue.
With a leaving you in doubt and a happiness,
You say you have yet to get.
Prioritize whatever it is you seek.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Impersonal Third Person Invitations

I've never been into,
Impersonal third person invitations.
With expectations that I participate,
In the enjoyment of activities.
I believe if someone wants me,
To appear in their environment personally...
At least that wish to me 'personally',
Should from them be extended.

'You didn't show.
And we expected you.'

I didn't receive from 'you' an invitation.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Implanted Data Chips

'I'm here for my revisit,
For implanted data chips.
I'm here to be refitted,
For implanted data chips.
I'm running low on memory.
I need new chips within me.
I'm here for my revisit,
For implanted data chips.
I'm here to be refitted,
For implanted data chips.
I'm running low on memory.
I need new chips within me.'

Soon,
Common sense will cease and end.
When independent thinking,
Becomes forbidden.

Soon,
There will be no difference...
To know a truth deluded.
When people are controlled,
By a flip of a switch.

Turned on to turn off.
Intelligence or ignorance.
Turned off to turn on.
Any thought that had existed,
To perceive a benefit.

Turned off to turn on.
Intelligence or ignorance.
Turned on to turn off.
Any thought that had existed,
To perceive a benefit.

Soon,
There will be no difference...
To know a truth deluded.

When people are controlled,
By a flip of a switch.

'I'm here for my revisit,
For implanted data chips.
I'm here to be refitted,
For implanted data chips.
I'm running low on memory.
I need new chips within me.
I'm here for my revisit,
For implanted data chips.'

Turned off just to turn on.
Implanted data chips.
Turned on just to turn off.
Intelligence or ignorance.
Turned off just to turn on.
Implanted data chips.
Turned on just to turn off.
Intelligence or ignorance.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Implemented Craziness

It seems as though the more I age,
The less I care about those who address pettiness.
And their hollowed professed confessions...
Of having beliefs in God.
And afraid to step out on their faith.
What sense does that make?

People 'say' they pray for peace!
And as soon as they are 'released'
From their places of worship...
I overhear them passing judgements.
And condoning needless wars.

People 'say' they pray for unity,
And brotherhood.
And in most neighborhoods,
There is conflict of some kind.

People 'say' they pray for racial equality.
As long as they are made to feel superior,
Over others of color.
And they are restricted from a quality of life,
That is diminishing rapidly in quality...
And those 'values' they uphold,
Are materialistic and has devastated the economy!

It seems as though the more I age,
The less I care about those who address pettiness.
And their hollowed professed confessions...
Of having beliefs in God.
And afraid to step out on their faith.
What sense does that make?

It seems as though the more I age,
Those who take offense
To an obvious display of implemented craziness,
Are quicker to defend this mess...
As if it is tradition.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Imploding

A little deceit becomes bigger when done.
And divisions when begun,
Are meant to affect the obvious ones.
The homeless, hungry and illiterate.
Those receiving their assignments,
Perceive themselves 'bags of chips'.
The ones strutting around...
As if to have a few dollars more,
Gives them the right...
To demonstrate evil appetites.

Imploding from the myth,
To inflict suffering on others...
Makes one accepted in a clique.
But a ticking bomb they hold.
And in their minds this begins to show.

Imploding from the myth,
To inflict suffering on others...
Makes one accepted in a clique.
But a ticking bomb they hold.
And in their minds this begins to show.

A little deceit becomes bigger when done.
And divisions when begun,
Are meant to affect the obvious ones.
The homeless, hungry and illiterate.
Those abandoned without receiving,
Proper benefits.

And the growing of the imploding,
Begins to collapse from within.
Those who perceive they are above misdeed,
Start to get a taste of what they can not believe.
An undoing of a web they set.
That traps them in a net of regret.
To suffocate themselves until there is no breath left,
From which to breed the breathing of deceptions done.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Imploding From An Overload

Imploding from an overload,
Of cloak and dagger misdeeds.
And leaving a trail to hail these acts,
As a means to trace back to times...
Corruption defined the feeding of greed.
And today the uninformed are led to believe,
Their lives lived without deceit...
Diminishes an accustomed quality.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Imploding In Their Conditioned Positions

Falling to pieces!
Quicker.
Faster.
Than anyone can remember,
Who Bo Peeped.
Or if creeps were involved,
With the fleecing of Mary's little lamb.
Or the padlocking of Mother Hubbard's house,
After stealing her homemade jam.

Falling to pieces!
Quicker.
Faster.
Than Jack and Jill,
Going up a hill...
To fetch a pail of tainted water.

Now everyone is looking down.
To discover anything on the ground,
Worthy to pawn!
After mentally being slaughtered,
By deceit nursed by thieves going on...
Discreetly allowed to do their crimes.
As those mumble in their fumbling,
To find reason and rhyme in trying times.
And ripe...
For an imploding,
In their conditioned positions...
To occur!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Imploding. Impacted. And Overwhelmed

Sitting back to allow one's life,
Become impacted by fear and indecision.
Is a life one has chosen to live.
Hoping to find in time,
The right medication to numb a mind.
To discover being out of it completely,
Just leaves more threats to digest.
With them to stay welcomed.
And sought to validate one's craze.

As if these days to face truth and reality,
Is much more painful...
Than letting myths to dismiss,
And inflicted unlimited delusions wished...
To let them go to know,
An existence of such myths has created...
The surge of mental conflicts.
Imploding upon a consciousness,
Overwhelmed and confined by deceptions.
Accepted and refused to disbelieve.

Imploding. Impacted. And overwhelmed,
By a reality left and allowed to be deceived...
With this intent meant.

Oh...
Are heard the woes.
With this intent meant.

Imploding. Impacted.
And overwhelmed.
With this intent meant.

Oh...
Are heard the woes.
With this intent meant.

Oh...
Are heard the woes.

With this intent meant.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Implosion

Outdated methods to use conflicts,
As a means to uplift and feed societies has ended.
Rusting weapons have more worth as melting metal.
In these days of dying economies.

An implosion comes.
Those that once had now have not.
Pretensions have been expensive to maintain.
And the addictions of them must be dropped.
Since it has become harder for those images,
To be sustained.

An implosion comes.
An inside job performed by corruption, greed and government.
Ends.
And those stripped bare of essentials...
Will find themselves more prepared,
Than those with resumés...
Detailing their associations with wickedness.

Their abilities to manipulate are over!
Talents such as these have become obsolete.
And out of this 'bleakness' reality is discovered.
Revealing their fortune!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Important Business

The most important business,
One should keep to know it treasured...
Is belief in oneself.
And not as a commodity,
Many use and choose to cheapen...
Easily sold to sell to others,
For a price that temporarily satisfies...
A gratifying of attention,
So many can and will supply.

The keeping of business to know oneself,
As a product of quality to appreciate and value...
Makes what one offers,
Priceless and precious with this to be noticed.
And those who become fortunate,
With one's buisness given to receive...
Are not about to have it bartered away.
Or have it abused to feel regret when it leaves.
To know what they've got is not often seen.
And stops them immediately,
From shopping around looking for bargains.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Imposed Composure

Late at night...
As owls watch from perches high,
Rings worn are slipped off.
Mixed drinks in bars are sent,
With winks hinting...
A discreet private meeting meant,
Is suggested with consent.

Eyes connect...
When 'last call' is heard,
Without one word these 'cooing birds'
Lock motel doors behind them.

Welcoming a sunrise drive...
No mention of husbands or wives,
Or which lies to tell selling deception
Is revealed!
This is concealed,
Hoping spouses do not smell a rotten egg,
Scented with tuna munched before lunch leaks...
Through imposed composure,
Returning home from these long and tiring
Business trips!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Imposing Upon A Patience Given

Time is too precious,
To give to others to waste...
As they bask within their egos,
Procrastinating what moves to make...
While imposing upon a patience given.

Time is too precious,
To delay an agenda prioritized...
With eyes set to realize,
Things needing to get done.
And accompanied by motivation.

Some dismiss this discipline.
If not familiar with initiative.
Some will excuse themselves from this.
Thinking motivation is a thing that is wished.

Time is too precious,
To give to others to waste...
As they bask within their egos,
Procrastinating what moves to make...
While imposing upon a patience given.

Some dismiss this discipline.
If not familiar with initiative.
Some will excuse themselves from this.
Thinking motivation is a thing that is wished.
Much like feeding a craving to quickly satisfy a whim...
With the hopes someone mentions a noticeable difference.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Impositions

What you present...
Is the potential to deliver someone,
A full blown headache on a daily basis.
And that is obvious in your presentation.
Having you audition for anything in my life,
Is rather ridiculous.
Inspite of your talents to compose,
Attractive impositions.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Impossible To Do

Talents and skills to possess,
Guarantees no one...
A place to sit on a mountaintop.
With a listening to echoes,
Heard to hear of their success.
It takes a craved desire,
On some days marinated in a craze.
And then heated by initiative set on fire.
To sometimes feel one is engaged in rage.
Yet...
Controlled and kept on the move,
Through obstacles and opposition.
To only prove those with talents and skills,
Possessed...
Are not afraind to confront walls installed,
Built to discourage...
Their wishes and hopes to dream.
And kept too motivated,
Not to see them flourish or allow them prevented...
From being done.
With devotion and time sacrificed.
To know what they must do to overcome,
Hoodwinkers, deceivers and dupe to do makers.

'I'm telling you.
As God is my witness.
And both of us claim to be Christians.
They were right here.
We strapped them in strait jackets.
And 'still' they escaped.
I'm telling you,
They have disappeared.'

~Rubbish.
That's a lot of B.S. and garbage.
That's IMPOSSIBLE to do.~

'Impossible to do for who?
You?

How strong 'is' your faith?
You often tell me keeps you chosen.
AND favored.'

~What they've done,
Has nothing to do with God or faith.
I know more than you may think,
About these 'mysterious' things.
Someone permitted themselves to assist them.
And I want all of this to be investigated.
I could care less,
About their talents and skills to possess.
No one is 'that' motivated with initiative.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Impressed By Those I Have Not Met

Why should I continue to ignore myself,
To value the opinions of others?
I use to do that and I stayed depressed.
If it appears I am selfish and self centered,
Perhaps I am deserving of my selfishness.
Maybe I earned it!

Others will not admit my sacrifices.
And I don't wear my heart on my sleeve,
For anyone to know to the degree I've sacrificed.
Others have used other tricks and devices,
To maneuver themselves into the spotlight.
One that is believed I seek and need.

They want to take credit for the steps I made.
Those who make claims to know me and don't.
While making attempts to convince themselves,
And others like them...
I had nothing to do with something I've been doing,
All of my life.
And that is to write!

To do it to impress others,
I have never thought about doing.
But I will admit I am impressed by those I have not met,
Who express they can 'feel' me!
While those who make claims they know where I'm coming from,
Judge on my appearance and the way that I am dressed.
And yet have not a clue as to what it is I do,
To get what it is I do done to make a difference for someone.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Impresses Only An Imprint Placed

To breathe to eat to sit.
To wish and want,
Without a finger to lift...
Or desire that burns.
Impresses only an imprint placed,
On a lazy fat ass.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Impressing To Be The Best

Impressing to be the best today,
Just is not good enough for one to portray.
One has to have a stamina to tolerate with patience,
A sickness that is dismissed.

In these times we live with a quality of life diminishing,
People have become spoiled and depend on being catered.
With a belief their demands are deserving to do as they please,
To know later they will be given forgiveness.

And their misdeeds have caused tears to fall from eyes of others...
To have their neighbors, friends and family members disbelieving,
Someone expected to be one of 'them'...
Plots to leave them pleading on knees,
With a doing of it as if to druthers to have them suffer.

Too many accepting an easy life with entitlements,
And accustomed to deceiving to have everyone convinced...
Are now proving with this 'insight' mental illness amongst them,
Is a reality they have ignored yet witnessed to exist.
As it reflects their own afflictions a self examination all resist.

'No one knew what was going on?
Even though right in your view this madness was condoned,
And around you everywhere it is produced? '

~No.
No one knew.
No one had a clue anything was out of the ordinary.
We are as normal as everyone else.
Aren't we? ~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Impressions Made

If you can not be 'on' time,
Be earlier or don't show.

Having a reputation,
Of consistently being late...
Is an expression of disrespect,
That is not acceptable.

And...
Those thoughtless Impressions made,
Can stay embedded and irreplaceable.

Especially those repeated...
That step on respectful toes.

And no one should consciously wish,
To be in this position.
Or make efforts to wear a title,
That bears the word 'Careless'.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Impressive Speeches

What needs to be done,
To patch cracks in foundations crumbling...
Around to be witnessed by everyone,
Needs less to be debated.
And more with patience initiated,
To begin stablizing that which is fading.
With a doing done of it.
If those with wishes,
Are more concerned with the doing...
To address what it is that now exists.
With a leaving behind impressive speeches,
Those listening today tomorrow forget.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Impressively Dressed

Economically,
They have kept themselves detached.
Preferring instead,
To pick up paychecks...
With a determination,
To keep themselves impressively dressed.
Entertained and free of stress.

Economically,
They have kept themselves detached.
Preferring instead,
To pick up paychecks...
With a determination,
To keep themselves impressively dressed.
Entertained and free of stress.

And yet,
Expectations they keep are high and demanding.
With hand outs to leech as taught.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Imprinted On Their Foreheads

I doubt very seriously,
If those who spent their youth...
Believing others to be fools,
Back at a time when they decided...
To ridicule others,
By calling them such.
Would today feel the same way,
After clearly achieving that status themselves.
I doubt that very seriously.
Since too many now I see,
Have that word imprinted on their foreheads...
And emblazoned there as if to be permanently affixed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Imprisoned

Imprisoned.
By something.
If I was committed to another,
You would express more interest.
If I told you I was not...
You would want to know why.
And If I lied,
You'd find me more attractive.
If I dared to be honest...
You would become suspicous.
Taking that to represent,
A directness...
In your mind you'd resent.
And that is not what I would present.

Imprisoned.
By something.
The fear of rejection.
Or too close of an inspection.
The smothering of love done by another.
Or the lack of the expression of it.
Wanting to be alone,
After declaring the wish for more space.
And when that is given...
One begins to feel imprisoned,
By doubt.
Or something not figured out!
Something faced...
One wishes to quickly replace.
Or erased to wish back again.
To leave one feeling a need,
Of some kind of belonging that entraps.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Improprieties

It seems as though your improprieties,
From those standards you valued...
Have come to undo you to do you in.

Anything done you did you had time to correct.
And those blatant mistakes you've made,
Would have long been forgotten with an apology.

Your wish to be seen,
As something other than a human being...
Has left you in a deep ditch.
Along with other hypocrites,
You shared a commonness with.
Mixed and socialized in a doing of discreet business.

Well...
It seems as though your improprieties,
From those standards you valued...
Have come to undo you to do you in.
And what you intentionally did to others,
Had not been a good thing to do...
For the doing you did to get done.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Improve

The only thing in life,
I have committed myself to do...
Is to improve my living of it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Improvements

Improvements known needed,
And wished to realized...
To receive and get without sacrifice,
Can not be achieved to leave to debate.
Or one wanting to see improvements made,
But awaiting to hear opinions from others...
If they would okay and approve,
Those improvements made...
Whenever they get to be done.

'Suppose I choose to improve,
And no one likes what it is I do? '

~Suppose I should change the topic,
And you dislike what it is I pick? ~

'I don't have to listen.
And I can get up to leave.
If that is what I wish.'

~Exactly.~

'Where are you going? '

~To prove to myself,
I can get a better conversation somewhere else.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Improvisations

And in conclusion...
You pretended too many times too long.
Too many times you claimed I was the one wrong.
And to me it matters not,
If that is argued until your lips drag and drop.
I'ved stopped my mental rendevous with you.
We've touched too much disgust together,
And we're through...dust busted.
Shakened up from the crusting rust.
This is what you wanted to do,
Since someone else laid their eyes on you!

Someone you trained to remain patient.
Sweeping you up in deluded imagination.
With unseen flings to chase!

Jealousy?
That act has been wasted!

How about a disrespect shown,
That others see!
A pride divided I enjoyed carrying high,
Until I stopped watching you mock...
Me and everything about me I am not!

Jealousy?
I wanted to dropp kick you then!
But common sense covered me...
Revealing you had none!

I'm not going to wonder,
Or try to remember back 'when'...
When all of this crap for us started to begin.
I am not the type to defend an excited action gone.
Or repeat to your satisfaction...
Add and not subtract,
Exact times I was wrong!

You get on this cycle and like to ride the nerves,

Until they are raw and ready to flair.
I recognized all movements you have disguised,
And overused with few to spare.

You pretended too many times too long.
Too many celebrated anniversaries!
And one too many of those
Left us cold shouldered
In romantic candlelight,
With flowers and wine...
And our own sad songs!

And to me it matters not,
If that is argued until your lips drag and drop.
I'ved stopped my mental rendevous with you.
We've touched too much disgust together.
This membership I wish not to renew.
And we're through!
This is what you wanted to do,
Since someone else laid their eyes on you!
Slipping to your side,
With the offer to supply...
A dose of 'cheat-on-your-spouse' poison!

Jealousy?
How about a disrespect shown,
That others see!
How about a fading love.
Disappearing quietly.
As you prepare to strap on quick,
Issues back to back like these...
Forgetting they have been shrugged,
And swept under a rug...
Allowing them to bugged us constantly.

I've exterminated the causes!

Jealously is not what I'm feeling,
As I pace and retrace my steps.
I think I've acquired the taste,
To eliminate hesitation!
I'll grab my coat and get up and go.

Unless there is another routine,
You'd like to audition for future scenes?

And don't worry about perfecting it.
You tend to over-rehearse...
Leading one to think,
Even your improvisatons stink...
And should have improved by now? !

But then again,
That might offend.
Since I'm the only one...
Who has had the privilege to know!
Yet keeping appearances of suspense,
Is one of your best attributes!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Impulsive

He is itching,
To do something to be remembered.
Impulsive.
Imprudent.
And mentally incompetent.
With no social aspects,
To benefit!
He is itching,
To do something to be remembered.
Something to leave his mark!
Something...
Implusive!
That dangers.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Impulsive Indulgences

The familiar is seldom, Appreciated.
Until time passes.
With wishes for it,
Repeated heard as reminisced.

Unsatisfied and bored,
With a reliable taste.
To impatiently crave,
It's replacement.
Forgotten are the benefits.
And what was enjoyed.
Decreased is the appreciation.
To increase what it isn't.
And what it is not,
Begins to annoy.

Enter impulsive indulgences.
Temporarily abating,
With something fresh...
And impressive.
Looking sweet on the surface.
But sours when digested.
It isn't what it appears.

Urges to return to the reliable
Is too late to chase.
It has gone away.
To appreciate more its value.
Or lavish upon it,
A wish to have given...
Praise instead of critique.

Missed,
Is always that which is...
Taken for granted.
And compared to something,
Untested.
Yet accepted until the taste,
Leaves its bitterness...

To hate,
Those impulsive choices made.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Impulsive!

Impulsive!
I try my best not to be.
But I am teased by temptation.
And I sometimes easily submit.
Believing I can handle it.
Even at my own expense.

Impulsive!
Again.
And not a bit of guilt,
Accompanies it when I crave.
Although on some days...
I wish those cravings would come,
When I can afford them on my own...
And not borrow to repay a loan.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Imus

Imus tells you...
Ignorance is not bliss.
Imus says to you now,
Some stench has got to quit.
Comments made of 'shady' grade...
Describes a climate that fits.
But what Imus says
Is already in people's heads
And got there through a media
Of all kinds that spreads.

Imus tells you...
Told you Imus did.
And what Imus represents,
Is the taste of a dollar bill...
That is always up for bids!

And Imus did what Imus does well!
Imus knows what he's doing...
Because Imus knows how to sell!

Imus shows us raw our views...
Not on the threshold of heaven,
But on the heated denials
Of a daily hell we spew!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In A Beep Beep Race

When I hear them in the traffic,
Go beep beep.
Horns going on,
With a beep beep.
And I wonder where all the people go..
To scurry with flurry so hurried...
They have to constantly beep beep beep!

When I walk it's in a leisurely pace.
I want to take in every bit of a scene.
And when I walk,
I don't frown my face.
Like those in a hurry in a beep beep race.

When I hear them in the traffic,
Go beep beep.
Horns going on,
With a beep beep.
And I wonder where all the people go..
To scurry with flurry so hurried...
They have to constantly beep beep beep!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In A Boast Stayed Boosted

Consumed,
With a self hatred.
And makes more room....
For a mind to sit,
Assuming doom.

Consumed,
With a self hatred.
And makes more room....
For a mind to sit,
Assuming doom.

Eyes on demise!
With fire and brimstone in their sights.
And tantillized by cries of crisis.
To observe with a wish not to grow from it.
That validates misfits witnessed!

Consumed,
With a self hatred.
And makes more room....
For a mind to sit,
Assuming doom.

Consumed,
With a self hatred.
And makes more room....
For a mind to sit,
Assuming doom.

Proud,
To be among those rowdy!
Those who show no benefit,
That comes to those who stir conflict.

And gloom is a boast stayed boosted.
That feeds upon such limitness,
Of those who love it on their minds and lips.
And...

Consumed,
With a self hatred.
To observe with a wish not to grow from it.
That validates misfits witnessed!

And proud,
To be among those rowdy!
Those who show no benefit,
That comes to those who stir conflict.
And proud,
To be among those rowdy!
Those who show no benefit,
That comes to those who stir conflict.
And proud,
To be among those rowdy!
Those who show no benefit,
That comes to those who stir conflict.

And giving up more attitude...
To those who view them useless,
And...
Consumed,
In a boast stayed boosted!

And ready to be roosters noosed...
Plucked to be served after roasting,
With a juice or good brew!

And...
Consumed,
In a boast stayed boosted!
And...
Consumed,
In a boast stayed boosted!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In A Bustle That We Haste

Like a brisk fresh brook,
Through a forest flows...
Unstoppable and clear,
When one is near it they can hear.

And taking hikes in the woods,
Does a city dweller good...
Without the handicap of bricks,
To sit with sentiments lamented.

So much can be advantaged,
If we managed to rid limits.
And giving Mother Nature more,
Than just a few minutes.

So much of life is wasted,
In a bustle that we haste.
As if there is a purpose in a rush anticipated,
Everyday.

So much can be advantaged,
If we managed to rid limits.
And giving Mother Nature more,
Than just a few minutes.

So much of life is wasted,
In a bustle that we haste.
As if there is a purpose in a rush anticipated,
Everyday.

Taking hikes in the woods,
Does a city dweller good...
Without the handicap of bricks,
To sit with sentiments lamented.

Like a brisk fresh brook,
Through a forest flows...
Unstoppable and clear,
When one is near it they can hear.

Don't delay.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In A Category All Your Own

Would I cuss you out?
Or 'will' I cuss you out?
Forgive me but...
I am not familiar at all with this request.
Can you be just a little more specific.
I don't mind doing it,
But...
You have to provide the incentive.

'So you just don't go around cussing people out?
And being offensive?
I saw that on a recent documentary.'

Of course not.
I am given something to ignite that desire.
Something that initiates the feeling.
You know...
You have to want me to cuss you out badly,
To provoke me to that point.

'I had no idea that's how it was done.
Depending on the situation,
How many cuss words could I possibly provoke you to use...
Within,
Say...
Five minutes of my nonstop ignorance that provokes you? '

You are visiting here on vacation aren't you?
And someone has become annoyed with you and sent you,
My way...
Right?
Either it is believed you are my perfect match...
Or something so disconnected in your head,
It is hoped a few of my choice words will tightened.
You are in a category all your own.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In A Deafening Stubbornness

A resting temporarily,
From a digging of a hole
Dug deep,
Is no cause for celebration.
For those blindfolded,
In a deafening stubbornness they keep.
Especially if the digging done,
Is away from and not towards the light.

And those who enthusiastically dig,
See themselves as making progress.

A progress only they believe,
Can be achieved
Without listening to others,
Standing above them in silhouette
Against the rays of the Sun.
A digging like this continued
Out of listening distance,
Has long ago begun!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In A Dream State Of Consciousness

Too many seem to be in a dream state of consciousness.
Drifting from one unreality to another.
Seeking to wake up on something concrete.
Something to plant their feet on.
With the least amount of effort.
Wishing to be assisted from one fantasy to another.
Hoping truths are rumored delusions.
And holding onto myths,
Will provide them a painless visitation with happiness!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In A Duality That Is Lived

Good could not exist all alone,
Without evil near to feed it...
In a duality that is lived as is.
Nor could a mediocrity flourish in climates,
When an atmosphere condones it...
As an acceptable vision allowed and permitted.

It is pointless to insist without resistance,
That victims are not marketed from birth...
To attract to themselves harm to thirst it first,
When minds are conditioned to be curious.
And no one can claim they have found Utopia,
If not having had visitations from demons.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In A Duplicitous Existence

One's creativity felt with depthness,
Is not from birth born...
To generate repeated dishonesty.
As if from an assembly line produced...
And marketed to exploit.
With a false annointment.

It seems those who seek notoriety,
Are not connected to originality at all.
They've become afflicted with plagiaristic deeds.
Feeding a hollowness with a hope to succeed,
In a duplicitous existence.
As if a fixation with this makes the difference.

To make claims one is attached,
With that which is understood...
From origins inside of them to match,
Belies what is exposed.
These folks only know what to them has been shown.
And then with a defacing...
They wish to get acknowledgement for 'their' greatness.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In A Forward Movement

One early morning,
When dawn awakens those yawning...
It will come to some to be realized,
The ones whose minds are fixed...
Have left all regrets to a yesterday,
Missed.
But will not find them sitting,
In hours reminiscing to moan over it.

And a rising done as the sun clears the sky,
With something to accomplishment and pursued...
Is the only thought they have on their minds,
To do!
With a following through until the Sun sets.
Knowing their steps taken,
Were placed in a forward movement.
With a doing done regardless if anyone notices.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In A Frantic Reach For Yesterday

It is all right there.
There to conveniently ignore,
Or digust delusions.
As they seek to separate,
Their preferences.
From the constant stickiness,
Of what is daily viewed.

It has been there,
Waiting to be embraced.
Inspected.
Or at least discussed.
But 'this' reality avoids the media blitz.
It has become part of...
That which has collected dust.
And has affixed itself...
To someone's known way of life.
No matter how low or gutter like.

The only thing successfully done,
Has been to blind those in denial...
In a frantic reach for yesterday.
And today,
Their own lives are no longer recognized.
And still they do not hold themselves to blame.
They would rather see someone else,
Murdered for their insecurities!
And...
See themselves on TV.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In A Group Looped

In a group looped,
To choose flavorites who are savored...
The ones accepted and in cahoots.

In a group looped,
With a doing to outcast...
Those who are shunned from certain tasks.

In a group looped,
Until that doing has been undone...
To ostacize and boot the ones,
Thinking themselves as chosen!
But discovered to be the ones so dumb.

Left behind with their limited minds.
Left behind to think things are fine.
But the time comes when it's known,
Ignorance kept like this is shown.

In a group looped,
To choose flavorites who are savored...
The ones accepted and in cahoots.
With a doing to outcast...
Those who are shunned from certain tasks.
But the time comes when it's known,
Ignorance kept like this is shown.

In a group looped.
And sharing limitation and confusion too!
They stay and remain,
In a group looped.
With a doing everyday to create their truths.
In a group looped.
The ones accepted and in cahoots.
With a doing done chosen to outcast...
Those who are shunned from certain tasks.

In a group looped,
To choose flavorites who are savored.

They are...
In a group looped,
But those savored lose their taste and flavor.
In a group looped,
Are the ones who believed others they would test...
But find themselves behind and left.

In a group looped!
And the time soon arrives when it is known,
Ignorance kept like this is shown...
Within a group looped!

In a group looped.
Yet...
Cliques like this eventually split!

In a group looped.
Yet...
Cliques like this eventually split!

In a group looped.
Yet...
Cliques like this eventually split,
From a nonsense...
Charading created pretensions!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In A Mirror Framed

Trying to lay blame,
On someone other than the one reflected...
In a mirror framed.
Without depth inspected!
Or at least none that is claimed?
Says one thing about the one subjected.
The one delusioned,
With the image rejected.

'Empty pockets do not refill themselves,
On thinning air.
Especially when it has been declared,
Oxygen that 'had' been there...
Can not be replaced merely by fantasy.
Or replenished by wishes.
Since an ending that has arrived...
Is not seeking those who hide,
When time finishes!

A depletion comes and survives!
And seldom is that done,
With the dropping of confetti.'

~So...
What is it that you are truthfully saying? ~

'That damn mirror has a bunch of cracks,
Even seen when standing!
No matter where one stands.
Or how far back! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In A More Receptive Mood

If it's going to be about race,
Today.
Let us vow to say...
That race is for the taste of life.
And we keep a pace to make it right.
If it's going to be about race,
Today.

And if it is about race,
Today.
Let's pray to race for harmony and peace.
And show there is a life believed with liberties,
We ourselves achieve.

Chase we must those shadows away.
And those gray clouds created,
To shade the brightest colors to fade.

And if it is about race,
Today.
Our hearts must remain wide open.
To initiate another fate...
That places us in a more receptive mood.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In A Nod From A Bore

Safe placements...
With an altering of my given nature,
To display a faked tolerance and patience.
As I appease anyone becoming uneasy,
Of a pride I may stride in comforting dignity.
I something my ancestors may have done,
To show themselves capable of enduring disrespect.
But not 'this' one!

My heritage and ethnic traces,
Can not be erased off my face 'if' I chose.
And with grace I choose to expose my blessing.
With a strutting upright in a pace unmistaken,
That the only time I 'might' bow my head...
May occur in a nod from a bore to be heard then to snore.
I will never excuse to refuse my accepted identity.
I am not chained or shackled to those ideals.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In A Nosey Busybody Place Of Sly Snoopers

If 'ever' you wish to keep 'anything' to yourself,
In a nosey busybody place of sly snoopers...
It is imperative and to your benefit,
To keep the changing of masks done...
On a regular basis.
Or...
Restrict your display of showing moody attitudes,
To where you frequent as a shopper.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In A 'Not' Understanding Mood

What position do I hold?
Well...
That depends on the condition,
Of my sentiments.
The day of the week.
And the direction in which my attitude,
Is forced to take a shift.
It is impossible to remain in a good mood,
These days.
And...
In a good mood I am going to stay.

'No.
You have misunderstood me.
I refer to the position you hold,
As to how you rate yourself.
You know...
On a scale from one to ten? '

Oh!
You are right.
I did misunderstand you.
Well...
That depends on the condition,
Of my sentiments.
The day of the week.
And the direction in which my attitude,
Is forced to take a shift.
It is impossible to remain in a good mood,
These days.
And...
In a good mood I am going to stay.

'So...
The position you hold is pretty much a fixed on? '

Did I not say,
I 'did' misunderstand you?

'Yes.
Yes you did.'

Well,
To save you time and not to waste mine.
I just happen to be...
In a 'not' understanding mood.
You see those people over there?

'Yes.
They will fake anything you wish.
And make attempts to impress you too.
Don't take my word for it.
They will have you believe,
They are the cream of the crop.
You should have worn your boots.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In A One On One To Convince

You don't know me like you think you do.
Snoopy.
Even though I given up to you so many clues.
And...
Delivered on a silver platter.
Polished and free of lint.
But that to you doesn't matter.
Because you're too intense.

But you wont admit,
The doing I've done of it...
Is,
More than confidential.
And...
Done with lots of sentiment.

You don't know me like you think you do.
Snoopy.
Even though I given up to you so many clues.
And...
Delivered on a silver platter.
Polished and free of lint.
With...
A doing I've done of it,
In,
A one on one to get you convinced.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In A One World

Disadvantaged people are compared a lot,
To other people doing what they wish nonstop.
And inner city people,
Aren't considered to be equals.
With it known everyday it will stay that way.

Racism is much alive,
On the East Coast.
Racism is much alive,
On the West Coast.
And racism is much alive,
Where 'Los Angels' dwell.
Even in Chicago where the kids are raising hell.

Racism has caused a deep abyss.
To tarnish once a promised a forgotten greatness.

A few think they can rule all,
In a one World.
A few think they can rule all,
With a peace without conflicts.

A few think they can rule all,
In a one World.
A few think they can rule all,
To have peace exist.

Disadvantaged people are compared a lot,
To other people doing what they wish nonstop.
And inner city people,
Aren't considered to be equals.
With it known everyday it will stay that way.

Racism is much alive,
On the East Coast.
Racism is much alive,
On the West Coast.
And racism is much alive,
Where 'Los Angels' dwell.

Even in Chicago where the kids are raising hell.

A few think they can rule all,
In a one World.
A few think they can rule all,
To have peace exist.

A few think they can rule all,
In a one World.
A few think they can rule all,
To have peace exist.
With their own images to appear accepted.

A few think they can rule all,
In a one World.
A few think they can rule all,
In a one World.
A few think they can rule all,
In a one World.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In A Place One Calls Home

Inside 'noise',
Held within.
With a prevention to loosen a leash,
Keeping it tightly held from escaping the mind.
Needs for one to find a way,
To get it released.

These days lived,
Are not for the pretenders.
Being brave and bold and trying to uphold,
One's sanity.
Is neither healthy or condusive.
Especially if one is accustomed,
To the punching of walls and destroying furniture...
In a place one calls home.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In A Position To Be Used

Let's not get confused about this!
When I said I do not care...
I don't!
But let me clarify that.

I do not care to burden my priority list.
Right now you are not on it.
But that should not anger you.
You should be pleased.
At least I'm doing something for myself.
And not asking you to loan me ten dollars.

You didn't think of it that way,
Did you?

And those folks I keep on my priority list?
Are not as close to me as one might think.
In fact,
I am more in their lives...
Than they are in mine!
They know why I keep in touch.

So, let's not get confused about this!
When I said I do not care...
I don't!
And I hope I've clarified that?
Now...
If you ever get yourself in a position to be used?
Let me know.
I can always make some rearrangements.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In A Race To Chase Another Pointless 'Ism'

In a race to chase another pointless 'ism'.
With a reason to critique,
To compare discreeted insecurities.
With a belief that in the doing,
One's assessment will be perceived...
As politically correct to effect mindsets!

Racism exposes itself,
As a defective game played by those...
With selfish aims to gain.
To impose further conflicts of interests.
With a wish hypocrisies inflicted,
Continue to be ignored!
Although implemented to be explored.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In A Race To Finish Crazed

With eyes closed.
After time has been found,
To calm one's mind down...
From distractions to relax.
Much more to do can later be done.
With a taking to find time to unwind,
From others in a rush to leave behind...
Them and their wishes to stay in a race.
To finish crazed and crushed by the madness.
Only to share with others declaring themselves,
Victorious and brave.
Yet overheard to hear them say,
Medications taken are in need to be increased.

And with eyes closed,
With a dose of this chosen to do...
On a daily basis,
The only ones to become annoyed...
To sometimes show their disappointment,
Are the doctors who find patients to lose...
Needing less medications to use,
By finding time to relax their minds...
Others in a race stay in to finish crazed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In A Relationship To Address

You have already shown to me,
Your main focus is on yourself.
For many years,
I have been exposed to this.

You have already shown to me,
You have had no time to be of assistance to me.
Those times when I needed,
Your advice and company.

You have already shown to me,
An absolute selfishness.
And now you wish to address 'us'...
As if I should be serious about this?

We could have been lovers and much more.
But when you leave me to go about your business...
I go to my door and lock it.
And feel a relief you have left.
That's how I feel concerning you and me,
In a relationship to address.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In A Request To Be Left Alone

In a request to be left alone,
Is often demanded by one who contradicts.
I have made similar comments myself.
To only annoy someone,
By calling them too much...
Until they pretended not to be home.

As a child I would say, 'Leave me alone.'
Not expecting anyone to believe me.
Or have my wish condoned.
And when I am successfully left alone,
I began to feel quite lonely.
Not expecting a loneliness to be so overwhelming.

To request to be left alone,
Is often demanded by one who contradicts.
I have made similar comments myself.
To only annoy someone,
By calling them too much...
Until they pretended not to be home.

To be left alone...
Not expecting a loneliness,
Can be quite overwhelming.
And...
Contradicting as well.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In A Roam Zone

When in a roam zone,
Where does one go...
After tempers flair?
And what is left staring,
Are the facts.
In undeniable contradiction...
Of those truths carried,
Historically on one's back!
Where does one roam,
When this becomes known.

Where does one roam,
When assessments are complete.
And one awakens drooling,
Deluged by deceit one took to a deep sleep.
Where does one then choose to roam?
With a feeling of suspicion even in one's home!
And finding themselves overwhelmed by distrust.
Neighbors once close are now regarded with disgust.
Found hiding in disguises as if they must.
Where does one then roam?

When truth has been expose to leave one to feel alone...
Where does one then go,
Feeling isolated and in a complicated mental state of mind!
Where does one then go...
When feeling alone and in a roam zone to call one's own.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In A Seeking Of A 'selected' Demographic To Please

There are no intentions I make,
To create lines to find rhymes...
With the suiting done to absorbing minds,
To ease with the delivery...
Of what is deemed acceptable poetry.
In a seeking of a 'selected' demographic to please.

God has blessed me with a gift,
To interpret messages with.
Some may be offended,
With expecations to be entertained.
And I do the best I can,
To maintain that in perspective.

And there are times I wish my comments,
Were accepted and not dissected...
To reveal a hidden agenda.
And for those who do that,
I might include something provocative.
But I am just a messenger!
Delivering to others what to me has been given.

There are no intentions I make,
To create lines to find rhymes...
With the suiting done to minds,
To ease with the delivery...
Of what is deemed acceptable poetry.
In a seeking of a 'selected' demographic to please.
That would be too easy!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In A Slow Acceptance

They wish to depict...
Others as being threatening and wicked.
And yet...
They leave death.
Wherever they step...
To be greeted in peace.
As they give these perceptions,
Upon such meetings!

Those unsuspecting,
Find themselves unexpectedly inspected.
And defending against those appearing as sheep...
With sharpened teeth!
Equipped with anesthetics...
With dosages to put all to sleep,
In a slow acceptance!
With an essence expected!

'We gather together to ask the Lord's blessings.
We hasten and chasten 'His will' to make known...'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In A Stampede Rushing

I had thought at one time,
We were all being cursed...
With a sudden and unstoppable,
Burst of flowing ignorance.
Until I awakened to realize...
I wasn't the only one not chasing,
The overwhelming blinding effect...
Of the color of money.
With a wish to get as much of it,
As I could get in a stampede rushing.
Or believed it controlled and ruled my life.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In A Suffered Suffocating

If a doing causes you undo strife,
Why is it there in your life to live?
And...
If tears appear to flow and drop,
Nonstop from your swollen eyes.
Why do you continue to hide your sighs?
Why do you keep this undenied inside?

Do you need someone that bad,
That keeps you sad?
Is a love you never had bestowing lots of sorrow?
Don't wait too late in a suffered suffocating.
Why smother yourself just to survive?

Open up the door and create some new rules.
Only you can change that attitude to choose.
And live your life to free from fear.
Open up the door and create some new rules.
Only you can change 'that' attitude...
With a doing only you can choose,
To know a happiness just for you.

If a doing causes you undo strife,
Why is it there in your life to live?
Don't wait too late in a suffered suffocating.
Why smother yourself just to survive?
Open up the door and create some new rules.
Only you can change 'that' attitude...
With a doing only you can choose,
To know a happiness just for you...
To be done and to do.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In A Tolerating Mode

From me you received love,
Undivided time...
And unquestionable patience.
Then I did not realize,
My mind, heart and eyes were closed...
In a tolerating mode on myself imposed.

From you I often heard it said,
I took life too seriously.
With a doing that was too sensitive.
A doing to prove to others you convinced,
I re-acted too severely...
To misdeeds done you did in innocence.

And through the years without you near,
I have to agree...
I did take you too seriously.
I did take my time with you,
As being devoted and committed too!
Until I needed no clue to know we were through.

But too sensitive when disrespected?
Too sensitive to reject anymore of your neglect?
Someone else may accept to buy your deceiving.
Not me.
I am not the one to live my life to reminisce,
With that kind of living to do 'and' regret it missed.

And blessed to feel I do each day,
My experiences have taught me so many lessons.
To know from people like you I am able to walk away...
With my identity, dignity and pride intact.
To keep that way to never backtrack.
How about you?
Are you still making impressions for others to approve?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In A Vacant Spin

I feel as if I'm in a vacant spin.
With a churning inside...
Going with a flowing,
My body moves...
To prove,
My mind can be torn.
And I could care less...
The direction it chooses to move in.

A releasing to free me within begins.

I am weeding afflictions of those addictions,
From my head.
I want to rid myself of deceptive satisfactions,
I've been led to believe would keep me fed.

A releasing to free me within begins.

I feel as if I'm in a vacant spin.
With a churning inside...
Going with a flowing,
My body moves...
To prove,
My mind can be torn.
And I could care less...
The direction it chooses to move in.
As long as every inch within me gets cleansed.

A releasing to free me within begins.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In A World In Which Ideals Are Not Respected

It is difficult being a teenager.
With pimples everywhere,
Showing to exist.
And those hormones racing,
Inside a body with a mind...
Trying to define the meaning,
Of abstinence.

'I'm not suppose to what?
Indulge?
Or engage in self satisfaction?
Of any kind?
You joking...
Right?
I hear that in my ears.
But you tell that to this body of mine! '

So difficult it has to be...
To know of contradictions.
And pretend them not to see.
Or told to be honest with integrity.
And...
Well,
Hardly any of that existing.
At least any known or shown to believe.

Yes...
It is difficult to grow and mature,
In a world in which ideals are not respected.
And dreams seem worthless to keep.
With few adults anywhere proving...
That accountability maintained,
Is connected to one's identity and self esteem.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In A Zone Owned

Staying sharp one can't be dizzy,
Or accept a dullness to set...
When in a zone owned and known,
As a quest.

One who knows of a zone shown,
Remains relevant and keeps prepared for tests...
From those who throw their obstacles,
To ensure one who has focus gets little rest.

If it is loved with a doing pursued,
Not a moment is one dizzy, puzzled or quizzed...
By others who choose to undo what is.
One in a zone owned just stays too busy.

Few have ever left a zone well known.
With a doing to leave incomplete feeling pleased.
And few have ever left what they've owned to bemoan,
To do it with intent others hear it to condone.

One who knows of a zone shown,
Remains relevant and keeps prepared for tests...
Created by those who throw their obstacles,
To ensure one who has focus gets little rest.

Few have ever left a zone well known.
With a doing to leave incomplete feeling pleased.
And few have ever left what they've owned to bemoan,
To do it with intent others hear it to condone.

Few have ever left,
A zone they've owned.
And few have ever left,
Either dazed or dizzy.
Few have ever left,
A focused mind that's busy...
Determined with obedience and needing to please.

Very few have ever left,

A zone they've owned.
And very few have ever left,
Either dazed or dizzy.
Very few have ever left,
Behind minds that are busy...
Determined with obedience and needing to please.

Few have ever left,
A zone well known...
With minds to bemoan a condoning droan!

Very few have ever left,
A zone well known...
With minds to bemoan a condoning droan!
In a zone owned,
Very few have ever left.
In a zone owned,
Very few have ever left.
In a zone they own...
Very few have ever left!

Very few have ever left!

Very few have ever left!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In Acceptable Bondage

They find themselves in acceptable bondage.
Feeling complete and shackled,
With a dignity and pride...
Only money and the absence,
Of an identity can buy!

Trapped by things that can not touch them back!
However...
They have secured their place,
With the best of those achieving...
The heights of a nothingness to offer!
And 'that' they believe...
Will leave a mark of success,
That feeds others best!

Their accomplishments will go down,
In a history that has already been forgotten.
But who cares?
They did prove without question,
They and they alone...
Can and did live well!

Without a documented fact,
That they ever lived at all!
Just produced.
An array of discretions...
To sustain an influx,
Of their own seductions.
And this did not require an insight,
To inspire!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In Affairs Not Theirs

Only those with time to find,
What others should do...
Seem to have none to spare,
With a doing of 'their' kept noses...
Closer to the creating of their own business.

And with a doing to ensure what is done to leave,
Has a specific purpose and a quality.
With an effectiveness meant that leads 'somewhere'.
And not just to deny, defy or hide,
A particular stench left behind was not theirs.

People are quick not to admit they are human.
Accept when they have their noses,
In affairs not theirs.
To identify every smell there is...
But the making of their own.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In An Appreciative Mood

Do not...
Waste your time,
With anyone
Who is going to do,
What they choose and when.
No matter what has been said to them!

Spending time to offer sound advice,
Or constructive criticsm...
Delivered with a bit of sugar and spice.
Trying to make what is given,
As comfortable and nice as possible.

Some may not accept it for what it is!
Beginning a dance of denial.
Coming with a dripping of tears.
And perhaps accompanied with a verbal attack!
Do not react.
An exposed personality,
Refuses to accept facts!

Do not...
Waste your time,
With anyone
Who is going to do,
What they choose and when.
No matter what has been said to them!

Be on your way.
And let them have theirs.
People are not responsive today.
To be grateful to another...
Who may go out of their way,
To show how much they care!
It's best to leave these folks in a pool of grief...
To offer an understanding,
That ends up going no where!

Do not waste your time.

Unless you have a desire,
To have yours devalued!
Some folks will never be in an appreciative mood!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In An Unusual, Unlikely Place

So many awakening to discover they have aged,
Can not take it upon themselves...
To embrace and face the facts.
With a holding on to keep in their minds,
Times from them gone to never come back.
No matter what is discussed.
Or treasured as if everyone should remember,
What was done to do.
And who did 'this' with a doing of 'that'.

Very few are finding those conversations,
Interesting enough to be involved that much.
Or listening to others making attempts,
To embellish stale details...
With re-arranged nonexistent occurrences.
'I don't believe you can't remember what happened,
On that date in 1968.'

And dare most will,
To prove they can reveal...
A doing done with pictures taken,
When no one looks like they did...
When they were young and then kids.
'Now...
That's 'me'. And standing in the third row, is 'you'.'

Some living from day to day and on a regular basis,
Healing to overcome from disappointments...
And various obstacles to face,
Are seldom the ones wishing their minds time to find...
Total recall and clarity to retrace,
Years long gone.
When it was just yesterday,
They could not match a pair of sox.
Or forgot where they put their house keys.
Only to discover them found,
In an unusual, unlikely place.

'You did what? '

~Found my keys.~

'Your mind isn't what it use to be.
We were talking about something entirely...
Where were they? '

~Where was what? ~

'Key, keys. Your KEYS.'

~Well...
While I was looking to match a pair of sox,
I had forgotten I placed those keys...
In one of my shoes.
So I wouldn't forget where I put them.~

'And the sox?
Did you find a pair to match?
God...
Please tell me or show me a sign,
You are providing comic relief.'

~Eventually.
That's when I remembered,
Where I put my keys.
I cut my toe on them,
When I put my foot in one of the shoes.
Why are you looking at me like that? ~

'It's faith.
Just holding onto my faith.
That's all.'

So many awakening to discover they have aged,
Can not take it upon themselves...
To embrace and face the facts.

'Maybe at another time,
We can have that conversation.'

~Oh...

I'm sorry.
Now...
Which one is 'you'?
And...
Are you sure that's me in the third row? ~

'Uh...
Let's forget it.
Soon I'll be going to Bible study.
Would you like to come? '

~No.
I'll be going home to finish cooking.~

'Please don't tell me you were home cooking? '

~I 'was'.
But you made it sound so urgent,
That I come over here.
Don't worry about it.
I 'think' I left the frying pan on 'low'.~

'I hear sirens.'

~I hear them so much,
I don't pay them any attention anymore.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In An Utter Panic

Frantic.
In an utter panic.
So confused they are,
By their own policies.
They are now on the attack,
Of those who uphold them.

Believing those of other ethnocentricities,
Aren't as competent to follow through on policy.
The same standards and qualities...
They have long forgotten and do not recognize.
Since their philosophies,
Have become more attached to distractions.
And these distractions,
Have become their satisfactions.

Frantic.
In an utter panic.
So confused they are,
By their own policies.
They are now on the attack,
Of those who uphold them.

And proving themselves to be as blind as bats!
They've succeeded in eroding their own values...
That now have dimmed in broad daylight.
They fight to create their own demise!
With a wish for darkness,
To assist in keeping 'truth' out of their sight.

Frantic.
In an utter panic.
So confused they are,
By their own policies.
They are now on the attack,
Of those who uphold them.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In And Out Of It

I 'had' this thing for you.
Something I knew.
But you wont.
Something that grew.
But don't,
Think of me in that way.

Since it will never be admitted.
And I am in and out of it,
When it is convenient...
To keep my feelings for you hidden,
Clean and lustfully obscene at the same time.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In Any And Every Way

They want to be treated one way!
Not me.
Treat me with respect...
In any and every way you can!
Show it,
And you wont have to be concerned,
About it being returned.
It will arrive to sit at your doorstep
To surround in a special delivery!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In Any Field Of Endeavor

Achieving success in any field of endeavor,
Accomplishes two things...
Attention and distance!
Attention is generally given from those unknown.
With praise and curiosity shown.

While received from those who believe they know...
Is a growing attitude and distance bestowed.
Adding a touch of unflattering comments to defame.
With a mix of enforced delusional perceptions,
That have been unchanged, limited and misunderstood!
Since a success to them is more shocking than expected.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In Any Language You Would Like It Received

What did you expect to get from me?
Visions of raInbows and lollipops?
Hmmm?
You have effectively lived the life,
Of greed and deceit...
Long passed its deadline.

My hand is not extended to shake yours.
My services require cash!
And more than deserving of it,
I am.

You can no longer squeeze sweet tasting juices,
With delayed promises to pay...
On the 'appearance' of your good credit.
Or delusions of once having it.
And you don't get it!
With or without your bragging...
Your signature here means nothing.

And...
To ease your concerns,
There are interpreters here...
To deliver that message in any language,
You would like it received.
That's how accomodating I have learned to be.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In Attempts To Alter The Presentation

The years one lives,
Have a tendency to sneak to creep...
With a speeding up,
To become eventually noticed.
Once one admits,
There is an aging process that exists...
Confirmed to be personally validated.

Caught up in looks and personal appearances,
Gets to be a bit tragic...
For the ones seen demeaning themselves,
With a doing of their best...
To maintain a grip slipping,
From a fading youth pursued out of breath.

And those who have experienced life,
To embrace it gracefully at each and every stage...
Are unafraid to accept this blessing,
We all have been given to express with a gratefulness.
Without tampering with it in attempts,
To alter the presentation of it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In Between Breaths I Take

You are not specifically on my mind,
When I write.
Nor are you far away,
From impressions that seem to linger.

You have been a part of my life for too long.
And you sit among my favorite experiences.
With the image of your face...
Clinging as a craving,
I could not or would not ever replace.

But you are not specifically on my mind,
When I write.
And I do make attempts,
To do that 'all' the time!
Convinced the act of it,
Keeps me disciplined...
And making good use,
Of that time!

Nor are you far away,
From impressions that seem to linger.
Your eyes.
Your voice.
And the soothness of it,
That haunts the emptiness of my heart.

The only time you seem to be there constantly...
Is when I am not writing at all.
Or sleeping!
Or eating!
Or in between breaths I take!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In Between Those Moments Gone

In between those moments gone,
And those wished to be...
I finally realized,
I can not continue to analyze my life.
It has to be lived.
In the time given I am living it!
This life!
My life.
And right I wanted it.
Free of tricks and traps.
No more patience could I give to that!

In between those moments gone,
And those wished to be...
I had to let go!
From the redoing of the 'what ifs'.
And the sitting with emotions reminisced,
To feel them still existing.
'Something' had to end.
I knew it was 'my' resisting.

And...
In between those moments gone,
I learned how to begin to believe...
In me!
And severing myself away from conflict,
Was no longer a question welcomed to visit.

It became my duty.
My reality.
To free my soul.
In between those moments gone,
And those wished to be...
I knew I had to maintain and hold onto my dreams.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In Between Thoughts!

I'm glad you chose me to lift your baggage.
You must have detected I was issue free.
There has to be something about me,
You spotted to give your undivided attention.
Something you saw that expresses this!
Since I do not participate in foolishness at all.
Is that it?
Is that the reason,
You selected me.
Because on my back you believe your baggage would fit?
Or you think we have something in common?
Like your perceived conception that I desire,
To share and unpack burdens?
Wherever and whatever you think I am...
I am not!
I like to pretend I am in between thoughts!
Can't you tell?
By the way I've completely ignored you.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In Broad Daylight

They set out to make changes.
And who would be selected,
To best represent them...
When those changes made came,
With an effectiveness done.
to leave a presence of wickedness,
with more of it promised to come.

They downsized to outsource,
Assorted jobs taken from certain ones.
But few doing this with a consciousness,
Could not see beyond the horizon...
Of that which was to be undone.

And today with their quality of life,
Chipped away everyday and in broad daylight...
They would like to have mended divisions to end.
But those who kept their common sense,
Have begun to question and with clarity...
Whose interest is pretended to be focused upon,
Yet again?
Those who stayed loyal but their eyes are now opened?
Opened to wide to recognize lies meant.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In Celebration Of A Holiday

Yes I am a veteran,
Of a life given that is well experienced.
And on Memorial Day,
I think of my parents, grandparents...
And lives of my ancestors also veterans,
Of living lives in the doing for others.

My mind on this day,
Is not only on those who sacrificed their lives...
Wearing a uniform to serve time in the military.
I think of those who have sacrificed their lives,
For beliefs kept many today take for granted...
Just to eat and drink in celebration of a holiday.
Only to be glad to spend time away,
From a regular routine.

Yes I am a veteran,
Of a life given that is well experienced.
And on Memorial Day,
I think of my parents, grandparents...
And lives of my ancestors also veterans,
Of living lives in the doing for others.
And the doing for others many who have passed on,
And done...
Should on this day be always remembered.

And as far as wars, destruction and the loss of life goes?
There is nothing about the act of it that is worthy of celebration.
However...
The showing of an appreciation is a more honorable expression,
Than the rushing to feed one's greed as a priority...
To prove a loyalty in the doing of it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In Civil Disobedience!

The majority of them have lived their lives,
In an isolated racist bubble.
Now that their comfort has been marked by troubles...
They seek a bailout from their mindless gains.
With wishes their selfishness did not exist.
Or had not been obvious to others,
Who had witnessed this!

While a greed was fed to exploit those in need.
Those who now seem much better off.
Since they have less blood to bleed...
Than those who lived totally on their good credit.
And loans the economy...
Can no longer assist them in their leeching to feed.

And their misdeeds and deceit...
Now chases them in fear!
With no escape from this beast!
While they swarm the streets...
In civil disobedience!
Treating them with a taste of defeat!

Completely out of their minds...
Come the times for those of selfishness!
Protesting that their interests,
Has left them in duress!
With no fingers to point.
As they are kept close to their own chests!
In attempts to keep themselves...
From losing their precious breath!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In Clearing Skies

It's too early for many to see the dawn.
And much too late for it to dawn on some,
With or without the light of day appearing...
In clearing skies.

Upon us is a new day,
And another opportunity to share.
With the witnessing of seeing fresh aspects,
And the changes that surround our lives.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In Cliques And Divisions

Prancing around and in dance,
They meet in false enhanced appearances...
To exchange impressions but nothing else concrete.

Personalities adapted to adopt recognition.
With initiative that represents,
A gaining of attention meant.

Gather they do in cliques and divisions,
To implement a getting...
From others in attendance a satisfaction intended.

And only for one purpose to seek popularity achieved.
Yet nothing done they do in groups,
Has the future generations connected to follow through.

Establishing strong foundations.
That reflects a doing with identity and discipline...
With patience to comprehend escapes from them.

'Aunt Shemeika? '

~Boy, what is it? ~

'Why don't we have businesses and stores of all kinds,
In our own neighborhood? '

'Can't you see,
I'm getting ready to go out to the club? '

Personalities adapted to adopt recognition.
With initiative that represents,
A gaining of attention meant.

Gather they do in cliques and divisions,
To implement a getting...
From others in attendance a satisfaction intended.

To greet and meet,

And exchange impressions but nothing else concrete.
Except themselves...in shared cells!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In Complete Devotion

I don't pride myself,
On being the receiver...
Of the gift of wisdom.
That would be to me,
The act of one self centered.

I pride myself,
With the relationship obtained...
In complete devotion,
To 'that' which has granted me...
An ability to think and comprehend.

And...
As an added bonus,
Patience to allow myself to evolve...
Without knowing what to expect next,
Has been my most treasured blessing...Yet!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In Conservative Perspective!

Ranting their madness over airwaves!
Trying to find their sensibilities...
Within an expressed incompetence,
Under massive scrutiny!

They have spokesmen doing their best...
To deny their nonsense lives,
Should not be microscope!
Or their mess protested.

Clearly in vision...
Are a people sick!
Afflicted by ideals...
Falling apart into pieces quick!

And none of this had to happen.
But those depicting themselves elite...
Decided to further disadvantage those less fortunate.
And by doing so...
Created their own turmoil,
That has put their own kind out on the streets.

And the airheads are trying to keep these tragedies,
Respected!
And in conservative perspective!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In Conversation To Understand

I think I have mastered the English language.
To understand when, where and how...
The basics of it should be used simplistically.
Although some who wish,
Communicating with words for purposes to prove...
They've obtained intelligence,
Is okay and I don't object to this.

However...
In conversation to understand and comprehend,
I would rather listen to someone...
Knowing how to communicate with that left to impress.
Than to leave without understanding,
What was said to have been left understood.
And some who wish to impress have no ability to listen.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In Darkness Hidden

We admit our guilts.
And there to judge...
Come those self righteous.

Our faults are there.
Exposed as we have shown them.
And we are accused of being egotistical.

Although,
Those self righteous...
In darkness hidden,
Continue with the feeding...
Of their discreeted sleaze.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In Debt So Deep

Once I had been enslaved,
To maintain a good credit rating.
And doing my best to keep,
Timely payments monthly kept.

Then one day a storm came and left.
Loosening a hold to allow peace,
Within me...
To let go of a smothering I chose.

Acknowledging,
I no longer had to prove my patriotism.
I was in debt so deep...
My being a true American no one could doubt.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In Declarations They'Ve Originated

Is it possible that an achieved fantasticness,
Will ever be accredited to the one who has introduced it?
Or will those remain to connect a dollar from it to lift.
In declarations they've originated,
What someone else has toiled to create.
Although their participating inventiveness,
Continues to receive no acknowledgement...
Or a recognizable benefit that is expressed.
Yet actively suppressed.
Is it possible that an achieved fantasticness,
Will ever be accredited to the one who has introduced it?
Or will those remain to connect a dollar from it to lift.
Showing themselves to have no innovative spirit.
Or one that ever existed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In Defense Of Ignorance

In defense of ignorance.
Who can not say,
They once embraced ignorance...
Or some form of it to know it well.
To find it safe and comforting.
With it wanted around them to dwell.

Who can not admit to say,
Ignorance had been their choice...
To choose to voice a protecting of it.
With offensive indignation on display.
When their senses lost to a heated argument,
Had been brought to their attention.

Who can not say,
They faced embarrassment...
When they discovered having an ignorance,
Meant not understanding...
What a listening with patience,
To comprehend what had been misunderstood.

'Oh.
I'm sorry.
I didn't know.
I apologize.'

And who can not say,
There were days they had...
When patience and tolerance to have,
With it given to someone else...
Was not respected yet expectations were kept,
That an ignorance shown should be accepted?

Who...
Whether thought to be ignorant,
Or highly intelligent...
Has not experienced,
Their days to have been made a fool?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In Denial Waist Deep

Stuck in denial waist deep.
And so many still refuse truth,
Is capable of releasing them to freedom...
With a finding themselves happily rescued.
To remove them from their dilemmas.
A condition they continue to pray for exits and excapes.

They say with their kept faith,
Those walls, fences and deadends...
Built and structured to protect them from fears endeared,
Will never be replaced.
And truth to face...
Has nothing to do with it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In Development

Bedecked with sequins.
And with the spark,
Of fire diamonds on fingers shown.
They own them.
Or at best...
They are leased.
To flash and please,
The onlookers teased.
And unbearably beseeched.

As they stroll across the sands,
With designer attire...
And leather bags clutched in hands.
The placements they have selected,
Are exquisite.
Centered for attention.
To achieve an acceptance and consent.

They would love to think those gawking as shallow.
They would love to think they harbor thoughts like that!
To give themselves reasons...
To perform acts found attractive.
And solict crowds to surround,
As they sunbath...
Swatting the appearance of annoying flies and ants!
And the billowing sand,
Kicking up from such activity...
Needlessly released.

In development...
Are the awkward poses they expose.
They are nouveau riche.
First time on a public beach.
And wanting folks to be aware...
Of the flaunting of their 'wares'.

In development...
And with fresh pretentions of their gains.
Aiming for quick glances...

They hope some hold and maintain.

Bedecked and bejeweled...
Bedazzled and much 'blinged'.
Wanting to stir up excitement.
From those chasing waves...
And caring less,
How inappropriate 'some' behave.

In development...
There they sit.
Looking quite foolish,
With turned up noses.
As if prepared to take snapshots...
From invisible camera clicks!

In development they are!
And delusioned by new wealth.
Observing the few who care to notice them...
Scorching themselves half to death.
As passersby wearing just swimsuits cry out,
'Your sunkissed skins...
Cry out for water,
Get in!
And take off all that crap! '

And they sit to ponder their positions.
Realizing...
Not one yacht appears in view!
They are on the wrong side of the beach.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In Dire Need Of Clarification

Is it a confessed belief,
People perceive impresses others...
When they mention God?
Or is it...
A creation they have made,
They have hopes one day is accepted...
As the best impressions,
That will keep their perceptions...
Of being highly favored and chosen,
To represent a perfection of God's intentions.
Either way...
There is something in the communication,
In dire need of clarification.
Since deception and truth are in total disagreement.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In Dire Need To Be Ceased

Has that moment finally arrived,
When divisive indifferences...
Can be set aside,
To see that criticisms and racist beliefs...
Has decreased mental stabilities,
With no one benefitting...
From the craze that has been unleashed.

There are more people today,
Threatened by themselves.
And purchasing guns and other weapons,
To protect against fears they've implemented.

There are more people today,
Afraid they have something...
Someone wants from them to take away.
Like the rights to kill and at will,
Whomever it is...
Whenever their wishes and desires aren't fulfilled.

Has that moment finally arrived,
When divisive indifferences...
Can be set aside,
To see that criticisms and racist beliefs...
Has decreased mental stabilities,
With no one benefitting...
From the craze that has been unleashed.
And this mentality is in dire need to be ceased.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In Direct Opposition To What Is Correct

What support can be given to a stubbornness.
One that is in direct opposition,
To what is correct.
Many have chosen to sit on the side of regret.
Just for the effect of the sliding done they get.
And fixed to an opinion...
A brighter life experienced is an aspect,
Of a decision made in total blindness.
And yet...
A beneficial expectation,
Will hush and silence those who protest.
As a feast no one sees in darkness is enjoyed.
And at least this action increases their self importance.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In Discussion Of What 'Is' Valued

Mixed marriages.
Sexual preferences.
And those unable to mind their own business.
Is not a good blend,
When in discussion of what 'is' valued.

Since those standards of a yesterday gone,
And once valued to respect others and their choices made...
Are not prioritized,
By those who have their noses...
Up in the cracks of other people's lives.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In Discussions Of Yesterday

Whatever stops one from progessing,
To accept the various stages of life...
With a maturity that reflects self examination,
To apply...
And let go to grow to experience each step,
As denials are set aside...
Is not a decision to make for one who breaks away,
To escape from delusions made...
That keeps a childish mind confined and feeling safe,
In discussions of yesterday with a proving to do as done.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In Disguise And Unapologetic

Have you ever noticed,
Misery loves its company...
Daytime, night-time.
Anyplace, anywhere...
In disguise and unapologetic.
And ready to introduce itself,
As if in masquerade to hide!
However...
Its sorrows are carried,
To emerge much recognized.

Overeating has to be,
A misery.

There is something 'amiss' with,
Someone obviously addicted...
To eating and can not quit.

And in their cheerfulness displayed,
There is no dismissing this one bit.
One's weigh says all of it.

'I really don't eat that much!
I'm 'big' boned.'

And it becomes difficult not to say...
'Try sewing up your lips.'
That would not be appropriate.
Would it?
Or...
'I agree.
You are just weighted with a sickness.
And it shows in a large degree.'
No.
To 'those' places...
One should not go!

But accepting 'this' is a misery too!
Watching family and friends,

Doing the things they do.

*When was the last time,
You visited a zoo?
I wonder if elephants and hippos,
Make excuses for the truth.*

'And what are you saying? *

*Nothing at all.
I've just never seen,
A bird lift its wings.
To eat anything...
But couldn't fly to become stalled.*

'Your analogies,
Don't make sense at all.'

*Oh I'm hoping one day they do! *

Have you ever noticed,
Misery loves its company...
Daytime, night-time.
Anyplace, anywhere...
In disguise and unapologetic.
And ready to introduce itself,
As if in masquerade to hide!
However...
Its sorrows are carried,
To emerge much recognized.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In Distances Reminiscing

Use to being lonely.
Getting use to being the only one,
One thinks about not having someone...
To think about,
That's special!

Use to being independent!
A feeling one attempts to overcome,
To show a growing stirring,
Some of an emotional dependency
Wish to awaken from...
With needs fed and touched!
By that someone 'special'
Desired as such by 'that' one very much.

Use to being lonely.
Getting use to being the only one,
One thinks about not having someone...
To think about,
That's special...
And unlike anyone!

To be thought of that way,
Would make the days...
Anticipate nights.
By one spent wishing...
To be embraced and kissing,
That someone who will unwind one heart...
From so many that are missing.
Pieces left broken and torn apart...
Hoping a knock on a door will spark,
In distances reminiscing.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In Ecstasy

Let me dream the impossible.
So much of you stays in my head.
I'm making memories,
To pick when I reminsce.
And you...
Have been all up in my view.

Let me dream the impossible.
Each morning that dawns,
And I arise with you close to me,
Like the Sun...
Lifting dew from grass.
This...
Is the dream.

Let me dream the impossible.
So much of you stays in my head.
With intentions to stick.
I am making memories to linger,
To pick when I reminsce as wished.
And I am...
In ecstasy.

Let me dream the impossible.
So much of you stays in my head.
Please let me,
Dream...
The impossible.
Since ecstasy with me you leave.
And all up in my view.

Since,
Ecstasy with me you leave.
And all up in my view.

Since...
Ecstasy with me you leave.
And all up in my view.

Since in ecstasy with me you leave.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In Enriched Bitterness

We turned a fling into a thing,
Trusted.
That was then...
And now,
I busted you lusting,
Someone else!

My feelings weren't on the shelf.
Then!
You taught me how to preserve them,
In enriched bitterness.
But now you want me to dust them off for you,
Because the one you screwed...
Dumped you into pits of pity?

Look at me!
Do you see any sign upon my face,
That welcomes you...
For another round of sacrifice?
Look at me!
There's not a wound once placed upon my heart,
I wish to relive
To give you the satisfaction
Of replacing my joy for your shit!
Look at me...
Get lost!
You are fucking up my view!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In Every Part Of My Heart

Just as sure as the air we breathe.
And the clouds that drift.
The Moon that glows,
Reflecting Sun light upon it.
That's how I keep connected,
To you in my thoughts.
And there is no need for you to perceive,
Any tear from your eyes that may drop...
I am too distant to care.
You are there and in every part of my heart,
I am feeling and aware...
Of YOU.
So,
Don't ever in your mind,
Feel a need to get 'that' twisted.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In Exchange For Forgiveness!

I remember the days when ethnic jokes,
Were told to provoke one to respond...
In similar ignorance condoned that went on,
To manifest a racist environments.

Even though an escalation of this,
Sits on the tips of tongues...
Of those losing a grip,
Of those things done.

There seems to be less humor attached to it.
As those afflicted by their evil deeds...
No longer see themselves gifted with allies,
Who find them a bit funny.

Or depend on them,
To express remorse!
And of course showing remorse these days...
Will cost a fortune to accept in exchange for forgiveness!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In Expensive Doses

Stop emptying your pain on me.
I can get emotional,
From dysfunctional surviving.

Stop emptying your pain on me.
I'm trying to be the nice guy,
But that has had no lasting meaning.

They've given up communication!
On precribed happiness
In expensive doses.
Is why they pay their doctors.
Doctor Smooth Me,
And Doctor High.

They play submissive,
Doing 'whatever' to 'get'!
And when that's given...
They want forgiveness and respect!
And when that's lost...
The cycle of remorse is reset!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In Fear

You ride.
I don't.
I walk.
You glide.
I feel.
You observe.
I see.
You wish.
I touch.
You read.
I am there.
You are not.
I walk.
You ride.
I cry.
You wonder.
Why?
I walk.
Why?
I talk.
Why?
I know them,
And myself.
Denied.
We all sit down and cry...
For you.
And the view of you ahead,
That comes!
You ride.
I don't.
I walk.
You glide.
I feel.
You observe.
I see.
You wish.
I touch.
You read.
I am there.

You are not.
I walk.
You run.
Stunned in fear.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In Fear Of Shadows They Cast On Paths Alone!

You cast a shadow...
Because there is sunlight.
You curse the darkness.
But it alone does not create your pain.

When you came to experience life...
You had every right,
To expect enlightenment.
But you chose to be sheltered.
Like the others who complain of their plight!
Gathering to satiate on their created blight.

It may become discomforting,
To remove yourself from this acceptance.
But you have been the one to cast a shadow...
Yet learning to curse it,
As if it was there to harm!
As if the joy of your birth...
Now causes much alarm.

Even though it nurtured you in the womb...
To deliver you...
To develop a cursing of its darkened presence.
Like the others who have become intimidated.
Afraid to journey on their own!
In fear of shadows they cast on paths alone!

And gathering together in tight dustballs...
In an aimless attractive sit.
Where shiftless drifters are condoned!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In Fear To Hear Or Face Reality

Making choices with decisions made,
Including faith and truth that's faced...
Seldom leaves one regretting this action done.

Although,
Some people in most cases...
Fear to hear or face the truth.
With a searching to find creative time,
To make acceptable excuses to ease their minds.

'What should I do?
Help me stop it.
You've got to help me stop it.'

~Calm down.
What's the problem? ~

'I am being bombarded with too much of it.'

~Bombarded?
Bombarded by too much of what? ~

'I can't take it anymore.
The hearing of truth I can no longer ignore.
There is a conspiracy I tell you.
And I don't want to hear it
I want it away from my front door.'

~Calm down. No problem.
We've 'just' got a fresh shipment in of delusions.
We've got plenty of it and expecting more.~

'What a relief.
Don't you think two cases will last me through the week? '

~Someone in your condition I would recommended four.~

'I'll take FIVE!
Thank you. Thank you.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In Fear To Live Without An Approval Given

Comatosed,
And going through programmed motions.
A life grossed out,
With overdosed imposed notions.
And under hypnosis,
As neurotics sometimes appear.

Stuck!

In ruts.
And too addicted to give them up!
In fear to live without an approval given.

Lives becoming too corrupt!
For those who've been fed...
Their lives lived,
Are headed towards bad luck!

Stuck!

In ruts.
And too addicted to give them up!
In fear to live without an approval given.

While some on the other hand,
Wearing shoes spit shined...
Reflecting all for them is going grand.
All is fine.
With seats sitting on top of the World.
Are never seen behind the scenes...
Throwing their temper tantrums,
As if spoiled boys and girls.
Screaming from inside their soundproof cells.
No one hears them screaming!
Not the ones who believe them to be living well.

Not from the hell they've made!

Fresh pressed dresses.

And suits with no hints of lint.
Often send wrong messages...
To those impressed!
Expressing their bittersweet and sour laments.

Stuck!

In ruts.
And too addicted to give them up!
In fear to live without an approval given.

The ones deluded by the giving of false presentations,
Waste too much time...
Finding excuses to make!

And hoping no one passes judgements on them,
In acceptable discussions in those social circles wished...
To be invited to participate because of their exquisite tastes.
And not for the bad impressions rejected.
Or an image dismissed,
By those who choose to keep their images faked!

Stuck!

In ruts.
And too addicted to give them up!
In fear to live without an approval given.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In Fear To Test

Those who are afraid to take steps forward,
After learning how to walk.
Should not be upset,
By the expression of someone else's disrespect.
That should be expected!
Since one's idea of progress...
Is a concept they are in fear to test!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In Fits

Mine!
Even in the giving of it,
None left I can say...
Remains to exist.

Mine!
There was a time,
I could declare my share.
With boundaries surrounding...
To make others aware.

Mine!
Now distributed.
Now redefined.
Now diluted...
With a feeling I've been out foxed.
And boxed into a consciousness...
Tricked and beatened.
Mugged by thugs of all kinds.
In these crooked times.

And realizing what I thought had been mine...
Isn't!
As I observe those who felt like I did,
Going out of their minds.
In fits!
While the government uses 'that'.
As a means to collect more taxes,
To further distract!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In Flights Of Vanity

Sex, religion...
Seethed,
In an assortment of dysfunctional relationships.
Some discreet.
Others not so secret.
Whether exposed, downlow and dirty.
With unmonitored nutrition in between.
And guilts given over to the forgiveness of sins!
With temptations tasted and teased.
Not to be forgotten.
And embellished in gossiped innuendos.
That's the life we have as leeches upon the Earth.
Unless there are immaculate conceptions perceived,
By those debating to confess touching themselves,
In flights of vanity disconnected from the Creator!
And virginized by hookers promising to give up,
Their activities on filthy streets.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In For Quite A Surprise

He is not perceived to be a leader.
And perhaps the reason for that is...
He does not seek red meat to eat.
Nor is he drooling and leashed...
With a six foot chain that's padlocked.
And he does not bark demands.

He speaks intelligently,
About the concerns of the people.
And they see him as weak...
Since the others rather kill themselves,
To show their sacrifices on the streets.
To prove how they handle conflict.
And he makes attempts,
To show them how sick this is!

He has more than an uphill climb.
He wishes to remove a consciousness of violence,
And crime from their minds.
It has been suggested,
That he begins his mission with the pitbulls.
He has only to get the red meat from between their bloody teeth,
To feed them porridge and tuck them in bed at night.
To do this...and be watched!

And if he succeeds and flies in the air,
After walking on water...
Then they will accept him as their leader!
Since he has proven them to be someone they can trust...
To regain their loved corrupted lifstyles and crooked backs,
They hope he watches!

'Oh...
They are in for quite a surprise.
He is nothing like that at all.'

I know that.
You know that.
They have no clue...

What they can expect,
Yet!

And some folks will be quite upset.
Because they did not expect that from a Black!

'What do you mean by that? '

Have you noticed how disciplined he is?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In Frantic Dances

In frantic dances.
Hip-hoppers.
Dap rappers.
Gang bangers blinged.
And steadfast sophisticates.

In frantic dances.
Beboopers rocking pop.
And aging baby boomers groove,
On the streets and on beaches...
Wearing their flip-flops.

In frantic dances.
Elected officials calling the shots.
In frantic dances.
Nonstop as lies drop.
With a shifting of positions,
As if on thrones to sit...
In determined permanence of it.

In frantic dances.
Those smoking their weed now legally.
In frantic dances.
Religious believers quoting prophesies,
Predicting when the end finally comes...
Who amongst them will stay.
And 'who' has not obeyed must leave.

In frantic dances.
Those still pretending time for them stops.
To afford them opportunity to turn back all clocks.
In frantic dances and frenzied to a craze.
In frantic dances are moralistic critics.
In frantic dances,
Cynics represented.

In frantic dances...
Everyone is in it!
In frantic dances,

Everyone is in it.
In frantic dances.
Everyone is in it.
And everyone that is frantic,
Dances.

In frantic dances...
Everyone is in it!
In frantic dances,
Everyone is in it.
And everyone who dances,
Is frantic.

Duped in coups,
With diluted news that suits...
Uproar and riots,
Compromised and biased.
Everyone is in it!
In frantic dances.
Everyone is in it.
In frantic dances.
And everyone who dances,
Is frantic.

Duped in coups,
Or deluded fools that are muted...
Everyone is in it!
And panicks.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In Front Of Everyone

They would have preferred I had been a clown,
Instead of the king of my domain.
I knew they would discovered that...
And finding me,
Who I am as seen...
Quite the same.

I am still the one they have called names.
And also the one
They will come to for truth!
Since that is all that will be sustained,
Inside the environment they have discovered
As my domain!

And it's all strange to me,
How this was done!
Not behind them at all...
But in front of everyone!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In Full Camouflage

Do what you do and get through it!
You made a choice and you knew it.
We could have had fun, romance and bliss.
But what I offered 'then'...
You say now you miss!
Do what you do and get through it!
What I had for you,
You blew it!
I am not on the scene to be again demeaned.
The chance of us meeting,
Is just an accidental greeting.
I did not seek you to hear your 'boo-hoos'...
Or tease you with a hope for a charity screw!
Do what you do and get through it!
When you left me in duress,
To pursue a new conquest...
You did what you did,
And abandoned me in stress!
So...
Do what you do and get through it!
I had to without you,
Even though it was hard...
Knowing you tore apart my heart!
Do what you do and get through it!
Think of me as a mirage.
And I will think of you...
Masquerading your best in full camouflage!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In Glorious Removal

I adorned my life with chaos,
Wanting to fit in!
Wanting to be just like the 'Jones'
With constant arguing that would never end!

I wanted to feel accepted,
So I gossiped with the rest.
I thought I had to dislike someone,
Because my 'friends' thought 'that' was best!

I wanted to pretend my needs were satisfied.
And at home alone I knew I was not...
And alone with 'things' I cried!
Deep inside I was tied up in knots,
A lot!

Well...
It's a new day.
And some 'crap' I cleared away!
Including some folks I thought were close,
To live my life my way!

The only thing I regret,
As I sit in retrospect...
Is the misery grieved by the few who believe,
The life I live they have to inspect and accept!

And I've told them I'm not seeking
Anyone's approval!
In fact...
I've discovered myself again,
Sustained in glorious 'BS' removal!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In God's Eyes

'That tattered coat you have worn?
Don't throw it away, ever! Don't think it!
It may become the most valued in all the land! '

Many years ago they had chosen sides.
Those that appeared to have nothing,
Were taunted!
Those who worshipped things...
Of course,
Were not!
They were social darlings.
And accepted brighter than stars!

But the land could not feed,
All of those who kept feeding their greed.
And for generations...
They let the needy bleed!
They laughed at the homeless.
Joked of those who found refuge on the streets.
But the land could not feed,
All of those who kept feeding their greed.

Warnings from those observing,
Were dismissed and at best, ignored!
If fact they were declared to be insane...
And defamed and slandered,
Became for some to do to them as a chore!
And the signs of the times began to creep,
Upon the shores.
And this had never been seen before.
Many became frightened.
Decisions were made to close their doors!
An epidemic soon spread.
And those of suburban dreams...
Found themselves foreclosure whores!

Those with their BA's, MA's and PHd's...
Wide screen TV's and DVD's
Were lining up at pawn shops!

Sneaking to protect pretentions they could not stop!
Those of jewels and gold gems...
Sought to find shelter,
With lost relatives and fake friends!
But wait...

'That tattered coat you have worn?
Don't throw it away, ever! Don't think it!
It may become the most valued in all the land! '

You, the abused...
The downtrodden and counted out!
You, the one ignored and talked about!
You, the slandered and defamed to shame.
You who kept your dignity and identity that remained...
Ultimately wins the prize!
In God's eyes.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In Good Times. In Bad Times

If not for those incredible sounds of Motown.
Jimi Hendrix.
Burt Bacharach and Hal David.
The Birds.
The Turtles.
Mamas and Papas.
'Up, Up And Away' by The Fifth dimension.
Alcohol and an occasional puff on weed,
As every musician back then reigned 'Supreme'...
Back in the mid-60's until the early 70's,
Many of us very young and in the military...
'AND' patriotic too,
Would not have survived the disguise emphasized,
As Vietnam.
We were there to prevent,
Any harm done to alarm.

Since all of us guys knew too well,
The meaning behind the lyrics...
Of 'That's What Friends Are For'.
In good times.
In bad times.
To know without a doubt,
Any moment all 'hell' could break out.
With a protecting each other's back for a fact,
'Cause...
For me and others would agree too,
'Baby It's You'.
In those good times.
And those bad times together,
We knew as we grew committed...
To be the best we could be,
For one another.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In Grandma's Homemade Fruit Cake

One has to live a life to know what it is like,
To experience the quality of diversified injustices.
It seems many have been fed to believe,
A feeding digested upon a variety of twisted images.

And those judging another's appearance,
As if the act of it is not felt or seen...
Expose instantly their lack of comprehension.
Although those physically judged,
Are expected to express their gratitude....
For the opportunity to be subjected to the process.

Especially...
If those judging and sitting as jurors,
Are quick to depict themselves...
As the creators of the Sun, Moon, Stars and Earth.
And the givers of life as a way to show they are,
Well...
Nuttier than all the nuts found,
In grandma's homemade fruit cake.

And,
The odds are likely to be in their favor...
They may have a clue of actually being aware of it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In Grown Folks Skin

It is not okay,
To say what you wish...
About another.
Then decide from your lips,
When and what you have said...
Should be dismissed.

There are too many children,
In grown folks skin.
Believing irresponsibility,
Is alright to defend.
It isn't.
Nor is one's refusal,
To be held accountable.

It is not okay,
To say what you wish...
About another.
Then decide from your lips,
When and what you have said...
Should be dismissed.
As if feelings aren't connected to it.

There are too many children,
In grown folks skin.
Believing irresponsibility,
Is alright to defend.
It isn't.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In Heat

Too many get their guns ready,
When they get in heat.
Just too many get their guns ready,
When they get in the heat.

Too many get their guns ready,
When they get in heat.
Just too many get their guns ready,
When they get in the heat.

And a slow compassioned passion,
Flows all over the place.
Begins to,
Flows all over the place.
Begins to,
Flows all over the place.

Just too many get their guns ready,
When they get in heat.
Just,
Too...
Many get their guns ready,
When they get in the heat.

Just,
Too...
Many get their guns ready,
When they get in heat.

Too many get their guns ready,
When they get in heat.
Just too many get their guns ready,
When they get in heat.

And...
When heat like this is felt and seen,
That passion flows all over...
The place.
That passion flows all over...

The place.

Just too many get their guns ready,
When they get in heat.
Just too many get their guns ready,
When they get in heat.
Just just too many get their guns ready,
When they get in heat.
Just too many get their guns ready,
When they get in heat.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In High Definition

It can not be anything else,
But what it is as was meant to be.
And those attempting to see it differently,
With accusations made to say...
What is presented does not represent a reality.
And stay they will,
Comforted in stunted fresh denials.
While putting others on trial for defining who they are.
Without charading false pretentions to parade.
Or camouflage in masquerade.
To then become offended by what appears to be clear.
And is bright in broad daylight and is in high definition.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In Hindsight

First they declared,
He was too inexperienced.
Now they seek his opinions.
After the election he has won.
He has proven his brilliance stuns!

And yet...
He remains courteous,
To a leader...
Eight years ago,
The public it is said...
Had picked.
Now they all wish,
He disappears and quick.

Because those who are...
And had been conscious of it,
And tricked.
Are wishing to erase...
A disgrace that exists.
Like a haunting that remains,
In their minds they can't evict!

They can no longer fake,
An expression of false pride!
An incompetent leadership...
Not only has created damaging affects,
But an ignorance has presented them all...
With gloomy faces and a mess!
To clean up.
But with no time left to perfect.

And they wish in hindsight...
A greed enjoyed,
They now could hide!
Or...
From it step aside!
And with a baited breath,
Nervously kept!

For them the anticipation,
Feels much like a slow death!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In His Eyes! And Ours

Times then were lived,
Within our means.
We valued being clean.
Respected as expected.
This is what everyone did without neglect.
And embraced hygiene!
This was a fact of life known and seen!

Sold on concepts of a desire to learn.
Wanting to comprehend lessons taught...
That broadened our lives with a competitiveness.
With a fear of limits ignorance welcomed.
And we then wished no part of this.
We sought to grow.
And this assisted with an identity dignity presented.

Times then were lived within our means.
To deceive...
Was then thought to be despicable.
To cheat and lie about it,
Did not excite or sit well...
With those who suffered through the consequences,
Of their ways that dismayed.

Today...
People talk the 'walk' but do not walk the talk.
People say they have good intentions.
But leave no evidence of it seen.

Today...
People talk about their standards and values.
As if this is held in an exclusiveness.
And a membership is required for this to be addressed.

Today...
People are obsessed with their possessions.
Their good credit scores and loans they can obtain.
Because they have maintained status given,
Although they keep blemishes hidden...

That may reveal their tainted names.
And they cheat.
Lie.
And deceive!
With lifestyles lived well above their means.

And yet,
When suspected...
Nothing about them is respected.
Nor do the judgements they pass on others...
Keep tax collectors from locking them out,
From foreclosed homes they bragged about.
OR...
Do they 'today' have the means to feed, protect
Or shelter themselves,
In peace.

Times we lived then,
Were lived within our means.
And we were taught to be grateful.
To feel we were blessed.
And we should express this to God.
On a daily basis kept routined!
Like promises we made to ensure we had good hygiene.
And then God...
And only God,
Will make sure our lives lived were lived right!
In His eyes!
And ours.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In Honor Of Black History Month

...and, this year we are so excited,
In honor of Black History Month...
To provide a ten thousand dollar scholarship,
To anyone who can answer the following question.
And...
If you all notice,
You have been given the answer as is shown...
Amongst the choices from which to choose.
Either A, B or C.

Good luck!
Here is your question...

How many fingers are on the left hand?
You have five seconds to respond.
Place your one thumb on the buzzer.
And hold with your remaining four fingers,
On your left hand.

YES!
You are the first to respond.
Your answer is...?

'Hold up!
And don't be winking at me.
I ain't into that!
Supposing that left hand was held by someone else...
Guiding with valued assistance to choose the right path? '

That has nothing to do with the question asked.
NOR is that one of the answers already given.
One of them is correct.
The others are not.

'Look...
I need that ten thousand dollars.
And stop winking at me...
Pervert.'

Do you or do you not have the correct answer?

'Do you or do you not get on my last nerve? '

THIS is a contest.

'And THIS is my fist.
Do you mind repeating the question?
And don't look at me as if I'm the one stupid.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In Increments

In increments it must now come.
What's being done...
Should not overwhelm.
It should not succumb,
Or overcome with its might.
Nor should it frighten.
But deliver enlightenment.
A dose of that at a time is needed.
And not too much to feed the untreated.

In increments it must now come.
Impatience might cause havoc!
And a running away of those too stunned.
Appear before a few...
Let them give previews.
Let them first astonish those in disbelief!
Let their appetites build and increase.
Let their curiosities begin to tease.
Before the descending of our ships they see!
But...
In increments.

'Your Highness...
Would you care for more tea? '

Yes,
Please!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In It And Not Of It

Being in it and not of it,
Can still nibble away at one's gut.

Being distant and cut off from it,
May prevent one's suffering.
But...
Those memories have a way to linger.
And emotions felt deep,
Are never too far away.

One can choose to refuse to acknowledge them.
But how far away should one stay,
Without being followed...
By what has been experienced.
Or the degrading taking place,
Of that which has been observed.

And accepted by those,
Who have chosen to dance...
Effectively around its existence.
As if to glorify the remnants,
Of its staying power to remain unchanged...
To improve upon appearances,
With an approval that appeases.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In It For The Ease Of It

It's not difficult to perceive,
That there are those living who believe...
Some folks live lives that are easy.
And these folks should assist others to succeed!
In fact...
Hold them by the hand.
And show them how to breathe!

It's not difficult to see...
Others sitting on their butts,
And complaining from sun down to sun up!
With nothing good to say...
About anything that comes their way.

They are in it for the ease of it.
In some deluded and fantasized existence.
Waiting they do for some golden ship...
To spend the rest of a 'blessed' life,
Removing reality from it!
Although surrounded by a shallowness.
A deepened one that for them now exists!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In It For The Pursuit

I am in it for the pursuit,
To experience, explore and adventure too!
A redoing of a path already paved,
For the reason to save time...
Just to have more of it to waste and find,
Excuses made to criticize others unafraid...
Of living their lives seeking that which satisfies,
Is not what I accept as an invitation to expectation!

To make strides with efforts undenied or to hide,
Exemplifies the kind of life I also choose to live!
And will do!
Without those 'could ofs' wished with 'and ifs' that sit...
For the purpose to leave me comforted,
In limits to share with those believing...
Time is theirs to spare whenever they choose to use it.
No matter if no longer there to amuse a remembered youth.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In It I Trust

I have felt pain.
But there was nothing to gain,
By a prolonged weeping to achieve.

I have been treated as if I did not exist.
By those I loved devotedly.
And laid to share a nakedness with.

Names I have been called,
Some of which were within listening distance.
As if I had been born,
Without feelings felt to experience.

I have had lows.
To make anyone's bottom,
Appear to be 'up' for me.

But...
Such faith I have and in it I trust.

I have felt pain.
But there was nothing to gain,
By a prolonged weeping to achieve.

I have learned many times to get up off my knees.
And to step over obstacles left to leave behind.
With a looking forward I do as I keep this belief...
My best to give is only for those knowing,
In the giving of it that is shared...
There is a mutual deserving of it to cherish.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In Known But Unshared Darkness

Afraid to live.
And then within that fear,
Set restricting limits?
Only to begin questioning the choices made,
By those you determine...
Unsuitable for your taste and preference?
To you that may not sound elitist.
However that reeks of deep psychological disturbance.
Perhaps the kind one does not recognize.
But one that if persisted,
May find drifting alone...
In known but unshared darkness.
Stunted!
With a comprehension sterile and quite stodgy.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In Limited Quantity

Not taking the opportunity or the initiative,
To effectively place one's footsteps...
In a direction that reflects,
A keeping of one's identity in perspective...
Or a dignity kept,
With a casting of a shadow.
And not being shallow to follow,
Or hide behind others perceiving themselves...
The 'Keepers Of Requests',
Awaiting to listen...
Who amongst the voices heard,
Deserves permission to be given...
An acceptance of it.
Will always leave those believing,
If they stayed and prayed...
On scraped and wounded bended knees,
For wishes delivered and dreams received,
From those perceiving them to be beggars.
Beggars seeking leftovers and crumbs until it's done,
To quiet and appease their pleading.
Regardless if what is tossed,
Will always be in limited quantity.

'Maybe we should get off our knees andn use faith.'

~And what will that prove?
We are not grateful?
We have been taught to remain humble.~

'Oh yeah?
Well I'll tell you this...
If I am here to obey and follow 'Anybody's WILL,
It is with 'faith' those obstacles 'will' be removed from my path.'

~That's 'blasphemous'.~

'Who told you that?
The 'Keeper Of The Crumbs'?
While they feast on the abundance?

And it excites you whenever,
It is decided the time comes to toss you crumbs.
Crumbs they want you to believe with it done,
That are dwindling in limited

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In Love

If it's so good to be had,
Why is it treated so bad.
If it's so good to be had,
Why is it treated so bad.

Nobody says...
Nobody cares,
For love!

Nobody says...
Nobody cares,
To love!

It's everywhere...
To be shared,
Everywhere!
By those caring.

It's everywhere...
To be shared,
Everywhere...
By those caring,
To stay...
And be,
In love!

To stay...
And be,
In love!

It's everywhere...
To be shared,
Everywhere!
By those caring.

It's everywhere...
To be shared,
Everywhere...
By those caring,

To stay...
And be,
In love!

If it's so good to be had,
Why is it treated so bad.
If it's so good to be had,
Why is it treated so bad.

It's everywhere...
To be shared,
Everywhere...
By those caring,
To stay...
And be,
In love!

To stay...
And be,
In love!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In Masks To Masquerade

I have never felt comfortable around those,
Who find it easy to speculate the feelings of others.
And with their druthers chit chat with others,
Giving outrageous opinions as if an authority...
In conversations they debate.

I have never felt a comfort,
Surrounded by those with false impressions made.
And charading an arrogance in masks to masquerade.
Nor am I approachable to those who openly disrespect.
Quick I am to exit without an excuse to make to express.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In Moods Consistent With The Times

Sometimes it is best,
Not to express feelings...
Of being elated on a daily basis.
Since some people who nurture,
Their bad attitudes persistently...
And...
In moods consistent with the times,
Would prefer to think...
Those who make attempts,
To display no contempt outwardly...
Are actually the ones out of their minds.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In My Advancing Years

And,
In my advancing years...
Those struggles I feared,
Are memories of my past.

I ask and I've kept,
That peace of mind once out of my reach.
I desire more to explore,
A life now I've allowed to teach.
Instead of a search I keep,
In continued excuses met to refuse...
A life given to me.
And one I discovered I like,
In my advancing years.

And,
In my advancing years...
Tears that once flowed,
For those I miss so much in my life.
Today,
I've come to realize my life should be lived...
And not to fight,
Against...
The acceptance of surprises.
And I should stop sitting on a fence
In those disguises to hide.

In my advancing years,
I've learned to dance...
Until the music stops.
And I'm no longer here...
To hear as clear as I do now.
With ears that will be silenced.
And I should not wait,
Or anticipate the outcome.

But I will instill adventure.
In my advancing years uncensored.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In My Arms You'Re Held To Hold

Show me I'm the one,
You can care for.
And...
You will be that one,
I will always cared for.

Show me I'm the one,
You love,
And adore.
And...
You will be that one,
Adored and loved much more.

You will never find your life lived lonely.
Never will you be,
Alone in desperate needing.

You will never find my shoulder cold.
Not one felt from me.
This you can believe...
As we grow older.

In my arms you're held,
To hold!

Just show me I'm the one,
You can care for.
And...
You will be that one,
I will always cared for.

In my arms you're held,
To hold!
This you can believe...
As we grow older.

In my arms you're held,
To hold!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In My Birthday Suit

I want to sleep with a peace slept...
Kept in the Land of Oz.

And if I choose to step on yellow bricks,
As rainbows glisten in blue skies...
My shoes will gleam as if spit shinned.

I want to sleep with a peace slept...
That is kept in the Land of Oz.
And snack on Cheddar Cheese,
As I drink a glass of homemade peppermint...
And sweetened iced tea.

And...
If I should travel to Milwaukee,
There I'd do a hula.
Assisted by musicians imported from Hawaii.
And not give a hoot...
To do the hula in my birthday suit!
And that's...
How free I be!

'Ahs free! '

~This is pointless.~

'I said I was FREE!
Not HORNY! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In My Heart You Belong

You are missed.
And,
In my heart you are there strong.
You are missed.
And,
In my heart you belong.

You are missed.
And,
In my heart you are there strong.
You are missed.
And,
In my heart you belong.

I hear people always say,
They hope somebody stays away.
But in my heart you are there strong.

I am not one who will portray,
I feel no pain and it's okay.
'Cause in my heart you belong.

I have weeped a week.
'Cause in my heart,
You are still strong.
Not a wink of sleep.
'Cause in my heart you belong.

I hear people always say,
They hope somebody stays away.
But in my heart you are there strong.

I am not one who will portray,
I feel no pain and it's okay.
'Cause in my heart you belong.

You are missed.
And,
In my heart you are there strong.

You are missed.
And,
In my heart you belong.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In My Less Than Tolerant Youth

I don't resent those ignorant.
Since that word could apply to anyone...
Who believe they are in a position,
To condescend someone else.
Because of one's economic status!
Or, of one's color of skin.

We all learn lessons that seem to never end.

I have had great conversations,
With those considered less intelligent.
To leave them with a wealth of knowledge...
That left me seeking them out again!
And wondering 'if'...
I'd be accepted as a friend?

We all learn lessons that seem to never end.

And those who express opinions,
With open mouths and shut ears...
Are often those with minds that are closed,
To thoughts of others...
They oppose.

Have you ever heard those say,
With their own children they can not communicate?
Did you leave them comprehending...
How blessed the children one day will feel?
And their frustrated faces will be replaced,
To express in celebration if they just kept faith!

I've lived to witness miracles...
In my less than tolerant youth.
My mother and father would stop me with a look.
And I would freeze,
Daring to breathe.

Just when my own patience began to slip from lips!
Knowing then it was wiser for me...

To wait and listen!
And not make a big deal of it.
Or I'd find it unbearable for me to sit.
Followed by my mother's promises,
That any healing done would not be quick!

We all learn lessons that seem to never end.
With some being pointless,
To have them repeated again.

I've lived to witness miracles...
In my less than tolerant youth.
With pictures depicted painting a thousand words.
Only a few did I dare to review in pursuit.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In My Mind

In my mind...
And in my heart,
Is where you belong.
I've got to stay strong,
To carry this love
I've had for so long.

It's true...
You hold me in your magic spell.
I will never undo those things we knew so well.

On my lips,
I wish yours were kissing mine.
It has been quite sometime,
I felt such a need to make you mine.

It's true...
You hold me in your magic spell.
I can never undo those things,
We knew so well.

This emptiness grows unattended.
A part of me is lost!
I hunger with a yearning dependent,
And I am paying an unending cost.

In my mind,
And in my heart
Is where you belong.
I've got to stay strong...
To bare with this love,
I've had for so long.

It's true...
You hold me in your magic spell.
I can never undo,
Those things we did!
Or can ever refuse...
What I can feel but can't tell!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In My Mind Am I My Enemy

If I get upset.
Regret those limits met.
In my mind am I...
My,
Enemy?

You,
Can't free me!
No way.
Until,
I know...
What that freedom means,
To me!

You,
Can't free me!
No way.
Until,
I know...
What that freedom means,
To me!

If I live in doubt.
And voice this from my mouth,
From dawn until the night falls...
Am,
I...
Free?

If I get upset.
Regret those limits met.
In my mind am I...
My,
Enemy?

If I live in doubt.
Are my needs freed?
And voice this from my mouth.
Are my needs freed?

If I get upset.
Are my needs freed?
Regret those limits met.
Are my needs freed?

If I live in doubt.
Are my needs freed?
And voice this from my mouth.
Are my needs freed?
If I get upset.
Are my needs freed?
Regret those limits met.
Are my needs freed?

You,
Can't free me!
No way.
Until,
I know...
What that freedom means,
To me!

No 'you',
Can't free me!
No way.
Until,
I know...
What that really means,
To me!

If I live in doubt.
Are my needs freed?
And voice this from my mouth.
Are my needs freed?
If I get upset.
Are my needs freed?
Regret those limits met.
Are my needs freed?

If I get upset.
Regret those limits met.
In my mind am I...

My,
Enemy?

And...
Are my needs freed?
And...
Are my needs freed?
And...
Are my needs freed?
And...
Are my needs freed?

If I get upset.
Regret those limits met.
In my mind am I...
My,
Enemy?

AND...
Are my needs freed?
AND...
Are my needs freed?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In My Mind! All This Time

Your per-son-ality...
Was not just picked from any litter.
Your dig-ni-ty...
Is of the best I've ever seen.

You are so far from routine,
And it gets so hard to leave...
The matter of affection I feel.
That matter of affection felt.

Your Per,
Son...
Ality!
Was not just picked from any litter.
And your,
Dig...
Ni,
Ty! ?
Is of the best I've ever seen.

Your personality...
Is wha'ts delivered.
From a giver of love and liberty!

Your per-son-ality...
Was not just picked from any litter.
Your dig-ni-ty...
Is of the best I've ever seen.

Your per-son-ality...
Was not just picked from any litter.
Your per-son-ality...
Was selected to give as a gift!
That per-son-ality...
Was not just picked from any litter.
Your per-son-ality...
Is the kind to stay in one's mind!

And you have remained,

In my mind!
All this time!
Because...
The matter of affection I feel.
And,
That matter of affection felt.

And you have remained,
In my mind!
Because...
The matter of affection I feel.
And,
That matter of affection felt.

And you have remained,
In my mind!
All this time.
Because...
The matter of affection I feel.
And,
That matter of affection felt.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In My Own World

Often I sit to wonder,
What does it all mean?
To have what it seems to be,
Explicit clarity.
And then be accused by others,
I am in my own world!
Oh...
So untrue.

IF this was 'truly' my own world...
So few I had invited to visit,
Would stay to exist.
If 'this' was my own world.

If this 'was' my own world,
Not many would walk around...
Disrespecting it as they wish.
And no one would sit with expectations.
That would not be an entitlement.

IF this 'was' my own world...
There'd be many more catering,
To the joys of others!
And the complaints I would hear,
Would be...
'How can we assist you,
To spread in your world more happiness.'

Often I sit to wonder,
What does it all mean?
To have what it seems to be,
Explicit clarity.
And then be accused by others,
I am in my own world!
Oh...
So untrue.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In 'My' World I Am The Do Do

In 'my' world...
I am the 'do-do'.
No gifts of grief,
Will anyone leave.
No complaints of pain...
Or headaches do I accept,
For an exchange of my peace of mind.

There was a time I would drop,
My priorities.
To sit and listen to someone moan.
To show them I was there,
And they were not alone!

There was a time I would stop,
In my tracks.
To carry a load,
Someone else had on their back.
To give unconditional friendship.
Without a thought about that!

Then one day I was in need.
Knowing in my heart...
Someone would come to my rescue.
I damn near was crawling on my knees.
Until I witnessed myself...
Being made to play the fool.
With folks caring less,
What it was I was going through!

In 'my' world...
I am the 'do-do'.
To stink when I wish.
And caring less who likes it.

When I move,
My eyes are focused.
With my needs to meet first.

I 'may'...
Depending on my mood.
Choose to be less self serving.
However,
Whatever I decide...
I will not waste a second,
In debate.

In 'my' world...
I am the 'do-do'.
No gifts of grief,
Will anyone leave.
No complaints of pain...
Or headaches do I accept,
For an exchange of my peace of mind.

I am not living my life,
As an option someone can find...
To play with!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In Need Of A Deep Cleansing

What is not working,
Has long passed the hour...
Of needing to be fixed.

Whether acknowledging this from a pulpit.
Or soliciting self righteous views...
Through politics,
It makes no difference.

What is not working,
Has long passed the hour...
Of needing to be fixed.

A lack of maturity has overstayed its visit.
Reality, truth and one's perceived existence,
Are not all on the same page as steps to correct.

So many are confused,
And accustomed to being mentally abused...
They refused to remove the veil from their eyes.
With wishes to delude their lives as has been undenied,
As few attempts are made to free and adjust...
Most minds fixed upon temptations and lust.

What is not working,
Has long passed the hour...
Of needing to be fixed.
With a need to be 'real' with it!

Whether acknowledging this from a pulpit.
Or soliciting self righteous views...
Through politics,
It makes no difference.

We...
Are in need,
Of a soul searching done...
That affects the success a deep cleansing gets!
We...

Are in need,
Of deep cleansing.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In Need Of A Few New Moons

Many still live in comforted days,
Long in need of a few new moons.
And not mentally equipped to accept,
Acknowledge or wish to understand...
A tick to tock,
Is the sound from a clock.
Moving hands on it forward.
Until the doing of it stops.

Yet...
Unprepared or willing to accept,
Are those who sit.
Thinking themselves as timeless.
Exceptions.

Even if they sat to ask questions,
For 24 hours...
Begging,
Not for answers.
But to be understood.
And all evidence,
Of freshly produced excuses...
Is less noticeable as time,
Outdates and ages...
To leave behind what's stale.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In Need Of A Magic Wand

Those tentacles of greed...
Have reached to squeeze,
Common sense...
From the minds of humanity.
And those who planted these seeds,
Believing a selfish feeding would continue...
Are stunned by the outcome of their deceptions.

What has been unleashed...
Can not be contained,
By a promise to bake homemade cookies.
With an invitation sent,
For a diversity to be represented...
In civilized talks about the weather,
Around the kitchen table!

Those clearing skies,
Are now in need of a magic wand!
Without the use of special effects,
Produced from behind a brocade curtain!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In Need Of An Audience

The ones with egos,
Seem to always bring their mysteries...
To be addressed.
With a massaging done constantly.
While those with credentials,
Appear to have less to express.
Bearing nothing with them to appease,
Or tease anyone to impress.

The ego driven,
Seem to wish their interests known.
These folks no one can just walk pass.

As those of true accomplishment,
Deliver their deeds with a speed to be believed.
To leave those who strut,
With pomp vacant of circumstance.
And feeding on a need for attention shown.
Overblown, overstaged and miscast.

Doers of accomplishments,
Never find themselves uncomfortable.
Not in environments where they are left alone.
Wherever they are,
They appear to be relaxed.
Almost as if they wish this to be condoned.

'I'm in need of an audience!
Where can I get an audience quick? '
Are the frantic fed panics of those with egos.
And making themselves sick.
With wishes to flap their lips a bit.

These thoughts are on the minds of those,
With a need to have their egos 'breathe'.
In a desperate unspoken desire to please.

In an approved acceptance they must solicit...
To feel themselves qualified.

Approved!
And undeniably received.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In Need Of Immediate Amendment

What makes some people believe,
They have achieved...
Above reproach status?
Or conduct directly attributed to them,
That is blameworthy.
And in need of immediate amendment.

With an approval expected for things done they do,
They accuse others for being their enemies too.
And those they fingerpoint to accuse as their abusers,
Are repeatedly selected...
Not for their misdeeds,
But for ignoring those who dwell with a focus...
Upon their own insecurities.

What makes some people believe,
They have achieved...
Above reproach status?
Or conduct directly attributed to them,
That is blameworthy.
And in need of immediate amendment.

Could it be...
Folks are so accustomed,
With a providing to them an avenue of empathy...
Where a pity for their self indulgences is condoned.
And an exchange of bad habits,
Is quicker to accept than admitting weaknesses exists.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In Need Of Love

Maybe I have to tell you,
My eyes are brown.
My nose is wide.
And my hair is kinky too.

Maybe I just don't show,
My feelings deep.
Or those things inside of me,
You will never know.

And no!
It is not okay you walk away.
In belief I am just an object.
There!
But too invisible to see.

And no!
It is not okay my feelings are ignored.
As if I should not have them.
And you have more.

Maybe I have to tell you,
My eyes are brown.
Skin black as viewed
With a wide nose and kinky hair too.

Although you may walk away,
Believing to dismiss me is okay.
As if I am an object invisible to see.
And not in need of love.

But I am!
And I suspect...
You have no idea what love means.
If it is not drenched in peroxide.
Or has contacts in blue.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In Need Of Permanent Hibernation

The eminent danger that exists,
Is the one confronting a mind insisting...
Their beliefs kept are not in immediate need,
Of severe re-evaluation.

And these beliefs are not only detrimental.
They have become so engrained,
That the cost of defending against...
The use of common sense,
Has depleted everyone from recognizing...
That a connection between common sense,
And the application of truth...
Is where the true victory can be located.
And avoiding these intentionally...
Creates the onslaught of devastation.

The eminent danger that exists,
Is the one confronting a mind insisting...
Their beliefs kept are not in immediate need,
Of severe re-evaluation.
And these beliefs are in need of permanent hibernation.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In Need Of Professionals

The issue raised that has created stagnation,
In some places facing dire consequences...
Has been the importance of nuts discussed,
Observed becoming loosened from their bolts.

Committees are formed with a seeking to be funded.
And those who gather to meet,
Wish to choose someone capable to lead.
Credentials are requested to determine who succeeds.

Those seen rolling up their sleeves prepared to volunteer,
Are admonished for their activities and quickly dismissed.
They are not qualified to tighten nuts to their bolts.
And the process taken further delays the simple results.

The issue raised that has created stagnation,
In some places facing dire consequences...
Has been the importance of nuts discussed,
Observed becoming loosened from their bolts.

And even though the task of this appears easy to achieve,
Many await for a funding first...
To satisfy a proper documentation,
That idenitifies who did what with the minimal work applied.

'There was more that got done when a few decided to do it.'

~Yeah.
But were they qualified?
Did they follow correct and proper procedures?
And most importantly,
Were they approved to do what they did...
By those elected to select them leaders? ~

'No.
But a funding sought to show pride and initiative,
To screw loose nuts to ensure they remain tightened...
With a doing to brighten their own backyards,
Had been a belief to benefit and enlighten others.'

~Look...
We seek to get 'paid'.
And having 'those' lofty ideals TODAY?
Is not realistic.
We would rather apply for the funding,
Select those qualified.
And THEN...
And only 'then' can we discuss issues of pride,
Initiative, motivation and discipline.
But 'first' we are in need of 'professionals'...
To show us the way.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In Need Of Tightening

Those who pick up their telephones,
Calling around to those they 'befriend'...
For any clue or hint,
From anyone...
About what is being said about them.
Has more than insecurities,
To eliminate from their minds.
There are several loosened bolts,
In need of tightening as well.
With issues of faith and trust...
Collecting dust in a cluttered attic.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In Need To Mend...Be Apparent

Once a close focus of it,
Begins to soak in...
A noticing of those with low self esteem,
Seems to over-populate...
Many urban environments,
In which demeaning is heard.
As if the intention is done.
And meant with a purpose,
To be displayed and openly seen.

This can be noticed to not avoid,
How those who take steps...
With an effect to better themselves,
Are criticized to be despised...
By a next of kin choosing to lie on them.
As if to character assassinate creates,
An acceptance from others...
Accustomed to showing their children to know,
Self-debasing to discriminate...
Must be kept practiced to enact 'wherever' they go.

And once a close focus of this soaks in,
The ones who begin to notice it...
Make attempts to end their own biases.
But no assistance do they get,
From those who become highly offended...
By anyone who expresses an objection,
To how their dysfunctions and relationships...
Keeps them all divided.
Because they've decided they are not the ones,
In need to mend what to them has been done.

'Aint nuthin wrong with me.
And what my children do,
Aint none of your bizness either.'

~But...
Aren't you concerned? ~

'Concerned about what? '

~What you do or don't do,
To express and let it be known.~

'I aint got time for that.
If they can't find what they need to get in school,
What am I suppose to do? '

~Be 'apparent'.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In Negotiation

Time does not come to us,
To face...
With a choice to erase,
What is disliked as we choose.
Some make attempts to do this...
With an encouragement that comes...
To do our best to replace the effects of it,
With a nip and tuck done.
For purposes to stun!

There is no such thing,
As eternal youth.
Although foolishness can come to stay...
Like a long lost relative,
One prays lovingly to God...
That the abrupt affect of this visit,
Would get the hint and go away.

Surprises dropped upon our doorsteps,
At these times...
Are regrettably unappreciated.

And aging isn't respected either,
As an accepted part of life.
Too many perceive the appearance of it...
Is more like a death sentence,
One wishes would take a quick flight or a hike!

It's like the act of taking something back.
Or a wish of this a possibility.
But undetermined is the one,
As to how this is done effectively.
And from what or whom...
In negotiation will agree,
The taking back of what has gone forward...
Will satisfy the laws of nature,
With the granting of fantasies.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In New England In The Summer

On the seawall walking,
As the seagulls squawk.
I'm tossing rocks in the water,
But the birds think its fish that I feed!

On the sand I see a crab,
Digging deeper with its pinchers...
Moving tiny bits of pebbles,
As the sunset falls with a breeze.

Cape Cod invites these scenes,
In New England in the Summer.
It's not odd but quite easy...
To spot two strolling lovers!

On the seawall walking,
As the seagulls squawk.
I'm tossing rocks in the water,
But the birds think its fish that I feed!

On the sand I see a crab,
Digging deeper with its pinchers...
Moving tiny bits of pebbles,
As the sunset falls with a breeze.

Cape Cod invites these scenes,
In New England in the Summer.
It's not odd but quite easy...
To spot two strolling lovers!

In New England in the Summer.
Loving up like nothing other.
This kind of weather to discover!
Release, relax and just recover.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In New England When Change Is Guaranteed

Seasons change,
As the rain and cool breezes...
Introduces the shift.
And so noticeable in New England,
Is the quickness done by this.

When a new season approaches,
A cleansing of rain from cloudy skies begins.
And distinctive are the seasons...
Showing characteristics different between them.
After each season has settled in.

There is no mistaking Winter for Spring.
Or Summer for Autumn.
Not in New England when change is guaranteed.
Especially when the leaves turn to brilliant colors,
In the Fall.

Seasons change,
As the rain and cool breezes...
Introduces the shift.
And so noticeable in New England,
Is the quickness done by this.

When a new season approaches,
A cleansing of rain from cloudy skies begins.
And distinctive are the seasons...
Showing characteristics different between them.
After each season has settled in.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In No Mood To Be Polite

Step to the left or to the right.
Get out of my sight...
I'm in no mood to be polite.
The atmosphere stinks like raw sewage,
With people hoodwinking and dumping their blues!
The climate today supports actions of the foolish
And speaking one's mind is considered taboo!
'Screw you! '
Step to the left or to the right.
Get out of my sight...
I'm in no mood to be polite.
Offensiveness is used to defend,
More jackasses now...
Then ever there has been.
And defending the right to insult and defame,
Should make everyone wonder
Why there's no shame to claim for the blame!
It's pouring down 'insanity' upon our heads like rain!
No plane can fly high enough,
To escape this sick and saddened game!
It's worse than awful!
Step to the left or to the right.
Get out of my sight...
I'm in no mood to be polite.
The atmosphere stinks like raw sewage,
With people hoodwinking and dumping their blues!
The climate today supports actions of the foolish
And speaking one's mind is considered taboo!
But decency still remains 'my' creed...
Despite this cesspool we are all swimming through.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In No Mood To Be Seduced

It just seems too remote.
Too unlikely and distant...
That a sweet face could be pasted,
On one who manipulates.
With a squeezing done...
That could drip one's blood.

It seems cold as ice,
Some would use words to describe...
One with a gentle warm smile,
And inviting eyes.
Could also be the one that deceives.
Lies.
And could bury a hatchet into someone's back.
But...
Unfortunately,
There are those who can be...
Just like that.

'Oh no.
You can stay if you want to but I'm leaving.'

~Why do you want to leave so soon.?
We just got here.~

'I am in no mood to be seduced.
After the sipping of wine...
To find I've been played.'

~I don't know who made you feel you are that 'HOT'.
You're not.
If you're leaving...go!
I came to stay.~

'Be careful.
You have already been targeted.'

~Be careful.
You have already been targeted.

LOL...
You are just too much.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In No Position To Recommend Or Suggest

I refuse in these days we all live,
To be caught up in others' lives...
With an empathy to give,
That understands what took place...
In their reality based childhoods,
That has left them with dysfunctions...
They can not honestly face to confront.
I know of no one who knows about the topic,
Better than I do to document with proof.
And with no magic wand to erase the affects,
One keeps to identify for the rest of one's life.
I am in no position to recommend or suggest,
What someone else should do...
To have 'me' relive what they have gone through,
If I have stated a refusing to do this I will do.

'Heal thyself with every tool one has been blessed,
To possess.'

~Is that a suggestion or a statement? ~

However you wish it to interpret.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In Or Out Of Tune

Clip or snip frustrations and toss!
Be done with regrets at any and all cost.
Events unchanged will remain the same.
Take a deep breath...
And leave behind what was left.
You can't correct it!
Don't waste your breath.

Confined to a time your mind can't let go?
Define it as it is.
Why stop the life you live?
Grow and flow with it.
Throw away those mental fits!

A perfect life no one has.
And exceptions are few and far between.
No need for opinions or surveys to pass.
Those days of truth and honesty,
Are getting very lean!
Faster than the quiet passing of gas.
It can be sniffed!
But who is going to admit they did it?

If you are awaiting,
For a wholesomeness to appear?
None will be coming!
Not soon on this scene!
And somehow that view,
For you is not clear!
And my assessments to you are mean!

I'm not seeking to harmonize
With this melody at all!

Whatever has taken place,
To slow and stop your pace...
To relive good tidings,
In your head must be chased away!
To move forward from where you are...

Must be done!
Forget about what is fair!
Very few even care,
About you or the scars you bare!

That's not a sadistic wish.
It's a reality somehow you have missed!

And I am not expecting
You to accept what I say as fact!
The environment you live in...
Should have by now exposed you to that!
Put away your pity pot and get up off your back.
Others around you singing the blues,
Could care less about you singing them too!
In or out of tune!

Or...
If you delight,
In patting your foot
On top of fresh manure!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In Other Neighborhoods

There is a neon fence,
Constructed for all to see.
With a warning sign on it...
Flashing,
'Do Not Trespass.
Beware Of Vicious Dog.'
And 'still' the occupants,
Living inside blame others...
For the mess that has collected,
In their own backyard!
To then find others to protest,
Their messes...
With similar complaints.
And as usual...
Those they find to fault,
Are those living peacefully...
In other neighborhoods.
To trespass, attack and trash!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In Our Individual Lives

What happens in our individual lives,
Does not seem to have the same affect on others...
Quite as emotionally.
In fact a lack of concern can be attributed to their actions.

Until something similar happens to them.
And that's when those near anf far will hear accusations,
About the less caring people show and do for others.
With little history of their own ever being shown individually.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In Our Lives

If we all just sat and wished,
For everything we believed missed
In our lives.
Much of our lives would be dismissed.
Without realizing...
So much of the experience of it,
Has been spent wishing.

With little of it adventured.

And hoping for more time,
To waste in waiting.
As a hesitation in procrastination,
Is granted a freedom we allow and protect...
With the very best of our excuses.

In our lives...
We thrive on comparisons to survive.

To be munched,
Like a bunch of clustered nuts!
Dipped.
And surrounded by delicious chocolate.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In Overpriced And Marketed Athletic Shoes

Those 'us' against 'them' defenses...
Are tactics used,
That will bring a society face to face with chaos.
And civil disobedience unto its streets.
Like barbarians bleeding,
In overpriced and marketed athletic shoes.

The steps of this is evident.
Split factions are already seen.
What had been once respectable as a standard...
Now has a people with a mindset poisoned.
With infighting purposely meant to demean...
As heat is boiling on the scene.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In Perspective

The best thing about having no regrets,
Is managing to handle a fading bitterness kept.
There comes a point in one's life,
Deciding who is wrong or right...
Seems not to belong,
In a mind that has found peace!
And wishing an increase of it!
My 'grill' never hides lies to slide out!
You 'feel' me?
I'm not into exchanging indignities,
Or apathy.
At the end of the day,
I want to be able to say...
'The best thing about having no regrets,
Is knowing I can be at peace and rest...
And it is right here,
Next to me!
I ain't got to trip all over the place to find it!
I've got it! And it is mine!
For as long as God gives me the time,
To know it!
And keep it where it belongs...
In perspective.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In Places Observed

So accustomed to sabotaging themselves,
To achieve an expected result...
From a routine practiced and done,
They are often seen running as if excited...
With delight,
Back to those who repress them and oppress...
As support is given with approval gained.

And from them more advice they immediately get,
With instructions how to undermine and quick...
Anyone who represents an idenitity with confidence,
Displayed as if they were born with it.
And...
That's just the way it is to be witnessed,
In places observed where this exists.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In Places Where They Worship

Many slowly evolving to find reality acceptable,
With it always in their presence...
To have been made accessible and available.
And the main ingredient to their kept happiness,
Are seldom the ones found on their knees...
Praying one day to discover and experience it.
And to expect 'IF' they are good, its guaranteed delivery.

Since to live and accept life as a doing done,
Many have chosen to do to oppose the ones...
Seeking not to be sought and caught,
Guilt ridden for committing temptating sins.
Introduced and taught to them as the doing of demons,
In places where they worship to know in detail...
Exactly what it is that a devil does to fear.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In Playful Exchanges

A writer.
I am glad that I am that.
So glad I am that way!

Some feel attacked by my comments.
Some would like them dressed with less bite!
Uptight some feel by my expressions.
Lessons I've learned from teachers,
Away from classrooms and proper diction preached.

In science fiction I find no redemption at all.
My truth has an earthly grounding!
And that gives me the grit to sound off.
My insights have not be coated with illusions.
Deluded with honesty I am.
And I am in constant practice.

If anything stated has been misunderstood...
Or felt could be diluted in a solution of sugar?
Interpreters can be found for a dime a dozen,
Even at the escalating cost of slander...
And character assassinations,
Cheaply tossed back and forth
In playful backstabbing exchanges!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In Pointless Sessions

Excessive confessions in pointless sessions,
Constipates those listening to debates...
With time given to the ones dedicated,
To a deflating of truth or an honesty...
Close to being removed from all minds.
Hoping religious tricks and politics,
Can produce fresh virgin ears...
Who will take and emerge,
With urges craved,
Hearing less of truth already made useless.
And wanting to be more seduced,
By lies told by those now who entertain...
Small and large imaginations,
Between describing which body parts...
Identify the size of what is prioritized.
For the ones too downlow and too dumbdown,
To know they've been duped long ago.
But nothing anymore,
Represents a quality of life remembered to live...
When those annointed to be in leadership positions,
Are acting more like kids on missions to prove...
How worthless they think of their own faked values,
To no longer pretend they had them to keep or follow.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In Prayer Mode

These days I have found,
It a must for me to stay...
In prayer mode.
With a trust not to discuss,
My disgust once openly expressed.
Especially...
To anyone I suspected to be,
Self serving.
And obsessed with superficiality.

I have learn to let live.
Let go and just observe...
What has been obviously,
An indulgence of obnoxiousness...
More today seem to accept,
Than my being upset by it.

And if I had put,
Anyone else through this...
God, I thank You,
For allowing me to identify...
My own ignorance to despise it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In Prayer To You

Thank you, My Father
For all that You've done for me.
For all that you've done for me...
I thank You, My Father.

Thank you, My Father
For all that You've done for me.
For all that you've done for me...
I thank You, My Father.

Thank You...
Father, Father, Father!
Thank You...
Father, Father, Father!
Thank You...
Father, Father, Father!
For all that you've done for me.

In the early morning hours,
When I arise to greet the Sun...
I feel blessed and prepared,
With such gratefulness...
In prayer to You.
This I must do!

And when noon approaches...
No matter what I have done,
Before that time comes...
That may create a disturbance,
I did not invite nor did I make.
I find time to show it is You I appreciate.
In prayer to You.
This I must do!

Whether or not...
Thunder storms roar,
Or rain drops fall to pitter and pat.
Thank you, My Father
For all that You've done for me.

For all that you've done for me...
I thank You, My Father.

And at the oncoming of Sunset...
Not one moment do I forget,
The power of Your presence...
That showers the blessings,
From You I get!

Thank You...
Father, Father, Father!
Thank You...
Father, Father, Father!
Thank You...
Father, Father, Father!
In prayer to You.
This I must do!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In Protective Custody

In a world of decay,
And accepted decadence.
One almost 'has' to be vicious,
To keep an earned peace of mind...
In protective custody.

It becomes increasingly difficult,
To maintain an addiction free existence.
Especially when one's own trials and tribulations,
Have been faced to confront obstacles...
That do not run in opposite directions.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In Public Or In Private Corners

You came to ravish my pride.
To beg from you all my needs.
And it dawned on me this morning,
You are going to be the one pleading,
To be pleased.
If we can ever restore our climaxing skills.

I am not about disrespect.
In public or in private corners...
To discuss our business.
Especially,
When you are out here...
Throwing my feelings away.
Are all whores this insensitive.

I don't call what I am about to say,
Disrespectful at all.

I don't want to see you again in life...
Ever!

With the eyes dotted and the tees crossed.

'There are no eyes and tees in 'ever'.'

And if they should ever do,
You can bet that one of us has lived long enough...
To know when to make a change!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In Quiet Submission

My ambassador questing days are done!
Attempting to knit a quilt with benefits...
Does not best sit with everyone,
Warming as they do under one Sun!
Nor should I try to mend lost strands of chaos!
This mix will never blend.
There's too much fighting a weave they can transcend.
All that is rumored what peace could begin!
But this pattern appears too complexed,
For minds far perplexed to see...
How these pieces fit in to release,
And all could live troubled free!

'Father...
Don't be so hard on yourself!
Perhaps your tactics should be reintroduced,
With less serious content.
And more flair and pizzazz! '

I thought you came for prayer, My son?
In quiet submission? Do it! Quietly...
That means...no lip!

'I'm 'trying', Father!
But You are disturbing my concentration!
And I am being overwhelmed!
They'll get the message.
Eventually!
I did! '

Pray, My son!
And 'allow' ME to deliver YOUR tasks!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In Real Time

When dumb ideas become dumb to the ones,
Who discover ideals held stubbornly...
Will not return a yesterday gone,
Yet prolonging the persistence of it...
To hang onto values and standards,
Documented but in reality...
No longer practiced,
To be boxed within limited ideals...
That will 'never' fit again to exist!
Since...
What has been depicted,
Were idealistic myths demanded by some...
To leave implemented.

Many can not hear with a convincing done,
To adhere...
In REAL TIME,
That those cupboards...
Although trimmed in gold,
And annointed with gleaming...
With 'visions' of entitlements to keep.
That adorn cupboard in all it's imagery,
Is dwindling inside...
Because those greedy are not accustomed,
To observing with comprehension...
Not who sacrifices to keep those cupboards full,
But 'who' has to borrow and from 'whom'...
To store with kept impressions of what's inside.

When dumb ideas become dumb to the ones,
Who discover ideals held stubbornly...
Will not return a yesterday gone,
Yet prolonging the persistence of it...
To hang onto values and standards,
Documented but in reality...
No longer practiced,
To be boxed within limited ideals...
That will 'never' fit again to exist!
Since...

Too many selfish and self-centered,
Have prevented themselves to accept reality...
In REAL TIME.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In Realms Beyond Our Limited And Limping Vision

I am the Sun, the Moon and Stars.
Within my heart is reflected this wonderment.
My presence represents,
The physical image of The Creator.

From the living Earth,
Our journeys begin...
And visually from the material it ends.
To leave those foolishly protecting with defenses!
And setting up fences to guard and rule,
Without a bit of common sense.
To inflict cruel and unusual punishments.

But the Soul lives on,
In realms beyond our limited and limping vision.

This magnificence given,
We have come to call life!
Is fed a comprehension...
To deny and accept,
There are no other dimensions.
And from the center of the universe...
Some believe they've been blessed,
To control with special effects.

Yet...
We all exist,
In preparation for an intervention!
That will come to test and manifest,
Without unrest.

No one can protest the obvious!

Corrected in time this will come to pass.
As all consciousness is raised...
To believe what has been overlooked and trashed.
By those who are 'faithfully' entrapped.
To ensure others are kept held back.
And left uninformed about 'truth' and 'reality'.

But this is not to be.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In Reflected Moonlight

I am not alone..
I keep saying to myself!
And yet the silence,
Seems too noticeably loud this night!
I wish someone 'special' would come
To turn down the volume with other sounds
To excite!
I would welcome a midnight rendevous...
In silhouette!
Walled in reflected moonlight!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In Rejection Mode

What rights of mine,
Are they fighting for?
The poor of these wars,
Still remain bitter and sour...
And getting even poorer.

The hungry and the homelessness,
Creeps upon front doors.
And warmongers have made self righteousness...
A vision of risks and accepted conflicts.

What rights of mine...
Defends this fighting all the time?
Everywhere I turn,
My needs are ignored.
Yet to the frontlines is where I'm sent,
To duck bullets on foreign shores.

No matter what I've done...
I'm abhorred! I'm shunned.
And the more I feel I will 'always' be 'me'...
That is used as a weapon,
To add to their growing list of enemies.

And even if I train to fight and defend my place...
I'm despised.
Disrespected.
Often I'm stunned to face a public disgrace.

Bitter doesn't matter when this is about race!

And nothing shown throughout history,
Has proven that fighting works!
As I experience thoughts of what progress can be...
Corruption is exposed to all,
Supported by thieves and endorsed by jerks.

Patriotic I am...
But my needs have become sabbatical.

I'm often regarded a radical.
But I'm not the one...
Fanatically birthed!
There's a dignity I honor,
With a shown self worth.

I have not lost my self respect,
Choosing to abuse my senses...
With displays I regret!
Or endorse building fences.

Those in rejection mode...
Cling and hang onto perks!
Destroying nature and humanity,
By a freedom assisted by threats and alerts.
What rights of mine are 'they' fighting for?
The only rights I see,
Is an elusive peace...
Attached to a fading reality!

That is not my wish that frees!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In Repeated Nakedness

I missed being with you so much,
I gave myself to someone else.
And when we kissed in nakedness...
With closed eyes it was you I felt!

When you decided to leave me alone,
I was bitter at the start.
I promised I would forget you in my mind.
And each time I did that...
There you were in my heart.

I wish that we would agree to meet,
To discuss our faults and dishonesty.
But when you left me with cruel things done...
That was it...I thought!
No more nonsense from anyone!

Those were lies I told myself...
Attempting to hide reality,
On a dusting shelf!
With disappointment and pain,
And everything else.

Even though you and I will never see eye to eye,
I hold you inside with lies I can't deny!
It is you that has taken my heart like this!
And being with someone new...
Will never erase the you I miss!

I've admitted to myself it is you I truly wish.
And making love with someone new...
Can not undo or dismiss,
The 'you' that quick!
Or giving myself in repeated nakedness,
Not as long as you can find me...
Bared with feelings mixed!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In Retrospect

In retrospect,
With time to have lived...
Given to reflect upon,
A multitude of experiences.
Those amongst us can not say,
Our lives to live...
Have been done without some,
Regrets to admit them faced.
And fortunate and blessed,
Are the ones taking steps...
Forward.
To recognize the past,
Is not an everlasting 'thing'.

Limited visions and repeated,
Decisions many find to make...
To keep them made.
Do themselves the injustice.
And welcome distrust created.
Yet demand, they do,
From others high expectations.
With expectations they refuse,
To set for themselves to make.
Or appreciate what it takes,
With steps made to do this.

In retrospect,
Regrets expressed to accept...
Is a part of life to live.
And one growing older knows...
Disappointments felt,
Do not last.
Nor should perceptions kept,
To keep them unchanged...
Will make a difference,
If anyone reflecting...
In retrospect expects,
Changes needing to be made...
Come without making,

Some sacrifices and tears.
Wept to leave regrets behind.
Since there is no other way,
A moving forward...
Can be claimed done to do,
With it proven to be...
Accomplished to have paid dues
Successfully.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In Rough Luck Times

Be safe.
Be cool.
Be for real...
By doing what you feel,
That keeps your temperment...
Concealed from a steady rise.

Have faith.
Have hope.
Don't be baited,
And let go...
Of those you know,
Are trouble mongers.
Hungering...
To watch you blow your top!

Don't let a headache bubble up.
To leave you stirred...
And stuck,
In rough luck times.

Let go!
Let it be known and show...
You can flow like a river,
Swirling in whirlpool motion.
But free of emotions that collect in oceans...
Too deep to swallow.
And too wide to try to define.

Don't let headaches bubble up...
That get you stuck,
In a rut!
To have your nerves pluck...
In rough luck times!

Be safe, have faith and let go...
To bring an ease that comforts your mind!
You can flow like a river,
Swirling in whirlpool motion.

But free of emotions that collect in oceans...
Too deep to swallow.
And too wide to try to define.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

'In' Sane

Shouldn't there be a joy and satisfaction
One gets
For being declared 'in' sane?
After all,
Those that are 'out' of it,
Aren't 'in' it at all!
And those who choose just to be 'sane'...
Should they be suspect?
Things aren't as crazy as they are
Because they've spent time in their minds!
Now...
I can accept those labelled
To be 'out-of-their-minds'!
It makes it more official.
And at least they can be held accountable.
The ones still undeclared are the most baffling!
They disguise themselves,
With titles deemed 'professional'.
And they are the ones responsible...
For all of the 'professional' havoc,
That we have been experiencing for decades!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In Search Of A Meaningful Relationship

You turned an intimate relationship,
I wanted to have with just you...
Into a competition.
And from the moment we met...
That is exactly what you pursued to do.

And today after expressing regret,
For letting your misunderstanding...
Allow you to take such foolish steps,
You wish to begin again...
What we had back then!

I can't.

'Why?
I thought we had something 'special'.'

I did too.
But the role you chose to play,
On a daily basis...
I could no longer take.
You needed to compete?
Well...
I lost.
And not a regret do I express.

'So what are you saying? '

I am in search of a meaningful relationship.
Not a competition.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In Sensitive Visits Quick

If you've got to know,
I will admit it...
Those sensitive visits,
That come to sit...
Gets me weary,
And into fits.

I will admit it...
Those sensitive visits,
That come to sit...
Gets me weary,
And into fits.

If you've got to know,
I'll take this minute.
To find why I'm in it?
And what is that price...
I'll have to pay,
One day.

I'll take this minute.
To find why I'm in it?
And what is that price...
I'll have to pay,
One day.

If you've got to know,
I will admit it...
Those sensitive visits,
That come to sit...
Gets me weary,
And into fits.

Those sensitive visits,
That come to sit...
Gets me weary,
And into fits.

Only people I know...

I think in sensitive visits quick!
Only people I know...
I think in sensitive visits quick!

Only people I know,
That come to sit...
Can get me weary,
And into fits.
Only people I know,
Can get me in sensitive visits quick!
Only people I know,
Can get me in sensitive visits quick!
Only people I know,
Can get me in sensitive visits quick!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In Separate And Foolish Divisions

Too controlling.
Many set out to prove from birth,
They could and would with a showing of self worth...
Fake to erase the slightest mistakes they've made,
And unmistakably done as they continue to do.
Yet unable to face they are,
Their own flaws well covered and left unpursued.

They were raised,
With an 'look-at-me-see-what-I've-got'...
Mentality.
They were raised to think of unity as a curse.
But used as a reaaon to come together,
To rehearse the berating done to others.
With a doing to anyone,
Regardless of how sacred relationships were.

They were raised,
Not to praise one another with encouragement.
Or support or re-enforce their successes.
But instead they had a purpose,
To ensure no one would achieve...
Unless they were the ones perceived,
As deserving of getting attention.
And without mentioning they did everything possible,
To do what they could to get it.

Raised to behave to pass judgement.
Based upon appearances and 'things' claimed owned.
Raised to behave to pass judgement.
As if those that did not condone their point of view,
Were not as blessed to profess they had been 'favored'.
With their 'holier-than-thou' self righteous attitudes,
Obsessed to self absorb and accepted as a right of passage.

And with a flaunting of pretentions they kept to do religiously,
In separate and foolish divisions!
Believing restrictions like this,
Would keep hidden their blemishes...

Out of sight, out of mind and away from a living of life.
And no one can deny the obviousness of their boundaries,
When witnessing the limits their minds have set.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In Sessions (With Finesse)

Bad dudes depicted,
By bad dudes in suits...
Dressed to impress professed,
Confessions...
What they've chosen to do,
Is different from the rest.
And can not be compared,
To address and identify...
With a 'there' that isn't,
To qualify as justified.

Bad dudes picked to sit,
In positions...
Without experience.
But have committed,
Familiar crimes to redefine.
Find explanations to delude,
A truth to dismiss.
With an undermining to exclude.

Smooth bad dudes,
In sessions seize...
An opportunity to deceive.
Smooth bad dudes,
In sessions seize...
A truth to twist,
Any reason to believe...
Treason exists.
And the appearance of it,
Is a created nonsense.

In suits bad dudes fool.
And under oath joke and trick.
In suits bad dudes dupe.
To gratify lies to satisfy.
In suits bad dudes pursue,
Under oath to provoke folks...
Once patriotic.
Loyal and myopic.

Now to raise eyebrows,
Listening in sessions.
To false confessions heard...
Conveniently intended,
To suppress with finesse...
All there is that's connected,
To integrity and trust...
As a must.
But rusting into dust,
Gone to blow in...
Shifted winds.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In Several Assorted Baskets

Living with an interest and curiosity,
To collect various experiences...
Ultimately returns benefits.
And will never leave,
Anyone staying to remain prepared...
For that which some may say to accept,
As someone who rejects...
Comformity and the status quo.
And those standards preserved,
In values cemented.
Everyone follows with them to know.

Yet proven to be limited are those mindsets.
Fixed upon that which has faded fast.
And left so many feeling reluctance and grief,
That their eggs placed in one basket...
To produce outdated and molding tasks,
These days have made no sense to do...
For those having no reason or kept interest,
To relive times for them long to have passed.
With a mastering to place their eggs,
In several baskets for any assorted and required task.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In Shadows To Escape

After players have left the stage,
And the lights with excitement have dimmed...
On terrific performances given by them.
Cast away are masks adorned...
With emotions to address,
And no shoulder for one wished to lean on!
The ensemble finishes...
To scramble and move on!

Applause and ovations,
Given and received.
Actors breathing life...
Into characters believed!
And the curtain call is finished...
To leave a packed house emptied and cleared!
As a cigarette is lit,
To silhouette not happiness but regret.
Accompanied by tears!

This 'star' left living in a reality...
Unscripted and unspoken,
Unsuspected...
Or thought to conceive.
Walks to sit on a barren stage...
Unrehearsed to collect a peace of mind,
Cherished to protect away from an allotted time.

In shadows...
To escape a crowding maze.
And those who could pick moments to critique!
Or question why blocking seen,
Is kept restfully discreet!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In Shallow Steps Kept

Contributions made to avert disaster...
Had some chuckling,
As others were seen in uncontrollable laughter.
No one now shows a smirk or grin!
Frozen they are,
In shallow steps kept with heartfelt deceptions.
And donations of insight...
Have now dwindled to scatter in blistering winds.
Even notes left provoking those to move on...
Can not be found,
With explicit marked exits!
And where, when and how...
To place one's feet back on solid ground.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In Sick Divisions

Quote he does...
From those who lived in 1779!
In town meetings held,
To enthrall those captured...
By a deceit known too well!

And he bloats these quotes,
Wishing to be perceived and believed...
He is the one chosen,
And the best to lead!

He makes statements of having values,
Like those who sit and listen.
While their infrastructure crumbles quick.
He dares to announce...
He supports more of this.

Yet nothing has he said,
Makes sense to their current existence!
He speaks of more war!
As they all are faced with foreclosed doors.
He speaks of depleting,
Their struggles to maintain...
A quality of life.
While an economy drains...
And crawls from lack of insight!

He speaks of disqualifications,
Of those he opposes!
Those who stand for justice.
Those inexperienced...
Who insist to wake up those who dose!

He campaigns to keep a drain remaining.
As those confused applaud in ovation!
Those who wish to maintain their blight.
Although he has no innovation...
To end their self righteousness,
Or their degradation!

Addicted they are!
And prescribed to sustain conflicts.
In sick divisions!
That darken their dimming visions!
That removes 'light' from their lives!

And yet...
He has been selected,
As the best candidate!
Their best prospect...
To reap a remembered prosperity.
From dreams that are dieing.
But he promises 'if' elected...
He will turn back the clock to revive,
And restore!
This he says he will ensure they get!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In Slow Accepting Doses

If I wanted to fuzzy you with cuddly,
That approach would be for you...
Not out of the ordinary.
That is what you seek to protect your beliefs.

But it is your delusions,
That squeeze life from you.
As if to aid in your addiction to be deceive.
In slow accepting doses.

And me?
I will never deceive you.
Is that the reason why when I am around,
You begin to cringe?
Perceiving me to be a demon.

Look around you.
You are the one fighting them out of my sight.
However...
There is something about their approach,
That feeds your appetite.
Am I right?
And I am just a reminder of your insecurities.

No matter how long you try...
You can not blame your insecurities on me.
I am not a fuzzy cuddler.
And 'that' I will acknowledge.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In Solitary Confinement

A correcting of a created reality,
To not include truth as an existence...
With permission given,
To re-tell aging myths for purposes...
Not to dismiss delusions,
But to validate them in visual depictions...
Has those with evidence of truth,
Found bound and gagged...
In solitary confinement.
Preferring to stay that way.

'But we've come to rescue you.
There are generations,
Who have been told you are not real.
And you had never existed.
Who bound and gagged you?
And why have you been,
In a self inflicting solitary confinement? '

~Trust me.
All of this has been my own decision.
But the price I had to pay,
To stay honest...
I could not afford to keep up with the myths.
When it was discovered what I gave was free,
Immediately I became suspected for treason.~

'I can understand your choice to be confined.
But why be bound and gagged too? '

~I use to be married.
Now you figure the rest of it out.
And if you don't mind,
Please keep your finding me 'our' secret.
If word gets out I am real and exist,
Too many questions will be asked.
Like the ones you have asked,
That has me already tired of it.~

'Your hands and feet?
Who tied them? '

~Truth to be as is,
Has numerous abilities and skills.
Now 'gitouttahere'.~

'Truth?
You can be frightening.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In Songs Of Harmony

The leaves are budding so fresh and green.
On trees,
That come to life in Spring.
Thin blades...

'You've already composed that one.
Remember?
'Of New England Springs'
A few years ago.'

I know it had a familiar quality to it.
A certain flow that felt comfortable.
Listen to this,
And tell me what you think!

Chestnuts roasting on an open fire.
Jack Frost nipping...

'At your nose? '

How did you know I was going to say that?

'It is already one of the most famous Christmas songs sung.
Ever.
I'm quite surprised you have not heard of it.'

I thought it was something my father made up!
Pretending he was Nat King Cole.

'That's who made that song famous! '

Oh!
Who knew?

'Just a few million people.
That's all.'

Yeah...right!

'Seriously.'

Here it is!
I've got it.
Check this out...

~Gifts picked I'm wrapping.
Are meant for you to get.
Selected to spread love...
And delivered with happiness.

Just to keep you smiling.
Joyfully with glee...
So please,
Think of blessings given.
As blessings to you are received.

In this season full of merriment.
Don't forget the love that's sent...
With expressions to you so meant,
To keep them in your memory...
Forever,
As they should be kept as sentiments...
That cling,
In songs of harmony.~

And that's what I'm going to call it too.
'In Songs of Harmony'

Well?
What do you think about it?
The title, I mean?

'I'm speechless.
I am thrilled I provided you with the inspiration.'

Excuse me?
You did what?

'You know...
Gave you the motivation.'

Yeah, right.
Whatever!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In Spite Of Opposition

If he has done nothing else...
He has reflected the aspirations,
Of those wishing to move forward.
In spite of opposition,
Of those in material bondage.
And those in subconscious slavery,
Who are still on their knees...
Praying to be accepted!

In spite of oppostion,
Of those who say he lacks experience.
Although he shows qualities,
They themselves have not yet shown.
He is a man of color...
And that they regret.
They rather show images of those of color...
As children needing diapers changed,
Because they are still 'wet'!
And they want this known.

If he has done nothing else...
He has reflected the aspirations,
Of those wishing to move forward.
In spite of opposition,
Of those in material bondage.
And those in subconscious slavery,
Who are still on their knees...
Praying to be accepted!

And he represents a time...
In which people in the right minds,
Seek an updated image...
Of what others rather see,
Enforcibly diminished!
But a darkness lifts...
To allow those to see,
Truth in reality they can believe.

In spite of opposition...

Conflicts existing,
Seem pointless to keep inflicting.
And the greed of it...
Reveals the minds of those sick,
Who insist to feast upon their wickedness to feed.

And in spite of opposition,
He proves he is the best choice to select...
And to lead.
Whatever he lacks...
He still over his opposition succeeds.
Leaving people to question:

'If he lacks experience...
Why have the people 'experienced' the mess,
His opposition who say they are more qualified...
Digress with such mess and wish for more of it to leave! ? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In Stubborn Wishful Missions

As exposed as truth has become,
To lay stripped in raw nakedness...
Under a clear Sun...cloudless!
And without a shadow to cast,
The appearance of its existence...
As had been done in the past,
By those passing to barter shared doubts...
There are those still refusing,
To see truth for what it is.

And they gather together,
In stubborn wishful missions...
Hoping their prayers will chase truth away,
For something that is more suitable...
That will keep their delusions fed.
As exposed as truth has become,
With nothing left to be said or read to be done...
Between lines to redefine its existence or content.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In Subdivisions Of Sorrow

Depleted of reason to stand guard,
Behind erected fences...
Constructed to prevent hints of common sense,
To break them free of a stupidity,
Shielding them from their own happiness.
These vigilantes have grown tired of sightless threats,
Imposed upon them by fears implanted
Within minds long confined by unwarranted assumptions!

They have found no one with desires wanting to attack them.
They have discovered the unrest...
Coming from an isolation they were taught to believe
Others with envy sought to take away!
A way of life enriched by leeched resources.

Their misery results from a false and foolish perception,
A common grief they cherished was treasure to be protected!

They've come to realize their conflicts are their own.
And condoning them is not what others wish to share!
This is not the freedom perceived
By those who have chosen life free of imposed restrictions.
Or suppressed with opportunities to tax,
With burdens...
In subdivisions of sorrow that has lost its glimmer,
Sheen
And distant cravings!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In Suspicious Pieces

You've got my heart locked up.
And I'm not in a conscious focus...
Not sure if I want to clear.
This whoosie blues too.
That's trapped in a fantasy cage.
I've gotten use to being accused.

You've got my heart locked up,
In suspicious pieces.
And not sure what it is I feel.

My head keeps right on,
Knocking.
With a heart feeling like it's hit by rocks.
And the hitting of the rocks wont seem to stop.

My head keeps right on,
Knocking.
With a heart feeling like it's hit by rocks.
And the hitting of the rocks wont seem to stop.

You've got my heart locked up,
In suspicious pieces.
And not sure what it is I feel.
And what I feel is the real deal.

You've got my heart locked up,
In suspicious pieces.
And not sure what it is I feel.
And what I feel is the real deal.

My head keeps right on,
Knocking.
With a heart feeling like it's hit by rocks.
You've got my heart locked up,
In suspicious pieces.
And not sure what it is I feel.
And what I feel is the real deal.

You've got my heart locked up,
In suspicious pieces.
And I don't know what it is that I feel.

You've got my heart locked up,
In suspicious pieces.
And I don't know what it is that I feel.

You've got my heart locked up,
In suspicious pieces.
And I don't know what it is that I feel.

You've got my heart locked up,
In suspicious pieces.
And I don't know what it is that I feel.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In That Corner Is The Soup

I have a degree from Harvard.

'I have a degree from Yale.'

~I have a degree from Columbia.
With a Master's packed in my sack.
To prove that I prevailed.~

**That's great.
All of you should feel extremely proud.
Now...
Here is the scoop,
Your bowls are over there.
And in that corner is the soup! **

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In That Mood To Pursue

I'm in that mood.
In that mood.
To pursue,
And do...
Just for me and not a thing to prove.

I'm in that mood.
In that mood.
To pursue,
And do...
Just for me,
And not a thing to prove.

I woke up in attitude I knew.
Arrogant but more...
Determinance.
Like a man standing in defense...
Of what I have now with confidence.
And no one's gona try to say I make no sense.

I'm in that mood.
In that mood.
To pursue,
And do...
Just for me and not a thing to prove.

I'm in that mood.
In that mood.
To pursue,
And do...
Just for me,
And not a thing to prove.

I woke up in attitude I knew.
Arrogant,
With a meaning intent.
And a mind tracked on common sense.

I'm in that mood.

In that mood.
To pursue,
And do...
Just for me,
And not a thing to prove.

I feel there's nothing now that I can't do.

I'm in that mood,
For me.
No one has to agree.
I'm up,
And ready to fulfill my needs.
I said I'm up...
And ready to fulfill my needs.

I'm in that mood.
In that mood.
To pursue,
And do...
Just for me and not a thing to prove,
To you or nobody in that groove...
Who aint got it goin' and movin'!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In The Attempt To Do So

I don't understand you?
You are correct,
I don't.

And the time given,
In the attempt to do so...
Has ended along with my interest.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In The Business Of Others

People with a knack,
For keeping their noses...
In the business affairs of others,
Are often surprised and quite upset...
By secrets kept,
Others keep hidden away from them...
That are right under their probing noses.
And they become offended,
When the 'info' to another has been revealed.

'I thought you told me you two weren't speaking? '

~We aren't.
We email and text.
Finding this the best way to communicate.
Without the rest of the people 'twisting' what they hear,
Within listening distance.~

'And...
What are you implying? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In The Celebration Of Black History Month

Why are you doing that?

'In the celebration of Black History Month.
This is the only time of the year,
We can express our heartfelt gratitude.
AND,
Do it with a full blown dignity, pride...
And an identity expressing our self esteem.'

I don't get it.

'A group of us have decided,
To re-enact those days when we...
Our people,
Were captive slaves...
And kept in physical bondage.'

So...
You are polishing shackles and chains?
To attach to yourselves'
Help me understand this.
Please.

'Well...
It is our way of showing,
We are appreciative...
For all that our ancestors have done for us.'

And...
Why the wearing of tuxedos?

'We've invited some very influential people,
To impress them with the advancements we've made.
Proving our completed togetherness,
As we struggle for freedom and true equality.
A picture paints a thousand words.'

You don't mind if I don't attend do you?

'I am not surprised by that at all.
Everytime there is a call for unity...
You find some excuse not to participate.
And frankly,
Your absence may be for us attending this event...
A blessing.
Your sermons about us being ignorant,
Is a bit tired and outdated.
It's brothers like you...
That keeps putting a blemish on our efforts.'

You have no idea,
Just how outdated you make me feel.
And...
You will not have to worry about me,
Putting a single blemish on your efforts.

'That's a relief.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In The Comfort Of Our Homes

If noses weren't attached,
To the face.
Few people would know,
Where the back of their heads were.
Or knew the full sensation,
Of picking their toes.
One of those favorite pastimes,
Spent in the comfort of our homes...
Alone sniffing the toe jam,
Most of the time!

'THAT is disgusting! '

And...
Your point is what?
Sniffing and tasting it,
Are not to be associated!
Unless...
You have discovered another method,
That upgrades this satisfaction.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In The Dark Many Sneak

The only ones still ashamed and made embarrassed,
By what God makes for all to see to be believed.
With a stripping away everything that's faked,
To create life and all its beauty...
From that which had been naked to first expose,
Are those who attempt to convince...
Their birth had been achieved,
Through the use of immaculate conception.
And not doing by them what they consider is nasty.
Although at night in the dark many sneak to be pleased.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In The Denim She Glides

I slow my car to a stop.
Get out and my jaw just drops.

In the denim she glides.
High heeled and switched thighs.
Oh my,
She's hot and fine.
But she's not mine...
To ride in my ride,
As I drive.

In the denim she glides.
I can't get her from my eyes.
When I walk by in disguise...
I realize feelings maximized.

Oh in the denim she glides.
I'd like to kiss her and fantasize...
She and I walk side by side,
And everybody says...
'They're two peas in a pot pie.'

Oh oh oh oh oh...
In the denim she glides.
High heeled and switched thighs.
Oh my,
She's hot and fine.
But she's not mine...
To ride in my ride,
As I drive.

I slow my car to a stop.
Get out and my jaw just drops.
While in the denim she glides.
High heeled and switched thighs.
Oh my,
She's hot and fine.
But she's not mine...
To ride in my ride,

As I drive.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In The Doing

The only thing I can not do,
Is redo a done did.
And this,
I am not going to sit and wish.

So I hope your eyes,
Get in a lot of rolling exercise in!

I hear in the doing,
It clarifies observations...
To get crystal clear those understandings,
Missed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In The End

Everyday and in many ways,
Our lives lived is another test to pass.
Like a taking of a quiz.
With answers heard that are daily given,
For a patience to wait to escape from reality.

And every few years people solicit...
With expensive campaigns,
In the supporting of a leader politcally correct...
Who will correct those sorrows and pains,
To remain us all who benefits and gains.

And in the end,
We get more accustomed...
To the bending of our backs,
With complaints of who is not delivering...
That accepted touch that does not affect delusions.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In The Era Of The Drone

Violation of rights?
The only rights of those being violated,
May be those known.
To heighten suspicion.

However...
Those rights being droned,
Spied upon on a daily basis...
In the privacy one believes is left alone,
Secured in one's home...
Will never be known to be violated or not.

In the era of the drone,
The movement of insects is condoned.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In The Execution Of It

How you can hold me and others,
Accountable for your actions...
Is remarkable,
In the execution of it.

But I do have a wish to know this...
Have you considered changing outfits?
At least that clown costume,
That appears to be your favorite.
It has been worn too much and has lost all effect.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In The Fall And When The Autumn Leaves

In the Autumn
When the beauty of the leaves begins to fall
One keeps on raking
Not to think about the beauty nature calls
One keeps on raking
Bagging leaves and wanting to get one and all,
One keeps on raking
And raking
Until their back is aching

In the Autumn
When the beauty of the leaves begins to fall
One keeps on raking
Not to think about the beauty nature calls
One keeps on raking
Bagging leaves and wanting to get one and all
One keeps on raking
And raking
Until their back is aching

One keeps raking
And raking
Until their back is aching
One keeps raking
And raking
Until their back is aching

In the Fall and when the Autumn leaves
Begin to lose their grip from trees
One keeps up raking
And raking
Until their back is aching
One keeps raking
And raking
Until their back is aching

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In The Freeing Felt Done From Breezes

In the freeing felt done from breezes,
I walk with a feeling to please an appetite
To enjoy the air I breathe.
And aiding with deep breaths I take,
Is a welcomed spice of life.

I am glad I am no longer uptight,
About those assessments made
For my life I decide.

And glad I am to fly that kite.
With a riding on a bike,
All day and night
If I like.

In the freeing felt done from those breezes,
I am walking.
Carefree and talking
To the birds, bees and trees,
Welcoming me,
With a feeling that releases
A ceasing to anything,
That had come to disturb my peace.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In The Giving There's A Benefit

To have awakened is a good thing to be!

And I have learned,
In the many years it has taken me to do it...
That the being there for someone else,
Will not automatically be interpretated...
As an appreciation to be shown one day,
With a reciprocation known that's received.

I have learned,
There will be many taking others for granted...
With a doing which is believed,
A duty to misuse someone dependable.
Until a reality hits and a doing this is missed.
And a waiting to sit by a telephone,
Wishing to hear it ring is a familiar sound gone.

I have learned,
In the giving there's a benefit.
And I have learned,
Those who give are not desperate.

To have awakened is a good thing to be.
And I have learned,
Those who give are not desperate.
I have learned,
In the giving there's a benefit.
And I have learned...
To leave alone,
Those who take for granted...
Someone giving up their time to misuse.

I have learned,
In the giving there's a benefit.
And I have learned...
Those who give are not desperate.
Oh yes I've learned...
To leave alone,
Those who take for granted...

Someone giving up their time to abuse.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In The Grips Of Tough Times

In the grips of tough times,
It's hard to hold back...
From gritting on teeth.
It's even more difficult to be real nice...
To someone seeing life,
Sugared and spiced.

In the grips of tough times,
Childish minds can much annoy.
And giving this attention can cause a big riff,
When an immaturity is involved in it.

In the grips of tough times,
It takes a lot to find peace of mind.
But if it means leaving petty scenes,
Don't waste a dime or the time leaving this behind.

In the grips of tough times,
It's hard to hold back...
From gritting on teeth.
It's even more difficult to be real nice...
To someone seeing life,
Sugared and spiced.

In the grips of tough times,
Don't be seduced to play the fool somebody uses.
No!
In the grips of tough times,
Don't be seduced to play the fool somebody uses.
No!
In the grips of tough times,
Don't be seduced to play the fool somebody uses.
Don't be seduced to play the fool somebody uses.
No!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In The Guiding Mode

I have this theory about raising children.
To play with them is fine.
As long as time is given,
In the providing to them meetings with discipline.

However...
To play with them AND wanting to be their friend,
When in the guiding mode,
Is not advisable.

I know of no child respectable,
Who only knows fun and games.
And those boys and girls only exposed,
To playing with someone everyday...
Grow up to be adults,
Or something that appears as such...
Without wisdom shown on display.

And...
It hasn't been for them made a necessity.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In The Hopes No One Remembers

Aging without experiencing to digest each phase of it,
To allow a processing of reality to accept instead delude...
Has left a series of serious lessons to learn,
To go uncomprehended...AND for YEARS.
As a doing of this had been permitted by those visiting dreams.
And also validated by others who chose with 'their' druthers,
To skip over truths they eliminated for pursuits to fantasize.
Without giving time to patience to sit and understand LIFE!
With attempts to connect reason with questions asked...
To discover a recovery of themselves and identity,
That a creating of faked wisdom gains no respect.

And gone in their minds not to realize the damage self inflicted,
Are so many who have aged but today prefer playing charades.
Staying to play all their lives on excuses made and stale alibis,
To later embellish experiences they have never had or dared.
But find time they 'still' do to complain on a daily basis.
While critiquing on street corners or wherever 'waste' is conducted.
As if upon request to express interest in business not their own,
In the hopes no one remembers the facts as they were.
Or the absence of their presence in those times long gone,
During their detailed depictions to describe and only in their 'minds'...
Where their exaggerations exist to live and occur uninterrupted.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In The Hopes That A Prize Will Be Awarded

Many can not elevate themselves,
From the trappings of madness.
As if hypnotically accepting to be strapped...
To the latest amusement ride,
That churns their emotions until they ache inside.

There is an attraction to scream.
With a fee paid that heightens one's demeaning.
And discussions to repeat,
The thrill of agony that takes them off their feet.
In the hopes that a prize will be awarded.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In The Hopes That Prayer Will Chase Reality Away

The tragedy that those delusioned,
Can't seem to break away from to escape...
With their heartaches to experience,
On a daily basis they would like to have erased...
Is a reflection of what they have put into place.
And a truth that offends the ones who suffer,
In the hopes that prayer will chase reality away.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In The Hopes To Sway Choices Yet Made

Only those who rally,
With the keeping of polls and tallies...
In the hopes to sway choices yet made.
To believe what they do has some significance,
Awaited by those they perceive they can influence.
Until a recognition of their limited minds are known.
As is eventually shown.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In The Hopes To Them An Attention Is Given

I am not one into pretense.
Or those with expertise in playing,
Self-victimization games.
With a determination to place fault.
And a seeking someone to blame.

Nor am I into petty.
Petty people quickly peep,
Into affairs not theirs.
With embellishing exaggerations.
In the hopes to them an attention is given.

And for some reason these people believe,
Their childish ways are attractive.
With accusations on their lips,
To find something done to them offensive.
And create it to share if not there.

I am not one into pretense.
Or those with expertise in playing,
Self-victimization games.
And I accept being portrayed,
As stand-offish.

Since petty people quickly peep,
Into affairs not theirs.
And my affairs are my own business.
Private and peaceful,
To keep away from public ears.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In The Image Of God

Thunder deep within me roars.
Sometimes charged,
From a brain electrified.
To nourish within this Universe.

And tears to cleanse from my eyes,
Do drop.
To expose Sunlight...
Coming to remove clouds,
Experienced within my despondent heart.
Equipped to feel,
An array of emotions witnessed.

Radiant some days I gleam.
But like the shifting of seasons...
Those moods do appear.
Some with fears yet most are not!

I am in the image of God!
This I know.
Since God himself...
Said this was so.

And I know this to be true.
Since this Earth, the Sun,
Moon and Stars...
Also reflect a part of who we are too!
And if God should choose to stop their existence...
We,
Well...
There would not be a WE!
To amuse God with our mischief!

And I have not been given that power,
To debate with God.
Or try to isolate my fate,
In my demands to God...
For a more perfect creation!

I accept 'this' My Father!
And will continue to express my gratitude!
My Father is much too much,
For me to make attempts...
To comprehend!
I just want to keep My Father pleased.
That's it!
Those who are self righteous...
They're on their own 'trip'!
Speaking in tongues.
And those hypocrites quoting scriptures.

'And 'you'?
You are here to do what?
Pass judgements? '

Oh no!
No no no...Father.
I was just...
Sharing an opinion!

'And I thought you came to Me,
To have prayer? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In The 'I-Me' Mode

Those persistently in the 'I-me' mode,
Grow obvious as time goes.
And often awaken when the time has past,
Too late to realize few are giving them attention.
With too much of life they wish to experience and live.
And those 'I-me' people although awakening,
Are still in a 'self-centered' mindset unconnected.
Like children misdirected and impressed by foolishness,
Showing themselves to be even less affected...
By change and the signs of the times,
That have long left them behind....
To repeat episodes no one cares to witness.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In The Knowing What One Has Done

Doing something done,
From the goodness of one's heart...
One should not expect a return to be given,
Reflecting neglect and disappointment.
Or even attention awaiting to be mentioned.
If a 'thank you' is not expressed?
One should not experience,
A nervous breakdown.

The blessing comes one gets to acknowledge,
Is in the knowing what one has done for another...
From the heart.
The award received has already been achieved.
Why seek it to be transplanted to feelings of being,
Unappreciated?
Especially...
When something healthy and nourishing has occured.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In The Land Of Make Believe

After lining their pockets with wealth and rhetoric,
It becomes difficult for one to perceive...
Those selected to lead in leadership positions,
Have a purpose to dedicate their lives to the uplifting...
With desires to see,
An equality, equal opportunity and happiness expressed...
For each common man to reflect and receive.

In the land of make believe...
Fairytales are more than accepted.
They become a way of life.

In the land of make believe...
The sun is never seen to rise.
It just beams never to set.

After lining their pockets with wealth and rhetoric,
It becomes difficult for one to perceive...
Those selected to lead in leadership positions,
Have a purpose to dedicate their lives to the uplifting...
With desires to see,
An equality, equal opportunity and happiness expressed...
For each common man to reflect and receive.

In the land of make believe...
Fairytales are more than accepted.
They become a way of life.

In the land of make believe...
The sun is never seen to rise.
It just beams never to set.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In The Land Of Misunderstandings

Who in a population of game players,
Is satisfied with just one sacrifice to commit?
In the land of misunderstandings...
Where folks pray and worship,
An assortment of conflict.
With beliefs the Earth is unfeeling and thoughtless.
Anyone daring to tackle a seriousness,
Unequipped with a heart.
Has no chance to defend against the heartless.
Hoarding stolen wealth.
With gifts to market as they benefit from evilness.

One has to have a lot of heart...
Bite, vigor and vim
To withstand the onslaught of an addicted ignorance.
Folks fight to keep it.
Folks kill to be adorned in it.
Or have it sit proudly...
On their disrespecting lips.
With any admitted identity gone.
On a long
Long
Trip!

Who...
With a clear consciousness,
That hasn't gotten sick to be airlifted...
To undergo a detoxing.
In a population of game players,
Can say...
They have become satisfied,
With just one sacrifice to commit?

In the land of misunderstandings...
Where folks pray and worship,
An assortment of conflict.
Anyone daring to tackle a seriousness,
And unequipped with a heart.
Has no chance to defend against the heartless.

Needed...
Is a pledge to keep a strengthened sanity intact.
Those subjected to emotional flashbacks...
Will not make a good recruit,
To hold these mental monsters back.
They are on the rise!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In The Making Of The Whole

In the making of the whole.
In the making of the whole.
My peace within,
Has been earned...
From taking pieces of it,
From outside.

And in the making of the whole.
My peace within,
Has been earned...
From taking pieces of it,
From outside.

In the making of the whole.
In the making of the whole.
My peace within,
Has been earned...
From taking pieces of it,
From outside.
In the making of the whole.
My peace within,
Has been earned...
From taking pieces of it,
From outside.
In the making of the whole.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In The Market For Idiots

Whatever you can not find,
In my heart
To remind you of another!
You have yet to discover me.
Or my needs and wants that go unreceived.
And yet you believe I should be pleased,
That you have selected me...
As an appropriate alternative,
To plead to you to marry?

I will say this...
You have nothing of value,
I choose or wish!
What makes you think I am without depth?
The one who comes for 'me'...
Will not think of my love
As a replacement that can be erased,
By someone escaping from someone else!
I will not be disgraced...
Or put aside on anyone's shelf!

You are obviously in the market for idiots! ?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In The Meaning Of Love

Can we shake ourselves awake?
Before the dawning comes to leave us.
Can we shake ourselves awake?
Before the moonlight leaves the night.

Can we shake ourselves awake?
To see all the love we're missing.
Doing everything...
To breakup and find another.

Can we shake ourselves awake?
Before the dawning comes to leave us.
Can we shake ourselves awake?
Before the moonlight leaves the night.
And all lights are turn out...
To keep a fuss with backbiting!

Can we shake ourselves awake?
From seeding clouds with hatred.
Can we shake ourselves awake?
From deeds like that,
That do much harm.
Can we shake ourselves awake?
To welcome sunrays from above.
And will we all find what's there,
In the meaning of love!

Can we shake ourselves awake?
Before the dawning comes to leave us.
Can we shake ourselves awake?
Before the moonlight leaves the night.

Can we shake ourselves awake?
To see all the love we're missing.
Before its too late...
To bake a cake and make up!

Can we shake ourselves awake?
To welcome sunrays from above.

Will we all find what's there,
In the meaning of love!

Will we all find what's there,
In the meaning of love!

Could we ever find what's there?
In the meaning of love!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In The Midst Of Creating Conflict

Wishing for a past to return to relive,
Has to be those wishes made by the ones...
Doing a procrastinating done.
They did it then and still do now.

And there are many living,
Who believe they are owed to be served.
As if for no other reason they exist.
To live to criticized to bemoan their failures.

And the ones who go unnoticed,
With a sacrificing done to condone...
Take no one or anything for granted.
With a doing not to complain or it shown.

And...
Often those believing they are owed to be served,
Are in the midst of creating conflict...
Anywhere they are allowed to critique and whine.

With a finding of doing this as fulfilling their purpose.
As if to make their presence known.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In The Midst Of My Research

Sex sex sex sex!
That's all you filthy kids,
Consume yourselves with these days.
You should be seeking redemption,
For your tainted lost souls.

'Grandpa...
These are not my magazines.
Mom said she found them,
While vacuuming under your bed.
Do you want them?
Or should they be thrown away? '

Listen!
And closely.
Tell your mother,
I am in the midst of my research.
If she and your father,
Aren't going to keep up to date with you kids...
Who else will ensure you are aware of these ills?
Santa Claus?

No!
Don't throw them away.
I'm very close to preparing my talk with you.
Hand them to me.

'When is that going to be, grandpa? '

Neveryoumind...
Just hand them over.
I'll discuss this with your folks, first.
To co-ordinate our schedules.
You go outside and play with your friends.
And before you do...
Make sure you tell your mother of my plans.
I'm sure she had no clue of my concerns.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In The Midst Of The Doing

What I have managed to accomplish,
With a focus on attempts to pursue...
Has not been without sacrifice or effort,
And a fixed determination to prove...
My life live and the experience of living,
Means more than approval to me someone gives.
I am here to live life.
And adventure possibilities to either create,
Or accept as is.

And those who sit seeking acceptance,
Are usually the ones wasting time to complain.
While conducting campaigns to gain sympathy.
With a hope empathy is there to share in abundance.

People like this are often limited.
And grieving with excuses to make them sound legitimate.

I am not immuned from making mistakes.
And as long as I live there will be more I will make.
But...
It will be in the midst of the doing done.
And not in the faking...
To allow to be dismissed,
The seriousness of my wishes.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In The Midst Of The Shopper's Climax Season

We are in the beginning stages,
Of the shopper's climax season.

The Labor begins.
With a shifting of Autumn winds.
And children are sugarized...
By delights of ghosts and goblins.

Dressed in Halloween costumes,
To get treats...
From those who open their doors,
To discover they have been faced...
By creatures all over the place.

And in between Fall and Winter,
Indian Summer comes as if Spring.
To then chill the air...
To prepare for Thanksgiving.

~We gather together to ask...~

ATTENTION:
We are in the midst,
Of the shopper's climax season.
Adorn your coats, scarfs, gloves, mits and hats.
It is the countdown to Christmas!

And all through the house...
Not a single person is unaware,
Gifts to share is in the air.
Some with price tags,
To remain as they are so some will stare.
Hoping an impression made is there.

'You paid how much for that?
And you are wrapping it up?
Why?
Just give it to 'em!
Unless you are planning to take that back?

Then I applaud your strategy.
Very clever, indeed.
Return to get it at a marked down price.
But 'show' what was actually paid to entice.
CLEVER! '

~Oh Christmass Eve oh Christmas Eve...
When you leave us,
Our debts will bleed.~

It's the day after Christmas,
And shoppers early rise.
Two or more are driving.
Many more conniving...
To return back what they can't afford.
And they realize how delusions kept can lie.

Some are seen with receipts in hand.
Others block store doors.
And they all wait to celebrate,
The new year arriving once more.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In The Midst Of This

There seems to be a duality switch,
As an evolution progresses.
Leaving all that lives...
In the midst of this as if part of a quiz!

Everything upon the Earth is going through a change.
And people are conflicted,
As to what will remain untouched.
And what will stay to become restricted.

Fast on a pace is the past phasing out.
With understandings being rearranged...
While minds thought to be conscious,
Are being tossed about.

Those unaccepting of what is going on today...
Find themselves with no defense,
To control or comprehend...
The totality of disarray.

There seems to be a duality switch,
As an evolution progresses.
Leaving all that lives...
In the midst of this as if part of a quiz!

Although it really isn't,
For those who are observant...
And witnessing it with the acknowledgement,
We are all born from birth to develop to transform.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In The Minds Of Those Awakening

Separate political affliations,
And a number of religious divisions...
Depicting and in conflict,
What for others is best to accept...
Has yet to be proven a remedy that reflects,
A people who claim they expect to unify...
AND correct,
All that they have done to reject...
Without respecting,
Diversed opinions and those who make decisions...
Based upon their ethnic beliefs they have known to own.
Before outsiders decided 'their' standards created to value,
Will be inflicted to follow with a restricting to not allow...
That which had been in place and peacefully,
To have 'anyone' perceive...
A dismissing to ignore them is going to be easily achieved.
These are not the days,
Delusions can successfully compete with a truth appearing...
In the minds of those awakening with a cleared consciousness.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In The Minds Of Those Judgemental

What sense does it make,
To label people fools, mavericks and idiots...
To then,
Years later...
Accuse them of being insensitive?
With a declaring of those depicted this way,
And chosen to isolate with a shunning done...
Of having no empathy to unite,
With those who now face dilemmas.

Especially when...
Those they had chosen to character assassinate,
Had warned them they would one day face...
A crisis that would open their tunneled vision eyes.

Could this pendulum that now swings,
From those labelled as misfits and 'freaks'...
Be swinging closer to the ones,
Who now see their beliefs threatened...
As that time now to them comes,
By realities they had opposed.
But now so afraid they seek not to be exposed.

Who knows what is in the minds of those,
Judgemental?
Signs of mental instabilities,
Need not to flash with neon lights.

'Do you plan to join those who are protesting? '

~No.
I plan to have a cup of coffee with cream and sugar.
And apply my Senior discount.
Oh...
And add two 'Old Fashion' donuts.
How much do I owe you? ~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In The Mirror

In the mirror,
Can you identify the change?
Look in the mirror.
Look in the mirror.
Look in the mirror,
See once bright eyes dimmed..
Look in the mirror.
Look in the mirror.
In the mirror,
Can you see youth fading away?
Or has it gone,
To stay...
That way!
And, forever.

In the mirror,
Can you identify the change?
Look in the mirror,
See once bright eyes dimmed.
Look in the mirror.
Can you see youth fading away?
Or has it gone,
To stay...
That way!
And, forever.

Can you see youth fading away?
Or has it gone,
To stay...
That way!
And, forever.

In the mirror,
Can you identify the change?
Look in the mirror,
See once bright eyes dimmed.
Look in the mirror,
Do you recognize at all...
Who you thought was there,

When declared and defying...
Aging could be hidden and denied.

In the mirror,
Do you recognize at all...
When declared and defying...
Aging could be hidden and denied.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In The Mood For A Banana Split

I'm in the mood for...

'Love? '

No!
Simply because...

'You're near me? '

NO!
But funny,
When you're...

'Near me? '

Yes, yes.
That's it.
When I am near you,
For some strange reason...
I get in the mood for a banana split,
And coffee.

'Is that all? '

And...
Strawberry topping?
Thanks.
You should do this as a profession.
You're good.
Physics R Us.
That's what I would call your business.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In The Mood For Romance?

Do I feel in the mood for romance?
Of course I do.
And to prove it...
As soon as you release the person,
That capitivated my heart that's entrapped
In that body!
The one I had a relationship with?
Romance is here to give.
And I'm sure it is missed,
As much as I miss it!
In fact,
I'm going out now...
To see if it can be recaptured.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In The Mornin'

In the mornin'
When my feet hit the floor,
I will praise Him.
Yes I,
Praise Him.

In the mornin'
When I walk out my door,
I praise Him.
Yes I,
Praise Him.

When I praise Him I keep motivated.
And my heart is elevated!
Shaking trouble makers away.

When I praise Him I know He's my Savior,
Saving me from bad behavior.
And those who bait that hate,
Wont spoil my flavor.

In the mornin'
When I'm yawning at dawn,
I praise Him.
Yes I,
Praise Him.

In the mornin'
I've got faith so strong.
'Cause I'm blessed to know that God is with me,
All day long!

In the mornin'
When my feet hit the floor,
I will praise Him.
Yes I,
Praise Him.

In the mornin'

When I walk out my door,
I praise Him.
Yes I,
Praise Him.
Oh yes I,
Praise Him.
Yes I,
Praise Him.
Oh yes I...
Praise Him.
Yes I,
Praise Him!
Oh yes I...
Praise Him.

In the mornin'
When I walk out my door,
I praise Him.
Yes I,
Praise Him.

And dedicated
'To my 'Roots'.
I keep re-booted! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In The Most Public Of Places

When one survives after being victimized,
By those who lie habitually...
To boost themselves above insecurities,
Hidden deeply.
It is best to let them and their evil deeds go.
A surviver who rises above and beyond this,
Eventually knows truth bestows.

This they know.
And with this they grow.
Those unknowing of one's malfunctions,
Will witness one day how they are exposed.
In the most public of places.

And the one victimized by such false lips,
Will show how a life lived with a faith that exists...
Rises high detached from conflicts.
With a maintaining of a happiness that reflects,
From inside what has been there and real.
And this becomes freed of any secrets revealed.

'Oh my!
What I heard and was led to believe,
Has been deceit all this time?
What is in the mind of those who undermine? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In The Mud Stuck

You say,
You're stuck in a mud that sticks.
And you,
Seem not to be upset by it.
Those who rescue that have come,
You have sent away.
So frustrated by your wishes,
Of a wanting stay...
In...
A rut!

You are stuck in a mud that sticks.
And you,
Seem not to be upset by it.
Those who rescue who have come,
You sent away.
Disbelieving all you wanted,
Was just to stay...
In the mud stuck!

People like you only want to be,
In a mud stuck.
And people like you only want to be seen,
In a mud stuck.
Just to have it witnessed,
You're in the mud stuck.
People like you only want to be,
In a mud stuck.
Just to have it witnessed,
You're in the mud stuck...
In a rut.
You wont give up!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In The Numbing Done To Free From Dilemmas

Still maintaining your fight,
With the same demons?
Still feeding that appetite...
Welcoming sleepless nights,
With an agitation that greets the dawn?
Are you still babysitting wounds,
From times that have gone?

You must have spent a mint,
In the numbing done to free from dilemmas.

Well,
At least you are consistent...
In your pursuit to give your demons,
All of your attention.
But I am hoping one day...
You will get up and walk away.
Encouraged to feed your mind some light.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In The Only Way I Know You Like It To Be Had!

You say you love me now more than you ever did.
But when you loved me then you said my love could not be better.
You say you love me now more than you ever did.
But when you loved me then you said my love could not be better.

We make up,
Everytime
After a fight
You start
And plead with me
Not to leave!

We break up
Everytime
You think I moan
And whine
You say you can't breathe.
And it's me,
Who does the smothering.

You say you love me now more than you ever did.
But when you loved me then you said my love could not be better.
You say you love me now more than you ever did.
But when you loved me then you said my love could not be better.
Than it is.

We make up,
Everytime
After a fight
You start
And plead with me
Not to leave!

You say you love me now more than you ever did.
But when you loved me then you said my love could not be better.

We break up
Everytime
You think I moan

And whine
You say you can't breathe.
And it's me,
Who does the smothering.

You say you love me now more than you ever did.
But when you loved me then you said my love could not be better.
Than it is.

This is a business we are in.
Not an affair to quiz.

You say you love me now more than you ever did.
But when you loved me then you said my love could not be better.
It has not be easy to maintain it that way.
You are getting it,
In the only way I know you like it to be had!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In The Palm Of Your Hands

You've got me in the palm of your hands.
And I'm wondering...
Do you mind loosening up your grip,
Just a little bit...
To allow me to use the toilet?
I promise you there is a benefit in this.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In The Picture, Near It Or Close To The Frame

No matter what is said,
To another with words believed understood...
There will be a misinterpretation,
That is explained to someone else...
For that person to comprehend,
Within the limits of what they have experienced.
And everyone knows those experiences are different.

And if an experience is limited with no sense to make,
Eventually there will be yet another someone...
Who becomes offended,
By what was intentionally not meant to escalate...
For anyone else to hear in the first place.
But in small towns,
Nothing is left as it had initially originated.

'I just want you to know,
I heard what you said.
But I'll go ahead and forgive you anyway.'

~What did you hear that I said?
When you weren't there or in the conversation.~

'It doesn't matter.
Although you could have come to me first.'

~But what I said wasn't about you at all.
Nor were you,
In the picture, near it or close to the frame.~

'That's not what I heard.
And you don't have to explain.
I'm not into photography.
Or words I heard you want to now change.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In The Pool With Fools

If I choose to elect,
To be crazed on some days.
I will not select the weekend.
Those days I cherish...
To feed a craving for sensibility.
And when I'm fed,
My head is prepared for Monday.
There I am and ready...
To swim in the pool with fools!
Pretending everything with them,
Is 'cool'.

'Yeah...
I can dig it! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In The Presence Of Truth

For those with kept fed delusions,
And finding it difficult to place today's youth...
In the presence of truth,
Will have it defined eventually for them...
When it has been discovered their fantasized beliefs,
Have created monsters patrolling the streets...
With a doing as they wish to accomplish what they please.

IF 'unpaid' volunteers attempting to keep a peace,
Where people live fearing their lives and doing it in jeopardy...
Who are not willing to protect themselves or even assist in it,
And 'unpaid' volunteers carry guns with a bravery committed...
Something missing is disconnected from their heads.
Something like TRUTH unfaced remains in their minds DEAD.

And the evidence is there,
Skipped over by those squeezing in pews...
Or spewing from pulpits where the self-righteous sit,
Getting to receive a dose of delusion to them preached.
The evidence is real as observed,
Where ignorance is allowed to roam freely on urban streets...
Disrespecting with a lack of discipline,
Anyone met with a nonsense to greet.

The system feeds this weakness to condone.
The system feeds this weakness shown.
The system that treats the truth as if a threat,
Confirms a quality of life slowly put to death.
And everywhere this despair is there,
To accept as if 'truth' should not be lived but dared.

People deluded can not accept the truth.
People deluded wish to keep this pursued.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In The Privacy Of My Aloneness

Even in the privacy of my aloneness,
I think of ways...
To perfect the doing of that at my best.
And pray to God I do everyday,
To forgive my wishes...
For wanting to care less.
About others who choose to become upset,
Over the most petty little things...
The could leave behind but can not forget.

Today people seem to crave unrest.
Feeding on conflicts and looking for more mess.
And sharing negativity as if not to get enough.
To then select someone to pick next,
With a doing it until they have achieved success.

Tip toeing demons are now confessing,
The heat from the debris they have initiated...
Was not intended to last without end.
And now they have begun with hopes to sit,
Quietly with terrorists to find appropriate solutions...
With a doing this at a table,
Without it to decide admitting who's more ignorant.

But there is just one 'glaring' problem.
No one considered or invited to sit,
Will be allowed to prove and with evidence...
Their minds to use exposes an intelligence.
Afterall...
Stupid is as stupid does.
And no one wants to admit,
This kind of mindless thoughtlessness.

Even in the privacy of my aloneness,
I think of ways...
To perfect the doing of that at my best.
And pray to God I do everyday,
To forgive my wishes...
For wanting to care less.

With no guilt to feel, wonder or guess,
If someone else believes...
My peace to keep with it wanted kept,
Is an act that shows I am being selfish.
And I pray to God for more blessings like this,
To witness.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In The Privacy Of Thoughts

In the privacy of thoughts,
I choose to keep secret.
Someday I wish you knew,
How deep the love is I feel for you.
Signed,
Anonymous (But Not Really)

'I received a very strange note today.
To tell me specifically,
That I should call a number to leave...
Obscene calls.
But to do it after 8pm.
Since they would then be home,
After making a visit...
To someone that has no idea,
What they wish they both could do...
In private.'

~I bet they signed it anonymous.
To then leave a telephone number,
At a local convenience store...
So you would have no idea who it is.~

'Exactly.
But I had that number traced.
And went to the convenience store.
To then make a date with the owner.'

~You did what?
I work there part-time.
But I took today off.
And have I yet to meet the owner.~

'I didn't know that.
I've never seen you there.
In fact,
That's where I go to get us snacks...
Whenever you find time to come over.'

~Forget that.
Let's get to the point.
How did the owner,
Happen to know where you lived? ~

'He didn't.
But after I showed him 'his' note,
He smiled and confessed,
An interest in me he always had.'

~But what about me? ~

'What about you, what? '

~It took me months to find that job.
And...
I scheduled my own hours too.~

'That's cool.
Not too many can do that these days.'

~I had my suspicions.
But I didn't know you 'swung' both ways? ~

'I didn't know it either.
Or even gave it a thought.
Until I met the owner.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In The Process

It was given.
And in the process,
Earned.
Not to be duplicated,
Or faked by another to be taken away.

It was given.
And in the process,
Earned.
And in the doing,
A success achieved is believed.

It was given.
And in the process,
Earned.
And in the doing,
That which was pursued is done.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In The Process Of Doing It

I am listening to you.
And in the process of doing it,
You've changed your mind three times...
To contradict yourself.
And within minutes you have denied,
The last comment you made.
To then say I have misunderstood,
Your intentions.

However...
With your intentions left uncomprehended,
Your friends who whisper have mentioned...
Me playing the part of the culprit.
Although...
In time they too, and within your view,
Will come to refuse and excuse...
The manipulating you choose to do too well.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In The Pursuit Of 'Things'

My faith and trust,
One placed in others...
Has begun to fade away.
With a keeping of a few...
I know to be honest and true.
That they are.
And from me to them I am too!
So my circle of contacts...
Are limited to those,
I know are of truth!

Many who have decided,
Their lives should be spent...
In the pursuit of 'things',
That have hollow content...
From me will get no argument.
And from me they receive,
My respectful distance...
With an absence meant!
That is free of thought or feeling,
Of resentment.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In The Quietness

Obtain that needed peace,
In the quietness that silence brings.

Know that moments in silence kept,
Will effectively remove stress and unrest.
Many accept as a part of life.

Many accept as a part of life,
Confusion.
To have it chased.
And when it is in place to face...
Many take what it delivers,
Instead of turning away from it.

Know that moments in silence kept,
Will effectively remove stress and unrest.
Many accept as a part of life.

Many accept as a part of life,
Confusion.
To deny it had been sought.

Obtain that needed peace,
In the quietness that silence brings.
And don't demand from it anything.
Just sit.
With a giving of it time to appreciate.

In the quietness,
Conflicts can be decided to avoid.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In The Raising Of Their Own Children

Those that do not play an active role,
In the raising of their own children...
But appear from nowhere,
To claim bragging rights.
When discovered 'their' child...
Stands under a spotlight.
Should not be offended when sent,
A 'Thank You' card by a son or daughter.

Someone has shown them how to express,
An appreciation for being abandoned.
And given an opportunity to feel blessed.
Some children have a right to express that,
As an option.
Not an expectation.
And some parents should not be allowed,
To proclaim that at all.

Especially when the doing of it isn't done.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In The Saying Of That 'No'

Sometimes people have to be told 'no.
No debate.
Just a 'no'.

And that is difficult,
To do that 'no'.
To let it go and be done.

Have you tried to say 'no'
To someone you love.
With the ripping out of your own heart,
In your hand.
Gripped around its beating...
And dripping blood.

No matter how you dramaticize that,
To someone...
Saying 'no' with no 'uh-huh' attached,
Can be devastating if handle incorrectly.

One who gets into a fix like this...
Should quietly remove themselves to another room,
To weep.
As quietly as possible.
Try not to give away any weak spots.
Knowing that in the saying of that 'no'...
Will get piercing dagger eye contact,
Throughout the upcoming week.
With or without sighted weaknesses.
Some dare to be told 'no'.

Some so close,
Someone will be determine,
To have another feel regret!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In The Seeking Of A Balanced Budget

Hunger and homelessness.
And meeting the needs,
Of those jobless.
A quality of life,
That is disappearing from sight.
And those seeking futures...
With a schooling of lessons to complete,
That light for them seems to be dimming...
Quicker overnight.
For them what's ahead is looking very bleak.

'Those are not priorities.
We still perceive people with these beliefs,
As having 'special interests'.
And we are doing our best,
To eliminate those 'pests'.
What 'else' can you come up with,
That can be regarded as serious?
At least 'something' that will motivate us...
In the seeking of a balanced budget.
What else can you provide to negotiate this process? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In The Seeking Of One's Happiness

Do I suggest one has to witness death,
To appreciate one's life?
Not necessarily.
But the witnessing of someone close,
Going through it...
Makes the observer more aware.
And the quality of time experienced,
Shared with those we take for granted...
Is reminisced more than one expects.

And the mysteriousness,
As to how all this connects...
Becomes more not less,
Of a curiousity!
Leaving one to believe...
Life should be lived,
In the conquering over foolishness.
And every moment spent of it,
In the seeking of one's happiness.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In The Shade Of Fading Misrepresentation

Hey...
You can not still be there aging,
In the shade of fading misrepresentation?
That presentation has nowhere to go.
Even coverups are being unmasked.
Those tasks have been witnessed,
To be quite relentless.
There are no rainbows,
Thay will be forthcoming from those shadows.
Hey...
You can not still be there aging,
In the shade of fading misrepresentation?
If I can see you clearly...
You must realize how much of this life,
You are missing!
If I can see you...
Believe me when I say I have seen much change!
And you,
Obviously have not done either!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In The Spending Of Their Time

People who do not appreciate,
Their blessed lives.
Or those equally blessed,
God places into their lives.

Hopefully,
They will come to eventually realize...
There is an ungrateful self-centeredness,
In the spending of their time.
Hopefully,
They will come to realize...
There is an ungrateful self-centeredness,
In their blinded minds.

No one can be all-knowing,
If one has never been alone.
Or have been on their own...
To know the true meaning of self-evaluation.
Or value emotional devastation.
If one has not,
Opened up that lock.

If no one takes the time to stop,
To take 'inventory' of their stock...
That seems for them to never come,
With a dropping of a blocking...
That stuns and shocks.
They will never know,
How this affects and hurts one so!

Those me-me, I-I activities...
Isolates the mind.
Sickens the body.
And darkens a lost soul.

People who do not appreciate,
Their blessed lives.
Or those equally blessed,
God places into their lives...

Hopefully,
They will come to eventually realize...
There is an ungrateful self-centeredness,
In the spending of their time.
There is an ungrateful self-centeredness,
In their blinded minds.

And...
In time,
When they are left confined...
Behind.
With no one concerned...
What it is in their lives,
Or on their minds.
They will come to learn to yearn!
In the spending of,
Their time.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In The Spirit Of The Vernal Equinox

In the spirit of the vernal equinox,
Arriving on the 20th of March in 2010.
And in this year and on that day,
For us Spring then begins.
To spark the budding of love,
That awakens nature all over again.

Yes...
Spring is near!

In the spirit of the vernal equinox,
An equal twelve hours are shared...
Between daylight and night.
Normally only true on the Equator.
And for the rest of us,
We get more or less!
Depending upon where we live,
In the Northern Hemisphere.
And what that chosen address.

Shared with those we wish to make known,
Our feelings made to them clear.
With an assisted lingering of eye contact,
Obviously fix with just a bit of lust that appears!
Just a bit to test the interest.

Yes...
Spring is near!

In the spirit of the vernal equinox,
Spring is just a date.
Real Spring might arrive sooner or later.
Although some folks may be preheated...
With anticipation,
For a blooming awaited that takes place.

Yes...
Spring is near!
Keeping those with a patience.

But admitting...
The blood within them races and pulsates!

'You bring out the dog in me,
Clarice.'

~And 'WHO' is 'this' Clarice?
My name is Wanda! ~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In The State Of Rejection

In the state of rejection,
Some are unable...
To accept the affect of it!

But there can be a positive aspect of this.
If one is feeling that this has been done.
At least it is known.

And a self reflection not before accomplished,
Leaves one with time to review one's life.
With a spending of time to enjoy nature.
With no one around to disturb these personal visits.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In The Stealing Of Someone's Thunder

People are so caught up,
In the stealing of someone's thunder.
Or trying to sparkle just as bright,
Under another's given light.
As if the process does not require work.

So focused they are,
In the seeking of what is believed...
To another comes easy.
That they will abandoned their own paths,
In the ignoring of their own tasks.

Only to realize too late,
That what another does...
Is the wearing of several hats,
That were fitted to be custom made.
With a toiling done to pay for them.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In The Trenches

Bash me with a smashing,
To smear with the best of your pitch.
But you can not erase my efforts documented.
No matter how you stir up cheers,
With eye popping promises.
And tasty gifts you tease to guarantee to deliver.
I've been in the trenches.
With no time to sip or pour tea.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In The World Of Adulthood

Those remaining,
In the playing of their silly games...
In a sustained immaturity,
Find themselves wishing to undo...
What it is they have done they do,
Once to them it has been acknowledged...
Those remaining,
In the playing of their silly games...
In a sustained immaturity,
Have lost all credibility...
In the world of adulthood,
Where children dressed 'as' adults...
Are not allowed to impress,
With a childish foolishness to be accepted.

'Comeon!
You can't take a joke? '

~I use to accept fools with a suffering done...
Of their antics too.
At one time.
But a seriousness of my life,
And in my mind...
Seemed to have overnight,
Risen to the top of my priority list.
And adults who are mature,
Are the only folks I wish to deal with.
And they today appear difficult to find.
Call it...
A plateau of maturity reached.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In Their Best Performances

The only way there is,
To defend against those...
Who show they can be treacherous,
Is to pretend you have been...
A willing victim of it.
Since those who 'are' treacherous,
Often seek the ones appearing to be dumb...
Ignorant and innocent of what's going on!
And eventually expose themselves,
To others they teach...
How to observe their doings,
While delivering this in their best performances.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In Their Birthday Suits

Cuckoo a silly bird,
Heard at early dawning.
Shakens those awake,
With a yawning that they make.
And...
Sunrise begins to lift,
Up on the horizon.
People rub their eyes,
To begin their routined lives.

In their birthday suits,
Some wish they could wear all day.
Naked like a rooster when the crowing gets done.
To do all their chores without impressing someone.
Trying not to duplicate what was worn yesterday.

In their birthday suits,
Some wish they could wear all day.
Lazy they are feeling,
With the expense to keep clothes clean.
Knowing where they work it seems...
The only purpose to show up is just to be seen.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In Their Eyes

My success has not achieved respect,
In their eyes.
And I laugh from mine.
With the knowledge...
It is me who has chosen to be in their presence.
And success?
That was delivered to me,
When at birth I was blessed...
To have this experience called life!
And what more of a success can one possess?
If anything can be done without life as it is known...
I haven't been shown.
As of yet.
And until that happens,
I'll do what God expects.
And that is to have no other gods before Him!
That is a 'memo' I understand clearly.
And that is a confession I will always profess.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In Their Interest To Protest

The only ones blamed for emptying the cookie jar,
Are the ones who came with attempts to explain...
With a doing of their best to correct the situation.
And yet...
Those who assisted with the theft and knew the thieves,
Have decided it is in their interest to protest with the rest.
While continuing to profess being diseased by amnesia!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In Their Minds

He may not win an election,
To lead a country.
Solely based on the color of his skin.

But he has shown what he can do brilliantly!
And that is represent himself,
With a poise and dignity.
Whether it is in speeches he gives,
Or an insight he has while standing on his feet.
Wherever he travels to parts of the world he is in!
We have to give him that!

And he does this all,
Without an appearance of a boombox,
Jive language or in shorts to show...
He plays terrific basketball!
Proving he can do these things,
Although he can upset some with his arrogance...
Who are extremely appalled.

Afterall...
There are many who oppose him.
Knowing 'they' are the ones he should defend.
If he would just dropp the notion of becoming president...
And with them become their point guard.
To help them secure championships!

In their minds what other reason,
Does he have to exist?
And assisting in winning all the games.
To bring a collective attention to their 'gifts'.

'That is better stated.
I personally still find it offensive...
But it is easier to take,
Than that last crude statement you made, Jesse!
However...
This one has less jealousy detected.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In Their Own Backyards

The demons find themselves...
Laughed at and ridiculed,
By those unbridled...
To do so,
In their own backyards.
And become appalled and offended,
By their own reflections displayed.
Their own wickedness...
Catches them unmasked.

'How dare a mocking,
When we are not parading in masquerade.
I thought 'they' were with 'us'? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In Their Own Way They Get

I've been called all kinds of ITs and THATs
Throughout my life.
And I remembered being bullied...
By those who have done prison time.
To be released quoting scriptures...
With a sense of being close to God,
Now...
All the time!

But I've always discovered others,
Who pass judgements on family, friends...
And their sisters and/or brothers,
As some of the most insecure people...
Walking the face of the Earth.
They would not know what to do,
If left alone for five minutes.
Or can sit in quietness to pray.

These busy bodies have been spoiled,
To have things go their way.
Until in their own way they get!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In These Days And Times

It is easy to discredit
Those who have made names for themselves.
Despite the backbiting and the envy concealed by some.
Something childish we 'might' have all once done!
Than it is to maintain an ego...
Full of self and free of reflection,
To detect corrections an introspection makes.

It takes a determined stamina...
Freed of grandeur and awe,
To administer an encouragement.
That is left behind to instill a nourishment!

If this message is not sent,
As it is meant to flourish those...
With less influence they can impose.
Then those who find their fame have no lasting value...
Have used their gifts for naught.

And producing these deeds to feed such an ego,
Has not induced minds...
Needing to be fed enlightenment,
In these days and times!
A selfishness to hoard such talents and gifts...
Leave with the ones they came with.
And nothing of subsistence considered substance,
Can be passed to nurture that is left behind!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In These Days Of The Takers

Why is it,
That 'some' people...
Can accept hospitality from others.
Wine and dine at their expense.
Yet thoughtless about time that is spent.
And have no regard,
For those who do the hosting?
Or 'show' hints of appreciation.

Why is it,
'Some' people...
Believe it is okay to dropp by unannounce.
Pronounce themselves as being grateful.
And turn around and cuss those out!
Those that had just opened the door to their house?
Even a mouse tries to hide,
From a surprising unexpected appearance.
Showing more 'class' than these folks do!

These chapters lived,
And depicting those who are givers...
Seem to be more common,
In these days of the takers who fake integrity.
In these days of the takers,
Who consume without remorse.
Choose to leave behind disrespect...
And reasons FROM THEM,
Many have chosen to divorce.

And of course,
Those who have been defamed without shame...
Are blamed for not being further used!
With a debasing done by the ones who slander.

In these days of the takers,
Expectations they have are quite high!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In These Times Not Before Explored

Treasured are such kept beliefs,
We keep them worshipped 'and' confessed.
Protected and accepted they are,
But their origins are seldom checked.

Yet everyday there is 'something',
That arises to confuse and upset.
And everyday there is 'something',
That leaves many with regrets...
Left,
Wanting to have answers...
From questions asked,
They don't get.

Yet,
In these times not before explored...
People apathetic have no reason to regret it.
Not yet.
People apathetic have no reason to regret it.
Not yet.
And in these times not before explored...
People apathetic have no reason to regret it.
Not yet.
No not yet.

What about beliefs once set in concrete,
In these times not before explored.
And what about truth now reduced to suspect,
In these times not before explored.
And what about the people who had been apathetic,
In these times not before explored...
But seem to do it more.

Yet everyday there is 'something',
That arises to confuse and upset.
And everyday there is 'something',
That leaves many with regrets...
Left,
Wanting to have answers...

From questions asked,
They don't get...
In these times not before explored.

People apathetic have no reason to regret it.
No not yet.
In these times not before explored,
People apathetic have no reason to regret it...
No not yet.
In these times not before explored.
People apathetic have no reason to regret it...
Not yet.
No...
Not yet.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In These Trees Together

They watched me.
I watched them.
They with their tails...
And me swinging on a vine,
From tree to tree wondering
As I look for a place to settle!

'Why aren't the squirrels scratching their butts,
Like the monkeys?
We're all in these trees together!
And I'm doing the best I can to be neighborly! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In Thin Air

In thin air!
To disappear quick as if never been there.

In thin air!
To disappear quick as if never been there.

What was or wasn't fair,
To understand with a doing done.
Has many caring less.
And...
Refusing to confess it.

Insights are sighing,
Inside to fight for their right...
To live life.
But in thin air,
The caring once done has disappeared...
As if,
To never have ever been there.

In thin air!
To disappear quick as if never been there.

In thin air!
To disappear quick as if never been there.

Insights are crying,
With a trying to hide their eyes...
From a weeping to be seen.
So muffled...
Are their screams!
And...
In thin air,
The caring once done has disappeared...
As if,
To never have ever been there.

Insights are sighing,
Inside to fight for their right...

To live life.
But in thin air,
The caring once done has disappeared...
As if,
To never have ever been there.

Insights are crying.
Insights are sighing,
With a trying to hide their eyes.
But...
In thin air,
The caring once done has disappeared...
As if,
To never have ever been there.

In thin air!
To disappear quick as if never been there.
The caring.
In thin air!
To disappear quick as if never been there.
The sharing.
In thin air!
To disappear quick as if never been there.
The caring.
In thin air!
To disappear quick as if never been there.
The sharing.
In thin air!
To disappear quick as if never been there.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In This Cosmic Universe

Life is a dance.
And on this Earth
Those steps take place!
Some with rhythm...
And some paced without grace!
What keeps the ball spinning?
In a latticed twinkling space!
We delight...
In darkness and light!
Not the slightest detection shown,
Unknown!
In bright Sun light!
Or glisten or gleam...
As we go unseen as beings,
In this cosmic universe!
Something sparkles within us...
And we take our places,
As if we have rehearsed!
Experiments traveling...
Through dimensions of time,
And finding ourselves unwind here first...
Recharging a rejuvenating spirit that within us shines!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In This Desperate Wish

Too early in the morning.
And all the time.
You are there,
As if an alarm clock.
On my mind...
I wish I could rewind,
Stopping to find us...
Once again in love!
At least,
You with me!
As I am with you,
In this desperate wish...
You too,
Knew!
And confirmed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In This Duality Of Our Reality

Mother Nature is no longer,
In accordance with our abuses.
Her tolerance once given to us,
Has been evidenced to have gone.

Storms affecting upon all shores,
Have those proclaiming they can not take more.

And the latest fiasco in the Gulf...
Has Mother Nature wanting to even the score.
Her adored natural wonders,
Are becoming eyesores.

Mother Nature is no longer,
In accordance with our abuses.
Her tolerance once given to us,
Has been evidenced to have gone.

Some believe they are here,
To conquer over resources and mankind alike.
Some perceive themselves to be the chosen ones,
Because of their abilities to deceive and perpetuate fights.
Mother Nature has witnessed this...
And these conflicts have ruined her appetite to delight.
Mother Nature has begun to deliver the last word.
And God has stood back,
With arms folded and lips shut tight!

Mother Nature is no longer,
In accordance with our abuses.
Her tolerance once given to us,
Has been evidenced to have gone.

Storms affecting upon all shores,
Have those proclaiming they can not take more.

And the latest fiasco in the Gulf...
Has Mother Nature wanting to even the score.
Her adored natural wonders,

Are becoming eyesores.

And in this 'duality' of our 'reality'...
Mother Nature is not happy!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In This Existence

A consistency of a love wanted and missed,
Seems as I age with desire for it...
To grow distant from my wishes.

I thought I had been in its midst,
On more than just one occasion.
But as misunderstandings go...
So did my feelings,
For a long lasting relationship.
Since this was not on someone else's list.
Someone I believed matched perfectly my wish.

A consistency of a love wanted and missed,
Seems as I age with desire for it...
To grow distant from my wishes.
But I'm hoping on my journey I will know,
What the having of true love means...
With a sharing it to grow.

I thought I had been in its midst,
On more than just one occasion.
But as misunderstandings go...
So did my feelings,
For a long lasting relationship.
This was not on someone else's list.
I learned to release with a letting go of it.

Although...
I am forever the optimist.
I'm hoping on my journey I will know,
What the having of true love means...
With a sharing it to grow,
In this existence.

That is my wish,
In this existence.
A consistency of a love,
Wanted and not to miss.

In this existence,
I remain optimistic...
For a consistency of a love,
Wanted and not to miss.

That is my wish,
In this existence.
For a consistency of a love,
Wanted and not to miss.

In this existence,
I remain optimistic...
For a consistency of a love,
Wanted and not to miss.

I shall stay persistent,
In this existence...
For a consistency of a love,
Wanted and not to miss.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In This Honoring To Their Spirits

With each blessed breath taken,
Empowered to motivate my steps.
I ensure my efforts reflect a gratefulness...
For these talents I express.
And proving I've done something with my life,
Besides hunger for material comforts.
To utilize for selfish means.
And leave nothing left behind...
But to feed an ego and a self centeredness,
I digest to unlimited extremes.

With each blessed breath taken,
Empowered to motivate my steps.
I want to show on my path,
A journey made with consciousness.
And a thankfulness to the Supreme Being...
For granting me such gifts,
With the hopes my ancestors are beaming proudly.
And what I have done,
Has brought them much joy and happiness!
As I delight in this honoring to their spirits.

Dedicated:
'In praises to my 'kin' that have moved on! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In This Hour Now That Is

In this hour now that is,
You can have that peace of mind.
There is no need to carry a weight.
Or contemplate a cause or need,
To put this off until a later time.

What cost do you pay,
Delaying this to say your life is at a loss?
When you can celebrate,
An appreciation...
To fill your cup!
Eat what is on your plate.
From a buffet selected.
Why wait?
Only you know what cravings are nourished,
When your appetite satiates to flourish.

In this hour now that is,
You can have that peace of mind.
There is no need to carry a weight.
Or contemplate a cause or need,
To put this off until later!
When you can feed that need that pleases...
In this hour now that is!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In This Lifetime

All things one will receive,
In this lifetime.
Will come.
To leave.
In this lifetime.

That which is believed,
In this lifetime.
Will change as one grows.
To learn, accept and come to know.
In this lifetime.

With trust there is happiness.
If kept.
Much is tested to address...
Each season manifested.

Reasons we all share,
To compare if something in life is missed.
Makes us seek pieces to complete...
With a snug fit.
In this lifetime.

And in this lifetime,
All that is received...
Leaves.
With air that is free to breathe.
That seems not to be an option,
In this lifetime of teased choices made to choose.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In This Romance

I can not do that anymore...
Keeping what I feel inside,
As if stored by a pride
Misinterpreted as being aloof and snide.

I can 'bite' back with the best.
If I chose to when I'm tested!
I can argue in debate...
To defend an ego that's unshakened.

If I did not choose to be awakened.

But I can't do that anymore!
It leaves no taste of satisfaction.
I am seeking someone I can adore.
Not someone who speaks...
And sometimes selects me to ignore!

I can not do that anymore...
Keeping what I feel inside,
As if stored by a pride
Misinterpreted as being aloof and snide.

I want to come out of that place,
And replace it with erased mistakes!
To allow my happiness to flourish!
I want to be encouraged...
And care enough to share,
With one who also wants to see...
The both of us there,
In this 'romance' that is endlessly shared!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In This Vast Garden Of Variety

If it was not for left stench,
Of your presence...
The freshness of flower scents,
Would be more inviting...
In this vast garden of variety.
But you choose to come,
And leave a reek!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In Those Old Days

You may be tough.
But your approach to solicit,
My empathy and pity...
Could have been easier to get,
Without your demanding it.
But I do understand,
The competition you're up against.
And if I may make a suggestion...
You should put that gun away.
Since my first reaction,
Is not empathy with pity for you at all.

'It isn't real.'

Which?
The gun?
Your wish for empathy and pity?
Or my fear?

'Why can't you just co-operate,
And give me what I want? '

Trust me.
I'm going to give you exactly what you need.
Now that I know that gun isn't real.

'The gun IS real.
My need for empathy and pity isn't.
Thank you.
All I wanted was a decent conversation.
You were the only one I spotted,
Not texting or using a cellphone.
You have no idea how difficult it is for me,
To communicate like I did in the old days.'

So you are using a gun to do it?

'Hey...
What can I say.

I'm open for your suggestions.'

Good.
Give me the gun.
And I'll show you what I would have done.

'What are you going to do? '

Communicate my feelings,
Like I use to do in those old days.
And trust me...
You will know immediately,
Just what my feelings are.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In Thoughtless Self-Centeredness

Outwardly admitted,
And within inner circles met.
No one is going to say how they feel,
To intimidate what is politically correct.

People have their hatreds.
And they are socially in effect.
Only blocked visions of those blind...
Can not visually observe,
The denials and the disrespect.
Reflected within one's placed footsteps.

All of us are affected.
Whether or not we accept regret.
Decay has been and is on the rise.
Lies spoken will not keep them,
From eyes that are opened...
To divisions kept.

The causes for insecurities,
Will always be in the minds of those displeased.
To initiate mental diseases without remedies.
If humanity does not actively seek peace...
To inflict upon those defenseless to increase peace,
Seen weakening minds as it decreases.

Havoc and chaos will become a way of life.
For all who believe one rule is right.
Or one kind of bird should take flight...
From one tree to land on one soil selected.
Where one people rule as they please?

One God will make One Choice and none other.
And that's to do away with all One God has made...
To end it for 'ALL' that breathes,
Selfishly.
Foolishly.
And in thoughtless self centeredness.

Outwardly admitted,
And within inner circles met.
No one is going to say how they feel,
To intimidate what is politically correct.

And if those who should survive,
One day in their discussions in retrospect.
The perception of being politically correct,
Will be reviewed as a defective aspect...
To those who regard truth as a normal pursuit,
To preserve their peace.

After ignorance has ceased to flourish.
And those of consciousness have it outlawed.
To nourish One Humanity as intended.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In Time Everyone Forgets

Take time to notice,
What an attention given to others does.
So many unaccustomed to getting it,
Perceive with a belief it is theirs to stay...
And with a permanence.
People like this can sometimes be obnoxious.

Yet there are those who know how fleeting,
An attention given to them gets.
And with a thankfulness they remain gracious,
Not to fret or become upset...
With an acknowledgement whatever they've done,
In time everyone forgets.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In Time...All Of It Will Be Corrected

You see me as a reflective representation,
Of my choice of environment.
And your judgements passed on me,
Through the use of your limitations...
Has led to your distorted beliefs,
And what you perceive...
My acquired abilities to be.

Unfortunately,
Your degree of ignorance...
Stands in your way not mine.
I had too many experiences,
In a limited period of time.
And I have learned by great teachers,
Who brought to my attention...

'Never be the one making attempts to impress.
Be the one to remember,
How and who has addressed you...
With a showing of their respect.
And the rest to you will be revealed.
And in time...
All of it will be corrected.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In Times Gone To Leave Behind

What has happened with it done,
Is not going to change the fact of it.
Or an argument started to 're-boot' the doing.

The 'what ifs' and 'could ofs',
That should have taken place...
Doesn't make a difference to a decision made.

So many minds are confined,
In times gone to leave behind.
Yet the finding of the same excuses to make,
Are those who can not break away from the addiction.

'You never want to listen to me.'

~I stopped the doing of that,
When hearing was something you could no longer do.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In Times Of Indecisiveness

When the dumbing down initiated,
Has been determined completed and done...
I am hoping to make at least eye contact,
With one or two who remain in a struggle against it.

And...
To validate a thinking process has been kept.
With an admiration felt...
That is appreciated and adored.
These are the simple things,
I wish with someone to share more.

To acknowledge that one has an ability to think...
Chew gum!
And keep the rhythm of two moving feet,
To a beat one hears.
But can stop if one wishes...
Is such a gift in times of indecisiveness,
And loss of purpose.

So rare are thinking minds to find.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In Tones Of Nonconformity

Systematically,
And with a pinch of strategy...
An addiction to mediocrity condoned,
Has replaced the drive to achieve...
A higher state of mental activity.

In fact,
Being illiterate and lacking in intelligence...
Is as welcomed as acquiring skills to deceive.
If one happens to live,
In certain communities...
Where the acceptance of nonsense,
Brings one a life of ease and thoughtlessness.

Cynical?
Those expressions have long been dismissed,
As pessimistic!
And somehow pessimism today seems to be the goal,
By the ones who chose to ostracized the ones...
Who spoke in tones of nonconformity.

And nonconformity?
Everyone seems to be caught in the act of it.
They call them activists now.
Prior to this...
Those with the same ideals to awaken others,
Were labelled militants or agitating nationalists.
And everything else derogatory to ignore.
And these were the people making attempts to save humanity!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In Total Agreement

Their homes are destroyed.
Their resources are taken away!
Their quality of life is ruined...
And yet they managed to survive,
Under dire circumstances!
They are denied any opportunity.
However...
This doesn't stop the bus tours,
Loaded with reporters and sightseers
Who question WHY these people can not get on their feet,
Educate themselves and stop the complaining!
Afterall...
Those in observance are in total agreement,
That when 'their' ancestors arrived from the 'old' country,
They had nothing but the shirts on their backs!
And they all continued on their fact finding...
With something in common as they returned
To gated communities,
Full of themselves...
And proud of their achievements!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In Touch With Self

Status and who has it...
Isn't often in appearance detected.
Status and who has it...
May be influenced,
By one's ability...
To be in touch with self.
And many try to keep this out of reach.
Since a status had that one has and keeps,
Can not be taught to teach.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In Unknown Directions

Live life unafraid to make mistakes.
Mistakes made create to establish,
Lasting and unforgettable memories.
Very few who play it safe,
Unable to face life to fear taking steps...
In unknown directions,
Find it difficult to accept disappointment.
Staying that way to have others pay,
For every excuse they can think of to use,
Then protest with a blaming of others to defame...
While proclaiming they've been victims,
Of mental abuse.
Or something that confuses,
A doing to refuse their own negligence.
With a thinking life to live...
Should be for them forever sweetened.
But no gift blessed to receive,
Comes free without unwrapping to rid...
Obstacles to face delusions to chase away.
No one comes to live life,
Not knowing what it's like to rub a sore butt.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In Vivid Depictions

I find people delivering their best humor,
When expressing what they know...
In vivid depictions,
About someone else...
They have yet to meet to be introduced.
I find this hysterical when it happens.

And if that should happen...
That person met revealing something unknown,
Or not heard before by another...
The person listening would inevitably say,
In the sharing of exchanged conversation,
'I didn't know that? '
As if they should!

~I don't know how you could have known that.
We've just met.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In Ways They Stay Junkies

In ways they stay junkies,
To religious beliefs.
Bad diets they don't need.
And sights on heights,
They will never reach to achieve.

In ways they stay junkies,
To hopes and dreams...
Promised by schemers,
Marketing teases sold to commercialize...
Like at the movies on wide and flat TV screens.

In ways they stay junkies,
In ways they can not see to perceive...
Or believe to be released,
From the hold they grip that depletes them...
Until an overdose tricks them by the fixation of it.

In ways they stay junkies,
To all that has been fed.
To all that has been known to feast,
Without options from which to choose...
Or refuse if they knew of restrictions with set limits.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In Ways To Them That Will Stun

A sacrificing done,
Need not be sacrificial.
That which is knowingly sacrificed,
To those with that done as an experience...
Who someday will receive those benefits.

And to them it will become beneficial,
In ways to them that will stun!
In ways those and others knowing...
A sacrificing did has been done,
With a denying of themselves consumption.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In Which Chapter And On What Page

You want clarity?
That's perfectly fine with me.
In which chapter and on what page,
Would you like that highlighted?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In Which Their Thrones Sit

They all want to be seen as kings and queens.
With it expressed...
They had been forcibly separated,
From wealth collected and stolen treasure chests.
But no one wants to take a broom,
With a cleaning up debris and other garbage...
That has been in their way for decades decaying.
And in which their 'thrones' sit!
But facts like this they refused to admit.

'We...
Are great! '

~You...
By now should know it takes,
More than just words to say and prove it.
And from where I observe to witness truth,
As it exists...
Your greatness as you wish this,
Is more heard from your mouth while moving your lips.
But a greatness to commit to it has yet left you to respect,
The throne instead of the image.~

'We...
Are not in need of thrones! '

~Then you...
Have no claims to declare 'greatness'.
If you permit the throne you own,
To sit in garbage to disgrace the appearance of it.~

'But we don't declare that garbage as ours.'

~Even though you put it there to allow it to sit?
Are you awaiting for someone else,
To pick through your trash to discover your 'magificence'?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In Which Time Zone

Today,
People are increasingly upset.
They protest.
Saying they wish,
A return back to normalcy.
And they blame the current leadership,
For not doing this quickly.

And those on the sidelines,
Refusing to adorn their rose colored glasses...
Wonder.
Who has dispensed,
Massive doses of crack!
And in which time zone had this been done?
Where were they when the authorities approved that?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In With A New Priority List For 2009

Things that people did well...
Like lieing.
Cheating.
Feeding greed.
Deceiving with sincerity.
Hating because of race...
Color of eyes, skin and nail polish.
Embellishing.
Backstabbing.
Gossiping.
And character assassinating!
All these 'nurtured' personas are 'OUT'!
Although clawing their way to remain centerstage!
'OUT'! Never the less.
Booted to the curb and flushed down the gutter.

What is 'IN'?
Integrity.
Honesty.
Comprehension/understanding.
Empathy.
Reality.
Sharing/caring.
Tears.
Letting go.
Self examination.
Apologies.
Forgiveness.
Love.
Hugs.
And LOTS of physical fitness.

This is the out with the old,
In with a new priority list for 2009!
And these are more than resolutions.
Some will recognize what is on the 'IN' list,
As acts one will adopt to maintain survival.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In Your Case

When you begin to play a game...
Don't end it.
Since the one you picked,
And decided to play your game with...
May just want to play to win!
And that may not be fair...
To her or him!
Or,
In your case...
The both of them!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In Your Corner

You've got to know what it's like,
To be yourself and be right.
Among smiling demons...
Who lie with delighted appetites.
And all that they do
Is undermine anyone like you
By screwing over others
Who accept them as being true!
They haste to erase your efforts.
And take credit for your gains!
Hoping you will be chased away
With a heartbreaking display of pain!
But God keeps in your corner...
And they hate the fact He is!
They have no idea,
The depth of your strength...
Which keeps your conscious clear!
And theirs...full of tears and much complaint!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In Your Face

In your face.
And scrutinized on a daily basis,
That should not take place with such curiosity.
But it does with the getting of attention.

I am an American man.
And labelled black to be made aware of that.
To offend many when my proudness is expressed.
I have always had ambitions to be my best.

With a dignity I wear my identity to expose.
I have never had a wish to be depicted as a stereotype,
To appease those who are white to please appetites.
Not me I am happy to be who I am.

And then there are those who wish to be viewed,
As 'good' Negroes.
With obedience and subservience,
Served to those they'd rather not upset.

I am an American man.
And labelled black to be made aware of that.
To offend many when my proudness is expressed.
I have always had ambitions to be my best.

Does this confession make me 'less' patriotic?
Or am I 'more' American because I have beliefs...
To be the best human being that I can be.
Regardless of any images that provide others with relief.

How you depict with descriptions to abuse and define?
Is a problem you have to overcome in your limited mind.
With time given to dread or not.
And 'that' will never be a question you will hear me ask!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In Your Mind There Remains Unrest

If you can't see it in the East.
And it can't be seen in the North.
So you look about in the West,
To declare that the South is best.
But,
Yet in your mind there remains unrest.

If you can't see it in the East.
And it can't be seen in the North.
So you look about in the West,
To declare that the South is best.

You seek a model,
In the East.
One you can bottle,
From the North.
To establish a nest,
One picked from the West.
And,
In the South you'll have that house...
Successfully built by an architect.

You seek a model,
In the East.
One you can bottle,
From the North.
To establish a nest,
One picked from the West.
And,
In the South you'll have that house...
Successfully built by an architect.

If you can't see it in the East.
And it can't be seen in the North.
So you look about in the West,
To declare that the South is best.
But,
Yet in your mind there remains unrest.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

In Your Possession

If there is something you can do,
That is guaranteed to succeed!
Be the best you there is.
Be better than the best 'you'...
You can possibly be!

And that success is yours!

There will no need for approval...
Or awards given to accept,
For a limited ego seeking to feed...
In the winning of contests.

When you can be the best you YOU can be...
Those opportunities with the closing of doors,
Couldn't give to you what you already have!
All 'keys' to open what you wish...
Are in your possession.
Remember this!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Inactivity Created

Lazy.
A feast of ignorance,
Has fed them well.
Lazy.
Delusionists speak of their triumphs.
Glorify in imaginations.
Party in their sweat.
Yet few work...
To where they need to get!
Lazy.
Creatures seeking credentials.
But absent of common sense.
Lazy.
Exhausted from thoughts!
With no intent meant.
Lazy.
Approached to verify all they claim.
And when there is nothing there...
They play the blame game.
Accusing some of being 'lucky' in life...
And every excuse they use is lame.
Lazy.
They watch a way of life diminish.
Lazy.
They wish their fantasies replenished.
Lazy.
But when a working ethic isn't there to be done,
They point a finger at everyone.
And more like them are relieved...
So many like them believe,
If it had not been for someone else...
Success they too could achieve.
But those who bust their butts can see...
These folks appreciate,
Only another pretention they can make!
And taking time to waste.
But don't call them...
Lazy.
That's a word they hate!

But keep dates with it to salivate...
An inactivity created!
There is no debate,
To contemplate this observation.
They are without hesitation of doubt...
Lazy!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Inappropriate, Self Serving And Irresponsible

He is in a position to do 'something'.
And when he does...
That one something that is done,
Is found not to be appropriate.

'He could have chosen something else.
Something with less audacity.'

And when he does...
That one something that is done,
Is found not to be appropriate.

'He could have chosen something else.
Something that doesn't bring attention to himself.'

And when he does...
That one something that is done,
Is found not to be appropriate.

'He could have chosen something else.
Something that is accepted we all approve.'

And when he does...
That one something that is done,
Is found not to be appropriate.

He is in a position to do 'something'.
And when he does...
That one something that is done,
Is found not to be appropriate.

'He could have chosen something else.
Instead of the hopping on one leg.
To then do splits!
And from that...
Entertain us with a limbo.'

And when he does...
That one something that is done,

Is found not to be appropriate.

'He could disappear.
We've had enough of his tactics.'

And when he does...
His appearance is missed.
Leaving those disappointed,
By his doing of this.
And they declare his decision,
Inappropriate, self serving and irresponsible.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Inappropriately Touched

Insisting the children of today,
Have innocent minds that should be protected.
Is likened to insisting,
Pride in oneself and family values...
Have not become dysfunctions.

When a marketing of decadence...
Is overwhelmingly done for sport and profit.
There are few children today,
Unaware of how their minds...
Have been inappropriately touched.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Inbred Ambitions

I remember the days,
People took their creativity seriously.
And lived to fulfill their inbred ambitions.

Today people want to participate,
More as a whim to socialize and network.
And when they stroll in late,
With excuses to make...
I am not one to appreciate it,
With a subtle delivery of comments.

And coming in smacking on gum!
And carrying snacks?
My discipline within I keep,
Will not allow me to tolerate that!

And 'please'...
Do not hold up other people's time,
By a display of 'theatrics' that lie.
That kind of disrespect,
Will get a direct sign I am more than upset!

I am clinical when I sever connections.

I remember the days,
People took their creativity seriously.
And lived to fulfill their inbred ambitions.

Today...
People are living to get the attention.
And wanting to get paid to display,
Both lack of talent and a depth of feeling...
For the craft!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Incentive

There is so much incentive,
For one who reinvents!
There is an exploration done...
For many that makes no sense.
There is a task to find new ways,
To stretch a curious mind.
And sometimes doing that creates,
An uneasiness one finds!
But when it settles in and others see it,
As it is.
They come to see it as positive inducement,
Since incentives aren't negative!

'Huh? '

There is so much incentive,
For one who...

'No! Not that part.
The part about reinventing.
What are you 'reinventing'?

My incentive!

'Oh! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Inch

It takes one inch,
Taken to creep towards a foot.

Then two feet becomes three to leap...
Before one can say,
They are moving away...
From where they were.

And it may be miles,
Before a destiny is reached.
Closer to get within an inch.
To then wish to be pinched in disbelief.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Incitement Invited

Incitement invited to arouse excitement,
To stir up and ignite an irritation wished...
Just for the doing of producing it.
Only leaves those believing there is a benefit,
To induce division and hatred.
And at the expense of an enjoyment that begins,
To cease and deplete completely all entitlements.
Since many whipped up into a disturbing frenzy,
Are no longer mentally fit or equipped...
To remember what using common sense means.
And those who choose to comprehend,
With wanting to wish confusion for them ends...
Now find they have no time to spend,
Defending their memories when they had a sanity.
Long before thinking became a fad to fade,
To keep that way in the 'old' days.

'Excuse me, Miss Fletcher? '

~Yes? What is it this time, Tommy.~

'You keep saying to us to use common sense.
Is that a new 'app'?
I can't find it to '

~You must first live long enough,
To accumulate experience.~

'I'm confused.
How can I do that?
I thought this was an English class.
Not math.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Inclusive

I use to think of it as inclusive.
Those with appearances,
Of a similar and familiar physicalness...
Immedicately identifying,
One's own ethnicness!

And everyone I knew,
I thought...
Chose to be inclusive too.
Until I was told...
I have a wide nose,
Hair that napped.
And I spoke with an obvious,
Ethnic dialect!

And...
I thought 'How strange.
How ridiculous it is!
To have someone wearing a flowing wig.
A nose wider than mine...
And 'blue' contacts.
With painted fingernails paid,
Before feeding unfed kids.'

And...
The men wore suits and ties.
Appearing much 'affected' too!
Inclusively denying a heritage...
Until they felt they had to,
Fess up to that too!

'Did you see him,
Wearing his hair in those awful dreads.
Trying to get specific attention.
To prove a pride connected to an African descent.
When 'we' represent...
A progressive intelligence!
I am so glad his appearance near us was brief! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Incognito

Repressed successes,
To self impose...
Minimizes excessive fanfare,
For those with controlled egos...
Who are not promoting or outside,
Seeking addicting exposure.
Or have become overdosed by it.

An incognito success acquired,
And one obtains...
Seems more enduring and maintains,
Happiness that remains...
Far less stressful.
Compared to some who want it known,
Attention they desire.
With a craving for it shown.
And then to get.
To discover that an announced,
Success to believe achieved...
Has left them depressed.
Subjected to loneliness.
And regretfully forgettable.

It is best not to publicly,
Address one's successes.
Since...
When they are left to be discovered,
No one suspects those successes...
To be connected to someone,
Who has accepted and enjoys...
Being left ignored.
And that kind of happiness kept,
Needs not to be routinely expressed.

'I didn't know how well known,
You are.
I would have treated you,
With more respect.'

-I treat you with respect,
Because that's what I do.
What you've done and who knows it,
Is not going to change...
My point of view,
To respect you more or less.-

'But...
I'm not famous.'

-Trust me,
You have qualities...
More advanced,
Than those I know with fame.
They couldn't afford what you have.

As far as I'm concern,
Your success is better left...
Just the why it is.
Genuine.-

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Incoming Insults (Signs Kept Swept Away)

Sitting to await,
The 'next' tragedy to be announced.
With ignored signs kept to kick,
Or stepped over quickly...
To do and not accept the messages.
Even though the could,
Prevent a grieving done by everyone.
But impressions to make,
And dress appropriately when grieving...
In wardrobes others also in distress,
Do to camouflage a shock and disbelief...
They frequently gather together to confess.
In designer clothes that look recently purchased.
Tailored to fit and appearing exquisitely fresh.

Mourning victims and their own ignorance,
Iin the hopes with their tears wept...
Will one day end to put their minds at rest.
And relying on God they do,
More today than ever to admit...
To soothe their heartaches and pain to feel.
With a faith to claim is highly valued.
Although too surreal and far from reality.
But what is wanted most they wish,
Is not to get such messages...
They find inappropriate and offensive to get.
And request that the messengers,
Dress to meet...
Their preferences and expectations.
With a doing that permits,
A refusing of a truth...
That seems too overwhelming.
Yet continues to persist!

~What on Earth is that commotion outside? ~

'INCOMING INSULTS.
INCOMING INSULTS.
Everyone is needed to protect yourselves,

Immediately.
Take cover and keep your disguises intact.
Anyone without a masquerade to charade,
Will certainly feel personally attacked.
Detected are incoming insults.
Directed at us!
And due to arrive,
With them suspected to be delivered,
By messengers we have yet before seen.
Brace and prepared yourselves,
To defend your delusions with ultimate pride.
What promises to come will certainly demean.

~Stop screaming, Ethel.
No one is going to notice,
You are missing an eyelash.~

'INCOMING INSULTS.
INCOMING INSULTS.
Everyone take cover.
And prepare.
Keep adorned your best impressions.
Protect yourselves.
And expect to be offended.
Expect your pretentions...
To be accused as useless,
With an effectiveness to be mentioned.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Incompetent He Is

I don't care what he does,
Or how he does it
To portray he's getting it done!
Incompetent he is...
And that is apparent to everyone!
To all of those who can see he shows,
A flair for lieing that stinks like dung!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Incompetent He Is Not

Why can they NOT leave President Obama alone?
Is it because he is Black, attractive, factual and brilliant?
Or because his 'whiteness' is not airtight?
Has he not proven to achieve beyond expectations?
With an ability not to fit,
Stereotypical images to tap dance around...
'Their' already shared and profound ignorance.

And incompetent he is not.
He did not sign up to be POPE for life!
To then resign to have followers finding excuses to make.
Or corruptions to smother.
With numerous child abuses done,
By those who charade...
Faking faith to have their misdeeds erased,
By hypocrities wishing their embarrassments encased.

That's where their focus should be placed.
And the validity in that which is believed
Like the writing of poetry that may or may not be,
Censored...
Depending on who perceives,
Too much reality will offend those upset and not pleased...
By a dose of reality!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Inconclusive Evidence

Statistics evaluated...
Revealed descrepancies,
Between the 'haves' and 'have nots'.
And those providing the exclosures
Could not believe the discoveries.
Although observations of homelessness,
Poverty, joblessness, crime and hunger...
Were declared 'urban' phenonmenons.
And no one conducting the surveys,
Actually knew any those suffering...
By name,
So their findings were deemed inconclusive,
Evidence!
They had to be scrapped for lack of 'facts'.
Further studies were ordered,
Since verification of those experiencing
These 'ordeals'
Could not be produced!
Too many were said 'overacting' their plights!
A 'reality' has not yet been determined!
And additional funding for staffing,
To secure a more definitive...
AND appropriate manifestation,
Had yet produced the required votes...
To mandate a continuance of 'in-field' snooping,
Sought to seek the causes...
And dispel all the rumors,
That may conflict with innuendo!
Therefore...
Who can really say what segment
Of the population is, indeed, being affected?
Name one amongst us who can say,
They truthfully understand...
The nourishment of a mastard sandwich?
The procedure AND implementation!
Hmmm?
Let us not forget 'who' and 'what' we represent!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Inconsistencies

Inconsistencies affects one's trust.
Inconsistencies in what one does,
Does not strengthen credibility.
Or lead others to believe,
There had been any...
From the beginning.

Inconsistencies,
Confuse.
Inconsistencies,
Abuse and leave...
Division seen as effective,
Inefficiencies without ending for many.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Inconsistencies Permitted

Inconsistencies permitted,
Have remained consistent.
And hyprocrisy allowed,
Has retained a doing of it...
As a part of life no longer questioned.

Confusion has maintained,
Its prioritized position.
And those refusing to participate in conflict,
Are whispered to be nonconformists...
To be suspect to have motives up their sleeves.

Leaving many led to believe,
A goodwill to perform done for all humanity...
Has to be a movement to undermine standards kept,
By those wishing not to accept...
The clarity of values shown no respect,
They desire to have swept away.

These inconsistencies permitted,
Prevents taking forward steps.
These inconsistencies permitted,
Are a useless waste of breath.
These inconstencies permitted,
Does more to upset...
Those who believe that progress,
Is done with accepted effectiveness.

Leaving many to believe,
Confusion pursued is progress.
Leaving many to believe,
Conflict is needed to achieve.
And leaving many to believe,
What they do to others...
Will bestow upon them integrity.

Leaving many to believe,
Inconsistency is best.
And...

Leaving many to believe,
What is done does not manifest.

Leaving many to believe,
Confusion pursued is progress.
And leaving many to believe,
Conflict is needed to achieve.
That Leaves so many to believe,
What they do to others...
Will bestow upon them integrity.

Leaving many to believe,
Inconsistency is best.
And...
Leaving many to believe,
What is done does not manifest.

Leaving many to believe,
They can live without consistency.
Leaving many to believe,
They can live without consistency.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Inconvenienced And Drained

The other day I was shocked.
I actually observed someone open a wallet.
It had a ten dollar bill in it!
I was amazed.
Until I realized...
The person was there to purchase,
A gallon of gas.
A loaf of bread.
And a dozen of eggs.

I was there sniffing the fried chicken being made.
Fulfilling my wish for the day...
Before I hitch hiked my way home,
From the convenience store.
Observing those pretending to make sense...
As they were being inconvenienced,
And drained!
By a quality of life...
They make attempts to maintain.
With beliefs their standards are being threatened,
By those who envy them...
And their freedoms that are wished,
As a life those deprived desire to live!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Inconvenient To Reach

Here is another method to use...
For those determined to quench their thirst,
For misdeed and discreet desceptions.

Someone's influence does not have to be stopped.
Or obviously blocked.

Just make that 'suspected' degree of attention getting,
Inconvenient to reach.
Be deceiving.
That for many comes easy.

And...
If I've said anything to you that has been offensive.
I am sure you'll get over it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Increased Crescendo

The 'ifs' have passed...
As some from the 'old school'
Hold memory contests in bravado!

Remaining stifled, unproductive
And bonding into stupors of delusion...
They are in harmony and greet themselves,
As pioneers of some lost mission they survived.
Neighborhood jive, small talk and booze
Can do that!

I chose to take a nose dive...
And plunged myself right into the unknown.
With my faith in tow!
I discovered how to do that...
After riding along with my grandmother,
Who had recently gotten her driver's license
AND a new car!
I was stunned by both revelations.

Buckled in and scared for my life!
She sang hymns and loved to speed!

My grandmother taught me many lessons,
In a unique and adventurous ways!
She taught me how to deal with challenges...
And the myths of 'ifs'!

Once I was determined...
Not to bury myself
With each heartbreak.
Each emotional slam dunk.
Each stumble into and away from
A failed attempt I made...
Receiving rejection and disapproving looks!
My grandmama taught me,
With prayer there is fast action!

'As long as you keep your foot to the pedal,

You can do whatever you want!
With faith and prayer...
You will learn how to pass obstacles!
Honk your horn...
If anybody dares to get in you way.
And keep it clean and legal!
Just don't get hit by oncoming traffic! '

Of course I knew what grandma meant!
And I was glad she never had one accident,
OR a ticket!

And the 'ifs' have long passed.
That has been validated for me!
On several of grandma's trips!
And as I look out the window on some days...
Reviewing my journeys on grandma's drives,
I can still see the blurring country side
Whiz by
As grandma drove...
And I was frozen to the car door,
Listening to her sing in increased crescendo!
Knowing I was safe,
Whatever the decision I chose.
Whenever I chose to do it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Increased Visibility

Congratulations,
On achieving your new position.
And the increased visibility.
Now all that is left for you to do,
Is to produce the ability...
With capabilities you have yet,
Shown to others are all your own.
Good luck.
I am sure your abilities,
Will soon open many eyes.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Increases In Staleness

The suddenness of quick endings,
Seem to come suddenly...
And not subtle at all,
Don't they?
Even in the midst of cocktail sipping,
This may occur.

Without warning,
A beginning that has promise...
To remain forever,
Caressed by an effervescentness...
Doesn't age like fine wine most times,
But flatens in taste.
And increases in staleness...
To produce a noticeable waste.

'Are you sure this is 'Chablis'...? '

And a staleness gone unprotected,
Eventually reeks with a stench.
Just like anything taken for granted,
That not longer supports...
But ends,
A pretentiousness that is witnessed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Increasing Flame

Increasing flame!

We've got to let it go.
We've got to let it go.
We've got to let it go.

There is a flame!

And there is no...
Celebration.
There is no...
Peace to gain.
When this flaming came!

Increasing flame!

And there is no...
Celebration.
There is no...
Peace to gain.
When this flaming came!

No peace has been released.
The heat has been increased.
The people are in fear...
And its the people who flee.

No peace has been released.
The heat has been increased.
The people are in fear...
And its the people who flee.

There is a flame!

And there is no...
Celebration.
There is no...
Peace to gain.
When this flaming came!

Who peddles it?
This evil that exists.
The people must insist,
A stopping to this evil.

Who peddles it?
This evil that exists.
The people must insist,
A stopping to this evil.

We've got to let it go.
We've got to let it go.
We've got to let it go.
We've got to let it go.

There is a flame!

And there is no...
Celebration.
There is no...
Peace to gain.
When this flaming came!

No peace has been released.
The heat has been increased.
The people are in fear...
And its the people who flee.

Increasing flame!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Increasing Mental Instabilities

If in the doubting of your own sensibilities,
You find yourself questioning continually...
The expertise of those with proven abilities.
And somehow you 'still' disbelieve,
Documentation available to research and see...
Then the reality to be challenged is not theirs.
That challenge presented is obvious and 'yours'...
To perceive others should understand,
With a giving of time and patience...
As to where 'you' are coming from.
Don't only look in the mirror!
Examine the reflection that appears.
And convince yourself it is you no one else.

And 'if' you never make that your top priority,
Remember this...
You will never be alone to bemoan anxieties or frustrations.
Or a sharing of increasing mental instabilities.
Many are living in fear and denial perceiving others to be crazed.
Hoping...
As these speeding times from them fade,
The future will validate their stubborn behavior.
And everyone else who did face to remove their obstacles,
Will be the ones who have become declared insane.

Keep that mind of yours closed and your fingers crossed.
Who knows?
Perhaps that advanced babbling you overhear,
Will actually not be yours to admit!
Afterall...
So many will be doing it.
Even if yours is kept to a minimum to excuse or deny.

They run to hide their mental instabilities,
People.
And yet they find themselves in the midst of it.
People.
They run to hide their mental instabilities,
People.

And wont admit themselves to be misfit,
People.

They run to hide their mental instabilities,
People.
And yet they find themselves in the midst of it.
People.
They run to hide their mental instabilities,
People.
And wont admit themselves to be misfit,
People.

They run to hide their mental instabilities,
People.
And yet they find themselves in the midst of it.
People.
They run to hide their mental instabilities,
People.
And wont admit themselves to be misfit,
People.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Increasingly Addicted

Cultural and self hate issues,
Will remain to stay...
For those unable to face them to correct.
With a choosing to view them not as foolish,
But choices made embedded forever to accept.

And people living where hate crimes exist,
Have been fed with beliefs what is done is moralistic.
With a hoping that a praying of truths away...
Will someday validate their animalistic ways.

Many are embarrassed by realities.
Believing themselves immuned...
From truth obvious and seen.
Too many have been taught truth demeans.

And many are rooted in concepts held,
That if a telling of a lie is kept long enough...
Their denials will rise to heights.
And facts that exist will vanish from their eyes.

Cultural and self hate issues,
Will remain to stay...
For those unable to face them to correct.
With a choosing to view them not as foolish...
But tools to use to abuse for amusement.

Labelling people evil who speak with truth,
To keep lives lived unchanged and deluded...
Only transfers those minds medicated on fantasies,
To become increasingly addicted...
Limited and mentally sick.
For all eventually wishing to awaken from this!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Increasingly Becoming Outdated

Anyone today,
With their eyes closed to the 'doings'.
And refusing to see things as they are...
Has allowed themselves to be mentally raped.
With complaints that the repetitiveness of the deed done,
Had not been satisfying enough to report the activity.
But wishing the consistency of the effort,
Is performed with much more dignity...
To allow them to maintain their pretentions,
Increasingly becoming outdated!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Incredible

How do You do
The things that You say
And do?
And keep so close
Yet You don't appear to me?

My faith in You
Is true and I don't deny
You fill my heart
With joy
That I do not hide!

Incredible!
This power that is great!
So great it can't be ended.
Incredible!
This feeling that creates...
My needs to keep defending You!

How do
You do
The things
You say that come true?
And keep
So close
Yet You...
Can be everywhere?
My faith
In You
Shines through
And I don't deny
You fill
My heart
With joy
I will never hide!

Incredible!
This power that is great.
So great it can't be ended.

Incredible!
This feeling satiates...
My need to keep defending You!

Incredible to me is You!
How do you keep this like You do?
Always fresh and always new!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Incredible Enough

Everybody wants to know,
Why...
Things today,
Seem incredibly impossible.

And incredible enough,
There are those wanting to know...
Where to go,
To unload their pain.

So many disbelieve,
There are reasons that connect...
To everything unfolding,
If they just inspected.

But everything that clearly begins,
Many do not accept.
Many choose to ignore what 'is'...
Wishing something better for them comes next.

Everybody wants to know,
Why...
Things today,
Seem incredibly impossible.

And incredible enough,
There are those wanting to know...
Where to go,
To unload their pain.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Incredibly Visible

Just wait.
And be patient.
The day will come,
When those who have humiliated others...
With their judgements passed,
And their incorrect beliefs about what is righteous...
Will discover themselves in front of a mirror.

And for them what they will see will be no mistake!
Every blemish, flaw and judgement faced...
Others had to tolerate,
Will become difficult for them to take!

They will discover when they awaken,
From 'themselves' as Seen...
There is no escape!
And that humiliation quickly delivered to others,
To lay as entrapments on their backs...
Will be noticebly carried,
By the ones who had attacked them...
For reasons now seen as being totally insecure.

And 'this' they will wish could be erased.
However...
Truth deceived,
Has a way to reveal itself eventually...
As being incredibly visible.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Incredulous

Incredulous.
They stand deluded,
Inside their heads...
Fantasized.
Incredulous.
Those stances taken.
The heartbreaking done.
With a stubbornness unbecoming.
And a waste of time,
Spent faking.
So incredulous.
Empty rituals with untried faith.
And attempts to make,
What is not there to embrace,
With a 'reality' selected in its place.
Incredulous, yes!
On faces left and gone unaddressed.
And those that are not...
Must choose from them to leave.
Incredulous people,
ARE to be believed!
Do 'not' try to perceive them,
Otherwise.
Incredulous are those,
Who defy truth!
And wish to live their lives...
Totally in the worship of lies!
Incredulous!
And defying a mind satisfying,
Correctness.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Incredulous To Accept

It seems incredulous to accept,
There are those upset...
To have their privacy infringed upon.
When nothing more is wished...
But a maintaining of 'good' credit.
And regardless of how good or bad it is,
Somewhere this is documented.
As someone unknown is probing it every minute.
To tap a phone or loan emails,
Without a consent of this to anyone given.
Only those who seem less upset,
Are those who know their credit has been rejected.
And pose no threat.
Since they have been thriving on little.
With less of that to get.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Indebted Lost Souls (Bright Minds Dimming)

Success to achieve,
To identify oneself with images...
Of wealth to have it perceived,
Trinkets of gold and lies to them told...
Will keep them from being,
Indebted lost souls.

Everywhere one goes,
Within urban settings...
Seen to observe,
Are those with low self worth.
And nonexisting esteem.
These visions have become valued.
To carry on backs as debris replace dreams.

Bright minds dimming.
And taught to waste time finding,
The nearest welfare line.

Bright minds dimming.
And following behind beliefs to appease,
Those who wish to keep them useless.

Bright minds dimming.
To think of success to achieve,
With strict discipline and motivation...
Are fantasies only seen on TV.

These indebted lost souls,
Peep over shoulders.
Weep more when they get older.
With a protesting against their hopelessness.
And seek still to impress,
Those they believe should empathize.
But empathy from them they get even less.

Bright minds dimming.
And taught to waste time finding,
The nearest welfare line.

Bright minds dimming.
And following behind beliefs to appease,
Those who wish to keep them useless.

Success to achieve,
To identify oneself with images...
Of wealth to have it perceived,
Trinkets of gold and lies to them told...
Will keep them from being,
Indebted lost souls.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Indebted To Greed

When you perceived my abilities useless,
And of them you had no need.
You reduced from yourself,
A need I could feed you believed.
An assisting of your prosperity.

Your only vision was to prevent me,
From succeeding.
And in doing so.
You increased your own limitations,
That affected your own opportunities.

People like you,
Believe to have money is success.
But it is the deed that is exchanged,
That feeds the need.
Money alone eventually weakens and depletes.
And a hoarding of it without it circulating,
Defeats the purpose of its use what is valued.

People creating uses of it.
Find they've become abundantly rich.
And you.
Have found yourself indebted to greed.
Eliminating, outsourcing to downsize and layoff.
Has affected your selfish obsession at a high cost.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Indebted To Pretensions Kept

A collective participation,
Has been clipped away...
By effective divisions,
Sold and use to betray...
Any progressive advancement,
Intended to portray a greatness faded.

Today?
A focus is shifted on a daily basis.
Priorities have tumbled,
For the sake of impressions to make.
And people are more interested,
In things to possess.
Although few confess they are stressed by it all.
With mindsets focused on keeping good credit,
Even though the entire economy is indebted...
To pretensions kept.

A collective participation,
Has been clipped away...
By effective divisions,
Sold and use to betray...
Any progressive advancement,
Intended to portray a greatness faded.
A greatness that had been related,
To creating opportunities for all to believe.
Not manipulated by devices to undermine and deceive,
An unconscious bleeding of what had been valued.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Indebted To The Excess

Success may come,
To those wishing others failure.
But a failure to wish on others to come,
With it done...
May keep those feeling very successful.
For their ability to create such failures.
Only to end up paying for a mess.
Indebted to the excess,
Of their own kept ignorance.
And the expense of this is exorbitant.
Look around anywhere,
To observe failures found.
And find you will,
Those using failures of others...
Believing what they've created,
Leaves them feeling good about themselves.
Publicly.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Indefinite Surrender

Your time,
Is not to be found...
Anymore!
My time,
Is not mone to find...
As before!
These times,
Can not be defined...
To explore.
We are rushing towards a future,
No one can ignore.
And our time once taken as we wished...
Has been suspended to enlist,
An indefinite surrender.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Indentured Ventures

Slaves no more are cast upon plantations.
Indentured ventures...
Now lease once freed human beings.
Mixed with diversity embraced.
And sharing their skills at a slower pace.

Some will view these scenes as socialistic.
But a corporate greed,
Feeds the needs of the beast while feasting!
As those of all races...
Discover their 'interdependent' places.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Independent Wishes

I stay interested in their lives.
The youth.
Exploring their individuality.
I stay with a kept interest.
From their perspective and point of view,
How they and not me...
Perceive the living of their lives.
Without insisting to listen
About those days I lived they never knew.
When I was crushed to discover,
Santa Claus had been...
My parents undercover.
Days I lived in torment after that.
All through junior high school,
I resented truth.
I despised what truth meant with contempt.

Times have changed and I remain updated.
I want to keep aware of how the youth today,
With their independent wishes...
Think themselves prepared for a future I saw,
Decades ago to slowly let those 'realities' go.
With a being available for any questions,
The young people might ask.
About 'that' future I had they did not witness.
To cross my fingers in the hope,
Theirs should stay around to linger.

'O.G.? '

Oh who?

'Old guy. Pops. Geeeesssh.
You say you remember what life was like,
Before cell phones and flat screen TV's?
When people denied,
To express their true indentities?
And guys actually wore pants,
Around their waists and above their butts?

And women of all ages had dignity.
Without every other word cussed? '

Yep.
And believe it or not,
People didn't ask to be respected.
It was expected.

'And then...
That future you saw to witness.
What happened to it? '

Well...
Sadly enough,
It came to go so quickly.
People my age,
Either drugged or slept through it.

'LOL....
O.G. got jokes.'

Don't laugh.
I see nothing coming funny,
For you to remember.
Or for me kept with hopes to see.
To keep collectively reminisced,
Quickly to talk about it.
And check this out,
At least when I was a kid,
I was believed...
When I pretended to be innocent.
And you...
Can not do that!
Can you?
I think not.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Indepth Perceptiveness

Just because there are more of you in number...
Does not mean my love is any less,
Than that of yours I receive.

Love is love.

Call it whatever you wish.
But you would not exist on this planet,
If the act of it had not been permitted.

However...
The look of love,
As rendered by God...
Can be argued as to not produce,
His best artistry.

But we all should know by now,
God does have a sense of humor.
And for some of us...
His best jokes may be a bit too dry.
And relies on more indepth perceptiveness.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Indifferences

Indifferences,
We had...
Have to come to an end.

No more!
Not now...
When changes begun,
Must be given a chance...
To begin for everyone!

Not only just for you.
But for me too!
To allow what was done in the past to go!
To accept those beginnings of all things new.

It appears these changes have started to disrupt.
With a crumbling of foundations...
That frustrate and corrupt.
But...
We must and we will give those feelings up!
We are desperate need to feed and cling...
On those things,
That drove us into ruts!
Causing too many of us,
To lose our faith and hope.
And in The Almighty we claim we trust!

Indifferences,
We had...
Have to come to an end.

No more!
Not now...
When changes begun,
Must be given a chance...
To begin for everyone!
Even if they traumaticize our lives.
Those indifferences we kept to protect...
Are no longer on the agenda,

For what comes next!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Indignations

My Lord and I decided...
That we were so divided
And He took me aside
And told me to boost my pride!

I told Him I was weakened,
By everyday life...
And 'tripping' people sneaking.
I wanted to hold on,
But something in my life was gone.

I was wrong.

And He whispered..
Don't let what other people say or see.
If they knew about Me
They would send a pray My way.
But they wont listen to a word in peace.
And I am not about that,
Get yourself right back on track.
Don't let this go or fade away.

Devoted loyalty to Him I need to keep,
But it's tempting to pretend
That the Lord is not listening to me.

Then He sent me a miracle.
I saw myself alone.
Without God in my home.
Then He sent me a miracle.
I saw my every step...
Without God there protecting me.
Yes He sent me a miracle
That showed my journey blocked,
Without My Savior or my faith
There to shock and stop these deeds!

He sent me a miracle...
That showed me

Without God,
I wouldn't be!
This is the miracle God made me see!
Without this miracle there would be no us,
To call we!
Or self-righteous indignations shared.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Indoctrinated Through Ancestry

They are here in droves...
Those me-me-I-I folks.
The ones who have been told they are attractive.
Those with slave mentalities,
And still trying to please their masters.

And I can not say how many folks there are...
Who are afraid to express too much 'identity'.
For fear they will upset someone else's wishes!
And they know what on me they can kiss!
Anyone who has a mind like this!
I'm not having none of it.
There is an addicted sickness inflicted.
Alive and well.
And profiting the few,
Who have so many messed up in their heads!

The more pretentious the folks...
One can find them driven to play charades,
On all coasts.
Wherever they are found 'coasting' and cruising!
It just seems that way.
Those on escapades and away from their identities.
And ready to please.
As if indoctrinated through ancestry!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Indulge

Remove yourself from that which annoys.
Prioritize desires with scoops of joy employed.
Go somewhere where there is no one known there...
Take a deep breath and get issues off your chest.
Relax and let your mind rest,
And indulge yourself!
Remove your stress.

The next time something done is not liked.
Don't make it YOUR position...
To correct and make that condition right!
Even if you 'are' the boss,
Toss it aside and smile!
Let someone else wonder...
Where you are coming from,
Once in a while!

Don't give in to what's expected!
Surprise yourself and quickly reject it.
Do something different never tried before!
Go to a mirror...
And tell yourself you are adored!
Think about that more with a sense of truth.
Then ask yourself out on a date!
Treat yourself for 'one' as if it's 'two'!
And indulge,
As if it is owed to you!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Indulged By Extravagance

With a dose of sugar.
And lots of forget-me-nots...
Haven't we all been induced with fantasy?
Feeling 'exclusive'
And detriment free!

Able to do what we wish and please.
While feeding on an ignorance,
Indulged by extravagance.
As we pass judgements with glee.

Haven't we all been hypnotized,
By a way of life,
We believe produces jealousy.

And now we find we are behind the times.
With a feasting of our gluttony...
Causing a democracy,
To bleed from an endless greed.
With a desire that reality,
Is a delusion someday will go away!

With a dose of sugar.
And lots of forget-me-nots...
Haven't we all been induced,
With fantasy?
Feeling 'exclusive'
That our needs we feed,
Are detriment free!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Ineptness

Carry a big stick,
To threaten from a distance.
Send me pictures of it...
To upset me quick,
With visions I'll be hit with it!
But you'll be wrong wrong.
And I'll be long gone!

Foot power...
Zip.

I like buttered biscuits,
Baked and fresh.
Heated from the oven,
And tasting their best!
You can bring that big stick,
To threaten me with it.
But when I've eaten buttered biscuits,
I'm prepared to split.
Humming a song...
With,
Foot power...zip!

Inept.
Foot power,
Zip!
Ineptness.
Foot power zip!
Inept.
Foot power,
Zip!
Ineptness.
Foot power zip!

'What? '

Foot power zip!
'What is this? '
Foot power zip!

'What? '
Foot power zip!
'What is this? '
Foot power zip!
'What? '

Ineptness!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Inevitable

Even if you don't show up,
To witness it.
Reality will still exist.

Even when you take lunch breaks,
To shop for something to wear...
For the next happy hour.
After getting your hair done...
To attract eyes that stare!
It will be there.
Reality isn't going anywhere!

Reality is not at home,
Watching soap operas.
Or preparing for you,
By taking a warm shower!
Waiting for you to arrive,
To greet you with a welcoming kiss!

Reality isn't wrapped in pretty packages,
To give to you as a gift!
Giving you the opportunity,
To dismiss it...
Because you don't like how it appears!
As it is!
Whether you are thrilled with joy.
Or sobbing in tears!

Reality doesn't care,
If it is or isn't introduced...
To produce either happiness or fear.
It already knows you will meet it,
When you are finished with receiving,
Deception dressed in a cloak that falls!

Leaving you to bite your nails...
Disbelieving the raw details of it all.
And reality will be there when you call.
Stripped naked!

Baring your flaws...
And any remnants of defenseless delusions,
You may care to address!
To initiate debate.
Or contemplate in hesitation...
To give your impression of it!

It is show and tell time!
And this it knows...
Is inevitable!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Inexcusable

When someone has lost credibility,
At the high price paid...
Using the expensive cost,
To betray with deceit laid.

It becomes difficult to sit and sip tea again,
With those who are known...
To do anything to win,
Their own defeat with bleakness gained.

And there is no satisfaction that comes...
Acknowledging those who have chosen,
To have their sheep clothing
Tailored to disguise their wolf eyes.

This will still show...
Once the focus has expose them,
For what is in their hearts!
And that tea will never be as sweet again to sip.

Those who deceive,
Pay a price they do not believe.
And no one cares to hear them beg for forgiveness.
There is something that one does,
And how that is done...
That stays inexcusable.

'How come you didn't tell me I was backstabbing you?
We could have sat and talked about it.
I didn't realize my actions done,
You would come to personalize! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Infatuation

Do not love me as I am.
If you can not embrace to face,
Life to live is a process that evolves.
And everything we are,
Undergoes changes to be made.
Changes made to accept and not delay.
If it is love for me you feel,
Let us both allow time to make it real.

Do not love me as I am.
Love me for my ability to be able to grow.
With a mind willing to comprehend,
That which I understand today to know...
Will not stay the same as it is tomorrow.
And a keeping what it is that you feel for me,
May be more an infatuation.
To leave me wondering about your love.

And I am not the one to commit,
To a feeling you can excuse...
As something you felt,
But came to realize did not for you really exist.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Infectious As A Disease

A product of their own precise agendas,
And priorities they have put into place.
Any mention of their erroneous ways,
Or brushed aside mistakes...
Activates quicker steps of them moving forward.
Excusing every step they make!

Correcting their misdeeds,
Or self reflecting with apologies leave...
They believe themselves untouchable.
And,
Those wishing not to have anything,
To do with them at all...
Agree.
They are untouchable!
In fact...
As infectious as a disease,
Many realize as one disease not needed.

Knowing...
As many have come to learn,
People like this...
Will not be spotted in the corners,
Championing anyone's happiness...
If not their own!
All you will hear from these folks,
Moans and groans as if they were achievements.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Infestation

From birth to achieve one's purpose,
Is that what it is one's life should be?
Or are we given this experience...
To exist to witness others succeed?

Are we to take life as an expected gift?
To sit in anticipation...
As life should come to us,
To breeze through easily.

From birth to achieve one's purpose,
Like steps come in increments.
First there is a crawling done.
To stand up tall to fall.
Ignoring to stall these as minor incidents.
Is not this life to live with such a preference?

No flying from a leap...
Some believe taken in clean sweeps,
To not repeat...
Incompleted lessons.

From birth to achieve one's purpose,
In sessions God dictates.
Although some prefer to stay whining like babies.
Hoping an empathy negates their impatient wait.

And some are often praised,
When they leave implusive scars...
To leave marks condone!
By others shown...
They too were raised to be just as crazed!
With the effects of this to go unquestioned.
Since their beliefs are released...
For a complete infestation for others to reap.
As reality takes a backseat...
While continuing to be depleted.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Infestation Of Getting 'High' On Education

The increasing costs of one's higher education,
Provides 'what' as a guarantee?
Intelligence?
Common sense?
An ability to know the difference between...
Being accountable and responsible?
Competent 'with' integrity?

Does the increasing costs of one's education,
Automatically bestow pride...
And identity?
Or is one paying to network nonsense?
To ensure more of it becomes obvious as seen.
And we all benefit by the process of this...
Infestation of getting 'high' on education and not deeds.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Infested And Compromised

Concentrate on removing that stuff off your plate.
The 'stuff' that you ordered but now say you hate?
On the menu it may look tempting to please..
But the picture is painted,
To attract with its photography!

The presentation is meatless...
It's lacking of beef!
There's nothing to sink the teeth into...
Nothing worthy enough to repeat!
Hoping one might be ready,
For a taste of exquisite dessert...
But the chef that has mixed this wasted crap,
Gets paid under the table and lays in dirt!

This place was selected,
Since many thought they had 'arrived'!
But it seems more nastier at the top...
Than anyone of merit could ever realize.
There is much more filthyness,
With an urgency to be sanitized!
When those climbing to achieve prestigious success,
Leave those on the bottom...
Infested and compromised!

Unconcerned where they head,
Or how steep their nose dive!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Infidelity

Infidelity is what it is.
It's a disregard for loyalty.
An unfaithfulness displayed,
With a consent to deceive...
A trust believed.
To do what one pleases,
And leaves.

Goal?
To cheat.
With the eating of a piece of cake,
Frosted to taste...
In a treating of a deception,
Thought of until caught...
As acceptable.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Infinitely, Before You Arrived

You can not borrow from my time,
Infinitely.
Infinitely.
Infinitely...
You can not borrow from my time,
Infinitely.
Infinitely.
Infinitely...
To take,
And try to make your mission my condition.
To leave me in suspicion wishing,
For your absence I was missing...
Before you arrived.

You can not borrow my time to take...
And try to make your mission,
My condition.
Before you arrived.

You can not borrow from my time,
Infinitely.
Infinitely.
Infinitely...
To take,
And try to make your mission my condition.
To leave me in suspicion wishing,
For your absence I was missing...
Before you arrived.
To lie and scheme by my side.

Infinitely.
Before you arrived.
Infinitely.
To lie and scheme by my side.

Infinitely.
Before you arrived.
Infinitely.
To lie and scheme by my side.

Infinitely.
Before you arrived.
Infinitely.
To lie and scheme by my side.

Infinitely.
Infinitely.
Infinitely...
To lie and scheme by my side.
Infinitely.
Infinitely.
Infinitely.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Inflamed And Embroiled

It is as if we MUST live in fear today.
To protect a peace that is betrayed,
By unknown faces and places unfamiliar!
I refuse to live that way!
Am I a suspect of treason?
Since I carry no reason
On my back to be afraid?
I refuse restrictions that delay...
A peace I know can flow but strays,
With a new weapon preached,
As I duck from the spit that's sprayed!
There is nothing that can reach...
Those caught in this feverish,
Beseeching heat!
Inflamed and embroiled they seek,
To defeat!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Inflammatory Remarks

Inflammatory remarks...
Concised,
But should not be dismissed.
Actions engaging fear and terror,
To incite beliefs of those racist...
With observations biting to excite,
Increases the decrease of a credibility
That is allowed to further exist.

The origin of inflammatory remarks,
Did not just start to tear people apart.
This evilness has been given an artform...
To alarm a way of life!
Engrossing only those...
Who have chosen to anger with deceit,
And employ to their advantage
This strfe that ignites.

And conflicting fights begin,
To have the 'majority' appear as victims!
However...
Who incarcerated,
Or lives homeless on city streets...
Surrounded by blight with nothing to eat.
Believes this?
As those observing those self serving...
Know too well,
The outlook for all appears extremely bleak!

Inflammatory remarks spoken or not...
Has not erased the obscenities that have disgraced.
And a way of life valued,
That has been disrespected...
By an acceptance of neglect,
Those participating have assisted to deface!
And a diminishing witnessed,
Is without a 'collective' cohesive defense.
Apparently this to them of such ignorant whims,
Makes useless sense to condemn!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Inflated Self Worth

Inflated self worth...
May be a need some must feed,
To receive attention.
Or a curiousity shown,
To them expressed and mentioned.

Eventually to be addressed,
At someone else's expense.

And this often takes place,
When those who love to embellish...
Do so,
When it is realized the audience listening...
Has several unfamiliar and attentive fresh faces.

To accomplish and achieve what one believes,
Is an easier way to notoriety...
Than providing the actual evidence that can be researched.
But then again when one embellishes a delusion,
One is hoping that a dazzling performance is sufficient...
Enough,
To enthrall newcomers and nonbelievers.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Inflated To Over-Rate

Fame to achieve can not be predicted.
Or can it be claimed without working for it.
Although many who proclaim their success and fame,
Seldom name to acknowledge those who assist...
Placing the pieces together to fit.

Eventually received is an attention one gets,
With a boasting of activities they alone created.
But those unseen behind the scenes,
And actually tolerated being demeaned...
By others who believed them to be 'wannabees',
Connected to get one's fame in place...
While observing an inflated to over-rate ego.

'An ego no longer fed,
Eventually has to produce.
Stealing from another to then embellish it,
Leaves an ego that relishes the doing of this...
Left to produce and alone what it is they have claimed.'

~What do you mean? ~

'Time has a way of providing definition.
And those familiar with a work one claims to have done,
Will sooner or later discover the reality that comes.'

~That's too deep for me to comprehend.~

'One day your eyes will open wide,
To reveal what is not understood.
Life has a way of shining light,
On those whose minds were expected stay blinded.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Inflicted

As the world seems to be plummenting,
Into a chaos of lies and hopelessness.
Let us be reminded,
That which is viewed...
Is manifested by our thoughts.
We brought this upon ourselves...
And we must turn this doom around.
These conflicts inflicted aren't sound.
Planted in subconsciousness found!
These mental tricks came anonymous.
But you and I must snap out of it quick!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Influence

What makes you think that I'm not thinking?
Or observe from experiences forced to live?
Opinions you have of me are shrinking...
Gone are negative thoughts you give!

What makes you think you have influence?
When your own backyard is in disarray?
You made attempts to have others ignore me.
But from you they have gone away.

Claims you made have now been disputed.
Petty is your mode of thought.
You have chosen envy and deceit.
And enemies you created...
Have brought to you defeat!

You elated in plans unjust.
Backstabbing those by gaining their trust.
Now that you have been exposed as a demon.
Others like you are being sought to crush!

What makes you think that I'm not thinking?
Or observe from experiences forced to live?
Opinions you have of me are shrinking...
Gone are negative thoughts you give!
And I like many seek a life that's positive!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Influence And Prestige

Keeping one's mind fantasized,
Does not return good dividends.
Nor does the hoarding of truth,
Keeps it unavoidable.
No one playing this game of Bingo,
Is going to be heard to win.

And...
The starting all over with new rules,
To school those unaccustomed to discipline...
Will not gain the attention,
Those grabbing onto their balls...
With threats to leave with perceptions they lead.

They follow themselves,
Down the road of bigger not better delusions.
With beliefs they can make someone listen,
To more created tales,
About their influence and prestige...
That has resulted in jealousy and envy.

'What are you whining about now? '

A 'piper' carrying a batch of promissary notes.
And a reluctance shown to masquerade,
Unpaid.
You didn't hear that from me.
I'm not the one whining.
I'm observing. Remember that!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Influence To Rule

Only those impaired with tunneled vision,
And blinded without hindsight...
Depth or introspection,
To prove they are not inept...
Seek 'still' to define themselves,
With 'things' to impress kept...
Yet,
Heard is their silent screaming...
To be released from shallow mindsets.
But teased they are with sweetened delusions.

They want to believe it.
With a wish it is perceived...
That,
They have...
Influence to rule,
From the dawning every morning.
And before somebody yawns.

They want to believe it.
With a wish it is perceived...
That,
They have...
Influence to rule.

The times continue to shatter walls blocked.
By those attempting to stop,
The increasing awareness...
So many today have got.
Yet the ones who should benefit,
From this 'transmitted' transition...
Hold tightly with a grip that slips,
Away but slowly from nonexisting myths.
Disappearing yet with persistence...
They insist,
Ancestors had delegated their presence...
Fixed as the center of the universe.
Fixed where their stubbornness sits.

They want to believe it.
With a wish it is perceived...
That,
They have...
Influence to rule.
From the dawning every morning.
And before somebody yawns.
That,
They have...
Influence to rule.
Influence to rule.
Influence to rule.
From the dawning every morning.
And before somebody yawns.
And upon the planet Jupiter,
Uranus and ones beyond...
That,
They have...
Influence to rule.

They want to believe it.
With a wish it is perceived...
Ancestors left them with abilities to achieve,
From the dawning every morning.
And before somebody yawns.
That,
They have...
Influence to rule.
Influence to rule,
Every light year in the Cosmos.
And the billions of years beyond...
That,
They have...
Influence to rule.
Influence to rule.
Influence to rule.

Only those impaired with tunneled vision,
And blinded without hindsight...
Depth or introspection,
To prove they are not inept...
Seek 'still' to define themselves,

With 'things' to impress kept...
Yet,
Heard is their silent screaming...
To be released from shallow mindsets.
But teased they are with sweetened delusions.
And like insects they are amongst pests upset.
Believing themselves better than terrestials,
Going as they go...
As uninvited guests,
Yet...
From the dawning every morning.
And before somebody yawns...
Those with mindsets dimming.
Wish to perceive as they continue holding on,
That,
They have...
Influence to rule.
Influence to rule,
Every light year in the Cosmos.
And the billions of years beyond.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Influenced By Europeans

As An American I can say,
I've been influenced by Europeans.
I grew up with Jews and Italians,
Most of my young life.
My high school had a mixture,
Of Russians, Portuguese, French
And Spaniards.
Who would find me humorous...
When the teacher saw my hand raised,
To sometimes ignore.
Until I made outbursts.
Expecting from her more.

I took two years of French.
And had friends of several races.
Then one day all of that was changed.
When the city I now live in...
Became a place for bigoted racists.

Oh there may be many who will try to deny what I say.
But when I was a child,
Where I live wasn't divided as it is today.
With waves of bused in suburbanites...
Coming to work during the day.
To leave their jobs for an urban flight!
When I was a child,
Not much of that was in sight!

The first time I heard the word 'nigger'
Was from a Black music teacher,
Who wanted to impress.
Reminding us of how she felt.
And made sure to us that was addressed.
Oh yes!

As An American I can say,
I've been influenced by Europeans.
I grew up with Jews and Italians,
Most of my young life.

My high school had a mixture,
Of Russians, Portuguese, French
And Spaniards.
Who would find me humorous...
When the teacher saw my hand raised,
To sometimes ignore.
Until I made outbursts.
Expecting from her more.
And I was not hushed,
Until I got it!

Dedicated:
To those friends I remember
from Northeast Junior High School
and Hartford Public High School.
Just a 'few' years ago.
Or, more appropriately, decades
that seemed to have flown away.
~LSP~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Information Overload

Many suffer from,
Information overload.
And nothing can be done,
By information overload.
Too many getting numb,
With information overload.
And not overcoming,
That information overload...
Can be,
Impossible to see achieved.

Simple conversation is...
Impossible to have it achieved.
Eye contact is...
Impossible to have it achieved.
An understanding is...
Impossible to have it achieved.
People sincere is...
Impossible to have it achieved!

Many suffer from,
Information overload.
And nothing can be done,
By information overload.

With many running away...
From wanting purpose.
And many running away...
From honesty!
And many running away...
From keeping focus.
And many running away...
From peace believed,
To wish it could be possible.

With many running away...
From wanting purpose.
And many running away...
From honesty!

And many running away...
From keeping focus.
And many,
Are running away...
From peace believed.
To wish it could be possible.

Eye contact is...
Impossible to have it achieved.
An understanding is...
Impossible to have it achieved.
People sincere is...
Impossible to have it achieved!
Because we're overloaded,
With too much information.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Infringement

It should not take more than one time,
For anyone to awaken...
To realize a hospitality shown to others,
Has begun to become less appreciated.

And when one's kindness is taken for weakness...
It is the hour to ask those like that to leave.

No one has to tolerate disrespect.
Or an infringement upon one's dignity!
When this happens...
It is the hour to ask those like that to leave.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Ingenuous

It is extremely ingenuous,
To make false statements about another.
Behind one's back.
Then to contradict with a love for someone,
Mentioned to ensure the validity of a lie told.

And in some environments that is easy to do.
To guaranteed an empathy given is received.
While another is perceived not to be appreciative.

Oh,
People use all kinds of tactics...
To display themselves innocently victimized.
And they are the main ones...
Doing any kind of victimization done.

Deceiving with sincerity.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Ingredients To Feed

One says he wants to create wealth.
And he and his friends have enough of it to prove...
This will be his priority!
While the other says he wishes to spread it.
If he is given the authority!
And a decaying infrastructure has suffered,
By those who have kept their wealth of gains,
To themselves.
Since the backs of the middle class have been broken.
And they have supplied the thieves,
With the ingredients to feed their greed.
Hoping the one who wants to create wealth,
Succeeds to deplete with sustained deceit!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Inheritable Instincts

It does not matter on which shores,
Who follows or leads, cheats and deceives.
No...
It doesn't matter who takes or gives,
Or surprisingly receives.
When storm clouds gather to block the Sun,
To then stir up thunder and winds...
With a churning of oceans to be witnessed done.

Anyone who believes they can keep their priorities...
To themselves as they please,
Are first to run away from kept hypocrisies...
As a reality upon them begins to descend,
The moment they feel all of nature comes to threaten...
Their inheritable instincts.

And with a proving of their delusions to protect themselves,
With weapons kept to chase away their fears...
Are just as useless as their scripted fantasies.
Although...
A return to marketing their biases and divisions are restored,
Once more.
To perceive their activities have been ignored.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Inherited Deceptions

People today...
Are no longer anxious to vote,
As a privileged routine.
Acquired by their ancestors.
When voting had been a purpose.
With it done to reflect kept wishes.
To do to select those who represented,
Not only their dreams but also respect.

People today...
Have begun to become more demanding.
To realize and identify lies to live them,
On borrowed loans and increased debts.
To become too expensive and not effective,
For their delusions to keep in minds expected...
By those elected,
Making updated appearances...
In customed tailored costumes.
With familiar repeated promises made.

People today...
Have begun to discover,
An ignorance kept to stay from a truth to face...
Resulting to deliver more anguish and pain.
And for those who have inherited deceptions,
To reject the truth to disbelieve its existence...
Find that resisting against its presence,
Will remain the same regardless who promises...
What they can expect to have an effect.

And for those seduced by delusions,
Without solutions to correct their regrets...
Stay protesting against an ignorance,
Many prefer kept and left alone.
Since all quality of life and aspects of it,
Slip to slide...
From a known height to condone as promised.

People today...

Are no longer anxious to vote,
As a privileged routine.
Acquired by their ancestors.
When voting had been a purpose.
With it done to reflect kept wishes.
To do to select those who represented...then,
Not only their dreams but also respect.

'Oh, comeon.
Smell the coffee.
People today do not vote on ideals.
Or what appeals to standards and values,
To remember what they were.
People today have been sold on conflict.
And anyone heard to speak with hatred preached,
Will be the one qualified who best represents...
Lessons taught to them to teach. That's it.
All that other stuff to make up is pretentious.

And unfortunately...
People today no longer anxious to vote,
Are stuck in between deception or corruption..
From which to choose..
Or both if they should decide to remain,
Independently dependent on all the B.S.
To perceive themselves as being 'awakened'.
With it done without inheriting disappointment.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Initially Exaggerated

Discovering anything new,
Presents an excitement...
One wishes to keep possessed.
Then something happens!

A familiarity with the relationship,
Becomes a series of tests.
With a wish sought to outdo...
A higher state of pleasure,
One seldom gets.

Although...
A search continues to recreate,
What was initially exaggerated...
In the first place.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Initially Played

An enticing game initially played...
Is beginning to leave very few,
Wishing at all to win!
At underhanded duels.
Screwing all and everyone pursued!
Everyone is discovering,
Heartlessness has been a prerequisite!
But those chips disguised...
And now recognized
As a chase for terrorists,
To masquerade the depths
Of this degrading laid to enlist unrest.
And has been a solicitation of a blindedness...
Unresisted and prepared to assist!
Until a darkening over this began to persist.
And everyone enjoys feeling triumphant in sunlight!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Initiated To Protect Their Diminshing Freedoms

Too few too long,
Have not been listened to.
Those few so strong and brave,
Have sacrificed their lives..
And unafraid to raise their voices,
High.
Are not on these scenes,
To be demeaned anymore.

Too many convinced,
Their way of life defended...
To them had made sense.
With an allowing to leave them,
To be indifferent.
And all today who now can see,
Have come to realize...
Their priorities lived have been deceived.

Too few too long,
Have not been listened to.
Those few so strong and brave,
Have sacrificed their lives..
And unafraid to raise their voices,
High.
Are not on these scenes,
To be demeaned anymore.

And now today no one can escape,
What has been valued...
Has been reappraised.
With a wish for comprehension,
And a spreading of empathy will come their way...
As more and more on warring shores,
Find themselves caught up...
To free their minds,
From a raging craze that with them stays.
Initiated to protect their diminshing freedoms.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Initiation You Know Will Irritate

Why should it have to explained?
Figure it out!
You have a brain.
And why some do,
I wonder of the use?
My comments aren't always patronizing.
And if a useless one could be renovated?
Only another miracle has been witnessed.
Is every thought in this air confusing you?
I can understand if it does.
You wish to play with the best of my emotions.
And I am looking for the nearest exit.
Somehow what had been attractive,
With skin tone claims and nonexistent depth...
Begins to devalue in purpose.
There is absolutely nothing left between us,
But a shared unpleasant attitude.
If I do anything you dislike or don't understand...
Why introduce an initiation you know will irritate?
You send an invitation to irritation each time.
And you want me to explain...
Why that white picket fence,
Wont find us together building it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Initiative

If I choose not to be held accountable,
For your responsibilities.
With an announced committment.
I am not the one to accuse of neglect.
Especially if your own life,
You do not prioritize with respect.

If I am in no position,
To hold your hand and babysit.
You can make all the claims you wish,
To point out my arrogance and selfishness.

I am not here to defend against your opinions.
Nor am I addicted to expressed empathies to give.
I've been taught to get up off my knees from crawling.
And not wait for someone to convince me,
Of my abilities.
Taking initiative does not come easy.
Nor is motivation given,
To appease those lazy...
Who use excuses as they please.

NOTE:
'Thank you T'Ana (my great niece)
Who thanked her grandmother (my sister, Andrea)
Who thanked our mother, Edna...
Who instilled 'initiative' in us,
(my sisters Tammy, Lisa, and yes, Andrea and myself) '

Who says women aren't the backbone of families?
And who says a man can be a man without them,
instilling the meaning of 'initiative'.
~LSP~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Initiative And Effort

Fantasy based realities,
Have eroded the sensibilities of many.
Bittersweet is the taste of the pudding these days.
And defiant are the stances taken,
By those unaccepting that a making of dreams...
Takes initiative and effort.

And those behind the scenes doing this...
Are not wasting time,
Parading around delivering statements.
Time does not permit this,
As if a magic wand is in use.

Success that comes to one,
Has not been achieved because of a lucky break...
In most cases!
People sweat and toil to make things happen!

A greatness maintained,
Takes a persistent sleeplessness.
Mistakes and re-evaluation!
And not constant public pronouncements.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Initiative, Discipline And Desire

I have been successful.
With attention given.
My first steps on a stage unafraid,
Gave to me something inside I kept.
Initiative, discipline and desire never left!

And it was never my ambition to remain in spotlight.
With the hearing of applause and to bow.
Once I knew what I did to do,
I wanted to prove to myself...
I could do something else.

My greatest satisfaction is to see others succeed.
And those who believe achieving success is easy,
Are not willing to experience...
What it takes to witness,
Their own success develop to exist.

And it is only with the wanting of this,
One toils and sweats without regret...
Who is or isn't ultimately impressed with their efforts.
Since time has taught me what I've learned,
Is success is earned and not given to one who sits wishing.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Initiator Of The Hit And Run

You!
Instigator.
Initiator of the hit and run,
With a lieing done...
To cover up,
Behind the convenience...
Of protective shadows.
Once you have left the scene...
To squeeze it completely,
Of any feeling for you left...
That will again extend a welcome.

You!
Dilutor of truth.
Misfit of deeds.
And deliverer of falsities exposed.
Enough to make a hypocrite freeze,
In disbelief...
After hearing the words you choose,
To describe your malicious intent...
As an innocent absence of clarity!
But in the midst of character assassination,
You are there to direct with effective deception.

You know exactly what you do and to who.
And whom to use too,
To carry forth the venom stung to sting...
Acknowledging which ears to pick that will listen,
To you flip flop your lips with a licking of a tongue.

You!
Instigator.
Initiator of the hit and run,
With a lieing done...
To cover up,
Behind the convenience...
Of protective shadows,
To do what you do best...
As you premeditate another way to dicreetly deceive.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Injustice

We do ourselves the injustice.
When a looking away from misdeeds.
We do ourselves the injustice.
Just to please,
An accepted conformity.

We do ourselves the injustice.
When a looking away from misdeeds.
We do ourselves the injustice.
As a quality of life,
Decreases to deplete.
To delete our wants, wishes...
And needs to be dismissed.

Too many sitting on fences are afraid
To say...
Exactly what's on their minds,
Today.
Yet will complain in whispers heard,
Not to disturb with comments meant.
That might represent,
How they feel.
But,
Taking a stand...
They refuse to reveal.

Upset with their communities.
And how their leaders can't seem,
To lead.
Yet over others they made the choice,
To think their unheard voices...
Would be represented.

No wheel one takes time to grease,
Gets the attention!
Anyone who leaves to grieve,
Over what's left to get...
Should not expect more,
If it has not been...

Appropriately expressed to address.

We do ourselves the injustice,
By assuming someone else...
Lives to make it understood,
What we can't comprehend...
With a desire to understand,
That we do ourselves the injustice.
With beliefs others,
Are more responsible to live...
Our lives to do as we supervise.
Watch and from distances complain.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Inner Conflict

The only ones offended...
And pretend they have a right,
To fight against and defend
Expressions that lend themselves
To expose feelings felt without pretence.
They themselves keep fenced...
Intensed!
Are those who sit with inner conflict!
Their sickness is in their minds.
And will not be found in mine!
This freedom to explore possibilities...
Is an option not to be entrapped,
By those wrapped up within!
Their limitations are not sought,
To provide an end to my thoughts!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Inner Containment

Inner containment obtained,
That maintains one's desire...
To refrain from a brain drain.
Is not easy.

Most perceive a peace of mind,
To receive is a commodity.
Something cheap.
And a bargain found,
While shopping around a flea market.
Or a novelty seen on TV to get.

One's peace of mind to keep kept,
Requires one staying as far away...
From those obsessed,
With wishes to share...
What it is about living life,
That depresses.
As if...
They sought it to purchase.
And possessing what they bought,
Upsets.
To believe someone else,
Is prepared to exchange...
A pointless unexplained anger.

Inner containment to obtain,
With peace of mind to keep sustained
Is difficult to do.
Especially if someone is determined,
To pull one's chain.
And dangling from it,
A huge medallion reads:
'Please under 'no' circumstances,
Make attempts to get on my nerves!
I bark AND bite.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Inner Mission

When I met truth,
I pretended I had already accepted,
It to know.
Until one day it insisted,
I not look away.
But keep my eyes fixed upon it.

And at first this was difficult.
I began to use excuses.
Then I felt truth had personally,
Intended to send me...
On an inner mission.
One I attempted to refuse.

Truth became relentless.
So relentless to make me,
Just as relentless too.
To become honest with myself.
And everywhere I went.
No longer could I prevent,
The doing of truth.
Or allow it deceived.

I became stubborn.
And would not budge.
My eyes were opened.
Regardless who resented the truth,
I kept within me to believe.
To stay on this inner mission.
And accept as my life permanently.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Innocence Expressed And Accepted

Anyone who will do anything,
With intent to take advantage of another...
Will do this time and again.
And...
Expect to be forgiven.
Like a child expecting their innocence expressed,
And accepted to know they will be protected...
By someone fooled and bamboozled.

Deception has become a pre-requisite these days.
And truth?
Many have found the doing offensive.

And 'if' that child is not effectively corrected,
Expect the blooming of nonsense to become the adult...
That perceives any misdeed,
Is not their responsibility to confess.
Or should they be placed in a position,
To be held accountable for their actions.

Deception has become a pre-requisite these days.
With a doing to contribute to their teachings.

Especially with these types of lessons taught,
To fault and blame to shame...
With the right dose of character assassination.
And undeniable evidence of this is in the observation.
Once eyes and ears are open wide.
To see those who betray running to hide,
From their own creations.

With a leaving anyone conscious,
Fully awake and comprehends...
A needing not to be intimidated by debates.
Or interpretations in wasted discussions,
As to who should be convinced of that which is witnessed.
Since the taste of a served cake, pudding or pie,
Is what it is and nothing more to describe, deny or lie about...
Can defend the reality of a mess those overdosed with delusion,

Have left to refuse the doing of it done.

'Trust us to 'clinically' remove with precision,
Any pain unintentionally inflicted.
We ask for your continued patience and faith.
Although we can not guarantee,
A successful outcome anyone should expect for our efforts.
However...
We have been down this road before.
Haven't we? '

~What's up with this 'WE' business? ~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Innocence Has Taken Flight

So many moving further away from the basics,
With a determination to complicate...
A simple way of appreciating life,
Once thought magical and exciting at a time...
When minds were not bombarded to accept,
The presence of corruption, deception and crime.
But today...
It appears temptations and weaknesses are evident,
As evidence...
Innocence has taken flight.

With a speeding done that appears dedicated,
To leave behind all yesterdays...
A fast forward movement has advocated removing,
Those who have aged to witness time fly.
To be left to find excuses and more alibis,
As to why they sat to watch life with regrets.
Instead of adventuring to uncover,
Those sweet memories remembered and received...
As a peace of mind and happiness,
Is welcomed and better when reminisced.

'It seems to me that the past is all history now.'

That's why it is referred to as history.

'What? '

The past.
Very few have an ability to reminisce the future.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Innocent Babe In The Woods

I use to be that one choosing to pick,
Appropriate words to say.
As to avoid offending,
Those protecting their pretentiousness.
I had been told as I grew into a young man,
'Trust your gut and not make things up'.
So I let others believe I was quiet and shy.
But those who knew me best,
Came to know cards I held...
Were not closely held to my chest.
And I played this game until it became boring.

One day for whatever the reason,
I found I had stepped away from those safe places.
To erase from faces their expectations.
And not a moment have I spent since,
Believing I should convince anyone...
That a truth as I know it to be I will keep deceived.
Especially around those still portraying,
An innocent babe in the woods.
With it to comprehend as I know it understood,
Only wolves in sheep clothing...
Will continue to pretend to keep that done.

'I can't believe these days as so riddled with strife.
Confusion and conflict.
Can you? '

These days of 'disbelief'...
Are the same days that have escalated,
From the days you refuse to see them...
As days others had no choice but to live.
But you were yet to become affected.

'Oh my.
Aren't 'we' the bitter one.'

I use to be.
But I've stopped arguing with people like you,

Who told me my point of view had been negative.
And the only feeling I have is disgust,
That people like you have chosen to sleep through it.

'Oh I see.
Well I am sure others here will disagree,
With your severe assessment of me.'

Bug off Black Widow.
I'm already familiar with your disguises.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Innovation

Is it easier to become 'creative'
When one pleasures ideals with theft?
Is it easier to manipulate,
What someone else has done...
To welcome the inspiration,
Of one who has none!

Creativity comes from something perceived.
Something produced from nothing,
That one has achieved.
But there are those who believe,
Distorting an accomplishment...
Will heighten an enlightenment of these deeds.
With no one to suspect at all...
Their minds are innovation free.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Innovations Celebrated

Innovations celebrated,
Seldom come to be done...
To honor one's ability to tweek.
And/or plagiarize from another,
With claims to make blaming...
That the one who creates relentlessly,
Has not presented anything recently...
Others can criticize without it realized,
Who does the inventing to reveal and leads...
With judgements passed to be heard,
From those taking steps on a path that is followed.
To complain what has been paved to witness,
Is in need of a more enhanced ambiance.

'I hear what you are saying.
But with respect to give,
Your improvements to make...
Will never overshadow those efforts made,
Endeavored to be accomplished...
By the one who pioneers.'

~But we planted the grass, trees and shrubs.~

'And all of that looks great.
However...
Who did the sweating to carve the path? '

~What difference does that make? ~

'The honor we give to who did the task.
And questions ignored,
By someone like you who should not ask.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Innovative Steps

There is no way to protect,
One's original creations...
From acts of theft.

And yet those who achieve,
Remarkable success...
In the plagiarizing of another's best,
Eventually find themselves...
Less motivated when it becomes detected,
They have abilities to follow.
And not from themselves,
Take innovative steps.

And...
A thought to express with originality,
They have yet to experience...
A delivery like that without assistance.

Right now they search,
Through other authors' works...
To re-arrange concepts,
They did not first achieve.

Although they wish others to believe...
They have been blessed to be creators.
Masking the fact...
They only have ambitions to thieve.
For them this is creating with ease.
With a hope for acceptance and notoriety.

'Who do you refer to? '

Those stimulated by imitation.
With beliefs they flatter,
By the stealing of concepts...
To achieve centerstage status.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Innovators That Supply The Real Juice

To no one's surprise,
The 'fly-by-nights' regurgitate...
For notoriety purposes that is plagiarized.
Believing what they add to discovery is originality.
And none of it from them can be produced.
Not from minds with eyes probing to redefine,
The invention of the wheel.

With a reducing of innovators that supply the real juice,
Quite noticeable from an absence of a certain delivery...
With something that identifies a style with bite.
This taste is gone.
Like the removal of salt and butter...
From anticipated fresh and heated popcorn.

And this is an obvious omission,
Diluted by those chipping away...
With a hope to experience their names up in neon.
At someone else's labored expense and creativity.
But they get away with it,
Since mediocrity sells and quicker to release...
From a mind using thought as a process to steal.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Innuendo, Gossip 'And' Lies!

Isn't it easy for you to sit and criticize?
With nothing you do to be held accountable to.
With no responsibility...
But to approve or disapprove as you choose.
And say what you like and dislike about others.
And who you have chosen to agonize and despise.
With innuendo, gossip and lies!

'Oh my...
Innuendo, gossip 'and' lies? '

That's right...
Innuendo, gossip 'and' LIES!

'Ewww...
That's awful! '

Isn't it easy for you to sit and criticize?
Without one effort made to create and strategize.
And those all day and night sleepless work binges...
Could not approach or touch,
Your lazy appetite for life!

Since what you do best,
Is make attempts to initiate unrest!
With innuendo, gossip and lies!

'Oh my...
Innuendo, gossip 'and' lies? '

That's right...
Innuendo, gossip 'and' LIES!

'Oh my...'

Isn't it easy for you to sit and criticize?
With nothing you do to be held accountable to.
With no responsibility...
But to approve or disapprove as you choose.

And say what you like and dislike about others.
And who you have chosen to agonize and despise.

'Don't say it!
Not with...'

Yep,
That's right...
Innuendo, gossip 'and' LIES!

'Oh my...
Innuendo, gossip 'and' lies? '

That's right...
Innuendo, gossip 'and' LIES!

People like you who do nothing but criticize,
Are pitiful!
Despicable.
Obnoxious and unwise.
Doing what you do to antagonize people's lives.

'Oh,
Please allow me to say it...
Innuendo, gossip 'and' lies? '

That's right...
Innuendo, gossip 'and' LIES!

'Oh my! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Innuendos Too Outrageous

Destroyed they have done,
Their own relationships.
Be they with friends or family members.
And with venom to spill their evils,
Out from mouths quick...
To lick poison dripping from twisted lips.

So many have lived lives like this,
Fantasized by lies they've told.
So many have accused others to abuse,
With the use of garbaged gossip whispered.
And innuendos too outrageous,
Done to do for themselves to amuse.

And although this doing is accepted by those,
Also mentally unfit and overexposed by wickedness...
Truth to know has been from them kept distant.
To have made no difference to have it exist.
Since so many today are first offended,
When reality to face threatens to replace their delusions.

Destroyed they have done,
Their own relationships.
Be they with friends or family members.
And with venom to spill their evils,
Out from mouths quick...
To lick poison dripping from twisted lips.

And yet beset by wounds inflicted unable to mend,
They protest against...
Being treated like objects who are victimized.
But deny what is reflected to digest,
To not accept the reason why, the how or the who...
Began to manifest the success of their devastation.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Inquisition

I wish I had more time to spend,
In this inquisition you are in.
And when you receive
Information you are willing to accept
And only believe,
Don't perceive me there waiting...
With my heart on my sleeve.
I would have retrieved my belongings
And from you I did leave!
Patterns of doubt,
You want to start and toss about...
May be great for those anticipating your charms,
But I don't need you as a trophy,
To dangle uncertain on my arm!
If you're going to be with me...
Know that I wanted to be there with you!
I'm not looking for aggravation...
You want to start OR put me through!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Insecure And With Self Esteem Issues

Why is it...
Those insecure and with self esteem issues,
Are apparently also the ones most boisterous?
Rowdy, loud and lack social etiquette.
And always opinionated of those self assured.
Especially those who have defined their identities.
Only to say they are not being who they should be.
While those insecure with self esteem issues,
Always seem to be seeking attention...
As if to prove that being obnoxious,
Is their interpretation of being down to Earth.
And always at someone else's expense to demean.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Insecurities Not Faced

I am not into the hide and seek business.
No...
Not me.
I prefer to be confronted,
By those with wisdom...
And an experienced maturity.

Insecurities not faced,
And protected to defend...
Will not become my reason to feel,
I need to walk softly on eggshells...
Around those with emotions,
Hidden like children to prevent their tantrums.

I am not into the hide and seek business.
No...
Not me.
I prefer to be confronted,
By those with wisdom...
And an experienced maturity.

I try to stay away,
From those who thrive on delusions...
As a means to keep realities defeated.

I'd rather be around those who tell it like it is.
Than to hear from those who gossip about...
Who said what to someone else,
That offended and left them in tears.
It has been many aging years since I had been a kid!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Insecurities To Champion

Insecurities to champion them,
Leaves those who promote...
A choice to provoke others,
Into choosing with druthers...
To prove themselves,
Not dependent on immaturity...
Seek the company,
Of the ones more secure.
Who have long left behind,
A need to keep feeding...
Upon obvious childish misdeeds,
Just for the purpose...
For an attention to get,
Not received...
When no one noticed to care,
Their diapers were wet.
And left to go unchanged.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Insensitive, Cold And Indifferent

I have my insecurities.
And I am glad to have been younger,
To had been made forced to deal with them...
Publicly.
With the knocking down of walls.
And the building of defenses of pretense.

And as I age,
I've been given the ability...
To look through those constructed fences.
Some hide behind to convince others...
They are in need of being shielded from becoming,
Offended by those who live lives using common sense.

Interpreted by them to be insensitive, cold and indifferent.
Categories most children would assign as they malign,
Their strict and no nonsense taking parents.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Inside And Out!

To accomplish 'something' to have done,
With a witnessing to see it revealed...
To overcome setbacks and feelings of doubt,
Is 'success' one can express to feel...
Inside AND out!

Many have known themselves to be,
Their own worse enemy fighting insecurities.
To become judge and jury of their own denials.
As they put others on trial to defend their kept ways...
With a making of excuses in a comfort that stays.

Is it easy to find that spark found to ignite?
No!
Is it easy to awaken to become excited about life?
No!
Should one remain feeling defeated with no hope in sight?
No!
But one should not accept fears to keep protected.
Or believe they can not be eliminated to reject.

To accomplish 'something' to have done,
With a witnessing to see it revealed...
To overcome setbacks and feelings of doubt,
Is 'success' one can express to feel...
Inside AND out!
IF...
The choice one decides to make,
Is to face all obstacles!
And with determination they WILL be removed!

That choice to accomplish 'something' to have done,
With a choosing to do...
Is 'success',
One can express to feel and not to impress...
Inside AND out!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Inside And Outside

Inside,
A truth has been deceived.
Inside...
Whispered lies continue.
Inside,
The people pray on knees...
To get relief from conflicts,
And their depicted enemies.
But it is outside,
They keep their troubles left to exist.
And outside,
People keep pretentiousness.
And outside,
Charades kept to masquerade...
Stays!

Inside and outside,
Truth benefits.
Inside and outside,
Truth does exist.
But very few commit...
To it.

Inside and outside,
Truth benefits.
Inside and outside,
Truth does exist.
But very few commit...
To it.

Inside,
A truth has been deceived.
Inside...
Whispered lies continue.
But it is outside,
They keep their troubles left to exist.
And outside,
People keep pretentiousness.
And outside,

Charades kept to masquerade...
Stays!

Inside and outside,
Charades to keep to masquerade...
Stays.
Inside and outside,
People have okayed decay.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Inside I Am With You

Inside with You, My Lord.
Inside to shoulder and release tensions.
Putting aside my own intentions and stubborn pride.
I'm inside with You.
This I will not deny!

Inside with You, My Lord.
No Longer plotting to fake escapes.
That take me no where,
At all.
I have fallen to get up to stumble.
To stand again...
To feel incomplete.
To crawl was what I needed.
I needed to hear myself plead!

Inside with You, My Lord.
I can not deny I have criticized You.
Slandered and blasphemized Your name.
How insane could I have been?
And You still held me close...
Until I felt You inside me from within.

I cried and cried until that day I found You.
And myself.
Renewed with a different attitude,
Of 'things'
I thought would attract love.
But I didn't have that.

Only You are there...
To provide all my desires.
Inside I am with you, My Lord.
That is so true.
Motivated and inspired to reach for heights.
I am happy I recognize that,
At this time like no other...
In my life!
The one I live and like.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Inside Is My Mecca

Inside is my mecca.
A peace that is complete!
Released is all conflict.
My mind is at ease.

Inside I find rainbows.
And cloudless blue sky.
I feel Sun rays beaming upon me.
I walk tall with pride,
Without surprise.

Inside is my love hold.
With strength that increases.
I show bliss reflected.
I am blessed to receive it.

Inside me are spirits.
Ancestors who live.
I am this gift given.
And treasured this is!

Inside I keep faith,
As a jewel I caress.
I nourish it to flourish.
And make each step...
Better placed,
Than the best steps I left!

Inside is my mecca.
A peace that is complete!
Released is all conflict.
My mind is at ease.

And as calm as a fresh breeze,
I am blessed to receive to breathe...
Before it leaves.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Inside Me

I am so glad You let me earn You.
So glad Your love for me...
I have not taken for granted.

I know You have been there,
To bail me out.
I know You were there...
Waiting for me to shout in fear.
Wanting You to instantly appear,
To remove from around me those spooks and villains!
Willing to chase me on my path...
With threats to harm me on my journey.

I am so glad You let me earn You.
I enjoy each blessing sent...
With a deeper pride meant.
Equally as deep as You are inside me!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Inside The Fighting Minds Of Fools

Out done by circumstances.
Out done by missteps taken...
Behind doors left cracked.
They can not control a thought
They did not create
Or can be used as theirs.
And that eats them up.
Wondering who is leaking their tricks,
From inside.
And tapping phones has been found to be a flop!
Even flip flopping like a fish
Can not save them from this
The mess they dismiss as legit!

Out done by circumstances.
Out done by missteps taken!
Out done by their own set of rules.
And keeping standards...
As fresh as the day stolen!
Once ignorance was fought,
To keep fools from inciting wars.
Now it is ignorance that keep wars in sight...
And inside the fighting minds of fools!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Inside 'The House'

If you are one,
To profess a faith...
Said is deep in God.
But a fear kept and limited,
Daily sits with you...
And warmly visits.

Put yourself on the hypocrite list!

And keep this in mind...
When you discover a scripture,
Delivered quickly from your lips.
Especially one easily remembered.
To find and repeat all the time!
One short and sweet.
And often rhymes.

Anyone with claims,
To have a faith in a 'Spirit'
With awesome power,
To lift their lives from burdens.
And able to gift them with blessings!
Who and what does one like this,
Try to convince?
When 'that' which is The Almighty...
Is constantly aware and listening,
For evidence of it.

Perhaps they view God,
Like many are prone to do.
From a pew on Sunday.
With a routine to follow through!

And name dropping to impress.
Yet being totally disconnected.
But hoping what is expressed...
Gains them an expectation of acceptance.

With quotes, notes and a nod from other folks.

Who like them...
Believe God is listening more intently!
Since they are inside 'the house',
Historically rumored and reported...
God lives in!

And He does not come out!
Or know a thing about them.
Or their pretensions to be...
More than the hypocrites they've been.
And He has known this from the beginning.
Since this they have insisted,
To choose and show to Him.

And even in their confessions,
This Deity remains unimpressed!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Inside 'This' Storm

Inside 'this' storm...
An unyielding brings,
A turbulence with no defense.
Intensifies a tension,
Felt and seen.
And incenses without forgiveness.

Inside 'this' storm...
Held onto much too long,
A twisting to squeeze embittered emotions.
Seduces,
Those that continue to go on and on...
With no pending ending that settles a win.
No matter who takes offense!
Or heats one to invent.

What is it no one confesses?
Inside this storm.
What is it that comes to manifest this?
Inside 'this' storm.
Who allowed the thunderclouds,
To advance with voices loud with roaring claps.
When it was so clear at dawn...
A new day had promised all confusion gone!
Not to entrap with the biting of backs.

What is it no one confesses?
Inside this storm.
What is it that comes to manifest this?
Inside 'this' storm.
And who allowed the thunderclouds,
To advance with voices loud with roaring claps.
Who infested this with disturbing preciousness?
When it was so clear at dawn...
A new day had promised all confusion gone!

Inside 'this' storm...
An unyielding brings,
A turbulence with no defense.

Intensifies a tension,
Felt and seen.
And incenses without forgiveness.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Inside This Tremendous Thought Process

Are we up?
Down.
Or in the middle?

Are we closer to the front,
Than to the back.
And...
If there is an exit!
Where is that at?

And where are we in this maze?
Inside this tremendous thought process,
We feed.
To have us bleed,
Like specks of dust...
In conflict!

Does anyone who is out there in the EAST,
Care?
Or in the WEST of this Cosmos.
What about in the SOUTH?
Perhaps the NORTH?

And if they knew...
Have they already come forth?
And since we are cells dwelling within one.
Would they be too huge for us to notice.

They have to notice us!
That's a given.
That's a must.
We've done so much to agitate,
With our polluted ways!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Inside Your Head

It's so hard to keep and stay,
Inside your head.
Any wisdom from you runs...
Run, run, runs.
With a running done that comes,
Run, run, runs.
With a running done that comes,
Run, run, runs.

When you open your mouth,
Out it comes...
Something ignorant is done,
Really dumb, dumb.
Something ignorant is done,
Really dumb, dumb.

And you might think your responses are cute.
When you choose something abusive,
To say that's aloof.
And you might think your responses are cute.
When you choose abusive uses,
To say that are loose.

But,
Any wisdom from you runs...
Run, run, runs.
With a running that is done,
Runs, run, run..
With a running that is done,
Run, runs, run.

It's so hard to keep and stay...
Inside your head.

When you open your mouth,
Any face will turn red.
'Cause,
Any wisdom from you runs...
Run, run, runs.

With a running that is done,
Runs, run, run..
With a running that is done,
Run, runs, run.
Any wisdom from you runs.
Run, run, runs.

It's so hard to keep and stay...
Inside your head.
It's so hard to keep and stay...
A wisdom chased away.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Insight

Young and so naïve.
Born to grow up,
On urban desperate streets.
No renovation done,
Can remove
What these young ones
Are led to believe.

The only future they have
Is what an ignorance
That comes to them
Leaves.

Young and so naïve.
Adding to the blight...
With no insight that excites
And attempts to lift them,
Up and away from this mire...
Higher.

Suppressors who conspire,
To further deplete them of hope!
They are not taught to keep!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Insight Recognized

I wish I knew you.
Even though I feel I do.
There is something between us,
Greater than we know.
Something in our words that flow...
That shows we have both been bestowed,
An insight recognized.
How could that be?
Without us seeing who we are,
With our eyes.
And insight that grows.
Could it be our minds are combining?
Merging and beginning to expose?
Is this a dimension we share?
And within it we are being enclosed?
A consciousness only we are aware,
And 'It' has chosen us to enfold!
To leave us grateful we have to behold.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Insights Have Suddenly Changed

As it was and expected,
In days prolonged...
When people rejected what for them,
Had either been right or wrong...
And choosing with druthers to judge others,
With a familiarity accepted to invite...
Overnight.
Limiting insights have suddenly changed.

And many wishing things to remain the same,
Have discovered others to have those priorities tossed.

Confusion and conflicts in minds that sit,
Are finding few sympathetic.
For them common sense has become a benefit.
As they awaken to embrace a higher consciousness.
Overnight.
Limiting insights have suddenly changed.

And with a tight grip on nostalgia,
Reminisced slipping away.
And distancing themselves from others who insist,
They have chosen this!
But 'something' has connected and they can not stay.

And...
Like a shaking quake,
Coming unexpectedly to split the Earth...
Many are finding for them it is worthless,
To confine their minds,
Within times that have moved on.
Yesterdays have gone.
And excuses made have been replaced.

A world without end.
With a changing to do over and over and over again,
For 'some' and not the many to witness.
An attempt to prevent change,
Presents its dire consequences.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Insignificant

Whether they were told what to believe...
Or made to conceive it or not!
They were never challenged on their own,
To know!
To seek for themselves,
What was or was not real.
And taught to reject,
From mindsets accepted...
To disregard anything,
That conflicted with a truth...
A life lived to them would bring.

There is a comfort they have with deceit.
And all that is connected,
With the absence of truth.
Whether they were told what to believe...
Or made to conceive it or not!
It was easy to keep them feeling,
Insignificant!
And to use them to deplete,
Of their resources...
That made them look weak,
Helpless, hopeless and appearing needy.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Insinuating With A Degradation

To compensate for one's sense of failure,
By insinuating with a degradation...
Of a lifestyle accepted by another,
Only undermines one's own ability to prove...
They have a life that is lived happily.

People like this will eventually destroy,
Whatever it is they emotionally miss.
Along with an attention they believe to them,
Should be given although not deserved.

There is a lack of discipline missing within.
And a feeling of insecurity in their minds,
They can not end.

And the use of reverse psychology,
Does not work!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Insinuations Applied With Allegations

Today,
It would be safe to say...
That those ushered into hiding,
Can come out from wherever they are.
Since what is going on now,
By far,
Exceeds any displeasures....
They voiced that rubbed against,
Anyone who is not convinced...
More than worms have been released,
From sheltered and unopened cans.

Insanity seems far more in demand,
Than designer clothes!
I've seen more exposed butts in the past few months...
Than any revealed in a hospital delivery ward!
I've heard folks cuss themselves out IN church.
And then turn around in their pews...
To lift their hands up in praise!

Folks are crazed!
And they are seeking answers!
For these days...
Munched on like animals.
With a craving for more!
Gnawing until annoyed...
In fields they consciously grazed into a daze.

Of course...
It is not from their bad diets.
Lack of discipline.
Irresponsibility and lack of respect!
Of course...
It is not from their deceptiveness.
Character assassinations,
Done to perfect.
Of course...
It is not from a greed fed to children,
Who are protected for every crime they commit.

Of course...
It is not from corrupted politicians,
Reflecting the lawlessness of the government!
Of course...
It is not the visions marketed and sold on TV.
With remedies to heal sexual dysfunctions.
And glamorized news of highlighted crimes that appeal.
Of course...
It is not rascism some see that bleeds the economy.
With jobs exported overseas for more greed to feed.
Of course...
It is not a total break down of a quality of life at all.
Of course not!

Those are insinuations applied with allegations,
Successfully tossed aside!
And those coming out of hiding...
Can now witness their delusions being freed,
From tormented beliefs!
In a manner 'reality' keeps 'some' truths accepted.
While others are debated before they qualify,
To be tried!
Of course...
Not!
Not by those with accusatory eyes!
They still suffer from symptoms,
Teased by leftover myths!

'Garbage in/Garbage out...and loved! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Insisted

There is so much about life we do know!
And so much about it we pretend does not exist.
Only to medicate ourselves,
To accept a point of view...
Insisted with the assistance of complaints,
We all share and defend...
That the 'reality' lived,
Has to have a normalcy that 'is' crazed!
In a conformity that is allowed,
Preferred and recommended.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Inspected To Then Carefully Select

Many messages go unaccepted.
Since more today have grown too concerned,
Of the content offending perceptions of innocence.
With a kept belief,
That if a political correctness is emphasized...
To prioritize,
Social etiquette and outdated values...
Will return to erase 'most' advancements made.
Advancements that have already taken place,
Although embarrassing to face...
By those who perceive such messages received,
Improper, offensive and in poor taste.
Although witnessed charading...
Are the ones claiming to be shocked and overwhelmed.

And such depictions stripped of parading masquerades,
With dismissed and ignored pretensions...
Must first be inspected to then carefully select...
Which part of each message best reflects,
What should be revealed with it tweaked and sweetened.
Opposed to that which should be ignored and censored,
For the purposes to protect a keeping of sensitivities.
Sensitivities deceived,
But secretly hidden to unleash discreetly.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Inspiration

A sensation.
An inspiration of love.
In a mirror you reflect,
The meeting of hearts that met...
To create you!

That you alone,
Can validate on your own.

This is not a myth...
Unless you do not exist.
And if this is your wish,
It is pointless to insist...
You inspire!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Inspirational Comments

You are nothing,
But an exercise of my time to waste.

'I am glad to hear that.
Your wasting of time...
Has been to my temendous benefit.
And...
Feel free to come by,
As often as possible...
To motivate with your encouraging,
And inspirational comments.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Inspired

Why am I seeking to be controversial?
I am not specifically seeking that at all.

However...
I am inspired to experience my life.
Enjoying the creativity that it offers.
I certainly can not sit to limit myself,
In restrictions.

I am a part of this...
Life as it is.
I am not into the correction of semantics.
Or will allow my creative aspirations,
To become diminished,
By those passing judgements.
In whispered innuendos.

And I am grateful to God...
Who has allowed my existence.
And God has not shown me a sign,
Of disapproval yet.
I suspect,
I am being encouraged!

In fact,
I am motivated to expose my nakedness.
Yes.
In a tastefulness some may reject.

But I am not here to appease the wishes of others.
I am here to deliver every aspect of my gifts.
Take them to enjoy or leave them.
But I will guarantee you this...
There will be something for your mind to tease.
And...
Something for your eyes to lick lips if you please.

And something left to solicit gossip.
To entertain those seeking controversy!

And for free.
Those who know me...
Know I stay broke.
Not a penny to show for my talents.

So don't accuse me...
For my multi-abilities.
And it is going to be there,
Everywhere!
And 'that' seems to be my destiny!
Although I am not above turning away...
Any and all,
Monetary donations!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Inspired By Desire

A kept passion with a want to do better,
With a feeling too strong to avoid...
Is far more satisfying,
Than living a life without having passion.
Or to never know what is felt,
When inspired by desire is kept...
Like the breath one breathes.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Inspired By Someone Else

I could never be the one to say to others,
'How I live my life with it done,
Should have no affect on you.'

Especially if I was a teacher.
A preacher.
A parent.
Or someone who regards me,
As a friend or a business associate.
Because 'everything' I do to be done,
Had been inspired by someone else.
Whether negative or positive,
To have left an affect.

And if anyone who believes,
What they do or say with it achieved...
Should be ignored to leave it that way,
Are the ones heard to often express...
Respect expected they do not get.

We all have been,
Whether to like it, despise it or not.
Left to reminisce or hating every moment of it.
Whatever it was to be done,
Did not come to be forgotten.
Maybe forgiveness is attempted.
But forgetting to let go,
As if what occurred did not exist?
Is a lie told hoping it sold.

Being deaf, dumb and blind,
Is a possibility.
But a mind one has that is used,
Depends on what's kept in it to benefit.
Or 'chooses' to deny frequent visits,
From an ignorance remembered.
Either way...
What others do or say to deposit and drop,
Just does not disappear.

Like some who convince themselves it did.

Who's next with a lie,
To 'themselves' to be told?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Inspired In Minds Within

What will be witnessed that comes to an end,
Is a limited mindset.
With a broader and higher consciousness,
That begins.

People are awaiting for something 'physical'...
That will transcend to deliver them.
When all that we are...
Has been 'spiritually' inspired in minds within.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Inspiring To Watch

I admire your desire to want to play catch up!
It is inspiring to watch.
But the time you have clocked,
Has long been stopped.
And not to be one to squeeze your nuggets...
Although,
Maybe the squeezing...
Will begin something in your eyes and ears to crop!

Look around you.
Nothing observed has dropped its activity...
To allow you to heat up like a corn kernal to pop.
You have got to do more than catch up.
You have got to grow some wings!
And find another mind to adopt.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Inspite Of Warnings Against It

Bored with your life?
And feel the best way to overcome,
The urge to strike with the biting done to someone...
Is to create conflict?
Inspite of warnings against it!
Then you spot a prey who appears to be innocent.
At least it appears that way from a distance.

How precious do you regard the living of your life?
And just how fast can you run from someone,
You have randomly picked...
Who is in between decisions to walk away or seek revenge.
And you came along to help them finally decide what to do.

How many hiding places can you find from which to choose?
How many times have you heard yourself say...
'But they appeared to be so innocent.
Why couldn't I just walk away?
God why am I so stupid? '

~Do you wish your answer literally?
Or is that just a figure of speech? ~

'How did you know I was here hiding? '

~People like you are all over the place.
Believing they can start something.
To then run and hide.~

'What are you going to do to me? '

~Let's see.
How about ten years of unrelenting agonizing?
But I will let you know,
When and if I become satisfied with that arrangement.~

'I didn't mean to pick on you.
I really didn't.'

~It stopped being about you ten seconds ago.
This...
And what you have committed to doing,
Is about me.
Wouldn't you agree? ~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Instant Benefit

Wait a minute!
Repeat that again?

'I am going to give you something,
To benefit your life.
And the enhancement of it! '

And...
You are going to do that when?

'Now! '

You've ignored me and my ancestors,
For centuries?
And 'today' you are here,
To give me something to enhance my life?
To benefit it?

'That's correct.'

I don't think that is possible!
Unless you've come,
To show to me this miracle...
The one of your disappearance,
Off the face of the Earth!

Only then,
Somehow...
Do I think 'all' of life will be enhanced.
With instant benefit!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Instead Of Being A Pessimist

You want answers to your questions?
Ask yourself this...
What began the origin of those questions.
And...
How did they begin for you to exist.

You want a life you like?
Oppose to the one you don't?
Why have you chosen to dislike what you do?
And who enforced this dislike upon you.

Do you live with wishes to fulfill your dreams?
Or are you focused on others,
Who seem to have 'your' things.

Are you focused upon others,
Who seem to be living your life?
Doing those things,
You wish for you also to like?

Perhaps those questions you ask,
Are not yours afterall.
And perhaps those answers,
That have come to you answered...
You ignored them to disbelieve,
Those answers received...
Were not yours.
Because you spend your time,
In the minding of other people's business!

And your business,
You haven't given your time to see...
Succeed.
But your time is spent,
Lamenting others you despise and criticize.

You want answers to your questions?
Wait for therm patiently to come.
Before you impatiently decide,

To get up and leave.
Believing they can be found,
With you not around.

You want answers to your questions?
Ask yourself this...
What began the origin of those questions.
And...
How did they begin for you to exist?
Ask yourself that.
Instead of being a pessimist!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Instead Of Being Derelict

We have come to offer.
Not equip to dissect.
Humanity is a blessing received.
Not to subject for reasons to reject.

A neglect respect reflects.
With a victimizing that affects,
All aspects of life.
To project with a focus,
Which way is right...
Does not feed everyone's appetite.
Nor makes a slumber done,
More fulfilling when someone...
Says they are able to do that better at night.

And 'who' are 'we' to come to offer?
An experiment.
A test.
With an insight given,
To honor and protect.

And the Creator of us all...
Is in a better position to correct.
IF we obey AND accept...
Instead of being derelict!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Instead Of Cursing With Words

To be different is a positive,
That should be emphasized...
In our children's lives.

The children of today,
Need things heard supported...
By what we do,
And what they hear us say.
Instead of cursing them with words.
That stick in their minds...
And with them stay,
To never go away.

To be different is a positive,
That rarely drifts into obscrurity.
What may be considered,
As an oddity at first...
Often remains,
And becomes someone's quoted verse.

And sometimes what is repeated in greetings,
Brings a smile when done on another's face.
Whether intentionally practiced to erase a frown.
Or spoken to lift them up from their troubles...
When a feeling isolates them,
To believe the entire 'world' has let them down.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Instead Of Portraying Togetherness

Haven't we once touched upon this before?
Haven't we both together paced...
Back and forth upon these floors?
Haven't we sat,
In corners...
Facing closed doors latched?
Quietly dispatched to a matching silence,
We attracted in defiance!

Didn't we have our backs against the walls...
Calling out to one another,
In faint whispers no one now recalls?

As darkness descended upon each other....
Discovering then we both needed to begin anew,
Perhaps with someone other.
Like so many have done and do!

You promised that to me...
And I promised that to you!

Why are we now struggling,
In shadows that subdue?
Haven't we once touched upon this before?
Haven't we both together paced...
Back and forth upon these floors?
Didn't we say the last time never again...
We'd come to this end?
Pretending a fresh start we'd begin,
...again!
Back then?

This is not the bliss we wished.
Why can't we forget...and end this?
Instead of vowing to stay,
In a union that brings us both dismay!

Instead of portraying togetherness...
Let's together from this just split,

And walk away!
Not tomorrow!
Now...
Today!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Instead Of Promoting Self Hatred

If their parents had reasons,
Why they disliked themselves...
Like their parents before them did.
Maybe their children would be given opportunities,
To grow to decide to respect one another...
Instead of promoting self hatred to spread to others,
Like everyone they see do in their neighborhoods.
And those 'sacred' places surrounding them,
Would not appear to be contradictions.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Instigated To Intimidate

I've been convinced to give up,
And turn myself in.
Immediately I want to be,
Arrested and confined.
Sentenced to spend,
Sitting in a prison cell.
Hoping these urges I have,
Give me more patience...
To tolerate.
Until within me they end.

'Whoa! Hold on, buddy.
What crime or crimes,
Do you admit to have committed?
Go ahead.
Take a seat. I'm listening.'

It began many years ago.
When I insisted to be, Respected.
I then sought a weapon.
One I kept with me concealed.

Go ahead. What caliber?
45? Or something more dramatic?
A derringer? Or...
Or was it automatic? '

I kept prepared.
It was quick.
And for me?
I preferred it automatic.

'Where is the weapon now?
Do you have it?
Is it concealed? '

Yes.

'Give it to me later.

I'll need it to submit,
As proof of evidence.
Continue.
What happened, next? '

Often I found myself hiding,
In darkened shadows to mug...
The unsuspecting.
To confront their street ignorance.
I would use my kept identity.
With a never neglected,
Heritage or fear to produce...
My honor to dignify.
And surprise to not deny it,
Flaunted.

'And, the victim?
Or...victims.
Where can they be found?
Where did you leave them?
And please. No tears.
What you're confessing to...
Is extremely serious.'

AND I AM THE ONE,
WHO PROTESTED AGAINST..
THEIR DISPARITIES.
AND INDIFFERENCES TO THEM SHOWN.
I AM THE ONE...
WHO FACED RACIST AND THEIR MISDEEDS!

'Calm down.
Guys? He's here.
The one we've had for decades,
On our top ten most wanted list.
I have a confession to his crimes.
He has given up.
He's grown tired of it.

But why? Why now? '

I became outnumbered.

All this time I didn't realize...
My efforts to endeavor,
Were totally misunderstood.
And left misinterpreted,
By those seeking to remain...
Obligated to stay suppressed.
Nor could I accept in my mind,
Some were unifying...
To cement their relationships,
With those who oppressed.
And that's why I seek and request,
To be arrested.

'You need no further,
To explain to me.
We, the police...
See folks like you agonized,
Daily.
And you believed,
We purposely instigated.
To intimidate.'

Well...
Yes. And, no!
I just want to be locked up.
And away from a world.
Safe.
To know my sanity,
No longer threatens.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Instigation To Perpetrate An Implementation

If what is depicted is to be adverse,
To my quality of life with a purpose to incite.
But isn't successfully done from my perspective.
Why is it that I can observe clearly,
Those creating those depictions...
With an instigation to perpetrate an implementation,
Of their attempts to manipulate my beliefs?
As if to focus upon this as an accomplishment.
With a determination to deceive what I feel and see,
At their own expense to expose their ignorance.
And I can't be the only one awakening to this awareness.
Are they that desperate to see themselves defeated?
Can people be that unconsious...
With minds so out of control?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Instigator

Escalations,
Appear in their sights.
Warmongers hunger to incite fights.
Determined to burn with precise agitation!
Aggrevating civilizations...
With more repeated irritation.

An instigator like a cancer spreads.
Thirsting on conflicts,
To leave many dead!
Mourning victims with salutes and praises.
Something is in the water,
To daze their crazed heads!

Mourning victims,
With salutes and hollow praises...
Something is in that drinking water drank.
Affecting their minds and dazing their heads!
An instigator like a cancer spreads.
Thirsting on conflicts,
To leave many dead!
An instigator
Instigating
Instigations fed!

Escalations,
Appear in their sights.
Warmongers hunger to incite fights.
Determined to burn with precise agitation!
Aggrevating civilizations...
With more repeated irritation.

An instigator
Instigating
Instigations fed!

An instigator like a cancer spreads.
Thirsting on conflicts,
To leave many dead!

An instigator
Instigating
Instigations fed!
Thirsting on conflicts,
To leave many dead!

This one never sleeps at all.
With infested instigations...
Snuggled up and brought to bed!

An instigator like a cancer spreads.
Thirsting on conflicts,
To leave many dead!
Mourning victims with salutes and praises.
Something is in the water,
To daze their crazed heads!

An instigator
Instigating
Instigations fed!
Something is in the water,
To daze their crazed heads!
Thirsting on conflicts,
To leave many dead!

An instigator
Instigating
Instigations fed!

Escalations,
Appear in their sights.
Warmongers hunger to incite fights.
Determined to burn with precise agitation!
Aggrevating civilizations...
With more repeated irritation.

An instigator like a cancer spreads.
Thirsting on conflicts,
To leave many dead!
Mourning victims with salutes and praises.
Something is in the water,
To daze their crazed heads!

An instigator repeatedly...
Will ensure all nerves are on edge!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Instincts

Now...
That she has established herself,
In a career.
She believes...
Her motherhood instincts,
Are just as good!
And I thought...
She was lousy,
In bed!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Insufficient Evidence (Caught Up In The Flash)

Increasingly difficult it is,
To keep one's cool...
When the hell they have created
Generates the heat,
Dripping the plastic...
Off of a faked smile.
That has been masked to present
The love of attention to get.

It's also difficult,
To accept a claim one makes...
That pictures taken,
Of one's hand placed deep...
Inside a forbidden cookie jar,
Does not a case make.
And provides, at best...
Insufficient evidence.

One's defense?

Looking shocked.
And disappointed.
Astonished!
And caught up in the flash.
To momentarily blind,
One unprepared to pose.
Does not mean,
Criminal intent...
Had been purposely meant,
To substantiate...
A fruitless investigation.
That is no more,
Than an aging maiden...
Determined to snatch someone,
To satisfy a witch hunt.

'Oh, we've got the fruit.
Looming before us,
Ready and dripping to pick...

In it's full bloom.
And guess what? '

-What? -

'We are not squeezing,
To get a taste.
You have offered to volunteer.
At the expense and waste,
Of your own credibility.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Insulted

Insulted?
Not!
No longer am I.
I stuck focused,
With determination.
My heart would not abandoned...
A desire craved,
Within me gnawed.

And tight jawed I stayed,
On a path others said...
I was delusional and crazed.
But no delusion were the gifts,
To me The Almighty,
From birth to me gave!

Insulted?
Not!
No longer am I.
And...
At least I tried,
Not to show it!

And today with a growth,
I've been blessed to display.
I could care less who insulted me.
Whether or not,
It is known I know it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Insulting

I can not believe,
The magic of your artistry.
Your ability to capture vivid images...
Is something I have never seen.

And the depth and scope,
Of your comprehension of the craft...
Should not be kept to yourself.
You have an audience out there,
Unprepared to be enthralled within your grasp.
YOU are a 'genius'.

'Why don't you come out and say it?
What you see is a bunch of crap.
You think I am 'that' sensitive?
And you use reverse psychology,
Believing any insulting comments...
Will hurt and shatter me in disbelief?
Tell me what you 'really' think.'

Okay.
I will.

I can not believe,
The magic of your artistry.
Your ability to capture vivid images...
Is something I have never seen.

Now...
If you want me to say that,
In a more insulting way...
I'll do my best.
Because I 'know' I am blessed with talents as well.
Do you want me to give it another try?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Insults Of Nuts

The insults of nuts,
Grows alarmingly steady!
Actions studied...
To divide their own self interests.
With mocking digressions,
From the desks of professionals...
Reflects the very best
How they upset their nests
Back slapping 'nappy' jokes,
In achieved grotesque comments
About whores in jest!

And in the mind that finds this just,
Is a deep seated need to lure
Others who will abuse
With the same driving lust.
But trust has been busted!
People of all kinds have become disgusted.

Money chases away common sense...
When people become convinced,
They are above reproach!
Until luxuries to offend the defenseless...
Come with reprimand and end! €||: -?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Integrity

My integrity is not for sale.
Nor is the truth that fills my soul
To be bargained away.
No matter how high their noses rise,
In polluted air...
I'm breathing freedom that releases me.
I am not contained within their confinement.
I 'may' miss a meal,
However...
Most of that junk that's being fed...
Wouldn't nourish me anyway!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Integrity And Backbone

Priorities invested in the physical attributes of things,
And those who place their long lasting impressions...
Upon material appearances supporting their self importance,
Belong to the ones doing the best they can...
To pool their pretensions...
Into locales where deceptions are still praised for what they are.

Since truth alone is on a mission!
And has come to devastate and devalue,
Their mental securities...
Based purely on materialism.

And these folks know how fake their realities have been.
It has become too obvious...
That the absence of integrity and backbone,
Has not been added to the foundation of their achievements!
Nor recognized as something to accomplish.

And with masquerade they continue their run!
But to where?
Too many have become aware of their failed antics.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Integrity Isn'T Automatically Achieved

They've been amongst us.
Crooks and thieves.
Discreet deceivers...
Doing as they please.
To receive what is believed,
Are entitlements one should get.

Integrity isn't automatically achieved.
If examples are not set at birth...
The possibilities of exposing one to scandal,
Becomes for them the rule.
An encouraged acknowledgement.
And not the exception one follows.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Integrity Lost

Anyone who believes,
A doing of anything secretly...
To deceive and this to leave,
Their misdeed done to do...
With someone else envisioned to defeat,
Ultimately bring upon themselves...
An injustice felt to them that comes.
And is received openly with attached facts.
Regardless of their pleas of being innocent,
In the hopes that those facts lack validity.
These are the people who become the unfortunate fools,
Known to lie to defy the presence of reality.
To then seek an empathy upon them dispensed.
Although this method used may for some still amuse.
But as a kept defense?
An integrity lost can no longer be found to be again mended.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Integrity Practiced

Deceivers may attempt to impress others,
With rehearsed qualities they 'seem' to possess.
But integrity one has and naturally displayed,
Is rarely in public seen to be interpreted as practiced.
It is there with them to be felt and always shared.
Yet difficult it is in some environments,
In which many are taught to value being pretentious...
To know which ones have spent their time behind masks,
Becoming skilled at it to later disappoint their believers.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Intellectualized

Not a problem currently existing,
Can be seriously fixed...
To be revealed as is and dealt with!
Not if a continuous running away from it,
Has denial disguised...
With a hidden fear that masquerades.

And today...
There are more problems created,
By those who believe that not facing them...
To eliminate,
Will eventually erase them from existence.
Only to strengthen the reality of them.

No matter who rejects their appearance.
Or the impressiveness that addresses,
Something other than what they are.
And a problem witnessed,
Can not be anything else but what it is to rid.
Regardless how it is intellectualized to diminish.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Intellectualizing Life

The what 'ifs' of the what 'nots',
Is a waste of a thought process.
Those with time to decipher
The application of a thought...
Spend too much time intellectualizing life,
Instead of seeking concrete ways
To improve upon its fading quality!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Intelligence That Is

Based upon intelligence,
And the presence of it shown.
There is very little evidence,
That those professing to have it...
Intelligence that is,
Are not self possessed with ego...
That is clearly overblown.
A recognition of this...
Begins a mental healing,
For one like this that should not resist it.
The mental healing that is!

An intelligence reflects,
A tolerance it accepts.
So many desire to inject their hollowness.
Without an empatheticness expressed,
That seems to be left missing!
If anyone is listening...
For a meaning to be comprehended.

They can not digest that concept.
This has been dismissed from self examination.
Yet they wish to profess an acknowledgement,
That keeps them successfully digressed...
In self obsession without an evaluation,
One can inspect and find agreeably impressive.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Intelligently Combatting Ignorance

Intelligently combatting ignorance,
May be a mission some have adopted.
But those who have been historically,
Abused and fed others' choices to defend themselves...
With ignorance taught to teach,
Should not be the ones who today now claim...
An ignorance they have allowed,
From an initiation they have created...
Offends an intelligence they have obtained,
While at the same time continue to victimize...
The very ones they have isolated,
With beliefs comparisons can be validated.

'They need...
To be taught and appreciate education.
They need...
To be motivated by initiative.
And know what respect and having discipline gives.
They need...
To be aware of opportunities,
With a seeking of them to find.'

And there is one thing else,
They need to accept in their minds.

'What is that? '

They need to know it was people like you,
Who purposely set them to limits...
With a doing intended to leave them behind.

'That's not true.
You have no proof of that.'

Do I need proof of traps you have set?
Or has the effectiveness of it,
Left in your consciousness...
A way of life you believe should be accepted?
Which is it?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Intended And Deliberate

What makes people plead pitifully as a result of misdeeds,
With a weeping on knees in hopes to be forgiven of them.
To then beg of God's assistance 'during' their dilemmas?
When on a daily basis they create thoughlessly,
Their own conflicts and with a determined consciousness...
To not consider the consequences returning one day to stay,
From intended and deliberate ways initiated...
That repays with a doing they've implemented to invite havoc.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Intended And Meant To Enforce

Ignoring the opportunity,
To keep flourishing the growth of possibilities...
Leads to a diminishing of mediocrity.
And once a mediocrity encouraged leaves...
A dropping to scratch the bottom,
Invites a decadence to live and thrive...
As if intended and meant to enforce,
With an endorsement that is advocated.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Intended For Humanity

That which has been made to believe...
And that which is a 'divine' perception given,
And received.
May conflict.
And restrictions are enforced.
To endorse a conformity.

What is intended for humanity...
Has been based upon interpretation.
Mostly by those who have chosen,
A direction to impose.
And which beliefs would be condoned.

The Earth we inhabit,
Has always been a sphere...
Allowing life to breed and leech upon it!

Before explorers discovered this fact,
This world had one time been considered flat.
Did earlier civilizations like the Eygptians know that?
And where did their knowledge come from?

Many thousands of years...
Prior to religious zealots decided to adopt fears,
To entice and develop separatism and division!
Decisions were made with 'supernatural' precision.
And yet...
Humanity continues a quest to comprehend it all,
Beyond our current 'fenced in' limitations!
With a certain 'breakthrough' that comes...
To enlighten and heighten our selective consciousness.

Note:
'Zealot' as interpretated by the Merriam Webster's
Collegiate Dictionary-Tenth Edition

Zealot: (1537) A member of a 'fanatical' sect arising
in Judea during the first century A.D. and militantly
opposing the Roman domination of Palestine.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Intended Intensity

I would rather receive true love to me given,
Than to be told by the giver delivering it...
What I am getting from them,
Is a love upon me...
Generously bestowed.
And I with my eyes closed await,
Anticipating to become elated.

Yet...
Neither does it touch me with a feeling to get.
Nor do I believe what it is I 'should' receive,
Could possibly come from one giving love done.
Or has ever known with senses convinced,
What I knew to be love beyond the telling shown.
With a keeping of a heat to release my inner beast.

But left I am to guess and wonder when alone,
If what had been expressed achieved any depth?
And should I imagine 'after' love had been confessed,
If intended intensity had been involved and meant?
Since missing in action I was not and this I know,
While in the midst of exchanging it with hardened evidence.
To leave me mystified as to why I am partially clothed,
As I open my eyes to hear my door suddenly slam close.

'Why did you leave me so abruptly? '

~You promised me a thick steak for dinner.
Not shrimp.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Intended Not To Be Edited

Some things said intended not to be edited,
With a need to allow a bitterness exposed...
May come to offend those whose minds are closed.

Yet a process to begin a comprehension sets in.
With misunderstandings ending.
Even if in the doing,
A listening temporarily upsets with a regretting...
The quality of a scene over wrought with blemishes,
Sold to deny the presence of flaws...
Hidden but bought and 'assumed' accepted.
But discovered heats and demeans with effectiveness.

Some things said intended not to be edited,
With a need to allow a bitterness exposed...
May come to offend those whose minds are closed.

And sold to deny the presence of flaws...
Hidden but bought and 'assumed' accepted.
But discovered heats and demeans,
Those feeling neglected and too often disrespected.
Yet a process to begin a comprehension sets in.
With misunderstandings ending.
Even if in the doing,
A listening temporarily upsets with a regretting.

Some things said intended not to be edited,
With a need to allow a bitterness exposed...
May come to offend those whose minds are closed.
But an opening of them can begin to mend to enrich.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Intended To Keep Them Peacocking

Slipping from a pinnacle,
Clawed from a sudden drop...
And open to cynical remarks to start.
Apart from those of mine already made,
It seemed as though...
They would have taken what was said,
To save themselves.
Instead of turning their backs to lay blame,
On others to attack!
With excuses stale and lame.

And now this slide is all that can be seen!
Reminding those who approved and chose this route...
How mean and cruel these scenes can be!
And comments made to correct such 'downgrades'...
Were intended to keep them peacocking about.
Initially!

But they really didn't 'get it'!
And received a booting regretted.
With their shouting and upset pouting,
Leaving them...
Left out!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Intended With Love

I've made so many errors and typos in my work,
To leave uncorrected.
They've become looked upon,
As clarifying those suspicious about this...
That I am not perfect.

And...
If I should correct those errors and typos,
The attention intended to give the message...
A comprehensive clarity,
Gives one then an opportunity...
To see something more between the lines,
Not there as had been intended.

This writing business,
Becomes more theraputic than one can believe.
Self analysis AND with feedback?

It just seems convenient to leave typos where they are,
And errors in language useage alone.
I find this procedure more effective.
It gives the reader a chance to bestow empathy.
Believing what is observed is unintended.

However...
The writer knows typos like fingers and toes.
If there are many as it is to be noticed.
And,
It is...
Intended,
With love.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Intending To Pretend

Slipping from your knot...
A lock I want forgotten.
A hold I seem not to stop,
Until your memory starts...
To dropp from view.
Sometimes my needs are hot...
Intending to pretend,
You have gone away forever.
But again you're there within!
And I look to see if you laid traps,
To capture me in spells.
Although I'm free of you I wish...
To have you give me hell!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Intensed Suspension

Sensitive...
And in you I am.
There to feel your glee,
And sorrow.
There to feel a smile maintained.
Although under the surface,
I know more is contained.

Sensitive...
Without a word spoken.
I come to you to give.
A presence you can depend on,
Knowing with a hug what it is...
To live life like this,
And what you need from me.
And what we agree we miss!
It is my sense to sense when your senses,
Have spent intensed suspension...
In sensitivity.

You like that I know that?
I know...
Me too!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Intentional

No matter what may be done or said,
When that action in time takes place...
Someone will feel left out instead.
Not because of the action,
Done or said.
But how it was related when instigated.

Whoever made it fun for one,
To berate another with a blurting tongue...
The day will come,
When a similar deed is repeated.
With a singing of a song sung,
Or a tune heard hummed.

With no exit to ignore it to escape or leave,
The perpetrator remembered...
Will then be seeking empathy.
That no one with heart and soul intact,
Will care to release to relieve.
To set one free from memories.

This Earth is not flat,
It looks as if round.
And rotates on an axis,
To return to a place of origin always found.
And that is a fact when one sits to think,
Of those thoughts trapped to sit cemented...
In intentional inequities inflicted to sting and meant!

Inflicted to sting and meant!
What goes around...
Inflicted to sting and meant!
Comes around...
Inflicted to sting and meant!
What goes around...
Inflicted to sting and meant!
Comes around...
Inflicted to sting and meant!

It is all quite intentional.

'Never accuse me again,
Of not having substance! '

Inflicted to sting and meant!
'Never...
Inflicted to sting and meant!
Accuse...
Inflicted to sting and meant!
Me...
Inflicted to sting and meant!
Again! '
Inflicted to sting and meant!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Intentional Affects

If something done to another,
Is unprovoked.
Unnecessary.
And did not cause reason to initiate,
What takes place to occur and happen...
Of course it is going to remain on one's mind.
And have adverse intentional affects,
From time to time.
When one has graduated from grade school,
These lessons should have been learned.
And long ago tested,
To avoid further mental complications.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Intentional Hybrid

Certain fragrances only become noticeable,
And stand out from the others...
When these unfamiliar scents are given attention.

Some may debate they leave better aromas.
And a few experienced may detect,
A mix of scents created by an intentional hybrid.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Intentionally

Intentionally,
You do what is done.
As if to others,
What you do is not known.

And intentionally,
Those who know what you do...
Pretend,
They do not notice.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Intentions Of Myths

No matter 'who' God sends to us,
We must trust and not evaluate.
That unnecessary process (evaluation)
Is a ploy to deceive truth.
And keep it insignificant.
And the only thing that 'is' insignificant,
Are beliefs held to keep us limited.
In the experience of CREATION.
God's (The Earth, The Sun, The Moon) .

No piece is separated from the whole of its parts.
No whole can be sold on peace...
That is in a state of mental debate,
Kept separated from its Creator.
It doesn't work that way.
Not in 'this' reality we have come to call life!

We leave what is to seek its own purpose.
As God wills it!
Not our pretensions or the intentions of myths!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Interdependency

Too massively stretched is the spreading,
Of the 'One World/One Rule'
Effective conceptual policy.
Deceptively deplenishing rights and choices.

A socialistic pool to have everyone swim,
May fool those closed eyes.
And played out to appease the dismayed.
With a cloaking of a fear introduced to terrorize,
For a begging of a more protective interest...
To entice those unsuspecting,
Of a 'One World/One Rule' direction for them is next...
To digest.

Too many strategic steps,
Have been taken to perfect discreet expectations.
An increase of confusion to delude minds abused,
Will not prevent this fusion used.

Yet these aspects weave,
A foreseen collective entity.
And people incited to divide and hide in isolation...
Will eventually discover all their needs,
Are being stitched together...
In a knitted interdependency.
To become embraced.
As the end of separate racistness,
Comes to a blending of all humanity.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Interest

If I could fly,
I wouldn't do it everyday.
I wouldn't try to soar so high,
To have it always recognized...
Heights to soar and fly,
Was a doing I only chose to do.
Like birds with wings that rest in nests.
I would seek another interest to accept.

I would want more than just to fly.
I would want,
Other things to try.
With a wanting as days go by,
To live discovering other interests...
I could do as well if I so choose,
Regardless if that interest isn't recognized,
As long as my interest in it is kept.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Interesting. Thought Provoking

Interesting.
Thought provoking.
And provocative...
With a stimulating flair.

'Where have I heard those words before? '

From every critic there is.
Making an attempt to express,
From an unknown depth...
To address an impression.

'On who? '

Hopefully someone,
Who will find what's done...
Interesting.
Thought provoking.
And provocative...
With a stimulating flair.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Intergrated Segregation

Intergrated segregation,
On both sides of a rusted fence.
Sustains successfully,
Beliefs to keep remaining the same...
Unchanged from concepts.
Kept isolated with wishes,
To protect themselves against...
Others who protest,
Being legally separated...
From those who feast and leave the rest.
Yet...
Divisions continue.
Equality is wished.
With entitlements to get...
As documented by those who forget,
They too are decendants of immigrants.
Claiming what was theirs,
Done to do with an approval of theft.

'This is ours to document.
Regardless who consents to the fences.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Interpretation Of Progress

Their progress to have made has left,
The air. The water.
And food grown to eat,
Chemicalized with steroids.
And other unknown pesticides.
Too contaminated to treat.
Creating new diseases.
And destroying colonies of bees.

But this,
Is considered progress.
A progress many,
From it they wish to retreat.

Their interpretation of progress,
Is to ignore homelessness and hunger...
On several shores left to blame,
The less fortunate driven to become normads.
Although sickened but used to compare,
To others using statistics...
As proof they are chosen to make false claims.

Their interpretation of progress,
Is to evade and enslave...
Those defenseless and victimized,
By technology and misdeeds.
To then have those who suffer believe...
If they pray with faith kept,
Their souls replaced will be returned in 'Heaven'.
Along with their lost pride. Identities.
And dignities to charade as an accepted humility.

Their interpretation of progress,
Is to inflict conflict, confusion and division to initiate.
With a hatred baited as an appetizer to debate.
Yet...
Their interpretation of progress,
Has deepened their own debts...
In cesspools of pain and sorrows to regret,

An increase of mental illness...
Released to manifest an infestation,
Left to affect their own mindsets.

Their progress to have made has left,
The air. The water.
And food grown to eat,
Chemicalized with steroids.
And other unknown pesticides.
Too contaminated to treat.
Creating new diseases.
And destroying colonies of bees.
But their minds, also...
Have gone from them permanently.
To leave too few believing,
This is progress that has been achieved.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Interpretations

They are not poor.
They are triumphant in re-enacting 'lack'!
They are not ignorant.
They have chosen to stay away from knowledge.
And that seems to be a fact!

They are not lazy.
They choose to receive,
And 'give' that perception.
They are far from subservient,
But welcome it as a form of reception.

They have been freed to do as they please,
And leave interpretations to others
Who pay to be entertained by these sights...
Never keeping conversations dull,
For those who dwell with such druthers.

They know this!
And that is why everyone pays.
Whether we are amused or not...
By these admissions.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Interpretations Have Changed

And in this particular exhibit,
We keep our best illusions to delude.
Many have subscribed,
To come and go as they please.
With a needing of a daily dosage.
Its popularity has resulted,
On some days a stampede.
Especially on the weekends,
We reluctantly ask many people to leave.

Some have insisted we cheapen the price.
But we are running out of space.
That's why the price is high.
However...
Knowing what we have created,
Is as addictive as it is...
We may change our minds,
Since no one expected it to be this lucrative.

'I don't get it.
It's just a scene of a quiet park.
With plastic trees and faked grass.
People don't have to pay for this!
These scenes are available anywhere,
If they sought them to seek...
With no need to pay or even ask.'

You may know this.
And of course, I am aware.
But putting a focus on it as it is,
We have people believing...
What we offer to exhibit,
Only exists here and quite rare.

'But...
You claim this is an illusion to delude! '

Sssssshhh...
Will you keep your voice down.

Many of our patrons,
Are foreigners.
And surprisingly enough...
We get some locals living right here in town.
They have no idea,
This is right under their noses and easily found.

'What you're doing is highway robbery.'

No one here is 'robbing hoods'.
And so what if it is?
Interpretations have changed.
We like to say, We offer a service.
Quaint and quite rare.
One that provides a benefit.
Mutually shared and left understood.

'Thieves! '

No.
Today we call ourselves 'Care Providers'.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Interpretations Of An Embittered Poet

Is there any other place in the world,
Where the homeless and hungry...
Can be despised, disregarded and dismissed,
By a mob of art lovers,
Paying hundreds of dollars...
To attend an art exhibit.

At a renown museum,
That has announced...
The grand opening,
Of their 'Homeless And Hungry On Canvas' display.
Produced by an artist no one has ever known.
Or...
Has ever heard of before.

And the people attending are dripping in furs,
Taylored suits and bejeweled!

Even in the wildest of dreams,
These scenes would be unbelievable.

And yet...
I have never been approached,
To perform my 'Interpretations of An Embittered Poet'
One man show,
Anywhere.

And I wouldn't charge half as much,
For two weeks of daily hourly performances.
I wouldn't.
I would have eating a sandwich on my mind.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Interpretations Of Life

Many are finding it easier,
To substitute any reality...
For quick trips away,
To escape from their own
Interpretations of life!

A shameless feeding of fantasy...
Has many people demanding more police,
To protect them from a way of life...
They have allowed and wished upon themselves.

They wished to see themselves better 'than'.
So throughout their history,
They took from others...
And declared them enemies.

They stripped them of their resources,
To claim stolen goods as their 'interests'.
They created their own isolation.
And in celebration...
This ignorance was praised.

Insecurity has increasingly...
Diminished them into dependency.
And a decadence lived,
Can not hide the blight or stop those frightened...
From what now all can see,
Is a quality of life purely based upon deceit.

Many are finding it easier,
To substitute any reality...
For quick trips away,
To escape from their own
Interpretations of life!

And they wish to love what they feel is right.
But how can this be done?
When all that has been happening,
Has been condoned,

By an addiction to restrict reality.
And the price paid to keep that hushed...
Is indebted to those,
Who 'allow' them to borrow funds...
To keep thoughts of greatness alive!

And how can a people thrive on the idea of greatness?
Simple.
Standards are lowered.
Mediocrity is praised.
Availability is cheapened.
And those demanding quality...
Are taught to be ignored.
With a disrespect that comes accepted.
Until it breeds an arrogance.
With a depiction of lost independence.
And a conformity controlled,
By anything that is told!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Interpreted As Conformity

In those slower days,
A dependable pace was kept.
And met on a regular basis,
With certainty.
When one could almost guarantee,
What those events would be tomorrow.

But those yesterdays with their tomorrows gone,
Are never coming back to keep pretentions intact...
For those to flaunt their upturned noses.
No!
Today the change amongst us is more of the mind.

Information collected is at a much faster pace.
Leaving behind those of a limited thought process,
Seeking to maintain control as once digested to accept...
Over that which has already been erased as outdated,
By those choosing truth as a preference to manifest.
Instead of ignorance as a choice to interpret as conformity.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Interpretive

I don't want to discourage you from performing,
But...
Any other year and long before today's times began,
Your interpretive dance depicting the Ten Commandments...
Would have brought tears to my eyes and had me on my knees.
No joke.
But...
Look around you.
These churches you see,
Are increasingly producing some unbelievable, incredible stuff.

I have heard during quiet moments of prayer,
Ministers discuss their infidelities.
And to have their lovers called out to acknowledge themselves,
To then to have it witnessed from spouses standing up...
With tears dripping a full box of tissue couldn't dry,
To say what has been done is God's Will.

I don't want to discourage you from performing,
But...
Any other year and long before today's times began,
Your interpretive dance depicting the Ten Commandments...
Would have brought tears to my eyes and had me on my knees.
No joke.
But...
Look around you.

Now...
If you are really serious about your beliefs,
With such restriction to a devoted faith...
I suggest this:
Drop the tablets.
Remove the jewelry.
Take off all of your clothes.
Go to the nearest neighborhood,
While grown men and women are fighting.
Cheered on my other neighbors and their children.
Then...
Do your interpretive dance.

If you should get any attention that's the only way today,
You are going to get it.

I would recommend you stop rehearsing your interpretive dance,
For the purpose to audition your act for the church...
Do everything I had suggested.
But wear a fig leaf as you sing, 'Aint No Mountain High Enough'.
If you don't do that,
You will not be remembered for your delivered message.
And what is going on inside...
Any minister who has expertise,
Will know how to keep his congregation spellbound.

I think what you're doing is great!
However...
You are going to have to update your presentation...a lot!
I would even pack a few codpieces if I were you.
You've got to 'thrill' these folks back to accept reality.
With a taking what you do to a whole new level!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Interselves

There are many who are into themselves.
Or know of those who are into theirselves.
He...himself.
And she,
Herself.
So much so...
There is no interself of selves shared.
Nothing clicking without hesitation.
Or a premeditative contemplation!

In divisions we decide to be kept to 'ourselves'.
In communal subdivisions sprawled and suburban...
We rush to keep locked inside of wooden and/or cement boxes.
There is no interselves connecting.
Only a caring for waste takes place.
Only a sameness unexplored yet assumed...
To keep pace.
To keep up.
To maintain beliefs.
But of what and why?
And for who do we do this?

If no one is in denial...
That God Himself has said...
Placed no other gods before Me!
Then why do we have before ourselves...
So much,
That we no longer can identify who we are?
And why we are and for 'Whom' to be...
Who we are!

There are many who are into themselves.
Or know of those who are into theirselves.
He...himself.
And she,
Herself.
So much so...
There is no interself of selves shared.
Nothing clicking without hesitation.

Or a premeditative contemplation!

In divisions we decide to be kept to 'ourselves'.
In communal subdivisions sprawled and suburban...
We rush to keep locked inside of wooden and/or cement boxes.
There is no interselves connecting.
Only a caring for waste takes place.
Only a sameness unexplored yet assumed...
To keep pace.
To keep up.
To maintain beliefs.
But of what and why?

We have long severed ties of communication.
Long denied that as a right for 'some' others to do!
And why is this done?
I am confused.
Is this done so I can get closer to you?
Is this done so you can get closer to me?
And if we have been doing this to get closer to God...
Why has that not been done?
If houses of God are everywhere for everyone!
But few are providing an interfaith of interselves...
And feeling welcomed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Interview Process

I was never one,
To sit through an interview process.
When I was asked...
'Why do you wish to work for us? '
My response...
'Give me a reason to want to! '
Here's another one...
'Where do you see yourself,
In the next five years?
My response...
'Not being interviewed,
For a position I'm overqualified for! '
And when test results were revealed...
This was the exchange...
'You have done remarkably well.
In fact,
The position you most qualify for
Was 'just' filled.
We will keep your resumé in our active files.
And if a similar position opens...
You will be contacted! '

Well...
Those active files were usually discarded
In an opened trash can!

My new approach now is this...
'I want to start at least tweny dollars an hour! '
Their response...
'We can't pay that.
I'm not even getting that! '
My response...
'I can understand why you're not getting paid that.
If you can not see I am worth more than that...
I'll be surprised if you're still here...
After someone discovers you were stupid enough,
To let me walk out that door! '

And most companies fail,

For the lack of qualified employees.
Who wants to hire someone smarter than they are?

I knew of folks who trained five years...
Just learning how to file documents alphabetically.
And they have won 'Employee of the Month' awards!

But then again...
None of them 'looked' like me either!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Interview With A Crook

I stole it
I got it
What about it!

And don't get up all in my face either!
I ain't your mama or saint nick.
Hey...
When you train folks to keep their eyes focused,
Somewhere else?
There ain't nothing you can steal from them.
And...
With their approval!

That's it.
I'm done.
Your out!

'Ladies and gentlemen...
That concludes my interview,
With a crook! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Interviewed To Spew

Remember those days
People were granted to give
Their unsolicited opinions
As if given a spotlight
To voice their views
From atop a soapbox to spew
And those listening
Would either be empathetic or amused
But did not openly disrespect
As many are accustomed
And have grown to do

Today
People are standing in line
To be interviewed to spew
And many are turned away
Because they are told
They are not qualified to be upset
But to leave their telephone number
With a forwarding address
In the event there should be
A window of opportunity for them to open

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Intimacy

Afraid of intimacy.
A heart that has been stung,
Just once...
Becomes more suspicious,
And less naive...
When a stinging from someone loved,
Is untimely done.

Afraid of intimacy.
Very few are ready to commit to this.
Until assured some consistency,
Is readily given...
In the sharing of mutual needs.

Not many will leave themselves open.
Or acknowledge publicly...
A wish for a love uncompared,
Shared in secret privacy.
And one devoted and discreet.

Afraid of intimacy?
Not me!
Whether private in discreet...
Or publicly displayed on crowded streets.
I seek a one on one!
That would suit me perfectly.
But these days that kind of intimacy,
Seems to be antiquated history.

Afraid of intimacy.
Very few are ready to commit to this.
Until assured some consistency,
Is readily given...
In the sharing of mutual needs.

And that would be my philosophy,
Regarding how I feel about intimacy.
An act complete of 'shared' familiarity.
Not something done to walk away from and leave.

That's nothing more than satisfying a convenience.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Intimate Since We Met

Intimate since we met.
With no mention of it intended.
And feeling free not to defend it,
To experience this without regret.

It was as if this was meant to be.
A meeting of coincidence...
That began for us so innocent.

And intimate since we met.
A magnetic attraction we cemented.
First with our eyes,
Then to our surprise we kissed.
Feeling that tingle between us,
With a need to be together...
To explore more of it!

And we have been intimate,
Since we met.
With no mention of it intended.
And feeling free not to defend it!
To experience this without regret.

So blessed we are,
To share this added spice.
That increases in our happiness,
Each of us knew.
But did not expect...
Could reach and climb to further heights.

None that we dreamed of.
Or planned to invite.

Intimate since we met.
With no mention of it intended.
And feeling free not to defend it,
To experience this without regret.

It was as if this was meant to be.

A meeting of coincidence...
That began for us so innocent.
And did not expect...
When we met,
Could reach and climb to further heights.
Further with no intention...
To be this intimate,
Like this intimacy we have is meant.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Intimately Or Not

No one I am with,
Intimately or not.
Will I permit myself,
To be shadowed...
With my being blocked.

I am meant to rise,
As if from the skies...
Sunlight appears,
To excite with delight...
And,
With a promise that shows clear.

I want and need to astonish.
Not fade away...
Behind a Sunset,
Forever remembered.

No one I am with,
Intimately or not.
Will I permit myself,
To be shadowed...
With my being blocked.

That is not on my list,
Of preferences.

Too many years,
Of dedicated discipline...
Has gone into 'this'.
With devotion and sacrifice,
I have enjoyed.
Not to carelessly be dismissed.

And it has been done,
At the expense of no one...
I want shunned.
But I have chosen in my life,
To love and share.

Not to initiate,
Assumptions to spare.

I want everyone to know,
I am there...
To give and take.
I will never be one,
To have my presence faked.

I want everyone to know,
I am here!
And I 'will' be there as well,
For anyone I share myself...
In a comfort both of us will dwell.

But I will not let it believed,
I shadow anyone...
To acknowledge that they lead.
Intimately or not...
My weight is my own,
To elevate, cast or seen to heave.

I want that known,
As my responsibility!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Intimidates On Command

You took this too far.
Too easy you thought it would be.
And giving your victory speech prematurely.
Only to find me,
Enduring your grief.

You took this too far!
And for too long you have been wrong.
But no one right could tell you that.
You wanted to prove your fear tactics,
Would set them back.

But you are up against the wall.
And they have shown no fear of you at all.
And throwing you and your balls,
Off of the field.
But you are the one still insisting...
You need more bucks to more whip butt.

As you give them a view,
As an aging process...
Too old to know when methods used,
Have outdated themselves.
And no one they know...
Intimidates on command!
Or has been madcowed!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Intimidation Feeds My Initiative

I have come to face obstacles and opposition,
For so long that my appearance may seem nonchalant.
Or my willingness to be hospitable,
With the giving of compliments is not expected.
However...
I sometimes empathize with those who believe,
I have just arrived on the scene to be easily intimidated.
Especially when folks like these have no idea,
Intimidation feeds my initiative.
And at this age I've been blessed to witness...
It was not done on the run as I chased rainbows.
But I will admit to sharing a few delusions with adversaries.
Who came to laugh in my face after being invited into my home.
That's how hospitable I can be to someone I 'know' is a demon.
To not let it be known I know exactly who 'they' are.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Into A Devoted Motion

Blocked but not stopped,
Is a flow that can overwhelm.
And...
Deflected,
To dropp its effectiveness.
Where a nourishment is sought.
And not dissected...
Into a nothingness that drifts off.

A purpose that is determined,
Will earn eventually an overdue respect.
No matter if there is a resistence to it...
A delivery to feed,
Will arrive at its destination.
By any means necessary...
To get to where it gets.
With or without,
A disappointment to fret!
Or its movement to regret.

And that which is anticipated,
Achieves beyond oppositions met.
When set and kept...
Into a devoted motion.
Regardless if the notion,
Is to impede its release.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Into A Filth Attracting Scene

Has anyone seen my robin here?
These seasons have been too quickly changing...
And no robin this year appeared.
Has anyone seen grapes on the vine?
They seem to be missing,
With the peaches.
And the apples look past their prime.
Has anyone noticed nasty waters?
With little left clean enough to drink.
What are we thinking...
And headed towards?
Where is the love we had,
For this planet we adored?

Give me my memories back from sleeping.
I've awakened into a filth attracting scene.
And my screaming doesn't mean a thing!
These scenes are cracking backs,
And getting mean!

Retired to a diary that I'm keeping!
I feel alone in crowds I face.
I want to share every thought I'm thinking.
But thoughts I have could never erase,
What's taking place.
Where are those disgusted with disgrace?

Give me my memories back from sleeping.
I've awakened into a filth attracting scene.
And my screaming doesn't mean a thing!
These scenes are cracking backs,
And getting mean!

Has anyone seen my robin here?
These seasons have been too quickly changing...
And no robin this year appeared.
Has anyone seen grapes on the vine?
They seem to be missing,
With the peaches.

And the apples look past their prime.
They didn't look like that last time...
When minds were clear
And fought the appearance of slime!
We'll be defined as the human wasting kind!
These times we sit in twistedness seem fine!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Into A Zone

Oh...
I can get into a 'zone' and just stay all day.
If the mood strikes me right.
And the love I have for writing is in the air.
I could stay there unaware of time.
And why not?

I can not describe the satisfaction I get from it!
And happy I am no one is around me to annoy,
Or begs me to explain...
Why my joy comes to clear the atmosphere.
Without those pointless interruptions,
That lead into accusations expressed...
Of a selfishness.

And yes,
I would have to admit it.
With the hope that the 'zone' I was in has not left!
Sometimes...
Even making ugly faces wont chase some pests away.
They seem to become more enamored,
By what they believe is a mystery that dissolves into...
Undignified name calling!

~That's correct.
That's exactly what I said!
You want to hear those words again?
Beaver lips! ~

'A beaver does not have lips! '

~Nor do they wear a ten and a half shoe,
On a foot that can lift and implant prints.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Into An Existence Born

Looking through a lense,
Within an animation to be given choice.
And introspection to examine.

Into an existence born to serve a mission.
With a doing to complete,
While protected by specific direction.

Delivering messages to satisfy by demand.
And to follow as dictated...
Although the 'why' of this few understand.

Looking through a lense,
Within an animation to be given choice.
And introspection to examine.
But by 'what' or 'whom' is command of this?

'Not I',
Said the tool being used.
But not feeling foolish.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Into Corners Of Weakness

It is amazing how they had praised themselves,
Into corners of weakness without a consciousness.
And...
Once believing themselves to be better than others.
To discover they are the ones now dismissed.
By their peers and those involved,
In their dissolving relationships.

It is amazing how they had attached to establishments.
The ones they believed,
Would never leave them in a bind behind...
The current changes that exist.
And the speed of this done has them in mental fits.
With no lifeline to free or rescue them,
From decisions they made creating their own unhappiness.

It is amazing how they had praised themselves,
Into corners of weakness without a consciousness.
And...
To witness them awakening to witness their hearts breaking,
Shakens those who were left exposed...
To their quick critiquing and judgements passed,
Now to view their shoulders hunched is an image that is so sad.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Into Direct Eye Contact

Bring it on.
With all of your defenses.
This doesn't get easier as you backstep.
As if a full picture you are trying to receive.

I'm into direct eye contact.
And a deliverance of sincerety.
If you don't know what I mean...
It is unfortunate yet understandable,
If you do or if you don't.
Seldom do I leave my preferences,
Gone unaddressed.

Although I am not here to waste my patience.
Or understand when you play hide and seek.
I know those things about you.
Nor will I allow you to believe,
You can make me weak.

I am not in the star wars galaxy,
Trying to find myself.
Or video my way out of existence...
To purchase my next breath to breathe.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Into I Drifted

How farther from the Kingdom can You be,
My Father?
If we greet on one level when we meet...AGAIN!
I'm told that YOUR glow is tremendously bright,
Yet soft and exciting!
How will I know
Its the 'Me' You're inviting?
If Your radiance blinds my sight.
How will I know it is You that bestows it?

'Look around, son!
Do you recognize anything here that looks familiar?
Other than family, friends and their happy glowing faces?
Anything at all.
Okay...time's up! '

Father! It's too magnificent!
I couldn't...
It wouldn't be fair to waste time like that!

'And since you have none of it left...
This my son,
Is Kingdom Come! ...and, (He's going to survive?)
And...er...and, uh...Let it be known I have spoken! '

He shakes me up with this stuff!
From faith to dream in illusions.
Delusional sometimes I get...
When I first wake up,
From a deep sleep into I drifted!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Into Plastic Surgery. Not Aluminum Siding

If you...
Like so many,
Who are observed monitoring their aging process...
Seek to recapture a youth rejuvenated.
With a glow that defies microscoped closeups.
Showing supple, flawless and crow feet free facial skin...
Here is a suggestion,
Forget it!

When a certain age has been reached...
Those crow feet may be prevented from dancing.
With steps etched that are directed by Father time.
However...
It's Mother Nature who is not fooled.
And those legitimately embracing the noon of youth...
Are not fooled either.

And...
The consulting plastic surgeon,
You have selected to choose...
Knows a few sessions of flattery should do it.

Promising to remove thirty years off of your appearance,
Should do the trick!

'Thirty years?
That's incredible.
NO WAY? '

~Oh...
Much WAY!
If you've got deep pockets...
I'll provide the way.
'Mos Def'.~

'To look 40 again,
Would be a God send.'

~I can have you feeling 39 for at least 3 years! ~

'Why 3?
What about those other years? '

~Those other years?
By the time you realize those 'golden years' have arrived...
Your foolishness should be,
By then...
Assisting you to have more serious conversations with God.~

'But...
But,
What about my investment? '

~What about it?
I'm into plastic surgery.
Not aluminum siding! ~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Into Self Annointing Myths

Definite, defined and cemented in concrete,
Is not a good place to be...
When changes come to establish a new arrangement,
That is complete with a total upheaval...
Of beliefs and standards kept to address,
As not only being outdated...
But created by those intimately into self annointing myths.
Intrinsic!
And essential to validate symbolically,
An existence wished connected to wings.
Harps, orchestrations and golden slippers adorned,
By harmonic voices singing...
Amongst a background of white and fluffy clouds,
As they beam bright smiles exposing perfect teeth.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Into The Caverns Of Darkness

With the advice of appointed sidekicks...
One man has singlehandedly insured
The word 'integrity' has become a joke,
When applied to folks who govern...
From such lofty positions!

Credibility?
Can you say...'Got none? '
And will never be located!
Not at these sub-basement levels.

AND...
It is rumored that this costly production
Is 'thisclose' from losing all interest,
From everyone
Because someone had a notion
This man has a thought to be shared
To determine the direction of 'down and deeper in dung? '
Light has already refused to shine on the minds
Where these folks are tripping over their steps.

He has no thought to think!
That is why we are now on the brink of no return!
But...
There is some satisfaction that attracts to this action!
He reflects all of those who chose to follow him...
Into the caverns of darkness!
And they accept this.
Since they watch and cover,
Each other's backs!
Like rats on an expedition!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Into The Light Your Brightness Comes

Come.
And close out the darkness behind you.
Don't be frightened by the light.
None of it shines on you to bite.
Or sever from you a wish...
To live your life with more happiness.

Come.
And strip from delusions and myths.
Dismiss those restrictions,
You had doubted you can live without.
You can if you so desire for this.

If you come,
To undo your fear.
We are absent of that here.
Your lingering sadness will from you disappear.
If you come...
Into the light!
Into the light your brightness comes.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Into The Wilderness

Always there will be those,
Going out of their way as if chosen...
To inflict their wicked misdeeds upon others.
Only to arrive with feelings they discover,
Has left them to grieve wishing forgiveness.
Knowing...
Time has not come to heal their wounds.

And those who have been picked to be inflicted,
With wounds...know this.
Even attempts made trying to hide them,
Still sit not to be forgotten.
And the repeated visits with bitterness,
Sometimes may take them on long drives...
To 'trip' into the wilderness just to cry...alone.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Into Their Outer Selves

Many are into their outer selves.
You know...
What they believe impresses.
For a next step taken.
If key preferences have been met.
And the selection is considered a catch.

Many are into their outer selves.
You know...
'The-what-I-got-that-you-need' type people.
The ones that zoom in to evaluate a scoring process,
Before they decide whether or not...
The pick up is going to be worth a tired conversation.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Into Themselves

People into themselves,
Live lives delusioned to fantasize.
And they are distracted by facts,
With a hope one day...
A reality they wish to inflict,
Will not restrict with obstacles...
That affect their strides.

It becomes increasingly difficult,
To support and defend...
Those like them.
They are not molded with backbone,
Another could depend.

Fence sitters undecided,
With a self esteem dismissed.
Often are destructive to progress...
With a delaying of it.

And direct they are not.
Deceivers they tend to be.
With a seeking of attention...
To stop a process intended,
That will expose their activity...
Lacking in accountability!

People into themselves,
Live lives delusioned to fantasize.
And they are distracted by facts,
With a hope one day...
A reality they wish to inflict,
Will not restrict with obstacles...
That affect their strides.
Or the need they have to embellish,
From the shadows where they hide.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Intoxicated Love

'What's love got to do with it? '

Tina?
Tina, Tina, Tina?
Anna Mae Bullock,
You are a head 'Turner'
But...

At one time...
When I thought of life,
As a hustle.
To produce pennies, nickles
And now worthless dimes.
Love,
As I knew of it then...
Was a waste of time.
And the furthest thing from my mind.

Seeking that hustle,
With hopes to muscle up respect.
What I did get was dwindling change.
And a pinch to remind me,
Of my adopted hopelessness.

Today,
I feed on it with such a greed.
I feel I must steal love.
Without guilt to please my wants and needs.

Intoxicated I find my mind,
With this stolen love.
Intoxicated love has found me,
Cleared eyed and freed of that hustle bustled.

'What's love got to do with it? '

With me?
So much I can't get enough of it.
And blessed that God has given this gift!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Intoxicated Twigs

Raised on slim chances,
And taught to feast on increased poverty
To survive in pretense and fear!
These children of tomorrow
Have fought too long inherited struggles!
Battles that have them hip-hopping themselves
To solutions mindlessly aimed
To gain and maintain quick pleasures!
As 'their' fruits dropp spoiled...
With soiled dispositions rotting,
Before full bloom!
Disrespecting a process...
That should consume them!
Not entomb with despair!
Buried in bravado and forgotten.
'RIP'ped...from their stunted dreams!

We must make room...
And clear that 'space' from devastation.
Pasted intentionally to hide realities,
We allowed and manifested.
Handed to them and watched...
As they fed!

Blaming seeds we planted...
For their disappointing growth performance,
And lack to self nurture!
Dooming them...
With a self righteous command to curse,
Their steps!

Where were we...
When these intoxicated twigs
Began to fall from steady branches?
These foundations aren't created in mid air!
They began somewhere...
To build and aspire!
But were they ever grounded,
In roots understood and defined?

That is what we have no time to digest!
Even though it begins to congest and decay!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Intricate Stitching

No one can enforce another,
To see what their mind continually skips.
Whether done purposely or by habit,
No one should feel obligated to do this.

A game played is more popular to attend,
Than one seen absorbed in following the rules.
Or if improvement is needed,
To rid from the use of foolish loopholes.

As long as a perception is fed,
Few are concerned with the details of the pattern.
Or the intricate stitching that keeps it all together,
Fitting to enable the design of it to exist.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Intrigued

Since I have gotten older,
And wiser with a wisdom...
That had begun to marinate in patience.
I hear and understand you,
And others quite clearly.
With a growing desire to comprehend.

Sometimes.
When the mood for it is ushered in.

Listening to others as I have done of late,
Gives me more of an appreciation...
As I welcome the aging process,
With acceptance.
Without feeling the doing of this,
Is something I must tolerate.

I love the fact I need not impress.
Or dress to meet someone's expectations.
Although...
Speaking my mind I find can offend.
Especially those still hiding,
Behind their pretensions.

Since I have gotten older,
And wiser with a wisdom...
That had begun to marinate in patience.
I hear and understand you,
And others quite clearly.
With a growing desire to comprehend.

And,
If I so choose...
I now allow my mind to drift with the wind.
To sit and stare without argument...
As if to give my full attention.
I've learned giving a nod or two in agreement does wonders.

I wish I had known this earlier in my life!

'Are you paying any attention to me? '

Of course.
Didn't you just see me nod my approval?
In fact...
I am so interested,
I was about to ask you to repeat what you just said.
I am intrigued and fascinated by the topic.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Intriguing Isn'T It?

A deployment of character assassins,
Have been on the trail for years.
But no one has confided in them yet...
That those selected for defamations,
Have been, in fact, themselves!

Invited to all of the soirées.
And came dressed to impress,
I might add!

They should be just about discovering that...
Right,
Now!
Among those,
They are...
Proud professional social climbers!

And how do they become less exposed?
That is difficult to determine.
The look of shock seems to be permanently fixed,
On their faces.

'Excuse me...
Were you intending to use something against me?
Isn't that you?
Standing over there...
During this taping conducted,
By your small gathering of friends?
Who happen to be my employees!

Why do you look so surprised?
Didn't they tell you they work for me?
We have known each other for years.
Far more than I can count!

Are you perfoming acts of sodom...
In those videos?
And dancing with the others butt naked?
Was this an official or unofficial celebration?

Intriguing...
Isn't it?
Enjoy.
There is an assortment of activities to suit your fancy!
And stop staring.
I'm not 'that' goodlooking! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Intrinsically Quilted

With a despising of themselves,
To not appreciate in a sharing...
Of valuable attributes they've been blessed.
As gifts from God given.

But a pride and ego,
Has divided them into a separateness.
They instead have accepted,
As a demonic mission dispensed as if a quest.
To destroy the fabric intrinsically quilted.
A fabric so fragile...
That supplies all of their benefits.
And more to get.
But a feeding on envy and petty jealousies,
Prevents them to see the wholesomeness of this.

Since materialism has interceded to intercept,
An introspection that would remove the veils...
That blinds their consciousness to be aware of it.
To allow hatred between them to be fed and prevail.
And the wickedness of the demon continues to recruit.
Ensuring blood bled to bleed has been done successfully.

Intrinsically quilted,
A fragile fabric...
With a mending that's needed and bad.
Intrinsically quilted,
A fragile fabric...
Picked apart and the doing is sad.

Intrinsically quilted,
But there's a wicked wish to pick it.
Intrinsically quilted,
But there's a wicked wish to pick it.
Intrinsically quilted,
But there's a wicked wish to pick it.
With a tearing of hearts apart.
To then,
Depart.

Intrinsically quilted,
A fragile fabric...
With a mending that's needed and bad.
Intrinsically quilted,
A fragile fabric...
Picked apart and the doing is sad.

Intrinsically quilted,
But there's a wicked wish to pick it.
Intrinsically quilted,
But there's a wicked wish to pick...
Hearts apart.
To then,
Depart.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Intro_(Se) _Duction

Step back and let this thought come through.
Weed yourself from baggage.
And free yourself of issues.
Give chase with haste that bitter taste to grieve.
You don't need it anymore.
And storing it to later unpack...
Has left you with an emptiness.
Leaving you acquainted but not accustomed,
To familiarize yourself...
With your own happiness.

An intro_(se) _duction free of disgust.
Erased is the plucking of the nerves with the fuss.
Your distrusting of these times,
Can now be ousted outside to collect as dust!
Clear every corner of that from your heart.
Start trusting in yourself.
And let that build up of crust...
Surrounding with doubts,
Be chipped into pieces...
And be swept away as you shout, 'Be gone! '

An introduction comes to seduce you...
With a peace of mind you wish prolonged,
Inside!
To ride and be freed of self pity to release!
'Be gone! '
Mean it.
Say it!
And let it be known.
An intro_(se) _duction free of disgust comes.
Welcome it gladly and let this be shown...
You are happy to have it with you.
Since it is recognized for what it is.
And it has finally found a home!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Introduced From The Beginning

When honesty is introduced from the beginning...
There is no reason for excuses,
To fake a chase to cover lies later on!
There is something about this activity,
That leaves one without credibility...
And a voice more effective,
When silence is the only thing heard!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Introducing Doubt To Weaken

Remove I've done,
From a confinement to undo.
And to choose to escape,
From perceptions...
Time,
Has taught me to erase.

Remove I've done,
The faking of false faces.
Kept to do,
In fear that I would offend someone...
And masquerading in pretense,
Would find my presence more accepted.

Remove I've done,
Notions of impressions to give.
And to strip myself to expose my identity,
Has meant more to more...
Than the approval of someone lessened,
By a harboring of their own hidden insecurities.

Removed from me I have done,
Those kinds of deliberating limitations.
Introducing doubt to weaken,
My desire to live my life...
Free of anyone's ability,
To qualify the passing of their judgements.

That action,
Is not invited or solicited in defining my life...
Lived the way it has been intended.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Introducing Of Facts

Why is it there are those who refuse to admit,
There is a reality that exists beyond created myths.
And readily available for purposes to review,
With an analyzing they can do if they so choose...
Without arguing indoctrinations taught to compare.
If they chose to comprehend an understanding to extend.
To then welcome a healthier mindset that benefits them.

Yet they will defend beliefs accepted to them given,
By someone 'trusted' handing down unreliable information.
With an insisting what is true through gossip followed to do,
And with a doing of this done pursued to profess as confessed...
Has no ultimate or immediate affect on their consciousness.
Or what they've been told from ages old to be the truth,
And nothing but as depicted by prophets elevated to 'saints'.

Why is it there are those who refuse to admit,
There is a reality that exists beyond created myths?
But yet will argue that a proof to them shown,
With evidence researched and connected to this known...
Is a negative doing of those with wishes,
To keep their minds confused with the introducing of facts...
As a means to distract and dismiss their addicted delusions.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Introduction To Aggravation

The only thing that is guaranteed
One will experience
During this process called life
And one should expect
With a minimal of agitation expressed
Will be that introduction to aggravation

It will have a way of becoming familiar
However
Let its presence be known and quickly shown
A tolerating of it is not accepted
And your visit with it will not be too long
Let it know upfront you are not the host of the party

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Introspection

If something said
Upsets.
And there is a need within to object.
Perhaps introspection,
Will bring about a connection...
That one sat upon with neglect.
Because it is not your point of view,
That a thought expressed is shared.
Why was it stated to bait debate...
If an opinion was not there to declare?
It did not appear in the air,
Simply from nowhere!
A beginning is what it is...
And just to end it is not fair!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Invalidated Accusations

On multiple levels,
A picking apart of falsehoods takes place.
And on multiple levels,
The disgrace of this can not be erased.
On multiple levels,
An aged tolerance of it is being exposed.
And on multiple levels,
Those responsible and should be held accountable...
Have chosen to refuse truth by making the same excuses.

'Had we known to comprehend these deficiences existed,
As claimed by those disgruntled...
And confronting us with comments we find verbally offensive,
None of these horrendous activities many today say they face...
Would have been permitted to happen to take place.
IF, indeed, they had occurred as they perceive.'

~Even though you chose to close your eyes,
Turn your backs to walk away and with turn up your noses?
This is the ultimate of despicable desceit.~

'We consider that as jibberish and speculation.
And...
Although well stated,
We regard as invalidated accusations.
We have 'never' turned up our noses.
Once the facts have been revealed and thoroughly debated,
We re-act accordingly.'

~To benefit the delusions of whom? ~

'It has been reported but not yet confirmed,
That we are in the midst of a deliberate crisis.
This we do understand.
However...
I ask of you,
Does it really matter, at this point, who or whom is at fault,
To lay blame? '

~We are here to take effective measures to ensure none of this,
Ever happens again.
The public has entrusted us to deliver to them some answers.~

'Whatever.
Now...
Are you through with your probe?
We have scheduled a luncheon date.
And this nonsense has already created a delay.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Invaluable

In search of the perfect season?
Where happiness existed?
And no one in their right mind resisted?

What a blissful state of mind that would be!
Few would decline the offer to be that free.

But that isn't the kind of mindset projected yet.
Not one someone could find,
To fight for and protect!

In these days and times...
A peace like that would be highly suspect!

It would be too precious.
It would be too priceless.
Undefined!
And dissected, inspected and rejected.
Until what had been glorious,
Becomes totally worthless!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Inventive Thinking And Creative Ways

How can something so vital,
And necessary to the growth...
Of the minds to advance the education,
Needed for today's children to compete...
Be not a focus of those revealed,
To be graduating with degrees.
With a stimulation done to their imaginations.
But...
A stimulation needed,
Is said to be essential...
To their creative thinking process?

A cheating on tests,
Has yet to prove beneficial.

And today...
People find it difficult to address,
That those with performing arts as their background...
Are found flipping burgers,
Or waiting on tables.
When those discovered to be incompetent,
Irresponsible and lack accountablility...
Can not read nor write.
Or recite what has been written.
And yet...
Are hired to perform tasks for corporations,
That now confess...
They seek people who can read, write...
Do the math, entertain, produce AND direct.
But left to find this pool of talent,
Overseas.

What is missing in the minds of those,
Selected to have the qualities...
That determines they are qualified to lead?
Impressive looks?
Or is it image?

And everything created that has succeeded,

Has come from the minds of those...
Innovative enough,
To make lives more lazier today...
By their inventive thinking and creative ways.

And it is difficult to compete,
With those consistently keeping...
Their minds fixed upon staying in rhythm,
And in tune with the beat of things.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Invested Heart

Invested heart.
Collect your joy,
From deposits of interests.
Your return is going to be exchanged,
With dividends unexpected!
There were some times
You knew you didn't have to be there.
But you stayed and weathered the storm!
And your reward comes,
Packaged in contentment!
You now know what pleases you...
And your sacrifices have not been in vain!
Invested heart...
Collect your joy!
Do you know of anyone else,
More deserving?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Invested Interest

The quality,
Of one's invested interest...
Determines the value,
Achieved to believe received...
With time, faith and patience,
To anticipate an outcome...
That should not leave,
One with interest invested...
Totally surprised by the success,
To have accomplished to get.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Investigating Improprieties

Investigating Improprieties,
Promises to undo
A way of life historically pursued.
And had been based upon them,
With a flair that flourished affairs.

Those with outcries,
To expose and uncover lies denied...
Have placed their own existence,
In a jeopardy that threatens a pretense...
That had molded together,
Thieving dignities.

And foundations comprised,
On tweaked claims and alibis...
Unravels a society fantasized!
As truth concealed reveals...
An undoing of shattered myths,
Given life to breathe!

Leaving the purpose of taxation,
The core to finance an ending greed.
The seed that fed,
Their need to seek a greatness!
Will this acknowledgement cease their probe?
And advance them with this self assessment.
Or will they stay frozen...
In an accepted ignorance they chose!
A truth pursued can be cruel and crude.
And...
Connected to released freedoms.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Investing Our Hearts

Do not mistake this love you see.
It is not yours to abuse like a piece of property.
Keep it respected,
And it will not neglect.
Take it for granted...
And from you it will have left!
Because it is given unconditionally...
Don't begin to attach conditions.
Or an exit it will find to leave.
As warm as it can get...
It can also begin to freeze.
Do not mistake this love you see.
It is not yours to abuse like a piece of property.
Another was allowed to touch it.
And squeezed it to see if it could bleed.
A renovation of that act took place...
To heal a damaging heartbreak it had to face.
And that was done,
To enable it to become ready again...
For someone selected to accept it.
Not dissect it from within.
Do not mistake this love you see.
It is not yours to abuse like a piece of property.
Enjoy it and in time it will be yours to keep!
That I promise.
Since what is felt for you is getting deep!
Do not mistake this love you see.
It is not yours to abuse like a piece of property.
And let's together increase the value,
Investing our hearts in its validity.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Investment The Heart Accepts

When people are taught to assess others,
Like property and other things that lose value...
And judged on the basis not of trust...
But how folks look,
Who makes the approval...
And who they know with comparable,
Rusting points of views as such!

Like a search one makes for clothes to buy,
Or a pair of new shoes...
To wear until they have lost the reason,
Why they were purchased and used!

People like this,
Make themselves insignificant!
Like 'hand me downs'
Some throw and toss around.
And when people like this,
Are discovered and found...
It makes better sense,
To use your time on truer friends,
And a better way to exist!
Until one uncovers a wiser choice to make.
To upgrade when seeking something genuine.
Something lasting that will test...
A wise investment the heart accepts.

People like this...
Make being in their presence
One of joy,
Purpose and happiness!
With a mental rest deserved...
And a peace of mind one gets and serves!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Investments Deposited In Conflicts

Why prolong a caring done to do,
Over those who are there or somewhere else...
Ignoring benefits amongst themselves to share.
And with them easily found around.
Be the one to retrieve them and leave.
With no need to say anything misunderstood.
Although profound.

Those left believing,
Arguments started is part of a winning process...
May the light of dawn open their minds,
To eventually find they have become enlightened.
And that time spent invested in conflicts to deposit,
Provides not a single dividend in return.
The ones awakened already have this lesson learned.

And...
Anyone with expectations a better quality of life,
Is for them deserving on demand to command...
Perhaps their investments deposited in conflicts,
Initiated with belief something about it profits...
Arguments stated Is not the way to go about it...
If the desire to end them is there but the act of it isn't!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Invisible Are These Eyes Observing

Lips sealed and still thoughts heard.
No spoken words are needed.
A confused truth contradicts...
What is to be comprehended,
Does not with deeds done comes now to fix.
Energy unrecognized spies upon tricks.
And lies and alibis fade.
Becoming useless aids.
Invisible are these eyes observing...
And flaunting a haunting supernaturalness,
That empowers those meek.
Exposing deception and its inventors.
Erased are thoughtless conflicts!
A higher consciousness inflicts,
Those afflicted with manmade myths.
An appearance shatters concepts.
Religious beliefs held are dispelled!
A complete change comes to exist.
There is no heaven...
Nor is there hell!
Revealed are levels of dimensions.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Invisible Is The Injury Suffered

Those who do not grow...
Believing God, Mother Nature and Father Time,
Will honor their requests to keep things unchanged...
To remain as they are?
With a comfort provided,
To decide to do what they please and choose?
Are also hoping never to face reality.
And with assistance from those who are convinced,
They aid with a benefit to go along with people like this...
Do a mind like this more harm.
Invisible is the injury suffered,
By the one who protects their neurosis!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Invisible Strings

Addicted is a dependency,
Consented to defend it.
And rewarded to permit,
A repeating done with assistance.

Enabled are those capable,
Of performing their own tasks.
But kept they are dependent upon,
Others to remove baggage...
Off their backs.

Like children many are kept,
On invisible strings to prevent adulthood.
And growing to become men and women.
With a grooming to bloom like they should.

We treat and keep our children,
Like 'kids' to remain...
Unaccountable for their actions.
Yet blame them for staying,
Dependent and unchanged.

We don't raise our children,
To encourage them to fly.
We become for them a safety net.
With a doing to undermine them.
And criticizing whatever they try.

Addicted is a dependency,
Consented to defend it.
And rewarded to permit,
A repeating done with assistance.

Children reflect a disrespect they get.
Only those who grow into adulthood,
To have known mistakes to face them made.
Are the ones who were left to take those steps.
And alone to correct them.
With a chasing of dependency away.

'I don't 'see' my kids like I use to.'

~Maybe you should 'see' them,
As the men and women they have become.
And not the 'kids',
You would prefer them to stay.~

'Sometimes they would act that way.'

~And those are the times you miss.
But unfortunately...
Your complaints they've heard,
With strings to pull.
From them they have distanced to dismiss.
No matter what they were,
To no longer exist.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Invitation Only

The giving of oneself who commits to it,
With no strings attached to permit...
Often leads to others suspicious to expect,
That a doing one does is for something to get.
To leave one left with only wanting to give,
Deciding not to take such steps again.
And undoing whatever beliefs people may keep.

'Uh...excuse me.
At one time there was a door here.
I remember it as if it was yesterday.
That door was left open to anyone all the time.
Now there is a cement wall.
What happened? '

~Oh that?
The person that still resides there,
Decided to cement the entrance.
With the changing of the entry...up there.
Up on the roof.
Anyone who arrives has an invitation.~

'Invitation?
And, if I don't have an invitation? '

~No private elevator ride up.
No roof to enjoy the beautiful view.
And no inside do you get.
I use to think,
Folks who would do something like that...
Were crazy.
But today...
I wish I could pay to get that kind of satisfaction.~

'Would you happen to have their telephone number? '

~Yes I do.
But I aint about to give up my privileges.~

'And who are you? '

~The janitor.
And I've been given access,
To everything inside.
And you? Who are you?
A distant relative.
Or a long lost friend.~

'Well...
Someone who use to take people for granted.'

~I bet you wont do that again.~

'Do you mind me giving you my name.'

~For what reason?
I'm not here by invitation only.
Nor do I need one.
I have access to everything inside.
Including a listening ear anytime I want.
Your name to me given,
Is not about to ruin what I've got.
If you don't have an invitation,
You're not meant to get inside.~

The giving of oneself who commits to it,
With no strings attached to permit...
Often leads to others suspicious to expect,
That a doing one does is for something to get.
To leave one left with only wanting to give,
Deciding not to take such steps again.
And undoing whatever beliefs people may keep.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Invitation To Failure

Tainted pictures to paint,
With a scheduled exhibition...
To market and sell goes quite well,
When a selected demographic is told
What is available.
And reasonably sold.

An invitation to failure.
Exclusively sent and unexpectedly,
Received.
Will always attract,
The ones deceived and incensed...
By subliminal images intended,
To depict what isn't obvious.
But sold to the mind to imagine.
Until it is created to happen.

'I didn't realize my life to live,
Had been that bad.'

-Wow! Me either.
Let's go see just how bad off,
We are.-

'I'm sold.
And while we are at it,
Let's protest...
Before we arrive to go inside.'

-That would be disturbing the peace.
And people may call the police.-

'The invitation we got,
Already did that.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Invitational Malaise

Invitational malaise directed.
To keep some dazed.
Is done to do...
To dumbdown those who loiter.

Invitational malaise directed.
To keep some dazed.
Is done to do...
To declare a need for law and order.

Stripped from purpose and deserving,
Lives to Live.
This...
Is done to dumbdown.

Restricted to intend to limit them.
This...
Is done to dumbdown.

Some hold onto their holy moses.
Praying!
This...
Is not what we want around.
This...
Remove to not be found.

Invitational malaise directed.
To keep some dazed.
This...
Is done to dumbdown.
This...
Is done to do.
This...
Is done to dumbdown.
This...
Is not done to few.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Invitations Meant For All

The doing of routines,
Become less felt as beneficial.
There is an emptiness assessed to be superficial,
Remaining fixed in maintained, sustained stubbornness...
For the ones that have become disappointed like this.

Absent are valid thoughts,
Wanting change with those wishes done.
Absent is the wanting of fresh air to breathe,
Or a desire for that to come to leave behind sorrows.
Although it is very clear the Sun rises daily to appear.

Uninvited is the feeling when invitations meant for all...
Aren't accepted yet rejected by those with eyes closed,
Who have abandoned wishful dreams.
Even if it seems,
What comes to shine brightly can remove their gloom.

Absent to dismiss are valid thoughts once existing,
In the minds wanting change with those wishes done.
Absent is the desire of fresh air to breathe that inspires.
Or the initiative to come to leave behind addicting sorrows.
Although it is very clear the Sun rises to appear,
As done for 'anyone' taking steps with recognized kept faith!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Invite, Solicit Or Visit. Period

I have never found it alright,
To have others make decisions...
For the way I live my life.

My own parents weren't restrictive,
Or strict.
They made suggestions and that was it.

To have someone decide,
What is or is not for me to appease my appetite...
Is not going to happen.

Unless someone is seeking an argument or a fight.
And at my age I 'will' sleep peacefully at night.

So conflicts to undo my wishes I do not invite.
Nor do I solicit or visit.
Period.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Invited To Apply

If it has been stated,
You have found me qualified...
As one to be identified,
To receive all that you offer.
Including unlimited benefits,
Too numerous to specify.
Why am I the one selected picked,
To be invited to apply...
With an advantage over others,
You decided to dismiss.
And I am guaranteed after I reply,
An attention I would get from you...
Promised to be personal and undivided.

What is it that I have,
That makes you think...
I would undertake this process,
To enable you to eliminate...
Candidates on your preference list?
What makes you think,
I will respond and wait...
With it then to appreciate,
My selection as a perfect mate?

'But you could have,
All that there is I have to you to offer.'

That's okay.
I'm from the 'old school'.
And any relationship I participate in,
First has to have my heart involved.
With a chemistry that isn't deceived.
And what you have to offer,
Should frighten anyone seeking love...
Without it being physically,
Or mentally diseased.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Invited To Explore

Living life,
As if invited to explore it...
Would be of benefit.
Just to awaken fully aware of this,
Eliminates the importance...
Of making impressions or finding,
That a necessity on a daily basis to pursue.
Many spend their entire lifetimes,
Making comparisons of differences.
Then to select from them their preferences.

Living life,
As if invited to explore it...
With it known time is limited,
Should eventually dawn upon those...
Who have arrived to achieve consciousness,
How much happier they feel than others.
But so many keep such druthers,
Seeking and finding for themselves conflicts...
Confusion, pain and sorrow everyday,
To share with someone who also complaints.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Invited To Hype It

Invited to hype it,
In prime time.
Invited to hype it,
Delighting all minds.
Invited to hype it,
And done to excite...
A craving that satisfies all appetites.

The hype,
Is in need...
Of controversy.
Something that's sold,
To sell and sell well.
A doing incited to hype it good.
A doing that's better than Hollywood could.

Invited to hype it,
In prime time.
Invited to hype it,
Delighting all minds.
Invited to hype it,
And done to excite...
A craving that satisfies all appetites.

'Let's take a ball,
Deflate it fast.
Regardless who throws it to catch a pass.
Or a referree who has touched it last.
We'll claim a deflating an illegal task.
And have that task claimed with it blamed,
On the quarterback.'

~But how do we do that,
To have it be done?
Since everyone sitting,
Saw who had won.
Even if he threw a bar of soap,
The losers would still look like they were dopes.~

Invited to hype it,
In prime time.
Invited to hype it,
Delighting all minds.
Invited to hype it,
And done to excite...
A craving that satisfies all appetites.

~But who would believe,
Someone who is great...
Would deflate many balls,
Just to have it debated.
With it done to perceive,
A ball would cause 'awe' and suspicion? ~

Invite it to hype it,
In prime time.
Invite it to hype it,
To keep on all minds.
Invite it to hype to sell a game.
To ensure that it sells out without any doubt.
And the losers and winners both feast.

'We still have a few tickets left.
Those most suspicious...
$50,000.00 are the tickets.
Those who just want to witness a game played,
$9,000.00 will pay for those cheap seats.'

Invited to hype it,
In prime time.
Invited to hype it,
Delighting all minds.
Invited to hype it,
And done to excite...
A craving that satisfies all appetites.

~What makes this 'bowl' so SUPER? ~

'The hype.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Inviting The Delight Of Gossips

A lie,
Will always be sweet.
And considered delicious tender meat,
Tasted.
And quick to share...
When prepared after basting.
With a buttering done!
And more to spare.
From tongue to tongue...
Inviting the delight of gossips.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Invoice

Do I wonder where you are,
When I hear the raindrops fall?
And I call you on your telephone...
With no response to me at all?
Should I understand you will answer me,
The moment you hear my voice?
Or wait until you buy what I say...
And mail you an invoice,
To confirm I'm your choice?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Involved

No light shines so bright within some people.
You can tell those from others...
Who shy away from consciousness,
As if it is a burden of a thinking process
They have selected not to have.

Those with 'light'...
There is a 'willingness' to learn,
That is present in their eyes.
'Something' gives feedback that life is being involved.
It flickers from inside of them!

It sparks!
It glows.
And it is apparent they are here to enjoy the experience.
Everything done they do becomes an exchange of attractions.
They are 'involved'.
And they may not be aware of it at all!
It seems out of place,
To hear a complaint come from them.
That is rare.
Like observing a comet for the very first time.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Ironically Enough

Ironically enough,
As irony has come to me to show and bestow.
If it had not been for the anguish.
With those emotional traumas to experience.
Accompanied by physical and mental stress.
Connecting to the breaking up of relationships.
And those temptations that came to test,
That left me crawling on my knees.
And deep in despair,
Feeling lower than a low can get!
To look up to it as a goal to achieve.
I doubt very seriously...
That the happiness I now have,
Would have been appreciated...
To enjoy to such a degree!
And to have humor about it too?
I've been truly blessed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Irrational And Radical Are The Changes

Irrational and radical are the changes.
And a leader selected is up to the task.
But many are living with minds locked,
In the past.
They can not grasp the notion of their desires,
No longer existing as reminsced.
Stuck they are in a time warp.
And this for them is unfortunate.

Irrational and radical are the changes.
It is as if Mother Nature is in on it.
It is as if the Earth too is disturbed...
And insists,
Only those priorities on Earth's list exists.
As we feed like ungrateful leeches.
Seeking to destroy,
The naturalness of things.

Irrational and radical are the changes.
As if a blame is trying to find a place,
To legitimize a reason why...
Upheaval is the only choice Mother Nature has made.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Irresponsibility

Irresponsibility makes it okay to trash the streets.
And leave them that way until someone or 'they'
Picks up after others...
With a broom to sweep.
To make them appear neat.

Irresponsibility makes it okay to excuse discipline.
Since everyone in a lazy environment...
Can validate that same laziness seen,
Is also within them.

Irresponsibility makes it okay to ignore what is right.
And putting off a diet to physically exercise...
Is something naturally expressed since one's health,
Has and always been compromised day and night.

For the sole purpose to eliminate responsibility altogether.
And keep accountability out of one's sight.
Hopefully forever.
To keep a life jeopardized in sustained complaints,
At one's delight.
Since this ensures someone pays,
For keeping them victimized and mentally in strife.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Irresponsibility Had Been The Main Course

With a strapping that is saddled,
On the backs of the middle class...
Unhappy are the legal thieves,
Who express sadness those promises...
A bona fide leader made,
But could not deliver...
Or to them pass!

And perhaps that leader is correct.
Since when promises were spoken,
The economy was not so openly broken.
People 'then' were not as affected...
By unsuspecting crooks behind the scenes,
Dressed in suits and running off with all the loot.
To leave them without funds,
And their bank accounts cleaned.

And now as the sand in the hour glass descends...
Deceivers wish to transfer their lack of accountability,
On the shoulders of this leader...
Until his back bends.
With pretensions they dismiss,
As this leader defends his judgements that are 'hissed'.
When an irresponsibility had been the main course,
Long before his leadership began to exist!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Irreverent And Bold

Irreverent and bold is the turmoil unfolding.
The pride that has left us indebted to decadence,
Is much too late to be reversed.
And the depth of it was done with consciousness.

Everyday someone is mourning a loss,
Of someone loved who has paid the cost...
In investing to accept a fantasized existence.

And trusted foundations are today being crushed.
As observed by the ones still denying this done.
And so difficult it has become to ignore,
The flow of tears experienced behind closed doors.

Irreverent and bold is the turmoil unfolding.
The pride that has left us indebted to decadence,
Is much too late to be reversed.
And the depth of it was implemented,
With a consciousness craved and sought with thirst.

Cynical criticisms once providing comedic relief,
Provoke more that just embarrassments to grieve...
From those now feeling a laughter that shatters,
Being nervously released as a pain inside increases.

Everyday someone is mourning a loss,
As trusted foundations are today being crushed.
And each of us is paying a cost wished to disappear,
For ignoring truths introduced but now feeds on fear...
Flashing high and appearing on inescapable neon walls.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Irreverently Relevant

Irreverently relevant and often despised,
By their insights to be critized...
Are the ones who had in the past or still have,
Offended others who refuse...
To accept observations appearing clear in view.
Although willing to admit they do to accuse,
Such observations as being abusive.
Without considering to face or see,
Events that are real they would rather dismiss...
To wish them disbelieved.

And from the existence of recognized time,
Whether they be poets, prophets...
Or those with conscious minds,
Connecting the dots without seeking profit...
To comprehend to understand a picture as 'is',
So many pretend a doing of this is negative.
And these are the people wise and adventurous,
Who are not afraid to investigate reality.
A kept fear most people keep,
As a choice to choose from lessons taught to teach.

Distorted is a truth and anyone opposing delusions,
Are often mistreated until it becomes exposed...
Those who have created their realities to keep,
Weep uncontrollably...
When sharing their confusion and conflicts with others,
Congregating under steeples...
Praying on their knees to be freed and released,
From dilemmas they've initiated but claim to seek peace.

'God, please help us comprehend,
Why messages from 'You' we refuse to accept them sent.
Or believe a word spoken to ignore,
Has its consequences.
Dear God can 'You' help us know the difference,
Between ignorance and common sense.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

'Is Any Of This Suppose To Make Sense...? '

The ones perceived to be out of the loop,
Were actually in control of it.
Caring less to keep up with appearances.

Until a smugness begun,
Began to offend and rub them the wrong way.
With a shifting of gentle winds,
Coming to blow away charades.

*There is a need to comprehend,
Why it is important to learn how to swim.
'Before' deciding to jump into the deep end of things.
Regardless if the pool sits,
On someone else's property! *

'Is any of this suppose to make sense to me? '

*That depends,
On which side of the loop...
You find yourself drowning in! *

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Is Capitalism Dead?

Is capitalism dead?
For those keeping candlelight vigils...
In hopes of a miracle.
A team of resuscitators,
Are currently in the process...
To socialize the outcome.
In the event the announcement,
Of its demise traumaticizes.
With plans to introduce,
A smooth transition of priorities.
However...
A shipment of candles,
Is expected soon.
It seems they wish not to disappoint those,
Accustomed to traditions.
Those they wish to remain as practiced.
With the realization that these acts,
Are more effective if faithfully kept intact!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Is Everyone Dropping Their Anger?

This had to have been done purposedly.
Everyone smiling and showing their teeth!
What was said to who?
And what new message did they greet?

I feel as if this is not real!
There is a freshness that appeals!
I'm surprised by this and it brings my smile.
Is everyone dropping their anger?
I hope this spreads...
And stays around a while!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Is Everyone In Camouflage?

The enemy approaches.
We must prepare.
With a keeping of our weapons loaded.
Here they come now.
Is everyone in camouflage?

'Yes.
But...
Aren't they our allies?
Aren't they our families and friends? '

Ssshhhh.
We have no time to quibble over the details.
What difference does that make?
We must protect our interests, standards...
AND values.
Keep it quiet.
They are getting closer.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Is Everyone Ready For The Cuts?

Is everyone ready for the cuts?

'Yes.
The people are waiting.
That is what we have promised.
And we must deliver.'

Then I shall proceed.

'Ouch.
What are you doing? '

Beginning the cuts.

'Do 'them' not us.'

You do not understand.
We are the reason the cuts are needed.

'But,
That means...
We are the ones going to suffer.'

The people demand a government that works,
For the good of the country.

'What's the matter with you?
No one expects us to deliver that.
Come on!
Those were just campaign speeches.
We all made them.
We are here to celebrate our victory.
Get rid of a few social programs.
And that's it.
OUCH! !
Stop that.'

I am not a career politician.
After I slit a few throats around here,

I know I will be sent back home.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Is He Crazy?

Is he crazy?

'Of course he is.
Just like the weather...
Many make attempts to out fox.
Only to discover themselves,
Limited to useless manipulations.'

Is he crazy?

'Of course he is.
And getting as much attention from you,
As those doings of Mother Nature.
And both are determined to see to it,
You will be left whipped into a frenzy! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Is He Still There

'HELLO? ...
Yes! Hi. Okay!
George, it's Condi!
She says they are almost finished
With her makeover!
She wants to know
If she should bring back anything with her? '

Yes! Tell her to bring a fifth of vodka.
Ben is hooked on it with cranberry juice!
He guzzles that stuff!

'Is he still there with you?
I heard him say he was leaving,
To make a new video? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Is He Too Old...

Is he too old to be president?
Can a bird fly with one wing?
No one can say,
What has yet not been observed!
But then again...
Trees have lived for hundreds of years!
Observing.
And providing an 'allowance'
For all of us to live.
And as long as he has life...
Who has the right to question,
His age and abilities...
To do what someone younger,
For years could not do!
And 'youth'...
Although there,
Did not follow through to provide the proof!
Where is that evidence?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Is It

Is it,
Too much to ask...
For some attention given,
To be returned to me...
As my giving it to you to receive,
Taken to get.

Is it,
A possibility...
My feelings for you,
Yours I believed...
Were only felt temporarily.

Is it,
My wish to have you in my life...
Frightens you to admit,
My willingness to commit...
Is not what you want,
With that kept to remain...
At the top of your list.
Is it,
This?
Or something else I've overlooked.
Not to see clearly.

Is it my seriousness that conflicts,
To not understand your game plan....
You're discovering I don't fit.
Is it my quickess to express and expect,
You to be a part of my life forever?
And that thought alone,
Scares you to death?
Is it 'that' you are wishing me hear.
Or is it someone other you play.
And I am just a tool you like to use,
When it's convenient to have it your way.

Is it,
This?

Or something else I have missed.
Is it?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Is It Fact Or Fiction

See them in the streets inebriated and stoned.
In attempts to live a life that isn't one of their own.

Is it fact or fiction,
That you're now prepared to listen.
And for you this is a mission missed,
You alone condoned!

See them in the streets inebriated and stoned.
In attempts to live a life that isn't one of their own.

Is it fact or fiction,
Someone else has also mentioned...
That it takes a comprehension,
If one wishes to succeed.

Living in nonfiction disbeliving in the facts.
Is a trap!
Know that.

If you're preconditioned to accept what isn't fact...
You're criticizing just to hide,
Denial.
And easy to deceive.

Is it fact or fiction,
Someone else has also mentioned...
That it takes a comprehension,
If one wishes to succeed.

Is it fact or fiction,
That you're now prepared to listen.
And for you this is a mission missed,
You alone condoned!
Alone on your own.

See them in the streets inebriated and stoned.
Is it fact or fiction,
That you're now prepared to listen.

And for you this is a mission missed,
You alone condoned!

See them in the streets inebriated and stoned.
Is it fact or fiction,
This is what they've condoned.
In attempts to live a life that isn't one of their own.

Is it fact or fiction,
This is what they've condoned.
Is it fact or fiction,
This is what they've condoned.
In attempts to live a life that isn't one of their own.
See them in the streets inebriated and stoned.
Is it fact or fiction,
This is what they've condoned.
Is it fact or fiction,
This is what they've condoned.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Is It Hard

Is it hard,
To depart...
From a broken heart?

Is it hard,
To give up...
A feeling creeping to weep?

And is it hard,
To leave that feeling...
Felt so deep.

Is it hard to leave that feeling that is felt so deep.
Is it hard.
Is it hard.
Is it hard to close your eyes and to fall to sleep.
Is it hard.
Is it hard.

Is it difficult to stop a heart from yearning.
Is it hard.
To depart.
Is it difficult to stop a fire burning?
Yes it's hard,
When it starts.

Some say that nothing's difficult.
Or too critical to let things go.
To then restart,
A mending heart.

Is it difficult to stop a fire burning?
Yes it's hard,
When it starts.

Some say that nothing's difficult.
Or too critical to let things go.
To then restart,
A mending heart.

Is it difficult to stop a fire burning?
Yes it's hard,
When it starts.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Is It Intentional?

They're people tired of hoping,
And told to cope.
They're people tired of moping,
And duped like dopes.
They're people tired of holding,
Onto a rope...
And,
Slipping from their grip.

They're people tired of hoping,
And told to cope.
They're people tired of moping,
And duped like dopes.
They're people tired of holding,
Onto a rope...
And,
Slipping from their grip.

Is it just the politics,
Of it.
Where are all the benefits,
Gone missing.
Is it just the foolishness,
That exists.
With a change that remains the same.

They're people tired of hoping,
And told to cope.
They're people tired of moping,
And duped like dopes.
They're people tired of holding,
Onto a rope...
And,
Slipping from their grip.

Is it just the politics,
Of it.
Where are all the benefits,
Gone missing.

Is it just the foolishness,
That exists.
With a change that remains the same.

Mental conflicts,
The people are feeding.
On mental conflicts,
People feed.
These mental conflicts,
The people are feeding...
With an obviousness increased.

Is it just the politics,
Of it.
Where are all the benefits,
Gone missing.
Is it just the foolishness,
That exists.
With a change that remains the same.

Mental conflicts,
The people are feeding.
On mental conflicts,
People feed.
These mental conflicts,
The people are feeding...
With an obviousness increased.

They're people tired of hoping,
And told to cope.
They're people tired of moping,
And duped like dopes.
They're people tired of holding,
Onto a rope...
And,
Slipping from their grip.

Mental conflicts,
The people are feeding.
On mental conflicts,
People feed.
These mental conflicts,

The people are feeding...
With an obviousness increased.

Is it intentional?
These conflicts.
Is it an intentional,
Increase.
Is it intentional?
These conflicts.
Is it an intentional,
Increase.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Is It Just As Valid

Is the pain one feels,
Only real...
When it is complained about?

Or is it just as valid...
If one chooses to endure it,
Without an audience to reveal...
How and when it was inflicted.

For the purpose,
To recall when given the opportunity!
And reliving its affect...
For the attention the mentioning of it gets.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Is It One's Diet That Hypnotizes?

'My doctor told me I had this.
And...
From what I've been told,
I am convinced...
I should do that which is recommended.'

When did it become difficult to distinguish,
Between that which one is told...
And that which one feels,
In opposition to what one should do...
To enhance a quicker healing?

I have shut down.
I had to.
With two steps back to look around.
To witness without a dismissing of this...
People with afflictions allowing their minds,
And bodies...
Being used as experiments.

Never before have I observed so many people,
Limping with canes.
Or slowly shuffling along,
As if a weight carried on their shoulders...
Caused them excruciating pain,
With wishes to have it remain.

Is the diet that hypnotizes?
Or is it one's selfishness that resides within?
Revealed and kept,
As if repayment for 'sins'?

'My doctor told me I had this.
And...
From what I've been told,
I am convinced...
I should do that which is recommended.'

Is this the mindset that has created this epidemic?

And if I refuse to be indoctrinated...
Will my healing achieved be perceived,
By those who accept designer diseases...
As one to isolate,
From their interpretation of life.
And how best to appreciate it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Is It Or Is It 'Not' About The Work?

I have often heard it said...
'THIS is 'not' about YOU!
THIS is about the WORK.
And EVERYONE's participation.'

And on that I agree.
Wholeheartedly.
HOWEVER,
'This' I do know...
IF my participation is mediocre,
And the WORK should fail?
With a focus directly given?
Guess 'who' will 'then'...
Get more attention without seeking it.
From anyone to have it mentioned?

'What do you 'think' was missing from the project? '

I have no clue.
It was 'you' who said it was about the WORK.
Now...
If you wish to make it about my contribution?
I remember you distinctly,
Expressing your thoughts about a 'collective' participation.
Is it or is it 'not' about the work?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Is It Poetry?

Is it poetry?
Is this...
My chance to express,
That which I wish.

To say in a way,
I find less direct.
A way I've discovered,
My feelings are hidden best.
Although my thoughts seem to connect...
In a way I find you may or may not accept.

Is it poetry?
Is this...
My chance to express,
That which I wish.
Or...
Am I just calling it that?
To escape traps that define,
Minds like mine...
Complexed in compositions.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Is It Possible

Is it possible,
To hold others responsible...
For a decline of one's quality of life.
As they sit and do nothing,
To prevent a pile of trash...
That collects upon the streets,
In neighborhoods in which they live?
Of course it is.

Is it possible,
To hold others accountable...
For children unable to read or write.
As their parents spend countless nights,
Partying and nodding from stupors...
Right in their children's sight.
Yes.
Of course it is.
This is possible.

Is it possible,
To lay the blame with claims...
Someone who sacrifices time and their skills,
To hear people say...
None of what is done comes their way.
And these same people take no stand.
But a procrastinating is what they do...
While awaiting for someone to come hold their hands.
Not only is this possible.
It is a followed procedure.

Is it possible that those who show,
Themselves clearly out of their minds...
To find acceptable excuses to make time after time.
And how it is someone else attracted them to sit...
In acceptance of this.
As they lacked a motivation to ignite their behinds.
While they seek to define,
Ways to excuse their involvement.
Need you ask?

Is it possible,
That such laziness...
Can rise to unquestionable heights of power unresisted?

Yes!
It is quite possible.
Although defensive are those maintaining...
The insecurity of their sensitivities.
And expensive it has been,
To keep their wishes protected.
And the torment of reality,
Away as an enemy to diminish and defeat.
All of this is possible.
Even for those who have yet to awaken,
From generations of deep sleep.
This is part of their entitlement.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Is It Purely Coincidental

Is it purely coincidental,
Those of like minds...
Come to find themselves at odds,
Because it is disbelieved...
Their minds can not be that connected,
To agree?

And even if blinded by a similar insight,
They refuse to see themselves...
On the right side of day,
After sleeping all night...
To awaken with the same craving,
With a wish to fulfill familiar appetites.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Is It Success Or Mediocrity

Those most qualified to lead,
Are more often than not...
Disliked for their intelligence.
And no one seems pleased,
To know they have a dignity...
Cemented within an identity.

Those incompetent but liked,
Are often praised for being assessible.
With down-to-Earth personalities,
Many accept...
As an asset to believe,
Regardless of their inabilities.

And of course no one perceives,
It takes skill with ability...
To enable one to succeed.
But then again...
Is it success or mediocrity,
That represents without resentment?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Is It That Kept Specific

Is it that kept specific,
What it is you feel.
Is it that kept specific,
What for you is real.
Or do you find in your mind,
Changes unexplained all the time.

Are you caught up in politics.
Or the ethics of etiquette.
Do your religious beliefs conflict
With scriptures you quote to forget.
Or...
Are your closest relationships,
Depend upon fresh gossip.
And end they do over pettiness...
Begun by nonsense and foolishness.

Is it that kept specific,
What it is you feel.
Is it that kept specific,
What for you is real.
Or do you find in your mind,
Changes unexplained all the time.
And nothing in your mind remains,
That specific.

If you have a purpose that is claimed to serve,
Why can't you stick with it.
And if you have a purpose that you claim to serve,
Why is it that you end this quick.

If you have a purpose that you claim is served,
How deep is your commitment to it.
And if you have a purpose that is claimed to be served,
Why is not for you kept specific.

If it is 'that' specific,
What it is that is real.
Why can't you stick with it,

To provide you with a kept benefit.
And...
If you have a purpose that you claim is served,
How deep is your commitment to it.
And if you have a purpose that is claimed to be served,
Why is not for you kept specific.
Why is not for you kept specific.
Why is it that your mind changes quick.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Is It The Image?

If there are those who remain afraid,
To be brave enough to declare who they are...
Whenever they may be near or far.
Or wherever it is they may be to express.
Then...
What and who is it they represent to impress,
With a delivery of pretentions to address?
To expect an acceptance?

Is it the image?
Or the delusion of reflecting one to give?
And what is it anyone like this hope is perceived,
Left for others to believe?
When clearly an act of deception is in process.
And by which standards have been adopted,
To dropp to stop from becoming valued?
Or is it the association that quickly identifies,
That one wishes to distance?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Is It Time

Is it time...
To pay attention to a ticking clock.
Is it time...
Is it,
To stop and listen.
To what's been missing.

Is it time...
To open a door that locks.
Is it time...
To come out of a box.
Is it time...
For intervention.
With a pinch!

'OW.'

Is it time...
To fix what's missing.
Is it time...
To hear that ticking,
Is it time...
To stop all foolishness,
And distance from this quick.

Or is there time,
To fix what's missing.
Is it time...
To stop all foolishness,
And distance from it quick.

'Ow.'
Just want to give a little pinch,
To make sure you feel the intent.
'Ow.'
Just want to give a little pinch,
To make sure you feel the intent.
'Ow.'
Just want to give a little pinch...

To make sure you are there,
And aware...
Of the time!

Just want to give a little pinch,
To make sure you feel the intent.
'Ow.'
Just want to give a little pinch...
To make sure you are there,
And aware...
Of the time!

'Is it time? '

What do you think?
Nevermind.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Is It Too Late, Under-Rated Yet Magnified

Is it too late, under-rated yet magnified,
To appreciate reality and rid alibis.
Is it too late to terminate a manifesting made,
In minds re-routed from a consciousness...
To keep them afraid,
With...
Fears fed only to accept,
Delusions to feast upon to believe.

Is it too late, under-rated yet magnified,
To appreciate reality and dismiss all the lies.
Is it too late to realize discrimination is used,
For the purpose to amuse those who abuse.
Is it too late for those with closed eyes,
To have them open...
The moment that the dawn arrives,
To recognize all the evil done.

Is it too late to recognize all the evil done...
The moment that the dawn arrives.
And the truth no longer can be denied...
By the people dedicated medicating on lies.
Is it too late to recognize all the evil done...
By the people dedicated medicating on lies.
Is it too late to recognize all the evil done...
By the people dedicated medicating on lies.

Under-rated to berate it,
Is a truth magnified.
And people medicated hate it.
That truth magnified.

It's under-rated to berate it...
The truth magnified.
With a wish to terminate it,
The truth magnified.

Upscale, downscale it doesn't matter who prevails,
It's under-rated to berate it...

The truth magnified.
With a wish to terminate it,
The truth magnified.
There's not too many appreciating,
A truth magnified.

Upscale, downscale it doesn't matter who prevails,
It's under-rated to berate it...
The truth magnified.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Is It Working?

I take full responsibility,
For the dire turn of currents events.

'Whew!
That's a relief.
But...
You were not in the picture.
Or near it.
When these events were initiated.'

Sssshhh.
Don't tell anybody.
I want to take the opportunity,
To make fools out of them.

'But what about your credibility? '

Hey...
What can I say?
As long as I can keep them,
Embarrassing themselves...
Why should I mind,
The public finds them to be fools?
And using me to blame,
Is a point I no longer have to make.
It is obvious and clear.

'I don't 'think' this is a good strategy.'

Is it working?

'Yes!
But...'

Is it working?

'Very effectively.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Is Regularity A Gift?

Asking me if I like to write...
Is like inviting someone to define,
The art of excrement done.

It is something one does.
From a 'Divine' assignment given.
Like the naturalness of breathing.
Is that regarded as a talent?
Could one decide upon another hobby?
To choose to hop on one leg?
Finding that walking on two,
Has bored!

Is regularity a gift?
And to sustain it with a prolificness.
Would this still be a question asked?
Would humans become closer...
If we were all praised,
For the passing of gas?
And how long would the praise of that done,
Last?

That's the question I would want answered.
If I was curious enough to ask.

Asking me if I like to write...
Is like inviting someone to define,
The art of excrement done.
Or if I find the craft of it satisfying!

And sometimes I am lost...
For which appropriate words to toss.
IF I am experiencing a constipation of thought.

And 'everyone' has had those 'Why-Me-God' moments.

Is regularity a gift?
Well,
I can only express it like this...

I have yet to be blown away by my own talents.
Sometimes they are there unconsiously.
And at other times I find I am straining,
For an easier release...
That does not arrive with such profound blockage.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Is That A New Approach?

Do me a favor.
Which flavor do you savor?
I noticed you enjoy it.
Should I sample it?
Or,
Should I ignore it?

Do me a favor.
Which flavor do you savor?
I noticed you enjoy it.
Should I sample it?
Or,
Should I ignore it?

You slowly lick it like it's heaven sent.
Is that a flavor just for you that's meant?

Do me a favor.
Which flavor do you savor?
I noticed you enjoy it.
Should I sample it?
Or,
Should I ignore it?

Do me a favor.
Which flavor do you savor?
I noticed you enjoy it.
Should I sample it?
Or,
Should I ignore it?

You slowly lick it like it's heaven sent.
Is that a flavor just for you that's meant?

'I don't know if you will like it or not.
But I'm sure anything will improve,
Upon your dance moves.
Is that a new approach?
Or is this your way of starting up a conversation? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Is That A Question Or A Statement

Do you mind repeating what you just said?

'Of course not.
What is it that you wish to be repeated? '

That's what I am asking you.
I don't know.

'Well,
How do you expect us...
To have a meaningful conversation,
And communicate...
If you are not paying attention.
Now what kind of sense does that make? '

None?

'Already I'm confused.
Is that a question or a statement,
You just made? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Is That Done With Intent?

Why are you shouting.
I dislike it when you shout.

'I dislike the pain,
Sustained when you stand on my foot.
Is that done with intent?
Or is it a recurring accident,
You can not help but repeat.
Thinking it as a treat...
To feel your big feet.
With all of this street we both share! '

You suggested we walk closer.
I grabbed your hand.
And you grabbed mine.
Make up your mind.

'I did not mean for us to become 'that' attached.
The foot thing is better when not so public.
You know...
Not so exposed AND clothed!
Shoes and all.
Hint! '

Hey...
Whatever you say.
I thought we were going to be unconditional.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Is That Outlook More Positive For You?

'I had no clue this was going on.'

It has.
But you have not expressed an interest.

'What can I do to become more involved? '

In what?
The chaos?
The divisions that present themselves,
All over the place?
The teaching of the disrespectful children?
And their parents who have enabled their behavior?
Or do you want to make speeches...
To those pretending to listen,
But have learned the tecnique od falling to sleep...
Unnoticed.

'I see you still have a negative outlook on things? '

Isn't that odd?
You said that to me years ago.
And here on this very day,
You have expressed a desire to get involved.
Okay!
Let's call what you see...
An observation of a lacking of community outreach.
With a unity guaranteed to destroy a thinking mind.
Is that outlook more positive for you?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Is That Something You Notice?

How do I deal with another's envy?
I did not know that should be part of my focus.
Is that something you notice?
Perhaps you are the one,
They wish to provoke.
And you'd like to share,
That which I am not aware.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Is The Doing Less Exquisite

I have learned to listen.
And to observe.

Is the doing less exquisite,
Because of an opinion a few may give...
Of an appearance to be detected,
To have a flaw and/or a blemish.
And perfect it is not to establish,
Top ten preference on their 'snob' list.

I have learned to listen.
And to comprehend.

Is the doing less exquisite,
When something done with a challenge to do...
Is met with opposition,
Yet the deed is completed successfully...
Although left are those same few...
Who aren't impress and collectively address it.

I have learned to listen.
To observe.
To then comprehend.

Is the doing less exquisite,
Because from where its origins developed?
Or where its magnificence sits?
Is the doing less exquisite,
Because a few have decided the attention it gets...
Does not merit a bestowing of a deserving greatness?
Is the doing less exquisite,
Because what it gives glows to shine above the rest?
Is the doing less exquisite,
Since those who protest wish it to be seen as not the best?
And does this doing make it less exquisite,
For the ones who can not deny...
Those heard protesting the exquisiteness of that which is,
Will never find another way...
To do what has been done to do better!

I have learned to listen.
To observe.
To then comprehend,
That which has been given undivided attention...
Maintains a quality undenied wherever it may sit.
And...
Regardless who attempts to define it within limits.
Since...
That which is exquisite and exists,
Has apparently done this on its own to be shown.

I have learned to listen.
And to observe,
To understand and comprehend this...
That which has come for some to appreciate,
Will always invite a 'multitude' of critics...
Who will refuse it heard from them to admit,
The time they spend looking for flaws and blemishes...
Does not diminish what is exquisite that exists!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Is The Kool-Aid Being Packaged With Crack?

High paying jobs,
Returning back to these shores?
After those same jobs were outsourced,
By greedy business owners...
To increase 'their' bottom line?
And doing it with the cheapest labor force,
They can find?

Is the kool-aid being packaged with crack?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Is There A Better Explanation?

If there are those who make claims,
They had no knowledge...
Of that which clearly appears,
And has been in existence...
In their presence and not in hiding to disguise,
To see as leaves are to witness on trees.
Then reality is fading quicker to detect.
And delusions have replaced them unsuspectedly,
In a collective mindset.

A finding it much too easy to make excuses,
With a refusing to admit the presence of negligence...
Has become as common as the rise of conflicts.
No one seems to comprehend how they begin.
Like the display of disrespect, deceit and the telling of lies!
These are the appetites being fed today,
And weren't always cravings people found to be a part of their lives.
An acquired taste for this nonsense had to start somewhere.
This 'stuff' didn't just drop out of the air to become cherished!

Unless...
People are awakening and ready to confess,
Of being obsessed with an unconsciousness to possess.
And the hypnotizing affect of it,
Has begun to wear off. Is there a better explanation? Hmmm.
Or...their kept pretensions became too expensive to keep? No!
But then again...charades, masquerades and kept pretensions?
Hmmm...NOTHING is going to lower the cost to make them less effective,
Especially for those with lost minds trying to find them.
Wherever strays roam to go!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Is There A Better Love To Give

Is there a better love to give,
Than that which is left...
To miss,
And be remembered?
To know that it is love.
And love is what it truly is!

Is there a better relationship to have,
Than one that is committed.
Giving, sharing, devoted.
Loyal and always trusted?
With no fears or tears of being 'busted'
Because of a lack of trust.

Is there a better life to have,
Than knowing what one has
Is not up for grabs.
But is clear and specific.
There and kept reminisced.
To make one happy and glad it exists.

If there is anyone who can say,
Sometimes we have to go our separate ways.
To strengthen a shared space,
That is graced with respect.
To come back to make love had even better!
Although it was great when it was temporarily left?
What other kind of love can be on anyone's mind?
Knowing what is there is seen.
And does not leave one blind.

That kind of love is hard to find,
Today.
Tomorrow.
Or at any other time.
Especially if it is known.
And one can pick up a telephone,
To call and say exactly that.
No matter where that special someone,

May be 'temporarily' at!
With all lines of communication open.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Is There A Legal Ground

Is there a legal ground?
One can stand on to feel safe and sound.
Is there a legal ground?
One that can be found that's not shaking around.
Is there a legal ground?

One that is near,
Not to be feared...
And if one should fall,
A solidness is clear!

Is there a legal ground?
Anywhere.
One understood.
One that is shared.
Is there a legal ground?

One that is cemented...
Making feelings of it different,
With a jumping up and down...
Packing heavy weighted pounds.
Is there a legal ground?
Around...
To be found!
Is there a legal ground?

Around...
To be found.
Is there a legal ground?

Around...
To be found.
Is there a legal ground?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Is There A Right Time

Is there a 'right' time,
For you to know my love?
Midnight reaches only please you,
When there is a need
I am expected to feed!

But my love isn't there,
Just to fake the making.
Or waiting in a place,
For you to embrace and take it!

Inside I am dieing,
Feeling someone else
May have you elsewhere sighing!
And I will not guess...
As I choose to lay my suspicions to rest!

Give me reason to leave.
Give me something that says...
Your love for me is dead!
Instead of cold shoulders,
And a heart that doesn't touch!

Is there a 'right' time?
Turn on the light,
And express how you feel.
I don't want to have to shut down.
But I am prepared to show my back...
Before I turn you off!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Is There Any Wonder

Some folks have this belief,
Others are who and what they create.
To become from molds,
What judgements passed upon them...
Say they should be or what they are told.
Or what others perceive their states of mind to be.

Is there any wonder why many people seek professional help,
When scouting out for physical, spiritual and mental therapy?
And collectively point fingers at others living their lives,
Unafraid of a little overcast, a bit of rain and folks with nothing to do...
But try to undo their disappointments.
Is there any wonder why people are like this?

That's exactly what I thought I would get.
Silence!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Is There Anyone Left

He has clearly shown his point of view of this process.
He believes it is ridiculous!

And if he doesn't...
He is exposing a decision making aspect of his personality,
To not only be flawed...
But crazed.
And he represents their standards and values?
And he is praised as a leader?

Is there anyone left admitting they have consciousness?
Who is it that still wonders,
If it really makes a difference who leads?

And out of what...
Are those who follow behind being led away from?
And to 'where' will they find themselves awakened,
To welcome an overcoming of such magnificent ignorance!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Is This Boosting Automatic

Is a boosting automatic,
When one gives up their pain.
And is a boosting automatic,
When there's nothing to gain...
By remaining in pain.

Now is a boosting automatic,
When there's nothing to claim...
But pain!
And stays unchanged.

Is a boosting automatic,
When one gives up their pain.
And is a boosting automatic,
When there's nothing to gain...
By remaining in pain.
And nothing is changed.

Is a boosting automatic,
When one gives up on pain.
Is a boosting automatic,
When the game has been changed.
And nothing's the same.

Is a boosting automatic,
When there's no pain gained.
Is a boosting automatic,
When the game is changed.
Is the boosting automatic.
Is the boosting automatic.
Is a boosting automatic,
When there's no pain gained.
Now is a boosting automatic,
When the game is changed.
Is the boosting automatic.
Is this boosting automatic.

Is a boosting automatic,
With a fresh start.

Now is this boosting automatic,
When it's felt in one's heart.
Is this boosting automatic.
Is this boosting automatic.

Is a boosting automatic,
When one gives up their pain.
And is this boosting automatic,
When there's nothing to gain...
By remaining in pain.
Now is this boosting automatic.
Is the boosting automatic.
Or emphatically erratic.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Is This Possible

Is it possible,
That some go out of their way...
To be noticably lacking of any skill,
Other than theft.
With no thought process,
Unless it is borrowed.
Is it possible?

Is it possible not to comprehend,
What creativity means?
Is it possible to clearly plagiarize,
Every concept that is seen...
And still declare one's originality!

Not only is this possible.
People have survived copying others' lives.
But to totally deny someone else's involvement...
Is the reason why some folks choose to hide,
While they continue to thrive off lies undetected.

Is this possible?
Not only is this possible...
That's how some people believe life works!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Is This The Reason You'Ve Been Distant

Should one forgive and forget,
An intentional 'slighting' done?
The kind that is directed and meant,
From a mind in pre-meditative stages.

I've gotten tired of being the one to understand.
By those who quickly accept and forget,
Before the carelessness of thought begins...
The same shhh...stuff, again!

Can you hear what I am saying?
You could at least nod your head.
And pretend I am worthy,
Of 'some' of your attention!

Should one forgive and forget,
An intentional 'slighting' done?
The kind that is directed and meant,
From a mind in pre-meditative stages?

'How do you think I should answer that?
Tell me how do you wish for me to respond?
I don't want either one of us to get upset.
Nor do I wish to say something I might regret.
How do you think I should answer that?
And what would you do and think of next? '

I've understood and given you attention.
But from you 'that' I don't get.
Whether or not I am upset.
The only thing I wish we had that I do regret,
Is communication.
And how that prolongs happiness in a relationship.

'If one is not happy why doesn't one leave? '

Like you have already done?
Is that what you are saying to me?

Are you saying,
You have long gone...
And I am told by you in third person?
Is this the reason you've been distant?
With an eagerness to dismiss yourself,
When I begin to reminisce.
And the chill I feel in the air,
Comes from a cold shoulder!
Waiting to be warmed in someone else's arms.

I should be alarmed by this.
But I am not.
You've taught me to expect,
Anything from you.

And I do.
Yes...
I do!

I have even regretted I once had said that to you too!
When it was meant,
I believed it!
Before the games began.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Is This What It Is That Is Wished?

There they stand,
Incensed and prepared to fight.
Seeking to continue a division in conflict.
When the air of that has been deflated out of sight.

And there they are,
Ready to ignite.
With not a reason at all,
On the horizon that sheds...
Upon them light that makes this alright.

What is it they really wish?
To be left alone initiating...
Their own disturbances,
Inflicted by their own habitual fits?

What is it that they really wish?
An approval that announces them...
Authorized to conduct,
Such a destructive dementing mental sickness...
With an entertained audience witnessing it?

Is this what it is that is wished?
Since nothing else that has been done,
Makes any sense to convince with a confidence.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Is This What You Choose?

Why have you submitted and condoned,
Defeat.
And why have you refused to see it,
As company.
To keep!
And not to leave.

Tell me why have you submitted and condoned,
Defeat.
Why is it you refused to see it,
As company.
To keep!
And not to leave.

Is this what you choose?
Is this what you want?
Is this what you feel,
Is...
Something that's needed.
Something that you want to feed,
To be fed?

Why have you submitted and condoned,
Defeat.
And why have you refused to see it,
As company.
To keep!
And not to leave.

Tell me,
Is this what you choose?
Tell me,
Is this what you want?
Tell me,
Is this what you feel,
Is...
Something that's needed.
Something that you want to feed,
To be fed?

Is this what you choose?
Is this what you want?
Is this what you feel,
Is...
Something that's needed.
Something that you want to feed,
To be fed?

Why have you submitted and condoned,
Defeat.
And why have you refused to see it,
As company.
To keep!
And not to leave.

Is this what you choose?
Why can't you tell me...
Is this what you want,
As company...
To keep,
And not to leave?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Is This... A Metaphor?

Street hustlers,
Living a life to sniff a quick buick...
With a belief under the table transactions,
Beats a system returning them luck.
And less sweat to drip from corrupted heads,
Pushing them with a feeding of teases to keep them fed.

Like bees sucking up nectar to deliver to a hive,
Combed to honey.
With a doing to appease the 'queen',
Who then orders her workers to sting...
Whomever approaches 'her' nest with harm to bring.
And those bees hustling do just that.
With a doing to impress onlookers detached from facts.

'Is this a metaphor?
To prove we are all hustlers.
And a hustling we adore to be the ones pushed.
To allow the cushioning of someone's tush?

Is,
This...
A metaphor?
To prove we are all hustlers...
With a doing to provide,
Somebody else with an easy life...
To allow us to fly buzzed and jive day and night?

Street hustlers,
Living a life to sniff a quick buick...
With a belief under the table transactions,
Beats a system returning them luck.
And less sweat to drip from corrupted heads,
Pushing them with a feeding of teases to keep them fed.

Like bees sucking up nectar to deliver to a hive,
Combed to honey.
With a doing to appease the 'queen',
Who then orders her workers to sting...

Whomever approaches 'her' nest with harm to bring.

Is,
This...
A metaphor?
To prove we are all hustlers.
And a hustling we adore to be the ones pushed.
To allow the cushioning of someone's tush?

Is,
This...
A metaphor?
With a doing to appease the 'queen',
Who then orders her workers to sting...
Whomever approaches 'her' nest with harm to bring.

Is,
This...
A metaphor?
With a doing to provide,
Somebody else with an easy life...
To allow us to fly buzzed and jive day and night?

Is,
This...
A metaphor?
Is it?
And...
Does it come with benefits?

Is,
This...
A metaphor?
Is it?
Is it?
And...
Who pockets the profits?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Is Unity A Myth?

Is unity a myth?
More a word that is heard.
Yet less observed to see exist.
Where is it in communities?
In which people insist,
There is a need for it.
And they are often the same ones,
Reluctant to admit...
What they've done to others,
With a doing to inflict...
Upon them character assassinations!

Is unity a myth?
When good deeds and dignities,
Are diminished to undermine...
Efforts to endeavor,
Demented and slimed...
Viciously attacking those found,
Easily to smear with gossip.
On ears to hear dropped nonstop?

Leaving today those who say,
Unity and understanding...
Between those fighting,
Amongst themselves must end.
But...
Shouldn't they be the first,
To openly and publicly confess...
They participated in creating,
The hatred and division...
That had initiated the mess.
Ending the myth.
To permit unity an existence,
Seen to believe and felt to feel.

'Truth and the reality of it,
Would then have to be revealed.
I'll stay with the myth.
At least my pretensions will remain,

Unaffected.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Is What You Do Done To Impress?

Do what you like.
Do it with devotion.
Perfecting what is done...
With heartfelt emotion.
Unknown to anyone.
Keep focused and honest.
Maintain your integrity.
Defend your creation with dignity.
Never become offended,
By lack of compliment!
Remember...
You are doing what it is you like.
Whether or not your good deeds are accepted...
Why should you care...?

Who ties your shoes?
Or brushes your teeth?
Who has to get from point A to B?
Whether openly or discreet!

Is what you do done to impress?
Or...
Address who it is that you are?
And this is shown to whomever you meet!

You can confuse this if you wish.
You will not be alone!

And if you do what you like,
Since that is who you are.
And all your life this has been expressed.
Regardless of who or what brought you times of unhappiness.
Establish who you are.
It is a priceless feeling...
To know oneself.
And not to be compromised with that to comprehend.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Is Your Smile A Clue?

I am not here because there is nothing else to do.
I am here because of you...
Wanting to be near.
Knowing you do not have fears to become your best!
Your heart gives me a place to come to rest.
I feel connected.

I am not here to take but give.
I want us to share the lives we live.
There are rough edges...
And I am not that tough!
You can tell me when you have had enough.
And I will leave you with space...
But not too far to erase you from my heart.
There may be more growing up I must do.
Will you witness it with assistance?
If I insist and persist no one but you,
Can deliver to me this bliss!
I admit doing it will not seem complete...
Without you to approve.
Being in bliss alone...
Is not the bliss I would miss,
If it is not with us as one in it!

And I am not here,
Because there is nothing else to do.
I am here because of you...
Wanting to be near.
Wishing we not fear but endear one another.
Is your smile a clue,
You have thoughts like that too?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Isn'T It Ironic

Isn't it ironic,
That those very same people...
Who took liberties defaming others,
With claims...
Well,
In my case...
Were not 'Afrocentric' enough,
To represent a cause.
Or have an identity to present,
That was worthy of their 'ethnicness'.

Now find themselves,
With their 'down-to-Earthness...
Traveling to prisons,
Or wherever their children or 'grandchildren'...
May be buried after experiencing 'unlucky' lives,
Listening to unwise innuendos and gossiped lies.

And now stuck in their own wonderment...
With wasted lives depending on 'da man'
To send them a check to spend for food and rent.
Begging amongst themselves...
How they have been ignored,
By those showing no empathy for them to explore.

And isn't it ironic...
Those backstabbed to have others convinced,
Now live lives of peace without those pretensions...
Others who had afforded it then,
But have long abandoned any common sense!
At least none that their decisions provided them with.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Isn'T It Strange

Why people can not be honest.
And,
Isn't it strange...
Why people object to the subject of truth,
To use.
But are accused of abusing it.

This I've got and it's understood,
I've got understanding.
And I don't make demands.

This I've got and it's understood,
I've got understanding.
And I don't make demands.

Isn't it strange,
I've got understanding.
And I don't make demands.
This I've got and it's understood.

Isn't it strange...
Why people object to the subject of truth,
To use.
But are accused of abusing it.

Isn't it strange,
I've got understanding.
And isn't it strange,
I don't make demands.

Isn't it strange,
This I've got and it's understood.
I've got understanding,
And I don't make demands.

Isn't it strange,
This I've got and it's understood.
I've got understanding,
And I don't make demands.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Isn'T It The Image

A dignifying of a known decadence,
To adorn and dress to impress...
In a suit and tie may to many make sense.
Since...
Isn't it the image,
And not what's underneath it...
That is more effective,
When convincing others of an innocence...
To protect as it's accepted.

Isn't it the image,
One presents...
That convinces,
Of an innocence...
One defends.

And...
Isn't it the image,
One presents...
That convinces,
Of an innocence...
One defends.

And...
It's about image.
Isn't it?
The image presented.
Isn't it?

Isn't it the image.
Isn't it?
That one presents.
Isn't it?
That convinces,
Of an innocence...
One defends.

Since...
Isn't it the image,

And not what's underneath it...
That is more effective,
When convincing others of an innocence...
To protect as it's accepted.

And...
Isn't it the image.
Isn't it?
Isn't it the image.
Isn't it?
Isn't it the image.
Isn't it?
Isn't it?
Isn't it?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Isn'T Simplicity Easy

If my words are read for content,
Why do some believe...
Other interpretations are meant?
As if there is something to define,
Between the lines.
As if there are clues,
Deep hidden in secret...
AND up my sleeve!

If my words are meant for content,
Why do some miss the obvious?

'Come on children.
Today we are taking a field trip.
Hold my hand! '

Why isn't simplicity easy for some to see?
And if I chose to write something abstract,
And detached from most lives...
I would receive standing ovations,
For the innovation of it all!

'And over there,
We see an interracial couple...
Doing 'interracial' things,
Interracially.

And over there...
We see some people closer to their pet animals,
Than to their own children, family and friends.

And way over there...
Can most of you see those folks being respectful?
That's how all of this should be done!
Any questions before we go back to take the quiz?
Good.
I am glad this has been worth time spent! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Isn'T That A Contradiction?

What ARE you saying?
Because I do not pay my debts...
I am NOT patriotic?
Isn't that a contradiction?
My debts are not only proof,
That I am a patron of 'patriotism'.
With debts as my evidence.
But I am a veteran of the philosophy as well.
Take your accusations elsewhere.
Or at least give credit where credit is due.
I...
Am entitled!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Isn'T That Enough Evidence?

Of course I still love you.
That's why I moved away.
To convince you,
Even at a distance...
My love for you is stronger than ever.
Isn't that enough evidence?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Isn'T That One Time Sufficient?

People do not express enough concern...
They 'say' they have for others.
Not directly.
Not to the ones they claim those feelings are aimed.
Nor in the way perceived,
By those believed to be on the receiving end.

They hear about it when it is discussed,
Through gossip.
As most 'important' issues affecting people's lives,
Are learned with embellished innuendos.
Through gossip!
It is part of the territory referred to as 'existence'.
To escape from it is to die!
Try it.
Even 'then' people victimize.

People love to complicate their daily lives,
With assumptions, reactions and apologies.

I am guilty myself for having high expectations.
Expecting others to detect my eye contact,
As an expression of my deep felt concern.
With a meaning extended that 'should' be comprehended.
You know...
If I said hello that automatically connects,
To something warm and fuzzy concealed...
Within the best of my hidden intentions.
To show that complicates emotions.
And 'emoting' is one of my least favorite things to do!

Or if I should nod in their direction,
When crossing the street without speaking...
I hope my need to have a full conversation,
Is the first thing that is noticed...
Especially,
By the way I acknowlege their presence in public.
My nods given are better than other nods I've witnessed.
Although a close body hug is what I would rather do!

But time and the setting does not permit it!
And I've already expressed my feelings about emoting.

I'm sure all of my motivations are correctly understood.
And my intentions need not to be verbalized all the time.
Isn't once enough?
Isn't that one time in meaningful exchange sufficient?

I mean,
If it's not just let me know!
I ain't got no problem with it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Isn'T That The Reason

Why should you undo what has been done?
And if you could...
Why would you?
Who learned from the experience?
Did the process make any sense?
And if it did not...
A thought upon a mind was dropped,
To be not forgotten!
And isn't that the reason,
Someone had to do something?
If it had not been you...
Would you have been left wishing,
For more or less understanding?
And who would be there to fully comprehend?
As long as the action was taken...
Let time clarify the motive.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Isn'T The Change Already Evident?

The more expense of persuasion spent,
And the actual acts of facts put into place...
To chase away doubt and those paying,
With debates displayed and tossed about...
To convince there is some sense being made,
Has been less cost effective to change perspectives...
Of those standards valued and the quality of one's life,
Has slowed that slide downhill at a speed everyone observes...
Is increasing in momentum and not turniing around.
Regardless who has the experience in business.
Or who advises a community a unified effort is better served,
If all participated in change!

Isn't that change already evident everyone is participating in?
And who has not felt the wind while going down on that slide?
Even those still in deep sleep are finding it hard to catch their breath.
And no one expects gold trinkets under their feet,
Everywhere they step.
Not in their best kept delusions.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Isn'Tness

If it never was what it should have been then,
Why is it constantly part of your conversation?
Something is enjoyed in the isn'tness of it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Isolated

Championed are trite statements,
Of a dead man treasured...
Who has long been gone!
One who ushered in their downward spiral.
One who began their 'conservative' slide...
Into divisions,
That introduced them to oblivion!

And they contribute his comments,
To a feeding of their greed.
Until the deceit of it...
Exposed to reveal their gross misdeeds.

With such activities,
Bringing them to dire straits...
And on the brink to the brim of grim!
They still insist their backward insights...
Are worthy solicitations,
To continue to defend!

With a ridiculousness,
They persist with this.
Believing their best interests,
Do not offend those of consciousness.
Or keep them isolated...
In times when their mindlessness has ended!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Isolated And Distant They Are Detached

There are so many people out of touch,
With life, themselves, others and their surroundings...
That the word 'Reality' could be painted ten feet tall,
On the side of a jumbo jet...
And they 'still' would try to convince those viewing it,
What appears is not yet in their vision to believe.
That's how isolated and distant they are detached,
From themselves, their minds to accept the comfort...
Of living in denial and rejection.

'Get away from me.
You are always talking with negativity.
These children today are no different than we were.
They are just seeking to be hugged and loved.
It is foolish to suggest they express disrespect,
Because they lack discipline, identity and a swift kick...
Where it can be felt.
I have always shown my kids by example,
They can do whatever they please.'

I agree.
Where are you going?

'Both of my 'babies' are in prison.
I am bringing to them some cookies...
To ensure them I am in their corner.
And to let them know,
I understand them completely.'

What a good parent you are.

'Thank you for noticing.'

It's the 'system' isn't it?

'The what? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Isolated In Safety Zones

One enriched by events lived,
And evaluated with self examination.
Pleased to have adventured,
When discouragement tried to prevent it.
Is a happy noncomformist...
After reflecting on one's past.

With risks and challenges as daily tasks,
Now passed to gift with wisdom.
This is the peace of mind that comes,
After a chase has satisfied all concepts of ego.

Interpretations often described by those isolated,
In safety zones condoned in glad static.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Issues Of Race

What needs are being sought and chased,
When issues of race...
Are manifested to prioritize and take place.

Whose insecurities are graphically traced?
With constant reminders,
Of who is superior!
And who should be disgraced,
As an inferior race.

There seems to be a heightened fear,
Among those choosing to protect 'their' interests.
Those that are clearly stolen and endeared.

Significant images of unlawful immigrants appear,
To be used as excuses to monitor and abuse...
Those who have rights within the same borders too.

What needs are being sought and chased,
When issues of race...
Are manifested to prioritize and take place.
When the natives of this land,
Had been strategically exterminated as a plan.
To remove from them resources...
With false claims and demands.

Who should really command?
Upon soil that has been spoiled...
By gluttonous and foreign hands.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It

It...
Would not exist if,
You hadn't it discovered.
And you didn't believe it real.
But for you it became important,
To have others see it revealed.

It...
Would not exist if,
You were without a persistence.
And you did not commit.
But committing is one of your assets.
With a focus devoted to it.

It...
Would not exist if,
You hadn't it discovered.
And thought it no benefit.
But giving it reason and purpose,
Made it to become what you wished.

It...
Would not exist if,
You did not have it wished.
And if it was not your wish,
It...
Would not exist.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Aint Even A Horse. It's Just A Little Pony

Kept or tolerated relationships,
Are only worth what others may say.
And the value placed on their opinions made.

'Those are not true relationships.
I think of those situations,
As the sharing of conveniences.
With one or two or even more,
Perceiving they are receiving...
Something that provides a benefit.
Either way...
Absent is respect or honesty.'

Exactly.
And I refer to what relationships have become.
When devotion and respect was number one.
Almost like a marriage.
And many times much more honest.

'Oh. That's different.
Today most relationships are based upon,
Outsiders who gossip to influence what's believed.
What kind of relationship do you desire and wish? '

Me?
I'm not seeking any relationship.
Although if I was,
I don't want to be the one in doubt.
Or feel a need to be suspicious.

'Comeon.
Be serious.
And I'm not talking about,
Those yesterdays you remember.
Or times no longer that exist.
What kind of relationship 'today' do you wish? '

I value quality too much.
With honesty as a priority.

I want someone I can trust.
And know what I confide in strict confidence,
Will not fall on anyone else's lips to discuss.

'Well...
It's a good thing you're not seeking a relationship.
Because that horse you ride up on is much too high.'

It aint even a horse.
It's just a little pony.
So I'm not riding that high on it.
In fact...
On those days I am feeling encouraged,
It wont budge at all.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Ain'T None Of My Business?

It 'ain't' none of my business?
Wrong!
If I'm qualified for you to dump,
Issue upon issue on me.
Bring up what you call 'facts'...
That I am not there for you,
When you need me?
You say I am not sensitive enough,
To understand your 'pain'.
And I am not man enough...
Because I have one job and not two?
To take care of your wants and needs?
While you go behind my back,
And screw a dude or 'whatever' you do?
And I'm suppose to please you...
So your friends can understand,
How good of a man I am?
If I am good enough to tolerate your nonsense,
Day and night...
At times jeopardizing my peace?
Trying to do things right!
Guess what?
EVERYTHING you do 'is' my business!
And then you want to call the police on me...
Because YOU have driven me to the brink!
And your version of reality,
Is the only version they hear and choose to see?
Guess what?
EVERYTHING you do 'is' my business!
And as long as I feel it is?
It will be!
Now I want you to tell everybody I said that.
And when they begin to start paying a bill in this house...
Listening to you complain about this and that,
And witness me put up with your daily crap?
Trust me...
They will help me validate without hesitation,
You are not nearly half of the mate you should be!
Not for me!

EVERYTHING you do is my business.
If I say that it is!
Including who you sleep with...
In our bed that is neither hers or his.
Can you hear what I said?
EVERYTHING you do is my business!
Including who you sleep with...
In our bed!
It 'ain't' none of my business?
I can't believe that's what you said!
Wrong!
EVERYTHING you do is my business.
You certainly ought to be grateful...
One of us is not dead!
You have no idea how much of your business,
Is not even yours.
People know what is going on,
As if we live behind glass walls...
And have no curtains or doors!
The neighbors even believe...
I should leave you to feed my own needs.
That's the conversations they are having!
While you are here on your knees,
Pleasing 'whoever'...
When you should be praying,
That I haven't lost my sanity!
It 'ain't' none of my business?
You have proven yourself to be pointless,
Mindless 'and' common 'senseless'!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Appears To Be That Way

Wait a minute.
Aren't they the same incompetent people,
Expressing with confidence...
Why they have a lack of competence?

'It appears to be that way.'

Is this the change being made,
We all can believe in?

'It appears to be that way.'

Is this the 'light',
Coming to poke holes through the darkness?

'It appears to be that way.'

Is this the rainbow that has come,
After relentless storms of anguish?

'It appears to be that way.'

Have you been affected by total disbelief,
And you are doing the best you can...
To stay on your own two feet.
And my voice you can hear,
But your consciousness has left...
To leave you unsure of your own footsteps?

'It appears to be that way.'

Hang in there.
But just don't stand planted,
To become more twisted by shifting winds.

'What are you saying?
I should be doing something else...
Other than just to hang in there?
With a going to somewhere with purpose? '

It appears to be that way.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Arrives Like Magic Without A Wand

Over the years I've done what I've done.
And adapted.
Expressing my insights...
With a comprehension I earned and not overnight!
And changing with each season that witnessed my growth.

Praying with a faith that has kept me determined and focused,
On my journey.
Not always achieving the great results I had expected.
And some observing believed I had been conflicted with indecision.
I am blessed to not have been fixed in my ways,
With beliefs my purpose would be secured by a dollar bill.

~Can I get a Amen? ~

Although on occasions I was tempted to sit and endure,
The patience a 'retirement' to enjoy my life would eventually bring.
After receiving a plaque and a handshake for dedicating the waste,
Of my youthful years.
To that kind of unquestioned loyalty.

And I have paid emotionally for being 'different' and a maverick.
I want no one to believe,
My path was laid out and for me it was a breeze.
On the contrary!
Accomplishing a peace of mind is not easy.

One day one awakens and there it is!
And no one has to say a thing to convince the receiver of it.
It arrives like magic without a wand in sight.
And there to be scrutinized, criticized, innuendoed and gossiped.
But having it is the best gift one who gets it knows to dismiss all BS!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Baffles Those Who Believe

I've transcended,
My own perception of greatness.
And what that is,
And means...
To me!

I had attached success,
To 'things' and possessions.
That eventually collected
On them dust specks!

I had danced to receive,
Invitations with congradulations.
Attended by high profile folks.
From various professions...
Who sat around and joked,
About poor people and how they spoke!

I thought happiness came with good credit.
And bank deposits that increased with a breeze.
And to answer my doorbell...
To find impatient celebrities,
Looking just for me!
And having spending sprees carefree...
In exotic places only the wealthy
Could afford to see.
But...
When I achieved a peace of mind!
The kind that found me,
Telling others where they could go...
After kissing my behind!
I knew I had 'arrived'!
I knew something inside of me...
Was very much prepared to shine.
And put aside that drive,
To compete with hypocrisy!

I can only describe that as greatness!
A clarity that sets one free,

And stripped boldly from delusions.
Very few can brag they've got that!
And it comes without a hint of spotlight wished!

I've got that!
Blissfully.
And it baffles those who believe,
I am standing in the wings...
Imaging myself hearing and receiving,
Deafening applause!
When I am not in awe at all.
Not by that ego trapping.

I am more shocked...
I have lost a pair of matching sox!
After laundry I have washed!

I've transcended,
My own perception of greatness.
And what that is,
And means...
To me!
My peace of mind,
I have discovered...
Is my treasure!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Becomes Pointless

It becomes a pointless,
And forgettable activity...
When a conscious mind,
Bemoans an obvious blockade,
Preventing a forward movement...
Those with eyes,
But refuse to see.

If those in the majority,
Have decided confusion is the way...
Why bust a gut,
Yelling as if crazed...
A deadend selected,
Is not a closed gate that will open...
If they stayed and prayed.

It becomes pointless.
Demeaning!
And most importantly...
Attracts an attention,
Others find amusing.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Behooves The Doer To Be Careful

When you set out to do,
Something awful to someone...
Make sure they are not,
A good friend of God's.

A few will have the many believe,
God loves us equally.
Like I've heard some parents lie,
About the status their children have...
With them.

When you set out to do,
Something awful to someone...
Make sure they are not,
A good friend of God's.

God 'may' be All Loving, All Knowing...
And All 'This' and 'That'.
But when it comes to picking on 'His' chosen ones...
It behooves the doer to be careful.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Blesses

To know love,
One must never fear the pain of it.
Since it is not ammuned to the onslaught of flaws.
It is not blemish free.
It comes to be nurtured.
With understanding and patience,
Given to it.
However...
If it is appreciated for what it is,
It blesses those who receive it.
And can accept it as it is!
Love.
To grow and bloom and be.

It...
Blesses.
To know love,
One must never fear the pain of it.
It...
Blesses.
Since it is not ammuned to the onslaught of flaws.
It is not blemish free.
It...
Blesses.
It comes to be nurtured.
With understanding and patience,
Given to it.

Accept it as it is!
Love.
To grow and bloom and be.
It...
Blesses.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Came To Appear On One's Agenda

Fear of losing something,
One claims to own...
Has already been lost,
When fear made it clear...
It came to appear on one's agenda.

And made sure it was known,
As the one thing to prioritize.
With the strength of doubt,
To keep it right where it is!
On top and kept as a reminder.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Can Be Draining

Sometimes it can be draining,
And gets difficult...
To be in the midst,
Of thoughtless people.

Especially those who have aged,
To express less concern.
Or how their whims affect...
The ones who treasure their lessons learned.

At times emotional feelings exposed,
Are received to be ones embittered.
When sharing them amongst those,
Who could care less...
About the depthness of another's experiences.
And how those experiences are addressed,
Each day to expect, accept or reject.

Sometimes it can be draining,
And gets difficult...
To be in the midst,
Of thoughtless people.

Especially those who have aged,
To express less concern.
Or how their whims affect...
The ones who treasure their lessons learned.

It can be draining.
Isolating.
And reflectively disrespecting.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Can Be Hard To Take

'What is fantasy? '

Devoid of any reality.

'What is reality? '

That depends on...
How much of it is being fed.
Where it comes from.
How much can one stomach.
How much is being regurgitated...
And what is left in the body to nourish one's mind.

'OH! ? So...
Why does 'reality' have to go through that process? '

It has always been that way.
It's just harder to digest.
And some folks have problems keeping it down!
It can be hard to take!
Especially on an empty stomach!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Can Be Predicted

It can be predicted...
Somebody's wanna gonna moan.
Somebody's wanna groan about what's gon'.
And,
It can be predicted...
Somebody's gonna agitate as if to be dedicated.
It can be predicted...
Complaints will be heard like a pouring of rain.
With attitudes to prove that nothing has changed.

Don't pick this up to spread it on,
With anyone unknown or friends on the phone.
Don't pick this up to spread it on,
With a choice to choose and a doing condoned.

It can be predicted!
Anything that's wanted with a wish to inflict.
And it can be predicted.
With a doing to ensure a prediction exists.
But that which is said with predictions made,
Can be eliminated to go away.

It can be predicted...
An agitation done by someone who is dedicated.
It can be predicted...
Anything that's wanted with a wish to inflict.
And,
It can be predicted..
Everything anybody wants to exist.
But,
Why aren't predictions made everyday,
That people will experience happiness.

And it can be predicted...
An agitation done by someone who is dedicated.
It can be predicted...
Anything that's wanted with a wish to inflict.
And,
It can be predicted..

Everything anybody wants to exist.
But,
Why aren't predictions made everyday,
That people will experience happiness.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Can Happen

Now that it has been approved...
You have been declared the keeper,
With power to independently think.
You have shown you can.
And allowed to express an opinion...
Without feeling you should shrink.
Into a corner and sink!
Your own mind will you now command!

It can happen! If you want it!
It can happen! And it will!
If you let it!

You 'assume' you and I,
Have something in common now?
Perhaps from your limited point of view...
That 'common-ness' you believe is true.
And shared between me and you.

It can happen! If you want it!
It can happen! And it will!
If you let it!

Remember you had asked,
Why there is a breeze when you hear me speak?
And why I seemed to be near,
Whenever you dared to peek?
You are still blossoming...
And yet to fly,
Like I have flown!
Many times have I watched you from afar...
To explore adventures I have known.

It can happen! If you want it!
It can happen! And it will!
If you let it!

You will develop your wings as well.
Your consciousness will expand...

To broaden thoughts and excell.
And 'your' breeze will release,
Into winds to expel debris!
You will learn to clear your path of obstacles.
Like I had to learn!
This you will see.

It can happen! If you want it!
It can happen! And it will!
If you let it!

I had doubts and hid in years now past.
You have just to keep faith...
Those fears you embrace will pass.
You are not destined for them to last!
With each flight you attempt and challenge...
Stretch your wings and struggle to soar.
Witness your blessings being revealed...
And your insight will enlighten,
With a strength exciting and inviting,
You with such appeal!

It can happen! If you want it!
It can happen! And it will!
If you let it!

Even if you should stumble to a fall...
You now have the power,
To stand and walk tall!

It can happen! If you want it!
It can happen! And it will!
If you let it!

And then you will wish to fly above this!
It can happen! If you want it!
It can happen! And it will!
If you let it...
You will soar,
To heights that will thrill!

If you let it...

It will happen!
If you want it,
You will!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Can Never Be Too Soon

It can never be too soon,
To get or show love.

Love received to then give,
Can be the key one needs...
To begin the mending of a broken heart.

Love received to then give,
Can eliminate one's feeling empty.
When a void is replenished,
As if the doing completes...
What had been known to be unfinished.

Love received to then give,
Can eliminate one's feeling empty.
As if the doing completes...
A void to replenish,
What had been known to be unfinished.

It can never be too soon,
To get or show love.
As if the doing completes...
A void to replenish,
What had been known to be unfinished.

Love received to then give,
Can eliminate one's feeling empty.
It can never be too soon,
To get or show love.
It's as if the doing of it completes.

Too good it is to be without.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Can Not Be Assessed

Priceless!
You can not bank this.
Nor can it be assessed,
As...
A value to collect,
Kept possessed.
Yet to squeezed from it...
The freshness of its breath.

My heart to you I only give.
So priceless.
It can not be assessed.
Don't ever mistreat it one bit.
Recognize it as priceless.
It can not be,
Assessed to neglect.

I wish for us to live,
Without conflict...
Together.
Braving through stormy weather,
Together.
With a getting over arguments,
Like two meant to stay in love.
No matter to us what is sent...
Sealed our hearts are,
As if cemented.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

'It Can Not Get Any Worse Than This! '

'It can not get any worse than this! '

I've heard that expressed many times,
Over the years.
And over the years...
Worse it gets.
As if the worse of it,
Is being monitored by those...
Who are closely watching and placing bets.

It is similar to the calls for unity and peace.
If this is not done periodically,
People feel there is something missing.
Like a Sunday that passes...
Without hypocrisies and stated faith,
From lips being released.
We are a society of steadfast procrastinators.

'It can not get any worse than this! '

Some say that as if they are impatiently waiting.
Hoping and praying to proclaim themselves as witnesses.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Can'T Be That Hard To Do

One can teach another,
Hygiene.
Depending on the age,
A listening begins.
With an influential meaning.
Discipline and respect too,
Should be taught early.
Before someone reaches pre-school.

Once can teach another,
How to cook.
How to drive.
How to come and go,
With identity and pride.
But teaching one from experience,
The rudiments needed to survive one's life.
Is like teaching one the aspects of motivation,
Desire and drive.

And if one is not energized,
By an inspiration that developes from with inside.
Will take the patience of someone just arriving,
From another planet.
To explain to someone,
That expresses no interest in learning to read OR write.
That 'these' elements are required prerequisites,
If one seeks to have a book.
They envision to see published!

'Why should I have to learn to read or write?
I don't have time for that! '

~And.
What is it you wish that I do for you? ~

'Help me get published.
You did it.
It can't be that hard to do.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Comes By Surprise

Number one,
Isn't easy to achieve...
Or can be handled by the squeamish.

Number one,
Takes unshakable faith...
With motivation that's unbreakable.

Number one,
Isn't seen in one's eyes...
It just comes by surprise.

Success that comes to one,
Comes by surprise.
Although it may be wished,
It comes by surprise.
It's not a gift to pick,
It comes by surprise.
Nobody sits until it comes by surprise.

Number one,
Isn't easy to achieve...
Or can be handled by the squeamish.

Number one,
Takes unshakable faith...
With motivation that's unbreakable.

Success that comes to one,
Comes by surprise.
Although it may be wished,
It comes by surprise.
It's not a gift to pick,
It comes by surprise.
Nobody sits until it comes by surprise.

Number one,
Isn't seen in one's eyes...
It just comes by surprise.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Comes For Me So Easy

If it was not easy for me to give...
You would have never known my face.
Or the appearance of it shown,
As often.

I do not try to grace you with impressions.
This is who I am.
Being me with you in my thoughts.
Being me wishing to offer to you,
Something from my heart.
Something that is genuine...
You will know from the start.

And it comes for me so easy!
Just like the breath I breathe.
Just like a tree that is there,
For what it does.
For what it offers.
For what it is.
There to give!

I want you to be aware you can depend on me.
But I don't want you to think of me as an obligation.
Waiting there from you to receive.
Not me.
I appreciate you too much.
You are life.

I want you to think of me,
As being there...
Easy!
As a part of who you are!
Since you will always be,
There for me to give.
And I can't think of any opportunity,
That comes to me as easy.
Knowing my life,
Means more than just for me to live...
With you making it easy,

For me to give!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Comes To Empower

Genuine honesty.
Unquestioned by doubt,
As it is delivered to me.
And sharing with a depthness,
Real enough to believe...
It comes to empower.
And not to deceive.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Connects

I think your visons are very clear
And panoramic...
In delivery!

I could never tell a visual artist how to hold a brush.
Or a pen
To bring this depthness to surface.
Not like you've done!
In the way you did it to overcome me
With amazement!

I can only enjoy the finished product!
That's the only position I want to take...
And enjoy
What I 'see' and can perceive,
And escape within
This creation that's read,
And felt without touching!

'Yet touching!
I'm 'touched'...
On several levels accessible.'

When I've been 'awed' by a master!
And 'You' are that 'master'...
That captures everything within me.
Something clicks
And I am snapped back
Into a side of me inside
I hadn't seen in so long!

And 'that' is what you do too!
Being able to do that...
Provides such masterful views!
Shared and understanding!

'To do it and suspend me,
In imaginations!
Can not be done...

By just anyone! '

How you do it?
The way you get it done to do...
Lifts my mind to remind me,
The Almighty has created a wonderful family...
To interpret His 'conceptions' of evolving possibilities!

What it IS that you do...
Comes from your heart,
And it connects!

Dedicated to:
Ms Ernestine Northover.

'Ernestine, your creativity is magnificently 'placed'!
It shows that you are clearly not in rehearsals!
You are a student of 'something' DIVINE that has found you
To find a way that you have discovered to help and aid
In our 'awakening' process. you're terrific! '
~lsp~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Could Only Mean One Thing

My mission is to excite.
Not to bore as if that was my expertise.
Reaching to innovate and create new approaches,
To observations is what I seek to do.

That one could addendum what has been done,
For some is a preference.
And is a preference someone else dictates,
Really a 'preference' one independently makes?
Or is it just easier to accept to later throw away?

My mission is to excite.
Not to bore as if that was my expertise.
Reaching to innovate and create new approaches,
To observations is what I seek to do.

And if it seems I intentionally attempt to attract attention...
Well...
I'll put it this way,
If one is doing what one wishes to do...
And if this should attract attention?
It could only mean one thing.
Some find it difficult to do what it is they choose,
Without getting approval or feeling accepted.

And...
Well,
A seeking of acceptance hasn't done a thing to improve...
The quality of life that has been devalued as 'approved'.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Depends On The Situation

In the playing of games,
There are those who are less experienced...
Decide without advice taken,
To play them indiscriminately.
Without thought of who the opponent may be.
Or if the one chosen to be exposed to playing,
Has not in fact...
Elected to do so to prevent total boredom,
To hop and take a ride on one's back...
In the playing of games.

And then,
In the playing of games...
It depends on the situation.
The environment is important as well.
However...
If the playing of the same games,
Gets too familiar...
It becomes very difficult to play them,
With the same exuberance...
As those enjoying to play them repetitiously,
Throughout their lives!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Doesn'T Come Easy

Into a zone I own and claim.
And not only am I featured...
But I'm there in every scene.

Into a zone I own and claim.
And it took me quite a while,
To establish my own style.

It doesn't come easy,
To get up from a fall at all.
No matter who depicts,
What the picture represents.

It doesn't come easy...
To decide and get the nerve to play ball.
With thoughts of getting rid,
Of any suspect competition.

Into a zone I own and claim.
With thoughts of getting rid,
Of any suspect competition.
Into a zone I own and claim.
With thoughts of getting rid,
Of any suspect competition.

It doesn't come easy,
To get up from a fall at all.
No matter who depicts,
What the picture represents.

So many find their comforts in like minds.
Hoping that all will agree,
To their wants and spoiled needs.

Into a zone I own and claim.
With thoughts of getting rid,
Of any suspect competition.
Into a zone I own and claim.
With thoughts of getting rid,

Of any suspect competition.

It doesn't come easy,
To get up from a fall at all.
No matter who depicts,
What the picture represents.

Into a zone I own and claim.
It doesn't come easy,
To get up from a fall at all.

Into a zone I own and claim.
It doesn't come easy,
To get up from a fall at all.

Into a zone I own and claim.
It doesn't come easy,
To get up from a fall at all.

It doesn't come easy,
To get up from a fall...
At all.
At all.
At all.
It doesn't come easy,
To get up from a fall...
At all.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Doesn'T Matter What One Does

It doesn't matter what one does,
To prove an intelligent effectiveness.
If an image best marketed,
Is the having of 'bling' and shiny things...
To dangle in front of those most impressed.
With a getting of attention that is addressed.

Regardless...
How disconnected minds are from the rest,
The ones who are adorned...
With sparkling attachments worn,
Will be guaranteed to influence and awe.
No matter if they can speak,
In completed sentences to be understood.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Doesn't Matter What The Brand Is

It doesn't matter,
What the brand is.
As long as it eye pops.
Gets attention.
And brings the bang.

Words may disturb.
Cause unreasonable tension.
Deleted completely.
Or become censored.

What is inappropriate done by some,
Others may accept to object to protest.
Yet...
Even with a nakedness to welcome,
What is subjected to scrutiny...
Depends on who it is,
Gets sentenced to a life of jeopardy.

And those most self-righteous,
Tortured by gestures of tormenting obscenities...
Are the first to line their pockets,
From the filth they market to sell sold...
Their conflicting hypocrisies.
On wide screen TV's and 3-D movies.
Upfront to trap and capture,
Sinners of all kinds to remind them to pray.

It doesn't matter,
What the brand is.
As long as it eye pops.
Gets attention.
And brings the bang.
To bling and shine to blind every mind,
With a doing to accomplish profit gains.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Doesn'T Matter Who Says It Anymore

It doesn't matter who says it anymore.
Or what intent is meant when mentioned.
The straits have been beyond dire.
With no more campaigns to hire,
New marketing techniques to inspire...
another round of deceit.

Those in ruts,
Should be learning how to turn them into condos.
And that is the upside on those lifestyles,
Fed to address just their greed.

The ones who worshipped their material needs,
Have suddenly found those mindsets bleeding.
With warnings written high on surrounding walls...
DAYS OF FEASTING HAVE PASSED.
For all seeking to impress with images.

With an introduction to long lasting reality.
Not yours or mine.
But ours!
In a collective vision,
No one is going to miss!
As it dishes upon a clean slate,
Of meager plates.
With a buffet that takes all delusions away.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Doesn't Pay

It doesn't pay to undermine,
People unknown to do this.
It doesn't pay to underestimate,
People to do it.
It doesn't pay to find fault.
Or backbite using vicious causes.
It doesn't pay to be vindictive,
To someone unknown to pay the cost.

People quick to backstab another,
From rumors heard to be spread.
Are the first to admit,
Their hearts were in it...
Without their heads.
And then when asKed why they did,
Something unconscious done...
They will say validated gossip,
Heard from 'friends'...
Too good to refuse,
Left them with that choice to choose.

And then they awaken up to wonder,
Why their dreams have been limited.
And then they awaken up to wonder,
Why opportunites from them leave.
And then they awaken up to wonder,
Who it was that they despised...
Without connecting any truth,
To lies.

It doesn't pay to undermine,
People unknown to do this.
Or underestimate,
What one does to know who...
Enjoys what they do in the bedroom.
To be satisfied!
It's always left in the bedroom,
What's confessed to hear to decide.

It doesn't pay if confessions,
Distracts from an act to enact it.
It doesn't pay if confessions,
Destroys the mood to include...
What someone else has done,
To interfere.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Doesn't Pay At All To Assume

It doesn't pay to take away,
One's dignity to smear and smudge.
After judging to conclude...
One is in need,
To be taught a lesson or two.

It doesn't pay at all,
To misinterpret with shown attitude...
With a hoping to solicit others to convince,
What is heard through malicious gossip...
Has to be true or made to create that way.
Since that day will come to be shown,
To those of misdeeds to make it known...
Decades it will take them,
To reach the gutter from an evilness committed.
From depths so low they will come to believe,
For them this is an upward mobility.

Although for some,
It may take much longer than that...
To remove their trained smug looks...
Off their faked to smile faces.

It doesn't pay to take away,
One's dignity to smear and smudge.
After judging to conclude...
One is in need,
To be taught a lesson or two.
It doesn't pay at all,
To depict someone unknown to be a fool.
Especially if one who becomes depicted that way,
Is not only discovered to be a teacher.
But also one who knows,
How to go about administering a good lesson.
To the ones who have slipped,
Into pits of embarrassment and have wishes...
To be assisted from a curb they have climbed to sit,
Wanting more than anything to be forgiven...
For their self-inflicted ignorance.

It doesn't pay to perceive,
Another is not already familiar with humility.
Or how they got it to obtain to maintain it.
It doesn't pay at all,
To assume.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Doesn'T Pay To Deceive

You know what has been made easy,
For many people to do?
Make declarations about others that are not true.
Then to have people convinced about it too.
Without the one chosen and selected to be defamed,
Knowing a thing about who has brought them shame.

Until those who believed that would advantage from this,
Are eventually discovered to become physically limited.
Or mentally sick.
If not witnessed to be suffering from both.
It doesn't pay to deceive,
With beliefs an accomplishment will be received.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Doesn'T Pay To Stay Fantasized

It doesn't pay to stay fantasized with delusions.
It can become very awkward to dismiss the truth,
When one's life is now depending on it...
To piece together something,
That will help them to understand...
How to accept it without embellishment.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Doesn'T Take A Rocket Scientist

The duality of false representation,
Eventually shows the origin...
From where it has been created.

Consumed by ego,
Is their downfall!

And it doesn't take a rocket scientist,
To connect the culprits to their deeds.

Consumed by ego,
Is their downfall!

There is a trail of incompetence,
Wherever they go...
With a wish to get acknowledgement,
And undeserving praise.

Consumed by ego,
Is their downfall!

And unfortunate are those,
Committed to follow.

Consumed by ego,
Is their downfall!
And shoulders to cry on,
They seek to weep.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Endures

Only that which has been examined to be labelled,
Begins to establish a documented history.
And the doing of it creates a repetitiveness,
The majority declares is a stability one can rely upon.
With a determining for them what is right and wrong.

Then there comes along,
Something that has not been labelled.
Something suspiciously different.
And something unfamiliar many fear that threatens.
Then a testing of it begins.
Not to ensure its acceptance but to guarantee its end.

It endures through attacks.
It endures with a fighting back.
It endures over the countless obstacles,
To amaze those who wish suddenly to know...
More of its existence with more identifiable facts.

And it seems when that has been adventured,
That which is not going to change...
Eventually teaches its own lessons.
And those who get them do!
And those who refuse to budge or move...
Remain confused as most people stubbornly choose,
When something they confront...
Is not going to change its own identity to please an ignorance.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Factor

If it has 'It Factor',
Very few have it.
That 'It Factor'...
To attract.
And then to capture,
With a doing...
That's unmatched,
And to distract.

If it is 'It Factor',
Very few have it.
That 'It Factor'...
To attract.
And then to capture,
With a doing...
That's unmatched,
And to distract.

It can never be re-created,
To be considered as innovative.
It has to be originated.
And nothing else can take its place.
It is unmatched!
And that's a fact.

'What is it with a doing that can't be redone? '

That which has 'It Factor'.

'What is it with a doing that's been done to stun? '

That which has 'It Factor'.

If it is 'It Factor',
Very few have it.
And that's a fact.
If one has 'It Factor'...
What they have can not be matched.

'What is it with a doing that can't be redone? '

That which has 'It Factor'.

'What is it with a doing that's been done to stun? '

That which has 'It Factor'.
'It Factor' can't be matched.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Fits

Giving it because it fits.
And giving it,
Style.

Giving it because it fits.
And giving it,
Style.

We both can now admit we live,
To commit with a loving each other.
With a doing like no one other.

Giving it because it fits.
And giving it,
Style.

We don't do the foolish stuff.
To cover up a bunch of fluff.
We do it because it fits.
With a doing to give it style.

What we do is not fashion.
Or a fad that fades with a faked smile.
We do it because it fits.
With a doing to give it style.

We both can now admit we live,
To commit with a loving each other.
With a doing like no one other.
We do it because it fits.
With a doing to give it style.

Without the fluff,
But style.
And all that stuff,
But style.
Yes we're in this because it fits.
And we'll keep it for awhile.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Floats As Well

You believed I was too 'deep'?
With a depthness you claimed,
You were too shallow to follow?
Here,
Take this!

'What is that? '

That's a life-preserver!
You will need no explanation.
The time draws near.
And it will become crystal clear,
How to use it!
And what to do!

'Oh Yeah...?
Row away!
You look foolish...
With those wheels on that boat! '

I may!
I agree.
It floats as well.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It From Us Takes Back

What do I claim?
Nothing.
What do I name,
To label mine that I own?
Nothing.

Why am I here?
To make my presence...
One that is clear,
With my appearance.
To come and go...
With that experience!
To show those observing...
Why I deserve,
With nerve to be served!

If you have witnessed that...
Then we both can say,
All that is meant to be...
We have everything that is,
That belongs to us!
In this moment,
We trust as 'real'.
In an animation...
Providing this sensation felt!

And all that I have to give...
Is yours to be given!
Unless you choose to see this differently,
Then all that I see,
That you claim as yours and choose to be...
Has more of a significance than that?
Even though our paths cross...
Somehow we are on the same track.

And a meaning in my mind...
Yet to be defined as a fact,
To stay as is...
For an eternity that is timeless!

And time with all we say remains,
To keep...
From us takes back!
To erase all steps,
That have been selfishly placed,
To never change or deface.

What do I claim?
Nothing.
What do I name,
To label mine that I own?
Nothing.

Why am I here?
To make my presence...
One that is clear,
With my appearance.
To come and go...
With that experience!
To show those observing...
Why I deserve,
With nerve to be served!
And this...
Whether witnessed or not,
Will not stop me
To glorify
Self indulging gratifications!

'That was well spoken!
Now I will re-read it,
For clues you might have left...
To interpret a meaning,
I can comprehend.'

Sounds good!
And when you find one...
Share it with me.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Gets More Difficult

Each day it gets more difficult for many,
To deny they've lived by lies to exist.
And allowed divisions to exist to split,
Relationships they permitted to drift.

Ego, envy and jealousies,
Once prioritized to keep on the top...
Of such lists,
Are today wished to have not been created.
By those who have become sickened,
With sadness to have less happiness.

And the ones without regrets,
Have moved on with honesty kept to express.
To leave behind deceiving minds.
Knowing in time liars will find themselves,
Doing their best to assess their misdeeds.

'Why do some people,
Keep bringing up the past? '

~Who knows.
Sometimes the garbage and trash,
On others some enjoyed to throw...
Is in need for them to revisit,
To believe a stench they now smell...
Will go away.~

'But to where? '

~I'm not there to care.
I've heard it all too many times before.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Goes Unrecognized

It goes unrecognized,
And they despise it.
Yet it is their own reflection.
They do not like what they see at all.
But it is their own reflection.
They speak of ills and detriment.
Of evil doings and misdeeds sent.
They talk of maintaining standards...
With values meant.
But none of this means anything,
Since they can not see themselves at all...
Through any of their sentiments!
Every thing that is said,
They want to believe.
But what is in their heads...
Isn't the lives they lead!
It goes unrecognized,
And they despise it.
Contradictions like these,
Bleed!
It goes unrecognized,
And they despise it.
Yet it is their own reflection.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Had Flat Tires

A mindbinding that begins,
With an awakening from a dream that ends...
Sends one that has become conscious,
Wondering...
If a message 'was' sent...
Why does it seem to make little sense?

And how important is it,
To seek from those who do not comprehend...
Why anyone would dream,
Something the dreamer does not understand?

'What did you eat before you went to sleep?
Maybe you shouldn't eat it again.
Especially if you ran from it.
And it chased you screaming.
With, as you say...
A pigeon behind the wheel,
Of a tricycle that had four flat tires?

I wish I could help you.
But I don't have dreams like that.
It had flat tires, huh?
Well...'

And 'why' are you looking at my stomach?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Had To Come To Us This Way

It had to come to us this way.
Unexpected love.
It had to find us unprepared.
Unexpected love.
We did not know it had us picked.
When unexpected love,
Came to visit.

It had to come to us this way.
Unexpected love.
It had to find us unprepared.
Willing to accept,
How it crept upon us.
When all we felt was tried.
Staring in clear skies,
Sometimes for that 'one'.
That someone special to us to come.
And when it is done...
We become stunned.
It is familiar.
As if it begins where it 'had' begun!

It had to come to us this way.
Unexpected love.
Expecting it returned.
As it is to feed what is yearned.
Connecting two hearts burning!

When all we felt was tried,
Unexpected love...
Comes out of hiding!
It had to come to us this way.
If it had not...
We would find reasons,
To chase it away!
And that is why,
It had to come to us
This way...
Finding us in a receptive display,

And giving without thought to run.
Hoping love like this did come,
To stay!

It had to come to us this way,
Unexpected love...
Seldom drifts or fades!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Happens

It happens.
Unscheduled.
To undo what is and was,
With major perception changes.
And without a safety net.
Promised to anyone they will one get.

It happens.
And when that moment arrives,
There is no escape anywhere in place.

Pieces fit.
Dots connect.
A new Sun rises,
After a closing done upon the horizon...
Of a remembered Sunset.

It happens.
As fresh beginnings come to end,
All that was to never be...again.
This,
Will happen for all who experience it.

Yes...
It happens.
And the preparation anyone has for this,
Is...
Life!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Has Already Begun

Before it even happens for many,
It has already begun...
For some.
In an undescribable event that comes.

Before it enters into a thought that appears,
Somewhere within one's distance,
The affects has produced,
An unexpected effect!

And before this direction,
Creeps to a peak...
Those unaware,
Unconsciously in deep sleep...
Need not to concern themselves,
Of what it is that creeps.
Or happens when it occurs...
As the rest of the world is on the verge,
Of impending change.

It has already begun,
To upset with correctness.
Doing what needs to be done...
As it happens when it happens,
To do what it is when it comes.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Has Become A Custom

It has become a custom,
To turn away...
From another's aches and pains.
It has become a custom.
To witness then dismiss,
Someone enduring through a suffering.
A suffering that remains,
We pretend not to see or believe exists.
It has become a custom,
Not to listen to give attention...
With understanding intended to obtain.
And it has become a custom,
To ignore others trying to explain...
What we've asked from questions,
For answers to get.

We have grown too accustomed,
To interrupt and not await with patience to give.
For something else we wish that has appeal,
More with our wants to satisfy our hearts.
Instead of using our minds for a purpose to think.
Too long gone departed from our heads.
And too long distanced to retrieve that link.
It has become a custom to see and disbelieve.
Than it is to believe what it is we see,
Knowing others will agree of its impossibility.

It has become a custom,
To turn away...
From another's aches and pains.
It has become a custom.
To witness then dismiss,
Someone enduring through a suffering.
A suffering that remains,
We pretend not to see or believe exists.
It has become a custom to see and disbelieve.
Than it is to believe what it is we see,
Knowing others will agree of its impossibility.
To then wonder why a quality of life,

That has eroded before our eyes...
Occurs.
Without 'someone' doing 'something' about it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Has Become Our Entertainment

Those people fleeing,
With paperwork flying in the air...
All over the place.
Who are they?

'We are doing the best we can,
To ignore them.
Those are the scholars hired,
To implement their ideals...
Of what to them a progess is.

Look around.
Do you see all of this chaos? '

Can I see it?
I can't miss it.

'Well...
We are doing our best to clean up their mess.
And our investigations have shown,
Them to be the culprits.'

To where do they flee?

'Who knows.
We've learned to let them go.
It's just another one of their acts...
Making attempts to run away,
From their own desperation at our expense.
That has become a cycle of events to witness.'

What if they tried to come back?

'From where?
We already know who they are.
You ever see a dog chase its own tail?
Doesn't it look foolish?
And with the barking?
It has become our entertainment.'

Unfortunately,
It isn't free.

'Tell me about it! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Has Been All About You

It has been all about you.
You can not go around,
With a disputing of that fact.

Every conversation I've ever had with you,
Originates with comparisons made to others...
And alluding to misunderstandings they have,
About something you've done...
And you can't acknowledge that.

It has been all about you.
You can not go around,
With a disputing of that fact.

Just the other day,
You claimed a wanting to get to know me.
Years ago that might have been my wish as well.
But there is nothing I could tell I'd wish to dwell.
And if you don't know me by now...
That validates my timer with you is nothing but wasted.

It has been all about you.
Everything you do has been all about you.
And now you wish to discuss 'me' as if there is an 'us'.
But I can not feel nor see that happening.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Has Been Done

Will I?
Can I?
Yes,
I adore you.
And that isn't easy,
For someone like me to confess.

Stripped from a wall,
Where my emotions hid.
Kidding myself,
With passions I forbid.
And here you are...
To do to me what you just did!

Will I?
Can I?
Yes,
I adore you.
And that isn't easy,
For someone like me to confess.

You have no idea,
How quickly that has been addressed.
And I am so glad we met,
To pursue together this happiness.

Oh boy...
Will I?
Can I?
Yes,
I adore you.
And that isn't easy,
For someone like me to confess.
Yet...
It has been done!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Has Been Earned

What more can be believed,
When only one belief is given.
One can be set free...
When truth is not a perception of life.
But received as an acknowledgement of it.
And that is not a perception...
To be defined by someone's acceptance,
Or rejection of a presence full of light!

One's awakening to the 'self'
Provides all truth defined!
And a peace of mind like that discovered and found,
Is not a debate subjected to confusion or mental conflict.
Awaiting one to be attached and baited.
Scraped over hot coals to be heated.
To fulfill a use...
Until that has been done to deplete.
In a despair that mistreats with deception.

It has been earned!
That peace of mind that comes one finds.
Burning with desire,
That rises one from an entangled mire.
Freed and cleared of such divisions.
Uncompromised by doubt!

One should not invite confusion of any kind.
Not in these times when that is readily available.
Beseech and reach for a higher consciousness,
That pleases.
Share it...
And release someone,
Who feels trapped and shackled...
Attracted to a designed bondage.
Enforced by practiced limitations known!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Has Been Here To Exist

The increase of social ills,
Has not been hidden in the midst...
Of the Sahara Desert.
Nor has a decadence risen to be seen,
From the depths of oceans.
Or lush valleys of green.

Warnings have been given,
From messengers ignored.
The effects of what is taking place,
Have long been on these shores.

To say that none of this was known...
Is to say that disrespect has never been shown.
And an acknowledgement of this has not been encouraged,
As it has grown.
Wasn't the presence of denial praised to continue on?

The increase of social ills,
Has not been hidden in the midst...
Of the Sahara Desert.
Nor has a decadence risen to be seen,
From the depths of oceans.
Or lush valleys of green.

It has been here to exist.
And still not faced to evaluate and admit.
Because those who are leading the parade,
Are the ones afraid of losing their status.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Has To Be Witnessed To Be Believed

There are those who choose to represent,
The best subservience that can be found around.
This is more noticeable in smaller towns...
Where people live with big city dreams.
And their minds have been conditioned,
To not achieve anything more than medocrity.
And expect even less from those chosen.
To show their blatant disrespect with flagrance.

It has to be witnessed to believed.

And when one speaks of the effects,
Of this atrociousness...
One becomes despised as if a tradition exposed,
Has been severely compromised.
Like the keeping of an unflushed toilet as a symbol,
Of achievement.

It has to be witnessed to be believed.

And walls are built to surround this filth,
To hide and keep those lies alive in the bowels...
Of these 'communities' unseen,
In the midst of manicured surfaces.
To allow the nourishment of maggots to come and go,
As they damn well please.

It has to be witnessed to be believed...
That such unconsciousness perceives,
This activity achieves a certain purpose.

'And what is that purpose? '

A control over a divine and global ignorance.
To keep those enriched with their wickedness.
With a show of total disregard for the Creator!

Agitating...
A massive appearance of Super Intelligent Beings

To descend!
Saving this planet from complete destruction,
By such mindless fools.

It has to be witnessed to be believed.
And the outcome will not be prolonged in debates.
To allow incompetent jovial jestures to compensate,
For one's lack of a conscious comprehension.
These 'folks' are above and beyond those plateaus!

It has to be witnessed to be believed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Hurts To Live A Truth

It hurts to live a truth,
When a doing it many have done to refuse...
To see it for what it is.
Or prefer to make lieing as a choice to choose.
It hurts to live a truth,
To know so many live to delude.
And not care about who they deceive,
By charading to masquerade false beliefs.
It hurts to live a truth,
And witness how people abuse it too!
As they live throughout entire lifetimes,
Trying to make truth believers fools.
It hurts to live a truth,
And hear liars sell their lies to prove,
Betraying other people for them is okay.
Friend or foe they do it and walk away.
It hurts to live a truth,
And not know who will feel accused,
Of being in denial with the telling of lies.
Because when they lie it's seen in their eyes.
It hurts to live a truth,
And not be secluded with a life to pursue.
Or not feel entrapped or isolated,
By a living of a truth many disapprove.
It hurts to live a truth,
But...
What are truth livers going to do?
Use alibis and excuses too?
Like others who've committed mental suicide?
And dieing inside from the telling of lies.
It hurts,
To live with truth.
But only when outside where many liars cruise,
Seeking for prey to deceive.
And hoping for truth to defeat.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Is

What there is I give,
Is given and not to borrow.
You can take it to claim it yours.
That which I give.
And once it is accepted,
By you from me...
It is!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Is A Constant Never Neglected

Credibility, integrity with identity intact,
Radiates a dignity that ushers with it
Respect,
Received and given back.

Not retaining qualities,
Or learning them...
From one's sheltered nest,
Produces none of the above.
And a dumping of togetherness,
Is encouraged to nourish disrespectful contests.
Delivered and performed...
At their best.

And for those responsible,
For this irresponsibility...
Witness in 'disbelief'!
As if shocked by a sudden and cruel awakening!

No one 'group' can fully be blamed!
Not for this merchandized quality of life we see.
And diminishing standards of a crumbling society.
Putting all to shame.
And pointing fingers to blame.

Those who have enforced this 'normalcy' that bleeds...
Condoned aspects of this defective affect,
Blind to hindsight.
And futuristic needs.
That investment fed temporary greed.
Upon which quick dreams,
Are shattered!

With an absence of consciousness,
Devoid of thought.
With no connection in their minds to comprehend...
What they 'themselves' brought.
Seeking blindlessly,
What it takes to succeed.

But the sacrifice of achieving,
And sustaining wholesome beliefs...
Are not born from electronic 'things'.
Or absorbing 'falsities' to feed from one's tv!

Credibility, integrity with an identity,
Radiates a dignity that ushers with it
Respect.
It is a constant never neglected aspect.
Not 'this' determination...
To be placed upon one person's back!
The one assigned to restorative research.
And attacked for the honesty!

Too much of that came back with facts!
A recommendation for self evaluations!
And no one dares to prepare for that!
To be held accountable?
For the laying of one's own trap! ?
The audacity of those found facts!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Is A Feeling Embedded In One's Mind

The memory of losing a child,
Never leaves.
It is a feeling embedded in one's mind,
To remain as if a hole unplugged...
Can not be fixed.
There is a feeling of guilt that revisits,
From time to time.

And those who have never had that experience,
Are blessed not to know it.
Although those who do know,
What that experience is like...
Can sympathize with those who say,
'You have no idea,
How these children of mine can get on my last nerve.
Ten minutes!
If I only had ten minutes to myself.
Without them constantly on my mind I'd be happy.'

~You are right.
I have not been blessed to have that experience.
However,
Once they arrive...
Your life is no longer yours.
They will be on your mind until your life is over.~

'Oh yeah?
How would you know? '

~It's a feeling I get.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Is A Gamble

Doing well.
No longer on 'that' mission,
To discover truth in insanity.
Or depth reflecting in clear eyes.

An amusement ride is more reliable,
And consistent these days...
At least dependable from Spring to Fall.
Afterall...
Isn't that reality?
Seeking that which never changes?
Or adapts to the idea of 'thought'?
Why adopt to the notion of progess?
Many don't!
And it shows each time concepts
Of standards, traditions and values are exposed.
Accidentally brought to light...
As if these beliefs are taught instead of vaulted.
Scarce treasures,
Never to be touched or used again.
Encased in curios and dusted!
Inspected for fingerprints!
Like grandma's best bone china...
No one ever touches but observes!
Why bust a gut or shatter a nerve finding reason?
Folks have found ways to enjoy yesterdays,
With a purpose that instills a desire for conflict.
Even if no threats are raised,
There is no resisting it.

If that keeps them in a mindset,
To make these 'museum visits'...
With demands that their forefathers fought
For their right to be crazed...
What can one say,
That will make sense to anyone?
Nothing!
Seeing is believing
As to what already has been done!

This way of life has been ordained and chosen.
And it is difficult requesting fresh exhibits...
When the old ones have long shown their uselessness.
Although capturing a kind of worship as if routine!
And leaving these scenes is a gamble,
Since chosing noncomformity could imply treason.
And those actions are always stifled and rebuked.
To smuggle common sense away today...
May be cause for retribution!
A thought expressed daring a challenge is suspect.

'We better keep an eye on them, Harry!
The medication apparently is not working! '

It is a gamble!
To want to do well...
And no longer on 'that' mission to discover truth.
Especially when it is obvious,
This task is done by so few!
And abuses the ears of those unfamiliar,
With speech that solicits conversation...
And an honest response,
That is not and will not be approved.
Even though some find this restlessness soothing.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Is A Great Feeling To Wake Up

It is a great feeling to wake up!
And not be intimidated by an array of fears.
To enjoy one's life the way it is...
And not be bombarded,
By a schedule kept routined...
With a wish restrictions would just disappear.

With a life like this,
Seems so limited.
Until one decides life is to be lived.
And not chased by demands...
That can drain a peace of mind.
Only to discover a basicness that appears.
And it is great to finally wake up...
To find a simple existence,
Leads to true happiness.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Is A Leech

A leech feeding,
Could care less off of what it feeds.
It is a leech.
Feeding to satisfy its own need.
To do what it pleases...
Eat to feed itself to then move on.

And anyone observing a leech in action,
Is not going to convince that leech to share.
The awareness of the leech doing that is not there.

A leech feeding,
Could care less off of what it feeds.
It is a leech.
Feeding to satisfy its own need.
To do what it pleases...
Eat to feed itself to then move on.

It is a leech!
Born and taught to exist for what it is!
It is not a care provider.
Or a nourishing vegetable,
Loaded with beneficial vitamins...
Benefiting the mind and physical wellbeing of mankind.
No,
It is not!
It is a leech.

That's it.
Defined by its own circumstances.
And programmed to identify,
What it has to do to survive.
And once it knows what it is,
It is not going to be anything else.
No matter how lengthy the therapy sessions.
Or the sacrifices others make...
When the activities of the leech begins to become outsourced.

A leech is a leech!

Nothing more.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Is A Luxury Sometimes

I can be foolish.
And can do foolish things
Knowing what I do is a bit foolish.

It is a luxury sometimes I use.

But there has been times,
My foolishness has been mistaken...
For stupidity and ignorance.

And my portrayal of foolishness,
When I decide it should end...
Becomes interpreted,
As someone who has lost much sense.

And I must admit,
At times when that occurs...
I'm not trying to find it either.
Or senselessly defend,
Whatever it is that offends...
That I may say and is heard.

That is why I don't encourage,
Being tested at my expense.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Is A Quicker Game

I'm sorry.
But I've grown tired of playing,
Roll over and pretend I'm stupid with you.
Can we play,
Pin the tail on the jackass?

It is a quicker game.
And even blindfolded...
We could invite more people to play with us.
And your chances to always be picked,
Would be limited.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Is About The Entire Performance

It is highly unlikely...
But,
Nothing is impossible...
That a leaf,
Connected to a twig or a branch...
Of a rooted tree,
Would not have a clue...
How it is associated with the process,
Of life.

Or...
That it accepts it has nothing to do with it at all.

However...
Attempts to deceive the other leaves,
They too are equally independent.
And can do what they wish...
With this being totally ignored,
By the Earth from which it feeds!
It is unlikely that a leaf would be that selfish.
But...
I BET it gets the point,
When that tree begins to give it signals...
Its leeching days,
Are not permanently attached.
And that leaf has to go!

And the Earth,
In agreement AND with approval given...
Knows WHO runs the show!
It is not about the part the leaf plays in the act.
It is about the entire performance that is important.
AND...
Has only ONE director.

'Some' leaves get this!
However,
Many do not.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Is Advisable

Non-fiction to discover,
My harm one's fictionalized...
Consciousness.
And it is advisable,
To those living their lives fictioned...
Not to approach or go near,
Anything rumored to be heard...
Having a reality attached to it.
One should be proactive these days,
And leave behind truth,
As far away as possible...
From it one can get.

In fact...
Contact those responsible who know,
Censorship with it done to do...
To protect and safeguard,
What's left of those fleeting delusions.
We must honor and keep them,
Thriving in minds to stay alive.
No one should be alone to feel penalized.

Non-fiction to discover,
My harm one's fictionalized...
Consciousness.
And it is advisable in these days we live,
To those living their lives on fiction...
Not to approach or go near,
Anything rumored to be heard...
Having a reality attached to it.
Leave truth for those,
Daring enough to still take risks.
Don't be the one to become a statistic.
Or believe being sacrificial has its benefits.

In fact...
Keeping one's mind kept distracted,
Is a recommendation to apply and quick.
And a must one should trust,

A supply of stored delusions...
To keep under lock and key,
Is best to have with it known to comfort...
As an investment of one's kept interest,
To suspect the price of sought deceptions...
May be subjected to raise.
To higher and unobtainable,
And too far to have them fetched limits.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Is Affection

One who seeks affection,
Can't accept rejection.
And seldom does approach,
With this to say exposed.

One who seeks affection,
Can't accept rejection.
And seldom does approach,
With this to say most.

People look for love,
With those kisses and hugs.
But it's affection,
They wish with that connection.

People look for someone,
To fit thoughts they think of...
As a lover.
A lover like no other.

It is all about affection,
People don't confess that they need.
It is affection,
People really want but they keep...
This hidden as it sits,
Deep inside and wont admit,
It is affection...
People don't confess that they need.
It is affection...
People really want but they keep,
This hidden as it sits,
Deep inside and wont admit.

One who seeks affection,
Can't accept rejection.
And seldom does approach,
With this to say most...
It's affection,
People don't confess that they need.

It is affection,
People really want but they keep...
It alone.
With hopes one day somebody finds...
That zone.
With hopes one day they can unwind,
Those moans and groans but not to do alone.
It is affection,
People don't confess that they need.
It is affection,
People really want but they keep...
It alone.
To condone.
On their own.

So 'EFFECTIVE' is affection,
People really want but they keep...
It alone.
To condone.
On their own.
Yet so infectious is a felt affection,
That people want but wont say they need...
To condone.
And not alone,
Nor on their own.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Is All About One's Lifestyle

More people can be happier,
When they decide and choose to be.
And will not become afraid,
Or dazed in times like these...
That come to chase away a patience,
One has earned and wishes to keep.

But it is all about one's lifestyle.
And the witnessing of miracles,
One of faith has seen life bring.
And what it takes to quicken a smile.
With an acknowledgement of what this means.
To the one holding on to realize,
The magic of life...
And the consistency of fresh and new dreams.

It is all about one's lifestyle.
One of faith has seen life bring.
With an acknowledgement of what this means.
To the one holding on to realize,
The magic of life...
And the consistency of fresh and new dreams.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Is All Relative

It is all relative.

'What is? '

The receiving of a gift.
And the receiver of it,
Is unaware what it is...
Until eyes are open.

It is all relative.

'What is? '

The moment that a dawning comes,
To be welcomed by one awakening.
And only then,
Will a comprehension begin.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Is Always After

It is seldom a coincidence,
To hear from another say...
And often although delayed,
How it is they can do...
Something better seen produced.
Created by one with a sacrifice done.
With time, devotion, sweat and love.

It is always after and never before,
A dream realized has opened eyes.
Like a wheel innovative but made of wood.
And not from a blueprint,
To have it understood.

Yet another will say,
Enhancing it with steel...
Is their concept to make it real.
Although it is always after,
And never before that door closes.
A door made and created,
By the one hearing to listen to criticisms.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Is Amazing What We Buy To Eat

It is amazing what we buy to eat.
And feed upon to treat.
As if in the digesting
The heights of mental nutrition,
Automatically nourishes.
Because we are told,
A flourishing of knowledge
Is being fed to us to keep.

It is amazing how easily we believe,
That which is authorized
Is dispensed without deceit.
And when we become emotionally affected
How quick we are directed,
To seek the suggested remedy!
With a curing done,
That leaves us addiction free.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Is An Inclusive Experience

The best way to inform those uniformed...
Is not to conform to an accepted normalcy.

In time there will be no need to debate,
Those feelings perceived about reality.

Truth brings along with it,
An interpretation needing few to describe its presence.

Somehow it is felt...
Without a single word spoken.

Nor is it known to dispense...
Displays of envy given with disdain.
It is an inclusive experience without question.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Is As If They Wish To Mark And Brand

Once it is decided,
A lie will be told...
To enhance the 'standing'
In someone else's eyes,
By those who do this.
It often leads to bleak circumstances!
Especially when it is discovered,
Those lied to and lied on...
Have known about it.
The moment it was done!

Liars often use the same pattern.
And leave familiar tracks.
It is as if they wish to mark and brand,
With a certain pride...
Their own deceptions.
Unbelieving the power of truth and facts.

Like a child who will not admit,
It is their hands seen in the cookie jar!
Thinking it 'cute' to declare themselves invisible.

Some even maneuver these 'skills'
Into leadership positions just for the attention.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Is As If Those Seeds Aren'T Planted

Pleasantries are not accepted,
In those places where bitterness thrives...
As a form of fellowship.

And those who share such exchanges,
Aren't aware...
How their nasty quips,
Leave from their mouths to the ears...
Of disrespectful children's lips.

It is as if those seeds aren't planted.
To produce the sleaze,
Of their treasured weeds.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Is Because Of The Media

'The media is the reason for our problems.
The media is the reason for our dysfunctions.
The media is the reason why there is conflict.
The media is the reason our kids are the way they are.
The media is the reason for racism and division.
The media is the reason why the economy is perceived,
To be knocking on death's door.
And it is because of the media our great country,
Has fallen into dire straits and has less educated citizens! '

That's a wrap, Sarah.
Very well done.
Now we do have you scheduled for that magazine shoot.
With you standing on the pier in common street clothes.
Very representative of the people.
As well as very clever.

Now...
Should we re-schedule the talk show for next week?
Or...
Should we keep it and move your appearance for the fund-raiser?
Since your announcement...
We have been overflooded with requests.

'What are the ratings for the talk show?
I want to know their demographics.
Also...
Do not schedule any of my activities around the playoffs.
Last year PBS refused to carry my message!
And it is important that my followers know how the media is used,
To manipulate their thinking process.

And that is the reason my campaign is important.
These are issues that must be prioritized...
And addressed!
IF we are going to move forward as a nation!
And get out of this mess!

Here are my questions to be asked,

By those selected reporters.
I need to freshen up before the press conference begins.
Make sure all cameras are placed behind,
Those who flew in from Hollywood.
They are filming a documentary...
To be used to solicit potential donors.
And I need as much as I can get,
To offset my travel expenses.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Is Best To Be Cautious

Some folks believe they benefit,
By protecting their insecurities.
As if they are hidden.
And others can not see.
Or know those insecurities,
Have a life of their own.
And have been given the 'authority'
To express themselves!
And publicly breathe.

But when those insecurities,
Begin to plop on another's integrity...
There is no sense to defend them.
Feelings once spared,
Are no longer given a chance.
And egos become wounded.
And those romanced exaggerations,
About life...
Become stung,
By someone who intends to deliver...
A bitter nasty tongue done.
And there is no regret.

It is best to be cautious,
In these situations.
Especially when accusations,
Begin to sprout wings and fly!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Is Best To Be Of Deed

There are some people who achieve,
An obtaining of recognition to them received.
With a belief a falsity of shown pompousness,
Sets them apart in certain social circles.
To not understand,
How fleeting this 'fame' is to them which is given.
And once one becomes unbearably abnoxious,
Embers of this heat can simmer to cool very quickly.

People like this perceive their acceptance is forever,
Until they discover their addiction to attention getting...
Should be less prioritized with deceiving ways to keep it fed.
To realize much too late,
Long lasting superficiality becomes a worthless commodity,
No one appreciates.
Since it is best to be of deed with this to accomplished,
Than to be of pulchritude with this to fade but kept remembered.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Is Best To Be Prepared

Just because a mouth is constantly open...
Doesn't mean expectations should be raised,
That anything worthwhile comes out of it.
Would you trust one known to gossip...
With a secret,
You wished not have publicly exist?
Think about it!
Would you rely on someone,
Who has never committed to anything done?
But sit,
To give unsolicited opinions...
As if,
They have knowledge or wisdom you had not witnessed.

When someone like this gives you advice...
Don't be disrespectful by not listening.
Since you never know what is being said...
Will make you think about it more than twice.
Remember...
If you can tolerate BS?
Anything is possible.
Even a confession of ignorance.

I've done it!
And it is refreshing to become 'humblized'!
A process called 'growth' begins.

Just because a mouth is constantly open...
Doesn't mean expectations should be raised,
That anything worthwhile comes out of it.

But then again...
Never lower 'your' expectations,
That something coming out of a mouth like this...
Has not been visited by a thought process.
Connecting one day to make sense!
And you were blessed to have been made a gift of it!
The eyes and ears take over,
When the mouth is closed.

With observation and listening enhanced.

It is best to be prepared...
Anytime, any place, from anyone and anywhere!
Even birds don't fly seeking just a tree to land on.
Nor does wisdom exclusively come from those considered wise!

And 'that' took me a long time to realize,
My depth of comprehension...
Kept adding unto my understanding.
And at times my patience and tolerance I question.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

'It Is Best To Leave A Love...'

Everywhere you go,
I just know...
You are there,
In a 'somewhere' without me...
Thinking.

And in my mind,
I can see you.
Wondering what it is,
I may be going through.
And who may be here,
Near.

And everyone who knows us both...
Show surprise,
We aren't together gazing into each others' eyes.
Wondering what went wrong,
And why...
We now do not get along.

Have you crossed border?
Because you felt you ought to be alone?
Have you put your life in order...
And sorted me out,
To be on your own!

And my heart doesn't matter.
Or the fact my emotions now roam,
Without a place to stay with you...
In a space we shared once called home.
And you care less who I see and what I do?

Everywhere you go,
I just know...
You are there,
In a 'somewhere' without me...
Thinking.
Deeply...
'It is best to leave a love we once knew,

To let go.
Allowed to drift away!
Until it no longer exists.
Regardless of what those wishes are.
Or what others have to say.
I am done with it...
And you! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Is Best To Leave This Mindset Alone

There will always be those,
Who attempt to match wits...
With those who comprehend
The advantages of understanding.

Some folks live within a box regarded as safe.
And from inside a point of view of outside events...
They choose to argue their findings,
Condensed...
From a state of mind that is comfortable,
But for those who have discovered 'reality'...
They know this makes no sense.

And to produce beneficial chit chat,
Does not induce a growth of thought.
When a sharing is lost with one who's mind is stuck...
Deluded in visions found too comfortable.
And eventually these folks others must give up!

A process attached to learning,
For some is a worthless yearning.
And for them a progress is created from isolation.
Where ignorance is encouraged to thrive and manifest.
It is best to leave this mindset,
Alone!
They perceive time sits to wait for them,
To be condoned!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Is Best To Live And With A Doing Done

No one who has arrived,
With a getting of a peace of mind...
Has done it second guessing,
With a wish of which steps to take next...
As they awaited for an evaluation.

It is best to live and with a doing done.
Since nothing is guaranteed to anyone.
And planning with an affixed schedule made,
Often leads one to disappointments...
With no escaping from fears that come to visit.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Is Best To Rely On Intuition

To be definite about directions taken,
Can be traumatic for someone
Unprepared for an alternate route to take.
Usually roadblocks don't offer tips...
Or precise landmarks to speed the journey!
With no guarantee anyone has heard
Anything about the destination
And whether it exists at all!
In these situations...
It is best to rely on intuition!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Is Clear You Are Not Pleased

The moment you let go,
Of what you believe is discreet.
With a keeping to yourself,
Secrets you wished not to be leaked.
You will discover others...
Who once sought to stay unexposed,
Lonely and undercover.

And for what reason?
To obviously treat yourself with treason?
Or become the last...
To pretend you live a life of happiness,
When your sad approach to living,
Is based on beliefs long passed.

The moment you let go,
Of what you believe is discreet.
With a keeping to yourself,
Secrets you wished not to be leaked.
You will discover others...
Who once sought to stay unexposed,
Lonely and undercover.

And for what reason?
It is clear you are not pleased.
With yourself...
Or anyone else who now accepts a life of ease.
You know...
Tension and uptightness free?
Maybe this is what you don't know that shows!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Is Commendable Of Him

It is commendable of him...
Professing to take full responsibility,
For the actions of thieves initiating disasters.

He wants to prove to the majority,
That he is an able and confident leader.
But those accustomed to being self obsessed...
Are often discovered,
Leading themselves into their own distresses.

Only to lay accountability and their shame,
At the feet of one who is brave enough...
To take responsibility.

But those observing in admiration,
Empathize with the foolish act one takes.
Knowing that true leadership...
People are not familiar with nor appreciate.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Is Difficult Being An Adult

I return exactly what I get.
If my name is not on it with respect.

'You know that is not acceptable? '

Acceptable or not,
I am not keeping what isn't mine.
And it is difficult being an adult,
When many who look like they are...
Prefer to play checkers.

And you?
You play 'no' games?

'Yes I do.
I enjoy the playing of chess.'

Very few are patient.
And haven't learned to play that yet.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Is Difficult To Feel Anything

I'm sorry,
I left my script at home.
Was I offering heartfelt empathy,
From this location yesterday?
Or had I been blocked,
To deliver that somewhere else?

And...
Does that come before or after,
I've made eye contact?
Or should I make it at all?

With these additional new lines,
It is difficult to feel anything.
At any given time.
And what is my motivation?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Is Disgusting How Our Standards Are Being Degraded

Why didn't witnesses stop a gang rape?
Why are there shootings on our streets?
Why are there crimes committed for everyone to see?
Why is there homelessness and hunger?
Decadence and disrespect?
No discipline and racism.
And all of this marketed without end?
On TV screens and movie houses.
And video games sold and made for our children.
To entertain their temptations, whims and sins?

Who knows 'why' witnesses didn't stop a gang rape?
Maybe everyone wanted to get a shot at being on 'reality tv'.
OR...
Maybe they were fascinated by the idea of public sex!
You know how these kids can get?
Where do they get such values?
And it is disgusting how our standards are being degraded,
Isn't it?

'I for one,
Am deeply appalled! '

And 'all' have been deeply moved to apathy.
Which is the correct reflection of this society.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Is Enjoyed

Just because some things are made to look easy,
Doesn't mean they are.
Because someone enjoys what they do...
Does not mean it is easy for them.
It is enjoyed...
And that is the difference.

There are those who do things and complain.
It may be something simple.
But still their attitudes remain the same.

And there are those who profess to 'like' something...
But the want someone to show them how it is done.
In fact...
If they can find someone to do it for them,
The need for work has been overcomed.

And yet there are those who do things just for a dollar.
That is all they do things for!
And the more money they make...
The more they profess a thing they do is enjoyed!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Is Fear That Is Preached

The worshipping of negativity,
Is most effective and seen...
To thrive and experience,
In those sacred places.
Where people congregate.
And there to learn on a regular basis,
Who and what a demon is.
With reminders indoctrinated,
With demonstrations and vivid depictions...
Detailing what they shouldn't do.
As oppose to what it is they 'should' do...
With little of that or none of it mentioned,
To live a more mentally positive...
And healthier lifestyle.
Since it is fear that is preached,
That keeps those who leech...
More prosperous!
With those attached to negativity,
Seeking with a want from teachings taught...
For more of it to keep themselves validated.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Is Fresh If Kept, Cool

It is fresh if kept,
Away from that which spoils...
Those attitudes,
Quicken to darken by a mood.

It's fresh if kept,
Together without salt.
And a peppered tongue,
Spiced with words from a mouth to come out!

It is fresh if kept,
Away from evil people.
A mind that finds,
A peace inside...
Found from nine to five!
And from...
Five to nine!

It's fresh if kept,
Cool.
It is fresh if kept,
Away from fools.

It's fresh if kept,
Cool.
It is fresh if kept,
Away from fools.

It is fresh if kept,
Away from evil people.
A mind that finds,
A peace inside...
Found from nine to five!
And...
Five to nine!

Evil will have those you love dearly,
Convinced...
You are not who you are!

It is fresh if kept,
Away from that which spoils...
Those attitudes,
Quicken to darken by a mood.

It's fresh if kept,
Cool.
It is fresh if kept,
Away from fools.
It's fresh if kept,
Cool.
It is fresh if kept,
Away from fools.

Choose not to be annoyed.

It is fresh if kept,
Cool.
It is fresh if kept,
Away from fools.
It's fresh if kept,
Cool.
It is fresh if kept,
Away from fools.

Choose not to be annoyed.
Choose not to be destroyed.

Keep your mind kept fresh.

Choose not to be annoyed.
Choose not to be destroyed.

It is fresh if kept,
Cool.

Choose not to be annoyed.
Choose not to be destroyed.

Keep your mind kept fresh,
And cool.

Keep your mind kept fresh.
And away from fools.
Keep your mind kept fresh,
And cool.

It's best not to be annoyed.
It's best not to be destroyed!

Evil will have those you love dearly,
Convinced...
You are not who you are!
It is best to keep cool.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Is Guaranteed

Eventually the root of a situation,
Bears the fruit,
Of what has been planted.

It may take longer,
Than something else seeded.
Something deeper intentionally done...
Without the acknowledgement,
Of the one who is to reap...
What another has sown.
That takes time on its own,
To shed upon it the truth of daylight!

In time a tainted harvest,
Crops to the surface.
For everyone to see...
What has been done to whom and when,
And why.
And if a provided taste does not correctly please...
A search to unearth this deed,
Will uncover the culprit!
Usually not too far...
From a fixation one has with weeds.
Discovered,
Delighting in the growth and appearance of it!

Eventually the root of a situation,
Bears the fruit,
Of what has been planted.
That is a given.
It is guaranteed!
Eventually.
Like a bad seed enjoying deceit fed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Is In The Knowing

The getting what I want,
Doesn't get any easier.
I face obstacles on a daily basis,
Hoping to chase my wanting away.
And those obstacles presented,
Only test the strength of my patience.

However...
The knowing what I want,
Has always been for me quite easy.
And even today...
The taste of what I want,
Stays.

It is in the knowing,
That keeps me hungry...
And motivates my focus.
Not the wanting!
The wanting I've always known,
With desire to get from a doing.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Is In Their Eyes

I am not one of the muppets.
Having fantasies is not my dilemma!
Dissecting it from those
Trapped in costumes
Disguising their worth...
Is the utmost challenge,
All of us face today!
Since masquerading is coming to an end.
These folks have 'never' been exposed.
Without unmasking their true feelings.
And it is in their eyes,
A desire to be freed!
Although Mickey and Minnie...
Will forever have plastered smiles!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Is Inevitable

Accepted or not.
Deceived or manipulated,
To replace it with dishonesty.
Truth.
When it is revealed,
Can no longer be concealed.
Or interpreted for something it is not.

And regretting not to have embraced it,
When that opportunity comes.
To have it faced,
Does not change the integrity of those
Who have known and lived the truth.
When opposition displays its evil.

Although,
Those who have based their lives.
On lies told as they lived,
Are the ones haunted by their misdeeds.
Observed as seen.

Leaving truth shown to be spoken and known,
Eventually winning all battles!
It is inevitable that an evil is chased away.
Once the masquerading of it has been exposed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Is Just The Way It Is

Who are they to self righteously say,
How I should live my life?
And in an appropriate way?
I am not addicted to ignorance inflicted.
Nor do I practice the art of enslavement,
To parade and exhibit on a daily basis.

I do not and will not choose to use,
My freedom of thought to seek to suppress...
My consciousness to address impressions,
Others may accept as being well behaved.
Like a good 'boy' enjoyed by jokesters.
If I am provoked the doing will be known.

Neither do I tolerate or condone a shown disrespect.
I have experienced my life to earn a dignity I protect.
And I ask of no one to accept this.
It is just the way it is.
I have not lived to remove obstacles off my path,
To endure through fools who laugh at my tragedies! No.

I was not born to graze on corn.
Or under a circus tent to be the best clown I can be.
My feet from birth walk on the Earth.
And I have no need to prove to anyone,
On Earth I am capable to perform and with abilities.
With faith kept I know I've been blessed.

Who are they to self righteously say,
How I should live my life?
Or how I should react,
By those with imposed pretentious social graces?
And who are they with their standards and values,
From them slipping away to know what is best for another.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Is Location, Location, Location

Authenticity is like a fine wine.
It's presence is not appreciated,
Until the taste is rated as Grade A...
By those who appreciate,
The meaning of authenticity!
And have identified what it is over time!

One can be 'chosen' to sit,
Above the clouds and amongst stars.
But it is location, location, location...
That makes where the seating takes place,
More of a value increased not to depreciate.
And that is determined by those who know quality.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Is Long Past Overtime To Welcome A Recovery

There is no 'somewhere' there,
Over the rainbow!
With a pot of gold glowing,
Anywhere.
Before and/or after,
Those rain clouds disappear...
Just to afford quick glimpses,
Of those silver linings.
Dripping sunrays shining through...
To unmist the bluest of skies.

And for those patiently anticipating,
Ships majestically sailing on the horizon...
Closing in upon shores,
To whisk them away to exotic islands...
Need first to inhale deeply,
Reality as it is!
To accept,
As it is projected.

It's okay to dream over scoops of icecream...
Whipped with wishes,
For creature comforts like none other ever known.
However...
When bills are past due,
And the rent one pays is subsidized...
That barely gets paid!
And eight dollars is borrowed on a monthly basis...
From a 'friend' already owed on unpaid promises?
It is time one finds common sense!

The refrigerator is empty,
As a gleaming freshly waxed Mercedes...
Is parked in front of an apartment building where one resides!
And fantasized 'visions' are kept firmly intact.
One needs to be buckled up and strapped fast!

'Someone' is in dire need,
To step aside from those caviar 'embraces'...

To face reality.
And see dawn as the beginning to the end,
Of pretentious ignorance,
Leased on someone else's borrowed dime.
It is long past overtime to welcome a recovery.
Free of socialized medications issued to keep delusions,
Deceitfully hidden.

Conclusion?
An empty refrigerator containing filled icecube trays...
Does not a mind nourish.
This is an example of someone who is crazed.

And a diet of pretentions,
Eventually weakens to break relationships...
Of all kinds!
Somehow creditors are first to leave reminders.

When one awakens to discover this situation,
That has become personalized...
It is long past overtime to welcome a recovery.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Is More Than Highly Probable

There is only one person in my sight,
That can live my life from my point of view.
And if you give this some thought,
I am sure you can say the same thing too.

So what's the point of discussing something,
Neither one of us feels?
You are trying to convince me of your love.
And I am telling you,
A love like yours I am not needing in my life.

And you are saying to yourself this is not possible!
It is.
Trust me on this one.
It is more than highly probable.
It's a fact so snap out of it!

I am not all that!

I said...
I am NOT all that.

Oh...
So 'now' you have nothing to say?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Is Much Too Late!

It is much too late,
To remove that which has taken place.
While you were asleep,
And not in your mind 'awake'.
You devoured such a taste for hatred.
Served as you digested it...
From the plate.
And licking it clean after you ate!

Oh it is much too late,
To erase affects of disrespect.
Or to think forgiveness sits,
Ready to be given.
From those broken hearts intended,
Now too painful to mend.

It is much too late,
To appreciate those you were taught to despise.
Much too late,
To replace false images deceived by your lies.
It is much too late to fake an empathy for others...
When it has been known,
None you've shown.
Or attempts you could have tried.

It is much too late,
To remove what has already taken place.
And much too late to wait,
For an understanding to come...
From anyone who has suffered,
By those things you've done!

It is much too late!
For those apologies spoken,
To be believed by anyone.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Is My Need

I admit,
Sometimes I do...
Feel not good enough.

But not because of you,
I sometimes do feel this way.
Unable to undo.

It is my need and want to do better,
For you.
And I admit this.

It is my need.
That I admit sometimes visits,
With this feeling.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Is My Preference That Has Changed

You've adopted images created,
To become your beliefs.
Even love you claimed for me,
Was conditional.

And now the functions of your conditions,
Increasingly appear to be dysfunctional.
To make my 'nonacceptance'...
Tastefully more appealing than ever.

Well...
Let me say this to you,
I was never into champagne.
And you made it quite clear,
You would never drink beer.

And even if you did...
You couldn't afford me or it.
Not now.
It is my preference that has changed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Is Never Too Late To Learn

Didn't I say 'no'?

'Yes! '

But you went ahead,
And did what you did against my wishes...
Anyway.
Didn't you?

'Yes and I...'

Sssshhh.
So you know what this means?

'No!
What does 'this' mean? '

You are to go to your room.
Immediately.

'But ma...? '

No buts, ands, or ifs...
Just go!

~Honey? ~

What is it?

~When our son's parole officer mentioned,
Parents can avoid their children...
From becoming incarcerated,
And detained with a prison sentence given...
By becoming proactive,
In the process of their children's discipline...
I think those comments were made for us,
To reflect upon in regards to the lack of our past actions.

Attempting to enact those actions now...

Well,
It is a little too late.
Our son is home from 'detention' to spend the holidays.~

And I was raised to believe,
It is never too late to learn.
Regardless of the circumstances.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Is No Accident

She said what she meant.
And it is no accident,
She represents a reality...
Uncovered by deceit.
Or lies to keep,
Truth fantasized!
The soul of a mate...
That embraces one vision,
Historically denied...
To reflect an honesty.
And correct those flaws kept hidden,
Behind a false and flaunted pulchritude!
Two preview that can and will,
Rise above disguises!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Is No Longer As Common As It Use To Be

In times when forgetting is instant.
And encouraged.
There are still some places,
In which to have a good memory poses a threat.
People with them are disrespected.

Only those who stay angry for the pettiest of reasons,
Are the ones who can claim those reasons...
To be what they say they are,
Without anyone disagreeing or caring why they are angry.

And making sense?
It is no longer as common as it use to be.
Therefore,
Very few pretend to know what it is to pretend they have it.
While those who pretend seem to impress with their imaginations,
More and more people as deceit becomes the rage.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Is Not An Act

Perhaps I should not be so quick,
To express my lack of disappointment.
But my take it or leave it attitude,
Developed from realizing...
To no one do I have to prove anything!
My experiences lived,
Has taught me that.

And to express my gratitude for my blessings,
Comes to me naturally.
It is not an act.
I am here to do one thing,
And one thing only!
To be the best that I can be.
That's it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Is Not An Inconvenience

What is it that you need,
I have not yet to give...
Or bestowed upon your desired wants.

The passion you receive,
Comes from the best side of me.
And if I have not been at your beck and call,
To service a whim...
That is when you seem to begin,
Displaying to no end those things impossible.

It is not an inconvenience,
For me to be with you as I please.
It is not an inconvenience,
To sacrifice my needs,
For yours if this satisfies an encouragement...
That flourishes and endures.

But there is whining that sickens when it starts.
You appear to be unhappy with those blessings you've got.
And I get repulsed quick,
By demands made of greedy people.

It is not an inconvenience,
For me to be with you as I please.
It is not an inconvenience,
To sacrifice my needs,
For yours if this satisfies an encouragement...
That flourishes and endures.

But there is whining that sickens when it starts.
You appear to be unhappy with those blessings you've got.
And I get repulsed quick,
By demands made of greedy people.

What is it that you need,
I have not yet to give...
Or bestowed upon your desired wants.
Are you pushing me to flaunt my agitation?

It is not an inconvenience,
For me to be with you as I please.
It is not an inconvenience,
To sacrifice my needs,
For yours if this satisfies an encouragement...
That flourishes and endures.
But don't explore or solicit,
My tolerance you believe needs testing...
For it to be identified and acknowledged.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Is Not Going To Become Less Obvious

It is not going to become less obvious,
That a pitbull is going to be mistaken for a snake.
Even if a suit is tailored with a bowtie worn.

Many with their eyes open,
Can tell the difference immediately.
But will sit frozen in disbelief.

However...
There will still remain those debating over it,
Until someone admits to becoming nauseated.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Is Not Impossible To Be Who One Is

It is not impossible to be who one is,
In places where people live without identities.
It just becomes more obvious,
To choose from those who are themselves...
From the others who have not a clue.

And if one can live getting this kind of attention,
In an environment where few know who they are...
The identity one has that is seen to address,
Has nothing to do with the making of impressions.
Since the getting of respect is not one's objective.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Is Not In Their D.N.A.

If someone does not have nurturing qualities,
It doesn't matter how attractive they appear.
Or how impressive they look when dressed.
That person will not know how to address warmth.
Or the importance to cuddle with someone loved.
It is not in their D.N.A.
And they will only say those things,
They believe others wish to hear.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Is Not Malicious At All

Everything but the truth is accepted.
And 'if' you are blessed,
Knowing what it is...
It is like finding a rare jewel.
Having discovered...
Like a misplaced twenty dollar bill,
It is not malicious at all!
In fact...
Finding it has made you happy.
You may wish your ambitions,
To share this growth process...
One of the most frustrating tasks
You have selected as a challenge!
Either you will be classified as crazed?
Be prepared.
Or...
You will be gossiped,
As doing 'something' illegal...
That has to be investigated!
'Something' scandalous has put a smile on your face.
And small town 'folk' will get to the bottom of it!
If they have to lie to do it!
However...
Those who are protective,
Of their peace of mind...
And truth combined?
May choose to be creative,
By spreading rumors on themselves.
This procedure enhances and controls,
The demographics one wishes to attract.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Is Not That Truth Is Disrespected

It is not that truth is disrespected.
It was never introduced.
It is those deceptions that are believed.
And the people are upset,
By what they have accepted...
That continues to change!
And they protest,
To have the original deceptions...
As remembered and kept,
They grew to trust...
To be returned.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Is Not The Heat

If it gets too thick,
And humid...
With a sweating you notice drips,
It is not the heat!
It's your disposition.

If it begins to stick,
And the doing of it makes you sick.
It is not the heat!
It's your disposition.

Arguments have no benefit,
One keeps...
That soothes a fool to cool.

Arguments have no benefit,
One receives...
No matter what the time or season.

It is not the heat!
It's your disposition.
No it is not the heat.
But,
The stubbornness of your position.

Arguments have no benefit,
One receives...
No matter what the time or season.
You can blame if you wish on the heat,
But it's really your disposition.

If it begins to stick,
And the doing of it makes you sick.
It is not the heat!
It's your disposition.

Arguments have no benefit,
One keeps...
That soothes a fool to cool.

It is not the heat!
It's your disposition.
It is not the heat!
It's the sticking to your position.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Is Not Up To Me

I may introduce.
Sometimes I might 'conclude'.
However...
It is not up to me,
To define 'your' comprehension.
Or clear a path,
To lay your steps.
I did not give you breath to breathe.
Nor will I judge,
What you decide for yourself to do next....
To please as you follow or lead.
Feeding as you digest!
As you acquire your own experiences.
Hopefully with choices made that do not perplex.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Is Not With Difficulty

It is not with difficulty...
Seeds planted to ground them,
Begin to bloom in Spring.
With it witnessed to observe,
What occurs to allow...
Such beauty to take place.
This is intended.
This is not a mistake.

No!
It is not with difficulty,
With attention given...
And pride to receive.
That which gets it flourishes.
That which gets it,
Begins to show...
What its been shown kept.
And left felt to believe.

Nor is it with difficulty,
To follow a plan from A to B.
If its implementation...
Is understood and agreed upon,
As the best way to achieve...
Success eventually.

However...
It does seem with difficulty,
There will be...
Someone in the midst,
Unacquainted with discipline.
Motivation or incentive.
Who refuses to comprehend,
The relationship...
That dreams have with wishes.
Wishes don't come true,
To fulfill dreams.
Without effort made to move,
From a sitting to complain...

Position stubbornly maintained.
Or...
To have high expectations,
That a path cleared...
By someone else done to create,
Will extend an invitation...
To anyone unfamiliar with sweat
Or sacrifice.
Or...
The listening to B.S.,
Most of their life.
Is going to be the one...
With welcoming arms open wide,
To others...
Strolling on a path,
They did not create.
But celebrate the parading,
A rehearsed charading...
Of their kept pretensions.

Uh...
It is not with difficulty,
To see it witnessed...
The many who refuse to leave,
Their orbits around...
An alternate universe.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Is Now October

It is now October,
And the wait for leaves to fall
Brings on quick breezes.
The colors tease them all!
Summer's done...
To find some in love.

Those who met remember,
The first start of memories.
And changing trees
Enchant romantic calls.
Summer's done...
To find some in love.

The setting Sun is fading.
Slowly sets the mood that comes.
Embers simmer into crackling sparks...
Silhouette smooches etched and dim,
In the darkness descending upon them.
It is now October.

Summer's done...
To find some in love.
And blankets warm snuggling bodies,
From night chills!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Is Obvious And Apparent Now

Who suggested we invite him to the party,
For purposes to see him squirm?
He appeared more comfortable than we did.
And having the cameras there to record the event,
Made us to look like the fools.
Absolute and total ignoramuses.
Moose butts with duck walks!
You people just don't get it.
IF we are seeking him to fail...
We don't put him in the spotlight where he shines.
It is obvious and apparent now who the 'bozos' are!

'Who would that be?
Who are they,
Senator McJames? '

The people who elected us to office,
Of course!
The constituents.
They are the ones who recommended the cameras.
IF he accepted the invitation.
No one believed he would!
It was our way to show him incompetent.
He ripped us apart like a child gone mad,
Destroying ALL the teddy bears.
Then 'thanked us' for allowing him to do it!

'Maybe...
He didn't realize it was a joke.
And took us too seriously! '

Do you realize how stupid that sounds?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Is Of Your Doing

You don't know what you've done,
By the undoing.
You've unravelled potential.
An effect that has upset.
A regretting might be felt.
And what has happened did not result,
In the happiness you expected.

You don't know what you've done,
By the undoing of it.
You sit unsatisfied...
Believing your actions,
Would be suitable.
The perfect fit.
With an applause to come with it!

You could not resist this addiction to madness.
And you find yourself in torment.
Surrounded by an evil...
You've invited.
And with you,
Comfortably visits!

You don't know what you've done.
And the stubbornness to enforce your way...
Leaves no doubt,
About the devastation wished.
Since this is what you've won!
Congratulations!

This should not leave you sad!
Aren't you glad by it?
It is of your doing.
Afterall...
This is from the screwing you pursued.
And accomplished.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Is Poetic And Prophetic

It is poetic and prophetic,
With some tongue in cheek stuff.
It is poetic and prophetic,
With some tongue in cheek stuff.
It is poetic and prophetic,
With some tongue in cheek stuff.
And...
This could be interpreted,
As comments from a cynic.

'I see the holes in shoes.'

And...
This could be interpreted,
As comments from a cynic.

'Those shoes have not been used.
Since many are afraid of walking.
But talk about nonsense,
They choose to do.'

It is poetic and prophetic,
With some tongue in cheek stuff.
It is poetic and prophetic,
With some tongue in cheek stuff.
It is poetic and prophetic,
With some tongue in cheek stuff.
And...
It could be interpreted,
As comments from a cynic.

'Lips flap flip flop so much.'

And...
This could be interpreted,
As comments from a cynic.

'Flipping lips lick ears to touch,
With venom spiced and nothing nice to say...

Yet quick to pick from empty pockets.'

It is poetic and prophetic,
With some tongue in cheek stuff.
It is poetic and prophetic,
With some tongue in cheek stuff.

'Woe goes the mogul to spend from thieving.
Wishing to steal more.
To take and not to give.
Or...
Sympathize with those begging.'

And...
This could be interpreted,
As comments from a cynic.

'I see the holes in shoes.'

It is poetic and prophetic,
With some tongue in cheek stuff.
It is poetic and prophetic,
With some tongue in cheek stuff.
It is poetic and prophetic,
With some tongue in cheek stuff.
And...
This could be interpreted,
As comments from a cynic.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Is Quite Clear Who Represents With Or Without Intent

No one suffers from standards met.
A regret comes from a lack of implementation,
Beset by those who have chosen,
Certain people be watched and kept...
Under surveillance!

As laws are changed,
To keep their own derangements...
Maintained.
For purposes that exposes an insanity.
A march is sustained to uphold their degradations.
And even this can not escape those observing...
Who wonder what excuses now can be used,
To hide this massive mental illness...
Infusing the last of limitating consciousness.

And it is obvious from where this deficiency,
Has its most defective efficiency!
Without any implications needed to be addressed.
It is quite clear who represents with or without intent...
The origin of this mess spreading to gain approval.
Leaving those of integrity with an honesty professed,
Feeling absolutely blessed and grateful,
To have obtained insight!
And a removal from a debated confusion that soothes.

There is no need to provide a devoted loyality,
To those who can not see...
Greed has driven them completely 'nuts'!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Is Rather Shocking To See

I am not surprised at all,
That today there seems to be...
A lack of comprehension centered,
Around one's identity with a dignity not flaunted.

I am not surprised at all,
To witness this kind of environment.
But it is rather shocking...
To see pitbulls walking their 'owners' on a leash!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Is Refreshing To Realize

It is refreshing to realize,
After Sunset has gone.
And before the light of dawn,
Arrives to appear.
That a nonsense to have tolerated,
Is neither a requirement.
Nor a necessity for one's happiness,
To be achieved.
This...
Comes as an unexpected gift,
One has had to not be aware...
Of its significance or the benefits.
Until that last nerve is plucked.
And one knows,
Cussing to give it up...
Although missed.
Can easily be disconnected from fools
To ever use again.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Is Seen

Is he guilty?
I don't know.
Are we?
To allow conditions,
He did not present...
Go on?
As it shows?
Is he guilty?
To admit what has been wrong...
With a wish to correct?
Sticking out his neck.
And putting his life on the line.
While those who are responsible...
Take everything away.
Including our last dime.
And we want to identify him,
For the many years we've allowed these crimes?
He is not the one we should find fault with at all.
But I bet he is thinking,
We are collectively out of 'our' minds!
And 'if' he can assist in reversing that...
He should be praised for taking 'his' time,
To help us unwind from insanity!
And 'that' worldwide is being watched,
As it is seen!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Is So Much More Fun

What am I saying?
What do you mean...
'What am I saying? '
Do you expect me to remember,
Pointless rhetoric?
When did you begin paying attention?
It would have been easier,
If you had stopped and said...
You were actually listening!
I had no idea you wanted us to communicate!
How long have you been wanting that?
I had been thinking you made no sense at all!
And all this time you were waiting for 'me' to make some?
Well...
I am glad you admitted that!
Now I have a reason not to take you for granted...
The next time we are naked!
We can now turn off the lights,
And excite our fantasies!
It is so much more fun when things are simple...
Brought to light,
And made clear.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Is Still Too Deep

Even if simply delivered.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Is The Baker Who Takes The Heat

Everyone wants to get their taste,
Of that piece of delicious homemade pie.
Grandma 'use' to make!
But few have the credentials to apply,
And be accepted as the baker.
Since it is the baker who takes the heat,
If the number of pies are not baked to satisfy...
Those who just want to sit and eat and not sweat.
Yet feast.
To leave feeling they are entitled,
With their wishes and dreams...
Getting more impossible to meet.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Is The Culture That Feeds, Permits And Defines

To lay blame on another,
Is part of the culture.
Very few will admit that sat,
They resolved their own problems...
With a doing not to have them come back.

Who has not told a lie,
As if for them a truth existed.
And who has not involved someone else,
They knew had been innocent.

Denials are seldom put on trial.
To be judged by a jury interpreting laws.
To then convict someone with a sentence given.
And too many prevail to sit confined in prisons or jails,
Later to be released because of a flaw in a 'system' fails.

It is the culture that feeds delusions that exist.
It is the culture that permits mental illness that exists.
It is the culture many define as not being the way it is.
But its 'is' a culture of self righteous conformists,
And their addiction to conflicts and hypocritical beliefs.

It is the culture that feeds, permits and defines!
All the time.
And it is the culture that defies with excuses made,
To rely on alibis to defend, whether wrong or right...
The actions of its people inside and under church steeples.
Or on the streets where hidden crimes reside to protect,
The ones who lie and try to defect with kept imperfections.
As if not to reflect to affect effectively.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Is The Expense Paid

It's not the getting of attention,
Some go out of their way to get.
It is the expense paid,
Those seeking it eventually regret.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Is The Message...Not The Messenger

I could care less,
How many messengers you leave beaten,
To avoid your mess that defeats your success.

It is the message...
Not the messenger,
That should be the focus of your concerns.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Is The People

Once so high and over the top.
A dropping now has happened,
To the bottom.

And seen to scatter fast,
From the subject and the scene...
Are people looking very guilty.

They're looking guilty.
And getting fat.
Why would anybody treat themselves,
Like that.
They're looking guilty.
And getting fat.
Why would anybody treat themselves,
Like that.

It is the people....
Doing that.
Treating themselves to desrespect...
Right back.

It is the people....
Who do that.
Treating themselves to desrespect...
Right back.

Once so high and over the top.
A dropping now has happened,
To the bottom.

And seen to scatter fast,
From the subject and the scene...
Are people looking very guilty.

It is the people....
Doing that.
Treating themselves to desrespect...
Right back.

It is the people....
Who do that.
Treating themselves to desrespect...
Right back.

It is the people,
Doing that.
And that's a fact.
They're doing that.

It is the people,
Doing that.
And that's a fact.
They're doing that.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Is The Restriction To Limits I Resist

I see nothing wrong,
With anyone being idealistic.
It is the restriction to limits I resist.

And anyone voicing their opinion on this...
Would be hard pressed to convince me,
Of their experiences.

Especially If I suspect,
Their minds are closed to adventures.
And they reject a life with premeditated objections.

That is not living.
That is a fear to live.
What is the point of having the gift of life...
If someone hides from it,
To be convinced which way to live is right!

If I chose to be restricted,
I would first live,
To then create those ideals.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Is The Same Time

It is the same time to have been found to create,
Some find the doing of the same things done.
But from it,
So many yesterdays have gone away.

It is the same time created to have been made,
Some find a wishing of it to watch as they sit.
But from it,
Not too many minds have moved on.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Is 'Them' I Am Trying To Protect

I am not a ssshh...taker.
Cake baker.
Or a candlestick maker.
Nor am I one to ooze charm...
When my patience is tested,
By anyone thinking...
I'm an easy piece of meat to tease!
And there are folks in the world,
Who ask to be cussed out!
And...
I will oblige their requests.

I remember my Mom saying to me once,
'I don't care how strange you look.
I want my house cleaned when I come home.'

My parents were direct!
I wish 911 was around,
When my father use to just look at me...
With those eyes he had!
He would freeze me in this stare he had.
And I could not move!
I almost enjoyed my mother's whippings...
Just to escape from my father's silent stare.
He never laid a hand on my sisters and I.
He didn't have to.
My mother on the other hand...
Unleashed her punishment,
Like a category 5 tornado!
She was strict, loving...
And a crier when she whipped us!

~Why is she crying...again?
I'm the one in pain! ~

**Ma, tell Larry to leave me alone!
He gettin' on my nerves.**

~YOU...are going to spray some roaches!

And that's a promise! ~

God helped me fulfill that dream already.

Let's just say my childhood was just as dysfunctional,
As it was adventurous.
I was smoking and drinking with my parents,
When I was ten years old.

~Ma, did Daddy buy us any Budweiser? ~

'No! But there is some Manichevitz in the icebox.
And this time leave some for your sister! '

~...hmph! ~

We were 'special' children!
At least Reverand Branch thought so!
He had been the minister at Union Baptist Church.
That place is a different story.

I am not a ssshh...taker.
Cake baker.
Or a candlestick maker.
Nor am I one to ooze charm...
When my patience is tested,
By anyone thinking...
I'm an easy piece of meat to tease!
And there are folks in the world,
Who ask to be cussed out!
And...
I will oblige their requests.
Since they have no idea...
It is 'them' I am trying to protect.
And I do the best I can to chill,
Before any explosion occurs!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Is There

It is there!
In the midst,
And is waiting.

Wanting with intent,
To have it all.
And not just a piece.

It is there!
In the midst,
And is waiting.

Submit,
That's it.
That's all It wishes.
For total and complete honesty.
Not something selected as suggested to pick.
And decide with this to leave as an appeasement.
As if It would not know,
How shallow one's soul.

It wishes to bestow upon you happiness and gifts.
But wanting first your loyalty,
Is what 'It' insists.

It is there!
In the midst,
And is waiting.

Forever there is eternity!
And in the midst of it,
It sits as 'Is'.

And in this midst of this that 'Is'...
Is The Creator.
Waiting with wishes to just have us believe!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Is There To Tease

There is no wisdom obtain,
Alone.
Or stranded on an island,
One may condone.

Some may wish to try this.
Perhaps self inflicting it.
But a thirst is quenched...
To nourish what is missing.

An absence,
Does not stop the hunger.
Once a taste has been satisfied...
There will be a longing for more.

And a craving to explore,
A temptation presented...
Can not be ignored.
Not if it is there to tease.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Is Time To Leave Them Alone

The moment it has been noticed,
That a people have accepted their conditioning...
To remain confined and limited in mind,
With excuses to make to stay that way...
Down to Earth to express pretentions,
In insecure and hypocritical ways obeyed.
It is time to leave them alone.

A process to awaken poses a threat to them.
And anyone suggesting,
They should stretch their consciousness...
By experiencong something different and fresh,
Is whispered and gossiped about trying to do their best...
Of being better than everyone else.

It is easy to observe,
People defiant and what they approve.
The proof is in what they accept!
And what they choose with their time to do.

'I can't stand them.'

~Why? ~

'Listen to the way they talk and walk.
How they dress and express themselves.
And the things that they do...
That are separated from us and the rest.'

~You mean speaking with clarity?
As if they are proud and have identity?
And they seek to know more about their surroundings,
To increase their minds and can not be defined as ignorant?
With a moving forward to discover truth and reality?
And being criticized doesn't seem to bother their integrity,
Since unity means to them being freed from stupidity? ~

'I can't stand them! '

~And I can see why,
They have decided to leave you alone.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Is Time To Take Responsibility

It is time to take responsibility.
And stop blaming those,
Who created such a monumental mess.

~This we agree.
But those who protest our forward steps,
Just happen to be the very same people...
Who wish us not to succeed.

They want others to believe...
Their incompetence is missed.
And those choosing to ignore them,
And their pretensiousness...
Need to be convinced.
With a powerful blockading obstructing facts.
By a showing of their ignorance...
That keeps a stagnation intact.~

It is time to take responsibility.
And stop blaming those,
Who created such a monumental mess.

~Have you come forward to confess?
Or are you joining us to have this addressed?
Let me dropp this clue on you...
Most of us came out of the womb prepared.
And not to dance like Fred Astaire.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Is Too Late To Appease With Trite Apologies

Let me bring you up to date,
And clarify that notion...
What you 'assume' for you,
Is not too late to do.

To believe someone stands by and waits,
For you to comprehend...
What should have been comprehended,
During times that have come to an end...
Way back when...and 'then'?
It is too late to announce your understanding.
For an effect you expect to get.
To cleanse a slate.

Feelings you purposely hurt have healed.
And reminiscing a pain no one finds ideal.
Your appearance someone might appreciate.
But your conversation with excuses made...
Has long been outdated.
And it is too late to appease with trite apologies.

Your enlightenment that has awakened you,
To the feelings of others you had abused...
Is good for 'your' experience to process and digest.
But that painful healing that took place,
With a patience someone left alone to manifest...
Without your heartfelt confession to put at rest,
Has occurred with the grace only received from God.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Is Upon My Own Mind

Upon my own mind,
Do I lay my own faults...
Hopes and dreams!
And failures to overcome.

Upon my own mind,
Do I gather the strength...
To pull myself away,
From those frustrations.

Upon my own mind,
Do I find time...
To appreciate myself.
With a forgiving of my mistakes.

And it is upon my own mind,
Do I motivate myself...
To correct false steps.
And express a thankfulness,
To be blessed to self examine.

And...
If I have done wrong,
I will admit it.
Before those wrongs done,
Have been noticed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Is What I Don'T See I Seek

You say you have been waiting for me,
To express to you genuine love?

Would that be before or after...
You remove,
That weave?
Those eye contacts.
Fake nails!
And false French accent.

'Gee...
What are you using a microscope?
To notice me that close.'

It is what I don't see I seek!
And, somehow...
That makes it easier for me to recognize,
What I desire least.

'I 'know' you ain't talking 'bout me.
'Cause I 'know' I am as fine as Beyond Say,
Halle Berry and Alex Rodriquez! '

Yeah,
Well...
You do have a way of expressing a little bit of each!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Is With The Higher Self

It is the higher 'self',
We should all attempt to reach and achieve.
It is the higher 'self',
That helps us overcome...
To undo those sorrows to us that are done,
That seem with us to cling and cleave....
As if glued.

It is the higher 'self',
That disregards limitations.
And it is with the higher 'self',
We can escape from those aggravations.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Is Yet Another Day

It is yet another day to await,
Another promise that has been stated...
With another attempt to procrastinate,
Upon that same promise to fulfill.

To then schedule another date,
For a day to determine...
That more time is needed to examine,
Over again...the unchanging of facts.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Isn'T A Coincidence

Creatures of habit.
And receivers easily teased,
By temptations eventually addictive.
And convinced that a marketing of decadence,
Will someday raise them on pedestals...
To the gates of glory?

And brave in their battles...
To inflict their way of life! !

Well...
It isn't a coincidence,
That the building of more hospitals...
And the producing of more prison cells,
Has been a direct reflection of their philosophies.
And those gates envisioned surround mental institutions.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Isn'T As It Was

Anything broken can be fixed.
If not replaced to forget regret.
Things to break,
Should not be worshipped to cause heartache.
No one should devote their lives to things.

But a making attempts to heal and mend,
Even after forgiveness one gives to begin...
Depends on that relationship one has treasured.
Although one's memories may haunt,
With them never ending.

'It isn't as it was.'

~Nothing is.
Give it time.
Time makes all the difference.~

'That may be true,
For you.
For me?
I still can't believe what I allowed you to do.'

~Give it time.
Whatever is kept in your mind will fade.
One day whatever I did will go away.~

'But the difference of time,
Doesn't change in my mind...
I find has escalated.
And the doing done remains the same.'

~You have made it worse than what it is.
And it isn't as it was.~

'That's what I have been saying.
It isn't.
And I can not heal to mend to pretend,
That a doing of what was did not exist.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Isn'T Easy To Be Set Free Completely

The undaunted ones continue to sing,
Knowing that a sitting in a pity pit...
Only maximizes a suffering,
Allowed when doing this.
With a doing of a grief that unbearably stings.

It isn't easy to be set free completely,
From that which is deeply felt within.
It takes one's faith to make a difference made.
No matter who perceives,
One seen undaunted does not inside bleed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Isn'T Easy To Think Independently

Perhaps if you stop your plagiarisms,
Your mindset will adopt one of creativity.
Sparking an innovativeness,
Your insecurities have yet let you allow.

It isn't easy to think independently.
But original concepts,
Are difficult to recreate...
Especially if one is too busy,
Sniffing up the chef's ass
For scents of ingredients used.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Isn'T Melting Is It?

I don't try to hide who I am...
Because some say I must!
To secure employment?
Surrounded by those
Who hold onto a certain distrust!
I'm not here trying to disguise
An identity I pride!
I am black!
Damnit!
And that's a fact!
With an aware acceptance
That I truly pride!

Those who are not like me...
Try all their lives to defend.
A connection they have,
With the color of their skin!
That IS them!
That is NOT me!

I am proud of who I am.
I don't walk around insecure...
Because I'm not greeted with smiles
Or grins!
I am very comfortable to announce too,
If those conversations begin!
But many today are casting that nonsense away!
By getting things done...
And letting that petty BS end!
It's ignorant when that comes from someone!

Oh...
Yes! To answer your question.
I will still have a slice of the German Chocolate Cake,
With the vanilla icecream topping!
It isn't melting is it?

'No sir, it is not!
And we all appreciate

Your assessment of race relations!
However some of the people in your party,
Are looking a little annoyed.
And I don't think it's the roast beef on the buffét.
We do have others to serve in line, sir! '

And I'm not aware of that! ?
I just wanted to make a 'few' observations!
No need for a display of testiness!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Isn'T There

Making a decision to use alibis,
Instead of confronting with honesty...
Diminishes one's integrity.

And to use excuses to protect insecurities,
Speaks volumes about the presence of a maturity!
It isn't there to appreciate truth!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Isn'T Traditional

Is it poetry?
Is it a narrative.
Is it part haiku,
With a dose of prose?
Who knows?

Is it what it should be?
And is it possible what should be,
Isn't and has never been.
And those wishing to see it,
Expressed properly as intended...
Have not a clue,
What those initial intentions meant.
Was it created to communicate,
Between elitists who prefered eating cake?
As they delighted in making fun,
Of the ones too socially powerful...
To know what behind their backs was being done?
Who knows?

Or...
Why is it today,
Anyone can say...
To decide to justify,
What etiquette abides?
When one chooses a method,
Using limited words to mention...
What from their own minds,
They describe and 'they' themselves wish to define.

And it is...
Poetry.
And it is...
A narrative.
And it is...
A dose of prose.
With a touch of haiku.
With a doing done as one would choose.

'But it isn't traditional.'

And what are those traditions,
You can say today...
Remains as an influence.
And 'still' exists?
Name just one!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Isn'T With Ease

It isn't with ease,
A success accomplished is achieved.
Nor is one 'lucky'...
To experience with initiative AND sacrifice,
With a doing what one does...
Day and night.
And continue to do,
Whatever it takes for most of one's life.

While witnessing others doing what they like...
To then decide they have changed appetites,
For something someone else has done.
With beliefs their requests should be prioritized,
By the one who has sacrificed most of their life...
To finally see after years realized.
It isn't with ease,
A success accomplished is achieved.

'How long did it take you to do what you've done? '

~I would say...
Maybe fifty or more years.~

'Seriously?
And you can't show me,
In a few minutes how you did it?
I aint got that kind of time to waste.'

~Time, patience and tears.
And criticism from peers.
That's what it takes,
My friend.~

'Well...
Like I said.
I aint got time for all that.
I gotta get my groove on.'

~Until it's gone,

Huh? ~

'Whatever.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Isn'T Yours To Keep To Have It

Move from an attitude to lose.
You can dry your eyes,
To stop a weeping that you do.

Do what it is you must do to know...
A dipping into pity pools,
Will hurt you more!

Choose not to be a recluse to show...
You've included sadness,
As an automatic habit.

Choose not to be a recluse to show...
You've included sadness,
As an automatic habit.

Do what it is you must do to know...
A dipping into pity pools,
Will hurt you more!

Move from an attitude to lose.
You can dry your eyes,
To stop a weeping that you do.

Choose not to be a recluse to show...
You've included sadness,
As an automatic habit.

Let go of all that sadness,
That for you is automatic.
Let go of all that sadness,
Like it's yours to keep to have it.

Move.
It isn't yours to keep to have it.
Move.
You've made your sadness automatic.
Move.
It isn't yours to keep to have it.

Move.
You've made your sadness automatic.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Just Gets Better

It just gets better.
If the worst of it,
Is not rehearsed.
If the truth is faced...
And not replaced by grief.
The kind that can weaken,
When it arrives and does not leave.

It just gets better.
If the honesty of feelings felt,
Aren't denied or excused to fake.
It has to and will get better...
When one faces reality.
To confront.
Although it comes with agony.
And perhaps joined at the hip...
With some heartache.
Confront it...
And make a clean break.
To become relieved,
It has been shakened.

It just gets better...
With each painful step ahead one takes.
Then one day the Sun removes away the clouds.
And a smile is welcomed to replace,
Those frowns well known.
But no longer condoned,
With a pouting shown and allowed.

It just gets better.
To heal one again who can now walk proud.
If the worst of it is not rehearsed.
To become identified,
And shared with others...
To sputter and suffer,
In cuss filled muttering crowds.

It just gets better,

When one's life is not lived...
To spit bitterness and spite!
And giving up that inner fight,
To forgive and let live...
For that kind of life one deserves and likes.
Set free...
And detached,
From remorse and burdens.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Lives

We are just but thought and pure energy.
That is all we are...
Living within an entity.
And the concept of God isn't a physical being at all.
It is a radiance of everything,
And we are the reflection upon this Earth...
It has installed.
This 'Ball' breathes, feeds, eats and sees.
It lives!
God chose it to make us like 'them'.
Those that live within and outside of us.
This...'Energy'
And that is why our consciousness of 'It'...
Has to be lifted!
And the more we harm 'it' and its wishes...
The more we harm 'ourselves'!
And God wants us to connect with IT!
It lives!
That's why it must be kept cherished.
That's why we must rise above our ignorance.
It lives.
None of us are going back...
To inhabitate Mars!
We are where we are to be what and who we are,
Here!
And it lives!
Not to be controlled or ruled by us!
But we are very much controlled by it...
As it commands!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Looks Like Propaganda To Me

Excuse me.

'No problem.
Hold on.
Just a second.
What is in that package?
Why do you have it wrapped like that? '

It's a long story.

'Shorten it.'

I'll do the best I can.
You see...
Last night as I walked through the mall,
I saw this gift I purchased for a friend.
And I didn't have the time to wrap it properly.

'Well...
It looks like propaganda to me! '

That's exactly what it is.
How did you know that?

'I brought the same gift for my wife.
She didn't buy it at all.'

Thanks a lot.
That's not encouraging.
What do you think I should do with it?

'I took mine to a flea market.
People will buy anything there.
But I can't let you on the plane with that.'

Why?
Why not?

'There are one too many politicians on this flight.

Carrying theirs wrapped very cheaply.
If I were you,
I'd take a train and explain to your friend,
You got caught in traffic.
That will give you more time to get another gift.
And besides...
Very few people these days are into propaganda.
Trust me.
You'll be better off buying a bottle of wine.
And 'then' discuss the propaganda in private.'

Is that what you did?

'No. I wish I did.
I had to listen how stupid I was,
To even think my 'old lady' would buy it.
I should have known she was too clever.
She said she bought all the propaganda,
She's going to buy from me.
She's had enough of it.'

I get your point.
I didn't think it was that popular.

'You'd be surprised how many people are into it.
That's how I noticed yours immediately.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Makes More Sense

It makes more sense,
Stopping something not to start.
Yes it makes more sense,
Not to tear things all apart.
Or bring up filthy garbage,
Knowing it is just a farce.

It makes more sense,
To walk away than to be petty.
And it makes more sense,
To prevent a thumping headache.
And it makes more sense,
Not to argue with a fool.
Knowing this is something done,
Many fools love to do.

And it makes more sense,
Stopping something not to start.
Yes it makes more sense,
Not to tear things all apart.
Or bring up filthy garbage,
Knowing it is just a farce.
And it makes more sense,
Not to argue with a fool.
Knowing this is something done,
Fools love to do.

And it makes more sense,
To keep the peace with every neighbor.
And it makes more sense,
To chase all bitterness away.
And it makes more sense,
To say, 'You're right' than build a hate.
Knowing that tomorrow promises another day.

And it makes more sense,
To keep the peace with every neighbor.
And it makes more sense,
To chase all bitterness away.

And it makes more sense,
To say, 'You're right' than build a hate.
Knowing that tomorrow promises another day.

Yes it makes more sense,
To keep the peace with every neighbor.
And it makes more sense,
To say, 'You're right' than build a hate.
Knowing that tomorrow promises another day.
Yes it makes more sense,
To keep the peace with every neighbor.
And it makes more sense,
To say, 'You're right' than build a hate.
Knowing that tomorrow promises another day.

It makes more sense,
To leave a fight and not to start it.
And it makes more sense,
To say, 'I'm wrong'. And then depart.
What is there to gain to carry hatred in your heart.

It makes more sense,
To leave a fight and not to start it.
And it makes more sense,
To say, 'I'm wrong'. And then depart.
What is there to gain to carry hatred in your heart?

It makes more sense,
Stopping something not to start.
Yes it makes more sense,
Not to tear things all apart.
Or bring up filthy garbage,
Knowing it is just a farce.
Yes it makes more sense.
There should be no doubt about it.
Yes it makes more sense.
There should be no doubt about it.
Yes this makes more sense.
There should be no doubt about it,
That it makes more sense!
Without being convinced,
To leave.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Matters Not The Fame

A down spiral in denial,
Is foul to weaken souls.
And gets out of control,
When emotions held bestow...
A draining pain to feel,
Felt to stay the same.

And people known to be down,
Find very few who come around...
To show concern or empathy,
One seeks to want it found.

It matters not the fame.
Or success that gets acclaim.
There's still a need,
Of a getting some affection.

Too many disconnected,
Don't have feelings felt to give.
And often they are people,
Saying words so negative.

It matters not the fame.
Or success one may obtain...
Everybody wont confess,
A wanting of affection.

It matters not the fame,
In the playing of the game!
Everybody keeps it wished,
To get themselves affection.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It May Become Necessary To Take A Detour

Clear a path for those who approach,
Carrying their excessive baggage.
They will seek assistance,
From anyone within distance...
To ease with a dumping,
Of their aging an old issues.

Just clear a path and let them pass.
It may become necessary to take a detour.
Just to ensure a convincing isn't done,
To have someone's company 'dragging' along.
Especially when a mission of one,
Has been focused upon...
With a determination that dismisses delays.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It May Not Be Comforting To Know

The balance has been unbalanced.
A fumbling begun,
Tumbles the shaking foundation.
People become deranged.
A commonness has started a change.
And this is not to be avoided.
It may not be comforting to know...
A break up like this,
Offers a clarity and provides a growth.
But this is clear...
What is appearing,
Are signs what some may define...
As reality!
Get use to it!
It has promise to be here for quite a while!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Never Ceases

It never ceases to amaze me,
How those who have freshly awakened...
To live their own lives after chasing rainbows,
Assume others are wasting theirs away...
By always having made those choices done,
To do what they like in spite of opposition,
By those arriving feeling freed of conflicting dispositions.

And after years spent in explorations others did not do,
There are those living lives to do it in peace and quietly...
In preferences chosen away from everyone's doings.
To be out of public sight day and night,
Doing those things chosen to do that is wished.
Because of a life it took time to find and like once dismissed,
Without the pressure of feeling to be accepted and quizzed.
I am older and wiser and much more peaceful.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Only Stalls The Undoing

Deepening in the quicksand of lies,
Does not raise truth...
To clear duped eyes.
In sinks the teller!
Severs an integrity...
Until a mentality slowly disposes.
And those lies told,
Begin to carry a life of their own.
Attacking with a viciousness.
Betraying the one who slip them from lips.
An 'innocent' birth of a lie began its ride,
With no idea it did not cover up anything at all.
It only stalls the undoing of those who do it!
Those who begun with one...
That returns a catastrophe of grief.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Only Takes One To Do An 'Iago'

Undermining has always been a trait,
Of those envious of others' deeds.
Conflicts have initiated over images raised.
Only to be replaced,
By mediocre initiatives.
And one with a taste to victimize with venom

It only takes one to do an 'Iago'.
You know
Othello's foe?
That legendary Moor,
In the military service of Venice.
Married to Desdemona,
And
The subject and tragic figure of Shakespeare's play.

That's all it takes!
An Iago who fakes a loyalty.
But has traitor on the mind,
And equipped to do it with lips.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Only Takes One To Visit

It only takes one to visit,
For that one to realize...
The scope of the mental illness there.
Just one visit,
And those aware of bigotry and racism...
Regardless of the beauty welcomed,
With the changing of each season...
What is window dressed,
Covers with success the evilness.
It only takes one to visit,
To witness the depth of ineptness.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It 'Only' Took Fifty Years

A wishing for success to achieve,
Takes more than just a wish to get it.
If anyone isn't motivated,
With initiative and kept patience to believe...
To then have a willingness to sacrifice,
Many sleepless nights and ignoring temptations...
Craving to appetite,
A wishing for a success to achieve...
Will always be perceived,
To come to those who are extremely lucky.

'You are one lucky person.'

~I know.
And to think it 'only' took fifty years,
For me to realize it.~

'FIFTY YEARS?
Fifty?
Wow!
What on Earth have you been doing all that time? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Pays To Be Considerate

It pays to be considerate of others
No matter how selfish our intentions
To seek to get attention for ourselves

The rewards of receiving peaceful sleep
Is more beneficial than those social invitations
We believe puts us in a certain class status

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Pays To Stay In The Moment

Yesterday was yesterday.
And today is tomorrow's past.
That's why it pays to stay in the moment,
To appreciate what is for what it is...
Since nothing about it is going to last.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Seems Not Long Ago

Doesn't it seem as if it was just yesterday,
When those who saw things as they were...
And called negative for refusing to wear,
Their mass issued rose colored glasses?

It seems not long ago,
Those of 'conservative' standards...
Were calling those who protested against injustices,
Radicals and militant.
Nonconformists and leftist 'liberals'!

These same people...
With their high brow standards and diminished values,
Organize themselves to dump perfectly good tea...
In waters they have polluted from a way of life,
That has been enriched by prescriptions of all kinds!
AND found in infested waters!

They claim that the dumping of tea,
Brings back those times when similar acts,
Were considered anti-government and lawless...
When oppressive taxation began to affect the masses!
However...
Most of those protesting attempted to mask the fact,
A newly appointed President who just 'happens' to be black...
Is not a fan of Disney World or any of the lands,
Where delusion is worshipped.

And here it is,
Six months 'after' his election...
And there are those still in denial,
Discussing on national broadcast talk radio shows...
His 'true' identity and the authenticity of his birth certificate.
And he is doing his best to save their beloved country,
From total demise!

BUT...
They do not consider themselves as 'nutts'.
They consider themselves as 'patriots'.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Seems Not To Be Done

It seems not to be done.
No.
It seems not to be done,
With it shown and to know...
An understanding that somebody has for another.
Another who is understood and this is meant to be.

It seems not to be done.
No.
It seems not to be done,
With it shown and to know...
Someone anywhere who cares and this they believe,
A caring that they show...
One day they will receive.
It seems not to be done!

It seems not to be done,
For the ones who are nonbelievers.
It seems not to be done,
For the ones who are nonbelievers.
It seems not to be done!

It seems not to be done,
For the ones who are nonbelievers.
It seems not to be done,
For the ones who are nonbelievers.
It seems not to be done!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Seems Only In The Forest

Do those 'unusual'
Know they are perceived that way?

That depends on the frequency,
Of nature walks taken.

And it seems only in the forest,
Does an acceptance go without question.

There is something about nature,
That embraces an encouragement to nourish.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Seems To Have Been Scratched Off

On the eve of a new beginning...
Many wish to prevent it.
And try.

But the occurring events...
Believed to be created,
By thieves hopping fences.
Is a collaboration!

An assignment given,
And said to get done...
By God, The Almighty One.

And nothing appears on the list,
That gives ignorance priority!
It seems to have been scratched off!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Should Behoove

None of it makes sense.
And that is the intention.
The suppressed have always felt...
They could not deal with it at all.
They were used to peddle issues to confuse,
Suckered suburbanites believing their lifestyles excite.
Keeping this cat and mouse game teased...
While thieves in suits ran off with the cheese!
None of it makes sense.
And that is the intention.
Slums are created for ghetto-ites...
To endorse services for the poor and homeless,
Everyone ignores.
Egos are fed by those leading missionary tours.
Giving 'insight' on what those tax dollars pay for!
But none of this picturesque bliss...
Trickles down to provide hope for those helpless!
If there was any sensibility...
Some of this investment,
Would have provided an upward mobility!
But common sense and greed...
Have not proven to be good sleeping companions!
None of it makes sense.
And that is the intention...
For those whose minds do not seem to operate,
On the same levels of their stated greatness!
Even though nothing what is done makes sense...
Intentionally!
It should behoove someone to realize,
Only fools can move ignorance to new lows of endeavors!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Shouldn'T Amaze, Phase Or Daze One Bit

It shouldn't amaze, phase or daze one bit,
That those who create evil images...
Are the very ones themselves afraid.
And doing their best to upset others,
By portraying themselves...
As those self righteous and the ones to trust.

It shouldn't amaze, phase or daze one bit,
That those who create evil images...
Are the very ones themselves afraid.
They hold onto beliefs,
Embellished by deceit.
And exposed they are observed...
To be the causes of denying truth to breathe.

It shouldn't amaze, phase or daze one bit,
That those who create evil images...
Are the very ones themselves afraid.
And doing their best to upset others,
By portraying themselves...
As those self righteous and the ones to trust.
And this trust has been crushed into dust!

It shouldn't amaze, phase or daze one bit,
But it does to those...
Who chose to ignore all the signs of it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Shows

Misleading others to believe,
Things that are not true.
Will never create a healing wished.
No matter what is done,
By those who do things like this,
When they do!

A lie is a lie.
No matter how small or tall!
An integrity of someone is involved.
And of course...
God knows the truth involved in it all.
And guilt self inflicted,
Isn't easy to hide inside those wicked.
It shows!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Smells So Good And Fresh

Nuts have been cracked from their shells,
And their secret taste now scatters.
The ingredients to flavor on pictured menus shown...
Are not the same,
Brewed by stewed cooks hidden and deranged.
They've been hired to prepare pleasant presentations.
But all guests observing...
Have spotted one among them without class.
And feeding on something,
They find delicious not served to them.
And one of their kind removed his mask and asked:

'What is that you're having?
It smells so good and fresh.
We always accept invitations here...
But this crap we eat is a mess.'

This right here is called Integrity.
Over here is a thick slice of Truth.
You probably got a whiff of this...
This is Self-respect.
And it's Purpose I now slowly chew!

'It must be good?
That's the first time I've seen any of that in here!
Do you mind if I join you? '

No! I don't mind at all!
Just make sure you wash your hands,
Before you sit at my table!
It's important you don't bring any of 'that'...
Over here!
I'm doing the best to keep my 'system' clean!
And with a low profile I have come to enjoy.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Stays With You

It stays with you,
Until it's gone.
A pride kept.
To keep strong

It stays with you,
All day long until it's gone.
That convincing confidence,
Kept to respect with every step.

It stays with you,
And never wrong..
Until the doing of it had has gone.
That faith with a purpose witnessed to serve.
It stays with you.
Without those sad songs anyone hears.
It stays with you.

A people with faith,
Aren't afraid.
A people with faith...
Daily pray.
A people with faith,
Don't masquerade...
A faith to abuse someone betrayed.

It stays with you,
And never wrong...
To have and strong.

It stays with you...
A kept faith,
To never fake.
It stays with you...
A kept faith,
That's never wrong.
Even if tested all day long.

It stays with you...

A kept faith,
To never fake.
It stays with you...
A kept faith,
That's never wrong.
It stays with you...
And with others of faith too!
It stays!
A kept faith stays.
A kept faith stays.
It stays.
A kept faith stays.
It stays

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Sticks And Grows

No truth is like the truth,
One has been introduced to and knows.
It sticks and grows to rid delusions.
And follows wherever one goes,
To uncover and reveal what isn't real.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Takes A Bit Of Ingenuity

It takes a bit of ingenuity,
And faith accustomed to being tested...
To start each day with initiative,
Concentration and steadfast motivation...
To make five dollars left in one's pocket,
'Feel' as if it is more than one hundred.
And with an innovative mind to find 'something',
Already known to be less than a dollar.
But will cost more than $2.50.
To then be sold on the belief the purchase is a bargain.

'May I have a 'small' cup of coffee,
With two glazed donuts, please? '

~Sure, of course.
That will be six-fifty.~

'You know what?
It just occurred to me,
I am on a strict diet.
I'll just pay for an empty cup.
And imagine it being half full.'

~No problem.
That will be one dollar and twenty-five cents.~

It takes a bit of ingenuity,
And faith accustomed to being tested...
To start each day with initiative,
Concentration and steadfast motivation...
To make $3.75 left in one's pocket,
'Feel' as if it is more than one hundred.
And...
Then to find 'something' to do with it.

*Pssst.
Hey. Yeah you.
Would you happen to have ten dollars?
I would love the taste of coffee,

With a few donuts I haven't had in months.*

'Sorry.
I only have $3.75.'

*THREE SEVENTY FIVE? ? ?
What do you expect me to do with that?
I'll take the empty cup.
I can earn more than that in less than an hour.
You keep the change! *

It takes a bit of ingenuity,
And faith accustomed to being tested...
To start each day with initiative,
Concentration and steadfast motivation...
To just go for a walk.
Feeling blessed and appreciative of being able to do it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Takes A Celebration

It takes a celebration,
Everyday!
After one graduates,
With a determination to appreciate...
The value of a life lived.

With an erasing done of fear,
That separates an acknowledgement...
When a giving to take,
Does not mean heartbreak is a pre-requisite...
To usher one over the threshold to experience happiness.

Experiencing and going through circumstances,
With chances...
Sometimes may produce mistakes,
That awakens comprehension.
And understanding somehow clicks,
Without it being mentioned.

It takes a celebration,
Everyday!
After one graduates,
With a determination to appreciate...
The value of a life lived.

And this activity comes...
With no time to sit.
As if to nourish...
The flourishing of wisdom.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Takes A Dumping Of Emotional Loads

Up and down so many roads...
I have traveled.
And up and down so many roads,
I carried but I dumped...
Emotional loads.

I chose then and still do,
Refuse to be beaten.
I chose then and refuse,
To lose.

Sometimes I was discouraged,
To keep my courage rattled.
And my dignity attacked.
But I kept fighting back.

And doubts I don't accept.
Or expect they should affect,
What it is I've got to do.
With my focus on it moving.

I have left so many crying,
About the kind of life they live.
And many whining,
Over mostly nothing.

I have left behind those crying,
About not having luck.
And they can't make their minds up,
To toughen up enough...
From defeat to reach their dreams.

Up and down so many roads...
I have traveled,
With a purpose to reach dreams.
And not be smothered by defeat,
Others keep when they're demeaned.

Up and down so many roads...

It takes a dumping of emotional loads,
To prove to do...
Dreams can come true.
It takes a dumping of emotional loads,
To prove to do...
Dreams can come true.

It takes a dumping of emotional loads,
To prove to do.
It takes a dumping of emotional loads,
To prove to do.
It takes a dumping of emotional loads,
To prove to do...
Dreams can come true.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Takes A Mind To Stop All Wars

Bloated with promoted poses,
Upheld and exposed.
And...
Picked to be the ones depicted,
To combat and end conflicts.

Images portraying bravery,
Do not end the fears...
Of the ones who have the looks,
But use them to pretend.

It takes a mind to stop all wars.
And not a muscled image given.
Minds will stop all wars,
If the cause is for peace.

It takes a mind to stop all wars.
And not a muscled image given.
Minds will stop all wars,
If the cause is for peace to leave.

Bloated with promoted poses,
Upheld and exposed.
It takes a mind to stop all wars.
And not a muscled image given.
Minds will stop all wars,
If the cause is for peace.

It takes a mind to stop all wars.
And not a muscled image given.
Minds will stop all wars,
If the cause is for peace to leave.

And not a muscled image given,
To give and pretend.
It takes a mind to stop all wars.
And not a muscled image given.
Minds will stop all wars,
If the cause is for peace.

It takes a mind to stop all wars.
And not a muscled image given.
Minds will stop all wars,
If the cause is for peace to leave.

Bloated with promoted poses,
Upheld and exposed.
And...
Picked to be the ones depicted,
To combat and end conflicts...
Are the ones predicting,
There is a victory to get.
But forget...
It takes a mind to stop all wars.
And not a muscled image given.
Minds will stop all wars,
If the cause is for peace.

It takes a mind to stop all wars.
And not a muscled image given.
Minds will stop all wars,
If the cause is for peace to leave.
If...
The cause is for peace to leave.
If the cause is for peace...
To leave.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Takes A Test Of Patience

It takes more than just eyes,
One must keep on a prize.
It takes a test of patience,
With a taste for discipline.
And a backbone stretched...
Until a suffering pain that begins,
Ends as a focus to provoke discouragement.

It takes a determination,
With self motivation one does not hide.
It takes a pride in what one does.
And energized by an identity,
One knows resides inside...
Undenied!

It takes more than just eyes,
One must keep on a prize.
It takes a test of patience,
With a taste for discipline.
And a backbone stretched...
Until a suffering pain that begins,
Ends as a focus to provoke discouragement.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Takes A While To Catch A Thief

It takes a while to catch a thief.
Slick they are in receiving sympathy.
With a sincerity believed,
They would be the last to steal.
They are like plagiarists...
Lifting from another statements made,
With a twisting of words to attract their appeal.

It takes a while to catch a thief.
Slick they are in receiving sympathy.
With a sincerity believed,
They would be the last to steal.
Since no one would perceive them to be,
Lusting for what others have...
With no effort made they've invested to achieve.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Takes An Absence

It takes an absence felt,
For many people to realize...
What and who in their lives,
Had provided them with a significance.

It takes an absence for an awakening to occur,
To stir up priorities with a reviewing...
Of what had topped their most wished list.
With a doing when one finally gets around to it.

It takes an absence missed with a remorse that sits,
For the ones who had been taken for granted...
Now 'suddenly' appreciated for their contributions made.
Those who never mentioned,
Requests to receive an attention to them given.

And it takes an absence with attempts to replace,
A void that appears one no longer can face...
To fill a vacuum that had been once shared and enjoyed,
By those who frequently were thought to have annoyed.

Yes an absence teaches those lessons learned,
Thought by some to be preached when comments made...
Were believed to leave some ears to burn.
To remind the receiver what they have sometimes was given,
And not by them earned as believed.

It takes an absence missed when reminiscing...
Those perceived could be easily dismissed.
And absences that are often missed,
Are those wished could be returned with more thoughtfulness!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Takes Desire

It takes desire.
And those who inspire that.
Motivation that is determined.
Focus and sacrifice...
With discipline.
And ridding one of excuses...
After self-evaluation,
Discovered by a truth...
In its examination!

Demanding one be patient,
With self first and others too!
And none of this includes spending time in denial.
Sometimes a little blood has to drop.
To get folks to start believing in themselves.

This should be easier than it is!
But...
So many give up.
And become discouraged.

And discouragement can be found anywhere.
As long as there are those who seek weaknesses,
And defeat expressed from others.
They will be there.
Cheering this on.
To keep their fears dependent...
And giving them a sense of belonging.

It takes desire.
And those who inspire that.
Motivation that is determined.
Focus and sacrifice...
With discipline.
And ridding one of excuses...
After self-evaluation,
Discovered by a truth...
In its examination!
And to pull away with strength,

From those who would prefer
To keep the state of one's mind weak!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Takes More Than Just Wishes

Anyone who has ever made attempts,
To experience flying higher...
When to others their doing makes no sense,
Did not let negative comments...
Prevent them to again try.
Knowing it takes more than just wishes,
To open a door and soar.

It takes motivation to move one's ambition.
And a devotion focused that stays fixed,
To an initiative desiring what one wants...
With a doing again and again.
Regardless how many attempts are witnessed.
If one chooses to soar...
The doing will be proven some day to be done.

It takes more than just wishes,
To get from A to Z.
It takes initiative and belief...
The accomplishment of the mission,
Has never been out of one's sight to see.
And feeling comfortable in flight when it comes.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Takes The 'Taint' Out Of Tantillizing

What makes a nonstory worthy of news?
When those involved admit it.
Without benefit of apology.
At least one that does not please.
And a scandal wished,
Diminishes with bite.
Leaving a desire to rip one to shreds,
Completely pointless.
Especially if one anticipates it.
And this removes the excitement!

'Come on, David.
Let us be the ones to embarrass you.
What fun is in it if you seem to enjoy,
All of this unnessarry nonsense...
With a provocativeness that really isn't news.
About who you had sex with and their consentment?
It takes the 'taint' out of tantillizing!
Why did 'you' announce your degradations...
To leave us appearing as fools?
Comeon, David.
We had hopes to embarrass you! '

~And Ladies and Gentlemen...
I must confess this:
The one reporting my trangressions,
Had not been invited.
And as democracy would have it,
A vote was taken.
I assure you my sexual activities,
Had the best of intentions to benefit all.
That one 'man' was disgruntled,
Leaves me rather pleased.
No one else found my activities,
That envious enough to heat up such 'meatless' controversy.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Took A Long Time

Me...
I come first.
It took a long time,
For me to thirst for life like that.

For me to realize,
A happiness I wanted...
Was not going to be delivered,
Wrapped in a package.
As a surprise to be gifted...
Off of anyone's back.

And any happiness I would experience...
I had to supply it!
While listening to everyone else,
Say they've been denied...
After doing the trial and error bit.
To be left alone to cry!

And I'm not one to sit and sympathize.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Took Awhile

I'm not trying to be Maya,
Or better her best being Miss Angelou.
Or digest Langston's treasures...
To outdo the views of Mister Hughes.
But poets who can show emotions,
With insights known isn't easy to pursue.

These are the ones,
Who can do it making sense.
Inspirations they are...
With a knack to pen a clarity,
Once covered and thickly dense.

I am not trying to be a James Baldwin,
Or write the way an August Wilson can.
Or Tyler Perry...
Or a Robert Frost!
But like most writers who do write well,
Some are oft times 'on'
And most times 'off'!

A Stephen King I couldn't touch...
He's too much in deep mystery!
And Imamu Baraka is so totally profound.
I remember meeting him,
When LeRoi Jones had me spellbound!

I like things that motivate.
That keeps a process strong!
I like the fact that I'm aware of Nature...
And the 'rights' of human beings,
Who have been 'wronged'.

I can sing and rejoice...
And love the sounds of other voices!
All day long,
If that is my choice.

It took me a while to read Lawrence.

I read Larry too long...
And he got in my way!
Today I say it,
With words I can only say.
And like the others mentioned here...
It is clear what was said remains,
In our minds to stay.
With messages that sustains! !

Yes...
It took awhile for me to read Lawrence.
Reading him is not as easy,
Since he reflects these times that change!
And depicting them quick before they slip...
To fade...
In a World where attentions
Are focused just for minutes..
Then in seconds drift away!

It took awhile to read Lawrence.
A task I asked for with uncertainty...
But with certainty I've stayed,
And have learned to embrace him,
With double entendres...
Ambiguously delivered.
In my aging days!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Took One Morning

It took one morning after yawning,
To have it dawn...
That I,
Am so glad to arrived...
To see,
That I could survive...
Through heartaches never planned,
To feel them end.
And...
To realize a happiness begin.

It took one morning after yawning,
To have it dawn...
That I,
Am so glad to arrived...
To see,
That I could survive...
A ridding of all lies I kept inside.
To now appreciate the living of my life.

No more tears from my eyes to drop,
No.
And...
No more pretending fears I've stopped.
Since,
All of its gone.
And I've become stronger.

No more tears from my eyes to drop,
No.
And...
No more pretending fears I've stopped.
Since,
All of its gone.
And I've become stronger.

It took one morning after yawning,
To have it dawn...
That I,

Am so glad to arrived...
To see,
That I could survive...
Through heartaches never planned,
To feel them end.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Was A Decision Made

Everytime I begin to write,
I have an encounter with reality.
Something within me validates with a scrutiny,
What there is I believe I am provoked to say.
As if to preview the doing before it is released.

I am often asked if I like to write.
And I never gave what I've been doing all my life,
That much thought.
I do not premeditate a doing.
It is as natural to me as using the bathroom.

It was not I that decided I would write.
It was a decision made.
It was not I that decided I would be creative.
It was a decision made.
It was not I that decided I was to be born.
But then...
Sometimes I feel a need to debate it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Was Early I Was Told

Happy I am,
To sit among those...
Of common faces.
No status have I ever wished,
To be a full fledged aristocrat...
With a flaunting strutted.

It was early I was told,
Don't spite my nose...
For a choice made to have another.
And any path that I chose,
To walk it the best I can.

Happy I am,
To be able to reflect...
With such great memories.
And daring to be challenged,
Was a gift and not a curse given to me.

I can see why today there are so many unhappy.
Those who wished to be kings and queens...
And referred to as someone's prince or princess,
Actually believed...
Themselves royalty.

And I always knew,
There was something within me great.
But I was taught to always appreciate life.
To respect everyone.
No matter what they had or however looked like.

And I always knew,
There was something within me great.
But I was taught to always appreciate life.
To respect everyone.
No matter where they lived.
Or impressions they 'gave'...
About how they lived their lives.

I was not raised to believe...
I was better than anyone to enable me,
To pass that kind of judgement.
And to have that encouraged,
To be welcomed or received as a belief.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Was Me Who Let You Keep Me On Hold

It is not about you.
Although it had been,
For a number of years.

I awakened in a new mood.
And it was not attitude.
It was a consciousness.

No longer did I feel a need,
To be there for others...
Without my own needs addressed.

I am addressing my needs.
And you may believe it is selfishness.
After I awakened I just cared about what I felt.

And I feel blessed to realize,
Part of my life has been kept...
To live in the pleasing of myself.

It is not about you.
Although it had been,
For a number of years.

Now it is about me!
My needs and wants.
With desires missed I have yet to live.

It is not about you.
It was.
And it was me who let you keep me on hold.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Was Meant For Me To Love You

It was meant for me to love you.
Meant for me to keep this love subdued.
Quiet and in discreet chambers.
Pretending my urges,
Would rather splurge my desires!
I'm on fire in heated memories of us.
Trusting in you I must!
It was meant for me to love you...
Complete I would be in your hold.
And this I can't release to be told!
It was meant for me to love you.
I know this more each day as I grow old!
You ignited me with passion when I was cold!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Was Never Intended

It was never intended,
For communities to build fences...
To seclude and isolate themselves.

But to a very few,
This has become a benefit...
To witness the infighting and conflicts.
As if delighted in the condoning of struggle and strife!

However...
This witnessed benefit,
Has become a saddened sickness...
That has afflicted the doers of this,
With a price ultimately they will pay.

A strength in unity was not perceived...
Even for themselves.
Not in this way that dismays.

It was never intended,
For communities to build fences...
To seclude and isolate themselves.

But to a very few,
This has become a benefit...
To witness the infighting and conflicts.

And...
The experience of remorse that decays,
Those days of brightness greed betrayed...
To lead one astray to seek a feeding,
Of another hunger one now wonders...
Could have been much more fulfilling!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Was Seen Coming

It was seen coming.
Yes it was.
Yet...
Many did choose,
To hide their tools used.
With reactions so cool and smooth.
Wanting not to be the fools accused.
So a refusing they did do,
To appear with their dictating superiors.

It was seen coming.
Oh yes it was.
An undoing stunning.
Yet...
Many did choose,
To hide their tools used.
With reactions so cool and smooth.
Wanting not to be the fools accused.
So a refusing they did do,
To appear with their dictating superiors.

They kept their trapped boxes locked.
Hoping what they started would stop the clock.
Taking off shoes and socks to sneak...
Down all hall corridors,
With a slipping past those...
Snoring with eyes closed.
Even when they were opened...
Impressively dressed thieves,
Came through and exited when they pleased.

It was seen coming.
Yes it was.
Yet...
Many did choose,
To hide their tools used.
With reactions so cool and smooth.
Wanting not to be the fools accused.
So a refusing they did do,

To appear with their dictating superiors.
And hauled all their bounty on a get away bus.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Was The Wrong Time, Done

I needed it!
And wanted it,
Submitting.

I admitted I was there to get every bit,
Of it!
Yes...
I did!
I needed it.
And wanted it,
submitting.

I admitted I was there to get every bit,
Of it!

I had been the one stubborn,
Sitting on a bump.
So grumpy I couldn't dump the funk!

Trying to put up a front I did.
To camouflaged my rump that stunk!
But even in its hiding,
It was not hidden enough...
To excuse or forbid.

I needed it!
And wanted it,
Submitting.

I had been the one stubborn,
Sitting on a bump.
So grumpy I couldn't dump the funk!

But even in its hiding,
It was not hidden enough...
To excuse or forbid.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

'It' Was You Who Put 'It' There

Kick the mud off of those boots,
And don't drag your mind...
Through,
Drenches you've committed.
As if to call on faith,
To quit quick.

Stand up.
Look forward and be tough.
It is going to be rough...
Even for those ready.
It is going to be rough...
And with discipline,
You will remain steady.

Strengthen that mentality!

Kick the mud off of those boots,
And don't drag your mind...
Through,
Drenches you've committed.
As if to call on faith,
To quit quick.

Admitting you have grown tired of it!
But 'it' was you who put 'it' there!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Wasn'T Given

I pray everyday to keep my 'darkside' away.
With a staying peaceful.
And not have it teased to pieces,
Or from it to stray...
By demons portraying themselves to represent,
Faiths of all kinds to diminish my peace of mind...
With their wishes to test the strength of my efforts.
To 'see' me upset as an easy prey to make a conquest.

Yet on my best days,
I will not hesitate to display what I have...
As a sample for any demon wishing to taste,
Just as an assurance there is more of it I can give...
If doubt should arise in the eyes of those disguising,
A charading to masquerade false 'Christain' values.

So...I pray! With it done 'everyday',
To keep my darkside away.
Because that side of my life I do not pride.
But I will make it known to be acknowledged,
That the peace I keep to express as shown...
Was earned. It wasn't given.
Not for demons in disguise to get then disrespect!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Wasn'T Meant To Be What It Was

It wasn't meant to be what it was to keep.
Yesterday and those days before.
It wasn't meant to be what it was to keep.
But come as it does to undo those doings done.
With an adjustment to have minds change.

Those yesterdays and the ones before,
Have locked those doors to close forevermore.

It wasn't meant to be what it was to keep.
But come as it does to undo those doings done.
With an adjustment to have minds changed.
Leaving nothing left to remain maintained,
As the same to provide a satisfying comfort.

It wasn't meant to be what it was to keep.
Any yesterday that came days before.
It wasn't meant to be what it was to weep.
To come as it does to leave,
A comfort providing comfort undenied.

It wasn't meant to be what it was to keep,
Or weep through memories of it kept to reminisce.
Since even they will be gone from existence,
As beliefs now perceived set in steel and/or concrete.
It wasn't meant to be what it was to stay that way.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Will All Be Clarified Soon!

Father...
Remember that dude You freaked out,
When You caught him smoking weed?
And he set that bush on fire?

'Oh,
You talking about Moses? '

Yeah,
That's him!
And you calmed him down,
When he thought Your voice
Was coming through the flames!
He didn't admit to that when he brought back
Those tablets with excerpts from Your diary
Emblazed upon them!
To this day I doubt if he understood You referred
To 'his' family and what they 'should' and should 'no't do.

'And...
So,
I didn't make 'that' clear!
What point are you trying to make? '

Well...
You and I have been chilling out
Thousands and thousands of years, right?

'And...'

Well...
It 'just' occurred to me...
IF we, You and me, have been cool with each other
Long before that dude appeared on the scene.
HOW on EARTH did the rest of us get messed up
Behind 'that' misinterpretation?

'That's what has taken Me, The Almighty,
All this time to realize.

But don't worry about it.
It's all going to be straightened out 'real' soon! '

I hope so!
You should see all of these 'things' they've got folks worshipping.
Thinking You, The Almighty, approve...
And are all about 'that'!

'I know!
But like I said...
It's all going to be corrected soon!
I've sent a few representatives...
And they have stated I had to see for Myself
What was going on!
They've got folks walking around in costumes.
Praying to images and symbols.
I have to admit...
I am flattered.
However...
I have 'never' been into all of that!
And this 'one' dude pimping me...
Totally has 'all' of My creations
Psyched out completely!

Who?
The pope?

'Like I've said...
It will all be clarified soon! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Will Always Be Love That Is Wished

It will always be love that is wished,
By those who had it but were too unimpressed.
Since many are seeking an image of it.
That compares to others,
With pretentions to address.

But when those pretentions stale with age,
Those who remember...
The love that came to them and once had,
Wish they could re-create...
That basicness of it to again appreciate.

It will always be love that is wished.
Because real love has no prerequisites.
Or seeks to find an approval for it...
To exist to be,
The love that it is to have, hold, hug and touch.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Will Be There

No need for one to digest,
What is yet ready for one to order
From a selective menu.
When the appetite begins to crave...
The serving will be just as fresh,
The moment one gets it to devour.
Why sour one's taste,
For something that will sit on a plate...
Untouched without an interest,
To sample what is offered.
It will be there!
Whenever one comes,
And is prepared to indulge.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Will Still Be There

Take it ot leave it.
It will still be there.
Ignore it.
That is up to you.
To decide what point of view to give.
To accept or reject it as it is!
It will still be there.
To be discovered or recovered,
From dust and declared.
To be found as profound...
Or left unaware.
It will still be there.
Take it ot leave it.
Ignore it,
If you dare.
But wherever you go...
And with who,
Or what you arrive there with.
And why that decision was made!
It will still be there.
Doing what it does.
To be dejected or rejected...
Or left disrespected in neglect!
As it is...
It will still be there.
Being what it is as it can only be!
And there as intended.
To refuse or receive!
It will still be there.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Will Still Make Sense

You can read it as it is,
For the rest of your life!
And...
It will still make sense.
If it connects to a meaning meant.
And not condensed...
From the meat of the purpose.
And left as intended.

There is no pretense to delude sentiments.
Or to mask evidence...
Of a truth that defies,
Embellishments used...
To boost the attraction to seduce,
A deception produced with sweetened...
And/or spiced lies.

You can read it as it is,
For the rest of your life!
And...
It will still make sense.
If it connects to a meaning meant.
And not condensed...
From the meat of the purpose.
And left as intended.

It will feed and tease curiosities.
To please a seeking of depth....
Once the foolishness has left!

Go ahead,
Read it as it is...
For the rest of your life.
Let it dust,
And its pages curl.
Put it on a bookshelf...
Or leave it by itself.
To be discovered by someone else.
To treat one's mind to intoxicate,

Much like a fine wine over time!

It will still make sense.
If it connects to a meaning meant.
And not be condensed...
From a purpose that is intended.

There is no pretense to delude sentiments.
Or to mask evidence...
Of a truth that defies,
Embellishments used...
To boost the attraction to seduce,
A deception produced with lies.

It will still make sense.
If it connects to a meaning meant.
And for you reviewed,
Like a treasured document.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Will Take Decades

Yes,
He did preach on matters of quality of life,
And family values.
To persuade those to listen...
And elect him.
Or whatever that was that got him there!

However,
I must come to his defense.
If he had mentioned that he was a thief,
A liar and incompetent...
Would we not now have a new leader,
To bring us all to our senses?
Even one who dares to expose his intelligence.

'But it will take decades to build a new ship.
And restore our confidence! '

And?
Look at the bright side.
By that time...
Will we not all be familiar with reality?
And being in better mental and physical shape...
Does have its benefits.

Plus...
We will all be far more disciplined as well.
And all of us will acquire a deeper appreciation,
For DisneyWorld by then too.
So 'all' is not lost!
Although it does appear as if your cup is half empty!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Wont Be Refused

If you give me what I like,
Do it in a good mood.
And if you give me what I like,
I'll give that right back to you.
So if you give me what I like,
I know it wont be refused...
Because the mood you have created,
We can both appreciate it.

If you give me what I like,
Do it in a good mood.
And if you give me what I like,
I'll give that right back to you.
So if you give me what I like,
I know it wont be refused...
Because the mood you have created,
We can both appreciate it.

Time to spend together,
We can both appreciate it.
With a doing of 'whatever',
We can both appreciate it.
Without need to be debated,
Who says what about us.
And with no need to be debated,
What it is that we do...
From those choices we choose.

If you give me what I like,
Do it in a good mood.
And if you give me what I like,
I'll give that right back to you.
And with that time we spend together,
We can both appreciate it.
With a doing of 'whatever',
We can both appreciate it.
Without need to be debated,
Who says what about us.
And with no need to be debated,

What it is that we do...
From those choices we choose.

What we do together...
It wont be refused.
And what we do together...
Is our business too!
With a doing of 'whatever',
From those choices we choose.
To do what we please,
To leave the gossip to those evil.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Would Not Exist!

Who put that there?

'They did.'

They 'who'?

'Them.'

Them 'Who'?

'Those who wanted it there.'

Then why are you complaining?

'I don't want it there.
It's in my way.'

Then why don't you get rid of it?

'It's none of my business.'

Then 'they' or 'them' aren't the only ones...
Seeking to have it stay the way it is!
If you did not welcome it,
It would not exist!

And that is the reason there are many conflicts.
People have grown tired of accepting 'that'...
Which for them they wish removed.
And 'them' and 'those' who put it there...
Are being shown their actions are not approved.

So you have had it your way.
By having nothing to do with it!
And you are not alone.
There are many who sit,
Complain and moan!

'And 'where' are you going? '

I am not agonizing my life!
I have chosen to live it.
And 'they' or 'them'...
Are not a part of my vision!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Would Not Feel For Me Right

It would not feel for me right,
If I could live over...
My life.
Or show that I could be more polite,
Than those opposing that I chose,
What I do because it is liked.

And,
It would not feel for me right,
If I slept peacefully and deep at night.
When others around me knew hunger,
And I had not a problem with my appetite.

It would not feel for me right,
If I pretended to dislike flying kites.
Since if I had a bike I would try to fly a kite,
And not get entangled.

It would not feel for me right,
If I slept peacefully and deep at night...
Knowing that my neighbors stayed away from my sight,
Learning to tango.

Oh no...
That would not feel for me right,
If I could live over,
My life.
Especially when so many people,
Have been exposed...
To things I don't know.
Like the 'tango'.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It Would Take The Enjoyment Out Of Doing It

You can dress a dog in a suit.
Pedicure its nails.
Shampoo its hair and get it cut.
And put booties on it,
To keep its paws clean.

But a dog,
Not spayed, neutured or...
Tied to a tree in the woods,
Will definitely express it is in heat!

And if man's 'best' friend
Has no problem in exposing that publicly...
Why do parents find it hard to believe,
Their children are having sex?
Didn't they have it,
To produce these creatures...

Huh?

There are too many folks,
Being rehabilitated in prisons...
To fit into a society,
That treats having sex like it does its racism.

'Uh...er...we have no problem here'a with those 'peeple'.
Why we's got a few livin' ova there'a back yonder! '

~Excuse me,
I'm new here.
Has the year two thousand and nine arrived here, yet? ~

People are afraid to talk about it,
Because it would take the enjoyment out of doing it.
Therefore,
It is denied!

Clearly done!
But denied,

By everyone who does it!
And if you are reading this...
Your mama and daddy did 'it' too!
Get over yourselves...
All of you!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It, Is...Not!

I am not surprised when I hear,
That many readers do not write.
Nor am I shocked,
To learn those who write...
Do that day and night.

Those who make requests,
For other writers to read their 'stuff'...
Seek approval and acceptance.
But when does that get to become too much?

I've said this so many times and I'll say it again,
When one creates from their own inspiration...
A commitment to just 'that',
Provides a lifelong motivation and a loyalty unmatched.

When one writer becomes offended,
By another who is experienced.
Has not yet comprehended the time involved,
To produce from one's mind...
That another perceives is easily invented.

It,
Is...
Not!

If I ever got a letter,
From Maya, Edgar or Langston Hughes...
I'd be shocked by that!
Believing they would have nothing else to do,
But read Shakespeare, Robert Frost, Emily Dickenson.
And...
Well,
My work too.

It,
Is...
Not easy.
This writing business.

Especially when one seeks,
To be critiqued.
And upon request.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It...Is Out, Of Logic

Treat me like someone who comes to care.
And not anyone you meet...
Recently picked up,
Off a public street.

And...
Treat me like someone who comes to share.
Since if I was not here at all,
My lack of presence...
To you would be clear!

It...
Is out,
Of logic...
That we blend seamlessly our philosophies.
It is out of logic,
That we amend each others' needs.
It is out of logic,
Our chemistries agree.
With an enhancing done...
Of our journeyed destinies,
Together we can accomplish as one.

Treat me like someone who comes to care.
Someone there for you,
Cheerleading you through...
Whatever you do.

And...
Treat me like someone who comes to share.
Assessments of our troubles...
To discuss as we must,
For the purpose of repair.

It...
Is out,
Of logic...
That we blend seamlessly our philosophies.
And...

Treat me like someone who comes to share.
Cheerleading you through...
Whatever you do.

Since it is out of logic,
Our chemistries agree.
To accomplish as one,
Together doing this to get things done.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Iterative

Why was that said?
When I meant not to say it.
I meant to delay it from my lips...
Before they opened,
And blurted out that sssshh...
Iterative!
An expletive,
To fill the air with an unexpected...
Excessive,
Repetitive shrill!

I wanted to chill!
Seriously.
And just sit and absorb.
But I am easily bored...
With droning conversations,
Others heard snoring...
Don't mind ignoring.

And then I am the one discovered...
To take centerstage,
With an act that's quite abhorring!

'Oh...
I'm sure I'm not the only one,
Who wanted this nonsense
To achieve a common sense we all can believe.
I thought we came to agree,
Who would do the decorations!
So why are all eyes fixed on me? '

~Because you're screaming like a banshee,
Fool!
Wailing at the top of your lungs.~

'Oh!
Well...
Is it too late to announce,
That I am the ghost of Christmas past? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It's A Cartoon

He revealed a cartoon of his birth.
Meant at a conference to be a joke.
Since there had been such a controversy,
If, indeed, he was qualified to lead!
And where he was born,
Had been the focus of 'certain' folks.

However,
Just to be sure those observing knew,
The cartoon was not real...
He thought it was in the best of interest,
To announce to those watching...
What they viewed,
Was in fact...
A cartoon.
And 'not' a real depiction!

'Comeon!
Seriously.
It isn't real.
It 'is' a cartoon.'

Yet...
There they sat.
Some questioning and unconvinced.
Since a few wanted to use it,
As a news broadcast exclusive...
To prove finally there was evidence.

'Honest.
It is a joke.
It isn't real.
The producers of it are in our presence.
And they will confirm what I say is true.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It's A Citrus Thing

To feel and peel an Orange.
And to know it is naturally sliced.
Sweetened to eat when ripe.
Like a grapefruit!
Tasting good and nice in Summer.
It's a citrus thing I think.
An apple peeled does not reveal that!
It's a citrus thing I think.
Lemons and Limes are neither sweet or pink.
Being predictably what they are.
And often they are used in an assortment of mixed drinks.
It's a citrus thing I think.
Although Bananas do have seeds...
And grow from trees,
When peeled their seeds are barely seen.
Unnoticed they go when chewed too.
It's a citrus thing making this interesting...
With a fruiting done few do!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It's A Convenience, Isn'T It?

The suggested way,
To eliminate debts...
Is to pretend amnesia,
As best as one can.
Although the debts will still remain.
But getting to collect them,
Will be difficult to do...
If someone chooses to refuse,
To remember their own name.

'You've got to remember who you are.
You've got to.'

~Why the urgency? ~

'Because you OWE me.'

~You OWE me? ~

'NO. No. No.
Say I.O.U.'

~Why would I want to say that?
You just told me you were here,
Because 'you' OWE me.
Now which is it?
I don't know you to owe you a thing.~

'It's a convenience, isn't it? '

~What is? ~

'Your amnesia.'

~So I guess you're here to take that too?
If it's true that I have it,
Why can't you get your own? ~

'Because I don't HAVE it.'

~Well...
You are certainly not going to take,
My 'convenience' to make it yours.
To make it inconvenient for me.
I don't think so.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It's A Feeling Deeper

There is a certain meaning to it.
For people who are born to do this.
It's not on the surface to depict.
With an easy category to assign to it.

It's a feeling deeper.

There is a certain meaning to it.
For people who are born to do this.
It's just not what it appears to exist.
This 'thing' is deeper.
Below a surface reached for 'it'.

It's a feeling deeper.
That's deep.

Deeper,
And from below a surface that must be exposed.
This 'thing' gets deeper,
And those knowing it want it shown not kept unknown.

It's a feeling deeper that's deep.
Deeper that's deep.
It's a feeling deeper.
It's not on the surface to depict.
With an easy category to assign to it.

It's a feeling deeper that's deep.
Deeper that's deep.
It's just not what it appears to exist.
This 'thing' is deeper.
Below a surface reached for 'it'.
It's a feeling deeper that's deep.
Deeper that's deep.

It's a feeling deeper.
That's deep.
Deeper that's deep.
Deeper.

Deeper.

It's a feeling deeper.
That's deep.
Deeper that's deep.
Much deeper.

How can anyone connect it.
Deeper.
How can anyone connect it.
Deeper!
How can anyone connect it.
Deeper!

Much much deeper!
How can anyone connect it.
Deeper.
How can anyone connect it.
Deeper!
How can anyone connect it.
Deeper!

Much much deeper!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It's A Great Profession

Once it has been discovered,
Where narrow minds are bred...
Why search for meaningful conversation.
The search itself will be a clue.
They are not accustomed to people speaking
With them!
Just about them!
And the children will run...
Once they see your lips moving,
Without a cellphone attached!
Plus...
Your self confidence is sure to scream,
'Out-Of-Towner'
You are certainly going to get some stares!
These folks don't have identities one would suspect
They should have!

'Oh? And who are you? '

I'm the chairman of the welcoming committee!
I'm assigned to tell all new people the truth!
They look at me in disbelief.
Just like you're looking at me now.
And out of curiousity,
They become part of the population!
And miraculously, it's booming here!
It's unbelievable.

'You're nuts, you know that? '

I know!
I've been told that for years!
It's a great profession!
But...you didn't hear that from me!
Pretend you heard it for the first time...
After you've been here for a while!
I gotta good gig!
I don' wanna spoil it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It's A Healing Feeling!

Once you've got your freedom...
You don't have to stand in line,
With a quick picked ticket...
Hoping you will get it.

You've got that freedom!
And you don't have to stand in line...
To get picked to get it.
To yourself you can admit...

You don't have to limp one bit,
No.
Once you've got your freedom!
You don't have to poke your lips.
No.
Once you've got your freedom!
You don't have to mope with woes,
No.
Once you've got your freedom!
You can choose to sit or go.
You can move fast or move slow.
Oh,
Once you've got that freedom.
Once you've got that freedom.

Once you've got your freedom...
You don't have to stand in line,
With a quick picked ticket...
Hoping you will get it.

It's a healing feeling!

You don't have to limp one bit,
No.
Once you've got your freedom!
You don't have to poke your lips,
No,
Once you've got your freedom!
You don't have to mope with woes,

No,
Once you've got your freedom!
You can choose to sit or go.
You can move fast or move slow.
Oh,
Once you've got that freedom.
Free from pricks that needle.

It's a healing feeling!
Oh,
Once you've got that freedom.
Once you've got that freedom.
Once you've got that freedom.
It's a healing feeling!
Oh,
Once you've got that freedom.
Once you've got that freedom.
Once you've got that freedom.
It's a healing feeling!
Oh,
Once you've got that freedom.
Once you've got that freedom.
Once you've got that freedom.
It's a healing feeling!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It's A Matter Of Principle

It's a matter of principle.
And those excusing a lack of integrity...
Clearly exposed by those,
With low self esteem.
Upsets the ones who wish to keep,
The announcement of it...
Kept swept under a rug.

As they would rather keep facts like this...
Unknown!
Instead of to the world where it has been shown!
Insensitizing further...
A condition long condoned.

And it historically...
Has persisted with existence.
Unresisted since truth itself,
Has been dismissed.

Along with those who tell it like it is!
And doing that has long been regarded...
In some mindsets,
As too honest!
And an honesty spoken as it should be...
In some communities,
Brews a heated up negativity!
And 'this' is their collective purpose,
To unite in a positivity.
Proving them to have a dignity,
That is highly demented!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It's A Mind 'Thing'

Not another dance am I going to have with failure.
Now that I've come to realize,
I've been the one selecting...
The tone, the tune and movement of it.

It took me some time,
To understand my own whining...
Came from a rhythm,
I initiated within me.
And I sought failure as a partner.

I did.
And...
I had to qualify it.
That's how attracted to it I was.

I remember recently being asked to dance with sorrow.
It was a slow bluesy, tearjerker thing.
Oh, I was quite tempted until I saw it smiling.
And I thought, 'Why do I want to dance,
With that much empathy?
Ready to have me pacing back and forth,
All night on the floor.
Am I that much in need of pity?
I don't think so.'

So...
I sat down and cried until my eyes dried.
How could sorrow approach me like that?
As if I was that easy.

Not another dance am I going to have with failure.
Now that I've come to realize,
I've been the one selecting...
The tone, the tune and movement of it.

And I've discovered...
If I keep telling myself I am happy?
Blessed with joy and abundant good health?

Guess what?
There is no one on the planet,
That can tell me I am not.
'Cause I refuse to have it any other way.
It's a mind 'thing'.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It's A Soup Spoon

I see a spoon.
I have a bowl of icecream.
It's a soup spoon.
My icecream melts!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It's A Two Way Street

Some folks can not accept directness.
Especially if they have attempted to hide themselves,
Behind walls of protective insecurities.

They would like to voice their opinions,
With critique and judgements passed.
Hoping no one finds their state of mind,
Faltering with self delusion!

Directness gets to the heart of this.
One who does it is depicted as insensitive.
Or lacks tact.
However it is done,
One who is direct can not hold back!
And some on the receiving end feeling attacked...
Should apply and use it,
To restore a confidence.
Instead of masquerading one they lack!

It's a two way street.
And one should determine not to always travel it,
With intentions to arrive at their destination...
Just one way!
When someone has something to say...
No matter what it is,
Be willing to listen!
Even if the inclination is to resist!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It's A Wonderful Day. Isn'T It?

Pretentions got the best of you.
Remember...
My foolish accusations,
With an embittered negativity...
Would eventually be 'my' downfall?
I believe I quote you specifically.

In 'my' world...
I continue to feel blessed and grateful.
In 'your' world?
Well...
There seems to be a lot of 'reality'
You may need soon to acquaint...
With an acclaimation of your daily activities.

I need not be around for the festivities, however!
I am sure you'd rather be alone when the stunning comes.

And I say that with as much 'positivity' as I can muster!
Without the slightest hint of hustle and bustle,
You might want to add to your steps.
And...
May I add,
This smile that I show and expose...
Is genuine.

Ahhhh...
It's a wonderful day.
Isn't it?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It's About The Craft

It's about the craft.
And a consistency applied,
To prefect its presentation...
One who has no hesitation,
To sacrifice time.
Without a seeking for devices,
That provides an easy ride.

It's about the craft!
And those who are up to the task,
Need not to answer when asked...
What for them is thirsted first.
It's about the craft,
That has such a holding grasp...
No one can loosen to have it released.

'That's deep!
But what is it that has a hold on someone,
One knows and prefers to keep? '

A love for what it is,
One does.
With a seeking to reach greater heights.

'Wouldn't it be easier if you lowered your expectations? '

Who's craft is this?
You do...
As 'you' wish!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It's All A Poetry In Motion

Who is that complaining 'bout what is right?
And...
Who is that justifying how to live a life?
It's all a poetry in motion in the eyes of the ones who live,
In the cities.
And live it in the woods.
To live as they wish.
And do it as they should.

Who is that complaining 'bout what is right?
And...
Who is that justifying how to live a life,
One wants and chooses.
No matter who critiques,
With a wishing to approve.

It's all a poetry in motion in the eyes of the ones who live,
In the cities.
And live it in the woods.
To live a life they wish.
And do it as they choose.

It's all a poetry in motion in the eyes of the ones who live,
To let live.
And live to let live.
And lives,
To let live.
No matter how that is.

It's all a poetry in motion in the eyes of the ones who live,
In the cities.
And live it in the woods.
To live,
As they wish.
With a wanting as they should.

It's all a poetry in motion in the eyes of the ones who live.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It's All About The Feeling Giving

Go get that hot coco cup,
And fill it up to sit and sip...
Since,
It's all about the feeling giving.

As the seasons seem to slip,
To come and go quickly to dip.
It's all about the feeling giving.

To give a 'thanks' is an investment,
To receive and benefit.
'Cause...
It's all about the feeling giving.

Getting gifts to reminisce,
Is only part of it that fits...
'Cause,
It's all about the feeling giving.

Come what may,
Everyday that's over-rated...
It's,
All about the feeling giving.

Those holidays we love to celebrate,
Don't come to stay...
'Cause...
It's all about the feeling giving.

We hope with a faith and pray,
Dedicated...
To give a feeling someone's getting,
Come what may...
It's all about the feeling giving.
Come what may,
It's all about the feeling giving.

Go get that hot coco cup,
And fill it up to sit and sip...

Since,
It's all about the feeling giving.
Sit and sip to reminisce,
Since...
It's all about the feeling giving.
Everyday,
It's all about the feeling giving.
Come what may,
It's all about the feeling giving.
Come what may,
It's all about the feeling giving.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It's All About The Having Of Cash

It may not be real,
But as long as it appeals...
And increases someone's bottomline?
Who really cares?

It's all about the having of cash.

Isn't it?

Especially when truth,
Has never produced...
An honestly earned dime.
Not in these times we live.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It's All About The Work

Others may 'talk' about their efforts.
But only a few produce on a daily basis...
The 'work'.
With a doing of less lip!

Those who produce and 'with' effort,
Do their work and not 'talk' about it.
And...
With a doing to produce,
More excuses at no one's benefit.

Inspired by:
Rome Neal
Artistic Director,
of The Nuyorican Poets' Cafe.
Located in Lower Manhattan...New York City

'Thank you, Rome.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It's All Connected

You have preferences?
So do I.
But I don't conduct auditions.
Nor do I have an interview process.

If it doesn't happen in my heart...
Nothing from my head will communicate
A readiness between my legs to heat!
It's all connected.
In a package one gets and enjoys!
And loyal.

Which today...
Is as rare as finding a soda fountain,
In a drug store!
Selling hotdogs and hamburgers.

'Will that be a root beer float?
Cherry coke?
Relish or mustard and/or both,
With catsup and mayo on the burger...
With a side of fries?
Or did you want the dog plain? '

~Just how 'old' are you?
You may want to reconsider.
And either lower your requirements.
Or make adjustments to the times!
You know...
Revalue your expectations.
Either way...
It is clear you have updating in need,
Of much clarity...
To 'mingle' in these times we're living in! ~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It's All Done For Laughs

Oh...
I misunderstood.
I had no idea when you ran my dog over,
And keyed my car...
You intended that to be a joke.
And you didn't realize,
Your actions would provoke me,
To burn down your home!
How silly of me!
Since I do remember,
How you told my friends
I was the one breaking into their homes.
And stealing from them.
And ruining my integrity was hysterical.
I'm sure you will forgive my sense of humor,
When you discover I hired the neighborhood gang
To beat every member of your family's ass.
But don't worry about it...
It's all done for laughs!

'I think we should stop this,
Before someone gets hurt! '

HURT?
Hurt?
How can anyone get hurt,
When only a bit of fun has been done.
Right?

You invited me to this party.
And I'm not ready to leave.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It's All Good

If you're deep up in it,
It's all good.
And every minute that you give it,
It's all good.
With a reaching out of limits,
To satisfy desires...
Seeking dreams to get.
No matter what is said...
About your willing to take risks,
It's all good!

No matter what is said...
About your willing to take risks,
It's all good!
With a reaching out of limits,
To satisfy desires...
Seeking dreams to get.
It's all good!
And every minute that you give it,
You are deep up in it...
It's all good.

From the beginning to the end,
It you are pleased within...
It's all good.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It's All Mathematics

You+me=understanding
Us+understanding=communication
Communication+understanding=a bond
A bond+loyalty=love
Love+commitment=togetherness

A bond understanding togetherness,
Between you and me...
Equals communication and love.
It's all mathematics that minuses dramatics!
There can be no division once we've made this decision.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It's All Quite Relative

It's all quite relative and subjected to a fast pace.
That which one rates with choices made.
To delight the taste of one...
But to another might be low grade.

And people are known to change their minds,
Everyday and quick to adapt to that which does not stick.
To erase and add to an extensive preference list.
With a forgetting of an agenda to dismiss a need for it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It's An Addicting Need

Why are those who choose,
To express an ignorance...
Said and/or intended to do,
Get the attention they expect?
With this intention not only meant,
But knowing it might ignite an unrest expected?

To then...
Offend those who already know,
Biases spoken and comments made to be heard...
Will upset their sensitivities they are too immature,
To have left behind to leave...
With an acceptance to progress beyond validating,
And confirming they seek subservience sought to get...
To leave their minds consciously limited,
With feelings of being oppressed...
By those they rely to remind them of it?

'It's an addicting need.
One knows quitting provides benefits.
But too painful it is to do 'cold turkey'.
If you've got 'em smoke 'em.
If not...bum 'em.'

What do you mean?

'If those did not feed them this addiction,
The attention given would be missed.
So...
The doing of this continues to exist,
As if a prerequisite needing an approval? '

Exactly.
I see what you mean.
Like a belief one hates to leave.
Fearing to offend the 'pusher'.

'Exactly.
It's a doing that keeps them attached.

Like someone in a relationship feeling trapped.
But refuses to leave because they have adapted.
Although loving the argument,
Without an ending to that to not go back.'

Wanting to be submissive.
Yet having a preference to be dominated.
Once you've been made a 'bottom'.
Hard it is to go back being a 'top'.

'It's all in the observation.'

And a position one eventually prefers.
With the 'sheets' coming out every now and then...
To excite foreplay with an upcoming of attractions.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It's As Good As It Gets

It's as good as it gets.
A path one has chosen.
To finally witness the benefits.
It's as good as it gets.
To have doubts fade away.
With a commitment repaid.
It's as good as it gets.
To know one's kept faith,
With devotion and sacrifice...
Did not for periods of time stray.
After years of listening to others say,
Impossible dreams wished is a foolishness.
But it is as good as it gets,
When a foolishness to dream...
Becomes realized to see, feel and touch.
This...
Can not get any better than it is!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It's As If Insanity Is Intended

As long as the beatings seem to defeat,
They will be treated with signs of support.
And a feeling of camaraderie expressed.
Not to be aborted,
Or left to stress in distress.

And if a bloodied victory is obtained,
An elevation of goodwill is fostered and maintained.
But if rivels begin to attack.
And take advantage of that.
A boastering ceases in grief.
Until a declaration to defend comes to mask a weakness...
Competitors pretend with a fight to the bitter end.

'We are not accustomed to having our turf tampered.'
These words heard seem so out of place.

Is that the reason why filth remains on our inner city streets?
With empty souls,
Lost without those cheers wished.
That pamper, soothe and strengthen.
To over come those losses felt so deep?

~Those soldiers 'must' feel so discouraged! ~

Soldiers? What soldiers?
Oh!
Yeah.
But...
I am referring to those gang members,
Fighting one another.
As if their ignorance makes a difference,
To the declining quality of life.
Experienced by their fathers, mothers, sisters and brothers.

~What are the value of these wars being fought?
And for what reasons?
I am totally not understanding these conflicts.
And the purpose achieved by the display of such sickness!

It's as if insanity is intended.
At the cost of all of our expenses...
Literally! ~

I think you have a point.
But who not craving the taste for blood,
Is going to be satisfied enough to comprehend it?
The rare steak lovers?
Or the 'bling' bangers?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It's Back

It's back!
That love I had for you,
Has come back.
And I knew then we were through,
But it's back.
That love I had for you,
Has come back!
And I'm not sure if I'm liking it back...
Like that!

I remember when I couldn't sleep or eat,
Or even think...
Without you on my mind.
And, I remember leaving you alone to wonder...
If somebody else was shown,
A love I thought we owned.

And like that...
When I turned my back you met a match,
You said much better than me.
And like that...
You told me it was over!
You met someone much older.
Someone with warmer shoulders.

Before I knew it you were dropped,
By that one older.
And before I knew feelings stopped,
By that one older...
With warmer shoulders.
So on my door you thought you'd knock,
To see you weeping telling me...
I am that 'one' that you need.

And like that!
It's back...
That love I had for you,
Has come back.
And I knew then we were through,

But it's back.
That love I had for you,
Has come back!
And I'm not sure if I'm liking it back...
Like that!

But...
Glad I am we now can start a sequel.
A sequel you'll accept to never leave.
So glad I am you know we're different people.
People who can love each other,
And not deceive!

And like that!
It's back...
That love 'we' had together is back,
On track.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Its Been Already Done

Disbelieve this if you wish to keep deceived.
But it's already done...
To keep the mood of people lifted.
And already done,
To cool a truth untold.
With a doing to mum...
A numbing of the truth for more delusions to come.

Its been already done.
With unleashing sweetened teasers.
And already done,
To addict with hidden ease.
And automatically,
To have those persecuted to be viewed as fools...
While delusions kept for many is the tool they choose.

Disbelieve this if you wish to keep deceived.
Disbelieve this if deceiving is a thing you need.
Disbelieve this if you find it hard to breathe,
When the truth is to be rumored....
Around and found.

Disbelieve this if you wish to keep deceived.
Disbelieve this if deceiving is a thing you need.
Disbelieve this if you find it hard to breathe,
When the truth is to be rumored....
Around and found.

Disbelieve this if you wish to keep deceived.
But it's already done...
To keep the mood of people lifted.
And already done,
To cool a truth untold.
With a doing to mum...
A numbing of the truth for more delusions to come.

Disbelieve this if you wish to keep deceived.
Disbelieve this if deceiving is a thing you need.
Disbelieve this if you find it hard to breathe,

When the truth is to be rumored....
Around and found.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It's Been...Too Long, A Wait For Me

If you want romance,
Is there still a chance...
You could slip away,
From your quick and grab it habits...
And be fully medicated.

If you want romance,
Is there still a chance...
You could slip away,
From your quick and grab it habits...
And be fully medicated.

It's been...
Too long,
A wait for me.

I feel I should grab to have it.

It's been...
Too long,
A wait for me.

I feel I should grab to have it.

If you want romance,
Is there still a chance...
You could slip away,
From your quick and grab it habits...
And be fully medicated.

It's been...
Too long a wait for me.

Do I stand a chance?

It's been...
Too long,
A wait from me.

Could there be romance,
To have our hearts continue dancing?

It's been...
Too long,
A wait for me.
And my heart is mended now,
With no sorrows that I borrow.
Or drag in to meet tomorrow.

It's been...
Too long,
A wait for me.

With no sorrows that I borrow.
And a heart that's mended now.

It's been...
Too long,
A wait for me.

With no sorrows that I borrow.
And a heart that's mended now.

It's been...
Too long,
A wait for me.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It's Better Not To Butter Bitterness

It's better not to butter bitterness.
Discuss it...
Then let it go.

Don't let it sit,
To discover it has become a chip
On your shoulder.

Forgiving and forgetting,
Is a goal one can finally reach.
Once the sweetness has been squeezed,
From pretense and anger.

It's better not to butter bitterness.
Especially when some folks,
Love to keep others roasted.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It's Called Identity

Persistent with consistent relevance,
That stays fresh and relates to what is current...
Yet slow to others to be felt to feel to be revealed,
Has a way of never becoming outdated.
Although berated when first exposed.

Innovative creations initiated with implementation,
Has a way of leaving those who 'follow' trends and fads,
The last to accept changes or grasp onto their effectiveness.
To detest them with protesting.
Vocalizing wishes to have them censored or banned.

And when people do approve of new ideas appearing...
It is as if,
Those who are persistent with consistent relevance...
Are eventually forgiven from being considered suspects.
Since those who 'then' protested now choose today to impress.

'Why are they walking around,
As if they are full of dignity and pride? '

~It's called identity.
For some reason it's the rage and has been accepted.~

'And I remember when that was called 'arrogance'.'

~What a difference self awareness makes.
Maybe we should try it.~

'But...
Aren't you afraid some people not ready will reject us? '

~Yeah, you're right.
We don't want to offend anyone.
Let's see how long this fad lasts.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Its Clarity Remains Unchanged

It is all there,
And very clear.
Those pieces fit.
Although you have chosen them,
To toss and disappear.
You wish to envision another picture,
To frame.
But the one that may disturbs...
Will be the one unclaimed.
However...
Its clarity remains unchanged.
It is all there,
And very clear.
Your rejection of it...
Has produced an imagination,
Induced by your fears!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It's Clean Up Time

'What's the problem here? '

Officer,
This Negro has the audacity to be arrogant.
The nerve to walk with dignity!
As IF a condoning of his identity,
Has been approved.
Would you please issue him a citation!
I have friends who have come from out of town to visit,
And we wish to see burdened and depressed images.
His presence has ruined our tour!
And that is why you have been summoned!

'I see!
President Obama?
I apologize for this inconvenience.
But why aren't you in the White House?
You have been elected to carry forth our wishes.
You are to uphold 'our' values and standards of life!
Why are you here? '

~My campaign advocated change!
And no longer will there be a tolerance,
Of some folks believing they can come and smuggle...
The best fried chicken and town,
And not give credit where credit is due!
No longer will these recipes be stolen.
No longer will dance movements be lifted...
Or music plagiarized.
Unique customs or studies done,
To disadvantage those where they have originated.
When I said we are going to spread the wealth...
I meant an end will come to those who steal these 'resources'
And leave the creators penniless, mocked and degraded!
I've come to put a stop to it! ~

Arrest him officer...
He can not do this to us!
What will we do?

That has been our 'interest'...
And the foundation of our way of life for generations.
How are we going to survive?

'President Obama?
Any comments? '

~Yes!
I recommend everyone on the bus...
To get off.
We are going to begin the first steps,
Of my civic pride initiative.
After this ethnic feast we are about to have...
All of us are going to get down and funky,
With some good old fashioned discipline.
Unlike any known before!
Trust me...
Your nonsense is going to be remembered,
As child's play!
Grab a broom!
That means you too, officer!
It's clean up time! ~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It's Cool

It's cool,
If there's no content...
In what you say or do.
It's cool,
If no one comprehends,
With a meaning that's approved.

No one carries a single thought
To improve a life so screwed.

It's cool,
If there's no content...
In what you say or do.
It's cool,
If no one comprehends,
With a meaning that's approved.

No one carries a single thought
No one carries a single thought
No one carries a single thought
To improve a life so screwed.

It's cool,
If there's no content...
In what you say or do.
It's cool,
If no one comprehends,
With a meaning that's approved.

No one carries a single thought
No one carries a single thought
No one carries a single thought
To improve a life so screwed.

No one carries a single thought
No one carries a single thought
No one carries a single thought
To improve a life so screwed.

It's cool
No one has a single thought
It's cool
No one has a single thought
It's cool
No one has a single thought
To improve a life so screwed.

It's cool,
If there's no content...
In what you say or do.
It's cool,
If no one comprehends,
With a meaning that's approved.

No one carries a single thought
To improve a life so screwed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Its Created Existence

How can anyone be judged and tried,
And sentenced for any wrong doing.
In places known to be delusional,
And fantasized.
Buildings have been erected,
Just to encase the creation of laws and reasons!
To satisfy a power base crushing from within.

How can anyone be judged and tried,
And sentenced for wrong doing.
How did that wrongdoing begin?
There is no escaping,
From its created existence.
Where would one go...
To seek a truth pursued?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It's Difficult To Abruptly Change

It's difficult,
To abruptly change a tour through life...
Of those taught lessons to learn and follow.
Without understanding,
They too have been misguided.

It's difficult,
To ask questions to get answers...
From the ones who say,
Changes must be done and right away.
For purposes to correct false steps accepted.
Without perceiving them deceivers to suspect.

So difficult it is to approach a closing door.
A door told would always remain open.
And had an abundance inside from ceiling to floor.
But a sign upon that door now reads:
'Your expectations to find here are no more.'

It's difficult to watch,
People unrest protesting the facts.
And out of control with wishes their delusions sold,
Be left intact and honored.
It's difficult to stop addictions to end...
When people believe they are entitled to them.

It's difficult to abruptly change a tour through life,
Of those taught lessons to learn and follow.
Without understanding to comprehend their plight.
Or to realize they too have been misguided.
To not know the right paths to take existed.
And any questions to ask were quickly dismissed.

It's difficult to reject those given permission,
To wish and dream for things they can receive.
With it then told to them,
Opportunities offered had, in fact, been teased.
And any addictions needing a quick fix,
Are better to forget their expectations of it.

~What do we want? ~
'Our delusions.'
~When do we want them? ~
'NOW.'
~And what do we want? ~
'Our delusions.'
~And WHEN? ~
'Right NOW.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It's Difficult To Keep

It's difficult to keep,
A truth to smother hidden.
As if to be forbidden,
From minds to have it ridden.
It's difficult to keep,
A fantasy to live.
When the cost of it depletes.
And those who are addicted,
From protesting in the streets.
It's so difficult to keep,
Ignoring that a consciousness is gone.
And it to keep,
Dimming minds to turn them off from on.
And it to keep,
Eyes to close to shut to finally blind.
And it to keep,
Deceptions.
To accept them.

It is difficult to keep,
A madness of fanatics.
Not to feel it systematic.
Or suspect it has intention,
To make everybody crazed.
It's so difficult to keep,
Ignoring that a consciousness is gone.
And it to keep,
Dimming minds to turn them off from on.
And it to keep,
Eyes to close to shut to finally blind.
And it to keep,
Deceptions to delude many will find.

It's difficult to keep,
A truth to smother hidden.
As if to be forbidden,
From minds to have it ridden.
It's so difficult to keep,
A fantasy to live.

When the cost of it depletes.
And those who are addicted,
From protesting in the streets.
It is difficult to keep,
Ignoring that a consciousness is gone.
And it to keep,
Dimming minds to turn them off from on.
And it to keep,
Eyes to close to shut to finally blind.
And it to keep,
Deceptions to delude many will find.
And it to keep,
Not that difficult to open minds.
And it to keep,
Not that difficult to know it done!
But...
Some will always wonder 'why',
They relied on telling told lies.
To keep them deep in sleep.
And hypnotized to feed defeat.
With more to do it to be baptized.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Its Distance From Comprehension

A mind closed,
Will always announce...
With unsolicited opinion,
Its distance from comprehension.
As lips never meet,
On a mouth unfamiliar with silence.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It's Dope, Fresh And Sick

I once had been told to fear ignorance.
And not accept its appearance,
Wherever it was I went.
And not knowing why,
That message intended was to me mentioned...
With a doing I received to give it attention,
Everyday I began to recognize with widened eyes...
What that message to me sent meant.
However...
Not in the message had it been revealed,
How would I go about ignoring...
That which has been accepted with so much appeal?
And 'if' ignorance is accepted with such reverence,
Would it be to my benefit if I was suspected...
To not give respect to what is overwhelmingly worshipped.

So...
Whever I go these days,
I make sure I wear a hat and sunglasses...
In the hopes I am not showing any intelligence,
To threaten anyone suspicious...
I am using my mind to think independently.

'You look stupid dressed like that.
But it's dope, fresh and sick! '

Thank you, so much.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It's Easy To Walk In Someone Else's Shoes

It's easy to walk in someone else's shoes.
And to feel what it takes to place their footsteps...
With mistakes made.
To never look back with a moving forward unafraid.

Just ask anyone who has done that!
There are so many...
Standing on the sidelines with a giving of their opinion.

Ask anyone one of them to confront their own fears,
As others near watch...
Dissecting everything that someone else exposes,
While listening to those who oppose and show it.

It's easy to walk in someone else's shoes.
And yet...
As easy as it is,
Those heard passing their judgements...
Are not so quick to prove those shoes on them will fit.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It's Flu Season

What nonsense is this?
Flu now has an anticipated season?
And people are predicted to get sick?

Like the selling of costumes for Halloween,
Flu season signs everywhere can be seen.
'Stop and get your shots.
And while you are at it pick up your tricks and treats.
It's Flu season and your kids are in school.
Don't be foolish...
Get a shot for you.'

I remember when it was rare to even get sick.
And when someone got a cold,
In two weeks they were over it.

Today someone can get ill and have chills for a month.
And people who fear this,
Can now be seen in long lines to be screened,
With a getting of a dose...
To chase away flu symptoms as if they were ghosts.
How appropriate to sell with costumes as well.

I remember when it was rare to even get sick.
And when someone got a cold,
In two weeks they were over it.

'Stop and get your shots.
And while you are at it pick up your tricks and treats.
It's flu season and your kids are in school.
Don't be foolish...
Get a shot for you.
No appointment necessary.
Stop, shop and get your shots! '

What nonsense is this?
Flu now has an anticipated season?
And people are predicted to get sick?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It's Hanging There

It's been revealed with a figuring out.
But are the people,
Are the people aware of it.
That it has been...
Figured out.
And it's now,
Out and about.

Its been figured out.
But still disbelieving,
Are the ones who run their mouths.
With a nonsense that reflects,
Deception.

And it's hanging in there,
East, West, North and South.
And it's hanging in there,
East to the West, North and South.
And it's hanging in there,
East, West heading to the North and South.
And it's hanging in there,
East, West, North and from the South.
And it's hanging in there...
Figured out!

Yet still disbelieving,
Are the ones who run their mouths.
With a nonsense that reflects,
Deception.
And truth unamused,
Has...
Figured it out.
To leave those hanging in there,
East, West, North and from the South.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It's Hard Not To Look Back

It's hard not to look back,
On those places left to leave.
It's so hard not to look back,
On experienced memories.
Without revisiting an intention,
Meant to forgive but a grief still breathes.
To sit with it reminisced as if,
A feeding on it relieves.
But it bleeds.

It's hard not to look back,
On acts someone else has done.
And it's hard to know it fact,
A deception of a loved one to know...
Forgiveness given with it wished,
Isn't easy.

It's hard not to look back,
On those places left to leave.
It's so hard not to look back,
On experienced memories.
And whoever says it's best to forgive,
Aren't the ones living regret...
Of having to have met someone,
Difficult to forget.

It's hard not to look back.
When memories to have feed on facts.
It's hard not to look back.
It is hard not to look back.
It is...
When memories to have feed on facts.
It's hard not to look back.
It is, it is hard not to look back.

It's hard not to look back.
It is...
When memories to have feed on facts.
It's hard not to look back.

It is, it is hard not to look back.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It's Hard To Grow

Little do they know,
Each season has an ending.
With one clean sweep...
What was no longer is to be!

It's hard to grow,
And go through doors that have to close.
But for them...
They want these doors stayed open.

But they've been stopped...
Hitting bottom from the top.
Dropped and blocked.

Little do they know,
Each season has an ending...
Swoosh
With one clean sweep...
What was no longer is to be!
Oh Lawd it's hard to grow,
And go through doors that have to closssssuup.
But for them...
They want these doors stayed open.

Little do they know,
Each season has an ending.
With one clean sweep...
What was no longer is to be!

It's hard to grow,
And go through doors that have to close.
But for them...
They want these doors stayed open.
But for them...
They want these doors stayed open.
But for them...
These doors will not be opened again!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It's Hard To Reach Out To People

Too many people nap and nod.
To awaken to escape or dodge...
Those moments that,
Come and stun.
Those moments that,
Numb some!

Too many people nap and nod.
To awaken to escape or dodge...
Those moments that,
Come and stun.
Those moments that,
Numb some!

It's hard to reach out to people,
Who don't believe in keeping in touch...
With themselves so much.

And it's hard to reach out to people,
Who don't believe in keeping in touch...
But will cuss and fuss.

Too many people nap and nod.
To awaken to escape or dodge...
Those moments that,
Come and stun.
Those moments that,
Numb some!

And it's hard to reach out to people,
Who don't believe in keeping in touch...
But will cuss and fuss.

It's hard to reach out to people,
Who don't believe in keeping in touch...
With themselves so much.

Yes it's hard to reach out to people,
Who don't believe in keeping in touch...

With themselves so much.

And it's hard to reach out to people,
Who don't believe in keeping in touch...
But will cuss and fuss.

It's hard to reach out to people,
Who are out of mind and out of touch.
It's hard to reach out to people,
Who want to cuss and fuss so much.
It's hard to reach out to people,
Who are out of mind and out of touch.
It's hard to reach out to people,
Who want to cuss and fuss so much.
It's hard to reach out to people,
Who want to cuss and fuss so much.
It's hard to reach out to people,
Who want to cuss and fuss so much.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It's In The Boom Boom That Fades

It's in the boom boom that fades.
It's in the boom boom decayed.
It's in the boom boom,
Mistakes made,
Are...
Erased away.

And...
Too many laid off to stay.
Too many losing their faith.
Too many complications suffocating dedicated people...
Gone unpaid.

It's in the boom boom that fades.
It's in the boom boom decayed.
It's in the boom boom,
Mistakes made,
Are...
Erased away.

And...
Too many laid off to stay.
Too many losing their faith.
Too many complications suffocating dedicated people...
Gone unpaid.

Shakened are the people,
Who are turned away from locking doors.
Shakened are the people,
Who are turned away from locking doors.
Shakened are the people,
Who are turned away from locking doors.
Shakened are the people turning backs on their beliefs.

And...
Too many laid off to stay.
Too many losing their faith.
Too many complications suffocating dedicated people...
Gone unpaid.

It's in the boom boom that fades.
It's in the boom boom decayed.
It's in the boom boom,
Mistakes made,
Are...
Erased away.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It's In The Culture

It is in the culture.
Fed to accept,
Deception.

Everyday it's there and in the culture.
Fed to accept,
Deception.
And to reject...
The telling of truth.

It's...
In the culture.
A feeding to accept,
Deception.

Oh,
And...
Everyone expects to be deceived.
And...
Everyone expects they should believe in lies.
And despise...
Believers and the tellers of truth.

It is in the culture.
Fed to accept,
Deception.

Everyday it's there and in the culture.
Fed to accept,
Deception.
And to reject...
The telling of truth.

Oh yes it's there and everywhere,
In the culture.
A feeding to accept,
Deception.
Everywhere and there to believe,
A feeding of deception to receive.

Everyday it's there and in the culture.
Fed to accept,
Deception.
And to reject and disrespect...
The telling of truth.

Booted or diluted is the truth.
Oh...
It's in the culture.
And...
The telling of the truth,
Few people do.
Oh...
It's in the culture.
And...
The telling of the truth,
Few people do.
Oh...
It's in the culture.
And...
The telling of the truth,
Few people do.
Oh...
The telling of the truth,
Few people do.
Oh...
It's in the culture.
And...
The telling of the truth,
Few people do.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It's In The Message

It's in the message that is a benefit.
It's in the message that is left that is effective,
If...
The one who comprehends the message meant.
And...
If the message sent to them makes any sense.
And...
The understanding of it doesn't get them bent,
Out of shape.
Or brings heartache.
And that message is received,
As a gift to take.

It's in the message that is a benefit.
It's in the message that is left that is effective,
If...
The one who comprehends the message meant.
And...
If the message sent to them makes any sense.
And...
The understanding of it doesn't get them bent,
Out of shape.
Or brings heartache.
And the message is received,
As a gift to take.

It's in the message that arrives...
And one will take.
It's in the message that delivers...
A statement made!
And taken...
As a gift!

Yes,
It's in the message that is a benefit.
And...
It's in the message for the one who makes some sense of it.
And admits,
It benefits...

To believe.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It's Just Another Day

Another senseless public shooting.
Another day to depict someone crazed.
Another dismissing of entitlements and rights,
As to the reasons why people...
Are running for their lives in broad daylight,
While a society diminishes with blinded insights...
To blame their quality of life on kept delusions.
And one who leads as responsible,
For the increase of their madness.

It's just another day,
For denials and deceptions to be accepted.
It's just another day,
For those who cheat, lie, deceive and abuse,
To make claims of any wrongdoing.
It's just another day,
To defend acts of treason.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It's Just That Simple

I'm not going to make it easy for you!
Don't think it
I'm not going to do what you expect me to do.
'Been there...done that,
Not going back! '
To expectations
You once approved.
I've moved from that space,
And smothering anticipations!

If you want to ride with me...
That has to be done by my side.
I've said goodbye to explanations!
I've tried to confide.

Witness this journey with me...
Or stay where you are!
It's just that simple.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It's Just Too Familiar

What secrets left could anyone have,
That has sold everything of value...
Because of a feeding of greed?
And the price was right.

What secrets left could anyone have,
That threatens a way of life...
Someone in the past did not prioritize,
Because of an absence of one's integrity?

Maybe the director of this movie,
Should have found another way to tell this story.
It's just too familiar.
And the outcome is predictable.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It's Kinetic

It's kinetic.
Active and lively.
Relating to a motion noticed.
And...
Shown with a focus that can be,
Denoted.

It's kinetic,
And assists in erotic zones.
It's kinetic,
Never isolated or alone.
It's kinetic,
And everyone can say they own it...
A piece of this movement.

It's kinetic,
And assists in erotic zones.
It's kinetic,
Never isolated or alone.
It's kinetic,
And everyone can say they own it...
A piece of this movement.

It's kinetic.
'I don't care what others condone.'
But it's kinetic.
'I just want to be alone.'
Even if it is kinetic?
'You can do it by yourself alone...
THAT movement.'

But it's kinetic.
'I just want to be alone.'
It's kinetic.
'I don't care what others condone.'
Even if it is kinetic?
'You can do it by yourself alone...
THAT movement.'

It's kinetic,
And assists in erotic zones.
It's kinetic,
Never isolated or alone.
It's kinetic,
And everyone can say they own it...
A piece of this movement.

It's kinetic.
Active and lively.
Relating to a motion noticed.
And...
Shown with a focus that can be,
Denoted.
And...
Better when shared.

It's kinetic,
And assists in erotic zones.
It's kinetic,
Never isolated or alone.
It's kinetic,
And everyone can say they own it...
A piece of this movement.
And it's...
Better when shared.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It's Like An Impatience Waiting

The hour for the last time,
You allow someone to get on your nerves...
Approaches.
And something inside of you knows it.
It's like an impatience waiting,
To pop the cork...
On a bottle of champagne.

The hour for the last time,
You allow someone to get on your nerves...
Approaches.
And unaware is this person,
They assist in helping you to celebrate...
A time in your life,
You thought would never come!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It's Like An Odyssey

Your modesty has started,
And it's something I now feel...
Comes from your heart.
Deep it is and it is real.
I hope it never will depart.

Congratulations.
You should be elated.
Congratulations.
You should celebrate.
Congratualtions,
Not everyone can state it...
That they have now arrived,
with this feeling felt inside.

It's like an odyssey!
when a modesty gets started.
Just like an odyssey...
One takes to never leave.
It's like an odyssey.
Your modesty.

Congratulations.
You should be elated.
And...
Congratulations.
You should celebrate this.
And...
Congratualtions,
Not everyone can state...
That they have now arrived,
with this feeling felt inside.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It's Like That

There were many shadows,
From time to time...
In my mind,
Just hiding there...
In those crevices and cracks.

There were many shadows,
Wearing hats and caps...
And their faked grins...
Following me,
Like that.

There were many shadows,
Seen in my mind.
Shadows I'd see behind,
Other shadows...
Keeping me awake.
I could not shake them.

With messages to deliver.
Messages for me...
To pay attention.
And...
That's a fact.

People get the message,
Just like that.
And berate it with attitude.
People get the message,
Like that.
People get the message,
Like that.
Yet berated it with attitude.
And...
It's like that.
Open your eyes to facts.
And, it's like that.
That's a fact.

Wishing to stay abused and confused...
There are people just like that.
And that's a fact.

People get the message,
Just like that.
But they believe that they can pay...
To have things done their way,
And...
People get the message,
Just like that.
And too late...
That's a fact.

People get the message,
Just like that.
And berate it with attitude.
Wishing to stay abused and confused...
Just like that.
And that's a fact.

There were many shadows,
From time to time...
In my mind,
Just hiding there...
In those crevices and cracks.

There were many shadows,
Wearing hats and caps...
And their faked grins...
Following me,
Like that.

People get the message,
Like that..
But berated it with attitude.
And...
Today we see it living.
With moody blues to choose,
And...
It's a fact.
It's like that.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It's Like This...

It's like this...
Whatever you are now seeing,
But did not see then.
Or refused to see it for what it was,
Has not changed!

The reason it is in your focus,
Is you now find it on your back!
And you believe it is something,
You can brush or shake off!
Just like that.
You know...
Like something you've been accustomed,
To doing.

However,
It's like this...
That chip you carried on your shoulder?
Well,
It is now a boulder.
And,
It's like this...
You are not the only one carrying it,
Either.

Expect it to be there for a while.
Since you and the others...
Have more now in common than your realize!
And whatever was allowed to be put where it is...
Is yours.

You claimed it!
That is why it is there!
If it wasn't what you wanted,
It would not exist!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It's Mine To Own

Just give me my prize!
For a life lived...
Both bold and wise.

Just give me my prize!
Un-itemized it.
It's mine to own.

Just give me my prize.
I accept it.
Now I can connect.
Inside...
I connect it.
Now I can accept.
Those feelings I cried...
With heartache.
Deep in my chest!

I accept it.
Now I can connect.

I accept it.
Now I can connect.

Just give me my prize!
I accept it.
Now I can connect.
Inside...
I accept it.
Now I can connect.

Those feelings I cried...
With heartache.
Deep in my chest!

I accept it.
Now I can connect.
Just give me my prize!
Un-itemized it.

It's mine to own.

I accept it.
Now I can connect.
It's mine to own.
I accept it.
Now I can connect.
It's mine to own.

Just,
Give me my prize I accept it.
It's mine to own.

I accept it.
Now I can connect.
My own.

I accept it.
Now I can connect.
My own.

I accept it.
Now I can connect.
My own.

Just give me my prize,
I accept it.
It's mine alone!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It's My Faith

What is it that keeps you committed.
And...
What is it that gives you a benefit.
And,
What is it that makes that strong knit..
Bonded as if sealed.

What is it that keeps you committed.
And...
What is it that gives you a benefit.
And,
What is it that makes that strong knit...
Bonded as if sealed.

'Faith can make not break.
If you've got it.
Faith can make not break.
If you've got it.
Faith can make not break.'

What is it that keeps you committed.
And...
What is it that gives you a benefit.
And,
What is it that makes that strong knit...
Bonded as if sealed.

'Faith can make not break.
If you've got it.
Faith can make not break.
If you've got it.
Faith can make not break.'

What is it that keeps you committed.
'Faith!
The faith I've got can't break.'

And what is it that gives you a benefit.
'Faith!

The faith I've got can't break.'

And what is it that makes that strong knit.
'Faith!
The faith I've got can't break.'

What is it that keeps you committed.
And...
What is it that gives you a benefit.
And,
What is it that makes that strong knit..
Bonded as if sealed.

'It's my faith!
And...
The faith I've got can't break.
It's my faith!
And...
The faith I've got wont shake.
It's my faith!
And...
That's the way it is.
It's my faith!
And...
The faith I've got can't break.
It's my faith!
And...
The faith I've got wont shake.
It's my faith!
And...
That's the way it is.
It's my faith!
And...
It's my faith!
And...
It's my faith!
And...
That's the way it is.
FAITH! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It's My Home

It may be a box.
And, not have a lock.
It may not have a window,
To look out a lot.
And it could be a bench,
Made of wood not cement.
It may be made from bushes,
With some sticks as a fence.
But what you see is my home.
Where I live and alone.
Yes, it's my home.
No need to mention its condition.
What you see is my home.
Where I live and alone.
And I ask for no approval,
Since it's mine to condone.

It may be a box.
And not have a lock.
It might not have a single window,
To look out from a lot.
But, it's my home.
Where I live and alone.
Yes, it's my home.
And to me its in mint condition.
This is my home.
Where I live and alone.
And I ask for no approval,
Since it's mine to condone.

'You live in a 'what'?
Home?
LOLOLOL.'

It may be a box,
Without a key or a lock.
It may not meet to your approval,
But I like it a lot.
And, it's my home.

Where I live and alone.
To ask no one for their approval,
Since it's mine to condone.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It's Never Too Late

An influence not received,
By young children unfamiliar with discipline...
In their most impressionable and growing up years,
Is almost impossible to prioritize.
Especially when those disguises,
Have been tried on and adorned.

Listening to a lecture delivered by either mom or dad,
When a sitting behind prison bars...
Has been an effective sentence given.
Aspects then mentioned about moral values...
And the benefits of maintaining good sportsmanship,
Is about as meaningful with content...
As dangling a steak in front of a starving dog.

What purpose is a lesson to teach...
To captivate with imagination,
If the classroom has been long cleared of its students?
And every avenue to one's learning process,
Has been padlocked.

Those who argue it's never too late,
To initiate the implementation of an investment...
With the expectation of dividends,
That will benefit handsomely the lives of their children?
Well...
Not to be perceived as a pessimist,
There are those times when one waits much too long...
To get an effective message across.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It's No Act

Those who have awaited too late,
Procrastinating to hesitate...
To catch up with a speeding done,
Of a fast paced reality they chose to believe...
If ignored to deny they could escape from the truth!
And from it hide.

But those days do come and from many they leave.
With a belief the ones who have struggled daily,
To face and remove obstacles...
Should and would be at their disposal to dispense,
Experiences to share and at 'their' expense.
And should express excitement and overwhelming joy!

Although annoyed but yet empathetic...
Some try to do their best,
To explain each step ahead one may expect.
And with a sitting down patiently,
This attempt comes next.
With a doing that is suspected to be effective.

'You seem to be irritated with me.'

~Once again...
'We'...you and I, are now outside.
And that light you see in the sky,
Is referred to as the Sun.~

'Wait a minute.
Wait a minute.
I need to write this down.
You are rushing through this too fast.
These lessons aren't easy for me to come.'

~I'm not qualified to provide you with basic training.~

'Ooooo...
Getting a little testy are we?
Your ride on a high horse gives you reason to believe,

You know so much and people like me are beneath?
You 'act' as if asking you a few questions is a waste of time.
And you find people like me to be just too slow in mind! '

~Which ever way you put it...
The fact of it is,
It's no act!
And to leave you with the taking of this positive note,
Invite more Sun for you to come.
Welcome IT and the being provoked.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It's Not Realistic

It's not realistic,
That everyone can live so posh.
To be massaged and sit in spas.
Or fly in private jets.
Nibbling on petite fours,
And the best of caviar.

It is not realistic,
Everyone can be a 'star'.
Followed by an entourage.
Or rush quickly to a chauffeur driven,
Corniche Rolls Royce car.
Parked outside of the Ritz Hotel.

No.
It isn't realistic,
To have someone shop for them.
While they pop champagne,
To dropp a big tip after eating something exquisite.
As adorning fans watch.
From behind guards who block,
Closer approaches.

It's.
Just not for everyone,
Realistic.
Even for those wishing,
As they sit on a dock fishing..
For Tuna in the Ozarks.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It's Not The Fabric

It's not the fabric.
It is the tampering with the pattern,
To sell it as quality...
That has begun to show an unravelling,
At the seams of a once highly regarded product.
We need those who are competent.
We've already sought the impressive cheap way of doing things.
And look what that has done to our appearance.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It's Odd We Call You God

Where are You?
Your presence is felt
And my faith keeps You near.
It is clear that I am watched
By forces I can't stop...
Or identify in form.
Yet You adorn my space,
With energy that takes me higher.
With irreplaceable desire,
That keeps a 'light' that is charged!
It's odd we call you God...
When everything You are
Is so much more than a three letter word,
Spoken to encourage those...
To enclose You in some 'shell'
To propose our thoughts to You,
In prayer.
There...
Like a genie in a bottle to be rubbed,
And commanded to dish out wishes!
Hopes and dreams.
Everywhere You are...
There seems to be a vastness that exists.
And 'we' are within this wonder.
Is 'this' You?
Is the nothingness that is everything...
You?
And because of this...
We can not resist seeing You in us?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It's Okay If You Blow Me Off

It's okay if you blow me off.
Who knows,
I might even like it.

I am certain I will,
Land on my feet somewhere else.
To again explore and adapt.

Experiences enforced,
With an embracing done, of course...
To a new location,
Could be the best remedy for me.
We'll see.

It's okay if you blow me off.
Who knows,
I might even like it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It's Parked Outside

What are those guys talking about?

'I have no clue!
Someone should tell them
Wearing costumes to class is rather childish!
Especially that one in that metallic, hooded suit!
What kind of fashion statement is that?
And you should see that 'thing' they got out of!
Go look.
It's parked outside!
Or...
Part of it is parked outside.
And don't look up...
The size of that, whatever it is,
Is tremendous!
How is your Arabic coming along? '

Not too bad.
But this Chinese is extremely difficult!
Did you enjoy the Mexican food we had last night?

'I decided I would try the Korean.
That African buffet was excellent also! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Its Presence

Can you see it?
Can you feel it?
Can you perceive...
Conceive, receive and believe it?
You will!
Nothing will prevent 'Its' presence!
Endorsing remorse,
Is not the cause...
Or the course of this mission!
Keep your eyes open!
There is no use for a closed mind now!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It's Quicker, Easier And Far More Efficient

How can you predict,
What that person does for another...
Will not be appreciated?

'Predict?
I'm an observer.'

What have you done for anyone 'lately'?

'Not a thing.
I've learned to observe,
With lessons taught to me early.
Most of those who do for others with a giving done,
Are soon critiqued for their deeds.
To then be shown disrespect by the ones,
Who sit to benefit from the efforts made of doers.
And not lift a finger to assist but wish to get paid.'

Everybody is not like that.

'I wouldn't know about 'everybody'.
I don't request from others to take a survey.
I'm an observer.
It's quicker, easier and far more efficient.
And free of contradiction...
Without wasting time soliciting the minds of hypocrities.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It's Quite Simple

It's quite simple.
If you can not choose to respect me,
As an invited quest...
Within the confines of my home,
What makes you think...
I would open up my peaceful place,
To share space with you...
As a roommate!

And you will be free to come and go,
Doing as you please and I have no say so.
And you suggest I honor your request...
To leave you and 'unintroduced' unknowns alone!
Within the walls of my home?

My home is valued with a peace I condone.
Here is no clubhouse.
Where members pay monthly dues,
And free to roam.

It's quite simple.
If you can not choose to respect me,
As an invited quest...
Within the confines of my home,
What makes you think...
I would open up my peaceful place,
To share space with you...
As a roommate to occupy my throne.
And I watch...
As if housekeeper.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It's Reality That's Making People Real Mad

Status quoters on the ropes with hopes...
They could pull times long passed,
Back to have them in their grasp.
Since realities created,
Slips quickly and fast.

Status quoters on the ropes with hopes...
For a return of conditions,
When they had control of it!
And now they see no benefit,
To pick from empty pockets.

Elected politicians seem to dismiss all their wishes.
And people who had missions to keep all their interests fixed...
Thought paying politicians would keep business as it is.

Ooooooo remember when a hoopla was favored?
Ooooooo remember when this hoopla had flavor,
To savor!

Status quoters on the ropes with hopes...
They could pull times long passed,
Back to have them in their grasp.
Since realities created,
Slips quickly and fast.

Ooooooo remember when a hoopla was favored?
Ooooooo remember when this hoopla had flavor,
To savor!

Now realities are slipping quickly and fast.
Ooooooo remember when a hoopla was the favored flavor?
Now realities are slipping quickly and fast.
Ooooooo remember when a hoopla was the favored flavor?
Now realities are slipping quickly and fast.
Ooooooo remember when a hoopla was the favored flavor?
Now realities are slipping quickly and fast.

And reality is making people real mad!

Ooooooo...
It's reality that's making people real mad.
It's reality that's making people real mad.
It's reality that's making people real mad.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It's Refreshing To See Discovery Displayed

It's refreshing to see discovery displayed,
For the first time in the eyes of others.
It's refreshing to see those moments,
When unexpected acceptance comes.
And undone becomes a mystery revealed.

Like someone being surprised without hint or clue.
It's refreshing to see discovery displayed like that.
It's refreshing when done to someone to show,
Appreciation for that which one does to do.
And to do with an independence that is dependable.

It's refreshing to see discovered independence like that.
With a witnessing of it displayed unexpectedly,
To then show appreciation and acceptance...
For a deed one does to believe it is being perceived,
Unreaveled and not expecting what's done to be noticed.

It's refreshing to see discovery displayed,
For the first time in the eyes of others.
It's refreshing to see those moments,
When unexpected acceptance comes.
And undone becomes a mystery revealed.

It's refreshing to see discovery displayed,
When unexpected acceptance is shown...
With a doing done for another,
To show appreciation for deeds done...
Someone does to do with no expectations.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It's Seldom Easy

Whether sliding to the bottom.
Or climbing from it,
To reach the top.
It's seldom easy doing either.
When one's efforts endeavored,
Maintains initiative.
With little rest to get.
Or a ceaseless motivation,
Unrelenting to permit it.
No matter who critiques,
The one not eating to think...
About sleep or thoughts,
Others with judgements...
Will always have to pass.

It's seldom easy,
Listening to others...
Who perceive themselves to be,
The judge 'and' jury.
And,
The only ones on Earth...
Anyone would kill to please.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It's Sick

Sick and representing timeless style.
In sound or dress that progresses a forwardness.
Something that moves away from a staleness grooved.
And proves to be 'hip' with attention given to it.
Fresh and with a trend to set.
That which sticks and generates excitement quick,
Determines what stays as an unsatiable craving.

'Where has this been?
I like it.
It's sick.
For me it fits.
It's ridiculous!
I am ready for this epidemic.
And I've got to have it until it addicts.
That's how sick it is.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Its Significance

Substance and its significance,
Is as nonexistent as expressed courtesy.
Consideration shown like that for others is rare.
Forget expecting the exchange of respect.
Some people immediately believe this to be weakness.
Few are committed to truth or the strength of kept honesty.
To be attached to devotion, loyalty and integrity is suspect

The teaching of discipline and having depth of self-respect,
Has been put to death by impressions one leaves...
With an intent of attention to get.
To first be addressed by a presentation of materialism.
People have become indebted to giving it their credit.
And bragging on their rated scores,
Before knowing someone's name to remember it.

Perhaps being blessed to reflect on past decades survived,
And the rapid changes witnessed...
One who has lived has a higher expectation,
Than those who have become addicted to nonsense and trivia.
And minds absorbed in nonsense and trivia are easily offended,
By the ones who question their absence of purpose and low motives.

Substance and its significance,
Is as nonexistent as expressed courtesy.
Consideration shown like that for others is rare.
Forget expecting the exchange of respect.
Some people immediately believe this to be weakness.
And today...
Minds obsessed over what is possessed effectively,
Are the ones clearly weakened and mentally affected.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It's So Good To Put On

It's so good to put on,
An attitude to drop...
One old to move on,
With a new one to believe...
Being positive leaves,
A negativity felt to be pointless.

So good to put on,
An attitude that stops...
A monotony montaged,
Of a sameness that's depicted...
Yet predicted,
But gone.

It's so good to put on,
An attitude to drop...
One old to move on,
From a sameness that is depicted...
To be predicted,
But gone.

It's so good to put on,
Something new to wear that fits...
As if the doing of it,
Had been attempted to be prevented...
By those who intended to show contempt.
To find consent offensive to defend senseless.

It's so good to put on an attitude...
That puts down,
Those prepared to be rude.
With their sentiments picked.
To witness their mouths closing quick.
And with tight puckered lips to lift noses.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It's Still There

It is what it is,
Until it isn't.
As sure as this planet we live upon,
Exists.
Although many refuse to see it,
For what it is.

Hoping...
That 'if' they should isolate themselves,
Long enough...
Away from it,
Whatever 'is' that 'is'...
Will succumb to the pain of not being noticed,
And from all eyes ignoring it...
Will overnight fade away.

'What's the matter.
Why do you appear out of breath and in fear? '

~I saw it.
It's still there.
It laid its eyes on me.
Staring.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It's Summer And The People Choose To Feel Loose

Keep it up and finger poppin'.
Until the people say they've had quite enough.
Just keep it up and finger poppin'.
Turn the heat up and let them burn the rug.
Keep it up and finger poppin'.
Don't stop the beat,
When the feet cranks up the fever.

It's Summer and the people choose to feel loose.
With flavor tasted to shake loose a caboose.
And groping sweaty bodies with whomever they choose.

Keep it up and finger poppin'.
Until the people say they've had quite enough.
Just keep it up and finger poppin'.

It's Summer and the people choose to feel loose.
Keep it up and finger poppin'.

With flavor tasted to shake loose a caboose.
Keep it up and finger poppin'.
Don't stop the beat,
When the feet cranks up the fever.
Keep it up and finger poppin'.
Do not stop it when it's rockin'.

It's Summer and the people choose to feel loose.
With flavor tasted to shake loose a caboose.
And groping sweaty bodies with whomever they choose.
Keep it up and finger poppin'.
Keep it up and finger poppin'.

It's Summer and the people choose to feel loose.
Keep it up and finger poppin'.
Keep it up and finger poppin'.

It's Summer and the people choose to feel loose.
Keep it up and finger poppin'.
Keep it up and finger poppin'.

It's Summer and the people choose to feel loose.
Keep it up and finger poppin'.
Keep it up and finger poppin'.

It's Summer and the people choose to feel loose.
Keep it up and finger poppin'.
Do not stop it when it's rockin'.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It's The Attention Given That Sells

A showstopping mocker,
Here to dropp impressions?
No.
I'm not into recreations.
They bore!
My direction has my pace on it.
Comparisons made to others,
Is an honor that flatters.
But I've never been able,
To do impressions well.
And if my toes are stepped on,
I will yell.
With a broadcasting done,
Screaming from the painful agony inflicted.
I can not escape the flair for dramatics.
It's the attention given,
That sells a unique performance.

'Work that pout.'

It's here.

'Work that stare.'

It's here.

'Now work that brow over the eye.
Arch it up real high! '

'Work that pout.'

It's here.

'Work that stare.'

It's here.

'Now work that brow over the eye.
Arch it up real high! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It's The Day After Christmas

It's the day after Christmas,
And I'm feeling rather good.
I've expressed my love for those...
Who understood I did the best I could!

This past year I was there,
For anyone with a need for a friend
Sometimes I comforted with empathy,
Hoping what I shared did not offend.

But every challenge I faced...
I didn't hesitate to solve.
I was there willing to give.
There I was..involved!

And today I say a prayer...
Thanking God for the life I have!
Remembering it didn't have to turn out this way,
To awaken feeling blessed, grateful and glad!

It's the day after Christmas,
And I've been gifted with a sense of love!
It didn't come packaged to unwrap at all...
It came as something special from above!

Comfortable and tailor made.
'Thanks! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It's The Flair That's There

It's not one's style that corrupts.
Or what one does to give up,
To crucial benefit.

It's not the touches so much,
That others can't get enough...
To crucial benefit.

It's the flair that's there,
Offends and people perceive.

It's not one's style that corrupts.
Or what one does to give up,
That others can't get enough...
To crucial benefit.

It's the flair that's there,
That sickens weakened people.
It's the flair that's there,
That sickens weakened people.
It's the flair that's there,
Offends and people perceive.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It's The Forgetting Most Can Not Kick

Some people like to keep believed,
A forgiving done of others...
Will somehow increase their minds,
With a security that welcomes peace.

And anything is possible the longer life is lived.
This is apparent without explanations to give.
But it's the forgetting most can not kick.
And seems just as impossible as one's nicotine habit!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It's The Morning Of Another Dawn

It's the morning of another dawn.
And I awaken to wonder what's going on...
With us.
With you.
With me.

What is it I am left to wonder,
Has happened in the past few days...
That keeps you away and us so distant.
Never before like this have I been left clueless.
And you, mysteriously silent.

It's the morning of yet another Sunrise.
And without rest I did not get,
I sat long beyond yesterday's Sunset...
Questioning myself in a lonely bed,
If you are wishing me to feel remorse or regret.
And with it done I should suspect you are upset.

Have you wilfully disappeared,
With my heart kidnapped?
Have you done this to me and I should know that?
And I wonder if it was something I did do,
Shouldn't I be the one upset...
You had not expressed respect enough to tell me?

And...
You are proving with a doing,
My mind is yours to keep hostage.
With my feelings you can just take to kidnap.
Until I satisfy your investment with a paying of my pain.

It's the morning of another dawn.
And I awaken to wonder what's going on...
With us.
With you.
With me.
And...
Without sleep I desperately need,

I'm determined not to give you that kind of power.
Although I know...
Your absence has kidnapped my thoughts.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It's The Noise

I like to think I'm hip and with it.
And up to date with what's going on.
You feel me?
But there is just one thing,
About the violence and crime the kids dig...
I just can't get into and it bugs me out.

'What's that? '

It's the noise. Has anyone suggested,
That the noise levels be lowered?
And maybe they could do it to choose,
Better hours?
Keeping it real between one and three A.M.
Is not convenient for me.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It's The Season Of The Pawning

It's the season of the pawning.
And dusted treasures hoarded...
Are each polished leisurely.

Trinkets silver and gold,
Some trimmed in brass and copper...
Must now be sold.

Unloaded for pocket change.
'Cause these days aren't the same...
As they have been.
It has dawned on those in longing...
Belongings they once flaunted,
Can not remain!
Not with them.

That paycheck once so needed,
Has depleted from their hands...
And sent overseas.
The beast that once had fed them.
Seeks more greed.

It's the season of the pawning.
And dusted treasures hoarded...
Are each polished leisurely.

Trinkets silver and gold,
Some trimmed in brass and copper...
Must now be sold.

And those who laughed and jeered,
At those they denied and criticized...
Are now the ones in fear!
It appears they now feel anguished.
And hidden eyes can't stop their dripping tears.

Hoping to get quick dollars,
Are they who scream and holler...
'This is not fair! '

But as they once lifted noses,
Not one of them supposed...
One day they'd be stripped naked,
Of what had been theirs!

The caring of others...
Has vanished in the air!

It's the season of the pawning.
And dusted treasures hoarded...
Are left behind,
To find many folks like them...
In despair!

No one cares,
What is or is not fair!

It's the season of the pawning.
And those who laughed and jeered...
Now dropp to knees,
To drip from eyes...
Their flowing tears.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It's The Truth Within All Of Us That Grows

'Poppa...
What's reality? '

Come here, sweet baby!

'Oooowww!
That hurt.
Why did you pinch me, poppa?
Why? '

Did you feel it, honey?

'Yes!
And it hurt too.'

That's reality.
Something you know exists!
Something you can feel.
And if it affects you...
In a way that gets your attention,
With the agreement of others...
Without debate,
You are close to it!

'But still, poppa!
WHAT is reality? '

See this look poppa has?

'Yeah!
It's scaring me.'

You feel anything?

'You don't want me to ask you again, right? '

And I didn't touch you, did I?
That's part of reality as well.
You will learn the difference...

Trust me.
You will learn!
It's the truth within all of us that grows.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It's Time For You To Awaken

No one is disconnected,
From the effects of having less.
Those protesting the state of the economy,
Are the ones in selfish isolation.
Regretting what the times have met.
Believing in a stubborn mindset kept protected...
Their interests are in abundance.
And there is some of that still left.

What is known is not accepted.
What is revealed many reject.
What has been exposed and has all of us affected...
Many refuse to remove delusions.
With a wish to keep reaching,
For a movement kept in backward steps.

No one is disconnected,
From the effects of having less.
Those protesting the state of the economy,
Are the ones in selfish isolation.
Regretting what the times have met.
Believing in a stubborn mindset kept protected...
Their interests are in abundance.
And there is some of that still left.

'What is it that you are trying to prove? '

I'm not trying to prove anything.
It is your snoring that is boring.
And getting on my nerves.
It's time for you to awaken.
To face the truth that is being served.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It's Too Late To Raid The Caters

It's too late to raid the caters.
Those who ate have scraped their plates.
With a rating of great as they ate.

It's too late to raid the caters.
They came to serve,
Not set policy.

Those who fed their needs have left.
The caters are packing and are out of breath.
If crumbs you wish there are still dishes to lick.
But a raiding of the caters...
Will not solve your demands,
To have them wait on you by command.

They may understand what you command,
But they have come only to serve...
Not create what you believe is deserved.

It's too late to raid the caters.
Those who ate have scraped their plates.
With a rating of great as they ate.
With no tip of gratitude to leave!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It's Typical To Turn Up A Nose

If typical,
It remains it.
If it's typical this wont change.
And if thought as typical,
It stays the same...
To whomever claims it to name.
With a familiarity maintained.

That which is different is rejected.
And seldom accepted as it is.
That which is different is suspected,
And inspected from head to toe.

And insufficient is the giving of a tolerance.
Evidence of this exists.
If it's given it is always anonymous...
By those claiming no biases.
Or expressing an indifference to dismiss.

And insufficient is the giving of a tolerance.
If what it is doesn't fit a code.
And insufficient is the giving of a tolerance.
If what it is has never been exposed.
And insufficient is the giving of a tolerance.
Although it's typical to turn up a nose.

If typical,
It remains it.
If what it is doesn't fit a code.
And insufficient is the giving of a tolerance.
With a typical turned up nose.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It's Very Rare That Cookies Would Leave Lips Unlicked

Desired wishes to keep things the way they are...
Is as foolish as an adult,
Putting dentures under a pillow...
And hoping the tooth fairy will leave,
At least twenty dollars for a row of false teeth.
To be deluded with disappointment,
Is hard to overcome when someone has this belief!

And this is the crisis...
Although exaggerated,
Some employing these devices face.
They have been abandoned to deal with unexpected realitlies,
Even though signs of them coming...
Had been quickly from their minds erased.

Leaving those with preferances...
With choices to dunk their cookies,
In fresh white milk!
Or secret wishes to dip into chocolate,
Day or night.
And no one to recommend which to dismiss.

And 'if' sins committed can be exposed for what they are,
From pulpits!
And such activities found delicious and admitted...
Whether or not consented and/or sneaked!
Then why must a thrusting done and covered up,
Can not be happily enjoyed under wet and heated sheets?
Without a guilt that comes to disturb one's sleep.

'I don't understand this at all! '

Cookies tasted in the dark...
Delivers a spark better enjoyed,
When the absence of light prevents a thorough examination.
It's very rare that cookies would leave lips unlicked,
And the beauty of mystery,
Is to let it sit until it finally disconnects from a mysteriousness...
If allowed to be left alone!

'Oh...
I see!
That is as clear as roasted pudding! '

Roasted pudding?
Ugh.

'Turn off the light.
Goodnight! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It's Your Feet You Need

You would get rid of it quicker,
Than in your mind kept to keep.
Whether it's...
Religiously held politics.
With claimed fixed beliefs,
Whether it's a praying with faith...
Everyday you claim to do,
You'd exchange in seconds...
If any benefit were in it to increase.

Quick to rid with a doing you are...
Whether it's,
Friendship given.
Or love said committed.
Whether it's a giving of patience,
Someone offers to you to tolerate.
You will 'still' let that slip away from your hands,
Just to say...
No one is around you who understands.

I've listened to your comments made.
And how everyday they change.
I've sat through countless use of your excuses,
To blame your rough and tough lived childhood...
Had kept you in a frame of mind that still remains,
Keeping you misunderstood.
But it's your feet you need to get up on and stand.
Stop making excuses to be less than a man.

Whether it's a giving of patience,
That someone offers to you with tolerance.
As many have done to do.
You will let slip away from your hands,
Quicker to excuse if it benefits.
Just to say...
No one is around you who understands.
And then you want to waste time for that to debate,
To gain an empathy with a doing that stays.
Well...

Baby boy,
Let me say this to make it clear and quick,
It's your feet you need to get up on and stand.
It's your feet you need to walk in adult shoes,
As if you understand what it takes to be a man.

You would get rid of it quicker,
Than in your mind kept to keep.
Whether it's...
Religiously held politics.
With claimed fixed beliefs.
Whether it's,
A friendship to you given.
Or love from you to state is committed.
Whether it's a giving of patience,
Someone offers to you to tolerate.
To eventually take for granted to throw away.
Well...
Let me say this to make it clear and quick,
It's your feet you need to get up on and stand.
It's your feet you need to walk in adult shoes,
As if you understand what it takes to be a man.
And with a doing done not to pretend!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

It's Your Niche

Some people...
Rather sleep than leap.
Some people...
Can't get up on their own two feet.
And some people...
Seek defeat!
While some people...
Tease a sleaze to keep that peeped.

But it's your niche...
That must be pitched.
The one that fits.
And doesn't quit one bit.

Yes it's your niche.
That must be pitched.
The one that fits,
And doesn't quit one bit!

Some people...
Rather sleep than leap.
Some people...
Can't get up on their own two feet.
But it's your niche...
That must be pitched.
The one that fits.
And doesn't quit one bit.

Some people...
Seek defeat!
While some people...
Tease a sleaze to keep that peeped.
But it's your niche...
That must be pitched.
The one that fits.
And doesn't quit one bit.

Yes it's your niche.
That must be pitched.

The one that fits,
And doesn't quit one bit!

Some people...
Don't have a niche.
Some people...
Give up too easy and they quit.
Some people...
Don't have a niche.
Some people...
May have a scratch but have no itch.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I'Ve

I've,
Memories to keep.
I've,
Lived life for reasons.
I've,
Sowed what I've reaped.
And I've,
Spent time in seeking.
With a little bit of pity,
And a lot of self defeating.

I've,
Done plenty weeping.
I've,
Had little sleep.
But today I know when troubles come,
I'm not alone to be on my own!
I've grown a lot older!

I've,
Memories to keep.
I've,
Lived life for reasons.
I've,
Sowed what I've reaped.
And I've,
Spent time in seeking.
But today I know when troubles come,
I'm not alone to be on my own!
I've grown a lot older!
And today I know when troubles come,
I'm not alone to be on my own!
I've grown a lot older!
And today I know when troubles come,
I'm not alone to be on my own!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I'Ve Already Found A Place To Stay

I am the first.
Not a reproduction.
Not something had...
And tasted before.
You can compare.
But you will come back for more.
THAT is not my concern.
If you want to waste your time,
Trying to find something better?
I can only wish you the best of my regards.
And I wont think it odd at all...
If you find it difficult,
To remove me from your mind!
I've already found a place to stay!
And you know it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I'Ve Already Left You With That

Why am I giving you this?
I've already left you with that.
And this and that...
Are not to be compared.
Unless you are sitting there...
Hoping for something to declare.

Why am I giving you this?
I've already left you with that.
And this and that...
Are not to be compared.
Unless you are sitting there...
Hoping for something to declare.

And if you are...aware,
You will accept this...
And forget about that,
Which was given in the past.

And 'this' tomorrow...
Will have lost a significance.
Since neither one of us,
Have had that to experience yet!

No matter who awaits in impatience!
And having patience never leaves one,
Sitting in regret.
But excites an anticipation!

And I guess that is my motivation,
To leave you this...
Without that which has passed,
Attached.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I'Ve Already Said What I Have Had To Say

I've already said what I have had to say.
But what has been stated...
You want it said another way.
Unfortunately there is nothing else.
Nothing I'd like to convey.
I am not the one in masquerade.
Nor am I the fool you believed,
I portrayed.
You choose to hide behind pretentions.
And today I seek reality.
Something you hide and afraid to display.
There's no need to argue.
Or vent a temperment!
I've already said what I have had to say.
And after years of saying the same thing to you...
I've decided to keep my peace of mind,
Before I allowed you to take it away!
To become devalued.
And that is not my intention meant!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I'Ve Been Doing This Most Of My Life

'I never thought you were that serious.'

About what?
Serious about what?

'That which you do.'

Please.
I have no time for riddles.
What are you talking about?

'Your writing.'

I 'keep' telling you,
I've been doing this most of my life.
Almost 60 years now.

'Lies!
That's impossible.
I thought you told me you were in your late 40's? '

You see...
Even I am confused.
That's how long it has been.
When I was then a mere child,
In the mid...

'70's? '

70's? ? ?
Are you kidding?
I've been doing this...much...

You know?
You are right!
I write so much...
I forget!
It's 2011 isn't it?

I am so glad you are here.
God works in mysterious ways.
It just seems as if,
I've been doing this much, much longer.

'I know it was in the '70's' because I remember,
You told me your oldest sister, Mimmie...
Believes she is your mother sometimes.'

LOLOLOL...
Yep!
That she does.
But...
Don't tell her.
She will 'never' forgive me for revealing her real age!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I'Ve Been Listening To You Bitch

How do I know what makes you happy?
I've been listening to you for years.
I've been listening to you...
Sharing your agony and fears.
I've been here listening.
And I have not been distant.
I've been listening to you bitch.
And spending a lot of my time,
Doing it.
How do I know what makes you happy.
I know what doesn't.
And knowing that,
Is enough for me to know,
It is time for me to leave.
And 'if' that doesn't make 'you' happy...
Maybe knowing I am gone,
Will make you as thrilled...
I hope.
Even if only half as much,
As I know I am going to be!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I'Ve Been Reviewing That Same Message For Years

But...
Your experiences will benefit,
Others with a motivational uplifting.

'How many times are you going to say that?
And how many times have I told you,
I have yet to heal...
From being dragged through the mud.
Laughed at as if I had 'fool' printed on my forehead.
Or ridiculed because I choose to live a basic life.
And I have today chosen to do what I like.
Even though meager of means...
My peace of mind means the world to me.'

Yeah, yeah, yeah.
But look...
They are now willing to pay you big bucks for your efforts.
You can pay to have any escapade you want.
Get as far away from being annoyed as often as you wish.

'There is a big difference.'

And...
What are you saying?

'My peace of mind...
Is priceless.
Even though I can not believe,
The price I had to pay to get it.
My experiences are mine.
I do not wish to be reminded on a daily basis,
Who could care less about giving me stress.
Because I've endured the mess they have kept.
And to accept a payment as a sacrifice,
For my patience I volunteer to give up and neglect...
Is not to me a reason,
I should get upset to get arrested...
For having my hands around some children's necks.

They, you...
Or anyone else,
Will not discover me in a prison cell...
Babbling with confessions,
About 'how' I attempted to do my very best.'

But...
Your experiences will benefit,
Others with a motivational uplifting.

'Should I repeat what I just said? '

No.
I get the message.

'Trust me.
I've been reviewing that same message for years.
Everytime I am approached,
By someone who wishes to ruin...
What to me has already been made clear.
No one is going to pay me,
To tour the inside of a prison cell.
To lock behind me with a throwing away of a key.
Not me.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I've Been Waiting For You

I've been waiting for you.
To see through and undo,
My attitude of protection kept.
An attitude for someone special,
With an ability to see...
There is only one key they need,
To unlock my heart to know from the start...
My happiness to share,
Isn't difficult to get.
Nor is it freely given to leave disrespected.

I've been waiting for you,
To first offer your respect.
A respect never to neglect.
Or perceive me to be,
A game played to compete.
With a kept belief you can take easily,
My peace of mind...
That has taken me time to earn.
And immediately,
You have made this known.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I'Ve Been Wondering Where You Were

I took the long way home,
To know what I had.
To know what in me wished,
And
To know what wished was missing.
I took the long way home.

I took the long way home,
To know what made me glad.
And,
That I felt so sad
Without happiness had.
I took the long way home.

Struggling what love to me had meant.
Inside I would admit it.
But outside it wouldn't show
What inside I really needed,
And know I craved it so.

And struggling what love to me had meant,
To be
Wasn't for me easy,
Yet
I wanted my need pleased.
Perhaps in me,
Too selfishly.
And

I took long way home,
To know what I had.
To know what in me wished,
And
To know what wished was missing.
I took the long way home.

And struggling what love to me had meant,
To be
Wasn't for me easy,

Yet
I wanted my need pleased and met.
Regretfully I almost left
What for me was always best.

And
Finally I see,
This love for me
Is you!
As it was and meant to be!
And I'll never leave,
You alone
To find love that I've known,
With you
Again!

I took the long way home.

'I've been wondering where you were.
Hoping you would find
What in my mind I knew.
And now you know this too.
Welcome you I do
Back home again! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I'Ve Come To Deliver Sincerity

Do you think at my age,
I've come to whisper sweet nothings...
With a nibbling done to your ears?
As you can witness and see,
There is nothing materialistically...
I offer to present to tease you.
And I am not going to work that hard,
To produce for you temptations.
I've been there and done that.

Who doesn't know writers and poets are broke?
And most of us not running to the bank,
Are already considered jokes.
And I am not here to provoke my beliefs.
To debate in argument to have my ego pleased.
That's not me.

I've come to deliver 'sincerity'.
And that I know you are not accustomed to getting.
That is why you prepare yourself,
To object with a defensiveness.
And I just want us to exchange conversation.
Do you remember those times,
When that was the only thing on people's minds.
With a doing of that done!

Today people run,
In fear of it!
Believing someone solicits from them a payment.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I'Ve Come To Pinch Those Comfort Buttons

I've come to pinch those comfort buttons,
Of the ones feeling something will be gained...
If they have pain with complaints to claim.

No one is living here for nothing.
And each day lived is surely not the same.
I'm here to shake up those brains.

There's meaning in the colors of the Sun and Moon.
And meaning of the differences,
Why each of us exist as is.

There's also meaning with the others,
Who we find conflict as if this is a game...
To be played in shame!

I've come to pinch those comfort buttons,
Of the ones feeling something will be gained...
If they have pain with complaints to claim.

There's meaning in the colors of the Sun and Moon.
And meaning of the differences,
Why each of us exist as is.

There's also meaning with the others,
Who we find conflict as if this is a game...
To be played in shame!

No one is living here for nothing.
And each day lived is not the same.
I'm here to shake up those brains.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I'Ve Come To You

I've come to you,
With tears you dry.
I've come to you,
To be by your side.

And when you comfort me,
I am fine!
I come alive inside.

You do this,
And I am lifted up!
You do this,
And I am strengthened.
You do this with just your touch.

I've come to you,
With tears you dry.
I've come to you,
To be by your side.

And when you comfort me,
I am fine!
I come alive inside.

You do this,
And I am lifted up!
To walk again on a path.
Knowing you are there,
Caring!

Inspired by:
Ms Maya Angelou
'Thank you, Maya.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I'Ve Done My Job

'How did we arrive,
To get 'ourselves' into this situation? '

I thought you knew.
You were the one to convince me,
To follow you and not the others.

'This is true.
Now what do 'we' do?
It would make no sense,
To accuse or blame each other.
With no choices left,
To accept, reject or defend 'our' decisions.'

'Our' decisions?
Hey...
You convinced me to follow 'you'!
I've done my job.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I'Ve Done That

You wanted me to notice you,
And I've done that.
You wanted me to play your fool,
And I've done that.
You wanted me to ridicule.
And I've done that.
You wanted me to sit,
For nibbles and bits.

You wanted me to notice you,
And I've done that.
You wanted me to play your fool,
And I've done that.
You wanted me to ridicule.
And I've done that.
You wanted me to sit,
For nibbles and bits.

But I wont,
Beg from you at all.
And I wont,
Roll over or crawl.
And if I don't,
Play your favorite pet to fetch...
Know that I've left with no regrets,
And a respect...
You never gave me.

You wanted me to notice you,
And I've done that.
You wanted me to play your fool,
And I've done that.
You wanted me to ridicule.
And I've done that.
And when I leave,
You're gonna miss me.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I'Ve Done That Already

I will never intend to abandon my need,
To be better.
Nor will I sit dismayed,
Wishing for those who throw obstacles...
From me would disappear and go away.
Needless to say,
I've done that already.

And tears to cry?
I've done that already.
Alibis sacrificed with excuses to make?
I've done that already.
Drained from emotions caused by heartache?
I've done that already too!

I will never intend to abandon my need,
To be better.
I've done that already.
Nor will I sit dismayed,
Wishing for those who throw obstacles...
From me would disappear and go away.
I've done that already!

What I haven't done to do,
Isn't going to be wished...
While I sit to await,
For an approval with disappointment...
I could not bear to fake a straight face.
I've done that already too!

Only to find myself fooled,
By thinking too much...
About the who and the obstacles,
Coming my way to confront my heart to crunch.
And I promised myself...
I'm not doing what others choose,
With a singing of a blues.
I've done that already too!
And I don't need to prove that done,

To anyone.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I'Ve Done The Best I Can So You Can Do That Better

Beneath the tree
That falling leaves descended from,
I stand.
Thinking of the changes,
I have experienced being the man I am.

'She is now called 'Mama'!
Ma! Or Ms Mimmie'.
When she's with her children...
And grandchildren too!

And I look up above me to witness the branches.
The twigs!
And the wonder of the tree...
All of this ascends from!
'Matriarch she is! ', I think with no doubt.

And the birds, squirrels and all that come to visit,
Are always welcomed

And I wonder if anyone wonders...
'How can anyone disbelieve there is a God? '
How can this be done?
And by whom?
We all can't be vacant with a disconnected fate!
'Something' is planned by the doing in all of this!
'Something' is in control and knows everything that sits...
Within and 'out' of our midst.
'Something' about this most people miss.

'How can anyone disbelieve there is a God? '
And we are God's experiment!
And my 'sisters' were born to nourish the flourishment.
And I can see...
Looking at 'this' tree before me I inspect.
And 'It' observes...knowing!
Encouraging those after birth and going...
After growing up,
With a gentle toughness that is meant.

'I've done the best I can so you can do that better.'

Dedicated:
To my sister Andrea. Mim, Mimmie and MimmieD
'You have 'eight' grandchildren? EIGHT? How, Mimmie? '
Where was I when all of this happened?
And Tammy and Lisa? ? Naw. No way, yo?
You can 'not' be in your 'fffffffffffffaaug. Getting 'more'
mature. Geeeessshhh. HOW do you all get so much older
than me? Overnight it seems.
LOL

Love you,
Larry

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I'Ve Earned It. Trust Me

As I age I find my concerns heightened.
I find opinions from my lips slip.
To the dismay of others,
That leaves them frightened.

But aging affords me a caring less,
About political correctness.
And how that should be addressed.

Biting my lips?
Forget it.

And I guess this has a lot to do,
With experiencing life!
And what that proves.

I have paid my dues!
And have recovered with renewed attitude.
And it just so happens,
I have aged too!
With the benefit to say what I damn well please!

I've earned it.
Trust me!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I'Ve Earned To Take My Turn

I'd rather be a mouse with teeth.
Than to be a toothless cat...
Quick to twitter and scat.

I'd rather be a mule than a fool.
With a slow pace taken,
To prove I'm serious and not faking.

I'm not a caped superman,
Flying high in skies.
I may look like Clark Kent...
But there is no weakness in my eyes.

I'm not a stole pigeon on the loose.
Some say I look like a moose.
And I waddle like a goose.

But I wont be hanging 'round from a noose.
Because I speak my mind...
With a daring done most times.

Whatever those lessons learned...
I've earned to take my turn!
And being who and what I choose.
But a 'fool'...
Never!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I'Ve Given Myself To You

You have captured an essence.
A cascading flow...
With a scent I know.
No one will take that away from me.
Or you.
No matter what they do.
I feel you.
I recognize you.
The others...
Are not allowed to approach me like this.
I've given myself to you.
And what I have given...
Can not be returned.
I've given myself to you.
And what I have given...
Only you have earned.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I'Ve Got A Motto That I Follow

What you do from your perspective,
Wont affect what I choose to condone.
And what you do as your objective,
Is what you select...
That I wont regret.

You and I are not connected,
Like magnetic magnets...
That should appease to attract.
We have opposite positions.
And I respect yours.
Can you respect that!

I've got a motto that I follow:
If it's for me I will take that step.
And that motto stays to throttle,
To control and feed...
My every need.

I've got a motto that I follow:
If it's for me I will take that step.
And that motto stays to throttle,
To control and feed...
My every need.
And...
Not to get me bottled up.
Or upset!

You and I are not connected,
Like magnetic magnets...
That should appease to attract.
We have opposite positions.
And I respect yours.
Can you respect that!

What you do from your perspective,
Wont affect what I choose to condone.
And what you do as your objective,
Is what you select...

That I wont regret.

You see...
I've got a motto that I follow:
Yes!
And...
If it's for me I will take that step.
You best believe...
That my motto stays to throttle,
To control and feed...
My every need.
It's like an engine speeding on a light beam.

I've got a motto that I follow:
Yes!
It's like an engine speeding on a light beam.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I've Got It

I've got it.
More than I dare to admit.
And you can't have this.
Not after throwing it away,
Like you did.
To then say,
You can find something much better...
To replace it with.

You can't have this.
I've got it.
Quick I went to seek it.
Where it had been tossed and abused.
And luckily found surrounded...
By trash on a filthy street.
Immediately I picked it up,
To know a jewel for what it is to be.

Treated I fed it to never mistreat.
I've got it.
You can't have this.

Not after years of my giving it,
Not only respect and kindness.
But also the attention it needed.
And now that you see it sparkling,
As if the Sun shines upon it to blind...
You believe you can return to claim,
An undermining you did to it...
Was not your intention or state of mind.

Are you sweating from the heat?
Or are you about to have a stroke?

Nothing 'then' could convince you,
What you had all that time was a prize.
Nothing 'then' could convince you,
To comprehend and analyze a gift given.
But you did not appraise it.

Like I did to appreciate.
And you can't have this from me to take.
Not away. I've got it with me to keep.
I've got it with me to stay!

I've got 'it' to understand.
I've got 'it' with me that's not leaving.
And that is something,
You have never understood.
Or can.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I'Ve Got It To Give

Of course I know how to love.
I am love.
I want to give and receive it.
Why do you think I remain disgruntled?
Because I live a life in bliss?
Well...
I do!
And since I'm not sharing any of it,
I'm pissed!
But I am not dripping with it!
Nor do I choose to reek with sentiments.
When it is recognized,
There will be no surprise...
That it is here,
And I've got it to give!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I'Ve Got That Message

Lies unfold that were told on others,
Continue to tear apart relationships.
As people feed on deception,
Like honeybees on a mission quick...
Traveling to drop fresh gossip,
From ear to ear to stir up creative plots...
With a doing of it with intriguing twists.

And in communities destroyed by lieing lips,
There are those who still insist...
A need for unified togetherness will end division,
Between those who have been ruined...
And others performing unified wickedness.
Perfected with acceptance and in existence.
Realized as identified to be the cause for all conflicts.

'Even in their churches,
Where it is claimed faith is worshipped...
Arguments persist.
With self-righteous hypocrites dressed and ready,
To participate in any form of it.'

~Well...
You should still come and overlook this.
Congregate with us.
Afterall...
It is not the people,
But the message you get from a doing of it.~

'Trust me.
I've got the message.
And God did not deliver,
One word from those people I heard.'

~Which words did you hear? ~

'Let's just say...
Even if I sung them,
With a praising to be done...

They would still be censored.
To maybe even stun those who are avid atheists.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I'Ve Got Them Inside

I've got them inside.
Those feelings.
Feelings wanting to be outside.
To show,
I know.
What resides,
Inside.

I've got them inside.
Those feelings.
Feelings wanting to be outside.
To show,
I know...
I can no longer deny,
Or keep them hidden so deep...
In me.

And all of my life I knew how to ride,
Emotions....
Flowing.
And all of my life I felt desire...
Building like a fire,
Yearning.

I've got them inside.
Those feelings.
Feelings wanting to be outside.
To show,
I know.
What resides,
Inside.

And all of my life I knew how to ride,
Emotions....
Flowing.
And all of my life I felt desire...
Building like a fire,
Yearning.

I've got them inside.
Those feelings.
Feelings wanting to be outside.
To show,
I know...
I can no longer deny,
Or keep them hidden so deep...
In me.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I'Ve Got Time

I appreciate you more,
Than words I can find the time to express...
Just what it is about you I appreciate.

'I've got time to help you find them.
Now...
Where should we begin? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I'Ve Got To Do This

I've got to do this...
Until I quit.
I can not resist it.
It would be missed.

Yeah,
I've got to do this...
Until I quit.
I can't resist it,
One bit.

I dream to leap over black holes.
Stretching to reach stars...
In times ahead.
With a speeding through times...
That have from us long gone away,
Not to exist.

I've got to do this!

I've got to do this...
Until I quit.
I can't resist it,
One bit.

People do this,
And...
People do that.
And...
Some people put all their hopes and wishes,
In one hat or basket.

And I've got to do this!
Whatever hat or basket fits.

I've got to do this!

I dream to leap over black holes.
Stretching to reach stars...

In times ahead.
With a speeding through times...
That have from us long gone away,
Not to exist.

I've got to do this!
I've got to do this...
Until I quit.
I can not resist it.
It would be missed.
I've got to do this!
For this I exist.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I'Ve Got To Reach

I've got to reach.
Waiting around until a wilting begins,
From a blooming done...
Is a welcome I've noticed,
By those who have retired...
To witness their own expirations.
I can not imagine living a life,
Without desired expectations.
Or motivated by any aspirations.

I've got to reach.
There is something learned I am taught everyday.
In adventures experienced by a vulnerability,
I have managed to keep.
Curiosity is an asset,
For one with faith kept in a trust to believe.
And I know I've got to reach for heights,
Until the breath from me leaves.
I've got to reach, explore and visit more of this life lived.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I'Ve Had My Experiences

I admit I've had my experiences.
You name,
I've done it.
And If I am not whispering,
About my misdeeds...
Why do some find my activities,
Ear candy for others...
They believe to another,
For them will be pleased?

I've never understood this.

I admit to being adventurous.
I have my curiosities,
And will explore my inquisitiveness.
If I for myself set my own limits,
Why is it gossip a few enjoy best?

I will never understand,
The obsession some have with nosiness.
My own,
Yes!
Others?
No.

Those who gossip live lives discreetly.
Lieing to themselves and others to deceive.
Hoping to keep sheltered,
Everything imaginable that has a bit of sleaze.
And doing the best they can,
To cure themselves of diseases...
Obtained secretly.

When I tell people I live my life basically.
And many would find me boring.
I am the one not believed.
I am an adventurer not a whore.
And I do not intend to do things,
That will bring conscious harm to me.

Even though I do explore.

Well...
I do smoke cigarettes.
And if I was having 'that' kind of sex...
I would awaken the next day to regret,
I wouldn't have cigarette smoking as a habit.
Doing that...
Decreases the need to wish to have 'it'.
From what I've heard.

Those who smoke...
Have less sex!
I guess!
Some of my adventures,
Have not always been successful experiences.
Or turned out to be satisfying tests.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I'Ve Had Those Relationships Already

Will I ever fall in love again?
That depends.

If I am kidnapped and blindfolded...
To be left abandoned.
And I am not able to tell the difference
Between quicksand or plain mud,
As I run screaming through a darkened forest.
And I fall in...love!

And, the other possibility?
Amnesia seems to have its benefits.
To awakened without a prior memory,
Is something I have not prioritized just yet.

However...
I'm sure if I tried hard enough,
One of those two developments could happen.
So I do not rule the possibility of falling in love again
Completely out of the picture.
And I'm not one to say 'never'.

Although I must admit to wishing,
That the blindfold is not tied too tight.
And I am not bond and gagged,
By someone who is desperate!
I've had those relationships already.
And being chased naked through the woods,
Is not that easy to explain to a forest ranger.
Especially one willing to admit to having homosexual fantasies!
And all that is sought is an escape,
From any confessed committment.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I'Ve Heard Those Old Stories Told

'Everything' about me you see...
My Father God,
Has taught to me.
I've heard those old stories told,
About what folks have done...
To make my life easy and comfortable.
Especially told to others who did not know.
And who did what...
When I got myself into ruts.

'God...
I am so glad You know the real deal! '

And I wonder 'who' that might have been?
That came to my aid when I needed them.
Hmmm...
It's true,
I have had folks give me 'things'.
And money loaned I paid back.
I've had people to me make promises.
And I remember every one of them broken...
From the time I was a kid!
Hmmm...
I can't remember anyone,
Motivating my moves!
Only You,
My Father.

I could say my entire life has been spent...
With me doing the giving.
And to a degree that would be true.
Since several people I have known...
Have told lies.
That's all they did and still do.

And I use to listen to a whole lot of BS.
With attempts I made to correct some mess.
Do I now?
No!

'Everything' about me you see...
My Father God,
Has taught to me.
And the biggest lesson I have learned to date?
Do not hesitate in the waiting of others to approve!
You'd be a dried up old prune in the doing.
If you've been blessed with a gift,
You better give it and be done with it!

And let whoever say whatever!
Give folks who gossip some fuel,
To keep their lips moving.
And doing something bizarre...
While you're at it!

Learn to live without restrictions and limitations.
You and your time are not defined by those mindless.
Unless you let it!
Then whose truth do you ultimately live?
It wont be mine because I have my own to live!

Although I do give folks credit where it is due.
Like being witnesses...
To the gifts God has given to me.
That's it!
Anything else folks would like to claim...
Did not occur on my watch.

But I do understand,
Why some folks like to associate themselves...
With those who struggle through and win,
Their battles and conquer over grief!
Thank You God, Almighty!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I'Ve Just Come Back From Having A 'Moment'

When I sit and visit with nature,
In a surrounded quietness.
I've come to eliminate any hints of conflict,
Others may share...
From an environment that permits it.

Nothing is like one's solitude at times.
It energizes with such purety.
Like air free of toxins.
And a mind relaxed,
Of pressures that come.
To undo peace that's done.

When I sit and visit with nature,
I am more aware of the leaves on trees.
I am aware of the difference between Pine and Oak.
And the array of birds sitting on their branches to chirp,
And sing.

Aware am I of the drifting clouds.
From East to West and sometimes reversed.
So aware am I when I leave this scene...
I do not thirst to hear those who habitually curse.
It unnerves my inner peace!
That peace I try to hold onto...
As I unball my fists.
That peace I try to hold onto...
As I bite my lower lip!

'Good Morning, how are you? '

*WHAT? What do you want? *

'I'm just saying good morning!
No offense.'

*I apologize. Forgive me.
I have just come back from having a 'moment'! *

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I'Ve Just Started

I am flattered,
But not yet sold.
Nor am I convinced,
By what I am told.

My steps on a path,
Has not changed at all.
The obstacles remain the same.
I am just careful how I fall.

Stumbling to get up,
Has become my ritual.
With few complaints...
I master my strengths.

I am flattered,
But not yet sold.
Nor am I convinced,
By what I am told.

I just 'do'.
To get done.
With a motivation...
That inspires me to finish.

I am flattered that this has been recognized.
But not yet sold am I.
Nor convinced by what I am told,
About achieving with accomplishment...
The best of my efforts.
That's impossible!
How could I when I've just started.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I'Ve Learned Not To Confess Too Much

I've learned,
Not to confess too much.
Even to those I 'suspect' I can trust.

Nothing is as real,
As one's own touch.
Especially if one's hands,
Covers a mouth to keep shut.

Yes I have learned,
Not to confess too much.
Some may rush to pass judgement.
And unconsciously without intention...
Innocently crush an unexpected exchange.
Made by a quick assessment that shames.

Leaving eyes to bug wide.
And names to be called.
With a falling out done.
Over really nothing at all.

I've learned,
Not to confess too much.
Or express on my face...
Something in my mouth leaves a bad taste.
And as difficult as this may seem to me,
I may lie.
To protect my own and someone else's dignity.
Than to bring someone to tears.
Because of a giggle heard a person hears.

Experience has taught me this...
IF someone wishes to expose,
Their ugly baby to me...
At least I know how,
Now...
Not to look in shock or horror.

Oh yes...

I've learned not to express too much!
However,
If tears should fall from 'my' eyes?
I am quick to announce,
An ecstatic happiness.
With a controlled truth,
Hopefully kept undetected inside.

Although my knees may knock...
I am quick not to let them bend.
From a howling laughter,
I do my best to keep within.

'Lord, God...
I thank You! '

~You have more control than I do!
Geeessshhh...
Did you 'see' that ugly baby?
Don't blame that on Me, uh uh...
Oh no.~

'GOD..? '

~Don't 'God' Me...
I had nuthin' to do with that!
My assignments are in the East,
And South Cosmos.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I'Ve Learned To Agree

If I express with a courtesy and respect I give,
Naturally.
I overhear whispers spoken
Of how phony I am.
And my caring is not sincere.

If I ignore those I suspect,
Have nothing else by conflict to address.
I overhear whispers spoken
Of how phony I am.
And my caring is not sincere.

If I am alone and by myself,
Since it is a peace of mind
I enjoy and wish it kept.
I overhear whispers spoken
Of how phony I am.
And my caring is not sincere.

And
If for no reason,
I laugh out loud when in a crowd.
I overhear whispers spoken,
He cares about nothing but himself.
He will not even share with us,
What it is he finds so funny.
He's nuts!

And I've learned to agree,
With those who have their own beliefs.
To keep a peace of mind discovered.
From escaping away from me.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I'Ve Learned To Be Opinionated

I can not endure
Someone else's insecurities.
My own,
Yes.
I am biased like that.
But another who spews them out,
Pouting about their drought of happiness?
No!
I am not that understanding,
With others who whine like I use to do!
I've learned to be opinionated.
That keeps all my weaknesses hidden.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I'Ve Lived With It Too Long

My every thought you dispute.
As if my insights,
Were ignited by ego.

Little do you know,
How my life has been lived.
Or those experiences...
That once kept my eyes full of tears.
And those disappointments felt,
That brought the sounds of those who cheered.
As if their actions,
Would have me feel agony and fear.

Let me make this absolutely clear...
You are not the first,
To dispute my thoughts with such a thirst.
Nor will you be the last,
I tell to kiss my ass!

What I observe is a truth being mis-served.
With a dishonesty being done.
And I am not the one,
To easily have it shunned.
Nor do I care who despairs in its presence.
I've lived with it too long.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I'Ve Made All Of This Look Too Easy

I've made all of this look too easy.
So easy it's easier made for you to critique.
Even reading between the lines,
You will never feel my sentiments.
Or my experiences and years spent,
Healing from an assortment of hidden scars.

I've made all of this look too easy.
So easy you believe I have time I can find,
To please you and your needs.
As if nothing else is on my mind,
But you and your life and your doubts.

I've made all of this look too easy.
Haven't I?
Even when sleeping...
You perceive me to be undeserving to get,
Peace and rest without requesting it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I'Ve Never Been Here Before Either

I have been where you are.
And to repeatedly return...
To support your steps,
With motivated encouragement...
I don't object to doing!
It's just that...
My own steps need protecting too.
With a giving to it my complete attention.

And...
No one appears there to clear my path.
Or has offered to watch my back.
In fact...
No one has expressed concern at all,
If I might have fears or not.
Or how I feel after stumbling to crawl.
To get back on my feet to walk.

I am not rehearsing my journey.
Or have been given time to practice.
And like you...
I've never been here before either.
And with each step I take I know I am tested.
And like you...
I too have sacrificed to reach.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I'Ve Never Trusted Before

Can you tell I've never,
Trusted before?
As deeply as you wish me to.
Can you tell I've never,
Trusted before?
And as deeply as you wish me to.
Can you tell I've never,
Trusted before?
Or as deeply as you wish me to.

But from you like no other,
I just know it'd be cool.
And deeper if you wanted it that way too!

Can you tell I've never,
Trusted before?
Or as deeply as you wish me to.
Can you tell I've never,
Trusted before?
And as deeply as you wish me to.
Can you tell I've never,
Trusted before?
Or as deeply as you wish me to.

But from you like no other,
I know it'd be cool.
And deeper if you wanted it that way too!

Can you tell I've never,
Trusted before?
As deeply as you wish me to.
Can you tell I've never,
Trusted before?
And as deeply as you wish me to.
Can you tell I've never,
Trusted before?
Or as deeply as you wish me to.
But from you like no other,
I know it'd be cool.

And deeper if you wanted it that way too!

Deeper if you wanted it that way too.

Can you tell I've never,
Trusted before?
Or,
Deeper if you wanted it that way too.

Can you tell I've never,
Trusted before?
Or,
Deeper if you wanted it that way too.

Can you tell I've never,
Trusted before?
Or,
Deeper if you wanted it that way too.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I'Ve Only Requested You Pay Half Price

Who wins and loses?
Who cheats and deceives?
Who manipulates religiously?
And still perceives,
Their values and standards should be believed?

Who is selfish with self-righteousness?
Who is stubbornly convinced,
That a hopping back and forth over a fence...
Proves there is a decisiveness,
With concrete and awakened consciousness?

Who defends when offended by the most trivial of deeds?
Who believes they are better,
When excusing themselves when someone else bleeds.
With a showing of a hollowness as an empty apology is given.

'What are you saying?
I paid five dollars for this bushel of apples.
I would have picked them myself.
But I was not dressed for the occasion.
And you have the audacity to imply,
I am not caring?
And I am here to deliver to prove I do?
Do you want them or not?
And don't forget,
I've only requested you pay half the price.'

What a friend!

'Finally you have begun to realize it.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I'Ve Paid Enough For It

You are so next to the exit.
So close to an open door,
I want to push you out.

Would that be domestic abuse?
Or would that be considered,
Defending myself...
From someone rarely here,
To accept any invitation...
To appear inside my house.

And you want to know what you did?

You do nothing!
Absolutely nothing.
But graze like a cow.
Feeding me a bunch of bull.

And that's all you do!

And all I want is to be treated like one.
Give me some!
I've paid enough for it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I'Ve Researched My Dna

From fluffed puffed up stuff,
I have stayed away.
Those five to ten dollar words to use,
I could do.
To impress my thoughts to address?
But that's not communicating.
That is a competition.
To see who best can express,
The having of intelligence.
And on those days I feel ignorant,
I am not seeking to charade.
Or portray I am related to Einstein.
I'm not.
I've researched my DNA.

Direct I am to stay that way.
I've learned it best,
To keep it simple and basic.
With a doing a child,
Could comprehend.

And not to belittle,
But I too want to understand...
To keep misunderstandings,
Understood and not assumed.
Like many do who seek to impress,
To leave a conversation to make accusations.
With a doing to express to someone else,
Nothing they have accepted to comprehend.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I'Ve Run Completely Out Of Nonsense

I am not going to sit here,
And listen to a thing you have to say.

'Whew...
That's a relief.
I've run completely out of nonsense,
To exchange anyway.'

And what is that suppose to mean?

'Oh...
So NOW you want to communicate.
Make up your mind.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I'Ve Seen Those Kids

Living in some places in which faking to live life,
Is essential to the people...
Has got to be witnessed.
So detrimental is deception,
Anyone suspected of living their life honestly...
Is treated like a leper and shunned.

'You need not tell me where those places are.
In fact,
The last place I visited reminds me of your depiction.
I spent ten years there one weekend.
And the people went to funerals,
Just to place their food orders at the repast.'

Yep!
Sounds familiar.
Imagine being sentenced there to live as a kid.
To then be surrounded by folks with low expectations.

'No!
I've seen those kids.
I can empathize with them.
But to imagine life to live looking for ways to exit,
As quick as I can from it without options?
No!
I don't want to make any apologies,
For any imaginations I might have to be denied.
No!
I can't even lie about having that kind of imagination.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I'Ve Spent A Lifetime Dancing

I've spent a lifetime dancing.
Entangled in a waltz,
From directions certain to false starts.
Romancing dreams!
Accused of being deluded by my own illusions.
Fantasies never to fulfill.
Spinning around trying to locate my purpose.
Grounded...
With a hope and faith within me.
Determined to make each movement real.

I've spent a lifetime dancing!
And I've come to learn to see...
My partner has been GOD!
All this time.
And the pace I keep is enjoyed,
With each beat.
My steps and pace are kept with faith!
And I grow ever confident...
Comfortable,
With Him in the lead!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I'Ve Still Got It

Aging from inside this shell I drive,
I see the outside slowly slipping away...
For those youthful expressions I made,
That were quickly on display...
Yesterday it seems.

But gone are those schemes of having things my way.
Yet most of my wishes and dreams have been fulfilled.
And today I feel surprisingly thrilled,
To have done many things in several expressive ways.
With a love that has not diminished one bit!

I've still got it...
Knowing forever it will not stay.
No matter what my outer appearance is...
From me that will eventually fade.
I've 'still' got it to give to dropp hot or not!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I've Stopped

When I wanted someone there,
To care.
You weren't there.
Or anywhere.
When I needed someone prepared,
To share.
You weren't there.
Anywhere.

Now you think of me to be,
The one...
Selfish.
Now you think of me to be,
The one,
Ignoring your wants and needs.

I've stopped,
Keeping you among my wishes.
I've stopped,
Keeping you among my dreams.
I have stopped,
Keeping you inside my heart.
Finding it available,
To break apart.
I've stopped,
Being dropped like a rock.
And I have stopped,
Pretending I can't cry...
With a pushing my emotions,
To the curb denied.

When I needed someone there,
To care.
You weren't there.
Anywhere.

Now,
You think of me to be,
The one...

Selfish.
Now,
You think of me to be...
The one,
Ignoring your wants and needs.

I've stopped,
Thinking...
What it is of me you believe.
I've stopped,
Hoping...
Those opinions that you have,
Of me would leave.
I've stopped!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I'Ve Stopped Waiting For You To Grow

Let's not forget.
And with my assistance,
Remind you.
You chose to poison,
My attempts to reach out to you.
Remember those snide remarks?
Made to me,
After you blew what I had said...
Out of proportion?
And throwing your last hissy fit.
And...
That 'was' your last!
Because I have had it with your,
Merde à la hausse.

So much so!
I've stopped waiting for you to grow.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

I'Ve Witnessed Those Scenes

I examine my steps with a bit of self reflection.
But do I get upset,
When pieces of a puzzle...
Do not fit as I expect?
Yes.
I do.

But I don't let the upsetting,
Get me frustrated with regret.
Nor do I try to stop a clock,
Set to move forward.
And not wait until I've finished,
Weeping tears I've wept.

Even though I've witnessed those scenes...
Participating in them I don't like for myself.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Ivy Leaguers Who Cheat

Ivy leaguers who cheat,
To increase their chances of feeding greed...
May deceive,
But...
Don't they reflect a society,
Promoting feasting greed?

Integrity...?
Where is at?
And honesty...?
Where is it at?
Respect has gone.
And that's a fact.
Thieving is on!
And...
Taught when one is born.

Integrity...?
Where is at?
And honesty...?
Where is it at?
Respect has gone.
And that's a fact.
Thieving is on!
And...
Taught when one is born.

Ivy leaguers who cheat,
To increase their chances of feeding greed...
May deceive,
But...
Don't they reflect a society,
Promoting feasting greed?

Thieving is on!
And...
Taught when one is born.

Ivy leaguers who cheat...

Are honored and promoted to feed greed.
This is success for those who seek the best.
No matter if a quality of life...
Bleeds.

Ivy leaguers who cheat...
Are honored and promoted to feed greed.
This is success for those who seek the best.
No matter if a quality of life...
Bleeds.

Integrity...?
Where is at?
And honesty...?
Where is it at?
Respect has gone.
And that's a fact.
Thieving is on!
And...
Taught when one is born.

Ivy leaguers who cheat,
Reflect...
A people who've been taught,
To feed greed.

And feeling they're entitled to feast,
Greed!
And feeling they're entitled to feast,
Greed!
And feeling they're entitled to feast!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Jack Frost Arrives And Hops

Indian Summer?
Yes it is!
And it is here for about a couple of weeks.
Then SLAM-a-LAM-a-DING DONG
Jack Frost arrives and hops,
On unsuspecting asssspirations.
Shivering in a reminisced,
Lay on the beach.
And watching the seagulls frolick.
Waiting for folks to take a dip.
So they can come to sniff on snacks,
Left unguarded!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

'Jack' Of All Trades

The ability to multi-task,
Dance fast and adorn many hats.
Use to be considered foolish,
By those who chose to 'specialize'.

Today,
One who is a 'Jack' of all trades.
Has 'mastered' survival.
With an agility to others shown.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Jackass

You wish me to be specific?
Like an island in the Pacific?
You wish me to lay it on the line?
To ease and bring a comfort,
To your confused mind?
Okay...
I will!
Your ignorance is not unique.
Your inability to comprehend...
Is commonly found upon these streets.
And your clinched fists,
With the gritting of bared teeth...
Is overdone.
Protecting what has long been observed,
You should do your best to overcome.
But like the others with wishes to protect themselves...
You're boring with excuses,
You use to self induce.
I see it for what it is.
Consider my comments as positive!
I am not the one from you or it to run.
You asked,
Jackass!
Why do you look at me as if you are stunned?
What did you think I would offer you?
A cup of coffee with cream and sugar?
Perhaps gossip over tea...
As we eat cinnamon buns?
I don't take time for that!
Or numb my head by smoking 'joints'.
But...
If you've got one...
I'll share it with you!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Jada Pinkett-Smith

I hear your words.
And feel them clearly.
So deep has the object,
Taken to represent and symbolize...
Been used to abuse,
What we have excused to de-value.
Our own lives!
To allow it done.
For the fun and entertainment.
We have undermined ourselves,
To have others in positions...
Dismiss our greatness.

Even 'Us' for decades shown,
Have degraded our efforts to endeavor...
To perpetuate and escalate self hatred.
As we sat to watch other folks,
Fill their pockets nonstop.
While 'we' supported the killing of our opportunities.
And the light that shines in our own minds.
To believe with the giving of time,
THEY, THEM and others we have accused...
Will awaken, one day, to know what it is like,
To walk a tightrope.
With it done wearing our shoes.

Jada...
With all due respect,
And you deserve all of it that you can get...
You and I both know,
Those days 'aint' here to happen.
You and I both know,
The causes and effects of kept ignorance.

Your message so clear,
And free of delusions...
Makes it obvious to the ones,
What we have permitted done to ourselves.
And at a cost to have lost,

Identities, integrities, purpose and self awareness.
Just to obtain lives to live without maintained gains.
Or have it known to show,
A paid silence to keep...
Does not validate deceptions.

Until 'we' begin to feel and see,
With honesty felt and truth to speak...
We can expect more of the same to receive.
And hopefully,
During these times as people begin to examine beliefs...
Clarity will be found in minds and with necessity,
To stop an addiction to defeat our own endeavors.
With it to acknowledge,
From where we have learned...
Such destructive lessons we have taught to teach.
To then preach to accept so effectively.

Minds will change.
Or become more deranged.
But then again...
Who is it are we wanting with wishes to imitate?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Jaded

Jaded...
By fading consequences
Held onto like treasured jewels.
But I do not sparkle within,
Or radiate a gladness
Shown on the surface...
And polished with pretense!

Jaded...
A product of delusion
Manifested by observation
And a fixed comfort zone.
Transfixed and smothering!
I run to escape...
But no one chases!
I hide to shelter myself,
From myself!

I'm jaded!
Corralled and fenced in
Behind gates I alone can unlock!
I have the keys in my pocket.
If I should open them...
Someone else may find my space,
And free it of complaint!
And that is my biggest fear.

I'm jaded.
With a need to hold onto something real!
Exhausted and left unchallenged.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Jail Bait

Raising jail bait!
Little boys trained...
To be rough and tough from birth.
With no other skills learned on urban streets...
Where they are greeted by meanness.
And taught to lie.
Become deceitful.
Steal, hussle and cheat.

And an incarceration is done!
If not chased and shot down...
By the eagerness of police,
To shoot with a deadly aim...
With tasers,
And/or with high powered guns!

Raising jail bait...
With a taste for defeatism,
Blended with a craving for self hate.
And 'scholars' have spent generations in debate...
Seeking outsiders with drafted graphics,
To explain for all the coming fate!
But no one listening wishes to hear what is clear.
Since what is needed and proposed...
Is not delivered on a sugar coated plated!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Je Veux Que Trop Aime!

Je veux que trop aime!

Trop je veux,
La paix et le bonheur partagé.
Quelqu'un pour se soucier,
Avec une loyauté consacrée.

Trop je veux,
Quelqu'un qui est là.
Comme je serais.

Je veux que trop aime!

Trop je veux,
Quelqu'un pour communiquer,
Et comprenez avec cela mentionné.

Trop je veux,
Quelqu'un qui a le temps,
Sans feindre pour donner et prendre.

Je veux que trop aime!

Trop je veux,
Quelqu'un qui désire une vie de paix.
Et pas une vie ensemble passée...
Dans le chagrin de coeur sans condition pour rendre.

Comme ceux dans les rapports,
Les vœux d'eux pour finir.
Donc ils iront alors finalement faire seperate.
Trouver quel vrai amour pour eux signifie de nouveau!
Je veux que trop aime.

Grandir comme il est destiné.
Et pas la pause pour tomber du tout!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Jealous Admiration

People clamor for truth and honesty,
Love and committment...
Loyality and devotion!
And when it is served,
With a realization their participation is required...
They turn their backs,
Claiming it is too tough to chew!
Each time a choice selection is tasted...
They become upset with the presentation,
Returning what has been ordered
To their specifications...
Time and time again!
They do not comprehend...
The more difficult they are with their desires,
Wishing to be pleased.
The less anyone is willing to care,
Whether that is done or not!
Eventually they are just left alone,
To complain about what is not right with the world,
And the lives of others they secretly despise
With jealous admiration!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Jeering From A Crowd

Success is not achieved with politeness.
Or niceties to appease those who approve.
Since no place there is for mediocrity,
When one chooses a doing to move forward.

The best suggestion there is to offer,
To anyone feeling offended...
By initiative expressed to object,
Is to get out of the way of a progress wished.

The one who walks on a path alone and does this,
To have done it with a focused purpose to accomplish...
Has a desire to be 'somebody' amongst those reluctant.
And not just anybody anonymously jeering from a crowd.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Jellied

With a jiggle and bounce,
As if to pounce...
Those rears.
Jellied.

Swish and sway.
In a rotating to convey,
A prioritized eating...
Seated with a sitting,
On a backside preyed.

Stretched closed to outdo limits.
And snuggling to fit into anything,
Seems to be a miraculous undertaking.
With no adherence to dress codes known to show,
A proof of ever having a fidelity to them believed.

There are minds of those who publicly invite,
A staring that entices...
Mouths to open as wide as possible.
And unable to close lips together tight,
Without them being bitten.

'Can you believe...? '

~Yes!
I can.
But still...
It's unbelievable! ~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Jena 6 Mix

Well...
Let's see!
Some nooses were hung from a tree.
And folks who themselves,
Are constantly refusing to accept reality...
See 'this' as racist? That could be!
While they accept hypocrisies in their own cities!
And they believe they are blessed,
To leave these scenes behind unaddressed?

Professing 'Christians' marching in a 'collective' protest!

Well...
Let's see!
They speak of what should be a democracy!
And they travel for miles to display a unity?
But they themselves disrespect with deeds.
Children raised to reflect what they've been taught...
Demonstrate what an entire thoughtlessness has brought!
And an intolerance that is shown and overblown...
Becomes transfixed by a Jena 6 mix!
That still leaves an ignorance left,
In their own backyards unfixed and condoned!

Shouldn't they protest with such conviction...
Those messes unshown,
Left to sit back in their own homes.
And virtually swept under the 'rug' and known?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Jesus Is The Main Man

Jesus is the main man.
That's it.
No more comments!
Jesus is the main man.
You can zip your parted lips, now!
Jesus is the main man.
Forget those pity stops at pits.
Jesus is the main man.
This you 'must' admit, now!
Jesus is the main man.
That's it.
No more comments on it made...
To degrade or say what else may fit.
Jesus is the main man.
Know this,
And get lifted quick!
Jesus is the main man.
Understand this as best you can.
Jesus is the main man.
Commanded when you pray,
Now!
Jesus is the main man.
That's it...
No need for further comments on it!
Jesus is the main man.
He's like a gift one gets,
To share unlimited!
Jesus is the main man.
It's hard to sit still,
When something received
Is known
To be real!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Jimmy Brown (A Tribute)

Jimmy Brown.
Young, Black and gifted.
So hip and thought to be,
Ahead of his time in the '70's!
Decided he would run to become,
The first Black President...
Of Hartford, Connecticut's,
Board of Education.
And he did and won.

'I'm going to create,
A learning corridor.
To have students explore,
Their own interests.
With a supporting,
Of their adventures.'
This to me, Jimmy had said.

A young and unsung hero.
With no aim for fame to claim.
Just a brilliant man.
With a mind ahead of his time.
And today...
Even those Black,
With their B.A.'s...
M.A.'s and Doctorate degrees,
Teaching today...
In the Hartford school system,
Have no clue of the legacy...
Jimmy Brown has left to leave.

'Excuse me, but do you...'

-Just a second.
Hartford Board of Education.
How may I direct your call? -

'Sorry to disturb you.
Are you familiar with the name,

Jimmy Brown? '

-Hmmm...
Jimmy. Jimmy?
Brown. Brown. Brown?
No. A new employee?
I've been a receptionist here,
For quite some time.
And I haven't heard that name,
Found to cross my mind.-

'I should be shocked,
By your confession.
But, I'm not surprised at all.'

-If he's among,
Our support staff...
He would not be kept,
On this list I have.
That information you can get,
By directly visiting.
Or calling each school,
Within the Hartford district.-

'That's fine.
You've given me,
All I need to know.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Jiving Around Other Hives

If bees perceived themselves,
To be the honey brought inside the hive...
Instead of playing a part,
Of making that sweet taste come alive.
The realness of the honey,
Would not exist.
And no one would experience the taste of it.
No one would crave the sensation to be kissed.
And all that is that is taken for granted,
From our minds would be dismissed.

So you aint the honey.
You just the bee.
Together we make the honey.
And you may believe,
You can have your honey without me.
But I will tell you right now,
Wherever you go...
Thinking you're all that,
You will realize all you attract alone are flies.
Buzzing artificially jiving around other hives.
Believing I wait for you to come back from that trap.

And that honey you made with me...
Is a taste I guarantee you will miss.
But slipping back to unpack your crap...
With me,
Aint gon happen'.
To me...
You've become just another,
Wannabe fly by!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Jobs?

Jobs?
They don't want jobs.
Not the ones they exclaim,
Can make a down payment...
On credited fantasies.
And they want to be able to pay for them.
They want money.
And lots of it.
They are above pushing a broom.
They've been spoiled by 'entitlements'.

That's why those who created those jobs,
Found a cheaper way to produce their products...
Now being made overseas.
With more sweating they get,
From grateful and pleasant employees.
Not discussing their retirement plans,
Or increments of expected raises.

Those employers wanting to survive,
Have prioritized their needs as well.
With a paying of those interested in creating quality...
And not those more involved,
In discussing where they vacation...
During a two hour lunch break.
While complaining what the boss makes...
Or who shops where for a price making eyes pop.
As they within eight hours do exactly what they please.
To leave a job before it is time...
Completing nothing that is due.

Jobs?
They had jobs.
And complained 'aliens' were taking them away.
When blacks began getting tips waiting on tables,
It was soon discovered how they were no longer qualified,
To do menial work.
Since 'some' folks began to realize,
Those menial positions could become very lucrative.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Jodie Foster

Thank you.
Thank you...
For putting the entertainment industry,
In the proper perspective...
For the ones who have been in it,
To benefit and know how to value reality.
With a peace of mind to leave it behind...
To dismiss.
If that is what one wishes to have happiness.

Thank you.
Thank you...
Jodie Foster.
For putting the entertainment industry,
In the proper perspective...
For the ones who have been in it,
To benefit and know how to value reality.

Jodie Foster.
WOW!
What a terrifc acceptance,
Of a life you put in proper perspective...
From your experience to reflect.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Join The Club

The missing of someone taken for granted,
Is not easy to overcome.
When it is clear the feeling appears,
With the wish that person was close and near.

And everything done they did...
Had been to your benefit.
As you now find yourself,
Going from one extreme to the other.
Trying to find a replacement,
For the person dismissed.
With a wish they could witness...
Your broken heart!

Sitting you do...
Hoping for a return of the warmth remembered.
Before you chased that 'good thing' away.
On that fateful day when you had the nerve to say...
'If you can find somebody better than me,
You can leave! '

And you couldn't stop yourself quick enough,
Before those words fell from your lips.
And pride kept you from begging for forgiveness!
But that was then.
Now you do the best you can...
Trying to forget you had been that stupid!

Hey,
Join the club.
But I will say this...
Getting rid of the membership,
Aint all that easy!
It's best to take a long walk.
Before something regretted falls out of your mouth!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Joke Provokers

Stung and it shows...
Those joke provokers.
Heads bowed.
Those joke provokers.
Once loud.
Those joke provokers.
Gone from crowds to be noticed,
A getting of attention focused.

Doing to choose their laughter,
On someone picked they attacked.
And mocking everything about them,
In front and behind their backs.
But...where are they now,
Those joke provokers.
Nowhere seen.
Those joke provokers.
Or heard demeaning...
Anyone by their schemes.

Could it be...
They are the ones hiding behind trees?
Peeking at night around corners?
And hiding under 'hoodies'.
Too embarrassed by,
A childish doing of haunting misdeeds.

Stung and it shows...
Those joke provokers.
Heads bowed.
Those joke provokers.
Once loud.
Those joke provokers.
Gone from crowds to be noticed,
A getting of attention focused.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Jokes

There are jokes,
I love to hear told by folks...
About others who have sat on summits,
To return to old neighbors.
Unchanged to remain slow and predictable.
And to listen to the laughter,
Directed to the ones they claim to know...
To perceive them as failures coming back,
From experiencing the embarrassment...
With attempts to share 'that' as success.

And these clowns sitting around,
Laugh and laugh to believe their own rumors...
Until attempts to make them see opportunities,
Free to share with them to receive...
Leave the ones expecting the disrespect.
With no feelings left to regret,
A doing of their best and what they could...
In old neighborhoods where jokers tell jokes.
To protect and defend,
The keeping of their ignorance with this to pretend...
Others find clowns sitting around to enjoy,
The same jokes told to hear from folks getting too old...
Not to see the doing of it has created their predicaments.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Journeys From The Stoop

Journeys from the stoop,
I would participate with friends...
Sitting upon them as a child.

We would use our imaginations,
And travel to destinations.
Seeking to leave,
Urban city life.

Concrete dreams...
We would plant to watch grow.
Hoping to come back to the 'hood'
To show each other...
Who did what and did that good.
And share with others we then did know.

Yet some stayed.
To make their corner visits regular.
Not moving too far from steps they made.
To preserve and protect a 'turf' they praised.

And I look back these days...
After all the renovations of old neighborhoods made.
Wondering
As I look into the eyes of friends who have aged...
Why did they ever release their dreams,
To allow themselves to fade...
To times now discussing who among them,
Has gone and passed away.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Joy

Stimulated to motivate,
With an appreciation of it.
Eliminates resistance,
And the fearing of risks.

With,
Benefits to claim.
And with,
Benefits named.

Anticipating debating,
Is not the same.
When one is occupied,
With choices wished to gain.

With,
Benefits to claim.
And with,
Benefits named.

There's a reason one seeks hope and joy.
To rid of a nothingness,
That annoys.

There's a reason one seeks hope and joy.
To rid of a nothingness,
And wanting to know happiness.

Even if a little bit,
People want to pocket some joy.
As if a new toy.
And always theirs...
Never to be destroyed.

Even if a little bit,
People want to pocket some joy.

Stimulated to motivate,
With an appreciation of it.

Eliminates resistance,
And the fearing of risks.

With,
Benefits to claim.
And with,
Benefits named.

Even if a little bit,
People want to pocket some joy.
As if a new toy.
And always theirs...
Never to be destroyed.

Even if a little bit,
People want to pocket some joy.
As if a new toy.
And always theirs...
Never to be destroyed.

Even if a little bit,
People want to pocket some joy.
Joy, joy...
Always there,
To employ.

Even if a little bit,
People want to pocket some joy.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Judged By Just Looking At Its Cover

Do you see that book they are reading,
From beginning to end.
With an intention to absorb something,
From it.
That is the same book,
You judged by just looking at its cover.
And they are the ones discovering,
A more meaning from a life...
You have come to despise.

'You haven't read it either.
Or you wouldn't be here talking to me.'

I see. So quick you are,
To base your opinions on appearances.
I'll leave you with this...
If your head wasn't filled with assumptions,
You would realize...
It doesn't matter where you are,
When making a decision to do what it is you wish.
Instead of trying to impress,
From a point of view that is limited.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Judged On Stage Presence; Not Content

When the point of no return has been reached,
The preaching of sermons or lectures heard...
Has no effect to influence upon a mind vacant.

A performance evaluated on its entertainment appeal,
Is the reality that is judged on stage presence; not content.
And only this is discussed by those in attendance.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Judged Outlawed

Today everyone attempts with intense entertainment.
To have their 'sensitivities' protected as accepted etiquette.
With the hope that the existence of a reality that offends them,
Will be judged outlawed and delusions neon-ed...
On high and restricted closed off walls,
For purposes to convince those isolated from the truth...
Everything is being done to preserve their values and standards.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Judgement Call

I care less...
If someone is family, friend or foe.
Or...
The neighbors next door.
When a lie is told on another,
To spite and satisfy one's druthers...
That to me is unforgiveable.

And yes...
I confess,
I am making that judgement call.
And I don't have to justify my feelings,
At all...
Since I,
Am doing my best...
As a work-in-progress.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Judgement Mode

Exposed transgressions, digressions...
Shown to those observing,
A variety of flaws, blemishes and other imperfections.
Obvious as they appear,
To be labelled with 'its' and 'isms'.
At least with them admitted and not hidden to hide,
The ones still throwing stones away and outside...
Of once 'owned' but boarded up glass houses,
Seem affixed to a continuance of this!

Even though their creative excuses to make,
Without explanations as to why...
They seem to be stuck in kept delusions made,
In a judgement mode to pass upon those...
Who equally sit in between a truth that exist,
And their dilemmas permitted...
As if the doing of it influences with impressions.
Regardless of their mounting repossessions,
Pretended to be part of their Spring cleaning done.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Judging Their Sacrifices

Wouldn't it be nice,
If all it took to live our lives...
Was to sit and blame others,
For what they should do...
To improve 'our' quality of existence.

And those we observe,
Living below those standards...
We believe we deserve,
Would be accused of not fulfilling...
Their potential.

And all we had to do was to approve,
Those things done they do...
By judging their sacrifices.
Wouldn't it be nice...
If all we had to do was demand fresh ice,
For the soft drinks we drank while sitting to complain.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Juggling

If it enters the mind,
It's going to find out why it's there.
You're going to act upon it.
It's going to be there knowing that.
It's just going to take time for denial to fade away.

And staying away from temptation,
Is like trying to hide from the tax man!
You are going to bump into each other,
Eventually!
Either decide you're going to deal with it,
or suffer the consequences...
For a delayed decision.

Either way you're going to pay.
Curiosity has a price.
Whether it's bought outright...
Laid away or leased.
Either way...
You are going to pay,
And be taxed for your troubles...
Juggling trying to please.
Feeling giddy,
Then relieved!
Then trapped like fat on dieting thighs!
You had to have it...
Now everyone sees,
You are not as pleased
As you thought you would be!
It's not an easy task...
Trying to ax what's on your ass!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Juicy Aint The Word

Once one has discovered,
A peace of mind to keep cherished...
There will be others,
With disparaging tales to tell.
And most inventive,
Are stories told of all kinds.
As to how one with peace of mind,
Does that 'peace' to do with found time.

'Pssst. Com'here.
You wont believe what I just heard.
And what I tell you, keep it to yourself.
However...
If you should just happen,
To spread it around a little...
You didn't hear it from me.'

~Is it juicy? ~

'Juicy aint the word for it.'

~Gee. I'm all ears.
Get to squeezing every bit of it.
And leave the seeds.
Just in case,
I may want to do some planting of my own.~

'Didn't I tell you,
To keep it to yourself? '

~You did.
But one never knows when the memory goes.
So slowly pour the tea.~

'And don't sit that close.
You know how folks like to start rumors,
To begin fresh gossip.'

~Aint that the truth.

So what did you hear? ~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Juicy Lips Lie

You don't know.
If you've never had it happen.
Had it never happened,
To you before.

And you DON'T know.
If you've never had it happen.
Had it never happened,
To you...
Before.
So you-don't-know!

People talk a lot about,
What never happened.
People talk a lot about,
What they 'perceive'.
And people talk a lot about,
Others they don't know.
But when the gossip ends...
They're like rabid dogs on fresh meat.

And...
Juicy lips,
Are known to lie,
Not far...
From a linking kitchen skin faucet.
Dripping chitter chatter back
Just to splatter sticking stains.
But never dribbles to an end,
Turning off from those refrains.

Juicy lips can put together lies,
From a linking kitchen skin faucet...
Dripping chitter chatter,
Just to splatter many permanent stains.
But never dribbles to an end,
Turning off from those...
Deep down and dirty refrains.
People talk a lot about,

What they can't leave alone to condone.

Those...
With their deep dark and dirty refrains.

People like to talk about,
Their deep dark and dirty refrains.
With juicy lips.

People like to talk about,
Their deep dark and dirty refrains.
With juicy lips.

People like to talk about,
What never happened.
People like to talk about,
What they perceive.
And deep dark and dirty,
With those juicy lips.

People like to talk about,
What never happened.
People like to talk about,
What they perceive.
And deep dark and dirty,
With those juicy lips.
On fresh meat.
They wish to eat,
As they want to believe.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Juicy News

Keep it hot,
And topical.
That's the way to bait,
Insatiable attention.
If kept topical...
Ears will perk to alert.
And an elation will flow,
As if a massaging has stimulated.

Announce you've welcomed every obstacle,
And spent with guided sacrifice...
To deliver insight,
With fresh off the press spice!
And whisper low,
As if you are giving secret advice!
All eyes and ears then...
Will be glued and frozen as if packed in ice!

Keep it hot,
And topical.
That's the way to bait,
Insatiable attention.
And soon you will witness listeners,
As if in stupors...
Boozed up from the affect,
Of receiving the latest updated juicy news!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

July 4th

That independence many are given,
To benefit with entitlements...
Has July 4th and its meaning,
Taken for granted...
Flipping meat on heated grills and pits.

Celebrated as the birth,
Of American independence from Great Britain...
Since 1776.
But actually it was July 2nd,
When the Continental Congress...
Voted to favor independence.
And on July 4th,1776 history was made,
With Thomas Jefferson's signature...
On a drafted document.

And here we sit today,
Spending millions on fireworks, meat and booze.
With a declaring our racial biases over petty issues.
While splitting into divisions in protest of kept beliefs,
To forget those who fought to lose their lives...
As inner conflicts and violence freely roams on the streets.

Disrespect has risen to hyped up heights to sell.
And a unity that could exist,
Has turned lives with thoughts of good deeds to do...
Pursuing to purchase weapons,
To prevent their choice of isolation from being abused.
And yet on July 4th...
There will be the usual celebrated festivities,
From fireworks, family gatherings and favorite recipes...
With suggestions recommended,
How best to cook hotdogs, hamburgs...
And other seasoned meat to do it properly.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Jump In The Water And Get Wet

Fearing to experience life invites indecision.
Many who are taught to do things right...
Just might find themselves debating,
Over choices they prefer and like...
to impress and appease others to please.

Jump in the water and get wet.
Establish a list of those regrettable moments.
How else will one know a growth process is known?
Affecting directly one's emotions.
And involving a forward motion.

Jump in the water and get wet.
At least from the doing of it...
There will be a lesson learned to be remembered,
Never to forget.

'But...
I can not swim.'

You see!
I told you.
Something done one does,
Will always aid in the growing process.

'But...
I'm telling you,
Seriously...
I can't swim.'

Well...
I am hopeful of your ability,
To make attempts.
To teach you requires the kind of patience,
Today, I just don't have.

'But...
I am drowning! '

From who's perspective?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Jump Up With It

It is time you recognize,
And maximize the living your life.
If you jump up with it.
And do not sit.

To feel the best you can.
And open up your eyes,
Like you should.
And get that taste.
Don't hesitate.

If you just comeon...
Jump up with it.
Jump up with it.
Don't sit,
Just comeon...
Jump up with it.
Jump up with it.

No need to compromise.
Or apologize for the living your life.
Get rid of that feeling and do it quick.
Stick it to 'em,
And comeon...
Jump up with it.
Jump up with it.
Live your life and comeon,
Jump up with it.
Don't give in and quit.
Don't sit,
Just comeon...
Jump up with it.
Jump up with it.
Let it go and comeon,
Jump up with it.
Jump up with it.

It's time you recognize,
And maximize the living your life.

If you jump up with it.
And do not sit.
Don't quit!
Just comeon...
Jump up with it.
Jump up with it.
Don't sit,
Just comeon...
Jump up with it.
Jump up with it.
Don't quit!
Just comeon...
Jump up with it.
Jump up with it.
Don't sit,
Just comeon...
Jump up with it.
Jump up with it.
Rejoice and comeon,
Jump up with it.
Jump up with it.
This is your life.
Jump up with it.
Jump up with it.
This is your life.
Rejoice and comeon.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Jumping To Conclusions

No sir...
I did not say,
You were clearly out of your mind.
You are jumping to conclusions!

This is what I said...
And I quote my exact statement.

'You have used your political clout,
To ruin my reputation.
You've destroyed my ability,
To seek meaningful employment.
You and your associates,
Have campaigned to slander...
And smear any attempts I've made,
To make progress among my own people.
In this community.
There are more living in poverty in this area,
Since your last election.
And...
One in which has the highest crime rate.
Least amount of representation,
For the tax dollars that are spent.
And...
You have been in office for three terms,
Doing absolutely nothing...
For the betterment of your constituents here!
Plus your use of racial tactics,
Speaks for itself.
And you seek my endorsement?
Where is the advantage? '

THAT is what I said!
Now...
How you take that,
Can be interpreted any way you wish!
But those are my comments,
About how I feel regarding you....
Your political clout and influence.

Anything else you'd like to add...
Would come out of 'your' mouth,
Sir.
And not mine.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Junk

Junk.
You don't need it.
Get ready for it to be depleted.
Prepare for a hunk of relief...
And a reprieve from stress,
A repression that had left you,
Down.
Finding you not wanting it around.

And all that 'junk' you once claimed yours...
You will be glad to remove it from your door.
To put it on the curb as trash.
Happy to leave that crap in your past at last!

And keeping up with the 'Joneses'?
Will no longer be a trip you wish to take.
Discovering your own journey...
Although delayed,
Much to your liking.
After you have decided,
To bite through your grief...
And get behind the driver's seat!
Feeling 'good'.
Like you should!

You may not have the financial freedom...
Being in 'debt' provided you.
But you sure will enjoy the view,
With a renewed and refreshed attitude!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Just A Bunch Of Lazy Leechers

If we are not celebrating contributions made,
On a daily basis.
And thanking those who have done them...
To benefit our understanding and way of life.
Instead of waiting for dates,
To motivate claims that we are aware of their aims...
And deeds!
We are just a bunch of lazy leechers.
And the hint of it...
Is the accepted decadence.

We are just a bunch of lazy leechers.
Spending more time aggravating those who participate,
With lives lived to enhance what we've taken for granted.
Instead of doing dances of torment...
Like children who are disciplined,
And denied the playing with their toys that has to end!
Like them...
We are just a bunch of lazy leechers.
Ungrateful for our freedoms.
And spoiled with the beliefs...
We are here only to feed our selfish needs.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Just A Curious Bystander

Stop it.
Stop trying to get me to smile.
I am familiar with your charity work.
And you should be commended for it.
But a recipient of it I am not.
Not of your donated sacrifice,
You have chosen to capture on film.

Documenting your efforts on fresh territory,
I see.
You do appeasements quite well.
As usual...
I am just a curious bystander,
Wondering how much you seek this week...
As a monetary benefit,
Once you've done what you do so well to sell.

I loved your last effort...
'Those Ghetto Minded Have Now Found Primetime...
Nouveau Riche, Dumbed Down And De-Valued'

I see you have added a few apprentices to your payroll.
Your business is booming,
Huh?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Just A Few Disgruntled People

Hundreds of thousands of disillusioned people,
Coming together to protest their dissatisfactions...
Can not be all considered nonconformists,
And mavericks can they?
Certainly 'someone' should recognize,
There is a problem right before their eyes.

'Mavericks? Nonconformists?
Of course not.
They are considered to be,
Just a few disgruntled people.
Voicing their opinons,
About their impending poverty.
To eventually be ignored.

You should know that from your own experiences.
How effective was the showing of your concerns?
Remember when you and a group of millions,
Did your hunger and homelessness routine?
What influence did you have,
To get anyone to recognize that? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Just A Few Minutes Given

Sometimes just a few minutes given,
Pretending to listen...
Pays more of a dividend,
Than being considered rude...
With an unwillingness to be bored.

It seems that nodding is more acceptable,
Than the act of leaving itself.
And someone who snores,
Is adored...
For providing comic relief!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Just A Few Moments Of Thought

I use to think,
Making sense was an objective...
Many people had.
Like the establishing of common sense,
In those conversations once comprehended.

But as I grow each day,
And know a little bit about communication...
I have come to realize,
More people are caring less to understand...
What would take just a few moments of thought!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Just A Few Of Those Experiences

There is nothing like maintaining one's beliefs.
With a faith sustained,
To one day see them realized.
And there is something inside,
That validates a pride kept through spells of weeping.

Some may call this arrogance.
Ego with a touch of self centeredness.
Or the favorite one many use...
With nothing else to say,
They may refer to this as 'luck'.

But one who holds onto a belief,
Through critique, crawling on knees...
And character assassination.
With a sacrificing of a reputation...
It is not with 'luck' that success is achieved.

Endurance.
Patience.
And the tolerance of ignorance,
Are but just a few of those experiences...
One sacrifices to achieve what is received.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Just A Gimmick Used To Convince

If people were as territorially protective,
With a pride that motivated as is claimed...
It would be shown in their appearances.
With no mistaking of this visually.
It would be observed to be seen,
Like other games played.

And yet...
What is heard and unmistaken,
Is a desire to feed more greed.
A desire to be entertained socially.
And an increase in pay,
For everything done they do.
Even if that means picking up a broom,
To sweep both front and back...
With a keeping clean,
Those places where they live.

If people were as territorially protective,
With a pride that motivated as is claimed...
It would be shown in their appearances.
With no mistaking of this visually.
It would be observed to be seen.
But it isn't.
It's just a gimmick used to convince,
Minds already delusioned and deceived.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Just A Grouch

Just a grouch.
Shouting and pouting about.
Chasing happiness,
And those who are away.
Bitter and looking for tit for tat spats.
Nothing is right...
Unless approval is made,
For this and/or that.
And don't accidently knock on the door.
You'll get a response...
'What do you want?
And what are you here for? '

Just a grouch.
Seeking to pinch anyone...
To hear an 'Ouch! '
And loving to inflict discomfort!
Whenever the need comes,
To raise an eyebrow...
Or two.
It doesn't take much,
To arouse a grouch to fuss.
About 'something' over nothing,
That has really been done!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Just A Guess

Perhaps realizing how pointless it was,
To listen and accept someone else's explanation...
And point of view,
As to what they perceive my life should be...
Has made me more aware,
Of who actually lives my life.
With it known to be lived free from questions to ask.
And some wish me to believe,
I had been born blessed with a unique intelligence.

'How did you know my over eating to excess,
Had aided in my gaining weight? '

Just a guess.

'WOW.
You're smart.
Let me ask you another question.
If you don't mind? '

No. Go right ahead.

'All my children have foul mouths.
They don't want to do nothing,
But lay around the house.
Eat snacks and don't want to clean up.
Where would they get habits like that? '

I don't know.
Maybe too much TV.

'Wow.
You 'are' a genius.
I heard that about you, but...
You have been blessed.
Hmmm...
Too much TV, huh?
Why didn't I think of that?
You're brilliant.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Just A Knucklehead

What do 'I' want?
Love and devotion from someone true and loyal.
Someone free of foolishness.
And we fulfill each other's needs,
Without rejection that solicits angryness.
Someone who mutually comprehends...
Where we are going.
And from where we've been.
I want someone with happiness to share.
And that happiness together gets us somewhere.

'Well...
What about me? '

You?
YOU?

You and I argue too much.
And when we disagree,
We leave each other out of touch.
And when we solve our indifferences...
Only to return,
To ask forgiveness with apologies to give.
We begin to reminisce the importantness,
That we are here to live.

We communicate with understanding.
And sit to listen...patiently.
There is no challenge in that at all.
No secrets deceived to be misunderstood!
Don't you want someone to manipulate...
If you could?

'What about me?
You know I want tolerate that instability! '

I know.
We 'are' too close and that shows.

'You're just a knucklehead.
That's exactly what you are.'

You see!
That proves to me...
Why you and I can not have a relationship meant to be.
You think you can say anything you know will upset me.

'I know your head is as thick as a brick.
And you can not see the forest...
Because you're building a wall around the trees.
Believing you hide emotions I can not see.
You're just a knucklehead! '

And what is that suppose to mean?

'If right now I should expose my toes...
You will look over your shoulder.
To let others know,
They belong to you and have been sold.'

Oh...
So what are you trying to say?
My nose is not the only nose,
That has been exposed to your toes?
You want to see someone else besides me?

'Are you kidding?
After all we've been through?
Pretending we don't love each other,
As much as we clearly do.'

And what is that suppose to mean?
You've got it worse than I do.
I don't have to be here.

'I know.
Me neither.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Just A Leaf On The Same Rooted Tree

You are your worse enemy.
With insecure defenses on alert.
And prepared to attack.
Your tongue is your weapon.
And some words you use...
You can not hold back!
And...
They can hurt.

Compliments offend.
And you depend on self righteousness.
But your lips,
If kept closed...
Your ears would receive,
The foolishness of your sentiments.
Heard as a purging from others like you...
Who are just like that!
Doing exactly the same thing too!

So...
Don't try to justify what you do as being different.
You are just a leaf,
On the same rooted tree.
Observe the branches and the bark...
Before you qualify,
Where you 'believe' you are.
Your distant 'ignorance' is not that far!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Just A Matter Of Perception

Father?
Should I give them a clue,
As to whose rules these are?
Or WHO chose them to play?

I'm having too much fun.
Why should I let 'their' frustrations,
Get in 'my' way?

They have no idea,
What they have started with their wickedness.
And what has initiated...
In new ways,
Why some folks have displayed their mischieviousness...
In such a deviousness today.

And even though it is just a matter of perception...
I want to let them know how their perceptions,
Are being received.
If they only knew,
'How' you were watching their every move...
They would choose to pray.
For real and with devoted faith!

'My son?
You would love to give away 'all' of my secrets.
Wouldn't you? '

Well...
Not exactly!
I just want to 'enlighten' them a bit.
You know...
Set them straight!

'I'm 'perceiving' your arrogance as getting obnoxious!
A little be to the 'right'...
And you'd be hopping on my last nerve!

I give you a little power.

And you are ready to emblazen your image,
On the face of the Sun! '

OH! No!
No, Your Highness!
I don't want nobody to know I've got it like that!
I'm in the humility business.
That's the way I want those perceptions of me kept!

'Good!
Good choice!
All I've ask of you,
Is to do your 'communication' thing...
As creative as possible.
And mind your business.
That's all.
I don't need for you to wave a magic wand! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Just A Myth

There is nothing more that can be said,
Today...
To or about those who stand in the way,
With a doing to prevent or purposely delay...
The ones wishing with wants to make attempts,
To bring opportunities and fresh adventures...
Benefitting everyone especially those oppressed.
Only for a few to address impressions to make.
And choosing to prove a doing to show,
How best it is to exhibit the growth of fools.

'We've successfully stopped them,
From expressing their culture and identies here.'

~And, you are proud of that? ~

'Of course.
Look around.
We have chosen to select what people expect.
Fine wining and dining and those with proper etiquette.
To show those who come here to visit,
We offer top quality and at its very best.'

~But more people today are seeking diversity displayed.
A diversity you have obviously chased away to eliminate.
And you believe people will make,
This place a destination for them to come 'and' stay? ~

'You can't believe everything you hear.
Those depictions are just a myth.'

~There is something about that which is obvious,
To give credibility to reality than anything else.
And you expect to survive as a capitalist,
With kept beliefs that diversity is just a myth? ~

'We know what we want.'

~And we came to spend money.

Not walk through blocks of vacancies...
With it assumed fine dining,
Will be reminisced long after we leave.
We came to expect culture and diversity.
And not a dime from us will you get to keep.~

'But...
What about the economy? '

~It's just a myth.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Just A Passing Fad

Who not expose to it,
Can be convinced today...
The value of truth is a treasure not to trade.

Only a few have stumbled upon it.
To be immediately depicted,
As rebels, nonconformists 'or' as mavericks.

Truth doesn't hurt the ones familiar with it.
But discussing its existence quickly offends,
Those who have been told it should be kept hidden.

Who not expose to it,
Can be convinced today...
The value of truth is a gem they should save.

Who today prefers to stay away from reality?
With a hope that truth is just a passing fad,
That they pray everyday will eventually fade.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Just A Pinch Of Common Sense

I am glad not to repeat...
Those days of my youth.
Encouraged to be everything else,
Instead of what I wanted to pursue.
I was young and self expressive,
Then.
With opinions I had...
I made known,
If I chose to
Over again!
Which I did often.

Much of my life lived back then,
Was done fast tracked!
With many things done...
Today would not be condoned!
Not like that.
And I am not going to settled today,
For childlike conversation,
And a densed destination...
From someone who claims to be grown!
If I can get just a pinch of common sense...
Determined to exist within one person,
I'd be feeling at home!
But those feelings here,
Aren't shown
Not like that.
From anyone claiming ownership!

That's what makes me feel lonely.
Buried in thoughts of how things used to be.
In today where those 'used to bees' are useless!
When I think about that,
I become sad as the feeling of isolation...
Overwhelms me!
When I think about that...
I realize more,
Why you and I had to depart!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Just A Process Proceeding In Evolution

Do I have remorse that they have blinded themselves,
By the quality of their own actions?

Your comments make little sense to me.
Is this their way of holding someone accountable,
For their delight in material excitement?

I appreciate the attention you have given this fiasco.
But those folks have a history of creating their own debris.
I'm sure my lack of concern and those of others...
They have ridiculed for making attempts to assist them,
Will someday be reason why they could not unite as a people!
Or some excuse they will find that is not policed!

No...
I have not given up on them.
They've given up on themselves,
The moment they began to ostracize their own!

For some reason...
I am attracted to those who are adult in mind,
Deed and purpose.
And those comments would be pointless to repeat to them!

No hard feelings!
None here whatsoever.
I am just part of a process,
Proceeding in a welcomed evolution.
And I am one of many who recognize the benefits.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Just A Rumor

Why have they come to picket his home?

'One of them has recently discovered,
A grandmother of a neighbor...
Has an ingrown toenail.'

You can not be serious?

'Well...
It is just a rumor so far.
She's vacationing in Cancun.
And confirmation has yet to arrive.
He has claimed the current administration,
Is responsible for neglect.
And the leader...
Should be held accountable,
To allow such oversight to happen.
Claiming him to be incompetent.

The organizer for this campaign,
Is known to be proactive.
And was able to get the people commited,
'Before' the truth is actually known.
He has his eye on running for office one day.
And so far,
The people find him more than qualified.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Just A Series Of Tests To Measure

Let this be said,
To those great and small.
To those standing on the peaks of mountains,
And to the ones beginning their journeys...
On knees in the darkest of valleys,
Who believe it is beneath them to crawl.

When that moment of 'light' upon you hits.
And you become aware of your talents and gifts.
You will begin to lift your head,
To reach the furthest star.
Even when you reach that peak you seek...
You will not become satisfied inside at all.
There will still be that urge,
To surge to even greater heights!

Let this be said,
To those great and small.
You owe it only to yourself to be your best.
And those obstacles you face,
Are just a series of tests to measure your self worth.

You will pass.
If you learn not to give up...
And get off your accusations to aspire.
And rid that trash on your back that is carried.
To accept...
That difficult tasks can never be grasped.
You will!
Only you can fulfill your dreams.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Just A Slave

Just a slave and hooked with addictions.
And chased with a wish to escape,
From those habits fed.
Those habits inside a head...
Independent in thought.
But dependent instead.

Just a slave and hooked,
To all that is that has been known.
To all that has been shown and is...
Makes the escape,
Seem an impossibility to free from needs.
And those beliefs fed to feed one fleeing.

Just a slave and hooked with addictions.
And chased with a wish to escape,
From those habits fed.
Those habits inside a head...
Independent in thought.
But dependent instead on what one's mind,
Has been taught to seek.
And branded to lust for those temptations.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Just A Stop To Make A Donation

I feel a cradling within,
The warmness of...
Should I dare to mention this?
The warmness of your va-va-va...
Nesting spot.

I almost forgot what it was like.
Since the last time I was in one,
It was cold as ice.
I shivered to finish the activity.

I feel a cradling within,
The warmness of...
Should I dare to mention this?
The warmness of your va-va-va...
Nesting spot.

And...
I hope this is not,
Just a stop to make a donation!
Since I can crave this as a frequent routine.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Just A Taste Of Truth

Oh...?
I am more than willing,
To give you something other than fluff.
But you are the one,
Who seems not to get enough of that stuff.
And now you request from me to give that up?
I'm cool with that.
All I've ever asked from you is less attitude.
Are you prepared to do that?
Have you come now ready to listen to the facts?

'That depends.'

On what?

'If you promise not to offend my sensibilities.'

So you wish for me to sweeten my approach,
To include periodic delusions you'd find suitable.

'Yes.
I've come to have just a 'taste' of truth.
To stomach it as a main course...?
I have yet desired or wished,
For that much of it.'

I apologize.
But I...
Just can not change what's on my menu,
For just anyone to have my delivery customized.
However...if you have a few seconds...
I do know some folks,
Who would love to accept you as a referral.
And they will tell you any and everything you wish to hear.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Just A Vessel Blessed

Where am I going to take this?
To realms,
I can not explain.
If I could,
Your question would not be left to go...
Unanswered.

If I did this to impress,
My ego would have been addressed.
And 'this' would have been left,
As an accomplishment to gain your attention.
And in a way...
I have nothing to say about this at all.

I'm just a vessel blessed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Just Accepting

I don't follow politics.
Nor do I religiously worship,
That which I have doubts about.
Or lay blame to complain with a frowning mouth.
I don't give unnecessarily to do to submit.
Especially If I feel for me there is no benefit.

I don't say what I don't mean.
Or talk about others to purposely demean.
My choice I have chosen is to live at my best.
And I don't sit back to do anything less.

Just accepting,
To fly my own kite.
I am just accepting,
To do what I like.
Just accepting,
What is as is and what's to be.
I am just accepting,
To make changes for me whenever there's the need.

Just accepting,
What I do to do with it done to survive.
I am just accepting,
To forgive and forget and not to myself lie.
Just accepting,
To admit any wrong doing I had done to others.
And just accepting,
To leave those alone who choose to remain fools.

I don't say what I don't mean.
Or talk about others to purposely demean.
My choice I have chosen is to live at my best.
And I don't sit back to do anything less.

I don't follow politics.
Nor do I religiously worship,
That which I have doubts about.
Or lay blame to complain with a frown on my mouth.

I don't give just to do that to totally submit,
To anyone or anything if I feel for me...
The doing isn't real.

Just accepting my life.
To fly my own kite.
Row my own boat.
And float if I like,
With it done to gloat if that is what I choose.
I am just accepting.
Without expectations that invite an enticing,
To delude.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Just An After-Thought

Who are those people across the street?
They appear to be waving.
And at you.

'Someone is mistaken.
They could not be waving at me.
Before they crossed the street.
They would not speak.
Not to me.
Perhaps they wave to you to join them.'

Why would I do that?

'Why would they be waving? '

Perhaps they've learned 'something'...
That affected their lives,
While being on the other side.

'Hmmm,
Could be.
Everyone can not stay put,
To learn valuable life lessons.'

Should I wave back?

'That's up to you.
My mind is on the luncheon menu.
I think I am going to try,
That fried catfish you had last week.'

Who knows.
Maybe they've grown tired,
Of being full of themselves.

'What was that? '

Nothing.
Just an after-thought.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Just An Innocent Question

Do I what?
Am I prepared to take responsibility...
For 'your' actions?
Huh?

'Hey?
Why are you running away from me.
Hey...
Yo,
It was just an innocent question.
HEY...'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Just An Observer

Everyone knows the truth is painful.
And a lie can fly from tongue to ear,
Quicker than the speed of light.
And...
Delight the receiver!
Promise a child 'anything' to quiet at night.
Lips will zip and eyes will close tight!
Try it, the results are remarkable.

I am not the one to say preachers do this,
From pulpits!
Nor do I quote politicians,
Without hiding crossed fingers.
I am just an observer,
Who has experienced what hurts!
With attempts to distance from it,
Not as quickly as I sometimes wished.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Just And Equal Punishment

Getting rid of the culprits,
Does little to undo those misdeeds done.
Assigning the crime doers,
To prison cells to get three meals a day...
Free cable and educational opportunities,
To rehabilitate back into a crazed society...
Is not just and equal punishment.

Just and equal punishment includes,
Being threatened by creditors on a daily basis.
Or being passed over for a raise,
As one's boss waves and drives away...
In a new Mercedes.

Just and equal punishment,
Is a stripping of one's respect and identity.
Not dollars stashed away collecting interests.
And kept as seed money to invest,
In the adding of more theft to the decadence.

Just and equal punishment,
Would be the trading of places...
With those that have been deceived.
And they do this until those victimized,
Have been satisfied.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Just 'Another' Day

Always...
There will be,
New songs with a singing sung.
And memories to remember done,
Until those who have them...
Take them away,
From this reality with their leaving.

Always...
There will be many who will never appreciate,
The dawn they have been given...
To view as just 'another' day.

Noon until Sunset,
With stars seen twinkling freely...
To cast our hopes and dreams upon,
Bring yawns to some.
Without a gazing upon the Moonlight...
As bright as it is shown to come.

Others will be amazed,
They have been blessed to witness life this way.

And yet,
There will be some amongst us left...
Who could care less how selfish they are.
And thoughtless,
To express a thankfulness.

Always...
There will be,
New songs with a singing sung.
And memories to remember done,
Until those who have them...
Take them away,
From this reality with their leaving.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Just Another Figment

It's better to give it than get it!
Better to give it than get it.
It is better to give it than get it.
That's how some minds of people,
Believe that they should live...
Distrusting others but keeping their own druthers,
With demands from others they expect their trust.
But trust is not what they give up.
To give it up that much.

It's better to give it than get it!
Better to give it than get it.
So many seem committed,
To want more than they give.
That's how some minds of people,
Believe that they should live...
With demands from others they expect their trust.
But trust is not what they give up.

It's better to give it than get it!
'Oh? '
Better to give it than get it.
'Is it? '
It's better to give it than get it!
That's how some minds of people,
Believe that they should live.
No matter who is fooled to dupe.
As long as the doing is done to do.

It's better to give it than get it!
'Oh? '
Better to give it than get it.
'Is it? '
It's better to give it than get it!
No matter who is fooled to dupe.
As long as the doing is done to do.
Do it to whomever gets duped.
'Oh? '
Do it to whomever gets duped.

'Oh? '
No matter who is fooled to dupe.
Do it to whomever gets duped.
'Oh? '

Trick,
No matter who treats their greedy needs.
No matter who is used to get it done.

It's better to give it than get it!
Better to give it than get it.
It is better to give it than get it.
No matter who is used to get it done.

'Where is 'this' coming from? '

Isn't this your reality?
Or is it just another 'figment' of my 'deluded' imagination?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Just Another Fool

There is a right way.
And there is a wrong way.
And to proceed,
I recommend you do it...
Their way.

'What about you?
You seem to consistently break the rules.
To say and do as you choose.
Are you afraid to be considered,
Just another fool? '

Well...
I don't live in this neighborhood.
I come for extended visits.
'They' and whoever 'they' may be...
Can say anything they wish about me.
My goal is to be 'THEE FOOL'
With no exceptions.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Just Another Sequel

There are many people,
Some troubled on the streets
And looking grieved,
With no hope.
With lost beliefs,
They let go.

There are many people sharing agonies so real.
They show and hold,
In the cold.
Some try to be,
Brave and bold.

And
Is this,
Just another sequel of lost people.
Is this,
Just another sequel of lost people.
And is this,
Just another sequel of
People who aren't equal.

There are many people,
Some troubled on the streets
And looking grieved,
With no hope.
With lost beliefs,
They let go.

And
Is this,
Just another sequel of lost people.
Is this,
Just another sequel of lost people.
And is this,
Just another sequel of
People who aren't equal.

Doing all they can,

To keep what's in their hands.
And
Is this just a sequel of lost people.
Is this,
Just another sequel of lost people.
Is this,
Just another sequel of lost people.
Is this,
Just another sequel of
People who aren't equal.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Just Another Useless Gift Given

Everyone is born with a gift.
But not too many realize,
Having a gift without initiative...
Motivation and drive,
With discipline and sacrifice...
To see that gift thrive to heights,
Is just another useless gift given...
One takes for granted.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Just As Big Of A Fool As You

Please...
Allow 'me' to make a fool of myself,
This time.
I had relied on you to do it,
Too often!
And you would always come through.

Please...
Allow 'me' to make a fool of myself,
This time.
You have to be exhausted.
At least let me prove,
I can be just as big of a fool as you!

'If not bigger! '

Excuse me?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Just As Bright As I Wish

What is this I hold?
That emboldens me,
Inside with the brightest...
Light of life!

What is this majesticness?
That glistens day and night,
With such a mysteriousness...
I have come to like.

What is this that sits to season,
From year to year...
With a blooming that glows,
In Earth's atmosphere...
I have come to know.

Can it be...
What I am given and blessed to behold,
With a telling that grows within my soul?
And shines.
Just as bright as I wish to see it!

This...
Life of mine,
As it exists...
Fits.
Just as bright as I wish to see it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Just As Perceptions Have No Clarity

If they were not as quick to attack,
And latch onto comprehension...
To understand their dissensions,
Without becoming offended
By its appearance.
To mend and end them.
There would be less conflict,
And more tolerance...
Of which they prove there is none.
Just as perceptions have no clarity of depth...
They are left believing,
Their self righteousness trimmed with arrogance...
Is sought instead of rejected!
And this is defended.
Until a quality of life with its isolated inequities,
Ends!
Without a shred of truth pursued!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Just As Tasty As The Pudding

Raise the bar!
Remove the 'settled-for-less' distresses,
And lift those spirits up!
In your hand is a cup you know remains half full...
'Too much' will never be enough,
When your cup is lifted up!
Rushing to supply with every wish...
You hold inside.

You've got the stuff,
Dismiss the fluff and accept His flow.

Raise the bar!
Congratulate your naysayers with prayers,
Extended.
If it wasn't for them your time would be theirs!
They did not win...you did.
And will again.

You could blow to them kisses...
Or wish them well with wellwishes.
This is not their discovery,
To know this fulfillment in collective recovery.
You are less on their minds than they are on yours.
Question not the opened doors awaiting.
These moments that come are not for one debating,
Outcomes before they are done.

When it comes into mind...
Dance with it time after time,
Until your steps have been mastered!
Raise the bar...
Lift it unassisted and persist it can be done.

Glisten as if Sun beams on you.
Demeaning shadowed scenes will seem to wither away.
New views due break through,
To solidify what for you is true..
And the proof is as tasty as the pudding.

Raise the bar and be lifted.
Something inside of you,
Begins to free a forgiveness that takes flight!
And this uplifting bar raised,
Restores ambitions to shine...
Whenever the mind finds it dines
Under the comfort of cloud cover.

Raise the bar...
Be lifted where you are,
And do it!
Stop smothering your joy,
Using decoys attracting quacks!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Just Ask The Question

Each step I take to make,
Is not guaranteed...
With a forgiveness clause attached.
If life was about that...
Many would sit back,
Expecting forgiveness for every misdeed.
And for every act they did intentionally.

I am exactly where I should be.
To comprehend misunderstandings.
And accept without denying,
A past that has happened...
For me to welcome.
Yet will not return again.

I do nothing less,
But to put forward my best effort.
Mistakes to have been made,
I have acknowledged to correct.
And taking that step alone,
Was not as difficult as I expected.
Proud I am to have stayed conscious.
To know my mistakes made,
Could someone else affect.

I am exactly who I should be.
After leaving confusion of my identity.
Or have others believe,
I was easy to disrespect and leave.
With a bitterness to feel.
And emotions kept hidden to not reveal.

Until...
I began to realize from my birth,
Experiencing obstacles to face and remove...
Had been done with faith not to debate.
Knowing God was with me and everywhere.
And I did not have to tolerate,
The actions of fools who would test and expect...

I could be left to become a fool too.
And I tried so many times.
But being a fool I refuse to prove I could do.

Each step I take to make,
Is done with an awakened purpose to serve.
A purpose deserving on a daily basis,
My complete attention to give to it.
Without deluding a truth to deny what's true.
Or creating new excuses to dilute reality.

Yesterdays to have lived,
I may keep remembered to reminisce.
But to relive them is not a wish I fantasize.
Since my life to live it is a reward I pride.
With each step I take to make moving forward,
Blessed to not reject this gift to cherish

A gift given to not just let drift away,
Without making each day to prove...
I have a purpose. I have identity.
And proud I am of it too!
How about you?
Are you letting your gift become disrespected?
Are you living your life to live 'less' effective?
OR are you 'devoted' to become what God expects?

Just ask the question...
'Am I devoted to become what God expects.
With each step I take to make.
Is it real.
Or is it faked.
Am I living my life to repeat this mistake.
To pretend...
I live with faith.'

Just ask the question.
Then you will begin to feel the right connection.
All you have to do is just ask the question.
Then you will begin to feel the right connection.

Just ask the question.

Then you will begin to feel the right connection.
All you have to do is just ask the question.
Then you will begin to feel the right connection.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Just Be

B...you
B...square
B...indifferent
B...aware
B...anything,
But lost!
Just be...
There!
At any cost!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Just Be Glad

When there is no clear division,
Between what is right and wrong...
Deducted from an observation,
Impressed upon one's thinking process?
And petty arguments become prioritized?
Don't apologize,
When you leave these scenes to flee.

Just remember that you've witnessed,
One who does not recognize...
The depth of their mental illness.
Just be glad,
You have not become emotionally involved.
And you have done the right thing...
When you leave these scenes to flee.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Just Be You And Do

My mother reflected my purpose best,
When to me she said...
'See it for what it is to accept or reject.
Wasting time to inspect and dissect,
Does nothing for you or what I expect.

Just be you and 'do'.
You will forget finding reasons to be upset.
Just be you and 'do'.
Leave the rest to make sense to you,
When and 'if' the importance of it should happen.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Just Because I Can Show I Care

Just because I can show I care,
Does not mean I am less aware...
Of who it is that takes me,
And my caring to show for granted.
My mind has a way of documenting,
The why and on who to do what...
With the time I use to keep prioritized,
Every attempt made with effort I endeavor.
I am on a mission in constant transition,
To produce without excuses.
My own or anyone else.

I have come to face situations,
To either embrace or walk away.
And when I walk away,
Looking back over my shoulder..
Is not on my agenda to have it scheduled.
My patience to tolerate to disrespect,
Does not leave me hesitating to take a step.
Regardless who interprets this as a sensitivity.

And their 'assumptions' about that,
I don't deny could be true.
Especially if my faith placed in another,
Leaves me in between a decision to make.
And since I refuse to argue about,
Common sense and when it should be used...
I am not one to pray over what it is I do next.
When I left elementary school to pass tests,
It was obvious to me junior high was my next step.
For whatever the reason,
I understood that to comprehend.

Just because I can show I care,
Does not mean I am less aware...
Of those intentions of others.
And when I take a step away,
To know there is no need to repeat that effort...
I find it pointless to regret my endeavors.

Or to know I've done my best to graduate.
And hopefully to show it known,
There are a few lessons about life I have learned.
To have them left kept respected.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Just Because I Understand

The disdain and your displeasure,
Have both been shown with equal venom.
Your point has been made.
And so has the confirmation of your tunnel vision.

But understand one thing...
My patience has nothing to do with you.
It is because of my patience,
Your limitations are more tolerated.

But that does not make you less the threat!

Just because I understand,
Does not mean I will be less protected.
Like I said...
Your limitations are more tolerated.
But that does not make you less the threat!

Just because I understand,
Does not mean I will be less protected.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Just By Thought Alone

I want to make sense,
Even when sometimes...
I feel it to be an option.
I would like to condense,
All the images within my mind...
To a sentence or a single word,
Easily understood and defined.

I would love to communicate,
Just by thought alone.
And to have someone to do that with...
To help chase away some thoughts,
I know that are not my own.

I want to make sense,
Even when sometimes...
I feel it to be an option.
I would like to condense,
All the images within my mind...
To a sentence or a single word,
Easily understood and defined.

I would love to communicate,
Just by thought alone.
And to have someone to do that with...
To help chase away some thoughts,
I know that are not my own.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Just Change Those Goal Posts

Change those goal posts,
If you think a win will come...
To be done.

Change those goal posts,
If you think someone near it will run...
To stun.
And...
You will be the loser,
At the end.

Change those goal posts,
If you think a win will come...
To be done.
And...
You will be the one,
To win.

Just change those goal posts.
If you want to be seen as the one to win.
Just change those goal posts.
If you want to be seen as the one to win.

Change those goal posts,
If you think someone near it will run...
To stun.
And...
You will be the loser,
At the end.

Just change those goal posts.
If you want to be seen as the one to win.
Just change those goal posts.
If you want to be seen as the one to win.

Change those goal posts,
If you think a win will come...
To be done.

Change those goal posts,
If you think someone near it will run...
To stun.
And...
You will be the loser,
At the end.

Just change those goal posts.
If you want to be seen as the one to win.
Just,
Change those goal posts.
If you want to be seen as the one to win.
Just,
Change those goal posts.
If you want to be seen as the one to win.
Just change those goal posts.
If you want to be seen as the one to win.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Just Curious

What don't they get?

'Reality.'

But hasn't it been there?

'It has.
For everyone to accept and believe.'

Then what has been the problem?

'Well...
There were those with money,
Who came to alter reality for decades.
However...
Something has occurred recently,
That has come to change everything.'

What is that?

'It seems that the Sun, Moon and Earth,
Have had other plans all along.
And no one regarded them,
As being thinking entities.'

I see.
So all of their conflicts,
Have generated from myths?

'How am I suppose to know?
I am here just to be a witness.
Remember?
Remember when you retired me,
And so many others...
From those positions as messengers?
Remember when you 'downsized' us?
And outsourced our jobs? '

Hey!

Don't get 'snooty' with ME.
I was just curious.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Just Do Your Deeds And Be Done With It

Just do your deeds and be done with it.
Why struggle against ignorance...
When the force of it,
Can create powerful setbacks.

Just do your deeds and be done with it.
Without the need to seek attention.
Your deeds done will speak for themselves.
Leave them to do what it is to benefit!
And go.

Those living to fulfill an ego,
Will never understand...
Why their lives lived,
Have less peace in them!

Just do your deeds and be done with it.
That is all The Almighty requires.
And this 'Deity' is the judge of your soul.
No other opinion does The One solicit!

Just do your deeds and be done with it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Just Don'T Find 'Anything' To Pick

If you want to critique,
At least make some sense of it.
Just don't find 'anything' to pick.
With beliefs you'll get a piece,
Of public attention.
That's if you want to critique!
If not...
Make your comments less dissective.
With a negativity,
That leaves your critique...
And your intentions suspected.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Just For A Moment

These are not those days,
When anyone can anticipate...
What hours tomorrow,
They will be allowed to borrow.
Or can be scheduled as planned.
And with a doing to contemplate.

These are not those days,
Anyone can sit with wishes...
To get more rest with a choosing to do it.
Just for a moment to relax and reflect,
Upon a collection of sweet memories...
For the purpose to reminisce and quickly digest.

These are not those days that can be saved,
For anyone awaiting for someone else to come...
Willing to confess in elaborate expressions,
Of what it was they should have done...
Yesterday or the day before,
Since those doors have been opened to close.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Just For Being

I agree with your assessments,
And the judgements that you've passed.
They are yours...
And not mine to argue.
The peace I reflect,
I did not purchase!
Or am I about to barter it away!

However...
Blemishes I have I do not hide.
I had no one there,
Protecting me with shelter...
To deny what others saw
When I appeared outside.
Sometimes followed by the law.
Just for being who I am.
A black man who is a descendent,
Of 'this' and not of foreign lands!

I wish I could sit and help others,
To dismiss their own conflicts...
With insecurities they self-inflict.
The scars I wear are not from fear.
Or from dodging comments from critics!
Whether they are far or near.

I am not here to re-adjust my appearance,
For anyone!
And whether or not that is clear...
Makes no difference,
To someone who has survived...
Out of the bowels of indifferences,
From all kinds who thrive.
Regardless of who I 'regard'...
As being in or out of their minds!
I am blessed not to have them,
Define my life at anytime!
I am not one to solicit confinement.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Just For Doing Nothing

With the doing of it,
The doing of it should give you a lift.
And with the doing of it to do to get done.
With...
The doing of it,
To do...
To get things done.
To be different from,
The ones...
Seeking something just for doing nothing.

With the doing of it,
The doing of it should give you a lift.
And with the doing of it to do to get done.
With...
The doing of it,
To do...
To get things done.
To be different from,
The ones...
Seeking something just for doing nothing.

With the doing of it,
The doing of it should give you a lift.
To get things done.
To be different from,
The ones...
Seeking something just for doing nothing.

With the doing of it,
The doing of it should give you a lift.
And with the doing of it to get things done.
Yes!
With the doing of it,
The doing of it should give you a lift.
And with the doing of it to get things done.
To be different from the ones...
Seeking something just for doing nothing.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Just For Kicks

I imagine soon,
I will be found guilty...
For having a thought.
An independent one.
One that reeks of a nonconformity.
And spiced with my obsession,
For comprehension and clarity.
And just for kicks...
I am going to admit,
I have delusions of being conscious.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Just For Laughs

The first black...this!
The first black...that!
And,
Without a blonde weave.
Or blue eye contacts.
With a head full of dreads.
Preferring to dare an awareness
Of a 'blackness' condoned.
To be shown everywhere.

Not to defy.
As a nationalistic maverick.
Nor seeking approval,
To dignify one's identity.
Being 'black' is just that.
A realized acceptance.
And not a passing fad.
Quick to fade,
With other fashion statements.
Replaced whenever,
They've become outdated.

Being black...
Has finally arrived to relieve,
Deceiving pretensions...
Left behind to leave,
Perceptions conceived...
That the majority of blacks,
Would rather adorn masks.
While clowning around,
Just to get laughs.

Although,
To protect defections...
Of a heritage they've learn,
Is worthless to respect.
Some can be seen,
Shuffling along.
And doing their best,

To imitate a kept ignorance...
Many advocate.
Support and expect.
Just for laughs to ridicule,
Those who are...
Comfortably black.
And refusing to be depicted,
As stupid, idiots and fools.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Just For The Enjoyment Of Doing It

I have discovered,
Those who take positions of leadership...
Are always opposed by those,
Advocating confusion.
And solicit conflict.
Just for the enjoyment of doing it.

With a getting of attention centered on themselves,
To delay any actions forward taken.
As they voice their opinions,
That are absent of suggestions.
Or recommendations to give.
In fear their incompetence might be exposed.

Although eventually to others it shows...
Making decisions and being dependable,
Or taking responsibility for their lack of action...
Is something they don't or can not do,
But can be relied upon to fault others.
To then accuse them of losing interest.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Just For You

You have had a good time,
Most of your life.
As you made jokes of others...
And mocked their deprived way of life.

I've heard you discuss,
How lazy they were...
And worthless human beings.
Remember telling me to go back to Africa?
Even though your heritage is European.

You remember calling the cops on me?
When I asked your for directions...
And acted very neighborly.

But something has attacked your cash flow,
With an unexpected blow!
Those standards you valued...
Have come to foreclose all your doors.
Even possessions you 'owned' are being repossessed.
And in unemployment lines you stand for hours...
Just like 'them' and those you regarded as pests.

And now it is your turn.
Let's see how you do!
Knowing someone has intentionally...
Deceived and dumped on you!

If you ever want on few tips,
On how to deal with this.
Here is my business card.
The first hour is free.
After that...
There is an hourly charge!
I'm sure I can come up with 'something'...
Suitable,
Just for you!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Just For You And You Alone

If I can not first touch you,
With words I pick...
Just for you and you alone to hear,
What makes you think...
Giving to you my heart to feel,
Will leave me the receiver...
Of your willingness to be charitable?
I am in no desperate need.
Although I will admit,
You have me sitting on the edge of it.
I am not in it to await your donations.
However...
I am in it to benefit all of what you offer.
And...
With a stripping away,
From any pretense you intend...
To leave me unsuspecting,
Your feelings to protect I will not detect.
I've aged to know what a good taste of wine is.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Just Get Up

No matter who has crushed your pride.
To hit you in the gut felt deep inside,
Get up...
And move away from that gloom.
Just get up,
And brush away what the fools may do.

Get up,
To unbuckle and go.
Just get up,
To prove to fools you are brave and bold.
Get up,
To unbuckle and go.
Just get up,
To prove to fools you are brave and bold.

You've got to feel it inside to know it.
And...
You've got to feel it inside to show it.
And...
You've got to feel it inside,
To let it be known...
What it is you've got,
Nobody owns.
Get up,
To unbuckle and go.
Just get up,
To unbuckle and let it go.

You've got to feel it inside to know it.
And...
You've got to feel it inside to show it.
Just get up,
To unbuckle and go.
You've got to get up,
To prove to fools you are brave and bold.
Get up,
To unbuckle and go.
Just get up,

To prove to fools you are brave and bold.

Get up!
Unbuckle and go.
Just get up.
Unbuckle and let it go.
Get up!
Unbuckle and go.
Just get up.
Unbuckle and let it go.

No matter who has crushed your pride...
Just get up!
Unbuckle and go.
Get up.
Unbuckle and let it go.
No matter how hurt you feel deep inside...
Get up!
Unbuckle and go.
Just get up.
Unbuckle and let it go.
You've got to get up!
Unbuckle and go.
Just get up.
Unbuckle and let it go.
Get up!
Unbuckle and go.
You've got to get up.
Unbuckle and let it go.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Just Get Up. Stand Tall. And Walk

After spending more than sixty years,
Of appearing on various creative stages.
And doing this as if,
The effort has left me with time that is ageless...
I can only say with a gratefulness,
God has blessed me with a tolerance and patience...
To endure with accomplishing that which I love.

Inspite of having my existence regarded by some,
As a novelty that has not experienced a life done...
I've acquired a wealth of knowledge and wisdom,
By persisting with a kept faith to prove to 'myself'...
First,
That anything I wished to come true to do...
With a choice to make,
Was going to take heartbreak, pain and sacrifice.
If I was going to maintain my sanity.

And holding onto sorrows without accepting obstacles,
Was a lesson I had to learn many times over.
No matter how many times wiping my tears,
And getting off my knees to stand and walk tall again...
Was done with no one around to witness.
Knowing I did this with God's assistence...
With a listening to hear,
'Don't ever think the tasks I've asked of you to do...
For 'Me',
Will be made for you any easier.'

But God...

'No buts.
No ifs, ands or whats.
Just get up. Stand tall. And walk.'

But...

'Hush.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Just Gimme Whatcha Got

I don't ever want to find the time,
To try to define you!
Just gimme whatcha got!

I don't ever want to wreck my mind,
To try to define you!
Just gimme whatcha got!
That would mean a lot.
And it would never bother me.

ooo

I don't ever want to find the time,
To try to define you!
Just gimme whatcha got!

I don't ever want to wreck my mind,
To try to define you!
Just gimme whatcha got!
That would mean a lot.
And it would never bother me.

Just gimme whatcha got!
Let me be the receiver.
Just gimme whatcha got!
I will be the believer.
Just gimme whatcha got!
To leave in my memory.
Just gimme whatcha got!
To retreive in my dreams.

Just gimme whatcha got!
Let me be the receiver.
Just gimme whatcha got!
I will be the believer.
Just gimme whatcha got!
To leave in my memory.
Just gimme whatcha got!
To retreive in my dreams.

I don't ever want to wreck my mind,
To try to define you!
Just gimme whatcha got!
That would mean a lot.
And it would never bother me.

ooo

Just gimme whatcha got!
Let me be the receiver.
Just gimme whatcha got!
I will be the believer.
Just gimme whatcha got!
To leave in my memory.
Just gimme whatcha got!
To retreive in my dreams.

Just gimme whatcha got!
That would mean a lot.
And it would never bother me.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Just Google Me, Baby

If you want to find me anytime,
Just Google me, baby.
Google me to goggle.

If you want to know what's on my mind,
Just Google me, baby.
Google me to goggle.

Leave behind your doubts about it,
Just Google me to goggle.
Pick any subject to start.
Just Google me, baby.
And don't be shocked or startled.

Leave behind your doubts about it,
Just Google me to goggle.
Pick any subject to start.
Just Google me, baby.
And don't be shocked or startled.

If you want to find me anytime,
Just Google me, baby.
Google me to goggle.

If you want to know what's on my mind,
Just Google me, baby.
Google me to goggle.
Just Google me, baby.
Google me to goggle.
Just Google me, baby.
Google me to goggle.

Google me, baby.
Just google me to goggle.
Just Google me, baby.
Google me to goggle.
Google me, baby.
Just google me to goggle.
Google me, baby.

Just...
Google me, baby.
Google me to goggle.
Just Google me, baby.
Google me to goggle.
Just Google me, baby.
Google me to goggle.
Just Google me, baby.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Just How Deep Into A Hole

How can someone plagiarize another,
And lecture on the topic...
Of elements of trust.

Just how deep into a hole,
Does a vanity slither?
How conniving can a deceiver be?

Can a mindlessness attracted,
To an attention wanting to get.
Use the documentation of someone else,
To profess an originality scooped and snooped...
From someone else's investment.

How can someone plagiarize another,
And lecture on the topic...
Of elements of trust.

Just how deep into a hole,
Does a vanity slither?
How conniving can a deceiver be?
Not to realize innovation,
Is not the act of crooks and thieves.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Just How Difficult Is It

Just how difficult is it,
To give without getting.
To love just to love.
To show others a kindness,
When they may not show none.
Just how difficult is it,
To smile without a frowning...
Done everyday to do.
No matter if no one returns,
That smile back to you.

Just how difficult is it,
To say hello to someone...
You have yet to meet.
Or say something that's pleasant,
To others who don't speak.
Just how difficult is it.
To notice.
Just how difficult is it.
To know this.
Just how difficult is it.
Just how difficult is it.

Just how difficult is it,
To help someone to find...
Something that they miss.
Then to say that what you have,
Is free you give they get.
And...
Just how difficult is it,
To show love.
Just how difficult is it,
To give.
Just how difficult is it,
To know love.
Just how difficult is it,
To get.

Just how difficult is it,

To show love.
Just how difficult is it,
To give.
Just how difficult is it,
To know love.
Just how difficult is it,
To get.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Just How Great We Are

By all means...
Do whatever it takes to boost morale.
Lower standards.
To heighten the advantage felt,
By those who feel others...
Performing at peak levels,
Have become threats to a persistent mediocrity...
Kept,
As a thing to honor and praise.

Instead of rewarding achievement at its best,
Let's just ignore that as a bother that annoys...
Like that done by toublesome pests.
And...
With that action that fulfills a satisfaction,
Everyone will then have confirmation,
Just how great we are...
To place our values at the top,
Of all of our priority lists.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Just How Hysterical Are You?

I love the renovations made to your home.
I see you have rid yourself of some furnishings.

I never noticed 'that' window there before.
Why do you have it roped off?

'Have you noticed the sign hanging above it? '

CLARITY?

'Yes.
Exactly.
It's off limits.
And only those I deem in their right minds,
Are authorize to go beyond that rope.
To share the vision with me.'

Oh!
How clever.
May I take a look?

'Only those I deem in their right minds,
Are authorize to go beyond that rope.
To share the vision with me.'

I find that hysterical.

'Your secret is safe with me.
However...
Only those I deem in their right minds,
Are authorize to go beyond that rope.
To share the vision with me.'

Okay.
I get the message.

Well...
When will I get an opportunity,
To see what you find so precious.?

'Just how hysterical are you? '

Stop it.
You're scaring me.

'When I discovered 'clarity'...
It was the most frightening thing,
I ever thought I'd see.
I use to fear it myself!
Now...
I keep it as a shrine in my home.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Just How Much I Have Left You To Value

I have yet to open my treasure chest.
What you have experienced,
Is my blowing the dust off of it.
And that activity,
To you has impressed.

If I opened my treasured chest,
To share with you where my best is kept.
You will then not suspect...
Just how much,
I have left you to value what I have to give.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Just In Seconds

Just in seconds those kept pretentions,
Can be swept away in horrific winds.
And those teasured 'things',
One collects to maintain impressions to address...
Can be demolished quickly to leave nothing left,
As if they had never existed.
Difficult it is to live a life that is suddenly subjected
By the effects that has one facing a climate...
Oppressed overwhelmingly by depression.

And people with their biased opinions grieve,
To experience a jolt of instant reality.
With belief they can rebuild and restore delusions,
That will allow them to continue to prioritize a self interest...
Living in divisions and conflicts they've implemented,
Without learning from lessons to respect and protect...
All humanity with that as the message witnessed by disasters.
And behind them to sift through an abundance of a nothingness.
Like those accustomed to a life of hunger and homelessness.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Just Keep Saying It To Yourself

Without you,
I could not feel love.

'And without love,
From you to feel...
What would I do?
Knowing then,
You did not feel it...
As from me given? '

~Are you sure,
This self love thing works? ~

Try it.
Just keep saying it to yourself.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Just Keep Your Focus

You can get it with a patience 'and' benefits,
That's if....
You decide that you'll be brave.
And all the time you've sacrificed will make it alright,
That's if...
You decided to make a claim.
And keep your focus,
With...
No time to waste.
And keep your focus,
Or...
It will stray.

You can get it with a patience 'and' benefits,
That's if....
You decide that you'll be brave.
And all the time you've sacrificed will make it alright,
That's if...
You decided to make a claim.
And keep your focus,
With...
No time to waste.
And keep your focus,
Or...
It will stray.

Sometimes up.
And sometimes,
Feeling low.
But keep your focus,
And...
Don't let go.

But keep your focus.
And...
Don't let go.

Sometimes up.
And sometimes,

Feeling low.
But keep your focus,
And...
Don't let go.

You can get it with a patience 'and' benefits,
That's if....
You decide that you'll be brave.
And keep your focus,
With...
No time to waste.
And keep your focus,
Or...
From you it will stray!
Every benefit you wished.

You can get it with a patience 'and' benefits,
That's if....
You decide that you'll be brave.
And keep your focus,
With...
No time to waste.
And keep your focus,
Or...
From you it will stray,
With every benefit delayed.

Keep your focus.
And...
Stay brave.
Just keep your focus.
Or...
From you it will stray.
Just keep your focus.
Never ever let it stray.
Stick with a purpose.
And...
The doing will pay!

Keep your focus.
And...
Stay brave.

Just keep your focus.
Or...
From you it will stray.
Just keep your focus.
Never ever let it stray.
Stick with a purpose.
And...
Do this everyday!

Keep your focus.
And...
Do this everyday!
Be brave,
Don't waste your time.

Just keep your focus.
Never ever let it stray.
Stick with a purpose.
And...
Do this everyday!
Be brave,
Don't waste your time.

Just keep your focus.
And...
Don't you quit.
Just keep your focus.
Be brave and God will handle it.

Just keep your focus.
And...
Don't quit.
Just keep your focus.
Be brave.
And...
God will handle it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Just Leave The Teabag In The Cup

Listen up.
Let's not beat around the bush here.
Do you prefer facing the truth?
Or be subjected to the consequences?

'Honestly?
I perceive my chances with the consequences,
As being far more beneficial than any version...
Of your truth!
I've been observing your version of truth for two weeks.
And each day it keeps changing.
Whatever those consequences may be...
I am certain they will be less creative.

I'll take your consequences with a cup of tea.
With lemon and one tablespoon of sugar.'

I don't think you understand how serious these procedures are?

'Oh,
I know you're serious.
I like the water extra hot.
Just leave the teabag in the cup.
I'll do my own pouring.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Just Leave Them Like You'Ve Had It

I've got to beat bad habits...
To leave them like I've had it!
Not to pick them up again...
If I do I'll never win.

Beat bad habits...
To leave them like I've had it!
Not to pick them up again...
It is as if I'll never win.

You remind me why I never come home.
Not yet a habit.
You remind me why I turn off my phone.
Not yet a habit.
You remind me why I love to live alone.
But from you it seems I've got to know what's going on!
And that's a habit.

I've got to beat bad habits...
To leave them like I've had it!
Not to pick them up again...
If I do I'll never win.

I've got to free from those bad habits.

Beat bad habits...
I've got to free from bad habits now.
Those habits...
Those ones I want to break but how?

You remind me why I never come home.
Not yet a habit.
You remind me why I turn off my phone.
Not yet a habit.
You remind me why I love to live alone.
But from you it seems I've got to know what's going on!
And that's a habit.

I've got to beat bad habits...

To leave them like I've had it!
Not to pick them up again...
If I do I'll never win.

Beat bad habits...
To leave them like I've had it!
Not to pick them up again...
It is as if I'll never win.

I've got to free from those bad habits.

Beat bad habits...
I've got to free from bad habits now.
Those habits...
Those ones I want to break but how?

'Just leave them like you've had it! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Just Let It Go!

Let it go!
To whatever it is,
That keeps you from feeling...
What your happiness is!

Let it go!
To whatever it is,
That keeps you from feeling...
What your happiness is!

Let it go!
To whatever it is,
That keeps you from feeling...
What your happiness is!

Let it go!
Let it go!
Let it go!

Just let it go!
To whatever it is,
That keeps you from feeling...
What your happiness is!

Just let it go!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Just Like A Child Would

A tailspin is dimming...
Everybody's quality of life.
With a greed fixation whipping winds.

A tailspin is dimming...
Everybody's quality of life.
And fog is blinding eyesight.

Values place on things,
Is the cause for many tears to fall.
And people upset with themselves,
Point their fingers to blame it all...
On others,
Like a child would do.

And like a child would,
Run home from misdeeds themselves they did.
And like a child would,
Pick a fight then try to cover it!
And like a child would,
Stir up conflict just to get their way.
And like a child would,
Lie about their actions everyday!

And like a child would,
Run home from misdeeds themselves they did.
And like a child would,
Pick a fight then try to cover it!
And like a child would,
Stir up conflict just to get their way.
And like a child would,
Lie about their actions everyday!

Values place on things,
Is the cause for many tears to fall.
And people upset with themselves,
Point their fingers to blame it all...
On others,
Like a child would do.

Run home from misdeeds themselves they did.
And like a child would,
Pick a fight then try to cover it!
And like a child would,
Stir up conflict just to get their way.
And like a child would,
Lie about their actions everyday!

A tailspin is dimming...
Everybody's quality of life.
With a greed fixation whipping winds.

A tailspin is dimming...
Everybody's quality of life.
And fog is blinding eyesight,
With a hindsight now that frightens.

And people who deceived now deny...
Just like a child would.
People who deceived now deny...
Like a child would.
And people who deceived now deny...
Just like a child would.
People who deceived now deny...
Like a child would.
And like a child would...
People who deceived now deny.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Just Like Each Season Witnessed

If you are not living your life to the fullest,
In the HERE and NOW...
You will not be convinced about 'tomorrow'.
Because those expectations have yet to be accepted.

Those who grieve over yesterdays gone,
Wish to share their stagnation...
With someone who will give them time,
To empathize with a fixed mind wasting time!

And time...
Most people are finding,
Does not play favorites.
It keeps on ticking until someone unwittingly,
Believes for them time does not stop!
It does.
Just like each season witnessed!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Just Like Me

You have a stubborn disposition.
Just like me.
You are determined to accomplish.
Just like me.
You can annoy with your confidence.
And agitate with your insight.
Although you are not 'always' right...
You 'are',
Always right and committed.
And...
You say what you mean.
Just like me.
And do things with the best of your ability.
Gee...
That's just like me.
Perhaps familiarity does breed contempt.
And we see in each other what we dislike,
About each other.
Well...
All is not lost.
At least I never thought of you as horrible.
But you do provide irritating moments.

'Hey...
You took the words right out of my mouth.'

Yeah...
Unfortunately!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Just Like That

All of my life I had observed those,
Who sacrificed...
In the pursuit of their dreams.
And doing what it took,
It seemed.
Even if that meant forever...
Holding onto that,
Wish
In the hope that it would happen!

Up for days and nights.
Sometimes not having a bite to eat.
Some I knew,
Even slept on streets.
Back then when they had them so strong!

And I have come to admire people like that!
People who attacked their obstacles.
People who aren't seeking standing ovations.
People who aren't seeking a title to bear.
People who wear their dignity and pride.
People who keep their dreams alive inside themselves!
People who may cry and hide their tears.
People who for many years...
Hold on to dreams with a smile!
And I have come to admire people like that.

I have come to admire people like that!
People who care sincerely for others.
And sometimes disregarding their own needs.
Sparing their own they could easily declare.
People like that are not everywhere.
And I have come to admire people like that!

Despite their sacrifices.
Inspite of the fact...
That may have gotten themselves off track.
Inspite of that...
They would fight and struggle,

To get themselves right back to continue...
To shuffle or maintain a bustle to hustle on!

I've come to admire them!
And I aspire to be...
Just like that!
Despite any setbacks,
My dreams should be kept alive!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Just Like This Right Boot

Where do you plan to go now...
With your gossip to whisper?
And when will you begin to clean...
Notes and other items off your desk.
Make sure it's cleaned of everything.
And look back at this time in your life...
And what you 'have' and have not addressed.
Because ahead for you is a reality you will not believe!
That is coming to you on a track that will not distract you.
Just like this right boot you are about to leave but should take it.
Here! You might want to replace, The heel. It looks as if it is broken!
Something's wrong with it! €€€?????€€€Even the stitching is loose.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Just Listen, Observe And Learn

Adopting to adapt,
And accept responsibility...
In this day and age is courageous.
And is not the same,
As one pretending to adapt...
With a bravery intact.
But not adopting to be held,
Responsible or accountable...
To actions one refuses and seeks,
Others to accuse to fault and blame...
In campaigns to have others perceive,
Their innocence has them victimized...
As they disguise,
A pre-meditated decision to deceive.

'Did you hear that?
Listen to what is being said, again.'

~I'm trying to but it has changed,
At least three times.~

'Don't attempt to comprehend what's behind it.
Just listen and know,
Who and 'what' you are dealing with.
Save your willingness to understand.
OR attempt to comprehend.
Just listen, observe and learn.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Just Maybe

Maybe...
I wont be back,
This way again.
But I can say it...
Even then,
Again...
When it becomes a 'maybe',
Baby!
And maybe...
When 'then' should happen
To appear,
It will be clear to us
That we're endearing,
More than just a 'maybe'...
Maybe?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Just Minutes Away

Just minutes away.
Whatever it is wished,
Might be sitting...
Just minutes away.

No one knows what the future holds.

Just minutes away,
What is wanted most...
And held close,
With a taking of risks...
Could provide one with benefits,
If...
One persisted,
In the keeping of that wished...
With a wanting.

No one knows what the future holds.
Or what is there to unfold...
Just minutes away!
If what is wished,
Is wanted.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Just Not Equipped

The only case they have,
Should be a 'suitcase'.
Packed and ready to carry.
And/or dragged behind them.

Even though they have depleted the economy,
With unprecedented selfish greed.
They are still pleading to bleed it,
On credit and loans.
With people moaning about a way of life,
Based upon the right to take away from others.
And attacking those,
Who in the past have supported their whims!

With a wish that a newly elected president fails.
And he is the only one left with the credibility to save them.
The ones that could have prevented their miseries...
Had been the liars and thieves,
With no integrity at all.
And they praised them for these false images.

If they wish one with integrity fails...
What does that say about the mindset of the people?
Are they wicked 'and' mentally sick?
Or just not equipped with a consciousness?
One that has been nourish on common sense.
Or all of the above?

'I would say that depends on the luggage.
Are those 'bags' they carry or drag behind them,
Louis Vitton?
If not it doesn't matter.
Folks have been blinded by design! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Just Not There

Some folks don't and wont get it.
What has been said to them or done.
A thorough and complete programming instilled...
Has been fed and eaten,
By nearly everyone.

What some may see as bleak...
As their false foundations have been shakened,
From beneath their feet.
Others view this as opportunities to dismiss conflicts.
To begin to fix those divisions that have kept folks hiding,
Behind nonsense and their foolishness.

But some folks don't and wont get it.
What has been said to them or done.
A thorough and complete programming instilled...
Has been fed and eaten.
By nearly everyone.

And the ones who have awakened,
With a consciousness prepared.
Are very reluctant to share what is known!
Since a clarity in the eyes of most...
Is just not there!
With a promise it is coming to be shown,
To make an appearance anywhere!
Anytime,
Soon!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Just Old And Tired Methods

I remembered being 'tagged' smart.
And intelligent.
Not only to make me feel different...
But to 'label' my qualities.
To ensure I was to feel...
A degree of being out of place!

As if an ability to think,
For many of them then...
Was a disease.
No one wanted to catch!
And I was to feel contaminated.

I thank God I didn't listen.
But as a child being stubborn,
I wanted to spread my affliction.
An addiction I had to be totally annoying.

Now that I am much older and wiser,
I think of those who had been afraid...
To be themselves.
Conditioned they were and enslaved.
And creating their own comforting discomforts...
Surrounded by a decadence taught and instilled!

And today,
I see the dismay in urban cities.
I see the decay allowed by those
Who chose ignorance as their way of life,
To live.
Seeking welfare handouts or corporate 'bailouts'
To erase the affects of quick slick greed.
That came to ease the feeding...
Of a pretentious way of life.
Bleeding...
To leave them suffering in strife and sorrow.
On borrowed time and on someone else's fortunes,
They wish to pick over.

These 'traps' are nothing new!
They are just old and tired methods...
To expand the addiction of self indulgence,
At someone's expense!
And refusing a complete overhaul.

And those of 'smart intelligent' are sought now,
To sacrifice their lives lived...
With an empathy and good deeds,
To lift these fools from a collective lazy gluttony.

Even though they may be despised for their efforts,
Brilliance and talents claimed.
They are relied upon to shoulder...
The brunt of darkness.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Just Once And Be Done With It

It is often done over again,
That broken heart.
And a mending that is forgiving.

It would be wonderful to say,
'Never again.'
Just once and be done with it!

Instead of hoping,
No one listening...
Takes what is said seriously.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Just One Day...Away

Just one day...
Away.
For you and I to explore,
A new landscape.
With a different approach.
To make a difference made.
And seeing ourselves,
As participating in creating...
Something good we believe in.
Something good we wish to save.
In this season upon us,
That holds so much promise.

In this season lived of expressed forgiveness,
We do our best to impress...
With the giving of wishes for complete happiness,
For all,
Just one day this Fall.
To reminsce as one remembered as the one loved best.
Just one day...
Away.
From the others that seemed to have accumulated,
Unnecessary headaches.
To endure unnecessary stress.

Just one day...
Away.
To proclaim that day,
So unlike the rest.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Just One Of Many Leaves

Just one of many leaves,
Yet to fall off 'that' tree.

'What does that have to do,
With anyone's madness? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Just One Sniff Of Gin

Money isn't capable,
Of having it stretch...
Past the eyes of the taxman.

Nor can it be squeezed,
Or pinched...
Without a sighing moan to groan.

Money as it is ('is') weak.
And can make an oooweee ow...
To dropp down,
On the ground slipping quick...
From greased and slickened,
Mansion banners.

You know,
The spiral and wrap around kind.

If you've been living high on a fat hog...
Money isn't capable,
Of passing the taxman's grasp.
With a frisking that could last,
Until the blood began to drip from cottage cheese.
The diet we adopted!
Provoked by the pinching of the squeeze.

Money as it is ('is') weak.
And can make an oooweee ow...
To dropp down,
On the ground slipping quick.

Money can't be used to make the rich any richer.
But it sure knows how to bring us all
To our knees.

Even 'if' you had it!
No...
Money can't be used to make the rich any richer.
But it sure can bring a squell,

To aging knees.

Money isn't capable,
Of having it stretch...
Past the eyes of the taxman.

But,
A few dollars right now...
Could buy me a 'sniff' of gin.

Could buy me a 'sniff' of gin.

Just one 'sniff' of Gin!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Just Pray

Giant in your eyes...
To you that's how I want to appear.
Make Me the first you come to,
And I will chase away your fears!
Even wipe away those tears...
That may fall,
Before I appear to you.
When you call Me near...
To you!
That is what I will do...
For you!
If you so choose Me to?

I want you to keep your faith,
And trust in just Me.
And when you feel,
Your burdens are many...
I will be there to lift them,
To lighten this load carried.
If you to Me only listen!
Without any doubt...
With Me,
We can win any bouts!
That is how I want you to see,
The Me I Am...
And for you I can be!

I want you to know...
You can and 'must'
Reach out for Me,
With that kind of appeal!
With that kind of understanding...
And urgency!
That is the way,
I want us to be!

I am...
Afterall,
Your Father!

'Gee God...
And all You want me to do is 'just' pray?
Everyday?
And if I do 'that' even more,
You will open and unlocked all doors?
Hmmm...
Just pray.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Just Roll On Your Back

When you get up in the morning,
Just roll on your back.
Roll on your back.
Roll on your back.
And when you get up in the morning,
Just roll on your back.
Bring your knees up to your chest...
Rock back and forth,
Then relax.

And...
When you get up in the morning,
Just roll on your back.
Roll on your back.
Roll on your back.
And when you get up in the morning,
Just roll on your back.
Bring your knees up to your chest...
Rock back and forth,
Then relax.

You'll strengthen up your spinal column.
And you will feel good.
Unlike you think you could.
But you will feel good.

You'll strengthen up your spinal column.
And you will feel good.
Unlike you think you could.
But you will feel good.

When you get up in the morning,
Just roll on your back.
Roll on your back.
Roll on your back.
And when you get up in the morning,
Just roll on your back.
Bring your knees up to your chest...
Rock back and forth,

Then relax.

And if you want to bring back all your youth...
Do a revolving jumping jack.

When you get up in the morning,
Just roll on your back.
Roll on your back.
Roll on your back.
And when you get up in the morning,
Just roll on your back.
Bring your knees up to your chest...
Rock back and forth,
Then relax.

Say goodbye to your doctor,
And that will be a fact.

So when you get up in the morning,
Just roll on your back.
Roll on your back.
Roll on your back.
So when you get up in the morning,
Just roll on your back.
Bring your knees up to your chest...
Rock back and forth,
Then relax.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Just Row

Don't put a limit to any of your wishes and dreams.
Don't, Don't.
Or eliminate anything that your mind perceives.
Don't, don't.
Don't be a moaner.
Don't, don't.
Or a negative owner.
Don't, don't.
Or throw away opportunities you don't believe.

Row,
That boat that floats.
Row,
Not around a moat.
Row,
To a place you know...
You want to be,
And have to go!

Row,
That boat that floats.
Row,
Not around a moat.
Row,
To a place you know...
You want to be,
And have to go!

Don't put a limit to any of your wishes and dreams.
Don't, Don't.
Or eliminate anything that your mind perceives.
Don't, don't.
Don't be a moaner.
Don't, don't.
Or a negative owner.
Don't, don't.
Or throw away opportunities you don't believe.
Don't, don't.

Just row,
That boat that floats.
Row,
Not around a moat.
Just row,
To a place you know...
You want to be,
And have to go!

Just row,
That boat that floats.
Row,
Not around a moat.
Just row,
To a place you know...
You want to be,
And have to go!

It's your own boat don't let it float.

Just row,
To a place you know...
You want to be,
And have to go!
Just row.

It's your own boat don't let it float.
Or let anybody come and get your 'goat'.

Just row,
Get your eyes off your feet.
Just row,
Stop that self defeat.
Just row,
Believe you can and receive it.
Don't leave that boat you row to float along!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Just Show Up And Be Impressive

There are many who can not believe,
Their point of view and plastic protected lives...
Is not a dream to crave for by millions of people.
Those who seem to be fighting for their rights,
Are the ones most likely dishonest with themselves.
Yet these myths exist to market delusions.

When I see young adult men exposing their behinds.
And young women finding that attractive...
With a desire to mate and create a child with 'that'.
I'm not only feeling like a dinosaur!
I feel as if I am the only one appalled by this!

'God...
Distract me quickly please.
Before my mind seperates from my mouth!
And I say something loudly that offends.'

Forgive me if I have been responsible for this mindset.
And I've awakened from many years of being sedated.
I had to have been under heavy medication!
Because none of this I would have consciously approved.
Please forgive me.

'Who are you talking to? '

Does that really matter anymore?

But...
Is there anyone that can tell me,
WHY are butts and breasts being exposed?
And WHY the emphasis on sex.
I can't be the only one who remembers,
When being naïve was the rage.
And as kids we played 'doctor' all day long!

What has happened to those days of innocence,
And hidden lusts.
The days of wine and roses.

'Henry Mancini composed the music for that movie.
You know...
That 'is' a song title?
Why are you staring at me?
I just asked a simple question.
Geeessshhh...so serious! '

The doors from those closets have long been removed.
Today people are identified by their sexual preference.
Where they live and kind of car they drive.
And 'if' a job is connected to any of that...
You can 'almost' get anything you want without proof,
Of who you are.
Just show up and be impressive.

~Thank you.
Is there anyone else in the mall,
That would like to use our PA system to vent?
If so, you have fifteen more minutes to make up your mind.
Yes Ladies and Gentlemen,
Today is 'Vent Twenty Ten' Day with us.
You have fifteen minutes.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Just Stuck In A Warp, Zone

Stuck in a warp,
Zone.
And united with those delighted.
To never be made convinced,
Common sense is beneficial.

Just stuck in a warp,
Zone.
And united with those delighted.
To...
Never be made convinced,
Common sense is beneficial.

Stuck in a warp,
Zone.
So far out they're looking down at stars.
Stuck in a warp,
Zone.
Not one of them has heard of Jupiter OR Mars.
Stuck in a warp,
Zone.
Sniffin', snortin', totin', weezin'.
Stuck in a warp,
Zone.
Hackin', coughin', chokin', sneezin'.
Stuck in a warp,
Zone.
And united with those delighted.
To never be made convinced,
Common sense is beneficial.

Sniffin', snortin', totin', weezin'.
Stuck in a warp,
Zone.
Hackin', coughin', chokin', sneezin'.
Stuck in a warp,
Zone.
Noddin', dozin', sleepin' deepened.
Stuck in a warp,

Zone.
Noddin', dozin', sleepin' deepened.
Stuck in a warp,
Zone.
Noddin', dozin', sleepin' deepened.
Stuck in a warp,
Zone.
And united with those delighted.
To...
Never be made convinced,
Common sense is beneficial
Stuck in a warp,
Zone.
Just stuck in a warp,
Zone.
Stuck in a warp,
Zone.
Just stuck in a warp,
Zone.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Just Tell Me When You Are Ready

I know.
I know.
You have gone out of your way,
To disrespect my efforts.
With a discrediting of my abilities.
And 'still' you feel you have failed.

Come on!
Pull yourself together.
Would it help you at all,
If I revealed I've been aware of this...
From the very beginning.
And I was trained to keep my eye,
On people like you?

'You have? '

Yes, of course.
Now...
Here is what you do.
Do you see those obstacles over there?

'Yes! '

I have yet to approach them.
I will turn around and close my eyes.
And you put them on my path!

'You promise not to look? '

Oh,
I wont.
I operate on faith alone!
Go ahead.
I'll count to ten!
1-2-3...

'Could you go a bit slower? '

Sure...
No problem.
Just tell me when you are ready.

'Okay.
And don't peek.'

Believe me...
I wont!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Just The Thought Of You

When days like these...
Come and go to leave me feeling drained,
And weak.
Just the thought of you,
Brightens my point of view.
Giving me a strength to endure.

Just the thought of you,
Helps me through...
When days like these,
Traps me inside to welcome despair.

You may be there and not here,
When days like these...
Seem to come along with a mission to squeeze,
Every breath I breathe.

Just the thought of you,
Unclouds my view.
When days like these...
Come to pursue those moments I am alone.
And subdued in wishes I desire to exist.
But you give me reasons to remember,
I am loved!
And I choose those thoughts of you,
To keep me lifted.
When days like these insist to visit me.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Just The Way It Is

'What makes a town,
Some would call...small? '

The minds of the people.

'Well...
If that is known,
Why do they continue to choose
To prove their ignorance? '

Maybe they are not doing that for you.
You see the others?
They are doing that with them too!

And since you are observing this,
To bring it to my attention...
Perhaps if you do not mention it again,
No one will know that you are the one out of place.
The one who criticizes their lives and the pace.
Look around...
See the blank look on their faces?
An absence of thinking,
Connecting together the process of thoughts!

Do you think what they and I have chosen to do...
Will make a difference to the very few,
Who have chosen to live peacefully...
Amongst those who have been blinded,
By a lack of identity?
When invited to a bar-be-cue,
The best thing to do...
Especially if you accept,
Is not to profess to be a vegetarian!
Or begin to sermonize about the eating of cows...
And the drinking of milk.
Who do you 'think' would be considered the fool?

So maybe they are not out to prove anything...
To you or to me or to anyone else!

That's just the way it is here!
Just like some places have Palm Trees.
And here you will find Maple and Pine!

Now...
If you chose to move away from all of this.
My guess is that no one here would mind...
Or notice.
That's just the way it is,
Here!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Just Think Of So Many Other Things

If you have awakened to discover,
Something you now realize has not been true.
Wouldn't that be for you to address?
And not for someone else to undo?

Isn't that 'your' discovery?
Aren't you the one that has been duped?
What do you expect to be revealed?
You believe everything that is told to you?

If you have awakened to discover,
Something you now realize has not been true.
Just think of so many other things,
You have yet come to question but accepted.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Just To Argue A Point Of View

No matter what is said,
To anyone with a thick head...
They will be determined to object,
To that which is obvious and correct...
Just to argue a point a view,
In clear displayed ignorance to convince...
With a getting of attention wanted and pursued,
To prove...
Whoever argues with them 'is' the fool.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Just To Attract Attention To Themselves

If you have that look as if you are 'up' to something,
And people are suspicious of you.
Do not be offended.
You may be one of few,
Not looking 'down' on everything.
And you stand out as a few others do...
In a negative environment where those positive,
Will always be 'suspect' of doing something...
Just to attract attention to themselves.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Just To Be 'Cool' Hip And With It

If I was born,
From a love shared and meant...
Why does it seem to me,
I have to endure being tormented...
By others who believe,
I'm not deserving of it given.

If I was born,
To express love felt to mean...
Why am I suspected,
Not to be sincere about it.
I'm not one to recite my 'bio'.

Who created how love should appear?
Or when one has achieved,
Preferences checked off a top ten list.
Who is it that created profiles to match,
Without meeting someone to sit and chat.
What about romance?
And where is the chemistry at?

If I was born,
From a love shared and meant...
Why does it seem to me,
I have to endure being tormented...
By others who believe,
I'm not deserving of it given.

If I was born,
To express love felt to mean...
Why am I suspected,
Not to be sincere about it.
If I'm not giving eye contact,
I'm not expecting eye contact back.

If I have to awaken each day,
More concerned about making a good impression...
What purpose am I serving,
If I choose to be myself without the charade?

I have yet to evict myself from my own space.
Although I must admit I have had those days,
I am less appreciative of who it is I am.

And if I don't feel a need to masquerade a mood,
Or adapt to an attitude for me that is 'not' real...
Just to be 'cool' hip and with it,
I wont and could care less who addresses this.

And...
If someone believes I am not a good catch,
I am not about to get out of the pond soaking wet...
To sit near it rolling my eyes pouting.
With my arms folded across my chest,
Doing my best I've been rejected routine.
I save those scenes when I am at home alone.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Just To Be On The Surface

Some do their 'ooohhhs and aaahhhs'
Over the appearance of things.
With a caring less of content.

If it should impress physically...
Mentally, that is all for some,
That needs to be addressed.

Many live just to be on the surface.
To shop and dress and look their best.
With little or no depth at all to express.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Just To Be Walking

Sometimes,
In the morning when it rains.
The Sun shines,
And I forget what aches and pains.
Sometimes,
In the morning when it rains.
I go outside not to get wet.
But start walking.

Sometimes,
When I feel stuck in a rut.
In my mind,
I try not to get messed up.
And at those times,
I don't think about that stuff.
So I got outside,
Talking to myself and walking.

Sometimes,
In the morning when it rains.
The Sun shines,
And I forget what aches and pains.
Sometimes,
In the morning when it rains.
I go outside not to get wet.
But start walking.

Sometimes,
When I get those aches and pains,
Knowing they may come from brain strain...
Whether or not in the rain,
Just to be walking.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Just To Be With You

Just want to be with You.
That's what I know...
And that's what I wish to do.

Without You close,
I know I am withdrawn.
At those times I'd rather sit alone...
From sunset until dawn!

The longer I am without You near...
Very little brings me cheer,
In this atmosphere.
I seem to feel the weight,
Of pressures and stress.
I seem to welcome a depression...
I accept and express.

As age descends upon my steps,
I do my best to forgive myself.
And I try,
But that's hard to do!
Then I realize I am without You.

Just want to be with You.
That's what I know...
And that's what I wish to do.

When we 'are' together...
There is an absence of regret.
My unhappiness has left.
I feel a peace.
I feel so blessed!

And whatever is next,
On my path You have selected...
May it become clearer to me,
Your 'tests' I should not neglect!
Especially if those challenges,
Are there to correct my steps!

Just want to be with You.
That's what I know...
And that's what I wish to do.

I hope our closeness proves to You,
I want to show my loyalty too!
And whenever I find myself subdued?
I feel my best,
Does not impress!
And confessing that 'now to You, My Father!
That's all I really wish to do!
Just to get as close as I can.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Just To Claim Something Done

Hope without faith,
Is much like doing charity work...
And being served pancakes,
Without butter or syrup.

What is a bowl of cereal without milk?
Is the eating of icecream with a fork beneficial?
To whom is a going through the motions,
That important?

To say to satisfy a need the best way one can,
Is to admit...
One will settle for anything just to claim something done.
But to prove what?
And to who or whom would wonder why?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Just To Delight In The Excitement Of It

Demons wish to inflict conflict.
With a chaos and havoc,
Just to delight in the excitement of it.

With a quest to deceive,
And disturb with ease...
Where there are signs of peace freed.

Misdeeds are activities,
Demons purposely release...
With beliefs of receiving satisfaction.

Demons wish to inflict conflict.
With a chaos and havoc,
Just to delight in the excitement of it.

But to the demons' surprise...
These wicked strides begun,
Eventually do come to an end!
With no sympathy to those demonic given.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Just To Get Known

Everybody lives a life that goes through changes.
Even strangers.
Everybody lives a life they learn to condone.

And everybody wishes to get that which is teased,
Just to please...
Others to witness just what it is they own.

People love to get what's wanted,
Just to flaunt...
Their wants.
People love to get what's wanted,
Just to flaunt.

People love to get what's wanted,
Just to flaunt...
Their wants.
People love to get what's wanted,
Just to flaunt.

People like to strut for other people just to be shown.
To get a piece of that attention.
People like to strut for other people just to get known.

People like to strut for other people just to be shown.
To get a piece of that attention.
People like to strut for other people just to get known.

People love to get what's wanted,
Just to flaunt...
Their wants.
People love to get what's wanted,
Just to flaunt.

And everybody wishes to get that which is teased,
Just to please...
Others to witness just what it is they own.

Be'Cause,

People like to strut for other people just to be shown.
To get a piece of that attention.
People like to strut for other people just to get known.
Be'Cause,
People like to strut for other people just to be shown.
To get a piece of that attention.
People like to strut for other people just to get known.
Be'Cause,
People like to strut for other people just to be shown.
To get a piece of that attention.
People like to strut for other people just to get known.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Just To Get Upset

I wish you knew what I felt inside for you...
But you do!
And you screwed that up.
Yes you.

To blow us up!
And then you hand me a bucket,
Of corrupted love.
What am I suppose to do with this?
Argue about it to feed your evil need.

And we do.
Yes we do.
Yes we,
Do!

Do...
Too much.
Just to get upset,
Too much.
And refuse to listen,
Too much.
And want to understand,
Too much.
Without comprehending,
Too much.

YES...
We do,
Do!

Do...
Too much.
Just to get upset,
Too much.
And refuse to listen,
Too much.
And want to understand,
Too much.

Without comprehending,
Too much.

YES...
We do,
Do!

I wish you knew what I felt inside for you.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Just To 'Hang' In There

We've all seen them rush,
To meet and greet new guests.
With impressions made.
And in fresh dress...
To do their best,
To be the ones addressed.

We've all seen them rush,
To meet and greet new guests.
Especially the ones who profess,
To be those righteous.
But disguising their true selves,
As pests who love to gossip.

We've all seen them rush,
To meet and greet new guests.
To get those same guests...
To get upset and leave.
And the actions of those responsible,
Seem as natural as the scenery.
If one is not in constant movement.
And movement is a required necessity.
For anyone who stays around.

And not just to 'hang' in there!
For the purpose to keep this reviewed,
With the same complaints to report...
On a daily basis.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Just To Have Their Way

Issues.
Of all kinds.
And varying flavors are there.
Share yours or select one.
Discuss as many as you dare!
Those with them,
Aren't bashful at all.
In fact...
Those who sit,
Without willing to share their issues quick.
Are often dismissed as difficult to get along with.
Since they aren't afraid to say...
Those with issues,
Also choose to have their insecurities displayed...
To block what others may do,
Just to have their way!
And usually they get it...
Only to expose themselves dimwitted!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Just To Hear Your Story Being Told

Stay up all night,
If you are the type...
That can not seem to sleep right.
And bear on shoulders,
Those burdens you can't control.
The ones you hold in overload.

Fight with clinched teeth and be uptight...
About common situations that incite,
And corrode that need you have to be bold.
Just to hear your story being told.
Just to hear your story!

Go fly a kite!
If that is the attitude you choose and like.
But put some movement to it.
And don't criticize...
Those you know who recommend,
You should get a life.

Don't close off to sit inside.
To peep out from a keyhole...
Just to hear your story being told.

Go fly a kite!
Just to hear your story being told!

Stay up all night.
Fight with clinched teeth and be uptight
But...
Don't sit inside.
Just to hear your story being told.
Just to hear your story...

Stay up all night,
If you are the type...
That can not seem to sleep right.
And bear on shoulders,
Those burdens you can't control.

The ones you hold in overload.
To peep on the outside,
From a keyhole...
Just to hear your story being told.

Go fly a kite...
If you need your story to be told.
Just to hear your story.
And,
Go fly a kite...
If you need your story to be told.
Just to hear your story.
And...
Go fly a kite!
Just to hear your story being told!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Just To Keep It Real!

I am asked often,
To express an opinion.
My point of view is solicited.
And when I give it...
I am disrespected.
Told I believe I am better than others.
And when I tell those who get on my nerves,
To kiss my ass!
They begin to see then,
I am familiar with their gutter ways.
But I don't embrace that BS...
Just to keep it real!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Just To Keep The Critics Cranky

Why wont you let us see,
What is going on backstage?

'And let you witness what it takes,
To get this magic produced?
Are you kidding?
No way.

Any chef would say...
If I showed you what I do,
You'd try it and raise the price.
And I just want to leave you with just a taste.
Knowing that when you've become addicted,
You will come back...
To stand in line to nibble anything I present.

I am not trying to give away my stuff.
Do you know how long it took me,
To get you to even be interested?
Mesmerizing is an ability,
That requires time to deliver.
I have to keep masqueraded,
Just to keep the critics cranky.
But...
At my disposal.

Me...
Be,
No fool.
Not in preparation.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Just To Know

Just to know,
Is not enough.
Just to know,
Can make life tough.
Just to know,
And not get up...
To move from what,
Can enclose and not grow...
From that which one knows.

Too many are not willing to listen.
And with patience sit.
Too many are not willing to comprehend,
Or admit misunderstanding.

Too many are not willing to listen.
And with patience sit.
Too many rather fake it to pretend,
Asking questions has no benefit for them.

Just to know,
Is not enough.
Just to know,
Can make life tough.
Just to know,
And not get up...
To move from what,
Can enclose and not grow...
From that which one knows,
Is not enough.
Just to know,
Can make life tough.
Just to know,
And not get up...
To move from what,
Can enclose and not grow...
From that which one knows.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Just To Leave It (Beyond Our Ears)

The coffee?
It has been brewed.
Ready to choose or refuse,
The sipping of it offered.
And whoever peeks,
Through a cracked...
And barely opened closeted door
Finds it difficult to resist,
The aromatic scent of it.
Once dismissed,
As having no evidence...
To produced the significance,
Of such a fabled myth.

'Sssshhh. Listen.
Did you hear what I heard? '

-I apologize.
Coffee gives me gas.-

'Thanks for sharing that.
But, no.
What I heard was a door.
Creaking slowly to open.
Followed by footsteps,
On the floor.
Coming towards us.
And getting closer as if...
Wanting not to be ignored.
Sssshhh...I wonder,
Could it be...? '

-A ghost haunting?
From the past?
Wishing to be sociable?
Perhaps? -

'I fear what I hear,
Is far more frightening.

As it nears.'

-Like...what?
You've begun to stir up,
More of my gas to pass.'

'I sniff a confused.
And coming out of the closet,
Truth seeker.
The kind longing for it to get.
But too afraid to admit,
A wanting of it both ways.
Straight black.
AND sugared with some cream.'

-You know what they say?
Once addicted no one quits! -

'I suspect this listening ghost
Is not your average,
Truth seeker.'

-Oh? -

'I suspect this ghost to be,
More into tea.
With a wish,
To pour whatever it is...
We sip upon to spill.
With it to sneak...
And take somewhere else.
Like many do who deceive...
Whispering to others,
Nonsense just to leave believed
And this time...
Beyond our ears,
To hear the dishonesty of it.
Ssshhh.'

-Is the ghost still there? -

'No! I'm sure it's gone.

But we won't know that...
Until we learn from the gossip,
What we did...
That didn't here go on.'

-Well...
Is that a wish?
Suggestion?
Or a private request,
Just to leave it as is...
Straight up.-

'What you talking 'bout? '

-The coffee!
Why?
You're not afraid another ghost
Might spread a truth,
We know not to be a lie.-

'You see the game,
Played the other day? '

-Oh...
I know,
You want me to say 'something',
About 'this' one.
Dontcha? -

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Just To Please Others

It is easier to criticize,
Those with rolled up sleeves.
And digging others out of ditches.
Just to please others,
Who pursue selfish wishes.

It is easier to pass judgements,
On a few who do the work.
While those who sit,
Licking fingers dry...
From eating fried chicken.
To say what someone else should do,
Among others who too...
Choose to live lazy lives to defend.

Easier it is to criticize and often,
Those with rolled up sleeves.
And digging others out of ditches.
While sitting with it done to excuse,
Every movement made to do without shoes.
To say there is no time to find...
Eliminating from a limited mind,
An addiction fixed to procrastination.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Just To Pooh-Pooh The Doing

A fish by any other name,
Would not be a rose.
Unless,
Of course...
It had been schooled to be.

And that was done,
In the unknown privacy of pools...
Exclusively.
And in unmistakably clearer waters,
Just to pooh-pooh the doing to naysayers.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Just To Prove They Can Do It

They will do absolutely 'anything',
To discourage the ambitions of others.
Even bring themselves to ruin,
Just to prove they can do it to have done.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Just To Release Some Heat

One is upset,
And protests...
An invasion and occupying done.
And yet,
Does the same thing.
But then again...
One is doing it to market peace!
While the other is not into salesmanship.
They are doing it,
Just to release some heat...
Around a piece of pipeline needed.
Either way...
Deceit is fed,
To leave more innocent dead.
With acts of diplomacy...
To further bleed reality from conscious heads!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Just To Say You Can Be Beaten

To feel each minute,
You are not in it.
But you can not give up or let go.
Although you know it is difficult,
To jog up a slope...
While observing others eating sandwiches,
As they pass you riding on the backs...
And shoulders of those paid to exchange positions,
They have convinced that the doing of it makes sense.
Even though you are made to look the fool,
At their own expense.
Just to say you can be beaten,
Regardless if their efforts includes an entire team.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Just To Share Their Good Wishes

Often folks are depicted,
To be less influencial than they are.
Most times than none,
This is done by relatives and friends of some.
With a demeaning of one's character.
From an innocence that is done!

Now...
If the one who is victimized,
Wins the lottery...
Or some other monetary prize.
Relatives, friends and those unknown,
Expose themselves from beyond closed doors...
And everywhere else,
To make themselves known.

Just to share their good wishes!
And...
Of course a taste,
Of what for them they find delicious.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Just To Show The Kids Today What Innocence Is

Remember those lollipops we liked alot and licked.
I remember licking every bit and saving the sticks.

Remember spending nickels to get five hot rockets.
Sucking those hot balls until the juice dripped from our lips.

Do you remember candy dots on strips of paper...
With every flavor there but chocolate.

Those times are gone but innocence should be held over.
Just to show the kids today what innocence is!
And...
Those times are gone but innocence should be held over.
Just to show the kids today what innocence is!

Remember those lollipops we liked alot and licked.
I remember licking every bit and saving the sticks.

Remember spending nickels to get five hot rockets.
Sucking those hot balls until the juice dripped from our lips.

Do you remember candy dots on strips of paper...
With every flavor there but chocolate.

Those times are gone but innocence should be held over.
Just to show the kids today what innocence is!
And...
Those times are gone but innocence should be held over.
Just to show the kids today what innocence is!

There were many benefits to being young and innocent.

Those times are gone but innocence should be held over.
Just to show the kids today what innocence is!

There were many benefits to being young and innocent.

Those times are gone but innocence should be held over.
Just to show the kids today what innocence is!

Just to show them proof that innocence once lived!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Just Today

Just today,
I had been thinking...
'If I allow myself to think good thoughts,
Would that pessimism in me get the point?
Would it rage in a jealous fit and leave? '
Just today,
These thoughts occurred to me.

I tried it for a minute.
And that minute grew into an hour.
I walked among the people too...
As I gazed at the sky,
And observe the budding of the trees.
While I imagined the bloom on the flowers.

Just today,
I had been thinking...
'If I allowed myself to let go,
Of that I can not change...
I can fill that time with so much happiness.
With a concentration I alone can easily arrange.'

And just today,
It dawned on me...
'If I have power to decide how I feel,
Why do I choose to accept clouds to bring rain on my life?
What do I get from resisting it?
When I can stand out in it and become nourished? '
Just today,
These thoughts occurred to me.
And I am encouraged.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Just Too Brand New To Do A Stoop

Just too brand new to do a stoop.
To seek a lover.
Just too brand new to do a stoop.
To fulfill a need.

Just too brand new to do a stoop...
To be loved.
But wanting to be snuggled up,
In a cuddle meant for me.

I want somebody who can prove to me,
They could be my lover.
I want somebody who can prove,
They know what to do to me.
And...
I want somebody who can prove to me,
They could be my lover.
With a knowing that I'm not as bold...
As I may wish them to see.

I want somebody who can prove to me,
They could be my lover.
I want somebody who can prove,
They know what to do to me.

Just too brand new to do a stoop.
To seek a lover.
Just too brand new to do a stoop.
To fulfill a need.

Just too brand new to do a stoop.
To be seeking a lover.
Just too brand new to do a stoop.
To fulfill a need.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Just Too Grand

</>I suppose if I wanted,
I could be a prude and standoffish.
With a résumé to prove,
In my life I've accomplished...
What few can and could do.
If...
I chose to put my nose up in the air.
And carried on with that kind of flair.

My mother's father,
Had been a leader of his own band.
Appearing here and there and across the land.
And for some reason then,
I couldn't 'stand' him.
He was just too grand!
And those feelings were mutual.
I just was not impressed.

Today?
I can understand why he was that way.
And I hope he has forgiven me for saying,
Whenever he telephoned to speak to my mom...
'Ma, some guy is on the phone claiming to be your father.
You know...
He of the George Frank Roberts Band.'

~That's 'your' grandfather.~

And I'm Sammy Davis, Junior.

Dedicated to my grandfather:
In Loving Memory
George Frank Roberts,
Englewood, New Jersey

'Love you, grand-daddy.
Even though we had 'many' differences,
of opinion.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Just Trinkets

Sitting in a nest of fulfilled wishes...
That's what I see for you!
Surrounded by all your hopes and dreams...
Each one for you has come true!
And all I can do is witness with a smile,
As you welcome your blessings...
Finally arriving after a long while!
But time now does not matter...
Since the moment belongs to you!
You deserve all this happiness wished.
And much more is being delivered...
These are just 'trinkets' of what you are due!
The Almighty is not through...
Bestowing more gifts and treasures upon you!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Just Wake Me Up!

Wake me up!
You've got to pinch me.
My dreams can't be this sweet.

Just wake me up!
I see,
Unity.
And people once divided,
Collecting in the streets.
They're talking together about realities

I've got to be sleeping.
There's too many people,
Beginning to be dupe free.

Just wake me up!
I see,
Unity...
Surrounding me.

Just wake me up!
I see,
Unity...
Surrounding me.
There's too many people,
Beginning to be dupe free.

Wake me up!
You've got to pinch me.
My dreams can't be this sweet.
There's too many people,
Beginning to be dupe free.

Just wake me up!
Slap me on the back.
I'm being attacked!
My eyes can't be seeing that.

Just wake me up!

Slap me on the back.
I'm being attacked!
My eyes can't be seeing that.

Wake me up!
You've got to pinch me.
My dreams can't be this sweet.
There's too many people,
Beginning to be dupe free.

Just wake me up!
Slap me on the back.
I'm being attacked!
My eyes can't be seeing that.
Just wake me up!

Just wake me up!
I see,
Unity.
And people once divided,
Collecting in the streets.
They're talking together about realities.
Wake me up!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Just Walk Away

When you've given all you've got...
Just walk away.
Don't you dare to get uptight.
Just walk away.
If someone does not act right.
Just walk away.

Don't argue or defend,
When no one there is listening.

When you've given all you've got...
Just walk away.
Don't you dare to get uptight.
Just walk away.
If someone does not act right.
Just walk away.

Just walk away.
When no one there is listening.
Just walk away.
When no one there is listening.
Just walk away.

Don't argue or defend,
When no one there is listening.

Just walk away.
When no one there is listening.
Just walk away.
When no one there is listening.
Just walk away.

When you've given all you've got...
Just walk away.
Don't you dare to get uptight.
Just walk away.
If someone does not act right.
Just walk away.

Don't argue or defend,
When no one there is listening.

Just walk away.
When no one there is listening.
Just walk away.
When no one there is listening.
Do you just walk away.
Just walk away.
Just-walk-away.

When no one there is listening.
Do you just walk away.
When no one there is listening.
Do you just walk away.
Just walk away.
Do you just-walk-away.
Just walk away.
When no one there is listening.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Just Wave To Them A Goodbye

Once it has been discovered,
That more than a few...
Rather not be informed,
About what it is you do.
Or anything that may affect their lives.
And all they produce are excuses and alibis.

But insist on questioning to no one's surprise...
Why they have a lack of knowledge,
Of that which happens...
In their own neighborhoods?

There is no need to suggest,
Or recommend to them what is best.
Since stating they should spend less time,
At home alone gossipying on the telephone...
Will get you quickly a proclamation exclaming,
MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS!
I have no interest,
In what you are proclaiming

And this,
You try.
But guess 'who' approaches?
Wanting to ask why...
You were mentioned to know,
More about something they recently overheard.
And 'if' this is so...
Why is it you didn't let them know! ?

Once it has been discovered,
That more than a few...
Rather not be informed,
About what it is you do.
Or anything that may affect their lives.
And all they produce are excuses and alibis.
Don't say anything,
Just wave to them a goodbye.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Just Words

You don't have to read these words.
That's all they are anyway...
Just words.
You don't have to connect to my feelings.
You never will.
How can you?
I'm another 'somebody' meaning nothing.
Somebody saying nothing...
Meaningful to you!
I know this.
And I knew!
Much like you...
I too,
Am just passing through here,
With nothing else to do!
And these words put together,
Are for folks like us...
Me and you.
With nothing specific on our minds.
As we both find this time,
To discover words to just browse through.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Just Your Average Genius

Please,
There is no need
To massage my feet.
Because you believe,
I am among the 'elite'

I'm not one to flaunt my brilliance.
Or seek to shine,
Brighter than stars.
Or glow in darkness...
To prove that candlelight,
Is a lame flame in my sight!

I am just your average genius.
That's all!
Nothing special to attract awe.
Or expect anyone to carry smelling salts,
To regain consciousness in my presence.
That's not me!
Just a simple kneeling,
And the kissing of my ring is sufficient.

'But Your Highness...
I thought you said,
You wanted to arrive incognito? '

Am I wearing the blue royal robe.
Adorned with jewels and ermine?
Am I?
Answer me!

'No Your Majesty.
No, you are not! '

That's why I decided to dress in rags.
And be done with all of the formalities.
But the kneeling and the kissing of the ring,
Gives me goosebumps.
THAT I am not about to give up!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Just Your Presence Alone

Wherever you are going,
I am happy...
To have chanced upon your presence.
And it was here.
It is a thrill to remember.

You are full of life,
And irrestible energy.
The light within you is so bright,
It's radiance glows around you.

To witness it,
I know I've been blessed.
But if I may make one suggestion?
Do you see those untrimmed hedges,
Surrounding those wilting trees?
Do not make any attempts,
To add your sparkle to them.

Why?

I've seen attempts made in the past.
By those attracted to their sadness.
But around these parts...
Those attempts made will be resented.
Trust me.
What you see...
Most folks around here regard,
As their motivation.

Wherever you are going,
I am happy...
To have chanced upon your presence.
And it was here.

However,
Let me make this clear...
Do not spend years trying to convince anyone,
What you bring to offer...

Is inspiring and to their benefit!
Just your presence alone,
Poses to them a threat.

'You shouldn't be so negative.'

Negative?
You have no idea how positive I am.
I am one of few around here,
Willing to express the truth.
You stay here long enough,
You will find that out for yourself.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Justifiably Applied

What is greatness to achieve.
And to what is it compared?
With it done to comply...
A confirmation that satisfies,
Its identity.

There are those known,
To have endured living...
Most of their lives,
Struggling against the effects
Of poverty.
To go unrecognized,
For their accomplishments.
Without notoriety.
Or this to be mentioned.

And there are those,
Who had become the 'first'...
To open doors for others.
Yet not a word is heard,
From those who follow...
Giving them respect.
Especially their steps,
Had not known resistance.
Or rejection to get.

What is greatness to achieve?

Since today few believe,
A path paved to walk upon...
Had not been created,
By someone facing obstacles.
Carving their way,
Through torment and grief.
And only left to leave it,
As proof as something done...
By that 'someone' successfully.

Today on that same paved path,

Some may decide,
Others on it talking...
Are not entitled or qualified.
To choose and pick,
Who to profile on it.
As if to please ancestors,
Who may or may not...
Grant their permission.

What is this...greatness?
With it done to scrutinize,
Anyone. And their legitimacy.
What is this...greatness?
Some perceive it theirs.
Exclusively!
With a lifetime membership.
And...
Who is it that determines,
How, where and when...
The bestowing of it,
To authorize and annoint...
Is justifiably applied.
With a dismissing of those,
Who should be ceremonalized...
Are discovered when profiled,
Do not have what it takes...
To fit the image,
Of what a greatness imitated...
Makes!
As justifiably applied.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Justification

Sometimes I wish I was dusted.
Under a rug!
And not be dedicated...
To observe those medicated.

I wish to speak my mind,
Most times!
To those who mainline.
To escape from the unkindness,
Shown and many find!

But a growing addiction...
Restricts many to shadows.
Bleeding inside secretly.
Believing no one cares for them.
Their hopes,
Desires or their need to dream.

And 'I' find...
My heart just pounds,
When I see the young folks...
Lying cold on the ground.

And 'I' find...
No reason or rhyme,
Why society leaves these young folks to bleed!

No 'I' don't find,
In my mind...
Justification,
For these sickening times.
Justification,
For these human crimes.
Justification,
For these scenes to blind!

No 'I' don't find,
In my mind...
Justification,

For them left behind.
Nor will I find this,
Justified in these times!

No 'I' don't find,
In my mind...
Justification,
For these sickening times.
Justification,
For these human crimes.
Justification,
For these scenes to blind!

No 'I' don't find,
In my mind...
Justification!
Justification!
Justification,
For them left behind.

Nor will I ever,
Justify these crimes!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Justified Actions

Justified actions!
No matter who finds them offensive.
Or who they are against to offend.
Are done and expected to be condoned,
By any and everyone.
And that is the attitude,
By the doer that is shown.
Although physically grown...
A mentality is vacant.
And does not show a sign of respect,
Is near or will approach anytime soon.

Justified actions!
Even when videotape is supplied...
Folks become defensive,
And try to deny
What is seen by the eyes!
And expect to be...
And get,
Excused!

And some wonder why,
A harshness comes when describing them...
As fools!
However...
It seems to be an appropriate fit,
By those who have experienced...
The reality and not the romanticized version,
Of their ways and this existence!
Protected,
From scutiny...
And truth!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Justified And Obstinate

Justified and obstinate,
May make sense and provides...
Much more meaning to those,
Who have decided to divide a purpose cemented.
By circumventing a direction meant to unify.

Splitting into pieces a togetherness solidified,
Gratifies an intense excitement...
For those enjoying the ride of frustrations.

Although this decreased of priority ceases.
With an eroding that rapidly diminishes,
Communal concern.
Leaving many temperatures to overheat.
And negative agendas effectively burned!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Justifying Their Sanities

Justifying their sanities,
Does not mean 'insane' they are not.
Like one who deceives with lies told a lot,
Believes any revealing explanation...
Should excuse the misdeeds intended.
And with an expectation to be forgiven, again!

~Haven't you made mistakes.
To never repeat the doing of them?
And weren't lessons learned,
From them to comprehend? ~

'Of course.
I was made conscious of my mistakes,
To learn from them to not to repeat.
And with a consciousness those mistakes I made,
I left them behind to leave.
But I certainly did not with intention meant,
Set out with a purpose to ruin relationships.'

~So I apologized for intending to ruin people's lives.
What's the big deal?
I've been made to realize those were mistakes.
And I have admitted what I did,
Was a wrong road to take.
Why are my actions not forgiven and more scrutinized? ~

Justifying their sanities,
Does not mean 'insane' they are not.
Like one who deceives with lies told a lot,
Believes any revealing explanation...
Should excuse the misdeeds intended.
And with an expectation to be forgiven, again!

~Haven't you made mistakes? ~

'Of course.
But I certainly did not with intention meant,
Set out with a purpose to ruin relationships.'

~With or without intent meant...
What difference does it really make? ~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Jutting

Jutting!
Like projectiles upward,
To reach.
These granite slabs.

Fading.
Many with diminished descriptions.
And many more standing,
With non-exisiting to read...
Once carefully etched,
Epitaphs.

Jutting upward in row upon row,
To lay surrounded by manicured grass.
Fenced within cemetery quietness,
As if to appease the dead...
In a foreverlasting sleep and unknown.

Bleached these slabs are from Sun,
And the rain that comes...
To wash away that which had been engraved,
On the headstones of those death has silenced.

And I walk along to wonder,
Who the many forgotten were.
Those whose ashes have long ago turn to dust.
Those who once lived.
Now below the ground...
Hushed!

Can their spirits see me pass?
Do they know I walk to wonder of their past?
Are they aware like I am...
That life is not to live to last?
They must.
Can their spirits see me pass,
And laugh to find my thoughts amusing?
Or have their spirits long gone,
To adapt and be freed from life's trappings?

Heartaches. Sorrows. Physical pain...
And having no cash.
I pass and 'feel' their spirits laughing.

Jutting!
Like projectiles upward,
To reach.
These granite slabs.

Fading.
Many with diminished descriptions.
And many more standing,
With non-exisiting to read...
Once carefully etched,
Epitaphs.

And here I am in the moment,
Living...
To witness this.
And to wonder.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Kanye

Driven to succeed...
To appease the teasing,
Of an expedited climb to new heights!
Increased by the sight,
Of delighted fans...
One wishes to command,
Under spotlight!

But when that spotlight dims,
And goes out at night.
One is alone,
Wishing for that touch...
Nurtured by love shown.
From that special someone,
Who knows what love is!
The one overshadowed...
By the pressures of showbiz.

It is what it is!
This feeling one has known.
We must allow God,
To perform this healing offstage.
And Kanye...
With God's guidance,
Will mend in time...
On his own!

Dedicated To:
Kanye West

'My thoughts are with you, Kanye.
Decisions made by others we love,
Sometimes brings us heartbreak!
Remember you are loved.'

Lawrence

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Kardashians

I am not really into the Kardashians.
And like others who lie about this,
I must admit...
I'm into Lamar and Khloe Odom.
There is a genuiness,
About their relationship.

A family for them I see begins.
An arrival of twins.
I have no idea why this vision appears.
Or why the Kardashians,
I endear. I do! And...so what of it?
Maybe its their flaws and blemishes.
Or perhaps the hard work involved,
That has me awed and this magic fits.

Whatever it is, Kris Jenner has done this.
And then again...
It all probably began with the patience of Bruce.
Since he introduced that Olympian spirit.
There is no denying Bruce keeps on trying.
And the combination? Magificent.

But back to Lamar and Khloe I do see,
A living in Dallas...
Will produce for them a family.
And a championship for the Mavericks too.
How appropriate this benefit that gifts,
But I doubt very seriously if I could,
OR would babysit.
I wouldn't be able to keep up with them.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Karma Trapped

Karma trapped,
Within those casting shadows.
The time to retract from those knacks...
To ignore signs to stop,
Wilfull agonies dropped.
Have gone!
And those left as pawns,
To instill ill wishes...
Are bestowed with shallow praise.
With few to renew,
Relationships with the Sun!
A brightness to them...
Never again comes!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Keep A Doing At It

Keep a doing at it.
And at your best.
Just...
Keep a doing at it.
And at your best.
Just...
Keep a doing at it.
And at your best.
Staying prepared and improving,
On what it is you're doing.
Only fools pursue attitudes.
Hitting their heads against a wall to do.

But know that a mood,
With an attitude...
Can prevent what's in one's view..
Since,
People like this should drop...
Believing they've arrived,
To a top that's stop.

Keep a doing at it.
And at your best.
Staying prepared.
And improving.
Just...
Keep a doing at it.
And at your best.
Staying prepared.
And improving.
But know that a mood,
With an attitude...
Can prevent what's in one's view..
Since,
People like this should drop...
Believing they've arrived,
To a top that's stop.
With a sliding quick to the bottom.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Keep Close What You Treasure

Keep close what you treasure,
Snug to hug your chest.
An abundance of those who had their eyes closed,
With lost integrities...
Are on the prowl with confessions to profess,
A losing of money like a child of innocence.
And incensed they are with a bitterness,
About a wasting of their valued time.
They 'now' have discovered that to be precious.
With an envying of those who chose to live.
And not spend it on the worshipping of things.
To forfeit what a doing of that brings.

And time they want to take...
With a weeping done on shoulders,
To express their misery and heartache.

Don't let them sneak and take your peace.

Many who have sold their souls,
For a taste of baubles and bling.
Now today they say,
Those bright shiny things mean to them not a thing.
And approach with an encroaching,
To sneak away your peace.
With a luring to gain your empathy.
For purposes to steal it from your mind.
Since they have not a dime.
From a clawing to a top with a bursting bubble pop.
They find now that has left them flat,
On their behinds.

Don't let them sneak and take your peace.
Keep close what you treasure,
Snug to hug your chest.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Keep 'Em Big

Keep 'em big...
Baby.
Keep 'em big.

Keep 'em big...
Baby.

Keep,
'Em Big...
Baby.

Keep 'em big.
Your dreams,
Keep 'em big...
Baby,
Keep 'em big....baby.
And,
Maybe they'll come 'true',
'Cause...

If you
Keep 'em big,
Baby.
Keep 'em big,
Baby.
Keep 'em big,
Baby.
Keep 'em big...baby!
'Cause...

You know what you need.
And,
You know what it takes..
To,
Really really please...
You!

Keep 'em big...
Baby.

Keep 'em big,

Keep 'em big,
Baby.

Keep,
'Em big...
Baby.
'Cause...

You know what you need.
And,
You know what it takes,
To really please...
You!

Keep 'em big
Your dreams,
Keep 'em big...
Baby,
Keep 'em big.

Keep 'em big,
And...
Maybe they'll come 'true' 'cause...
You know what it takes,
To please...
You!

Keep 'em big
Your dreams,
Keep 'em big...
Baby,
Keep 'em big.

Keep,
'Em Big...
And...
Maybe they'll come 'true',
'Cause...
You know what it takes,
To really please...

You!

Yes,
Cause...

You know what it takes,
To really please...
You!

Keep 'em big
Your dreams,
Keep 'em big...
Baby,
Keep 'em big...
'Cause.
Keep 'em big,
Cause...

You know what it takes,
To really please...
You!

Keep 'Em Big!

Yes!

Cause...
You know what it takes,
To really please...
You!

Keep 'em big
Your dreams,
Keep 'em big...
Baby,
Keep 'em big!

Keep 'em.

Keep 'em big!

Keep 'em.

Keep 'em big!

Keep 'em.

Keep 'em big!

Keep 'em.

Keep 'em big!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Keep Hope Alive

Am I still angry?
Not anymore.
Not since I've learned to recognize,
The beginnings of a headache.
And not to let that headache,
Cross a threshold to enter through an open door...
To become a prolonged migraine.

'Oh!
So what are you saying?
I'm not invited to come in? '

I didn't say that.
You did.
And I thank you for saving me the time to do it.
However...
I do wish for you to have a pleasant journey.
And I'll do my best to keep hope alive.
I believe those were your comments the last time I saw you.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Keep Hope And Focus Vivid

Take your left foot,
Then you move it.
Followed by a vision right.
One that remains clear and in sight.

With the right foot and clear sight taken...
Keep hope and focus vivid.
Know a life wished can be better lived.
If wanted to be flaunted.

Don't be petty and hot headed.
Feed your mind instead.
That resentment kept relentless...
Never take that to your bed.

Take your left foot,
Then you move it.
With the right foot and clear sight taken...
Keep hope and focus vivid.
That resentment kept relentless...
Never take that to your bed.
Feed peace of mind to stay instead.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Keep It And Leave

Just because you say 'they' don't get it...
Does that mean you should be a constant reminder?
If they are not getting whatever it is that's been evaluated,
Perhaps they are happy not knowing!
You 'got it'...
So get going.
Before what it is you have they don't,
Evaporates and nothing is left
To say who 'had it'!
Lost it...
And never proving what 'it' was in the first place,
That was so valuable not to maintain and lose.
Don't abuse yourself like that!
If you 'got it'...
Keep it,
And leave!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Keep It Clean

Keep it clean.
Every crack your packing.
Soap it up and down.
Rinse that dirt away.

Keep it clean.
Every crack your packing.
Soap it up and down.
Rinse that dirt away.

So hard they've tried to reflect perfection.
A wholesome outlook,
With good deeds done they do!
They want to project a godlike self righteousness.
With wings adorned and hymns sung!
Angelic voices from everyone,
Harmonizing,
In collective united bliss.
But the truth about this...
There is BS that sits within their midst,
And not one of them can resist
An addicting sniff!
Since they are all full of it!

Keep it clean.
Every crack your packing.
Soap it up and down.
Rinse that dirt away.

Keep it clean.
Every crack your packing.
Soap it up and down.
Rinse that dirt away.

Something kept stinking...
From fat greasy meat.
Suited and smoking cigars,
Chartering planes with high profiled stars.
And posing with those who piloted...

The sucking up of all resources.
As admirers rejoiced!
Thinking they heard 'voices' from beyond...
'You too could live like this!
We'll make sure of it! '

Keep it clean.
Every crack your packing.
Soap it up and down.
Rinse that dirt away.

Keep it clean.
Every crack your packing.
Soap it up and down.
Rinse that dirt away.

Screwing fools!

'Keep it clean! '

That's what they do best!

'Keep the scene serene.
Deodorize the stench that leaks.
Protect that image.
And hide the blood left...
To leave as expected on urban streets! '

Keep it clean.
Every crack your packing.
Soap it up and down.
Rinse that dirt away.

Keep it clean.
Every crack your packing.
Soap it up and down.
Rinse that dirt away.

By the time it surfaces...
There will be nothing left to squander.
And the fools we duped with treason,
Will have nothing left to value...

And very little to say!

Keep it clean.
Every crack your packing.
Soap it up and down.
Rinse that dirt away.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Keep It Energized

When you have learned,
You cast your own shadow.
And you then lift your head towards the Sun,
To notice none.
That is where your strength comes from.
Keep it energized.
Unrestricted with ambitions you wish,
To fulfill a cloudless happiness...
Inside your mind where that is carried.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Keep It Fed With Lies

How to poison a mind?
Keep it fed with lies.

How to lose a mind over time?
One that is kept limited and confined?
Keep it fed with lies.
Keep it fed with lies.
Keep it fed with lies.

How to poison a mind?
Keep it fed with lies.

How to lose a mind over time?
One that is kept limited and confined?
To control?
Ensuring it does what it is told?
Keep it fed with lies.
Keep it fed with lies.
Keep it fed with lies.
Keep it fed with lies.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Keep It Focused

Focus,
You may never have a chance to start again.
Focus,
There's no promises to end what just begins.
Focus on the 'here' and 'now'.
Tomorrow is not here to borrow.

Don't be dragging baggage,
From a past.

Focus,
You may never have a chance to start again.
Focus,
There's no promises to end what just begins.
Focus on the 'here' and 'now'.
Tomorrow is not here to borrow.

Focus and participate.
Today do not procrastinate.
Focus and participate.
Today do not procrastinate.
Even yesterday,
May be too late.

Don't be dragging baggage,
From your past!

Keep it focused,
On the things you do...
Knowing what it is pursued.
Focus,
On the things you do...
Knowing what it is pursued.
Focus!
Just keep your focus.

Focus,
You may never have a chance to start again.
Focus,

There's no promises to end what just begins.
Focus on the 'here' and 'now'.
Tomorrow is not here to borrow.
Focus!
Just keep your focus.
Focus.
Keep it focused.

And don't get caught up dragging,
Lugging baggage from your past.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Keep It In The Pot

Give me your love.
And I'll give you my heart,
Forever.
And Ever.

Give me your love.
And I'll,
Give you my heart forever.
And ever.

You know me!
You've got me in your pocket,
To button and/or lock it.

Oh!
And I know...
You-know-me,
You've got me in your pocket,
To button and/or lock it up.
OR...
Keep it in the pot,
On the fire hot.

You know me.
Keep it in the pot hot.
You know me.
Keep it in the pot...
Nice and hot.
You know me.
Keep it in the pot to keep nice and hot.

You know me.
Keep it in the pot to keep nice and hot.
Keep it in the pot to keep nice and hot.
Keep it in the pot to keep nice and hot.
Keep it in the pot to keep hot.
You know me.
To...
Keep it in the pot to keep nice and hot.

Give me your love.
To keep it in the pot hot.
Give me your love
To keep it in the pot hot.
Give me your love
To keep it in the pot,
HOT!
Until that sizzle starts to fizzle!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Keep It In The Right Perspective

Keep it in the right perspective.
Your faith.
Don't let nobody intercept it,
To take.
It's up to you to use your head.
Not your heart.
When things begin for you to fall apart.
Keep it in the right perspective.
Your faith.
Don't let nobody intercept it.
To take.
It's up to you to use your head.
Not your heart.
When things begin for you to fall apart.
Keep it in the right perspective.

Emotions are easy,
To sell and be sold.
When the going gets rough and tough.
And a broken heart wants to give up.

Emotions increase.
And don't cease.
When a head feels teased,
By a misunderstanding...
And a comprehension brings no relief.

Keep it in the right perspective.
Your faith.
Don't let nobody intercept it.
To take.
It's up to you to use your head.
Not your heart.
When things begin to fall apart.
Keep it in the right perspective.

It's painful to let it go...
What was kept.
To get away with quickened steps

It's difficult to loosen a hold....
To what becomes addictive.

Emotions are easy,
To sell and be sold.
When the going gets rough and tough.
And a broken heart wants to give up.

Emotions increase and don't cease....
When a head feels teased,
By a misunderstanding...
That brings no relief to breathe.
Keep it in the right perspective.

It's painful to let it go...
What was kept.
To get away with quickened steps.
Keep it in the right perspective.
Your faith.
Don't let nobody intercept it.
To take.
It's up to you to use your head.
Not your heart.
When things begin to fall apart.
Keep it in the right perspective.
Your faith.
Keep it in the right perspective.
Your faith.
Don't let nobody intercept it.
To take.
It's up to you to use your head.
Not your heart.
When things begin to fall apart.
Keep it in the right perspective.
Your faith.
Keep it in the right perspective.
Your faith.
Keep it in the right perspective.

Let it go to flow...
And with a doing what it takes,

To keep it in the right perspective!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Keep It In Your Head

What makes you think you can go far,
Sitting, drinking at a bar?
Huh?

You've got to,
Work on it.
You've got to,
Work on it.
You've got to...
Have an appetite,
Like it's the best bite 'ever'.

You've got to,
Work on it.
You've got to,
Work on it.
You've got to...
Eeenie Meenie minus that,
Which got you on the dance floor.

You've got to,
Work on it.
You've got to,
Work on it.
You've got to...
Close off from temptation,
And focus on what's wanted more.

You've got to,
Work on it.
You've got to,
Work on it.
You've got to...
Keep it in your head.
You've got to...
Keep it in your head.

You've got to,
Work on it.

You've got to,
Work on it.
You've got to...
Keep it in your head.
You've got to...
Keep it in your head.

You've got to,
Work on it.
You've got to,
Work on it.
You've got to...
Eeenie Meenie minus that,
Which got you on the dance floor.

You've got to,
Work on it.
You've got to,
Work on it.
You've got to...
Eeenie Meenie minus that,
Which got you on the dance floor.

You've got to...
Keep it in your head.
You've got to...
Keep it in your head.
You've got to...
Keep it in your head.
You've got to...
Keep it in your head.
You've got to...
Keep it in your head.
You've got to...
Keep it in your head.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Keep It Mellow

If you keep it mellow...
So much can be accomplished,
When you're mellow.
Nothing can upset you,
When you're mellow.
Even those attempts made,
To get you crazy raging...
Keep it mellow.
So much can be accomplished,
When you're mellow.
Nothing can upset you,
When you're mellow.
Even those attempts made,
To leave you with a headache...
Keep it mellow.
Nothing can upset you,
When you're mellow.
Even those attempts made,
To get you crazy raging...
To leave you with a headache,
Keep it mellow.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Keep It Positive

Keep it positive.
No matter if a negative pesters.
Keep it positive.
And left in your mind as a message,
To address and protect as reflected.

Keep it positive.
No matter if a negative pesters.
Keep it positive.
And left in your mind as a message,
To address and protect to reflect it.

Doers of gloom want to see it bloom.
Talking of doom as if it's soon.
And they sit alone in darkened rooms.
Without faith.
Without hope.
Without letting go those burdened loads.
Just to hear themselves complain,
About every storm that produces rain.

Keep your life lived positive!
Doers of gloom want to see it bloom.
Just keep your life lived positive!
Stop singing those tunes of gloom and doom.
Without faith.
Without hope.
Without letting go those burdened loads,
You'll be walking that same road.

Keep it,
Positive.
To address and protect to reflect the message.
Keep it,
Positive.
To address and protect as reflected.

Without faith.
Without hope.

Without letting go those burdened loads,
You'll be walking that same road.
So keep it positive.
Keep it kepp it positive.
Keep it,
Positive.
No matter how hard it is.
With faith.
With hope.
Those burdens on your back will up and go!
To,
Leave you a life wished better lived
Keep it,
Positive.
Keep it,
Positive!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Keep It Proper

Keep it proper!
You never know on you who might peep.
When you do a thing discreet.
You never know on you who might peep.
It's best that you keep it proper.
You never know on you who might peep.
Especially when you're seen in the streets.
You never know on you who might peep.

Keep,
It
Proper.
You never know on you who might peep.
Distorting what you do to deceive.
You never know on you who might peep.
It's best that you keep it proper.
You never know on you who might peep.
When a seeker seeks a weakness to heat.
You never know on you who might peep.

Controversy lovers love it,
More obscene.
People feed sensations that wound and bleed.
With a caring less of who's affected by misdeeds

Keep,
It
Proper.
You never know on you who might peep.
Distorting what you do to deceive.
You never know on you who might peep.
Yes it's best that you keep it proper.
You never know on you who might peep.
When a seeker seeks a weakness to heat.
You never know on you who might peep.

It's best
That you keep it proper.
You never know on you who might peep.

Yes it is best
That you keep it proper.
You never know on you who might peep.
Yes it is best that you keep it proper,
That business to express on the streets.
You never know,
On you
Who might peep.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Keep It Pure In The Giving

It is not enough,
To keep me loved!
We all have questions,
Deep in doubt.
And saddled at times,
With a faith left behind...
To find a comfort in despair.

I don't want to be heartbroken,
And alone there.

Keep me loved!
And free to live my life,
Without fear.
I want it here to be near it.

Let me choose to not abuse this feeling.
Let me recognize it with a wish persisted.

It is not enough,
To keep me loved!
We all have questions,
Deep in doubt.
And saddled at times,
With a faith left behind...
To find a comfort in despair.

I don't want to be heartbroken,
And alone there.

Keep me loved.
Keep it pure in the giving.
Allowing me to have enough of it...
To send and receive more!
Keep me loved!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Keep It Real

Excuse me.
I hate to annoy you!

'Oh,
You're not! '

Those people?
Those people that were taunting you.
About your abilities and lack of qualifications...
To teach and be a good role model for their children?
What has happened to them?

'Either attending funerals or visiting the prisons.
You know...
The ones seeking to identify appropriate role models,
For their...er, uh...children? '

You say that as a matter of fact!

'Oh,
It is!
And if you've noticed...
I've been in this same spot,
Watching them pass judgement.
But of late,
They seem to have stopped! '

You shouldn't let that hamper your progress.
I wouldn't let that drop!

'You asked me about the people who were taunting me...
Did you not? '

Yes!

'From your point of view...
Who would you say has made more progress?
And keep it real!
Although it seems like I'm not doing a thing,

Does it?
Here take this.
It's a copy of my book.
You can have it.
I'm working on a new one.
Entitled, 'There's Nothing Like Minding Your Own Business'
Especially if your business does not please.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Keep It Real And Often Stimulated

You want to keep it real and often stimulated.
No need to keep it on the downlow and degraded.
You ought to feel within yourself you are elated.
And then don't drag around behind you your mistakes,
You've made.

You want to keep it real and often stimulated.
No need to keep it on the downlow and degraded.
You ought to feel within yourself you are elated.
And then don't drag around behind you your mistakes,
You've made.

You want to keep it real and often stimulated.
That love.
No need to keep it on the downlow and degraded.
That love.
You ought to feel within yourself you are elated.
With love.
And then don't drag around behind you your mistakes,
You've made.

Keeping up with those downtown with sorrows and frowns...
Will keep your focus on the ground,
Even when the Sun's around.

Keeping up with those with a negative flair...
Returns and offers you backlash to grab.
With acceptance disconnected from a happiness had.

You ought to feel within yourself you are elated.
With love.
Created with love.
And related to love.

Keeping up with those with a negative flair...
Returns and offers you backlash to grab.
With acceptance disconnected from a happiness had.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Keep It Revealed

Don't be my love,
Only when you feel it.
Feel it wherever you are,
My love.
And wherever you are,
Don't conceal it.
Keep it revealed.

Scented flowers do not stop their scents.
The Sun will always carry its brightness,
When our eyes are closed at night.
The Moon we share is not only there for us.
Nor is the air we breathe,
Awaiting for the trees,
To allow its leaves to feel the breeze.

Don't be my love,
Only when you feel it.
Feel it wherever you are,
My love.
And wherever you are,
Don't conceal it.
Keep it revealed.

Let each touch be meant,
To send tenderness received.
Let our eyes openly communicate,
A connection understood we appreciate,
And in our hearts believe.

Let each kiss ignite that flame,
Never to leap to another's lips.
Let the love made that we make,
Never freeze from the heat we keep.

Don't be my love,
Only when you feel it.
Feel it wherever you are,
My love.

And wherever you are,
Don't conceal it.
Keep it revealed.
Keep it revealed.
Keep it...
Revealed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Keep It To Itch

Keep it to itch.
Knowing if it's scratch,
That same itch wont come back.
Keep it to itch.
That feeling kept to get,
A wish to realize...
Until it has arrived.
Keep it to itch.
Don't rid of it.

Wanting with a yearning done,
Is difficult to hold.
Wanting for those dreams to come,
Don't let not one go.
To keep that craving wished,
So bad.
Don't scratch it 'til it's had.

Keep it to itch.
Whatever is imagined,
Until that dream is wished.
Keep it to itch.
Don't scratch it to forget.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Keep Me Informed

Keep me informed,
When you think you see dawn.
And you are through with darkness
That supplied subdued restlessness.
And you wish to move on!
Yes...
Keep me informed.

Keep me informed,
When you're hopelessness has gone.
I will be there,
To chip aware what is left of your despair.
And you are prepared to sing songs!
Yes...
Please keep me informed.

Keep me informed,
If you feel you've been wronged.
With me I will help you undo...
Bitterness I have felt too!
And we will build a love...
Recognized and true.
Yes...
That is what we will do.
If you keep me informed.

Just keep me informed,
Take your time...
But don't take that time too long!
I've been searching for you.
You are someone who sees through...
Clouds you wish to lift!
And I am here,
To assist with the lifting of it!
Yes...
Keep me informed.
I know together we belong!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Keep Me Loved

Keep me loved.
Not one berated to hate.
I'm on a journey like you,
One I've chosen to pursue.
Just love me,
Like I want to do you.
But if you show me disrespect,
What do you expect...
From that shown for me to do?

We get what we give back.
Don't await for my loving hugs,
When you treat me...
Like a street taught thug.

We get what we give back,
And that's a fact.
If I'm attacked for no reason,
Why would you think...
My hopes and dreams wish for that?

Keep me loved.
Not one berated to hate.
I'm on a journey like you,
One I've chosen to pursue.
Just love me,
Like I want to do you.
But if you show me disrespect,
What do you expect...
From that shown for me to do?
Cook you breakfast?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Keep Moving Forward

Returning attention given to those seeking it,
By telling you what you are not...
And what you could do to improve your status,
For their approval and acceptance...
Should give you a clue as to what it is they do.
And have done with the time to them given.

However...
IF you return back to them nothing to work with,
By giving them closed lips and forward movement...
Something done in the doing of that,
Will be more than enough than they have done...
Most of their lives they themselves have validated.

You need not to say or do a thing to bring yourself,
Down to a level to appease people like this.
Since it should be obvious to you as this is viewed,
They have yet to find themselves...
To stop a wasting of their time to find others,
Willing to waste their minds and time collectively.
With no improvement or a wish to seek progress.

The only thing done one can do for people like this,
Is to keep moving forward.
With a leaving behind with them a hint as to your abilities.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Keep On Groovin'

Keep on groovin' on your destiny,
Since from it you can't escape.
Keep it at the top of your priorities,
With a doing as you live it,
AND motivate.

Know it in your heart what it takes,
To achieve what it is you wish.
Keep on reaching to succeed,
Eliminate the limits with them dismissed.
Keep on groovin,
And leave this your cause.
Keep on groovin',
Forget about flaws.
Keep on groovin',
Only stop to pause...
To catch your breath to make more steps.

Keep on groovin' on your destiny,
Since from it you can't escape.
Keep it at the top of your priorities,
With a doing as you live it,
AND motivate.
Keep on groovin,
And leave this your cause.
Keep on groovin',
Forget about flaws.
Keep on groovin',
Only stop to pause...
To catch your breath to make more steps.

Keep on groovin'.
To do to prove that you can move.
Keep on groovin'.
To do to prove that you can move.
Keep on groovin'.
To do to prove that you can move.
Keep on groovin'.
To do!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Keep On Stepping Taking Leaps

Keep on stepping taking leaps.
Forward with a drive.
Forward until you arrive.
And never think of what defeats.
Even if you fall,
Get back up on your feet.
Stay devoted to your motive.
With a focus noticed to yourself known.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Keep Patient With Faith

Keep patient with faith.
Stay prayerful, sincere with a doing that waits.
And as difficult as it may seem and is...
Divorce yourself from enforced fears,
To wipe eyes cleared from the dropping of tears.
Do not anticipate disappointments or doubts...
To attract them near to hear with attentive ears.
Be proud and unafraid to let go and escape,
From the holding onto past mistakes.
Admit them to free yourself to feel released.
And keep patient with faith!

Keep patient with faith.
Break away from inflated self abasement that baits,
A malice that packs stacks of unconfirmed facts.
Keep patient with faith.
Turn your back away from that!

Witness the doing of dew rise as it does,
From grass to glaze as the Sun appears.
Keep patient with faith...
And tears cried with anguish felt,
One day from you will disappear.
To leave you to know a true happiness received.
Keep patient with faith.
Believe!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Keep Purchasing Those Toys

Your friends may have you believing,
Anything you want to hear and wish.
Those are your friends.
They may be competing with me.
But I don't see them as competition.

They may even supply you,
With fresh excuses.
And with a doing you may use them,
On others as you choose.
To have them accepted caring less you abuse.

You may even prioritize those things you like,
With expectations for me to comprehend.
I do with a choice to keep peace as I choose.
And to you I've said this before.
Although ignored I'll say it again.

I am not the one to roleplay in relationships.
And if you don't like what I say,
That's fine so be it.
To you I make no commitments to argue,
Or fight.

As viewed from behind take a look at my back.
There is no relationship I want like that.
To walk on eggshells when you feel I offend?
I suggest you keep purchasing those toys.
And add them to your circle of friends.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Keep Sitting Where You Are

Needing direction?
With a flavored taste,
Representing a life...
You are afraid to experience and live?
Keep sitting where you are.
I'm sure someone will come along,
With a few seconds to spare...
They are willing to either donate,
Or let you borrow.
Keep your fingers crossed!
You never know about these things.
One day you just might meet someone,
Who believes your life is more of a priority...
Than their own to live!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Keep That Beat Just Heated

You keep that conga beat strickly in the rhythm.
You keep that conga beat heat, rhythmically.
And keep that beat just heated as it flows around the room.
And keep that beat just heated.
Keep it and just heated.
Keep it as it's needed.

You keep that conga beat heat, rhythmically.
And keep that beat just heated as it flows around the room.
And keep that beat just heated.
Keep it and just heated.
Keep it as it's needed to stir up a good mood.

Give me some cello,
With the flute and bassist playing.
You keep that conga beat heat,
Rhythmically.

Add some violins and French horns too.
With the build up of some trumpets,
And a sax player's groove.

You keep that conga beat strickly in the rhythm.
You keep that conga beat heat, rhythmically.
And keep that beat just heated as it flows around the room.
And keep that beat just heated.
Keep it and just heated.
Keep it as it's needed.

Give me some cello,
With the flute and bassist playing.
You keep that conga beat heat,
Rhythmically.
You keep that conga beat...
Strickly in the rhythm.
You keep that conga beat heat, rhythmically.

Give me some cello,
With the flute and bassist playing.

You keep that conga beat heat,
Rhythmically.
You keep that conga beat...
Strickly in the rhythm.
You keep that conga beat heat, rhythmically.

Give me some cello,
With the flute and bassist playing.
Add some violins and French horns too.
With the build up of some trumpets,
And a sax player's groove.

You keep that conga beat heat, rhythmically.
And keep that beat just heated.
Keep it as it's needed.
You keep that conga beat heat, rhythmically.
And keep that beat just heated.
Keep it as it's needed.

Give me some cello,
With the flute and bassist playing.
Add some violins and French horns too.
With the build up of some trumpets,
And a sax player's groove.

And keep that beat just heated.
Keep it as it's needed.
Give me some cello,
With the flute and bassist playing.
And keep that beat just heated.
Keep it as it's needed.
Give me some cello,
With the flute and bassist playing.
And keep that beat just heated.
Keep it as it's needed.
Give me some cello,
With the flute and bassist playing.
And keep that beat just heated.
Keep it as it's needed.
Keep that beat just heated.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Keep That Thought

Why is the palm of your hand so wet and sweaty?

'I've never been 'here' in this position before.
And I am nervous about it.'

You don't look as if you are.

'That has nothing to do with my feelings.
And 'If' you were not holding my hand,
You would not have heard me confess it.'

But...
I thought you were the one protecting me?
That's why I asked 'you' to hold my hand.

'Keep that thought.
You have no idea how much that motivates,
The both of us.
Comeon...
Let's keep moving forward.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Keep The Boot

My foot finally struck,
Upon you in a place...
I promised you it would land.

And with that imprinted there,
And in your mind...
I hope where 'something' cements,
Let us remember the day you dared.

And your eyes,
Glistening with a stare.
And opening wider...
As you were not prepared,
For the swift arrival of my foot...
Up in your der·ri·ère.

Are there any more bets you would like to place?
You should know by now,
I do all I can to keep my promises.

Keep the boot.
I have a new pair.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Keep The Intent Of Your Purpose

Although there seems to be,
A slowing done of your focused flow...
Keep the intent of your purpose.
Don't let that motivation go.

Stay true to yourself,
Knowing your beliefs do not deceive.
Keep the intent of your purpose.
Do not let that purpose leave.

It is difficult enough,
To constantly be bombarded...
From those events,
That fuss things up.

It's enough to want to cuss,
Everything believed to be corrupt.
But that 'outside' stuff that is happening...
Has a meaning that should awaken all of us.

Although there seems to be,
A slowing done of your focused flow...
Keep the intent of your purpose.
Don't let that motivation go.

Stay true to yourself,
Knowing your beliefs do not deceive.
Keep the intent of your purpose.
Do not let that purpose leave.

Each day collect pieces,
Of your sanity.
Keep the intent of your purpose.
Be gentle and easily allow yourself to breathe.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Keep Them Barred

Don't accept fresh trouble not yours,
To endure...
Keep it barred.
From your life,
Don't have it start.

Don't accept fresh trouble not yours,
To endure...
Keep it barred.
From your life,
Don't have it start.

People creeping out of cracks,
With crap to attack.
Keep them barred,
From your life...
Don't have them start.

Establish the fact you are better than that!
And don't be scarred...
To arrest a peace that will depart.
Oh-oh-no!

Don't accept fresh trouble not yours,
To endure...
Keep it barred.
From your life,
Don't have it start.

Decide you'll have none of it,
And quick!
Keep it barred.
You can resist it.
Keep it barred.
Be realistic.
Keep it barred.

Let go those woes,
You may hold.

Let go those woes,
You may hold.

Decide you'll have none of it,
And quick!
Keep it barred.
You can resist it.
Keep it barred.
Be realistic.
Keep it barred.

Don't accept fresh trouble not yours,
To endure...
Keep it barred.
From your life,
Don't have it start.

People creeping out of cracks,
With crap to attack.
Keep them barred,
From your life...
Don't have them start.

Oh-oh-no!
Let go those woes you may hold!
Hey!

Decide you'll have none of it,
And quick!
Keep it barred.
You can resist it.
Keep it barred.
Be realistic.
Keep it barred.

Be realistic.
Keep it barred.
You can resist it.
Keep it barred.

Be realistic.
Keep it barred.

You can resist it.
Keep it barred.

Get over those woes that trip a fit...
That do not benefit!
And keep them barred.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Keep Them Coming

Keep them coming.
Insults you believe leaves me taunted.
Keep them coming.
It is you,
Not me who collects.
A lifetime of hauntings.
Unable to sleep,
From those misdeeds planted.

Keep them coming.
Insults you believe leaves me taunted.
I am not visited by mysterious shadows.
Appearing.
To stir within me unspeakable fear.
With attempts to keep blocked,
On the other side of locked doors.
No peace is yours.

It is you,
Not me who collects.
A lifetime of hauntings.
Keep them coming.
Insults you believe leaves me taunted.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Keep This In Mind

Always keep this in mind,
When and/or if you should find...
Yourself in the midst of defending 'your' beliefs.

First...
Ask yourself this question,
'Why should I put myself in a position...
Of feeling offended? '
And second...
'Why should I defend something,
That satisfies 'my' life?
And to what degree am I in doubt,
To argue with anyone...
About that which keeps me happy? '
And third...
'Have I confimed myself to be a legitimate fool? '

Always keep this in mind,
When and/or if you should find...
Yourself in the midst of defending 'your' beliefs.
IF they are felt so strongly...
Leave.
Why should you defend what you know to be true?
And believe?
To prove what?
A right to live your life has to be debated?
Why?
To who or whom do you find a need to prove this to?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Keep This In 'Your' Mind

Keep this in 'your' mind...
You chose me to be your competitor!
And...
I am still minding my own business,
As you compete.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Keep This Noticed To Know It

Keep prioritized the importance,
Of your dreams kept to wish.
Knowing obstacles and disappointments,
Will come to exist and 'sometimes' prolong visits.

But keep this noticed to know it to observe...
With tears and doubts to discover and find out,
Those crossing your path running away to laugh...
Only do it do it with it done,
In the hopes you too will stop chasing your dreams.
And words heard to discourage your steps,
Will have you joining them expressing regrets.

Since they have found it easier to prove,
Running away from opposition to face...
Is quicker to do than to stay in one place,
With faith and belief in themselves to keep.
And laughing at others masquerades their grief.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Keep Up

Keep up...
With faith to be kept.
Keep up,
And not to stray...
No matter if you see heads,
Lowered to the ground.

Keep up...
With faith to be kept.
Keep up,
And not to stray...
From every fear you meet.
Be direct and not discreet.

Shed those tears to let go.
Know you've had enough.
Struggle through your obstacles.
Be real and with them tough.

Keep up.
The times are rough,
But keep up.
And be tough.
With a faith that never leaves.
Be of positivity!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Keep Your Business Your Business

Here's a word of advice,
For anyone wishing...
To keep their relationship,
Fresh and private.
And away from gossiped lips.

Keep,
Your business...
YOUR business.
And noses of 'friends',
Away from your door.

That goes for family too!
If you want your relationship,
To last as long...
As the two of you,
Want it to!

Keep,
Your business...
YOUR business.
And you and YOUR business,
Will find much success.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Keep Your Dreams Wanted

Keep your dreams wanted for as long as you wish.
But do not spend your time convincing me,
Your dreams and wishes are mine to believe.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Keep Your Eyes On The Pitch

Keep your eyes on the pitch.
Don't choke up!
Or switch hit.

If you do this right,
You'll score guaranteed home runs.
And every base you touch,
By strategic devotion...
With a discipline that's meant!
You can expect,
Yourself to be prepared...
For more to come.
Since the ingredients to do this...
Have begun to sink in.

You are better than sitting,
Twiddling with your thumbs on your backside.
You are better when in the mix.
Holding that bat,
With a pride you can not resist.

Stir up that motivation!
Don't allow it to blur.

When you are focused,
There is no challenge that comes to match.
When you are focused and that is made known...
Your detractors will take two steps back.

Just keep your eye on that pitch!
Don't swing at anything and then throw fits.

Don't dare choke up or switch hit.
Practice and rehearse,
As if your life depends on it!
Stay energized!

And if you do this right,
You'll score guaranteed home runs.

And every base you touch,
By strategic devotion...
With a discipline that's meant!
You can expect,
Yourself to be prepared...
For more to come.

If your desires are to aspire to get beyond,
Striking out!
To be left undone.

There is more to life,
Than knowing when and how to play the game.
There is more to life that can be welcomed.
If you are flexible enough,
To know when to duck.
And not be strickened or become awestruck!

Don't look to either side.
Up or down.
It's not worth it.
Focus and look forward.
Just keep your eyes on that pitch.
And if it is not thrown the way you want it...
Don't blow a gasket to have a tantrum and quit!

Keep your eyes glued on that pitch.
And if you hear a 'boo' at all...
Don't you worry about it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Keep Your Faith Placed Safe

Fortunes meant for you,
Are not for anyone else to keep.
Unless they are holding it,
To be released to you.
And you are within reach.

People numbed from their surroundings,
Sleep.
Intoxicated by medications,
To ensure they stay away...
From wishes to be on top of the heap.
And lay under burdens tolerated,
With a sharing of addictions...
That has convinced them not to leave.

Don't dropp a tear or weep for them.

Stretched to the max,
With their pockets getting thin...
They are
And this they confirm,
Enclosed in minds suffering within.
With a slow burn inside they earn.

Afraid to relax their grasp that holds,
Onto old routines...
From them they can't let go.
As most routines on some bestow.

But a fortune meant for you,
Will come...
And that is true.
If your faith is placed,
In the hands of The Maker.

If your faith is placed,
In the hands of the Maker.

Yes a fortune meant for you,

Will come...
And that is true.
If your faith is placed,
In the hands of The Maker.

If your faith is placed,
In the hands of The Maker.

Whatever you need The Master will feed,
If your faith is placed,
In the hands of The Maker.

Refuse to brood like so many do,
And keep your faith placed safe...
In the hands of The Maker.

Whatever you need The Master will feed,
If your faith is placed,
In the hands of The Maker.

Refuse to brood like so many do,
And keep your faith placed safe...
In the hands of The Maker.

Keep your faith placed safe,
In the hands of The Maker.
Keep your faith placed safe,
In the hands of The Maker.
Keep your faith placed safe,
In the hands of The Maker.
Keep your faith placed safe,
In the hands of The Maker.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Keep Your Focus On Your Happiness

Can you stop it.
With a doing to drop.
The past that has gone,
To forget and move on.

Can you stop it.
What doesn't exist.
To start anew all over,
Focused on your happiness.

Can you stop it.
To do it and drop,
That you had to mend and heal...
Although you still may feel,
Vulnerable.

Difficult it is to forgive,
Is a certanty
Difficult to let things go,
Is fact.
Difficult it is to accept what happens.
When eyes are turned off you and also backs.

Difficult it is to forgive,
Is a certanty
Difficult to let things go,
Is fact.
Difficult it is to accept what happens.
When eyes are turned off you and also backs.

Can you stop it,
With a doing to drop...
The past that has gone,
To forget and move on.

Can you stop it.
What doesn't exist.
To start anew all over,
Focused on your happiness.

Difficult it is to forgive,
Is a certanty
Difficult to let things go,
Is fact.
Difficult it is to accept what happens.
When eyes are turned off you and also backs.

Keep your focus on your happiness.

Everyday be grateful with a keeping of your faith!

Just keep your focus on your happiness.

Everyday be grateful with a keeping of your faith!

Just keep your focus on your happiness.

Everyday be grateful with a keeping of your faith!

Keep your focus on your happiness!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Keep Your Opinions Valued

Keep your opinions valued.
Aren't they 'yours' to make?
Aren't they yours to express?
No matter what approach you use,
To address them to be vocally made.
You never know just 'who' appreciates,
What it is you have to say.

Just because I'm not impressed,
Should not mean you should be...
Less opinionated.
Does it?
If you see me yawn...continue on.
That's not a clue I am bored or ignoring you.
Or that I like looking at my watch, periodically.

Keep your opinions valued.
Aren't they 'yours' to make?
Aren't they yours to express?
No matter what approach you use,
To address them to be vocally made.
You never know just 'who' appreciates,
What it is you have to say.

And...
Just because I get up to pace the floor,
As if I am having a nervous fit...
The moment 'you' express 'your' opinion,
With wishes you hurry up and quit.
Or that I'm doing the best I can to keep awake...
Hoping that's the last opinion I hear you make.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Keep Your Senses Blessed To Address

Keep it meant to be loved.
Those interests kept,
With your time invested.

Keep it meant to be loved.
Your happiness...
And those feelings you get.

Keep it meant to be loved.
That what you do...
And who with you pursues it.

Not many today can say,
They awaken feeling blessed...
With anticipation,
To accept in the morning...
When the dawn comes.

Keep your senses blessed to address,
In the morning.
Express those senses kept to address,
Each day.

Keep your senses blessed to address,
In the morning.
Express those senses kept to address,
Each day.

Not many today can say,
They awaken feeling blessed...
With anticipation,
To accept in the morning...
When the dawn comes.

Keep your senses blessed to address,
In the morning.
Express those senses kept to address,
Each day.

Keep it meant to be loved.
Those interests kept,
With your time invested.
Keep it with a meaning meant,
To be loved!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Keep Your Wishes Superlicious

Keep your wishes 'superlicious'
And keep your worth
Above the dirt.
Do not haste
To crave the taste of greatness!
Throw sour grapes away.
Unless you are using them,
For a display...
To convey what is not on your menu,
Today!

Keep your wishes 'superlicious'
And keep your worth,
Above the dirt.
You deserve a plate spiced with life!
Toss away the bitterness...
And turn up your inner light!

Keep your wishes 'superlicious'...
No matter who chooses,
To use or abuse you...
With a fading delight to backbite!

Keep your wishes 'superlicious'...
And your life one that excites!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Keep Yourself Accessible

Did you dropp your smile?
Something is missing on your face.
And I know I haven't seen that in a while.

Did it hurt?
Have you deserted it,
To carry that frown?

Don't be down.

Keep yourself accessible.
Turn around.
Get rid of that frown.

Keep yourself accessible.
Don't dry up like a vegetable.
Or a grape reduced to a raisin juiced.
Showing you've been pruned,
From a plum someone had used!

Keep yourself accessible.
Turn around.
Get rid of that frown.
Invite more sun to come around.

Keep yourself accessible.
Become a fine wine...
That's been aged over time.
And decide in your mind...
The life you live welcomes Sunshine!

Keep yourself accessible.
With a spring in your step,
Bouncing in your prime.
Yes...
Keep yourself accessible.
Turn around.
Don't be down.
Keep yourself accessible.

And in your mind welcome Sunshine,
Today.
Hey...
And in your mind welcome Sunshine,
Today.
Hey...
And in your mind welcome Sunshine,
Today.
Hey...
Keep yourself accessible.
And in your mind welcome Sunshine,
Today.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Keeper Of The Prize

DON'T chase.
Or RUN.
After ANYONE!
Not for love, sex...
Or an overdue check,
They promised to pay...
To cover what's owed to you,
That just may bounce.

Folks who think,
They can string someone along...
To dangle what's perceived,
Is some honey one needs.
People like that,
Believe they are the DIP 'and' CHIPS!
Until they are shown,
From them you can disappear quick.
Let it be known,
You don't need them to spice YOUR lemonade.

DON'T chase.
Or RUN.
After ANYONE!
Not for love, sex...
Or an overdue check,
They promised to pay...
To cover what's owed to you,
That just may bounce.

An ounce of prevention,
To eliminate those...
Who present tons of pretentions.
And if what one has is real,
There is no need to chase after NOBODY...
Who perceives they are the owner,
Who keeps the KEY...
To YOUR treasure chest of BLESSINGS.

DON'T chase.

Or RUN.
After ANYONE!
Who does not recognize,
The one who has the key!
And 'is' the KEEPER of the PRIZE.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Keepers Of Restrictions

Everytime those incompetent,
Take the opportunity
To offend others with known capabilities,
They widen one's vision
With an obviousness more can see.

If one is capable and is disrespected,
It has not been in their hands
That a quality of life has been allowed to decrease.
It has been those holding onto the reigns historically
Proving themselves to be the creators of conflict.
With more of it on the increase.

And,
As of yet
Amongst themselves,
They have yet to find a logical solution.
Or admit that their mentalities,
Feed on insecurities they can not cease.

To do so would expose them,
As the keepers of restrictions.
And this prevents those with common sense,
Displaying an unquestionable intelligence.
From obtaining some credit that corrects,
What those incompetent can not comprehend.
Stands in the way in initiating any progess.

Those incompetent only concern themselves,
With images to address that which impresses.
With a flowing of unstoppable, symbolic and idol gestures.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Keeping A Confusion Used

They want to stand on a land,
They refuse others to stand on.
They want to stand on a land,
They refuse others to stand on.

They wish to see themselves originators,
But they're not.
They wont acknowledge contributions,
Since they want them dropped and forgotten.

To be remembered in those months,
That come...
With a celebration done,
Keeping a confusion used.

They want to stand on a land,
They refuse others to stand on.
They want to stand on a land,
They refuse others to stand on.
With a celebration done,
Keeping a confusion used.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Keeping Alive Lives Lived To Fantasize

How can someone who claims to have faith,
Be quick to express fear?
I'm not understanding that at all.
Nothing about that makes it clear.
Or someone who has insecurities...
Expressing they choose not to comprehend,
Anything...
That will bring a clarity to them.

I don't understand those at all,
Who deny reality.
To say to others within listening distance...
What they see they can not believe.
But deceit they accept,
Without questioning its existence to reject.
And delude themselves they do...
With a resistance to accept the truth.

And everyone wonders why...
A quality of life,
Continues to ride on a downslide.
While keeping alive lives lived...
With wishes to remain completely fantasized!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Keeping An Agenda Makes A Difference

Hoping I'd awaken next to someone who had thrilled,
Is a heartache I had dumped.
Wishing for someone to come to undo all my ills,
Is a heartached I had dumped.
Keeping faith and praying I would find somebody real,
Is a heartache I had dumped.

And I believe...
Keeping an agenda makes a difference.

Yes I believe...
Priorities kept in sight,
Eventually makes things turn out right...
If a patience isn't hit by a car,
Or struck by lightening.

Yes I believe...
Keeping an agenda makes a difference.

Hoping I'd awaken next to someone who had thrilled,
Is a heartache I had dumped.

And I believe...
Keeping an agenda makes a difference.

Wishing for someone to come to undo all my ills,
Is a heartached I had dumped.

And I believe...
Keeping an agenda makes a difference.

Keeping faith and praying I would find somebody real,
Is a heartache I had dumped.

Yes I believe...
Priorities kept in sight,
Eventually makes things turn out right...
If a patience isn't hit by a car,
Or struck by lightening.

And I believe...
Keeping an agenda makes a difference.
With eyes opened wide.

And I believe...
Keeping an agenda makes a difference.
With eyes opened wide.

And I believe...
Keeping an agenda makes a difference.
Keeping an agenda makes a difference.

And I believe...
Keeping an agenda makes a difference.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Keeping Dates And Times

What do you mean,
I never listen to you?
I'm always listening to you.
In fact...
Some of the most memorable conversations,
You have initiated.

'But...
Why do you interrupt me so often? '

Wait a minute.
The only time I do not interrupt you,
Is when you have something brilliant to say.
So don't sit here trying to convince me...
Or yourself,
I do not pay you any attention.
You have no idea how much I do!

'When was the last time you thought I said anything,
That was brilliant? '

Are we going to have a conversation or not?
Now you want to test my history knowledge.

You know I don't do well with dates.
Or things that have happened in the past.
I just know these things have happened.
Keeping dates and times in my mind...?
I'm not into that.
That's just too detailed and time consuming.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Keeping Done A Decadence

Keeping done a decadence,
Absolutely makes no sense...
To talk about an etiquette,
Correct and proper...
When mouths are dropped,
And eyes start poppin'.

Keeping done a decadence,
Without it censored as a defense.
Yet...
What is said to be read and with effect.
Upsets.
Those with kept pretensions.

And...
Keeping done a decadence,
Absolutely makes no sense...
When on TV screens to be seen,
Nothing left imagined...
Is considered obscene.

But...
There's a kept decadence accepted,
By the ones who do it and protect it.
As long as those dollars flow,
Into certain pockets...
Anything goes.

Keeping done a decadence...
Is marketed with evidence.
But...
Pocketing the dollars wont stop it,
By the hypocrites selecting...
Who should be censored.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Keeping Faith In Hollow Concepts

Intelligence can not be enforced,
Upon those restricted and conditioned...
To accept the limitating affects,
Of their teachings.

If people are lead to believe...
An aspect of life that does not exist,
But for them they can achieve...
Then of course,
Their efforts are going to be frustrating.
It is like keeping faith in concepts,
That are not real!
But to the death they are embraced and held.

When I realized Santa Claus did not exist...
I went ballistic!
The Easter Bunny, Minnie and Mickey Mouse
And a host of my childhood allies...
Were erased from me,
When I began to age with understanding I then refused!
Sometimes I wake up in cold sweats,
Thinking of the death of them.
And how I was challenged to move on with my life!

Intelligence can not be enforced,
Upon those restricted and conditioned...
To accept the limitating affects,
Of their teachings.

Religions, deities and their myths?
I am not going to touch that with a ten foot pole!
I'll just say the marketing has left tremendous debts,
Of mental casualties!
Wherever these beliefs are currently at war!
One has only to connect the dots to observe the damage!

If people are lead to believe...
An aspect of life that does not exist,
But for them they can achieve...

Then of course,
Their efforts are going to be frustrating.
It is like keeping faith in hollow concepts,
That are not real!
But to the death they are embraced and held.

And those who know these things...
Are freer to live their lives,
With a broader sense of self.
Without fears to manifest and share.
Once an awareness stretches to introduce,
A higher consciousness induced.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Keeping Friends Like These

It's important to have friends.
Not just associates...
But true friends.

The ones that will tell you,
What you don't want to hear...
Regardless of your fears.
The ones who are upfront,
And share what is on their minds.
The ones you might have disagreements with...
From time to time.

It's important to have friends.
The ones you can count on through thick and thin.
The ones who are around,
When marriages and relationships come to an end.
The ones who are there...
Caring with a warm shoulder in your despair.
The ones who refuse to choose,
To compare their blues...
As if they can and have walked in your shoes.

But true friends who can be found...
To lift you up when you are down.
Friends like this...
Know when you need them around!
And no one has to ask them to leave...
When you've become impossible to please.
Keeping friends like these,
Is to your benefit!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Keeping It Fresh Makes Me Sweat

You can expect something fresh from me,
With a dedication to keep on a daily basis.
I am not one to maneuver on roads already paved,
To peacock with a doing of slick moves.
Although easily I could if I so choose to do it.
But what would I prove to repeat a common observation?
Just to mimic others walking on smooth paths?
As If my feathers flaunted was the first of this task?
I'd rather do something no one suspects.
I'd rather keep it fresh so it is obviously detected,
That a keeping it fresh makes me want to sweat...
With a doing to do with expectations not to neglect,
Each time I make an appearance...
I'm doing it to deliver my best effort.
And imitations of my efforts are not difficult to forget.
I'm committed to deliver from my point of view,
Something fresh to you on a daily basis.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Keeping It Kept Unofficial

Keeping it kept unofficial,
To protect a confidence...
Makes no sense when there is pain,
Remaining inside and contained...
By one in need but feels a shame,
Eventually creates heartbreak...
Felt by those knowing too late,
Showing another appreciation...
Is all that it takes to make one who gives,
Come to realize a love...
Few expect one neglected wishes,
To receive sincerely to fulfill a need.
But kept from others to pretend and deceive.
Because officially people await for announcements...
For a need for love to be believed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Keeping It Real

Keeping it real.
So much so it sizzles,
Fresh off the griddle.
Hot stuff here!
And it may require your need to cool it down,
Before you can accept if for what it is.
And not for what you wish it to be...
To be kept in sync with your reality!
This...
Can blister.
And we know 'realities' come and go,
For a dime a dozen these days.
Maybe even cheaper than that...
Since so many false ones are just laying around,
After being tossed out the window!
But this...
What I offer,
Is the real deal!
If ever you wish to feel the quality of it...
Let me know.
It will not disappoint.
That's how reliable it is.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Keeping It That Way

Why do the people seem so angry?

'I've heard it said they feel deceived.'

Deceived?
By whom, who and/or what?

'Incredible enough,
The feel deceived by those who spoke the truth.'

What sense does that make?
Why would they be offended by honesty?

'It's complicated.
You see...
Believing themselves to be deceived,
They perceived the others to be deceivers as well.
And discovering them to have been honest...
Has not been easy for those upset to accept.
Since never before had they encountered such honesty.'

And...
Why are the ones who have been honest with it done,
Not upset or expressing it?

'If honesty is beneficial to them in a keeping it that way,
Why would they be the ones to express anger? '

I bet they were thought to be fools?
You know, the ones honest and truthful.

'You may have a point.
Especially if those who 'perceived' them to be such,
Have awakened to realize the definition with meaning.
And that acknowledgement is difficult to dismiss,
In today's disclosing times and this kind of environment.'

Honesty 'is' the best policy.

Sssshhh!
Keep your voice down.
I don't want them rolling their eyes at us.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Keeping My Mistakes Replayed

Keeping my mistakes replayed,
Is just too much.
With a play decaying,
Out of touch!
And...
Erases what we gave to save.

Keeping my mistakes replayed,
Is just too much.
With increasing hating...
Rough enough,
To...
Knock me out on my behind.

Not taking a chill pill that could heal,
Erases what we gave to save.
To let the spilling of milk just build,
Erases what we gave to save.
And a pouting grouched over mole hills,
Erases what we gave to save...
That kept manifesting raged days,
And made me run away.
Yes.
Made me run away.

Keeping my mistakes replayed,
Is just too much.
With a play decaying,
Out of touch!
And...
Erases what we gave to save.

Keeping my mistakes replayed,
Is just too much.
With increasing hating...
Rough enough,
To...
Knock me out on my behind.
And that time is not mine to find.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Keeping Of Such Statements Spared

The only concern I have,
Is keeping you aware...
That I 'am' concerned.
With the keeping of such statements spared.

If there is anything I've learned,
About being concerned.
It is better shown to produce the knowing,
When one is in the act of it.

Yes I care.
Do you dare to say I don't?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Keeping Perceptions Alive

Investments kept,
In keeping perceptions alive...
Is far more productive.
And extremely more beneficial,
Than preparing long winded speeches...
Detailing realities.
Or the expense it takes,
To accept them for what they are.
Forget that 'shoot-from-the-hip' presentation.
Be short and quick.
Say what today will be more effective.
Lie with sincerity kept in your eyes.
And remember...
Honesty is a thing very few reminisce,
As a priority missed.

Also...
And as a suggestion,
Remove anything that mentions taxes.
Or the necessity of them needed to be raised.
But then again on the other hand,
Not to mention lowering them...
To return back to times when a loaf of bread,
Had been twenty-five cents 'then'...
Does have a 50/50 chance of being believed.

'What about the economy and jobs needed? '

Stay with your promotion of higher education.
Who knows...
Maybe one day jobs will be created,
And the keeping perceptions alive...
Will diminish the need for people to think,
Eating to feed themselves was an entitlement...
To regard as relevant.
Being bone thin is in.

Afterall...
What is more significant?

A perception kept of reality...
Or a reality to face that offends? EVERYBODY.

'So...
Should I or should I 'not',
Say anything about free crack for all?
That seems to get everyone's attention.'

That's already been approved.
It's the cigarettes and the nicotine...
That will be your greatest challenge.
To remove 'that' from all the addicts.
If I were you I wouldn't mention that either.
Keeping perceptions alive...
Will determine your survival as a politician.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Keeping Secrets Today Is So Passé

Limits have been reached.
Keeping secrets is so passé.
White lies are just lies.
Whether they are wrong or right,
To say to tell or to do to admit.
And few today with any integrity left,
Refuse to hear a secret told to believe.
Knowing immediately,
They are expected to deceive.
And if they are not the kind,
To have that state of mind...
A defaming will be theirs to experience.
That's just the way it is,
In a world that has come to value degradation.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Keeping The Mind And Body Healthy

I remember once being driven with interest,
To several aspects of the performing arts.
With a desire to learn everything I could...
About acting, movement, directing, playwriting,
Music, singing and vocal delivery.

And over the years,
I've spent thousands of dollars...
To have pictures taken, traveling back and forth,
To auditions with minor success.
And doing what was necessary to feed and shelter myself.

I discovered early and quick...
The business of a performer,
Is far from glamorous!
Having delicious fantasies...
Do not forever stimulate.

I knew folks who were so in love what they did,
They chose to live in the streets!
And to this very day I thank God,
For enjoying the love I have for food to eat.
And having a place to sleep.
Reality and not delusion kept me fed.

And when I listen to others criticize those,
For what they have chosene to do on stages...
Or how it is they perform by just watching TV,
I am quick to express my anger by this.
Since I know...
For a fact,
Their lazy as...'pirations'...
Could not handle it!
It is not a breeze to make something look easy.
No!

And those that write,
Prolificly day in and until night?
No one who hasn't done it,

Would have a clue as to what that is like.

'Are you 'still' at it? '

~Yes.
What day is this?
And what time is it? ~

Although there are those who embellish their lives,
With such ease as to be believed...
Without a disciplined criteria in sight.
Listening to them exaggerate their experiences,
Often makes me sick of it.

And those who accept the act of plagarism?
I would only show them my fist!
I know inside their minds there is not a hint of integrity.
Since it takes years to muster up the courage...
To have publicized something one writes,
For fear others will tear it apart...
And say about it what they please.
But over the years one heals from this

I remember once being driven with interest,
To several aspects of the performing arts.
And those craving inside me will forever stay.
But I have learned as I've aged...
Notoriety without encouraged nourishment,
Will eliminate a fire...
That rages in one's heart.
IF one does not think,
Of keeping the mind and body healthy first!
Thirsting from a distance,
I have ove rrehearsed.

I've learned those lessons,
The hard way!
The only oasis I have to mirage of late,
Is a kept peace of mind I have enjoyed to insatiate.

*Mister Pertillar?
Excuse me...

MISTER PERTILLAR? *

Yes. Yes. Yes?
Oh, I'm sorry...
My mind drifted off.#

*Are you 'sure' you want to order,
Another Ceasar's salad with smoked oysters.*

#Am I 'sure' of it?
You want me to help you make it? #

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Keeping The Peace Leaves Me Desperate

Keeping the peace leaves me desperate..
When thinking my peace,
Might cease to be.
Yes...
Keeping the peace leaves me desperate.
Yes...
Keeping the peace leaves me desperate.

I don't want thoughts of an enemy,
Taking my peace away from me.
No...
Keeping the peace leaves me desperate.
Keeping the peace leaves me desperate.

Keeping the peace leaves me desperate..
When thinking my peace,
Might cease to be.
Yes...
Keeping the peace leaves me desperate.
Yes...
Keeping the peace leaves me desperate.

I don't want thoughts of an enemy,
Taking my peace away from me.
No...
Keeping the peace leaves me desperate.
Keeping the peace leaves me desperate.

I don't want thoughts of an enemy,
Taking my peace away from me.

Keeping the peace leaves me desperate.
Keeping the peace leaves me desperate.
Keeping the peace leaves me desperate.
Keeping the peace leaves me desperate.

Keeping the peace leaves me desperate..
When thinking my peace,
Might cease to be.

Keeping the peace leaves me desperate.
Keeping the peace leaves me desperate.
Keeping the peace leaves me desperate.
Keeping the peace leaves me desperate.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Keeping Their Distance And Staying Away

They did not want it to appear,
They associated with me...
Publicly.
Until the host of the event,
We attended...
Announced,
If it had not been for my efforts...
There would not have been an event,
To attend.

What did those pretentious do?
Cracked faked smiles.
As if in the doing,
They were compensating me for my time.
And I thought of them to be a dime a dozen.
A waste of space manipulated!
With a doing to me a favor...
By keeping their distance and staying away.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Keeping Their Focus

They could never bring themselves,
To show an expressed appreciation...
With it known to be shown to the ones,
Qualified to sit in leadership positions.
Focused and determined,
To maintain gains by remaining steps ahead.
Knowing when and where to introduce changes.

What many most preferred,
Had been someone with social skills.
And willing to appear to share,
A caring for their interests.
Someone who expressed this.
Whether or not,
They kept other beliefs up their sleeves.
Deceived.
And...
As time would pass,
That's what they got to get.
Someone who had expertise,
In the making of impressions accepted.

And...
As time would pass,
While their quality of life...
Sank to deeper depths,
No one they selected kept...
Either concern or interest,
In what for them was best.
Gone also,
Were their appearances addressed.

They could never bring themselves,
To show an expressed appreciation...
With it known to be shown to the ones,
Qualified to sit in leadership positions.
Focused and determined,
To maintain gains by remaining steps ahead.

And...
Since not too many can sweat on a dance floor.
Leaving to return to do more.
Amongst those with kept high expectations.
Who devote themselves to less dedication.
Opportunities for others to happen,
Are wished and wanted...
As if they come to be picked,
From trees growing leaves.
OR awaiting until they fall.
To make that task easier.
While keeping their focus,
On who impresses to do this best AND sweat.
To then dance and return to do more.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Keeping Them Loved

Tears falling...
Recalling loved ones gone.
In celebration,
We face their absence...
Feeling blessed,
And yet forlorn.

We hold them in our hearts...
We do!
Keeping them loved,
Where they belong.

And wishing them well,
In our minds sometimes saddened...
Until we are joined together,
Gladdened!
In an afterlife of praises...
And in song!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Keeping Up To Date

Keep this in your mind,
At all times:
'No matter how many corners you may turn...
The BS is still going to smell the same.

And...
The quickness of your steps,
Will determine
If you can ignore where it is!

Or hide your wisdom...
To learn where the fools produce it.

Keeping up to date,
And knowing the latest tricks...
Never gets wasted.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Keepin'-Th'Big-Ball Bouncin'

Caught up in the nonsense.
Keepin'-th'big-ball bouncing.

And waiting for some annoucement...
To stop that loud sound that pounds!

Caught up in the nonsense.
Keepin'-th'big-ball bouncing.

Yet hypnotized to the aspect,
Folks stay ready to pounce.
But no one moves to unload the packs,
Stacked on their backs.
Mounting are their burdens,
And some like it like that!

Caught up in the nonsense.
Keepin'-th'big-ball bouncing.

Bitten lips,
Bleeding blood.
Taking it.
With the moaning.

Sighing in their pain with pleas...
As if they seek someone to please.
And squeezing sweat from handkerchieves...
In fields they're proud to plow,
But gone!

Caught up in the nonsense.
Keepin'-th'big-ball bouncing.

With a dragging of their feet...
To feed defeat on urban streets.
And reminiscing this so easy,
As if this beat succeeds.
And it does.

A nothingness achieved...
Like this does.

Caught up in the nonsense.
Keepin'-th'big-ball bouncing.
Keepin'-th'big-ball bouncing.
Keepin'-th'big-ball bouncing.
Keepin'-th'big-ball bouncing.
Keepin'-th'big-ball bouncing.
And...
A nothingness achieved,
Like this does.

Ahhhh...bouncin'
Keepin'-th'big-ball bouncin'
Keepin'-th'big-ball bouncin'
Keepin'-th'big-ball bouncin'
Ahhhh...bouncin'
Keepin'-th'big-ball bouncin'
Keepin'-th'big-ball bouncin'
Keepin'-th'big-ball bouncin'
Ahhhh...bouncin'
Keepin'-th'big-ball bouncin'
Keepin'-th'big-ball bouncin'
Keepin'-th'big-ball bouncin'
Ahhhh...bouncin'
Keepin'-th'big-ball bouncin'
Keepin'-th'big-ball bouncin'
Keepin'-th'big-ball bouncin'

And nothing gets achieved...

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Kept Agendas Prioritized For Devilment

Many try to deny...
That demon that sits within them.
Hiding behind alibis disguised.
In church pews...
To bow,
Their embittered heads.
To mask their lies.

With truth sent away.
And blocked from regaining,
An entrance to stay.
Kept agendas prioritized for devilment...
Betrays the image,
Falsely on display.

Many try to deny...
That demon that sits within them.
Hiding behind alibis disguised.
In church pews...
To bow,
Their embittered heads.
To mask their lies.

And revenge with vindictiveness,
Sits in masquerade.
As hypocrites gather together...
Quoting from scriptures,
To protect their evil ways!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Kept And Accepted

When will all the ignorance in existence,
Be admitted to have it end?

'If I were you I'd be more cautious,
And extremely careful...
Who you call ignorant.
Those remarks are offensive.
Especially here.
People are sensitive,
As to how what they value...
To be interpreted by others to depict.'

I see.

'We protect and respect our differences,
By the setting up of fences.
And everyone enjoys living in separate divisions,
Our ancestors left to us in printed documents...
To recommend the guaranteeing of peace.'

I see.

'And this was not done for anyone to come,
To say what we have obeyed to do for centuries...
Is ignorant.
So take your offensive remarks and leave.'

I see.

'No you don't.
If you did,
You would not confuse progress,
With steps we have taken...
To ensure our entitlements are kept,
AND accepted to protect...
For the benefit of our children and theirs.'

I see.

'That you may.
However...
You will never understand our ways,
That will stay and remain isolated.'

I see.
Perhaps you are right.
This is more like defending one's mental illness.
And your doing of it is not so isolated anymore.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Kept As Traps To Distract

When one grows up in the land of demons,
And knowing them for who they are...
It is always a struggle from the start,
To break free from their deceptions.
Since they will try to convince others they know you...
To keep subservience in the way.
And their ideals kept as traps to distract,
From their true identity.
But those who see clear through this...
Are not addicted to any of it!
And keep their missions to seek truth...
Real!

'Why do you keep re-enforcing this vision? '

To keep myself from falling to sleep.
And lulled back into an acceptable darkness.

'But we all have come from darkness.'

I'm speaking of the mind!
Not of body.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Kept Beliefs Discovered To Smother

The practice of denial,
Keeps a feeling.
That one is trapped.
And becoming offended by others,
Usually keeps a mind wrapped.
Quick to defend.

Holding onto perceptions believed,
Is not a freeing done.
If one feels discomfort.
By what is said and by which ones.

And it is not easy to release,
From kept beliefs discovered to smother.
Until another seems to care less.
How and who addresses a differentness,
They possess.
With a showing of less or no stress.

The practice of denial,
Keeps a feeling.
That one is trapped.
And traps hold and keep intact,
That which is not freed.
Physically, mentally or spiritually.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Kept Boys

Kept boys,
Refusing to step...
Even for a few seconds away,
From playgrounds and corners...
Where they would mingle to stay.
On an everyday basis for years...
As time from them passed,
To leave their minds uncleared.

Kept boys,
Never growing to become men...
To begin that journey.
But instead taught to dropp their seed,
To impregnate from a selection of silly girls...
To pick and choose from whom they please.
Believing themselves then accepted...
And seen as men and women.
But men and women they will never be.

Kept boys,
Prison inmates and leeches...
Many down low and weak.
And impressed to follow images,
Gives them bragging rights to keep.

These kept boys are on a mission,
To remain in stuck manifested positions...
Cemented in stereotypes.
And validated by an environment,
That makes this decay alright to condone...
Mindless appetites in and outside broken homes.

Kept boys,
Refusing to step...
Even for a few seconds away,
From playgrounds and corners...
Where they would mingle to stay.
On an everyday basis for years...
As time from them passed,

To leave their minds uncleared.

And...
Reflects a tragicness permitted to exist.
With hopes if kept illuminated in deceptions cheered,
This will eventually portray generations of strength.
Representing a heritage of fools used,
To exist only to play upon themselves games and pranks.
As kept boys!
Never to be ranked with strength as men.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Kept Concealed

The best justice to have
Is one that is undeniably
Cloaked and submerged,
In accepted injustice!
Something done that is understood,
And kept concealed...
Within the walls of lawbreakers!
Snuggly tucked between the jaws,
Of tight and shut lips!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Kept Defined

Anytime words are heard,
Of a 'unity' needed...
In communities to hear it,
Repeated excessively.
As if what is sought,
Is an oasis to appear...
To quench an endangered thirst.

First...
It is not the schools.
Or qualified teachers needed.
To prioritize,
Where this 'mirage'...
Miraculously starts,
The search for unity...
To be found.
Nor churches filled,
With every pew occupied.
While sermons delivered,
Are heated to preach.
It is the people!
Blinded,
By the absence of insight.
And refusing to support,
Those efforts endeavored...
Contributed by,
Faithful believers to ignore.
But claim together they seek,
Answers to their prayers.
Yet gone unrecognized,
Is the meaning of progress.
Or who provides,
The opportunities already there
But...
Will criticize the ones,
Listening with it done...
To comprehend what it takes,
That makes unity beneficial.

It is the people,
Wanting unity.
But for whatever the reason,
Can not accept...
How its diversity is reflected.
Although believe,
Their negativity expressed...
Others should expect.
With disrespect to accept,
As progress.
While taking backward steps.
To declare the effort,
As a unity kept defined.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Kept Depths Of Ignorance

A turning away from a tide,
That has already flooded...
With a devastating of negativity,
Has become too late to avoid.

Since excusing the use of pretentions,
To think of them as a defense against reality...
Can not prevent,
The loss of life caused by kept delusions.

And those seen fleeing from false beliefs,
Have found themselves now chased...
By fantasies they paid to keep,
Costly deceptions...
Now seeking payment for debts,
Indebted to high price of kept ignorance.

A turning away from a tide,
That has already flooded...
With a devastating of negativity,
Has become too late to avoid.

It is the fear of kept depths of ignorance,
That continues to chase with threats.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Kept Desires

I have had some soaring highlights,
Very early in my life...
To make my low lights and the events of them,
Become more scrutinized by those perceiving...
My attempts were meant to get attention.
And self-serving of an ego I could not prevent.

Although,
Without it known...
I had already to heights flown.
I had already been accepted by stars shining bright.
But my appetite to stay in flight,
Was not fulfilling to satisfy that craving to adventure.

I had kept desires to try the impossible! Still do.
To prove with a doing I could also write. This is still true too.
And with a doing that and not overnight for only myself to prove,
My sights while flying I began to hear melodies. Not to undo.
From within me needing to be released. With a doing as I choose.
I want to stay with the belief I can reach beyond.

'Beyond?
Beyond what? '

Lips to hear of doubts to fear desires I keep inside,
With a closeness that is here!
Only I appreciate my fate to taste,
By faith.
And...
Only I can fade away naysayers,
By faith.

Only I appreciate my fate to taste,
By faith.
And...
Only I can fade away naysayers,
By faith.

Lips to hear of doubts to fear...

I don't keep none of them near!
Only I appreciate my fate to taste,
By faith.
And kept desires.
Only I can fade away naysayers,
By faith.
And kept desires.

Only I appreciate my fate to taste,
By faith.
And kept desires.
Only I can fade away naysayers,
By faith.
And kept desires.
Yes by faith.
And kept desires,
I don't fake!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Kept Excuses

The process it takes to acquire patience,
Often comes to some too late.
Since those with patience,
Realize what it takes to sit and listen...
Before comments from them are heard to make.

And that which should have been understood,
To comprehend without needless debate...
Has come to find many wishing to insist,
Their kept excuses made today that persists...
Should be given more attention for their value.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Kept Expensively Deceptive

If more than one can state,
Their fortunes made to be created...
Have been available to appreciate,
Why is it for some...
The prospects of discovering equal opportunities,
Are being daily and noticebly eliminated...
If the abundance of it has been declared to exist,
To have those connected to their dreams and wishes...
While others are teased as a few seem to have it unlimited?
With a keeping of delusions kept expensively deceptive.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Kept Faith

What else can be said,
When tears are shed.
And hearts are left to bleed,
Uncontrollably.

No one knows that pain felt,
With a personal touch...
No words heard can mend,
To end it.

Understanding to comprehend,
Needs not to be mentioned.
Comforting an ache,
Only one's faith can take it away.

No one knows that pain felt.
No words heard can mend,
To end it.
Only kept faith can take pain away.

Only kept faith can take pain away.
Although the memory of it seems to linger,
In a place that makes it okay...
To revisit but not to relive to feel.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Kept Faith Ensures

Time. Patience.
And kept faith ensures,
No one who has done...
Evil to choose to do to another
Will hardly be seen,
Skipping around joyfully...
And away from these scenes,
Pleading for more,
Of their agony to pour...
On shoulders already burdened,
By those enjoying,
The act to deliver grief.

Nor will people like this...
Be watching their evils,
Replayed nonstop...
In a Heaven to portray them,
As nothing out of the ordinary.
While God and Lucifer together,
Commands...
Copies of what they've seen,
Downloaded immediately...
To other demons awaiting,
With their fingers crossed...
Hoping to have their demeaning,
Tactics...
Will please to pass.
With the same endearing,
To entertain acceptance.

Envision they see receiving,
Golden slippers.
Halos and wings.
Or a choice to get an eternity,
Of mystical bliss.
With harps to hear.
And trumpets announcing...
Their entrances made,
On billows of clouds.

Through exquisite pearly gates.

Afterall...
Even those evil,
Have heard such sermons made.
'We all make mistakes.
To then confess our sins.
Knowing to us forgiveness comes
If we commit to tithing,
Every Sunday to be done.
Let us bow and pray away...
All of our temptations.'

Although...
Evils done to do with intent...
Regret will not stop haunting,
A mind that has been forgiven.

Time. Patience.
And kept faith ensures...
This to be witnessed.
By those with beliefs to keep,
Beyond the ones...
On Sunday to masquerade,
Faith to fake then leave...
To seek the doing,
Of more of their misdeeds.

'And again...
We are here to confess sins.
And those who have...
Known of them to commit,
More from you to tithe...
Is both welcomed and expected.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Kept Faith Is Something Else

Better it is to have than not,
When it is tested.
And the evidence of it one witnesses.
Kept faith is something else.

Kept faith is something else.
When temptations wanted to taste chase,
And faith suddenly comes,
To remind one of the waste.
Kept faith is something else.

Kept faith is something else.
Obstacles and opposition to face,
Seem to disappear when faith is near.
With a refusing to continue one's abuse.
Kept faith is something else,
When it is used to move fear to keep it...
Silent and expected to leave that way.

Kept faith is something else.
And seldom can be defined,
But always on the mind...
Of the one who has it to live.
With it kept practiced to know it fact.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Kept Faith Is The Test

One's kept faith is the test with a letting,
Of those obstacles faced to witness erased.
To then confirm, if wished...
In a testament to one's belief.
And with a doing of this has provided relief.

Tangible proof many have as blessings are bestowed,
To show they need not try to convince to impose.
Or become offended by those who have yet,
Lived a life to experience miracles presented...
With a feeling everyday of a gratefulness to address.

But some 'will' for whatever the reasons to be given,
Express an indifference to defend themselves against,
That which they have not come to comprehend.
Or with a faith claimed to know well and freed of pretense,
Allow with honesty to have it lead as they follow.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Kept For Me To Keep

Yesterday,
Is just a day that's gone away.
Who's to say,
Today wont be the same.

With each day my life has meaning.
Dreaming,
I do...
For something I'm missing,
That would stay.
Like a happiness wished and prayed.

Yesterday,
Is just a day that's gone away.
Who's to say,
Today wont be the same.

Yet something has to change.
Something I can hold,
I know belongs.
And will not from me leave.
Something just for me to keep!

Something,
I feel is real.
And kept for me to keep.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Kept Grief To Accept

Commodities hyped and made available,
With a doing to nessitate...
One to prioritize them as needs,
Often leads to disappointment...
After impressions to make fades and leaves.
Just to declare themselves in possession.

Truth, on the other hand...
Is always accessible and is free.
But so many have been fed,
And addicted to deception...
Many will pay any price for it,
With a kept grief to accept and not return.

'Why keep something that makes you unhappy? '

~If I don't no one will ever believe,
I once had it.
And besides...
In a few more years I will actually own it.
After I satisfy the payments and have kept good credit.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Kept Important

Lives to live eventually reflect,
That which has been kept important.
Accepted to not neglect.

Some graduate from phases to learn,
A taking away from each stage of life...
Experiences that show a growth process.
Spent obtaining knowledge.
Less done with books but using common sense.

Lives to live eventually reflect,
That which has been kept important.
Accepted to not neglect.

Some evaluate their lives to appreciate,
By obtaining to possess things.
And doing the best they can,
To find in their things a happiness that comes.
Bringing everlasting and permanent joy.
Love wished to find and to discover,
All that they have no others enjoy.

Lives to live eventually reflect,
That which has been kept important.
Accepted to not neglect.
Or...
Regret.
And yet...
There are those who have taken steps,
Expecting to be left with peace of mind to get.
Only to realize a Sun bright in their eyes,
Has begun for them to begin to set.

Left to wonder some don't but so many do,
About that happiness they sought to purchase.
But maxed out is their credit.
And left to regret is their deepening debt.

Lives to live eventually reflect,

That which has been kept important.
And that which has been left to leave,
Wishes and dreams limited to realities.
Only with the use of common sense,
Keeps those who love to live life...
Less expensive to know true happiness to get.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Kept In The Worshipping Of Fear

I see no benefits delivered,
To those doers of misdeeds and evil.
Followers a plenty they may have to boast!
But there is nothing they have done,
To laugh and/or joke about.

Those who have turned a blind eye,
To allow this sleaze to slither...
While dancing to the beat and 'weeding',
Have made this investment for their children.
With dividends to rhythmically stay high as a goal.

I see no benefits delivered,
To those doers of misdeeds and evil.
Followers a plenty they may have to boast!
But there is nothing they have done,
To laugh and/or joke about.

And those who have remained on their knees,
Praying to be released from this reality they've created...
Without knowing to 'whom' or 'what' they pray to,
Have brought into their own lives their own set of demons.
To ensure they are kept in the worshipping of fear.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Kept Integrity

I remember early in my expressions as a writer,
I was told I did not represent my plantation roots.
I didn't depict those sufferings,
My ancestors experienced in the fields...
As they plotted to set themselves free from slavery.

Well...
All Black folks weren't shackled and chained.
Quite a few Africans sailed the seas with the Chinese,
Long before claims were made and history re-written...
By the 'others' who say to have discovered what they didn't.

I come from a long line of pioneers.
And there is nothing in my heritage,
That keeps me tied to paying an annual homage...
To being oppressed and grateful,
While I address this on a daily basis.
As I display a disrespect for myself.
And express a lack of identity.

None of my ancestors,
Would have never allowed me to reflect...
That kind of ignorance.
They may have been tricked and deceived,
To abandon their palaces and kingdoms...
But a kept integrity will never be diminished.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Kept Just As It Is

Revealing who sits in pits with demons,
Is currently being exposed to those...
Who have accepted being ignored and opposed,
And this has not pleased...
The deceiving teasing done by demons.
With hopes their tactics used attract,
The ones who have chosen not to play tit for tat.
Knowing those who sit with demons...
Would love to do exactly that.
From shadows where they creep with a seeking to attack.

However...
Those who show they know the ones,
Sitting in demon pits to glow...
Aren't disturbed by them one bit.
with a preferring their distance kept just as it is...
Left effective and less reflective of images protected.
Regardless if deeds done they do are not respected.
Since those ignored have accepted and expect...
Those sitting with demons in their nests object.
And will always do their very best to test...
The ones ignoring them from wherever they may emerge.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Kept Left To Leave

A mess left kept,
Or kept left to leave...
To know it for what it is,
Needs no one to claim changes...
With steps they will take,
To ensure what they do...
Improves a difference in appearance,
Of a mess for decades left that way.
Especially...
If that difference to be seen,
Has a mess spreading so obscene...
And too obvious that steps taken to make,
Are around it to ignore.
Afterall...
People become upset to then protest,
Any changes that will involve...
Their precious memories to dissolve.

'Uh...
Like the others who have made to us,
Promises.
Your steps to take are not that different.'

~Oh. I with you disagree.
You see...
My steps to take around the mess,
Have taken me much longer to do.
And if you notice,
Others who made their steps to take before...
Can not be compared,
To the ones promised to you I would make.
I have listened to comprehend,
What your expectations are not to end.~

A mess left kept,
Or kept left to leave...
To know it for what it is,
Needs no one to claim changes...
With steps they will take,

To ensure what they do...
Improves a difference in appearance,
Of a mess accepted and approved.

~Now...
The expense of the boots,
To all of you I have issued...
Should calm your fears,
I have no intentions...
Of eliminating your precious memories.~

'And...
WHERE are the boots? '

~They have been ordered.
And I promise you,
They will be arriving soon.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Kept Levels Of Mediocrity

Those awarded and/or adorn their titles,
Worn as if the doing has been earned...
To prove it discovered a lack of discipline uncovered,
Are either awarded for keeping kept levels of mediocrity.
Sustained and maintained for prolonged periods of time.
And perceived by those deceived by their misdeeds,
As deserving of those accolades believed to have succeeded...
By interpreting what they have done,
To be an accomplishment that has been achieved!
OR...
Perhaps a representation of expectations has been reached,
To keep those who are unaffected...
Pleased enough to award them with a visiblt notoriety.

'Oh...
So this ceremony is 'not' about actual achievement? '

~Well...
In a way it is.
You see...
No one has deliberately kept levels of mediocrity,
For as long as they have.
So it was determined to have their doing of it acknowledged.
And by anyone's standards...
This activity, admittedly, has qualified for legendary status.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Kept Medicated

No...
They don't want to hear it.
Because it is not what they wish to hear.
It has nothing to do with truth!
It is who speaks it...
And the edge it brings those listening.
No matter if it benefits,
The truth unsolicited...
Has disturbing affects.

Stiffened necks...
Produces cold shoulders.
Truth is not respected!
And perhaps that is why traps,
Catch those avoiding it.
With sore muscles and bad backs!

And those that do find themselves pinned,
Locked in and suffering...
Are heard screaming the loudest!
They prefer to be kept medicated.
And at all cost they do it.
Just to keep truth...
From screwing up their deluded lives!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Kept Number One

What makes no sense to you now...
Has never made sense ever!
It's just that the expense of your escapes,
Have been diminished.
Like the realization of your question...
Does race matter?

In a place where cowboys and indians,
Has laced the bottom of Christmas trees
With packaged toy guns.
Gift wrapped to delight the eyes,
To have little boys and girls...
Chasing each other to run...
With visions to win something won,
From each other for fun?

And has made race the number one issue,
Whether at work or entertaining minds...
To this very day?

Does race matter?
It may now make no sense to you!
However...
From the point of view of those,
Sold on greatness...
And how that greatness has been achieved?
You better believe...
Race matters to them,
Who wish to keep that dream alive...
And thirsting within every soul that thrives.

To do it by using race and weapons...
And the fear of losing 'interests' threatened,
By those enemies created...
Wishing to put a limitation to these dreams!
Of course race matters!
That's why the momentum of hate,
Has been kept number one in the marketplace!
So it seems.

Does race matter?
Aren't people living in scattered divisions?
Reminding themselves of ethnic and religious,
Superiorities?
And 'what' deity is 'supreme to all of these?
Where do you think all of this started?
In the land that professes equal opportunities!
And all for one and one for all!
But not for everyone!
Unless you're lucky enough to play...
Professional basketball!
Or football.
Or baseball!
And carry those kinds of 'balls'!
To entertain and please,
For those kinds of escaping games.
To bring such tensions to ease.
For purposes to boast...
Of championships and hoist trophies!

And that's why race matters!
Even though that concept...
Has left a mess unaddressed.
And treasured foundations undone,
To distress!

Does race matter?
Isn't that on the lips...
Of those in mental fits?
Check your history!
When did it not exist?
OR statistics kept and strategies!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Kept Precious

To be left kept precious,
Are those unexpected moments.
Those moments that arrive,
To awaken a freshness that begins.
A freshness that begins when two decide,
They have become the best of friends.
The best of friends the second they meet,
To have a wish fulfilled and a search that ends.
Leaving left kept precious a togetherness.
And moments like this no one can or will forget,
With a keeping them fresh and precious...
Whenever moments like this,
Become remembered over time and often reminisced.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Kept Preferences

The older I get I have noticed this...
People who are mature and decisive,
And take responsibility for their actions...
Often offend those who can not be told,
What is going on right in front of their eyes.

Yet quick they are to criticize,
Someone for being negative.
And not looking on the brighter side of life.
As if to wish for it to see to ignore a reality,
That is pretended not to exist.

And the ones who are like this find excuses,
To fantasize with a faith that is hoped...
Will change the truth magically,
Into something that is delusioned to validate...
Their kept preferences.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Kept Principles

Never have I switched my interests,
To express indifference to neglect.
I 'had' been too giving of my experiences,
To be shown my interests...
Were successfully disrespected.

And I would be upset,
If I was the only one in this position.
But after many years of giving my best,
To those who rejected my giving to protest...
Why should I neglect my interests?
When those to whom I gave unconditionally,
Suspected with a thoughtless consciousness...
What I did was to get from 'them',
An attention to impress how it was I could sweat.
And with a doing that feeds my ego.
So I left behind that kind of mentality to 'step'.
With no regrets.

'You have done 'what' and for free?
Bleed?
And I offered I would pay you,
To do the same thing for me?
Tell me...
Just 'who' are these creatures,
Who refused this kind of loyalty?
And I can not pay a soul to lift a finger...
Before or after their two-hour lunch break.'

Never have I switched my interests,
To express indifference to neglect.
I 'had' been too giving of my experiences,
To be shown my interests...
Were successfully disrespected.

'But...
I am willing to pay you big bucks for your interests.'

You couldn't pay me enough for my kept principles.

'WHERE do you come from? '

My father had asked me the same thing.
To leave me dumbfounded.
I didn't know what to say so I said nothing.
And I thought to myself...
If he didn't know how I got here,
And what that process took for 'him' to do...
Well,
What would be the point of 'my' explanation?
Or time to give to still be misunderstood.
I didn't achieve my peace of mind,
By it being handed to me.
So like I did to him...
I leave you to walk amongst the trees.

'Hey...
I'm willing to pay you for it.
Your interests. I 'need' your interests.'

Which one of us is not listening?
I said...
You couldn't pay me enough for my kept principles.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Kept Ready And Prepared

If you 'know' you are deserving...
Do not for a moment hesitate in question!
Treat yourself and forget about feelings of guilt.
If something arrives with your name on it...
Spelled correctly?
Special delivered?
Open it and rejoice in revelation.
Especially if you have kept faith in anticipation.
Never put your life on 'pause' for someone else...
When this moment comes.
Keep it flowing!
You can allow someone to take a 'sip' of your joy!
However...
Don't let them leave 'you' thirsty,
Feeling dry or parched.
Let them find their own oasis!
You KNOW you didn't wait for it to come to you!
It just happened to have come at the right time...
While you kept ready and prepared to receive it,
When it happened!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Kept Resisted

These days are not those days,
Many use to face...
With a routine unchanged.
And a kept dependency,
On repeated habits remaining the same.
These days...
Are not those days.

These days are not those days,
When any excuse to make to replace truth...
With the comfort of hiding behind alibis,
Had been easy to do.
Wherever anyone traveled...
They kept in their minds,
Fresh explanations to use to abuse the truth.

But,
These days...
Many are forced to stop,
Their lies.
These days...
Many are finding truth,
Can't be disguised.
These days...
Many are clearing up,
Blurred eyes.
To realize themselves being victimized.

What had been rejected to neglect,
Has found its way to arrive on doorsteps...
Of those disbelieving they must now accept.

What had been ignored to turn a head before,
Today no one has a choice to make...
To erase from their minds to eliminate.

These days...
Many are finding truth,
Can't be disguised.

These days...
Many are clearing up,
Their blurred eyes.
To realize themselves being victimized,
As these days lived magnify...
A truth that is they can't deny.

These days...
Delusions soothe those who've been made,
Fools.
These days...
Delusions soothe those who've been made,
Fools.
These days...
People are doing their best to refuse the truth,
These days.
As if the truth ignored will go away.
And kept resisted,
Someday.
And kept resisted,
To stay.
To be resisted,
That way.
And kept resisted,
Always.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Kept Secret From An Ugliness Unknown

The good ones
Are not often depicted,
To be the kind
You'd find,
Using a bathroom in their homes.

The bad ones
Are always those perceived,
In need of the good ones
To lead with their assistance,
On the right path.

The good ones
Are always spoken of as being nice and liked
With voices sweet and appealing.

The bad ones
Are rumored to be heartless,
Ruthless and crazed
By the good ones.
And nasty tempered people.
Who curse and treat them mean
For no apparent reason,
The good ones say.
Left them amazed

The good ones
Lie and cheat.
With the twisting of truths,
To those they initially meet

And those made to look bad
Who are victims of character assassinations,
To use by the good ones
For purposes to discreetly deceive others,
With their hidden agendas
Kept secret from an ugliness unknown,
But to the 'bad' ones shown.

The bad ones know of this.
And have already experienced,
Being victimized by this wickedness.
And come forward to speak of it.

'You would never believe what happened to me! '

~Really?
You're one of the bad ones.
Right? ~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Kept Secrets

I never had a secret.
None.
Not really.
I might have had one...
In my youth.
But my face would always reveal,
Anything I wanted to conceal.

I remember trying to lie one time.
And both my father and grandfather,
Had these eyes that would penetrate.
And made knees knock,
If truth did not come out of our mouths.

'Please...
Strip me naked but don't look at me.
I don't know nuthin'...I wasn't there! '

And...
In those days,
If anyone was going to be punished...
For any secrets leaked.
OR suspectedly kept!
We all got the ironing cord.
And it wasn't plugged up to heat.
To iron clothes with either.
Oh no.
We were lined up by age!
My youngest Aunt Ginger,
Used to be conveniently absent.
Only to appear later from places unknown.

I hated those days!
So did my aunts, uncles and cousins too.
And when my grandmother aimed...
She didn't skip a butt!

I gave any secrets I had then up.
And...

Is there really a purpose for them?
Today...
It's difficult to say what's valued and treasured.
Or,
If someone tells you something not to tell anyone else...
Why do they tell you this?
And...
Where did they get what they tell you from in the first place?

Kept secrets and spoken lies are entertainment for some.
And done without question too professionally.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Kept Senseless Thoughts

I may more represent,
Each color of the rainbow...
With no giving of a benefit,
Many will express to openly admit.
Although they will claim,
Qualities they have are more significant...
To that which reflects,
A spectrum of all that exists.

But...
In outward appearances,
There is a denial to a connecting relationship...
With those they have a kindred with.
To spend more time...
Trying in divisions to separate from it.
Because of those teachings taught,
Defy with a biasness kept senseless thoughts.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Kept Tested

Sparring to keep insults tossed,
Back and forth as if done...
In a game of ping pong or tennis,
Benefits no one.
And is such a waste of time lost.
To prove a costly price to pay,
For those who approach...
Their relationships that way.
Only to result a delayed feeling,
Of someone having a buyer's remorse!

'I'm not buying what you say to me anymore.'

And, of course...
Apologies routinely extended,
Repeats a doing done remembered from the past.
Leaving people given an habitual forgiveness,
To believe what is expressed...
Will again receive the same forgiveness to get.

'The only nonsense I am obligated to forget,
Is my own.
And I'm not going to condone,
Taking those conscious steps again.'

~But...
What about your 'Christian' values? ~

'I do the best I can to keep my steps protected,
From demons who wish me repeatedly tested.'

~An ignorance kept is precious, isn't it? ~

'You should know.
You are still there seeking it to be validated.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Kept Thoughts Of Failure

If I kept thoughts of failure as a doing to avoid,
More than the prospects of achieving success...
I would be scared to death to make mistakes!
And the fear of doing that I have not done yet.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Kept To Only Self-Demean

The time has come to get away from...
What's been done and underneath.
To let it go to be exposed and show,
On the surface. To be seen.
And...
Free it from the keeping of your hold.

Let it go like a crumbled boulder
That sacrifice you diet.
You hide to lie denied.
That sacrifice you diet,
To carry on your backside.
Let it go.
That feeling feeds defeat...
Kept to only self-demean.

Drop and forget about...
Your need to self-demean.
Skip over it and commit to quit...
Your need to self-demean.

'Nothing worth having is easily received.'

Let it go.
That mental beating.
Let it go,
Your need to self-demean.
Let it go like a crumbled boulder.
Experience a brand new scene.

Let it go.
Let it go.
Let it go...
That mental beating.
Let it go,
Your need to self-demean.
Let it go like a crumbled boulder.
Experience a brand new scene.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Kept Too Busy

She seeks to be validated.
And...
He seeks to be validated.
And...
Everyone doing something with a work done,
All wish to be validated.
And...
Everyone doing something with a work done,
All wish to be validated.
All wish to be validated.

No one sacrificing keep stars in their eyes,
Because...
They're kept too busy to do it.
They're kept too busy to do it.

Everyone doing something with a work done,
All wish to be validated.
All wish to be validated.

She seeks to be validated.
And...
He seeks to be validated.
And...
No one sacrificing keep stars in their eyes,
Because...
They're kept too busy to do it.
They're kept too busy to do it.
They're kept too busy to do it.
They're kept too busy to do it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Kept Unprotected

Kept unprotected...
Were those values to now leave none.
And unprotected...
Was an innocence that had come,
But unprotected.
As so many are on the run,
To find and recover what was...
When times had been much loved,
And...
Kept protected.

Kept unprotected...
Are those hopes and wishes and dreams,
To be neglected...
As we impressed with the getting of things.
To disconnect...
From beliefs found disrespected.
While those grieve in regret...
To weep deep pity pools to own and keep.

Kept unprotected...
Were those values to now leave none.
And unprotected...
Was an innocence that had come,
To leave those weeping pity pools to keep.

Kept unprotected...
Are those hopes and wishes and dreams,
To be neglected...
As the owners of their pity keep to weep.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Kept With Purpose And Focus

If there is 'anything' I do not wish,
Is to leave anyone believing to conceive...
Perceive or feel I have left to seethe,
With a bitterness residing in me...
Eventually they can expect to receive.

I don't let what others might project,
To eat away at me to harbor a doing of misdeeds.

My priorities are far from petty.
And I refused to remain stalled behind a brick wall.

Afterall...
I have learned to leave,
That kind of immaturity that's empty of benefit for me...
To accept without regret,
With a moving on to stand tall AND a doing it at my best.

And 'if' this should upset,
Those with wishes to see 'me' that way as they may expect...
Well, I'm certainly not going to waste my time,
Attempting to find explanations to define my actions...
As to 'why' my destination is kept with purpose and focus.

I might have once been a child.
But as an adult my pursuits to achieve looking foward,
Has left any childish nonsense in my consciousness.
And too distant to remember or consider with a patience,
That others may still be there who have not yet left.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Kept Within Focus

People are only impressed to digest,
That which is visually presented.
And they bring along their cameras...
Tape-recorders with pens and pads,
Prepared to critique.
With a rushing to report and display,
In the streets.

What happens behind stage is of no interest.
And those who are creating special effects,
To keep it that way...
Do the pulling of the strings,
From behind the scenes.
As they make sure what is marketed,
Is kept within focus to be bought as sold.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Kept Within Reach

Many can not, will not accept and/or refuse,
To agree to see it for what it is.
Regardless of the topic to have it stopped.
Even if described as a forest,
With a purpose to define...
Where a collection of trees,
Are most likely to be found to exist and unrestricted...
Someone will come around to start an argument,
About how pine cones on the ground are not leaves.

And there are others who expect award winning flowers,
To bloom and grow perfectly without the removal of weeds.
With this done as they flourish,
As no one oversees their needs to believe they have any at all.

Many can not, will not accept and/or refuse,
To agree to see it for what it is.
Especially today,
When the seeing it for what it is has changed dramatically...
Since the smoking of 'weed' to do legally,
Can seem to be not as bad as it seems...
As long as the weed is kept within reach and made available.
And these are the times,
In which today we live.

'Dad?
Sorry to disturb your enjoyment of 'pot'.
I finished cleaning all the guns.
I'd like to take a pistol to school with me today.
The derringer. I like the feel of it.
Plus it is easier to conceal.
Oh...
May I borrow the car to go to the movies later? '

~You can.
But let me say this for the last time,
Don't be joy riding all over the place wasting gas.
I want you kids to learn 'something',
About being responsible and accountable for your actions.~

'Whatever! '

~What did you say? ~

'May I have the keys? ...
Please.'

~That's more like it.
And bring me back some cookies and chips.
I've got the munchies.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Key To Its Survival

It is best to know of an intelligence.
Than to insist upon its acknowledgement.
Playing 'stupid' is the key to its survival.
And it grows as so many are willing to prove
To those who are deemed 'intelligent'
How ignorance can prevent the flow of thought.
And those of intelligence,
Can quickly identify those amongst themselves...
Hiding in masquerade,
To protect a peace of mind...
These days!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Key To Your Peace

Slim chance you'll find your pot of gold,
With the purchase of a lottery ticket sold.
You hold everything you need right there.
Don't look around...
Look inside if you dare!

Rabbit's foot OR crytals rubbed...
Four-leaf clovers OR black cats snubbed!
Lucky charms OR psychic 'sights'!
If you really want a restful sleep at night!
Know you're the key to your peace!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Keys To Locks

Those conditioned to perceive themselves,
With undeniable rights...
To receive even when cupboards are bare.
Are those who will never be convinced,
An accustomed abundance...
Has exhausted what has always been believed,
Would be theirs.

A taking and not sharing had been a way of life.
A selfishness fed...
Comforted them in their beds at night.
And disregarding warnings,
Times come that will not be as bright...
For them is not accepted.
Preparing for these days,
They prefer to reject!

Those conditioned to perceive themselves,
With undeniable rights...
To receive even when cupboards are bare.
Are those who will never be convinced,
An accustomed abundance...
Has exhausted what has always been believed,
Would be theirs.

Even indebted to others they owe...
Can not be digested,
In minds isolated with only a selfishness known.

Even those with traditions fixed upon a worship of greed...
Refuse to accept,
Their wishes, wants, desires and needs...
Must be removed from their customes.
Since no longer there...
Are the tricks and treats that once easily pleased.

Even indebted to others they owe...
Can not be digested,
In minds isolated with only a selfishness known.

And...
Those conditioned to perceive themselves,
With undeniable rights...
To receive even when cupboards are bare.
Demand them to be restocked...
From those they owe who have keys to locks.
Those who now...
Command the blocking that stops!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Khloe K.O's

As an aging man,
Wishing to have had...
A woman in my corner,
There to understand.
Khloe K.O's...
The notion of modern day women.
With statements made,
In support of her marriage.
And those priorities,
For which she stands.

She and her husband Lamar,
Are far from those of their peers...
With a keeping of their union close,
As it appears.
And so different from the mindset,
Of the young adults these days.
Khloe has values,
And this she praises.
Establishing herself...
To be a Kardashian to be admired.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Kick It

Those who choose to get it on,
With their aches and pains condoned...
Know that they can kick it,
If they live to take some risks.

Those who choose to get it on,
With their aches and pains condoned...
Know that they can kick it,
If they live to take some risks.

Life is lived to take some risks.
And not just sit...
To whine about what's wicked,
And has not benefit...
Every moment one gets!

Yes life is lived to take some risks.
And not just sit...
To complain about what's paining,
Every moment one gets.
As if this benefits.

Since those who choose to kick it,
Choose to live.
Yes...
Those who choose to kick it benefit.
And...
Those who choose to kick it,
Free themselves from wickedness to condone...
And groan to moan.

Those who choose to kick it,
Choose to live.
Yes...
Since,
Those who choose to kick it benefit.
And...
Those who choose to kick it,
Free themselves from wickedness to condone...

Moanin'.

The ones who choose to kick it get on.
And...
The ones who choose to kick it,
Have no pains to condone.
And the ones who choose to kick it,
Get up and live a life to move on and on and on.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Kick It Out!

Tired of being 'tired' and drained?
Keeping things the same...
With the hope of these things changing?
You can rearrange them in your mind.
And find that time to do it.
It's going to be even harder to go through it...
Again and again!
Only to find a comfort
That finds you more uncomfortable!

'Whatever' bothers you...
And you have allowed it to sit!
Get up off your butt...
And get rid of it quick!

You will be surprised,
Just how long you have lied to yourself!
Trapped and surrounded with excuses...
Snuggled up and close to you,
On your pillow!
Waiting for you to leave 'it' there...
Completely satisfied!

Get that leech out of your home,
And out of your heart and mind.
Kick it out!
And 'you' leave 'it' alone!
Close your door...
And leave it there behind to whine!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Kicking Roses

Privately we share similar interests.
And I agree with your thoughts totally.
Although...
Since I've been told I play the role,
Of the villain so well...
I only speak of kicking roses publicly.

And between you and me...
I have too high of a regard,
For anything that has a delicious beauty.
But will prick quickly if unconsciously picked.

I've learned to satisfy.
With some tough lessons learned.
And a fool?
I am not.
However,
I must admit...
When focused and in 'character',
I can chill anyone to the bone.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Kidnapped

Restful sleep,
In safe and peace filled chambers.
Undisturbed by nervousness,
A trusting mind succumbs.

A consciousness secured and reaching...
As trees with branches home to leaves,
Blooming in the cleansing that Spring brings!

Kidnapped sensibilities!
Tossed and locked behind frosting freedoms.
Kidnapped credible loyalities!
Doubts pop like crops of killing weeds,
Strangling to smother a freshness once received!

Joyful children skipping free.
Under cloudless sky and beaming Sun!
Guardians watch within steps without concern.
In conversations full of promise!

Kidnapped smiles replaced by common frowns.
Playgrounds abandoned as swings decay with rust!
Suspicious neighbors spy...
As all try to make some sense of this!
Kidnapped in nightmares brought to life and frightens.
Trapped secured,
Enduring insecurities!
Paying the price for the kind of life,
Appearances kept expensively on a downgrade!

Restful sleep,
In safe and peace filled chambers.
Undisturbed by nervousness,
A trusting mind succumbs...
Slipping into assisted medicated dreams!
Free and released from conflict.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Kids Don'T Know This

Kids don't know this to notice it.
Kids do not notice to know this.

Commitment has never been an option given,
Not to those devoted to whatever it is...
They seek with a doing of it to accomplish.
And sometimes there is a bitterness,
Between siblings who are raised by parents...
Who introduce to them early a strong work ethic,
With a doing only to produce the best of their efforts.

Kids don't know this to notice it.
Kids do not notice to know this.

An unconscious competition ensues,
To see who can out do the other.
And just to get an attention from the father or mother.
Without it realized...
Mom and dad are proud of all their offspring.
And often it is the parents who enjoy,
The attention 'given to 'them' THEY get!

Kids don't know this to notice it.
Kids do not notice to know this.

And...
There is a rivalry with pointless arguments.
To be heard by parents loving every minute of it,
With a listening intently.
Then to pretend they can not stand,
Another moment of the nonsense to then say...
'One of you, and I will not say who,
Has proven to be smarter than the other.'

Kids don't know this to notice it.
Kids do not notice to know this...
That what their parents choose to do,
To motivate them to succeed...
Is done with a consciousness and intentionally.

'My folks did 'everything' for them.
But as for me?
Whatever I had to do,
I did it on my own and alone! '

Kids don't know this to notice it.
Kids do not notice to know this...
That what their parents choose to do,
To motivate them to succeed...
Is done with a consciousness and intentionally.

~Me too!
All my folks have ever done for me,
Was to pick up my kids after school.
Take care of them on weekends.
Feed and clothed them...
While I take time for myself,
From all the stress I have to live through...
EVERYDAY!
And then...believe it or not,
They act like THEY do me the favor!
Can you believe it? ~

'Same here.
My folks have a 'cushy' life as well.'

Kids don't know this to notice it.
Kids do not notice to know this...
But,
Many of them have it so good...
That to live the lives their parents had to live,
These 'kids' would be raising their own 'kids'...
And to do with a knowing of what being 'grown' is.

Although today? With KIDS living life,
To live it 'their' way...
Kids don't know this to notice it.
Kids do not notice to know this...
They've been made spoiled, inconsiderate,
And live without a reflective consciousness.

~My folks had the 'nerve' to tell me,
They would like some time for themselves.
AND to go on a vacation.
As if they are not on a vacation 'every-single-day.~

'Same here.
My folks have retired.
And one would think they would express more gratitude.
But NO!
I am providing them with something to do.
Not like my 'other' siblings,
Who 'only' call to ask them how they are doing.
And...to me?
That is the height of disrespect AND being selfish.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Kids I Once Knew Had Specific Chores

We knew fear but not excuses...
Where I grew up and lived as a kid.
Plus we were too competitive...
With a daring done to prove we weren't afraid.

And much too inquisitive about life,
Back in those days...
When we were taught to be respectful.
And all of the kids I once knew had specific chores,
Assigned to do to get done.
With a doing of them first or face the consequences.
To 'then' be followed by the doing of any school homework.

I am not one to say the children today are lazy.
Nor am I one to pass judgement on the obvious,
To argue in debate or heated discussion with those offended.
Since today there is a difference between being 'smart',
And having common sense.
Intellectualizing what is obviously a detriment,
I leave to those still trying to impress...
There elementary school teachers.

There is a technology involved a lot of children use,
Without using their heads like we once had to do.
And not being able to read 'and' write?
To then brag about graduating from high school?
Whether or not they attended day or night...
With an acceptance given to go to a college too?
I will not say is ridiculous...
Since to me that's my observation.

And I have had it being the one considered to be a fool.
No wonder they have no discipline.
Folks refuse to acknowledge the truth.
Or instill this asset within the minds of their children.
They've been given the right to do as they choose.
And refusing to listen...
So many have chosen 'that' to do!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Kids Playing In The Box

It's okay, honey.
It's just a small bruise.
I'll kiss it to make the pain go away.
Feel better?
Now...
Why don't you get back onto the swing.
Be careful this time.
And don't try to out shine the other kids.
Remember,
You wanted me to come witness...
You in the playground on my days off.
I'm here for you.

'Wow.
That was inspiring.
Amazing! '

That's the only way we can get along these days.

'I might try that on my husband,
To see if it works.'

At first...
When he held my hand,
And wanted to go to the playground...
I thought it was ridiculous.
I thought he was joking around.

'How long have you two been doing this? '

Too long but I have gotten use to it.
What has happened to all of the good men?

'Or the women? '

Today...
Everyone seems to be looking,
For a Caitlyn Jenner.
To satisfy those needs,

Yesterday no one would admit they wished.
What a man he 'use' to be.

'Yeah.
And what a woman, too!
To have it both ways and stay successful at it.
What message is that to us being sent? '

Who today can pass judgement!
Only God knows,
How to satisfy our wishes.
And I've got so many...
I hope to see one day come true.
Excuse me.
It's okay, honey.
The sand is there to share,
With all the other kids playing in the box.
How many times have I told you,
It's not nice to be selfish.
Or take for granted Mother Nature.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Kids To-Day

Scooby doo boop.
Scooby doo boop bee doop.

Scooby doo boop.
Scooby doo boop bee doop.

The kids to-day,
All they want to do is...
Bang and clang,
On 'thangs'.
All they want to do is...
Rap and rock
And text,
Nonstop.
As if...
They are computerized.

The kids to-day,
All they want to do is...
Bling their things.
And,
All they want to do is...
Chat about this,
And that...
And where they're at.
And who...
They wish and want to be.

They bore real easy with bright minds speeding,
To the next thing to be done.
They want life breezy as if changing winds...
To satisfy their whims,
About what it is if it's near and appears.

The kids to-day,
All they want to do is...
Bang and clang,
On 'thangs'.
All they want to do is...

Rap and rock.
And text,
Nonstop.
As if...
They are computerized.

The kids...
To-day.
Scooby doo boop.
Scooby doo boop bee doop.
Our kids today.
Scooby doo boop.
Scooby doo boop bee doop.
Our kids today.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Kielbasa

No,
I'm not Polish.
Do I have to be?
To love kielbasa...
With scrambled eggs, hashbrowns
And hot tea.
That's my favorite,
Although I do enjoy it with beans.
Leafy vegetables like cabbage also will do.

I tried to make it once.
1 -1/2 lbs of lean boneless pork
1/2 boneless veal
1 to add zest and zeal.
I used 1 tsp. of black crushed pepper,
With three cloves of crushed fresh garlic.
A tablespoon of mustard seed...
And a 1/4 cup of ice also crushed.
Make sure you get the casing.

Cut the meat into small chunks.
Then grind the meat with the seasonings and ice.
Mix this well...
Stuff the mixed meat into the casing.
Either smoke this stuff in an outside smoker.
Or grill.
Oh yes...
Don't forget to tie a knot into the casing!
And close each end.
If you don't you'll have sausage all over the place.

Just a Spring recipe to enjoy for Easter AND...
St. Patrick's Day.
But the Irish have their own separate deliciousness!

Recipe:
Courtesy of Global Gourmet...Global Destinations

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Kill As A Rooted Weed

Even from its birth,
What is accepted has to be allowed to grow.
To bloom as it is encouraged with a nourishment.
Influencing the environment...
With a benefit that returns.
Profiting mentally from a steadfast accountability.

To leave it believing it should remain as is...
Without guiding its potential or assist an ambition,
Will kill as a rooted weed restricted to limits.
And a sharing of disappointment sought to escape,
As one tries to run away unsuccessfully...
To free from responsibility.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Killing Themselves

Stalled at the fantasy stage
With wishes window shopped
And credit cards near maxed out.
Whims on lay-aways
Have a few more payments left.
With a need that searches for a reason,
Why such an item is desperately wanted!
If it was such a 'steal'...
Why is it taking so long to pay for?
It's too late to change your mind...
You will not get your money back!
It is store policy to dupe you with accompanying BS!
And remember those threats you made,
Of never returning to shop there again?
Taking your business elsewhere?
Well...
It appears as though they have a record of your previous
Statements WITH your apologies attached!

'I am STILL upset!
Regardless of your record keeping!
And I want that known!
AND...
I think it extremely rude of you to suggest
Making payments on a fifty dollar sweater
In increments of two dollars and twenty-five cents per month,
Is ridiculous!
Who's money is it?
And am I NOT the customer?
You people are lucky I keep you in business!
My great grandfather swept these floors! '

And we are arrogant enough to believe...
Our sense of 'who' we are,
Is worthy of combat in battle!
We are arrogant enough to believe,
People the world over are praying to be in our presence?

I think they fight to stay away from us!

Even killing themselves to prove it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Kindness

Kindness can come to blind,
Someone who finds it...
Unexpectedly to them shown.

Offering a helping hand,
Is seldom given to understand...
Without accompanied by suspicion.

Even a simple 'hello' these days,
Is enough to have someone...
Screaming down a crowded street.
Claiming to be stalked by a terrorist.

Minds have become blinded,
By a kindness to them shown...
From someone unknown.
To have them rushing away,
Looking over a shoulder.
Fearing if to accept kindness,
Others who are near to witness this...
May be part of a plot,
To have their crazed mentalities stopped.

And today,
Any act of kindness displayed...
Can be an excuse for anyone to call 911.
To then be asked for a complete description,
Of the perpetrator.
Before a full investigation begins to take place.

'You say...
Someone attempted to show you kindness? '

~Yes.
It frightened me.
I ran through a crowd fearing for my life.~

'And...
Where are you now? '

~I am at home.
But please send someone immediately.
I am sure I have been followed.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

King Of The Pen And Prose

King of the pen and prose.
He's an ink blotter stopper...
Rimming to the brim with rhyme.
And unconfined to find a line,
To entwine the mind!

King of the pen and prose.
Profound with nouns...
And vowel sounds.
Tossing in an adjective,
To vibe with a verb he throws.

He 'is' the king of the pen and prose!
He teases when he wishes...
And uses depth to expose a certain flair!
Just to keep a reader guessing...
What is being solicited,
If he becomes explicit...
With a tongue in cheek penned affair!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Kingdom Wishes

The cloak begins to slip off their backs.
No stepping aside or stepping to avoid,
Attacks.
This duo on top...
Squirm to bring chaos,
They started to a stop.
And their bark is sparking new revelations!

They market doom and holocaust scenes,
To demean the realities of common man!

They remain in conference with plans,
Not yet revealed!
No other ones are fearing their fate
With created anger and hate...
Like they do!
And the dwindling few that follow them
With zeal and nervousness!

And no one benefits from their command...
At all!
Accept those who rehearse...
Crawling after their fall from grace,
That has been disgraced with greed!

And they defy even those who turn their heads...
As they boldly slip into chambers of power!
To plant the hour of another disception.

They want to control all resources,
And rule the 'World'!
With might,
That has broken the backs
Of their own fighters!

They market doom...
And holocaust scenes to demean
The 'realities'
Of common man!

Who they believe can not see them...
Tossing lives away for purposes left noted,
In chauffeured limosines!

BUT...
They are not the ones who are on the horizon!
Those totally out of view of the ones who toast
Unconscious efforts.

God provides and rules HIS Kingdom!
Not those of kingdom wishes...
And in betrayal,
Nipping between caviar schemes
Plotting mindlessly their own disasters!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Kiss Off That Beast

Kiss off that beast!
The one that rides your back,
To ache and crack from burdens packed.

Decide to be released!
Like the cool breeze lilting lightly,
Through swaying branches...
Full with clinging leaves,
On steadfast trees.
Fixed and rooted.

Feel free you can live,
Without a hectic need to collect enemies.
Increase your peace.
And kiss off that beast!

Demand your leisure.
Expect to dine!
At a feast you enjoy...
As if at a buffet from time to time.

Remedies for your happiness,
Is just a thought away...
Of what can be treasured.
If it's wished to come your way.

Dismiss those arguments!
The ones that start for no reason.
And making less sense as they persist.
Refused to be blocked by your own exits.
Create that wish list.
Promise yourself...
More visits with it!

Kiss off that beast!
Decide to be released.
Like that cool breeze through the trees.
And supply remedies to maintain your happiness.
It is just a thought away...

From what for you can be treasured,
Without measure.

Kiss off that beast!
And supply remedies to maintain your happiness.
Isn't that what you should do...
And ought to treasure to become subdued?

Kiss off that beast!
Get on your feet.
And move!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Kissed Lips

Tonight I realize...
The stars are close.
And twinkle in your eyes.
Tonight.

In my heart,
You are...
And with each beat I feel,
Your reach is real.

And tonight there's nothing to say.
As we hold the moments that stay...
Knowing kissed lips like our cements a love.

And tonight there's nothing to say.
As we hold the moments that stay...
Knowing kissed lips like our cements a love.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Kisses Fix

Kisses to get in relationships,
Can linger on lips like a fine wine.
And will come to miss them wished,
When the ones who are close,
Begin to drift...
From a getting of a daily dose of this.

And loving those kisses fix,
Two too stubborn over nothing.
Two too stubborn,
Wanting their way to get.
After heat begins to rise,
Begun by foolish to start argument.
And loving those kisses fix,
A happiness splitting over stupidness.
To remind two too stubborn to remember,
It was with those kisses missed...
That brings two back to their senses.

Kisses to get in relationships,
Can linger on lips like a fine wine.
And will come to miss them wished,
When the ones who are close,
Begin to drift...
From a getting of a daily dose of this.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Knee Deep In Charades

How many eyes will remain closed,
Or opened but refuse to see...
A creating of dilemmas with such frequency,
That an acceptance of a negligence...
Is beyond their scope of possibilities.

Difficult it becomes for the ones,
Entrenched in the playing of games to win.
Yet...Left trapped!
Knee deep in charades and making impressions.

AND...with uprighteous dignity and pride intact,
The listening to refuse...
Appalling and unvalidated accusations made,
Against their wholesome and earned integrities...
Just HAS to be a mistake of identities!

Or...someone else's thoughtlessness.
And 'their' irresponsibility!
That leaves 'them' unable,
To accept the facing of admitting their own regrets.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Knee Deep In Polluted Crude

Disheveled and all in upheaval,
Amongst a slop nobody mops...
But,
A doing of it no one stops.
Since,
A pointing of fingers is done a lot.

Knee deep in polluted crude.
And the people wont admit,
They've suffered enough.
But,
A doing of it no one stops.
Since,
A pointing of fingers is done a lot.

With woes are the holy rollers.
And from the pulpits the sermons are preached.
Nobody in the pews are listening,
To the lessons that are in their reach.
But,
A doing of it no one stops.
Since,
A pointing of fingers is done a lot.
And...
Nobody in the pews are listening,
To the lessons that are in their reach.

Knee deep in polluted crude.
And the people wont admit,
They've suffered enough.
Knee deep in polluted crude.
But the people,
Continue to weep.

Knee deep in polluted crude.
Knee deep in polluted crude.

Disheveled and all in upheaval,
Amongst a slop nobody mops...

But,
A doing of it no one stops.
Since,
A pointing of fingers is done a lot.
To leave people in polluted crude.
Knee deep in polluted crude.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Kneepads

If you want to crawl
Buy you some kneepads,
To protect those knees.
You'll be grateful when you wake up,
From a move you'll think was foolish.

If you want to crawl with a pleading to please
At least do it with class,
Wearing kneepads.

Those humble knew of stumbling,
Most of their lives.
And not in comfort when they did it.

But some unfamiliar with the act of this,
Try to make it appear
A bruising done on bended knees,
Will for them be temporary.

If you want to crawl
Buy you some kneepads,
To protect those knees.
You'll be grateful when you wake up,
From a move you'll think was foolish.

If you want to crawl with a pleading to please
At least do it with class,
Wearing kneepads.

If you want to crawl with a pleading to please
At least do it with class,
Wearing kneepads.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

'Knew'... As Used In Past Tense Of 'Know'

Dropping the notion,
That one can have a wonderful life...
Based upon establishing good credit,
Is the beginning of one's awakening.
There is nothing great or wonderful,
To acknowledge one is indebted to anyone.

And...
For the rest of one's life?
Comeon!
Keep passing around the smelling salts.
Especially to those doing somersaults,
On fading yellow brick roads.

This process to crave from birth,
Is an addiction to keep one hooked...
To a lifetime of purchasing happiness.
And if many are perceived to be unhappy...
Too few 'knew' how to play this game too well.
'KNEW'...as used in past tense of 'KNOW'.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Knock By Mocking

Knock by mocking.
The clock will not stop.
Intimidate by shocking.
Your destiny becomes the one that's blocked.

Reduce those to tears and fears.
Make it clear the greatness of your power.
And every hour the ticking of the tock that is heard...
It is you that becomes devoured!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Knock It Down

Knock it down,
All the hurting.
Knock it down,
All the pain.
Knock it down,
From your vision.
Knock it off your name!

Knock it down,
All the hurting.
Knock it down,
All the pain.
Knock it down,
From your vision.
And knock it off your name.

Take that load,
Off those shoulders you hold.
And knock it down to the ground.
Don't try to reload.

Take those burdens,
And snatch them off your back.
And knock them down to the ground...
With a skit to see them scat.

Take that load,
Off those shoulders you hold.
And knock it down to the ground.
Don't try to reload.

Knock it down,
All the hurting.
Knock it down,
All the pain.
Knock it down,
From your vision.
Knock it off your name!

Take that load,
Off those shoulders you hold.
Knock it down,
All the hurting.
Knock it down,
All the pain.

Take those burdens,
And snatch them off your back.
Knock them down,
Out of vision.
And knock them off your name.

Take that load,
Off those shoulders you hold.
And knock it down to the ground.
Don't try to reload.

Take those burdens,
And snatch them off your back.
Knock it down,
All the hurting.
Knock it down,
All the pain.
Knock it down,
From your vision.
Knock it off your name!
Knock it down,
All the hurting.
Knock it down,
All the pain.
Knock it down,
From your vision.
Knock it off your name!

Take those burdens,
And snatch them off your back.
And knock them down to the ground...
With a skit to see them scat.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Knock It Up A Notch

Teach me...
How to knock it up a notch.
Teach me...
What it is that you've got!

Teach me.
I'm willing and able.
Teach me.
Don't you want my help,
To fulfill your need.

Teach me...
How to knock it up a notch.
Teach me...
What it is that you've got!
Will you teach me.
When you want that bop to stop.
Teach me...
And I promise you one day I'll want to 'eatcha'.

And there will be a need for slower speed,
When I begin to heat the teacher.

Um-um,
Mama teach me...
How to knock it up a notch.
Oh Mama teach me...
What it is that you've got!
Give me what it is until I like it more than not!

Teach me...
How to knock it up a notch.
Teach me...
What it is that you've got!
Will you teach me.
When you want that bop to stop.
Teach me...
And I'll promise you'll,
We'll switch up when you want me as your teacher.

We'll switch up when you want me as your teacher.
Switch up when you want me as your teacher.
We'll switch up when you want me as your teacher.
Switch up when you want me as your teacher.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Knock Outs Drops A Head

Keeping it up is tough.
And it's not easy.
Many are found wearing their frowns.

Uppercuts are thrown.
And knock outs,
Drops a head.

Wild punches hit in those puckers,
Crunch.
Leaving heaps together lumped.

Keeping it up,
Is tough.
When lumped,
Together.

Keeping it up,
Is tough.
And rough...
When lumped together.

Keeping it up,
Is tough...
When uppercuts are thrown.
And knock outs drops a head.

Keeping it up,
Is tough!
And isn't easy.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Knocked About

Keep me posted,
About those things you do.
Keep me posted.
And not knocked about.
Keep me posted,
About those things you do.
Keep me posted.
And not knocked about.

It matters to me those things you do.
It matters to me what you go through.
It matters to me your attitude.
And how you feel.

It matters to me the words you choose,
And how you say them like you do...
To either want me near you,
Or leave!

Keep me posted.
And not knocked about.
Keep me posted.
I care about you.
Keep me posted.
And not knocked about.
Keep me posted.
I care about you.
And not to be knocked about.
I care about you.
And not to be knocked about.
I care about you.

Keep me posted,
About those things you do.
Keep me posted.
And not knocked about.
Keep me posted,
About those things you do.
Keep me posted.

And not knocked about.

It matters to me those things you do.
And not knocked about.
It matters to me what you go through,
Because I really care
It matters to me your attitude.
And not to be knocked about.
Anywhere.
Soon to choose to do to me,
Or later.

Keep me posted.
And not knocked about.
Keep me posted.
I care about you.
And,
Not to be knocked about.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Knocked Offline

Some can't eat.
Some can't sleep.
Some are too weak to stand,
Up on their feet.
Some are too bothered,
By the news.
Some are just too frightened,
By what others might do.
And few...
Can find anybody,
In sync with the times.
Many have been realigned.
And few...
Can find anybody,
With a mind not knocked offline.

Treasured thoughts,
Have long been pawned.
Nobody chooses to know,
What's going on.
They want their fix,
On quick delusions.
And everyday,
From Sun up to dawn.
Yet few...
Could care who's aware,
And in their right state of mind.
Normal or dysfunctional.
Few...
Can find anybody with a mind,
Not knocked offline.
Not knocked offline.
Not knocked offline.
Or...
Downloaded to be noticed.
Or...
Looking as if something had snapped.
Or switched off...
Never to come back.

And few...
Can say today,
What's happening is just imagination!
And few...
Can say they've made,
Reservations not to go insane!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

ed.

Dropped to the rocks.
Swiftly without warning.
s.
ses.
Stopped.

Slip to slide from the top.
Hopes wished.
Entitlements to get,
Diminish from sight.
Kites strung to fly high drift.
Turbulent winds shift.
Balloons blown to hold pop.
People sit fixed to scratch heads.
It hits.
With it to witness and hear,
Screams of approaching reality.
Feared but told one day...
It will become clear it nears.

Dropped to the rocks.
Swiftly without warning.
s.
ses.
Stopped.

Reality offends,
A truth kept to delude.
And knocks to the rocks,
Senses to defend them.
Stopped.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Know It

When you are able to forgive,
Yourself and others...
For whatever it is,
That it has taken you time not to.
'That' is the best gift you can give yourself.

Realize it and live.
The hardest thing to do,
Is to forgive and let go!
Some believe that burdens carried,
Is one's responsibility.
But no load carried unforgiven,
Is worth the weight beared.

If anyone says it is...
Their face hasn't felt a smile on it in years!
Observe...
And this is not what you desire.
This is something you do not deserve.
Know it!
That is all that has to be done!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Know It, And It Is Done

Stop feeding yourself discouragement.
That is not the purpose,
Why you are meant to live.
Removing yourself from entrapments,
Of failure...
Opens your heart,
To receive goodness.
And that you in return,
Without thought...
Will come to learn to give!

Stop listening to those in self defeat.
Those who solicit others,
To understand their limitations.
Recognize their wish,
To unseat you from your comfort.
Your peace of mind,
You can not afford to just dismiss.

Sit in quietness!
Allow a clearness to come.
Remove yourself from calamities,
That seem to attract everyone.
Tell yourself you are deserving,
Of happiness and love.
Tell yourself that!
And know that is true.
You are not here to bear,
The burdens of anyone.
Undo it and be through!

Stop feeding yourself discouragement.
That is not the purpose,
Why you are meant to live.
Removing yourself from entrapments,
Of failure...
Opens your heart,
To receive goodness.
And that you in return,

Without thought...
Will come to learn to give!

You are not here to spite life at all.
In fact...
You have the right,
To be excited.
To explore a life delighted.
And that is why...
Your life is here to be lived!
Know it,
And it is done!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Know This And Keep On Moving

People do not love,
The people they deceive.
Know this and keep on moving.

People do not love,
The people they deceive.
Know this and keep on moving.

Whatever it is that you claim to believe,
And...
Whatever it is that you claim to receive from beliefs,
Keep that feeling in your heart.
To keep it always near you and never far.
Since everyday something or someone will test you.
And everyday the faith you keep will pull you through,
Everytime you decide to face the truth.

Everyday something or someone will test you.
And everyday don't be afraid to face the truth,
Since...
People do not love,
The people they deceive.
Know this and keep on moving.
No...
People do not love,
The people they deceive.
Know this and keep on moving.

Whatever it is that you claim to believe,
And...
Whatever it is that you claim to receive from beliefs,
Just know...
People do not love,
The people they deceive.
Know this and keep on moving.
People do not love,
The people they deceive.
Know this and keep on moving.

Since everyday something or someone will test you.
And everyday the faith you keep will pull you through,
Everytime you follow and you face the truth.
No matter what you choose or decide to do.
Everyday something or someone will test you.
And everyday don't be afraid to face the truth,
No matter what you choose or decide to do.

People do not love,
The people they deceive.
Know this and keep on moving.

People do not love,
The people they deceive.
Know this and keep on moving.

People do not love,
The people they deceive.
Know this and keep on moving.

People do not love,
The people they deceive.
Know this and keep on moving.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Know This And Take Notice

Whatever it is you believe I am.
And from 'whatever' point of view,
This is observed.
Know this...
I have earned to do as I please.

You can edit, splice and dice my life...
With gossip you lip.
But know this...
My gratefulness and blessings I get,
Are not exchanged with you in mind.

Know this...
I suggest you not waste your time,
On someone who has both identity and peace of mind.

And know this about that...
To someone who has earned to be who and what they are,
You are far from being a priority.
And distant from being placed on their agenda.
In other words...
You do not exist!
Not for someone like this!
Or me.
Know this and take notice.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Know This In Your Heart And Believe

Don't dig it up,
And it wont be the thing...
You wished dumped,
Not to discuss...
After pulling out of a slump,
Weighting down upon your shoulders...
With a carried hump.

Taken those lumps you've done.
None of which you chose to run from.
People like you succeed.
Know this in your heart and believe.

You deserve the serving of better days.

Ignore those with their issues.
Beaten on a drum when around you they come.
Refuse to be used and abused by them.
Acknowledge what they offer...
Has no benefit,
And what they bring you will and can resist.

You deserve the serving of better days.
Know this in your heart and believe.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Know This To Notice

You can accuse me or anyone to do.
Of anything,
From a darkened corner to whisper it.
But know this to notice as I have done,
As others too!
Those hiding in shadows are seldom the ones...
Making their accusations without adorning masks.
Or are they seen in the presence of those they demean,
To say to them in front of their faces...
What is made easier to do to say to others in charade.
With a quick through exits to escape,
'After' a character assassination.

'Who was that masked trash talker? '

~No one knows.
But that charade to masquerade seems familiar.
Tracking the steps made should not be that difficult.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Know Those With Wagging Tongues

Know those with wagging tongues,
Are nagging tacky people...
Always spewing from their lips,
Negative opinions.

Keep dreams effective,
To be done.
Each step you take,
To overcome...
Erratic static,
That attacks...
From those who fake.
And hope to prey on fresh bait!

Keep your dreams in sight and always alive.

Keep them effective,
To be done.
That which you do.
To have it proved without giving a notice,
To those you know are bogus.
Keep your dreams in sight and always alive.

Know those with wagging tongues,
Are nagging tacky people...
Always spewing from their lips,
Negative opinions.

Keep your dreams in sight and always alive.
Keep them effective.
To be done.
That which you do.
To have it proved,
And without notification.
Keep your dreams in sight and always alive.

Keep them effective,
To do what you do done.
And you wont be bowled over,

By duping dopes not sober.
Keep them effective,
To do what you do done.
And you wont be bowled over,
By duping dopes not sober.

Keep your dreams in sight and always alive.
Know those with wagging tongues,
Try to stop that which gets done.
Keep your dreams in sight and always alive.
Know those with wagging tongues,
Try to stop that which gets done.
Keep your dreams in sight and always alive.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Know Where To Get It

I am told I am 'nothing'!
I agree with those who say this,
With the hopes of what I leave behind...
Is something to keep me remembered,
And tasted from time to time!
Even I may have cravings for a banana split...
But not everyday!
As long as I know where to get it,
Is all that matters!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Know You Are Blessed

Blessings are due,
To those who keep faith
Whether dancing in joy...
Or sobbing in heartbreak.
You have not been forsaken.
Shake loose from those 'blues',
And choose that life you want!

Begin to flaunt it as if it's clear...
You know you are blessed,
And you feel those blessings near!
Blessings are due!
You will not recognize which ones are yours,
If you refuse to answer that knock on your door?

It is not always pain and suffering,
Wanting to gain entry!
Coming to plant seeds of sorrow.
To keep you tensed and venting!
But you wont know that...
If you continue to turn your back,
On the possibility that someone could come
To deliver your reward!

No one should get that bored with life.
Not to find each breath exciting!
Especially when God allowed and gave it!
And wants you to have it your way!
But you have to pray every day for it to happen.
Big Poppa didn't slack on giving you love.
Or had you forgotten?
That's how you got here in the first place!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Know Your Dreams

Claim you will not maim,
Those goals you have named to achieve.
No matter if your shoulders hold a heavy load...
Keep your motor fueled.
Don't be fooled by losers.
Wishing to melt away your 'cool'.

Keep that heat you've got,
Turned up and piping hot!
Don't let that boat you row spring a leak.
Or be stopped by a rocking that shocks...
Your eyes,
Away from the prize.
Keep alive,
Those dreams not meant to idle.

Claim,
You will not maim...
Those goals you have named to achieve,
Accomplish and to realize.

Keep alive your eyes and kept on the prize.
Know your dreams,
Are not meant just to idle.

Keep that heat you've got,
Turned up and piping hot!
And know your dreams,
Are not meant just to idle.

Keep alive your eyes and kept on the prize.
Know your dreams,
Can be achieved and realized.

Keep that heat you've got,
Turned up and piping hot!
And know your dreams,
Are not meant just to idle.

Keep alive your eyes and kept on the prize.
Know your dreams,
Can be achieved and realized.
They're not just yours,
To sit around and idle.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Know Your Feelings

Know your feelings.
Sit and visit with them.
Become familiar.
And...
Connect to their depth.

Learn the playing of the game.
Beyond the setting of changing goal lines.
Accept those things learned and adapt.
And grow accustomed to observing facts.
And not focus on the colors...
Of that which has been installed,
To get you tossed off the playing field.

Know your feelings,
And become flexible with them.
Beyond the setting of your own goal lines.
Be prepared to adapt.
Become flexible and patient.
Know your feelings and get as close as possible.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Know Your Life

You've got to be,
Alive.
You've got to be,
A lion loose.
You've got to feel...
Your juices pumping,
And...
Goose bumps to chill you too!

You've got to grow,
Up to cope.
You've got to accept,
And to let go.
You've got to be,
Both strong and weak...
To...
Stand and walk on two feet.
To know,
Life.
Yes,
To know...
Your life.

You've got to be,
Alive.
You've got to be,
A lion loose.
You've got to feel...
Your juices pumping,
And...
Goose bumps to chill you too!
To know,
Life.
Yes,
To know...
Your life.

To live your life...
Knowing it was given to live.

To live your life...
As a gift blessed to get to live.

To live your life...
Knowing it was given to live.

To live your life...
As a gift blessed to get to live.

You've got to be,
Alive.
As a gift blessed to get to live.
You've got to feel...
Your juices pumping,
As a gift blessed to get to live.
You've got to feel...
Those goose bumps that come to chill.
As a gift blessed to get to live.
You've got to be,
Both strong and weak.
As a gift blessed to get to live.
You've got to...
Stand and walk on two feet.
As a gift blessed to get to live.
You've got to...
Stand and walk on two feet.
As a gift blessed to get to live.
You've got to...
Know your life,
As a gift blessed to get to live.
You've got to...
Know your life,
As a gift.

You gotta,
Let go of unrest to know...
With that moanin' gone to go.
You gotta,
Let go of unrest to know,
With that moanin' gone to go.
You gotta,

Let go of unrest to know...
With that moanin' gone to.
You gotta,
Know your life!
And...
Live it righteous.

Know your life!
And...
Live it righteous.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Know Your Worth

Don't sit and cry until your eyes dry.
Decide to go outside to satisfy,
A life to change it whenever you wish.
A life to change and not grieve over it.
And leave it left to leave...
Pain and heartache.
Boo-hoo to do it to get it done.
And...
Be the one to welcome in your heart some Sun.
Why sit to grieve someone who's on the run.
Know your worth.
Never welcome back someone with none.

Don't sit and cry,
Until your eyes dry.
Be the one to welcome in your heart some Sun.
Know your worth
Don't sit grieving over anyone.
Know your worth.
Boo-hoo to do it to get it done.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Knowing I Can Not Accept Less

When I approached...
I could not keep,
My sincerety from reeking.
I sought to seek your closeness.

Concerns I expressed,
With a heartfelt depthness.
Yet,
This became a sign for you...
To undo my goodwill.
And attempts to bring you joy.
I came to offer myself.
Hoping for a future,
The two of us could build together.

But you chose to see this,
From a limited perspective.
And from that mindset,
I have elected to disconnect.

If you are prepared,
To disrespect a sharing of my happiness...
What from you would come next?
Shallow comments made...
About whose life lived is best?

After taking the time to neglect my own steps,
Why should I linger in regret...
Knowing I can not accept less,
Than what is expected from you!
More abuse to confuse the issue?
I think not!

And in review of what has been done.
Giving in a way to you I pursued...
That has been thorough and thoughtlessly crude.
With a mindlessness shown to shun?
Why should I wish,
For a mending of this distance?

Needing not for me to miss.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Knowing It To Be The Best

The hour of any day,
To witness and accept...
Is the first hour of that day,
To come with a knowing it to be the best.
With a yesterday done and completed.
Feeling blessed to start another one,
To greet and meet when at dawn.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Knowing Little About The 'Art' Of Work

First it was stated,
He lacked the experience.
Although the people had confidence in him.
And he became President.

Now the losers declare,
He has too much on his plate.
Too much at once for him to contemplate.
Although he is able to do that...
With more chores in store.

They can not keep up with his effective pace!
With complaints.
But no one has said he is incompetent.
And they wonder how he does it.
As they sit,
Like most lazy couch potatoes do.
Fuming and giving lip service,
About how things should be done.
Yet doing nothing themselves,
As is their custom and way of life to bicker,
And feed on snacks to entertain assorted whims.
Knowing little about the 'art' of work!
And how that is applied to accomplishment.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Knowing My Best Was Yet To Come

The only thing that mattered to you,
Was the making of impressions.
Not strengthening our relationship.
That became a daily game,
You enjoyed playing with.

So obsessed with the obtaining of bling,
You lowered your standards...
To having basement flings,
With those who provided...
Temporary feelings of reaching success.

And even though I left you,
Knowing my best was yet to come.
I was never in doubt I had to succumb,
To lower my standards to be someone's trash.
Just to prove I could get notoriety and have cash.

And from nothing I could do it.
But you couldn't wait,
To satisfy your lust for a certain taste.
And having cash in hand just to celebrate,
Is not the only reason I've cemented to pave my way.

I was born to create from nothing.
To touch, feel and be felt.
And never could I say,
The life you have had asistance to live...
Has not bestowed upon me my own blessings.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Knowing My Consciousness Is Being Address

What has been the affect of my blessings?
I suppose it is the peace of mind I find.
And being inquisitive about life,
Has never been treated by me as a commodity
I awaken fascinated.

I imagine myself floating through space,
With an awareness of no boundaries.
Or limitations of any kind taken place.
And when I finally come down to Earth...
I'm reminded how blind and insensitive,
The feeding of greed...
Has left the majority of people to believe,
The Universe is not an 'entity' that knows and breathes...
Every detail of their existence.
The tremendousness of this Supreme Majesticness,
Has to know!

What has been the affect of my blessings?
Knowing my consciousness is being address,
By a power too great for me to envision.
But from 'IT' I get a sense of approval.
And from 'IT' I get a motivation that keeps me devoted.
And from 'IT' I get immediate feedback....
From millions of years,
Servicing wisdoms far greater than my own limitation.

That has been the affect,
Of acknowledging I've been blessed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Knowing That It's Going On

Behind the wheel I can drive,
With you so close by my side.
And under a star bursting sky...
We ride with a love of life we like,
Undenied and so high!

And knowing that it's going on!

Snacks munched on the scene,
Are more enjoyed while singing.
We've got that happiness 'thing'.
With a zing that sizzles...
And a tingle that rings!

As a bongo looped with the rhythm flows.
To get us popping our fingers to that hip hop beat...
Grooving sounds from the radio.
We bob our heads as the moonlight glows.
And this is how we keep,
Our weekends together sweet.
And knowing that it's going on!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Knowing This Admission

I alone had to face my dysfunctions.
And to see them for what they were.
I was not going to live all of my life...
Pretending my experiences,
Did not rip my heart apart or hurt.

I began to express my emotions,
With a knowing of this admission...
Came from an inner strength,
And not a submission to weakness.
I would condense to convince,
Myself.

I could not hold my head up high,
If I kept my sorrows gone denied.

I alone had to face my dysfunctions.
And to see them for what they were.
I was not going to live all of my life...
Pretending my experiences,
Did not rip my heart apart or hurt.

I have healed from several illnesses,
None of which I needed to embrace.
I forced myself to analyze by looking inside...
To replace a charade,
That grew tired of masquerade.

I alone had to face my dysfunctions...
With a forgiveness I wanted to admit.
I did not want to live my life,
Condoning unhappiness.

I could not hold my head up high,
If I kept my sorrows gone denied.

And this,
After getting over it...
Has allowed me to increase,

My identity with a peace released!
And not an approval have I sought to seek,
From anyone who has yet to do what I have done!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Knowing This Taste We Can'T Give Up

Whatever we do tonight.
Who's going to say what we do
Is wrong or right
And why should we care?
Or wonder what brought us here...
To share.

And holding each other tight.
Under moonlight and stars above,
No one can take away...
The loving we'll want to make.
Why should we hesitate?

But should I believe what you say?
That there is no one else,
To stand in my way.
From doing what I want to do.
Like I want to do it too to you.

Should I believe what you say?
Should I just kiss your lips,
And close my eyes and mind?
What would I find...
Later?

Should I believe what you say?
That there is no one else,
To stand in my way.
Should I look away and pray?
And be elated anyway?
You're frosting me like a cake baker!

And holding each other tight.
Under moonlight and stars above,
No one can take away...
The loving we'll want to make.
Why should we hesitate?
For a round of doubts to break us.
To separate then meet to make up!

Knowing this taste we can't give up.
We love what we do until we get it done.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Knowing Very Little

Someone knows 'someone'
Who has been quick to express disappointment,
Regretted.

That 'someone' who believes,
They were annointed to know everything...
Just because God has given them air to breathe.

Those folks are the ones,
Who say they have no interest in politics.
Announcing that religion and politics do not mix.
And knowing very little about either.
And even knowing less on a daily basis.

They do not read or participate in community activities.
And yet appear on a neighbor's doorstep,
Out of breath to express...
'What in the world is going on?
Do you know what I just found out?
I 'heard' there were problems with the economy.
And there was this Black guy on TV...
MY TV!
Telling me about changes he is going to make.
What on Earth?

Have you seen him?
Is this some kind of a joke?
What happened to Bush?
I feel I am about to have a stroke! '

They remain confined,
Out of touch and time.
And soon...
Out of their minds!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Knowing We Can Still Do That

You hurt me.
And when I healed from it,
I realized it was your hurt.
Something you wanted me to feel.
Something you chose to inflict,
To expose and dispose of my deepest emotions.
You left me wounded.
Have you mended from your pain?
What did you have to gain?
Strength to tell me you apologize?
That you can now look into my eyes to say that?
You hurt.
That look you loved I had for you,
Are there any remnants of it left to show?
To you...
No!
You hurt me.
We have hurt each other.
And knowing we can still do that,
Is not worth another round of dirt to throw.
Even though the hurt we both knew is gone.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Knowing What Is Felt Within

There is nothing quite like,
Being honest with oneself.
Knowing what is felt within.
And how it affects...
Without concern of what comes next!

That's the best reality,
One can possibly get.
To admit mistakes...
With a forgiveness that it takes,
For one to move on!

Remaining strong and keeping a faith maintained.
After going through the motions...
Of living a life in pretense,
That 'something' about it has been lived well.

Until something about 'that'
Awakens one out of its limitation.
To realize...
There is nothing quite like,
Being honest with oneself.
Knowing what is felt within.
And how it affects...
Without concern of what comes next!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Knowing What It Has Taken

Knowing what it has taken,
To make those forward steps made...
Gives me the satisfaction,
Of not having my movements distracted...
By every ache and pain I felt.
To discourage with a listening,
Of those who said...
What it was I should and could not do.
And...
Knowing what it has taken,
To ignore limitations and choose to move...
With my eyes open,
And overlooking all mental and physical...
Obstacles.
Has proven to me,
It is with a doing done with excuses to overcome.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Knowing What It Takes

What could have stayed to flourish,
With a doing that encourages...
A blooming to observe,
How a blossoming nourishes...
Both young and those older,
Supporting its growth.
Did not.
And/or could not,
Under conditions blocked to stop...
By those taking negative positions.

And today these same people,
Seeking to unify endeavors and efforts...
Of those with experiences they've chased away,
To places where minds are not restricted...
Or limited in consciousness,
Are not craving to validate how ignorance delays.

Envy and jealousy to keep does not attract.
With beliefs that such kept qualities,
Are essential ingredients one must feed on to succeed.
And those wishing to perform deeds to produce success,
Can be found less tolerant...
Of those with minds confined to protests.

'They act as if they are better than the rest of us.'

~No.
They act as if they are sensible and responsible adults.
Knowing what it takes to make things happen.
And you?
Still re-act to what others do to improve 'your' environment,
As if a 'substitute' teacher has arrived in the classroom...
To introduce something new to you,
That should be already understood.
But all you want to do is to confuse the issue and argue.~

'Well...
They could at least 'make' us listen.'

~Or successfully ignore you to move on.
Are you needing this message left,
To be further interpreted? ~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Knowing What Truth Is

I believe in a truth that has been honestly spoken.
And with the undertaking of my own research,
My mind is not subject to change from the facts.
No matter how painful.
Or who deceives with dishonest attacks.

What others accept,
Every time someone they follow reverses their steps...
With a breath that exchanges as the wind drifts,
I simply can not accept them knowing what truth is at all.
Especially those who will save their lieing butts from being exposed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Knowing When To Leave

Knowing when to leave,
With deeds accomplished...
To have been unexpected.
Is a better exit to take.
Than one requested,
By those attempting...
To diminish and eliminate,
The influence and significance
One has left behind.
But with time given,
And it to pass...
An appreciation,
Too late coming to address...
Often is heard to express,
From the ones who stood...
By exits hoping,
Their misunderstandings...
Would be forgiven to forget,
By the ones who knew...
When to leave.
Done to do,
Without left regrets.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Knowing With Valued Lessons Taught

Why are there those now in opposition,
Towards the very ideals...
They themselves have implemented.
And claim to have wished protected,
From others threatening...
With extremist attitudes,
To take away their prized interests.

And why should their protests be off limits,
To children?
Aren't they the ones,
Whose futures depend on...
Knowing with valued lessons taught,
Who to despise and criticize...
Those who envy their fortunate lives.

No one seems to protest,
Against excuses used to deceive.
Or fight for an honesty that should exist,
But doesn't.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Knowledge Is There To Gain From This

It is difficult to escape the power held,
By those acknowledging a knowledge.
Once it is there and gets one wide awake...
All exits to get away from it,
Seem to be permanently closed.
There are no fences to jump,
Or keys to unlock gates.

Even the faking of not having it,
Is hard to do when ignorance approaches.
There have been cases,
In which attempts have been made...
To masquerade a wisdom,
For the sake of keeping peace.
Since all peace wishes to do is to live in it.

This can not be done.
It seems that ignorance becomes offended.

And conflicts begin!
The forces of ignorance struggle to win.
Leaving consequences for them to suffer!
And knowledge is there to gain from this.
But it is ignorance that is stubborn.
Wanting to prove without knowledge...
Alone it can exist in the spreading of its nonsense.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Knowledge Obtained

A title to receive it achieved,
Doesn't leave one...
To become less effective.
Once that title is left behind.
And duties expected,
Are no longer requested.
The only thing that changes,
Is where someone sits.
Perhaps to perform,
Familiar tasks.
And without added headaches,
Having a title can inflict.
But one's knowledge to obtain,
Will always remain valued.
And from others solicited.
As if for them,
It is much more accessible.

'There is someone else calling,
Wanting to know,
How best to address you.
What to them should I say? '

-My name hasn't changed.
And I wish you stop saying,
Mister Browbeater is busy.
You decide to stay.
And not sleep or eat,
For two days.
Okay?
So...
Hopefully who ever it is,
Will address me respectfully.
And stop calling me...
The Duke of Earl.
Whether it's a joke or not.-

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Known And Not Overblown

Left embarrassed and still they protest,
Against the facts revealed to leave no one to guess.
But they are not the ones,
To have endured a suffering felt that had come.
With expectations from others,
A forgiveness should be done to welcome.
As if a forgetting is that simple to dismiss.

However...
Even with the evidence to prove to those opposing,
No matter who has been embarrassed...
By that which has been exposed.
Only those who have been victimized by those who lie...
Have the right to remain bitter AND distant,
If this is what they've chosen.

Although it will be the deceivers shown,
With mental instabilities,
Recognized to be eventually known and not overblown...
To embarrass the ones who now regret what they've done,
By befriending someone...
Who only has intention to get from others attention.

'And you know what's incredible? '

~No.
What? ~

'They were doing it long before it became popular to do!
With a ruining of relationships for years.
And now a seeking of psychologists are sought,
To explain an epidemic permitted to exist.
And why those who remain sane have been accused,
For being more interested in keeping their distance.'

~It's all madness.
Whether it's an epidemic or not.~

'That depends on where you are viewing this.

And how serious you wish to keep a kept distance,
From it.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Known Love

Mysterious it is,
To have a known love experienced.
With two hearts convinced,
Everything done will prevent one to crush...
The other when love for one another,
Seems to be beyond just lust.
But...
It happens.

A few immediately choose denial.
And those among the few,
May have feelings that are suicidal.
Or keep aspects of this hidden unadmitted.
To drug to numb their minds,
With hopes to leave heartbreak behind...
Even though the effects with tears wept,
Is difficult to accept as a love left rejected.

Mysterious it is,
To have a known love experienced.
With two hearts convinced,
Everything done will prevent one to crush...
The other when love for one another,
Seems to be beyond just lust.
But...
It happens and often unexpectedly.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Known Specifically To Get Annoyed

Some are so obsessed,
With the assessing done they do to others...
They either are not aware of it or forget,
There are those familiar with the process of it...
That the ones judging with assessments done to do,
Have often been chosen as critics...
Known specifically to get annoyed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Knuckleheads

Remember hearing that promise,
To forgive and forget...
After that argument had,
With a mate or a spouse.
Believing that an apology,
Permanently puts a coolness to a heat out?

And then new neighbors move in.
With your mate or spouse becoming a friend.
And then one day you see these neighbors and wave,
To receive a raised eyebrow and a middle finger...
Directed your way and highly displayed?

It's just a guess...
Someone very close to you,
Has either lied or has embellished the truth...
With a doing to leave you unforgiven.

But...
Before jumping to conclusions,
Remember hearing that promise,
To forgive and forget...
After that argument had,
With a mate or a spouse.
Believing that an apology,
Permanently puts a coolness to a heat out.
And 'maybe'...
Just perhaps,
That decision to do it...
Is still needing more time to find,
When that forgetting WITH forgiveness,
Is appropriate to do.
But allow your 'coolness' to stay with you.

'Hi honey.
I just saw the new neighbors.
Have they been over lately? '

~Oh yes.

In fact...
They were here just a few minutes ago.
And you wouldn't believe,
How offended they became...
When I shared with them,
The pet names you give to all our new neighbors.~

'Like...
WHAT? '
What pet names? '

~Don't worry about it.
I told them that's how you are.~

'Honey...
That was more than five years ago.'

~You know...?
You're right.
How can I let something like that slip from my mind? ~

Before jumping to conclusions,
Remember hearing that promise,
To forgive and forget...
After that argument had,
With a mate or a spouse.
Believing that an apology,
Permanently puts a coolness to a heat out.
And 'maybe'...
Just perhaps,
That decision to do it...
Is still needing more time to find,
When that forgetting WITH forgiveness,
Is appropriate to do.
So...
Allow your 'coolness' to stay with you.

'I think I'll go over to invite them to dinner tomorrow.'

~Why?
We don't need those 'knuckleheads' over here.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Kudos

Don't you feel a mess,
When you don't get those kudos?

Kudos.
Those expected kudos.
Kudos.

And don't you feel a wreck,
When those kudos don't come through?

Kudos.
Those expected kudos.
Kudos.

Then you find a life,
Watching mice eating cheese.
Sitting in your kitchen nibbling rice and beans.
While looking out a window hopscotching over dreams.
And there's no kudos.
No kudos.

Have you ever 'tripped',
When you didn't get those kudos?

Kudos.
Those expected kudos.
Kudos.

Did you get upset,
In a mood with no kudos.

Kudos.
Those expected kudos.
Kudos.

And then you chased the mice,
With a broom you swung.
Knocking over lamps and feeling dumb.
And then the doorbell rings,

And a neighbor is there...
With noodles.
Meatballs and noodles.

Don't you feel a mess,
When you don't get those kudos?

Kudos.
Those expected kudos.
Kudos.

And don't you feel a wreck,
When those kudos don't come through?

Kudos.
Those expected kudos.
Kudos.

Then you find a life,
Watching mice eating cheese.
Sitting in your kitchen nibbling rice and beans.
While looking out a window hopscotching over dreams.
And there's no kudos.
No kudos.

And then you chased the mice,
With a broom you swung.
Knocking over lamps and feeling dumb.
And then the doorbell rings,
And a neighbor is there...
With noodles.
Meatballs and noodles.

And then the doorbell rings,
And a neighbor is there...
With noodles.
Meatballs and noodles.
But no kudos.

Sitting in your kitchen nibbling rice and beans.
While looking out a window hopscotching over dreams.
And there's no kudos.

But now you've got some noodles.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Kumquat Trees, Blueberries And Why Bees Buzz?

For those that can not tell the difference between,
The kumquat trees and the blueberries.
Or the lettuce from tomatoes...
And must ask why bees buzz?
Know this...
You will never come to understand,
Why some people prefer to walk away...
Than to answer another question,
You may have about life that will not connect!

There are a few 'more' steps,
That are needed for you to take...
Away from your comfort zone!
And do not wait for assistance to do this.
Do this on your own...
Alone!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Label Yourself Anything You Wish

Why is it that you feel,
You 'must' seek a definition...
To label me and what it is I do?
And I should fit comfortably within,
Your limited boundaries?
If that works for 'you...
Fine!

Haven't I already 'suggested' to you,
Approval and acceptance are not words...
In my vocabulary?
In fact...
I think the notion of both is ridiculous!
Why are you staring at me like that?
It's true.
I do!

Can we at least agree,
You have visions of building bigger boxes.
And I will always find a way to look outside of them!

There is no need to ruin your indigestion over this.
Or roll your eyes.
Call me names.
Or do your offensive thing!
You...
Not me,
Waste time!

I've stated to you...
You can label yourself anything you wish.
Great.
The Best.
Untouchable.
Monkey Doodle...
Whatever!
I-am-not-into-that...period.

What you do...

And how you achieve 'mental security'
Is 'not' going to change...
What OR 'whom' with an 'It' or an 'Is',
That provides my insight.
And that is 'not' YOU!
It will 'never' be you!

Why are you on my doorstep,
Trying to convince me of that?
Why can't you just go home and relax?
Chill out?
Why is it you've got me in your head like that?
You've got to be sexually frustrated!
Or severely impaired by a lack of comprehension!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Labored Dreams

Too long in a deep sleep,
I had to have been.

My ideals now swept away...
In view of the sadness,
Etched on once judgemental faces.

Did they not tease,
And refuse to acknowledge my aspirations?
Believing themselves to keep and dispense,
My every wish...
If they so chose to deliver without suspense.
And they loved to see my anger show.

Those of quickened steps paced,
Kept busy in a haste.
Now slowed by unemployment.
And a loss of dignity.

Did they not do that to me?
Crude and rude and thoughtlessly.

Too long in a deep sleep,
I had to have been.
To witness this stripping done.
And a quality of life lived,
Suddenly gone from some.

With more to come to know this...
Shifting of an economic sting.

Thought by many,
Never to their doorstep to bring.
Not with such a shutting down...
Of their labored dreams.

And the apathy shown...
To those too familiar with their struggles,
Dismissed.

Seem today more now than ever...
To be understood as it is lived.

With few feeling an empathy sincerely given.
Or a willingness to share,
Their dependence on subsidized grief...
That forces them to pinch,
On a daily basis.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Lack Of Backbone

Degrading others is part of their culture...
Part of what they believe makes them great.
Ignorance and greed is served to these vultures...
Feeding and spreading it and they are quite pleased.

Disgusting is their lack of backbone.
And their ways to undermine.
They are sliding fast in sludge
And the proof shows by their state of mind!
What cruel things they do to others...
They do and think it's fine!
Decadent are their values praise
Showing these days these fools out of step
And out of their minds with the times.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Lack Of Depth

The country was founded on racist principles.
It is a fact many can not face.
And...
Here it is in 2009,
They seek evidence to defend their insecurities.
And those who know this is what they do...
Supply it.
It is a game of sorts.
Of a mindless kind.
And harbored behind suburban walls...
Most of the time.

Whether monkeys are on the front pages,
Of newspapers depicting ignorant images...
To disrespect a loved leader.
As a warning to feed the masses.
And printed and defended by those 'innocent'.
Swept away by their own corrupted decadence.

Or displayed in a bookstore window...
With the offerings of President Obama.
To attract attention...
To the depths of their 'nobled' shallowness.
And digressed intentions clearly meant.
Of those lacking intelligence...
As something a degree defines for them.

So sick is all of this.
They seem to celebrate their wickedness.

And intelligence that is of a higher state of mind...
Has never been one of their attributes.
Theft, deception, lieing and hate expressions...
Are the basis of their foundations made.
And so apparent are these...their 'gifts'.

Folks will always find these kinds of people,
Doing the best they can to agitate.
Afterall...

They do feel they are superior!
However...
They are just not convincing enough to be!
Not to those who they expose their lack of depth,
Or express a consciousness.
Unless...
To offend others.
Especially those of color,
They feel free to unleash their demented contempt.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Lack Of Interest

What is in the minds of those,
Who believe they can organize an event...
A week or two before the event is to take place.
And then left to be disappointed,
By the lack of interest shown.

'I would love to participate,
With the giving of my time.
But calling me at midnight,
Two days before the event...
Expecting my excitement.
When you spent an entire year,
Procrastinating?

Thank you for your show of respect.
But at this hour,
I would like to get more rest.'

What is in the minds of those,
Who believe they can organize an event...
A week or two before the event is to take place.
And then left to be disappointed,
By the lack of interest shown.

With an advertising campaign,
Gone unknown.

~We didn't think you'd be that serious about it,
Since we are just throwing it together.
With a hope of its success.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Lacking Identity

Lacking identity can be a dignity killer.
Especially in some places,
In which those of the same ethnicity...
Choose with a choice made,
To lose who they are.
For a preference to just accept,
A visable European and Western belief.
Kept always with them to project.
Exclusively.
And anyone wearing dreads,
Is automatically declared Rastafarian instead.
To smoke marijuana and never cut their hair.
As a ritualistic redemption for blacks with wishes,
Of a returning back to Africa to fulfill those dreams.

And if one happens to be Baptist,
Deciding to attend a Catholic church...
People will begin to stare in disbelief.
With a few who may ask,
If one is Muslim on a retreat.
While others who keep up with fashions and trends,
Dress accordingly to what for them is 'In'.
Until their identity to a 'fad' comes to an end.
To leave a dignity to pass that never began to begin.

'Excuse me.
And I hope I don't offend.
But are you...
Rastafarian, Muslim, Baptist or Catholic?
I'm loving what you've captured.
It's so...
Unique.'

~I am of African descent.
And connected and proud,
To represent my ancestors.~

'Oh!
OH.

I get it.
So you are not making a fashion statement? '

~Well...
You can say,
I am fashionably of black ethnicity.
And believe it or not,
An American too!
A product of an inner city project.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Lacking To Show Any Proof

Doesn't it seem as if,
Those who loudly express...
They know what it takes,
To get things done...
Are lacking to show any proof,
They do.
And when given the opportunity,
They find excuses not to be around.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Lady Bug

You came,
When the trees began their budding.
You came,
With the Spring to start your buzzing.

When you came,
There was nothing I could offer...
But a wink and a nudge.
After landing on my hand,
To become my Lady Bug.

Spring sprung...
And you became my one Lady Bug.
Spring sprung...
And you were there to bring me your luck.
Spring sprung...
With your dotted wings a flutter,
Showing me your bright color.

You came,
When the trees began their budding.
You came,
With the Spring to start your buzzing.

And when you came,
There was nothing I could offer...
But a wink and a nudge.
After landing on my hand,
To become my Lady Bug.

Spring sprung...
And you became my one Lady Bug.
Spring sprung...
And you were there to bring me your luck.
Spring sprung...
With your dotted wings a flutter,
Showing me your bright color.

Spring sprung...

And you became my one Lady Bug.
Spring sprung...
And you were there to bring me your luck.
Spring sprung...
With your dotted wings a flutter,
Showing me your bright color.
Leaving me to feel you're my Lady Bug.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Lady Gaga

She has 'it'!
But what is 'it'...
That everyone admits,
Is hip?

It's that staccato,
That belongs to Lady Gaga.

The beat is fresh and really rips.
No one who hears it can just sit.

She came upon the scene as Lady Gaga.

'Gimme lights.
I gotta move my hips.
Step left to right.
And shake my rear.
With nuevo class.
And a bass that pumps.
Rock nonstoppin'
Feel that thump
de thump.
Feel that thump
de thump.
Feel that thump
de thump.
Feel that thump! '

'Gimme lights.
I gotta move my hips.
Step left to right.
And shake my rear.
With nuevo class.
And a bass that pumps.
Rock nonstoppin'
Feel that thump
de thump.
Feel that thump
de thump.

Feel that thump
de thump.
Feel that thump! '

It's that staccato,
That belongs to Lady Gaga.

'Gimme lights.
I gotta move my hips.
Step left to right.
And shake my rear.
With nuevo class.
And a bass that pumps.
Rock nonstoppin'
Feel that thump
de thump.
Feel that thump
de thump.
Feel that thump
de thump.
Feel that thump! '

'Gimme more.
Pump up that thump.
Gimme more.
Pump up that thump.
Gimme more.
Pump up that thump.
Gimme more...'

Lady Gaga!

'Gimme more.
Pump up that thump.
Gimme more.
Pump up that thump.
Gimme more.
Pump up that thump.
Gimme more...'
Two-Three
'Gimme more.
Pump up that thump.

Gimme more.
Pump up that thump.
Gimme more.
Pump up that thump.
Gimme more...'

Lady Gaga!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Laissez Les Bon Temps Rouler

Yes...
I love the foreplay.
And a touching we both get.
With the kissing done in tenderness,
When stripped to nakedness.

YES...
I LOVE THE FOREPLAY.
And a touching we both get.
With the kissing done in tenderness,
When stripped to nakedness.

YES...
I LOVE THE FOREPLAY.
AND A TOUCHING WE BOTH GET.
With the kissing done in tenderness,
When stripped to nakedness.

YES...
I LOVE THE FOREPLAY.
AND A TOUCHING WE BOTH GET.
WITH THE KISSING DONE IN TENDERNESS,
When stripped to nakedness.

YES...
I LOVE THE FOREPLAY.
AND A TOUCHING WE BOTH GET.
WITH THE KISSING DONE IN TENDERNESS,
WHEN STRIPPED TO NAKEDNESS.

Yes...
I do!

'And I gather you are a screamer too? '

Aux contrare, mon ami.
Tu et moi...
Moan!
Laissez les bon temps rouler.

C'est si bon!
N'est pas? Oui.

'I get the 'we' bit.
But I'm not so sure about the nest,
Pa!
Yours or mine? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Lame

Lame.
For attention wished to gain,
Recognition to get names...
To mention no one knew,
But will hear on streets repeated.

Serious issues and causes are tossed,
Away or either lost...
For idiotic topics talked,
And bought by those drained of all thoughts.

Done to keep the dumbdown further numbed.
And drained...
Of minds sickened from thinking.
Done...
To keep those dumbed down numb.
And drained...
From keeping thoughts sustained.

Lame.
For attention wished to gain,
Recognition to get names...
To mention no one knew,
But will hear on streets repeated.

And,
This is done...
To keep those dumbed down numb.
And drained...
From keeping thoughts sustained.

Serious issues and causes are tossed,
Away or either lost...
For idiotic topics talked,
And bought by those drained of all thoughts...
To ever come.
Or be done.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Lame Duck

They can call it,
Roasted turkey.

Defeated Wizard of Gloss.
Stalemate.
Stagnated.
And a leadership incompetent,
As a lame duck.

But guess what?
Who is getting the work done?
And who is spending the time,
Trying to define concrete activities?

They can call it arrogance.
Or 'me' a rebel without a cause!

But guess what?
Who is getting the work done?
And who is spending the time,
Trying to define concrete activities?
Doing those things I said would be realities?

Lame duck or not...
But 'who',
Amongst you...
Believe,
I will allow...
A plucking done to my feathers?
Hmmm?

They can call it arrogance.
Or 'me' a rebel without a cause!

But 'who',
Amongst you...
Believe,
I will allow...
A plucking done to my feathers?

Let me 'waddle' through!
I've got work to get done 'and' do!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Lame Game

It's all the same,
When a game is played lame!
It's all the same...
A lame game!

It's all the same,
When a game is played lame!
And the game
Being played...
Is so lame!

It's all the same,
When a game is played lame!
It's all the same.
A lame game!

It's all the same,
When a game is played lame,
And the game being played
By the players who play...
Is so tired and lame anyway!

And lame it will stay everyday!

'Cause they 'got no' shame
To play such tired games
Knowing it's all the same,
When a game is played lame!
And the game stays the same
'Cause no one wants to change
From a game that is lame..
And each day that lame game,
Stays the same!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Landmarks

There will always be those who protest,
The upgrading to update...
Blighted sore sights in their environment.
And loudly they come together,
Expressing their ignorance.

The benefits of a renovation to be done for them,
Makes no sense and they can not be convinced.
Since...
The doing would eliminate,
Places they have allowed themselves to trash.

Useless appliances, stripped cars...
Mounds of garbage covered with tons of broken glass.
And this has become for them,
Historic landmarks they insist they want to stay and last.

'What you really wish to do is to take our pride away.'

~You've allowed once beautiful places,
To become garbage dumps.~

'Don't try to change the subject.
We know what you intend and have seen done.
And we will not allow that to happen.
The future of our children is at stake.
And we will not have that for them to 'overcome'.

~But restoring them to their original appearance,
Will create a better atmosphere.
One your children and theirs will come to appreciate.
Not only today but for many, many years.~

'Yeah, right.
And you expect us to believe that?
What makes you think we are that stupid? '

~No offense,
But...

I'm hoping you have other questions to ask.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Landry Is My Nephew

Landry is my first nephew!
So proud I am...
That he has become a great man.
I am familiar with his easy smile.
And I observe him as he disciplines...
Each of his growing six children!
SIX?
That he now has six transfixes me sometimes!
Like a piecing jolt of reality,
Playing tricks on my mind.

Time has passed so fast...
As I think of the responsibility,
And Landry's current tasks!
So many he juggles...
As a 'master' with class!

I tell him all the time,
I am so proud of him!
And when I hear him speak of his children,
I say to myself...
'That's the man I wish I had been! '

He doesn't walk on water...
Like I think 'he' thinks he oughta!
I see a lot of me...
His dad and my sister Mim too I 'see'.
And I can say with much pride...
I am so happy Landry is MY nephew!
As I cherish these thoughts each day inside!
Knowing and loving him as I do.

Dedicated:
To my nephew Landry Marcel Pertillar
'You are the best! Love you...
Uncle Larry'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Languidness

A shrinking sentiment prompts lament.
Conversations drift,
To lift even listless leaves...
From these hot air breezes.
And witnessed by ignored life giving trees!

Many are joining in...
To add worthless comments.
Attracted by an abundant vacancy,
Of opinions lost...
Or foolishly tossed to cross,
With a few not meant to be given.
Perhaps a better use,
For them would be as moss!

And a substance shared,
Between those thick with thought...
Sit too high and declared,
They are too aloof!
Too prudesh and lofty.
Too self contained on an ego boost! !

Rare these days and scattered about,
Are minds fresh and ready to ignite...
And down to Earth with spark!
But a languidness speeds,
The impeding of a mental drought!
Viewed by drooping heads...
Parched lips and shut mouths!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Last Clown Left

Why are you attempting,
To destroy my peace of mind?
I'd spend more time looking behind me,
If I were you!

Not one face says they are pleased,
With your ignorance!
Since in this neighborhood...
We are mending fences!

Not trying to tear them down.

You must be the last clown left,
From that circus?

You better 'check' yourself.
Before you find the ground...
A place found,
Willing to quietly accept your foolishness.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Latched Onto Your Back

There is nothing on this Earth,
Waiting with a patience...
To give you time to make up your mind,
To live excusing your insecurities...
To place the blame elsewhere.
Nowhere are the signs on this Earth,
Awaiting you to awaken to recognize your priorities!
With a schedule you have given to them.

And believing I deserve your attention to call me what you please...
Is flattering in a way that betrays the life you've been given to live.
And I've said this to you before but you have ignored it!

Self reflection with an observation...
Outside of yourself that you should step,
Will do wonders for your beliefs and consciousness.
Since what others offer to you in a mindset you possess...
Has latched onto your back,
To entrap and keep you...
Along with aged values, standards and whatever else it is,
As insignificant as a yesterday that has gone and passed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Late Habitually

Experience is the teacher!
So true.
So true.
And I will never obligate my time,
To be wasted again.

It is a sign of disrespect,
When someone is late...
Habitually.
And decides it is okay,
To delay another with fresh excuses.

Experience is the teacher!
And if lessons are not learned...
It is time to ditch,
The one pitching...
The same nonsense.

Time taken for granted,
By one never to understand...
Is too much of a sacrifice to make,
By another who is disciplined...
And comprehends,
What it takes to be in control...
With a bold look on life to command.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Late To Bloom I Am To This

Late to bloom I am to this.
An honesty revealed...
About my feelings concealed.
I thought I knew what they were,
As I told them.
I thought once described...
No one could truly hold them.
Or enfold them as I do.
Then I met you.

Late to bloom I am to this.
A stripping bare...
Of what I dare call,
A complete enthralling happiness.

Late to bloom I am to this.
But age has nothing to do...
How we two,
Me and you get to do what gets done.
With lessons learned...
I am so glad my heart awaited for this one.

Late to bloom I am to this!
And I had once admitted...
This would not happen.
This I had missed!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Later!

And...
What do you do?

'You talking to me? '

Of course.
I'm looking right into your eyes.

'Yeah.
You are...
Aren't you.
Well,
First of all,
I do say hello to people.
There is 'something' about doing that,
Which gives a clue courtesy is involved.'

Oh, please.
Spare me that social etiquette stuff.

'Sure.
No problem.
Later! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Latest Trend In Ascending Deceits

Poisoned are their minds,
With incredible patience.
And they stand in line to be innoculated,
With the latest trend in ascending deceits.
Believing their treatment to be better,
Than any creatures living on Earth!
Even those who aren't aware or share,
In such evil trickery!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Laugh If You Want To

I don't care what that outside looks like.
Or that picture painted they want you to believe.
I've been living on the inside,
For years!
Day AND night.
And nothing about my life,
I will allow deceivers conceive for you to perceive.

The ones who have been smiling in your face,
Are the very same ones who slither around like snakes.
And they know I know them too well.
I've only recently begin to live a life,
Protected by faith and a happiness within that dwells.

Shocked they are,
I have survived going through their hell.
And that's the only reason why...
They have chosen you their next victim,
To smooze with a feast...
Before they sink their teeth in you,
With a demoralizing to then eat you alive.
And if you do survive...
You too will have that same story to tell.

Laugh if you want to!
That's exactly what they want you to do!
Laugh if you wanted to!
But don't come to me,
When they begin on you to chew!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Laughing Hyenas

I get no satisfaction,
Watching a bandwagon...
Filled with laughing hyenas,
Pointing at other creatures...
Living to do their best,
To stay away from cliffs...
While passing judgement,
On the ones who have learned...
Public humiliation,
Is very difficult to overcome.
Especially when egos scattered,
Have been shattered...
By those they laughed at.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Laughing Too Loud

Isn't it funny?
You spent all your time
Trying to find 'something'
To undermine me!
And I spent all my time...
Tieing knots around your mind!
That's why I am free...
And you are doing the best you can,
To appear sane!
I'm sorry...
Am I laughing too loud?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Law Enforced

A mind seeking to be entertained all the time,
Receives what it desires.
And that is reflected,
In an environment that goes neglected.
With fingers pointed with accusations,
As to who and what should be blamed for the decay.
The evidence of filth shows.
And the call for more police...
To uphold and keep this ignorance in place is made.
People want to ensure their slide into a cesspool,
Is law enforced.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Laws

Laws created to curb the rise of domestic violence.
Laws created to curb the rise of racial tensions.
Laws created to curb interpretations,
Of what is and what is not politically correct.
But those who are corrupted and create the laws...
Can not see their own flaws,
That initiate the mess.

Laws created to curb a racial profiling on the rise.
Laws created to curb a greed that has affected lives.
Laws that limit freedoms to blatantly discriminate...
Those who do this anyway,
No matter what the laws are to perpetuate a hate.

Laws created to curb the rise of domestic violence.
Laws created to curb the rise of racial tensions.
Laws created to curb interpretations,
Of what is and what is not politically correct.
But those who are corrupted and create the laws...
Can not see their own flaws,
That initiate the mess.

And those upset by these laws,
Want more of them and yet neglect!
Like 'Commandments' given no respect.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Lay In A Peacefulness Against My Chest

My shoulder is here,
If you wish to be comforted...
With someone to share the shedding,
Of your tears.

It may appear,
That my exterior is hardened.
But in my defense...
I must display,
An appearance that is publicly...
Disguised as indifferent.

My arms for you,
Are here to hold real close.
There are many times,
When I am the one in need most.

But can I show this,
To be addressed?
No!
I prefer only you,
To lay in a peacefulness...
Against my chest!
Yes.

Come to me...
And you will see,
I offer you this place...
To feel safe.
And...
Respected you will be,
With a guarantee totally...
To find with me your rest.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Layered In Crust And Trusted

I may appear to be layered in crust,
And trusted to mold to eventually rust.
Yet kept is a deliciousness to go untasted,
Although I know when kissed,
My lips are savored to be disbelieved...
By the one who comes and dares to touch.
With a doing from me to never leave.

I don't perceive myself gentle or overly sweet.
But like a book my cover...
Can deceive the contents inside I keep.
To remain fresh only for that special one...
Who approaches to remove the dust in one sweep.
To discover I am genuine and my sincerity is deep.

'I thought...? '

I know. Me too.
But in time your thoughts of me will grow.
To quench your thirst whenever you wish.

'I thought...? '

I know. Me too.
But let us both receive,
That which is 'now' being upon us bestowed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Layers To Peel

Living life is much like,
Removing layers to peel that reveals.
Everyday there is something fresh unknown.
To leave many to admit,
They have not yet to experience.

Even the challenge to release ourselves,
From regret can be a relief.
Once it has been decided to let go of beliefs,
That inhibit a strict resistance.
With a letting of God control and command,
Clearing our paths to open a broader understanding.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Laying It On The Line

Laying it on the line.
Time is too precious not to!
At least mine.
Saying it like it is,
And having it be done...
Saves unwelcomed misunderstandings.
And interpretations,
Others are willing to share...
Of what is not there!
But they dare to create and spoil.

Maturity helps one to see things more clearly.
Life becomes more defined.
And wasting time beating around the bush?
Does not cushion the truth at all.
Those delays to say what is on one's mind...
Often finds some kind of betrayal being covered up,
For some reason.
For some purpose...
For someone to bask away in dishonesty.
And today so much of that,
Seems to be the thing to do!
Even when it is obvious...
Someone known is being screwed!

It is best to lay it on the line.
Feelings will be hurt.
People are only accustomed,
To dishing dirt on others and tossing it!
To spread quick.
But winds do shift.
And those who do lay it on the line,
Discover they have peace of mind.
And those who do not...
Often are found surrounded by their own sorrows.
Talking about what tomorrow brings!
Even when deception is all they know to offer.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Lazy And Dazed

People want to get paid.
But do not want to invest...
Their time,
Or patience.
Or a discipline that is stressed.

They want their temptations fed,
With embellished sweetened treats.
They prefer not to sweat at all...
Even if it means,
An opportunity is there within their reach!

They will stay lazy and dazed,
By their own delusions.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Lazy Derrières

Visual success attracts!
It is the 'show and tell' aspect,
That gains respect many accept!

A lifetime of hard work,
And rejecting failure and disappointment...
Doesn't reflect on the brows of those who sweat!
As they clarify their 'visions' alone without regret!

To themselves,
Are the ones toiling on dreams to come!
Very few of them sit like quitters...
Expecting wishes to them appear!
Out of thin air!
To receive with flair.
As many who do this...
Complain of the wait,
On their spreading lazy derrières!

It takes more than talk,
To see a 'baby' from birth...
Crawl before it walks!
And proud of each step taken.
Before it realizes...
What can be achieved!
Awakened.
What can happen and be accomplished.
What these efforts produced...
Rewards will be received!
If one believes it 'IS' in reach!
If off of their behinds they leave to beseech!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Lazy Spreading Cracks

Incredible as it is,
Those who have time to sit and smear others...
Are the 'What Have You Done For Me Lately' people.

And they are the ones who have done nothing for anyone,
But to advocate agitation...
To say what they would do 'IF' they wore someone else's shoes.

And there is just one problem with this.
They are never around to attempt a fitting.
Nor have they proven they can abandon those judgements passed,
By lifting their lazy spreading cracks and doing less of their sitting.

Only the ones who get things done,
Seem to often be the ones...
Fault is found.
While others find other places,
To deliver their opinions as they feed their faces.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Leaders Of The Neighborhood

Why didn't they move on?
Accept reality for what it is.
Instead of paying ridiculous amounts of money,
To have their own homes torn down?

'Someone came around a few years ago,
With a plan to convince them...
If they threatened to do this,
The people would get the hint...
And beg them to stay.
To do whatever they wished in the neighborhood.'

Well...
Hopefully they have learned a lesson.

'Apparently not from what is being observed.
Because those very same people,
Have organized themselves.
To protest the others...
Until they are welcomed back.'

That is nonsense.
It is obvious the people,
Were delighted they did that.

'Nonsense?
That's crazy!
Now they are petitioning the local government,
And have begun an advertising campaign...
To enforce the people into believing,
Without their influence as leaders...
The entire neighborhood,
Would be a place no one would desire to live.'

It is amazing what people will do,
To inflict their delusions on others.

'I'm glad you said that.
But today?

Many more are seeing,
Who has been initiating the conflicts.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Learn How To Spell

Learn how to spell.
You will do better.
You will do well.
If you just take more time...
And learn how to spell.

Don't you wish to be understood?
Knowing a comprehension...
Has been received.
In the best way an understanding...
Could be achieved.

Learn how to spell.
You will do better.
You will do well.
If you just take more time...
And learn how to spell.

It's not difficult today,
To deliver your message...
In a correct way.
Consider a dictionary as your friend.
And refer to it often.
Not just on a whim.
With a skipping of a 'now'.
And delaying a 'then'.

If you want what you say,
Leave an impact your way?
Learn how to spell.
Do that today!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Learn Life's Lessons

Some are afraid to hear a 'No'...
And,
Choose to walk away...
With their fears on display.
Backs turned away...
And tears from their eyes exposed.

But if one fears to hear a 'No'...
And 'Go',
What's the use of learning lessons?

A yes will come to those who learn their lessons.
And a 'no' one can let go...
When a life lived is in session.

A yes will come to those who learn their lessons.
And a 'no' one can let go,
When life's in session.

Some are afraid to hear a 'No'...
And,
Choose to walk away...
With their fears on display.
Backs turned away...
And tears from their eyes exposed.

But if one fears to hear a 'No'...
And 'Go',
What's the use of learning lessons?

A yes will come to those who learn their lessons.
And a 'no' one can let go...
When a life lived is in session.

A yes will come to those who learn their lessons.
And a 'no' one can let go,
When life's in session.

Don't be afraid,

Be brave...
Learn a lesson.

Don't be afraid,
Be brave...
And learn life's lessons.

A yes will come to those who learn their lessons.
And a 'no' one can let go,
When life's in session.

Don't be afraid,
Be brave...
Learn a lesson.

Don't be afraid,
Be brave...
And learn life's lessons.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Learn To Do It With The Action

Slaughtered by the onslaught of thoughts.
That are deep and hidden,
To leave one feeling guilt ridden.
Don't let them ride your back like that.
Decide right now,
You want satisfaction.

Slaughtered by the onslaught of thoughts.
That are deep and hidden,
To leave one feeling guilt ridden.
Don't let them ride your back like that.
Decide you want satisfaction,
And...
Satisfaction is where it's at.

Some people find themselves getting crazed,
Over things they can't afford to give.
As if they are committed to give and not get.
So they sit and twist their minds into fits.

Some people find themselves getting crazed,
When the holidays of feeding greed...
Come to empty their pockets then leave.
Like a buyer's remorse that's grieved.

Oh no,
Let go of the hold.
It's not worth the beholding.

Slaughtered by the onslaught of thoughts.
That are deep and hidden,
To leave one feeling guilt ridden.
Don't let them ride your back like that.
Decide you want satisfaction,
And...
Satisfaction is where it's at.

Don't allow a guilt to ride attached to your back.
Learn to grab some satisfaction.

Don't allow a guilt to ride like that!
Learn to grab some satisfaction.
And...
Learn to do it with the action.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Learn To Get Fond

Learn to get fond,
Of these times...
We are living in.
And if you haven't,
Learn to adjust...
To a disruption of comforts.
Try not to resist,
The doing of this since...
You will not prevent,
What has come to be done...
Without your permission given.
Or consideration of consent.

If you have not already,
Prepared to accept less.
You are not alone...
To find you've become upset.
Protesting with the rest,
Who have discovered...
Their once good credit,
Allowing them to produce...
More debts to get.
Those days have ended.
And so have pretensions made,
To win those contests.

Learn to get fond,
Of these realities.
Learn to come to acknowledge,
Some lessons to learn...
Many have chosen to ignore.
Learn to get fond,
Of those tasks to return.
To know they will be repeated.
Until they are successfully...
Passed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Learn To Grow

We all 'should'...
Learn to grow from our own mistakes.
To know this is a process of life to live.
We all 'should'...
Come to admit that a life to live,
Is not without tests or a series of challenges.
We all 'should'...
Have been taught from our first steps,
The teaching of life to look forward as it is.

But too often too many have been given options.
Options to not acknowledge,
The wrong things done to do.
With belief to excuse and refuse them away,
Is the best option to choose.
To then expect nothing less than an acceptance.

'I've heard it said they went ahead and told others,
You mentioned to them something that offended.'

~Good.
Maybe now, hopefully, they will collectively begin,
Throwing tantrums in the sandbox that someone will end...
To finally get them all kicked out of the playground.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Learned Not To Celebrate Setbacks

It's not that I do not wish to hear,
Of your discoveries.
It's just that I have learned,
Not to celebrate setbacks.
The ones many are finding...
With a wish to correct!
And that neglect which now disturbs them.

I'm glad your eyes are finally open.
However...
I must move on.
Since I do not desire,
To become irritated...
By something you see,
You believe I have not already observed.
I've been challenged to leave behind my bitterness.
And to live that life I deserve.
Freed of repeated BS.
With a joy felt that comes,
When I say, 'No! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Learning Is Wise

Do you keep lessons taught,
Kept in your mind easily to find?
Are those thoughts within your reach,
To appreciate the ones...
Who came into your life with wishes to teach?
Or are you the kind who could not sit patiently?
With beliefs to succeed,
Meant dismissing to listen and doing what you pleased.
To let life be criticized as time passed you by...
With it realized learning is wise.
But for whatever the reason...
You still can not uncover anyone qualified,
Who will tolerate your statements made...
That are disconnected to any questions asked.

'I understand what it is you want to hear.
However...
Your statements are neither related to the topic.
Nor can I respond with answers...
If there are no questions but statements made.'

~Well...
What kind of teacher does that make you,
IF you can not make me learn.~

'First you have to accept the process,
To understand the steps of success.'

~So...
What are you saying?
I'm stupid? ~

'Now we are getting somewhere.
Identifying is the key to open the door,
And proceeds progressively...
To allow you to succeed successfully.'

~Am I still stupid if I did not understand any of that? ~

'Keep asking questions.
Comprehension ultimately will be yours.
Learning is wise.
Especially if one keeps it wished to be done.'

~I don't get it.~

'You will.
But now is not the time to give it to me.
Play your role of student as best as you can.
And I'll do my best to prepare you to teach.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Learning So Much

You've got me,
Learning so much.

You've got me,
Wanting to touch...
Each moment.

And...
Fly in the sky,
As high as I can.

Because of you,
There is a new me I see.
And believe,
I do...
Nothing is out of my reach.

Because of you!

You've got me,
Learning so much.

You've got me,
Wanting to touch...
And believe what I see,
Is within reach.
Because of you...
There is a new me,
I see!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Learning To Function On The Assumption

Learning to function on the assumption,
That all of life operates as one initiates and dictates...
Is not a healthy outlook.
And isolates that kind of mind,
In confines of endless conflict.

When everything done must come from that point of view...
Insecurities are taught to be defended.

And those who oppose this obvious illness that shows,
Are to be symbolized as enemies.
Although the threat imposed is instigated to control.
And this for them begins the unravelling towards their end!
With no empathy or mercy from nature shown.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Learning To Live My Life

Does that apparatus,
Provide you with a sense of status?
Does the way someone dress,
Immediately impresses you...
To provide that 'image'
You may choose or refuse to select?
With a hope for a beginning,
Of a thirst that does not finish...
From its first taste.
Wishing it not to ever be quenched!

To discover this for you becomes a preferred routine...
Only to get bored with the same familiar scene?
Me too!

However...
I did awaken one day refusing to do,
The expected.
And rejecting to become accepted,
On someone else's terms!
Learning to live my life,
Free to be me.
And finding it cost effective...
With no approval to be earned!
Or emotions left to pamper,
When they've been scorched...
And wounded from a burn!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Lease Agreement

Before you expect me to pay,
Yet again...
Any attention from me you will receive,
I want a lease agreement.

'Say what? '

And I want that signed by both of us.
With a copy of it I am provided.
No more time from me will you take away,
To then change your mind another day.
Wasting it no longer with an attention given,
I have already paid for you to claim...
I refused to be there for you.

'That's stupid.
I'm not going to do that.'

Have it your way.
But these days,
If I am going to pay you any attention at all...
I want to be ensured some benefit from it,
Is documented.

'That's absurd.'

You want my undivided attention?

'Not like that.'

Then try to get it somewhere else,
With an attempt to get it for free.
At least with a lease agreement,
Both of us will be left satisfied...
With a guarantee a benefit has been provided.

'That's disrespectful.
Not only have you lost your mind,
But you wont find me asking you that again.

Really?
I think of it as being time and less waste effective.
And even without the lease to agree upon,
I am already relieved you will be leaving me alone.

'You are being selfish and inconsiderate.'

Thank you.
Finally we have come to resolve 'something',
Never to misunderstand again.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Leased Memories

Declaration of ownership?
I look at that this way
You pay for guardianship,
And that's it.
With no regard for you,
If those payments are delayed.
Or from your hands fade to be erased.
With no more of it,
To shift between hands.

Leaving you with an abundance,
Of 'leased' memories.
And you can claim to own,
Every one of them with no rebuttal.
Even if the best of them you keep golden.
They are yours and priceless.

In fact, if you want some of mine
You can have them too.
I am seeking every inch of peace I can get.
With a clearing of my head,
From a stacking of overused storage space.
I want to unload as much of it as I can.
Let me know when you seek collectibles.
I've got a few for you.
Trust me, they are winners.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Leased Toys

Few have military backgrounds.
The ones that do...
Aren't the ones sobbing on another's sleeve,
About a life
Diminished by a lack of affordable materialism.
Or teased by weekly sales.

Once one decides to give their life away for a belief...
It's not difficult to see those weeping,
Without an emotion to express empathy.
Because a creditor keeps them from sleeping.
While those who give their time to civic duty...
Return to streets.
To be ignored!
Becoming homeless to live undernouished.
After displays of bravery...
And courage.
To now have nothing to eat!
On familiar turf they grew.
Played and chose to defend!

That's BS!
And other terms that could be used,
To express this 'wounding' of disrespect.
Shown blatantly and has long lasting affect.

Few have military backgrounds.
And they are the ones seen,
Screaming!
Because someone says they can not pay what is due...
To stay comforted in familiar surroundings,
With their mortgaged and leased toys!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Least Of My Concerns

I am often associated with some affiliation of some kind.

'What faith are you?
What are your beliefs?
What religion do you practice?
And which group influences your mental outreach?
Are you Christian or Muslim?
Or both? '

HUH?
And when I reveal I do not read as much as I should,
That discredits their preconceived assumptions.
I have an identity embraced from my own point of view.

'Where do you get your ideas? '

Which ones?

'You know...
THOSE ideas? '

I don't understand.
Help me comprehend.
Ideas associated with thought and that process?
Which ones?
My acceptance of a Higher Intelligence,
That keeps me connected.
Or...
My ability to appear calm, cool and collected,
When someone 'disconnected'...
Assumes my quality of life,
Does not reflect a materialism...
They can focus into and respect?

Suppose I told you,
I am fully aware of my flaws and blemishes?
And chasing materialism and the affects of it,
Is the least of my concerns.

'That's what I'm asking.
Where do you get that?
You have such a knack for humor.
It is a blend of sarcasm AND cynicism.
How do you do that?
You're funny! '

Oh, I'm hysterical!
Literally.
I was declared out of my mind years ago.
AND...frankly,
With acknowledgement.

And, check this out...
Expressing my gratefulness to God on a daily basis.
For all of the gifts I've been given.

'You should do stand up comedy.
Seriously.
You are one funny dude! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Leave And Let Go Woes

Escalating thoughts away,
From despair...
Can lift one up with trusting,
More to rely on prayer and faith.

To leave and let go woes,
Today.
And not to claim them,
To be named or find them blamed...
On others to validate.
Will eliminate feelings sought to escape.

Leave and let go woes unchanged,
To remain...
As a way to live life,
Compromised.
With a need to disguise or hide.

Leave and let go woes,
Today.
To stay away...
From that which brings despair.
Trust more to keep faith kept,
Everywhere.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Leave Before You Bleed

If I said pack it up
And put it in a truck!
Drive away from me forever
Since my doors to you will be shut!
Would you think I was serious,
If I called the police on you?
When I told you 'I-have-had-it'...
Were you waiting for me to scream,
And yell too?
There is nothing about a cheat,
I want around me creeping!
You better leave before you bleed...
And be glad for every dropp of blood you're keeping!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Leave Behind The Humdrum

Get ready for the future that is to come.
Get ready...
To leave behind the humdrum.
Get ready for the future that is to come.
And leave behind...
All monotony that can be quite dull.
Leave behind,
That dulling getting thick in your skull.

Get ready for the future that is to come.
Get ready...
To leave behind the humdrum.
Get ready for the future that is to come.
And leave behind...
All monotony that can be quite dull.
Leave behind,
That dulling getting thick in your skull.

Anyone can rid of anything that they wish,
If they wanted with a getting rid of it.
Get ready...
To leave behind the humdrum.
Get ready for the future that is to come.
Get ready...
To leave behind the humdrum.
And know...
Anyone can rid of anything that they wish,
If they wanted with a getting rid of it.
To know...
Anyone can rid of anything that they wish,
If they wanted with a getting rid of it.

Get ready for the future that is to come.
Get ready...
To leave behind the humdrum.
Get ready for the future that is to come.
And leave behind...
All monotony that can be quite dull.
Leave behind,

That dulling getting thick in your skull.
And know...
Anyone can rid of anything that they wish,
If they wanted with a getting rid of it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Leave Behind What's Stinking

Get rid of that stagnation that leaves a stench.
With a letting go of your hold,
Growing old and molding.
Get rid of that stagnation that leaves a stench,
And...
Do it inch by inch,
To leave behind what is stinking.

Those bad attitudes to validate you're in a mood,
Leave behind what's stinking.
You don't need them to explain everything you do,
Leave behind what's stinking.
Inch by inch you will be convinced...
It's not you but the environment.

Get rid of that stagnation that leaves a stench.
With a letting go of your hold,
Growing old and molding.
Get rid of that stagnation that leaves a stench,
And...
Do it inch by inch,
To leave behind what's stinking.

Remove it from your mind and you will find the link,
That stinks.
And you will let go of the hold,
To easily let that mold go...
With a rolling off your shoulders.

Those bad attitudes to validate you're in a mood,
Leave behind what's stinking.
You don't need them to explain everything you do,
Leave behind what's stinking.
Inch by inch you will be convinced...
It's not you but the environment.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Leave It Alone

When you feel it in your gut,
Something is not up to snuff...
Just leave it alone.

And if you see someone sweating,
Bundled up and in a rush...
Just leave them alone.

Don't bother to find,
If they're stoned to the bone.

If you see something that looks out of place,
Just leave it alone.
And if you see someone laughing with a smile on their face,
Just leave them alone.

Don't bother to find,
If they're stoned to the bone.
There is something on their mind only they condone.

If there's something in the mix that can't be fixed,
Just leave it alone.

Don't try to be the center of something that's a misfit,
Just leave it alone.
See it as it is to then go home.
Don't try to find a reason or a rhyme to define.
There's no sense today of any kind.
Everything is done to blow a mind.

If there's something in the mix that can't be fixed,
Just leave it alone.

If you know for you there is no benefit,
Just leave it alone.
Accept it as it is to then go home.
Just leave it alone.
Leave it alone.

If there's something in the mix that can't be fixed,
Just leave it alone.

Don't try to be the center of something that's a misfit,
Leave it alone.
Accept it as it is to then go home.
Leave it alone.
Leave it, leave it, leave it alone.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Leave It As It Is

Diffuse it.
Refuse immediately to be teased.
Recognize when you are being baited.
And do not premeditate,
A nibbling of it to taste...
To eventually become displeased.

Leave it as it is.
There is no need to hesitate in waiting,
Wondering if the one who baits...
Will come to realize,
You are someone to prize...
And not one to foolishly waste.

Diffuse it for that which establishes value.
Refuse immediately to be teased.
Recognize when you are being baited.
And do not premeditate a nibbling of it to taste.
To then be left feeling remorseful,
Because of a decision you chose yourself to make.

Leave it as it is.
Save yourself from the crying of tears.
Save yourself from something that appears,
Devoted to commit...
When there is not a hint of any evidence of it.
Diffuse it with a refusing to be teased.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Leave It As That

If a giving is done with a purpose to give,
Why do some feel a need...
To remind the receiver that a deed done,
Should not be forgotten?
With a doing one does told to everyone.

And these become the people,
To exaggerate and embellish their unselfishness,
As if the doing of this...
Keeps their need for an attention to get,
Undetected but yet those listening suspect it.

'Why can't you do for others and leave it as that? '

~Comeon, be real.
And have people believe they can just use me?
And not mention all the good things that I do? ~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Leave It Not To Knock

If one wants to know,
Who or what it is...
On the otherside of a closed door,
One has to knock not to stop.
Or leave it not to knock.

A life to live,
Takes risks and chances.
A 'No' to get,
Maybe to one's benefit.

A life to live,
Takes risks and chances.
If a door is locked...
Knock!

Some wish opportunities,
Were clearly where they wish to be.
But...
The key to open a door,
One must do what they didn't before.
And knock.
A life to live,
Takes risks and chances.
If a door is locked,
One must not be afraid to knock.

A life to live,
Takes risks and chances.
A 'No' to get,
Maybe to one's benefit.

Don't just leave it not to knock on others doors.
Don't stop to knock.
Don't you leave it not to knock on others doors.
Don't stop to knock.
Even if a 'No' is heard,
Know an opportunity will occur.

Don't,
Leave it not to knock on others doors.
Don't stop to knock.
Don't you leave it not to knock on others doors.
Don't stop to knock.
Even if a 'No' is heard,
Know an opportunity will occur.

If one wants to know,
Who or what it is...
On the otherside of a closed door,
One has to knock not to stop.
Or leave it not to knock.
But don't you,
Leave it not to knock on others doors.
Don't stop to knock.
Just don't leave it not to knock on others doors.
Don't stop to knock.
Even if a 'No' is heard,
Know an opportunity will occur.
Claim it to be named!
And...
Make the change.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Leave Me Alone

The meaning of leave me alone...
Does not really mean to leave me alone,
Not to be alone in my loneliness.
But to leave me alone,
As I contemplate how long I will have you wait...
Until I'm ready to end your suffering.
Of course...
Someone has to suffer behind this childish activity.
And it's not going to be me.
I'm the one initiating the dismissal.
Therefore,
I'm entitled to at least grovel in thoughts
Someone actually cares I am acting like a child...
And will come to give me kisses!
BUT...
On my terms!
Now...
If I should suddenly hear the door open and slam close,
I am quick to spring to my feet to give chase.
However...
Do not allow me to do that,
And I discover you have done that to get my reaction!
I am quick to learn,
Just 'who' toys with my affections!
When I decide they are given!
Now,
Leave me alone!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Leave Me Like A Fever

I want to live a life,
With peace of mind.
And letting go all the doubts,
That come in my mind and out.

I want to live a peace,
I can find to stay...
All the time.
To let all doubts I have known...
Erased to go away.

I want all doubts I have known...
To leave me like a fever.
And all headaches condoned...
To get out of my boat!

I want to live a life,
With peace of mind.
And letting go all the doubts,
That come in my mind and out.

I want all doubts I have known...
To leave me like a fever.
And all headaches condoned...
To get out of my boat!

I want to live a peace,
I can find to stay...
All the time.
To let all doubts I have known...
Erased to go away.

I want all doubts I have known,
To get out of my boat.
I want all doubts I have known...
To leave me like a fever.
Every doubt I have known,
I want them out my boat!
I want all doubts I have known...

To leave me like a fever.
Every doubt I have known...
I want replaced with peace of mind.
Every doubt I have known...
I want replaced with peace of mind.
Every doubt I have known...
I want them out.
Yes,
Every doubt I have known...
Will exit out!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Leave Me With 'something' To Imagine

You could either have my name engraved,
In marble.
And placed on your mantle.
Or have my portrait hung above it.
But know this...
You have elevated me to that position.
With 'your' expectations,
I have no desire to meet to compete.

I will,
However...
Live my life as basically as possible.
Just as I have done,
Prior to any decisions you have made...
To believe my ego has a desire to become inflated.

And...
If I should ever perceive myself that way?
Ever?
You will need a slab of marble.
And a wall much bigger to hang my mural.
With a ceiling so high,
The use of binoculars would not give it justice.

How many times have I told you,
Flattery is cool and I like it.
But I just want to be 'me' with you.
Now...
Get dressed.
I've already told you,
You are beautiful enough...
Without you always greeting me at the door,
With wine, cheese and your nakedness.
Leave me with 'something' to imagine.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Leave Me With Your Pain

Sure.
Go ahead,
And leave me with your pain.
Sure.
Why not?
I have nothing else to do,
But continue to weep your sorrows.

I was told one day I would awaken,
Sick of your afflictions.
And everyday I waited,
With more of them you would introduce.
And it's not only you who does the abusing.
I allow it to happen too.

Sure.
Go ahead,
And leave me with your pain.
Sure.
Why not?
I have nothing else to do,
But continue to weep your sorrows.

I was told one day I would awaken,
Sick of your afflictions.
And everyday I waited,
With more of them you would introduce.
And it's not only you who does the abusing.
I allow it to happen too.

And you say it is me you love?
And I admit I crave to hear it.
And never sick of it I get,
As it heats to sizzle my passion.
And only with you I endear it.
Since,
I love your sighs and the calling of your moans.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Leave Nonsense Alone

Your wanting may be fact.
But you must accept the fact that,
Closing your eyes...
To push aside...
That which doesn't satisfy 'your' needs,
Needs to be placed...
Somewhere else to reside with haste,
Out and away from your mind.
With a requiring of taking time,
That will test your patience.
But...
To decide the doing of this...
Will improve your attitude towards life,
To quickly notice a mood has shifted.
With it known,
Choices made that others choose...
Has nothing if anything to do with you.
And this,
Although difficult it may be to admit...
Can be resisted to permit.

You will find,
What you wish comes to visit.
And you will find,
Your mind benefits...
When you leave nonsense alone.

With a sitting of it meant,
Not to get your mind twisted...
Or have it bent.
For the purpose of others,
Enjoying the glaze of craze in your eyes.
You can if wanted with desire and commitment,
Prevent to end this kind of enjoyment.

And you will notice with it found,
What you wish comes to visit.
You will notice this to find,
Your mind benefits...

When you leave nonsense alone.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Leave Of Absence

Whatever mind you say,
You are comfortably in...
I recommend you apply,
For a formal leave of absence.

There is something outside,
That which you have grown attached...
Doesn't quite match,
A security you should have with it.

A pool player knows the object of the game,
Is to pocket all balls before the eighth one drops.
Not to dropp the eight ball or scratch.
Meaning...
If you say you play,
But not suitable to address it as your best effort...
Why show up at all just to bluff?

The players on the field these days,
Do not show up to mentor!

Whatever mind you say,
You are comfortably in...
And allows you to contribute,
To the attributes of others...
I recommend you apply,
For a formal leave of absence.
Eventually,
You will perceive and realize the benefit of this.

Take the suggestion and run with it!
And sit and ponder this without argument.
The players on the field these days,
Do not show up to mentor!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Leave People Who Live Life Alone

Some may say I don't 'NEED'
But that I 'WANT'!
But I know what I need...
And it's you that I want.
If I say it's you that is on my mind?
I know what I'm wanting and needing,
From time to time!

Folks don't have enough to do on their own.
Why can't they leave people who live life alone?
Maybe they are the ones many try to avoid?
But that isn't complete because they are everywhere,
To annoy!
And opinions? Do they have them! Some by the case!
Sometimes whispering...
Sometimes loudly,
But it is done right in your face!
That's the disgrace...
When this is done in a public place!

Some may say I don't 'NEED'
But that I 'WANT'!
But I know what I need...
And it is you that I want!
And I'm not wanting or needing,
Us right now...
To be around them! !
Let's go!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Leave Something To Nibble

Know you are deserving...
And you will be served!
If you wish to have dessert,
Select it with much verve.
Don't hesitate to enjoy,
Any leftovers on your plate.
You have already seasoned your dish,
And prepared it to your personal taste!

Relish this at your desire!
Knowing your request,
Has inspired the best of tests!
And motivated to satiate,
Those desires awaiting...
But not to consume,
Or indulge to excess!
Leave something to nibble.
Delight...
Between stops for rest!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Leave Them Alone

Leave them alone,
With their induced indoctrinations.
They have become intoxicated,
With addictions believed!
And these inflictions,
Have left them afflicted...
In mindsets neglected,
To be left deranged.
Whether or not...
They decide they must change!

This is not their decision...
To accept or remain the same.

They can not conceive,
That the only thing real
Is the breath they breathe.
And when the time comes,
Reality will stun them.
They will not accept it!
Although with their eyes they will see!
With wishes to reject it.

They have been conditioned...
They are superior than life itself.
And there is no match,
For the 'brains' they alone maintain!

Leave them alone!
From this revealing shock...
They can not flee.
It is beyond their scope...
Of divisions of religions,
Or mindless racist inequities!

Let them find out for themselves...
That this existence experienced,
Broadens the concept of possibilities!
And self righteous implications,

Of a non-entity such as their 'purities'!
Are what they are...
Prefabrications!

These are but just a few...
Deceptions to be undone to redo!
Coming to enlighten.
Head-on without a preview.

Leave them alone!
They are no challenge for what confronts!
And they will discover that,
On their own!
Leave them alone...
To tolerate an ignorance,
They have shown they alone have condoned.

There will be no tolerance...
For such an accepted wickedness to enlist!
Leave them alone,
To discover the true Wizard of their Oz!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Leave Them Behind

Leave behind those who take,
The giving to them a precious time to waste.
With beliefs perceived they can procrastinate.
And with a choice to hesitate as time passes.

Many assume they can pick from opportunities.
And contemplate which decisions to make...
As time awaits for them to select,
Exchange and re-arrange their preferences.

Leave them behind.
Minds that are focused and freed,
From delusions that can easily dupe...
Will eventually find their time gone!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Leave Them With This Joy...Alone!

When people are given opportunities,
Repeatedly.
To move beyond their attraction for ignorance,
But keep them like a habit addicted to it...
With a preference and a love to argue,
And create conflict.
It doesn't take a scientist to realize,
Something does not exist between their eyes.
Or sits comfortably to expose and see,
Folks like this are not mentally equipped.
And they just don't get it!
Leave them with this joy...alone!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Leave Them. Leave Them Alone

When people are immuned,
To get a message that is coming...
Leave them.
Leave them alone.
When people stubbornly refuse to hear a message,
Others hear...
Just leave them,
Alone on their own.

Too many have been fitted to be limited!
So leave them.
Leave them alone.
Too many have been gifted with the flapping of lips.
So leave them.
Leave them alone.

When people are immuned,
To get a message that is coming...
Just leave them.
Leave them alone.
When people rather shuck and jive,
To realize their own survival...
Just leave them,
Alone on their own.

Too many wish to sit and make a game of it.
So leave them.
Leave them alone.
Too many rather drift and not take benefit,
So leave them...
Leave them alone.

Fools are taking numbers just to stand and wait.
So leave them.
Leave them alone.
Fools like this await for frosting on their cake.
So leave them,
To taste it alone.

Too many wish to sit and make a game of it.
So leave them.
Leave them alone.
Too many rather drift and not take benefit,
So leave them...
Leave them alone.

When people are immuned,
To get a message that is coming...
Just leave them.
Leave them alone.
When people stubbornly refuse to hear a message,
Others hear...
Just leave them,
Alone on their own.
Just leave them.
Leave them alone!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Leave Those Cranky People Alone

It is best to leave those cranky alone.
It pays to leave those cranky people alone.

Leave those cranky people,
Seeking nothing but an evil.
You,
Just...
Leave those cranky people alone!

When you answer your telephone,
To stop a constant ringing.
Just leave those cranky people alone.

And all you hear is whining,
With a blues heard singing.
Just,
Leave those cranky people alone.
It pays to leave those cranky people alone.
It is best to leave those cranky...
Alone.

Don't condone it.
Leave those people alone.

Don't you try to own it!
Leave those people alone.

Don't,
Condone it.
Leave those people alone.

Don't you try to even own it!
Leave those people alone.

When nothing but complaints,
Drop out of their mouths.
Just,
Leave those cranky people alone.
It is best to leave those cranky alone.

It pays to leave those cranky...
Alone.

Keep your mind freed from heating.
Leave those people alone.
Don't you dare accept their beating.
Leave those people alone.
When you feel a headache brewing,
And you don't know what to do.
Hey..
Leave those cranky people alone!

In the morning when the Sun comes,
Shining on you bright!
Don't you turn away to get it out of your sight,
No!

Leave those cranky people alone.
Yes!

You've got to leave those cranky people alone.
Yes! Yes!

Leave those cranky people alone.
Yes!

You've got to leave those cranky people alone.
Yes! Yes!

Leave those cranky people alone!

In the morning when the Sun comes,
Shining on you bright!
Don't you turn away to get it out of your sight,
No!

Leave those cranky people alone.
Yes!

You've got to leave those cranky people alone.
Yes! Yes!

Leave those cranky people alone.
Yes!

You've got to leave those cranky people alone.
Yes! Yes!

Leave those cranky people alone!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Leave What You Do Remembered

I know it's true.
You can dropp my love.
And stop,
Your lovin'.
I know it's true.
You can drop,
My love.
Hoping not...
My possibilities,
For a magic night with you.

I know it's true.
You can dropp my love.
And stop...
Your lovin'.
I know it's true.
You can dropp my love.
Hoping not...
My possibilities,
Of a future rendezvous.

You've got a lot of moxie in stock.
Wrapped in a beautiful body.
With a mind packaged in place.
That's hot to me!

Not a toxin that I had you've got!
I like that alot.

I want to keep someone around me like you...
In my love box,
Loved locked!

In my love box,
Loved locked!

In my love box,
Loved locked!

In my love box,
Loved locked!

I want to keep someone around like you...
In my love box,
And loved locked!

You've got a lot of moxie in stock.
Wrapped in a beautiful body.
With a mind packaged in place.
That's hot to me!
Hop in my love box!

I want to keep you in my love box!
That's hot to me!
Hop in my love box!
That's hot to me!
I want to keep you in my love box!
That's hot to me!
Hop in my love box!
That's hot to me!
I want to keep you in my love box!
That's hot to me!
Hop in my love box!
That's hot to me!
I want to keep you in my love box!
That's hot to me!
Hop in my love box!
That's hot to me!

And I want what you've got all the time...
Or leave what you do,
Remembered!

Remember...
We can lay in my love box surrendered,
And tendered too!
That's hot to me!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Leaving A Lofty Place

No pedestal should be loved so great,
To satiate a promising of a permanence determined.

Appreciating an arrivial done,
To acknowledge one day an end will come...
With a feeling of an accomplishment,
That came to one as a surprise.
Although leaving a lofty place to be replaced,
Can bring tears to eyes...
To those who try to fly even higher.

No pedestal should be loved so great,
To satiate a promising of a permanence determined.
Although leaving a lofty place to be replaced,
Can bring tears to eyes...
To those who try to fly even higher.

'Who do we have here? '

~We had to put a strait jacket on this one.
They believed that using the superglue,
Would keep them sitting on top forever.~

'Oh well...
Some are more graceful than others,
Upon their departures.
Don't you think the strait jacket is a bit severe? '

~It took hours to pry this one loose for the pedestal.
We didn't want to take any chances,
Of having a suicide on our hands.~

'Geeessshh.
Let's hope the next one is more gracious.
Is the raffle set to pick another one? '

~Yep.
We're ready when you are.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Leaving A Seeking To Leak From One's Heart

Giving without expectation to receive,
Is the best prescription one can get.
And overdosing to forget selfishness,
Is suggested if one wishes to experience...
Unlimited happiness.
Since the getting of it has to begin within.
Leaving a seeking to leak from one's heart.

Unlimited happiness,
Is...
Always there for one to get,
If...
The getting of it begins within.
And...
Depending on others to give it,
Ends.

Unlimited happiness,
Is...
Always there for one to get,
If...
The getting of it begins within.
And...
Depending on others to give it,
Ends.

Leaving a seeking to leak from one's heart.

Giving without expectation to receive,
Is the best prescription one can get.
And overdosing to forget selfishness,
Is suggested if one wishes to experience...
Unlimited happiness.

Unlimited happiness,
Is...
Always there for one to get,
If...
The getting of it begins within.

And...
Depending on others to give it,
Ends.

Leaving a seeking to leak from one's heart.
Leaving a seeking to leak from one's heart.

Unlimited happiness,
Is...
Always there for one to get,
If...
The getting of it begins within.
And...
Depending on others to give it,
Ends.

Leaving a seeking to leak from one's heart.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Leaving Behind An Intent To Demean

Whatever that is,
That comes to provide a comfort...
To anyone with a kept belief,
It is okay to disrespect someone in their home...
With an inspection of the decor,
And perceive during their assessment...
It is okay to say and do as they please,
Will be someone who will eventually receive...
An unannounced visit from the spirits,
Who reside inside that home with a kept peace...
Seeking to teach a few lessons taught to be learned.

This is inevitable to protect what has been earned,
By the one who does not have to warn repeatedly...
That an invitation accepted does not grant anyone,
To come and go with a leaving behind an intent to demean.
There are some environments that will not condone ignorance.
And in one's home anyone who visits another,
Should accept to have that known with no exceptions.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Leaving Behind Any Expectations

I have yet to find it,
Constructive, productive 'or' beneficial...
To offer an opinion, suggestion,
Or solicited advice to anyone who has asked...
With a doing this done to do in the past,
To have left anyone to feel...
More determined, motivated or to feel enlightened.
Or to have them dismiss my experience,
By telling others I am sensitive when they do this.

Sensitive?
No.
Outraged?
Yes.

Lessons taught to me,
That honesty is not 'always' the best policy...
Has kept me to keep my opinions, suggestions,
Or advice I had been tempted to give...
To myself these days.
And freed from my ears to hear,
Words said by others of what I would do to my mother.
Holes on my body from where I made deposits.
And where I could go with a doing to do well.

Sensitive?
No.
Outraged?
Yes.
And 'if' I detect anyone perceiving I am easy to desrespect,
To the nearest exit I step with no regrets.
With a leaving behind any expectations I might have had.

When it comes to 'my' experience,
I wont let someone with less...
Believe it to perceive they could or should qualify it.
It's not going to happen.
Those days are long gone when I made attempts to impress.
It's only with love kept that keeps me motivated.

'I may not agree with your assessment.
But I admire your directness.'

And I have found it better not to be persuaded by perceptions.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Leaving Few Left To Admit Themselves Fools

To intimidate,
Without reprisals to face.
Or believe a retaliation,
Will not take place...
To erase a human race,
With high tech weapons...
And 'assume' there is an advantage,
That benefits those mentally sick...
With self importance,
To prove themselves heroic!
Instead of finding ways to end it...
Will be done with an ending.
Leaving few left to admit themselves fools.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Leaving Few To Wonder

Perhaps it is their madness!
Or an entrapment that satisfies.
However...
I can not be the only one who notices,
Those who say they pray for understanding.
But quick to turn their backs,
On those who God sends...
To assist them,
With the ridding of their 'sins'.

And they do their best to reject the messengers!
Coming with gifts.
And a delivery of their wishes.

And 'this' they do not accept.

Although they stay on knees humbly...
With an untouchable self righteousness,
Expecting a unity in a collective peacefulness.

But they choose to qualify those who come,
Assigned to them to get that done!
To leave few to wonder,
Why suffering remains their choice sustained.
And voices of deliverance,
Are silenced and shunned!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Leaving No One Left To Argue

I have no clue,
What your expectations are.
Nor should you wait in anticipation,
Hoping to find me elated...
Your patience will discover,
I am blissfully satiated.

What I do I do until it is done.
Not one impression do I wish to make.
Unless it is a grumpiness that comes.
And my directness for some can come to stun.

But I am 'me'!
That's the only thing I can profess to be!
And not one bit insecure about my identity.
I know I can be rude, shrewd and mean.
And the knowing of 'that'...
Allows a peace of mind to myself I bring!

Leaving few if anyone left to argue with me,
That these comments I make are true.
And being honest with myself,
I have long learned how to do!
And I recommend with this hint suggested...
You should do the same thing too.
It will make you less annoying!
And bring your mind some rest.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Leaving One Taken For Granted Missed

When accessible and available,
A taking for granted took place.
When hard to find and out of touch,
A curiosity arises.

Questions are asked.
And a search begins.
But that which is sought...
Has long gone away.

Leaving one taken for granted,
Missed!

With that which had been misunderstood,
Now comprehended.
And a wishing for more,
Of what was there to freely give remembered.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Leaving Peace

Repeated to remember it,
Is hate.
With no solution to end it,
To make.
And this feeling increases,
As mentalities decrease.
Leaving peace and humanity,
Defeated.

Repeated to remember it,
Is hate.
With no solution to end it,
To make.
And this feeling increases,
As mentalities decrease.
Leaving peace and humanity,
Defeated.
Deceased.
Leaving peace and humanity,
Defeated.
Deceased.
Leaving peace and humanity,
Defeated.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Leaving People Like This

It is what it is.
And those who know why it is that way,
Will continue to pretend...
They are clueless.
Because why it is the way it is,
Began with their involvement.

And...with a knowing too well,
The how, the why and the when...
All the confusion, conflicts and deceits started.
To leave people like this loving every minute of it.
With a sitting around to then convince,
Others of their innocence.

'I heard what you did.'

~I'm not surprised so did I.
But if you notice...
I'm never around those trying to convince,
With a pretensed innocence...
To do that done with others,
Known to gossip, lie AND deceive.~

'So what are you saying? '

~Why should I waste my time defending my integrity?
It is what it is to be lived.
To prove it as a kept defense,
Would mean I need others...
To help me overcome my doubts.
And I don't doubt what it is I live.~

'So why would they pick 'you' to lie on? '

~Look around you.
How many people do you see,
Appearing to have peace of mind?
In this environment,
Happiness with a peace of mind is not permitted.~

'That's a negative comment.'

~Well...
You can leave me to feel as negative as possible.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Leaving Room For Dessert And Questions

It all balances.
The good.
The bad.
The awful...
With the best,
Of what terrible can offer.

But it is all in the presentation!
To raise the expectations!

And when one makes something...
That 'appears' to be good,
Like a cake or pie...
Or a moist turkey stuffed!
Tasting each ingredient alone,
Is not going to please,
An appetite teased.

There has got to be some of this,
Mixed with that.
To savor a flavor!
Especially when so many...
Are expected to come to eat!
Some will at first nibble.
Leaving room for dessert...
And questions!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Leaving Stains

Take your feet off the desks.
All of you are here and expected to listen.
Or at least 'pretend' to be college students.

What does the invention of the gun,
And a merchandizing done...
Have to do with you bobbing for pencils?
And...
In a vat of oil?

'I'm not participating.
I thought this was suppose to be,
Economics and not a History class.
And the current principles appled,
That will affect us during our career choices.
Bobbing for pencils is going to be difficult.
And besides...
We will be leaving stains all over the classroom.'

True.
So observant and wise you are.
And think of this also...
IF you are lucky enough to get a pencil,
How are you going to maintain your grip on it...
Without it slipping through your fingers?

'We wont be able to account or keep tract,
Of any factual economics we may obtain...
From lessons to us you have taught.
Everything will either smell or be stained by oil.'

Really?
So you will agree,
This exercise has nothing to do with religious beliefs...
Sexual preference or race?

'What has any of this to do with economics? '

Well...

Hopefully all of this will be comprehended.
And by the end of the semester,
You all will learn something.

Take your feet off the desks.
All of you are here and expected to listen.
Or at least 'pretend' to be college students.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Leaving The Ones Who Do Not Benefit

Doesn't it seem,
Demons come out of hiding.
The moment you decide...
You will live your life,
To do good and what's right!

They begin to hover around like vulchers.
Making attempts to prevent,
Positive interaction.

And this becomes an attraction of sorts,
To thrawart something fresh.
And what becomes presented...
Loses its breath,
To ultimately let die the 'vision'!

Not from the trying.
But a wicked incision of the naysayers.
Who either disapprove of the doer...
Or the amount of attention given.
And 'who' receives the credit.

And those who know what they've done,
Are the first to shout out with cries...
To gossip in ears with lies.
'Why isn't anyone reaching out to get things done?
Every and anyone who 'could' do something...
Refuses to offer a giving hand! '

Of course this is believed.
And more join forces to roll their eyes.
Instead of rolling up their despising sleeves.
Leaving the ones who do not benefit at all...
The ones left who best deceive!
The ones who question,
Why there isn't...
More unity in their communities.

More often than not...

These are the culprits!
Heard rehashing old debates,
With venom not hardly dormant...
In them.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Leaving The People Thoroughly Confused

Remember in times of innocence,
How easy it was to accuse others...
Of being mean and indifferent.
And those who did this,
Had been secretly deceiving...
While receiving and pocketing benefits?

Well...
Today those same people,
With the use of familiar tactics...
Have been accusing those,
Who have chosen to expose them...
Of being dishonest,
By revealing the facts!
With an incorporating of truth,
To attack them with that.

Leaving the people thoroughly confused,
As to why something 'new' should be NOW introduced!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Leaving The Thought To Express Respect

I use to think of it important,
To express respect...
In response to acknowledge,
A comment addressed and to me made.
But these days I have come to realize,
To acknowledge to not have my respect compromised...
That a giving of respect is sometimes criticized,
If the tone of a comment can be detected to offend.
Leaving the thought to express respect,
Not as important today when respect sincerely given...
Can be interpreted as a wish,
By someone wanting more to start an argument.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Leaving Them To Speak For Themselves

Being who one 'is',
Would be identified by consistency.
One would 'think'.
But today very few do!

Someone ever changing,
Can not make claims of being constant.
But then again...
Anyone can do and can say anything they wish.

However...
Those who seem to obtain another's confidence,
Always are the one's who are recognized...
For the repetition of their deeds.

Leaving them to speak for themselves.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Leaving Them To Wonder

No one could stop them,
From playing into the hands of the demon.
Who fed them with opulence,
And distractions to keep them...
Defending their ignorance.

And when the demon laughed,
And left them with no defense...
They attempted to win back a confidence,
From those they ridiculed...
And publicly offended,
In a contrived innocence!
Hoping these defensive measures,
Would forgive their decadence!

Since they assumed,
That would happen based upon their religions.
In practices that attracted their doom!
They had no room in their hearts for peace.
Opportunities were passed,
To allow greed to increase.

Marked by the beast...
They had not worshipped God at all!
They were taught from pulpits,
Lessons drenched in evil.
And an emphasis on Lucifer's wishes,
Danced upon them...
By fire and brimstone disciples!
To which they devoted to secure...
Rusting treasures kept and endured.
Although their gleam and sparkle fades.
And gone are reasons to parade...
In false charades!

They had sold their souls in worthless rituals!
And knowing that...
After losing the shirts off their backs,
Could not put them back on track.

Since the facts were rejected...
To keep themselves respected,
By reflecting an acceptance
Of those 'things' they hoarded!
In the hope one day...
They would shine in the limelight of fame!
With a status they could claim!
But the hour upon them brings such shame!

Now a quality of life has vanished!
Leaving them to wonder...
Who and what God 'really' is!
As they fight an insight to keep undetected,
A haunting flow of tears that come to flood!

And the trees and the birds,
Are heard singing their praises!
As the thunder roars...
While the Sun beams bright!
And the rain and clouds,
Are removed from faithful faces!
And in every way they could...
The children of God stood and rejoiced!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Leaving Them With A Choice

When certain people refuse to listen,
With nothing to comprehend or learn...
Why continue to waste time and unheard words?
What point is there to be made,
When a herd out of control...
Are addicted to a repeating of a shown defeat.

When certain people refuse to listen,
But later find it important to prioritize...
Arguing amongst themselves with denials to rely,
Yet criticize those ignoring them...
For not paying attention to lies and alibis.
Or leaving them alone to be fools to condone.

It should be remembered,
After enduring mindsets fixed in a mix like this...
To witness and experience the existence of it,
Leaving them with a choice they have made...
To believe such ignorance benefits and attracts,
Will always have them finding someone to attack...
Who expresses there is an alternative to life they could live.

Leaving them with a choice like this,
With tightly closed and unmoving lips...
To then turn a back to distance from this,
May offend them.
But what is kept to progress and with forward steps,
Is a decision made one keeps to remain peaceful.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Leaving This To Get With That Is What's Up

This is what's up.
If others you meet are treated with respect...
They are given every reason,
To return a similar deed.

If on the other hand...
Familiarity causes one to loosen lips,
As if a sailor disgusted with chores on a ship...
This behavior is not headed towards,
A long lasting and beneficial relationship.
The ending anyone can predict!

And questioning the reason 'why' there is a split?
Someone unconscious just didn't get it.
And leaving this to get with that,
Is what's up...for those who have had enough!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Leaving Those To Do What They Do Best

They are doing their best,
To ensure everything he does fails.
And when and 'if' that should happen,
They then try to prevail...
Through a scent that smells of doom.

Darkening with thickening clouds...
Allowed by ignorance they consumed,
Wthout his guidance.
With assumptions of all kinds to assume.

Misunderstanding,
His attempts to prevent their drowning...
Astounds those who have found,
Those prepared to rescue them...
He had no problems sending away.
They did not want in him to obey.

And with those he chose to say go away...
He later joined for cocktails.

Leaving those to do what they do best!
Blame others for their failures.
As they nibble on bitten fingernails.
Seeking someone from their own to lead.
Someone to test and destroy like the rest.
Someone left amongst them,
Who wished to sacrifice.
And yet had not been vicitmized to bleed!

'Are you referring to President Obama? '

Well,
Let's just say...
Observation is the key!
To relieve those who are in total disbelief.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Leaving Ugliness To Forget

Needed...
Is much more love.
Needed...
Is faith and hope.
With a touch one gives,
To hug!

And needed,
Is a bit more patience.
And not all that ugliness...
Pushed from anyone's lips.

Needed...
Are a few recipes.
Those kind that mixes joy...
With a rise to increase peace.

And what we need,
Is an empathy believed.
We are together here...
And not bits of eaten cheese.

Needed...
Is much more love.

Needed...
Is faith and hope.
With a touch one gives,
With lots of hugs!

And needed,
Is a bit more patience.
And not all that ugliness...
Just to push,
From anyone's lips.

We don't need that ugliness,
Just to push,
From anyone's lips.

No no no no!
We don't need that ugliness...
Just to push,
From anyone's lips.

Oh no oh no no...
We don't need that ugliness.
An ugliness like this,
To forget!

Oh no oh no no...
We don't need that ugliness.
An ugliness like this...
Pushed from anyone's lips!

We can have more happiness...
Leaving ugliness to forget.

Yes,
We can have more happiness...
If we left ugliness to forget!

If we left ugliness to forget!

Leaving ugliness...
To forget.
There's no benefit at all in it!

Leaving ugliness...
To forget.
There's no benefit at all in it!

Leaving ugliness...
To forget.
There's no benefit at all in it!

Leaving ugliness...
To forget!

Everybody needs to convince...
All the people!

There's no benefit at all in it!

Everybody needs to convince...
All the people!
There's no benefit at all in it!

We need to leave an ugliness...
To forget!

We need to repent and not re-invent...
An ugliness.
There's no benefit at all in it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Leaving Was The Best Thing

My home I opened without restrictions.
No conditions were you required to meet.
I wanted to treat you to peace,
And hospitality!
But you wanted to keep secrets.
And disrespected my privacy.
The same I afforded you.
You made my business yours...
As you provided none to share.
I once cared.
My peace of mind is not yours to dissect!
Leaving was the best thing,
You left between us!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Leaving You To Sit And Wait

IF they can ruin themselves
And their own fellowmen.
Destroy families and friends
For a dollar bill whose value
Nears an end...
Do you believe their priorities,
Anguish over what to bring to a picnic?
Leaving you to sit and wait for a response?
The premise of it is sick.
Like an attack on innocent people is launched!
And the excuses for it are accepted.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Leaving You With That To Ponder

You STILL wouldn't 'get it'.
Even IF the directions,
Were drawn using neon crayons
Pointing to the exit...
From a darkened cavern.
To lift you into heights,
Where fresh air aids the thought process.
You still wouldn't get it.

You would wonder 'why' I chose the color 'yellow'.
And you prefer a 'forest green' with a hint of 'blue'.
With wisps of gray to give the image of mist!
And giving that an appearance of dew drifting away,
As the morning Sun rises to sparkle upon the horizon!

And that is why you have been left,
To ponder that decision made.
As the light dims upon your comprehension.
If that is noticed at all!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Left Alone

I doubt...
If someone has made a point,
To keep their distance...
They are saying non-verbally,
'How I wish I got more attention.'

~You're not understanding,
A mixed message sent.~

You're right.
I'm not into mixed messages.
And what I understand that you do not,
Is someone who clearly...
Has chosen to be left alone.

~But no one is happy being left alone.~

That's your opinion.
And the more I hear you talk,
You are giving me a lot of thought.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Left Alone To Self Examine And Heal

When I was chased away,
From all of my hiding places...
I began to see,
My masks on so many faces.
I began to see,
Many adorning my old insecurities.
And I reflected on each step it took,
To achieve my release.
I was left alone to self examine and heal.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Left Alone With Options

Very few people I know today,
Speak with honesty on their minds.
And honestly...
Those I did know,
Who tested that theory?
With pronouncements back then?
Have been isolated or confined,
Or ignored as out of their minds!
I was declared completely crazy,
For 'suggesting' I knew what truth meant!
I am one of the lucky ones!
I chose to be thought of as insane,
Many years ago with daring!
I camouflaged I had 'brains'.
I walked about unsuspected.
No one complained when those actions were fresh!
Today being 'nutts' is a mandatory requirement.
I am so happy I am now left alone with options!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Left As The Only Impression Made

A showing of a disrespect one regrets,
Does not erase the act of it from one's knowing.
It is best not to disrespect, period.
Than to have it left as the only impression made,
One undeserving...
Remembers.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Left Behind In Many Minds Finding Fault

One has a gun.
The other is young without one.
Respect and discipline have been tossed to the wind.
And the one with the gun,
Believes this can be done by showing an authority...
The young one without none to follow or approve,
Decides to challenge with inappropriate moves.

A fist is thrown.
Names are called.
A shot is fired.
As on the ground two fall.

People are upset and comments of racism are made.
People scream and shout convinced again,
They have been betrayed by a system against them.
But yet as an absence of accountability climbs.
And taking responsibility,
Has long been left behind in many minds finding fault.

A fist is thrown.
Names are called.
A shot is fired.
As on the ground two fall.

One has a gun.
The other is young without one.
Respect and discipline have been tossed to the wind.
And the one with the gun,
Believes this can be done by showing an authority...
The young one without none to follow or approve,
Decides to challenge with inappropriate moves.

People scream and shout convinced again,
They have been betrayed by a system against them.
But yet as an absence of accountability climbs.
And taking responsibility,
Has long been left behind in many minds finding fault.
And all who witness will never admit their participation.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Left Evidence

There is a risk one takes,
In knowing oneself.
And to have self assurance,
WITH an identity one exposes to flaunt...
From a pride undaunted.
Clearly a decision one has made,
Not to be afraid.

This is a brave thing to do,
Amongst those who have no clue...
As to who they are without a reason,
Or a purpose to exist.
Yet to yield to others' wishes,
They can not resist.
It is almost as if they had been hypnotized.

Or confined within minds...
Conditioned to accept and believe,
Who they are is insignificant.
And this they show,
With a wish to prove it true...
To leave no doubting of the left evidence.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Left For Some To Wonder

And this is left for some to wonder,
Why they've been attacked by acts...
Sent right back from a doing,
Done to justify...
Although without reason to defy,
A denied thoughtless consciousness,
To do to others...
Who have had enough of it.

'Why should they be the ones,
Overly sensitive...
To what to them has been done? '

So many seem to do,
What they please to leave and forget...
There are other people,
Not so quick to forgive a thoughtlessness.
Or will sit with their cheeks to turn,
Tolerating to be subjected...
By a consciousness like this to permit,
A continuation of blatant ignorance.

And it's left for some to wonder,
Why what they do to do and leave...
Is not accepted by a few people,
That have been ridiculed deliberately.
Maliciously belittled.
Lied upon and deceived.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Left Impaired To Injure

Too many facts of life go scattered,
By those affected.
And too many wish to not believe,
To live without the facts nothing matters.

Most depend on word of mouth.
With created but belated,
Truth to delude to pursue.
Interpreted just to confuse.

People who are not about facts,
Interpretate the truth to confuse.
People who are not about facts,
Often laugh about the things they do.

Those loose screws in the head,
Make many people do what they later dread.
Those loose screws in the head,
Eventually leave minds left impaired...
To seek to injure,
Anyone near who's there.

Those loose screws in the head,
Make many people do what they later dread.
And,
Eventually leave minds...
Left impaired to injure,
Anyone near who's there.

Left impaired to injure,
But...
The look of the people isn't rage.
Left impaired to injure,
But...
Normal is the look these days.

Those loose screws in the head,
Make many people do what they later dread.
And left impaired to injure,

But...
The look of the people isn't rage.
Left impaired to injure,
But...
Normal is the look these days.

Too many facts of life go scattered,
By those affected.
And too many wish to not believe,
To live without the facts nothing matters.

Most depend on word of mouth.
With created but belated,
Truth to delude to pursue.
Interpreted just to confuse...
Those with loose screws in their heads.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Left Less Effective

Many are living to experience life,
To worship the value of things to obtain.
And adorning themselves,
As an accessorized commodity.
Objects on display to flaunt and convey,
What they have to possess to impress.
Even imitations addressed are confessed.

Left less effective are feelings affected.
And meaningless is life to live itself.
Respect to show and given to others,
Seems no longer to reflect...
A need for it to be accepted to expect.
Have we become more like objects?
And less introspective as human beings?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Left Less Expressive To Suggest

Sitting from day to day and awaiting,
As decades slip away from them to pass...
Are those expecting someone else to come,
To undo what they have done to themselves.
That resulted in minds that have stayed...
Ispectful and undisciplined.
Although adult in appearance.
Children they remain.

Leaving others with druthers.
Who have been accountable to rely upon,
Backstepping away to exit from stress.
And left less expressive to suggest the obvious.
With it known what 'is' obvious,
Would only make those more upset.
Those who sit from day to day.
Awaiting for their lives to be corrected.

And with a doing what is best,
When reality is clear to see it shown.
Coming to a doorstep to make itself known.
It is wise to leave left alone,
Anyone who argues to object...
To anything one wishes to recommend,
'Or' wants to suggest.
By taking that exit to leave that experience,
To be taught a lesson for 'them' to get.

Especially if that lesson,
Has by one been repeatedly learned.
To know when it is best to leave left,
With less to say what comes next...
To anyone,
Who has yet to have had that experience.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Left Naked And Exposed

I remember those days when I stayed,
Dedicated.
But, together the fun we had,
Has long been faded.
Yet, today it makes me angry,
You're elated.
That I'm gone.
And left naked....
For so long,
With a nose wide open it shows!

Everywhere I go people ask me how you are.
And they know.
Everywhere I go people know you're not that far.
'Cause it shows...
My nose is wide and open.
And I am left exposed.

Everywhere I go people ask me how you are.
And they know.
Everywhere I go people know you're not that far.
'Cause it shows...
My nose is still wide open.
And I am left exposed.

Oh I hate it,
That you left me naked and I can't pretend to fake it.
Oh I hate it,
That you left me naked and I can't pretend to fake it.

Everywhere I go people ask me how you are.
And I can't fake it.
Everywhere I go people know you're not that far.
And how I hate it.
'Cause it shows my nose is open.
And I'm left naked and exposed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Left Open Doors

Left open doors,
Before...
Were closed and locked.
Awaiting to ignore knocks.
Now have many wondering why,
No one bothers to stop or watch...
Who behind them,
Once stood to block...
Others looked upon as 'outsiders',
From gaining entry.

Events have surprised,
The ones with narrow minds.
And squinting eyes.
To believe what they kept,
Possessed to protect was envied.
And today they clearly see,
Delusions to accept...
Has invited their craziness.
To reveal them standing,
At those left open doors.
Exposing...
The sick mentalities,
Inside that reside.
As backs turn away.
Showing,
They no longer have that wish...
To associate with those,
Now to know...
Have lived to make claims.
And false impressions.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Left Open To Describe My Experiences

My feelings are real.
Not a hobby to express.
Connected to them I am.
Nothing I openly address to confess,
Is presented from a place kept superficial.
Oh how I wish,
There were times I depended upon pretentiousness.

I am left open to describe my experiences.
And as a poet I admit this can be a disadvantage.
Why?
Sometimes, as a poet, it is clearly exposed,
I don't re-read what I have written...
To at least edit myself 'before' and not 'after',
I have consented my emothons to flow so freely.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Left Out In The Open

I have so many reasons to boast with pride.
But why should I leave that kind of confidence,
Undenied I know to recognize inside...
Left out in the open to go undefended?
Or show I have been prepared to be criticized?
I knew at the age of 5 my steps were scutinized.
And even I...
With fears to have had many years ago,
Of disclosing my best efforts to better them made...
Find it hard to believe today,
How innovative I was in the creating of my own fears.
More than feeling threatened by expected success.
One doesn't sacrifice one's life doing what they like,
Just for the attention of receiving compliments.
This is my LIFE.
Not a ride I have taken to display ego.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Left Out!

Left out!
From decisions made.
Left out!
By those without vision.
Left out!
Yet kept to feel,
Included in divisions.
And part of a hidden mission.

People in positions refuse to listen,
To those more competent.
People in positions,
Pretend not to comprehend...
Anyone outside of a clique they're in.

Left out!
From decisions made.
Left out!
By those without vision.
Left out!
Yet kept to feel,
Included in divisions.
And part of a hidden mission.

People in positions will not listen.
Until it's too late to contemplate,
Their mistakes made.
And only then when everyone pays,
The price to evade and erase mistakes.
Mistakes that are shared,
Leaving no one spared.
Even those outside of cliques,
Are the first to be delivered the bills.
And done with it quick to show what's owed.

Left out!
From decisions made.
Left out!
By those without vision.

Left out!
Yet kept to feel,
Included in divisions.
And part of a hidden mission.
Although the mission remains missing,
From sent bills those left out pay.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Left So Confused

One should never address,
Or involve themselves...
In business affairs not theirs.
Yet many do with claims to make.

To then wonder why and how,
They could be left so confused...
By that which they were certain,
Had been validated by others whispering.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Left To Be Kept Undisclosed

To do with a doing with intent to preserve...
That which has been done by those who chose,
Obstacles to overcome.
For purposes to acknowledge a growth...
Unknown by the ones who should excell.
And not be discouraged in limitations to dwell.
Or assume an acceptance of this,
Is a pre-requisite required for one seeking nourishment.

This should be a practice each generation accepts.
But so much is left to be kept undisclosed,
For reasons to keep a truth hidden and unexposed.
To leave budding minds to wither,
On vines dismissed.
While the fruit from them eventually rots.
With a harvesting of mediocrity further drops,
To provide no one a benefit until a wish for this stops.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Left To Examine

People seldom select rebellion.
From a truth spoken and understood.
Yet those upset and labelled rebels,
Know too well...
They've been deceived and meant to be.
With perceptions shallow and kept to believe,
And fed to a consciousness deluded to depths.

And difficult it is to keep people like this,
Conformed to accept values distanced from reality.
Realities often thought to be militant with intent.
And long mentioned by the ones...
People decided they would choose to shun.
But themselves left to examine and now have begun,
Analyzing traditions and values with a doing done.

With a wondering of which standards to use.
Where to go and who to question,
To release them from confusion.
And self inflicting mental abuse.
Protected in historic denial hypnotized to seduce.

Left to examine...
These times.
And how will they be...
Redefined.

How will that begin to be done,
These times.
And how will they be...
Redefined.

Left to examine...
These times.
And how will they be...
Redefined.

How will that begin to be done,
These times.

And how will they affect,
Minds!

Left to examine...
In the coming of the changing times.
And...
How will that begin to be done,
In minds,
Left to examine...
In the coming of the changing times.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Left To Express On A Positive Note

Maybe one day,
It will become the place...
It had potential to be yesterday.
But today?
That potential has faded away.
Along with any inspiration,
Those who were chased...
Along with their innovations,
Would deem worthy to return again...
For the sake of participation!

Unless,
And with a hopeful 'perhaps'...
Those efforts tomorrow,
Will be welcomed by the ones...
Right now in sorrow!
Since...
Like all things man made,
Time here as witnessed...
Has not been well spent!
However...
The foolishness as seen?
Thrives in abundance!
So 'all'...
Has not been a total loss.
And that is left to express,
On a positive note.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Left To Go Unaddressed

Attached emotions suppressed to regret,
Expressing...
To allow them effectively depress excessively,
As if to fulfill a need...
Is something one does in a roleplay expected.
And done openly to detect without question.

Although...
Anyone knows who has experienced the benefit,
Of what it takes to grow from each stage of life...
That a graduating to accept what takes place next,
Requires acquired pre-requisites.
And that a keeping of emotions condoned but unshown,
Creates more strife one willingly invites.
With a suffering done of a life to live,
Making attempts to impress as a happiness wished...
Is left to go unaddressed!
But yet kept inside to desire.

Instead of prioritizing one's life as a blessing,
Needing no one to validate the existence of it to confirm!
From birth to witness and explore the experience,
Has, if one is observant, is a process already achieved.
One should and could live as if happiness to have,
And...
Is not only a part of this life,
But the only reason we all bloom to blossom to grow.
To then leave behind the evidence,
What has been upon us bestowed to show appreciation...
Had not been taken for granted.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Left To Go Untouched

Sometimes I wish I had been less obstinate.
With a readiness to be more subdued.
I often reminisce about this.

But then I think of it from time to time,
With a knowing that it took a willingness to stay put.
Right where I found myself.
Even if I hated every moment of it.
And let those circumstances be what they will be.

I have discovered that a tearing down of a brick wall,
Usually leaves the one behind it left to go untouched.
Without chips, scratch marks or blood stains on it.

Today...
I look for a door to knock on.
And if it's locked...
It's locked!
Why dropp tears?

Or spend time wasted thinking of doors,
When I can get up to make one.
And...
Put my own lock on it to open or close as I choose.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Left To Ignore But Kept Fantasized

Will we ever come to realize with it recognized,
That existing hypocrisies...
Can not wish a greatness into place.
To be believed and/or achieved,
If a progressive society can not admit its faults.
Or can accept what is reflected,
By images of itself projected although rejects.
And done on a daily basis to witness its defects.

Beliefs to keep are good if understood,
If kept in practice to improve.
However...
It takes an examination that dissects,
What is wanted to be wished...
Has to be corrected into existence.
With something of substance to encourage it.
Instead of pretense to convince no improvement is needed.

Left to ignore but kept fantasized has not provided truth,
To taste or a morsel of it fed to the masses upon which to feed.
Nor has the removal of reality proven to be beneficial...
To anyone capable of defining greatness but absorbing to know it,
Has yet been digested to value the meaning with it achieved.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Left To Leave Unintroduced

I can stop my mouth from saying,
The wrong thing.
No matter how appropriate it may be.
To know it to be the right thing.

Some not exposed to truth directed,
Can not accept...
Its effectiveness to overwhelm.
And needless arguments to start,
Is not my purpose to ignite them.
Or have drool leaping from my lips.
Heated from someone else's ignorance.
And few have seen that side of me,
Left to leave unintroduced.
It's so dark and lonely,
In those emotional pits.
My peace of mind took a long time,
Coming.

Everyday I pray with faith,
God has not created me to face...
That monster I chase away.
The one that seems to make okay,
Dread, sorrow and invited remorse.
Feeding,
My need to fuss and cuss.
Until someone's blood...
Becomes my only motivation to taste.

'What are you saying to me?
And why are you smiling?
Your teeth!
Remind me of fangs.'

I apologize.
I didn't realize I was smiling.
So many appointments to prioritize.
But while we are on the topic...
Would you happen to know,

Your blood type?
Take my advice...
Staying pro-active has its benefits.
So few today live life unprepared.
And I thank you.

'For what? '

Helping me not to say the wrong thing
At the right time.

'Either way,
I bet we both would have left...
With an understanding,
Made clear and understood.
If using my mind,
Proves not to be effective.
I pack a gun.
Always it leaves a lasting,
And unforgettable impression.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Left To Live High And Mighty

They do not wish to see,
Their entitlements decreased.
Or have their lives diminished by budget cuts.
But all agree,
The increase of the deficits have to be ceased.

And yet,
No one wants to leave their feasting on greed.
Or their addiction to delusions,
That those close to homelessness...
And already hungry living on less,
Have the ability to pay more from their pockets...
To allow those accustomed to being selfish,
Left to live high and mighty on debits and credits.
And other hypocrisies.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Left To Misinterpret

The only interests that are being protected,
Are the ones those believed had been theirs.
But are awakening to discover,
They have never been regarded as part of a 'we'...
Declared in a freedom of speech the elite share,
Amongst themselves.

A hoodwinking done to deceive onlookers to believe,
With an invested interest given...
To what is perceived is an inclusion of needs,
With entitlements to receive...
Is the only delusion many with expectations 'hear',
With their hearts and not their ears.

However...
Those who will remain elite and creators of the teasing,
Are hoping to keep the uninformed left to misinterpret...
What it is they feel and fail to hear separated from reality.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Left To Play The Blame Game

Conditioned to discredit their own kind.
In neighborhoods...
Where one has said,
Folks have lost their moral fiber.
Others who have come to witness this...
Have come to realize,
Those folks have also lost their minds.

Unfortunately...
They have been encourage,
To lose their identity as well.
Their ambitions have been to flaunt,
A foolishness dressed to impress!
In a collected unified distrust of one another.
Not realizing this would lead to communities,
Under duress.
And stressed in their own distress.

With no one left to care,
How or if they correct such a mess.
Since this has been their wish!
Bestowing a self destruction done at its best.
Left to play the blame game...
With no one but themselves.

Pointing fingers!
And leaving them to thrive...
In conditions they've imposed,
But have chosen to see it with eyes...
In blind defiance.
Despising truth,
That confronts them exposed.

But this and who they are goes denied!
No matter who comes qualified...
To tell them about themselves.
Or tries to correct their ignorant lives.
Whether dressed in street clothes...
Or suited up with bowties!

'They just do not get it! '

A mindset this shallow...
Although recognized,
Is best to leave in the hands of those who defend it.
Since those who criticize and become offended,
Are the ones that are ostracized!
The ones trying to mend it!

Finding they are living much happier lives...
Divorced from such division.
Divorced from those in constant criticsms.
And observing this nonsense from the outside.

Living with a peace of mind...
As a decision made.
And feeling grateful and blessed,
In confessions they profess...
They were able to find,
With a welcomed rest!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Left To Rage

A level of competence has been reached.
Anything beyond that,
Is out of the zone of comprehension.

What is known is repeated.
Although reeks of age.

A process of enlightenment...
Invites too few.
As others are left to rage, crazed!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Left To Rot Like A Fossilized Rock

If accolades come to be bestowed,
Upon anyone 'this' hour...
The following hour,
Whatever was done...
Will be forgotten.
And left to rot like a fossilized rock.

If it doesn't shimmer with bling,
To blaze after a constant buffering...
For some there will be no historic significance,
To remember who did what, why and when...
If not done immediately to impress,
With a value to leave an hypnotic effect.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Left To Speak For Itself

The beauty that comes to validate,
One's life lived to do good deeds...
Is to prove one's life lived,
Has not been done selfishly.
With the evidence of this,
Left to speak for itself.
Regardless of what another has,
Prioritized on their agenda.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Left To Wilt And Languish

It will rain to replenish,
That which needs to be nourished.
It will flood to clear debris,
To rejuvenate an encouragement of growth...
That allows a renewal to begin once again,
To restore a drought of life left to wilt and languish.
And has begun to dull with dust to cover in lament.

It will rain to replenish,
That which needs to be nourished.
It will flood to clear debris,
To rejuvenate an encouragement of growth...
Anguishing.
And...
Left to wilt and languish.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Left To Win Their Arguments

How deep can discussions get,
With those in a constant fling...
With low life?
And the company enjoyed,
That low life to them brings?

They would rather be led off course,
Like blind horses...
Than to take advantage of resources,
That enhance their quality of life and well being.

If it is not reflected from the gutter...
They utter their disapproval.
And then say...
No one cares about them or their lives.
And of course...
They are left to win their arguments.
And of course...
When this is done,
They extend to those of good intentions...
An immediate message of their resentment,
Sent!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Left Too Long

A threaded needle could be used to heal,
A torn and tattered memory...
Held and labelled as love too long.
That came apart at the seams.
Pieces of those memories,
When one was young and full of...
Immaturity!

And it is never too late to reveal...
Whose hurt.

But that dream to patch and rematch again,
Seems to be only in the mind of one...
Thinking it would be worth it,
To fix a brokenness...
That has been sitting and left too long.

A brokenness that has been left too long...
To sit discouraged wondering...
Would trying to mend a brokenness be wrong?
Would the effort be dismissed and those feelings gone?
And a threading together would never find acceptance.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Left Unexplained

Expressing one's beliefs,
Is a good thing...
To explore in the sharing,
Of those differences.
With an appreciation,
That a sharing like this brings.

But to enforce upon another,
Beliefs to inflict...
Sorrow and pain,
With no end to it...
Is a life spent in conflict.
And unending regret,
To be left unexplained.

With sorrows to be agonized.
For a lifetime given,
As generations defend...
To appease a foolishness,
Of those conflicts that exists.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Left Unexplored

A constant that produces no content,
Eventually annoys and suffers...
From its own lack of purpose.
And an absence of drive,
Without an 'independent' focus.
An incompetence of it is discovered.
And left unexplored,
It goes ignored.
Just like the space between one's ears.
Sometimes appearing but oft times not!

Tolerated?
Since internal investigations,
May reveal the widespread commonness of it!
And a promise to reveal one embarrassment
At a time...
Has been kept!
This keeps everyone motivated and enthused,
To remain as they have chosen to be!
With support and backing that is familiar,
And recognized!
With a detriment the 'conditioned' can not see.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Left Vacant To Dust Like Useless Property

Minds burned out.
Thoughts displaced.
Those who fell asleep,
Awakened...
To find themselves,
Crawling on their knees.
Not remembering their own names.
OR who it was their pretensions should pleased.

Something happened overnight!
Could this be an infectious new designer disease?
To market after hyping minds to incite.

Something created in a laboratory...
And backfiring in a way,
That accidently misplaces an effective opportunity.
To have those who had once do the suppressing...
Witnessed in a mindlessness,
And left with no thoughts to express.
Is not as surprising as some might expect.

Poisonous minds...
Over time reflect this!

And left vacant to dust like useless property.
Could be the revelation on the horizon,
Those 'meek' of the Earth shall see?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Left With The Memory

What 'is' done HAS been done.
And nothing in 'this' minute,
Or in future minutes to come...
Is going to change 'that' outcome.
To excuse, remove or deny.

Neirther with an attempted doing,
To undo what has been done to prove...
The taking of what took place will be erased.
And an event either felt and/or witnessed,
Did not occur as observed.

No matter how much a forgiveness to give,
Or apologies received...
The one left with the memory,
To weep, grieve or stunned to astonish in disbelief...
NEVER gets over it.

What 'is' done HAS been done.
And nothing in 'this' minute,
Or in future minutes to come...
Is going to change 'that' outcome.
To excuse, remove or deny.

And the 'what ifs' and the 'could ofs',
Are only expressed...
By the ones wishing to address,
Sentiments outdated but yet dedicated...
To often empty, trite and vague remarks.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Left...Behind! As Two Thousand And Ten Begins

Left...
Behind!
Those who have closed the doors,
On themselves.
Those seeking to find pieces that make sense,
From a decade that has ended...
In two thousand and nine.
And as two thousand and ten begins,
Not one of them is prepared.
A freshness is there,
But they are not!

Left...
Behind!
Doing the best they can with minds,
Shattered!
From a correctness that in itself,
Was splitting apart.
In divisions they decided,
With complete with righteousness.
And those who rode the stormy seas,
Unafraid to let go...
Are bestowed with enlightenment.
As if this was meant to be!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Leftover Mold

Leftover mold,
Has no growth and turns to rust.
Left over mold,
Becomes just dust.

Leftover mold,
Has no growth and turns to rust.
Left over mold,
Becomes just dust.

Few...
Wont find themselves,
By sitting with old emotions.
Revisited from long passed childhoods,
They can't leave behind.

Few...
Devoted,
To how things used to be...
Wont allow themselves to step away,
From mental decay and aging debris.

Dust collects on unused minds to rust.
Until leftover mold shows,
No growth...
To notice.
Or moves to make by those too old.
And staying to remain unchanged,
Wont stop...
That clock from ticking.
Remaining to stay the same,
Just wont stop...
That clock.

Leftover mold,
Ages in stages.
Leftover mold takes what's too old,
And goes...
To fade away.

Leftover mold becomes just rust,
To dust...
Unnoticed.
Leftover mold is useless to discuss.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Leftovers

Save your leftovers,
And don't you think about it.
Throwing them out to just,
Waste away.
Away.

Save...
Those leftovers.
Don't throw them out to just,
Waste away.
Today.

People are coming to their senses,
With no defense.
People are easier to convince today...
When they see so many in need,
And...
Pretending not to be hungry.

Don't you throw leftovers out,
Because they satisfied that taste you've got.
The needy people have increased.
So share with others,
What you don't eat.

People,
Are coming to their senses.
Don't you throw leftovers out,
Because they satisfied...
That taste you've got.

People,
Are coming to their senses.
The needy people have increased.
So share they do,
What they don't eat.

People,
Are easier to convince today...

When they see so many in need,
And...
Pretending not to be hungry.

People,
Are easier to convince today...
When they see so many in need,
And...
Pretending not to be hungry.

People,
Are coming to their senses.
The needy people have increased.
So share they do,
What they don't eat.

People,
Are coming to their senses.
Don't you throw leftovers out,
Because they satisfied...
That taste you've got.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Legal Immigrant Status

Outrageous is the craze,
Debated these days...
By those representing,
Diminished sanities.

Listening to the ones defend,
Intentions meant by a document.
Composed and written,
More than 3 hundred years ago.
Is as useful as pretending,
To have spoken to those...
On a cellphone to confirm,
'Their' legal immigrant status!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Legends

We've seen them,
Being knocked down.
We've seem them,
Slandered and berated.
We've hurt them,
As they were...
Character assassinated.
And...
They were also ostracized and isolated.
So what will happen to them next?

'There are those who now wish to call them,
Legends.
And put that in a way that is for all effective.
With awards to honor them for what had been rejected.
With the hopes they will show up and all of us accepted,
As fans! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Legislated

Why are people so upset about their way of life collapsing?
Even someone feeding at a feast,
Should become tired of their gluttony.
And those who ate...
Made sure it was exclusively done!
By shutting out those who were 'disadvantaged'.
Those across the nation who became homeless.
And suffering from hunger...
Were the ignored ones!

And now that standards and values,
Of thieves are collapsing...
Perhaps diseases like cancer will also come to an end.
With racism and division,
A lesson learned that finally sinks in!

Those who choose to live abusing others...
Will eventually know pain and suffering,
For them to begin!
As nothing done is without a return that comes!
And that applies to deceit and lies,
Of those who feed while caring less...
Who's blood they bleed,
Including their own!
With such infectiousness.

When sickness like theirs is legislated,
And shown to be an enactment...
To bait and satiate.
A process condoned becomes clearly known.
And a fate that awaits awakens them too late!

Stand back to get the full effectiveness,
Of this madness that unravels...
As it attacks!
Without a sign of empathy revealed or given back!
Since no one is left unaffected,
Feeling that to give.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Length Of Its Visit

Who knew,
Only time taken...
Makes a definition of it,
Less easier to fake who does what and when.
Or how long it may take,
For those undecisive to make up their minds.

Those aging as time flys by them,
Seem to take a more notice of it drifting away.
And with an impatience shown towards those,
Wishing they knew of a remedy...
To keep themselves with time favored.
As if to flavor it with youthful flattery.
By a nipping or two to keep something tucked.
While time gives them more it to strut their stuff.

Who knew,
Only time taken...
Makes a definition of it,
Less easier to fake.
No matter how much moisterizing,
Is applied to disguise track marks on one's face.

Only time taken to make good use of it,
Seems to deliver to those doing it left...
With a comprehension of the benefits.
Without trying to erase its existence.
And acknowledging whatever it is,
They have been given to witness...
Isn't sitting around awaiting for them,
To make decisions on the length of its visit.

And who knew time could care less,
How with limits it is addressed.
To dismiss or curtail its effectiveness.
Time does come to leave when it pleases.
Regardless who accepts or denies what it is,
Whenever it blesses with its presence.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Less Affected

Those who have achieved,
An effective peace of mind to keep...
To become less affected emotionally,
By the presence of madness...
That seems to be increasing,
With acceptance on a daily basis...
Are seldom heard complaining,
Or trying to find explanations to claim...
What it is they have found,
That makes them feel more successful...
Than others wanting to do their best,
To prove what they possess...
Should not be ignored but impress.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Less Analytical

You can make up your mind,
That you will...
Find the time to be,
More exclusive...
In reducing your excuses.

You can make up your mind,
That you will...
Find the time to be,
More correct...
And,
Less analytical.

Remove yourself from being in the middle,
Of drain.
Remove yourself from being second fiddle,
For anything you dislike...
By,
Deciding what is right.

And you can free yourself from even being,
Very critical.
You can free yourself from seeking things,
More political.
And you will live a life,
With a meaning that is right...
For you.
If this is what you choose.

You can make up your mind,
That you will...
Find the time to be,
More exclusive...
In reducing your excuses.

You can make up your mind,
That you will...
Find the time to be,
More correct...

And less analytical.

You can free yourself from even being,
Very critical.
You can free yourself from seeking things,
More political.
You can live a life,
With a meaning that is right...
For you!
With a doing that you choose.

And...
You will live your life,
With a meaning that is right...
For you.
If,
This is what you choose.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Less Bushed

How do I feel about the new president?
Less bushed than I expected.
And with more expediency,
I could have believed or anticipated!

I feel a dark cloud is beginning to lift!
And the quality of the air seems a lot fresher.
With colors appearing brighter than ever!
As I notice others also becoming aware of this!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Less Celebrated With Collective Introspection

The lights.
The festivities of excitement,
With an admission of hope.
The anticipation that delights,
One in patient waiting.
As colorful gifts wrapped,
Under a decorated Christmas tree...
Keep these traditions kept sacred.
Although the purpose and meaning,
Are less celebrated with collective introspection.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Less Costly And Effective

The only dreams to keep...
That are kept less costly and effective,
Are the ones unshared...
To be left that way.

'Why didn't you say anything to us,
About your plans? '

~To hear what I could or could not do.
For the purpose to include,
Your opinions too? ~

'Well...
You could have at least asked for suggestions.'

~I'm on a mission to get things done.
And not to hear from anyone,
What I choose to do is impossible.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Less Empathetic

More today than any yesterday before,
More who have had judgements passed...
Upon them to endure without a looking back,
As deceivers discreetly attacked their good deeds...
Seem to appear to be less empathetic.
With comments made to express,
When learning of an evilness...
Has returned with a doing to the ones who are now,
Suffering through an anguish...
Too agonizing yet witnessed,
In an atmosphere they have created.
And brought upon themselves to allow.

'I'm sure you have heard what has happened to those,
Who once drugged you through the mud...
With lies they told.'

~No.
I haven't.
But I do wish them the best of medical help they can get.
And a healing process that is effective.~

'I thought you said you had not heard? '

~I haven't.
Nor do I wish to hear from you,
Your version of what has happened.
Whether or not what you say is true.
And I wouldn't advise you to twist my words,
To embellish comments from me...
You had not heard.
For your purpose to solicit gossip.
This, to you, I suggest and recommend.~

'Or? '

~Or?
I don't do threats.
I pray and keep faith to watch it tested.

I don't waste my time,
On that 'he said she said stuff'.
I've got enough on my plate as it is.
God knows this.
With a keeping my efforts to endeavor,
At the top of His list.~

'Oh?
So, I couldn't interest you,
In a conflict to pursue? '

~Like I said,
I wouldn't suggest or recommend...
You twist my words,
To embellish them.
And by all means,
Give my regards to your 'friends'.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Less Enjoyed

When one loses stock of relevance,
A significant influence ceases.
Similar to having false teeth
Replace the original!
What is tasted may be the same...
But the bite is less enjoyed!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Less Intrusive

If anyone is still left defending,
The nonsense of their foolish visions...
With a hope of a return,
To times that ran them into a brick wall...
Deliver to them bricks!
And isolate them quick.

They will not learn to build anything with them,
At all.
Anyone seeking,
In these days before us...
To stall for time,
Will find their self inflictions...
Less intrusive with outside interference.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Less Involved In It

If you lived your life right,
Doing something on a daily basis...
You cared to do and liked.
Would I be the one still privy to your complaints?

Would you find more or less excuses,
To proclaim what I am not.
With accusations of what I ain't?

If you lived 'your' life right,
Would you be more inclined...
To restrain your draining,
Of any happiness others find!
Or will you discover,
Your mind has been confined?

And if you did live your life right...
Would you noticed what others did,
From morning until noon.
With your eyes fixed on their nights?

Or would you be too busy,
In the enjoyment shared with friends?
Giving and receiving,
That which you have yet to get...
To lend to blend in!

Because that life you 'say' you live,
Has you less involved in it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Less Stressful

You didn't want me,
When I gave you my time.
You didn't want me.
Or my patience to think,
I was desperate for your attention.
You didn't want me and believed,
I was in some kind of need that sought...
From you approval to get.
Well...
Now that you know none of that is true,
Today you wonder...
Why I have decided to ignore you.
And I must admit to you to confess this,
With hope what I do ends your curiosity.
You see...
I have made no decision to ignore you.
Not at all.
However, I have prioritized my endeavors.
With efforts I make not to waste,
Time I find to do other things...
That for me are less streesful.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Less Thought To Accomplish

It would be wonderful to leave tags and labels,
On everyone.
To ensure that having a satisfaction is done.
And those tags and labels never move in time.
Remaining in our minds as something that takes,
Less thought to accomplish.
But so grateful we are when the ease of it is found.

It would be wonderful to claim people are what we say.
And from our narrow perspectives they would stay that way.
To perfect a game that is safely played,
In a world getting more complexed everyday.
And everyday there seems to be disappointments made,
When nothing we pigeon-hole fits properly in its place.
And we become stressed to locate a depiction that conveys...
Just what those limits are that comforts our consciousness.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Less Tolerant Of Your Success

Tolerant?
I am accused of not being tolerant?
This has got to be something filmed,
On a candid camera.
It is...
Isn't it?

I guess you will soon accusing me,
Of preventing your success?
How about this one...
Holding you back,
From promotions you were not qualified to get,
Even though I place higher scores...
On all of the recent tests.

Oh...
And yesI
How could I forget?
Forgive me for introducing race,
To profile you based upon the color of your skin.
And not consider your efforts made,
To improve your life and protect your assets.

And excuse all of the people I represent.
You know the ones enjoying the act,
Of suppressing themselves.
With the love of stress,
Lived under constant duress.

You are most correct.
I guess I have been less tolerant of your success.
When I should be more grateful to know,
My own people are thrilled to show suppression expressed...
In urban ghettos wherever across this country,
Anyone goes.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Less Tongue

Isn't always a 'they' involved?
A group of nameless faces.
We blame as a resolve.
To escape our guilts...
And flaws,
With the pimples and the blemishes.

Isn't it always a 'they' involved?
Some unknown entity to blame.
When something 'affects' our peace?
And that monster inside of us heats.
We seek places to go...
To get it whipped and/or beatened.
Either for the attention of it...
Or to satisfy masochistic pleasures.
Which is it?

And it is always a 'they' involved,
Doing it better.
And doing it because they want it in return...
With it done even better than it was given.
With a lot less tongue!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Lesson #1

Lesson #1...
You can not convince those,
Who have made up their minds...
That an alternative approach,
Will provide a better benefit.

They will not hear it!
Since their minds have been blocked,
And limited.

Leave them alone,
To experience their own ignorance.
And by doing this...
You have removed yourself,
From feelings of guilt and remorse.
Left behind for someone else,
To eventually admit.

You must allow them to confront their egos...
On their own terms.
If you don't...
No one grows to learn!
And an ego on a rampage,
Isn't worth sacrificing...
An earned peace of mind!
Leave that nonsense,
To find its own way.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Lesson That Has Come Late

With wishes to find a 'suitable' mate,
On a decline in my mind.
There is nothing like acceptance.
It frees the soul.
And being knockout by doubt...
Time and time again,
Is a lesson that has come late.
But a life I have begun to appreciate,
Wins!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Lessons Are There To Be Taught

The lessons are there,
To be taught.
But too few have the patience to learn.

Believing themselves already with class.
Skipping to miss a comprehension for them,
That never occurs in their minds to stir.

Since a yearning for it stays left unearned.
To leave the value of understanding,
None of their concern.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Lessons Can Be Learned

Once I've been pushed to the edge...
With my back up against the wall,
And accused of doing things...
I had not done at all?
And all I had wanted,
Was to share gifts I had been given?
With a wish to offer...
Because I'm not the selfish kind!
Well...
My motivations have changed.

Some folks have a way to show,
Anyone...
How these unselfish acts,
Can eventually make one feel...
They are the ones out of their minds,
And something snaps!
Reality does that.

And after giving to others...
Only to get a reception that attacks?
Proves this fact...
Lessons can be learned!
Feelings hurt can be mended.
Backs can be turned.
And away from that kind of crap...
One can walk!

And not a word has to be exchanged.
At this point...
Nothing said,
Will be understood!

Unless one 'is' as believed...
In it for the attention?
And there is nothing about me...
In need to receive it like that.
Or...
Am I crazy enough

To want to be treated with that kind of insanity!
Clearly devoid of hospitality.
Not me.
There are too many other things to do!
And too much time,
Already wasted.

'That reminds me of that postman that was shot,
Because he delivered someone's welfare check...
After the bank was closed! '

You can stand there and reminisce.
I'm not taking the time for none of it!
Some folks don't 'get it'.
And I now can care less...
About who gets what late,
Or not at all!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Lessons I Have Learned

There is not a price,
I will accept to be paid...
To disguise my identity.
Or the dignity I have earned,
From lessons I have learned...
About life and how easy it is,
When payment is involved...
And being manipulating evolves,
Into becoming enslaved...
To making impressions everyday,
Made.

I have earned from lessons taught,
And them learned...
Once one's soul has been traded away,
For money and things...
To eventually fade away,
There is nothing left for one to believe...
They have remaining left that's kept.
Except a regretting of pretentions faced.
With them known to masquerade in days gone.
When charading in those times have moved on.

And any payment offered to me,
To deceive others 'successfully'...
I will only accept,
If I could choose 365 days of every year...
To make any decisions or suggestions made,
From a location not detected.
And over a cell phone not monitored,
By anyone who believes...
The peace of mind that took a long time to get,
Can even be stripped away by Harriet Tubman.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Lessons Learned

I will have my beliefs.
But I,
Don't try...
To keep my observations,
Up in anyone's face.

We all have opinions.
And expressed lived experiences.
With a making of our decisions,
Based upon mistakes...
That should teach lessons learned,
Not to repeat.

I will have my beliefs.
But I,
Don't try...
To keep my observations,
Up in someone's face to preach.

Some are in positions,
To get attention.
With a doing to mention,
A point of view no one expects.
And in these positions,
Depending on conditions...
What's mentioned causes tension.
And tempers flare,
Unexpected everywhere.

'Who implied...
There are people still believing,
They were born...
To suppress and oppress,
Others they choose to rule.

Who implied...
There are people still believing,
They were born...
To suppress and oppress,

Others of a color to rule.'

I will have my beliefs.
But I,
Don't try...
To keep my observations,
Up in anyone's face.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Lessons Learned Over Time

Grapes ripe to pick and juicy when first licked,
Will always keep a taste sweet in one's mind.
As remembered lessons learned over time,
Are kept as one ages.
And the vine from which they were picked,
Remembered as if the only one to exist...
That committed an encouragement to nourish.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Lessons Needed To Adjust

Once one stops objecting,
To lessons needed to adjust to this life...
And begins to learn from experiences,
With a growing insight that produces more light...
Upon one's mind with enlightenment,
There is little those less motivated...
Can share about what it is they believe and see.
Especially from a limited perspective.
And the degree to which that acceptance,
Is applied!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Lessons Prolonged

The only notion broken,
Is a spoken peace unseen.
To let that fall to pieces,
And leave.

With wishes that keep haunting,
To want to live in peace...
Released.

And...
The only notion broken,
Is a spoken peace unseen.
To let it fall to pieces,
And leave.

With memories sought to cherish,
In between.
To be left unreached.
And lessons prolonged that are taught,
But no one seeks...
To reap.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Lessons Taught

What does one win,
When limbs are gone...
And minds have become rattled.

What blood is sacrificed,
To declare one victorious.
And all is at peace again to be delusioned.

What struggle sought against another,
Will gain one rest and sleep.
With doors and windows never to lock.

And who finally is the one that learns,
With lessons taught?
After being knocked to the ground.
And off one's feet to become conscious.

When do ears and eyes open,
To absorb anything that has happened...
In one's past.

Is there anything left one honors to respect,
Without being hypnotized by greed.
Is there anything in one's mind attached,
To wanting a quality of life WITH truth and honesty.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Lessons Taught And Learned

I was raise to believe,
To be of service to others first...
Was what God intended,
For me to be!
And this I should not curse.
Or be hurt by misunderstandings,
Some may see to disagree.

And as I've grown older,
I'm glad those lessons taught and learned...
Has helped me come to realize,
To sacrifice my life in the giving...
A receiving of a happiness,
Will come to me deserved as earned...
With a peace of mind I'll find that's free.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Lessons Taught That Will Never Be Forgotten

I wish I had advice to give,
To anyone that might ask for it.
And that I myself,
In my past had accepted,
To express with a gratefulness.
But I can not say that.

In fact...
If I had not fallen,
Countless of times...
To align my head,
With the same brick walls...
To stumble time and again,
Until something snapped me away...
From my own depreciation!
I would not come to realize,
How determination, sacrifice and discipline...
Working together as ingredients,
Did not guarantee to me success.
But that process...
Certainly delivered to me patience.

And...
With patience I have learned AND earned,
Rewards of all kinds...
I can not describe,
I have received completely by surprise.
With lessons taught that will never be forgotten.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Lessons Taught To Learn

What is taught,
Is believed.
From birth
When received.

And when convinced,
With an affliction
That limits and restricts,
Of course
What is taught,
Will be perceived
As the existence.

To defend without question.
And not resist.
Many lessons taught to learn,
And meant to stay and stick.
To be remembered.
Never to forget.

Like adding to substract,
Our likes from dislikes to divide.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Lessons To Always Remember

If I lived my life,
Expecting to be showered...
With awards, attention to get and praise,
My adventurous spirit would be less complicated.
And I would do those things others expected,
Without having those wonderful experiences...
With faith and chances to take.
Or obstacles to face to reminisce them conquered.
If...
I lived my life,
Expecting to be showered...
With awards, attention to get and praise,
My life would not be mine to live.
My life would then become,
An expectation of what others have done.
And what others accomplish to do to pursue,
Is not my reason for the breath I've been blessed...
To breathe, explore with a gratefulness I can not ignore.

I live my life to open doors!
And not to follow behind,
Those with pre-conceived expectations.
There for them and easy to find.
If one door happens to stay closed...
Why should I allow my knuckles to bleed?
To then plead to qualify for entry?
There are still too many doors left,
I have yet to knock on...
With kept dignity and pride kept not to leave,
Behind on anyone's doorstep.
And this I keep kept,
As 'my' lessons to always remember!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Lessons To Be Learned

At one time,
I wanted so much to please.
And do it in a way,
To have those I wanted to smile.
Knowing, I did...
This is what I wanted.
And nothing else,
Did I have a need to flaunt.

But an aging done,
Has a way in the doing...
That helps one review,
Those steps one places.
And those times just being there,
For someone else...
Has fewer of their footsteps made,
Traced to express the same concerns.

No one ever says,
Lessons to be learned...
Come easy to absorb.
But those who teach them...
When they are finally learned,
The quality of the air seems fresher to breathe.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Lessons Yet To Learn

That one who comes,
Appearing to block our way.
May just be the one...
Who affords us more time,
To clarify our own journey.
With a wider vision,
Of that path to view all obstacles.

Not to stop us.
But to strengthen what it is,
We rush with a desire.
Dripping with ambition...
But leaving a completion of thought,
Loosened by an outcome,
That skips over lessons yet to learn.

Maturity is not a given.
A maturity received is earned.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Let Bygones Be Bygones

What are you looking for?

'There use to be a bridge here,
I should have crossed...
A long time ago.
I am trying to find it.

'You must don't remember,
Burning that bridge.
It no longer exist.'

I wonder if I can get a lift with you?

'A lift?
You can not be serious?
A lift?
I've learned to paddle my own canoe.
And if I'm not mistaken...
I was taught by people like you,
Not to rely on anyone.'

Haven't you heard the term,
'Let bygones be bygones? '

'Yes I have.
Most definitely.
I'm gone.
Bye!
C-ya.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Let 'Em Slip. Let 'Em Go. Your Woes

Keep what you value treasured.
That which is kept,
And known to you unmeasured.
To protect with your best.
Don't ever let your credits,
Dip to emotional depths.
With a debiting that upsets.
Let this flow of woe go!
Let 'Em Slip. Let 'Em Go. Your Woes

Don't revisit the taking of risks.
Let this flow of woe go!
What to you is the benefit.
Let this flow of woe go!
Heal from a wound and be done with it.
Let this flow of woe go.
Let 'Em Slip. Let 'Em Go. Your Woes

Keep what you value treasured.
That which is kept,
And known to you unmeasured,
To protect with your best.
Don't ever let your credits,
Dip to emotional depths.
With a debiting that upsets.
Let this flow of woe go!
Let 'Em Slip. Let 'Em Go. Your Woes

Put all your interest in happiness.
Let your flow of woe go!
Don't be picked to begin a fit.
Let your flow of woe go.
Don't get involved with people like this.
Let your flow of woe go.
Unloosen your hold.
Let 'Em Slip. Let 'Em Go. Your Woes

Don't revisit the taking of risks.
Let this flow of woe go!

What to you is the benefit.
Let this flow of woe go!
Heal from a wound and be done with it.
Let this flow of woe go.
Let them slip. Let them go. Your woes.
Let 'em slip. Let 'em go. Your woes.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Let Go Of Feeling Low And Busted

Let go of feeling low and busted,
Because of those once trusted...
Have disappointed to leave you in grief.
With a taking of your trust to crush it.

Breathe a sigh of relief.
Your feelings can be easily changed.
Since those who have deceived you,
Have deceived others too.

And you only have two eyes to dry.
Deceivers looking for a place to hide...
Will be crying for the rest of their lives.
Despised by more than one pair of eyes.

Your feelings can be easily changed.
Since those who have deceived you,
Have deceived others too.
And the lives they 'had' lived doing it,
Will never be the same.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Let Go Of Those Woes You Hold

If you can't see it.
You've been too distant,
From love.

Yeah, yeah, yeah.

And if you can't feel it...
It isn't love you wish,
Or want to think of.

Let go of those woes you hold.

It's there to solicit.
Love.
You can't resist it.
Love.
To say you're not within its grip,
Is to admit you can't handle it.

If you can't see it.
You've been too distant,
From love.

It's there to solicit.
Love.
You can't resist it.
Love.
To say you're not within its grip,
Is to admit you can't handle it.

Let go of those woes you hold.
You've got to know love is powerful.

It's there to solicit.
Love.
You can't resist it.
Love.
To say you're not within its grip,
Is to admit you can't handle it.

Yeah, yeah, yeah.

And if you can't feel it...
It isn't love you wish,
Or want to think of.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Let Go Of Yesterday's Sunset

Whether you like the position you are in or not,
You are better off in being my partner.
Than you are remaining in opposition to it.
And what the times we are living in represent,
To continue stubbornly remaining insisting we are foes?

Let go of yesterday's sunset.
Embrace what's on the horizon as it shows.
Enlightenment is there as bright as the eye can see.
Open your mind and lower your nose.

How has that mentality you've kept to reflect death of progress,
Been to your benefit?
Where and when has your display of indifference,
Sustained you with an advantage to obtain gains?
Without the enforcement endorsed by your fading influence.

Let go of yesterday's sunset.
Embrace what's on the horizon as it shows.
Enlightenment is there as bright as the eye can see.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Let God Do The Driving

There is so much to receive...
If we let go and accept!
If we let God do the driving...
As we sit back and reflect.
Scenes we had not seen before,
Appear to clear our eyes.
If we become passengers...
On this ride and let God drive.
There is so much to receive...
If we let go and accept!
Isn't it time we get off bumpy roads?
Isn't it time we understand...
The vision of God is best!

Inspired by:
Maurice D. Robertson
Hartford, Connecticut

'Thank you, Maurice.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Let Happiness Seduce Us

If only we invested...
More of our feeling,
In what pleases us...
'Instead' of that which displeases!
If we showed that...
Embracing it,
And left our disappointments
With less emotional power...
Every hour we produced
To let happiness seduce us,
Would leave so much of it to share,
With others unaware,
This too is theirs to give!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Let It Go...Part One

Have you been forgiven?
Have you looked inside,
To release those burdens of guilt?
Overcomed with anxiety...
Being torned from the presentation of goodwill,
And a secret to wallow in filth to fulfill?
That's a lot of weight to carry,
Feeling those demons you'd like to bury!
And if it that can be done...
Forgive yourself for being tempted and overrun.
Release and relax...
You're holding up your own blessings!
By keeping them held back.
Free your mind and find life more interesting.
God knows what's going on with you!
That's why you are here!
On this Earth God made appear.
What are you fearing?
You're the one that has been interfering!
You 'have' to let it go...
And God will do what needs to be done!
Forgive yourself for whatever It is.
It is easier to be negative...
Than to do those things that are positive!
You are not the only one...
Who is tired of finding misery thrilling,
And suffering fun!
Those things can long be undone!
Forgive yourself.
Let it go...that should be part one.
Or your blessings will not come!
You're the one complaining of the load...
That keeps you tense as if to explode!
As if that's how it's done,
When God says, 'To My Kingdom come! '
There can not be a part two.
Especially if it is not with you!
Let it go...part one.
Release yourself from sorrows.

Enjoy who you are and have some fun!
God commands this trip and wrote the script.
Why do you insist and demand...
Such a tragic way to exit?
Let it go.
Let Him show you the way!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Let It Now Be Mentioned

There's only one way to keep,
A focus with no joking...
Aimed to please.
Let it now be mentioned...
No chip on a shoulder holds,
One with a purpose who knows...
What it takes for a task to grasp,
And complete.

No vision with a dream can ever be schemed,
Or blocked to stop with obstacles dropped.
For reasons to demean with intention.

Let it now be mentioned...
People walking tall on their feet,
Are not weak.
Let it now be mentioned...
People with hopes and dreams,
Do not sit to weep in deepened grief.
Let in now be mentioned...
People with faith rarely wait.
To hesitate in debate.
OR,
Allow themselves to be chased,
By fear!
Let it now be mentioned...
People walking tall on their feet,
Are not weak.

There's only one way to keep,
A focus with no joking.
Or be provoked to be broken.
One with faith kept does not disbelieve.
Let it now be mentioned...
One with faith kept does not stay on knees.
Let it now be mentioned...
People who walk tall do it on two feet.

There's only one way to keep,

A focus with no joking.
Or be provoked to be broken.
One with faith kept does not disbelieve.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Let Life Know You Can Show It Is Liked!

Let life know you know it.
Participate with it as if it is enjoyed.
As if it is accepted...
And you are not annoyed!
Be grateful and say it.
It's okay to pray...
And be thankful!
Every second of each day it stays.
You didn't have to have it.
It didn't have to be given.
Or come your way.
As easily as a bad habit picked...
One many say they are trying to quit!
Let life know you know it!
Introduce yourself!
Become the best of friends!
In the end...
You just may discover,
Taking it for granted
Should not have been a priority!
With demands made it did not understand.
It should have been your main event.
Before you witness it...
Being sent away unfulfilled!
Let life know you know it!
And it will let you know,
You are loved!
And love of life you will feel!
Isn't that what makes your life real?
Let life know you know it.
Let life know you can show that it is liked!

(Dedicated:
To my cousins by the names of
Pertillar ('many')
Branch ('not too many')
Ward ('a bunch')
Countryman ('quite a few')

Vinters ('a handful')
Jackson ('several')
Shepard ('a few')
Proffit ('very few'...lol)
Cicero ('a few')
Langston ('very few')
Brown ('a few')
Wilson ('A few')
Williams ('several')
Freeman...(New York City and New Jersey clans)

And...that's just a partial list! Lol...

This is the 'cousin' to an earlier poem I wrote entitled 'Let Life Know You Know It'
Now the 'cousin' says... 'Let Life Know You Know It Is Liked'
And... Cousins 'always' want to add their 2 cents! / LOL)

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Let Life Know You Know It!

Let life know you know it!
If you don't life will not know you.
Take a stand and demand your dreams...
Come true.
They can!
And do!

Who knows better than you what you like?
What you wish...
When that star you see for you falls?
Every night before sleep takes you away...
Know your gifts will be received,
Before sunrise calls.

Introduce yourself each day,
With beliefs that you are blessed.
Remove discouragements from your mind,
And send them away from your doorstep!

Let life know you know it!
If you don't life will not know you.
Take a stand and demand your dreams...
Come true.
They can...
And do!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Let Loose. Let Go And Live

Has it really been...
Fun?
Has it been for you...
Overdone?
Has it been for you...
Missed 'and' reminisced.
With wishes it wasn't so,
Limited.

Has it really been...
Fun?
Has it been for you...
Overdone?
Has it been for you...
Missed to reminisce.
With wishes you didn't imitate a brick.

Your life lived has been robotic.
As if you were hypnotized to mock a rock.
And...
Sophisticated stiffness for you doesn't fit.
Let loose.
Let go...
And live.

Has it really been...
Fun?
For you to do.
Has it been for you...
Overdone?
To know this is true.
Has it been for you...
Missed with constant reminiscing.
With wishes it wasn't so,
Pitiful.
Let loose.
Let go...
And live.

Can you,
Let loose...
Let go and live.

Can you let loose!
And live.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Let Love That Is True Find You

Don't ever leave,
Your mind...
To find,
True love.

Don't ever leave,
Behind...
Your dreams,
For whatever it is...
That pops up on the scene.

Don't ever leave,
Your mind...
To find,
True love.

Let love that is true,
Find you.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Let Me Get To The Point

Let me get to the point,
And not be a twit about this!
Someone,
I don't know who it was...
Or when it happened.
But...
Someone came into my home,
And rifled through my sox...
To mix them up on purpose.

That's the only explanation there is,
As to 'why' I can not seem to find...
A matching pair.

I would blame my nephew,
Landry.
But he already thinks,
I am not mentally stable.

And...
He 'thinks' he knows EVERYTHING.
About ANYTHING.
Well...
I would say that runs through the family.
But he does play the role of Sherlock.
A lot.

He has not said this to me directly,
However...
He has given me a certain 'look'.
Whenever he believes I've been out of touch.
I would accuse my niece, Shayla.
But she would go on and on,
About me being forgetful.

Therefore,
It just has to be someone else.
But 'who',
Would do such a thing?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Let Me Go To Know This

Let me go to know this 'being'.
This insight beaming within me.
Let me grow as it bestows me,
With a clarity that frees me with purpose.
With deeds I must pursue.
Like you I have my challenges.
Like you I have those dangers too!
Like you I have those fears to face.
Like you I have tasks upon my plate.
There is no shelter where I seek to hide,
To wipe falling tears from my swollen eyes.
I must step out with faith I pride.
I know that God is by my side!
Although this is the same journey...
We perceive it as different!
Yet we are passengers on the same ride.
Viewing it separately...
From sometimes open,
And sometimes asleep and shut tight eyes!
Let me go to know this 'being'.
This insight beaming within me.
Let me grow as it bestows me,
With a clarity that frees me with purpose.
With deeds I must pursue.
On this path I walk alone like you!
And those feelings we have?
We know them well too!
But not right now!
Not to admit that we do!
Let me go to know this 'being'.
This insight beaming within me.
Let me grow as it bestows me,
With a clarity that frees me with purpose.
With deeds I must pursue.
I am determined to do this!
It is inside of me.
This is also in you too!
Like you I have my challenges.
Like you I have those dangers too!

Like you I have those fears to face.
Like you I have tasks upon my plate.
There is no shelter where I seek to hide,
To wipe falling tears from my swollen eyes.
I must step out with faith I pride.
I know that God is by my side!
I am determined to do this!
It is inside of me.
This is also in you too!
But not right now!
Please...
Let me go to know this 'being'.
This insight beaming within me.
Let me grow as it bestows me,
With a clarity that frees me with purpose.
'That' someday you will come to notice...
And take speeded heed!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Let Me Go! You Don'T Want Me

Let me go!
You don't want me.
You want to keep me a toy played.
Until you squeeze,
Every emotion you can out of me.
Let me go!

For too long I wanted us to share,
A life of togetherness...
No one else could compare.

For too long I wanted us to be,
There for each other with sincerity.
Devoted with a caring and honesty.
But you chose to play games,
Everyday with me.

And...
Let me go!
You don't want me.
You want to keep me a toy played.
Until you squeeze,
Every emotion you can out of me.
Let me go!

For too long I wanted us to share,
A life of togetherness...
No one else could compare.
But you have chosen,
To remain frozen in time.
And finding this attractive in my mind,
Doesn't keep embers warm in my heart at all.
And I can not sit,
Pretending for another moment...
I'm enjoying any part of this.
Let me go.
You don't want me.

You don't want ME.

Let me go.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Let Me Help You Mend

Come in...
To my world.
And end,
All defenses begun...
Within you that go on,
To offend.

Come in...
To my world.
And end,
All defenses begun...
Within you that go on,
To offend.

Unlock your hold on troubles,
You keep deep...
To repeat.

Release them from yourself,
And you'll be free...
To visit me.

Come in...
To my world.
And end,
All defenses begun...
Within you that go on,
To offend.

Come in...
To my world.
And end,
All defenses begun...
Within you that go on,
To offend.

Let me,
Help you mend...
And now!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Let Me Say This

You wish to see within me weaknesses!
Let me say this...
They did once exist!
But they have long been dismissed.
Much longer than your persistance...
To find a way to shatter,
My peace of mind!
And nowhere in my life,
Was your time spent...
In its development!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Let Our Knuckles Touch

Let our knuckles touch.
In ball fisted softness.
Once flung prepared to land a punch.
But not today.
This is a way we show we can be brothers.
Some sisters do this too.
And let our eyes stop rolling in our heads,
Like dice ready to shoot!
Let us fix our gaze.
And remove the pouts from our lips.
Experience our beauty...
Let us do!
Unstead of our ugliness.
Since so many of us,
Can no longer afford this 'trip'.
Let our knuckles touch.
In ball fisted softness.
Or open up our arms...
To welcome an embrace!

'Gimme sum-a dees...
'for I go up side yo head! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Let Someone Get To Know You

'Unpredictable.
With a daring to be confrontational.
Quick to express an opinion,
As if wisdom was only to them sent.
Unconventional.
Although unpretentious,
When asked to pass a hint of judgement.
And that sometimes is unsolicited.'

When I requested you to describe me.
I referred to my physical features.
Not what you've heard from others,
That have no merit or basis of fact.

'I think you are gorgeous!
How's that?
However.
There is yet a remedy invented,
That will prevent your mouth.
From contradicting how you come across,
To others.

And you say you are serious in seeking,
A meaningful relationship?
With what?
Or whom?
Or is it who? '

Remind me not to ask you,
To do me a favor ever again.

'Just keep your mouth shut!
That's all you've got to do.
Let someone get to know you,
Before they run away.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Let That Ego Go

The one thing I find remarkable...
About your insistence,
To manipulate your way into the limelight.
With a persistence you solicit.
I wonder why?
Your talents defy comparison.
With gifts unlimited.
Let that ego go!
You can afford to get rid of it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Let The Blood Flow

Pain?
Is about as relevant
As a snow storm is
To someone living in San Antonio.
If someone is not making a profit,
Who cares?
And if someone is...
Let the blood flow!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Let The Digging Begin

Those who sought less outside involvement,
In their lives...
Were the first to cry,
They were dieing inside...
From a lack of resources.

Now that they've chosen,
And won to receive less assistance...
To feed their needs.
They are now proclaiming,
They wish more greed to proceed.

Shall we...
Let the digging begin?

No one wishes their fantasies to end!
And blaming the leadership,
That borrowed from others that fed them...
Foolishly over the edge,
Those blind jump in...
To avoid a crisis they initiated and began.

Let,
The digging...
Begin!
Those that make sense to them,
Offend.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Let The Sun In You

And you...
Have spent so many days,
From Sun.
All your nights have turned into one.
And I have come to wonder...
Why?
Why you let the Sun go by?
When it's outside and calls to you.
Who do you owe this pain?
And what are you gaining?
Try.
Try to find a reason why.
Why you let your life drift by?
And let your heartache.
When so much awaits for you.

Tomorrow.
What does that mean.
When sorrows you seem to wish near.
And dreams that you had...
Have they all been grabbed away?
Where are those smiles you saved?
For those rainy cloudy days.
Have you become the storm...
You want to keep prolonged.

And you...
Have spent so many days,
From Sun.
All your nights have turned into one.
And I have come to wonder...
Why?
Why you let the Sun go by?
When it's outside and calls to you.
Who do you owe this pain?
And what are you gaining?
Try.
Try to find a reason why.
Why you let your life drift by?

And let your heartache.
When so much awaits for you.

Let the Sun in you,
Break through!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Let The Truth Be The Abundance For Your Life

What's going on?
Why are the electricians changing the lights...
On the 'Let Truth Be The Abundance For Your Life'
Sign?
It was an inspiring reminder when brightly lit.

'It was decided by the 'Economic Board Of Directors',
That the lighting should be more subdued...
Until that kind of truth,
Becomes a fact of reality around here.
With the hope that the economy improves.'

But the message had been okayed and approved,
By the majority of the people.
Visitors who came in droves love it.

'Well...
It doesn't seem as if the people,
Have that much confidence in their beliefs.
And since less visitors have come,
Less funds are available to spend...
On keeping such frivolous delusions alive.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Let Them Be

Those who DON'T care about themselves,
Just let-them-be.
Let them be.

Yes...
Those who DON'T respect themselves or anyone,
Just let them be.
Let-them-be.

If they have a life of foolishness,
And this is all they've ever known 'and' accepted....
Show them you are serious about your life,
And...
Let them be.
Just let them be.

Those who DON'T care about themselves or ever have,
Just let-them-be.
Let them be.

Those who DON'T respect themselves or anybody,
Just...
Let them be.
Let-them-be.

If they have a life of foolishness...
Don't expect no more from them,
You will not get it.
A fool will only wish for more foolishness,
So let-them-be.
Let them be.
YES...
A fool will only wish for more foolishness,
So let-them-be.
LET THEM BE!

I said...
A fool will only be a fool to see,
So let the fool be.

Let-Them-Be.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Let Them Groan In A Free Moan Zone

Let them groan in a free moan zone to do it!
Disputing this with resistance...
Will only satisfy their cries and sighs.

They seek to blame another,
For their blunders initiated undercover.
And wish to dump this as their custom.
As has been done to keep folks stunned.

Let them groan in a free moan zone!
If you don't,
They'll see to it...
This will not be done alone.

Pamper them like the children they are.
The children who play and inflict their own scars.
Let them bleed without a rescue heeding.
And destroy themselves by their own annoyance...
With the sight of their own imperfections seething.
Perhaps then they will get the point!
Their own madness created has left them disjointed!

And leave them alone...
In a free moan zone to do it.
If you don't,
The haunting they'll pursue will last forever.
With 'someone' to depict as their enemy!
And 'this' has been their expertise.

Leave them alone...
In their own free moan zone!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Let Them Have It

As much as I have come,
To appreciate my own experiences.
There are a few avenues I have revisited,
I will admit this...
I still do not understand.

I have come to favorably 'assume',
The overwhelming majority of the people I see...
Have come to live withing this existence,
The old fashion way.
Although there are some who deny this,
And would rather debate how they 'arrived'.
And that is okay!

However...
There are those who insist,
Something about them is owed a special consideration.
And they display a stubbornness to inflict upon others.
With a sharing of this mindset all over the place.

Not only do they not get it...
With a flashing of neon signs to awaken their minds.
But they have a preference to stay in a yesterday,
To repeat familiar sufferings that come their way.
And...
With common expectations to blame someone else.

My solution to anyone wishing to maintain a happiness,
Is to let people like this do exactly what they wish!
Yes!
Unless,
They have come too close to step on any one's toes.
And then by all means,
Without making excuses or apologies...
Let they have it!
Yes.
Let them have it,
Your way.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Let Them Have Their Tea With Crumpets

Let them have their tea with crumpets.
Sound the trumpets,
For those who seek a return of greed.
Since the leader the people selected,
Can not in truth maintain their philosophies.

He...
Wishes to present to them realities.
And they...
Were raised to feed on fantasies.
With praise they wish the world,
Continues to see.
That greatness hyped with hypocrisy!

But those who have chosen to sip their tea,
Even without him leading them...
Can not believe nor accept,
A change is evident.
With a coming to them that is direct.

Because on just 'credit'...
The economy bleeds.
And those who now seethe,
Are the ones who depleted it!

Let them have their tea with crumpets.
Sound the trumpets,
For those who seek a return of greed.
Since the leader the people selected,
Can not in truth maintain their philosophies.
And without his honesty...
They perceive a boundless gluttony,
Will and can come back again.

'What about the thieves?
Who holds them accountable,
For their activities? '

Sssshhh...

That is part of the reality,
They rather see erased from them to leave.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Let Them 'Naysay' On

To the naysayers,
What can be said?
I believe they should be left alone!
We all have missions
Upon which we have embarked.
There is something we have elected,
To accomplish
On 'our' paths.
We seek to do that which we are here to do!
Aren't we?
And so are they!
So let's leave those naysayers to do what they do best!
Let them 'naysay' on...
With a satisfaction that brings a peace of mind,
If any of that they manage to find!
And we all know...
Accompanied by very little rest!
Within them there is an absence
Of that kind of mind!
And let us aspire to our own quests!
No one here should be seeking...
Requests from the naysayers' nests!
And on our time they would wish to take,
To indulge themselves and perfect their tests!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Let Them Suckers Drown

You may have no dialogue...
And one conversation.
Am I going to pay attention to it?
The first time I might.
The second time,
Perhaps.
The third time around?
I may nod in your presence.
If within the 20 yrs of my nodding,
You may say something I have missed...
I hope you forgive me!
But I will never turn my back on you!
Too many of the people over there have done that,
To each other.
And look where that has gotten them?

And still they try to take the last dollar,
Out of their mama's own hand!
But they want to accuse me of my loyalty.
And they don't have a definition of what that means!
Look at them...
Pointing their fingers at me.
And everyday I go over there to break my back...
Pouring water out of their sinking ship!
With no assistance.
And all they do,
Is complain about my relationship with you.

'They've been poisoned! '

What did you say?

'They've been poisoned! '

Is that the reason they dislike you?
You should not have said that from the pulpit,
While I was away!
What should I do?

'Let them suckers drown!
They'll get the point then! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Let Those Doubts Go

Let those doubts go you hold,
To see them fly away.
With a doing that today.

Let those doubts go you hold,
That only will delay...
What you wish to happen,
But those doubts you've got stay!

You've got to get those doubts to stop,
To get you bothered.
You've got to get those doubts to drop,
Right from your mind.
Before they start to find,
A reason and a purpose...
To waste more of your time.

Let go of that hold controlling you with doubts.
Throw them out.
Let go of that hold controlling you with doubts.
Throw them out.
Let go of that hold controlling you with doubts.
Throw them out.
Don't you start,
To feel a guilt.
Or let them come to visit.

You've got to get those doubts to stop,
To get you bothered.
You've got to get those doubts to drop,
Right from your mind.
Before they start to find,
A reason and a purpose...
To waste more of your time.

Let those doubts go you hold,
To see them fly away.
With a doing that today.

Let go of that hold controlling you with doubts.
Throw them out.
Let go of that hold controlling you with doubts.
Throw them out.
Let go of that hold controlling you with doubts.
Throw them out.
Don't you start,
To feel a guilt.
Or let them come to visit.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Let Those Facts Speak For Themselves

It is best not to hint or mention,
To those self-righteous easily offended...
That their infighting and their argumentative,
Dispositions...
Poses a detriment to the atmosphere.
And the climate they have created in their environment,
With a refusing to acknowledge their own ignorance.

It would be better to send notes to people like this.
Since it is obvious they can not see,
The forest for the trees.
Or the fortunes they've dismissed,
Within the reach of their fingertips.
It is better to dropp a message with facts listed.
And let those facts speak for themselves.

'Dear Friends of The Ignorant,
Unwise.
And Those Who Despise Reality...'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Let Us Both Appreciate This Space Made

The only thing you need to give me is distance.
And let us both appreciate this space made,
In heartfelt gratitude.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Let Us Keep This To Ourselves

If you are counting on my appearance,
To depict my disposition to others...
This I can understand.
Since you perceive me to be in a box to fit.
And your opinions of me given to others conflict.

I can tell when I am introduced to them,
They are confused by my humor...
With a mix of seriousness that is unexpected,
When they are left less to comprehend...
Who it is they have never fact to face met.

'You are not who I expected at all.'

Who did you expect?

'Someone I was told you would be I'd meet.'

That's unfortunate.
Because no one prepared me to meet you.

'That's not unfortunate at all.
I am glad they are not here and we met.
Let us keep this to ourselves.
And one day together...
We will witness their regrets.'

Yes.
I love it.
Let us keep this to ourselves.

'Yes.
Let's.
I love it too,
Knowing less meddling they will do.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Let Us Not Jump To Conclusions

Were their actions inspired and motivated,
By racial hate?

'Well...
Let us not jump to conclusions.
Since we are currently conducting,
A thorough and complete investigation.'

How many thorough and complete investigations...
Thus far,
Have been conducted and do you anticipate?

'That is difficult to determine.
You see...
The marketing of crime,
And the perpetuating of bigotry...
Has continued to be extremely beneficial and lucrative,
In communities worldwide.

However,
Let us all agree right now...
In 'this' particular community,
There will be no tolerance of hatred shown...
Of any kind.

'Will that mean the ending to building,
Of prisons and jails...
As well as rehabiliation centers,
Currently on the drawing boards...
Must cease to be a reality as is planned? '

Let's not get too hasty with decisions we must face.
There is a need for more jobs to feed and hire professionals.
Unless we all use our minds to become innovative,
Our abilities to create employment for those we deem qualified...
Most certainly will drive our efforts and ambitions into wasted pits.

'That will also mean an upheaval...
Of the death, war and taxation way of life,

All of us have grown accustomed!
And none of us are willing to sacrifice.
To implement the unknown.'

Correct!
And that is our biggest challenge.
However...
And it has been stated,
Let us not just yet...
Jeopardize our greatness,
By jumping to conclusions.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Let What's To Be...Be!

Don't be rude.
Don't try to be...
Crazy.
Don't ever be lazy.
And don't choose to be a fool.
With something to prove...
To those who approve.

Just...
Don't be rude.
Don't try to be...
Crazy.
Don't ever be lazy.
And don't choose to be a fool.
With something to prove.

Be you...
And let what's to be...
Be!
And free yourself from...
Seeking control,
To hold onto endlessly.

Be you...
And let what's to be...
Be!
And free yourself from...
Seeking control,
To hold onto!
To mold every single belief.

Don't be rude.
Don't try to be...
Crazy.
Don't ever be lazy.
And don't choose to be a fool.
With something to prove.

Just...

Don't be rude.
Be you...
And let what's to be,
Be!
And free yourself from...
Seeking control,
To hold onto!
To mold beliefs.
Be you...
And let what's to be...
Be!
And free yourself from...
Seeking control,
To hold onto!
To mold all your beliefs.

Be you...
And let what's to be..
Be!
Don't be the one controlling.
You'll be the one contolled,
Eventually.

Just be you...
And let what's to be..
Be!
Don't be the one controlling.
You'll be the one contolled,
Eventually.

Just be you...
And let what's to be..
Be!
Don't be the one controlling.
You'll be the one contolled,
Eventually.

Just be you...
And let what's to be,
Be!
Don't be the one controlling.
You'll be the one contolled,

Eventually.

Just be you...
And let what's to be,
Be!

Just be you...
And let what's to be,
Be!

Just be you...
And let what's to be,
Be!

Just be you.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Let Yourself Be Aware Of Depth

Recognize minimize limits,
From inside and decide...
To reach beyond,
That which divides.
Close your eyes in boundless darkness.
Know all wants and wishes,
Come from this.

Let yourself be aware of depth.
And...
Let your imagination,
Be swept away.

Let yourself be aware of depth.
And...
Let your imagination,
Be swept away.

Recognize minimize limits,
From inside and decide...
To reach beyond,
That which divides.

Let yourself be aware of depth.
And...
Let your imagination,
Be swept away.

Close your eyes in boundless darkness.
Know all wants and wishes,
Come from this.

Let yourself be aware of depth.
And...
Let your imagination,
Be swept away.

Let yourself be aware of depth.
And...

Let your imagination,
Be swept away.

The Earth...
Is part of the Universe.

Let yourself be aware of depth.

From birth...
We come to Earth to nourish.

Let yourself be aware of depth.

The Earth...
Is part of the Universe.
From birth...
We come to Earth to nourish.

Let yourself be aware of depth.
And...
Let your imagination,
Be swept away.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Lethal

A feeling kept that's lethal...
Will not stay locked inside.
To hide it hidden.
Or think of it to be forbidden.

A feeling kept that's lethal...
Simmers sitting heating in disguise.
From opened eyes to falsify
And,
Leaving people often to despise...
Other people.
People taunted often criticize...
Other people.
With a lethal feeling that surprises...
To penalize.

People unknown should be shown respect,
To keep a peace fed.
People unknown should be shown respect,
To keep a peace said...
Wished and wanted.
Received to get and done to flaunt it.
People unknown should be shown respect,
To keep a peace fed.
People unknown should be shown respect,
To keep a peace said...
Wished and wanted.
Received to get and done to flaunt it.
Keeping lethal feelings minimized.
But...
Left are people often to despise...
Other people.
People taunted often criticize...
Other people.
With a lethal feeling penalized,
To rise!
Yet,
People don't know when to show respect,
To keep a peace fed.

People don't know when to show respect
To keep a peace said...
Wished and wanted.
Received to get and done to flaunt it.
Minimizing feelings of regret...
To leave what's lethal.
And chase away those feelings that are evil.
To make them legal.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Lethal Avoidance

Don't enforce that upon them...
If believed it doesn't exist.
Slip a little bit,
To those who annoy.
The majority will not accept it!

Hush up this truth!
Make more inducements,
For those who choose deception...
Delightful and legit.
Magnify those in denial.
Promote their fantasies...
As a reality,
To comfort them with.

Who dares to care that a lethal avoidance...
Has been injected,
Into those dosing in unconsciousness.
Those addicted...
To this fix that deludes.
And inflicting,
Until no one can resist.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Let's Be Honest About This

Let's be honest about this!

'No.
Why should we?
Look behind you.
The majority now follow us.
Plus it has stopped raining.
A rainbow appears.
And...
Who knows,
If we keep with our beliefs...
Soon we will be near the Emerald City.'

WHAT EMERALD CITY? ? ?

'Keep your voice down.
I said IF we keep our beliefs...
Soon we will be near the Emerald City.'

But that's lieing.

'Details.
Details, details, details.
So what?
Something will show up...
And we will call it the Emerald City.
You know how it works.
You've been playing this game longer than I have.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Let's Choose Another Location

You must give me more time!

Why have I not responded,
To your false allegations...
And slanderous accusations?
Well...
Honestly?
A few of them I actually like!
My staff and I are reviewing which ones,
Are the most devious.
As soon as we have chosen them,
We will contact you to let you know...
Those we feel will present the better fight!
And next Tuesday after our debate...
Let's choose another location for dinner.
It has been determined that place is too public,
And we must keep up this hatred thing...
At least until after the elections!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Let's Compare Notes

Let's compare notes.

At one time you had said,
My comments provoked!
And you denounced,
Those words I spoke!

Let's compare notes.

Today you raise the same concerns.
And yet you say to others...
With the same words they have already heard.
But now you have a broader consciousness.

Let's compare notes!

What you say today,
Is 'intended' to provoke.
But you believe there should be an exception...
Since 'you' have been awakened from a deep sleep.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Let's Consider This

Shallow is their insight and with it is that existence.
And some are accused of having less patience with them.
While displaying less tolerance for their ignorance...
But should express more acceptance of it!
As well as their lack of consciousness.
To pass on an accountability...
That becomes part of a stagnated unity,
With increased division to further irresponsibility.

However...
Let's consider this!
When one decides to move forward,
In steps that are direct...
There is an intention meant,
To leave behind a confinement...
One graduates from with no regrets.
And feeling free to express an obtained intellect,
As part of that process to share...
In an exchange being done.

With a stretching of the mind that one desires to get!
With an expanded acknowledgement.
And...
Some just AIN'T there yet!
Whether they are making those attempts,
Or know how to spell motivation.
There is a noticed absence of it!
And 'that' appears in overqualified abundance.
You feel me?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Let's Discuss The Disgust Of Purulence

If we pursued
The absoluteness of nothing.
Wouldn't in that nothingness
Be a 'something' else done
We 'did' together do?
Let's discuss the disgust of purulence!
And the suppuration,
Pertinent to pus!
At least there is something else...
To discover in conversation,
That can and does ooze from us!
And then we could examine
The quality and texture.
Gaining and maintaining each other's trust!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Let's Get To The Bottom Of This

Let's get to the bottom of this.
Let's get to the bottom and do it quick.
Was I there for you?

'Yes.'

To prove my love was true?

'Yes.'

And did I sacrifice my life,
With a showing you this too?

'Yes.'

Let's get to the bottom of this.
Let's get to the bottom and do it quick.
Who was there when no one showed they cared?

'You were.'

Who was there?

'You were.'

And who protected,
To wipe those tears you wept from you?

'You were there in all of my despair.'

So why would you call me selfish?
And...
Why would your friends believe,
You've been made a fool?
When in private they weren't there,
To see what I'd been through.

Let's get to the bottom of this.
Let's get to the bottom and do it quick.

Was I there for you?

'Yes.'

To prove my love was true?

'Yes.'

And did I sacrifice my life,
With a showing you this too?

'Yes.'

One day you will remember my love.
Let's get to the bottom of this.
Let's get to the bottom and do it quick.

One day you will remember,
Me.
Let's get to the bottom of this.
Let's get to the bottom and do it quick.

One day you will remember...
Who had been deceived.
Let's get to the bottom of this.
Let's get to the bottom and do it quick.

One day you will know why,
You grieve.
With a memory of what love should be.
To up from you to leave.

One day you will know,
A true love that you had but couldn't keep.

Let's get to the bottom of this.
Let's get to the bottom and do it quick.
Oh yes!
Let's get to the bottom of this.
Let's get to the bottom and do it quick.
Oh yes!
Let's get to the bottom of this.

Let's get to the bottom and do it quick.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Let's Go Back To Uranus

If my point of view offends you...
Where on Earth do you think,
In my head it was stirred and nourished from?
Neptune?
Uranus, Mercury or Mars?

MILLIONS spent to send a probe to Mars,
To discover with a validation...
Water exists and there is a probability of life.
And we are...
On Earth.
And still we are in conflict with opinions,
That are different to affect those who experience them.
To offend the ones who get upset,
Their preferred rose colored glasses...
Aren't worn by all with one mindset.

If my point of view offends you...
Or anyone else comforted by limitations too!
Where on Earth do you think,
In my head it was stirred and nourished from?
Neptune?
Uranus, Mercury or Mars?
If it was Venus,
Would I then be accused of treachery, blasphemy...
AND sabotage?

Let's go back to Uranus!

Perhaps too many of us are descendents.
With many still there with their heads stuck up.
And not prepared to flush that stuff,
To observe what's going on with a being down to Earth.
With too many faked delusions hard to shake.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Let's Go For Our Walk

A festive time they had.
Wining and dining,
And sipping on the best champagne.
The only complaints heard,
Were the hors d'oeuvres were late
In being served.
And the servants' shoes were not shined.

Times change overnight!
These same folks are finding themselves uptight.
Every dime that they had and their homes are gone.
Investments made and lives lived on good credit...
Came thundering to an end,
With the event for them was a freakish storm!

'Horace? Where's our money, dear? '

Horace snapped his mind...
When their 401k took a deep decline!
And the banks stopped all loans and credit...
As excuses for bankruptcy,
Bank executives could not find!

And the greatest of their pretensions,
Became as worthless as they saw those homeless!

Now the churches seem packed with redeemers...
But God does not control the mint!
And the demons who prayed to keep their lifestyles worshipped,
Suffer pain and hardships from their own decadence.

'Grandpa...
Why do you always keep your shoes shined? '

It's a reminder to keep myself respected.
And my steps grateful to be taken in simplicity.
Feeling blessed.

'I don't understand.'

You will one day.
Come on...
Let's go for our walk.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Let's Just Do Lunch

Somethings were said.
Some things to remind me to look ahead,
And not backward.
To forgive and let live instead.
And leave what was done...
In the past,
Where it is.
Dead!

Times have changed and so have we.
I agree I miss you.
But it's not a desperate need.
I miss the innocence...
Prior to those nasty arguments.
And I've taken the blame...
For anything you claimed I have done.
Even taking a chance,
Something may trigger and enhance...
What has now been overcomed.

I'd rather not take that road again.
Let's just do lunch!
Welcome this time we've had together.
And say goodbye when that time has come.
To depart as friends.
Let's just do lunch.
Not to think about a new beginning.
But celebrate an ending we have overcomed!
Let's just do lunch.
Enjoy that and leave this memory,
As a pleasant one!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Let's Just Drop The Subject!

We pledge an allegiance to a flag.
And to a 'republic' for which it stands.
With liberty and justice for all!

'Hey...
It's like those blue dogs,
Fighting with right winged conservatives.
Or those of third party inclinations,
Who say they are neither democrat or republican.
And the federal reserve created by the Rothchilds...
Controlling every dime every where on Earth! '

Those are unpatriotic statements!
Delivered from the lips...
Of a nonconformist militant.

'Oh please!
I guess the next thing you will say,
Is that our cherished democracy is a socialistic movement.
That threatens our way of life?
Although we pledge ourselves today,
To an understanding that a sovereign state...
Ruled by representatives of a widely inclusive electorate.
And the term republic...
Formerly denoted a form of government,
That was both free from hereditary or monarchical rule? '

WHY are you attempting to be specific,
When propaganda has been our ideal way of life?
What has been documented has already been determined to be flawed.
And what is the problem with a bit of fantasizing?

'We must protect 'our' interests!
Whatever they are.
Or 'today' may be!
Folks are beginning to become alarmed,
By the fact that our president may not be a nationalized citizen.
And once every year...
People spend millions decorating their homes,

Streets and businesses on Christmas!
Waiting for Santa Claus to arrive.
And nowhere in the Bible is this man mentioned! '

We pledge an allegiance to a flag.
And fantasies of all kinds.
So what is the big deal?
This has nothing to do with honesty and truth.
That's why we have laws!

'Geeessssshh!
Let's just dropp the subject!
I'm already feeling violated.'

Is that mentally?
Or physically?

Why are you looking at me like that?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Let's Just Have Dinner And Skip The Sex

I think practicing safe sex is a good idea.
Especially today.
However...
Don't you think the use of rubber gloves,
Masks and candles is a bit much?
And you want us to put the candles where?
To conserve energy?
You want to save on your electric bill?
And you don't know if I'll provide the heat you need?

Let's just have dinner and skip the sex.
I'm tired of it already!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Let's Make This Clear

Let's make this clear,
And get it over with right now.
If I come home one more time,
To find you crying...
And this house is not clean?
You will have much more on your mind,
Than what people are saying about you.
I work too hard to fill your eyes with tears.
Especially when I could dropp a few myself.
And I'll give you one guess as to who has not time,
To do it!

I care about you and what you are going through,
I do.
I don't want you to think I don't.
However...
There is something about priorities,
You are going to remember.
Do as I say...
Or suffer the consequences!

'Ma?
WHY do you keep saying the same things to me,
Over and over again.
As if I'm blind! '

There is a lot you need to learn about life...
And what to value.
If I give you something to do,
And you leave that not done...
Your concerns about what people say about you,
Is going to be further and further away from your mind.
AND I'm doing the best I can to avoid that from happening.

Now...
What's it going to be?
My house cleaned?
Or a monster you have never seen?
With a sore behind and weeks of punishment delivered.

Trust me...
I have the magic to restore your 'vision'.
And eventually you will toughen up.
I guarantee it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Let's Negotiate

What will you do?
And most importantly,
Where will you go?
When your overvalued self servicing ends.
It has already shown signs of dimming.
With your need to win...
With a boasting grin.
But now,
Knocking against your pockets.
And getting quite thin.

What will you do...
When your lush avenues,
No longer welcomes your presence...
With opened arms.
And your strolling pass closed cafés,
Alarms!
And there is no one there,
To front your charms.
Or cater to you!
What on Earth will become of you.

Oh, mais oui.

'May. We. What?
Go ahead and say it! '

Hopefully your turned up nose,
Will lower to sense a seriousness of these times.
And if you are about to lose your last dime...
You know I have long since lost mine!
However,
I will take your I.O.U.
One never knows!
'Do one'?

'And...
Where are you going with this? '

Straight to the bank,
When things begin to look up for you!
What kind of question is that?
Where do you think I would go?
Now...
Let's negotiate,
So I can leave 'you people' alone!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Let's Not Confuse This!

When I am near and kiss you...
There is nothing in between us,
I choose to acknowledge that exists.

Past relationships,
Or the sound of a ticking done made by a clock...
Can not stop the flow of my emotions,
Felt and held for you.

I am focused with clarity!
And I am hoping you are too.
Unless we are both two fools,
Misunderstanding this moment.

My heart says 'no'.
Allowing me...
To just let go!
And when I am with you...
That is exactly what we do.

Let's not confuse this!
Or what it is...
For something that it isn't.

It is what it is...
Or you and I would not be here,
To experience it at all.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Let's Not Jump To Conclusions

Stop.
Take a moment.
Look around.
Do you 'still' insist,
What you've heard about this place...
And the apparent devastation,
That has affected the inhabitants effectively...
Is just hearsay and misappropriated innuendos?
We are in the midst to observe this reality.

'Why is it you choose to be so negative?
Let's not jump to conclusions.
Besides...
You of all people should know,
That's how rumors their start.
By implication.
I am sure what we are viewing,
Is a part of some kind of inner city festival.'

And the ones limping around?
Wounded?
Should we also suspect,
They have perfected the appearance...
With an exacting costuming of it?

'You know something?
Your sarcasm.
It has a way of taking the joy,
Out of everything.'

My apologies.
It is not my intention,
Although I did mention it...
To be so clinically dissecting.
And with a cynicism that reflects,
What to me is obvious.

'Don't worry about it.
At least I know...

Your expectations for performance,
Is much higher than mine.
Neither one of us really know,
How much time they were given...
To rehearse.
I think what they've done is a great re-enactment.
Afterall...
Others who are viewing this,
Seem to be entertained by it.
Look...
There are vendors all over the place.'

Where I'm from they are called 'panhandlers'.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Let's Play 'Idiots Who Replace Fools For A Day'.

Let's play 'Idiots Who Replace Fools For a Day'.
We'll both pretend to be amazed,
By all that has happened.
And we will stop and congratulate,
Everyone for participating...
For letting us have our way!

We will wear buttons and pins,
In support of the huge deficit...
All of us helped to find ourselves in!
As you and I declare...
We wish to bring an end,
To those offended...
By every tragedy began,
We inflicted with intention.

And opening doors for more to endure.
Agony is not true agony...
Unless it is poured upon the heads,
Of those once middle class and now poor!
Adored is the wickedness in this!

Yes!

We want them hushed!
Those who would like to see us crushed.
We want them silenced...
Those who wish to move forward with correctness.

We want to hear cheers...
And praises from those who elected us to be here!

Let's play 'Idiots Who Replace Fools For a Day'.
And discuss our disgust for the need to change!
Let's show them how we can keep this plunge...
Going downhill at record speed!
Let us show them,
How truthfully to be deranged!
And have all request this need to feed.

Instead of that slow as you go mess!
To have those chewing up each other...
In what has been decided,
As to the type of chaos that is left!
That leaves all fighting themselves...
Over which 'democractic' lifestyle suits them best!

Let us just connect to doom...
Now!
And get this 'Who Stands For What and Why'
Deception crap,
Flushed down the nearest toilet.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Let's Play Nice

Let's play nice.
No need for spinning wheels,
Or the rolling of dice.
The pie secretly sliced...
Could be tasty for all.
If we stopped tossing chips,
With no thought to their fall!

Let's play nice!
Why gamble on bets..
To entice more regrets?
If those at the table enjoy eating cake...
Make sure there's enough,
For all to take a taste.
Why spoil or waste,
A gathering that takes place?

Let's place nice...
And allow for open dialogue.
Excite all appetites that come,
Forget about etiquette, rules and laws!

Let's play nice!
Put a smile on these 'tight' jaws!
Even those who seem to always win...
Appear to be frowning for no reason at all!
Let's play nice!
And break down those uptight walls!
Loosen up and let's go skipping...
Down those dull and dim-witted halls.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Let's Pretend

Never will there be an accepted and credible,
Life lived on other planets to exist.
This would reveal a truth that had been deluded,
By those with enforced and kept beliefs...
The Earth we feed and leech upon,
Is unique and created to keep reality out of reach.
Although many are awakening from a deep sleep,
To find themselves wondering...
What it is they witness to see in the skies,
Is more often than not...
Denied as possible and covered up behind lies.

'What on EARTH is THAT? '

~Well...
First of all,
Whatever it is...
Is not of this Earth.
Therefore, the reality of it, does not exist.~

'You are right.
Let's pretend it is not noticed.
Let's pretend like we are accustomed to do.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Let's Review The Inventory

Back up!
Let's review the inventory.
It is not okay,
For you to create...
What you believe takes place,
In my life.
Without an invoice or evidence,
To prove you have taken stock...
Of how I live and apply,
My ongoing activities.
But others perceive,
You to be a person of tact.

And I find that laughable.
Now...
If you wish to address,
Me personally...
With your issues.
I would suggest you do that.
To prevent your own embarrassment.
Before it is exposed you are way off track.

Back up!
Let's review the inventory.
You have made claims,
Released to speak about me...
As if they were facts.
But nothing I've supplied,
Promotes your stabbing me in my back.
Unless you seek with me a confrontation?
And verbal attacks to satisfy a shouting match,
I have long left to explore the benefits of maturity.
And plenty of that I will upon you unpack!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Let's Set This Record Straight

Let's set this record straight!
Your foundations...
Structured with tainted funds!
And on the backs of those you allowed to suffer...
In the midst of your deceit and thirst for greed,
Has never attracted me.
That is why I have kept my appearances limited.
And as far away as possible!
I am not after a position as your doorman.
To clown or jester with your nouveau riche friends.
Some recently recovering from negrophobia!

Others who believe you have prestige,
To bestow upon them?
Is fine!
That just ain't me!
I do not object to anyone's ignorance.
Whether temporarily applied or not!
Nor do I needlessly need to stand in line,
To receive that kind of acknowledgement!
Especially from a known oppressor of my attempts,
To live my life without approved limitations!
Nor smiling like I am the master's boot shiner,
Do you get from me.
I have too long addressed my own identity...
With little assistance,
And regretful heckling from my own kin.
Also absent of consciousness.

This is reality!
Not an ex-slave speaking from the grave!
Or an ancestor spirited,
From under some suburban subdivision!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Let's Talk

Let's talk.

'Okay.
But...
Don't we do that everyday? '

We do.
But today?
Let's try doing something.

'Like what? '

Today...
Let's not talk about ourselves.
Our neighbors.
Or the choices they make,
To live the lives they choose.
Or who did what to who,
To leave us gossiping about it.

'Gee. Can we? '

Let's not talk about politics.
Or those with different religious beliefs.
Who should be more discipline
Or whose children are just like them.
And let's not talk about the economy.
Or who we believe is responsible for the deficit.
Let's not even discuss our own distrust of others.
Or who deceives, lies and cheats,
To leave the grieving appalled and up at nights without sleep.

'Then what is there left for us to do? '

Perhaps we can sit, relax and enjoy each other's company?

'Where do we begin?
We've never done that before.'

Let's talk.
And just 'maybe' we will uncover and find,
Something about life we actually like.
And keep that in our minds each time we meet.

'To begin talking about something positive? '

Why not?

'And do with an effort as if it's a choice?
Do you realize how difficult that is? '

Let's try it.
Let's make the attempt.

'I have nothing to say.'

That's a start.
Let's see how long we can keep it that way.

'But...
There will be nothing but silence.
It will be quiet.
It will be...'

Peaceful, quiet and enjoyed.

'Well...
Let's try it.
Let's make the attempt.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Letting That Go...To Grow

We provide,
Too many excuses.
And allow escapes,
From a lack of discipline.

Don't we all,
Relish to rehash
Good and bad experiences...
Recaptured from our pasts.
And relate to them,
As if time for us is standing still.
To watch and admire,
Those strong wills we have...
Doing our best to hold onto youth,
With a slipping grasp.

Instead of letting that go...
To grow.
Like blades of grass,
Some pamper.
Until mulched and trashed!
Remembered,
But forgotten...
At last!
To become recycled.
As everything in nature has!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Letting Things Be As They Should

Why can't people just know things?
Without the need,
To have others explore...
The depths of their experiences.
With proof that they too,
Have chanced upon such revelations.

If shared inducements have come to seduce,
Those of like minds.
It should be received without preconceptions.
Or applied digressive tests...
Empty of benefit.
And manifesting nothing given.

To lay at rest,
Profess confessions.
As defensive mechanisms.
With pretensions,
Eventually...
To be excused and withdrawn.
Knowing a hunger stays craved.

Time wasted moves on.
And does not linger for them,
Who lay awaiting in shadows...
For a piece to complete,
Desires yearned to be touched!
Wanted much but left to discretion.
To become repeated in a self deception.

Why can't people just know things?
Express them...
To find they are not alone.
Letting go.
Allowing someone to know...
What flows within,
Can and will be condoned.

If they left things to be shown.

To manifest connections on their own.
And be accepted...
In the reception of blessings.
To let things be as they should.
Without the interference of enticements...
Misunderstood by mixed signals sent!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Level Of Expectation

The more one does for others,
The more that level of expectation increases.
People are seldom satisfied by that which is given.
Especially if it has been received without effort.
And if what is received has been stolen...
Then there is absolutely no appreciation at all.
If fact...
The craving for theft never ceases.
It becomes a birthright!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Levity

Living on promises,
And stretched paychecks...
Makes it difficult for anyone,
To find any levity left.
Or unexpected humor,
Projected to accept...
From anyone to get.
Unless...
Someone is accustomed,
To pinching pennies to impress.
With a listening to do patiently,
To creditors that suggest...
Making late payments,
On overdue debts...
Threatens a fading credit rating.
And a loan one expects,
One may not get.
To leave one left laughing hysterically.

'I'm already pinching pennies,
With a hope to buy a can of beans.'

~I see.
So you do have a can opener? ~

'Yes.'

~That's great.
We will use that as equity.
Now...
Is it a possibility,
You can find a co-signer? ~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Lewdiology

Nothing done did,
Is what is perceived
As an actual act portrayed
Although believed to have taken place!

You see...
'IF' a confession admitted
Occurs prior to public scrutiny
And not revealed until discovered...
That said confession did not happen!
AND...
'Should' just go away.
That it doesn't...
Is not the fault of the perpetrator!
Or,
The predator!
Depending on the status of the doer!
And social standing.

You see...
Proper legal representation,
Obtained...
Can and will change the occurrence!
Eventually erasing the guilt quietly...
And restoring standards of dignity professed.
And lapses into the 'lewdiology' one performs,
No longer exists as observed.
No matter which bathroom one selects,
To test airport security.

Furthermore...
One with credentialed standing,
AND experienced in fine wine and dining...
Can and should use impulsive anxiety,
As a means to describe such behavior
As a misunderstanding!
A search for softer tissue!
And the touching of feet not bared or toes shown...
Is not an implication for solicitation!

But a mere expression of toilet seat approval.
Showing fingers under stalls with signals,
Also are signs to indicate comfort.

Alleged acts of impropriety are absurd!
Especially when embossed business cards,
Are displayed!
No matter who's badge has been 'flashed'
First...
For embellishment purposes.
And...
What occurred would not have happened,
'IF' those who caught this misdeed taking place...
Had worn sunglasses,
As to not to interpret this action as 'gay'!
It's appalling to be subjected to these witch hunts.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Libérés...Percevoir Ce Qui Se Passe En Haïti

Un peuple réduit en esclavage,
Par leur propre volonté...
Pour être mis en liberté.
Les gens qui se sont rebellés,
Contre la suppression forcée.
Et se sont battus pour renverser l'oppression...
Aujourd'hui,
En Haïti
Lutte pour survivre,
Sur terre Earthquaked à une fatalité ruine.

Et abandonnée,
Comme les montres Monde entier...
À partir de distances horrifié comme ils le font voir.
Et pourtant, ne peut pas croire.

Vous et moi devons prier tous les jours.
Et chaque heure constamment.
Pour l'ensemble de l'humanité à être libérés,
De indifférences qui nous isole en divisions d'indécision.
Percevoir ce qui se passe en Haïti...
Et d'autres terres gauche déprimés par la haine!
Ne sont pas des «tests» livré par Dieu!
Pour voir si son et / ou ses propres créations...
Venez à l'aide d'autrui,
Avoir besoin de nous...
Afin de laisser derrière lui,
Chaque grain de mesquinerie à moudre!

A people enslaved,
By their own will...
To be set free.
People who rebelled,
Against enforced suppression.
And fought to oust oppression...
Today,
In Haiti
Struggle to survive,
On land Earthquaked to a fated ruin.

And abandoned,
As the entire World watches...
From distances horrified as they do see.
And yet can not believe.

You and I must pray everyday.
And each hour constantly.
For all of humanity to be released,
From indifferences that isolates us
Into divisions with indecision.
Perceiving what happens in Haiti...
And other lands left depressed by hate!
Aren't 'tests' delivered by God!
To see if His and/or Her creations...
Come to the aid of others,
Needing us...
To leave behind,
Every speck of pettiness to grind!

Dedicated:
To Us!
We, the people of consciousness and love.
To those of us with a sense of caring for all humanity.
Regardless of our Worldly possessions.
And obsession to acquire things that bring no 'eternal' comfort.
We must rise up against our petty indecisions.
To realize our common-ness felt when sorrow arrives,
To inflict us with emotional grief.
This is the one common 'thread' no matter what color,
Or on which land we are fed love, happiness and joy.
We either share this...
Or die in separate desires unfulfilled but wished!
-LSP~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Libidinal Energies

Potential is as essential as implementation.
It is best when effective.
And experienced when used.

However...
When potental is never realized,
Implementation becomes another fixation.

As if libidinal energies kept at a fever pitch,
With other wishes determined to manifest.
That are eagerly expressed but eventually dismissed.

Until the memory of having it fades and disappears.
To leave discussions about potential,
No one gets or experiences the power of it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Librarian

Just because I write.
And have had some success.
Doesn't automatically...
Quality my efforts endeavored,
To have anyone believe,
I could easily be a librarian.
Or suggest what one picks,
From a library to read...
Is less effective,
Than my own perspective.
Nor could I sit,
In any position to recommend...
What one should read.
And what I believe,
Needs to be censored.

No pretense will I ever have...
That my experiences to acquire,
And to have written about...
Will be found as God's gift,
To humanity.
But I do sometimes wish,
I had the power to tell people
To 'hush up'.
And they would not question,
My influence.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Licensed

Just how ignorant can a deepened ignorance be?
Can it be leased?
Or sold as one's property?
If one is to sell their's...
In today's economy,
Will they become considered as wise?
Becoming wealthy,
To discover they have been despised.
Will those marketing common ignorance,
Be recognized at all?
Since there is currently a surplus of it...
And those who are certified and licensed,
Can not prove their ignorance is truly authentic!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Licking Greasy Fingertips Wont Do The Trick

You drink pop from a paper cup.
Then you want a masseuse to rub your butt.

But that stuff you've got to learn to tighten yourself.
But that stuff you've got to learn to tighten yourself.

You want a slim waist to look so lean.
But at midnight you're eating icecream.

Licking greasy fingertips wont do the trick.
You've got to pick a plan and stick to it!
And...
Beyoncé,
Will love you.

You drink pop from a paper cup.
Then you want a masseuse to rub your butt.

But a licking greasy fingertips wont do the trick.
You've got to pick a plan and stick to it!
And that stuff you've got to learn to tighten yourself.
You've got to do it for yourself and no one else.
And...
Beyoncé,
Will love you.

You've got to pick a plan and stick to it!
A licking greasy fingertips wont do the trick.
And...
Beyoncé
Will love you.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Lieing Is An Art

It's not that lieing is accepted.
It is the style by which liars choose,
To tell their lies.

First...
Lies told must be convincing.
That means the delivery of them,
Must be polished.

Second...
Presentation.
Over-dramatizing?
No.
But eye contact and conviction,
Are most important to heighten delusions.

Third...
And this is extremely important.
Lieing is an art.
Those considering this field of endeavor,
Must practice diligently and with enthusiasm.

There is nothing more disappointing,
Than knowing someone who lies...
But is not entertaining.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Lieing Spies Are All Over The Place

Those who have lied and in a secret spying,
And hired other spies to snoop for them...
Are now accusing those snoops of treason.
For reasons to suspect them of betrayal,
Because they refuse to continue with the doing.
And have failed to be the 'creeps' they were hired to be.

And now, today like pests and unaccepted insects,
Lieing spies are all over the place...
Campaining to gain the trust of the people.
By saying they had no intention to infringe upon,
Their peace of mind and privacy...
With a listening to everything they say everyday,
To probe with a doing even 'after' they have gone to bed.

Yet what had been done was to ensure the safety,
And best interest of everyone, as is claimed...
Like a profiling done to perform on someone,
Just wanting to mind their own business to do as done.
And...
In their own neighborhoods.

But the crooks, deceivers and thieves believe,
Those who are apparently innocent 'and' peaceful...
Are the ones with 'looks' and appearances to be suspect.
And are reported to be threats,
To an idealistic although highly deluded quality of life.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Lieing Through Their Teeth

Giving up a smile or two,
Does not end a feud...
One begins.
Nor is a joker without a seriousness,
Worth a fist to lift.

Giving up a smile or two,
May work best for children...
Teasing each other after school.
But to think it's okay to lie just to do,
Seems so foolish to hear those who do it.

Some people can't seem to live a life,
Without a lieing through their teeth.
Some people.
Some people.
Some people do what they do,
To disturb another's peace.
Some people.
Some people.
And the same people doing it,
Love the doing it of this.

Giving up a smile or two,
Does not end a feud...
One begins.
Nor is a joker without a seriousness,
Worth a fist to lift.
And the same people doing it,
Love the doing it of this.

Some people can't seem to live a life,
Without a lieing through their teeth.
Some people.
Some people.
Some people do what they do,
To disturb another's peace.
Some people.
Some people.

And the same people doing it,
Love the doing it of this.

Some people do what they do,
To disturb another's peace.
Some people.
Some people.
And the same people doing it,
Love the doing it of this.

Giving up a smile or two,
May work best for children...
Teasing each other after school.
But to think it's okay to lie just to do,
Seems so foolish to hear those who do it.
And the same people doing it,
Love the doing it of this.

Some people can't seem to live a life,
Without a lieing through their teeth.
Some people.
Some people.
Some people do what they do,
To disturb another's peace.
Some people.
Some people.
And the same people doing it,
Love the doing it of this.

Some people can't seem to live a life,
Without a lieing through their teeth.
Some people.
Some people.
And the same people doing it,
Love the doing it of this.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Lieing To Yourself Has Been Your Enemy

Open your windows.
Why suffocate,
Without fresh air to deeply breathe.

Why lock yourself away,
Within your walls?
And you sit in silence.
As if afraid someone will call.

What is the purpose,
Of your self inflicted distance?

'I've heard there is a truth outside I can not face.'

You can not keep yourself away,
From the embracing of it.
Blocked, locked away or with attempts to stop...
Truth does not victimize.
Lieing to yourself,
Has been your enemy.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Lieing Would Not Be To Your Benefit

No one has the right to lie.

'My wholesome innocent consciousness.
Beaming with the hopefulness...
Of acquiring impressive things.

Daydream and blossoming,
On the furtile fields of my expansive imagination.
Had at one time thought those thoughts.
Until it dawn on me.
Like a Sunrise awakening upon the horizon.
And...
To a degree,
I agree with your assessment...
Of a life lived to be teased by temptations sold.
Primarily to keep you reaching for the Moon and Stars.
And taxed!
For your entire life.

No one has the 'right' to lie!
However...
There are some exceptions.'

'What' exceptions?

'Those that own...
Not rent.
Or mortgage on credited loans.
Can do what they please.
If the land you live on,
Can be taken from beneath your feet...
You can not afford to lie.
You have not purchased.
Or own outright the deed.
Therefore,
Lieing would not be to your benefit.
Your lies told...
Would be created for purposes of escape.

IF you OWN.
And control who eats,
Where they sleep.
What they wear and drive!
You can 'lie' anytime you want to.
WHO's going to object?
You?
Do you realize how many decisions are made,
Everyday...
Regarding your life.
And those doing it,
Could care less if you exist.
AND they can say you don't!
And...
We both know that would be a lie!

Those that can get and maintain your attention.
And have you believe,
Eating mud pies is nutritional.
And will keep you filled with vitality,
For one hundred years.
To regain the look of a thirty year old,
Forever!
Can do whatever they want.
They already do.
You have a TV and have gone to movies!

And PLEASE...
Do not mention religion to me.
We'd be here for hours.
As you try to convince me,
Of the tremendous powers within the 'good' book! '

There are!

'Whose good book?
Who's interpretation?
And upon who's land,
Are those powers most effective? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Lies To Believe

Lies to believe,
Will always be lies to believe.
Ask anyone why they have been convinced,
To protest against a revealing of truth.
And often they will say,
'Why do standards we value...
Have to be from us taken away?
We insist upon keeping our ancestors wishes,
Kept with a staying we will never betray.'

~Even though they have been proven lies? ~

'When has truth ever been kept as a commitment?
When we have sacrificed our lives,
To survive and thrive on delusions.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Life

Life...
Is my meaning.
And life...
Is the nectar sweet.
Life...
Is what's inside of me.

To live as given.

Life...
Is no mocking bird.
And life...
Can be just a word.
But life...
Is what's inside of me!

Not here to prophecize it.
Or criticize or try.
Nor do I push aside...
The reason why,
Some live denying.

Life...
Is my meaning.
And life...
Is the nectar sweet.
Life...
Is what's inside of me.

And I'm gonna live my life...
As no mocking bird.
And life...
Can be just a word.
But life...
Is what's inside of me!

And I believe my life...
Is my precious gem.
Life...

Is what's inside of me,
Within every minute.
And life...
Is what it's gonna be.
To live as it's given!
And life...
Is what it's gonna be.
To live as it's given!
And my life...
Is what God gave to me!

Not here to prophecize it.
Or criticize or try.
Nor do I push aside...
The reason why,
Some live denying.

My life...
Is what it means to me!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Life And Those Who Live It

What you tell others you do for me,
And how you regard my presence in your life...
Are just mere words you use to entertain their attention.
What you say to others is not what I've witnessed.

I've witnessed you using my abilities to call them your own.
I've witnessed you lieing to defend your inappropriate activities,
Because you lack backbone to stand on your own two feet.
And I've been victimized by you several times,
And this I have condoned but to you it has gone unknown.

The only fool you have taken me for and believe I am,
Is the fool who acknowledges...
The you I should have left alone,
A long time ago!

The only thing you can accuse me of doing,
Is being overly patient...
With someone who has manage to take,
Life and those who live it...
Totally for granted!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Life As It Is

Some ball themselves up into knots,
When confronted with nonstopping disbeliefs.
Regrets overwhelming become unbearable.
And they rather do their secret weeping,
Alone.

Others not so shocked can not stop,
And have to get up and leave...
That which comes to try to block,
To places they go temporarily to relieve...
That which has grown too familiar to keep,
Dragging them of sorrows with unpromised tomorrows.

Everything they've got to stop a knocking,
Of a world they prefer.
With visits for tears to drip...
Is not not on their priority list.

And find they do that they can let go,
To what they can't hold onto to control.
Because they have a life to live.
The way that it is.
And for them this is not mysterious.

Because they have a life as it is to live,
And it has never been for them a blueprint...
To analyze without a living of it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Life From Another Point Of View

It was suggested,
That I should change my perceptions...
And see life from another point of view!
I thought about it for a while...
And imagined myself the son of Walt Disney.
The 'father' of lost truths.
After all...
A talking mouse?
And 'zillions' of dollars Walt made!

I prefer to think of myself as a descendent of Kings
Who ruled over Egypt.
Long before diamonds and gold were mined,
And stolen from Africa to define status
As an apparatus to keep those most deserving...
In a devastating starvation.
Televised and criticized for their lack,
Of being cultured with accepted etiquette!

I've been torn between two realities...
One completely created from myth.
And the other that sits,
In the sands of the Sahara Desert!
I know me and 'my kind'
Have been despised for this reason.

Any change of my perception...
Will be a difficult undertaking!
Especially when so much that is false,
Is crumbling faster than traditions!
And coming quicker than any perception,
I might consider changing!
Even 'if' I chose to do so...
Why on Earth would I want to?
There is too much now that is being revealed!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Life Gets More Exciting

I did not wake up one day
And decided I would be 60 years old.
Each one of those years I earned,
With an observation learned.
And life gets more exciting...
As my mind beholds the unfolding.
However...
There is something I have experienced,
I thought I would never live to see!
Clowns establishing their homebase...
In Washington, D.C.
And doing the best they can,
To turn the entire world into a private circus!
With an audience totally entranced...
As the ringmaster introduces a replacement
To provide thrills to keep them seated...
Without objecting to any ridiculous event!
No matter what the cost.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Life Has Downs And Then There's Ups

Whatever that you do,
Do it to yourself and no one else.
If you are ever feeling despondant...
And there is no one to correspond this with,
Or discuss before you bust a gut...
Why share your feelings of being in a rut?
Give that up to discover...
Life has downs and then there's ups!
It's a doing on everyone that is executed.
Life has downs and then there's ups!

Why share your feelings of being in a rut?
Give that up to discover...
Life has downs and then there's ups!
It's a doing on everyone that is executed.
Life has downs and then there's ups!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Life Is A Growth Process

What would you like for me to say?
I feel your pain?
Or...
Forgive me,
I'm feeling my own right now.
Would you like a rain check?

There is nothing super human about me.
I can express empathy and unhappiness.
And in the past you have gotten that.
But to neglect myself,
To be there for someone else...
Has been done successfully.
With a lot of ungratefulness shown in exchange.

Remember when I was there holding you?
My own tears fell like rain and out of your view.

The only thing to you I hopefully can explain,
Is this...
What you are going through,
One day will heal and your life will improve.

And how best that gets done...
Only you will know it with maturity that comes.

Life is a growth process.
Full of lonely and unshared experiences to address.
And without assistence you will recognize this...
Affecting your decisions made,
On many of those heartfelt occasions.
And that will not for you be rare.
As long as you deeply for someone else care.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Life Is A Lesson

Life is a lesson.
Don't be afraid to live it!
Take what it gives...
And return to it a thankfulness.

Life is a lesson.
We all have tests to pass.
Some attempt to refuse their tasks.
And fall to to become indignant and crass.

Life is a lesson.
Learn your lessons well.
Some will choose a path to heaven!
Others will curse themselves...
Preferring to address their stressing hell!

Life is a lesson!
Do what is received as given...
And perceive with that,
You are doing you're best!
At least...
You are doing what you can and well!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Life Is A Series Of Exhibits

Opportunities are there.
And often unannounced.
To declare that's what they are.

Schools are equipped.
With teachers seeking students,
Wanting to learn.
Awaiting to digest,
Information, recommendations.
And suggestions upon request.
Without objections introduce,
To quickly manifest unrest to test.

And although doors are made,
To open and close.
No one should feel offended.
Or believe they should defend,
Someone who comes unprepared...
To knock on them.
Or ask questions.
And accept to hear,
What they've heard.
With steps to make to take,
Directions.
Not give them unless,
Comprehension comes next.

Afterall,
Life is a series of exhibits.
Some are liked to be found loved.
And others are disliked to hate.
But no gets to appreciate any of it.
If they sit without initiative.
Yet keep expectations high on wishes.
With it assumed,
Others are delighted to waste time...
Trying to provide someone the keys,
To unlock doors or build their own.
Done to exhibit results,

Of kept priorities.
Or discreetly made known,
To eventually have shown...
What miracles can happen.
If one is willing to understand,
Being annoying is a 'street' thing.
Being responsible takes courage.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Life Is Full Of Challenges

Who lied and told you life,
Was an easy process?
Who tried to shield you from the truth...
Must be on new 'meds'.

Life is not a sweetened walk...
With cushions posted for convenient falls.
Nor marshmellow filled with oozing delights.
To satisfy fantasies...
Until one is tucked into bed,
To sleep peacefully at night!

Life is full of challenges.
Even if one chooses to cheat.
Since those who live to deceive others...
Are often seen mumbling to themselves,
On the street!
Or somewhere trying to convince others...
They will have desires to radiate in their greatness!

With a constitutional birthright given...
That frees them,
To dominate all aspects of democracy!
And suntan on shores where they wish.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Life Is Not A Ride That Glides

Ceasing feasting that increased,
A decreasing of most things...
Meant to many giving up false bling!
And showy shining flashing flings.

Lucky people who've striked out,
From a crowning top that slipped to drop...
Have come to a screeching stop.
With designer boots now knocking rocks.

But life is not a ride that glides.
And those that recognize this,
Have not gone into tantrums.
Or thrown fits.

Life is not a ride that slides into a glide.
Some rumps fall onto bumps that stump.
With a struggle not for chumps,
That disguises getting over humps.

Lucky people who've striked out,
From a crowning top that slipped to drop...
Have come to a screeching stop.
With designer boots now knocking rocks.

Ceasing feasting that increased,
A decreasing of most things...
Meant to many giving up false bling!
And showy shining flashing flings.

But life is not a ride that glides.
And those that recognize this,
Have not gone into tantrums.
Or thrown fits.

No life is not a ride that slides into a glide.
Some rumps fall onto bumps that stump.
With a struggle not for chumps,
That disguises getting over humps.

Life is not a ride that slides into a glide.
Some rumps hit a bump that stumps...
And many get up and out of those dumps!

Life is not a ride that slides into a glide.
Some rumps hit a bump that stumps...
And many get up and out of those dumps!

Life is not a ride that slides into a glide.
Some rumps hit a bump that stumps...
And many get up and out of those dumps!

Life is not a ride that glides from side to side.
Some rumps hit a bump that stumps...
And many get up and out of those dumps!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Life Is To Live And Be Exposed To It

No one enjoys playing hide and seek,
Better than those who have stayed hidden...
To perfect the game.

There, wherever in their minds believing...
Their attention is sought.
There, wherever in their minds perceiving...
They can not get caught.
Or be seen...
In a foolish stagnation.

Lacking both growth and appeal.
With a purpose long gone,
That has killed their dreams.

No one enjoys playing hide and seek,
Better than those who have stayed hidden...
To perfect the game.

Protecting themselves in situations.
And stuck permanently to a stubbornness,
Defiantly making unchanged emotional claims.
In confessions of being misunderstood.
To anyone prescribing stabilizing medications.

'You are a doctor aren't you? '

*Yes,
I am a veterinarian, why? *

'My dog has an itch.
And it is unable to stop the scratch.'

Their goal and aim is to win!
But what?
Once a tiredness like this has been shown...
People like this witness themselves giving up.

Life is to live and be exposed to it.

Those who wish to be kept distanced,
Eventually get their wish.
To scratch and itch in private.
And around the clock if so desired.

Those with peace of mind don't hide.
Or participate in games with others...
Who keep their delusions denied!

But suggest that to those who don't grow.
They are the ones expressed comments made,
Such as, 'I told you so.'
Offend.
As if still children.

And many of them appearing to be grown adults,
Are...
Still children.
Traumatized by the clarity of reality in their hiding.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Life Is Too Meaningful

Life is too meaningful.
Too precious an experience,
To waste or quicken it.
Each moment of it given...
Is as fresh as those last moments passed.

It's not always a funfest.
Some seriousness is needed.
And misdeeds confessed put to rest!
Harboring anger and bitterness...
Makes little sense to defend.

Life is too meaningful.
Too precious an experience,
To waste or quicken it.
Each moment of it given...
Is as fresh as those last moments passed.

There are those who sit in a stubbornness.
Unwilling and unbending.
And putting an end to their own progress.
Hoping to find someone to understand their whins.
But no one takes that time to comprehend.
People have their own issues...
And many with no one who they can depend.

It's not always a funfest.
Some seriousness is needed.
And misdeeds confessed put to rest!
Harboring anger and bitterness...
Makes little sense to defend.

Life is too meaningful.
Too precious an experience,
To waste or quicken it.
Each moment of it given...
Is as fresh as those last moments passed.
And with or without anyone involved...
It comes as we know it!

And leaves us when it does,
To another place...
No one can now say,
They have been shown!

Life is too meaningful.
Too precious an experience,
To waste or quicken it.
Or to live it in conflicts unsolved,
To sit in misery to share or flaunt to flourish.
For purposes to discourage,
With the smothering of any good intention!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Life Lived In Peace Wished And Reflected

I signed no contract,
That alerted me...
To put up with nonsense.

Nor is there a clause,
On the life I choose to live...
That says I must tolerate,
Someone's disrespect...
I did not give!

If there is an obstacle on my path,
I alone accept I should get rid of it!
And I look for no one's empathy.
Especially,
If I have to explain to them what it is!

I am here to share my happiness.
Not to be depleted,
By those who feel defeated.
Or to be around those,
Who have chosen to oppose...
Life lived in peace wished and reflected.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Life Lived Moves On

People can choose to stay stuck in them,
If they want to.
But life lived moves on!
For those who prove they can,
And do!
Move.
On!

People can choose to stay stuck in them,
If they want to.
But life lived moves on!
For those who prove they can,
And do!
Move.
On!

People can choose to stay stuck in them,
If they want to.
But life lived moves on!
For those who prove they can,
And do!
Move.
On!

Bouldering that overflowing dike of tears,
They may cry.
Heal.
And let those emotions subside!

But do not collect over the years,
As souvenirs awarded for their sorrows.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Life Lived On Mars

Would a life lived on Mars,
Have entitlements.
And demands for benefits.
Would there be conflicts,
Of religious beliefs?
Would there be...
Peace?

Would a life lived on Mars,
Provide all my freedoms to exist.
With a wish...
To just knock rocks.
Or not...
Without a stop!

And if I should choose to build monuments,
To convince myself...
That I am great.
Would my neighbors become irate,
Because my face...
Beams in light.
Day and night to celebrate.

And if I should choose to refuse to eat,
Lox or spaghetti...
Because I want a taco or two.
Would I be thought of as a prude?
Or...
If I am seen eating collard greens,
Mixed with onions and sweetened peppers...
Would my efforts stereotype me,
As someone who abuses my diet too!
Or...
Will I just amuse those with other choices,
To confuse.

Would a life lived on Mars,
Have entitlements.
And demands for benefits.

Would there be conflicts,
Of religious beliefs?
Would there be...
Peace?
Or...
Will I be so bigoted to insist,
All 'aliens' that exist...
Before I came to prolong my visit,
Be removed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Life Lost To Fleas

There is so much to it,
Than to just lay down and do it.
In days that have progressed like these,
So many are unconcerned about catching disease.
And it's not only sex that makes these acts senseless.
It's a thoughtlessness accepted with this foolishness!
Today it's easy to lay the blame on someone other than self.
To claim as if temptation can't be resisted...
Is an excuse that sells without the slightest protest!
And jumping into bed just to be physically fed,
Are acts done by those with no shame.
Turning what was done into a game for fun...
Makes finding someone good,
A tastelessness done that is misunderstood!
There is so much to it,
Than to just lay down and do it.
In days that have progressed like these,
So many are unconcerned about catching disease.
And laying down with nasty dogs,
Will not attract butterflies to beautify at all...
To one accustomed to a life lost to fleas,
With regrets that no one is interested...
In contaminated property!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Life Of Contentment

To suit and to pursue in seconds...
A life of contentment.
And one you can depend,
A life of contentment.
To put an end to affixed evils,
A life of contentment.
With satisfactions that begin,
A life of contentment.

To have it there and with decision,
Is...
A life of Contentment./
With a rule that is so crucial,
A life of contentment.
And desired as a need...
A life of contentment.
To always have and never leave.

To suit and to pursue in seconds...
A life of contentment.
And one you can depend,
A life of contentment.
To put an end to affixed evils,
A life of contentment.
With satisfactions that begin,
A life of contentment.

To have it there and with decision,
Is...
A life of Contentment./
With a rule that is so crucial,
A life of contentment.
And desired as a need...
A life of contentment.
To always have and never leave.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Life Teaches

There are so many things,
Life teaches.
With those lessons to learn to leave.
If one wishes to appreciate the process,
To then experience a confirmation of beliefs

Some don't do this. A few do.
And others...
Simply refuse to accept an interest.

And those simply refusing to accept an interest,
That provides them this blessing of life to get...
They don't witness the benefit of listening to words heard.
Or comprehend the connection of learning lessons mean.
But bringing upon themselves confusion and conflicts,
To hold others accountable for the doing of this...
Seems to be a pre-requisite,
To establish excuses made without hesitation to do it.

With that done and accusations made to hear by everyone,
How it was someone else achieves successfully...
In their attempts with initiative, effort and endeavors sought,
Had been born 'smart'!
And that's why 'their' lives to live is done with 'ease'.

There are so many things,
Life teaches.
With those lessons to learn to leave.
If one wishes to appreciate the process,
To then experience a confirmation of beliefs

Some don't do this. A few do.
And others...
Simply refuse to accept an interest.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Life To Live

A life to live for fun,
Doesn't come to demand it done.
A life to live for fun,
Stuns so many who from it run.
A life to live for fun,
Has disappointing moments.
And some who become opponents.
Since a life to live for fun,
Isn't realistic.
To leave some feeling misfits.
After told they can't have ponies.
To think life then is phony.
And they become the ones sick.
With belief they deserve everything they wish.
To then begin their conflicts.
With everyone having to pay for it.

A life,
To live...
Has dismissed a quality,
When dishonesty succeeded.
And corruption came to stay not to ever fade,
To feed those fantasies!
And corruption came to stay not to ever fade,
From a life...
To lve.

A life to live for fun,
Doesn't come to demand it done.
A life to live for fun,
Stuns so many who from it run.
A life,
To live...
Has dismissed a quality,
When dishonesty succeeded.
And corruption came to stay not to ever fade,
To feed those fantasies!
And corruption came to stay not to ever fade,
From a life...

To lve.
As an honesty and quality...
Disappears.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Life To Live Is Not A Death Sentence

Fresh is the keeping of one's innocence.
Jaded an aging mind can become,
When dulled by experiences...
To perceive few are left that have yet to be done.
And aging should not prevent anyone,
From being inquisitive and curious as if a kid.
Jaded becomes the one who accepts life as it is.

Fresh is the keeping of one's innocence,
When in the midst of new adventures.
And with them to welcome on a daily basis,
Can erase the slightest irritation...
From one who has become a grouch,
To name and complain about every pain felt...
With them to remain and claim,
Without exploring life more to do just to roam about.

Fresh is the keeping of one's innocence.
Jaded an aging mind can become,
When dulled by experiences...
To perceive few are left that have yet to be done.
But so much is there,
When those aging allow themselves to become aware...
That life to live is not a death sentence, figuratively speaking,
Awaiting for it to be finished, literally, then to be legitimate.
When it finishes those living it will be the first to know it done,
Ultimately!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Life To Live On Promises

The parade of dignitaries.
And the charade of politics,
Continue to stay spilt and divisive.
As taxes raise to go even higher.
Filling the pockets,
Of those elected to sell their 'trips'.
While the quality of life to live on promises,
Gets repeatedly accepted to hear...
Before and in between election years.
With it believed,
There is a difference that will be made...
By the one spotlighted behind a podium.
Delivering the best performance there is,
One addresses to impress...
With an applause to give.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Life We Live Is The Blessing

Give!
Do not worry about the getting.
Offer!
The life we live is the blessing.
To acknowledge this...
Invites gifts received.
Like happiness unwrapped,
From its package.
At twice the price one pays.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Life With A 'My' In Front

'That aint me!
I wouldn't be caught doing that.'

That's why I call this process...
My Life

You get it?
That's 'life' with a 'my' in front.
As is given to me to live.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Life Without Faith

Life without faith,
Could be a lonely walk to take.
For those in disbelief,
There is no God to bring them relief.
Or prayers that are answered,
With miracles done!

For those in disbelief,
There are no angels invisible around.
Or assigned to them,
Without a sound heard to disturb and un-nerve.
And yet said can be found.
To assist one gently.
Leaving not one heart to pound...
With added theatrics!

Perhaps that is one reason,
Many folks walk with their heads down.
Choosing not to lift them up.
Feeling a closeness to others,
In their stuck ruts!
Planted like fixtures into the ground.
Believing to sit on their butts is an honor.
And a statement made profund!

Waiting they do impatiently,
To be sucked into gutters.
Like ships without rudders,
With complaints to utter!
In a muffled cuss.
As if children wishing to be heard,
But expecting to be hushed.

'Didn't I tell you enough is enough? '

And enough 'is' enough either way it is spoken!
Whether coming or going or hushed.
Enough 'is' enough...
When 'stuff' gets to be too much,

'Stuff' vacant of substance!

Life without faith,
Could be a lonely walk to take.
For those in disbelief,
There is no God to bring them relief.
Or prayers that are answered,
With miracles done!

And they can not see themselves to be,
Living their lives isolated.
And, selfishly lived in quiet debasement.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Life?

Life?
To live it has ups and downs.
And like any business,
One enters into to view all aspects.
To accept with clear consciousness.
The success or lack of it,
Depends upon the quality of interest.
One continues to invest.

If that interest is not applied,
At one's best effort to endeavor.
No one should expect,
A neglect of attention given...
Would achieve enormous dividends,
To get that reflects...
More from an unconcern shown,
As if that to express...
Leaves from it,
An anticipated benefit to receive.

Life?
Is what one makes of it.
And if the business of it displeases?
Whose responsibility is it,
To repeatedly show someone...
Which keys to use to open locks?
When?
And at the appropriate time,
To either turn left.
Or keep one's focus to the right.
Day and night 24/7!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Lifeboats

The ship sinks.
And the naysayers on it,
Still have not blinked.
Those who praise themselves,
Are seen giving one another winks.
The ship sinks!
And even the captain...
Can not convince them,
Lifeboats have been created...
To enable them to survive and float.

The ship sinks.
And the naysayers on it,
Still have not blinked.
Those who praise themselves,
Are seen giving one another winks.
The ship sinks!
And even the captain...
Can not convince them,
Lifeboats have been created...
To enable them to survive and float.
The ship sinks!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Life's Greatest Big Top

Life to live is like,
Being in the midst of a festival.
An ongoing circus.
In which anything goes,
Under a tremendous sky.
Too high and unnoticed to be,
Life's greatest big top.
And everything presented,
Represents...
A continuous manipulation,
Of our kept limited beliefs.
And taught senses we keep.

Strange things!
Like the buzzing of the bees.
When they fly away or die off...
With a doing to stop,
Pollunating to create...
Our ability to harvest,
Produced crops.
No one eats to feast or greed a lot.
When the bees stop,
No crops pop.

Strange things!
Taken for granted or ignored,
Can come suddenly to an end.
Without a warning that begins.
To give a clue or a picked hint,
Dropped to awaken...
Those left sleeping to loudly snore.
Caring less what the bees do,
To have given us choices...
From which to choose,
Between...
The threat of an effective famine!
Or...
Taking more time to examine,
What's under the 'big top'...

That doesn't serve inclusive,
Interests to exclusively delude.

Strange things!
Are more important than not.
Strange things!
Once dismissed just leaves us rocks.
To knock or throw at each other.
Nonstop.
When no one eats to feed upon a greed
Without the busy buzzing of the bees.
Leaving ourselves to knock rocks.
And talk about strange things.
To remincse them missed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Lifetime Memberships

The only ones today,
Observed to be upset by disappointment...
With it done suffering through severe depression,
And overwhelming anguish...
Are those who have been told,
The amusement park is finally closing.
To find rumors of their their fantasized existence,
True to prove and there is nothing they can do.

And yet some regretting,
These changing economic times to face...
Can not seem to come to terms to replace,
The realities of life they wish to eliminate.
To begin to threaten to end their own lives,
Unbelieving it to realize...
There are no escapes or rebates that are offered,
For the ones who have purchased lifetime memberships.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Lifetimes In The Chase

The money minded have lost time.
A devotion to the acquisition of it,
Has left them drained.
With nothing left to show,
But credits and debt...
With dwindling deposits.

And yet they've spent lifetimes in the chase.
With hopes that a refined taste,
Will take them out of the race.

The money minded have lost time.
A devotion to the acquisition of it,
Has left them drained.
With nothing left to show,
But credits and debt...
With dwindling deposits.

And yet they've spent lifetimes in the chase.
With hopes that a refined taste,
Will take them out of the race.
With a looking down from pedestals...
Upon those they've disgraced.
But those they thought would be disgraced,
Are not the ones hiding...
A shame that traces their faces.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Lift Of The Veil

Quicker comes,
The lift of the veil.
A shift of conscious for some,
Who have prevailed in faith
Arrives.

Not on this Mothership that sits,
Are those on false shores...
Fixed in positions betwixted,
And left standing to absorb this view!

As this cosmic 'it' tilts and drifts,
With those aboard...
To ease up with an unseen crew.
This tremendous vessel soon disappears.
Dropping all jaws as darkness nears!

Popping the eyes,
Of those who are clearly not mocking shock!
This power God has dropped...
Stops definitions on the spot!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Lifted

Sometimes I am astounded,
As to what I find profound.
It may be a word...
Or something that I've heard,
That turns my head around.

Often when I read,
I get ideas that are teased...
By a thought that becomes solid,
And sound!

And then I realize,
Even I can become quite surprised
How my mind is 'lifted'...
With bits of mental treasures.
Where they sit to be discovered!
And when they 'gift' as they are found!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Lifted From A Fog

One day I awakened,
As if lifted from a fog.
A fog I knew I had caused,
By functioning on a daily basis...
Like many who refuse to believe,
Their lives to live are ruled...
On assumptions to consume and follow,
Fear to appetize as they nibble on doubts.

I discovered I wanted to share and compare,
Complaints with others as if to dare...
The playing of this game I could do much better.
To achieve a self defeating with meaningful despair.

One day I awakened as if lifted from a fog.
And on that day I saw a path too familiar.
A path I remembered...
Before temptations had me awed.
But on this day all that was not clear before,
Became too vivid for me not to see 'my' reality.
And those possibilities I had been led to believe,
Were not obtainable or within reach.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Lifted From Deep Sorrow

You came to leave.
Not stay.
You came to do as you pleased.
And then when you were done,
You were off to another one to 'do'.

You came to leave.
I was hoping you would stay.
I wanted to believe this was your wish.
But you just came to sniff and lick.
And I held onto foolish dreams...
You could not fulfill if I wished!

You came to leave.
Not stay.
You came to do as you pleased.
And then when you were done,
You were off to another one to 'do'.

I sat thinking of you,
When you were gone and through with me.
I wish I could not feel you grieving.
But I do!
I was just like you...
Before I cut my pain loose.
But your pain,
You desire to keep remaining in the gutter.

You came to leave.
I was hoping you would stay.
I was hoping...
Something you saw in my eyes,
You would recognize...
Had been lifted from deep sorrow.
But you never looked up...
To witness my approval of your 'business' visit.

I was satisfied...
Yes!

But never regard me,
As a client wishing for your return!
I am seeking someone to specialize my needs.
And although you are good...
I do not think of you as the one to qualify,
As a fireside companion!

When my embers burn...
They do so,
For the one who chooses to stay...
As we together ignite those sparks.
And you...
Are just a quick flicker.
To leave me ablaze,
Before you decide to go out!
And I am no longer about that.

I have a lifetime of logs left to simmer,
For the one who comes...
And enjoys what we can together sizzle!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Lifted From Descriptive Restrictions

What is this thing called poetry?
Is it depictions...
Of vignettes connected.
Bridged between something said profound.
Recited as a sonnet...
With emotions sat upon it.
Exciting enough to be passed around?

Many try to describe poetry,
With an intellect approach...
Hoping to dull
Diverse interpretations,
With meters, tempo, rhyme
And lines counted!
Learned by rote and blurted.
Regurgitated from memory!

Can true poetry be defined without rhyme?
Can thoughts unconnected but colorized,
And flavored to moisten
Be the choice...
Of those who prefer their poetry moist?
Even though uncomprehending,
The meaning or intention of clues planted.
Seeded by the writer
Delighted to tease with mystery, sex
Or emotional pain aimed at the reader!

Can true poetry be defined,
As heartfelt expressions
Written to describe what then
Is in one's mind.

And who is to say there is a correct way
To reveal what one has to say with or without rhyme.
When those times come to pour a flow
That arrives and awaits the rush.
And thrusting that wish to be expressed as is!

What is this?
That has to find,
Poetic lines.
Requested or not!
When all it wants to do,
Is be delivered for what it is!
Searching for an accepted way...
In a style one owns,
Like none other conveys...
And lifted from descriptive restrictions,
To expand the demands of understanding!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Lifted From This Treason

You've been dazed.
For invested reasons.
Those who are crazed...
Have been taught,
To keep their thoughts
Kneeling on knees.

Saved!
And lifted from this treason.
These acts that attack,
And hold others back...
Are criminal at least!

Freedom has been fantasized,
As a prize denied...
To those restricted.

Others with their eyes opened wide,
See hypocrisies and lies...
As ways to increase defeat!

you've been dazed!
And amazing is your capture.
You've settled for so long,
For the wrong...
And believed that this was right!

saved!
And lifted from this treason.
These acts that attack...
While holding people back,
Are criminal!
Spreading disasters and disease.

God has ordered 'angels'
To show the world...
He is not pleased.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Lifted To A Fever Pitch

The sickness is being lifted to a fever pitch.
With none of it regarded as sensible,
To those of common sense.

As those of higher consciousness,
Have risen above and beyond this illness.
While those still stuck in mindsets...
Of throwing sticks and bricks,
Like 'kids' who seek attention...
By getting it with their tantrum fits.
Do not envision this chapter closing!

And this they perceive,
Will be tolerated and allowed...
With the same affect,
As expected by a spoiled child.

But the rod God uses upon them...
Comes.
And will be fierce to quiet all aggrevation.
With a welcome that stuns very soon.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Light Of Weight

I am not here to hold anyone's hand.
Or to play mushy goody...
With those who have sensitivities,
I don't quite understand.

I've come to raise and enlighten my consciousness.
Not to play childish games with those,
Who like to dress up and masquerade...
Parading to be someone else they wish.

Or raise the minds of children...
To stay 'children' and be 'good'.
Any child of mine I want responsible.
I want to see them grow to become assets,
To any neighborhood.
Like mature adults should!

Today I observe,
So many trying their best to stay young!
And making excuses for what they do.
As they seek acceptance for it too.
With no desire to overcome...
Their stunning and numbing dumbness.

I see those selected to lead...
But only if they are liked!
And as a result of this...
No growth at all is in sight!

I see irresponsibility with disrespect accepted.
I see a total breakdown of humanity.
With none of this rejected!
As those of 'insight' despised and dejected.

I observe a pitifulness...
In my life I resist!
I am not going to put up with it!
Nor do I condone,
Those who do not make their feelings known.

I may be viewed a maverick...
One who is light on substance.
And perhaps light of weight.
But I appreciate my life...
Free of nonsense and those who are fake!
This is not the experience I wish to be served,
On my challenging and demanding plate!

And to those who see,
I have no appetite for these scenes?
Can call me light of weight.
And light on substance...
They may feed and satiate!
But don't get in my face to say it.
I am very capable to dish...
Anything I decide that is delivered,
I wish to dismiss!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Light Years Beyond

People can not perceive,
Historically accepted and their known beliefs...
Thought to be implanted with steel,
And embedded deep within concrete...
Could begin to rumble to cause complete upheaval.
People can not perceive of this,
Even though evidence of this exists.
Scientists unknown are paid to keep secrets.

And stubborn stances taken in opposition...
To take preventative measures,
As if one is forced to taste bitter medicine...
Will leave behind many embracing mentalities,
Stuck with a limited awareness that dismisses...
A controlling done by a subconsciousness,
Already speeding to break away from boundaries.
Thought too conditioned and corralled,
To daydream or wander with wishes unpermitted.

People self-centered often purposely forget,
Either with selective memories...
Or a focus fixed within a determined mindset.
But just with the tilt of the head,
And eyes gazing upon bright twinkling stars...
Anyone can witness this Universe has its own agenda.
Distant and light years beyond anyone's priority list.
With a preference to remain committed.

We are among the countless stars,
And...
Not the center of the Universe reflected.

We are among the countless stars,
And...
Without debate,
We are a part of this creation.

We are among the countless stars,
And...

Not the center of the Universe reflected.
As perfection to project we are exceptions.
No!
Oh no!

We are among the countless stars,
And...
Not the center of the Universe reflected.

We are among the countless stars,
And...
Without debate,
We are a part of this creation.

We are among the countless stars,
And...
Not the center of the Universe reflected.
As perfection to project we are exceptions.
No!
Oh no!
No.

We are among the countless stars,
And...
No one is light years beyond.
No one is light years beyond...
This Earth we live and leech on.
Oh no!
No.
No.
No one is light years beyond...
Oh no!
No.
No.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Light Years From The Others

Your touch...
Light years from the others.
Sought and needed much.

Attentive you are!
What you deliver is attentiveness.
The ones i thought as lovers then...
I dare not now to mention.

Something new within me flourishes.
I feel encouraged and do my best,
To be receptive.

No matter what my mood,
My attitude has always been by you approved.
And improved too!

Your touch...
Is light years away from the others.
And smothered by your love I am spolied.

When your attentiveness is given,
I care less who expresses,
You have got me rotten!
Yes.

And it is my wish to stink with it.
That's how long this has been needed.
And you, Have succeeded...
Beyond my dreams.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Lighten Up

As you walk out of the door...
You say you've heard it all before!
The apologies and excuses,
You were not going to take anymore!
My staying out at nights,
With friends you don't particularly like.
Or my snoring that keeps you awake...
You say is loud and makes the bed shake!
But you are no one's angel.
There's not a wing I see on your back!
Every time I turn around you have a frown,
Instead of a smile once in a while...like a snack!
And when you and your friends gather to chit and chat...
I have to take a back seat,
And pretend I'm a pet like a cat!
And you tell me you're leaving because 'I'm' deceiving?
That YOUR not tolerating anymore of that?
Well before you go there's one thing you ought to know...
That car outside is mine!
So if you leave...
Remember, I've got all the keys!
Including your very last dime!

'Honey?
Why do you take things so seriously?
You know I was only teasing.
Lighten up!
Geeeesssh.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Lightening Strikes!

Cloudy are my eyes that weep.
In me is the storm.
Rainfall drips to dry.
And the thunder...
Mumbles on.

Lightening strikes!
Stripping fast to flash,
Before the lights go out.
Rainfall drips to dry.
And the thunder mumbles on.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Lighting Another Cigarette

To admit that I miss it,
With you!
To you.
Would be madness.

Since I was the one,
Who told you to forget it.
I was the one,
Who caused us to split.

To admit that I miss it,
With you!
To you.
Would be madness.

I can not sleep without you creeping...
To keep me awake.
Replaying those good times in my mind.
And doing 'that' all the time.
More today then when you walked away,
From us.

I can not think without a thought of you.
And who you're with and who you screw.
And if they do you now...
Like I use to do you.
To have you nibbling on their ears...
With whispers of you wishing in sighs,
How much you wanted me...
To go deeper, deeper, deeper inside!
And I am still addicted.
To the dripping sweats.
And that cigarette after sex.

To admit that I miss it,
With you!
To you.
Would be madness.

Since I was the one,
Who told you to forget it.
I was the one,
Who caused us to split.

And thinking of it...
As I smoke and not enjoy it one bit.
Lighting another cigarette,
With you and me in my mind having sex.
And dripping wet to get,
Towels to dry!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Likability Was A Prerequisite

Likability was a prerequisite,
For anyone they chose...
To socialize with.
But there was one thing together,
They could not do to produce.
And that was the doing of 'something' to get done.

With time slipping away,
They knew they had to find someone...
To represent their interests in the getting of things done.
They together were not able to do.

They searched until they found someone they liked.
Someone who agreed with them.
Someone who enjoyed being in their company.
But...
There was one thing together,
They could not do to produce.
And...
That was the doing of something beneficial,
To do to get done!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Like A Barfly Loaded With Clipped Wings

Recycled hips?
I sat and thought.
Sipping on a drink...
I had ordered on the rocks,
But now watered down
As I looked around for relevance.

Had those hips she swished,
Bore children?
And where were they,
As she paraded and swayed...
To her own rhythm,
In my delayed drunkenness.

If she knew I had thoughts like this,
About her.
Would she sit and listen to my sentiments?
Or will she leave like she did several nights before?
When all I wanted to do...
Was to make sure she was safely at her door.
That's all I wanted...
Nothing more.
And I watched her swirl around,
Until she hit the floor.
Like a barfly loaded with clipped wings.

'You are like a barfly...
Loaded with clipped wings.'
I offered as I staggered past her.

'Go home...
Alone! '
She remarked.
As if to announce she was available!

And when the knocking later came.
I opened the door to find her there crying!
Surprised her eyes were clear and bright.
Saying she had no where to go.

Could she with me spend the night?
But wanted me to know...
I didn't have to be alone.
And she had grown tired,
Of pretending to be what she was not!
Saying she knew I was the one she wanted.
And I knew then...
We would like each other alot!
Since both of us spent too long in masquerade.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Like A Bat

He...
Of mundane ramblings.
Seeking attention that does not come.
He is stunned.
Wishing such isolation,
Would attract.
He...
Of mundane ramblings.
Is like a bat.
Hanging!
Only to scare,
His own reflection!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Like A Breath Of Fresh Air

You don't have to make it rain.
You don't have to make it thunder.
Not pull a rabbit from a hat...
To make me wonder.

You don't have to glow at night,
Like a star shining bright.
Or be a leaf on a tree,
To get me...
To be a believer.

I can close my eyes and feel inside,
You are there...
Like a breath of fresh air.

I can close my eyes and feel inside,
You are there.

You don't have to make it rain.
You don't have to make it thunder.
I can close my eyes and feel inside,
You are there...
Like a breath of fresh air.

I can close my eyes and feel inside,
You are there.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Like A Dawn That Has Come

It does not matter,
No longer to me.
What it was you had told to others.
With a doing to have them believe.

What should matter to you,
And more each day...
With blessed breath,
God has allowed you and me to breathe...
Are the lies you have told,
On me to do on purpose and needlessly.

Not only have you served,
Both of us a disservice.
You have also destroyed,
Completely your own integrity.

Gone is that and any respect,
I once had for you.
Like a dawn that has come to move on.

Gone!
Like a Sun that has begun to slowly set.
Leaving nothing left not even feelings of regret.
To know my steps to move forward,
Will be done with a doing...
To distance myself from you as far as I can get.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Like A Decaying Tooth

Truth like a decaying tooth,
Hits a nerve if left ignored.
And eventually 'has' to come out.
Or continues to contaminate.
Until its pain shuts a moaning mouth.

And whether the tooth comes out or not...
The devastation can become so effective,
Folks refusing to correct the defects...
Are subjected to live their entire lives,
Relying on the inadequate taste of reality...
Based upon falsities,
With the naturalness of a substance missing.

And those left to gum through what is consumed,
Only dream in wishful thinking they could afford...
Getting a remembered bite back,
Once they took so much for granted.
Now observe they do so many trying to hide,
They too are going through the same process.
But consciously chose to be victims.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Like A Discovery Of That Which Is Loved

The more something initiated is created,
The less it is appreciated.
And depreciates in value,
From the novelty of it...
When first produced to introduce.

To keep the spark of interest alive,
One must try to be versatile...
Each day when the morning comes,
And the Sun in the sky rises.
Like a discovery of that which is loved.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Like A Fresh Brook Flows

Winter is gone.
And again Spring is here...
On the scene.

Dawn leaves its chill to a warming.
As birds are heard chirping.
And all of nature seems to sing.

Smiling faces seen to grace,
In places where we go.
Letting known their feelings shown.
As blooming flowers are exposed.

And laughter shared among the children,
Bring instant memories.
And romance filled remembered dances,
Slowly...
Like a fresh brook in a forest flows.

Winter is gone.
And again Spring is here...
On the scene.

Dawn arrives with Sunrise warmings,
As nature scents with a lingered tingling.

Ah-ee-ah-oh,
As blooming flowers are exposed.

Ah-ee-ah-oh,
And romance again like a fresh brook flows.

Ah-ee-ah-oh,
As blooming flowers are exposed.

Ah-ee-ah-oh,
And romance again like a fresh brook flows.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Like A Hidden Twenty Dollar Bill

That's right!
I keep forgetting it is not politically correct,
To mention the activities of God in poems.
Especially those that depict God,
As having a preference.
That's a no no for those,
Who have come to know God personally.

Some wish to believe God can be had,
From a secret 'stash'.
You know...
Like a hidden twenty dollar bill,
One prefers to keep out of sight...
Until needed for emergencies.
Like a visit to the Cheesecake Factory.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Like A Jackhammer Does To Concrete

Believe in what you choose.
That has remained your policy.
Eventually you will accept the facts,
As they are.
With beliefs you have chosen to keep...
Broken into pieces,
Like a jackhammer does to concrete.
Believe in what you choose!
No one disputes those thoughts coming from you.
Although delusions and fantasies kept today...
Can be likened to a pair of tight shoes worn.
They may look good on one's feet.
However...
The bleeding created and can be seen,
Has to be discomforting.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Like A Joy Ride That Leaves Them Tingling

Many have awakened,
To discover their realities sold.
Standards of life...
And that 'quality' emboldened,
In the false text of their history!
Fading with the theft of their economic,
Sensibilities.
That which kept them attached...
To lives of teased luxuries and greed.

Many have awakened,
To discover their realities sold.
With bank closures...
And their bonds unglued.

And just a few short months ago...
All preferred to continue hearing lies.
Than to accept truth...
That never confronted a deceit it could not beat!

And today truth stares them in the face!
Yet,
Some still are praying it goes away!
Like a joy ride that leaves them tingling...
As they discuss it while leaving an amusement park!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Like A Magnet Glued

You can't chase me.
Chase me away.
I'm like a magnet glued.
And with you I want to stay.

You can't chase me.
Chase me away.
Whatever I have to prove...
Allow me to do that with you.

Clouds with thunder,
Whip up winds on me.
To split and break us up.
As if that is enough.

But I'm not the one easy to flee.
I just smile when the rain appears.
I want to make it clear,
I'm here for any storm!
With you I do belong!

Even when the bolt of lightning strikes...
I will not hide in fear from fright.
Or decide to a flight from sight!

Clouds with thunder,
Whip up winds on me.
To split and break us up.
As if that is enough.

But I'm not the one easy to flee.
I just smile when the rain appears.
I want to make it clear,
I'm here for any storm!
With you I do belong!

You can't chase me.
Chase me away.
Whatever I have to prove...

Allow me to do that with you.

You can't chase me.
Chase me away.
I'm like a magnet glued.
And with you I want to stay...
Whatever it takes,
To erase mistakes.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Like A Marathon

Sometimes I don't...
Sleep.
Sometimes I don't...
Rest.
Or eat like I should.
Because I stay up all night writing.
Sometimes I don't...
Drink,
Water...
Like I oughta!
I smoke too many cigarettes.
Trying to match lines,
With concepts that don't mesh.
And I get up to shower in my own protest.
Cursing myself because I am not at my best!
Sometimes I don't...
Sleep.
Sometimes I don't...
Rest.
Or eat like I should.
Because I stay up all night writing.
Like a marathon I alone fight to win!
Until I decide I have earned my approval.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Like A Mindless Machine

You've got me programmed like a mindless machine.
Turning off to turn back on...
With a proving to me and others of this seen.
And everybody knows who has my nose wide open.

There's no doubt about it.
No,
No doubt about it.
No there is no doubt about it...
Who has got my mind blocked.

My eyes are clouded like I've got a virus.
One that you've started.
I'm left hypnotic.
And,
No doubt about it.

You've got me programmed like a mindless machine.
I'm left hypnotic.
And my eyes are clouded like I've got a virus.
One that you've started.
No doubt about it.
And,
Everybody knows who has my nose wide open.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Like A Pack Of Rabid Wolves

The only people attempting to get something for free,
Are those blocking the road...
Preventing the ones from claiming,
What rightfully belongs to them.

And they are the ones who are shunned.
While those of greed feed their gluttony selfishly.
Feeding like a pack of rabid wolves,
To move on to other territories....
In deceiving discreet.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Like A Plague

An implanted hatred,
Is never going to go away.
It has been unleashed,
Like a plague,
To infect by the numbers...
Everyday.

And those responsible for,
The initiation of this...
Perceive themselves,
To be the ones chosen...
To score and strike,
With winning hits.

But this Earth is 'Divine'.
And will not permit,
The continuance of these crimes.
Nor will the Sun that shines...
Or the Moon that glows,
Let those destroy God's creation.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Like A Scent I Did Not Invent

Like a scent I did not invent...
I can not prevent or stop,
Images used with my words lifted.
By those who flatter,
And yet invade.

One day they may consider,
My thoughts about their approach.
One day they may even think of me,
While they encroach upon my activities.
To see me less as a novelty...
But someone with feelings,
They disregard but touch.

Like a scent I did not invent...
I can not prevent or stop,
Images used with my words lifted.
By those who flatter,
And yet invade.
For purposes 'they' have,
To persuade.

'But...
When one steps on stage,
Isn't it all about 'theater'?
And what we 'exchange' in presentation,
Isn't it there for interpretation?
In a mixed-use composition of vision? '

That's too deep for me.
I'd just like some 'thank yous' expressed.
At least be considerate about it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Like A Seesaw That Bumps Your Rump

Don't blame me...
Like a seesaw that bumps your rump.
When you're riding high,
Times come when you meet a slump!

I wont pretend to be amazed,
When the rush begins to slow...
And your flow is on hold!

Don't be mean...
When you see me get over a hump!
I was too keen,
To realize I might be dumped!

You warned me many years ago,
If I couldn't keep up with you...
Then no more of me you'd know!

Don't blame me...
Like a seesaw that bumps your rump.
When you're riding high,
Times come when you meet a slump!

I wont pretend to be amazed,
When the rush begins to slow...
And your flow is on hold!

You warned me many years ago,
If I couldn't keep up with you...
Then no more of me you'd know!

That one hint given...
Got me up to go!
And that seesaw that you ride is old!
You're on your rump alone and now it shows!

Don't blame me...
Like a seesaw that bumps your rump.
When you're riding high,

Times come when you meet a slump!

You warned me many years ago,
If I couldn't keep up with you...
Then no more of me you'd know!
And that seesaw that you ride is old!
You're on your rump alone and now it shows!

Like a seesaw,
Bump. Bumpin' your rump.
A seesaw,
Bump bump bumpin your rump.
Like a seesaw,
Bump. Bumpin' your rump.
A seesaw,
Bump bump bumpin' your rump.
Like a seesaw,
Bump. Bumpin' your rump.
A seesaw,
Bump bump bumpin' your rump.
Like a seesaw ride!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Like A Sponge

One day you will realize,
You have become saturated with my love.
And like a sponge,
You have taken what I have given to you for granted.
To absorb as if my giving is unlimited.
And from it you come to go to sometimes run again.
As if there for you to use upon request.
However...
What is next for me is to experience my own happiness.
And to this I can attest,
There has been little to less to detect of your contribution.
That is why I can leave you and be relieved,
What I have is in abundance to be appreciated by someone else.
Who accepts what I have to offer as an exchanging of rewards.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Like A Thrown Boomerang

Minimize the pain that came to remain.
Even though it's difficult to let it go.
Even though it's difficult when it shows.
But denying with a hiding only makes it grow.

No one escapes from what they've done.
A returning of it one day will to them come.
What is sent into the Universe,
Boomerangs back to attack with hurt.
What is sent into the Universe,
Boomerangs back to attack with hurt.
No one escapes from what they've done.
A returning of it will eventually come.

Minimize your silent cries.
Realize there are invisible eyes...
'Seeing' everyday what you go through.
You are not alone and the doing will prove,
What another does is not excused.

No one escapes from what they've done.
A returning of it one day comes to stun.
No one escapes from what they've done.
A returning of it one day comes to stun.

Like a thrown boomerang back to reimburse...
Those with time to invest in hurt!
Like a thrown boomerang back to reimburse...
With a doing to repay those deep in dirt!

Like a thrown boomerang,
What's done comes back.
Like a thrown boomerang...
It finds to re-attach.
Like a thrown boomerang,
What's done comes back...
To that which had meant it thrown!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Like A Tree That Sits

Like a tree that sits...
To be observed and taken for granted.
I am here.
Not to intellectualize my emotions.
But to feel them as experienced.

Not to convince!
But to know that they exist.
Whether you see them exposed bared.
Or not!
Or whether I keep them within.
They do not stop.

I live to feel every one of them!
And changing my outer appearance...
Does not excuse the fact,
They are intact.

To be shown.
Beneath an exterior...
One soul only at a time condones.
And inside me this is known.
Like a tree that sits,
Rooted.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Like A Validated Rose

I feel emboldened when I'm touched.
Like a validated rose.
And even though my thorns may prick,
Always there comes along someone...
Attracted to my scent.

More radiant I feel I should show myself.
But I do my best not to overdo it.

I want to be sniffed in the air to be whiffed,
Not picked and clipped to be placed in a vase...
Until my essence just fades away.
I don't want it to be known,
I am not without limitations.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Like A Vampire Seeking Victims

If the only ambition you have,
Is to attempt to prevent...
Others from making strides,
To provide for themselves better lives.
And with a doing of their experiences,
They wish only to bring benefits from this...
With a hope to inspire another to uplift!
And all you can do is complain about it?
You've identified yourself as the culprit.
Like a vampire seeking victims to leech.
To then become satisfied,
When somebody's blood is from them sucked.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Like A Welcomed Habit

You still have no clue what you are dealing with.
And from the very beginning,
I provided the evidence.

When are you going to accept?
Have I ever boosted with brash bravado?
I don't have to!

Would someone who drops clues,
Do that?
I think not!

You still have no clue what you are dealing with.
And from the very beginning,
I provided the evidence.
That's how empathetic I can be at times.

And it is perfectly fine,
Others are convinced of an ego attachment.
I'm closer to you than I am to that.
That's why I want you enjoying me,
Like a welcomed habit.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Like All Of Their Other Excuses

One man has been in their presence,
For just a few years.
However,
Their policies have been eroding for decades.
And yet a crisis that besets them...
They claim he has caused.
By exposing their flaws and misdeeds.
This they wish,
Those absent of a consciousness...
Will accept and believe.
Like all of their other excuses,
Laid at someone else's doorstep.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Like All The Yesterdays Have Done

There is nothing more I despise,
Than someone who lies.
And does it to me repeatedly.
I 'might' let slide to go by,
A talking about my 'mama'.
Without a hint I am going to re-act,
A giving back some 'hood drama.
But someone who lies,
To do it and think that's alright?
I don't get disgusted,
As much as my trust kept...
Has been interrupted.
And once the doing of that has been done,
The one who does it...
Could disappear,
Like all the yesterdays have done.
When I give my trust...
I don't do it just to have it,
ffff...'messed' up!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Like An Acceptable Fad

There is a level of disrespect,
I'm just not into.
I know that's what people do today.
Do anything and care less what they say,
To who.
It's like an acceptable fad,
That is marketed like a fashion.
It's like what's hip!
And I aint into it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Like An 's' From Missis-Ippi

Look,
It's like this...
I keep in touch with you,
Because I love you.
A concept you still don't understand.
You are an external liver.
Everything 'real' to you...
Has to have a price tag on it!

It's not that I don't have anything to do,
That I keep in touch with you.
I have no problem finding use for my time.
And...
I don't have to have a dime in my pocket.

If you want that proven...
Just give me the word.
A letter or a clue.
And I'll be missing in action!
Like an 's'...
From Missis-ippi.
Trust me,
I have my own set of values.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Like Chased Bees Jarred In Backyards

An outcast is safe from being captured,
Like chased bees jarred in backyards...
To buzz,
As curious kids collecting insects...
During a Spring bloom.

An outcast is safe from being captured,
From those places declared...
To have a social etiquette impaired.

But times as they are do change for them.
An outcasting experienced,
Eventually frees them from minds...
Once locked in.
To find in changing times that arrive...
Those who chose to criticize,
Now find their points of view despised.

And like those trapped bees once caught in jars,
Are sought more today than they ever were.
Since people have come to realize,
A needing of the bees...
Like those chosen to be outcast,
Are part of a cycle that helps life thrive.
And if pieces of it are picked to dismiss...
Life as we know it,
Dies!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Like Everyone Around

I don't wanna lose nobody
When I say this.
I don't wanna lose nobody
When I unball my fists,
And IF I should throw a fit...
I want you all to sit down!
I don't wanna lose nobody now,
I wanna share what I found!

I picked up on some gossipness,
Between sisters and brothers
And others mixed!
Talking about this and that
And him and her
And where something happened,
And what occured.

I eased up very gently
Since I didn't want to disturb,
What was being said...
AND what my ears heard!

Seems like nothing's being done
To bring happiness to them.
They talk about being 'saved' and 'holy'
And All I hear from them is sin.

He's trying to make a date,
After her husband leaves the home.
She gives him a time to meet...
So they can be there all alone!

His says his wife,
Has a new friend she likes.
He liked her too..
Until he saw them screwin'!

She held his hand...

And he rub it against his crotch!
She rubbed his behind,
That raised his 'hard' a notch!

I couldn't believe
What I heard and saw.
These two should be arrested...
For taking my breath,
And dropping my jaw!

I stood there in awe.
Where IS the law?
I want to report what I heard,
And saw!

I don't wanna lose nobody
When I say this.
I don't wanna lose nobody
When I unball my fists,
And IF I should throw a fit...
I want you all to sit down!
I don't wanna lose nobody now,
I wanna share what I found!

People that sound...
Like everyone around!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Like Everything Else They'Ve Accepted

To keep a people fantasized,
Strung out and deluded?
Never point out their shortcomings.
Approve of everything they do.
Including mass murder.
Support their justifications for it.

Gently slip away from them,
Beliefs others find them innocent.
Slowly introduce to them differences...
Between 'fundamental' truths,
And the consequences of deceit.
Show other races on TV defiant.
Connect this to fear and threats.

And then...
Blatantly steal from them.
Corrupt all their foundations.
Rip them off in front of their eyes.
They will deny this is being done to them!
And like everything else they've accepted...
They welcome their own destruction.
However...
This has to be done politically correct!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Like Fledged Birds Not Yet In Adult Plumage

I've been investigated, under-rated...
Berated to scold to deflate in debating,
A non-existing ego...
Believed I frequently visit to feed upon,
With a craving I love to salivate.

Like fledged birds not yet in adult plumage,
What else will these juvenile deliquents do?

And still I seek something more,
To invigorate my insatiable need...
For that which keeps me motivated,
Since knowing others probe my deeds...
Before they disbelieve I sense them done.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Like Heat From The Sun

When my life one day has gone
And the breath I breathe
From me moves on...
I wonder if you'll want me near?
Or see images of me,
That come and disappear?
Will you wish upon a star...
Love from you would find my heart?
When my life one day has gone
I hope our spirits connect,
Like heat from the Sun on a tree belongs!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Like It's 1999

Why is my presence becoming more negligent?
I have no interest is being entertained,
Observing those mindless destroy themselves.
Especially at local events.

When I see vendors selling their wares,
At huge affairs.
And the people living in the communities,
Not invited to benefit from the marketing of greed...
That is in a high profile 'everywhere'.
And the locals have no concern,
About what takes place there?
As long as they are seen on these scenes...
Dressed to the 'nines' and flaunting their taste for flair,
Everywhere!

However...
They do come and party,
Like it's 1999.

~WHY are you so negative,
ALL the time? ~

I guess this comes from a lack of understanding.

If I grow grapes...
I'm not going to watch someone else,
Make, sell AND drink the wine!
And I don't get a dime?

I guess this comes from a lack of understanding.

'Thank you, Prince.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Like It's Mixed With Yeast

Feed my ego,
Let it lift...
Like it's mixed with yeast.
Like delicious bisquits whipped.
Or a cake that bakes to rise,
To the heights of the sky.

Feed my ego,
Let it lift...
Like it's mixed with yeast.
Like delicious bisquits whipped.
And no one can get enough of it.

I admit I seek applause,
To arouse my roar.
And when I don't get it,
I wish for it a bit!

I admit I seek applause,
To arouse my roar.
And when I don't get it,
I wish for it a bit!

I admit I seek applause,
To arouse my roar.
Feed my ego,
Let it lift.
Feed my ego,
Let it lift.

I admit I seek applause,
To arouse my roar.
Feed my ego,
Let it lift.
Feed my ego,
Let it lift.
Like it's mixed with yeast.

Or...

Delicious bisquits whipped,
No one can get enough of it!

Feed my ego,
Let it lift...
Like it's mixed with yeast.
And allow everyone to get a sample piece to eat.

Feed my ego,
Let it lift...
Like it's mixed with yeast.
And allow everyone to get a sample piece to eat.

Feed my ego!
Don't you dare leave a sign of a crumb!
You feed my ego!
Don't you dare leave a sign of a crumb!
Just feed my ego!
Don't you dare leave a sign of a crumb!
Feed them my ego,
Don't you dare leave a sign of a crumb!

Feed my ego,
Let it lift...
Like it's mixed with yeast.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Like Most Folks Stuck Floating On Stubborn Ego Trips

Someone has filled your head,
With their beliefs you accepted as reality.
This gave you a comfort you did not research.
And whatever it was that had been implanted,
You've been clinging onto it since your birth.

Evidence has proven your point of view to be deluded.
But you insist to enlist explanation to include with excuses.
A self examination would have corrected what has been done.
But you laugh this off as if to distance from the seriousness.
You've befriended insecurities and immaturity too.

And nurturing both has not been to your benefit.
Nor accusations made about others being cruel to you.
No!
A truth pursued has never been your priority.
And to know it now would only leave you deeper in conflict.

You're sick!
And the unfortunateness of this...
You seem to hang onto it as if it validates your existence.
Like most folks stuck floating on stubborn ego trips!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Like Most People Evil

During their last thrill ride aboard evil,
Those caught up in their wicked ways...
Will not suspect,
Themselves to be targeted to be repaid.
Like most people evil,
They believe themselves above refute.
Like most people evil,
They believe whatever they do...
Will not return back upon them to haunt.
And taunt them for their rest of their lives.

During their last thrill ride aboard evil,
Those responsible for the abuse of others...
No matter how these afflictions upon them done,
Those people evil and enjoying it...
Will come to feel and know,
The meaning of pain.
And like most people evil,
What they come to experience for their misdeeds...
Will be attempted to be the blame to claim on others.
Like most people evil in the midst of what they do,
Campaigning to inflict themselves with their own sorrows.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Like Needed Water From A Faucet

Egos are fed
While the poor crawl the streets.
Homelessness has become big business,
For those pushing pens
Against statistical sheets.
Billions are wasted on fights that convince...
Interests kept to defeat claimed enemies,
Keeps mentalities like these
Screwed forever in defense.

A way of life is threatened...
At least that is what's said.
And yet in urban and suburban areas,
Our own blood continues to be shed!
Color lines are drawn to emphasize ignorance.
This activity is selective and it makes no sense.
On battlefields around the world,
Young people fight our wars.
And prejudiced issues aren't the concern,
When values they defend are abhorred
On our own shores!

Protesters who say there has to be a better way,
Are labelled as militant and weak.
Even though they represent all of those,
Who see this destructive force as bleak...
And much regretted!

We are headed for a certain demise,
And this is not a wish!
The eyes and minds of those who rule
Can not fathom that their influence
Has dwindled, waned and slipped!
Like needed water from a faucet,
That drips until it ceases to continue it.
Dripping with a drop,
Until the last drop...stops!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Like Never Before

I get to be who it is I am...
After digesting suggestions,
And recommendations
I protested.
With a racing mind.

I found my direction scattered.
My time alone shattered,
By thoughts of others
That grew as I became too full
Of 'who' said 'what' and 'how'
I should best approach my destiny!

Finding myself on my hands and knees...
Searching through doubts,
Held me enslaved in dismay!

I get to be who I am today...
And when I 'arrived'
As the drifting 'pieces'
Began to click and snap into place,
I could not believe the recognition I received!
With clarity and acceptance in attendance.
I embraced myself with the kind of joy,
I thought was not allowed.
I once buckled and bowed to disbelief!
Upon an appearance of relief that came to show!
I had used my tools to seal my grief,
Then.

Stunned by lack of self defense...
How quickly I discovered to shut my mouth.
Stepping over traps laid by naysayers,
Scouting to recruit weakness to smother quick...
With sympathy I had not reached to seek,
Nor expect with ambush.
And let my heart speak to me...
I did,
Like never before!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Like No Other Day I Ever Knew

Today I find I am missing you,
Like no other day I ever knew.
I don't even wish to memorize,
All the lines and times...
I apologized,
No.

Today I find that I am missing you.
And all the things together we've been through.
What I miss most is your quick smile.
And holding hands as we walked for miles...
And,
Today I find I am missing you,
Like no other day I ever knew.
I miss the kissing and the innocence.
Then we married and it ended in bitterness.

Today I find I am missing you,
Like no other day I ever knew.
I don't even wish to memorize,
All the lines and times...
I apologized,
No.

I want to keep this feeling real.
Hoping one day you will find me true.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Like No Other One

You've got me,
And I feel it's for real.
'Cause you've got,
IT...
That sex appeal.

You've got me,
And I know it's the real deal.
'Cause you've got,
IT...
That sex appeal.

And like no other one,
You've got that sex appeal.
And like no other one,
It is so real it heals.
And like no other one,
I know it's a steal!
And I've got it here,
And that for me is for real.

And like no other one,
You've got that sex appeal.
And like no other one,
It is so real it heals.
And like no other one,
I know it's a steal!
And I've got it here,
And that for me is for real.

You've got me,
And I feel it's for real.
'Cause you've got,
IT...
That sex appeal.

And like no other one,
You've got sex appeal.
And like no other one,

It's so real it heals!

You've got me,
With your sex appeal.
And it's the real deal for me,
'Cause that's the way I feel.

And like no other one,
You've got sex appeal.
And like no other one,
It's so real it heals!
And like no other one,
It is there and real and I feel it is a steal.

And like no other one,
You've got sex appeal.
And like no other one,
You've got sex appeal.
And like no other one,
You've got sex appeal.
And like no other one,
You've got sex appeal.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Like No Other That Identifies

He is not attacked because he is right.
He is attacked because he dares to be right.

He dares to defy those on the side of lies.
And eyes wide open need not to have experience...
To observe the divisiveness within them that exist!

They wish to remain addicted to this.
This 'fix' applied to their ignorance,
It is much too expensive!
Although it is an observation,
They prefer to keep secretly well hidden.

And he does not have to be black at all.
To point out these facts...
Backtracking on a progress,
That remains historically stalled!
He could be of any color.
But he is not easily the one sidetracked.

And those who follow him agree...
He is like no other that identifies...
With the need to move forward,
Desperately!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Like None Other Can Produce

I've been both on top and on the bottom,
And have witnessed those mediocre...
Perform with pretentions to get attention.
Believing to get noticed,
Will aid in their feelings of self worth.

But if one truly is connected to self,
And appreciates the ownership of an identity...
It matters not,
Who decides who should deliver what to whom...
To have it expressed and rated.
It will still achieve a quality like none other can produce.

Regardless where in the kitchen it is placed,
It will still be sought after...
For the taste it satisfies.
And that is why the texture of the mix can not be replicated.
Only a knowing 'chef' not just a 'cook' does this!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Like One Does As You Did

Like one does as you did.
You might have felt,
A doing of anything...
Without me around to witness it,
Would leave it far from my heart...
Not to feel to go undetected.
But a love I give with it to get,
Is beyond words confessed to admit expressed.
Or tossed and left to discover on a doorstep.
To betray like one does as you did.

Like one does as you did,
To think of me as a puppy trained to await...
For you to attach a leash to have me believe,
My loyalty is awarded whenever you appear...
After satisfying your temptations,
And I would not know you had deceived...
As you spent time trying to convince me,
Others you don't sneak to please...
Like one does as you did to do,
Frequently.
Which scent of your stupidity is best to leave ignored?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Like Scraped Up Dust To Save

1-2-3 and,
Put-your-dollars-in-your wallet,
And pretend its vacant paper!

Like scraped up dust to save.

And...
Put-your-dollars-in-your wallet,
And pretend its vacant paper.

To e-vap-orate like vapor.

And...
Put-your-dollars-in-your wallet,
And pretend its vacant paper.

No-longer-to-savored.
To 'trip' on treasured capers.

And...
Put-your-dollars-in-your wallet,
And pretend its vacant paper!

That's all it's worth today!

And...
Put-your-dollars-in-your wallet,
And pretend its vacant paper!

Like scraped up dust to save!

1-2-3,
Like scraped up dust to save!
And...
1-2-3,
Like scraped up dust to save!
And...
1-2-3,
Like scraped up dust to save!

And...
1-2-3,
Like scraped up dust to save!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Like The Flu

All up in you.
That's how I'm gonna be.
Like the flu...
All up in you.
And when you sneeze,
You better believe...
I'm not coming out,
Until I am ready.
All up in you.
That's how I'm gonna be.
Like the flu...
All up in you.
And I'm going to bug you too!
Remember you kept me reminded...
How sick I was and how much you said I wasn't?
Guess who is going to aid in your recovery?
Don't look at me like that.
I know you are not feeling well.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Like The Rest Of Us

Being introduced,
Is similar to a new flavor tasted.
Everyone flatters.
And on their best of behaviors.

One can tell when familiarity sets in!
People begin to disrupt conversations.
Talk about others disrespectfully.
And think it okay to say what they please.
With a name dropping of those,
They have chosen to pick apart to dislike.
And expose.
Based upon innuendos.

However...
Being introduced,
Is similar to a new flavor tasted.
Everyone flatters.
And on their best of behaviors.

Until the flavor tasted becomes as common,
As taking a cheap shot at someone's expense.
Regardless if they are within listening distance.

'I remember when they first arrived on the scene.
They were so pleasant to have around then.
I liked them!
Now they have become,
Well...'

~Annoying?
Irritating?
Judgemental and opinionated?
Like the rest of us? ~

'No.
I was not going to say that.
I 'was' going to say...
Boring.

Plus...
They have this 'thing' about wanting meangingful conversation.
WHO are these people?
I tried insulting them...
And they just smiled.
How appalling can they get? '

~Well...
I'm open to learning a few lessons myself.
THAT would be refreshing.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Like The Rusting Does

The foundation laid for this creation is deep.
While some snore away their time...
Others find none to nod.
Or a wink of sleep to tease,
What is needed to be done!

Some will never know what it takes,
Or the sacrifices made...
To break free and shake loose,
From petty excuses heard...
To pleasure the thoughts of one to do nothing!

There are too many steps to take,
To shake away barriars prior to attempting to succeed
At success.
Too many obstacles to face in fear to get over.
Too many alone moments in cold sweats.
Uncertain if decisions made will bring happiness,
Or regrets!

And too many excuses heard...
By someone who pesters,
The movement of one's forward steps.
But not letting an upsetting collect dust...
Like the rusting does under annoying fakers,
Wishing to trip up one's quickly paced stride!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Like The Scattering Of Pieces

Once a mold has been set,
To accept a conditioning process kept.
It is difficult to change it.
Unless it is broken.

And once a lie is told...
It never becomes true!
There is no truth unfolding,
From this hold.

Like the scattering of pieces.
With no chance of becoming whole again.
Or sold as a thing to embrace,
From an existence erased.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Like The Sound Of Bells

To touch you 'there'
Would mean so much.
To lift your feet,
From thick restrictions haunting.
Your tears keep you cloaked
With unwanted burdens on your shoulders.
I 'see' this with my heart that feels.
I'd like to remove...
Whatever is there,
Peel by peel!
Wanting to hear your laughter ring...
Like the sound of bells to all with appeal!
To touch you 'there'
Would mean so much!
You have substance.
You have beauty.
With a voice that sparkles...
And this 'has' to be revealed!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Like The Spoiled Children They Are

People are quick to express their wrongdoings,
As if shocked those most affected...
Are upset because those 'wrongdoings',
Had been purposely directed to sacred beliefs...
Maintained for centuries,
With a smearing done by those of free speech...
Who expect without respecting the values of others,
They can do and say what they please...
Just to get an attention like the spoiled children they are!
Believing they should be forgiven for their misdeeds.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Like The Sun, Moon And Stars

There always seems to be something relevent,
About the re-occurrence of facts.
They remain consistent.
No matter how many versions are told,
To manipulate them.

And each time they are used,
A beating around the bush...
Accompanies someone's lapse in memory.
But the facts have no lapses at all.
They are there and dependable.
Like the Sun, Moon and Stars.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Like Trying To Get Close To A Cactus

I know what it is like
To be attracted to someone
With cold shoulders.

It is like trying to get close to a cactus.
You don't wish to get pricked...
But there is something addicting,
That makes one going back to it!

I know what it's like,
To feel alone...
With someone there,
Laying next to me in bed.

And I don't want to be touched.
Or move too much!

It took me a long time to admit,
I was not involved in a relationship.
Whatever it was,
I grew comfortable with!
Like knowing a pet is around...
If it or you wishes to be found.
A convenience that takes place,
Of a total absence.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Like Us

Why bother to get involved with folks,
Who have zero integrity?

And why do folks become disappointed,
With those who have a history...
Of lieing and cheating.
With a shown irresponsibility.

'Perhaps fools attracted,
Are meant to be together.'

And those observing with their opinions...
Have more time on their hands than they wish!

'You mean like us? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Like Yesterdays Lived

I'm so glad I stopped to learn,
How to feel empathetic with concern.
I'm happy I didn't pass that by...
Like so many
Who are afraid to cry,
Trying to hold their feelings inside.

I'm so glad I stumbled on my path,
And asked for assistance...
When things got that bad.
I allowed my pride to drag me on my ass,
Before I woke up to realize
Things do pass.
Just like yesterdays lived,
But not relived!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Like You And I Were In A Marriage?

You say I have been harsh and critical,
Aloof and seem to be unreasonably embittered.
You also make claims I have been unapproachable,
And that my actions are more like a quitter.

You say,
Whenever you come to visit my home...
I sit with very little to exchange in conversation.
And my hospitality has begun to get 'edgy'...
As if I don't want to communicate in the sharing of,
Those topics you pick.

'I see...
When was the last time you invited me,
To come to your home?
Or invited me out anywhere? '

Well...
I...uh...live in a...uh,
Neighborhood I don't particularly like.
And besides...
I like your music.
The meals you cook are delicious.
And...
Where else can I go,
To use a computer, watch anything I want on TV...
And not be disturbed by noisy neighbors.

'I see.
Like you and I were in a marriage? '

No. No...
Nothing like that.
Just good friends.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Like You Have Earned It

You do nothing at all,
But want to get paid.
And this you insist!

All you want to do,
Is play a childish game.
With sweetened innocence.

Then you want to lay up and sleep all day,
Like you have earned it.

Then you snap your fingers with the giving of orders.
Like you have earned it.

Nobody here is your slave for a day.
Like you have earned it.

Or turn around and give you their hard earned dollar,
Like you have earned it!

While you eat up everything like it's okay.
Like you have earned it!

Oh...
You do nothing all day but want to get paid.
And this you insist.

All you want to do,
Is play a childish game.
With sweetened innocence.

Then you snap your fingers with the giving of orders.
Like you have earned it.

Nobody here is your slave for a day.
Like you have earned it.

Or turn around and give you their hard earned dollar,
Like you have earned it!

While you eat up everything like it's okay.
Like you have earned it!

Then you snap your fingers with the giving of orders.
Like you have earned it.

Nobody here is your slave for a day.
Like you have earned it.

Or turn around and give you their hard earned dollar,
Like you have earned it!

While you eat up everything like it's okay.
Like you have earned it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Like You I Am A Human Too

I've made it clear I do not fear,
Obstacles appearing to be near.
Although I use to manifest a resistance,
With a distance kept persisted.

And my mind is not delayed,
To replay mistakes I've made.
Knowing that it took a lot to do,
Since like you I am a human too!

And at times I can get nervous...
With a purpose that I service.
But I don't allow my feet,
To freeze my movement in defeat.

Nor will I sit and brood,
Like any loser who excuses what they do!

I've made it clear I do not fear,
Obstacles appearing to be near.
Although I use to manifest a resistance,
With a distance kept persisted.

And my mind is not delayed,
To replay mistakes I've made.
Knowing that it took a lot to do,
Since like you I am a human too!

And I might boo-hoo,
But none will I do around you!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Liked For Their Pleasant Smiles

No one is sure,
Who qualifies for what.
OR who has true expertise,
Since nepotism has been the way...
And incompetence known,
To effectively touch...
All aspects of their degraded lives.
As a sliding into a ravine,
Has been seen as the best choice to make.
By those with doctored credentials.
Liked for their pleasant smiles,
And accessible during social community events.
Endured and endorsed,
With a glad handing madness.
Accompanied by a sadness cheered.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Likemindedness

So,
What are you going to do?
Keep running away...
In pursuit,
For the rest of your life?

Sniffing for clues and finding fault,
To assault everyone,
With street talk and negative thoughts.

Likemindedness is a wish you keep dissing.
Those on your path you cross and disrespect.
Yet you know you're not right...
When what is said
Provokes a fight you start and ignite.

You know you're not right...
When you're wrong and don't like it.
To you,
Conflicts excite.
Yet nothing appeals...
To bring to you peace and a restful night.

Let go of the design to find losers,
And addicting abusive lessons taught.
Where you go...
Confirmation of your pain,
Will be re-examined and be sought.

Give it your absence.
Leave behind what has been bought!
Your steps are recycled and tarried.
And in a trap is where you've been caught.

If your running should take flight,
You will fly with those of likemindedness.
Separate from those who backbite...
Leave the blood and the battle,
And soar above the storm.

So,
What are you going to do?
Keep running away...
In pursuit,
For the rest of your life?

Or carry your nightmares...
Secured and attached,
Yet despised!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Lilly Of Misdeeds

Lilly of misdeeds,
A suburban missus sipping...
In her high tech kitchen,
Another brandy spiked with tea.
And smoking homegrown weed.
Rises early every dawn,
To whip a fresh batch...
Of her laced cupcakes.
While awaiting requests,
From her best customers.
Neighbors in the 'hood'...
Scheduling a time,
To pick up their favorite...
Homemade baked goods.
And...
Anticipating to share,
The latest 'dirt' to pour...
Over high octane gossip.

Lilly delivers as promised.
To keep those she addicts.
While listening to secrets,
From those with loosened lips.

Other 'lillies' come coiffed.
And manicured arriving,
To not knock at all...
On Lilly's backdoor.
As they wave goodbye,
To their spouses, lovers...
And one stand 'tricks'.
While relaying with excitement,
Who it was last night...
They had enjoyed sex with.
And Lilly sips on her brandy.
Spiked with tea.
Making money.
And keeping secrets.
Delighting how her cupcakes,

Have addicted so successfully.

'Lay a dozen out for me,
Wednesday.
I want to treat someone I met,
While at the grocery store.'

-Should I add extra frosting? -
Lilly asks.

'Oh no.
This one I closely inspected.
And, sure I am...
He will be up to the task.'

They laugh.
Lilly counts her cash.
As she packs dozens of cupcakes
In designer take away bags.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Limit Of Tolerance

It is best to be shown,
By the one detected they are not to be bothered.
Than it is to be known,
As the one who collects other's junk to dump.
Inconvenienced by this and misunderstood to be a chump.

People wont say it but that's what they think.
When someone is designated always available,
To be believed to have a loosened link.
People wont say it but that's what they think.

Yes, it's best to to show,
There is a limit of tolerance.
Than to be the one chosen...
With unlimited patience when there isn't.

Some people may pretend they comprehend,
With a patience given.
But a patience it isn't.

Some people 'look' as if they're there to listen,
With a patience given.
But a patience it isn't.

Some people may keep their mouths kept closed.
Preferring to keep their distance.
And some may not want their thoughts exposed.
Even if their thoughts may make a difference.

It is best to be shown,
By the one detected they are not to be bothered.
Than it is to be known,
As the one who collects other's junk to dump.
Inconvenienced by this and misunderstood to be a chump.

People wont say it but that's what they think.
When someone is designated always available,
To be believed to have a loosened link.
People wont say it but that's what they think.

If one is deemed as approachable.
And perceived to have a desperate disposition.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Limitating Foolishness

Those of narrow minds of self centeredness,
Believing they alone can manipulate...
That which has a Supreme Intelligence.
Have based their perceptions...
On a feeding of myths.
A feeding that soon...
Comes to reveal such limitating,
Foolishness!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Limitation And Its Kept Performance

It does not matter the color of faces,
Presented to represent a window dressed progress.
It does not matter the facts or the proof of that.

It does not matter which places showcase,
A tolerance for diversity...
With this deception of it perceived.

What matters today,
Is the way delusion and hypocrisy is displayed.
With a blocking to stop progress,
Done in a meaningful and accepted way...
By those who know they will and can keep controlled,
Limitation and its kept performance to go unnoticed.

'You 'always' managed to say something offensive.'

~Someone has to defend the truth.
And the little of it that is being produced,
By those welcoming the disappearance of it.
With a refusing to acknowledge its existence.
Like some admitting they've become 'offended'.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Limitation Kills

One day petty people will awaken,
With this in full acknowledgement...
Decisions and with their choices made,
Are theirs to make.
To debate a brickwall breaking to crumble,
From lack of acceptance and innovation...
Is its own barrier.
And those who profess truth and sincerity,
Quickly apologizes to minds offended by common sense...
Yet too immature to understand what honesty is.
It is truly a blessing to discover the meaning of truth.
And to observe to comprehend limitation kills.
And what those who have chosen to do...
With 'with' new purchase equipment to rid rubble crumbling,
Away.
To not fill the ground around and beneath them shaking.

Limitation kills,
Yes it does.
And hurts,
Within the mind in time,
When those begin to see...
Limitation kills.
When the feeling is believed,
Limitation kills.
Limitation kills.

Limitation kills,
Yes it does.
And hurts,
Within the mind in time,
When those begin to see...
Limitation kills.
When the feeling is believed,
Limitation kills.
Limitation kills.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Limitations Of Tranquility

You have to give some folks much love.
If you have it and it's known...
Share it with those in need.
Especially those who feed on myths.
Trying their best to fit in...
A history they affix to a reality
That has been tricked and rewritten!
You have to give some folks much love.
If you have it and it's known...
Some people can not accept,
Their ancestors were thieves and heathens.
Who worshipped their sins in dens of evil.
And now they pay for these medieval deeds!
You have to give some folks much love.
If you have it and it's known.
It is shown they have an absence of this.
Their entire existence has them betwixt...
Having an intelligence that sits
Within borders of treason!
They can not reason.
They accept others outside of their barricades,
As odd and below façades they've made.
They have no idea,
They bring fear amongst themselves!
To endear conflict they instill to thrive to prosper.
And deluded with limitations of tranquility.
That has weakened a peace...
From those they spend in frustrations to conquer.
You have to give some folks much love.
If you have it and it's known.
They do not know it.
This has never to them been shown!
They are descendents of war!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Limited And Convinced

No one survives to completely resist,
To thrive in places...
Where an abundance of ignorance sits.
Since many are conditioned to base realities,
On appearances, symbols and connected myths...
To believe to be dependent upon this fits perfectly.
With a determination to value their self worth,
That gives birth to a resurgence of that which is repeated.

And those who use their minds with a consciousness,
To explore and adventure with an 'awareness' of it...
Are seldom accepted and considered misfits.
And that is determined by the depth of one's ignorance,
With experiences limited and convinced by others...
Their life to live to gain material things to impress,
Is not meant to evolve or bloom to grow...
To change and redefine as their minds in time moves on.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Limited By That Which Is Not

Had you ever gone to a zoo,
To specifically observe the animals?
And closely looked into their eyes,
With a feeling they were very intelligent.
Although they were caged.

And then within minutes after leaving,
You began to realize with wonder...
Why is it,
That which expresses intelligence...
Seems to be limited by that which is not!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Limited Environments

Limited environments,
Is not a dismissable excuse to use...
To keep one's mind,
From experiencing the value of life...
To live it as given in unlimited ways.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Limited Lives To Live

When something anyone does,
Is made to look easier than what it is...
Everyone will then make a claim,
Of being able to do it better.
Or the one doing it,
Should find something else...
More acceptable and approved,
That others are known to do too.

Time passes on.
And insulting are public comments made.
Rumors persist that one doing something 'easy',
Just sits around doing 'nothing'...
While those spreading gossip are amused by it.
Until a discovery is revealed.
A recognition had been given.
And those who taunted are left with guilt to feel.

The moral of this depiction?
The one feeding on opposition,
May just love the feasting upon it.
To know those serving it have limited lives to live.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Limited To Ignorance

How can a mind limited to ignorance,
Be turned around and convinced...
Wounding to self inflict itself,
Is an act very few if any accepts as being brave.

Yet there are many with perceptions believed,
They can enforce their stupidity...
Upon others who will eventually find they too crave,
Ideals picked from days past...
To co-exist with that which long has faded,
From the minds of those who have lost patience...
With those stuck in pretentious nostalgia.

And with hopes their stubbornness,
Will turn back a ticking clock...
They can not stop from moving forward,
Out of darkness just to have themselves seen...
As winners regardless if it means,
Bringing themselves to the brink of disaster.

'We will never concede to anyone proving us to be,
Incompetent, fools or morons.'

~Don't worry about it.
Conceding, condoning or keeping it hidden,
Will not change what you and the others...
Have already exposed as evidence.~

'Your comments we find offensive.'

~Trust me...
My comments made to you are mild.
I've learned to be civil and tolerant of fools.
Maturity has had that affect on me.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Limited Visions

By their own hands,
Extended...
From self serving,
And limited visions.
Continue they do to view,
Divisions to explore...
Behind exclusive doors.
With intent and purpose,
To weaken links and rust bonds.
As foundations crumble.
Ignored by the rich.
Perceiving from this,
They enhance their profits.
Leaving them to benefit.

And by their own hands,
Limited to a mindset...
More dependent on possessions.
And obsessed greed to impress.
Until humanity is devalued.
Which leaves trust to rust.
Manufactured by inner, Conflicts.

Conflicts to praise.
With hollow faith worshipped.
Worshipped to see eventually,
Beliefs they have kept to keep
Has left them blinded,
To an oblivion sought...
That completes their arrival.
An arrival sought and finally,
Reached.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Limited Visits With Comprehension

They would love to see others,
For what they are not.
To be those figments,
Of their imaginations.

It would be easier for them to exist,
If claims made were true.
But they know little,
Of that which they speak.

And 'this' what they do...
Reflects upon their limited visits,
With comprehension.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Limits I Knew Immediately I Had To Rid

Your expectations,
And my journey to discover...
My dreams and wishes,
Only I can identify...
As I pry away obstacles everyday,
To remove them without delay...
As I face them to ensure they don't stay,
May be more 'your' dilemma than mine.
You see...
If I had complied and agreed to your assessment,
To follow a life as you have perceived I needed...
I would not have collected valuable experiences,
Resulting in falling down to get up from scraped knees.
Or a wisdom to obtain by facing 'my' insecurities.
Although I must say this...
I thank you for introducing me to limits,
I knew immediately I had to rid.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Limits Of A Condoned Safety Zone

Hey...
When folks decide,
They will choose sides...
Based upon who they 'like'
And dislike,
Because of their conditioning process.
And minds still rocked in cradles.
They have chosen ways to hurt themselves.

And regardless of what those methods are,
They have chosen to use...
Few will learn a thing,
Beyond the limits of a condoned safety zone.
And difficult it is to leave them and their opinions alone.
But when done...
It is rewarding!
A sense of accomplishment freshens the air.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Limping Like Snails

I try to refrain from making public,
My 'dated' observations.
Or make them sound as if I campaign,
For a return of accountability...
When I remember those responsible,
Who did not run from anything to get done.

I 'try' to keep my opinions restricted,
To those who may be offended...
I attempt to use my mind to actually think.
And proud I am of the ones much younger,
Who express themselves...
To leave behind the elderly and their foolish whims.

I 'try' to do this...
As I observe those shuffling along,
Using walkers and canes and complaining of pains.
I 'try' to keep my opinions restricted,
Around those limping like snails...
And expressing 'still' their youthful wishes.

'Let it go! '

I'm trying.
But the fiber is fighting against my desire.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Linked To A Steam Engine

If folks enjoy riding backward,
On the caboose of a train...
That sits on a track,
Linked to a steam engine!
And waiting for the conductor to announce,
When their journey will begin.
I am certainly no one they will regard,
As someone they will respect as qualified...
To tell them,
The 'trip' they await...
Is as outdated as their purpose!
And I am not the one who will gain their attention...
That will interrupt their munching,
On babyback barbecue ribs...
Or their fried chicken sandwiches!
Assisted by the blaring of gospel music.
Some hold onto traditions as if cemented,
By their conditioning.
And this has to have for them some value,
To maintain.
So it is best to leave these 'visions' intact.
Or be attacked for being a maverick!

'Isn't that right, Jesse?
Now...
Whose 'nuts' were those? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Lint Sits In My Pockets

I am here!
Until I am not.
Any precautions you take,
Should be dropped and stopped.

Don't be intimidated by me, please.
Unlock that mind you block.
If I wanted to intimidate,
I'd approach as if a rabid fox.

Or...
Pretend I have something to give,
Like resources I know...
I lied about from the start!

And I am one to admit,
Lint sits in my pockets!
And lots of that I've got...
As if I hoarded it in storage as if stock.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Lip And Nonsense

Choose if you wish,
To strip and whip me...
With lip and nonsense.

Too long have I recognize,
Longevity does not guarantee...
One a smooth life ride.

And I intend to enjoy every bit of it.
Spitting the experience of bitterness.
If there is a taste I can not stomach.

And admitting when and where,
Joy comes to sit and visit.
With a daring to prolong its stay!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Lip Lock Smacking

A peek was set to catch.
Quickly slipped by a glimpse giver.
Cruised at first to tease.
Laid to seek a heat.
And if returned,
Two do this agree to meet.

This chemistry attracts.
A sudden seduction is a fact.
Tingling blends and begins to start.
Between these hungry starving hearts.

And nothing else is added to that.
With stripping nakedness,
They are in the sack.
Touching, stroking and giving love back!

A peek was set to catch!
And a lip lock smacking done...
Churned up a racket with smacks!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Lips 'Eventually' Shut Quick

To rush is to stumble.
What walking is to crawl.
And lips 'eventually' shut quick,
To someone told they know it all!
Realizing they do not...
When their back is against the wall.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Lips Freer To Speak

My hands seem to tremble...
And not as nimble as they were.
My legs seem to shake,
With each step I take.
My vision once clear...
Now without glasses blur!
My words once chosen,
Are quick to blurt and stir!
Blunt are passages,
That dance on my tongue.
And I find myself caught,
As stunned as everyone!
My mind and time...
Are better now defined.
And when I leave an opinion given,
I leave it as delivered...
Without a need to feel it must be driven!
I don't beat around the bush...
Or hide behind the trees!
I finally found who I am...
And pleased to reveal that reality as 'me'!
Although aging has made my lips freer to speak,
It has taken my ass a little longer to flee.
With a bravery intact...
That empowers my pride and dignity!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Lips Locked To Block Taste For Tongue

Lips locked to block taste for tongue.
A gift of perfume will do.
With a fist full of flowers...
Scented to seduce a quick pull to hug!
And a pinch on the butt,
Introduces a snuggle.
Lips unlock to block taste for tongue.
And a smile overcomes,
As the sunset shows its colors.
And a frown left that morning goes.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Lips Of Greed

I had no idea how thick their lips of greed were!
I just 'assumed' everyone was making a fashion statement.

'Where have you been?
Greed has been all over the news for years.'

So has botox and lip injections.

'Wait a minute!
I thought you said you had been bitten by a 'wasp'! '

I was!
It was the same one who did the injections and the botox.
For thousands.
And I mean THOUSANDS.

'Is that how you managed to lose so much weight?
Because your lips had become so huge?
I didn't want to say anything before.
But your lips are noticeably gigantic.'

Yeah,
But I wanted them to appear natural.
Like the others who you said,
Believed they could attract success.
Because they had 'lips of greed'.

'WHAT?
I was using that as a metaphor.'

A meta-4?
What's a meta for?

'People like you would kill themselves for a dollar.'

I wish you had said something,
Before my lips became big as pillows.

'Don't worry about it!

I am surprised you haven't smothered yourself,
Already.'

Are you suggesting something?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Lips To Kiss After Breakfast

Wanted most from you is the touching.
With a holding me and close.
Sincere and near to me as if to feed a craving,
Need like fresh jam or homemade jelly...
Spread on a warm piece of buttered toast.

'And you...
On my mind fixed to sit as if scrambled eggs,
Cooked and placed beside crisp and tasty bacon.
And your lips so tender I wish to quickly kiss,
After the crumbs from them you lick.'

To lick lips after breakfast is love.

'I agree.
Would you like two or three sugars in your coffee? '

I'll take the coffee.
But there are times I do prefer tea.

'Let's do the tea.
With lemon?
It makes the lips to kiss after breakfast,
More inviting for the tongue.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

List Of Deeds

Why should I slow my stride,
To identify for you...
Over and over,
From your point of view...
What has already been done.
I will not succumb to that activity.
Nor will I continue to bleed.
And that's what you wish to see from me.
But I've overcomed that need to feed...
What is now too available,
To be lived and not become dissected...
To appease your insecurities.
And that is not on my list of deeds,
I have just begun to touch.
As much as you feel I should ignore them!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

List Of Things You Want

You want to be treated fairly.
You want to be treated right.
You want to be treated with respect.
And your dignity protected day and night.

What makes your needs any different than mine?
And why should I treat you more thoughtfully,
Than you have treated me?
And you taught me the many faces,
Of mental and physical abuse.
With declarations to make me feel,
Unqualified to be near a gutter.

And you want what?
From me?
To prove to you I can be humane?
I know I did not hear you say that?
And you called me a heathen too?
Heathens do not give the shirts off their backs.

You want to be treated fairly.
You want to be treated right.
You want to be treated with respect.
And your dignity protected day and night.

And...
May I add,
An all expense paid trip to Fantasy Island.
Hosted by the best psychiatrist available.
With a need to stay.
Put that on your list of things you want.
To have us both hope that happens.
And not soon enough.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Listen To Hear With Ears Clear

Sit.
Even though the doing of it,
May cause you to twitch...
In an agitated state of confusion.
And believe it or not,
As your arms are folded...
Across your chest,
You will begin to hear quick judgements...
Passed.
You will begin to notice from others heard,
Statements made to demean and undermine...
With unflattering words.
You will begin to associate flaws clearly seen.
To disbelieve that a keeping of your eyes open,
And your mouth closed...
Identifies someone closer to you,
Than I could ever be.

Just sit.
That's all it takes,
To separate yourself to stop a doing...
With a refusing to participate.
Even though the doing of it,
May cause you to twitch...
In an agitated state of confusion.
And believe it or not,
As your arms are folded...
Across your chest,
You will begin not to hear...
Those quick judgements passed anymore.
To accuse anyone else,
How statements made to you...
Were meant to demean and undermine.
To be done for the purpose to use unflattering,
And obnoxious words.

Just listen. Observe.
With ears to open and mouth closed.
And you will begin to comprehend,

What you do to others, others back to you send.
Although being pro-active,
With the using preventive measures...
May not stop anyone accustomed,
From doing what they expect you to do.
But listening does have an effect,
On changes one accepts are needed to make.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Listen To Learn

The only advice I can give to anyone,
Is not to seek to solicit it.
Or feel a stumbling to fall,
Is not a progressive move.
If a repeating doesn't teach...
A lesson kept to learn,
Others will be there willing to share...
Complaints about life and how it's unfair!

The only advice I can give to anyone,
Is not to seek to solicit it.
Too many are willing to give their opinion.
And from them a wish to deposit,
Complaints about life and how it's unfair!
With the hope the advice they share,
Keeps someone aware of their need...
To have the spreading of more gloom.
Listen to learn with a doing to stay aware!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Listen To The Fugue

Listen to the fugue.
Listen as it interlocks,
To bridge an interlude.

Composing postures...
With melodic compositions.
Adopted tensions drop.
There is a nonstopping,
Of a weaving of peace.

Relaxation is released...
And noticed.
By those unaware,
A programming that had them prepared...
For battle,
Has been harnessed and saddled.
And utilized to quench their thirst for conflict.

Listen to the fugue.
Listen as it interlocks,
To bridge an interlude.
Composing postures...
With melodic compositions.
Adopted tensions drop.
There is a nonstopping,
Of a weaving of peace.

Listen.
Listen as it interlocks,
To bridge an interlude.
Listen to the fugue.
Listen to the one...
The one who dares,
For more arrangements like these,
To come!

Listen to the fugue.
Listen as it interlocks,
To bridge an interlude.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Listen To Yourself

It is all in the open now!
And I hope you are not feeling,
Too ridiculous.

Listen to yourself.
What are you saying to me today,
That I didn't say to you yesterday?
Or the day before?
There is a difference though.

When I told you I could no longer afford,
To keep paying for things that didn't make me happy...
You laughed.
Even more so when I walked away.
Telling you to stay and keep your traps intact.
Remember that?

Your traps were repossessed.
I thought you told me you owned them?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Listening

Listening.
And being there for someone loved...
To do just that!
With a mind willing,
To be receptive and clear...
Of opinions sitting,
On the tip of one's tongue.
With a giving of attention,
And staying mum.
Listening to someone.

Listening is not easily done.
For those who have experienced...
A life in which peace of mind has come.
When a listening ear,
Had not been volunteered by no one.
And some who know this...
Do their best to sit with patience.
Listening with no other reason...
But to be there as is wished.
For someone who has selected you,
Just for this.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Listening And Its Benefits

Often...
Talking,
About that which doesn't fit...
Opens a locked door immediately,
To allow communication to flow through it.
And often...
Talking,
Permits an understanding to begin.
With an ending of assumptions started,
And having not a need for arguments.

Listening and its benefits,
Increases interest and dividends.
Listening and its benefits,
Happens when a mouth is closed...
With ears left open to comprehend.

Often...
Talking,
About that which doesn't fit...
Opens a locked door immediately,
To allow communication to flow through it.

Listening has its benefits,
And increases interest with dividends.
When a mouth stays open nothing is heard,
And communication splits to leave balled fists...
With a huffing and a puffing nobody quits.

Often...
Talking,
Permits an understanding to begin.
With an ending of assumptions started,
And having not a need for arguments.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Listening And Making Attempts

From Listening and making attempts,
That is how one is known to grow.
I can not expound on something sound,
I have not in my mind yet to know.
And maturing through my life I've found,
A teaching of this that has taught me so.

I can only speak with authority,
From those steps I've taken...
Whether or not,
A direction headed was meant to be.
And where I have not ventured or seen,
Would be difficult for me to fake as reality.

A competence I have chosen for me.
But from my own acquired abilities.
And if I should offend anyone by this?
That is on them to seek a defense.
And not to be an adapted extension,
Of my own existence I still live to experience.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Listening Effectively

I got it...
The first time.
I got it...
The second time.
But it was after the third time,
Of understanding clearly...
What was said the first time,
I stopped listening...
To allow you to ramble on.

Hoping in the midst of you doing it...
Something in your mind would comprehend,
I am also participating in the conversation.
And doing the best I can,
To do that effectively.

'Oh...
So,
Why didn't you interrupt me...
To say that you understood? '

I tried.
But listening effectively,
Is not one of your attributes.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Listening Initiates Their Cold Shoulders

It makes little sense,
To keep a monitoring done...
Of their self destructiveness.

It is best for those to shut mouths close.
Since listening initiates...
Their cold shoulders they expose.

And a beginning that ignites...
A feeding of their self righteousness.
Kept unthawed as an aging isolation grows.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Listening To Learn

A listening to learn,
Develops the importance of it.
It never betrays comprehension.
Nor delays a giving to others,
A respect that is valued.
When communication allowed...
Is shown to stay effective.

Some who remain impatient,
Quick to interrupt...
What has not been given,
An opportunity to make...
Comments stated to finish,
Are the ones left...
Misunderstanding.
To then become upset,
By what they thought...
Is being said to hear.
Before it has been,
Made to them clear.

And most of the time,
Folks like this...
Have their mouths opened wide.
With minds and ears blocked,
And closed.
As if to fear exchanging ideas
Others may attempt to propose,
Is a concept they oppose.

Listening to learn,
Is not a bad habit...
One who has it should keep.
Especially today,
When so many can not grasp...
Why they live disbelieving,
The changes taking place.
With a past long gone.
And from them left to leave.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Listening To My Father's Wishes

Never will I accept or believe,
A truth that keeps fear within reach...
Is a reality I will choose to live.
To feel hunted with a haunting,
As if I am a fugitive.

Nor will I find it my duty to seek a weekly dosage...
Of a forgiveness bestowed if I followed on a path,
That releases me of guilt if I professed sins committed.
To feel free again to repeat,
The moment a new week begins.

But I do and will acknowledge,
A gift of life I have been given.

And if I live my life in the making of mistakes...
The Creator who has made it all possible,
Will know immediately how to correct my efforts.
With a direct affecting in my heart to make known,
The path that I travel is not journeyed alone!

If I feared with tears and those obstacles that appear,
What progress will I make to appreciate this experience?
Listening to my Creator's wishes,
Is all I need to condone to live a life my Crerator owns.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Listening To Their Lack Of Facts

They claim to be in self defined exile.
Losing a grip on crushed realities.
None lived to believe in...
And still they wish them pleased.

Sitting on the brink of total change.
And they keep a faith...
Followed and fake.

Listening to their lack of facts,
From a brain that has missed the train...
Offers little satisfaction,
To those who aren't insane.

Exposed they are,
To show their consciousness.
And grateful to meet someone...
Doing the best that can be done.
Taking life as it comes...
Without the sharing of complaints.
Or trying to find some.

Busy bees with mental freezes...
Listening to their lack of facts.
In any season,
You'll see them in packs.
Discussing new blues!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Listening To Those Critics

I don't know who it is,
With a wish to sit on a pedestal.
But 'this' I do know,
Anyone who achieves a notoriety...
Is certainly not accompanied,
By anyone listening to those critics below...
Doing the best they can,
To discourage the ones who notice this...
From a paying of any attention given.

And the one who sits on a pedestal alone,
Lives to hear critique on a daily basis...
Delivered by those hoping the one,
Who has achieved with it done...
Falls flat on their face in a public disgrace,
With a doing of themselves to replace...
That one who sits with a doing not to know,
What it takes to be treated like a novelty.
Or what has been sacrificed to do it.

'Why do they hiss and boo me?
I haven't slept or eaten in weeks.
I have achieved and accomplished,
With a doing based upon my own merits.
What is it you don't believe? '

~You hear that?
There is another one professing innocence.
And wasn't he the one,
Campaigning effectively for that same place to sit? ~

'Why do they hiss and boo me?
I haven't slept or eaten in weeks.
I have achieved and accomplished,
With a doing based upon my own merits.
What is it you don't believe? '

~Comeon!
At least the other one was more gracious about it! ~

I don't know who it is,
With a wish to sit on a pedestal.
But 'this' I do know,
Anyone who achieves a notoriety...
Is certainly not accompanied,
By anyone listening to those critics below...
Doing the best they can,
To discourage the ones who notice this...
From a paying of any attention given.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Listening With Intent Meant

I am 'still' that same person.
Calm in demeanor.
Protective with reflective respect.
Focused and attentive.
With no beating around the bush,
From me does anyone get.

Honest to a fault.
And sometimes naïve I can be!
However,
I am 'there'...
Giving!
And listening with intent meant.
With an empathy felt,
And no holding onto a silent resentment.

And 'you'...
Thinking me as someone easy to use,
Believed me to be...
One of many,
Massed produced commodities.

The years I've lived only made me wiser...
And much more alert.

Do I flirt with possibilities?
No.

Can I walk backward and do flip flops?
If I so desired I could.

But there is no one on the horizon...
Or near the detection of my radar,
I would consider jumping through hoops.
Remember...
I once did that for you.
Whipped and willingly trained.

But somehow you ended up playing the fool.

And fools pollute the air.
I can't be around them.
I have allergies!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Listening With Intent To Comprehend

Rituals today exposes,
A fusion of senseless arguments.
And listening with intent to comprehend,
Confuses any purpose meant.

If one does for all,
With a brotherhood done to extend...
An attention is given on the doer who attempts,
Instead of the deed and the message sent.

United in greed to feed and feast,
Has been the priority of those...
Who seem only to wish to address impressions.
To discover in time their minds have digressed.

Rituals today exposes,
A fusion of senseless arguments.
And listening with intent to comprehend,
Confuses any purpose meant.

And defects of kept values,
Has yet dawned to updat and correct.
Since many are addicted to chasing delusions,
With mentalities frozen in fantasized mindsets.

United in greed to feed and feast,
Has been the priority of those...
Who seem only to wish to address impressions.
To discover in time their minds have digressed.
To profess a lack of acknowledging the facts,
That the consumption of self importance...
Long ago got them off track.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Listening?

So much has been spoken.
So much has been said...
To fall on deaf ears.

So much has been seen,
And not comprehended.
Much misunderstanding...
Leads to reactions to produce conflict!

And why?
And for what purpose?
To achieve 'what',
In the end?

So much has been spoken.
So much has been said...
To fall on deaf ears.

So thick is the head...
That finds an ease to flow,
Dreaded tears to show!

And why?
And for what purpose?
To achieve 'what',
In the end?

Listening?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Listless

Homesick.
With drifting homeless thoughts.
Roaming pointless.
Missing purpose thoughts once had,
Cemented to have existed...
In unquestioned connected reason.
With meaning attached to feel anchored.

Now listless with existing wishes,
To be welcomed back again.
Even if it is to argue needlessly.
But to do with thoughts,
To bring to a table no one now visits...
With thoughts to toss to think wasted.
Homesick for that reminisced ownership.

Homesick to feel listless and homeless,
One's kept existing thoughts to wish...
They were anchored.
Instead of wanting at one time to be freed,
From disagreeing arguments.
Or a declared ownership,
Of another one now is prepared to condone.

'I just want to return back home.'

~And why? ~

'This independent thinking business,
Just does not work without the support...
Of your thoughts.'

~But...
You said my thoughts to you were useless.~

'I did.
But without yours,
My own I've discovered are worthless.'

~Perhaps pointless too? ~

'Let's not argue.
Or begin again to debate who is right.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Lit Too Bright To Spot The Sleaze

My back is not the one up against a fence.
I have not been convinced,
A normalized way of life...
Has found its way,
Lighting up streets everywhere that has a 'Broadway'...
And with such restricted and preferred,
Tours of view...
Unblemished by the sights,
Bombarding during the day on display.
Uncensored where everyone looks to get a tease.
And even at nights not too many street lights,
Are lit too bright to spot the sleaze.
Somehow...
Those who are awake with ideals faked,
Are those condoning to protect...
That which breeds the decadence to feed,
In the gutters under covers where it is kept.

Lit too bright to spot the sleaze,
Is...
That which is hidden in the gutters.
That which is yet to be discovered.
But is it?
Lit too bright to spot the sleaze,
Is...
That which is hidden in the gutters.
That which is yet to be discovered.
Is it...
Lit too bright to spot the sleaze,
That which is...
That which is hidden in the gutters.
That which is yet to be discovered.

That which is...
That which is hidden in the gutters.
That which is yet to be discovered.
Is it...
Lit too bright to spot the sleaze,
That which is...

That which is hidden in the gutters.
That which is yet to be discovered.
That which is...
That which is hidden in the gutters.
That which is yet to be discovered.
That which is...
That which is hidden in the gutters.
That which is yet to be discovered.
That which is...
That which is hidden in the gutters.
That which is yet to be discovered.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Little Man

There were options.
And there will always be those.
He knew he had them too.
They were pointed out to him.
And all over the place...
In perfect view.

He refused and did not listen.
As if he had something to prove.
He is but just a little man!
And a little man can only do...
What a little man can,
From a limited menu in self pursuit.

Forget making suggestions.
Put your advice on ice.
He does not deliver gratitude.
His mood is quick to show attitude.
Whether that is given to them,
Me or you!

This 'dude' is a little man!
And a little man can only do,
What a little man can comprehend...
And understand.
It is pointless to belittle him...
Since his followers are also loyal fans!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Little Of It Will Be Done

When thinking is regarded an option,
Little of it will be done.
And those who choose to do it...
Will not be embraced or regarded favorably.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Little Of That Had Been Exposed

The one they declare great who led them...
Had to be awakened and reminded of it.
And he is given credit for delivering a message,
He read.
With his lines highlighted.
But the entire script,
He had nothing to do with.

He was there to portray the role with believability.
He succeeded.
But his part did not breakdown any walls.
Or pave fresh paths to discoveries.

Those who had viewed this from distances...
Still saw them all as representing imbeciles.
And this new young guy appointed,
They suspect...
As being sent from another planet.
Since he makes attempts to present a credibility...
Where little of that had been exposed or shown,
Ever!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Little Things

It's not the keys to a free Cadillac.
Or an expensive wardrobe presented,
To one stunned to realize...
They have been treated with gifts,
Without a bill to pay...
Demanding a cent to cover the taxes.

It's,
The little things that make...
One's sentiments more appreciated.
It's those little things given,
With a doing that surprises...
Coming to be done from the heart.
Take those little things away,
To disregard them as important.
And what remains to linger on,
Is what someone has failed to do...
Years long gone.
Not to remember...
A cap on a tube of toothpaste removed,
And not replaced...
Started an argument in 1992.

Statistics have proven,
It is the little things people choose...
To use to evaluate their relationships.

The closer people are,
It's always the little things that leave...
More meaning.
The closer people are,
Those little things bring back...
Unforgotten memories.
Little things mean more than not,
Than what one has of value.
Like bonds and stocks to brag about.

It's not the keys to a free Cadillac.
Or an expensive wardrobe presented,

To one stunned to realize...
They have been treated with gifts,
Without a bill to pay...
Demanding a cent to cover the taxes.
It's the little things revisited,
That seem to always bring the tears.

'Baby?
What's the matter?
The Cadillac ran out of gas? '

~No.
I found that dime you only had.
And gave to me to say...
It was your last.
And I laughed.
Until I realized you had passed me the check,
In that restaurant where we washed the dishes.~

'Is that why the State Troopers,
Pulled you over to then call me? '

~They tried to calm me down,
When I told them...
You purposely left the cap,
Off the toothpaste.~

*I hate to break up this bonding time,
On my time you two are wasting.
But, sir...
Do you have any proof at all,
That the both of you are not crazed?
And this...person,
Is related to you.
We pulled her over to the side of the road,
Crying her eyes out and babbling...
About finding a dime to find it's 'now' toothpaste.*

'I'm sorry.
But none of this would have started,
If I had not brought home the Cadillac.
And that car I'm driving,

I've had since 1992.'

*I'll tell you what...
I'm only going to say this,
And hopefully never again to anyone.
The World is suffering from an economic crisis.
And here you two are,
Talking about dimes and caps left off toothpaste.
And...a gift of a Cadillac.
I'll leave you with that.
Have a great day.*

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Little Tommy

A sting for new revenue,
Has affected...
Those chores that smothered 'children' do.
For promised cash payments!
And eliminate those 'I-owe-yous'.

In days of old...
Children did what they were told.

No payment did I get,
For washing dishes as expected.
Or taking out the garbage,
On a daily basis.
My parents would dare us,
To expose unhappy long faces.

Picking up my clothes,
From the floor was unheard of.
Or chosing to ignore,
What I knew should be done...
Invited a quick whipping,
By a switch I picked.
Stripped of leaves...
Before that whipping begun!

Today kids ask parents for overdrafts!
And then are billed for fees...
To ensure they accomplish tasks.
To motivate good scores,
On school tests they barely pass!

Even if C's or D's are all they receive...
A grace period is extended.
To relieve them from 'pressures'
As school counselors recommend.

And those children creative with fresh excuses...
Are threatened to have taken from them,
Their car keys and other amenities...

As a punishment inflicted.
For a thirty day period that ends after ten.

And parents become weakened,
When these spoil brats squeal...
'I wish I was never born!
A neglected orphan...
A refugee is how I feel! '

And the caving in begins!

'...but honey,
We can not continue throwing Little Tommy out of the house! '

~Little Tommy is 40 years old.
Has had two jobs in three months.
Hasn't paid rent here in ten years!
And...
We pay his car note.
Plus money from us he has been 'loaned'! ~

'...but, dear...
Be reasonable.
You know how difficult it is for these kids to stand on their feet.
Especially the way the times are today.
Do you want your son living in the streets?
And beating the cold pavement,
With no place to sleep? '

~It will be a miracle just to see him get up off his ass.
In 'our' lifetime.
And maybe we can get that path repaved...
From the couch to the refrigerator!
Or a show of gratitude.
That is all I ask!
At least say 'thank you'.
Has he offered that? ~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Live And In Color

If an attractiveness,
To leap over a cliff is wished.
There is nothing that is going to stop...
The splattering that occurs,
When the impact of the plop
Spreads after it is dropped!
Prepare yourself with a hose.
Since this job to clean,
Is too big for a mop...
To impose on this scene.
Make sure the event,
Provides brilliant TV coverage...
Over the airwaves sent!
This is a nailbiter begging to be captured.
LIVE and in color!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Live As If You'Re Getting What It Is

Remove the 'maybe'
From the things you need.

Remove the 'maybe'
From dreams you want to see.

Remove the heartache,
From those setbacks.
Keep on trying.
Your wishes with those wants,
Will someday end that teasing.

Remove the 'maybe'
From hope and faith.
Do whatever that hardwork takes.
Remove the sadness from your smile.
And live as if you're getting what it is...
And it's tasty!

Remove the 'maybe'
From the things you need.

Remove the 'maybe'
From dreams you want to see.

Remove the heartache,
From those setbacks.
And live as if you're getting what it is...
And it's tasty!

Spiced the way you like it,
And tasty!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Live I Did And Still Do

Wrong I may have been,
When decisions then were made.
From a past I believed to live right,
As I perceived my life to be.
As was lived cautiously,
With a thoughtful insight...
Kept protectively within me.

But I will not fight against,
Those who hold...
Old and fixed defenses.
With an irreplaceable stubbornness.
As if mistakes I've made,
I have not learned from and still exist.

Wrong I may have been,
When decidions then were made.
But back then when I made them,
Living my life...
Whether others felt I was wrong or right,
Live I did.
And still do to improve.
Excuses made for what I've done...
Will not change a thing for anyone.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Live It And To Feel

Give me that mob action!
Now in fashion...
To divide with indecision,
And distort disceiving tainting the facts...
To distract,
With a telling of the people they are under attack.

And war games,
Are in the middle....
To proclaim,
And very little...
Why do people need to fight for peace.

And war games,
Are in the middle....
To proclaim,
And very little...
Why are people fighting for a peace,
To...
Live it and to feel.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Live It As It Exists

More than a few are possessive,
Of a privacy they protect...
That, with time, gets for others,
Less accessible...
With no regrets.

Trust is a factor,
And the key to one's peace.
'Some' one knows do not honor this.
And eventually are discovered,
To be the core of disharmony...
Within a friendship that is thought to be,
Closer than it is in reality!

More than a few are possessive,
Of a privacy they protect.
And trust is a factor,
One wishes to keep unsuspected.

And when respect is an issue,
Anyone has to raise?
With those trusted in an inner circle,
That had not before been appraised?
Something about the need for this...
Should not be argued but dealt with quick!

More than a few are possessive,
Of a privacy they protect.
And trust is a factor,
One wishes to keep unsuspected.
With a peace of mind,
One should not have to define...
But live it as it exists.

There is no need for a quarrel,
To begin over it!
One should have what one deserves.
And to live it as it exists.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Live Life To Give And Believe

Adore each sight from rooftops seen.
And every hill that rolls on.

From Sunrise to Sunset feel life you breathe.
And knowingly,
Be strong!

There's nothing wrong to receive,
And give your love.
There's nothing imperfect about it,
If you are here to be a witness...
To live it as it is.
And it is yours to live...
Freely as a gift.
Live life to give,
And believe.

Adore each sight from rooftops seen.
And every hill that rolls on.

From Sunrise to Sunset feel life you breathe.
And knowingly,
Be strong!

There's nothing wrong to receive,
And give your love.
There's nothing imperfect about it,
If you are here to be a witness...
To live it as it is.
And it is yours to live...
Freely as a gift.
Live life to give,
And believe.

Live life to give,
And believe.

Live life to give,
And...

Believe.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Live To Be Unlimited

Don't you ever,
Stop wanting doing your best.
Or expect less to get to show.
With this to accept.

Do your best whenever tested.
Move on from being upset.
Don't give in to give up to regrets
Don't await for neglect to get.

Live to be unlimited.
Don't expect regrets to get.
Live to be unlimited.
Stop from seeking to be less,
Than your best.

Live to be unlimited.
Don't expect regrets to get.
Live to be unlimited.
Stop from seeking to be less,
Than your best.
To keep it kept.

Live to be unlimited.
Stop that moanin' goin' on.
Live to be unlimited.
Sing other than those sad songs.
All day long.

Live to be unlimited.
Look up not down and strut your stuff.
Live to be unlimited.
Don't rely on luck.
Your luck may not show up.

You can live to be unlimited.
Or...
Accept a life to choose to live in fear.
To fear.

Fear.

Live to be unlimited.
Or...
Choose your life to do it,
In fear.
To fear...
Everything that's near.
Or think appears.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Live To Know What Is Revealed

Live to know.
With a desire to experience and grow,
As observant to all that there is that exists.
The mystery is in the nonacceptance.
And why someone can acknowledge,
The witnessing of life and death.
But yet disbelieve disrespecting,
Produces adverse affects.
It does.
On one's mind.
Body.
And existence that is inspected,
By that which has created...
All of us!
Regardless who debates this,
To think of themselves as exceptions.
Live to know,
What is revealed.
Live to know!
The doing can heal.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Live To Love The Life You'Ve Earned

Undaunted.
Dismiss those dispirited,
Who view life in limits.

Why bother with this?
Get on with it!
Live to love your life,
And learn.

Flaunt it!
The peace within that's felt.
Belonging to you.
Keep 'something' for yourself.

Live to love your life,
And learn.

Wanted?
No one that comes to annoy!
No one that steals your joy.
No one who initiates,
Agitating your happiness away.

Live to love your life,
And learn.
Live to love your life,
And learn.

Flaunt it!
The peace within that's felt.
Belonging to you.
Keep 'something' for yourself.

And...
Live to love your life.
Live to love your life.
Live to love 'the' life...
You've earned.

Undaunted.
Dismiss those dispirited,
Who view life in limits.
And live to love your life.
Live to love your life.
Live to love the life...
You've earned.
And, yes...
Live to love your life.
Live to love your life.
Live to love 'the' life...
You've earned.

Flaunt it!
Undaunted.
And...
Live to love your life.
Live to love your life.
Live to love 'the' life...
You've earned.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Live Wire

Finding that which has been sought,
To ground a live wire totally confused.
And experiencing the living on assumptions,
Too much.
Is worth a stumbling down to one's knees,
From those flights of fancy and living life...
Unplugged and lofty.
With a needed unexpected visit,
That only reality can connect...
Without it doubted or questioned.
Especially when the effect is personalized,
To open up one's eyes...
Seeking sugar frosted treats to try.
And bowls of rumored assorted berries described.
But instead gets electrified by truth.
Once a live wire found is grounded,
A better effect is the connection.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Live Your Life

What do you want?
'A life.'
What do you need?
'A life.'
What are you seeking?
'A life'.
Then what's keeping you from living?

And don't say 'things'.
Or a happiness someone else brings.

What do you want?
'A life.'
What do you need?
'A life.'
What are you seeking?
'A life'.
Then what's keeping you from living?

And don't say 'if'.
With wishes you could.
Or live your life 'if' someone understood.
So you could do as you please.

What do you want?
'A life.'
What do you need?
'A life.'
What are you seeking?
'A life'.
Then what's keeping you from living?

And don't say 'if'.
With wishes you could.
Or live your life 'if' someone understood.
So you could do as you please.

Get up and do it.
Live your life.

Get up and do it.
Live.
Get up and do it.
Live your life.
Get up and do it.
Live.

And don't say 'if'.
With wishes you could.
Or live your life 'if' someone understood.
So you could do as you please.

What do you want?
'A life.'
What do you need?
'A life.'
What are you seeking?
'A life'.
Then what's keeping you from living?

Get up and do it.
Live your life.
Get up and do it.
Live.
Get up and do it.
Live your life.
Get up and do it.
Live.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Live Your Life Enjoyed

If you intend to live your life enjoyed...
Why should that be announced?
Live it without the need of approval.
From those trying to conceal,
Their envy and jealous attachments.

And whoever chooses a need to seek acceptance?
To what extent is the convincing of this done?
And is the purpose to live one's life?
Or...
Is one seeking to be validated?

And by which standard is the measuring?
Based upon...
What?
Values?
Whose?
Those unemployed,
And receiving government assistance?
Or,
Those employed receiving government assistance,
Indirectly...
From the employer receiving a bail out?
Stimulated to resuscitate an economy on life support.

If you intend to live your life enjoyed...
Why should that be announced?
Live it without the need of approval.
From those trying to conceal,
Their envy and jealous attachments.

Today...
People are being stripped away for their treasured realities.
If you happen to have 'one' that is free of headaches...
That's the one you want to keep with you at 'all' times!
That's the one that allows you to do what needs to be done,
With fewer excuses to be made!
If any!
How about none?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Lived As Is Depicted

Accepted!
And projected to reflect,
An expectation of life.
As viewed day and night,
To be the right and correct way to live.
Are visions of images imitated.

And meant they are to be portrayed,
As values and standards marketed everyday.
To then say what is accepted,
Is not the life lived as is depicted...
Only reflects upon those addicted.
Who refuse to examine to see themselves wicked.

Accepted!
And projected to reflect,
An expectation of life.
As viewed day and night,
To be the right and correct way to live.
Are visions of images imitated.
To leave enraged those exasperated,
In disbelief to wonder why?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Lived In A Way That I Like

I am tired of providing someone else,
Entertainment.
Or become the subject of someone else's convenience.
There are those who react as if appalled...
If the hands on a clock does not stop for them!
And I am not loaning any tick tocking done in my behalf,
To anyone to prove a thing.

I've played both roles in a yesterday that has gone.
You know...
The Master of Ceremony with touches of comedy,
For someone momentarily bent out of shape.
And even though some may fine my lack of interest,
Offensive.
I've learned to walk away from that kind of mind play.

This is 'my' life!
And it will be lived in a way that I like!
Or...
Moved in a direction made without hesitation.
I am not loaning any tick tocking done in my behalf,
To anyone to prove a thing.
When lessons are learned it is best to use them.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Lived To Witness

No longer do I awaken with questions,
To doubt yesterdays that have gone.
What benefit from this would I get,
If I allowed myself to sit...
And not appreciate each dawn,
Lived to witness that comes along.

Each moment I am given to move ahead,
I do!
And those who refuse truth to do as they choose,
Would not improve my outlook.
What will remaining fixed to reminisce prove?
I have no purpose to value or live 'today' as I exist?

No longer do I awaken with questions,
To doubt yesterdays that have gone.
What benefit from this would I get,
If I allowed myself to sit...
And not appreciate each dawn,
Lived to witness that comes along.

My purpose is to live.
Give.
And from the doing of it,
Receive blessings to me that benefit.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Lives Isolated And Divided

Is anything ever stolen...
One's own property?
To declare and sell...
In a written exchange,
Documented and agreed.

Does someone already sitting,
On land when others come.
Have a say at all to what happens...
When visitors make a home,
And overstay their welcome.

Can one group say which rights belong to them?
With an exclusiveness...
To pick, choose and dismiss.
And use lies and deceit,
To change the history of it!

How is authority given...
To those who claim they are great?
When time is spent in defaming slander...
To berate those they historically hate!

And why do they say they dislike Europeans?
When they are all descendents of them.
Isn't their religious leader...
Beloved and lives in the Vatican?

Perhaps they wish to keep their 'divisions' blissed.
With distorted visions...
That a deluded diversed people,
Can live their lives divided and in isolation...
And actually thrive in an existence like this.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Lives I'Ve Attempted To Live

A doing to disprove,
The many experiences I have had...
To find them disbelieved,
With a discovering there are many more...
Has been to my advantage.
Since what I have done,
When young and obsessed to do my best...
Leaves me thankful to feel blessed,
A few have taken an interest in assisting...
My memory as I age to forget,
How many lives I've attempted to live.

And yet...I must admit,
Grateful I remain that my steps were documented.
By those who knew,
Little rest I would get to do it myself.
Appreciative I am to their eforts.
Aging has not been my best endeavor.

'So...
What is he doing 'now'? '

~Nothing.~

'Thank God.
Following him is exhausting.'

~I could have told you that.
I had to stop.~

'Why? '

~Everything he told me he was 'going' to do,
He had already done...
Before I had the opportunity,
To discourage his movements.
He had 'me' forget my own life to live.
If I may I'd like to make this suggestion.~

'Go ahead.
What is it? '

~Mind your own business.
Trust me.
He is going to mind his.
And 'if' you value your mental health,
Find someone else less motivated to follow.~

'But,
You just told me,
He wasn't doing anything.'

~Anything he is going to allow me to see,
Until he has done it.~

'I can't imagine what he put his mother through.'

~I heard it said,
She started dieing her hair,
When he began to walk and talk.
And she was still in her early 20's.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Lives Limited In Meaning

Could this be an estimation,
Underestimated...
To leave,
The mind's eye blind?
And stay myopic.

And could it be decisions,
Are made to make attempts...
To redefine,
These times...
And stay erotic.

For reasons not to find a rhyme,
To give.
And for many to feel more confined,
To live...
Lives that are limited,
In meaning!

Could this be an estimation,
Underestimated...
To leave,
The mind's eye blind?
And stay myopic.

And could it be decisions,
Are made to make attempts...
To redefine,
These times...
And stay erotic.

For many to feel more confined,
To live...
Lives that are limited,
In meaning.

For many to feel more confined,
To live...
Lives that are limited,

In meaning.

Lives limited in meaning,
To give...
Reasons not to find a rhyme,
To live...
Lives limited in meaning!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Living Above Your Means

It is not on my terms,
I have a wish that you would live.
It is the conditions by which you live,

That are limited by anyone's standards.
And living above your means,
Has never been an expense you could afford.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Living Basically

A clarity disputed once,
By those refusing...
To put to rest their fantasies.
Have come to strike fear and alarm,
To those who now witness this vividly.
But in disbelief, disharmony and...
With a touch of dysfunction.

There was a time when getting a good education,
Was free.
And the seeking of truth required research,
And competition.
Today,
People graduate college and lack common sense.
With hundreds of thousands of dollars,
Owed to the government.
The same government they wish out of their lives,
And pockets.

A clarity disputed once,
By those refusing...
To put to rest their fantasies.
Have come to strike fear and alarm,
To those who now witness this vividly.
But in disbelief, disharmony and...
With a touch of dysfunction.

Who knew the days would come,
When those with turned up noses...
And feeling a happiness they can not resist.
Are those living basically,
But had been criticized for doing it...
Within their means.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Living Flawless Lives

Those in positions of leadership,
Finding time to apologize...
For acts of temptations,
In the hopes to restore their blemished reputations.
With a resetting of them to have people believe,
That being human has been their biggest mistake.
And this has brought into their lives tremendous grief!
That has become too unbearable from them to release.
Well...
That is unfortunate to hear and have revealed,
For those among the self righteous...
Who have come to feel about themselves,
Better off if their own discretions were kept concealed.
With a knowing this appeals to those living flawless lives!

'How dare they remind others of their human qualities.
How disgusting and appalling these times have become.
Soon it will become fashionable to admit one has sinned.
And have lived lives secretly beset by temptation and filth.
Why can't they be quiet and live in denial like the rest of us? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Living Has Its Risks

Living, has its risks.
Living, can't be done to sit.
Living, to do it...
Has to be adventured.

Living, has its risks.
And living only benefits,
Those who take their chances...
To advance and be enhanced.

Few have dreams come true,
Without getting up to make a move.

Living, has its risks.
Living, can't be done to sit.
Living, to do it...
Has to be adventured.

Living, has its risks.
And living only benefits,
Those who take their chances...
To advance and be enhanced.

Wishing to be wanted can't be stalled at all.
Or put on pause...
As if what is wished and wanted,
Awaits for a rule to be passed by laws.

Wishing to be wanted can't be stalled at all.
Or put on pause.
Living has its risks.
One must take their chances.

Living, has its risks.
Living, can't be done to sit.
Living, to do it...
Has to be adventured.

Wishing to be wanted can't be stalled at all.

Or put on pause...
As if what is wished and wanted,
Awaits for a rule to be passed by laws.

Wishing to be wanted can't be stalled at all.
Or put on pause.
Living has its risks.
One must take their chances.
To advance and be enhanced.
One must take their chances.
To advance and be enhanced.

Living, has its risks.
Living, can't be done to sit.
Living, to do it...
Has to be adventured.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Living High And Mighty

There are no halls of 'justice'
Where the elitists and those of greed feed.
These folks feel entitled to manipulate laws.
And choose to screw who they do at will.
Everyday they play with lives,
As their constitutional right!
Believing they are above the law.
To change with addendums...
At the desire of their own appetites.
And they only represent themselves.
Living high and mighty...
As their pockets swell!
Knowing themselves too well,
To be untouchable!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Living In A Circus

Divorce should rhyme with happiness,
Instead of remorse and having regrets.
When things don't work out,
Between two once in love...
Instead of humiliating each other in court,
They should be sentenced
To spend at least a year living lives as clowns...
Making life living in a circus official!
And get paid for it!
Who knows?
They just might rediscover each other!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Living In A World That Some Can Not Leave

Living high in a castle,
Without a mote.
Isn't easy to do...
When one searches the horizon,
For a delivery...
Of an awaited treasured boat.

And one who demands,
They can command steps quicker...
While jumping double dutch,
Without a visable rope.
Should be left alone...
If a commitment to doing this is shown.

Living in a castle and there is no mote...
And waiting for delivery of a big boat,
While jumping double dutch without a visable rope...
Some need!

People should be left to live lives they believe!

Living high in a castle,
Without a mote.
Isn't easy to do...
When one searches the horizon,
For a delivery...
Of an awaited treasured boat.

And one who demands,
They can command steps quicker...
While jumping double dutch,
Without a visable rope.
Should be left alone...
If a commitment to doing this is shown.

People should be left to live lives they believe!

Living in a castle and there is no mote...
And waiting for delivery of a big boat,

While jumping double dutch without a visable rope...
Some need!

People should be left to live lives they believe!

Living in a castle and there is no mote...
And waiting for delivery of a big boat,
While jumping double dutch without a visable rope...
Some need!

People should be left to live lives they believe!
Living in a world that some can not leave.

Living in a castle and there is no mote...
And waiting for delivery of a big boat,
While jumping double dutch without a visable rope...
Some need!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Living In Between Doubts

If I am grateful and express my faith,
To that which provides me...
An ability to witness my blessings,
With a peace of mind I can freely release.
Who has the authority to dispute my beliefs?
If I refuse to congregate with others,
Who gather together to complain.
And have never ending conflicts,
I no longer have.
I am not living in between doubts.
To hope one day I comprehend,
The answers to my prayers.
My faith is direct and kept uncomplicated.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Living In The Electronic Age

People are in such a state of denial.
The fast pace of time and revelation,
Has kept many stuck,
In traditional mentalities.

People in research to discover,
How life was like...
Back at a time before the civil war,
Are not soon going to recover...
Living in the electronic age.

And those who still believe,
That the TV is a toy...
And annoyed by the power,
It communicates twenty four hours a day...
Are soon going to find their thinking obsolete.
And the price they have paid,
Seeking to live in the lap of luxury.

People are in such a state of denial.
The fast pace of time and revelation,
Has kept many stuck,
In traditional mentalities.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Living In The 'Now'

It is said,
To refresh...
Is best.
To be 'in' the moment!
Living in the 'now'...
Within a wholesomeness,
That is!

And observing...
Without a rushing thought,
That sits to orbit.
Only allow to do a doing...
When and what it does when it is due!
And to do 'that' at another time.
When one finds it is time,
For a change of a point of view!

Perhaps tomorrow!

But for now...
That is all there is.
A 'now' one should live.
As if there is only one cycle of breath,
To breathe at one time!
And not try to pace in a race to catch!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Living In The Pits

Many came a-running with their funds undone.
With hopes and prayers to have a rerun come.
But when they're broke they become so stunned,
There's nothing they can do to overcome what's done!

Bah bahbahdahbahdahbah bah bah dah dah.
Bah bah dahbahdahbahdahbah bah bah dah.
Bah bahbahdahbahdahbah bah bah dah.
Bah bah dahbahdahbahdahbah bah bah dah.

Everybody clutches to a wish list missed.
Hoping that a yesterday can be re-picked.
Everybody hears with a listening dissed.
And when that's realized they're living in the pits!

Bah bahbahdahbahdahbah bah bah dah dah.
Bah bah dahbahdahbahdahbah bah,
Oh baby oh...
Bah bahbahdahbahdahbah bah bah dah.
Bah bah dahbahdahbahdahbah bah.

Many came a-running with their funds undone.
With hopes and prayers to have a rerun come.
But when they're broke they become so stunned,
There's nothing they can do to overcome what's done!

Everybody clutches to a wish list missed.
Hoping that a yesterday can be re-picked.
Everybody hears with a listening dissed.
And when that's realized they're living in the pits!

Bah bahbahdahbahdahbah bah bah dah.
Bah bah dahbahdahbahdahbah bah,
Oh baby oh...
Bah bahbahdahbahdahbah bah bah dah.
Bah bah dahbahdahbahdahbah bah,
Oh baby oh...
Bah bahbahdahbahdahbah bah bah dah.
Bah bah dahbahdahbahdahbah bah.

Oh baby oh...
Bah bahbahdahbahdahbah bah bah,
All sitting living in the pits.
Oh baby oh...
Bah bahbahdahbahdahbah bah bah,
All sitting living in the pits.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Living Isn't Easy

Living isn't easy,
If one's mind is being scarred.
And reminded how the times could be.
But far from where they actually are.
No a living isn't easy,
If one is awaiting for 'happy hour'...
Everyday to do to sit at a bar.
To numb one's head,
Until their cares drift away.
And not to remember,
A single word one has said.
Or what others have to say.

Getting up each day,
To have a feeling of defeat...
Has left many people turning to the streets.
Hyped by lies and promises no one keeps.
Living isn't easy,
When people have chosen dope over hope.
Faith to keep becomes further depleted.

A living isn't easy when a craze nonstop...
Seems to be dropping from the sky,
As if a monsoon with winds...
Is taking away everyone's sanity,
For a preferred madness that begins.

Living isn't easy,
If one's mind is being scarred.
And reminded how the times could be.
But far from where they actually are.
No a living isn't easy,
If one is awaiting for 'happy hour'...
Everyday to do to sit at a bar.
To numb one's head,
Until their cares drift away.
And not to remember,
A single word one has said.
Or what others have to say.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Living It Will Be The Experience

Oh yeah...prove it!
You are always picking things apart,
To try to find something wrong.
Why can't you play along?

Oh yeah...prove it!
You seem to see life as negative.
And can not accept what is as is.
I hear you do this...
All night and day long!
Why can't you play along?

'I am not into games that remain the same.
Nor truth do I ignore!
If I witness something I question...
My mind will find answers,
To further in my mind be explored.
You see...
Poverty and homelessness,
In the midst of those who are rich.
To me is a sickness,
Of one's consciousness.
If observing this is allowed to exist!

People professing how great they are...
As they steal from others and watch them starve.
To me is a human tragedy.
And I don't accept this as how life should be!

I think of those who say they have faith,
But live everyday in fear...
Are fakes.
And I will be blasphemous and say...
Whatever 'that' is they pray to,
It isn't God!
Not the One I listen to and obey!
For truth and understanding to come my way.

And hypocrites who wish for materialistic dreams...

Are nothing more than opportunists,
Hoping to benefit from their lieing and deceitful schemes.

And if it seems I am 'always' picking things apart...
Perhaps I'm being oversensitive.
Too emotionally connected to a feeling and caring heart.
I'll admit that's how I am.
And from that I will not depart!

And I'll leave you with this to hear from my lips...
You and anyone else who feels I am negative,
Will come one day to feel regret.
Because the God I know,
Observing what I see that clearly shows...
Is about to make big changes,
To all your beliefs.
And is in the process to upset...
Everything you hold dear and cherish! '

Oh yeah...
Prove it!

'Somehow I do not believe,
That will be up to me to do it!
I already see the evidence!
Since everything you do,
Is making less sense!
Your entire way of life...
Is going through rapid changes.
And for you or me or anyone else...
Living it,
Will be the experience! '

Oh yeah?
Oh yeah?
You think you know so much!

'Well...
I'm not the one trying to hussle up a buck,
To get a cup of coffee! '

So whatchu sayin, man?

You ain't got no money,
To give to me for a cup of coffee! ?

'I'm not saying that at all!
I just don't feel like playing along.'

God bless you, my brutha.
God bless you, my brutha!

'Oh yeah?
Whatever! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Living Life Less Analyzed

Living life less analyzed...
Gives the rising of the Sun more brightness.
Each morning when the dawn comes.

And living life less analyzed...
Each minute given that one gets,
Should be appreciated for what it is...
If one is willing to forgive,
Whatever it was...
To consider it forgotten and gone.

Life is...
Not to re-live.
But forgotten and gone.
Leave those thoughts left to wish,
Forgotten and gone.
Not to re-live.
But forgotten and gone.
Leave those thoughts...
Forgotten and gone.

Turning back to look at the past...
Serves a doing of a 'what'?
And...
The time we are given isn't here to last.
When it goes we give it up.
Whether or not we like it.
Since time doesn't wait for a mind undecisive.

Living life less analyzed...
Gives the rising of the Sun more brightness.
And turning back,
To look at the past...
Serves a doing of a 'what'?
Looking back at the past, ☐
Serves a doing of a 'what'?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Living Lives Without Adorning Masks

To portray that which is premeditated,
Does not complete to disguise in a full camouflage.

One's word means nothing...
If a repeated deceit becomes revealed,
To mask with sweetness...
What is really concealed.

However...
Those unexperienced,
To walk a plank blindfolded without faith...
But say with them faith is always kept?
Will always believe,
Their perceptions are acceptable...
To the ones living lives without adorning masks!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Living My Life

In the living my life,
I have arrived to feel free...
From the caring of who evaluates,
How the doing of it done...
Does not meet to achieve,
Expectations of others.

And...
Of course,
The people who critique...
Have already assumed,
What it is 'they' do...
Satisfies me with an acceptance.

In the living of my life,
My sights are focused upon...
What it is I do.
And not what I could have done,
To prove a single thing to anyone.

Since no one has come forward to volunteer,
To pave my path with a making of it cleared...
From one obstacle I alone have had to remove.
And in the living of my life...
It has been with faith and belief of what I can do,
I have used to refuse all doubt.
That's what the living my life is about.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Living Not To Limit

More to life is realized,
By those living not to limit...
With gimmicks to confuse.
And behind fences to use to restrict,
Those opportunities that come along...
To benefit the ones recognizing,
When to take them quick and run.

Some believe it is never too late,
To make dates as they procrastinate...
With a making it okay to hesitate and wait,
For a life to appreciate...
While salivating each day of it.

And others expect someone else will bake a cake,
With a frosting of it then to offer them...
The first slice of it to taste.
Well...
Many bake a cake to satisfy their own taste.
And not a crumb of it is left for anyone,
To sniff, wish or think it a gift.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Living On A Fixed Income

I've come up with a plan,
To help budget my fixed income.
And I am sure,
Those like myself...
Who can barely exist from month to month,
Will find this to be exactly what they have been seeking.

I have decided to eliminate the last two weeks of each month.
And I awakened realizing,
How much time, money and energy I could save.

I've taken all my calendars...
And just cut away the last two weeks from each month.
Not only am I feeling better about it,
I'm already planning to take a vacation...
With the excess savings.

Who knew how simple it could be,
To make living on a fixed income...
Such a wonderful experience.

And with those weeks I've cut away?
I've decided to donate them to people complaining,
How they wish they had more time to do 'stuff'.
Not only will they have more time on their hands...
Perhaps they will stop complaining, period!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Living Right Across The Street

It is impossible for those kept delusioned,
And fantasized all their lives...
To understand reality and the meaning,
Of its truth to apply it if it is gone unrecognized.

People become shocked and traumatized by it,
When the world they've been taught to worship,
And embrace has been introduced to so many...
Who then refuse to accept truth and its existence.

Right in the midst of their sheltered environments,
To either ignore or too blind to see denial for what it is.
And fed they are addictions cheap and full of escapades,
Available and easy for anyone to get and keep minds frayed.

'We've seen this in the movies and on TV.
But never in our wildest dreams could we believe,
Monsters depicted like the ones we've seen...
Would be as close as living right across the street.'

It is impossible for those kept delusioned,
And fantasized all their lives...
To understand reality and the meaning,
Of its truth to apply it if it is gone unrecognized.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Living 'Their' Lives

Why is it you have to voice your opinion,
And dislikes,
About what someone else does...
And how they live their lives?

'They just think they are so much better,
Than everybody else.'

And...
If they do,
How is what they do connected to you?

'I wouldn't want to be bother with them.'

Oh?
But giving them your attention is your priority?
I would say this,
Something that they have has you noticing.
Whether they believe they are better than everybody else,
Or not.
And...
I see them living 'their' lives.
What about you?
You 'do' have one?

'Yeah...
But I don't live my life like they do.
I'm more down to Earth.'

Correct me if I'm wrong,
But...
What planet are they on?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Living Their Lives On A Part-Time Basis

There is nothing left one can express,
To a mindset tumbling in outer space...
About the importance of securing one's identity.
And how that connects,
To maintaining one's dignity with a keeping it in place.

Some living their lives on a part-time basis,
Would not understand a full-time commitment.
The thought of it would mean being held accountable.
With a facing of challenges without a single escape.
And without a safety net permitted to catch a heart that breaks.

How can anyone provide rescue,
To someone that argues the values...
Of surrounding themselves in total darkness.
As if to re-enact the living within a womb...
Frightened by the prospects of being shown the light.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Living To Adopt Doubt

Without you,
To have never known of your presence...
I would be now as I live,
Without.

Without you,
Doubt would I know.
With a doubting I would show,
No growth.

And I am grateful,
Not to live that way.
Doubting each day.

No.
I live to place each step I make,
Knowing...
That without you,
I could never say...
Living to adopt doubt is my ambition.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Living To Maneuver

From afar...
And distant,
Manipulated point of view...
Many unaffected by what is done,
To others on a daily basis...
Refuse to accept,
A reality lived...
That disbelievers aren't accustomed to.

To say that a people oppressed,
Have no right to protest...
The realities of their lives to live,
While upsetting those delusioned...
Who believe there are people,
Livng to make choices that are negative.

From afar...
And distant,
Manipulated point of view...
Many unaffected by what is done,
To others on a daily basis...
Refuse to accept,
A reality lived...
That disbelievers aren't accustomed to.

But they are not the ones,
Living to maneuver...
Through a truth lived that is deceived.
They are not the ones,
Living to maneuver...
Through discrepancies or disparities.
They are not the ones,
Facing obstacles everyday...
Thrown on their paths,
By those with absent identities...
Confused and abused,
By subservient teachings taught...
With an expectation,
They are better off accepting limitations.

From afar...
And distant,
Manipulated point of view...
Many unaffected by what is done,
To others on a daily basis...
Refuse to accept,
A reality lived...
That disbelievers aren't accustomed to.

But...
They are not the ones,
Living to undo with it done to confront...
Every kind of ignorance imagined,
That comes to one...
Who has been made conscious of it.
And aware of its existence with attempts,
To resist judgements passed...
Coming from all directions.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Living Under Pressure

It is the pressure of success that has the people affected.
A pressure kept that people keep to want others impressed.
It is the pressure of success that has the people affected.
A pressure kept that people keep to want others impressed.
At dawn,
People think about it without rest.
At noon,
People seek somebody to impress.
And when Sunset comes and the day is done,
More precious is the pressure kept to social connect.
And when Sunset comes and the day is done,
More precious is the pressure kept to social connect.
At dawn,
People think about it without rest.
At noon,
People seek somebody to impress.
And when Sunset comes and the day is done,
More precious is the pressure kept to social connect.
People living under pressure are obsessed with success.
Obsessed with success.
Obsessed with success.
People living under pressure are obsessed with success...
Leaving their minds defected.
People living under pressure are obsessed with success...
Leaving their minds defected.
At dawn,
People think about it without rest.
At noon,
People seek somebody to impress.
People living under pressure are obsessed with success.
Obsessed with success.
Obsessed with success.
People living under pressure are obsessed with success...
Leaving their minds defected.
Leaving their minds defective!

Living under pressure...
Invites a pain,
Coming to remain to maintain.

Living under pressure with success to impress...
Invites a pain,
To maintain.

Living under pressure...
Invites a pain,
Coming to remain to maintain.
Coming to remain to maintain.

Living under pressure with success to impress...
Invites a pain,
To maintain.

Living under pressure with success to impress...
Invites a pain,
To maintain.
At dawn,
Under pressure.
At noon,
Under pressure.
And when Sunset comes with success obsessed,
Pressure is effectively sustained!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Living Under Such Duress

You had been the one to chose,
To ignore the wounds and sores...
Upon others done.

Hunger and homelessness,
Were those things not addressed.
Since you were then not affected.
In fact,
You had expressed...
A disdained for those suppressed.
And living under such duress.

That you are now stressed,
By similar distresses.
Why are your needs more of a priority?
When it has been your selfishness,
And way of life kept...
That has created today's disasterous effects!

And I,
Still affected...
By your decades of unwarranted disrespect,
Am accused of not expressing...
To you an empathy you feel I should direct?

Your delusions have created this mess!
Not mine!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Living With Regrets

Living with regrets to select this,
As the only way life one should live.
With a haunting to be apologetic,
For misdeeds done one can not overcome.
Is a nightmare repeated,
For one unable to sleep.
One who once felt encouraged to see another,
Defamed and shamed to be left believed defeated.

Living with regrets like this repeated,
To remember misdeeds on one's mind that wont leave.
Is mentally lethal and self injecting.
And leaves an increasing feeble mind too weak,
To combat against physical ailments this doing feeds...
With an inability to release those tasks,
One committed to do in the past.
And wanting with wishes so much to ask,
For a forgiveness given when that opportunity arrives.

'Please forgive me for the lies I told.
And the wicked things done I did to blame on you.'

~Sure. Why not?
It's the season of forgiveness.
Forgive and forget and let happiness rule your life.~

'You don't remember me, do you? '

~Ummm no I can't say I do.~

'You mean to tell me I spent years,
Being tormented by what I did to you...
And you don't remember me? '

~No...I'm sorry. But I don't.~

'Sorry? You're SORRY?
I pace the floor tormented every night.
And you have the nerve to admit,

You do not remember me? '

~I know you might be going through a 'thing' right now,
HOWEVER...
If you are making a request,
To be tormented for the rest of your life...
Trust me,
I am thisclose to forgetting how joyful I was.
I am going to remember you for a very long time.~

'Whew! Thank you.
Mission complete.
I've been rejuvenated.
Do not let anyone tell you,
Inspiration isn't in your DNA.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Living Within And Behind Walls

Consented to give it or not it to get,
Folks who have obtained...
Their public personas,
Are often the ones hypocritical to contradict...
Their high standards and moral beliefs to keep,
Only demonstrated to impress in public speeches.
But when that spotlight dims and begins to go off,
They too are sneaking away from pretentions...
To participate in a familiar sleaze privately.
As correctness and clothes are thrown somewhere,
Tossed.
Until that attention to them given,
Has been scheduled again for the next public event.

People living within and behind walls,
To declare and say walls divide and provide conflicts...
Are not the people whose opinions given to decide,
Should feel themselves authorized to criticize...
Anyone choosing to live the reality of their lives.
And to do...
Not to contradict hypocritical statements made,
In public...
While masquerading to charade their shady ways.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Living Within Reduced Means

Variety may be the spice of life...
For those who can choose,
Whether or not...
To have beans and rice,
With a taste for steak.
Thawing to roast and bake,
In a pre-heated oven.

Some today see variety as a luxury.
And preparing rice and beans,
Has become a daily ritual.
Since fixed budgets,
Have arrived on their scenes.

Living within reduced means,
Is a reality for many that has demeaned.
And those still fortunate to have variety,
In their lives...
Stretch limited paychecks,
Realizing they have no idea...
What each day to them brings next.

Yet hopeful they are,
What is enjoyed today for them stays.
At least until that steak that thaws,
Is cooked.
And delivered in a presentation,
That is well done with vegetables...
Dripping deliciously and sautéed.
As seen in gourmet cookbooks.

And leftovers are as appreciated...
Without getting a dirty look.
From someone who believes...
An abundance of choices,
Will remain to feed their greed.

And prayers received are answered,
That returns them to an accustomed...

Feast of gluttony.
Without the fears of retribution,
That the stolen beef they eat...
Will not be taken from them by other thieves.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Living!

Living!
To not value the experience,
Has caused many to awaken...
To assess and evaluate themselves,
More today than any other time...
What it is they have kept prioritized.

Living!
To do it and take life for granted,
What one receives to expect...
Seems to have returned,
Feelings of worthlessness.
With an unintended emptiness.

Living!
With it done to take steps,
To achieve a selfish success to get...
May have some to have accomplished this.
But acquiring a happiness,
Has left too few confessing it to recognize.

Living!
For all of us blessed with life bestowed,
Comes with it obstacles and tests to pass.
Yet many perceive, unfortunately...
Things to obtain to possess and impress,
Satisfies.

Living!
A life to live without it known to be given,
A peace of mind felt to feel it expressed...
Ultimately is realized is not living.
Or giving to others to have it shown.
And many who wish they had more of life to live,
Sit reminiscing alone...
How time from them has flown.

Living!
To not value the experience,

Has caused many to awaken...
To assess and evaluate themselves,
More today than any other time...
What it is they have kept prioritized.
Other than life to live,
To regard each moment of it as precious.

'If I could turn back time,
I would find another way...
To do and say and without delay,
What it is you mean to me.
But there is no time I can rewind,
To undo what has been done.
And only hope that you know to comprehend,
I wont make that mistake again.
If,
I could turn back time.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Livng In Fear To Live Life

As I grow older I feel as if,
I still have my pick...
To select from an array,
From a variety of broadened choices.

Curiosity to explore the unknown,
Had me to face a host of experiences.
Some to admit mistakes made.
But none that left me without lessons learned.
And I did to do to not regret,
Tears to cry and disappointments met.

And today as I grow older,
With a kept wisdom I have earned...
So many afraid to have taken chances,
Without it to recognize or come to acknowledge...
How chances to take enriches to enhance their lives,
Are the ones sitting reminiscing to wish,
A reliving of a life to do those things...
Others may have regarded to be stupid and foolish.
So glad I rebelled to refuse those restrictions to limits.
And had youth on my side,
To dare hop those fences with it done to stride.

And growing older everyday I still feel as if,
What is the meaning and real purpose...
To be given life to live...
If living in fear to live life is accepted to prioritize,
With others to share too frightened...
To live life with a doing to choose what they wish
And too afraid their choices may not be approved,
By those folks who provoke them to stay...
Enclosed within shadows blocked and locked away,
To keep thoughts of shining brightly...
Forever in their minds with time wasted.

And as I grow older,
The only thing I think I had wasted...
Was a making a sandwich,

I lost an appetite to eat.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Load Warriors

I don't want anymore of 'this' or 'that'.
I want the facts to help me lightened my back.
And I know I don't want anymore chit-chat
I've subtracted negativity.
That's where I'm at.

I use to hold onto my burdened woes.
I use to hold them close I couldn't let go.

I don't want anymore of 'this' or 'that'.
I want the facts to help me lightened my back.
And I know I don't want anymore chit-chat
I've subtracted negativity.
That's where I'm at.

I use to hold onto my buirdened woes.
Until they had me beaten to accept my own defeat.
I use to hold them close I couldn't let go.
Until they had me beaten to accept my own defeat,
Amongst the load warriors...
Burdened with defeat.
Amongst the load warriors...
From my head to my feet.
Amongst the load warriors...
Burdened with defeat.
With woes to hold so close.

I'm not seeking anymore of 'this' or 'that'.
I want that load to go and off my back.
I use to hold onto my burdened woes.
I use to hold them close I couldn't let go,
Until the facts came to relieve...
Me from pain.
Until the facts came to relieve...
Me from sorrows.
Until the facts came to relieve...
Me from grief.
Until the facts came to relieve...
False beliefs.

Until the facts came to relieve...
Me from pain.
Until the facts came to relieve...
Me from sorrows.
Until the facts came to relieve...
Me from grief.
Until the facts came to relieve...
False beliefs.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Loathsome Is The Quality Of Strife

These days lived,
Are not going to be remembered...
As award winning to praise.

Loathsome is the quality of strife.
Whether one chooses to pick,
Who represents it better...
From either the left or right side of it.
With heard promises hoped,
To be believed...
That a remedy to cure all ills,
Is, without question, just around the corner.
And everyone is 'gonna',
Stop waving their white flags in defeat...
To welcome and rejoice in its forthcoming.

'Everyone seems to deny,
The presence of reality...
No longer no one can hide.'

~Not everyone.
The ones who don't are often victimized.
For identifying truth more despised today.
By those refusing to admit,
Their addiction to delusions.~

'Is that why you're still waving,
That white flag high as if proud of it? '

~Someone has to represent,
The presence of reality.
I've stopped trying to convince myself,
I can feed and meet all my needs...
On promises made to me.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

'Lobbying For Change'

I had to come to their defense.
Since it was claimed,
They were on private property.
Panhandling.
And upsetting residents.

I quickly demanded to see the manager.
And announced...
The people were 'lobbying for change'
Something we all are seeking.
Especially during these times,
Of severe need.

'Hopefully, that can be agreed? '

Unless adverse publicity is sought?
And 'that' somehow was discouraged!
Since property taxes were overdue.
And that fact was a known issue.
That could undo.
If harrassments continued...
To be pursued!

~What is this?
Some sleaze of a 'blackmail'? ~

'Now...
You're trying to make this personal!
As if I am without an identity or intergrity,
That does not possess a wholesomeness...
Up and above such lowlife remarks!
Well...
How much is it worth to you? '

~How much is 'what' worth to me? ~

'My talents? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Lock Step

They claim there is a failure of leadership.
But no one acknowledges,
A failure to identify...
Who amongst them had been qualified.

Since those who follow...
Had seemed to be in lock step!

And isn't uniformity...
The only thing requested,
To bring to them an approved acceptance?

With similar beliefs...
They now see,
Has brought to them an agony.
Wished in a seeking...
Someone to deliver them from their grief!
Someone 'liked' they can torment...
Who will do exactly as they please.

'But that doesn't make too much sense! '

You know that.
And I do too!
That is why we are on the sidelines,
Observing them parade around like fools!
As we rest...
After removing our boots.
Choosing to separate ourselves,
From that kind of confusion.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Locked Behind Prison Bars

There is a difference between,
Someone who is approachable...
And those who believe they can approach,
With disrespect anyone they please...
Expecting that behavior to be acceptable.

Even when brought to their attention,
There is no connection they have at all...
As to why their conduct and behavior,
Has a lot to do with why many people like this...
Make weekly or monthly visits to see their children,
Locked behind prison bars or detained in county jails.

'I did the best I could to raise all my children right.
And if any one of them did anything inappropriate,
Well...
That was on them.
I don't have time to cater to their needs.
I have my own.'

~So you don't feel you should be held accountable,
For their actions? ~

'Look...
I am a drug addict and an alcoholic.
None of them got their armed robbery habits from me.
Is that clear?
I hope so! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Locked Doors And Slow Closing Walls

In the aftermath of truth.
And the leaving behind,
The debris of wasted time.
Will those minds still clinging on,
To hopes and dreams...
Of turning back the clock,
Block and find themselves trapped...
Behind their locked doors and slow closing walls,
With hearts pounding and feeling chased...
Each step they take in a space,
Where a pacing being done becomes limited?

Will those minds still clinging on,
To hopes and dreams...
Of turning back the clock,
Ever discover...
What time for them it is?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Locked In Padded Cells

Remember those days when religion and politics,
Were said should not be mixed.
And those with their differences,
Had been the reason a greatness existed.
And opportunities to enjoy liberties,
Was a reality not to be questioned.

Well...
It certainly can not be the fault,
Of those who created such lofty ideals.
Or the appealing visions of those,
Who initiated what today is being opposed...
And considered to be utter nonsense.

Although the expense to continue conflicts,
Threatening those dreams once thought obtainable...
Seem to be lifted from something 'science fiction'.
And those fearing the visits from aliens,
Should themselves be strapped in strait jackets.
And locked in padded cells...
WITH whatever changing standards they value.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Locks On A Closed Door Eventually Rust

Why turn your back on atrocities now?
Like thick and wicked pricks,
On a path uncleared in a forest that sits...
You and I and those who spy,
Are surrounded and in the midst of it.

Where did you believe you could go,
To enjoy a way of life without stones thrown?
Or find a clearing suited for your uninvolvement!
Even locks on a closed door eventually rust.
And no one alive escapes dust!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Lofty Ambitions

I do the best I can to avoid confrontation.
Especially in environments in which disrespect,
Has become a sport.
And people are entertained,
By slandering others.
As if to do so gains an appeal,
To the quality of life love by those...
Who thrive on aggitation.

Even answering one's telephone,
May put one on the defense.
Sometimes being cordial,
Welcomes a misunderstanding!
And wanting to exchange pleasantries...
Turns into someone being upset,
Because you wish not to spend your time...
Swimming with them,
Through pools of solicited gossip.

'What's wrong with you?
Why you so 'bland'? '

~I'm just spending a quiet time home alone,
Enjoying my peace and relaxing! ~

'Well, you just do that then!
Maybe next time,
I'll catch you in a better mood.'

I do the best I can to avoid confrontation.
Especially in environments in which disrespect,
Has become a sport.
And people are entertained,
By slandering others.
As if to do so gains an appeal,
To the quality of life love by those...
Who thrive on aggitation.
And all that is desired,
Is a mutual exchange that benefits...

An uplifting of consciousness.
Yes...
I've been accused of having lofty ambitions.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Lofty Yet Wholesome Intentions

My shallow days,
Seem never to overshadow...
Those clearly made with a purpose.
And I feel great to exert a direction taken.
When I am free to shake away,
Opportunities to procrastinate...
Those lofty yet wholesome intentions.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Logic

Not too many who are blessed,
To have their logic tested...
Will remain being harrassed,
And contested...
By anyone opposing,
Any attempt to present common sense.
Since...
There are some,
Who have not yet been convinced...
Confusion and conflicts,
For them represent...
A purpose and reason to claim,
They have a right to maintain...
Expressing to show an involvement,
In their lives no one from them will take away.

'If this path of logic is followed,
All your problems now had will pass.'

~LOGIC?
And suppose that suggestion,
You recommend to us...
Does not put an end to our troubles? ~

'Then the same arguments,
You have amongst yourselves...
Will never come to an end.
They will just keep recycling.
From generation to generation.'

~Oh. You're one of 'those'.
With mouth to open mot to know,
When it should be kept closed.
Well, let me just say this...
What we do and how it's done,
Will be up to us...
To judge and identify our own progress.
Understand?
And no one has to tell us,

How this could be better achieved.~

'Fine.
Maybe I should just leave? '

~Permission granted.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Logic Blockers

It is hard to maintain a trust,
Of those repeatedly making bad judgements.
And to keep them enforced,
Makes their decisions undeniably toxic.
Even a mask can not stop the sulphuric fumes.

And for those who wish to end this...
Others are made to become convinced,
By the logic blockers of common sense...
They are the ones who come to circumvent,
A preventing of their interpretation of progress.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Logic?

Logic?
Only those idealistic,
Struggle with it.

And those with common sense,
Are regarded as relics.
Long replaced by the invention,
Of video games.
To 'update' the entertaining,
Of transfixed minds soon to be erased.

To one day rely entirely on computers,
Interfacing with one another.
And eventually determining all validity of thought.
To have the enjoyment of expressing ignorance,
Something done encouraged at one time to be important.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Lol

When I laugh out loud...
You can't hear me roar!
I think your actions are quite funny.
Even if I wanted...
I could NOT ignore!
The things you do and say,
Are unique in their own way!
But it's amusing to me,
That you can't see
My thoughts of yours that stay!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Long Been Lost

If a healing was done...
Wounds would mend.
An aid would not be needed.
And the funding for it would end.

A reaping sown would not be harvested.
The need for it would be useless.
And other industries connected,
Would then have to begin.
And those seasons of creativity,
Have long been lost.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Long Before I Had Joined The Military

It was nearing the end of boot camp.
Eight weeks of basic training was nearing an end,
And my training instructor called me out of the ranks...
To say this to me,
'Horse'...a nickname he had given to me.
His name was Sargeant Russell.

Sgt Russell said to me,
'Horse, every time I've asked you to do ten laps,
You would do one more.
When I ask you to do thirty push ups,
You do thirty five.
And when your bunk is perfectly made,
After I've bounced a quarter on it...
To then rip the bed apart to shout, 'Do-it-again'
You do...
As if nothing at all is bothering you.
You want me to take you for granted!
Don't you?
You want me to believe you are a fool.
I am wise to you.
Now shut up and file your ass back in line! '

Oh...
I had not said one word.
The guys listening had expected me to.
I was all of eighteen then.
And the only thing that was on my mind,
Was to pass basic training.
Those who didn't...
Went A.W.O.L....away without leave.
I wasn't about to go anywhere.

And to this day,
I think about those comments made,
By Sgt Russell.
'You want me to take you for granted.
You want me to think you are a fool,
Don't you? '

And I thought as I still do...
He knew me too well.
He knew if he demanded I'd wear stilettos shoes,
Adorned with a red dress and a blond wig...
I would still be a better man than he thought I was.

You see...
My mama was my very first drill instructor.
Sgt Russell hadn't had the opportunity to meet her,
To know how prepared I was...
Long before I joined the military.
And I was proud to be a 'mama's boy'.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Long Before The Re-Writes Made By 'Historians'

Who really wants to be 'another'
Of what had already existed?
And what motivation is there...
For someone to make attempts,
To shadow footsteps...
Without that drive to individualize,
One's own innovation meant.

Is that why so many find it easy to follow,
And complain?
Yet strain their brains to redo in research.
Than it is to pave a path that one can claim.
To make it easier to lay the blame,
If what is done doesn't achieve the same result.
And a thief only can steal.
Not create.

A mess...
Yes!
And that produces long lasting effects.

And the reason why those who pioneer are first jeered.
But later cheered by those who reap the benefits,
From the ones who do not profit at all.
Or are even mentioned for their initial efforts!

Others wish to hold their egos high.
And build their discoveries,
Based on 'myths' and prefabricated lies!

Much like what has been done to the Eygptians?
Who have been literally dismissed and 'gyped'!
And not given full credit,
For their mind numbing inventions.
Occurring many thousands of years...
In advanced civilizations.
Long before the re-writes made by 'historians'
Mysteriously appeared,
From freshly dusted archives.

Inside age treated tombs!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Long Distance Caller

I'm a long distance caller,
Focused on your needs.
And you may not know this,
Since near you I don't sit.

I'm a long distance caller,
Here to please not tease.
And it's you I picked,
To receive this benefit.

Close your eyes,
And realize your bright side.
Don't you ever quit,
Being positive.

Just close your eyes,
And want to feel good inside.
Get rid of that hold,
To let your troubles go!
Know it's you I picked,
To receive this benefit.

Close your eyes,
And realize your bright side.
It is you I picked,
To receive this benefit.

I'm a long distance caller,
Focused on your needs.
And you may not know this,
Since near you I don't sit.

Close your eyes,
And realize your bright side.
Don't you ever quit,
Being positive.
'Hello.'
Don't you ever quit,
Being positive.

'Hello.'
Don't you ever quit,
Being positive.

Close your eyes,
To realize your bright side.
And don't you ever quit.
'Hello, hello.'
Don't you ever quit.
'Hello, hello.'
Don't you ever quit.
'Hello, hello.'
Don't you ever quit.

I'm a long distance caller.
Focused on your needs.
And...
Don't you ever quit.
'Hello, hello.'
Being positive.
'Hello, hello.'
Don't you ever quit.
'Hello, hello.'
Being positive.
'Hello, hello.'

I'm a long distance caller.
Focused on your needs.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Long Rusted In Shifted Dust

Once one stops!
A beginning that had started...
For them comes to an end.

Although not official,
There is something about a lifelessness...
That becomes wasted on debate.
As the advancing of Sunset,
On them dims.

And yet,
Those appearing to be lifeless...
Seem to be all over the place,
Taking up space.
With activities insignificant.
But to what degree of insignificance?
This delays...
A validation to be confirmed.

And...
Observed to be wasting debates,
As time most valued...
Slips from them quickly.
While they remain in the process...
Of procrastinating efficient and effectively.

Although not official,
There is something about a lifelessness...
That becomes wasted on debate.

'Can we move on from this agenda.
To prioritize the last agenda...
That upheld the one prior to that?

Facts are facts.
And rest assured...
Progress,
As 'we' know it...
IS being made! '

And too late it becomes,
For the ones to get things done.
When a time that is perceived is kept,
To be borrowed and used at one's discretion.

With life's lessons that many come to learn,
Dismissed by those...
Who have chosen to invoke,
A reviewing of a point of view...
Long rusted in shifted dust!
And from a nonexistence...
The winds of time has blown away.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Longevity

Your greed emptied your pockets.
Remember when you stood in my way...
To declare me unqualified?
That didn't bother me at all.
However...
I must say,
I am quite impressed...
By the professionalism you have shown.
And addressed.

You have been right all along!
For those activities,
You have succeeded to complete.
I agree!
I am not qualified!
I'm glad you warned me.
I sought and discovered longevity.

And you?
Why aren't you pleased?
You did seek devastation...
Didn't you?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Lonông Moan-Groanahs

You had requested,
Something short and sweet.
I am told I can leave a bitter aftertaste!
Thick and long on sweat.
And I do regret,
I am not a teamplayer...yet!
However,
I know I can deliver...
With a prolonged gratification.
May I still have an application?
Just in case the others disappoint.
And my 'joint' you wish to inspect,
For on location activities.
As a prospective client...
Of course.
My aim is to thrill.
And I am open to a six month trial.
Just in case the others disappoint.
And you'd like to see how things with me,
Work out!

'Yes.
And I thank you for that interview,
Mister...?
Meloner. Is it? '

No!
Lonông Moan-Groanahs.

'Oh?
Is that African? '

No.
But I do enjoy mounting the Alps!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Look Ahead

Look ahead and not behind.
Take a look ahead and wish to find,
Your time...
To chill.
Be the benefactor of some rest to get.

Forget about the doing with reason.
Forget about a vengeance to get.
Forget about a feeling of passion.
And forget about a giving of threats.

Too many people living are desperate.
And many more people living are stressed.
Just too many people getting arrested...
Over nothing when it's heard to confess.

Forget about the doing with reason.
To leave.
Forget about a vengeance to get.
To go.
Forget about a feeling of passion.
And forget about a giving of threats.

Just too many people living are desperate.
And too many more are living depressed
Just too many people getting arrested...
Over nothing when it's heard to confess.

Look ahead and not behind.
Take a look ahead and wish to find,
Your time...
To chill.
Be the benefactor of some rest to get.

Look ahead and not behind.
Take a look ahead and wish to find,
Your time...
To chill.
Be the benefactor of some rest to get.

Forget about the doing with reason.
To leave.
Forget about a vengeance to get.
To go.
Forget about a feeling of passion.
And forget about a giving of threats.
Be the benefactor of some rest to get.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Look Around

Defending inferiority,
And those whose best accomplishments...
Is to achieve mediocrity,
To simplify what is complex...
Lowers yet even more,
Those expectations...
Each generation.

And...
With each generation,
The taste for degradation...
Becomes a need that is craved.
Can this be an exaggeration?
Look around!

What has happened to those values,
And standards once praised?
Have they been embellished,
To laugh away these days?
Look around!

And...
Who 'is' responsible,
For ensuring traditions were erased?
Those that carried a pride on one's face!
Where are 'they' now to be found?
Below the garbage and trash,
That is thrown to the ground?

And...
Is that also blamed on those alien?
Those who are foreign,
With a wish to diminish the quality of this.
Look around.
No fee is charged for self assessments.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Look Around And In The Skies

They could leave one million dollars,
At my doorstep.
Believing I'd accept!
But for them I have no respect at all.
I have no respect for those
Who make others suffer and crawl.
I have no respect for those who have neglected
Other human beings.
To have them be demeaned in public scenes.
I have no respect for them or their evil deeds!
And I am not alone...
There are 'spiritual deities' who too aren't pleased.
And they have arrived...
To end deceit and lies!
Look around and in the skies.
They come.
And they are not in disguise!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Look Around And In View

Elements...
Of unmeasured and high intelligence,
With an inability to joke or be provoked...
To find anything amusing,
Have begun to descend with a seriousness.
An unequalled is any comparison,
Will be the truthfulness undisputed.

Look around and in view.
The evidence of this...
Will not be confused in one's mind,
To delude for purposes to dismiss as wished.
As had been before this time.

Elements...
Of unmeasured and high intelligence,
With an inability to joke or be provoked...
To find anything amusing,
Have begun to reveal a dimension...
As bright as any diamond can shine.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Look Around Up And Then Down

Sad? Feeling bad?
Why?
Who picked and selected,
All that you now have?

Look around.
Up and then down.
Look inside.
And then out.

What is it about your life...
You did not approve?
And then ask yourself this...
Who did?

And,
Where were you?
In a state of unconsciousness,
Accusing?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Look Around You

You may be accustomed,
To looking at me and others up and down.
From head to toe.
Examining as if,
There is some standard or preference...
You are seeking to meet and greet.
For whatever that satisifies and means.
But look around you.
Not from side to side.
Look around you.
I have.
And perhaps,
Our priorities are different.
However,
It would be to your benefit not mine...
To focus on your back.
Because what threatens you,
Finds attacking you much more attractive...
Than I do.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Look At Me!

Look at me!
Go ahead.
Look at me.

I only exist...
To have your eyes on my lips,
Legs, butt and thighs.
Wherever you decide to probe.
And...
From my head to my toes,
You analyze regardless of my discomfort felt.
I only exist...
For you to criticize.

Look at me!
As if to read a book you skim through quickly.
To find if there is dirt to discover,
Smothered under the surface.
And not fresh dirt.
You like your dirt old and moldy.

Look at me!
Look at me to examine each hair I have.
And where that hair is,
On my path as I pass.

Look at me!
And if your findings should disappoint...
I am sure,
Something that is not there to see...
Will be!
If you have anything to do with it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Look At The Globalness Of It

The war on drugs?
Of course it is working!
It's the most competitive united front,
That is working.
And successful too.

You're looking at its legality.
With a belief it will be cleaned off local
City streets.
Broaden your perception.
Look at the globalness of it!
In fact...
It's probably the only thing that is working.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Look Before You Leap

I got so wrapped up and locked into perfection.
Thinking I should be...
Someone other than me.

And then this hit me up 'side my head...
It was something that you said,
That put a mental hurtin' on me to sting!

'You better look,
Before you leap!
Don't you jump into it quick,
To wallow in a pity pit.

Don't just destroy your life,
Over something that's addictive.
Recognize and leave it.
Or a sadness of a life,
You will live.

You better look,
Before you leap!
Don't you jump into it quick,
To wallow in a pity pit.

Don't just destroy your life,
Over something that's addictive.
Recognize and leave it.
Or a sadness of a life,
You will live.'

I got so wrapped up and locked into perfection.
Thinking I should be...
Someone other than me.

And then this hit me up 'side my head...
It was something that you said,
That put a mental hurtin' on me to sting!

'You better look,

Before you leap!
Don't you jump into it quick,
To wallow in a pity pit.

Don't just destroy your life,
Over something that's addictive.
Recognize and leave it.
Or a sadness of a life,
You will live.

You better look,
Before you leap!
Don't you jump into it quick,
To wallow in a pity pit.

Don't just destroy your life,
Over something that's addictive.
Recognize and leave it.
Or a sadness of a life,
You will live.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Look Forward

One considerate can only feed what is believed,
Good suggestions with limited advice to give.
Assisting another to remove obstacles they have to face,
May not benefit.
Once is enough to pull someone else aside...
To mention they have shoes untied!
After that...
Recommend a blindfold should be removed,
Before leaving anyone who sincerely seeks truth...
To face oncoming traffic alone.

Anything else one does to offset what happens to another,
May be considered too excessive if a life to live to experience...
Is to become more appreciated with the use of basic tools.
Even the crossing of fingers is unnecessary to do,
If one knows a job done has been to the best of one's ability.

Why keep looking back to ensure those tracks have been laid.
Look forward and keep making fresh ones.
And if someone chooses to do what they wish...
Whomever it is,
Friend, foe, family member, lover, spouse or distant relative...
Know this,
What is done 'they' choose to do...
With or without your input to accept OR approve,
Is a choice with a decision THEY made and not YOU!
If it doesn't affect what comes to 'you' next...
Keep steppin' with your business as the main objective.
Learn it is not a 'sin' to want and receive happiness.
See it to accept and keep steppin' not to neglect yourself.
LOOK FORWARD!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Look...Over There!

Diversion.

Look...
Over there!

Diversion.

Look...
Over there!

Diversion.

Look...
Over there!

Diversion.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Looked Upon And Judged By Its Cover

I have been that book!
Looked upon and judged by its cover.
I have been that one discussed.
As if my feelings did not exist.
And I was a novelty someone made up.

I have been that book!
Criticized and disrespected.
Character assassinated and defamed.
And when it is discovered,
I am an actual human being...
With feelings to claim and sentiments remembered.
I get looks from my head to my feet.
As if it is totally disbelieved I can walk and talk,
Without the aid of batteries!

I have at times offended those who say I am acting.
Those who have no idea at all...
What that profession is or what it takes,
As to what makes me tick or who it is I am.
Since I am not what it is they have created.

And...
Most them have to be illiterate,
Or caring less that they're just ignorant.
Since I regard myself an easy read!
That's if 'whoever' it is,
Chooses to listen to me...
Instead of what someone else,
Has heard from gossip and whispered to you...
What is they've been led to believe.

And I am not one afraid to give 'image'.
I will give image in a minute if controversy is in it!
I was born into the process of creativity.
I have been that book!
Looked upon and judged by its cover.
But there is so much inside that drives and motivates.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Looking At The Many People

Looking at the many people.
Looking at the many people,
Waiting to live a life they like.
The many people...
In a luxurized hype.

Looking at the people,
Waiting for a life they like.
The many people.
Looking at the many people.

Embittered and lamenting.
Looking at the many people.
Living venting and resenting.
Looking at the many people.

Condescending and offending.
Looking at the many people.
Expressing their sad sentiments...
And in their minds they're losing sense.

Looking at the many people.
Looking at the many people.
Waiting for a life they like.
The many people.
Looking at the many people.

Looking at the many people.
Waiting for a life they like.
The many people.
Looking at the many people.

Embittered and lamenting.
Looking at the many people.
Living venting and resenting.
Looking at the many people.

Condescending and offending.
Looking at the many people.

Expressing their sad sentiments...
And in their minds they're losing sense.

Looking at the many people.
Looking at the many people.
Expressing their sad sentiments...
And in their minds they're losing sense.

Looking at the many people.
Looking at the many people.
Expressing their sad sentiments...
And in their minds they're losing sense.

Looking at the many people.
Looking at the many people.
Expressing their sad sentiments...
And in their minds they're losing sense.

Looking at the many people.
Expressing their sad sentiments.
Looking at the many people.
Expressing their sad sentiments.
Looking at the many people.
Expressing their sad sentiments.
Looking at the many people.
Expressing their sad sentiments...
And in their minds they're losing sense.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Looking At You

I feel abundantly blessed.
God has turned me around,
To enjoy the spreading
Of a radiant light.
I kept behind my back...
And out of sight.

I like this very much.

This does not mean...
Times have gotten less difficult.
It's just that I pretend I don't notice the difficult times.

This works for the kind of mind I'm entrusted with.
One that believes dreams come true.

I don't have to know 'when' the hour they begin!
All I have to know is they do!

And looking at you proves,
This to be no illusion!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Looking Back

Looking back at attempts made,
By those thought to have been 'then' mavericks...
Yet unafraid of labels placed,
Upon their willingness to face consequences.
Or the obstacles of opposition,
Positioned to prevent and/or delay...
Any and all steps toward progress.
Today...
An effectiveness that could have been made,
Has faded.
To leave those 'mavericks' missing in action.

And the ones who collectively misunderstood,
What it takes to proceed to benefit from these deeds...
Are the very same people who have successfully,
Surrounded themselves with a fear that deceives...
To leave those comforted in conflicts to question,
Beliefs kept to worship although increaingly clear...
Are their own disappointments no one can rid,
From an atmosphere reeking of injustices of all kinds.
Just for kept purposes to adjust to new and fresh excuses.

Looking back at those attempts made,
By those thought 'then' to be mavericks, weirdos and freaks...
I wonder as I ponder with an audacity to 'think',
How close humanity would be if peace and love...
Were realities to live and not just envision.
I wonder as I ponder with an audacity to 'think',
If everyone believed they were deserving to receive...
Respect. Happiness. And a caring to share joy.
Or a quality of life not considered a weakness to defeat.

As I look back at what was 'then' facts of life,
With an inspiration to live in the way I would like...
Inspite of difficulities I knew I had to correct to make right,
I would spend less time...
Perceiving those mavericks 'then' were crazed.
And not realize I fantasize for those days to return again.
Since they seem so distant.

As if I had not been blessed to witness them.
Knowing if it had not been for the mavericks chased away...
A quality of life that has begun to fade would not be allowed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Looking Better Than Ever

How can anyone take you seriously,
When you are not punctual?
This meeting started three hours ago.
And there is not going to be a review,
Just for you.

We are doing our best,
To put unity and family togetherness
At a test.
And it is obvious that 'discipline' is needed,
To proceed with this effort...
If any of us expects success!

Don't show up late as a favor.
Be on time as an obligation!
How can we as a family,
Make attempts to move forward...
If we all decided to go shopping,
To find something new to wear...
Just to look good to make that impression?
When you could have been here on time...
Looking better than ever like everyone else!

Dedicated:
To my huge and tremendous,
brilliantly talented family!
And to other families the world over,
who have come to realize 'tomorrow' is 'now'
for that unity and family togetherness to begin.

'We are going to do this!
AND with you.
So get over 'yo'self'!

There is too much to get done.
And taking time to look gorgeous,
With a radiance that stuns...

Will defeat the process of what has started.

Especially when everyone,
Already looks good enough to eat!
So get over 'yo'self'!
Sit down and let us meet.'

Love you,
Larry

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Looking Down From Upturned Noses

Why do those accustomed,
To looking down from upturned noses at others...
'Assume' they are beyond living near the gutters,
To believe the ones they uttered...
Comments of disrespect,
Should rush to their aid as if to share a familiarity...
When all of their treasures have been repossessed.
With nothing left but their worthless pretentions,
Accepted to have their selfishness forgiven.
As they make attempts to express a giving of empathy.

'I had no idea how difficult it would be,
To live without credit and be deep in debt.'

~Excuse me.
But what makes you 'perceive'...
The life I live basically,
Isn't a choice I made and consciously? ~

'You 'people' are amusing.
Always finding a reason to rejoice your agonies.
Oh how I wish for the 'things' I miss.'

~Oh how I wish my bus comes and quick.~

'You should spend your time writing poetry.
Who knows...
Maybe one day your efforts will be known,
All over the world.
I have a suggestion.
Buy a computer and use the internet.
LOL.'

~Well...
Maybe one day I will do just that.~

'And maybe one day,
I will teach my cat to drive a limousine.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Looking Dumbfounded

Wouldn't it be great,
If those who participated...
In the creating of chaos,
And confusion they have initiated...
Would admit it?
With a facing of the consequences.

'I swear to you I have no idea what's going on.'

Instead of confessing their acknowledgement,
Yet first to arrive to declare their innocence.
Looking dumbfounded...
As if a child discovered covered every inch in mud.
But with the same excuses used refusing to be aware,
Of being in the midst and it smeared everywhere.

'I swear...
I don't know how that mud got there.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Looking For A Freshness

I live to explore!
Not to sit in the midst of discoveries...
To be compared by others,
As the way my life should be!

I'm not one to reminisce,
With nostalgic inclinations.
To plagiarize legitimate activities...
Like others finding justification,
To qualify the air they breathe!

I live to explore.
Adventure and learn.
Not to rehearse and regurgitate...
Someone's steps done before.
So many do that and call 'that' creation!
As if to re-invent...
Stirs imaginations!

I live to explore.
Caring less if I'm ignored.
This gift of life is mine and I will proceed...
Looking for a freshness that excites.
My self worth and energy.
Instead of polluting my mind,
Redoing those things others find...
Easy without effort.
As they follow behind!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Looking For A Goose To Cook

When you find that you've been saddled for a ride...
Move your hoofs.
When you find that you've been saddled for a ride...
Someone's got you hooked!

When you find that you've been saddled for a ride...
Move your hoofs.
When you find that you've been saddled for a ride...
Someone's got you hooked!

I know,
When I'm hooked.
I can't,
Move my hoofs.
And I don't want to be,
Saddled down...
By a lover,
Looking for a goose to cook.

I know,
When I'm hooked.
I can't,
Move my hoofs.
And I don't want to be,
Saddled down...
By a lover,
Looking for a goose to cook.

When you find that you've been saddled for a ride...
Move your hoofs.
When you find that you've been saddled for a ride...
Someone's got you hooked!

I know,
When I'm hooked.
I can't,
Move my hoofs.
And I don't want to be,
Saddled down...

By a lover...
Looking for a goose to cook.

Many looking at a saddled goose to cook.
And I don't want to be a saddled goose to cook.
Many looking at a saddled goose to cook.
And I don't want to be a saddled goose to cook.

I know,
When I'm hooked.
I can't,
Move my hoofs.
And I don't want to be,
Saddled down...
By a lover,
Looking for a goose to cook.

Many looking at a saddled goose to cook.
And I don't want to be a saddled goose to cook.
Many looking at a saddled goose to cook.
And I don't want to be a saddled goose to cook.

Many,
Are looking for a goose to cook.
Many,
Are looking for a goose to cook.
And I don't want to be a saddled goose to cook.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Looking For A Leader

Fear inflicts the acceptance of restrictions.
And those afraid to carve their own independent way,
Facing obstacles and doubts...
Discover for themselves what life for them is about.
But will always feel inadequate,
When attempting to expose their own identity.

And unfortunately many living lives fearing,
Seek to be led.
With a looking for a leader approved by those...
Who only know what it takes to follow.
Since those who do have abilities to lead,
Are often opposed by the ones subjected to insecurities.

And people with those insecurities,
Seek those who are best qualified...
To represent the denying of every one of them.
Because the ones who express honesty and truth,
Always seem to threaten...
Those who do not.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Looking For A 'Them' And A 'They'

When people begin to defend,
The appearance of their own garbage...
Thrown to be stacked publicly in the streets,
There is nothing else that will convince them...
They have initiated their own complaints.
Pointing it out to voice it leads to arguments.

They are the ones still looking for a 'them' and a 'they',
To place their blame with a faulting to be heard...
That no one is concerned about their needs.
The best advice to give to someone observing this,
With wishes to assist...
Is to see it for what it is and move on!
Leave it and be gone.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Looking For A Way To Say...C-Ya

What I have yet learned not to do,
Is to offer to anyone anything I believe...
Would bring to them a benefit.
But each time my intentions,
Become disrespected...
I am learning with each lesson,
To begin with an ending...
Of any intention I attempt.
With a leaving of my peace of mind,
More time to flaunt undaunted.

Sometimes I forget,
There are those who choose to be more selective...
As to which benefits they get.
And from 'whom' they wish,
Not to be left with the perception...
That the doing is a favor.

'Where do you live? '

Trust me...
If I told you how I lived 'where' I live,
You would immediately believe I exaggerate.

'WHERE is this? '

Free from agitation.
And away from debates,
As to how things 'use' to be...
Before people became obsessed,
With addressing their impressions to make.

'Are you looking for a roommate; a lover...
Or both? '

That's a good question.
But right now I am looking for a way to say...
C-ya.

'I think you said it.'

Then why are you still here?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Looking For Answers

'What are you doing?
You seem as if,
Something you are searching for...
Has been discovered misplaced.
And you have found it missed.'

I'm looking for answers.
They have got to be around here,
Somewhere.

'Have you tried going back inside,
With a sitting done to ask yourself this:
Why...
Am I not able to find those answers,
Within myself.
And why do I keep truth,
A pusuit I keep deluded.'

~Look, SHERLOCK....
I know enough about truth,
Not to ask myself questions about it.
Whatever I have going on 'inside',
Is none of your business.
So...
Step aside.
And save your time wasting ideas,
On someone else willing to hear...
Advice or suggestions,
They may need with your assistance.
I don't.~

'You know...
Even a smooth pond,
Reflecting a stable image today...
Can be witnessed to ripple,
On other days.
With a doing the same thing,
To a perceived image perceived as stable.'

~You do a lot of 'personal' reasoning,
Don't you? ~

'Yes.
How can you tell? '

~Has anyone ever told you,
Looking for ways not to share that with others...
Especially in public,
Would be more beneficial to you...
If you decide to do more of it kept 'inside'.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Looking For More Obstacles

It's not that my problems are 'that' overwhelming,
I can not tackle them to handle.
It's their relatives...
Annoyance and aggravation,
That seem to join in with 'their' friends...
Doubt and frustration,
Always with them...
To make my problems appear,
Much bigger than they actually are.

And I can't seem to shake loose,
The attention I give to the looking for more obstacles...
That are not yet there.
And somehow I become disappointed.
There is a need I have to create them.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Looking For Romance

I can not say,
My fantasies are yours.
Or portray in roleplay,
Fits of passion...
Quick and not delayed!

I am quite flattered...
It doesn't matter
What I do!
Or how it is done
Whatever I do to you!
But I do care about being used...
And discarded as an experiment,
Thrown away when you are through!

Me?
I like the comfort,
Of discovering something new!
And having it stay around with me a while...
Knowing there's no test or trial to defile in denial!

The purchase that I make...
Will keep a smile on my face!
I'm not a shop hopper,
For fads that fade or fail to keep in style!
I'm looking for romance.
Not a one night fling for a quick bed dance!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Looking For Scraps

You accept all kinds of trash,
And wonder 'why' I don't participate?
I can find garbage anywhere...
And for me that is not a debate!
You would like to qualify,
Who you believe
Is of a social standing...
You can receive and highly rate!
But from my point of view...
It is all pure nonsense.
With none of it connected to my fate!
I have a mind that seeks to be challenged.
And yours is on the bottom of the barrel...
Looking for scraps to solicit a scrape!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Looking For The Nearest Exit

I say, I didn't.
And yet,
You are convinced...
With a hint of offensiveness,
That I did do what was not done.

Attracted I am to facts.
But you don't care a thing about that!
Your approach is to match,
Misunderstandings kept you keep to hatch.
And...
As long as we look the way we look,
That is how we will be evaluated.
Although,
That has absolutely nothing to do with talent!

'WHAT? '

I say, I didn't.
And yet,
You are convinced...
With a hint of offensiveness,
That I did do what was not done.

'WHAT?
Didn't or did do what?
You've lost me! '

Oh?
And I am suppose to be surprised?
Everytime we have a conversation,
You vocalize the same thing.

'You have very few friends,
Don't you? '

And what does that comment made to me mean?
Are your trying to avoid the subject?

'No...
I am actually looking for the nearest exit!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Looking Forward

There is a freedom that exists,
Without the preferences of wishes.
And there are no better strides to make,
Than those that are placed one takes...
By a looking forward.
And not from side to side,
To validate the activity one does alone.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Looking Forward And Not In Retrospect

I did not arrive to dispute anyone's belief.
I hear that on a daily basis from those still in grief.
Moaning on the streets with their painful memories.
I came to contribute my insights...
To accept and/or leave with a doing to respect.

I too have experienced a life that represents,
An unobstructed point of view....
With a healing from some suffering too.
After self examination and many tears wept.
And from a different environment other than you.

If I refuse to accept your interpretation,
Of the many obstacles I have had to face...
My intent is not to offend you by what had taken place.
Truth introduced with facts attract my attention.
And that I accept the moment someone reflects them.

Too many lessons I have learned,
With a tolerance earned and a patience kept.
I did not come here to reopen wounds to reveal.
I came here to connect with others,
Who have visions of looking forward and not in retrospect.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Looking From Side To Side

Some take forward steps,
Just to impress.
With a looking from side to side.

Others take forward steps,
To accomplish and succeed...
What some believed they could not do.

And the ones who take forward steps,
To accomplish with the getting of something done...
Have set their sights on heights much higher.

While those who sought with a seeking to impress,
Have discovered they have set no other goals to address.
And exclaim to others they have become bored to death.

The lack of their motivation begins to shows.
Especially when their interests in just getting the attention...
Goes.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Looking From The Outside

I may happen to make things look that way...
But nothing I've known in my life,
Has been made for me easy.

As a child I disliked to hear folks say,
I got everything I wanted.
But they were looking from the outside.

On the inside unsolicited headaches,
Is what I got.
With chores to do that were unstoppable.

The first room I had to myself,
Was a converted closet.
And I slept on a cot.
Believe it or not...
On a street called Garden.

I may happen to make things look that way...
But nothing I've known in my life,
Has been made for me easy.

And as I age today reflecting back on those days,
People use to use others to boost themselves to heights.
By telling lies and hiding behind alibis,
To cover up their hatred felt and those they despised to spite.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Looking In A Mirror

Reflecting upon their lives they sit.
Reminiscing the old days.
And discussing what and who is missed.
And how things today have changed drastically.

'It's like looking in a mirror.'
The elder says.
Of course his comments,
Go right over their heads.

And Those who sit and reflect upon their lives...
Ask themselves how and why things have decayed.
How did a quality of life,
Become one that has brought so much dismay,
And strife!

'It's like looking in a mirror.'
The elder says.
Of course his comments,
Go right over their heads.

'If they respected each other like brothers.
If the sisters insisted they get respect...
None of this would be here existing.
How did their lives turn out this way,
If they did not insist upon it?
Maybe they've forgotten,
They've made it rotten! '

And those who sit and reflect upon their lives...
Ask themselves how and why things have decayed.
How did a quality of life,
Become one that has brought so much dismay,
And strife!

Reflecting upon their lives they sit.
Reminiscing the old days.
And discussing what and who is missed.
And how things today have changed drastically.

'It's like looking in a mirror.'
The elder says.
Of course his comments,
Go right over their heads.

'They refuse to do that,
However!
But the whining they enjoy! '
The old man chuckles...
Ignored.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Looking More Like Rats

They wish to touch their money...
But the looks of it has change.
They wish to claim all of it.
But something about the way it looks,
Doesn't appear to be quite the same.

They requested cash but were issued checks.
And this was not what was expected.
And all who stood in line complained...
Perplexed.
While the smiles on the bankers,
Tried to keep themselves the ones less suspected.

And this would spread across the land,
As explanations of a crisis were denied.
While millions of people,
Began living third world visions...
Many in high places,
Were looking more like rats...
Seeking very low holes,
To scatter as the light began showing...
Upon their falsely painted smiles.
And their deceiving fast running backs!

Ohhh...
They wish to touch their money.
But the looks of it has change.
They wish to claim all of it.
But something about the way it looks,
Doesn't appear to be quite the same.
And they are told their impatience...
Which had grown into angered fits.
Is the reason and the blame...
Their money has become worthless!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Looking Out Of Windows

Looking out of windows,
Wondering what life holds...
May offer some enchantment.

Hoping that the wind blows,
Away from closed doors...
Eliminates taking chances.

And one dedicated to waste,
Can say they chased...
A hectic life with a hectic pace.

And one dedicated to waste,
Can say they chased...
All troubles away before they're faced.

Looking out of windows,
Wondering what life holds...
May offer some enchantment.

Hoping that the wind blows,
Away from closed doors...
Eliminates taking chances.

And one dedicated to waste,
Can say they chased...
All troubles away before they're faced.

And one dedicated to waste,
Can say they chased...
A hectic life with a hectic pace,
Although they feel inside they're safe.

Looking out of windows,
Wondering what life holds...
One feels safer but still has a taste,
Of life!
AND...
What it's like to live.

Looking out of windows,
Wondering what life holds...
One feels safer but still has a taste,
Of life!
AND...
What it's like to live.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Looking To Bargain

Satisfaction came to me one day...
And it wasn't discounted or marked down.
From a price I originally could not afford.
It came to me priceless,
Fresh and packaged.
I'm glad it came to me that way.
I was looking to bargain my senses,
On something cheap...
Probably used,
And maybe borrowed.
I wasn't desperate!
I do want to make that clear.
However...
I was thisclose to it!
It was panting on my neck.
That's how close I had been.
I could almost feel the teeth marks...
Biting into my unconcerned flesh.
I was a mess.
I was reaching to treat a temporary craving,
When I was suddenly hit in the head...
By a piece of falling common sense!
I grabbed onto it quickly.
I knew what it was immediately!
I had used it once before...
And 'lost' it in a fit of rage!
Certainly something I'm not proud of,
BUT!
I know when I've been blessed,
To discover a rare find!
And I'm so proud of it...
I'm going to show it off as often as I can!
Hopefully,
No one will ask me how I got it!
I wouldn't be able to tell them where.
I'll just let them know it's mine!
And it's not up for trade!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Looking To Start An Argument

Why is it that those pigeon-toed,
Walk like ducks with their butts stuck up?

'What has that got to do with anthropology? '

A lot.
Think about it.

'No...
I am not! '

IF you were a true Christian,
You would know these things.

'You're really looking to start an argument,
Aren't you?
Your total approach doesn't make any sense.'

Who said I was a Christian?
Even though I may possess those traits.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Looking Uncomfortable

Why didn't you give me a signal?
Before I opened my mouth.
Did you see the picture of their first grandchild,
Before I did?

'Yes, I did.
But your reaction?
Was really out of line.
If you thought the child,
Looked unusual...
You should not have exclaimed,
The child looked like a baboon.
Wrapped too tightly in that blanket.
Looking uncomfortable.
I thought it myself!
But did I say anything? '

No.
No you did not.
But that comment you made,
About taking your children to the zoo...
This weekend,
Wasn't appropriate either.

'That had nothing to do with it.
I take my children to the zoo every weekend.
In fact...
They know that.
Before you appeared...
That had been the conversation.
And...
We were all going before you showed up.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Looking With And Through

Looking with and through,
Experienced eyes open wide to wisen...
Does not necessarily increase,
One's patience or tolerance...
With it to decrease to eventually eliminate,
A protective peace of mind to stay that way...
To accept a display of ongoing madness,
As a result of childhood dysfunctions.
Or unchecked yet defective birth defects.

What looking with and through,
Experienced eyes open wide to wisen does...
Is to give one more choices to avoid,
Which faces still etched with traces of stress...
Attempting to live lifes,
Totally controlled by impressions to make.
And finding lies to create on a daily basis,
Easier to access to afford escapes.
Than living a truth in fear to do it would offend.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Loopholes

It's known and shown,
Those habits grown.

You come too early,
And you...
Announce you can't stay late.
But then,
Every minute you're around...
You hesitate to conversate.

What is it you're wishing?
Should we investigate?
Are you wishing we dish less?
Does this irritate?

You're living a life that's full of loopholes you hold.
You need to lick them quick.
Get rid of those sitting to nitpick.

You're living a life that's full of loopholes you hold.
Let them slip through your lips.
And live a life that benefits.

It's known and shown,
Those habits grown.

What is it you're wishing?
Should we investigate?
Are you wishing we dish less?
Does this irritate?

You're living a life that's full of loopholes you hold.
Let them slip through your lips.
And live a life that benefits.

You're living a life that's full of loopholes you hold.
You need to lick them quick.
Get rid of those sitting to nitpick.

You're living a life that's full of loopholes you hold.
Let them slip through your lips.
And live a life that benefits.

Get rid of those loopholes,
Admit they make you sick!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Loose And Untied

Said I woke up,
This mawnin'
With not a problem on my mind.
Said I woke up
And got early out of bed.
With not a problem I could find.

Didn't want to have a rollin' eye to see.
So I crept across the floor...
Until I made it to the back door,
And eased out freely.

And I got up
Early
To rub that trouble out...
Right on time.

Said I...
Awakened up this 'meerrrnin'
With no problems on my mind.
Said I...
Opened up my eyes,
And slid so gently from her side.
'Cause an argument always meets,
My good mawnin' greetin'.

And a headache wasn't comin'
'Cause that headache...
Wasn't gon' be mine!

Said I...
Woke up,
This mawnin'
With not a problem
On my mind.
Said...
I woke up,
And got my mind out of bed.
With not a problem,

I could find.

Didn't want to have a rollin' eye to see.
So I crept across the floor...
Until I made it to the back door easy!
And I eased into the breeze to feel a freedom,
Loose and untied!

And I got up early,
To rub trouble
Out of my mind!

Said.....
I woke up,
This mawnin'
With not a problem on my mind.
Said,
I woke up...
And got early out of bed.
With not a problem I could find.

And I got up early
To rub
That trouble out,
Right on time.

Said I woke up,
This mawnin'
With not a problem on my mind.
Said I woke up
And got early out of bed.
With not a problem I could find.
And rubbed that trouble out,
Right on time.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Loose Lips Juiced

Loose lips juiced,
Are quick to share...
The toxic drippings licked,
With others to confirm...
What they've tasted,
Has been produced not to go wasted.

But...
Let it be known,
Your business is your business.
And your own.
To condone and be left alone.
Let this be known,
What it is you produce...
Is yours to do.
And not for juice lips loose.

Let it be known,
Your efforts to endeavor...
Are severed from a 'togetherness'.
With your own tone to set.
Let it be known,
Regardless if gossipers become upset.
Do your 'thing' to leave them,
Guessing.
And incorrectly at best.

Some have a need,
To think they should be left...
The ones to be pleased.
By what someone else does.
Whether done in private.
Or discreetly.

And other dip nippers,
Perceive they should recommend...
Or suggest,
Their opinions to give.
Without a hint received.

Or an invitation sent by request.

Looser the juice slips from lips.
Determined to squeeze,
Every seed of nonsense...
To feed a nonexistent explicitness.
And people buy it as if,
Race horses released...
From a starting gate to chase,
Anyone seeking to salivate...
On new and fresh bait.
To replace what they've eaten,
By deceivers whipping up more...
Delusions to create.

Loose lips juiced,
And prepared to share...
Their toxic drippings.
Need to be made aware,
Your business is your business.
And all the licking is yours.
Not to go anywhere.
Or be targeted to have you seen,
Humiliated and demeaned.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Loosen Bolts From Nuts Unscrewed

Loosen bolts,
Can not saved those nuts...
Clearly unscrewing,
And doing this in public view.
Slipping to drop and unwinding,
Rapidly...
To the bottom,
Spinning...
From one side to the other,
Doing flip flops...
Until this energy from them,
Comes to a stop.
Nuts unscrewed from their bolts
Finally prove,
They were never tightened...
To hold together,
A floating boat loaded...
By those claiming expertise,
In using a wrench.
But throwing it into the engine
To keep nuts from being noticed
Is no way to do it.
To them hold up the bolts,
As evidence of competence...
To convince,
It remains maintained.

'Why are they,
Who stay onboard...
Slowly bowing their heads,
To shake them...
As if embarrassed? '

-Some will claim,
This to be...
A universal sign of approval.-

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Loosen Your Leash

If I wanted to appease you,
And massage your ego.
Would you pat me on the back,
For that?
To then loosen your leash.

Allowing me to run freely...
Wherever I choose.
Confident I will return.
With the knowledge,
You have trained me well?
And I show signs I am mesmerized.
Totally captivated and under your spell.

Or will you demand my loyalty,
Until I've passed all tests?
In steps to learn...
What it is you deliver,
No other can treat my needs...
To better what you give.
Since it is your best.

Which insecurities,
Should I first address?
And how would you like them,
Applied?
Show me your schedule,
To highlight those times I can rest!
With assurances I can do this...
Without you constantly by my side!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Lord Of The 25th Universe

The power of the almighty dollar,
Has been crushed and vanished.
And the Land of Fantasies...
Has issued the last of citations,
To end and dismiss all delusions!
Those crazed by the shock of reality,
Are sedated...
To slowly free them from their daze!
A truth has arrived upon them.
And the formation of The United Federation,
Of all Earthly nations has arisen.
Joining together to welcome...
Lord of the 25th Universe,
Mungumbé!
As he descends...
From the floating hovering ship.
The width of five miles...
And the length of twenty!
Providing nothing more than cosmic thrills,
To those trying to find this episode referenced...
In their Bibles!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Lord, What Is This About?

Boo doo doo boop.
Boo doo doo boop.
Boo doo doo boop.
Boo doo doo boop.
Boo doo doo boop.

There are times when I,
Understand...
And,
Then there come those times when I don't think I can.
Boo doo doo boop.
Boo doo doo boop.
Boo doo doo boop.
Boo doo doo boop.
Boo doo doo boop.
Boo doo doo...
There are times when I,
Understand...
And,
Then there come those times when I don't think I can.
Boo doo doo boop.
Boo doo doo boop.
Boo doo doo...

Then I find myself alone just weeping out my eyes for people.

Lord...
What is this about?

Then I find myself alone just weeping out my eyes for people.

Lord...
What is this about?
Boo doo doo boop.
Boo doo doo boop.
Boo doo doo...

Lord...
What is this about?

Boo doo doo boop.
Boo doo doo boop.
Boo doo doo...

Lord...
What is this about?

Then I find myself alone just weeping out my eyes for people.
Lord...
What is this about?
Then I find myself alone just weeping out my eyes for people.
Lord...
What is this about?

Boo doo doo boop.
Boo doo doo boop.
Boo doo doo boop.
Boo doo doo boop.
Boo doo doo boop.
Boo doo doo...
There are times when I,
Understand...
And,
Then there come those times when I don't think I can.

Lord...
What is this about?

Then I find myself alone just weeping out my eyes for people.
Lord...
What is this about?
Then I find myself alone just weeping out my eyes for people.
Lord...
What is this about?

Boo doo doo boop.
Boo doo doo boop.
Boo doo doo boop.
Boo doo doo boop.

I ask You Lord,
What is this about?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Losers...Unexpecting To Be, Losers

Losers...
Unexpecting to be,
Losers.
Find it difficult to step aside.
With their egos and pride packed.
They want everyone to acknowledge the fact...
At one time that sat on top of the stack.
But disappointments have brought them,
A reality intact.
And because of that...
Embarrassment and the hating of it,
Has them biting backs.

Losers...
Unexpecting to be,
Losers.
Find it difficult to step aside.
With their egos and pride packed.
They want everyone to acknowledge the fact...
At one time that sat on top of the stack.
But disappointments have brought them,
A reality intact regardless of who accepts this.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Losing A Battle With Truth

Losing a battle with truth,
Can be devastating.
With a mental and physical display,
Done to be shown in a way...
Even those deceived to be victimized,
By the ones telling lies...
Have become empathetic,
Towards the people who have spent...
Most of their adult lives,
Doing their best to ruin others.
And watch from the sidelines now they do,
Wiping tears from their eyes...
As they observe what is seen and in clear view.

'Why do you weep?
What they did to me,
It took years before I got a peaceful sleep.'

~Me?
I was able to sleep.
And eventually found peace of mind to keep.
But to witness the power of kept faith,
Continues to touch me in places...
My mind just can not erase.~

'I don't feel one thing for them at all.'

~I don't either.
Well,
Maybe I do feel an empathy I can't conceal.
And that's what kept faith does to me,
Whenever I am blessed to see truth in action.
To know the effects of it has its way to be revealed,
In ways I could not imagine.~

'In my verbal battles with them,
I imagined them defeated.'

~Maybe that's why it took you so long,

To get peaceful sleep.
I've learned faith kept to keep,
Has been my favorite weapon.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Losing An Appetite For Laziness

Without a focused work ethic,
Independent of opinions...
Unsolicited yet given,
From those sitting wishing...
For their dreams blinged to appear.
Yet clearly doing less of what it takes,
To destroy sweetened visions.
And a craving of the fake.
Is not going to bring an single thing to anyone.
But more of the same,
With lower expectations done.

Success to achieve it to believe,
May require...
A rolling up of sleeves and some elbow grease.
And a losing an appetite for laziness,
Too long appreciated everyday to receive.
With a facing of the truth not to fear but embrace.
To then begin feeding on initiative and ambition.
As a removing of one's behind begins,
Recognizing denial and delusion stops to end...
A recycling of intentions only meant to pretend.

'I am tired of you calling me lazy.'

~Apparently not too tired to prove you are not.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Losing Its Own Self Importance

Losing Its Own Self Importance

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Losing Light

Too many wish to see others stumble.
To crumble as if it is predicted.
Addicted and wicked this sickness is.
And those who cherish this as their existence,
Parish...
Like a falling star losing light,
The Sun refuses to follow...
Or trace its path,
As it falls to be forgotten...
Into an eternity of darkness.
Swallowed in a cosmic hold!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Losing Patience

If one is the owner,
Of another's debt.
And that other one's life,
Has been enhanced by loans and credit,
Kept.
Who is more indebted?
The one who's lifestyle has been fed,
On the achievement of good credit ratings?
Or the one quietly...
Losing patience instead?

If one is the owner of another's debt.
And one of the two brags about a greatness kept.
While the other has sat patiently...
Listening to the boasting,
Of one exposing a pumped up chest!
Which one do you think eventually...
Will extend an upper hand?
And which one will admittedly,
Will express regret and on nothing to stand.
On which can be declared is theirs to own?
Not if one is accustomed to living indebted,
On borrowed finances another loans.
Which one do you 'think' will be left to moan?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Losing Patience, Time And Money

Losing patience, time...
AND money too?
Can be...
Well,
Humiliating.
Degrading and painful.
Especially for those accustomed to flair.
With a flaunting of attire always freshly pressed.
And addressing the ones captivated to impress,
When one had in possession...
Newly minted one hundred dollar bills.

And today,
Now that that thrill from them has gone,
Well...
Many have found to carry reality around,
Is more devastating than facing it.
Since...
Charading to masquerade truth these days,
Isn't as effective as making timely payments on 'lay-aways'...
To keep up with the fading of delusions.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Losing Sleep

If you're losing sleep,
What is it that you think over?
And if you're losing sleep,
What is it you can't get over?
That haunts with a taunting,
To leave you in a cold sweat.

If you're losing sleep,
By profound comments someone said.
And if you're losing sleep,
Why toss and turn?
Get up instead and remove your head from that bed.
To either clear or accept those comments said.

Perhaps sleep is not what you need.
Perhaps you're being disturbed,
By too much reality.
And reality these days,
For many...
Is as frightening as a nightmare.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Loss Of Eye Contact

You and I have one thing in common!
We both are attracted to exit signs...
Without a need to ask for direction.
Unfortunately...
Some folks are so hypnotized,
By their own ego...
They believe the display
Of someone's lack of attention
And loss of eye contact...
Is a signal for them,
To produce pictures of ugly children!

'I'm sorry!
I didn't know those were 'not' pictures,
Of you taken at a petting zoo!
Ooooohhh...I see,
They are your grandchildren? Well...
No offense, but can you point out which
Ones are which! ?
Will you ever forgive me? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Loss Of Guidance

Principles dismissed have sickened.
Minds unwinding from fixed disappearing values,
Can be found displayed on disrespecting streets.

People are seeking to emerge unscathed.
With questioned beliefs praised in prayers deceived.
Faith hypocrisized by lost virtues no one keeps!

Truth is dared and confronted in speech.
Those who speak it,
Are without influence that can be outreached.

And we as a people,
Have allowed humanity...
To be disregarded and impeached!

As accusations rise to blame our leaders,
For a loss of guidance...
Swept from underneath our feet,
With a greed that's left us weak.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Loss Of Opportunity To Correct

They are seeking someone to blame,
For the deadend of their greed.
For the sloppiness of their gluttony.
For the selfishness they feed.

But they will come to realize,
They've been driven by their own addictions.
And their own needs to be deluded.
Unconsciously polluted and fantasized.

And with eyes clearing...
A reflection they see!
Racism, division, ignorance and isolation.
With a loss of opportunity...
To correct.

With no empathy bestowed from those,
Who observe them as they pass.
Looking onto this scene...
Expressing no feelings to be seen.
At least none they have chosen,
For them to regret!

Corruption fed without a consciousness...
Comes to greet.
Without delicious treats.
For a clean up that comes next.
And the seriousness of reality,
Taken to confront such a mess!

'Did we do this by ourselves? '

Yes, children!
No one else.
And guess what?
You will clean it up yourselves.
Here is your broom and mop.
Get busy!
And when you are done here...

There is much more.

Not we...
Or us!
But 'you' will do to improve!
And...
Over there,
You will find your uniforms.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Lost

I did not come from a place,
To have my credentials certified.
With proof I qualify to be limited.
To then sit and become upset by this.

And this may be a disappointment,
To those who believe I can be affected that way.
But I have yet to see anything cemented,
That proves restrictions are fixed to stay.

I did not come from a place,
To have my credentials certified.
With proof I qualify to be limited.
To then sob with a weeping because of it.

Limitations and restrictions,
Are for those who follow them.
As conformists accepted collectively.
To discover they have paid the cost,
With the finding of themselves bewildered.
And lost.
In a professed confessed unity.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Lost And Bewildered Without Their Masters

When the false light of the self righteous dims,
Fades to go out.
Will beliefs of survivors clash?
Will those who were taught to trash themselves...
Feel orphaned,
With an emptiness?

Identities thought theirs,
Should have never been adopted!
Identities given...
Should have long been dismissed!

When the false light of the self righteous dims,
Fades to go out...
Will the pouting observed be replaced with shouts,
Of glee deserved?
Or will those disenchanted,
Find their addictions unbearable?

They have become accustomed to suppressive customs!
Entertained at their detriment!
And now lost and bewildered without their masters!

When the false light of the self righteous dims,
Fades to go out.
Will beliefs of survivors clash?
Will those who were taught to trash themselves...
Feel orphaned,
With an emptiness?

How will they fill the hollowness,
Of their existence then,
When this happens!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Lost As A Treasured Experience

If it was not meant to be taken seriously,
None of it would have been given to be taken
With a purpose to receive,
And comprehend its meaning.

Instead of comprehending the meaning of it,
It has been left to sit
As of its existence is there to provide,
One a uselessness.

And one who has decided,
That all there is to it was to use
Until the nourishment from it was exhausted.
Then an exhaustion from taking it for granted
Leaves.

If
It was not meant to be taken seriously,
What is the purpose for any of it to exist.
Just to please the existing of the unimportance,
To prioritize an increasing toleration of nonsense.

And
If nonsense continues to increase,
The purpose of witnessing any of this
Diminishes in value to be lost as a treasured experience.
Never to have been found worthy of its priceless blessing.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Lost Echos

Echos returning I do not send,
Or create their initiation...
I can not accept.
Lost echos falling on deaf ears...
Are not mine to hear.
Nor am I in the business,
Of casting foreign shadows.
My own I feel are blessed.
And I keep them protected.

I am accused of being biased.
And this must be true.
I am more comforted in the knowing,
My feelings are honest.
And my loyalty is devoted too!
But...
Echos returning I do not send,
Or create their initiation from the beginning...
I can not accept them or adopt their endings.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Lost Hopeless Lover

I never meant to see you leaving
With an emptiness so vacant
There is no escaping from this loneliness

And I try denying

I never wished to be convinced
That you would leave me
And I
Making some sense of it

My eyes hide from crying

I never meant to feel deserted
Or left felt hurting
By the pinching even of it
No!

I never meant to say
Go away from me
Now I suffer
Like a lost hopeless lover
To recover
To recover

And now I suffer
Like a lost hopeless lover
Hoping to discover
Another
Lover
Just like the other

I never meant to see you leaving
And I
Left alone
Making some sense of it
To suffer
Like a lost
And

Hopeless lover

And
I suffer
From another
Like a lost hopeless lover

And I
Try
Denying
But I suffer
To recover
Like a lost hopeless lover
I'm just a lost hopeless lover
I'm just a lost hopeless lover

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Lost In Image-Ii

He elocuted speeches.
He himself did not write.
But he had persona.
And stage presence.
The best representation,
Of a manufactured image.
And not seen since,
In their eyesight.

And it has been more than twenty years...
He made any appearances,
Of a questionable leadership.
Made to give a lasting impression.
Greater now than ever,
After his death.

And this very day...
People with this addiction ask themselves,
'What would 'he' do?
What would 'he' say? '

And even though he has long passed away...
There are those doing the best they can,
Trying to recreate his comments made.
Since they...
Are lost,
In his image!
And images sustains their beliefs,
Too!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Lost In Subdivisions

Lost in subdivisions!
Lost in a struggle,
with sterotypes.
Lost between religious beliefs,
and an identity...
never felt or reached.
None that felt complete.
Lost with others,
appearing detached and empty.
Lost and feeling unsuitable...
Without a sense that connects to an entity!
And nowhere is it seen,
the importance of this addressed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Lost In Their Bewilderedness

I have made this path I've laid,
Look too easy.
And simple to re-create.
Leaving a few,
Who had made attempts to follow...
Lost in their bewilderedness.
To believe my steps,
Would lead them to safety zones.
Without it to them known,
I have a 'thing' for overcoming fear.
And adventuring to face obstacles,
Are challenges I endear.
I run towards not away,
From opposition.
With it done like some do.
But I'm not the one,
Seen trying to find my way back home.
With excuses made others condone.
Nor are my wounds and scars,
Publicly shown.
With a doing to pretend...
My efforts to endeavor,
Had been a life threatening... Experience.
Too traumatizing to discuss,
In full detail.
But embellished to repeat,
Are those moments most frightening...
No one listening can imagine.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Lost In Traditions

Those pre-conditioned and lost in traditions,
To celebrate on dates until those dates leave.
Are given opportunities to seek the meaning of them.
But few do have this on their priority list.
With a magnifying a purpose intended and meant,
That survives with a keeping of such traditions taught...
And not as objects bought to enhance festivities,
Only remembered to forget when the sunsets.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Lost Meaning And Value

Protective become those labels to give.
Defined to identify,
Attachments to keep that which is accepted.
With perceptions kept to further limit.
And often disrespected after tested.
To lose a protection once given to go neglected.
Yet expected by others not to use offensive tactics,
To describe and depict...
What has lost meaning and value,
But kept as a purpose to initiate conflicts...
Over something that had been labelled to symbolize,
Prioritized and isolated adopted to adapt mindsets.
Although more are wishing those values destroyed,
To criticize what had been idolized...
For an enforcement of endorsed quality of life,
Diminishing from existence...
With intentions to have proven worthless beliefs,
Sought to be the only ones left to worship.
To still have 'One' Earth. 'One' Moon and 'One' Sun,
No one or 'anyone' with their lives lived to be done...
Will ever control by the doings of petty deeds.
Or an evil to leave to believe it will sustain maintained,
By those witnessed to backbite and fight themselves.

'What are they 'now' fighting to protect? '

What's left of their pretentions.
Charades to masquerade.
Delusions to parade.
And deceptions that are fading away.
With attempts to censor the presence of truth.

'And they do this at the expense of 'who'? '

Well...
I only have observation left to give.
Is there more to this I should comprehend?

'No.

I've stopped using delusion as my own defense.
And I am grateful not to ever again feel lonely.
Since more are beginning to see this for what it is.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Lost Perspectives

Misplaced keys are easier to find.
Unless amnesia is involved...
One will remember what they were used for,
And can indentify them by sound!
That's if they are ever found!
Unlike lost perspectives.
Once they are gone...
Forget it.
The only thing that is clearly understood then,
Is perplexity!
A web of entanglement,
Eventually losing its intrigue!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Lost Respect

Games to play.
With more time to waste,
Advances a thoughtlessness.
And this activity,
Decreases the mind...
As it further decays.
And no one can not afford,
To treat the future that way...
If it is wished,
Our children are lifted...
From a childishness to be leaders,
One day.

'Children?
We are doing the best to protect them.
It is their parents who are demanding,
More fun and games with more neon displays.
And simply put,
We have lost respect for them...
To ever discover what it is to be adults.
It is the children we seek to get proven results.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Lost Souls

If He embraces you,
As He says He will...
Regardless of what is done,
Or a lifestyle pursued that is won
By 'studied' knowledge and learned skills.
Don't test and use Him.
Abuse and you will lose Him!
Like those who choose to break loose with claims...
They have 'visions' and aims,
To conquer and control.
They will be defamed and shamed.
They can not do these things in His name!
And one day that comes soon...
It will be shown and told,
Who pays the ultimate distorted sacrifice
For lives bartered and sold,
To follow those with promises to deliver...
Trinkets that tarnish with rust,
On borrowed time and lost souls!
Insignificantly blown into the wind.
Powerless...
As specks of dust,
Never to be seen in an eternity that brings...
Everlasting life of merriment and joy!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Lost To Connect A Thought

The more I understand...
The less time I spend around those,
Who do not comprehend.

I've become very impatient.
And at times feeling isolated.
I witness more and more people,
Pretending to be aware.
And these folks are the first to declare...
They have no clue,
As to what is going on!

And somehow...
Immediately I know exactly why!

The more I understand...
The less time I spend around those,
Who do not comprehend.

I've become very impatient.
Especially around those who dress to impress.
And these folks are lost to connect a thought!

I begin to feel guilty.
As if I have a reason...
To be and feel just as self centered.
Objectively self obsessed.
But unable to express it!
Or flaunt it like the rest.

What's wrong with me?
Why am I reluctant...
To bear my resumé on my sleeve,
And sip cocktails?
To bore in such confessing conversations.
Is it the fear of being believed?
Or is it...
That I'd rather spend my time,
In the production of deeds?

To complete and do to get done.

'I think it's...'

Ssshhh...
I'm not asking.
That's just a method I use,
To motivate my own self importance.
It works all the time!
Trust me.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Lost To Foreclosure

You need more flavor in your beef.
Unconscious actions,
Are wide spreading.
And a relief you seek,
Is not forthcoming.
A remedy preached...
Chased away those freedoms,
Decreasing under your feet.

That taste of apple pie,
Thought sliced is missing.
Left are crumbs you pick,
With leased payments due.
The voice you silenced,
Is lost to foreclosure.
Never coming back...
Nor are your dreams,
Of having more fat to lick...
Will drip off your subsidized back!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Lost To Memory

I just kinda know these things.
And what these things mean.
And sometimes even 'why'
These things appear when they do.

I know you're not about to ask for an explanation?
And you expect an answer.

'What has been said about expectations? '

Is this a pop quiz?
Or a seriously graded test?
If I knew that,
I'd leave you with a sample of my DNA!

And...
I'm not trying to be accused of knowing too much,
Anyway.
I often thought that those who showed they knew too much...
Were often 'expected' to be accountable.
With much given responsibility.
I can do that...
But why announce it?

I just kinda know these things.
And what these things mean.
And sometimes even 'why'
These things appear when they do.
I guess that's the easier way to get things done...
Just do them!
They will soon be lost to memory anyway!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Lost Within The Loop

Lost within the loop.
Giving up mentalities,
To TV programs and commercial teases.
Disconnected completely from world affairs.
And attached to that which keeps them latched...
Onto a lack of concern.

Lost within the loop to spin...
A regurgitation over and over again.
With such thoughtlessness that disregards a seriousness.
Burning to a crisp...
An effective comprehending consciousness.

And they all in conformity came to agree this activity...
Should not and would not be taken personally!
Leaving them to question and scratching their heads,
When the monotony interrupted...
Would for them return.
To continue a comfort they missed and yearned...
In a dumbed down and safe existence.
Managed and learned in a fantasized survival.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Lost Within Themselves

Lost within themselves.
Those living between one extreme,
To the other.
Those who feel to accomplish,
Means to be seen.
And partaking in everything...
That gives them a social status.

Shallow though the importance,
It still delivers in their minds...
Depth and meaning!
To be 'among'
Who themselves get nothing done!

Lost within themselves.
And that which is for them achieved,
Has to come to them as a compliment.
Since they believe they are the ones...
To bless others by what they do,
Without seeking approval or agreement...
Or from anyone consent.

These folks feel entitled.
Instead of receiving a spanking...
They had been lectured to about life!

They live their lives for attention only,
And weak they are to deliver deeds...
With content.
Lost within themselves!
And absent of a concrete identity that is shown!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Lost Yet Treasured Souls

I don't feel sorry for those,
Who sold without getting back...
Their lost yet treasured souls, .
To anyone who came along...
With a dangling done of 'bling'.
As a device to entice them to do,
ANY and EVERYthing to get a taste of it.

Even if that to them meant,
Dropping to their knees to lick and suck...
Whatever was expose for the exchange,
For the offering to please temporary needs.
To impress with a dressing of their lowlife deeds.

I don't feel sorry for these people at all,
Made to crawl until they appease...
Whomever now holds their souls to squeeze.
Especially when it comes to professing their confessions.
After losing their possessions now repossessed.
And the ones expected to forgive and forget,
Are the very ones they left behind and last seen...
With their noses turned up riding in the back of a limousine.

I don't feel sorry for those who go offtrack,
Who quickly sold their lost yet treasured souls.
With a hoping they can buy them back.
As if the price to pay is not in fact 'priceless'.
But hung to sell cheap on a bargain basement rack.
People like that only God can forgive.
And I can only do my best as a work-in-progress.
With a reminding of myself what I wish to keep treasured.
And blessings I get kept protected.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Lost, Confused And Refusing To Admit It

Toxic is a scrambled mind that sits,
Lost, confused and refusing to admit it.
Without an ambitious wish to see fulfilled.
And feeling more each day restricted,
To 'what ifs' and accepting negativity...
Self inflicted.

Toxic and addicted to a poisoned environment.
One in which the majority entertain themselves,
With headaches, pains and the suffering of nonsense.
In which those inhabiting with minds twisted,
Seem to delight in disturbing someone's peace...
With a releasing of initiating conflicts somewhere.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Lots Of Cheer

She can kiss my ass,
Like she has done in the past!
And 'that' will bring my heart,
Lots of cheer!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Lotus Notes

I sit composed.
Lotus in position.
With a disposition relaxed.
After my senses have been taxed,
By routines of a life I allow to attack!

But once I 'want' to shed...
All that noise that others attract,
From a constant rat race
I'd rather pack in a sack.
And leave it behind where it was at!
I sit in quietness...
To get myself on a silent track!

Soaking up a peace that comes to stroke...
With an ease to my body, mind and eyes!
Energized I become inside.
Receiving a comfort that invokes,
A calmness within that arrives to free.
Just for me as a mind 'massage'.
Without a single jolt to provoke.
No teasing here of a ménage à trois!

Letting it grow to enlarge.
Comes my soothing lotus notes!
Taking me over.
As I willfully acknowledge this...
And let this bliss take charge!
Without any stress as I am mentally free,
To float unburden by emotional duress!
This kind of aloneness,
Uncontested is best.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Louder Than Words

The wearing of a man's suit,
A little boy may easily imitate.

But a boy in a man's body,
Whether dressed in a suit or not...
Will still be seen,
As a little boy imitating.

Actions don't always speak,
Louder than the words heard imulated.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Loudly Expressed

There is one thing that is noticeable,
About those that are set in their ways.
No matter what anyone says,
They are not going to be corrected.
Don't suggest it.
It will not be accepted.

And there is one opinion heard,
That will be loudly expressed!
Theirs!
Since they believe they know what is best.
Although they may have life experiences,
That are less...
Than the rest of those contested.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Lounging Around

They can be found lounging around,
With time on their hands they've chosen to waste.
And heard on a daily basis making complaints,
As to what others do, could be doing or should have done...
To prove with acquired talents and skills exposed,
Just what it is they could show to do to those who sit...
To either approve, disapprove or refuse the acceptance,
Of an expertise or experiences to give away...
As those who lounge around seek to undo,
With time on their hands to betray the deeds...
They claim to say are not done to meet their needs.
And so...
Those complaints heard on a daily basis,
Continue to leave complainers like these alone to lounge.
Alone to be found left behind as time has left them wasted.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Love And Heat Mixed

I don't know what it is,
I am anymore.
And I'm growing less concerned about it.

I feel as though I've arrived,
To experience a view of a new...
Plateau. A door of sorts! That opens.

And I again,
Have stretched to reach another dimension.
To define as mine until I am visited...
By one who solicits and excites me to fits.
And I grow fine with that fix...
Of love and heat mixed!

I don't know what it is,
I am anymore.
And I'm growing less concerned about it.
And I grow fine with that fix...
Of love and heat mixed!

I don't know what it is,
I am anymore.
And I'm growing less concerned about it.
And I grow fine with that fix...
Of love and heat mixed!

And I again,
Have stretched to reach another dimension.
To define as mine until I am visited...
By one who solicits and excites me to fits.
And I grow fine with that fix...
Of love and heat mixed!

I feel as though I've arrived,
To experience a view of a new...
Plateau. A door of sorts! That opens.
To define as mine until I am visited...
By one who solicits and excites me to fits.

And I grow fine with that fix...
Of love and heat mixed!

I don't know what it is,
I am anymore.
Love and heat mixed!

I don't know what it is,
I am anymore.
Love and heat mixed!

I feel as though I've arrived,
To experience a view of a new...
Plateau. A door of sorts! That opens.
To define as mine until I am visited...
By one who solicits and excites me to fits.
And I grow fine with that fix...
Of love and heat mixed!

I don't know what it is,
I am anymore.
Love and heat mixed!

I don't know what it is,
I am anymore.
Love and heat mixed!

I don't know what it is,
I am anymore.
Love and heat mixed!

I don't know what it is,
I am anymore.
I don't know what it is,
I am anymore.
I don't know what it is,
I am anymore.

Love and heat mixed!

I don't know what it is,
I am anymore.

I don't know what it is,
I am anymore.
I don't know what it is,
I am anymore.

Love and heat mixed!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Love Can Be Very Painful

The only ones who seek notoriety,
Are the ones who don't have it.
Like those who don't have children,
Can not understand those who do...
Are often looking stressed,
And not so quick to profess their blessings.

Even though they clearly have understood,
From day one...
What it has taken for them to arrive.
With a hope they can hide somewhere,
To get some deserved rest for themselves.

But somehow,
This can not be done...
Without someone recognizing who they are.
Even with masks on,
With pictures posted all over the place.

'Mommy?
Daddy?
Are you going to take us to Cincinnati, Ohio...
To go trick or treating like you did last year?
That was fun.
Remember when we finally got back home,
And...
You looked surprised and pretended not to know us?
But the police convinced you who we were? '

~We've told you again and again...
One day you will understand,
And forgive us.
Love can be very painful.
No matter how close you believe you are to it.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Love Defined

If I loved you any more,
Would it be less...
Than what you expected?

Or would you know,
What it is you accept...
As love defined in your mind.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Love Door

You want all my lovin'.
But just pieces I get.
Just a piece to treat me.

You want my lovin'.
But a tease you give me.
A piece you think will treat and please.

I...I,
Don't like it that way.
No.
I...I,
Can't stop it when you start.
Feeling like a dope,
On a rope choked.

And I...I,
Try to fight it,
But I'm hooked.
With a tail you wag...
You like to see mine,
Hang and drag.

I...I
Don't like it!
I...I
Can't fight it or try.
You know I want more...
But my needs you ignore.

You want all my lovin'.
But just pieces I get.
And,
I...I
Don't like it!
I...I
Can't fight it or try.
You know I want more...
But the teasing of the piece that treats you keep

To weaken me,
Is kept in my mind...
Behind your love door!
And,
I...I
Don't like it!
I...I
Can't fight it or try.
The piece that treats you keep to weaken me...
With teases,
Is behind your love door.

You know I want what's more,
Behind your love door.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Love For Profit

Do it to feel established.
Get it to do while young and daring.
Do it for the love.
And not just the love for profit.
Profit stops. Love continues.

Those with noses prepared only to sniff,
From which the air they drift to where a dollar is...
Will fall out of love with few dollars left there to spare.
To know too late,
Having just love for profit to establish ends quick...
Without having long lasting happiness felt that fits.

'You have your things.
Shouldn't you have enough of them that sits? '

~But I can't get enough of them to keep me happy.~

'Oh?
Isn't that what you wanted to establish?
A love to pocket a profit to have your things.'

~My love to pocket just for profit,
Has left me feeling empty nonstop.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Love For Them Is Distanced

Hearts that have been broken apart,
Have need of mending...
To bring that to an end.

And those afraid to give love a start,
May have a reason...
To disbelieve,
In love at all.
Since love for them is distanced too far.
Or maybe they've had broken hearts,
To give love for them another chance...
Again!
When...
Disappointment always begins.

Hearts that have been broken apart,
Have need of mending...
To bring that to an end.
But...
Some have struck out before in love,
To know...
It takes two to tango.
And to be too entangled,
Is not a chance they'll dance that again.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Love Has Been Ripping Us Apart

At this point...
It doesn't matter...
Who did what that offended.
Or who begins our public arguments.

Let's just be done with this travesty.
Before we decide,
Love has been ripping us apart.
With a desire to choke each other's throats.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Love I Know Belongs

Sunday,
Dawning...
As fresh dew appears,
The Sun will rise...
In cloudless skies.
And with you,
I'll be near.

Sunday,
Dawning...
Unlike the mornings gone,
You'll awaken...
In my eyes,
To meet a love so strong!
Together we belong!

I admit it had been yesterday,
I questioned love unknown.
And through doors I left to leave,
Feeling all alone.
Only to rediscover...
It is you,
My heart stays true...
No one else has it,
Like you do!

Sunday,
Dawning...
As fresh dew appears,
The Sun will rise...
In cloudless skies.
And with you,
I'll be near.

Sunday,
Dawning...
Unlike the mornings gone,
You'll awaken...
In my eyes,

To meet a love so strong!
A love I know belongs...
To stay!

Will you,
Embrace me in your arms...
Again.

You are,
My lover...
And best friend!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Love Is Love

I feel it when it's needed.
Love.
And I know what it is,
To love.
It's easy for me to receive it.
Although few wish to give.

Many don't know what it is.
Some confuse it with sex.
To leave love left suspected.
And sceptics keep it pecked.
Until there's nothing left.

It's easy just to give it,
When it's physical.
And so pitiful when it becomes political.
To then be criticized and analyzed...
By those who become so cynical.

Love is love,
And not meant to be political.
Love is love,
And not critiqued by the pitiful.
Love is love and meant to feel...
To be what it is and real.

I feel it when it's needed.
Love.
And I know what it is,
To love.
It's easy for me to receive it.
Although few wish to give.

Many don't know what it is.
Some confuse it with sex.
To leave love left suspected.
And sceptics keep it pecked.
Until there's nothing left.

Love is love,
And not meant to be political.
Love is love,
And not critiqued by the pitiful.
Love is love and meant to feel...
To be what it is and real.

But...
Those sceptics keep it pecked.
To leave love left suspected,
Until there's nothing left.
Yet...
Love is love.
Love is love.

But...
Those sceptics keep it pecked.
To leave love left suspected,
Until there's nothing left.
Yet...
Love is love.
Love is love.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Love Knows

I know.
You know.
We know.
But,
They don't know,
We love!

We love.

Someday.
They may.
Come say.
They found a way...
To love!

With love.

I know.
You know.
We know.
But,
They don't know,
We love!

We love.

If you.
And me.
With them.
And they KNEW love,
We'd love!

To love.

I know.
You know.
We know.

But,
They don't know,
We love!

We love.

rs

Someday.
They may.
Come say.
They found a way,
To love!

With love.

In

If you and me with them...
And they,
Knew love.
We'd love!
With love!

I know.
You know.
We know.
With hope one day we'll show...
Love knows!

And grows.
And grows...
Love,
Knows.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Love Life To Live As Is

For as long as life is given,
Be the receiver who is appreciative of it.
Cloudy skies do not last forever..
Nor do storms that jolt with bolts of lightning.
To forget a shock that frightens to pass.

Only those who grow through changes,
Seem to eventually adjust to them.
With an ease of forgiveness to others given,
As a mind mends to heal.
And this is revealed as time moves on.
Leaving yesterday an experience to reminisce,
Although it has gone.

For as long as life is given,
Be the receiver who is appreciative of it.
Cloudy skies do not last forever..
Nor do storms that jolt with bolts of lightning,
Strike to sting with a doing to last...
To love life to live as is to accept as a blessing.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Love Of Family And Country

Those who flaunt their social status...
With a pretentious pride,
Of being amongst the elite...
Are so far removed from truth.

Even seen caught in the act of treason...
Gives them an additional reason,
To apologize for being unwise...
For deciding a particular time of day,
Was not the best moment to feed a greed.

With an explanation that a love of family and country,
Led them to their current circumstance and corrupted ways.
And a forgiveness for their misdeeds is what is wished.

And...
Their pleas are accepted!

Books are published.
Movie deals are made.
And a fresh wave,
Of corrupted ideals are encouraged to flourish.

As an inappropriate use of language,
That offends those lusting their uppercrust positions...
Is censored.
Thus eliminating the abuse 'perceived'...
By those chosing a politically correct point of view,
To keep hidden their own ignorant incompetence.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Love Once Known

Where else can I take this depth of love?
What steps should I take,
If it leaves you afraid to follow.
I knew those fears before but not anymore.
You say it is love you wish.
And when I give it it is dismissed
Regardless of how much I prove it to expose.

Where else can I take this depth of love?
Only with you I want to submerge,
Completely.
No secrets kept do I keep as once I did.
And teasing is not as sweet as feeling fulfilled.
You want me on my knees pleading? No not me.

Where else can I take this depth of love?
What steps should I take,
If it leaves you afraid to follow.
I knew those fears before but not anymore.
You say it is love you wish.
And when I give it it's dismissed
Regardless of how much I prove it to expose.

Even on my knees pleading,
If pleading would please...
You would still seek an image of love I can't give.
I feel it not to question the reality and truth of it.
And your doubts keep you in fear.
Trust me to know this...
Love once known always recognizes it for what it is!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Love Seems To Have Stopped

No home...
Was quickly felt to feel that way.
For a purpose known to own it.
No home...
Was quickly felt to feel that way.
For a purpose known to own it.
And,
Neither was a Rome built to stay,
That way...
Without decay.

No home...
Was quickly felt to feel that way.
For a purpose known to own it.
No home...
Was quickly felt to feel that way.
For a purpose known to own it.
And,
Neither was a Rome built to remain,
AND stay.

People who once felt free now are not.
And...
With their windows and their doors locked.
And...
People seem as if they had forgotten,
What it was to love.
Since a love seems to have stopped.

People who once felt free now are not.
And...
With their windows and their doors locked.
And...
People seem as if they had forgotten,
What it was to love.

No home...
Was quickly felt to feel that way.
For a purpose known to own it.

But a people who once felt free now are not.
And...
With their windows and their doors locked.
And...
People seem as if they had forgotten,
What it was to love.
Since a love seems to have stopped.
Yes a people seem as if they had forgotten,
What it was to love.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Love That's Given

No one should belong.
Or feel they're being smothered too long.
With it 'assumed'...
That this is love.

No one should belong.
Or feel they're being smothered too long.
With it 'assumed'...
That this is love.

Feeling to be caged,
Chases love away.
And what was ever felt,
Changes love into hate.

A love that's given has to be received.
To feel it increase.
A love that's given has to be received.
To never decrease.
A love that's given has to be received.

No one should belong.
Or feel they're being smothered too long.
With it 'assumed'...
That this is love.

Feeling to be caged,
Chases love away.
And what was ever felt,
Changes love into hate.

A love that's given has to be received.
To feel it increase.
A love that's given has to be received.
To never decrease.
A love that's given has to be received.

People fall in love for different reasons.
And, some commit to only selfishness.

The ones who think of love as a possession...
Will find one day a love they got is missed.

Feeling to be caged,
Chases love away.
And what was ever felt,
Changes love into hate.

People fall in love for different reasons.
And, some commit to only selfishness.
The ones who think of love as a possession...
Will find one day a love they got is missed.

A love that's given has to be received.
To feel it increase.
A love that's given has to be received.
To never decrease.
A love that's given has to be received.

No one should belong.
Or feel they're being smothered too long.
With it 'assumed'...
That this is love.

A love that's given has to be received.
To feel it increase.
A love that's given has to be received.
To never decrease.
A love that's given has to be received.

A love that's given has to be received.

A love that's given has to be received.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Love Thee Thou-Est The Enjoyment Of The Basics

I am not surprised at all to hear,
That those who tricked, deceived and lied
Now cry a dropping of false crocodile tears.

I don't pretend I care for them.
Those who faked a loyalty,
To see who they could leave behind.
As the dust kicked up with a blowing of wind.

I am not surprised,
From a rise these people begin to fall.
Nor do I hold inside their slide to the ground,
Pleases me.
It doesn't.
I've learned too many lessons,
About the ups and downs.
And the goings and the comings around of things.
I send no evil to hear it speaking back to me.

However...
I am feeling relieved and blessed I do not owe,
For pretentions that keep me indebted.
To an extravagant lifestyle credited,
As I cry my eyes out in a home that has a ballooning mortgage.
With a paying out of funds and overdue fees,
On property that has been devalued.
To make fleas a priceless commodity.
And on top of that.
The taxes paid to live like that are much too high.
To leave me weeping for the rest of my life?

You see these beans and this can opener?
And the smile I have on my face is not faked.
Lesson 101.
Love Thee Thou-est The Enjoyment Of The Basics

And you asked me if their slide to the ground pleases me?
Are you kidding?
No traps like that have I ever envied at all.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Love Was Never There To Trust

How long...
Do you think we can carry on,
A relationship that has ended
Its mending.
When we once tried to begin,
Again!

How long...
Is a goodbye we said before.
When a door that was closed...
Was never to be opened.
And we parted to be friends,
Again!

Why?
Why do we do this to try...
Something not meant to be for us.
Why can't we just forget this.
To quit it.
And walk away to stay that way.

And why?
Why do we hurt ourselves.
Hoping that no one else...
Will come between us.
When love was never there,
To trust!

How long...
Do you think we can carry on,
A relationship that has ended
Its mending.
When we once tried to begin,
Again!

How long...
Is a goodbye we said before.
When a door that was closed...
Should never been then opened.

To let heartbreak begin,
Again!

Tell me why?
Why do we do this to try.
Why can't we be the friends we could have been,
Before.
Before we thought we had much more!
And what was that did we explore...
Before?

But then again,
Perhaps...
Our friendship,
Was never one that ended.
Since one between us ever did begin!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Love We Both Found Defined

Who would have thought
You and I could fall in love?
With a passion daring,
To be erased from us.
With a touch of star...
And moonlight dust!
Who would have thought
You and I could fall in love?
Secured in trust!
There was not a hint nor clue,
These feelings would come...
As they have done,
To me and you!
But they have!
And I am glad...
And so elated,
You have exactly what I want!
And I have what you have wished too!
Love we both found defined!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Lovers Of Halloween

When people have become offended,
By the hearing of the truth.
And they do the best they can,
To go out of their way to remain deluded.
There is much more than denial,
Going on in their heads...
That a few loose ends needing mending,
Could be the beginning...
Of a mental healing for them.

However...
I've been told,
What is seen isn't always to be believed.
And the many people who appear to be nuts,
Are actually lovers of Halloween.
With a holding onto their portrayals,
Convincingly celebrated day in and night...
And all year round.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Loving Is A Wish

Sometimes,
I don't know what it is I am feeling.
And there has been other times,
My mind is occupied...
With thoughts I refuse to believe.
Sometimes I awaken on those days,
Feeling great and anticipating love to appreciate.
But I will admit...
Going to bed sometimes at night,
Having no appetite for love at all.

Some people who once knew what love was,
Are often the ones running away from it.
And others remembering a stinging to be done,
Will not think of it to reminisce any of it to stomach.
Yet loving is a wish with it to romanticize by many,
Until the alarm clock rings.
The passionate dream of loving another ends.
That cotton candy becomes feathers from a tattered pillow.
And the sounds of a carousel suddenly stops,
With the yelling of someone knocking at the door...
To demand a blocking car be removed,
When no one inside drives.

Sometimes,
I don't know what it is I am feeling.
And there has been other times,
My mind is occupied...
With thoughts I refuse to believe.
Sometimes I awaken on those days,
Feeling great and anticipating love to appreciate.
But I will admit...
Going to bed sometimes at night,
Having no appetite for love at all.
And then...
'Something' comes to me to say,
'Even an unexpected knock on the door...
Maybe someone to love.'

~Is that your car outside,
In an unauthorized parking spot? ~

No.
I don't drive.

~Me either.
But do you know whose car it is? ~

At 6 in the morning?
Do you know I was just on a carousel?

~Excuse me...
NEIGHBOR.~

Sometimes,
I don't know what it is I am feeling.
And there has been other times,
My mind is occupied...
With thoughts I refuse to believe,
I could say but wished with love I did.

~Go do 'what' to myself? ~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Loving Life

The road I'm on is long,
And often...
I'm on it and lonely!

I travel on this journey
To gather
My own quick release.

I've got this freedom
Inside of me.
It's been there for some time,
And seeks company to please.

The road I'm on
Is long
And often for me
Can be lonely.

I wish to share the moments I find
With someone like me.
Someone
Who seeks to be accompanied.
Someone
Who is loving life just like me.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Loving That Taste For The Gutter

If they always call those they visit trash,
And on a daily basis they are around them.
What do they regard themselves?
Trash collectors?
Or recycled garbage...
Loving that taste for the gutter.

They can't leave it,
'Cause they come right back.
No matter what they call it they want it like that!
Because they love that taste for the gutter.
They love that taste for the gutter.

Whenever its suspected someone else will attack,
They will defend their trash with a coming back.
Because they love that taste for the gutter.
Yes they love that taste for the gutter.

They can't leave it,
'Cause they come right back.
No matter what they call it they want it like that!
Because they love that taste for the gutter.
They love that taste for the gutter.

If they always call those they visit trash,
And on a daily basis they are around them.
What do they regard themselves?
Trash collectors?
Garbage defenders?

Whenever its suspected someone else will attack,
They will defend their trash with a coming back.
Because they love that taste for the gutter.
Yes they love that taste for the gutter.

Garbage defenders,
Loving that taste for the gutter.
Trash collectors,
Loving that taste for the gutter.

But wont admit or quit,
Loving that taste for the gutter.

They can't leave it,
'Cause they come right back.
Because they love that taste for the gutter.
Garbage defenders,
Loving that taste for the gutter.
Trash collectors,
Loving that taste for the gutter.
But wont admit or quit,
Loving that taste for the gutter.

But wont quit,
That taste for the gutter.
Or admit...
A loving for the gutter.

And wont quit,
That taste for the gutter.
Or admit...
A loving for the gutter.

No they wont admit it,
A loving for the gutter.
Or...
Quit,
A taste they have for the gutter.

No they wont admit it,
A loving for the gutter.
Or...
Quit,
A taste they have for the gutter.
Or...
Quit,
A taste they have for the gutter.
No they wont admit it,
A loving for the gutter.
Or...
Quit,
A taste they have for the gutter.

Or...
Quit,
A taste they have for the gutter.
No they wont admit it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Loving The Taste Of Blood That Drips

It can ache with a pain unbearable,
To know how viciously wicked...
A determined evilness can get to be.
And the rise of conflicts,
Show no signs of diminishing anytime soon.
With a sought after peace providing more violence,
To those remembering...
Just how close the aspect of having a peace,
Near and attainable to reach...
Could have been.

But those seeking the feeding of greed,
Defeated those possible dreams to see.
Leaving future generations to come to believe,
The weak are for peace.
And those at war are victors! Heros to praise.
It can ache with a pain unbearable,
To know how viciously wicked...
A determined evilness can get to be.
And those loving the taste of blood that drips,
Continue it even if the licking is of their own.

'Sip this. It's mine. You will find it delicious.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Loving To Pick Up And Trick

'Take your dirty boots,
And put them somewhere else...
Besides,
Stinking up my mud room.

Take your dirty boots,
That you wear to strut the gutters...
To roam.
Out of my home.'

She said this to rid,
Another lover.
Another lover promising,
To be true.
She said this to rid,
.
Another lover she picked...
From the gutter.

No one can change anybody,
If they're doing the same...
'Thang'.
And no one can change anybody,
With it claimed...
They've left behind,
What they crave but still deny.

'Take your dirty boots,
Out of my home.'
She said this to rid,
Another lover.
Another lover promising,
To be true.
She said this to rid,
.
Another lover she picked...
From the gutter.

Mud to sling doesn't mean anything.

When one who struts the gutter,
Does another.

'Take your dirty boots,
Out of my home.'
She said this to rid,
Another lover.

Mud to sling doesn't mean anything.
When one who struts the gutters,
Does another.
While loving to pick up and trick,
Lovers.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Low Performances

Those who had condoned low performances,
To accept them not to effect...
A future that comes and lies ahead.
Awaken to expect higher performances.
Performances they sat back to neglect but wished,
Overnight those low performances from them would leave.
And concepts that fed ignorance and jealousy,
Would disappear from their minds permanently.

'Rushing to catch up to changes already made,
To acknowledge what it takes to obtain success...
Requires first a thorough self-examination.
And that step many have yet to approach.
Flaws and blemishes to not accept,
Can affect those steps one takes towards success.'

~What on Earth has that got to do,
With improving one's low performance? ~

'Anyone desiring to achieve success,
Has to be confident enough...
To listen to others and be open to receive critique.'

~And suppose it is negative?
Suppose those who do critique,
Do it purposely to criticize? What then? ~

'Seek more of it.
The ones who should worry,
Are those who do 'anything' done and it is approved.
And people like that expressing little or no attention,
Have no interest in what it is you do.
Trust your instincts and eventually success will be yours.'

~That sounds crazy.~

'Only to those who accept staying lazy.
And associating with those who defend and agree with them.
Seek those mentors prepared to hurt your feelings.

They are not interested in low performances kept.
And those who do are low performers too.
Stay away from them.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Low Profile

One's low profile is best to keep,
When the doing of a task one needs to complete...
To ensure a doing of it gets done.
Since many prefer to make announcements,
To then become upset...
If their efforts attempted have not yet kept,
A date set that never happens.
Why?
A seeking to get attention mentioned,
Has become more the priority than the deed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Low Punch

Even sweetened,
This concoction brewed
Taints and spoils taste buds,
Programmed for sugar...
With a knock out low punch,
From behind.
And advertised as a fundraiser!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Low, Down And Dirty

It's becoming low.
Down.
And dirty.
The people and their thoughts,
We all pay at a cost.

It is low.
Down.
And dirty.
To leave the foolishness of it,
Accepted etiquette.

How can people preach about,
What's right from the wrong.
When everywhere there's conflict,
Practiced and going on.

It is low.
Down and dirty.
Yet so many turn their backs.
As if they are not attached.
But the fact remains,
It pains.
And we are all attacked.

It is not too slow.
This lowing down to dirty.

Wicked politics,
In the midst of all of it.
Using people to addict,
To get their habits fixed.
And no one seems to be discreet,
When they meet upon the streets.
Since a sleaze done openly is there to see.
And...
How can people preach about,
What's right from the wrong.
When everywhere there's conflict,

Practiced and going on.

It is made too easy.
Today and to addict.
To be low down and sleazy.
As if it benefits
To be low down and dirty.
Where doesn't it exist.
To get away from it.
And all the foolishness.

It is made too easy.
Today and to addict.
To be low down and sleazy.
As if it benefits
To be low down and dirty.
Where doesn't it exist.
To get away from it.
And all the foolishness.

It is made too easy.
To be low down and dirty.
And pleased to be a sleaze.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Lower The Dow Bows

Lower the dow bows.
And quickly dips,
Of stocks traded...
Unexpectedly seen to slip.
To find invested retirement funds,
Threatened to fade...
From where they sat to sit.

Lower the dow bows.
Leaving those rich becoming frantic.
To witness their futures flip,
On advised but not wise market tips.
And as the dow bows like a sinking ship.
Those aboard who can afford this,
Are told the winds shifting are not permanent.

Yet those left to drift,
To push carts to collect bottles and cans...
On a daily basis sniffing remnants of hope,
Are far from yachts and greedy folks...
Floating along panicked,
By a dow bowing lower to evaporate slowly...
Visions of pretentions they cling onto not to go.
Although keeping their nervous concerns limited.

'Monroe? Monroe? '

~Yes. I am here.~

'I heard loud splashes,
Coming from the other side of the ship.
What's going on?
Are the servants there,
Stocking the ship with caught lobster, shrimp...
And other fish? '

~Uh...not exactly.
Some of the crew have decided to jump overboard.~

'Oh? How nice.
To take an afternoon swim?
In waters that begin to rock,
As the Sun grows dim?
How brave! '

~Hmmm...
Let's say,
Those that did this wish to see...
Just how close to the shore they could be.~

'Well...
Hopefully they will return and not be late,
To participate in game night.
And be dressed to serve the guests appropriately,
Cocktails on the upper floors.'

~Decks.~

'Decks. Floors, whatever.
Why are you being testy and insolent? '

~My eyes have been fixed on the dipping 'bow'.~

'My eyes have been fixed on the bow AND the helm.
Okay?
And I'm telling you,
Both ends are needing improved maintenance.
And Monroe it's up to you to get the crew to see this.'

~I think they already have.
That's why you have heard those loud splashes.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Lowered Expectations

Seeking to be challenged amongst those satisfied,
To have reached the heights of mediocrity...
And lowered expectations,
Is not a healthy mental environment to express...
A willingness to bet on who has a higher I.Q.

The only ones who would feel threatened,
Would be those who could not rap...
With their clothes hanging almost off their backs.
To leave a nakedness exposed in everyone's sight,
And not to be imagined.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Low-Key

Titles worn by some,
To them become as significant as the air one breathes.
It is as if a validation has been achieved.
And what they do has merit and can be believed.

But as for me...
I prefer not to wear my titles at all.
I have too many!
And then to do so hints of a certain pretentiousness.

You know what I mean?

I choose to remain low-key.
Although I do 'update' my résumé.
And make sure my 'bio' has no typos!
I want to represent the common man as best as I can.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Loyal And Discreet

Anyone who finds it,
Their duty and purpose...
To stick their noses up,
And close...
Into someone else's business.
Has more than likely left,
Another behind to find others...
Who also were left to believe,
The doing if it done...
Had been loyal and discreet.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Loyal Commitment

Some will say,
They are in it for the love.
That's to be admired.
I'm more direct.
I'm in it for the bucks!
Now...
IF you want to give it to me with love,
I'll accept it as it is given.
AND if you want to show me,
Just how much love you have...
We can open up joint accounts.
And I'll be withdrawing your love,
For as long as you keep depositing it.
How is that for loyal commitment?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Loyal Faith

Doesn't it appear easy for some,
To tell others...
How to deal with their pain?
What to do with their feelings,
As if they can feel the same?

Someone told me they knew how I felt,
Once.
Because I 'told' them so!
But they heard words...
Not the depth of my torment,
Felt!
Or the heartbreak I carried and towed,
Inside my heart for decades!

And I am 'not' one of those,
Who announces agonies with glee!
Like some folks can not say hello...
Before they share every misery invisible,
No one sees when they are forced to leave...
These grieving leeches!

These are the people I don't need around me,
At all!
I know my journey has not been an easy one.
And I see very few skipping through their sorrows.
And that is why God and I are team-mates!
We've been close since my birth!
When I get tired and stressed,
With any old or fresh lingering mess?
I confess it.
Getting it off my chest!
I tell God right then...
It's Your turn to deal with the rest!
I've done my best.
And I am aware of my limitations!

I am 'not' going to try to impress.
With an understanding I wish to address.

Oh no!
Been there! Done that!

'I'll be right here working on my happiness.
If it is necessary for me to be disturbed...
Overwhelm me with guilt,
To quicken acts...
Of my begging for Your forgiveness, Father! '

My relationship with God is well deserved.
And known to be one of devoted loyal faith!

'Father...
I thank You for keeping me,
From being mentally malnourished! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Loyal In Commitment And Devoted In Deed

A damage done that has become effective,
May give some a reason to take credit.
Since a belief to keep mentalities,
Incapable of thinking without assistance...
Or appropriate coaching,
Has to be acknowledged as is done.
And...
This is an achievement sought for some,
Who feel it is important to maintain...
A noticeable number of minds shown to be incompetent.
And by doing so ensures them secured employment.
With services rendered in a manner,
That it becomes determined...
Indispensible are those who are loyal in commitment,
And devoted in deed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Loyal To The Liquor

Loyal to the liquor.
Nicotine and legal weed.
Or other meditations,
Available and easier...
To sample as recommended.
Whether to credit or directly,
Purchased to quickly digest.

Many rush to escape facing,
Their own troubles to dread...
Reality and the pain of it.
To know kept delusions,
Are stretched out...
Looking grim and close to dead.

Conveniently for many,
A numbing the mind...
Becomes welcomed to be done.
Whether prescribed or not,
That 'fix' needed to soothe...
Is better than none.

Loyal to the liquor.
Nicotine and legal weed.
Some may confess,
Relieves the stress.
And yet...
There are those,
Who can not remember...
From which stress they picked,
That began their addiction.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Loyal To The Spoils Of Life To Enjoy

Loyal to the spoils of life to enjoy...
That some may come to depict as a selfishness.
When this becomes witnessed,
To leave those unfamiliar with their share of it...
Finally experiencing the meaning of this,
With no excuses or alibis to hide.
And have discovered with a finding,
Others capable and willing to pass their judgements...
Vocalizing with a degree of misplaced disgust,
In gossiped and hushed innuendos.
Are not aware what it is they validate,
In their assistance in erasing doubts.
Especially for the one who has achieved,
A happiness finally received...
After sacrificing a lifetime of despair and mental anguish,
They can finally leave behind to forget.
With a knowing what they have has been exposed and shows.

'I have been doing this for so long,
I had not noticed to break my focus...
That I had been the subject of those rolling eyes.
Gee...
Perhaps it is me that should review the deeds I've done.'

~Comeon.
You didn't notice? ~

'My focus has been on the work.
Not an ego assumed.
But now...
I suppose I can leave my ego some room.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Loyalty Should Be The First Thing Discussed

Pent up desires
Do not fizzle with age!
That's what I thought...
Before,
When exploring my sexuality
Was then a crazed rage!
I took my heat for granted.
Wanting to plant my 'meat'...
Just for sensation!
And married what I believed was good.
Not even thinking...
Whether or not I should.
I was young.
And full of...
Come 'hither'-ness!
I thought that was bliss.
Until I got sick of it!
You know...
Like the 'first' high,
Is the only 'high' to have!
After that...
It becomes charity work.
Or some communal obligation!

I'm over that stage in my life.
And today I'm not seeking neither a husband or a wife.
Everything goes today.
But roleplay for me is so passé.
A boring nothingness displayed by so many!
I want to be touch exclusively.
I want that chemistry to ring my bells!
I want my heart to flutter with passion.
I want...
Someone with life to love me.
And I want what we have to sizzle.
The only problem is...
Too many are seeking the same thing!
And I certainly do not want,
Someone else's fire...

To jump into my furnace.
To burn with ecstasy...
To hear a knock on the door,
By someone shouting...
'I know you're in there giving up butt,
To my lover! '

Loyalty should be the first thing discussed!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Loyalty Vs Separation

Only those who have given,
Time devoted to the ones loved...
Know with a feeling what this does.
And the meaning of sacrifice,
When someone else's life...
Is a decision made one prioritizes.

And then that regrettable day comes.
When a loyalty versus separation is done.
With a routine fixed and committed for years...
Ends as it began,
To break a heart and bring tears.
As a life witnessed passes on.

Only those who have given,
Time devoted to the ones loved and gone...
Know with a feeling what this does.
And the meaning of sacrifice,
When someone else's life...
Is a decision made one prioritizes.

And then that regrettable day comes.
When the one cherished and loved passes away.
With a doing done and nothing left to say.
Although a loyalty versus separation,
Seems to keep a loyalty that stays.
Regardless of the separation.
Thought of as quick and no longer delayed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Luck Has Nothing To Do With What Has Been Achieved

Sacrifice, initiative, motivation, discipline...
Self esteem, belief, faith and consistency,
With a persistence to get done and do!
Are you listening to me?

Success has more than one avenue,
One can take to reach it.
But if commitment isn't attached,
With a plan to match...
Some folks will never know,
How it feels...
To touch a dream that comes to life.

And when one has spent many sleepless nights,
In pain and 'still' applies emotions felt to accomplish...
With a focused devotion no one witnesses to see to believe,
Luck has nothing to do with what has been achieved!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Ludicrous Tricks!

What democracy would breed
Devastation upon its own people?
And to segregate its citizens,
To have some perceive...
They should have better lives,
Because this is what
They have been led to believe.

And to isolate in divisions,
To spread hunger and helplessness.
In a self righteousness...
That digresses all the people,
To endure conflicts
Promoting fear and unrest!

Whose freedom is protected,
When a few selected benefit.
As a quality of life...
Diminishes with this sickness.

And what respect for leadership,
Can be expected from the youth observiing this?
Especially when they mature to know...
What they've been told,
Has been based on lies and ludicrous tricks!

Revered from the pulpits.
And supported by the government!
With a clown assigned to 'play' ringmaster.
Who sets fire to their circus tent!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Ludicrous Undertaking

Few accept their differences.
Or even respect similar philosophies.
For some reason there is enjoyment expressed,
In disagreeing just to disagree.

But not trying to see eye to eye,
When a future depends on it...
Is a ludicrous undertaking.
With a weeping done in the making.

The pointlessness of it...
Has ended any reason to find this humorous.
Or excusable innocent fun.

And to maintain a focus on this,
Is as serious as children defending themselves...
With weapons to kill a perceived adversary.
And equipped with video games that advocate the usage.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Lured To Get Involved

Lured to get involved,
With an unleashing that tempts...
The flowing of a little bit of wickedness.
Then abandoned...
As if a mission has been accomplished.

That's how the demon plays,
To get the unconscious...
To betray themselves.

Fixed smiles of approval,
Begins with an attention given.
As an openness to discuss,
Disgusting issues one spews...
Is trusted.

And a deceit,
Thought by one not seeing it...
Becomes believed,
Is a show of bona fide sincerity.

Lured to get involved,
With an unleashing that tempts...
The flowing of a little bit of wickedness.
Then abandoned...
As if a mission has been accomplished.

That's how the demon plays,
To get the unconscious...
To betray themselves.

And effective they are in the doing!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Lyrically Maneuvered

Lyrically maneuvered.
That's the only way I move.
With content and something meant...
That puts me in a mood.

I'm lyrically maneuvered,
Grooving in a cool behooved.
There has to be a need in me..
To soothe my attitude.

And I don't need a finger popping rock,
To get me started.
And I don't need a cushioned beat...
To pat my feet!

And I don't need a finger popping rock,
To get me started.
And I don't need a cushioned beat...
To pat my feet to a meter.

Lyrically maneuvered.
That's the only way I move.
With content and something meant...
That puts me in a mood.
And...
I,
Don't need a finger popping rock...
To get me started,
No!
And I don't need a cushioned beat...
To pat my feet,
To keep up with a meter.

And...
I,
Don't need a finger popping rock...
To get me started,
No!
And I don't need a cushioned beat,

To pat my feet...
To keep up with a meter,
If the lyric keeps my heat up.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Macaroni Without The Cheese

With zero charisma...
And a personality that could not compete,
With those who have past away and resting in peace...
Six feet deep in a cemetery,
Could anyone like this be sold and picked...
To be a tour guide through an amusement park.
However...
And I beg of you to use your imagination.
If some of you have a desire to close your eyes,
That would be highly recommended.

Now...
With just the right advertising campaign,
Anything is possible to have people excited with hype...
To accept and believe.
Even macaroni without the cheese...
Nibbled by those who have been effectively hypnotized,
Would decide they have a craving that is addicting.
Proving anyone with the right marketing and kept sustained,
Does not necessarily need a scent of charisma...
To reach the heights of popularity.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Macramé

When she would macramé,
I stayed and watched.
Taking her needles,
And attaching small knots!
Making crisp doilies...
With different patterns,
Little mats she would starch.
Amazing my curiosity,
At the speed she delivered such art!

When she would macramé,
I would ask her how it was done.
She took my hands in between hers...
Until I alone did start!
She noticed soon I got extremely bored,
And my grandmother made me stop!

'Boy...
You something else!
Why you so nosy? '

'I ain't nosy, grandma.
You got enough apples to make a pie today? '

I would ask.
And she would just shake her head.
With nothing from her to me to say...
She would hum and continue doing,
Her fast paced macramé.

Dedicated:
Clara Louise Countryman Pertillar
My grandmother

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Mad At Last

It's sad when truth fails to be recognized.
To speak it is detrimental.
Those holding onto it are treated as traitors.
A structured belief system is crumbling.
The Infrastructure is stressed from neglect.
A forever in plastic face lifts,
With a nip and tuck to remove signs of reality
Is getting cheaper.
Diseased minds are crazed.
Lieing is the rage and accepted.
The fear of being human is fading.
Truth is being degraded into negativity!
Prisons are overcrowded...
Filled to the brim!
People are denying they are dieing from disorders!
The insane are begging for police to protect them...
From their own children!
And preachers are selling fraud,
To live tax free.
As they sweat in silk suits dancing on pulpits!
Madness is churning madness!
The strings of puppets are burning fast!
We are removed from comforts known in the past!
Madness is here!
Free to be mad!
Thanks be to the shoddy in everybody!
We are all here today and mad at last!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Made Attempts With Messages Sent

People make excuses,
For their own self inflicted abuses.
To then expect empathy,
From those they believe...
Who have made attempts with messages sent,
That they should forget...
Statements said and with viciousness,
When told to mind their own business.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Made To Be Convinced

There are those with selective memories,
Who take it upon themselves to forget...
Those times others found to find,
To put aside their own interests...
To ensure the ones who had 'forgotten',
Who had been there to assist 'their' capability...
To put them on a path in which they would meet success.
But made to be convinced,
Recognition comes with no other assistance done...
Is how they achieved a success to be believed,
Until the doing of their misdeeds increases to grease...
That ladder climbed on the backs of others,
Becomes a slippery slide that brings them to their knees.

'I remember you from 'somewhere'.'

~You should.
You and your 'friends' did all you could,
To assassinate my character to set your own traps.~

'Oh.
Oh yeah.
Would you happen to have five dollars?
I'm trying to get this grease off my hands.'

~Sure.
But holding onto it you will have to prove.~

'I can't.
You keep pulling it away.'

~That's strange.
It seems as if it was yesterday,
Taking anything away from me...
Would have been the least of your problems.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Made To Be Equally Confused

Appearances and what they mean,
As images to impress others conditioned...
To worship symbolic 'idols' to address,
As their purpose and reason to live...
With something comparable accomplished,
Is the only accepted success others believe...
That can be acknowledged by everyone.
Anything less is thought as waste and worthless.

Although the best gift anyone has they could ever get,
Is a life to live as they wish from a blessing given.
But those who self medicate can not perceive of this.
Since being able to have good health and live pain free,
With an ability to breathe, rest and sleep...
Isn't enough unless people are stressed out by deceit.
And sharing a collection of hypocrisies to whisper,
With others who have been made to be equally confused.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Made To Forget About Making Excuses

I was raised by influences to pay attention,
Very early in my life.
And fortunate to escape from delusion,
Earlier than that.
Although I didn't know it then,
But...
Every obstacle that came my way,
I had to face.
Since there was no one else,
To call out for help to play big brother.
OR sister.
And from the doing of this,
I was made to forget about making excuses.
Or hide behind lies or alibis,
To place the blame on others.
With it known that a telling of the truth,
Didn't always mean...
A relief to ease from an expected punishment.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Made To Make

The one true statement,
Unheard yet one can make...
Is the giving of more.
Without one word to say.
Or take anything away to leave,
Others find they should criticize...
With suspicions and disbelief.
To eventually be questioned,
What it is they have done to do...
That proves,
Reasons for their judgements to pass.
Especially if nothing,
From them has been asked.

Those without character,
Known and shown not to have it...
Are more likely to be questioned,
About habits they have to frequently backstab.
Since seldom do those who do have character,
Are heard or seen demeaning others.
Yet...
Subjected they are to ridicule.

'Why?

Observe it as I have done,
To see it this way.
Look,
Young and with mind still budding on the vine.
Criticisms made to make,
Take far less time.
With more time to waste.
And many do this on a daily basis.
To underestimate, berate and instigate.
But will be the first to say,
What it is they can do.
But you will hear from them,
Alibis, lies and the same excuses...
Used from day to day to make.

And those who find no time for that,
Are often the ones not supported.
But thought to be easy prey.

'Why? '

Look around.
It's entertainment.
And the one thing loved most,
People approve of and do.

'Destroy themselves?
But why? '

If I had that answer,
I wouldn't be standing at this bustop.
I'd be waving to you from a limousine.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Made To Stay Persuaded

I don't give it prolonged thought.
But I must admit,
I do find those caught up in this...
A bit naive, quick to please and undecisive.
And based upon my own observations,
From what I have seen and overheard.

There are people who convince others,
They have been unjustly treated mean...
By offensive acts they consider to be obscene.
But not expressed to be said,
Are those who treat them this way...
Have become fed up with their laziness.
To leave this gone unaddressed,
As an empathy given to them is expressed.

And...
Unfortunately,
An empathy given is discovered to be done...
With the giving this to the wrong ones.
Only to realize a doing can not be undone.

I listen intently with this to overhear:
'Why can't you be honest?
And tell them the truth? '

~It's too late.
I've already agreed with them.
I thought what you did was mean and cruel too.~

'It's true.'

~What is?
What's true? ~

'Fools are not born everyday that way.
They are made to stay persuaded...
As to not make waves.'

~Oh yeah?
But I'm not a fool.~

'And I'm not one easily convinced.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Madhouse

There is a growing concern...
Someone overqualified,
Seeks to run the madhouse.

The inhabitants have become disturbed.
How could someone of high integrity,
Desire to correct...
The madness digested.

The one who comes,
Is unlike the other ones.
This one comes free of derangement.
And suspicion clouds the faces,
Of those who are stunned.

And everything done,
Begins to upset everyone.
No one has tried to fix the madhouse.
And those inside despise,
Anyone who does not decieve with lies!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Madly In Love

Madly in love and butt naked!
But not with their spouses.
As they cavort on bear skin rugs,
And leather couches.
Responsible citizens...
And leaders with credentials.
But their lust is overwhelming...
As they sneak to rendevous,
To satisfy temptations...
For weekend screws.

Madly in love and butt naked!
Nothing they do is regretted.
Pretentions disguised at social events.
And justified they believe...
They should have no contempt for deceptions,
Meant!
These folks with loose libidos,
Hold positions in goverment.
Conducting their own affairs,
With a public trust they circumvent!

Madly in love?
Or representing a gluttony of insanity?
As a constituency hungers in homelessness...
While those who lead them,
Sweat and feed their lusts...
With a twisted ignorance.

Madly in love...
And accountability dazed!
Madly in love...
And exposing how fools like these,
Are crazed!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Madness

Madness!
Come on embrace it,
This madness.
No need to chase,
This madness...
Seems,
A permanent stay...
With everyone today.

Madness!
Come on embrace it,
This madness.
No need to chase,
This madness...
Seems,
A permanent stay...
With everyone today.

No need to cover up,
Abrupt eruptions.
They seem to lead us...
To a peace to keep.

No need to cover up,
Abrupt eruptions.
They seem to lead us...
To a peace to keep.
A peace that comes to satisfy,
The reason why we're living.

And that madness...
Come on embrace it,
This madness.
No need to chase,
A madness...
Seems,
A permanent stay...
With everyone today.

Oh a madness!
Come on embrace it,
This madness.
No need to chase,
This madness...
Seems,
A permanent stay...
With everyone today.
To never go away until we increase the peace.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Madness About This

Whoever that was,
Who thought you to be the joke...
Should be here to see you laughing.

And you leave no clue...
You are the one trained,
To spot fools to seduce them.

Either way...
There is still some madness,
About this...
That is loved and exchanged.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Madness! That's All It Is

Madness!
That's all it is.
Sheer madness.
To accept and/or forgive.

But who benefits,
From tits for tats...
And those chats overhead to deceive?
To ignore and pretend...
What's overwhelming should be disbelieved.

It's all madness.
And more of it seems to come.
This madness.
No one is immuned,
From the madness done.

And those who wish to defend,
A sanity to protect...
Are left abandoned to leave,
A respect they keep in check.
To save themselves from the craze.
But where will they go to be saved.

It's all madness.
And more of it seems to come.
This madness.
No one is immuned,
From the madness done.

And those who wish to defend,
A sanity to protect...
Know it is in their best interest,
To get and do a fast step away...
From the madness.

No one is kept immuned,
From the madness.

Even if they lock up in their own padded rooms,
MADNESS...
Would still be there.
A madness...
Would still be shared,
In a madness...
Everywhere.
With people unaware that their minds are gone.
And people unconvinced there is something wrong.

Even if they lock up in their own padded rooms,
MADNESS...
Would still be there.
A madness...
Would still be shared,
In a madness...
Everywhere.
With people unaware that their minds are gone.
And people unconvinced there is something wrong.

Madness!
That's all it is.
Sheer madness.
To accept,
And/or forgive.

Even if they lock up in their own padded rooms,
MADNESS...
Would still be there.
A madness...
Would still be shared.
Even if they lock up in their own padded rooms,
MADNESS...
Would still be there.
A madness...
Would still be shared.
In a madness...
Everywhere.
With people unaware that their minds are gone.
And people unconvinced there is something wrong.

It's all madness.

That's all it is.
Sheer madness.
To accept,
And/or forgive.
With people unaware that their minds are gone.
And people unconvinced there is something wrong.
It's all madness!
That's all it is.
Sheer madness,
To accept and/or forgive.
It's all madness!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Maestro

Why is that guy back again to play the Flute?
He was among the French Horn players,
For many years.
Back then he was hotly pursued.
What is this all about?
The audience stirs with curiosity.
I admit...
I too am inquisitive.

'Perhaps it has all been orchestrated.
I've noticed this new 'maestro'...
Has a unique approach to sound.
And how that sound is produced.
He certainly uses that baton,
Like one no one has ever seen before.'

I've begun to notice,
How his footprint is being implemented...
Quite effectively.
To leave 'this' orchestration,
One to be forever remembered.
And with hardly any opposition.
What is the title of this new composition,
Arranged by this young maestro.

'Let The Sun Rise And Set Over Hawaii'

Interesting.
Very, very interesting.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Magic

Magic,
Can attract.
To...
Keep one mesmerized,
All their lives.
And...
Without a fantasizing it,
To...
Hynotize for somebody's,
Benefit.

Magic...
Will attract.
And...
Keep one seeking to stay hook,
As if it was a drug to eat and cook.

A magic!
Whether black or white,
Is a magic...
To not be denied,
As magic...
From another place.
Removing everything taken once for granted.

It's magic!
Whether black or white,
Is a magic...
To not be denied,
As magic...
From another place.
Removing everything one took for granted.

It's magic,
From another place.
Removing everything taken once for granted.
It's magic!
Whether black or white,
And removing everything to clear one's eyes.

Magic...
Will attract,
A magic!
Whether black or white,
Is a magic...
To not be denied,
As magic...
From places unseen.
And removing false things people claim to dream.

Magic...
Will remove things seen people always take for granted.
A magic...
Will remove false things people claim to dream.
A magic...
Will remove things seen people always take for granted.
It's magic...
That removes false things people claim to dream.

It's magic...
That removes things seen people always take for granted.

Magic...
Will remove false things people claim to dream.
A magic...
Will remove things seen people always take for granted.
It's magic...
That removes false things people claim to dream.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Magnificent And Glorious

We have embarked upon the horizon
Of higher consciousness.
Its affects are disturbing...
As it processes an effectiveness.

Traumatized will be those,
Holding onto scattering beliefs.
A race to deny its presence among us...
Will greet those with defeat.
Since its dominance is complete!

We have embarked upon the horizon
Of higher consciousness.
Nothing will be left as a treasure to collect.
Nothing that has been set in stone...
Will the dawning of this consciousness,
Allow or condone.

Some will feel alone.
Without empathy to comfort.
We are living in the days of amazing changes.
And those with mindsets aged in greed and disrespect,
Think they will profit by their deceiving misdeeds.
But they will be the ones...
Eventually down on their knees.
Pleading to be freed of their mental disease.

We have embarked upon the horizon
Of higher consciousness.
And those able to 'see'...
Have already begun this magnificent,
And glorious internal uplifting journey!

Congratulations...
To those who sustained their faith.
And maintained their patience.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Magnified

Be not about shock.
Or be the one to keep it doubted.
When all the troubles you had started.
To know these troubles could have stopped.

Don't be about shock.
Or be the one to keep it doubted.
When all the troubles you had started.
To know these troubles could have stopped.

You are phony like the baloney,
And you know it too.
You and others brought the heat,
To watch it as it grew.

Don't be about shock.
Or be the one to keep it doubted.
When all the troubles you had started.
To know these troubles could have stopped.

You initiated to create the bitter heat.
Roaring up to blame the flaming,
Done to do to leave...
Everyone believing you're the victim of the deed.

But don't be about shock.
When all these troubles you have started.
To watch and do nothing about it.
Or do one thing to get them stopped.

You lie to deny what now is magnified.
You may practice innocence,
But eyes can't hide a lie.
Told to disguise and deceive to convince.

So...
Be not about shock.

There's too many lies you have told now magnified.

Be not about shock.
Or run.
With it done.
There's too many lies you have told now magnified.
Be not about shock.
Or run.
With it done.
There's too many lies you have told now magnified.
Be not about shock.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Main Entrée

Hope all of you are having a fantastic New Year...
Thus far.
And remember this:
Keep your dreams and wishes as your 'main' entrée.
Whenever you are deciding what choices to make,
From life's menu of events?
Do 'not' be discouraged if what is wished,
Isn't listed as being available to serve.
You will just have to find a way,
To whip 'that' up yourself.
You know what you like...
And how you want 'that' presented!
For 'your' enjoyment!
Exclusively.
And eat as much to your heart's content.
AND...
IF anyone 'should' say,
You are full of 'yourself'?
Let them know just how right they are!
'Im-me-jet-ly! '
Oh, yes!
At least this has been identified.
And you are 'not' in a state of denial!
To hide or confuse.
And 'everything' dished on your plate,
Will be enjoyed!

And...
To annoy?
You turn this into a buffet!
Licking your fingers,
Publicly and sometimes not...
Everyday!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Main Participant

You want the sky blue,
Whenever you want it to.
You want people to fall over you,
As if that's suppose to happen too!
As if your star is brighter by far!

We keep asking ourselves,
WHY things turn out the way they do!
Why there is violence...
Disrespect and a disregard too!
We keep asking ourselves questions,
About those things we condone.
We initiate those things we hate...
Then want to be left alone!

You want the sky blue,
Whenever you want it to.
You want people to fall over you,
As if that's suppose to happen too!
As if your star is brighter by far!
To be catered to...
Because of ideals fed,
That have never been true!

You think this world exists...
To be about you as you wish!
But you have dismissed,
Others like the plague...
Or if they suffered from sickness,
To ignore, kicked to the side...
And left for dead and quick you hide.

As you and others like you,
Wine and dine until you're subdued.
And this world that 'you've' created,
Reflects just what you have dished!
Your satisfaction is much delayed...
Aided by nonsense,
And your destructive ways...

Inflamed by this foolishness assisted.

And if you feel you are now being screwed...
Look in the mirror!
And you will see who has done that too.
You're the main participant of a life allowed!
Doing those things a thoughtlessness brings,
Looking for sympathy...
As you show a head inebriated.
Awakening ashamed and obviously bowed!
Questioning why you drank for hours...
To sustain an elusive quest for power!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Maintain Your Defense

Whatever you do,
Maintain your defense...
Against those who critique.
With a battling done.
By the use of weapons!
Delivered and supplied,
On the tip of embittered tongues.

Do not let that weaken.
And get underneath your skin.
Not at the expense of you losing sleep.
Or keeping your mind unable to be at peace.

Whatever you do,
Maintain your defense...
Against those who critique.
Recognize those insecurities,
Worn upon their needing to be fed egos.

Come to realize,
Your potential may be despised.
And jealousy and envy,
Are often hidden and disguised.

Where is the support that has been aborted?
Where is that brotherhood sought and proclaimed?
Where is that need for unity?
And 'why' do those pretensions remain sustained?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Maintaining A Maintenance Of One's Sanity

Maintaining a maintenance of one's sanity,
Requires constant discipline.
And the benefits of rest one gets...
Not outdated 'yet' or considered obsolete.

These times we live press forward,
With lightening fast speed.
So quick some noses may even bleed.

Swift are the thoughts required to think.
Leaving decisions made,
Before clouded eyes are seen to blink.

Technology driven are electronic inventions.
And a mental nimbleness...
Is required to live a life in the midst of this.

And those believing they can live without PC's...
Will be left behind conversing with robots.
Once referred to as human beings.

Swift are the thoughts required to think.
Leaving decisions made,
Before clouded eyes are seen to blink.

Maintaining a maintenance of one's sanity,
Requires constant discipline.
And the benefits of rest one gets...
Not outdated 'yet' or considered obsolete.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Maître D'

'...well, I beg to differ.
I think it is imperative
That everyone familiarize themselves
With proper dining technique.
No one is going to be served baked apples
Until after the main course and the soup.
Be sure everyone is aware the water glasses
Are placed on the right.
Anyone having wine must insure the waiter
Is the first to be informed.
Have the linens been properly concealed? '

Sir...
I doubt if this is that kind of assignment!
Your experience as Maître d' at the Four Seasons...
Helped you to get this position.
But your qualifications may be a little 'extended' here!
According to our records...
You are to direct us where to unload the cargo.
Any of those starving awaiting the food deliveries...
Have been malnutritioned for months.
We understand you have been appointed director
Of food dispersements to the villagers,
However...
Our concern is to how to best stockpile this shipment?

'OH...
How am I suppose to know?
Who has my job description?
These last minute details do not sit well with me! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Majestic Ecstasy

I wish I knew you before...
You decided to cry,
For the rest of your life...
With that state of mind.

When will you feel deserving to accept,
A happiness that is within your reach...
Just for you,
Free of past regrets.
Although I know it is unrecognizable.
Perhaps disposable as well.
And on that,
I am not willing to bet, yet.

Forget those promises and missteps made.
I thought with us we would clear the slate.
And be done of those mistakes.
With others who came to introduced to us,
Baggage with issues packed...
To share with us their every heartbreak.

I wish I knew you before...
You decided to cry,
For the rest of your life.
With that state of mind.

You can not be honest with me!
Not if you aren't able to leave,
That hypnotic bleeding behind.

When am I going to occupy some of that time?
When will I begin to see,
The one I knew who now plays seek and find!

I am yours.
But not a part of you...
Radiates onto me to shine.

I'd like to know,

More than one piece of you...
You keep for me and say it's mine!

I wish I knew you before...
You decided to cry,
For the rest of your life.
With that state of mind.

I hope one day we will really come to meet.
Before, during or after...
When we do,
Come.
Together when we together...
With a majestic ecstasy,
Come when we meet.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Make A New Path To Pave

Everyday learn something with a task.
And welcome that challenge.
Don't let it pass.
Seek something different with a question to ask.
And welcome that challenge.
Don't let the moment pass.
And you will have a life to live beyond limits.
Question to break them.
Don't permit limits to exist.
Make a new path to pave,
With your mind and eyes wide open.

Everyday make a new path to pave.
Welcome those challenges with your analysis.
And you can have a life,
Finding things you know are liked...
With your mind and eyes wide open.

Give up sitting around to quit.
Know you have had enough of it!
And you can have a life,
Finding things found and are liked...
With your mind and eyes wide open.

Make a new path to pave.
Everyday,
You can make a new path to pave.
Just do it.
And make a new path to pave.
Everyday,
You can make a new path to pave.

And you can have a life,
Finding things found that you liked...
With your mind and eyes wide open.

Make a new path to pave.
Everyday,
You can make a new path to pave.

Just do it.
And make a new path to pave.
Everyday,
You can make a new path to pave.
And you can have a life,
Finding things found that you like...
With your mind and eyes wide open.

Give up sitting around to quit.
Know you have had enough of it!
Give up sitting around to quit.
Know you have had enough of it!
And you can have a life,
Finding things found that you like...
With your mind and eyes wide open.

Make a new path to pave.
Everyday,
You can make a new path to pave.
Just do it.
And make a new path to pave.
Everyday,
You can make a new path to pave.

Make a new path to pave.
Decide,
To make a new path to pave.
You can do it,
Just make a new path to pave.
Everyday,
You can make a new path to pave.

Adventure!
Make a new path to pave.
Adventure!
Make a new path to pave.
Adventure!
Make a new path to pave.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Make Claims Of Your Innocence

You can make claims of your innocence,
To others who may be convinced of it.
Until your naps turn straight,
And hold your breath with a pouting face.
The fact remains...
Your claims are untrue.

At this time and place,
What has happened in the past...
With the lies you've told,
To cover your manure with fresh planted grass...
Doesn't make a difference to me.
I have distanced myself from that existence.

And whether you speak to me or not,
Without admitting what you have started...
With the dropping of your negative debris,
Has been erased just like you have been...
From my memory to believe,
The actions you've taken to such a degree.

To me...
You will always be a child.
With pretentions done behind a faked smile.
Seeking tolerance for your deliberate misdeeds.
With a hope to be perceived as someone with integrity.
I no longer think of you with it to know what it means.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Make Impossibilities Your Possibility

With a giving it some time and patience,
What is wished to get...
You will witness it as given.

With a giving it some time and patience,
What is wished to get...
Will be witnessed to you given.

Too many give up too quick to quit,
Their beliefs.
Too many give up too quick to quit,
On dreams to wish.
And too many give up too quick to quit,
A faith to feel themselves defeated..

Don't you...
Be that one who gives up and quits,
On a dream.
Don't you be the one who gives up like this,
And then leave...
Your beliefs.
Make impossibilities,
Your possibility to receive.

With a giving it some time and patience.
Make impossibilities,
Your possibility to receive.

With devotion and faith.
Make impossibilities,
Your possibility to receive.

Don't let defeat confine your mind.
Make impossibilities,
Your possibility to receive.

Be determined and you'll earn,
With shown focus and concern.
And impossibilities,

You'll see possible for you to receive.

With a giving it some time and patience,
Impossibilities...
Will get up and leave.
And with a giving dedicated faith...
Once can manifest,
Those dreams to wish to get.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Make It Easy On Yourself

If you are one of the ones,
Still attempting to make sense...
In a world depleted of it?
You have my condolences.

But first,
Let us toast this fact...
You are not alone!
So cancel those additional visits made...
At your expense,
To see your personal psychiatrist.

Chances are these folks too seek help,
Trying to explain the advantages of maintaining sanity!
And 'who' and 'what' would they use,
To justify the charged fee.

Take that money,
And purchase a 5th of Jack Daniels.
Sip it slowly and relax.
And save yourself the trouble of questioning 'normalcy'.
Nothing is!
Not today.
Make it easy on yourself.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Make It Fresh

No...
I'll pass!
I'd rather have something substantial.
Something I can base and establish,
A relationship on!

'Sir...
I am asking what you would like.
From our menu.
Would you like more time?
Sir? '

OH...
Forgive me.
I digressed.
Yes...
I'd like to have your breasts,
Of chicken.
With lots of foliage...
Greens steamed.
If you will.
And make it fresh.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Make It Work

If the doing is worthy of saving.
Make it work!
Swift to be done quickly,
With a benefit of it healed and fixed.
Make it work!

Be hopeful and encouraged,
To make it work.
If the doing is deserved,
It can be worked.
Of course there will be nervousness,
In it first...
But,
It can be worked.

If the doing is worthy of saving,
It can be worked.
And if the doing has a purpose that's served,
It can be worked!

Nothing comes to stay preserved or to remain perfect.
Nothing that is worth it stays the same unchanged.
And if it should be claimed to be that which one wishes...
There has to be some sacrifice,
Done to realize both day and night to make it right...
It's going to take some effort,
To make it work!

If the doing is worthy...
Make it work!
And...
At first there'll be some nevousness,
But it can be worked.
And if the doing has a purpose that is served...
Make it work!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Make Me Rich

Purchase purchase buy buy
Purchase purchase buy buy
Purchase purchase buy buy
Purchase purchase buy buy.

Make me rich
(Purchase purchase buy buy)
Make me rich
(Purchase purchase buy buy)
Make me rich
(Purchase purchase buy buy)
Make me rich
(Purchase purchase buy buy)
Make me rich
(Purchase purchase buy buy)
Make me rich
(Purchase purchase buy buy)
Make me rich
(Purchase purchase buy buy)
Make me rich
(Purchase purchase buy buy)
Make me rich
(Purchase purchase buy buy)
Make me rich
(Purchase purchase buy buy)

'Horns and tambourines'

Make me rich
(Purchase purchase buy buy)
Make me rich
(Purchase purchase buy buy)
Make me rich
(Purchase purchase buy buy)
Make me rich
(Purchase purchase buy buy)

'Congas'

Make me rich
(Purchase purchase buy buy)

Make me rich
(Purchase purchase buy buy)
Make me rich
(Purchase purchase buy buy)
Make me rich
(Purchase purchase buy buy)

' And to the bridge'

Purchase purchase buy buy
Purchase purchase buy buy
Purchase purchase buy buy
Purchase purchase buy buy.

'Lead/background singers and violins,
With bass! And give it...'

Make me rich
(Purchase purchase buy buy)
Make me rich
(Purchase purchase buy buy)
Make me rich
'Gimme Gimme Gimme'
(Purchase purchase buy buy)
Make me rich
'Gimme Gimme Gimme'
(Purchase purchase buy buy)
Make me rich
'Gimme Gimme Gimme'
(Purchase purchase buy buy)
Make me rich
'Gimme Gimme Gimme'
(Purchase purchase buy buy)
Make me rich
'Gimme Gimme Gimme'
(Purchase purchase buy buy)
Make me rich
'Gimme Gimme Gimme'
(Purchase purchase buy buy)
Make me rich
'Gimme Gimme Gimme'
(Purchase purchase buy buy)

'YES...'

Make me rich
(Purchase purchase buy buy)
Make me rich
(Purchase purchase buy buy)
Make me rich
(Purchase purchase buy buy)
Make me rich
(Purchase purchase buy buy)

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Make No Attempt To Compliment

When the initiative is taken,
To inflict upon another heartbreak.
Expect to feel the remnants of it.
Or see bits and pieces served upon a plate.
Eat it.
With a hopeful wish...
There has been an invitation,
To taste dessert.
And what has been served,
Has been deserving.
And a forgiveness forthcoming,
Will be mutually delicious.
If expectations are there and desired,
To again share the same menu!
If not...
Make no attempt to compliment.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Make Promises To Keep

Make promises to keep!

Breaking a promise,
Is like kissing away one's integrity.
In fact,
Those who break promises,
Should not make claims
Of knowing what integrity means.

However,
There are certain instances
In which good intensions
Are misunderstood for keeping a promise.
One, if made, should be kept as should!

Minding my own business,
As is my custom when visiting friends.
I overheard Bob and Helen in discussion.
About their relationship.
One I regard as ideal.
One that had me close to thinking,
Of getting married again!

Bob saved me!
And he had no idea...
From what!
And friends forever we will remain.
And that visit I made,
Was a stroke of good luck.

'We've been together for ten years.
Said Helen.
Thinking what was said,
Was out of range from my listening ears.

'And the only thing we have not done between us,
Is get married legally.
And you keep saying that's what we are going to do.
But when?

Promise me you will marry me! '

God was sending me a message.
And I listened intently.

~As long as you know we are going to get married...
Why the rush? ~
Bob said in a quieting hush.

~As soon as the house gets paid.
And the kids grow up.
Our creditors are satisfied...
We can do something we 'alway's wanted to do.
We have company now.
So let's not start a fuss.~

God please keep my lips closed tight and shut.
I wanted so much to say 'something' but...

'We'll both be 'dead' by then! '
Said Bob...
Coming out with drinks,
Followed by Helen.
Coming from the kitchen.

~Now that's a promise I can keep!
At least you can say I 'had' integrity.
And was faithful to my intentions.
And I was reliable!
How many people do you know can say that? ~

'Well...'
Said Helen.

~Not too many.
If any.~
Replied my dear friend Bob.

Bob and Helen,
I must go.
And Bob?
You are a terrific human being!

How 'terrific'?
The words from me,
Are too many to flow.
But I just wanted you to know.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Make Sure It Benefits

Whatever it is done you do...
Make sure it benefits.
Don't allow anything to return,
With a haunting to upset you.

Be at your best.
Don't half step or second guess.
Too many await to see a 'flaw'.
Something to criticized to see one fall.

And if that should be you...
Get up and take a bow!
Own it.
And declare it...
As part of your work-in-progress!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Make Sure The Camera Is On Your Best Side

I once had it said to my face
That I did not 'act' right
Therefore that person made a decision
To ignore me
The one walking up to me
To tell me this to my face
And that's why they have not been around
If I should be concerned with worry
As to the absence of their presence

This 'has' got to be a setup of some kind
No one is that stupid
To walk up to someone to tell them
They have been ignored and for what reasons
This 'has' to be a new approach to inflicting humiliation!

I began to feel extremely uncomfortable
Because I knew right then
Someone was hired to tape my reactio
And I was not dressed to impress
To be captured on film!
Not to appear to laugh for no reason
Blackmail material?
That's what I thought

If I was going to be filmed
I was not going to look the part of a fool
So I walked away slowly
As if I did not hear one word that was said
Hoping the cameras were fixed on my left side
My left profile is better to capture on film

My acting friends always say
'Make sure the camera is on your best side'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Make Sure Your Game Is Fresh

When you play a game...
Make sure your game is fresh!
You wouldn't want to play the same game,
Someone else may beat you at your best!
And you are the one that becomes tested,
Leaving you with a quest that doesn't satisfy
Or give you any rest...
You thought would make time fly!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Make That Part Of 'Your' Act

You don't like what I say.
Or the topics that I write.
You don't like my performance,
When I recite?

I am so glad you are here.
It is now your time,
To take the spotlight away from me...
And to show your abilities at centerstage.

Why do you look afraid?
Make that part of 'your' act.
With the spitting of your venom.
You never know who might be out there,
Appreciating what you do and attracted to that!

What are you searching for?
Some assistance?
You didn't seem to mind,
To critique my performance.
And I was out there on my own.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Making A Home Inspection

There are times without reason,
When the mind rewinds...
Finding thoughts of others to come unexpected.
And hoping that a call brings a gratitude to express.
Instead of suspicion to address.

'Hi...
This is Lawrence.'

~Okay.~

'I know it has been awhile.
I just called to see how you are.
For some reason you appeared on my mind.'

~Okay.
And would you like to leave a message? ~

'Sure.
And who is this?
Is this 'little' Billy? '

~Okay. Yeah. Whatever.
I'm glad you called...Lawrence.~

'Why the formalities?
You use to call me, Uncle Larry.
This is Uncle Larry.'

~Oh HI, Uncle Larry.
This 'IS' Little Billy.
Say...
I'm here making a home inspection right now.
Uncle Larry?
Could you tell me where they might keep their jewelry?
How about antiques?
I'm specifically looking for the silver or gold items.~

'WHO 'is' this? '

~Never mind.
You're no help to me at all.
Oh...here it is.
Now,
In the message I am going to leave.
Should I say, 'Uncle Larry was here.
Or do you prefer just Lawrence? ~

'Hello? Hello? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Making A Stand To Complain

There will always be those,
Making a stand to complain...
About their lives.
And those who stand to complain,
Sit to say nothing...
When the opportunity comes,
For them to assist to make effective changes.
While listening to whisper judgements to pass.
To not comprehend and have no questions to ask.

Only to resist those,
Showing an interest to limit heard complaints.
But their efforts are dismissed,
Because of their tone of language.
Or a lack of impressions made by appearances.
And therefore...
The ones making a stand to complain about their lives,
Rise again from their seats to say vocally...
What is needed is a showing of a more focused unity.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Making Better Attempts

If I could do anything...
In 2013,
I have never done before...
It would be to put 2012,
Behind me.
To look forward to closing doors,
Too often I tried to re-open...
Just to re-visit repeated nonsense.

And 2013 promises my making,
Better attempts to renew my relationship...
With a life I let others keep on hold,
Comforted by my patience.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Making Cars

They've bailed the automakers out...
But there's no one about,
To drive.

They've listened to them rant and shout...
But there's no one about,
To drive.
Or
To keep them alive.

And why...
Why now is gas so cheap?
When people can't afford it.
And why...
Why are they losing sleep?
When they're making cars that people can't keep!

They've bailed the automakers out...
But there's no one about,
To drive.

They've listened to them rant and shout...
But there's no one about,
To drive.
Or
To keep them alive.

And why...
Why now is gas so cheap?
When people can't afford it.
And why...
Why are they losing sleep?
When they're making cars that people can't keep!

Oh no!
They're making cars that people can't keep!
Oh?
They're making cars that people can't keep!
Oh no!

They're making cars for people....
But why...
Why now is gas so cheap?
When people can't afford it.
And why...
Why are they losing sleep?
When they're making cars that people can't keep!

Oh no!
They're making cars that people can't keep!
Oh?
They're making cars that people can't keep!
Oh no!
They're making cars that people can't keep!
Oh?
But they will not shake away their greed needs.
Oh no!
And other fantasies they believe!

'Can you put that back on the assembly line?
I'd like to hear that one more time! '

They've bailed the automakers out...
But there's no one about,
To drive.

They've listened to them rant and shout...
But there's no one about,
To drive.
Or
To keep them alive.
They're making cars,
That people can't keep!
Oh?
They're making cars,
That people can't keep!
Oh no!
They're making cars,
That people can't keep!
Oh?
But they will not shake away their greed needs.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Making Decisions

We make decisions.
Some of them quick.
Some of them split.
Some of them mixed,
With a wish to quit...
Making decisions we have to admit!

We make decisions.
Some of them quick.
Some of them split.
Some of them mixed,
With a wish to quit...
Making decisions we have to admit!

How often does a hindsight renew,
A clearer vision wished we had then used.

How often do we then excuse this...
As mistakes we've made,
Too late to shake away.
To turn around unphased,
Just to have things our way!

We make decisions.
Some of them quick.
Some of them split.
Some of them mixed,
With a wish to quit...
Making decisions we have to admit!

How often does a hindsight renew,
A clearer vision wished we had then used.
While making decisions wearing the same old shoes.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Making Enemies And Not Friends

A negativity expressed,
To accept it spoken or said to address...
About anyone to do intentionally,
Only invites more of it to come.
And with it done,
Effectively! Since very few...
Will reminisce a pest to do it to forget.

Provoking other folks to think it a joke,
Initiates adverse situations created...
To have been thoughtlessly made,
With beliefs such activites do not leave...
Those on the losing end of making enemies.
And not friends to think understanding,
Or a forgiveness will from them be given.

Deep and kept to feel,
Are real emotions felt to keep.
And once one loses respect for others,
What benefits from this...
Does one expect to receive to reap?
Joy? Happiness? Or a loss of sleep?
It doesn't pay to play childish games.
Played to stay unchanged that way.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Making It Real

Making it real,
Is like a good meal...
One gets to taste.
In a moment that can not be replaced,
When making it real.

Makin it real,
And using all...
Ingredients.
Gives a joy as if this is heaven sent.
When making it real.

Making it real,
Is a feeling no one can ever rate.
And those exposed,
Will appreciate...
The taste of what is real.

Making it real...
Shake it up before you bake it.
And using all ingredients.
Shake it then you bake it.
Gives a joy,
As if heaven sent.
When making it real.
Shake it up before you bake it.

Making it real,
Is like a good meal...
One gets to taste.
In a moment that can not be replaced,
When making it real.

Making it real...
Shake it up before you bake it.
And using all ingredients.
Shake it then you bake it.
Gives a joy,
As if heaven sent.

When making it real.
Shake it up before you bake it.
When making it real.
Shake it up before you bake it.
When making it real.
Shake it up before you bake it.
When making it real.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Making Me Wait To Rekindle

I do not envy a second of your patience.
I could not sit to wait,
As if my own needs...
Can only be satisfied,
If a bit of tolerance was applied.

I do not envy a second of your patience.
As if a puppy held by an invisible leash.
Intoxicated with a craving for an appearance,
To share that familiarity again.
I do not envy a second of your patience.

But I do...
Wish I could have someone,
To pretend I am bitter with...
For making me wait,
To rekindle a romantic encounter.

Those times are missed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Making No Sense

If a determination previously made,
To ignore suggestions recommended...
By the ones who submitted them,
As making no sense.
Why should anyone then get upset...
By those again solicited,
Who refuse to make any more suggestions?

And at who's expense is this waste of time,
When the ones authorized to make decisions...
Can not make up their minds to decide.
Only to find fault and blame those they accuse,
As being rude and too tempermental.
Un-co-operative.
AND unpredictably moody.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Making Our Father Proud

Within us,
Are the souls.

Within us...
Are the spirits we live.

We should clean up our acts,
And stop tarnishing our souls.
Treating them like our foes.

They have one of those too!
Like me and you.
Within us.

Within us,
Are emotions.
And some of us give them too much time!
Irritating them with self obsessed whines.
Yet others have no clue or notion...
Where to find theirs.
Or how to feel them when they're found.
If anything is there at all.

And we accuse someone else.
Anyone!
For not knowing who we are...
How we feel,
Or when we feel it!

Within us,
Are 'our' souls!
Ourselves we don't know.
Not from the soul!
There are too many of us,
Who do not show that we do...
Know within us,
Are 'our' souls!

We have chosen to make excuses!

Within us,
Are the spirits we live.
Shouldn't we be giving
Them good treatment?
And sharing that...
With our 'soul' brothers and sisters?
Making Our Father proud.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Making Personal Appearances

Never in anyone's wildest dreams,
Would one think in showing others indifference...
Days would come,
To detrimentally affect their own lives.

Well,
With current events coming unwelcomed...
To some,
Maybe the surfacing of evidence,
Will provide a few observing...
With clues and hints.

Reminding,
That what one does to others...
Has a way of making personal appearances.
Returning with vivid memories and flashbacks,
Delivered at one's front door.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Making Real My Wish For Romance

Didn't we meet in a dream?
Do I look familiar to you,
As you to me now seem?
I want to scream and say, 'This is it! '
Something about you comfortably fits.
And in this moment here we are.
Like wishes placed upon shooting stars!
Didn't we meet in a dream?
All of this seems too surreal.
Everything about this is as natural as it feels.
I'm healed of loneliness that ached.
My heart quickly mends from a bout of heartbreak.
Let's leave together now before I awake...
Or shake loose from your spell.
This is what love at first sight means!
And I want you to pinch my ass,
When we make love in uncontrolled screams!
And I promise the cops wont come!
But I can't say that for myself...
Or how many times I'll try!
Did we meet in a dream?
Your eyes mesmerize, capture and hypnotize.
Making real my wish for romance!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Making Statements Made

'OH.
I am appalled.'

~You?
The language, the disrespect.
And their total lack of proper etiquette.
Absent of any socially acceptable graces.
Ugh. The madness.~

'And to think,
The marketing of this decadence continues.'

~Tell me about it.
Even at the mall, I have to wear these earmuffs.
And...
If I might add,
My own design.~

The one thing people are finding,
That has them more upset and disgusted...
These revealing days,
Are the ones making statements made...
Usually kept to say in private,
Amongst themselves who have risen to positions...
Of power to achieve influence and significance.
With a keeping of their pretentions,
To charade as a defense mechanism...
Against a truth to masquerade and intended,
To stay that way.
But those unafraid of a reality many can not face,
Have begun to expose their own participation...
In the creation of a mess,
Openly addressed to confess and address it.
And the ones with bundles and tons of money,
Are saying some of the most unbelievable things.
About themselves.

'OH.
I am appalled.'

~You?
The language, the disrespect.
And their total lack of proper etiquette.
Absent of any socially acceptable graces.~

'And to think,
The marketing of this decadence continues.'

~Tell me about it.
Even at the mall, I have to wear these earmuffs.
Go ahead. Touch them. Notice the details.~

'I like them.
Who made them? '

~The company I started many years ago.
And they are affordable and competitively priced.
In fact,
We have begun to market them...
For those seeking to invest in the inner cities.
I've learned to keep my creations 'FASHIONABLE'.
I've begun to love the hip-hopness of it all.~

'What a terrific and lucrative idea.
At least you continue to find ways,
To make a profit...
From a started and no ending ignorance.'

~I only can thank God,
For keeping my mind inventive.
And to know how and where,
I can always make a good living.
God is so good.
Even in the most unlikely neighborhoods.
But...
You didn't hear that from me.~

'Hehehehehe.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Making Suggestions

No attention should be given,
To anyone that offers...
An unsolicited opinion.
With it done to come abruptly,
And without it known to witness shown...
What experiences one has lived.
Or what patience it has taken,
To tolerate someone else's...
Lack of awareness or knowledge.
Listening to nod one's head,
May not be enough.
And...
Keeping one's mouth closed,
To prevent the starting of an argument...
Could be more offensive,
If one is not provoked...
Into expressing 'some' agitation.

'All I'm doing is making suggestions.
If my recommendations are not accepted,
You could at least show me respect.
Without laughing in my face.
To then walk away.
Saying nothing is not what I expected.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Making The Act Of This No Different

It is ludicrous and with absurdity to believe,
People religiously affliated...
Perceive their indoctrinations are separated,
From politics.
When every aspect of their lives,
Are connected with such depth to it.

And whether organized or not in fellowship,
With these 'cliques'...
Someone sermonizing behind a pulpit,
Will remind...
Everyone who congregates owes a percentage,
Of what they are paid...
To save their souls.

Making the act of this no different,
Than those enforced to pay taxes 'religiously'...
To keep what they believe is theirs,
From being repossessed.
With their 'souls' to magically rest after death,
In some place they are convinced is called 'Heaven'.
After the 'Hell' they have lived on Earth!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Making The Same Excuses

Early in the morning,
And just before the dew and mist hits...
To lift with the Sun rising,
I awaken with a consciousness...
To not on purpose focus,
On what I could have done yesterday.
Since yesterday and any day before it I had lived,
Would make no sense if I spent this day given...
To continue making the same excuses.
In fact...
If I choose not to remember them made,
To recreate...
They will not be repeated to leave me seated,
Thinking about what it was I did,
I should not have done to do to have this day wasted...
Proving I can undo the impossible.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Making Their Own Decisions

Always!
Or at least more often than not.
There will be someone sharing,
With a group of faithful naysayers...
An unsolicited opinion.
Either about how another feels.
Thinks!
Or has arrived to achieve,
Making their own decisions.
To leave others left believing,
They too also know...
How another who has been discussed,
Feels.
Thinks.
And to find themselves collectively distrusting,
Anything one who has been subjected...
To an opinion about them given,
By someone else sharing...
An unsolicited opinion.
That has left the one to face attitudes.
Moods and disrespect.
Expected to accept while eyebrows are raised.
Folded arms across their chests.
With lips pressed together upset and offended.

'Uh...hello.'

~How dare you approach us after what you've done.
Decided to do.
AND...
Without being given anyone's approval.
Then to feel what you have said about us,
Is okay.
And don't give us that look as if you are innocent.~

'Uh...huh? '

Always!
Or at least more often than not.

There will be someone sharing,
With a group of faithful naysayers...
An unsolicited opinion.
Then to quickly make an excuse to exit.
While hoping they have left behind,
A reason to ignite tempers to flare.
And some hell to heat that breaks loose.

'Who said what and when to you? '

~Sure.
Go ahead.
Stand there and pretend,
We are the ones out of our minds.~

'I can't pretend that.
I've been accused of having talents.
But that one?
I can't do!
Trust me.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Making This A Rule Communicated

There are times when it does pay,
To be of a different kind of mind.
With an offering that expands...
Choices unexpectedly for some to find.

Few today are dedicated.
And show themselves to be elated,
With an awakening everyday anticipating...
Love to witness and joy that is shared.

Choosing they do to move from moods to prove,
That...
Everyone has a choice to improve or change their tune,
And...
Dump excuses made with attitudes to refuse.
With...
A shooing them to the curb to boot.

There are those who choose to move from moods to prove,
That...
Everyone has a choice to improve or change their tune.
And...
Dump excuses made with attitudes to refuse.
With...
A shooing them to the curb to boot.
And...
Making this a rule communicated.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Making Those Choices To Do

Choices made are just the beginning,
For other choices to make.
Leaving an appetite to develop,
In a patience where choices sit to marinate

Procrastinating in hesitation,
Makes for the creating of excuses...
Easier to get nothing done to wait.
Like one who wishes for a taste of cake.

However, making those choices to do...
Does remove those excuses made done,
With no follow through.
And pursued as one's destination that comes.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Making Time And Finding Comfort

I awakened today,
With yesterday on my mind.
And the day before.,
Along with those days before that...
Gone but obviously not forgotten.

And I asked myself...
Why are times I can not change,
Making time and finding comfort in my mind?
And giving me a reason to trip,
With 'what 'ifs'?

I awakened today,
With yesterday on my mind.
And the day before.,
Along with those days before that...
Gone but obviously not forgotten.

And I asked myself...
'If it is time you want to waste,
Why can't you take some of it...
And clean up your house? '

Needless to say...
I thought that comment was extremely rude.
So I left.
Determined to return when I felt like it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Making Us All Cry

He claims he shed tears for a son!
But no one really knew which one.
Since there are four of them.
How touching!
However...
We all know which one,
Is making us all cry in deep sorrow!

'Marvin? Who...? '
Sssshhhh.
We want pop to STOP bawling!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Maligned To Remember

Coddled to pamper.
By one accustomed to taking,
Faked created detours.
Away from the dirt and garbage,
Dumped on others to do.
Is a technique,
A piper uses to persuade...
Those easily confused.
With sweetened dramatics.
That at a dead end stalls.
With no appearance of a flute.
Anyone recalls.

When then it becomes noticed,
This flutist is more fluke.
A fresh fish out of water.
Flipping around...
Like fish out of water do.
Duping to produce,
Familiar sugar coated excuses.
Bought and sold.
By those following along.
Believing...
They were heading towards gold.
And not a brick wall to hit.
Nor expecting to be told,
The detour taken they took...
Had been an unfinished concept.
Someone else's idea.
The dupe player blames...
As game for fun.
Done as a childish trick.
And eyes ice up.
Freezing on this 'piper' quick.

But that one accused,
And confronted confessed.
A concept stolen,
Had been misinterpreted...

To represent,
Something solid.
Like bricks held together,
With applied cement.
Not the gold in one's mind,
To keep polished and shined...
All the time.

However...
This explanation,
Shouldn't lessen the time...
In the minds of those,
Maligned to remember...
Being undermined,
By a fake piper with no flute.
But flips like a flute,
When stalled against a wall.
Too tall to climb.
Or jump over to disappear.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Mama

Mama where are you...
When I feel your presence near?
Mama where are you?
When I hear your voice plain and clear?

I wish I could see your face
Appear before me now.
To see the smile that I know
And those hugs I wish God allowed!

At times we were so close,
I didn't care who called me 'Mama's Boy'.
We had our differences and opinions
That brought to us both tears and joy!

It doesn't seem as if
Many years have passed since you died.
Some days I wish I could hear you say,
'Boy, please go and play outside! '

Mama where are you...
When I feel your presence near?
There is one thing I know,
Even though I miss you so.
In my heart I hold you, Mama...
Where I feel your closeness grows!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Mama Pelosi

The depths of shallow conquests,
Are as blatant as those of little boys and girls!
But...
Mama Pelosi is in the 'house',
Making sure no one slouches on their chores.
She's making sure this cleanup will be sufficient,
And no one is 'mama' going to ignore!
Restoring order is her main concern.
And putting the 'V' back into values...
Is what mama P adores.
All will learn!
And...
Those prepared to invoke jokes with pokes,
Are not laughing
At the hard hitting strokes of mama!

She's not there to play nice.
Prepared she is to exterminate all rats,
And field mice!
'The business is accountability! '
Are just some of the 'hints'
Mama drops as advice!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Mama Was Phenonmenal

My mama was phenonmenal.
And even to this day...
Whatever I say could not convey,
The understanding and talents,
Of this woman.

We receive blessings,
And take them for granted.
We who have been spolied by this...
Think it's okay to do exactly as we wish.

But when gifts are given,
We must eventually share.
They are not ours to store and keep.
We must give them away...
As if an abundance for us is reaped.

My mama was phenonmenal.
And even to this day...
Whatever I say could not convey,
The understanding and talents,
Of this woman.

So rich in kindness.
With so much love...
She had in her to spare.
Yes sometimes I admit I became jealous.
Until I understood the many lessons taught...
She gave to me to ensure I was prepared.

Dedicated:
To my mother,
Edna Pearl Roberts Prudhomme Pertillar

'Ma...why you got so many names? '

~You need more than one ingredient to make a cake.~

'That makes no sense at all.'

~And you don't have to eat a piece of it either.~

'? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Mama, Why You Put Your Cleats On?

Mama,
Why you put your cleats on?

'Gotta keep in the run, son.
This turf is getting harder than concrete.
Gotta keep a strong pace going...
Ahead of those asleep on the streets.
I'm gonna make sure we eat.
And have a place safe enough to sleep.
That's why your mama tieing up her shoes,
With the cleats!

But mama...
Why you putting that mask on your face?

'Chile...
I gotta do what mamas do,
With a constant smile,
That protects my grace.
If I did not wear a mask...
Those in my way may detect a frown.
I've worn that for too long,
For them to trace now,
My child! '

But mama...?
Explain the shoulder pads.
I don't understand that at all.

'I'm going into those heated fields...
With those accustomed to playing hardball.
They are accustomed to leave others,
In pain, sorrow and abuse.
Mama ain't gonna put up with that.
Or use that to do nothing...
To sit home with you,
Teaching it's okay to be afraid with excuses.

And I'm certainly not the one,

Who is going to be left wounded and bruised.
Mama's gonna be the one,
Right up in the meanest face.
To leave them boo hooing too!
Now give me that bat! '

But mama...
Ain't you dressed for football?

'Chile...
When you get older,
And hopefully you will.
You're gonna learn how to dress,
For any game to be played.
Now...
Hand me that helmet.
And get out of mama's way! '

Yes, ma'am!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Mama's Boy

Who held me responsible,
and accountable for my actions?
My mama.
Who made sure I did my chores...
with a buttoned lip and no back talk?
Doing what I did...
and her voice I would not ignore?
My mama.
When I made a face that was out of place,
and mumbled my thoughts...
I just knew she couldn't 'trace'.
Mama would say, 'Do what I say, boy...
and fix that face! '
Mama's boy is a man now.
And every step I take...
Is done without excuses.
Because my mama didn't allow me to fake!
Or look for an easy 'out' to make!
She knew for me there would be few easy breaks.
And taught me what it was to love...
As she surprised me with a wink!
Served with ice cream...
and a slice of my favorite cake!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Man Down

Man down...
On urban streets,
Dredging trenches
In wars that heat!

Man down...
Too aware he belongs in numbers rare!
A species who would rather stand,
Than to crawl upon the Earth...
To be thought less than the grains of sand!

Man down...
Packed to defend
Who he is from within.
Protecting in 'his' mind what's his.
Fighting back without shedding tears!

Unsatisfied he must run and hide,
From those who deny him even rights to cry!
Just to keep his 'spirits' up...
He must show he has the guts!

Man down...
Struggling as he does to remain positive!
In battle fatigues or business suits,
Discarding who feels his 'moves' are negative.
He's reminded who he is whether in loafers
Or in boots!
And all that he gives...
He has no options completely his.
When he's called to shield and shelter others,
Sacrificing an image so that all may live!

Man down...
On urban streets,
Dredging trenches
In wars that heat!

Man down...

Too aware he belongs in numbers rare!
A species who would rather stand,
Than to crawl upon the Earth...
To be thought less than the grains of sand!

And even sand blows and drifts away.
No matter who he was
When he took his stance to stay!
A man down that has gone...
Is remembered if he demands his way!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Mandating Themselves To Be Forgiven

Self serving and self righteous platitudes,
Could prehaps have a purpose...
If,
They were not made to excuse the abusive...
From degradating acts performed on the innocent.

At the expense of victims,
Those in lofty places...
Perceive themselves to be untouchable.
And mandating themselves to be forgiven,
Is the pinnacle of deplorable arrogance.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Maneuver To Remove It

If you can't change it...
Why waste time on your mind to use.
And if you can't change it...
Why would you sit with it to self abuse.

Think about those things,
That you want to do.
And think about those things,
You can do to pursue.

If you can't change it...
Why waste time on your mind to use.
And if you can't change it...
Why would you sit with it to self abuse.

Think about those things,
That you want to do.
And think about those things,
You can do to pursue.
Think about the time you are wasting away.
Think about an attitude you wish not stay.
Think about those things,
That you want to do.
And think about those things,
You can do to pursue.

If you can't change it...
Why waste time on your mind to use.
Think about those things,
That you want to do.
And think about those things,
You can do to pursue.

And if you can't change it...
Why would you sit with it to self abuse.
Think about the time you are wasting away.
Think about an attitude you wish not stay.
Think about giving up on self defeat.
And think about a getting up to move your feet.

To think about what it is that you wish to complete.

If you can't change it...
Why waste time on your mind to use.
And if you can't change it...
Why would you sit with it to self abuse.

Think about those things,
That you want to do.
And leave behind what can't be changed.
To leave behind what has been tamed.
Don't you let what's seen affect your brain.
Maneuver to remove it.
Only you can over-rule it.
Don't you let what's seen affect your brain.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Manicured And Stretched Out Hands

A repeating of facts,
Continues to drone on the deaf ears...
Of those not interested,
For what appears to be for them...
Constant badgering delivered with critique.
People have grown accustomed to their laziness.

No matter how constructive the truth,
Many prefer their realities diluted.
And the ones who can present the best arguments,
For reasons to ignore any mention of discomfort...
May gain an attention given to be followed by complaints.

Those familiar with receiving just hugs and kisses,
Are always heard to wish for those times they reminisce.
When offerings of escapades were theirs in abundance.
But today with protests and persistent demands,
Even the basic entitlements once given are slowly fading away.
With or without those manicured and stretched out hands.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Manicured Hands

They wish limits to be placed on feasting.
Although indebted to feeding upon greed,
Is of their doing.
And consciously.

They wish to accuse their debts made,
On actions they can blame on others.
But the stains left from greased and sticky fingers,
Still remain on their manicured hands.

They claim to be elected by those they represent.
They claim the facing of a brick wall they did not invent.
They want all to believe they have good intentions!
However...
Not one cent from their stuffed pockets,
Will they throw away or let drop to stop...
The grease on their fingers,
They've become addicted to lick.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Manicured Reality

I agree,
A rose does smells sweet.
But they are not planted
On urban streets to bloom.
They would not be given that opportunity.
Although weeds are encouraged
To grow between the cracks,
Where broken glass settles.
And tourists are re-routed...
To view a revitalized naturalness!
Beautified without the aid of sunglasses,
Or weeds to spoil the experience.
A manicured reality,
Entices those deluded by the goodness
Of life and all it offers!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Manifest Your Best

Seek to manifest your best.
When you begin to notice...
You have begun to be bothered,
By critics and other pests...
You are blessed!
Just keep your steps moving,
Forward.
There is nothing said by naysayers...
Needing a thought to hesitate or digest.
Just seek to manifest your best,
And let 'that' be your testimony!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Manifested By One Being Unseen

They would love to erase,
The filth that they have placed...
On their tracks traced.
To pretend they were not laid intentionally,
To dehumanize and deface a race.
And others that have been debased.
Sought and treated as devalued beings.

But the facts remain.
And in their hearts they are the same...
Unchanged!
And in defiance of God!

However...
Not for long.
They will be punished for their wrongs.
And not for long,
Will those who have suffered abuses...
Continue without the arrival of spiritual support.
We are all manifested by One Being unseen.
The one who knows,
Each creature exposed and diminished in 'this' Kingdom.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Manifesting A Connection Made With Sincerity

There were plenty of opportunities,
For us then to communicate.
I even mentioned how important that was.
And you stated how you had no need for that attention.

I did.
Since I could not have any relationship...
Without a chemistry of participation in it.
And you believed,
All you had to do was go through the motions.

There were plenty of opportunities,
For us then to communicate.
I even mentioned how important that was.
And you stated how you had no need for that attention.

I hope you have not remained that ignorant.
And success means much more to you today...
Than a paycheck you eventually give away,
Making attempts to impress that happiness means...
Addressing the best of superficiality there is.

I hope you have not remained that ignorant.
And have adopted something of depth...
That cries to thrive in your soul.
Something you feel alive that touches you...
Deep,
And manifesting a connection made...
With sincerity.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Manifesting In Arrested Sleep

Left behind.
Most have jumped into safety nets.
Held by clinging vines.

And time has stopped.
Minds are blocked.
Onlookers can't believe,
People frozen yet they breathe.

And time has stopped.
Minds are blocked.
Onlookers can't believe,
People frozen yet they breathe.

Manifesting in arrested sleep.
Time has stopped!
Manifesting in arrested sleep.
Minds are blocked!
Manifesting in arrested sleep.

And onlookers can't believe,
People frozen yet they breathe.

Left behind.
Most have jumped into safety nets.
Held by clinging vines.
And onlookers can't believe,
People frozen yet they breathe.

Time has stopped!
Manifesting in arrested sleep.
Minds are blocked!
Manifesting in arrested sleep.
And onlookers can't believe,
People frozen yet they breathe.

Time has stopped!
Manifesting in arrested sleep.
Minds are blocked!

Manifesting in arrested sleep.
And onlookers can't believe,
People frozen yet they breathe.

Time has stopped!
Manifesting in arrested sleep.
Minds are blocked!
Manifesting in arrested sleep.
Time has stopped!
Manifesting in arrested sleep.
Minds are blocked!
Manifesting in arrested sleep.

And onlookers can't believe,
People frozen yet they breathe.

To be left...
Without an empathy to tease them!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Manipulated Distrusting Days

Manipulated distrusting days.
And...
There seems no end to them.
Although we live them with a craze that stays.
We have been manipulated and we're not phased.

Manipulated distrusting days.
And...
We live dishonest and in cheating ways.
And...
To defend them not too many are offended.
In fact we're taught to end them we will be defeated.
We feed upon these days as selfish feeding beasts.
Loving to be greedy as if at an endless feast.

Manipulated distrusting days.
And...
We live dishonest and in cheating ways.
And...
To defend them not too many are offended.
In fact we're taught to end them we will be defeated.

Manipulated distrusting days.
And...
We feed upon these days as selfish feeding beasts.
Loving to be greedy as if at an endless feast.

Manipulated distrusting days,
And...
We're in the midst of them.
Until these days are finished.
We're in the midst of them,
And loving every minute.

Manipulated distrusting days,
And...
We're in the midst of them,
And loving every minute.
We're in the midst of them.

Until these days are finished.
We're in the midst of them,
As if we are committed.
We're in the midst of them.
We're in the midst of them.
Until these days are finished.
We're in the midst of them,
And we can't quit...
These manipulated distrusting days,
And...
We're in the midst of them,
And loving every minute.
Manipulated distrusting days!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Manipulating Disaster

With assisted lies and a following,
They have declined all lifestyles...
And increased foreclosures.
No one who has spoken the truth has done this!
In fact,
Those who attempted to expose the treason...
Were denounced as 'liberals'
And other disgusting lesions!
Onward continues the hoodwinking of crimes.
Yet those responsible for manipulating disaster...
Are treated like rock stars,
By those completely out of their minds!
Proving themselves to be above the law and orderless...
And leaving with millions pocketed!
Socking it to the fools they made,
Degraded and left far behind!
Since 'they' were 'not' of their own kind!
Those with stolen 'power'
And a connection to lust that all managed to find!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Manipulating From Behind Smoked Screens

Did they not,
Choose to make their own beds?
Did they not,
Choose the kind of lives they've led?
Did they not,
Build up attitudes...
To remove themselves from others.
Those they felt would threaten,
Their embellished point of view.

Did they not,
Assemble with one another?
Did they not,
Lie to see themselves succeed.
Did they not,
Squirm when confronted with the truth before them?
Run to hide behind walls they made,
To bleed from their own miseries.

Did they not,
Choose to make their own beds?
Did they not,
Choose the kind of lives they've led?
Did they not,
Build up attitudes...
To remove themselves from others.
Those they felt would threaten,
Their embellished point of view.

Did they not,
Squirm when confronted with the truth before them?
Run to hide behind walls they made,
To bleed from their own miseries.

And they soon will be seen...
As the ones who stalled forward movement,
For others...
By manipulating from behind smoked screens!

And they soon will be seen...
As the ones who stalled forward movement,
For others...
By manipulating from behind smoked screens!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Manipulators Manipulating Manipulate

Manipulators manipulating manipulate.
Once they've uncovered loopholes,
With a fascination to undo and dilute...
A taste to undermine a process that eliminates,
Valued time and the use of it...
Others do not avoid to find,
To escape its implementation...
By the use of finesse and degradation.

Manipulators manipulating manipulate.
And once they have found the tools to do this,
All that which had integrity becomes abused.
Heights are reached by duping fools.
And those unaware of what it is manipulators do,
Never suspect their minds have been confused...
By the absence of respect diffused,
That blindly goes undetected by those most affected.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Manufactured

Manufactured for them has been their own environments.
For those who deny and criticize a way of life...
Approved by the doing of it!
Permitting without resisting the existence of it.
With commitment.

And those who chose to keep their mouths closed,
Have empty reasons to complain.
Where were they when the drought of substance came?
How many were awakened from an absence of consciousness?
Has a mindset of materialism been that effective?

And has the diminishing of it,
Driven all to accept the attractiveness of madness?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Many Are Numb And Stunned

So many are numb and stunned.
A pinching of a few butts,
Should be fun!
If done.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Many Are Persuaded

There is so much to life to live,
Other than the ability to accumulate things.
And initiating assumptions with lies to create,
A putting into place...
A reality nonexistent but some accept to appreciate,
The following along no matter if the doing of it is wrong.

Discoveries experienced on one's own to find,
Has a way to expand understanding in one's mind.
With a doing that decreases to eliminate confusion.
Although the doing of this does not end conflicts.
Since many are persuaded...
An independent thought is a useless process.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Many Are Still Seeking Proof

With flashing neon lights.
Prophets, soothsayers and psychics.
Astrologers and scientists,
Discovering new planets existing.
Water on Mars.
Sightings of UFO's.
Writings on the Walls.
Messages delivered by persistent messengers.
Earthquakes in the most unfamiliar places.
Fires and devastating storms.
What is it that people are looking for
To show them everything is, in fact, changing!

'Many are still seeking proof.
You know
Some evidence of it.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Many Are The People

I see a tree.
But knowing what it goes through,
On a daily basis to be a tree...
I can't say I know.
Therefore,
A knowing about it...
I can not prove or show.

I see squirrels, birds, cats and dogs,
On a daily basis...
To be what is perceived are animals.
Are they more or less intelligent than you,
Or me?
I can not claim to know this.
None have I met to chat with personally.

And that applies to people.
Many are the people with different ethnicities.
Many are their languages spoken,
And only fluent am I in one of these.
With a labelling by races and religious philosophies.
But can I claim to know them?
Not really. That would be too presumptuous of me.

But there are those who claim to know,
What is unseen.
They claim to know what others do,
Without having them on the scene.
Walk down any street anywhere and hear folks say,
Something about someone else to belittle and demean.
And not know one thing about them but they do it anyway.

Many are the people who would have others believe,
They know everything about someone else...
Including their history.
And these very same people are the reason why,
There is confusion and chaos in other people's lives...
From an ignorance known that shows.
And that fact should be prioritized as an agenda to realize.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Many 'Boos' Have Been Booted

Many 'boos' have been booted,
With their hearts left in pain.
Many boos have been booted,
To the curbs they have been scooted.

And,
Many have adopted a new campaign.
Those boos have been booted,
To the curbs they have been scooted.

Nicknames once adopted for each other have gone.
And now they're out to prove they are nobody's ding-dongs.
Many 'boos' have been booted,
And the pain they feel will not be...
Muted.

Many 'boos' have been booted,
With their hearts left in pain.
Many boos have been booted,
To the curbs they have been scooted.

And,
Many have adopted a new campaign.
Trying to shake an old boo from their game.
Many boos have been booted,
To the curbs they have been scooted.
And...
Those boos scooted try to get unhooked.
But with their noses opened it is hard to shake that look.
Those poor boos broken with a booting from the coop...
Have been de-rooted.

Ma-many 'boos' have been booted,
With their hearts left in pain.
Many boos have been booted,
To the curbs they have been scooted.

And those boos scooted try to get unhooked,
But with their noses opened it is hard to shake that look.

Those poor boos broken with a booting from the coop...
Can not accept they've been de-rooted.
Bruised boos!
Those poor boos broken with a booting from the coop,
Have been de-rooted.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Many Do Have Their Doubts About This

Yes...
Many do have their doubts about this.
But we are that 'energy' on Earth,
Reflecting image.

An energy that reflects,
From the Sun...
As it is given.
And how this is done,
Adds to the mystery of 'IT'.

What and 'Who' we refer to as being God...
Is more than just an image.
We are 'cells' within a Mind,
So magnificent...
This 'Greatness' has chosen,
To keep our own minds blind.

Yes...
Many do have their doubts about this.
But we are that 'energy' on Earth,
Reflecting image.

An energy that reflects,
From the Sun...
As it is given.
And how this is done,
Adds to the mystery of 'IT'.

Like fruit picked from a tree.
Or from a vine to peel.
Under the skin...
That's where the deliciousness,
Carried within us is revealed.

And the trees support us with air to breathe.
We take for granted,
The ease presented by this complexity.

Yes...
Many do have their doubts about this.
But we are that 'energy' on Earth,
Reflecting image.

An energy that reflects,
From the Sun...
As it is given.
And how this is done,
Adds to the mystery of 'IT'.

And 'something' tells me very soon...
We are going to learn much more,
About our existence!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Many Do Not Recover At All

With a heart weak and weeping.
I've been there.
Torn apart with guilt and remorse.
Feeling every bit of singing pain,
Stinging me inside singing the blues.
With heart weak and weeping.
I've been there.
Feeling used,
And shakened by it.

Until I realized my self destruction,
Would more than please someone.
And that was not a satisfaction,
I owed to no one.
No time soon.
Especially not anyone I loved,
That would crush me!

And I knew my love was too valuable a treasure.
Too wonderful a gift,
For me to deliver a wish,
For my own self-destruction.
Although very close I came...
To wondering about eternal darkness.

Lightening does strike.
Sometimes it has to happen more than once,
To get any recognition.

I can portray the look of one crazed...
If I begin to hint, feel or sniff a clue,
Of an oncoming violation to annoy my peace.
I don't like those who self invite!

And I'm not having a moment of my peace decreased,
For someone who wants to play fool!
Not on this 'cool', calm and collectedness,
I've created.
Like I said...

I'm not having a moment of my peace decreased,
For someone who wants to play fool!
Not for me to bring my 'fool' out.
And when my fool comes out...
It wants to stay that way,
Just to prove a rule...
About keeping one's distance!

Healing from a self inflicted wickedness,
Like that...
Deserves praise.
Many do not recover at all!
But I intend to remain in recovery.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Many Don'T Accept It And Fear It Getting Near

You're not the only one,
Who wishes truth to disappear.
Many don't accept it and fear it getting near.
Some believe that truth for them is an option.
Something that gives them a choice to make.
And if it was too bitter on the tongue for their taste...
It could be easily exchanged,
For a more suitable arrangement for them to embrace.
But truth is not a charade to play to mask in masquerade!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Many Don'T Get It At All

The bolder ones get all the gold.
At least this is the story we are told,
That's kept.
No matter who sits...
Regretting the guess.

Many have done it.
Many still live it.
And many don't get it at all.

Wondering about the menu.
And what deal appeals.
Wondering about the service.
And who cooked the meal!
After what they ate is gone...
Oh ooooh.
After feeling weak,
And not strong!

Many have done it.
Many still live it.
And many don't get it at all.
After what they ate is gone...
Oh ooooh.
After feeling weak,
And not strong!

The tried and true seem to know what to do.
After a bitter taste done has not left!
They don't repeat upsetting steps.

Many have done it.
Many still live it.
And many don't get it at all.
After what they ate is gone...
Oh ooooh.
After feeling weak,
And not strong!
Oh ooooh.

And knowing something has gone wrong.
Oh ooooh...
Becoming nauseous with themselves.
All day long.

Many have done it.
Many still live it.
And many don't get it at all.
After what they ate is gone!
Oh ooooh...
Knowing what they could have had,
Has-moved-on!

The bolder ones get all the gold.
At least this is the story we are told,
That's kept.
No matter who sits...
Regretting the guess.

And those who do not guess but live.
Are the ones who get the gold.

Many have done it.
Many still live it.
And many don't get it at all.
Feeling weak...
And not strong!
Oh ooooh.
Feeling they do not belong.
Oh ooooh...
And so many have done it.
Many still live it.
And many wont get it at all.
Because they're on their butts too long!
Oh ooooh...
Because they're on their butts too long!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Many Feel Threatened When Approached

I've learned many things about the thinking process.
Many feel threatened when approached by someone doing it.
And some are literally stunned to witness it done.

AND...
If one should speak clearly,
With a thinking process going on at the same time...
They become suspect for being up to something,
That may be evil and demonic.

Giving reason why some people have chosen,
To stay as ignorant as possible!
And fear those expressing an intelligence.

'Watch out for him.
He is not like us.'

~I wonder what his secret is?
I'm trying not to be like ya'll myself.
Ya'll too hung up in trivia and feet shufflin'...
With lips poked out, cussin' and baby talk.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Many Fix Their Focus

With all of the variety and choices from which to select,
One can make to appreciate or replace.
Why do so many fix their focus on just one?
To then complain to anyone within listening distance,
What it is they have picked to examine...
With their eyes open wide AND with a consciousness,
Does not meet up to their valued standards...
To satisfy their wants and wishes or required preference.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Many Function On Assumptions

A doubling of duties,
Lessens those charms...
One uses to be discreet.

A doubling of duties,
Leaves one disarmed...
To bring no harm to the streets.

But those without chores to do,
Find excuses for their misdeeds.
To never accept responsibility.

Many function on assumptions,
They can do what they please.
Like children who use,
Learned abilities to deceive.

And guess,
Who is left...
To clean up their mess?

Take one guess,
Who is left...
Addressing their mess to confess.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Many Have Been Made Afraid Of It

Perfected mediocrity,
Takes more time to achieve...
Than the application to strive for greatness.

To settle for less than one's best,
Is a lazy decision to make...
For those at rest procrastinating.

And those who offer this to assist,
Are seeking attention not accompishment.
Since to accomplish takes discipline.
And many have been made afraid of it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Many Have Been Told The Doing Stinks

Today a thought process has taken more than just a recess.
Since gone is common sense,
And everywhere there's evidence that thinking stinks.

To think is too outdated with a waste of time to do.
As thinking has long gone.
And many think the stench of it is much too wrong.

How can one survive without computers in their lives?
And...
Without a common sense,
To ever know what it had meant...
To think and not blink.
Since many have been told the doing stinks.

Today a thought process has taken more than just a recess.
Since gone is common sense,
And everywhere there's evidence that thinking stinks.

To think is too outdated with a waste of time to do.
As thinking has long gone.
And many think the stench of it is much too wrong.

How can one survive without computers in their lives?
And...
Without a common sense,
To ever know what it had meant...
To think and not blink.
Since many have been told the doing stinks.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Many Ignore This Process To Forget

Not only are there differences in ages.
There are differences in experiences.
And those differences experienced...
Should be accepted to digest,
To progress one's comprehension.

But the similarities in not paying attention...
To comprehend with intention,
Between ages mentioned...
To insist one has a more indepth awareness,
Is often a sharing done that should be dismissed.

A learning done is a process one wins,
With a knowing of it won.
And many ignore this process to forget,
How and where an experience wishing to share...
Had been obtained to get.

And...
Remembering from 'whom' and when,
They received a message that began to deliver them...
To a wisdom.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Many Incidents Intended

Many incidents intended,
Has evidence as incentive.
But no one pays attention...
Or listens to what's being said,
To what is being mentioned.

These speeding times leave minds behind.

Many incidents intended,
Has evidence as incentive.
But no one pays attention...
Or listens to what's being said,
To what is being mentioned.

These speeding times leave minds behind.
These speeding times leave minds behind.

Many incidents intended.
But no one pays attention...
Or listens to what's being said,
To what is being mentioned.

Many incidents intended.

Many incidents intended.
But no one pays attention...
Or listens to what's being said,
To what is being mentioned.

Many incidents intended.
Many incidents intended.
Many incidents intended.

These speeding times leave minds behind.

Many incidents intended.
Many incidents intended.
Many incidents intended.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Many Just Want To Be Overheard

Why do many people have those attitudes,
As a tool to use...
To believe is cool.

And why do many people choose to be big fools,
As if a golden rule...
They had learned at school.

Many can't stop themselves just to listen.
So many want to be just overheard.
And when given chances to be understood,
They rather do it with the cursing of choice words.
To cuss and fuss with making up stuff.
As if to prove,
They can cuss and fuss and huff and puff up!

Growing older but remaining schoolyard 'dummies'.
Believing it is funny to be fools.
Growing older but maintaining to be cunning.
As if a doing to be stupid makes them look cute.

Many can't stop themselves just to listen.
So many want to be just overheard.
As if a doing to be stupid makes them look cute.
With belief it's funny to be made fools.

And when given chances to be understood,
They can cuss and fuss and huff and puff up!
And not to listen.
But they'll cuss and fuss and huff and puff up!
To be heard...
They can cuss and fuss and huff and puff up!
And not to listen.
But they'll cuss and fuss and huff and puff up!
To be heard...
They can cuss and fuss and huff and puff up!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Many May Think Themselves Immuned

Many may think themselves immuned,
From idiots, misfits and derelicts.
Quick to depict and label.
To find their increasing numbers to grow,
Without any sign of having this admitted...
That what is presented actually represents,
A widespread epidemic!

And although,
Many may think themselves immuned...
To be amused by those exposing these mental conflicts,
People like this are not hidden to disguise.
Nor are those attempting to deny them...
Running away anywhere to declare a non-involvement.

A deteriment to a quality of life once known to live...
Has already had its effect on everyone accepting,
What is reflected is an innocence permitted to allow...
To temporarily entertain a doing to collect fast cash.
And with a wave of a wand,
All of this will be removed from existence.
With a doing that will quickly pass.

'Not true! ' say the vultures...
Preparing to munch and feed on dead heads.
'Not true! ' say the vultures...
Increasing in numbers.
And prepared to devour the unconscious unaware.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Many Mistakes By Them Were Made

Now they want to say,
Many mistakes by them were made.
As if a stumbling along the way,
Did not scream to get their attention.

And those who were there to prevent their despair,
Are now solicited for their suggestions to mention.
But that energy dismissed,
No longer lingers in the air from lips who cared.

Many mistakes by them were made.
And today they make attempts to correct their own nonsense,
But aren't lessons learned when the choice is made to listen?
And not when one decides a time lost can be revived.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Many Moonlit Nights And Dawns Long Gone

It becomes difficult to forgive and forget,
Those who have been made convinced...
One has not earlier in a life that is lived,
Suffered to experience tragic yet unknown...
Emotionally stunning and heartbreaking events.
Since many people assume,
Rumors heard and gossip they have created...
Is true and validated by those they depend upon,
To get their daily and updated local news.
Repeated to intensify their amusement infused.

Only to discover inflicted acts of another's abuse...
When their minds have cleared,
Of mental debris they have solicited to now blindly use...
Hollow and pointless apologies they wish to give,
To find this futile movement to prove themselves wrong.
Regardless how strongly sincere the singing of their songs,
Sung but can not replace or erase from the memories revisited...
Of the one who has observed them all being made fools too quick,
For many moonlit nights and dawns long gone...
To merit the addressing of expressed guilt left felt they feel.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Many Moons Ago

This time and in this season,
Many moons ago
I remember having those ambitions,
To possess and impress.
With a wealth of good health,
And youthfulness.

This time and in this season,
Many moons ago
The pace of life seemed a bit slower.
And those with beliefs of it being,
Never too late to pursue dreams
Procrastinated with excuses made.

Dreams,
Whether done day ot night
Have their way of accepting a delay,
Of an appearance to have them touched.
When carrying a basketfull of priorities
To put them off as temporary necessities,
Time will give to see them produced.

This time and in this moment,
As I reflect with an aging process
I have learned to respect
A hesitatiing to put off that which I wish to do.
But not to do them,
Seems to me to be a bit foolish.

Since there is nothing I will sit in waiting,
For an approval to be made.
Or an acceptance to be given.
I've earned that right,
In the seeking to please the life I live.
I have earned that right,
To like or dislike what I choose.

This time and in this moment,
My wishes as they are

Have given me a gratefulness,
To feel blessed and thankful
For a basicness that brings to me the most joy.
That many moons ago I did not know!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Many More Blissful Years To Come

I've been asked on several occasions,
What is it that I do to appear so youthful.
And...
I tell them 26yrs of 'blessings'.

'Why just 26yrs?
I thought you said you were 63? '

I am!
It's been 26yrs since I've been divorced.
And I've been blessed to have 26yrs of total peace,
And happiness.
And 'if' God is willing...
I'll have many, many more blissful years to come.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Many More To Fetch

Get cozy and warm up to the facts!
Know that there is nothing from the past,
Soon will be coming back!

Even though some have chosen,
To stand their ground...
Change is the experience!
And a lot of that,
Is going to be found.

Get cozy and warm up to the facts!
Know that there is nothing from the past,
Soon will be coming back!

And as difficult as it may seem,
Our wishes to fulfill...
Those desires we dream.
Many of them will have to be tailored to fit...
The reality of the times,
That do not comfortably with us now sit!

And the acknowlegement that is there...
No matter if a falling star in the sky appears,
We will need more than one to catch...
To fill our empty pockets.
And many more to fetch,
To catch our breath!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Many Muddied Sluggers Live With Something To Prove

Slime backs,
Who are slime backs...
Will slime back.
On backs.

Slime backs,
Who are slime backs...
Will slime back.
On backs.

Many mud sluggers thowing sludge,
Don't think they're slime backs...
Sliming back.

Those mud sluggers throwing sludge,
Don't think they're slime backs...
Sliming back.

Slime backs,
Who are slime backs...
Will slime back.
On backs.

Slime backs,
Who are slime backs...
Will slime back,
On backs.

Those mud sluggers throwing sludge...
Are slime backs,
Sliming back!

And many muddied sluggers live with something to prove...
Are slime backs,
Sliming back.

Mud sluggers living lives with nothing else to do...
Are slime backs,
Sliming back.

Slime backs,
Who are slime backs...
Will slime back,
On other backs.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Many People Hate To Make A Ripple

Not many people beating on their own drum.
Bumma dum bum.
Bumma dum bum.
Not many people making music they hum.
Bumma dum bum.
Bumma dum bum.

Cause many people hate to make a ripple.

Bumma dum bum.
Bumma dum bum.

Many people hate to make a ripple.

Bumma dum bum.
Bumma dum bum.

Clinging on a moan and a whine all the time.
Bumma dum bum.
Bumma dum bum.

Complaining to their neighbors and their neighbors don't mind.
Bumma dum bum.
Bumma dum bum.

Cause many people hate to make a ripple.

Bumma dum bum.
Bumma dum bum.

Many people hate to make a ripple.

Bumma dum bum.
Bumma dum bum.

Not many people beating on their own drum.
Bumma dum bum.
Bumma dum bum.
Not many people making music they hum.

Bumma dum bum.
Bumma dum bum.

Cause many people hate to make a ripple.

Bumma dum bum.
Bumma dum bum.

Cause many people hate to make a ripple.

Bumma dum bum.
Bumma dum bum.

Many people hate to make a ripple.

Bumma dum bum.
Bumma dum bum.

Many people hate to make a ripple.

Bumma dum bum.
Bumma dum bum.

Many people hesitate with wishes to procrastinate.
Many people hate to make a ripple.

Bumma dum bum.
Bumma dum bum.

Many people hate to make a ripple.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Many Seek Status

To acknowledge that I 'am'
Who I 'am' and in the 'now'
Of my life!
Is for me a major achievement.
And one I live excuse free.
One based upon truth and honesty!

Many seek status.
Like an apparatus to mask.
Perhaps with hopes,
An acceptance is passed.
Or something that is approved...
As a test or a task.

If a status is proclaimed,
With wishes to keep one connected.
The time will not be long...
Until someone comes along,
To define that status wrong!

And pursued at the expense,
On one's identity...
That is compensated usually,
To eventually dispense.

To acknowledge that I 'am'
Who I 'am' and in the 'now'
Of my life!
Is for me a major achievement.
And one I live excuse free.
With a peace of mind,
I am glad to find...
Based upon truth and honesty!

And anyone who does not see it that way...
It is okay.
I am not going to debate it!

I am not in the pursuit of status!

To attract materialistic dreams.
With shine, sheen or gleam.

As a first time passenger on my journey...
I seek only God to please.
With deeds.
And a gratefulness to do so.

Many seek status!
And perhaps,
For them...
That is what God has assigned.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Many Seeking Antidotes

It is all so irrelevant.
Your choice to vent,
With the consent of those...
Just as limited.

And this you show,
With a witlessness exposed?
Many tactics used,
Still proves you are confined.

You wish to keep your mind defined,
By a reactionary disposition.
And these are not those times...
To pamper or please,
The spoiled tantrums of a crazed child.
There are too many seeking antidotes,
To cure and heal from this plague.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Many Tears Keep Falling...

Many tears are falling...
And do not disappear,
From all the eyes crying undried.
And...
Making it so clear,
There is a weeping...
Behind the windows,
Gone unknown...
From whomever,
Crys alone.

Tears are falling...
And not known to be shown.
From eyes that may be open,
But flowing alone in homes.
With a weeping behind closed windows.
To be falling in deep sadness...
No one hears but gone condoned.

And these tears keep falling...
And not known to be shown.
From eyes that may be open,
But flowing alone in homes.

Many tears are falling...
And do not disappear,
From all the eyes crying undried.
And...
Making it so clear,
There is a weeping...
Behind the windows,
Gone unknown...
From whomever,
Crys alone.

And these tears keep falling...
And not known to be shown.
From eyes that may be open,
But flowing alone in homes.

And these tears keep falling...
And not known to be shown.
From eyes that may be open,
But flowing alone in homes.

And these tears keep falling...
From whomever,
Crys alone.
Many tears keep falling...
From whomever,
Crys alone.
And these tears keep falling...
From whomever,
Crys alone.
Many tears keep falling...

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Many Tears To Deliver What It Is I'Ve Got

I've been told I use people,
For my own personal gain.

I would like to know,
What it is that I used from them?
Since it has been my own blood,
Sweat,
And yes...
Many tears to deliver what it is,
I've got!

And no volunteers,
To share those hard knocks!
Only God has been there,
To stop my insanity!
As I sat alone sipping Scotch...
With no rocks!

I've been told I use people,
For my own personal gain.

And I suspect those who have said that...
Are finding me less accessible to use,
To accuse me of misdeed to claim fame.
When I sign my own name,
There is no proxy assigned to blame.
Nor am I foolish enough to challenge ignorance.

And to them I 'use' to give of myself freely...
Perhaps my lack of seeking their attention,
Has them more willing to mention 'my' efforts!
And what it is they no longer from me get.

And...
Less time do I give to the thinking of this!
I like to lay down facts.
Not horror stories that may attract.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Many Who Take

Some know what it takes.
And many who take...
Have yet to be delivered a clue!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Many Will Come To Know The Effectiveness

Many are realizing,
At their tremendous mental
And,
Physical expense
Realities maintained,
On the telling of lies
Becomes a weakened defense,
Against the power of truth.

Denials raised to stay committed,
To defy what is presented
Once truth begins to combat deceit.
Creates a massive turnaround of events,
The telling of lies can not defeat.

Many are realizing,
At their tremendous mental
And,
Physical expense
Realities maintained,
On the telling of lies
Becomes a weakened defense,
Against the power of truth.

And the evidence of that,
Does not need
A group of experienced archaeologists feeding,
Findings discovered.
In ancient dusted fields.

What is as it is observed,
No longer can deceit conceal.
There 'is' most definitely a reality.
One we all will come to touch, see and feel
As 'thee' truth upon us revealed,
Is unmistaken for its authenticity.

Choose to like it, ignore it or leave it alone.
Many will come to know the effectiveness of it.

And masquerading truth is not condoned.

'How did you know 'that'?
I was private and discreet.'

Truth is not like deceit to be hidden.
And those unaware of that,
Find themselves victims of their own entrapment.

'Where did you study this? '
You are pitiful.
You didn't know that did you?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Many Will Never Recover At All

Leave those alone who are comforted by their own beliefs.
Fragmented realities had at one time brought relief...
To the ones who pocketed funds from such divisions!
Choosing not to listen and making wrong decisions.

Those days are fading fast for them.
From all fronts their outlooks are crumbling within.
Soon those affected can not refuse the truth.
It will be there shared by all.
And those who run from it,
Need not be pursued!

For them there will be no exit!
Let them with limited time persist.
Sit back and watch their minds split to bits.
And feel blessed you were able to see it for what it was.
Some might be able to grow from it.

Unfortunately...
Many will never recover at all!
Since honesty for them,
Was something they felt could be put off!
And reality for them will be a wound to go exposed...
Never to heal.
Creating defeat and their downfall.
With minds sold on treasures gone...
A purpose to exist leaves them nothing left to feel.
But a ground for their hands and knees to crawl.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Many Wish

Many wish for...
Love.
Many wish,
But do not get...
The peace they seek,
With claims it is sought.
So...
They remain seated.
Dreaming.

Many wish for...
Happiness.
To make them feel complete.
Believing they should scheme.

Many wish,
To get...
With promises.
But...
Do not want,
Bad enough...
To reach for what it is,
As if needed.

Many wish!
But simple do not get,
What it takes...
To make wishes happen.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Many Years Have Now Passed

I was a young patriotic Black man back then.
Wanting to protect 'my' country.
My neighbors.
My family and friends.
When I enlisted into the military!

And when I was 'released'...
Wishing to return to those,
I helped 'free' from the enemies.
I was treated like dirt!
As I observed a clarity of selfishness and greed.
With the same intent that still continues.
As if my efforts...
Even to me made less sense!

And I try not to stay embittered.
Since many years have now passed.
As have many of those comrades I knew...
With remnants lying and now perhaps rotted,
Under manicured grass.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Many Younger People

So many younger people.
Speed through their lives like rockets.
And all they want to do,
Is display their bling.

They text their messages,
About the joys of having sex.
And think nothing about respecting.
Or the affects left by neglecting,
That process.

So many younger people.
Speed through their lives like rockets.
And all they want to do,
Is display their bling.

They text their messages,
About the joys of having sex.
And think nothing about respecting.
Or the affects left by neglecting,
That process.

Kicks they get,
From being loud and rude.
Even in school hallways,
They loosely talk of booty choosing...
Like it is kept,
In some treasured chest.

And most of them dress,
As if they wish for a nakedness.
While observing grown up little girls,
Exposing their butts...
And developed breasts.
As if soliciting themselves to be.
Sexpots or pets,
As they bend over demurely
Around and near their teachers' desks.

So many younger people.
Speed through their lives like rockets.
And all they want to do,
Is display their bling.

They text their messages,
About the joys of having sex.
And think nothing about respecting.
Or the affects left by neglecting,
That process.

So many younger people,
Get their kicks.
And aware of it.
They are.
As if
They have been taught,
This as a focus.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Marathon

It will be there to become exhausted,
Until the fumes of it has gone.
And I am freed of this marathon,
That holds me captive...
As if I am assisting it,
With unlimited patience.

And delighted I am,
I have been selected...
For it to use to satisfy,
This equal match.
That has been attached,
Like soul-mated lovers!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Marauders

We were like marauders rushing to a raid.
To pillage, plunder and take,
From each other in those days.
In a conquest to just feed lust,
With an unbearable urging,
To strip and quiver bare.

Bragging which acts we would perform,
Before done.
And teasing with our eyes,
Of what could be expected.
And then we slept in mid-caress holding.
Too exhausted to live up to the hype.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Margin Of Error

Impossible it is to have zero defects,
In an ongoing business relationship...
When an attachment to spats and tit for tats,
Begin.
Escalated screaming matches do not end,
With a forgiveness easily given.

And allowing a margin of error to widen,
In which obvious disrespect...
Becomes an open battle shown in public,
That is addressed between two that exists...
So difficult it is to continue to accept this!
And then pretentions enter in.

Introductions of rumors gossiped,
Has in fact exposed reality.
And without maturity expressed,
Dividends of happiness one expects to get...
Is not worth the prospects,
Of waiting with patience for positive change...
People who pay exorbitant fees,
For counseling are led to believe.

And the better it is for one's emotional survival,
To just walk away from an investment lost.
Than to pay the cost to sit behind bars confined,
With lots of time on one's mind trying to forget...
Being impulsive, selfish and impetuous.

'When I pushed him off the balcony,
It did not occur to me then...
How high we were.
And how low I allowed myself to stoop.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Marinating In Self Indulgence

Marinating in self indulgence,
Over a period of time done too long...
Retrieves what one does not expect.
A waste regarded as tasteless and outdated.
With a replacing done on everyone's menu.
Especially the ones fed up with those,
Who continue to selfishly diet on deceits.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Marked For Change

Evolving in a re-evaluation.
A higher consciousness...
Of a superior invisible mind shifts!
Taking all with it.
And marked for change...
In a rearrangement!

You and I may get upset.
An accustomed control we can forget.
What was is no longer...
As the speed of it separates.
Gone are the comforts,
And false cycles we depend.
These times are diminishing.
To end to begin again.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Marketable Property

A piece of the rock?
Today?
It is advisable,
That one wishes a complete boulder!
By the time any remnant of it appears...
Even if a pebble,
To place in one's pocket...
To feel,
Momentarily...
Is enough to know,
One has a hold onto something
One can value.
With the hope that the act of it,
Isn't found taxable by those assessing...
Personal possessions one has to be declared,
Marketable property!

'Either they pay...
Or we confiscate it!
And check the other pocket as well.
Leave not a pocket unturned!
Since we've run out of stones.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Marketed As Good Business

Denials cost a fortune.
A policy grasped...
Although uninsured.

And yet...
If truth was the catalyst for happiness,
Few would be popping pills...
To numb the realities of their existence.

We depend on conflict,
To endorse adopted grief.

If we were pleased with ourselves...
There would be no need to medicate.

And an entire industry based on health solutions,
Formulated on lies and alibis...
Hosted by delusions and experiments,
Would have to develop another way
To patiently doctor itself...
By treating causes and not the affects of excuses!

Self abuse is marketed as good business.
Leaving so many overworked,
Trying to find acceptable remedies and cures.

And correctness endured,
Is too painful a proposition to introduce...
To those seduced by complaints!
Raising prescribed drug use rates.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Marketed To Promote

The having of life is only considered to be fragile,
When the destruction of it begins to visit...
The doorsteps of those unaware,
Of their own delight in being entertained...
In environments they believe are safe and protected,
From being directly affected.
And even then they are mystified,
By how their approach and way of life...
Continues to advocate devisiveness and chaos,
With the promoting of 'innocent' violence...
Marketed to promote an ongoing process,
That gives them a false sense of feeling secure.

'We are baffled as to why these things keep happening to us.
Everyone should know by now,
That the guns and videos purchased with ease...
Are only there to indulge our fantasies.
Everyone should know by now,
They are there for that purpose only.
Ad not to create our own mayhem.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Marketing Shock To Produce A Dollar

Second guessing is infectious.
As fact finders seem to be less curious.
Although those accused of anything done,
Are seldom left free to be believed...
If their lives lived should be discovered,
To be without no mud to sling or tea to pour.
Since scandalous sex and deceptions to treat,
Have people today creating this wanting more...
To satiate the taste of their lowered standards.
Standards kept just yesterday,
That had many imitating a proper social etiquette.
But today...
Those getting the most respect are naked.
Or teasing those left with little imagination kept.
Whether they are intelligence or brainless.
It doesn't matter. Not anymore.
It's about marketing shock to produce a dollar.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Marooned

...and in the final analyst,
Whoever is assigned to helm this moored
And marooned ship...
Needs to be very familiar with the crane operator.
No need to inquire about resumés, experience...
Qualifications or examine the color of the person.
Afterall,
THAT nonsense got us here in the first place.
Make eye contact.
Establish some kind of relationship...
That is genuine.
And IF we can get this 'thing' off the rocks,
And back sailing again...
That will be a miracle!
Hopefully...
After all of this bickering and tit-for-tat BS,
Something has been learned!
And learning from this crisis is highly recommended.
We'll have time for that...
Since it has been announced earlier the crane operators
Are having their own investigations being conducted.
That might take months...even years to complete.
That will give us all enough time to practice being cordial.
And tell those women to remove those furs.
No bowties or silk scarfs for the men.
We will not be celebrating the return.
We are going to be moving forward!
Basic presentations will be the norm from this day forward!
Now go crack those coconuts so we'll have 'something' to eat!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Marooned With Delusions

They made sure James Baldwin,
Felt uncomfortable.
And decided Josephine Baker,
Was too original.
So she was ostracized.

And since the people,
Refused to represent themselves...
With an identity they themselves believed,
They accepted being oppressed...
As an expression of protection.

And to this very day,
They seek additional ways...
In which to continue this process,
With a hope someone amongst them...
Can prove to do it the best.

To say their mindsets have been left in the dessert,
Is to confront them with the reality...
There is not an 'oasis' that exists.
Or a floating ship that can be found,
Awaiting them to board on a sand dune.

They have been marooned with delusions.
However...
They have been convinced with a faith kept,
A Sunbathing is theirs to have...
On an upper deck.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Marriage Changes Things

You will never be faithful!
How do I know that?
Well...
First of all,
My name is not Brandon.
And those argyle sox,
You said I left the other night...
Aren't mine!
I may be forgetful...
But no,
I did not leave suspenders
In your bathroom last week!
Yes...
I do wear Old Spice.
But I certainly wouldn't put it
Under the sofa!

These are just but hints...
That you could not be faithful to me!
Marriage?
You say marriage changes things?
Well,
It appears you have assisted and allowed...
Many of those changes to occur in here,
Already!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Marriage Without Romance

Marriage without romance enhanced,
Should not be considered by anyone...
Already suspicious,
True friendship to start has not begun...
To feel the depth of it begin.
And really this feeling is no different than,
A gambled risk on a belief a chance...
Companionship develops.
And in the process love grows.
Between two who realize it to witness,
Their emotions invested...
Had been worth the wait without exits to take.
This is a win by two who have won.

On the other hand,
And not produced on the use of co-incidence...
Is a knowing what is faked,
Will not create a reality anticipated.
With it known by one,
Romance to have from this is not to come.
And is for two,
A closer movement towards divorce.
Leaving no eyes close to claim,
Temporary blindness on that to blame.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Martha And The Vandellas

'Lover...
You've gone from me
And left behind,
So many memories.'

Here is Martha and The Vandellas,
Singing
Complex and yet simplistic harmonies,
As I reminisce.
And this song I can't forget,
'Come and Get These Memories'
Says how I feel!
I wish you could come and get these memories!
I wish there was a chance,
We could hold and dance like that again!
In the Summer breeze and on the blocked street
Dripping sweat from quick steps done!
But the love we had was like 'Quicksand'.
And in it we were sinking deeper!
'Wild One'
'Heat Wave'
And 'Dancing In the Street'
Recalls those times in our lives well reflected,
With Motown beats...
And the 60's!

'Soooo...
Come and get these memories!
Come and get 'em
Since you've gone out of my life!

Give them to your new love!
Give them to your new love! '

Not really though...
You've become too attached!
And I've become too unwilling to let go!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Martyr

He with weak fantasies,
Delivered from bended knees...
Pledged to beg.
A martyr.
With delusions to feed.
And believing he has rights,
To sacrifice his life.
For purposes to gain notoriety.
Hoping his activities,
Gain an attention sought!
And meant to leave,
Those observing...
Impressed.
And left to express deep empathy,
Addressed.
Knowing...
If his heart can be on his sleeve,
To bleed publicly!
As he does.
To represent,
The very best of suffering!
He has no other needs to fulfill.
And they are thrilled,
He is determined...
To offer them an escape from their pain.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Martyrized

I use to feel martyrized.
And sacrificial with a giving of myself,
As a belief.
To be of service to others.
And in the doing...
I cared little if I received.

But saved was I,
From complete stupidity.
When I thought of my deeds,
Becoming more unappreciated.
And that did not dawn on me...
Until someone told me this,
That turned on my 'reality' switch!

'You can not expect people,
To feel as passionate as you do.
Not about that which you assist them with...
Since they see you,
As someone who seeks something to prove.

They 'may' express a fleeting interest.
In what you perceive they value best.
You can not expect them to understand.
Since they believe 'you' are the one,
They extend the helping hand! '

Huh?

'Even though you exhaust yourself,
Sharing your 'gifts' and abilities.
You are they one they are 'patiently' accomodating.
And if what they do does not thoroughly please you,
They will get upset.
Abandon you and leave! '

I see!
Well...
Guess what?

They don't have to bother to do that at all!

I will!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Masked And Caped

No shadow do I hide behind,
That is masked and caped...
To allow my quick escapes.

Upfront and brave,
Sometimes I shake.
With fears hidden...
But still I can not break.

I suppose it would be easier,
To fake intentions...
Like some who mention them,
To then run away.

But something inside of me,
Remains committed...
To admit what I say,
With a leaving it that way.

No shadow do I hide behind,
That is masked and caped...
Like others dishonest,
Discovered later to masquerade.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Masked Assests

What point would I'd be making,
If my potential was exposed...
With a producing of abilities.
To who's benefit will this assist?
To whom ultimately will be pleased?
And...
Who will attempt to discredit me,
With a unseen limiting?

Masked assets I release.
With a viewing of them being mistreated.
Only I know what it is I keep deep within,
From a familiar disrespecting...
I will not let become diminished,
Begun to begin...
To satisfy those of restricting whims.

Masked assets I release.
Safely protected and out of reach.
Only to share in secret I do,
With those I know have also gone through...
An emotional raping,
Of their misunderstood deeds.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Masked Behind The Masses

Aging does not guarantee,
A wisdom and knowledge follows.
Look around.

How many fools can be spotted,
Dropping chaos without a stop?
Or finding explanations for ignorance expressed?
To create more mayhem in a diplomatic mess.
Receiving certifications for 'higher' learning...
Promoting fools to rule and direct.
Suppressing freedoms,
Only the privileged share and express.
Examining colors of skin...
As they disease themselves with sexual sins?
Ruining nature to advance wickedness...
Impressed with greed,
And other needless satisfactions fed.
Left prioritized to address,
After ceremonies of those sent to their deaths.

Destroying lives with scientific ineptness.
Perfecting weapons with barbaric heartessness,
To protect interests of theirs and not the rest.
Affecting with less understanding...
That infect with more accepting divisions laid,
Branded with pointless decisions made...
In confessions that brings no one a mind upgrade,
With a salvation on the horizon that saves.

And we can say this is the way to advance?
To enhance what?
The thrill of witnessing exposed guts?
While more of this sits in preparation to afflict...
In an unresisted twistedness,
Unfolding to unleash much regret.
And a forgotten peace distanced in neglect.

Aging does not guarantee,
Wisdom and knowledge follows.

Look around.

We have been conditioned,
To accept clowns wear painted faces!
However...
This 'circus' that has been employed,
To spread cheer enjoyed.
Is masked behind the masses,
Continuing to grow much annoyed!

Aging does not guarantee,
Wisdom and knowledge follows.
Look around.
Even the ground we thought once sacred,
To provide and feed our needs...
Bleeds with toxic waste!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Masks To Wear

Mending to heal completely,
Isn't easy.
Faking a facing to escape from agony,
Seldom offers an exit to open freely...
For anyone to breathe deeply,
A fresh air that leaves them without cares.
To then pretend they have recovered,
From a pain felt that has suddenly ended.

Rejecting total honesty to sleep with denial,
Comfortably...
Has its drawbacks.
Lieing to oneself repeatedly when pain attacks,
Ultimately introduces one to humility.
Especially when a medication taken,
Only numbs with it done temporarily.
And truth to disconnect from deception arrives.

Pain of any kind until it leaves,
Is as close and honest as one can get...
To knowing what affects 'their' reality.
Clear and personal it is needing no interpretation,
To describe how it should feel when pain hurts.
Pain of any kind to feel until it leaves,
Has us pleading to God...
To intervene with relief.

Pain strips away those false masks to wear.
Impressions to make.
And games of charade to masquerade.
To know that a refusing of truth,
With a successful denying of its presence...
Can only be done when one is sedated with ego.
And over-medicated with pride.

(OH GOD HELP ME JESUS!)

'Excuse me.
Is there someone screaming upstairs? '

~Yes.
And as I was saying...
There is just too much violence,
And not enough empathy around these days.~

'WHY are you pretending not to hear,
What to me is clearly someone in severe pain.'

~I was told to mind my own business,
When I brought to them morphine to take.
And then it was thrown in my face.
With it then said I need not express concern.
But I must say...
The taking of it has its benefits.
I hear the screams but for some reason,
Its enjoyed.
You want one? ~

'Sure.
Now I can go back home.
To pretend I enjoy making love,
With my mate like it's a one night stand.'

~It can't be that bad.~

(OH GOD HELP ME JESUS!
WHY don't you answer my prayers.
I am in NEED.
Why do You have me here to suffer?
WHY GOD? WHY?)

'Give me two of those.
And in the morning I'll tell you how I feel.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Masochistic Wishes

There is a need for some,
To get their pleasure felt and delivered...
Whipped and beatened.
And treated sadistically.
By those wanting nothing more,
Than to give those requesting...
For them what is adored.

Punishment?
No.
Not when it is condoned like this.

It's that masochistic thing!
When one has a list of preferred afflictions.
Effective grief received and delivered...
Is a comfort to many fitting this category.

With a desire to feel pain,
One misses and begs to get.
Masochistic wishes as if a Christmas gift.

Wanting every bit of this sadisticness.
One can not resist.
Masochistic wishes promised and a bliss this is.

There is a need for some,
To get their pleasure felt and delivered...
Whipped and beatened.
And treated sadistically.

Masochistic wishes,
One misses and begs to get.
Punishment?
No.
Not when it is condoned like this.

Whipped and beatened into bliss like this.
Masochistic wishes,
One misses and begs to get.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Masquerading As A Fool

'You are mad! '
No!
I am insane.
And I reserve the right
To change my mind...
Since I recognized that
Long before your compliment.
Plus...
I am completely at peace with it!
No need to continue,
With your 'show and tell' endeavors.
Unless it provides you with a sense of comfort?
And I will not tell anyone...
Your masquerading as a fool,
Is purely for survival purposes!
So...
Go ahead!
Who else is 'nuts'?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Masquerading Integrity

Some believe,
Any lie told...
Is just as easy to erase,
From memory...
As the telling of them,
In the first place.

'I said I was sorry.
What do you expect?
A detailing of my self indulgence?

What I do on my time,
Has nothing to do...
With my masquerading integrity.
And that I am told I do exceptionally well.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Massacre

A blast fantastic.
Lightening fast.
And penetrating with quickness.
Nothing earthly,
Could track this flash!
Or detect by radar!

Massive the massacre!
An intelligence ending all ignorance,
Defended!
And overnight as those slept...
Invisible were the 'beams' that crept!

Sending signals that awakened consciousness.
With a refreshened depthness,
None would suspect.
Or could arm themselves to protect!
A dawning of awareness...
Arriving with no contest to test,
Not this power!

And the hour of unrest stirs!
Transfers implanted are made!
A massacre endures,
An accomplishment meant to enlighten,
Ensures success.
Not a frightened eye was blurred with fear!
Nor a weapon used,
In the clinching hands of those who laid,
Calm and peaceful!

And when the dawning Sun,
Moved thick and darkened clouds away...
Voices were heard rejoicing,
In ways never heard before!

'I can see! I can see!
Beyond hills.
Beyond valleys.

Beyond restrictions...
Enforced upon me!
Inside my mind is such clarity! '

Removed from them were veils,
That held their visions conflicted to limits.
This massacre indeed occurred!
Murdering all indifferences forever.
Gone within districts now lifting restraints.
And painless was this timeless visit.
Leaving those without faith...
To struggle and fight,
Their sightless mental battles!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Massively Triggered

A suddenness to quickly undo,
Apparently is cosmic and unavoidable.
A widening split between those who are conscious,
And those completely out of it.
Can not be ignored to go unnoticed.

Even nature is rebelling with compelling evidence.
An instability growing rapidly has become an effect.
Of an inoculation it seems.
And seasons of annually announced,
Wide spread diseases no longer threaten.

Although the affects of cures.
Have purposely deranged as if time released.
Strange,
How massively triggered.
Are these global conflicts today witnessed.

Is the madness imagined?
Or is it ordained.
To force an acceptance of change.
And we are in the midst of this process.
Progressing as a butterfly would shed its cocoon.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Master Of Basicness

Just because they have shown him love and respect...
And treat him as if he already leads.
This does not mean he is lacking in experience.
What it does show,
However...
Are those with claims of having it,
Have a slight problem convincing others around the world...
They have a handle on interpretations.
And a progression of incompetence...
Which has long jumped off,
A fence.
But,
With a however to add.
Then again...
They have had many years providing proof,
They are right.
But misunderstood!

They have had many years providing proof,
They are right.
But misunderstood!

They have had many years providing proof,
They are right.
But misunderstood!

And millions of people have been misunderstanding them.
With a clouded comprehension.
There are those who have no idea what it takes to dress for dinner.
And then...
There are those who who not only know how to select a chef...
But also know how to select a menu,
With an overview of how to meet and greet 'all' the arriving guests!

And he upsets the apple cart,
By disregarding an etiquette that upsets.
He is the 'Master of Basicness'.
And does this better than the rest!
Leaving those behind who oppose...

His napkins aren't folded.
And they do that the best!

He wants to end a disasterous past...
With a new beginning!
They with their experience...
Wish to begin reminiscing disasters from the past.
As reminders to keep endings from ever ending.
With an experienced fresh outlook,
They have been proposing...
That can not seem with them,
To ever quite begin!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Mastered

If it is not a craft you are going to master,
Much unlike a hobby done for sport!
Or something like a doodle done?
You ought not make attempts,
To discuss your relationship with it!
Since it is not embraced in your heart at all!
It is something you believe attracts attention.
Not the skill performed and nourishing the soul.
An ego gets tired and old with time.
However...
A craft that has been mastered,
Is in constant practice.
It rehearses when one should sleep.
And teases itself to keep...
The signature of God upon it!
Proud it speaks with such uniqueness.
Free of pretensions to pass,
Whenever asked of origin.
It simply is as it wishes to be exposed.
And revealed the way it is and admired!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Masters Of Critique

Some have been long time contributors.
With a doing to prove it and with their deeds.
While others have gained their 'notoriety',
In the convincing of the many easily persuaded...
They are masters of critique.
And have perfected correctness to have it believed.
Although the proof of this they have yet to achieve.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Masters Of Their Own Subservience

When people have to be made,
To see and be convinced...
That the keeping of other human beings,
Stifled and oppressed AND limited...
Does not for them or anyone,
Increase or produce long lasting benefits.
There is nothing like the proving of it,
With a leaving them alone in their own ignorance.
To have them finally awaken to discover,
They've made themselves masters...
Of their own subservience.
With a dieing that tries to leave a few in control.
But of WHAT?
Creation?
When it is their own creation they seek to eliminate.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Masturbating Desires

I can't stay away from you!
Even though you cheated...
Repeatedly on me
Then pleaded each time,
To find yourself back into my arms!
As if they do not ache from the thoughts
Of you shaking your ass like bait!
Foreshaking any doubts...
Discourage I prowl and sniff you out!

Whatever sweetness that you have...
I want that sweetness bad I am raging,
With passion like a bull!
It drives me mad with jealousy.
Inviting fantasies of you out there hunting...
Anyone
Willing to buy my sugar!

As I can't stay away from you,
Or the view of you seductively receiving
Me!
Masturbating desires in your mind!
I wish you'd give up that time for us,
Sometimes.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Maturing To Grow

Maturing to grow,
Upsets those getting old.
And this some show.
Hoping an aging slows.
As they regret,
Seeing those mature...
With an aging that shows.
While those who grow old to mature,
Are not upset by this process at all.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Maturity Attracts

Everytime you have seen me,
You look away.
As if you are the one to chase.
Or begin to play a game...
You'd like to involve me in for kicks.

And when I witness this,
I'm not thinking you are terrific!
I see this and smile.
Since it has been many years,
When I too had been a child!

Thank you for the reminder...
But there is something about being an adult,
That satisfies my mind as I deduct to get results.
And I enjoy the fact,
One who has captured maturity attracts!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Maturity Never Happens

Some people are ecstatic.
To remain emphatically...
On unchanged levels.
And free to exist,
As if for them...
Time stays the same.
Like a game of hide and seek.
Those who play everyday...
Should have long ago walked away.

But some habits people keep.
For a comfort many wish...
There is no exit for this.
And in keeping themselves distant.
They perceive a safety,
Forever in existence.
And for them,
A maturity never happens!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Maverick

He remembers the backstabbing laughter.
And the heartfelt pain.
He remembers the innuendoed gossip...
And the slander done to him,
Still within him often remains.
He remembers his loved ones...
As some withered and died.
He remembers crying alone,
With no one to confide.
He remembers his struggles,
With aches in his body that persisted.
He remembers failed relationships...
With those who could not resist,
Communicating nothing but lies and conflict!
He remembers all of it,
And sometimes with a hidden bitterness that sits!
He remembers what it took,
To get released...to become unhooked.
With faith and a stick-to-itness,
Feeling as if dragging cinder blocks on each foot.
He remembers once being called a maverick!
And how today...
His maverick ways,
Bestows upon him a happiness...
Chartered by conviction.
And nothing he read from 'how-to-do' books.
Or afflictions of limiting restrictions.

Could he do it 'all' over again?
Probably not!
And why would he choose to?
To prove what?
And to who?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Maverick Voyages

Startling is the absence of vision.
It is clear these maverick voyages...
Have aborted from specifics.
It is as if an advancement towards the horizon,
Has been legislated to be dismissed.
And debating this,
Has led to retaliation.
And a resistance against its existence.

Maverick voyages have been declared annoyances!

Not connecting or allowed,
Is an acceptance of diversity.
Not connecting or allowed,
Is an empathy for those in need.
Not connecting or allowed,
Is an equality of all humanity.
Not connecting or allowed,
Is an honesty believed or released.
Not connecting or allowed,
Is a hope that is wished!
However...
Balled fists prepared to strike and hit,
Is allowed to connect and inflict...
More hatred.
More resentment.
More bitterness...
Sitting in between grinding teeth that grit and spit!
Until all goodness felt,
Has been lifted to leave...
A mass obsession,
Depressed in aggressive anger!

Startling is the absence of vision.
It is clear these maverick voyages...
Have aborted from specifics.
It is as if an advancement towards the horizon,
Has been legislated to be dismissed.
And debating this,

Has led to retaliation.
And a resistance against its existence.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Maxed Out

A payment to become educated,
Is more a priority than expectations met...
With an effectiveness that guarantees success.
And success to guarantee with that achieved,
Depends 'not' upon one's use of common sense.
Although shown to be known,
Is available free without one committed to paying debts...
Just to prove one has become intelligent enough,
To believe the value of common sense is worthless!

And yet...
If one has not been approved by an accredited school,
That ensures one graduates with an appreciation...
To accept being indebted as an accomplishment,
Pointless is the degree one receives to keep flaunted.
And, common sense?
Unfortunately is earned when one learns its meaning,
To apply effectively attempting to make ends meet...
After all credit has been maxed out to fulfill those dreams.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Maximizing Strides

Take giant leaps,
With it done whenever you can.
And...
Continue to make those strides,
To do without thoughts to minimize.

These days and times lived are changing quick!
Anyone sitting permitting themselves to resist,
May claim to have faith.
But...
Where is it?
Or the trust in it you say exists?

These days and times lived are changing quick!
Anyone sitting permitting themselves to resist,
May claim to have faith.
But...
Claims to make don't chase doubts away.
And your doubts have been given too much space to stay.

Take giant leaps ahead,
To put fears to bed with a fixed determination.
And eyes on maximizing strides to pride.
Why keep that hidden with a doing to brush aside?

These days and times lived are changing quick!
As Doubting Thomases make their attempts to rip...
Joy and happiness away from those promoting it.
Misery to feed and gloom to feast,
Seems on the rise as negativity increases...
With no signs of it ceasing to diminish and end.
And those who have chosen to remain in their seats...
Are the very same people awaiting defeat.

But...
To live a life accepting excuses to make with fresh alibis,
Only minimizes to dim one's pride leaving them inside...
With a loss of energy to realize those maximizing strides,
To take...

And not await,
Defeat.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

May Everyone Have A Great New Year!

It's the season for thoughtfulness.
A time we come together,
To feel blessed.
And to share our gratefulness,
With our fellowmen!

'Security? !
Will you get that guy outta here!
We've been listening to his nonsense,
For more than an hour.
One long hour in an eight year shrill!
And if you don't remove him quick,
He's going to receive a fist! '

And to you and loved ones too,
I express this as I do...
Wishing happiness with Christmas...
And ALL of you its cheer.
And may EVERYONE have a GREAT NEW YEAR!

~George?
Don't you think you have taunted them enough?
Making stops at 'every' employment building in the country...
Has to be exhausting.
But sir...
A bit of advice!
It is too late to make attempts to resuscitate your legacy.
Maybe...
Christmases yet to come,
You will find us all more forgiving!
However...
I must ask you to leave...
Before these folks rip you apart! ~

And may I say,
Before I go away...
It's been one 'helluva' blast!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

May Initially Hurt From The Dirt Dispersed

Once a mistreatment
Of trust has been discovered done
That's it!
All the drama in the world displayed
Is not going to restore one's faith
In that which has been mentally used to abuse

Apologies given with the asking of forgiveness
Is something one wishes when caught
That's it!
And that's all that that is
Like a roach stunned when caught
By the instant glaring of unexpected light

Apologies snapped together quickly
Rarely can be associated with sincerity
Apologies snapped together quickly
Is a quick way to remove one's burden
From a feeling of guilt
What else can it be?
An invitation to have icecream and cookies?
This is doubtful

Suspicious feelings felt
Don't overnight fade away
In fact
One's decision to sever all ties
From someone like this that lies
May initially hurt from the dirt dispersed
But, The benefit of having peace of mind
Is worth any looks from deceivers
One's willingness to be empathetic may get
And the getting rid of headaches
The moment they appear
Is therapeutic
There is nothing like submitting totally to truth
With the letting of the rest of that nonsense go

Lawrence S. Pertillar

May Not Have Known Who They Are

Don't let what others whisper,
Control your destiny.
Many people without a life,
Have yours as their fantasy.

They imagine with your assistance,
What you do out of their sight.
And if it is not exciting enough...
It will be in their eyes.
And on their tongues day and night.

Don't let what others whisper,
Control your destiny.
Many people without a life,
Have yours as their fantasy.

And when they see you alone undeterred,
Dismissing them as if they don't exist.
This creates animosity instantly.
With your name and action on their lips...
As you are observed at quite a distance from it.

And may not have known who they are.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

May We Have Your Next Lesson, Please?

Although it may seem to be contradictory.
And many may believe they are the center of it.
For some reason that is the way,
Their insignificance has been interpreted.
However...
This is not their show to operate,
To stop and start as they wish.

No matter how many satellites,
Placed in space to orbit...
After given a boosted rocket lift!

They can claim the Sun, Moon and Stars,
To be theirs and not ours...
With a conquering of shores near and far.
They can even begin a campaign to explain,
Why it is their image and likeness imprinted...
Is all over the world in must see 3D-TV.

But,
ALL that there 'is' IS about to show 'them'...
They are but small morsels to be eaten,
On a much bigger slice...
On even a greater 'piece' of this Cosmic pie.

And 'still' in their chemically induced minds,
They do not get it.
Not a catastrophe has clicked on the switch
After all Mother Nature has shown them,
About 'Who' and 'What' has control of 'this'.

Our Father,
Who 'Art' in Heaven.
May we have Your next lesson, please?
Many of us have attempted to respect Your wishes.
Some have failed but not given up their struggle.
We want You proud of us.

And the others?

Well...
They just don't get You at all!
They have set themselves up.
Now their backs are against,
Their own contructed walls.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

May We Seek And Find Sun

I lay awake this night possessed,
With a wish to have all detest turmoil!
From a heart that beats...
Connected to a 'divine' will
Unseen yet 'speaks'!
Impressing upon my mind with images,
To have us reach,
With a love to diminish
Everything that keeps us
Out of touch!
We MUST patch the wounds
That keeps humanity brushed
Against untimely deaths...
And crushed with sorrows!
Left bereft,
May we seek and find Sun shining again!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

May...Be...A Bit Uneasy With The 'Peeps'

I can understand,
You are overwhelmed and shocked.
Afterall...
It only has taken,
Fourty years or more...
For the activities of this environment to sink in.

Remember when they were first brought to your attention?
And you had stated then,
My comments were too negative to mention?
And today 'my' comments seem to flow from your lips.
With a cursing done that you can not resist.

Don't you think...
Your lack of communal unity,
Is too negative to mention?
I believe your comments are a repetitive visit!
Even though you seem to have a clear grasp,
Of the lingo!

*May...be...a bit uneasy,
With the 'peeps' that pop your 'pupils'.
Ya dig? *

Oooohhh...
I love the Spring.
Especially this time of the year.
Don't you?

*NOTE:
'Peeps'? Urban slang word usage for 'people'.
Sooo, an interpretation for that line where 'peeps' is used...
Would be as such:

* 'Maybe you are a bit uneasy with the people that open your eyes.
  Do you comprehend? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Maya Angelou

A 'Goddess' of poets with talents immense.
An inspiration to all this 'Goddess' has meant.
With her insights surfacing from uncommon depths,
And lyrically if set to music...
Her words were written, heard, quoted and spoken,
In a delivery only Maya could leave...
Expressed to address with such a vivid truthfulness.

And with this to do Maya Angelou achieved greatness,
As a poet, a parent and as a scholar too!
With a sparkle to shine brighter than few stars can do.
She IS! And forever always be,
Ms Maya Angelou for you, for others and for me...
A gift given to share abilities remembered,
As a 'Goddess' of poets with talents immense.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Maybe I Am A Bit Overly Protective

Okay, okay, okay!
I admit it.
I hid my ambitions.
Secretly I kept wishes to succeed,
To myself.
I got little sleep...
Desiring to perfect my gifts.
I exposed other talents,
As a means to distract.
To keep my chosen path,
Protected from their attacks.
Please!
Please,
I beg of you.
Let them go.
I am the guilty one.
They had no clue as to 'why'
I used them the way I did.
Release them.
Release my pad and pen!
I am the one to find at fault here!

'Mister Pertillar?
Have you been drinking?
Or smoking weed perhaps?
This is a standard procedure.
Every passenger is requested,
To empty their pockets of 'all' valuables...
Before boarding the plane.
Do you travel often? '

And what is that suppose to mean?
Of course!
I have a monthy 'bus pass'.
Of course I travel.
Maybe I am a bit overly protective.
And in need of some rest.
And NO!
I am more sober than you are.

May I have my things, please!
You folks are getting too personal.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Maybe I Leave My Eyes In The Skies Too Long

I can't have my feelings just be up for grabs.
To let somebody have!
Who would I be fooling?
Only myself.

I can't sit just wishing to kiss anybody glad.
To have that kissing had.
Who would I be fooling?
Only myself.

Maybe I leave my eyes in the skies too long.
Hoping that somebody for me comes along.

I can't have my feelings just be up for grabs.
To let somebody have!
Who would I be fooling?
Only myself.

I can't sit just wishing to kiss anybody glad.
To have that kissing had.
Who would I be fooling?
Only myself.

Maybe I leave my eyes in the skies too long.
Hoping that somebody for me comes along.
To make my heart go thumping,
After many months of nothing jumping.

Maybe I leave my eyes in the skies too long.
Hoping that somebody for me comes along.
To make my heart go thumping,
After many months of nothing jumping.
Maybe I leave my eyes in the skies too long.

I can't sit just wishing to kiss anybody glad.
To have that kissing had.
Who would I be fooling?
Only myself.
Maybe I leave my eyes in the skies too long.

Hoping that somebody for me comes along.

I can't have my feelings just be up for grabs.
To let somebody have!
Who would I be fooling?
Only myself.
Maybe I leave my eyes in the skies too long.

Maybe I leave my eyes in the skies too long.
Who would I be fooling?
Only myself.

Maybe I leave my eyes in the skies too long.
Who would I be fooling?
Only myself.

Maybe I leave my eyes in the skies too long.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Maybe Not Today But When That Medication Fades

I use to feel so bad about it.
I use to get so mad and doubt it.
When conversations turned to age.
And who had looks they thought would stay.

I use to feel so bad about it.
I use to feel so mad and doubt it!
When conversations turned to age.
And who had looks they thought would stay!

Right now,
I'm a little proactive than the rest.

Right now,
When I walk outside I'm there to exercise...
With a steadied pacing of determined steps.

And right now chronologically,
Nobody's getting younger.
And even those stunning....
Will see a Sunset,
On their youthfulness.

And an aging seems to creep up on the 'stunning ones'.
Maybe not today but when that medication fades.
They wish to run through life as if it's nothing BUT fun.
Maybe another day they will wish they didn't...
When that medication fades.
Putting off tomorrow what today should be done!
Maybe not today but when that medication fades.

And they will someday gratefully pray.
Maybe not today but when that medication fades.

I use to feel so bad about it.
I use to get so mad and doubt it.
When conversations turned to age.
And who had looks they thought would stay.

And an aging seems to creep up on the 'stunning ones'.
Maybe not today but when that medication fades.
They wish to run through life as if it's nothing BUT fun.
To leave everything around them undone!

And they will someday gratefully pray.
Maybe not today but when that medication fades.
And they will someday rest and not have hourly played!
Maybe not today but when that medication fades.
And they will learn to disobey doesn't really pay.

To wake up in resentment with time gone and spent! !

Maybe not today but when that medication fades.
And they will learn one day to disobey doesn't pay.
Maybe not today but when that medication fades.
Maybe not today but when that medication fades.
Maybe not today but when that medication fades.
Maybe not today but when that medication fades.

To wake up in resentment with time gone and spent! !
And this is a waste nobody has to witness!
But...
Maybe not today but when that medication fades.
But...
Maybe not today but when that medication fades.
But...
Maybe not today but when that medication fades.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Maybe One Day They Will Win The Lottery

Blessed are the ones with their eyes,
Widely open...
To accept that which has been exposed,
With a showing to be observed...
To all except those who refuse to see it.
As truth as 'is' to appear,
No longer remains a quiz.

Blessed are the ones with their eyes,
Widely open.
And those with their eyes closed?
Well...
As kept delusions go,
Who knows.
Maybe one day they will win the lottery.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Maybe That's The Reason

What is it,
That a living basically...
One enjoys,
Annoys other people?

I don't get it.

What is it,
That a living in luxury...
Bores some people?
And they live lives of misery.

How many cars can one drive,
Alone?
How many bathrooms can one use,
At one time?
And...
How much money is enough money,
To bestow a peace and happiness upon someone?

I don't get it.
And maybe that's the reason,
I express a gratefulness to be blessed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Maybe The Economy Is On Your Mind

I will assist you,
But not at the cost of my own expense.

Why does this sound so familiar?

'Well...
If you don't mind me saying this.
But the last few times,
You just said...
At my own expense!
There was no cost involved.
Maybe the economy is on your mind? '

Is that your idea of a joke?
Your attempt to introduce comedic material,
At 'my' expense?

'Once again...
You changed what you've said.'

Forget it!
Can you hear that?
Petty motherfuhhhh...

'Yes...
I'm still within listening distance! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Maybe Then You Can Get On With Your Life

...and,
When you are left in contemplation of the error...
Of how you perceive other people to be,
Maybe then,
You can get on with your life.
Without a needed hesitation...
In anticipation your beliefs are correct!
Since no one is living their life,
Awaiting your acceptance.
Not based upon your perceptions.
Unless...
Someone has empathized,
In a shared digression.
With your determination sold to prove,
Just how foolish people can be!
And like you,
They have absolutely nothing else to do!
But to sift through judgements made.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Maybe There Will Be A Next Time

Did you think I was chasing you?
Is that it?
And that led you to perceive you should begin,
Playing hard to get?
Is that it?
And
I began to play along with it,
To see when you would quit.
And after I admitted this
You still played a game of hide and seek.
And that last time you hid,
Was the last time you saw me.

And now you are dropping hints on my cell.
Burning up my minutes with silliness.
I would tell you where to go
But I think you would know I would follow you there.
And that kind of heat,
I don't need to sweat.
Whatever you've got I know isn't that sweet.
Keep it.
Maybe there will be a next time,
When you will want just a few minutes of a piece of me.
And that will be cool.
If not we both can forget it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Maybe Your Time Is Missing

If you say you're in it and it doesn't seem to work...
Maybe your time is missing.
If you say it's on your agenda first...
Maybe you need to less rehearse.

Something aint feeding an appetite.
Somebody here tells a lie.
Something aint feeding an appetite.
I smell a lie that's denied.

If you say you're in it and it doesn't seem to work...
Maybe your time is missing.
If you say it's on your agenda first...
Maybe you need to less rehearse.

Why can't you be honest and tell the truth?
I smell a lie that's denied.
You must take me as someone who's a fool?
I smell a lie that's denied.

Something aint feeding an appetite.
Somebody here tells a lie.
Something aint feeding an appetite.
I smell a lie that's denied.

If you say you're in it and it doesn't seem to work...
Maybe your time is missing.
If you say it's on your agenda first...
Maybe you need to less rehearse.

Something aint feeding an appetite.
Somebody here tells a lie.
Something aint feeding an appetite.
I smell a lie that's denied.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Me In No Sense

Reality to malign.
With more to find others,
Quick to pick...
For another round of malicious,
Character assassinations...
Suitable to fit,
A mindless agenda.
Regardless of race.
Or religious affiliations,
To disgrace and humiliate.

The one main problem...
Those feeding on fed delusions,
Crave more than truth to seek.
Is the belief...
That the ones who are honest.
Above deceit and proven to be,
Patiently awaiting,
Until winds shift...
As many witness dirt to throw,
Come to bury those doing it...
Under a mountain of their own,
Unrelenting scented stench.
Even collectors of garbage,
Once fond of doing it...
Are begging the authorities,
To immediately protect them...
In an undocumented,
And hidden to never be... Identified but classified,
Witness protection program.

'You look familiar.
Weren't you once,
A dirt thrower?
You and uh...you and...'

-No.
Me no speak 'Engleessh'.
Pleesse.

Pleesse.
Me no nothing.
Hear nothing.
Say nothing.
Me in no sense.-

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Me Loco El Cuckoo

Me loco el cuckoo.
Spinning verbal whims...
To some say come easy,
To pick and twist.
And stay sticking with wit.

For those seeking a mental comfortness.
Me loco el cuckoo,
If I choose to!
And I choose to do this to you too!
To leave you with a 'huh'?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Me Visit From Small Village

Inconsistencies, mediocrity and incompetence,
Represent what factors...
That provide the basis for irresponsibility,
And a lack of accountability facing us all.
In your opinion?

'Me know nothing.
Me visit from small village,
On the other side of tall buildings.'

That's very strange.
You look just like the person,
Giving an interview here just yesterday.

'Me know nothing.
Me visit from small village,
On the other side of tall buildings.'

But...
You speak the language very clearly.

'Me learn from TV.
Internet, cellphone and text.
Me...?
I must go now.
No opinion.
No opinion.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Meager Means Getting Leaner

An intolerance tolerated,
With intellectualized debates.
Has create dire conditions for some.
And not all!
Yet stalled is an economy,
That crunches numbers slowing to a crawl.
And limitations to sensations...
Present more temptations it seems.
While those still boasting of having good credit...
Do their best to hide,
Their meager means...
Getting leaner on the scene!

'I demand an explanation!
What do you mean I'm overdrawn?
Do you know who I am?
I want to talk to your manager...
Immediately!
I have never been in this situation!
Never!
Get whoever it is out here!
I want to leave a piece of my mind...
Before I get deficiently impatient.
This is appalling treatment!
I have a Bachelor's degree from Princeton.
And a Master's I've obtained from Yale! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Mean Spirited

What is more tragic than a nonacceptance of truth?
People allowing themselves and others too...
To pretend it does not exist.
With a defending against it.
No matter how weak their defense against it is.

As others are solicited...
To declare those of truth they find offensive.
With a convincing of the ones also in denial,
That someone has treated them viciously...
With an attitude they depict to be mean spirited.

And those who have decided with determination,
To walk on paths with truth held onto...
Firmly in their grasp as a confirmation,
Is to leave those behind avoiding it...
Shallow in their darkening shadows alone.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Meanderings Done To Wander

A meandering done to wander,
Often leaves one alone to wonder...
If such meanderings done,
Resolves in achieving results to get.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Meaningful Dialogue And Respect

Actively listening.
With an intent that is not passive,
To grasp understanding...
Also enables one to become more observant,
And to comprehend...
The meaning of communication.
Without assuming who thinks 'what',
To have another believe.
If the priority is to exchange,
Meaningful dialogue and respect...
To maintain and remain.
However...
Some folks rather keep their immaturity,
To have others depict them as youthful...
And forever young with such actions displayed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Meaningful Treasures

Meaningful treasures...
Are meant to be kept,
Expressed and there to witness...
As if specially selected,
By someone to collect.

Through their lives many often roam,
To mimic what others have...
With a getting what another owns.
Then to feel a vacancy and a disconnect,
To leave a severed expectation and no happiness.

Those meaningful treasures...
Collected by another,
May not be 'yours' to get.
Remember...
Those meaningful treasures,
May be priceless for some...
But to others worthless.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Meaningless At Best

What you once valued...
With standards you elected to perfect,
Have found themselves insignificant.
And meaningless at best.
There is a consciousness descending,
Rapidly.
And creating an upheaveling of affects.
Yes they are physical.
Yes they are mental.
And behind these times are going to leave you.
If you are not loosening your grip,
On being set...
In your ways.

What you once valued...
With standards you elected to perfect,
Have found themselves insignificant.
And meaningless at best.
There is a consciousness descending,
Rapidly.
And creating an upheaveling of affects.
To struggle against the cosmicness of it,
Will only produce...
More of your foolishness.
Since this has nothing to do with
The emptiness of ritualistic symbolic routines.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Meant And Kept For What It Is

If love is meant and kept for what it is,
Why are many made to doubt their relationships...
By someone else not in one to experience,
After seeking solicited and sought after advice!
To then be convinced love is not meant to be kept,
By one who has confessed it as is to another.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Meant To Adventure

I am passionate.
Compassionate.
And seldom neither.
But often both.

My kept sentiments are strong.
And sit within me not to dismiss.
I'm not into flip-flopping.
My feelings are with me not to resist.

I can be angered by setting my sights too high.
With idealistic wishes,
I make attempts to implement.
And when denied I don't run away to hide.
I set my eyes on opportunities.
Never to give up without a try!

My kept sentiments are strong.
And sit within me not to dismiss.
I'm not into flip-flopping.
My feelings are with me not to resist.

I am passionate.
Compassionate.
And seldom neither.
But often both.

I can be angered by setting my sights too high.
With idealistic wishes,
I make attempts to implement.
And when denied I don't run away to hide.
I set my eyes on opportunities.
Never to give up without a try!

I am determined to live my life.
As it is meant to adventure, experience and explore.
And neither am I into envy or petty jealousies.
Why should I be?
That kind of life to live I have long ignored.

I don't sit to seek breath to breathe.
Or my wishes and dreams to be accepted.
I have already approved the doing of it.
AND with only God's assistance.
The CREATOR of ALL of 'this' which exists!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Meant To Be Included

Values and standards!
Are they goals to maintain.
A way of life,
Kept sustained to remain.
Or are they ideals out of reach.
Wth a hope that one day,
A practice accepted...
Will not be preached.

Values and standards!
When created,
What was the intention.
To reflect mindsets,
In public display of pretentions.
Or were diversed cultures,
Meant to be included in this 'plan'.
Since no worthy growth has been detected.
And fellowship and goodwill seems to have been arrested.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Meant To Be Overheard

Listen to them...
And you can tell,
What kinds of people they are.
And what they value,
Most!
What they boast about!
And how that is done well.

It's important to them,
Where they live.
And the prices of the homes,
In their neighborhoods.

It's important to them,
Who they know.
And where they socialize,
At the private clubs they go!

It's important to them,
What they drive.
And the number of vehicles they own.
What they purchase and where they shop!
The prices paid.
To which charities they give.
And the amounts they gave!

It's important to them,
How many degrees they have.
Which schools they were on the honor roll.
The training of their pets.
And where their children are currently enrolled.

It's important to them,
Where they take vacations.
And travel first class...
'Of course! Don't you? '
On buses, trains and planes.
And that once a year 30 day cruise.

It's important to them,
Where they wine and dine.
With the utmost of etiquette.

It's important to them,
The churches they attend.
Their religious and political affiliations.
Where near the pulpit on pews they sit.
And how much they donate...
As an 'anonymous' gift!

And listening to all of this self centered display...
One is proud and honored,
To be lifted from this pretentiousness.
Feeling grateful to be from them fading away...
From such displays of selfish ways.
And feeling more of a wholesomeness to be lived.
Far more beneficial.
Than existing to flaunt and receive attention.
Today many could care less,
Who tries to impress.
With an embellish and over exaggerated intention!
Meant to be overheard as it is addressed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Meant To Evolve

With the wind it may appear,
As if I too drift.
With an aimless shifting,
Without a purpose connected meant.
One depicted a nonconformist and rejecting limits.

Although the mind was not man-made invented,
To accept restrictions...
With an enforcement of it.
This is not the experience,
I have ever wished for myself to exist.

To then land and off again sent,
Like many refusing to accept a doing,
Anything interpreted to be concrete.
But solid are the deeds I leave behind.
To be found in the minds awakening.

Like nature represented,
This life we live is meant to evolve.
With a budding to bloom.
As each stage left of it...
Dissolves.

No one is meant to stay affixed,
To limits that restrict.
That's the basis for biases and conflicts.
And biases and conflicts,
I drift away from them quick.

I...
Like you,
We are here and meant to evolve.
Not remain involved in conflicts,
To never resolve to have them solved.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Meant To Intend

What is heard to hear,
Too clear and often...
Are those who will say,
As if yesterday and days before...
Have been from a slate completely erased,
From their misdeeds done to others.
Not meant to intend to do.
Yet done with them did,
With proof of evidence.

Although these culprits can not explain,
With reasons why...
What was not meant to intend to do,
Had been done anyway.
And to expect the ones listening,
To await anticipating...
An excuse from them to make.
But there is always 'one',
Doing their best to collect some empathy.
Empathy given from wherever it comes.

'Let me re-word the question.'

~Please. Please do.
I'm beginning to have heart palpitations.~

'If you had not been caught,
Would what you did not meant to do...
Be meant to intend? '

~Hmmm...uh...yes.
I must confess,
But...
You have no idea how difficult it is,
To make excuses right off the top of my head.
With time to me given,
I could lie with a straight face.
'And' with tears.
I'm not accustomed to this kind of pressure.~

'So you do admit your misdeeds done to others,
Meant to intend to do...
Had been inexcusable? '

~Wait a minute.
Repeat the question.
And this time don't re-word it.
All that...
Meant to intend but done to do to mean,
Including inexcusability...
Can be confusing.~

'Were you or were you not,
At the scene of the crime you initiated? '

~I object.
Now you are insinuating,
My innocent tears are not genuine.
Haven't I told you,
I'm not accustomed to this kind of pressure?
You see...
I grew up disadvantaged.
I remember getting just one toy for Christmas.
And in those days...
All I ever wanted was two.
Some of the kids got three or four.~

'But you claim to have come from a wealthy family.'

~I was the one deprived of their love.~

'And it's clear,
That's not the only thing you've been deprived of.'

~I object.
Now you are insinuating,
My acting is below par.
I'll have you know,
I have had people weeping in their seats...
With those lines.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Meant To Keep Confused

Meant to keep confused.
And fed on fear to accept,
That is kept on a diet of conflict...
For the purpose mindsets upset,
Will forget the choice...
Of choosing to expect disrespect.

With a getting it to give,
Until all consciousness has left...
From minds leaving behind,
A common sense lost to never again find....
Thought...and the process of it beneficial.
That had brought comprehension once understood.
Or remember before depending on confusion,
With addictions sustained in brains vacant to numb.

Meant to keep confused.
And fed on fear to accept,
That is kept on a diet of conflict...
For the purpose mindsets upset,
Will forget the choice...
Of choosing to expect disrespect.

Meant to keep confused.
With it sought and self abuse too.
And...
Fed on a diet of fear that stays,
Accepting to expect more disrespect.
With a keeping of it sought to sell as sold.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Meant To Linger

I found you within myself.
To know without explanation,
There was a sharing of depth...
Left unspoken.
But we both accepted.
And perhaps with regret,
The one we made eye contact...
To know without explanation,
That feeling inside kept we felt.

And yet,
We leave never to meet again.
To address each other by name.

Although the impression remains,
As if the imprint of it...
Had been meant to linger.
Are you left wishing like I do,
For that time we had to return?
To review and pursue.
Are you left wishing like I do,
We had refused the feeling...
Of being rejected and appearing a fool?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Meant To Live

Does it seem as obvious as it is,
That the ones unafraid to take risks...
Have faced challenges and experiences,
To mature from them and benefit.
And not succumb to doubts and fears presented.

While those living lives undecided,
Have become accustomed to hiding...
Behind a host of excuses and alibis to deny,
Life is given and meant to live.
And not to become seduced by re-adjusted limits.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Meant To Make Attempts And Try

Separated from you,
Would leave me without purpose.
And knowing with you I have a purpose,
Gives me reason to exist.

I am not here to play with this moment.
Nor take moments to stray away from life,
With closed eyes to fantasize...
For easier tasks to allow me just to slide by.

Not me.
Not I.
Too much I wish and not deny,
The life I live is meant to make attempts and try.

Separated from you,
Would leave me without purpose.
And knowing with you I have a purpose,
Gives me reason to exist.

Was I born just to drift?
Am I here to make excuses,
And live with it?
Or am I here to do with a doing to be done?

I am.
What other reason would I be here,
If not to fulfill a purpose?

I am not here to play with this moment.
Nor take moments to stray away from life,
With closed eyes to fantasize...
For easier tasks to allow me just to slide by.

Not me.
Not I.
Too much I wish and not deny,
The life I live is meant to make attempts and try.

And I will.
And...
I will.
Until that will I have dies.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Measured Feathers

As vibrant, vivid...
And as tremendous as they appear.
Your strut that is peacocked...
Seem to be with measured feathers,
And not as natural as you wish us to believe.

'And...
You dared me to mention this.
And...
Naturally I paid no attention,
To the attention given.
However...
Since your curiosity,
Has obvious Murdered your cat!
I will say this to 'that'.

It is in the strutting done!
And I've learned that for a fact.
Although I will admit,
To using a bit of dye with stencil applied.
Adding to the appeal of my appearance.'

Your arrogance is quite disgusting!

'I wish I could share with you,
The hours I spent...
Hoping to get that re-action!
Thank you so much for vocalizing it.
The others just whisper.
And you have no idea how nerve wracking that can be.
I am here to flaunt and earn controversy.'

Well...
That's obvious!
'Again...
I thank you! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Meat And Potatoes

As simple as the serving,
Of meat and potatoes...
Brought to place on a table,
To identify it undisguised.
Someone will seek,
Their own interpretation...
For the display of simplicity.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Meatless Beefs

Enticed to ignite,
Continuous divisions...
Between races to keep them,
Baited to take bites...
To excite the taste,
Of their kept meatless beefs.
Is losing the attention of some,
Wanting more substance...
Than their once restricted and biased
Diets.

Many have begun to awaken,
From delusions to loosen...
Closed tight fists and bitten lips.
With eyes to see.
And minds realizing...
Who profits to win by repeated,
Infighting.

Who succeeds in defeating others.
While selfishly feeding...
An endless exclusive greed.
Who benefits?
If it isn't you.
And you've been convinced,
Disparities I live with...
Are my own inflicted realities.
Regardless if it's at your expense.
And...
Who is it that has us both believing,
We to each other should be enemies?
Hmmm?

I don't have the ability,
To raise your taxes.
How many businesses do you own,
To have relocated overseas?
You can't blame me,
For this disrespect you get.

But yet you feel yourself,
Chosen to be entitled...
To ensure I deserve,
A serving of injustice.
And disparities to receive.

Who taught you to believe this?
Me?
I don't think so.
I wasn't born to boost your ego.
Nor am I rich with wealth,
To keep you away from it.

I have never been the one,
To come to steal from your shelves.
With a doing to then claim blame,
On someone else.
If you had taken time to notice,
I am no magician to have broken...
From the shackles and chains,
To then keep desires to return...
For the purpose to show you,
I miss being used, abuse and accused.
Because of this addiction we have,
That thrives on our...
Dysfunctional relationship.

Hopefully we are beginning to see,
False kept beliefs have done this.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Medically Numbed

Where is the proof,
That there is a declining quality of life.
Where is the proof,
That minds have been affected...
By a relying on chemical diets.
And where is the proof...
Those depicted to be out of their minds,
Reflect a more accepted time...
Few have been too medically numbed to notice.
Or drugged to promote quick corner purchases.

'Pssst...
Yeah,
You.
How about getting that monkey off your back.
I've got a remedy for that.'

~That's MY SON,
Crack head.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Medicated And Blocked

We live in times,
When the absence of content...
Has little or nothing to do,
With the popularity of anyone...
Hyped to represent,
A relevance that is emptied...
Of any appearance of common sense.

Intentional or not...
The increase of this,
Will not soon be stopped.

Since the minds of the people...
Have been both medicated and blocked,
For any type of thought process...
That can differentiate those priorities smothered,
And kept on the bottom from the ones that should be,
On an agenda nourished,
To remain flourishing on top!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Medicated Head

It seems more than not,
That something blown out of the box...
Starts over nothing.
To leave one's peace disrupted.
And people deciding that conflicts fit,
With an advantage that provides benefits.

Can a life be lived enjoyed,
With a medicated head that's ripped.
Can a life be lived enjoyed,
Pretending none of this exists.
Can a life be lived enjoyed,
Drifting high and strickly blissed...
With,
A medicated head instead.
And...
Playing possum as if dead.

Can a life be lived enjoyed,
With a medicated head instead.
Can one's life be lived enjoyed...
Playing possum as if one's dead.

Ripped and blissed...
Can a medicated head stay fed.
To be,
Ripped and blissed...
Will a medicated head wish no repair.

It seems more than not,
That something blown out of the box...
Starts over nothing.
To leave one's peace disrupted.
And people deciding that conflicts fit,
With an advantage that provides benefits.

Can a life be lived enjoyed,
With a medicated head that's ripped.
Can a life be lived enjoyed,

Pretending none of this exists.
To be,
Ripped and blissed...
Will a medicated head really care.
To be,
Ripped up and blissed...
Will a medicated head prefer to stay there.

Ripped up and blissed!
To be...
Ripped and blissed!
To be...
Ripped up and blissed!
Will a medicated head wanting it right there.
Ripped up and blissed!
To be...
Ripped and blissed!
To be...
Ripped up and blissed!
Will a medicated head stay there.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Medicating Away

They have their 'stuff'.
Once to gleam and buff up.
Sparkling under moonlight.
With their 'stuff',
Beaming.
Whether clouds appeared.
Or the Sun would shine.

And afford they can,
To live at the best address.
But they can not forget,
Or seem able to purchase...
That happiness they had,
With someone to regret...
Having kept ambitions,
Left behind.
That someone less interested,
In others to impress.
And desired to live life,
Basically without...
Medicating away the stress.
A stress maintained...
Enduring pretensions.
Until that game,
Played of Russian roulette...
Threatens one's life,
To end in certain death.
As if to request it.

They have their 'stuff'.
Fading under collected dust.
Rusting to leave it,
Eventually meaningless...
Forgettable 'trinkets'.

Yet,
What remains to stay...
Reminisced to wish,
Is that basic life...

With one to have known,
Is a value of it kept.
And a happiness shown.
Pretensions just can not buy.
Or numbed to be done,
Medicating away...
Missed wishes today,
From those yesterdays gone.
To no longer exist.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Medieval Ambitions

Picked from the many,
To depict as fixtures of scriptures.
As a way of life to idolize images,
Symbolized in pictures.
Submitted to solicit medieval,
Ambitions wished.
Just does not fit to make it sense,
Why those of kept religious beliefs
Create their own divisions.
And existing splits.
To defend differences.
When a familiarity between them,
Is too obvious to dismiss.

And yet...
Historians refuse to admit,
Or are denied to reveal...
Truths concealed,
Has a purpose to continue...
Pointless conflicts to diminish,
The presence of reality.

Although reality to face,
In these times of upheaval...
Seems to have found a way,
To define itself.
With more followers made to believe,
In the existence of it.
And replacing denial to delude,
To include observation.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Mediocrity At My Best

If there is something,
Anything...
That you would like me to do,
For you.
Do not perceive my time as being available,
At the dropp of a hat.

Last minute situations?
I do not rush to prepare for that.
That may be 'your' custom.
And it shows in what you produce.

However...
Anything anyone gets from me,
Has a quality that time, thought and effort...
Creates!
I'm not one to deliver,
Mediocrity at my best!
And I know my response to your request,
Upsets.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Meenah Mama Oh Nahnah

Ooh beddy bet...
Ooh mah baby.
Ooh beddy bet,
Ooh pooh pooh doo.

Ooh beddy bet...
Ooh mah baby.
Ooh beddy bet,
Ooh pooh pooh doo.

Meenah...
Mama oh nahnah.
Meenah,
Oh mama no!

Meenah...
Oh mama nahnah.
Meenah,
Mama oh no!
Mama no!

Ooh beddy bet...
Ooh mah baby.
Ooh beddy bet,
Ooh pooh pooh doo.

Ooh beddy bet...
Ooh mah baby.
Ooh beddy bet,
Ooh pooh pooh doo.

Meenah...
Mama oh nahnah.
Meenah,
Oh mama no!

Meenah...
Oh mama nahnah.
Meenah,

Mama oh no!
Mama no!

Meenah...
Oh mama nahnah.
Meenah,
Mama no!

Meenah...
Oh mama nahnah.
Meenah,
Mama no!

Meenah,
Mama no!

Meenah,
Mama no!

Mama no!

Mama noooooo.

Note:
'What language is this,
You might ask?
My own!
It is a 'rhythm' thing meant to flow,
To capture an internal yearning.'
~LSP~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Meet Me After Dinner

Meet me after dinner.
After all has been dished and served!
Meet me after dinner here...
If you have the nerve!

My ex-wife is a memory,
And my boyfriend has long been gone.
Only they could bring that 'freak' out of me...
That sweet freak!
Others deny and hide discreetly,
As they get their own groove on.

~Day and night long!
Not caring who says,
What they share is wrong! ~

Yeah...
You meet me after dinner.
I can picture you gnawing,
On those big beef bones!

Finish what you're doing.
I'm the one you should be screwing.
Meet me after dinner here...
And let's stop faking,
We don't desire naked love making.

Meet me after dinner,
And release those phone moans.
Your mate doesn't hear,
Or care who's heart is breaking!
Since I yearn for you,
With me alone!

Nibbling on your neck,
I want to hear you coo...
In licked whispers
Sighing,
In passionate delicious croons.

I do. Yes..I do.

Reflected in silhouette,
Our beads of sweat glistens.
Under the glow of the moon!

Meet me after dinner...
And I'll have dessert,
Perked and ready...
In the master bedroom!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Meet Me At The Next Oasis

Meet me at the next oasis.
With the continuing,
Of the taking of your notes.
And please keep me motvated,
As you have done with expressed disbelief.
This enables me to reveal each mirage,
With a vanishing of your ego...
To leave mine if I wished to have massaged.

Meet me at the next oasis.
Take notes.
I want it known to the others,
Which one of us is the joke.
You've convinced them my deeds,
Were nothing but a mirage.
But it is you with the ego.
I don't need mine massaged.

Meet me at the next oasis.
Since you perceive my visions are deluded.
Meet me at the next oasis.
Take notes I want it known to them 'and' shown,
Which one of us is the fool.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Meeting And Greeting Of A Dead End Street

You care not to listen.
But you wish from me my attention,
Immediately.
To be heard.
Regardless of my wishes or needs,
That may occur.
And after years of coming to grips with that...
There is nothing about you I find attractive.
No matter how sugary you sweeten your deceit.
Leaving nothing left for us to agree upon.
But the acknowledgement we both can see...
The meeting and greeting of a dead end street!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Meeting Someone Genuine

If the only caring you did for me,
Was to pretend it done and successfully...
Guess which one of us benefitted,
By meeting someone genuine...
Who despises pretenders.
To leave me not the one left guessing.

But then again that would mean,
I should express my appreciation to you.
And...I do.
Afterall...
I did benefit by meeting someone genuine.
Without a doubt to question or left to guess.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Melodies To Sing

Melodies to sing,
From past seasons to remember...
Please for reasons to be kept,
Unexplained.
As they are stored in one's mind,
As treasures not to forget.

Years to live speed by so quickly.
And periods of repeated tears to cry,
Drip to dry from one's eyes to clear.
With it realized emotions to experience,
Is a part of living one's life to bloom and live.
To grow and make room to wisen the mind.
And accept fresh adventures to be explored,
As these times come to go to not be denied.

Melodies to sing,
To remember from past seasons...
Always seem to recapture and subtract,
Disappointments and mistakes made...
To move on from them and not wish them back.

Melodies to sing,
Restores to keep one's mind intact.
To know a happiness earned,
Whenever it comes to be done 'is' fact.
And not mistaken for something else,
Than the blessing it is to welcome.

'What is that infectious song you keep singing?
I like the melody.
But the words?
They make no sense.'

~You know,
I never thought about that myself.
But as long as this melody lingers on,
The sense of that meant...
Seems more important than anyone listening,

To seek a significance connected to intention.~

'OH.
I only asked because I never heard it before.'

~Me either.
But ignoring my happiness,
By something that distracts...
Is not about to happen or be allowed.~

'But the words.
They make no sense.
Did you hear me? '

Melodies to sing,
To remember from past seasons...
Always seem to recapture and subtract,
Disappointments and mistakes made...
To move on from them and not wish them back.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Melodramatic

No?
You are NOT a comedian?
But I must admit...
Much in your life you regard as serious,
I find hysterical.
And it doesn't make you crack a smile either?
How you manage to tolerate the same BS,
Day after day with a straight face is funny!
And you are serious too! ?
That IS a good routine...
But stop it!
Use that shuffle you do in the beginning...?
Put that towards the middle,
And that sad drooping face at the end!
Your neighbors are using your material,
As well.
My sides are splitting!
You all should take this act on the road.
Update it.
But adding more clowns is not a good idea!
And blaming the ringmaster...
Makes for good theater.
However,
This circus you're in could use a bit more cheer!
It's great stuff though!
Your purpose to attract empathy,
Is really too melodramatic...
And your audience will not find that clear!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Meltdown

And as we witness this meltdown...
A nagging blame game begins.
Like spoiled children arguing in a playground...
They jeopardize lives without end.
Incompetent loyalists of aged documents...
Those who observe shut their eyes.
But the many who can't buffer this 'noise' they hear,
Are trapped in a hole that's deepening in size!

These fools are now believed...
And the consequences no one can leave!
'Would you like an olive in your blood cocktail? '
We are sipping this heated shhhhh...mess,
In little drips!
And the excuses come to solve this are in tattered bits!

'Would you care for more madness in silk or satin underwear?
Someone is addressing this by taking orders over there!
We must have this meltdown with more flair.
Don't you agree?
That's the way it's going to be...
Unfortunately that's their policy! '

And as we witness this meltdown...
A nagging blame game begins.
Like spoiled children arguing in a playground...
They jeopardize lives without end.
Incompetent loyalists of aged documents...
Those who observe shut their eyes.
But the many who can't buffer this 'noise' they hear,
Are trapped in a hole that's deepening in size!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Melting Icebergs

One day...
When the joy of observing others,
Suffer from our aggressions
Have lost their appetite...
We will discover our ambitions have diminished!
And we have had no other purposes to live
But to believe God thought of us as so special
As to bestow upon us with the kind of power
To produce our own self destruction!

Only to find that we blame HIM...
Or HER
Or IT
Or THAT!
For not paying attention to the 'signs' that warn us...
Our egos will never be satisfied,
Until we completely destroy the Earth.

Because 'someone'...
Somewhere
One day
Will eventually think of a brilliant way,
To sell parcels of Heaven so cheaply...
People of lesser means will be 'dieing' to get in!
Able to afford the fee of entry!
Leaving the few that are left,
To kill each other over useless profits
Chipped away
On melting icebergs...
They float upon
And ultimately providing not a shred
Of a lasting benefit!

'Why do you have to be so negative?
The icebergs are melting
Because of the increased demand
For cleaner drinking water!
God is doing that to make us healthier! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Members Of A Tribe

With values wished to relive,
As a treasure expected...
From one generation to the next.
Can not sustain to remain,
That same kind of mindset.
If what had been valued,
Loses reason, purpose and effect.
Without a projected respect,
To have gone neglected to teach it.

Lesson learned to remember stay.
When desires are embedded.
And kept prioritized within,
Each member of a tribe...thriving.
Not to allow to end...it's survival,
By rivalries misunderstanding.
Identites gone unrecognized.
And not left to assume a connection,
Without having affection for it.
Keeping that tribe stengthened.

Thoughtlessness fed feeds thoughtlessness.
Thoughtlessness breeds mentalities seized,
Quickly.
By a spreading of an internal diseasing weakness.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Memorial Day

I know there will be many,
Expressing their thanks and gratitude...
On this, a holiday
To those they once knew,
Who were in their lives...
Doing the best they could do,
To show and proved to others...
How much they loved them too.

I just know...
Those preparing their Memorial Day,
Planning family bar-be-cues...
And spicing their favorite drinks,
With assorted purchased booze...
Relaxing in the Sun and enjoying fun.
'Someone'...
Will be expressing their blessings.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Memories Of Us

From the moment we met...
The feelings I had for you,
Have not left.

Even as I sit to reminisce,
Each second of it.
I can not forget the trembling done...
And the sensation of the tingling,
Under a spell that would come.

As the heat of the meeting of our flesh met,
To drip and dropp from our eyelids wet.
I leave these memories with you...
With my heart at rest.

And knowing I can address my aloneness.
To easily recall,
My memories of us...
Does not leave me feeling lonely at all!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Memories Romanced To Enhance

Many devote the living of their lives,
To hindsight to indulge without insight.
And frightened they become,
When threats to hear with rumors done...
That they allow their lives to live,
In fear to quickly welcome it...
With a hope past events kept reminisced,
Can be protected to defend them...
From being taken away.
Or memories romanced to enhance them,
Left to keep in their sheltered minds.

'Why do you find it necessary,
To purchase and keep weapons in your home.'

~To ensure my quality of life is not threatened.
Nor the expectations I have for my children.~

'By what or who do you suspect threatens you.'

~The terrorists.
They are all over the place these days.~

'In your neighborhood too? '

~No. Don't be ridiculous.
The ones in the movies and on TV.
And everyone in my neighbor,
Have expressed to me similar beliefs.~

'The selling of fear is a very high price to pay.'

~You can say that again.
I just bought my children pearl handle pistols.
And the younger ones got so upset,
Because I did't have their initials engraved in gold.~

'Don't you think that is taking it a bit too far? '

~That's what I told them.
It was expensive enough,
Just to have their initials...
In their own birthstone colors.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Memories To Forget

What has been done to do,
Has had its past.
Attempts to re-invent,
A vibrance that qualifies...
To bring an exhuberance back to life,
Is a wasted effort to endeavor it meant.
Walls made with bricks and cemented,
To paint with claims they've been renovated...
Does not change those remembering,
What took place within them.
Until minds aging ultimately fade away.
And no one has those memories to forget.
Although history rewritten seldom depicts,
A reality that had existed.

'That street which is 'now' called Temple,
Use to be known as Kinsley Street.
And that was before a theater gained notoriety,
To erase the fact Black folks had achieved that.
With a taking of a local play,
From where it sat to Broadway in 1973.'

~Where is that theater today? ~

'On a street called Church.
And near land where a theater known as The Strand,
That Ossie Davis and his wife Ruby Dee...
Premiered their movie called Kongi's Harvest.
To promote the efforts of a youth organization,
Called The Organization of Concerned Youth.
And mentored by Wilbur Smith.
A young and influential black man.
Other black folks 'then' could not stand.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Memory Loss

There are those who eventually...
Come to despise and hate,
That which initiates and creates...
A feeding enjoyed.
With a memory loss...selectively.

To leave minds detached,
And convinced...
They would have found their own way,
Independently.
Without a guide to lead them.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Mending Fences

I don't expect you to understand me at all.
Look how long it has taking you to admit you have flaws?
Well...
Prior to that you did have a good credit rating too!
So,
I guess you have discovered yourself!
Too bad it took for sale signs, repossessions
And a foreclosure to do it!
Mending fences?
Sure.
You go right ahead.
I know a lot of that you probably have to do!
Me?
First of all...
I never needed a front or a back yard to do that!
Or neighbors that weren't neighborly!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Mental Anguish

Never do unto others,
What is believed to be for them deserving.
It is almost impossible to correct,
A heart life broken...
By suspicions later that some regret.
With an awakening to a sorrow,
They 'must' accept without peace or rest.

To be accused for anything,
Someone has not done...
Has its consequences to pay one day.
For those who knowingly made another's life lived,
To suffer...
Emotionally that way.

And when the truth surfaces to reveal,
A wrongness performed by acts of deceit...
That shoe forced to place unwittingly on someone's foot,
Will come back to bite the minds...
Of the doers of these misdeeds unrelentingly.
Leaving...
Them never to relax with their mental anguish intact.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Mental Beatings

Sitting mellowed out or not upon a couch.
With a peace one has,
Or has stopped.
All are finding,
They've become bothered by incredible news.
That's meant to bother!
And confuse...
With a doing,
Anyone who wishes to dismiss it.
And anyone who wishes it to rid.

Sitting mellowed out or not upon a couch.
With a peace one has,
Or has stopped.
All are finding,
They've become bothered by incredible news.
That's meant to bother!
And confuse...
With a doing,
Anyone who wishes to dismiss it.
And anyone who wishes it to rid.

Mental doses beaming in from TV screens.
Mental beatings feeding to demean.
Mental doses beaming in from TV screens.
Mental beatings feeding to demean.

Sitting mellowed out or not upon a couch.
With a peace one has,
Or has stopped.
All are finding,
They've become bothered by incredible news.
That's meant to bother!
And confuse,
With...
Mental doses beaming in from TV screens.
Mental beatings feeding to demean.
Mental doses beaming in from TV screens.
Mental beatings feeding to demean.

Nothing but woes,
That grow...
With...
Mental doses beaming in from TV screens.
Mental beatings daily feeding to demean.
Nothing but...
Mental doses beaming in from TV screens.
Mental beatings daily feeding to demean.
Nothing but...
Mental doses beaming in from TV screens.
Mental beatings feeding to demean.
Nothing but...
Mental beatings.

And nothing but...
Mental beatings.

No nothing but...
Mental beatings.

And nothing but...
Mental beatings.

More woes to grow and grip the soul,
With...
Mental beatings.
Sold with a hold,
Those mental beatings.
Sold with a hold,
Those mental beatings.
One can't let go,
Those mental beatings.

Mental beatings.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Mental Disconnections

Un...derstanding minds!
Do they exist.
Do they to-day exist.
Un...derstanding minds!
Do they exist.
Do they to-day truly exist.

Mental disconnections have affected everybody,
And...
This is sick,
To allow this 'and' permit.
So many disconnected have affected everybody,
And...
This is sick,
To allow this 'and' permit.

Un...derstanding minds!
Few refuse to do it.
Very few refuse to do it.

Giving understanding is today so hard to find,
'Cause...
Few refuse to do this if they've already been through it.

Un...derstanding minds!
Few refuse to do it.
Very few refuse to do it.

Giving understanding is today so hard to find,
'Cause...
Few refuse to do this if they've already been through it.

Mental disconnections have affected everybody,
And...
This is sick,
To allow this 'and' permit.
So many disconnected have affected everybody,
And...
This is sick,

To allow this 'and' permit.

Un...derstanding minds!
Do they exist.
Do they to-day exist.
Un...derstanding minds!
Do they exist.
Do they to-day truly exist.

Mental disconnections aren't accepted with affection,
'Cause...
Those who are not sick,
Have not profitted from it.
And...
To give an understanding is today so hard to find,
'Cause there are just too many proving they have lost their minds.
And...
Un...derstanding minds!
Few refuse to do this if they've already been through it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Mental Disease

The first doctor I saw,
Had been recommended to me.
It was believed by a few,
I suffered mental disease.
Immediately I knew I had to seek,
A second opinion.
And that's why I'm here.
Hoping your method to cure me,
Is less severe.

'I see.
How do you deal with pain?
Since I don't use novacaine.'

That depends.
How reliable is your method?

'Some prefer pills.
My process is effective.
Although you may consider it,
A bit unorthodox.
At one I used tweezers.
But today I stop mental disease,
By cutting it right out.'

With an AX?
What else you got?

'I could use scissors.
That's why I asked,
About your pain level.
The ax is much quicker.
Less mess.
And less anguish to regret.'

That's SICK!

'Good.
You're cured.

I'll send my bill.'

How much?
How much will I owe?

'Don't pay me.
And you'll find that out.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Mental Dumps

Don't feel the one and only,
Wondering what's going on.
Since you're not the only one,
To wonder what is wrong.
No need to find a wall,
To hit your head against.
Or strip butt naked screaming,
For attention that is wished.

Get a cup of coffee.
Or spike a cup of tea.
With some gin or brandy,
And sip to 'trip' slowly.

Don't feed on the nonsense.
Or accept it to believe...
Others that surround you,
Are not seeking relief.

Don't succumb to mental dumps,
That others...
Are drunk on.
Don't succumb to mental dumps,
Let others share that funky junk.

Don't succumb to mental dumps,
That others...
Are drunk on.
Don't succumb to mental dumps,
Let others share that funky junk.

Get a cup of coffee.
Or spike a cup of tea.
With some gin or brandy,
And sip to 'trip' slowly.

Don't succumb to mental dumps,
That others...
Are drunk on.

Don't succumb to mental dumps,
Let others share that funky junk.

No need to find a wall,
To hit your head against.
Or strip butt naked screaming,
For attention that is wished.
Get a cup of coffee.
Or a cup of tea and 'trip'.

Don't succumb to mental dumps.
Let others share that funky junk.
Don't succumb to mental dumps,
That others...
Are drunk on.
Don't succumb to mental dumps,
That others get funked up in.

Don't succumb to mental dumps.
Let others share that funky junk.
Don't succumb to mental dumps,
That others get funked up in.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Mental Gymnastics

There is nothing like maintaining one's consciousness.
One that others may argue with from their point of view.
But a consciousness obtained,
By a life lived through one's own experiences.
And not borrowed from delusions inflicted by another's will.
Or disturbed by conflicts others dish to unnerve courage.

There is nothing like maintaining one's consciousness.
Even though from time to time,
A re-evaluation has to be done...
Just to ensure what is being endured is not a wish,
But a true existence.
And one that is freed from the playing of mental gymnastics.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Mental Mode

Bathing in the moment,
Of this joy descending.
Who knew?
I do.
Did you?
I've got it and it's wonderful.

Some choose mental modes.
Unsure which way,
Their lives for them goes.
I'm through with that.
Got nonsense for this moment,
Off my back!

Whatever this is...
I want it feeding on me.
I'm going to taste this goodness.
For reasons to feel pleased.
And putting that energy,
In my mind to ease it freely.

Not going to practice attacking what I lack!
Or pay attention...
To those passing sadness,
With static madness they seem glad to pass!

Bathing in the moment,
Of this joy descending.
Who knew?
I do.
Did you?
I've got it and it's wonderful.

And when people of pity,
Can't get enough of that to grieve.
I've got to leave those pity folks!
Sharing their limitations...
And stagnating philosophies!

Bathing in the moment,
Of this joy descending.
Who knew?
I do.
Did you?
I've got it and it's wonderful.
This mental mode I'm glad I chose!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Mental Rush

...and here we are once again!
With the issue of race,
Subjecting the color of one's skin!

Hasn't this been repeated,
Throughout a history depleted
Of self reflection?
Insecurities of a lack of pigmentation...
Has created an inner hate.
To satiate an inflated,
Degraded sensation baited!

They can not set themselves free?

Well...
This time around,
Those excuses will not be used to compound,
The reality that comes to further confuse
An abused mentality!

You see...
The angels that are here,
Do not appear
To have come to quench their thirst on our anguish!

It has been made clear to them
Our minds need adjusting,
From the destructive stuff!
By lifting our minds,
To heighten a consciousness
none of us can touch!
Prepare yourself...
for a mental rush!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Mentally Abandoned

Unaccustomed to hearing it.
Or living to pursue the purpose of truth,
Has left so many mentally abandoned...
To identify the petty with this to live and to do.

Delusions fed are diminshing from them quickly.
And appetizing on deceptions has defected perceptions.
With a manifesting of this infesting,
A diseasing of reality that has depleted common sense.

Even places where people worship,
To praise kept fantasies...
Increasing disappoint beliefs that no longer feed.
And a faith to fake with others who congregate,
Has left more debating...
What it is and who it is that uses them for bait.

Mentally abandoned,
Are those unaccustomed to pursuing truth.
Mentally abandoned and left behind are petty minds,
Tricked and fooled and faithful to delusions.
Delusions that have trapped them to leave them confined.

Diminishing from them quickly,
Are defective perceptions.
Perceptions accepted that has diseased common sense.
To leave reality depleted as many defend,
Their lives to live with no ending to conflicts.

Mentally abandoned.
And...
Baited to please the feeding of beasts.

Mentally abandoned.
And...
Baited to please the feeding of beasts.
Beasts awaiting...
To have truth defeated and successfully!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Mentally Blocked And Forgotten

Mandatory awakenings,
Are eclipsing on the horizon.
Fading fast are thoughts from the past...
And a firm grasp on delusions,
Slip from grips
To be tossed like trash.

Minds are being lifted,
To insights before unknown!
And many will find themselves left behind...
Trying to define their identities,
When enlightenment is all
Those shown will condone!

Leaving concepts no longer existing...
And those resisting feeling quite alone!
Mentally blocked and forgotten.
Roaming the Earth as useless drones.
With no food for thought to share...
Yet providing Vultures an assortment,
Of picked over bones
Once buried deep in despair.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Mentally Sick

When imbeciles are encouraged,
They take pride in the mounting of ignorance.
Listening to others is a joke to them.
They have ridiculous actions figured out!
Planning escapades with supporters...
They find a way to make common sense
A challenge to keep afloat!
For those who have long divorced themselves
From nonsense!
Even though they vote...
To discover themselves choking,
On ethnic jokes provoked!
Watching folks accept being duped and doped!

And it is the burden of those with senses left,
To find fresh creative ways to explain
'How' they could allow such bullshit to exist...
To sustain and maintain.
As they become more addicted
To pretending they too...
Aren't mentally sick!
Although they follow fools
Whether poor or rich,
Out of habit!
Showing signs they are clearly insane,
With their empathetic static!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Mentally, Physically And Spiritually Sick

No.
They don't want to talk about it.
In fact,
It is treated as if,
Truth Is a deception.
And they live for deceptions to exist.

They choose to disrespect one another.
Then proclaim desires for unity.
Observing them in their places of worship...
You would think heaven was on Earth.
The way they perform, dance and sing.
In praises to their hypocrisies.
And into their communities,
These hypocrisies with them they bring.

No.
They don't want to talk about it.
In fact,
It is treated as if,
Truth Is a deception.
And they live for deceptions to exist.

Tell them their children create havoc in the schools.
They deny this.
They want better teachers.

Tell them that crime is in their minds.
And they initiate it.
They demand for more police,
To prove you wrong.

Tell them they have no identity,
And despise themselves for who they are.
And they would cuss each other out.
On their way to church.
Pray to God and then quote scriptures.
With a love for God they say they thirst.
Come out of these dens of evil...

To cuss each other out!
Spewing scriptures and devilment,
From both sides of their mouths.
Then call you 'brother' or 'sister'.
As if they are invisible.
And nothing you've seen had played out like this!
Denying what has been observable.

No.
They don't want to talk about it.
In fact,
It is treated as if,
Truth Is a deception.
And they live for deceptions to exist.

Anyone exposed to this,
To digested it for what it is...
Know what these folks don't know!
And it is not a multiple choice quiz.

These folks have no idea,
They have psychological problems.
In their heads.
Between their ears!

These folks aren't aware,
They are mentally, physically and spiritually sick!
And anything that has degraded them,
Wouldn't be in their lives...
If they did not choose this to exist!

But no!
They don't want to talk about it.
In fact,
It is treated as if,
Truth Is a deception.
And they live for deceptions...
To continue to breathe exactly as is!
As if addicted to self righteousness.
Or...
Strung out on a massive crack attack!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Mentioned By Demons

I can only feel suspicious and not curiosity,
When my presence is said to be missed...
By the ones who did all they could to ruin my efforts,
To make sure my deeds by others were dismissed.

And when I hear I am mentioned by demons,
I say nothing to reveal activities I do.
Especally to those who enjoy sharing innuendos.
And are easily inspired by lies and disguises too!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Mentor

And we come back again,
Full circle...
Mentor friend of mine!
We've locked horns,
Both too strong to admit...
The direction taken,
Had been ordained and defined!
But this time I find reason...
With sharpened tools,
You helped me find...
To thank you for your time,
You unselfishly gave.
To assist and clarify
What I needed to polish and refine!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Merchants Of Sadness

Merchants of saddness
Who walk on paths deluded.
Exclude themselves from a deepened faith,
Believing they are above the laws they break!
Unsatisfied they are
With themselves...
And of that they can not seem shake!
So they spend all their time adding misery,
To the lives of those they hate!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Mercurio Macneish

(A very short story. Prosed and Fictioned)

Your name?
Again?
I apologize for not remembering.
However...
I do recall it being unique.

'No problem.
My name is Mercurio MacNeish.'

That's right.
You're from Scotland or is it Wales?
No.
It was Ireland I believe.

'Actually I was born in the Congo.
To parents who were both from Argentina.
And the only languages they knew and spoke,
Were Hindu, Italian and some Chinese.'

Interesting.
So you were named after your father?

'No.
His name was Marcus.
I was named after my great grandfather.
Who was West Indian.
But only then had spoken only Chinese.'

But that name,
MacNeish?
Isn't it Irish?

'Oh no not at all.
You see, my great grandfather,
Who was a Spaniard...
But born to Haitians when they escaped,
And traveled the seas.

Somehow ended up in the West Indies.
And there had been adopted by 'aliens'...
Claiming to be Chinese.
To get my great grandfather prepared for business,
He was sent to Chicago.
And when he first arrived everyone there,
Assumed his name was MacNeish. Mercurio MacNeish.
But he was saying to them, ' Me no. Me Speak Chinese.'

I see.
And...
What is it that you do?

'I have chosen to be an interpreter.'

That's a good profession.
For whom do you work for?
The government?

'Exactly.
How did you guess that? '

You have a wide array of experiences.
And with your background?
It was an easy guess for me.

'Yeah.
I work in the local prisons.
Interpreting for the police...
Ebonics into English.
Since it has become difficult to understand,
The hip hop ways kids today communicate and speak.
Unfortunately,
Many end up in prisons illegally.'

So...
You ARE 'black' right?

'Isn't it obvious?
I thought that was understood,
When I said I was born in the Congo.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

'Merry Christmas'

Remind someone they remain,
To stay loved.
With a doing to find the time,
Saying it.
No gift to wrap can do that.
Nor can any expense paid,
Replace words heard to cherish.
Throughout the year to hear.
Seeing someone smile,
From ear to ear brings cheer...
Everyday.
To witness seen much longer,
After a gift to give...
Impressively wrapped,
Has been forgotten.
And the price tag left,
To claim a forgetting...
It being attached.

Love to have to express,
Everyday...
Makes saying 'Merry Christmas',
Much more meaningful...
Than gifts we give and get.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Merry Christmas! Happy Kwanzaa!

From the shallow shopping days,
Of Christmas spent.
And gifts selected...
To induce an increased seduction.
With the onslaught of ornament productions.

May they take these memories...
And wish those feelings that excited them,
Remain.
Especially during times...
That find all who cherish these 'things'.
Keep within their hearts to discover...
The thankfulness and joy,
Others to them bring!

Merry Christmas!
Happy Kwanzaa!
And joyous times to those,
Who are grateful and know...
They are among the blessed!

However this tradition is done,
That brings those around the world...
To address their happiness!
And fun shared with everyone.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Mesmerized By Their Tales Told

Those who have never lived alone,
Have never lived to know reality.
Or aspects of it,
To enbrace what the facing of obstacles...
Bring.
Or what it means to endure,
Through the challenges of overcoming them.

And yet...
Those who have never had the 'opportunity',
To live alone....
Are quick not to listen to learn.
But willing to upstage,
With embellishments to delude those experiences...
They have never had,
At the expense of those mesmerized...
By their tales told.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Messages Sent

They are not learning...
Mother Nature.
As they watch,
Their treasures burn.
From hilltops and valleys...
Messages sent.
Ignored they went.
Now a scorn upon them,
Has been justifiably earned.

They are not learning...
Mother Nature.
As sacred waters dry their cups.
Too long they have observed,
The suffering of others...
Now they cry in sorrow.
Giving up!
Finding themselves
In the same dreadful rut!

When for us,
Will this be enough?

They are not learning...
Mother nature!
No words spoken to convince
Have they heard.
With beliefs of squandered resources...
Will bestow upon them as your favorite choice.
To sing with wings and chirp like birds.
Rising consciousness as never before...
As humanity drifts towards new horizons.
Breaking down oppositions,
And expanding on new mental shores.

This comes for us...
And will not be ignored!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Messages They Get

Many get theirs delivered,
And perform actions that are quick.
Some quiver in a moaning,
Preferring to weep over it.
And others do neither,
But stubbornly sit...
After reading or listening,
To messages they get.
While awaiting for someone else,
To interpret to make it more legitimate.
Someone selected,
To bestow upon them what they wish.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Met With A Giving Of Approval

Having an identity,
Also has with it its disadvantages.
When exposed in environments,
Amongst those choosing to spend their time...
Trying to impress others to find an acceptance.

And when the doing of this is more important,
Than being oneself...
Few meet anyone who is willing,
To give their honest opinion on anything...
That has not already met with a giving of approval.

'If you don't change,
You are going to spend the rest of your life,
Alone.
Doing whatever it is you wish.
And no one caring a thing about it! '

~Geeessshhh...
Does that mean,
That this peace of mind I can keep...
And will be my own forever?
Let me thank you right now for that message.
I have said it before and I'll say it again...
The devil IS a liar.
There can be a peace had.
Right here on Earth.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Metamorphosis

The only one to experience,
'My' metamorphosis is 'me'.
To a degree I could not perceive.

With every aspect of it felt...
And losses sacrificed.
Much of 'that' out of another's sight!

And today with blessings,
Only God chose to ignite...
I live my life in such gratitude.

Knowing for me,
What it has been like...
To go through an upheavaled transformation.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Methodical

For whatever the reason,
And unlike others who seem to be pleased...
To joke and laugh as time passes,
Some have managed to endure...
Living within an environment,
As if to exist in a barrel full of crabs.
Crabs unhappy unless someone is entrapped.
To keep them from successfully completing tasks.
With hopes to embarrass them as their laughter lasts.

'But how did 'you' manage to escape,
Without a single pinch or a noticeable scratch? '

~I laughed too but refuse to doubt.
I kept my eyes wide open as I maneuvered about.
I winced when pinched and laughed as well.
And when embarrassed by criticsms,
High my head was held.~

'And you were able to achieve success? '

~I wore many labels upon me addressed.
With a doing to show I could care less.~

'The methods you use are unusual.'

~No one with a plan can maneuver in a barrel full of crabs,
Without being methodical, ambitious and highly motivated...
One who shows them they are offended,
Can be a detriment to their survival.
Crabs love to feed on fear and tears.
I've seen too many at the bottom sobbing and weeping.
And on their knees as if to appease a ritual.
Or a custom done by everyone that's anticipated.~

'And you? '

~Consder me crazed. Please.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Methods Used To Assess

People have come to assess and evaluate others,
On standards that have been chosen as long valued.
Only to discover those long valued standards,
And the people assessed by an evaluation conducted...
Have their own methods used to assess others as well.
With values they possess but not as openly expressed.
And that is one reason not given to others with interests,
They have a preference for keeping to themselves.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Metro Hit List

All my life I have sought affection.
And not getting that,
As it was craved.
Leaving me disillusioned to experiment.
Re-inventing my needs,
In many lustful ways.

Those hetero and homo visits,
Had frequently appeared on my metro hit list.
Increasingly with disappointments.
Although a couple I admit I could not resist.

Masturbations done,
Came at times to satisfy.
And yet in my mind's eye...
I fantasized,
A one on one to come and gratify.

All my life,
I have sought affection.
The kind I liked and could not deny.
But those quick trips with tricks,
And one night stands to get things licked...
Were good enough for me.
When I needed to sweat without complication.

And sex climaxed done and detached,
Was sweeter when left.
And a goodbye was then applied...
With no committment to the act of it!
Committments, I admit...
Do scare me to death.
Or the holding of my breath,
If the performance expected...
Had not been my best!

It is easier to leave.
Than be with someone,
Wished to go away.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Metropolanitis

Busy planning appearances.
Incorporating cliques.
Based upon social status.
And not on business acumen to get.
Too shrewd to maneuver,
Mischievous wishes to serve and quick.
Few pursue new opportunities to create,
For those young to influence to initiate...
The making of their own to appreciate.

Metropolanitis...
A mental fixation to dress well and impress,
With acquired abilities to name drop and brag...
About who is known to live,
At the most prestigious, high income...
Gated address.

Metropolanitis...
Credited to loans and unpaid debts.
And yet not one thought is kept,
As to how their fed demands has left...
Limited supplies for those relying on disguises.
Too much time has occupied their minds,
On temporary desires to satisfy.
To leave others sacrificing with a doing done,
The ones prepared when all charading comes...
To an end.

Although once despised and criticized,
For refusing to be associated...
With those who spent their lives,
Trying to be identified as socialites.
But found today,
Sighing and surrounded by possessions,
Ready to pick to pawn.
Or exchanged for a life that is wished,
Less pretentious and unnoticeably basic.

Metropolanitis has outdated a craving to delight.

With a trapping those enslaved,
To a way of life few dream with a wish today.
Even if given free and with payment received for it.

'Excuse me.
I have 'things' for you to give.
I remember when you wanted them.
But now it's your life,
I am wanting more to live.'

~Are you kidding?
What makes you think,
Your days of parading to charade 'your' headaches...
Is a desire I find to be appetizing?
Please go away.
Betrayal to portray is 'your' thing.
Not mine.
You have long been too identified as a fake.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Michael Joseph Jackson

Glamour and the price of fame...
May produce a name.
Bright among rhinestoned stars.
In shallow glistening galaxies.

Entertained talents rise to heights.
To twinkle and dazzle for entire lifetimes.
With a climb that shines!
And can be difficult to maintain...
For those with gifts the envious wish to strip.

The burning fades as age appears.
And desires to remove any stains,
That may have shamed...
To rekindle and regain expectations.
Producing a familiar flame.
Hopeful to erase those degradations claimed.
Seem too exhausting,
To give and keep the same unchanged.

Deep feelings felt are not faked.
From an unhappiness that takes place...
Inside of the heart of the one who knows,
Fate awaits.
A closure comes and must be exposed.

As others patiently seek to leech and leave!
This one sees...
And it eventually shows!
To a public in deep sorrow.
An 'icon' has been divinely robed.

It eventually extinguishes,
The light that glows.
To forever be remembered,
For its authenticity.
And genuine heartfelt sensitivity.
This stays.
Not to go away,

From those memories blessed.

Dedicated in Loving Memory:
Michael Joseph Jackson
(1958-2009)

'Michael, you will always be loved.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Michelle O

Michelle O...
Radiant and blessed.
Stunning in appearance,
With the glow of loveliness.

Strong and delightful...
A mother and wife,
Exuding intelligence that sparkles...
As if dew lifts with a freshness,
That comes with the dawn of sunlight!

Michelle O...
Representing at her best.
And clearly an asset held,
By her husband Barack.
Witness with approval with few who protest!

And others who are captivated,
By her honesty that leaves...
Impressions felt,
From her expressed directness left!

Michelle O...
Smartly dressed and fashioned for excellence,
Frank and brilliant with charm and charisma matched!
She is no one's eye candy.
Nor is she with wits detached.

A woman of grace,
And there unafraid to say what she means.
Without losing her dignity...
She's upfront with no masqueraded face.
Putting those looking for signs of weakness...
Demurely,
If need be...
In their respectful place!

Michelle O,
Has so much class.

Perhaps surpassing that shown,
By her mate who also radiates...
This sensation in demand.
And arriving at a time much needed.
To feed depleted imaginations.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Midas Touches

This I will handle in another way.
To keep the scent fresh and away from decay.
Like a new hip beat,
That...
Will move your feet.
And...

Up on your list.
I want this lifted.
To crush all fussing.
With a must that's hushed!

You need that midas...
Touch that rushes!
You know it's needed.
And I'm here to feed it.

Needed...
Are my midas touches.
Don't blush and gush.
I'm gonna give that midas rush.

Needed...
Are my midas touches.
Don't blush and gush.
I'm gonna give that midas rush.

This I will handle in another way.
To keep the scent fresh and away from decay.
Like a new hip beat,
That...
Will move your feet.
And...

You need that midas...
Touch that rushes!
You know it's needed.
And I'm here to feed it.

Needed...
Are my midas touches.
Don't blush and gush.
I'm gonna give that midas rush.

You need that midas...
Touch,
That rushes!
You know it's needed.
And I'm here to feed it.

Needed...
Are my midas touches.
Don't blush and gush.
I'm gonna give that midas rush.

Needed...
Are my midas touches.
Like a new hip beat,
That...
Will move your feet.
And...
Needed...
Are my midas touches.
Like a new hip beat,
That...
Will move your feet.
And...
Needed...
Are my midas touches.
Don't rush or cuss...
With a fussing that doesn't do much!

Needed...
Are my midas touches.
Like a new hip beat,
That...
Will move your feet.
And...
Needed...
Are my midas touches.
Don't rush or cuss...

With a fussing that doesn't do much!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Middle Class Bucks

People who abuse the art of making excuses...
By using them to protect themselves,
To slander someone else.
Will experience a slow unvealing of their deeds,
To produce what others would not believe.
And when this happens,
The ostracizing for them becomes unbearable.
They begin to wear,
Their hearts on their sleeves!

And they do the 'Victim I've Become' campaign.
With the 'No One Understands Me'...
Claim to remove their shame!
To gain themselves sympathy,
To ease the guilt that strains...
Their sleepless nights,
In a struggle with their thoughtless...
That does not release them,
From the ooze of their shallow brains.

People want others to believe,
They are who they say they are...
And not what people see.
They are clever with deception,
Using this before...
To some successful degree,
That has been clinically explored!
With a cloaking that goes ignored.

Until it becomes obvious,
What they use has been a crutch!
They would love to see themselves as 'angels'...
But they wallow in envy.
And this shows much too much!

And they do the 'Victim I've Become' campaign.
With the 'No One Understands Me'...
Claim to remove their shame!
To gain themselves sympathy,

To ease the guilt that strains...
Their sleepness nights,
In a struggle with their thoughtlessness...
That does not release them,
From the ooze of their shallow brains!

They do the 'Victim I've Become' campaign.
With the 'No One Understands Me'...
Claim to remove their shame!

And they hand this 'legacy' down to their children.
Who become locked up...
With an assortment of dysfunctions!
That squeeze taxpayers...
From their hard earned cash.
But this rapidly fading source of income!
Moves from many in a pace that is fast.

And once described with pride,
As middle class bucks!
A relic that had been in a most recent past!
From a time when all participated,
In messing their lives up!

They do the 'Victim I've Become' campaign.
With the 'No One Understands Me'...
Claim to remove their shame!
But this campaign like others that come to an end,
Brings to them an awakening!
With a self examination...
That puts their pettiness to a definite end!

With a new beginning,
That frees them from the practice...
Of their deliberately activated limiting sins!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Middle Lane

I am not one to remain,
In the middle lane.
I am too driven to pass those,
Too slow and undecisive.

My eyes are fixed,
On which exits to take.
To know when to pull over,
And enjoy what's right...
To appease my appetite.

I already know what it is like,
To be young and undecisive.
Cruising through life as if a passenger.
Observing and not serving a purpose.

I already know what it is like,
To fear making a commitment.
With it done to refuse or accept,
A direction God has picked...
That best suits my interests.

And being young and dumb,
I didn't realize that then.
Until I began to awaken to see,
I had a mission 'and' a destiny.
With a doing to get away from following,
Those in the middle lane...
As if sitting on a fence,
To do it not knowing where they should be.
Well...
I do.

I am not one to remain,
In the middle lane.
I am too driven to pass those,
Too slow and undecisive.

My eyes are fixed,

On which exits to take.
To know when to pull over,
And enjoy what's right...
To appease my appetite.

But like all temporary cravings that pass,
I'm quick to know them not to last.
With a getting my tasks back on the path,
To serve that purpose picked...
In my heart to know it and done to do,
Moving away and around others...
Too slow and unaware,
That a remaining in a middle lane...
'Ultimately' will reveal to them 'their' purpose.
In times moving much too fast to ask,
For directions.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Midnight Fast Approaches

You may want to avoid those twilight years,
To gain any lingering compliments that may come.
But I will say this...
If you can remember 'anything' that occured in the '30's?
Midnight fast approaches.
And the dog only barks at you,
When you are 'not' wearing makeup!
And you've had him for fifteen years!
Even the postman has requested we display
A 'Beware' sign in the yard on Wednesdays...
His day off!
Honey,
I am not being sarcastic.
You do not need 'another' facelift!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Midnight Has Gone

Waking days...
Dawn.
Those waking days...
Come.
Those waking days...
Have arrived,
And...
Shines on minds the Sun.

Waking days...
Dawn.
Those waking days...
Come.
Those waking days...
Have arrived,
And...
Shines on minds the Sun.

Midnight has gone,
In awakening days.
To move away those obstacles fading
Midnight has gone,
In awakening days.
To chase away the darkness...
And,
A pain once felt that has moved on.

Waking days...
Dawn.
Those waking days...
Come.
Those waking days...
Have arrived,
And..
Shines only brightness from the Sun.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Miffed

Miffed I let trivia visit when I sit in quietness.
And the suddenness of it just ticks me off,
Sometimes.
When those 'sometimes' come along,
And my mind seems to drift away.
To quickly return to focus,
On an overheard argument.
Or something trivialized,
Trying to monopolize the atmosphere...
With a momentary fling that brings attention,
To someone's need to express their stupidity.
And the peace I thought I had splits...
For what seems like ten or more minutes,
That enforces me to get miffed!
As trivia visits with nonsense and at my expense,
Unintended.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Milestone

I'm not ready to hit you with it just yet.
You know that one that comes...
And says what I may regret.
Like a milestone released,
But should have been kept...
Secretly swept away.
Or better left spoken.
Instead of written for display!

But I live to dare!
Challenged by my own fears,
I stare in the face.
Hoping one day to replace that with sheer joy.
But today, I must say...
I've come prepared to annoy.
Yet...
I want to do that with love!
And there is where I find the conflict!

I wish to say something significant.
To reflect a growth in my development.
But my arrogance prevents me...
To show any hints of that at all.
So I guess that leaves us both satisfied.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Milking

You want without revealing.
You creep from places of ambush.
You believe my time spent,
Should be all about you!
With conditions of preferences
And time limits set...
To meet and excite 'your' expectations?
You need another bowl of frosted flakes?
If you do...
You will discover the milking you seek,
Will not be given freely here!
I admire your approach,
However...
Your hands are much too cold
With a skill that outreaches
And leeches before attracting an attachment!
There are some rules of endearment,
One should never overlook...
When hunting on unchartered territory!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Millions Of Dollars

Millions of dollars,
To be found to go unaccounted for...
Has been wasted to approve the doing,
Of the right thing.
And it is not that the right thing,
Can not be done with a doing effectively.
It's just that the effect of doing anything correctly,
Would eliminate the need for a soliciting of more funds.
And the doing of that done,
Would mean the ending of a taste...
People have acquired to continue their wasteful ways.

'Oh.
I just love the taste of this waste.
Don't you? '

~I can't get enough of it.
Let's create something else we need funding for.~

'Oh.
Let's.
But keep it remembered...
We still want less government in our lives.~

~LOL.
Yeah. Right.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Mimicking

Life is not to be intellectualized...
By studying the lives of those considered wise!
They weren't afraid to pave their own way.
Regardless of who said what and criticized.
Stunted minds are the ones finding themselves...
Walking in the shadows with shallow understanding.
No one can lead another to wisdom.
No matter how discussions of the past...
Makes one safe
Following along a path and mimicking,
Someone else's achievements...
And documented tasks!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Mind By Design

If you use it...
There is nothing you should fear.
Just don't abuse it.
Refuse to as you choose.

If you use it...
No dozing snoozing will oppose.
If you do as you suppose.

And if you use it...
Accusations will vacation.
Freeing you to cruise and choose.
To chase away confusion...
From your head that stays cool.

If you use it...
You can stop the drinking booze.
Or drugging up to soothe and numb...
Succumbing doubt that overcomes.

And if you use it...
There is nothing you should fear,
That's so severe you keep so near...
To pursue as a life that suits.
When to the curb you can boot it.

You can use it!
That mind by design.
You can use it!
I's one of a kind.

You can use it.
Use it.
Use it.
Use it...
That mind by design.
Yours and one of a kind.

You can use it.

Use it.
Use it.
Use it...
That mind by design.
Yours and one of a kind.

You can use it.
That mind by design.
Know you can use it!
Yours and one of a kind.

Accusations will vacation.
Freeing you to cruise and choose.
To chase away confusion...
From your head that stays cool.

You can use it.
Use it.
Use it.
Use it...
That mind by design.
Yours and one of a kind.
Just choose to use it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Mind Fed Rituals

When determined people,
Pray to God to have their way...
And God sends to them messengers,
To scream from bullhorns...
This is not going to happen.

Leave people like this.
Do not attempt to make bargains...
With the use of common sense.

Leave people like this.
These people only value,
The physical aspects of life.

People like this will make their mission,
To enlist others to value their point of view.
Even to select and depict those unknowing,
They have been chosen as culprits...
By someone who did not like,
How they were told...
To remove their rose colored glasses!

Leave people like this.
Do not attempt to make bargains...
With the use of common sense.

Leave people like this.
These people only value,
The physical aspects of life.
And the 'spiritual' side of it...
Is a routine of mind fed rituals,
Outdated by a lack indepth perception.

Leave people like this.
Do not attempt to make bargains...
With the use of common sense.
A common sense for many,
That has been diluted.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Mind Grinder

I'll take a side order of paranoia,
This morning.
I'll take some hash browns...
Fresh hashed from the fields.
Spread that toast with more tension
And pour me another cup of grief!

'Is the mind grinder in? '
We need to have more cocktails
Of poison passed.
Is the mind grinder in?
He's got more sessions...
Those last confessions were bought.
They believe him...
And his twisted way of making it alright.'

Do I need another dose of 'I told you so? '
Even though I feel full of substituted truth
Many seem to be craving with diets of coke!
And that's the joke!
Toking up in puffs of smoke.

'Weed please.
Rolled fine! '

The mind grinder can crank this whine into sorrow.
Making fear too high a price to pay to allow simple peace.
The mind grinder can crank up cruel pictures of life...
Insuring the future will be deep in doom and torment!
Do I need another dose of 'I told you so? '

Do you need another way to be told
How to forget who you are?
Do you need another way to plant fear in your soul.
What has happened to that bold stance for justice?

I'll take a side order of paranoia this morning!
I heard it was the rage.
I'll take a side order of paranoia this morning!

Why should I be the one left not crazed?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Mind Opening And Not An Eye Closed

Isn't it ironic,
That those comments made yesterday...
About the economy nose diving because of greed,
Were comments mentioned then to have a negativity.
But today...
Those same comments heard,
Are from the mouths and lips...
Of those walking up and down legislative hallways,
In Washington, D.C.

AND ironically...
Those then depicted as mavericks,
Were shunned and isolated.
Today?
People of 'prestige'...
Are announcing their 'maverickness'.
Their intolerance for waste.
And a marketed decadence,
They helped keep in place.

It is all ironic.
But does not astonish...
Those who have a consciousness,
That has been mind opening...
And leaves not an eye to closed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Mind Out Of Touch

If you stick around,
And...
Long enough.
You will stay to be stuck,
With a mind out of touch.
That's if you stick around,
And...
Long enough.
You'll be drained to remain,
Digging deeper ruts felt...
In your gut.

There'll be others with you who will,
Dig deep their ruts.
And there'll be others with you who will,
Complain how it's rough...
Living such a tough life to live.
But...
Pouring cups of sorrows,
Done to flow over woes.
Held to not let them go.

If you stick around,
And...
Long enough.
You will stay to be stuck,
With a mind out of touch.
That's if you stick around,
And...
Long enough.
You'll hear the moaners groaning,
About a life to live as if chained.
To do...
Everyday to accept, unchanged.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Mind Over Matter

Mind over matter.
Keeps a face from looking sadder.
And that joy that hasn't come,
For one...
Becomes fair game.

Mind over matter.
Keeps a face from looking sadder.
And that joy that hasn't come,
For one...
Becomes fair game.

Drip to drop,
Tears fall.
They wont stop,
At all.
Until that faucet's turned off!
To prove one's life is not a loss.

Drip to drop,
Tears fall.
They wont stop,
At all.
Until that faucet's turned off!
To prove one's life is not a loss.

Mind over matter.
Keeps a face from looking sadder.
And that joy that hasn't come,
For one...
Becomes fair game.

Drip to drop,
Tears fall.
Mind over matter.
Keeps a face from looking sadder.

They wont stop,
At all.

And that joy that hasn't come,
For one...
Becomes fair game.

Ooohhh...
Drip to drop,
Tears fall.
They wont stop,
At all.
Until that faucet's turned off!
To prove one's life is not a loss.

Drip to drop,
Turn that faucet off.
You life's not a total loss.
Right now prove that you're the boss.
Stop those tears,
And stop the cause!

Mind over matter.
Mind over matter.
Mind over matter.
Right now prove that you're the boss.
Stop those tears,
And stop the cause!

Mind over matter.
Mind over matter.
Mind over matter.
Right now prove that you're the boss.
Stop those tears,
And stop the cause!

Mind over matter.
Keeps a face from looking sadder.
And that joy that hasn't come,
For one...
Becomes fair game.

Drip to drop,
Turn that faucet off.
You life's not a total loss.

Right now prove that you're the boss.
Stop those tears,
And stop the cause!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Mind Sign

You give me that...
Mind sign.
With a flirtiness that attacks.
Like a magnet that attracts.

You give me that...
Mind sign.
To mainfest a lust,
You envision done with us.

You give me that...
Mind sign.
And my defense is weak.
Making my knees wobble,
To please your need!

Like a thief you put your hooks in me.
To take my heart so quick and easy.

And you hypnotized me on the spot.
To make me babble like an idiot...
And I'm not!

But I'm liking it a lot!

You give me that...
Mind sign.
With a flirtiness that attacks.
Like a magnet that attracts.

You give me that...
Mind sign.
To mainfest a lust,
You envision done with us.

And-you've-got-me-waiting-with-an-anticipating-must!
And oh-oh...
Yes you've-got-me-waiting-with-an-anticipating-must!

Ooooohhh,
You give me that...
Mind sign.
You give me that...
Mind sign.
You give me that...
Mind sign.
You give me that...
Mind sign!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Minding Their Own Business

People believing someone seeks their attention,
Become curiously disappointed when this is not sought.
Some people are seen to even go out of their way,
To show someone they are being ignored.
Until they discover themselves to be the ones,
Being ignored and wanting to be seen.
To then start rumors on the arrogance of someone,
Minding their own business...
Who is caring less about being observed.
.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Mindless Trappings

You've allowed that to happen.
As if any excuse used,
Would be good enough to make it disappear.
You made it clear you did not understand!
And I want it known...
I understood too well!
I do not offer myself as a sacrifice,
To those mindless trappings!
I am too familiar with the ground,
Upon which I stand.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Minds Affixed To Tricks

Yes...
'Your' world 'is' coming to an end.
In fact,
The fake make-uppedness of it...
Is on its way out,
Now!
With a big send off!

The mere pomp and circumstance of waste,
Has just a few days of a last perfromance.
Before the incredible enormous...
Poppycock of written nonsense becomes described,
Arrives to leave taxpayers holding the receipts paid...
For a taste of gigantic fraud.

Yes...
'Your' world 'is' coming to an end.
In fact,
The fake make-uppedness of it...
Is on its way out,
Now!
With a big send off!

And millions will be glued to a tube,
Probing every detail...
Of a fantasied reality craved,
While days, months and years...
Decades,
Have been excused away...
To have the thieving of truth debated,
As minds affixed to tricks are kept deluded.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Minds Alike

Alike minds on common ground,
Together can find...
The right solutions to effect,
And produce success.
That those without a clue,
Who believe glue to use...
Is just to sniff to get high.
With no ability,
To mentally envision...
Pieces of a picture,
Picked apart by division.
Can be easily fixed.
And corrected.
Without arguing over,
Who and where one sits...
To view not pieces.
But what without opposition,
Can and should be completed...
Before attempts are made,
To defeat what benefits...
Everyone to satisfy.

'I don't understand.
Why would you mention glue?
What purpose would that serve? '

-It was used as a metaphor.-

'I don't get it.'

-Neither do you the picture.-

'I don't know why I'm here.'

-Well...
That vision to be seen,
You can immediately correct.-

'How? '

-There are two exit signs.
One to your right.
And the other to your left.
Feel free without 'metaphors',
To see them both with doors.-

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Minds Behind Times And Sealed Exits

The only ones played by the game,
They have created...
Are those who refuse to accept and believe,
The fools they are attempting to make...
By the doing of it as their efforts prove pointless,
Have been themselves.

And instead of admitting their tasks,
Have long been much outdated and antiquated...
The same rules they use to inflict upon others,
Continue to reveal,
Thoughtless minds behind times and sealed exits.
With heard complaints of how they are being abused.

'Maybe we should stand out in the open,
So they can see us observing their misdeeds.'

~How much closer should we get? ~

'They can not believe we are 'that' stupid.'

~I doubt very seriously,
If thinking is an ability that has been their concern.~

'Perhaps we should let them know we are here,
And witnessing.'

~And the difference made would be what? ~

'They can not be that disconnected? '

~You're right.
We shouldn't take them for granted.
However...
Before we leave through the remaining exit,
Let's suggest to them ways they can be less obvious.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Minds Blinded

Unreasonable,
Had those times been to leave behind.
To clear and replant a better footing of roots,
On paths weeds now found....
Needing with an urgency to be removed.
To see with renewed vision.
Steps made to move forward takes,
Facing to replace obstacles not to embrace.

A growth defect has prevented progress,
Of steps taken to believe them repeated,
Would allow weeds growing wild and free...
If left alone to produce sweet nourishing fruit,
Is a possibility to happen.
With just wishes to sit and witness it.
But minds blinded have now awakened,
To realize weeds to feed...
Affects everyone's mentality.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Minds Deluded With Excuses Are Not Included

One almost has to be a self hypnotist,
To remain focus and not force...
A creativity to flow and exist.

Discipline is part of it and has to be desired.
One without a love for what it is they do,
Will not be motivated, achieve or inspire.
Since the combination of these three,
Has nothing to do with procrastination.

And many who are turned off by work,
But wish for 'perks' to be delivered to their lives...
Are not suitable to produce,
And expect to waste time.
Minds deluded with excuses are not included.
This kind of seduction for them,
Has not been prioritized.
Or on an agenda they ensure thrives and keeps alive.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Minds Lock In Times

He was better received when perceived a joke.
You know...
Those kinds of folks made to look like fools,
To the locals in small neighborhoods.
Where gossip remains fresh.
And time stands still!
Like some with it to kill think it should.
And they do the best they can...
To bring back each moment of it,
If they could by not letting the past go.

He would look upon them as if they were lessons to him.
As he wondered why they thought themselves,
To be above law and sin.
And...
Comprehension!

When he spoke they would laugh,
Thinking him weird and showing indifference.
And as he grew older their antics made him bolder.
Leaving them in his mind behind...
As the children they were!
Trying now to climb out of deep holes they dug!

The moral of this story?
To thine own self be true.
Eventually it leaves to see others...
With pretentions to undo.
IF only they knew how to do that to grow!
And minds lock in times gone by,
Never do!
Nor can one who is idle...
Move mountains.
Just lips to age with sagging mentalities,
Left to whisper their agonies.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Mindset Changes

Hired to protect the inhabitants,
And keep secure their wealth and prosperity...
They hid ambitions for more excessiveness,
To feed overwhelming egos.
Sedating those on promises never fulfilled.
Those ideals were killed!
To bilk for themselves...
Resources of everyone else,
In a pattern to deflect intentions!

Luxury and opulence,
Lead to forces of destruction.
This way of life lost meaning and function.
And a wasted integrity once esteemed!

Leaving battles of defense
To restore common sense,
Crumbling from the addiction of greed...
In backyards of their own in need!
Left in disarray.

And those who recommended
This outlook to maintain a pride in values,
Thought desired by all of mankind...
Now find they have been hoodwinked,
By the ones they believed would succeed
In providing security for all...
Without the urgent call,
For sweeping mindset changes!
And a total overhaul of beliefs.
Hopefully...
Quietly addressed at the next town meeting!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Mindset Insensitized

The stripping of humanity.
And feeding of indignities.
No choice is left.
And none perceived.
As a knitting of a global,
Community breeds.
To leave a few in riches.
While millions die,
By a mindset insensitized.
To eliminate people like flies.
Similar to what one does,
When using a pesticide.
Or insecticide,
OR...
Cyanide

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Mindsets Attached To Anguish

It doesn't cost a cent to listen.
Only one's time is invested in comprehension.
And observing the effects of doing neither...
Does nothing to advance humanity.

Or...
Can one with tremendous ego,
Believing...
A reflection of greed is respected,
Convince with a turned up nose...
All is well in the satisfaction department.
People like that are quick to expose,
How they protect their insecurities.
And a display of pretensions do it,
Most of the time.

Those with mindsets attached to anguish...
Are also those most unhappy with their 'things'.
Even though they wish to impress with them,
Little does an ability to acquire the fresh taste of waste...
Create everlasting joy.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Mine When Fresh

You took it!
I don't want it any more.
You can't bring it back...
To attach as if not disconnected.
It's been infected,
By rejection and remorse allowed.
It was mine when fresh,
When selected and inspected.
I broke it in!
Remember when that happened?
Remember when it popped?
And I craved and could not stop!
You took it!
I don't want it any more.
You can't bring it back...
To attach as if not disconnected.
It's been infected,
By rejection and remorse allowed.
It was mine when fresh,
When selected and inspected.
I broke it in!
Remember when that happened?
Remember when it popped?
And I craved and could not stop!
I can not believe,
You shared my cherry!
Leaving me in the 'pits'...
Where I choose to sit,
Reminiscing how I made you groan.
I do not wish to hear your version,
Of an excursion meant just to tease...
Pleasing another on 'loan'
Because you say you missed my moans!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Mini Kingdoms Within A State That Bragged

Reality comes to hit hard,
Munipalities.
Treated and acting as if,
Mini kingdoms within a state that bragged...
About an affluence,
Long ago lived...
In a 'we are the richest' state there is.
From a past wished now to continue.

A collective mindset does not exist.
Cities allowed homelessness and hunger,
To persist on the backs of low paid wagers.
The 'haves' have always accused the 'have nots'...
Of being shiftless and lazy.
When jobs from them were taken and not given.
As those who were rich,
Separated themselves in suburban divisions.

Now they find dimes to spend are few.
Minds invested in their futures...
Were incompetently limited, hidden and subdued.
Those outcast and ostracized,
Were slandered and defamed and criticized...
For an outspokenness that addressed deceit and lies.
The rich and the poor now see eye to eye.
But a bigotry does not feed...
Upon an ignorance fed to breed superficiality.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Minimum Wage

Minimum wage?
Raise the minimum wage?
For the purpose to do 'what'?
Dignify the myth of equality?
To then do what?
Lower the expectations,
Of those with beliefs...
They are better than others?
To then have those with their insecurities,
In the streets protesting...
A sharing of their entitlements?
A losing of their rights to 'see',
NO ONE at the bottom?
So those 'feeling' above others...
Have only themselves left to detest?

What is going on?
Equality, minimum wage raised?
Is 'everyone' crazed?

'Figuratively, right? '

WHAT?

'You are speaking 'figuratively'?
Not 'literally', right? '

What difference does it make?
It's all madness.

'So...
Are you for it?
Or against it? '

I 'think' they should raise the minimum dose,
And lower the wage paid...
To those administering these medications,
Feeding heads already with a consciousness dead.

'Medications? '

We're all addicted to this cheaply fed nonsense.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Minstrels On Albany

Here they are!
Excuse those crazed.
Some are strung out on crack,
Share a 'joint' or two
With children they raise!
And praised they are not like their jailed fathers.

And the sweeping chills of hymns sung,
And heard leaking from nearby churches...
Streaked by early Sunday morning light,
And upon Parishioners of assorted fields of endeavor,
Lift voices sweet in gospeled harmonies.
And sure to be blessed with the hefty tithes they left!

All around them is big business ignored.
They prefer whoring,
Oppose to prostitution!
And they feel this processed thought,
Saves their souls!

With turned up noses...
Rolling up car windows when they leave.
As if the smell on the street...
Will awaken them from a sleep too deeply slept.

If we step this way...
Careful not to disturb those nodding,
Or in glazed stupors.
Minstrels on Albany
Grouped in cliques, gangs or just stand to watch...
Are observed,
Passing cars and crowded buses taking folks downtown.

'Look. Over here! Don't miss it...
Police are quick to respond from precincts,
Conveniently a few feet beyond
Reprised acts of crime.
On devalued property where 'turf' wars are fought,
On littered concrete and broken glass.'

Yet,
In the mornings...
The sunrise is welcomed,
By the sound of a cello playing!
Students are rushing with backpacks full.
Curry scents freshens a warm breeze shifting.

These scenes have been edited,
And will not be part of the 'tourist' package!

And in the mix,
Congestion begins to transfix idled perceptions.
Funksters seeking tricks,
Slip from behind abandoned buildings...
And cardboard boxes taped with paper!
As sunlight sheds more nakedness on realities.
And it seems the sadness of this festival...
Is also the reason that it treats and hypnotizes,
Those looking for lost energy
Dramatized and highlighted daily...
As one of 'thee' places to avoid!
But sightseers are always quick to ask,
'Where is the best fried chicken! '
And...
'Aren't these performances incredible?
They are remarkably fresh with precision.
And none are getting paid for this activity?
That! ...Is a stroke of genius!
Minstrels On Albany is a winner of sensations! '
And...
In the mornings,
The sunrise is welcomed.
By the sound of a cello playing!
Orchestrating the movements
Of students rushing with backpacks full.
Curry scents freshens a warm breeze shifting.
And the Minstrels on Albany clear throats to beg...
Or share another hustling way to ease this life!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Mint Scented

We are living in times,
Feeling less appreciated.
Less secure and less respected.
Less tolerant and patient.
Less accepting and yet left,
Believing these days we live...
Has progressed from those days,
When many were afraid...
Their possessions to get to address,
Would not impress the neighbors.
And as long as some can still live that way,
Everything else that can be denied to ignore...
Is perfectly okay as long as they stay,
Remaining to lay blame on others...
Behind their mint scented and bolted doors.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Minutes After The Stroke Of Midnight

Either mystical doom or an acceptance of evil.
People are obsessed,
With an ending to their lives...
That entertains their imaginations.

And caught up with depictions,
As to how this is going to happen.

With those taking both sides...
To traumatize the ones innocent.
While showing with a knowing,
How they can victimize themselves...
In movies or on widescreen TV's,
To capture the full effect...
Of how a martyr does it in 3D.

And caught up with depictions,
As to how this is going to happen...
With instructions.
Giving purpose to their reason,
To terrorize the lives of others.
With the pocketing of some fast cash,
From creations that promote the doing of it.

Either mystical doom or an acceptance of evil.
People are obsessed,
With an ending to their lives...
That entertains their imaginations.

And...
Satisfies with predictions made,
They hope The Creator of 'this' reality approves.
Just before the white knight dressed in shining armor,
Comes to save humanity with a new soaring soundtrack...
Played for survivors to hear minutes after the stroke of midnight.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Miracle On Barbour Street

Quiet.
Peaceful.
And not one syllable,
Of a cuss word heard.
Children are laughing and playing.
Fathers are strolling hand in hand,
With their actual children.
And mothers are seen,
Exposing less cleavage.
And the air is free,
Of the scent of weed!
They all appear to be dreadlocked.
With faces shining like gold!

'I will count to three.
And when I do...
You will not remember a thing!
1-2-3...
SNAP out of it! '

Thank you doctor.
I think my taste for nicotine,
Is diminishing.

'We are making some progress.
However...
You keep returning to this place,
In your visions.'

What place?
What are you talking about?

'It sounds delightful.
I'll call it Miracle On Barbour Street.
I will take detailed notes,
And share them with you...
At the end of your visit.
I think you digress to a time,
Many many years ago!

It must be a place you are channeling.
From a different life.
Would you like to schedule another session? '

Yes.
Record me next time.
I often dream of seeing the pyramids!
I bet my ancestors are trying to contact me.
Should I continue to take the medication?

'Yes...
Of course.
We are making much progress.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Miracles Can And Will Happen

You aint the only one around here that don't get it!
It can be staring you in the face,
And you still wont get it.
It can be standing on your foot...
And you still wont get it.

I got it.
And that is the reason,
From you I had to go.
And there is no 'why'...
Needed from me I felt to you,
In a note,
Message...
Or call,
I did not care or think enough...
To leave.
That's where I have been!
'A' with 'away' from you.

Just keep saying this to yourself,
'I don't get it and I never will.'

'I don't get it and I never will.'

'I don't get it and I never will.'

And trust me,
As experience has taught me lessons...
Miracles CAN and WILL happen!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Miracles Can Happen

Keep it simple.
Avoid being stupid,
If...
This is a possibility.
And keep this in mind...
Miracles can happen any time.
Remain faithful.
And welcome the presence of humility.
Some of you will find this to be a stretch.
Especially when so many,
Seem to possess an abundance of ignorance.

However...
And keep this in mind...
Miracles can happen any time.
Always remember this...
A dime spent,
Is a waste of ten pennies!
You could have saved...
To collect and value,
The current Age of Worthlessness.

Only fools try to impress,
With empty pockets and lofty conversation.

And if through life,
You are able to keep that addressed...
An intelligence you pride,
Can be overlooked and pushed aside.
To benefit the process of unlimited learning.

And done by anyone yearning,
To comprehend...
What others pretend has been understood.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Miracles Everyday That Exist

I've been there,
With just the comforting from shadows...
Beneath a favorite tree,
Lifting branches towards the sky.

And I've been there,
Before the dawning of Sun came...
To observe darkness disappear,
As a new day came to appear.

And I've been there much too often,
Not to realize what satisfies me...
With a sitting to reminisce,
What has gone.

I've been there and I am here to know,
Life and love and meaning.
I've been there and I am here to know,
To row without a knocking of my own boat.

I've been there,
With just the comforting from shadows...
Beneath a favorite tree,
Lifting branches towards the sky.

And today with my eyes opened wide,
With a clearing done from experiences lived...
I can confess and not deny or wish to try,
The witnessing of miracles everyday that exist.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Miraculous

Somehow...
It has remained,
Anchored!
Cemented in their heads...
That it is perfectly okay,
To stay completely obstinate.

Against change.
And the evolution of it!

And somehow...
A satisfaction sits,
With those trying to convince
Others who have moved on.

Silence has come to visit upon their stagnant voices.

Somehow...
They believe,
Such a stubbornness that exists...
Is a mindset that is envied.
Somehow...
One has to be awed,
By this self hypnosis seen
That can 'drop' jaws!

It is magical and miraculous,
That folks like this have any existence at all!
But they do...
Somehow.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Mirages To Test

Effectively created mirages to test,
Are in those places where updating them...
Go unnoticed to accept.
And chasing them has become a custom,
For those who believe they see them best.
With kept faith that what is chased,
Will 'someday' match...
Those beliefs they are told to keep,
To 'eventually' meet their needs to receive.

'Do you see them? '

~No, I can not say I do.~

'Stay where you are with kept faith.
And no matter what I do,
What I see for you to come true...
Will most definitely happen.
It did for me.'

~What do you see?
What do you see? ~

'Stay where you are with kept faith,
And I promise you what it is that I do...
Will not come to benefit you at all.'

~Why would you say that? ~

'My beliefs are not yours to achieve.
You sought my support.
And that's what I've done.
I wouldn't want you to think,
I am selfish and have no empathy.
Stay where you are.
I'm sure 'something' will dawn upon you to come.
And you will discover it without words to be heard,
Coming from anyone.'

~Oh, I hope so.~

'Trust me...
I know so.
I saw the 'light' many years ago.
And when I did,
My own 'oasis' appeared.
With it claimed and to follow.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Mirrored Are Those Eyes

Mirrored are those eyes,
We turn our own away from quickly.
Instantly we see ourselves reflected.
To refuse admitting,
An image we can not accept.
An image of hopelessness and neglect.
Left defenseless.
And aware of despair in silence to grieve.

Out of breath we rush to leave,
With kept denials protected.
And as shields we use pretense to delude.
Feeling safe from those mirrored eyes,
We do.
Feeling safe we have defied,
Another day surviving a guilt to feel.
Choosing...
Our misdeeds and selfish need to feed,
A greed that keeps others reminding us...
Of it.
While we smother to covet,
Desires, wishes and dreams of others.
We can not face but leaves us haunted.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Misappropriation Of Trust

Young man...
It is our intention to ensure,
You are absolutely clear of mind...
Of those charges brought up against you.
Is that understood.

'Yes.'

Yes, what?
There is a protocol and procedure,
You will follow here.
Is 'that' understood?

'Yes, Your Honor.'

That's more like it.
And hold your head up.

We have come together to discuss,
At this hearing...
The ethics by which you have chosen,
In your previous admitted statements...
To be a gross miscalculation of judgement.
And...
We have determined,
To be a negligent and blatant misappropriation of trust.

We would like to hear from you,
Your interpretation of the whereabouts of the missing funds.
As well as an explanation to the disappearance of it.
Detailed!
What is it that you wish to reveal during this inquiry.
And please...
I do not wish to repeat this again.
Hold your head up.

'I am a thief. A common lowdown crook.
And a deceiver who lies to benefit my own interests.'

Well...
I see.
We 'were' expecting you to evade our suspicions.
To allow a deeper probe into your activities.
To make us look good in front of the media.
However...
Since you apparently represent our true beliefs,
I see no reason to prolong this needless investigation.
You dared to be honest.
And need I say...
Today that is a rarity.

And let me take this time to apologize to you,
For all of those who attempted to use you as their scapegoat.
Congratulations.
You are free to go!

'But...
I want to be sentenced for my crimes.'

You WHAT?
LOL...are you kidding?
Get out of here.

Did you hear what he said?
'I want to be sentenced for my crimes.'
LOL.
Where do these kids get this stuff from?
They must be showing reruns of Matlock.
Have him followed.
We do not need the likes of people like that,
Trying to break into prison.
That will put an end to our incarceration programs.
And...
Make sure he does not go near,
Any of the half -way houses.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Miscast As Your Character

Don't...
Think about you,
Crossing my mind.
You've killed off that time.

No don't...
Think about you,
Crossing my mind.
Or who has my time.
With you not to find.

Suspicions pushed me out of your view.
And you...
Thought I could be messin' around.

Suspicions pushed me out of your view.
And you...
Were the one to be found,
Messing around.
Using me. Abusing me.
To be your clown.

So don't...
Think about you,
Crossing my mind.
Or who has my time.

You made me feel it quite a lot,
Miscast as your character.
You made me feel it quite a lot,
Mopey, doped and fooled.
Yes you made me feel it quite a lot,
Miscast as your character.
To make me feel it stupid to do.

So don't...
Think about you,
Crossing my mind.
That you wont find.

You've killed off that time.

No please don't...
Think about who's spending my time,
This time.
'Cause I've turned down that part to play,
To portray.
'Cause I'm not gonna have it that way.

So don't...
Think about you,
Crossing my mind.
You wont.
And don't.
'Cause,
I've turned down that part to play.
You'll find...
I've turned down that part to play.
You'll find...
That character today I don't play.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Mischievous Conceptions

The best thing you can do for yourself,
Is 'be' yourself.
Once you have accomplished that mission,
And the introduction is complete...
It will be much easier,
Discovering 'what' it is you want!
And 'who' shares your ideals.
You will then know who 'feels' what,
With a purpose that's done for 'real'.
And those medicated with delusions...
Will lose their attractiveness,
That held you magnetically with appeal...
To keep you and themselves concealed,
As worthless entities...
Sharing complaints and complexities!
Be yourself.
Be you like no one else can be...
Feeling free of mischievous conceptions!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Misdeeds Done Never Leave

A misdeed believed to be done to another,
Secretly and in discreet.
Seems to always reach a gossiper,
Knowing details and the time of the deed
With it to spread to open ears listening.
Heard on the streets patiently received.

To then be denied by the hider.
Peeking with a sneaking at night.
And in daylight try to minimize,
A doing that destroys someone's life.

Misdeeds done never leave.
Come back they do to haunt the deceiver.
Misdeeds done never leave.
They return...
To burn.

A misdeed believed to be done to another,
Secretly and in discreet.
Seems to always reach a gossiper,
Knowing details and the time of the deed

To then be denied by the hider.
Peeking with a sneaking at night.
And in daylight try to minimize,
A doing that destroys someone's life.

Misdeeds done...
Never leave.
They return publicly to burn backbiters.
Misdeeds done never leave.
They attack...
Lieing people like that.

Misdeeds done never leave.
Publicly and openly they burn backbiters.
Misdeeds done never leave.
No matter how secretly kept to deceive.

Misdeeds,
Return to burn...
Backbiters.
Return to burn backbiters.
Misdeeds,
Return to burn...
Backbiters.
Return to burn backbiters.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Misdeeds To Disbelieve

Why is it people will not admit,
Headaches they have to exist...
Began when they permitted them.

And why do those with pretentions kept,
Are often heard to exclaim...
A disrespecting of children done to do,
Is a reflection they can not accept.
Although the proof is there.
Regardless if the evidence of it is refused.

Choosing to excuse and refusing to see,
A planting of misdeeds to disbelieve...
Has an effect on one's attempt,
To convince a healthy mentality is maintained.
When it is too obvious to go unnoticed,
People traumatized by decisions made...
On their own to affect their lives,
Have only themselves to blame!
Although not shamed,
To point their fingers at others who watch...
Them standing atop piles of garbage,
They've allowed to stack and not to stop.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Misery Is All They See

It appears as though those most miserable,
Are the ones holding onto the notion
That yesterday was a better place to live than today.
And things then could be better...
Only if yesterday came back.
With selected memories allowed to tap.
There is a denial attached wanted back.
And the facts today have saddled them with sadness.
Unhappiness keeps them wishing.
Reminisced times confines them to lost dreams.
They find themselves stuck in a rut.
They wont give up their sorrows!
But...
Nothing shared or said about reality,
Frees or releases their grief.
Everyday they say, 'Things aren't the way they used to be! '
And everyday tomorrow never comes.
Even today for them has been delayed.
They refuse to live it!
No time of themselves do they wish to give it.
Misery is all they see.
With a wish to breathe it in its totality!
And identifying that...
Helps them attract more sadness to carry,
On their backs.
'I need more! Give me more!
What will I do without it? '
And the act of it keeps them seduced.
Like a habit loved they will not surrender.
Or ignore the sickness of its pleasure to abuse...
Over and over again like a willing victim,
Denying its end for them!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Misery Is All They See Ii

There it is.
I have to have it!
Of course I know what it is.
I'll get as much of it as I can...
Bring it back and we can share.
Don't go anywhere.
Nothing makes me happier,
Than giving most of it to you.
And you say I'm not caring?
You stay where you are.
Let me handle this!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Misery Is Just Another Number

'Ladies and gentlemen,
It is our pleasure to present...
The first televised broadcast of,
'Misery Is Just Another Number' show.
And each week we will pick,
A contestant from our audience who believes...
Their suffering to do has been worse,
Than anyone else.
Everyone...
Please focus your attention to the monitors.
When you see yourself on the screen,
Please join us here on the stage.
And...
Let's see which one of you miserable people,
Wins our first prize.
Roll cameras!
Stop.'

~Ahhh. Ahhh. Ahhh.
It's me. That's me.
I have been so miserable all of my life.
Finally. Finally, I am being acknowledged for it.
What do I win? What do I win? ~

'Congratulations.
Remember those 12 children you fathered,
Many years ago?
All by different young women.'

~Do tell me.~

'Yes.
We've located each one of them.
And guess what?
We've located 'their' children as well.
Drumroll please.
And...
Believe this or not,
$150,000.00 has been claimed...

As child support payments you have yet to pay.
Today you will either pay cash.
Or...
Go straight to jail.
And you know what this means? '

~I'm going to stay miserable,
For the rest of my life? ~

'Yes. Yes. Yes.
Ladies and gentlemen,
Give this man a standing ovation...
For accepting our first,
'Misery Is Just Another Number' award.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Misfit And Socially Disabled

Why twist an arm,
On someone already bent out of shape?
That will not make a difference.
Nor will it motivate to shake,
An infatuation one has...
With being a contortionist!
And you have assisted with such posturings.
Enabling someone who already delights,
In being misfit and socially disabled!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Misfit Beatings

I take a beating for my needs!
I kick myself and sit in despair.
I need a love of mine right here,
Not 'there'
Behind someone's closed doors,
Like a whore who disappears
Doing whore chores!
Seeking fresh pieces...
To admire and adore.

Then suddenly reappear?
At my door?
As if that's not clear,
A 'respect' was ignored.

I take a beating for my needs!
I close myself off...
When open I want to be.
I want to unleash this love and release,
But someone I trust must receive...
And be pleased to be with me.

Or I will go on denying,
It's pride I feel from a wounded heart!
And not from a touch I long to feed,
From depths surfacing seeking a fresh start!

Alone I groan...
And take a beating,
For my needs.

I know what I want...
But I'm not getting it with ease,
And that is upsetting.
So much so,
I have been on my knees!

I take a beating for my needs.
But sorrow does not come to share them.

I may take a beating for my needs...
Knowing what I want,
Will be what it is.
When it comes to give fulfillment,
That is complete without self deceit
To relive...
Or surrender!

And come for me with a goodness,
Meant to be.

I take a beating for my needs...
To one day taste the sweetness,
Delivered just for me!
To one day taste the sweetness,
Delivery just for me!
To one day taste the sweetness,
Delivery just for me!
I take a beating for my needs...
And in the meaning of this feeling,
Repeated it will be...
Until I have the will and strength,
To set myself finally free.

I take a beating for my needs.
I know that more and I can see.
I'm not as eager to punish,
Or as quick to accept defeat!
I take a beating for my needs,
I do!
But I do it to clean the slate...
For whoever arrives when that time comes.
To mate.
For whomever that will be,
To help me forget
The foolish things done!
To free myself finally to enjoy fun.
When that one comes and stops my urge,
To end my misfit beatings...
Inflicted with such fits!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Misfit Destructionists

Born to slaughter falsities,
Are those branded nonconformists.
Or other maverick labels given,
To have many perceive them to be...
Misfit destructionists,
Methodically tearing down...
Concepts thought sound and solid.

Although cracks gone ignored,
Viewed upon those foundations once adored...
Have become too valued to renovate,
For fear an updating will expose what is faked.
To reveal carpenter ants have eaten through,
What was believed to accept as being concrete.
Instead of plywood used.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Misguided

We're they found to be hypnotized?

'No.'

Have any of them admitted,
To taking mind altering drugs?

'No.'

Then...
What is their defense?
Why are they weeping uncontrollably?

'They tell us they have been miguided.'

Misguided?
That is ridiculous.
Misguided by who, whom or what?

'They are trying to convince us,
Their beliefs they can no longer trust.'

Beliefs?
So...
Why are they crying?

'They are claiming the repercussions,
Consequences and their current dilemmas...
Are the result of the pollen.'

POLLEN?
Foundations are crumbling.
New diseases are being discovered on a daily basis.
The economy has tanked.
People are jobless, hungry and homeless.
And crime has become as common,
As gunshots are heard in school hallways.
People are outraged by their nonexistent leadership.
And they are blaming their failures on 'POLLEN'?

Are they all insane?

'Well...
They are saying they have been misguided.'

By what?
Bad advice given to them,
By their high school guidance counselors?

'You are going to find this hard to believe...
But yes.
You hit it right on the head.
You see...
All of them are suffering from similar allergies.
And living in the same neighborhood as children,
They all were treated by the same physician...
That had presribed the wrong medication to them all.
Therefore,
Affecting their abilities to make the right judgements.
When those judgements should have been their priority.'

Just how long has this been known?

'Since the release of the current polls.
It seems everyone is finding them all to be incompetent.
And it is my belief they are seeking sympathy,
To regain and restore their influential images...
Enabling them to be re-elected in 2014.'

What IS this madness?
You can NOT be serious?

'I am YES!
However...
Remember,
I am just delivering the message.'

What in the WORLD is going on?

'I asked you that several years ago.
And you then told me not to be negative.
Remember?

You had then accused me of being delusional? '

I remember.
But reporting this news AND smiling about it,
Borders on being sadomasochistic.
You realize that, don't you?

'I've learned so many lessons,
Concerning the receiving...
Of my own personal pleasures lately.
And, I must admit...
Some days I get a little thrill,
Observing others confused by their 'misguidance'.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Misguided Acts

Doesn't it amaze,
How the negativity expressed by others...
Has a way to motivate.
And the intention isn't to do this,
To inspire one to achieve.
One who campaigns to spread negativity,
Is desiring to establish...
A group of followers to believe.

And when the opposite occurs,
Personalities are attacked.
With the hopes that the doing of it...
Eventually creates one's defeat.
With a gladness expressed,
And shown of that.

But...
When the creating of that creates a feast,
From which one is observed eating...
As if to thrive on opposition fed.
Well,
A loathing with a self pity begins.
With a blaming of others the deceiver accuses,
Of being mistreated...
By those of cold shoulders shown towards them,
Without remorse.

And they are the ones left misunderstanding,
Those responsible for initiating misguided acts...
Attract to themselves,
Of course...
Outlooks abundant with unhappiness that attacks.
And only they are the ones,
Who can take full credit for that.
Although they will state their own interpretation of facts.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Misguided Is The Madness

Misguided is the madness.
To insist with it persisted,
Its obvious presence...
Does not exist.
Where is the filter?
Who determines a chaos,
Apparent...
Should continue to go ignored.
How long will confusion,
Stay to keep conflicts swept...
As an occurrence happening,
Only on other shores.

'You all wish,
To interpret this...
As an escalation,
Of mental illness.
However...
The reality,
Based on the facts I have...
Is just an adjustment,
After rumors heard uncontrolled
Become leaked,
Without a shred of evidence...
To prove its validity.
Regardless of what is faked,
By those wishing to create...
What I have yet to see,
To me would be clarity.

-Well said.
But what about the madness?
And from where it generates? -

'Huh?
I have generated higher ratings
Than anyone.
You want to introduce,
Some kind of collusion.

And I tell you,
From where I sit...
That is preposterous.'

-What? -

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Misology

Misogamy splintered,
Keeping mysogynist split.
Those with thoughts of misology
Can be said are those who benefit!
They are not commited to marriage,
Or what that union means.
Men today aren't what they were.
Neither are today's women dainty princesses...
Nor are they stay at home queens.
Turning our world upside down it seems.
Men hating women.
And women looking for good men!
Even though there are issues between them...
They still produce abandoned children!
And they become...
Misogamy splintered,
Keeping mysogynist split.
Those with thoughts of misology...
Can be said are those who benefit!
They are not commited to marriage,
Or what that union means.
Men today aren't what they were.
Neither are today's women dainty princesses...
Nor are they stay at home queens.
Turning our world upside down it seems.
Men hating women.
And women looking for good men!
Even though there are issues between them...
They still produce abandoned children!
And they become...
A group that's shunned.
Turning our world upside down,
For their own self worth...
In upheavaled destruction!
Creating debate,
That solicits hatred.
Spinning with cyclicity...
Misunderstandings that take place!
Revolving unsolved we are,

Misogamy splintered,
Keeping mysogynist split.
Those with thoughts of misology
Can be said are those who benefit!
They are not commited to marriage,
Or what that union means.
Men today aren't what they were.
Neither are today's women dainty princesses...
Nor are they stay at home queens.
Turning our world upside down it seems.
Men hating women.
And women looking for good men!
Even though there are issues between them...
They still produce abandoned children!
And they are raised like them...
Searching to find a reason behind
Why their minds are constantly venting,
With fresh venom!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Misplaced Values

Misplaced values to keep them chased,
Has a way to delay expected satisfactions.
And a dawning when that happens,
To deliver reality with it done...
Leaves one to comprehend too late,
That an expressed appreciation...
Without empty charades of impressions made,
Is accepted and felt to be genuine.
And only takes away moments,
From a 24 hour day to relay what is felt.

This treasured value to misplace,
For the chasing of forgettable satisfactions...
Is a waste of time to remind those blind,
Seeking to find for themselves attention to get.
Since they have already taken life for granted.
And others who have enhanced,
This blessed experience of life they have received.

Those who chase impressions to make,
Often awaken too late to express appreciation.
With it realized on their traveled paths to journey,
Who put them on their course...
Without wavering to divorce to set them right,
And with a doing of their own lives to sacrifice.
Those with misplaced values adapt quickly,
To a sought after self serving self importance.

Only to become haunted to regret actions made.
When the seeking to impress...
Begins to fade away from their reminisced memories.
To wish they had not been thoughtless.
With more time to spend,
From a chasing that begins to haunt them.
As misplaced values once had,
Become less remembered.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Missed Future

Each day passes,
Procrastinated.
As hesitated wishes,
Greet anticipated sunsets.

Bold dreams with broken promises,
Sit...
With a dusting,
Upon them they get.

And...
An emptiness regrets,
A missed future not met.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Missed Right Here

That letter I wrote to you last year?
The one that said I wish you'd disappear?
You are missed right here and it aches my heart...
I wish I could take back what I started
To part us to see you departing!
If I knew I could say how miserable I am,
You would understand that.
And I would open!
If I knew that from first words spoken!

That letter I wrote to you last year?
Did not make clear my love for you.
Or was it too clear and that is why you split?
Just because I said, 'Kiss my ass and I'm out of it! '
Was not meant for you to go!
That's why I say you don't know me at all.
That's why we reach these crossroads,
And becomed stalled!
How can we overcome torment and raging fits...
If you leave me all alone twitching in a fit!
I thought you loved me?
You would always be with me,
When I went ballistic! And I've missed it!

That letter I wrote to you last year?
The one that said I wish you'd disappear?
You are missed right here and it aches my heart...
I wish I could take back what I started
To part us...
I did that to see you departing!
If I knew I could say how miserable I am,
To you
As I hold back tears ready to drip
From my eyes.
And from my eyes I could see that yours are open.
You would understand that.
But I fear to hear first words spoken...
That may leave me choked up and heartbroken.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Missed To Add

Regardless who sits wishing...
So many believe,
They can put off their lives...
To be lived at a time scheduled.
Like a retirement,
Induced by delays and time slots...
One jots down to trigger a forgetfulness.

Folks not living in the 'now' today...
For an expressed wish to do tomorrow,
On hold!
Are waking up today to discover...
Those tomorrows including fading yesterdays,
Have perished.
They are gone!

Just like opportunities that come to knock.
If a response is not immediately taken...
Whatever had been there,
Is on a mission to deliver and leave.
That's it!
Regardless who sits in wishful thinking.
Or reminiscing the possibilities!

One may want to relive the past...
As if to grab it from a dusted calendar.
To 'update' information missed to add.
However,
The reality of it does not linger.
Perhaps in memory.
But not to live.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Missing From Action

Disgruntled and bitter,
Are those outspoken perceived.
When in observation,
A truth and reality to see contradicts...
The doings of hypocrites with proclaimed faith,
But not affliliated with values of morality...
Many today no longer fake.
Money corrupts!

And where churches exist,
In the midst of conflicts...
A wholesomeness that should be witnessed,
Seems dead on arrival or missing from action.
Although heard to be screamed from bullhorns,
Are the repeating of scriptures...
By those who have seen the 'light',
After the brightness of living deceiving lives...
Has awakened them from depths of darkness.

Disgruntled and bitter,
Are those outspoken perceived to be.
Those who have never been tricked or deceived,
By those boasting about their new found discovery...
Of 'something' far greater than themselves existing.
'Something' they now detect,
Is not impressed with their demonic deeds done to do.
Money corrupts.

And yet...
Crumbling are the steps upon which they stand,
To address with impressions to make.
With a hope that their 'visions' will be kept...
Not to correct or renovate that which crumbles.
But the money is the honey,
They want for themselves to bring back to their hives.

And no one perceived to be disgruntled or bitter,
Is not a handshaking politician...
Or a smooth talking religious zealot.

Those positions are too often committed,
By those who have the answers...
But somehow can not fix to rid,
The stopping of the asking of questions.

'Why aren't you asking them any questions.
You 'appear' to be intelligent.'

~That's why I don't ask any questions.
The doing of it has not proven to be beneficial.
Perceptions can be misleading.
My experiences have taught me this.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Mission Accomplished

We are getting many to become obese.
Many now have become desresptful and undisciplined.
And drug use is on the rise!

'Excellent.
Mission accomplished.
Now go...
And reward those who have become extremely lazy.

I can not believe how simple this task! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Mission Assigned To The Position

Challenges faced everyday,
To remain emotionally vulnerable...
With an accepting of what takes place,
Is the mission assigned to the position...
Of one who lives fated to create.

Awakening each day,
As if with eyes of an innocent child...
Gets less difficult for the one,
Who has been committed to a life lived...
Not to be experienced by everyone to reconcile.

And those who sit believing,
This kind of mentality can be critiqued...
Are not living twenty four hours a day,
With a mind creating barely getting rest.
Only to momentarily 'allowed' to sleep.

Challenges faced everyday,
To remain emotionally vulnerable...
With an accepting of what takes place,
Is the mission assigned to the position...
Of one who lives fated to create with focus.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Mistake Maker

I'd be more inclined,
With patience to listen...
To a recovering mistake maker,
Admitting the experience.
Than I would be,
Hearing judgements...
Of others made,
Coming from one...
Who has not spent time done,
Attempting to escape...
From pretensions to enjoy.
Created and stayed in them,
To marinate.

The best advice I have received
Had come from the ones,
Awakening to leave behind...
Self deception.
And the affect that has,
On insecure mentalities.

Although difficult it is,
To succeed and defeat...
Those loving their dirt.
And mud slinging ways.
One who has graduated...
From those mistake making days,
Can be grateful to know...
Trenches to dig,
With the love to throw mud...
Delights pigs.
And awakening to notice this,
Is a blessing.

Getting out of pit...
To keep from being the next,
Picked to be roasted...
Is one who has come,
To acknowledge it done...

The detriment,
Of one's own ignorance.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Mistakened

Those putting a foot forward,
To breakaway from portrayals...
Others may lay to say some betray.
May just not be attempts to impress.
Perhaps an identity one feels,
Is finally being addressed.
And mistakened are the ones,
Who believe an acceptance sought from them...
Is what someone who has discovered themselves,
Seeks!
And feelings explored may hurt,
When 'feelings' ignored go unnoticed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Mistakes

I admit to committing,
Many mistakes.
Only with time,
To face them made.
With finding I am left,
Not to regret...
Steps I have taken,
To realize my own progress.
And if it had not been,
For those mistakes to make...
I'd still be in a place,
Fearing to hear judgements heard...
About my efforts to endeavor,
Without facing to erase my own doubts.

I admit to committing,
Many mistakes.
Only with time,
To face them made.
And leaving fear to hear judgements heard,
Now to welcome to know...
Without criticisms or judgerments passed,
I would have never learned...
From my own mistakes to witness them,
How much all of it had been...
A part of my growth I would have stopped to end,
Any mistakes to begin.

And who has ever lived to say,
They have done this without a mistake to make?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Mistakes Are Expected To Be Made

Would it be worth it to reverse and redo,
Those mistakes I've made along the way?
For purposes to correct,
What today I am better to convey?
With a maturity that is assured.
And with a humility I've learned to display?

Many times I have thought about this.
As I reminisced those lessons,
I should have grasped but dismissed.

And IF it was a possibility,
To correct and perfect my blemishes...
Flaws and imperfections,
Others inspected and criticized!
My life would not be as fulfilling.
Since my time would be occupied...
With making excuses and creating alibis.
And I would have been limited to sit in fear.

And I thank God,
It was not the fear of obstacles...
That have kept my steps blessed.
It was faith and prayer that made me aware...
I was just one of many artists,
Assigned to do my part...
To add onto this living canvas,
We've come to call life to live and give.

And mistakes are expected to be made.
With attempts in the wrong direction,
Only God forgives if we ask of Her or Him...
Or Both,
To be forgiven!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Mistakes Made

Everyday,
We all are given opportunities...
To reflect and progress.
With the doing of our best.

Everyday,
Twenty four hours...
Are given to us to improve.
Some don't, some do...
With re-evaluation from which we choose.

Not everyone has given this,
A thought to prioritize.
With mistakes mad realized.
To acknowledge, correct and move on.

Not everyone has given this,
A second of their time.
Only to find themselves...
Slicing and eating pieces,
Of a humble pie...
Decereasing in size!

'I know this sounds to you ridiculous,
But...
Is there anymore of that pie left to eat?
I know this sounds to you ridiculous...
But...
The taste of it is not bad at all.
In fact I'm going to make this my favorite treat.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Mistakes Premeditated To Addict Predicted

Mistakes premeditated to make,
Are difficult to forgive.
Especially when one is known,
To have prepared excuses.
Expecting forgiveness.
And prepared to apologize,
With the same comment heard...
'You know how I am! '

-Yes, I do.
But apparently in the doing,
You still refuse to respect me.
And I know that part of you...
I've known too well,
Has come to an end.-

'Why do you have to be,
So different than everyone else? '

-Your mistakes to make,
To then excuse...
Has become your habit to disrespect.
And I'm not addicted to your habits.
I have my own that are bad enough.
Mine are not premeditated,
To have anyone predicting...
In time I expect them to become,
Addicted.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Mister 'Do-That-To-Get-Done-Doer'

Mister 'Do-That-To-Get-Done-Doer'
Does what it takes,
To accomplish those deeds he needs
To satisfy.

Not one to resist,
Risky challenges that may exist.
Or will he run,
From those that persist with resistance.
He's Mister 'Do-That-To-Get-Done-Doer'.
That he is.
And this is the life he has chosen to live!

Mister 'Do-That-To-Get-Done-Doer'
Knows when to do that,
And not back track.
Enjoying the notion he does not slack.
Not him.
Dissect and remove,
If he has to correct.

He's Mister 'Do-That-To-Get-Done-Doer'.
That he is.
And this is the life he has chosen to live!

Nothing stops him!
And if he has to crawl,
To get done what he does...
He will.
With skills!
And a sacrificial will he has to fulfill.

Mister 'Do-That-To-Get-Done-Doer'
Does what it is...
He has to do,
To do what it takes to get a job done right!
And that is the reason he has been called,
To lead!

Dedicated To:
President Barack H. Obama
United States

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Mister Dreamweaver

'Oh Mister DreamWeaver...
I thought you said,
We'd soon be coming out of the woods?
But why is it getting darker.
The Sun seems to be retreating.'

You are most observant.
And correct with your assessment.

Now...
Pass along the flashlights,
And rose colored glasses.
I have another fable to tell!

I'm going to call this one,
Myths and Avoidance!
It details...
How to interpret screams,
As sounds of joy and laughter.
It promises to be thrilling.
So keep your vomit bags prepared.
You are going to find this one,
Most delightful!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Mister Fix It

I need to be there.
And not subject myself to riddles.
Just be there,
And put to rest...
My need to split!

I...
Need,
To be there!
And not subject myself to riddles.
Or feel I'm in the middle of something misfit!

I need to be there.
And not subject myself to riddles.
Just be there,
And put to rest...
My need to split!

I...
Need,
To be there!
And not subject myself to riddles.
Or feel I'm in the middle of something misfit!

Whenever I am called to play Mister Fix-It...
I need to be there.
To give time to it.

Whenever I am called to play Mister Fix-It...
I need to be there.
To give time to it.

I've never give up on a love,
I could not keep before we split.
It seems as if we've gotten use to getting a bit!
I need to be there.

Never give up on loving it,
Once a week.

Just...
To keep it secret!

B-b-b-be there.
And not subject myself to riddles.
Just be there,
And put to rest...
My need to split!

Just be there,
Whenever I am called to play Fix-It Quick.
I need to be there,
To give time to it.

Just be there,
And not subject myself to riddles.
Or feel I'm in the middle of something misfit!

Whenever I am called to play Mister Fix-It...
I need to be there.
To give time to it.

Just be there,
And not subject myself to riddles.
Just be there,
And not subject myself to riddles.
Or feel I'm in the middle of something misfit!
Whenever I am called to play Fix-It Quick.
I need to be there.
To give time to it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Mister Muffin Tucker

That's right.
That's what I like to call myself.
Mister Muffin Tucker.
You can call me Muffin,
When I get to stuffin'.
But don't call me rough...
Before I get deep inside your stuff.

That's right.
That's what I like to call myself.
Mister Muffin Tucker.
You'll be the one huffin' and puffin'
When you find out I'm not bluffin'.
And when I get done...
You just might end up the only one,
I'll muffin tucker for!
And that depends,
On how well you bake and shake your cookies.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Mister Naughty

Thick it is,
That 'thing' that lifts.
Sitting at times,
Undisturbed and quiet.
Then a stirring occurs inside,
To make it lengthen...
And to rise.

Sometimes it's the eyes that meet...
After an inspection,
Scanning from the head to a wish
To lick each toe on the feet.
And mister naughty desires,
An entrance that greets.
Hoping introductions,
Seduces and satisfies...
In sweet sweat done,
And leaving feeling totally complete!

Mister naughty knows,
How to show composure...
After a session in discreeted enclosure,
Has been sought until the pleasure goes.
Mister Naughty Knows.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Mistreatment

As long as it is believed,
You are the one pegged...
To be used and teased,
By others who see your kindness
As a sign that you are weak.
Don't lose any sleep.
Remember people like that...
Will someday reveal themselves as creeps.

As long as you keep,
What you say honest and true...
You can hold your head up high.
Wherever you go!
Whatever you do!
Know in your heart there are few like you.

So many today say they pray for peace...
And they are the first ones to show,
Someone like you...
A unity means nothing at all.
If it can't be welcomed and/or released.

Especially towards another,
Who shows and gives respect!
Familiarity breeds contempt with intention.
And there are some living lives with that done.
Regardless of who receives mistreatment next.
And jealousy is immediately exposed...
If you or anyone
Can produce without them
Something that merits success!

And placing your steps away from those like this...
Is a suggestion recommended,
That has been put to the test!
Don't waste your time trying to understand them.
Be glad they have shown you,
A way of life you can't accept!
Let them plunge into a sinkhole...

This is what they want!
Assist them to get what they expect!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Mistuh Pahtillah

The name doesn't describe a gorilla.
Or startle with facts,
Like an action drama that is also a thriller.
I can get quite silly when pronoucing my name...
Since those I'm related to
Pronounce my last name,
Like they think they should
And some do as a game!

Pahtalier, Pahtilla, Pahtalah, Purtiller.
Puerteller, Pertillar, Partiller, Pertillaaah.
And giving me what they think I need...
Either long stares or a quick flash of a nod!
To confirm approval or something else odd!
It is so comfortable to be
In a peace of mind that lets things be!
When someone stops to ask,
'Where the hell you get that name from? '
I will gather my dignity then respond...
With my heritage light on!

I am not my name!
The one I was labelled with!
Nor am I a game.
I wont be annoyed intentionally.
Not for the shame of it to this degree!

You can call me and suggest
How best I can put my right foot forward!
Followed by my left!
But the name that you call...
Has to suit to protect our peaceful walls!
That's all!

I'm not looking through you...
As you look as if you can throw me away!
You have strayed away from getting too tender.
Your ancestors made me and those like me,
The one you once abused worse than any enemy!

And forgiveness has made a few of us friends...
Again!
But then again...
I am not my name!
The one I was labelled with!
Nor am I a game.
I wont be annoyed intentionally.
Nor make further wishes
That you should look deeper
Into me and 'see'! ...Me!

Call me what you wish!
But if you think I deserve more respect!
The kind you believe I don't often get.
'Mister Pahtillah' will do fine!
That will put you on my good side...
And we will be in the same frame of mind.
'Mistuh Pahtillah' will do fine!

And someone with a thought or two,
Will begin to think they know me...
And/or you too!
'He think he is Fabulous and Phat!
He thinks he can do anything...
And be All That!
He thinks he could become
A very wealthy man!
Skipping far ahead of the red sign
Dipping his mind on 'trappings' for this 'cat'!
Black and hospitable!

He has known he knew himself inside.
He doesn't need to be labelized.
What he knows is what he does...
And he does it to do it well!
And for me that name means family.
Some may someday 'get it'
And get with it! Or forget it.

Others never cared.
And that should be obvious...
To those aware!

Much of what we have...
Did not come from 'over there! '
Is there something being done,
About what it is that get's in your hair?

I am not my name!
The one I was labelled with!
Nor am I a game.
I wont be annoyed intentionally.
Not for the shame of it to this degree!

'Is this microphone turned off? '
I'm getting scannings and stares.
Nothing is showing in these eyes...
And nothing said is being recognized!
I can't even tell if any of them are aware
I am up here and in their faces.
And few of them make eye contact.
Although attracted they are...
But not to me!
'Is this microphone on? '

I am not my name!
How do I get them...
Inside of me,
To touch?
How is that broken down?
Let's take off our masks,
And throw them onto the ground!

Perhaps with that task...
We will see reflected,
A familiarity accepted!
Something once rejected...
Is now being suspected
That it should be inspected closer.

Call me what you wish!
But if you think I deserve more respect!
The kind you believe I don't often get.
'Mister Pahtillah' will do fine!
That will put you on my good side...

And we will be in the same frame of mind.
'Mister Pahtillah' will do just fine!

I am not my name!
Nor am I a game...
To play losing whims!
With those who can't decide...
Whether to be a Fee Fi or a Foe!

And someone shouts out,
Holding up their right hand...
I have three.
I have four.
And also five.
And he runs closer
'Mistuh Pahtillah...
I played three fo's last night!
That needs to come out! '

They call me Mistuh Pahtillah!
Mistuh Pahtillah.
They call me Mistuh Pahtillah!
I am not my name but they call me,
Mistuh Pahtillah...Mistuh Pahtilluh.
Mistuh Pahtilluh.
I am not my name but they call me...

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Misunderstanding Your Methods

Please...
Spare me the wide eyed sincerity.
If you were,
As you've stated...
'Championing 'MY' Cause'
Your approach to doing so,
Would involve less defamation...
Of my character.
And more of a supportive endorsement.
I would think.

You yelling, 'Off with his head! '
Whenever I appear in public...
Does not provide the right security,
I am currently needing.
Or...
That you are inspired with the right motivation.

I need to be convinced,
Your activities are actually for my benefit!
Not against it.

And...
Just perhaps,
I am just misunderstanding your methods...
And this new strategy to attract positive attention.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Mix Of Tricks

Suddenly it's redundance,
Relied upon to inspire.
A reminder of threats regrettable...
Left to anger in bitterness acquired.

One wishes to leave it behind.
Another wishes to leave it alone!
But the redundance comes...
As if to be enjoyed on a carousel,
As if it must be cemented and condoned!

Fears created and replayed to convince,
Every step taken has to be escorted...
With some kind of defense.
And those in control prove daily they have none,
While they insist terrorists will attack everyone!

These games were stunning when they started...
But proving nothing when they are done!

Suddenly it's redundance,
Relied upon to inspire.
A reminder of threats regrettable...
Left to anger in bitterness acquired.
And those who initiated this mix of tricks...
Each and everyone should be exposed and fired!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Mixed Doubles

Two who once shared a harmony,
Now together
Sharing grief!

It's the mix of trouble.
Because of the economy.

Who thought a bottom would fall out,
From under two with a future.
Who thought things from them would be removed
After having fantasies approved.
With a signing on a dotted line!
Good credit with timely payments
IF payments made were done on time.

Mixed doubles befuddled in economic trouble.
On a field playing with others.
Sharing grief with hopes of getting financial relief.

Two who once shared a harmony,
Now together
Sharing grief!

It's the mix of trouble.
Because of the economy.

Mixed doubles befuddled in economic trouble.
On a field playing with others.
Sharing grief with hopes of getting financial relief.

Who thought a bottom would fall out,
From under two with a future.
Who thought things from them would be removed
After having fantasies approved.

Mixed doubles befuddled in economic trouble.
With a signing on a dotted line!
Good credit with timely payments
IF payments made were done on time.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Mixed Fruit

Why should I paint you a full picture,
When the giving of a scent will provide the hint...
Of every detail.
Saving me time.
And,
Additional words to attempt to define...
What you should already know.
Life is becomong more like a bowl of mixed fruit.

I don't care what language it is you speak.
And a picture may paint a thousand words.
I've heard all of that before.
But if you can not smell what is in the air today,
And you are needing an interpreter...
There is more than delusions going on inside your head.
A numbing of it is what I would suggest.
Do not waste a cent on seeking help.

The tasting is in the pudding.
And the freshness of the fruit can not be guaranteed.
But what is evident...
Those making attempts to influence with control,
Are the ones out of their minds.
And time is the teacher that will present that lesson.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Mixed Messages

Do you know,
What I think I do?
Your messages are sending me a meaning.
I interpret most of them as being mixed.
I think you know it.
And that's intented.

Do you know,
What I think I do?
Is there something here we should be investing?
With some time given,
To digest!
If we conversated to replace the guessing.

I'm not the one to be confused about a message.
I'm the kind that likes it more direct.
If you've got some feelings for me confessed them.
Help me out here,
Let's not start a mess.
Eliminate the guessing,
And put this at rest.

Do you know,
What I think I do?
Is there something here we should be investing?
Let's eliminate the guessing,
And put this at rest.

Do you know,
What I think I do?
Help me out here,
Let's not start a mess.
The less guess work will put my mind at rest.

Do you know,
What I think I do?
Less guess work will eliminate a mess.

Help me out here,

Let's not start a mess.
Less guess work will eliminate to put this mess at rest.

Do you know,
What I think I do?
Your messages are sending me a meaning.
I interpret most of them as being mixed.
I think you know it.
And that's intented.

I think you know it.
And that's intented.
But mixed messages are not the kind,
I think are the best.
If you want some answers,
You're the one that must confess.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Mixed Opportunities

They do not always come
The way you expect!
With a smiling face...
Or packaged in lace.
Sometimes a sacrifice is done!
Sometimes it may stun,
That they may come from a bum!
Mixed opportunities,
Are available to everyone!
Many times unnoticed...
Right before our eyes!
And we don't realize,
They are in disguise!
One never knows who holds for them,
Their next surprise!
Mixed opportunities
Don't always fall from sun drenched skies!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Mixed Signals

The onslaught of truth,
Is not a perceived activity to pursue.
It is there for those aware of it!
It is there not to be abused to undo.

No need to look from the corners of your eyes,
At me or anyone else believed can be easily deceived.

The onslaught of truth,
Is not a perceived activity to pursue.
It is there for those aware of it!
It is there not to be abused to undo.

Look into a mirror.
The hour for self examination has arrived.
The results are clear.
Do not be surprised.

When one is accustomed to sending mixed signals...
The consistency of this,
Achieves results that are the quickest.
And one should come to grips with it.

Inconsistency begets distrust.
And any signs of loyalty disconnects quickly...
As if rushed.
To dissipate from expectations.
With debates of this then hushed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Mixture Of Happiness And An Aloneness Too

Healing from a sustaining pain maintained...
To discover a conquering of it,
Is like being raised and propelled...
To another level of consciousness.

With a knowing of its arrival is going to create,
Splits and drifts.
And...
Away from that which had established habits.
And an away from those not comprehending...
How pieces come together and fit.

And explanations needed seem not to exist.
As the process of this growth takes one,
On a journey that includes...
A mixture of happiness and an aloneness too!
With a gratefulness just to BE.
And...
How can one explain that,
To another who can not 'see'?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Mmm...How More Interesting Can This Get?

They've grown accustomed to my name.
And believe they are also,
Aware of my frame of mind.
They perceive this can be determined,
Because I might write something they dissect...
As inviting to an insight I expose and divulge.

mmm...
How more interesting can this get?

I may give up a nibble and a clue with a bite.
But my present state of mind and my life now lived,
Will always be one I regard...
As absolutely private.
Howver I do love those assumptions made.
Since they are the ones that motivate and inspire.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Mmm...I Like Those Low Things!

I like those low things!
Those distractions that attract.
The ones glimpsed when passed...
That capture and grasp,
When looking back.
With a smacking of the lips,
And receiving a tease for 'that'.

I like those low things...
That satisfy as a snack.
Those things one gives up,
To stay on a diet.
The ones that puts pounds,
On one's back.

Those things when eaten...
Convinces until I'm trapped!
Telling my mind...
Just a taste will not make me,
Or anyone
Notice an inch of sweated fat.

Sneaking pieces to munch,
I do alone at home!
While telling others they should avoid,
Going near that crap.
As a satisfaction inside me moans.
Although with a bit of guilt...
I secretly condone!

I like those low things...
To nibble before I nap!
And at the early crack of dawn,
I make sure I'm not seen,
Exercising off my temptations.
Struggling with attempts, I do
To keep myself lean!
Feeling a self condemnation.
Oh...

How I like those low things!

What is she doing?

'Good Morning, Ms Barclay.
No thank you.
No breakfast for me.
I am on a very strict regimen.
Have a good day! '

My goodness!
Why is she cooking those...
Virginia sausages!
OUTSIDE?
And at this hour?

Mmm...
I like those low things!
And the fulfillment,
Those low things bring.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Mock You May

Mock you may.
And laugh at my contributions made,
Critiqued and known.

Perhaps your time would be better spent...
If it was not contributed,
To my attempts meant.

And you could possibly begin to make dents.
Or hop off a fence few refuse to do.
Since this would mean scrutiny!
Garnished with embarrassment.
The hopeful would like to openly view.

And I have used that as motivation.
I will always be inspired...
By that kind of dedication.
It has become part of my creative muse.
With a wish to get paid.
Since I am due for that too!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Modesty

A show of modesty,
From one brave to pave a way...
Is someone who has strength.
With a purpose known meant.

Experiencing those obstacles,
And having them not show...
Leaves very little to say,
By those who live their lives delayed.

Since a modesty seems to be freed,
When pains once had are over.
And unconditional,
Is the love.

And a modesty seems to be freed,
When one like this recovers knowing...
Life has its ups,
And its downs.
And...
Showing modesty,
Can be worn...
Without a frown.

A show of modesty,
From one brave to pave a way...
Is someone who has strength.
With a purpose known meant.
Showing modesty,
Is a gift that's heaven sent.

One knowing modesty,
Doesn't carry that they've had regrets.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Molded Goals

Give me my right to have a life of variety.
With a choice I decide in my mind,
Who and what I will be as I define.

People live to breathe in sequels.
And leeching to squeeze,
From an opportunistic vision.
But too afraid to plant their own footsteps,
If others are not pleased.

People are not free,
Or encouraged to be themselves.
And directed from their births,
To seek acceptance...
From others who have molded goals,
And know what is perfectness.

Give me my right to have a life of variety.
With a choice I decide in my mind,
Who and what I will be as I define.

People are not free,
Or encouraged to be themselves.
And directed from their births,
To seek acceptance...
From others who have molded goals,
And know what is perfectness.

Molded goals grow old to corrode.
And find a staleness solid...
Rusted with rot and dropped forgotten.

People live and breathe in sequels.
Too afraid to make fresh steps.

People live to please other people,
And get upset when nothing is correct!

Molded goals.

Molded goals.
Rusted with rot,
And soon dropped forgotten.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Molehill Dwellers

Some influential molehill dwellers,
Constructing more barrels for their crabs to live...
Turned their backs to do and insult,
The ones who came to periodically visit...
And from surrounding mountaintops,
Where they comfortably sat to sit.

On these visits they would often chat,
With a doing to suggest 'and' recommend...
As to how others too,
Could reach mountaintops with effort 'if' they choose.
But the ones accustomed to limited light,
Refused and decided to turn their backs.
Perceiving those visiting from their mountaintops,
Only came to visit to drop hints that offended them.

But this had not been the case.
Many who journeyed to live high on mountaintops,
Loved the view and wanted to share it too!
Although cut short their visits,
When it became misunderstood their intentions were good.

'Did you hear what they had the nerve to say?
That 'if' we would listen we would comprehend.
But most of us are too addicted,
In living behind shadows with little light coming in.'

~Yeah,
I heard that too.
And immediately I became appalled.
Let's go back to building more barrels.
There is a long list of crabs awaiting to move in.~

'Why so many? '

~Who knows?
Maybe it's the economy.
Although...
Many know of no other environment.

And besides...
Where else would they go,
To find gossip, backstabbing and deception...
Better than it is done right here.~

'Hmmm...
I never thought of it that way.
That's why our barrel building business,
Stays to remain successful.'

~Why are you the last to know,
What everyone else has known?
Have you made visits to mountaintops? ~

'Well...I...well.
Only to see if they could use a few barrels!
That's all.
One never knows,
Who may become tired of such beautiful views.
It's all about business as far as I'm concerned.'

~And...
You're sure of that? ~

'Of course.
Why wouldn't I be? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Molester Lusting

Good fortune can leave anyone to bleed.
When the materialism of its worship,
Disappears mysteriously...
From a purpose thirsted.

Like a thief that sneaks,
And takes from hidden shadows...
Without a word to seize and reap.

Theft can make someone to grieve.
Like a molester lusting.
To pounce upon from darkness.
And determined to satisfy selfish needs.

Like a molester lusting...
People feed.
Like a molester lusting...
To take and seize.
Like a molester lusting...
Hopelessly.
Like a molester lusting...
Invading in a rush!

Like a molester lusting...
People feed.
Like a molester lusting...
To take and seize.
Like a molester lusting...
Hopelessly.
Like a molester lusting...
Breaking trust!

Good fortune can leave anyone to bleed.
When the materialism of its worship,
Disappears mysteriously...
From a purpose thirsted.

Snatched!
By a thief that sneaks,

And takes from hidden shadows...
Without a word to seize and reap.
Threatening to ruin one's invested peace.

Like a molester lusting...
People feed.
Like a molester lusting...
To take and seize.
Like a molester lusting...
Hopelessly.
Like a molester lusting...
Invading in a rush!

Like a molester lusting...
People feed.
Like a molester lusting...
To take and seize.
Like a molester lusting...
Hopelessly.
Like a molester lusting...
Breaking trust!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Momentarily

We shun those living.
And praise those dead.
Momentarily.

We denounce the deeds the living do.
But yet when they die,
We lift their memories to be held high.
Momentarily.

We excuse the ones we choose to do.
No matter what mistakes they make.
But it takes those who pass away from us,
To experience a forgiveness...
With a heart left within us to either ache,
Or break.
Momentarily.

Momentarily!
We express feelings to have for others.
Momentarily!
We sit to reminisce that which is missed.
Until another day comes,
To fake more impressions.
With a masquerading to charade.
And expect that done,
By everyone...
Hiding behind masks.
Believing time to us given,
Passes slowly through an hour glass.
Momentarily.
To be repeated...
Each time grief is met to meet,
Momentarily.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Momentary Contact With This Slight Inconvenience

With trillions of dollars in debt.
There are still some people,
Who are hopeful...
The price of gas will lower below a dollar.
A loaf of bread,
Will be twenty five cents again.
A push cart will be full of groceries...
For less than twenty dollars.
And what is being experienced now,
Is not a crisis!
It's a temporary slugfest...
With someone bashing them over the head,
With a ton of bricks.
However...
This 'momentary' contact with this slight 'inconvenience'
Is being addressed and will be taken care of...
As soon as it becomes recognized as a severe condition!

And folks are hopeful these sentiments expressed,
Are being made in the utmost of honesty!
Their lifestyles will return them to Utopia!

'Oh,
I sure hope so.
We must not accept negative thinking!
You know how that can play tricks on the mind?
Better times are coming back.
The gasoline is 'almost' below four dollars now! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Moments

Who has not had those moments.
The ones reminisced.
Flowing over with wishes,
Of having made...
Different decisions.
Yet to brave the paying debts,
Of those consequences...
In embarrassing tears.
And unhidden regret.
Remaining engraved in the mind.
Framed to exhibit.
With thoughts to review,
At anytime.
Who has not had those moments.

Who has not had those moments.
When sickening disappointments,
Arrive to visit unannounced.
To then comfortably sit,
With memories heard...
What parents once said,
Coming out to 'then' ignore.
But not anymore.
Who has not had those moments.

Who has yet not had,
Those moments to be grateful.
That kept faith helped remove,
Feelings of guilt.
And forgiving one's self,
For burning bridges built.
To accuse and blame,
The doing on someone else.

Who hasn't had those moments,
To be served and chew on...
Unflavored funky crow.
That lowers the nose.
And bows one's head.

Remembering everything ignorant
To others...
One should have never but did,
To them once said.

Who has yet not been on knees,
Pleading from God to be, Forgiven...
For expressing complete, Stupidity.
To believe God not to know...
Who and who doesn't have,
A long way to go...
Before they understand,
The effects and meaning...
Of being blessed.
The moments are learned to earn
And don't come easy.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Moments Of Their Mourning

The biggest honor you can bestow,
On someone deceased.
Is to participate,
If asked to speak...
During their homegoing service.

You may not believe,
You have this skill or ability!
But someone saw it in you.
That's why you were approached...
To deliver inspiration.
Only in the way that you can do.

Bringing somewhat of a closure,
To those in heartbreak exposing grief.
Your words will lift them up and away...
And relieve them from their agony.

With an effectiveness,
That can and will assist...
To bring them in memory,
Of those happy times that existed.
And it was felt,
That only you would be able to do this...
To ease them during this period,
In which loved ones are certain to mourn.

And you need to be there...
Aware and sharing,
In moments of their mourning.

Dedicated to...
My sister Andrea (Mimmie) D. Pertillar Dixon.

These words were spoken to her daughter Shayla,
My niece.
Who felt she could not speak,

During a funeral in 'celebrating' the life...
And not the death of a close friend.

'Mimmie? What can I say?
I 'had' to lift this conversation.
I hope you realize how great your comments made
to Shayla, inspired me as well.
I may be biased!
However...
You are one terrific person.
I may be one of the writers in the family.
But...
You sure know how to deliver the right words.
And at the right time and place.'

Love you,
Larry

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Moments Of Truth

Fishing for just who has been paid,
To dismiss the red tape usually laid...
With a duplication generally instigated,
To complicate a masquerade paced to chase...
Fakes away.

Moments of truth,
Are often reduced...
To a mocking done with folly!

Disguising the lies,
Told to rise to heights...
Those who become idolized.

Moments of truth,
Are often reduced...
To criminalize those who choose not to hide lies.

Fishing for just who has been paid,
To dismiss the red tape usually laid...
With a duplication generally instigated,
To complicate a masquerade paced to chase...
Fakes away.

Moments of truth,
Are often reduced...
To a mocking done with folly!

Moments of truth,
Are often reduced...
To criminalize the wise.

Those accustomed to be duped,
Will always stoop...
To take positions as fools,
At no surprise by those who see...
Through disguises!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Moments Remembered

Those moments you leave,
Are these moments remembered.
I'd like to freeze those memories.
And save them whenever...
I need you here near me.
To warm in my heart once again.

When those moments you leave,
Are these moments remembered,
My wishes made...
Can't fade away.
Since I know that those times,
Are times to be cherished
And forever is never that far...
Away!
To wait for those moments,
I wish you would never
Depart.

Those moments you leave,
Are these moments remembered.
I'd like to freeze those memories.
And save them whenever...
I need you here near me.
To warm in my heart once again.

When those moments you leave,
Are these moments remembered,
My wishes made...
Can't fade away.
Since I know that those times,
Are times to be cherished
And forever is never that far...
Away!
When those moments you leave,
In my heart...
Are these moments,
You'll stay!

When moments remembered,
Are ones in my heart...
That will stay!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Moments To Me That Come

Those moments from moments to me that come,
Seem with me to linger.
And, each moment that comes stays undone,
Until...
They fade to end.

And I am left to wonder,
Why in my mind they remain.
Why in my mind they come as they do,
To stay that way and unchanged.

Do I want them to stop?
And,
I would answer...
Probably not.

Do I want them to stop?
And,
I would answer...
Probably not.

To myself I begin to wonder,
Why do those moments appear.
Why do these moments come into view,
To leave me sentimental and near tears.

Do I want them to stop?
And,
I would answer...
Probably not.

Do I want them to stop?
And,
I would answer...
Probably not.

Those moments from moments to me that come,
Seem with me to linger.

Do I want them to stop?
And,
I would answer...
Probably not.

Each moment that comes stays undone,
Until...
They fade to end.

Do I want them to stop?
And,
I would answer...
Probably not.

And I am left to wonder,
Why in my mind they remain.
Why in my mind they come as they do,
To stay that way and unchanged.

Do I want them to stop?
And,
I would answer...
Probably not.

Do I want them to stop?
And,
I would answer...
Probably not.

Those moments from moments to me that come,
Will stay...
Until they fade.
Those moments from moments to me that come,
They will stay uninvited...
Until they are done.

Those moments from moments to me that come,
Will stay...
Until they fade.
Those moments from moments to me that come,
They will stay uninvited...
Until they are done,

To leave.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Momentum

We MUST nurture,
And ALLOW ourselves to grow.
Knowing obstacles may shelter defeat...
They did not arrive for us to cordially greet them!
Vindication stops they are.
Not vacation drops to manifest our pain!
Although stumbling to our knees,
Releases us to bare public scrutiny.
Freezing our steps in guilt...
Agonized with doubt!
Shouting in despair gains no applaused,
Or awed reactions captured and replayed on video!
We MUST nurture,
And ALLOW ourselves to grow.
Doing so prevents mental block clock watching failure...
Free of boundaries limited by time.
Rewinding again and again.
Just to prove it has been done...
Loses momentum and a bored audience,
Looking for the significance of replayed actions!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Monarch

That butterfly I knew.
Pretending to be just a caterpillar...
With nothing else to do.
Crawling upon a branch,
And on leafs I saw it chew.
I watched this masquerade...
And stayed focused on it too!
That butterfly I knew,
Then tried to hide itself...
Inside a cocoon!

That butterfly I knew...
Inside that cocoon grew.
I saw a wing of beauty appear.
With designs of color too!
Did I imagine this in sleep?
Is that caterpillar pulling on me...
Some magical trick or treat?
And then it winked at me and flew away.
As if to say to me in flight...
'I wish I had your time,
With nothing else on my mind...
But to sit and contemplate on ways,
On how to waste my days and life!
I've got things to get done and do.
Do you? '
And this Monarch,
Away flew!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Money And A Title With Prestige

Affection, love and devotion to get,
Is more precious than any object...
One obtains to impress.
And as debts begin to deepen,
Leaving many left depressed...
A wanting of that affection,
With love and devotion to get...
Seems almost impossible,
For the ones who now wish...
To meet someone understanding this.

'You did 'WHAT? '.
Walked away from your possessions.
To decide a basic life you wanted to live?
And you 'think' this drastic decision of yours,
Should 'today' be understood?
By WHO? Me?
Are you kidding?
You've got to show me 'something',
Worth my time to keep me happy.
In other words...
Money and a title with prestige,
Is all I need to keep me happy.'

~So...
What is it that you are saying? ~

'A steady cash flow and good credit,
Will keep me affectionate.
And trust me...
As long as you got that going on,
I'll stay devoted with all the love you need.
I can not believe,
You think I should take you seriously.'

~I use to be into all of that.~

'Well, baby...
You look me up when you get that back.

Or have healed from that concussion.
Okay?
I am forgiving.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Money Given

Mouths can close to shut,
With some money done to hush.
Money can corrupt.
To turn truth to rust to dust.
Given money can,
Keep a mouth closed shut...
When some money given hushes.
Money corrupts.
And with a doing it to lust.

Given money can...
Keep the wicked masquerading dignity.
Money can...
Keep deceivers hidden from their evil deeds.
Money can...
Keep believers disbelieving anything.
To be done,
When some money given shuts them up.
Money given can,
Pay some people just to keep them hushed.
Given money can...
Keep the wicked masquerading dignity.
Money can...
Keep deceivers hidden from their evil deeds.
Money can...
Keep believers disbelieving anything.
To be done,
When some money given shuts them up.
Money given can,
Pay some people just to keep them hushed.
Money given can,
Pay some people making them corrupt.

It's about the money given,
Changing values that we're livin'.
It's about the money given,
Turning trusting into sins.
It's about the money given,
People keep within their minds.

It's about the money given,
That has people doing crimes.
It's about the money given,
Changing values that we're livin'.
It's about the money given,
Turning trusting into sins.
It's about the money given,
People keep within their minds.
It's about the money given,
That has people doing crimes.

Its, its, its, its...
It's about the money given.
Its, its, its, its...
All about the money.
Its, its, its, its...
It's about the money given.
Its, its, its, its...
All about the money.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Money Green

Money green.
The color of it most effective,
When the having of it...
Produces impaired vision,
Experienced by those getting a bit too close.
And the having of money like that,
Manicured lawns are seen...
Getting the best of devoted treatment.

Money green is noticeable.
Nothing about it is hidden.
Or exaggerated when mentioned.
The ones with money intend to outshine,
With the receiving of attention given.
In a separation clearly seen as done,
Between those who have it!
And the ones who AINT got none!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Money Walk Done

Hiding behind pews,
With outlooks of perfectness.
No one obtains or admits to live...
As guilt feelings are more addressed,
And unfulfillness confessed.
Yet everyone in view were conceived by sex...
But this is the topic that interests them best!

Not living lives to receive a wholesomeness.
Or doing what it takes,
To break from unhappiness!
And after the money walk done...
Some believe they have been purified,
Lifted to sights by hymns and blessed!
But everyone there gossips,
About what the minister said...
And how 'who' came to church dressed,
In 'that' mess!

'Can you believe it?
I know I couldn't! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Monitored By Psychopaths

Can it be those days ahead for us to come,
Will be monitored by psychopaths.
And those displaying any mental stability,
Will become imprisoned based upon suspicion...
Of having a thought process that threatens,
The technology of updated surveillance equipment.

And having been accused to care less,
Who has observed them daring to be peaceful.
AND with a happiness they only address.

'You were observed daring to be peaceful.
AND expressing happiness.
What is your defense? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Monitored Or Not It Just Becomes Hypnotic

People think that happiness will come and just sit.
Just sit!
Just sit!
People think that happiness will come and just sit.
Just sit!
Just sit!
Like the hands of a clock that tocks with a tick.
Tock tick.
Tock tick.
Tock tick.
Tock tick.
And the running and humming becomes toxic.
Toxic.
Toxic.
And nothing exotic will make this erotic.
Monitored or not it just becomes hypnotic.
And people who want what they want wont stop!
Like the hands of a clock that ticks with a tock!
Tick tock.
Tick tock.
Tick tock.
Tick tock.
Or the chopping heard of meat on a butcher's block!
Sssshop chop.
Sssshop chop.
Sssshop chop.
Sssshop chop!
People like their beef stewed nice and hot!

And nothing exotic will make this erotic.
Monitored or not it just becomes hypnotic.
And people who want what they want wont stop!
Like the hands of a clock that ticks with a tock!
Tick tock.
Tick tock.
Tick tock.
Tick tock.

People think that happiness will come and just sit.

Just sit!
Just sit!
People think that happiness will come and just sit.
Just sit!
Just sit!
Like the hands of a clock that tocks with a tick.
Tock tick.
Tock tick.
Tock tick.
Tock tick.
And the running and humming becomes toxic.
Toxic.
Toxic.

And the running and humming becomes toxic.
Toxic.
Toxic.

And monitored or not it just becomes hypnotic.
Like people wishing happiness will come and just sit.
Just sit.
Just sit.
And all they have to do is just wait for it!
Like the hands of a clock that tocks with a tick.
Tock tick.
Tock tick.

And monitored or not it just becomes hypnotic.
Monitored or not it just becomes hypnotic.
Monitored or not it just becomes hypnotic.
Hypnotic.
Hypnotic.
And monitored or not it just becomes hypnotic.
Hypnotic.
Hypnotic.
And monitored or not it just becomes hypnotic.
And monitored or not it just becomes hypnotic.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Monkey Butt With Choca Mocha

It's not my favorite...
But it's hot!
This flavor tasted that I've got!
It satisfies a need that's fed...
A craving that has stopped inside my head!

A temporary drop,
In my pocket.
I will admit a feeding has been met!
A soothing to a drooling has been cooled.
Addicted to a moment of regret that's soothed!

Put a double on the cone for me!
With a cherry on the top...
Sitting on whipped cream with meaning!

Put a double on the cone for me!
Since you're out of Maple Nut...
I'll take take two scoops of 'Monkey Butt'.
And come back and get that 'Choca Mocha'!

Put a double on the cone for me!
With a cherry on the top...
Sitting on whipped cream with meaning!

Put a double on the cone for me!
Since you're out of Maple Nut...
Give me 'Monkey Butt' with 'Choca Mocha'!
Wait!
Leave the 'Monkey Butt'
And add two 'Choca Mochas'!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Monkeys Must Know What's Good For Them

Monkeys do mind,
How a banana peels.
And how that's done,
To quicken the taste.

Why bananas do appeal,
And not coconuts?
I had not seen this spoken.
Or discussed in a fuss.

The monkeys must know what's good for them.
As they get their vitamins.
And swing from high vines.

The monkeys must know what's good for them.
And we...
Unfortunately,
Are not monkeys.

The monkeys must know what's good for them.
As they get their vitamins.
And swing from high vines.

The monkeys must know what's good for them.
And we...
Unfortunately,
Are not monkeys.

Monkeys do mind,
How a banana peels.
And how that's done,
To quicken the taste.

Why bananas do appeal,
And not coconuts?
I had not seen this spoken.
Or discussed in a fuss.
And we...
Unfortunately,

Are not monkeys.

The monkeys must know what's good for them.
As they get their vitamins.
And swing from high vines.
Stripping exotic trees,
Of fruit they leave.

The monkeys must know what's good for them.
And we,
Unfortunately...
Are not monkeys.

The monkeys must know what's good for them.
And,
We...
Unfortunately,
Are not monkeys.

The monkeys must know what's good for them.
And we,
Unfortunately...
Are not monkeys.

Monkeys must know what's good for them.
But we...
Unfortunately,
Are not monkeys.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Monopoly

Achieving to believe,
Remaining subservient and obedient...
Is a quality of life,
Identified to guarantee...
A respect to always get it.
Depends upon,
Who is being pleased...
By one's obedience.
And who believes remaining,
Subservient...
Is success to have it achieved.

'That's your opinion.
People today are doing their best,
To leave that kind of racist thinking
Behind them.'

Oh?
And your opinion is what?

'Well...
I'm certainly no racist.
And I don't have a wish,
To be either a politician.
Minister, sidewalk preacher or priest
Talking about the brightness,
Of those tomorrows promised to come.
That kind of success,
My mind has long put to rest.'

I see.
Do you know how successful,
You could be...
By being all those things.
And then developing a franchise?
You ever played monopoly?

'Monopoly? '

That's all it is.
An investment in deception.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Monotonous Monologues

Dead space traced to boredom.
And conversations with it,
Exchange this afterall.

Monotonous monologues,
Beating into the ground
With prolonged redundancy.
Make sense for many not to listen.
Or choose to fall to sleep.

Why do some people,
Keep repeating their limited philosophies?
It makes it pointless to disagree.
This fuels a uselessness that is abused...
And purposely used for one to be contrary.

With more than a bit,
Of surfaced contradiction added to the mix.
And a dipping of bait that is solicited with it.

Monotonous monologues,
Beating into the ground
With prolonged redundancy.
Make sense for many not to listen.
Or choose to fall to sleep.

Dead space traced to boredom.
And conversations with it,
Exchange this afterall.

As a drifting consciousness...
Shifts quickly into a daydream fix!
Assisted by a continuous drone.
That takes a place,
As a sound in the background.
To eventually go unknown.

'Excuse me? EXCUSE ME!
No need to look around!

Yes...
I am speaking to you.
I'd like to have everyone's 'full' attention,
Please?
Thank you!
Now...
As I was saying...'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Monster

Monster of valued wisdom he...
Selected to inject,
Messages some leave unheeding.
But those who see beyond cloaks,
Of desception.
Will feed from the monster.
Knowing his presence...
Masquerades his 'godly' deeds!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Monsters They've Created

Changes in need to be made,
Are easier to say to delay them.
Than they are to be done.
Effectively to leave old remedies,
Recycled to repeat.

And the ones who have become fortunate,
To overcome kept stubborness to keep...
Knew for them they could not turn away,
From facts to distract.
With a taking of steps to not look back.
Leaving them on a path and on the right track.

Others stayed to remain having nightmares.
Vivid enough to awken them in sweats.
Panicked by visions too real and upsetting,
Even medicated they were numbed with regrets.
Too numbed by sorrows and no sleep to get.

And these days so many are chased by reality.
A reality complete with unshakened nightmares kept.
Yet warned they were of the times to come,
But now they find themselves just running.
Running from the monsters they've created.

They run,
To be chased...
By monsters they have created.
And left stunned,
They can recognize...
Every monster they have become.

They run,
To be chased...
By monsters they have created.
And left stunned,
They can identify...
Every monster they have become.

Faked faith can't erase only duplicates,
Every monster they have become.

Faked faith can't erase only duplicates,
Every monster they have become.

Faked faith can't erase only duplicates,
Every monster they have become.
Every monster they have become.
Every monster they have become.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Monthly Storage Fees

Why are you in such a hurry?
Where are you going?
What happened?
You look as if you have seen a ghost!

'I can't stop,
To discuss with you the latest annoyances.
I'm late paying my monthly storage fees...
Where I keep my 'logic'.
I've been given twenty minutes,
Before they get rid of it.
And if they do that around here,
All havoc will break loose.'

Oh...
Is that all?
I thought I would get some fresh gossip,
From you.

'Not today!
But I'm sure if you stand there long enough,
Someone will come along...
To share an equal waste of time! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Moody Moves

You might remember,
When I stayed on my knees.
Praying for forgiveness...
And wishing desperately,
For love to keep.
And to openly surrender.
And I would be...
The one you would remember,
As the one!

You might remember,
When I promised to you...
I would be devoted,
And honest and true.
But you believed,
Somebody else could love you.
More than me.
And now you have allowed,
Your broken heart!

You've got to stop denying,
You and I are meant to be...
Lovers.
I'll be always beside you.

Why can't you stop denying,
You are lieing to yourself.
Not many like me,
Will accept your moody moves...
And stray away.

You might remember,
When I stayed on my knees.
Praying for forgiveness...
And wishing desperately,
For love to keep.
And to openly surrender.
And I would be...
The one you would remember,

As the one!

I am the one that will not run.
I am that one you should welcome.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

'Mooning' The People

'Look...
Let me set the record straight,
For you people.
And make it clear.
There will be no further snooping,
As to when we last used our axes
We have already reported those dates,
When we decided to reveal how we did that.
And where we sent the trees once we chopped them down,
Is none of your business.
We have been doing this most of our lives.
We are The Normans.
We own property all over the world.'

But...
Not to be insistent with my persistence.
It is 'your' husband running for a high public office,
Mrs. Norman.
And will be elected by trusting and...
Mrs. Norman,
You do understand...
They are Christians as well.

'I could care less if they were sheep,
Twilling their own wool 'bah-ing' themselves to sleep.
I said...
We will NOT be discussing this matter again.
Clear? '

Whew...
No wonder that cat looks like a puppet in public.
Did you hear what she said?

~Madame Rutherbee,
The question refers to your paying of taxes.
And how you spend your money.
On 'HOW' and WHERE you've got that kind of loot hidden.
The people deserve a right to know.
What makes your husband any more special,

Than the last past few leaders we've had?
What does he have that's makes him so exclusive? ~

I can't believe she's doing this!

~Is she 'mooning' the people? ~

Well...
It doesn't look like a vanilla cookie to me.
And it is very difficult at this moment,
To come up with an exact interpretation.
Or...
Maybe that's the secret of keeping their resources,
And today?
It wouldn't be that far fetched to think the worse.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Moral Fiber

Moral fiber?
Those self righteous,
Profess to know what that is.
They are quick to identify who does not have it.
And produce laws to limit,
How people should live.
These moralists,
Who uphold values that do not today exist.
Prove when they are busted,
For being frustrated sluts...
They too have problems digesting 'correctness'!
When they are aware,
As they prove with their own lusts...
All that wholesome self righteousness,
Is a bunch of nonsense they have made up!
And for what?
To suppress those they can with rules...
When they are the ones who are not of trust!
Or live enlightened lives!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Morality

On whose side is morality best decided?
When conflict arises and people are divided.
Who determines what it is,
On a scale valued by the use of etiquette?
And 'who' is determined to be more politically correct,
When standards are diminished...
To lower expectations everyone accepts.
And yet...
Everyone protests about a losing of morality.
Although the effect of losing it,
Has only a few upset tolerating neglect and disrespect.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Morally Corrupt

Morally corrupt.
With not an exit,
To edit it.

Morally corrupt.
And those unaffected,
Are still suspected.

It takes more than faith to fight evil.
Or crowd with people to pray under steeples.
It takes one to live with backbone,
To face obstacles and conquer alone.
It takes a doing with determination,
To elevate one's mind...
From a manifesting mental devastation.

Morally corrupt.
With not an exit,
To edit it.
It takes one to live with backbone,
To face obstacles and conquer alone.

Morally corrupt.
And those unaffected,
Are still suspected.
It takes a doing with determination,
To elevate one's mind...
From a manifesting mental devastation.

Morally corrupt.
And, no matter what...
Today that's up!

Morally corrupt.
And, no matter what...
Today that's up.
Morally corrupt.
With not an exit,
Today that's up.

To edit it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

More Acceptable

Should I feel an obligation,
To show a concern expressed.
With a proclaiming of a caring.
Or can I do the best I can...
To ensure my concerns are heard,
As I make every attempt myself...
To undo that which keeps me stressed.

Will a sharing of that depression felt,
With others equally identifying with it...
Find me more acceptable.
As I...
Also embrace and delight in darkness.
And this is what those who sit in darkness,
Wish?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

More Accepting Of Their New Proposals

The presentation of information known today,
Is the same information presented...
As it had been yesterday.
The difference?
Those who chose not to listen yesterday,
Are feeling the effects of their ignorance.
But wish not to identify it as such!

And today they are trying to pretend...
They are the ones who had cautioned everyone,
About their extravagance and excesses.
Although...
They still wish to feed their greed,
Without it being noticed.

And...
To do that on the same backs.
As if those who have been suffering historically...
Will be more accepting of their 'new' proposals!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

More Accepting Than Necessary

So many have come to live their lives,
More accepting than necessary.
And choosing to refuse,
To loosen their grips on doubts that visit.
As if confusion to permit,
Has become the only reason for them...
To exist with nonsense sought to seek it.

While others have chosen denial,
As a safe haven to stay.
With a hope of one day to be rescued,
From a truth that betrays...
Every lesson they have been taught to learn,
That threatens to fade all of their beliefs.
To allow themselves to sleep with fear.

And fear to promote and market,
Has many rushing...
To have their anxieties validated to qualify,
From their primary doctors glad to prescribe...
A medication that is just right,
That will keep the facts of life away...
On a regular basis.
Or at least a minimal 60 to 90 days.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

More Adventurous

What is stated to interpret,
Depends on the mindset...
Of those exposed to various experiences.
And...
Of course,
Those more 'mentally' adventurous...
With life experiences to openly expressed,
Will often find themselves opposed...
By the ones still relying upon,
That which they know...
From environments that are limited.
And collectively those living within them,
Become offended when their beliefs...
Leave them with limited interpretations.
Only to help develop more patience,
By those who come to comprehend...
Some folks have mindsets,
That have yet to expand.
With a consciousness that demands it.
And this is okay,
For those not delaying life to adventure.

'Your mind is 'somewhere',
We can not effectively judge or criticize.'

That's okay!
But I assure you,
I am not awaiting for your approval...
To affect my insights to accept them.
Nor can I myself explain,
Where this journey I have taken to embrace...
Will lead.
Like you...
I also seek clues.
I'm just a tool to be used.
That's it.
I don't have the 'expertise'...
Or an ability to impose,
A rating on what others compose.

'Your mind is 'somewhere',
We can not effectively judge or criticize.'

I know this.
But when has that ever prevented you from doing it?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

More An Experiment

How can so many choose to walk in darkness,
With so much that is revealed?
How can so many not wake up from conflicts...
Without a thought to think or anything to feel?
Am I observing humanity...
With abilities to correct and reflect?
Are we among the brightest on Earth...
Above all animals, objects and insects?
If we are living the lives we can at our very best...
Something about this is more an experiment,
And failure is the result of this test!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

More Appreciative Of Others

I learned at an early age,
After graduating from high school...
And standing in a uniform,
During those Viet Nam warring days.
There is quite a difference between,
Holding back emotions...
And becoming emotional with rage.

As a soldier I learned patience.
But unafraid dropp a tear.
Many people with issues,
Like to express them quick...
To make them clear!

And as time passes while I age,
I've learned to control 'some' things I say.
And so grateful I am to write with interest,
Those things most believe,
Comes from a weakness expressed.

Not many realize the strength it takes,
To admit one's faults and mistakes they've made.
And I appreciate those who have experienced this.
Since this shows,
What so many living miss!

I learned at an early age,
After graduating from high school...
And standing in a uniform,
During those Viet Nam warring days.
There is quite a difference between,
Holding back emotions...
And becoming emotional with rage.

It seems those who have lived,
To reflect upon their veteraned lives...
Are more appreciative of others.
And less opinionated like some,
Who feel they have rights,

To criticize and despise...
How people live and survive!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

More Arrogant Than Necessary

Remember a few years ago,
When folks 'with' good credit...
Use to brag about the number of cards,
They had.

'I have all the major ones!
And you? '

None!

'None? Well...
I pride myself on maintaining good credit! '

I'm a true American.
Destined to have bad credit...
I guess!
And 'today' my bad credit prevented me,
From getting a credit card.

I did have one many years ago.
I never used it and was still stuck with a bill.
Charging me fees for 'non-use'.
Oh yes!

Now I've heard...
Not only have some folks experienced,
Tripled interests rates.
They are charged an additional fee...
IF less than two items are purchased in a single month.
AND...'if' the bank is not paid for those purchases,
Within thirty days...
That's another fee!

Years ago I frequented a store called Nellie's
On Canton Street in Hartford.
I was a kid.
Grown...
But a child nonetheless.
It was rare for me to have money.

But I ended up in Nellie's talking with her.
And she'd give me a lollipop.
I was a child using my charm to the max.

One day I licked on a lollipop...
And Ms Nellie said, 'Two for Five cents.'

'I ain't got no five cents, Ms Nellie! '

~That's your last lollipop! ~

Where are they?
What have we done to those teachers?

Who stuck by a decision to feed addicting greed to folks?
Especially to the ones who ain't got no cash.
Or none laying around in a bank.
If 'they' did 'they' would not be closing them!

I demanded my account closed years ago.
And took all of my twenty dollars out!
The manager had stated...
I was 'acting' more arrogant than necessary.
'Excuse me?
Close my account! Now.
And that will be in 'twenty' one dollar bills...
Thank you! '

They are using 'my' money?
And pushing 'me' around like that?
I...don't think so!

I'm glad I did that earlier.
The thought of standing in a line,
'Waiting' to see if my life's savings are safe...
I don't have the patience anymore to do!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

More Attention Paid To Caution

A journey one takes to adventure,
Once in those youthful, daring and brave days...
Becomes more noticeable to appreciate,
To closely examine...
When one has been on it,
For quite some time to realize...
With eyes wisened and open wide,
What was considered curiosity to experience,
With less attention paid to one's steps made...
Has aged with more attention paid to caution.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

More Comfortable Than A Pair Of Shoes

A truth dismissed,
Does not solicit for listeners.
Or advocates an enforcement of it.

Too powerful is truth,
To attempt one with seduction.
It is there as is to be received.

Once truth is revealed and felt to be real,
It's more comfortable than a pair of shoes...
One refuses to exchange or remove.

A truth dismissed,
Does not solicit for listeners.
Or advocates an enforcement of it.

Too powerful is truth,
To attempt one with seduction.
It is there as is to be received and believed.

More comfortable than a pair of shoes,
One refuses to exchange or remove...
Is truth.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

More Conducive

What are you doing?

'Watching people disgrace and destroy themselves.'

But why?

'At first it was accepted,
As something innocently done.
To prevent the ones from achieving success.
With it totally misunderstood,
How supporting one's success benefits all.
But kept envy and jealousies,
Have brought them to their knees.
Arguing amongst themselves,
That a unity is what they need! '

But...
Where is their identity?
Or their display of dignity?

'That's what they dislike,
About the ones who show this displayed.'

'That's crazy.'

That has already been expressed to them.
You want to sacrifice your life,
With expressing that again?

'I don't get it.'

I'm not trying to.
But I have been accused by them,
Of not supporting their efforts.
To have my own ignored.
You know?
Why should I think or have the nerve,
To believe I'm better than anyone else.

'That's crazy.'

I know.
But I find it more conducive,
To a keeping of my peace of mind.
Although I must admit,
Watching them are lessons I have received...
I could never afford to pay for.

'Maybe I should stand here with you.'

Here.
I'd be honored if you use my pad and pen.

'You only have a few pages left.'

Don't worry about it.
I carry extra pads and pens.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

'More Confetti Please! '

They would like it,
With cream and berries
Topped with a lollipop!

They wish it to be...
Scented with lilac.
And glaring with a rainbow,
Nonstop!

And with Robins and Morning doves,
To sing.
With a Sun beaming on a clear horizon.
They...
Want it all.
And cushy.
As cushy as a tush can be!
They want a life that's free...
Of rain.

'More confetti please! '

They would like it,
With cream and berries
Topped with a lollipop!

They wish it to be...
Scented with lilac.
And glaring with a rainbow,
Nonstop!

And with Robins and Morning doves,
To sing.
With a Sun beaming on a clear horizon.
They...
Want it all.
And cushy.
As cushy as a tush can be!
They want a life that's free...
Of rain.

As cushy as a tush can be!
Yes,
They do...
Want it all.
And free,
Of rain!

'What do you mean...
You've run out of confetti? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

More Conscious And Aware

I too have my fears,
I've learned to keep unseen.
Since I have never had a backup crew.
Or know what it's like,
To have an older sibling.

I was taught to fight my own battles.
With a doing of it done.
And every obstacle I faced,
From them I did not run.
Or tell anyone what I did to overcome.

Each step forward I take,
I've never taken before.
But I am not afraid to adventure,
With a curiosity...
Others may choose with a decision to ignore.

To stumble from the making of mistakes.
And to recover from heatache I could not fake...
I thought at one time I was doing alone.
But with a kept faith many times I've been shown,
A 'higher power' is more conscious and aware...
Than I am of my own needs.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

More Convincing

There is always a price to pay.
Of some kind.
Even the slightest offense,
Done by one that affects another...
Maybe forgotten not to mention again.
But the smallest lesson,
One accepts and expects...
As easy to ignore with it to forget,
Might be the lesson to return...
The greatest impact.

'Remember the time you laughed at me?
When I said I would succeed,
With a doing you told others...
Was an impossibility,
For a fool like me to believe? '

~I didn't mean it, that way.~

'I meant it, that way.
And today,
Your portrayal of a fool...
Is much more convincing,
Than the one you told others I had been.
And to do it not as comfortably,
As your laughter was done then...
When directed at me and with such ease.'

~To forgive and forget has its benefits.~

'You must have overheard me saying that,
In between your jokes and laughter?
But that benefit to receive was meant for me.
And more convincing to validate you've made it.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

More Couth With Tact Would Benefit

I try not to imply,
With comments to affect...
Those who may be offended,
By what is said believed to be indirect.

And there is 'something' in between lines,
To be found and suspect...
That I have mentioned with comments,
Made less effective because they are not direct.

And not a bush do I beat with dragging feet...
To leave anyone to guess,
What it is I have left to ponder in wonderment.
I do not suffer from a lip that is bitten.

But I do admit,
More couth with tact would benefit my approach.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

More Critiqued Than Paid Attention

Many words are written to be spoken and heard.
But is anybody listening?
Has everyone missed the content of the message.

Picked over are words to select the ones best,
To suggest a message that hopefully reflects...
A seriousness left to digest and respect.
But...
Is anyone listening with intent to comprehend?
Or...
Is the message that is mentioned,
More critiqued than paid attention?

'But what 'is' the message intended for comprehension.'

~Should I interpret what you should digest? ~

'Yes.'

~Then perhaps the message is not the one you should get.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

More Dawns To Come

My approach to life to live,
Is to do that which is possible.
And not to revisit with those who oppose,
Any changes made to their yesterdays.
While they sit with them missed,
To further restrict and limit their minds...
In times when my dreams and wishes to fulfill,
Have more dawns to come to witness Sun...
Rising to brighten the horizon,
Than Sunsets to sit to reminisce them gone.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

More Deliberately Taken

Steps done to make,
Seem more deliberately taken...
When aging is accepted.
And one identifies without exception,
Exactly the direction they are headed.

'Would you like some assistance? '

~Are you asking because you perceive me as 'old'?
Or are you asking me that question,
Because I appear to be in some kind of need? ~

'Well...
It seems you are trying to get inside of the store,
Through an exit door. It's not going to open.
And the automatic 'entrance' door is to your right.
Over here. I'm standing in front of it.'

~Good for you.
I'm not trying to do either.
I happen to be looking for a friend.~

'Oh.
Your 'friend' wouldn't happen to be,
That person calling you from the parking lot?
Perhaps you thought you heard them calling you,
From inside? Maybe? '

~You kids think you have all the answers.
Well, you don't.
I happen to be looking for another friend, thank you.
So I will go wait in the car and 'we' will decide,
Just how long that wait will be.
Are you satisfied...now? ~

'Sir?
I came here to go inside the store.'

**We all did.

Are you two through holding us up.**

'Oh...
I'm sorry.
I was just trying to do a good deed.
That's all.'

**Both of you have the ENTRANCE
'And' the EXIT blocked. MOVE.**

~Sure.
Sure, go ahead.
Blame it on the elderly.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

More Difficult It Became To Be Objective

For many years I did my best,
To be objective.
With attempts to reject...
My own introspective thoughts.
Or be perceived as being,
Subjective in my perspective.
And yet be expected to accept.

But having experiences,
Kept me reflective.
And more difficult it became,
To be objective and remain...
Emotionally disconnected.
Especially when I became more affected,
By being the subject of much insensitivity.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

More Direct And Left Personal

What do you think of the 'conclave'?

'The what?
The who? '

The black and white smoke?
The election of the 'Pope'?

'Oh yes.
Those interpreting,
What it is God wishes.
And who among them is best to listen,
To what it is God wants...
With a hearing done that convinces,
Worshippers will follow with a doing done.
But had been reluctant to do,
In the past four to five hundred years?
So now they are hoping to elect someone,
With bigger ears? '

No!
You are totally misunderstanding this procedure.

'Well...
The pomp and circumstance,
With the expense of the pageantry...
And the spectacle that is addressed,
Should impress.'

But what about your faith and beliefs?

'Hopefully my relationship with God,
Will remain unaffected...
Since the blessings I've received,
Have always come to me direct.
My prayers are heard and I obey as I listen.'

'And if your prayers are not heard,
What then? '

'I leave that to God.
I am not going to retire from my commitment.
Or my devotion of God.
That would make me a hypocrite!
Wouldn't it? '

You are taking this to a whole different level.

'And to what level should I take my faith to?
Oh...
To answer your question.
I have no opinion of the 'conclave'.
My faith I like to keep less complex.
More direct and left personal.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

More Effective Means

Many times you have tried,
To misrepresent my intentions.
And to manipulate my deeds.
And many times my tolerance,
Sat and watch this purposely.

Over the years my intentions have changed.
And I am not reluctant to express impatience.
Nor is my tolerance one I am proud of.
And my methods now use more effective means...
To get my point across.
So grateful am I to find constant prayer,
Enables me to do this!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

More Effective When Reminisced

Chasing away...
Disbelief.
And unfaced can't replace,
What was near.

Chasing away...
Disbelief.
Doesn't heal any wound,
One still feels.

Chasing away...
To believe that which goes,
Isn't there ready to visit...
More effective when reminisced.

Chasing away...
Disbelief.
And unfaced can't replace,
What was near.

Chasing away...
To believe that which goes,
Isn't there ready to visit...
More effective when reminisced.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

More Elusive

A fallen leaf can not be revived,
Or returned to thrive on a disgarding tree.
A force implemented to do a will rejected...
Finds no success accepted.
We are here to conquer our own inadequate ways!
Share those discoveries,
And build together on that foundation!
Unsatisfied that our own nests have crumbled...
We then seek ways to shake others,
From their places of comfort!
Believing this destruction benefits a peace,
That grows more elusive!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

More Evasive

As different as night is from day...
I know you.
Anticipated to get wet am I,
If strolling through pouring rain.
I no longer wonder about you or 'it'.
With or without benefits.

As different as night is from day...
I know you.
Some may have a need to face the sky,
To unmask themselves from realities.
Or to question,
If a breeze blows.

I know you!
And that's one of the reasons,
I pay you no attention.
If I did...
You would be more evasive,
Then you've been.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

More Expensive It Gets

Millions spent on one event.
For the purpose to entertain,
Those whose lives...
And the quality of them to live,
Will, undoubtedly, remain unchanged.
Although to witness this event to pick,
Who wins to eventually forget...
The hype that had been marketed,
To maintain customs to further empty pockets...
Of those who continue to believe,
Their fading values stay unaffected...
By those who represent,
The best of kept hypocrisies.

'Comeon. Lighten up.
It's just one game.'

~I know this.
But more expensive it gets,
Every four years.
This same game played.
And at such a high cost.~

'It's the Super Bowl.
What do you expect? '

~I'm talking about the election.~

'What election? '

~The Presidential election? ~

'Well...
At least with the Super Bowl,
There is a clear winner.
And that other game to be played...
Losers will continue to accept,
Their losses.
Regardless of the promises made.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

More Eyes Are Opened Wide

They wish to blame their failures,
On someone that isn't there yet.
Someone who isn't officially their leader.
Someone who respects,
The one who led them and created their mess.

And yet this new leader,
Is expected to correct this!
He is one who is highly respected.
But a crisis that affects their lives...
Had been their before his brilliance,
Was long suspected!

And that leader who diminished,
Their quality of life...
They followed and allowed him,
To destroy their values.
As it is observed and reflected.

And the new leader,
Although black...
Is expected to restore their dignity.
And quickly clean up their filthy dirty tracts.
As has been historically accustomed.
But these times more eyes are opened wide.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

More Group Oriented

Where have you been?
I haven't seen you in a while.

'Staying away from people,
Who chop folks down...
To build themselves up,
In the eyes of others.'

I have never done that.

'No you haven't.
Not to me directly.
Your efforts are more group oriented,
To keep your involement hidden.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

More Highly Favored To Be Blessed

Who we are to become labelled,
Is a fact of life that exists.
Many living with wishes,
To change all of this...
Have found it difficult to accept,
Their own identities to neglect.

Acceptance to celebrate,
Diversities to leave them left to believe...
Has for centuries been denied,
For those seeking equality...
To be seen as others,
Flaunting their existence and with pride.

Self hatred is detected.
Disrespecting is condoned.
And yet with themselves to neglect,
A protesting is shown...
They wish to protect,
Identities they refuse to accept and own.

Who we are to become labelled,
Is a fact of life that exists.
Many living with wishes,
To change all of this...
Have found it difficult to accept,
Their own identities to neglect.

And yet...
Divisions amongst them,
Are not faced for what they are.
Too many amongst them,
Refuse to acknowledge...
All of God's children He 'sees',
As His STARS 'He' created.
And not 'one' more appreciated than another.

And yet...
Divisions amongst them,

Have 'some' believe...
THEY are more highly favored to be blessed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

More Hyped To Delude

A greatness to self-annoint or appoint,
Has little to do with a statement made.
A greatness to acknowledge,
By others who discover it...
Comes from deeds left one does to leave.
With this achieved to be determined as great.
Without it to contemplate.

And those deeds evaluated to appreciate,
Over a period of time to find greatness defined.
Without convincing anyone of it to exist.
Or making attempts,
To prove there is evidence of it.
When there isn't.
But what is has been more hyped to delude.

'I can think it.
If I choose to accept myself to fool.'

~But it is,
More hyped to delude.
It is,
Just hyped to delude.~

'But it isn't if I think it.
And with a choice made that I choose.'

~But it is,
More hyped to delude.
It is,
Just hyped to delude.
You've been,
Hyped to delude.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

More Impressed By The Presentation

Distribute to them a map.
Highlight what is needed,
For them to arrive safely to their destinations.
Do this in crayon with assorted colors.
And...
Make sure those colors are neon,
To aid night vision.

Someone amongst them is guaranteed,
To begin instigating an argument...
As to who has the credentials and intelligence,
That qualifies a giving of attention...
To listen to recommendations suggested,
As to how a journey from point A to B...
Should begin!
With an ultimate decision to change the colors,
As to not to offend anyone who might perceive this...
To be an act of discrimination that benefits to give,
One an advantage over another.
Allowing to initiate an unending debate,
That has nothing to do with their safety.
Or the trip initially all agreed that should be taken.

And the simplicity of the map,
Is eventually abandoned...
To pay someone no one knows,
But offers a more elaborate way to go...
That satisfies those who are more impressed,
By the presentation.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

More Magnificent

Just a mile or two,
Above the surface of the Earth...
The significance of conflicts,
Divisions and who participates in them...
Diminishes in priority for those who notice,
With a taking of a flight beyond limits...
Others restricted with persistence to invite,
Minds fixed to observe their indifferences to keep...
Focused with beliefs,
That which reflects to be accepted...
With a self-centeredness kept to digest,
Is important and confines one who has experienced...
Much more than closed doors and barriers.
Disappointment is faced by the ones who manipulate,
With wishes to make impressions.

Once one's vision has been expanded,
Difficult it is to relate to those...
Who demand what has become elementary,
To pretend with a giving to it serious attention.
Those too involved with self indulgence,
Are often found to become offended...
By the ones who could care less...
What issues and dilemmas had been addressed,
Before the opportunity to take flight...
To witness that which is far more magnificent.
And the rewarding of this received,
Is just a decision one chooses to make.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

More Meaning To Me Than Compliments

For the purpose of message.
That is all that is meant,
By my intent.
Comprehension exchanged,
Has more meaning to me than compliments.

I am flattered by those who do it.
It inspires and motivates,
With a lift.
But I have no need to feed an ego.
Although others may wish this.
And actively solicit.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

More Numbed Than Stunned

What's done becomes more offensive,
When the intention does not receive...
The expected attention.

And those who should have been offended,
Have become more numbed than stunned...
By the show of ignorance some will never overcome.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

More Obvious And Demean

Who decided how we 'should' live,
Is deserved?
And the way we live...
In the pursuit of less conflict,
Is insignificant?

What few with 'pull' and 'balls'
With injurious intentions for all...
Collected to connect,
To upset
With disturbing peacelessness?

More obvious and demean.
More of this rise in hatred seen.
And...
More of a correctness comes to intervene.
It is yet seen,
But comes.
And for those who see it coming closer,
It shows.

Who decided how we should live?
In prefabricated fears to defend with deceit?
The greedy?
Of selfishness needs to fill whims,
To discard on the fields of disrespect!
Like their own children,
They feed lust, filth and cheating...
As a way in life to succeed.
With a harboring jealously that hides,
Internal insecurities.

Now..
They make attempts,
Trying to convince...
With restrictions of physical borders,
Constructed and fenced.
And...
These are those of them,

Who steal and claim power with such recklessness?
With an accepted seductiveness for desires to inspire,
Chaos!

And believe by confessing it,
Gains them a visit from the Pope?
And he comes...
Provoked!
And he told them.

All was well...
Until the few of incompetance,
Decided to whip up tricks to depict
Leadership to lead us into unending battles!
To instill,
Their version...
Of a living hell.
And doing it just for their own demonic ways to thrill.
Themselves.

And now with new inventions to restrict.
Any noncomformist ideas to circumvent...
To avoid with common sense,
What is being done.
They prepare...
Choices they announce:
'Either run away further into doubt?
Or stand to make a call for change!
If you dare.
And if you do it will be done our way.
Black? White? Hispanics or others...
Chosen to dislike as we incite division.'

Whether they proceed to succeed or fail.
Will be on their diminishing consciousness.

More obvious and demean.
And...
More of a correctness comes to intervene.
It is yet to be seen,
But comes.
And for those who see it coming closer,

It shows.

And those who oppose what is being done...
Run!
But to where?
Since when it comes,
It comes to make it clear...
It comes from everywhere to silence fears,
And dry the tears from whomever they may fall!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

More Of A Convenience

Time should never be the reason,
Why what is loved...
Needs more of it for someone to find.
If it's true and there to stay on one's mind.
Only to digress from expressing it to address,
When amongst friends who wine and dine.

Confused by what it is that fits,
To legitimize whenever the setting calls for it...
One can not admit exists,
Isn't love!
This is more of a convenience,
That seeks someone to permit its permanence.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

More Of A Peace That Is Wished

Why is it,
There are those who can not accept...
Someone announcing a desire,
To live peacefully in a quietness...
Is actually someone who seeks attention?
And those who ignore them,
Believe what they do is noticed?
With a providing,
Of even more of a peace that is wished.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

More Of An Event To Entertain

I've given you every opportunity,
To make sense.
Even at my own expense,
This has been done...
As I remained silent.

And your time spent,
Convincing others with your sentiments...
Has only made your attempts to appear desperate,
More of an event to entertain than to impress a point...
You have yet to make with sustaining substance.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

More Of It To Give

What have you done to him?
The me I knew and grew to love.
You penetrated through my thick skin.
And melted my heart.
With an honesty that has no end.

What have you done to him?
The 'I-could-care-less' vision,
Has turned my frown into a widened grin.
And it is sickening to admit this...
But I can get use to it.

What have you done to him?
The me I knew and grew to love.
And now I seem to have more of it to give.
You must have seen in me my need to forgive?
And I saw in you a reason and purpose to do it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

More Of My Time To Give

One day you will regret,
You disrespected my interests.
To remember I accepted your selfishness,
With a belief what I expressed...
Had been only on you addressed,
With no other interests from which to select.
Not true.
I was 'into' you with feelings felt.
And wanted you to know I could and had focus.

You were part of and not the sum total,
Of the love and affection I have here to share.
And with you now not being there,
Only gives my other interests...
More of my time to give they will get.
And I have no problem at all admitting this...
You 'were' missed.
But not enough to keep me sitting,
With you on my mind to reminisce.

However...
There is a problem most folks have.
And that is the belief people like me,
Can be taken for granted.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

More Of The Same

More of the same,
Is comforting to some.
Even though less of it is realized.

Memories of lives lived...
Have many wishing to revisit.

And each hour of today that passes...
Becomes a waste.
For those who accept and take,
A replacing of a happiness that can happen...
For an exchange of aches and heartbreaks.
Associated with age.
And what these moments passing lack.
As many now find themselves,
In times unattractive.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

More Of The Same Thing

You are wishing for...
More of the same thing.
You are wishing for...
A way to add more bling.
And you are wishing for,
An easier way to be...
More greedy,
But not so obviously.

You are wishing for...
More of the same thing.
You are wishing for...
A way to add more bling.
And you are wishing for,
An easier way to be...
More greedy,
But not so obviously.

And you are wishing for,
An easier way to be...
More greedy,
But not so obviously.

You are wishing for...
A way to add more bling.
And you are wishing for,
An easier way to be...
More greedy,
But not so obviously.

You want what you've already got!
But not so obviously.

You want it and that wanting wont stop!
Not so obviously.

You don't want to be greedy but you are!
And that is just like ME!
Bum, bum, bum, bum.

You don't want to be greedy but you are!
And that is just like ME!
Bum, bum, bum, bum.
You don't want to be greedy but you are!
And that is just like ME!

'So what is it that you're saying? '

You don't want to be greedy but you are!
Not so obviously.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

More Of These Gifts

The leaves have always come,
To change their colors in the Fall.
Snowflakes descend in Winter,
To have some create snowmen...
And throw snowballs.
Spring introduces Summer,
With treats that sprout and bloom.
If this is something you have begun to witness...
Congratulations!
More of these gifts,
Will arrive for you to appreciate soon!
You have awakened.
And Mother Nature is thrilled to treat.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

More Of Your Wounding

You left me sore,
Battered and bruised.
Feeling used to then be dissed.
To then hear from you say,
I am missed and you wish forgiveness.

And suddenly I am reminscing,
That moment we met to touch and kiss.

To forget you left me sore to mend.
As again,
I answer your knock at my door.
Knowing I welcome...
More of your wounding.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

More Peaks To Find

I've seen those peaks pass,
As I climbed.
Looking back and feeling fantastic.
To breathe deep the fresh air.
And being aware of accomplishments,
Wished.

'I have done this! '
I can now say it.
I have dreamt that I could.
And did.
What has been desired in my heart...
Has been done.

But I can not rest.
I know my best,
Has not yet come.

I take a deeper breath.
Wasting no time to take more steps.
Continuing to climb I do.
With achieving on my mind!
And knowing there would be more peaks to climb!
More peaks to find and leave behind.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

More People Seek Insight

An end comes as incomes dwindle,
To afford those wasteful selfish days.
As more people seem to seek insight.
Instead of overdrawn bank accounts,
Disturbing them to get no sleep at night.

Awakening to eliminate ways,
A founded nonsense spent in keeping...
Mounting debts raised once perceived,
As an image to give that impresses...
Those equally in 'hock' and wishing they were not.

An end comes as incomes dwindle,
To afford those wasteful selfish days.
As more people seem to seek insight.
But not overnight has this insight come.
To undo to themselves what they have done.

It's no fun when a listening has begun,
To leave those who had refused to do it...
And stunned by debts,
With stinging regrets...
Even denial can not reject.

It's no fun when a listening has begun,
To leave those who had refused to do it...
Seeking empathy for tears now wept.
And those who chose a basic life to live and accept,
Had been the ones who had warned them of what comes.

It's no fun when a listening has begun,
By those with a dawning of insight.
But somehow the light is too bright,
For those who have acquired their insight overnight...
To expect as the Sun sets to erase all their debts unpaid.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

More Pleasing To The Eye

We are in the midst,
Of a slow moving plague.
And everyday people are showing,
Blatant signs displayed...
Many have become strickened,
By indulgences of self importance.

This is a sickness that has become so wicked.
People have come to perceive their selfishness,
Is an entitlement they have been born to get.
And stuck they are in a maze made crazed,
Developed yet unphased by their racist ways.
Ways they wont admit but exist today.

Outdated with kept beliefs,
Are their limited mentalities.
Outdated with kept beliefs,
They continue to perceive themselves...
Saviors of the Earth,
'Chosen' to be more deserving

False images created more pleasing to the eye...
They try to keep their lives more prioritized.
False images created,
More pleasing to the eye...
And yet they lay on beaches to get 'that' look,
Of others they say to claim they despise.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

More Pop Is The Culture

More POP is the culture.
Given more significance to it meant.
And getting more POP is a culture,
Feasting on decadence.
And 'blinging' things that make no sense.

Getting more POP is a culture,
And given more significance.
But,
Losing ground is sanity,
Invented to dispense.

Oh yes more POP is the culture.
Fed to deadened heads.
Oh yes more POP is the culture.
And given more significance.
But,
Losing ground is sanity,
Invented to dispense.

Oh yes more POP is the culture.
Worship it or leave.
Oh yes more POP is the culture.
In heads to believe.

Oh yes more POP is the culture.
Fed to deadened heads.
Oh yes more POP is the culture.
And given more significance.
But,
Losing ground is sanity,
Invented to dispense.

More POP is the culture.
And given a significance meant.
Oh yes more POP is the culture.
And 'blinging' things that make no sense.

More more more POP is the culture.

And given a significance meant.
Oh yes more POP is the culture.
And 'blinging' things that make no sense.

More POP as a culture.
I want it as a need.
More more more POP as a culture.
I need it give it please.

Give me more POP as a culture.
I want it as a need.
More more more POP as a culture.
I need it give it please.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

More Power In One Ounce Of Detergents Used

There is more power in one ounce,
Of detergents used...
To remove stains out of dirty laundry,
Or the washing of greasy dishes...
Than all of the power that is witnessed,
By those claiming it in overdoses...
In defending a status that exposes holes,
Clear through...
With a showing of their interpretations of it.

Having such power to misuse,
In the excusing of abuses...
Isn't power.
What it is is an ability to achieve perceptions,
That leave anticipation of expectations...
Feeling the goods are not as great,
As a picture that leaves portrayals of imitations.
With a tastelessness and nothing there to satiate,
To qualify such hype.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

More Precious To Value

Time becomes more precious to value,
When a price is attached.
And evaluated with an appreciation.
Given and respected to expect it.

Time given to others,
Not hesitated but found wasted.
Is seldom appreciated.
And often overheard being berated,
By those who take it to disrespect..
Both the quality of time given,
And whomever may have volunteered...
Without requesting payment.
Regardless how precious,
The giving of their time is.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

More Pretense Than Passion

When we each came to be sixteen,
Planting expectations with claims to fulfill hopes...
On hills with slopes overlooking streams.
Nothing in the World appeared mean back then.
Or did folks with bad thoughts
With worse on their minds,
Complain or whine,
Backstab then wine and dine their neighbors
Family and friends.
Again, back then.

By our mid-teens the life that held dreams,
We lived to create
Those scenes to forever lay within them insatiated!
Believing lives with no fear of apologizing would ever end.
But they did. And they do...
To leave us more apologetic for our deeds,
Or the lack to inspire them.
To discover us now pleading for signs of sanity.
Or something that resembles it.

Some of us were nurtured with thoughts
We would always be beloved, belonged
And provided lives gift boxed!
There is no joy when the connections to reality
Begin to snap in place.
We are no longer where we were...
Or in times when then we thought,
We knew what and who!

When we became sixteen...
Too much rebuttal spewed
Unrelenting to forgive,
Forget and mend!
Brewing still we are
For decisions that are made on a whim...
None of us can say
Changes brought our choices to satisfied the men,
And the women to find contentment in these times,

We are living now!

And no heart becomes spared,
For cares that surface on matured emotions.
They show quicker when aging begins to speed.
At sixteen no one is looking to sing a 'blues' duet...
Or think of aging as a death sentence.

Yet,
It is!

As we try to cling onto a bittersweet existence,
With the persistence of a spoiled child.
We eventually leave sixteen to welcome and adopt,
Comfortable habits we can not dropp but defend.
Venturing to speak of new paths to take.
But bluffing as if time had not revealed...
We are still more pretense than passion.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

More Public And Meaningful Action

If years have been spent investing in garbage.
And the nurturing of it has been conscious.
Why are there complaints from anyone,
That the reeking smell of it.
Has begun to affect their health?

So petitions are drawn,
To solicit authorized and professional help.
With a wish to get to the bottom,
Of their afflictions

And although they have been warned,
About the planting of Poison Ivy.
Those warnings were ignored.
Because those who adored.
The look of it surrounding their brick homes,
Dangling from windows and framing their doors.
Could not connect their severe itching,
To their unwillingness to listen.

'Excuse me?
There is nothing wrong with my thought process.
I have suffered like this from allergies for years.
You don't know me to talk to me like that.
I can get another doctor.
One more interested in treating my ailments.
Than one trying to tell me something's wrong with my mind.'

And upset with the responses they individually get.
They collectively decide the hiring of high priced lawyers,
To represernt their interests.
Shows them unified,
Together with a purpose meant.
To take a more public and meaningful action,
That addresses their major concerns.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

More Realistic And Less Corrupt

We need,
More magic in our lives.
A magic seen before our eyes.
And one in which all testifies.

We need,
More of this witnessed each day.
To lift our spirits up,
With a warmth that keeps us comforted.

We need,
More magic in our lives accepted.
One that reflects,
A magneticness that eliminates distress.

A magic applied without promises of concepts.
One that projects a fulfilling wholesomeness.
And willingly shared,
By those aware this caring is done,
Everywhere!

We need,
More magic in our lives.
A magic seen before our eyes.
And one in which all testifies.

A magic that lifts with a spark that blazes up!
A magic more realistic and less corrupt.
A magic that lifts with a spark that blazes up!
A magic more realistic and less corrupt.

We need,
More magic in our lives accepted.
One that reflects,
A magneticness that eliminates distress.
One that 'forever' puts conflicts to rest.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

More Spice Is Needed

Wouldn't they make better use of their time,
Investigating why their investigations
Need investigators who investigate?
Instead of wasting valuable resources...
Employing those selected to monitor
The actions of those responsible
For creating such tactics to spy
On each other's activities!
While illegal 'aliens' demand top dollar
For their silence and co-operation
In keeping the game of hide n' seek
A lucrative game they all share
In keeping their pockets full!
Any 'truths' overheard by wiretaps...
Are only ignored for lack of originality,
That feeds nothing to the imagination!
More spice is needed,
To implement a heightened excitement!
And perhaps that is why the whole process
Is constipated!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

More Suitable For You

I should have more of an understanding,
As to where you are coming from?
Your quick slide into the gutter,
Has been done by your own doing.
My stay there,
Was a result from your suppression.

You will find your stay,
More comfortable than I did.
At least those who slid there with you,
Are all of your acquaintances.
Like you they too have similar traits.
And like you they chose to deceive others too!

That gutter is a place,
That seems to be an ideal fit.
A perfect one and more suitable for you!
Please don't be offended,
If my dog does what dogs do.
I left my poop scooper!
If I were you I'd do my best to do a little move.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

More Supportive

Most of them fear truth.
And they are doing the best they can,
To keep it from becoming popular.
Especially those who believe they can control it,
With an imposing of their shallow interpretations.
But then again,
When taking conditioned mindsets for what they are...
It is best to keep children fantasized,
For their entire lives.
They are more supportive in the excusing of misdeeds.
As long as they are kept pleased and delusioned.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

More Than 400 Years

So much of what they value
Is dissentegrating.
So much self-righteousness they knew
Is being dissolved in public view!
Overnight their pay back is coming due!
And they can't look down their noses to snub
Or grind their heels into backs of begging bums!
These scenes ignored soon to them will come!
And it will take more than 400 years...
For them to understand,
What their ignorance has done!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

More Than A Delayed Comprehension

Soul searching becomes a ritual,
For one who discovers awareness.

Sometimes I question
The quest for knowledge,
And understanding.
It's never ending.

Where is this neverending quest carried?
What limitations are there?
How much wisdom can a mind unrestricted absorb?
If we are that image that God has created...
In HIS likeness,
Then THAT introduces questions like these...
Is God the Supreme Master of Hypnosis?
And if that is true,
Could this experience we call life,
Be just an elaborate and fantastic hallucination?
Created just for His sensation.
Because He could!

And anyone doubting this power today,
Has more than a delayed comprehension!
Anyone suspended in beliefs they can fly...
Do!
And find themselves smacked against concrete!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

More Than A Few

If it were not for one's ability to complain,
And given a forum to do so...
They would find other means,
To expose their self centered ambitions.
Just to keep others reminded,
There are more than a few with minds limited.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

More Than A Forgiveness Wished

It has to be traumatic,
To approach and seek a forgiveness...
From those one has actively victimized.

Especially if such activities,
Have been publicly applied.

And over the years has denied those,
The opportunity to provide a decent income...
For themselves or anyone else.

It has to be traumatic,
To approach and seek a forgiveness...
From those one has actively victimized.

And then one day it is discovered,
Those who had been subjected to misery...
Are more influential than one thought them to be.

And the discovery of this,
Leaves one with more than a forgiveness...
Wished!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

More Than Enough To Give

I'm not in need to make love,
To know it.
I did make love and gave it.
And I don't regret heated moments missed,
Dripping in sweat after sex.
I'm not in need,
To make that kind of love,
To know it.

I'm not in need to make love,
To know it.

Everytime I feed to you,
And expression I am feeling...
It comes from love.
Every moment you are in my thoughts...
With an image brought into mind.
It comes from love.
Anytime I find I can be there,
With a message to deliver...
To send to be felt by you within,
It comes from love.
So does my anguish.
When I mistake your response,
Misunderstanding a nuance.
And beset by confusion,
No one intended to begin!
To leave what was meant...
To end in lament.
That too comes from love.
And it took those misunderstandings,
To make this understood...
It comes from love.

I'm not in need to make love,
To know it.
I did make love and gave it.
And I don't regret heated moments missed,
Dripping in sweat after sex.

I'm not in need to make love,
To know it.
I need to make life more loved.
To allow me within it to grow.
And to see it...
Everywhere in my view.
And if I do that now...
More love than I ever knew,
Can be known.

And that's the kind of love,
I've grown to be let shown.
And my need for that overwhelms.
Just like love does,
When anyone is in it...
And knows that what one has,
Is more than enough to give.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

More Than Ever Before

No words to use to later change
Will make a difference,
To what one has heard to hear.
Or with eyes to see,
Revealed as is in 2017.

No words to use,
Can affect what is felt...
By anyone expecting truth.
On a pursuit to feel,
Their reality of it...
To have had experienced.
And accompanied by sincerity.
Exposed to know,
There is no exception...
For deceptions anymore.

No words to use,
Once to impress...
With pointless and meaningless,
Exchanges.
Leaves a void.
An emptiness.
Portraying a displayed distrust
And one's willingness,
To participate in its fakeness.

And although for some this done
Is okay!
But for others wanting more,
Than ever before...
Inspiration.
Quick they will be to leave,
Behind a defined superficialty.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

More Than Fast To Attack Without Facts

You should be the last to call someone a radical.
When you are more than fast to attack without facts.
To prejudge anyone based upon their appearance alone...
Is a characteristic of a fanatic on hormones.
And representing an outlook maintained...
By many who lay in the Sun,
As a ritual done...
Like it's a religious sabbatical.

And nothing you do is self examined at all.
Not from my re-assessed point of view.
You've been taught to believe you are superior.
But nothing interior clicks in your head...
Everything you do contradicts instead.
With a quick labelling of others,
You say you keep in your prayers.

I could swallow that if it wasn't hollow.

You should be the last to call someone a radical.
When you are more than fast to attack without facts.
To prejudge anyone based upon their appearance alone...
Is a characteristic of a fanatic on hormones.
And representing an outlook maintained...
By many who lay in the Sun,
As a ritual done...
Like it's a religious sabbatical.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

More Than Gifts Of Talents

It takes...
More than gifts of talents.
It takes...
Getting up from a sitting down,
With intiative to face and embrace...
From a kick starting of motivation,
Wherever and however it is found.

And it may be affixed to a critic's lips.
Or someone who despises,
What is done and how one does it.
But it takes more than gifts of talents,
One is blessed to be bestowed with.
It takes heart that benefits,
One who has a willingness to forgive.

Although...
Not to be forgotten,
And practiced on a daily basis with a faith that's kept...
Is an asking of God while God conducts HIS business,
In a thankfulness to express and address with each step...
That God keeps HIS eyes on 'yours' as you do HIS will.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

More Than Good Salesmanship

Overcoming ego drippings.
And leaks of proof to reveal a truth,
Is not easily done to go through...
By the one who perceives,
Their popularity achieved...
Had been solely based upon a relationship.
A relationship claimed to have been possessed,
Of a creativity one thought would never be assessed...
To be forced to confess a stealing of ideas.
Stolen ideas to others to have them sold.

'We discovered you to be,
A liar of immense skill and capability.'

~Whatever.
But you must admit,
No one questioned my eye contact.
Or my firm hand grip.
Nor the sincerity I delivered,
To have everyone convinced of it.
My work ethics or business sense,
Were never discussed by anyone to mention this.~

'What we discovered was unethical.
And we expected from you to produce,
A representation of more than good salesmanship.'

~I delivered what you wanted.~

'But you lied.
With a doing to try to hide it.'

~Big deal.
So I stole and plagiarized.
Did you 'not' reap some benefit?
I did.
From you I gained popularity.~

'But what you claim had been stolen from others.'

~True.
I confess.
But they aren't nearly as popular,
As you have made me to get.
And for this...
More than good salesmanship,
You got from me to receive.~

'You left us with your deception.'

~And...
Your point is what? ~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

More Than I Was

Who am I?
When and where am I suppose to be me?
If it is not all about me...
Who is it about?
You?
Them?
Us?
If you say I am not who or what I should be,
Who are you to tell me that?
And where were you when all I had was myself?
Who am I?
More than I was...
Before I let someone like you
Decide I wasn't good enough to be me.
And all that I am right now...
Allows me to see others for who they are!
I couldn't do that before when I listened to you,
Make decisions for me without my involvement!
I am involved now...
Declaring ownership!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

More Than Just A Few Steps Away

When a life devoted to another is given...
And those sacrifices made,
Are interpreted as a dependency.
One shown a loyalty begins to believe.
A setting off of an alarm,
To alert one needing a wake up call...
Is a recommendation.
And done without hesitation!

People like this,
Who have taken others for granted...
As casual as making an excuse,
Or picking up a telephone for hours of gossip.
Need assistance quick...
To open wide selfish eyes!
With a listening done that clears closed ears.
Because someone overlooked,
Is about to take more than just a few steps away!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

More Than Just A New Dawn

Even the ones self centered with addictions,
Will witness to observe...
Activities valued to prioritize in the past,
Losing their significance.
Faster than precious possessions kept.
To have that phase of life,
Overnight fading to finally lose that appetite.

Eyes in denial and shaded by limits,
Have begun to begin a sobering process.
As minds broaden to do and quick,
To more than just a new dawn...
Erasing a permanence drifting slowly away.
Since an existence appearing into view,
Can not go unexperienced or left to refuse.

And silence replaces soft spoken whispers,
Once heard in receptive and attentive ears.
To show with it known to make very clear,
We will see each other tomorrow.
And days to follow there-after freed from traps.
Like we have never seen one another before.
With a belief no one can deceive to deny or ignore!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

More Than Just Coincidences

A tragedy happens.
And reactionaries are quick,
To respond.
The giving done with empathy,
Seems sudden as if a 'light' has been turned on.

And when times are less urgent,
To express our humanity?
A resistence to show a caring with concern,
Is more than expressed by an indifferentness...
We've been taught to satisfy,
With lessons instilled in us...
We obey and learn.

Proving homelessness and hunger,
With racist biases!
Are more than just coincidences,
Enforced to inflict.
By a selfishness persisted.
To advantage and benefit!
Until we become emotionally involved,
With assisted images.
And pictures to cause us to sob!

'I had to see it to believe this for myself!
How can I get more involved?
To end and solve so much pain that remains.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

More Than Just Exposure

More than just exposure.
My needs are to connect.
There is no flattery blinding me.
My mission is totally circumspect.

Prudent are my movements.
Precise are the intentions meant.
Forward is my pace.
Whatever it takes...
To replace the commonness,
Of accepted waste.

More than just exposure.
My needs are to connect.
There is no flattery blinding me.
My mission is totally circumspect.
Totally I choose to remain focused,
On what it is I must do next.
To afford that progress.
No matter the difficulty of those steps.

One affected with a purpose,
Is challenged by obstacles...
That allows little time,
Found to rest and reflect.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

More Than Just Refreshing

So blessed am I to have achieved,
A peace of mind I have received.
And not to find it a priority,
To remain feeling victimized...
By those who demonize,
With a doing of their misdeeds.

So blessed I am to have been given patience.
A patience when younger,
I would not have known to appreciate.
And mistakes I've made I've grown to appreciate too.
With a letting my faith and beliefs speak for themselves,
To now live a life seeking no one to approve what I do.

So blessed am I to have achieved,
A peace of mind I have received.
And not to find it a priority,
To remain feeling victimized...
By those who demonize,
With a doing of their misdeeds.

And to feel a freedom,
From not passing judgements on others,
Is an accomplishment...
Those with peace of mind have found.
And is more than just refreshing...
To know what one does from dawn to Sunset,
With a doing done 'not' to be wanted around.

I thank YOU Most High.
Thank YOU for all my blessings.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

More Than Materialism

There is more than materialism,
That can be touched...
And is valued!

It is unfortunate...
That those who may have the key,
Fumble around too long
Looking for what they already can possess!

They let time slip by...
Talking about the treasure,
Instead of unlocking it from its confines!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

More Than Not And Often

More than not and often it may take,
Something dramatic done to someone...
To shake them with intent to snap them awake.
Creating a conflict but not reminisced as a mistake.

A nudge or two isn't remembered.
Like a harsh statement heard to make,
To bring one back again to reality.
From those exits to escape on a daily basis.

Often it may take,
And for some more than not...
An untimely visit with an illness to face.
One did not expect to be experienced to taste.

And even though death comes as a certainty for all,
Impossible it is to chase death away...
Regardless what attempts are made through texting.
Or the immediacy wished for a return of a cellphone call.

A prioritized living with a giving to appreciate,
Is much easier to do when one contemplates...
Without hesitating to procrastinate,
For a time to move when the doing comes too late.

And too many choose today,
To exclude the power of faith that's refused...
With a belief what they do to others to prove,
In time that choice made will eventually fade away.

This may be done but the doing is not true!
Since more than not and often it may take,
Something dramatic done to someone...
To shake them with intent to snap them awake.

A nudge or two isn't remembered.
Like a harsh statement heard to make,
To bring one back again to reality.
From those exits to escape on a daily basis.

'Why did you do that?
Why did you slap me? '

~I swear I heard you begging for it.~

'But you did do it and it came from nowhere.'

~Did it?
Or were you somewhere else? ~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

More Than Slightly Bent

If I did what was expected,
You would find reason to neglect me.
And I would begin to feel cheap and common.
No longer that treat...
For you that pleased.
And believe me it has been agony...
Carrying that kind of weight upon my shoulders.
And yet suggesting you go on a diet,
Would somehow leave me uninspired.

'But honey...
I am not the one who took your comments literally.
I know I am not 'daddy's little girl' any longer.
But I do admire your attempts.
I am surprised your knees haven't buckled.
However...
I have noticed,
They are more than slightly bent! '

So you don't mind,
Your climb down off my shoulders?

'Oh heavens no!
I was afraid to say how ridiculous this looks.
I only agreed to do this to entertain your purposes.
Whatever they are! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

More Than Time Has Changed

They seek to stop a fight started.
But this fight 'they' started,
May never come to an end.
And those who are fighting it,
Wishing it to stop.
Know it in their hearts,
It may not!
Since more than time has changed!

Wars started to stop...
With easy victories to claim.
Just aren't fought the same.
When enemies proclaimed,
Were given threatening names.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

More Than You Will Ever Know

You say I disgust you?
And I say.
I appreciate your ignorance,
More than you will ever know.

I regard you,
Almost.
Like a friend,
With benefits.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

More The 'Norm' Today Than Not

Being conscious and aware of it,
With it quick to observe...
What one does to do to affect another,
Connects them to it and directly...
Is not easy to hear their excuses made,
To disassociate themselves...
From what was done they did to do,
With accusations made to blame others.
As conflicts they commit continue to exist.

And this seems to be,
More the 'norm' today than not.
So many living lives to purposely victimize,
Are more empathized than scrutinized.
While those abused and accused to be at fault,
Have been placed into positions...
To defend their innocence without offending ignorance.
Although it is the attention those ignorant get,
That has created the rise in crime and violence permitted.

'They attempted to completely destroy my life.'

~Well...
They did not completely destroy your life.
Just your integrity temporarily.
So why are you remaining sensitive about that?
You got that back, didn't you? ~

'You don't get it.'

~Why should I?
I don't find their ignorance offensive.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

More Time Given

Even if the prospect of it was possible,
Very few would choose to re-live a repeating...
Of a yesterday to embellish restaged memories.
With a wish to remember them,
To actually exist.
And a doing of it with more time given,
Wasting it away as many do to procrastinate.
As a process to redo familiar excuses to make.

'...and after school the first thing I use to do,
Was my homework then complete a list of chose.
And return the following day thirstin' fo mo,
Lessons to learn as I sat listenin' at attention.
Starvin' for nowlidge to octane.
I couldn't get enough of being teached by my teachuhs.
Today?
These kids ain't got that kind of morovation.
My only regret,
Is not allowing myself to ax mo questions.'

~Oh, please.
You were always arguing with the teachers.
Cheating on tests and getting 'F's.
And being cantankerous is nothing I would objectify.~

'Sure. Go ahead.
Depict my complishments in anyway you wish.
You don't have to dignify my success.
To re-interpret my prite.'

~Uh...your what?
PRIDE...maybe? ~

'My P...R...I...Y...
No.
P..R...Y...T...E...
Whatever.
I know what I'm saying.
How I reminisces 'my' life lived,

Is not an object to be can't tanker.
And I know for a fact that to be true.'

~And folks wonder why,
The minds of today's youth are so messed up.~

'It's that lack of 'speck' and disimplement.
That's what it is.
And today aint noboby got it.
You feel me? '

~Uh...
Trust me,
I'm doing the best I can.~

'It's the hite of that horse you on.
That's what it is.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

More Time Together

More time,
Together we could find...
To enjoy each other again.
Instead of talking 'bout neighbors,
Outside just walking.
Minding their own business as we gawk.
And...
More time,
To give it to define...
What's important to us to begin.
With a leaving those who hip-hop alone.
Let them finger pop and have their rap.
Hopefully those days will come to fade.
And, hopefully they'll grow up from that phase,
To age.

More time,
Together we could find...
To pick a proper topic and discuss it.
Without talking 'bout those people,
Who have lost their trust.
But love that fussing to cuss over 'nuthin'.

'He did it.'
~Then she did it.~
'They all did it and they hid it,
To believe we'd all forget it.
~But you were the fool,
By doing it too.~

'He did it.'
~Then she did it.~
'They all did it and they hid it,
To believe we'd all forget it.
~But you were the fool,
By doing it too.~

More time,
Together we could find...

To pick a proper topic and discusss it.
Like,
What's going on in the world today.
Now that's a proper topic to discuss it.
And,
Why so many people seem so crazed with hate.
Now that's a proper topic to discuss it.
More people talk about what isn't in their vision.
Like racism didn't start from them making decisions.

More time,
Together we could find...
To pick a proper topic and discuss it.
Without talking 'bout those people,
Who have lost their trust and their minds.
With a doing it to sign a bottom line.

'He did it.'
~Then she did it.~
'They all did it and they hid it,
To believe we'd all forget it.
~But you were the fool,
By doing it too.~

'He did it.'
~Then she did it.~
'They all did it and they hid it,
To believe we'd all forget it.
~But you were the fool,
By doing it too.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

More Tit And Less Tat For That

More tit and less tat for that.
That tat needs to step back.
Unwinding it,
Does not sit too well,
With all that's going on...
Whirpooling itself straight to hell.

Mouths shut all ears open.
All eyes wide and fixed.
These times are being removed,
From the hands of misfits.
Get over it!
Split or take a hike.
Whatever you like.
But the infighting enjoyed has spiked.
The days we live are not for children,
Who sling mud and love to back bite!

More tit and less tat for that.
That tat needs to step back.
Unwinding it,
Does not sit too well,
With all that's going on...
Whirpooling itself straight to hell.

You better snap reality back and quick.
Your sickness is about to get dismissed.
Whether or not you can handle...
It
The honesty of your ways that has created,
Your dismay!

Long before 911 became a condition,
To prolong in assisting in keeping your fears fantisized...
Whose quality of life has your ignorance supported?
Whose lies do you cling to as if in devotion?
Whose truth do you despise...
Yet ignored to create your own commotion.
And why...

Do you continue to allow your life this slide?
Into a cesspool you ride with glee.
That may not trouble you!
But there are many I see,
Who are in total disbelief!
As you wish to play tit for tat.
Your sickness has made you react like that!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

More Tweaking To Be Done

He's not the worse we've seen,
Or this Earth has experienced...
Yet!
What he's done wont be forgettable.
And his followers will be regrettable.
The ones who created, sold and marketed
Tragedy!

Imagine...
The Dinosaurs have become extinct.
And they were far more intelligent.
They left behind evidence that they could think!
However,
This experiment called 'life' is not over!
There's still more 'tweaking' to be done.
And some thought adjustments to be made!
An enlightenment will be injected.
And some fools returned back to their caves!
That idea was intended as a joke...
EVERYONE took too seriously!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

More Visual Than Not

Remember this...
When you decided,
To silence your lips.
Believing problems others had...
Were not yours to exist.

And you pointed your fingers,
With judgements passed?
While your assets dwindled.
As those 'others' you trashed!

Your opinion now expressed...
Has less influence than your crab grass.
Or the effective use of a lawn mower,
When it was needed.
To do a job now long ignored!

It is better left to collect cobwebs and dust.
Instead of making meaningless threats...
No one within hearing distance takes seriously.
Since the evidence becomes more visual than not!
And apparently someone has spent too much time sleeping.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

More Who Are Mythed

There are more who are mythed,
By a reality for them that doesn't exist...
Than there are those,
With minds of a higher consciousness...
Not into worshipping symbols and images,
That conflicts with the nonsense produced from it.
To then have those sit to create new laws and rules,
In the hopes from their point of view...
The confusion they've implemented can be fixed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

More Who Should Say Less

Of course there are more,
Who should say less.
But given forums,
To address their expressions.
Since their point of views are accepted.

And...
Of course there are those,
Who should say much more.
But they are not the ones,
Willing to confess a protecting of nonsense.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

More, More Are Deranged

Some episodes extended,
Must conclude and come to an end!
Those cowboy chases in midnight raids...
Has lost public applause,
Its effect, cause and awe!

A restlessness begins.
And the initial heated pace,
Sends messages to slow down the race.
A regrouping is needed and must take place!

Some are seen deranged.
When the deeds and the actions are strange.
And so much observed has discouraged the herd.
As the skies seem more cloudy each day!

Some are seen deranged.
When the deeds and the actions are strange.
And so much observed...
Has discouraged the herd.
As the skies seem more cloudy each day!

Some episodes extended,
Must conclude and come to an end!
Those cowboy chases in midnight raids...
Has lost public applause,
Its effect, cause and awe!

More, more are deranged.
When the deeds and the actions are strange.
And so much observed...
Seem to conflict with words.
And the bright minds behind this
Decay!

Oh more, more are deranged!
When the deeds and the actions are strange.
And so much observed...
Seem to conflict with words.

And the bright minds,
Behind this...
Decay!

And the bright minds,
Behind this...
Decay!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Mortally Ignorant

Even though the doing leaves those saddened,
To know the time comes to let go of the ones...
Who have chosen to remain foolish,
When these days have revealed so much truth.
Those arriving to levels of consciousness,
Can not maintain a tolerance for kept delusions.

A patience once kept,
With eyes swollen from tears wept...
Has had its toll and for years has showed,
Mindsets stuck to stick thick in ignorance...
Done for them to do and accept as life to live,
Can not be rescued or be awaken to believe it a need.

'You are not going to the repast? '

~I can't. I'm too heartbroken.~

'Say what?
And you're going to pass over,
The fried chicken AND pound cake?
You must be devastated.'

~You have no idea.
I can not find the words to express my sorrow.
To see them again knowing their minds are dead,
I just can't take anymore.~

'I'll fix you a plate.
You'll change your mind.
I know who cooked what to bring to the repast.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Mortified

More people seem to fake they are mortified.
And more are faking they disbelieve,
The rise of crime.
Around them,
Each day everywhere to see.

More people seem to fake regret,
Of their messes to have left.
And many more,
Choose to sleep.
To leave...
Even more impacted pitiful people,
Addicted...
To rushing to pray on knees.

Mortified,
By their own deeds to do.
And mortified,
By their own consequences....
To pay,
For turning away.

They're mortified,
By these days we live.
And mortified...
With disbelief,
The doing to let done...
Returns for them to see.

They're mortified,
By these days we live.
And mortified...
With disbelief,
The doing to let done...
Returns for them to see,
The deeds they've done to do.
To...
Impact more pitiful people.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Most Accept This

Why the darkness of this passage?
Well...
There is a mound of curbside trash.
It will never be collected.
And based on the decades it has sat dejected...
Most accept this,
With demands that it stays right where it is.
Fearing the removal may also take away the stench!
And an uproar agitated is what they wish to prevent!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Most 'Beaches' And I

I often wished someone had thoughts of me,
To stroll along the beach at sunset.
Then to strip and be naked.
Laying under darkening skies,
Until we are dried from being wet.
And not a word of having sex...
Seeped from whispered breath.

I often wished someone had thoughts of me,
Like that!
Instead of grabbing my crotch,
To then demand...
I give up the best that I've got!
Perhaps that is why,
Most 'beaches' and I...
Do not share respectful memories.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Most Genuine

When you have been called,
Every name there is.
And some of those names called...
'Sailors' have not yet been taught?
And agitation seems to roll off your back,
Quicker than a duck can quack?
You have arrived!

And...
'If' you can admit,
To hugging and kissing a tree...
Publicly?
There are few things in life,
You have not experienced.
And your smile reflected,
Appears most genuine.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Most High On Kingdom's Throne

You may assume it from assumptions fed.
And innuendos whispered,
By those who wish them to spread.

You may even be groomed upon it,
Until for you...
It becomes a craving in your head.

But know this...
From my lips not whispered,
You will never defeat me!
You know why?
My life is not based upon opinions told,
Rumors or babbled smattered...
With a smearing of lies.

And while you are asleep with visions to defeat me,
I am awake to salivate upon teachings I feed and seek.
Where?
At the feet where my Father sits Most High,
On Kingdom's Throne.
And people like me are welcomed to greet and meet,
The Almighty.
No matter if we gather together.
Or if it's requested one visits Him alone.

You may assume it from assumptions fed.
And innuendos whispered,
By those who wish them to spread.
But know this...
Defeating the children taught by my Father,
May be your wish.
However...
Where my Father sits Most High on Kingdom's Throne,
Fantasies like yours do not exist.

You may assume it from assumptions fed.
And innuendos whispered,
By those who wish them to spread.

But know this...
Where my Father sits Most High on Kingdom's Throne,
Fantasies like yours do not exist.
Or are even known.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Most Ironic

Do you find it most ironic,
That those is days now long gone...
Were attacked for being mavericks.
And having anti-social behavior.
Because they were patriots,
Unafraid to say and in public admit...
Corruption existed with it to permit.
And today they are labelled,
To have been pioneers.

Do you find it most ironic,
Those who are conformists...
Living today to permit conflicts.
Are the ones who deny,
Being out of their minds.
And the corruption they commit...
To believe they are entitled to do it,
As a representation...
Of their patriotic ways.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Most Of Us Love The Ability To Make Excuses

Some folks live,
To be in other people's business.
Invited or not.
It is something some do unconsciously.
While others are consciously entertained by it.

And then there are those,
With no business to call their own.
That would instigate a motivation done with initiative!
And some do not live,
To be enlightened by that kind of inspiration.
It would require self examination.
And everyone knows,
Most of us love the ability to make excuses.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Most Times Away From Home

Sacred inside cries.
Unlike those one catches by surprise,
When in the midst of weeping willows.

Crushed and pushed aside,
Are branches that have exercised
Death rituals.
And laying lifelessly betwigged,
Under trees still seen mossed.

Footsteps crunch through them,
As if they laid to carpet one's weight.
While snowflakes fall gently,
On memories one has of the Scotch Pines
And the Oak leaves clinging...
In early New England Winters.
On trees kissed with a whitened mist.

Frosting breezes begin to blow...
As children throw snowballs,
Aglow
During the festival of holidays gone!

And whispered are these soft cries one keeps.
Holding onto sighs pushed through heavy breathing.
Hunched shoulders seem to bear a pain.
On a path sustained...
Through imprints made by seasons changing,
For one.
Who journeys on their own!
For one...
Who journeys on their own,
With a burning yearning done.
Most times away from home!

Most times alone to roam.
Most times,
Away from home.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Most Treasured And Precious Gift

Show first you are packaged,
With a mind firmly wrapped.
And secured without a leak,
Quickly to scatter...
To easily attached to whatever,
Distracts.
Before thinking to ask,
Of anyone...
What it is 'they' offer.
Or assume what they possess,
To be seen does not impress.

Show first to have interest,
In who that person is.
Since this to share, Successfully...
Could reveal a happiness,
That is priceless.
And unexpectedly received.

'Everyday since that day we met
I feel as if blessed,
To have you...
As my most treasured,
And precious gift...
I will ever get.'

-I can't believe this!
I was about to say,
Those exact words to you.-

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Mothballed

The ability to think,
Could be used effectively as a weapon.
However...
Today?
Weapons of thought have been mothballed.
Packaged and tightly sealed,
To eliminate any chance of a thought process...
Becoming a fad and easily had even if free,
And discovered by those shopping in a mall.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

'Mother'

I am no bitch in heat!
But I've been known
To be a 'mother'
On many occasion!
And when that does occur,
I make sure I don't disappoint!
I am not into incest.
Being one
Not born from those tribes.
Nor am I malicious or vindictive!
But If you 'do' me...
I will screw you good!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Mother Has Grown Weary

Refusing to accept,
Mother Nature does not fight on battlefields...
They continue in attempts to overpower Her!
With advanced ignorance,
They destroy Mother's children
And everything natural they find uncomfortable!
Or at least,
Fight to control!

Mother has grown weary.
Beginning to scold in a selective manner,
Never witnessed before!
She spanked with warnings.
Now She feels She has to be 'thee' bitch...
To get everyone's attention!
And...
She will get it regardless of opposition!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Mother Nature Cleansing

Storms witnessed that come,
Is Mother Nature cleansing.
With it done to remind everyone,
They have been blessed to be invited.
As visitors to inhabit the Earth.
And should be taught from birth,
To value and respect the experience.

But many decide with selfish decisions made,
That some are less worthy to enjoy...
All that God has created.
With a belief Mother Nature,
And other unseen dieties...
Appointed with duties from invisible dimensions,
Also decide with their own decisions made...
What pleases God, Mother Nature.
And their exchanging dualities,
To do what is best to teach and test...
What it is those who are blessed to be invited,
Forget to be reminded.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Mother Nature Has Already Taken Those Steps

Before a manmade disease,
Can be treated and cured.
Many will agree,
The disease has to be located,
And isolated.
For a degree of success to occur.

And then again,
Naturally...
Mother Nature has already taken those steps,
To affect that process...
Upon those who leech,
With lessons yet to learn.

And from Mother Nature,
An outreaching will be taught!
With no mistaking,
To whom She has come to teach.
Undoing what has to Her disturbed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Mother Nature Has Them On Trial

Their entire value systems,
Are based on gold!
Yet they have undermined the people,
Where this resource is in abundance.
And have murdered those most deserving.
Just to keep themselves nourished,
With a thirst to deceive.
Like they have bled and devalued,
Their own existence with greed...
And denial!
Now Mother Nature has them on trial!
And they can not perceive this...
Or conceive it to believe!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Mother Nature Is Not Under Contract

Creating disasters,
To generate happy endings.
To temporarily salivate.
May be okay,
To satisify the bottomline in Hollywood.

However...
Mother Nature is not under contract.
And when she is attacked she fights back.
With a taste of reality...
No one on Earth can negotiate.
Or can debate what is observed,
With a manipulation of facts!

Mother Nature is not runniing,
To be elected for office.
And being direct...
You can expect,
Mother Nature will get!
With an effectiveness...
That humbles those unsuspecting.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Mother Nature Knows

So sad are their beliefs,
When they speak of what is theirs.
And...
After landing on foreign shores,
To discover native dwellers already there.
And convinced...
They set up restricting fences.
To authorize who is qualified...
The freedom to move about inside.
And who should be left,
Denied outside!

Mother Nature knows what belongs where...
And what should not interfere with a revamping.
Mother Nature knows what belongs where...
And who disturbs Her plans and affairs.
With such thoughtlessness.
And not a sign of care.
Mother Nature knows what belongs where.
And who will eventually inherit from despair.

So sad are their beliefs,
When they speak of what is theirs.
And...
After landing on foreign shores,
To discover native dwellers already there.
And convinced...
They set up restricting fences.
To authorize who is qualified...
The freedom to move about inside.
And who should be left,
Denied outside!
While a taking from them is done.

Mother Nature knows what belongs where...
And what should not interfere with a revamping.
Mother Nature knows what belongs where...
And who disturbs Her plans and affairs.
With such thoughtlessness.

And not a sign of care.
Mother Nature knows what belongs where.
And who will eventually inherit from despair.
And when it will begin.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Mother Nature's Domain

Everyone lives to leave memories,
For someone to digest.
As time progresses.

Those glued to beliefs,
It is never too late...
And continue procrastinating,
To manipulate with a doing as they please...
Are most likely those aging with wishes,
Mother nature offers them credit...
For the coming up with good excuses,
To dismiss.

But everyone lives to leave memories,
For someone to digest.
As time progresses,
To redo and not reschedule...
To allow those undecided to do what they like.
And still fear life to live.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Motivated By A Theme

It is much easier to be motivated,
By a theme that is presented.
Than it is to create the theme,
To have others claim it as theirs...
To have invented.
But not a topic,
Have they dropped to feed.
Boxed in within limitation,
Are these seeking mentalities.
Hoping to scope on a scoop looped.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Motivated By Ambition

Competition?
Of course I welcome it.
I awaken ready to compete.
In fact,
I may get no sleep...
In preparation.

If I can do better than I did,
After I did something done...
I am not pleased with myself!
I can not rest,
To remain idle like some.

Wanting to prove that what I do,
Is merely a personal test to become better.
And I can not sit wishing for this!
I am motivated by ambition.
And resisting it I can not dismiss!

Competition?
Of course I welcome it.
I awaken ready to compete.
In fact,
I may get no sleep...
In preparation.

Who do I compete with?
Myself!
I do not need anyone else...
To leave behind in exhaustion.
That has been tried.
And I became too satisfied.
Proving to others what I could do...
Provided no challenge at all!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Motivated Immediately

I like it when it is perceived of me,
I am reluctant to compete.
Although I am not one to solicit competitions,
I had been secretly chosen as the one to beat.

Perhaps it is in my appearance?
Or the way I was born to speak.
Who knows what goes on,
In the minds of those who choose to compete.

But when I am the one selected,
Something comes over me!
I am fulfilled and motivated immediately,
With such incredible energy.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Motivated To Accomplish

Don't tolerate anyone...
That uses your integrity,
To mask their own insecurities.

Some folks like these are slow to produce.
And quick to whine.
Preferring to spend their time dining,
In an exchange of hot gossip.

Those who are motivated to accomplish...
Their dreams and wishes,
Are often doing that alone.
Regardless if their deeds are not condoned.
They must create the show and tell of their virtues.
As if to prove what is done is legit.
And setting aside comments to get that done!
To enjoy the life for them that exists...
Without excuses.

Some choose to sit and schedule appointments,
Either to forget or dismiss.
Finding it easier to pick on someone,
Who conducts business first.
And having a thirst to feed their aspirations.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Motivation

For 'what' do I need you?

You are the one who used me to create,
Your vicious lies and alibis...
To deceive and produce an empathy,
From others given and to you they gave.

For what do I 'need' you?

You were the one to successfully spread,
Rumors and gossip to hypocrites you fed.
With you and them defying to deny,
A truth that existed you attempted to hide.

For what do I need 'you'?

Alone I sacrificed to heal from my ills.
With a getting up off my knees,
To shiver emotionally,
In a fever that left me feeling chilled.

For what do 'I' need YOU?

As someone I can depend?
When you have never been dependable.
As someone who has cheered me on?
When everything I owned,
Including my faith I thought was safe...
But doubts creeping in had that almost gone.
Where were you when my pain and anguish,
I suffered was through?
Were you there to care to show me proof?
NO!

So...
For WHAT do I need YOU?
For what?
And tell me the truth!

'Motivation! '

Moti what?
Vation?

'Yes.
I supplied you with motivation.'

Well...
I must admit,
Your lack of actions missed...
Did give me a lot of that,
To achieve my mental and physical fitness.

'Then...
You do need me? '

Not 'now'.
I have the strength of an OX.

'That's a lot of BULL.'

Whatever.
I've got it so leave.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Motivation You Wished Kept Energized

A challenge given to anyone,
Seen and observed to be ambitious.
And with a motivation you wished kept energized!
Tell them...
You don't believe what they say they can do,
Can be done!

Eventually,
They will prove you wrong.
However...
You know you have been right,
All along!

Although,
There are some who wish to select...
Other forms of negativity shown,
To inspire the production of their good deeds.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Motivational Cry Of Those Idealistic

Those procrastination days,
Many saved to use later...
Are out of date.
And time wasted will not be replaced.

The sitting on actions to do,
But left undone...
Should be discarded.
Opportunities for them will not come.

That 'It's-Never-Too-Late' myth once wished,
As the motivational cry of those idealistic...
Can with certainty be dismissed.
These days passing fast for many will be missed.

Anyone questioning the revamping of their existence,
Send them to the Lost and...
Well,
Realistically...
Their loss is their loss and will not be found!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Motivations

I 'act' like I don't care?
You're kidding?
Really?
You can see that?
I apologize.
I still have to work on my presentations.
You are suppose to detect,
That I don't care at all!
There should not be any question about it!

I hope I didn't waste too much of your time?
And 'that' is my main concern!
I am sincere about that!
Right now...
Thank you for bringing that to my attention.
I don't want anyone to misinterpret my delivery...
And/or their motivations!
Especially you.

I want them clear.
Meaningful!
And with a purpose,
That is affective!
When you leave me...
You will do so with full understanding.
And I will never leave you in doubt again!
You can bet your life on it.
Trust me.
I will not let that happen again.
Ever.
That is a promise.
You have been an inspiration!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Motive

You study to create and generate what?
And which of your deeds have you benefited most?
Is it your cloak and dagger specialty?
The duck-as-I huff version of your simplistic debates.
Or...
How about a game of charades?
Would you like that?
I will be me as to not confuse you.
And...
Why don't you stay betraying someone you are not.
It will be less complex and easier to detect,
What it is you desire to display and convey.
While I attempt to comprehend your true motive.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Motive Is The Focus

After a hurting has been done,
With it unknown to come...
Motive is the focus.

Without self examination faced,
To trace why events tolerated...
Are performed to take place,
Motive is the focus.
To leave denials unerased.

Fantasized are kept beliefs,
While realities are more decreased.
And increased are those delusions,
With no solutions reached.

Accepted are those more uptight.
With appetites to start more fights.
As motive is the focus.
To leave truth left set aside.

People pray with hope and faith,
That answers to them come.
But when they come to have them done,
The messages are shunned.

Fantasized are kept beliefs,
While realities are more decreased.
And increased are those delusions,
With no solutions reached.

Motive is the focus.
To leave denials unerased.
And psychologists are baffled,
Why realities aren't faced...
To replace,
Minds crazed by fantasies.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Motives

I am often amused by those,
Who insist to others they know who I am.
To then say,
I am not being myself...
As they try to explain obvious contradictions,
In their depictions that never seem to fit.
While those who do know me,
Respect and comprehend my motives totally.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Motives To Create Descension

There are those who have motives,
To create descension.
And find a way by slithering in,
To infect the ones unconscious...
Of their evil intentions believed innocent.
With a portraying of themselves as victims.
Ones who are confused and abused by others.

'I have no idea why I should be treated as such.
I've done absolutely nothing at all.
And I am baffled by this too!
Many know I 'show' love too much.'

There are those who have motives,
To upset that which is correct.
And then with their best masquerading done,
Pretend when discovered...
Of not knowing of their deceit.
To eventually destroy the efforts of those weak.
Who can not accept and believe how they've been used.

~I didn't believe they could be that way.~

Well...
Now you know.

~I didn't believe me they would betray.~

Well...
Now you know.

~It is too late for you and I to start,
Trusting each other from deep inside our hearts? ~

I doubt it.
If you didn't know me for who I am from the beginning...
What makes you think,
Your awakening for me is going to be a life changer?
You are the one who has been tricked.

I am not that kind of a fool.

~I didn't believe they could be that way.~

Well...
Now you know.

~I didn't believe me they would betray.~

Well...
Now you know,
Just how far others will go...
To pretend to be what they are not.
And a...
No offense.
But you're in my space.
Please get out of it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Motown (In Remembrance Of...)

Where are the sounds of Motown now?
That innovative and daring reach to be different!
Nothing today can captivate...
Except Beyoncé who tintillates imaginations!
Taking her creativity to fresh and new dimensions.
Blazing with excitement that awakens,
A dormant void of cookie cutter mass produced
Sameness that lacks snap and crackle!

Where are the sounds of Motown now?
There is no 'beat' today that repeats or come close,
To those Brewster Project folks...
Who toasted all of Detroit back then!
Every released song was a 'gem' it seemed.
Evoked from the mind of Berry Gordy's dream!
And today we listen to celebrated crap!
From 'ghetto stars' who make millions...
Lifting 'originality' tweaked off stolen tracks!

I wish that Motown could come back!
Inspiring with a motivation...
The writers, singers and producers
Holland-Dozier and Holland
Certainly did not lack!
When the sounds of Motown were around,
There seemed to be less crime to be found....
And more hand claps!

I wish that Motown could come back!
Like those things that brought good feelings...
Gone!
Never to be time-released,
But forever time-capsule trapped!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Mountains Peak With Summits High

Mountains peak with summits high,
For those who journey...
With kept aspirations to reach and climb,
As an expectation desired and comes...
When facing to escape from limits,
To embraced them to be quickly done.

While valleys that are shadowed,
By the presence of distant peaks...
Seem to comfort the doing of many,
Seeking wishes and dreams to keep.
But fear motivation and initiative will remove them,
From the comfort of their boundaries!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Mouths Are Opened Wider

Undermining to underestimate,
The abilities and skills...
Of those living within the vicinity,
And 'in' communities...
To know the disparities and needs.
This should stop those still left,
With any common sense...
To open their eyes and minds wider,
Done to do to scope and take notice.
As to whom or who,
In their environments...
Uses their time socializing,
To promote what it is they do.
While disparaging comments are made,
From those heard criticizing...
The abilities and contributions,
Made by their 'own' kind to despise.

To then be among the first,
Heard to suggest...
A unified effort to protest against,
A noticeable downslide...
In their way of life has commenced.
And to prevent a nosedive,
Will take everyone qualified...
To step forward together and do this!

However...
First they demand and want to know,
Why their questions asked...
Seem to have gone unprioritized.
And yet...
Still their mouths are opened wider,
Than their minds, eyes and ears.
With no giving of respect to listen.
Or attention anyone expects,
For them to begin to comprehend.
As to who had welcomed...
The beginnings of their own dilemmas.

'Uh...excuse you!
Yes, you.
I heard you say something,
About dilemmas we wished.
Why is it you be over there,
All up in whispers.
When we be over 'here',
Awaiting for your response.
Hmmm?
I come from a long line,
Of notable lip readers.
We are well known and historical.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Move On With Your Charming Ways Fixed To Leech

You requested my assistance,
In your questioned delivery.
And when I insisted that I could not...
You began to offend my dignity.

And instead of getting angered,
I respected you...
And suggested to you with hints.
To only have you say to me...
My way to you did not make sense.

You requested my assistance,
In your questioned delivery.
And when I insisted that I could not...
You began to offend my dignity.

And now when I don't respond to you,
With an expressed interest...
You want to defame my intentions meant,
By claiming in public with derogatory statements...
What you think about me,
To those who have no clue about your indignities.

And like I have stated to you once before,
It is not me but you,
That must open your own doors.

My experience in doing this for myself,
Is not transferrable to anyone else...
To decide what it is I have pursued for years,
Takes for them too much time to accomplish.
Because work and sweat is involved with some tears.

And like I have stated to you once before,
It is not me but you,
That must open your own doors.

I am not assigned to be anyone's butler,
Doormat.

Or slave!

I may offer to assist,
But when my assistance is regarded useless...
Move on with your charming ways fixed to leech.
Don't stab me in the back,
Because your insecurities wish to see me bleed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Move Them From This Classroom

That assignment may be a little too harsh.
It's impractical to believe these children will succeed!
This is a 'Social Studies' class, Mrs. Worthington.
And as your principal...
I am demanding you keep to the curriculum,
And not challenge these students to uncover
Something that is unattainable!
This, I tell you, can not and will not be achieved!

'IF we are expecting these children to be leaders
Of a brighter tomorrow...
They must learn today to use all tools necessary,
To research from existing standards and values!
I do not think what I have presented is impossible! '

~NAME THREE PLACES WHERE TRUTH
IS OBSERVED BEING CONDUCTED~

You are expecting these children to re-invent the wheel!
We are only here to pass them from grade to grade...
HOPEFULLY with a little science and math under their belts!
You will teach basic studies OR you will find yourself,
Out of a job!
Is that clear, Mrs. Worthington?
That 'No Child Left Behind' business means just that!
Move them from this classroom...
To the next!
Understood?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Moving Forward

The best way to defeat ignorance?
Take off the old issues worn.
Get a set of new ones.
Make sure they fit,
Before you exhibit comfort.
And make sure your steps,
Are moving forward.
And your feet will never again,
Unknowingly keep your mind left behind.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Moving Forward With This Decree

'Calm thee down,
Thy furrowed brows and faces.
Replaceth thy frowns,
With smiles to adorn.
And do this post haste.
In a quickened pace.
Laced with traces of greatfulness.

You harbor moody 'tudes.
Removeth them sooneth.
Or you will have something received,
Truly to broodeth.
As you seeketh a relief from grief.
Calm thee down,
Thy furrowed brows and faces.
We understand your needs and wishes.
And will implement a moving forward,
With this decree we believe succeeds.'

What is this?
Some kind of a joke?

No!
Unfortunately not.
That's the news broadcasting,
The changes ahead.
From the Department Of Commerce.

Why is he dressed like Paul Revere?

It's a different approach they are using,
In the hopes the people will listen.
To how severe the economic situation is.
With a turning of a clock back to a time,
People insist had more meaning for them.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Moving In A Direction

The many who do not think,
Living a life for them is a breeze.
Are often observed moving in a direction.
As if a purpose is being served.
With a moving of obstacles,
To face them on a daily basis.

And for the others who believe life is a breeze,
Are often overheard crying when a door is blocked.
With a moaning to groan they do a lot.
To then complain who has climbed a mountaintop,
Without dropping a hint of how this was achieved.
Or a map left behind to provide clear assistance.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Mowing Over More Woes

Leave me with my rubber duckie,
In my bathtub feeling lucky.

These days we live right now are suckie.
And can make one feel so yucky!
With a nitpick, sticky, pricking fit,
That can make one go ballistic quick.

Time alone at home is wanted.
So I disconnect the phone.
Just to sit in quietness,
Away from lip flipped arguments.

To relax and feel free...
To sip,
On a cup of tea!

These days we live right now are suckie.
And can make one feel so yucky!
But when I rub my rubber duckie,
In my bathtub I feel lucky.

Enjoying my time,
Relaxed...
With a cup of tea!

When I rub my rubber duckie,
In my bathtub I feel lucky.
Freed I am from arguments...
To me that makes no bit of sense.

When I rub my rubber duckie,
In my bathtub I feel lucky.
Freed I am from arguments...
To me that makes no bit of sense.

When I rub my rubber duckie,
In my bathtub I feel lucky.
Freed I am from arguments...

To me that makes no bit of sense,
To keep a mowing over more woes.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Mp And Et Depicted As Symptoms

After trillions of dollars spent to waste,
There are those still refusing...
To admit the doing of making mistakes.
And at whose expense has this been done?
The ones who repeatedly,
Had spoken the truth but by many shunned.
Only to eventually have everyone,
Mentally, physically and economically touched.
With MP and ET depicted as symptoms!
And not the result of effective diseasing ignorance...
To fade away when the convenience of time comes.
As more lives are used to excuse...again!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Mr. Lingodooffer

Mr. Bingoplooffer?
Why are those who rate what others say,
Looking for a validation?
And someone who has similar concepts,
Of thought and reason?
Mr. Bingoplooffer?
Why do those who goof...
Seek proof of their aloofness?
Mr. Bingoplooffer...
Why do they reduce a boostered thought?
Shouldn't they ought to produce a more inducing,
Comprehension, Mr. Bingoploofer?

'That is not Bingoploofer, young man.
That is Lingodooffer.
And I see you wish to be loopy with this poop.
This is a math class you ought to hope you pass,
Mr. Exactjackson!
Or you will find yourself rating a repeated visit.
Sitting right where you are next year.
Does that clarify anything between your ears?
Get it together to ensure Mr. Bingoplooferdooper...
Will not in your life make a reappearance,
You will next year fear.
Is that clear?
Good.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Ms Eccentric

Ms Eccentric,
With your bowls of placed mints.
May I sit to inquire about your sentiments?

Why do you dine in powdered wig and gloves?
And feed bread crumbs to caged doves...
Announcing this to be an activity,
You have come to love!

Ms Eccentric,
As you sit and think of it...
Have you ever wished to be less obvious,
Doing those things intentionally meant?

Or does it make you feel better,
To get the attention you attract?
Knowing without that attention...
You would not be mentioned.
And making you bored to know that!

But you have seen to it,
No one can ignore you not one bit!
And without it to motivate...
You believe you could not exist,
Being less eccentric.
Or have someone like me,
Stop being curious enough to pay you a visit.

And I am glad you invite my curiosity with delight!
Ms Eccentric?
You know it's hard for me to show a dislike.
You know my presence feeds your appetite.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Ms Le Quiche

Tired of wrapping up her naps,
Tied tightly to keep them held in place.
And showing up everywhere.
She knew in her heart,
She had to buy herself...
Some 'good' hair!
To end her anguish and despair.

And that she did.

Anchored to her scalp,
As the wind would blow.
She now glowed as her flowing mane,
Tossed to bounce around below her shoulders.

She made sure the people would know...
No longer will her naps trap!
She's be the 'girl'...
With the swiveling hips.
Flowing lucious hair!
And the one noticed...
To be 'that' girl on the go!

'Excuse me,
But...
Is your name Bertha?
Bertha Jackson? '

Oh no!
You must be mistaken.
My name is Boo'Keisha Rayon.

'I apologize.
There is 'something' about you,
That reminds me of Big Butt B.'

No...
That's not me.
My firends call me Boo-Boo Le Quiche.

I just bet they do.
Ms Le Quiche.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Ms Luna Is Ticked

Luna...
Ticked!
We keep Ms Luna...
Ticked!
And she has handled...
It!
By stirring up the waters.
And on us storm.

Luna...
Ticked!
We keep Ms Luna...
Ticked!
And she has handled...
It!
By controlling all the fluids.
And to us she's gonna do it.

Luna...
Ticked!
We keep Ms Luna...
Ticked!
And she has handled...
It!
But she has tired of our wickedness.
And this has gotten to her quick.
She's tired of those things we've done,
Making her sick.
And getting to the bottom of it,
She's gon' let it rip!

Ms Luna...
Is ticked!
We keep Ms Luna...
Ticked!
She's tired of those things we've done,
Making her sick.
And getting to the bottom of it,
She's gon' let it rip!

By controlling all the fluids.
And to us she's gonna do it.
To convince,
Ms Luna...
Is ticked!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Ms Shay

Thirty-one years old...
Wow how time has passed.
With looks of a teen-ager!
'Now Shayla...
You and I know that ain't gon' last! '
But you have a timeless beauty,
And what's greater is your heart that's pure.
You have Kamara and Kevin...
Two wonderful children you raise.
They reflect your terrificness,
And you deserve the praise.
I wont mention your cooking...
Because someone else might be reading this,
And looking!
But I will say this...
I've heard you cook a mean pot of grits!
You know Uncle Larry likes to tease...
Especially you, my beautiful niece!
And when all is said and done...
I want the world to know,
How magnificent you have become!
I am so proud of you, 'Ms Shay'
And I am wishing you a glorious,
HAPPY BIRTHDAY!

Dedicated to My Niece:
Ms Shayla Louise Dixon
On her birthday
August 21st 2007

'Love you, My precious one! '
Uncle Larry

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Much Deeper Than What Is Shown

There are layers of living one's life,
Complex.
That will not be easy to peel away to reveal...
What has been lived as one might suspect!

To scratch beneath a crust thought thin,
With a hope to match,
A few moments given...
To a belief thought easy to satisfy,
A curiosity to probe and pry...
Can not be applied!
Not to this specimen...
Thought to be light,
Of a wind...
One can stand against and defend.

There are layers of living one's life,
Complex.
That will not be easy to peel away to reveal...
What has been lived as one might suspect!

That which appears to sit alone as stone...
May show what's on a surface,
Something much deeper.
Much deeper...
Than what is shown!

Deeper, deeper still...
Than what is believed to be known!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Much Greater Than That

It's much greater than that!
Greater than the limitations of one's skin color...
Or political affiliation,
One keeps attached and boasted.

This change that comes affects everyone on Earth.
Pretentions flaunted will haunt the undaunted mindless.
These times on the threshold are beyond religious beliefs.
And those who find no relief from them,
Will welcome tremendous grief.

A shocking comes to stop division!
And no one will be spared the teachings to be taught!
There will be no decisions to contemplate...
What awaits to affect and change!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Much Like A Famine

The purpose and use for slander,
Is to defame one's character.
And effectively diminish one's character.
Usually done,
To enhance to doer!
Or to undo the deeds one does...
To defeat the success of activities,
Yet to be completed.
However...
This eventually has ill affects!
Since ambitions to destroy,
Spreads a slow decay.
Much like a famine...
Can feed an unsuspecting,
Epidemic.
That can be traced to its origin.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Much Like A Novelty

It seems clear to me,
I am in your mind...
Much like a novelty,
When your curiosity is there...
Sometimes!
And that's just to hear me breathe.

When you do call,
To updat me about you...
There is an instant revealing,
Unveiling the latest situations...
Your hectic life has put you through.

I may say things with me are okay.
I 'may'.
Whether that is heard or not,
Little about that you say.
Your concern for me,
Rarely focuses in my way.

And then when you are finished,
And the conversation ends...
I'm left to wonder,
Who is next on your list...
To have their ears bend?
To listen,
And not be heard at all.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Much Like A Visit

You did what you knew.
How can you accuse someone,
Of doing that too?

It's like a light that shines through.
It can not be stopped from doing,
What it does to you.

If you're here to live your life,
The only way to do it...
Is to live it!
Much like a visit.
Taking minutes,
To live it!

If you're here to live your life,
The only way to do it...
Is to live it!
Much like a visit,
Taking minutes.

You did what you knew.
How can you accuse someone,
Of doing that too?
Just like you do.

If you're here to live your life,
The only way to do it...
Is to live it!
Much like a visit.
Taking minutes,
To live it!

If you're here to live your life,
The only way to do it...
Is to live it!
Much like a visit,
Taking minutes.

It's like a light that shines through.
It can not be stopped from doing,
What it does to you.
Until no more is due to you!

If you're here to live your life,
The only way to do it...
Is to live it!
Much like a visit,
Taking minutes.

And...
If you're here to live your life,
The only way to do it...
Is to live it!
Much like a visit,
Taking minutes.

You did what you knew.
How can you accuse someone,
Of doing that too?
And when it's done its through,
For you!

Just like a visit.
Taking minutes,
To live it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Much Like The Naturalness Of Making Love

How often do I write?

Daily...
Day and night.

Where do I get such an appetite.

It has been with me most of my life.
It is something love,
Much more than a choice...
Between things I 'like'.

It is a craving I can't explain.
Done for so long...
It is something I do that belongs.

Much like the naturalness of making love!
But when I write,
There is a stimulation that remains.
With an excitement...
I can without climax,
Sustain for hours and prolong!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Much Like The Use Of Cement Is Mixed

The strength in my words is intended.
Much like the use of cement is mixed,
To concrete the enhancement of steel...
Brick, aluminum and/or wood.

You may attempt to weaken it,
By use of any depiction you wish.
But the origin is not in conflict.
Nor is my mission to portray a feathered boa.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Much More Aware

I seek something...
Recogizable as divine.
Not a liability,
Anyone can find to tolerate
As companionship.
To occupy one's mine,
With time limited!
I have had that in abundance before.
And have donated my own ignorance,
I had once ignored...
Pursuing uselessness.

I seek something...
Recogizable as divine.
Not a liability,
Anyone can find to tolerate
As companionship.
To occupy one's mine,
With time limited!
And now that I find...
I have left that kind of youthful foolishness behind,
I am much more aware
Of who I wish in my space to share!
And no where will there be a place,
To hide deceptions within.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Much More Fascinating

Amongst those things I most dislike,
Are the lies people tell to sell them sold...
To others having no clue,
What the truth is or seek it to pursue.
And to leave the ones,
With their assumptions done...
To believe they know more about someone,
Than the one they've approached with hopes...
That what they have heard will be validated.

'I didn't know you've been doing,
What you've done for years.
And...
Very well.
So I've been told.'

~What did you hear? ~

'How serious you take your creativity.'

~You could have asked me that.
Although I will admit,
From the rumors I have heard...
About what it is I do that isn't true,
Is much more fascinating than the life I live.
You can't believe 'everything' people say.
Especially around here.
People love their gossip.~

'So 'sexually'...
You have no interest in being creative?
Passionate or diverse? '

~WHAT?
Excuse me? ~

'That's what I heard.
How romantic and attentive you are.
With a commitment you give.

Direct and decisive.
Focused and with an undivided attention.'

~Seriously?
Well...
Tell me more.
Some things I do I take for granted.
I never know who is left impressed.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Much More Of A Threat

The tolerance of a condoned ignorance,
And the continued marketing of it...
To solicit with such acceptance,
Poses much more of a threat...
To those fearing who is or is not mentally stable,
To purchase and use a weapon to kill someone.
With a doing intentionally or unintentionally done,
Based upon suspicious looks, hoods worn...
Or manner of speech that conflicts with religious beliefs,
Interpreted from books and their discrepancies.

If ignorance was not an aspect accepted,
And embraced to validate insecurties kept...
Yet denied,
To become as effective as it has...
As if a task to pass to ride on backsides,
A society claiming to be progressive...
Would not adapt to ignorance to protect itself,
From fears it has created, to bait and entertain.
And then to place blame upon those shamed,
Who have chosen to oppose their standards valued.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Much More Than A Hobby

Much more than a hobby...
This!
More serious than I dare to admit.
And not doing it...
To compare talents.
And/or indulge others' gifts.
This is quite different from that!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Much More Than A Writing On A Wall

It has been linked to the word 'PEACE'
Since the invention of the word.
That Egypt is embroiled in conflict...
Should disturb everyone with breath to breathe.

The concept of mankind,
Can be found within its tombs.
The pyramids have much more meaning...
Than any scientist can understand.
And Africa where Egypt sits...
Is the Motherland.
Who still is unbelieving of this?

It has been linked to the word 'PEACE'
Since the invention of the word.
That Egypt is embroiled in conflict...
Should disturb everyone with breath to breathe.

Much more is going on in the air,
Than people wishing for tickets to see...
A Super Bowl.
To witness Egypt unravelling...
Should stop conflicts,
Wherever they exist!

This visual message...
Is to deliver much more than a writing on a wall.
There is no need for scholarly interpretations.
Or reminders of credit scores.
These tea leaves do not need to be read.
A greed is going to end...
Where the pyramids began.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Much More Than Fluff

Because it is made to look easy...
People think it is!
Whatever it is one does,
And enjoys getting done.

Not a dropp of blood, sweat or a tear,
Is connected to what one does...
That seems to instantly appear.
And others perceive...
If it is done like that,
There can not be sweat...
Dripping off one's back!
So they stand on the sidelines...
To either admire or attack.

And the more productive one is,
At what one does...
Of course,
They must live lives carefree and breezy,
Correct?
One would suspect.
Not a life in the 'fields'...
Working harder than a horse!

However...
No one knows how long,
One toilfully struggles on.
Perhaps days and nights...
Without one wink of sleep in 'sight'!

This would ruin images!

But this is not the view that is chosen,
When someone selects...
Another to dissect!
Nor would they accept,
One working hard to produce their best.

This would ruin images!

They would rather pass judgements.
And compare what it is 'they' do!
To make that appear more tough and rough!
But what appears to be simple....
May take much more than fluff,
To produce the stuff!

Then make public appearances,
To further mystify...
Those who qualify images!
Producing a 'pleasantness'.
With a social accepted grace!
And 'that' may be the most difficult thing,
One works harder to create.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Much More Than Just A Visit

Leave the scene,
With beliefs unchanged.
Unaccepting what is seen....
Prematurely!
By those declaring themselves,
With a normality they claim is sane.

And a reality fixed that upsets,
Does not weaken...
By the rejection of it.
Or mundane debates...
Determining if its existence,
Should or should not take place.

Everyone eventually pays,
For the presence of it that goes ignored.
Or the people shunned who persist to live uplifted,
By a higher consciousness...
Making a meaning,
Much more than just a visit.
An arrival comes with a permanence!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Much More Than Just Jacksons

Let's be honest about this.
He will be missed and set the stage.
He was gifted with talents.
And under a spotlight...
This was no debate.

Jackie, Tito, and Jermaine.
Marlon, Randy, Rebe and Janet,
Remain.

And although Michael shot to fame,
With fortunes claimed and known.
Kathrine and Joseph Jackson,
Have produced a treasure chest.
And to the world this has been shown.

And for them to be thrusted into such awareness,
With overblown criticisms...
This family is tremendously blessed,
To have provided people worldwide happiness.
At the sacrifice of their own.

And those who can respect what they have given,
Know it is best,
To leave a good thing alone.
They are much deserving.
And have proven,
They are much more than just Jacksons.
Much more than celebrated images.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Much More Than They Deserve

I have no interest in them,
For several reasons.
But I will use just one!
I prefer not to be in their presence.
Since I've grown accustomed,
To breathing fresh air.
Any other statemement I make,
Will be a waste of my time.
And already they have taken,
Much more than they deserve.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Much More There Is To Life

So much more there is to life.
To love.
With appreciation.
And just to like.
Without it having distractions,
Of status.
Or adapting cravings to appease,
These sought after appetites.
To do day and night to please others.

And yet to proclaim a progress made,
With adorned titles with them to parade...
As hours each day are spent to charade,
No attention seems to be paid at all...
To those with good hearts,
Doing their parts just to have others...
Ignore them for the simply things they do.
To believe expressions for the basics of life,
Is not life to live if no one is impressed by it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Much More To Life There Is To Live

Much more to life there is to live,
Than bills to pay.
Or complaining about those taxes.

What does it take to appreciate the basics.
So much of life to experience is free!
With a choosing to do if one wished.

Some live to taste a variety of a spiced life.
With a doing not to get a peaceful sleep at night.
While others live to fulfill a need to greed.
As if in the doing all their temptations will be pleased.
And the ones addicted making attempts to get 'higher',
Are the ones who will not admit...
Once a flavor is savored a changing of it wanted,
Leaves one indecisive and in a mental conflict that can haunt.

'Why or why is my life like this?
I have possessions all around me.
But it's happiness I don't have and it's happiness I wish.
I've waxed the car and the silver is polished.
My treasures are safely locked away.
And 'everything' in my home I own.
Each time I touch them i validate that to acknowledge.
Bur where oh where is my happiness?
Where is that happiness for me I wished.'

Much more to life there is to live,
Than bills to pay.
Or complaining about those taxes.

What does it take to appreciate the basics.
So much of life to experience is free!
With a choosing to do if one wished.

~I have a suggestion.~

'What is it? '

~Rid yourself of your possessions.~

'Are you insane?
And have nothing left to make impressions? '

~But, I just heard you say you wish for happiness.~

'I do.
And I also have my priorities.
I'd be out of my mind,
If I did not keep my preferences at the top of the list.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Much More Work To Do

Why are those chickens running around,
And their heads have been cut off?

'They've been conditioned that they are not chickens.
They've been programmed to believe they are constituents.
And that's the name they prefer.
It has stuck with them!
Like feathers attached to birds.'

You are what you believe, you know?

'I know!
And those heads?
They've never used them anyway.
So the running around,
With their heads cut off the way they do?
They've been told only 'chickens' do that!
And as luck would have it...
They can't see themselves that way!
No heads?
No eyes!

What about all those pots you've got?

'Well...
We've been promising to get one in each pot!
And that's the dilemma.
Like I said...
They can't 'see' themselves as chickens.
Nor do they believe,
We can get one in each pot!
So they are running around...
As if a lottery to be played,
Will be stopped.

And...
I don't have to tell you,
There's a lot of convincing.
With much more work to do.

None of this was planned too well.'

Or at all!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Much Needed Vacation

No time do I spend,
Being absorbed in your nonsense.
I admit there were times I had been inquisitive.
Curious enough to let you ramble on,
As I allowed my mind to drift.

But of late,
No more time to that do I have to give.
Nor aspirin to take,
To numb a headache you make.

No time do I spend,
Being absorbed in your nonsense.
And being freed of it,
Feels like I've taken a good...
Much needed vacation!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Much Of Life Comes Through To View

Start fresh.
Start new.
Begin all over again...
If you have to!
But one thing you mustn't do.
You shouldn't follow someone,
Who waits to follow you.
When you tire of that monotony...
That circle of knot tieing odyssey,
So much of life comes through to view.
Enhancing to delight without calls for rescue!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Much Rest They Get

There are those who entertain themselves,
By bed hopping and dropping lies on folks.
And claiming to be what they are not!
For purposes to keep their deceit flowing...
And nonstop!

There are those who gratify themselves,
By passing judgement.
Especially in groups...
Who do it to each other,
To dupe one another.

And there are those who prefer to be alone.
Doing what they choose to do best!
Minding their own business...
At home.
Whether alone or not.
But with a peace of mind,
And...
Much rest,
They get!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Much To Discuss

Mixing to match statistics to blend...
Diverse but divided communities,
Provide sightseeing tourists
An atmosphere remembered,
They can take home with them.

A season to welcome with suntans adorned,
These climates bring flavor...
To a melting pot that warms.

It would work if this deliberateness,
Was a thing seen at nightfall...
And not bar hopping during noonday trips.
People on boards and different committees,
Created to select...
A racial combination,
Not found in most cities.

And those who are chosen...
To reflect this enforced myth,
Give it a stiff start!
A naturalness observed,
Seems devoid in their hearts.

Leaving unpicked natives passing
On the sidelines to whisper...
As they point fingers,
At their own brothers and sisters.

Boarding buses after these tours end,
People are seen carrying bags of souvenirs
To bring home to family and friends!
Taking quick glimpses with much to discuss.
And happy they had worn sunglasses,
Pretending no reaction is shown
When cussing words to them are thrown! .

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Much Too Detailed

What 'is' the point one makes,
With time taken to sweat and toil...
Staying away from the ease of temptations.
And tolerating heard negative comments made.

If one is doing something done...
Just to have others accept as the best yet,
Of mediocrity produced to achieve.
What 'is' the point?

What is it that one wishes others to believe?
That their mediocrity is better achieved,
From all the mediocrity already approved...
Representing the best of it?

Success achieved,
Takes one knowing...
Mediocrity is not acceptable.
And, although, one may know this,
Others may become offended...
If their mediocrity is shown for what it is.

'Uh...what is 'this' that you have presented? '

~The best of my effort to endeavor.~

'Where are the flaws?
Where are the mistakes?
Your work is much too detailed.
Do you know how many,
Would be left feeling offended...
If we selected your presentation,
Over others known to fake it.
We are not here to have that kind of havoc.

Next.
And please...
Whomever it may be,
Please show to us something that is less...

Thought provoking.
Or...
Noticeable that requires the taking,
Of making effort.
We want something that sells immediately.
Nothing that requires an explanation to be sold.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Much Too Late To Stop An Escalation

Too late it is,
To reverse their biased decisions made...
Against the one,
Who came to save them from disaster.

Much too late,
To stop an escalation of a celebration...
To depict themselves,
As winners of an achievement.
When that achievement defeats,
Their own perceptions.

Foolishly allowing their limitations to succeed.
And all their worthless bickering,
Now wounding those who also cheered in glee.
Eyes onced narrowed with minds closed now see...
The one they mindlessly victimized,
Was the one who tried to prevent their grief.

Too late it is,
To reverse their biased decisions made...
Against the one,
Who came to save them from disaster.
And the ones who declared a victory...
Are the ones who themselves deceived.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Much Too Old And Too Lazy

You wanna go to bed early,
And get up late.
You wanna make demands,
And not appreciate.
You want to say what you wanna,
And think you are great.
But today is that day,
No more mistakes you make.

You are much too old and too lazy for me.
And today is that day no more mistakes you make.
You're going to do something around here if you want to eat.
Because today is that day no more mistakes you make.
You're going to clean your room and sweep the floor.
Because today is that day no more mistakes you make.
You're gonna do as I say or get your own place.

You wanna go to bed early,
And get up late.
You wanna make demands,
And not appreciate.
Tired of you,
I am.

You are much too old and too lazy for me.
And today is that day no more mistakes you make.
You're going to do something around here if you want to eat.
Because today is that day no more mistakes you make.
You're going to clean your room and sweep the floor.
Because today is that day no more mistakes you make.
You're gonna do as I say or get your own place.

You wanna go to bed early,
And get up late.
You wanna make demands,
And not appreciate.
You want to say what you wanna,
And think you are great.
But today is that day,

No more mistakes you make.

Tired of you,
I am.
You are much too old and too lazy for me.
Tired of you,
I am.
You are much too old and too lazy for me.
Tired of you,
I am.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Much Too Overdone

If I submitted to a life of ignorance,
With a commitment to being dumbdowned...
There would be no difference,
To a life I wish to make.
And my being dumbdowned would not be noticed.
Or even the doing to fake it,
Be appreciated by those who would suspect...
My portrayal of ignorance,
Is too effective and much too overdone.

'Look.
Are you purposely trying to embarrass us?
No one here is that ignorant.
Not to get the attention you get.
Your ignorance is too excessive.
Chill out.
You threaten to end our funding.'

WHAT?

'Just fit in.
No one here thinks it is beneficial,
To act or appear as if they are intelligent.'

WHAT?

'Just fit in.
Chill out.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Much Too Valuable To Let You Waste

I had to change.
My mind kept begging me to do it.
Something had to be sacrificed.
And since your habit was collecting issues,
That choice to make was clear.

A split was near.
And from my mind you had to go.
I discovered my time,
Becoming too important.
And much too valuable to let you waste.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Much, Much Longer Than Ten Feet

Where is your ten foot pole?
That had become a fixture of your personality,
For a number of years.

'Are you kidding?
There is nothing I wish to get that close enough,
To touch...
Even with 'that',
These days.'

What has happened to it?

'I had to get rid of it.
And I just could not justify,
Carrying a needed pole...
Much, much longer than ten feet.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Mud Throwing Grudgeons

It is incredulous to me,
The number of people I had regarded...
As having some mental stability.
With an ability to connect dots...
And a fitting of pieces to put them together.
Find it safer to allow themselves to be dumbdowned.

I can accept being labelled ignorant.
Among other choice names I have been called.
I can accept having been told I live in my own world,
With a perspective on life that drips with cynicisms...
And sarcastic trimmings interpreted to faultfind.
I am a writer choosing to use that as my creative license.

However...
What excuses are left for people to make,
Not to see the forest for the trees?
When it is obvious they hop over falling branches,
Like unseen obstacles.
And the ones who point this out to have others cautioned,
Are said to be disgruntled and embittered...
Mud throwing grudgeons pivoting themselves to disrupt.

By what?
A jealousy to refuse,
To beat their heads up against tree trunks?
And a refusal to do this is shown as a sign of envy?
Who is spiking the tea these nuts drink?

It is incredulous to me,
The number of people I had regarded...
As having some mental stability.
With an ability to connect dots...
And a fitting of pieces to put them together.
Find it safer to allow themselves to be dumbdowned.

If a brick wall is constructed to be just what it is,
Why do those persisent in their protest,
Make declarations with demands and wishes...

To have those bricks replaced with cushions?
And grant with allowances to have their intelligence,
Abused.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Muddied

Their contradictions are so ridiculous.
It amazes how they do this.
As if it is not noticed.
And yet repeatedly they get away with it.

Perhaps for some that is why it is done.
Since few are conscious enough,
To know they've been made fools.
In front of everyone.

Leaving them in disbelief.
And quite stunned,
By the events to come.

When told a pool should be expected for them to swim...
Towels were given them
To wade in a muddied puddle.

And that vision of a pool to dip in, tan and cool...
For them to huddle,
Was none!

Like those clouds that blocked promises,
There would be Sun.
With joy they could anticipate.
Treats to eat and lots of fun!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Muddied Tracks

One never knows who today they can trust.
Not with the many attempting to impress others.

Cheating spouses have always been quick to lie,
As if being discreet keeps their doings off the streets.

And those claiming to be someone else's close friend,
Are the very ones to begin a gossiping done.

To then become offended by known facts,
That their footprints have left muddied tracks...
Right back where they defend an inncocence and denial.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Muddled Up And Befuddled Folks

Manipulators eventually are beset with inner conflict.
And confused as to which foot they began to stand.
All credibility from them has been lost,
When seen to hop from one foot to another...
No matter what the price of integrity they have paid.
Or the cost of losing it.

People who consciously deceive,
Would love to change or erase...
Their baseless decisions made in their past.
And hope a re-inventing of truth as they remember it,
Would escape from those minds...
Where the truth remains cemented as if trapped.

Those muddled up and befuddled folks,
Who perceive others picked as permanent jokes...
Manipulate their own bewildering fates,
When finding themselves to be found and baited...
To have created their destinies,
Faked as others see revealed to believe.

And no one has to say another thing about their ways.
It is all their open and publicly exposed,
When reality comes face to face...
Prepared to slay liars, cheaters and thieves,
Who continue to insist their misdeeds were mistakes.
Although confessing their enjoyment had been clearly displayed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Muhammad Ali (1942-2016)

Bold.
Brazen.
Brave and courageous.
Muhammad Ali.
Young.
And committed to a purpose done.
Rebellious.
A nonconformist.
Although a devoted Muslim,
All people he welcomed and loved.
With a tongue that stung like a bee.
Fighting to keep his identity intact.
Without a sign he would ever,
Turn his back on an earned dignity.
Muhammad Ali.
A man representing phenomenal fetes.
Witnessed to make nonbelievers believe.
Muhammad Ali.
A massive presence of a passing star.
Bold. Brazen. Brave and Courageous.
A legacy of influence.
Of a greatness carving history made.
No one other,
Than for us Muhammad Ali leaves.
A true champion of all time.
For all kinds of diverse people.
Regardless of their affiliated beliefs.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Multiple Choice

If people say they are willing,
To speak to those prepared to listen...
Why do they make it difficult,
For the ones who have made it clear...
They are there and available,
To give them undivided attention.

Whose ears are they seeking to select from to hear?
And what is it do they wish to say,
To anyone familiar with truth?
Is it more time they need to recreate what is real,
With hopes to appeal...
To those wishing to pass a multiple choice test?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Multiple Souls

Avatars we all are.
With multiple souls,
From varying dimensions.
Some to experience progress.
And others assigned,
To less conscious places.
Where conflicts are designed,
By those sickened with demonic minds.
And with an ignorance to convince,
A doing to rule over others makes sense.

Avatars we all are. Multiple souls,
From varying dimensions.
Use to diffuse tensions.
And others who come to descend,
Upon barbaric conflicts meant to inflict.
Watch! And observe with less patience,
To tolerate...
An intentional hidden truth to delude.
While masquerading to avoid,
A higher consciousness taking place.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Multi-Talented

Have I come back with the same rap to unpack?
Perhaps.
Will I be uncouth expressing not a hint of tact?
You can count on that!
Will I reveal facts or just deliver belligerence?
Well...
That's something I haven't done,
Since the last verbal counterattack!
No one won nor was stunned.

How disappointing!

None of that is planned.
Since I am not in a premeditative mood...
To be recalled upon demand.
Although my attitude depends,
On who comes in with more ignorance
Than I can normally stand or myself send,
With an enraged insanity controlled on command.

But I'd be willing to expose a dose or two to throw...
If situations get out of hand!
I've been told I can show I'm multi-talented,
At a moments notice!
And...
Give an exit that is awesome as well as grand!

Unlike some folks,
I have been trained to exceed expectations.
I did not just sit in class!
I became a master prepared to blast any task,
Requiring both attention and completion to satisfy.

'No one here has asked for your resumé.
You have been invited to join us.
Are you coming in or not? '

Well...
I suppose.

Since you are not going to formally introduce me!

'And please...
Do your best to subdue your obnoxiousness! '

ME?
Obnoxious?
I'm appalled by that accusation!
Bring me a scotch and ginger!

HELLO EVERYONE I'M HERE!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Multi-Tasking

Okay!
I agree.
So I'm silly.
So I am ignorant, foolish and out of touch.
Is the emphasis on your assessments,
Delivered to bother me?
Or are they spoken to convince yourself,
Eventually I will accept you as an authority...
Of good taste you wish not to see go to waste?
Which is it?

Or...
Is this your way of seeking a companion to dominate?
And you are hoping that my willingness to listen to you...
Will feed an argument to manipulate my time?
With a dictating of beliefs to disturb a conflict,
Perceived by you to be identified in my mind?
Which is it?
You should know by now I have mastered multi-tasking!
And if you have not noticed...
I have an abundance of patience to deal with several distractions.

Don't leave.
I'm in need of your sense of humor!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Munchers On Nonsense To Crunch

The munchers on nonsense to crunch,
Will nibble on crumbs...
To pick them done.
Until...
This sickens everyone.

The munchers on nonsense to crunch,
Will look to seek...
Who are the peaceful ones.
To hope...
Peace for them leaves none.

But...
The earners of their peace,
Witness misdeeds.
With their eyes open wide,
To the munchers pleas.
And long to have known them,
To deceive.

The,
La, la, la, la, la...
Munchers on nonsense to crunch,
Will nibble on crumbs...
To pick them done.
Until...
This sickens everyone.
But not the ones,
Fed up with this stuff.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Munching On Leftover Beliefs

The beginning is coming.
The ending has already gone.
And those who can not see this...
Stubbornly sit in a wishful process.
In the hopes that tomorrow will restore yesterday.

And anyone who had witnessed yesterday,
Is relieved that it has gone away.
Since most of yesterday had masqueraded the truth.
And more of that comes to arrive soon.
With deceit depleted as an appetizer.
For those finally getting a taste of the main entrée.
Free of pricks implanted to burst champagne bubbles.
To be served...
And found to be unnerving to anyone,
Munching on leftover beliefs...
That they had been invited as special guests.
And removed are those scenes,
Fed to the thieves to instill caviar dreams.

'Honey...
Why have the servants adorned their heads,
With glimmering, gold encrusted crowns?
It's so chic!
And reminiscent of something pyramidish!
How quaint.
Maybe they are going to entertain us with something tribal? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Munching On Snacks

One wanting with desire,
But lacking to apply discipline.
To ignite the blazing of a constant flame,
Mornings, noons and those sacrificed nights...
Is to tease desire with the hopes,
That a munching on snacks...
Will aim success on the right track.

And those expectations will be delivered,
With the licking on the tips of each finger.
To then take a nap to awaken and unwrapped,
Those dreams to be fulfilled and delivered...
Just like that.
With a leaving of a thrill,
Without a dropp of sweat attached.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Mundane

How can anyone be excited,
To live an existence that is mundane?
With all there is that is freely given,
Why are minds limited to only complain?

Have choices made become that restricted,
To leave one feeling they can not resist...
A needlessness?
Has it come to just money and things people wish?

How can anyone be excited,
To live an existence that is mundane?
With all there is that is freely given,
Why are minds limited to only complain?

If one road is blocked...
Is that the only road there is?
If one is prevented with the doing of one thing,
Why do they stop with a dropping of tears?

There is something about that done,
I just do not get!
Am I suppose to regret my life is beset,
With challenges and obstacles I wish I never met?

Have choices made become that restricted,
To leave one feeling they can not resist...
A needlessness?
Has it come to just money and things people wish?

If one road is blocked...
Is that the only road there is?
If one is prevented with the doing of one thing,
Why do they stop with a dropping of tears?

There is something about that done,
I just do not get!
Am I suppose to regret my life is beset,
With challenges and obstacles I wish I never met?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Murdered By Their Tongues

Threatened by a mentalness,
That spreading gossip did.
And murdered by their tongues.

Whatever between them did exist,
That ruined their happiness...
And long loving relationships,
Has been murdered by their tongues.

Murdered by their tongues,
Abandoned good deeds are left undone.
In big numbers.

Murdered by their tongues,
Some people had to run...
To find their comfort.

Murdered by their tongues,
Some choose to begin to run...
To find their comfort,
And unencumbered by the numbers.

They've been murdered by their tongues.
Stubborn these people,
Who've been murdered by their tongues.
Unconscious people,
Who are murdered by their tongues.
These fools are equal,
Who will murder anyone with their wicked tongues.

Murdered by their tongues,
Some people had to run...
To find their comfort.

Threatened by a mentalness,
That spreading gossip did.
And murdered by their tongues.

Whatever between them did exist,

That ruined their happiness...
And long loving relationships,
Has been murdered by their tongues.

They've been murdered by their tongues.
Stubborn these people,
Who've been murdered by their tongues.
Unconscious people,
Who are murdered by their tongues.
These fools are equal,
Who will murder anyone with their wicked tongues.

Murdered by their tongues,
Some choose to begin to run...
To find their comfort,
And unencumbered by the numbers.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Muscle

It can be pumped!
Lumped into position!
Flexed and seen.
Nourished in public scenes.
It can be stretched to convince.
But none of this makes sense...
If it is there to just make fences,
To abuse the ones who view
Muscle from a distance
Knowing it can deflate
And decline when time finds it,
A 'has been' defined...
As much too over-rated!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Muscled Hustlers

Muscled hustlers.
Toned and recently released,
From their rehabilitated commitments.
And ready to teach and/or preach,
The art of respectful leeching.
In a manner accepted and requested in schools.

With time given to overcome remorse,
The muscled hustlers would pump iron...
Of course.
And forgiving themselves of petty crimes done,
Some have chosen to show society to prove...
They have been thoroughly cured with a maturity too!

'And I tell you kids today from my own experience,
Do not be caught thoughtless or trapped into being stupid.
You have a choice to make.
No matter if you should choose politics as a profession,
Or decide to become a minister or priest,
With a listening to confessions.

Always remember this...
Stupid is as stupid does.
And if your life is going to be that of a thief,
Be sure to pick your demographics with a priority.
To then ensure your success, wealth and fame,
By documenting your steps in books that you have written.
With a selected publisher who has a fantastic distribution.'

~Mister Platinum? ~

'Yes.'

~This is a Modern Business class,
For our advanced elementary students.
And your theory of achieving success,
Although insightful...
Is a bit unrealistic.~

'Oh? '

~We do not wish to teach our children that crime pays.
We want to keep them motivated with the reality of life.~

'And I thought I was invited to do just that? '

~Mister Platinum...
Details with specifics we'd like to keep away from them.
Since we want to keep their innocence protected.
Let's discuss more about how your muscles were obtained.
And less honesty about how to successfully hustle.
You know...
Keep them more mesmerized with the deluded side of life.
We would like to prepare our children,
To become tomorrow's leaders.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Muscular And Thick

I don't see how you can eat that meat.
Ripe and dripping moisture licked.
And oozing a rich nectar...
To satisfy your inviting tongue.

Orchards exploding with muscular and thick,
Apples of Macintosh.
Tempting one to pick.
When that season comes around again...
And bushels of them,
Become so hard to lift...
In woven baskets carried.

Muscular and thick these apples,
Held by such strong limbs.

What's the matter, baby?
Why is your mouth opened like that?

'It didn't dawn on me you were writing about apples.
I forget sometimes how you like to interpret things.
You make my eating this apple so...'

Interesting?

'Yes.
That's exactly the word I was looking for! '

You're sweating like it's the 'dog' days of August!
Are you feeling okay?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Musical Chairs

People who accuse others of lieing,
When their entire lives have been based upon...
Well,
Delusional comforts!
And other conveniences to keep truth,
A distant entity.
Are reasons why those in most communities,
Have difficulty achieving unity.

Honesty is treated,
As if everyone is attending a masquerade party.
And trading masks as if a game of musical chairs,
Is being played.

And those chairs...
Instead of a subtraction done?
When the music stops?
They are added to accomodate those joining the charade.
And that's how that game is played today.
With many folks getting tired of this,
To leave the party and their costumes behind!

They prepare for new days to approach.
Knowing they have to come!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Must See

To keep a people pre-occupied with fear...
Is to have their routines and traditions suspected,
Of being threatened.
Create visions that will keep them awake,
By entertaining their consciouness...
With something that brings them,
To the edge of their seats!
Like those scary movies that allows no sleep.
Hype and tease their peacefulness,
With something that leaves them with no rest at all.
And label what is created as a 'Must See'...
To be witnessed and believed!
With an advertising of it kept marketed,
Done nonstop to keep them reminded!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Mustard 'And' Pudding?

Climbing out the crib,
To take care of personal business...
Is taught.
And becomes a necessity.
A work ethic.
A game daily sought to play,
As a way of life to survive.
Thriving on lip does not cut the mustard.

It would be nice to have a team-mate,
To relay strategies.
But when one is taught to win,
Only those accustomed to hitting homeruns...
Get the attention.
Time is rarely given,
To those boasting of what they've done.
Action is the key to unlock doors these days.

'What do you mean by...
Thriving on lip does not cut the mustard? '

Show me your attempts of a wish to succeed.
I don't want to 'hear' about your expectations.
The proof is in the pudding.

'Mustard 'and' pudding?
Ugh!
I can see why you live alone.
That's a little too eccentric for me.'

You are not the one I am soliciting.

'Trust me...
I don't know which one of us is happier.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Muted To Be Booted And Unsuitable

Muted to be booted and unsuitable.
Our reality,
Is muted to be booted and unsuitable.
With it done, declared and accepted,
To protect those of etiquette...
Wanting to perfect imperfections.
And standards nowhere to be met.
Yet,
Muted to be booted and unsuitable.
Our reality,
Is...
Muted to be booted and unsuitable.
With it done, declared and accepted,
To protect those of etiquette...
Wanting to perfect imperfections.
And standards nowhere to be met.
Yet,
Corruption does exist.
And...
Dysfunctions are permitted.
And...
To theft no one objects.
Since everyone places their bets.

Deceptions.
Infections.
And censored is truth no one gets.
Yet,
Muted to be booted and unsuitable.
Our reality,
Is...
So muted to be booted and unsuitable.
With it done, declared and accepted,
To protect those of etiquette...
Wanting to perfect imperfections.
And standards nowhere to be met.
Yet,
Muted to be booted and unsuitable...
Is reality and truth to delude.

Yet,
Muted to be booted and unsuitable...
Is reality and truth to delude.
Yet,
Muted to be booted and unsuitable...
Is reality and truth to delude.
Yet,
No one wants any truth to believe.
Not yet.
No not yet.
Oh,
No one wants reality to receive.
Not yet.
No not yet.
But,
Muted to be booted are good deeds.
Muted to be booted are good deeds.
Muted to be booted are good deeds.
Muted to be booted are good deeds.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Muted Yules

Cheer we must,
With anticipated praise.
No muted yules should cloud our days,
With a stunting of celebrations...
That may come to threaten and erase,
Those traditions for generations traced.

Nothing should come,
To silence our voices singing songs sung.
Lift every voice and from us sing...
The joyousness of holidays.
And what in our hearts,
Christmas to us means.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Mutilated Is A Liberation

If it isn't beneficial.
And if the feeling isn't felt,
To be official but superficial...
Why do people toss and turn,
With their thoughts kicked about.
And why do these thoughts kept,
Stay to remain as doubts.

If what one receives is superficial,
But given to perceived as beneficial...
And nothing about it clicks to stick,
Why kick about those thoughts with doubts?
Why is satisfaction sought,
When eyes are wiped from tears falling out.

Mutilated is a liberation.
Separating hearts and minds from it.
Mutilated is a liberation.
Severing but leaving little bits of it.
Mutlilated is a liberation.
With some getting none to benefit.
Mutilated is a liberation.
Sliced and diced until it ceases.
And from the people all of it squeezed.
But the people on their knees are kept deceived.

Mutilated is a liberation.
Separating hearts and minds from it.
Mutilated is a liberation.
Severing but leaving little bits of it.
Mutlilated is a liberation.
With some getting none to benefit.
Mutilated is a liberation.
Sliced and diced until it ceases.
And from the people all of it squeezed.
But the people on their knees are kept deceived.

If it isn't beneficial.
And if the feeling isn't felt,

To be official but superficial...
Why do people toss and turn,
With their thoughts kicked about.
And why do these thoughts kept,
Stay to remain as doubts.

Mutilated is a liberation.
Severing but leaving little bits of it.
Mutilated is a liberation.
With some getting none to benefit.
Mutilated is a liberation.
Separating hearts and minds from it.
Mutilated is a liberation.
But the people on their knees are kept deceived.
Mutilated is a liberation.
And from the people all of it squeezed.
Sliced and diced until it ceases.
Mutilated is a liberation.
Sliced and diced until it ceases.
Mutilated is a liberation.
And from the people all of it squeezed.
Sliced and diced until it ceases.
Mutilated is a liberation.
Sliced and diced until it ceases.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Muting A Fued

A concern not there to show,
Should not be expected of it...
Returned without being given,
An incentive.
I give it. You give it back.
What's so difficult about that?

'But I...'

Nor should an ex-con,
Who has experienced...
Being locked up in a prison.
With time to find God,
Expect those who live everyday...
Having their faith tested,
On a daily basis...
Be expected to have more tolerance,
To listen with patience to comprehend...
Someone quick tempered,
Who has been victimized by the 'system'.
Or 'the man' who has the master plan,
To limit further their few freedoms.

'Uh? What? '

When first and foremost,
They should know God is there for them...
All the time not to find.
And not to be found awaiting around,
For someone to express their regret...
To finally accept an acknowledgement,
Of their own kept selfishness.

'Hey...wait one minute.
You hold on right there.
I...'

A concern not there to show,
Should not be expected of it...

Returned without being given,
An incentive.
To later use excuses,
That something else was intended.
Only that which is shown and known,
Is equally returned to get.
It's not complicated. Or abstract.

'First of all,
Without your pointless interruptions.
No time did I spend in prison,
Finding God.
What I said was...
When in the military I read scriptures,
All the time.'

Same thing. What's the difference?
I have had many opportunities,
To take matters into my own hands.
Before I allowed God to appear on the scene,
To intervene.
Chilling me out muting a fued.

'But I was sentenced to a commitment.'

And I did not have to be sentenced,
To know 'who' and 'what'...
I was committed with faith to believe.

'Always. Always, always...
You want to start an argument,
Over an issue or a topic...
To confuse to make it about you.'

It's not about me.
It is about your finding God.
And my knowing God,
Without being locked up.

'And I, not you...
Became closer to God,
While in the military.

Not in a prison.'

And I, not you...
Did not have to find to be found,
My ?

'What difference does it make?
You still haven't proven,
You are a better Christian than I am.'

True.
And who said I was a Christian?
Do I have to be a Christian,
To believe in God? I think not.

'Wha...what is this all about? '

Showing concern.
I thought I made that clear.

'Concern?
Concern about what? '

You figure it out.
You're the 'Christian'.

'Suppose I said I was a Muslim.
Who played a fiddle on the roof?
What then? '

You'd be a confused roof player.
Fiddling around.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Mutual Benefit

You do not have to appreciate a thing I say.
Or marinate your mind...
In concepts I leave behind.
Although you are not that far away,
From any attempts made I convey.

You may even suggest,
My expressions have ineptness.
Or that I do not possess,
An ethnic depthness...
With an offensiveness that is direct.

However...
There is one thing I've noticed,
That motivates and keeps me focused.
I can rely on your critique.
And at least that shows...
I can rely on your opinions bestowed,
Upon my creations you search and seek.

With such a clinical specialty,
You have established.
And I have grown to admire,
As your strongest technique.

Congratulations!
There is something contributed,
That has been to our mutual benefit!
And keeps us united with our diverse convictions.
You provide the circus.
And I so enjoy the clowns.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Mutual Benefits

Some regard being dependent upon another,
As an expression of love.

When I had been married,
I relied upon the full moon...
To keep my ex-wife occupied.
She would howl at it!
And change dramatically.
As she chased me through the woods,
I managed to keep in good physical shape.

One dreary evening as I was being chased,
I turned around as she was in a leaping pounce.
Quickly I ducked and she landed into a tree.

When she returned early in the morning,
Dishovelled.
I accused her of being unfaithful.
Luckily for me...
She could not remember who the guy was,
That brought her home.
And he pretended to have had a good time.
So everything worked out,
To satisfy mutual benefits.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Mutually Understood

If you come with game,
I have been trained to hunt.
Although I would rather not,
Provide my qualifications...
To prove I am prepared,
With a doing of those stunts.

I would rather sit and enjoy,
A relaxing chit chat.
I am not the one,
Seeking with a need...
To watch my back.

If you believe me easy to deceive,
Because I am approachable and show respect...
With a sincerity to give shown to detect.
Don't take my kindness for weakness,
To perceive I am free of life experiences.
Since you will be left regretting your suspicions.
And getting from me what you did not expect.

The time I spend with anyone to give it,
Is not meant for play to display a hidden agenda.
Unless it has been agreed upon,
There will be some days for play and fun to go on.
But after comprehending the ending of those limits.
And with it mutually understood,
When shoes are taken off to expose toes...
A stepping on them to do is not an invitation.

'I don't understand.'

I know you don't.
And as long as we both keep our shoes on,
Let's first establish our comfort zones.
To understand just where they are.
With a leaving behind the playing of hide and seek.

'You're different from anyone I have ever met.'

I know.
So let us both maintain that sharing of respect.
In all ways.

'But...I am not here to play games.
Nor am I trained to hunt.'

Sounds good to me.
Do you approve of us removing our shoes?

'Why not?
I would rather sit and enjoy,
A relaxing chit chat.
I am not the one,
Seeking with a need...
To watch my back,
Either.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

'My' Abilities Are Limited

You are right.
I have been rather harsh on you.
I should ignore you altogether.
Like the times you sometimes do.

'But that would be rude.
What would that prove? '

It would prove to you,
That you can't have it both ways.
Believing you can do what 'you' wish,
And that is okay.

'That's not me that's being two-faced.
And I am not that way, I don't see it.'

Just know this,
'My' abilities are limited...
To the giving of that,
Which I have received.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

My Ability To Climb Out Of Ditches

Everyday it may be easy for you,
To use your inheritance...
As a vehicle to compare,
How you were able to pull your bootstraps up...
From a place you declare had been nowhere.
When I have survived with nothing left to spare.

My ancestors did not leave me an inheritance.
And my ability to climb out of ditches,
Did not begin with my pocket full of riches.
And for you to think with others to believe,
Your quality of life has been earned as received...
Is a delusion you fantasize that has become your reality.

I've been enriched with the knowing...
No Pain, No Gain.
You've been enriched with a knowing,
Of a painless existence.
And even if you experienced a little of it...
I could never seriously regard you as a competitor.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

My Addictive Mixture Gets Ya!

You're gonna look for me one day,
And recite.
Every little nuance that you read...
That I write.
And every night before you go to bed...
When it hits you like a light!
You're gonna ask yourself what it is that I meant,
Stirring up your inner sight!

You are gonna,
Look for me one day...
And recite.
Every little nuance that you read...
That,
I write.

And every night before you go to bed...
When it hits you like a light!
You're gonna ask yourself what it is that I meant,
Stirring up your inner sight!

My addictive mixture gets ya!
Every night before you go to bed...
My addictive mixture gets ya!
Stirring up inside yo' head!
My addictive mixture gets ya!
Every night before you go to bed...
My addictive mixture gets ya!
Stirring up inside yo' head!

You're gonna,
Look for me one day...
And recite.
Every little nuance that you read...
That,
I write.

'Cause...
My addictive mixture gets ya!

Every night before you go to bed...
My addictive mixture gets ya!
Stirring up inside yo' head!
My addictive mixture gets ya!
Every night before you go to bed...
My addictive mixture gets ya!
Stirring up inside yo' head!

You're gonna look for me one day,
And recite.
Every little nuance that you read...
That I write.
And every night before you go to bed...
When it hits you like a light!
You're gonna ask yourself what it is that I meant,
Stirring up your inner sight!

Because my...
Addictive mixture gets ya!
Every night before you go to bed...
My addictive mixture gets ya!
Stirring up inside yo' head!
My addictive mixture gets ya!
Every night before you go to bed...
My addictive mixture gets ya!
Stirring up inside yo' head!

My addictive mixture gets ya!
My addictive mixture gets ya!
My addictive mixture gets ya!
Stirring up inside yo' head!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

My Almighty Comes To Defend With A Rescue

No more fighting battles.
No more fighting battles.
No more fighting battles from a saddle I no longer sit!
No more fighting battles.
No more fighting battles.

No more fighting battles from a saddle I no longer sit!
No more fighting battles.
No more fighting battles.

I...
Do believe,
My Creator has a plan for me.
Without those battles,
Fought straddled to a saddle.

And I don't,
Fight any battle
Strapped high on any saddle.

No I don't,
Fight any battle
Strapped high on any saddle.

My Almighty comes,
To defend
With a rescue.
And to fight my battles.
Those battles fought from saddles.

My Almighty comes,
To defend
With a rescue.
And to fight my battles.
Those battles fought from saddles.

No more fighting battles.
No more fighting battles.
No more fighting battles from a saddle I no longer sit!

No more fighting battles.
No more fighting battles.

No more fighting battles from a saddle I no longer sit!
No more fighting battles.
No more fighting battles.

My Almighty comes,
To defend
With a rescue.
And to fight my battles.
Those battles fought from saddles.

My Almighty comes,
To defend
With a rescue.
And to fight my battles.
Those battles fought from saddles.

My Almighty comes,
To defend
With a rescue.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

My Ambitions Are To Defy Logic

Why do you tie your shoes like that?

'To see how quickly it can be done,
When they are on my feet.'

But wouldn't it be easier,
To put them 'on' your feet...
Enabling you to both time 'that'
As well as have the shoes already on your feet?

'My ambitions are to defy logic.
I am not going to bore myself with it! '

I see!
And you still say...
Your recent split from your relationship,
With your spouse...
Has nothing to do with your increased strange behavior?

'What strange behavior?
If this is what I want to do,
Why to you it has to be so 'strange'? '

Well,
It's like this...
You are sitting on your front lawn,
In broad daylight.
Sitting in your underwear.
And there is a gathering of your neighbors,
Across the street...
Watching you,
Tie shoes that are not on your feet.
Over and over again.
This is strange behavior.

'Who cares what they think?
Those are the same people who called the police,
When I chose to lay on my own roof butt naked...
During the last rain storm we had a few weeks ago.

And like I told the police.
And my 'mate'.
Who am I offending if I have chosen not to circumcise? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

My Approach Comes With Much Love

Open and raise my eyes,
Dear Father.
Let me come to realize,
The magnificence of Your universe.
I thirst to be fed with Your Knowledge...
Wisdom and Compassion.

Open wide and clear my vision of this,
My Father.
And remove from me yet another veil...
On this plateau of a consciousness,
I have been made aware does, indeed, exist.

Open and raise my eyes,
Dear Father.
Let the brightness blaze upon my heart.
Let me come to realize,
The magnificence of Your universe.
So majestic...
My own existence of this,
Becomes more mysterious.
As I am here,
To do as You wish...
My Father.

And,
In the acceptance of this, My Dear Father...
Is it at all possible,
That You, Your Wonderment of Fantastic SuperSkills...
Could dropp me a couple of grants,
To cover my needs as I make attempts...
To ween myself from greed?

I'm just checking out possible options!

If You can do that for me, Dear Father...
We will remain snow-to-the-treetop tight,
Until You blow my heat away to cool off.
But,

I am hoping, Dear Father...
You will understand my approach comes,
With much love.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

My Approach To Life

My approach to life?
Do not overkill the taste of it,
With too much seasoning.
Salt and peppered attitudes...?
I try to stay away from those.
But every now and then,
You may find me experimenting.
However,
The more natural the flavor,
The more appreciative I am.
And I like to pride myself,
On what I digest.
Especially if I can keep manfested,
A more healthier outlook.
And not constipate myself with nonsense.

My approach to life?
Nothing special really.
But I do watch what and how I think!
I like to believe I keep myself regular.
Not too sweet...
And yet not completely meat free either.
I try to maintain a balance.
With a bit of drama.
Lots of humor.
And a slice of mystery every now and then!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

My Arms Reach Out For You

Within my heart I love you deeply,
Without pretense or secrets kept!
There is no wait to spark my fire.
None other but you heat my desires best.
I can not eat sometimes...
And go I do without rest!
I want to feel you close...
Bared against my chest!
I want to feel your head,
Upon my shoulder at night!
In the moonlight, sunset and sunrise too,
You are there...
As my arms reach out for you!

Within my heart I love you deeply,
Without pretense or secrets kept!
There is no wait to spark my fire.
None other but you heat my desires best.
I can not eat sometimes...
And go I do without rest!
I want to feel you close...
Bared against my chest!
I want to feel your head,
Upon my shoulder at night!
In the moonlight, sunset and sunrise too,
You are there...
As my arms reach out for you!

What more can two arms do?
If not surrounding and holding you!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

My Back Is Up Against A Wall

My back is up against a wall,
And...
I'm feeling I must stand tall,
But...
I am not the one in need,
To...
Prove this ability.
When...
My back is up against a wall,
And...
I'm feeling I must stand tall,
But...
I am not the one in need.
I'm dripping sweat and I feel wet from the heat!

It's not difficult for me to admit,
Or to show that I have fears that will not quit...
But,
I'm suppose to be one brave.
And...
Not show at all that I am shaking.

It's not difficult for me to admit,
Or to show that I have fears that will not quit...
But,
I'm suppose to be one brave.
And...
Not show at all that I am shaking.

My back is up against a wall,
And...
I'm feeling I must stand tall,
But...
I am not the one in need,
To...
Prove this ability,
When...
My back is up against a wall,
And...

I'm feeling I must stand tall,
But...
I am not the one in need.
I'm dripping sweat and I feel wet from the heat!

My back is up against a wall.
And...
My back is up against a wall.
Yes...
My back is up against a wall.
And...
My back is up against a wall.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

My Benefactor Of Love

You just gotta know,
You're the benefactor of love.
You just gotta believe,
You're the benefactor of love.
If you do not see it...
Or make its presence known,
It might just up and leave.
You're the benefactor of love.

If you do not know it...
You're the benefactor of love.
If you don't believe...
You're the benefactor of love.
Just as a consequence,
It might just straddle a fence.
To never, ever please.
Blindly!

You just gotta know,
You're the benefactor of love.
You just gotta believe,
You're the benefactor of love.
If you do not see it...
Or make its presence known,
It might just up and leave.
Misery.

Why can't you be my...
Benefactor of love.
Why can't you be,
My benefactor of love.

Why can't you be my...
Benefactor of love.
Why can't you be,
My benefactor of love.

Just as a consequence,
It might just straddle a fence.

To never, ever please.

Be my benefactor of love.

Why can't you be my...
Benefactor of love.
Why can't you be,
My benefactor of love.

Just as a consequence,
It might just straddle a fence.
To never, ever please.
My benefactor of love.

O oh, yeah!
Be my benefactor of love.
O oh, yeah! O
My benefactor of love.
O oh, yeah!
Be my benefactor of love.
O oh, yeah! O
My benefactor of love.

Oooohhh yeaheeee.
My benefactor of love.
O oh, yeah! O
My benefactor of love.
Oooohhh yeaheeee.
My benefactor of love.
O oh, yeah! O
My benefactor of love.

Ooow.
My benefactor of love.

Ooow.
My benefactor of love.

Oooweee.
My benefactor of love.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

My Best Conversations

Hearing people complain,
Reminds me of a child...
Who has been told to be patient.
But couldn't.
And did their spoiled routines,
To be seen in public.

'Someone should have whacked him,
Or her on the ass.
But that time has passed.'
Those, of course, are my thoughts.
Kept to myself.

And after learning personally,
That patience with sacrifice...
And the doing of those things,
That were right for me...
Pays in the delivery,
Of unbelievable blessings...
My patience has become short,
With people whining all the time.

It seems my best conversations,
Have been with people...
I discovered had aches and pains,
And at no time with me did they mention them.
Or did they give me a reason to suspect it.
Until I noticed a slight limp when we shared smiles,
To then walk away.

It's still amazes me how many things I find to do,
The moment I hear others begin to make excuses.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

My Bets Will Not Be Placed On Them

If you truthfully want to comprehend,
And understand.
Remove yourself from your comfort zone.
Do not profess ownership claimed,
Of anything you have a concept...
That sistains and maintains.
Make an attempt to forget your name...
For purposes to remain incognito!
And what you overheard thought fantasized...
By passersby as you sunshaded your eyes,
Behind 'foster grants'.
Will frighten you into reality!
Hop on a bus wherever you are.
Take a city wide tour.
Your beliefs will instantly find competition!
And my bets will not be placed on them to win,
Place or show!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

My Black Eye Pea Stew

Did I mention,
My black eye pea stew to you?
Well...
This is what you do.

Boil your water,
Add sliced smoked turkey butt.
With seasons you prefer.
I like to mix in olive oil with butter first.
Before adding apple vinegar...
With Old Bay and a bit of salt,
Then soy sauce...
To allow my taste buds to burst.

Add your black eye peas.
Speckled butter lima beans.
Kidney and black beans too!
I also enjoy cooking with onions...
Green peppers, carrots and celery.
For a flavored taste,
You simply can not refuse!

Well...
You can 'try' making attempts.
But licking your lips,
Is not too convincing of a defense.

'May I get some more? '

You sure can!
After I get to taste it myself!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

My Blessed Nothingness

We live in some very mysterious days.
Humorous are some and complexed are others.

I remember being told I had nothing.
Was nothing.
And was not going to amount to much more.

Today?
Well...
Those who romanced good credit,
With agendas to purchase things...
Hoping to seduce an attracted meaning,
Now proclaim they have lost everything.
With a 'nothing-to-do-edness'...
But prolong the sighing of their lives being empty.
Hoping that the booing hooing, alibis, excuses
And pitful stories told...
Gains a certain prominence,
For an assignment of empathy.

And here I am still without that nothingness,
Feeling very successful to have achieved it on my own.
With God's help, of course.

God has never been out of the mix,
Of my blessed 'nothingness'.
And i stay thrilled about it too!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

My Body Is Going Through Some Changes

Some of you have heard this comment before...
'You look good,
For your age! '

What does that really mean?
What is implied?
And how should the comment be taken?

I see some people react with a smile.
As if they have been complimented.
While others have a puzzled look on their faces.
As if to say...
'And how old should I look? '

And then there are those,
Who are so frightened to appear their ages...
They are the ones behind sunglasses.
And under toupees, weaves, wigs...
Moisturizes, nip, tucks and cosmetic masks!
Making the aging process a scary thought for anyone!

Me?
I care less about how I look.
Well...
Some days!
Just to set the record straight.

However...
For me,
It's the way I feel.
And some days I feel like I should be filmed for a documentary.
With bones cracking and other noises my body makes,
In the mornings when I rise to start my day.

I swear...
Birds I hear early in the morning chirping,
Stop when I get up.
They listen.
They make me aware,

My body is going through some changes!
Especially the ones who have the nerve to sit,
On my window sill and look in!
And they don't have to say anything,
For me to get the message.
I guess it is how this whole process is approached.
And how that is done...
That leaves a lasting impression!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

My Brother In Law, Al

My brother in law, AL
Is such a wonderful guy.
He doesn't walk on water...
But if he thought he could,
We would all watch him try!
A great brother and father...
And grandfather too!
There is nothing he would stop
For someone else to do!

He works like a team of horses...
Even when he is sick!
And when he takes time for himself,
We all worry about it!
'He's doing what? ? ?
NOTHING?
What's the matter with him? '

He is 'always' so positive.
Although my sister Mim says,
'Oh, no he's not.
He can give much attitude!
And that's why I love him a lot! '
She 'is' his better half!
They are a match.
That's why they remain attached!

My brother in law, AL...
Is a pal and a friend! I
I often ask him how he does it?
And he just laughs...
Or quietly grins!

He knows who he is.
And those who are blessed...
Have much respect and appreciate him!
But don't call him Alfred Lee...
Geeesshh!
A raised eyebrow to you he will send!

And even then...
He has a smile or a grin to show again.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

My 'Calling'

You have been a witness,
To my ministry.
My 'calling'.

If you perceive it should be,
Something other than what it is...
Perhaps my comfort,
I know to be me and fits...
Isn't what you should be attempting,
To redefine as your purpose to resist it.

You have been a witness,
To my ministry.
My 'calling'.
I hope 'your' calling...
Isn't keeping your nose in my business.
Since both of us can not live my life.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

My Cheeks Do Not Turn

Returning back what I get,
Seems to offend the ones...
Who possess selective memories kept,
In their archives of thoughtless actions.
To conveniently forget as is often done,
By those who have a knack...
To excuse everything they do,
On the dysfunctions of their childhood.
And this 'defect' is fed to THEIR children,
To accept as a custom as a family heirloom given.

You do me...
You will get done!
That's it!
I apologize for the detour.
But that's how it is.

And always there is a parent to blame,
Who either smothered them with strictness...
Or did not supply them with enough love.
However,
My empathy given does not extend to include...
Forgiveness to anyone wishing to use me,
To later express a pathetic childhood lived.
I don't carry around a box of tissue.

Detour number two...
I am into Brahms and Beethoven.
And a little Mozart.
But sobbing tears with strings,
To crescendo gradually in the background...
As one attempts to defend what they've done?
No!
I am not a part of that audience.
Especially when one has aged with maturity OR not,
To be held accountable for those misdeeds...
Consciously done to others to do to forget.

You do me...

You will get done!
That's it!
My cheeks do not turn.
But I am told I walk with a switch,
By those who mistake my proudness for something else.
And I don't spend time looking at myself from behind.
Even if I could do it I wouldn't.
My footsteps and eyes are focused forward.
Obviously some have their eyes fixed elsewhere.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

My Childhood Lived

So glad I had been given chores to do 'then',
With activities to keep me occupied...
In the days of my youth.

I admit to feeling overwhelmed.
And I resented a lot too.
Whenever I was taking out the garbage,
Or sweeping floors...
While other children were outside playing.
And I had to do what it was to get through.

Today I look back at my childhood lived,
With a discipline restricted...
To first complete those things I did.
And grateful I am I have a respect for time,
Since now many who had wasted theirs...
Are addicted to afflictions they can not rid from their minds.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

My Choice

Now you say you understand.
And I am expected to accept,
Whatever it is you comprehend.
After several years of ending,
Your disappearance.
And now you wish to make me a part,
Of your travels down memory lane!

I don't know what you'd like to hear.
But let me make this very clear...
No one has it like that in my life.
To disappear and reappear...
And do whatever they like.
To treat me as if I exist without feelings?
I don't think so!
And as far as your presence goes right now...
I have no idea who you are!
And that's my choice.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

My Choice Is To Make History

I'm one to adventure life.
Accepting it as a process.
I feel blessed to be granted it to bloom, flourish and grow.
Seeking purpose.
And when that purpose is fulfilled,
It then is time to move on!
Like each season that acknowledges the next.
Never to overstay a visit!
I too have those same wishes.

To remain unchallenged,
I know is not my mission.
And as long as I am blessed with my life,
I will seek the unknown.
To uncover it.
To leave behind for someone to discover I existed.

My choice is to make history.
Not relive it!

At times it can become uncomfortable.
But no learning I've ever achieved,
Came easy.
Or resulted from a path cleared of obstacles.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

My Choice Of Words

I have never called you a fool.
You are mistaken.
I have called you an idiot on several occasions.
But never a fool.
Perhaps my choice of words caused your confusion.
Now...
If you think calling you a fool would be a better depiction,
Of course I will accomodate your wish and apologize.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

My Collard Green Romance

At one time...
One would have to beg grocers
To get collard greens in their stores.
Now the major food chains,
Have them propped up like kings and queens...
Among the lettuce, cabbage and corn!
They have obtained such notoriety today,
You have to have patience when someone
Grabs the last bundle.
And that person would not have admitted,
A leaf of a collard green bush in their neighborhood!
I saw these times coming.
'Cleo' didn't have the market on this!

When I finally can find Collard Greens...
Stocked like precious gems near the avacados.
I go to the suburbs.
Pig feet, chitlins', hamhocks, snouts and hoofs,
Are there!
Like it's a Negro Christmas going on!
Or...
Someone's been passing around my grandma's recipes!

When I cook my Collard Greens...
I season the water with dashes of salt, pepper
And garlic powder.
I slice one vadalia onion and a small potato.
I add three teaspoons of apple cider vinegar,
One teaspoon of lemon juice.
Two tablespoons of Olive Oil...virgin!
Cover and bring this crap to a boil.

Fill kitchen sink for the Collard Green bath.
This is where the true romance begins!
With baking powder, salt and celery seasoning...
Gently lift your Collard Greens and place them,
Stalk first into the warm and inviting water!
Rub each leaf between your hands under the water.
And while you are there...

Alone with your Collard Greens,
Glad you did not have to go to battle to get them.
You rinse them and begin to slice their leaves,
Grabbing them into a bunch...
And placing those cut leaves in a bowl.
When this task is done,
Put those greens in a pot that, hopefully...
Smells like an exotic preparation for royalty!

Turn down that boiled heat...under the pot!
To medium cook...
And let them do so for about 45mins to an hour.
Never rush cooking Collard Greens.

Oh...
When I want my Collard Greens,
To taste better than any on the scene!
I use baby smoked turkey butts.
In the boiled prepped water,
With the other sizzling seasons!
Any turkey butt will do...
But those baby butted turkeys,
Make gobbling up Collard Greens so delicious.

Enjoy!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

My Concept Of Selfishness

When I began to prioritize my life,
By placing it at the top of my agenda...
With no debating it day or night,
Those who became offended by this choice I made...
And had beliefs I had no rights to prioritize,
Have now begun to realize...
What they had criticized as my being selfish,
Has left me with no alternative...
But to show them,
Just what my concept of selfishness is.
With a doing to pursue my own happiness to live.
And...
With one difference.
No longer am I so quick,
To share with others my experiences...
At my expense to have them benefit.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

My Connection Being Human

Sometimes I leave them left wet,
My eyes...
With tears dropping I dont deny.

Sometimes I leave them left wet,
My eyes...
To identify connection to humanity kept.
And hoping that I'm not alone,
With this...
Expressed.

Sometimes I leave them left wet,
My eyes...
To cry!
And to show...
My connection being human,
Has been deceived.
My connection being human,
Has been deceived.
My connection being human,
Has been deceived.
Sometimes I leave them left wet,
My eyes.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

My Conscious Stays On Automatic

Sometimes I wish I could revisit my intentions.
And do a focus on my purpose,
With a prioritizing of my needs.

My conscious stays on automatic.
With a feeling to complete.
Even though I love to play...
I have a discipline to keep.

And to those who don't know what this means...
I can only say my mind is locked in a routine.

Everyday I must be challenged as a treat for me.
Everyday I must be doing something to succeed.
I'm not the kind to sit around and watch TV.
Or one to socialize in cliques to fit in those scenes.
I like to validate my life to prove meaning.
And doing those things for me that happiness brings.

Sometimes I wish I could revisit my intentions.
And do a focus on my purpose,
With a prioritizing of my needs.
But,
Everyday I must be challenged as a treat for me.
But,
Everyday I must be doing something to succeed.
I'm not the kind to sit around and watch TV.
Or one to socialize in cliques to fit in those scenes.
I like to validate my life to prove meaning.
And doing those things for me that happiness brings.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

My Creator Is My Manager

I admit...
There are gifts and talents,
I was born with.
I never had desires to 'be'.
I just 'was'.
And took what I had for granted.
At one time I really did this.

I've been asked where I've studied.
And who has mentored me.
My response has always been The Creator.
To which then I get looks of disbelief.

And as I age and 'try' to mellow,
Others suggest I could be rich...
If I did 'this' and 'that' with my talents and gifts.
But things and bling and money it seems...
Has never attracted my consciousness.

If this happens to come to me as my Creator's wish,
Then by all means...
Those things will come to pay me a visit.
But thankful I am and tremendously blessed.
My Creator is my manager.
And I know what for me is best.

Perhaps my Creator,
Believes what I've been given is priceless.
And I have been nourishing myself,
With the feeding on delusions.
Whatever my Creator proposes,
Is the path I follow not to oppose.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

My Crystal Balls

Do not touch my crystal balls.
They are too sensitive to touch!
And when they heat with discreeted excitement...
Prepare yourself to witness it all!

When they squirt 'info' to blurr your eyes,
I am also equally surprised.
When one is done to leave the other hung...
There is a movement that can not be disguised.

Some think they are made of steel,
Since they luster with certain knowledge!
The truth from me they do not conceal...
Although some say,
They should be exposed to lecture in college!

These balls are not for pop quizzes dropped!
Oh no!

Do not touch my crystal balls.
They are too sensitive to touch!
And when they heat with discreeted excitement...
Prepare yourself to witness it all!

Information comes...
When eyes seem to focus,
On both and not each one!

'I think you're crazed...
And away they should be laid!
Or at least that thing should lift,
That 'thing' between them that sits! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

My Dear

I don't approve of everything,
I hear you say and do!
Nor am I available to excuse...
Every apology you choose to use.
I know these times are difficult.
For both of us,
That is true!
But don't believe when I am needing you...
What is troubling me,
I can alone undo and get through!
Especially...
Knowing there is 'something'
You wish to dismiss...
Has kept you away from me,
To experience by yourself...
A quietness!
With no peace between us that exist!

Unconditionally...
I see us as two.
Not one to leave the other,
To have one another suffer!
I don't approve of eveything,
I hear you say and do!
But a togetherness is what I wish.
Not a separateness...
When a difference of opinion,
Comes between us that splits.
I want you to know this.
I want that known and now.
My love for you is not going to stop...
Whether you reveal you are bottomed out!
And your desire to have me see you,
Always on top!
Let go and let that drop.

These are not those times!
That is not the relationship...
We have come to define!

I am yours and you are mine!

You are in my heart!
And each time you depart...
Both of us are torn apart!
Not just you.
This is about me too!
Whatever it is...
I hope 'this' disappears.
It is not worth the agony,
Of you there and me here in tears!

You are in my heart!
And each time you depart...
Both of us are torn apart!
Not just you.
This is about me too!
Whatever it is...
I hope 'this' disappears.
It is not worth the agony,
Of you there and me here in tears!

Can you hear me?
Can you feel this is real?

I hope in 'your' mind,
And in 'your' heart...
This becomes clear!
I am here for 'you',
Come sunshine
Or whatever weather is due
To come through...
For us.
My dear!

I hope we can get over this.
And come to grips to quit this nonsense!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

My Desire To Do

I fret neither worry of making mistakes.
Or of the admitting them to those who oppose,
Steps I have taken...
To fallen from a stumble and try over again.
I am not the kind to seek attention or empathy.
I too have wounds to show.
But exposing them would deliver what benefit?

I fear not to live my life to apologize for those wrongs,
I can not overnight eliminate to make right.
I can only with honesty promise to do,
The very best I can.
And knowing that to be true.
With no guarantee what has been done pleases you.
But hoping that it does is my desire to do!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

My Desperation Fades

My desperation fades,
When my craving for you ends.
My appetite satisfied in small bites...
When I licked my wishes in nibbles.

I could not in patience wait to feast.
I could not...
When I hungered for you to eat.
I could not...
Fast
Or last that long!
I need to taste.
And that temptation was prolonged.
I thought I was strong.
But not having you near.
It became clear what I did was wrong!
I went on and on and on until...
No knocking from you came!
So I did.

My desperation fades,
When my craving for you ends.
My appetite satisfied in small bites...
When I licked my wishes in nibbles.
Exciting myself...
Like I do each night,
Whenever you call to say...
'Perhaps another time?
Perhaps another day? '
I then lay...
Wet!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

My Disappearing Act

If I have offended you,
That can only mean one thing!
You chose to enforce an impression on me.
With a familiar disrespect,
That is a part of your life without self reflection.

And if I offended you,
I've seen what you do too much.
And folks like you out of touch,
With an absorption of self?
I don't like.

Although I may not say that.
My disappearing act should express it!
You will not test my peace of mind.
Doing it I do not suggest,
One bit.
And if you find that offensive,
I do not give a...

'To those who know what I am saying?
You know what I am saying!
There is no point in explaining.
Some folks can agitate the evil out of others.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

My Ears Are Yours And They Await

Confused by the ending.
And when it all began.
Did it end before the beginning?
Or was the beginning the start of the end?
I am confused by it all.
And...
In my confusion,
You want us to remain good friends?
Don't you think I deserve an explanation?

'I don't know where to begin.'

How about...
When you said you loved me!
Start from there...
To a connecting of that,
With us remaining as good friends.
I can not promise you friendship
But right now,
I can promise you my patience.
My ears are yours and they await!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

My Editing Has Been Done

To eliminate a sentence,
To make a paragraph more accepting...
Or censor a comment to make an issue less
Affecting...
May for some
Be what is needed to overcome
What is regarded as a topic
Not accepted or approved by those
Who review comments said by one!
But my editing has been done,
To accomplish what I have begun.
If what I say has been rejected...
I'll find my own exit when I've been shunned!
I'm here to enlighten not seek applause,
From everyone!
And if it has been decided
That my comments have divided,
I'm sure that something said...
Will enter the ears to stay in one's head!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

My Efforts To Endeavor

After years of being devoted,
To have what I've given to be questioned.
Or think with it to cross my mind,
That efforts I've attempted...
Are now considered suspicous.
With a sacrifice done,
Without gratitude shown from you to get.
Or support from you that came to come.

Well...I will give you just one quess,
As to who takes that next step...
With a doing not to leave explanations.
Or have you to misunderstand,
I am in no need to have you believe...
My efforts to endeavor,
Were done just to please you.

But...
I will thank you for providing the incentive,
To motivate my move.
That I can leave you to comprehend.
Anything else?
I will leave that up to you.
With your lies to tell others like you always do.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

My Endeavors To Pleasure

If something I have done,
Had been to satisfy my own pleasure...
The doing of it,
I would never consider to expose.
My endeavors to pleasure,
With those efforts to exchange...
I like to keep believed are condoned,
To the private confines of my own home.

'Why did your neighbors call the police? '

Someone believed,
Your screams heard...
Were calls for help.

'I told you to close the windows.
But 'no'.
You wanted to prove to me,
No one would be paying us any attention.
I overheard what you said to the policeman,
About satisfying your own pleasure...
To the private confines of your own home.
What did he say? '

Nothing.
When I opened the door,
And he thought I appeared exhausted...
He put his gun back into his holster.
Then he winked to whisper,
To keep the noise down.

'I told you to close the windows.
But 'no'.
You wanted to prove to me,
No one would be paying us any attention.
Now I believe you left them opened on purpose.
To disturb someone,
With an intention to have them listen.'

Now why would I do something 'childish' like that?

'Well you did tell me,
It had been a long time since you had company.
Now I know you weren't lieing.'

And I didn't think you'd be screaming like that either.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

My Evolving Process

For clarification purposes.
And a kept reminder for myself,
I am who I am.
There have been times I have neglected,
That perception and concept to accept....
Those blemishes and flaws,
I too closely inspect.
But there is no other package I wish,
Could or would better represent the 'me'...
I present.
Take or leave it.
But I will not be the one losing any sleep.
Unless my efforts to endeavor,
Have not yet reached my expectations.
And when that happens and often it does,
That battle is my own to win.
To condone a decision I make.

Take or leave is where I am,
At this stage of the age I've come to experience.
My evolving process does not involve solving,
Someone else's issues to conclude...
Why or for what reason who has attitude.
God did not intend I spend my mission,
Ignoring a minute of it.
Like so many deciding who next,
They should waste their time to satisfy.
Take it or leave it.
But I am doing the best I can to better represent,
The me I know to have grown...
To leave my evolving process left as is.
For clarification purposes and a kept reminder.
Take or leave it.
I am who I am...blemishes, flaws...
And no excuses made.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

My Expertise Is In Politics

There was a promise you made.
With the giving to the people,
Of your word you would keep...
Our interests kept as your priority.

Everything you said would be concised and clear.
Free of frivolity...
And you'd make your policies precise and sincere.
Letting people who elected you,
First to have your ear.

However...
As soon as you were sworn into office,
You quickly disappeared.
Do you have an explanation for this.
Please,
By all means.
Your response is what we wish to hear.

'Sure!
And...
You are most deserving.

My fellow countrymen...
Men, women and children alike.
Well...
It is like this,
You asked if I had an explanation?
Explanations I do not make.

My expertise is in politics.
What more did you expect?
That I would be as honest as those...
You helped me in my campaign to eliminate,
Are you kidding?
I have a reputation to protect.

Clear the way for my entourage, please.
Thank you.

And...
Good luck! '

But...
We elected you.

'See my press secretary.
We'll ensure each and everyone of you,
Receives a signed 8 by 10 glossy.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

My Eyes Are Fixed Only Upon The Dealer

I've made comments.
And sometimes read more,
Of your work.
I may or may not give what I read a rate.
I appreciate the giving done.
Because I know what that takes.

But to suggest that I must read,
Your submissions with a rating I don't feel.
Doesn't do the craft any justice at all.
Going through the motions,
To appeal an ego seeking to be massaged.
With a zap to zing a zest,
That produces an invitation to squeal with zeal.
Ugh!
I never was one to seek that kind of praise.
Since my connection began with pure love.
You know?
I'm one of those who do it for the art types!

I've made comments.
And sometimes read more,
Of your work.
I may or may not give what I read a rate.
I appreciate the giving done.
Because I know what that takes.

But I'm not going to foresake what I do for you.
Nothing like that appears in the deck of cards...
God has dealt to me.
And until I leave...
My eyes are fixed only upon The Dealer.
That's it!
This is His game.
Not mine.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

My Eyes Have Been Open

Listen...
You've already been conditioned,
To ignore those voices of dissent.

You sought to be entertained and absent...
While the government dipped from your savings,
With excuses to smother your common sense.

And now you wish for my opinion on this?
Didn't I give that to you...
As you refused my directness.
Choosing to be screwed by those in silk suits?

Believing my thoughts,
Were from someone bitter and distraught.
And now you feel used like a prostitute abused!

Listen...
Those sobs you hear are closer to your ears.
Not mine!

My eyes have been open for a long long time.
I've never been distracted by the facts.
Or a slick game played,
To backstab me from behind!
Alone and isolated.
With my integrity attacked.

That has been your affliction,
To provide a 'fix' to keep you addicted!

And now you have become sick,
From the overdose of it!
What words do you wish,
To hear spilling from my lips?
An empathy to pity you?

That wont happen today.
Remember you told me just yesterday...

My point of view you did not value!
And people like 'me'...
Will always find reasons to feel betrayed.

Remember you told me that...
Just yesterday?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

My Eyes Have You In Them Too Much!

My eyes have you in them too much!
I catch myself in vacant stares.
Becoming helpless and aware I am noticed...
Being out of focus.
My eyes have you in them too much!

My eyes have you in them too much,
Too soon.
Too quick you've managed to interfere,
With my routine.
Too sudden to me it seems you are there.
Or here,
Or...
Wherever you are,
Doing this.
Or that!
Or...
Whatever this is,
Beginning an entrapment.
Yes,
I am feeling like that!
A victim of a mental snack.

My eyes have you in them too much!
And I am not quite sure as to why!
But then...
I'm not quite sure when this started.
My eyes have you in them too much!

And...
I am doing my best,
Not to get my heart involved.
And yet...
If it was,
Would you be there to care...
My eyes have you in them too much,
Everywhere!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

My Eyes Were Always Set Upon 'Home'

I did not prepare and struggle,
To get to first base.
To stand and bask in adulation alone.
My eyes were always set upon 'home'.
With the hopes that someone there,
Wanted to see 'us' win.
Doing their best to allow that to happen.
And not just wish to swing at the wind,
To strike out.
Time and again.
Or foul everytime they came to the plate.
To dine on my efforts.
And await for that fate in anticipation.

If everyone does not participate.
Or values what it takes!
What is the point of my attempts,
To sneak back home?
Diving through obstacles.
With a chance to break a bone.
To only know,
What I've done I've done on my own.
And can do elsewhere.
With much more appreciation shown.
Even if I was directed to go back into the field,
By choice.
There would still be love to produce for others.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

My Eyes Were On Your Tomatoes

I now am missing kissing.
And that's since I've gotten older...
With time to think of this,
Especially when it's cold outside...
And I'm inside with wishes.
Wanting more to snuggle close.
And I connect that to being older.

Oh how I like to dance.
And when I dance I hear the jokes.
The young folks laugh and the old ones sit.
As I dance on the floor,
Not giving a...
Well,
Not much thought of it!

And when I invite 'anyone',
To do a 'swing' with me...
I refer to the dance.
But there's a hush that is silent.
And the floor is cleared,
Instantly.

'You dance too dirty old man.'

Excuse me?
What on Earth are you thinking about?

I now am missing kissing.
And that's since I've gotten older...
With time to think of this,
Especially when it's cold outside...
And I'm inside with wishes.
Wanting more to snuggle close.
And I connect that to being older.

Even at the grocery store,
I'm careful of the questions I ask.
I try to stay focused...

With other things on my mind.

Are those breasts fresh?

'I beg your pardon? '

Those breasts you've selected,
And packed in your bag.
Those chicken breasts,
Are they fresh?

'Oh?
I suppose they are.
Everything I've got is fresh.'

Well that's a relief.
Do you mind if I touch them?
I haven't seen them look that good,
In quite some time.

'My breasts? '

Oh no, no, no.
I'm sorry.
My eyes were on your tomatoes.

'You don't shop too often do you? '

Not at this time of the day.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

My Eyes When Closed Are Yours

No I don't know how you feel,
When you're alone.
No I don't know what to say,
Or do...
While we're miles apart.

All I want and wish is this for you,
To come to realize...
My eyes,
When closed...
Are yours to keep.

No I don't know how you feel,
When you're there alone.
No I don't know what to say,
Or do...
At times like this.

All I want and wish for you,
To come to realize...
My eyes when open,
Never leave your side.
And when closed in my dreams,
They're on you forever...
To keep.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

My Eyes, My Mind And My Heart Knew

Anyday.
Anyway,
You want me!
If that day is today...
That would be okay.

And,
Even if you said to me...
Let's delay that love,
I have anticipated.
I will not debate it.
I would just wait.
With quiet faith.
Time is not an issue.
When we met,
I celebrated.

Never will I stray from you,
To be left alone and desperate too!
My eyes, my mind and my heart knew,
My love for you was true.
You want to be sure of that!
Do whatever you must do.

Anyday.
Anyway,
You want me!
If that day is today...
That would be okay.

Even if you took forever,
Eternity will still be ours...
To be there together,
Existing with this love among the stars.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

My Faith 'Is' My Life

An achievement to reach,
To declare successfully accomplished...
Can only truthfully be identified,
By those who have sacrificed their lives...
With a surprise awakening to realize,
If their eyes had been left on achieving success...
Instead of remaining devoted with kept initiative,
None of what has been accomplished...
Would have existed without motivation to give.

'So what was it that you had sacrificed? '

~I don't remember. Honestly, I don't.
When I awaken each day to express my blessings,
I no longer take notice...
To which ones have come to award me,
With a sacrificing done.
When they arrive and come.
I'm too busy being grateful for the gift of life.
Whatever else that has come to be done,
'Others' may perceive I should welcome to announce...
Can only be attributed to my kept faith.
And to do that on a daily basis has become a habit.~

'But...
Isn't THAT a sacrifice? '

~My faith?
My faith 'is' my life!
And perhaps I've become addicted to getting that 'hit'.
With everything else I do to get done to go unnoticed.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

My Fate Is My Father's Will

I have no disposition,
To request a reposition.
Or think that superstitions done,
Protects me from the evil of some.

My fate is of my Father's Will.
A power no one on Earth can fill!
And those who aspire to shallow means...
I leave alone to exploit 'ego' dreams.

I know when I've assisted.
My 'gifts' from God has lifted!
And perhaps I should show,
A humbleness I know...
But many would use that,
And twist it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

My Father Loves To Push Buttons

It took me a while to obey,
The will of My Father.
I wanted to have 'things'
I could touch and show.
And I was teased.
I was 'allowed' to have a few of these...
Before they were taken away.
They had to go.
I was not doing what My Father wished.
And obstacles placed on my path,
Became harder to dismiss.
I was spoiled,
And My Father knew this.
And He wanted to teach me.
And I refused to listen.
I am glad those times are gone.
I have since moved on.
With heartbreak and sorrows mending.
And I know God has to have a sense of humor!
Some of the things I had said to Him,
Were not pleasant at all.
In fact they were nasty!
But now...today,
We are extremely close.
He knows what I have been through.
And I know He is and has been always there,
For me.
And now when I hear someone,
Talking to My Father in disrespect...
I don't like it!
But...
I don't know what they are going through either.
I ask God to cut them some slack!
And I can hear Him laughing.
My Father loves to push buttons!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

My Father's Son

I am my father's son.
And proud am I to be!
I am his namesake.
And it is up to me...
To ensure my journey,
Reflects what to me this means.
And I owe it to him and my ancestors...
To rise above any obstacles I see.
I am my father's son.
And proud am I to be!
I will do my best always.
And face those tests with dignity.
What I am given to receive...
I accept with a will to make him,
And those of my ancestors pleased!
I am my father's son!
And I want this known to everyone!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

My Feelings For You Remain The Same

After all that has been said and done,
My feelings for you remain the same.

'Sooo...
That's a relief.
I too have changed.
I am glad you have forgiven me! '

Who is talking about forgiveness?
Didn't I just say...
After all that has been said and done,
My feelings for you remain the same.

You're going to have to do,
Some jumping through some hoops!
Roll over, bark!
And make me a good cup of coffee.
Hop on one leg...
And beg in Chinese!

'But I don't know any Chinese.'

LIES!
We use to have it once a week.
You use to order the 'Goo Goo..
AND the Wonton with the General Tso.
Who do you think you're fooling?
You haven't changed at all.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

My Ferret Sees A Therapist

My ferret sees a therapist,
On Wednesdays after sipping tea.
I thought it best to seek out counseling
To help me adjust to her personality.
Neither dog or cat nor weasel or squirrel,
Her therapist suggested I should call her Earl.
And when I called her Earl, she'd stare...
'I'm a Duchess, damnit! A lady! Don't you dare! '

Of course, my ferret receives much attention.
Some think she's a rodent of unusual dimension!
She's funny and bright and quicker than most.
My neighbors downstairs feed her whole wheat toast!
Yes, she's got us all in the palm of her paws.
Naturally, I'm flattered, amused and awed!
But somehow, I admit, she has me quite confused.
I can search and search and...'She finds my shoes! '

Smirking as she brings them chewed to me!
My obvious displeasure has her dancing with glee!

My ferret sees a therapist,
On Wednesdays after sipping tea.
On Thursdays I will go alone,
Since my ferret and the therapist
Agree this is best for me!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

My First Time Being Here

The experience of aging
Is a process many fight.
Some act as if it's not a gift...
To grow older with delight.

I'm often asked how it feels,
To be an age I don't appear.
I tell them it's my first time doing it...
It's my first time being here!
And if I knew I should feel a certain way,
Nothing in my past prepared me for this day!
It's all new to me...
I have no clue how I should be.
Nor do I look in the mirror with fears,
To chase away!

('That depends on HOW I'm looking')

It's clear I'm aging,
With a grace I accept!
And blessed I feel everyday!
No one I know will be here forever...
No matter what's done to stay!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

My Goal And Mission

When happiness is achieved,
Is it more perceived than is received?
Does it have to be something that comes from outside?
Does it have to be delivered?
Or generated from inside?
I often wonder why some aren't satisfied,
By pursuits attempted or challenges tried!
It can't be all about things that brings a smile!
Or a certain lifestyle lived without denial.
There has to be a comfort in accepting 'who' one is!
Something that allows someone to feel 'lifted' and positive!
When happiness is achieved...
It can be seen in someone's face!
That's my goal and mission in my life...
As I eliminate all bullshit that's erased!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

My Goal?

My goal?
To please God.
And do as He wishes.
That is my goal.
However...
I am sure God realizes,
My flesh is weak to temptation teases.
And even though I feel entrapped,
Within this 'maze' we call life...
I know some things I have done has pleased Him.
Since I have no problems at all,
With sleeping peacefully at night!
Unlike some others...
Who have self righteous appetites.
And even quoting scriptures and speaking in tongues...
They complain that nothing is right,
Or they can not see in their lives...
All the good for them God has done!
My goal?
To please God.
And do as He wishes.
Plus...
On this journey?
To stay as far away from those folks as possible!
That is my goal!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

My Goals?

To whose benefit should I keep them repeated?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

My Grandmother Would Drive

My grandmother could make a biscuit taste like steak.
And she did everything from 'scratch'.
Including making her own soap too.

The only thing I disliked,
That my Grandmother Clara ever did...
Was to get her driver's license.

My grandmother would drive,
And have an entire conversation...
Without looking at the road!
I had heard rumors of this...
But to witness it,
Was right out of Six Flags.
Or Disney World.

Don't ask me how she did this.
I was too busy trying to keep myself alive.
That 'imaginary' brake on the passenger side,
Of my grandmother's car...
Had worn a hole through the carpeted car floor.

And my grandmother never got a speeding ticket either.
She turned to me and asked why I had the door handle,
In my hand when speeding along the highway.
I did not realize I had pulled the handle from the door.
She frightened the 'hell' out of me.

'Grandma, I gotta use the bathroom.'

~And...? ~

'Pee.'

~You bet not be doin' that in my car, boy!
Why didn't you say somethin' when we were at the carwash? ~

'I didn't think I had to THEN, grandma.
But driving with you has proved me wrong.

I think I've got to throw up too! '

The only thing I disliked,
That my Grandmother Clara ever did...
Was to get her driver's license.

She said she didn't need to wait,
For my grandfather to take her anywhere...
She wanted to go.
And rarely did I see my grandmother,
Using the rearview mirror.
Or...
Keep her eyes on the road.

'Grandma, I gotta use the bathroom.
I'm serious.'

~And...? ~

'Pee.'

~You bet not be doin' that in my car, boy!
Why didn't you say somethin' when we were at the carwash?
You slowing me. You slowing me down. Geeesssshhh.
Precious Lord...hmmm hmmm...Lead me...hmmm.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

My Guitar Is Silent Now

My guitar is silent now.
Because you've gone away...
And there's,
No strings attached!
And no song can be matched to that.
And...
My guitar is silent now.
Gone from me is a need to tune up...
A humming done we did.
With happiness,
We celebrated.

And...
My guitar is silent now!
I have a need to sing the blues,
But...
Who would want to believe,
I'm as sad-as-I-can-be.
And...
Woe no no no...woe, no!
Baby, baby can't you see me deep grieving?
And...
Woe no no no...woe, no!
My heart is broken into pieces in me!

My guitar is silent now.
Because you've gone away...
And there's,
No strings attached!
And no song can be matched to that.
And...
Woe no no no...woe, no!
Baby, baby can't you see me deep grieving?
And...
Woe no no no...woe, no!
My heart is broken into pieces in me!

My guitar is silent now.
Gone from me is a need to tune up...

A humming done we did.
With happiness,
We celebrated.

And...
My guitar is silent now!
I have a need to sing the blues,
But...
Who would want to believe,
I'm as sad-as-I can be.

And...
Woe no no no...woe, no!
Baby, baby can't you see me deep grieving?
And...
Woe no no no...woe, no!
My heart is broken into pieces in me!

And...
Woe no no no...woe, no!
Baby, baby can't you see me deep grieving?
And...
Woe no no no...woe, no!
My heart is broken into pieces in me!

Woe no no no...woe, no!
My heart is broken into pieces in me!
And...
My guitar,
Is silent now.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

My Heart Is Healed

You rang my phone.
And I heard you there breathing.
Not even an 'hello'...
Did you consider to say to me.

And I wondered 'why' you called,
My telephone number.
When you knew that I would check,
The caller ID.

It was up to you not me to leave.
You had decided it was finally over.

It was up to you not me to leave.
And suddenly you reappear.
Hoping my life,
Seeks you to fill a need.

You rang my phone.
And I heard you there breathing.
Not even an 'hello'...
Did you consider to say to me.

It was up to you not me to leave.
You had decided it was finally over.

It was up to you not me to leave.
And suddenly you reappear.
Hoping my life,
Seeks you to fill a need.

Don't you call me no more!
Exploring possibilities,
There is a vacancy.
Empty but you've got the key!

Don't you call me no more!
Exploring possibilities,
There is a vacancy.

My heart is healed and has been relieved.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

My Heart Is In Need

Here it is at one-oh-five.
The air is fresh...
And I'm alive.
Wanting more...
For someone near,
To hear...
My yearning.

Dark with sparkling stars I see.
So clear and quiet...
Are the trees.
No wind to drift...
Or lift a leaf,
No breeze.
To seize me.

I want a touch,
A kiss or two.
From you...
I want this,
To come true!
My emptiness,
Seems endless...
And subdued!
And I,
Am too...
Without you.

Now it's close to 5 A.M.
I'm driving...
And the dawn begins.
I hear birds sing.
The mist appears...
In view.
And you?
Can not undo,
My love!

I bleed emotionally.

And my heart,
Is in need!
Yes,
Deep inside of me...
Is you!
And,
This need!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

My Heart Is Not My Own

My heart is not my own.
You've got too much of it.
My home feels all alone...
Without you there.

I am too aware of you.
What you've done...
I wish I knew,
To remove it!

My heart is not my own.
You've got too much of it.
My home feels all alone...
Without you there.

I am too aware of you.
What you've done...
I wish I knew,
To remove it!

All my nights,
You haunt my sleeping.
And all my days...
I'm close to weeping.

What is it that I must do,
To get over you?
Am I still in love with you?

My heart is not my own.
You've got too much of it.
My home feels all alone...
Without you there.

What is it that I must do,
To get over you?
Am I still in love with you?
I think you know this too!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

My Heros

In the beginning,
I thought you were worth the chase.
But today?
My heros are those
Who wake up with amnesia!

'That doesn't make sense! '

Exactly.
Neither does this relationship!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

My Home Is Not Your Parents' House

Excuse me.
I believe I misunderstood your last comment.
I could have sworn I heard you say...
As long as I do what I choose to do,
Just accept it.
What did you mean by that?

'It's all quite simple.
You do what you want and I do what I want.
What's the purpose for asking questions?
If I am going to choose to do what I wish,
That's exactly what I am going to do.'

Is the look of disbelief still on my face?
And you expect to share my space as room-mates?
Uh...
Excuse me!
I believe I misunderstood 'everything' about you.
My home is not your parents' house.
And I am not into role play.

I hope you got that to get it for good!
Now get out
This is no place for moochers or sponge cadets.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

My Honesty Should Never Offend

Take me as I am.
And while you are at the doing of it,
Keep in your mind,
There is no time will I look to find...
A seeking of your acceptance.
Or an approval after your inspection.
However...
'If' you do decide,
To take me as I am with nothing hidden...
To hide.
Or deceive as a wish to be kept secret,
You will begin to notice...
There will be more about you I will know.
And you will be left to wonder how!
But if you remain honest with yourself,
My honesty should never offend.
Or be questioned for what it is.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

My Imagination Prospers

I'd like to think my mind is kept receptive...
And fresh to accept 'thought'.
Most times my thoughts mold
Holding
To unfold this projected perception,
Coming with the aid of silence welcomed.
And when it does,
My imagination prospers.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

My Insolence

You are wrong.
I do care what I say.
And where it is done I do it.
You are confusing what I say,
With...
When I say it and who is listening.
There is a difference, you know?
And I could care less about that.

You see...
People who may be offended,
And become uptight by my biting...
Were offended and uptight long before I arrived.
They are just attempting to make me an excuse,
To enable them to vent about their quality of life...
While having others believe,
My 'insolence' has tarnished their decaying standards.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

My Interests Have Changed

All of this time,
You knew you had information...
That could have provided me with benefits.
And you never mention this once,
Knowing I would advantage from it.
Why?

'I tried with many attempts.
Remember when you told me,
My interests were not of your concern? '

But why didn't you insist,
I close my mouth and open my ears to listen?

'Remember when you told me,
My interests were not of your concern?
And when I insisted that you listen...
On me your back you turned.
And for weeks,
You refused to say a thing to me?

And the last time I saw you standing on the street,
You told me I aggravated you!
And loudly exclaimed I interferred with your view.'

But I had not known,
Your interests were to my benefit.

'Now you do but guess what? '

What?

'My interests have changed.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

My Interpretation Of Happiness

What I have learned in the living of my own life,
Is this...
To be more involved in the living of it.
With a determination to experience,
My interpretation of happiness.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

My Job

And...
What is it that you are doing?

'My job.'

Your job?
Staring at people?

'No.
You are to be corrected.
I am an admirer of exquisite beauty.
Why?
You don't think I am doing my job well? '

I just think what you are doing is rude.

'Then perhaps you should see to it,
That I get fired.
Or laid,
Off.
Or maybe both.
Send me to your human resources.
If you don't think I am qualified.'

Where on Earth did you come from?

'I feel the same way.'

I really didn't mean it as a question.

'Oh? '

No!
I meant it as a...
Don't you have something else to do?

'You're the boss.
What would you like for me to do for you next? '

You're not doing a thing for me.

'Oh?
So you are saying I'm not doing my job? '

You're doing your job.
But I am not interested.

'So...
You want to get me laid off,
Don't you?
Or fired...
Without benefits.'

In a few minutes I am going to switch from this,
And change my company!

'I see?
That's why so many of us are out of jobs right now.
You use us for what you can get from us...
And then you move!
Taking away with you all the benefits.

I will find another job!
But you?
You are definitely going to miss,
My capable abilities.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

My Kool-Aid Made

Some prefer ice tea.
A Pepsi or their Coke.
Or maybe just Spring water,
To minimize their thirsts.

Some pray for a breeze,
When sweat drips from their brows.
But with Kool-Aid made I make,
I don't mind these 'dog days' few allow.

My Kool-Aid made,
Tastes more like fresh lemonaide.
With concentrated lemon to add flavor.
The Summer August heat,
Spiced with humidity depletes and beats...
But a pick up with my Kool-Aid saves,
The ones who labor.

My Kool-Aid made tastes more like fresh lemonaide.
Here,
Try a sip.
With concentrated lemon to add flavor.
.
And the Summer August heat,
Yeah!
Spiced with humidity isn't sweet.
And my Kool-Aid made,
Picks up those who labor.

.
The Summer August heat,
Yeah!
Spiced with humidity isn't sweet.
And my Kool-Aid made,
Picks up those who labor.

My Kool-Aid made tastes more like fresh lemonaide.
With a 'fruit smack'.
And adding my own lemon to the flavor.

.
The Summer August heat,
Yeah!
Spiced with humidity isn't sweet.
And my Kool-Aid made,
Picks up those who labor.

Note:
My gratitude extended to Edward Perkins and wife Kitty...
Who, in 1927, invented Kool-Aid in Hastings, Nebraska.
Those six original flavors then were strawberry, cherry, lemon-lime, grape orange and raspberry.
The predecessor was a liquid concentrate
called Fruit Smack!

'Thank you Ed and Kitty'
~LSP~

Source: Wikipedia.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

My Leaving To Exit Is Swift

I had been anxious to please.
With a need to do this,
For someone loved.
For someone I thought,
Would appreciate...
My unconditional giving of it.

But taken for granted,
Is not a wish I lived with...
In a quiet desperation.

I am not seeking from anyone...
Fresh oxygen to breathe.
As if from anyone I have this need.
I am quick to stay away,
From polluted air.
And any hint of it I sniff.

I will not tolerate it,
In an atmosphere I share.
My leaving to exit is swift!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

My Life

My life...
Is not one of strife,
But magic.
Within this mental illusion shared.
Detailed with meaning,
Everywhere.

And everywhere,
It is there!
Breeding in a sea,
That's of a vast cosmicness.

A precious gem.
Within a precious gem.
That's within and without...
Description.

This depiction,
Is nonfiction!

My life...
Has to be right,
For this time.
Or why would I find it,
Mysterious?

And dramatic.

With twists and turns,
Numerically graphic.
Perfectly mathematic.
Emphatically glad I am!
And ever so ecstatic.
Yes!
Created by creations created!
Doing this at its best.
To nest within the mind,
Of a divine ego.
On a mission uncontested.

You may call this experience,
Whatever you wish!
But this life that exist,
Is mine!

My life...
I find,
In this time given.
Will be lived.

As it is.

Until it isn't delicious...
In this wondrous animation,
That picks every bit of this that fits.
Sitting from realms no one can touch!
To marvel at all of it!

And you!
And YOU.
And...YOU too,
Are observed and being viewed.
Like sketches on a canvas etched.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

My Life Has Become What It Is

It 'use' to matter to me,
The days of the week.
How many hours I got of sleep.
My privacy and what I felt was discreet.
But as age creeps upon me rapidly,
Those many experiences I've had...
That are now lived as fact,
My life has become what it is.
And I enjoy it.

No longer do I feel,
I have a need to make adjustments.
Or explain to anyone,
What it is I 'have' or 'have not' done.
The proof has been in my doing.
Whether negative or positive,
Or with feelings felt that were indifferent.
My life has become what it is.
And I enjoy it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

My Life Is Not An Exercise

My life is not an exercise,
Kept to practice and rehearse.
With a wish my performance,
Finds someone to believe it perfect.
I am the first to admit,
Blemishes and flaws I have exist.

And mistakes I've made are mine to make.
To learn and from them grow each day,
With accepting life to live as is.
To realize there's much about life that appears,
I have yet to experience or will i pretend...
I was born with the expertise to know!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

My Life Lived Is Not Created From An Assumption

Never will I waste my time,
In argument to define my mind.
With someone who professes to know,
My predicament.
And wish to debate decisions I make...
From their point of view to dissect and undo.

If I say what I've done from my own experience,
Has made a difference in the way...
I perceive and display,
The actions I make!
That has nothing to do with anyone who assumes,
Who I am with a retaliation to influence misunderstanding.

My life lived is not created from an assumption!
For anyone to come along to dump their opinions,
Based upon what they have heard through gossip.
If someone wishes to know what my thoughts are,
They need to come to the source.
And not try to endorse beliefs perceived to deceive.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

My Life To Live

I've been connected!
To every aspect of my life.
I myself accepted.
Regardless of who thought that wrong,
Or right!
From birth I've known the path I walk.
And stubbornly I kept my aim.
I was prepared for rumors and the talk...
Long before my name change,
To label and brand...
The quality of my game!
Played by my command!

Oh yes!
I've been connected!
To every aspect of my life.
I myself accepted.
I've been connected!
To every aspect of my life.
I myself accepted.
Regardless of who thought that wrong,
Or right!
This is my life to live!

What is it on my resumé,
You find it difficult to believe?
Hmmm...?
And I am just getting started!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

My Life Was Loving You

Where are my nights?
My days?
My mind?

When will I find,
You taking the time..
To be here with me?

Suddenly,
I am out of reach.
And you say...
Time you spend with me is not your need.

Maybe you'll believe it,
When my shoulder gets colder.
Maybe you'll believe it,
When I pack up and leave.
Maybe you'll believe it,
When you're gray and older...
My life was loving you,
With love for you to keep.

Suddenly,
I am out of reach.
And you say...
Time you spend with me is not your need.

Where are my nights?
My days?
My mind?

When will I find,
You taking the time..
To be here with me?

Maybe you'll believe it,
When my shoulder gets colder.
Maybe you'll believe it,
When I pack up and leave.

Maybe you'll believe it,
When you're gray and older...
My life was loving you,
With love for you to keep.

My life was loving you,
With love for you to keep.

Maybe you'll believe it,
When my shoulder gets colder.

My life was loving you,
With love for you to keep.

Maybe you'll believe it,
When you're gray and older.

My life was loving you,
With love for you to keep.

Oh, oh, oh and...
My life was loving you,
With love for you to keep.

But there's no more...
Love for you to keep.
No more...
Love for you to keep.
No more love...
Here for you to keep!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

My Life's Begun

I know
About rocky roads
And the dangers that weaken beliefs!
But I've grown...
To learn what I've known,
And to let go
Of misery
And sorrows
Grieving me.
That may come!

With the sunshine in my eyes,
I can see a different world.
When the clouds have gone away.
And I've pulled up my head!

With the sunshine in my eyes,
I can see a different world.
When the clouds have gone away.
And I've pulled up my head...
With love that's much to give!

I know
What it means
When others try...
To see me cry.
But I don't stop with a heart that drops,
To shatter in pieces,
With feelings defeated...
Like some!

With the sunshine in my eyes,
I can see a different world.
When the clouds have gone away.
And I've pulled up my head!

With the sunshine in my eyes,
I can see a different world.
When the clouds have gone away.

And I've pulled up my head...
With love that's much give!

I know
About rocky roads
And the dangers that weaken beliefs!
But I've grown...
To learn what I've known,
And to let go
Of misery
And sorrows
Grieving me.
That may come!

I know
What it means
When others try...
To see me cry.
But I don't stop with a heart that drops,
To shatter in pieces,
With feelings defeated...
Like some!

So much more do I have...
To be done!
With my eyes open wide...
My life's begun!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

My Life's Best Pupil

One of integrity
Shows he is accountable
For his actions dependable.
And cool with it
As he walks self-assured.
Conscious of critique and romance.
He has spent his life taking chances.
And his faith has kept him receptive
To his beliefs
Arriving with the blessings of answered prayers.
'My Life's Best Pupil'
He thought he was.
And he learned his lessons well.

Inspired By:
Ronald Stroman
'Thank you, Ronald'
Lawrence

Lawrence S. Pertillar

My Mama Did Not Raise Any Fools

They wished to dig up dirt.
But I was the one,
To reveal that first.
I knew I was far too deep for them.
And while they dug a hole...
Seeking something dark untold,
I was producing an excellence unknown.
To surround and enclose them in!
My mama did not raise any fools.
Although I admit...
I enjoy the act of it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

My Mama Did Not Raise No Fools

Why do I daily,
Make it my business...
To seek and hug a tree?
And ignore those who snicker about this,
With a laughter I can hear..
But choose to dismiss their activities?

Well...
A tree is rooted,
To all that I am.
Without trees with leaves,
We wouldn't be able to breathe.
Or...
Be able to roam greedily leeching,
Believing God has gifted us to be...
Selfish just to exist!

Trees,
Are solid and grounded...
To 'this' Earth we stand upon.
If it wasn't for the dirt from Earth,
Nothing grown from it...
Would be eaten or found.

And IF it wasn't for the assistance,
From the Sun or clouds above...
Not a dropp of rain,
That produces drinking water...
Would for any of us be allowed,
To love.

Have you ever witnessed a fish,
Crawl or limp aided with a walking stick...
Upon dry sand?
Or a man, woman or child...
Live without eating out of Mother Nature's hand?
Have you?
LIES!
No you haven't.

Why do I daily,
Make it my business...
To seek and hug a tree?
And ignore those who snicker about this,
With a laughter I can hear..
But choose to dismiss their activities?

I am connected!
That's correct.
And respect that which assists my existence.
With a feeling that is blessed,
To have within my head this perspective.
Cause my mama did not raise no fools!

Although there have been times,
I will admit I have been foolish.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

My Mama Didn'T Raise No Punk

Let me say this...
My mama didn't raise no punk!
Not when she would slam dunk me,
Away from public view.

Or dared me not to do those things,
She told me to.
Or take my time!
Mama came from the old school.
And she didn't hesitate,
To strike fire to my behind.

Let me say this...
My mama didn't raise no punk!
She knew exactly what she was doing with me.
She raised me to become independent.
Not a chump.

I was raised to use my mind.
And defend my thoughts!
And any gift I got from mama,
Is was bought for me because it was earned!
Like those whippings for my backtalk.
My mama didn't have easy lessons taught.
None that I remember were for me quickly learned.

But over time I did.
Since I didn't like to sit...
On a burned butt after getting whipped!

Eventually they sunk in...
Those lessons.
Deep.
To stay.

If I was ever to become a punk...
It was going to be done mama's way.
With a tormenting whipping,
As she held me,

Screaming...
'I've got it, if you want it.
And you're going to get it good.
What's my name? '

Mama.

'What is it? '

Mama.

'And don't you forget it!
Who's your mama? '

You're my mama, mama!

'That's right!
And don't you forget it,
Not one bit.
Or I'll be back to give you more...
Of some of this.
Don't play with me, boy! '

Dedicated:
My Mother, Edna Pearl Roberts (Prudhomme) Pertillar
And my paternal Grandmother, Clara Louise Countryman Pertillar

'Thank you! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

My Mind Had Been Wasted Many Times

The mind is a terrible thing to waste.

'How would you know? '

My mind had been wasted many times.
And the last time I remember being wasted,
It took me at least three weeks to recover.

'How have you managed to stay sober? '

I remember kneeling in front of a toilet.
Professing my undying love and marriage,
If I was ever able to get back up on my feet again.
To have my head stop from spinning...
To enable me to find my way home.

'What happened to that marriage proposal? '

I don't remember where I was or how I got there.
But I do remember waking up feeling terrible.
And hoping that toilet forgets anything I promised.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

My Mind Has More Of A Youthfulness

Everyday...
This aging 'thing' seems to speed.
Some agitate their way through it.
Reminding themselves,
Nothing about this process
For them is welcomed!
And they are not pleased,
By anything it leaves.

And as I reflect,
Doing my best to accept this process...
I must admit,
Some of it I am not in total agreement with myself.
Although I go through the motions,
I am doing it with much ease!

Okay! I must say...
Sometimes I do get a bit perturbed and upset.
Especially when someone yells, 'Hey, grandpa.
Do you need assistance to cross the street? '
I grit my teeth with a fake smile I release.

Hmmm...
Is it noticeable,
My gait appears to be slower and more noble?

Everyday...
This aging 'thing' seems to speed!

And I sit on a nearby bench,
To gather my breath and gently breathe.
Wishing the aches and pains that come with aging...
I could put to rest.
Knowing my mind has more of a youthfulness,
That my body, on certain days...
Could care less what my mind forgets!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

My Mind Is Far From Narrow

Certain images revealed to express,
You and others may not accept.
Few do when something new,
Comes into view to be introduced.
And yet, like all things inspected,
The day comes when you and others too...
Learn to accept what has been expressed.

Nothing comes to exist until it is noticed.
Making life to experience fresh.
Although some rejection is expected.
Like steps first to take without falling,
Seldom prevents one...
From successfully walking.
To then talk about how it had been done,
With others already achieving it to believe...
What had been accomplished is not one's own.

Certain images revealed to express,
You and others may not accept.
Few do when something new,
Comes into view to be introduced.
And yet, like all things inspected,
That becomes ordinary and part of life...
Many then become protective,
As if to disbelieve...
What they accept had at one time,
Been rejected.

'Remember those preferences you had,
Before we met?
I remember to me they were expressed.
As if you were trying to impress me.
What happened to them? '

~I expanded my beliefs,
That day I walked into a tree.
To know it was you in my view,
Who had changed all my perceptions.~

'Oh?
So 'now' you confess it? '

~If I begged you to accept me,
You would have thought of me to be a fool.~

'No. Not really.
Remember...
I came to you to ask if you were okay.
You should know by now,
My mind is far from narrow.'

~And...
What is 'that' suppose to mean? ~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

My Mind Is In A Poetic Meter

Lit with verse and profound imaginings.
Clear of limits and in boundless flight.

My mind is in a poetic meter.
Fixed within rhythmic thoughts combined.
And racing to attach themselves to the proper lines.
Picked with a selected taste to find,
Just the right mixture to release at the right time.
To capture a comprehension that is mutually shared.
And creating an understanding that before was not there.
Until it was produce to seduce,
To make aware.

My mind is in a poetic meter.
Can you feel it?
My mind is in a poetic meter.
Can you feel it?
My mind is in a poetic meter.
Can you feel it?
Can you can you feel it?
Can you can you feel it?
Can you can you feel it?
Can you can you feel it?

My mind is in a poetic meter.

Lit with verse and profound imaginings.
Clear of limits and in boundless flight.

Can you feel it?
Can you feel it?
Can you can you feel it?
Can you can you feel it?
Can you can you feel it?

Fixed within rhythmic thoughts combined.
And racing to attach themselves to the proper lines.

Can you feel it?

Can you feel it?
Can you feel it?
Can you feel it?
Can you feel it?

My mind is in a poetic meter.

Picked with a selected taste to find,
Just the right mixture to release at the right time.
To capture a comprehension that is mutually shared.
And creating an understanding that before was not there.

My mind is in a poetic meter.
Can you feel it?
My mind is in a poetic meter.
Can you feel it?
My mind is in a poetic meter.
Can you feel it?
Can you can you feel it?
Can you can you feel it?
Can you can you feel it?

My mind is in a poetic meter.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

My Mind Is Not Design To Only Address The Best

My mind is not design to only address the best.
Although I try to hide it...
My thoughts sometimes are dirty!
My mind is not design to only address the best.
Just like the rest,
I do enjoy raw recipes!

I select what's on my mind all the time I do.
With a purpose and a meaning,
And how it's done too!
I select what's on my mind all the time I do.
With a purpose and a meaning,
And how it's done too!

My mind is not design to only address the best.
Although I try to hide it...
My thoughts sometimes are dirty!
My mind is not design to only address the best.
Just like the rest,
I do enjoy raw recipes!

Some choose to be their own enemy.
Not me!
With wishes to impress.
Just to leave some people guessing.

With me what you see is what you get that's it!
I'm not the one to sit around because I do not fit.
Or be chosen by debate.
To prove myself worthy!

My mind is not design to only address the best.
Although I try to hide it...
My thoughts sometimes are dirty!
My mind is not design to only address the best.
Just like the rest,
I do enjoy raw recipes!

I select what's on my mind all the time I do.

With a purpose and a meaning,
And how it's done too!
I select what's on my mind all the time I do.
With a purpose and a meaning,
And how it's done too!

And when it's good to me I get numb.
Sometimes dumb...
If I'm running from a gun!
And when it's good to me I get numb.
Sometimes dumb...
If I'm running from a gun!

My mind is not design to only address the best.
Although I try to hide it...
My thoughts sometimes are dirty!
My mind is not design to only address the best.
Just like the rest,
I do enjoy raw recipes!

My mind is not design to only address the best.
Sometimes it's numb.
Sometimes I'm stunned...
If I'm running from a gun!

My mind is not design to only address the best.
Sometimes it's numb.
Sometimes I'm stunned...
If I'm running from a gun!

My mind is not design to only address the best.
Sometimes it's numb.
Sometimes I'm stunned...
If I'm running from a gun!

My mind is not design to only address the best.
Sometimes it's numb.
Sometimes I'm stunned...
If I'm running from a gun!

My mind is not design to only address the best.

Some choose to be their own enemy.
Not me!
With wishes to impress.
Just to leave some people guessing.

With me what you see is what you get that's it!
I'm not the one to sit around because I do not fit.
Or be chosen by debate.
To prove myself worthy!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

My Mind Will Not Allow You To Escape

Don't ever use me to lie,
To defend your insecurities.
My integrity,
Is not appreciative of that.

Do not get yourself entrapped,
By the use of those acts.
You will not enjoy the outcome,
If done! And that is a fact.

Or the consequences,
I decide to apply.

That turn the other cheek business?
God knows I have a problem,
In the doing of it!

My mind will not allow you,
To escape unscathed.
As if what you have done to me,
Has my endorsement.
And is okay!

It isn't!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

My Ministry

Whether or not the delivery is liked or despised,
This...
Is my ministry.
My calling inside of me that has arrived.
This 'thing' that I do...
That leaves me often surprised.

Not from a pulpit is my ministry preached.
Not from street corners am I seen doing outreach.
And not with long winded lectures,
From behind podiums do I teach in a drone.
To bore to put those I witness to sleep.
Until I notice all heads nod and I am left alone.

And just 'today' like a bolt of lightning it hit me.
This gift I am blessed to possess 'called' poetry?
Is 'my' ministry.
This gift is my 'calling' with a duty to do.
Whether or not the delivery pleases...
For others to accept or leave to do as they choose.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

My Muse Is My Niche

I have never been that amused,
To question the purpose of my fingers.
Or stopped to focus on my toes.
I have two eyes and ears kept open wide.
And a mouth I keep closed.
Well...
I do 'try',
To learn more than I know...
To enliven dull conversations.

I've been determined to keep my interests intact.
There was no one who suggested,
I should or shouldn't do 'this' or 'that'.
Or hovered over my back with heated breath.
In fact...
A few who thought of me stubbornly confused,
Made attempts to guide me offtrack.
But my muse is my niche not to preach but produce.
And provides me the satisfaction I need that seduces.

'Does that muse you niche reaches to teach? '

Does a peach with fuzz buzz or just cusses just to fuss?

'What? '

Exactly!
What is the purpose of your statement?
To bait debate?
Or fuse with a fool you believe me to be?
My muse is my niche and I perceive it as unique.

'My feet are on the pavement.
And from you I am going to leave.'

That's satisfaction guaranteed if you ask me.

'Who asked you?
Stick your muse up your 'unique' niche.'

Consider it done.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

My Native American Brothers And Sisters

Hoe nah håy.
Hoe nah håy...
Nah nah nah.
Hoe nah håy nah nah.
Hoe nah håy.

Hoe nah håy.
Hoe nah håy...
Nah nah nah.
Hoe nah håy nah nah.
Hoe nah håy.

Hee my oh aye ah mah nay nah nah.
Hey my oh my nay mah nah.

Hee my oh aye ah mah nay nah nah.
Hey my oh my nay mah nah.

Hoe nah håy.
Hoe nah håy...
Nah nah nah.
Hoe nah håy nah nah.
Hoe nah håy.

If I could,
I would bring the stars to you.
And the sounds of the universe...
I'd do that too!

If I could,
I would bring you eternal peace!
And the joy of a lifetime,
For you to keep!

Rejoice in all that nature is for you.
Blessings to you God does give.
The Earth with all its treasures,
Shares that too!
And here as if to gift,

Your life with happiness.

Hoe nah håy.
Hoe nah håy...
Nah nah nah.
Hoe nah håy nah nah.
Hoe nah håy.

Hoe nah håy.
Hoe nah håy...
Nah nah nah.
Hoe nah håy nah nah.
Hoe nah håy.

If I could,
I would bring the stars to you.
And the sounds of the universe...
I'd do that too!

Hee my oh aye ah mah nay nah nah.
Hey my oh my nay mah nah.

Hee my oh aye ah mah nay nah nah.
Hey my oh my nay mah nah.

Rejoice in all that nature is for you.
Blessings to you God does give.
The Earth with all its treasures,
Shares that too!
And here as if to gift,
Your life with happiness.

Hoe nah håy.
Hoe nah håy...
Nah nah nah.
Hoe nah håy nah nah.
Hoe nah håy.

Hoe nah håy...
Nah nah naaaah.
Hoe nah håy.

Dedicated and Inspired By:
My Native American Brothers and Sisters.
Wherever you are.
And representing all tribes.

Note:
'I did not use a specific language.
I felt this from my heart with sound.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

My Needs Are Yours

My needs are yours.
Although our desires,
May be on separate shores.

When you crave and hunger,
For a life to satisfy your appetite.
I too am there...
With an unquenching thirst.
Hoping that a nourishment,
For us delights.
Never from us to slowly desert,
Or without a moment's notice...
Instantly abandons!
With a sudden flight disliked.

My needs are yours.
Although our desires,
May be on separate shores.
I taste with you in my thoughts.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

My Needs Not Met

I'm manifesting something brittle.
Something needing special company.
I fiddle-faddled in the middle.
And weakened both batteries.

I'm manifesting something brittle.
And I'm seeking from you empathy...
Cause my baby has had it with me.
And now I find myself...
Walking up and down the streets.

I'm manifesting something brittle.
Something needing special company.
I fiddle-faddled in the middle.
And weakened both batteries.

I'm manifesting something brittle.
And I'm seeking from you empathy...
Cause my baby has had it with me.
And now I find myself...
Walking up and down the streets.

Never thought I'd be the one.
Living on the streets.
Disbelieving...
And living on the streets.
And seeing...
Living on the streets,
My needs not met!
Living on the streets.
And regretting.
Living on the streets.

Never thought I'd be the one.
Living on the streets.
Disbelieving...
And living on the streets.
And seeing...
Living on the streets,

My needs not met!
Living on the streets.
And regretting.
Living on the streets.

Never thought I'd be the one.
Living on the streets.
And seeing...
Living on the streets,
My needs...
Living on the streets,
My needs not met!

Never thought I'd be the one.
Living on the streets.
Disbelieving...
And living on the streets.
And seeing...
Living on the streets,
My needs not met!
Living on the streets.

And regretting.
Living on the streets.
And my needs not met!
Living on the streets.
And my needs not met!
Living on the streets.

Never thought I'd be the one.
Living on the streets.
Never thought I'd be the one.
Living on the streets.
Never thought I'd be the one.
Living on the streets.
And my needs not met!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

My Neighbors Are Envious

There is a benefit to aging,
I 'never' thought in my wildest of dreams...
I would discover provides comfort and satisfaction.

Not only am I single and live alone,
I've come to enjoy the multiple and unique conversations...
I can have without once being interrupted.

And I can tell my neighbors are envious,
Because each time they see me outside...
They always look at me from the corners of their eyes.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

My Next Crave

The only thing you 'could' deny me,
Would be my next crave to desire.
And how the craving of it,
Manages to stay important to me.

I am on a path that has its own,
Unknown tasks I have yet to greet.
And thus far my journey,
Even leaves me surprised.

And 'if' you have the ability,
To deny me of being surprised...
You are also blessed to be the keeper,
Of every miracle I have lived to witness.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

My Obnoxiousness

There is nothing I've done...
You are now discovering,
I had not already known.
With a clarity and understanding.

It was implemented,
With a consciousness involved.
Tested for effect,
And perfected to heighten controversy.
That was a must.
An ingredient involved.

Did you think I would do anything,
Without prior testing?
How do you think I can become this obnoxious?
This is 'my' obnoxiousness,
I wish to sit and settle within your mind!
Do you find it needs to be a little more tweaked?

My dear,
Come here and let me make this clear!
Come sit.
This is no accident or secret kept.
I've spent time doing my best,
To attract your disgust!
And to shake you into a sweat...
That leaves your eyebrows arched.
If they are not,
I get upset.

I want you so sick of me...
Until you are addicted!
And your addiction to my obnoxiousness,
Has got to be the only obnoxiousness you expect...
With a rage you accept and enjoy!
That is my goal I've produced to employ!
Don't tell me now it is 'not' unique.
Don't tell me now your toes don't curl on your feet.
And every hair on your head does not stand on edge?

Until you steam and make this pledge...
'I can't 'stand' what he says! '
I want that as your motto.
I want that in your head!
What more can I say that I have not already said?

Now go...
And bring me more clients!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

My Obstacles

Who's way would I have had,
To do it another way instead of my own?
With a knowing my way had been unpaved,
And beset with impossibilities...
Others mentioned to make me afraid?

I must admit,
There was no other way I would have picked.
Whether or not someone else had expressed interest.
Or had said how foolish I was with a wasting of time.
And that time I wasted had been on an easy task,
That I chose to find.
With my voice only heard in my mind.

Who's way would I have had?
If I had not done it my own way to do?
There is no one I now know or then knew,
Who would have chosen a view unpaved...
Feeling obligated to remove obstacles,
To save themselves from a doing of it...
Better or with a patience to produce,
With a proving that I could and did to do.

And myopic I might have been,
But my obstacles have proven to be good friends.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

My October Surprise

Finally I am feeling a sense of regularity.
Absolutely nothing like this have I felt in years.
And I do not attribute this to a change of diet.
Although I must confess,
I do...
However,
Feel I have been blessed...
By letting everything that had let upset me,
With a constipating effect...
Go!
And that,
Is My October surprise to myself.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

My Old Lover

I've yet not recovered...
From you,
My old lover.
No!
I've yet not recovered...
From you,
My old lover.

I find you right here on my mind,
When under covers.

I find I'm giving you my time,
When with another.

Although there's someone new.
Someone that is not you...
But another!
I sleep with.
And here,
As my lover.

I find you right here on my mind,
When with another.

I find I'm giving you my time,
With another lover.

Why are you on my mind?
When you told me to find,
Another...
To discover,
Since we didn't have each other.

I've yet not recovered...
From you,
My old lover.
No!
I've yet not recovered...
From you,

My old lover.

Although there's someone new.
Someone that is not you...
But another!
I sleep with.
And here,
As my lover.

Although there's someone new.
Someone that is not you...
But another!
I sleep with.
And here,
As my lover.

I've yet not recovered...
From you,
My old lover.
No!
I've yet not recovered...
From you,
My old lover.

My old lover.

My old lover.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

My Own Stranger Sometimes

I am my own stranger,
Sometimes.
I have no clue what I would do,
Under any circumstance.
My activities on a daily basis,
Are not planned.
I tried that!
And something or someone,
Created a rescheduling.
To excuse with alibis...
Apologies and perhaps lies,
As to why what could have happened...
Could not!
I use to watch myself react.
And heard myself curse!
With eyes bulging.

I am my own stranger,
Sometimes.
I have no clue what I would do,
Under any circumstance.
But today...
I try to be more selective.
Calm and meditative.
It is a practice I repeat...
Whenever I make public appearances.
I keep my mind 'medicated' that way...
To ensure that other side of me remains peaceful!

I am my own stranger,
Sometimes.
That's why I do not invite anyone to upset me!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

My Own Voice

I had heard them in the distance,
Defining for themselves...
Beliefs to accept.
And within my heart,
I had to keep moving forward.
Because in my mind,
I had found my own voice.
And it took a long time,
To comprehend.
With a giving to it my total attention.
And accepting my fate was to stay,
Walking in faith.
To observe it being validated.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

My Peace Isn'T Going Anywhere

However you work that situation out,
You will have to work it out to face your doubts.
And,
To your own satisfaction.
Think of it as a self maintenance.

I am through,
Playing games of tag with you...
At the cost of losing my patience.
Knowing an advice I give,
You think of it as being negative.

And when my patience goes,
So does my peace of mind.
And between you and me...
This peace I have received,
Isn't going anywhere!

REPEAT!

My peace,
Isn't going anywhere.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

My Place

My place is not where you put me.
Or decide I should stay and remain.
Neither do I have requests,
You may be prepared to accept or reject.
But this place I have been given,
Has been a gift from God, The Almighty.
And for 'whatever' the reason,
I feel I am here to please the wishes of God...
Accuse HIM and not 'me',
For a doing of this selfishly.
Afterall,
In 'my place'...
Only one shadow do I cast.
Until this experience from me passes away.
And in my place I will stay,
To know it as a blessing.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

My Psychic Observation

I don't understand what their problem is.

'Me either.'

They made the decision to get college degrees.
And sought positions with titles,
That brought them prestige.
Then became qualified for home loans that provided,
A suburban life to live...
With picket fences and impressions to give.

'And remember how they would drive,
Those expensive cars they drove?
With a doing to do it slowly to then turn up their noses.
And rode around not to stop or offer us a ride.'

Yes.
That's why I don't understand,
What their problem is.

'Well...
We did choose to live basically.
Knowing what we claimed to own,
Could be re-possessed.
We did choose to live basically.
With an emphasis and interest,
To invest our minds in our happiness.'

Do you think their version of happiness,
Has made them today upset?

'You got me.
I know when I get upset about 'anything',
I either walk or take a bus.
Or stay away from other people.
I rather not share that feeling to be alone.
To careless who is or isn't impressed by it or not.'

Check it out.

Now they are rolling their eyes at us.
And we are minding our own business,
Waiting for a bus.
What's up with that?

'Oooohhh.
Something owned has been re-possessed.
I'm sure of it.
And that's why they are upset.'

How do you know that?

'My psychic observation.
Plus being around children,
And knowing what devastates them.'

Taking away their toys!

'Exactly.
I see you've been working on your psychic abilities.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

My Romance Is Not A Part Time Job

My romance is not hard or odd.
Since I've got it to give.
It's here for you...
And it lives.

My romance is not a part time job.
Full time!
You-are-on-my-mind.

You've got to know...
My romance is not hard or odd.
You've got to know...
My romance is not a part time job.
You've got to know...
I'll sweat.
Because I can't let you go!

My romance is not a part time job.
And I'll sweat.
Because I can't let you go!

My romance is not hard or odd.
My romance is not a part time job.
My romance is coming from my heart.
And I'll sweat!
Since I can't let you go!

My romance is not hard or odd.
My romance is not a part time job.
My romance is coming from my heart.
And I'll sweat!
Since I can't let you go!

And I'll sweat!
Since I can't let you go!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

My Screw You Poem

Please?
Comeon,
Please?
Please!

Look...
You are not that good anyway!
I am only begging,
Because I find it to be convenient.
So...
Don't get it messed up in your head.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

My Secret Licked Lip Keeper

Be my nights!
Be my morning star,
And destiny to me.

Be my appetite.
Be the tasty treats,
In everything I see.

Be whatever it is you wish...
And I hope you know this is,
My licked lip keeper.

Be the reason I hoop.
And holler with the ecstasy you give.

Be repeated on a loop.
You'll never wear me out...
Since I'll stay your main reaper!

Be whatever it is you wish...
And I hope you know this is,
My licked lip keeper.

Whatever it is you wish,
I hope you know this is my secret licked lip keeper!

Be my nights!
Be my morning star,
And destiny to me.

Be my appetite.
Be the tasty treats,
In everything I see.

Whatever it is you wish,
I hope you know this is my secret licked lip keeper!

You 'bees' my secret licked lip keeper!
You 'bees' my secret licked lip keeper!

Be whatever it is you wish,
You've got to know...
You 'bees' my secret licked lip keeper!
And-I'm-so-glad-I am-the-reaper!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

My Service To This Country

If there is any experience I've had in my life,
I am most proudest to have accomplished.
Would be my service to this country,
In the military!

In the military,
I experienced true friendship.
Strict discipline.
And was taught 'why' and reasons,
I should and must respect.

The men and women from all walks of life,
Were dedicated and loyal.
And all could trust what was done,
Was to benefit the cause...
Of what was correct and upright!

Those without this experience,
Seem to be superficial, selfish.
Lacking a self respect and/or common sense.

And the military is the only institution,
Where young people grow...
Acquiring a maturity not on the common man bestowed.
And those who treat the ones of military experience...
As people who protect their interests,
And then can easily dispose.
Make foolish judgements based on temptations and whims.
And their insecurities are taken for granted!
And this clearly shows.

If there is any experience I've had in my life,
I am most proudest to have accomplished.
Would be my service to this country,
In the military!

And glad upon my life,
This has been bestowed!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

My Slate Is Clean Of Miseries

There is a joy in me I know is seen.
'Cause I'm not uptight.
Looking for a fight,
No!

And if I do have any enemies...
May they live an afterlife,
In a realm that's more acceptible.

I've wiped my slate clean of those miseries.
None I wish to carry,
Or marry to be

I've sliced and diced all that away from me.
And I wont slit my wrists...
To bleed in dripping pity!

There is a happiness in me increased.
With a peace of mind I own,
Straight from sorrows I'd adopted.

I've had to learn to be away from disease.
To figure my life out.
And weed away all nonsense,
From my reach.

There is so much joy seen in me that's deep.
'Cause my jaws are not uptight,
Looking for a fight.
No!

And if I do have any enemies,
May they live an afterlife...
In a realm that's more acceptible.

And if I do have any enemies,
May they live an afterlife...
In a realm that's more acceptible.

And if I do have any enemies,
May they live an afterlife...
In a realm that's more acceptible.

And if I do have any enemies,
May they live an afterlife...
In a realm that's more acceptible.

I've wiped my slate clean of their miseries.
None I wish to carry,
Or marry to be
I've wiped my slate clean of their miseries.
None I wish to carry,
Or marry to be
I've wiped my slate clean of their miseries.
None I wish to carry,
Or marry to be

I've wiped my slate clean of their miseries.
And none of that will chip away my peace!

There is a joy in me I know is seen.
'Cause I'm not uptight.
Looking for a fight,
No!

There is a joy in me I know is seen.
'Cause I'm not uptight.
Looking for a fight,
No!

There is a joy in me I know is seen.
'Cause I'm not uptight.
Looking for a fight,
No!
My slate is clean of miseries.

'Cause I'm not uptight.
Looking for a fight,
No!

My slate is clean of miseries.

Cause I'm not uptight.
Looking for a fight,
No!

My slate is clean of miseries.

Cause I'm not uptight.
Looking for a fight,
No!

My slate is clean of miseries.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

My Soul Is Not For Sell

Hmmm...
Let's see.
You wish for me to pick,
Which belief...
I find less deceiving?

'Yes. Yes. Pick, pick.'

Okay.
I pick...
What are you doing?

'Just providing to you,
Some incentive.'

Is that a REAL stack,
Of one hundred dollar bills.'

'Oh. Wait a minute.
I almost forgot.
Also...
Here is an 18 carat gold watch.
Now pick.'

I pick...
The belief that is less impressive.

'Why?
Why that one? '

My soul is not for sell.

'Nonsense.
Eventually,
You will find that belief...
Worthless.'

That may be true.
According to you.

But the peace I will keep,
And have earned...
Is priceless.
And...
If I were you,
I would not bet on...
Which belief I keep will prevail.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

My Steps With Few Exceptions

For some reason,
I've enjoyed being accused...
For those things I did not do!

I guess knowing who it is I am,
Eventually exposes those accusers...
For the liars I know them to be!

And not a dropp of sweat,
Drips from a heated brow.
None from my face I will allow.

That kind of nonsense does not upset me!
I've had too many experiences,
To get me standing on my own two feet.

And my steps,
With few exceptions...
I make conscious efforts to ensure they are correct.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

My Succotash Is So Bad

My succotash is so bad!
It's the best you'll ever have.
My suc-co-co-co-co-co-co-co tash,
Is bad!

My succotash is so bad!
It's the best you'll ever have.
My suc-co-co-co-co-co-co-co tash,
Is bad!

Take a sauce pan.
And oil it with olive oil.
Not too much.
Add a half cup of water.
With some garlic to taste.
About a tablespoon of brown sugar.

~That's the key ingredient,
For my succotash tastin' so good! ~

Then...
A dash or two of salt and pepper.
I like the heat of cayenne!
How about you?
Simmer this with onion.
I like Vadalias.
Slice a couple of 'garden' tomatos.
Just one green pepper!
Cover this for about ten minutes.
I like my seasonings to get acquainted.

Now...
Take between three and five ears of corn.
Strip the kernels off the cob.
Add them to the mix.
Lower the heat a bit.
You will know when this is ready.
Trust me.

My succotash is so bad!
It's the best you'll ever have.
My suc-co-co-co-co-co-co-co tash,
Is bad!

My succotash is so bad!
It's the best you'll ever have.
My suc-co-co-co-co-co-co-co tash,
Is bad!
My suc-co-co-co-co-co-co-co tash,
Is bad!

Enjoy!

~...we gather together to ask,
the Lord's blessing...~

Note:
A *Narraganset Indian recipe.
Introduced around 1751.
It was then called msickquatash
and was a mixture of lima or shell beans
with green corn cooked together 'originally'.

*American Indian people of Rhode Island

Lawrence S. Pertillar

My Tasks Are Deeper Than That

It is not from a core,
Heated with an ego...
I wish adored.

My tasks are deeper than that.
My approach to life,
Keeps my ancestors intact.

It is not for adulation,
I crave to taste.
Or applause to acknowledge,
I have talents gifted...
From an unseen higher place.

My tasks are deeper than that.
My approach to life,
Keeps my ancestors intact.

It's a fact I respect my ancestors tracks.
I feel their spirits around and in me.
As if from one tree...
I am a limb with them attached.

I am here to succeed.
Not to accept defeat.
Or feed frustrations,
That stagnate my reach.

My tasks are deeper than that.
My approach to life,
Keeps my ancestors intact.

Impatient with waste.
And with those who procrastinate.
No excuses do I make...
With those who fake life.
And seek ways to escape.

I am here to succeed.

Not to accept defeat.
Or feed frustrations,
That stagnate my reach.

And no emotional limitations,
Will interfere with my deeds...
In a preventive escalation.
That within me,
Gets no empathy.

I'm not here to sob and weep,
To have insecurities of others...
Stop this stride in a movement I keep.

I am here to succeed.
Not to accept defeat.
Or feed frustrations,
That stagnate my reach.

And it is not from a core,
Heated with an ego...
I wish adored.

My tasks are deeper than that.
My approach to life,
Keeps my ancestors intact.

It is a fact I respect my ancestors tracks.
I feel their spirits around and in me.
As if from one tree...
I am a limb with them attached.
And these deeds from me I promise to deliver!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

My Technique

I am not perfect.
I have flaws.
And they are there in public view.

I have long been under a microscope.
By those who pass judgement,
And scrutinize too!

What makes you think I wish to hide,
Anything from you?
I've been raised to expect critique.
That's why I don't charade or masquerade!
Like many choose to do!

I live to be 'free'
Of the displeasures of others.
And that is my technique!
That suits 'me' and I use.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

My Time Given Seeks No Reward

A stain has been left on it.
A path I pave.
I suspect someone,
Has taken it for granted.
Believing it easy...
To chase me away!

My time given,
Seeks no reward.

Footprints are all over it.
And trashed by disrespect.
Although none of this was expected...
I accept this with regret.

My time given,
Seeks no reward.

To move forward is a personal quest.
Obstacles challenge.
And they will be faced...
With the best from me,
Unseen yet!

My time given,
Seeks no reward.

I am not motivated,
By spotlight!
Or applause.
Nor am I awed,
By my own accomplishments.
Those things done...
Are released.
Not stored.

My time given,
Seeks no reward.

I continue to be 'me'...
Even when I am ignored.
I choose to adventure.
I choose to explore.

And in 'this' time given,
I do not seek to reach for reward.
My mission is not to sit with impatience.
Or wait for an approval...
Until I am bored.

My time given,
Seeks no reward.

Nor do I rush to aboard a ship,
Not of my accord!
To agree or reconcile with to fit!

My time given,
Seeks no reward.
And I will not investigate,
The slithering movements...
Done to deceive by a snake.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

My Tolerance Level

Once allowed I did,
The sitting to simmer...
In an acceptance of nonsense.
I believed in the doing of this...
I would be considered approachable.
And given much more respect.
With a diminishing of unneeded stress.
But the more of it I would get.

Today my tolerance level has a quota to make.
With an unmistakable 'zero' to achieve.
Fake platitudes and pretentions too,
Have no impressions on me to leave.
And nothing attempted by anyone will I let slip by.
Deleted from my peace are disguises tried.
My own corrupted ideals I had to let go.
Since my tolerance level is aimed to get to zero.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

My Toys

I have instructed someone else,
To play with MY toys!

'Instructed?
Why don't you just give them your toys? '

I want it understood that they are mine...
When and IF I decide I want them back.

'Why 'those' toys? '

Gee...
I hadn't thought of it.
I guess the real reason is...
Those were the only toys they selected.
AND...
I now find that myself to be strange.
Because...
IF they had 'not' selected 'those' toys...
I would have given them away,
Anyway.

I hate to be intruded upon!
Especially by those making demands,
With high expectations.

Oh well...
My mind goes 'cuckoo' on me sometimes.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

My True Talent

Let me put this in perspective for you.
Are you ready?
This journey began in 1952.
I was 5
When I announced I needed to take lessons,
To pursue my ambitions.
There was no 'stage mother'.
No overindulgent father.
There were gifts given to me by God.
And I knew it!
Just like I do today.

Does that clarify my arrogance for you?

Either way...
I still feel obligated with a patience,
To continue to tolerate your ignorance.
And 'that' is my true talent!
A blessing that curses and irritates me both.
But God knows where I would be...
Without Him, Her or IT and patience.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

My Uncle Gay

I can not say in a way,
That would for anyone be understood.
But I have an uncle named Gayhall,
Who stands for me very tall.

A minister he is,
With a wife Pamela and two adorable kids.
Well...
They are no longer 'kids'.
Two beautiful women I 'should' say.
Nicole and Tiffany...
Each with a uniqueness,
Anyone can see.

Although my Uncle Gay,
Has been sick of late.
I hate the fact that he's like that.
But what can I do,
Besides pray from my Uncle Gay?

I 'see' him getting better,
Each day as I 'visualize'.
I want his health to return to him.
Because he is very special,
In my eyes.

I love my aunts and uncles...
As 'if' they were mine!
And...
Hey,
They are 'mine'!
Well...
Let me define what it is I want God to do!

'God,
I know for a fact...
You are with me all the time!
But...
Will You heal my Uncle Gay?

Right 'now'!
And...
Today! '

Dedicated to:
My Uncle Reverand Gayhall Pertillar.
Harrisburg, Pennsylvania

'Love you, Uncle Gay...
Pam and 'kids'.'

Nephew Larry

Lawrence S. Pertillar

My Useless Foolishness

Explicit are the thoughts I get,
When alone and thinking...
What it was I let slip,
From my impatient...
And youthful fingers.

And now I sit with these memories,
Aged by a maturity...
I wish I had then,
When a past so clearly reflects...
My useless foolishness.

So much I today miss,
That can not be in circumspect corrected.
So much I today miss,
Has affected my current and welcomed,
Patience.

Explicit are the thoughts I get,
When alone and thinking...
What it was I let slip,
From my impatient...
And youthful fingers.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

My Version Of T'Was The Night Before Christmas

So...
While the children were sleeping,
Snug in their beds...
A fat man dressed in a red suit,
Trimmed in white fur...
Began to sneak around the house.
And your very protective grandfather,
Got his favorite baseball bat...
And began to beating that fat man in the head.

The policemen arrived,
And took your grandfather away.

When the children awakened,
Not a toy was in sight.
And all the children living in the ghetto,
Got a reality check.
Learning to go to sleep...
Without believing they will hear reindeer,
On the roof...
The night before Christmas.

'Honey?
Why are our grandchildren crying? '

~I read them my version,
Of T'was The Night Before Christmas.
They are too old to be thinking,
They will be getting something for free.
When we have spent our retirement money,
To keep them fantasized.~

'Couldn't you have found a better way,
To break the news to them? '

~No! ~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

My Way

I was made early to be aware of my uniqueness.
And the feeling of being distanced.
But my curiosities about life...
Had too many questions.
I had asked them.
And I wanted them answered.

And I am very demanding...
If I am here to fulfill the will of my Father...
Somebody is coming up with some answers.
And I am not in the mood to play....
'Let's blindfold the ghost chasers'.

'Feeling a 'little' touchy?
Like 'you' da only one, huh? '

No, Father.
It is not like that at all.

'Then wassup?
What's goin on with the 'mope'?
Snap, crackle and pop out of it! '

I was made early to be aware of my uniqueness.
And the feeling of being distanced.
But my curiosities about life...
Had too many questions.
I had asked them.
And I wanted them answered.

And sometimes, my Father...
I think You are the one there,
For play.
At our expense.

'Let's just say...
I prefer things done My way!
Thanks, Frank...
For delivering My sentiments,

Exactly!

I'm out...From Brutha G!
Welcoming you to have your peace.
Delivered to you on the Inside!
Where I am 'in' and 'out' as well!
Butr now...
I'M Out! '

It was Paul!

'Paul?
What are you talking about? '

Anka. Anka!

'And...
Is it still not MY Way? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

My Wishes Would Be Limited

What I want...
Has a lot to do with you.
If I was not inspired,
By your desires...
My wishes would be limited.
I admit that.
And it is true.

You provide an insight,
That enlightens.
And brings a brightness to my heart.
You may not be aware of this.
You may even dismiss it!
If I should address or mention it!

Yet...
What I want...
Has a lot to do with you.
If I was not inspired,
By your desires...
My wishes would be limited.
I admit that.
And it is true.

I may not be on your mind at all.
And that is not a request,
I sit with in wishes.
However you do it...
And by the way you get that done,
Has a quality.
And for me from you...
That is all I need!
You 'are' who you are.
And that alone feeds me.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

My Words

My words...
May not present a cent,
To make a difference in your rent.
Or pay on a single bill...
Nagging creditors to you have sent.
Nor will my words...
Put meals down on a plate.
To taste and appreciate,
What I've made and promised to make.
But my words for you written,
To be read and digest...
Come from a place I'm hoping,
Satisfies better...
Than any dessert you have had yet.

My words are meant for you,
To comprehend and understand...
From an uncommon point of view.

Negativity kept to feed upon,
Will more discourage than nourish...
Anyone with a mind that seeks,
Thoughts to think repeatedly...
On self defeating as a feast.
And...
Will be served just the way,
One expects to accept...
Life to live,
On thoughts like these.
Daily fed to feed upon.

'Why is 'my' life,
Constantly provoked...
By anguish and negativity?
Why 'me' all the time?
Why is my mind confined? '

-hmmm...
Maybe you've grown accustomed,

To setting your table...
With familiar utensils.
And you can not face...
Your need to replace,
Hospitality...
For a more focused purpose,
On the reason you question.
Yet...
You have no answers,
To your 'why(s) ' to untie...
From denial.-

Lawrence S. Pertillar

My Work Ethic

I make what I do look easy.
So naturally,
Those who believe they know me...
Think there is no effort applied.
And insist I could get a real job,
If I tried.
And they have real jobs they despise.

And I can say,
My work ethic is real.
I am devoted to what I do.
And with me that is the appeal.
I may not have money they can respect.
Or finances to purchase what I wish for next.
But there is one thing I know no one with me can bet...
I wont be seen shopping at the mall seeking a happiness.

And I can say,
My work ethic is real.
I am devoted to what I do.
And with me that is the appeal.
So naturally,
Those who believe they know me...
Think there is no effort applied.
And insist I could get a real job,
If I tried.
And they have real jobs they despise.

And nothing that I do with this passion I have,
Can I describe or categorize!
And everyday what I do to do it until it gets done...
I feel grateful to be blessed,
With a happiness I can regard as fun!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

My World Too Was Small

Let me clarify.
I do understand.
My world too was small,
At a time.
But then I decide to live my life.
And I began to notice the trees.
Curious about their patience I became.
Involved I wanted to be.
I even had aches and pains I chose to ignore.

I do understand.
My world too was small,
At a time I felt smaller.
Now that I have been 'connected'...
I feel blessed to be part of its evolution.
And I can not describe how tremendous that is!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

My World/Your World/Our World

I have accepted your comments made to me,
That I live in my own world.
And I've learned not to argue but agree.
However...
Don't you believe you should more address,
Your world.
And the mess that it is in?
Or has denial blinded you?

And keep this in mind,
It is our world...
Needing the attention.
Not specifically me you seek to demean.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

My Worth I Already Know

I am not one so quick
To pass my friendship around.
Or solicit acceptance
From those with frowns.

I know my feet are planted steadily,
On the ground.
With other clowns!
In pretense.
That this circus lived...
Strains from decadence.

And cheerful smiles,
Should be passed around.
Even if one is feeling down.

No!
Uh-huh.

I am not one so quick
To pass my friendship around.
Or solicit acceptance
From those with frowns.

No!
Uh-huh.

No plastic mask,
Will I snap on fast.
Just to convey...
Others find me 'okay'.

No!
Uh-huh.
Not me.

I'm not willing to release my peace...
To gain that kind of entry!
Not to pay a fee,

To be found worthy.

My worth...
I already know!
And it is freed of masquerade.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Myopic

Coasting myopians with their narrowed visions,
May view the world from a perspective fixed.
And less experienced,
Than those who have reached summits...
To have done it with eyes wide and open.
Exploration to adventure and being inquisitive,
Can be assets of those who are people like this.
If they were interviewed and asked about it.

But something about being narrowed in vision,
Is ultimately positive.
Since the ones inflicted with myopia...
Are seldom heard debating,
In attempts to convince what they observe to witness...
Should be valued and accepted as common sense.
When common today is a senselessness.
And represented more by confusion and conflict!

'Aren't those confused and living lives in conflict,
Suffering from myopia too?
Stubborn and narrow with their points of view?
And none of this nonsense is common.'

Well...
Let's just say,
Those who are truly myopic...
Would be envious of your common sense.

'I'll accept that.
Only if you mean that as a compliment.'

To admit I am myopic?
I'd rather change the topic.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Myopic Odyssey

Myoptic odyssey.
Optic in its oddity.
I have you in my view to explore,
Unintended.

Myoptic odyssey.
Voyage of a wandering mind.
Not seeking specifics to conquer.
But time meant for me you to find.

I saw you and thought you a goddess.
A goddess from another shore.
Someone I felt remembered.
Although we've never met before.

I saw you and thought you a goddess.
A goddess with a tight locked door.
Someone who had not been valued.
And not trusting love anymore.

Optic in its oddity.
I feel where you have been.
Optic in its oddity.
My odyssey with you can end,
To begin...
A mending together to know love,
As it should be known.

I saw you and thought you a goddess.
A goddess from another shore.
Someone I felt remembered.
Although we've never met before.

Myoptic odyssey.
Optic in its oddity.
I have you in my view to explore,
Unintended.

My odyssey with you can end,

To begin...
A mending together to know love,
As it should be known.

I saw you and thought you a goddess.
A goddess from another shore.
My odyssey with you can end,
To begin...
A mending together to know love.

I saw you and thought you a goddess.
A goddess from another shore.
My odyssey with you can end,
To begin...
A mending together to know love.

You brought brought an end,
To a myopic odyssey.
My own.
To think I would journey alone.

You brought brought an end,
To a myopic odyssey.
My own.
To think I would journey alone.

You brought brought an end,
To a myopic odyssey.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Mysterious Is This Gift

Whatever it is kept,
We keep to believe...
Nothing about how we breathe,
Changes.
Nothing about that,
Has changed to be done.
And no one has presented,
A re-invention of it.

Whatever it is kept,
To believe...
Nothing about life to live is guaranteed.
No one who has received life,
Can say to claim...
They have a warrantee.

Life!
Mysterious is this gift,
Of life.
The more it's lived the less is known,
Of life.
And on paths we travel fast.
As if our journeys to do alone,
Slow with it shown...
We all run out of gas.

Life!
Mysterious is this gift,
Of life.
The more it's lived the less is known,
Of life.
And when we're young we don't believe,
The life we have will from us leave.

Nothing about life to live is guaranteed.
No one who has received life,
Can say to claim...
They have a warrantee.

Life!
Mysterious is this gift we get,
Of life.
And some who live it take for granted,
Their lives to romance to enhance...
Life.
To live as if forever.
Life.
Life.
Life.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

'Mysteriously' Blown A Fuse

The biggest problem people keep in their minds,
Not to leave...
And they believe others seek and need,
Is the giving of their unsolicited opinion.
From a point of view that skips over,
An overdue self examination mired in deep denial.
And entangled with delusions to praise,
Most today are afraid to eliminate.

Few on the move and with business prioritized to do,
Are not doing this with wishes to please anyone.
That is...
Anyone not within the scope of their mutually shared,
Interdependent necessity deemed dependable....
Between themselves to agree.

And those deluged with requests,
To have their noses stuck up in affairs not theirs...
Aren't dealing with reality.
And that's where the core of their dilemmas lie.
As if on-a-call and stand-by status.
With a staying in a mental decay that wont go away,
Because of a fear someone will judge...
With an increasing dose of their undiagnosed anxieties,
Releasing their insanities to validate by those,
Already exposing to show their own 'abnormalities'.
To excuse when one of them has 'mysteriously' blown a fuse!

'He represents standards we value.
How could this ever happen? '

Uh...let's see.
Could it be...
Those standards we value?

'Naw.
Not here!
That's not a possibility.
Where can you honestly say,

You see the appearance of any flaws? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Mysteriously Released

As if hands greased,
Many are beginning to realize...
Lives they planned with schedules,
And priorities...
Slips freely from their grip,
To be mysteriously released.

Those with lists of preferences,
Are wishing they knew...
What the next five minutes will bring.
And everything that had been sacred,
No longer guarantees...
Once stable and dependable traditions,
To rely upon with a familiar singing.

As if hands greased,
Many are beginning to realize...
Lives they planned with schedules,
And priorities...
Slips freely from their grip,
To be mysteriously released.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Mystery Hunt

The only game there is
In a place small enough to play it...
Is the one so completely obvious
Those involved are given clues,
To help them solve the puzzle!
Hopefully avoiding the need
To build additional prisons
And new schools few attend!
Especially for those who believe
The game being played is Mystery Hunt!
When there is no 'mystery' for those who see it!
And the hunt is barely a foot chase,
To catch a fleeing turtle!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Mystifying It Can Be

Mystisfying it can be.
And it is!
This life...
To love to live or dislike,
Will have...
Its ups and downs with changes.
And this life...
To love to live or dislike,
Never stays the same...
No matter who claims it.

Mystifying it can be.
And it is!
Love comes.
Love goes.
A love that stays forever,
Has yet to be bestowed.
And this life...
Is given so we'll grow.
Even though some people may,
Do it too slow.

Mystifying it can be.
And it is!
Some live to fight.
Some live for peace.
And some choose not to open doors,
In fear from them to leave.
And it hurts,
To come to distrust neighbors...
Believing they'll deceive us,
With this kept to perceive.

Mystifying it can be.
And it is!
Why people claim a reason,
To demonstrate...
A hatred shown to others,
Without it erased.

And it hurts,
To know this is true...
That some people who live,
Have been taught this to do.

Mystifying it can be.
And it is!
Love comes.
Love goes.
A love that stays forever,
Has yet to be bestowed.
And this life...
Is given so we'll grow.
But many are the people...
Stuck between a hatred and love.
So many people,
Stuck between a hatred and love.
Too many people,
Will choose to hate and fight against love.
And why do people,
Think they can have peace without love.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Mystique Giver

Mystique giver.
Living to love life,
From Sunrise to midnight.
And teasing with delight to excite.
Has been born to explore and not ignore,
That which others may fear to adventure.
The unknown!
With a proving it shown it should not be feared.

Yet the mystique of the giver living to love life,
With an appetite for surprising uptight minds...
Confined to labels and definitions,
Seeks to redefine unwarranted acceptance to restrictions...
Limiting beliefs.
And eventually the mystique giver living to love life,
Survives through the critique when eyes are widened...
By those awakened from a deep unconscious sleep.

The mystique giver delivers and they soon wake up.
To realize and to recognize they've had enough...
Of restrictions.
And all the fiction.
The mystique giver delivers and they soon wake up.
To realize and to recognize they've had enough...
Of restrictions.
And all the fiction.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

'Mythed' And Missed By Elders

One day,
And not too distant from the future...
When the existence of reality,
Is believed to be 'mythed' and missed by elders...
Remembering it as it slipped away,
Hopefully there will be mavericks...
Ignoring they've been called misfits.
Who will research and discover...
Artifacts from a time when their ancestors,
Made attempts to live honestly.
But those deluded eliminated truth.
And 'perhaps' with this discovered,
The youth will establish truth to pursue...
As something 'new' to do and fashonable too!

'WHERE did you get THAT?
I 'love' it.'

~I'm calling it 'truth'.~

'TRUTH?
I love it.
Where can I get it? '

~I'm not going to tell you.~

'Oh, comeon.
Don't be so selfish.'

~Okay.
But you have to promise me,
To keep it to yourself.~

'I will.
You know me.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Myths And Legends

Some people are saying...
They are afraid one day to wake up,
And not see an America they recognize!

Perhaps they do not realize this...
But they have been asleep for a very long time.
And an awakening occurring tomorrow,
For a return to yesterday...
Is not a recommendation.

Not for those already fantasized,
By myths and legends!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Myths Come To Wither

Myths come to wither.
With a beaming at dawn,
When the morning Sun arises.
And leaving nothing else to shine quite as bright...
As cloudy skies clear,
To widen the squinting of eyes.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Nag 'Em Back

Back from the sinking,
That kept them drinking thinking.
And feeling much defeated.
But now back on their feet!

Beat up on the streets,
With pity pleas that fed them.
Standing and now freed...
And released from pity,
That kept them pleased.

Nag 'em back!
Nag 'em back.
Removed from the traps,
That held them under attack!
They now nag back...
With their dignity intact.
Making strides with clear sharp eyes,
With lives freed of fiction...
And insecure addictions!

They nagged them back,
To get their lives.
Despite the fact,
They were criticized.
They nagged them back...
To get back on track!
And not one who had been undone...
Felt a need to apologize!
Wishing to defeat,
A struggling battle that begun!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Naïve About Life

Respect given,
With it a shown humility...
Should never be interpreted,
By anyone receiving it...
As a doing of this done,
Coming from one inexperienced.
Or naïve about life.
To not be familiar with sacrifice.
But chooses with a choice made,
Not to use this truth...
As some kind of device.
With a manipulation premeditated,
For the purpose to entice.

Nor should a respect one gets,
Be thought of and considered...
To be a weakness perceived.
So many do this to teach negativity.
As a means to bring one 'down-to-Earth'.
With it intented to inflict,
A 'reality' needed one has missed.
Or 'assumed' one has lived,
On a bed spread with roses without thorns.
And some think it their duty,
To stick it to them until their kept delusions...
Have been chased away and permanently gone.

Useless lessons already learned and taught,
Yet thoughtlessly believed...
By those who perceive themselves better teachers,
Often discover in times too late...
Foolish, stupid 'and' naïve people perceived,
Aren't the ones on the otherside of a closed gate.
People respecting to do patiently,
Sometimes hide the fact they pocket the keys.

'Excuse me...
Is it possible,
Hypothetically speaking...

That anyone could forgive,
An ignorance displayed towards them.
Done to do for more than three or four decades,
Can forgive to forget?
Is 'that' a possibility? '

~Well...
Hypothetically speaking,
That all depends...
On who did the tolerating of it with patience.
And who decides to forgive with it to forget,
When such ignorance for them to tolerate...
With a disrespecting displayed should end.
However...
Hypothetically,
Embarrassments to face...
Are much more easier to forget and erase.
Than being harassed with faces attached.
To have them remain 'hypothetically' remembered.~

'And? '

~I will leave you,
To 'hypothetically' think about that.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Naïveté

I can understand why some people are perceived as naïve.
I once believed everything I was told.
Never thinking anyone would have something up their sleeve.
Or be as cold,
To make attempts to deceive.
Or be as bold.
But did if they could!
Making me distrust...
When as a child as I grew up,
In my neighborhood.
Trying to be 'good' with a lingering innocence.
But feeling duped and stupid.
With a naked sense of vulnerability.
And doing my best...
To keep that and my curiosity protected.

I was an unusual child!

And those were the rough years.
When people said anything to impressionable kids!
And I did my best to try to tell the difference.
I tried to keep my awareness hidden...
By the silly things I often did.

Those times today...
Don't seem that far away.
And still there are people who dupe others.
Either to get under someone's sheets...
Or lie sweetly to get something wished as a treat!
And not being discreet about these transgressions at all!
Playing on the minds of those known to show kindness.
And caring less how they get what they get when they get it!

But in the end...
Their failures come to light!
Becoming the ones stunned...
When their lives come crashing to a fall!
Becoming the ones proving they too can look dumb!
And reacting with naïveté...

When they are the ones passed,
By others observing them as they crawl!

It just appears as something natural that they do!
Who knew...
They just enjoyed the screwing done?
And not getting it in return too?

'Do unto others,
As you would have them do unto you.'
Isn't that 'old' saying said yesterday...
As good today and just as true?
But I must admit,
They do look out of place.
Looking pitiful as they do the 'boo hoo'.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Naked As A Jaybird Observing Them Blued

It's falling apart...
Quicker than their suspicions,
Can point fingers.

It's falling apart...
Quicker than Chicken Little can seek shelter!
Quicker than a lie can leave deceiving lips.

And they are in denial still.
Defending it,
With looks that could kill!
As truth stands in front of them...
Naked,
As a Jaybird.
Observing them blued...
From all of their useless squawking!

It's falling apart.
Those secrets glued by delusions.

It's falling apart.
Backstage antics revealing tactics,
Of backstabbings done and other tricks...
By hallucinating misfits,
Exposing their slick sickness.

It's falling apart.
Foundations with cracks avoided,
Now attacking!

And even at the start of this...
Some chose not to dismiss,
Their evilness!

And now this bites them in their rears!
As they run...
With their hands upon covered ears...
Stumbling to crawl to protect,
Clouded eyes full with tears.

And this they can not witness.
Since this begins to break all hearts!
Knowing everything they've touched,
Begins to fall apart!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Name It To Claim

Like it to name it AND aim it to claim.
Whatever it is the dream you wish.
Whatever it is you dream.

Keep your mind focused on it AND commit.
Whatever it is the dream you wish.
Whatever it is you dream.

Minds kept focused on those dreams that are wished...
Makes impossible the possible.
Minds kept focused on those dreams that are wished...
Makes impossible the possible.

Like it to name it AND aim it to claim...
Makes impossible the possible.
Whatever the dream you wish wanted to get...
Find the time to keep your mind on it.

Name it to claim.
And keep your focus the same...
To witness wishes to be possible.
Name it to claim.
Keep your focus the same...
And you will witness wishes possible.

Like it to name it AND aim it to claim...
And you will witness dreams are possible.
Name it to claim,
And impossible is possible.

And what is wished with your focus kept on it,
To not think thoughts of what's impossible...
Will be yours,
To not think thoughts of what's impossible.
Name it to claim,
To not think thoughts of what's impossible,
Will be yours,
To not think thoughts of what's impossible.
Name it to claim!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Name Tag (Empty Whispers)

This name tag worn to wear.
Has little to do,
With what it has taken...
For you to notice,
My comfort of it.

Empty are your whispers.

I have heard it stated,
A name tag represents...
Definition of a meaning meant.
Like an assignment,
To something designed.
As if the doing of this,
Qualifies purpose.

Empty whispers validate,
Available vacancies.
And a dusting of unused space.

A name tag to have,
Is like a label to adorn.
But represents not,
Who it is that feels...
The giving to it a dignity.
Significance and pride.

Empty whispers,
Are often shallow and dense.
Void of thought.
And absent is common sense.

This name to bear,
And tagged with consent.
Would have never been known...
To condone,
If time had been wasted...
On assumptions.
Or comparisons others take,

To contemplate...
In their empty whispers,
Who it is with a name to know.
Not to know at all.

Empty whispers will always be,
What is represented,

To have heard but not, Observed...
Shown to see.
And yet embellished to believe.
For those seeking,
A name to call...
Their reason and purpose,
Suitable enough to fit.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Named And Stamped With A Brand

Limited interpretations,
Appeal only to those who are appeased.
And kept they are to view their lives,
Manifested to accept that which symbolizes images.
And what for them an image represents.
With a keeping of images limited to interpretation.

And if a depiction in their minds can not be defined,
It is dismissed as worthless.
Until a place for it is found to be labelled,
As an entity to be named and stamped with a brand.
To then be sold as a needed commodity.
With a familiar repeating done of subliminal marketing.

'Whew! What a relief.
We thought we had to accept it as is.
Having its own separate identity.
And that would be too mind altering,
For the limits we have set for our beliefs.
And right now we can not afford expansion.
It's difficult enough as it is to maintain 'some' control.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Narcissism Is A Sickness

Narcissistic are those sick,
Who seek a power that they get.
To then believe they are above all others,
Doing as they wish.

Narcissistic are those sick,
With self interests they see fit.
And no matter who they use,
They don't see themselves as being fools.

Narcissistic are those sick,
But they think they have a gift.
Until exposed it shows them weak,
With temptations pleased in kept secret.

Narcissism is a sickness.
But those with egos don't see it.
They see themselves as gifts.
With a doing as is wished.

Narcissism is a sickness.
But those with egos don't see it.
They see themselves as someone's gift.
To get and please whatever is wished.

Sex and entitlement.
To get and please whatever is wished.
Sex and entitlement.
Narcissism is a sickness,
With a doing as is wished.

Sex and entitlement.
To get and please whatever is wished.
Sex and entitlement.
Narcissism is a sickness,
With a doing as is wished.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Narcissistic Tasks (Baited To Cater)

Narcissistic tasks endeavored,
To prove with threats...
Egocentrics limited,
To their own self interests.
And attention to get.
Is an unhealthy mentality,
Kept possessed to obsess.
With a baited to cater,
To ignorance.
Although believing to inflict,
Devastation permits...
Those just as thoughtless,
More opportunity...
To infest with a manifested,
Stupidity left uncontested.

Narcissistic tasks,
Baited to cater.
Does not end bigotry.
Or a hatred that divides.
Narcissistic tasks,
Only supplies...
Those who survive,
Opportunities to forget...
A greatness to enforce,
An endorsement of it.
Repeated again.
To leave...
Another civilization,
Baited to cater threats.
Until death to vow...
Narcissistic tasks allow.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Narrow Is This Kind Of Mind

Narrow is this kind of mind,
Who 'assumes' its own behind...
Can be placed in one's view easily.
And observed to be significant,
When there is a hint of a sodom sleazed.
One is assumed to have done to please.

The only thing that is projected,
Are thoughts of neglected hygiene.
Filthy and unclean.
Especially if one's underwear...
Is prioritized and seen,
As an appealing 'asset'.
Appearing in public scenes.

If pants can slip and dropp quickly...
What respect is left to pride?
When none is obviously kept inside!
Can one expect to receive what's not accepted.
Especially when one condones self neglect.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Narrow Vision

No interests do I have,
To revive useless concepts.
The time was ripe when they were fresh.
And your acceptance of them now,
Will not 'update' their effectiveness.

You chose to ignore the signs of change.
You did this because you thought I was there,
To make a name.
There to boost my own ego.
Or to produce an advancement of fame!

Guess what?
I had 'that'!
Long before you knew!
Much longer than you have been awakened.
Did you think your tired acts,
Would stop me in my tracks?

And I needed you...
For some personal dream,
That I wished with you pursued?
I am giving!
But not that sacrificial.

I've been motivated to move forward,
For too long!
And you've been there,
With your nose up in the air...
For all the wrong reasons!

Reflecting the benefits,
Of a quality of life...
Uplifting all insights.
You have totally ignored,
By your narrow vision.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Narrow Vision Gone

You complicated...
A basicness of life,
We lived.

Whether you had meant it.
It now has been cemented.

And you often found...
A reason to persist,
With this!

Whether you had meant it.
It now has been cemented.

And I feel inside,
It is better just to leave you alone.
With your narrow vision...
Gone!

And I feel inside,
It is better just to leave you alone.
And not condone your moans.

You complicated...
A basicness of life,
We lived.

Whether you had meant it.
It now has been cemented.

And you often found...
A reason to persist,
With this!

And I don't want to listen 'cause...

I feel inside,
It is better just to leave you alone.
And not condone your moans.

I feel inside,
It is better just to leave you alone.
With your narrow vision gone!

Whether you had meant it.
It now has been cemented.

I feel inside,
It is better just to leave you alone.
With your narrow vision gone!

Whether you had meant it.
It now has been cemented.

I feel inside,
It is better just to leave you alone.
With your narrow vision gone!

Whether you had meant it.
It now has been cemented.

Whether you had meant it.
It now has been cemented.

I feel inside,
It is better just to leave you alone.
With your narrow vision gone!

It has been cemented.
With your narrow vision gone!
It has been cemented.
With your narrow vision gone!
It has been cemented.
With your narrow vision gone!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Narrow, Shallow And Mundane

Narrow, shallow and mundane.
Many have decided to resist this and split.
And not try to make any sense of it.

A peace of mind obtained,
If it can remain sustained...
Should be valued and claimed.
Along with a name that is not defamed.

To sit and witness a twistedness,
Is not healthy to absorb to maintain in one's brain.

See the narrow, shallow and mundane,
As a motivating factor to quit.
To allow the Sun to lift,
From a drenching rain.
It is possible to live life without conflict.

Separate from those,
Who have made this their reality.
They are in a collective mix.
And fixed...
To being narrow, shallow and mundane.
What more proof does one need of it?

Is there reason to argue this with them?
Is it?
Unless there is an enjoyment received from abusiveness?
Is it?
Along with the name calling that has no shame.
Is this something one should miss?
Is it?

Is something with the others who insanely accept,
In a gleeful derangement set in mindsets to exchange...
That addicting?
Is it?

So much so it can not be forgotten and left to leave,

To rot.
What is the need to feel attached to that?
Why can't these afflictions if not wanted...
Can not be dropped and stopped?

What is it with 'this' that is so hypnotic?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Narrowed

So much I want to see you grow.
But not with a holding onto your hand.
Some folks hold on much too long.
To discover,
No one accepts, comprehends OR understands...
Nothing around them.

Although feel entitled to make demands.
They do.
Without making a movement from where they stand.
This is true.
And where they stand is on changing land.
With a movement too.
Land that changes,
No matter who stands making demands to command.
And...
So many refuse to observe a wider view.

And they choose to keep visions,
Narrowed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Narrowed Perceptions

Sheltered and narrowed perceptions accept,
Success and achievement one expects to get...
Is a doting done by someone who comes,
To flatter them with comments done...
With an increasing of an ego that feeds,
On a feasting releasing adored and idol praise.

'Of course,
All of this is nonsense! '
Retorts the one who player hates.
And continuing to say with hints of jealousy...

'None of that which I do,
Can take place without strict discipline.
Or without focused determination too.
Since little time is given to reflect,
On the wearing of titles to puff up one's chest.'

~These medals I wear are heavy around my neck.
Would you mind carrying a few of them,
To enable me to stand up straight and correct? ~

'What do I look like to you?
A coat rack? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Nasty, Dusty, And Filthy Without Guilt

Nasty, dusty, and filthy without guilt!
There is not another way to describe,
Folks lost of identity.
Stripped of integrity AND their pride.

And people who have chosen...
To assist in the pushing of their futures aside,
Will find themselves in the sharing of an abyss...
Wishing this kind of ignorance,
They ignored to condone!
They gambled and parlayed.
With lips closed and silent.
As their existence drifts...
Aimlessly,
Away!

There is nothing else to say,
To those choosing to be undisciplined.
And caring less to comprehend...
Listen and/or obey!
Especially,
When the odds are not in their favor!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Nation Builders

Even those carrying pails of sand,
Would be considered nation builders.
To bring a pride and gleam to their land.
And restore a sense of dignity.
Whispered by many,
As a need to progress...
A much needed unity,
Professed digresses.

In a collective motivation,
To renew and rid them of stagnation.

However...
There are too many among them,
Who perceive that kind of effort...
As an introduction to diminish them to laborers.
An act of slavery!
Many see as not being free.
Free to come and go as they please.

And this, to them, is absurd!
They then refuse to hear another word.
Or validate and comprehend,
Anything at all...
That might bring enlightenment to them.

With no opportunity to voice their opinion?
With no opinion addressed to be heard?

~Who on Earth do 'they' think we are?
Cattle?
Sheep?
Animals in a blinded herd? ~

And already the rumors and innuendos,
Have stopped them in their tracks.
Some have started a petition.
Detailing their objections...
Not only to that!

But also...
To the quality of sand.
And the color and sizes of the pails,
To be carried and hauled.
Who would do the scheduling?
And what hours can be expected?
What about the pay?
Would good pay wages prevail?

And how would this activity,
Produce their needs and feed traditions...
With customary holidays.
Could time away,
Be used as vacation and/or sick pay?

So the people decided to sit in defiance.
Waiting to be approached.
And hopefully to be given time,
To debate their concerns....
Many have stated they will dispell.
And reproach.
To do this well.

'These are just plans suggested.
To rebuild and prosper.
Not yet to manifest! '

~At whose expense and benefit? ~
Remarked the respected elder of the village!
Standing with folded arms.
On a dirt path in protest.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Native Born

I love it when I am approached by someone,
Who is totally oblivious to my attachment...
To my ethnicity that is affliated with my appearance.
I want to be identified as a Blackman of pride.
And dignity.

There are many who are of African ancestry,
Who are still in debate about that.
I've never been puzzled about the issue.
So whenever I am approached and questioned,
How does it feel to be a Black man living...
With feelings that are isolated?
I have to ensure I respond to that...
With a confirmation someone with a consciousness,
Has indeed asked me that question.

Since it should be obvious,
I have a head full of hair dreadlocked for a reason.
And one of them is not to keep what I feel hidden.
I have already been a 'Negro'.
I am an American.
Native born.
Like my daddy and my momma...
And their daddies and mommas before them.
And...
I am extremely proud of my Indian heritage as well.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Natural Is A Blooming Done

Many have surpassed,
Those levels of thought...
They had in the past,
With others shared...
And remembered.

Natural is a blooming done,
That happens.
Changes of each season.
Come to leave,
And not to stay.

No one should feel offended,
By the occurrence of this!
But there are those who are,
Believing they have been dismissed.
And maybe they are!
Not understanding...
There is a naturalness the comes,
To everything that blooms to grow...
With a leaving that is done under the Sun.

Many have surpassed,
Those levels of thought...
They had in the past,
With others shared...
And remembered.
But...
There is a naturalness the comes,
With a leaving that is done...
Under the Sun,
That no one keeps to remain...
With a sameness maintained.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Natural Light

There is nothing wrong in seeing life,
From your perspective and point of view.
That has never been a question I presented to you.
I just have questions why you should have a need,
To constantly borrow my flashlight.
By now your decision to live in darkness,
Seems to be something you are not familiar with.
Or one you are trying to pretend,
Makes more sense than the one I have chosen.
The one I am comfortable in.

And I am to be convinced...
Your way of life is right and envied?
And for you makes tremendous sense?
And you tell me I'm the one in need of therapy?

If I am going to have shadows around me...
The sun is going to be above.
Natural light.
Nothing I need to borrow.
Or discuss its value...
As I stumble around to find my way.
I've done that.
Charading then in masquerade.
No one could tell me I was not fabulous.
A breath of fresh air.
But the staleness of my routine helped me to awaken.
You still have not arrived.
And that's okay.
Either you will...
Or you will kill yourself!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Nature Will Begin To Isolate Them

The inventions of fear,
And their assorted methods used...
Have begun to backfire in the face,
Of those deceiving and creating this pace.
Nature will begin to isolate them.
Revealing their anti-human status.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Nature's Commodities

Are you not?
Am I not?
What have we both forgot?
Nothing upon this Earth we see...
Is without meaning.
A purpose has been dropped.
We have not picked that up.
Stopping to perceive,
We are deities of royalty.
Deciding who is better.
But like leaves that fall from trees...
We are nature's commodities.
And if you delight in the bleeding of another's blight...
Your blight will come to be believed.
In a way you would not for yourself conceive.
But it comes.
What nature discards,
Will be ours to witness as its received!
Are you not?
Am I not?
What have we both forgot?
Nothing upon this Earth we see...
Is without meaning.
A purpose has been dropped.
We have not picked that up.
Stopping to perceive,
We are deities of royalty.
And those crowns can not be worn better,
Than the breath of life assisted by trees.
Without them our disgust with each other...
We would not be allowed to breathe.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Naughty Bought

They were taught,
They ought to learn.
To invest in a consciousness...
Valued and earned.
To be self respecting.
And reject temptations yearned.
But being naughty bought them,
Into the spotlight.
And they sought attention!
They could not be swayed away,
Or from it turn.
And that is why...
They choose to expose breast, nipples and thighs,
For fun!
Realizing they are paid when they are done.
In places where urges stray!
And 'hopefully' there are no priests...
OR satisfied nuns,
In the the darkness getting 'some'!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Naughty Minx

You naughty minx.
Do you believe for one moment...
I can not see through,
Your teasing high jinx?

Do you think I'm that naïve...
Not to realize your scheming plan.
Just because we recently met.
And I have given you a key,
To my apartment...
To entertain your newly acquired friends.
I know what all the men come here for.
And I'm not fooled by you,
Nor by them!

You're not friends at all.
I've been told by those whispering in the hall...

I've already been told,
You all will be meeting like this twice a week.
To plan a family reunion.
To strengthen your relationships.
And cousins you are...
Meeting like this!
And those squeaks leaking from the bedroom...
Are sound effects,
To have me believe something else is going on!
And you believe I am that stupid?
I will never doubt your love for me.
Now...
Are you all related on your mother,
Or father's side?

'Each one of us was adopted.
That's why our love is that much more meaningful.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Navigating

The worse thing about stumbling,
Is trying to make it not appear
As a fall!

Some folks do this successfully,
Behind closed doors...
Singing flat,
To mend wounds on soured backs!
Warming bruised egos,
In shower stalls.

Others find themselves on knees,
Pleading to God,
To release them quick...
From paybacks returned,
As lessons learned received...
By the evilness of their deeds,
Coming to sit for prolonged visits!

While those who know,
That falling down shows...
Getting up,
In full public exposure...
Removes remorse,
Many inflict and endorse.

But if divorced from this prevails...
The navigating one does,
Prevents a life of great deeds
Others believe
Will leave one stunted...
Accepting to fail!

And this can not be done,
For those who dedicate themselves
To winning!
Ending the beginnings...
To see themselves in traps,
They perceive that can not be overcomed!

(Dedicated: To all who attend Capital Community College. Located in downtown Hartford, Connecticut. I decided not to dwell on the loss of my son, Michael Lawrence Demetrius Pertillar Who passed away October 11,1970.)

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Near The Vines

Roots and from them their vines,
Can be found around us at anytime.
To be discovered uncovered.
If it is wished them to be noticed,
To come and go.
Before, during or after...
A show to watch around the clock.
Never ending to stop the obvious.
Found just around the corner,
From the hustle and bustle...
Seen between the overflowing,
Of every street block growing.
With entwined minds blown.

But one with an open mind,
No longer limited to be confined...
Can at anytime find,
Better tasting grapes to pick.
To sit and eat them,
With a permitting to do it...
Away from a hectic pace,
To rejuvenate.

And an unwinding mind sees it clear,
Others rushing around...
Trying to find ways to exit and escape,
From a maze driving them crazy.
While seeking not to be eaten,
By sneaking fattened cats.
Chasing frantic rats slowing their pace.
Within a maze too dazed...
And too caught up not to notice,
An exit near the vines...
Where the grapes to pick and sit,
Will not have those fatten cats...
Expecting chased rats relaxing.
Until they are tired of the craze to leave it,
Behind to go unnoticed.

Near the vines,
And feeling fine.
Like a field mouse and not a chased rat.
Being eaten everyday by fattened cats.

Near the vines to pick grapes.
And not chased.
Near the vines and in the maze.
But not chased.
Coming to go to watch the show.
But not chased.
Watching the cats getting fat on rats,
In the same race...
But not chased to take the bait.
Or become seduced,
To overheard debates by fat cats...
Chasing,
In the maze.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Nearly None Of It Has Been Applied

They were the ones who did not want to know anything.
They chose to be down to Earth.
Not trying to be too involved...
Or considered too concerned.
Not about 'worldly' things,
That is.
There is a comfort supplied in the not knowing of things!

Now they want to know what is going on?
And why things are the way they are.
And when are 'they' going to correct 'their' problems! ?
For them!
The ones who are satisfied in the not knowing of things!

You try to find answers for people like this!
But how can that be done...
When they've dismissed,
All opportunity...
To see things from an adult point of view!
But who knew they had no examples?

And they can not be criticized,
For quoting scriptures they've learned.
But like most things that they have learned...
Nearly none of it has been applied to their lives.

'Those people do that!
We don't do that.'

And all remain as ignorant as possible.
Since that is where they find their comforts!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Necessities And Basic Needs

Rapidly decreasing,
Are those self defeating beatings.
The ones inflicted when people got upset...
Over what others had they saw and wished for,
They could not for themselves get.

Ceasing are those jealousies,
And tantrums thrown by pests of bad habits.
Slowly growing to show are necessities.
And basic needs are today's realities agreed.
For many unfamiliar but being introduced.

Rapidly decreasing,
Are those self defeating beatings.
The ones inflicted when people got upset...
Over what others had they saw and wished for,
They could not for themselves get.

Ceasing are those jealousies,
And tantrums thrown by pests of bad habits.
Slowly growing to show are necessities.
And basic needs are today's realities agreed.
For many unfamiliar but being introduced,
Without seduction to reduce one into temptation.
And...
We all have experience the expense of that game.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Necessities To Please

People are trying to find ways
To identify themselves.
They try to find it through preferences of sex.
Even purchases of 'things'
To hide their perplexed minds
Behind something another might view,
As a status symbol to preview!
To allow excuses and alibis to sneak through.
Allegations of who is and who is not straight today...
Seems so unimportant and quite blasé!
Molestations are taking place,
In more sanctuaries sacred...
Where more than symbolism is displayed.
The bold and naked seems to be a must,
Folks are lusting.
People are trying to find ways
To identify themselves.
With a worship for more greed,
And necessities to please the eyes of others!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Necessity Craved

Honor those with customs and traditions,
Wasted in not listening.
One day they will come to value this.
And that time spent trying to convince,
A listening done leads to comprehension...
Will no longer become a thing that is rumored.
Or what others do because they believe they are better.
It will become a necessity craved.
Saving lots of time and the need for medication.
And perhaps a segment of the population healed!
With the spreading of respect,
As an unexpected and welcomed advantage.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Need I Say More...

You can choose to pick and peck,
Your petty indifferences with me.
But the way I see it from my perspective,
Is this...
I am not the one threatening to foreclose,
On your home to leave you homeless.
Nor did I loan you any money at all,
To finance a car you can not make installments.
And neither am I,
One of your many creditors...
Attempting to repossess those standards you value.

When I walked away from those agonies,
Those friends I had...
Also quickly left.
And you wish to approach me with your pettiness?
I suggest,
You take me off of your priority list.
And find someone else,
To play 'your' games of reality with.

Remember you told me this...
'You ain't got nothing that would interest me.
You just another broke...'

Need I say more...
Before I go?
And I am glad I am of no interest to you.
And please...
Stop reminding me.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Need Not Look Any Further

Our interests have been,
In the support of our common greed.
Anyone now upset,
About the direction our government has set...
Need not look any further,
Than their own doorsteps!
Those beliefs,
You wish not now to receive as guests...
Have arrived upon your request and invitation!
Regardless if you are not prepared.
You and those who had expressed common needs...
Have chosen what has been delivered!

And you say you seek relief?
There have been those pleading for that...
But as you passed them on their knees,
You ignored their pleas!
To rush and greet your own concerns!
There is a lesson to be learned.
But like all things that are taught...
Some elect to pick from those teachings,
The ones that reflect their choice.
The ones that now infest the air,
With the loudest voices...
Some declare aren't really theirs!
But stare glaring to become denied.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Needed Just One Body

You needed just one body to be close to touch.
You needed just one body to love you so much.
You said you begged and then you pleaded,
But you could not rush,
To love.

You said you wanted to caress,
And cuddle up...
In hugs.
You said you wanted nothing better but to coo like a dove.
But everybody that you met,
Pushed...
And shoved you away.

And I was there to have you cry upon my shoulder.
And, I was there to feel your pain pour from your soul.
But...
You never saw in me someone devoted.
No...
You never saw in me someone to love.

And I was there to have you cry upon my shoulder.
And, I was there to feel your pain pour from your soul.
But...
You never saw in me someone devoted.
No...
You never saw in me someone to love.

You needed just one body to be close to touch.
You needed just one body to love you so much.
You said you begged and then you pleaded,
But you could not rush,
To love.

But...
You never saw in me someone devoted.
No...
You never saw in me someone to love.
Though,

You'd cried and cried and sighed upon my shoulder.
And, the pain from you came pouring from your soul....
For me to hold.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Needed Rest

So overwhelmed to give at times,
I find isolation brings me peace of mind.

To give is to receive.
And in that I do believe.
But a necessity to set limits...
Allows me to feel I should and can breathe freely.
Without jeopardizing my abilities,
Which requires my much needed rest!

Although I may get protests,
From those who perceive...
My abilities are given just to please their needs.

Blessed?
Yes.
But those best lessons I've learned,
Have been the ones I have kept.
And without rest for the mind,
Guess who gets the quality time?
No one.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Needing Details And Specifics

Please don't say you understand,
Because you couldn't.
And I know you don't.

Please don't say you've got my back,
When most of the time...
I don't know where you are at.

When I decided to heal and cure,
From my own hidden agonies...
Knowing they were mine alone,
It was as if folks I had not seen...
Most of my life,
Appeared from nowhere wanting to assist.
I felt something very wrong with this.
And I could not imagine how.
Or why 'now'?

I felt preyed upon by those ready to leech.
Those who saw me again healthy.
And wanted to see,
How quickly they could weaken me.
I don't have to hear people are evil.
Countless are my personal experiences.

When I decided to heal and cure,
From my own hidden agonies...
Nowhere in between my decision to do that,
And my healing process...
Were you seen.
Why didn't you return my calls?
AND you say you understand?

Please don't say you understand,
Because you couldn't.
And I know you don't.

Please don't say you've got my back,
When most of the time...

I don't know where you are at.

And please don't ask what it is you can do for me.
When the only thing I know you can do,
Since you have proven you can do this well...
You are not dependable or accountable for your actions.
And when you are available...
You have said to me you had nothing else to do!
And if I may...
I am going to 'assume' you have nothing else to do?

Well...
I have many things to do.
And one of them is not going to be accessible,
To people like you skilled in playing the role of deceiver.
I've seen that performance too much with a waste of my time.

Please don't say you understand,
Because you couldn't.
And I know you don't.

Please don't say you've got my back,
When most of the time...
I don't know where you are at.
But this is guaranteed?
I know you will not be here and around me.
And THAT I hope is understood,
Without you needing details and specifics.

Please don't say you understand,
Because you couldn't.
And I know you don't.
So never say it again.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Needing Ingredients

Some have a little.
Some have a lot.
And many choose to hide themselves,
Behind boulder and rocks...
With a blocking of their existence,
Nonstop.

Some scribble their riddles.
And some find time to rhyme.
While others disgruntled,
Try to compose their displeasures...
Although they have neither nickle or dime.

And a faking of what one has,
No longer teases the baking of a cake...
To give a taste of what could be great.

And those in the kitchen needing ingredients to mix,
Sit turning off and on the oven...
Hoping someone gets the hint,
They can not prepare to fix for lips...
If supplies are not ther to take advantage of it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Needing Instant Pity

You know I know
You think I'm indecisive.

I know you know
Inside I try to hide it.

Like a river flows so free
Until it empties into the sea.
I wish all the thoughts I had...
Were easy to be seen.
I'm needing instant pity!

You know I know
You think I'm indecisive.

I know you know
Inside I try to hide it!

If I said, 'Here is my life! '
Would you treat me very good?
If I gave you a reason to stay...
Would you promise that you could,
Always treat me better...
No matter what the weathercast?

You know I know
You think I'm indecisive.

I know you know
Inside I try to hide it.

Come what may
My needs are real to me.
I will pray to find another way...
To share with you my secrets,
If you will never leak them in dismay!

You gotta help me chase these storms away.
I hope this wish is bliss...

And not decay!

You know I know
You think I'm indecisive.

I know you know
Inside I try to hide it.

Like a river flows so free
Until it empties into the sea.
I wish all the thoughts I had...
Were easy to be seen.
I'm needing instant pity now.
Can you now instantly pity me?

I can not quit...
It sits and bothers me!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Needing Not A Crystal Ball

It matters not who says or does what,
With claims to remember or to have forgotten...
When flashbacks happen to assess.
And time is there to review and reflect,
One steps in the doing with intent and no regret.

It matters not who confesses to profess,
What was right or wrong and with a consciousness.
If honesty deceived and had been in the mix,
The present that is now lived,
Is not going to change any bit of it to reject.

And anyone questioning a future yet to exist,
Need only to look at what interests they've invested.
And if the same activities attracts them to deceive,
One is needing not a crystal ball at all...
To reveal and believe what for them will be received.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Needing Of Some Loving Done

A needing of some loving done.
Without the pain.
A needing of some loving done.
That is heartache free.
A needing of some loving done.
With foreplay teases to make it best.
And without that madness for special effect.
But slowly approached with the kissing on necks.

A needing of some loving done.
In a mutual agreement to find satisfaction.
A needing of some loving done.
Beneficial and official with a doing made.
A needing of some loving done.
The kind that grown folks know to do,
And not make it quick to get it through...
Or rush to get dressed to do an exit move.

A needing of some loving done.
In a mutual agreement to find satisfaction.
A needing of some loving done.
Naked bodies touching rubbing AND heated to sweat.
A needing of some loving done.
Beneficial and official with a doing made.
The kind that grown folks know to do,
And not make it quick to get it through.

Needing of some loving done.
I am.
Are you?
Needing of some loving done.
I am.
Are you?
Needing of some loving done.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Needing Only The Benefits Of Time

That which is accustomed to nourishing,
And doing this on its own...
Will continue to do so.
Regardless who believes it to be fragile,
Upon their chance discovery of its growth.

That which is accustomed to nourishing,
And doing this on its own...
Will continue to do so.
Regardless who believes it to be fragile,
Upon their chance discovery of its growth.

A growth done unnoticed,
Does not prevent the experience of it,
Because this process is not seen.
The importance of its development,
Is not reliant upon the approval of observation.

And a healing of a wound isn't done,
Under constant surveillance.
An effectiveness to do this has already begun.
Needing only the benefits of time...
With faith and patience to succeed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Needing Structure

A spackling 'now' used,
Will not disguise
The appearance of cracks.
Shouldn't a wall be erected...
Before this is applied to that?
I know the blueprint calls
For an action to take place.
But applying spackle to the bricks...
First
Seems too quick and such a waste.
And yet I understand,
When you say the patience you held
Has slipped from your hands.
But wouldn't it be wonderful...
If you and the rest,
Saw this as a team effort at its best.
And not as an individual quest in a contest?
Perhaps you will find...
That blueprint means more than a bunch of lines.
And minds working together,
Saves accusations traded.
To build upon a foundation claimed,
Needing structure and a purpose...
As well as a name to adorn the frame!
And this you say is a craft you crave?
Which part of it is understood?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Needing To Be Changed

Another ghetto rambling viewed pursued,
In self indulgent observation.
It is there and I feast my eyes.
I share with those of other visions.
Those who believe they are Hollywood fantasies.
No!
These scenes manifest themselves,
From those who create them in Washington, DC.
Administered to implement across this decaying land!
This uniformed conspiracy has been allowed to bloom...
In the ghettos.
Come take a look.
All of you suburban crooks!
Who take resources and blame victims.
But then again...
Your ignorance comes back to victimize.
Well...
Come along.
Let's take a look at your future!

They know them not
And yet they object
To my experiences.
As if they knew them at all...
And better than me.
Engaged in myth and slander.
Driven to pretend existences.
Unknowing truth as it is.
And refusing to accept it...
As it is!
This is not their realities,
As nicknames from childbirth...
Disguise identities.
And adulthood for them never comes.
Everyone wants to remain irresponsible,
And young for life!
Perhaps that is why they allow their men,
To walk around with pants as if they were in diapers...
Needing to be changed.

Grabbing their private parts,
As if they too are in some doubt why it is there!

Tour over.
You may return and await,
Your piece of this pie sliced...
As you pay the price for allowing a lack of discipline,
To entice and entertain an induced seduction...
Delivering nothing but pain without a gain.
Just more of it to come!
Enjoy.
You may be one of those who still can afford,
To make comparisons...
And remain detached.
For now.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Needing To Be Faced

Why are they giving 'you' attitude?

'I guess its' because I did not show up,
At the recent party.'

But...
You didn't get an invitation from them.
They did not ask you to attend.

'Not only that...
I was expected to show up AND recite,
Something I had written especially for the affair.'

That's 'tacky', disrespectful...
And showing no regard for you at all.
And they are giving you attitude?
Why?
That makes no sense at all.

'Well...
I've heard it stated,
They are waiting for an apology from me.'

An apology?
From someone not directly invited?
Everyone who planned that 'situation',
Has a mental problem needing to be faced.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Needing To Be Treated And It's Halloween

You want a love depicted,
That's open free to limits.
With eyes dripping fixed on love.

And everyone you meet,
You want them left believing...
They've been picked to get your touch of love.

But then you creep and sneak and cheat,
Like a vampire seeking...
For anyone to suck them of blood.

You creep and sneak,
Like a vampire seeking...
For anyone to suck them of blood.

'Well...
I'm needing to be treated and it's Halloween.
So let me suck up all of your blood.
I said I'm needing to be treated and it's Halloween.
So let me suck up all of your blood.'

That's ghastly and too ghoulish.

'I'm needing to be treated and it's Halloween.
So let me suck up all of your blood.'

That's ghastly and too ghoulish,
And to me that's just too foolish.

'It's Halloween.
So let me suck up all of your blood.'

That's just for me too ghoulish.

'Let me suck up all of your blood.'

Is this a trick?

'I'm here to suck up all of your blood.'

You're here to trick and I wont be your treat to eat.

'Good.
I just want to suck all your blood.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Needled To Mend

Something in need,
To be needled to mend...
Tattered patches to fabric.
Requires someone to comprehend,
A treading that attaches...
Loose ends,
Can be accomplished...
Once the priority,
Becomes the fabric.
And not who picks,
Which color of thread...
Will be best displayed,
On a quilt frayed...
Already tattered with patches.
Awaiting for those unattached,
While the patcher...
Seeking thread to mend patches,
To a quilt fraying.
But instead,
Sits to get needled by a prick!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Needless Debris

There is no need to make apparent,
An avoidance of me.
All that is done is an asistance,
To remove needless debris
Off a path I have cleared,
Of weeds and other obstacles
I have sought to clear before your appearance.
It is you that do me the favor.
And there is no need to make it apparent,
I've noticed!
And
I will to you be thankful for that deed,
That has saved me the energy of wasting time.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Needless To Say

I invited some folks to watch
While they did what they did.
So as not to give my biased opinion!
They thought I exaggerated.
And were amazed people this crazed
Were not caged...
With no admission fees charged!
I told them a fortune could be made.
I like the spontaneity of live theater.
But they had their sights on movie rights.
And needless to say...
Another brilliant concept goes down the drain!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Needless To Say But I Must Anyway

You have made one very huge mistake.
You believed my want and desire for you...
To be a weakness to use.
As if...
I was the one in need.

And I thought to myself,
If what I have shown is a need...
To have you share my life,
With a pleasing of you I would do.
Why wouldn't you want that same thing too!

Needless to say but I must anyway.
My want and desire for you...
Has of today,
Strayed away.
Leaving nothing I feel for you at all.

You have made one very huge mistake.
You believed my want and desire for you...
To be a weakness to use.
As if...
I was the one in need.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Needless To Say...

Needless to say...
A way of life we wished conveyed,
Is outdated...
As it should be portrayed.

To slay our fellowman,
To get an upper hand...
Does not sit well,
With those 'deities' in command.

And until we understand that...
We will always find ourselves lost in time.
Trapped.

And where we are now isn't about that at all!
Needless to say...
If we continue to disobey,
We will receive...
A devastation we leave!

And it will not be left as life to live!
Without a thing needed then left to say.
Or a way to forgive our transgressions,
None left can say...
There is another day,
They can be handed to another to give!
Needlessly.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Needs Of A Way Of Life

Does it seem the pettiness of an existence,
Has been emphasized?
With an abundance of it accepted.

Issues that have a direct affect on people's lives...
Aren't nearly as scrutinized,
As the color of one's eyes.
Their waist size.
Or who they find attractive.

And folks are losing their lives...
To have these priorities implemented.
As needs of a way of life that must be enforced.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Needs Only We Can Fulfill

The way green grass grows in Spring,
Returning from Winter's chill...
To renew with an offering that brings,
A missing of what is wished.
If we took time to redo and commit,
With patience to think things through.
Knowing between us feelings felt are true.

The way leaves bud on a tree as done,
And flowers bloom with a brightness seen...
Under the Sun,
Reminds me of how we met.
Just to say we shouldn't do with promises,
What isn't cool to chill us separately...
Since there are needs only we can fulfill.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Needs Wished Met To Please

I am not without desires,
Or needs wished met to please.
I can ignore temptations.
But not for long or permanently.

I am not without emotions.
Left to go unnoticed,
Or to leave unaddressed.
And yet...
Neither will I be the one expected,
To neglect my wants to have them rejected.

I am not without desires,
Or needs wished met to please.
I can ignore temptations.
But not for long or permanently.
I can if I choose go with the flow.
Although to roll with the punches?
Is not appealing to 'my' ideal life to live.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Needs! Not 'Knees'

You act as if,
You are not sensitive at all
To the 'needs' of others

'What?
What are you talking about?
When I was down on mine,
It took everything I had to get up off them.

I struggled for years too.
And when I eventually stood on my own two feet,
I vowed I would never allow myself...
To get in that position,
Ever again.
Not if I can help it.
People ignored me.
As if I did not exist.
As if they had no feeling towards me at all.
I've learned many lessons since then.

NEEDS!
Not KNEES.

'No
My knees are not knocked.
But I remember as a kid,
I use to be pigeon toed.
But I can say
Today?
I am not sensitive to that at all.
I've learned that the 'knees' of others,
Are not my business
Why would you bring something like that up? '

Forget it
'Forgotten.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Needy Independentness

I desire to be called many things,
For several reasons.
I too have needs unlike most.
I too am the host of my own fears,
Unwanted.
Yet they cling.
With a needy independentness.

I desire to be called many things,
For several reasons.
Some may say I invite,
The practice of dysfunctions.

And I must admit,
I do.

I want to understand the 'why' of them.
Not pretend they don't exist.
Although they make a constant appearance.
And not a word has to be heard from anyone...
Familiar with the lengths of these 'visits'.

I want to know the reason people can't let them go.
But then again...
I am addicted to nicotine.
Telling myself I am not hooked,
After more than 50yrs of saying 'cigs' are my best friends.

I desire to be called many things,
With a needy independentness.
I too am the host of my own fears,
Introducing them myself...
With a needy independentness.
I want to understand the 'why' of them.
With a needy independentness.
I just can't seem to put to rest.
And getting rest is the best thing yet.

But then again...

I am addicted to nicotine.
Telling myself I am not hooked.

For several reasons.
I too have needs unlike most.
I too am the host of my own fears,
Unwanted.
Yet they cling.
With a needy independentness.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Nefarious Indulgences

Flagrant.
With wicked and vicious intent.
Contented nefarious indulgences
Continue to descend a mindset,
Spinning with speed...
Out of control.
Followed by a darkened cloud.
Unavoidable to stop,
Those still conscious...
Not to notice or behold.

The poison begins to diminish,
A freshness and its quality...
Once kept respected to expect.
Until the death of it,
Fades to accept...
The demise of truth.
To delude and dilute,
Proof of its existence.

Abuse to become victims,
Are the ones minimized...
By liars who rule.
Successfully done.
And emulated by those,
Who have been made fools.
Convinced there is benefit,
That promises a painless...
Smothering that takes away,
Breath.
Accompanied by,
A welcomed and honored death.
To forget the horrors,
Of truth they pursued.
As they and it lay decaying...
Under manicured tombstones.
And visited with their remains,
Forever cemented to reminisce.

'What's over there?
Exhibited but fenced? '

-Remnants from the past.
Buried with honorable.
And below heartfelt,
Engraved...
Specific to customize,
Tearful epitaphs.-

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Negative Conditions

Under the most negative conditions,
No one should accept to let...
Their dreams to wish,
Be left to die.
Even under the most dire circumstances...
Faith kept with forward steps taken,
Is not that difficult to decide...
When leaving behind,
A successful climb up and out...
From a rut others discuss,
With hopes their complaints...
Remain unchanged.
And heard on a daily basis.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Negative Lips

Avoid the talking negatively,
About another relative...
Within or outside your family tree.

People who do this eventually see,
A rotting that begins...
With no reversing of it for those who believe,
The effects of this leaves the tree standing.
And continues to grow to heights to bloom,
Unaffected by the poisoning of negative lips...
Left to sit on the ground complaining of pain,
With hopes to get some attention found.
To awaken to find none given around.
But noticed...
Is an array of decay on display everywhere.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Negativity Used

What can be said,
About a force of negativity used...
That has proven itself,
To be a foolish tool observed by all...
As dead as the heads chopped off to fall.

What can be said about integrity?
And the proof that one has it,
Is not a prefabricating of a myth.
Like the choice to use negativity,
Believed by some is a blessing and a gift.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Neglect Does Not Encourage Nourishment

What gives you the right to expect respect,
When none from you has been shown or given.
There is a give and take one most learn to tolerate.
Neglect does not encourage nourishment,
For any champion seeking to bloom.
What are you here to offer?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Neglect Reflected That's Protected

Disputing effects to not accept,
Will not lessen any regrets.

Tossing to turn wont deepen,
One's loss of sleep.
A tossing to turn wont deepen,
A sowing that's done to reap.
Unconsciousness to harvest,
Is there to keep.
No matter who has kept dreams,
Unplanted out of reach.

Tossing to turn wont deepen,
One's loss of sleep.
To dispute effects.
A tossing to turn wont deepen,
A sowing that's done to reap...
Disputed effects.
Unconsciousness to harvest,
Is there to keep.
No matter who has kept dreams,
Unplanted out of reach.

Disputing effects to not accept,
Will not lessen any regrets.
A tossing to turn wont deepen,
A sowing done to reap...
Neglect reflected,
Protected and to get.

A sowing reaps neglect reflected,
That's protected and one gets.
Disputing any defects,
Does not lessen the regrets that's left.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Negotiations For All

As it is...
It comes,
This 'thing' described.
Given a name
But going unrecognized.
Some say they know it.
Some could care less.
Others who have their druthers...
Stay away from labels that contest!
And as it is...
It comes,
Regardless of what it's called.
It is not quite the peace,
Increasingly paid for...
But it will do since the real thing is stalled!
Negotiations for one!
Negotiations for all!
Taking time to sip coffee and dine,
Those who make decisions in debate
Take lunch breaks...
With choices of soft drinks, bottled water
Or wine to make.
To observe with glee those who suffer,
And crawl!
Those left helpless,
With another round of pain to be installed!
Afterall...
These are the times,
Whining is chic and discussed discreetly!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Neighbors Arming Themselves

Is it worth it to create distant conflicts,
With a purpose to insist...
One's perception of peace to get and to keep,
Is not what another wishes?
But would rather dismiss.
To leave those with these perceptions left,
Doing their best to interpret internal unrest...
As their own foundations crack to crumble,
While those protest interests of theirs go neglected.
And left ignored while a peace perceived stumbles,
To yet to be believed by neighbors arming themselves...
With the latest and best high tech security systems?
Sold with beliefs they are better protected from fears.
When it's becoming obvious 'who' wants them scared to death,
To further depend on deceptions relied upon to accept.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Neither Are Around To Be Found

When it is discovered,
Not to be what it is.
Or what one has thought it to be...
Why is there a place for it sought?

Why is it accepted,
With a patience to have beliefs change.
And if beliefs can be changed with patience...
Why is it claimed neither are around to be found.

It is close to one's seeking for peace.
People kill to make it happen.
With a spending of millions to get it.
Only to go bankrupt financially and morally.
When peace is free!
And when something is free...
People automatically become suspicious of it.
But can be deceived they have enemies,
To ultimately pay the price...
For finding a place for it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Neither One Will Disappoint

People Are beginning to see,
After awakening from a prolong...
And self inflicted mental hibernation,
To realize with their eyes open wide...
No progress claimed can be achieved,
Successfully...
Without efforts made to take forward steps.
And to do this to move away from negativity.
Negativity reflects a receiving of it to get.
Even though many may refuse,
To see themselves as the accusers.
And not the 'usual' suspects...
That awakening reflects.

'We could have had what we wanted to wish.
And by this time to have had it accomplished.'

~Okay. It may be too late.
But at least you admit mistakes have been made.
Remaining stubborn and obstinate,
Eliminates endeavors others give up to vacate.~

'You are right about that.
Why are you looking at me? '

~I'm waiting to hear an excuse.
Either an alibi or a familiar denial.
Which one you decide you would like to use,
Neither one will disappoint my expectation.
I will leave that entirely up to you.~

'Comeon. You can't blame me.
My opinions given were constructive criticisms.
Whoever chose to perceive them as negative,
With others who also agreed with my assessment...
Had nothing to do,
To have some stop their endeavors.
They made that choice. I didn't.'

~Ummm. You tricked me.
I was expecting an alibi or a denial.~

'Why should I do that?
Those were not my attempted efforts,
To endeavor.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Neither Reminisced Nor Remembered

It is better and much healthier,
On one's mind to accept a reality.
With a moving on,
To leave behind and not try to re-define,
A connection others may insist...
Still is effective for them and exists.
Especially whatever it is to feel or be felt,
Has not been known to have been shown...
To neither reminisce it nor remember,
As a priority to keep it discussed.

'I will always regard our relationship as valued.
Like it was 'back in the day'.'

~Back in what day? ~

'When we were young and close,
Like a family.'

~Well...
From my point of view,
Whatever that was you had valued...
Was not treasured to keep that way.
And...
Just how long ago,
Did we share those precious values? ~

'You don't remember when we were children?
And we together played? '

~You see this grey hair turning white on my head?
Did either one of us have that,
When we were 'children'? ~

'No.'

~Time and the experiencing of life,
Has long distanced me from my childhood.
With a growing up to age to accept.~

'I can't believe anyone can change that much.'

~Believe it.
It's okay to keep memories.
But don't expect me to relive them with you.
Expecting me to give it total recall.
Ssss...owww.~

'What was 'that'? What's the matter? '

~Just a pain shooting through my leg.
Wanting me to give it immediate attention.
THIS is one of many changes,
God has blessed me to have made.
And you talking about 'stuff' I've given up,
More than 50 years ago?
I'm not a flashback addict.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Neither Suggested Or Recommended

Those in the 'know'
Do what they can,
To keep others inspired.
And uplifted.
But this should not be done,
At the expense of burdens weighed
By another who implants their footprints,
Upon anyone's shoulders.
God has this power to do this.
We may try hard to play God.
But that is neither suggested,
Or recommended.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Neither Zest Nor Zeal

There is little that I do,
That lacks compassion.
Each breath I take,
Is identified with purpose.
And to know that others feel,
Neither zest nor zeal for life to express...
Leaves me to wonder,
How can one awaken each day...
With only pettiness on their mind.
And searching for more of it to inspect,
As if the finding of it is all they expect.
To then become upset,
If their need for it is not immediately found.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Neither, Nor Or Either

...and,
Last question.
Liberal 'or' conservative?

'What difference does that make,
As to how this loan gets paid? '

Geessshhh. Just a sec.
There's another one.
Asking the same question.
But...
With a difference.

~Black or white? ~

Hmmm.
I don't know.
It's hard to tell.
But I do have my suspicions.
I'll ask.
Excuse me,
Are you...

'I'm a mixed Hispanic.
My father's parents are Chinese.
My wife is half Black and Jew.
And our political beliefs,
Are neither, nor or either...
Liberal, Conservative or religious based.

Wow. Really?
A walking history book, huh?
I hope you don't mind the humor.
Hold on.
NEITHER, NOR or EITHER.
We've got Hispanic mixed with Chinese.
Married to a Black half Jew.
With no religious affiliation.
Payments made on time a guarantee.

~Increase their credit limit immediately.
Approve whatever they want.
We are in need of fresh allies.
I thought this was discussed,
At our last business meeting.
You don't need my advice,
To recognize this as an opportunity.
And give whoever that is,
My personal home and cell numbers.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Neophyte

Becoming it is,
Increasingly difficult...
To avoid comparisons made,
Between those with no money.
And 'assumed' to have less,
Knowledge to possess.
And those of wealth,
Who have that obsessed.
Yet unearned but have learned,
How to maintain the playing...
Of childish games.
Sustained in delighting,
Of spotlight.
Should frightened and embarrass
Anyone who has,
Flashes of consciousness left.
And identified to have.
With it to realize...
How,
On Earth is it possible...
In a world full,
Of competent scholars...
Can someone, although rich,
Be selected to sit...
In a position of leadership.
When one like this is dismissed
As being a 'neophyte'.
To excuse and make attempts,
To explain away the presence...
Of one's neurotic, psychotic,
And damaging behavior.
That reflects a representation,
Of everyone's mental stability!

'Wait a minute.
People in their right minds,
Actually made a decision...
To the best of the litter? '

-Yes!
People of a 'selective'...
Greed fed oppressive mindset.

And that,
Makes the difference...
As to how,
This tolerated 'leadership'...
Becomes considered as being,
Effective.-

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Nepotism

Credentials evaluated,
By those infatuated with themselves...
Will be scrutinized for tweaks and grammer.
By those who have leached their soiled pay!
Nepotism isn't,
What it use to be 'back in the day'.
Back then degrees were stolen instead of earned.
Now we have those degreed with nothing learned!
And thousands who can not spell accountability!
Yet all wish to have first class seats...
On a sinking ship!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Neptune

Nobody seems to dream of visits on Neptune.
With a giving of its wonder and suspense.
There is nobody that seems to speak with curiosity,
Of how life lived on Neptune would be.
What is it about it that escapes wishes to adventure it?

Does it not appear to be intimate?
What is it about it.
Is it too far out there for imaginary visits?
What is it about it.
Is it too much like Uranus?
And Saturn and Jupiter have captured its magic.
What is it about it.
Although depicted by the Romans as god of the seas...
Neptune is rarely mentioned or romanticized,
As a place to be!
What is it about it that escapes our fantasies.

Eight from the Sun to see in orbit.
But no one mentions Neptune for that odyssey.
What is it about it.
So vast it is...
Sixty Earths could sit within its grasp.
But no one wishes a visit with it.

Nobody seems to dream of visits on Neptune.
With a giving of its wonder and suspense.
There is nobody that seems to speak with curiosity,
Of how life lived on Neptune would be.
What is it about it that escapes wishes to adventure it?

Does it not appear to be intimate?
What is it about it.
Is it too far out there for imaginary visits?
What is it about it.
Is it too much like Uranus?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Networking (A Picture Already Painted)

A process that effects,
The strength of a web...
Can only achieve a success,
Shown to progress.
With this understood.
And all involved are focused,
In one direction.
To accept with no exceptions.
Or rules to break to take recess.
This to comprehend ends divisions.
And begins,
Networking.

Networking to do,
Whether positive or negative...
Will reveal and seldom conceals,
How this activity comes to be used.
With results to prove them witnessed
Who chose which to choose.
Either to cement gains to benefit.
Or...
Continue to refuse opportunities,
To lose.
Done to do to leave some perceive...
Confrontation and arguing concepts,
Is for them advantageous.
To then expect explanations,
As to why their perceptions...
Have them in a dormant stage,
For decades.
To not understand,
What outdated means.

'What my ancestors did,
To do and accomplish...
Is good enough for me.'

-And what your ancestors did,
To leave remarkably accomplished...

Are beliefs of bigotry and divisions
That has left the entire world,
Betwixt and in between...
Unending conflicts.
Needing mending to correct and fix,
An undoing of false beliefs.
And the epidemic of ignorance.-

'Are you calling my ancestors,
Ignorant? '

-No!
They would find my doing it,
Offensive.
But you,
On the other hand...
May 'hopefully' be more observant.
A picture already painted,
Expresses what words somehow...
Can never do.-

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Neutered Boots

Neutered Boots,
Looked at me as if I knew...
The agony of losing,
Jewels once cherished.
Like a bonding of a maleness,
Had been sliced and diced.
And I was petting him gently...
Just trying to be nice.

But Boots had never been kneed,
In the groin.
Or have an affection wished dismissed,
By someone close Boots had lived with.

Boots is a kitten!
He'll get over it.
However...
Not too many other cats,
Will come to appreciate...
Where Boots is at.
And Boots will have to learn that...
On his own!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Never Accepted What Their Eyes Have Shown

Something in their heads,
Have them programmed to believe...
They should not respect themselves.
Or expect they can and could achieve.

Something missing in their heads,
Should have connected them to a maturity.
Something that recognized,
Who should be responsible...
And accountable for their activities.

Something in their minds,
Should have made eye contact with themselves.
Something said or they did not see...
A reflection of themselves yet!
One accepted and believed.

Something has left.
And will never return.
Something that should have been taught.
But for them,
Never to be learned!
And that is why they hide from themselves.
They dislike and despise what they see!
And they have never accepted,
What their eyes have shown!
They are afraid to be who they are.
Even alone!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Never Again

Once it has been peeled,
It will never be the same.
The feel of it is gone!
Even with a jacket and tie,
It will never again be recognized...
As an apple,
For anyone to eye as it was!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Never Again To Use Their Stingers

One reluctant to sting,
May choose to do so...
With a stinging done to stun,
Those stung...
Never again to use their stingers,
Inappropriately.
Or...
Without just cause,
To initiate their provocation!

A sizzling butt is painful.
How do I know this?

'Geeesshhh, man!
Pull up your drawers.'

I'm lucky.
Not everyone is given a chance,
To go through a healing.

And a pinch of a burning felt,
May be the beginning...
Of an eternal flame,
That remains blazing.

It is best not to digest,
With interest...
What one hears,
From the lips of others!

Investigate first...
Before becoming caught up,
In the middle of a heat...
Without an escape to exit.

These experiences and more,
Cools quickly...
A hot head once singed,
But saved by the process...

Of patient observation and listening.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Never Allowed To Heal!

Saddled by racism.
Their minds are addicted.
Regardless of a quality of life...
Strangling to exist,
From this twistedness.
And a society constructed,
By a promotion of it...
Finds itself lost in times.

And a collective mindset,
Found scrambling to find...
A way to deny a consciousness,
Clearly demented.
With beliefs what is seen,
Does not demean.
And this illness persisted...
Becomes a wound picked.

Never allowed to heal!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Never Assume The Answer

Never assume the answer,
Without asking the question.

It takes the wanting to understand.
With an interest wished.
Participating in active listening,
Done to respond...
Begins effective communication.
And comprehension connected to it.

Never assume the answer,
Without asking the question.

So many believe they know someone else.
Based upon gossip and comments made,
Heard to express...
By those claiming to have knowledge.
But too embarrass to admit,
An association with reality they have little...
Or none of it.

And some will sit in another's environment,
Observing to confirm a validation done...
By others using perceptions,
And they too have asked no questions...
Before judgements are passed,
To hear them come.

Never assume the answer,
Without asking the question.

'So...
I've been told you enjoy reading.'

~Not really.
I write more that I read.
I don't find time to read.
As much as I find time to write.~

'Oh.
So...
Tell me more about yourself.'

~What would you like to know? ~

'What would you suggest? '

~Asking the questions.
And not assume you know the answers.
I have no questions to ask of myself.
Unless you convince me,
I should develop more interest.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Never Be Permitted To Sit Or Take A Sniff

Some are selected to see and digest.
While others believe,
They are here to correct what's on the menu.
To decide what they will be served next.

And if the taste is not to their liking,
They rally to hire a new cook.
With a loud protest.
Instead of accepting,
They are powerless to elect...
What has been chosen to be most effective.

And not debated,
To be inspected as wished...
By those who will never be permitted,
To sit or take a sniff in the kitchen!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Never Been Accompanied

If I spent all of my time,
Thinking about heartache...
With accusations to make,
In rebuttle to naysayers...
To leave nothing I wanted to accomplish,
Left unattended to achieve...
What statement would I be affirming?
That my dreams are not validated?
Or that my wishes with hopes to see fulfilled,
Are not real?

I have never been accompanied on the path I walk on.
I have grown accustomed to feel,
What I tasted was unrealistic...
On a daily basis.
But I've witnessed my dreams and wishes,
Come true AND accumulate.
As if the naysayers and those who critiqued,
Stimulated my desire...
To prove to myself what I can do to get done.
Especially with pain as a motivator.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Never Before

I look not for ways,
To upgrade a paved road.
With a taking a blueprint,
As a device to use to re-invent...
That which shows.
Or become discourage to stop.
Then to get up and follow,
Whoever is on it traveling...
Wherever that one paved road,
Goes.

My eyes are focused and open wide,
With a seeking new adventures...
To face and replace the old to push aside,
Those challenges others may depict...
Most impossible.
And choose from them which to pick,
That eventually leaves me satisfied.
To give purpose and a meaning.
No one setting goals on a paved road,
Can do like I can to realize.

Fresh and innovative with no fear to pioneer,
Has not always been a role...
I wished to play with steps to take.
But my faith to test has kept effective.
And never before have I turned away from a door...
Too afraid to experience what it is.
Without leaving a contribution,
No one can dispute has been explored.

I look not for ways,
To upgrade a paved road.
With a taking a blueprint,
As a device to use to re-invent...
That which shows.
Or become discourage to stop.
Then to get up and follow,
Whoever is on it traveling...

Wherever that one paved road,
Goes.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Never Before Seen In Eyes That Sparkle

The teaching of one accustomed,
To hiding in the shadows
That a reaching for stars,
Will lift a broken heart
To begin a mending,
That slowly ends
A feeling of desperation.
Does more for the confidence,
Of the one who convinces.

Something witnessed,
Flourishes with encouragement.

And the dawn
That removes a darkness once held
Sheds with a renewed freshness
That inspires two,
In a development of a closer relationship.
Unexpected.
A light never before seen in eyes that sparkle,
Is felt.
And a melting so obvious becomes shared.

Something witnessed,
Flourishes with encouragement.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Never Burn A Bridge That Has Been Easily Given

You've lost your job and home,
The respect of your spouse...
And now your kids roam,
All over the place with hoodlums.
Since they wish not to be alone.

And I am quite surprised you've come to me.
I've lived for years on a fixed income.
And my life is lived basic and happily.
You told me once I had a life you could not live.
So glad I am blessed to have it...
And sorry to learn your life is the way it is.

I am sure there will be many lessons,
You will come to learn.
There was one you taught me yourself.
Never burn a bridge that has been easily given.
Especially one you did not earn.
And constructed just for you to cross.
Since one never knows,
When the desire to cross it again will be yearned.
But a connection has been lost.

'That's a lesson I taught to you?
I don't recall saying that.'

You don't have to!
It was my lesson.
And you were there like you are right now,
To keep it fresh as if just taught.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Never Catch Me...You Will, Not!

Never catch me...
You will,
Not!
Between slumber and wonderment.
My curiousity is active.
I've practiced staying awake and vigilant.
My steps are direct.
I enjoy employing effectiveness.

Never catch me...
You will,
Not!
Forgetting what I've started.
Or where I've been to depart.

Nor do I dropp hints of what I am doing.
My progress is noted...
In those projects I've finished.
Not those I attempt to begin...
With a dumping of them.
To become frustrated in a ripping apart,
With a grip dripping from heated anxieties.

I do not favor procrastinators!
Such thin skins they drag around,
In a pretending...
Of an importance that soon ends.

And I am one hating to be late...
Allowing someone to setup my fate.
As I await in an escalated irritation.
I do not settle for aggravation.
I leave that for anyone who discovers,
I am not the one to be found...
Tight lipped and mumbling!

Never catch me...
You will,
Not!

Between slumber and wonderment.
Or in a nod...
That slips into a deep sleep.

I choose to decide without excuses,
And move!
My feet are my tools and I use them,
For purposes to stay focused.
I do not schedule catnaps to snooze.
If it is a need I just do it but not deeply.
Even in sleep my thoughts are easily maneuvered.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Never Could I Be That Independent

My breath!
Depth of thought with meaning.
And what I choose next,
To think.
That brings an understanding.
Has been commanded by My Father.
And I follow.

Faithfully everyday,
With each step I take.
Has been commanded by My Father.
And I follow.

Sometimes with my head up in the clouds,
I follow.
Sometimes with doubts that come and I allow,
I follow.
Sometimes in the rain to get soaked with regret.
Feeling I have not accomplished enough.
Or that I've done my best.
Sometimes staying awake!
Not to refresh with the dawn...
But remaining upset all day long,
Until the Sun sets.

And yet knowing...
My breath!
Depth of thought with meaning.
And what I choose next,
To think.
That brings an understanding.
Has been commanded by My Father.
And I follow.

As I look for that place,
Inside my heart that takes me...
Away from the fear,
My Father decides...
His guidance someday I believe I wont need.

Although I am strong.
Never could I be that independent,
Or alone...
Without His vision.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Never Deeply Appreciative

Seldom do transitions come,
With a subtlety elusive and delicate.
Some come like an eathquake,
That disturbs and shakes...
Those asleep to awaken.

Seldom does a shock,
Comes to prepare those aware of it...
To block and stop.
With an alternative...
To figure out in accepted procrastination.

And seldom is that which is rare,
Will await patiently for comparisons to make.
Like a love that is given with friendship.
With an existence given...
A disrespect to regard as one chooses.

Seldom do transitions come,
With a subtlety elusive and delicate.
Some come like an eathquake,
That disturbs and shakes...
Those asleep to awaken.

The existence of them given,
Has meaning and purpose.
To ignore the effect...
Is to be totally unconscious.

And those who are...
Totally unconscious,
Are never deeply appreciative of anything!
Only to compensate for their dissatisfactions...
With the aid of excuses to solicit and sell.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Never Diminished

At no time have my eyes ever wandered too far,
To stray from that which I wished and wanted.
I may have experimented to walk on different paths,
But the task and the doing...
Never once did I think too difficult to do.
And making a fool of myself,
Was the least of my concern.
When on my knees to be made to feel discouraged,
I used my tears to bring me to my feet.
Defeat was not an option I easily accepted.

At no time have my eyes ever wandered too far,
To stray from that which I wished and wanted.
And time to accomplish my deeds?
I had to leave behind with those who were there,
With offerings of their critique and doubts to limit.
Although my desire and motivation kept me fed,
Knowing it was my dream to hunger.
My dream to touch no matter if unfinished.
My dream to taste and savor with a flavor,
I knew too well that could never be diminished.
Since I was born to do what it is I do to see done!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Never Ending Marathon

Forgiving to do to get done,
Can be compared to running...
A never ending marathon.
With the hope in the midst of it,
Not to quit the commitment.
Although it seems what is felt to feel,
And remembered...
Has an extended finish line.

Always there is 'something' or someone,
Wishing to test what has been put to rest.
That makes one grit and bite on lips,
Praying to God to intervene and prove...
Miracles can happen to validate 'His' existence.
With a soft voice to hear to make it clear,
He is near.
Or has picked and sent a representative.

('God?
Please keep me cool.
Don't let me be that fool to lose my temper.
Help me recognize with open eyes and ears,
That I am not without allies.
God please show to me at least one that appears.')

~Have you had your eyebrows plucked?
Or are they naturally arched that way? ~

('God?
Please keep me cool.
I know my faith You wish me to prove.
And if You have sent that fool to test me,
God please forgive me if I should re-act...
Inappropriately.
Because I am finding it difficult to undo,
A mood and attitude I want to remove.
Please show me a sign what I should do.')

~I'm joking.

Nothing in life should be taken 'that' seriously.
I don't blame you for ignoring me.
Somedays it is better,
To have those private conversations.
I understand.~

('Thank You, God.
I was seconds from going 'off' track.
Thank You for bringing me immediately back.
Thank you for helping me calm myself down.')

~You know,
God works in mysterious ways.~

'This I already...what?
Huh?
WHY...are you bothering me?
Can't you see,
I have nothing to say to you? '

~Don't chase the race.
Stay ahead of it.
Have a good day.
I'll be on my way.~

('Huh? ')

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Never Ending Searches

Never ending searches,
With fraught only few can cease.
Are taken across borders
In the hopes of something fresh
Can be reached.

When the newness wears off,
Another path is supported in flight.
Adding nothing experienced
To awaken and stop a disturbing appetite.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Never From You To Leave

I want it known...
How I feel for you.
I want it known,
And not in just my solitude.
I want it known...
And with it shown to only you,
What it is...
That is real.
And I feel...
Always to keep and never from you to leave.

I want it known,
And some time to spend with you alone.
I want it known,
And with it shown to only you...
What it is,
That is real.
And I feel...
With you to keep and never from you to leave.
And what it is that is real...
Always to keep and never from you to leave.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Never Give Up. Believe In Yourself. You Must!

'Why should I show concern to someone,
Who has not expressed that to me? '

This unheard but seen in the faces of children.
Those who are fathered.
But orphaned by those mothers-to-be.

'Why should I keep my faith filled with hope?
When that patience I never witnessed,
Being reflected to center upon me to feel and see.'

And I want to sympathize with those lonely.
I do.
I want to show those alone,
My empathy delivered as proof.
I do!

I would do this if asked to choose.
But...
Overwhelmed I am by so many in need.
No power to correct this do I have within me.

Although I whisper in the ears of those near who can hear...
Never give up.
Believe...
In yourself.
You must!

Never give up.
Believe...
In yourself.
You must!

Never give up.
Believe...
In yourself.
You must!
Never give up.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Never Given A Chance To Happen

It would have made a difference,
If those experienced and willing...
To volunteer their time,
To secure the cementing of foundations...
Were regarded as friends.
And not threats to suspect of wanting,
To flaunt special attention given.

It would have made a difference,
If those who had nothing...
Accepted someone with something to give,
As a benefit to the environment.
With an advantage for all.
Instead of someone to ignore...
Defaming with a smearing campaign,
In a hope to see them fall.

It would have made a difference,
To the ones who now...
Have surrounded themselves,
In surmounting conflicts...
Creating their mental and physical ailments.

It would have made a difference,
If mindsets were connected...
To a discipline respected.
It would have made a difference,
But that difference...
Was never given a chance to happen.

It would have made a difference,
If opportunities presented...
Were recognized.

It would have made the difference!
But it didn't!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Never Given Their Just Due Attention

Alerts to avert impending disasters,
To prepare those listening to be more aware...
Are never given their just due attention.
People facing the naturalness of them,
Often dismiss such warnings...
As announcements of upcoming sales,
Being offered to promote a marketing scheme.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Never Had A Dream To Drive A Caddy

I've stopped adulterous...
Unemotional,
Needs to please my own heat.
And I've left behind,
A selfish mind...
Freed of deceits to bleed.
And I've been on my knees,
Without door keys..
To open any one for me.
And I was in disguise,
With a nose held high.
Thinking the weak were diseased.
And I've celebrated,
With fake faces...
Who were empty of any deed.
And I've made mistakes,
To have heartbreaks...
With bitter pity felt so deep.
But I've never had,
A dream...
To drive,
A 'Caddy'!

Not one dream did I ever have,
To drive....
A 'Caddy'!

Oh I've been on my knees,
Without door keys..
To open any one for me.
And I was in disguise,
With a nose held high.
Thinking the weak were diseased.
And I've celebrated,
With fake faces...
Who were empty of any deed.
But I've never had a dream...
To drive,
A 'Caddy'!

Not one dream did I ever have,
To drive....
A 'Caddy'!

NOTE:
A 'caddy' is a luxurious Amemican made car.
Formally called a Cadillac.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Never Had To Contemplate

I do not exist,
With wishes to become a poet.
And to have that validated.
I was born to be one.
And that's why I exist.
Not to prove it for purposes to debate,
But to be just who it is I am.
With a doing I have never had to contemplate.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Never Happy To Be Themselves

Many have chosen to acknowledge,
Their blemishes and flaws.
With an exposure,
That does not camouflage...
In broad daylight.

They are happy to be themselves.

Others uptight about appearances made,
Without showing themselves in full masquerade...
Even try to call themselves a performance of art.
Alone as they parade in shades of darkness,
In costume selected for tomorrow's charade.

Never happy to be themselves.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Never Have I Questioned This

Never have I questioned,
Your uniqueness or abilities to doubt.
Or your silent reaching for the stars,
When gazing upon them...
With eyes sparkling and bright.
As if to look beyond to crave,
Light years away...
A feeding of an appetite that remains to stay.

Never have I questioned,
Your wish to climb to heights.
Since both of us would sit at night,
To witness a disappearing Sunset with kept wishes...
For an understanding we knew would never disappear.
And happiness we felt would always be near.

Never have I questioned but condoned,
Your need to travel alone on a separate path.
Or the love we share together,
Would ever stay forever like this to last.
Never have I questioned this!
I can't or ever will.

I knew when we met,
Both of us were so blessed.
And both of us not yet ready to accept,
Living just to express our love.
Not yet to express with a selfishness kept.

Too much for others we live for it to give.
And with it done to do committed,
Like the mission of the Moon.
Like the mission of the Sun!
And both of us know we have missions,
With a doing to complete.
Until those missions are done.

I knew when we met we were both so blessed.
And both not yet ready to accept,

Living just to express a selfish love kept.
To condone in isolated happiness away from the rest.
Our missions will not permit this.
Not yet!

Never have I questioned,
Your uniqueness or abilities to doubt.
Or your silent reaching for the stars,
When gazing upon them...
With eyes sparkling and bright.
As if to look beyond to crave,
Light years away...
A feeding of an appetite that remains to stay.

Never have I come to question this!
Or why our missions are on separate paths.
Never have I questioned this!
Or those tasks we have to complete and pass.
Never have I come to question this!
Even though I will admit your presence is missed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Never Let Go

No one knows what will be done,
Before it comes.
And no dream is held to keep,
Without a season.
To stop and disbelieve.

Never let go.
No matter what the reason.
Never let go,
Of dreams kept to believe in.
No matter who says what,
Don't you give your dreams up.

Never let go.
No matter what the reason.
Never let go,
Of dreams kept to believe in.
No matter who says what,
Don't you give your dreams up.

Expect the clouds to come to block the Sun some days.
And rain with thunder may appear,
But...
Just keep your dreams left in your mind very clear.
Don't abandon them or fear they're not near.
Every storm comes to an end.

Never let go.
No matter what the reason.
Never let go,
Of dreams kept to believe in.
No matter who says what,
Don't you give your dreams up.
Every storm comes to an end.

No one knows what will be done,
Before it comes.
And no dream is held to keep,
Without a season.

To stop and disbelieve.
Keep faith and witness dreams begin.

Expect the clouds to come to block the Sun some days.
Keep faith and witness dreams begin.
No matter who says what,
Don't you give your dreams up.
Every storm comes to an end.

Never let go.
No matter what the reason.
Never let go.
No matter what the season.
Keep faith and witness dreams begin.

Never let go!
Don't stop to disbelieve.
Never let go!

Don't you ever let go.
Keep faith and you'll receive.
Never let go!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Never Overlook The Little Things

I saw it.
A shine that shown,
Upon the horizon rising.
Silently announcing...
A beautiful day approached.
And not one moment did I hesitate,
To experience as much of it as possible.
With a quick trip over my untied shoe strings...
As a reminder to never overlook the little things,
Along the way.
To ensure an appreciative mode is kept flowing.
And allowing the completion of an acceptance received.
With no need for upsetting half stepping trivial interferences.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Never Over-Ruled By Doubt

I am glad today,
I was never over-ruled by doubt.
And made mistakes I did to admit.
For myself to figure out and not to quit.
Many times I fell but got up to walk tall.

So many today have betrayed themselves.
With a seeking for answers from someone else.
To awaken to realize,
Those they followed had a love for dead-ends.
And sought to beat their heads up against brick walls.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Never Put Me On That List

You're much more like a mannequin,
With feelings just too stiff!
So don't you ever...
Oh no.
Think you're here to save me.

You come across reserved,
As if it's something done on purpose.
But don't ever...
Oh no.
Think you're here to save me.
Don't ever...
No no.
Think you're here to see me pleased.

Don't you ever...
Oh no.
Believe it's you I need.
I'll never...
Ever,
Seek your company!

You're much more like a mannequin,
With feelings just too stiff!
But don't you ever...
Oh no.
Think that you're here to save me.
And forever,
Please...
I want you to believe it!
Don't you ever...
No no.
Put me on that list.

You come across reserved,
As if you do it with a purpose.
But don't ever...
No no.
Think you're here to save me.

Don't you ever...
Oh no.
Think you're here to leave me pleased.

No, never...
Oh no.
Believe it's you I need.
I'll never...
No no.
Seek your company!

So don't you ever...
Never!
Put me on that list!
Please don't you ever...
Never!
Put me on that list!
No, don't you ever...
And never,
Put me on that list!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Never Ready For A Maiming

I'm not a cough dropp popper,
To hide a tainted breath.
If my breath gets that bad,
I'll get myself arrested.

You may offer your suggestions,
If onions eatened overwhelm.
But we're not together kissing.
So dismiss what you smell.

You're not all that...
To get me to believing there's an interest.

You ask me why my shoes aren't spitshined.
And my tie not straight...
As if we're dating,
To become cell mates.

Don't aggitate me please,
I'm not ready for it!
If I felt the need to strip...
I'll walk around,
And be naked!

You don't know my name!
And we wont get that far.
So there's no reason to make claims...
You and I have made arrangements.

Don't aggitate me please,
I'm not ready for it!
If I felt the need to strip...
I'll walk around,
And be naked!

So there's no reason to make claims...
You and I have made arrangements.

Estranged I'll be from those 'arrangements'.

Don't wanna woe.
Don't try to sell me those arrangements.
No woe I owe.
Don't get me panicked.
Don't get me panicked.
Don't get me panicked,
By arrangements.
Don't wanna woe.
No maniac will trap me training.
No woe I owe.
To get me ready for a maiming!
Oh no!
I'm not that ready.
I'm not that ready.
I'm never ready for a maiming!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Never Reveal Where It Is Kept

Realities being the way they are...
It is best to leave those suspended,
Within their own delusions.

And a peace of mind that is preserved?
Never reveal where it is kept.
Or how it is accessed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Never Satisfied

Even admitting to have been...
Consciously on the wrong track,
Anyone who knows...
That an affair to have had,
Was not intended to be meant.
From an innocent flirting,
Between grown adults...
Teasing to recapture,
Those times gone.
But making an attempt to test,
Again.
Although...
Happy to miss being on time,
To find the usual done to do...
Expected.
At another destination,
To prove one dependable...
Like moving hands,
On a clock watched.
Would still disappoint,
That decision to make...
Seldom seems to please someone,
Awaiting and never satisfied.
Or at least pretend,
An appreciation expressed...
To mention.
When one does finally arrive.

'Where have you been?
I've got things to do.
And you knew that,
When I told you of it...
Weeks ago.'

-I got 'derailed'.
And I did the best I could,
To make up for lost time.-

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Never The Same And Always Changing

You never mentioned that you had it deep.
And there were some nights you couldn't sleep.
But,
You're like that.
You prowl around like a night cat.

You never came to say one word to me,
About having feelings for me you keep.
But,
You're like that.
You prowl around like a night cat.

When have I not been there for you?
I thought that this you knew?
However...
You play changes like the weather.
Never the same and always changing.
You play changes like the weather.
Never the same and always changing.

You never mentioned that you had it deep.
And there were some nights you couldn't sleep.
But,
You're like that.
You prowl around like a night cat.

You play changes like the weather.
Never the same and always changing.
You play changes like the weather.
Never the same and always changing.
And,
You're like that.
You prowl around like a night cat.

You never came to say one word to me,
About having feelings for me you keep.
But,
You play changes like the weather.
Never the same and always changing.

And,
You're like that.
You prowl around like a night cat.

You play changes like the weather.
Never the same and always changing.
And,
You're like that.
You prowl around like a night cat.

You're never the same and always changing.
And,
You're like that.
You prowl around like a night cat.

You're never the same and always changing.
And,
You're like that.
You prowl around like a night cat.

Never the same and always changing.
You're like that.
You prowl around like a night cat.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Never Thought To Be Revealed

Positivity and politics,
Deceases in minds...
Aware,
Of mismatches.

Honesty and modesty are no longer seen,
To find...
Anywhere existing.
As it is...
Or as a wish!

Magnified are weeping eyes.
And...
Many are today surprised,
By...
What was once not thought imagined.
Or...
Never touched to be revealed.

Positivity and politics,
Deceases in minds...
Aware of mismatches.

Magnified are weeping eyes.
And...
Many are today surprised,
By...
What was once not thought imagined.
Or...
Never touched to be revealed.

Honesty and modesty are no longer seen,
To find...
Anywhere existing.
And...
Magnified are weeping eyes.
And...
Many are today surprised,
By...

What was once not thought imagined.
Or...
Never touched to be revealed.

Positivity and politics,
Deceases in minds...
Aware,
Of mismatches.

And...
Never touched to be revealed,
A comfort that erupts.
And...
Never touched to be revealed,
Discomfort that disrupts.
And...
Never touched to be revealed,
A comfort that erupts.
And...
Never touched to be revealed,
Discomfort that disrupts.
And...
Never touched to be revealed,
Minds seen stuck in ruts.
And...
Never touched to be revealed,
Minds seen stuck in ruts.
Sssstuck in ruts.
Sssstuck in ruts.
Sssstuck in ruts.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Never To Be Burned Again

You gave it.
I ate it.
You told me I had rated.

I cried.
Inside.
My tears...
I could not deny.

Elated.
When it faded.
I hated to be baited.

You tried.
To fight.
But I...
Showed my inner pride.

Never to be burned again!
Not like that and that's a fact.

I'll never let hurt begin.
Not to be a loser or a fool to bend.

You gave it.
I ate it.
You told me I had rated.

I cried.
Inside.
My tears...
I could not deny.

Elated.
When it faded.
I hated to be baited.

You tried.
To fight.

But I...
Showed my inner pride.

And I'll never be burned again.
Not like that and that's a fact.
No, I'll never let hurt begin.
Not to be a loser or a fool to bend.

No, I'll never be burned again!
Not like that and that's a fact.

No, I'll never let hurt begin.
Not to be a loser or a fool to bend.
Not me.

You gave it.
I ate it.
You told me I had rated.

I cried.
Inside.
My tears...
I could not deny.

Never to be burned again!
Not like that and that's a fact.

Oh I'll never let hurt begin.
Not to be a loser or a fool to bend.
Not me!

('Never to be burned again')
Not like that and that's a fact.
Not me!
('Never to be burned again')
Not like that and that's a fact.
Not me!
('Never to be burned again')
Not like that and that's a fact.
Not...ME!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Never To Be Experienced

Those afraid to admit their wrongs...
To protect deepening mental insecurities,
Have done to themselves much injustice.
And it is with frustrations...
Accusations with excuses kept,
That a potential for a higher consciousness...
For them is never to be experienced.
But self induced confusion,
Continues to flourish with the feeding of an ego.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Never To Be Replaced To Fake

People seeking to duplicate or plagiarize,
A pattern to follow they perceive is set...
Left for anyone to copy and get.
Will never be able to do it.
To then get upset.
Since they are walking in the steps,
Of another who has earned their success.
And with a labored sweat and tears to weep,
Others who sneak discreetly to reap...
Will never comprehend one who originates.
And innovatively with a gift given no one can take.
To reveal abilities that are genuine,
Never to be replaced to fake in masquerade or mimic...
With a discovering them to be extremely unique.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Never To Fade Away

You will find me.
And when you do,
I will be as intriguing to you,
As an interlude.

Leaving you to wonder,
Why I have not be included...
As part of the main event.
And once you have thought about it,
My standing alone to discover...
Will make to you more sense.

You will find me.
And when you do,
I will be as intriguing to you,
As an interlude.

And you will remember me,
In a way that remains to stay.
Once an interlude.
But for you the main event.
To fascinate with teases touched,
Never to fade away.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Never To Forget Or To Give Up

Keep those hopes and dreams alive.
Never to forget or to give up.
And, keep them affixed to realize.
Never to forget or to give up.
Hold them,
Never to forget or to give up.
Know them,
Never to forget or to give up.

Keep your wishes like precious gold.
Never to forget or to give up.
And...
Don't be sold into letting them go.
Never to forget or to give up.
Do it,
Never to forget or to give it.
Pursue this,
Never to forget or to give up.

There's no need to look elsewhere,
When everything you've got is there...
And,
In your mind to find in time.

Keep your wishes like precious gold.
Never to forget or to give up.
And, don't be sold into letting them go.
Never to forget or to give up.
Do it,
Never to forget or to give it.
Pursue this,
Never to forget or to give up.
No!
Never to forget or to give up.
Be bold.
Never to forget or to give up.

Keep those hopes and dreams alive.
Never to forget or to give up.

Do it,
Never to forget or to give it.
Pursue this,
Never to forget or to give up.
Hold them,
Never to forget or to give up.
Know them,
Never to forget or to give up.
To not let go!

Hold on!
Never to forget or to give up.
No!
Never to forget or to give up,
To not let go!

Hold on!
Never to forget or to give up,
Your faith.
Never to forget or to give up,
To not let go!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Never To Reopen

Serious I am,
About my life.
The people in it.
And what I do.
I give any way that I can.

And when the reception,
Of what I have to give...
Is not taken as seriously,
When taken.
Since no fluff do I leave.
Or intend to be perceived that way...
A door closes!
Never to reopen.

I am not on this mission,
To fantasize my deeds.
Or journey on a path wishful thinking.

I've stumbled too many times to get up.
To stand to fall and crawl.
Not caring if it is done in broad daylight!

I have no shame to claim...
Or will carry!
I am here to proclaim my existence.
Not to have it dismissed,
By nonesense doers and their shallowness.

And there are just too many of them...
Wanting but not doing what it takes,
To get things done.

And maneuvering...
Through that kind of indecisiveness,
On a daily basis,
Keeps the mind exhausted.
With thoughts of wishing to please.
Not me!

There are too many unconscious,
Throwing their emotions all around.
And I am not here to catch anyone's pity.

I've pulled myself out of that kind of darkness.

Serious I am,
About my life.
The people in it.
And what I do.
I give any way that I can.

And IF I can't?
I don't!
I close down.
But...
I'm always there and open,
For the ones I want around!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Never Together Again

I am not like you,
And you are just like that.
How can you demand,
When I've asked from you something?
I don't think I should command.
Or expect respect.
That should be given.
Of that I do not neglect.
And you expect it?
When you neglect it?

I am not like you,
And you are just like that.
I try to be hospitable.
I don't welcome with attacks.
To bite and then regret.
To greet and meet to leave upset.

I am not like you.
I welcome not condescend.
Nor do I solicit attention,
To be focused on me.
Using that as a forum,
To exploit me on the scene.

I am not like you.
I could never be like that.
But I can be quite indignant,
When I learn I've been scandalized...
Behind my back,
By you.

I am not like you,
And you are just like that.
Bitter.
And unable to forgive.
Baiting to become the center of attention.
And using me as the subject,
Of your sorrows.

I am not you,
But you are just like that.
And that is why you and I,
Have no tomorrows...
To await for apologies to soothe.
With alibis and excuses too.

I am not you,
But you are just like that.
And that is why you and I,
Could never experience another forever,
Ever together,
Again.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Never Too Early Or Too Late

It will not matter what time it is.
Or when the Sun rises...
To caress the horizon,
With beaurtiful Sunsets.
As twilight arrives.

Penned fresh thoughts of you,
I am here to do.
With changes that are few...
In memories I keep.

And there has not been one moment,
I have live that you have not been missed.
Reviewed and reminisced,
In my mind with wishes.

It will not matter what time it is.
And never too early or too late.
Your face has a place in my heart always.
Although you may not be here to touch...
You do!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Never Too Late

You want to make me believe...
That everything you've ever done,
Was for me.
But...
All I've ever seen,
Was you take the seat of the pilot.
And...
I was in the cabin being the cleanup boy.

You want to make me believe...
That everything you've ever done,
Was for me.
But...
All I've ever seen,
Was you take the seat of the pilot.
And...
I was in the cabin being the cleanup boy.

You want to make me believe...
You would be there to have my back,
Watching.

You want to make me believe...
You'd protect me from any attack,
Watching.

You want to make me believe...
All I had to do is just sit and wait,
Before I get a taste of delicious cake.
And every piece of it you ate!

You want to make me believe...
That everything you've ever done,
Was for me.
But...
All I've ever seen,
Was you take the seat of the pilot.
And...
I was in the cabin being the cleanup boy.

You want to make me believe...
All I had to do is just sit and wait,
Before I get a taste of delicious cake.
And every piece of it you ate!
Then...
Have me accept it's never too late.
Then...
Have me accept it's never too late.
Then...
Have me accept it's never too late.
Never too late.
Never too late!
But...
Guess who's trying hard to get through the gate?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Never Will You Be Forgotten

Just because I have welcomed you,
Into my home.
And I have showered you with hospitality...
You do not have my permission,
To re-arrange my furnishings.

'I thought what I did,
Would make you feel more comfortable! '

I don't want you to have the belief,
You can even repeat what you just said!

Soon...
You will be leaving.
Quickly is my wish.
And soon thereafter when that's done...
Reflect upon my last comments to you.

~There is something that has loosened in your head.
And don't argue with anyone about this.
Invest as much time as you can...
With a 'paid' psychiatrist.
Someone to help rid you from your delusions.
I hope my comments will be helpful? ~

'All you had to say...
Is that you didn't like what I did.
You don't have to get nasty about it? '

This too shall pass.
Trust me.
Keep the faith.

'You don't have to worry about me,
'Ever' coming back here again! '

You will be missed.
But never will you be forgotten.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Never Will You Ever Understand It

Never will you understand it.
Why things in my heart wont leave.
You will never understand it.
Never will you ever understand it.

Never will you understand it.
Why I express little empathy.
You will never understand it.
Never will you ever understand it.

My mind has grown too agitated and annoyed.
My emotions tied in knots,
Have long dropped as my topic.
I have a peace within,
I'm hoping will never end.
Or come to the point,
I must defend.
Oh...
You will never understand it.
Never will you ever understand it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Never Would Obeyed

You are hooked onto something,
You can not see has ended.
Hooked onto it with clinched teeth.
But the fact remains...
Things have changed.

Things have changed so fast overnight.
Those who refused to be real with it.
Are the ones going into childish,
Temper tantrums and other childish...
Mental throwing fits.

Have you tried to get someone to heal real quick?
Doesn't it seem such a waste of time?
Especially when you know someone,
Who has never owned their own mind.
Don't you find that asinine?
When someone can't make up their mind?

Trying to find reason...
When reason wasn't hard to find!

And those who obeyed,
Don't have to be afraid...
Of the coming times!
Uh-huh.
And those who obeyed,
Don't have to be afraid...
Of the coming times!
Uh-huh
And those who obeyed,
Don't have to be afraid...
Of the coming times!
Uh-huh
And those who obeyed,
Don't have to be afraid...
Of the coming times!
And if they are...
They never would obeyed.

You are hooked onto something,
You can not see has ended.
Hooked onto it with clinched teeth.
But the fact remains...
Things have changed.

And those who obeyed,
Don't have to be afraid...
Of the coming times!
Uh-huh.
And those who obeyed,
Don't have to be afraid...
Of the coming times!
Uh-huh
And those who obeyed,
Don't have to be afraid...
Of the coming times!
And if they are...
They never would obeyed.
Uh-huh
Never would obeyed.
Oooooh,
They never would obeyed.
Uh-huh
Never would obeyed.
Oooooh...

Never would obeyed!

You are hooked onto something,
You can not see has ended.
Hooked onto it with clinched teeth.
But the fact remains...
Things have changed.
And those who obeyed,
Don't have to be afraid...
Of the coming times!
And if they are...
They never would obeyed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

New Attitude

I refuse to be a choosey loser.
Confused by a weakness,
That comes across as rude.

No...
I refuse to be a choosey loser.
Or be one just to offer up,
A constant singing of the 'blues'.

I want to be that one to say,
'I know the way to produce an up boost.'
I want to be the one to show,
I can reduce any blues singing I do...
With a clear expression exposing,
A tried and true new attitude.

I refuse to be a choosey loser.
Confused by a weakness,
That comes across as rude.

I can reduce any blues singing I do...
With a clear expression exposing,
A tried and true new attitude.

Yes I can make that stand.
And I am!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

New Blues For Those Not Choosing

Much is going on in everyone's WORLD.
Deaths of close friends.
Those near death.
Those financially upset.
Those with lost finances with no prospects.
Those aging with illnesses they regret.
And many who have lost their minds,
Unbelieving of the times we live.

And...
New Blues for those not choosing,
Continues on.
From dawn beyond Sunset.
Yes...
New Blues for those not choosing,
Continues on.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

New Boots

New boots...
Should not be worn near mud.
New boots...
Should be broken in on concrete
Before broken in to stain,
And remain in mud!

Exits are difficult,
To quickly reach.
When mud suspected,
Unnoticed begins thin.
And soon thickens slowly,
As the same nonsense heard...
Catches one off guard.
And wishes to exit.
Without causing a commotion.
Or getting from some,
The staring of eyes.

There is no rushing away.
To an exit quick.
Thick the mud has gotten.
And the one with new boots,
Can't believe how so many...
Can sit through to tolerate,
The same unchanged...
Nonsense heard to hear and get.

Wished...
By the one in new boots worn,
And to this event to wear...
They were prepared,
With a shovel.
To swing to clear the air.
Then dig a path,
Towards the exit.
But unknown to them,
Would be a quick and thick rise
Of acceptable B.S.

And there they had to sit.
With their new boots covered...
In it.
Unable to move.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

New Friends

Each step was not easy...
And difficult to reflect upon.
Lonely was the journey,
When decisions were made to continue,
Alone.
And all the time I felt I was assisted.
A force within insisted I not give up!
I couldn't.
I wouldn't.
Never looking back.
Keeping on track and focused...
I met many new friends,
Who wondered 'when' I would see the light!
They were excited for me.
And I observed a few of them shaking hands.
As if I was on course...
Following some sort of plan.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

New Opportunities Will Soon Be Offered

Listen up everyone.
I have great news.
As an incentive...
I've been informed...
New opportunities will soon be offered.

'Great!
It's about time.
Most of us have been waiting for so long! '

That's good to hear.
Keep up that enthusiasm.
Here.
Each one of you take a blindfold.

'Blindfold?
Oh?
We are going to be surprised? '

Shocked is more like it.
Can everyone see?
Those award winning thoroughbred horses,
Will soon be set free.
Each one of you...
After being blindfolded,
Are to attach on the backs of each one...
Your name and addresses.

Those able to succeed,
Will be given monetary prizes.
Worth thousands of dollars!

'That's impossible!
We can not do that.'

This is no time to start doubting your abilities.
Now...
Keep in mjind,
Each horse will be running at top speed.

'You're trying to kill us.'

You can either look at it that way?
Or look at your cups as being half full!
Any more questions?
Good.
You have 10 minutes,
To discuss amongst yourselves...
Any and all strategies preferred.
And...
Good luck to all of you.
Happy holidays.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

New Techniques

'I know who I am!
And I ain't tryin' to convince nobody.
I'm not seeking...
Nor am I looking for anyone's approval.
Especially yours! '

Whoa...
Hold up here!
Where is 'that' coming from?

'My lips to your ears.
You deaf?
Or are you on life support? '

Man...
I just said 'hello'.
That was a greeting.
Nothing more or nothing less!

'Liar!
How do I know that?
And what are you waiting for?
A response?
A smile?
A show of gratitude?
Or maybe you were hoping for a conversation?
To get me to tell all my business.
You wearing a body mic?
You with the FBI?
And don't stare at me...
Like you looking at some fool!
You folks always trying some new techniques,
Just to catch a 'brutha' off guard!
Well...
I'm not having it!
Take your 'hello' and try that crap on somebody else!
I know my 'rights'!
Do you think 'everybody' out here is 'nutts'? !
Yeah...

Yeah,
That's right!
You better walk away! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

New To The Neighborhood

I know you are new to the neighborhood.
And with that said...
I would caution you not to make any attempts,
To treat the other squirrels you see around here...
With respect or hints of it.
Since...
If you permit yourself to do that...
You just might find your nuts cracked.

'That's fine with me.
Isn't that the purpose?
I would consider that a neighborly act of unity.
And if I may admit this...
Sometimes it would be nice to sit and relax.
Knowing that another squirrel would do that for me.
And I didn't have to scratch any squirrel's back,
To keep my own nuts protected.'

Yeah...
You're new.
You've taken my comments...
Too far out on branches dislocated from the trees.
You must be a rehabilitated nut crusher?
Have you just been released,
From those Scotch Pines behind the Maples?

'No!
I'm a realist.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

New Traditionalists

'Who are you listening to?
How do you like this new guy.
The one that's coming to office.'

I'm listening to some old Devo stuff.
'The New Traditionalists'.
Had it since 1981.
Back then in the 'day'
They were calling this 'new wave' music.

At first...
I admit I was excited.
Just the thought of the President of The United States,
Actually 'playing' basketball.
Not golf or tennis...
But basketball.
He's coming in with a whole new set of rules.
And it may look easy,
But basketball is a rough and physical game!

'Michelle ain't no joke either.
She's already told the White House staff,
Her daughters will be making their own beds.
And with the mother-in-law moving in...
And Michelle's brother having introduced them?
They have 'already' chartered fresh territory! '

Those folks are 'too' disciplined.
You know what I'm sayin?

I don't know if this is a joke or not.
But I heard a rumor,
President Obama is divising a new physical fitness plan.
For everyone.
He's taking something old to add to fresh concepts he has.

'What is it.
What have you heard.'

Each community, nationally...
Will be required to set up H.A.F.T. Master Races.

'Hmmm...
I don't believe that.
He did not run his campaign on racism.'

NO! No...no, no!
Slice that thought!
This is his new physical fitness program.
It's both startling...and refreshing at the same time.

'H.A.F.T. Master Races?
I wonder what that's going to be about? '

Well...
The completed title should give everybody a clue!

'What is it? '

Haul-ass-from-the-Master Races.

'LOL...do what?
Who's the 'master'? '

I'll give you a hint...
Who's 'black' and 'white'
And gon' be sitting in the Oval Office?
Like my grandaddy use to say...
'I don't care who was 'suppose' to do sumthin'
That ain't done!
You see this belt?
I'm holdin' it 'cause somebody gonna get whipped!
And I'll 'Whip It' good.'

But he has such nice kind eyes.
And a warm inviting smile!

'My grandfather was about four feet and eleven inches tall.
But somehow he had us focused on other things.
And that never came up in our conversations then.'

Note:
Title, 'New Traditonalists'
the rock group, Devo-1981

Lawrence S. Pertillar

New World Order

The laughing has stopped.
Realities have cleared eyes.
And jaws are dropped.
The darkened days whispered approach,
Those who have listened should not fear!
What is near.

The actions taken seemed foolish.
The choices limited.
With none to choose from.
Since no one was told the truth from the start!
Only a few knew,
Their days of greed were done to depart.

A new way comes.
A new world 'stuns'.
A new world order has begun.
And it comes and stays to unite,
Everyone.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

News Of The World

Keep applying the smelling salts!
Some are coming around.

Those standing on their feet...
Have them repeat, 'stimulus'
Continuously.
Until you are convinced,
They are under total hypnosis.

Do not allow those blindfolded...
And tied to their chairs,
One moment of silence.
We need them for our next conference.
Make sure they know each note and line,
To 'We Are the Champions'!

We need to sell this campaign!
To take all minds off the economic drain!
And make this News of the World!

Note:
'We Are the Champions'
Composed Freddie Mercury,
and performed by Queen in 1977.
From their album, News of the World.
Freddie Mercury on lead vocals.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

News Of Tragedies

Wishing to receive news of tragedies,
With a preferred touch of sweetness...
To ease the reality of who is affected by them,
Has resulted in the increase of more conflicts...
AND deception.
As expectations grow for more victories to cheer,
By those awaiting in safe havens to throw confetti...
From curbside streets blocked off to parades.

Invitations already printed with uplifting messages,
Are addressed to be sent to anticipating neighbors.
Shopping to help decorate backyards selected,
For those beer and bar-be-que bashes...
Has left the shelves of specialty stores selling,
Balloons, noise makers, plastic cups, forks and knives...
Paper plates, napkins and colorful streamers,
Nearly emptied of their party stock.

'Yes.
I'm sorry for the interruption.
The news to all of us, of course, is tragic.
However...
Our 'boys' and 'girls',
Always continue to do wonderful things for 'us'.
God knows,
How they make us all proud...
By what we allow them to do.
Excuse me!
DO NOT put those cakes on the same table,
With the condiments. You should know that by now!
Remember...
We do not want to invite confusion.
Smooth is the motto.
I apologize!
One would 'think' by now celebrating these victories,
Would have everything set like clock work.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Next Chapter

Who knows,
How their next chapter will read?
Or 'what' or 'who' actually determines,
Which direction it should go.
When and before...
That chapter is exposed.

And who knows to do this definitely,
How a sentence of a chapter...
Begins to release,
A desired ending to captured.
Or how many sentences and chapters,
Completed are needed to reveal the intent.
With one's story to fully comprehend it meant.

Who knows,
How their next chapter will read?
Or if there is a need for a next chapter at all.
Afterall...
When living a story that has a beginning that ends,
It really depends on 'what' or 'who' determines...
If required tasks to pass have been mastered.
And not to delayed one's mission to neglect.
With conditions accepted to meet successfully.

'I did not before understand,
How to hold YOUR hand.
But I am ready to learn.
With focused thoughts taught.
To do it to earn,
From YOU another chance...
To show I can.'

~I like that last chapter.
I can not wait until you produce a next.
And more.~

'More? '

~From you?
Yes.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Next In Line, Please

You see,
I think you and I are not communica...

'Will that be light, medium or dark roast? '

...ting!
You see,
I am not like the others.
And I am see...

'Would you like light, medium or dark roast? '

...king something not so tart.
Less bitter with a more swee...

'Light! Medium or...
Dark roast.
That's it!
No if's ands or others.'

...tened taste. I don't like your attitude one bit.
I demand to see your supervisor.
Immediately.

'No problem.
Would you like 'your' truth...
Dark, light or medium? '

You did absolutely nothing but change hats.

'And guess what?
You either take that truth light, medium OR dark.
And...
Where is your authorization to stand in this line? '

I need no 'authorization'.
My name is...

'Next in line, please.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Next Question?

Am I self indulgent?
Yes.
And I am glad it is noticed,
Because it is well deserved.
Next question?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Next Scenerio

Deceptive images given,
To depict someone's innocence...
To gain sentiments of empathy,
With a wide acceptance to have this believed...
Does not work.
Especially if those images seen,
Are of a child angelically sleeping.
And those offended my that 'child'...
Know too well that have been victimized,
By the demon that child has become.
AND for a while.

And that is why they want that 'culprit',
Now an adult...
To be tried for the crimes they've done.

'But he is just a baby.'

~Your 'baby' is thirty years old.
And gets 90 days in jail.~

'I raised him to be a good child.'

~When were you going to begin,
To teach him to be accountable?
And as a man to face reality?
My I have the next scenerio, please? ~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Next Thursday It Is

Remaining stubborn,
With an unchanged attitude...
As many are accustomed to choose to do,
Ultimately makes one's choice to use excuses...
A benefit to a psychiatrist or a psychologist,
That is highly paid on an hourly basis...
After scheduled weekly visits to attempt to insist...
To the one recommended and medically picked,
Is the one more knowledgeable and professionally suited...
To hear and listen without judgements to pass,
How everybody else has misunderstood one's childhood.
And no one is willing to take time to comprehend.

'It is so unfortunate,
People are into themselves the way they are today.'

~I've been feeling that way most of my life.~

'I have next Thursday open,
To further discuss your situation with more depth.
Is that acceptable? '

~Yes, doctor.~

'Please see the receptionist.
And would you like to have this visit billed?
Or charged to your credit card?
My fees charged to you are flexible.'

~How much is 'this' visit? ~

'Let's see...
Two hours and fourty-five minutes?
Comes to...
Just three hundred and thirty nine dollars.
And as an added bonus to you...
As per our agreement.
I have eliminated phone consultations.'

~Thank you. Thank you so much doctor.
I could use the savings.
I am so glad you understand.
Next Thursday it is.
Give me a hug.
Just don't shake my hand.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Next To Collect

You could be the next to collect...
RESPECT.
You could be the next on the list...
To get it and quick.
You could be the next to collect...
RESPECT.
Tomorrow no one knows,
Just what to expect.

You may be next to collect it!
An overwhelming love received.
You may be next to collect,
A joy that never leaves.
You may be next to collect it!
A one of a kind peace...
On your mind.

You may be next to collect it!
An overwhelming love received.
You may be next to collect,
A joy that never leaves.
You may be next to collect it!
A one of a kind peace...
On your mind.

You may be next to collect,
Just accept you are blessed.

You could be the next to collect...
RESPECT.
You could be the next on the list...
To get it and quick.

You may be the next to collect it...
An abundance of happiness.
The next to collect.
The next to collect.

You may be the next to collect it...
An abundance of happiness.
The next to collect.
The next to collect.

You may be the next to collect it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

'Next! '

There is no 'if' on my lips,
When I say I love.
No 'maybe' awaits me giving it.
I know what it is inside me that lives.
But I will tell you this...
No masquerade portrayed,
Upon my heart...
Comes to be made.
That is not allowed.
I wont let that start!

When I say I love...
I do!
And you,
Can forget about using me to play...
Charades or any other game,
You choose to display.

When I say I love...
I do!
And you are not that good...
To continue in a disguise I recognize,
Given by shallow givers I knew
Who tried to hide a past,
Smoothed over by obvious lies.

Why does anyone think that will last?
When false eyes I detect...
Appear so quickly,
After one's need has been fed
With the act of sweated sex!
In a wet bed of regrets.
'Next! '
Put your pretentions to rest!
You are not that good.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Nibbled And Leeched

Many more will make public announcements,
That their deceits kept discreet...
Are no longer secret.
And on decline.

They now find themselves unneeded.
And forced to leave these deceptions behind.

Shocked by their proclamations,
Followers of theirs start to whine.
Since the days for corruption and crime decreases.
Such loyal servitude has produced enough,
Of an effective requirement for the adequate loss of minds!

The ones who struggle to maintain their grip!
But slipping quick,
From this nibbled and leeched lifeline...
Taken for granted!
Leap.
And those of hateful speech,
Release into a fading screech!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Nibbling Away

You are in my backyard,
Nibbling away inch by inch...
Property that is mine you wish to claim.
And you expect me not to be offended?
Or approach you to defend my interests?
To then say I am your threat?
You may solicit the media to be on your side,
With deception and lies you've been telling.
However...
If you continue to escalate with choices you make,
What makes you believe I should have none?
My neighbors and I have known each other,
Much longer than you have proven you are foolish.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Nibbling On Crushed Hearts

Time spent in the hushing of dissidence,
Has not gained in their influence.
Nor has the sweetened taste of the flavor...
Forced upon the tongues of those misguided,
To tell yet more versions of diversified lies...
Or how to describe,
What to expect when the after affects take effect.

Nibbling on crushed hearts,
To munch with a sipping of deceit...
Stalks the catwalks of fashion.
And since it is Spring,
The Fall lineup being introduce to seduce...
Updates the look of coming attractions,
To entice an acceptance of more pain with treated traps.

Nibbling on crushed hearts,
To munch with a sipping of deceit...
Stalks the catwalks of fashion.
For a cheap duplication copied to apply,
As quickly as possible on urban streets...
Where a napping from reality has been complete.

Time spent in the hushing of dissidence,
Has not gained in their influence.
Nor has the sweetened taste of the flavor...
Forced upon the tongues of those misguided,
To tell yet more versions of diversified lies...
Or how to describe,
What to expect when the after affects take effect.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Nicky Nicky Nicky Nicky Nicky Nick Pick

You can't win the war and the battle cause,
That struggle is in your head.
And kept there seven days a week.
With no sleep there you're reaping.

You can't win the war and the battle cause,
That struggle is in your head.
And kept there seven days a week.
With no sleep there you're reaping.

All you like to do is nitpick my wrongs.
With that constant picking that you see fit.
But only you brood sucking your thumb.
Without that finger licking that you want done!

Nicky nicky nicky nicky nicky nick pick,
Pick bones...
That's all you really want to do,
Pick bones...
Pick over bones that's gone!

Nicky nicky nicky nicky nicky nick pick,
Pick bones...
That's all you really want to do,
Pick bones...
Pick over bones that's gone,
With a finger licking done like you've won!

You can't win the war and the battle cause,
That struggle is in your head.
And kept there seven days a week.
With no sleep there you're reaping.

Nicky nicky nicky nicky nicky nick pick,
Pick bones...
That's all you really want to do,
Pick bones...
Pick over bones that's gone,
With a finger licking done like you've won!

Nicky nicky nicky nicky nicky nick pick,
Pick bones...
That's all you really want to do,
Pick bones...
Pick over bones that's gone,
With a finger licking done like you've won!

You can't win the war and the battle cause,
That struggle is in your head.
And kept there seven days a week.
With no sleep there you're reaping.
With no sleep there you're reaping.

Nicky nicky nicky nicky nicky nick pick,
Pick bones...
With no sleep there you're reaping.
With no sleep there you're reaping.

Nicky nicky nicky nicky nicky nick pick,
Pick bones...
With no sleep there you're reaping.
With no sleep there you're reaping.

Nicky nicky nicky nicky nicky nick pick.
With no sleep there you're reaping.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Nigger, Nigger, Nigger...Nigguhs

No one bans
Ignorance
Disrespect
Racism and affects,
Of bigotry!
Corporate greed, lies and hypocrisy.
Or crime
Blatant thief
High taxes
Technology that creates suffering.
Degreed fools
The lost of jobs diminishing lifestyles.
Conflicts
Wars
Homelessness to aid those poor.
And there's an uproar,
Over the use of the word NIGGER?
I could care less what you call me!
I've got my pride and dignity intact!
And if it wasn't for 'niggers' being used...
There would be far less greatness
Others abuse and believe
They are better than concepts conceived!
On the backs of 'niggers'
Has enabled many to breathe...
In a false superiority that strengthens
Their self righteousness!
Calling me a 'nigger' doesn't eliminate hatred!
It just exposes the evidence,
Of a lack of self worth!
'Nigger, nigger, nigger! '
NIGGUHS
Everywhere!
Providing psychological comfort!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Night...And Day

If not for you,
My eyes would not be open wide...
To view things the way I now do.
If it had not been for you.

And if it had not been for you,
I'd still be living questioning my doubts...
Without a thought to connect them,
To their origin.
And I'd still be tossing accusations about.

If not for you,
I'd be less aware of the importance to care...
Of others who too,
Are still blaming themselves...
Over things others do just to prove they can.

And if it had not been for you,
I would not have seen myself as a fool.
Living in the valley amongst other fools.
And I am grateful to you yes I am,
I no longer have those headaches like I use to.
And comprehend how yours have ended,
Knowing what and who cause those headaches to begin.
I thank you for 'rudely' sharing them.

If it had not been for you,
I would not have ever come to realize...
Just how many fools there are denying truth.
And living lives unaware they have been identified,
With beliefs what they do have no affect on others too.

If it had not been for you,
I'd be living my life as a bigger fool.
Believing it was pride I displayed.
Night...
And day!
Unaware I delivered headaches.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Nightmare

There is not a season enjoyed,
From one's past...
Coming back packaged gift wrapped.

Nor are those times spent,
Mingling with new friends met...
When first attending elementary school,
Returning to enjoy the freedom of recess.

Although,
Many are wishing with fingers crossed...
A tomorrow that comes,
Will be sugarized with a sweetened taste...
Freed from the rapid changes.
A reality today presents.

With a hope that this awakens them,
From the experience of what they perceive...
Has been a prolonged nightmare.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Nightmares

When the roots are covered in false color,
A naturalness of an essence goes forever.
And a youtfulness that's claimed,
Only changes in one's brain.

When a smothering weave is done,
Cells in one's skull can not breathe.
They become squeezed.
And common sense diminishes,
With split ends finding no relief.

When lips and fingertips and toes,
With eyelashes extended beyond one's nose...
Are falsely expressing a heart enclosed.
Is the opposite sex attracted to what is expressed?
Is it the unnaturalness one gets,
Professed in confessions held that one expects?

It's nice to know what is held close is for real.
And when lips meet there's no slipping away.
And when a swift breeze comes,
Does one want to chase a weave?
When someone says they have nightmares,
Are they really deep in sleep?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Ninety-Nine Percent

Those motivated,
By the ninety-nine percent movement...
Should be commended,
For this stance they take.

It is true that corporate greed,
Has gotten out of hand.
And the banking system...
As of late,
Can say they have customers...
They can rely on as devoted fans.

But...
There has been one hundred percent,
Of those living hungry and in homelessness...
That have been seen on a daily basis.

And,
Wouldn't it have been a greater statement to make...
If those ninety-nine percenters,
Had come to empathize the ones in dire straits.
With equal entitlements,
But not given the same collective focus...
To have their predicaments remedied,
With a purpose to see this social tragedy end.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Nip Grudges In The Bud

For whatever the reason,
You have been convinced to dislike someone...
Make the doing of it,
YOUR personal issue to pursue.

Let that become something within you,
That you fight with a doing to overcome.
Too many take on an offensive position quick.
To involve other people,
Having nothing to do nwith their obtained attitudes.

People who campaign to have others despise someone,
For no other apparent purpose...
But to do it to be done.
And with the truth surfaces to uncover the true culprit,
It is usually the one who stirs up trouble just for fun.

Nip grudges in the bud and confess what aches.
It is better to be honest and play it safe,
Than to be the one...
Never around others to again be welcomed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Nip It From The Bud

Don't be the one to deny,
Nothing bothers you but does inside.
As you try to avoid a nagging fear.
Pretending that a threat felt,
Isn't near.
Live you life,
Without it stifled.

Don't be the one seeking places to hide,
From cloudy storms you see in the sky.
To believe what appears will soon disappear,
As tears drip quick from your swollen eyes.

Nip it from the bud,
What's faked.
Nip it from the bud,
What's faked.
Nip it from the bud,
What's faked.
And live your life without it stifled.

Don't be the one seeking places to hide,
From cloudy storms you see in the sky.
To believe what appears will soon disappear,
As tears drip from your reddened eyes.

Nip it from the bud,
What's faked to grieve.
Nip it from the bud,
What's faked to leave
Nip it from the bud,
What's faked to see...
You can live your life without it stifled.
You can live your life without that fear.
You can live your life without it stifled.
You can live your life to have storms clear.

Don't be the one to deny,
Nothing bothers you but does inside.

Nip it from the bud,
What's faked to grieve.
Nip it from the bud,
What's faked to leave
Nip it from the bud,
What's faked to see...
You can live your life without it stifled.
If you accept that to believe.

Nip it from the bud,
Whatever is faked.
Nip it from the bud,
Whatever it takes.
Nip it from the bud,
Complaints to make.
And live your life without it stifled.

Nip it from the bud,
To boot.
Nip it from the bud,
To boot and scoot.
Nip it from the bud,
With a promise kept...
And to prove it too,
You will live your life without it stifled.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Nip It In The Bud

From the time the lights come on,
And from dusk 'til dawn...
You're giving me the lip!

I don't need the clock to ding-a-dong,
Since my peace is gone.
And in my ear you babble lip.

Why can't you nip it in the bud, baybay.
Why can't you handle it?

Nip it in the bud.

Why can't you take a walk as I lay?
Do whatever it takes!

But don't bother me with it!

I don't need the clock to ding-a-dong,
Since my peace is gone.
And in my ear you babble lip.
Why can't you take a walk as I lay?
Do whatever it takes!
And don't bother me with it!

Why can't you nip it in the bud, baybay.
Why can't you handle it?

Nip it in the bud.

Why can't you take a walk as I lay?
Do whatever it takes!

But don't bother me with it!

From the time the lights come on,
And from dusk 'til dawn...
You're giving me the lip!

I don't need the clock to ding-a-dong,
Since my peace is gone.
And in my ear you babble lip.

Why can't you nip this in the bud, baybay.
Why can't you handle it?

Nip it in the bud.

Why can't you take a walk as I lay?
Do whatever it takes!

But don't bother me with it!

Why can't you nip this in the bud, baybay.
Why can't you handle it?
And just nip this in the bud, baybay.
Why can't you take a walk as I lay?
Do whatever it takes!
And don't bother me with it!

Why can't you nip this in the bud, baybay.
Why can't you handle it?
And just nip this in the bud, baybay.
Why can't you take a walk as I lay?
Do whatever it takes!
And don't bother me with it!

Why can't you nip this in the bud, baybay.
Why can't you handle it?
And just nip this in the bud, baybay.
Why can't you take a walk as I lay?
Do whatever it takes!
And don't bother me with it!

Why can't you nip this in the bud, baybay.
And take my 'daze' away!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Nip It Quick

There is a big difference between,
Seeing a thing for what it is.
To comprehend its meaning and existence.
Than it is,
Trying to avoid it.
By crossing a street.
Climbing a tree.
Or running to escape from it,
By hopping a fence.
To look back to see that it has grown bigger.

Those who make attempts pretending,
What 'is' does not exist.
Eventually find that digging a hole,
To hide from the growing enormity it.
Suffer from consequences they can never repay.

It is always best to be proactive,
No matter who or what.
Becomes offended by the action.
And face those dilemmas when they arise.

Like being strict with a child,
Regardless of how cute that child may be.
The first time there is a sign of disobedience occurring,
Nip it in the bud quick.
Do not give up to quit.
If not.
The control to introduce a discipline when it is too late,
Is a fate one confronts that is inescapable.
When one is fed what is allowed to become an addiction.
And an attempt is made to stop it?
All hell breaks loose.

Nip it quick!
Or a price will be paid for it.
If not.
Prepare to give up everything that once had a value.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Nip This In The Bud And Split

Let's take a 'trip' over the border.
And spread our wings quick,
With unlimited ease.
To fly above what others believe...
To soar,
And reach.
And...
Let's take a 'trip' over the border.
And spread our wings quick,
With unlimited ease.
To fly above what others believe...
To soar,
And reach.

You and I out of hiding can be free.
To get rid of any darkness...
Holding onto us to suppress.
And...
You and I can slip from a safety net.
That has us boxed in perceiving,
All our needs will be met,
If a trusted faith we leave...

Behind us!

Clipped and sitting and afraid to take risks.
Ready to give up.
Ready to quit.

Clipped and sitting and afraid to take risks.
Ready to give up.
Ready to quit.

Clipped and sitting and afraid to take risks.
Ready to give up.
Ready to quit.

No one who trys to fly is bored!

Let's take a 'trip' over the border.
And spread our wings quick,
With unlimited ease.
To fly above what others believe...
To soar,
And reach.

Clipped and sitting and afraid to take risks.
Ready to give up.
Ready to quit.
Nip this in the bud and split.
Get up and...
Nip this in the bud and split.
Get up and...
Nip this in the bud and split.
Get up and...
Nip this in the bud.
Nip this in the bud.
Nip this in the bud and split.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Nipples

Men and women both have nipples.
But birds have nipples not.
Since they can not miss them licked...
Do they get a kick when lifting wings?
Finding that divine and heavenly.
As we wait,
Getting tweaked now and then...
By someone who has a fetish!
And we are promised to get wings,
When 'that' time comes!
And who can really say they know that to be true?
Especially if that is 'suppose' to be,
The ultimate 'G' spot!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Nirvanic Moments

I am often amazed by those
Who offer their consultations freely
To assist in my understanding,
Of my own experiences!
Although ridiculous...
I find myself encouraged,
To listen to their insights!
And upon leaving them glowing,
With self satisfaction...
I realize,
That is all it takes!
Just stare them in the eyes and nod!
Favorably.
Tease them about their ancestry.
They have no idea,
They are providing the evidence
That convinces anyone with depth of thought...
Just how shallow the mindset of humanity has become!
And these folks truthfully believe,
People have desires to be like them!
And I have this concept...
If they should disappear,
'That' would provide the cure for all cancers!
The problem with that notion is...
Most of them are suited in laboratories,
Clinically dissecting themselves to find meaning!
While the others plan trips to Rome,
To catch a glimpse of the main one appointed
To monitor and head their criminal activities!
In a show of pageantry that competes,
With that of the pomp and ridiculousness...
Of the pulcritudinous shame of English royalty!
It's all connected to thief and BS!
These folks have thrived on the backs,
Of the downtrodden!
However...
I do admired the ones
In charge of designing those fantastic wardrobes!
With the Pope in Gucci...

And the Queen in jewels?
No wonder these spectacles are stress relievers.
To some degree...
Perhaps they do deserve their adulation!
Idolistically speaking of course.
With a profound display of symbolism!
It has to be exhausting,
Keeping these myths addressed!
And cloaked from the eyes of the masses.
But 'who' cleans the bowls of the 'thrones'...
Once they have been flushed?
Those must be nirvanic moments!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Nit And Picked Too Long

My love for you is gone.
You nit and picked too long.
Your criticisms wrong.
I did not feel belonged.

My love for you is gone!
You nit and picked too long.
Your criticisms wrong.
I did not feel belonged.

Absent was a benefit.
Every time you threw a fit.
And your tongue was acid lit.
Driving me to split,
And seek calm.

You nit and picked too long.
Your criticisms wrong.
I did not feel belonged.
Driving me to split,
And seek calm.

I'm done with it and gone.
You nit and picked too long.
You nit and picked too long
I'm done with you and it,
And now I'm gone.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No Acceptance Of What Is Going On

Many today are living lives in desperation.
Few are still clinging onto delusions.
The kind that only an appearance from Santa Claus,
Can forever erase.
The shouting sounds of reality,
Can not chase them away...
From their 'what if' existences.

There is no acceptance of what is going on,
In front of their faces.
And their lack of involvement,
Has invited what it is they deny.

Many today are living lives in desperation.
Few are still clinging onto delusions.
The kind that only an appearance from Santa Claus,
Can forever erase.

Minds are gone!
And there is no where to retrieve them,
From a lost and found!

Minds are gone!
And some folks were never attached to one,
To know what it is they are missing.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No Adam For Your Eve

You can play your tricks,
In any kind of mix.
But let me make this clear...
There is no satisfaction!

You can nit and pick,
Do all of this in fits.
So let me tell you quick...
You get no reaction from me...
I can see you are evil!

You can moan and whine,
Like you do half the time.
Throw a tantrum on a dime...
But I am no Adam for your Eve.
You can fall to pieces!

You can play your tricks,
In any kind of mix.
But let me make this clear...
There is no satisfaction!

You can nit and pick,
Do all of this in fits.
So let me tell you quick...
You get no reaction from me...
I can see you are evil!

You can moan and whine,
Like you do half the time.
Throw a tantrum on a dime...
But I am no Adam for your Eve.
You can fall to pieces!

I will not play Adam for your Eve.
You are too damn evil!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No Apology Do I Offer

What on Earth,
Are you people chanting?
And to do it at 'my' doorstep?

'We've come to grant you 'our' permission,
To live as you wish.
And...
With our forgiveness.'

That sounds great.
Now with no apology do I offer to say,
My life to live will continue that way.
And...
No offense,
But...
Who is the dude hoisted on your shoulders?

'He sees.
He knows.'

That's great.
And this is what I know.
Me see you leave to go away!
Okay?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No Attempt Made To Try

Make it easy on yourself.
Don't be the one defying to deny...
Those known lies told,
By the ones who choose alibis...
To expose themselves believing they hide.

Continue to live a life with an integrity identified.
Since others will see this to be shown,
Just how futile it is to dispute those who 'fib',
With a consistency persisted.
And to eventually prove liars often use excuses.

One living a life refuting conflicts to dispute,
Is the one who often is heard to wonder 'why'...
They are put in positions to be offended.
And yet when questioned about this,
Another lie told slips from their lips.

Make it easy on yourself.
Don't be the one defying to deny...
Those known lies told,
By the ones who choose alibis...
To expose themselves believing they hide.

With an honesty lived and with it given,
Those who have committed to a life like this...
May find they are the ones,
Others hiding behind lies...
Discover offend them with no attempt made to try.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No Attempt Of It Is Done

How deep is pain once felt and feeling?
The slightest pinch could send one to the edge.
Who is there to measure this grief?
As the one inflicted stares without relief.
How deep is understanding...
When no attempt of it is done.
And how can someone be asked to forgive...
When none of that is mentioned,
Or comes from anyone!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No Benefit That Hides

You and I,
Should stop to see...
We are the glue.
And not merely just commodities.

You and I,
Should stop and be...
Examples set for the young,
As how to focus to get things done!

You and I,
Should cease that need...
Of a disharmony,
We leave to grieve.

Since much discourse goes unresisted.
With no benefit,
That hides the dripping of tears.

And none of it compliments,
Or fits at all...
Those contradictions seen as fears!

You and I,
Should stop to see...
We are the glue.
And not merely just commodities.

You and I,
Should cease that need...
Of a disharmony,
We leave to grieve.

Since much discourse goes unresisted.
With no benefit,
That hides the dripping of tears.
Or fits at all...
Those contradictions seen as fears!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No Benefits For You To Reap

You willfully played the wrong ones cheap.
The dangling carrot you chased,
Had no benefits for you to reap.

And continuously you pleaded the 5th.
Instead of revealing the deceivers as creeps.
And now you are left...
To sit with them in the hot seat.

And those who observe justice upon you being served,
Are those you took for granted as you slandered them.
Now they do lunch while enjoying seeing every bit of you,
Being pummeled in disgrace and crunched in their faces.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No Bits Of Candy

No bits of candy do I have to hand out.
Or other pieces of sweetened treats.
I've come to share observations not ignore them.
With a truth I welcome.
Not versions of dishonesty,
To satisfy those more accustomed to deceit.
With a wish of more of it to feed and feast,
Without a noticing the cupboards are getting bare.
And the reality of 'needs' must be faced.
Whether you pay attention to me or not.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No Cabin Fever Here

Many can get restless,
When a cabin fever comes to test.
And...
They must be living in a debt.
And pressured by regret.

Many can get restless,
When a cabin fever comes to test.
And...
Wishing to escape,
Through a door that has a blocked exit.

But nothing's going to keep me...
Locked up and away,
From Mama Nature.

I don't have those regrets!

Nothing's going to keep me...
Locked up and away,
From Mama Nature.

I don't have those regrets!

Many can get restless,
When a cabin fever comes to test.
And...
They must be living in a debt.
And pressured by regret.

Many can get restless,
When a cabin fever comes to test.
And...
Wishing to escape,
Through a door that has a blocked exit.

But nothing's going to keep me...
Locked up and away,
From Mama Nature.

I don't have those regrets!

No cabin fever!

I don't have those regrets!

No cabin fever here!

I don't have those regrets!

No cabin fever!
I don't have those regrets!
No cabin fever here!
I don't have those regrets!

No,
Nothing's going to keep me...
Locked up and away,
From Mama Nature.

I don't have those regrets!
I don't have those regrets!

No,
Nothing's going to keep me...
Locked up and away,
From Mama Nature.

I don't have those regrets!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No Cash. No Hash

Bad credit?
I wouldn't have applied for credit at all...
If I could afford what i wanted.

Whether good or bad,
I have never had a grocery store...
Foreclose on my eating habits.

And even though the subject may seem ridiculous,
It's like this...
If I don't have the cash,
No eggs with hash splashed with a dash of catsup...
Will I taste to nibble, sniff or eat.

Try shopping for food,
With all resources depleted.

No cash.
No hash.
Whether credit is good, sad, bad...
Or just nonexistent.
A signature with a promised I.O.U.
Will not do.
Even in the best of times!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No Cerebral Intent

No cerebal intent,
Have I ever had to expose an intelligence...
To depict a thought process addressed,
I once had believed expressed a common sense...
Many unsolicited consented to admit.

Today in the year of two thousand thirteen,
With a lack of communication by those quick to demean...
And a severe lack of respect observed given to be seen,
Just doing my best to protect my sanity is all I wish.
That's it and I seek no one to be convinced.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No Challenge

I will admit this!
I am not in competition with you!
I am in competition with myself!
And trust me...
I don't think I am going to find,
A stronger competitor!
It's not about ego that inspires.
It's about self recognition...
That never seems to satisfy
My thirst to outdo myself!
And I knew there would be problems...
The moment I discovered you to be no challenge at all!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No Clouds Do I See

I'm back on the road.
Detoured by my burdens and that load.
No tears do I shed.
I've cleared out my head.
And there's such a peace in me instead.

I once crawled on knees.
In pity that would not set me free.
Then one day I met,
Regrets I had kept.
And realized they dismissed my peace.

I stood on my feet.
And told them from me they had to leave.
All doubts disappeared.
The sky then did clear.
The Sun like a smile on me appeared.

I'm back on the road.
Detoured by my burdens and that load.
No tears do I shed.
I've cleared out my head.
And there's such a peace in me instead...
All over me!

No clouds do I see,
Over me.

No clouds do I see,
Over me.

No clouds do I see,
Over me!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No Clue What Keeps Them Established

A chemistry felt,
Is not communicated in words.
Nor does obtaining a degree,
Automatically certifies one intelligent...
With common sense.

Comprehension develops with experience.
Ask anyone with a degree who still feels ignorant.
And those who have gone through several relationships...
Have no clue what keeps them established.
Many people are seeking ways to impress...themselves!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No Common Thread

If no common thread is to be found,
To begin weaving a chemistry.
It would be pointless to continue a search,
For a seamstress,
Or tailor
To design something fitting and suitable,
To taste!
When a pattern unfit...
Will never be customed made,
To meet the needs
Of what already is unmatched.
This is not a consideration.
This is a cancellation waiting to happen.
Another selection is recommended,
Before any order takes place!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No Compass

I don't need no compass.
No compass do I use,
To know where I need to be.
Or where I'm going,
From steps I have made.
And with them placed to claim.
No compass is a comfort,
If a direction I may choose...
Abruptly has to make needed changes.
Needed changes to exchange,
With a doing to roughen a smooth cruise.

Living to adventure life,
To experience the experiment of it...
Has a way of keeping me prepared,
For obstacles presented...
And my faith kept dared.

Living to explore and not ignore challenges,
Makes worthless a compass to use...
To leave my mind dependent upon it.
Or relying upon others 'assuming' I am lost.
Quick to suggest just to confuse my efforts.
Hoping I will toss away,
Endeavors with my efforts made...
That leaves me paying a regretted cost.

I don't need no compass.
No compass do I use,
To know where I need to be.
Or where I'm going,
From steps I have made.
And with them placed to be claimed.
No compass is a comfort,
If a direction I may choose...
Abruptly has to make needed changes.
I have learned,
Remaining flexible to accept objections...
Is the best asset I have.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No Connection

If you can identify something you do
As natural as the air you breathe...
It 'is' you.
It needs not to be explain.
If something done you do,
Is not connected with love...
Unconditionally.
It will show.
Even though you will tell others,
What is done you do!
But it is not doing you...
With the love you enjoy!
It becomes a job.
A chore!
Something you believe,
Can be put off...
Ignored!
And that's not love!
That's just something you do.
Just to say you can!
And it shows.
Like everything else done,
You do...
That has no connection!
Like trying to find meaning in it...
For something you deem,
Is a worthwhile compensation!
Like a marriage that doesn't work,
And alimony is owed!
Or something significant tied to money is due!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No Control Of This

You have no control of this!
None.
And I've told you that,
On more than one occasion.

Is the finger that you see,
On my right hand straight up.
Appear to be longer than the rest?

'I can not see the rest.
Just that one you hold straight up.
Your other fingers I can't see.
They seem to be part of a balled fisted hand.'

I've lost track in being matter of fact with you.
I've long ago from you been derailed.

I've expressed a lack of interest.
Whether or not those times you wish to revisit...
Come into your view as a mirage.
You have no control of this.

What is it that you wish?
A return to those days when I showed you interest.
And you confessed,
That had little chance to manifest...
Even at a clownfest.

I've lost track in being matter of fact with you.
I've long ago from you been derailed.

I've expressed a lack of interest.
Whether or not those times you wish to revisit...
Come into your view as a mirage.
With a desire to thirst on a hump you...see!
You have no control of this.

I barely do myself.
But you,

Have none.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No Craved Tasting

Lest I should find my steps ungrateful,
Will I then imprison lost deeds?
Ambitions come with dangled promise,
I must overcome to approach with ease.
If no blessings felt...
No craved tasting would I please.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No Crustaceans Fresh To Eat

You prefer to have your shrimp,
With a side of lobster.
Oodles scoobie dooed,
With a ooo-ah-doo.

You want to shell the meat,
To release an aroma.
Oodles scoobie dooed,
With a ooo-ah-doo.

But the sea has been tainted with oil grease.
And what releases from that oil stinks and reeks,
To heaven.
And you see what's coming to you to be served,
Is breaded tuna that's been noodled.

You prefer to have your shrimp,
With a side of lobster.
Oodles scoobie dooed,
With a ooo-ah-doo.

You want to shell the meat,
To release an aroma.
Oodles scoobie dooed,
With a ooo-ah-doo.

But crustaceans from the sea no one can eat.
And frustrations felt begin to heat the seat you sit.
Then you realize you're leaping up on your feet...
To get no relief.

You prefer to have your shrimp,
With a side of lobster.
Oodles scoobie dooed,
With a ooo-ah-doo.

But crustaceans from the sea no one can eat.
And frustrations felt begin to heat the seat you sit.
Then you realize you're leaping up on your feet...

To get no relief.

And the sea has been tainted with oil grease.
And what releases from that oil stinks and reeks,
To heaven.
And you see what's coming to you to be served,
Is breaded tuna that's been noodled.

All crustaceans from the sea no one can eat.
Then you realize you're leaping up on your feet.
And that breaded tuna serve to you you leave,
With your rude on.
Oodles scoobie dooed,
With a ooo-ah-doo.

And that breaded tuna serve to you you leave,
With your rude on.
Oodles scoobie dooed,
With a ooo-ah-doo.

And that breaded tuna serve to you you leave,
With your rude on.
Oodles scoobie dooed,
With a ooo-ah-doo.

Knowing crustaceans from the sea no one can eat.
No crustaceans fresh to eat no longer treats...
So you leave a tuna noodled.,
With a rude mood put on.
Oodles scoobie dooed,
With a ooo-ah-doo.

No crustaceans fresh to eat,
So you leave a tuna noodled.
Oodles scoobie dooed,
With a ooo-ah-doo.

No crustaceans fresh to eat,
So you leave a tuna noodled.
Oodles scoobie dooed,
With a ooo-ah-doo.

Knowing crustaceans from the sea no one can eat.
No crustaceans fresh to eat no longer treats...
So you leave a tuna noodled.,
With a rude mood put on.
Oodles scoobie dooed,
With a ooo-ah-doo.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No Darkness Can Satisfy This Need

I'm looking at the bright side.
I need to taste fresh flavors wasting.
Nobody can really do the blues like I do.

I want to dance to rhythms waiting.
Ones I chose to leave.
That sun is shining and smiling on me!
Today.

I'm depleted of defeat I greeted.
Had to sit and let it ride my back!
There is nothing about a sorrow sweeted...
With attacks I welcome to meet!
To keep and feed.

I'm looking at the bright side
I need to taste fresh flavors wasting.
Nobody can really do the blues like I do.

I'm pleased to free from shadows.
Shared by comfort givers.
Not one of them offering good chemistry!
Felt deep to pleasure.
With a measuring desire...
To apply to my eyes that grieved.

There is a fire burning in me...
Darkness can't satisfy.
I'm tired of skipping over my needs!

I'm looking at the bright side
I need to taste fresh flavors wasting.
Nobody can really do the blues like I do.

I want to dance to rhythms waiting.
Ones I chose to leave.
That sun is shining and smiling on me!
Today...
My dues are all paid!

I'm depleted of defeat I greeted.
Had to sit and let it ride my back!
There is nothing about a sorrow that's sweeted...
With attacks I welcome to meet!
To keep and feed.
Today I see me!
The me I'm free to be!
And no darkness can satisfy this need,
Since my grieving eyes have been released.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No Day Comes Too Soon

No day comes too soon,
To remember those who love you.
Every minute that is given,
Is a chance to say...
How much it is you feel that way.

No day comes too soon,
To remember those who love you.
And I do love you I do.
With a doing done shown,
I want to you expressed and known!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No Depth At All

You wanna play head games,
And I ain't gonna 'trip' like that.
Shallow, insecure hide and seek...
In the hopes to attract a playmate,
Willing to compete.

These 'acts' of innocence,
Are cute to say the least.
However,
For someone your age...
This shows your have no depth at all.
Or anything worthy to find OR keep!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No Depth That's Meant

Detected and suspected,
To have no depth that's meant.
And substance isn't there at all,
That has a real content.

Detected and suspected,
To have no depth that's meant.
And substance isn't there at all,
That has a real content.

Only believed to be an ego 'feign'.
And detected and suspected,
To have no depth that's meant.
And substance isn't there at all,
That has a real content.

Doing and saying things just to be seen.
And detected and suspected,
To have no depth that's meant.
And substance isn't there at all,
That has a real content.

Only believed to be an ego 'feign'.
With a doing and saying things just to be seen.
Full of conceit from their head to their feet,
And a superficial, artificial life conceived.

Detected and suspected,
To have no depth that's meant.
And substance isn't there at all,
That has a real content.

Detected and suspected,
To have no depth that's meant.
And substance isn't there at all,
That has a real content.

Doing and saying things just to be seen.

And only believed to be an ego 'feign'.
Detected and suspected,
To have no depth that's meant.
And substance isn't there at all,
That has a real content.

Detected and suspected,
To have no depth that's meant.
Detected and suspected,
To have no depth that's meant.
Detected and suspected,
To have no depth that's meant.
And substance isn't there at all,
That has a real content.

Having no..
Depth that's meant.
Having no real depth that is meant.

Having no...
Depth that's meant.
Having no real depth that is meant.

Having no...
Depth that's meant.
Having no real depth that is meant.
Having no real depth that is meant.
Having no...
Depth that's meant.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No Disparities Seen

If one grows accustomed to a joke,
And lives it as if...
That's the only reality lived they know.
And it is.
By what they show and choose to believe.
And surrounding themselves they do,
With jesters!
To uphold such valued standards!

It is a life felt that feels most comfortable.

Those opposing 'this' reality,
Are the ones oppressed and made to fear.
Made to become subservient.
Although they are the ones,
Closer to the truth...
Of all creation!
And their lives are despised.
Otherwise there would be no disparities seen.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No Dots Do They Connect

Why is it,
That the very same people...
Who are today wondering,
With the asking of 'what's going on'...
Are the very same people,
Who yesterdays gone...
Refused to accept to hear,
A negativity expressed to them...
In their ears.
And those chosing to speak the truth,
Now and also then...
Are the ones today,
And those yesterdays gone...
Not only appear clearly to be happy people,
But also are very protective...
Of their peace of mind.
And those still left wondering why...
What's going on in the way it is today,
Have no idea what to say...
About themselves or their lives,
Or reasons to give as to 'why'...
Or how they feel that way.

No dots do they connect.
Or...
Can read between the lines without spaces,
Traced.
Or...
Colorized with crayon,
Etched to separate what has taken place!
Since this activity is missing smiling faces.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No Ego Involved

I think I will approach my 'main' interests,
A little bit differently.

'How's that? '

I am going to pretend, publicly...
I have a wish to do one thing,
But sacrifice my time and efforts...
Doing what I love which no one suspects.
And achieve secretly,
Tremendous success.

'That will never happen.'

Why not?

'Because that kind of success,
For you...
Has not happened yet.'

Oh?
I did say 'secretly'.
And secrets revealed slowly to uncover,
Are the best ones to discover.

'You think so, huh?
And how is that? '

By words.
Words expressed,
Coming out of the mouths of others.
Disappointed by the lack of bragging attached.

'And IF that should happen,
That is the best kind of success to achieve.'

I know.
There is no ego involved to detect.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No Ego To Massage

Not a fool to be sidetracked by illusions.
No one I know was raised to praise misgivings,
Or mischief!
Or pretend something was there,
That did not exist.
Or be rattled by gossiped lies.

Here to produce with a caring that is done.
And leave it to benefit.
Not to attract attention from anyone,
By it that sits in its own relevance.

'That'...
If it should come,
Is not the intention that is welcomed.
This journey has no ego to massage,
Or be branded in a class to find as mastered!
That is not the satisfaction...
One seeks to pass that is long to last!
Only one who can deliver to leave,
Comprehends!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No Emotional Investment Made

No need to apologize.
You have left no integrity here.
And there has been no emotional investment made.
Not one to make your absence made clear.

No need to apologize.
You have left no integrity here.
There is nothing felt or I have witnessed...
That makes an apology something worthy to hear,
Again from your lips.

It's like this...
Excused exaggerations colorized by alibis,
Do not fly well in this atmosphere you wish to change!
For purposes to cement a meaningless relationship.
The only thing you have deposited,
Is superficiality.
And nothing of that I have embraced can you claim.

It's like this...
No need to apologize.
You have left no integrity here.
And there has been no emotional investment made.
Not one to make your absence made clear.

No need to apologize.
You have left no integrity here.
There is nothing felt or I have witnessed...
That makes an apology something worthy to hear,
Again from your lips to recite to capture empathy.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No End To Be Evaded

When you slap someone,
Who slaps you back.
And you think they had no nerve,
To do you like that!
And you tell others,
You have been attacked!
Without sharing with them
The complete and total facts!
And you maintain your defense...
Without one hint of how it started!
Be prepared for the unexpected!
Since acts like this creates...
More hatred from a deed you caused!
With no end to be evaded.
And no exit one can make...
To fake to find a pause!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No Escape Routes

It was not easy to find my own place,
As I carved my own path...
With a facing of challenging obstacles to erase.
And no escape routes through which to exit.
No.
My lips had been sealed from making complaints.
Any anguish inflicted I learned to keep concealed.
This has been my accepted reality.

It was not for me easy to hear,
The jeering done to overcome.
And to do it with the feeling of fear.
As nightmares taunted me with a doing done.
But a faith kept me unshakened.
Even as I witness,
The safety of close relationships disappear.
A safety I endeared with a keeping them near.

Yet protected I felt with an approval of my journey.
A journey I chose to complete.
Regardless of what it took to succeed.
Acknowledging my efforts somehow were kept blessed...
If I did not accept defeat.
To know one day,
I will experience victory...
With others who managed to rid themselves of doubt.

'We were watching you.'

You were...
Watching me?
How?
From where?

'You had to feel us cheering you on.
From midnight until each dawn...
We were watching you!
But you believed us to be nightmares.'

Huh?

'Just know...
We were...
And we are still there.
Even though you had not been aware.
We too had to rid ourselves of doubt.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No Evidence At All

You can find reasons,
To qualify or disqualify my abilities.
With the best of your changing ideals,
To appeal to a selected demographic.

However,
It is your incompetence...
I would still have to face.
And then waste 'my' time...
Correcting the mistakes,
You believe you are entitled to take credit.

And...
You have all of my background information,
And I have no evidence at all...
If you are who you say you are.
Or have a right to question my credentials.
So don't mention to me about 'your' freedom,
Of getting MY information at my expense.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No Exceptions Made

And now...
The clean up!
Like none ever done.
Some will not be in it for the healing of it!
Many will sit in bitterness.
In divisions that they are accustomed.

They will not accept,
A participation without choice.
There is a clean up that is going to be done!
By everyone.
There will be no exceptions made!

All of those you see,
Looking from the windows,
Inside the house?
If they wish to eat and sleep in comfort...
They will work the fields,
And yield to discipline!

They, them, those and others...
Will sweep the dirt,
Everyone let collect.
'This' will become your reality!

'He will never be 'my' president! '

I doubt if that is a concern of his.
He prefers the title...
Chief Delegator!

What is his concern...?
Everyone will do their chores!
Complete assignments.
And 'earn' their right to complain.
Including you!

You see those obstacles?
Those hurdles to be jumped?

Those problems to be solved!
They are tremendous.
Embrace them!
Consider them yours!
The best way to get familiar...
I suggest?
Less protest.
This is the 'change' you can believe in!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No Excuse For This

As soon as it has been discovered,
Someone believed known...
Uncovers they have found it easy,
To be dishonest in your life.
And they have found this to be justifiable,
To do with a doing to you they think is right.
Find it easier,
To leave people like this alone.

There is no excuse for this!
Show them immediately,
The respect you have for yourself...
Will not allow this to be condoned.
Or in your life exist.
Leave people like this,
With no explanation for it...
Alone.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No Excuses Executable

If it's wanted one works nonstop.
And...
If it's wanted one has to be,
On top...
Of their game.
With persistence that remains,
Consistent and unchanged.

They're no excuses executable,
To keep up.
Or using fake tools to fool,
To attract one luck.
They're no excuses executable,
To keep up...
When a wish is wanted to appear,
That much.

They're no excuses executable,
To keep up.
Or using fake tools to attract one luck.
They're no excuses executable,
To keep up...
When a wish is wanted to appear,
That much to touch.

They're no excuses executable,
To keep up.
Not when one wants something so bad,
And so much...
To touch!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No Excuses Needed To Be Made

Why is it that those who have lied on others...
And have done this most of their lives,
With an evil purpose and intent to belittle...
Would now get upset,
To express that those they have lied on,
Seem not to want to associated with them.
As if to think of their own misdeeds...
Forgivable to forget when done to someone else.

But an evilness like this is deeply embedded.
And those who know it for what it is stay away,
With no excuses needed to be made.
Nor reasons to express a desire to address it.
To stay away eliminates the telling of further lies heard,
By those who habitually are prone automatically...
To be in a lie telling zone,
Believed by them not to be known by others.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No Explanations To Extend

I am 'where' I am,
With no explanations to extend.
On a path that has led me,
To twist and turn and often bend.
And in the middle of events,
Opening my eyes wide to them.

I am,
Who I am.
And this I have no intention to defend.
A growth imposed owes to no one,
Reason or rhyme that can be imagined.
Or definitions of it in ever changing times.

I am 'where' I am,
With no explanations to extend.
On a path that has led me,
To twist and turn and often bend.
And going through those experiences,
As this has happened the way it has...
Is only to myself comprehended.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No Figment Am I

No figment am I to contrive to fit,
Fabricated concoctions...
To be picked and devise as is wished.
Nor am I a concept,
Of an imagined existence.
I am with flaws this I do admit.
Flaws some may insist,
Are character blemishes to believe I should feel...
A need to correct defects in my appearance.

I ask for no acceptance,
Or approval where I may place my steps.
I have yet to ask permission,
When to inhale to then exhale...
Before I take my next calm breath.
Nor am I dependent upon anyone else,
To remove obstacles I face.
With expectations they will prioritize,
That which I dislike to have erased.
Without debating,
If I chose something better to replace it.
God and I have already had that discussion.
With me left to learn this lesson...
Sobbing uncontrollably does not persuade God.
And threats to strip butt naked publicly?
Only a fool would do that. One time proves it.

I wish I could say,
I have lived my life avoiding mistakes to make.
But I do know I have been guided,
Away from negativity and self defeat.
To recognize immediately the creators of misdeeds.
Only a fool would do that to be deceived.
One time proves it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No Finish To End This

There is no finish to end this,
Heated frenzy to whip up into a craze.
There is no finish to end this,
Wickedness permitted and reported...
Every minute of an hour of a 24 hour day.
To leave those diminished of their fantasies,
Witnessing what's left...
Of what a feeding upon delusions.
And what a feeling of being entitled,
Leads.

There is no finish to end this,
Exclusive obtained selfish greed.
That has some fixed to beliefs,
They have been chosen to say...
And do what they please.
There is no finish to end this,
Increase of religious hatred fed.
There is no finish to end this,
Until people all awaken to re-examine beliefs...
Misdeeds of them have been fed in their heads.

'And what do 'you' propose? '

And ending to images and symbols,
That have nothing to do...
With The Almighty approving,
Conflicts, divisions.
Or the marketing to promote 'and' sell,
The presence of all kinds of ignorance.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No Fire Left Is Here

Is this from you needed by me?
No.
Is it needed?
Perhaps by someone,
Who seeks this that you offer.
Too often we have dismissed our desires.
That ember you use to spark is out.
No fire left is here.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No Fresh Game In The Fields

There is no fresh game in the fields.
The paupers have pounced
To leave not an ounce of dignity
Anyone could patronize!
The charity days have gone.
And so has every excuse played
To get 'over' on someone else.
It's awful...
But survival skills today
Are requiring much more,
Than mooching and fresh gossip.
Those who hunt with precision,
Are on the scene.
And if you can not carry
Thoughts you can use...
For those who can use them?
You will be lost to discover
Any around,
You can borrow!
There is no fresh game in the fields.
And you have not prepared yourself to play!
With the seriousness of tight lips,
Or the sense of urgency...
To sit and develop your own action.
You've been working on reactions for years.
And that has been outdated!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No Friend Of Mine

There would be no friend of mine,
Pretending to be one all the time...
That would talk about me behind my back.

Or use me to convince others at my expense,
By a defending of their own insecurities.
I've gone through that to recognize when it is done.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No Fruits Of Labor For Them To Enjoy

They've selected to bait their own opponents,
In a tired game of 'We'll Watch Them Fight'...
Then defeat them both.
To quicken the expiration their own existence.
Times have changed.
But the minds of the many have not.

And at their own expense,
There is no fruits of labor for them to enjoy.
Now they wish for more time,
To defend from their own madness.
But who now can be trusted from a pool of fools,
To be depicted successfully as the enemy?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No Guilt Do I Feel

Isn't it amazing,
How some can disrespect...
And forget it done.
To then expect forgiveness,
From the one who has none left.

'I did not think you would take what I did,
So seriously.
I called you a few names.
And I lied on you 'and' deceived you.
Purposely.
I got over it.
Why can't you? '

~If I thought there was something,
Left between us that still had worth...
I would respond to your comments.~

Isn't it amazing,
How some can disrespect...
And forget it done.
To then expect forgiveness,
From the one who has none left.

'I did not think you would take what I did,
So seriously.'

~I would respond to your comments.
If I thought there was something,
Left between us that still had worth.
And I received a sign from God,
That filled my heart immediately with guilt.
Oh...
Hold on.
Wait for it.
Wait for it.
Wait for it.~

'Where are you going?

What happened? '

~I waited.
Nothing happened.
I took that as a sign to leave.
And believe it or not,
No guilt do I feel.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No Half-Time For Snacks

I am often amused
By those who believe
Creative people are weak.
I never thought that myself.
Since I knew too many geniuses...
Nearly living in the streets.
To pursue their way of life.

They weren't the ones,
Having coffee and buns.
And waiting to take an hour lunch break...
To come back to a desk,
To finish something that never gets done.

Or have cash on hand,
From a job where they are incompetent.
Everyone I knew who created...
Were and still are masters,
Of their gifts and talents.

And I know of very few...
Who take from nothing,
To make something like they do!
While so many take creativity for granted.
With nothing in their lives to pursue...
But a happy hour after work.
To discuss who they wish to screw...
Before going home to smoke pot,
Or booze to annoy someone
Who listens to them sing the blues.

And all of those who do create...
Are somewhere applying their craft.
24/7!
With no half-time for snacks!
Or...
Spending most of their lives,
Complaining!
Laying to lounge or sleep on their backs.

With a remote in hand,
Surfing through their televised adventures.
To boast about...
At their next 'business' meeting.

How creative?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No Hasty Rush To Love

Some people know,
What many can't show.
Those who know love,
Know when it is missed.

And, When one has loved...
Someone who has gone,
A sadness within them...
Seems to stay for so long.

No hasty rush to love,
Again...
Is ever talked about,
To listen.
Or consider when mentioned.

No hasty rush to love,
Again...
When a loneliness felt within,
Begins.

Some people know,
What many can't show.
Those who know love,
Know when it is missed.

And there's no,
Hasty rush to love...
Again.
When a loneliness felt,
Within...
Begins!

No hasty rush to love,
Again...
When one has gone,
And love for them never ends!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No Heart Wishes To Bleed

Driven crazed!
By possessions,
And seduced by their reflections.

In a daze!
And obssessed,
By what to feed on next!

And blazed!
By affects,
Of who has what and if it's best!

Amazed!
By the mess...
That hasn't caught their attention yet!

No idled time...
Finds a mind deep in need.
No mind demands...
What it does not see to feed.
No heart receives,
Wishes of it pieced away.
Or torn apart...
Just to have it bleed!

Driven crazed!
By possessions,
And seduced by their reflections.

In a daze!
And obssessed,
By what to feed on next!

And blazed!
By affects,
Of who has what and if it's best!

Amazed!
By the mess...

That hasn't caught their attention yet!

('No idled time...')
Driven crazed!
By possessions,
And seduced by their reflections.

('Finds a mind deep in need.')
In a daze!
And obssessed,
By what to feed on next!

('No mind demands...')
And blazed!
By affects,
Of who has what and if it's best!

('What it does not see to feed.')
Amazed!
By the mess...
That hasn't caught their attention yet!

And noooo heart...wishes,
To bleed!

Their driven crazed!
By possessions,
And seduced by their reflections.

Sit in a daze!
And obssessed,
By what to feed on next!

They are so blazed!
By affects,
Of who has what and if it's best!

Just amazed!
By the mess...
That hasn't caught their attention yet!

And noooo heart...wishes,

To bleed!
By possessions,
And seduced by their reflections.
To bleed!
And obssessed,
By what to feed on next!
To bleed!
By affects,
Of who has what and if it's best!
To bleed!
By the mess...
That hasn't caught their attention yet!
And noooo heart...wishes,
To bleed!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No I Can'T Drink My Mocha Cold

Midnight in my mind,
Does not stay rested.
Nor is there something,
I wish to test.

I'm somewhat of a mess.
With thoughts selected.
Some are good.
And some I should reject.

So I try to drink my mocha cold.
But I can't sip it sugar free.
Like I can ice green tea.

No I can't drink my mocha cold.
It's got to be hot.
Poured right out of the pot!
That's how I like it.

Midnight in my mind,
Does not stay rested.
Nor is there something,
I wish to test.

I'm somewhat of a mess.
With thoughts selected.
Some are good.
And some I should reject.

But I can't drink my mocha cold.
Nor sugar free.
Like I can good green tea.

No I can't drink my mocha cold.
It's got to be hot.
Poured right out of the pot!
That's how I like it.

No I can't drink my mocha cold.

It's got to be hot.
That's how I like it.
At midnight.

Said I can't drink my mocha cold.
It's gotta be hot.
Right out of the pot.

No I can't drink my mocha cold.
It's gotta be hot.
That's how I like it,
At midnight!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No I Wont Play The Fool Or Your Sucker Punch Catcher

I want you it's true.
Since you've been there in my mind.
And I'm not trying to find...
Another way to spend my time.

I want you it's true.
Since you've been there in my mind.
And I'm not trying to find...
Another way to spend my time.

I'm not trying to find...
Less than the better that I see.
And I don't want the time...
Wasted when I know what's here with me.
And...
I wont play the fool or the sucker,
When my cup might runneth over.

I want you it's true.
And...
I wont play the fool or the sucker,
When my cup might runneth over.

I want you I do.
But I wont play the fool or the sucker to be stuck,
Like another...
One you might had.
No I wont play the fool or Your sucker punch catcher,
Like the other.

I want you it's true.
But...
I wont play the fool or the sucker,
To spill my cup of luck that might runneth over.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No 'Ifs' Or 'Ands' About It

The information I received,
I got from you.
I'm only restating to you what was heard.
And now you say,
I am the one 'misconstrued'?
Is that even a word?

I know what to do,
To avoid misconceptions too.
Whenever in the future,
You have anything to share?
I wont sound as 'if' I don't care.
There will be no 'ifs' or 'ands' about it!
My caring will not be there!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No Incentive To Capture A Fresh Thought

There is so much that people miss.
So much that 'skips' their understanding.
No exploration of thought,
Brings to them full comprehension.
No mental stimulation is going on in their minds.
The world is defined by them...
As it has been delivered.

There is so much that people miss.
So much emptiness exists,
Between their ears.
Conditioned to be limited,
And from that they view
Is the sum total of their lives!
Some have committed suicide...
That's how shallow their egos felt inside!

There is so much that people miss.
Debating it in mindless arguments...
Makes no sense when that is witnessed.
Attempting to sway one's way with another...
Seems to be likened to a dog chasing its tail.
Or running after cars!
There is a need...
But what is that need feeding?

There is so much that people miss.
So much about 'this'...
This life!
They leave to go unadventured!
With no incentive to capture a fresh thought!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No Insight To See

Return those evils to where they come from,
Father.
Or...
Let them become aware,
You are there and will not leave my side.

Return those evils to where they come from,
Father.
Or...
At least have them awaken,
To see themselves as they are.

With a removal from that which continues,
To delude the relationship...
They believe they have with YOU!
Yet too blind as to 'WHO and WHAT YOU are!
With no insight to see their ways as being wicked.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No Intentions Of Reliving Stale Memories

You are falling to pieces,
And you expect me to patiently
Put you back together,
With an application of smothering love.
And empathy too?
To see you mend and ignore me like you do?
Again?

I think this is one too many falling to pieces,
That you've done.
To have me feel how reliable and redundant,
Your expectations.

You'll find the glue in the attic.
Attaching together artifacts of my past.
I doubt if there is anymore left of that.
Whatever is left you can grab it.

Althoug,
I have no intentions of reliving stale memories.
I do,
However.
Have some tape to patch up your wounds,
That you are welcome to use.
I'll gladly sit with you until you are finished.
And when you are done.
Leaving will be the best gift that will be of benefit,
To us both.

Thank you for hardening my crust.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No Intentions Premeditated

I have no hustle to bustle,
Or boast to brag.
No intentions premeditated.
Or things wished to have done,
In a time gone and passed.
I live without regret.
Hoping I am yet,
Finished with challenges...
As I greet and leave obstacles met.
I feel blessed to take the steps I do.
And appreciate what is to be...
For whatever it is.
Especially if I am not making creative claims.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No Interest

Do not impose your interests on me.
If I do not express interest,
No interest from me there will be.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No Interest In The Dressing Of Windows

Many are seeking assistance,
To create their version of diversity.
Yet...
Unfortunately those qualified,
Were told these acts were too militant...
To be identified with a progressive,
And mixed society.
A control obtained must remain sustained.

But that was before diversity,
Was discovered to be healthy mentally.
And all people 'then' were forced fed,
To accept...
A diet on proper etiquette and values...
Now discovered to have had no benefit.

Especially outspoken representatives...
For those wishing to keep their cultures,
More real and effective with less pretentiousness.

Many are seeking an assistance still,
To create their version of diversity.
To sell as the will of the people.
To accept, perceive and believe.

And yet...
Unfortunately those qualified,
Have no interest in the dressing of windows...
To keep up appearances and delusions fed.
As those come prepared to critique,
After being picked to have expertise...
With their outdated standards used repeatedly.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No Interest To Be Of Interest

No...
I have no interest.

'But I have yet to ask the question! '

No...
I have no interest,
To be of interest to know the question.
Nor can a curiosity,
Remove from me my peace of mind.

Nothing you can find to ask me,
Is going to begin with...
'I apologize! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No Interest To Chew On Used Meat

I have no interest to chew on used meat.
Especially a piece I selected to season,
For my specific taste.
What would be the reason I needed to prove?
That I have acquired a craving for leftovers,
Someone else was given an opportunity to abuse?
I have no interest to chew on used meat, period.
Regardless how the presentation is dressed,
To leave me impressed.
I do my own cooking to flavor to my taste.
And when I am done I could care less who has it.
Since I then no longer consider it mine.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No Interruptions

This is the deal:
You will either be trapped in madness...
Or you will be released to express bitterness!
This is your option:
Free yourself immediately,
From delusions of all kinds.
With one objective:
Realize nothing done and accepted,
Did not happen without your acknowledgement!

And if you have any claims of not knowing anything...
#1...your madness personalized will have company.
Know it and try not to outdo your hysterics!
#2...your released bitterness expressed...
Although a little late showing the outraged,
Will subside!
Eventually.

Either way...
You are not going to be alone!
Whatever the experience chosen,
Has been condoned.
Those denials you doubted and put on trial?
Have now become realities flourished.
Encouraged by the nourishing...
Of your acceptance of disbelief!

Those disbeliefs were never fantasized.
They were there but you shifted your eyes aside.
And there is nothing about them now,
That should be misunderstood.
Since you have paid the price...
Determining to keep your beliefs unchanged!
Holding onto a way of life as best as you could!

And everyone,
That you witnessed who kept reality shunned...
And now find themselves purchasing guns,
To protect themselves from an ignorance done...

To themselves and loved ones,
Go down the drain!

With those values and standards,
Historically 'said' to have been maintained!
Contained within pretentions insisted.
And you know they were yours to inflict!
With every rewriting done to it!

However and forevermore...
There is one thing comforting in all of this!
At least you have proven,
Your way to totally self destruct...
Has had no interruptions!
And comes at a time when self obsession,
Has been replaced with self examination!
At the expense...
Of your self indulging wasted existence!
And this, of course...
Your technology and experience,
Has without secret kept endorsed!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No Knight Am I

With any giving of reason,
Just to get to see you pleased.
There are some strict restrictions,
I must uphold to leave.

No knight am I,
To wear any armor.
Or will I sustain,
Dramatized headaches to cause me pain.

I want to be here,
To just be with you.
With a promise not to leave,
When your tears fall like the pouring rain.

I...
Am real!
And not...
A fantasy.

I...
Believe,
We can be happy.
If together you want to be with me.

No knight am I,
To wear any armor.
Or will I sustain,
Dramatized headaches to cause me pain.

I want to be here,
To just be with you.
With a promise not to leave,
When your tears fall like the pouring rain.

I...
Am real!
And not...
A fantasy.

I...
Believe,
We can be happy.
If together you want to be with me.
But...
With any giving of reason,
Just to get to see you pleased.
There are some strict restrictions,
I must uphold to leave.

Because I...
Am real!
And not...
A fantasy.

And I...
Believe,
We can be happy.
If together you want to be with me.

I...
Am real,
And not a fantasy.

No knight am I in armor.
To gallop in your dreams.
I am someone real.
Who loves you as it seems.

No knight am I in armor.
To gallop in your dreams.
I am someone real.
Who loves you as it seems.

And I...
Believe,
We can be happy.
If together you want to be with me.
If together you want to be with me.
If together you want to be with me.
If together you want to be with me.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No Life Is Right Until Lived

When the thrill of living my life has quieted to end,
I will not be discovered procrastinating with any fears.
Or recovering from regrets,
Of not facing challenges to overcome when first met.
Nor is my life in any position for anyone to place bets.
Although I may choose to take those risks 'I' accept.

I am a work-in-progress taking forward not backward steps.
I live a life lived unafraid to make mistakes.
And those monitoring perfection based upon etiquette,
Are powerless to suggest what my identity should be to please.
Since this life I live is 'my' experience without boundaries.
And I will dream to adventure and explore to make known.

No life is right until lived as one decides it.
With...
Or without,
Judgements heard that are passed.

With...
Or without,
Judgements heard that are passed...
No life is right until lived as one decides it.

No life is right until lived as one decides it.
And...
As one decides what life is right for them to live,
Who can demonstrate what perfection is?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No Lines At All

I once 'starred' in a play.
Some years ago.
And one of the cast members,
Became so upset.
Because my lines got most of the applause.

That same cast member convinced the critics.
Not to mention my name,
In the review of the play.
Although the one complaining,
About my 'scene' stealing.
Had no lines at all.
Not even one to plagiarize.

And these are the people,
Who embellish their experiences.
Throughout their lives.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No Longer A Consideration

I've done the best I could.
And I tried inside to keep this denied.
But I can no longer hold myself responsible,
For your ignorance.
I can no longer pretend it does not exist.
It is there like strewn garbage.
And passed as if invisible.
Not seen.
Or accepted as part of the environment.
Tolerated...
By those who wish it would go away.
But I don't have those wishes at all.
I know I am the one who has to split.
And it is no longer a consideration.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No Longer An Issue

It is not always a truth told,
That is despised.
Often it is how it is told.
And the one bold enough,
To tell it like it is.
However...
Those who deceive,
With this done outrageously...
Eventually sells,
Lies to be sold.
To have it finally realized,
Their deceptions were used...
For purposes to distract,
Hidden intentions...
To have delusions wished kept,
Replaced by truth and facts...
No one would accept.
And find themselves protesting,
How they were tricked.
To disbelieve...
They had been deceived.

'He said to us many things,
To have us believe it.
Then after we selected,
Him to represent us...
He does the opposite.
We've been duped.'

-Not necessarily.
The other one said,
Exactly the same thing.
Remember? -

'No.
I was not impressed,
With the presentation.
Or the way he...'

-Go ahead.
Say it.-

'Well...
People who don't look like us,
I have a problem trusting.'

-And now...
That's no longer your issue.
Is it? -

'I just wish people,
Were more honest.'

-Which ones? -

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No Longer Disputed

The reality of self inflicted pain,
Eventually gains one thing...
For the feeler of it,
Awakening...
From a numbness,
Of what has been done.
Being...
One's closer involvement,
With clarity.
Now no longer disputed,
As to 'who' has been doing this!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No Longer Is That Scent Addicting

I've been profiled and monitored.
Suspected for steps I took.
And accused of those,
I lay too fast asleep to make.

Whipped nuts with minds burning up,
Are quickly crushing themselves...
From beliefs they keep unchanged.
Slipping grips on fed delusions.
And rapidly going insane!

I've been profiled and monitored.
Suspected for steps I took.
And accused of those,
I lay too fast asleep to make.

And criticized for living my life.
With judgements made that I was crazed.
But my eyes beheld the decadence and blight...
Those who invited,
While ostracizing the ones they opposed...
Who had been right.
To leave them emotionally abandoned.
While a rejoicing in ignorance...
Excited in the darkest of nights.

Now they fight each other to spite in self hatred!
With accusations made and placed...
Upon me and others of colored face.
And those who sympathize with a guarded pace.

I hear the ones seeking,
And wishing for me to come to their aid.
I hear the voices ask forgiveness.
But how can that be done?
I am not the 'One' who comes to save!
When I,
Like the others...
Have accepted we've been shunned.

The 'gift' the evildoers gave.

I've been profiled and monitored.
Suspected for steps I took.
And accused of those,
I lay too fast asleep to make.

And now I find I am too loyal,
To break away from my own escape!
For a return to a burning...
Once inside me yearning.
But no longer is that scent addicting.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No Longer Prioritized To Delude

Too many have yet to notice,
The have been left behind and out of focus.
With their minds on pause and stuck in gone times.
To be done with fewer conscious ones,
Caring less what is or is not petty to upset.
Or who has been accused to feed confusion best.

Too many are finding their excuses made,
Has entrapped and caged them within limits.
With a 'fixed' restricting they have permitted.
And committed some are to share thoughtlessness.
From Sunrise to Sunset without it dawning...
To enlighten how useless this senselessness.

Too many are unaware they are at a stage that ages.
And wishing to remain to stay in youthful days faded.
Yet bemoan they do who amongst them is next,
To make an appearance on an obituary page...
As if this step of a life to live,
Is not a natural occurrence or a progression to expect.

Too precious are these days.
Too precious are the hours...
All are blessed to be given but many choose to waste.
Too precious is life to allow envy and bitterness,
To relive in some environments to do to entertain.
In which a recycling of events are done to maintain.

No longer prioritized to delude are the few,
Deciding to move on to live lives that include...
Only a sustaining to maintain a kept happiness.
And to do without regretting who has to be left behind.
With it known to them of time and how it is spent,
Will not find them the ones to welcome foolishness.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No Longer Top Of The List

All of them the self-righteous types,
With ambtions to have status.
And socialize with whom they like.
These are the people who expect their lives,
Prioritized the moment...
A discomfort affects them by surprise.

And with 'means' to keep their flaws diminished,
While actively preventing...
Those with less the same benefits.
They now have to accept and come to realize,
No longer top of the list...
Are their wants and wishes prioritized.

'Why do 'we' have to go through this?
Isn't it understood who we are,
And who we know with influence?
We want our lives back like they were yesterday.
None of us could care less,
What a natural occurrence has from us taken away.

Why is it that we have to go through this?
We are better than that.
And we 'demand' what we had returned back to us,
And...
Make it quick.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No Longer Will They Choose To Be Abused

Rescued from sleaze and teasing.
Once bottled up in guilt and shame...
And clamped to pain,
As a goal one chose to pursue and aim.

Fused to booze like a loser,
With no hope or faith to gain.
Remaining desperately afraid...
And a named glued to making mistakes.
Refusing to take any blame,
Or claim to feel a struggle with heartbreak.

Untied...
And let loose,
From excuses.
Overnight...
Many had been bitten,
By insight!

A light shown on their lives!
To beam ever bright!
And a cloak from their emotions...
Took a hike from inside!

Untied...
And let loose,
From excuses.
Overnight...
Many had been bitten,
By insight!

A light shown on their lives!
To beam ever bright!
And a cloak from their emotions...
Took a hike from inside!

And no longer will they choose to be abused,
Or pay a price for a ride...
They don't like!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No Loose Change To Pinch Or Lend

Some people come from a run of funds.
To know no end of them to come.
But those who struggle everyday,
Know a price they have to pay.
For them that seems to stay that way.

Some people come from a run of funds.
To know no end of them comes.
But those who struggle everyday,
Know a price they have to pay.

No loose change to pinch or lend.
No foolishness comes to spend...
On items to show all their friends.

No loose change to pinch or lend.
No foolishness comes to spend...
On items to show all their friends.

Some people come from a run of funds.
To know no end of them to come.
But those who struggle everyday,
Know a price they have to pay.
For them that seems to stay that way.

No loose change to pinch or lend.
No foolishness comes to spend...
On items to show all their friends.

No loose change to pinch or lend.
Their pockets have more lint than cents in them.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No Matter How Alluring The Scent

No matter how alluring the scent,
Of a false implementation...
To smother the reality,
Of what has been covered to dismiss.
There is something false about it.

What is there to benefit,
Isn't a mystery at all.
Since what is there to gift as given,
Will eventually be found...
By those seeking to end their suspicions,
With a researching done.

Or...
Daring to make a personal visit,
To hear for themselves...
From the horse's mouth,
A point of view not rumored.
Or statements attributed discovered to be untrue.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No Matter How Good One Looks

Promise anything.
But not delivering on anything...
To maintain one's integrity,
Will not sustain...
An awaiting patience,
For too long!
No matter how good one looks,
In a tailored suit!
That enhances a fresh impressive tan.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No Matter How Long It Takes!

There is something about the 'not' caring,
That makes the more of it done.
When I hear someone say,
They could care less...
I know they care too much!
Usually that statement is made
By someone who wants to declare
A caring that had been there...
Is gone!
How wrong!

I remember in my 'last' relationship...
Which seems many years ago!
Well...
It was many years ago,
But that is not my point I wish to make!
I was told, 'I don't care about you.
Where you go or what you do! '

Of course,
I knew then that this was some kind of ploy.
To get me seduced to a manipulation of sorts!
Well...
That person left!
Believing I didn't think they really care.
I know they do!

And I have been waiting for an apology!
I am patient like that.
No matter how long it takes!
So if it has been thirty years?
I can be just as stubborn!
They will eventually realize the 'error' of their ways.
And I?
Well...
I do pride myself on having incredible patience.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No Matter How Many Apologies Come

A breached integrity is difficult to mend.
Any outreaching extended,
Doesn't heal but offends.

A conscious intention is known for what it is.
No one who says they respect someone,
Will protect themselves...
With a lie that's done.
That's a breach of one's integrity.
No matter how many apologies come.

And for anyone who says that is being sensitive,
Have no respect or integrity to offer.
And surely none there to be known as it is to give.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No Matter How Outsiders May Look At It

I've done the best I could.
But no matter how outsiders may look at it,
To say what I did or did not do for anyone else.
There are some things I am still unable to do!
With an awakening done to realize,
What it is I 'can' prioritize.

I can not transfer over to another,
My motivation.
I can not transfer over to another,
My devotion and discipline.
I can not transfer over to another,
Reason and purpose with a drive to accomplish.
I can not transfer over to another,
An ability to wait patiently while sacrificing time.
I can not transfer over to another,
The pain that is felt when someone else...
Has time to criticize AND character assassinate,
My efforts and abilities I had volunteered in the past...
With a deception that is effortless.
And for them convenient to ensure its effectiveness.
To be able to survive,
Dancing through that kind of ammunition...
Is a miracle of God's I can not re-create.

And...
Do I seek to abandon my peace of mind,
I was blessed to find while recovering from exhaustion...
And diseases that came to feed on me as if I was a treat?
I'll give you a hint.
Get out of my face!
Go solicit your act of 'Together We Are Stronger If We Unify'...
Somewhere else.
I am 'still' a work -in-progress trying to associate forgiveness,
With a forgetting I can not seem to be able to eliminate.

But...
One never knows what the future holds!
Does one?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No Matter How Politely I Am Asked

I have always been on the top of my game.
With an aim to do it at my very best.
Too many weeds I've cleared with no one near.
Adventurous I am.
I do not need companionship to be a pioneer.
The only faith I keep is in God I wish to please.

That more have come to notice me in the field,
With a developing interest I have known and kept real...
That others have come to express with that addressed,
Will not stop me to drop my activities.
Since I did not adapt to adopt to someone else's doing,
Because they desire to believe I solicit from them attention.

I was in the field to pave my own path,
Long before they decided to play and plant grass.
To then permit them to perceive my depth is shallow.
And I should assist them to mow it.
Not me.
And threatening me to censor and/or to ban?
As if my feet are cemented to stay and be offended,
Is not in my mind what 'I'

I'm in the field,
To continue to be on top of 'my' game.
And afraid I am not to clear another path to make.
Nor am I not to be mowing anyone's grass.
No matter how politely I am asked.
Or will I repeatedly explain from where I came,
To enable them to spot another field...
I may choose with a doing to play in.
Too many lessons I've learned to patiently teach,
Those who only come to offer insults and their curiosity.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No Matter How Sincere The Appearance

A liar is a liar!
No matter how sincere the appearance.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No Matter How Vivid Those Pictures Kept

Recapturing a past had,
With a wish this can be done to relive...
Is insisted by others who feed this dream,
To the one who can not accept...
That what moves on expires that which is gone.
And there is no repeating of a yesterday.
No matter how vivid those pictures kept.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No Matter How You Weep It

Gimme, gimme, gimme...
No more hunches to hunt!
And,
Gimme, gimme, gimme...
No more of your stunts!
Reveal in front of me,
Something I can see...
Believed.

And,
Gimme, gimme, gimme...
No more run arounds.
And,
Gimme, gimme, gimme...
Truth that's easily found!
'Cause I am paralyzed,
By your constant lies...
You leave.
Wishing them to be received.

Gimme, gimme, gimme...
No more lunches to munch.
All I wish from you,
Is not my feelings to crunch!
But you believe that I,
Am here to justify...
Deceit!

No matter how you weep it!

Gimme, gimme, gimme...
No more hunches to hunt!
And,
Gimme, gimme, gimme...
No more of your stunts!
All I want from you...
Are feelings that are true.
No matter how you weep it!
It's the truth I wish to see.

Gimme, gimme, gimme...
No more lunches to munch.
All I wish from you,
Is not my feelings to crunch!
But you believe that I,
Am here to justify...
Deceit!

No matter how you weep it!

You believe that I,
Am here to justify...
Deceit!

No matter how you weep it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No Matter If Its The Rolling Of Eyes

Those that thrive on inconsistency,
To justify an absence of competence.
Make themselves more obvious,
Without comments made.
To bring their activities to anyone's attention.
This they do to themselves,
As if honored to get.
Any kind of reception.
No matter if its the rolling of eyes.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No Matter What Is Said

It must be awful to feel betrayed,
Or...
Underestimated!
With feelings to vindicate...
What has been laid.

It must be awful to feel betrayed,
Or...
Underestimated!
With feelings to vindicate...
What has been laid.

It doesn't pay to be too sophisticated.
And one day found outdated.
By that which chases away,
Everything to be replaced.

It doesn't pay to be too sophisticated.
And one day found outdated.
By that which chases away,
Everything to be replaced.

It must be awful to feel betrayed,
Or...
Underestimated!
With feelings to vindicate...
What has been laid.
Yes!
It must be awful to feel betrayed,
Or...
Underestimated!
With feelings to vindicate...
What has been laid.
Yes!

Everything today will be replaced.
With changes to be made.
Everything today one day will fade.
No matter what who says.

Everything today will be replaced.
With changes to be made.
Everything today one day will fade.
No matter what who says.

It doesn't pay to be too sophisticated.
And one day found outdated.
By that which chases away,
Everything to be replaced.
And everything will be replaced.
No,
Matter what...
Is said!

It doesn't matter if you get up late.
With thoughts to escape a fate.
What comes will fade away!
And no,
Matter what...
Is said!

It doesn't matter if you get up late.
With thoughts to escape a fate.
What comes will fade away!
And no,
Matter what...
Is said!

It doesn't matter if you get up late.
With thoughts to escape a fate.
What comes will fade away!
And no,
Matter what...
Is said!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No Matter What It Does

It is there.
Staring.
Rejected and glaring.
Still...
No matter what it does,
Truth is difficult to accept.
And people would rather have it go away.
But to where?

It is there.
Staring.
Rejected and glaring.
Still...
No matter what it does,
Truth is difficult to accept.
And people would rather have it go away.
But to where?

It is there.
Staring.
Rejected and glaring.
Still...
And will.
No matter what it does,
Truth is difficult to accept.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No Matter What It Is You Wish To Claim I'Ve Done

Remember this...
You can accuse me of anything you wish.
However...
Not one of your troubles,
You find today to confront...
To face and can not erase,
Did I introduce to have my name on it!
Nor did I come knocking on your door,
Offering my time to share YOUR negativity.
No matter what it is you wish to claim I've done.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No Matter What One Achieves

Feelings of being used and damaged,
Never cease.
Successes obtained with a notoriety,
Do not quiet emotions inside...
Of one who has been wounded,
Unnecessarily.
No matter what one achieves.

Physical or mental therapy,
To release those feelings deep.
Are suffered through broken relationships,
One experiencing this battle lived...
Can not seem to have one to keep.
One wishes to have a close bond felt real,
But those memories of abuses...
Haunt and do not leave.

Feelings of being used and damaged,
Never cease.
Successes obtained with a notoriety,
Do not quiet emotions inside...
Of one who has been wounded,
Unnecessarily.
No matter what one achieves.

And the ones that suffer the most are those,
Are the ones loving someone like this...
Who fight their demons,
They can not keep distanced.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No Matter What The Consequences

Even when warned...
People will choose to walk,
Down the wrong streets.
And do the complete opposite,
In disbelief.

And when they hit brick walls,
They wish to be rescued.
And given relief.
Not to learn anything...
To stick in their minds.
But just to prove...
They are determined,
To show their independency.

No matter what the consequences!
Or who is available to annoy.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No Matter What The Feedback

You've got to breathe.
No matter what the feedback,
Attacking like an enemy.
Take a deep breath,
And get yourself some relief.
You can't treat everybody
Like somebody with a special need.

You've got to breathe.
No matter what the feedback,
Attacking like an enemy.
Take a deep breath,
And get yourself some relief.
You can't treat everybody
Like somebody with a special need.

You can not please...
This one
That one
Everyone who 'cops' a plea.
Take a quick stand,
And don't dare hint or tease.
Do that while you can
Before you dropp in a faint
To your knees!

You've got to breathe.
No matter what the feedback,
Attacking like an enemy.
Take a quick stand,
And don't dare hint or tease.
Do that while you can
Before you dropp in a faint
To your knees!

You can't treat everybody,
Like somebody with a special need.

You can't treat everybody,

Like somebody with a special need.
And no matter what the feedback,
Get yourself relief!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No Matter What The Method Used

People refuse to pay what it takes,
To upgrade an aging and fading infrastructure.
But as soon as their lives become affected by reality,
They are the first to protest their own stubbornness...
With expectations someone answers their demands.
Prioritized with a giving to grant them immediate comfort.
Although time given like that has decades past.
And rushing to give it with patience had...
No one is giving it out like that,
No matter what the method used.
Or how one comes to ask.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No Matter What The Tactics Used

No one can be chased away from their self confidence.
No matter what the tactics used...
To show them to be full of themselves with ego.

One who survives being attacted for their appearance,
And identity...
To then crawl to their feet from being on their knees,
Literally and emotionally...
Those looking will rarely find,
Someone like this...
Hiding behind their discomforts to complain.

And any and all mistreatments are remembered to motivate,
Those achievements shown to be believed...
To those unfamiliar with the sight of accomplishment.
Those with a self confidence,
Are quick to show...
And not embellish from their lips to express.
Aware they are of where to place their footsteps.

No one can be chased away from their self confidence.
People like this are determined to succeed.
No matter where they are to ensure the act is done.
And...
No matter what the tactics used to address,
What they have been taught to learn to do at their best.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No Matter What The Temperature

Whatever time you wish it to be...
It never seems the right time for that time!
Since 'that' time wished and wanted,
Has long been gone.
Without a moment of it,
Hesitating long.

Whatever dream you missed,
Reminisced hoping it makes a reappearance...
On a dream list picked.
From a memory lifted.
Forget it!
You will never be pleased,
Having both doubts AND memories.

The time now that is lived,
Has to be lived in the moment it is given.
Sitting in a rut to give up hope,
In smothered despair...
Delivers just that.
Prepared frustrations.

Living in torment transmitted,
That sucks breath from life...
Is death.
No matter what the temperature of it is!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No Matter What The Weather Shows

I've got you.
You've got me.
And we've got...
Dreams.

I've got you.
You've got me.
And we've got...
Our dreams.

Together we can conquer,
With our dreams.
Together we can make it,
With our dreams.
Together life is better,
With our dreams.

And I've got you.
You know you've got me.
And together...
We've got those dreams.

Oh yes I've got you.
And you've got me.
And we both together will fulfill dreams.

Together we can conquer,
With our dreams.
Together we can make it,
With our dreams.
Together life is better,
With our dreams.
No matter what the weather,
We've got dreams.

Storm winds come blowing...
But no matter what the weather shows,
Together we'll combat it with our dreams.

Storm winds come blowing...
But no matter what the weather shows,
Together we'll combat it with our dreams.

Together we'll combat the storms,
With our dreams.

I've got you.
You've got me.
And we've got...
Dreams.

No matter what the weather shows,
Together we will always know...
Together we'll combat it with our dreams.
Together we'll combat it with our dreams.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No Matter What You Think Of Me

No matter what you think of me,
Will not change the course of my destiny.
Nor will the anguish of accomplishing my tasks...
On this path.
Where obstacles remain.
Where they for me,
Seem to last.
To sustain each day I grasp and pass.

Perhaps if I sought your approval,
I could gain some rest from that rejection.
Your lack of acceptance,
Would enhance my own dejection.

But no matter what you think of me,
Will not change my destiny.
I've toiled on this journey too long.
And what you perceive for me to be wrong...
Will not affect my insight.
I have struggled to maintain it.
With a faith that has kept me strong!
Days long and sleepless nights.

And no matter what you think of me...
There have been others who have thought far worse.
God had placed them on my path,
First!
To rehearse any emotions felt.
To conquer and to rid.
Knowing too well how now they must be dealt!
Alone...
Within me.
And without the thought of seeking outside approval.
From either open or closed eyelids.
Mine, yours or others.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No Matter Which Fingers Are Pointed

Listening with a comprehension,
That observes with a focus upon the times...
We have been living in.
With an involvement free from revolving pretexted...
Or pretenced activities subjected to proper etiquette,
And political correctness to address as an objective...
Has aided in the manifesting,
Of that which many will not or can not accept.

However...
All of that which appears AND is,
Had to have had the approval of those now too embarrassed...
To admit,
The existence of it grew from their implementation...
No matter which fingers are pointed in what direction.

Listening with a comprehension,
That observes with a focus upon the times...
We have been living in.
With an involvement free from revolving pretexted...
Or pretenced activities subjected to proper etiquette,
And political correctness to address as an objective...
Has aided in the manifesting,
Of that which many will not or can not accept.

No matter which fingers are pointed in what direction.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No Matter Who Or What Has To Be Sacrificed

Even though our actions have been absolutely wrong...
We stubbornly stand by them.
And will make them cost effective.
No matter who or what has to be sacrificed,
We must always show and express victory.
With an arrogance that leaves all mentally poisoned,
And grateful for the freedom given...
To crawl on hands and knees,
Weeping for the rest of their lives!

'Sir...
I know you have become frustrated,
With your popularity dwindling at the polls.
However,
Are you 'sure' this is the speech...
That will turn public opinion around? '

Well...
Maybe you are right!
Afterall,
I did give everyone the opportunity,
To get accustomed to me being their leader.
You're right...
It is a bit weak.
And I am going into my second year.

Change that last line in the speech to read,
'Weeping for the rest of their entire lives.'
I want to show them at least I have 'some' compassion,
Left.
And...
I am not 'that' determined to have things my way!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No Memo From You Did I Receive

What would 'you' prefer?
That I pretend I am not a writer,
With an interest that is expressed.
Or would you prefer I stay within boundaries,
Your mind has restricted to your limitedness?

Or would you prefer,
I reflect more of what you suspect I should be?
And would your suspicions have their development,
Centered from your perceptions?
Either way,
No memo from you did I receive.

And I admit,
Guessing is not what I do best.
And the only tests I 'prefer' to pass,
Are my own.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No Misconceptions

Dancing.
And with you,
Is fresh and relieving.
Since with our steps taken,
There are no misconceptions.

No roles do we play,
To display a chasing of rules.
With one preferring to lead.
And the other choosing next,
Something similar and competitive to do.

I remember first meeting you,
With wishes to leave behind...
Misleading impressions to introduce.
I know I can be intimidating!
And I suspected you could be too!

Then one step towards each other led to another.
And immediately I felt propelled,
With a complimenting caring that would fit so well.
And when that moment came when we touched and held,
Well...we both became aware of this and could not resist.

Dancing.
And with you,
Is as fresh and relieving as morning dew.
Since with our initial steps taken,
There has been no misconceptions.
Or doubts disconnecting to become misunderstood.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No More Brooding Bruising Sad Times

No more brooding bruising sad times.
From the depths that soak tears up.
No more clinching on big shoulders.
When those curves on roads get rough.

Tough it around the rocks and boulders.
Squeeze those tears from soggy mops.
Drop that pity in the pot, babe.
Turn off all that sniffing stuff!

Hold your head up.
And keep that misery off the streets.
Hold your head up...
And cease that weeping.

Hold your head up.
And keep that misery off the streets.
Hold your head up...
And cease that weeping.

No more brooding bruising sad times.
Hold your head up.
Squeeze those tears from soggy mops.
Hold your head up.
Drop that pity in the pot, babe.
Hold your head up.
Turn off all that sniffing stuff!
And hold your head up.

No more brooding bruising sad times.
Hold your head up.
Snip that stuff you've got in the bud!
Hold your head up.
You've got to know you're good enough!
Keep that head held up!

No more brooding bruising sad times.
From the depths that soak tears up.
No more clinching on big shoulders.

When those curves on roads get rough.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No More Fairytales Told To Tell

Lights out, children.
No more fairytales told to tell.
And 'we' must close our eyes,
So those monsters outside...
Wont come inside to dwell.

'But you had promised us Chinese food.'

I though you didn't like it.

'No.
You said 'you' didn't like it.
To order and feed us something else.
Why did you lie to try to hide it from us?
We can smell it on your breath.
Telling us anything,
Doesn't make it okay anymore.
You want us to believe what doesn't exist.
But behind our backs you do what you wish.'

If you want more fairytales told to tell,
You will go to sleep...
So those monsters outside,
Wont come inside to dwell.

'Goodnight.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No More Fearful Innuendos

No more...fearful innuendos.
No more. No more.
No more fearful innuendos.
No more. No more.
No more fearful innuendos.
No more. No more.
No more fearful innuendos.
No more. No more.

And...
The truth is there.
Staring in your face.
And...
The truth is there.
Staring in your face.

Get from your windows.
Your neighbors can now see...what you do.
No need to whisper what you're feeling.
If it's there it will be seen like you!

Open your closed doors.
Your enemies perceived have never been.
That gossip was to get you to accept it.
While the thieves were stealing truth from under you.

Oh! Oh...
Come out of hiding.
Look at all the damage that's been done.
Don't you think that this has been intentional?
To have suspicions laid on everyone.

Oh! Oh,
No more...
Fearful innuendos.
No more. No more.
No more fearful innuendos.
No more. No more.
No more fearful innuendos.

No more. No more.
No more fearful innuendos.
No more. No more.

No more...fearful innuendos.
No more. No more.
No more fearful innuendos.
No more. No more.
No more fearful innuendos.
No more. No more.
No more fearful innuendos.
No more. No more.

Open your closed doors.
Your enemies perceived have never been.
That gossip was to get you to accept it.
While the thieves were stealing truth from under you.

Oh! Oh...
No more!

Fearful innuendos.
No more. No more.
No more fearful innuendos.
No more. No more.
No more fearful innuendos.
No more. No more.
No more fearful innuendos.
No more. No more.

Get from your windows.
Your neighbors now can see just what you do.
No need to whisper what you're feeling.
If it's there it will be seen like you!

And...
The truth is there.
Staring in your face.
Oh, oh.
And...
The truth is there.
Staring in your face.

Oh, oh.
And...
The truth is there.
Staring in your face.
Oh, oh.
And...
The truth is there.
Staring in your face.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No More Hollow Gallops

No more will my high horse be ridden.
No more hollow gallops taken on trails empty,
To vent unknown and misunderstood frustrations.

No more will I see the faces with lines dredged,
Upon foreheads scurrying along in tunneled visions!

I have never been that far apart,
From observations tugging at my heart!

I chose not to see them disconnected from me.
And from a high horse I dismounted...
I needed them to know I need them in my life!
Like I am hopefully needed in theirs.

I remember what it was that had me,
Stepping over cracks...
On sidewalks in need of repair to support
The sight of addicts.
Some on crack and others just cracking!
With excuses that lack forgiveness.

Many are still there wishing for good luck...
But getting fucked for the effort!
And enjoying playing the blame game,
As they systematically bend over from the waist...
To spread cheeks as expected.

I have not forgotten I too am branded.
If I can tell someone...
Anyone,
I have chosen not to remind myself...
Of that which I do not keep in practice.
Would it be believed?
Would those who wear hearts on their sleeves,
Be convinced?

Or should I get back on my high horse...
Jump the fence and leave?

Again!
Just to prove again,
I...like them
Have become addicted to routines.
And beating dead horses has not yet made
The ride any smoother.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No More Of That Will I Do

When I speak,
I expect you to listen.
And that courtesy,
Is extended from me.

We would then begin,
To develop an understanding.
Respect for one another...
Should then flourish and grow.

But...
You do not listen.
Prepared you are to debate.
And that is why,
You have no comprehension today.

And you expect me to wait,
For you to excuse yourself...
With explanations.
I did that and no more of 'that' will I do.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No More Than Passing Spats

Choosing to hide their delusions,
Has to terrify those in denial.
Those with a wish to protect,
Their hopes from fears...
That current conflicts,
Are no more than passing spats...
Between schoolyard children,
During recess...as to them it appears.

And the authorities looking at this,
From their windows...
Will soon make it clear with warnings,
Of disciplinary actions taken...
If those responsible do not stop soon.
Or parents will be contacted,
With threats to dispell those with bad behavior...
From their classes.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No More Time Is There

No more time is there to waste,
On your tears to cry from swollen eyes.
No one today can afford to await,
To hear repeated excuses.
Or empathize with your created alibis.
And I can not believe I am the one you picked,
To think I have patience to tolerate this.

Wanting with a wish to clear the air,
When that opportunity was there...
For you to do it,
Has gone.
Along with that pain you left to inflict,
With it done to move on...
You did to do and with consciousness.

No more time to give to waste these days,
For tears reminiscing betrayals to mention.
Or apologies given will fix to heal or mend,
Hearts you intended to break...
Left wounded as you made quick escapes to make.
Remember...
You approved what you did then sought to exit.

No more time is there to waste or forgive,
That kind of evil.
Nor are there any exceptions left to contemplate,
When scars to face on a daily basis...
Will ever be erased from minds to leave behind.
With a forgetting in time.
Since time has not yet to prove to be kind,
To remove the doing of that anguish.

No more time is there to waste or find,
On your tears to cry from swollen eyes.
No one today can afford to await,
To hear repeated excuses made.
Or empathize your created alibis.
And do not be surprised. You shouldn't.

That any pain you feel to now reveal is yours.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No More To Knock

No more to knock...
People who say what they mean.
No more to knock...
Identity with integrity.
No more to knock...
The ones who don't lie to hide,
Deceit to try to keep it...
Disguised.

No more to knock...
The truth whether liked or not.
Those who do good deeds.
No more will I knock...
The ones blinded by denial.
And living disbelieving,
Reality.

No more to knock...
Who has found their happiness.
No more to knock...
However they got it to get.
No more to knock...
Regrets or disappointments met.
To realize I shouldn't,
Repeat those steps.

No more to knock...
My head against,
Another brick wall.
And no more to knock...
A falling on my knees to crawl.
No more to knock...
Others I have seen done this,
Later to see witnessed standing
And to walk tall.

No more to knock...
Anyone already down.
No more to knock.

No more will I knock...
Anyone already down.
No more to knock.

No more will I knock...
Anyone already down.
When I had stopped,
Myself to be knocked!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No More Will I Hear Those Woes You Sow

When I leave you...
Not a step will I take to make going backward,
With a feeling of defeat.
To look down on the streets.

And when I leave you...
I'll be sure to eat and soundly sleep.
When I leave you,
I'll find peace to feast.

So light I'll feel when you're not on my back to ride.
So light I'll feel I again can walk with pride.
And no more will I hear those woes you sow.
No!
Oh...
'Cause when I leave you,
Everything we were I will let go!

And...
When I leave you,
I will not be looking at my feet!
When I go...
No more will I hear those woes you sow.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No Mystery Is There

No mystery is there,
When God pays a visit.
Prayers are answered...
For those devoted,
And with faith believe.

The ones who go through the motions...
Are not completely freed.
Doubts scatter about in their minds.
With images perceived.

Messages they get...
Are often discredited and thrown away.
And still they pray to be relieved...
Of miseries carried and/or adorned,
On their sleeves.

And a presence God selects,
To ensure to those faithful...
He is, indeed, near.
Those of conflicting hypocrisies,
Choose not to silence their lips.
Yet quick to close their ears.

No mystery is there,
When God pays a visit.
Prayers are answered...
For those devoted,
And with faith believe.

'Those can not be,
The messages for 'me' to receive.
They come across too intellectual.
And a feeling of suspicion...
Wishes inside of me for them to leave.'

~And you are more familiar with nonsense?
With an acceptance of that and deceit? ~

'No,
I'm not saying that at all.
If God were to contact me...
I would know it in His manner of 'speech'.
Which I 'perceive' is more down to Earth,
Than what I've heard falsely spoken to me.'

~So,
In other words...
You are a selective listener? ~

'I'm just saying...
I know the voice of God when I hear it.
And so far,
The only voices that I've heard,
Are from those folks who think they know me.
They don't know me to tell me what I should do! '

~So why do you pray? ~

'To get answers from God,
Of course.
What a stupid question! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No Need Debating On It

Don't say nothing unless it's something,
That's gonna add what has been had...
To improve lives with a doing to do.
Let it be said...
Don't say nothing unless it's something,
That's gonna add what has been had...
To improve lives with a doing to prove!

Too many people have been blocked from doors locked.
And...
Too many have dropped tears from their eyes they can't stop,
Awaiting for relief...
To free them from deceit and spoken evils.

No need debating on it,
People want action and quick.
No need debating on it,
People are tired of lip.
No need debating on it...
People want relief they can believe,
That will free them from all evils.

Don't say nothing unless it's something,
That's gonna add what has been had...
To improve lives with a doing to do.

People want relief and want it quick.
And...
People have grown tired of hearing lies from lips.
No need debating on it...
People want release to free from evils.

Don't you dare say nothing,
Unless it's happinesss that you give...
With it offered.
And not to put it up for a bid,
To fill your coffers.

Don't you dare say nothing,

Unless it's happinesss that you GIVE!

GIVE!

GIVE!

No need debating on it...
People want their happiness lived!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No Need For An Explanation

The one thing I enjoy,
About having my peace of mind...
Is not relying on someone,
To define it for me.
And knowing I have no need,
For an explanation.

It is what it is!
AND it is 'mine' without argument.

Nor am I afraid of it being taken away,
By anyone clueless...
Seeking to discover,
What for them...
They are unable to locate or to find.
Or claim from them it was 'lifted' and plagiarized.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No Need For That Anymore

Sadistic?
I am not.
But I will admit,
Being pushed to the limit...
By those who test,
The loyalty of others.

And I can be cruel,
When mistaken to be a traitor!

I do not even grin broadly,
When there is someone I know...
Or,
Had known...
That use to brag,
About their worldly possessions.
Only to discover...
The world to be in a repossessive mood.

But there does seem to be,
Less people today...
Loudly expressing their assessments.
And fewer still,
Eagerly willing to flaunt themselves...
To address the 'have nots',
With their snob skills!

And those tours buses...
The ones that use to maneuver through,
Inner city neighbors...
On the weekends?
Appear to have vanished for good.

Sadistic?
I have never been sadistic.
Realistic and telling it like it is?
From observation?
Had been done with a pride.

Today...
There seems to be no need for that anymore.
I've learned to be proud,
And not find it a necessity to be shown.

I know it.
And don't have to show it.
Nor clap my hands!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No Need To Answer

If you have not walked in my shoes...
Cried with my eyes.
Suffered disrespect,
Or hid a feeling
No one would understand if shown.
You have no comments to make.
Or could you ever recreate my journey!
You may try.
But my path was not without obstacles,
You may fantasize as an easy walk...
Believed paved.
If you have not walked in my shoes...
I'm sure the heat of the streets,
Will not provide you with the comfort
You perceive your feet would find!
See those valleys and mountains behind me?
Through them I had to climb!
After crawling through thorns,
Of clawing emotions to remove to get there!
Do you think how you feel,
Stays on my mind?
No need to answer!
It doesn't.
Nor does your critique,
Of how I managed to beat the odds.
Your opinions of my life...
Are not valued!
I have already deemed my experiences,
As mine and priceless!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No Need To Cast Woeful Eyes

No need to cast woeful eyes,
For some to see.
Decisive steps you took and tested!

An investment of regret you get!
While taking a bet...
Against advice given.
Yet disrespected!

And now an empathy you expect?
There is no one left...
With sympathy to offer,
From an unspoken request.
You may be hoping some feel,
And comes next!

Some lessons are better self taught,
Than shared.
Like an experience one may have,
To leave others spared.

No one should be expected,
To protect another from a fate!
Mistakes some make may bring to them heartache.
But those chances you took,
Brought disgust to others.
Those who now care less...
About your expressed unhappiness.

Here...
Take these tissues and dry your issues.
Clear your eyes and rise from your butt!
That is the only suggestion,
To you I can give up!

Like the others you strutted pass with your druthers...
None of us,
Are into pity parties and weep fest that touch!
Celebrate this one by yourself.

Because the rest of us you distrusted...
Have seen that act from you too much!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No Need To Flatter Yourself

Please...
No need to flatter yourself.
By declaring your lack of facts...
About a life I've had to live.
None of it had been based on gossip.
Nor was any part of your life,
Offered to me in trade to give.
And yet you embellish,
My experiences with relish!
But not one tear of mine that was shed...
Came from your heart!
Or your empty head!
But I must admit the attention you have given...
Has increased an interest I could not pay for.
If I could afford that service,
From a public relations firm instead!
So...
By all means,
Continue your activities!
At least I don't have to worry about publicity.
Or issue you any consultant fees,
For something you do for me absolutely free!

But I do suggest...
You should get your rest.
I will be making plans,
To boost and extend my campaign!
And I do not wish your lips to be numbed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No Need To Seek Reasons

I am indeed,
One to be believed.
Since fresh I keep my responses.
With no need to seek reasons,
To rehearse a delivery pre-meditated.
In a procrastination hesitated to fake.

I am indeed,
Someone who has been freed...
From a diluting of a truth to delude,
That others offended may refuse to accept.
To keep their delusions protected.
I greeted disappointments and met regrets.

I am indeed,
A product of reality enforced upon me.
With a facing of my own obstacles,
From which I could not flee.
And although I carried upon my back fears...
Only I experienced that anguish to rid and forgive.

I am indeed,
Blessed to openly confess my faith.
When on my knees I felt no other escape.
I am indeed one to believe as a witness to say,
Believe in yourself...
And the results will eventually come your way.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No None Going On

What is the difference,
Of maintaining good health...
And maintenance?
When none's going on.
When none's going on.

What is the difference,
Of maintaining good health...
And maintenance?
When none's going on.
When there's none going on.

Lazy people think they're here just to eat,
What they please.
And,
Then complain about their hips and knees...
Without an exercising done!
No none going on.
No no no no,
No none going on.

What is the difference,
Of maintaining good health...
And maintenance?
When none's going on.
No no no no,
No none going on.
Hey...uh...
What is the difference,
Of maintaining good health...
And maintenance?
When there's none going on.
No no no no,
No none going on.

Lazy people think they're here just to eat,
What they please.
And,
Then complain about their hips and knees...

Without an exercising done!
No none going on.
No no no no,
No none going on.
No no no no.

Lazy people think they're here just to eat,
What they please.
And,
Then complain about their hips and knees...
Without an exercising done!
No none going on.
No no no no,
No none going on.
No no no no.
What is the difference,
When none of it is going on.
No no no...
None of it is going on.
No no no no.
What is the difference,
When none of it is going on.
No no no...
None of it is going on.
No no no no.
No none going on.
No no no no,
No none going on.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No Odd Man Out

Wrapped and attached to other people's business they are.
Like leeches sucking on fresh meat until the juice is gone...
To move on to await new bait unsuspecting what is behind,
Their false gins.

Many try to stay uninvolved but they are drag in...
Because it is the environment that does it.
A dime a dozen proves there is no odd man out of this!
And to keep relevent all windows are open wide...
For fear what is inside might suffocate from lack of deprivation.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No One

I have this theory...
IF I wrote one poem,
And change the title of it...
Several times,
No one...
Would know the difference.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No One Around Notices

An opened mouth,
Running with nothing learned coming out.
Will be the same mouth,
Running with nothing learned coming out.
Year after year after year.
And...
Can be compared to a leaking faucet...
One promises to get fixed.
But doesn't.

And...
That is more irritating to listen to,
Than the sound coming from a faucet...
Gushing flowing water,
Endangering to flood a floor...
As a sink fills,
For the first time done.
And no one around notices,
Or is paying attention.

But the steady nonsense dripped from one's lips,
Is powerful enough to cause one a headache.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No One Benefits Or Receives

Why is it that a certain class of people,
Feel they can free themselves...
From committing the most horrendous deeds,
To excuse what is done...
At the taxpayers expense,
To get them much needed mental therapy?

And for a dime bag of nature grown weed,
Others not in this class...
Picked as felons,
And depicted to be on the wrong paths...
Are given sentences with time to sit in prisons,
To be rehabilitated back into a dysfunctional society.

Why is it that a certain class of people,
Feel they can free themselves...
From committing the most horrendous deeds,
To excuse what is done...
At the taxpayers expense,
To get them much needed mental therapy?

When a swift kick where they sit,
And done in public...
Would end such exorbitant fees,
No one benefits or receives...
As a return to retrieve a dividend.
But expected is a giving of a forgiveness.

And anyone with a consciousness witnessing this,
Knows this is a bunch of...

'Of What?
You didn't finish it.'

Use your imagination.
Do you really think I have to?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No One But Them Knows

Discussed to magnify,
But no one but them knows.
No one but them knows.
No one but them knows.
No one but them knows.

No one but them knows,
A feeling trapped and hiding.
No one but them knows,
Where to go or who to see...
When the clouds up in the sky,
Brings a flood of tears to cry.
And...
No one but them knows,
The deepness of their pain.
And...
No one but them knows,
When that pain began.
And...
No one but them knows,
Where to go or who to see...
When the clouds up in the sky,
Brings a flood of tears to cry.

No one but them knows,
If they're mending from a tragedy.
No one but them knows,
Who it was that came to comfort them.
And no one but them knows,
How deep a faith inside they keep...
No,
Matter who says what about...
What it is believed.

No one but them knows,
The deepness of their pain.
And...
No one but them knows,
When that pain inside began.

No one but them knows,
If they're mending from a tragedy.
No one but them knows.
No one but them knows,
Who it was that came to comfort them.
No one but them knows,
Where to go or who to see...
When the clouds up in the sky,
Brings a flood of tears to cry.

No one but them knows,
A feeling trapped and hiding.
No one but them knows,
Where to go or who to see...
When the clouds up in the sky,
Brings a flood of tears to cry.

Discussed to magnify,
But no one but them knows.
No one but them knows.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No One But You Has Been In My Dreams

But I am still mending.
Parts of me are not at peak.
Parts of me are still very weak.

'But it is you and all of you I seek.
Weakened or not,
You will return to your peak.'

Even if I am currently weak,
You would still want to be with me?

'What I see,
Has already strengthened me.
And you with me together,
Makes that oneness I seek,
That much more complete.'

But I am still mending.

'You will return to your peak.'

Even if I am currently weak?
You would still want to be with me?

'That may be hard for you to believe,
But not me!
You and I together makes that oneness I seek,
That much more complete.
You see yourself disabled.
To me you are my dream.'

No one has ever said that to me.

'And no one but you has been in my dreams.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No One Can Be Freed Completely

Shifting seasons one lives,
Present with them maladies.
Not often pleasant...
But come to inflict
To sit before they leave.
No one believes,
That a path
Carefully taken,
Has obstacles.

Adopted doubts,
And nonsense philosophies.
Can trap to bite,
Without a peaceful night of sleep.
Some may perceive,
They can breathe...
Free of obstacles.

No cake is baked,
Prepared with trim and icing made.
For taste to sample.
To be 'thee' example!
Wasting one's time,
Making up one's indecisive mind...
May find no satisfaction,
To avoid a reaction!

Shifting seasons one lives,
Present with them maladies.
Not often pleasant...
But come to inflict,
To sit before they leave.

No one can live freed,
Completely...
Of these obstacles!

No one can be freed completely,
Of these obstacles!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No One Can Escape

Crime finds,
It does time...
Behind deceiving others,
With their misdeeds.

Crime finds,
A doing of time...
Will not be kind.
And with it done to disturb those minds.

No one can escape from their lowlife ways!
Crime finds,
This in due time...
No one can escape from their having to pay!
And,
Crime will find...
This in due time,
Those corrupted will be messed up in their minds.
No one can escape from their lowlife ways.
No one can escape from their having to pay.
Since,
Crime finds the doing confines.
And,
No one can escape from their having to pay!
And,
No one can escape from their lowlife ways!

Misdeeds done may be forgiven but not freed.
No one can escape from their having to pay!
The doing of misdeeds are not forever set free.
No one can escape from their lowlife ways!

Misdeeds done may be forgiven but not freed.
No one can escape from their having to pay!
The doing of misdeeds are not forever set free.
No one can escape from their lowlife ways!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No One Can Get Close To Her

She wants to travel around In her own comfort.
Stacked amist a busyness that soothes,
And entraps.

So much so...
No one can get close to her,
From all of the baggage she carries.

Keeping those 'truths' she conceals,
Guarded and secretly unrevealed.

And kept protected,
By a sensitive defensiveness.
So strong it can not be moved.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No One Can Remember Specifics

No one can remember specifics,
As to what they've done...
To affect the life of someone else.
Even though what was done had been premeditated.
And this depends on what career field they have chosen.

However...
If anyone had looked at them,
With a raised eyebrow...
When they were just five years old,
That person can tell anyone...
What day it was, the time and date.
Weather conditions.
The model of the cars driving past on the street.
And the color of someone's eyes wearing sunglasses,
Two blocks away.

Although...
They can not recall beating someone to a pulp,
In high school.
Or being locked up in juvenile detention for the deed,
Six months before their high school graduation.
And that might have happened,
Just a few years prior to a decision that was made...
To embark on a political career.
Believing they could erase if they so chose to do it,
Any and all of their participation in wickedness.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No One Can Separate Us Ever

You know I love You...
And would never place anything else,
Above You!
YOU are My Father,
I am Your son.
Without question...
Those doubts have gone from me.

Eternity with You is my destiny!
I view Your creations with eyes opened,
And cleared of delusions that once sat
Upon my troubled mind!
I know Your power...
And it would be senseless to believe,
I am not part of it!
All the time with me You visit!

When I sit masquerading with things to impress...
I know I have distanced You from me,
And that leads to my duress...
As I make attempts to surpress,
With depression on a heavy chest!
That once kept me stressed,
To defeat my very best...
Attracting woes and unhappiness!

YOU are My Father,
I am Your son.
Without question...
And without hesitation,
I know I can come to You, My Father
To demand obstacles on my path be removed!
I want to prove my faith with every step I take.

I am here on this Earth to do Your will!
I've emptied myself of evil deeds of others...
And druthers they have,
They would love to see me fulfill!
I'm not having that tax me...

Like the strife of daily living,
Or witnessing others who live unforgiving.

YOU are My Father,
I am Your son.
Without question...
And without doubt,
I know You are there...
To help remove all sorrows or 'bouts'
Of struggles I fight that might incite my despair!
I am too aware You are there,
And everywhere I cast shadows!

YOU are My Father,
I am Your son.
Without question...
And no one can separate us,
Ever!

You know I love You...
And would never place anything else,
Above You!
YOU are My Father,
I am Your son.
Without question...
Those doubts have gone from me.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No One Caring Enough To Carry Them On

There is a collective mindset.
An impression that rules with a limitedness.
It develops a pattern,
That implants an understanding...
'Nothing soon is going to change! '

And it doesn't.

The worse of it is celebrated!
In nostalgic updates redefined...
To ensure tired traditions are given a makeover,
In parades and community block dances.

The golden oldies.
Celebrated by the molding fogeys.

They clutch onto their memories...
Hoping time does not thaw them from the freeze,
They relive constantly!

These are small town activities!

While their children ignore them reminiscing...
They speak of their own childhoods,
As if wished they were there...ALIVE!
To leave themselves successfully unaccountable.
And that they have done...
To teach their children well!
From generation to generation.
Until a comprehension of values,
And the intention for them...
Are gone!

There is no one caring enough to carry them on!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No One Comes To Leave Me With Tight Jaws

You didn't come to just visit!
Did you?
You came specifically to kill my joy.
I felt it when you began to assess,
With probing eyes.
As if to inspect.

I noticed you becoming annoyed,
When you said to me just last week...
My smile offended you.
And suspiciously I extended a welcome,
For you to come to my home.
And together we would sit and chat.
But you had more on your mind than that.

You didn't come to just visit!
Did you?
You came specifically to kill my joy.
And when you left...
So happy I was to have stored some happiness,
Frozen in my 'frig' to quickly thaw!

Oh no.
No one comes to leave me with tight jaws.
Or come to dump their junk to funk me.
I'll funk alone in my home if I wish,
With no need for assistance.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No One Comprehends

To say with hollow meaning,
Something thought to be believed...
Leaves many bewildered,
By the degree of shallowness
Only one dares to wear upon one's chest.
As profound sentiments,
Spoken.
But no one comprehends,
On the surface.
Or gives time to 'get'
Even if depth is suspected.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No One Dares To Mention Their Medications

No one does what you do like you but you.
None of us are here to be like the other.
We are here to bring our gifts and have them nourished.
Some believe they are only here to shop...
And express their jealousies.
Fantasing who has what and good luck.
Believing some things come to those who have it easy.
But no one dares to mention their medications!
Or dare to share their prescribed delusions.
Since...
Many may never live for them to find a cure!
Or something to do in their lives they like,
Besides complain.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No One Disputes They Arrived

No one disputes they arrived here centuries ago,
To find God.
And they believed The Almighty was in 'things' valued.

Maybe now that their discovery uncovering their greed,
Is coming to an end.
Perhaps their journey to find God will continue,
For them!

And, who knows...
This time a focus may produce results.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No One Else Like You Can Kiss

Your brought something I never felt before!
Something gone unrecognized...
I knew nothing of to ignore!
And when you introduced me,
I stood and trembled on the floor.
You gave me bliss I miss right now!
That's what I'm looking for!

You brought something no one else can.
A life that dared with flare to command!
No one I've met or will meet will be you!
You've spoiled me...
And I know this now is true.
The bar you raised I can't undo!
And since you've been gone,
You are more than missed!
My lips are in storage.
Since no one else like you can kiss!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No One Else Needs To Know

If it wasn't for measured time and kept distance,
Our minds would still not have differences...
To know the similarities we share that are there.
Only we can keep protected,
From delusions to compare.

We are real and we feel this.
Between lines composed.
We are real and we feel this.
And no one else needs to know.

Although...
The depth of it only you and I comprehend.
And this no one will ever understand,
Even if they pretended they knew!
They wouldn't.
Not like you and I do.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No One Had Noticed Any Signs Of Abnormalties

The suspect has a history of mental issues.
And the historian keeping those records,
Has been determined to be dysfunctional.
Therefore...
It is extremely difficult to provide any evidence,
Since no one had noticed any signs of abnormalties.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No One Has Shed A Teardrop

I was once told what I did was not correct.
I could do it another way,
And make it better yet.
But my need to express...
Was not seeking to impress.
I have no desire to be perfect!
Or have it defined,
To become suitable for contest.
Or to please those of that kind of mind!
My explorations I observe,
Do not waste time...
Since from me they are purged.
And if they do not fit,
What others claim is legit!
So be it.
They belong to me.
This path I walk is my destiny.
And believe me when I say,
I am deserving to do it my way!
No one has shed a teardropp from these eyes,
But me!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No One Has To Accept New And Fresh Debts

No one has to accept new and fresh debts,
With a sitting on their front steps...
Regetting in a public display of it.
As if the giving of pity to pocket,
Is what passersby would select to pick.

Everything owed, borrowed or stolen,
Has a way of delivering a headache felt...
That is conscious with a degree of sorrow.
And...
Awaiting headaches to expect,
Is not high on the list of recommendations.

We all have at one time,
Signed away our lives on that 'bottom line'.
And that act alone,
Can not be erased by the taking of medication.
Many have overdosed on their delusions.

No one has to accept new and fresh debts,
To regret them.
However,
What is suggested...
'Before' experiencing Buyer's Remorse,
Is to plan in advance a mental evacuation route to take.

Yes!
Enjoy the temporary break away from that self hate.
With a rescheduled date...
To return to self loathing much later.
But in the meantime just celebrate the taste,
Of living beyond what can be afforded.
Everyone does it.

No one has to accept new and fresh debts,
To regret them.
Know that this predicament,
Is as common as being teased by the necessity...
Of wishing for needless greed to feed.

And repaying for the deed in increments,
When the funds presented become available.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No One Has To Know You Are Not Medicated

'Their explanations are totally ridiculous.'

I know it and you know it.
But we are suppose not to show that we know.
We are to pretend we are convinced,
That what they do makes sense.
To uphold their eroding credibility.
And all we have to do is live through it.
Go through the motions.
As if what they do in our minds does not exist.

'So,
In other words...
We are to sacrifice our realities,
And keep them in a deluded pretense...
Kept with crumbling standards,
Observed but not spoken?
Live a lie...
Is that what you're saying? '

Not only live it...
Become it!

'But...
That's a sick existence! '

Ssssshhh...
No one has to know,
You are not medicated.
And that is the challenge,
You must face.
Pretending not to be disgusted,
And disgraced by it all!
Unless of course...
You decide you have no choices left.
And they perceive you as completely deranged.
Which does provide its benefits.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No One Hears Or Understands It

I am sharing what I have.
I do not own it.
Even if I did...
And should stop paying taxes,
To feed the greed of leechers.
It would be taken away!
Confiscated.
Or foreclosed...
To soften the interpretation,
Of legalized thief!

I am sharing what I have with you.
I do not own it.
I never claimed I did!
And once I share this with you...
You own it too!
It is between our ears.
And no one hears or understands it,
The way we do!

And the process of collective thought...
Chills and frightens the demon,
Now finding ways to stop it!
So disconnected are their souls.
So detached are they from true feeling!
But they will come to claim their pain!
Since that will be the only thing left...
They can indentify to the inflictions,
Implemented with delight...
They came to know!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No One Here Has Been Invited To Do The Boogey

With a-pitching and a bale-ing all day the hay.
And a-picking the tobacco...
Everyday until the Sun fades away,
Reminisces up my ancestors.
With a reminiscing up their lives...
And what it takes,
For me to stay...
As I am this day today.
Is a reason why I pride my dignity.
That's the reason why I walk around...
With identity!

That's the reason why I walk.
That's the reason why I walk.
That's the reason why I walk around...
With identity!

No time to do a hi-dee-hey!
And no time to drink up my hard earned pay,
To be buzzed around...
From midnight until dawn!

No...
No time to do a hi-dee-hey.
And no time to drink up my hard earned pay...
To whisper gossip,
With a nonstop to dropp it.
Like if I cropped it.
To then sweep a floor...
As I whistled while mopping it.
No!

With a-pitching and a bale-ing all day the hay.
And a-picking the tobacco...
Everyday until the Sun fades away,
No!
To then sweep a floor...
As I whistled while mopping it.
No!

Like if I cropped it,
With a nonstopping to it?
No!

That's the reason why I walk.
That's the reason why I walk.
That's the reason why I walk around...
With identity!

That's the reason why I walk.
That's the reason why I walk.
That's the reason why I walk around...
With identity!

'Uh...
You?
The 'artist'!
I like your footwork.
But no one here has been invited to do the boogey!
Got that?
Good!
Now do your chores! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No One Here Is Roman

When in Rome,
Do what the Romans do!

'Yeah...
But no one here is Roman.
And I don't understand
One thing they are doing! '

That's okay neither do they!
Pretend you are a tourist.
Everyone else does!
And they have been pretentious,
Long before you noticed them.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No One Is Ever Sure

There are those who seek assistance,
To help them make up their minds.
They want to be sure any decision they make,
Will be approved and be just fine.

These folks wouldn't provoke a roach.
And would make a sandwich for a mouse!
But as a companion with an opinion...
No one is ever sure what comes out of their mouths.
Is it something they believe and think?
Or if it comes from someone else,
Who gave it to them to toss about?
Or did it sit to marinade...
In preparation before it came out!

And some of them call themselves friends.
But who could ever depend on them?
Everything they said would be scutinized and questioned.
And folks like these,
Would find it difficult to put another's mind at ease!
Especially if they are not in their own most of the time!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No One Is Here Just To Live A Bit Of Life

Or rehearse with a picking of phases,
To extend the living they like.

No one is here just to live a bit of life.
Or decide with a doing to refuse,
If the sugar isn't dunked in spice.

No one is here just to live a bit of life.
But many think their lives are lived...
To despise, defy
And...
To backbite.

'Pass me the weed.
Pass me more 'coke'.
Pass me the liquor to heat my throat.'

No one is here just to live a bit of life.
Or rehearse with a picking of phases,
To extend the living they like.

'Pass me the weed.
Pass me more 'coke'.
Pass me the liquor to heat my throat.'

No one is here just to live a bit of life.
But many think their lives are lived...
To despise, defy
And...
To backbite.

'Give me a gun.
Where is a knife.
I see somebody I just don't like.'

No one is here just to live a bit of life.
Or decide with a doing to refuse,
If the sugar isn't dunked in spice.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No One Is Left To Please You Like That

It's too late to have explanations,
Bared and on the table.
That was done when you said you had no appetite.
But I watched you reach for dessert.
And you had no problem...
Feeding yourself with sweets.

And now you wish for a dish of reality?
Small enough...
So you can pucker up and peck,
For the taste of it to please!

This is not off a menu to be requested.
Or is there anyone here,
Waiting for you to digest it!
This is it as it is...
Whether or not you accept it that way.

And scratched is the soft music,
With a candelabra displayed.
And the candles were plastic.
Not waxed as you requested for your charade...
You wished to parade with serenade.

No one is left to please you like that.
Not here!
Only truth is served.
Deserving of it or not.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No One Is Paid To Be An Angel

No one is paid to hear the troubles,
Of others as they muzzle up.
No one is paid to do a puzzle,
To leave their own needs doubled.

No one is paid to hear the troubles,
Of others to forget...
Their own troubles they know exist,
To do alone to get them fixed.

No one is paid to make okay,
Each day somebody lives.
No one is paid to make okay,
A step another takes...
That may create a pain or ache.

No one is paid to be an angel,
To distribute wings.
Or pretend they have no feelings...
Regardless what life to them brings.

Nobody with their troubles,
Can kick to curbs to boot them.
Nobody with their troubles,
Can muzzle them to mute.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No One Knows Who With This Sits

How can anyone suspect,
An undetected resentment.
If one in secret keeps this protected.
Until those moments come to expose it.
To inflict and leave,
A venomous deed.

Deceit has been bred to feed,
Too long.
No one knows who slithers with it.
Before bitten.

No one knows who with this sits.
Keeping it hidden.
This should be forbidden,
But isn't!

How can anyone suspect,
An undetected resentment.
If one in secret keeps this protected.
Until those moments come to expose it.
To inflict and leave,
A venomous deed.

No one knows who with this sits.
Keeping it hidden.
This should be forbidden,
But isn't!

Deceit has been bred to feed,
Too long.
No one knows who slithers with it.
Before bitten.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No One Left To Victimize

Feed them trash.
And they will love it.
Overwhelm them with brilliance...
And they will be stunned.
If some are able to do both,
They will be praised.
And those in movements to slander,
Will be amazed their days are done.
There is no one left to victimize.
And their tear swollen eyes hide,
In holes they have dug...
To smother themselves,
In worthless dirt!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No One Misses To Do To Dismiss

No one misses a distance,
They have yet to travel.
Or can the experience of it,
Be remembered to reminisce...
As something done they will not forget.

No one misses,
Anyone who has come...
To deliver an unexpected gift,
If it was perceived to be given...
Without a long lasting benefit.

And no one misses to do to dismiss,
What had been taken for granted.
Until an enhancement of the advantage,
Of it has gone...
To no longer with light upon them shine.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No One Remembers Implementing

The signs of these times,
Are all over the place.
They have been there for decades.
Now today someone is sought to blame.

The signs of these times,
Are all over the place.
They have been there for decades.
Now today someone is sought to blame.
The revolving door remains the same.

Those who push are followed,
And those following are themselves also pushed,
To reap from a sowed calamity.
The kind no one remembers implementing.

The kind that sat uninvolved but irritated.
The kind that becomes argumentative,
To state opinion upon unresearched facts.
The kind whose lips flap.

The signs of these times,
Are all over the place.
They have been there for decades.
Now today someone is sought to blame.
The revolving door remains the same.

Those who push are followed,
And those following are themselves also pushed,
To reap from a sowed calamity.
The kind no one remembers implementing.
The kind that becomes argumentative,
To state opinion upon unresearched facts.
The kind whose lips flap.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No One Responds To Give It Time To Attend

With a wish to enforce their agonies upon others...
Some get extremely upset,
If their attempted ambitions go rejected.
And we all have come in contact,
With someone like that.
Someone who suffers with a wish of this to share.

As miserable as 'some' people may feel,
There is something about graduating to deal...
With one's own troubles alone,
That provides a freeing of relief without an advocation done...
To seem to come much quicker,
Than granting a shoulder to comfort another's grief.

Angry are those,
With pity party invitations hand delivered.
And no one responds to give it time to attend.
Or give it thought to pay attention.
Especially when the expectations...
Are scenerios repetitively revisited.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No One Seems To Remember

From all sides they fight,
And uphold their own injustices.
In defense of their delusions.
And suppressing themselves,
Against brick walls.

To an allegiance pledged.
What that is and means,
No one seems to remember.
Or why a struggle to protect interests,
Has someone else paying the debts!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No One Should Assume

No one should take,
Anyone's patience and tolerance
As a display of weakness.

No one should perceive,
An easy going attitude...
Comes from one inexperienced.
Naive or innocent,
To the facts of life.
With a proving continued,
Comments made with disrespect..
Are overlooked or not heard,
As if to go unnoticed.
Unremembered to forget.

No one should assume,
What's done to do to others...
Impresses to not to leave,
The mind left mentally checked.
As if what is kept is stored,
On an always reliable roledex.
Collects dust upon it.
To eventually ignore.
How presumptuous we often get.

Even children,
Making first steps...
Seldom forget,
Where obstacles are.
To choose to remove.
Or...
Strategically plan one day,
The best way...
What has repeatedly annoyed!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No One Should Fear Failure

No one lives without making a few mistakes.
And no one lives everyday to like everything tasted.
A tasting of making mistakes happens.
It is part of the process we have come to call 'life'.
Hopefully...
A learning from mistakes not to taste over,
And over again begins to have them recognized.
With them to stop occurs.
Reaching to achieve success depends upon acceptance.
Although failure to accept...takes a different approach!

No one should fear failure. However...
No one should become accustomed to doing it either.
Especially when done it becomes defended!
There are many who fearlessly defend their failures.
And do it to believe others should accept it too. Do you?
Some people can become so offended,
When told they can do much better than they have done...
One can feel the heat of their resentment.
Campaigns to character assassinate someone begins!
And we all have come in contact with people like that.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No One Simply Can Do Unto Others

Stand back,
And watch those who had once attacked others...
Now be themselves attacked.

Why is it,
People just do not get it?
No one simply can do unto others,
And not be done.

And those who cry out the loudest?
Well...
What more can be said about that?
Could it be...
They are receiving a delivery?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No One Sits In The Back, Boys

No one sits in the back, boys.
If you want this ride,
To open up your eyes...
Real wide.

Those boys can be your men, girls.
If you shape and bend them.
The boy within will be brave men.

It's hard to free the little boy,
Little girls love.
When those games are played...
The little girls are elated.

It's so hard to be that man,
When a woman grows up demanding.
And knowing what she wants.
While the boy in the man is haunted...
With one 'thing' to flaunt!

It's hard to free the little boy,
Little girls love.
When those games are played...
The little girls are elated.

It's so hard to be that man,
When a woman grows up demanding.
And knowing what she wants.
While the boy in the man is haunted...
With one 'thing' to flaunt!

No one sits in the back, boys.
If you want this ride,
To open up your eyes...
Real wide.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No One Succeeds

Benefits with opportunities were there,
To stare them in the face.
Their chances weren't chances at all to take.
Just acknowledging their gratefulness,
With a showing they were prepared to receive.
But they chased away everything that was given,
By acts of envy and their own deep rooted jealousies.

'Unity! ' They exclaim, 'Will set us free.'

They say this but argue amongst themselves,
Since the definition of what that means...
Provides those who declare wanting it,
No individualized spotlight of getting attention...
Wished by an ego seeking that desperately.

And,
Of course...
They see to it that no one succeeds.
And those who do,
They campaign to see them bleed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No One That Is Living Has A Quality Owed

No one that is living,
Has a quality owed.
No one that is giving,
Has a quality owed.
No one who is wishing,
Has a quality owed...
With nothing less,
Than solid gold.
With expectations,
Another holds...
Delivered and quick to give.

No one is living,
To demand and get.
No one is living,
Just to benefit.
No one is living...
Just to sit!
And to get.

No one that is living,
Has a quality owed.
No one that is giving,
Has a quality owed.
No one who is wishing,
Has a quality owed...
With nothing less,
Than solid gold.
With expectations,
Another holds...
Delivered and quick to give.

No one is living,
To demand and to get.
No one is living,
Just to benefit.
No one is living,
Just to sit and sit.
No matter what it is...

To receive without a risk.
And if they don't,
They throw a fit.

No one is living,
To demand and to get.
No one is living,
Just to benefit.
No one is living,
Just to sit and sit.
No matter what it is...
To receive without a risk.
And if they don't,
They throw a fit.

No one that is living,
Has a quality owed.
No one that is giving,
Has a quality owed.
No one who is wishing,
Has a quality owed...
With nothing less,
Than solid gold.
To demand and magically get.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No One There To Empathize

If the path you walk upon,
Has been cleared of brush...
You may find your journey easier,
With less urgency to rush.
You may even stop upon it...
To elect to renovate your findings.
But if you believe this path brings you faster,
To your wishes...
You may become quite upset,
When you begin to realize...
The steps you follow,
Are not yours to correct.
Or can be changed...
To provide your cries for comfort!
And too late,
To recover the time wasted.
With no one there to empathize...
Or validate your complaints.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No One Thinks Of That

When a momentum is set,
To dilute one's good intentions...
It should be made clear,
To those preparing to get into this gear...
They should make sure they do not,
Cut off their noses to spite their faces.
Or bite the hand that might be feeding them,
Under the table.
When someone's good intentions are gone...
So too go with them their much needed connections!
And of course,
No one thinks of that...
While stabbing someone else in the back!
Especially when egos of those in small towns,
Lack any hints of common sense!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No One To Blame

They are going to win back,
Their redundancy.
And discover who the failures,
Really are.

And they will find themselves,
Just as useless...
As their pointless debates.
Although this time with no one to blame.

Greed begets deceit begets stupidity!
And that hopefully begets,
Self examination that begets remorse.
And that begets humility that gets everyone,
Back on course to divorce all foolishness.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No One Tries To Understand

Some will never come to know,
The real you.
But the very few,
Who can say they do.

And maybe one or none of those few,
Can actually convince you of it!
Since you will claim,
No one tries to understand.

And you are the main one,
Who refuses to listen!
Or makes attempts,
To communicate.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No One Wants To Admit They Have Been That Foolish

We must stop blaming those,
Who led us to the edge of this cliff.
It is more appropriate,
To hold the ones now...
Desiring to be accountable,
For attempting to climb down safely...
As if those responsible did not exist.
Isn't this the idealistic point of view?

No one wants to admit they have been that foolish,
To skip gleefully towards an approaching danger.
To do so would mean stupidity had been involved.
And those feasting without eyes opened...
Have to blame someone new,
For a changing of venue on the menu.
Whoever is in the kitchen will be the one who will do.

Isn't that what making excuses are meant for?
To eliminate one's exposed incompetence?
And accuse the one using the correct ingredients.
But deciding too late,
The one with the best credentials...
Also wants us to wash our own plates.

'Oh no.
Who does he think he is?
He has to go.'

But...
What about the cliff?

'What cliff?
We'll continue to pretend it doesn't exist.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No One Wants To Listen To Him

Why are those people screaming,
At the driver of the vehicle?
He didn't cause the wheels to fall off.
I thought they hired full time mechanics,
To monitor the safety of it.

'They do have full time mechanics.'

Shouldn't they be the ones found,
To be at fault for the wheels falling off?
That is in 'their' area of expertise.
I would think.

'Yeah. I agree.
However...
Here is the dilemma.
You see...
They were not hired because they were qualified.
They were hired because they had the look,
And the presence of being mechanics.
Now...
Those that actually had qualifications,
Were denied because they knew the driver...
And supported his position as the best driver around.'

Oh?
But still,
It makes no sense to hold the driver responsible.

'That has been the argument of the driver.
And he has been the one,
Trying to keep the passengers together.
To get the mechanics that were hired,
To at least make attempts...
To get them all back on the road.
But no one wanted to listen to him,
To get the vehicle fixed.

And yet...

They want to convince everyone within listening distance,
That the driver is the reason they are in their present predicament.'

Perhaps they have other reasons and motivations to blame him.

'Oh. you mean the obvious? '

What other reason could they have?
And who are those other people,
Welding the wheels to the frame of the vehicle?
They 'look' as if they are foreigners.

'They claim they just arrived from overseas.
On a sightseeing vacation.
And volunteered their services for free.'

Aren't you a bit suspicious about that?

'Who me?
I could care less who does what to who and why.
I don't mind walking to my destinations.
I have things I want to get done and do,
With my life.'

Why are those foreigners winking at you?

'I have no clue.
Maybe they are overhearing our conversation.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No One Would Notice

Suspending fears to be confronted,
On a quarterly basis...
Is a better proposition,
Than a complete overwhelming of truth,
To be done.

If people were bombarded with truth as it is...
Can you imagine the chaos deceivers would face?
It would be like unleashing wild animals,
To roam freely in the streets.

At least doing it in slower doses,
People become more accepting.
And in the doing so,
No one would notice the effect of dishonesty...
Has had on their quality of life.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No Originality Or Freshness In It

So you changed some things around and called this new?
Yours?
To have others believe it too!
And you know this isn't true.
Don't you?

Have you ever gone in someone's home?
And made suggestions
As to how they can arrange their furniture
To give the interior of their home a different presence?
It is still their furniture!
They recognize it.
You recognize it.
It belongs to them.
No matter how it has been arranged.

Same thing with stolen concepts.
Or a poet 'borrowing' ideas.
No matter how it has been arranged,
The creating brain knows from where it came.

There is no such thing as 'borrowing' someone else's ideas.
To make them new.

Plagiarists make attempts at this.
And some are so ignorant...
They lift whole passages as if they can not be recognized.
That's how empty their minds and lives are!

AND then there are those who will boldly ASK...
If it is okay to put their name on 'your' efforts!
And then to others brag of their tasks.

But not for too long can they do this.
Repetition bores,
Even those who do not recognize what is presented...
Has no originality or freshness in it to begin with!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No Other Feeling's Like It

I like it!
To be held.
To be hugged,
And understood.

I like it!
That one on one,
Knowing what is done...
Is good.

I like it!
When it's real.
And I feel,
I am and can be...
Loved.

I like it!
When it's real.
And I feel,
I am and can be...
Loved.

No other feeling's quite like love.
And I like it when it's real,
And Love.
No other feeling's quite like love.
And I like it when it's real,
And Love.

No other feeling's like it.
And I like it!

No other feeling's like it.
And I like it!

No other feeling's quite like love.
And I like it when it's real,
And Love.

No other feeling's like it.
And I like it...
When it's real.
And I feel,
I am and can be...
So loved.

I am and I can I be loved!
There is nothing that compares to love.
No there's nothing quite exciting as love.
The feeling that I wish is to love.
No other feeling's quite like love.
No other feeling's like it to love.
No there's nothing quite exciting as love.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No Other Interests Expressed

Of a confrontational state of mind.
There seem to be many existing like this...
Attempting to bait others,
To address the same purposelessness...
With such a waste of time.

Mentally conflicted,
With a limited point of view.
And doing what they wish...
Since there is nothing else,
For them to do.

With no other interests expressed.
Accept to digest an unhappiness.
And gaining more attention at it...
From a depressing uselessness felt.
Obtained from a self centeredness.
Maintained and to them consciously dealt!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No Other Point Of View

People are fearing,
Their lives spent in sheer greed...
Comes to an end!

Retail sales are fading.
And folks are paniced,
About money spent for the holidays.

Nothing is mentioned,
About getting their spiritual acts together.
Or reaching for another way,
To express a gratefulness.

And these are the folks left to suffer.
Since they have no other point of view,
Than to feed their hypocricies...
Attached to selfishness.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No Other Surveillance Is Needed

I have already received to believe,
No other surveillance is needed...
Than my mind that diets,
On a daily dosage of what suits me.
And not what others perceive,
They allow to permit.
What I choose for myself,
Is not restricted to confine...
To find my choices,
Set to preferences that limits.

Strict rules applied to abide,
With them pre-justified...
Conflicts with this life I live.
The life God has provided.
Proving He is better than anything.
Or anyone,
Who can best correct mistaken steps,
I may take.
To move obstacles and challenges...
I have faced to replace.

And it has been with faith I stay,
Obedient and observant.
With it known I serve God.
I learned too early...
I was blessed to get,
My breath to breathe from God.

Although,
Others may object to my diet.
To reject it.
Each step I take to make,
May be surveillanced to restrict.
My mind can not be prevented,
From wherever it takes me...
To allow unlimited experiences.

'Do you see that sign?

It clearly says...
NO LOITERING! '

Yes, I did see it.
I'm meditating.
Is that 'now' against the law?

'Not yet.
But can you do it without looking,
Peaceful?
Peaceful people trying to keep it,
Are subjected to suspicion.
Especially today.
And in such a public way.

Okay folks.
Move along. Move along.
He's only meditating.'

-On what?
And why? -

'Ma'am.
Calm down.
Your call to us is appreciated.'

-I was told if I saw 'SOMETHING'.
To say 'SOMETHING'.-

Officer?
It's alright.
I'm sure I can find another place,
To meditate in peace.

'Can you do it not so publicly?
Or until I get off duty? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No Other Way To Escape

I made my peace,
With that beast I hid!
I could not keep a self hate
That choked me.
I had to awaken...
And I'm glad I did!
My 'spirit' was endangered...
It was me who I feared.
I could not release the anger,
Others came to share.
I kept their despair part of my fate!
Entrapped and caged...
I was unaware!
I roared with denial,
Refusing to be freed!
Refusing to hear...
And refusing to see!
Cursing my own shadow
In rehearsed inflicting pain!
I made peace,
With that beast I hid!
I had to...
There was no other way to escape!
And when I did,
I made sure my steps ahead
Could not be followed,
By borrowed agony!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No Peace Within It

Those who deliver lies,
Do their best...
To make them come true.
Only to prove to others,
How misery clings...
Onto a demented mind,
Seeking to be believed.
From a shallowness,
Conceived.

And there is no peace...
Dwelling within it,
At all.
Nor none to share or leave.
It stays in mental conflict!
This mind...
Exposed for others to see.
With a credibility that leaks,
A public bleeding.
From a self defeating deceit!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No Picnic Are Your Pity Pits

Why can't you give up pity,
That you count on.
The pity that you give me,
That you count on.
Why can't you give up pity,
That you count on.
The pity that you give me,
That you count on.
That turns on,
When I am gone.

I,
Fear coming near...
To witness,
Your tears.
And the frequent pity pits I predict will begin.
And your frequent pity pits I predict will begin.

I,
Fear coming near...
To witness,
Your tears.
And your frequent pity pits I predict will begin.
And those frequent pity pits I predict will begin.

No picnic,
Are your pity pits.
No, no picnic.
Are your pity pits.

No picnic,
Are your pity pits.
No, no picnic.
Are your pity pits.

I,
Fear coming near...
To witness,
Your tears.

Why can't you give up pity,
That you count on.
The pity that you give me,
That you count on.
Why can't you give up pity,
That you count on.

No, no picnic.
Are your pity pits.
No picnic,
Are your pity pits.
No, no picnic.
Are your pity pits.

No picnic,
Are your pity pits.
And I...
Fear coming near,
To witness...
Your tears.
Since no picnic,
Are your pity pits.
No, no picnic.
Are your pity pits.

Nothing inspires,
When tied to a pity pit.
Nothing's more tired,
When tied to a pity pit.
And sickening it gets,
Every moment of it.

No nothing inspires,
When tied to a pity pit.
Nothing's more tired,
When tied to a pity pit.
And sickening it gets,
Every moment of it.

No picnic,
Are your pity pits.
No, no picnic.

Are your pity pits.

No picnic,
Are your pity pits.
No, no picnic.
Are your pity pits.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No Place For It At All

I have forgiven you.
I have!
There is no resentment,
Stirring within me that brews!
Although the images remain
As impressions on my mind!
But I don't find the time,
To relive them
Like I use to do!
I have forgiven you.
I have!
And all the things you did...
To make my life a living hell
When I was a kid!
And the tears I shed,
When I felt then
That I was better off dead!
When I had no bed of my own.
And you could care less...
About the mess you left us in!
I have forgiven you,
I have!
But what I had to learn,
Was to forgive myself
For the burning inside of hatred I carried!
I buried my emotions in my chest!
Now released.
My mind is now in completed peacefulness!
I have forgiven you,
I have!
I had to.
Resentment is something 'you' lived with!
I have no place for it at all!
You taught me not to want it around!
And to leave it,
Wherever it was noticed, recognized and found!
I have forgiven you.
I have!
Don't let that ever be your concern!

There is much more worth to my life,
God has kept me here on this Earth yearning!
I have forgiven you.
I have!
If I had not...
You would not be left,
With that thought to wonder!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No Place To Go To Let It Show Like It Does

Would you hear my voice,
If this was not available?
Could you feel the beating of my heart?
Or touch the many parts of me I share?
Or even knew I was here caring?

You wouldn't know.
I'd be a faceless somebody nobody knew.
As if that makes a difference,
To you right now.
Does it?

Would you hear my voice,
If this was not available?
And if this was not available to either of us...
Would we know who we were to know,
What is shared was always there...
With no place to go to let it show,
Like it does?

And now both of us are aware of it.
Deciding whether or not,
To keep it to ourselves.
Or let what is inside of us out!
Knowing what we do and how we get it done...
Will it be always be done like this?
Or will another way come to us...
To provide a better way,
For this what is done now to then exist?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No Proof To Produce Any Evidence

You may have kept others believing,
For me you did more than some to do.
And that more for me that you did,
To not have done but claim it said...
Maybe kept believed by others,
Heard through gossip to keep in their heads.
But you and I both know...
What was done I did to do to accomplish,
You were not around like the others...
Feeding on rumors and whispered lies.
Who also assume of something known,
With no proof to produce any evidence of truth.
Although rely on what is told to them,
To diminish facts that can come to bore reality.
I know this too well to notice it.
And with this kept to acknowledge,
I insist you continue giving me the attention.
While you promote yourself,
As being a fool refusing delusions you believe.
Please...
I insist,
Continue to do this.
Since I would not get this kind of attention,
Even if I paid you or anyone else to do it.
Your doing to delude for me has proven,
To have been dishonest but fantastic P.R.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No Protectors

The business of living,
Has laid cold eyes upon them
Grieving.
Those overtaxed,
And most undernourished!

Discouraged to speak truths,
That keep them crushed...
In silent desperation.
Under technologies,
Rushed to boost few
To adorn themselves,
And prosper.

This business of living...
Dispense trinkets from feasting banquets.
And dim is the light once brightening,
The hopes for all.
With gall the rotting stench is sensed,
And slowly released.
Progressing these diseasing deeds.

And bigoted shelters,
Built to be viewed...
By those with lofty wishes,
Crumble in defiance.
As appliances fail,
To keep from oxidizing rust.

Those investing in separate dreams...
Find no protectors,
To hide resources dwindling.
Masses split into divisions that absorb,
Assumptions no one resumes...
As this influence loses its spin!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No Protocol

To forgive someone misdeeding,
Is to be shatterproof...
When deceivers are loose,
And do whatever they choose.

To forgive someone misdeeding,
Is to be shatterproof...
When deceivers are loose,
And do whatever they choose.
Since,
They have no protocol.
None that can be seen at all.

Their main gig is to ego boost,
And dupe too.
Yeah.
Their main gig is to ego boost,
And dupe too.
Yeah.
Their main gig is to ego boost,
And dupe too...
To make more fools,
Of whomever they choose.
Yeah.

Their main gig is to ego boost,
And dupe too.
Yeah.
Their main gig is to ego boost,
And dupe too.
Yeah.
Their main gig is to ego boost,
And dupe too.
Because they have no protocol.
None that can be seen at all.

To forgive someone misdeeding,
Is to be shatterproof...
When deceivers are loose,

Since...
They have no protocol.
None that can be seen at all...
Because,
Their main gig is to ego boost,
And dupe too.
Yeah.
Their main gig is to ego boost,
And dupe too.
Yeah.
Their main gig is to ego boost,
And dupe too.
To make more fools,
Of whomever they choose.
Yeah.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No Real Experience

You keep saying what you are not.
And all I want,
Is to get to know who it is I believe I see.
Unless you are telling me...
What you display is a performance,
Mixed with some technique...
But no real experience to feel qualified,
With a motivation you think I might provide.
And I am in no position to teach,
Or block with directions...
Nor provide your activities with introspection.
But you still want me to accept you,
Centerstage!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No Reason For Them To Be Upset

We all do things we shouldn't do,
But still we do them to get done!
Then when someone calls us stupid,
We refuse to accept what we did was dumb.
Even though when we consciously offend others,
We expect our misdeeds,
For them to quickly overcome.

'They should know when I laughed at them,
Inside their home...
And made some comments,
I would not condone 'if' I said them to myself...
That's no reason for them to be upset.
Afterall...they should have told me 'then',
What I did was disrespectful.'

~And 'then' you would have done 'what'?
Pretend to be a mature adult? ~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No Reception For Laughs

When they are toddlers,
Playing good and bad guys...
Having fun.
No one in this quiet neighborhood,
Believes anything wrong is done.

Buy them cars,
For getting good grades.
Pay they get for 'A's on reports.
Have them wonder why...
'B's aren't well received!

These are values...
Fed and tested to our youth!
Game dangers with strangers,
They are taught throughout life to pursue!

So many aren't raised,
And crazed on fantasies praised!
One mind carries a disrespect and always has.
The other mind protects,
A peace released expected.
Proving and showing...
Lives lived without class,
Dangling on links from a past
Not connected.
Usually...
Gets the loser kicked in the ass!
The one deluded to defend values based on plastic...
Cracks and crumbles!

Finding it sad,
Actions provoked...
Invokes no reception for laughs!

Buy them guns...

When they are toddlers,
Playing good and bad guys...

Having fun.
No one in this quiet neighborhood,
Believes anything wrong is done.

When nothing done wrong is always admitted,
Blistering truth upsets when it comes!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No Regrets

If I thought I could please you,
With every gift I picked to give...
I would if I could,
Spoil you!
With beliefs I had access,
To a treasure chest I possess.
And all I have is myself,
As genuine as I can be to offer!
I have no regrets.
The best 'of' me,
Is what you can expect to get!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No Residency There Is Permanent

You have a bird's eye view...
With a crowing done you do.
To boast about nonstop.
From your position...
At the top.

And you believe to keep it,
Is an ease to block.
As you remain where you are...
Secured in a safety zone,
Kept locked with eyes on stars.

But like some others,
You can hit rock bottom.
And whether you like it or not...
It is recommended,
To stop and avoid your peacocking.

No residency there is permanent.
It's not fixed or grounded in cement.
Your residency meant...
Is not one permanent.

No residency there is permanent.
Don't try it, do not bother.
It's not fixed or grounded in cement.
Don't try it, do not bother.
Odds you choose will lose.
Don't be that big a fool.

You have a bird's eye view...
Don't be that big a fool.
No residency there is permanent.
Don't try it, do not bother.
It's not fixed or grounded in cement.
Someone's always there to circumvent.

Your residency meant...
Is not one permanent.

And you believe to keep it,
Is an ease to block.
As you remain where you are...
Secured in a safety zone,
Kept locked.

But no...
Residency there is permanent.
Don't try it, do not bother.
It's not fixed or grounded in cement.

Your residency meant...
Is not one permanent.

No residency there is permanent.
Don't try it, do not bother.
It's not fixed or grounded in cement.
Don't try it, do not bother.
Odds you choose will lose.
Don't be that big a fool.

Today you've got that view...
Tomorrow you could lose!

No residency there is permanent.
Don't try it, do not bother.
It's not fixed or grounded in cement.
Don't try it, do not bother.
Today you've got that view...
Tomorrow you could lose!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No Respect For Duets

You can't disowned me.
Like you're getting off a see-saw,
Abruptly.
Especially when I've gotten use to going up and down.
With quick emotions you deliver to emit.
As if I am trained to depict...
Which mood of yours,
I should prepare in patience for your infliction.

You can't but you did,
Drop me to lay flat on the ground.
Exposed and showing a wide opened nose...
From the day you discovered that easily found.

You can't disowned me.
Like you're getting off a see-saw,
Abruptly.
Especially when I've gotten use to going up and down.
With quick emotions you deliver to emit.
As if I am trained to depict...
Which mood of yours,
I should prepare in patience for your infliction.

You found in me someone devoted.
Someone dependable and would be around.
To pick up your smashed pieces.
As you felt after doing this,
Both safe and mentally 'sound'.
With whimpers to come to whisper,
In my ear.
To further have me feeling trapped.
Like some domesticated puppy caught,
In the comfort of a dog pound!
Lapping happily that I'm locked up and latched.

You wish to really sing solo...
I know you do.
And not together in harmony.
To prove to me exclusively...

My heart you can bleed but do not need.
With no respect for duets!
None I've seen you wish to perfect with me.
Although we can open one door,
With separate keys!

Getting up to leave when you please,
To swing in 'flings' as I stay stumped...
On my rump.
Is all that this relationship means.
And you 'think' you are irreplaceable,
As a preference with no match.
However...
Don't believe you can leave,
And off my list you can't be scratched!
You might regard me as a pet...
But you are the one who will have regrets.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No Response Is Needed To Pre-Meditate

To agree just for the sake of agreeing...
May bring a certain satisfaction to the receiver,
Who wishes more to hear that which pleases.
However...
It does appear that reality is the winner in the end.
And when that happens,
There is nothing left to contemplate.
No response is needed to pre-meditate.
A conclusion arrives...
Whether accepted or not!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No Right To Ignite Your Indignities

You did not come to know,
My mother and father.
Like my sisters and I did,
To respect and adore them...
In loving memories and adulation.

You did not come to know,
My mother and father.
To come to my home to express,
Your ignorance and disrespect.
As if this is accepted with a doing as you please.

You did not come to know,
Those who lived and dwelled in my home.
And if you did...
But you didn't,
You still have no right to ignite your indignities.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No Right To Say What Is Unfair

If someone introduces a game to play,
It becomes their game to play.
And if one is seduced to play along,
They have no right to say what is unfair.
With a benefit there to correct and protect them.
And if there is going to be any changing of rules,
The creator of the game introduced will win.
In some circles this is called common sense.

If someone introduces a game to play,
It becomes their game to play.
And the playing of it will be to their benefit that's it.
Since the game of choice introduced to seduce,
Was not implemented...
For the creator of it to lose.
It is very rare one chooses to introduce a game,
To have it played for the purpose of their losing.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No Rush To Get Up And Leave

Fabulous and exquisite,
Stays a scent remembered as fresh.
Never to undo with the passing of time.

And embraced as if just yesterday,
Are those memories coming to linger...
Unannounced in a surprise visit.
One finds remaining to be unchanged.
But somehow enhanced the more as one ages.

Although delaying a reluctance,
To become overwhelmed by seduction.
Since one knows how much slower it is to lift,
What was done when younger...
In a process taken for granted and on demand.
Without a single thought given to it.

And this too,
Can be interpreted as fabulous and exquisite.
Depending on who has grown to appreciate,
The benefit of taking one's time to savor the experience.
With no rush to get up and leave.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No Sacrificing Done They Do

They always have something ungrateful to say.
Those losing a battle with youth.
Doing things done they use to do.
With a familiar point of view.

They always have something ungrateful to say.
Without a dime spent on common sense.
And not a moment given to appreciate a thing.
Spoiled from birth.

No sacrificing done they do,
To value a self worth.
Or to cherish life day in and night fall they spite.
And yet they participate in making their own forgettable.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No Secret Whispers Or Gossip Needed

There had been a significance in it for some,
To have others believe...
Those that have been selected and hand picked,
To be depicted as having mental issues...
Are themselves deprived of fresh air flowing,
To allow their brains to freely breathe.
And their long running campaigns,
Seem to be finally coming to an end.
Since today it is clearly obvious,
Who is lacking in that capacity.
And there are no secret whispers or gossip needed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No Secrets Are Left Kept

No secrets are left kept,
When discreet confessions
Are swept away,
To reveal an openness.

Two people meet with needs.
And a specialness wished,
Is finally met as a dream received.

Without commanding an understanding,
To brand love like this with needless demands.

Burning it does with desire,
That frees reason for deceits.
And dispelling regrets,
For a delightful happiness...
Coming to cement.
And meant for them to be the best yet.

This love,
With a knowing only two can share!
This love,
Is theirs to be permanently aware.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No Shame To Claim

There is no shame to claim,
On hunched backs left burdened
And seen picking over tossed garbage to dine...
As snobs of all flavors drive by
Squinting eyes of disgust,
From behind smoked glass windows!

Bustling hustlers...
In spot check quick tours!
Sightseers observing blight between flight and fancy.
Elevating themselves to floors in skyscrapers...
Centrally aired and deodorized!
Marked by cubicles and paths of safe passages.

These scenes are not made by curbside dreamers.
Sipping steamed coffee...
Gazing at clouds to pass time and getting paid!

There is no shame to claim,
Nor middle ground to gain...
For those being swept away everyday,
Picking through rubbish used
As discovered jewels!

And some sing praises for 'more' prosperity?
From whom do they seek sanctions,
For these smuggled thoughts to munch?
And share at lunchtime!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No Sharing Of Thrones

There is nothing wrong,
If someone has accepted who they are.
That's to be commendable.
However...
To put down others,
Because they are not accepting of who we are...
From our point of view.
And we choose to enforce our ways upon them...
Creates friction.
And perhaps a little 'fiction' about life itself.

I don't have to welcome anyone in my home,
If I don't want them in it.
And I care less what they look like.
What they have or who they know.
Within the boundaries I call 'home'...
There is no sharing of thrones with time limits given.
Or discussions to debate on what I find acceptable!
Not within my space to agitate.
If I aint feeling it...
It will be known!

Nipped in the bud and ended.
That's it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No Signs Of Turning Around

Many are discovering their thoughts and beliefs...
Have been totally prefabricated,
To sustain delusion based fantasies.
And entertained for humor purposes...
By those creating their own opportunities.
And doing this successfully...
With the power of deceit.
And the teasing of greed.

Shocked and dismayed by the truth that is.
Some have never experience...
The value of reality.
Or an honesty known...
Shown by one who around them lives.

And this economic meltdown...
Has no signs of turning around at all.
Even those who pray with faith...
They will be saved.
With a hope that these days,
From them will be erased.
Are in for a traumatic wakeup call!
When they realize their entire lives...
Have been fantasized and faked!
To keep them blinded,
For an eventual downfall!

'That's pure BS and utter nonsense! '

Is it?
When was the last time Minnie or Mickey Mouse..
Paid 'you' a visit?
And you have sat with empty pockets,
To ensure your children sit quietly...
To pay attention to animated animals speak,
And teach intelligently
About the aspects of human life.
Either at the movies or in front of a TV!

'That's entirely different! '

IS IT?
Then why is truth so feared?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No Spook Or Monkey

I am no spook or monkey,
To sit cutely nut and bolted by a door.
And no one rubs my head for luck...
As I smile to pretend to ignore.
I don't pretend like I did anymore.

Nor am I a baboon or a buffoon,
Waiting for nuts to be thrown to me...
At a zoo to crack as my features are laughed at.
But I can be a beast unleashed with attitude,
The moment someone thinks of me as their fool.

I'm no spook or monkey nor am I a baboon,
Sitting picking ticks or rubbing knuckles on a floor.
I can never be a spook or a monkey.
Treated like a fool to be duped.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No Success Stories

You've spent your entire life,
Swimming in deception.
Hoping to infect...
Manifestations of your perceptions.
With no goals strategized.
Or publicly viewed to scutinize.
And you choose to point fingers,
To accuse and blame.
But you...
Have no success stories to claim.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No Tax Refund Comes

Anguish.
Stress.
Emotional depression...
Kept suppressed.
Anxiety attacks.
Disrespect and daily tensions.

Well documented.

Keep that to yourself!
Even though costly,
And out of pocket expenses...
None of those items mentioned merit a tax refund.
Sorry,
No tax refund comes!
Let us know when you are done completing the forms.
Our security personnel have been instructed to frisk anyone,
Suspected of carrying more than a debit card and current ID.

Next in line! ?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No There Is No Blueprint

No there is no blueprint to follow,
Anyone gets to live a life done to do.
And no notes to be taken to study.
With a hope to pass each test to face.
Life to live without mistakes to make,
Or prepared to know...
What those mistakes made will be,
Would not be life but a sitting to wish...
For love, happiness and success to get,
Without experiencing...
Heartbreak, sorrow, anguish and some pain.
To then dry eyes from tears to still remain,
Uncomplaining about struggles to overcome.
No...
There is no blueprint to follow.
And if there was,
There would be many seeking assistance.
With questions to ask,
Which directions to take to avoid a sweating...
Through tasks they determine too difficult.

'Is it possible you can help me? '

~To do what? ~

'Live my life.
Not 'now'.
But when time you have been given,
Permits.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No Time Did I Waste In Perfecting Deception

When you finally discover,
Those places I've been...
What will you think of me then?
I often wonder about the path you are on.
The careful steps you've taken...
To make sure what you do
Is right and not wrong!

No time did I waste in perfecting deception!

I did not have those comforts.
No tour guide in my life!
I have made my way through 'this'.
In complete darkness.
With just my faith and a followed insight.
Clouds of doubts covered my sleepless nights,
And frightened...
Sometimes.
But I continued on.
Knowing my sighing,
Did not prevent my eyes from crying!

No time did I waste in perfecting deception!

When you finally discover,
Those places I've been...
What will you think of me then?
Will you embrace the fact that I did not pretend?
All that I've done,
Has made it easier for you now to find!
Since that journey you have embarked upon,
Is the one I paved and cleared!
The one that nearly drove me out of my mind!

No time did I waste in perfecting deception!

Remember those times you said I was lazy?
Well I hope my achievements don't drive you crazy!
Since your reputation,

Has been secretly built on the back of my efforts!
And those who weren't aware...
Just look at you and stare,
With a glare that is shared.
But not smothered in love!
No time did I waste in perfecting deception!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No Time To Comprehend

People reluctant to listen.
And take no time to comprehend,
Are often the ones...
To tell the same unchanges stories,
About something to them done...
As if in the doing,
A healing to mend is being overcomed.

A listening to comprehend for some,
Seldom resolves in continued misunderstanding.
Yet many today are afraid to admit,
Their mental conflicts are self inflicted.
Although in their minds there is a comfort they find,
With a staying limited that appeals they wish reveals...
Them to be 'down-to-Earth'.

'Take us to your leader.
Whomever it is to leave a serious message to address.'

~Look...
Aint nobody around here impressed, okay?
No matter how far out and weird your disguises.
You've come to the wrong neighborhood.
We live here to be down to Earth.
If you want to be perceived as different,
You will have to go somewhere else.
Understood?
You wont find anyone here into Science Fiction.
Although I must say...
The special effects you use are amazing.
Who's directing this?
Steven Spielberg? ~

'Steven...Spielberg?
Is 'this' your leader? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No Time To Expose Old Wounds

Not impressed am I by those,
Who drag wherever they go...
Their exasperated aspirations.
As if an experience they have initiated,
Requires an announcement...
With attention meant to receive and get.

Where are those who chose their paths to take,
With the understanding this is the choice they make.
And who and what is being influenced,
By listening to every complaint and heartache.
Those moving forward have no time to expose old wounds.
Or express their agitations to create an atmosphere of gloom.

I use to believe those who succeeded were lucky in life.
But more and more I comprehend,
Anyone wishing to achieve...
Do it while sacrificing and with much discipline that ignites.
And doing it alone on their own as it is meant to be.
Away from those who gripe and whine in moans that drone,
Constantly.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No Time To Fake

Faked?
My abilities and deeds,
You believe has been faked?
I have yet to admit,
All things I am familiar with.
And with 'whom' I have initiated a process.

Faked?
I feel like a child beginning to learn how to walk.
And you believe my efforts taken have been faked?
Are you saying that just to ignite,
The depths of my greatness?
Or...
Are you hoping someone will validate,
More of a perceived ego...
I have yet to publicly admit?

Either way,
I have had no time to fake!
I have enough on my plate as it is!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No Time To Find

People say they have no time to find,
To exercise their bodies or bring a peace...
To their minds.

But they do seem to schedule a time,
To eat.
Be lazy,
And procrastinate.

Hate people do,
The obedience of discipline.
But claims to maintain a faith...
For the right things to do.
And for them to begin.

Hate people do,
Those who sacrifice and succeed.
With a critiquing done of them openly...
To keep their insecurities,
And condoned weaknesses defended...
To continue doing what they please.

People say they have no time to find,
To exercise their bodies or bring a peace...
To their minds.

But they do seem to schedule a time,
To eat.
Be lazy,
And procrastinate.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No Time To Find Minds Ignorant

Demons seem to always find a way,
To take what is understood...
And campaign amongst those,
Already accepting confusion to feed upon...
With a soliciting that advocates ignorance.
To prove in the doing...
Comprehending to understand anything,
For those determined to remain conscious...
A doing of this quickly diminishes conflicts,
By using common sense.

And common sense used to end conflicts,
Would mean those with demonic intentions...
To exploit with an interest to advocate and solicit,
Would have no other purpose or reason to exist.
Leaving those choosing common sense to comprehend,
Without a dependency on conflicts sought to exist.
With it acknowledge to live with common sense,
Comprehended as part of a peaceful life to live...
Those who are demons would have no time to find minds,
Ignorant enough to pay them attention to feed this 'need'.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No Time To Waste

Once I had been told,
By a teacher many years ago.
Something that has stayed,
In my memory to never forget.
And it was this:

'If ever you come,
To think of yourself as being...
Better than anyone else.
That thinking to do will only prove,
There is something they've got...
You wish you had.
But don't.
Since those who spend,
Time finding ways...
Doing it to better themselves,
Can find no time to waste.
Trying to prove or validate it.
And in your case,
I suggest strongly...
Staying away from being humiliated,
May become the best asset...
You have to rely on.'

And I thought...
Am I being told,
Talking less and listening more...
To comprehend lessons taught,
Will benefit in the improvement...
Of my low grades?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No Token Kind Of Love

And when I see you again...
After tensions have been suspended!
Let us take our hearts beyond places teased,
But left frozen!
To chill to appease those who wanted to see us part!
We gave them that unsighted right!
And did not fight to warm our love!
They could not accept...
We were interracially connected!
It was never the color of our skins
That shattered the torment that lived within us.
We want...
And must be together!
This is beyond description.
Or barriers that keep us broken!
Unspoken we know this is...
No token kind of love we give!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No Trouble Gets Trouble

No trouble gets trouble,
And there's no reason to go 'oops'.
Or feel bruised when booted.

No trouble gets trouble,
And there's no reason to go 'oops'.
Or feel out of the loop.

Keep in mind...
One gets what they find.
Not looking for a quality,
But a good time.

If one,
Wants to date someone fine...
To wine and dine,
That line has to be baited.

No trouble gets trouble,
And there's no reason to go 'oops'.
Or feel bruised when booted.

No trouble gets trouble,
And there's no reason to go 'oops'.
Or feel out of the loop.

If one,
Wants to date someone fine...
To wine and dine,
That line has to be baited.

Keep in mind...
One gets what they find.
If a fling is all that's sought,
Don't expect 'nuthin' special.

No trouble gets trouble,
And there's no reason to go 'oops'.
Or feel bruised when booted.

No trouble gets trouble,
And there's no reason to go 'oops'.
Or feel out of the loop.
Say...
No trouble gets trouble,
And there's no reason to go 'oops'.
Or feel bruised when booted.

No trouble gets trouble,
And there's no reason to go 'oops'.
Or feel out of the loop.

Keep in mind...
People get what they find.
If a fling is all that's sought,
Don't expect 'nuthin' special.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No Used Or Borrowed Love

No used or borrowed love,
Have I ever sat to wish...
From anyone to get.
Nor do leftovers sit in my mind,
To think I will find them delicious.

When I crave for a taste,
It stays that way until I am pleased.
No one determines for me,
My desires or wants.
Or what will satisfy my needs.

I can hunger for love.
But I am not desperate for it.
Too many disappointments I have known,
To have left me down in the dumps and tested.

I can hunger for a kiss.
And remember the hugs and touches,
I once did get.
To take when I had been much younger,
For granted.
But no used or borrowed loved,
Do I wish to value this.
As I grow older to age.

No matter who perceives I will believe,
What they want to share with me...
I deserve to be served what they have kept,
Preserved, protected and untouched.

'But...
Neither one of us is a virgin! '

~I'm talking about 'my' expectations.
Not a point you want to make.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No Vision Like A Clear Vision Given

There is no vision,
Like a clear vision given.
No high seems to satisfy as bright...
As that witness with cloudless Sunlight.

What a difference a day makes,
After breaking away to escape from delusions.

And in the morning when a yawn is released...
Free to experience dawn.
A birthing effect takes place next!
As if refreshed...
From the affect of a nurturing fast!
Leaving one alert and cleansed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No Weapons Or Wars Won Can Impress

A misunderstanding occurs,
Throughout one's life...
When it is believed they maintain,
A controlling done over others.
And no weapons or wars won can impress.

Mother Nature seems always to find a way,
To display great warmth and intensity of feeling...
When there are those who choose to forget,
The only controlling to be done...
Is when Mother Nature decides to do it.

And...
With a dismantling of everything,
That seems to be suitable and effective.
To prevent 'Her' directive,
As enforced to command.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No Wish To Fill A Vacancy

How did I stop what?
Aging?
As Long as I live and breathe...
Doing 'that' by anyone today,
You can say is an impossibility.
However...
I have stopped seeking aggravation.
And sharing with others,
Headaches they could not wait
To dump updated complaints to relate.
I've stopped sitting to get return calls...
I placed to those,
Who had forgotten I had called at all.

I have made myself number one on my priority list.
And no longer dismiss my own happiness.
That is probably what you now see in me!
An attitude I don't hestitate to give and leave...
In a belief I should please others I care about,
Who have shown me they could care less...
If I am down and out.
Or mugged or mauled,
As I lay half dead on one knee as I crawled.

There is nothing like being shown,
Who has what or who on their minds and when!
That removes wrinkles and stops a frown,
From taking up residency on my face and skin!
And that is probably what you see.
An absence of that.
With no wish to fill a vacancy!

'I 'hope' God reminds me to just say 'hello'
The next time I bump into you.
Have a great day!
And 'who' should 'we' thank...
That you have no 'ego' in the way? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No Words To Express

One day you will come to experience,
The pain others have known.
The ones who have shown this...
And walked alone.
Without heard sighs or moans.
Or signs of it on their spoken breath.

What comes to be felt,
Will find no words to express.
Or anyone able to address it.
And you then will begin to value,
The meaning and depth,
Of empathy and forgiveness.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No Yesterday Denied

It is there,
And I have it to give.
My faith! To celebrate.

It's there,
And I have it to give.
My hope! To not let go.

It is there.
And I have it to give.
A thankfulness released,
And to breathe...
For the rest of my life.

I get up each morning feeling gratefulness.
With no reason for a doubt to keep.
I get up each morning feeling gratefulness.
And blessed...
To know I have sacrificed.

And I get up...
With no yesterday denied.
How could I when I'm blessed,
With no yesterday denied.

It is there,
And I have it to give.
My hope! To not let go.

It's there,
And I have it to give.
My faith! To celebrate.

And I get up...
With no yesterday denied.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No You Don'T. And, You Wont

'I am getting increasingly uncomfortable,
With all of this racist talk.'

That may be an honest admission,
You have openly stated to give...
For all to hear!
However...
This has not prevented you,
From committing acts of racism.

'Well...
You see...
That's where you and I disagree.
There is a difference in committing,
Acts of racism.
Than there is in the admitting of them done.'

I see!

'No you don't.
AND, you wont!
NOT from me!
I shall remain forever discreet.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No You Wont

Oh no you wont,
Be the one to have me weak in the knees...
To prove to people you know,
I will do as 'you' please.

And you wont,
Get my nose to open up real wide...
To empty out my brains to leave nothing inside.
Because...
I've been there before with love to share.
Only to be left alone with space to spare.
And looking very pitiful as if no one cared.
With tears dripping down my eyes I can not hide.

You wont,
Be the one to have me hypnotized...
With a bumping into walls not to realize,
Love...
Got you and gossips to ear hop.

Not again to get my heart,
To wound and bleed.
Because somebody took the opportunity,
To do 'that' to me.

No you wont,
Be the one to have me hypnotized...
With a bumping into walls not to realize,
Somebody came along to squeeze all my love to leave.

'Hi.
You have such beautiful eyes.
I bet you hear that all the time,
Don't you? '

Well...
Not 'all' the time.

'I can look into them for the rest of my life.'

Will you stop that.
But...
Seriously.
You think so?

'It's always the good ones that are taken.'

Let's get back to my eyes.
What did you say about them?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No! I Don'T Think So

Did I learn to be respectful,
With a doing of my very best...
Regardless of decisions I made,
To take steps unafraid in any direction.
To then be followed by anyone I allowed,
To prove to me their ability to disrespect?

No!
I don't think so.

Did I journey to places near and far,
To make and recover from mistakes I've made...
Without picking up a few experiences,
To know a maturity and wisdom I've gained.
And doing this along the way.

Did I not identify my purpose to validate,
A traveling on paths to remove obstacles I faced...
To remove out of my way.
And did I not tolerate with patience others unaware,
I had been 'there' myself.
And familiar with an understanding,
Where they were to comprehend.

Did I learn to be respectful,
With a doing of my very best...
To then be followed by anyone I allowed,
To prove to me their ability to disrespect?

No!
I don't think so.
At least I don't remember being that foolish,
Or unconscious.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No! Keep It

Why are you smiling so broadly?
It is clear you have been prevented,
From achieving your wishes and desires.

'Really?
Gee, I didn't know that.
And which wishes and desires,
Am I being prevented to achieve? '

I uh
Only you would know that.
Maybe those who are trying to prevent you,
Know that too.

'You might have a point.
Who are they? '

The ones preventing you from achieving!
You know
Your wishes and desires.

'Oh!
So
Maybe I shouldn't smile so broadly,
To have anyone detect
My wishes and desires have already been met.'

No!
Keep it.
Let them believe you are crazed.
They think it anyway.
But lose that skipping down the street business.
That will really throw them off.

'Hmmm
Maybe you have a point.
Maybe I'll go back to my arrogant strut and swagger.
You know
The one they associate with pretentiousness? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No! With A No To Ever Do

I will do anything,
For anyone.
At anytime.
Including giving my last dollar.
And give away my valued bus pass,
To walk a few miles to get home.

But...
Don't,
Ever...
From your mouth,
Lie on me...
To protect your insecurities!

I am forgiving.
However...
Depicting me,
As someone you believe...
You can excuse,
To play fool for a day for you?
Is a no-no!

NO!
With a no to ever do!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No. Of Course Not

They are right.
Standards and values have been ruined.
A quality of life has been slipping down the drain.
Nothing depicted as a wholesomeness,
No longer exists.
Nothing of it seems to remain.

And those elected to represent their interests...
Seem to have turned their backs on this.
And yet this acknowledgement...
Appeared from nowhere overnight.

Who possibly could be held accountable,
For keeping so many blinded and totally unaware?
Could it be...
The lust for greed and the various varieties of it?
No.
Of course not.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No... I Can Not Believe It

You've got my nose opened wide.
Wider than the sea,
And...
I can not believe I let you do this to me.

You've got my nose opened wide.
So wide people see.
And...
I can not believe I let you do this to me.

Wherever I go...
I know that this shows.
And...
I can not believe I let you do this to me.

I know it is exposed,
That you opened my nose!
And...
I can not believe I let you do this to me.

I walk on tip-toes,
With my eyes half closed.
And...
I can not believe I let you do this to me.
No...
I can not believe I let you do this to me.

I walk on tip-toes,
With an opened nose.
And...
I can not believe I let you do this to me.
And with my eyes closed too?
No...
I can not believe I let you do this to me.
No...
I can not believe it that you did this to me.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

No...I Am Not That User Friendly

IF,
I am annoyed...
By anyone enjoying the implementation of it,
I will not express my agitation 'randomly'.
No barking do I do at strangers...
From a mind splitting fit like this.
No...
I am direct and specific.
I do not walk around,
Allowing others to leave me with a headache.
To pick my brain and leave me strained.
No...
I am not that user friendly.
Nor will I adopt or adapt to causes,
That usurp my beliefs or peace of mind I keep.

No...
I am not that user friendly.
Nothing I've earned is marketed...
For that kind of cheap sale.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Nobility

Is nobility something one claims...
Or is one ordained to sit high in places?
Today you would think it is stolen at crap games,
Since no one seems to earn a name
Based on merit and deed...
Stemming from a trend of humanitarian proceeds,
That feed conscious social justice that breeds
A generation of well wishers...
Assisting others to succeed!
Actions like these are being enforced and wasted
By those being called forwarded to hastily bleed,
In places they are forgotten to rot like a crop
Of misbegotten seeds!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Nobody Can...

I know I don't exist here alone!

Nobody can...
Do what You do.
And nobody can...
Show that to me to prove.
Or...
Heal my aches to make me,
Forgive whoever breaks my heart.

Nobody can...
Do what You do.
And nobody can...
Show that to me to prove.
Or...
Heal my aches to make me,
Forgive whoever breaks my heart.

With my faith in You,
I have taken leaps.
And with my faith in You,
I get a peaceful sleep.
I know it's only You,
Who has got my back.
And...
Protects me from all attacks.

With my faith in You,
I have taken leaps.
And with my faith in You,
I get a peaceful sleep.
I know it's only You,
Who has got my back.
And...
Protects me from all attacks.

Nobody can...
Do what You do.
And nobody can...

Show that to me to prove.
Or...
Heal my aches to make me,
Forgive whoever breaks my heart.

I don't exist here alone.
That I know is true.
I don't exist on my own...
I CAN'T without You!

With my faith in You,
I have taken leaps.
And with my faith in You,
I get a peaceful sleep.
I don't exist here alone!

Nobody can!
NOBODY.
Can do what You do.
And nobody can...
Show that to me to prove.
Or...
Heal my aches to make me,
Forgive whoever breaks my heart...
To stop my tears.

Nobody can...
Stop my tears,
But You.
NOBODY.
NOBODY can...
Stop my tears,
But You.
NOBODY.
NOBODY can...
Stop my tears,
But You.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Nobody Else

Nobody else will ever get a chance to get it.
Oh no.
Or make claims that they had it when they did.
No!

Nobody else will ever get a chance to get it.
Oh no.
Or make those claims they had it when they did.
No!

The sharing space all in my face.
Nobody else will get to know.
Or sharing toothpaste not replaced.
Nobody else will get to know.
To get that close to me no more.
Nobody else will get to know...
Snuggling up when they get cold.

NO!

Nobody else will ever get a chance to get it.
Oh no.
Or make that claim they had it when they did.
No!

Nobody else will ever get a chance to get it.
Oh no.
Or make those claims they had it when they did.
No!

How I look before I'm dressed.
Nobody else will get to know.
Or how I look in nakedness.
Nobody else will get to know.
Blemishes exposing flaws.
Nobody else will get to know...
What I like or what I hate.
Since my mind is back in shape.

Nobody else will ever get a chance to get it.
Oh no.
Or make a claim they had it when they did.
No!

Nobody else will ever get a chance to get it.
Oh no.
Or make one claim they had it when they did.
No!

I'm not giving up a bit of my peace to leave it!
Oh no.
I'm not seeking anymore to wound and heal.
Uh, uh no, no!

I'm not giving up a bit of my peace to leave it!
Oh no.
I'm not seeking anymore to wound and heal.
Uh, uh no, no!

No more bending or giving in!
Those scars I've had I've let them go!
No more bending or giving in!
Those scars I've had I've let them go!
Those scars I've had I've let them go!
Those doors once open now are closed.

The sharing space all in my face.
Nobody else will get to know.
Or sharing toothpaste not replaced.
Nobody else will get to know.
To get that close to me no more.
Nobody else will get to know...
Snuggling up when they get cold.
Those scars I've had I've let them go!
Those scars I've had I've let them go!
And no one will ever get that close,
Again!
No, no!

And no one will ever get that close,
Again!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Nobody Ever Can Be Better Than You

Nobody ever can be better than you.
Unless you express this and confess.
Nobody ever can be better than you.
Unless you address this and with regret.
Nobody ever can be better than you.
If its in your view and left kept to accept.
Nobody ever can be better,
Or better put together
NOBODY is better than YOU!

Nobody can be better than you.
Keep this in your mind and don't from it stop.
Nobody ever can be better than you.
Keep it believed and on your mind at the top.
Nobody ever can be better than you.
Always in your mind don't drop it to block.
Nobody ever can be better,
Or never could be ever...
Better than the best that you do!

Nobody ever can be better than you.
Unless you express this to confess.
Nobody ever can be better than you.
Unless you address this with regret.
Nobody ever can be better than you.
If its in your view kept to accept.
Nobody ever can be better,
Or be better put together
NOBODY can be better than YOU!

Nobody is better than you.
Keep this in your mind and don't from it stop.
Nobody ever can be better than you.
Keep it believed and on your mind at the top.
Nobody ever can be better than you.
Always in your mind keep it never to block.
Nobody ever can be better,
Never ever could be better...
Never ever can be better than you.

NO-Body ever can be better than you.
Keep this in your mind and don't from it stop.
Nobody ever can be better than you.
Keep it believed and on your mind at the top.
Nobody ever can be better than you.
Always in your mind keep it never to block.
Nobody ever can be better,
Never ever could be better...
Never ever can be better than you.

No-BOD-DY ever could be better!
With a wish for better weather
Never EVER can be better that YOU!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Nobody Has Lived Before

There's no need to remain idle.
Stifled to idealize a life.
There's no need to remain idle,
To think it okay to sacrifice...
A living of a life believed is right,
By others who have chosen their limits...
Convinced to stay faithfully obeyed.

Nobody has lived before to say,
Who should live and in which way.
Few have walked paths already paved,
Smooth and without mistakes to make...
To win this argument in debate.
Nobody has lived before to say,
Which ingredient creates the perfect taste.

There's no need to remain idle.
Stifled to idealize a life.
There's no need to remain idle,
To think it okay to sacrifice...
A living of a life believed is right,
By others who have chosen their limits...
Convinced to stay faithfully obeyed.

Get up and move to yourself to prove,
The life you're given is a blessing to be living.
Get up and move,
To yourself to prove...
The life you're given is a blessing to be living,
Everyday.
Before...
Time slips away.

Get up and move to yourself to prove,
The life you're given is a blessing to be living...
Everyday.
Without delay!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Nobody Has That Effect

Nobody can affect me,
With a disrespect that's kept.
'Cause my Savior comes to protect me.
My Savior comes to protect.

And nobody can upset me,
To leave me feeling regrets.
'Cause my Savior comes to protect me.
My Savior comes to protect.

When I was doubled up and feeling pain,
My Savior came to heal.
And when that pain felt went away,
My Savior made my healing real.

Nobody can affect me,
With a disrespect that's kept.
'Cause my Savior comes to protect me.
My Savior comes to protect.

When I was broke and down on luck,
My Savior came to lift me up...
With a getting me up and off my knees.
And with a pulling me out of that rut.

Nobody can affect me,
With a disrespect that's kept.
'Cause my Savior comes to protect me.
My Savior comes to protect.

My Savior comes to protect me.
My Savior comes to protect.
And with effectiveness I can't neglect.
There is effectiveness...
At its best.

Nobody can affect me,
With a disrespect that's kept.
'Cause my Savior comes to protect me.

My Savior comes to protect.

My Savior comes to protect me.
My Savior comes to protect.
And with effectiveness I can't neglect.
This is effectiveness...
At its best.

Strengthened like steel is my faith,
And nothing substituted is real.
'Cause my Savior comes to protect me.
My Savior comes to protect.

Strengthened like steel my faith is concealed.
And nothing substituted is real.
'Cause my Savior comes to protect me.
My Savior comes to protect.
And with effectiveness I can't neglect.
This is effectiveness...
At its best.

I've got to keep it with a feeding on it,
At its best.
I've got to keep it with a feeding on it,
To...
Remain and keep effective.

I've got to keep it with a feeding on it,
At its best.
I've got to keep it with a feeding on it,
To...
Remain and keep reflective.

I've got to keep it with a feeding on it,
At its best.
I've got to keep it with a feeding on it,
To...
Maintain my self prespective.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Nobody Is Going To Stop

Nobody is going to stop,
Wishing to dream...
For things they have not.
And nobody is about to drop,
Their seeking to reach teased beliefs...
They see themselves successful,
With a climbing to do to mountaintops.

Who doesn't live to have needs pleased?
That nobody is going to stop.
And who doesn't live with those fantasies,
Bombarded everyday to be seen on TV?

We all live on a daily basis,
Being teased to have what others have got.
And nobody's going to stop the marketing,
That produces dollars to fill pockets...
Done to do to have eyes pop and jaws to drop.

And round and round the carousel goes.
With wishes to grab onto that brass ring exposed.
And getting that something to cherish like gold,
Everyone wants.
To be flaunted among others.
As a slow stroll is done to get attention that comes.

We all live on a daily basis,
Being teased to have what others have got.
And nobody's going to stop the marketing,
That produces dollars to fill pockets...
Done to do to have eyes pop and jaws to drop.

Who doesn't live to have needs pleased?
That nobody is going to stop.
And who doesn't live with those fantasies,
Bombarded everyday to be seen on TV?
That nobody is going to stop.

Nobody is going to stop,

Wishing to dream...
For things they have not.
And nobody is about to drop,
Their seeking to reach teased beliefs...
They see themselves successful,
With a climbing to do to mountaintops.

Nobody is going to stop,
Wishing to dream...
For things they have not.
Nobody is going to stop,
Wanting to impress.
Even if it means the doing of it,
Leaves them in debt.
And deepening depths of depression.
Proven to stay costly.
With a regretted effectiveness that's left.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Nobody Is There To Listen

Choosing to sustain, maintain and keep their livelihoods,
They did what most conformed people do!
They chose to create no waves.

They kept their mouths closed.
Perceiving they would keep their beliefs intact.
Perceiving themselves to be envied.
And their way of life...
Safe.
If they just played the game and rolled along...
As followers.
to muffle if not silence any disagreements.

And of course...
Many thought they would gain favor,
If they became the model of a teamplayer.
With the giving of incentives for their efforts.

'And our choice for the employee of the month,
Goes to...'

Today?
That game they played is over.
And many protest in anger.
Their obsession with loyalities have been repossessed.
And many are vocal as they protest.

Today?
Nobody is there or expresses they care...
Who amongst them has followed to achieve,
Years of documented devotion and loyalty

Today?
They are just in the way.
Like in those days when they were paid...
To ignore the cries of others.

What a difference not having a paycheck makes!
And nobody is there to listen or even care...

Who now 'whines' about their lives.
When everybody knows they are too lazy to work or find a job.
And all they want to do is sit at home, watch TV and collect welfare.

'That's true, isn't it?
That's what we've been always told to believe.
And...
If they didn't like it 'here',
Why don't they go back where they came from? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Nobody Knows

Nobody knows.
To suppose or propose,
What the effect...
Of a tomorrow holds.
Or will bestow upon them.
With a leaving their decisions made,
As picked preferences...
Staying to remain unchanged.
Nobody knows what tomorrow holds.

Nobody knows,
With a certainty that guarantees...
Two steps forward with hoops to jump through,
Maybe less effective...
Than four steps back,
To recover from impatience and discovering 'that'...
As more successful than one perceived.
Producing an effect one accepts to believe.
And to then leave behind regrets.

Nobody knows.
To suppose or propose,
What the effect...
Of a tomorrow holds.
Until tomorrow comes.
To expose to those with it known,
Yesterdays are not meant to live...
Wishing for wants and dreams to remain,
Unchanged.

And those who believed that,
Eventually awaken to the facts.
With tears in their eyes,
Making attempts to fight them back.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Nobody Wins

We do ourselves an injustice,
By demeaning the efforts of our own!
And when that is done,
Nobody wins...
Or can say they have won!
And the values we condone,
Diminish by what is shown!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Nod, Stare And Sit...That's It

When people are wrapped up in themselves,
Listen to their conversations.
And the subject given most attention!

One need not listen too closely to realized...
The topic for today is,
Them!
As it was yesterday and will be next week!
One only needs to imagine this.

Usually they are in constant pain.
Seeking to rid themselves of it.
Or speaking of material wishes to gain.
And when they have finished talking about themselves...
They have an urgency to quickly leave.

'Next stop, please.'

After...
Of course,
They finalize their 'visit'.
By stating how disgusting others are.

'Excuse me.
Can't you see I am trying to get off?
You people have no respect at all! '

You people! Ha...
Those are the ones who refuse,
To give them the time of day!
I wouldn't either...
If I wasn't sitting trapped on a bus.
And pretending to be a deaf mute,
Nodding in agreement...
When people like that begin to move their lips.
I nod, stare and sit...that's it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Noises Of Joy

If you want to make noise.
Make the noises of joy!

If you want to make noise,
Make the noises of joy!
They less annoy.

Too many backsliders on a ride,
That has driven many right out of their minds.

Too many entwined with crime,
That mankind finds and blinds!

There seems more hopelessness surviving.
More folks who are conniving in slime.
Just to have a pity party with those who tit for tat!

If you want to make noise,
Make the noises of joy!

If you want to make noise,
Make the noises of joy!
They less annoy.

If you want to make noise,
Make the noises of joy!

If you want to make noise,
Make the noises of joy!
They less annoy.

Too many backsliders on a ride,
That has driven many right out of their minds.

Too many entwined with crime,
That mankind finds and blinds!

There seems more hopelessness surviving.
More folks who are conniving in slime.

Just to have a pity party with those who tit for tat!

If you want to make noise,
Make the noises of joy!

If you want to make noise,
Make the noises of joy!
They less annoy.

If you want to make noise,
Make the noises of joy!

If you want to make noise,
Make the noises of joy!
They less annoy.

If you want to make noise,
Leave the pity where it's at!
Make the noises of joy.
You'll get a good feeling back!

If you want to make noise,
Leave the pity where it's at!
Make the noises of joy.
You'll get a good feeling back!

If you want to make noise,
Make the noises of joy!
And leave the pity where it's at.

If you want to make noise,
Make the noises of joy!
They less annoy.

If you want to have joy,
Leave the pity where it's at!
If you want to have joy,
Leave the pity where it's at!
If you want to have joy,
Leave the pity where it's at!
If you want to have joy,
Leave the pity where it's at!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Noisy Minds

Accusatory and noisy minds,
Seem to never find their way out of the woods.
And the ones seeking to be understood.

To them...
It has been their childhood, parents or siblings,
That have destroyed a perception they cling onto...
With excuses made as to why they can excuse,
Everything done they do...
By laying the blame on someone else,
For the insecurities they have welcomed.
With a self examination,
Out of the range of questions...
They can not seem to answer.
Or willing to ask of themselves.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Nomadic

Nomatic.
And at times...
Appearing emphatically erratic.
As if aimless without a purpose to serve.
Or grounded in a position fixed,
That warrants recognition.

'Are they homeless?
Or pioneers?
Or perhaps independent thinkers,
Adventuring life to uncover...
A future to pave for a better life to live? '

It seems to me those folks are just fed up.
And have become tired of reaching,
To masquerade a stability.
And an array of definitions...
Of a meaning of life for them that sucks.

'But what about pretentions and impressions left,
We all can not escape from and wish to make? '

Obviously they have found a way,
To live a life real for them that isn't faked.

Nomatic.
And at times...
Appearing emphatically erratic.
As if aimless without a purpose to serve.
Or grounded in a position fixed,
That warrants recognition.

'Then...
Why are they getting from us our attention? '

That's a good question.
Since they seem to be happy and freed,
From the chaos and conflicts...
With deceptions and betrayals we claim are needed,

To bring about for us a lasting peace.
And just perhaps...
They have discovered a way to establish that.
With or without the labelling to call them nomadic.

'Or nonconforming mavericks.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Nomads Free Of Self Consciousness

There is a place where excuses are made.
And finding fault with others is condoned.
Children are disrespectful...
Hygiene is neglected, disregarded and rejected
And comprehension of it,
Goes unknown!

People defend their ignorance,
And lack of common sense...
With much protest!
Yet wishes to live like this in bliss
Is sick
Accepted
And shown!

Urban indigestion...
Constipates suggestions.
Blocked they are from knowledge
That acknowledges a cultural lost!

Nomads free of self consciousness,
Resisting attempts to fix...
At any cost!
A collective sanity is missing!
And those who know what it takes,
Are seen with their fingers crossed!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Nomenclators

Nomenclators like debaters,
Continue to regurgitate...
Impressive knowledge they've obtained.
By listing that which they've regained.
Or created!

And they become so animated,
When they think someone will rate...
How they come across as speakers,
With gestures people appreciate.

And they like it when they knock and mock.
Name dropping without stop.
They love it when they see the people shocked...
With mouths wide open and eyes popped!

Nomenclators like debaters,
Continue to regurgitate...
Impressive knowledge they've obtained.
By listing that which they've regained.
Maintained,
To drain brains.

And they like it when they knock and mock.
Name dropping without stop.
They love it when they see the people shocked...
With mouths wide open and eyes popped!

And they like it when the people,
Strain.
And they like it,
When the people try...
To maintain drained brains.

And they like it when the people,
Strain.
And they like it,
When the people try...
To maintain drained brains.

Nomenclators never get enough.
They like it!
Nomenclators never get enough.
They like it!
Nomenclators never get enough.
They like to see the people do their best,
To maintain drained brains!

Nomenclators never get enough.
They like it!
Nomenclators never get enough.
They like it!
Nomenclators never get enough.
They like to see the people do their best,
To maintain drained brains!

Nomenclators never get enough.
They like it!
Nomenclators never get enough.
They like it!
Nomenclators never get enough.
They like it!
They like it!
They like it!
Nomenclators never get enough.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Nominated

Poised and groomed for screening.
And picked as those correct to select.
Suited for electing...
With an image held as the best.

Reflecting a 'middle-of-the-roadness'
With proper etiquette.
Making harmless decisions...
And giving folks what they expect.

Nominated as water walkers,
Squeeky clean and free of sin.
If they do live in darkness...
They may sneak a sip of vodka,
Or may not pop shots...
Of lemon twisted gin!

It's difficult not to show imperfections,
From admiring spying eyes.
Microscoping with a closeness,
To see after dissecting...
Which one would represent,
To prove emaculate they have lived their lives.

While those prepared to choose...
Booze, cheat and deceive.
But wish to pick someone less wicked.
And one who is capable...
To disguise a life,
All can come to agree...
Can win the top prize.
And at least will make attempts,
To walk on their polluted waters!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Nonacceptance Attracts

With maintained concerns to keep,
Pretentions kept for many as a relief...
Something undetected comes along,
That leaves a deluded society breathless.
Bringing everyone to their knees,
Bewildered by grief no one suspects.

Ideals worshipped instead of facts does that.
As nonacceptance attracts to attack.
And events that could have been prevented,
Circumvents truth left distanced to implement.
With growing woes on some bestowed,
To immediately complain...
Of the getting of them sent.

'Your comments offend.'

Who?

'Those who choose to run away from truth,
With expectations to find remedies produced.'

Explosive is an ignorance,
Believed by many to be kept distanced.
Explosive is this ignorance,
Spreading as it feeds.
As a nonacceptance attracts to attack,
Those unconscious to plead on bended knees.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Nonconformist

Of course I've been driven to madness.
Haven't you?
It's chic.
It's so 'with it' today,
To express some form of insanity.
Butt cracks are being exposed.
Breasts implants are nearly being sold,
At fast food chains.
The police are smoking more weed,
Than I've ever done in the '70's.
And corruption?
Children are selling electronic devices...
In elementary schools!
Yes.
And at good prices too I might add!
I passed an elementary school the other day,
And this kid, no more than twelve years old...
Was using two cell phones! Two!
And I can not afford one!
Of course I've been driven to madness.
Haven't you?
People crying on TV 'after' being caught
Killing children and spouses.
The news being interrupted by commercials,
Pitching everything from condoms, underwear...
And sexual enhancements!
Age defying creams and weight reducers.
And divorced lawyers pitching their services...
As if they were selling used cars.
And...
I guess,
In a way they are!
Of course I've been driven to madness.
Haven't you?
It's chic.
It's so 'with it' today,
To express some form of insanity.
However...
When I get home,

I take off that mask.
Get a cool glass of tea!
Sit back...
And enjoy my peace of mind!
'THAT' I am going to protect.
If I have to be in disguise outside to keep it!
I don't want anyone to think,
I am a nonconformist!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

None

The only advice I would give to someone?
Someone who has not lived and yet been stung?
Someone who has not experienced obstacles,
Or believe they can live without facing one?
Or being bitten by defeat...
Even while crawling to stand onto their own two feet.
Most times doing that publicly!
And having no family or friends to plead in defense.
Or to protect or shelter agonies wept repeatedly.

Hmmm,
Lets see...
The only advice I would give to someone?
Honestly?
Would be none!
And they would eventually understand,
That was the best advice to them I gave!

No tasks are completed on free passes.
None!
Although many believe they can succeed,
By hopping the fence.

To later realize,
They have no idea what game is being played.
Or how to go about pretending they do!
Or...
To who they'll try to fool to play incompetently.
There's enough mediocrity already certifiable,
On several fields of endeavor.
So none would be my best advice to give.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

None At All To Display

Why should I pay you any attention at all?
Where are your degrees and certificates,
That qualifies your wisdom and knowledge?

'IF I had none at all to display.
Or wore them like medals,
To convey my achievements...
You'd still be left in doubt,
That my expertise is impeccable.'

And why don't you flaunt your 'incredible'
Abilities?

'I am here to produce to you proof.
If you are seeking to be entertained by pretensions...
You will not find that adorned within these walls.
If you are wanting meaningful conversation,
That will be useful to you AND direct...
You've come to the right place.

Now...
If you want to pay to be deceived,
You couldn't afford to hear what I had to say.
I'd be in your pockets first to know that.
And send you on your way.
Today...
No bling or ca-ching?
Do I have to tell what not having that means? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

None For Them To Mention

Those who insist in the persistence
Of holding onto ideals no longer existing...
Will and must be left behind.
Their minds have been locked into delusions,
They can not see in these times unbelieving.
But they are to be believed!
And if they aren't?
A darkness upon them will bring them grief!
An enlightenment unfolding they do not seek.
And bleak will be their understanding...
Absent of comprehension!
There will be none for them to mention.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

None Of It Desired Is Left To Protect

Use every element possible within your reach,
At your leisure.
Find it necessary to block the onslaught,
Of exposing attacks...
Upon a reality thought solid of unending facts.
Conditioned with beliefs kept as your secret weapon.

Keep them trapped,
And locked away in an unchanging mind...
As memories to discuss in debate,
With someone you would love to berate...
To find their theories of bigotry and hatred outdated.

One day you will awaken to discover the waste.
And your time spent dwindling,
Clinging onto delusions that are being removed,
From truth.
That same truth you used and filled,
With surrounding smoked screened fantasies...
Easily produced.

That very same truth,
You accused others you shamed and defamed...
Like so many who are now on the pursuit of sanity.
And anything that remotely expresses it!
Don't be surprised if lies you have kept sheltered.
With a wish to dissolve them from your existence....
Are very much alive and kept within your daily touch.

Remember this...
You fought to keep them,
Just the way they are.
And erasing them from your sight overnight,
Is going to be a challenge to regain and sustain...
Whatever you maintain is normalcy and correctness.
Since none of it desired is left to protect.
Not the way you suspect it should be!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

None Of It Is Embellished

Go ahead assess and evaluate.
What I know already,
Has been lived.
If you wish...
You can interrogate.

I do not walk with sensitivity,
Expressed or exposed on my sleeve.
Trust me,
When you are finished...
The truth as I know it,
You will not believe.
Every breath of it,
I did breathe!

My sisters and I have been extremely blessed.
You have no idea of our challenges and tests!

I choose not to look back.
Moving forward I prefer.
If I stopped to critique my life like you are...
I would have long been less grateful!
And disillusioned by a life,
I realize now I more than deserve.

When I say I am thankful and blessed...
There is not a movie or book,
That could pieced together my experiences...
To emotionally express them in proper context.
With complexing twists and turns.
Laid out with suspense and drama...
To heighten the effect

Whatever the investigations taken,
I have not lived my life...
To satiate your sensations.
Trust me!
None of it is embellished!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

None Of That Sounded Like Sex To Me

~Noticing begins to open the mind.
Much like what Sunrise does upon the horizon...
When its light etches the darkness away from night,
With definition seen to highlight one's assisted vision.

And the brighter that light becomes,
An object begins to develop identity and cast a shadow.
As if attached to aid its meaning.
However...
When those clouds come,
And sometimes they do.
Expect some confusion to be done.
Since it will be difficult to determine,
If it will rain.

And...
That just may happen with or without lightening.
And/or no doubt with thunder.~

'With or without...
And slash or no doubt?
Don't they mean almost the same thing? '

~Huh?
What are you talking about? ~

'The lightening and thunder...
If it should come with clouds? '

~WHAT?
What does lightening and thunder have to do with it?
You kids don't listen with your ears or pay attention.
I'm talking about the birth of comprehension.
None of that has to do with lightening.
Maybe a bit of 'thunder' but rarely with lightening.~

'The birth of what?
None of that sounded like sex to me.'

~Your Honor...
If I may have a few words in my defense.
I need to explain why I stand before you today.
You see...
One of us had to be locked up.
So I knew If I 'tried' to knock some sense in his head...
It would be me found guilty! ~

'And Daddy...
That's why it's hard to listen to you at times.
Because you jump from subject to subject!
AND...
Don't worry about going to prison.
I'm going to volunteer to runaway.'

~When? How soon?
You need some money?
How much? ~

'See. See?
That's exactly what I'm talking about.
You're always joking.'

~Son...
Please take me seriously.
That's all I ask.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

None Of That Sweet Mess

Hey, hey, hey...
Wait one minute.
IF you are going to quote me,
Do not do it out of context.

I did not call everyone in politics a moron.
Nor did I say all of the local politicians,
Were corrupted and half of them are crooks.

What I said was this...
Idiots shouldn't be in politics.
And lowlife thieves...
Who can't put two sentences together,
Or spell their names without assistance...
Should be banned from the process.
And relatives of fools should not be qualified to vote.

That's what I said.
Nothing makes me more angry than someone attempting,
To add sugar on what I like to serve.
AND what's on today's menu.
And today's dishes require salt and vinegar to satisfy.
None of that sweet mess on my...ssshhh...'STUFF'.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

None Of Them Have Men In Their Lives

None of them have men in their lives.
The boys that were raised...
Stayed boys.
Encouraged to do what boys do.
To go outside and play.
Games they would do all day.

None of them have men in their lives.
They were taught to criticize the ones that tried.
They would mock their attempts.
To convince the efforts made...
Were not up to par.
And less than grade A.
Leaving children to be raised by women...
To degrade any man that came their way!

None of them have men in their lives.
Because they do not recognize what one is.
They seek an image...
Portrayed by society.
And they wait for society to create for them...
Men that society has diminished,
With false images.

And none of them will ever find,
A man who can duck bullets and flies!
Or escape criticism...
For the things he does and tries.
There will never be a man,
To be who he is in their eyes.
They have all been lied to!
And that's why...
None of them have men in their lives!

Not even the boys who too seek men...
To show the women they have found at least one.
One that had a mind...
And did no prison time!
Or played games,

Like boys who grow up to look like men do!

None of them have men in their lives.
Since the ones who know they are,
Men.
Have chosen not to have anything to do with them.
Believing they are just as rare as true women.
So...
They fly alone solo!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

None Of Them Should Be

If a lie is told long enough,
Eventually it becomes reality.
Unfortunately that is not true.
Look around you.
Are any of your beliefs in doubt?
None of them should be,
If truth was involved!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

None Of This Is As You Believe

It may be free.
And from your perception,
Even simple.
But none of this is as you believe.

There is a quality that deepens,
Each time you take to reach.
Each time there is a grasp of it,
You think is yours to keep...
Changes comes to stir,
What you had considered...
Already once occured.

It may be free.
And from your perception,
Even simple.
But none of this is as you believe.
Since you may find your comfort,
Surfing on the surface.
And much further below...
Is where this 'thing' breathes!
With a breeding that goes on undetected.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

None Of This Is Complicated At All

None of this is complicated at all.
You chose to bring something to the table,
Told again and again...
Not to bring.
Yet you brought it despite the warnings.

And now you claim no involvement.
With a sitting as if innocent,
And your presence qualifies you...
To skip over that which is yours.
With a grabbing of your hands onto the dessert.

And in your mind you wish not to connect this,
As socially unacceptable.
To then make an announcement,
Others at the table have an inappropriate etiquette.
With a showing directed to you,
They are upset.
And you...
Refuse to leave,
Knowing you are the reason for their agitation.

You seem to be very professional at this.
Where else have you gone,
To initiate your brand of chaos.
And 'still' it hasn't dawn on you,
That your presence here is not accepted.
And then again...
Maybe it has.
But you have desires to inflict upon us your will.
By any means necessary.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

None Of This Would Have Been Mentioned

It was only 'after' they acknowledged me,
That you accused me of not telling you.
Whatever it was they had to mention.
But...
I had gone to you first to exclaim my good news.
And you ignored me.
In fact...
You wanted to bring 'that' to my attention!
As I recall.

I didn't approach them at all.
If they had not acknowledged me...
You would not have cared or known.
And I knew that.
Remember this...
I am no stranger.
And if I had been...
I would have gotten your attention.
And none of this would have been mentioned.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

None Of Us Had To Travel That Far At All

A young Jesuit priest...
Assigned as an astronomer,
At the Vatican.
Has now declared the possibility
Of extraterrestial life
And he...
As he recommends that we,
Should accept them as our brothers!

That declaration is remarkable.
Considering...
We have people living on this planet,
Who are not so hospitably embraced.
And the Vatican's chief astronomer...
Now says it is okay to believe,
Other life forms in the Universe exists!
And 'this' does not contradict one's faith in God!

Even though none of us had to travel that far at all...
To witness contradictions right here on Earth,
Of God's teachings...
We still can not apply,
Beyond enforced hypocrisies.

'Isn't that a 'Roman' Catholic church? '

Please...
Do not get me started!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

None Of Us Would Be In This Predicament

Don't worry about them catching up.
They are still trying to locate the scent
From thoughts they claim they lost!
If they had them in the first place...
None of us would be in this predicament!
Torn between indecisiveness,
And a wake up call they are too far gone
To hear!
You can wait for them if you want to...
But neither youth nor time is on your side!
I thought you said you had things to accomplish?
Well...
I wouldn't put 'that' on hold,
In the hopes they are going to find
What they are attempting to convince you
That had in the first place!
Here...
Take these batteries for your flashlight!
We wouldn't want you to sit completely in the dark...
Waiting on a miracle!
The rest of us have decided to move on!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

None Of Which Satisfies...

You lie too much.
And cry too quick.
And this has shattered my feelings to bits.
You wish me to give.
As I from you take.
None of which satisfies...
Unless there is some conflict,
Introduced to deny.
To show you signs of my heartbreak.
Not me, not...
No!
That's been done.

You desire from me emotion.
To show and display with ease.
To allow you to discriminate...
To please and then to squeeze.
Not me, not...
No!
You lie too much.
And cry too quick.
And this has shattered my feelings to bits.
You wish me to give.
As I from you take.
None of which satisfies...
Unless there is some conflict,
Introduced to deny.
To show you signs of my heartbreak.
Not me, not...
No!
That's been done.
That's been done.
That's been done.
Not me, not...
No!
Not me not,
No!
Not me not now!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

None That I Deliver

I'm not afraid to live my life...
Or be alone with beliefs I breathe!
It's easy for me to be who I am,
Than to make excuses for not being
Where I should be!
Assessed by those with crumbling standards!
At least there is no misunderstanding.
None that I deliver!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

None That Reminisces You

Why should I have to pay,
At the expense of these pigs?
They laid that nonsense down
And you and they fed,
Upon it big and long to swell your head.

They nor you
Do nothing for me at all.
Except stall me in between,
These precious moments of 'my' abundance...
In the times I live now that have left you lean!

I can not see your problem as mine today.
Since it was just yesterday...
Your nastiness and disrespect,
Exposed you for who you were.
When you chose to look away,
From my sorrows...
Expressing no dismay,
Or empathy displayed?

And...
Although I think of you and them as pigs...
I could have thought of you as snakes,
And live with that.
But remembering you as rats...
I could not turn my back,
And forget about that!
Either way...
I still see you as being low,
And comfortable about it!

But you can not prolong my agony!
There is none that reminisces you.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

None That We Deemed Qualified

When an environment sustains,
An on the verge of 'potential' level and remains there...
With few gains developed to move forward for decades.
And stays unchanged and stagnant...
As if in a holding pattern awaiting to land.
While seen behind the scenes are discovered...
Those chosen and recommended,
And employed to be the best of innovators...
Overheard in their debates,
What they believe it will take to benefit the environment.

With a diversity much like that which is enjoyed,
And found in their suburban communities.
To produce within an urban center to replicate 'their' comforts.
At the expense of destroying the flavor and relocating the people,
Who created the popularity of the environment in the first place.
With a luxurizing done believed to appeal to those seeking,
Bits and teases of variety, a few ethnic faces and a cultural display...
Of diverse and accepted cuisine.

'This project is nearing completion,
And no one has expressed and interest in it at all.'

~Who was on the committee? ~

'Doctors, lawyers and ivy league school scholars.'

~Anyone from the local community? ~

'None that we deemed qualified with 'our' vision.'

~Well...
Have you thought that the reason to be,
Your success at achieving overwhelming failure?
Just a thought.
You are catering to the 'people', aren't you? ~

'Well, yes.
A certain class of people.'

~Don't you think it strange that those 'class' of people,
Find your attempts to attract them...
Boring? ~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

None Will Admit They Knew

It is useless,
With a tinge of foolish ignorance.
To make attempts at snatching back...
Embellished moments from the past.
Those disgruntled would prefer...
Redoing by way of a fast track.
Glimmered with rewritten facts.

Forget that!

The unbearable days facing,
Those recently awakened...
Are traumatically dramatic.
With a hint that scents the air...
There is more of this to spare!

So much truth is out there now.
Remember the days when this was not allowed?
And those who dared to be honest out loud...
Had been declared negative.
And today their efforts should be spotlighted.
These folks should be applauded,
'Before' taking their bows!

It is useless,
With a tinge of foolish ignorance.
To make attempts at snatching back...
Embellished moments from the past.
Those disgruntled would prefer...
Redoing by way of a fast track.
Glimmered with rewritten facts.

And upon asking what they would do,
After going through what is known.
None will admit now,
They knew then what was coming.
Since they spent most of their time,
Ostracizing and shunning...
The ones they chased to noose to trees.

And dangling from a hanging.

While losing their breath...
Trying to get as many who were running,
Away...
To escape those blinded by lunacy.
Only updated today,
To put on display more of their craze!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

None Will Be Done Or Repeated

What do you wish to see from me?
Submission.
Weakness.
No depth of identity.
Or integrity I keep.
Mistakes I have admitted.
And my flaws are there to see.
However...
I have submitted to my weaknesses.
And my identity had not always been complete.
But if you believe I have not learned lessons,
I assure you none will be done or repeated...
To allow the same ones for you to teach.
Back off!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Nonexistent Respect

What is reflected,
By the effects of truth...
Can not be censored,
From it being witnessed.
Or promote truth,
As a betrayal to portray it...
For purposes to create,
A nonexistent respect for all life.

Temporary empathy with a sympathy shown,
Does not erase the facts...
Of a known indifference and racial attacks.
Condone by those believing themselves,
Entitled to perform the continuation...
Of their evil deeds enacted upon others.

No matter how a charading to disguise,
Values and standards exclusively kept...
By the ones who reject and object,
To the appearances and cultures...
Residing within and/or near their own doorsteps.

And yet,
Profess and declare a window dressed greatness.
While masquerading a hatred to bait it,
To deceive behind smoke screens...
A conducting of schemes to demean.
As a choice to choose divisions.
And unwarranted historic bigotry.
To sell and excuse unexamined insecurities...
Kept religious beliefs protect,
Although not met to keep them faithfully.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Nonsense Makers

After all has been said and done,
To have been created to implicate...
Those depicted as suspicious,
For initiating and soliciting participants...
In a mission sufficient to confuse conditions,
Accused but vindicated of it...
Nonsense makers faking their innocence,
Seeking to portray themselves...
As unwilling victims.
Are revealed to be discovered...
The culprits of their own ignorance.
With their fingerprints traced,
All over the evidence...
They made attempts to erase.
To prove a doing with this done,
Of not using their minds at anytime...
Trying to undermine and blame others,
For living lives that represent...
Not only their consent.
But also an approval of their negligence.

'They could have said 'something',
To prevent us from making fools of ourselves.'

~They did.
So instead of arguing over the facts that exist,
They decided to leave you...
To face the proof of it without insisting,
A truth to accept and value...
Is better to 'see' and believe.
Than it is to hear it and become offended.~

'So...
What are you saying to imply? '

~It is difficult to reply to that.
Since my open eyes,
Can not be exchanged...
With those that remain closed.~

'Oh please.
You sound like the others envious of us.'

~Cake bakers and candlestick makers,
Eventually discover with each other...
More can be accomplished,
When minds become enlightened.
To appreciated the taste of their separate labors.
And those who are nonsense makers,
In time awaken to realize that.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Non-Sequential Incidentals

Tears to weep,
For more than a few decades wept.
Should with time given,
Have many find reason and purpose...
Why repeated steps taken,
Is left disconnected...
From minds Refusing to reflect.
No lives not to face obstacles.
Or free to object,
To which tests preferred to pass...
Fast.

Opposition to who sits in positions,
Selected with them chosen to pick.
Prolongs unnecessary contradicting,
Wishes.
And hypocrisies cemented,
To change that which had...
Been agreed upon.

'Come on!
What's next?
Documents presented.
To confirm your amnesia? '

-That's not fair.
Who told you we came prepared.
With that as evidence.-

Time doesn't stop to be blocked,
To argue over nonsequential...
Incidentals.
That wheel already invented rolls.
But some will dislike the rolling.
And whose behind the wheel.
To decide who rides and where,
Everybody goes.

'Step aside.

Argue with those who oppose the flow.
If your eyes are not fixed,
On what's ahead...
Regardless if you are alive or dead,
Most will witness tomorrow...
When it comes to be done.
To have forgotten anyone who tried,
And attempted to prevent the future.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Non-Specific Twists

Many choose to remain anonymous,
When making public their displeasure...
To incite and backbite someone who is picked,
For a non-specific twist that gets attention.

Notoriety or any fame given, earned or claimed,
Usually begins to attract those to slither from rocks.
To prove with a doing unsolicited slander can stop,
A goal to reach if that is sought to seek and one's aim.

Non-specific twists can be anything that generates gossip,
To whisper innuendos that smears a name,
That attaches an interest from lip to lip into ears to hear,
To deliver vague trivia that ignites jeering to diminish cheers.

Notoriety or any fame given, earned or claimed,
Usually begins to attract those to slither from rocks.
To prove with a doing unsolicited slander can stop,
A goal to reach if that is sought to seek and one's aim.

Many choose to remain anonymous,
With their non-specific twists deliberately generating gossip...
To undo one's public image with the hope the doing succeeds.
But 'specifically' the doer is often the one left to grieve.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Nonstop

I've been contributing here,
For more than four years nonstop.
And you believe you can arrive to lift and copy?
To see your name on top?
Because of something you wish to be given,
And not earned?
From which side of the Cosmos have you been dropped?

Nothing that I've got is going to be that easily taken.
And faking it for me,
Is not a creative appetite one eats or breathes....
With an ease to digest.
And stealing will only get you stagnation.
Eventually your plagiarism will establish its own identity.
When you keep regurgitating something you have not cooked.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Nor Do I Yield

I want.
I do.
I get.
That's it!
I am not seeking substitutes for my dreams.
Only one train huffs and steams...
On these tracks I've laid to aim my beam!
I hope you're not trying to cross,
As I'm passing through.
One of us will not make our destination,
On time!
And I am long overdue.
Like a fine wine in my prime served cool,
With soothing smoothness of an improved attitude.
I want.
I do.
I get.
That's it!
I don't plan for anymore delays.
My patience has been upgraded to a higher speed.
You better move out of my way...
If there is something you like to save.
Something you believe that's on my path you need.
Folks indecisive?
Better turn around and leave.
I want.
I do.
I get.
That's it!
I want.
I do.
I get.
That's it!
Don't trip or stumble on my path!
I am not attracted to warnings.
Nor do I yield when I am focused.
I am not a jokester playing hocus pocus.
Not for you drugged up slow poke folks.
I want.

I do.
I get.
That's it!
Excuses or regrets?
I have not heard one I liked yet!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Nor Was It Sought

Through whatever pain that is there I bear,
Unshown...
I do.
Without a need to be dared.
Or cloaking any hurt I may feel.

Keeping dramatics to myself,
I step!
That has become my reality.

I was not the one blessed,
With an appearance...
That accepted empathy!
Nor was it sought.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Nor Width Or Depth Of It

You can not define my man-ness.
No height...
Nor width or depth of it!
You may observe,
A stress perhaps projected.
The feelings felt...
None like me have dealt with.
I am not part of a collective drone...
Buzzing in a hive as if a clone!
You may believe,
You know my needs.
Perceived from observances...
Randomly received.
Inside am I alone with thought.
In this shell to me God has brought.
A manhood of an expression.
To live and to give...
Without delivery of confession.
To perform is my deed.
The reason of my profession.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Normally Found By Archaeologists

Even dinosaurs have come to exhaust their purpose.
Only those with kept patience,
Will witness them again extinguished.

Fossils attempting to maintain ways outdated,
Are normally found by archaeologists...
Imagining with curiosity,
What had caused and brought an end to their days.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

North Capitol Of Regions

We don't have to sit with chaos.
That is a choice,
Humanity does not have to make.
Pray, meditate!
Whatever it takes.

A breakdown of consciousness,
Is upon us now.
And this crisis done comes to uplift...
Those who recognize the introduction of it.
And the rising of a higher consciousness.

With Denver, Colorado...
Becoming the North Capitol of Regions,
For most of this.
As this shift begins to exist.
Leaving those unbelieving to perish!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Nosey Probing Folks

Nosey probing folks,
Seldom approach those...
They spread gossip and innuendos.
Nosey probing folks,
Have no business doings of their own.

It is shown to be known,
That...
Nosey probing folks,
Have no business doings of their own.

Nosey probing folks...
Create scenerios.
With a doing that is hoped,
Co-operation will include a bit of truth...
To validate delusions.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Nostalgia

It is difficult for many to leave behind,
Their feelings of nostalgia.
An excessively sentimental yearning,
Overcomes some for a return to a past...
That has made them 'homesick'.

Even though the period and conditions once lived,
Are irrecoverable...
The attempt to do it has led many to insist,
With a protesting that their wishes are met.
And with threats, there are those who demand.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Nostalgic Droppings

Surplus nonsense shoveled over,
To display another side of the same crap laid!
Pretending that it is different...
When someone else labels it grade A.
And it depends who they are to get that rating high!
But there's nothing new to that mess!
It's the same redundant BS that is fed and it's 'dry'!
No snap crackle or pop...
To these nostalgic droppings!
There's nothing fresh to this mix...
I'ts the same tired dressing,
Composed for the toppings!
Ugh!
And they wonder why,
Stagnation excites rebellion!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Nostalgic With No Gift To Innovate

Nostalgic with no gift to innovate.
And experiencing unintended consequences,
From a time that more complicates their lives.
Are the ones trying to coverup their mistakes with lies!

Tired and boring,
With remarkably repetitive demands they make,
To be delivered from their dilemmas...
By using unknown creative ways to escape.

But there is one difference unstated,
That can not be faked.
The ones with ideas were protested against.
And were said to have sought only attention to get.

And today those nostalgic with no gift to innovate,
Are claiming to have no time to initiate...
That which could have easily been materialized to realize,
By those they had from them successfully chased away.

Nostalgic with no gift to innovate.
And experiencing unintended consequences,
From a time that more complicates their lives.
Are the ones trying to coverup their mistakes with lies!

'Where are those 'talents' they made claims to have had? '

Which ones?
The ones that have exhausted their ability to make excuses?
Or the ones they used to accuse others of doing things,
To ensure they get done?
Which talents? Which ones?

'The ones I have become familiar with.'

Oh!
Those?
The ones they stole to then embellish their involvement?
You will not be seeing them for a long time.

And that can be affirmed with a commitment.
A guaranteed.

You see...
Those nostalgic with no gift to innovate,
Are not creative.
Thieves, yes. But innovators...
Not from them to happen.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not A Bourgy Doer

I use to have issues with being emotionally needy.
Feeling I had to achieve to appease and please.
While experiencing a sense of abandonment...
And no one cared what was happening inside of me.

I use to be moody with a quick lip and attitude.
I knew as a child I had responsibilities.
And those children I knew had none or few.

As I grew older and more rebellious in mind,
I became more independent and less forgiving...
Of those who had direction in their lives of some kind.

Although I am no longer there where I had been...
Emotionally I remain protective,
And free to speak without a need to be touched.

'Too bourgy and aloof,
Using that as an excuse to feed.'

Who me?

'Yes you!
Just too bourgy and aloof,
Out to prove that you can do and succeed.'

Not me...
I'm not a bourgy doer.

'But you're bourgy and aloof,
Using that as an excuse to feed.'

Who me?

'Yes you!
You're out to prove.
You're bourgy and aloof.
Out to prove that you can do and succeed.'

Not me...
I'm not a bourgy doer.
Or out to prove a thing.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not A Concern Do I Keep

If I am discriminated against,
Because of my skin color, low income...
Where I live and credentials obtained,
That are not faked on a resume to impress...
Those who pass judgements,
On whether or not I qualify...
To be accepted to live a life,
Only 'they' say for me is right! ?
Well, I am not the one to stay awake,
Harboring a bitterness with sleepless nights!

The benefits of my knowledge,
And documented experience...
Eventually creates their dismay!
Not mine.
I know my capabilities, skills and abilities.
And not a concern do I keep when rejected.
To empathize in secret weeping,
Over those who awaken too late to discover...
What I came to offer could have been theirs,
Long after what I had proposed to negotiate...
With little pay expected is exposed to be known.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not A Convenience

A love wished has been found!
All restrictions are lifted.
Any sacrifices to keep it hidden,
Can no longer keep it mistakened!
It is real...
And so are the feelings connected.
There is no excuse to keep it denied!
Wherever you are when it appears...
You will welcome it!
And it will unleash a shared happiness!
This is love!
Not a convenience!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not A Day That Goes By

I gave up feeling obligated and the notion of it,
To proving to anyone I could understand...
Their dilemmas to comprehend.
Or my experiences certified my having,
A certain wisdom that tolerated...
Comments made by others,
Who thoughtlessly offended my intentions.

And today I am relieved to be freed,
From expectations of others who perceive...
I exist without feelings felt or emotions that visit.
Or that my treatment of others with respect,
Is a desire to seek their approval and acceptance.
When not a day that goes by do I try my best,
Proving to myself and no one else I can do better.

I gave up feeling obligated,
To proving to anyone I could understand...
Their dilemmas to comprehend.
Or my experiences certified my having,
A certain wisdom.
When not a day that goes by do I try my best,
Proving to 'myself' and no one else I can do better.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not A Decision One Makes

It's often difficult for many to face.
However...
Life experienced is about change.
With acceptance, disappointments...
And getting over rejection,
Part of that which is lived...just 'is'.

Is it a quiz or a puzzle,
With pieces scattered about to figure out?
Is anyone immuned from living life in doubt?
And who has not had a bout with an opponent?
Everyone who lives will come to face obstacles.
No lives without opening a door to have one closed.

Nothing about life stays the same.
From those first steps taken to one's most recent fall,
Someone is going to perceive a lesson taught to teach...
With a doing sometimes preached,
Has been purposely presented to have their life stalled.
To have them feeling bounced around like a basketball.

Heartbreak and splits to end valued relationships,
Could be avoided to have emotions rollarcoast through this...
But,
Life lived to do is to experience the change!
Only those in denial,
Do it to convince 'themselves' they have remained the same.

But few who live have this decision to make...
Whether or not they will move out of the way.
As if a choice of permanence,
Will bestow upon them immortality.
The only choosing we do is to reminisce and that's it.
But getting out the way is life and not a decision one makes.

We are blessed with the earning to go through this process.
But no one has proven they have found a remedy to stop it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not A Drop Of It Has Satisfied

You had your fun with deceptions done.
It was a way to undermine my faith and trust.
And every step that was taken to erode honesty...
Has left you the one bleeding profusely.
And not a dropp of it has satisfied my disgust.

Therefore with an attached however...
In between a thus and thence carried forth,
To say you disappoint is an understatement.
To erase you from existence,
Would aid to my forgiveness!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not A Group Effort

Anytime someone takes an independent stance,
To open their mouth...
With their own identity declared,
And tossed about.
A scrutiny directed upon them will be visited.
And selected they will to become someone's competitor.
Like an attempt to compare birds with the buzzing of bees.

Although anyone who knows the feeling to be connected...
Realizes no one is competing with or against,
That from which inside one has identified and exists.
And foolish are those who insist upon it.
Not understanding to fully comprehend this...
That an awakening that comes to one,
Is not a group effort to see who defeats to say who has won.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not A Hint Of A Breeze

Stuck without a rudder.
And there is not a hint of a breeze,
To puff up and push my sails.
I have clearly stopped my rush,
To begin to notice and appreciate my life.

And suddenly I am relieved.

As far back as I can remember,
I can not say I have ever enjoyed...
Either the Sunrise or Sunset,
With such quiet enthusiasm...
As I sit and feel such incredible peace.

With stars at night to twinkle bright,
Right above my head...
I have discovered a reason to smile.
And with a clarified purpose...
I have now an intention that invites my happiness.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not A Leecher

You know what you want
And what you want
You know you don't want that with me.

Although I might have it!

You think I'm like those who don't know
Who they are
Or what they want to be.

And I know who I am!

I'm not a leecher
But I know some things
I could teach you.

I'm not above
Or do I want
To be either beneath you!

Come stand beside me!

You know what you want
And what you want
You know you don't want that with me.

You think I'm like those who don't know
Who they are
Or what they want to be.

And I know who I am!

I'm not a leecher
But I know some things
I could teach you.

I'm not above
Or do I want
To be either beneath you!

Come stand beside me!
Why deny what can be?

You know what you want
And what you want
You know you don't want that with me.

You think I'm like those who don't know
Who they are
Or what they want to be.

Although I might have it!
I'll prove that and show it too!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not A Magician

Give me back my virginity.
I've changed my mind,
I want it back!
You are no soul mate to me.
You tricked me into giving it up.
And I thought forever we would be.
But as soon as we were through...
You told me you had others to do!
That's nasty.
Give me back my virginity.
I want to search for someone else,
My virginity will please.
Someone who's not so quick...
To strip and get it over with.
Someone who likes it fresh.
And tells me I'm the best.
Someone who moans and sighs,
When in between my...

'Mrs. Brown?
MRS. BROWN! ? '

Yes?
Oh...
Yes, Doctor Smith.

'I can help you stop smoking if you wish.
It seems as though you have regressed.
Your issues with sex,
Must be discussed at other scheduled sessions! '

EXCUSE ME?

'I am a hypnotist, Mrs. Brown.
Not a magician!
I don't have those kinds of powers!
Not at these hourly rates! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not A Master Of Semantics

No need to argue with or convince me,
As to who you are.
Or your true identity.

I am not the one taking a random survey.
Nor am I the one to issue you a certificate...
With an approval of a test passed,
Bona fide with flying colors...
No one but you have yet to get.

But I will say you seem to regret,
Something about yourself.
There is a bit of low self esteem,
You seem to carry...
With a leaning that demeans.

And you are quick to toss about accusations.
As if you have yet arrived,
With a solid determination...
At your own destination.

But that is from my own observation.
Since I hear you vocalize freely...
Your undivided and candid,
Loose lipped...
Unsolicited indignation.
You seem to voice without hesitation.
Kept secluded...
In a more conservative reservation.

'I see you are not above being opinionated...
With your selected choice of words.'

Of course not!
I just try not to be judgemental.

'Is there a difference? '

I don't know!

I'm not a master of semantics.
But I do enjoy the sound of vowels.
Whenever I am given that opportunity.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not A Moment That Is Dormant

There is an insight that can delight.
One that brings a peaceful sleep at night.

There is success achieved when one believes.
An awakening to life...
Held and cherished.
Embraced and liked.
One that feels just right.

There is a cure and remedy.
That comes to correct.
With a healing of possibilities.

There is not a moment that is not dormant.
Unless animation of life...
Stops!
And the lights of it...
Has been summoned to be turned off.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not A No

A 'no...
Was a word I had heard,
So many times before.

And that 'no'...
Gave me pause and a reason,
To sit timid behind closed doors,

But a 'no' didn't stop!
Or did that 'no' block,
My heart from traveling on open roads...
All alone!

Yes a 'no'...
Was a word I had heard,
So many times before.

And that 'no'...
Gave me pause and a reason,
To sit timid behind closed doors,

But,
A 'no' didn't stop!
Or did that 'no' block,
My heart from traveling on open roads...
All alone!
Not a 'no'.
Not a 'no'.

No,
A 'no'...
Didn't stop,
Where I had to go!
Not a 'no'.
Not a 'no'.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not A One

I don't accept excuses.
None.
Not a one.
Who do I think I am?
One that does not accept excuses.
Not a one.
Given.
Or forced to take on demand!
I don't accept excuses.
None will I take...
To receive.
Since I don't make them.
For you or anyone,
To believe!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not A One Am I Mad At

With a choosing done of sides,
They elected to attack.
And when they discovered,
The hollowness of their reason...
For action,
Time had past them by...
To bestow upon those aware,
A higher consciousness.

One that left them AND their tactics,
Insignificant, irrelevant, pointless...
And shallow.
Although...
Some like myself,
Found their efforts to be beneficial.
And expeditiously used,
To motivate my own success.

Not a one am I mad at.
You feel me?
Not a one!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not A Publisher Or Critic

When I am writing,
That is what I do.
I am not reading.
And those few times I read...
I read what I choose and like!
That's just a fact of my life!

Call it what you will.
But that it is the deal!

I am not a publisher or critic.
Or a teacher with a mind,
That is scientific.

If that's not accepted...
Fine!
Neither one of us,
Have to live with it.
I know I don't.
And I won't discuss,
How I spend my time.

Especially when I have the mind,
To write!
And I have obligated myself to do that,
When the time finds me constantly...
Making that obsession I have to do it right.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not A Random Giver

If you ask for my opinion...
Do not expect me to be subjective.
I may neglect to be objective.
With a purpose to reflect,
Upon your connection.

And if you ask from a hypothetical stance.
Do not ready yourself,
For me to sing with you...
In a tune we both can dance.

And if you should ask for my opinion,
Do not get angered if I have none at all.
At least none I would share face to face.
Since what you may ask...
May take away time I care not to waste.
Especially if I can scent a hint...
What you ask is for a survey you take.
And I am not a random giver!
Or one who is quick...
To deliver to those seeking charity.

I've donated everything...
From sperm to a raised eyebrow!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not A Random Survey

Some are about 'things'.
And some 'things' they will never be about!
So what's the big deal?
The percentage of all butts...
Still sit on toilets!
And that is not a random survey.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not A Sight For The Weak

An obsession that has addicted...
With traditions held thick,
With desires and things to aspire and climb...
Higher to obtain those symbolic dreams.
And a dripping of teases to attach and cling...
To a love for toys!
And entertainment needs.
Has descended upon the people...
A reality,
That brings an economy to its knees.

This greed has fed generations,
To depend on things to hoard.
Things to establish a standard lived...
For all to score luxurious rewards,
While those fighting in troubled wars...
Are the ones who should receive,
Such accolades and applause that greets.

Suffer they today from conflicts and sefishness.
Suffer today,
From an evil corruption taught.
Just to obtain a slice that pieces an ego to feel,
Accepted and complete.
A deceiving sought...
That depletes their pockets.

And this conformity to be like one's neighbor...
Has brought entire cities and states to the floor.
Slamming the doors where they labored.
To unite together in a massive state of denial!

Still this has them fantasized and deluded.
A demoralized society once revered now begs.
With hopes to prolong their decadent ways...
To keep!
In stubborn mindsets that dreads,
In fear to cause anguish and weeping.

Even though their pleas will not soon see them retreat,
From the glares they give to the homelessness...
Ignored and left,
Unaddressed as one would do to pests.
And yet,
This leaves a sea of stunned faces...
Bracing together in chilling air.
Standing in lines on streets they abandoned,
Back during the times they fled to flea 'minorities'.
When their eyes would dismiss,
Those helpless and hungry,
Those now prioritized...
To be the first to be served to eat!

And this upsets,
Those who were accustomed...
To sniffing their upturned noses,
As they passed those distressed.
While observing the changes,
Of what has come.
To have sit on their shoulders,
With bitterness to weight on bended backs.

And try hard to hide their pride and tears.
Reminiscing a greed...
With a reality close and now feared.
And much too near to their pretensions.
To express digressions obsessed with love.
Is not a sight for the weak.

They have chosen to standby their values!
And what they valued has them living their lives lived bleak.
With a hope that something recognizable returns...
For an evaluation to be given and kept on their terms.

But the motivating of negotiation days have been fading.
Long before they waited in impatience to debate.
In an openness that lifts voices screaming.
And faces tormented with mental illness...
That is too real, to fake or smother one's heartbreak.
This,
Is in the vision!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not A Wasted Search

Being blessed to know who it is I am,
And not be disappointed...
With each step taken to probe further,
Into a depth accepted...
Blemished and flawed.
Has helped me to self examine.
And being blessed to know who it is I am,
Has not been a wasted search.
Grateful I am to be identified.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not Accepting The Obvious

Denial has the capability,
To drag pity around...
In various unique places.
And with a standard of performance set,
Prepared to stir the heart.

Denial has the capability,
To remove truth from memory.
Excuse an alcoholic,
And supply any drug one wishes.

Denail has the capability,
To deceive oneself to hide the truth...
And live a life of lies.

Denial has the capability...
Of not accepting the obvious.

'Thank you for your beautiful performance.
Yes...
Her death was premature and done by natural causes..
She was loved by millions.'

~Loving to hear her voice.
But...
How can anyone be blind to the fact,
She was killing it intentionally.~

Denial has the capability...
Of not accepting the obvious.
But enjoys every detail of pain.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not Addressed

If something is not wanted,
In one's life or environment...
Does it have to be accepted?
Especially when options,
Are given to be selected.

Is it ridiculous to listen,
To those with sustained complaints?
Or support those who embellish their circumstances,
Without restraint.

We live in those times when a focused mind is hard to find.
And when one is discovered,
It seems others do their best...
To dismiss the direct honestness of it.
Since this is not addressed on anyone's priority list.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not Admitted...Yet!

After tolerating and surviving through,
Various stages of name calling...
And misplaced genres,
Others attempted to have me identified.
I've been blessed to adventure,
The exploring of my life to develop and grow.

And through this process,
I have been able to reminisce...
All of my experiences to witness.
While so many still stuck in fear.
Are unable to be themselves.
Or express a maturity that should be shown.

And being able to evaluate looks on their faces...
I see quite a few expressing regret,
That's not admitted...yet!
Since a comfort of truth still leaves them,
Wondering how they will be treated by it.
With a having this comfort fit as if,
It had always to them been known!

'How's it going? '

~I'm still hanging in there.
And you? ~

'I had to cut myself loose,
From that kind of noose.
And glad I did too!
Although difficult it was to do.
But to swing back and forth,
To drift in the same wind just to hang?
Too many of my ancestors experience it.'

~I wish I had done that with my life.
But I've become too addicted to old habits.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not Admitting To Admit The Truth

Your mind is stuck in a time zone.
Inadvisable it is...
To believe to keep it there is positive.
Your mind is stuck in a time zone.
These days are not going back.
If fact your beliefs are way off track.
Your mind is stuck in a time zone.
And it's unfortunate...
Your stubbornness wont allow you to see it.
Although you are stuck...
You are not alone.
And many like you,
Will just sit.
Not admitting to admit the truth.
Since delusions you've been fed,
Wont allow you to!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not Afraid To Yell For Help

Who and what I am...
I am.
I have not spent my life,
Being anyone else.
Except when in the role of 'acting'.
And once I studied to do that well...
It was suspected I was doing that,
ALL the time.
Especially by those who knew nothing,
About that field of my creative endeavors.

Who and what I am...
I am.
Inquisitive and observant.
Empathetic but not too emotional.
My sister Mim and my mom,
Were the only ones who ever saw me cry.
And they are Virgos!
That's all I am saying about that!

I just know it has been my experience,
To observe the 'workings' of Virgos.
Oh, they can work up those emotions.
And be very dramatic about it!

And those two 'emoted' me for thrills,
With their no nonsense approach.
I guess!
Whatever they do...
It works. For me, anyway.

I hold them responsible for any success,
I've achieved.
And...
They have 'high' standards.

I've been blessed,
To have had some great teachers in my life.

Plus,
I 'had' this innocent, inexperienced presence.
So that too attracted unsolicited 'teachings'.
Of all kinds.

God knows better than I,
How He does what gets done.
I just obey!
Well...
I make attempts.
And as long as I know God has my back...
Attempts will be made to test fresh waters.
And I am not afraid to yell for 'help',
If I get into something that is going to be too deep!
Or over my head.

Walking in faith,
Allows the 'what' and 'how' of the 'who' I am...
Be 'me'.
And with all of that going on?
I am spoiled and quite stubborn.

I don't buy into that...
'It's either my way or the highway' BS either.
I've walked many a road,
Alone!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not Afrocentric Enough

Years ago...
They acted as if,
I was an embarrassment to them.
Not Afrocentric enough.
Even though I had identity,
Branded on my 'strut-and-stuff'!

My name, Lawrence Suhuba
Yuroban selected.
Doubling the meaning of my given name.
Suhuba (Lawrence) now Lawrence S.
Proud of my heritage and having no shame!
None to confess.

Today I 'strut' with my stuff all over the internet.
Doing what I've done most of my life.
And that's write.

And I might have been an embarrassment to them then...
But 'them' not feeling comfortable to be who they are now,
Should embarrass them more!

Since having no identity today,
Makes little sense since everything folks have lived for...
To impress with materialism has diminished in value.
And everything they are has been invested in it!

My head is held high...
Most times.
If I am not in deep thought!
And...
I might not have a dime in my pocket.
Most times,
My mind tells me I'm worth millions!
And I look to the ground,
Just to make sure I'm not dropping any of it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not Amused

There are those who lie,
With such an ease as if breathing.
And expect their lies told to be accepted.
But the ones who can see 'through' those who lie,
Are not amused as much as they feel highly disrespected.
To acknowledge those who lie,
Hide!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not As Easy As I Make It Look

If I have stated,
Without wavering from it!
That I...
With a consciousness given.
And with a mind I approve,
Am...
Me.

With a doing of me and no one else.
To the best of my ability.

Then why is it,
Those with their own insecurities...
Feel it is 'their' duty,
To convince me with their indignities...
That they are the ones,
I should try to understand! ?
With an attention given done.
Why?

I've got enough on my plate,
Creating my own innovative conversations.

And...
Answering some of those questions I ask myself,
Is not as easy as I make it look.

They have no idea,
Of the challenges and expectations,
I have set for myself to accept.
And the time I have given to this...
Can be mentally draining.
And physically exhausting.
Especially when I have those days,
I am fighting myself just to shut up and be quiet.

Not too many know how difficult a task that is!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not As Profound As It Sounds

Anyone believing they can go through life,
Remaining the same...
Unchanged!
With a concept,
Stamped and sealed to be notorized...
That they have lives to live not to be affected.

Well...
They have paid no attention to nature.
Of which we all play a significant part.
And if seasons can come and go,
To be celebrated as we know them to be...
What makes a human being think,
Some but not all are not associated...
With this transition.

From that which is as it exists,
A return to be deposited...
Is in all of nature's holdings.
With a current or future witnessing of it.
And that business of one's being 'Down-To-Earth'...
Is not as profound as it sounds.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not Asked To Leave!

An issue unresolved...
Becomes bigger to solve If ignored,
By those who choose to remain
Uninvolved.

Taking two steps to correct,
When a situation requires...
Out of breath leaps with muscles flexed,
Is not going to make a noticeable difference...
If one is accustomed to sneaking quick peeks,
To see if the time warrants bold reaction.
Or a response someone okays as acceptable.

Say what you wish about this.
But in my space...
I will explore it.
Use it as I choose.
And if you ever come into it uninvited...
Expect to get thrown out.
Not asked to leave!
In my space there is no diplomacy.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not At All Publicly Gay

Believing to discredit him,
They would expose his sexual preferences...
And doing so would do him in!
But those of a higher consciousness,
Knew the difference between jealousy...
And a character assassination meant!
And the two 'men' pursuing these deeds...
Were often seen together,
Receiving compliments!
But they made it known they were not 'that' way!
They preferred to be 'down low'.
Not at all publicly gay!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not At Your Expense. But Mine

That's strange.
And I am glad you brought the subject up.

You're not the only one who has said,
I have a tendency to others down.
As if to selectively pass judgement.
And,
Ironically enough...
Those who have said that,
Prefer if I kept their masquerading flaws...
And blemished insecurities they choose to keep hidden,
Under pretentions they believe discreet.
Left desperately closeted,
From anyone speaking about them.
Those not so 'cliquishly' involoved in their profiling.

I agree.
And I do not see a positive thing about it.
But tell me this...
Who actually benefits,
From the abundance of it I see?
Or is it just an accepted way of life,
Wanted to flaunt on socialized 'trips'...
That has its own uniqueness I am missing.
Is this some kind of fashion statement...
Only known to those,
Participating in this region of the country?

It is not like it is a secret.
Unknown to media moguls, entertainers...
And those snapping out of their mental,
And physical addictions.

Or is it,
And this you might agree...
Is it,
That when I am not around...
You make it a point to mention my comments,
To over emphasis them with negativity...

To help generate your own following?
Is that what you do?
Because I have noticed you do that with skill.

But...
Not at your expense.
But mine.
Although...
I don't make my comments to gain attention.
I just observe and make statements based upon fact.
And you?
You name dropp and exaggerate with impersonations.
As if to mock is your profession.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not Aware Of It

Your reality can be changed,
At a moment's notice.
And the most disturbing thing about that is this...
When that moment's notice arrives,
You are not aware of it to give it any attention.
Since being conscious has yet to make your top ten list!
Although your roleplaying is fantastic.
Even though it lacks a connected substance,
And your full mental committment...
Has not quite achieved a complete comprehension.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not Been Found

Any display of ignorance,
Not found to be...
Blatantly pre-meditated,
Should be forgiven.
Yet there are times,
When it has to be decisively...
Determined,
How far and wide such ignorance...
Displayed and presented,
Begins to represent the consent...
Of those who believe and accept,
This ignorance displayed reflects...
The only way of life they know,
To be the best to continue to allow.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not Being An Advocate For Fools

With each step of incompetence they take...
Leads them closer to their own demise.
The Earth lives, breathes and thinks.
What ignorance of theirs is believed to be hidden?
And from who or what?
They have totally adopted isolation,
As a means to conduct their destructiveness.

However...
To affect ALL of life?
To this Mother Nature has said, 'No! '
Not being an advocate for fools.
Fools like this have to be shown the door.
And appropriate will be their exit!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not Being Black Enough

Unlike whites,
I can not use blacks as an excuse.
I once tried that long ago.
And I was accused of not being black,
Enough.
By those accustomed to the abuse!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not Being Supportive

The more I subject myself to listen to you...
The more inclined I find I should,
Hear your words in my head.
Instead of in my heart.
Where at times you have taken my happiness...
And anchored it with burdens.
Feeling weighted down with a ton of lead!
That awaits for you to quickly depart!

You bring more misery around,
Than anything I have read by Edgar Allan Poe.
Your gloom would chase away Vincent Price,
From the attraction of sparkling Christmas lights,
And a welcome mat at someone's front door.

Pain and grief seems to be your first and last names.
There has not been a time,
You have not been complaining or found time to whine.
And then you accuse me of not being supportive of your needs?

'Where are you going?
Why do you leave? '

I've decided you are right!
I have not been supportive of your needs.
And since we do agree I have neglected yours...
I am going to make sure my own are going to be taken care of,
Immediately!
That's where I am going.
And I don't expect or seek your assistance at all!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not Born Or Fed From A Shallow Womb

Not born or fed,
From a shallow womb!
And I may live in a shed...
That feeds to you,
A negative impression.

But I am not energized,
By materialism you symbolize.
My affiliation is not with 'your' realization.
I associate with deities.
And they are my spiritual guides.

They also remove my obstacles.
As well as provide my needs!
And I breathe to feed,
My mind in finding substance.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not Budging An Inch

Never put up with fools lightly.
Show there is an edge to that patience.
Put a foot down.
Don't put up with clowns.
And leave it there.
That foot.

Someone has to show,
Someone where to go!
And with a foot down.
Solidly placed on the ground,
The message becomes clear.
As to who is not budging an inch.

Make it clear.
These days are not for cheap wine,
And plastic roses.
A seriousness about life,
Has formally begun.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not Buying The Flattery

Why do you disbelieve,
Kept dreams can be made to come true?

'It's not that I disbelieve it.
I just had not witnessed any of them.'

Those of others?
Or those of your own you refuse to accept.

'I have yet to witness any of 'my' dreams come true.'

I disagree with you.
You once said to me,
You would never graduate from high school.
And even though it took you ten years to do it,
You did.

'That wasn't really a dream.
I got tired of being called a fool.'

Well...
To me it is much more than that.
You went back to prove those people wrong.
And today you are too ambitious.
With impatience that's much too strong.

'Then what do you call this? '

I would call it a miracle.
Since it seems it has taken me decades,
Just to deal with my impatience alone.

'But haven't you had your dreams come true? '

Yes I have.
However...
The more I witnessed a few of them come true,
I'm not satisfied to sit.
I become extremely spoiled.

'You are blessed.'

I know.
And that's my test.
The more I am blessed,
The more demanding and spoiled I get...
To see more of my dreams come true.
The wanting to witness more dreams come true,
Never ends.

'So what do you do? '

I've tried flattery.
But somehow God wants more from me.
And not buying the flattery at all.

'Maybe your dreams have become too extreme.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not Committing To That Kind Of Comfort

You want me to sit,
Like a dried booger to pick.
As if I had no other activity,
But to please.
Like one of your disgusting habits.

I am not committing to that kind of comfort.
Not at this stage of our relationship.

And if you can do 'that' anywhere,
As if my wishes did not exist.
I can imagine what sharing space would be with you...
A pig pen,
You would enjoy living in.

And my love is not that unconditional.
Not if I can envision slinging mud...
Before I said, 'I do'!

To that I say, 'I can't!
I don't. I wont!
Thank you for the warning!
Fresh air is what I choose.
Absolutely.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not Confined To Stay

The mind might reside in one's head.
But it is not confined to stay there.
Nor is it restricted to limits.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not Conscious Of Its Acceptance

I have an idea!
Let's all pretend,
What is happening,
Isn't.

'Is that the best you can do?
We've been doing that for years.
That's how we got into this mess.'

Well...
Let's all pretend,
To be disconnected from it.
The mess.

'There is just one problem.'

What is it?

'How can we excuse our involvement,
Without acknowledging...
We were not conscious of its acceptance? '

I have another idea.

'What is it? '

We can always say,
We didn't exist when the 'mess' was implemented.

'I have an idea.'

Good!
Let's hear it.

'Why don't you keep your ideas to yourself.
And implement a nonthinking process.
I'm willing to bet,
'That' will be accepted.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not Delusioned By A Truth Of Observation

Folks who have become accustomed,
To practicing their own genocide...
Are only prepared for their instant removal.
And they are not about to abandon,
Their addictions...
That are religiously fragmented,
In the hopes of a hereafter.

They have been clinically and hopelessly,
'Disneyized'.
And the only thing I can extend,
To that kind of mindset...
Is my best wishes.
That's it.
Nothing more!
Not another moment of my time do I give,
To nonsense.
I am not delusioned by a truth of observation.
Nor the devastation of ignorance.
Which is fixed and permanently prominent.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not Determined By Group Effort

There is one important aspect,
I have learned in the living of my life.
And that is to live it to its fullest.
Regardless of who says what,
With comments to make...
As if my steps made seeks their approval.
Or critical judgements passed to hear,
If I do not impress with them first to address it.
I have learned to live my life,
With the telling of those of what they can do.
AND...
If they do not like those choices I have made.
It took me a long time to learn this in perspective...
The living of my life is not determined by group effort.
With the hopes that my doings...
Are only suitable and aimed towards them to please.
It's not them I thank...I thank God on daily basis,
For opening my eyes to finally awaken.
With the distinct smelling of coffee...
With cream and sugar in a cup and enjoying it.
To sip at my leisure for as long as I choose.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not Deterred By Your Point Of View

It is not my purpose in life,
To advise you on 'your' direction.
Or suggest which path to take,
On your journey.
Nor from me will there be recommendations.

If it should upset you,
That my vision remains focused...
And not deterred by your point of view,
Keep this in mind...
You are not my destination.

However...
It does appear that you are an obstacle,
That wishes to block my mission...
With a stirring up of my feelings of guilt,
With a delay of an empathy you await to be given.

You've done a good job.
All is not lost.
I passed a few procrastinators,
Along on my journey.
Be patient.
Someone will eventually buy your nonsense.
As for me...
Your routine is too familiar.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not Doing Enough

Only those who recommend and suggest,
What others should do...
Seem to spend a lot of time in this effort.
But have not implemented the doing themselves...
Because their priorities are kept,
Ensuring people are reminded...
Those already with less time on their hands,
Are not doing enough of what is expected of them.
Only to have what is done rejected.
Or stolen by someone else to claim the credit.
And people like these seem to always be the receiver,
Of accolades from those equally deceiving.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not Done Just To Burn A Bridge

I use to be the one,
To take the initiative to forgive...
Regardless of what had been done,
By someone to do.
And felt the fool after doing it too.
But time presents with the passing of it,
Experiences one lives through...
That prevents the doing,
Of those things one use to do.

I use to be the one,
To offer explanations...
As to what I believed had gone wrong,
To dismiss with a forgetting.
And live my life to move along.
But time presents with the passing of it,
Experiences one lives through...
That prevents the doing,
Of those things one use to do.

And today if anyone refuses,
To admit their misdeeds...
I am not so understanding,
With a giving of my comprehension...
That accepts their lack of accountability.
And a door I close,
Is not done just to burn a bridge.
That door I close...
Has been done with a purpose I give.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not Done To Produce Laughs

Does it matter to me,
How my accomplishments are rated?
Or where a history has me placed?

Would it matter to me,
If my deeds are criticized?
With a judgement passed on me to berate?

With a doing done I can only say,
However I am depicted with a history revealed...
To prove something I did to do merits an attention given,
Had not in time faded away...
With judgements made on me passed.
Or that which I did that has lasted long after,
That which I did to do has validated my tasks.
Why would it matter to me?

Why would it matter,
How my accomplishments are rated?
Or where a history has me placed?
When I began my journey and on my path,
All I heard were criticisms and laughter.

And even if I wished to have the last laugh,
To whose benefit would the doing of it serve?
The doing of my accomplishments,
Were not done to produce laughs.
No matter whose imagination,
Is left to leave stretched.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not Eating Or Feeding The Comfort Of Laziness

I sometimes laugh at the people,
Who perceive creative abilities...
Expressed,
Is easy.

Or those who decide to devote their entire lives,
Creatively expressing themselves...
Are afraid of hard work.
And those critics find, surprisingly enough...
An inability to keep up.

And eventually decide for themselves a nine to five,
Is more sensible for them to do and survive.
Although those who are creatively incline,
Must do both and...without the whine!
With their minds more on pursuing the deed,
And not eating or feeding the comfort of laziness.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not Enough Holes

Just because truth is not popular to embrace.
Many times ignored and often defaced...
Does not make it less effective!
However,
Truth exposed
Does have a way of removing shadows of doubt,
Surrounding those who walk in the path of idiots!
Those who have lead them convincingly to stretch
Limits of boundaries beyond levels of lunacy unimagined!
Setting records never publicly achieved with such gusto.
And...
Like rats caught off guard,
By the spread of beaming light...
There is not enough darkened holes
To protect their overwhelming ignorance,
From the delight of slaughter!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not Even For A Hasty Taste

I understand your game too well.
And I don't want to play it.
You say we can rekindle a relationship?
Get over our past mistakes...
Forgive and forget?

I hear what you are saying.
And witness the words,
Coming from your lips.
I think we should appreciate,
Being able to reminisce like this.

But I do not welcome to revisit,
A place that drove me into mental fits.
Let's depart as friends...
With the realization,
The recipe we had and once enjoyed...
Does not today make a good mix.

Not even for a hasty taste,
To satisfy a temptation...
Familiarized to gratify,
With a quick lick!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not Even In Their Places Kept Secret

Remember when you thought it fun,
To dump on those
You believed had no allies to come?

And you did this,
With abandonment.
Blinded with merriment,
To pick and choose who to inflict.

Well,
As you enjoyed those moments with glee...
Those you depicted as your enemies,
Never considered to employ the use weapons...
To release upon you their grief!

There is no revengeful need to approach you in that way.
Not when truth produces such power...
That reveals and exposes,
Minds like yours devoured by their own deceit.

They will not have anywhere to rest in peace.
Not even in their places kept secret!
Not even if a return to the cracks and crevices,
From where they crawled...
Should smothered them in darkness.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not Even Suitable To Be Matched

Trust?
Are you kidding?
There is nothing I trust about you.
You allowed that to happen,
The moment you started to play games
Of hide and seek.
Have you noticed...
I've stopped asking questions about you?
I've lost an interest.
You have satisfied all my curiosities.
A fit?
We are not even suitable to be matched.
You fear the basics.
And that is how I survive!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not Even The Obvious Shelters Can Protect Those Afraid

It is not easy,
Being the one deceived.
Or having that done,
By more than one.
But once that is known...
The flight from it,
Can bring one a happiness.
When it is realized,
How many have accepted it.
Without comprehending...
The participants and the depth of it!

It is not easy,
Discovering the truth.
When so many deny that it exists.
Afterall...
Aren't beliefs based on non-fiction?
How can so many,
Live addicted to fiction?
But it has been done!
And to awaken from delusions,
Can stun anyone!

And this stunning when it comes...
Many will attempt to shun!
However...
This is 'reality'.
There regardless...
Who decides from it to run!

And those who were taunted,
By those who flaunted lives of lies...
Are not the ones trying to disguise,
The gloom that appears in their eyes!
A consciousness that has arrived,
Is there openly to see.
And not stunted behind masquerades...

By those in fear,
Seeking somewhere to hide!
Or somewhere to cloak,
Unspoken feelings felt inside.

These are the days,
Bare neccesities are craved.
And yet egos in self praise...
Are the ones finding the most discomfort.

But truth never hides,
Or provides charades!
Not even the obvious shelters,
Can protect those afraid!

'This is the dawning of the Age of Reality.
The Age of Re-al-ity.
Ree-al-ity!
Harmony and understanding...
And so forth and so on it goes!
And where it stops?
Nobody knows! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not Everyone Is Polarized

Not everyone is polarized,
In disguising of their racist and bigoted fits.
It is those with the smallest percentage,
Who declare they represent the interests...
Of the majority of people,
Who resent the attempts made...
To solicit divisions to keep a society,
Split into pieces as if this has benefits.

And those who are adapting,
To have none of this...
With a higher consciousness,
Are the ones perceived to be misfits...
With voices that are silenced,
By those on the left AND right...
Doing their best to protect their dim-witted insights.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not Experienced

Deciding to finally be direct...
After years of beating around the bush,
May be a refreshing step for you.
With a mind hesitating,
In an outdated point of view.

But for those who now could care less...
What from them you expect.
Your steps taken,
To see the forest 'and' its trees...
Has left you alone,
In a reality once accepted...
As those observations,
Came then too quick.
To take as they were.
Inspect and leave.

Since for many what you perceive,
Is a reality lived,
And gone as it was believed.
What 'was' no longer exists.

Today changes have become,
Complexed.
And in these times that continue on...
You may find what's next for you too perplexed,
For someone like you...
Who's not experienced in being direct.
You will find that reality you have has gone.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not Far From The Gossip

In places where demons have established,
Long lasting relationships with people who speak...
From both sides of their mouths,
With an ability to twist the facts until others deceived...
Are convinced to believe and gossip about it.
To then allow themselves to follow a permitting of this.
With a wish for them to continue.

Whatever is attempted to correct what is broken,
For the goodwill of all people to have successfully heal...
And observed to mend,
Demons and their advocates ensure the opposite takes place.
With lies told to be heard and behind innocent faces.
And the ones accustomed to those lies enjoy being victimized,
By producing their own conflicts as if addicted to keep bad habits.

'Your comments I find most appalling.'

~That's great.
At least you're making progress.
But apparently not enough.
You seem more disgusted by the scenerio I depict.
But the definition of the word and how it's used is dismissed.
Since what you say has you appalled leaves you surrounded.~

'You are a negative person.'

~At least you have confirmed your ears are not far from the gossip.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not 'Feeling' You That Way

Please...
Don't make comments,
In expectation
For any to be returned.

Most times I have nothing to say.
And feeling forced...
Delivers an immediate divorce.

I do what I do for the love.
If it gains attention...
Give it!
But don't bother me,
As if I seek comments from you to mention.
I don't!
I am not 'feeling' you that way.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not Felt To Understand

Remaining to stay with beliefs,
One has witnessed...
To have removed obstacles,
Ilnesses to fear and personal grief...
Is something no one with kept faith,
Can explain to those who complain...
About their aches and pains,
On a daily basis.
Or medications taken 'faithfully'.
To ensure what aches and pains is numbed.

No one can explain as they walk away,
From negative comments intentionally made...
By those who say they have kept faith.
But afraid to take steps to attest and identify,
Those beliefs they keep to then speak in tongues.
Learned but not felt to understand them done.
Although with 'The Book' in hand,
And scriptures remembered as if to command...
Any justification to dismiss what takes place,
When someone uses just their faith to heal.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not Finished With That Craving

If there was anything I wish,
That I could reveal to anyone...
It would be to say one day to everyone,
Everything I have ever done has been uncovered!
But for now...
It is the teasing that I am pleased with.
And those times you are kept,
In total disbelief!
I am still not finished with that craving!
I enjoy plucking you out of doubt...
And having you mentally dipped,
In conflicts of consciousness.
But with love do I do this...
To inflict upon you an intention!
If our feelings aren't meant to be felt,
Why do we have them?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not Foreign To Those Who Hear

There was a time in my life,
When those coy and with faces of innocence...
Could convince anyone,
Of my involvement in the implementation...
Of their misdeeds.
And their tactics were believed.

But times have changed.
And today so have I.
I am not so naive,
To relish the protection of good friends.
As much as I perceive...
Anyone given the opportunity,
Will use what they have to their benefit.
AND given the right situation...
Someone unsuspecting will be deceived.

This is not a myth.
But daily practices,
Done by those in 'this' reality.
And...
This language I speak,
Is not foreign to those who hear!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not Forever As Intended

A ruthless viciousness,
Whether fully disguised...
To keep it hidden.
Is still...
A ruthless viciousness determined....
To protect its true identity.

Although,
The nature of its activities...
Eventually becomes,
Unmasked.
For all to see,
What has taken place...
From behind the scenes,
Of its demeaning deeds.
With a deceitful quality...
For many,
Unbelieved!

A ruthless viciousness,
Whether fully disguised...
To keep it hidden.
Is still...
A ruthless viciousness determined,
To protect its true identity.
But not...
Forever as intended.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not From Love Made

No one has yet to be born,
To begin the experience of life
Without love to have been made.
Whether or not...
The words heard during the act,
Were practiced.
To disguise them faked.

But hate to create is taught.
And sought to sell it.
Becoming an effective selected,
Dispensing epidemic.
That could be prevented.
Yet...
Unlike other diseasing, Illnesses.
Not from love made.
Those sick are said,
Can be easily cured.
But the funding to solicit,
Pouring into non-profit...
Organizations,
Will not stop the marketing.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not From My Dried Eyes To Cry

I understand.
To not have been understood.
Even with attempts made to explain.
No one would better than I could.
And I knew I shouldn't,
Continue making those attempts.

I have also been the butt end of jokes.
To have made others provoked into laughter.
With a doing as if my feelings felt,
Were less than those that others have.
So does that mean what I feel to know it real,
Is better kept to myself to know it felt?

More than twice I have left things treasured.
Things I collected and then had possessed.
To leave behind in distant places,
With them kept by someone else.
Just to be closer to those I loved.
To hear rumors spread how selfish I was.

('Selfish. I'm here with nothing 'and' called selfish? ')

And today I no longer contemplate,
Awaiting for those to awaken with a consciousness...
To realize their conflicts and dilemmas,
Reflect misdeeds they themselves create.
With that to understand what is done to others,
Returns to the doer who initiates their commands.

('Selfish. I'm here with nothing 'and' called selfish?
God please keep me from reacting to their ignorance? ')

Should I ignore the sounds of loud weeping,
Coming from those who once provoked their jokes?
Or should I express my understanding,
With an empathy towards them to sincerely show?
Should I ignore their feelings felt to express to feel,
Are not from my dried eyes to cry anymore.

And accept my blessings to keep that understood.

('Yes. Be selfish. Be blessed and keep that felt.
To understand and accept with no need to explain.')

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not From Notes To Review

You've got to bring your 'A' game.
With 'B'' through to 'Z'.
If you inrend with me to play.

Don't slouch or slack.
Holding back to prepare notes.
Anticipating them to me given.

If you have come with a notion,
Your slow motions...
Need not to stay alert.
In dust you will be left behind.
To find the blinding of it hurts.
And I hope whatever the results may be,
Neither one of us leaves...
Without personalizing reality.

You see...
Games to me are too childish to play.
To not have a lesson learned that stays.
And one of us will be left,
With 'something' that has been taught.
Not from notes to review.
But from the process kept to remember.

I'm ready to take what you've got.
And if it's a lesson to learn,
It will not be forgotten soon.
However...
If it is discovered I've taught one to teach,
Forgetting it I'm already prepared to do.

And, again...
Not from notes to review.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not From Out Of Town

Too determined to get upset by critique,
During the days where shadows loom...
In places that support the exposure,
Of razor sharpened teeth.
And people speak with acid laden tongues.
Nor does the thought of running comes.
Not when scenes like these,
Drip from blood thirsting creatures...
Seeking the attention sought and given!

'Yes...
I did request a virgin bloody mary.
And no...
I am not from out of town!
Just visiting,
From one of the local neighborhoods.
May I have a twist of lemon with that, please? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not Fulfilling Our Demands

Violent computer generated games,
Are being embedded in the imaginations...
Of unsuspecting children.
Just about every TV show,
Has a theme of someone getting maimed...
Or killed after being rushed to a hospital,
With a cast of overheated medical attendents.

Children today can spell corruption,
Quicker than they can spell 'biology, chemistry...
Speak correct English or do simple math.
And you've come to ask me,
Why are today's children disrespectful?
And obscene?
It couldn't be a negligent society.
No!
Let's blame all our headaches on elected leaders,
Not fulfilling our demands to suit our self righteous needs.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not Gifted With That Kind Of Wealth

Within the framework
Of who it is I am.
And all that I am,
Is my purpose to nurture.
And I do not see that as being perfected,
Any time soon.
I have been given too much personal work to do!
I have not yet been approved,
Or granted the right...
To pass judgements!
I am too busy being grateful,
For the blessings I have
To explore the lives of others.
Their present, future or past!
Especially when business that is being conducted,
Is not shared for a mutual benefit!
And I am not gifted with that kind of wealth,
To bestow on others...
With a probing that does not concern me.
In other words...
I respect the definition of privacy.
And what that means.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not Given To Play With

Remaining fixed to stick with,
A gift one is given to slowly unwrap it...
Is better to do when one is young,
If an interest is developed and one is instructed.

But to take that same gift,
To quickly ignore the intent and purpose meant...
Is often not revealed,
Until one realizes after aging through stages...
What makes one the most happiest,
To return to that 'gift' one had taken for granted.

'I see you are still carrying around,
That same pen and pad to play with.
You've been playing with that for many years.'

~I only recently discovered,
It was not given to play with.
There is 'something' about the having of it,
That is much cheaper than going to a therapist.~

'That's impressive.'

~I never thought one day,
Just how cost effective it would be.~

'Do you mind sharing some of your thoughts with me? '

~I don't mind at all.
But don't take the thoughts I express,
Personally.~

'Don't be silly.
Why should I? '

~You'd be surprised, as I was...
To discover how 'my' thoughts can offend those I don't know.
Even after they have asked me to share them.

'Then don't reveal them.'

~And if I don't,
You would be offended.
Believing them to be about you.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not Having A Shred Of Evidence

You can say what you wish.
In detailed depictions to describe it.
However...
If you had not felt a pinch of it to feel,
Your lack of experience...
Does not make you an authority,
Of how another should react...
To what to them has been directly done.

Although...
Some will commit,
To knowing what the facts are.
And not having a single clue,
To admit when questioned...
Of not having a shred of evidence.
But yet as proof to convince,
Will rely on that which to them had been told.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not Having The Power

What has been done...
I took it personal.
Thinking of myself too much at times.
Wanting more to give...
With less I have prejudged,
That you will from me accept.

And not caring at all,
If you need sometimes to step away.
Not only from me.
But all the chaos, confusion and hypocrisy.
It's all over the place.
And I find myself wishing I could erase it!

What has been done...
I took it personal.
Believing I'm some God's gift to the World.
Like a Mother Teresa,
With patience to listen to everyone...
From Alaska to Bangladesh!
Hugging those I meet,
As I trek from Juno...
To rowboat alone across the Bay of Bengal.
Arriving to find I have not enough to give,
To those in Chittagong.
Awaiting the treasures I have promised.
And my eyes fill with tears.

I get upset,
Regretting that it shows.
What has been done...
I took it personal.
Thinking of myself too much at times.
Wanting more to give...
With less I have prejudged,
That you will from me accept.
Not caring at all,
If you need sometimes to step away.
Not only from me.

But all the chaos, confusion and hypocrisy.
And that has to disturb you...
As much as it does me.

And I apologize...
For not having the power,
To remove that from your heart,
Or your eyes...
Or the lives of those I love!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not Here For Ego Boosters

Many are talented.
Few pursue craftsmen status.
That requires sacrifice and work.
And a devotion that is unbreakable.
And very few are that committed.
And fewer still are ever pleased,
By comments.
Those born to do...
Are not here for solicitation,
From ego boosters.
That is not the drive that keeps them alive.
And what does,
Goes unexplained!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not Here To Be Taken

I 'gave' them something,
They believed they had the power...
To take away from me!
I let them think they could!
Then I arranged to have taken from them...
Concepts they misunderstood.
Like using me to boost their livelihood!
And God knows,
I am not here to be taken for granted!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not Here To Beat The Beast

I am not here to beat the beast.
Nor did I come,
To sneak a sniff of its presence.
Not to cower kneeling in defeat.
To please rumors of a haunting...
Suffered without investigation.

That beast has been feasting,
Long before I arrived.
And I'm sure...
If it knows you are here in fear,
It will not suspect
I have desires to follow in its footsteps!
Wherever it has been claimed to be.

But I am curious,
Why you have allowed it to eat
From your peace that decreases.
While you complain...
Little of your gains are left!
As you struggle over what remains.
Who and why...
Decided for you,
That should be a position to maintain?

I came to ask the beast to leave.
Not to agree or negotiate my presence.
Like that beast...
I too have needs!
And I will not sit in hiding,
To decide which needs of mine...
The beast can take,
Because I sit in indecision!
To inflict my own heartaches.

Oh no!

I am not here to beat or feed any beast!
But I will make an appearance made known.

And tell that beast to leave my ass alone!
I am not going to endure any conflict,
Over that which I know belongs to me!

That beast needs to see,
I am not afraid!
Where is it?
And who has said the beast existed?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not Here To Hoard The Feast

Each day when I awaken,
To feel and know I have been blessed...
I am elated to be able to grow and appreciate,
This experience of life...
And how with it I am connected.

Delicated and yet each piece has its purpose,
Within a specific design so fragile but strong.
And everything belongs in a place meant to be,
To assist and complete a need that feeds...
A divine creativity too magnificent for participants,
To conceive.

Each day when I awaken,
To feel and know I have been blessed...
I am elated to be able to grow and appreciate,
This experience of life...
And how with it I am connected.

So simplistic the knitting of it is taken for granted.
Gifts delivered are received with more of them wished.
An abundance is teased to have some wanting it all.
But only those who awaken with a consciousness of it,
Begin to comprehend...
A kept selfishness begets disappointments.

Since we, the people...
Are not here to hoard the feast.
But share in the tasting of it.
To ensure all of life,
Is kept fed and left respected.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not Here To Monitor, Edit Or Censor

'Why is it,
Some of your writings I can easily access.
And others I can not?
And why the inconsistency,
Of your name on diffent lists? '

I write, submit, that's it.
There is enough I have on my mind,
Than trying to figure out...
The logic of someone's organization.
I am not here to monitor, edit or censor.

Not getting enough rest,
Is what I do best.
I have written everyday since the age of seven.
And there are still naysayers who believe,
I can not chew gum and walk at the same time...
Without being assisted.
I am a writer.
I do not critique.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not I But 'We' Permitted This Existence

I am not the crisis.
Not I but 'we' permitted this existence.
With a commitment to ignorance,
And unwilling to listen to comprehend...
As divisions defended began to not end.

I am not the crisis.
Not I but 'we' permitted this existence.
As we allowed the getting of 'things' to bring,
Indifferences between us...
To manipulate a suffering we both say that stings.

And today that peace sought has crumbled to pieces.
To leave us to wonder how did it all start.
With both us denying who created it and when.
As our arguments heat into endless debates,
That has created a hatred tearing everything apart.

'I hate you.'

~But why? ~

'I don't know I just do.'

~Who benefits from it?
And where is the proof? ~

'I just know I am better than you.'

~Is that something you were told,
By those who start conflicts too?
And where are they?
Observing us choosing to be the fools? ~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not Illusions From Slept Dreams

A shock comes to wrestle,
Sleepers from the deep!
Nothing believed has credence...
As perceptions from minds will leap!

A discovery is made,
And kept secret no more.
Life forms on the Moon will beam,
To have lived under crystal domes...
And glass towers that soar!

Restricted from this knowledge,
No longer are we kept!
Those who have seen,
Weird and unusual flying machines...
Will question their existence,
As well as our own for sure!

And all of those who dismiss this as myth,
Will soon be awakened,
Like never before!
As we will find a way to rid all limitations...
That divided nations with racial sensations.
And throwing concepts of creation...
Quicker than lightening,
Right out of barricaded and fenced in doors!

Knowing what is seen...
Are not illusions from slept dreams!
And conflicts to ignite wars,
Will make less sense forevermore!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not Impressed

I find it odd,
That you would want 'me'
To pay 'you' attention!

Especially when it has been centuries,
My existence has been ignored.

I am flattered by the attention.
But if you don't mention I am not impressed.
Neither will I.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not Impressed By My Own Progress

Could I afford 'not' to be happy?
After experiencing doses of it?
Could I spend my life pretending,
I am without a wanting for tenderness?
With a braving through the rest of my life,
Lieing to myself with these lies commited?
I think not!
I've already donated enough time to being alone.

And a loneliness condoned only works publicly.
When expresssions of being 'thrilled' about my life...
Being single, free and without unnecessary agitation,
Has become easy to sell.
Especially to those miserable in their relationships.
But when sitting home alone,
And dwelling upon a companionship I wish to share?
I am not impressed by my own progress in this area...period!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not In A Desperate Need

If I am in a relationship with someone,
That has recently begun...
I not claiming their baggage as if it is mine.
I rather have their baggage unpacked!
And nowhere near me to find I'll have to unwrap.

As I have grown older and wiser,
To make decisions and not from them to waiver...
Difficult it is for me to tolerate procrastination.
Difficult it is for me to appease immaturity.
No started relationship I wish has been to babysit.

If I am in a relationship with someone,
That has recently begun...
Quickly I will look for an exit,
If I should be given a reason to get up and run.
The happiness I have and earned,
Is not in a desperate need to get up from me to leave.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not In A Rose Giving Mood

When I tell you to kiss my ass...
I am not in a rose giving mood,
At the moment!
That should be obvious.
So don't ask if I want a breath mint,
When my fangs are exposed!
AND when you 'do' see them...
Try to connect 'that' to something you've done!
That's called communicating one on one!
You are not connecting with the 'cause and effect'
Principle at all.
But you enjoy inflicting me with a bad reputation.
Others do not see your participation.
Your public sweetness sickens!

And how that is applied?
They should be here to get a taste,
Of your 'venom'!
When that happens...
They then should decide,
Where to hide after dusk and moonlight!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not In Situations Like These

You must accept,
Keeping your eye on them.
Has loyalty and trust,
Completely close up your suspicions?

Has your luck been jeopardized,
By freely tossed flying lies?
And those folks don't know why they despise,
Or don't.
Their genes have them in motion.

Have you ever been introduced,
By resumé and name?
Latest footsteps you've made.
Where they were laid,
And who was impressed?
And quickly you scan over yourself,
To either approve or make excuses,
About how you are dressed.

'I don't usually look a mess! '

You must accept,
Keeping your eye on them.
Has loyalty and trust,
Completely close up your suspicions?
Probably not.
Not in situations like these.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not In The Mood To Laugh

Some use a different approach,
On those choosing to insist...
Upon using the same old tired tactics,
To provoke others folks as if to joke.

And the ones not accustomed,
To getting attention...
Perceive upon the getting of it,
They've been chosen specifically...
To become obnoxious.
And the doing to be idiots has been approved.

And those using a different approach,
Let them continue...
With allowing all of their vanity exposed.
Especially those who impose unlimited disrespect,
Until they are shown what they did not expect.

'What you did really offended me.
You didn't have to do that to me so publicly.
You should have known I was joking.'

~Really?
And when were you going to notice,
I was not in the mood to laugh?
And...
At my expense.
I suggest and recommend,
If you should do that again...
Let me know you are going to entertain,
And I will be prepared to charge admission.~

'Why are you so 'sensitive'? '

~There are times when I am thrown,
Unexpectedly to be highlighted in spotlight...
I am not the one seeking the attention that's given.
However...
If it's going to be done without my giving consent,

I will take advantage to return to me what has been sent.
And...
If you are offended,
Keep what you give to do to others to yourself.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not In The Next Few Chapters

I remember how 'old' people seemed,
When they were in their twenties.
And I was then a child...
With a wish to be a teenager.
And I remember walking on my toes,
Wanting to be taller than I was.
Or at least keep up with my father,
Whenever he walked to the neighborhood store.
And I'd walk behind him,
Thinking he was a giant.

And when I then became thirteen,
And my sister Mimmie was still eleven...
I got very bossy.
We were both 'latchkey' kids and...
Well,
I was grown...
I thought.
And I made sure she did things around our apartment,
I just was too 'grown' to do.
Like sweep the floors while I looked at TV.
She hated me.
I didn't care.

I remember being eighteen and being called a 'rainbow',
As the rest of the enlisted boy/men stood at attention...
After arriving at Lackland Air Force Base,
In San Antonio, Texas.
We were called 'rainbow'
Because we were still in our 'civilian' clothes...
And instantly demeaned.
That was their way of making sure we understood,
We were in the military and mom and daddy weren't around.
We were guaranteed to be made full fledged men.

Thirty came in a hurry.
And I had already been divorced and remarried.
And that was in 1977.

I don't know 'why' I didn't like my 40's!
Maybe because they came and went too quickly.
And I was 'still' passing for the age of twenty-five.
That didn't last too long.
In 1987 I got a phone call from my mother,
Telling me my dad was ill and she was concerned.
So as the eldest and only son,
I thought I would leave San Antonio, Texas...
Where I made my home then,
And make a quick weekend trip back to Hartford, Connecticut.

Well...
One very long weekend later,
It is now close to 2011.
My 40's and 50's were a blur.
And today at 63...
With both my parents deceased,
I am just NOW able to say,
I can enjoy every moment of my life consciously.
And feeling a whole lot younger than I look.
I know this may sound crazy, but...
I've got to relive something that I've missed,
Between my 40's and 50's I can remember...
Other than my parents passing away,
And my getting a divorce.
That was number two.
And...
With God's blessing,
I 'hope' not to do a number three.

Not in the next 'few' chapters I hope to write!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not In The Wondering Of 'Why'

No time I have given you,
Has been for you to dissolve and waste.
Not a precious moment have I spent in the giving...
Has been meant for you to take and fake,
Anything.

When I give with decision,
It is from a choice I make.
If my giving is accepted,
I would like it shown...
You appreciate.

No time I have given you,
Has been for you to dissolve and waste.
Not a precious moment have I spent in the giving...
Has been meant for you to take and fake,
Anything.

And now there is a nothingness for you I feel.
It is much like an empty space.
A place that has been cleared to be left vacant.
And I am not in the wondering of 'why'.
Or trying to give it time to do it!
Not anymore like many times before.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not In This For The Chase

I am 'not' Indiana Jones.
If you have something to tell me...
And you believe I should probe,
Until you find that act safe.
And you have determined...
It's okay to share!
Remember this...
I am not an archaeologist.
Nor am I into mysteries of adventure.
Not needlessly.
I am not the one who excites,
In shared relationships filled with drama...
Secrets of intrigue,
Or buried treasure to discover.
Oh no.
I've already done the map routine...
With other associations!
If you have something you wish to tell me...
Don't play games.
I am not in this for the chase!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not Into A 'Back-Then-When'

Betwixt and between.
And no longer am I bothered by it.
Or teased by that which I can do without.

I feel a peace within as I go about my way.
Betrayals and delays of those promises,
Either I made or anticipated in a waiting...
For them to be fulfilled and given,
Are not on an agenda I keep prioritized.
There is something about acceptance,
I now realize and prize.

I am in the 'now' to live.
Not into a 'back-then-when'...
To be wished!

And 'if' you want to dance with that...
You'll have to find another partner.
Those tunes I don't even hum!
Nor do I keep them remembered.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not Into Abstract Pictures Painted

There are those who wish to make sense,
In an attempt to make that process meant...
And meaningful.
But their lack of experience to get a point across,
Leaves those misunderstanding...
What is the intention if communicating a thought,
Is a statement made.
'Assuming' it,
Has been clearly delivered to receive a response...
From someone not into abstract pictures painted.
Or statemements made disconnected from rhyme,
Purpose OR reason.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not Into Charity

I'...
You wanna bait,
2-fake-a-chase.
NotmeNotme, no!

I'...
2-sit-and-beg...
4-a-taste...laced!
NotmeNotme, no!

I' one,
2-patiently-pace...
Or-wait-in-a-car!
Not for a metermaid I'm gonna pay!
NotmeNotme, no!

I'm not into charity, baby.
Or into organized liars...
Looking for a shot of Myers' Rum.

Not into charity, baby.
Or into organized liars...
Looking for a shot of Myers' Rum.

Un uh...no!

That's not what I'm here living for!
Oh! Oh! ...un uh...no!

That's not what I'm here living for!
Oh! Oh! ...un uh...no!

I'm not into charity, baby.
Or into organized liars...
Looking for a shot of Myers' Rum.

Not into charity, baby.
Naw!
Or into organized liars...

Looking for a shot of Myers' Rum.

Oh! Oh! ...un uh...no!
Oh! Oh! ...un uh...no!
I say ahhh,
Oh! Oh! ...un uh...no!

Not into charity, baby.
Naw!
I say ahhh,
Oh! Oh! ...un uh...no!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not Into Game Play

Not into game play.
Not even 'if' I sense it with,
A new arrival.
Someone who elects to question,
From hidden places.
To play hide and seek.

Not me.
I am not into game play.
Not today when times are the way they are.
Not with adults who like to keep their lives,
Disguised while they decide to moralize and criticize.
Not when my peace of mind is at stake.

Not into game play.
Not at all.
Even 'if' I should sense it beginning.
With someone fresh.
But choosing to have me jump through hoops.
To see how far they can get.

Before they notice it...
I have left!

I am not into game play.
Not me.
Not today!
Not that way.
Not for me anyway.
At least not like that.
Not to sit and listen to tit for tat tales.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not Into It Like That

What makes anyone believe,
The words poets decide to select and pick...
Is as easy as a wish for it to happen.
And...
A breeze!

Thoughts like that use to get to me.
But not anymore.
Usually people who express those opinions,
Have no idea the process taken to create.
And some believe all that is needed,
Is a quick review and a rating done of what is produced.

'Do you mind reading what I do then giving it a rate?
I've done that for you.
Let me know what you think.
You are valued! '

I wouldn't mind doing that at all.
But too many experienced grief before notoriety.
And when that notoriety came...
Many respected writers and poets experienced ostracism first.
Loneliness, addictions and...death!

I'm not into it like that.

To stick with this artform is a risk of emotions.
And if one is dedicated and devoted...
The time given it will expose that!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not Into Reading Minds

Went about it,
The wrong way!
You could have been direct.
That is the 'you' I like best!
Not someone who uses and overdoes,
The special effects!

What's next?
You behind a pulpit?
Adorning a robe...
Reading snippets from biblical text?

It is the 'you' that is needed!
Not someone with tricks,
Who thinks what is done...
Will calm down what has begun!

I want you naked.
Exposed from head to toe!
Out and in the open.
Where every birthmark is...
I want to know!

Get it! ?

I am not into reading minds at all!
Or playing charades.
Spades or other card games that evade!
Especially...
When I want us to share,
What's between our legs!

Get it! ?
Well...
I want you to,
Now! !

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not Into Spinning Cut Paste Conversations

Just one soul,
Sincere!
And not into spinning,
Cut paste conversations...
Clipped from over usaged,
With what is expected...
Another wants to hear.

Those with approaches,
Whether coached or surfaced tapped...
Seem to lack originality.
With a rehearsed premeditation attached.

A socialized conditioning,
Overdone and redundant trapped...
Begins with meaningless trite expressions.
With an emptiness that packs...
Every reason to deliver,
A yawn or two that attracts a catnap.

Just one soul,
Sincere!
And not into spinning,
Cut paste conversations.
Clipped from over usaged,
With what is expected...
Another wants to hear,
That would give a person purpose,
And a reason to chat...
With a comprehension to match.

'If I wasn't horny,
I wouldn't be here seeking a mate.'

~If I didn't have preferences,
You would be ideal.~

'Well,
At least we've got 'that' out of the way.

Have a good evening.'

~You too!
And by the way...
Here is my number.
I will be expecting your call.
For some reason,
My preference list just got a bit shorter.
Who knew I'd meet someone like you? ~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not Into The 'What If/Could Be' Business

Leave what 'is' to be...
As it is!

That which isn't?
Why is that discussed...
If it has not touched upon us?

You can fill 'your' head up with that 'stuff'.
But I am not into the 'what if/could be' business!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not Just Another Horse

A thoroughbred seldom on a racetrack treads!
Instead a thoroughbred is seen to glide...
Igniting the night sky,
Like a self propelled firefly!
And witnessed by the curious,
Who wonder how and why...
A thoroughbred is not just another horse!
Nor is a firefly made from butter.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not Knocked Up

Knocked from a spot on top.
But not knocked up!
Or out of the loop.
I have my genes to thank for that.

Otherwise,
It would be obvious...
I was such a whore of words.
And happy not to be impregnated,
By every impression that came to lay...
Just for a 'quickie' to then leave!

To have me left desiring,
The same thing repeated...
Over and over again!
And I can't be loyal to just one expression.
Or addicted to the fit of it.

Variety is the spice of life.
And I like to switch it up!
And 'hopefully' will continue to practice,
Safe and satisfying mental deliveries.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not Let Time Be Wasted

I intended to,
But I didn't...
Finish what I started yesterday.

I intended to,
But I didn't...
Promise myself I would stop procrastinating.

And...
I was almost there,
Until an excuse got in my way.

I intended to,
But I didn't...
Take that walk,
So to others I could say...
What it is 'they' should do,
To not let time be wasted...
With a getting nothing done,
If something to do was intended.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not Listening Effectively

Clarification!
I did not accuse you,
Of not listening.
Effectively.

However,
I do question...
You inability to use your ears,
For the purposes of hearing.

You may find that a doing so,
Will open your mind...
To comprehend with an understanding,
That to you which has been said.

But that would take,
A closing of your mouth.
To allow what has been spoken,
A giving of an opportunity to be heard first.

And IF that something said,
You already know?
There is nothing like the proving of it.
With action and not the servicing of lip.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not Listening Or Paying Attention

Put a smile on your face.
Take your food stamps and fixed income.
And be happy you have shelter...
In a warm and safe comfortable place!

Those who looked upon you,
With turned up noses just last year...
Wish they were in your shoes,
Right now.
There is not a hint of a grin on those who ache.
Exposing frowns traced with bitterness and disgrace.

Take my advice,
And be thankful you are blessed.
Be grateful you are not like the rest,
Who are experiencing financial and emotional ruin.
Weighing heavy on their shoulders and reflecting stress.

'What kind of 'reading' is that?
You said you were a psychic! '

I most certainly did not!
Once again...
You have misunderstood me.
I said you need to stop your sighing!
Because the sight of you and hearing it,
Makes me sick!

However,
I must admit this...
Not listening or paying attention,
Has produced for you a benefit!
The others will claim they've done the opposite.
And look where they are...
Tied in knots and expressing mental anguish.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not Living To Pretend

I admit sometimes I can be rude.
I am one who doesn't hide my moods.
Nor do I excuse an attitude.
I will apologize if I have to.

Since I'm not one,
Who falls into an easy faking.
Nor will you find me giving pretense with a grin.
I am not living to pretend.

I am here to either take or leave,
Believe me.
And if it is decided you should leave...
I wont grieve.

Since I'm not one,
Who falls into an easy faking.
Nor will you find me giving pretense with a grin.
I am not living to pretend.

I admit sometimes I can be rude.
I am one who doesn't hide my moods.
Nor do I excuse an attitude.
I will apologize if I have to.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not Man Made

More to give...
Than a polished car repossessed.
Much more than a staggering mortgage payment...
Foreclosed,
With an embarrassment to regret.

I had more to give,
Than new clothes bought but never worn.
More than cocktail social sips...
With pretensions to put on.

More to give than compliments...
Given and sometimes received.
More to give,
Than undue empathy...
Shown to self centered people,
Who gave none to those who bleed.

More to give I knew I had,
When all material things were taken away.
I had a feeling deep within.
And no matter what happened...
Inside me it stayed.

And I knew I had more to give.
So much more from my heart...
That was not man made!
I knew I had much more to give than others...
Who spoke of death,
When their things were gone.
And nothing they had in their hearts left...
Was there,
To give!
Or to share to pass on.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not Meant To Be Lovers

Certain people aren't meant to be lovers.
With an undying passion publicly revealed.
Or close associates nor best of friends,
That a family of siblings related by blood...
At times make it known,
Their dislike for each other is not pretended.
This is 'life'.
And debating endlessly,
About the wrong or right of this...
Does not fix the existence of it.

But there are so many people who become offended,
When their pretentions to keep...
Are not well received by others.
And those who discover their deceptions don't please,
Some who are not into mask wearing...
Claiming their lives lived are threatened by enemies,
Are quick to excuse the appearance of their dishonesty...
With wishes their delusions to be accepted everywhere,
Should be enforced upon others who are too aware...
That a truth to live is not a crime as it has been depicted.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not Meant To Confuse

What I shared with them,
Was not meant for you.
The sharing that was done,
Was just for them.
With a doing I did,
That was not meant to confuse.

If a sharing done between you two,
Invited a confusion because you wanted it to...
Then,
How does that involve me?
What I shared with them,
Had nothing to do with you.

What I shared with them was not meant for you.
As to why you were included?
Shouldn't you be the one,
To ask them that question?
Since you believe there is something hidden,
That needs to be addressed and confessed.

However, I will make this suggestion...
Minding one's own business enhances one's happiness.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not Meant With Intention To Experience It

Soliciting the impending of approaching threats,
Builds to instill within mindsets...
Feeding themselves on a feast of conflicts.
To dangle ideals of peace to mention as a novelty.
But clearly not meant with intention to experience it,
In atmospheres promoting the marketing of fear...
When warring against others,
Is a prerequisite to be endeared.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not Missed When I Exit

Unfortunately,
I did not have a life...
Edited to block out reality.
Or protect my steps to prevent,
Hard knocks.
It was determined lessons I should learn.

Unfortunately,
My experiences came to shock.
With memories I keep unforgotten,
That may offend others unknowing what it is...
To live lives without delusions.
Or unable to figure out which ones to stop.

But then fortunate I've been,
To recognize the difference between...
Pretensions made to impress as they are addressed.
And those too shallow with a limited consciousness.
And from them I'm certain I am not missed when I exit.

I know I'm not missed,
Not at all when I exit.
No I'm not missed.
Not at all when I exit.
I know I'm not missed,
Not at all when I exit.
No I'm not missed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not My Job Description

I am suppose to be empathetic.
With a showing it to those,
Who should know better but don't.
What has been allowed,
Is not my job description to follow.

I am suppose to have restraint and patience.
To prove I have gained knowledge and wisdom,
Just to lay down like a doormat to be accepted.
What has been allowed,
Is not my job description to follow.

Well...
Reality to live for the truth of it has come.
And many unfamiliar with it may be stunned.
But no longer will I be the one to deny its presence.
With a caring less whose pretentions are offended.

Too much respect do I have for myself to be kept,
As those who have none for themselves or others...
Can gather together in protest to expect,
Someone to babysit their ignorant nonsense...
For their entire lives in a doing to despise,
Those who confront to remove obstacles on a daily basis.

People who refuse to grow up with it done,
Will always create conflict and confusion for everyone.
With expectations to have what has been allowed accepted.
And nowhere on my job description,
Depicts I should continue being patient with disrespect.
And no longer will I donate to those kinds of charities

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not My Position To Understand Disrespect

It is not my position to understand disrespect.
Or pretend an acceptance of it is okay in my presence.
Too many today are quick to express it.
To allow this addiction to become an affliction.

Nor am I here to comprehend a thoughtlessness.
No matter who becomes offended,
That I should object to their ignorant dispositions.
And in my home that kind of comfort is not condoned.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not My Problem To Correct

If I remain honest with myself,
To express it candidly or not...
And sometimes with an emotional depth.
I do not with intention attempt to offend.
That kind of rejection is not my problem to correct.
Nor do I seek an approval to be accepted.
Rejection I expect with no regrets left.

I will remain honest to myself to address it.
And if my truth is recognized for what it is,
The knowing of that validates I am not alone.
Even though the feeling of it I may experience,
When confronted by someone's ignorance I condone.
With a knowing I do not have to exchange it to be shown.
I have grown too old for petty tit for tats or empty chit chats.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not Nearly As Painful

I remembered when I first had my virginity taken away.
It was a frightening experience.
And I was still in my mid-teens.

'You don't have to talk about it.
I can understand.
You still have 'issues' about dealing with it?
To have it happen like that is painful.'

Yeah...
My dad caught me the first time,
Sneaking out the window.
I had to convince him I was sleep walking.
And twice I fell off the ledge...
During the rain.
And landed into the bushes below my bedroom window.
Look...
I still have the scar on my arm from the second fall.
Ten stitches.

'So 'who' took your virginity? '

I forget her name.
But one night she forgot to chain her Doberman.
That's when I busted my kneecap.

I told my dad I fell out the window.
He took me to some doctor!
And guess what?

'What? '

It was the girls' father.
He had her picture on the desk in his office.
How about you?
What was yours like?

'Not nearly as painful! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not Obligated To Offer Options

She knew and understood,
The man I would today become.
And even though I rebelled,
With a doing done when I was young...
She taught me early,
How to play baseball, clean a house...
AND do chores.
Be it to take out the garbage,
Wash and hang clothes outside to dry.
Or to sweep and mop floors.
No matter if the other kids,
Would laugh at me as I cried.
('Why 'me'...God? WHY? ')

I jumped rope with the girls,
And played sports with the boys.
Even though these 'eclectic' activities,
Made my father 'extremely' annoyed.
Sometimes at me he would roll his eyes.
('Look, dude. I aint got nuthin to do with this.
I've been told to follow orders.
And apparently none of them are yours.')

My mama knew and understood,
The man I would today become.
With a closing my mouth,
To not let one excuse come out.
And to be accountable for my every move.
But I must admit,
Being exposed to many experiences...
My mother could have been even more strict.
('Pour it on. You think I can't take it? ')

You see...
My mama believed,
If I embarrassed myself publicly enough,
I would be less inquisitive.
She was wrong.
I interpreted being humiliated...

Was something I associated with strength.
And it has.
In a positive dysfunctional way.
My father had been a boxer who sang.
My mother had been a classical pianist,
Obsessed with baseball.
And highly involved in church to quote scriptures.

In fact...
I am so strong and independent.
Anyone I wish to keep a relationship with,
Leave me to feel I am too competitive.
And I'm not competitive at all.
I just know what I can do to get it done.
To know that the next challenge that comes,
I'm going to face it with attempts to erase it.
And if someone doesn't understand,
That's the kind of man I am...well,
I'm not obligated to offer options.
I never got them to comprehend what they meant.
Or sent to me as it was demanded,
I go to a bush to select from it...
A 'switch' that best delivers a good hit.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not Obsessed With Making Impressions

Some folks are programmed to believe
They can not live without impressing others.
Until they have become deprogrammed!
And most times that is not a conscious effort.
It has a lot to do with one's circumstances.
Meaning...
A bout with reality!
And reality has a way of prioritizing one's life.
It puts the basicness in it!

Prior to this 'struggle' obsession rules!
One becomes obsessed with things!
And what one thinks 'things' to them bring!
Like an attractiveness.
Have you ever notice...
Someone who is able to afford 'things',
Is also indecisive?
Strip them of the opportunity to possess...
And they become depressed!
An unhappiness succeeds!
And their wholesome faith they once professed,
In God...
Diminishes!

However...
One not obsessed with making impressions.
Or connected by a 'programming'...
They are less attractive without needless possessions,
Can survive through a recession...
Or whatever a downsizing of a lifestyle is called,
Is better off!
They can deal with the adjustment of setting priorities.
Maybe lose a few friends in the process!
But you will not find these people upset,
They can not keep up with others...
Who are stressed within concepts,
That they need to feed an ego
No longer keeping up with the times!
And having a peace of mind...

Comes tax free with a lot of common sense,
Some folks discover too late...
How cost effective and healthy,
Nights with restful sleep...
Comes to the one who has put their life,
In perspective!
And becomes free of making useless confessions!

There is nothing like the smell of fresh morning dew.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not Of Matched And Mated Souls

Should one who speaks with malice,
Be expected to understand...
After saying something that offends,
And then grandstands in a public reprimand?

Should love forgive and let live again?

Is it okay when one of upperclass...
Degrade the ones who keep them paid,
By making comments said to demean
And with such esteem and crass!
It makes no difference who they are...
When tirades spoken.
Are just small tokens.
Of the dark and depthness...
A deftness honed to spew,
From an uncloaked shattered past
Without class and viewed.

Someone with these memories,
Burns inside with hate...
And the venom that boils within their hearts,
Will never change with condolences they make!
They are not of matched and mated souls!
Something has left a hole in them,
Nibbling to destroy and eat their bleak fates!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not Often A Gambler

Being taught to be thoughtful,
With a respect given to anyone...
Early when one learns,
To walk, talk and touch...
Leaves a contagious effect that spreads.
With few not to benefit or it dread.

Too many with mindsets today perceive,
Those who impress and display success...
Should be shown more respect,
With a giving of others less.

And unfortunate it is we live in these times,
When people are more inclined,
With priorities to shine.
And at anytime to undermine others to do.
Caring less who it is they do this to.
Only to discover themselves left abused.

Especially when that 'someone'
Refuses to accept their excuses.

'I am so sorry.
I didn't realize until I was told,
Who you were.
And I apologize for being,
So callous, tactless, insensitive and bold.'

~And the difference of that makes,
What? ~

'You were not deserving to get my...'

~Ignorance?
Judgement done to quickly pass?
Or perhaps it was your lack,
Of a healthy identity you just don't have? ~

'Which one will you forgive? '

~Hmmm, well...
I am not often a gambler.
And those choices to select from,
Would not leave me to benefit.
Which one do you believe...
I would have better odds,
If I picked just one...
To awaken to forget the others? ~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not On A Search And Recovery Mission

The old ways.
Are fading quicker...
Without hesitations made.

There are some,
Wishing a slowing down was done.
To re-evaluate and save...
The very best of those yesterdays.

The old ways.
Are fading quicker...
Without hesitations made.
With few reminiscing,
How things use to be.

A rush to a higher consciousness...
Comes regardless of those disliking it!
Those preferring to keep themselves hidden.
And not understanding that eyes cleared to see...
Can see where they are, who they are, where they hide
And who they have claimed to be!

The old ways.
Are fading quicker...
Without hesitations made.
Along with children's tricks.
And those adults who played them...
Too often with addictions,
They could not grow up or away from.
With excuses made as if to influence,
By the use of leftover ignorance.
And expecting an acceptance,
Of a refreshened forgiveness.

'What concepts of this life,
Connects in their minds? '

You familiar with that song,
'Que Sera, Sera'

Whatever Will Be Will Be.
And it goes on to say...
The future's not ours to see!

Well...
Let this be said,
Some folks aren't in the 'moment'
To see anything!
Future, present or past participles...
Addressing the texture of the one with perfect nipples.
I am not on a search and recovery mission.
And no guilt befalls my peaceful sleep.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not On My Agenda

Sure...
I can give anyone,
The benefit of a doubt.
But you will not see me,
Conducting a charity campaign
In their honor!
Not at the sacrifice of my own!
Those moments are not on my agenda.
And neither are any of their other 'causes'.
Selfish?
No.
Realistic...
Yes!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not On My Priority List

It was suppose to be understood...
My feeling of being suffocated,
Had been part of an initiation!
And if I felt any discomfort,
From the smothering...
I would not be true to my roots.
Since I would not concede,
To be among those of defeated beatings!

And as I looked around,
To discover those who found...
This as an acceptance.
To shuffle and jive their way through life!
I thought it would be best,
For my own interests.
To become selected as the one...
They would ostracize!
Not thinking that this request...
Anyone would object.

Of course this had never happened before!
No one had ever requested,
To be rejected 'and' ignored?
I explained to them I had other quests.
And being suppressed by my own kind...
Was not on my priority list!
I recommended they select...
Another candidate.
One who would jump with excitement.
Without the slightest hint of protest.

In fact,
I suggested they were wasting their time.
Since their wishes to fulfill such foolishness...
Had been the furthest thing I had on my mind!
And I could not believe,
The looks I received of shock!
I guess the gossip hadn't spread...
That I had already been around quite a few blocks!

And I wasn't about...
Becoming a member of their shuffling crop!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not On My Side Of Sanity

I'm expected to be in place,
For those that are inconsistent?
And unreliable too?
I don't think so.
I may live in that kind of environment.
But being part of it,
Is not my commitment.
I'm not loyal to anyone's agonies.

I'm expected to sit and listen,
To others who boo-hoo about their every pain?
And I'm suppose to remain attached,
While they stay uninvolved to play games?
I do 'not' think so.
Not on my side of sanity.
People like that I leave alone.
And stay as distant as I can be!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not On The Left

Hypocrites are quick,
To jump off the fence with a doing of it...
When an experience comes to them,
That has long affected others.
And this begins to affect,
What they perceive should be left protected.

With a vocalized solicitation,
And to them an attention to get...
It is observed and proven to those who witness,
Just whose preferences are prioritized.
And whose interests are most represented.
And without debate swift changes are made.

'Hypocrites or not.
Maybe they are just the right people.'

What do you mean,
The 'right' people?

'You know...
Those of 'them' that are not on the 'left'.
The ones never ignored or neglected.
The ones who demand and get respect...
Until respect given is what they get.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not On The Same Page

'You can't expect others to feel,
The same way you feel about what you do! '

Oh!
Oh..okay!
At least I know now,
How you feel about things!
That's a relief.
You can get off my back now.
And hand me the water supply.
Along with the maps I've drawn...
With names and addresses,
To assist you if anything should happen to me!
I see what you mean.
It is a lighter weigh to carry...
Once clarification is understood for what it is!

Thank you!
I didn't realize we were not on the same page!
You have made my outlook much more easier.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not On Their Agenda

I make no decisions for God.
God makes decisions for me.
And those who claim they have faith and pray,
And delay each step they make...
With procrastinated hesitation,
Will never have me waiting for them.

If the only priority they have is to make excuses,
To then include God to use and abuse...
I know respect for me is not on their agenda!
I am not a dollar sign.
And that is the only thing of value,
On their minds revealed and constantly mentioned.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not On This Day

I did not get blessed this morning,
To awaken to crave a tasting of yesterdays' leftovers...
Of worries to burden as they ride freely on my back.
Not on this day.
I awakened determined my life to live,
Means more to me than just that.
My task is not to allow my shoulders to be hunched.

On this day God has awakened me,
With an acknowledgement my faith has strengthened.
And unlike most folks who doubt and carry about,
Every ache and pain and trouble to share...
I awakened this morning to realize God is always there.

Clearly I see I am here to live and experience my life.
With a faith to keep devoted to witness,
In time God will remove any and all obstacles...
To make things eventually made for me alright.
And although rain clouds and storms,
May come along to appear in my sight...
I only need to be patient to bask in Sunlight.

I did not get blessed this morning,
To awaken to crave a tasting of yesterdays' leftovers...
Of worries to burden as they ride freely on my back.
Not on this day.
Nor will I sit on a fence to stay,
To observe what others do to prove I can do it too!
Who? Not me! I want God to see I am available,
Capable and able to do 'His' will at all times.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not On This Side Of Your Fence

Your backyard is in shambles!
And you peer over my fence,
With attempts to convince me...
Your life is one that is more advantageous,
Than the one in peace I live?
One without conflict that exists?
One I enjoy just the way it is?

And you say this is what I am missing...
A chaos I've have long dismissed,
And,
From your point of view...
I am in need of more of it?

Is this your way,
Of asking for assistance...
To help turn on your light switch?

One of us has a need to wake up.
And in my world...
Your world is not invited!
That darkness you provide,
Will not on this side of 'your' fence reside.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not One Of My Greatest Attributes

My position has always been,
To present the facts!
With the getting of them out of the way.
To free the air of false pretentions.

But many refuse to see the facts,
For what they are.
And instead wish to embellish their delusions,
With beliefs facts presented...
They can re-invent with a bit of flourishing.
Only to later discover those facts presented to them,
Came from experiences many fantasized do not get.
And being patient is not one of my greatest attributes.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not One Of Them Calls Me 'Daddy'

What would be the point to make,
If I stated I did something well...
And could not provide the evidence?

That would be like,
Bragging about fathering a number of children...
And not one of them calls me 'Daddy'.

Or know that I exist.
Or care to know!
Since I am a non-entity in their lives.

And yet I talk about how proud I am!

But of what?
The nourishing that is ongoing?
Or the production end of it that takes a few minutes.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not One Time Have I Not Been On Your Side

Listen!
Not one time,
Have I not been on your side.

Listen!
Each time I offered my opinion,
In your behave...
You were the first to refute my thoughts.
To announce publicly,
You can speak for yourself.

But refused to do it!

Listen!
If I am going to be reprimanded,
For taking a stand you dislike.
Perhaps you should consider,
Fighting your own battles.
And not choose me to backbite.
Because my choice of words,
Are not yours...
When you decide to run from sight.

That invites more confusion.
Since from behind the scenes,
You are the one who incites,
Indecision and division.
To have others believe to do this is right.

And you don't have the guts,
To confront them and speak up!
Yet you want them to have me be perceived,
As the one who should be ignored...
If I don't keep my own mouth shut!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not One To Bring That Up!

Well look at you!
I haven't seen you
Since the last time we spoke.
I'm sure you remember the circumstances...
And I'm not one to bring that up!
However...
Isn't it strange how I ran into you?
You are looking radiant.
Fantastic.
Stunning.
You're glowing...
And that's fabulous!
Oh...by the way.
What week was that,
You were going to pay me back
The twenty dollars you borrowed?
I KNOW that had to slip your mind!
God knows my thoughts,
Haven't given 'that' much time!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not One To Contemplate Exactness

I am not one to contemplate exactness.
Or become absorbed in facts.
Especially those that are plagiarized...
To distort the origins that contradict,
From an updated freshness...
With a quick paste and clip,
To enhance what is not historic.

Like myths and legions created,
To add more flavor to the actual reality.
Instead of sweepers of streets...
Some folks are lead to believe,
They have royalty in their ancestry!

And when someone tells me they know this to be true...
I think of the Quakers and Puritans!
And others who sailed the ocean blue...
To discover a land for me and you!

Please!

And what was that between Queen Isabella,
And Christopher Columbus in 1492?
When she took a 'special' interest in Native Americans!
She bent over backwards...
To have them treated fairly although enslaved them!

I am not one to contemplate exactness.
Or become absorbed in facts.
Especially those that are plagiarized...
To distort the origins that contradict,
From an updated freshness...
With a quick paste and clip,
To enhance what is not historic.

But,
One has to admit...
A lot of what 'was'
Has been romanticized to glorify,

The truth that did exist!
And who did the twisting to eventually benefit.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not One To Dumb Up For Love

Don't leave me in the cold,
With a freezing shoulder you throw.
To prove to everybody you are through.

I choose not to be as vicious,
With someone I still love.
Someone so quick to give,
A chill with attitude.

I want to give you what I wish but can't.
But you don't seem to understand...
I'm not the one,
To dumb up for your love!

I like that boldness you uphold!
An attraction,
That's a fact.
But suffering through your tantrums?
Keep that where it's at!

I'm not a coupon purchase.
What I give to you...
Is topnotch in the doing.
And you believe I'll discount...
What you are doing to me?
Uh-huh.
You will not find me behind you in line.

I want to give you what I wish but can't.
But you don't seem to understand...
I'm not the one,
To dumb up for your love!

I like that boldness you uphold!
An attraction,
That's a fact.
But suffering through your tantrums?
Keep that where it's at!
You will not find me behind you in line.

I'm not the one,
To dumb up for your love!

I'm not one...
To dumb up for love!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not One To Encourage A Response, However...

People in hiding,
With beliefs their unspoken intentions...
'Should' be understood.
Are finding themselves,
Alone with their misguided perceptions.

And there is just too much evidence,
That immaturity accepted to nourish...
Flourishes the environment,
With the presence of too many latrent fools...
Doing the best they can to escape,
From the accountability of their actions.

And people blame the children,
For the boisterous disrespect and ignorance.

I am not one to encourage a response,
However...
Can the minds of today,
Address the depth of a shallowness expressed.
And accept this as a reflection of themselves...
As if to take pride in the reality of their social dysfunctions.
And pretend this existence is clear and free of normalcy.

I am not one to encourage a response,
However...
Hasn't it been time that those delusional find,
Truth in themselves...
As a gift and nothing one has to fear!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not One To Produce Something Because Of Its Ease

I perceive writing as a craft.
I approach it that way.
I am not 'all knowing'...
But I do desire to be the best at what I do.
If what I share doesn't mean anything to me...
Why would I go through the trouble of composing it to share?
I am in a relationship.
And I want it to be a successful one.
It takes work.
And I am not one to produce something because of its ease.
Everything I do has meaning and purpose.
There is something about taking one's life seriously,
That ultimately makes the difference.
I would think.

Inspired By:
Mr. Duncan Wyllie
United Kingdom

'Duncan, you are 'something else'. I'm glad we are friends.
You are brilliant. One of the greats! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not One Wanting To Understand

I am not one wanting to understand,
The reasons why...
Someone else becomes upset,
For decisions they've made...
To accept and follow behind,
Another's footsteps to eventually regret.

Nor am I one to be overcomed by a need,
Of having a curiosity I just don't have...
By accusations made directed towards me,
Others are told to believe...
Decisions someone makes are my responsibility.
To leave me feeling guilt or remorse I will accept.

If I should be solicited,
For an opinion or a suggestion I might express...
To discover it not considered but rejected,
Then what is it from me expected?
Feelings of being victimized too?
Well, I'm not one to understand the reasons why.

'You act as if you don't care.'

Forgive me.
It has been awhile since I have acted.
And these days the scripts I get,
Have little depth or meaning...
To allow me to deliver the belief you are seeking.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not One Who Runs Will Win

Not one who runs will win this race.
Or come close to see the finish line.
The pace of time is much too quick.
And those who haven't kept up with it,
Will find what they mention to intend...
With wishes outdated to see them end.
To be replaced by realities,
By someone not yet in the race who wins...
Leaving behind those fast and quick out the gate,
Finding their depictions much out of date...
For those in these times with minds awakened.
Since 2016,
Discloses to expose...
A truth no one before has seen and left shakened.
Although embracing a truth that reduces confusion.
And those kept beliefs released.
To no longer feed the keeping,
Of prioritized delusions permanently swept...
With an effective sweeping away.

'Off with the suits and ties.
Off with the lies to disguise.
Off with deceits,
Only a few feed to treat.
Off with denials to hide,
Twisted lips painted with lipstick...
Licked.'

Not one who runs will win.
To believe they will repeat,
Their doing to do these same things...
Again.
To sell another round,
Of preventing a discovered truth found.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not Only A Practice But A Fact

My attachment to God
Is not only a practice but a fact.
God and I have been very close...
I do not question my faith.
Nor do I seldom stay in heartbreak.
Not these days and not for long.
Not as long as I know,
My faith in God...
Keeps me strong.

My attachment to God,
Is not only a practice but a fact.
I don't have to be self righteous!
God knows my habits.
I can not hide them behind God's back.
There is no sense in that!

Whatever this is where I am,
That gives me a consciousness to understand.
I only have to be myself.
And the more I accept it,
The taller of a man I stand!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not Only Accepted But Endorsed

When one is revealed to have an intelligence,
Among others who are more interested...
In displaying an ignorance,
That entertains in delighting...
Acceptable foolishness.
Here can be found in environments like this...
Is a total absence of an accountable responsibility.
With an insistence that persists.

And those who appear,
To have acquired an 'intelligence'...
Are often dismissed as novelties.
In environments,
Where a lack of discipline and laziness...
Is not only accepted,
But endorsed as a reflection...
Of what a mindlessness can enforce to exist.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not Only Can Stun But Shock

It amazes me,
How a few dollars...
Can change one's perception.
Or a title one is given.
Or where one goes to school,
To receive a degree.

It amazes me,
What one wears on one's back...
Indicates to some,
Where that person's mind is at.
Or where one lives suggests,
Someone has hygiene.
And that is daily addressed.
Or what one drives,
Has a lesser need for gasoline.
Or the person that drives a nice car...
Can afford to buy groceries.

It amazes me...
How some folks judge other folks,
By skin color alone.
And how some folks with the same skin tone...
Dislike themselves,
Or siblings they can't condone.
Or those living on the same street who don't even speak.
And these same folks attend the same church...
To hear a preacher sermonize about sin,
And communal unity!
It amazes me how ignorance expressed,
Receives more respect than someone with intelligence.

It amazes me how decadence is praised.
And those who choose to worship it...
Are the ones of sleaze,
Who sit on pedestals raised!
This,
Not only can stun...
But shock anyone,

Who has been awakened from an unconsciousness!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not Only For Visitations

She said I needed to identify more,
With my cultural heritage.
And that my presentation wasn't committed!
I mentioned to her,
She needed to learn how to cook,
Before she began to share recipes
With those familiar with every utensil in the kitchen!
And know when the heat is on...
Not only for visitations!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not Only Will This Be A Need

There is a certain need coming,
To be less thoughtless...
In our assessments expressed,
That affect feelings of others.

There is a consciousness that is shared.
And an unawareness of this is known by many.
But those days are soon to be gone.
With a 'dawning' within us all.
As if a light has been turned on!

And,
Whatever it is we send out to say...
Will boomerang to find its way back to us.
Maybe within minutes.
Maybe within hours.
Or perhaps in days.

There is a certain need coming,
To be less thoughtless...
In our assessments expressed,
That affect feelings of others.

And not only will this be a need.
It will be a wish desired.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not Paid To Be Consultants

Although it is said,
Those living their lives...
In deprived neighborhoods,
Have no clue...
As to how to correct their own dilemmas.
Others from the outside,
Of their own comfort zones...
Are solicited and hired with good wages paid,
To ask those most affected by obvious negligence...
Who are not paid to be consultants,
As to what is it they believe is most needed.

Many wish to see only their hands,
Picking from the cookie jar.
And others enjoy the idea...
Of scrambling amongst themselves for crumbs.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not Part Of My Job Description

I am not trying to make sense.
Or find a place where it is common.
I've traveled those avenues before.

Today I have distanced myself from the search.
And those explanations about lost connections...
With an admitted obligation,
To sacrifice one's time...
In a devoted commitment to help mend,
Those of broken misunderstandings?
That is not my mission.

I deliver messages,
That's it.
Wasting time sitting to convince...
Is not part of my job description.

When were those understandings broken?
And who did not comprehend an existing split?
I would think,
Those folks are the ones...
Who should be choked up with guilt!
Trying to heal these emotional 'riffs'.
Not me!

I've done my 'tears-cried-alone' bit.
With a completed paid donation made to that charity.

I am not trying to make sense.
Or find a place where it is common.
I've traveled those avenues before.
Do I dare to retrace my footsteps?

Suggestion...
Do not wait or anticipate a response.
There will be none forthcoming.
Not to that question.
And not from my lips will one come.
I'm done with repeated aggravation.

Today I have distanced myself from the search.
And those explanations about lost connections...
With an admitted obligation,
To sacrifice one's time for the 'right-thing-to-do'.
In a devoted commitment to help mend,
Those of broken misunderstandings?
Hey...
That is not my mission.
Or a condition of my 'contract'.

I've tried that and was reminded I didn't fit in!

I deliver messages,
That's it.
Wasting time sitting,
To convince...
Which advice to follow?
And who should do it?
Is not part of my job description.

F.A.T.
And I aint talking about what to do,
With anybody's 'fat' either!
Or furthering ambitious thoughts.
Or feed any ducks to prepare to pluck.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not Part Of My Love Description

Putting those adored and respected,
High on a pedestal...
Where from one's eyes,
They are placed and set.
May not be to the benefit of those placed there.

Sometimes people forget,
It is who they are...
And not what they have,
Or believe what they will get...
That someone places them so high in their eyes.

Some may begin to believe,
Everyone sees them that way.
Only to hit rock bottom,
When the source of their glow and light...
Begins to feel they have become annoying.

And for one sitting so high...
It is difficult to be seen,
When someone who once loved unconditionally...
Pulls the plug and leaves.

'I thought you said you adored me? '

~I did.
But competing with your ego,
Is not part of my love description.
Giving with no receiving?
Naw!
I aint into it!

You don't mind if I take my light,
I showered on you so bright...
And go,
Do you?

I guided you up.
Who knows?

You're ALL THAT!
Maybe someone will come along,
To help you plant your feet back on the ground.
I'm outta here.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not Part Of The Mix

I can decide not to accept.
And most times I do not hesitate,
In procrastination.
Or I can choose between singing the blues.
To a thumbing of my nose to misery.
Either way...
It is still 'my' life!
And...
Not a perception of what someone else believes.
My life is real to me to live it completely,
With happiness if I so please.
And I do,
Wish a life...
Free of disturbing obstacles.

And,
To continue...
If any part of my life concerns you,
That too will be shared!
But if it doesn't...
You need not worry,
About a judgement on me to pass.
Most likely it will be ignored...by me!
Since my gratefulness is directed,
To the only 'One' that has bestowed upon me blessings!
And in my eyes, mind, body and soul...
You are not part of 'that mix' on any transfixing level.
All of this here you see,
Is God made.
Whether you like it or not to accept or reject.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not Physically Enough To Touch

Because I can not sleep,
I am breathing too deeply...
With you not feeding this empty need.

On a bed alone,
I am at home dissatisfied.
In moans I own to remember...
They would not linger as they now do.
Not with you!
Somehow I know that is true.

Because I can not sleep,
It proves...
You do not have to be near,
To keep me mentally imprisoned.
Although you are here,
Incomplete to freeze upon me wishes.

And not physically enough to touch.
To ease this yearning as such,
As I want it much to allow my sleep...
To come,
Within reach.
And invited together peacefully.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not Playing Fair At All

If the terrorists are so envious
Of our way of life,
And want to destroy it...
Why are they practicing on themselves?

Will they stop long enough
To realize tremendous amount of money
Has been invested to convince the world
That they are our enemies?
Who declared them that in the first place?
This strategy has not gone well.
Points of view are becoming destorted,
Because of this.

'HEY! !
We're paying for you to hate US!
Not yourselves!
Now we have to keep paying
To stop you from fighting yourselves...
So we can show there is a reason to denounce you!
Don't 'you' get it?
We were told you did.
At least through videotapes,
Delivered to us from another country!

This is getting too expensive
Keeping everyone convinced YOU are the enemy,
Has created protests and unrest on our shores!
These deceptions are getting too exhausting.
Come on!
Don't ignore us!
We want to 'win' this battle...
And you're not playing fair at all! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not Quite Ready To Forgive

Making the decision to demean someone,
Does not return fruitful dividends.
Or softens the payback one gets.

And there is nothing to romanticize,
When the time arrives and has a way...
Of making those deliveries unexpected.

And quite the surprise it is,
For the ones hoping their misdeeds...
Were not taken seriously when done.

Even though their 'fun',
Affected the life lived of someone else...
Not quite ready to forgive or forget any of it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not Recognized

Too much time is spent,
Getting our minds bent out of shape...
Identifying what isn't here.
Or 'there'
Or...
What hasn't happened.
Who could do what but didn't...
With a lot of 'why',
Without reason to get things done!

Making excuses not to motivate each one
Of us...
To extend beyond our reach!
Teaching...
To take an active part.
Appreciating what is here,
And making clear our respect
Of what we do have!
Instead of destroying it...
Because our 'whims' are not immediately satisfied.

Like the spoiled creatures we are,
Crying about a harvest reaped
Only a few take time to get to know,
And keep...
From the 'art' of sowing!

But like the greed of spectators,
We expect to be fed from a growth
Of a dwindling bounty!
And blame those we do who toil in the fields.
Those who are there...
And have learned how to yield...
The fruits from their sweat and labor!

Leaving those who only savor laziness,
With minimal benefit and much complaint!
And yet everyone is 'taxed' beyond their means!
While those who make no contributions whatsoever...

Are heard whining and screaming the loudest!
Crazed from inactivity!

Taking what they want,
And discarding that which is not recognized!
Like vultures...
Waiting for death,
To prey over scavenged bones.
With ease and temporary contentment!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not Seduced By Gloss

The time to evaluate and assess one's life,
Should be done with a clear consciousness.
With a self examination taken day and night.

However...
Many do take flight from flaws they wish to cover.
Until all exits are closed that imposes,
One to face truth.
A truth that reduces its sweetness.
Or seduced by gloss one chooses others to perceive.

'And when a dark night rises,
Seekers to do evil prowl to dupe folks.
Fed by produced videos to boost wicked egos.'

What?

'I said...
The time to evaluate and assess one's life,
Should be done with a clear consciousness.
With a self examination taken day and night.'

But...
You didn't say that.
I did.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not Seeking A Free Lunch

Give me the illiterate.
And those illegitimate,
With the negative sentiments.
Made by those disgruntled...
With expressed opinions sent.
Although not facing,
Similar predicaments.

And I will show you a people,
As proud as they can be...
To work and struggle harder,
To prove themselves...
Not out to seek a free lunch!
Like most everyone else...
Looking for a sweetened life,
Easy for them to munch.

Or accepting handouts believed,
Given to those too ignorant to know...
Who patronizes them,
In an 'asumed' defeat.
And not realize,
They too recognize an opportunity...
To get themselves on their own two feet.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not Seeking To Be Begged

Everything they have ever wanted,
Was not only right under their noses...
But sent them daily reminders,
Of its presence and the benefits...
They would receive.
This they dismissed.
And doing it at their own expense.

Instead of valuing what was given,
Those chose to demean and disrespect...
All that appeared in their treasure chest.
And when that treasure chest left...
That's when they decided,
They would then inspect its worth.
As if everything they have ever wanted,
Although unrecognized...
Would not become appreciated by others,
Not seeking to be begged,
To be handed gold!
Knowing immediately what it was.

Those refusing what was there,
Had grown to seek depictions...
Of what they had been told,
What it was to look for to qualify success.
To accept the appearance of it dressed to impress,
To only then address it with superficial respect.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not Shown To Them They Seek

Why is it
People want to be noticed
Ignoring someone else?
That has been done to me.
And I've seen that done
By those,
I imagine...
Want some attention to come.

But wouldn't it be easier,
To wave or speak?
Instead of pretending not to notice,
Someone known.
Or someone that is sought,
That they want not shown
To them they seek!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not Since The 1400's

They selected one who best,
Represented their beliefs...
In the governing of them and their policies
As a reflection of The Almighty God.

But the one who they've selected,
Says 'stress' is the reason he must resign.
Even though others who came before him,
Devoted not only their lives, minds but also time!

They selected one who best,
Represented their beliefs...
In the governing of them,
As a reflection of The Almighty.

And not since the 1400's,
Has such committed traditions accepted...
Been questioned,
As to their connection to reality!

Where will those with their kept traditions,
And standards valued believed...
Will go to have their faith validated?
And in 'what' if the one 'plucked',
Has claimed 'STRESS' to give it all up!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not Sitting Around Waiting To Be Examined

Folks who wish they knew more about others and don't...
Say those like this are 'complicated'.

Nothing is complicated about someone who lives an active life.
Folks find them 'complicated' for this reason...
They are not sitting around waiting to be examined.
Although they may be gossiped about...
Very few of them are living lives with issues!
And if they do...
They seem to move on with them being handled.
Without communal get togethers.

On the other hand,
Folks who claim to know what's going on...
Will say they are not interested in politics.
But can tell you who did what to who and when,
Next door and down the block.
Their noses aren't going to travel too far!
That wouldn't be to the best of their interest.
And self indulgence is their main priority.

People on missions to get things done,
Are not in one place to be observed.
And they aren't living to receive acceptance.
They are here to achieve.
Not bleed another heart!
Or found huddled in groups,
Prepared to victimize one of their own kind.
For being disliked.
So disliked that person can not be ignored.
That person has to be agitated into conflict!

Unfortunately,
There aren't too many people like these.
People on the move...
With things to get accomplished.
Things they want to get done and do.

Those 'programmed' to be far less complicated!

And quick to ruin themselves.
And their quality of life...
By not paying attention to the decline of it!
Leave evidence and facts of that in abundance!

And they are hopeful President Obama produces a magic wand!

~He 'needs' to produce,
A Department to Combat the Onset of Mental Diseases.
And their long range affects on a programmed mindset! ~

That title is too long.
They are already accusing him of being too intelligent.
For a Black man...that is!
Even under a microscope,
They are trying to uncover his flaws.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not So Impressive

There is nothing wrong,
In dressing to impress.
It shows a sign of ambition,
Addressed.

However,
Not so impressive...
Is the forgetting of one's own name.
When in intimate conversation.

'What does it sound like? '

~Uh...uh.
You have no idea how embarrassing this is.
Uh...
Gee.
And it's on the tip of my tongue too! ~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not So Patient To Bite My Tongue

Fourty-four years ago,
I had been patriotic AND young.
A military veteran, married and living independently,
In Kansas City, Missouri.
And proud of those accomplishments,
I had then done.

Today...
When I hear people say,
How they walk by faith and pray to overcome.
While doing that to pass judgement on others,
I am not so patient to bite my tongue.
Knowing people like this to be the biggest hypocrites.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not Socially Inclined

One takes a 'full' nap...
In between adventures,
That come to sap one's energy.

One exhausted!
But not socially inclined to recline.
Or to lay low and take it slow.

And can not be convinced...
Getting complete rest,
Has its benefits.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not Someone Wanted Permanently

Stranger hands have touched you.
In places to me you keep off limits.
And I had been a one night stand,
I admit.
But I thought those days between us ended.
I thought we were in this with seriousness.

Stranger hands have touched you.
In places to me you keep off limits.
And I had been a one night stand,
I admit.
But I thought those days between us ended.
I thought we were in this with seriousness.

Do you find a touch from strangers missed.
And find my closeness.
Something wished,
To leave.
And your actions tell me...
You wish from me to be more like a stranger.
And not someone wanted permanently.

I don't think you mean it.
In the heat of passion...
You tell me its mine.
And mine not to let go.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not 'space Cadets'

After it has been discovered
That grasshoppers 'hop'...
That's what they are going to do.
They're going to hop their green butts off!
No need to follow them,
To spy to see if they have other missions...
Other motivations!
They are GRASSHOPPERS!
NOT 'space cadets'!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not Surprised You Do Not Know Me

I am not surprised you do not know me.
For years our conversations have been about you.
Your likes and dislikes.
Your cravings and appetites.
Your opinions with judgements passed.
And your need to compete...
With my activities,
That affords you some kind of mental relief.

I am not surprised you do not know me.
Nor am I shocked to hear you say...
I do not understand,
A life lived your way!

You are right...
I don't.
And that is why you don't know me!
Nor do I have a need,
For you to begin that now!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not Taking Either Side

'He this...'
She says.
'She that...'
He replys.
And I listen to this,
Not taking either side.
Quarrels do not feed my appetite.
Especially when I'm caught...
In the midst of a domestic fight!
'What do 'you think? '
She asks.
'Don't get involved! '
Says he!
And I look for the bathroom...
Since all of this makes me pee!
'Sure, take his side! '
She says as I moved!
And as he walked to the door...
Guess who goes through it,
To get away from these two?
I know the signs of divorce,
And I knew quickly what to say and do!
'Thanks for dinner!
I just remembered it's my anniversary! '

'I thought you said you were divorced? '
Says he.

OH! I am!
Thank you for reminding me to celebrate it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not That Aloof

Lofty sit on clouds,
Leaves me stunned sometimes.
I didn't expect to stay afloat so long.
Nor did I expect neighbors to complain
About the continuous use of the smoke machine,
I use for 'my' visions!

They could have borrowed it at anytime!
But no...
They had to call the police,
Anonymously!
To say my routine interfered with the 'sight' of their dinner!
I know just who that was!
The last time I ate there...
A little smog would have encouraged my appetite.
They could have told me,
They could not see driving home at night!
I am not 'that' aloof or thoughtless.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not That Deep Of A Sleeper

What is it that you wish to accomplish,
In my space?

Mimics or mocking done,
Is not allowed.
And I will not be followed,
To review your moves...
With wishes to have me improve,
Approve or disapprove them.

What is it that you wish to accomplish,
In my space?
I can understand you wanting comfort.
But my own I will not sacrifice,
For yours to replace.

I am not beset with desires...
To enforce what is not there.
If the chemistry is natural between us....
All pieces will fit,
With none to force.
Or left over to spare.

Most peaceful dreams,
Are usually experienced alone.
And they come best...
When I am rested.
Feeling at home,
With a comfort earned and I condone!

What is it that you wish to accomplish,
In my space?
Since I am not that deep,
Of a sleeper!
Nor do I seek an honesty...
That hasn't to me been shown.

So what is it that you wish to accomplish,
In my space?

A willingness from me,
To patiently await for you...
To do your hypnotizing,
Spellbinding acts of magic?
Or are you hoping an attraction,
Captures.
And will last much longer,
After we have satisfied our lust...
To have hot sex?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not The One To Come Possessing Me

You,
From me...
Would like to disable,
All my fantasies!
But not one will you take,
Away from me.
Or eliminate desires from my heart to believe.

No You,
And I...
Are never gonna come to realize,
Eye to eye...
That love,
Is a capture that's free!
You're not the one to come to possess me!
Uh uh.

You...wish,
To be everything in life you think that I miss.
But you,
Show no interest or need...
To be the one to take,
And give to please!

No You,
And I...
Are never gonna come to realize,
Eye to eye...
That love,
Is a capture that's free!
You're not the one to come to possess me!
Uh uh.

Not the one to come,
Possessing me!
Uh uh.
You're not the one to come to possess me!
Uh uh.
Not the one to come,

Possessing me!
Uh uh.
You're not the one to come possessing me!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not The Position Of My Style

Intellectualizing thought,
To gain popularity or support
Is not the position of my style!
If what I did was considered a sport...
Like basketball or football,
I'd have fans standing in line for a while!
But since it is not...
And what I do is subjected to bigots and snots,
I must tolerate the ignorance that comes
Like the smell of a sulfuric compound,
Mixed with bile.
In the hopes my poetic contributions...
Irrates the thickened skins,
Of those passing for human beings
When their venom is more poisonous than snakes...
With asppearances that compete with the looks of crocodiles!
And they have the 'balls' to collect their ineptness,
Together in forums to show fangs through their smiles!

I am not feeding on the opinions of that 'species'!
I have no need to walk on the path of that breed!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not The Quality

It is love he seeks...
Not the quality
Or the ability
Of the games you play!
And I should know.
I've been trying to get you to see it,
That way!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not Theirs To Own

Why is it that those who are picked,
To suffer through accusations upon them made...
Are sought after as time passes,
To be the ones most reliable...
And honest with their opinions given.
Whether or not they had been solicited.
And...
Would be the ones most likely to forgive and forget.
With a disregarding as to who put them through,
Heartache and pain to witness their broken relationships.

However...
Too many today take those they have betrayed,
For granted.
Too many today who had deceived and kept it that way,
Believe revelations they have come to face...
Can be easily erased to free them from deceptions.
Deceptions claimed are not theirs to own.
And, for whatever the reason they perceive,
Their wickedness to be accepted 'and' to go unknown...
Has never been shown.
But are just those myths they have never valued.
Although remain with them as a focus left to fantasize.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not There

He wasn't absent!
He was just not there.
He was the kind to prioritize
His own affairs.
Often he was defended...
By a mother who pretended,
He was just away on 'leave'
And will return when that purpose ended!
But those in his care,
Felt he was the one not aware.
He was not there...
And that is all they knew!
Unless he was a magician?
And 'that' he wasn't around,
To deny or prove!
He wasn't absent!
He was just not there.
To watch,
Or to lay...
A footprint down on the ground!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not There To Permit Empathetic Caring

It is easier to deceive a people fantasized.
Easy it is to sway opinion,
With something sparkling...
To dazzle the eyes,
Of one hypnotized.

It is easier to feed a hunger,
Than to tease it with words to please.
It is easy to fix perceptions tricked...
Than to mend them with difficulties defying lies,
Eventually unaccepted!

And taking too long,
For deluded masses to believe...
They have been highly deceived!
It is easier to leave them mentally sick.
And those like them addicted.
Since time to undo this wickedness...
Is not there to permit empathetic caring.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not To Anyone Else Mentioned

For those who decide,
What it is they'd like to do for themselves...
With a doing 'they' approve to improve,
And with a motivation they have initiated.
Why is it there are those who perceive...
That which others have chosen to do,
And...
For themselves,
Is a hint given but not to anyone else mentioned...
That a soliciting of their opinions is wished?
Especially if their efforts,
Are not intended or meant to be group assisted.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not To Argue Needlessly

You don't like the tone of my voice.
Or the way in which it is used?
That's unfortunate.
Not for me.
But for you.
Since this is my voice.

You may choose to ignore it.
That's up to you.
You've been planted and fix like a brick wall.
And using my voice to call over it,
I don't have to do at all.

All I have to do to remove you,
Is to discuss this with my Father.
And not a voice between us do we share,
To get what appears to be an obstacle...
Off my path!

And this 'voice' you hear?
He has been given to me,
To deliver and clarify a message.
Not to argue needlessly.
He and I both know that is pointless.
Eventually you will get the message.

Have a good day!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not To Be Disturbed

What facts are expected to be revealed,
From those known to be deceivers?
What mysteries historically existing,
Are people seeking truth to finally be told?
Haven't many before made attempts,
To later be convinced negative comments...
They should let go or be labelled as nonconformists,
Ultimately shunned to reside in shadows.

And who are the ones patiently awaiting,
For honesty to surface for all to witness?
Where have the minds of the people been,
Besides defending their delusions...
With a hope of keeping them.
As a quality of life is sacrificed...
To allow those self righteous fighting for the right,
Not to be disturbed by the ones who offend them.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not To Be Forgotten

Jaded by the suddenness of one's quick death.
With a quick breath taken,
There comes this acceptance unexpected that sits.

A numbing affect takes place.
And any happiness seems as if a universe away.
Until a healing recovers emotions.

And with 'divine' spirit...
A loss that is loved makes all okay,
Again! But not to be forgotten. As long as life is lived.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not To Claim Or Rename Its Inequities

Blessings for a wonderful,
And 'thought provoking' holiday season.
We are here to change the world.
Uplifting its sinking spirits!
Not to claim or rename its inequities.
That has been done.
A revision envisioned by all...
Soon comes!
Keep praises of faith strong.
And protect this in your heart...
Knowing fears inside of you held,
Are not welcomed or belong!

Dedicated and Inspired by:
Mr. Ronald Stroman
Philadelphia, Pa

'Thank you, Ronald! Stay up...
And Joyous! '

Lawrence

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not To Fake To Give

People want to have,
Their...
Lives wrapped up in gladness.
People want to know,
What it's like to have a harmony.
And people want to see,
Their futures bright in the Sun...
Lighting up their faces.
Acknowledging their products of love.

People want to find,
Perfection here on Earth.
But...
People ought to know,
They can't get it freely.
And...
Only those with open hearts.
Also know they're here...
Not to fake to give.

People want to have,
Their...
Lives wrapped up in gladness.
People want to know,
What it's like to have a harmony.
And people want to see,
Their futures bright in the Sun...
Lighting up their faces.
Acknowledging their products of love.
And...
Not to fake to give.

And people want to see,
Their futures bright in the Sun...
Lighting up their faces.
Acknowledging their products of love,
And...
Not to fake to give.

Lighting up their faces.
Acknowledging their products of love,
And...
Not to fake to give.

Lighting up their faces.
Acknowledging their products of love,
And...
Not to fake to give.

Acknowledging that their products of love,
And...
Not to fake to give.

Upfront,
And not to fake to give.
Upfront,
And not to fake to give.

People want to have,
Their...
Lives wrapped up in gladness.
And not to fake to give.
Upfront,
And not to fake to give.
Upfront,
And not to fake to give.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not To Preach But To Teach

Trendsetters, go-getters and others,
Who seem born to take chances...
With limits to shatter,
As if consequences to pay...
Does not to them matter,
As to who perceives them to be...
Whomever, whatever or an 'it' if they please.

And with a determined certainty,
A living of their lives earned...
Not to preach but to teach,
They have experienced from lessons learned.
To do with a living regardless who critiques,
What is done they do or how and why!
These people seek no approval for lives sacrificed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not To Restrict

A fluid mind turned on...
Wants to stay strong!
With...
An energy that motivates initiative.
And...
Keeping what is wished unlimited.

Not to restrict,
It...
To pity fixes.

A fluid mind turned on...
Wants to stay strong!
Not to restrict,
It...
To pity fixes.

A fluid mind turned on...
Wants to stay strong!
With...
An energy that motivates initiative.
And...
Keeping what is wished unlimited.

Not to restrict,
It...
To pity fixes.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not To Take What They Do That Deep

There are people who can not pretend,
They can show to have their empathy believed...
With a giving it to others under any circumstances.
That's how deeply they have become involved,
With themselves and their immediate perceived needs.
Are you listening?

'Yes.
As if I have a choice.'

To then suspect their pretentiousness goes unnoticed.
That their pre-meditated giving does not detect a selfishness.

'Really?
I can't believe what I hear and my ears are all yours.'

And then to test,
Their fake sincerity given is not suspected...
That they wish from others something to get.
And then on top of this...
Those who do give and it is heartfelt in the doing,
Do no expect others to think of them as fools.
Even though some do.
Some don't.
And then some refuse to choose not to take what they do,
That deep.

'And you? '

Don't stray away from the topic.
This is obviously not about me.

'I see.
May I ask you a question? '

Sure.
Don't be so ridiculous.

'Now that we are 'not' obviously talking about you.

Can you be less obvious in the talking about me? '

Of course.
Let's talk about my expectations.

'And mine? '

There you go.
Always wanting it to be about you.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not To Temporary Borrow

What is it you are here to prove?
A truth...
That I borrowed?
And,
What is it you're here to prove and to who?
A truth...
Untold?
With a telling of a version,
You hope gets sold.

The truth I know is in me and it is maintained.
And...
Not to temporary borrow,
No!
The truth I know is in me and it is maintained.
And...
Not to temporary borrow,
No!

What is it you're here to prove and to who?
A truth...
That I borrowed?
Well...
The truth I know is in me and it is maintained.
And...
Not to temporary borrow,
No!
The truth I know is in me and it is sustained.
And...
Not to temporary borrow,
No!
The truth I know is in me and remains unchanged.
And...
Not to temporary borrow,
No!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not Too Many Distributing Empathy

When something is broken,
It is difficult to piece it back together.
It does not sustain,
A sameness expected...
One wishes to regain.

It is like two who love,
Experiencing their first argument.
What had been thought unconditional,
Set conditions to a limit.
To discover are lamented.

When a puppy once cute,
Grows to be booted from the door...
A howling sound unbearable,
Can not restore...
A 'before' now ignored.

When something breaks away from its need...
There are not too many distributing empathy.
Or packaging solace to gift.

Nor are there many who become concerned,
About an emotional bleeding...
Someone inflicted knows they did not earn!
But receives to grieve in silent weeping.
With a hard delivery of a lesson learned.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not Too Many Moons Ago

Not too many moons ago,
There seemed to have been...
Peace mentioned and wanted.

And not too many moons ago,
Separate shores on lands adored...
People were swift,
To settle their disturbances.

And it seemed just yesterday,
Values enriched...
Quickly drifted away.
And here we are today...
With corruption and conflicts,
Betraying everyone's wishes.

Ending desires...
For a united world that aspires,
To heights that advances.
But instead romances,
Attractions for attack...
In a collective feedback.

And it seems as a fact that...
Not too many moons ago,
There seemed to have been...
Peace mentioned and wanted.

And not too many moons ago,
Separate shores on lands adored...
People were swift,
To settle their disturbances.

But...
All of that,
With desires intact...
Has lost any decisive,
And concrete meaning.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not Totally Naked

I tied my own shoes.
I was conscious of it.
All day I was aware...
I was not totally naked.

And my feet,
Have only been seen...
By a selected few.
None of whom now...
See me tie my own shoes.

And when I purchase another pair...
Who will care,
What color sox I will choose to wear?
Or if they match.

I tied my own shoes.
I was conscious of it.
All day I was aware...
I was not totally naked.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not Trekking Down That Path

I can be sweet.
I can grit my teeth too.
I can also spit and chew...
To spew a bitter flavor,
I dislike and will not accept.

I am not what those might expect.

I'm not trekking down that path.
I don't digest warnings too well.
Like some I know...
That have learned to grasp.

Nor do I hunger to dance on plantations.

I reflect my ancestors.
And none of them had been of the docile kind.
With dependent minds!
Left whining to each other,
In fields where they labored.

And each step I take,
Have been placed for me to find.
To embrace,
And bear whatever the consequences.

And those clinging onto losing propositions...
I never understood.
Or will take time to understand.
Those needs to witness my own bleeding...
Are limitations.
And I'm not the one to sit and listen to it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not Try To Keep Up A Pace

You've got to live life right,
To make it...
Through another day you can face.

Do you wish all that bad havoc would erase,
The days you face.
You wish escape,
From the days you face.

Do you wish all that bad havoc would erase,
The days you face.
You wish escape,
From the days you face.

You've got to live life right,
To make it...
Through another day you can face.
And not try to keep up a pace.

You've got to live life right,
To make it...
Through another day you can face.
And not try to keep up a pace.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not Trying To Express Themselves To Others To Impress

Making attempts to reveal evidence that makes sense,
To someone convinced...
Those 'perceived' to live on the other side of a fence,
Are less than mentally skilled...
And easily dispensed by one's 'will'
Can be difficult to achieve...
When confronted by 'these' types of people.

Especially,
If those needing the exchange of information,
Have issues with their own incompetence being exposed.
And have a mindset that is conditioned to believe,
That those who clearly articulate as if highly educated...
Are not trying to express themselves to others to impress.
But wish to address the importance of current issues.

And one unexpecting such decisiveness directed,
Becomes appalled...
When someone of intelligence,
Identifies and shatters their pretentions...
Unintentionally.
And wanting with an accountability,
To correct defective matters.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not Trying To Sell This

I don't feel that offended to defend my point of view.
Why would I feel a need to do it?
I can look back at my footsteps,
And realize I have lived my life with and without critique.
I continue to do the same thing to this day.

Only faith tested has brought me this far and kept me.
That is why I do not seek what your opinion of me is!
Your life as you live it has not been my main focus.
I have been conscious of my own experiences.
And they have kept me too emotionally busy.
Some when they came left me numb and stunned.

I don't feel that offended to defend my point of view.
It has been earned and I like it.
I am not trying to sell this to anyone,
Yet.
And when and 'if' that should happen...
I still wouldn't have any regrets.
Some delays expressed,
Maybe!

I have been fortunately blessed to place my steps,
Where they were urgently needed.
With just a few who knew from where they led!
To where they would come to grips,
With another experience welcomed to visit.

That's how I have come to look at it.
My life is to be lived!
So...
Make any attempt you wish to discredit my efforts!
Guess who would know it and still keep steppin'?
Feeling there is nothing from anyone,
I seeks that needs approval.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not Up For Debate To Validate

The one thing I most enjoy about being a writer/poet,
With a devotion I know I will stay committed...
To being as honest as possible to my observations,
As they affect my personal feelings and sentiments...
Is the fact that I have no ambition,
To become a politician to offend anyone...
With a taking of a position to then make claims,
To represent opinions that are not my own.
Only to deceive in effective public speeches believed.

And 'if' I should offend anyone with my own opinions,
To be expressed and addressed in a manner I observe...
From my position as a writer/poet affected personally,
By experiences I have lived with a sharing to accept...
With a giving of an honesty I do not neglect,
Or pretend them not to exist to hide and not be shown.
Then let me now make this known to those who object.
What I have experienced is not up for debate to validate.
Nor am I soliciting anyone's vote to popularize a life I live.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not Up For Grabs To Be Repossessed

You HAD that nice home.
In a selected suburban neighborhood.
You HAD that top of the line automobile.
And drove it around as often as you could.
You HAD that picture perfect family,
The kind that represented wholesomeness.
You flaunted with the best of phoniness.

And
You STILL have your pretentiousness,
With your college degrees.
Packed away!
No longer boasted about on your chest.

AND
You have the nerve to tell others,
I am the one not living up to MY potential?
How would you like to see that?
Glittering in your face?
Exhibited?
To allow you and your friends,
Who also HAD?
To stop by to pay inspection visits?

Let me dropp this on you!
Whatever you didn't see before,
That I still HAVE and more...
Was not in the clouds.
My feet have always been planted.
AND whatever it WAS I did not HAVE,
Was not up for grabs to be repossessed.
And today I find my mind at rest.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not Up For That Today

Not up for that today,
No.
Not up for that,
To quarrel and spat
Over traps we set...
To get upset about that now.

Not up for that today,
No.
Not up to discuss how life could have been.
What we've should have done.
Or who committed what sins when.
Not up for that today,
No.

You see that tree budding leaves?
You see that flower blooming with beauty?
You hear the few bees left buzzing?
The birds chirping?
With Spring appearing to bring fresh air?
That's what I am up for this morning.
Not into sharing your agonies,
Dripping to dropp you into despair.
For a round of recurring arguments to share.
No!

Not up for that today,
No.
Not up for that,
To quarrel and spat
Over traps we set...
To get upset about that now.
But take all the time you must...
To agitate yourself,
If that gives you a rush!
I am not up for that to witness,
Not today,
No!
I have a date with life,

I am going to keep!
And you are too late for me to wait,
With your repeated sighs of self defeat.
No...
Not today!
I have a date with life,
I am going to keep!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not What Is Wish...But Done

Its been cold many nights.
When sleeping alone,
Is not what is wish...
But done.

Its been hard to resist.
A needing for much more,
Than an old emptiness,
To come.

I want somebody known to me,
Inside.
I want somebody shown to be,
Alive and not hide...
Away.

Its been cold many nights.
And hugging a pillow to snuggle up,
Is not right!

I want somebody known to me,
Inside.
I want somebody shown to be,
Alive and not hide...
Away.
Or play games that stay on display!

I want somebody known to me,
Inside.
I want somebody shown to be,
Alive and not hide...
Away.

Its been hard to resist.
A needing for much more,
Than an old emptiness,
To come.

An aloneness like this,

Is not what is wished...
But done.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not Who They 'Use' To Be

The only ones fearing to leave a phase of life lived,
To move on and accept that which 'is'...
Are the ones disbelieving those who have aged and matured...
Have done it without a thought of doing it to offend.
Since all that is granted and blessed with life to live,
Must experience each step of it...
Regardless if many find this to regret.
With more than just a few attempting to reject the aging process.

'They are not who they 'use' to be.
I remember years ago they were different people.'

~And I remember being in elementary school.
Some of the 'kids' I knew are STILL there.~

'Well...
I can respect that.
At least they are down to Earth.
Some people have changed so much,
I don't know who they are anymore.'

~Perhaps...
There is 'something' adult about them now.
You know...
Grown, accountable and responsible people.
Believe it or not,
I t happens.~

'Yeah,
But...
Overnight? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not Within Sight Of My Comfort Zone

You've wounded yourself,
With self pity.
And...
You've stunk up good intentions,
Not to mention the burning of the bridges.
And...
No one thinks a maturity grew.
This is proven in observing things done you do.

And I,
Volunteered...
To bring to you happiness.
Or show you how to lead,
If you learn how to follow.
But you wont allow yourself,
The experience of acceptance.

You've wounded yourself,
With self pity.
Not to mention the burning of the bridges.
And lifetime friendships ditched.
This has been proven,
In observing things done you do.

And I,
Volunteered...
To bring to you happiness.
Or show you how to lead,
If you ever learn how to follow.
But you wont allow yourself,
The experience of acceptance.

And begging you to share with me 'joy'...
Is not within sight of my comfort zone.

And I,
Volunteered...
To bring to you happiness.
One to call your very own!

Or show you how to lead,
If you ever learn how to follow.

A guided trip,
Affords one the comfort to absorb.
Not to sit like a sponge,
Soaked and ready to be squeezed...
Until such pain creates nightmares.
To have you there with me and frightened,
Is not within sight of my comfort zone...
To be stung.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not Without Choices To Make

Sometimes my days come,
Without extended shadows.
My mind can cloud...
In search of definition.

Emotions within me,
Aren't always bright with light.
As I become subdued,
To a darker, quiet side.

Some memories I keep,
Are not always the ones teased by pleasantries.
Although I've had lots of fun,
With those I regarded as 'special' ones.

And they are so missed,
When I sit...
To reminisce them.
And their presence alone,
Would lift me quick.

I try to ignore a moodiness,
My mind explores.
And yet I feel the invited guest...
Forced to participate,
In such brooding activities.

Some memories I keep,
Are not always the ones teased by pleasantries.
And the Sun when it comes...
Reminds me I am not without choices to make.
Although, at times, it is difficult to escape...
From the comfort of those times gone.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not Yet Officially Banned

Not yet officially banned,
Are kept old standards.
To have exhausted their purpose,
Through many life spans...
Aging to stale.
Although many wish them to stay,
To renovate with facelifts.
And pay to have their monuments,
Sprayed to cleanse where pigeons sat...
Doing their business to be seen in the act.

Not yet officially banned,
Are old standands to remind and understand...
A priority to valued many refuse to let go.
Even though these times we live show,
That which has expired...
Is dead and from death,
Only ignorance is left to grow.

But...
Once minds are left behind,
They dies and do not grow.
Like a rose that blooms to then be picked,
It dies and doesn't grow.
Nor do people who resist change,
Should expect to get...
Encouragement that nourishes,
When the evidence of it is nonexistent.

Not yet officially banned,
Are old standards practiced religiously.
Not officially banned,
But enforced to endorse...
Are kept traditions to keep minds limited.
Not officially banned,
Is an ignorance that remains...
Accepted to protect,
Officially as if...
A future that is here requires permission,

To live it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not Yet Ready Or Prepared

When good deeds repeatedly go ignored,
By those who oppose them...
With beliefs,
To accomodate good deeds done by others...
Has to first meet requirements,
Of an approved mediocrity...
Eventually leaves those of good deeds to believe,
A doing of good deeds with intended content meant...
Can easily offend those who oppose them,
If a level of comprehension...
Remains to stay comfortably in minds not yet,
Ready or prepared to accept...
The meaning and interpretation of ignorance.

'Now that we've taken a few steps back,
The time has come for us to take leaps...
With it done moving forward,
To prevent a continuing of an ignorant pace...
That makes no progress at all.'

~WHO are you calling ignorant?
Just because our actions speak for themselves,
Does not mean you have to mention them...
As being ignorant.
Your approach is in need of less honesty.
And more sensitivity with it shown to know,
Where we have been as a people.~

'You have no idea,
Just how 'sweetened' my comments have been.
Even though I comprehend to understand,
Your need to identify yourself with the past.
Hopefully,
We will all 'overcome' such ignorance done.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not Yet Ready To Accept As Expressed

There are people selected to sit in positions,
Specifically to exercise their right to stay biased.
With a doing as they wish and like,
To appease those of similar taste and appetites...
Clinging tightly to limited points of views,
Refusing in a stubborn stance to acknowledge...
Either the ones with a higher consciousness,
Or others who may embarrass to have experiences...
Beyond what those in preferred comfort zones,
Not yet ready to accept as is expressed...
As a thought process they can censor but not control.
Therefore...
Decisions are made for a stagnant existence unchanged,
To remain to represent an ignorance tamed and presented...
In frozen molds growing too stale and old,
Until no one is interested to digest to expect but rejects.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Not Your Enabler

I am not existing,
In pretense...
Your insecurities,
I will dismiss.

Nor will I come to understand,
With an acceptance to defend...
At my expense,
It is okay when you display...
Your way of living your life,
Does not get in my way!

I am not existing,
In pretense...
Your insecurities,
I will dismiss.

I am your friend!
Not your enabler to use and offend!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Note: 'For The Housekeeper'

'It's time for answers!
Too many questions long evaded.
These 'requests' have been conveniently swept...
Under rugs hiding steep inclines!
To cross would now put one in jeopardy,
And suspect!

These answers faked, rehearsed and debated,
Has caused dropping jaws,
To find new ways to express versions of contempt!
The choice is not to voice it for purposes to disrupt.
They are in shock,
The game of charades actually mocked their grandeur.
How insulting to receive these sabotaging actions.
From those who gained 'points' for achieving satisfactions.
Not a hint of backstabbing appeared in their eyes...
That's why this revelation has caught them by surprise,
With dropped jaws!

Too much has begun to leak from the front and backdoors.
And nothing they choose to do
Approaches the realities of Earth's atmosphere.
It is clear they are out of touch.
And out of...something they lack,
That can bring back a more fulfilling taste!

With all that has happened...
And with everyone in full acknowledgement,
Of using their brains...
What 'glorious' miracle would come to dazzle our visions,
If those brains came with thoughts?

Even replacing 'idiotic' ones will do.
Anything to get over this 'towering' mess...
To get over debris from cocktail trips that were left.
And in the kitchen where they meet,
To share sweetened delusions...
Sweep every bit of trash under their feet!
Greet them to the exit and make sure they leave! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Nothing

There is one thing,
I can say I can not do.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Nothing About Thanksgiving

There is nothing about Thanksgiving,
That is served without its sentiments.
Nothing about Thanksgiving is forgotten.
Even the choosing of favorite condiments.

Who brought what to share,
And what was said during prayer...
Lingers on from year to year to be remembered.

The young ones who stood on chairs,
Or the elders needing assistance to sit...
Everyone feels blessed to have this reminisced.

There is nothing about Thanksgiving,
Overlooked to disrespect, dismiss or forget.
Nothing about this treasured holiday,
Is forgotten for what it is to not remember those missed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Nothing About This Is Sacred

Building to establish such pious pillars,
On foundations of deception...
Eventually causes them to sink.
Eventually causes them to stink!
With the revealing of concealed evils.

And confessions of digressions.
Affirming corrupted mentalities,
Bleeding beliefs.
In a public meltdown of grieving sorrow.

Justifying the misguiding of dissentions.
That exposes a truth undenied!
Shining with a light,
On those darkened by lies.
All of their lives.

Values and perceptions of them...
Become as hollowed as ceremonial pomp.
With a craze that rages intensely.

And people begin to realize the reeking.
Nothing about this can be kept sacred.
Since nothing about it ever was.
And this is now naked.
Bare and painful.

It was just a depiction,
Of a nonfiction...
To exist and manipulate with persistence.
And difficult to sustain a maintaining,
That drains all of sensibility.

'I am nothing?
And you are comparing this to what? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Nothing Around Them Makes Any Sense

Just because you wish,
To get your anguish off your chest...
And through bitter lips.
Doesn't mean those over hearing this,
Will give you the attention...
You expect from them to get.

If you closed your mouth,
With an intention to comprehend...
You might discover a lesson or two is learned,
And not from your pocket did it cost you a cent.

There are those who believe,
They are beyond those teachings sent.
And they are the ones constantly complaining...
That nothing around them these days,
Makes to them any sense.

Just because you wish,
To get your anguish off your chest...
And through bitter lips.
Doesn't mean those over hearing this,
Will give you the attention...
You expect from them to get.

If you closed your mouth,
With an intention to comprehend...
You might discover a lesson or two is learned,
And not from your pocket did it cost you a cent.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Nothing Better To Wish

Who lives with wishes to be stepped upon?
Like a cemented sidewalk,
Condoning to support more than a few cracks.
Who would be conscious to want or welcome that...
With a doing to catch tossed about and scattered trash?
And disregarded to discard disrespectfully as people pass.

Who amongst us would claim to admit and confess,
The moment they awaken to appreciate blessings they get...
Have nothing better to wish than a want to be stepped upon.
And this is their ultimate thought to think to be treated as if...
They did not exist to crave everyday to be dismissed,
On a daily basis and this was loved!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Nothing But A Piece Of Worthlessness

The value of your worthlessness,
May be more than you deserve.

The richness of your spoiledness,
Has left a texture on my nerves.

The Summer of my discontent,
Keeps you prioritized as a leech
Of my stolen peace.

I allowed you to enter my life unidentified!
And now I wish I had hid from your reach.
At least found somewhere else,
To dignify and uplift...
A moment spent downsizing my pride.

I admit to experiencing loneliness.
And seeking someone special to entertain.

I admit to flirting at the local bar.
With desires for sex on my mind to obtain!

But why was it 'you'...
I found attractive enough,
To allow myself to screw.

When you care less who you do!
Or who it is with.
As long as they give you five minutes.
Buy you a drink and with them you split.
And I had to witness you do it!

You are nothing but a piece of...
Worthlessness!

'And you...
Are not?
Were you looking for a virgin,
To satisfy your urge?

With moralized fantasies pleased...
Until the climaxing of them stop?
Are you the better whore,
Who prefers not to be ignored? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Nothing But Conflict Appears

They would love to have themselves depicted,
As heros and warriors.
But nothing but conflict appears in their DNA.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Nothing But Love

My love is not an imitation of it.
Or is it an impression I lifted.
It is what it is!
Whether you accept or leave it alone.
My love to give does not depend on you.
It is here with me to be shown.
You may take some of it to taste and test.
Become dissatisfied,
Because it is not what you expect.
You may even reject it...
To find something better,
You think for you will be the best!
My love I give is not an imitation of it.
I might have some regrets.
But I know what I have!
And someday someone not blinded by mirages...
Will recognize what it is.
And that special one who comes to give and receive,
Clearly will see what it is from me they can get!
Nothing but love!
That is all I am!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Nothing Can Match It

When one prays
They seek safe passage.
Nothing can match it,
When a faith stays.

And,
When one prays
They seek safe passage.
Nothing can match it
When a faith prayed stays.

Hope,
Nothing can match it.
With a faith.
Nothing can match it.
To initiate
Debate.
And,
When a prayer goes to the root
The feeling felt is absolute.

When one prays...
They seek safe passage.
Nothing can match it,
When a faith stays.

Hope,
Nothing can match it.
With a faith.
Nothing can match it.
To initiate
Debate.
And,
When a prayer goes to the root.
The feeling felt is absolute.

And,
When one prays.
They seek safe passage.

Nothing can match it...
When a faith prayed stays.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Nothing Can Replace Determination

I have always been led to believe,
Anyone with initiative...
And a dream to create their own destiny,
Has prepared to achieve this...
By doing it to face obstacles to erase.

I have always been led to accept,
A sacrificing to reject opposition...
Hanging around my doorstep,
Throwing doubts upon my path...
To prevent my success,
Never should I neglect those tests I've passed.

And...
I have always expected,
Each movement ahead I made to take...
Would reveal what I suspected,
With others implementing to agitate...
Ensuring my failure they would salivate.

But I did not hesitate.
I continued on and prevailed.

I have always been led to believe,
Anyone with initiative...
And a dream to create their own destiny,
Has prepared to achieve this...
By doing it to face obstacles to erase.

And...
Nothing can replace determination.
Or one focused with commitment,
Driven by desire.
I have always been led to believe,
One like this can and will succeed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Nothing Else From One Through Nine

Its gotta be love...
When she shows it,
He knows it.

Its gotta be love...
When he shows it,
She knows it!
And nothing else from one through nine.
She knew the man was her's and fine.
And he knew how to blow her mind!
They did it when they did it,
And it was most of the time

Its gotta be love...
When she shows it,
He knows it.

Its gotta be love...
When he shows it,
She know it!
And nothing else from one through nine.
She knew the man was her's and fine.
And he knew how to blow her mind!

They spent a lot of butt naked kitchen time.
And spent their lives loving,
Not whining and crying.

Its gotta be love...
When he's tired,
She's there...
Preparing to massage he's back.
He's feet!
Posterior too,
Then lay upon him to sizzle,
Until a kiss...
Or two meets.

Its gotta be love...

Correctly,
He appears...
When he hears her troubles begin.
He's there like a man.
The man he had been and still is.
Standing confident.
As if heaven sent!

Its gotta be love...
When she shows it,
He knows it.

Its gotta be love...
When he shows it,
She know it!
And nothing else from one through nine.
And nothing else from one through nine.
'Cause none like them had a better time.

Its gotta be love...
And nothing else from one through nine.
'Cause none like them had a better time.

Its gotta be love...
And nothing else from one through nine.
'Cause none like them had a better time.

Its gotta be love...
And nothing else from one through nine.
And nothing else from one through nine.
And nothing else from one through nine.
And nothing else from one through nine.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Nothing Else Is Needed

I need not know,
That you are blessed.
Nor am I tasking the time,
To see if you show it!
Like those self righteous,
With wings and halos.
Quoting highlighted scriptures...
From Bibles,
As they glow!

Hopefully there is a gratefulness.
Internally felt.
And a consciousness,
That expresses a thankfulness.

Confessions of a closeness to the Creator,
Which is The Most High...
Is a personal committment,
One daily lives.
And not considered a championship to win.
With expectations The Almighty will forgive,
Any and all sins.
As we have been religiously conditioned.

This should not be a bet...
One chooses to pursue to prove in a contest.
To regret upon one's transformation into death.

I need not know,
That you are blessed.
Nor am I tasking the time,
To see if you show it!

If it is felt,
Nothing else is needed...
To qualify this feeling.
And the sensation this feeling brings.

Nothing Else On Their Minds

People frequently ask me,
What it is I do.
And these comments may come,
From those who make claims they know...
Everything about me too.
With a few wishing fresh news to scandalize.

You know the kind?
The ones unbelieving spending time,
Doing something one can not define...
Highly unlikely.
And one who confesses this,
Has to be a liar!
And...
Achieves nothing tangible.

Yet loving to do it over and over again,
For more than fifty years...
Is for many incredibly suspicious.
Since no one from their point of view,
Does this.
And to become devoted to it...
Leaves many who do not have this type of discipline,
Occupying gutter thoughts about what it is that gets done.
And where?

You konw the kind?
The ones with nothing else on their minds...
But sleaze.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Nothing Else That Can Be Said

There is nothing else that can be said,
Regarding that which has been stated.

'Do you wish for us to clarify your comments.
They seem too profound to be left without definition.
Uh...excuse me.
Do you wish for us to clarify your comments.
They seem too profound to be left without definition.'

~He appears to be plugging his ears with cotton.
And using adhesive tape to cover his mouth.
I thought you said he would jump at the opportunity,
To voice his opinion? ~

'I am sure this is a stunt.'

~Was his exit through that door part of this 'stunt'?
I thought you said you knew him? ~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Nothing Exchanged

Deep in that crotch...
Those eyes.

Hers/His/Theirs.

And shifted to cast aside,
A viewed licking of the tongue done.
But they come back to catch,
Muscle tight buns.
Oh yes.

Hers/His/Theirs

And nothing exchanged,
Not even wishes...
That go unknown.

Or a boldness to stop to say,
'Here is my 'info'...
My address and telephone!
Stay in touch.
Can you make that right away? '

They stay in place.
Cemented feet,
Supporting heating temptations.

Hers/His/Theirs

They all stare but no one dares,
To approach or make a move!
Too afraid...
They may not get to touch it!

Preferring their game play,
Discreet and at a distance.

Hers/His/Theirs

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Nothing Felt

Why has the interest faded?
I'm seeking someone real.
Not anyone I need to appeal...
To appease an ego conquest!
Only to satisfy some kind of mental test.

I am ready to expose the me of who I am...
With someone who is not a 'lawyer'
Who needs to place me on a witness stand.
You can practice that crap somewhere else!
I am not the one!
From you I feel nothing felt!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Nothing Felt Is Kept Secret

No survivor completely escapes,
A history laced with grief and/or turmoil...
That weaves to grip without leaping,
Throughout one's ancestry.
Nothing felt is kept secret when flowing through veins.

And those connected,
To those trees affected...
Become fully aware,
From where those branches grown...
Had been rooted in wombs to aid their births.

Many are nurtured to believe,
Their blossoming done from buds to reach...
Was purely assisted by Sunlight.
But there are those with senses touched,
Firmly and tied to their origins.
And their emotions are deeply cemented.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Nothing From The Almighty Do I Hide

The journey taken I've made,
Is not paved with purity.
Nor are my experiences free...
From temptating transgressions.

My choice to live the life I've been given,
Is just that!
My choice.
And adventure I will...
No matter who voices 'what' opinion!

I alone face obstacles I am presented.
And when those consequences come...
I am not one to run away,
In denial or allow myself to be subjected...
To a trial of those self righteous in the hiding,
Of their deceits.
To have others believe they live lives,
Without mistakes made!

I have made many.
I am not complete.
I am a work in progress.
And My Creator knows this.
And 'nothing' from The Almighty do I hide!
Nor do I wish to make the attempt to do so.
I am too much in love with this spirit...
To try to convince my life lived is perfect!
It aint.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Nothing Genuine Is Expressed

We say we pray,
For forgiveness and clarity.
When we are forgiven and the clarity comes...
We become disbelievers.
And we begin to deceive.

Those who can see through us...
See every trick we have that's up our sleeves.

Many perceive what they say,
Is enough to convey their version of truth.
And out from their mouths,
Comes words to impress.
Nothing genuine is expressed.

It would be an awakening experience,
If every Disney character greeted visitors cussing!
Now...
That would be worth the exorbitant entrance fee.
With Mickey chasing Minnie butt naked.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Nothing Gets Collected But Dust On Rust

If you wait too long,
Something will go wrong in your lifetime.
Hesitate,
Believing this eliminates it...
But nothing gets collected but dust,
On rust.

If you wait,
Too long...
Something will go wrong,
In your lifetime.
Hesitate,
Since you wanna and you're gonna.
But nothing gets collected but dust,
On rust.

You put up all your screens on your dreams.
Distrusting they would go or be taken away.

You put up all your reasons to demean!
Believing this would keep your dreams from being seen.

If you wait too long,
Something will go wrong in your lifetime.
Hesitate,
Believing this eliminates it...
But nothing gets collected but dust,
On rust.

If you wait,
Too long...
Something will go wrong,
In your lifetime.
Hesitate,
Since you wanna and you're gonna.
But nothing gets collected but dust,
On rust.

You put up all your screens on your dreams.

Distrusting they would go or be taken away.

You put up all your reasons to demean!
Believing this would keep your dreams from being seen.

If you wait,
Too long...
Something will go wrong,
In your lifetime.
Hesitate,
Since you wanna and you're gonna.
But nothing gets collected but dust,
On rust.

Nothing gets collected but dust,
On rust.

Nothing gets collected but dust,
On rust.

Nothing gets collected but dust,
On rust!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Nothing I Could Say

I remember the first time,
I confronted someone...
Reacting to a rumor.
And from a third person heard.

I shouted obscenities,
In the face of this person.
Only to discover...
The rumor I heard,
Had been about another.

Years has passed.
And I have seen again,
That person I offended.
And with friends that person said to me...
'Are you still that fool I remembered?
And are you still as ignorant,
As you impressed me first to be? '

There was nothing I could say.
I had learned to keep my mouth shut.
And from those wishing to start confrontations...
I don't acknowledge this.
I simply walk away.

Growing older to wisen up,
Has its benefits.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Nothing I Regret To Reminisce

I remember the last time I cared.
And being intimate,
With someone I was 'into'.

Now I am out of that.

Relationships are like investments.
When they are are hot...
The giving is free and easy.
There seems to be enough good stuff,
Enjoyed and passed around.

However,
When the stuff gets rough?
And discussions start becoming huff and puff debates.
With threats?
And yelling done to see who does that best!
I don't regret leaving.
There's nothing like fresh air I want and need.

I don't make promises to anyone I can walk on water.
Nor am I going to be baited to stay hooked,
Or strung along with something that's not working for me!

I was involved in a marriage and one day told...
'I'm going to get mine!
I don't care if you do own the company.
You can be a bank president.
Instead of a janitor.'

How these times have changed!
When was the last time a janitor was suspected of fraud?
And how many banks have already closed?

I remember the last time I cared.
And being intimate,
With someone I was 'into'.
Now I am out of that.
With nothing I regret to reminisce.

And I am blessed to be realistic about it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Nothing In Common

You and I have nothing in common.
When I look to the sky,
I do not seek clouds.
And when it rains I feel nourished.
At least I accept a growth of some kind,
Is going on to encourage my mind...
To remain curious with an inquisitive need,
To adventure.

You associate your life with everything negative.
If I allowed you...
I'd be limping around feeling pains of empathy.
And you'd be there...
Delighting to see my back hunched over,
From a load of your constant unpacking of complaints.
My mind is not here for you to pluck.
All that time I've given to you has been used up.

You and I have nothing in common.
When I look to the sky,
I do not seek clouds.
And when it rains I feel nourished.
At least I accept a growth of some kind,
Is going on to encourage my mind...
To remain curious with an inquisitive need,
To adventure.

And you only come around to offer dead ends!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Nothing In The Pot Is Fit To Eat

Madness driven and pushed to the edge.
Everything they believe in lays crushed and dead.
A compromise can not be reached!
They seek a singeing that burns within.
And rage they do!
It is preferred instead.

They've been scorched and scrambled...
With a temper peppered and teased.
They thought they'd be buttered up and warmed,
Charm toasted, held close and slightly squeezed.

But a shoulder getting colder,
Is what they found in the pot.
And the pot was not about to get heated.

Madness driven and pushed to the edge.
Everything they believe in lays crushed and dead.
A compromise can not be reached!
They seek a singeing that burns within.
And rage they do!
It is preferred instead.

They've been scorched and scrambled...
With a temper peppered and teased.
They thought they'd be buttered up and warmed,
Charm toasted, held close and slightly squeezed.

But a shoulder getting colder,
Is what they found in the pot.
And the pot was not about to get heated.

No...
The pot was not about to get heated.
And...
Nothing in the pot is fit to eat!
Since...
Emptiness is in it and not meat!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Nothing Is Impossible

I do hope your world,
Is treating you fine.
Afterall,
There has been countless of times.
You would laugh at mine.
With a tolerance I accepted.

It seems today,
Impatience you find.
With a discovery of disappointments.
And in my world disappointments are acknowledged.
Accepting imperfections as a means to grow.
But you wouldn't know anything about that.
Since your etiquette for proper standards,
And your status to acquire political corretness...
Frees you to excuse your despairs,
As a means to pass your judgements.

I understand.
And I do hope your world,
Is treating you fine.
Afterall,
There has been countless of times
You would laugh at mine.
With a tolerance I accepted.

Who knows?
Maybe I'll find your world attractive one day.
Nothing is impossible.
Or
Perhaps,
Maybe I should give that 'impossibility' more thought?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Nothing Is Meant To Stay Fluffed Up

Nothing is meant to stay fluffed up,
With a fluffed up stuff that's tough.
And that which climbs to the top,
Comes down.
When an accustomed appearance of it,
Has become too familiar.
And a taste once craved has become enough.

It's in the nature of humanity,
That wishes and desires for something fresh.
Expectations exceed what has been tasted.
And only that which appears new on the scene,
Gets a treatment the old stuff moves aside to give up.
Has anyone observed lately...
The doings of what occurs naturally?

It's all relevant to the event of relevance.
And who and what determines it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Nothing Is More Beautiful

You and I and others too,
Are truly the 'victims' of our own thought process.
IF we change and eliminate
That which we do not wish to have in our lives...
We must not dwell on that which we do not have!
Putting emphasis on that...
Attracts it.
Nothing is more beautiful
Than the realization we can obtain and sustain love.
Just by thought...
Broadening our appreciation,
And escaping from deprivation!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Nothing Is More Bitter

Nothing is more bitter,
Than the taste of one's actions regretted.
Even though a forgiveness may be expressed,
By those whose lives had been affected.

There is nothing like the guilt,
An unconscious mind awakened...
Finds!
And discovers,
It is not an easy task to shake or break away,
From what has been advocated...
And harsely displayed in those misdeeds done,
From one's past.
Upon someone undeserving.

Especially when God selects,
The appropriate punishment!
It seems as though He is not totally,
Forgetful.

Even 'if' one has found a 'rebirth'
In the singing of His praises.
There still will be lessons...
He wishes to insure are completely learned.
And meets the approval of those mistreated.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Nothing Left In You To Believe

Cleverly done,
But your tactics are insignifcant.
The battle you've started,
Has already been won...
By the showing to those stunned,
How deceived they have been.

And how ashamed they feel...
They have allowed those who were trustworthy,
To be crushed under the feet of deceitful people.

Those believed to have been,
Upright...
With their self righteousness.
And just too correct to question!
As a plotting was done,
To create with sensation...
An installation of devastation.

Cleverly done,
As you engineered division and hate.
But your tactics are being erased.
By those who have grown tired,
Listening to debates that over-rate fear.
With a wish people buy this,
To have you direct the flow of their tears.

Eyes are opening and they can see...
Everything they believed,
Has been one lie after another...
You have gleefully fed to feed.

Cleverly done.
But you have unravelled,
Your own demise.
And your lies can no longer support,
A forgiving salvation.

There is nothing left in you to believe,

That others can see or deeply perceive...
Has been sincerely touched,
Within a place in your mind...
That knows anything about loyalty, love...
Devotion or trust!
Not by what you have allowed to happen.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Nothing Left Inside The Pot But The Spoon

Ahhh...
With a taste that gets more delicious.
And with a doing that gets more ambitious.
To leave both lips and those fingertips...
Nothing but deliciousness to lick.

With a taste that gets more delicious.
And with a doing that gets more ambitious.
To leave both lips and those fingertips,
Nothing but deliciousness to lick.

Simmered in the pot was a lot to start.
With a slow cooking that began mouths to drop.
And everybody fed on it until they stopped.
To leave nothing left inside the pot,
To dip with a sipping to spoon.

With a taste that gets more delicious.
And with a doing that gets more ambitious.
To leave both lips and those fingertips,
Nothing but deliciousness to lick.
To leave nothing left inside the pot,
But the spoon!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Nothing Left To Auction

Those who hated,
Now find themselves to be naked.
And..
Without escapes,
To re-address a fate that awaits.

Isolated and outraged,
By their own selfish ways...
And now naked.
Those who hated can't fake it.
Or look for those escapes...
That chased away,
The others from the gates.

They now are naked!
Together and can't fake it.
Those with time to hate...
Isolated and outraged,
By their own selfish ways...
Now themselves so naked.
Discriminated and hated.

'Our things are gone,
There's nothing left to auction.'

Now themselves so naked.
Discriminated and hated.
Isolated and outraged.
By their own selfish ways.

'Our things are gone,
There's nothing left to auction.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Nothing Left To Do To Be Done

No one voices their opinion,
Until an escalation of an ending begins.
And they make a collective noise then,
As if what is said should make sense and is heard.
Yet,
Disorderly conduct is all that is observed.

And those who came to warn them of misgivings...
Leave this scene without a mumbling word.
There is nothing left to say.
Nothing left to do to be done...
In a way that stayed obeyed!
So they lower their heads and pray.
Choosing to take their peace of mind,
And walk away while there is still time.
Some folks use their trivialities...
As if these are what is wished to find,
As a gold mine.
A self reflection had not visited their minds.
And that is the discovery of this sadness,
Had and has reached its full!
They choose to leave behind.
A higher consciousness to those promised...
Has been witnessed from them to be dismissed.
And ruined 'gifts' are left to sit,
And shared in disrespect.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Nothing Like A One On One Done

It seems so easy to perceive,
Weakness interpreted...
From someone believed to be sensitive.
Judgements are quick to pass,
On these types of people classified as such.
And connected to emotions.

It seems so easy...
To pick people like this to play dirty tricks.
Until one does it.
And the chances of them getting away,
Unscathed with it...
Is zero.

Although it is fun to see,
An unsuspected fear in the eyes...
Of those caught off guard and quite surprised,
By a bit of unsweetened reality...
Delivered upfront and personally.
There is nothing like a one on one done!
For fun AND sport.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Nothing Like It To Compare

Healing from both illness and sorrow,
With a doing of it successfully...
And alone but with faith kept,
Is an experience never to be forgotten.
There is nothing like it to compare.

And those remembered,
For choosing to be indifferent...
Are given their rightful places,
In minds of those...
Who are blessed to recover with fresh insights.

No matter what the looks of surprise expressed,
On unbelieving faces.
When one recovers to appear better than they were,
Prior to being emotionally devastated...
There is also an awakening that occurs and stays.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Nothing Missed

Where is that 'was' we once had...
Then left behind.
That 'was' that does not exist for us,
Now.
And has not been touched for years.

I often wonder what had happen to that love.
We then couldn't resist to reveal it quick,
The moment we stripped and appeared naked...
With promises never to leave lips locked tenderly.
But today we seem to enjoy separate dreams.

I never thought I would live my life alone.
To come to liking it,
Just as it is.
Without the moods and unexpected tears.

I never thought I would live my life alone.
To come to liking it,
And condoning a reminiscing.
But confessing nothing is missed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Nothing More Nor Is There Anything Less

I am quite simple.
And I guess in that basicness,
There is a complexity some wish to see.

I have no hidden agenda.
No ego to massage.
I too concern myself,
With a degrading quality of life.
I wish I had powers to make that right.
But I don't.
Nor will I let that be assumed...
I enforce 'visions' like that in my mind.
To occupy and absorb.
As if I allow that room.

I am quite simple.
And I guess in that basicness,
There is a complexity some wish to see.

I acknowledge I am a writer.
But I express that done,
With the best of my ability!
And nothing more,
Nor is there anything less...
Will I confess,
Satisfies or gratifies that constant need.
Whether or not that is understood by others.
I understand it!
And somehow...
That is all I need to know.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Nothing Natural About It At All

That portrait painted,
Hangs much too low,
The light from it appears to be shaded.
Where did the gleeming smiles,
And the brightness go?

Those sloping lush hills,
Seemed so green just yesterday.
Even when the clouds and rain came near...
None of it on this portrait showed.
The rays of the Sun,
Were then so clear.

Wasn't the Sunrise on the horizon,
Full of vivid promises free of duels?
And who came to smear a tinge of darkness upon it?
That had to have been just after noon.

The peaks of mountains,
Snowcapped and strong?
There is something about it,
That will not be prolonged.
The melting of snow,
Seems to have gone.

What 'is' this?

Something about it,
Has to be stopped.

I can see in its future,
This portrait is going to be forgotten.
Snatched off the wall.
And its presence remembered...
From memories dropped.

That can not be the same portrait!
Seen now to hang so pitifully.
Tilted, in a lopsidedness.

That brings not a hint of joy to me.

Is this someone's idea,
Of a joke to provoke?
My atmosphere...
Is not a place to invite tears?
The sweeping of the strokes...
Has abandoned its meaning.
To another scene in a secret elope.

That portrait painted,
Hangs much too low,
The light from it appears to be shaded.
Where did the smiles,
And the brightness go?

HELLO!
...hello...hello...hello...

Even the echos once heard from the valleys,
Aren't responding with a clarity.
Rich and reflective.

This is not an original.
This one is absolutely faked.
Who is trying to exhibit this image?
To pass it as something great?

Take it away from this place.
Get rid of it.
And tear down that wall.
It makes me sick.

It has become too common.
It blocks out all that's right.
There's nothing natural about it at all.
It conflicts with the ambiance.
And this ambiance...
Does not invite blight!

Get rid of it now!
More light is what I wish.

Take that piece of trash and burn it.
After its been dumped,
To cover the fumes...
In a dirt covered ditch!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Nothing Nibbled Is Permanent

Live as if life is meant to give.
And...
That life we all have has 'already' been given.

Take as if rewarded for deeds achieved.
And...
Pleased with a life lived is guaranteed.

However...
One breathing daily the breath of life,
Seeking the fulfillment of promises others make...
May become disappointed by the length of the wait,
As frustrations become more the experience...
Of one's delayed expectation.

And,
Unfortunately...
For those living like this,
A complaint department does not exist!

So...
Live as if life is meant to give.
And...
That life we all have has 'already' been given.

Just know this...
Those prepared to taste the texture of cupcakes,
May have to settle for sour lemondrops as a replacement...
Now and then!

Remember...
Nothing nibbled is permanent.
Whether enjoyed or not!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Nothing Of This Will Last

When I can walk around you completely naked.
That's the kind of love I want to have.
When I tell you truths...
And you can take not faking it!
That's the kind of love I want to have.

If I can be there close to you.
Closer than anyone you know or knew.
And we could come to do this...
Feeling all of our hopes have come true.
That's the kind of love I'd like to have with you.

When I awake not quite nice...
Refusing last night to hold you tight.
And watching you tolerate me to prevent a fight.
Storm away from you a few times I did do...
To return and apologize!
As I wipe tears of forgiveness from your eyes.
The eyes that captures my heart all the time!
Until that happens...
Let us slowly build that climb!
That's the kind of love I want to have!

There when I wake up...
And when good luck drops me on my butt!
That's the kind of love I want to have.
A union dressed up in vows.
If allowed!
And 'if' you can't have me like this,
Completely naked as I am...
Then what is the point of us being here?
No love like that stays strong and stands!

Nothing of this unresisting will last...
If I can not feel free being with you,
Totally bare ass.
And nothing of this unresisting stays,
If your intentions constantly plays!
Nothing of this will last.

Because that's the kind of love,
I had in my past!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Nothing On The Ground Matters

People wishing to be understood...
As if life itself was created just for them,
To receive that kind of attention from others...
Are deeply self involved.
And there is nothing that will solve that dilemma.
They have been conditioned,
To accept a point of view removed from reflecting life!
Living in the fantasies in their minds.
And not quite accepting that in 'this' existence...
We have overglorified ourselves,
As having a greater significance than anything...
In the cosmos and beyond!
And the truth of the matter is,
From the top of Sears Tower...
Observing what's below?
The first thing that's on someone's mind,
Is how far above they are above such nonsense!
And who or what 'IF' anything at all...
Is walking or crawling on the ground.
And the higher one gets...
Nothing on the ground matters.
Except 'their' feet...
They are hoping to plant on it again,
After that experience!
That's it!
Not who is going through a 'hissy' fit.
Or having a personal self centered crisis!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Nothing On This Earth

I did not arrive to toil for anyone's fancy,
Or their foils to have me grieve.
I am here to get work done.
And if I'm shunned that's okay,
You've elected to leave me that way!
That's my only obligation...
To produce for God!
And there will not be any other way!
No matter how strange.
Or job I do with a look you find odd!

Your decision to keep me suppressed...
Only produces not supercede your duress.
And nothing on this Earth your ignorance has done,
Will succeed to accomplish anything...
Unless it's defeat you declare you have won!
I answer to The Almighty.
Not just the whims of anyone!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Nothing Owed To Anyone

The only thing one may be observed doing,
May not be the only thing one can do.

That which is seen to prejudge,
May be thought to be one's only choice,
Because of an appearance of ease.
Few consider that what one chooses,
May satisfy that taster.

There may have been other things,
One has chosen to choose as well.
With other abilities accomplished and achieved.
Knowing there is nothing owed to anyone else,
To prove with a solicitation of attention sought.

The greater good is delivered to the one focused,
On a path one travels with purpose.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Nothing Remains To Sustain An Intensity Given

The cresting that comes and wanes...
Does not fade within a heart,
That has felt the gift of Sun!
It remains and not falters...
To sparkle bright and reflect,
Upon those who witnessed...
And accepted a change that has occured.
Nothing remains to sustain an intensity given.
It is an experience to be collected.
Shared and remembered for what it is.
Not to be held to define one's greatness.
Attempting to achieve a stability that keeps evolving...
Results in defeat and overwhelming conflict!

Nothing remains to sustain an intensity given.
It is an experience to be collected.
Shared and remembered for what it is.
And passed on.
But some with greed would like to perceive,
With beliefs worshipped and symbolized!
That this giving done is of their own creation!
And they can not let it go.
Like a leaf refusing to fall from the tree of its life.
Remembering what it was.
And not accepting this process that moves on!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Nothing Stays To Remain As Is

Outdated and aged traditions,
Are much like diets...
People are reluctant to realize,
Time has identified them...
In need of drastic change.
With each step taken to move ahead.
Yesterdays, although loved to reminisce,
Eventually have to be let go.
To be replaced for what it is that exists.
Nothing stays to remain as is to sit.

Like a child attending school for the first time,
Leaving behind what is comfortable...
Is a slow process to overcome,
A doing that has served a purpose done.
Such as beliefs to teach what is to learn,
Has to be left to expect they can not be kept...
If steps are to be taken to move forward,
To allow that which follows and comes next.
With it to understand...
No one blessed to live life to experience,
Does this to do without having regrets.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Nothing Stays To Stick

Opportunities do not alone come,
To arrive without connections.
Very few doors open or close...
If they are not attached to hinges.

How many can say they sit,
Inside a house without a roof?
A home is not a home...
Unless someone lives in it,
To make that proof.

And who can say they are truly happy,
Until that has been pursued?

A quality of life is only quality obtained...
When all pieces come together,
And everyone is participating...
With no one deluded or refusing to accept truth!
And when that is discovered...
That is maintained.

Nothing stays to stick to cement quick,
Without a seriousness attached to it!
And that seriousness is there and meant.
For purposes to have those involved...
Accepting there is an agreed upon benefit.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Nothing That I Do Has You In Hindsight

I do not know who's reality,
You believe I could be living.
Or should accept as blind advice.
As if I seek advice I know I will not like.

I will share this with you without any misgivings...
Nothing that I do has you in hindsight.
Nothing but a wish that you disappear,
From 'my' reality...
To be away from mine and clearly in your own!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Nothing That Is Desired Is A Given

If you want to know more,
About what it is like to experience life.
Ignore everything you've heard about it.
And on your own,
Explore.

And if on your journey,
Your path has upon it obstacles you fear...
Choose first to understand why they are there.
Stay determined, be persistent.
And time will not be a factor...
As those obstacles you witnessed from you disappear.

However...
You will also welcome the sweating it takes to get it done.
And the joy comes in the knowing that you did it!
Stay determined, be persistent.
And with that fixed in your mind you will know,
Nothing that is desired is a given without sacrificing.
And your life,
With that in perspective...
Will be abundantly filled with experiences.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Nothing To Convince Or Persuade

I have a need to participate,
With this explicit adventure.
To set it aside to question it,
With expectations in detail met...
Opens the experience,
For unnecessary regret.

We are here not to rule,
But to obey!
Those that have already been defeated by nature...
Have nothing to convince or persuade,
From open mouths to say to encourage urges.
Or from lips fixed to challenge the wind when it whips!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Nothing To Do With Fear

I use to fear the unknown.
Until I was shown each day I live,
From the moment I was born to face steps...
I had to accept to take I had never taken before,
Were obstacles and not impossibilities.
And the more shown fears came to appeared at my door.
To undo.
I proved to myself alone...
That those unknown fears appearing,
Would still be there condoned...
If I did not face them to remove with a doing.
As if a purpose I was here to serve had nothing to do with fear.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Nothing To Do With My Master's Plan

Straight and narrow.
And on a path paved...
Without a sign of an obstacle?
Few I've come to know...
Have traveled those roads.

With no difficulties at all to face?
Perhaps some wish,
Their lives had this pace.

But there is an advantage,
Of those twists and turns.
So much is learned from the adventure.

If I had my druthers to live another life...
I know those experiences,
Would be choices I would like.
And I know I would choose,
To refuse sorrow and pain.

With no difficulties at all to face?
Perhaps some wish,
Their lives had this pace.

But there is an advantage,
Of those twists and turns.
So much is learned from the adventure.
So much is there to gain.
And happy I am,
I had nothing to do with my Master's plan.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Nothing To Do With Their Active Involvement

A 'knowing' takes observation.
With a growing of a comprehension,
That connects with effectiveness.
Many have chosen to accept this,
As the main ingredient to their happiness.

Those affected by what is observed,
But reject the obvious as cause and reason...
Live in spaces they believe invisible.
With a series or excuses and denials,
From them sent to dispute a truth meant.
And a clarity that has been heaven sent?
Well...
Folks can not perceive in their daily routines,
Truth like this breaks through walls of cement.

There is something that can be said,
About those who try to escape...
From what they dread.
And it is all in their heads...
Cushioned by delusion,
That the appearance of what is...
Isn't for them to be experienced.

Nor Has it 'anything' or nothing at all,
To do with their active involvement.
And as long as they inhibit and reside within it,
Participating...
There is a belief they keep pieces of it concealed.
And 'this' is believed by those with this perception,
They alone have choices
To pick and choose their own realities.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Nothing To Excite The Dead To Dance

Okay!
Now that the smelling salts have been applied...
And you have survived from revival visitations,
With Howdy Dowdy, Buffalo Bob and Clarabelle.
And your fixations with the way things were in the 60's,
Can be quickly packed away to rust!
With your awards for thrusting your hips doing the 'Twist'.
Get this...
Those days are not coming back.
Get that?
Those days are not coming back!
Snap out of it.

What is being done today,
Will not make you way of life,
Any more popular than you believe it should be!
As a museum exhibition treated with preserved dignity!
Maybe a sleeping aid...
To put those who have progressed to sleep.
But nothing to excite the dead to dance!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Nothing To Gain

I can not override your guilt maintained
By sweetening my experiences,
I alone have obtained.

Nor can I overlook my scars,
My smile might hide to camouflage.
I am not here to convince,
My emotions are contained by not wincing.
Nor make attempts to refrain from my own pain.

And I surely have nothing to gain,
By revealing my healing to you.
I am not one to wallow away in shade digressing...
Who's point of view I should have,
Or had not comprehended or accepted to pursue.
I have other things on my mind to do!
When I forgive and forget...
I move on from it,
And I am through!

If and when I do give blood...
Whether for charity,
Or from a wound that has been inflicted.
It will still drip from my own veins.
Standing, sitting or unconscious as it drips,
The 'me' I am still remains!

And I will not be seeking anyone's assessment...
Or interpretation as to how that feels.
As a sensation instigated by one fascinated.
There are too many like that...
Anticipating to be baited!
No one will know that but me.
And I am not into dramatic exaggerations.
Nor repeated self beatings,
To relive to incite my peace.
And 'that' has been well deserved!
Like a dessert I love that has been served.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Nothing To Say

There are those days,
When having nothing to say...
Is more effective,
Than listening to an open mouth...
With the same repeated nonsense,
Coming out of it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Nothing To Them Dawns

It is getting increasingly obvious,
Who the foolish people are.
And the support they are receiving,
By those who follow blindly behind...
With an absence of their own thought process.

It is getting increasingly obvious,
Who has been depicted as nonconformists.
With a choosing to witness those sitting on a fence.
Debating between themselves to convince,
Which one is more logical and who makes sense.
As they try to impress who has the greater intelligence.

And the ones long depicted as nonconformists,
Now too impatient to listen to foolish arguments...
Find what others do no longer to their amusement.
With decisions they have made in times faded and gone,
To leave alone whether right or wrong...
Those remaining to debate over the obvious,
From Sunrise to Sunset and yet nothing to them dawns.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Nothing We Say Or Do Goes Unheard

Pray to ask for clarity to come.
Be thankful in your doing of this,
Since nothing that we say or do...
Goes unheard to be dismissed.

Humanity is not an accident,
That has occurred upon this planet Earth.
With a purpose that has meaning...
We are here to accomplish tasks.

Some have not asked to define,
The taste of their assigned flavors.
And often have found that following,
The scent of what has been presented...
Has resulted in their resentment.

Pray to ask for clarity to come.
Be thankful in your doing of this,
Since nothing that we say or do...
Goes unheard to be dismissed.
And ignoring the seriousness of a mission,
Increases the self infliction of conflict.

Pray...
And all will be revealed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Nothing Wrong With Their 'Norm'

As far as contradictions go.
And those critical of hypocrites,
Known to contradict.
What purpose is accomplished or achieved,
If mindsets conditioned to believe...
Those outspoken with a problem with this,
Are mavericks, misfits...
And depicted nonconformists.

And those upset with idealistic visions,
Have wishes with wants to everyone adopt to adapt...
To their perceptions just to debate over deluded details,
What 'should' be accepted to digest and approve...
By those who have found with a stubbornness,
Who refuse to see Or perceive...
There is nothing wrong with their 'norm'.
And should be tolerated to be left alone as condoned.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Nothing...

They share 'one' thing in common,
With truth and reality.
Nothing!

And when they separate from each other,
A 'nothingness' is spread...
That is what the surveys have found!

However...
Some dispute the results of this...
Believing conflicts are appropriate
For constant fighting and throwing tantrum fits.
Beating each other like dead horses,
To the ground!
Until there's 'nothing' resisted existing...
And restoring the 'nothingness'
As if having this 'is' the ultimate crown.

'And the winner of chaos with conflicts?
Those misunderstandings that come to visit?
To debate issues of what is right or wrong?
Who is off key singing what song...
All take a back seat to sit! '

Beaten and tired of all of it...
Is admitted!

The winner of this mixture of tricks,
When all has been trounced to bits...
Is nothing!

Frowns have diminished,
And gone are worries of 'ups' and 'downs'.
When absolutely 'nothing' arrives...
Peace arises and surrounds!

Beaten and tired of all of it...
Is admitted!
And the quietness of 'nothing',

Has power to remove frowns
Plastered on familiar clowns!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Nothing's Free

You've got to know...
Life becomes what it is to be.
And not what one believes is free.
Each of us have separate missions.
And only those missions we receive.

You've got to know...
Life becomes what it is to be,
For believers who know nothing's free
Since each of us have separate missions.
And from birth they are received

You've got to know...
Everyone who gets to live is tested.
To live with a doing of their best.
And some may find that getting rest,
Maybe the 'thing' they get less.
Everyone who gets to live is tested.
To live with a doing of their best.
And some may find that getting rest,
Maybe the 'thing' they get less.

You've got to know...
What is NOW isn't what it was.
And that's what change means and it does.
While some may wish for time to stop,
As they sit back to clock watch.
But that clock, tick tocks...
To tick tock.
But that clock, tick tocks...
To tick tock.

What is NOW isn't what it was.
And that's what change means and it does.
Some may wish for time to stop.
As they sit back to clock watch.
But that clock, tick tocks...
To tick tock.

You've got to know...
Very few have time to waste.
As they wish for a slice of cake.
To taste the way they prefer it baked...
And then to wait and hesitate,
For a better cake baked.

You've got to know...
That clock,
Tick tocks.
To tick tock.
That clock,
Tick tocks.

You've got to know...
That clock,
Tick tocks.
To...tick tock.
That clock,
Tick tocks.

You've got to know...
Everyone here is on a mission,
To do without omission.
Few are excused from conditions...
To refuse,
To do!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Notice

Notice.
With eyes to widen.
Notice.
With ears to hear.
Those with needs gone neglected.
Take notice.
Of who interferes.
Nothing that is going on,
Right or wrong...
Has disappeared.
To see it near.

Notice.
What is protested.
Notice.
Those this affects.
Take notice.
Who pays the attention.
Notice.
The ones caring less.
Nothing that is going on.
To prolong...
Isn't cloudy but clear.

Too many have decided to live...
Their lives directed.
With steps that are fed.
And too many have selected,
To have no thoughts in their heads.
Unless,
To choose...
From what has been approved.

Notice.
Who gets upset.
Notice.
Who accepts.
Notice.
Who complains.

And notice,
Who does this best.
Nothing that is going on,
Prolonged to know it wrong...
Hasn't changed for years.
With many hoping to notice,
This disappears.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Noticeable Loss Of Positive Energy

No everlasting feeling of joy,
Permanently stays...
In those who participate,
With the undoing of advancements...
Others around them make.

There is a bond affected.
Whether this is known or not.
A benefitting flow disconnects.
And a motivation once satiated,
Stops...
With a noticeable loss of positive energy,
In the environment!

And no one perceives,
Their own selective negative input...
As the reason.
With calls of an outreaching,
To unify collective efforts...
Ignored.
Eventually to become abandoned.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Noticeable Shifts

I am not living my life to prove,
Those yesterdays I've been blessed to live...
I can repeat each one to do.
With a doing done to refuse to admit,
My body and mind...
Have not made noticeable shifts.

From one stage to another,
I've witnessed to accept and not resist...
Changes to value and benefits to get,
As an unfolding of a growth process...
Developed more interest,
In my living to experience all I could get.

Lessons to master and tasks to pass,
Did not come easy with them coming so fast.
With not a moment to regret,
The steps I have had to make to move forward.
Although left to leave some folks behind,
Dancing to the same unchanged rhythms.
Done with minds to find those times long gone.

I am not living my life to prove,
Those yesterdays I've been blessed to live...
I can repeat each one to do.
With a doing done to refuse to admit,
My body and mind...
Have not made noticeable shifts.
They have.
And I am glad not to look back with wishes,
I have heard from some to express...
They had addressed their aging with less,
Attempts made to stay forever unchanged.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Noticeably Beginning To Dim

With clinical precision,
Mother Nature has made a decision...
To correct,
That which 'She' feels is best...
To eliminate with a healing,
The ridding of a defective mess.
Some lights that use to shine with brightness,
And thought to be held in place snug and tight...
Are noticeably beginning to dim.
With a doing more rapidly than can be expected.

'But 'Mommy'...
I enjoyed them.
They were fun.'

~The time has come for you to graduate, son.
With a doing I approve.
And that is how this is going to be done.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Noticed

I know you would love to find me wrong.
And I would just love to find you...
Expressing an opinion,
That had a conviction you felt strong enough
To believe!

Instead of finding someone to hide behind...
To encourage them to despise,
And look down upon me!
I am not that foolishly convinced,
Of your intentions!

But then again...
You represent so many,
Who character assassinate...
As a means to live a low life,
With incentives to increase a self esteem.
I have witnessed that too often.

You're the kind to deceive another,
Who hopelessly believes...
A projected motivation...
Feeds all of your needs!
And I have noticed you too long...
Not to know this,
As I notice.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Noticed By Those They Know

For anyone caught up in a fixed belief,
It is never too late for them to make changes...
Needed in their lives,
With a doing to defeat effectively...
Lieing to themselves repeatedly.
Either hopes one day someone begins a petition,
That advocates a ten day week.
Or prays on their knees their ability to procrastinate,
Isn't noticed by those they know...
Exposing at least one raised eyebrow.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Noticing Those Who Mock Others

When one perceives another to be,
Among those shallow...
That's when charades began.
A mission to an understanding begins.

Many choose to impress,
With an intelligence expressed.
And fools show their best efforts,
That lack signs of common sense.

And noticing those who mock others,
Find more time to socialize.
But have none of it,
To roll up their sleeves to get anything done.

While those that 'are' mocked,
Are generally the ones in spite of opposition...
Pursuing their wishes and dreams.
And it seems this is done in front of everyone.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Notoriety

Those who achieve notoriety,
May not have started on that path...
Seeking it at all.

Notoriety...
Seems to be what others single out,
To convince a uniqueness is to be believed.

And a determination is bestowed,
Believed deserving of attention.
A notoriety is 'given' but seldom is it mentioned,
By the one who did not solicit it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Notorious Hypocrisies

It's a common excuse used,
To say...
'Inappropriate conduct,
Is inexcusable in times lived today.'

Apologies are made,
By those with inflated egos.
Getting their ten to fifteen minutes of fame.
And displaying shameless antics.
With expectations,
To be forgiven for their public 'fits'.
And a degraded population sits,
In acceptance...
Of this unappetizing crockpot full of derangeness.

While those who participate,
Try to save their fates.
By the addressing of what agitates...
In suits and ties.
Hoping a forgiveness,
Will mask their lies!
Or disguise their attempts tried.

And it works!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Nouveau Loose Of Caboose And Off Track

Unmistakable truths,
Are cropping up like pop tarts...
To munch on like a snack,
These days.

Wisecracking 'misfits',
Are more than welcomed...
To join in with the foray.
Displayed on any corner in view.

It seems as if a major shift in consciousness,
Has upon us arrived.
And people are scambling to identify,
With something tangible that is recognizable.
Like...
Those various versions of normalcy,
And...
The rarely used common sense.

Unmistakable truths,
Are cropping up like pop tarts...
To munch on like a snack,
These days.

Wisecracking 'misfits',
Are more than welcomed...
To join in with the foray.
Displayed on any corner in view.

And the nouveau riche,
Find themselves joining forces with those poor.
Since all are welcomed through these doors...
These days.
And in these times we live.

It seems as if a major shift in consciousness,
Has upon us arrived.
And people are scambling to identify,
With something tangible that is recognizable.

These days.

Like the absence of delicious gossip.
You know...?
The kind that baits magnetic ears,
Closer to listen!

We 'must' christen these days,
And the people crazed in dazed amazement:
Nouveau Loose of Caboose and Off Track!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

'Noveltilize'

You declare you are not racist.
I declare I could care less.
My steps I take,
Do not seek your acceptance.
Nor do I apologize for any rudeness you detect.
Whatever you are not...
I hope it isn't stopping you,
To discover who you are!
I'm living my life seeking not to qualify,
For an applied definition.
So many seem to do that...
To induce a substance,
That produces from them meaning.
Only to discover...
They are locked into something,
That has to identify one's color!
Or an abbreviation to 'noveltilize' their existence.

Note:
Noveltilize? When someone is seen from a novelty
point of view..i.e. not being human, but a 'thing' or an 'it'
as if a fad or something new on the scene. They become
'noveltilized' by those viewing. As one would observe an object!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Novelty

Novelty.
This object.
Discussed...
As if devoid of feeling.
Blatant when shown disrespect.
Neglected like a weed.
But a flower this becomes.
Protected as it grows.
How it does it no one knows.
Reflecting no hints,
Of a torment separations felt...
That sent it grieving.
Obstacles met.
This object has no regrets.
It feels blessed,
To have survived!
No novelty is the life within,
That thrives.
And pioneers upon new horizons.
Brave and unafraid...
To be used as a preview to what comes.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Novelty That Commoditizes Satisfactions Until Eatened

Why would anyone want fame AND fortune?
To complicate the basicness to live one's life,
Without being scrutinized daily under spotlight.

Were we given gifts for the purpose,
To market and sell that highlights a life?
Or are we here to benefit humanity?
To assist the uplifting of consciousness.
With a living to give and to do that right!

Why would anyone want fame AND fortune?
To exist in isolation,
For the act of receiving fading adulation.

Why would one wish to sit upon a pedestal?
And regret eventually such a publicness.
To be nibbled and pick over from a notoriety treated.
Like a novelty that commoditizes satisfactions until eatened.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Novices

Attempting to play catchup,
In a go-cart.
As dragsters are passing by,
Fast enough to give one whiplash.
On a track where speed leaves no excuses,
If one should feel trashed by all the action.
This would not be suggested for those less experienced.

And these attempts made by novices,
Are not recommended.
Especially for those requesting instructions,
On how to put on their goggles!
Or waiting to be granted space to join in,
With an acknowledged effort.
And cheers expected 'if' this race they win!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Novocaine Free

What world have they been living in?
Not to notice the vanishing,
Of their quality of life slowly diminishing.
It's not as if there were not those who said so.
However...
There were those who chose to deny,
They were vicimizing themselves.
By accepting disrespect.
And condoning its appearance...
As the best yet to get.
While making no demands,
By raising a firm hand against this mess.

And suddenly they wish to stop the bleeding?
Suddenly they wish to see their children disciplined.
Suddenly they value the purpose of higher education.
Thinking now becomes a treasure.
And a comprehension is wanted...
By those who now understand,
What the mind can do when it is used.

And now folks choose to move forward...
With beliefs there will be no pain.
And for these folks it will be unfortunate,
For them to experience...
A reality that comes to them,
Novocaine free.
With no numbing of delusions done,
To trade reality for weekend escapades.
What comes is here to stay!
Prickling with truth to aid those awakening...
From their bouts of charaded amnesia.
Recessed with sweetened fantasies!

'1-2-3...
WAKE UP! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Now

Now...
And unmistaken is the swiftness of a kept beat!
Now...
The rhythm felt that sweeps people off their feet,
With such a speeding certainty...
Has a pace to keep a speeding done much too fast.
Leaving many out of breath with none to grasp.

Now...
The times we are living in,
Have begun to give many whiplash!
And those left banging their heads on dash boards,
Either wish not to be in the driver's seat...
Or are too medicated to notice the difference,
Between a brick wall and effective change.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

'Now'

Those things I do not understand,
Are not left in my mind misunderstood.
It is not my time to understand.
And when that happens...
I will do what I should.
And that is ask for clarity.
When that moment arrives for that need in me.
Hesitating in waste,
Provokes no ambition or ignites productivity.
Not when I choose to exist in the 'now'...
I am never outdated or late.
And living in the 'now' is good enough for me be!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Now Amongst Us

What will they do,
With beliefs no longer relevant?
What thoughts will they think...
When they had few from the start.
Concepts of realities are going to change,
So quick!
What was relied upon to defend...
Is ending a falsity 'asumed' as legitimate!
With aliens crossing borders,
And landing in backyards...
People aren't prepared for these events,
Descending and coming down upon them hard!
Too many folks are seeing UFO's...
As common as lies to them are told!
And how we all arrived on this planet...
Is about to change historic episodes,
And many will be lost to comprehend...
Left crazed in a daze to understand it!
What will they do,
With beliefs no longer relevant?
What thoughts will they think...
When they had few from the start.
Concepts of realities are going to change,
So quick!
Many will be traumatized...
To learn we are powerless,
Against those of advanced minds...
Now amongst us that have arrived to visit!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Now For Dessert

mmm...
That was delicious.
And seasoned to taste.

'It was in the tenderizing.'

So that explains the softened crusts?

'Now for dessert.
Let's destroy ourselves! '

Good idea.
I've already started...
Why should I bother to stop?

'Oh...
So that was you who created that separation? '

I don't want to brag because I was tempted...
But 'yes'!
I couldn't wait!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Now Get Out Of My Face

Mirror mirror on the wall,
Am I still the gorgeous one of all?

Mirror mirror on the...

'Look.
Come closer...
I've got something to say to you.

Don't you come here ever again,
Asking me to lie.
Is that understood?
I am not here anymore,
To fulfill your head with delusions.
Is that clear? '

Wha...'

'Is it or is it NOT clear? '

It's clear, it's clear, it's clear.

'Now get out of my face.
You make me sick! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Now Here So Vivid

Here so vivid,
Is the experience of life given.
So vivid too are those disparities.
To allow others,
The giving of an invitation...
To come and do,
Then to go as they please.

How vivid are the actions,
On others performed.
To take what they thieve...
And upon themselves adorn.
Enriching with an enhancement,
From the day they were born.

Here so vivid,
Are atrocities.
So atrocious in implementation...
An acceptance of it,
To gather lives to ruin...
As if in a playing of monopoly.

And the game inflicted does not go away.
It stays and commands to become obeyed.
With restrictions that exist,
Using religious beliefs...
As a means to control,
In the spreading of a wickedness...
To maim and defeat,
Those depicted as enemies.

Here so vivid,
Is the experience of life given.
So vivid too are those disparities.
To allow others,
The giving of an invitation...
To come and do,
Then to go as they please.

Using deception to promote misdeeds.
To witness those doing this...
Eventually,
Unravel from their own intricate...
Strategic complexities.

Now here so vivid,
Are those so unwise.
So vivid with a clarity...
Are those removed from their disguises.
To become recognized and themselves despised.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Now I Can See

I use to believe,
Those deluded by fantasy...
Were the ones that had 'the problem'.

But as I have gotten older...
Although no less opinionated,
Now I can see those with 'the problem'
Are those who have discovered reality.
Since they are totally outnumbered.

And today my dilemma lies,
As to whom I should sympathize.
Having been declared 'unusual' at a young age,
Has had its benefits.
I have been accused of being deluded,
By those who try but can not escape from reality.
And yet,
I have managed to keep my unusualness intact.
How about that?

Please.
This is embarrassing.
I am overwhelmed.
No applause or standing ovations needed.
You may take your seats.

'Geeessshhh.
You reek of humility.'

It's a gift I try not to expose.
However...
I do admit some flirting done,
With a flaunting of it!

'Geeesus! '

No!
No-no.
I am not 'that' carried away!

Even though I have been called...

'A miracle.'

Hmmm...
I see I'm not the only one around here,
With talents and gifts!

'Or delusional.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Now I Have My Eyes On Dinner

When I say I am seeking something substantial in my life?
Why does that make you laugh to see me at a flea market?
I am seeking something that doesn't need to be high maintenanced...
Looking for wrinkles to moisturized.
To get nipped and tucked when bags begin to sag.

'And...
You are going to find that at a flea market? '

OH yes.
Some people don't know quality to throw it away.
Just like that.
Maybe recently divorced?
Or separated?

'You are talking about being at flea market,
Right! '

Ab-so-yes indeed-lutely!
And today must be my lucky day.
Because I am looking at a bargain.
A steal that's too genuine to leave.
And...
What do you think I've discovered?

'A day you found something priceless? '

Is there such a thing...
Of hoping to spend every moment,
With something so priceless...
To wish it is available?

'What can I say?
Your discovery is as good as mine? '

Are you sure you don't want to look around?

'What makes you think I haven't been doing just that?
I was hoping to see those candleholders you purchased,

Last week...
Again.'

So you had your eyes on 'them' too?

'Very much so.
Now I have my eyes on dinner! '

With breakfast?

'And lunch? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Now I Nibble

Where are my feet?
Once placed on solid ground.
Why am I now unsure of my steps?
When my eyes were directed,
To fresh places I found.

Why do I question,
My place in this World?
Where are those faces...
Once full with life,
I knew!

What has happened overnight,
When I once felt safe and secure...
My dreams and wishes,
Would stay fixed and motivated.
Strong with appetite!

Now I nibble...
When once accustomed to huge bites.
Now I nibble without a taste that delights.
Now I nibble just to keep my eyes,
From shutting tight!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Now I Understand Your Pain

Feeling a priviliged life kept,
With beliefs that a keeping...
A good credit score enables one,
To obtain more debts to regret...
Once easily received with one's signature,
Immediately ceases when one realizes...
A life lived on leases and loans to get,
With money owed and nothing is owned...
Increases one's depression with tears wept,
Especially when funds have left one with none.

And those impressions quickly made yesterday,
And decades before on a regular basis...
Have become depleted of pretentions.
Yet...
Folks like these are more often today heard,
Making their tearful confessions to purged...
Upon those who have historically lived on less.
But suddenly find their struggles more accepted,
By the ones who now feel a surging of empathy...
With belief they share a common place to address.

'Now I understand your pain.'

~Oh?
Does that come with or without oppression? ~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Now Is The Best Of Times

Now,
Is the best of times.
Now,
Is the best of times to live.

Now,
Is the best of times.
Now,
All can witness what it is...
To undo and remove delusions.

Keeping faith and positive prayer,
Can not stop or prevent the truth.
Faith to keep always there,
Reveals to make aware...
How a staying unconscious,
Invites despair.

Now,
Is the best of times.
Now,
Is the best of times to live.
To notice the conflicts and how they begin.
And who wants them started without them to end.
As divisions created to sell more weapons,
To defend an absence of peace to defeat or allow...
It upon all to descend.

Now,
Is the best of times.
To awaken minds of all kinds to see,
How a peace is being defeated to allow,
Ignorance to defend.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Now Look At Them

Remember the days,
When they banned together.
To collect in suburbia.
Teaching their children,
How to hurl indignities and profanities...
At those deemed minorities!
In some 'backwater' communities,
This is still today done!

But now look at them...
The scripture quoting, Bible thumping self righteous.
They are tearing each other to shreds.
Over values they claim had been God sent.
Perhaps they misunderstood God's intentions.
And what God meant...
From their interpretations that has taken them,
To now call each other abusive names!

Showing just how nasty a people they can be.
Although quick to identify heathens who sin.
And yet...
They would never see themselves,
As judgemental witches...
Stripped to give quick lap dances,
In the dens of hate mongering warlocks!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Now Matter How Nice It Was

There was a time in my life,
When I would rather write than talk.
Eat, walk or sleep.
I was taught early,
To stick with my interests.
And protect with respect to keep.

I had to get better,
Because nothing I did pleased me.
I didn't have to seek critique from 'enemies'.
What I inflicted upon myself,
Made the doings done by someone else...
Easier than they believed.

I use to attempt to teach my experiences.
But impatience got the best of me.
Especially when it was thought by others,
What I did not require sacrifice, devotion or discipline.
And this was instilled in me as a child.
From the very beginning I knew my smile,
Wouldn't pay a bill no matter how nice it was.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Now More Than Ever Needed

Anything to fault,
Will do great things...
For those insecure.
Those who wish,
To 'dish' and sting.

Anything against,
A forward movement done.
Anything to focus,
On the personal life lived...
By someone.

Indecisive and unsure.
Argumentitive with negativity,
That lures.
And then they come to criticize,
Any good deed done by anyone...
Just to mention it is despised.

Anything to fault,
Will do great things...
For those insecure.
Those who wish,
To 'dish' and sting.
Making others realize...
Their presence produces,
Not one thing...
To bring upon the environment,
A sense of togetherness...
Now more than ever needed!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Now Or Ever

You've excluded me from depictions,
Of how your perfect life should be lived.
Those depictions were inflicted.
And for years,
To me you did this.

If you were not facing unsurmountable conflicts,
I doubt seriously if a 'we together' would be heard...
Coming from your lips.
That is a fact of life that between us has existed.
Painting over a Zebra's stripes...
Doesn't diminish the sight of it!

And what makes you think a 'togetherness' is what I wish?
I'm not the one with a mind confused in conflict.
I remember your specific words...
'Why bother with someone I regard as worthless.'

You've excluded me from depictions,
Of how your perfect life should be lived.
Those depictions were inflicted.
And for years,
To me you did this.

You left me to survive alone.
And on my own you were not in the picture.
Now or ever will that be my wish.

I did not barter my soul,
Hoping for a price paid by the highest bidder.
Nor did I quit to whore...
To solicit impressions to make.
Your chose to go through that door.

You left me to survive alone.
And on my own you were not in the picture.
Now or ever will that be my wish.
You chose to whore now you handle it!

I don't think of you like the others do.
You can blitz them with bling and other meaningless things.
But someone without integrity...
Has nothing else to offer to deliver,
Or without strings attached to me bring!

If you were not facing unsurmountable conflicts,
I doubt seriously if a 'we together' would be heard...
Coming from your lips.
You've excluded me from depictions,
Of how your perfect life should be lived.
Those depictions were inflicted.
And for years,
To me you did this.

Remove your garbage from my door.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Now Regarded As Threats

It was wrong to do from the very beginning,
To dismiss the foolishness with excuses to ignore it.
Now that foolishness has become a way of life,
With a tolerance to condone.
Those who had oppose the existence of it,
And the lack of respect with a void of discipline shown...
Today are themselves now regarded as threats,
To the booming medical industry.
And a determination being made to medicate everyone.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Now Since Everyone Is Being Force To Pay

All the damage that has been done,
They did to themselves.
And all the warnings that came to them,
Whether told or shown...
Were ignored.
And this...
Was known.

Everyone who spoke against their misdeeds,
Were setup to appear to be misfits, fools...
And those no one should listen to,
Because they were crazy.

And now since everyone is being force to pay,
For 'mistakes' made...
Those misfits and fools and those crazy too,
Are apparently the ones...
Who have successfully devastated the life of everyone,
By their feeding of greed selfishly.
And today wish not to repay for a hole they dug deep.
To claim what they did to others is everyone's responsibility.

And they are completely out of their minds,
If they believe what they have done...
Can be blamed on someone else.
They created...
With eyes wide open,
Their dead end!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Now That I Know I Can

The sky is much too open and wide,
For me to prove to just you...
My ability to fly.
Or feel as I do unlimited,
With no thoughts to remain...
Focused in your sight.

I do not fly to entertain.
I fly to maintain a desire to do it.
Now that I know I can!
To soar even more,
As a choice I have made...
To break away from boundaries.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Now That I'M Older And Much Wiser

I married into what I thought would be,
Then...
A good relationship.
And I had experienced one before,
Committed and loyal.
But...
Being possessive,
Ruin it.

The second time I entered,
Into wedded bliss.
I tried too hard to be too much.
And too much of 'me'...
Made my partner sick.
So again from that,
We both split.

Now that I'm older and much wiser,
And wanting companionship.
I admit to being sexually experimental.
And this has bored me to bits.

I wish someday to meet someone,
Who will understand my 'wit'.
Someone who too has had the same feelings.
And through with an unnecessary roleplay,
With a sharing of a chemistry that snuggly fits.

Now that I'm wiser,
With age as my adviser.
And wanting a valued companionship.

'Then why do you insist on playing hard to get? '

Well...
I do have my preferences,
Kept on an ever changing list.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Now That It Is Shown

Whatever it is you thought it was...
Isn't.
Nor had it been.
Although you were convinced...
It would never end.

And now that it is shown,
What you believed was known...
Has gone.
You want to know what is going on.

Reality as it should be!
Had not been introduced.
Not like it is now...
For all to see.
And many are in denial...
That 'this' reality,
Is not what they expected...
To leave such an effective,
Truthfulness!

And those nourished on complete fantasy...
Believe 'reality' should be encouraged,
To approach them!
As a means to allow its acceptance!
And sickened by an exclusivity nonexistent.

'Why are they here dressed in tuxedos and furs? '

They wish to show themselves as the chosen.
And have come to impress the unconscious.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Now We Find Too Much To See

The best condition I can condone,
Is to be done with 'us'.
And leave you alone.

No longer can I find understanding not there.
Or point out faults...
When my own are clearly there.

The best condition I can condone,
Is to be done with 'us'.
And leave you alone.

Neither one of us is perfect.
And I admit I know I'm not.
I'd rather quit than argue,
About who has been faithful.
Both of us have dipped and dabbed a lot.

No longer can I find understanding not there.
Or point out faults...
When my own are clearly there.

Remember when the love we had for each other,
Was blind?
Now we find too much to see.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Now You Bash

Ripped apart,
Because of a truth known
And was spoken.
To break those backs...
By efforts to attack!
To denounce and declare,
Those who spoke such truths...
Were traitors to be booted!

Made to dropp to knees...
To crush and smother.
But faith remained strong!
No waivering came along!

Now you bash,
Those who trashed your lives with deceit.
With claims you were not the first...
Who lead the campaign,
To defame and shame!
And you did not...
Stop the lies your started!
Those lies now haunting,
On the doorstep of your defeat!

Now you bash,
Those behind your slide
You rode to the top!
But now you can not hide,
The wounds you bear.
That now bring you despair.
Now you bash,
Those who blundered.
Those who falsely brought you there!

Now you bash,
Those you had followed...
Who fed you selfish greed!

Now you bash,

Those who stripped you...
From your lifestyle,
With comments...
That you had 'always' supported 'me'?
The one you despised so openly?

Now you bash yourselves,
In public displays of treason.
'What would give you that reason? '
With a bitterness that leaves you indebted.
And without regret...
Those you bash,
Have left you here to bleed!

And 'they' and others,
You had said were like 'me'...
Never delighted in bashing you at all!
You could not perceive...
Those like you,
Were out to see you suffer too!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Now You Want To Bust 'My' Bubble

Don't trouble me with your own needs.
Don't trouble me with that you see.
Don't trouble me with your beliefs.
You've got your troubles,
Now you want to bust 'my' bubble.

Don't trouble me with your own needs.
Don't trouble me with that you see.
Don't trouble me with your beliefs.
You've got your troubles,
Now you want to bust 'my' bubble.

You feel quite affected.
Now you want to bust 'my' bubble.
You feel unprotected.
Now you want to bust 'my' bubble.
You feel you're rejected.
Now you want to bust 'my' bubble,
'Cause I'm not the one in trouble.
And you think I want to double up...
On your humbling done by rubble.

You feel quite affected.
Now you want to bust 'my' bubble.
You feel unprotected.
Now you want to bust 'my' bubble.
You feel you're rejected.
Now you want to bust 'my' bubble,
'Cause I'm not the one in trouble.
And you think I want to double up...
On your humbling done by rubble.

Don't trouble me with your own needs.
Don't trouble me with that you see.
Don't trouble me with your beliefs.
You've got your troubles,
Now you want to bust 'my' bubble.

You feel quite affected.

Now you want to bust 'my' bubble.
You feel unprotected.
Now you want to bust 'my' bubble.
You feel you're rejected.
Now you want to bust 'my' bubble,
'Cause I'm not the one in trouble.
And you think I want to double up...
On your humbling done by rubble.

No not me,
I suffered all alone with troubles.
No not me,
You fled away and on the double.
No not me,
You sped and quick.
And now you want to come back to add more it.

No not me,
I suffered all alone with troubles.
No not me,
You fled away and on the double.
No not me,
You sped and quick.
And now you want to come back to add more it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Now You'Re Wishing For A Man You Never Had

Oh Boy,
Why did you do her wrong?
When you knew she had your back,
All day long.
You must be taking,
Some ill-advised medication to do that.

And Girl,
Why did you let him do it?
Aint that much love in the world,
To be taking that crap.
Don't let him lower your elevation.
You should have left him on the curb,
To trot his own tracks.

And Boy,
You better get your head together...
With a putting of those games you play,
Away...
Where you said you began to pack your toys.
If you wish back what you nearly destroyed.

'Do I wish you two back together? '

And Girl,
You wished with him kids?
You shouldn't have made a wish like that...
But you did.

Well...
You've got them!
And...
Alone on your own.

You wanted 'your' babies!
And a Boy that's not grown.

Well...
You've got them!

And...
Alone on your own,
Wishing for a man you never had.

You wanted 'your' babies!
And a Boy that's not grown.
Now you're wishing for a man you never had.

You wanted 'your' babies!
And a Boy that's not grown.
Now you're wishing for a man you never had.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Now! To Do It To Do...Now!

It isn't just the distrust between us,
Used as a tool to demean.
It isn't just the rush to keep secret,
Affairs we dare but in public seen.
It isn't the betrayal we both share.
To then declare we care...
For one another.

It isn't just the way we met to confess,
How love can be disappointing.
And it isn't just what was done to who or why,
We make alibis to score our points.
It's the way we start our own conflicts to insist,
Someone else is the blame.
To have caused all of it.

We've got to find a way to stop,
The hurting.
We've got to find a way to sit and admit,
We inflict our own pain and sorrows.
And we've got to stop jumping to conclusions,
Leaving ourselves to be the fools.
Proving it and with evidence...
By the things we continue to do.

We've got to find a way to stop,
Feeding on the agony.
And emotions we allow each other to bleed,
Now!
To do it done to do without excuses.
Or attitudes meant to accuse and abuse,
Now!
To do it to do...Now!
To do it to do and done to prove it,
Now!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Nowhere On The Scene

Jealousies.
Pettiness.
Greed and corruption.
Selfishness and self importance.

'Weren't these factions mentioned,
Years ago?
As a basis that would begin to unravel...
All that then which had been valued? '

Yes.
But it wasn't popular then to confess it publicly.
But today...
Who knew,
Pretentions kept would be devalued?
And those once regarded as misfits and mavericks,
Are nowhere on the scene voicing their opinions.

'Perhaps they have given up? '

No.
They have probably discovered,
A dead horse beatened...
Is one dead horse many are making attempts,
To revive to once again ride.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Nowhere On This Planet

When they discover that their wars,
Bring nothing but dead ends to them...
They may find a life to salvage.
Perhaps one that has not been ravaged...
By a quest to exert a barbaricness.
To prove themselves destructive beasts.

When they discover that their wars,
Bring nothing but dead ends to them...
An existence in peace,
Will not bring a comforting...
To a corrupt and diseased mentality!

They live only to reveal themselves,
As the initiators of their own sorrows.
Living on borrowed time.
And bad decisions that mask insecurities.

And nowhere on this planet,
Is there a place that erases minds filled with guilt!
Or a battle that comes to defeat,
A loss of consciousness.
Can you...
Spell,
BETRAYED? TREASON?
How deep is this self inflicted sickness?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Nowhere Under The Sun To Be Seen

If to win means that much to anyone,
Feeling a need to campaign for popularity...
Instead of quality or integrity of a performance,
Delivered.
Then that one seeking to be praised,
Will eventually witness the day...
A deserved negative attention is received.
To leave those deeds claimed to have been done,
Nowhere under the Sun to be seen by anyone...
Hoping to uncover either proof or evidence,
To merit the giving of apologies...
And a wished forgiveness for a misunderstanding.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Nuisance

Your game is so obvious.
Tired and overplayed.
As a child I did those things.
And imagined myself,
The center of the universe.
You have no idea Who comes 'first'
In my life now for me.
To make what you do...
The amusing acts of a fool!
I notice them,
And that is all I can offer you.
But to delay my journey and assigned tasks?
They are not in your control.
If I had not stood out to become bold...
You would have nothing to accomplish,
But your ability to perfect your goal
To become a nuisance.
And that deserves no praise.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Numb And Delude Me

Numb and delude me!
Fantasize my helpless urges.

Of late...
I can not seem to fake my needs.

Of late...
It is my needs I need to fake.
When I see you by mistake,
Creating tension...
With companion smiling,
Attentively!

Numb and delude me!
Include me in your eyes.

Show me a hint of surprise...
And loss.
Toss me a combination of lost love relived!
Include me...
With 'that'
In your eyes.

Numb and delude me!
That's all I need.

Even if that need...
Might mean my leaving you alone.

Numb and delude me.
Drive my heart with your touch to overdose!
Too intoxicated...
Until somehow I knock myself free!
And right now that's all I need...
Just once,
Soothe this struggle.
Before I go!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Number 1 Through To 5

It was either me or my patience,
I was going to let go to show...
I could be driven and seen,
Made totally crazed...
By others who awaited,
For me to appreciate their madness.

I had to stop tolerating that kind of nonsense.
Taking my dwindling tolerance for granted.
As if I committed myself to accept a mission,
With others in a prolonged marathon.
That tested how long,
I could keep a migraine headache.

And today there are just too many aging,
Attempting to delay taking the stage of adulthood.
Wishing to remain kids doing what they did,
When 'downloading' then meant...
Some child in the playground,
Had an accident in their clothes.

I am not tolerating anyone's nonsense,
To vocally accept or silently oppose.
Regardless if it's on a scale,
To number 1 through to 5 on lies that are told.
Because I awakened to realize,
I don't have to.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Number One

Honesty is often admired.
And in privacy...
Those known to be that way,
Are more than welcomed.

But an honesty admired,
That becomes publicly outspoken...
Around others unfamiliar with it,
Can stun them and have them run.

Most people rather not be shown,
Associated with it.
Most people collectively,
Choose to be accepted.

And today no one wants to feel shunned.
Knowing until an approval of honesty,
Has yet to be done.
Since currently dishonesty for many is number one.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Number One Through Five

Making adjustments in one's life,
To accomodate the needs for another...
Who bothers not to call or show,
To let the adjustment maker know...
Things have changed.
And time was not there,
To permit one to become aware of it!
Needs only to happen just once!

To allow this event to re-occur,
AND 'then' complain?
Should say five words,
That has particular meaning...
To the one who believes,
Patience is a virtue.
NOT!

Number one...'Yes'
Number two... 'I'
Number three..'Am'
Number four... 'A'
Number five... 'Fool'

The repeating of this,
Should do something to assist in the 'awakening'.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Nursing On A Rhyme

On the other side of greed,
Where the numb lay lifeless...
And stung in their slumber.
Some choose to sneak a peek,
At misdeeds done.
While others pretend,
They see no one...
Feeding like vultures!
Who love the taste of wasted minds,
Attached to stubborn behinds!

On the other side of greed,
Many seem to be awakening,
From deep sleep seeking...
After verifying,
They have been drugged like sheep.
Stripped bone clean...
Of everything they believed was theirs to keep.
As harmonic chimes heard,
In the background ring...
With sweetened sounds of a lullaby.

Nursing on a rhyme that begins to sting...
An accepting slaughter that finally brings,
Folks provoked to bolt in revolution!
Crumbling centuries of myths,
And symbolic illusions!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Nurtured And Flourishing

Obsessed.
Obsessed,
With what they believe...
Flatters.

Like looks.
Fashion.
And bling that comes adorned.
Things that to them matter!
Like images.
And 'things' to them that are physical.
Things to them,
Worn!

Mindsets of limited consciousness.
And yet...
Some become upset,
If their flaunting goes ignored.

Perceiving one they select,
To flatter.
Accepts,
In a contained self-centeredness.

And...
Is possessed.
By the receipt,
Complete in one's observation...
Of their obsessions.
Nurtured and flourishing in deceit!

But this thought process...
Has never been one to digest,
By those who live to accomplish deeds.
In total acceptance of how they are perceived.
To satisfy those whims given...
And from them to leave!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Nurtured Crops

Those impending signs of tragedy,
Have long ago been seeded.
Accompanied by the taste for greed.

Implemented with a consciousness,
By the ones patiently harvesting their laments.
With wishes to increase their gluttony.
And inflict upon others,
A sense to impress with an exclusiveness...
Only those selected would get.

Those impending signs of tragedy,
Have long ago been seeded.
Accompanied by the taste for greed.

And those nurtured crops,
From the beginning quite damaged...
Were raised and praised to reflect a need.
And the feeding of this misfit craving...
Has today been denounced,
As blemishes that flaws...
The mindset of a blinded society.

Those impending signs of tragedy,
Have long ago been seeded.
Accompanied by the taste for greed.

And even though,
There has been those speaking against this...
The marketing of this addicting sickness,
Will continue as long as a dollar is made.
That very same dollar,
Faithfully worshipped but not associated with craze.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Nurturing This To Have It Grow Like It Grew

Remember...
When the clouds of regret,
Begin descending to fret...
All opportunity to correct this,
Has been exhausted.

Everything you own,
Will seem valueless!
Unworthy to be shown.
But all is not lost!
There has to be 'some' decisions you made
Pleasing your heart...
That did not require a purchase from the start!
To impress.
With a lease, rental or mortgage to digest!

If you are happy within,
With a peace of mind you can display...
What else is more satisfying than that?
Today...
Many are holding onto impressions!
Possessions they can least afford.
Accompanied by confessions that bore.
Today...
Many are abandoning their happiness in 'things'!
Today...
If you are happy within,
With a peace of mind you can display...
Know today you can say,
What you have is completely yours!
And foreclosure or repossession,
Is not coming your way!
Today.
Not for what took you long to pursue.
Nurturing this to have it grow like it grew...
For you,
Today!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Nuthin' That It's Not

Your aim to gain a pain to sustain...
Just to maintain an agony to go through,
Is on 'you'.

Your claim to fame is to claim no pain.
When the strain of it is showing..
And I see and know your in some pain.

Why do you keep it to yourself?
You don't have to try to prove a thing to me.
I'll think more of you not less.
Unless there's something you don't wish to address.
Like doing something you know will create more mess.

Your aim to gain a pain to sustain...
Just to maintain,
An agony to go through is on 'you'.
And if it's that bad you've got to hide it...
You've got that to explain.
And 'my' pain coming too!

So you gotta get up off sumthin'.
To let whatever that it is get much better.
You gotta get up off sumthin'.
Or the nuthin' that it's not...
Gonna cause some uncomfortable heat!

So you gotta get up off sumthin'.
To let whatever that it is get much better.
You gotta get up off sumthin'.
Or the nuthin' that it's not...
Gonna cause some uncomfortable heat!

Your aim to gain a pain to sustain...
Just to maintain an agony to go through,
Is on 'you'.
Or the nuthin' that it's not...
Gonna cause some uncomfortable heat!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Nutless

When a fool of faded relevance,
Makes offensive comments...
And then defends his ignorance,
With excuses.
He exposes a mentality,
Indoctrinated by those who suppress...
Nationalities already oppressed!

He proves himself to be the one to distrust,
As a spokesman to entrust...
The flourishing of faith and hope!
A castration he speaks...
To further digress his own people.
Preach to downtrod in secret utterances.

He is not unlike so many demented,
Desiring to see his own kind defeated...
And mocked to continue to bleed,
Their scorned identities and diminishing dignities.
He is the deceiving S.O.B.
Who is the one nutless!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Nutritious

That banana cake taste,
Grandma use to bake.
And was loved?
Is gone with the deep dish apple pie.

That smothered blade steak.
Served with black eye peas,
Collard greens and candied yams.
Sometimes with peach cobbler,
With rich vanilla icecream.
That too,
Locks in memories.

Those golden brown biscuits,
Fresh from the oven.
Buttered.
And topped with homemade,
Strawberry jam.
Or that cornbread no one can resist.
That too...
Is gone with the deep dish apple pie.

And today...
As grateful as I am,
To witness the arrival...
Of another Thanksgiving Day to celebrate.
I've never seen so many butts and thighs so wide.
And none of us who ate at grandma's,
Waddled from the table.
No matter what we ate.
Or nibbled all day...
On the honeyed ham,
Turkey sandwiches, potato salad...
Turnips.
Or just to sit to sip on eggnog.
None of us who ate at grandma's,
Waddled from the table.
Or stretched spandex!

Maybe fast food is fast!
But it sure is not nutritious.
Forget delicious.
It's just addictive and quick.
That's it!
And when we ate at grandma's...
We knew something whipped up with love,
Was coming out of the kitchen.
And not to sit too long,
Waiting for a decision made to eat.

And none of us,
Who came to eat to leave...
Did a waddle from the table.
Or stretched spandex!

'Why didn't you mention,
My fried chicken? '

I didn't even get a piece, grandma!

'Next time,
Eat!
And stop running your mouth so much.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

'Nuts' Are All Over The Place!

I'm not going to tolerate anyone's nonsense!
#1...Because I don't have to!
#2...Because I choose not to!
And...
#3...BS and I are not related at all.
So I do not have to pretend there is a bond!

Some folks put up with others just to get along.
'Why can't we 'all' get along? '
Why?
'Cuz one bed will not accomodate all of us,
That's why!

Some like to pout and roll their eyes.
Gossip and backstab.
And they do it to family members AND close friends!
Can you imagine?
And where I live,
Close friends and family members kill themselves...
Over a slice of toast!
Or something else LESS 'urgent'!
Folks are 'nuts'.
Even the squirrels will have nothing to do with them.
And when squirrels are seen turning their backs away...
An investigation is needed.
With an immediate assignment given!
But...
To 'who'?
'Nuts' are all over the place!

I'm not going to tolerate anyone's nonsense!
#1...Because I don't have to!
#2...Because I choose not to!
And...
#3...BS and I are not related at all.
So I do not have to pretend there is a bond!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

O' Magnificent Light

O' Magnificent Light,
That shines brightly upon my life.
I beseech You,
With every breath I breathe.
I recognize 'that' which you are!
I can not deny Your importance to me.
O'Magnificent Light.

Sun stunning as you are.
From dawn until twilight.
I'm here to offer You,
My gratitude.
Each day and star crusted night.

O'Magnificent Light,
Shining brightly upon my life...
Blessed I receive You.
And the benefits of it!
Never could I sit...
Taking what You are,
As a gift I take for granted.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

O' Tigress Of Those Veiled Temptations

O' tigress of those veiled temptations hinted.
Your slow prowl eases,
To goose bump my laments.

Foolish I'm not feeling,
As a drool spills to unleash my naughty thoughts.
Nor am I feeling embarrassed at all,
I use my sleeve to wipe it off.

I wish I could pick up,
My defenses quick.
After exposing publicly,
My uncontrolled shaking.
And trembling lips.

How simply I can be,
By you distressed so willfully.

You tigress of those veiled temptations...
Hypnotically are your intentions scented,
With magnolias lacing the moonlit night.

With you in view I imagine this...
Your tongue comes slithering through your lips.
And upon my neck,
You lick before a smothering of kisses.
And not lunged with a plunging done,
With your sabered teeth to bite.
And with one glup,
I'm gone from sight.

I'm feeling too romantic,
To haul my ass off screaming...
Like a bolt of lightening,
Has lifted me quick from your craved appetite.

I desire to keep this light, aiight?

O' tigress of those veiled temptations,

I wish I was not the innocent amphibian...
Swimming alone coincidently as you hunt.
To feel such a presence of your threatening gaze!
Please let me live in peacefulness,
The rest of my swamp hopping days.

'Hey...
How you doin'?
Wassup?
I'm into you too.
But can we do this at another time?
Since I'm working to perfect my frog imitation! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Oars Of That Boat Left Untouched

Would I take my mind,
Now relaxing comfortably with peace.
For excursions into conflict...
That has taken me years to release?

Would I take my happiness...
And pawn it for something less valuable?

If at any time before this time,
I had done that unknowingly?
It was not peace of mind I had!
I had to have been still in the seeking of it!

The only thing I would trade this blessing for...
Would be a cool breeze blowing.
As I floated down the Nile in a row boat.
And The Creator and I are reminiscing,
My recovery from making bad decisions.
As we drifted.
And both of us are sipping on another round,
Of Mai Ti(s) .
With the oars of that boat,
Left untouched!
That to me is worthy of negotiation.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Oasis

God continues to bless me abundantly.
For me to pour salt
On the wounds of those
Still reeling from their misdeeds
Would not be advantageous for me!
Although I am tempted...
Don't get me wrong!
But to sing songs of praises,
Is a lot less stressful,
Than the monotonous blues...
Heard 'crying' from those folks,
On a daily basis!
Maybe that's what they've chosen to do,
To uncover their own oasis?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Oath

When does an oath quoted,
With a promise to fulfill...
The fundamentals of it.
Become more celebrated,
As a joke to provoke...
Those doing their best,
To contain a wish to laugh.
As one taking such an oath,
Has already shown...
With a making it known,
To have broken the contents...
It represents.
And having no intention...
To obey its outdated meaning.

'What a fantastic ceremony.'

-I agree.
Now let's see which will last.
The honeymoon to remember it.
The cheers to forget.
Or those laughing to know,
How quick promises to keep...
Had suddenly ended.-

'You should be more hopeful.
And not so fast to laugh.
Or are your tears,
Your way of expressing joy? '

-Keep the videotape rolling.
I want to remember,
What it was I felt.
And why I couldn't,
Stop myself from doing it.
As evidence.-

'As 'evidence'? '

-Yes!
I want proof,
I was just as crazed...
As everyone else these days.-

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Obama Wont Mama

Take that scrub brush,
And that mop.
Start from the corners...
And clean this mess up, baby.

'Don't wanna.
I don't wanna.
Don't wanna...
Or gonna! '

Take that scrub brush,
And that mop.
Start from the corners...
And clean this mess up, baby.

'Don't wanna.
I don't wanna.
Don't wanna...
Or gonna! '

Obama wont mama no ship,
With folks on it lazy.
He's already warned there'll be some changes made.
It you think he'll let you sit,
You're crazy.
He's gonna make discipline stick quick.
If you don't believe it...
You'll believe it when you sweep up your ssshhhh...
Itsy bits.

With sweat and elbows greased to mix.
You wont have time for bitterness.

'Don't wanna.
I don't wanna.
Don't wanna...
Or gonna! '

Ooooohhhh!

Take that scrub brush,
And that mop.
Start from the corners...
And clean this mess up, baby.

'Don't wanna.
I don't wanna.
Don't wanna...
Or gonna! '

Take that scrub brush,
And that mop.
Start from the corners...
And clean this mess up, baby.

Change, real change you can believe.
You might as well roll up your sleeves...
Hand a dustpan to those sleeping.

Obama wont mama no ship,
With folks on it lazy.
He's already warned there'll be some changes made.
It you think he'll let you sit,
You're crazy.
He's gonna make discipline stick quick.
If you don't believe it...
You'll believe it when you sweep up your ssshhhh...
Itsy bits.

Take that scrub brush,
And that mop.
Start from the corners...
And clean this mess up, baby.

'Don't wanna.
I don't wanna.
Don't wanna...
Or gonna! '

'WE CAN...'
And,

You will!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Obama-Biden

Barack Obama with Joe Biden is alright.
It's been decided that new heights are in sight.
Obama-Biden is the team that is needed.
To bring an end,
To a deepening of treason.

Barack Obama with Joe Biden is okay.
The time has come,
To get rid of some bums.
They can restore a dignity that's missing.
The choice is made to stop a degrading.

Barack Obama with Joe Biden is alright.
It's been decided that new heights are in sight.
Obama-Biden is the team that is needed.
To bring an end,
To a deepening of treason.
And hopefully,
A decrease of deceit!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Obamalust

Thrusted upon us,
Comes an Obamalust.
A 'must' unprecedented...
To put an end to those,
Who have taken a quality of life...
With a greed that has flushed,
An economy once trusted!

A leadership determined,
To correct failures of the past.
With swift adjustments made to foundations,
Known.
With a fresh polish.
And an audacity to clean up,
Sitting trash!

Thrusted upon us,
Comes an Obamalust.
A 'must' unprecedented...
To put an end to those,
Who have taken a quality of life...
With a greed that has flushed,
An economy once trusted...
With a boldness no one has ever seen.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Obedient To Fear

When I stopped lieing to myself,
Many years ago in my late 20's...
I was on my way,
To an entirely different point of view of life.
A way of life and outlook,
Not too many shared.

And as I have gotten older...
And much more persceptive.
I've noticed,
How rich with self deceit people are.
And often are closeted...
About anything that concerns truth!

The smaller the town.
The smaller the mind...
And mindsets of those controlled,
By what others think.

Although the majority of those 'thinking'...
Anything,
Are illiterate...
Dysfunctional and obedient to fear.
With a stunting of maturity done,
By severe ignorance...
Enforced upon younger generations,
Who will spend their entire lifetime being children.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Obedient To Subservience

Obedient to subservience,
Was not intended for all to experience...
To enslave with materialistic wishes dreamed.
A subservience inflicted had been intended to restrict,
Those teased although strickly limited.

And yet today,
The ones who stood in the way to delay and prevent...
Opportunities meant for everyone,
To taste...
Have been from them taken away.

Obedient to subservience,
Was not intended for all to experience...
To enslave with materialistic wishes dreamed.
But those who insisted to exclusively greed,
Have discovered they regret such a selfish need to feed.

Obedient to subservience,
Has come to open the eyes of those self serving...
With an overwhelming permanance,
That exposes a blindness hindsight can not remove.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Objectified

Who is it that can live a life...
Just being,
Objectified.
Who is that a midnight rides...
Just being,
Objectified.
Who is it that moans at home,
Alone...
With a wish to get some sleep.
But feels chased by defeat to beat,
Being...
The one,
Who is...
Objectified.

Who is it that walks the streets,
Being...
Objectified.
Who is it that can't be discreet,
But is...
Objectified.
Who is it that is reaching above,
To be free, released to leave...
From being,
Objectified.

Who is it that is wishing this...
A freedom from being objectified.
Who is it that is wishing this...
A freedom from being objectified.
And who is it that this wish is dismissed,
From being...
Objectified.
Who is it that this wish is dismissed,
From being...
Objectified~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Objecting Yet Expecting

Those with interest invested,
In appearances, looks...
And with preferences kept to address,
Find themselves more dependent and stressed...
On the seeking to leave,
Someone highly impressed...
How such greed is adorned to flaunt and express.

Although,
Depleting the pockets of those who feed them.
Without creating their own opportunities,
To focused upon with hope to manifest.
Although,
Depleting the pockets of those who feed them.
Addictions to greed have left them to care less.

Heard objecting to expect...
More money to satisfy that taste for a honey gone.
And rejecting,
Less money to satisfy that taste for a honey gone.
Yet expecting,
More money to satisfy that taste for a honey gone.
Yes left expecting,
More money to satisfy that taste for a honey gone.
But seen objecting,
To what appears are fears that will go on.

Entitled.
They believe themselves idolized.

Objecting yet expecting,
An ease of life leaving but wanted pleased.
Objecting yet expecting,
Someone else to deliver a quality that increases.
A quality intact and not in pieces.
Objecting yet expecting,
What is seen on wide 3-D movie screens.
But objecting with it to reject,
The rolling up of sleeves...

That leaves the possibilities of tears,
Anguish and some sweat.
And maybe...a bending of knees.
Objecting yet expecting,
A keeping away reality nowhere to appear near.
Objecting yet expecting,
Conflicts inflicted but their own fears to disappear.

Entitled they are.
With kept beliefs,
They are idolized.
And...
With a kept selfishness,
They view this as accepted.

Objecting yet expecting,
More money to satisfy that taste for a honey gone.
And objecting,
Less money to satisfy that taste for a honey gone.
To yet expect,
More money to satisfy that taste for a honey gone.
To yet expect,
Their selfishness accepted.
To not expect,
These beliefs outdated and gone.
Objecting yet expecting,
What 'was' will forever go on!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Objection Over-Ruled

Would a change be easier to accept,
If the doing of it could be scheduled?
And everyone agreed upon that date,
Without it being inconvenient?
To then be declined when that time comes,
Because it had been discovered...
It to be inappropriately prioritized,
Over something else qualified as more urgent?
Or would a debating of change,
Allow those to feel entitled to do it when they wish.
And...
If those folks collecting votes warranted,
That a process deemed fair to open for discussion...
Had been done with a validating of every vote taken.

'We believe we have enough votes to delay any changes,
Until it becomes absolutely necessary to make them effective.'

~Are there any objections? ~

'There are those who could not attend this meeting,
Because they had prior obligations.~

~Objection over-ruled.
Is there anything else on today's agenda? ~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Objectivity

Because I had no 'things'
To display to gain your respect.
For years you disrespected me.
And taunted my efforts,
As less than best.

Today your 'things' are gone.
And you are hanging onto pretense.
I never valued the playing of charade,
In masquerade.
And now you say I cling onto a bitterness.
Because of your dismay? ? ?

I will say your 'objectivity'
Has left you crazed!
THAT I will say.

Don't you think it odd,
The attention to me you give.
I think you are riduculous.
Since the happiness I live,
Is priceless.
And you are not due a single thought.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Objects

To age and witness,
Degrading lives accepted...
With traps of 'things'
That within them bring no happiness.
Hurts to know
The life I love so much,
Seems out of touch
With those who wake up...
Finding nothing to express
A gratitude to profess.
Or confess a possession of pride.
Even if that is kept inside.
And I am thankful to God,
For allowing me just to open my eyes.
Hear the sounds of nature.
And walk on a path that still has obstacles.
I love the way God teases with surprise.
Man made objects never stay the way they are...
To satisfy.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Obligated Not To Wait

It seems absolutely foolish,
To live one's life...
Feeling trapped,
By dissatisfaction.

It seems worse than slavery,
To be suited and tied...
With feelings one 'has' to do,
Instead of choosing what one wishes!

To be careened by others...
By a bombardment of career goals.
And then pushed to pursue one...
Completing restricted requirements,
Just to bite one's tongue...
When scolded by an incompetence,
Insisted by someone...
To do what 'is' and not another thing done!

Because of years in a field,
They have!
That same field,
One believed would yield,
Their undoubted happiness!

'What is this shhhh...? '
One quickly silences their trembling lips.
Knowing a 'pink' slip,
Would end their climb into a fall!

It seems absolutely foolish,
To live one's life...
Feeling trapped,
By this dissatisfaction.

To dropp this nonsense,
May require extreme sacrifice.
It may require,
Long and sleepless nights!

It may require,
A decision made...
To live a life one wishes and likes!

Even if one's closest friend,
Pretends they are not noticed...
As one recognizes they have driven by,
In a bright and just waxed Mercedes Benz!
Know this...
To live the life one likes and wishes,
May mean one might have to bite unwanted dust!

However...
That just might mean,
The life one has chosen for oneself...
And likes,
Although lean on social scenes with appearances...
May leave one feeling much siren and pleased,
Deeply breathing freely.
And obligated not to wait on no one...ever!

However...
If one is in question,
As to how to proceed?
And left to wonder...
What will that take,
Without breaking a back
To find that?
The hour has not come...
To be stupid or 'dumb'
For applying rash decisions.

One must be certain,
Any move like this taken...
Leaves one with at least six months paid rent.
Groceries and some common sense,
To avoid any deep trenches...
One might find climbing out of in shock and despair!

Remember...
I am an 'idealistic' writer of this!
And not a magician,

Who can fix any quick and stupid decisions!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Obligated To Be Crazed

Obligated to be crazed!
It seems that way,
Where the people's minds are
These days.

Poisoned by foods processed and packaged.
Tainted by liquids,
Whether alcoholic or faucets tapped.
Chemicalized soft drinks and sugared cereals...
Leave our children hooked.
And parents left with empty pocketbooks.

Obligated to be crazed!
It seems that way,
Where the people's minds are
These days.

Those claiming to have faith,
Feel unsafe in their homes.
They call themselves 'christians'
But pack guns to protect themselves...
From lifestyles they have condoned!

They are the ones believing they have rights,
Of all kinds.
Even to self destruct...
In racial divisions,
They've been conditioned to keep up!

And like ducks following 'quacks'
To be led like sheep to dead ends!
These same folks provoke others in conflicts...
They inflict and then insist,
There are needs to defend.

Enlightenment for them,
Means to incite bitterness and not peace!
Blaming their standards and values have diminished.
And they would feel more secured,

By the hiring of more police on urban streets.

Obligated to be crazed!
It seems that way,
Where the people's minds are
These days.

But a self examination,
That has increased their degradation...
Is too obvious although not admitted.
That this is mindset praised.
Demented!
And obligated to be crazed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Obnoxiously Blatant

You can never do what they do,
From an egotistical point of view.
It has to come through...
Naturally done...
To keep the substance one that's fun.

Those who force themselves like some,
To do what they believe is easily done
Discover in their repetition...
There is none for those not in competition!

Creativity isn't taught in schools.
Where some obtain the tools to try to fool!
There are those who are born that way.
Many attempt to copy their efforts!
But the 'originals' never cease,
To have something unique to say and display!

The one thing done folks do and wont tell,
Is lie, steal and cheat!
And for a while many did that well!
So someone had to teach them that.
To have it so obnoxiously blatant!
Repulsively redundant!
Without consideration of a single captured flourish!
And importantly...without hint of smoldering tact!
Where do they learn this crap?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Obscene And Obsolete

When a game is fixed,
And there are suspicions of it...
Those minds behind such misdeeds,
Are as outdated as the act perform...
To satisfy those insecure,
Who could not on leveled ground...
With others compete.

Especially if what is done,
Has become obvious and elementary.
Like the shocking of one who expresses,
Cursing and sex is openly today addressed.
And they seek their own comfort zones in disbelief,
To complain what should be censored...
When their perceptions are the ones obscene and obsolete.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Obscene Calls

I don't with intention,
Wish to offend anyone.
But so many are defending against,
Something they find offensive...
Even if I wanted to offend with intent,
Someone who I am not specifically referring to...
Would express their contempt,
With it meant and directed towards me...
Because they found my contents,
For them not offensive enough.
And there is nothing I can say to explain,
They should not take my comments personally.
But they request my remarks,
For them to be customized.
With insults to heighten their disgust.

Could it be...
These are the folks who miss getting,
Their obscene calls with heavy breathing?
And the days they reminisce,
Awaiting by their telephones to receive them?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Obscene Implications

I can be cold, distant...
Unemotional and thoughtless.
And guess what?
I had to have learned that from somewhere.
And not a second do I spend,
Listening to others talk about...
How I could have been,
If someone had nurtured my 'fuzzies'!

Excuse me?
Nurtured my WHAT?

~Officer?
Yes you.
Would you arrest those people for...
Well,
Just for the 'hell-of-it'.
Or obscene implications based upon principle.
With a profiling done assisted by your personal feelings!
You do that anyway, don't you? ~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Obscenities Triggered

I've made no pledge with no one,
To stay and remain on edge.
Or become upset,
As a sign to gratify someone's expectation.
To later regret obscenities triggered...
By a blurted thoughtlessness.
For purposes a fool made too late reconsiders.

Sitting on stoops made for fools,
Is no longer my ambition to prove I can do it!

I have,
However...
Taken steps to check myself.
And let what disturbs me,
Correct itself.
To leave those who bait reactions,
Find others who are easily heated to snap back.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Observances

Some will disagree,
With my observances...
As with my eyes have seen them to be!
And justified as my feelings are...
And can be.
I realize they have been closer to me,
Than any opinions given near and far.
And observances come to affect...
The one that is closer to being influenced,
By the affect of them in introspect!
And best to describe with feeling...
And not with just eyes to inspect.
And left to reject and/or criticize!
Since I do not have a judgement to pass!
My observances are within me!
And within me these observances will last!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Observant To The Obvious

Sometimes I wish,
I wasn't so observant to the obvious.
Unlike many I can not pretend...
Something in my face is invisible.
And if I mention to others what I see,
They become offended.
As if what I have stated is a negativity.

'Why do you always look at the dark side of things? '

Well...
Increasingly what I see,
Blocks out the natural light.

'That's because your cup is half empty.'

Who do I thank for that?
Since most of those half full cup holders,
Like yourself...
Have yet to notice what has spilled over onto the streets.
And if that's not an acceptance of negativity...
A clarity defining it will never exist.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Observation

Do not think you have used me without my knowledge.
Or that my silence is a sign of approval to be duped.

I have been aware of your activities,
The moment you began your snooping...
With a degarding of me you wish to succeed.
Why you have chosen me to proceed with misdeeds,
Has become a standard you value.
I waste no time with those who are fools.

However,
In that moment you began to degrade my efforts...
Was the beginning of your slide downhill.

I always tell those I don't know...
Be careful who you disrespect.
The power of the mind is a power undefined...
When one chooses to use it,
In ways unsuspected!
When ignorance is detected.

'The mind is a terrible thing to waste'
Is much more than a cliché just spoken.

Those who know that are patient!
Those who know that are elated.
Knowing who is on the list,
To receive a payback!

And it happens without fail,
For the one who prevails!
And seeks comprehension,
With a higher consciousness not mentioned.
And the use of observation that decreases tension!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Observations Today Confirm

It's going to take a lot of patience and hard work,
To get this crap corrected.
It is unbelievable how conscious people sat,
Knowing that their lives...
Were being set up to become traps.

And they would become the tested mice.
With afflicting addictions intentionally inflicted.
And programmed to accept,
Any condition...
Greed and politicians that would hypnotize,
Suggest!
Just to make things for them right to bite!
Like vampires sucking blood from necks.

'Is there any money left to see 'Twilight? '

Those stripped of credibility had no influence,
To introduce anything good.
And those suppressed into nothingness,
Were pushed to live in depressed neighborhoods.
And statistically used...
As those amongst the disadvantaged!
Those who were treated less than cesspools.

Oh,
This plot thickens!

Those who believed they would succeed with deceit...
Found ways to line their pockets,
By creating conditions to have those without a conscious
Move to suburban streets.

And there they would find their lives complete.
Until their dreams were depleted...
With virtues gone.
And honesty and truth...
Those deceivers had defeated.

Yes folks...
These days are not for wine and roses.

It's going to take a lot of patience and hard work,
To get this crap corrected.
It is unbelievable how conscious people sat,
Knowing that their lives...
Were being set up to become traps.

However...
You did not hear that from me!
That should be a declaration your observations today,
Confirm!
And...
Susie ain't got time now to spread her juicy gossip.
Susie's trying to connect in her mind,
This hustle before her eyes is the real deal!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Observe It And Believe

Release the tension in that grasp you have.
Let go and let God complete the task.
Just ask your spiritual guides to clear your path.
Material things you have wont last!
Don't be afraid,
If the importance of your past...
Seems to be fading fast.

A new day is dawning...
To remove all masks.
And reveal the light you hold within!
A fresh awareness upon us all begins.

Observe it and believe.
With faith you will witness your happiness increase.
Observe it and believe.
A higher conciousness comes for you to receive.
Observe it and believe.
All conflicts seen from you will leave.
Observe it and believe.
The energy within you,
Has given you breath to breathe.
Inhale and exhale.
Do this quietly.
Observe it and believe...
God wants to free you from all lies and deceit!
Observe it and believe,
He has come to comfort!
He has.
Let go and let God complete the task.

Don't be afraid,
If the importance of your past...
Seems to be fading fast.
Let go and let God complete the task,
To bring upon you everlasting happiness.
Observe it and believe.
Expect this and receive!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Observe The Quality Of Your Way Of Life

A degree?
I think I have a couple,
Of those worthless things myself.
A man with a mind,
And a mission he can produce.
Needs to network his talents.
And not become seduced,
By pledging to fraternities.
To become induced by materialism.
Pursued by greed.
Like those in such selective groups do.
Those who now say,
They can do what they choose!

A degree only shows a conformity to rules.
By an approval stamped on a piece of paper.
Proving the one receiving it...
Is fit to be shown,
How to screw over others too!

Observe the quality of your way of life.
Who with a degree has made it right?
Who with a BA, MA and/or PHD...
Has shown they had sense enough,
To avoid mistakes made...
That has brought today's economy,
To the brink of a catastrophe!

Who with a degree,
Can insist they have common sense?
And if this debate leads into an argument...
Be prepared to defend yourself.
Since talking BS politics...
Those educated,
Do their best at it!

A degree?
I think I have a couple,
Of those worthless things myself.

A man with a mind,
And a mission he can produce.
Needs to network his talents.
And not become seduced...
By the wickedness of luxuries.
That has increased more crime.
With homelessness and hunger!
Hosted by a society...
Dieting on addictions of all kinds!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Observed As It Is Seen

It is observed as it is seen.
However...
There are many still praying,
For a miracle...
To dilute the image of reality.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Observed But Having No Purpose

If this was exclusively about me,
I would not for you choose to bleed.
Or unselfishly give my time.
There is a sacrifice made.

This has nothing to do,
With a personal escapade.
Or an ego to parade...
To manipulate one's state of mind.

Although I do admit,
There is some pleasure I get out of it.

If this was exclusively about me,
I'd be here for no reason.
And thought to be useless like some view a tree.
There to be observed but having no purpose.
Just here on the Earth to leech.
With no connection made to aid one's breathing.

To commit with devotion to what one does,
May be interpreted as a seeking of attention.
But if another benefits from what is done...
Is one more concerned as to who receives credit?
When a wholesomeness is shared and no one regrets it.

I often wonder about this.

If this was exclusively about me,
I'd be here for no reason.
And thought to be useless like some view a tree.
There to be observed but having no purpose.
Just here on the Earth to leech.
With no connection made to aid one's breathing.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Observed But Unbelieved

We are taught...
A way of life is only acceptable,
If it is lived from our point of view!
Although our values are flawed,
And we are awed by conflict.
...with a touch of war and self-obsession.
Our abilities to reflect,
How we expect to be treated...
Falls short of our actions,
Observed but unbelieved!
Hypocrisies are a given...
As empathy is shown,
In many charitable ways!
And this we insist to be,
A factor well known!
Grace upon the arrival of each day.
And blessed we are,
To inflict this advantage!
However...
There is a self-righteousness,
In the standards we embrace.
And we are unable to face,
A divisiveness that splits and stays!
Although a wholesomeness about it,
Is daily portrayed as we employ our joys...
By a propaganda marketed without delay!
With the best of subliminal injections.
Leaving nonconformists much annoyed!
And this we insist is diplomacy,
If understood...
How it could and should be convinced,
In movements actually lived!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Observed For What It Is

There is one thing about dissension,
And those in positions who continually present it.
Their pretentions of doing away with its effects,
By showing the negative aspects of it kept...
Is at best,
Re-enforcing.

And when this is observed for what it is...
As those caught up in the promoting of its negativity,
It becomes quite clear to me...
The intent.

The intent is to keep those mostly affected...
Emotionally incensed, embittered and bothered.
Although expected they are to be forgiving.
Knowing they have been given free tickets,
To review their disparites staged.
With a marketing to those unconscious well received.

And this is bought, bittened and chewed to digest,
On a daily basis to achieve expected effects that create...
A sickened misguidance of the use of theater space.
And a waste of its resources done...
To impose the manifesting and class structure of ideals.
And if it isn't? What else is it?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Observed Protesting

People more impressed,
By a dressed slick talking crook...
Will always overlook,
Someone who has expertise.
But isn't one to flaunt,
Images to give...
To fake the making,
Of a charade done to get paid.

Images addressed,
For some qualifying this as success...
Are quick to follow thieves,
Who speak and leave them feeling deceived.
And upset to know they've been cheated.

And in these days we live to witness,
The ones observed protesting...
Refuse to admit their decisions made.
And in these days we live to hear,
Accusations placed...
By those pointing fingers at others to prove,
Themselves to be used but deny they are fools.

People more impressed,
By a dressed slick talking crook...
Will always overlook,
Someone who has expertise.
But isn't one to flaunt,
Images to give...
To fake the making,
Of a charade done to get paid.

And in these days we witness to see,
People duped with it done...
To bow their heads in disbelief.
And in these days we witness to see,
Those observed protesting...
Against those with expertise,
Who have left them accepting...

What they have gotten to receive,
Without a word to say or show empathy.

'Why aren't you joining us? '

~To do what? ~

'To show a collective effort,
Against that which has happened.'

~I attempted to do that and was shown the exit.~

'How long are you going to be provoked,
By a stupid joke.
We were just joking.'

~But no one approved,
Giving 'me' over a million dollars...
Just to keep me laughing.~

'Oh.
That?
That was just an oversight.'

~No!
That was blinded vision.
Keep it.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Observed To Be What It Is

Whatever is,
Or has been...
The most significant thing in one's life,
And this one has prioritized?
Reflects the attention given to it.

It is observed to be what it is.
With any credit mentioned,
For whatever content may be discussed...
Due to who or whomever is responsible,
For that which is noticeably apparent.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Observed With Comprehension

With failure wished upon others,
Comes failure granted for all.

To support the success for one,
All doing it will witness the benefits.

And this is not assumed,
By those who have already...
Observed with comprehension,
Both sides of this as it exists!

And this is not assumed,
By those who have already...
Observed with comprehension,
Both sides of this as it exists!

But those proceeding with their own needs wished,
Forget one tree has many branches...
And if many leaves begin to fall from it,
Those believing they will not be affected...
Will find they too have no tree to cling to.
As the tree will remind what is left behind,
Is that which nourishes all to benefit.

And this is not assumed,
By those who have already...
Observed with comprehension,
Both sides of this as it exists!

One slice of pie,
Can not be tasted...
If the oneness of it is not baked.
And many will never come to see,
How the greeding to feed only their needs connect...
To affect and flourish their own nourishment expected.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Observing Their Choices Made

With eyes opened wide they've made choices,
Throughout their lives.
Believing they obtained stability...
In a world in which their values were compromised.

Now with a realization they've been undermined...
They find they have left their true identities,
Materialized and dignitized to secure in time...
A retirement to enjoy as is meant.

But...
Diminished these visions.
And very much quantitively minimized.

And those criticized for walking on paths,
That made others laughed perceiving them mavericks.
Find they have attitudes of joyous moods.
With a kept faith connected to their fates.

With eyes opened wide they've made choices,
Throughout their lives.
Believing they obtained stability...
In a world in which their values were compromised.

Speeding and slipping quickly in a downslide,
No longer do those who had pass judgement...
Feel secure about their lives.
Today there is an emptiness felt within them.

And...
With an addicted attraction to those things symbolized,
All their lives...
But witnessed today repossessed.
They stare in disbelief,
At the erasing done to their progress.
Along with remnants of any happiness,
That was saved with intentions to spend if left.

With eyes opened wide they've made choices,

Throughout their lives.
Believing they obtained stability...
In a world in which their values were compromised.

And they had been the ones to joke and laugh.
Awakening to discover they've been reduced,
To picking through someone's garbage and trash!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Observing 'Their' Ways

I remember the elders.
And observing 'their' ways.
'Don't do as I do!
You do as I say.'
And today I comprehend,
What it was they did not mention.
To leave my eyes glued on them to stay fixed.

And I did my best to pay attention.
I really did.
With a listening intently.
To learn from them,
As I was taught many lessons.
Not to do what they did anyway.
With a finding of other ways to do it better.

I remember the elders.
And observing 'their' ways.
When to me they had said,
'Don't do as I do! You do as I say.'
To learn from them,
As I was taught many lessons.
With a finding I could do what they did even better.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Observing This More

They would love to mask their past,
With self righteousness.
As they elevate good deeds done...
At the expense of killing someone.

It's in their blood as evil flows like venom.
Self destruction is part of the DNA that is within them.
Observing this more has made one thing clear...
They are the creators of an evilness that's here!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Observing With Different Tastes

Truth is not accepted,
As is betrayal and deceit.

Decadence has a reception that is welcomed.
Yet hypocrites prefer it accepted,
As something they do to be kept discreet.

And although new lies to tell are created,
On a daily basis to be shared as told...
By those who pretend an innocence they defend,
It's those standards and values people claim to have...
But for whatever the reason they can't seem to keep them,
Reflected on the streets where those who are seeking...
Meet not the standards and values to greet,
But garbage and trash aligning those streets.

'I am utterly appalled by what I see.'

~What is it that you see? ~

'No where is there a decent restaurant,
Serving fine dining to eat.'

~You must agree,
There is an appearance of diversity! ~

'I can't 'see' WHY you would say something like that.
Fast food and fine dining can not be compared.
Apparently we are observing with different tastes? ~

~Apparently we are.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Observing You

To say your approach to life is boring,
Would be to admit...
My own life is not totally lived.
Especially if most of it is spent,
Observing you.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Obsessed

Even if you are in it to win,
Or sitting on the sidelines cheering...
Be there on top of your game!
Whether rehearsing for performance,
Your mind is on it from the time you arise
At dawn!
This is something you can not take off,
To put back on!
You have declared it something that you do!
Prove it!
Be there on top of your game!
Having hope and faith...
Pacing through the motions taken,
Does not create results.
If nothing you do makes it happen.
Be fully awake by going beyond expectations!
Taking 'five' to socialize...
Just delays reality!
Frustrate if you wish.
But know this...
There are no bit parts to play for 'stars'!
Accolades are not rewarded for intentions.
Not today!
If you are not on top of your game,
Because you love what it is you do...
Regard it as a hobby to fill in the passing of time.
Remove from your mind the faking of seriousness.
When doing 'you'? It should be about business,
Always!
Every moment lived is an audition.
And success is a gamble one takes.
Not guaranteed for trying!
Too many lie to themselves and become disappointed.
Thinking about hitting home runs...
Instead of sweating through the making of attempts.
'Feeling' the perfect pitch when it comes!
A few know what one actually looks like!
They have been in place,
Most of their lives.

Others talk...
Building up confidence as if seeking assistance.
They believe something made to look like fun,
Comes easy to the one enjoying it!
They discover too late in life,
Work applied is required.
Heartbreak mending had to be done.
And working on a dream to come true...
Is a constant thing!
No one obsessed or beseiged with what they do,
Is lucky!
That observation is just what it is!
An 'observation'.
An assessment not invested.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Obsessed By Memories Remembered

I am thankful and feel tremendously blessed.
But I would not suggest you prolong the flattery.
Or attempt to victimize me with a deceiving tongue.
I've been around a few blocks.
Although some perceive me,
As not having gone around none.
And I can not change their illusions with truths.

I come from a long list of experiences.
And a few still leave me embittered.
But I try not to cling onto that which upsets.
Or become self obsessed by memories remembered.
But neither am I going to let others believe,
They can say and do to me as they please.
I am no operator of an amusment park!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Obsessed To Possess

Pray many do with a faithfulness claimed.
To then be chased away from it,
The moment we should keep faith treasured.
With an acknowledgement that what we have,
Is the gift of life.
To appreciate and share with a caring.
Inspite of our possessions and our obsessions.

But proven on a daily basis,
As the power of nature has its way...
What we claim to be a faith in The Almighty,
Is only as strong as those impressions we make.
Obsessed to possess,
With things and other values faked.
Kept until one day they suddenly leave.

'If only we had power.'

~Power to do what? ~

'To see.'

~You've had that from the beginning.
What has changed? ~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Obsessed With Beyoncé

Sanitation Department.
May I help you?

'Yes.
I know this may seem to be,
An unusual request.
But is it possible,
You could send to my address...
One of your trucks,
To pick up what my wife has decided...
She no longer needs.'

Your request would be most unethical, sir.
Since we have strict sanitation pick ups.
And in your neighborhood,
All discarded trash and garbage...
Is picked up on either Tuesdays or Thursdays.

'Well...
My neighbor is complaining.'

Why and about what?

'You see...
My wife had been obsessed with Beyoncé.
And there was this one weave she wore,
That filled 28 garbage bags.
And needless to say,
Those bags cover our driveway.
AND the neighbor's front yard.'

Is this a prank call?

'Please.
Is it possible you could send a truck?
My neighbor has begun to burn the bags.
And the stench of it,
Is spreading all over the neighborhood.
What alternative do I have? '

Either calling 911 or the police, sir.
Whatever you decide to do,
Someone is going to get arrested.
That's entirely too much weave.
Where is your wife?
Sir?
Hello?

'She...
Hasn't come home yet.'

Something tells me...
You don't know women.
And...
I hope this doesn't offend.
But,
Is your wife a woman of color?

'Yes. Yes she is.'

Sir...
Immediately call an ambulance.
What you've done is life threatening.
Better yet,
Call the police then 911 AND an ambulance.
And...
I'll be praying for you.
28 BAGS? is that right?

'Yep.'

Sir...
Pack whatever you can carry.
And leave as fast as you can.
Do you have transportation?

'Yes.'

Forget the packing.
You might not have time.
Leave!

Right now.
Don't leave notes, quotes...
Or anything like that.
Leave.
Stay among the missing.
For at least six months.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Obsessed With Incestuous Love

Why obsess something that is relative?
Everyone has their own fetishes.
But I will say this,
Having that kind of a love for 'insects'...
Is a bit extreme.

'Incest.
Not insects.
I said they were obsessed with incestuous love.
I aint mad at 'em.
What they do they do.
I could care less how or who they hop around with.'

Oh?
So you're one of those 'tomato' tomahto...
'Potato' potahto people.

'One has nothing to do with the other.
Normally they have wings.
I am not referring to insects but to incest.
What I refer to has arms and legs,
And struts around naked like no one knows.'

You buggin' today, huh?
Let it go, my brother.
Let it go.
It will be okay.
It doesn't pay to put that kind of stress on yourself.
Trust me.
Slowly...
Just let it go.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Obsolete

By the time you honestly face your delusions,
The computer assigned to monitor your activities...
And daily movements,
Would have declared you obsolete.
And has passed along your identity,
As an entity needing to be deleted.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Obstacles Arrive

Adapt.
Accept facts.
Avoid traps of beliefs...
That a picking which is liked from life,
And as perceived...
Is okay to leave behind,
All that is disliked on a path one finds.

Obstacles arrive not as ornaments to wear.
To one day disappear as if,
Not a one had ever been there.

Adapt.
Accept facts.
Avoid traps of beliefs...
That a picking which is liked from life,
As perceived...
Is okay to leave behind,
All that is disliked on a path one finds.

This that is here,
Has been labelled a tree.
See it?
That which is above us,
Has been called a sky!
Can you see it?
Those who stare over there back at us,
Are referred to as people!
You can wave...
It's okay!

And you...
Believe this or not,
Are one of them.
So am I.

Like a you.
Like a me.
Like a we...

Are all a part of a 'they' and a 'them'.
And for all of us...
Obstacles arrive!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Obstructionists! Unphased

Obstructionists!
Unphased.
Mentally sick...
Delusionists.
With selected memories.
Unphased to do just what they please.

Like water rolling off a duck's back...
They love to hear themselves quack.

Obstructionists!
Unphased.
And mentally sick...
Delusionists.
With selected memories.
Unphased to do just what they please...
And crazed.

With minds like loose bananas,
If front of cameras frailing...
Their weaknesses like misfits!
Demented and ballistic.

With minds like loose bananas,
If front of cameras frailing...
Their weaknesses like misfits!
Demented and ballistic.

Like water rolling off a duck's back...
They love to hear themselves quack.

Obstructionists!
Unphased.
And mentally sick...
Delusionists.
With selected memories.
Unphased to do just what they please...
And crazed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Obtained Fame

People get to pay,
For their obtained fame.

Yet others fantasized,
What it's like to live their lives.

People get to pay,
For fame that 'others' claim.

To have them criticized,
With it done to them despised.

People get to pay for any success that they get.
As no one thinks about their sacrificing doing it.
And those with noses wish to sniff a round a lot,
To see what they possess and the 'things' they've got.

People get to pay,
For their obtained fame.

To have them criticized,
With it done to them despised.

People get to pay for any success they may get.
As no one thinks about the sacrificing to do it.

People get to pay,
For a fame to them claimed.

To have them fantasized,
What it's like to live their lives.

And those with noses sniffing done to do a lot,
To see what they possess and the 'things' they've got.
Are disappointed when reality to them hits,
That those who may achieve a fame are not declaring it.
And often just to do a thing to get it done,
Is success enough without possessions that stun.

People get to pay,
For their obtained fame.

Yet others fantasized,
What it's like to live their lives.

People get to pay,
For fame that 'others' claim.

To have them criticized.
Because they don't possess to just impress...
With things.
Because they don't possess to just impress...
With bling.
Because they don't impress with their success.
Or...
Think about it to do to address.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Obtaining Self Confidence

A fear kept to defeat doubts,
Can not be overcomed to done...
Without obtaining self confidence.
And where does that come from?
Ridding the fear of appearing too aware.
Or too arrogant amongst others,
Becoming easily offended and argumentative...
When one has chosen to have no fear,
Making it clear of their discovery.
And regardless of the circumstances.
Since whatever those circumstances may be,
A finding of one's self confidence...
Is not going to change what one knows,
To believe, accept with their own life to live...
Not chasing or creating excuses to make.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Obvious But Absent

They carry Bibles and yet lie.
Quote scriptures,
Although hypocrites.
And are the main reasons,
For the divisions and splits...
Conflicts and indecisiveness.
With a healing that could be done,
That is obvious but absent!

They argue and are self righteous.
And determined with their wickedness,
To defeat anything that is good.
And their followers are found crawling to leech...
With a preaching done,
In depressed and neglected...
Inner city neighborhoods.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Obvious Motivations

People who complain,
About life and what it is not...
Often are disappointed,
They can not use others
To obtain an advantage,
That highlights a disadvantage!
Attracting an attention,
To their lack of prevention curtailed.
They can not see this...
As they look for others to agree with them.
That's how obvious their motivations are.
Provoking hollow goals,
With empty wishes to achieve
Absolutely nothing for themselves...
Or anyone else that sympathizes,
Within listening distance.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Obvious Waste

There is no valued sadness here,
Displayed!
For signs they chose to ignore.
They now wish for laws to legislate their pain.
As their mindlessness increased...
So did the cost of their ignorance!
Turning their backs on those with solutions,
They now seek attention...
From those who have no intention to intervene!
Exposed dead weight,
Has been sought for decades to eliminate!
And what better time to do it,
Than now...
Today!
When it is easier to collect as obvious waste!
And even some of them will agree...
They only reflected needs to be lazy and greedy!
Bringing absolutely nothing to the table,
But an assortment of cheap 'whines' to taste!
And that does not attract others planning...
A festival all can sample and feast,
At the buffet!
This has always been a collective effort!
And poachers who leech...
Does not make this a cost effective presentation!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Obviously You Know Nothing About Greatness

Why not destroy the lives of everyone,
To allow a few greedy and spoiled people...
Who disagree with each other,
Have their way.
Isn't that what war is all about?

'No.
War is about protecting people,
From the enemies that threaten them.'

From what?
Being ignored by a peace that bores?

'No.
From being told what peace is.
And who is better equipped to live it.'

Oh.
So it's not selecting indifferences to pick,
And then depict as undermining selfish interests?

'No.
Obviously you know nothing about greatness.
Or how it is obtained to achieve.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Obviousness Of It

I want to know,
You.
Not that 'you'...
Prepared and rehearsed.
With lines to deliver crisp and quick.
To do and say what you think,
Is in my best interest.
No...
Not that!
I'm directing this!

I want to know,
You.
From where I want you,
To feel me.
And...
That deeply!
With an ultimate shallowness,
Of seeking your pleasure...
As a goal.

To meet discreetly.
And naked if we decide,
To share a chemistry prioritized.
But that 'you' I want to know!
My heat does not generate deceit...
In my eyes.
They can't!
You've got my nose wide open!
And you can rely on that to be devoted.
It has to show...
You melt me.

Not that you might already suspect,
The obviousness of it!

There is an...
Obviousness of it!
There is,

An obviousness of it!
Obviousness of it!

I.
Know.
There.
Is.
An...
Obviousness of it!
There is,
An obviousness of it!
There is an...
Obviousness of it!

I.
Know.
There.
Is.
An...
Obviousness of it!
There is,
An obviousness of it!
There is an...
Obviousness of it!

I.
Know.
There.
Is.
An...
Obviousness of it!
There is,
An obviousness of it!
There is an...
Obviousness of it!

I.
Know.
There.
Is.
An...
Obviousness of it!

There is,
An obviousness of it!
There is an...
Obviousness of it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Occupied By Similar And Limited Visions

A sold soul,
Has an inability to self reflect.
Everything they are told,
Is with ears set...
On an idealistic perfectness.

Although they are constantly trying,
To achieve a correctness...
They believe to themselves,
That has already been identified...
But can not be to over stressed.
By the credentials they have been awarded.
And achieved by feeding,
A confirmed definition of success.

And compared to others,
Who are occupied by similar and limited visions...
To assess mindsets equally possessed.
A sense of false happiness has been achieved...
With a certification shown that has them obsessed,
In those social circles...
Where titles and name dropping,
Are emphasized topics to be loudly addressed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Occupying My Desires

For too long I have stayed comforted.
With just my own shadow,
Feeling a sense of safety!
And spared from charities of outreach campaigns.
You know the kind...
Those who find victims in self deprivating need.
Not understanding this as intentional affliction.

But of late,
I have desires to escape this net!
Place within and I have kept.
My emotions are recognizing a dependency.
A spark is seeking to be ignited.
And I wish to host this event meant,
I invite.

Is there anyone close to listen to this intention?
Anyone there to notice where I had been?
How do I begin on this journey of recovery?
How on Earth could I have been this distant?
Especially when my memories,
Never seem to leave me alone!
They are everywhere occupying my desires.
But why am I perceived to be absent and unavailable?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

October Starts It All

When it's,
October again...
Leaves green change to different colors.
And Autumn seems to rush September away.
With Summer still left to linger.

When it's October again,
Cool breezes chill the air.
And people everywhere prepare for Fall.
October starts it all.

Holidays this time of year,
Come to quick it seems.
Halloween and Thanksgiving,
Bring with them Christmas dreams...
Too soon with a meaning that comes to end.

When it's,
October again...
Leaves green change to different colors.
And Autumn seems to rush September away.
With Summer still left to linger.

When it's October again,
Cool breezes chill the air.
And people everywhere prepare for Fall.
October starts it all.
As the Harvest Moon appears it seems,
Much too soon.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Ode To A Demoted Flow

Energy I once had I thought to be everlasting,
Has slowed.
Each day I get up to quickly seek rest,
From all the mindlessness that gets me upset.
And yet...
Even an ode to a demoted flow,
Can not perk up an interest to feed and digest...
An appetite I had when young,
When someone stunning on my path had come....
To excite those forgotten and dormant feelings.

Even an ode to a demoted flow,
Can not stir up a request...
From anyone I wish to hold close.
To then whisper lowly under a slightly heard breath,
A patience be granted upon me to be bestowed.
While I digress in the hopes,
A part of me will remember what it was I did next...
Once I had a clear vision of being aroused!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Ode To Odor

Oh, odor...
From where does thou cometh.
With your abrupt pungentness?
To lay so distinctly...
In once fresh air!

And...
Upon unexpecting noses,
With such effective attention...
You have manage to get and be given,
In a suspecting collectiveness.
Oh oh odor!

Fanning you...
Is a pointless act.
When you come to attack the senses...
There is a determination noticeably gained.
And the agony to breathe freely...
Is devoid of any patience!
Any...
That remains.

And so foolish are the aspects of retaliation.

Oh...
Odor!
You ought to go!

But where shall you go?
Odor...
You are so unwanted.
Since you came in through...
Closed doors and windows,
With that uninvited ooze...
You meant to leave.
It looks as if...
There is no choice but to wait,
Until you fade away!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Ode To The Sexes Axed From An Ex

To give is to receive.
Yet the giving does not guarantee,
A getting with it given in return to expect.
Especially if one believes,
They are owed a shown respect to accept.
Just for the tolerating periods of rejection.
That ultimately ends,
When one has been axed from an ex.
And eventually feels relieved,
That what one had felt suspected...
Is freed from attempts to prevent,
A disconnection to move on with no regrets.
As one discovers others with their druthers,
A shared ode to the sexes axed from an ex...
Find themselves joined to express,
Experiencing to address a familiar similarity.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Of A Different Kind

I am not trying to find you attractive.
In fact,
Your comments about that is a distraction.

I am looking into your heart.
And listening to your mind.
Anything else you have to offer...
I'm sure in time I will find!

I am of a different kind.
And trying to find you attractive...
Seems more on your mind.
Not mine!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Of A Higher Consciousness

They would not give them the time of day.
Dismissing their appearance,
And every word they would say.

Then one day came along,
To elevate their importance.
And corrected beliefs that were wrong.

Now those who had been dismissed...
Are treated as if they are treasures and gifts,
To the world.

And since they've always known that,
They manage to keep their humbleness intact!
Choosing not to return the disrespect,
To them for centuries had been hurled!

They were of a higher consciousness!
While others were of gluttony.
Concerned with getting their pockets filled.
And egos to splurge with unhealthy butts that got fat!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Of A Life One Lives

One with kept purpose,
And focused with determination...
Motivated by initiative,
Is seldom searching to seek...
Opinions given to find the meaning,
Of a life one lives to choose it chosen.
Or which path one takes to eliminate,
The facing of obstacles.
Obstacles already shown.
Although to others to have been unknown.

Or a needed direction from anyone to explain,
The consequences to expect the effects.
One has accomplished with tears and sweat.
Regardless of what others may wish,
That a purpose one has be abandoned.
To change for another decision to make.
More appropriate for the climate.
Since one with a kept purpose to keep,
Isn't one who solicits fear.
Or unwarranted beliefs of impossibilities,
Too many expect and accept to hear...
From wherever they gather to share,
A collection of the latest threats...
They've been sold to reveal to themselves,
As precious as good credit and fresh debts.

One with kept purpose,
And focused with determination...
Motivated by initiative,
Is seldom searching to seek...
Opinions given to find the meaning,
Of a life one lives to choose it chosen.
Away from pretentions to charade to impress.
Or which path to take to eliminate,
The facing of obstacles.
Obstacles already shown to others unknown,
Preferring more to value excuses to use...
As if to validate the ease,

In which the doing of it...
Is accepted.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Of A Much Higher 'Trip'

A preference fixed as a choice to remain,
Glued to misguidance and delusion...
With an accepting of it,
Has its consequences to pay for those...
Aware and conscious of this.

A permanance slips of a life held tightly,
In one's grip...
As if preferences selected will redirect truth,
To not exist as it skips gleefully away...
As other tricks are pulled from a bag of myths,
To hypnotize until it fades...
Even for the ones sound aslepp does not exist.

Especially for those perceiving they have been chosen,
With gifts to speak in 'tongues'.
This life today lived as is...
Has shifted quickly.
And it is futile to fight against an experience,
Of a much higher 'trip.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Of A Much Needed Self Evaluation

Your creation has suffered,
From a disrespecting neglect.
And an absence of trust!
That's why it crumbles.
Not from threats you fear.
With desires and wishes,
To keep 'this' protected.
As others you demean...
In jeering and taunting scenes.

Unpolished and rusting.
Ignored and collecting dust.
And this is what you believe,
Seeds the feeding of jealousy?
This is what you perceive...
Others desire as a must?

So deluded are your addicting lusts.
So self righteous...
Are your own beliefs you cuss!
As you leech without benefit,
Of a much needed self evaluation.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Of A Once Natural Process

Ointments.
Moisturizers.
Facelifts and tummy tucks...
May slow the appearance,
Of a once natural process.

But a tock heard from a clock that ticks...
Does not stop,
To acknowledge any of these efforts.

No matter what one is told to feed and sell.
Those who accept and face aging...
Often live well when not dwelling on looks!
And those dwelling on looks,
Are most likely hooked on receiving compliments.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Of A Sabotaging Done

No one can wipe a slate clean,
Of a sabotaging done to another.
No one has the right to excuse,
An abusing of another away...
As if a child at play,
Awaiting to be disciplined...
With two weeks of punishment spent,
Surrounded by treatments of video games...
Widescreen TV and a cellphone, alone.

Immaturity found difficult to leave minds of adults,
Should be confronted.
Not massaged with understanding,
For their actions to undermine someone else.
As if their misdeeds should receive parting gifts,
With sweetened whispers.

People like this,
Ask for hell to be unleashed upon them.
And there is no reason to disappoint their desires.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Of Acceptance And Compliancy

Acceptance is not the same as compliancy.
Although both definitions suggest flexibility.

Acceptance is done after comprehension comes.
And one compliant seems to be more submissive,
Technically.
With actions that are specific,
To what is defined and made understood.

And one who accepts definitions,
May argue with an understanding...
That attention and answers are expected to be given,
When asked!
With someone 'qualified' to deliver what appeases.
Or no one sleeps!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Of Accepted Ignorance

Undo a knot I myself tied?
Tight and to perfection?
To admit I had done this to myself...
Would spoil the empathy I get,
From those who suspect...
I had been victimized,
By expressing an intelligence.

And that's the last thing I wish to expose,
Knowingly.
There are still some benefits I get,
In portraying I am blessed with an abundance...
Of accepted ignorance.
I know how to suffer from my foolishness wisely.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Of Accomplishing Something, Anything To Leave

I have not been taught by anyone,
To live a life prioritized in the acquiring of things...
Without striving to succeed in making an achievement.
And...
It did not require fanfare no matter what was done.

But to believe I was in the process,
Of accomplishing something, anything to leave...
Would eventually make a difference.
If not for me...
At least for someone.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Of Adventures Unknown

This phase of life today I face,
Is a remarkable experience...
To witness it as it takes place.
Unfolding as it is to have left behind regrets.
With a taking of steps to forgive and forget.

And it seems so fast the pace of it.
Especially looking back at my mistakes to commit.
With a gratefulness to now admit they were made.
To leave me glad I was not afraid,
Of adventures unknown but with ambition to explore.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Of An Experienced Life

Too broad is the living of an experienced life,
Born to adventure and explore the unknown...
To attempt to categorize the living of it,
In one word descriptions to depict.
As if this is required to approve one's acceptance.

And just too confined are those who live,
With wishes to have their values represent...
A proper social etiquette with hopes to convince,
Those who have chosen their spice of life to like...
Regardless of the ones with perceptions to believe,
A quality of life to live is more fulfilled...
If it is censored to be done within set limits.
With a doing to satisfy those who validate and certify.
And too broad is the living of an experienced life,
Of anyone finding it ridiculous...
To seek such restricted evaluations.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Of Course I Can Be Monogamous

How dare you? !
I have never, ever...
Been labelled a cheap piece of meat.
How dare you call me such?
I have never adulturized.

One night stands and perhaps a few flings,
I may indulge in between serious relationships.
And when I find the right match that is suitable,
I am sure I will end those things!
Without a hitch.
You can count on it.

Of course I can be monogamous.
I am just not ready to settle down,
With someone I can trust!

'But...
Aren't you 62 years old? '

And the point you are attempting to make here,
Is what?
Uh...uh...uh...Mmmahhh...

'Mary! '

Is it?
That's right.
You 'are' Mary.
Thank you for the clue.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Of Course I Find You Delicious

Don't be ridiculous!
Of course I find you delicious.
I want to slice you.
Put you on pumpernickle...
With provolone cheese.
Heat up.
And then with tomato and romaine,
Top you with mayo,
With a dash of pepper.
Nibbling you until every crumb is done.

'What are you doing with that knife? '

Getting it sharpened!
And thinking about dessert.

'Can you turn down the music?
It's rather loud! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Of Course I Like You

Don't be foolish.
Of course I like you.
Do you think I'd waste my time,
Arguing and cursing someone else?
Someone I did not know?
Who else but 'you',
Can get on my nerves the way you do?
Think about it!

Now...
Are you going to get back into the car?
Or are you going to walk?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Of Course I Made To You Promises

Of course I made to you promises,
With the wish to fulfill them.
And a delivery by you to be received.
But I did not expect and I bet neither did you,
That my promises made to only you to keep...
Would have so many protesting in opposition,
To have those promises delayed...
As obstacles were laid to have me leap,
From mountains high to climb.
To then have me blinded to jump from them,
As they stayed in valleys below...
Disparaging my character to have you think of me,
To deceive you for the benefit to get attention.

'But did you not make to me those promises? '

Yes I did and they will be kept.
But first let us both agree,
Those obstacles we are both aware of...
Did not exist before I made to you promises.
Have I ever promised you something I did not do?

'No.'

Then why have you become swayed by naysayers?

'Well...
Only you made me aware of the obstacles.
And for some reason...
They appeared on that same day to berate you.'

Next time...
Keep promises I make to you,
To yourself and no one else.

'Next time...
Send me a text message,
Without screaming your intentions from mountain tops.
I thought you were doing this to prove to me something.

With a doing others could not dismiss to detect.'

True.
I guess I was also doing that too.
With a hope to teach a lesson.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Of Course It Hurts!

Of course it hurts!
What pain inflicted doesn't?
The blood stipened from veins
Is the same that is sucked from Mother Earth.
Don't you think that does not hurt.
And She is here bleeding.
While we trash and polluted the dirt...
Until it becomes worthless!

Of course it hurts.
To have creatures leech,
And kill themselves.
To have scientists experiment,
Fusing and abusing the normalcy of cells.
To invent diseases and attempt to find cures.
There is not much more,
Mother Nature will endure.

Of course it hurts.
To witness a demonicness increase.
To have what wa design...
To find a decrease i harmony and peace.
To have chaos and distruction,
Produced by a few.
To manipulate and control...
Until they are destroyed too!
Of course it hurts!

But those who believe what they will achieve,
And produce success!
Are victimizing all of life.
To conquer under duress...
A shame they can not undo!

Of course it hurts!
Some haven't felt it...yet!
Like so many who continue to suffer!
As those mindless do what they choose!
And of course,

This abusive inducement to seduce,
With confusion infused...
Hurts!

No one here is indulging,
Under their exclusive influence...
Of a localized anesthetic!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Of Course It Is Unconscionable

Of course it is unconscionable.
Unscrupulous and unreasonable...
To hold those not responsible,
With a blaming of another's wicked deeds.
This they will never accept,
As a high degree of deception.

And historically,
This activity has been unregrettable.
Although can be credited to the doings,
Of those accustomed to the feeding...
Of their self-centered need to see others bleed.

And for this they believe with a worshipping done,
Is their entitlement pursued...
No matter who perceives them to be,
Uncaring as they proceed to protect...
The best of their interests kept,
As an exception never from them to be unglued.

Of course it is unconscionable,
But if those who are conscious follow...
Who is at fault?
If this is what has been presented and bought.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Of Course. Yes

I love how decadence is praised,
At such raised marketing levels.

I can understand those disgusted,
And offended by having their values...
Held to untouchable standards,
Disgraced and humiliated...
By an affected younger generation,
Unaware that these conflicting contradictions...
Are not so much hypocrisies,
As much as they are separate ways...
To earn those disgusted a fast buck.
And allow their impressive pretentions to thrive.

'But...
Isn't this hypocritical? '

No.
Not necessarily.
You see...
When obtaining money is involved,
It does not matter how one gets it.
How one charades in the masquerading,
Is more important in appearance...
Than what is in one's mind to go unseen.

'Oh.
So it's all about the image of things?
The physical and not the mental? '

Of course.
Yes.
Don't leave here to trip.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Of Deceit And Honorable Hypocrisy!

People aren't just thrusted into the limelight,
For doing absolutely nothing.

They may be seen doing absolutely nothing noteworthy,
When they are actually there.
But to come from nowhere...
To then be everywhere?
With a hype unlike found under microscope,
Day and night!
To then proclaim...
An unawareness?
Not too many of us 'trip' like this!

And not to intentionally bring attention upon oneself?
Even lunatics can create better excuses.

People aren't just thrusted into the limelight,
For doing absolutely nothing.

That's been done too many times by those who create wars.
Those who stick their busy noses into places...
Then proclaim an innocence.
Like a child found with a mouthful of mints.
After being told too many times...
Lieing does not make sense!
When their misdeeds are exposed,
With a spreading of the evidence.
And pictures of them posing wickedly,
Smiling in front of unusually familiar...
Although conquered foreign doors.
Knowing they've been warned many times before.

People aren't just thrusted into the limelight,
For doing absolutely nothing.

Something done that they did or do,
Got them exactly what they wanted.
With the aid of those who empathize,
With lies reeking...

Of deceit and honorable hypocrisy!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Of Great Humanistic Deeds

The last of a glistening feasting,
Eye popping as is visioned,
Ends.

The pomp and circumstance of it,
Had lifted all imaginations above and beyond...
Staged conflicts.
Ushering the unannounced arrival,
Of a global higher consciousness.

Disagreements argued,
Are stopped to be put on hold.
Warring nations and economic devastation...
Kept frozen to behold,
Exquisite elegance.
At a calculated expense...
That enriches to heights,
Those royalistic dreams.

William, Harry...
And now joined by Kate,
Celebrate a majesticness...
Televised to beam to transfixed billions.

As people of a certain class,
Remind all who view...
How the worship of tremendous selfish greed,
Can inspired the dieing of fantasies...
To procure the squandering of isolated wealth.
Labelled as a right,
To be religiously ordained.

'May the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge,
Live long lives in the performance...
Of great humanistic deeds.
And may treasures obtained,
Do not reflect their purpose to achieve...
That higher goal to please only our Creator.
That will be,

Their responsibility.

And let this proclamation of a long lived epic chapter,
That has instigated divisions between classes...
Be forever closed! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Of Haitian Blood

Those displaced and in heartache...
Of Haitian blood.
Severed from a flowing.
Now exposed by the power,
Ot tremors and earthquakes.

The depth of what I feel reaches out to you.
Why this disrupted destructiveness,
Has occured in your lives as it has...
Brings upon such sadness.
That faith and time will heal...
Although these images visioned,
Will seem to forever last.

No one but 'you',
Know what this experience is...
You now live.
With torment to go through.
I 'can not' fathom it with applied imagination.
This devastation of epic proportion,
Distorts every emotion felt with me!

Within my spirit I reach to soothe with touch.
My Haitian brothers and sisters suffering...
I love you.
I love you.
I love you...
So very much!

We 'are' ONE.
And for whatever the reason...
To you and to us all this has been done!

Dedicated:
To all my Haitian brothers and sisters.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Of Image. And Not Substance

We were hired to clean this house,
But where are all the supplies to do it?

'The last occupants,
Took everything.
Including the kitchen sink.
And left nothing behind,
To enable us to do the job properly.'

This will be gruesome news,
To those who value this place...
As a symbolic image they pride.
We will have to triple the budget,
Just to maintain an image.

'What about the people,
Who aren't aware of this? '

I will do the best I can,
To convey that message.
However...
They will just have to face the truth.

'I don't envy the position you are in at all.'

Many do!
But they are certainly not getting the message,
From this inside point of view.
And...
I've already told them I would need their assistance.

'But sir...
If I may say this.
They are a people of image.
And not substance.'

I am finding that out!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Of Leeching Creatures

Long before the appearance,
Of leeching creatures...
Deciding to hide unknown in shadows.
There were those I remember,
Brave and fearless...
Who left blood on doorsteps,
Just to find anyone to accept...
Their sweat and belabored efforts.

And it was not easy to be abused,
By those who refused them.
Based upon looks and their confident dispositions.
Yet the ones in positions to select and choose,
Rejected those who projected an identity...
With self respect.
And it was suspected by others,
They were bad examples no one should reflect.

Today there are those who have not encountered,
The slamming and locking of doors 'before' knocking.
Yet perceive they can pass judgments,
On the ones they deem not to be qualified.
Or themselves could not live lives being suppressed,
While trying with attempts to just survive.
And because they have gained entry,
Without benefit of sweat and/or labored efforts...
They pronounce themselves as pioneers and innovators.

But the only thing they do bring is a premeditated ability,
To be superficial and pretentious.
And capable to slide on coat-tails...
Of the ones who did carve paths,
Leeching creatures could not imagine or will ever see...
Carved paths unpaved and not yet established,
To allow their feeding to leech ungratefully.
Although successfully many today accept.
Or will they ever feel a need to mention,
A previous authenticity with a giving of a deserving credance.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Of Love I Know And Knew Too Well

I've made too much of love.
I've made too much of its importance.
I would awaken at dawn with it wanted.
Believing the Sun rising on the horizon,
Would have it delivered to me before noon.

Patiently awaiting as the Sun would set,
Love was getting closer for me to forget...
I was making too much of a big deal of it.
I've made too much of love.
I've made too much of its importance.

I would awaken at dawn with love wanted.
As if haunted by a dream.
A dream appearing so clear I touched it.
Held it close enough to caress.
Gentle were the kisses and sweet the breath.

I've made too much of love.
I've made too much of its importance.
I would awaken at dawn with it wanted.
Believing the Sun rising on the horizon,
Would have it delivered to me before noon.

Addicted I've become with it within me sitting.
Needing a hit of it quick I feel...
My life is at risk! And...
Never did I think what I had once dismissed,
Each day I would look for it as if to crave.

Addicted I've become with it within me sitting.
Needing a hit of it quick I feel...
My life is at risk! And...
Never did I think what I had once dismissed,
Each day I would look for it as if to crave.

I've made too much of love.
I would awaken at dawn with love wanted.
As if haunted by a dream.

Patiently awaiting as the Sun would set,
Love was getting closer for me to forget...
But,
It wont let me go to do it.
Too much of love I know and knew too well.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Of My Father's Doing

Why is it...
Your reality fades.
And mine is clearing?
I am feeling more peaceful within.
You seem to welcome a disarray,
Appearing everyday to be getting dim.
Have we chosen this shifting of wits?
There is no explanation,
For this to happen as it is.
Not Like this!

Splitting us is our way of life!
On one side of it is darkness...
And on the other appears more light.
Coming to correct that which was wrong.
Yet through blight...
Haven't we come together to sing songs?

Why is it...
Your reality fades.
And mine is clearing?
Are we nearing the beginning,
Of an ending that transcends?
And which one of us then...
Will find more or less 'anything' to defend?
You with your weapons?
Or me,
Who prefers peace to release,
A humanity wishing goodwill to increase?

This process seems to be...
Of My Father's doing!
And what He wishes to see unfold!
Since there is no obvious outcome to behold!
Without fights of conflict to settle what is right!
Shouldn't we be holding each other close?
Knowing whatever happens,
We love each other most!
My Father is the 'Host' of this reality!

Who knows what jokes He has!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Of Others Who Can Locate You Anytime They Desire

All that is needed from you,
Is your presence.
And you are made to be convinced of this,
By those who sit and whittle,
Upon your empathy as they see fit.
Satisfying a need inside of you to allow it.
With a 'give-is-to-receive' attitude.

Somehow, aren't you less thrilled
And feeling insignificant...
When your needs and wishes,
Go ignored as if this is intentional?
As you question,
The response and sudden unavailability...
Of others who can locate you anytime they desire.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Of Politics

On campaign trails,
They all sound great.
And in debates everyone captivates.
But those who vote,
Are provoked by them.
Knowing that whoever wins...
It's back to an elite agenda,
With that as a priority...
Once again.

Those who know...
Their lifestyles wane,
Realize their lives remain...
Stagnant with nothing changed.
As the entertainment,
Of politics...
Stays the same as usual.
Corrupt...
And shamelessly blatant.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Of Producing Disarray

There are those who profess,
They know better than others
About cleanliness!

With standards of speech and etiquette,
Believing they sit on pedestals
To pass judgements and other tests!

And they can't see that they are the creators,
Of what today is a world in a complete mess.

With fantasized ideals...
Face lifts and skin peels!
Ivy league schools producing fools to rule.
Using faith based crutches that are clearly out of touch.
And adopting policies that leave eye sores on the streets.
Implementing mandates to spread hate not peace.
With accepted philosophies to censor truth everyone sees...
They are the ones unclean and much diseased!
Although they are right when they talk about blight.
It's left behind them when they move...
Proving to others their ways are far from right!

And they are the ones to speak of correctness?
Every conflict today was designed by them to stay!
And if they had no say,
In the way things were done today...
There would be no animosity,
And they would hate to be ignored in that way!
Since they love it when in the midst,
Of producing disarray.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Of Stimulating Packages

Spinsters everywhere,
Are becoming overheated.
Late to marry they are...
If that is done!
And fantasizing in dreams they sleep.
Of stimulating packages,
To arouse and keep them...
Wet in sweat.
And wishing to be touched.
Other than by hands that aren't their own.

Moaning alone in their unshared beds.

And yet when they hear,
Of today's economic woes.
They choose to leave their doors unlocked.
As they expose their nakedness...
To peeping toms invited to stare,
Through open windows.
Passed by men...
Who happen to walk at night,
On their blocks.
With a wish to excite them,
Without stop!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Of 'That' Because Of Them, Now And How!

You seem so calm, cool and collected!
Aren't you concerned?

'About what, why, whom and when? '

Of 'that' because of them, now and how!

'Wow!
No...
I am not.

I use to be upset about all of it.
And yet...
You seem to have all of it separated in categories.

I have never been that involved.
Not to dissect it to be inspected.
Unlike you,
I am blessed not to be that affected.

Wow!
You make me feel even more proud,
That I did not allow myself to get 'that' involved.

Where is your peace? '

Of what?
Pieces of anything I had to give up!

'Wow!
You make me feel even more proud,
That I did not allow myself to get 'that' involved.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Of That They Are Not Aware

A heart beating with no sign or clue,
To the meaning of empathy.
Or what others are going through.
And their suffering is in full view.
I question that connection to humanity!
I question those who do not feel...
A remorse.
Or to blind to see a society off course.

But then again...
Some are living in comfort zones,
Isolated.
As it has always been for them.

And accustomed to believe...
Those who suffer,
Are not as lucky as those...
Taught to dismiss their emotions.
And to ignore those less fortunate.

Although their fortunes,
One day too will wane.
Of that...
They are not aware.
And totally unprepared.
Or mentally fit for it when it comes.
And it comes.

Detention will have more meaning for them,
Than being late!
Those who rebel...
Will find themselves confined.
When that time arrives.
And 'this' will be that change,
They can believe in!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Of That Which Has Created The Earth

Everything has an order.
Everything has a discipline.

When those believe,
They can disrupt an order...
That has strict discipline,
To attempt to impose their wishes...
As if this skips the attention,
Of that which has created the Earth...
They from birth have leeched upon.

And they...
Created by it from within,
A Supreme Inyelligence?

THAT is the ultimate ungratefulness.
THAT is the ultimate display of arrogance.
And 'that' arrogance ultimately ends,
As is to be witnessed.
Without a weapon used that could possibly defend.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Of The New Democracy

It is all falling apart!

'What is? '

America.

'Really?
That's not what I think.'

And what is it that you 'think'?

'I see it beginning to reflect,
Everyone 'collectively'.
Especially those neglected.
Now we all get a taste,
Of the affects of waste...
One race of people have created.
They are falling apart, perhaps!
But the rest of us,
Are certainly coming together...
With the understanding,
That selective greed...
Eventually establishes a need,
We all can come to share! '

I didn't 'think' of it like that.

'Soon...
No one will think of it like that at all.
Since it will be a quality of life,
Be you black or white...
Brown or yellow,
With attitude and uptight!
We all will come to agree,
Feeding greed has to cease.
And that is the development...
Of the new democracy!

An economic togetherness.

In a socialistic unity.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Of The People And By The People

A government of the people,
And by the people...
Representing their wishes 'exclusively',
As they are documented to present...
Reflects the endorsement to enforce,
Those wishes and wants...
Upon 'certain' people to grant and uphold,
As they have insisted and persisted to get.
But today many suffer to pay the consequences,
With a price set so high and a cost at their expense.

And if these wishes declared wanted to be dispensed,
As documented to be left aging to fade senselessness...
Have created internal griefs to bear disbelief witnessed,
It is the people and by the people to correct and fix...
With an examining themselves to 'see' the detriment,
That a feeding of greed and selfishness has caused...
To not blame the government or 'their' elected officials,
They have picked to represent their wishes to benefit...
A quality of life sliding downhill quick exposing their flaws.
But none of it intended for this meant to be an entitlement.

Of the people and by the people,
That's where conflicts initiate.
Of the people and by the people,
That's where discrimination baits.
Of the people and by the people,
That's where racism creates a hate.
Of the people and by the people,
That's where this 'stuff' begins.
And if the people decided it,
Divisions begun would end!

Of the people AND by the people,
That's where conflicts initiate.
Of the people AND by the people,
That's where discrimination baits.
Of the people AND by the people,
That's where racism creates a hate.

Of the people AND by the people,
That's where this 'stuff' begins.
And if the people decided it,
Divisions begun would end!

Of the people and by the people,
No votes...
Can mend what's broken.
Of the people and by the people,
No votes...
Can mend what's broken.
Of the people and by the people,
No votes...
Can mend what's broken.
Folks?
Mend what's broken.
You can mend to fix what's broken.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Of Their Own Creation

Reality has been rejected.
A past that is wished,
Was never respected.
Minds today are confused in indecision.
And biased criticisms,
Have poisoned mentalities.

And yet no one listens.
Those in conflict wish to be understood.
Even those living in once safe neighborhoods,
Wish to leave them,
If they could.

But where would people go...
To prove they have common sense?
That has not been tainted,
By their own nonsense...
That had not been of their own creation.

Where would they go...
And not manifest the same infestation?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Of Those Experiences

You have every right in the keeping of your beliefs.
And to quote from notes of those who lecture,
From pulpits to pedestals in speeches that preach.
However...
You will not find me defending my own beliefs,
To convince anyone in debates that become heated...
Of those experiences to me that have come.
Leaving each one personalized to identify the origin.
And not one of those experiences,
Were achieved by the taking of notes to quote.
Or the rehearsing of that which I should,
Or should not have done in the process of my learning.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Of Those Insecurities Kept Encouraged

If all one knows,
Is a superficial existence...
That 'is' their reality.
And 'all' they have come to know.

A collective reality,
Had not been advantageous...
To those marketing their values,
And varieties of it to keep a greeding fed.

An image picked to have all teased with it...
Has been the only priority,
To keep division a lucrative aspect...
Of those insecurities kept encouraged to flourish.

'Nobody knows...
Those troubles I've seen.'

You want to place a bet on that?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Of Those Who Do Speak The Truth

The amazing and wonderful thing about truth,
And its use is this...
Those familiar and accustomed with the telling of it,
Are often the ones disbelieved.
Very few are open and direct like that.
To leave those dishonest suspicious.

And the ones looking for dirt to uncover,
Of those who do speak the truth...
Find themselves digging deeper holes,
To expose their own deceits and ways they've cheated...
They can not climb out of the mud and slime they've created,
To enable those observing them...
Complaining as they confess of committing their own sins.

Even in the pouring rain people like this smell.

'Excuse me...
What is that you're wearing?
I've notice the people here,
Have picked that as their favorite scent.
What is it? '

~Stench.~

The amazing and wonderful thing about truth,
And its use is this...
Those familiar and accustomed with the telling of it,
Are often the ones disbelieved.
And yet...
Those who are honest with themselves,
Have no problem revealing their own dirt first.

And if you do know anyone who does speak with truth,
Do you ever think of them as being negative?
Many do.
And why is that?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Of Trinkets And Meaningless 'Things'

Those with little to give may have nothing else,
From themselves to offer to others to impress...
But the little they have to leave them with less.
If in the doing it removes someone,
Who has been depressed by stress.

And yet...
Those with little to give and do,
Prove they have hearts much bigger too...
Than the ones who have abundance but snicker,
At those with nothing but thoughts to bring cheer.
And on their minds deception is no where near,
Regardless who defines their own mindless selfishness...
With an empty hollowness that addresses,
Their wishes to express their shallowness...
With the giving of trinkets and meaningless 'things'.

'What am I going to do with a food processer?
And I appreciate your ten dollar check.
But I have no bank account yet.
Since living on the streets I have no permanent address.'

~Some of you homeless people are so unappreciative.
I guess you expect I should feed you next? ~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Of Unmistakable Achievements Reached

It takes much more than hype,
And bloated embellished images...
To declare one's arrival,
At heights...
Of unmistakable achievements reached.

Too many are quick to add adjectives,
To accomplishments.
As if only statements are required,
To make exaggerations believed.

The proof is in the pudding.
And the taste of it is approved,
As being great.
Beyond the comments that critics make.

With a constant testing...
That takes persistence.
With limited objections...
By those who have observed,
A repetitive endurance.
And a correction of mistakes.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Of Varying Cultures And Races

Racists will always deny their contempt,
With the keeping of people reminded...
That one's appearance,
To them makes no difference.
And they do this to mention to convince,
Whenever the opportunity presents...
A doing done to bring attention to it.

'You know...
My desk is located amongst those,
Of varying cultures and races.
I want you to know how important that is...
For me especially.'

~I'm glad to hear that. That's great.
However...
I've come to the restroom to use it.
Not to discuss your political 'insights'.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Of Your Creation

There is very little about you left,
That can be respected.
Very little about your way of life,
Only you advantage without limitation...
Can say creates a teased sensation.
To feed your filth and gluttonous ways!
Those days have led to your disfavor!
And you honestly believe your treachery is admired?
That is 'your' sickness of approval,
That maintains your derangement the freedom to express.

Unfortunately you can not see yourself reflected in the mess.
This mess that distresses is of your creation.
You can not blame this on terrorists!
Not when you have spies monitoring the movement of flies...
Worldwide!
Deny it and those too would be additional lies,
Your deceit is finding problems hiding!
While your own children deface sacred monuments.
Have they been given clues?
Just how false thoughts taught,
Do not one day become truths!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Off Limits

I appreciate the flattery.
But the forging of my signature...
I can not condone.

Or your attempts to represent yourself,
As me!
When at events or social activities.

Can you see why I might find this to be,
A conflict in establishing a relationship?
Does anything connect in your head at all.
No...
I'm not being inconsiderate!

Eventually you will understand,
The reason why I say you can not be trusted.
And why my home to you...
Is off limits.
And...
Is not a place where you are welcomed.

I hope one day you will comprehend my actions.
I hope one day you and reality become the best of friends.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Off My Best List

If you want to stay on my back like that,
You'll be...
A lover gone.
And if you want to nit-pick with nonstop chat,
You'll be...
A lover gone.
You'll be,
A lover checked off my best list.

And if you want to nit-pick with nonstop chat,
You'll be...
A lover gone.
With a staying on my back to nag like that,
You'll be...
A lover gone.
You'll be...
A lover checked off my best list.
Without a doubt.
You'll be...
A lover checked off my best list.

And if you want to stay on my back like that,
You'll be...
A lover gone.
You'll be...
A lover without a nest.
You''ll be...
A lover who gets no rest.
You'll be...
A lover checked off my best list.
Without a doubt.
You'll be...
A lover checked off my best list.
And with a shut mouth...
You're off my best list.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Off Of A Blinded Rollercoaster Ride

It is a great feeling,
To live with peace of mind.
And not trying to find,
Either acceptance or approval.

When this blessing is identified...
Conflicts observed and heard,
Do not disturb!
Or come close to pinch a nerve.

When the blessing of peace of mind,
Becomes identified...
It solidifies one's right,
To get off of a blinded rollercoaster ride.

It is a great feeling,
To live with peace of mind.
And not trying to find,
Either acceptance or approval.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Off Of Those Stages Rehearsed

One experienced has strong beliefs.
And normally away from classrooms,
Has their lessons been taught.

It is difficult to converse,
With someone who has lived...
Far away and off of those stages rehearsed.

When one has survived alone,
And has done it from the trenches.
And not sitting on park benches...
Sniffing floral arrangements,
Or wishing to be uplifted...
By a drifting of a Spring breeze.
It becomes difficult to share idealism...
With one who realistically lives.

One experienced has strong beliefs.
And normally away from classrooms,
Has their lessons been taught.

It is difficult to converse,
With someone who has lived...
Far away and off of those stages rehearsed.
There is a depth of meaning,
That has been involved in one's interpretation.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Offbeat

Offbeat but a rhythm keeps,
Doing what it should.
With a doing that it could be...
Offbeat,
But a rhythm keeps...
Offbeat.

Offbeat but a rhythm keeps,
Doing what it should.
With a doing that it could be...
Offbeat,
But a rhythm keeps.

Unblocked or not stopped to do,
A patting of one's feet to...
Seal them in their seats.
And,
This is...
Offbeat.

Offbeat but a rhythm keeps,
Seeking to reach plateaus...
Offbeat.

Offbeat but a rhythm keeps,
Doing what it should.
With a doing that it could be...
Offbeat,
But a rhythm keeps...
Offbeat.

Offbeat but a rhythm keeps,
Doing what it should.
With a doing that it could be...
Offbeat,
But a rhythm keeps...
Seeking to reach plateaus.
Offbeat.
But a rhythm keeps,

Seeking to reach plateaus...
Offbeat.
But a rhythm keeps.

Offbeat but a rhythm keeps,
Doing what it should.
With a doing that it could be...
Offbeat,
But a rhythm keeps,
Seeking to reach plateaus...
Offbeat.
But a rhythm keeps,
Seeking to reach plateaus...
Offbeat.
But a rhythm keeps.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Offended And Upset

People have become too complacent.
With a caring not to listen.
Or a caring done to comprehend!
Believing a sleepwalk exercised...
Through rituals and symbolic traditions,
Would appease the majestic mentalities...
That brought them to experience,
Lives they live here on Earth.

A respect not shown,
Is awakening those with a selfish consciousness.
The disrespect shown to one another...
Has more than just neighbors complaining,
About this thoughtlessness.

Guess what else,
Has been offended and upset?
With no patience left...
For anyone to get their act together!

If anyone has not yet accepted,
The depth of their connected realities...
Soon will discover their beliefs to be dispensible.
Since we have been the welcomed guests!
Not the 'creators' of what we believe,
Can be easily deceived.

WE are not the creators of what we see,
That has allowed us to leech...
Maniputively!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Offended By Substance

There are more people today,
Offended by substance to berate it.
And even more who defend,
Their delusions to keep highly appreciated.
With them to rate as better depictions,
Of realities that don't exist.
But kept popularized to fantasize,
Their preference to refuse a truth to admit.
Or the presence of it,
To acknowledge truth makes no excuses.
And today many find this unacceptable.

'WHAT DO WE WANT? '
~Our delusions protected.~
'AND WHEN DO WE WANT THIS? '
~NOW! ~
'WHAT DO WE WANT? '
~More delusions manifested.~
'AND WHEN DO WE WANT THIS? '
~NOW! ~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Offending Delusions

People want their realities less explicit.
Less reflective of the times that exist.
People want their lives to be disguised by lies.
And those who refuse to be dishonest,
Are the ones accused of offending delusions.
Since deceit is more acceptable to believe,
As a quality of life decreases to defeat truth,
With a censorship that increases to boost ignorance...
In an attempt made to prevent the existence of reality.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Offending The Validity Of Truth

When it clearly appears those in denial,
Only choose to hear and see...
What it is they wish and want to believe,
The ones who are wasting their time...
Seem to be those people persistent,
In the underlining of the facts...
On huge and mounted neon signs,
Affixed everywhere to be seen in public.
Offending both the validity of dismissed truth,
As well as the many who claim...
Such activities are mentally abusive.
And affects the demands they present,
To have life lived from their perspective consented.
No matter who opposes the content of their entitlements,
With 'absurd' and outlandish realities they find to be pointless!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Offensive

That you would find truth offensive,
Is as disgusting as the marketing of decadence.
Although truth 'is' free,
And the acceptance of it opens eyes widely...
I can see but can not condone,
Why truth is reduced to an atmosphere of fear.
With many preferring it left alone.
Since promoting truth,
Is not a money maker.
And one is discouraged from it not to pursue.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Offensive Enough To Censor

If truth as a factor had been introduced,
As a matter of fact...
Censorship would not exist.
Or the senselessness of it.
Politically correct or not,
Those adopting a proper etiquette...
Would be found foolish.
And their nonsense stopped

But the acceptance of hypocrites,
With divisions of religions...
Glorified by symbols and myths,
Are permitted to inflict conflicts.
With a doing that has left truth as a factor...
A 'thing' to perceive to avoid.
And...
Leave suspicious.

If truth as a factor.
Had been introduced,
As a matter of fact...
Would delusions and confusions,
Be more protected to respect...
Than the effectiveness of reality,
Many do their best to reject.
And find so offensive enough to censor.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Offer That As My Option

Why should I drain from exhaustion,
To maintain gains in a campaign?
Or be bombarded by others,
Complaining about their aches and pains...
To remain sustained in an unnamed game?

If I can avoid this,
Offer that as my option!

Why should I be grouped in a herd,
To leap collectively in a chase over hurdles.
Give me those tools as you promised you would do.
And I will do what needs to get done...
Without standing in line,
Waiting for someone's stamp or sign of approval!

If I can avoid this,
Offer that as my option!

Why should I drain from exhaustion,
To maintain gains in a campaign?
Or be bombarded by others,
Complaining about their aches and pains...
To remain sustained in an unnamed game?

If I can avoid this,
Offer that as my option!

And if that is not the case...
I'll make the choice to sit out this race,
Paced...
To slow my steps,
With those who choose just...
To 'Hang-in-there' as if for them,
This swinging in the wind,
Is an honor!

And for me,
Hanging anywhere is not an option!

Or a request to be approved.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Offered And Ignored

Selected to lead and not debate.
Choosing not to wait,
To express diplomic ineptitude...
That has come to stifle,
As if a movement that has been approved.

People unaccustomed to getting things done,
Are currently upset...
By the actions of one considered young.
And they have become stubborn,
In their ways to obstruct.

But...
The one who has been elected,
Is not stuck in an awe that is struck.
He is there...
To lead!
And not debate.
Choosing not to wait,
To express diplomic ineptitude...
That has come to stifle,
As if a movement that has been approved.

And his leadership has put frowns on their lips.
But he was the one seeking 'their' bipartisanship.
And he knew when elected,
He did not need it!
It was offered and ignored,
In a solicitation he now has dismissed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Offered To Play The Role Of Victim

There are just too many people,
Willing to stand in line...
To be offered to play the role of victim.
Reminiscent of the days,
No one wanted to be a waitress, waiter...
Or someone else's butler or maid.
Until those perks added up.
And those who have those jobs today,
Know how generous people can get...
Over the holidays.

There are just too many people,
Willing to stand in line...
To be offered to play the role of victim.
Believing in the doing of such...
Their participation will be televised.
And those watching will sympathize,
As some of the worse acting ever seen...
On any screen,
Is given fifteen seconds of too much airtime...
To those finding their lives of greed on hold.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Officially

We...
Before greed became a possessed priority,
Use to mean a representation...
Of a collective presenting similarities.
And often applied to identify,
'Us' as a people.
People officially regard as human beings.
With a 'we' in mind and meant to be,
A unified necessity.
And dependent upon each other...
To advance and progress with wishes to want.
Done to do...'officially'.

Everyone knows laws are created to be obeyed.
Rules to follow were not made to betray.
And meant for the purpose from them not to stray.
Even the Ten Commandments,
Explicit and clear to understand and comprehend...
Not one that is mentioned is intended to re-interpret.
For something else to pretend,
Has a better outcome to serve.

Yet...
Anguish, mental suffering and self-inflicted pain,
Remains to keep...
Those claiming to be of faith to pray and with beliefs,
Kept to do religiously on a daily basis.
Although conflicts and judgements passed on others,
Seems to be more the objective...
By those who refuse to see themselves as hypocrites.
More proud of their misdeeds to permit,
Than following what is documented...
As if what is documented does not officially exists.

We...
Before greed became a possessed priority,
Use to mean a representation...
Of a collective presenting similarities.
But today,

People have become more familiar with deception.
A deception that betrays.
With more accepting there is no other way to live,
Officially!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Officially Released(Colon Cleanse)

The complexities of life,
Only begin to cease to end...
When one has made a decision,
Quick and not to premeditate.
To walk away.
And...
Doing this to accept,
Experiences and aging to get.
With a feeling,
Completely free...
Of having regrets to revisit.
With it unknown or expect,
How easy it is life to live...
Can get,
Once one removes...
All that has caused indigestion
And prolonged headaches,
Allowed to manifest and expect.

'You've been less quarrelsome.
Moody with attitude these days.
Wassup?
You on new medication? '

-That's almost funny.
But, no.
I've been officially released,
By a colon cleanse.
That has rejuvenated,
My spectrum.-

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Offline

Open mouths. Closed ears.
Incoming info.
Blocked out to hear.

Nothing in these minds have shown,
An appetite for lessons taught.
Or to catch them caught.
With obtaining,
Beneficial knowledge to own.
Nothing in these minds possess,
A hunger that feeds...
Which steps taken leads to success.
Their minds have lost,
That connection to accept direction.

Protesting they do,
Their lack of being provided... Appropriate and adequate education.
Although few attend school.
Or are prepared for tests to get.
Rejecting the method and content,
Overheard to expect.
No questions are asked.
That would be too humiliating.

It's all about who wants to prove,
A knowing more than the teacher.
It's all about fools who choose,
To dedicate their lives...
To fast cash and sadness.
Finding out later,
After wasting time...
Their minds have been offline.
And...
Downloaded to delete,
Any future to behold.
Offline from life.
And choosing substitutes,
To dilute reality.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Offshore

Come to me clean.
Clean,
Of mind, body and soul.
Cleaned...
And willing to let go,
Of attempts to row a boat...
You soak in,
As it floats...
Offshore without oars.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Offshore Assets

If the health and welfare of the people are ignored,
As is!
At the expense of increasing entitlements few get.
With a defending of them no one can afford.
Although people are teased by the taste of it!

And everyone agrees,
Exorbitant expenditures have to be decreased.
But...
At Who's interest is the continued squeezing,
Of the pockets from those already in need...
Pleasing?

Those selected to be chosen to defend themselves?
Against the onslaught of reality others too blind to see?
And any exposure of this revealed,
Will become the biggest threat yet...
To those who have pocketed their illegal and hidden,
Offshore assets?
And hoping Batman will divert attention away,
From what is kept secretly protected?

'Oh humbug and fiddlesticks! '

Right scene.
Wrong season!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Often

Often it is not the pain.
But the agony that remains long after,
That stays.

Often it is not the weeping,
One remembers as much.
It is one's touch that is missed.
And one sits alone...
Wishing for it!

Often it is the arguments,
With conflicts that go unresolved.
Leading to a break up...
One involved,
Desires too late to solve.

And often it is the one,
Who causes this to happen!
And too often,
The one who leaves...
Is not the one left to grieve.
Often,
In regret and remorse.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Often Amused

I am often amused,
By those electing to be suppressed...
In distressed environments.
And since they disrespect themselves,
Anyone living within it...
Gets the same treatment.
No matter what the influences achieved may be.

I am often amused,
By those who critique others...
With equal debilitating sustained values.
As if this depiction makes them feel a safety,
To bring everyone down to a level...
That expresses their disgust!

I am often amused!
But my expereinces outside of this,
I refuse to anyone 'limited' to discuss.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Often Awed

A doer of good deeds,
Isn't sitting to receive accolades...
Heard,
In thunderous applause.
Thinking what is done is deserving of it.

A doer of good deeds done to do...
Is often awed,
That what is done naturally...
Gets any attention for those deeds done,
That pleases the giving of the doer...
Whose choice is the choosing,
Of the doing of those good deeds to do.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Often Begins In Innocence

I can not and wont argue,
The right or wrongs...
Of an opinion I am requested to give.
Nor will I sit defending in debating it,
If my opinion has been solicited.

But there is one thing I am determined I will do,
And that is not to be baited to offer it again...
To amuse the doings that others choose.
Not if I am familiar,
With those wanting to confuse issues.

Since I've noticed any suggestion,
With an opinion requested to give...
Often begins in innocence.
To then offend those who wish that opinion,
Was to them given with a lesser truthfulness.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Often Daydreaming

When my eyes are closed...
I am with thought.
If not sleeping.
When my eyes are open...
I am at times thoughtless.
And often daydreaming.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Often Done By Those Who Do Nothing

I too use to 'think' it was from a selfishness,
When those refused to spend more time...
Being involved with a sharing of opinions,
And making attempts to accomplish...
Good deeds done with others of similar minds.

But I have since learned the difference,
Between selfishness and sacrifice.
And sacrificing one's life to benefit others,
Is seldom a deed done that comes...
With anyone expressing their appreciation.

However...
This observed I can not help not to notice!
The taking of credit for what is done,
Is often done by those who do nothing.
And they are the ones always proposing,
What someone else should do.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Often Finding Excuses

There is one thing that accusations tossed,
Always seem to prove.
Those that are often finding excuses to use them,
Do it to protect their insecurities...
From exposing a lack of self esteem.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Often Heard

The difference between you and me?

I am forced to live my life.
With the confronting of obstacles,
As they occur.
On a daily basis.

You...
Are often heard,
Asking for suggestions.
And if recommendations are appropriate.

Only to be convinced,
Your own shadow cast...
Should not produce or result in fear.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Often I Am Reminded

Often I am left wanting,
Not to be so honest.
Honesty admitted,
To hear it can offend.

Often I am left,
Wanting not a word to express.
Or wishing I could edit,
Something mistaken I might regret.
To have it explained to someone upset.

And often I am reminded,
Whatever my intention...
Will not be accepted to please everyone.
And if I am here to satisfy a mission,
Under no condition am I authorized...
To censor that mission.
Or distrust where it comes from.

I am here to deliver and serve as a tool.
And here I am to experience life.
No decision did I make as to which color I liked.
But as I adventure on this mission,
I have come to realize this...
So many live their lives to be petty.
With few who express to be blessed...
To be given a life to allow God to use.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Often I Hear This Comment Made

As time moves on and seasons have gone,
To be loved and remembered...
By those who choose to look forward today,
Without staying to reminisce yesterdays faded.
Often I hear this comment made...
'It is never too late! '
By those who have chosen to hesitate,
To do what time has given them to get done!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Often I Reminisce

I wish I had kept a list,
Of those who scholarly attempted...
To critique my abilities.

With their insulting snide remarks,
To put me and my 'poetic' self in place.

Often I reminisce,
Those comments made...
From the minds of limited nitwits.

And I am thankful each day when I pray,
That it is my own ignorance...
I have to live and deal with!

And God knows I know,
Just how blessed I really am.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Often The Most Outrageous

If I am troubled,
And my issues...
Have not been kept secret.
Help me,
To secure the help.
And whatever it is I need,
To mend.

However...
If I remain insistent,
With a persistence...
Others who are capable,
To enable my healing process...
Do not have access to my co-operation.
And no longer have the tolerance,
To accept my belligent disrespect.
From my lips freely released.
Well...
Those issues and troubles I have,
Are not anyone else's responsibility.
Especially...
If I have proven to be that obnoxious.

And...
Those of celebrity,
With 'that' bestowed upon them...
Are often the most outrageous,
When it comes to their demands and whims.
No matter how gifted with wit or other talents.

It becomes difficult to face truths,
With realities produced.
From atop peaks one has reached,
With a seducing of immortality...
Believed.

'It is so unfortunate.
All the fame and wealth they had.'

~Apparently they didn't have enough 'life'...
To appreciate their blessings.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Often The One Scoped

He who scopes upon another,
With wishes to take away, claim and fake...
Is often the one scoped,
With an acknowledgement of his true deeds.
And is one known to be a faker.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Often The Scenerio

Those who start things,
Never to complete them...
Can irritate to no end.

Especially the ones,
Who strike up interest in others...
To use excuses to abandon their 'whims'.

And projects finished,
By those who do not receive the credit...
Is often the scenerio.

Those who start things,
Never to complete them...
Become upset when others let them go.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Often They Do Exit From Them Alone

Whatever is whispered about them and said.
Those intolerant of an atmosphere,
Filled with pretentions.
And exit from them quickly.
Should not,
But often they do.
Exit from them alone!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Often Tickled

I feel you watching closely.
And ready to poke.
As if my presence,
Is under your microscope.

Too familiar have I been,
To those toothy grins zeroing in...
With needles and pins.
Attempting to prick,
What is perceived thick skin!
To judge if I am human.
Or if I can take what I am given...
Like a cushion that sits.
Without a feeling connected to it.

And if I should let critique,
Show it bothers me?
I'd be perceived as sensitive.
Like most 'creative' types are thought to be.

'And...
You're not? '

No.
Not necessarily.
But I do admit,
I am often tickled.
By displays of thoughtlessness.
And In public I laugh.
Sometimes in private I giggle.
Since the attention I'm given,
Validates some success.

And doing 'something' with longevity?
That achieves the curiosity from others I get?
I can't help but feel both blessed and amused.
Since I love to tease those who probe,
Who believe I'm easy to disturb and upset.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Oh I Use To Be That Goose To Cook

I use to be that goose to cook.
One taken for granted...
Because I had been out and open.
Making the chase easy to take.
As I healed from a mending...
Comprised of negativity and heartbreak.

And today that I no longer care,
Who is there to play hard to get...
In a game of hide and seek.
My presence is not readily available.
To anyone I thought was there to care.
With a sweeping off my feet in the air.

And this is no longer a challenge sought.
With a hope to make myself easily caught.

A sitting goose or a duck I am not.
Waiting from dawn until dusk to be fawned.
I've moved on to correct those things I felt wrong.
I don't do the snapping,
With the quick quips quacked back.

And if anyone comes believing,
I can be strung along?
I tell them immediately I am booked.
'Oh, I use to be that goose to cook.'

But now I recognize myself to be a swan.
Living on the other side,
Of a more diverse...
And populated pond.
To strut and not waddle as I proceed in song.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Oh Mighty Maker

Oh Mighty Maker,
You made me up to 'see'...
With clear and bright eyes,
On scenes You did not hide,
From me!

And...
Oh Mighty Maker,
You can only Be...
The One and Only,
Who is the One and Only...
Who can be the Only One who keeps,
My feet on solid ground...when it rocks!

'Cause...
I've tried alone,
But too many were there to stop me.
Too many were there just tryin'...
To snatch my faith away.
I've tried alone,
But too many were there to stop me.
Too many were there just tryin'...
To snatch my faith away.

And through the day I'm prayin...
Cause...
I've tried alone,
But too many were there to stop me.
Too many were there just tryin'...
To snatch my faith away.

Oh Mighty Maker,
You can't let them get away!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Oh My Gosh!

Oh my gosh!
Here we are...
Washing,
Clothes.

Oh my gosh!
Here we are...
Nose to nose.
And,
Washing clothes.

Folding the sheets we laid on.
Together you and I...
After a wetness sweated us,
In a rocking that followed with sleep.
To awaken after we slept.
Welcomed by a dawning Sun...
To greet us in the morning,
With a glowing on our faces...
Shown to be done.

And OH my gosh!
Here we are,
Washing clothes.
Nose to nose and folding sheets.

Something tells me,
A togetherness is certain.
Something else tells me...
You will have me ironing the curtains,
If I don't put my foot down...
To speak up to say,
This 'sweetness' I may display today...
Is a rarity witnessed,
You will one day see...
Is not part of my personality.

Like you,
I will not be left impressed.

Just because we had another night...
Of unexpected delicious sex!

'Honey...
I can't believe we've been together,
For more than twenty years! '

I know. I know!
I'll iron those curtains,
When I get back home...
Okay?

'Anything for you, dear.
You know that! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Oh No No

I remembered what it would be like...
To be bumped and humped.
And then to be dumped...
With a heart that's lumped.

I remembered what it would be like...
To be bumped and humped.
And then to be dumped...
With a heart that's lumped.

I couldn't imagine...
This,
Would happen to me.

Oh no no.

A drunkard laying in the streets.
Forgetting where I left my keys.
Wobbling to stand on feet.
To drag and stagger.

A drunkard laying in the streets.
Forgetting where I left my keys.
Wobbling to stand on feet.
To drag and stagger.

I couldn't imagine...
This,
Would happen to me.

Oh no no.

I remembered what it would be like...
To be bumped and humped.
And then to be dumped...
With a heart that's lumped.

I remembered what it would be like...
To be bumped and humped.

And then to be dumped...
With a heart that's lumped.

A drunkard laying in the streets.
Forgetting where I left my keys.
Wobbling to stand on feet.
To drag and stagger.

I couldn't imagine...
This,
Would happen to me.

Oh no no.
Oh no no.
Oh no no.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Oh No! No You Wont

On no!
No you wont...
Be the one to open my nose.

Oh no!
No you wont...
Be the one to curl up my toes.

I wont...
Be that kind of fool again.
To have my heart broken.
I wont...
Let that mood for me begin,
Again.

If I need a therapist,
That's what I'll do.
I wont have my mind screwed up,
And losing sleep too.
Not over you.
Oh no!
No you wont...
Be the one to open my nose.

Will you stop looking at me like that.
I'm not the one who you can easily trap.
Get back.
And stop that.
Oh no!
No you wont...
Be the one to curl up my toes.

Oh no!
No you wont...
Be the one to open my nose.

Will you stop looking at me like that.
I'm not the one who you can easily trap.
Not like that.

If I need a therapist,
That's what I'll do.
I wont have my mind screwed up,
And losing sleep too.
Not over you.
Oh no!
No you wont...
Be the one to open my nose.
Although...
In my mind you're like an exit door.
Although...
I've told you that many times before.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Oh Those Cookies Made

You hooked me with your looks,
And also cooking, 'bay-bee'.
Your speciality is baking sugar cookies, 'bay-bee'.
And a tasting of your cookies,
Is my favorite crave...
I rush to get to savor.
Because the flavor makes them great...
I've lost my patience to wait.

Oh your cookies made,
Are the best I've ever savored.
Yes your cookies made.
Is a taste that can't get better.
Oh...
Those cookies made,
Are fun to munch in any weather.
Yes,
Those cookies made.
Your cookies made.

Oh...
Oh your cookies made,
Are the best I've ever savored.
Yes your cookies made.
Is a taste that can't get better.
Oh...
Oh those cookies made,
Are fun to munch in any weather.
Yes,
Those cookies made.
Your cookies made.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Oh What A Relief Appears

Ironically enough,
The ones who had criticized...
The others tiredlessly exhausting themselves,
From Sunrise until night.
For all to acknowledge and recognize,
Something done has been finally done right...
Have yet to be the ones to produce.
But instead have proven,
Their enthusiasm to critique is what they best do.

Leaving those who have had judgements upon them passed,
To live happily and distanced...
From people like this who insist they have a better prescription,
With a dropping of their actions to start...
A happiness that is!
And oh...
What a relief appears,
Without a plopping to flop to fizz.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Oh You, Ewe

Oh you,
Ewe.
There grazing on the fresh grass,
Dewed before dawn.
And I see your reflection on the ewer,
As I pour from it sweetened liquid.
Remembering your youthfulness,
As I enjoy the mutton stew.
And the chops I seasoned.
One day to be thawed and equally enjoyed.
Oh you,
Ewe.
So tasteful are you too when pied!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Oh! ...Those First Amendment Rights

The advocates of free speech!
And, oh! ...those first amendment rights they seek.
With a doing to smear beliefs of others.
Don't you just love the way they use the media to do this?
To express the freedoms to address their druthers,
And at the expense of ruining lives.
So refreshing isn't it?
To know someone can dispense their wickedness.
And use the 'LAW' to get away with it.

To invite a manifesting of worldwide animosity,
Should be a goal and a priority...
Everyone self-righteous should want to achieve.

Free speech speakers on their soapboxes 'miked'...
Feel an entitlement to do what they please and like,
To destroy and destruct over the airwaves or in movies...
Day and night to incite humanity and collect abundantly,
From unknown donors with an inflicting of this mental disease.

But any amendment by law that encourages a dminishing,
Such reconsider what rights people use freely...
To purposely abuse the dignities of others,
With a doing it to whomever and wherever they please.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Oh! Oh! ...The Speed Increases

I want to touch.
I wish,
That you did too!
I get a 'rush'.
Thinking 'bout what we two,
Can do!

Smacking butts naked in the sack.
You say I say don't stop that!

Getting what we give right back.
And doing what we please...
Without the need for teasin'.

Oh! Oh! ...the speed increases.
Oh! Oh! ...the sighs release.
Oh! Oh! ...the sweat is sweetened.
Oh! Oh! ...the screams decrease to moans.

I want to touch.
I wish,
That you did too!
I get a 'rush'.
Thinking 'bout what we two,
Can do!

And,
Oh! Oh! ...the speed increases.
Oh! Oh! ...the sighs release.
Oh! Oh! ...the sweat is sweetened.
Oh! Oh! ...the screams decrease to moans.

And,
Oh! Oh! ...the speed increases.
Oh! Oh! ...the sighs release.
Oh! Oh! ...the sweat is sweetened.
Oh! Oh! ...the screams decrease to moans.

And we...

Smack butts naked in the sack.
You say I say don't stop that!

As we...
Get what we give right back.
And doing what we please...
Without the need for teasin'.

Oh! Oh! ...the speed increases.
Oh! Oh! ...the sighs release.
Oh! Oh! ...the sweat is sweetened.
Oh! Oh! ...the screams decrease to moans.

Ooooowww...
Those moans now slow to groans!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Oh! So Now It Matters?

Perceptions change dramatically,
When assumptions done...
Are discovered to be,
Painful realities some could not believe.
Until...
That shoe worn by another,
Has found an opportunity...
To be 'squeezed' on someone else foot.
Delivering an immediate experience,
To be remembered for a very long time.

'Ouch!
How on Earth,
Could you have worn this for so long? '

Oh!
So now it matters?
You wait until you put the other one on.
And keep in mind how easy...
You told others I had it.
Since the day I was born!
As you have stated.

'Why are you being so sarcastic? '

SARCASTIC?
You will soon learn what the facts are.
And let me know how comforting it is...
To stay in 'your' place.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Oh, I Will

If I have to upset the cart,
To obtain a clarity of mind
That has not started...
Oh,
I will!

If I have to display disrespect,
To show others I return what I get!
Oh,
I will!

If I have to ask to comprehend,
Anything ignored by others who pretend.
If I have to ask again and again.
Oh,
I will!

I will not take for granted,
Slander passed...
To accomplish a dirty deed or task.
And I don't participate,
In such delivered trash!
And 'if' I have to show my ass...
Oh,
I will.
Without a doubt or a question passed.
Upon THAT...
You can certainly rely!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Oh...You'Ve Got Jokes Today, Huh?

Who 'is' you?

'No.
It is who 'are' you.'

'Are' Is You?
That doesn't make sense.

'No. No. No.
Listen...
'Is' you is incorrect.
'Are' you is acceptable text.'

I'm confused.
So you isn't you at all?
Although you 'are' but not 'is'?

Why are you staring at me?

'I'm just thinking...
WHO did you pay,
To get your Master's Degree? '

Oh...
You've got jokes today,
Huh?

'I hope I don't come in contact with too many.
And who is I?
I'm interviewing future doctorate candidates.'

Oh wow. Oh wow..
I just knows I qualify!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Oh? No! And Yes

There are three words I have come to use,
Frequently as if a dependency to keep...
A strength kept of my mental stability,
As a beneficial and effective life I live...
More each day kept appreciated and positive.
Especially in the presence of those,
Who have chosen to represent themselves...
To know better than I do,
Those experiences I lived to survive the removing...
Of obstacles, opposition,
And what I did after drying of my own tears.

Too many folks want to prove themselves,
As drama queens like no one else.

Whenever these unqualified 'historians',
Begin to make comments I know did not exist...
Involving me and based upon assumptions quick,
They can not from them resist to permit...
With embellished exaggerations from their false lips,
I respond like this...
Oh? No! And Yes.
To find my peace of mind kept as it is.
From an 'audience member' point of view,
Awaiting for an intermission to know I've witnessed...
Bad performances and a bunch of nonsense.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Oj

Even though he was loved,
And some find him still charming.
There is something about him,
Many find alarming.
Is he to be admired?
Or locked away as a jerk?
He reflects everything we are!
We worship false idols...
And praise jocks as superstars!
We support dysfunctions,
With the backing of Wall Street.
And attention is focused on OJ's movements...
Increasing his stature,
As done with crooked priests.
To say we live in unbelievable times...
Just look around and it will be easy to find,
Insanity is idolized!
And those left 'sane' are suspect of crimes!
That's not to say OJ is in 'his' right mind!
He is part of who 'we' are...
Should we all be in straitjackets?
And leave a blind justice behind?
Since all of us are being duped,
By the absence of truth and honesty...
That has long been confined?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

'Okay! Enough.'

The ignorance.
And stupidity.
Consciously committed.
With an enjoyed irresponsibility.

Now expected to get shown empathy.
With a displayed forgiveness,
To receive sincerely?
From whom.
Or who would it be,
To have repeated apologies...
Rotated and recycled periodically.
Heard one more time to again,
Believe.
That a forgiveness to give,
Will make disappear...
To be forgotten to forget,
All that has been done...
Left to ruin, destroy and rot.

'Okay! Enough! '

Can you say something less trite.
And more creative that motivates?
What has been done,
Left to have had enough of...
Has proven not enough,
To stop it from being exploited.
And marketed for profit.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Okay, Okay, Okay! I Get It. I Apologize

Okay, okay, okay!
I get it.
I apologize.
I should not have called you an idiot.
I should have left it alone as a thought.

But since I have apologized
Let us both pretend,
You are not the fool I believe you are.
And you can forgive me for any perceptions,
You assume in the future
I might have of you that offend.

Even those thoughtless statements,
I may make in public
And surrounded by an attentive audience,
You now know
I did not intend to mention as they were heard.
And repeated.
Over and over again.

I'm glad you realize,
We all make mistakes.
Although they may be done on a regular basis.
I appreciate your acceptance of my apology.
I promise from now on,
I will make attempts to be more conscious.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Okay. Three Weeks. But That's It

There are easier ways to get attention,
If this is what one intends.
Instead of holding onto beliefs,
One's ethnic cultural identity...
To represent with pride and dignity,
Represents with influence and significance...
Others unaccepting to perceive,
Anyone feeling this loyal to their heritage...
Has to be seeking personal gain.
Or why would one wish to be demeaned,
For their efforts to endeavor to be criticized.
And...
Then to be repeatedly told,
What they do would be more impressive to accept...
IF they took the living of life more seriously.
Than trying to maintain such foolish attempts.

'One's culture is the breath,
Of a kept pride, identity, dignity and self-acceptance.'

~Ssshhh.
Keep your voice down.
Too many around here become offended,
By that kind of 'militant' talk.~

'Militant? '

~Ssshhh.
And walk with less arrogance.
Do a slow shuffle and appear downtrodden.
People are suspicious,
Of those aware of themselves.
Especially here.
I'm surprised you hadn't noticed it.~

'Why should I notice that? '

~Look around.
Now...

I'll give you $10,
If you can point out the ones who are conscious.
And I will give you two weeks to do it.~

'Two weeks?
Uh...uh...'

~Okay.
Three weeks.
But that's it.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Okey-Doke

An overloading of circumstance,
With a focus dumped on pomp.
And just too much of the poppycock,
That crops up with romancing done...
Prioritized by the junk
Leaves the people celebrating,
Their nonsense without end.
And the people celebrate,
More of it to begin!
To defend.
And often...
People have to pretend with them,
Everything is okey-doke.
Since people love it when,
They can poke at other folks to joke.
'Cause...
People need to feel,
A realness...
Although little of it makes sense at all.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Old Claims

They can make the same old claims,
All they want...
But the facts,
Remain unchanged.
I said...
They can make the same old claims,
All they want...
But the facts still remain unchanged.

People always seek others to deceive,
But the facts still remain unchanged.
And many want so desperately to be believed,
But the facts stay to be unchanged.
And,
No matter what deceivers have up their sleeves,
Those facts stay to be unchanged.

They can make the same old claims all they want.
And what they say to some,
May taunt to haunt...
Others who are innocent but that they can not flaunt.
Since people always seek others to deceive.
And many want so desperately to be believed.
But the facts stay to be unchanged.
I said...
Those facts stay to be unchanged.

No one can relax knowing facts may attack.
Even though they've been the biters of many backs.
And people who deceive like that to do as a knack,
Will discover truth and facts are together attached.
I said...
The truth and facts are known to be much more than matched.

Oh yes!
People may campaign to make the same old claims.
To have a dignity deceived believed maintained
But the facts,
Remain unchanged.

To undo the doing of old calims.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Old Enough To Remember

In a time when decadence,
Is more pertinent to substance...
When substance 'had' made a difference.
With a relevance to many and was respected,
And made more sense as had been intended...
Than anything else,
Expressing content...
There are days those realize,
An aging has come for them to recognize.
And being caught by surprise by a time that flies,
Has left many unable or refusing to admit...
They have arrived at the stage of senior citizenship.

'These kids today aren't what they use to be.'

~Kids?
Which kids are you talking about? ~

'The ones in their 30's and 40's.
And some in the 50's are foolish too.
Doing their best trying to keep up with the rest of them.'

~If you don't mind me asking...
Just how OLD 'are' you? ~

'Old enough to remember when...
Don't worry about it.
I just remember things, that's all.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Old Gold Diggin' Geezer

Peek a boo doo peek a boo doo,
Peek a boo doo boo!
Poppa dada poppa.
Poppa dada poppa.
Peek a boo doo peek a boo doo,
Peek a boo doo boo!
Poppa dada poppa.
Poppa dada poppa.

You just wanna ride in my car.
Poppa dada poppa.
Poppa dada poppa.
And take you to places to feed your greedness.
Poppa dada poppa.
Poppa dada poppa.
Peek a boo doo peek a boo doo,
Peek a boo doo boo!
Poppa dada poppa.
Poppa dada poppa.

You just wanna have an easy life.
Poppa dada poppa.
Poppa dada poppa.
And you think I'm the one gon' give it!
Poppa dada poppa.
Poppa dada poppa.
Peek a boo doo peek a boo doo,
Peek a boo doo boo!
Poppa dada poppa.
Poppa dada poppa.

You ain't got a mortgage or a lease on me.
None that we've agreed upon.
And none that you can see.
You ain't got a ring or a title to keep me leashed up tight.
And what you think I've got,
You're not gonna get that close to take a bite!
With or without your teeth behind your 'grill'...
You old gold diggin' geezer!

Peek a boo doo peek a boo doo,
Peek a boo doo boo!
Poppa dada poppa.
Poppa dada poppa.
Peek a boo doo peek a boo doo,
Peek a boo doo boo!
Poppa dada poppa.
Poppa dada poppa.

You just wanna ride in my car.
Poppa dada poppa.
Poppa dada poppa.
And take you to places to feed your greedness.
Poppa dada poppa.
Poppa dada poppa.
You old gold diggin' geezer!
Poppa dada poppa.
Poppa dada poppa.
You old gold diggin' geezer!
Peek a boo doo peek a boo doo,
Peek a boo doo boo!

'I thought you said you were a friend to ALL people?
YOU are a fraud.
You ain't even a friend to some! '

Peek a boo doo peek a boo doo,
Peek a boo doo boo!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Old Horses

Old horses off course,
Prepared to enforce...
Aged endorsements,
Are not equipped to envision...
Decisions to make,
To enhance their 'trips'...
Through changes made.
Changes today that exist to stay.

And still with persistence,
They insist to unload...
Burdens on others,
With a doing as they are told.
Old horses off course,
Refuse to accept divorce.

But those old horses off course,
Prepared to enforce aged endorsements...
Find themselves faced with opposition,
By those not listening to outdated restrictions.
With it discovered not as easy as it use to be,
To dump their limited wishes without conflict...
On the backs of those now standing on their feet.
Awaiting for old horses to leave or be defeated.
Those on feet are fed up with mistreatment.

'We demand you take from us what we give.'
We represent those times,
When a doing done was done as is.'

~And we demand to keep our atmosphere clear.
We demand you get away from here.
Go back.
Go back with your aged endorsements intact.
Go back to the polluted pastures,
You left to leave garbaged as you grazed.
With a feeding to greed your own selfish needs.
Go back.
There is nothing you can give us but distance.

A distance until you fade away.
No one here accepts today,
Tricks from old horses we must obey.
Our eyes are wide open to stay that way.
Go back.
We've awakened to realize we have no need of that.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Old Perspectives Kept

With old perspectives kept in check,
To leave unaffected those taking backward steps...
During times effectively changing,
It becomes imperative for the ones conscious...
And accepting,
That a reminiscing yesterday to repeatedly visit...
Decays over time a mind choosing to sleep.
Only to awaken to find it too late,
To debate from which delusions to choose.

Old perspectives kept,
By those stubborn with objectives are rejected...
As a consciousness that is unleashed,
Meets to greet effective changes.

With old perspectives kept in check,
To leave unaffected those taking backward steps...
During times effectively changing,
It becomes imperative for the ones conscious...
And accepting,
That a reminiscing yesterday to repeatedly visit...
Decays over time a mind choosing to sleep.
Only to awaken to find it too late,
To debate from which delusions to choose.

Old perspectives kept,
By those stubborn with objectives are rejected...
As a consciousness that is unleashed,
Meets to greet effective changes.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Old Thoughts

Am I too old?
Is it too late?
Have I waited too long,
To contemplate my fate?
Have I too many memories...
And not enough time?
Is there too much of 'me'
Behind the walls of limitation,
I find myself confined.
Is there too much I am trying to comprehend?
Instead of realizing,
I am doing just fine within!
And would do even better...
Discovering new adventures.
Who am I to censor,
The arrival of gloomy weather?
If I decided to leave old thoughts...
I choose to think,
Left behind!
And besides...
I do get a kick sometimes,
Unwinding myself
From the trappings I place,
Inside my own mind!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Old Tires

Update your riding,
On old tires.
That bumpy road for you,
Can get smoother.
It's up to you...to do.

Update that treading to regret,
What has long been expired.
But still leaves you upset.
Although improvements made,
You wish to do and get.

People take the same steps,
To dread everyday.
Listening to complaints from others,
Shared to convey...
With their druthers that can smother.

People make the same moves,
Knocked about the rocks.
Even though they see them dropping,
They refuse to stop them...
In their minds to block.

Update,
Your riding on old tires.
Replace them to refresh,
Your insight and perspective.
Update,
Your riding on old tires.
Replace them to refresh,
Your insight and prespective.
You neglect.

Update,
Your riding on old tires.
Update,
What long has been expired.

Old this.
And old that.
Left to leave to block your path.

Update,
Your riding on old tires.
Replace them to refresh,
Your insight and perspective.
Update,
Your riding on old tires.

Old this.
And old that.
Left to leave to block your path.
Update,
Your riding on old tires.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Old Tricks Played By Dupers

More are catching on,
To those old tricks played by dupers.
Those usual games of smearing names,
With innuendos and slurs...
To depict someone perverted,
Has begun to show torn fabric...
On values and standards,
Dipping into crevices...
Where those self righteous are observed.
Wallowing away as they play amongst themselves,
In the mud and dirt.

More are catching on,
To those old tricks played by dupers.
Only to prove...
Dupers who wallow away in the mud and dirt,
Are more often than not...
In the middle of the slop plopped they plan to plot!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Older They Grow But Not Up

Older they grow,
But not up!

Many never experience a maturity.
Raised on entertaining limited thoughts.
And few have abilities,
To comprehend little of what they read.
Or take the responsibility,
To hold themselves accountable...
For actions begun and those they leave.

Older they grow,
But not up!

And demands they make,
To satisfy their spoiled ways.
Since no one around them wants to hear them fuss.
Realizing not one of those fussers who also cuss,
Wants to take a position,
To make a decisive decision.

Since accusations are prioritized in their lives lived,
As a must.
And expectations are less for them.
For those exposed to them growing older...
Knowing these minds have no time left.
For them to show a growing up,
With a thoughtfulness.

Older they may grow...
But for them it sure is not up!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Ominous Places

Ominous places,
With faces hard to leave...
Can,
Introduce a certain weakness...
Temptating to be pleased.

And...
Those ominous places,
Will provide one a company.
That...
Later one will regret,
As a fix that's wished and needed.

Ominous places,
With faces hard to leave...
Can,
Introduce a certain weakness...
Temptating to be pleased.

And...
Those ominous places,
Will provide one a company.
That...
Later one will regret,
As a fix that's wished and needed.
But...
Once condoned,
Can never be left alone.

Those ominous places,
Will provide one a company.
That...
Later one will regret,
As a fix that's wished and needed.
But...
Once condoned,
Can never be left alone.
But...
Once condoned,

Can never be left alone.
But...
Once condoned,
Can never be left alone.
To be...
Left alone!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

On A B4 Real Express

Apologizing those 'mistakes' made,
To erase an accountability...
Compromised and gone unrecognized,
Is often your excuse.

I'm not here to experience,
That kind of repeated abuse.
You believe I should be accustomed to?
Because you see a mirage of a fool before you?

Only one of us is on that bus!
And guess what?
There is no more 'us', boo!
A fool is a fool.
And you've betrayed that trust.
Guess what?
There is no more 'us', boo!
A fool is a fool.
And only one of us is on that bus!

I am on a different track.
Waiting for a train...
To go in another direction.
On a B4 Real Express.
And I aint looking back!

Only one of us is on that bus!
And guess what?
There is no more 'us', boo!
A fool is a fool.
And you've betrayed that trust.
Guess what?
There is no more 'us', boo!
A fool is a fool.
And only one of us is on that bus!

Apologizing those 'mistakes' made,
To erase an accountability...
Compromised and gone unrecognized,

Is often your excuse.

I'm not here to experience,
That kind of repeated abuse.
You believe I should be accustomed to?
Because you see a mirage of a fool before you?

Guess what?
There is no more 'us', boo!
A fool is a fool.
And only one of us is on that bus!

I am on a different track.
Waiting for a train...
To go in another direction.
On a B4 Real Express.
And I aint looking back!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

On A Bed Of Romaine

On a bed of Romaine,
Sliced avocado.
Garden tomatoes.
Fresh cucumbers.
Celery and carrots...
Kissed by,
Vadalia Onion Dressing.
And topped with raisins.
Blanketed,
By an awaiting tongue.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

On A Blinded Mystery Tour

If one is not challenged,
With a thinking to always present their best...
To any task accepted with a desire to be effective.
But instead has chosen to glide through it,
And mediocrity has been obviously achieved.
Why would anyone believe excellence is there?
As is rumored to stay on their mind all the time.
With a giving of it to have an abundance to share.
Some people will have others believe anything.
And 'if' exaggerated enough...
Procrastination becomes the accepted destination.
Unless...
Mediocrity easily achieved is the first step.
And the test is to hint of an excellence...
With the intent to get others involved in its discovery.
To then understand a treasure hunt has been introduced.
And 'if' anyone IS expecting a presentation of excellence,
One is said accustomed to expose...
Perhaps the giving of it has become too boring.
And an added feature to increase the excitement...
Is to have everyone enticed on a blinded mystery tour,
To then have that expectation of excellence revealed to show...
At the end of embellishing an existence of it.

'The tour was intriguing.
Full of plot twists and unexpected drama.'

~But 'where' was the excellence we were promised? ~

'You didn't find the substitution of it just as satisfying? '

~No!
Mediocrity IS mediocrity.~

'Only the few exposed to excellence know that.
And here?
You are out numbered on 'this' trip.
Give me your blindfold.
I'm sure someone else will eventually appreciate it.

There's always 'someone' attempting to nitpick the details.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

On A Bus

With no traffic to fight...
Or third finger to thrust up,
To cuss when someone cuts me off...
As I speed up to catch them,
Then run out of gas...
In a car I drive much too fast.
To then invest in exorbitant maintenance fees,
I am pleased to have left those times behind me.

I sit on a bus and sometimes laugh,
At some of the most hilarious sights...
And innocent comments made,
By those on the bus...
Who will do and say anything,
Just to make sure the fare everyone pays...
Is well below the free entertainment.
With no insurance premiums paid monthly.
Or discovering fresh scratches as I wax.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

On A Canvas Portrayed

There are some people,
Who love to have their tragedies...
Known to memorialized,
In documentaries shown and repeated.
To leave those limited to media exposure,
Left for many to believe,
Sufferings inflicted upon them...
Do not continue to exist.
With a dismissing of it.

And yet to not admit,
These tragedies are still permitted...
Only discloses a weakness that shows,
Too clear...
A society being torn apart,
By a hype that is deluded to fantasize.
And a history created on fears and threats,
With the best of deceptions kept...
On a canvas portrayed,
To paint as being diversified.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

On A Continual And Daily Basis

Deceits fed are no different,
In the keeping of delusions alive...
Than mentally abusing someone,
On a continual and daily basis.
To leave the one abused and in needing,
Instilled with beliefs they are chosen this way...
To receive this expression,
Of unrequited love.
And they will remain without complaint,
Since this is the only love they have ever known.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

On A Daily Basis

I am often humbled,
By those expressions made
Regarding my thoughts...
With any impressions,
They have laid to stay in minds.
I find I am fascinated.

Whether appreciated or not,
I have to stop sometimes to wonder.

This I've been doing for such a while now.
And I try to maintain a comprehension about life,
With curiosity.
And that isn't easy to express at times.
Especially when my feelings,
Are not heightened by a respect I should let show.
Finding a pinch given gets more attention,
Than a peck on the cheek with cheesiness.
And I ain't that kind of a writer.

And I've been attacked for being black.
Not because I express that!
But...
Because my comments offend,
Those pretending I should not notice bigotry displayed.
Or that I have not been in contact with racism.

I am aware of Disneyland but I've never been.
I can only elaborate on my own personal encounters.
Especially regarding my own life.
With obstacles, strife and tribulations.

Like others who write and many who do not,
There are things I dislike.

There are aches and pains and sufferings I've gained,
From this experience.
But...
Do I choose to dwell on them?

Sure I do.
When it feels good to do it!
But what purpose is being achieved?
A bonding with agony?
Please.

I was in the military,
With guys who bragged about their wounds.
And displayed scars like badges.
On the regular.

So many people carry and share their frustrations.
As if life is an experience only known to a few who live it!
And I've learned life is to be enjoyed!
With as much happiness one allows.
And I say allow!
Since so many choose not to do that!
Many have chosen to be victims.
Listen to them.
This is not denied.

When I discovered peace of mind...
I did not realize I had to pay for it!
Yes!
It ain't free.
And I did with tears, heartache...
And emotional investments!
With lost dignity too.
I held onto my identity.
I knew early it was precious.

One day my faith awakened me with sunlight so bright!
And nature awaiting my acceptance to share it.
I felt at one with the Earth.

I felt I had to thank it
For allowing me to leech upon its goodness.
And not to my surprise the Earth complied.
I expressed a gratefulness to God,
For all the gifts I received that came unwrapped.
I felt a release from entrapments.

And I rid myself of limitations.
Knowing if I was to be ignorant about anything...
Affecting my experience.
There was a lot of misunderstanding I refused to admit.
I had to let that go.
It showed on my face too much.

Today I choose to be naive.
About many things.
With a clarity that there is so much I'd like to learn.
On a daily basis.

I choose to have my life to live it.
Carrying around bitterness is such a waste of time.
Especially when time, as we know it...
IS for the most part,
A human illusion!
Made to market and appease frustrations.
And shopping can frustrate more than constipation.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

On A Diet Denying

Tell me this...
Since I admit,
I am quite curious.
If it is not for me you live to crave...
How can you manage to live each day,
On a diet denying,
My love and the nourishment you get...
When you know it is yours,
To have whenever you want it...
With nothing to me you have to prove.

Tell me this...
Since I admit,
I am quite curious.
How can you manage to live each day,
On a diet denying,
My love and the nourishment you get...
From it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

On A Diet Of Madness

Just to prove
They did not have respect
For themselves or others...
They killed themselves!
In more ways than one.

As if that'
Was suppose to attract,
Some attention.

All of their lives...
They had been fed,
On a diet of madness.
They were programmed to see themselves,
As disposable treats.
Feeding on what they could not resist.
And encouraged by an environment,
Of thirsty self righteous excuse makers.

Sipping slow and digging deep,
Into awarded grant funds!
That kept them...
Sufficiently an insignificant entity!
And,
Recycled stale news.
As the call for 'unity' used!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

On A Different Mission

So foolish are the movements of man to believe,
What man has made and created is accepted...
By the spiritual deities.
Patiently in their magnificence they watch,
Until that time has stopped.

There is no time left for man to find,
For the use of deception and the spreading of abuse!
And those who claim to have faith and pray...
Are the first to question, 'What's Going On? '
Even Marvin Gaye knew that!

But he was on a different mission.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

On A Faith Excursion

I am not on a roll.
I am on path,
That has been freed...
Of self imposed obstacles.
And it took some time for me to see,
Acceptance from others...
Only delayed my perception,
Of my own destiny.
To believe without approval,
Restrictions I could not remove.

I am not on a roll.
I am on path,
That has been freed...
Of self imposed obstacles.
And incredible has been the journey,
Once I freed myself from doubt and negativity.

I am not on a roll.
I am on a path I was born to follow.
And never alone I am.
Since what has been meant,
Has me now convinced...
I need with just faith,
To stay as I had always been directed.

I am not on a roll.
I am on a faith excursion.
To keep as it has been meant to be,
For me.

'You trippin'.'

I know.
I wish I had the time,
To allow you to tell me about it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

On A Feeding Of Wickedness

So many people are taught,
They should not feel satisfied...
Until something they find to dislike,
Is destroyed.

This to many is what competition means.
To many with that defined,
In their minds to seek and find...
As a purpose that serves them well.

Whether it is to beat the odds!
Whether it is in competing for a job.
Whether it is in the playing of sports,
Like boxing, hockey...
Or being gorged by a bull,
While one is bucked from an untamed horse.
We love those activities where someone seen,
Bleeds.

We love those activities,
In which the 'devil' is depicted evil.
And we learn to gain support from churches,
Where lessons are taught...
What evil looks like and what it does.

We love to achieve a defeating of another.
No matter who it is,
When the doing of our misdeeds are discovered.
We have been fed on a feeding of wickedness.
With a feeding that is fed near and to distances.

And yet...
Destroying ourselves with threats we have created,
To define as a keeping of our best interest...
With a manifesting more of it,
Isn't human to be considered civilized at all.

'You should practice 'humility' my BRUTHA.
You know the 'meek' will inherit the EARTH one day.'

~Really?
I think those days have already come to pass,
My BRUTHA.~

'How so? '

~Cemeteries are places where the meek go,]
To inherit much dirt after it has been dumped on them.
And I am going to live my life to live as my blessing, first.
With a leaving all that talk that curses life to live,
Behind with that 'humility' as a means to keep me...
Controlled by fear and evil,
BRUTHA.
Now take your new found faith and get out of my face,
BRUTHA.~

'The peace you believe you keep,
Is not everlasting without the LORD.
Those unprepared to abandon their arrogance,
Will not know days of Sunlight.
Or nights known with complete fulfilling happiness.
You must come to know the 'devil'.
You must come to know how the demon works.
Let me show you how to prepare.'

So many people are taught,
They should not feel satisfied...
Until something they find to dislike,
Is destroyed.

This to many is what competition means.
To many with that defined,
In their minds to seek and find...
As a purpose that serves them well.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

On A Fixed Budget

I've been taught to keep my cool...
No matter what class of fool surrounds me.
And being diverse and once a fool myself...
I know just how to entertain,
Those limited with one goal in mind.

Feed to them the opposite of what they want to hear!
This gains immediate attention,
With focused ears disbelieving what has been said.
And...
Those unexpected comments,
Often keeps them distracted long enough...
To provide the free publicity needed.
They will express their unhappiness and 'who' ignited it.
And this works for one on a fixed budget.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

On A Frequent Basis

When one is accustomed to living alone.
And being independent...
It becomes difficult to embrace,
Those who suddenly appear...
Offering fuzzy clutches,
Attached to words oozing love.

Especially from those who participated,
In issuing headaches, innuendos...
And 'misguided' truths.
You know...
Received from those who claim they don't lie,
But often do!

Living alone is such a peaceful experience.
Especially if you have gone through love,
Marriage and divorce.
And not necessarily in that order.
Although I am told since I am getting older,
How nice it would be for me to have a companion.

And I usually hear this from someone I often see alone.
Who claims to share good times,
With someone I've never met.
And having a one night stand on a frequent basis,
Some people may regard as a companion.
I don't.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

On A High Horse

Freed from guilt to feel remorse.
Or self doubt once kept enforced.
Insecurities and fears,
I no longer seek them to be endorsed.
On a high horse I sought to ride.

Tough had been the facing,
Of obstacles to remove.
And a mood I chose with attitude,
Fears to beat I was going to prove.
And I did to clear opposition too.

I was on a mission to witness,
The touching of my wishes and dreams.
And when I began to see them to notice,
Off the back of that high horse I got...
To know I did not have to disguise myself,
To recieve what was mine to arrive in God's time.

On a high horse I sought to ride.
But God always knew I didn't have to.
God always knew...
When my dreams to wish would come true.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

On A Learning Journey

I am glad you can accept me as I am.
And not feel threatened or competitive.
I too am on a learning journey.
With a doing I have chosen,
To comprehend and understand.
And perhaps my willingness to listen first,
Before I speak...
Leaves you perceiving,
I only do this to expose my experiences to teach.
No.
We've shared before so let's move on from there.

I am on a learning journey just like you.
And if I interrupt you as often as you say I do,
I come to you to discuss what's new.
Not hear you preach about things you can't release.
Or about that which I've known around us shown.
I'm not one needing repeated over again what's known.
As if your attempts are meant to convince yourself,
I am the one in need to comprehend...
A reality we both know others pretend.
And I do understand to realize that does exist.
But proving it to you teaches me nothing.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

On A Look To Give

The most important lessons to learn,
For some become regarded...
As a pointless waste of their time.
And that depends on the appearance,
Of who teaches what is needed.
With it given the utmost priority.
Yet abilities, skills and experiences,
Are not often seen to wear on one's sleeve.
But on a look to give that is quickly judged,
Opportunities come to some to ignore...
Before to them they are received.

And on a look to give that is judged,
There are some who will sit to fidget.
But a listening is not done.
And on a look to give that is judged,
No attention from them is given.
Nor is anything mentioned,
Stays in their minds to comprehend.
And on a look to give that is judged,
Many miss the most significant moments...
In their lives never to return.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

On A Minimal Budget

Using looks and appearances,
Of people and things...
To pre-judge with assumptions done,
To perceive kept preferences...
Brings a happiness to everyone.
Will eventually reveal,
A limited mindset of those beset...
Of an existence to keep themselves 'real',
In a World that restricts...
Comparisons limited to either accept or reject,
Images made to address a reflecting of impressions.

Although and yet insecurities kept hidden to hide,
A staying in debt to remain fashionably connected,
For purposes to imitate priorities of the times to rely...
With a flaunting of bling will bring respect.
As long as trends many get caught up in,
On a minimal budget but on an abundance of pretense...
Will convince anyone living on the surface without depth,
That a self worth one has paid to get is felt and to be kept secured.
Until one confesses what had been owned to posses,
Has been repossessed no matter who had been impressed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

On A Mission With A Kept Belief

What inspires more than flattery,
Or the giving of it...
Is to witness someone who faces challenges.
And the doing of this not to quit,
With a listening to doubts of those who have them.

And that which inspires with unspoken benefit,
Is someone known to show they can conquer...
Over obstacles limiting others who may permit,
Opposition with definitions...
To ensure an acceptance of it.

What inspires more than flattery,
Or the giving of it that comes to end and quick,
Is someone having faith so strong they do not quit.
Since giving up to prevent their eventual victory,
Is not given attention to allow signs of its appearance.

Those on a mission with a kept belief they can succeed...
Do.
And with a refusing to introduce excuses.
To be witnessed by anyone knowing it takes intiative,
That provides enough incentive to ignite inspiration.

'Never give up.
Eliminate time as a factor.
Never give up.
Desire your dreams with a wanting to touch.
Never give up.'

~I'm on a mission with a kept belief,
To keep it.
And never give up.~
'That's good.'
~On a mission with a kept belief,
To keep it.
And never give up.~
'That's good.'

~I'm on a mission with a kept belief.~
'That's good.'
~On a mission with a kept belief.~
'That's good.'
~I'm on a mission with a kept belief.~
'That's good.'
~On a mission with a kept belief.~

~I'm on a mission with a kept belief,
To keep it.
And never give up.~
'That's good.'

~I'm on a mission with a kept belief.~
'That's good.'
~I'm on a mission with a kept belief.~
'That's good.'
~I'm on a mission with a kept belief.~
'That's good.'
~On a mission with a kept belief.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

On A One To One Need To Know Basis

The more I feel out of place...
The more conscious I've become of my surroundings.
And I know I'm not the only one feeling this way.
I make attempts not to appear too obvious.
Some are not so discreet.

I've noticed others having complete conversations,
With two and sometimes three people.
And they are walking along the streets by themselves.
Using hand gestures and stuff like that.
Having arguments with benches and trees.
Trying their best to fit in.

Me?
That kind of strategy is too creative.
Hey...
What works for some,
Doesn't for 'all'.
That's my motto.

I use an entirely different approach.
I have a cellphone I hold to my ear.
I pretend I'm receiving calls!
I like to keep my discussions on a one to one,
Need to know basis.
And no one suspects a thing.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

On A Path I Paved

'You have those 'eyes'.
Open, wide and bright.'

I made a place for myself,
Daring the urge to seek acceptance.
With a commitment made to go the distance.
Since so obvious to me I knew the difference.

I admit there were times I would attempt to fit in.
To perceive a 'normalcy' others projected,
Had been something they were...
And did pretended to receive an approval so effective.

At first in those early stages,
No one paid attention to me to notice this.
Until I persisted on a path I paved,
With a commitment made to go the distance.
Since so obvious to me I knew the difference.

'You have those 'eyes'.
Open, wide and bright.'

At first in those early stages,
No one paid attention to me to notice this.
Until I persisted on a path I paved,
Since so obvious to me I knew the difference.

'You have those 'eyes'.
Open, wide and bright.'

I admit there were times I would attempt to fit in.
With others who pretended,
An approval sought...
Would get them more attention.

But...
When I made the commitment,
On a path I paved to go the distance...
So obvious to me I knew the difference.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

On A Path Of Least Resistance

I'm on a path of least resistance.
And its existence.
On a path of least resistance.

I'm on a path of least resistance,
And its existence.
On a path of least resistance.

Pain,
And its existence.
Felt,
And its existence.
Hurts,
In this existence...
And I need to get away.

Pain,
And its existence.
Felt,
And its existence.
Hurts,
In this existence...
And I need to get away.

I'm on a path of least resistance.
And its existence.
On a path of least resistance,
And I need to get away.

I'm on a path of least resistance.
And its existence.
On a path of least resistance,
And I need to get away.
Oh!
Pain,
And its existence.
Oh.
Felt,
And its existence.

Oh.
Hurts,
In this existence...
And I need to get away.

Oh pain,
And its existence.
Oh.
Felt,
And its existence.
Oh.
Hurts,
In this existence...
And I need to get away.

I'm on a path of least resistance.
And its existence.
On a path of least resistance,
And I need to get away.
Oh!
Pain,
And its existence.
Oh.
Felt,
And its existence.
Oh.
Hurts,
In this existence...
And I need to get away.

Pain and its existence,
From it...
I need to get away.

I'm on a path of least resistance.
And I need to get away.
I'm on a path of least resistance.
The least resistance.
On a path of least resistance.
And I need to get away.

Oh pain,

And its existence.
Oh.
Felt,
And its existence.
Oh.
Hurts,
In this existence...
And I need to get away.

Pain,
And its existence.
And I need to get away.
Pain in this existence.
Pain in this existence.

There is a pain in this existence.
And I need to get away.
I'm on a path of least resistance.
And its existence.
On a path of least resistance.
And I need to get away.
There's too much pain in this existence.
And I need to get away.
I'm on a path of least resistance.
And its existence.
On a path of least resistance.
And I need to get away.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

On A Path One Has Cleared Of Thorns

Desiring a life to accomplish what one wishes,
Is a challenge against those odds...
That come to discourage,
The one who remains focused.

Obstacles impossible seem to pop from everywhere.
To test emotions and one's endurance.
And anyone who has ever faced opposition knows...
Friends can become unconsious foes sometimes.
And those thought to be foes...
Eventually become those who are the most close.

One truly doesn't know who 'is' or who isn't...
Until it is recognized,
The one who has lived a life dedicated...
Being who they are from the beginning,
Becomes more appreciated by those...
Who acknowledge a life lived devoted,
Is not a bed of roses...
On a path one has cleared of thorns.

Desiring a life to accomplish what one wishes,
Is a challenge against those odds...
That come to discourage,
The one who remains focused.
On a path one has cleared of thorns.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

On A Path One Makes And Takes To Pioneer

A willingness to grow,
Is being able to let go.
And go through those feelings,
Of homesickness...
Alone.
As if to graduate,
With the leaving of classmates...
Behind.
To journey on a mission,
That clarifies one's ambition.

And many unable to condone this feeling,
Will never come to appreciate the making...
Of one's footsteps,
Placed...
In fresh falling snow.
With a doing of it done.
And no one else there knows,
Or witnesses this event...
On a path one makes,
And takes to pioneer with faith as one's only guide.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

On A Perch

Maintaining to remain on a perch,
Idealized with lofty eyes...
That sustains with decades of comforts,
And entitlements fixed unchanged...
Leaves,
More minds commuting...
From,
Bright sunshine with rainbows...
To massages by a pool.
With servants there to rule.

But too many have been slipping from this perch.
To see reality.
And even from this perch it hurts.

More minds commuting...
From,
Bright sunshine with rainbows...
To massages by a pool.
With servants there to rule.
But...
Too many have been slipping from this perch.
To see reality.
And even from this perch it hurts.

Reality...
Can hurt one on a perch.
Reality...
Is best seen when one sits on Earth.
Reality...
Can hurt one on a perch.
Reality...
Is best seen when delusions are done.
And truth is not demeaned.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

On A Plateau Leaving

On a plateau leaving...
Are those who stood by to warn,
And 'suggest'...
Times to leave behind,
Limiting and upsetting pettiness...
Would overnight,
Be as useless as a waste of breath.

On a plateau leaving,
Are those who have achieved...
A higher consciousness.
And not one is looking to find,
Anyone from fading times...
Who did not have this addressed.

On a plateau leaving,
Are those in a new state of mind.
And...
On a plateau leaving,
Those who are commited to defeat and confine.
And...
On a plateau leaving,
Are those in a new state of mind.
And...
On a plateau leaving.
On a plateau leaving.

On a plateau leaving,
Are those in a new state of mind.
And...
On a plateau leaving,
Those who are commited to defeat and confine.
And...
On a plateau leaving,
Are those in a new state of mind.
And...
On a plateau leaving.
On a plateau leaving.
Yes...

On a plateau leaving,
Are those in a new state of mind.
And...
On a plateau leaving.
On a plateau leaving behind.

And...
On a plateau leaving.
On a plateau leaving
On a plateau leaving,
Are those in a new state of mind.
And...
On a plateau leaving.
On a plateau leaving.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

On A Regular And Daily Basis

A people taught to live in acceptance,
Of being oppressed and neglected...
As a way of life in obedient subservience.
Are also observed to be a people,
Thoughtless in their discipline.
With a belief disrespect reflected,
Is deserving of a respect to them given.

And reflecting to self-exam themselves,
Is not a thing done with insight to receive.
Since people like these perceive to do so,
Is offensive and negative to hear it mentioned...
By others they protest with a doing of their best,
To ensure anyone with a kept identity and a dignity...
Expressed with a doing is not down to Earth.
With a doing in a discreet deceiving immorality.

And those wishing to impress with an intelligence,
Do this just to get more attention.
From the ones who keep them 'all' suppressed.
With a profiting that does not cease,
As long as this ignorance continues...
To remain as a focus of a division of jealousy and hatred,
Shared between them as seen on a regular and daily basis.
Like addicts getting a fix and demanding it until done.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

On A Roll On That Road

Seriously!
What is the need?
Let's get to the point,
And stop beating around the bush.

I am not a dentist.
You needn't fear I seek to pull your teeth.
Nor do I excite when I peel a banana.
If it is going to be made difficult,
For me to get...
Keep it.
I don't want it around.
Not me.

If I am going to be in it for the long haul...
That route better be as clear as possible.
I'll prepare for an infrequent storm.
But I am not going to head towards one...
With a wish to live it without an exit.

I've had my share of emergency road stops!
And unexpected flats.
I'm on a roll on that road I'd like to keep.
With my eyes wide open to familiar activities...
Of all kinds!
Including the ones you would like to introduce.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

On A Sabbatical And Healing

Zip it to lock it and keep it shut.
Unsolicited opinions.
Even though what is said may be honest.
And comes from the heart.
Honesty is currently on a short leave of absence.
On a sabbatical and healing.
But...
Is expected to return,
Stronger than ever before witnessed.
Patience is virtue!
And when the truth comes...
There is no need for it to be announced.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

On A Scale No One Can Fathom

To produce a pitifulness.
Condone it.
For reasons to flourish an advantage.
Market its wastefulness!
And then confine by addicting decadence?
Does not sit well with Mother Nature.
Nor with that which allows our habitation.
And to prove just how trivial these 'justifications'?
One would have to be asleep not to notice.
Or overdosed on Prozac!

We who leech upon its goodness and grace.
Breathing its atmosphere.
And feeding off its 'veins' we take for granted!
This living Earth,
Has chosen these times to introduce to all...
Drastic changes!
To enforce a much higher appreciation
From those who believe,
Manipulation in 'any' form whatsoever...
Will continue to be tolerated.

All that we have taken for selfish indulgences.
From IT...
Has a mind of its own and is using it...
For all to witness!
As it selects and picks,
Those of a mindless consciousness.
On a scale no one can fathom!
And in ways no thoughtless human can deter!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

On A Seesaw

Some 'see'.
And then again,
Some prefer to disbelieve...
What it was they saw.
With a keeping kept thoughts,
To go unchallenged.

At a time I perceived,
A picking of the right relationship...
Could be balanced as if,
That perfect fit existed.
But without commiment...
To a sharing of those ups and downs,
Disappointment and conflicts...
Comes and someone decides to split.
Ending devotion with it to quit.

And on that seesaw,
No one attempts to find that right balance...
But decides for them it is better to get off!
Than to remain sustaining through those ups and downs,
To await for a happiness discovered to be found.
Not today when many are seeking another to keep them UP!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

On A Spotlighted Soapbox

Why is it,
That those depicted as being rude or insolent...
And prepared to quarrel,
Seem to be the ones having their toes stepped on...
By some who believe,
They can do to others as they please to leave...
Feeling highly offended.
To then complain on a spotlighted soapbox,
How they were mistreated for doing absolutely nothing.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

On A Thin String

A tree with leaves helps all us breathe.
And they wont be obsolete,
In our lifetime.
Not in yours or mine.

But there are those who choose conflict,
To destroy what does exist.
In our lifetime.
Yours and mine.

Mighty is a kite that flies high in the sky.
On a thin string to delight imaginations...
And,
Some believe they have the right to turn off lights.
No matter where they are...
They think they made the Earth and stars.

A tree with leaves helps all us breathe.
And they wont be obsolete,
In our lifetime.
Not in yours or mine.

But there are those who choose conflict,
To destroy what does exist.
In our lifetime.
Yours and mine.

Mighty is a kite that flies high in the sky.
On a thin string to delight imaginations...
And,
Some believe they have the right to turn off lights.
No matter where they are...
They think they made the Earth and stars.

Oh and,
Mighty is a kite that flies high in the sky.
On a thin string to delight imaginations...
And,
Some believe they have the right to turn off lights.

No matter where they are...
They think they made the Earth and stars.

And on a thin string,
Imagine if all life broke apart!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

On A T-Shirt

Triggered to anger.
And targeted to upset.
The heat felt rises from a volcano,
And a crisis preventable...
Loses a peaceful existence.
Since on the scene...
An anticipated explosiveness,
Has drawn and gathered much public interest.

Although warnings have been posted,
On nearby homes and businesses...
As a local vendor has come to market his T-shirts.
With a slogan pressed with words that expresses:

WE DID OUR BEST TO SURVIVE OUR FOOLISHNESS
BUT IT WAS WITH OUR IGNORANCE
WE STOOD FIRM IN OUR PROTEST!

'Has anyone found anything yet?
Anything significant,
That suggests...
There had been a hint of civilization lived here at all.
Anthing! '

~Sir? Sir...
I may have found something of interest.~

'What is it?
That's great news.'

~It appears something has been written,
By someone who had a love to write.~

'Why do you say that? '

~It rambles on and on and on.
Then an attempt to scratch out those comments were made.
With a statement that begins...
WE DID OUR BEST TO SURVIVE OUR FOOLISHNESS...

And all of this appears to be on a T-shirt,
That seems to have been bleached.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

On A Voluntary Basis

Oh...
I can get dark and thick with it.
I can pluck your nerves...
And nit pick.

I can be all of that which you ask.
I am up to any challenge you have as a task.

Oh...
I can be very sensitive and insincere like you.
And all of those things you have done to me?
Guess who can do them too.

I can be all of that which you ask.
I am up to any challenge you have as a task.

Oh...
I can be full of myself sometimes.
Those times that are mine...
To come along when you are being self centered.
In a constant attention grabbing whine.

And when I begin getting dark and thick...
You will not escape the hold my hands have on your wrists.
Getting ready to deep throat your breath away.
With you much aware...
I am not begging you to listen!
I demand it.
Unless you agree,
To do that on a voluntary basis!
With your mouth shut...
And ears perked up and open!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

On A Wild Horse

You really blow me away.
By those things you say.
And the support you have given.

I feel I am on a wild horse,
I must domesticate.
Driven I ride...
Not aware or conscious,
If my efforts anyone appreciates.

Yeah...
You do!
You blow me away.
I had no idea you were there,
Looking my way.

And now that you have made your presence known...
Doesn't it appear that this horse I ride,
Begins to groom to your satisfaction?
With a mind all its own.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

On Aging Vines

Immature children.
On aging vines.
Trying to maintain,
Their youthful vanities...
From being noticed,
To be slipping away with time.
Find themselves competing,
With fresh buds appearing to renew...
Another generation to replace,
A growth that takes steps made...
To introduce,
What some that have aged...
Refuse to allow,
A process that is naturally...
Performed by all,
Living creations on Earth does to do.

Immature children.
Aging on vines.
Taking backward steps,
Trying to rejuvinate a stage of life
Long ago to have left.
Can not leave behind times they wish,
To find unchanged.
Although older in appearance,
Their minds have stayed to remain...
The same.

Immature children.
Growing old to get older,
On aging vines.
Can't seem to find to leave behind,
A doing done to accept.
Yet expect those budding fresh,
To follow in aging footsteps placed
Going backward unable to face,
The realities of each stage of life.

And on aging vines are found,

Values, standards and minds...
Much too old to resuscitate times,
To find fresh juice to squeeze.
Or believe the taste,
From a pointless process...
Would be sweeter than ever before,
If ignoring to take steps...
That should naturally progress,
A moving forward.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

On And In What Stage Of Regret

On and in what stage of regret,
Will an accepted sorrow be fully embraced.
With a forgiveness granted?
Unfortunately...
These actions are seen as signs of weaknesses.
And...
Today,
Treating weaknesses for a round of mall shopping,
Is not economically cost effective.
And a way of life has been stalled to shed just tears.

Variety is said to be the spice of life.
One's nectar of true happiness.

But expressing one's regret,
Has adopted customs of doing it in spotlight.
With invited guests.
Who may or may not choose to dress,
In After Six attire or full formal wear.
You know,
The tuxedo and gown...
With announced arrivals done.

Only for one purpose...
To exchange a basic human-ness.
Prior to the debate of any decision one makes.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

On And On

On and on...
I'll keep believing,
On and on...
My faith's my rock!

On and on...
I wont stop searching,
To better my days...
Than the days I was not.

On and on...
Everyday there is a way made.
On and on...
With my hope that overflows.
And,
On and on...
Each step I take,
Moves me away....
From fears I've had to face,
With prayer...
To erase.

On and on...
I'll keep believing,
On and on...
My faith's my rock!
And,
On and on...
I wont stop searching,
To receive and give...
Of what it is I've got.

On and on...
Everyday there is a way made.
On and on...
With my hope that overflows.
On and on...
Each step I take,
Moves away fears...

To erase If I pray,
Everyday.

OH!
So on and on...
I'll keep believing,
On and on...
My faith's my rock!
And,
On and on...
I wont stop searching,
To better my days...
Than the days I was not.

On and on...
YES!
Everyday there is a way made.
On and on...
YES!
With my hope that overflows.
And,
On and on...
YES!
Each step I take,
Moves away any fears...
To erase If I pray,
Everyday.

On and on...
With faith I keep I will achieve.
And,
On and on...
With belief I will receive.

On and on...
With faith I keep I will achieve.
And,
On and on...
With belief I will receive.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

On Auto Systematic

On auto systematic.
Delighted I am,
To have a light that shines.
I had been one quite static...
And fanatic in lacking to feed,
My own needs.

I'm on auto systematic.
And programmed to have all by bolts,
Committed to a tight snug fit.
Sidetracked no longer my knack...
Or quick am I to trip.

I'm on auto systematic.
Sidetracked no longer my knack.
Auto systematic.
With a preference I keep in tact.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

On Automanic

On automanic!
People in a panic.
Looking for a switch...
That stops the twitching,
And the itch.

We're standing frantic,
In the midst of antics...
Trying to find,
Reality
Somewhere in our minds!

On automanic!
People in a panic.
Looking for a switch...
That stops the twitching,
And the itch.

We're standing frantic,
In the midst of antics...
Hoping in time,
Darkness
Doesn't leave us blind!

It seems we have been,
Too busy being dizzy.
Taking the wrong medication!
We've come to deadends,
Thinking turning back was easy.
But we hid inside...
Behind lies,
That fight us!

We market...
Rascism!
We market...
Disrespect and fast rejection!
We market...
Fear!

We market...
Peace to tease in pieces!

Trying to find...
A few kind reminders!

On automanic!
Psychomanic panic.
Looking for a fix and quick!
To stop this mental fit that's sick!

We're standing frantic!
In the midst of antics...
Trying to find,
Someone who hasn't lost their mind!

On automanic!
People in a panic.
Looking for a switch...
That stops the twitching,
And the itch!

We're standing frantic,
In the midst of antics...
Hoping in time,
Darkness
Doesn't leave us blind!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

On Being Heavy

Deep dished...
And sometimes left frosted,
After cooling down.
From a temperature baked,
With a few standing around!

When spiced...
Slices easily!
And tart on tongue to anyone.
Determined,
By who is next in line...
Attempting to get a taste.

And on being heavy...
Showing tight lips licked,
Unbitten.
Begins...
When a wit knows how to end,
A spill!
Before it turns into a boil,
That kills the flavor...
Of a welcoming atmosphere!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

On Being Popular

Lie!
Shake hands and smile in their faces.
Strip them of their natural resources.
Starve them to death!
Show them and the world how worthless they are!
Mock their existence!
Throw them sandwiches for photo ops.
Hand out bibles and teach them hymns!
And then select which ones are qualified...
To make brooms to sweep your floors!
Divide them into tribes to worship images of you!
Being popular is your motivating tool!
Eventually these actions,
Will make you the paying fool!
But who cares?
Since no one is aware of the things you do!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

On Being Superior

Why is it...
That those claiming to be,
Superior over others...
Feel it their mission,
To create for themselves...
And no one else,
Much more miserable lives to live.
In ways they can not seem to live peacefully.

Why is it...
That those claiming themselves,
Superior over others...
Feel it their mission,
To demean others in their presence.
By calling them names just to remind them who is 'better'.
And do this to do dastard and cowardly deeds repeatedly.
With a doing to appear in the darkest of nights...
Brandishing torches flaming bright.
As they adorn sheets to display their evil eyes.
To then murder those of color in broad daylight.
With weapons to destroy quickly one's life?

Why is it...
That those claiming themselves,
Superior over others...
Feel a need to take such demonic measures,
To prove their 'superiority'?

Doesn't a limiting of opportunities,
To deny others the right to live the way they choose...
Enough?
Isn't using deception to inflict mental and physical abuse.
With a changing the laws and rules,
To accuse them for what they didn't do...
For purposes to incarcerate and separated,
Them from families with a doing to accuse.
Isn't this wickedness inflicting ones' 'Superiority' enough?

What other proof is needed,

To reveal their 'superior' ways?
And...
Who is it that rushes to become medicated,
Whenever a minor ache with them stays?
And no one who is,
Depicted as a 'minority'...
Can live or go anywhere without being reminded of it.
So why is it...
Those who say they are 'Superior',
Feel it their need to solicit endorsements?
What illness is it do they feel a need to enforce?
These days...
There is no more needed proof of who's crazed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

On Broadway Entertaining Center Stage

I have a need to see my name in lights,
On Broadway.
And high as it blazes to shoppers...
Stopped on 5th Avenue.

I have a need to see my name,
On a theatre marquee.
And displaying what it is I do.

I want much more than 5 minutes of fame to claim.
Give me 15 minutes at least.
Give me 15 minutes to get folks on their feet.

I want much more than 5 minutes of fame to claim.
At least enough for people to spell my name.
At least enough to soak in,
Seeing my name spelled right in neon.
And me there on Broadway entertaining center stage.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

On Call To Drip

I want to please.
I don't want you on your knees,
To beg!
For more?
For what?
Don't think of it!

I get no rest,
Wanting to deliver for you,
My best!
And that is all I will give.
For as long as I live.
That you will get!
I don't mind the sweat,
That comes with it!

I want to please.
Allow me to explore,
The ways to do that...
Better than before.
No thirsting you will do,
When from me it pours.
Or teases to get you started.

I want to please.
'That'
Is in my blood.
On call to drip,
If needed.
Or there in a quietness sitting,
In a marinating done.
Selected to choose you to soothe.

I want to please.
I want to see you gratified,
After satisfying your tastes!

I want to please.
Not haste...

And waste,
To expedite your wish to leave.
I want to please.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

On Crack And Can'T Stop The Habit

I have given my time and knowledge obtained,
To others freely.
With the hope they 'did' believe,
They were doing 'me' the favor! And...they were!

I have this 'thing' of wanting ambitious people to succeed.
It's like a 'rush' I get.
Like someone on crack and can't stop the habit.
And it makes me angry when people start to slack.

I once was told by someone who believed,
They were accomodating my need to assist 'them'.
That I should not perceive others to feel equally excited,
As I did about 'my' activities!

And...well,
When this EGO approached me like that...
I stopped dead in my tracks. 'Uh. Huh? I'm on the wrong page.'
With a leaving them, I did, to continue their making of excuses.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

On Dancing Shadows

When do we heal?
And just how do we start to begin,
With a getting of it done?
When will a development of consciousness,
Of this exist?
Will there be a persistence insisted?

And when...
Do we heal?

When will our greatest joy,
From within us...
Be revealed?
What status then,
Will no longer be concealed?
To know those plateaus of growth.
And dawns to come forever bright with Sun.

On dancing shadows,
Released from us to cast!

When do we heal?
And when can we say,
Conflicts from us have stopped to trespass.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

On Demand

The bogusness of your focus shows,
It's not legit.
The bogusness of your focus shows,
It's counterfeit.
And those who see it shown,
Don't have to be told...
What you've done to do,
Is a sham.
With a doing to scam.
As best as you can.

The bogusness of your focus shows,
It's not legit.
The bogusness of your focus shows,
It's counterfeit.
And those who see it shown,
Will make sure it is known as a sham.
To scam.
And done with a dong,
As best as you can.
To sham, scam and conterfeit,
On demand! And as you command.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

On Different Missions

You may 'now' see,
What I have seen!
But that doesn't mean,
We're on the same scene...
Together.
Or ever.

You and I can not relate.
You and I are not relationship bait.

We,
You and me...
Are on different missions.
And destined to experience separate fates.

You and I can not relate.
You and I are not relationship bait.

And I am quite appalled,
By those accusations you have made.
Then try to apologize for statements laid,
Much too late.
Ones I did not appreciate.

If I recall,
You announced publicly...
How stupid I would appear,
After your expectations of my downfall.

Has time changed your mind?
Did you come here to find me,
Forgiving?
Willing to smolder in afterglow.
Hoping time spent with you,
I'd acknowledge as divine!

What missionary encouraged you to do this?
We,
You and me...

Are on different missions.
The kind that dismisses admissions late.

You and I can not relate.
You and I are not relationship bait.

You may 'now' see,
What I have seen!
But that doesn't mean,
We're on the same scene...
Together.
Or ever.

And I am quite appalled,
By those accusations you have made.
Then try to apologize for statements laid,
Much too late.
Ones I did not appreciate.

Has time changed your mind?
Did you come here to find me,
Forgiving?
Willing to play fool for you,
Again?

You and I can not relate.
You and I are not relationship bait.
Thank God.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

On Dimples Denting

I planted kisses on her bisquits.
That's what she wished,
And I obliged.

I did not know what this had meant.
She mentioned passing condiments.
And during the meal she burned incense.
When she stirred the gravy...
I complimented her,
On dimples denting her thighs!
Amazed and surprised...
How much she could do with her toes!
And how athletic she was with those!

'Careful...
I'm sensitive! '

She did confessed...
I was her only dinner guest!
And dessert she planned to serve...
Was going to be the best taste I deserved.
As I noticed the bolted locks on her door...
She immediately stripped and became topless!
And there the keys around her neck she wore.

I can not say which course was more delicious!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

On Display

When I first met denial,
It was masked as if casted from my face.
I looked into the mirror to evaluate its presence.
And on that particular day...
I stayed until denial from my face went away.

Self examination is at first excruciating.
Truth on display,
Doesn't fake to a fade or play charade.
Or masquerade its significance.
It comes too real to be felt and adorned.

When I first met denial,
It was masked as if casted from my face.
I looked into the mirror to evaluate its presence.
And on that particular day...
I stayed until denial from my face went away.

Self examination is at first excruciating.
Truth on display,
Doesn't fake to a fade or play charade.
Or masquerade its significance.
It comes too real with a feeling that's adorned!

And as often as I repeat this...
Truth as it was introduced to me,
Has not changed since its delivery.
In fact within me it remains on!
And the more I demand it around me,
The clearer I see the stronger its appearance gets.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

On Every Level

On every level of consciousness they appear to be crippled.
And on every level this seems to be a preference to keep.
Any reference that suggests a curing of their disabilities,
Becomes immediately resented and considered offensive.

Although they protest and complain,
Vehemently about the standards of their rehabilitation...
To accomodate their most pressing of needs,
They choose to ignore any restoration of their mentalities.

And fight with a biting they do,
The very hands that have come to assist them for decades.
And yet...
They expect to stay at the feast to eat AND be served!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

On Everyone's Lips As An Expectation

Those tasks one is given to complete,
Are not to be done to inspire 'awe'.

Tests that challenge are not easy missions.
And will be finished when a direction is given.

And those seeking an easy life to live,
Without a bruise to get...
Are the ones campaigning,
With others of like minds...
To comfort their insecurities,
Through acts of fault finding!

Wishing them 'good luck'...
Would not be in their favor!
And their numbers...
Are slowly decreasing.
With an acknowlegement understood,
That seems to be growing of this.

Accountability is on the rise.
With eyes on those who are opposed,
To carrying their own weight!
Excuses embellished,
With exaggeration..
Has been dismissed.

And this is to be done,
With or without signs of appreciation.

It is on everyone's lips as an expectation.
Since these times we live are not for charade.

With a delivery of a message sent,
That will be made clear!
And adhering to it is advisable.
Or...
There are always those consequences,
Many seem not to mind to pay!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

On Flesh Branded

Prestigious,
Are those ties to bind kept.
Those sworn to be professed,
In a separateness.

To award with symbolic,
Images on flesh branded.
And meant to keep them above the rest.
As if they've been given,
Rights to digest a magnificentness.

And these folks like pests,
Have infested neighborhoods.
To implement a mental illness.
Leaving a shredded unity.
And yet they have beliefs.
Tied to a materialistic,
Bond that diseases.

But like an addict on drugs,
Minds like these are limited.
And do no good within restrictions,
That rot as they sit.
To eventually perish...
With meaningless lives lived,
They've chosen to inherit.

'Have no other gods before ME! '
Sayeth The Almighty.
Collector of ALL Souls.
'If you do...
Never will you enter MY Kingdom.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

On Foreign Shores

An erasing to escape the past eight years,
Can not be done.
And the accusations from those stunned,
By that which has happened...
Has them choosing to ignore it.
Although in silence they abhor,
The atrociousness.

Lost in divisions.
Masked in indecision.
And pretensed!

Like a deck of cards that have been marked...
They now feel past distractions,
Have been stacked against them.
And no ego boost...
Can reduce their fears.

Used and disgraced in places they frequent.
Finding themselves in dark corners to hide.
Disgust and shame they wish to deny.
But the agonies they carry...
Can not from them slip and slide away.

Betrayed,
And led down the dead end road of sorrow.
To claim those they 'should' blame for this...
Are terrorists who fight amongst themselves,
On foreign shores!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

On Fresh Bending Knees

Every effort has been taken,
To prevent their own progress.
And successful they have been.
Mentally and physically speaking.

But the spiritual realm,
Is not of their creation.
And this upsets them when they pray.
Believing God is easily tricked,
By false appearances...
Made to deceive on fresh bending knees.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

On Hand Held Screens

Have I survived to realize,
Technology has taken over...
All of our lives.

Few talk but they text.
And...
Bloggers tweet to speak.
And...
Many don't suspect,
Their twitterings have been breached..

Video games can now be played,
Between those who are far away.
And do not have to be seen,
In person but on hand held screens.

Few talk but they text.
And...
Bloggers tweet to speak.
And...
Have I survived to realize,
Technology has taken over...
All of our lives.
And...
Friendships can be deleted,
Before these people meet.

Few talk but they text.
And...
Bloggers tweet to speak.
And...
Many don't suspect,
Their twitterings have been breached..

Video games can now be played,
Between those who are far away.
And don't have to be seen,
In person but on hand held screens.

And...
Deleted,
Before they meet.
And...
Deleted,
Before they speak.
And...
Many don't suspect,
Their twitterings have been breached.
And don't have to be seen,
In person but on hand held screens.
And...
Deleted,
Before they meet.
And...
Deleted,
Before they speak.
And...
Many don't suspect,
Their twitterings have been breached.
And don't have to be seen,
In person but on hand held screens.

Have I survived to realize,
Technology has taken over...
All of our lives.
Few talk but they text.
And...
Bloggers tweet to speak.
And...
Many don't suspect,
Their twitterings have been breached.

And...
Deleted,
Before I know it done.
Deleted,
Before I know it done.
Deleted,
Before I know it done.
Deleted,
Before I know it done.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

On Knees Believing They Are Blessed

Doing everything possible,
To defame those who are right.
Has left them surrounded in darkness.
And although the nights are peaceful...
Folks are disturbed in mind.
Tossing and turning...
Without sleep,
And they can not keep...
Closed eyes shut tight.
There is a peeking done in fear.

Seeking every reason,
To see themselves as best!
To see themselves as perfect,
And right is their only quest!
They are now running away,
From a truth that chases.
Feeling empty without rest...
They wish to label their hollow victories.
With a hope that decadence,
Will keep those blind that are left behind.
Those on knees and believing they are blessed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

On Land Once Declared Sacred

As greasy as oil is...
It is not that slick enough
To keep people from perishing,
In conflict over it!
And since we used ours...
Gulping in a guzzle!
Theirs is what we wish.
But lieing to say,
There are terrorists after us...
Depletes an economy,
That eventually fades away!
And those we claim threaten our interests...
Are curious to know,
As they approach our shores...
To invest and purchase land upon which
They place foreign names after buying it.
This land once delared sacred and united...
For us and generations that followed.
When did we begin to show that as a concern?
And who has burned the welcome signs in jest.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

On Levels Already Delusioned

Interpretating what life should be,
On levels already delusioned...
By those doing their best to enforce their standards,
Upon the mindset of every living human being...
Begets only pain and sorrow,
To those who have created their existence...
For others to follow to eventually discover themselves,
Plagued by insecurities and self destruction.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

On Loan

Psst! Hey...come here!
If ever you're in doubt
About my input and abilities,
You're not alone!
Historians will be assigned
To find something that ties
My contributions to plagiarism.
And you know what they will find?
Lifetimes with no lives of their own!
This gift My God alone gave to me on loan!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

On Loan With Good Credit And Leased

I don't think you understand,
From which environment I've come.
You may have visions of changing seasons.
With dressed up turkeys and talking trees.
Dancing sugarplums and snowmen smoking on pipes.
And snowflakes smiling as they drift through the breeze.

Not a reindeer flew off any project building I lived in.
And I remembered waiting to see this!
And the gunshots heard?
Weren't from chestnuts roasting in an open fire.
And the frost nipping on our noses then...
Jack had nothing to do with that.
A lack of money to pay the oil bill...
Delivered many realities.

When we played in the snow...
And returned to heat our hands on exposed radiators,
Whistling from steam...
We went to our respective homes,
To make peanut butter and jelly sandwiches.
IF the bread was there.

I don't think you understand,
From which environment I've come.
You may have visions of changing seasons.
With dressed up turkeys and talking trees.
Dancing sugarplums and snowmen smoking on pipes.
And snowflakes smiling as they drift through the breeze.

However...
I did grow up with many folks with those fantasies.
The same ones now finding it difficult,
To believe.
And accept.
Life!
As it is!
Knowing they've already had that life.
As it was wished to be!

On loan with good credit and leased.

Now many are forced to pay those debts.
And disgraced in places where truth is faced!
Hoping to find a good excuse to escape,
From the close hold of too much reality!

'Can you please loosen your hold a bit?
I don't intend to get too familiar with this! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

On Missions To Befriend

There are people who have had a need,
To create their own subservience.
It gives them a sense,
Of feeling powerful over others.
With a taking away from them discreetly,
To boost their own egos with an ability to steal.
After pretending they are on missions to befriend them.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

On Mother's Day

On Mother' Day,
Everyone should acknowledge...
The headaches they delivered,
To their mothers.

And for the appreciation of their tolerance,
Just expressing a 'Thank You, Mom, For Your Efforts'...
Is all some mothers would like to hear,
At least just once, twice or more within a year.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

On My 'Do-Not-Ever-Do Again' List

There are two things,
I will never consciously do...
To myself,
Again.

After marrying twice,
And losing those emotional investments...
That is on my 'Do-Not-Ever-Do Again' List.

I remember once,
Teaching someone how to drive...
My car.
Out of the goodness of my heart,
I tried to teach how to drive a standard shift.
You know...
A stick shift!
Well...
The engine was ruined because of this.
I went ballistic.
With a destruction of a friendship,
Behind it.

Those two experiences,
I choose never again to revisit.
Unless,
Of course...
Amnesia slips in and it is enforced.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

On My Feet They Are Most Comfortable

You may laugh at me.
And how the shoes I wear,
Seem to be more than broken in.
But on my feet they are most comfortable.
They've been with me through thick and thin.

Exchanging them now,
Is not a thought I want to entertain.
Nor do I choose new shoes to make an impression.
You would have no idea how I treasure them.
Or is it a conversation I would like to start.
Since what I would say would be difficult to end.

You may laugh at me.
And how the shoes I wear,
Seem to be more than broken in.
Laugh as much as you want.
But these shoes you see me in...
And will again and again.
Are closer to me than my dearest friends.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

On My Futon

My futon...
Go ahead and lay your head on it.
Go ahead and rest a bit.
You'll get a benefit of this.

My futon...
Go ahead and lay your head on it.
Go ahead and rest a bit.
You'll feel a benefit of this.

Get off your feet,
On my futon.
Get some sleep,
On my futon.
Be at peace,
On my futon...
That peace you need to keep!

Get off your feet,
On my futon.
Get some sleep,
On my futon.
Be at peace,
On my futon...
That peace you need to keep!

My futon...
Go ahead and lay your head on it.
Go ahead and rest up a bit.
And,
You will feel relieved!

On my futon...
Go ahead and lay your head on it.
Go ahead and rest up a bit.
And,
You will feel relieved!

Get off your feet,

On my futon.
Get some sleep,
On my futon.
Be at peace,
On my futon...
That peace you need to keep!

On my futon...
Go ahead and lay your head on it.
Go ahead and rest up a bit.
And,
You will feel relieved!

On my futon!
And,
You will feel relieved!

On my futon!
And,
You will feel relieved!

On my futon...
Go ahead and lay your head on it.
And,
You will feel relieved...
And mellowed.

On my futon...
Go ahead and lay your head on it.
Go ahead and rest up a bit.
And,
You will feel relieved...
And mellowed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

On My Guard

On my guard and done.
To do as one,
Looking for someone special.
From amongst the ones,
Who may be within my midst.
Someone I might have had approached.
But these days a warm,
And easy conversation...
I could, if I wished it,
Interpret as a diversion.
With it sought to get me to fall for this.

On my guard with a hardened exterior up.
I seek someone warm,
And easy with conversation.
But,
Those I have met with instant chemistry...
I know they are trying to get the best of me.
And there was one I did approach,
Who returned to me a belief...
They were 'special'.
Making me to get 'goose bumps' immediately.
But on my guard I am going to remain.
Since these days,
Anyone with a warm smile and easy conversation.
Good looking AND with felt chemistry...
Is only out to get underneath my hardened exterior,
To see how close I will allow them to be.
I'm on my guard with a wanting someone special.
Not someone I 'suspect' deceives.

'Hi.
Do you mind if I say I find you attractive?
And besides...
You wouldn't be staring at me like you do,
If you didn't feel that way too.
I think you're special.'

I...uh...I...uh...

I'm not interested.

'Oh.
I'm sorry.
My bad.
I thought you would be someone,
I would like to know.
someone to share a happiness had.'

Well...
You're wrong.

'I understand.
See you around.
Maybe next time...
You will let your guard down.'

On my guard and done.
To do as one,
Looking for someone special.
From amongst the ones,
Who may be within my midst.
Someone I might have had approached.
OR approached me!
Who knows?
But these days a warm, chemistry felt,
Instantly!
And easy conversation?
I could, if I wished it,
Interpret as a diversion.
With it sought to get me to fall for this.
And I'm not going to be the one,
Tricked...
By that kind of deception.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

On My Own Two Feet

When I first learned to walk,
On my own two feet...
Immediately appeared,
Tremendous challenges...
As I fell repeatedly,
To crawl and accept...
Life to live was meant,
To do it with determination.
And less to make excuses.
Hoping them heard,
Would have someone rush...
To assist my not giving up.
And today...
Those obstacles and challenges,
I seem more to face...
Come from the ones,
Who have given up.
And determined to discourage,
My thoughts to think.
Or refuse to feel that way.
It took me too long to enjoy,
Standing tall and walking alone
On my own two feet.
Not seeking to be assisted.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

On One Earth

Demonstrated love,
Can never be replaced...
By divisions of religions,
Political affliations...
Or one's preferred taste.
Taken for granted not to appreciate.

On one Earth.
Spinning as all inhabitants,
Evolve in a vast Universe...
Cloaked in a silent darkness.
And intended by a divine magnificence.

Where would we be...
Here on one Earth?
Without the birds and trees,
Or bees to communicate...
A doing to create the food we eat.

Where on this one Earth...
Would we be to defend integrities?
If rain from clouds did not fall freely,
To allow humanity to quench a thirst.
Or to even experience the miracle of birth...
Had it not been for demonstrated love?

And here we are on one Earth...
Believing ourselves to be invincible.
Believing we have a duty to begin conflicts.
Believing we can inflict what God has created,
With decay.
As if within seconds...
None of what has been done can not be taken away.
With...
A demonstrated love that proves what God does.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

On 'One' Memorial Day

Blessed I am,
To be given the talent to write.
And be able to have public websites,
To voice the plight of those who are veterans.
Those who put their lives on the line,
To find themselves totally disrespected...
By those they defend.

Veterans completing their tours of duty,
Should not find themselves hungry, homeless...
And without jobs.
To support themselves, families...
Or others who are lost dependent upon them.

Blessed I am,
And as a veteran to say...
Being brave and patriotic does not always pay.
And even though celebrations held,
On 'one' Memorial Day...
Our veterans should be praised,
For giving their lives away EVERYDAY...
To the benefit of feeding the greed,
Of those whose selfish ways...
They courageously appease.

Dedicated:
To ALL my brothers and sisters who have 'donated' their lives,
Liberties and the cost of their own freedoms...
So those unappreciative could feed upon their 'entitlements'.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

On One Merry-Go-Round

If more time given,
With found resources spent...
Were concentrated,
On the well being of humanity.
There would be fewer conflicts,
To realize them limited.
And racial tensions intended,
Started to pretend...
As isolated events,
Between those disgruntled...
Would be nonexistent.
But this to vision,
Is another fantasy.

As witness from a more cynical
Point of view...
Humanity is left sitting down,
On one merry-go-round.
To be told a grabbing hold,
Of a brass ring is the thing...
Needed that will appease,
With entitlements to receive...
By whomever can quote first,
The most Biblical scriptures.
Followed by depicting,
Each of The Ten Commandments.
And to then know who signed,
The Declaration of Independence
With this done to denounce,
Any kept beliefs dared to admit
They had been,
Discriminated against.
By those elite.
And selfishly wealthy.

'You won.
How long have you been,
On this ride? '

-Most of my life.
I represent a 3rd generation.-

'Fantastic!
Now...
Tell us,
What are your beliefs...
That have kept you,
'Hanging' in there for so long?
Could it be...
The singing of that,
We Shall Overcome song? -

'Oh no.
I just thought it was something
Meant for me to do.
I'm into rap and hip hop.'

-What about 'discrimination? '
Or being 'oppressed'? -

'Are they new tunes?
I haven't heard of them yet.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

On One Road

If people in places where jealousies exist,
Have no original thoughts of their own or common sense...
An attempt to dilute what is presented takes place.
With a making less effective,
Those benefits for all that could initiate...
A unified doing with a purpose that does not exclude.

Yet...
There are those who prefer,
A continued fast pace of the spreading of ignorance...
That eliminates an awakening to erase comprehension.
And ensuring minds confined are further left behind.
With a keeping of stereotypical images less difficult to find,
And easily found to adapt to definitions confusing the mission.

This is similar to establishing 'one' deity to worship,
But pleasing all who happen to see...
The 'pieces' instead of the whole.
And...
A way to worship this 'deity' differently to appease,
Those who will agree they have come to travel on one road.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

On Paper. Not In Reality.

Don't be foolish.
Of course you are entitled to your opinion.
Aren't we living in a society,
That welcomes free speech?

'Yes...
But it seems to me that...'

Next! ?

'I thought you said we live in a society,
That welcomes free speech? '

On paper.
Not in reality.
I've 'earned' my free speech.
Haven't you noticed how I select my words?
Only 'then' are you free to do so as well.

Next?
I will take two more opinions,
And that will be it!
No...
Not yours.
The good looking one,
From the state of Connecticut!
May I have your opinion, please?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

On Paths Not To Look Back

Those who face facts,
Do not find it difficult...
To make new tracks,
On paths not to look back...
When a proof with truth,
Should have been faced to accept.

Yet those debating,
Over what took place yesterday.
And 'who' participated...
In a doing that can not be changed today.
Will do the best they can,
To keep old outdated arguments alive.

Although,
Those self-righteous with heightened beliefs,
Will not stop to evaluate the ineffectiveness of them.
With a researching of such kept beliefs with insight.
And in places where truth and not delusions exist,
As they are to be part of 'reality'.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

On Paths With Cracks

Few I knew,
Were catered to and pampered.
Or raised like prized roses...
Away from those who bloomed,
Among the killing weeds.

Few I knew,
Clutched to crutches.
Provided by sympathizers...
Who protected them from realities.

On paths with cracks,
With a stumbling done...
I've seen some do this.
And of course,
I was one!

On paths with cracks,
With no guide to lead.
Faith and courage...
Lifted those I knew from their knees.

Few I knew,
Clutched to crutches...
On paths with cracks.
Few I knew,
Were catered to and pampered.
And that's a fact.

When a standing was done,
From a fall one made...
There was little time to give to weep.
And empathy shown was little to none.
Since those I knew...
Were focused to get things done!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

On Pause

The stronger are my wishes,
My ambitions get...
Even stronger longer.
And with a longing hunger.

The stronger are my wishes,
I can taste success.
And my mind is not on sleeping,
To get a bit of rest.
'Cause I...
Live a life that isn't on pause.
Or stalling hesitated.
No I...
Do not live a life,
On pause.

The stronger are my wishes,
My ambitions get...
Even stronger longer.
And with a longing hunger.
'Cause I...
Live a life that isn't on pause.
To be in awe without a doing.
No I...
Do not live a life,
On pause.

But...
I wish to see,
My dreams...
Revealed to me!
Complete...
And real.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

On Plateaus Of Truth

Continuing to meddle in affairs not theirs,
With an outdated approach...
To benefit unchanging beliefs,
Escalates today's conflicts.
Since those who accept they were born to lead,
Can not 'see' that a doing it with myths...
No longer feeds the minds of the ones,
Who have been lifted to find themselves...
On plateaus of truth,
Provided by a much higher consciousness.
Attained and achieved and not to leave,
A reality no longer deluded by deceptions.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

On Public Display And In Constant View

They would love to keep defended,
Secret wishes...
To hide acts of blatant racistness!
With proclamations that none exists.
But it does!
And is present in everything they do.
From their creation of a homelessness that is seen.
To depictions of what beauty is...
From a media they control,
To inflict images on TV screens.

To the decadence pursued on public display,
And in constant view everyday!
With a use of these delusions...
To instill their rights of usurping foreign lands.
With a pretense a delivery is done,
Innocent with diplomatic intentions.
And based upon democratic appetites...
Hungered by everyone.

Which upon their own home turf...
Doesn't seem to be working.
No matter how close those ethnic ties.
Or the juicy sweetness dripping...
From those addicted to the spreading of deceit.
Or the ducumenting of new and fed lies!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

On Separate Journeys

Often,
I feel softened!
And embedded deep!
Bolted to an awareness...
Of those despairs I've known.
But believed convincingly,
My travels alone would harden.

And as I grew...
I knew this was not so.
A movement forward,
Expanded my vision.
And I wilfully became prisoner...
Of wisdom and curiosity.
Forcing me to experience,
With blemishes and flaws...
To grow.
Unexpectedly!

Every step I took,
Would further chip away...
A protective shell.
A cell with its door unlocked.
To pursue unstopped.

And...
My observations made me more the servant,
Of my sensitivities.
Unblocked by exploration.
And caring less...
Those discreeted sensitivities,
Would become more addressed...
To show publicly.

With a freedom to express them,
Openly.
Freed I would be!

And although slowly...

A healing proceeded,
From those scars and internal agonies...
I carried as if treasured gifts!

I am there.
It seems...
Connected!
Feeling a collective retrospective,
That has me feeling whole!
Alive.
Bold.

Pieced together by tears once shed.

I am there.
It seems...
Connected!
With a happiness to share,
And spare.

Now...
More affected in an acceptance,
Of all humanity.
Openly.
Freed I would be!
With a happiness to share,
And spare.

With a wish I can reach and touch,
My brothers and sisters I love so much.
With an awakened respect.
No longer neglected!

I am there.
It seems...
Connected!

But how?
How can this activity be done affectively?
When everyone, it seems...
Perceives they are on separate journeys.

And all paths that eventually cross...
Leads us to the same destiny!

One that fulfills and enriches our lives,
With eyes unclouded...
And opened wide!

I am there.
It seems...
Connected!
Reflective in a protective,
Gratefulness.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

On Stilettos

On stilettos.
Perched.
From your tower high,
In search.
To sting.
To bring someone under,
A spell you cast asunder.
And with thighs you capture.
Hypnotized in rapture.
To mesmerize!
With your scent to leave,
In a purpose meant...
To be remembered,
As if daggered!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

On Substance And One's Perception

When people deluded,
Have also been fed validation...
That supports their beliefs,
Everything they fantasize...
Has a long lasting affect,
On substance and one's perception.

That which conflicts with it,
Has no influence at all.
No matter how long...
Truth has been in existence.
And the evidence of it most effective.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

On The Avenue Of Bliss

It's overcooked too much.
Spicey to the taste and way too hot.
Whatever that is in that old crock pot...
Whether it is good to you or not,
The smell of it sours...
And creates not a wish for me to salivate.
I'd rather have just a glass of water, please.
Forgive me if I seem to be rude...
But none of that I'll have served on a plate.

And on the Avenue of Bliss,
No one wants to take a risk...
With old stirred up 'gumbo-ed' remedies.
At least those not appetizing to the eyes.
Bring some onions and potatos...
I'll make some homefries.

And on the Avenue of Bliss,
No one wants to take a risk...
With old stirred up 'gumbo-ed' remedies.
I apologize,
But you wont know me to lie!
Or stretch my imagination!

It's overcooked too much.
Spicey to the taste and way too hot.
Whatever that is in that old crock pot...
Whether it is good to you or not,
The smell of it sours...
And creates not a wish for me to salivate.

Oh-oh-oh...
Oh-oh-no!
I'm on the Avenue of Bliss,
And I choose not to take risks...
For free.

Oh-oh-oh...
Oh-oh-no!

I'm on the Avenue of Bliss,
And I choose not to take risks...
For free.

No more am I meeting repeated sweets teased.
Or walking down streets to fulfill empty cravings.
My desires have been raised not to throw away!

Oh-oh-oh...
Oh-oh-no!
I'm on the Avenue of Bliss,
And I choose not to take risks...
For free.

Oh-oh-oh...
Oh-oh-no!
I'm on the Avenue of Bliss,
And tired remedies don't work for me!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

On The Backs Of Those Downtrodden

Fearing a redistribution of wealth,
Should be the least of one's priorities.
What wealth and whose is on the line?
The thieves have depleted,
A once robust economy!
And those who need to serve time...
Are friends of those,
Who committed such crimes.

Those who preach about their selfishness...
Could care less how they stuffed their treasure chests.
And none of them did it honestly.
On the backs of those downtrodden...
They award themselves handsomely.
With desires to continue...
To strip others bare to feed their gluttony.

And campaign against those who struggle.
Those who suffer.
While the leechers gleefully...
Enjoy the endorsing,
Of those bleeding!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

On The Backs They Ride

Anyone who has inherited,
A privileged life to live...
Without coming into contact,
To know the meaning of sacrifice.
Or what that is like.
Can never say to those,
On the backs they ride...
That a weight to carry burdens,
And loads on shoulders...
They too experienced.
Since those they knew,
In exclusive private schools...
Had chauffeurs who were alcoholics.
And others like themselves,
Became heartbroken to discover...
Many living in the inner cities,
Actually worked to survive.
And were not all illiterate,
Or pretending to be.
To gain sympathy and welfare checks.

'I can't imagine,
Being that emotionally devastated.'

-That's why I understand more,
How you may have days...
When you resent,
My asking you to brush the dust...
Off my shoes.
While carrying me on your back,
To do so much more than that.-

'So...
You do understand the disparities.
Injustices.
And the multitude of inequalities,
Everyday I have to face? '

-No!

I can't say I will ever understand.
But what I can do to prioritize,
Is to show to you more empathy...
The next time it rains.-

Lawrence S. Pertillar

On The Bandwagon

Try to get along with others.
At least 'pretend' a respect is given,
If an opinion expressed...
Is different from your own.
It is best not to argue especially if you're right.
Let that opinion be addressed do not fight.

Those quick to jump on a bandwagon,
Without validating evidence...
If inspired whispers heard are worth the trip.
And from where they sit,
May find it too late to escape the ride.
Propelled by those who gossip with false lips.

'Why are they looking at us that way? '

~It's difficult to explain.
But never again will I attempt to MAKE,
Someone not ready with patience to comprehend...
That another's opinion given to them,
Is based upon lies and not the truth.
So I've decided not to allow myself to get into a dispute.~

'And on the bandwagon together they ride?
Making faces at us and not that cliff in their view.
What do think it is we should do? '

~Just wave.
Smile.
There may be some survivors.
Hopefully they will remember us as being cordial.~

'Look.
They are giving us the 'finger'.
All of them now.'

~Just wave.
Smile.
There may be some survivors.

Hopefully,
They will be the ones to remember us as being cordial.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

On The Butt Kiss List

On the 'Butt Kiss' List...
Many are now finding,
Their time invested misplaced.
Saddened faces fallen from grace,
With 'perks' of these actions gone!

'What went wrong? '

Happy songs once sung...
Now follow them with the blues.
Bad news is all they hear!
And it obvious and clear...
Easy days with comforts lost,
Are being challenged by borders crossed...
By those who now demand they get attention.

Threats of lifestyles damaged no longer mentioned.
And interests of those protected...
Are neglected by 'fat cats' with big cigars.
Stuffing pockets with embezzled cash!
Ruining lives before they dash fast.

And memories of turned up snob noses...
Embarrasses those who wear tattered egos,
And second hand clothes.
As they discreetly greet,
Poverty face to face on urban streets.
While listening to newscasters declare and say,
How better off today things are than anytime yesterday!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

On The Downside

The arguments between those elite,
Are increasingly seen to be amongst themselves.
To keep enriched with a proving of it.

And if the interests of the people is claimed to be 100%?
Where is this heard by those people they wish to believe,
A focus is there and clearly represented?

And who do the elite believe are kept fooled?
Those left fighting to survive,
To maintain a quality of life on the downside and undenied?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

On The Edge With Lost Meaning

Arming themselves,
With guns and fear.
Snap, crackle pop.
Dropped minds,
Nonstopping.

Inciting, backbiting threats appear.
On landscapes groomed...
With more of this looming.
And...
These are the people who pray under steeples,
With hate!
In their eyes.

These are the people who say they live lives,
That are straight.
But gutterized in hiding.
And...
These are the people with morals that others debate.
To criticize.
But gone denied.

On the edge with lost meaning,
They choose to demean.
Those who speak truth and appear on the scene.

Confused hypocrites sitting on the ledge.
Threatening to jump if their needs are not fed.

And...
These are the people who say they live lives,
That are straight.
On the edge with lost meaning.
And...
These are the people with morals that others debate.
On the edge with lost meaning.
And...
These are the people who pray under steeples,
With hate!

On the edge with lost meaning.
And...
These are the people without visions forward to make.
And have chosen to not pray with faith!

Oh oooh...
And,
These are the people who say they live lives,
That are straight.
But gutterized in hiding.
And...
These are the people with morals that others debate.
To criticize.
But gone denied.

Arming themselves,
With guns and fear.
Snap, crackle pop.
Dropped minds,
Nonstopping.

And these are the people who've chosen themselves,
To eliminate.
On the edge with lost meaning...
With no brakes applied to their fates!

Oh oooh..
NO?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

On The Flipside

On the flipside there's a better life to live,
If one decides they'll seek...
The flipside.

On the flipside there's a better life to live,
If one decides they'll seek...
The other side.

Hoping benefits will come to gift where one sits,
Is one who stays to thrive...
On wishes to get.

Hoping benefits will come to gift where one sits,
Is one who hides denying...
From a truth that exists.
And cry they do with eyes,
In avoidance of it.

On the flipside there's a better life to live,
If one decides they'll seek...
The flipside.

Being comforted with fears to keep them near,
Are complainers who refuse to pay their own dues.
Hoping that a miracle for them will appear,
Are complainers who refuse to pay their own dues.
Wishing for a life of ease with sweets just to eat,
Are complainers who refuse to pay their own dues.
And refuse they do to get up with a choosing to move.

Hoping benefits will come to gift where they sit,
Are complainers who refuse to pay their own dues.
Hiding to deny a truth for them could exist,
Are complainers who refuse to pay their own dues.
On the flipside,
There's a better life to live...
But the ones who whine refuse to make a move.
On the flipside,
There's a better life to live...

But the ones who whine refuse to make a move.

On the flipside there's a better life to live,
If one decides they'll seek...
The flipside.

On the flipside there's a better life to live,
If one decides they'll seek...
The other side, the flipside.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

On The Internet

Forget about it being fresh,
If it is discovered...
On the internet.

It is not as if a wrong telephone number,
Has been called and placed.
One makes and chooses to forget.
To dial another!
Today anyone can be traced...
As if face to face.
To become as close,
As a brother, sister, father or one's mother.
With a spending of more time electronically...
On a keyboard that connects...
Wherever in the world one wishes to be.
And whenever the need.

'I've felt closer to you in these past few days,
Let's get married!
We'll meet at the alter...
And exchange introductions.'

Anyone can be researched,
From birth until death.
And if someone has claimed,
Notoriety and fame...
A simple 'burp' heard while eating,
May stir the beginning of one's shame.

And if one should make a mistake,
No matter how small or insignificant it is...
Someone may decide to use it,
As a means to remember!
And never to forgive.

'You burp while eating?
I had no idea.
That's disgusting!
I thought you were more,

Than just an average human being!
Let's divorce.
We still have time to select another course.'

Forget about it being fresh,
If it is discovered...
On the internet.
As just as disposable!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

On The Left Side Of Reality

The ones uninformed and less prepared,
To remain and stay aware of their surroundings...
Are always solicited to be picked,
As advocates quick to protest...
Against truth produced and its evidence.
And incited they become,
To continue to defend their kept delusions.
With a prioritizing each one of them.

And on the right side of reality,
As they 'wish' to be seen although demeaning...
Opposing those to be claimed distant and far left,
Of it...
Are those who have been depicted with wishes,
To stop a madness for what it is.
A madness that has become a part of life.
But the people have been made convinced,
That anyone charading their false faces to parade.
And masquerading promises,
Never kept to be made...
Yet believe them to be brave and unafraid to deceive.
With a doing that entertains and pleases.
To leave everyone on the left side of reality,
Choking from the smoke screen to love...
Every moment of it.

'I'm confused.
Who is on the left side of reality.
And 'who' is on the right side of it? '

~That depends.~

'On what? '

~How quick your beliefs can be changed.
And which promises made keeps you addicted.
But I wouldn't worry too much about it.
Since truth to face offers no escape.
Be you on the left or the right of it to accept.~

'All of this madness is convoluted.
I feel coiled and twisted with no end to it.'

~Truth to face will soon eliminate,
Your indecision to either be...
On the left or the right side of reality.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

On The Lookout

Remember those days,
When empathy for another...
Was an action not premeditated?
It was understood at one time,
We were all human beings.

Today?
Feeling anything towards anyone else,
Makes one feel obligated to premeditate feelings.
Since today people are on the lookout,
For anything they can get at someone else's expense.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

On The Lower Level

On the lower level,
Squinting eyes sour...
Behind disguising masks.
Worn by those refusing to remove them.
A task they have not mastered.
Even though the light dims!
Any that was kept once,
And stored within.

On the lower level,
A feeding of darkness
Continues to flourish.
A nourishment encouraged fails,
To purge them.
Weaknesses begun...
Left many to seige a seething,
As natural as the breathing process is done.

They pray to be released,
But cease to eliminate the increasing anger.
They creep upon themselves like beasts.
Leaving hearts mangled to dangle like bait...
For awaiting vultures.
Enslaved by their own rusting culture.
Distributed like mulch,
To advance the growth of weeds!

Estranged from the guidance of angels and 'spirits'.
A depth is reflected but no one goes near it.
A fear is suspected and it's rejected quick.
The fumes of addiction has settled in too thick!
They are sick...
And many seem to enjoy dwelling upon this,
As it sits.
No one wants it to leave...
They are pleased with it!
If it hinted to go and quit...
Their own throats they would split!

Enlightenment is attacked.
Strapped to lies and innuendo!
And closing the window to a truth held back,
Ready to be exposed!
But it has been frozen and concealed in traps.
Bolted unconsciously to pain and sorrow.

Whatever light is left...
Suddenly fades and goes out!
Screams and shouts are heard.
And those who grew patient to listen,
Were not deterred by the disturbance...
Blurted to blur!

They knew from 'within'...
'Something' came to awaken them,
From the shallowness of ignorance,
They could not let begin!
As they were lifted from the lower level...
Deciding to shovel their way,
Into a light that did not betray them!

Finding in time...
Those of like minds,
Welcoming to share light!
In abundance that excited.
A brightness not expressed...
And much supressed,
On the lower level!
Where temptations and distress,
Are mixed by those who pass their blessings!
Confined to concrete limitations expressed.
In the hopes to deliver themselves from bleeding!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

On The Lurch To Attack

So many have prioritized a gleaming bling to grab,
To impress as fast as they can get it.
That the rise of young sociopaths or psychopaths,
And whatever definition depicts this sickness...
Are on the lurch to attack,
To satisfy their temporary temptations to snatch.
With flashes of the importance of getting quick cash.
And having no mental connection to how fragile life is.
Or the value of it that has for them become meaningless.

Minds respected for their intelligence,
Gather together to make sense of this.
With intentions to examine the causes to prevent,
The increase of these 'isolated' incidents.
But refuse to lay the blame on anyone gaining fortune,
And fame that shines with a gloss.
That reflects the effectiveness of their greed at any cost.
No matter how widespread their insanity and eventual loss,
And as long as they can pocket with no one willing to stop it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

On The Other Side Of Critique

That you and others,
Sharing the same point of view...
Find in your private discussions,
An embitterness expressed...
By those who publicly address,
Their disappointments...
As petty?
Is not surprising.
Considering your opinions,
Are socialized over cocktail sips.

I don't see you taking stances,
Or standing on your own two feet.
Gossiping you do and that is well done.
Quiet and secret.
And extremely discreet.
Never have you been a target.
But your expertise is in targeting.

You can be counted on to sit on a fence.
However,
Standing up for anything you defend...
The experience being on the other end of critique,
Would blind you like a deer...
Caught off guard by a spotlight as you tried,
Tip toeing your way across a crowded street.
You and the others would be out of your element.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

On The Other Side Of The Door

If it takes one key,
To open one door...
With opportunities awaiting,
On the other side of it.
WHY would anyone choose to sit,
Ignoring what has been given...
Because they have decided,
If what is on the other side...
Would be something,
They would choose to like.
And...this is BEFORE,
Any approach was made...
By them towards the door.

If it takes one key,
To open one door...
With opportunities awaiting,
On the other side of it.
And one does not take advantage of this,
But wishes to be given clues and hints?
That key...
That opens that one door,
With opportunities awaiting?
Has been given to someone...
Looking for their ship to sail in.
Even if that ship was on the other side of the door.

'Captain?
We are still awaiting for the arrival of your chosen passenger.
Perhaps there has been a misunderstanding? '

~Do not worry about it.
We will cater to the ones who did use their keys.
We are not here to convince.
Just service.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

On The Otherhand

The facts are left unapproached.
To acknowledge them would mean,
The facing of mistakes made.
And that for many,
Has never been a prerequisite,
To the obtaining of comprehension.

On the otherhand...
Not that one.
The other one.
You have two.
Most of us do.

The boosting of delusions...
Is celebrated on a daily basis.
To maintain a mind kept entertained,
With beliefs that success is perceived...
As the taking of something not earned.
And easily as it can be done,
From anyone who sacrifices time and effort.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

On The P.A. System

My child...
Listen and do not fear.
Silent should be your mind.
With a gentleness.
You know...
Who I am.
So there will be no need,
For introductions.

Keep your eyes on 'Me',
Young lady.
For the rest of your wonderful life.
And in the doing...
Your every wish ever dreamed,
I will grant and fulfill.
Providing you utmost happiness.

NO!
You must NOT turn around.
You will break the spell.
Maintain your composure.
This...
Should be taken very seriously.

And,
My child of tremendous beauty...
With skirt too short and much too tight.
Never again,
Will you stay wanting...
For any human need.
I...
Will personally see to it!
Can I hear you rejoice in saying loudly...
Amen!

'Uncle Larry?
Will you stop fooling around.
I recognize your voice.
And I know that is you on the P.A. System.

OKAY? '

I was just testing it.
Weren't you just a 'wee' bit curious?

'Not at all.
I could smell your cologne 10 minutes,
BEFORE you started testing.
And please, Uncle Larry...
Do not do that when my guests arrive.
I want everyone to have a good time,
At my party.'

Excuse me?
And what is 'that' suppose to mean?
I know you did 'not' go there with me,
Young lady? !

Lawrence S. Pertillar

On The Real Tip

The environment one is exposed to and knows,
Is that environment one will associate...
As the one that initially makes sense.

A process of conditioning takes place.
And subconsciously a reality,
That forms one's mentality becomes hard to erase.

And on the 'real tip'?
Those that accept consciousness,
Could careless about any of this!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

On The Rise

There is nothing to deliver,
Either way!
There is nothing for neither one of us,
To say.
It has been done!
There is no winning to contemplate.
Or pride with dignity,
To be shown, gained or won!
A redundancy of efforts...
I'm not willing to start!
My happiness is on the rise!
And I so glad it has begun!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

On The Rise Are Misfits

On the rise are misfits,
Given rights to start conflicts.
On the rise are misfits,
With their havoc to leave.
On the rise are misfits,
With their thoughts to believe...
They have been chosen,
To promote all commotion.

On the rise are misfits,
Representing a sickness.
On the rise are misfits,
Breaking hearts that exist.
And on the rise are misfits,
Everywhere to permit...
Suffering and pain!
But who benefits?

On the rise are misfits,
Given rights to start conflicts.
On the rise are misfits,
With their havoc to leave.
And on the rise are misfits,
With their thoughts to believe...
They have been chosen,
To promote all commotion.

On the rise are misfits.
And everywhere they are permitted...
To destroy all happiness.
And on the rise are misfits,
Representing a sickness.
On the rise are misfits,
Breaking hearts that exist.
And on the rise are misfits,
Everywhere to permit...
Suffering and pain!
But who benefits?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

On The Road

On the road of my travels,
Many obstacles I have come to face.
Not one did I fear to be chased,
Away.
My steps to make were placed,
To move forward.
Looking behind to delay time wasted,
Had never preoccupied...
My mind to find this,
A mission to repeat or accept defeat.

Debris to clear on my path,
Is still a task.
With less rest to get,
Kept an expectation.
Devotion and dedication,
Became a passion to overcome stress.
And regrets ignored,
Whenever they attempted...
To reopen those closed to lock doors.

My steps to place were made,
To move forward.
As an obligation to my beliefs,
I would and could succeed.
With initiative, motivation.
And a kept faith not to fake.
Masquerade or charade!

On the road I stay.
Not to seek challenges.
Or expect fear and threats.
But to know I am prepared.
And equipped to be tested.
Too long on this road,
Have I endeavored with efforts.
Done to do at my best.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

On The Same Page

Some of you have questioned the necessity,
Of this morning's meeting.
And as C.E.O. of Rapid Mess Industries...
I felt it my duty and extreme importance,
That we all are on the same page as we move forward...
With our set agenda.

Now,
Before we begin...
Are there any questions?
No questions?
Great.
Lonnie?
'Yes, Mister Duke? '
Lonnie, I am going to list our accomplishments,
And you concur.
Understood?
'Yes, Mister Duke.'

Creation of environmental hazards?
'Check! '
Successful depletion of the middle class?
'Check! '
Ignoring the infrastructure?
'Check! '
The marketing of expicit decadence?
'Check! '
Creation of conflicts wherever they can be created?
'Check! '
Ruining the economy?
'Check! '
Devastation of race relations?
'Check! '
Imprisoning our citizens at alarming rates?
'Check! '
AND...
Last but not least,
Promoting our arrogance globally...
To ensure our policies are understood?

'And...
Check! '

'Oh...
Mister Duke?
There is one more thing not mentioned.'

And what would that be, Lonnie?

'Propaganda!
You did not mention any of it! '

No Lonnie.
It has been determined,
Our successes speak for themselves!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

On The Same Wavelength

Our minds are on the same wavelength.
Does that frighten you to know,
From where we pull our strength?
Every time I hear you speak...
It's as if I am familiar,
With the message sent!
As if 'something' in our minds...
Wishes to confirm and convey,
What the other from a distance...
Presents in a similar and unique way.
To have us both aware,
Just how close we really are!
Yes...
Our minds are on the same wavelength.
Although miles between us seem quite far!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

On The Scene Experiencing Something New

Each breath one is blessed to breathe,
With a cycle that rewards with an inhaling...
That is exhaled to release in an exchange that repeats,
Is new.

Each dawn is new.
As are sunsets too.

Each night one sleeps,
Something is freed to cease.

Each step one takes,
Embraces another that has been replaced.

Each face that is seen,
Is as different as we are human beings...
On the scene experiencing something new,
With an excitement that is fresh!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

On The Side That Lives

Some see rain as an opportunity to cry.
But without it,
People aren't nourished.
And when a drought happens things die.

Yes,
I want to know life!
And I want to experience,
All there is that is connected to it.

There is a clear mental divide happening.
And I want to be on the side,
That lives to know life,
To appreciate it as a gift.
With an acknowledgement of this.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

On The Top Of A Mountain

Diss your issues that you've got with me.
I'm not about them!
Stop and dropp 'em.

Diss your issues that you've got with me.
Hey hey,
I'm not about them!
Stop and dropp 'em.

You say you've paid,
Dues you want to send my way.
I'm not about them!
Stop and dropp 'em.

You say you gave,
Others time you gave away.
I don't doubt it.
I'm not about it.

You say pain stays...
Riding on your back each day.
I don't doubt it.
I'm not about it.

You seem so afraid,
To let go and just walk away.
Then you want to blame me,
Because I'm not frustrated?

Diss your issues that you've got with me.
Hey hey,
I'm not about them!
Stop and dropp 'em.

Diss your issues that you've got with me.
Hey hey,
I'm not about them!
Stop and dropp 'em.

You say you've paid,
Dues you want to send my way.
I'm not about them!
Stop and dropp 'em.

You've got to learn to make pebbles from a rock!
Keep'a chippin' at those boulders...
'Til you find,
You've climbed to the top...
Of a mountain!

Diss your issues that you've got with me.
Hey hey,
I'm not about them!
Stop and dropp 'em.

You say you've paid,
Dues you want to send my way.
I'm not about them!
Stop and dropp 'em.

You say you gave,
Others time you gave away.
I don't doubt it.
I'm not about it.

You've got to learn to make pebbles from a rock!
Keep'a chippin' at those boulders,
'Til you find...
You've made up your mind,
You can reach and plant your feet...
On the top of a mountain!

You can choose to look down and around...
But you can choose to move everyday,
Without delay,
From all of your nonsense!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

On The Verge

There is a buffet to taste!
A banquet of assorted nibbles to consume...
And they claim their ways are 'down-to-Earth',
With back home thoughts and yesterdays,
To make room for a tomorrow...
Traced with grandma's remedies,
And the use-to-be's of eras past!

These days today?
Are not for backyard reviews...
Shared by neighbors borrowing cups of sugar!

Little Johnny may be in prison.
Flipping through scriptures!
Humming hymns to his cellmate.
As they bond as males can only bond in captivity!

And Susie may be bragging about baby daddy drama.
Between painted nails and club hopping dates.
Only to complain she's not a superwoman...
Who can't raise children by herself,
AND microwave TV dinners at the same time!
As if she was hypnotized to spread her legs...
To pop out dolls to play with at playtime!

Delusional are these high tech creatures,
Wanting leisures at someone else's expense!
Someone to dump the blame game on!

And yet like sheep...
People have corralled themselves within stifleness,
For purposes to bring attention to a legacy of ignorance!
Even though they are surrounded by activities to feast...
They choose to dine on familiarity that keeps them tied,
To traditions that make little sense!

But then...
Who is to question what IS making sense at all?
Aren't we living in a society that's being craved,

By those depraved and tribal?
Aren't values we all adhere to becoming the model...
Of ALL humanity to copy with microscopic accuracy?
Especially in these times we live,
When 'correctness' is on the verge of becoming passé,
And forgotten quicker than anyone's texted message!

But then...
Who is to question what IS making sense at all?
And if it is necessary!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

On The Wings Of A Cosmic Rush

On the wings of a cosmic rush,
Thrusted.
So quick the speed of it,
Is only felt as energy.
Like that which the Sun radiates to us.
And like the Moon influences...
With a mix of water and air we breathe.
Air that purifies with the aid of trees.

And we settle to travel upon our own indignities.
With imprints of images we do everything to please.

On the wings of a cosmic rush,
Thrusted.
So quick the speed of it,
Is only felt as energy.
And that energy we disgrace.
In decadence and trash filled minds,
To keep regurgitating a hatred.

On the wings of a cosmic rush,
Thrusted.
But many choose to ignore the ride.
To rely on others to discuss the view.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

On The Wings Of Deception

They wonder why their trails are blocked.
Why accomplishments gained,
Are suddenly stopped!
They insist there are more deeds to make.
Yet nurturing the young...
Has not been done!

They wonder why turmoil exist.
As they put out fires blazing,
From crisis to crisis.
Lessons aren't learned...
And sermons preached are ignored!
Common sense and sensibility,
Cakes thick as mud on treasures once adored!

Crevices crack on foundations of traditions.
Premonitions depicted,
Are cast aside as superstitions.
No one wants to hear about results of ignorance.
Fearing these revelations are a waste of common sense!
And everyone is on defense...
To protect created rights!
Placing values on fantasies,
Fed to feed sickened appetites.

Justice prevails for those who have deep pockets.
Although these mingled resources dwindle...
The fighting continues,
With justifications that skyrocket!

And we are led to believe this way of life is best?
Tell that to those with peace of mind...
Tell that to those who have found ease and rest!
They are not participating in this mess at all.
Or finding ways to promote such evil...
On the wings of deception,
Just to prevent an obvious fall.
Or wish to be found crawling...
Stalled triumphantly in victory,

When these illusions are announced and called!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

On The Wings Of Pettiness

I am grateful not to ride,
On the wings of pettiness.
With those who live as isolationists.

This experience of life given,
Is a tremendous gift.
One should explore unlimited.

I am often reminded of my human-ness.
By others who live their lives in restrictions.
And I understand that point of view too well.
Before a self examination...
Removed my grip on delusions I depicted.
Without hesitating to throw a balled fist I held!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

On Their Knees

Theft and deception,
Have been their worst enemies.
And the power of truth,
Reduces them to miseries.

An escape hatch is sought,
As the plunge from their throne is felt!
The misuse of their own citizens,
Inflames them from within.
They can not blame anyone else!

Their struggle to maintain integrity has gone!
Not one of them fed on greed,
Has an identity that is strong.

Listening with patience and correcting their faults...
Had not been a priority.
So on their knees,
Lessons not learned...
To them are brought!
Too late.
To heal from self hatred taught!

So on their knees,
Lessons not learned...
To them are brought!
Too late.
To heal from self hatred taught!

Theft and deception,
Have been their worst enemies.
And the power of truth,
Reduces them to miseries.

So on their knees,
Lessons not learned...
To them are brought!
Too late.
To heal from self hatred taught!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

On Their Own Terms

On their own terms,
People have a right to do and choose...
As they please.
This should not lead to an argument.

However...
When those terms and choices one chooses,
At the crossing over a threshold into someone's home...
Anyone believing they should be treated,
Based upon their own terms...
Should excuse themselves immediately.
Before they are asked to leave.
Thus making the keeping of their own terms,
An issue not needing to be debated.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

On Their Terms

Showing an indifference,
With a building of fences to defend them...
To then expect a unity to get,
That is window dressed and diversified...
Just to keep one's biases undenied to hide.
Makes it difficult to prove,
An improvement in attitudes are being removed.

It's so hard to manifest a success to profess,
Without a giving up that which affects...
A preventing of steps to move forward.
It's hard to turn away from a yesterday gone.
When there are many who protest,
A leaving behind those times in their minds..
Even their ancestors prayed to forget.

People speak of unity,
But on their terms to direct.
People speak of unity,
But steps to do it...
Are not accepted unless,
Some receive more benefit.
To leave others left with less.

People speak of unity.
But reject to give respect,
As an entitlement to expect.
With some dividing themselves to decide,
If a unity to be done...
Is not on their terms to get,
They will enforce it with conflict.
Until their wishes are met.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

On This Same Path Alone

For many years I have walked by myself,
On this same path alone.
Long before your birth.
Or your first steps taken to you were known.

I've absorbed criticisms about what I've done.
And ostracized because my beliefs,
Were not accepted by many.
And quite foreign to some.

I've been accused of not being black enough.
By those who now sip cocktails with whites.
I dare to be who I am at all times...
Around those without identities!
And when I am near they become uptight.

But they claim to be who they are...
Whenever they have that as an appetite!
You know the ones?
Those who pass their judgements,
On everyone!

And those who approach,
As if what I do they can do much better.
Not knowing my disposition,
Has been honed by stormy weather.
I do not argue.
But instead I am quite entertained.

Since I know these folks would run to seek shelter...
At the hint of a cloud.
Or the aspects of falling rain!
And I make no claims of not having competition.
I just live my life...
Comprehending I have none!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

On 'This' Thanksgiving Day

We come together,
To give our gratitude and thanks.
With a forgetting at times,
Of those who have come to go...
To allow us to ignore,
Their unselfish contributions to us made.
And how truly blessed we are,
To be able to witness the road our ancestors paved

And on 'this' Thanksgiving Day,
Few can admit...
A missing of our mothers and fathers.
Relatives and friends we can not forget.
With an acknowledgement if it was not for them...
Few of us would have a reason,
To celebrate this day as we come together.
To eat the feast and enjoy this gift God has given!

Written By:
Lawrence S. Pertillar
'Larry'
For The Pertillar, Countryman, Dixon...
Vinters, Reddick, Branch and Jackson Families.
And so many more connected...
To the roots of this blossoming tree.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

On This Thanksgiving Day (Estella Fused)

Estella fused,
Her love for family...
With wishes.
On this Thanksgiving Day.
She'd pray for those fighting wars
Within the core of bloodlines shared,
And those who dared to march for freedom
On foreign lands where they cared to sacrifice.
Requesting those who sat in observance,
To join hearts and hands...
Enticing all to stand and nourish their minds
With peace!
Estella fused,
Her love for family with wishes.
And on this day her dishes were prepared well!
She wanted them to feast like the royalty they were!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

On Top Of Earth I Will Stroll

I wish someone would stop me,
And ask me why I peacock.
As if I am not suppose to flaunt,
My pride and dignity.

Only those threatened by arrogance,
Should evaluated the keeping...
Of their own insecurities.
Instead of proclaiming to be,
One who is down to Earth.

If I am not beneath it yet,
On top of Earth I will stroll.
With a flaunting done,
Undaunted.

No time do I spend,
Competing to defend...
Or understanding weaknesses,
I have taken time from myself to rid.

I've learned how to stroll,
And be bold with the doing.
Arrogance?
I don't take time to define the doing of it.
Or do I attempt to comprehend,
Why people spend most of their lives...
With their noses in the business of others.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

On Top Of High Tides

Leave behind those low tides.
Tasteless, baseless.
And negative.
Decide your life qualifies,
To be lived riding away...
On top of high tides.

Don't succumb to being stung,
By anyone wanting...
You down in the dumps.
And proud of it done.

Fly your kite.
Or row your boat.
Don't participate with folks,
Who gloat and boast...
About their ability,
To coast through life.
Just to float.
Don't allow your dreams wished
Smothered or choked,
Like this.

On top of high tides ride.
Do it to permit and commit.

Don't succumb to being stung.
Or become too comfortable,
Feeling down in the dumps.
Too many have already,
Chosen that place to stay.
And await for others,
They can easily addict...
To beliefs this way of life,
Is for the ones who are born
With no alternative.

Fly your kite.
Row your boat.

Don't participate with folks,
Gloating to boast...
About their ability,
To coast through life.
Floating detached,
And distanced from purpose.

On top of high tides ride.
Decide you live life...
Not only with insight.
But purpose to commit to it.
Without seeking the doing,
Of it permitted.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

On Virtue And Merit

On virtue and merit.
To have earned and not inherit,
Takes faith with kept belief...
One does to leave behind deeds.
Not to receive accolades.
Not to receive attention,
Or awards to achieve.
To a smile broadly seen.
But a knowing one's best efforts,
Are selfish endeavors.
Yes.
A selfishness,
With a wish to see benefits from this
Pleasing others.
What other happiness is there,
From living life can one get?
To express one's true virtue.
With a hearing of others,
Address the merit of this to give.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

On What Basis Can You Rate My Experiences?

On what basis can you rate my experiences?
What scale would you use to highlight or deflate,
A calculation of the anguish and fears I've endeared?
And what or 'whom' are you comparing my life to?
Since no wound or scar that mentally or physically appears,
Can not be felt by anyone else.
Nor is there anyone near,
Who can see through my eyes that have been made clear.

On what basis can you rate my experiences lived?
Even your imagination could not imitate,
The origin of my tears.
I could hand you a script that documents my every move.
But still in the doing you wouldn't know what I've gone through.
Although you insist my existence is without hardships.
And on what basis are you rating this?
From a random survey you use to seek truth?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

On What Basis Today Is A Normalcy Rated?

When people have become estranged,
From making attempts to comprehend others...
With a giving a reason meant for their attention given.
To know divorce from truth to consider,
Can not be reminisced to remember...
To be offended or not when the truth is mentioned.
With it left to be believed.
And who can declare themselves,
As representing a normal existence?
Without looking away to question their doubts.
To then forget what one's comments were about.

And who can say,
Those observed with mental afflictions...
Have not become a desirable reflection,
Others may denounce as obvious defections.
But on what basis today is a normalcy rated?
To say what had been normal today does not exist.

Even yesterday those admitting their dysfunctions,
Were praised for their ability to live with them.
Who today can honestly say...
When they go to church to pray with a bowed head,
They do not seek to peek to see...
Who amongst them is dressed to impress?
What is it today do we keep respected?

What is it today do we keep most precious to love?
Besides possessions?
And who possesses what we pray from God to get.
To expect God to deliver...
With no patience to tolerate to await its arrival.
And quickly we get upset with someone else,
If they refuse to co-sign to further indebt us to loans.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

On Whatever The Level An Eye Contact

With a stroke of unexpected fortune,
Those in possession of tremendous egos...
And can realistically assess the times like these,
Will find that a climbing down...
From their high horses,
Is not yet enforced.
And this can still be done with ease.

If it is recognizable...
And those sympathetic to delusions...
May still believe it is.
That those holding tightly to pretensions kept,
Will recognize those delusions of grandeur...
Are no longer for them affordable.
On whatever the level an eye contact is met!

'What is going to be done with the horse I treasured? '

~Today?
That should be the least of your concern! ~

A dismounting is no longer an option for them.
A dismantling of pretensions,
Come to many as cold hard to face facts!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

On Which Side Of Hypocrisy Do You Reside?

It has been exposed.
Why can't you face it?

Those disenfranchised,
Did not create or cause your current dilemma.
Neither did the homeless, the hungry...
Or those confined to live in inner cities,
Have a wish to live lives like this.

Those illiterate and ignorant,
Did not choose to isolate themselves.
Or chose to be abandoned with needs,
By those who created for themselves jobs...
Feeding delusions as they depleted identities.

No one effectively suppressed,
Invent fear or the aspects of threats.
Or control the media!
Be it TV, movies or the printed press.

No one you have selected to character assassinate,
Defame to shame or intentionally oppress...
Had any influence over your decisions,
You made with a narrow mindedness.

It has been your way of life...
That has produced dire effects.
And yet you protest against the rise of wickedness?
With deeds done that deceive,
Has not made any of this cost effective.
In fact,
Isn't your reality being financed by creditors,
You are deeply indebted to...
Overseas?
And you want to treat me the way you've done?

On which side of hypocrisy do you reside?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

On Your Knees

The first beneficial advice I remember getting,
Came from my training instructor...
The one I had been assigned,
Two weeks after graduating from high school...
And, finding myself in the military,
Making attempts to fake my way...
Through an obstacle course in preparation for combat.
All of us in the Air Force went through that.

'Horse...
Before I finish with you,
Wishing for death will not be your option.
Not only are you going to complete this obstacle course,
I'm going to let you know right now...
In this squad I only produce thoroughbreds.
Now...
Stop screaming for 'mommy'.
Mother is here! '

And I learned quickly at the tender age of 18,
Reality was something I couldn't run away from.

'Horse?
After you finish doing those pushups.
How about showing 'mother'...
You can do 12 laps.
And come back to me as if doing 12 more,
Is 'your' desire.
And...
I want you to beg me to do it.
On your knees and 'after' you kiss my boots.'

And I learned quickly at the tender age of 18,
Reality was something I couldn't run away from.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

On Your Own

Stop thinking you need me to lead the way.
Or someone else to hold your hand,
To help you avoid traffic on a crowded street.
Open your eyes and carry your own weight.
Don't depend on me,
To be there to protect your fate.

Know what it is like to defend and debate...
That which is in your heart.
And not that which you fake...
When it is convenient for you,
To decide you feel safe.

Hiding behind walls,
With a mind that finds it easy to define...
What is or is not real for all
From a point of view stalled without experience.
Just to live a life you wish.
Is not a burden I choose to live with.
And wont.

Nor will I delay in waiting...
On a path I take,
For someone like you to decide what steps I make.
And even if we were identical twins...
I would trust you to make a decision,
Alone.
On your own.
Without guidance to process a thought!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

On Your Terms

On your terms you want it.
On your terms you need it.
On your terms,
You are going to live life...
As you wish.
With opinions to give others,
Unsolicited.

On your terms,
You think you are the link to dreams.
And more important,
Than what to them reality 'seems'.
And although you have yet to be told,
No one is seeking your approval.
Or has requested your nose,
To be found sniffing around what they do.

'Why are you peeking through my fence?

~There is a misunderstanding we have between us.
I wasn't peeking 'through' your fence.
That's absurd.
I was about to ask you,
Before you rudely interrupted me...
If you and your friends are in need of onions,
For your Kosher and grain prepared hotdogs.
I use mesquite wood to add to the flavor of mine,
Whenever I am cooking outside.
Also cranberry juice with lemonade is terrific.
You should try it.~

'Would you like to join us? '

~Are you kidding?
With all the work I've got to do?
If I had not 'coincidentally'...
Decided to check my mail,
I would not have noticed you all...
Having such a great time.~

'Is your mailbox 'still' in the front of your house? '

~Of course it is.
But, for whatever the reason...
'Something' had me come out of the backdoor,
First.~

'Okay.
If and when time permits...
After you finish your chores,
Feel free to join us.'

~I wish.
You have no idea how busy I keep myself.~

'I can't imagine.
You probably get no rest at all.'

'Whew!
I'm exhausted already.
Also...
Adding crushed pecans on your pound cake,
You will discover is delicious.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Once

Once.
No one can do something they like,
Once.
No one can do something to like,
Then walk away.
Not to return again.
Once.
No one can do something they like,
Once.
No one can do something to like,
Then walk away.
Not to return again.
Something that is craved,
Is craved wanted everyday to get the taste.
Or a sniff of it or touch...
Once.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Once A Patience To Give Is Taken

Once a patience to give is taken,
With it done to receive by anyone...
But one day goes away from tolerating,
Continued misunderstanding...
To decide the time has come to leave.
It is not a strategy to receive attention.
Or a wanted wish for more of it to get.

Those who sit nibbling on lips,
Tolerating a nonsense permitted...
Are seldom the ones,
Praying for more time...
To find others wasting it to be done.
Even the ones with patience,
Know when they've reach their limitations.

Once a patience taken from one giving it,
Suddenly gets up to move with no excuse.
This is a sign that should be obvious,
That 'this' someone has felt...
To have had their patience taken for granted.
And has realized a peace of mind to appreciate,
Is worth more to value if one returns to it to keep.
To determine it to be a permanent decision made.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Once A Precious Egg

It matters not,
How much money one's got.
Or perceived influence,
Dripping with prestige and status...
Shared exclusively amongst the elite.
Once a precious egg thought to be,
A prized trophy that sits atop...
One's mantelpiece,
To be picked up to caress.
Yet carelessly...
From hands gloved in velvet,
It falls and shatters to pieces.
No one...
Regardless how high,
On pretentiousness they sit...
Can uncrack to put back what had been
Claimed precious.

'Oh, my God!
What have 'we' foolishly done? '

-No intended offense.
But, uh...
You went for it.
Had us stand back.
While you boasted and bragged.-

'Okay...okay. Don't rub it in.
We have to find someone to fix this.
That egg has to get back,
Into its shell.
I don't want to be accused,
Of stupidity.'

-Honoring your last statement made.
And dismissing it said.
Even if it was camouflaged.
The devastation.
Who do you believe would rush,

To assist...'us'.
After we campaigned...
Calling everyone names.
And offending them.
Who...is on that list.
You did not piss off? -

'Will you stop being so negative.
I don't know why you would think,
Everyone is crazed with animosity.
And...towards me?
That's ridiculous.
I may have attracted a few,
Disgruntled detractors.
But I am certain my insults,
Were not taken seriously.
And...
What is that glass breaking sound,
I keep hearing? '

-I think its the servants you fired.
Replacing the old China,
For a new set you ordered...
To be ready before you interview...
Others you told them would be,
Hopefully far more competent.-

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Once A Sadness Known

Once a sadness known,
Has been had...
Many don't persist with it.
Many look for the exit.

Once a sadness known,
Has been had...
Many wish to heal and mend,
With a giving of forgiveness.

Some people sit...
And to do this all day,
They...
Choose to moan and groan,
As if they owe on a loan.

Some people sit...
And to do this all day,
They...
Choose to moan and groan,
As if they owe on a loan.

Once a sadness known,
Has been had...
Many wish to heal and mend,
With a giving of forgiveness.

Some people sit...
And to do this all day,
They...
Choose to moan and groan,
As if they owe on a loan.

Once a sadness known,
Has been had...
Many don't persist with it.
Knowing there's no benefit.

But some people sit...

And to do this all day,
They...
Choose to moan and groan,
As if they owe on a loan.

Yes some people sit...
And to do this all day,
They...
Choose to moan and groan,
As if they owe on a loan.

And then they,
Dwell in their pity fits.
People sit.
They dwell in their pits,
Just to get...
A bit of some empathy.

And then they,
Dwell in their pity fits.
People sit.
They dwell in their pits,
Just to get...
A bit of some empathy.

Once a sadness known,
Has been had...
Many wish to heal and mend,
With a giving of forgiveness.

But some people sit...
And to do this all day,
They...
Choose to moan and groan,
As if they owe on a loan.

And then they,
Dwell in their pity fits.
People sit.
They dwell in their pits,
Just to get...
A bit of some empathy.

And then some people sit...
And to do this all day.
Yes.
And then some people sit...
Just to do this all day.
Yes.
And then some people sit...
To moan and all day.
Keeping all that sadness.
And it it...
That's where they choose to stay.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Once Abstracted

Once abstracted to derail truth,
And facts to keep off track...
To leave many absent-minded,
With preoccupied self centered wishes.
Has returned to destroy effectively,
Delusions believed...
Would always be protected and kept.

Painful are these realities weakening,
Investments made to strengthen fantasies.
Hearts breaking and shakened,
By an onslaught of facts.
Destroying all kinds of relationships,
To never again have them mend.
Or return back to those abstractions.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Once An Awakening Delivers

Amazingly a chase kept in a rat race has ended.
A pace once defended,
Has been suspended.
And a peace of mind reigns.

It's not only allowed...
It is protected like a precious gem.
And the slightest hint of interference,
Coming to test it is not accepted.

Once an awakening delivers daylight...
With fresh air one can breathe,
It is such a welcome.
And when it is discovered,
There are no strings attached...
Or opinions needed to be made by anyone.
A freedom no one can pay for...
Will ever be taken away!

Some will try.
But the effort will be wasted.
Once peace of mind has been tasted...
It is a craving one wishes to stay.
And enjoyed for what it means and is!
When it is found...
No one gives it up!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Once An Oasis

Once an oasis flourishing to bloom,
In the midst of thorns.
When even the weeds were manicured and seen,
To exist amongst the oasis...
Since no one objected with this to permit.
And for decades a sharing of their differences went on.

And then the day came strangers stayed from visits.
They saw it easy to settle their greedy wishes.
With a soliciting to convince,
The pouring down of 'their' cement...
Would enhance the oasis with confirmed and concrete,
Benefits.
To provide opportunities believed intended to be meant.

The oasis died.
A loved and thriving diversity,
In this atmosphere of greed could not survive.
More cement was poured.
Anyone representing common sense was ignored.
And versions of the oasis would never again be restored.

More thieves descended to extend corruption.
Crimes baited created more positions for police,
With those visions of selected and accepted diversity...
Granted and allowed with permission to give,
To come to dump their trash on the weekends.
While those still remembering the oasis that was,
Are given jobs to pick up the trash.
And into plastic bags...
They put this trash after the streets they sweep.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Once Closed Now Opened

It is impossible to undo,
An awakening done to one.
Eyes and ears once closed now opened,
Connects with comprehension.
What others may not receive to welcome.

And in the doing so of one who awakes,
It becomes difficult for one's impatience.
To remain from others concealed.
Especially when that which comes to attach,
Are facts of life revealed

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Once Complete And Put Together

Admire those who stood with beliefs undaunted.
Those who did not choose to flaunt correctness.
Or exposed a weakened disposition.
Some have rode as passengers...
Seated with sights that ignited clearer perceptions.
Others have been treated to a scenic view.
Either way...
All will arrive at the same destination.
Not at the same time!
However,
Everyone will have opportunities...
To describe their journey.
And the picture observed will no longer be in pieces!
Once complete and put together to share!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Once Desired To Be Filled To The Brim

Spilling over the rim,
With overflowing grim details...
On a daily basis these days,
Is enough for anyone...
To wish for those cups,
Once desired to be filled to the brim...
To hurry and empty up.
And be thrown away in disgust.
With a looking elsewhere,
To measure the degree of their fortunes.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Once Ditched

Is it fair to enable,
Another who solicits it?
What dare is it to rock a boat,
When one can not swim.
Or refuses once ditched,
To not panic but float.
And ears plugged stay closed.

And those who choose to argue,
Without considering to listen.
Should they be empathized,
When their minds capsize...
And nothing mentioned to them,
Had never been given a thought...
From the beginning to comprehend.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Once Done Never Repeats

That first touch of sweet heat,
Underneath quickly prepared fitted sheets.
An expectation to meet,
With anticipation.
And exciting youthful triggered trembles,
To tingle fresh juices uniting to mingle.

Seems not long ago,
When the bursting of sighs...
Adjoined sweating thighs.
And lips nibbled and butts squeezed...
Quickening to a climax,
With an orgasm pleased!

Two uniting and panting...
Feeling complete and dripping wet.
That first touch of sweet heat,
Once done never repeats!
With squeaky squeals...
And clinched teeth?
No!
Not the way it was introduced,
To seduce and treat!
Those were the sweep me off my feet,
And frisk me naked years!

That first touch of sweet heat,
Underneath quickly prepared fitted sheets.
An expectation to meet,
With anticipation?
Now seems with time to await a bit longer...
For an arrival to reach its destination!
And after what comes to satisfy the visit,
It takes a while to realize what was done!
If anything.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Once Doubt Is Gone

Those experiences in life one gets to live,
To witness with a doing done...
Expands the mind with lessons learned,
To be decisive and quick with it.
Since one discovers to eventually accept,
This process taken will teach 'something' left...
With it known that a procrastinating to hesitate,
Has seldom erased to diminish doubt.
With a showing proven to be known,
To the one with experiences mistakes to be made...
That once doubt is gone,
The making of excuses also follows to leave.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Once Enjoyed And Invited

We are not in those times anymore.
When people would choose others,
For their own ignorance...
Unstopped and revolving,
Through the same turnstiles...
To explore and bore.

More people are awakening,
To what time 'today' is.
With less of them wasting it,
To let go and live.

The ones who found gossip,
Whispered from ear to ear.
Find it almost impossible...
To ignite any intrerest,
With someone equally inquisitive.

We are not in those times,
Anymore.
When people would choose others,
For their own ignorance...
To Explore increasing boredom.

And more and more,
People are re-evaluating values.
Finding it difficult,
To do as they choose...
And have others listen too!

Once enjoyed and invited,
People seem today quicker to admit...
A deeper meaning sought,
Than the routine of nonsense...
That finds them sick of it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Once Found Boring

Once found boring!
Now so adored.
Those we accused,
Of hanging up...
Their dancing shoes.
To choose a life,
Free of partying...
Night after night.
Instead of sleeping and getting,
Their rest.
Eating right.
As they carefully watched,
Their appetites.

Once found boring!
Now so adored.
Those we accused,
Of hanging up...
Their dancing shoes.
To choose a life,
Free of partying...
Night after night.
Instead of sleeping and getting,
Their rest.
Eating right.
As they carefully watched,
Their appetites.

And now they are the ones...
Alone home sitting,
Wishing to rid from...
Those aches and pains to them have come.
While those once found boring,
Seem to do whatever they choose.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Once Given The Opportunity

Isn't it strange how time changes,
Events?
And participants!
Those who once were considered fools...
Look less foolish,
Than those who carry superior attitudes.
How stupid can intelligent beings be?
To not foresee their selfishness,
And hypocrisies bleed!
Isn't it strange how time changes,
Moments?
And the momentum of those decadent!
Available cash seem for them decreasing.
And a self worth of some,
Leave them crumbling and stunned!
Isn't it strange how time changes,
Respect?
Those once neglected,
Find they are no longer the only ones dejected!
There is a sense of an ending of nonsense!
But those who have been offended and victimized...
Aren't will to compensate their dignities,
To appear with those who have now been exposed...
To be low life with human qualities!
A heart that has been pure...
Has no empathy for those of conscious misdeeds!
Isn't it strange how time changes,
And rearranges...
Dangers.
And those we believed were just 'weakened' strangers!

'Treat others as you wish to have them treat you!
You never know which 'treats' they prefer to enjoy...
Once given the opportunity! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Once Having Had Common Sense

When one's mind has been blazed,
To value the blinging of shiny things...
And the ease of a quickly made dollar,
Who then martyrs themselves to announce...
That to worship such things,
Produces in the mind disaster?
Who today is foolish enough to do that?

Has anyone ever seen a rabid dog...
Wagging its tail with a wish to play?
Rarely do these scenes come to us,
To experience personally.
Without acknowledging some pain.
And an awakening to regain 'something'...SOMETHING,
That reminds one of once having had common sense.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Once Having No Time To Give

Why is it that those,
Once having no time to give to others...
Whether freely donating from their hearts or not,
Seem as if they have more of it.
With an abundance of time on their hands they have.
And the ones they had 'selected' then to share it with,
Could care less if they exist.
While the ones with the time,
Do their best to find something constructive to do.
Having spent most of their lives,
Addressing impressions and not a self worth.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Once Indifference Is Shown

People known to have shown their indifference,
Should not expect the ones accustomed...
To accepting it would express a noticing,
A significant change made that displays concern.

Since once indifference is shown to be implemented,
With a cementing of it done to accept...
Those known of it to be expressed eventually move on,
With their eyes wide open and their lives prioritized.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Once It Arrives

'My beliefs and restrictions.
Those thoughts I kept,
That brought upon me an isolation.
And my obsession with fear and death! '

Why are you doing that now?

'There is nothing about them valued.
Not a solid single thing!
Now I appreciate what freedom means.
And the clarity it brings! '

What do you think it means?

'Stepping out of a box I tried to fit in.
Observing those crushed against each other...
Trying to impress themselves.
With manifested nonsense.
And ridding myself of those thing's
That do not provide my sustained peace of mind.'

But that is not happiness.
You need things to make you happy!
I know I do.

'No!
I needed those things for pretentious reasons.
But when I discovered my peace of mind...
I knew immediately to get rid of a whole lot of 'stuff'!
And leaving that with attitudes with bitterness behind.

OH! So...
You value that more than anything?

'Yes!
Once it arrives...
There is nothing like it!
You will find yourself removing everything,
That makes it feel uncomfortable!

Everything!
That's how determined I am to keep it!
So I hope you are not here to test me?
I can become vicious when it comes to protecting it.'

But,
I can't see a thing!

'I said...
I can become 'vicious' when it comes to protecting it.
Should I show you? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Once It Has Been Achieved

There is something to be said,
About being in the company...
Of both children and pets.

There is an honesty untainted,
That children are quick to expose.
And pets,
Like dogs and cats...
Express a loyalty,
No one has to guess...
To whom that affection is directed.

There is something to be said,
About expectations of relationships.
Declaring to settle down with a mate,
Usually involves,
One having patience...
With 'something' that will irritate.

There is also something to be said,
About choosing to be alone...
In one's own peaceful solitude!
One isn't obligated to adjust for another's mood.
Or prove without a question of a doubt,
Where they have been...
When a decision has been made,
To do what one pleases when one goes out!

And one can choose to leave those conflicts visited...
To return to an atmosphere with an opening of a door.
With the use of a key,
To lock out the 'noise' to deeply breathe.
And sighing with relief...
That a peace that is received,
Can be found inside to safely keep!

THAT is all that needs to be said,
When one has discovered...
A peace of mind,

One is grateful and blessed...
To have in one's head!

And a delivery of THAT is a fact one dares,
Or cares to share...
Once it has been achieved!
Believe me.
There are no exaggerations,
With embellishments involved.

THAT is all that needs to be said,
When one has discovered...
A peace of mind,
One is grateful and blessed...
To have in one's head!
Believe me.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Once It Is Acknowledged

Once it is acknowledged,
Accepted to convince...
That a kept ignorance is expensive,
To deepen deficits of all kinds...
No one can ignore to pay for anymore,
Benefits begin to then discover open doors.
With the leaving behind,
The nonsense of petty arguments.
Some have found just as exciting,
As the uncovering the bones of dinosaurs.
To repeatedly go backwards,
For something 'new' to explore.

Once it is acknowledged like never before,
Closed minds will realize...
Not too many today will waste their time,
Explaining...
How to identify opportunities given to take,
Without anyone requesting experience to prove.
Or wish to hear complaints,
Of how difficult tasks are to learn to do.
To then demand the qualifications of the teacher,
Be revealed to all to have them approved.

Lessons to learn to then decide to teach,
Began with a student willing to listen.
Not one disrespecting and determined a sermon,
Should be given time to others to preach.
And 'this'...
Ultimately to understand to comprehend,
Awards with the receiving of benefits.
Once it is acknowledged,
That a kept ignorance is expensive.
To deepen mostly,
Mental deficits.
At a price no longer anyone can afford.
Especially one who teaches,
And decides to quit not to do it anymore.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Once Its Value Has Been Absorbed

The meaning of each season,
Soon gives up its influence
To drift away,
Once its value has been absorbed.
Like a fad.
Or one who relinquishes,
A hold onto youth.
That passes fast.

There are those who would love to,
Keep things preserved.
Even if it means.
Squeezing the life out of it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Once Mild Mannered

Dichotomous moments of anonymous use,
To accuse certain groups of animal abuse...
Is useless and a foolish waste,
If one is sitting on a rhinoceros...
Trying to disguise it as a hippopotamus.
To avoid a higher tax one has to pay.
And in law chambers they debate...
Whether this is a violation of rights to obey.
As an argument ensues as to why the coffee cups,
Hanging from gold hooks becoming loose.
To leave chips on them producing unwanted dust!

'Yes,
They all are nuts! '

With the cost of living ascending,
And...
Bending backs.
Busting through roofs,
With ignored facts.
Leaving once mild mannered people,
Cussing to seethe.
And...
Ready to attack,
Like mad dogs in a mixed breed pack.

With the cost of living ascending...
And,
Bending backs.
Once mild mannered people,
Have had it...
And,
That's a fact!
They're on a path to attack!

Once mild mannered people,
Have had it...
And,
That's a fact!

They're on a path to attack!

Once mild mannered people,
Have had it...
And,
That's a fact!
They're on a path to attack!

They're on a path to attack!
That's a fact!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Once One Has Paid Their Dues

Once one has paid their dues,
Not too many will attempt...
To prove it to others,
With the giving out of samples to taste.
Or maps with easy directions to follow,
That point out the best escape routes.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Once Perceived As Impossible

I 'still' carry that chip,
That has inspired my motivation...
With steadfast initiative.
To prove that I could do whatever I wished,
No matter who said I was deluded with foolishness.

My focus has strengthen my ambitions beyond dreams.
With a lift to believe I can and will succeed at anything.
And as I've grown older that chip on my shoulder,
I'm glad I left it there to leave to help me achieve...
That which I had once perceived as impossible.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Once Protected To Value (Common Sense)

Remember when sense to be made,
Was accepted as being common...
For those living to experience,
A time when doing this was not offensive.
And today?
Everyone pays for crimes others commit.
Thoughtless acts are excused away to permit.
Censored are words although folks butt naked,
Or nearly undressed.
And those seeking to understand all the mess,
To declare none of it makes any sense...
Are protested against,
By the ones who are offended 'and' senseless...
In fear their entitlements to degrade standards,
Once protected to value...
Now want them represented to display more decadence.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Once Removed

Once removed,
From expectations...
One perceives,
Can be delivered upon demand.
Insight clears.
Self examination begins.
To leave one to realize,
The only demands one can place...
With a facing of a life that returns happiness,
Is the doing the best one can...
Not to demand from others anything,
Until it is accepted without question...
That what one brings to a table shared with others,
Has equal value.
Then to have it understood,
An invitation given to sit with others...
Has already been recognized.
And anyone wishing to get special attention,
Should be at least gracious enough...
To await their turn with it earned to be given.
Once removed,
From expectations one has perceived...
The doing of it is delivered upon demand.

'But I've been waiting for my turn for awhile.'

~You just arrived.
There are those who have been patiently awaiting,
For many years to see their contributions appear...
On menu that is still being decided.~

'Oh.
I didn't know that.'

~Now you know.
You can go or stay.
But interruptions here,
Are not tolerated.
Too many of us have already accepted that lesson.

Any other questions, statements or responses? ~

'No.
I'll await my turn to be served.'

~And know this...
When your turn does come,
You will have our support in furthering your happiness.
But for now...
Value the giving to us of 'your' support.
In time you will appreciate how it all comes together.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Once She Takes Them Away And Leaves

Does anyone find it mysterious and strange,
That when Mother Nature pays a surprise visit...
She is less impressed where one lives.
Or how exquisite one's home is.
Or the status they have.
OR educational degrees.
Does anyone believe Mother Nature grieves,
Over those who have 'achieved' complete selfishness.

Does anyone find it mysterious and strange,
That Mother Nature could care less...
Who is entitled and remains,
With thoughts they are better than the rest with less.
Does anyone find it mysterious and strange,
That Mother Nature could care less...
Who worships 'things' and is left distressed,
Once She takes them away and leaves.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Once Successfully Covered Up

Only those becoming to show,
Themselves to be offended...
By the most despicable actions,
Performed and displayed in midnight raids...
Done to portray their ancestors as saviors,
Feel today they must re-create those days...
To defend those actions,
Against anyone presenting comments.
Mentioned not to attack.
But with a revealing a researching,
Of available facts.

That which entertains on TV's and movie screens,
Is closer to reality occurring on the streets.
Many can not accept to believe,
Everywhere and at anytime...
These scenes can be seen without paying a dime.
People crying. Sighing and dieing prematurely.
With it known their hopes and dreams,
Have lower odds to exist than compared with...
Borrowing a few dollars to purchase lottery tickets.

And when this truth is heard,
It begins to hit a nerve that strips bits and pieces...
Away from precious fantasies and lives lived deluded.
Once successfully covered up to protect,
The ones who had perceived themselves...
To be lucky and not like the rest.
But slowly they are awakening to see their greed,
Becoming to effect their historic misdeeds to leave...
Not only others they have chosen to victimize.
But also themselves by using deception and lies.
No longer easily disguised to hide behind them.

'You know...
If this was another time,
You wouldn't be allowed to say...
What's on your mind.'

You know...
If this 'was' another time,
Truth exposed to observe it as is...
Would have fewer people,
Addicted to delusions.
And those with clear minds,
Wouldn't sit around to permit...
Watching their lives and the quality of it,
Diminish while allowing nonsense to exist.

'Oh yeah?
Well...I...uh...
Find your comments offensive.'

You should.
Now open your eyes.
The same way you've done your ears.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Once That Is Allowed To Begin There Is No Ending

I stay away from those who make excuses for themselves.
Once that is allowed to begin there is no ending.
People like this do not seek cures...
But endure with the sharing of their sicknesses.
And the more those empathic comments arrive...
An attention sought is obtained.
In the hopes of spreading universal negativity.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Once That Is Shown

What have I been doing?
Trying my best to trivialize my life.
And upsetting those,
With wishes to complicate it.

Some believe,
An intelligence expose...
Open those doors,
To become imposed.

Not me or my time!
I seek to be as trifling as I can be.
And once that is shown...
A peace that is mine can be had and known.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Once That Letting Go Begins

Once that letting go begins,
There seems to be such freedom to admit...
Every aspect of pain and sorrow inflicted,
And held within, lifts.
Without anxiety...
One is freed!

A comforting peace is released inside.
And it no longer is important...
To keep conflicts kept.
With a brewing of embitterness,
Left denied one attempts to hide.

Once that letting go begins,
A forgiveness ends those mental mindblocks.
A healing mends.
And a bruising abuse comes to a stop.
Once that letting go begins.
Illnesses of all kinds fade,
To then be dropped.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Once That Little Boy

To be grateful and feel blessed,
To have accomplished 'something'...
I can look upon and be proud of the doing,
Is an achievement...
A little boy with a dream,
Who was told many years ago...
Could never be done,
Since no one else had done it before.
Is?
Well...

To be grateful and feel blessed,
To have accomplished 'something'...
I can look upon and be proud of the doing,
Is an achievement...
A grown man,
Once that little boy...
Could never say in words,
What that feeling is to make sense.
It's...?
Well,
Unexplainable.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Once The Bait Has Been Tasted

No one should ever attempt to reason,
With another who takes pride...
In starting arguments.
Nor begin to sniff or become curious,
Of a bait to taste.
Regardless how this bait is presented.

Once the bait has been tasted, that's it.
The only escape is to await,
An aftermath of a certain escalation to pass.
But not before experiencing humiliation ends.
Again.
As if the doing of it,
Has become a habit like an addiction.
And one knows where to go to get that 'fix'.

However...
Being able to listen to understand,
And comprehend...
In which direction a conversation,
Turning from one topic abruptly...
To a name calling that begins,
Well...
That's when one's mind should then take control.
By a keeping a mouth closed to nod a head instead.
Until one's head is cool to leave a temper unexposed.

Short breaths become smoother.
When common sense is used.
And an exit to quickly take,
Upsets no one to offend.
With a change of scene one pursues.
Done to do.

Although...
These and other recommendations,
Seem more acceptable and highly effective...
When one is reflecting in retrospect.

'What happened?
Why did you come home to slam the door?
Don't tell me someone said something,
You just could not ignore.'

~I can't believe I was made to scream,
As if I was driven out of my mind.
I was sitting having a normal conversation.
And suddenly I found myself foaming at the mouth.
Banging my fist on a table.
To then be called 'this', 'that' and all kinds of names.
By someone who then asked me with a smile,
If something was wrong.
And they know what they did.
It's always the same.~

'What went wrong? Uh...
Nevermind. Forget I asked.'

~I sat too long until I got fed up.
That's what happened.
That's what's wrong.
I took the bait and ate it.
I ate if for too long.~

'Don't say another word.
I know where you've been.
Maybe to me you will begin to listen.
For real. To not pretend.'

~You don't understand.~

'You're right.
I'm not an addict.
In need of having that habit scratched.'

~What do you mean by that? ~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Once The Chipping Away Shows A Fakeness

When one values a true 'gem'...
It is best to keep that gem shining,
At all times.
Not when it is advantageous to glout,
When it is noticed by others folks.

Give that gem the respect it deserves.
And let it know how dear it is kept,
With its radiance close to your heart.
Let that gem aware it has been identified,
For its glow that keeps 'you' sparkling.

And all that other fake stuff?
One will see eventually,
The need to have it only feeds a limitation...
That leaves.
Once the chipping away shows a fakeness.

Dedicated:
To my 'true' friends.
And devoted family members I love deeply.
They know who they are.
I wont let a 'hint' of dust fall on their paths!
Or have it heard they are being disrespected.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Once The Fog Had Lifted

Traveling through fog,
With a clogged mind determined...
That a combination would not present,
To deliver only what a blindness does.
An unexpected clearing of an obstacle that sits.

To then awaken one with the realization...
That a choice to avoid it,
Would have been a thought providing valued meaning...
Once the fog from a determined and clogged mind,
Had been given time to lift!
And once the fog had lifted,
A determined and clogged mind...
Might have found time to prepare for any obstacle presented.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Once The Giving Of A Love Has Been Done

Once the giving of a love has been done,
And a growing with a togetherness...
Is not embraced by one.
Or discussions to communicate,
On a daily basis what takes place.
A giving of a love done,
Should not be argued until that giving is erased.

One has only to say,
If not show...
That a need to separate,
To depart from a stagnant space...
Both face,
Is the best thing to do...
Before love felt,
Becomes a show of a bitter act of hate!

Once the giving of a love has been done,
Some people begin to play run and chase!
Guess the expression behind my face.
And...
Let's deceive each other with secrets.
Only to leave both players left to feel alone.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Once The Living Of Life Has Been Given More Respect

One doesn't necessarily,
Have to come to appreciate life...
By being knocked off one's feet,
During a bout with reality.
With a looking at the ground closely.
And from a different perspective.
To come to realize the ground is solid!
And extremely supportive.

Humbling although it may be,
To uncover this awakening experience...
Many have discovered it is the best way,
To eliminate delusions much quicker.
With some finding it very beneficial,
To learn truth and honesty...
Ultimately pays sweet dividends.
Once the living of life has been given more respect.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Once Tied To A Rush Of Confusion

An awakening occurs,
That establishes...
For the one witnessing it.
A freedom to express a consciousness.
That releases a mind,
Once tied to a rush of confusion...
One accepted as part of a life one gets.

And when this awakening does occur,
From an unrested peacelessness...
Tested by others not yet awakened.
There is a sense of quality of life that comes.
One begins to realize and connect...
To every experience one has endured.
And all of them collectively one's footsteps have met.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Once Unleashed

What are the creators of conflict,
Wars, deceit and division...
Eventually winning?

Peace?

Happiness?

Or the right to ultimately turn on themselves?

Greed is an insatiable monster...
Once unleashed!
And its own ugliness...
Will self destruct.

Everyone is not born to be...
An Ellen Or Oprah.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Once Upon A Time

Whatever that is in your mind,
Keeping it confined to Once Upon A Time
Fantasized stories...
With such a determination to see them come to life,
Is a condition of madness enforced!
With an adoption that has altered your senses.
Senses you've learned to endorse.

And pointless it is to argue with folks like you.
Or debate aspects of a reality...
Nonexistent in your view.
Nor can I question your loyalty.
That would be considered a crime committed.
And 'that' I choose not to do!

You are too obviously devoted,
To what has made this place great!
You definitely pose no one here a threat.
Or hesitate to defend the state of your mentality.

Hey...
It's all good!

However...
IF you begin to notice,
Drastic changes to your world happening soon?
Don't get too upset.
They are just rearranging the focus of the lighting...
With a few scenery changes!
And they have begun to 'update' the sets!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Once When You Leave It

Once when you leave it,
The magic of it doesn't come back.
When you leave it,
The mystery of it is gone.
And when you need it,
Whatever it was disappears...
To never return again to feed AND give.

Yes once you leave it,
The magic of it doesn't come back.
When you leave it,
The mystery of it is gone.
And when you need it,
Whatever it was disappears...
To never return again to feed what it is.

The moment it is missed the feeling hits!
And...
Nothing substitutes to help a wounding forget.
No.
The feeling is too strong to just dismiss.
Yes.
And there you sit,
Alone with your tears.

Once when you leave it,
The magic of it doesn't come back.
When you leave it,
The mystery of it is gone.
And when you need it,
Whatever it was disappears...
To never return again to feed AND give.

Once when you leave it,
There's no mistaking what's left in your heart.
Yes when you leave it,
You know...
Just who has been the fool.
'Cause when you leave it,

Your mind becomes torn apart.
And that guilt inside,
Begins to start...
To never end.

Once when you leave it.
And when you leave it...
That guilt inside,
Begins to start...
To never end.
Once when you leave it....
To grieve it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Once You Accept Who's In Charge

Roll over.
Play dead.
Jump through this hoop.
Jump over that hurdle.
Bark on command.
Now...
Fetch!

You're suppose to bring it back.

'How will I teach my dog to do that? '

Trust me...
If I am able to teach you to do it,
You will be able to teach your dog.
Now...
Bring that stick back.
It gets easier once you accept who's in charge.

'Whew.
This is tough.
You said...
I'm suppose to bring the stick back!
Right? '

Exactly.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Once You Discover That Is True

If you do not awaken...
To make God the priority in your life,
Each day.
Perhaps you are deserving,
Of those burdens you've been served.

If you feel limited by an ego that exists...
Those gifts you have been given,
Go unrecognized.
And your eyes are filled,
With a self centeredness you should resist!

No one says it is easy,
To live a life feeling isolated and alone.
With needs and wishes...
Bombarding with temptations.

No one is suggesting,
Your point of view is not valid.
We all have condoned...
Those situations with conditions,
We have known!

If you do not awaken...
To make God the priority in your life,
Each day.
Perhaps you are deserving,
Of those burdens you've been served.

But this is not the life God wants for you!
Once you discover that is true...
You will awaken to praise His name.
Making that the first thing each day you do!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Once Your Fears Are Faced

I wish to bring you fear?
With a convincing done of it?
No! You are the one convinced,
That a truth spoken to you...
Is to be feared with a quick defense.

And you regard me,
As someone who offends...
Your pretentiousness to replace?
But it has been this pretentiousness,
Preventing your happiness you have erased.

What I offer and bring to you,
Is the closest you have ever been...
To anything you can refer and call an awakening.
With a beginning of a reality,
You need not fear once your fears are faced.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Once You'Ve Picked Your Ticket

Once you've picked your ticket,
And there is a magic felt with it...
That's the ticket for you that fits.
One picked better than none,
To leave a numbing to overcome.
Take this ticket with you and run.

Exit from others who choose to bicker,
As if this makes their lives lived...
Done richer yet sickens a thickened,
And 'bummed' out atmosphere.
But you can clear the air you breathe,
By a counting from ten to one...then flee.

Once you've picked your ticket,
And there is a magic felt with it...
Exit from others who choose to bicker,
As if this makes their lives lived richer.
You can clear the air you breathe instantly,
By a counting from ten to one...then flee.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

One And Of All

Thank You,
Almighty!
I've come to give You
The Praise!
I've come to You focused...
Dear God.
Quiet and subdued,
To ask of You
For a complete release.
From the craving that has crazed,
Those of the flesh...
And of wicked ways.

I've come to You wishing,
And wanting an uplift in consciousness.
To raise higher in my mind...
A rising devotion,
And happiness that is mine!

Knowing without You,
Inside of me stirring my soul...
My life has no dropp of wholesomeness.
None 'that' I should maintain.
None 'that' must remain I should hold!
Without You!

And...
I thank You,
Almighty,
For 'all' and everything.
From the appearance of dew...
Misting the dawning of morning Sun.
To the glistening of those rays,
Reflected...
On the surface of the Moon,
When night comes.
To enhance Your stay,
Father.

And the stars twinkling in the Heavens,
Sparkling from Cosmic light!
This is what I witness.
This delights my appetite.

And I thank You Almighty!
For this life...
This life given.
To adventure and explore this 'gift'
Only You have manifested...
And allowed me to feel blessed with!

Thank You,
Almighty!
Keeper and Giver of 'this' experience!
The One and of All.
And 'here' in me to express...
Such gratefulness,
I wish to give!
Winter, Spring, Summer and Fall!

And so honored I am to confess,
I recognize Your Angels sent...
To ensure that I do for You,
Always pursuing I will,
My best!

Thank You,
Almighty!
I've come to give You
The Praise!
I come and welcome this bliss with You.
Knowing someday,
Eternity with You...
I will come to stay!

Dedicated:
To my wonderful sister...
Mrs. Andrea Doreen ('Mimmie') Pertillar Dixon
Wife, Mother, Grandmother and Friend!
Gifted. Wise. And...'Stubborn'...LOL

'Love you, Mimmie'
Larry

Lawrence S. Pertillar

One Can Choose To Plant Other Seeds

Even with a fortune gone,
One can choose to carry on.
With the singing of a song that lifts.
And grateful to experience,
A life that God gives.

Even with a fortune gone,
No one has to sit forlorn.
One can choose to plant other seeds.
Knowing what exists are opportunities,
To grow and gain to prosper from God's abundance.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

One Can Never Get Enough

One can never get enough...
Of money.
Or their own bees to make more honey.
One can never get enough...
Of fame to claim an ego filled.
One can never get enough...
Of what they have already,
Without complaining to someone that hears...
What they've been blessed to possess to get,
Is no longer sufficient to impress others with.
One can never get enough...
Of wishing for more happiness.
To not understand or comprehend,
The meaning or its definition.

People seem to never be...
Satisfied or try to like themselves.
People seem to never be...
Proud to have been given their own identities.
People seem to never be...
Decisive without denying who they are.
Nosey bodies and conflict mongers.
Hungering for tit for tats and petty chit chats.
But can find the time to pass judgements.
With a doing they can not stay away,
From being in the midst...
Of minding someone else's business.
And with this done everyday.
Enjoying they've been solicited to be...
Just another nosy busy bee.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

One Continues To Pray

The having of 'things' and possessions to obsess,
Becomes less used an effective objective...
With one's focus primarily is on whom to impress.
Such thoughts to think seem tired and meaningless,
When a stage to age gracefully has been identified...
For one who has reached a peacefully existence.
And recognizes it as a maturity that has arrived,
Successfully...
With a doing one gets to keep.

Although hoping the feeling one can't exactly express,
Has no chance to be repossessed by stupidity.
That's why one continues to pray,
To take nothing for granted with an awakening each day...
Acknowledging God may still have unfinished tests,
Yet for one to complete.

And...
One continues to pray for those coming obstacles,
To at least be easier than the last ones...
Reminisced to have passed!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

One Day

Let me tell you something.
You are like so many...
Who think it's okay
To ruin lives and walk away!
Let me tell you something.
You made a mistake...
When you believed my heart
Was another to destroy that way.
As a useless toy to break like clay!
That's 'all' I'm going to say!
You will find out what I mean one day!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

One Day A Dawning Will Come

Is there a limit you will not go beyond,
In regards to offending others?

'Look around you.
Show me just 'one' person that is appalled,
By what they hear or see.

There has been absolutely nothing,
I have ever said that did not represent...
What was observed.'

Then why do you think people become offended,
When the obvious is mentioned?

'Have you heard of 'them' and 'they' before?
Those are the ones always blamed.
Facing the facts,
Has not been introduced to their life experience yet.
You can see a cloudy cover still over their eyes.
One day a dawning will come and they will brighten.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

One Day Unbroken One Awakens To See

From sensitive to monster.
Cold and thoughtless.

From homo to queer.
And other names I've heard called,
Over the many years.

From lazy to workaholic.
And from too discipline and driven...
Are those titles I've been given.

But vicious I am not.
Although I do live in that atmosphere.
Where people will unite quickly...
To throw daggers and eyes of spears.

And one day unbroken one awakens to see...
The levels experienced by those of different consciousness.
Which of those living in reality...
Oppose to those who curse themselves,
In accepted darkness.

To then realize who's life should be prioritized.
And which nonsense to dismiss.
And before one can blink an eye,
This is done!

Well...
Perhaps a few blinks.
But my point is this...
Whatever one chooses to dismiss,
Can and will be done.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

One Day, We Shall Overcome...

One day,
We shall overcome...
Those fresh excuses creatively made.
With a purpose to select alibis to escape,
From lies to confuse the truth we refuse to face.

One day,
We shall overcome...
Allowing our children to be disrespectful,
With a lack of discipline done and on display.
As we accept yet expect this magically to go away.

One day,
We shall overcome...
That which we do to ourselves to deny.
With a belief that a freedom means,
Worshipping for things to us God brings.

One day,
We shall overcome...
Criticizing others who attempt doing their best.
While we continue to pass judgement,
To 'assume' our delusions kept will forever be protected.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

One Discovers A Difference Uncovered

It is difficult to awaken to find one's mind,
Clear and defined amongst those still in a deep sleep.
It is difficult to address a consciousness that has leapt,
Over leaps and bounds to experience and connect...
To an understanding that comprehends overnight,
That which 'just' yesterday...
Was not a thought or in one's hindsight to welcome,
Or invite to provide insight.
And when this happens one discovers a difference uncovered.
But few will interpret this as maturity.
Since many immature are still reminiscing to relive,
How 'things' use to be and can not accept themselves as adults.

'How old are you? '

~66.~

'Whew! Sixty-Six? ! '

~Yes. Why? ~

'Well...
You look the same as I remember.
But so much about you has changed,
Since our childhood.'

~NO?
You're kidding?
I had not noticed this at all.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

One Disturbed

Seeking an attention,
By the use of offensive means...
Teaches not a thing,
To one disturbed...
By mental dysfunctions.

An ignorance like this has been fostered.
An ignorance has been allowed to flourish.
An ignorance that grows becomes expensive.
Since an ignorance bestows,
A flowing of it that becomes out of control!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

One Does Not Grow Without A Knowing Done

I've been made to distrust.
To protect and not cuddle up.
My approach is to first offend,
Then to take notice...
Who understands,
That wall from behind...
I have chosen to defend.

It is not easy to have an identity,
Some may believe...
Is an ego to please.
I've given up proceeding with an ego,
Long ago.
To me an ego shows,
One who hasn't or refuses to grow.

I've been made to distrust.
To protect and not cuddle up.
From experiences I've had...
By those who stripped me of trust.
And today I am not willing,
To do 'that' so fast!

So 'if' I seem distant,
Uncaring and unconcerned.
Know that I've been in the 'heat'...
And staying away from being burned,
Is a lesson I have learned.
One does not grow without a knowing,
Done of what one learns not to do!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

One Door Is Passed

So much said goes left undone.
Promises highlighted,
Soon dissolves the interest...
Of those who were once thrilled with joy,
And much excited.

And revolving are those who sing sweet themes,
Slowing down a pace with an uncertainty...
That seem to quietly dispose of these dreams.

So much is given to a tomorrow that stays stalled.
The best is yet to come for some,
And for others nothing comes...
To rescue them afterall!

And tested with patience,
Are those with still some left!
They are seen in lines screaming ignored...
Many fainting!
And a few more running out of breath.

As one door is passed...
Among them to knock.
The one assigned to distant and dash opportunities...
Is deaf, quite blind and bored by this flock!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

One Earth

From birth our curiosities seek to investigate...
That which we observe as buds to flourish.
To then take to initiate a quest to comprehend.
Serving a mind that is attached within.

As we explore we test those limits.
And ignoring any danger others may insist.
We live to experience life and that which God 'is'.
To discover and learn; share and give.

For those who believe on a growing tree,
Certain leaves should not exist to be encouraged.
Are not themselves rooted to accept,
That dirt from one Earth is where we are nourished.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

One Eventually Forgets

It is never too late.
Until it is over.
And when it 'is' over...
It has become too late.

Like the last piece,
Of a delicious cake...
A replication of it,
Will be difficult to replace...
The remembered desire,
Of the same taste.

It is never too late.
Until it is over.
And when it 'is' over...
It has become too late.

The wait and the taste,
Soon begins to fade.
What was thought impossible to miss...
One eventually forgets,
An association with it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

One Fact That Isn'T Often Practiced

There is one fact that isn't often practiced.

People who disagree,
With others who always seem to be right...
Do not have to keep banging their heads,
Up against a wall day and night.
Because their opinions have been proven,
To be ones that are dismissed.

They could easily walk away,
To consider and comprehend...
With a listening that begins.
But...
There are those who rather inflict,
Their own pain.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

One Fat Rat Cat

Corporations
Banks
Utilities
Oil and tanks
All
Will come to fit
Snuggly
In one hand
Pawed within the claws
Of one fat rat cat
And that is the way
Things will be handled
Like that

Lawrence S. Pertillar

One Feels To Know Belongs...As It Is!

Initially what begins is a mystery.
And in its presence one believes,
An intellectual acceptance to explain...
Is what is needed.
But isn't. Is it?

And in time one realizes,
What is accepted needs not to be explained.
At all.
It becomes as natural as any process,
One feels to know belongs...as it is!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

One Foot Across A Threshold

One foot across a threshold,
With a looking back
Does not guarantee,
Opportunities await with a patience.
Very few can say this for them is fact.
And that one foot,
Held in place with a moment of doubt
Just may feel a pain remembered,
By the closing abruptly of a door.
It is only upon entering,
With both feet planted
That one is exposed to new experiences.
And fresh adventures ready for exploration.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

One Glass Ceiling

Preferences made,
Are too often subjected to change.
Like a love thought found one day,
Is discovered to another...
Has been given away.
To then hear someone who has betrayed,
Say...
They were exploring their dependence,
To experience other lovers...
And a flavor of that taste.
With an eliminating of that preference.
To then expect their explanations,
Accepted by the one jilted to forgive and forget...
The being made a fool to not remember it.

'I'm no longer having one night stands,
With those I believed would advance my career.'

~OH?
So what are you doing now?
Finding that the looking at yourself reflecting,
On that glass ceiling you've been made to clean...
Too embarrassing to be reminded,
How you accomplished that...
With a dependency too revealing you find demeans? ~

'I just wanted to prove to you what I could do.'

~And you earned a degree,
To prove to me how big of a fool you can be?
And all I wanted to show you,
Was how to own buildings to pay other people to clean.
But you had your eyes on one glass ceiling,
To demean yourself by doing low life things?
Well...
I don't do low life.~

'I just wanted to prove to you what I could do.'

~No.
You just wanted to prove to yourself,
Just how high one with low life wishes can reach.
And I don't do low life.
Maintaining my identity and dignity may pay less.
But successful at keeping it I have done.
Without need or desires to impress anyone.~

'I just wanted to prove to you what I could do.'

~You've done it. Congratulations.
But no ceiling do I have that is made out of glass.
Or will confine me to limits to wish that to have.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

One Grateful

Not always is it the good stuff
That remains stuck,
In a mind to remember.
Sometimes the taste,
Of something to hate...
Later after digesting,
Becomes appreciated to discover
As time passes,
It hadn't been quickly...
Turned away.

Facing criticism with it done.
To come from someone unafraid,
Of honesty and who refuses...
The use of it to speak truth.
Can start the spewing,
Of offense verbal abuse.
To defend a lie with an alibi.
And depending how close,
This relationship is...
Misunderstanding can end it.

Then a maturing begins.
Easier becomes comprehension.
And remembered commments,
About keeping trust and honesty
One once confused...
Eventually becomes the one,
Grateful to know this.
With a being direct and upfront
To not forget,
Who taught the lesson.
And what it took to have done.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

One Has Standards To Maintain

Are you a joke?
Or is this an inappropriate time,
For your life to be lived.
And your dreams of securing a house,
With a white picket fence...
Seems too rich in delusion.
And undernourished.
Lacking in an acceptance of reality.
And you laugh at 'me' and my perceptions,
Quick.

One of us desires for yesterday to make a comeback.
And the other refuses to accept anything from yesterday,
At all.
Including those delusions,
Assembled for a fast marketing of trash repackaged.
One has standards to maintain.
The other?
Has a sanity to protect.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

One Horse Is No Different From Another

You can lead a horse to the water.
But you can not force that horse to drink.

'I've heard that before.
But that particular horse being forced,
Is already accustomed to the water.
And lives on a reservoir.
When the feeding done on oats and grains,
As well as organically grown carrots...
When it wishes,
Is common.

Why did you select that horse,
When there are a multitude of them...
Dieing from thirst and have not eaten? '

Well...
I really didn't think anyone would notice.
To me,
One horse is no different from another.

'And maybe that is why,
You find yourself in such a predicament.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

One I Should Run Away From

If you want another like the other that you had,
I know I am not the one...
To keep you from a truth that's been done,
For fun.
Too serious am I to seek a fun,
That's done.
I am much too serious.

And if you think that people don't believe you are a fool,
You are too deluded...
And you think that I am stupid and dumb,
Not to see...
You will never be the one for me,
To see...
I see a true relationship.

I know now that you are...
One I should run away from.
You are...
One I should stay away from.
Yes you are...
Living just to want to have fun.

If you want another like the other that you had,
I know I am not the one...
To keep you from a truth that's been done,
Just for fun.
Since I'm much too serious,
And not the one who only wants fun...
Just for fun.
And doing nothing else to get done.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

One Interest

Those rambling on about themselves,
Will not be concern about hearing...
Of another losing a close family member,
Or a beloved pet.
Or could they care any less,
About one's giving up eating...
A missed dessert.
That has icecream and bananas...
Assorted toppings and whipped creram on it.
Or the pronouncing of another's last name,
To get that correct.
Those rambling on about themselves,
Have only one interest.
And it will not take a scientist,
To guess what that interest is!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

One Is Blessed To Witness

One style.
One preference and one frame of reference.
One mindset sold to sell one concept bought.
One thought processed to stay one way,
As was taught.
And in some places still the main course to feed,
Is not meant for one life to live to-day to encourage.
Or any other day one is blessed to witness,
With two eyes and two feet with two hands to touch.
Or...
To observe to believe that one of anything,
Has not, was not or shall be 'not' on such an innovative...
And ever changing mind of The Creator.
If it was...
Many would not be able to talk,
Out of both sides of their mouths...
And at the same time without effort,
As freely as they do.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

One Is Careful Not To Be Pricked

Some will cling with thorns.
With a doing done to impede one's progress.
If allowed to hinder.
And if one chooses to produce,
Award winning roses...
One is careful not to be pricked.
Or not let the pricking linger.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

One Lives Never To Forget

Upset?
By a bit of tart tongue,
From a street wisened dialect.
One can spit out,
Without thought of it!

Distinguished by features of vocabulary...
Unsuspecting to come from one,
With a degree of intellect perceived.
Well...
Believe it or not,
A heating lived between bricks...
And years spent baking in a project tenement,
Should not amaze.

Or...
How the affects of aging with memories,
Can deliver a quickened awakening,
To the depths of a reality that has been brewed...
By such an experience one lives never to forget,
With such a vivid consciousness of it!

'At times your mind represents,
The best of suburbia.'

~Don't let my adventured life,
Masquerade 'your' trips.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

One Man's Foot Stool Is Another Man's Ladder

Have you ever stopped to take stock,
By inventoring those who remain as adversaries?
Those who took their time to find 'something' wrong you did?
And over the years and in retrospect,
There is a comfort you've obtain they still can not respect.

And yet,
Their neglected lives are in shambles!
And something inside you stops short...
Of doubling over in uncontrollable laughter?
And you know even expressing a broad smile,
Or a giggle is inappropriate.

Suppose the shoe was on the other foot?
Even though it isn't...
Just imagine that it was!

And then...
All of a sudden,
You hear the voice of your mother saying,
'God does not like ugly.
And...
One man's foot stool is another man's ladder! '

Huh?
What?
Ma...?
Nevermind!

And the tears begin to fill your eyes,
Trying to hold inside of yourself...
The pain held from not letting go,
Of a roaring laugh that is felt!
But you know...
Mama knows best!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

One Mindset In A Process

You did not discover me.
You chanced upon one of my activities.
One mindset.
One thought process I possess.
I wish to explore and participate,
In this creation.
One mindset.
One thought process I possess.
No deed I do done is for selfishness.
I have no wishes like this to persist.
I've been given gifts I am comfortable with.
You did not discover me.
You chanced upon one of my activities.
And hopefully pieces you bring connect.
For a one mindset...
In a process of thought together,
God possesses.
And 'this' is what has been discovered.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

One Mindsetness

With a touch of plagiarism,
And a dash of twistedness believed!
These thieves huddle cuddled up...
With a slick deceitful smoothness,
That can only be called
A tampered 'smugglese'.
Sparked with tidbits is information teased.
Entwined with fantasy...
To remove all doubt.
Any form of perception once conceived.
Dissolving beliefs!
Fracturing concepts...
Into a mixture to please.
There to insure an impurity of minds endure.
To advance insecurites...
With division and fear to leave!
That is the quest of those perfecting...
A stripping of liberties!
To have a 'one mindsetness'...
Focused on nothing else!
And nurturing just an accepted grief!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

One More Time!

You may not like what is said!
And go to bed with an achy head.
To wake up the next day dragging dread.
But...
The ruts you keep bottling up to cuss.
With a fussing that slows your strut.
Is for you to face.
And not others to embrace,
Your reality!

ONE MORE TIME!

The ruts you keep bottling up to cuss.
With a fussing that slows your strut.
Is for you to face.
And not others to embrace,
Your reality!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

One Must Not Tarry

A vision kept,
Can not be sacrificed...
To regret in neglect disrespected.

Awaiting a response,
To make forward steps...
Will only achieve one's unhappiness.

Even if it is loneliness one must face...
One must not tarry,
To keep one's pace.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

One Needs To Put A Foot Down

Relying upon another,
Can be the beginning of a strained relationship.
Especially if one believes,
Doing what they please...
When they please,
And 'if' they please...
Is going to be the highlight of it.

There are those with special needs,
Understandably are dependent.
But even most of them do their very best,
Not to pester or cause another stress.

Some people are born,
To be nurtured with beliefs...
That crowns on their heads,
Should be adorned and worn.
With a catering done...
From just about everyone.

And these are the people who make excuses for themselves.
With a delusion they sit on pedestals.
When they should be locked up in a padded cell.

Relying upon another,
Can be the beginning of a strained relationship.
Especially if one is fed from the beginning,
What they do is okay.
And whatever it is they do is permitted.

One needs to put a foot down on these clowns!
If not a swift kick up...
To signal,
The conducting of serious business is meant!

There is nothing like a good foot placement,
To prove to another...
Where lines are drawn to end the start,
Of any debate or long lasting argument.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

One Nelson Mandela

One man dedicated with a strength of faith,
Sacrificing his life and beliefs for what it takes...
To have the effects of apartheid erased,
With a facing of 27 years incarcerated...
Is an example of a man with a backbone standing,
Against opposition resisting his position.
No matter what demands,
Were placed on his mental and physical condition.
And a man like this will be certainly missed.

One Nelson Mandela living a life sacrificed,
To free the country he so loved...
From oppressive hatred.
And the ones suffering a torment he wished ended,
Inflicted by a wickedness only sick minds permitted.

One Nelson Mandela from his family taken away,
To exist on an island imprisoned to isolate...
Did not allow a hatred to feed upon and diminish his faith.
Nor did he submit to those of apartheid beliefs.
As if to know those with this illness will be exposed.

One man dedicated with a strength of faith,
Sacrificing his life and beliefs for what it takes...
To have the effects of apartheid erased,
With a facing of 27 years incarcerated...
Is an example of a man with a backbone standing,
Against opposition resisting his position.
No matter what demands,
Were placed on his mental and physical condition.
And a man like this will be certainly missed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

One Never Knows

One never knows,
What 'truths' are left standing.
When so much depends,
Upon lies...
Told,
And shattered!

One never knows,
If beliefs...
Are myths of schemes.
Or what exists,
Is reality...
One should ponder.

One never knows,
What heartbreaks await them.
Or what it takes,
To escape fear...
Of a life,
Still held dear!

Simple are those days,
Long gone.
With hopes and dreams wished.
Held on to keep them lingered.

Remembering days missed,
And reminisced.
Are like gifts to those who choose them.
Since they seem not to change.

One never knows,
If beliefs...
Are myths of schemes.
Or what exists,
Is reality...
One should ponder.
As they wander!

One never knows,
What heartbreaks await them.
Or what it takes,
To escape fear...
Of a life,
Still held dear!

Simple are those days,
Long gone.
With hopes and dreams wished.
Held on to keep them lingered.

Remembering days missed,
And reminisced.
Are like gifts to those who choose them.
Since they seem to never change.

One never knows,
What 'truths' are left standing.
When so much depends,
Upon lies...
Told,
And shattered!
Although,
This does matter...
To those,
Who choose life...
Just to bloom.
And to grow!

Living a life,
As it is...
Wrong or right.
Who can say...
They,
Really 'know'!

Who lives life as it is...
To say,
They know?

Who can say...

They know?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

One Never Knows What Fate Holds

Why isn't my life filled with chaos?
I attempted to gain membership.
I was refused.

There was a willingness on my part,
To participate too!
I wanted to be like them.
You know,
The curious type?
Well...
That led to suspicion.
My activities were dismissed.

So I was ostracized years ago,
For being a nonconformist.
Which 'then' was not true at all!
I wanted to fit in!
With the giving of my time,
And everything to prove...
I was not different.
I came with information to share.

But as luck would have it...
I was denied.

One never knows,
What fate holds!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

One Night Stand

Who fooled who...
In a pool of fools,
Making headline news.
And loving to be scooped,
Confused!
Oooooh...oh oh oh!

Say,
Who fooled who...
In a pool of fools,
Making headline news.
And loving to be scooped,
Confused!
Oooooh...oh oh oh!

Daylight...
Shows no brightness,
In the mind!
Can't find it!

Nightlife...
With a quickie sneaking in,
To delight.
For a one night 'trick'...
But,

Who fooled who...
In a pool of fools,
Making headline news.
And loving to be scooped,
Confused!
Oooooh...oh oh oh!

Say,
Who fooled who...
In a pool of fools,
Making headline news.
And loving to be scooped,
Confused!

Oooooh...oh oh oh!

Daylight...
Shows no brightness,
In the mind!
Can't find it!
And...
It can't be rewinded

Nightlife...
With a quickie sneaking in,
To delight.
Oooooh...oh oh oh!

Say,
Who fooled who...
In a pool of fools,
Making headline news.
And loving to be scooped,
Confused!
Oooooh...oh oh oh!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

One Of My Best Blessings

As I stop to review,
My life in retrospect.
I have come to realize,
God has bestowed upon me...
One of my best blessings,
I have as of yet to get...
I can confess,
Could not have been better received.

When I reminisce the leaving behind,
My worldly possessions I had collected...
Over a period of time,
And to do that twice to be at the side...
Of someone loved more than possessions.
I knew my reluctance was being tested.
And I admit I was torn between,
Those decisions I volunteered to walk away...
From objects acquired to express TRUE LOVE.
Leaving me to have not one regret. Not a one.

And today to see years later,
How others prioritize their selfishness and greed.
To get over the disbelief of it.
I can only thank God,
On a daliy basis when I pray.
That I have been saved from being enslaved,
From believing what I have acquired to possess...
Deserves more love and attention from me to get,
Than expressing my feelings of love...
To those before they returned to an eternal rest.

So glad I am God has bestowed upon me,
A peace of mind I could never pay for.
Or believe I would find to afford it to get.
And...
That is the best blessing I can confess,
I have as of yet to get to make my life...
Better lived.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

One Of Those Blessings

You say you remember me,
From a past I have long forgotten?
And you remember almost in detail...
What I did as a child and what schools I attended.
Teachers I had.
Who my friends were and what we did.
The old neighborhood and where I use to live.
The swing I swung on...
And my first puppy love?

I appreciate that.
But I don't remember you at all.
I don't remember you coming around,
When we had very little to eat.
I don't remember you...
When my family and I slept on one bed,
And for years we did that as we went to sleep!
I don't remember you during my latchkey days.
Where were you in the 'brickyard',
During that phase?

I only have this to say...
God has blessed me tremendously.
And perhaps not remembering you,
Is one of those blessings!
Who knows?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

One Of Us Better Say Something Soon

I think you should address this before I do.
If I do it,
My approach would be considered too brutal.
My tongue too tinged with tart and darting expletives.
Plus I'm prone to use theatrics and overblown dramatics.
And you...
Like to poison them with kindness.
As if a choice is theirs to take.
And delivered truth is painful.
It's not a sweet experience.
Both of us know that!

'They're going to be angry with us.
They are not accustomed to honesty.'

Well...
One of us better say something soon!
Those aliens are eating all the fried chicken in the kitchen.
And I aint gon' spend my Sunday cooking.
Tell them we have some visitors.
They aint looking freaky or weird.
But they are not from here either.
And they have come to make some demands on their discipline.
And 'this' I want to see myself!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

One Of Us 'Eventually' Has To Grow Up

If you love me or if not!
If it's none or quite a lot.
Remember this...
My heart you've got.

And,
I'm not gon' leave you,
Alone.

That's how it is when I give.
'Cause I can not see you...
Or believe I could free you to be,
On your own alone.

Even if you disconnect your telephone!

Remember this...
My heart you've got.
If you love me or if not!
If it's none or quite a lot.
I can not see you...
Or believe I could free you to be,
On your own...
Alone.

Even if you disconnect your telephone!

'But dad,
Comeon.
I am in my 40's.
One of us 'eventually' has to grow up! '

~I know!
But 'why' do you want to do this?
And,
Overnight! ~

'Let go! '

~Nooo.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

One Of Us Should Stay Faithful

One of us should stay faithful,
To love.
And what is believed.
One of us should stay faithful.
One of us should be grateful.

One of us should stay faithful,
To love.
And what is believed.
One of us should stay faithful.
One of us should be grateful.

What do you think keeps me here?
Your love?
Or my wish you knew what it was.
And why do you think I put up with your stuff?
Your love?
Or my wish you knew what love was?

One of us should stay faithful,
To love.
And what is believed.
One of us should stay faithful.
One of us should be grateful.

One of us should stay faithful,
To love.
And what is believed.
One of us should stay faithful.
One of us should be grateful.

One of us should stay faithful,
To a vow others heard.
And one of us should act as if,
We didn't get married just to get wedding gifts.

One of us should stay faithful,
To love.
And what is believed.

One of us should stay faithful,
To love.

One of us should be grateful,
The other one didn't leave.
One of us should stay faithful,
To beliefs what is wished we'll receive.

One of us should stay faithful,
To wishes wanted to believe.
One of us should stay faithful.
One of us should stay faithful.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

One Of Your Relatives

I remember there was a time,
I enjoyed sniffing your hair.
Wherever it was.
And when it was weaved.
I believed in you.

I remember there was a time,
I thought I committed a crime...
Without you near.
And if I was cheerful,
It was you who did it!

I remember there was a time,
Every guy you introduced as your cousin...
I actually believed you,
When I saw them leaving your home.
However...
When you tried to pass my brother off,
As one of your cousins...
I knew then,
Neither one of you knew me at all.

That is the reason both of you have been hospitalized,
With my love.
And the judge understood me completely.
Since she too had been one of your relatives!
But not a fan of your lack of taste or diversity.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

One Pair Of Eyes

One sock found...
Still requires a pair of shoes to wear,
For those with two feet!
But one pair of eyes is no guarantee,
A pebble can not cause one to stumble
On a path taken under a bright and clear sky!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

One Person Can Live Alone

Two people can live under one roof,
Sleep in the same bed.
And produce a house full of children...
To 'still' claim after many years,
Not to know what the other one does.
What their hobbies are, if any.
Or communicate.
But their lives live together works out.

One person can live alone.
Love the peace and quiet.
Enjoy every aspect of life.
But...
Can not match a pair of socks,
After washing and drying a bundle of clothes.
And,
Can stay angry all day 'thinking' about it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

One Positively Living

Stop!
And compose yourself.
To know yourself 'As Is',
And...
Relevant.

Stop!
And compose yourself.
To know yourself to be,
One...
Positively living.

Believe that you can be...
Whatever it is you wish.
Believe that you can be...
On top of the gift list.
Believe that you can be...
The receiver of happiness.
The one who is truly blessed,
And manifesting more to get.

Stop!
And compose yourself.
To know yourself 'As Is',
And...
Believe that you can be,
One positively living.
Believe that you can be...
The one who is truly blessed,
And manifesting more to get.

Believe that you can be...
Whatever it is you wish.
Believe that you can be...
On top of the gift list.
Believe that you can be...
The receiver of happiness.
And that one,
Positively living.

Believe that you can be...
The one who is truly blessed,
And manifesting more to get.
Positively living.

Believe that you can be...
One positively living.
Believe that you can be...
The one who is truly blessed.
Believe that you can be...
Manifesting more to get,
And positively living!

Believe that you can be...
One positively living.
Believe that you can be...
One positively living!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

One Seeking Confidence

I can not be around that which clings.
I am an adventurer.
Born to explore,
And to soar as if with wings.

Emotionally dependent I have been.
I had been one seeking confidence.
And the one given no empathy...
Or hints of it known to be shown to see.

I can not be around that which clings.
After healing from my own sufferings.
And doing that with minimal assistance.
Given by those who cared with love to spare.

Emotionally dependent I have been.
I had been one seeking confidence.
And the one given no empathy...
Or hints of it known to be shown to see.

But still...
I can not be around that which clings.
I am an adventurer.
Born to explore,
And to soar as if with wings.

Sometimes in flight and crying.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

One Step At A Time

Challenged.
To face my own insecurities.
And see them for what they are.

Challenged I am with brutal honesty.
With the intent to pick them apart.
I am ready to breathe freely.

Challenged...
Yes!
But today I am not defensive.
Or offended by the time I have taken,
To get to this point in my life.
With habits I will address next.
But for now...
I am satisfied,
To be able to take one step at a time.
This life is mine.
And I am finally fine with it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

One Step Followed By Another

No door stoop waiting for a passerby to wave...
Did one sit,
Determining the flow of traffic.
Or which direction in confusion to head.
This was not the mind of one,
Sifting through limitations.
This was the back of one seen crossing the tracks.
Leaving with no issues or baggage packed.
Whatever one carried that had once burdened the back,
Was tossed to pursue a dream.
And the Sun...
Rising on the horizon,
Beckoned!
One step followed by another,
Was all that it took to shake away...
What could or could not be done!
Only the fading sounds of whistling was heard,
As necks stretched.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

One Taught And Experienced

When one becomes familiar,
With an honesty felt...
That has sincerity and depth,
It is difficutl to accept...
Pretentious substitutions.

Even the ones that come,
Overdone...
And self indulged,
Reek before a word has been seeped,
To encourage communication.

One taught and experienced,
Has no taste for any of this!
With an ability to feel truth existing,
For all it represents and is to be.
There is no keeping an 'is' for what it is...
Kept hidden.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

One That Completes

Bring me that love,
My Dear Father.
Bring that love to me.
Bring me that love,
My Dear Father...
That love that is true as can be.

When I awaken from my sleep,
I'd like that love near by,
I want to share deep feelings and cares.
With one who will come,
To rescue this from inside me.
Like no one has ever done.

Bring me that love,
My Dear Father.
Bring that love to me.
Bring me the kind of love, My Dear Father
The kind that sets mine and other hearts free.

If You allow this to happen,
With Your blessings I'll receive.
I'll do the best to be better than I've been...
And not to take that love for granted
As I did when my needs grew selfishly.
And in sorrow those needs came to an end.
Helping me to realize,
No love would stand by true love in disguise.
Those are scars I no longer visit.
No longer catching me by surprise.

Bring me that love,
My Dear Father.
Bring that love to me.
Bring me that love,
My Dear Father...
That love that is true as can be.

I want You to bring

That kind of love I seek...
My Father.
Bring that one that completes,
And sets my feelings free!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

One That Remains Inquisitive

I do not sit in contemplation to 'do'.
However...
There has been many times,
A contemplation done I do accomplish...
Is a wishing I had delayed a doing,
With the application of more patience.

And that...
Is the only drawback,
For one that remains inquisitive.
With an eventual lesson learned,
A living of one's life gets taught to teach...
With an outcome needing no contemplation to reach.

It comes.
And sometimes with an outcome,
One regrets with a reflecting in a patience done.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

One That Was Not Sought

A gift is given...
Without an ego displayed,
By the giver attached.

The receiver of the gift...
Believing there to be more,
To this giving...
Than something as simple,
As that!

And...
The gift given is given back.
With sarcastic remarks...
And other unnecessary verbal attacks.

The giver of the gift,
Although offended by this...
Keeps a head straight on shoulders.
And makes only forward steps.

With a lesson learned...
And not a temper to display,
The gift giver never shows a disappointment.
Or has a thing to say.

Knowing that a wisdom,
Came as a surprise lesson taught.
From a teacher in disguise.
And from one that was not sought.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

One Thought This The Best To Do

Everyday they would return home,
To open their doors.
With ever conceivable complaint,
They had invited with them to come in.

And everyday an argument,
Over what happened would ensue.
Leading closer to a separation.
Since one thought this the best to do.

And one day one entered,
To find it quiet inside.
With all space within,
Cleared.

And at night one would hold a pillow tight,
Wishing for a familiar snoring missed...
Would again be heard,
To begin.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

One To Linger And Believe

People are labelling acts of treason,
As an economic season.
With reason to believe...
The effects of it will heal itself.
And from them soon will leave.

But there is an abundance of evidence...
This 'season' of moral decay,
And treatment of deceit...
Has made a permanent adjustment.
One to linger and believe.

An awakening to reality,
Is an activity many can not perceive...
To stay the way it is.
Since the way it is...
Has been the sign of the times.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

One To One

I may be too selective,
When it comes to close relationships.
I may be too particular,
As to who I share my given time with.

This I do not argue.
Not even a waste for debate.
I am a one to one individual.
Group sessions are not my taste!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

One Too Many Times

When did the saying to someone 'No! '
Become an invitation to annoy without end?
I can understand why some parents
Have become immuned to listening
To the demands of their children

No longer are requests asked
With courtesy and respect
But a total lack of consideration
Has fast disappeared
From an expectation of getting it heard
Coming with a breath of sincerity

And saying 'no' to anyone today
Gives them rights to say
Why someone is disliked
And that 'no' expressed just might mean
The one saying it has said 'yes'
One too many times!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

One Tribe Of Different Colors

One tribe of different colors and hues,
To value more than the doing of deeds...
Became picked apart by foolish jealousies.
And insecurities used with a focus to accuse,
Which ones amongst them lived better lives...
Than others who were abused by told lies.

Strengths between them were weakened.
Their differences made had begun to be betrayed.
With belief that 'things' to bling and glisten,
Would satisfy the giving of impressions to make.
As a return for a happiness to fake, flaunt and pretend,
To deliver an acceptance that would never come to end.

And from pews and pulpits they began to pray,
To be saved from images they hoped would go away.
Images seen they could not accept...
With a doing to reject a reflection to disrespect.
As impressions to make they faithfully kept.
Believing themselves to be favored and saved.

A mental peace began to leave them.
The strength of the tribe began to wither and die.
Each season strong branches from this tree had dropped.
Each season false beliefs kept from one tribe would not stop.
Disrespecting their differences infested to manifest.
And had risen to top as prioritized lives to live to digest.

'What is it that you talk about?
Family trees, religious beliefs or leaders who deceive?
What is it that you talk about?
Relationships, racism or disrespecting differences?
What is it that you talk about?
Is this a quiz or some kind of test? '

Look in a mirror.
What is it that you reflect you have yet to accept?

'How closely do you want me to look?

Am I looking to detect my own intellect?
Or just my own physical appearance that reflects? '

That depends.

'On what? '

What is prioritized by the teaching of your tribe.
And the acknowledging of differences...
Does that happen undenied,
To respect and not neglect...
With a thriving to survive to keep you all alive.

'But...
What about my things,
I've come to value more than anything.'

Eventually everything will rust to dust.
Regardless of what beliefs you keep,
You've been taught to perceive a doing to achieve...
Does not include yourself,
To leave you mentally weakened...
As you express hollow impressions left to fade,
While one tribe of different colors...
Are no longer seen together to parade and strut pride.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

One Untouchable

I thought I had...
Been untouchable.
And then you came...
With a touch,
That got inside of me.

I thought I'd come,
To leave alone...
But meeting you,
Came to change...
So much those possibilities.

And maybe if you knew,
What it felt to feel denied...
You'd know what's been there,
Deep inside...
Trying to quiet those sighs I hide.

You don't know what it's like...
To be the one untouchable.
No!
If you knew what that's like...
You would touch me,
All the time.
Knowing what it is I wish.
And knowing what is wished I miss...
You could replenish.
And more.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

One Way

How tragic is an embedded ignorance,
With kept envy and petty bitterness?
To some...
Running away to keep heads numbed,
And on a daily basis medicated...
The more tragic things become,
A finding of escapades for them is done.

For others...
On their knees to pray to stay that way,
Seek a magician to cure their conditions.
With denials they hide,
Wishing rainbows will relieve them...
From disbeliefs that keep them grieving.

And for the many who have grown tired,
Of listening to folks chase their fantasies...
They have stopped continously mentioning,
What they observe others should find obscene.
To take their own 'trips' with a one way ticket.
Without making further attempts to convince anyone,
That what appears to be tragic...
Had been allowed to exist while some sat to sit,
On their complaining to blame widening to spread...
'Behinds'.
Dieting on delusions and losing their minds.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

One Way Or The Other

When someone over compensates,
With an opinion...
That is stated to instigate.
And stirs to irritation...
Both discomfort and continued debate!
And all that is wished...
Is someone who is willing to give and take.
In a relationship that begins not ends,
In a bottomless abyss...
Unforgiving and not able to bend,
With a mending!

There has to be an ego to give up,
When a temperature heats...
Unneeded.

There has to be an ego to give up,
When a temperature heats...
Unneeded.

There has to be an ego to give up,
When a temperature heats...
Unneeded.
Or...
A releasing of the beast inside that feeds the heat!

One way or the other,
No one has to really suffer.
One way or the other,
No one has to really suffer.
One way or the other,
No one has to really suffer.
No one has to really suffer,
One way or the other!

When someone over compensates,
With an opinion...
That is stated to instigate.
And stirs to irritation...

Both discomfort and continued debate!
And all that is wished...
Is someone who is willing to give and take.

There has to be an ego to give up,
When a temperature heats...
Unneeded.

There has to be an ego to give up,
When a temperature heats...
Unneeded.

One way or the other,
No one has to really suffer.
One way or the other,
No one has to really suffer.
One way or the other,
No one has to really suffer.
No one has to really suffer,
One way or the other!

One way or the other,
No one has to really suffer.
One way or the other,
No one has to really suffer.
One way or the other,
No one has to really suffer.
No one has to really suffer,
One way or the other!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

One Who Believes Achieves A Doing

The attempted butchering,
Of an intelligence of one...
May seem to be effective,
By one who believes achieves...
A doing what is done,
Within restricted limitations...
Perceived before the butchering begins.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

One Who Chooses To Focus

It hurts.
Feeling deserted.
Yet with a mind that continues to grow.
And no one around to expose this experience.

It hurts.
To understand and comprehend what others do not.
To feel as if a patience kept many have long stopped.
To see and witness confusion connected to lack of thought...
Is no fun when emotions are caught in sensitivity.

It hurts.
When this is focused!
But then again...
One who chooses to focus,
Can also make the choice to unfocus.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

One Who Dares To Be The Maverick

The art of flying low...
Keeps the wings of one,
From becoming emotionally attached.
And scratches received,
Aren't cut deep to bleed.
A healing perceived...
And done,
Continues in a flight undetected.

One can land or choose to soar.
As long as the height of one's flight...
Is accepted as a temporary blindness,
That can be easily excused...
With a taste for nonconformity,
Expected.

And this is overlooked,
By those unaccustomed...
To take anyone serious enough,
To fly as high as they wish...
Without attracting attention,
To the ease of it!

Keeping such missions successfully gained.
And maintained...
With patience,
By the one who dares to be the maverick!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

One Who Explores To Adventure

Identify it.
With attempts to describe it.
Let others decide its worth and value.
And leave it to be debated.
To take sides is not advisable.
Or initiate to influence an outcome.
Whatever results from your discovery,
Take pride in the fact of that!
And from it walk away,
With a fast pacing done.
One who explores to adventure,
Seldom does it to hear...
The flip flopping of lips.
Or the sprewing coming from tongues.

One who explores to adventure,
Seldom does it to hear...
The flip flopping of lips.
Or the sprewing coming from tongues.
One identifies it.
With attempts to describe it.
With a letting of others,
Decide its worth and value.
To leave it to be debated.
Knowing...
That the taking of sides is not advisable.
Or initiating an influence of an outcome.
To be accused for what others do,
Is not the position for one who pioneers.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

One Who Fishes For Nonsense To Dish

They've been taught to cast blame,
Responsibility and the game of placing shame...
Upon the shoulders of someone else.
To free themselves of guilt and its association.

And these teachings have come spouting out,
Directly from the dictates of the horse's mouth.

But...
The horse is accustomed to delusion and denial.
And makes attempts to set its own trial...
With a handpicked jury,
And a judge known to have selective memory.

And anyone looking in,
When these lessons began to be taught without end.
Have also been unknown willing victims...
Of this very same process,
That keeps them entertained.

Taught to cast blame,
By one who fishes for nonsense to dish...
Upon fresh and innocent subjects to train.
With a purpose to have glorified,
One's own name and fame to claim.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

One Who Had To Leave

No I did not,
Amuse myself...
While picking you to use.
No I did not,
Choose 'you' to abuse.

No I did not,
Tell you that I loved you...
Just to lie.
No I did not,
Keep that truth disguised.

You kept on believing,
What others to you said.
You wanted their thoughts,
Inside your head.

You saw me dishonest.
Someone who deceived.
You made me the one,
Who had to leave...you!

No I did not,
Tell you that I loved you...
Just to lie.
No I did not,
Keep that truth disguised.

No I did not,
Amuse myself...
While picking you to use.
No I did not,
Choose to you abuse.

You saw me dishonest.
Someone who deceived.
You made me the one,
Who had to leave...you!

You kept on believing,
What others to you said.
You wanted their thoughts,
Inside your head.

I wish you had-a felt for me,
What I felt for you.
Nothing but-a love.
I wish you had-a felt that way,
And it was true...too!

I wish you had-a felt for me,
What I felt for you.
Nothing other but-a love.
I wish you had-a felt that way,
And it was true...too!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

One Who Has Chosen To Adorn Organic Carrots

Silence is golden
And a busy mind easily distracted
Is as cheap as pawned rhinestones
Awakening clearly to see
The value of things
Silence has a way of introducing clarity
More precious than anything kept in a treasure chest

Ask anyone
Who once flaunted the wearing of them
With belief they would be mistaken as diamonds
Having less worth
Than one who has chosen to adorn organic carrots
Grown to reap and harvest
From a cherished and secretly nourished garden

Lawrence S. Pertillar

One Who Has Sacrificed With A Kept Pace

Something done persistently,
Eventually wears on the body and mind...
Of the one who has given time to find,
Without a resting to qualify this to be done...
Like some who give their recommendations,
Misunderstanding the drive it has taken...
To make sure things are set in place.
They would never understand,
One who has sacrificed with a kept pace.

Well...I do.
And it is not from that which I am doing today.
It is a much needed rest,
From that which has taken years in the making
To create.
Never before considered the connection between,
Aches and pains and the lack of rest.
Until my mind and body began to beg for some.
And getting as much as I can get to just rest,
To prioritize for myself is best.

And aging has made me more aware of this!
Without proper rest,
The body and mind begins to insist it be done.
And quick with a paying of attention.

Oh...
You don't need to shout so loud.
I hear you very clearly.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

One Who Keeps Curious

No chores assigned to do,
Should one seek from them reward.
Since an experience to obtain,
Will eventually determine...
If one has successfully accomplished,
The achievement of listening to comprehend...
What it takes to follow instructions given.
Until patience to tolerate one has earned,
Eliminates excuses made to appreciate...
Needed lessons taught with more to yearn.
And not escapes to create to fake them learned.
To know it shown with it understood to understand,
One who keeps curious seldom debates...
Or wishes to bait heated tensions to make,
With another refusing to accept mediocrity.
Especially if one is being tested,
To produce the best of their efforts to endeavor.

'I know I can do better.'

~I do too.
That's why I refuse what you've done as acceptable.~

'Others have.'

~You deserve standing ovations.
Not polite applause.
And one day you will know the difference.
But for now take this broom,
To prepare for that stage.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

One Who Loses

The one who loses
Is not the one aware
Of a loss or losses lost!
The one who loses
Is the one aware
Of a win that must be won!
This one is not aware of disgrace that comes!
The one who has lost...
Has paid the cost and gains!
And remains unchallenged.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

One Who Poorly Duplicates

Your depictions are not precise.
And clearly quickly put together to impress,
'With' defections.

You could never be accepted as you expect.
Although as one who poorly duplicates and imitates,
You are one that can be rated...
In your prime and at your best.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

One Who Pursues Gets Done What They Do

I choose and elect,
To do the best I can do.
Not that I believe I am the best,
At doing it.
But I like to think I am.
What would be the point to make,
If I didn't?

And why do people enter competitions?
Because they lack ambition?
I think not.
One who pursues gets done what they do!

I happen to enjoy being dragged through the mud.
And for someone with that kind of ambition...
Is not one subdued.
I suggest that as a prerequisite!
To get over any sensitivites,
Associated with a public affixed with critics.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

One With A Twisted Tongue

One with a twisted tongue,
Can do more damage...
With a leaving of a devastation done,
Than a plague of locusts.
Or the poisoning of bees seen limping away,
From lead painted signs...
In front of their foreclosed hives!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

One World

Sunrise seen ascending...
From horizons long attempting
A blend of hues to mend,
With an accepting affect...
In darkness rejected!

A fear we no longer need to keep!

Holding hands beholding...
An unfolding of clouds and shadows.
And unmasking from tasks mastered,
Yet undeserved when witnessed
In event held revelation!

Learning in trust...
The uplifting of boundaries fading.
Gone!
In One World where we all belong!
Related by heartfelt infatuation.

Letting our peace increase.
That plagued a harmony,
Now enlightened between us!
Thrusting away the disappearance,
Of divisions!
As the light from this sunrise brightens!
And chases away escaping differences.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

One World We'Ve Been Given

Oh no I just can't sit,
Without noticing it...
That division isn't hiding,
To disguise from eyes.

One world we've been given.
On one world we're all living.

So many seem committed to being misfits.
As we all forget...
Our lives here are limited.
So many seem committed to begin conflicts.
As we all forget...
No one lives without a gift.
As we all forget...
Destroying it no one exists.
As we all forget,
There is a risk of losing this...
One world we've been given.
On one world we're all living.

Oh no I just can't sit,
Without noticing it...
One world we've been given.
On one world we're all living.

And that division isn't hiding,
To disguise from eyes.
But just one world we've been given.
And on it we sit.

So many seem committed to being misfits.
As we all forget...
Our lives here are limited.
So many seem committed to begin conflicts.
As we all forget...
No one lives without a gift.
As we all forget...
Destroying it no one exists.

As we all forget,
There is a risk of losing this...
One world we've been given.
On one world we're all living.

As we all forget,
There is a risk of losing this...
One world we've been given.
On one world we're all living.

As we all forget,
There is a risk of losing this...
One world we've been given.
On one world we're all living.

As we all forget,
There is a risk of losing this...
One world we've been given.
On one world we're all living.

One world we've been given.
On one world we're all living.

One world!
We've been given.
One world!
We all live on one world.
One world!
One world!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

One's Activities Will Be Made Known

'Is there a real difference between,
Self promotion and self satisfaction? '

Well...
Wouldn't that depend on if you are left
Or right handed?

Me,
I am right handed.
Although my left is the busiest.
So I think it has a lot to do with preference.

'What on Earth are you talking about? '

I'm talking about selling books.
It's difficult for an unknown author,
To get established.
I use to carry them around in my right hand.
But for some reason my left hand ends up,
Doing all the work.
WHY?
What are 'you' talking about?

'I'm talking about pride!
Not one's ego.'

Either way...
Eventually,
One's activities will be made known.
If they remain persistent.
And stick with it!
Whatever we're talking about,
There will be satisfaction.
That's a given.

'What about promotion? '

If it is good.
And someone is left pleased?

Your efforts and sweat will be rewarded.
But...
I do suggest you stop the smoking.
At least cut down on it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

One's Beliefs

Beliefs aren't changed overnight,
Because of misdirection.
Beliefs are changed overnight,
When new ones are created.

Misdirection can be debated,
For reasons to entertain those who make changes.
But one's beliefs as they are...
Are only fed to keep them out of the way.
And kept faithfully attached,
For purposes to serve!
Not to discuss what are facts.

Beliefs aren't changed overnight,
Because of misdirection.
Beliefs are changed overnight,
When new ones are created.
Like one's knowledge of facts...
Depends on who is being pleased.
And for what reasons they've been directed,
To go first down on their knees,
Hoping to find their minds comforted.

And...
Beliefs,
As they are interpreted to be.
Aren't changed overnight,
Because of misdirection.
Beliefs are changed overnight,
When new ones are created.
To please and comfort the converted

Lawrence S. Pertillar

One's Clock

Any clock without a heard tock,
Should not...
Stop eyes to fix upon it,
Watching.
Or drop a movement made.
To delay it as it lays.
Where it's left decaying.

People with time,
Often do not use it.
Finding to excuse,
The lost of it to lose.

And when time slips away,
Heard from them to say...
They wish more of it,
To have and spend.
Procrastinating to waste,
With a hesitating that begins.

Whether that clock,
Ticks to a tock or not.
It shouldn't be a reason,
For anyone to stop moving...
From a doing done,
Continued to do.

One's clock,
May stop a tick tocking.
But just to watch it,
Excuses movement made.
To delay.
Procrastinated.
To make okay!

One's clock,
To watch it for excuses...
Does not delay,
The decay.

One's clock,
To watch it for excuses...
Does not delay,
The waste of it.
Or one's wishes,
For more to get.
When one's movement shows,
Aging with a clock or not...
Seldom slows.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

One's Commitment To Giving

One's commitment to giving time,
And resources uncovered others can find...
With this done to listen and comprehend,
While patiently wanting,
An understanding to begin.
And confusion to stop progress to start,
Can certainly do something else...
If attention had been wished,
With a focus on feeding one's ego to get...
Massaged.
With it shown to others known.
Since one with an ego is seldom to leave,
It left alone to go unexpressed.
There are too many who love to address,
What it is they have done just to impress...
Those who have yet to benefit or ever will.

'Excuse me for interrupting.'

~Yes?
No problem. Your question? ~

'After listening to your wealth of experiences,
Just what is it do you believe...
Leaves anyone else with a benefit to receive? '

~Receive?
From me?
I was hoping to be lavished your praise.
It is obvious your expectations and mine,
Are in conflict.
Who else besides yourself is devoted to notions? ~

'You are an egotistical fanatic.'

~I object.
I have never been accused of being a fanatic.
However...
I will accept your acknowledgement,

For the time you have given me to express...
My wealth of experiences.~

'Yeah.
But...
At who's expense? '

~Yours!
Geeeezus.
Is this microphone on?
If it is will someone crank it up, please.
I have no time to spend,
To have my intentions misunderstood.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

One's Experience Is The Best Teacher

You have a well groomed and beautiful dog.
Does it bite?

'Only when I take his leash off.
And I express my annoyance with someone.
He is very clever in picking up on my moods.
And he is trained to be protective.
Can you guess what mood I am in? '

What do you think,
I am a mind reader?

'Not at all.
I want to answer your question,
In the best way I can.
I've always been told,
One's experience is the best teacher.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

One's Experience Should Be Enough To Convince

When something is known with no doubting about it.
The need to share or question others,
Regarding the acceptance of it...
Is unnecessary.
One's experience should be enough to convince.

Unless,
One wishes to invite an argument.
Then,
By all means...
Begin to send out those invitations.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

One's Greatest Achievement

An earlier life one lived,
Bombarded by nonstop activities...
Beset by ailments experienced,
And emotional tragedies.
Is not a life one seeks for an eternity to live,
When a calming done comes and has been reached.

One who achieves a peace of mind,
And given time to acknowledge those blessings...
Enjoyed when they arrive regardless of the gossip,
Done or innuendos spread by some...
Is a life one can reflect upon,
With a cherished gratefulness one learns to protect.

This is with an honesty said to be when known,
One's greatest achievement to date to one shown...
With a welcoming that is personally appreciated.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

One's Lofty Perch

Never waste in haste,
An impatience to chastise...
How someone should live their life.
Unless you are prepared to explain,
Why that day comes...
When your head is lowered in shame!

One's lofty perch,
Is seldom cemented!

The Earth giveth and receiveth all.
And for many...
Dirt may be considered worthless,
But it ain't! No, it isn't.
The Earth collects everything.
Even if it is tainted!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Ones Of Unmistakable Faith And Truth

Reality is closing in on them.
And they are doing their best,
To protect their pretentions.

Character assassinators,
Are working overtime...
Trying to find the right combination,
Of deceit and believability.

Full fledged demons have unmasked themselves,
Knowing what time it is,
And the limitations left to plant more misdeeds.

While the ones of unmistakable faith and truth,
Observe those of burning minds in unconciousness...
Go through the steps to prove themselves correct,
With an accepting of their own ignorance they defend.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

One's Own Actions

Once one's own actions,
Have been accepted to acknowledge...
That unexplained negativity,
One creates...
But seeks to lay the blame on it,
On others to make claims...
A life has been lived being victimized,
By others who wish...
To misinterpret their innocence,
Will cease to exist.
Since that day to no longer doubt,
Will certainly come...
When that one beset by negativity,
Sees who initiates to perpetrate...
A negativity created they can not pray away.
Once,
One's own actions have been faced,
To accept and acknowledge.

'But...
I've done nothing wrong,
To have what's going on in my life...
Happen to me the way that it does.'

~Click your heels together three times.
Close your eyes and then say...
Take away from me my self deception.
Stop me from deluding the truth to refuse.~

'But...
I've done nothing wrong.'

~Click your heels together three times.
Who knows...
Maybe the ending of your 'trip',
Will not leave you traumatized...
For the rest of your life.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

One's Own Understanding Of Life

The most difficult thing one can do,
Is to break away from that which comforts...
To pursue one's own understanding of life,
No one else has or can from their past...
Can say they have had enough experience to debate.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

One's Rush To Pass A Vocal Judgement

Why is it that one's rush to pass a vocal judgement,
Seems to get stuck from a rushing away from it...
By a campaigning in excuses made,
As to why they were quick to point fingers and blame...
On someone they have discovered,
Has too much integrity to lower their values...
To sling mud with anyone accustomed to sniffing gutters.

And that person doing the sniffing,
Seems to have acquired a reputation...
Of tossing about accusations,
From a self righteous point of view...
Beginning to reek of suspicion,
From those who with noses smelling...
The origin from where such stench began.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

One's Selected Beliefs

Put into its right perspective...
An honesty that is and maintained.
This kind of perspective...
Isn't going to be accepted,
In a society basically fed...
On a diet of delusions.

Let's face it!
Honesty is not the thing,
People receive readily.
Nor regularly!
And for many,
Honesty is traumatic and fear producing.
Honesty chases truth away.

Truth offends.
Who doesn't know that?

Now,
With a little bit of sugar...
Some animation,
And an adult speaking in a child's voice...
Deceit, being discreet and kept secrets,
Are priorities kept and practiced.
And...
Will sustain one's selected beliefs,
Those chosen to become tradition...
For lifetimes of celebrated mystique.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

One's Silence Is Saluted

One's silence is saluted,
When removed from loops seduced.
One's silence is saluted...
When refusing automatic passes,
Boots one from the coop.

A sharing of erratic static,
Can confine like minds.
A sharing of erratic static,
Ropes and dopes...
Whomever gives it time.

One can feel terrific when removed from such lists!
With nothing shared specifc,
But...
Limited nonsense!

One's silence is saluted,
When booted out the coop.
One's silence is saluted,
When a looping is refused.

One can feel terrific when removed from such lists!
With nothing shared specifc,
But...
Limited nonsense!

A sharing of erratic static,
Can confine like minds.
A sharing of erratic static,
Ropes and dopes...
Whomever gives it time.

One's silence is saluted,
When removed from loops seduced.
One's silence is saluted...
When refusing automatic passes,
Boots one from the coop.

One's silence is saluted,
When booted out the coop.
One's silence is saluted,
When a looping is refused.

A sharing of erratic static,
Can confine like minds.
A sharing of erratic static,
Ropes and dopes...
Whomever gives it time.

One's silence is saluted,
When booted out the coop.
One's silence is saluted,
When a looping is refused.

One's silence is saluted,
When booted out the coop.
One's silence is saluted,
When booted out the coop.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

One's Social Heirarchy

Losing one's ability,
To maintain both credibility and integrity...
With one's social heirarchy attacked as well,
Is far worse than losing one's credit rating status.
Although for the sake of appearances,
One can always repair one's ability to borrow...
With a promise made to repay and keep that faked.
However...
A falling from grace on one's face,
Does not provide a backup to cover.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

One's Success Felt

A feeling from one expressed,
And shown to another...
There is a caring that is addressed,
Is enough to leave one inspired...
With motivation.
Since one's success felt,
Usually ignites when others are pleased.
No matter how minimal or great the deed.
If 'someone' is there caring heights can be achieved.
And with a doing done not to impress...
But just to do.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

One's Temperament And Disposition

One's temperament and disposition,
Seldom are instilled as a choice one picks.
If little boys hear they are suppose to be bad,
They will head in that direction to make someone proud...
A bad boy is going to be had!
Although sad it is for the women attracted to this.

And it is difficult to decide to have a good disposition,
To let that 'funkier' side subside when given a pride.
Espcially when a dumbing down done is welcomed,
By nearly everyone.
And those wanting to show themselves to be good natured,
Grit their teeth to the point to make their gums bleed.

One's temperament and disposition,
Seldom are instilled as a choice one picks.
And although barking is never found on anyone's top ten list,
It it suggested as a remedy...
That quickly relieves,
Without prescribing to mind altering medications.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

One's Ultimate Achievement

New slogans and fresh quips,
Are in desperate need...
To replace those that have exhausted,
Their usefulness.

A seeking to describe what today now thrives,
Calls for an updated advertising campaign.

To depict the presence of insanity,
As a normalcy sustained is the goal.
With a reach to attain this as fame to claim,
As one's ultimate achievement.

Those go deed doer days are done.
And this is becoming obvious to everyone.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

'One-Up-Man-Ship'

Discussing with anyone,
What I perceive to be an obstacle...
Or is on my path to block in opposition,
To do with an understanding I comprehend...
Is to never pursue this route to do again.
No! Not with a hope undivided attention I will get,
With a removing whatever it is that is on my mind.
I refuse to have my sensibilities abused,
With assistance that leaves me looking for an exit.

I have discovered too long ago,
Involving to mention to others in confidence to share...
About that which affected my life personally,
Only opens a door for a competition to start.
And I know I am not the only one,
Who has experienced this with an attempt to end.
Since there was nothing to win but the beginning,
Of a headache.

People seldom offer their suggestions,
To recommend with honest opinions given.
Many seem to want to begin a game to play,
Of 'one-up-man-ship'...
That engages in a verbal outdoing,
As if they are prepared with a detailed list...
That ensures they will stay a jump ahead,
With 'their' issues to highlight instead.

'I hope what I have had to say helps.'

You have no idea how listening to you,
Has been for me therapeutic.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

One-Up-Manships

I don't participate,
In one-up-manships.
There is no benefit I see from it.
And what in return does one get?
Another risking of common sense?

I remember as a child,
When it was fun to play the 'dozens'.
Fun to berate a friend's mother.
As something done to irritate...
Understood as a joke to play on another.

Today those games can not be played.
Unless someone is seeking,
To be hurt in a physical way.
Since any one-up-manship persisted...
Will lead a child seeking revenge with a weapon.

To then declare an innocence.
As a defense!
With a self satisfying look,
Of a smugged seriousness!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Only A Few May Know How To Turn On The Lights

How can someone be responsible,
For creating new concepts...
And beginning fresh trends.
Without one word mentioned,
Giving credit to them.

How could entire industries exist.
Or unities of communities thrive successfully...
With good intentions.
If people who initiate these foundations,
Aren't given some attention!

'You know what is said about stolen ideas? '

~No.
No I don't.~

'Anyone can steal an idea.
But a valued thought process...
Is obvious in its progress.

Anyone can build a building.
But only a few may know how to turn on the lights!
And keep them on.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Only A Few Who Believe

Watched.
Followed.
Dissected and tapped!
And still there are no conclusions reach.
An electrical current provides the heat!
And still the originator of this delivery...
Is sought to conquer!
In a disturbing desire to defeat.
But none can develop or duplicate its power!
As if it is resisting.
It isn't!
Only a few who believe...
Are receiving!
And those confused,
Abuse themselves grieving!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Only A Very Few

Only a very few,
Have the self confidence to do for others...
Without feeling they deserve an attention to get.
And only a very few,
Are surprised to get an attention given to them,
For something they have grown accustomed to do.
Only a very few.

And when those very few do receive accolades,
People can be heard criticizing their efforts made.
Especially the ones,
Who had at one time benefitted from what they've done.
But not to know what was sacrificed in the doing.
To then be surprised their innuendos and previous lies told,
Exposed them to be critics who were thieves of good deeds.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Only Doing My Small Part To Please

'But...
Why do we have to stop playing the game? '

No one said a thing about you stopping!

'But for our night games,
We can not see without the lights.
People here can not sit without the bleechers.
We need the balls and the bats!
Also the bases.
Have you forgotten that? '

I haven't forgotten anything.
In fact...
When you suggested,
I was nothing but what a dog does.
And it was on the bottom of your shoe...
That you could not get rid of?
I thought I'd do you all a favor,
And go home!

'But why are all of those people,
Taking all of our equipment away? '

Well...
I paid for the bleechers.
And...
Made a deal with the electric company,
To supply the lights.
The balls and bats I got from donations.
And all the people you see leaving...
I sent invitations.

And I made it clear to all of them,
If I should stink that bad...
What is the point of them sticking around,
To see a game played...
When you have announced,
You would rather not have me here!

'Oh?
So it's like that? '

I guess.
I'm only doing my 'small' part to please!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Only Fools Are Not Aware Of The Power Of God

It's believed what I do,
Has been quite easy to achieve.
So easy in fact...
I do nothing to accomplish it,
But simply breathe.

I've spent my entire life,
Doing what others said could not be done.
And I should go to New York City,
Or Hollywood, California
Where more of an acceptance for what I do,
For me even easier to me comes.

But I believe wherever I choose to sit,
To do what it is others to this day resist...
Is where I will do 'it'.
Since I will do what I do with much persistence!
And it seems more of a concern for them,
To see me lose and not win!
And 'that' God has not allowed to happen!
Because God has created 'all' of my achievements.
And only fools are not aware of the power of God!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Only For Me

Make me believe,
There is something inside...
You wish to release,
That is genuine.
And not for sale.

I want to receive,
What you give.
As if it is only for me...
That the heat you sizzle,
Boils hot!

It it is not...
I don't want it!

No 'ifs' to add.
No 'ands' to understand.
Or 'buts' to diminish with excuses.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Only From 'Within'

When one is freed of a self consciousness...
It doesn't matter who does the probing.
Whatever is found...
Can never be discovered,
From a life one has committed to live!
And whatever is 'said'...
Will never be as effective,
As the one inside driving the vehicle.
And only from 'within'
Does one get the best view.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Only God Knows

I don't write to be profound or to impress.
Too thankful and blessed I am,
To have this 'outlet' as a creative expression.

If I did not have this as a means to address,
How my own experiences have affected me...
I'd be spending a fortune receiving mental therapy.

Some believe I find this easy.
Since it seems I do nothing else but write.
But only God knows how my life has been,
To have given to me this 'gift'.
Instead of revisiting dysfunctions...
I could have used as excuses to soothe bitterness.

I don't write to be profound or to impress.
Too thankful and blessed I am,
To have this 'outlet' as a creative expression.

And if I offend sometimes as I intend,
I've come to realize what I do...
Has helped others to confess,
Sometimes they feel the same way too.

And 'if' I did not have this as a means to address,
How my own experiences have affected me...
I'd be spending a fortune receiving mental therapy.
And if I have assisted anyone from doing that,
Happy that leaves me with no need to receive...
The forgetting of flattery or a pat on my back.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Only God Knows How That Goes

You need not know,
What it is I am thinking.
You need not know.

You need not know
What keeps me from sinking.
You need not know.

You need not know,
The weight on my shoulders...
Or the burdens of my load.
Or where I go,
To unravel my sack...
Off my back.
Or what it takes to keep me on track.

My burdens lift with quick assistance.
Only God knows how that goes.
Only God knows that's a fact.
God and I both know I am grateful for that.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Only Here For That Purpose

If I attempted to please...
I would leave nothing accomplished.
Nothing that would satisfy my urge,
To leave something that validates...
The steps I placed here on Earth.

And that is more important to me,
Than jumping over fences.
Or feeding the whims of those who plead,
Of a need for attention they seldom get.
And many are only here for that purpose to experience.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Only If I Feel Justified

I am the exception to my own rules made to apply.
And I may break them with the making of mistakes.
I am not afraid to admit this.
But that is not to say,
Your promises made to me to break...
Are rules you have made you expect me to follow.

That is not the kind of relationship I am going to have,
With you to do as you please...
To hear you tell me I don't live up to your expectations.
I may break my rules only if I feel justified to do so.
However...
I have determined you are not that justification.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Only If It Is Advantageous

Only if it is advantageous,
Will a renewed interest shown...
In someone ignored,
Be done!

Only when an attention has been given,
Will those even notice...
Something or someone under their noses,
Has achieved some degree of notoriety!
And 'shock' not jealousy,
Is the first impression expressed.

And it isn't as if,
What one does has changed at all.
It's the idea that someone else places a value,
On what some has labelled,
Crap, trash or just junk!
And that value is discovered to have merit!
To bring a benefit to not one but to all!

More support would have been shown.
IF a warning of this had been previously known!

~Who knew...
That someone slated for greatness,
Was the subject of irritation placed?
And daily disgraced...
But took it?
Is it too late to change our minds,
And show a deep love and loyalty? ~

Only if it is advantageous,
Will a renewed interest shown...
In someone ignored,
Be done!

And that someone ignored...
May be someone's brother, cousin,
Sister, mother, daugther, father or son...

That had been told more than once,
They should do something else...
Since they are wasting time doing nothing!
At least nothing that is getting legitimately done.
Nothing that is making an impression on anyone!

'Ooooo...
How low can nasty go? '

~Who knew...
That someone slated for greatness,
Was the subject of irritation placed?
And daily disgraced...
But took it?
Only if it is advantageous,
Will a renewed interest shown...
In someone ignored,
Be done! ~

And that someone who has been ignored...
Has not survived thriving under a rock!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Only If It's Going To Be A Show And Tell

One day...
On a land you discover.
That is not far from that ship,
You await to come in.
And has found itself grounded.
You are going to find,
Something else to do!
Other than yourself.

And then,
You just may need some help,
Remembering who it was...
You pretended to be!

But,
For the sake of time...
Let's hope you find anything.
ANYTHING,
That is remotely connected to reality!
And I'll be here...
ONLY,
If it's going to be a show and tell!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Only If The Doing It Shows!

Does a giving of an empathy,
Provide a gift of pity?
'Only if the doing it shows! '

Well.
Well, well...
Now,
And does a listening to pain gain strength,
Of maintaining the sustaining of woes?
'Only if the doing it shows! '

And do those weeping eyes appeal,
To those...
Who feed,
Their needs...
From seeing the increase,
Of the homeless and hungry...
Trying to sleep,
With nothing to eat...
On the city streets?
'Only if the doing it shows! '

Does a giving of an empathy,
Provide a gift of pity?
'Only if the doing it shows! '

And do those weeping eyes appeal,
To those...
Who feed their needs,
From seeing...
The increase,
Of the homeless and hungry...
Trying to sleep,
With nothing to eat...
On the city streets?
'Only if the doing it shows! '

Well.
Well, well...

Now,
Only if the doing it shows,
To those...
Who see it.
Only if the doing it shows!
And only if the doing it shows,
To those...
Who see it.
With a giving of an empathy,
To pity.
And only if the doing it shows!
To those...
Who see it.
And only if the doing it shows!

'Yes!
And you're correct.
Now stay with the rhythm,
And let it infest.'

Only if the doing it shows!
'That's right.'
And only if the doing it shows.
'That's correct.'
Only if the doing it shows!
'That's right.'
And only if the doing it shows.
'That's correct.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Only If You Can Kiss

My approach is without devices.
And with a sincerity from me that is real.
You may not be familiar with it.
Since with no deception I readily confess.

What I expect from you is an acceptance.
Although I know,
You may have suspicions and this I detect.
But genuine are my intentions.
And I am willing to undress,
To allow you to inspect every falw and blemish.
That is if you wish,
My lips to kiss!
Do you?

'Do I what? '

Wish to inspect me undressed?

'Only if you can kiss.
And that kiss of our lips,
Comes to last longer than the image.
You know...
I'm not into those here today,
Gone tomorrow relationships.
If your kissing makes me miss it,
I care less what you look like undressed.'

My approach is without devices.
And with a sincerity from me that is real.
You may not be familiar with it.
Since with no deception I readily confess.

'I can dig it.
I hope you're into long lasting relationships? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Only If You Want It That Way!

I can make this deeper,
If It's deeper that you wish to keep it...
Baby!
And...
Only If you want it that way.

I can keep this even deeper,
If it's deeper that you wish to keep it...
Baby!
And...
Only if you want it that way.

I'll...
Give you all of me.
And,
Only if you want it that way.

I'll provide your every need.
And...
Only if you want it that way.

I can make this deeper,
If It's deeper that you wish to keep it.
And,
Only if you want it that way.

I can make this deeper,
If It's deeper that you wish to keep it.
And,
Only if you want it that way.

I'll...
Do my best, if not better.
But...
Only if you want it that way.

I'll...
Never rest if my better is less.
And...

Only if you want it that way.

I'll provide your every need.
Only if you want it that way!
And baby...
I'll...
Give you all of me.
And...
Only if you want it that way.
With a wish to keep it,
Kept to keep near you and not stray.
And...
If want it kept in that way.

You know now...
I can make this deeper,
If It's deeper that you wish to keep it...
Only if you want it that way.
And....
If you wish to keep it with a feeling that has deepened,
OH...
Think before you give it way.
If you wish to keep it...
Think before you give it way.
If you wish to keep it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Only In The Making Of Movies

Only in the making of movies,
Are actors found to be handed scripts.
To then learn lines some find to be tedious.
And time well spent is sacrificed to deliver,
What's right for the price...
For the cost being paid.

Camera angles are selected,
By a director who chooses the best scenes.
And the actors are blocked within them,
To emote with belief as an audince viewing this...
Sits,
With their emotions manipulated.

Only in the making of movies,
Are 'realities' depicted.
Although many in the audience become captivated,
With beliefs they also can deceive truth easily.
By saying and doing things they wish to sell.
With hopes their 'portrayals' have gone over well.

And only those who become offended,
They can not sell lies they told to tell...
Are those who become combative,
When confronted by others...
Who are specific and direct AND caring less,
How a charade is masqueraded to address.

Only in the making of movies,
Are actors found to be handed scripts.
To then learn lines some find to be tedious.
Until what is done has been finished.
But many unpaid to 'act' but embellish facts,
Find it difficult to strip away all their fantasies.

Only in the making of movies...
No one sits back to snack.
Only in the making of movies...
Every actor wants to get paid.

And,
Only in the making of movies...
No one sits back to snack.
No one has time for that,
Since a budget has to be paid back.
Oh.
Only in the making of movies...
No one sits back to snack.
Only in the making of movies...
Every actor wants to get paid.
And,
Only in the making of movies...
No one sits back to snack.
No one has time for that,
Since a budget has to be paid back.
Oh.
Only in the making of movies...
Facts are scratched!
And,
Only in the making of movies...
Facts are scratched!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Only In The Silence

Keeping the mundane unchanged.
And with a justified existing stubbornness,
That permits it.
Does not rock or float a sinking boat.
As the doing of it goes unnoticed to allow.
While those aboard ignore the severity.
With a refusing to abort their missions...
To assume they live to function to provoke,
Others with weak and pointless jokes.

It is only in the silence one commits to hear,
What that purpose we all serve...
Becoming revealed to be heard loud and clear.
It is only in the silence one commits to hear,
What it is The Creator wishes...
That prevents disasters and avoidable tears.

Remaining affixed to limits and restricted visions,
While awaiting for prescriptions to fulfill addictions...
Depreciates a way of life to further seek accusations,
To blame anticipated escapades fading away...
A quality of life on others perceived squeezing,
The tasting the juice and fruit of it.
Remaining affixed to limits and restricted visions,
Diminishes expectations of that 'high' to get...
That never arrives to achieve that unity sought.
A unity believed results without time and/or investment.

Keeping the mundane unchanged.
And with a justified existing stubbornness,
That permits it...
Diminishes expectations of that 'high' to get,
That never arrives to achieve that unity sought to believe.
It is only in the silence one commits to hear,
What it is The Creator wishes...
That prevents disasters and avoidable fears.
Fears that are worshipped to have threats appear.

And those threats appear everywhere,

For those who wish to keep them near...
Faithfully.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Only In Your Mind To Imagine

Your wars are not mine to fight.
Nor are they to my neighbors...
Who are welcomed in my home,
And I have invited.

Your wish to live a life of chaos and conflict,
Has nothing to do with the happiness we pursue.
And the hatred of you believed that we do,
Is only in your mind to imagine.

Keeping yourself distant is your wish.
Is that from guilt?
Or kept insecurities?
Nowhere does this appear on our priority list.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Only 'It' Provides Our Every Need

Such a rewarding life.
Full with twists and turns.
Happiness and strife.
To test every emotion given.

Who has not cried,
Or laughed in joy?
Who has not tried to manipulate...
Or change the fate,
Of their journey?
With benefits!

Who has never cursed The Creator?
I know I have.
Only to admit another lesson learned.

'OH?
That's good to know! '

And to have faith...
Is not enough to say it!
God isn't there...
Only when we wish and expect it!
This magnificent experience...
Is a gift.

And God is not foolish to present blessings,
To leave them without expectation.

'Hmmm...
Go ahead.
I'm listening.'

This 'Deity' wants you to accept and believe...
Only 'IT' provides our every need.
When 'that' has been decided,
We are deserving.

No one is alone.

Even if a choice is made to hide in shadows.

Who do you think created them...
Those convenient shadows?
Hmmm?
Scientists?
Philosophers?
The brilliant compositions of captivating poets?
Like...
Well.
Some who write it!

'Geeessshhh...
Talk about expansive egos! '

Ssshhh...
Don't fool yourself.
If God wishes to be amused...
You will be the first to be chosen.

How do I know this?
Do you detect a smile on my lips?

'Something' beyond our imaginations...
Is enjoying every moment of this,
REALITY!
Or 'whatever' this is.

Delighting in hysterics.
In uncontrollable laughter...
At our expense.
Whether we find it funny or not!
And this 'has' to be happening.
Since some of this 'joy'...
I don't find amusing at all!

'EXCUSE ME? '

I did say 'some' of it!

'THANK YOU!
I'm glad you provided clarification! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Only Known By Sight

A walking away today...
Offends.
One not expressing an opinion,
Can create tension.

An eyebrow raised,
May trigger someone embittered...
Into a crazed rage.

And someone deciding to sit in peace,
Increases rumors of a hushed infidelity.
These things and more,
Are occurring in a neighborhood...
Someone only known by sight,
Had to leave to protect their privacy.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Only Mediocrity Knows

If the credit is not given,
To who is due it.
How successful can a creation get?
If those responsible for its origin...
Have been treated with neglect.

Although they are mentioned,
With intentional disrespect.
To achieve for the thieves...
A purpose only mediocrity knows.
Others receive and accept,
As a brilliant reflection of one's best!
And marketed with incredible deception.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Only Mental Memoirs Kept

There is going to be a clean sweep.
A complete overhaul...
Of present thinking,
By those who rode...
On a merry-go-round enjoyed.
But now has been stalled.
For certain conditions,
To be employed!

A total restructuring,
Of a thought process.
Coming soon to a mind near you.
And this,
All can expect!

Gone are the days,
Are those having their way.
With assumptions done...
Including less discipline,
To have a life full of fun!

A consciousness that will insist,
Everyone snaps awake.
And overnight this will seem,
To have taken place.

Attitudes about who will do what...
Will have few people,
Sitting on their butts!

With no 'buts' or 'ifs'...
Used for excuses to resist!

A total restructuring,
Of a thought process.
Coming soon to a mind near you.
And this,
All can expect!

No one will be asked to choose,
Whether or not they will participate.
With a hesitation to confuse.
What will be delivered,
No one can refuse.
No offer will be made...
To those in moods wishing to debate!

Those days are gone!

Only mental memoirs kept...
In private reminiscing.
During lunch breaks!
And assignments completed...
When one has finished,
Using their brooms, mops or rakes!

A conformity will be restored.
Not to be ignored.
Or out done.
By those holding onto pretensions.
To impress someone.
Who might care who they knew.
Or where they vacationed,
Under the Sun.
To bask and enhance healthy tans.

A consciousness that insists,
Everyone snaps awake.
And this will traumatize,
To bring many heartbreak!

Attitudes about who will do what...
Will have few people,
Sitting on their butts!
With noses turned up!
With no 'buts' or 'ifs'...
Used for excuses to resist!

A total restructuring,
Of a thought process.
Coming soon to a mind near you.

And this,
All can expect!

You can bet on that,
To happen next!
For all to socialize...
With sweat pouring down,
Their faces and necks!

'Hey you...
Yes you!
The 'intellectual'!

After you're through writing.
Or whatever it is you do.
Get back to your chores.
I don't want to have to repeat that...
Like I did before.'

With no 'buts' or 'ifs'...
Used for excuses to resist!
You can expect this...
To arrive at your door!
Persisting with wishes...
Will not be done anymore.

*Note of definition for 'memoir' as used in this context:
'...the record of the proceedings,
of a learned society...'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Only Newcomers Make It Interesting

Only newcomers make it interesting,
To keep going around the same circles...
Over and over again.
Well...
Until they ask those familiar questions,
'Why does the doing of this,
Seem to have so much potential? '
AND...
My personal favorite,
'What is being accomplished...
By those who pride themselves in socializing,
As if to marvel their wealth of collected stagnation? '

Oh boy...
Here we go again!
Geeessshhh.

Only newcomers make it interesting,
To keep going around the same circles...
Over and over again.
Until...
Well,
They ask those familiar questions.

Excuse me.
It is not out of disrespect.
But I am making it my priority to leave.

We met.
And that was good enough for me.
Be well.
And...I mean that!
You have no idea how much.

And...
In the beginning they believe responses heard,
Are from those cynics quick with criticsms.
And the next time they are seen...
With glazed eyes and alcoholic breaths,

Is just one of many steps they will take...
During their travels through denial,
In a place that makes attempts to kill dreams!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Only On The 31st Of October

There are no other ways to enter.
And the exits once lit,
Seem to be cemented.
Closed as if,
Within one's fist.

And the voices inside,
Are heard.
Distant in whispers.

But no one there resides.
And I come to stand outside,
On those nights...
When the moon is full.

Just to watch the shadows pass.
And eyes glow bright,
As I stand outside...
With a fixed stare,
Wondering...
Who could possibly be in there,
Glaring from the upstairs window!
Piercing with a penetrating I feel,
Scanning me from head to toe.
Frozen...
I can not move!
Until 'it' chooses to let me go!

And the voices inside,
Are heard.
Only,
On the 31st of October!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Only One Fool Can Occupy One Mind

After surveys taken...
And scavenger hunts conducted,
To asset the length of one's time...
Eventually it will be determined,
Only one fool can occupy one mind at a time.

Extentions willl be granted,
To analyze inconclusive research gathered.
Some deadlines may be missed,
To procure further funding as if something scientific...
Should be scholarly and profoundly documented.

Imbeciles will be solicited.
Assembled and dressed to impress the press.
Or some notable media to address,
The basic of human expressions.
With the best of blinding ambiance.

Obvious failures will continue to be smothered,
By those of opposing values...
Connected by a significance respected.
Tied to the familiarity of an aging political climate.
And yet...
An appetite for this 'crap' begins to sicken the masses.

~Has a higher consciousness,
Revealed an utter stupidity of the nonsense...
On display?
Overnight the mavericks have become elitists!
Wishing nothing to do with 'conformity'.~

After surveys taken...
And scavenger hunts conducted,
To asset the length of one's time...
Eventually it will be determined,
Only one fool can occupy one mind at a time.

However...
Multiple fools of one mindset,

Seems to be less of a phenomenon...
Among those who have been 'selected' to protect,
What some had believed to have been their best interests.
WHEREVER that may be happening.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Only One Is There

Only one is there and found alone,
To feel a personal pain that is felt.
Only one is there to condone,
To know what it takes to heal and mend.
And only one is there without benefit of visits,
To decide with determination to strengthen and be fit.
No matter which way the wind blows or where it drifts,
To come and go with a ridding to do of it.
Without assistance or volunteering of lips to whisper,
Fresh rumors or stale gossip heard as if an agenda.

Since only one is there to experience the doing,
Regardless who stands outside feeding conflict.
With a giving of their opinion to whomever listens,
To their wicked comments that are mentioned...
As to how one should handle what is going on inside,
Of their minds or where they reside to free themselves...
To recover from afflictions to have them end.
Enabling once again to face those who disrespect/offend.
And caring less who surfaces from crevices to serve,
Their flavor of critique as if prepared to savor the process.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Only One Way

There is only one way,
To get along with truth.
And that is to accept it,
For what it is.

Too many try to deny it.
Hide it and deceive,
To delay a guaranteeing of felt pain.
That's all.

There is only one way,
To get along with truth.
And that is to face it.
Be done and get to know it.
Don't attempt pretending to be offended.
Truth could care less,
Who refuses and/or excuses...
Its effectiveness.
Truth is not in the masquerade business.
Nor does it dress to impress.
It is direct to bare its nakedness.

Seeking escapes,
Many have found its honesty.
Many find it can not be undermined,
With a hope it goes away.
This is a waste of time.

And anyone thinking they can run from it,
Will discover another mind that is gone.
Trapped and surrounded,
With others in a pretentious wilderness.
Not truth.
Truth stays for what it is to be as is.
Clear, decisive and bias free.
The only prejudice it shows,
Is noticeably towards those who lie.
And being one who lies these days,
Is not advisable.

Since truth shows no pity to disguise,
To interpret as something else.

There is only one way,
To get along with truth.
And that is to accept it,
For what it is.
Or be the one reduced to tears.
To know the meaning of anguish.
And many can be observed,
Knowing anguish too well.
As if that was a kept preference.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Only One Way That Can Be Interpreted

His silence.
It is deafening.

'Quiet?
Silence?
Deafening?
And...
What should it be? '

It should be RAGE!
OUTRAGE!

'He appears calm.
And quite happy to me.'

But why?
WHY?

'Is there any particular reason,
Why his demeanor makes you upset? '

Me? Upset?
Not at all.
I am just concerned for his well-being.

'I see.
Perhaps he is aware of your concerns,
And has decided not to have you see him...
Fight his adversaries publicly.
I approach my life in a similar way.'

You do? Hmmm.
But...
It would help me immensely,
If he expressed outwardly more rage.

'I am beginning to see what you mean very clearly.
If he expressed outrage and disgust,
You would feel better about yourself.

Maybe you should try something else to do.'

You have no idea how I have tried just about everything.
Everything humanly possible.
But he still refuses to pay me attention.
Something is wrong with him.
And he has made it much more difficult,
Since he has stopped attending church.

'Oh wow!
There is only one way that can be interpreted.'

And...
By the way,
Which church do you belong?
Which religious affiliation are you committed?

'I don't discuss politics or my personal interests.
I prefer to keep my beliefs to myself.'

I don't believe this. Another one?
You should be OUTRAGED.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Only Ones Guaranteed Jobs For Life

Don't you just love it,
When folks probe you
For what you know?

Only to apply 'that'
To their lack of knowledge.
Quickly believing experience comes easy.
AND without effort!

Only to fail at everything they do.
To question why a 'degree' obtained,
From 'whatever' prestigious school...
Does not automatically declare them efficient!

And a system 'employing' their academic achievements...
Is left in shambles!
With maintenance and cleanup personnel,
The only ones guaranteed jobs for life!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Only That Which Gets Trapped

A spider weaving a web,
Isn't doing it without a purpose.
Only that which gets trapped in it,
Suddenly becomes conscious...
With an abundance of awareness,
Of being trapped after the fact.

And...
Regardless of one's faith and depth,
Professed.
Who would hold a venomous snake by its tail?
To prove what?
A stupidity is involved to prove it there,
And existing?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Only That Which 'Is'

Every step I have come to place,
I have consciously known of their taking.
For anyone to perceive,
I have been absent with my senses on leave...
Had to have been made to believe this,
Since only one life I live to appreciate the air I breathe.

Unafraid to adventure to experience the unknown,
I have tripped over obstacles to others not shown.
With a doing to eclipse those basking in delusions.
I refuse to make excuses with pretentions to dispense.
I never felt my life was a wasted experience.

Moaning through aches and pains to groan felt and real,
I have learned complaining was done alone to conceal.
And taking time to heal I determined to do on my own.
To get up again unafraid to adventure,
Every step I have come to place with a facing again to do...
To prove a truth with a witnessing the strength of my faith.

And for anyone to perceive,
I have been absent with my senses on leave...
Had to have been made to believe this,
Since only one life I live to appreciate the air I breathe...
To please only THAT which 'is' with deeds to pursue and do.
And has already proven powerful enough to approve my existence.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Only That Which Is Nibbled With A Sniffing Wished

The relativity of one's acquired taste,
Is influenced by one's environment.
Subjected to an initiation.
And reflects a familiarity which comforts.

And...
Naturally,
That which is perceived not to comfort...
Will not be nibbled with a sniffing wished.

Only that which is nibbled with a sniffing wished,
Gets to become selected as one's acquired taste...
Relative to one's environment,
That initiates to establish what influences.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Only The Attempts Made

Change has no guarantee.
Only the attempts made,
Makes the difference.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Only The One Feeling It Knows

Letting go of a pain felt,
Is not with a time given...
A destination claimed,
For anyone else to suggest...
How best another should deal with it.

Even a healing thought done successfully,
Can not erase the revisiting of memories.
And how a pain started,
To seem to stay and never completely leave.

Letting go of a pain felt,
Is not with a time given...
A destination claimed,
For anyone else to suggest...
How best another should deal with it.

Many don't walk around with what is inside,
To display on exposed sleeves.
An emotional bleeding is difficult to perceive,
If one appears to be contented with a happiness to see.

Letting go of a pain felt,
Is not with a time given...
Or when that time feeling it goes!
Only the one feeling it knows.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Only The Ones Who Continually Count Their Blessings

Why is it when one is young,
Aging is something believed...
No one wants to get done.

I've had my share of bouts with doubts.
Praying my advancing age...
Would not be so obvious.
Or in public be announced,
To be shouted out.
As I made attempts not to appear,
Like I was not experiencing a mid-life crisis.

But,
I've earned this.
I had to awaken to admit it!
I've EARN THIS!
Every bit of it and proud.

I have managed to do some things I dared.
With challenges and obstacles,
To prove a faith had pulled me through...
Mucho grief!
With just some of it shared.
Not all.
I don't want to scare the few people I know,
Away!
There's already been an acceptance,
Of my mentioned dysfunctions.
Why blow it on a 'show and tell' demonstration?
Some boundaries should be kept limited.
And imagined.

Why is it when one is young,
Aging is something believed...
No one wants to get done.

I've had my share of bouts with doubts.
Praying my advancing age...
Would not be so obvious.

Or in public be announced,
To be shouted out.
As I made attempts not to appear,
Like I was not experiencing a mid-life crisis.

I use to fear aging before I understood it.
Only the ones who continually count their blessings,
Can appreciate a few aches and pains...
And associate 'that' with being grateful to feel them.

Only the ones who continually count their blessings,
Can appreciate a few aches and pains...
And associate 'that' with being grateful to feel them.

And I'll keep that repeated to myself,
As a reminder.
Sometimes this self motivation business,
Does get old and tired.
But a blessing to live to get done.

You never know who's listening,
When confessions are being made.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Only The Rich

Only the rich,
Can afford and decide...
To have whatever it is approved.
And to enforce upon others,
What it is to be convinced...
They should consider to lease,
On agreed terms to eventually buy.
Only the rich can switch,
Perceptions and ideals to have appeal.

Only the rich can pick,
Which religious affiliation...
Or politics best represents those preferences,
To change and make their entitlement.
Regardless of who accepts it.
With a leaving of those with fixed beliefs,
Left heard protesting their objections.

'What's being done is against 'my' beliefs.'

~That's nice.
But would you feel that way,
If the reality of your life to live...
Was not done with fear or threats,
Of having what you own being re-possessed?
Or a lay-off that may downsize your faith?
Only the rich have no thoughts to keep like this,
Everyday to remind them...
Of debits to pay or a missed meal to wish.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Only The Witless

Only the witless,
Will believe they can compare...
Pears with grapes
To have a similar taste.
Because they had seen them together,
After being packed in a grocery bag.
And this is evidence enough,
For anyone to declare...
A knowing of everything about them.
And a past they have had before growing,
Not only different in appearance.
But also totally from separate backgrounds.
Yet those witless will argue,
There are others who knew too...
Who had known them also,
From a youth they all shared.
And...
Can prove this regardless,
Without the grapes or pears being aware of it.

'You can't tell me what I know.
I remember it as if it was yesterday.
I could care less what you say,
About a difference today they make.'

Only the witness,
Will keep their attempts...
To make others believe,
Their point of view...
Is the only one others should have too.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Only Then

First of all,
I'm not trying to be lost up in your love.
I've come equipped with a flashlight,
If you noticed.
I've already been blinded by that kind of love before.
And I am not here to donate for charity purposes.
Or be driven crazed by good booty!

Those goo goo gah gah eye days are gone.
I may gah a little goo with you,
But I am strickly business...
When it comes to affairs of the heart.

You may be seeking a friend with fringe benefits.
Who knows?
But for me...
I want to see your medical history,
Attached with a footprint proving your birth!
Dated and when the event happened.
As well as some ancestral documentation.
Only then,
Can you have all the love from me you want!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Only 'Then' Are Things Understood

People who choose to understand,
From 'their' point of view...
Only choose to do it,
If their point of view is agreed.
And only 'then'...
Are things understood.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Only Then To Find Myself

When I made a decision
To use the name I was blessed with
Adding a second name that meant exactly
What my first name means in a different dialect...
Folks got upset.
Because I wanted to perfect my identity!
Lawrence S. I was going to be!
People could not pronounce 'Suhuba'.
Thinking it was something like scuba diving.
And when I told them the name was Yoruban.
From true Egyptian/Yoruba tradition...
You would have thought those of colonial understandings,
Had thought I lost my ancestral mind!
I've known who I've been all this time!
I am defined and proud,
To announce my heritage out loud.
Originality?
Being free of subservience,
I imagine that is what is seen in me.
I have an integrity with dignity.
And could care less who is lost in distress.
I was there...
Before I awakened,
To remove someone else's brand!
Only then to find myself...
Disrespected by my own kind,
Whose minds had been completely brainwashed!
And free to think of themselves as insignificant.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Only Those Deluded Have A Preference For This Kept

Why do you insist,
I am a product of my environment?
And to it I should be kept limited.
And everything The Creator has made to introduce,
Still confuses those seeking to understand...
Nothing manmade can compare,
To that which God controls and commands.
Or can be manipulated,
With attempts to eliminate its existence.
Physical appearances are only illusions.
Only those deluded have a preference for this kept.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Only Those Who Believe They Can

Don't you be afraid,
To boost it up a notch.
No...
Don't you be afraid.
No...
Don't you be afraid.

Don't you be afraid,
To give it what you've got.
No...
Don't you be afraid.
No...
Don't you be afraid.

Boost it.
Boost it.
Boost it up a notch.
And,
Don't be afraid to boost it.
Give it what you've got!

Only those who believe they can,
Will leap...
With a seeking,
What is theirs to reach.
So,
Boost it.
Boost it.
Boost it up a notch.

Only those who believe they can,
Will leap...
With a seeking,
What is theirs to reach.
So,
Boost it.
Boost it.
Boost it up a notch.
And,

Don't be afraid to boost it.
By a giving it what you've got!

Only those who believe they can,
Will boost...
It up!

Only those who believe they can will boost it,
Up!
Only those who believe they can will boost it,
Up!
Only those who believe they can will boost it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Only Those Who Do It

And with fears to disgard...
As they cross a bridge,
With a rounding felt in their hearts...
Can say that a burning of it once crossed,
Had for them a benefit and not a loss.

And yet others perceiving this act done to do,
Are not the ones who had faced to go through...
A healing of wounds with a doing to mend,
To accept without regret...
The steps they had to take for a pain to end.
Never repeating the agony again.

To leave others behind whining about a process,
That has left them limited...
Not to experience a progress.
Although abundant in innuendos and gossip expressed,
They keep to themselves.
With beliefs kept possessed...
Someone who has left them to grow has wishes to return.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Only Those Who Know Can Relate

Confinement plus isolation,
Equals awareness!
With an insight,
Unlike anything an open door...
And freedom to explore will allow!
Sometimes this experience comes enforced.
And then there are times,
When one finds life to be such a blessing!
Especially when one believes it is near the end.
Only those who know...
Can relate.
The others are still contemplating,
How to live it.
And by which prescribed medication...
Produces the best benefit!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Only Those Who Snoop Know

Monitoring the activities of others,
By those who do this...
Says one thing,
About how one acquires pleasure.
And who enjoys one-sided affairs.

Although...
With a thrill not totally fulfilling,
To satisfy completely one's needs.

But then again...
A snooping done by some,
May just enrich for selfish reasons...
To motivate with a purpose,
Only those who snoop know.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Only Those With The Key

The gate has been locked,
To block access...
To those once accustomed,
To free entry and free reign.

And this has been suggested...
Maybe one's own finding,
Of a home on the range...
Suitable for the deer and the antelope,
To play.
And any mumbling heard is one's own

The gate has been locked,
To block out the physical.
And that which appears limited.

But one 'spirited' in mind,
Can choose to look over the gate.
Or through its cracks.
Or...
Sit to wonder why THIS gate attracts.

And gates with locks that block,
To stop what's coming in...
Seem to imprison those behind them,
Rarely to come out to test the locks.

And only those with the key,
Know what it is used for.
AND...
Its history to be known or not!
Since whoever has got the key,
Needs not to peek or have interest in the doing.
Only those with the key to the gate that locks,
To block in or not to block out...
Do not concern themselves with peeking.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Only Three Days Away

Is it the quietness of midnight,
That people find it appropriate...
To honk a car horn to shock and disturb,
With a shouting to a closed window...
Of someone living just a few steps away.
To then have a loud conversation,
As to where they should meet for lunch...
When the weekend comes?

Is it the quietness of midnight,
That people find this appropriate to do?
Or should I ignore what is going on,
To get up to have a snack of popcorn?
And forget about sleeping.
With a making of my own plans,
For a weekend anticipated with such enthusiasm...
Only three days away.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Only Time Will Tell What Comes Next

When fools begin to announce,
They are fools.
Do not dispute their findings.
Or question their beliefs.
Accept these proclamations.
At least 'some' reality begins to show,
It can survive their self evaluation.
Only time will tell what comes next!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Only To Change Your Mind

If you have stated a fact to be known,
Only to change your mind each time.
About what you have 'factually' stated,
As shown.
To say to me something differently.
With accusations I'm not listening?

What do you expect me to think?
When I have accepted,
You are not dependable.
Or someone I suspect,
Expresses anything anytime that links...
To reality or any hint you've ever had one.

Loose and unbolted nuts,
Needing to be tightened...
Is not the project I've been assigned to work on!
Not according to the blueprint I possess.
And have been blessed to be given.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Only To Go Deeper In Unaided

One who wades in the shallow waters of immaturity...
And has expectations to be given a life preserver,
Thrown to them each time they have a fear to live life.
And hoping someone will assist them each step of the way,
While they remain young and youthful in their minds.
Will find that those who have matured and gotten older,
Have already experienced more than they would like to admit...
After already stepping into waters way over their heads.
With an acknowledgement of what it is like to do this,
Without the aid of assistance.
And having come close to drowning.
Only to go deeper in unaided which develops their wisdom.
To leave them with something of a benefit,
For them that has been earned by the process of learning...
With just their faith and a daring to do.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Only To Leave With A Keeping

Closer so many are to torment,
They would rather smear to sleaze...
Anyone they regard as seeing life,
To be lived making attempts to be happy...
With a removing of burdens,
From their own shoulders to lift.
There are those who despise people like this.
Only to leave with a keeping buried deeper within,
A hidden dislike for themselves and not admitting it.

'I hate you! '

I know.
You have been proving it for centuries.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Only To Nibble A Bit To Then Spit

It is not easy to deliver,
A betterment of one's best.
It becomes expected,
When a taste is created...
And that taste another accepts.

People get use to the familiar.
Although prior to it,
They had settled for the bland.
Until a spicing done to that blandness,
Made more of the spice...
Requested by demand.

It is not easy to deliver,
A betterment of one's best.
It becomes expected,
When a taste is created...
And that taste another accepts.

A rejection of what had been once presented,
Now is refused as mediocrity.
And a closer inspection becomes harsely critiqued.
Critics come out of the woodwork,
To exclaim their findings weak.

And those who plagiarize,
Take credit for their additions done.
But the one who sweats with an innovation...
Never receives a just due that comes!

It is not easy to deliver,
A betterment of one's best.
It becomes expected,
When a taste is created...
And that taste another accepts.

Only to nibble a bit to then spit,
That's it!
As if what is tasted is nothing but garbage.

Especially if a taste of it reminds one of the rest,
That has already bettered the betterment of one's best!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Only To Reveal The Real Deal

Take an accumulation,
Of acts of disrespect performed...
Over a period of years.
Add to that blatant deceit,
To which one attempts to keep discreet.
And minus from that,
An overwhelming patience.

If anyone should say,
They have no idea...
Why someone from them,
Has taken a patience away?
They have been totally into themselves.

And to label someone within listening distance,
As 'crazy' for what they've done.
To those tiring of giving empathy to this,
Repetitious nonsense...
Is only to reveal the real deal.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Only Truth Can Prevail With Consistency

Whomever believes this life God has given us,
Should be made easier...
Does not pray enough.
Not in constant daily prayer.

Only truth can prevail with consistency.

Consider life as a dress rehearsal,
Kept practiced.
In and off the many stages one has to play.
As Shakespeare put it his way in his day!

God delivers those from doubt,
And removes shields of fear.
That is done...
When God is allowed,
To do His work without interference.

And anyone who hides behind fear and doubt,
In a reckless ambiguity...
Is only a part time lover of God.
And nothing God does is part time!
Or under-rehearsed.

God stays ready to see that we do our best.
You've got to know 'that'.
And keep it addressed.
Yes!
If you want to...
Make it easier for yourself.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Only Two Fools Will Enjoy An Endless Argument

Advice.
Whether accepted or not.

If you do something for someone...
Do it and let it go.
Without making reservations,
In anticipated expectations.

Advice.
Whether accepted or not.

Listen to those you believe to be fools.
There is much to learn...
In the avoidance of ignorance.
But let it flow from the lips first.
Any interruptions introduces an argument.
And when was the last time anyone won an argument,
With a fool?
Only two fools will enjoy an endless argument!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Only What The Creator Knows

There are those who actually believe,
They can study the thought process...
Of another with misplaced effort and time spent.
And doing the best they can to dissect,
Only what The Creator knows is best.

And yet the ones who have elected themselves,
Authorities of human behavior...
Are the same ones finding it difficult,
To remove the collection of garbage...
Piled high in their own backyards to inspect.

Although expressing no interest in doing this,
Their noses are pressed up against...
The cracks of their neighbors' aspirations and deeds,
They do to complete a fulfilling of a lifetime of activities...
Needed by them on missions felt intuitively to accomplish.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Only When It Is Available To Waste

Only when it is available to waste,
Is time then considered to be precious.
And those who say,
They wish they had more of it...
To do those things they find the time to excuse,
Are the first to acknowledge...
How pressed for time they are,
After wining and dining their druthers away.
With no thought of giving time to do this at all.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Only When It Is Conducive

Am I offended by your limited comprehension?
Sometimes.
When thoughts I could have saved...
Bravely fought through your ignorance.

Am I offended by your pretense?
Only when it is conducive.
And I am aware of the excuses used,
By someone insecure.
And flaunting their own mental abuse.

Do I feel a need to free myself sometimes?
Yes!
Especially when I am smothered...
By others who are vacant.
Or just absent with no minds.

Am I offended by your limited comprehension?
Sometimes.
When thoughts I could have saved...
Bravely fought through your ignorance.

Am I offended by your pretense?
Only when it is conducive.
And I am aware of the excuses used,
By someone insecure.
And flaunting their own mental abuse.
However...
I am never that detached from free amusements.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Only With My Wishes

It is only with my wishes,
You get what is deserved.
And your deeds to leave,
Are left to be felt remembered.

It is only with my wishes,
That which you receive...
To compliment appropriately,
Meets the quality of your giving.

It is only with my wishes,
I hope that which you get...
Will find you prepared,
With you to know and feel...
What you have done,
Has not been forgotten.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Only Within Their Reach

Many living inside their boxes,
Peek.
Not realizing dust collects,
Under their feet.
Or there is fresh air outside,
To breathe.
Although they believe,
The sky above them...
Is only within their reach.

And they from within their boxes...
Have the right to dictate,
How high others should fly...
At what height and pace.
And which dreams those they choose,
Are approved to seek.
As well as the ones they can also deny.

Although they secretly wish,
Their insecurities would free them...
To experience such ambitions.
But fearing many living inside their boxes,
Peek.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Only You Can Do A Hee-Hee With A Ha-Ha Too!

Open up your windows.
And,
Don't you slam the door.
There's no need or reason,
To do what's been done before.

What's outside you're missing,
And could care less if dismissed.
It will be the way it is,
For those accepting it exists.

You don't have to prove a thing,
About what that you do.
Learn that you can do a hee-hee,
And a ha-ha too!

Only you can do a hee-hee with a ha-ha too!
Yes only you can do a hee-hee with a ha-ha too!
Only you can do a hee-hee with a ha-ha too!
Yes only you know you can live...
With nothing to prove.

Only you can do a hee-hee with a ha-ha too!
Yes only you can do a hee-hee with a ha-ha too!
Only you can do a hee-hee with a ha-ha too!
Yes only you know you can live...
With nothing to prove.

You don't have to prove a thing,
About what that you do.
Learn that you can do a hee-hee,
And a ha-ha too!

Open up your windows.
And,
Don't you slam the door.
There's no need or reason,
To do that to me anymore.

Only you can do a hee-hee with a ha-ha too!
Yes only you can do a hee-hee with a ha-ha too!
Only you can do a hee-hee with a ha-ha too!
Yes only you know you can live...
With nothing to prove.

What's outside you're missing,
And could care less if dismissed.
It will be the way it is,
For those accepting it exists.

Know that you,
Can do a hee-hee with a ha-ha too!
You know it's true...
That you can do whatever it is you choose.

Only you can do a hee-hee with a ha-ha too!
And...
Together we can stop embracing bad attitudes.
Only you can do a hee-hee with a ha-ha too!
Only you can do a hee-hee with a ha-ha too!
Only you can do a hee-hee with a ha-ha too!
And...
Together we can stop embracing bad attitudes.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Only You Do I Care To Reach

I can not sleep.
Although I need it.
My mind is steeped,
With thoughts I must release.

I can not rest...
Or claim to be at peace.
When I am feeling this way about you,
Only you do I care to reach.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Only You Know

Initiate.
Locate.
Eliminate.

Only you know from where,
Your headaches begin.
If there is a desire,
To have 'your' headaches end...
Requires effort.

Initiate with intent.
Locate the cause and reason.
Eliminate without hesitation,
Headaches allowed to begin...
With an ending of them.

And if you don't know?
You've got other issues involved,
To solve!
There is no need to start a campaign,
To complain about anyone causing you pain!
You have nothing to gain from it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Only You Made Your Own Selections

You don't like the way that was said?
Too tart.
Too bitter.
Too direct.
Stick around.
That was only the tip of the iceberg,
Floating around without exposing depth.
From that set you inspect.

Continue if you wish,
To get even more upset.

And since you are seeking that which to dislike...
But somehow delight in the inviting of it.
Trust me...
What comes is going to feed your negative appetite.
To bite, chew and digest as you despise.
Think of it as dessert that pops your eyes.

Since from that menu...
Only you made your own selections.
There are others I would suggest,
But you are the keeper of your own requests.
So...
Enjoy!
And if you wish to annoy...
Keep that to yourself.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Only You Make It Better-Whenever

I can't give dates when this happens,
Or...
Who this will touch.
But...
Someone's 'bout to fall in love,
And...
That is a must.

No I...
Can't give dates
Or time when this happens,
Or...
Who this will touch.
But...
Someone's 'bout to fall in love,
And...
That is a must.

Looking into your eyes I see me...
And that is a must.
When you ask me what I've got on mind...
I know you're there.
Looking into your eyes I see me...
And that is a must.
To show how much is there,
Io love...
And share.
I know that you'll love me.
I know you're caring.

Looking into your eyes I see me...
And that is a must.
When you ask me what I've got on mind...
I know you're there.
I know you're caring.

Only you make it better whenever I'm down.
I know you are there,
Caring.

And when we take our walks around...
I know you like it sharing.
I know you like it caring.
And when we take our walks around...
I know you like it sharing.
I know you like it caring.

Looking into your eyes I see me...
And that is a must.
When you ask me what I've got on mind...
I know you're there.
And I know you are caring.

Only you make it better whenever I'm down.
I know you're there caring.
Only you make it better whenever I'm down.
I know you're there to share.

Only you make it better whenever I'm down.
I know you're there caring.
Only you make it better whenever those 'downs' come around.
I know you're there to share.
I know you're there to care.

Only you make it better.
Only you make it better
Only you make it better-whenever I'm down.
I know you're there to share.
I know you're there to care.

Only you make it better.
Only you make it better
Only you make it better-whenever I'm down.
I know you're there to share.
I know you're there to care.
Only you make it better-whenever I'm down.

Only you make it better-whenever.
Only you make it better-whenever.
Only you make it better-whenever,
I'm down.
Only you make it better.

Only you make it better
Only you make it better-whenever I'm down.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Only You Should Know

Only you should know,
How it goes...
When a day ends.
As the Sunset,
Folds.

Only you should know,
How you feel.
And this doesn't,
Have to show.

You unlock the doors to open.
And close them if you wish.
You decided to accept or not.
With a choosing to dismiss.

Only you should know,
How it goes...
When a day ends.
As the Sunset,
Folds.

Only you should know,
How you feel.
And this doesn't,
Have to show.

Only you should know what it is.
And what you wish dismissed.
With a stopping of a knock-knock.
To keep it blocked.
With a putting of an end to it.

Only you should know what it is.
And what you wish dismissed.
With a stopping of a knock-knock.
To keep it blocked.
With a putting of an end to it.

Only you should know,
How it goes...
When a day ends.
As the Sunset,
Folds.

Only you should know...
When more is wanted.
And what to dismiss.

Only you should know...
When more is wanted.
And what to dismiss.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Onslaught Of Crushing Delusions

It's never too late?
For a way of life,
You wish to resuscitate...
That is clearly dead and gone!
Guess what?
It is...gone!
There is no comeback!
Know 'that'.
Move on from prolonged yearnings.
And begin to feed on the encouragement,
Of an insight that brightens!
Hoping the faith you have kept...
Has connected well to divine spirits,
You know will not let you down!
And who will protect you and your 'reality'
From the onslaught of crushing delusions...
You have been led to believe,
Had a quality that would forever sustain itself,
With just the right touch of propaganda maintained.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Ooddled Up

Total open bootle stroking.
Open toking...
To be broken,
Coping.
And ooddled up.
With the stuff.

Soaking near the ropes to toke.
And poking for some hope,
They cope and smoke...
Feeling dope!

To lube and idolize.
Too pooped to analyze,
The people.
Crunking with a blunt!
To lube and idolize.
Too pooped to analyze,
The people.
And peel we do,
With the tools.

Total open bootle stroking.
Open toking...
To be broken,
Coping.
And ooddled up.
With the stuff.

Crunked with their blunts...
And bumping.
Humping, dump and crumping.

Crunked with their blunts...
And bumping.
Humping, dump and crumping.

Soaking near the ropes to toke.
And poking for some hope,

They cope and smoke...
Feeling dope!

Crunked with their blunts...
And bumping.
Humping, dump and crumping.

Total open bootle stroking.
Open toking...
To be broken,
Coping.
And ooddled up.
With the stuff.

To lube and idolize.
Too pooped to analyze,
The people.
Crunking with a blunt!
To lube and idolize.
Too pooped to analyze,
The people.
And peel we do,
With the tools.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Ooo Baby Your Mojo Overloads

My blood boils,
And my pressure rises.
My heart thumps,
And my throat gets lumpy.

My legs feel weak,
And my feet can't lead me.
I want to go,
But I'm moping like a dope!

Ooo baby your mojo overloads.
Whatever it is,
You've got me snacking on that!
And,
Ooo baby your mojo overloads.
My toes curl up,
And you've got my opened nose!

My blood boils,
And my pressure rises.
My heart thumps,
And my throat gets lumpy.

My legs feel weak,
And my feet can't lead me.
I want to go,
But I'm moping like a dope!
Like a yo-oh-oh-yo!
Oh baby your mojo overloads.
Whatever it is,
You've got me snacking on that!
And,
Ooo baby your mojo overloads.
My toes curl up,
And you've got my opened nose!

Say,
Ooo baby your mojo overloads.
Whatever it is,

I want to snack on that!

Ooo baby your mojo overloads.
My toes curl up,
And you've got my opened nose!

My toes curl up,
And I know they show!

Ooo baby you're a mojo overloadah.
Like a smoke shoulder cooking,
Rotated and rolled.
Ooo baby you've got my heart and took over.
My toes curl up,
And I know they show!

Ooo baby you're a mojo overloadah.
Like a smoke shoulder cooking,
Rotated and rolled.
Ooo baby you've got my heart and took over.
My toes curl up,
And I know they show!

Ooo baby you're a mojo overloadah.
I'm afraid to stand 'cause I'll fall right over.
Yesss,
Ooo baby you're a mojo overloadah.
You've got me stirred up like a race car motor.
And,
Ooo baby you're a mojo overloadah.
I can float on water and not be in a boat!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Oooohhh You Sunshine

In the morning when you come,
I feel the heat from you.
I go to the window to see what you do,
And...
Oh Sunshine,
You seem to give it up slow and go!

Oooohhh,
Sunshine...
I wish you stick around more than you know.

Oh,
Sunshine.
You seem to give it up slow and go!

Oh Oooohhh,
You Sunshine...
You tease more in the Winter and it shows.

In the evenings when you set,
I'm not that pleased a bit.
Remembering delighted light,
On the falling leaves that drift.

And...
Oh Sunshine.
You seem to give it up slow and go!
Yes,
Oooohhh you Sunshine...
You tease more in the Winter and it shows.

Bo oh Oooohhh
Sunshine...
I wish you stick around more than you know.
Oooohhh you Sunshine...
You tease more in the Winter and it shows.

In the evenings when you set,
I'm not that pleased a bit.

Remembering delighted light,
On the falling leaves that drift.

Mo' Oooohhh Sunshine...
You seem to give it up slow and go!
Yes,
Oooohhh you Sunshine...
You tease more in the Winter and it shows.

The snow is liked when it arrives.
But when it sticks to stay,
It has to go away.
You can melt it quick,
And this I know!
You just want me in to pace the floors.

And,
Mo' Oooohhh Sunshine...
You seem to give it up slow and go!
Yes,
Oooohhh you Sunshine...
You tease more in the Winter and it shows.

Bo oh Oooohhh
Sunshine...
I wish you stick around more than you know.
Yes,
Oooohhh you Sunshine...
You've got me begging you for mo'!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Ooo-Ooo It Pains

Eyes stop,
When one sees something unusual.
And eyes pop.
Jaws drop...
In disbelief.

Eyes stop to pop.
And jaws are then dropped,
When someone known loved...
Is seen disceiving.

And then to hear denying lies.
With attempt behind them to hide...
What a lover knows and feels inside!

Oh, it pains.
Ooo-ooo it pains.
A flashing of dashing shared bodies under sheets.
A loving with another who is seen daring to cheat!
Oh, this pains.
Ooo-ooo it pains.

And there it is in public to view,
A lover with another...
Kissing and hugging to be grinding hips too?
Ooooo this pains.

Eyes stop,
When one sees something unusual.
And eyes pop.
Jaws drop...
In disbelief.
And...
Then to hear those denying lies,
To contradict that feeling...
What has been witnessed without spying,
To be felt inside.
Ooo-ooo it pains.

And there it is in public to view,
A lover with another...
Kissing and a hugging to be grinding hips too?
To believe that a togetherness is forever heaven sent.
And a commitment made to stay that way,
Had no intention meant to one day betray?
Ooo-ooo it pains and the pain remains.
Oh, it pains and it stays the same unchanged.
It pains

Ooo-ooo it pains,
And the thought of it remains the same.
Unchanged.
And the thought of it stays maintained,
With a sustained pain that will never change.

Ooo-ooo it pains,
And the thought of it remains the same.
Unchanged.
And the thought of it stays maintained,
With a sustained pain that will never change.

A lover with another and it isn't undercover,
It pains!
And the thought of it remains the same.
Unchanged.
And the thought of it stays maintained,
With a sustained pain that will never change.
It pains.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Oops There It Is

What 'is' WRONG with these people?

'Too much fatback.
Unaccepting of facts.
Deluded and afraid of truth.
Accusers who make excuses.
And deniers fed a daily fix of fantasies,
Produced to advocate getting some empathy.'

And 'you'?
Who are you.
What group do you represent?

'The Offenders Of Pretenders.'

I've never heard of them before.
Where do you all meet?
And when?

'I didn't think you'd be interested.
You and I are the first members.
And we just met.
Meeting adjourned.
You ready to recruit? '

Why not?

'Oops,
There it is.
O-O-P.
Oops,
There it is.
O-O-P.
Oops,
There it is...
With a truth to give.'

I'm serious.

'And...
I'm not? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Oops!

What do you mean...
What I send out
Will be returned to me?
But I've only done
What my ancestors before me have shown!
You mean to tell me I will be paid back
For what to me was unknown?
Hey...
That may take thousands of years?
Oops!
I can't even hide from what others did?
Even though my intentions,
Were to ensure a great life I alone would live?

'Well...
I wish I could provide you with some oomph to that oops,
But it seems we've been running low on that flavor of late! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Open And On Exhibit

The obtaining of success,
Has always been made to look too easy.
Especially by those,
Assessing others right under their noses.
And having no clue what they do to get done.
Or what it has taken for them to get the attention.
And without soliciting to get any from them at all.

'I didn't know that about you? '

~You didn't?
I thought everything I did was open and on exhibit? ~

'Me too.
That goes to show,
We don't know people like we think we do.'

~No.
That goes to show...
Gossip you listen to has nothing to do with truth.~

To hear them say with expressions made,
How lucky someone is...
To get something finally achieved.
When that achievement accomplished,
Had always been there without their awareness.
And in a place they least likely to suspect,
With a doing right in front of their faces.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Open Dialogue (Left Under The Table)

If no one is willing,
To participate in open dialogue
But all invited to sit and pick
From a diverse menu suggested,
With their opinions...
Needed from each to recommend.
Why would anyone,
Accuse the table...
As not being positioned,
In the right place...
To inspire conversation.

There has to be 'something'...
Hidden under the table,
Someone fears...
Mentioned to be talked about.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Open It To Read The Contents

The best conversations,
People seem to have had...
In days gone and now in the past,
Are those who appear...
To be within listening distance,
Pretending to give their attention.
And those with them,
Eventually pretending to talk to themselves!

'I don't understand a 'thing' that's going on today! '

~I understood yesterday to comment on them.
But then when they were mentioned,
You wanted to discuss the dust still left...
On the brand new car you had just waxed.~

'It's strange how repossessions can bring people closer.
Isn't it? '

~I've never been that closely attached to things.
With the making them the center of my life.~

'Oh really?
So what you are 'trying' to say?
If I hadn't had my 'things' repossessed,
I'd be looking at life in a different way? '

~Not necessarily.
But you must admit,
Your concerns have become more serious...
Than keeping your mind on what impresses to address.~

The best conversations,
People seem to have had...
In days gone and now in the past,
Are those who appear...
To be within listening distance,
Pretending to give their attention.
And those with them,

Eventually pretending to talk to themselves!

And now...
More people are finding themselves,
Not only reading from the same book...
But looking beyond the cover,
To actually discover they have skipped a few pages...
Needing together to review.
'Repeat what you said.'

~We both have had the same book.
Open it to read the contents.
And stop staring at the cover.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Open Minds, Eyes, Ears And 'Dialogue'

Making attempts,
To reach back for times...
That should have long been lived,
And put into existence THEN...
Will not do a thing for you 'now'.
And you were told that,
When those times then...
Were behind the times!

Just like a season or a holiday missed,
That has gone...
Think of your mind like that.
Something once here...
But now has gone.

Remember when you were teaching me,
And others a lesson by ignoring our suggestions?
Remember you made it a point to tell your friends,
You wish I'd learned how to mind my business...
And live my life,
Since you knew more about yours?

Well...
You should have seen these days,
We now live.
You and others like you...
Are the only ones asking, 'What is happening? '
Open minds, eyes, ears and 'dialogue'...
Should have revealed that to you!
And you were right...
I have learned to mind my own business.

As The World Turns,
I have One Life To Live...
To remain Bold and Beautiful.
And no more will I be giving my time,
To those who are Young and Restless...
In their minds.
I am not living for that kind of drama!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Open Other Doors

They would often find fault,
And balk and chastise my efforts.
They found that comforting.
Not realizing my efforts,
Began paving their way...
When many were chasing each other,
In elementary school hallways.
Not seeing 'who' was opening doors for them
To walk easily through.
To eventually do nothing.
Or proceed to open other doors.
However...
They are quick to have a good time,
Not too far beyond the doors...
Already opened for them.
Even in their cries for unity...
They seem unable to do that!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Open To Bare All

Take away everything I have,
Except that which I need...
To know just Your love,
To keep this yearning for You fed!
All else I can shed!

GOD! Please...
May I at least keep the sox?
I must admit,
A commitment with You
Can leave one stripped,
And open
To bare my heart in public view!
I know You would not have it any other way!
But today...
Could we make this a testament,
Of my willingness to pursue a trial run?
For giggles and fun?
I 'think' I am ready but...
Still I find myself uptight,
With some blemishes and quite a few flaws!
Keeping me sometimes awake at might!

I want to project 'my' best!
Even though I know...
I could never manipulate Your perception!

'But...
You will give it a try!
Hoping My ears AND eyes,
Are sometimes closed?
Although baring all is what 'you' propose!
You have yet to realize...
How much I know,
That may someday be to you completely exposed! '

Father...
Even in prayer,
I hear other voices!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Open To Comprehend

Go ahead...
'Mess' with me!
This I wish,
With invitation I allow.
If it means from us...
A removal of clouds.

Perfect I'm not!
Nor try with thoughts exposed.
I seek to understand.
Not to keep my mind...
Closed to go unopposed.

Go ahead...
'Mess' with me!
This I wish,
With invitation I allow.
If it means from us...
A removal of clouds.

To vow from now on...
We can be open to comprehend.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Open Up The Window

Open up the window,
To realize how high the sky.
Open up that window,
To see what before you passes by.
Open up the window,
Touch to feel the freshened breeze.
Touch the good feeling that it leaves.

You must open up and get in touch,
To know the good feeling that this leaves.
You must open up and get in touch,
To know the good feeling that this leaves.
Take a deep breath and with ease breathe.

You must,
Open up the window.
Look up.
Look down.
Look over there and all around.
Oh yes you must,
Open up the window.
Look up.
Look down.
Look over there and all around.

Get rid of any pain that you may maintain inside.
Open the window.
Get rid of any tear stains from your eyes to dry.
Open up the window.
And fill up...
With an opening a window...
Your cup.
With an opening a window...
To know,
You have not yet had enough.

Get rid of any pain that you may maintain inside.
Open the window.
Get rid of any tear stains from your eyes to dry.

Open up the window.
And fill up...
With an opening a window...
Your cup.
And with that open window,
You'll know one life to live is never enough.

Get rid of any pain that you may maintain.
You must,
Open up the window.
Look up.
Look down.
Look over there and all around.
Oh yes you must,
Open up the window.
Look up.
Look down.
Look over there and all around.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Open Up Your Wallets...

I appreciate the participation,
However...
Why do you find it neccessary,
To interrupt my reading.

'It's not poetry.
It's some form of a narrative.
At least that's what I was taught at Harvard.'

I see.
And were you also taught at Harvard,
To be disrespectful, insidious and a flaming fool?

'That's what I mean...
This delivery is a narrative.'

IF I am stretching my creative expression,
To incorporate the evolution of humanity...
With my interpretations,
By keeping up to date....
WHO are YOU to define that direction,
With attempts to confine it within your limitations?
Haven't you Harvard people done enough already?

'That's offensive!
And what is that suppose to mean? '

I have no idea!
You're the one equipped with the definitions.
And...
I am...
Quite pleased!

You were wonderful.
Ladies and gentleman.
Give this man your applause.
Wasn't he great.
Sir...
Absolutely stunning.

Thank you so much for agreeing to assist,
With my expanding reach to bring this form of expression...
To broaden a field once regarded,
As speech for the elite.
Thank you.

Now...
My next poem will be,
'Open Up Your Wallets...
Pull Out Two Twenties.
Approach the Podium...
And Show Me Your Love.

'That title is rather long.
AND...
I regard that as solicitation.'

Sir...
Come here please.
I have something I need to say,
Only to you.

Listen up.

Within this poem,
You will discover...
There is no need for a duet delivery.
Trust me.
I appreciate your assistance,
When upon request.

I'll slip you a buck.
Now...
Your attention is requested.
And...
Forgive my directive.
But...
Please shut up,
And return to your seat!

Attention everyone.

I am about to recite my last 'piece'.

This is my most endearing,
Heartfelt composition.
I am needing your thorough concentration.
Silence.
Thank you.

And...

~Open up your wallets,
And...
Lift, lift from out of your wallets quick,
Two twenty dollar bills...
And approach the podium with it.
Put them in my hand,
And then leave.
No need for applause...
That alone will please me.~

I thank you all for attending.
You have no idea how appreciative,
You have made me this evening.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Opened Are The Eyes

Opened are the eyes,
Returning from trips...
Fantasized,
On cruises through delusions.
And appetizing on denials,
Fed to have made them sick.
With minds twisted.

Opened are the eyes,
Wide to realize it recognized...
Their lives to live they have created.
With every nuance to ignore,
Left to escalate.
Believing time to waste,
Affords to allow unending debates.

Opened are the eyes,
Now can see to no longer disbelieve...
Pointless is the playing of the blame game.
Pointless is inflicting of their own pain.
Pointless are the eyes now can see,
Doing unto others will not relieve...
Agonies to suffer that their sisters and brothers,
Receive.

That's what,
An awakening to truth does.
Doing unto others will not relieve,
Agonies to suffer that their sisters and brothers,
Receive.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Opened Eyes

Groomed on reality...
So many have been saved.
Those still nibbling on leftovers
Of fantasy,
Are addicted to it in such a sad way.

Even in the midst of chaos and conflicts
They believe this is not their world affected.
Sadness sits on their shoulders like boulders...
And still a resistance they hold has gotten older!

They camouflage their tears...
In denial and covered ears!

Groomed on reality...
So many have been saved.
Those still nibbling on leftovers
Of fantasy,
Are addicted to it in such a sad way.

And today...
Opened eyes will help those survive!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Opened Eyes Reveal

Opened eyes see clearly to reveal,
All there is for one to know.
Words whispered in ears,
Are only spoken to cloud the vision
Of a truth that appears.
To convince what is seen
Is an illusion.

And fear,
Is often impeccably dressed.
Either to charade or masquerade.
Or
Perhaps both.
In a flawless presentation.
As if to address one's interpretation of perfection.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Opening Bids

Fresh fish frying,
Batter dipped...
And deep fried.
Homemade potato strips,
Still commonly called 'French Fries'.

Baked beans brown sugared...
With corn cob on the side.
Add my three egg cornbread mix,
Brings tears to eaters eyes!

Surprised I'm not,
I've got them hooked.
I want them to think of me,
As a naturally gifted cook.

And besides...
I've taken time like this,
To ensure they are fed...
And satisfied near bliss.

Introducing something different,
Done with pride!
I raise my hand high,
Catching stunned looks...
With wide smiling eyes.

Announce I do,
That discounts are offered.
Opening bids for my new books...
Starting an auction by this author!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Opening Joke

If I wanted to please everyone...
I'd tell them how fantastic and beautiful they are.
You know...
That stuff folks expect to hear.
Especially out in public.

But geeeessssshhh...
Glancing at this crowd...
I know I have to be honest.
Since I expect most of them,
Would be hearing it for the first time.
And I can see there are lots of folks been lied to...
Sittin' up in here!
You got another pair of sunshades?

And even more would think my honesty,
To be controversial, direct and humorless.
Delivered from the embittered lips,
Of a black man fighting back his anger.

How did truth and honesty,
Become associated with bitterness in the first place?

They get enough amusement anyway.
Some of that stuff that goes on today is so hysterical...
It goes on unacknowledged.
Don't worry!
I've come prepared with an opening joke about economics.
That should rivet them to their seats!
Especially the ones sitting in the front taking notes...
Accustomed to being in seminars.

'Folks...
The topic this evening will be,
'How to Barter and Ghettomize My Pretensions'
Some of you taking notes,
Will find the subject matter rewarding.
IF you already know how to boogey and 'git' down! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Opening Scenerio

Someone takes a job volunteering,
To protect a segment of a neighborhood...
Where those living in it have allowed crime to nourish,
To ignore as if to encourage it.

The volunteer carries a gun.
Not only to protect himself.
But everyone living in this neighborhood infested,
To protect them from thugs and common thieves.
No one else wanted to volunteer to protect themselves,
FROM 'themselves'.

Someone decides they want to play 'thug' for the night.
Inviting confrontation.
That person gets shot.
And no one pours out from inside their bolted doors,
To rush to see what was going on.

Does it really matter who is or is not innocent?
When wild animals are running around rampant in a zoo?
And there is only ONE zookeeper 'volunteering'...
To protect those living in the safety of their locked cages,
While he...
The volunteer,
On personal time no one else seems to have the guts to find!

That is just the opening scenerio to this familiar saga.
It just happens to have gotten nationwide media coverage.
There is slime smeared all over the place...
Others rush to protect their kept delusions from public disgrace.
But...
Never to be examined are the facts from a broader view.
Or...
The originating of these dangers.

'Let us pray.
Help us to continue to stay blind for as long as possible,
To the facts of life. With a denial we desire to hold onto...
Everlasting. For many generations to come.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Opening To Explore

The best left in many,
Is still left unexpressed.
There remain chapters,
Not yet to be written...
By those living life adventurously,
With a breathing of blessed breath...
Absorbing and observing a 'today',
A yesterday lived they had not before seen.

To say someone has delivered a 'best'...
Is perhaps compared,
From what has been shared...
With those who have been exposed,
To a discovery recently uncovered.
And not known before,
To those emerging from behind closed doors.
Now opening to explore.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Openings For New Occupancies

To dwell in sorrow,
Has to be a noisy experience.
Where there is little peace,
That exists.
Especially living in a place,
Where there is rarely a vacancy.
And leaving those to await patiently,
For a date announcing...
Openings for new occupancies.
It has to be noisy,
Living and sharing mindsets like these!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Openly Critiqued

For most of my life,
I have paid my own dues.
And collected bruises,
With installments to pay...
Along the way.
This is not hypothetical or myth!
I have kept receipts,
To show and prove what I've done to do.

And for anyone to believe,
They could have easily walked in my shoes...
I have not been in hiding anywhere,
To have that done for them to wear.
But somehow,
The daring for them to do it...
Would open the door for more of their excuses.
And having a fear of being openly critiqued they refuse.

It is much easier to pretend we can be someone else,
Than to actually be that one else who is not pretentious.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Openly Fed

How deep is a forgiveness given,
When forgetting is remembered.
With dialogue set to reload?

How deep is a forgiveness given,
When emotions connect...
Simmering to explode?

Refreshed,
These actions once taken.
Were then to them expessed
With much deep felt regret!
Yet...

Here it is today years later,
An argument is baited.
Instigated by those related...
To inflate with tempers leeched,
And fetched!

Like mad dogs fed,
Raw meat to keep them mean!
Shallow scenes like these...
Invokes ignorance and demeans!
But know one admits this view is of themselves!
No one sees themselves reflected,
In these images it seems.

How deep is a forgiveness given,
When forgetting is remembered.
With dialogue set to reload?

How deep is a forgiveness given,
When emotions connect...
Simmering to explode?

No one seems to be thinking at all!
Since this is observed and shows.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Openly To Have Made Known

If I could leave my good deeds done,
To be interpreted as accomplishments...
One day in the future yet to be and comes,
To influence someone to overcome their obstacles.
And remain encouraged and grow to flourish,
With a dismissing of all hidden insecurities...
Highlighted by those who microscope.
Since my mission is motivated by initiative.
And not by those temptations,
That come my way on a daily basis...
To bleed and deplete with wishes of anyone,
Wanting desperately to defeat with their ignorance...
To undo my attempts.

With knees scaped and humiliated...
Is an image with strength I suffocated.

And I...
With a knowing my sacrificed efforts to remain focused,
Have been kept propelled by faith and honesty...
I am determined to have my deeds perceived,
As being maneuvered at the best of my ability.
With no excusing to reduce those mistakes I have made.
And openly to have made known, to own and condone them,
I stayed unafraid to be chased away...
By admitting them to have existed without resentment.
Since too bored I've always been with those who pretend,
Their lives lived are freed from the appearances of blemishes.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Operating As One

I think the entire relationship
Had been totally misunderstood.
I didn't select one to be better than the rest.
I chose one to be the only and the best!
Not to run from one to the other...
As if there was a competition,
In a foolish contest with an ego to recover!

And that is why my time is now spent...
Avoiding those who are eager,
To remove their clothes...
In a timed experiment!

I'm seeking only one...
Who discovers a togetherness.
Exploring adventures with each other can be fun,
In an investment of two hearts
With two minds operating as one!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Opinions Are What They Are

Ratings like critics...
Seldom change the ingredients
Of recipes tasted,
Selected to mix and feed!
Opinions are what they are.
AND that depends on who and where you are,
With or without an appetite to digest...
Only that which you alone will approve!
The rest of it is flourished in fluff...
Or rebuffed by choice!
With one exception!
Obscenities!
A cursing chef is rarely heard or seen!
And could care less.
As long as what is served is eaten.
That is the only concern!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Opinions From Them Sent

Don't let that flight in sight needed to catch,
Miss you wishing for a ride...
To clear your eyes from others tripping.
As you are kept mesmerized,
Within their grip.

Don't be afraid to tell some people quickly...
To stay out of of your business.
Since that business that you're in...
Does not accept opinions given.

Don't let that flight in sight needed to catch,
Miss you wishing for a ride...
To clear your eyes from others tripping.
As you are kept mesmerized,
Within their grip.

People always give them...
Those opinions from them sent.
People always give them...
Those opinions from them sent.
People always give them...
Those opinions from them sent.
And loving this they do...
To solicit arguments.

People are fuss-budgets,
Stirring up conflicts to vent.

People always give them,
Those opinions from them sent.
People always give them,
Those opinions from them sent.
People always give them,
Those opinions from them sent.
And loving this they do,
To solicit arguments.

Don't let that flight in sight needed to catch,

Miss you wishing for a ride...
To clear your eyes from others tripping.
People are fuss-budgets,
Stirring up conflicts to vent.

And...
People always give them,
Those opinions from them sent.
People always give them,
Those opinions from them sent.
People always give them,
Those opinions from them sent.
And loving this they do...
To solicit arguments.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Opinions Made

Move forward with the intention,
Of always doing your best.
To remember those giving their opinions,
Heard and purposely spoken to mention...
May pester to upset for 'their' attention to get!
But moving forward with a doing of your best...
Will never leave you to regret it.
Regardless of those opinions expressed to make,
By those wasting time to do nothing else.
With a wish to take away someone's focus.
Don't be the one foolish to allow that to be done.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Opinions Of Your Own

To find in your rebuttal,
A commenting on my debate...
With my issues extended,
By your interpretation...
Of my initiating statements,
Is at best...
Giving another side of my point of view!

If I wanted to argue with myself,
I would have videotaped...
My own opposing arguments made,
And not have had you here...
Declaring,
You have opinions of your own...
To express.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Opinions To Offer

Taking upon responsibilities.
And being accountable,
For what one does and others see...
Is never done with an ease accepted.
Not by the one who seldom neglects,
What it is they do to accomplish.
With a doing to choose something next.
Yet it is expected,
By those who sit as if they should be critics...
With opinions to offer that are often negative!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Opossums

What being unforgiving does?
It destroys!
Just like the spread,
Of uncurable cancer.
Leaving many opossums to play dead,
On a road no one cares to travel.
Avoiding an 'acute' way...
Those have come to seek attention!
At the expense of suspense,
And heartbreak dispensed.
Never to be witnessed again.
With that promise to forever keep!

Inspired by:
Leslie Alexis

'Thank you Leslie for your comments.
And providing the inspiration,
from which 'Opossums' got its 'birth'.
I appreciate that.'

~LSP~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Opportunities Given To Correct Their Steps

Tethering on the brink of obscurity,
Their implosion begins.
With a trimming down to size,
Of their fantasized whims.
No longer the prize...
Of lives lived on the back of lies.

There were numerous opportunities given,
To correct their steps.
Mistakes gone unconfessed...
Has led them to the beginning,
Of this looming abyss!
Their final test.

With the protesting of loud voices,
Proclaiming in persistence...
As a choice made to produce unrest.
Without the contemplating done,
Of the consequences welcomed...
By blinded visions,
Hidden by bleak and stark decisions.

There were numerous situations,
When Mother Nature came to intervened.
But a disconnection from their realities,
Has caused natural disasters unprevented...
To assist in an awakening,
From their foolish scheme of things.
Only to leave them in a firmer grasp,
That grips tightly onto foolish dreams.

There were numerous opportunities given,
To correct their steps.
Mistakes gone unconfessed...
Led to the beginning of this looming abyss!
Their final test.

And...
With the protesting done of loud voices,

Proclaiming in persistence what is mostly missed...
A listening to comprehend has escaped.
With no priority chosen or given credance by them.
But a demeaning with a speeding done...
Has come to enhance their own dismal end.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Opportunities To Network

'Mindsets that lock in time,
That ticks and passes...
Stay behind fences,
With rose colored glasses.
And they stay hopeful their wishes come true.
But few of them make attempts,
To prove that they do.
Since...'

In an environment that thrives,
On images and impressions made...
Opportunities to network,
One's talents and skills...
Can not to the inhabitants be given away.

Not if people have been taught,
That their kept ignorance sought...
Endears them to those with a love,
To only witness them expose themselves...
Performing in clownish poses.

'Mindsets that lock in time,
That ticks and passes...
Stay behind fences,
With rose colored glasses.
And they stay hopeful their wishes come true.
But few of them make attempts,
To prove that they do.
Since...
Minds conditioned like this,
Are meant to stay fixed...
Duped, tricked and fooled.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Opportunities To Them Came

Opportunities to them came,
To eventually connect to meaning.
Opportunities to them came...
To leave!
Opportunities to them came,
But wanted were impressions...
Expected to accept.

Opportunities came,
For their concerns unknown to be shown.
To have them addressed and finally known.
With doubts expressed once addressed,
To accept what appeared and not neglect.
But their selfishness and individual greed,
Kept them blinded...
To the abundance and wealth,
A connecting of opportunities...
Would take care of all their needs.

Opportunities to them came,
To eventually connect to meaning.
Opportunities to them came...
To leave!
Opportunities to them came,
But wanted were impressions...
Expected to accept.

And then the day came,
They lost what they possessed.
And this was so effective.
They all became depressed.
And then the day came,
They sought someone to find...
To ease their troubled minds.
But opportunities like these,
They left behind.

And then the day came,
They lost what they possessed.

And this was so effective.
They all became depressed.
And then the day came,
They sought someone to find...
To ease their troubled minds.
But opportunities like these,
They left behind.

Opportunities to them came,
To eventually connect to meaning.
Opportunities to them came...
To leave!
Opportunities to them came,
But wanted were impressions...
Expected to accept.

And then the day came,
They lost what they possessed.
And then the day came,
They all became depressed.
And then the day came,
They openly confesssed...
Those opportunities to benefit,
Their eyes are open wide to see.

But then that day came,
Too late!
For them to appreciate the people,
Who came to them to leave...
Opportunities,
To dismissed.
To leave those doing what they know best to do,
To dismiss.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Opposing Forces

You should want to be,
At your best when tested.

Those who do,
Get no rest to pester.

And those who don't,
Agonize to manifest unrest...
Somewhere allowed.

You should want to be,
At your best when tested.

Those who do,
Get no rest to pester.

And those who don't,
Agonize to manifest unrest...
Somewhere allowed,
To be carried out.

As divisions join opposing forces,
To ensure taxpaid dollars...
Are freely spent by police,
Called to fleece a few folks...
While getting over duty pay to referee.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Opposing Points Of View

We are conditioned to fantasize truths,
And animate hatred as a form of entertainment!
Then we find ways to medicate ourselves...
To flee from realities haunting with nightmares.
Blaming others for not accepting a way of life,
That disturbs those who gather seeking peace.
Creating conflicts to implement this disease...
That creeps from a birth that leads to division,
Without remorse or self reflection!
With fears that 'enemies' threaten this mental illiness!
And peace is marketed to maim and weaken...
Using high tech weapons to kill and eliminate,
Opposing points of view that challenge with alternatives
That seek to please needs...
Without the bleeding of blood tasted,
Fed and addicting to those who are teased...
To cross these borders illegally to feed,
And digest!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Opposing The Effectiveness Of It

For whatever the reason,
People believe they can offend anyone...
To then pretend the doing should be accepted,
Because disrespect is reflected in the environment...
Is one of the causes seen,
As a result of irresponsible people...
Refusing to be held accountable,
For their own actions done and consciously meant.

And no one should feel they are exceptions.
Is a reason why a quality of life remembered to enjoy,
Has those who have aged to still respect themselves...
Disconnect from others too immature to recognize,
Their actions represent a tolerance for ignorance.
With a condoning to complain but allowing it to remain.
And those who speak of wishing to see real change,
Are usually the ones opposing the effectiveness of it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Opposition

I am not opposed to opposition.
In fact I keep it no secret of my welcoming it.
Since I know those who do frequently oppose,
Are reluctant to expose any position they propose...
With a difference that provides a defined benefit.
But rely upon expressing their indifference,
For the attention it gets them...
Is the only focus those opposing offer.
As if the doing of this helps others to 'assume',
Anyone taking a stance of opposition...
Hides an abundance of competence.

'And your plan is...
What? '

~It doesn't matter.
But I guarantee you this,
It is much better than the one he proposes.~

'Even a hint or a clue,
Would give us an idea of what you do.'

~Just take my word for it.
It is much better than what he has shown you.~

'But he has shown us what he has done.
And all you've come here with is opposition.
With a taking of a negative position,
To leave here as a fact to be received as believed.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Optimistic

I am optimistic and wanting this to stick.
With a fighting against denials that 'may' creep inside,
Wishing to assist the undoing of it.
And just in case...
I lose conciousness of this on a daily basis,
As hypocrites arrive to have my insights teased...
While I release my optimism to have it chased away,
In a breeze to be set free...
By a delusion I embrace to replace my focus fixed.
I allow quick visits with pessimists,
To validate the keeping of my optimistic mood...
Unrelenting as it persists in a doing I refuse to undo.
I have chosen optimism as a choice to choose.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Options Of Deceit

I would find truth offensive too...
If I had not allowed myself a break,
From my delusions.

And what I discovered about truth...
Had me dilute those delusions,
Until I was able to let them go completely.

I did not know truth and honesty...
Were not options of deceit?
Did you?

I believed deceit was used,
To protect those afraid to be too honest.
And I had heard that truth hurts.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Optometry

If you had not been a poet,
What other field of endeavor...
Would you have chosen to pursue?

'Without a doubt,
It would have been optometry.'

Why that particular field of study?

'It seems as though everyday,
I find myself in a debate with someone...
Over that which is clearly observed.
And,
They deny seeing the obvious.'

Maybe it is not so obvious to them.

'That's why,
Optometry would have been my chosen field of study.'

It's never too late you know.

'It is for a lot of people.
Many will never see the forest for the trees.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Orbit

You...
Come to stay on my mind,
All the time.
Well...
Not 'all' the time.
As if you find me easy to orbit.
Observing from a distance.
And my mind is convenient,
To revisit emotions.
Emotions...
For you I admitted I once had.

And here I am...
Fixed while you pick,
When to do it.

But you don't know how I wish,
That day to come...
When you stop,
Whatever it is you do done.
With a doing to have others remind me,
How you once had me blinded to believe...
Without you,
I would not be able to eat, sleep or breathe.

But that was a lie.

I am able to eat and breathe.

Sleeping?
I will never admit,
Those nights I lay awake wishing...
You were probing me much closer.
Tonight?
You will not find me in bed.
I've decided to sleep in a chair.
You know the one.
Near the window.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Orchestrated

Time signature kept,
With a rhythmic tempo...
Coming to rest between beats.
Half steps met and seething sexiness,
Paced and sensual.
And an oboe flows,
Teased by chords of piano keys.
Keeping our tune melodic...
Sweet and orchestrated,
To bait a repeated chorus of love!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Orchestrated Escalations

Orchestrated escalations,
Many can not ignore.
Perhaps the subliminal infliction of this,
Makes it too easy...
To get caught up in it.

Those sweeping to please melodies,
Composed to dramatize effectively...
Are accepted.
With the right applied instrumentation.
And directed to advance the incitement.

Those orchestrated escalations,
Many can not ignore.
Perhaps the subliminal infliction of this,
Makes it too easy...
To get caught up in it.
For some...
Who are not bored.
Or heard,
Snoring!

'Will someone shut up those protesting.
And those who are resting...
Need a nudge or two.
Some of us here,
Desire more of this to digest!
And can not do that effectively,
If some who are sleeping through this...
Express the height of noncomfority,
With obvious disrespect that needs to cease.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Orchestrations

Orchestrations...
As orchestrations are orchestrated,
And as orchestrations go...
Are usually presented as composed.
Or arranged to supply an element of surprise.
This keeps the conductor,
Both popular...
And those arranged orchestrations,
Performed as expected to captivate and thrill.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Ordained

Whisper and speak
In secret meetings.
But you still reek.
And that smell
Will be identified with you,
For the rest of your life.
No matter what codes you select,
That stench can not remain undercover.
And your 'calling'...
As 'you' put it!
Is going to have you isolated
For the rest of your life!
And the tragedy of it all...
You believe you have been ordained!
Putting a blemish on all humanity.
And those like you,
Who believed they too...
Function with minds that are sane!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Order Is Called

Some may find it a difficult task,
To argue the rules of correctness...
In a court of law,
When the prosecutor shows up drunk.
The jury is passing a joint of weed between them.
The bailiff is masturbating!
The plaintiff is sharing a 5th of scotch.
And the defendant appears in a clown suit!
When the order is called for all to rise...
At a rascism charge proceeding,
A prostitute comes from under the judge's bench.
And 'he' is the district attorney,
That everyone recognizes as the local minister!
But silence is demanded...
As the national anthem is played!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Orgasm Donor

I volunteered.
And every moment of my giving,
Not one second of it...
Did I regard as charity.
I wanted it to you known,
For you I was there completely.
With emotions devoted to you only.
An anonymous philanthropist,
Had not been my intent.
Or have that enter into my mind.

There is something in my heart,
That stays to remain for you.
There is something in my mind too,
That will never forget...
Those romantic exotic touches.
And I am left often to wonder if,
You still remember me being...
Your first orgasm donor.
You were mine and I admit it.
Even ater all these years.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Orgy Of Hatred

An orgy of hatred,
Is coming to a climax.
Leaving bigots to feel justified,
That their racial attacks...
Has satisfied beliefs,
Taught to preach without facts.
And have found it okay,
To discriminate whomever they please.
But history does not,
Have their backs.
When it's revealed a hatred to feel,
Isolates to replace it...
With unknown realities to appear,
From dimensions to correct...
Infested mindsets.
To diminish their afflictions.
And selfish addictions.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Orientation

Since a definite choice was made.
With a selected preference.
Now,
With introduction...
There comes,
An orientation?

With a hope,
Minds have been made up.
And the looking forward to lessons,
Eager to learn with a breeze to teach!

There is a point to this!
For many that would make sense.
However...
If a preference with a choice,
Has been selected consciously...
Why would someone then be conditioned,
To go through a process of orientation?
Hasn't that been decided?
Should there be a declaration made?

Somethings I just don't get.

Wouldn't it be great,
When upon establishing a relationship...
There was an understood 'orientation' period?
Something of a probation?
Like a 90 day trial?
*Congratulations.
You've passed.
Now you have full benefits.
With the both of us agreeing...
We will be happy with one another.*

And when someone should ask,
'What is your sexual orientation'?
Your response would be...
~Meet me at my home,

With a list of your choices...
With an elective.
And I will tell you immediately,
What your chances are.~

Skipping the need to through one's verbalized orientation,
And saving a whole lot of time invested...
Being undecisive!
But...
Getting a most cordial visit,
To view what can be expected...
On a campus to do what one pleases.
And hopefully graduates to something,
That will be a life filled with expereinces.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Origin Of Your Misconceptions

You don't have to tell me,
The origin of your misconceptions.

I too had been victimized,
By unflattering indignities.
Until I awakened to realize,
I had been giving that too much of my time.
And my needs and objectives,
Became harder for me to define.

And with that intention meant...
Kept me temporarily from using my mind.
Until I discovered a strength within,
That kept my purpose focused.
With a wish to fly higher, soar and climb.

You don't have to tell me,
The origin of your misconceptions.
My wings have been plucked, burned and clipped.
But I've kept my eyes dried to ensure my clear vision.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Originated By The Chinese

'We have come together today,
To express the results of our findings.
And to announce,
We have discovered without doubt...
The origin which has produced,
Such devastation!

The massive pain endured and suffered,
Has been pinpointed by the use of our research.
And overflowing facts...
Throughout this thorough investigation.

We suggest you sit back.
And relax.

Ladies and gentlemen...
The origin of this massive pain suffered by so many,
And agitating generations...
To enforce divisions and separations.
Has been caused by the reluctance to accept truth.
And an avoidance to pursue it.
As it is...
And not perceived.

We recommend,
Effective immediately...
An elimination of the feeding of delusions.
Even though this may create,
A society developing a lessened appetite...
For reality,
Yet fed overdoses of deceit and corruption.
And a withdrawal of their fantasies,
May create widespread outrage.
Folks,
We predict will become crazed.

Long before a Spaniard landed on these shores...
And announced he was Christopher Columbus,
Of Italian birth but of a Spaniard disposition.

Nothing was mentioned of the navigational maps,
He followed.
Hollowed through rough seas.
And originated by the Chinese.
That guided his claims...
Or claims made,
Of his discoveries.'

~Excuse me?
So what are you saying?
This place ain't European?
Like we've been told and seeing?

Even though this is suppose to have been a melting pot,
Some folks got greedy and filled their own pockets!
And that has not been stopped.
And that's why they have taken all that we've got?
Using that and deceit.
To mask their treachery and treason.
To leave us empty handed before they made a clean sweep?
Hey...
What about the Indians, the Aztecs...
The Africans. And...
Those who were here first,
The Eygptians.
Which no one cares to mention.
What about them?
Oooohhh!
This is so disappointing.
Now...
That would make a good movie! ~

Rxpressing your disappointment?
Or the reluctance to reveal this information?

~Naw!
It would be great to show how those Chinese,
Got us all hooked on having Chinese food on Friday nights.
And ain't nobody yet...
After all these years,
Can say a full sentence in their language.
I guess if something tastes good,

Who cares what it is called!
Or...
How to say it!
Now 'that' is amazing.~

Resources Used to Inspire This composition:

AOL Research Center
Christopher Columbus...
Italian:
Crisoforo Colombkrestô'fõrõ kõlôm'bõ
Known in Spain as:
Colónkrestõ'bäl kõlõn'...1451-1506
Place of birth: Genoa, Italy

And the book,1421: The Year China Discovered the World
written by retired submarine commander and historian,
Gavin Menzies.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Orphaned By Thought

Orphaned by thought.
And a process of intelligence,
That increases with observation.
And an understanding that comprehends,
The value of active listening...
With attention given specifically to it.

Orphaned by thought.
And isolated amongst those,
Who have chosen to waste their minds.
With the ease of time to whine and complain...
And feeling to express with any depth at all,
Would offend those who might find this strange.

Orphaned by thought.
And motivated with initiative,
To seek and reach...
Every opportunity presented.
And those in sight...
To identify them when the came.

Orphaned by thought.
But feeling blessed and not alone.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Osmosis

Living within the midst,
Of one's own history to experience...
Does not need an interpretation,
From anyone who has been distant from it...
To interpret those events to re-invent,
Those occurrences to convince others...
With a doing of their unsolicited druthers,
To embellish exaggerations to get an attention.

So often there are a few,
Willing to give their opinions and points of view...
As to how someone has come to achieve,
A wisdom received...
As if through osmosis this was done to accomplish,
Without participating in a life one lives...
With a doing to do and not to prove to anyone,
What one does to achieve is not in need of an audience.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Osmotic Approaches

If one lacks desire to understand,
Another's culture or aspects of it...
What good is the interpretation,
Of a language unknown?
Especially if the people are distanced.
Like a painter who wishes to do it,
Without either the canvas or the paint.

To achieve what purpose is it one seeks?
A comprehension is not revealed,
Without one's committed involvement.
A clarity does not deliver through,
Osmotic approaches as some would choose.
Or one's maintaining of assumptions done.
Some want to have their experieces delivered.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Ostracized And Shunned

There are some still clinging onto delusions sent.
To prevent a reality for them is meant.
They should have been told a long time ago...
The truth of their existence,
Relied on myths and their indoctrinations...
To keep them afloat upon a sinking boat.

They've been told the blazing flames,
Have been ignited to express victory.
So many of them have come dressed in their best...
To express their loyalty.

And those ostracized and shunned look on.
Grateful they had been despised!
And not accepted like the others...
Suffering to maintain,
The fading of their 'normal' lives!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

O'sun

O'Sun...
The supplier of life,
And the keeper of unknown
Mysterious delights...
We here on your Earth,
Take for granted inspite of our dislikes.

O'Sun,
I praise this energy to me you give.
And the miracle this life here is.
And the wonder of it done.
Enjoyed as it is.
From you O'Sun!

O'Sun shine your light.
As just one of millions of stars...
To come to twinkle bright.
In a universe filled with magic!
As you view as you do...
Our internal struggles.
While leeching upon your Earth,
With our self serving values...
That is within your giving sight!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Oswick Owen Myndell

So different was Oswick.
All of his life,
He struggled to be accepted.
He never looked the part he wished to play.
Those insensitive would laugh,
At the things he would say.
And called him everything!
From worthless without a purpose...
And masquerading as straight.
Although he was gay!
And he was 'everything' he chose to be!
Straight, gay or lesbian!
Some thought of Oswick as a novelty!
But he wasn't.
His feelings were deep.
Deeper than many.
Deep and sensitive...
Oswick grew to learn some had little if any,
Feelings at all.
No stranger to the streets.
Or to the elite who came to love him most.
And when Oswick was asked what he wanted to do...?
Oswick chose the heights of power.
The 'deities' listened!
They knew Oswick did not joke.
And they had hopes Oswick would choose that too!
This was no ordinary out of the woods tiger.
And his presence, would indeed, be felt!
So different was Oswick.
All of his life,
He struggled to be accepted.
He never looked the part he wished to play.
However...
The few who came to know him,
Began to see Oswick in their sleep!
Realizing...
When Oswick decided to play,
Oswick played for keeps!
Daring 'anyone' anywhere...

To play him cheap!
Oswick Owen Myndell.
Black.
And with a name like that?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Othello's Revenge

It isn't easy,
To be thought a MOOR...
Amongst adored mulattos.
Or fair of skin Negros,
Claiming themselves...
Sun kissed and strictly,
100 percent Caucasian.
Although the blind,
Could detect...
Asian blood line.

It isn't easy either,
To be raised by Arabs.
Believed to be descendants,
Of those framed...
To have invaded and conquered,
Spain.
And then innocently given,
The name Othello.

Nor is it a piece of cake,
Growing up in the ghetto.
Being and feeling different.
Watch!
For every step one makes.
And how long it takes,
To get from A to B.
Knowing 'C' awaits...
Some kind of confrontation.
And on a daily basis.
Sustained to contemplate.

And in this environment,
In which Othello learns...
To adapt and tolerate.
Minding his own business,
Becomes someone's reason...
Their 'nose' eyes and ears,

Should begin to investigate.

And along comes an Iago.
Full of pretense.
Offering friendship to give.
Hoping his wicked intentions,
Are hidden and not obvious.

Although Othello knows,
From where the stench...
In the air,
This foul wind flows.

A developing a revenge,
Within Othello grows.
Unique no one suspects,
Othello's mental effectiveness.

'Hi, Othello.
Your best friend, Iago...
Not too long ago,
Got hit by a bus.
He called out your name.
Claiming you were driving it.
He kept babbling as if,
His mind had from him split.'

And Othello,
Quick to scrutinize.
Judge and assess.
Learned to express regret.
But not...
From the best of his teachers.

'Othello?
Don't look so depressed.
Iago will be fine.
Although those who witnessed,
Him getting hit...
Seem to think he has lost,
His mind.'

And Othello?
With steadfast faith...
Continued on 'his' way,
Praying.

O

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Other Directions

Those with creative proclivities,
Doing what they love.
And feeling blessed to be so pleased.
Are always seeking new challenges.
With a doing to leave some unimpressed,
By a turning their backs...
On a success left behind,
They might have earned to accomplish.
Others had discovered to mention 'and' address.
But those blessed to be creative,
Are seldom satisfied,
With that kind of attention to get.
However...
It is in the wanting to better oneself,
At a doing to do what one does...
To do something else with the same objective.
And in other directions to apply what one has.
Since one with creative proclivities can not rest,
Until what they've been blessed with...
Has been tested without being restricted to limits.
Or a success to leave behind,
Others define in 'their' minds.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Other Reasons

Why can't you knock on a door,
You 've never knocked on before?
With a doing it done to see it open?
Opportunities do not come to visit.
Desiring them makes them exist.

Even if one door you picked,
Does not open but remains closed...
A choice to choose with a doing of this,
Ultimately is to your benefit.
Not sitting to wish until your chances are missed.

Are there others reasons you resist?
Is it fear you live with and continue to permit?
Or is it the unknown that keeps you limited?
With a comfort you insist validates your perceptions.
To perceive without experience what leaves to reminisce.

Why can't you knock on a door,
You've never knocked on before?
Ultimately this will be to your benefit.
Since not to experience what is perceived,
Only leaves you wishing to have taken the opportunity

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Other Schools

The fun, the game...
And the ones playing it,
Will never be diverse enough...
To beat the 'spirit' or the message.
Bigger fish are always pooled,
To learn what they do in other 'schools'.
To train to laugh and to be their best at it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Other Than Those Substitutions To Taste

Produce it to seduce.
And captivate to hold,
A mind finding it craved.
To keep returning back to it,
Day after day with no wishes to quit...
Is the reason why some appetites,
Are kept alive to survive just to seek...
That which is unique and qualifies,
To satisfy what has been desired.
Other than those substitutions to taste,
One takes to waste...
With a going through the motions,
Unmotivated or devoted.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Others Are So Resilient

There are those,
Who have made the riding of waves...
Through opposing winds appear to others brave.
And look to be as if a breeze and extremely easy.
Although they may be afraid of storms wherever they go,
Only they know what is felt and does not to others show.

While others are so resilient,
Yes!
They make it seem as if toiling through obstacles,
Had been a talent they had been born to do.
And to seem to recover unaffected too.
Like a pampered prized and nurtured rose.

And then there are those who seek attention,
When seasons change in known changing climates.
And clouds bestow upon them warm Summer rain.
While the expectations of Winter bring with it the falling of snow,
There are actually those who are heard sobbing,
As if to make any adjustments for them too unbearable.

Yes...
There are those who are so resilient...
They make it seem as if toiling through obstacles,
Had been a talent they had been born to do.
And to seem to recover emotionally unaffected too.
Like a pampered prized and nurtured rose.

And there are many who are heard crying constantly,
Hoping someone comes to help them off their knees...
From a temporary fall they want others to see.
To smother them with empathy.
And a silencing done of their pleas immediately.
As if to appease them like spoiled babies.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Others Are The Ones In Need

Saying something different,
Out of each side of their mouths...
At the same time,
Is one of their many deceiving abilities.

They are trained at it from birth.
And since it comes to them naturally,
They are not aware of it.
Or the causes of its effects.

That is why their eyes are blank,
With innocence.

They have yet to understand...
Why people get
With them
Upset!

And they will say and confirm...
Others are the ones in need of lessons learned.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Others Have Called 'Me' Evil?

Just because I stated,
You don't know whether to sharpen...
Raise, polish or lower your horns,
Does not mean I make any references to you...
Having demonic characteristics.
If that shoe fits...
Wear it.

You're the one with the tail and fangs!
Not me.
And others have called 'me' evil?
On many occasions.
And all I do is deliver truth.
I have no problem with my physical appearance,
At all.
It is you who seems to be in denial.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Others May Mistake A Duck

I remember being defined,
By...
How I spoke with a wish to be understood.
Pronunciating words with a clarity.
And spoken in the way they were spelled,
As they were meant to be.
I was not the one to accept mediocrity.

I remember being judge by the way I looked.
Where I lived and the interest in others I took.
And what I had to present and didn't.
I was 'out-of-it' to many.
And this was said to me as if to restrict.

I remember putting a stamp on my identity.
And the acceptance of this,
Had been rejected by others who could not then see.
In fact...others would approach me,
As if I had commited treason.
Or had an incurable disease.

People can be cruel when making their assessments.
As if those selected needed to be taught a few lessons.

Today with integrity and my identity intact,
I do not declare my 'Blackness'.
I've always been proud of that.
What is obvious to me needs no announcing of fact.
Or do I oppose those with a host of opinions,
To appear more bold to the ones opposing my goals.
Finished or not they will never be diminished.

I have learned not to pay naysayers any attention.
Or give them time to stretch the limits of their minds.
If others may mistake a duck in wasted debates,
To argue what they see is a parakeet...
Or something else to be caged.
They will have those same issues forever on display.
Regardless how outdated their manifestations,

With them stay.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Others See Clearly

You went out of your way...
To have me appear to be a fool.
Gathered with your relatives and close friends...
And made sure you had them believe that too!
You remarked about my attempts,
And embellished them with criticisms meant.
Until you felt your actions sealed...
Me as a joke,
To provide your zest and zeal!

You went out of your way...
To have me appear to be a fool.
But I wonder today what your thoughts are now?
Since what you set out to prove...
Has made others see clearly,
Which one of us can be certified now...
To be that fool you saw,
Had to be obviously you!

Congratulations!
Your efforts have been duly noted!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Others That Were With You

I am returning to you,
Exactly what you initiated...
To create to give to me,
Initially.
The only thing different...
You seem to be without an entourage.

Now...
Help me understand,
If you can.
Why is it that you say,
I am embittered with a vindictive...
Viciousness.
When what I am returning,
Is exactly what it was that you gave.

'But I was not smiling when it was done.'

I can not say if I remember that.
The others that were with you,
Were roaring in laughter!
And as I recall,
I stood on my own...
Alone.
Free of applause and backup.
And...
That hasn't changed.
Have you noticed?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Others Who Expostulate Demonstrate A Stance

Some people fix their minds on those,
Chosen to persuade.
With a doing to convince,
Killing truth is common sense.

And others who expostulate,
Demonstrate a stance.
Hoping that a remonstrating,
Proves that they can dance...
Around a bush,
To silence honesty...
Without giving it a chance.

Easily manipulated with lies to persuade...
Today some people twist,
A truth they can't admit.

Easily manipulated with lies to persuade...
There are people wishing,
A truth will go away.
There are people wanting more,
A truth all will betray.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Others Who Fake It

Needing less attention.
And confessing human sins.
This aging phase,
Finds many who have made it...
At such a rewarding,
Appreciative stage.

Feeling grateful to have life!
And understanding more,
Of this 'gift' that life is.

Seeing things for what they are...
And not for what they are not.
Finding it so trivial now...
To hold onto pettiness held,
To become glad and light hearted...
Knowing that 'stuff'
Has long been dropped.

I feel where I am now,
Should be the beginning.
And not near the end that comes.
Accepting reality for what it is for me.
And realizing with a maturity,
That's how life should be lived...
By each and everyone!

And that makes a happier life to live.
Knowing I am here,
To leave others who fake it...
Or however it is taken,
For their own sakes...
And making it on their own,
Alone!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Others You Victimized

You can not accused me,
Of being sensitive, distant and indifferent.
When you have been,
Deceiving, dishonest...
And to others pretend to be innocent,
With a doing that does not make sense...
For anyone to believe.
Since your accusations made...
In attempts to get attention,
Has long been known...
By the many who had been convinced,
Others you victimized created your insecurities.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Ouch! It Still Hurts

OUCH!
It still hurts.

'What happened? '

I walked into a flashing sign,
That read 'Truth' on it.
It hit me in the head.

'I don't understand.
Why didn't you see it? '

OH I saw it.
But I didn't believe,
It would stay in my way.
Why are you staring at me like that?

'For some reason,
I don't find what happened to you,
Hard to believe to believe at all.
In fact...
I am quite surprised,
You only hit your head against it...
Just one time.
When are you going back to try it again? '

I don't know.
You think I should?
And...
Why do you stare at me like that?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Our Ability To Avoid Reality

What is happening to our youth today?
A reflection of our ability to avoid reality.
With a taste to keep our delusions and denials,
Fantasized as someone else's responsibility to criticize...
To enable us to be less accountable,
For anything in our lives that identifies with truth!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Our Anniversary Is Approaching

Honey?
Our anniversary is approaching.
What would you like?

'Hmmm,
Let's see.
I'll think about it.
I'll let you know.'

'Honey?
I know.'

You know what?

'I have the answer,
To that question you asked me a few days ago.
About our upcoming annivesary.'

I thought you were ignoring me.

No!
It was too much going on then.
However...
Why don't you threaten me with sex,
To commensurate the unforgettable event
Fast encroaching upon us.
That should be stimulating.'

I am being serious.

'And I'm not? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Our Brilliant Public School Students

Listen up, clowns!
...er, a... students.

Last week,
It was brought to my attention...
By many of your parents,
That my assessment of your reading abilities...
Were,
For the most part...
Rather harsh and vindictive.

I have invited your science teacher,
Mister Robin Bobbin...

LOL

I will have none of this!
Show some respect.

As I was saying...
I invited Mister Bobbin in this morning,
To evaluate, listen and judge for himself...
Your 'essays'.
Based upon delivery, elocution and style of presentation.

First...
We will have Amber Helms,
Reading from her composition...
'Your Death Is Not A True Love Commitment'
Miss Helms?

'Yeah?
What? '

Read your composition.

'You don't haveta get nasty! '

READ! ...please. Your...'essay'.

'That's more like it.
I don't wanna have to go 'off' up in here!

Your Death Is Not A True Love Commitment,
By Amber Helms...that's me!

When I sees you.
You be in my heart.
Like a light bulb that goes on and dims...
When we get 'busy' and it is dark.
You feel me?
And I aint ready for that.
Cuz inside I want you...
Like teeth munching on a cookie.'

Mister Bobbin?
Your comments?

~I...uh...thank you, Miss Helms.
And thought what I just heard...
Was absolutely terrific! ~

You WHAT?
You can not be serious?

~I think we must embrace the efforts and skills,
Of our brilliant public school students.
Our country looks forward and demands,
Contributions like these...
To further our great society,
Into unreachable heights of glory.

Rest assured, you students...
Once you are ensured graduation in 2011,
Will make a dynamic impact on all of our futures.~

'See! ?
I dun told you I shoulda gotta 'A'.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Our Captain Is Overwhelmed

Ssssshhhh...
Will you stop with that!
We are not on a rapid decline.
We are exploring alternate shifts,
In altitude.
Of course there will be some turbulence.
Of course you will see flames licking at the wings.
How better to proclaim our arrival?
Sit back...
Everything is under control!
Disregard any screams coming from the cockpit!
Our captain is overwhelmed,
And can not contain his joy!
Now...
Would you like your beverage with,
Or without an oxygen mask?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Our Definition Of Satisfaction

It can only be identified,
In this life...
As being what it is.

And many wish,
To re-label what exists...
As something different.
To perpetuate fresh arguments.

There will be debates updated.
With some left pouting,
To show a round of frowns...
Twisted down on poked out lips.

But...
It can only be identified,
In this life...
As beinf what it is!

And...
That is going to remain that way,
Until inventions are created and made...
To further confuse with dismay,
Our definition of satisfaction....
Some insist it fits and theirs to permanently stay.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Our Dreams Are Wished

There is something wanted.
But,
With a low expectation.

Our dreams are wished.
But,
Denying their existence...
Creates conflict.

We choose to believe what we say,
To share,
As it is perceived to be received that way.
And yet,
It is the doubt we keep kept...
To check,
For referral purposes!

Our dreams are wished.
But,
Denying their existence...
Creates conflict.

And yet,
It is the doubt we keep kept...
To check,
For referral purposes!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Our Dreams Within Us Start

So fragile is the mind that seeks,
A peace that seems so out of reach.
So impatient does one like this become...
When a bitterness sits,
To feel invited and welcomed.

And seeking from outside ourselves,
Is a journey never ending.
What is wished already exists.
But our hearts overlook this,
In a desperate yearning.

So fragile is the mind that seeks,
A peace that seems so out of reach.
If we just stop to quiet our desires.
We will realize we have not kindled...
A motivation to inspire,
Those dreams that are our own...
Left for someone else to come to spark!

And that is not the way,
Our dreams within us start!
So fragile is the mind that seeks,
A peace that seems so out of reach.
And we keep this seeking beseeched to plead...
To be fed!

Yet remain so out of touch!
Misunderstanding this need within us,
We can begin to feed in concentrated prayer.
If we spent more time being there,
In it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Our Economy Has Been Officially Saved

AND...
The winner is,

The winner IS...
Drumroll please!

The Winner...
IS,
The chicken.

'Whew.
That's a relief.
Sir?
There are a multiple array,
Of choice chicken.
Which chicken won,
As the best chicken to be served...
In the halls of our illustrious government.
Was it the fried? '

No.
But,
You are close.

'Oh?
So it was the baked.'

Nooo...
But you don't know how close you're getting.

'OH?
Well.
It just has to be the Bar-b-qued?
That's great news.
We were so afraid,
Our representatives would choose...'

The General TSO?
That's the one selected.

AND...
There will be free cooking lessons,
And recipes for all!
With immediate language lessons added,
To boot!
We are so tremendously happy,
To make this announcement.
Our economy,
Has been officially saved!
We've been blessed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Our First Date

Give me the right to love.
Isn't that what you desire and wish?
Isn't that what you think of as happiness?
Give me the right to also have it.

Give me the right to explore what it is.
We want it always to be joyful.
But there are moments when love,
Can reduce one to feel it with a few happy tears.

Stronger it becomes when love done is missed.
And so difficult it is to not show this.
Love can make anyone jump through hoops,
With a doing to skip and do backflips.
When given the right to love,
Such a freedom to express it isn't restricted to limits.

Give me the right to love.
Isn't that what you desire and wish?
Isn't that what you think of as happiness?
When one is given the right to love,
There is nothing about it that should be prohibited.
Although some may perceive it as acts of foolishness,
If shown too much...
Around those who have chosen,
A preference to impress others with social etiquette.
And proper etiquette and love to feel seldom is a good mix.
I'm the kind that can run butt naked publicly.
With a declaring of my love to do running through the streets.

Give me the right to love.
Isn't that what you desire and wish?
Isn't that what you think of as happiness?
Give me the right to also have it,
Stripped and free from all pretentiousness.
That's the only love I seek.
That's the only love for me that fits.

'Listen...

I'm excited about meeting you too,
But...
Let's enjoy our first date, okay?
That running through the streets to do butt naked,
Is a bit too literal for me.'

I see.
So I should not interpret,
You rubbing my legs with your bare feet...
Or licking your lips,
As a desire to nibble on my ears?

'Of course not.
I like you.
I'm not in love.'

Well.
Hurry up and eat!
I can't wait for you to show me what love is.

'I just don't want you to get the wrong impression.'

Oh I wont.
I promise.
~WAITER? WAITER?
Over here.
May we have the check, please.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Our Hearts And Minds Wont Let Us

The chirping of the birds are there.
Flying in and out of trees,
Where they make their nests.
As a welcoming of squirrels,
Gather with an assortment of insects.

And they seem to accept this as home.

The grass and the flowers bloom,
From the ground.
And nature at 'her' best...
Is observed all around.

Providing them a home.

Animals we learn to call by different names...
Seem to enjoy roaming freely,
In simplistic settings.
Sharing with few boundaries claimed.

And being there,
At home.

Do we as human beings feel out of place?
Rejecting a diversity,
That challenges nature's grace?
Do we seek a progress,
That erases to eliminate...
A naturalness that comes with change.
With attempts we make to remain the same?

To settle on patches of dirt...
And branding what belongs to us!
To chase away trespassers...
Who come with aims to make their gains.

Unable to accept who we are...
In the hopes to find a cure,
For our insecurities endured!

In a stagnant advancement.
Procured to suffer our own rejection.

And there is no place to call home...
Where peace is released!

In conflict with what is presented.
Done without our consent.
Although researched with documents!
With wishes to perfect...
What is witnessed.
And yet we expect...
Our desires not to be denied!

We try to find rest!
But our hearts and minds,
Wont let us...
Be free to just be!
Or digest a united purpose.

And feel,
Inside of us...
A home already given.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Our Immediate Problems

I could double over suffering,
From severe bladder spasms.
Or experience pain so acute,
To drive me to puke with a sitting done...
On street curbs in view of everyone.

And not one person in my neighbor,
Would could to inquire about my feelings.
Or express a sincerity of caring first.
However...
I may be approached by someone who heard,
How I went out of my way,
To get an attention I did not deserve.

And these are the same people,
Who will declare that a coming together...
Will solve our immediate problems shared.

These are the very same people,
Who will stop to stare will announcements...
Blaring in the air,
That a unity is what the children need to see...
To establish more respect for others.
A respect they can witness to see.

And...
These are the very same people,
Seeking to criticize anyone attempting to 'try'...
To get anything done.
These are people we all know...
Who say the have no time to sacrifice,
With a giving and doing of their involvement that shows.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Our Journeys Traveled

Bear not the burden of your tribulations.
Let just my eyes,
Behold and fix.
To show,
Our journeys traveled are not indifferent.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Our Lives Are On Different Journeys

Look...
Let's make this an agreement,
Okay.

If you are feeling miserable and feeling pitiful.
And we happen to cross each other's paths,
In public.
No offense should you take IF...
I just don't want you walking next to me.
I don't want the air that I breathe,
Or the atmosphere surrounding me polluted...
By any hint of approaching negativity.

And,
If we can...
Understand that between us,
We will always generate respect...
Knowing our lives are on different journeys.
And maybe one day,
You and I can sit and discuss our experiences.

However,
Right now...
Our boats are not floating,
On the same wavelength intended.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Our 'Lives' Given

We celebrate that which uplifts,
With a premeditated anticipation.
And that which we should treasure most of all,
Is taken for granted.
Until a threat comes with a showing done,
Of a possibility...
Our lives 'given' to us,
Becomes 'from' us prematurely taken.
And everyday given few can honestly say...
They awaken feeling a gratefulness,
To celebrate as if what we have...
Has a worth more valued,
Than any twinkling of bling.
And yet...
We seem to less treasure it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Our Lives To Live Objectified

Our lives to live,
Consciously to admit...
And submit with commitment,
To this witnessed blessing.
Has come to us to have it done,
Experiencing our differences.
Although,
Our missions to pursue...
Seem to find us facing similar obstacles,
To undo.

Our lives to live objectified,
Has become limited yet unrecognized.
By many who sleep satisfied.
With their choices made to gratify.

No one can exchange to explain,
Feelings or those consequences...
To have them felt to comprehend.
And made known to understand completely.
Or how two can knock on one door,
To receive totally different greetings.
With separate response to meet.
One may be treated with respect.
While the other may be refused entry.
Just based upon appearances met to reject.

Our lives to live objectified,
Is meant to intend...
Quick to identify what is to be denied.

And who is to guess,
Which approach to life is best.
With it decided who is better qualified,
To know what's wrong from the right.

Statistics gathered in 'random' surveys.
Done to collect from those selected,
In surburbia.

Always reflect what this kind of mindset,
Determines what is or not acceptable.
And 'politically' correct with proper etiquette.

But no one...
Even choosing to use perceptions,
Can tell who walks a path done to do...
After passing inspections to be objectified.
Or answer questions that have been approved.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Our Main Focus And Priority

If we concentrated on what it was we did,
With the same ambitious correctness...
We seek to apply to others that disappoint,
We'd be better human beings!
Knowing...
None of us would be afflicted with imperfections.
Because our efforts to first examine ourselves,
Would be our main focus and priority.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Our 'Masters' Have Entered

'Angels we have heard on high...
Sweetly singing o'er the plains.'

Every uplifting song we've sung,
Rejoices in the arrival of angels.
Now that they have come...
Some deny them!
Some are stunned!
But 'they' are here.
And that will be clear to everyone.
We have never been alone!
Perhaps in our 'aloneness'...
We can confess to being self-centered!
But our 'masters' have entered 'this' space...
To expand the meaning of our existing comforts.
And deplete a disturbing conceitness!

'Angels we have heard on high...
Sweetly singing o'er the plains.'

Every uplifting song we've sung,
Rejoices in the arrival of angels.
Now that they have come...
Some deny them!
Some are stunned!
But 'they' ARE here.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Our Meeting Is No Accident

Please do not dismiss me.
Or the approach,
I have chosen to get closer.
I am not professional at this.
But I could not simply sit...
And watch what I could not resist,
Up and go away!
Not if I can delay its parting.

Please do not dismiss me.
There is something about us,
Too familiar to ignore.
Your eyes and walk...
And patterns of speech.
When I hear you talk...
It feels as if I have known this before.

And when you speak,
It soothes.
With a calmness that attracts!
Please do not dismiss me.
My wishes for someone like you...
Recognizes what you have,
And I'm wanting more of that!
To achieve a happiness...
I know that would make us,
Joyfully glad!

Please do not dismiss me.
At least...
Let us spend a moment,
To allow you to discover me.
We belong together!
'Why' and 'how' that is,
Who knows?
But our meeting is no accident.
And I know that for a fact,
Indeed.
This has happened purposely.

Please do not dismiss me.
Look into my eyes.
Can't you feel something inside of you...
That announces a 'connection' between us,
Has come to stay and has finally arrived?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Our Minds Are Not Blind

We both are unwilling victims,
Of a love left to go unexpressed.
A love that is suspected,
Yet remains detected but not addressed.

We know our minds are not blind.
Or our hearts confined.
Although trapped by time,
We find to waste.
To marinate in hesitation waiting for a taste.

We both are unwilling victims,
Of desires and needs we wish were met.
But the fear of rejection,
Keeps our insecurities in check.
To protect.

But our minds are not blind,
To those feelings we get.
Wanting them met.
No our minds are not blind,
To a leaving emotions...
Unexpressed.
Each day our minds are not blind,
To a wanting to connect.
But the how,
And the when...
Is not prepared or ready in our minds to begin.

No our minds are not blind,
To a leaving our emotions left to go unexpressed.
No our minds are not blind,
To those feelings we get.
With a wanting them met.
But the how,
And the when...
Is not prepared or ready in our minds to begin.

No our minds are not blind.

Although we marinate in hesitation waiting for a taste.
No our minds are not blind.
Although we marinate in hesitation waiting for a taste.
But the how,
And the when...
Is not prepared or ready in our minds to begin.
Or hoping that we didn't wait too late...
To find someone else didn't hesitate to taste.

No our minds are not blind.
But we both are fearing we will be rejected.
To expect it.

'I love this.
It has a message that seems directed,
To someone special.
Who could it be? '

Did I give that to you?
Or would you like another clue?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Our Minds Are Quite Different

Oh no!
I am not here,
To try to understand you.
Not when you have issues,
Dealing with reality.
That is not why I am here!
Nor my responsibility...
To ensure your life is made clear.
If it isn't for you now,
All the understanding I could share...
Will go absolutely nowhere with you.
'That' I already comprehend.
No longer will I defend,
A clarity you will never see.
You wish to perceive a fantisized existence...
That has a resistance to growing pains.
As long as things remain the same...
You are fine!
Our minds are quite different.
I am not trying to hold on,
To what I know should be let go!
And if that includes you,
To continue to pursue my life to live...
That will be done!
I am not the one for charity give aways,
That do not appreciate or value the delivery...
Purpose or reason!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Our Mindsets Are On Two Different Ships

Relationships based upon the masquerading of images...
Are not invited for private meetings,
Within the comfort of my home.

People who condone those types of affairs,
I don't criticize at all.
What is mine is not theirs to share.
And mutually I don't see why the other would care.
Our mindsets are on two different ships.

Relationships based upon the masquerading of images...
Are not invited for private meetings,
Within the comfort of my home.

No one is invited to come into my home,
To play hide and seek.
Or guess what I'm thinking next!
If the conversation is not open and free...
I don't extend understandings.
Get up and leave,
That's my policy!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Our Motto

Congratulations on your recent victory,
Senator.

'Thank you so much.
We are thrilled to be here.'

We appreciate you granting us access,
For this interview...
And trust your campaign for transparency,
Extends to allow further discussions...
That are open to us in the future.

'Of course.
By all means.'

I'd like to ask a few questions?

'Anything.
We are not going to be,
Like the current administration.
Say one thing and mean another.
Remember I said that.'

I will.
Senator...
You and your collegues won,
Over the other party...
Because of failed policies.
And excessive spending.
Yet...
Tonight,
Not only were we not granted admission,
To your welcoming gala this evening.
But also...
Your party is spending millions,
For this festive gala.
Can you explain that?
This seems to be a contradiction.

'Of course.
There is no contradiction at all.
Had you ever given a surprise party for anyone?
And the surprise was to ensure...
A cushion of funds would assist them on their way? '

No!
Not at all.
That's hypocritical.

'We wanted our opponents to curb their spending.
Those habits must end.
We,
On the other hand...
We,
Will reign over any spending.
And make this an exclusive endeavor.
And that is why the people elected us.'

I see!

'No you wont!
And that's the key.
Spend, spend, spend wisely.
Without needless scrutiny.
That is our motto.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Our Need To Conquer

It is not the increase,
Of tragedies released upon others.
And ourselves.
That has us stunned and numbed,
To witness in horrific disbelief.
Continuing to have more grieving.
Although it seems,
Familiar are these 'events' becoming.
Occurring to disrupt and destroy lives,
Too frequently as if permitted.
Or self-inflicted to welcome.

It is our infatuation inflated,
On a daily basis...
That has yet to decrease,
Our need to conquer over enemies.
Enemies we seek to create.
With expectations we can prove,
Values and standards initiated by hate...
Defines greatness.
A greatness we cheer with each enemy,
We depict to remove.

This greatness betrays,
A portrayal that slips away.
To repeatedly deceive it.
And ourselves left rejecting a kept respect.
While replacing to redefine,
That greatness sought to keep believed.
As we seek a decadent way of life achieved.
Enforced by an intolerance for peace.
A peace interpreted as being weak.
A love wished to express,
Has some wanting to defeat it.

And yet kept we do,
Less time to review and self-examine...
The rise of crimes of all kinds to find,
Reasons to ignore and excuse...

An ongoing and accepted craze.
Prioritized and marketed to our youth.
Youth abusing their minds to amuse,
On delusions and confusion.

As we welcome a darkened abyss.
That deepens...
To believe a bright future develops from this...
Madness. A madness invented,
To think we can circumvent,
An epidemic of felt pain; sorrow.
And the spreading of regret.

This fabric of madness,
Does not represent a flag of greatness to wave.
This fabric of madness,
Will not soon fade or be erased.
The raising of it,
Is escalating.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Our Stubborn Definitions Kept

Most of us were taught to keep sustained,
Only one interest.
And that would be kept in ourselves.

We were taught to look at others,
As charity cases, subservient and weak.
And delighted to defeat them as seen on TV.
Or with games to highlight our 'worldly' aggressions.
With obsessions to dominate.

We were taught to believe,
We were entitled to take anything we touched.
With a declaring of it ours immediately.
No matter whose hands grasped it first.
Or feet stood upon it since time began.
No matter what 'it' was we wanted...
It was ours with a declaring of a victory.

We were taught to perceive ourselves,
As the greatest things on Earth...
God has ever made from birth.
With a feeding on images to thirst this.

We isolated ourselves from those,
Who did not accept our ways!
And today we can not accept 'ourselves'...
Being without.
And we demand that others pay...
For the greeding of our selfishness,
To maintain our perceptions,
Within us nurtured to stay.

And those who have known us to be,
Highly motivated by our creative thoughts...
Are wishing us the best,
With a battle with truth now on our doorsteps.
And in a foolishness keeps us in this struggle fought.

And most of us protest this 'invader'...

That has come to test,
Our stubborn definitions kept with such conviction.
No matter what it takes...
We honor those who give away their lives,
In a public display to say they are out heroes.
But those in the know pray for their souls.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Our Thermostats

Whose love is this we're losing?
This investment began to sour long ago.
We did not save or maintain deposits.
We did not gain but lost interest!
Now you seek receipts for commitment given?

Whose love is this we're losing?
I'm continuing to lose count
Of whether or not we checked and balanced
Or even bounced on our bed!
Has that account been closed as well?

Whose love is this we're losing?
Why continue to pay the mortgage...
If the homefires keep a constant draft.
Coming from misplaced undercurrents!
Leaving us revolving in cycles,
On other doorsteps.
Trying to locate anything that resembles what we had,
Before our thermostats stopped working!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Our Thoughts Extend From Us To Reach

Our thoughts.
Actions.
And our deeds from us released...
Reflect,
Not only our expectations...
But express as an investment,
None of us should perceive...
Decreases in value.

Our thoughts,
Whether believed faithfully or not...
To be shared as spoken,
Instills...
Significant influence.
As if a seed implanted,
Within a mind open and listening.
Evaluating content.

What was said.
Who said what.
And how what was said to whom...
Has its effectiveness.

Like the Sun coming to rise upon the horizon.
That same Sun sets.

Like a leaf attached to the branch of a tree.
That tree provides all connected to it with nourishment.
And it is rooted...
Grounded,
To the Earth.
This Earth.
Our Earth.

Much like our thoughts...
Extend from us to reach!

Much like our thoughts...
Extend from us to reach!

Much like our thoughts...
Extend from us to reach!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Our Tickets Were Counterfeit

You must align yourself with reality.
Traces of you scatter in points of view,
Diminished!
Gone.
Not to come back.
Where IS your focus at?

You must stop and watch your tracks.
Or contact the contractor,
Who sold 'you' that 'trip' you bought!
I can't believe you don't see,
That dead end coming.
As sure as can be!

You are slower than I thought.
When we paid for our fare together...
Where were you
When I and the others knew,
Our tickets were counterfeit!

We were sold fantasy,
That is why we are alarmed...
And shouting in fits!
Where were you?
Those who listened knew.
The tickets we have are counterfeit.
And now they are saying...
There's no way to get out of it!
We waited too long,
To right the wrong of this!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Our Veterans Of Fought Wars

Those who profess to be patriotic.
And sway hypnotically,
In both praise and song.
Yet allow their soldiers...
To lay homelessly in their streets.
With lost dignities and no food to eat.
Day and night long!
Sickens me with their high brow hypocrisies.
When our veterans of fought wars...
Are treated as if poison,
Oozes from their pores.

With many of them still left abandoned.
To fight and struggle in danger.
On foreign shores ignored.

And I hear the voices scream,
About their liberties being demeaned.
With their marketed decadence,
On the top of their lists.
Upholding interests of greed.
Denied to those who died and still bleed.
To keep them and their democracy...
Entertained and irresponsibly freed.

Dedicated:
To our military veterans.
Especially those still fighting for their rights,
After fighting in Viet Nam.
And those conflicts today that continue on!
My heart goes out to you.
~LSP~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Our Visions Will Be Focused On The Same Course

The camera loves,
Their physical appearances.
Good looks with chiseled grins.
They are equally adored,
By both men and women.
And elected to restore...
All of Camelot.
And the sparkling imagined,
Behind the doors.
It's with image given and adored,
The people are expecting...
To return a greatness to its shores.

*...and, Senator Brightooth,
You have stated in your stunning, upset win...
As a Republican!
That you have ideas,
You've come to deliver to Washington.
How do you believe your 'effectiveness'
Can bring about trust and respect,
To a nation much in dire neglect.
With an implemented vision...
That has of yet,
Corrected the issues of hunger, poverty...
Job and homelessness? *

~Let me make this perfectly clear.
Our fiscal integrity is deplorable at best.
A corrupted greed that has fed a decadence...
Can not continue.
We can! And we will...
Deliver our best.~

*AND...
What will that be that we can look forward to
That will be delivered? *

~An unintended acceleration,
Of misguided policies.

That must stop.
No more tick tocking of that divisive clock,
Will be tolerated on my watch.~

*Thank you!
And President Obama?
We understand your endorsement,
Of a more bipartisan working relationship...
With the new senator? *

'Yes...
We have made that absolutely clear.'

*What are your current ambitions?
And prioritized policies? *

'Let me make this perfectly clear.
Our fiscal integrity is deplorable at best.
A corrupted greed that has fed a decadence...
Can not continue.
We can! And we will...
Deliver our best.'

*I see!
These sound bites heard,
Are uniquely similar.
Will there be an initiation soon...
The people can expect to witness,
A positive change in their lives? *

~Of course! ~

*Sorry, Senator Brightooth.
That question was directed to President Obama.
President Obama?
Your response? *

'Of course!
And let me add...
Senator Brightooth and I,
Also have this in common as well.'

*And...
That would be...
What? *

'We are both blessed to have beautiful wives.
So I am without doubt,
Our dinner parties will be most enjoyed!
And we both can guarantee,
Our visions will be focused on the same course...
That will unite our efforts.
To produce and feed an agenda that is bipartisan.

No more tick tocking of that divisive clock,
Will be tolerated on my watch!

Brightooth?
Love those lines.
May I use them at some point? *

~Hey...
Sure,
No problem.
These braised beef tips are delicious.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Our Way Of Life

It takes two quarters back to back
Of slow or no growth,
To qualify what we are not experiencing...
As a recession.

Now...
And I want this totally understood.
If a tree loses a few leaves...
It can still be identified as a tree.
Just because there are no waves showing,
At Laguna Beach at noon on Tuesday...
Does not mean the surfers are going to abandon it!
They realize these things happen.
And will show up on Wednesday at 10AM.

It's like this...
And this is the way I see it.
What's the difference between brown and white eggs?
The taste is the same.

The winds are blowing a little rough right now.
But who here believes those sailors aboard our submarines...
Are not below those waters wishing for smooth sailing,
All the time?
When I had visited the USS Prosperity...
They were all high-fiving!
You all should have seen that!

Now...
I know none of this makes sense.
But I am here to tell you the economy is strong!
And that reminds me of Mrs. Parker.
She only had ten dollars to her name.
Not once had I heard her complain,
About feeding her 15 children needing food to eat.
You know why?
Hope!

And just because we are going to lend,

Trillions of dollars to those financial institutions
That lost investments in the housing industry...
Does not mean we are suffering from a crisis!
And these allegations have to stop,
If we are expected to maintain our greatness.

What we are going through right now...
Is a slight bump on the road to recovery.
And that's why we must stay in Iraq!
To give up now would mean turning our backs,
On our way of life!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Our Work Days Have Been Shortened

There is so much I want to tell you.
So much I'd like to share.
So much I want us to comprehend.
But then again,
I am here.
And you are not there.

There is so much of life we can experience.
So much of it,
We could become aware.
So much of it to bring us happiness,
If you here with me appeared.

'But I am here, my darling.
I am! '

Excuse me!
What the...
I am on the phone with my 'councelor'.
Would you please leave us alone.
I am on the phone with my 'councelor'.
I thought you were at work?
When did you come home?

'Our work days have been shortened.
More days together,
Now can be condoned.'

Damn!
I'll call you later,
I'm suppose to be out looking for a job!

One moment, my darling.
My dearest love.
My appetite for you,
Is ready to be shown.
One moment, my darling.
My dearest love.
I'm happy those words overheard,

Are now known.

'I can't wait,
For you to satisfy my craving! '

Damn!
We 'are' undergoing a crisis.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

'Ours' To Be Had

I am within this shell.
Behind a wall I've erected,
To protect myself.
Trusting others is out of the question.
I have done that not to do again.
Well...
Not until 'my' preferences are met,
And scrutinized with a testing.

Oh yes.
When there is happiness,
And a lifetime togetherness involved...
With nakedeness?
There will be scrutiny.
I've learned too many lessons.

It only takes one experience,
To change one's mind.
It only takes one experience,
For one to redefine with certainty...
One's wants from a need.
And I have found,
The needing of nonsense in my life...
Is not what I want.

I am within this shell.
Behind a wall I've erected,
To protect myself.
Trusting others is out of the question.
I have done that not to do again.
Not until 'my' preferences are met.
And scrutinized with a testing.

And if the chemistry matches,
Unquestioned satisfaction is 'ours' to be had.
To age like a fine wine should.
With a cork ready to pop to please when needed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Out From The Woodwork

Out from the woodwork,
They have come to slur.
Hoping to stir up grudges...
And smear more sludge,
To antagonize those already angered.

On a campaign that remains negative.
To spew more swill,
From their burrowed crevices.
And they are given the attention sought.
To agonize those with an onslaught of their venom.

But they are the ones with their backs up against a wall.
Hoping a self praise,
Will erase their misdeeds...
From those too blind to see,
The sleaze from which they breed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Out From The Woodwork...Again

Prepare for them.
They are plotting...
To make surprises appearances,
From nowhere.
Out from the woodwork.

Those who once had issues,
With your lifestyle and how you lived.
Those who criticized your efforts.
And everything you did.

But time have changed.
And an exchange of fortunes,
Have occured.
Those who thought nothing of slandering you,
And now wishing for your time,
To impose upon you...
Wanting full attention.
And their voices to be heard!

Prepare for them.
They are plotting...
To make surprises appearances,
From nowhere.
Out from the woodwork.

Those who called you a fool and jerk...
Are out of time, money.
A place to live!
Since they are out of work,
And integrity!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Out In Numbers

We try,
But few succeed...
Not to be that fool ruled by passion.
When only disgust to us is returned.

And what is it we ultimately choose to do?
We torture ourselves with a feeling of stupidity,
To slowly overcome.

Some try to dismiss this as a necessity,
Since today...
So many fools are out in numbers to convince,
The proving to be the bigger fool can be done.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Out Of A Darkened Wilderness

Unfortunate it is in todays' climate,
In which fences and bridges are being renovated...
To dismiss divisions and biases,
That there are people who still interpret...
With minds limited if not closed,
For purposes to keep alive those beliefs deceived...
And embedded deep in false definitions,
That they should remain on their knees subservient.
With a doing to please those they perceive to be 'Chosen',
To lead them out of a darkened wilderness.
As an historical acceptance to reach their destiny.

And the ones who project an identity to protect with dignity,
Are rejected to neglect because those limited in consciousness...
Have been convinced that a remaining humble and subservient,
Is a wish dictated from 'gospels' created and specifically picked...
By a 'god' described as searching for obedient souls,
To annointed them with wings and golden slippers...
After their trials and tribulations on Earth,
Have been successfully completed...
With a free pass that grants them the right,
To dance cheerfully amongst the other saints who also stay faithful.
And the spirits of those Egyptians with noses chopped off,
On every monument ever seen depicting their greatness...agree!

'What a racist comment to make.'

~Is it?
Or is it fact?
Of course I can always choose not to be observant.
And accept this as a miraging of my delusions.
Would you prefer I do that?
To leave the falsities of biblical teachings intact? ~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Out Of A Nothingness

Encouraged by a discouragement...
Seems to be the steps flights begin to take.
Like the discovery of a nothingness,
A non-entity ignored...
Sitting unexplored!
Until,
The realization that 'something' within it exists.
And a beginning one makes of it...
To create the break that forms its shape,
Taking place.

When one is told they are nothing...
Something 'clicks' within the mind.
And with that acknowledgement of a nothingness...
One embraces this to mold, shape and define!
Revealing a something out of a nothingness,
Where all of what 'is'...
Gets an assigned documented time of its find!

Showing a wealth of what is yet to be uncovered...
When possibilities like the life one knows,
Is given breath to breathe and eyes to probe...
A potential from a nothingness claimed,
To be named, linked and chained...
To all which had been suspended in space,
Before it too was exposed!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Out Of Breath

Too little.
Too late.
Comes too often.
Too soon...
For the nonbelievers!
With too much room,
Found left empty...
Of anyone concerned,
Who comes to make an offer to listen...
With a faithful excuse used!
And...
With time to spare.
For an expected reception.
But...
The quality of fresh air,
Once there...
Has smogged.
To leave too many choking,
On whims prioritized!
And bearing denials still left unaddressed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Out Of Control

No offense!
But defense mechanisms,
Have yet to be invented.

When stupid people,
Exhibit an excessive stupidity...
Consistent with ignorance,
That numbs the common sense...
Of anyone holding onto beliefs,
There is not an epidemic...
That has arrived and secretly released.
CAUTION!
Something we can not see,
Affects us as we breathe toxins in the air.

Many are dismissing this,
As if this is a fashion statement.
Something on the scene that attracts all human beings.
With no reprieve!
Like infectious laughter.

Quit!
And examine this for what it is.
A passing fad this isn't.

This...
Is becoming accepted behavior.
This...
Has potential to craze and manipulate.
This...
Is madness personified.
This...
Is more threatening,
Than identified terrorists...
Said to be at our doorsteps.
Operating from distant shores...
To impose themselves upon our interests.
This...
Is a reflection,

Of what has been tolerated.
This...
Is not a passing sickness.
With a cure to be announced...
Between sexual aids marketed on TV.
This...
Is a disease that is spreading.
And out,
Of control...
It is!

No offense!
But defense mechanisms,
Have yet to be invented.

Stupidity it is!
And out,
Of control.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Out Of Doubt Mode

I discovered I was out of doubt mode,
When I stopped defending my attempts made...
To realize no one else,
Would take steps to put their necks on the line.
Or from them did I hear them speak passionately,
About that which they did that invigorated a purpose.
With a sacrificing of their time, mind and patience.
I can not afford a wasting of my stimulated expectations.

I knew then from 'hints' dropped by them,
What they sought was an ease to accomplish deeds.
And I looked forward to the dripping of sweat to do,
As part of a process if I wanted to obtain success.
I discovered I was out of doubt mode to leave pretense,
When I stopped defending my attempts made...
To improve on what was an acceptable effort,
With a making of every effort inexcusable if not my best.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Out Of Hearing Distance

Time does not await,
For those who stay...
Emotionally in one place.
Accepting stale negativity.

'It is best to leave the past,
Where it is to leave it fast.'
Words heard from fading voices.
Voices fading to have made,
Better leave decay.

But so many out of hearing distance,
Believe for them it is never too late.
And time affords them to create escapes.
With choices hesitated to decide to make.

Time does not await,
For those who stay...
Emotionally in one place.
But so many out of hearing distance,
Believe for them it is never too late.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Out Of Mind To Ever Find Again

To repeatedly re-address the obvious,
Only impedes the progress...
Of what the observer sees that is digested,
By those who can not perceive...
A severe damage to them done.

And the ones who refuse to make forward steps,
Are blinded by the stagnation that soils the atmosphere.
And their own digressing of identity that is disrespected,
Becomes increasingly clear to those who come to visit.
To leave quickly through flashing neon exits.

Who quietly authorized this routine to stick,
With such a slick absorbing wickedness?
To then become offended by those who object,
With protective evilness to defend these biased divisions...
Many wish to keep free from threats of a thought process.

And those who choose with a consciousness to stay?
Knowing many streets are subjected to be renamed,
Or changed to become one way...
OUT of mind to ever find again,
Travel to keep their souls from being frozen in a lost time.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Out Of Mind Travels

If one chooses to venture into the woods,
Without a guide and alone.
Because of pride one hides,
Without admitting a fear felt inside,
Condoned on one's own.
That choice to be made,
Is theirs alone.

And yet,
With a foolishness decides to continue...
By pushing concerned voices aside!
The experience of this,
Will either make one quickly grow.
Or quicken the end...
Of a stubborn mind that goes...bye bye.
Never to be comprehended or understood!
With a communication seen done publicly...
But,
With self throughout one's neighborhood.

Some people observed seem to enjoy,
These out of mind travels by themselves.
And stuck,
In a rut with the walls built up!
In a twilight zone to stay.

And stuck,
In a rut with the walls built up!
In a twilight zone to stay.

And stuck,
In a rut with the walls built up!
In a twilight zone to stay.

In a twilight zone to stay.
In a rut with the walls built up!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Out Of My Mind With Love

Can you save me from myself?
Will you be there to catch me...
When calling breezes invite,
To greet my fall from an open window?

Will my descend be spent in regret,
Before my meat splatters in pieces
On a welcoming sidewalk!

Geesh...
How grim that sounds!
How awful that is,
If I am found that way!

Can you save me from myself,
And death wishes?
IF insanity leads me to leap!
Knowing I have no wings to fly!
And would you care if I dared?
IF I tried to end my life and died!

Could you save me from myself?
Would your ego let you go...
From self assessments,
And judgements you pass!
That's all I ask.

Could you save me from myself,
Since I've spent my time...
Pulling you out of the gutter
To primp upon a pedestal,
Out of reach
Out of the touch I miss
When you were into me...
And I then,
Was out of my mind with love for you!
Now today it is too true,
That you,
Are too far gone...

Out of my reach and into a 'self'.
Leaving me with a heartbreak,
I can no longer take!

I ask of you...
Could you save me from myself?
Or am I destined to meet you again...
Spilling my blood and guts for you,
Without a sound...
And down,
The gutter where we met!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Out Of Place

One man is jailed for crimes
Against humanity!
While another walks free...
And clearly is the worse enemy,
By exposing 'his' insanity...
With reasons that are deemed justified!
And upheld by those
Who see nothing wrong that is exposed
Or out of place by disgraceful events
No one with common sense would allow!
And these are the days of our lives.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Out Of Relevance

Out of relevance.
Out of having any influence,
Period.

When does it become collectively witnessed,
That what had been done...
No longer is effective?
When does it in heads click,
Something about their approach...
Has to be re-examined.
And quick.

Especially,
If nothing is accomplished.
And that is not wished to be achieved.
A nothingness is there...
And 'that' can be believed.

However...
When are the signs going to stop,
From being ignored.
When are those who say they have faith...
Going to begin to have that faith explored?

Out of relevance.
Out of having any influence,
Period.
They did this to themselves.
And their excuses are as tired,
As those who have grown sick to listening to them.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Out Of Scotch

Dominate my dreams you do.
To put me through,
A loving each moment of this anguish.

I use to sip a nip,
To enhance my falling to sleep.
With hopes I'd be whipped up again,
Into a fantasized frenzy.
That only you could make me,
Angry to have the Sunrise...
Open my eyes to realize,
Another day has come.

Oooohhh...
So helplessly I laid.
While you repeatedly took advantage,
Of desires and my attempts to escape.
From your kisses, hugs and touches.
In those places you seem to have known,
I would never condone...
If conscious.

Embarrassed I am left at times when I am found,
Walking around in public alone...
Smiling for reasons I dare not explain.
Or frowning to appear I am burdened with complaints.
And I am on those days,
When money is tight and I have run out of scotch.

Oooohhh...
So helplessly I laid.
The memory of it continues to linger.
While you repeatedly took advantage,
Of desires and my attempts to escape.
From your kisses, hugs and touches.
In those places you seem to have known,
I would never condone...
If conscious.

'It's okay, my brutha!
These days don't last forever.
Let God lift whatever troubles you have,
Right off your shoulders.'

You have no idea how difficult it is,
To meet my needs on a fixed income.
I go through this at the end of each month.
I can't seem to budget my pleasures.

'I've learned to diet, exercise and cut out sweets.
Let go and let God remove those troubles from you.'

Are you kidding?
I've come to look forward,
To those tests and temptations.
But I can't seem to schedule them with patience.

'Uh...are we talking about the same thing? '

Of course.
Faith.
Keeping faith.
Without faith to keep,
Our dreams would never be as fulfilling.

'You right.
I feel you on that.'

Dominate my dreams you do.
To put me through,
A loving each moment of this anguish.
An anguish,
God knows...
I must learn to prioritize to do,
With less unbearable sacrifice.
Especially...
When money is tight.
And I have run out of scotch.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Out Of Season

It's tragic!
And more sadistic it gets,
When a truth is left to sit...
To be decided by those most misfit.

It's tragic!
And more sadistic it gets,
When a truth is left to sit...
To be decided by those most misfit.

Integrity once had is not allowed.
Those made to feel a guilt,
Had walked so proud.
But now...
They're out of season.

It's tragic!
And more sadistic it gets,
When a truth is left to sit...
To be decided by those most misfit.

It's tragic!
And more sadistic it gets,
When a truth is left to sit...
To be decided by those most misfit.

Integrity once had is not allowed.
Those made to feel a guilt,
Had walked so proud.
But now...
They're out of season.

Integrity once had is not allowed.
Those made to feel a guilt,
Had walked so proud.
But now...
They're out of season.

Where is the truth and the goodness of the people.

Have they all gone out of season.
The goodness of the people.

Oh...
Where is the truth and the goodness of the people.
Have they all gone out of season.
The goodness of the people.
Oh...
Where is the truth and the goodness of the people.
Have they all gone out of season.
The goodness of the people.
Oh...
Where is the truth and the goodness of the people.
Have they all gone out of season.
The goodness of the people.
Oh...
Where is the truth and the goodness of the people.
Have they all gone out of season.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Out Of Step

It is not what is said that makes people miserable.
It is ignoring what has been said...
And paying the consequences!
There is no dance partner,
For one accustomed to foxtrots
The jitterbug and tangos...
In a ballroom full of those waltzing!
Being out of step,
Will surely attract attention and regret!
The competitors these days...
Are light on their feet!
And expected to glide with the rhythm.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Out Of Sync

Out of sync!
And this seems to have happened,
Within a blink!

No time to think!
A distinct change has come.
All coverups by those who hoodwinked...
Realize those acts are done.

Out of Sync!
Reason or rhyme.
Even those blind have felt a shift.
Nothing remains,
To allow a comfortness!

Out of sync!
Out of places to hide.
There is no where to run.
To sanitize tainted lives!

Out of sync!
And those who have had eyes opened...
Have no time to empathize!
Not with those,
Who chose to deceive and lie!

Out of sync...
With a time that has died.
And out of focus,
Are those who denied...
A higher consciousness now on the rise!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Out Of The Blue

I am not the one to be calling,
From out of the blue.
Quickly I get suspicious when people do.

For mearly twenty-seven years,
I have lived where I've been.
With intentions to visit for just a weekend.

And familiar with a small of gossipers and liars,
I've learned a peace to keep protected...
Once having it received is my main desire.

Very few came to make appearances,
When my parents were sick but still alive.
And emotionally 'then' I barely survived.

And leaving to abandon every possession I owned,
In San Antonio, Texas a place I had called home...
People were vicious spreading rumors and innuendos.

To express what I had to address,
Facing obstacles and being depressed...
Isn't worth confessing after healing from illnesses.

No I am not the one to call from out of the blue.
Especially to say to me, 'Hello, how are you? '
Because pretentiousness I don't accept to excuse.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Out Of The Box Are These Jaw Droppers

Being on the cutting edge and daring,
Are those of a pioneering spirit.
Out of the box are these jaw droppers.
And unsatisfied with the status quo.
Chopping down obstacles to let it be known...
They are not the ones to accept and sit,
Within anyone's limits.

It is as if they have been chosen,
To embark upon new territory.
It is as if they live,
Without fear or comprehend it.
But those strides they make to challenge themselves,
Goes without saying...
Faith unshakened has them connected.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Out Of The Confines Of Definitions

They wish to define soliloquies,
As a dramatic monologue...
Spoken in a reflection,
By one who rambles in prose.
You know...
Those who profess to be 'scholars'.

AND...
Degreed!

They wish to 'confine' poetry,
As a delivery of lines...
For those who believe,
They have an expertise...
Of what they perceive,
Is an etiquette definition of poetry.
Something, of course...
That elevates the nature of it,
To proper standards that are elite.

Well...
When I receive an image,
And it is written to create an effect.
I am not the one to count lines...
With a caring done if it has rhythm or rhyme.
If I am emotionally affected and what I read connects,
The author of what I read that touches me...
Could be a literary genius!
Or someone considered out of their mind.

And most times,
People who create are just that.
Out of the confines of definitions,
To create their own.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Out Of The Crevices Of Darkness

When a long standing joke,
Has lost its 'funny'.
And lies told are found to be untrue.
What then do those who laugh and lie,
Eventually pursue?

Some try to hide their saddened faces.
Something about liars change too.
Many try to escape from their 'efforts' made.
And those whose lives had been attempted to be ruined,
By those of these misguided deeds.
Seem to appear freer to be happy.
Knowing the seeds planted by deceivers...
Has exposed more fools than can be believed.

'They are all over the place!
From where did they come? '

When the light starts to shine...
Anything can be seen,
Coming out of the crevices of darkness.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Out Of The Forest

I would say today...
These times we live,
Are getting extremely ridiculous.

'You must have just gotten out of 'rehab'.
Some kind of 'wholeness' program.
Where have you been?

When I began to see grown men,
Baring their behinds and women...
Wearing,
Or should I say 'not' wearing too much...
To leave to anyone's imagination,
It was 'then' mind disconnections started.'

Okay.
So...
What would 'you' call these times.
We are definitely living our last days on Earth.

'Oh...
Now 'that' to me is extreme.
If that was true...
My last last days would have been many years ago.
I remember my mother telling me that.
'Boy, if you don't get out of my face,
You will soon see your last days.'

Yeah,
I think we all got on somebody's nerves as children.
But nothing makes sense any more.

'I think it does.
At least the hypocrites are exposed for what they are.
And those who say religion and politics don't mix...
Either lie to themselves or are being deceived by reality.
I see religion and politics having everything to do,
With how these times are.'

You know you will be called blasphemous,
For saying that.

'Hey...
You wanted to know what I would call these days?
I would say...
They are religiously delusional.
And politics continue to play a major part of it.'

You express a lot of bitterness.

'Yep,
I knew it.
You are on some kind of medication.
I am out of the forest.
I've seen 'those' trees before!
And I am glad I am not so blinded by the leaves.
People today are self expressing their insanity.
That's it.
And accusing those who are 'sane',
As the reason and cause for their problems.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Out Of The Heat

Go away...
You heartbreak sender.
We're mending inside,
And we don't need repeats.

Go away...
We need no fences to hinder.
We're going to mend together,
And we believe.
We overloaded on a wrong road,
And was towed...
To be sold,
Out in the cold.

We overloaded on a wrong road,
And were told...

We made a U Turn few could beat!
And,
We beat it getting...
Out of the heat.
Out of the heat!

Go away...
You heartbreak sender.
We're mending inside,
And we don't need repeats.

Go away...
We need no fences to hinder.
We're going to mend together,
And we believe.

We overloaded on a wrong road.
That we agree.
We overloaded from the greed.
That we agree.
We overloaded from a lazy life.
That we agree.

And took the meaning out of living it.
That we agree.
And that was the key!
Too get away quick,
Direct.

Out of the heat.
Out of the heat.

Go away...
We need no fences to hinder.
We're going to mend together,
And we believe.

Go away...
'Cause,
We are....
Out of the heat.
Out of the heat.

Go away...
'Cause,
We are....
Out of the heat.
Out of the heat.
Out of the heat.
Go away,
Out of the heat.
Go away,
Out of the heat.
Go away,
Out of the heat.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Out Of The Question

You've asked me to do something,
You believe I am able to do.
I've never been able to look through walls.
Or believe sincerity,
From eyes accustomed to staying fixed and lifeless.

To read your mind is out of the question.
I'd rather read a comic book.
At least I'm guaranteed some content.
With a little animation.
And a lot of imagination.

I aint hardly into you like that!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Out Of The Spotlight And Off The Scene

I don't know why I notice these things,
But it seems as though those with an agenda...
Suffer from a lack of integrity,
And have low self esteem.

Targeted on their priority list,
Are those who make strides and mind their own business.
And the ones who oppose this,
Seem to have time on their hands...
To discredit and undermine,
Those who are motivated with ambitions of some kind.

And behind the minds of those insecure,
Is nothing but to advocate an 'innocent' approach...
To spread a bit of wickedness and initiate hate.
With vocal implications...
To character assassinate those of good deeds,
Who are of goodwill.

Wishing to do for others,
Often kills someone's commitment to fulfill...
Promises made to promote others with abilities,
Because they often are without tremendous egos...
With mindsets placed on the making of dollar bills.

I don't know why I notice these things,
But it seems as though those with an agenda...
Suffer from a lack of integrity,
And have low self esteem.

With a wish to get attention...
That removes another who gets it,
Without intention.
But still there is a wish to get them...
Out of the spotlight and off the scene.
And...
By any evil means necessary!
To diminish, eventually, a credibility....
Jealousy and envy had never earned.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Out Of Their Comfort Zones They Are Thrown

People are too accepting,
Of their learned and enforced perceptions.
Envisoned with fixed images in their minds.
Like men aren't expected to cook or do chores.
Or women who look feminine,
Shock others who see them box in rings.
Or play basketball with hook shots,
To achieve high scores.

Men who sing and write,
Are expected to be limp of wrist.
While those who appear to be 'supermen'
Stop traffic when seen,
Holding hands to then kiss.

And women who wear lipstick,
Are often approached by men...
For sex and overnight 'flings'.
When they announce they are lesbians...
'Homophobics' do not begin,
To rejoice and sing.

People are too accepting,
Of their learned and enforced perceptions.
When out of their comfort zones they are thrown...
Those who are not like them,
Are condemned to be sinners!
As if a wholesomeness can not be lived...
Unless pretensions are embellished,
And mentioned to impress...
Over again and again.

With a 'normalcy' perceived...
That does not threaten what is believed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Out Of Their League

When one picks on another,
Out of their league of abilities...
There is going to be a display,
Of animosity.
With beliefs a deserving of equality,
Should be shown and given.
Although...
Questioned by the doing of it,
By those obvious to the lack of comparison.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Out Of Their Minds With An Accepting

Choosing to remain uninformed,
But in a constant curiosity...
About what goes on in other people's lives.
As the World continues to spin,
News events.
Printed in papers and on TV...
As neighborhoods everywhere,
Become more incensed with violence.
Says this about that...

It is no mystery,
More people are finding they've become...
Out of their minds.
With an accepting of it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Out Of This World

I've already 'seen'
What you are going to discover.
Even the previews coming to you...
Are too out of this world to describe.
In fact...
It is!
It is too...
Out of this world!
Yet also within it!
We'll discuss this,
After you've been traumatized!
And instantly released,
From your religious convictions!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Out Of Touch

NOW you're wishing for clarification?
For something I expressed,
You suggested came from my frustration.
I wasn't then...
Nor have I been frustrated at all.
My observations do not set me up,
Not for that kind of distressing fall.
But I don't understand what had been obvious to me...
Isn't clear as crystal,
By those who should have seen...
The spreading of this mental disease.
That supplied deceit to fulfill fantasies.

I can not clarify for you NOW,
Comments made on a path I have observed and passed.
Whatever you are experiencing in your mind,
Is for you to grasp.
And I refuse to help you unload your issues,
For a point of view that seems to bother and confuse you!
Remember you were the one who said then,
I had been out of touch!
Consider me NOW completely out of your reach.
I have no needs to have my peace of mind released.
Or have it ceased,
To listen to your ramblings about fading beliefs
That have kept you imprisoned!
Will you step to the left please?
You are blocking my light.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Out Of Tune

When I said 'no'
To your question,
About the possibility of us
Getting back together again.
Was it the 'n' that confused you?
Or the 'o' you want clarified?
Sure.
Now I completely understand!
You object to the tone of it?
'Oh!
Hell no! '
How's that?
I would sing it for you too.
But I am not in the mood,
For anything you want harmonized,
That two do out of tune!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Out Of Which Empty Pockets?

Someone 'Has' to be,
Intercepting these messages sent.

Without an educated society,
Everyone becomes effected.
No matter what their biases.
Or standards wished by dead ancestors.

If one group prevents another,
From performing tasks to have all share...
The enrichment that is there to embrace,
All cultures with an ethnic respect given...
No respect given is observed reflected.

If some are not given an opportunity to earn a living,
Those who are selfish will pay.
In ways they will eventually lose everything.
A baker does not bake just for one family member.
Not to say their doors are opened for business!
It would be ridiculous to admit that,
AFTER,
The 'For Sale Sign' has been hung.
With tears wept and hands outstretched.

Someone 'Has' to be,
Intercepting these messages sent.
Because what is going on in your neighborhood,
Does not make practical or logical sense.
And higher taxes are solicited to do what?
Pay for entitlements?
Whose? Why?
And out of which empty pockets?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Out Standing

The children of today only look that way.
Wings untested with an appearance,
Of innocence.
But they are far more intelligent,
Than the 'children' we were then called.
And expected to obey,
Any adult and what to us they had to say.
Even if we knew the doing of it to do,
Had been from 'their' point of view.
Of course, we all thought it was stupid too.
However...
With that said to have some of that stuff,
Stick in our heads...
The children of today may not follow instructions,
As 'we' intend them to mean.
But they do listen to comprehend,
An image that is literally taken and meant...
To add their own interpretation.
And overheard is this conversation...

'Honey?
Why are the kids outside standing? '

~Who knows.
I told them instead of sitting around texting.
Or send emails to to themselves,
They could at least spend more time...
Making attempts to find something,
More constructive to do to prove they can be...
Outstanding.
So...
They got up. And went out.
To believe I would make comments,
About them standing.~

'These kids today are something else.
How long ahve they been out there doing this? '

~Who cares.

As long as they are not in here,
Adding on my head another gray hair.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

'Out There' And In Number

There are those who believe,
They can do as they please.
Even expressing disrespect,
In everything they do...
That might cause others to get upset.

And expect these people do,
To be forgiven.
After an apology has been delivered.
With attempts to blame...
Every aspect of their nonsense,
On a childhood lived.

This explanation may include...
Negligent parents.
Or an overprotective smothering done.
Or pets that created their allergies.

Or...
Ancestors who infected the family bloodline,
By not using Food and Drug Administration approved...
Pesticides,
On homegrown vegetables.

And this left a scar that tormented,
By the acknowledgement...
Of those vegetable not being totally fresh and organic.

Hey...
These folks are 'out there'.
And in number!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Out To Disobey God

She's on a smear campaign
And she does that quite well.
Wasn't it God who first said...
'Adam, don't listen to Eve,
She will turn this Garden into hell! '

But she and her serpent friend were on a mission!
They were out to disobey God.
And that has presented these current conditions!
She's a liar and has always been that way.
She screams and yells of being raped.
To escape her ills from her self hate.
And she is behind the devastation taking place.
She's an evil conspiring wicked sick bitch!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Outbreak Of Peace

I awakened this morning...
So early I was shakened!
Did I hear someone say...
'There's been an outbreak of peace!
A recipe of peace is in all ovens baking? ! '
Did I hear this correctly?
So I went to the window to see!
And sure enough...
I saw Morning Doves!
Morning Doves at the base of a tree!
I opened the window,
And they chirped and moved on!
Leaving me with a 'song'...
To carry with me all day long!
Something perhaps I reflect,
And can be detected by others...
Who will take and pass it on!
I know something felt different...
Within me.
Yet in my heart it kept singing
Stronger until it longed
To belong.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Outdated

From the distance their voices reminds one,
Of children whining.
And when approached to witness their sulking done,
Confirms the absence of accountability.

With an understanding of why those wishing to flee,
Chose to do so to keep intact their sanity...
No one observed desired to be responsible,
For their own tears.

And,
With high expectations to be changed...
When THEY wanted to be changed!
And FED when THEY wanted to be FED outdated!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Outdated And Sidetracked

Why is it,
That those who have chosen to avoid other people...
Are now for some reason,
Believing those very same people 'they' avoided,
Have now chosen to play hide and seek with them?

This is the madness that traps,
Those with minds dysfunctional.
And unable to face the facts...'that',
Have left them outdated and sidetracked...
To live with the playing of childish games.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Outdated Aspirations

Being present and accountable,
Only takes one decision to make.
And that decision is not often made,
Within days or months.
Some will use all excuses to exhaust,
Until it becomes realized...
Those who had empathized either died.
Or have moved on to other Earthly places,
To escape from the mundane.
That will entertain already left behind...
Thoughts to think in abandoned vacant minds.

Putting off today for a tomorrow that comes?
May be acceptable,
For those into magic trying new tricks.
To then know procrastinating,
Only produces overused tactics.
And someone like this,
Awaiting decades to pass to allow a stubbornness...
To delay applying motivation to a simple task,
Will always be heard to ask this question...
'Where has the time from me gone? '

~Uh...
I can't answer that question for you.
However I will say,
Your energized outdated aspirations...
Would have been more appreciated yesterday.
But today,
A pulling of rabbits out of hats...
Expecting an attention to you given,
Can be compared to threatening to take...
Everyone's cellphone away.
To then demand of them to use their imaginations.
And miracles like that no longer exist.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Outdated By The Facts Of Life

Few care anymore what bores.
Eyes are beginning to widen bright.
And the speed by which they are opened...
Have many with less time to impress,
With a gossip outdated by the facts of life.
As seen and not whispered.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Outdated Lovers Of Bad Taste

Depictions to confuse the presence of reality,
Are created with the hope...
Those choosing to live their lives,
Based upon truth to have experienced...
Should be regarded as troublemakers.
Nonconformists.
Traitors and haters of delicious baked cake.
Fools and attention getters.
Mischief achievers.
Monkey face makers.
Negative picture takers.
Donkey dong throwers.
And outdated lovers of bad taste.
With wishes to negate their own shortcomings.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Outdated Praise

My experiences seem to peak...
When treated,
With the fresh flowing...
Of creativity at its birth.
Arriving on Earth from the unknown.
For redundant examinations!

To expose myself to repeated visits,
With wishes to be affected,
As expected...
By those who make attempts,
To re-invent an exposed fresh flow.
Is for me too conforming.
With a 'boring' done and shown!

It for me is like trying to find new ways,
To tie shoes...
I've known have worn out.
And doing my best to develop an interest,
In the activity.
Although they may comfort my steps,
When I walk about.
The wear and tear is there to express this!

My need to be excited by innovation,
Is not comprehended by those...
Seeking to authorize a familiarity!
To eventually announce an acceptance,
With outdated praise.

To those subjected to limited vision...
This is okay.
Who am I to say it isn't?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Outrageous Allegations

Those who take positions,
To claim to be in complete control...
Yet not to know who is responsible,
For cleaning up the trash...
Left at their doorstep and does not ask,
On a day it has not been swept...
Or professes not to have noticed,
Although continues to expect...
Accountability from those hired to inspect,
Either hides a lie told...
To believe any explanation is acceptable,
When delivering hollow speeches...
To the ones expected to pay maintenance fees,
With a keeping of all entrances cleared of debis.
But claims with innocence to be deceived...
By one who has been sworn to follow orders,
Only!

'I apparently have been betrayed.'

~By who or whom? ~

'I have apologized.
Isn't that enough?
Haven't I endured public embarrassment?
With a showing of humiliation? '

~Yes.
Everyone acknowledges that.
But...
That trash has appeared on your doorstep,
At least for three days. Four months ago.
Who else lives beyond that doorstep? '

'I am not here to answer to your suspicions.
Or respond to such outrageous allegations.'

~Will you admit,
Having complete control...

Has its defects.
And your radar screen has severe flaws?
What other reasons would you have,
For appointing people you can not trust...
To mop, dust and clean? ~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Outrageous Demands

It continues to amaze,
How those voices that raise.
Their outrageous demands,
Are given a patient ear.
With subsidies thrown to them,
That are sought ways to find uses.
Eventually.

While others that are seen,
With obvious needs.
Are forced to certify their qualifications,
That depict as if.
Their status of being hungry and homeless,
Are legitimate reasons to declare themselves.
Among the ones needy.
Since appearances are not quite enough to verify.

Especially.
When any subsidies given to them,
Are being limited and still questioned.
By those feeding themselves on abundance.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Outreach Techniques

Some do make attempts,
To commit and get involved.
They attend protest rallies.
Local community meetings.
And with others discuss,
What it is they could do...
To keep their children,
From being lured...
Innocently into wayward,
And inappropriate activities...
Increasing with ease,
On neighborhood urban streets.
Declaring repeatedly...
It's better schools they need.
And, of course...
Trained and qualified teachers,
Capable with abilities...
To do it all.

Babysit to then discipline.
And protect their children,
As if police.
Speak calmly to heated parents,
They only see...
When their children,
Have cursed out the principal.
And from school,
Have been dispelled.

And...
There are those,
Who had at one time...
Many years ago,
Had volunteered their expertise
To freely give but told...
What they offered,
Was too eclectic.
And not standardized enough,
To meet demands.

Stabilized.
Without that other fluff stuff.

And heard from those,
Proving...
They've been 'authorized',
To modernize the times.
Are comments made,
Of essentials needed...
That will advance to catch up,
Minds vacant.
Without a single thought,
To recognize.
Or one to find.

'We did not then know,
How rapidly the future...
Would speed upon us.
To acknowledge,
We've been blinded.
And left as if orphans.
Totally unprepared.

We need those amongst us,
Already known...
To have been shunned.
To return and unify,
Their efforts to endeavor.
Misunderstood,
When they then back when...
We thought them to be stupid.
And their ideas dumb.'

-We've already approached them.
And unselfishly they shared,
Their latest outreach,
Techniques.-

'To forgive is wonderful.
Tell us...
Just what it was they shared? '

-They handcuffed one wrist,
To chain it to an open door.
While stretching to extend,
The other hand.
To then say to us,
They've been exploring...
Outreach techniques.
As a possibility,
What they've discovered...
Would be of benefit,
To a community they so love.-

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Outside Enclosed Fences

It takes curiosity,
To break free from restricting limits.
It takes a willingness to investigate,
One's difference continually mentioned.
With a hunger to comprehend,
Why are those programmed with mindsets...
Affixed to conditions and quick to defend them

When many are observed to be accepting,
Of rituals affecting them but making less sense.
And those addicted to this environment,
Become offended by the ones...
With experiences outside enclosed fences.
More obvious it is...
Are these acts of self-defeat fed to feed to addict.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Outside Of The Hive

Fireflies in the night-time...
Light your eyes.
I am like an owl aroused,
By oodles of full moonlight.
And I can't be a little hiving bee,
Home alone...
With just a taste for honey buns.
You've got me buzzin' with a hummin' done.
I don't want to ovecome...
Outside of the hive!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Outside Of The Loop

With a making of their own choices,
And the following done of their beliefs...
Why are those outside of the loop,
Blamed for infringing upon their rights?
Their rights to do what?
Hit their heads up against bricks walls?
Or...
Their rights to have no insight,
For the building of them...
That now has them stalled in anguish.
Why do they accuse others,
For the making of their intended decisions?
And why is it these folks can not see,
The forest overflowing with trees.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Outside Of The System

Often I am amazed,
By those parents who claim...
They go to lengths to raise their children.
But not spend ten minutes with them,
With an applied investing of interest.
But somehow expect from their indifference,
Their children will achieve notoriety and success.

And these are the same children,
That can not sit or listen in a classroom.
And few have social aspects that shows a discipline.
To them disrespect is a reflection that is witnessed.
That tempts most teachers to call in sick.
Or take a permanent leave of absence,
To seek other positions outside of the system.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Outside Of Those Kept Standards

People are looking with their noses turned up,
Outside of those kept standards they value...
For a resolution that will dissolve to solve,
Their internal problems...
With a soliciting to others to get involved.

But...
They will not come to admit,
That a witnessing of 'isolated' incidents...
And all of the conflicts they have allowed to permit,
Is a direct result of their own kept biases.

Although...
With evidence and their excuses made to show,
How truth mentioned to them will offend them quick...
It is their own kept pretentiousness that remains affixed,
Is the reason 'WHY' an increase of their own mental illnesses...
Surrounds them to exist!

'These increasing tragedies,
Are becoming disturbing and difficult for any of us to comprehend.
None of us associates with that kind of 'element'.
And most of us live within fences,
To protect our beliefs at a higher standard to defend.
We can not comprehend why 'us' and not 'them'.'

~Unfortunate it is,
Your kept delusions are not insured.
Have you tried opening your gates for visits with truth?
Reality has a way once it is faced to leave you less afraid of it.
To work wonders on minds disturbed.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Outside Of Your Window

Standing in the need of love.
And undenying...
It is you I'm thinking of.
But why do I...
Just,
Stand in the need of love?
And keep from trying,
To reveal...
To you,
How it is inside I feel.

Standing in the need of love.
And undenying...
It's you I'm thinking of.
But why do I...
Just,
Stand in the need of love?
And keep from trying,
To reveal...
To you,
How it is inside I feel.

Standing in the need of love.
And..
Outside of your window.
I am...
Standing in the need of love.
And..
Outside of your window.
I am...
Standing in the need of love.
And..
Outside of your window.
But you don't peek out to look.
And I've...
Texted you wishing you would.
But you don't reply like I think you should.

Standing in the need of love.

And..
Outside of your window.
I am...
Standing in the need of love.
And..
Outside of your window.
I am...
Standing in the need of love.
And..
Outside of your window.
But you don't peek out to look.
And I've...
Texted you wishing you would.
But you don't reply like I think you should.

Standing in the need of love.
And undenying...
It is you I'm thinking of.
But why do I...
Just,
Stand in the need of love?
And keep from trying,
To reveal...
To you,
How it is inside I feel.
OH...
Standing in the need of love.
And undenying...
It is you I'm thinking of.
But why do I...
Just,
Stand in the need of love?
And keep from trying,
To reveal...
To you,
How it is inside I feel.

Standing in the need of love.
And..
Outside of your window.
I am...
Standing in the need of love.

And..
Outside of your window.
I am...
Standing in the need of love.
And..
Outside of your window.
But you don't peek out to look.
And I've...
Texted you wishing you would.
But you don't reply like I think you should.

Standing in the need of love.
And..
Outside of your window.
I am...
Standing in the need of love.
And..
Outside of your window.
I am...
Standing in the need of love.
And..
Outside of your window.
But you don't peek out to look.
And I've...
Texted you wishing you would.
But you don't reply like I think you should.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Outsider With Insight

They talk about their issues,
Within areas of 'their' comfort.
And this has to be respected,
If one feels the outsider with insight!
And having those observations,
They would never comprehend.
Since with them,
It is not yet in their vision.
To capture and realize,
As part of life.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Outsourced

Outsourced...
Is the moist I knew.
Outsourced...
Is my once prized tool.
Outsourced...
Is my boo boo lube,
I used.
Outsourced too...
Is my cool and groove.

And I wonder why,
Is Iowa...
Drenched in pouring rain.
Straining the remaining corn and soy!

And why is Ohio...
High and dry!
That can annoy,
Those unemployed!
Outsourced is my drool,
For you too.

La la
La la la
La la

La La
La la la
Lah Lahhhhh.

And I wonder why,
Is Iowa...
Drenched in pouring rain?
Ooo ooo ooo.

I choose to outsource madness...
I do!

Outsourced...

Is the moist I knew.
Outsourced...
Is my once prized tool.
Outsourced...
Is my boo boo lube,
I used.
Outsourced too...
Is my cool and groove.

I choose to outsource,
This madness...
I do!

Who do I outsource,
This blues I'm boo hooing...
To?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Over A Crock Of Mixed Soup

If anything in the past,
Was given and meant to be long lasting...
Very few on the receiving end,
Would today be left to complain...
About their feelings of being used,
As they stood by just to take it!

And wherever one goes...
That same story is told as if to convince,
The giving done they did was unconditional.
Until a misunderstanding drifted between two,
With a decision made to split...
Over a crock of mixed soup allowed to burn.

'Perhaps there was too much salt...
And not enough pepper to heat up the spice.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Over And Out Of Your Life

Don't bring your baggage to my doorstep,
To unpack it.
Don't offer opinions to give,
About your friends, acquaintances or relatives.

Don't open your wounds to have me see you bleed.
And don't expect from me empathy,
When I know when you leave...
You'll be whispering to deceive someone else,
As to how it was to you I was cruel...
Because I didn't allow you the time,
To complain and whine...
Like the others you've made fools!

I have long left the need to express,
Why it is someone else should accept...
My insecurities I refuse to correct.
With them to keep as I aged to stay immature.
Those childish tactics I don't use anymore.

Don't bring your baggage to my doorstep,
To unpack it.
Period.
Consider me over and out of your life!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Over Compensated

Hiding an incompetence,
With a patronizing done...
That is over compensated,
Makes distasteful...
A flattery one is made to accept,
As if not to do it...
Would be interpreted as disrespectful.
And those pretentious,
Left to feel offended.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Over Dramatized

Protecting ongoing theft and pretentions kept,
To legitimize decepting claims of ownership...
With a sweeping sweetened need,
For a promoting to keep fantasies and hypocrisies...
Alive to thrive with a selling sold to buy as reality.
Yet...the purpose and lack of effectiveness of this,
Can not stop the dust on rusting foundations...
From cracking to snap the backs,
Of those living to survive the facts of life.
Or the continued hype disguising,
The smell of fresh blood stains still dripping...
On streets where designers of created truth,
Claim to blame on people seen scarred and abused...
For not being accepting of enforced negligent activities,
They wish to interpret with their own observed depictions...
That have those ignoring to declare this truth to see,
As being over dramatized, suspicious and unprofessional.

'What is the matter now?
You know we have a limited budget.
Why have you stopped the cameras,
From filming the next scene? '

~We can either shot around those people,
Giving us 'the finger'.
Or hire professionals.~

'Roll the cameras.
We will use a disclaimer that says...
*We Did The Best We Could,
To Avoid Traveling Immigrants...
On Their Journey To Seek For Themselves Better Lives.
But Believed To Keep Them In These Scenes,
Would Inspire Those Wishing To Vacation Here...
A Glimpse Of The Unexpected Diversity.*

~But none are smiling happily.~

'Roll cameras.

We'll keep it raw.
Trust me...
This advertising campaign,
Will draw those who love adventure.
And personally...
I think those giving us the finger,
Adds a certain quality...a different dimension,
I don't find offensive at all.
We'll do something special with that,
During the editing process.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Over Goosed

Although I walk...
With an earned dignity I pride.
I feel I am not greeted with respect.
And this treatment leaves me in deep regret.
I don't lose any sleep,
Over what has been validated, obvious and concrete.
I see it for what it is.
And what it is has diseased our streets.

I can not believe,
Most times my thoughts.
'Degenerate self perceptions,
Displayed by the 'crazed' with few exceptions'.

I can not believe,
Sometimes my anger.
When thinking of inflicted conflicts,
Which are much over goosed with inflating gander.

Slander...
Backstabbing and character assassinations thrive!
How people can accept life is to be lived like this...
Has found a way to be marketed,
On newscasts from 9 to 5!
And around the clock,
If you are 'hooked' and 'cabe-ill-ized'.

Connected to ALL channels...
Except 'one'!
That 'one' that reactivates grace and teaches,
How one should stay alive!

And I walk...
With an earned dignity I pride.
Defended with an improved understanding!
I no longer wonder why my strides taken,
Or when I am standing...
'Seem' to be done alone!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Over Her

Over her
I thought I was
I thought I knew
Just because
I dried my eyes
From crying nights
And made a vow
I wont allow
My heart again
To sink that low
Although I know
Inside I feel
She's there
Aware
I'm not
Over her
And she
Doesn't care
What was in my head
Still is there

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Over Medicating With A Self Importance

We can't imitate the living of life.
We can,
However.
Prevent others from doing so.
To limit eventually,
Our own growth process.
And the evidence of that,
Does not need a tour guide.

We can't imitate the living of life.
Nor can we insist what is not visible exists.
But so much of life lived is not visible...
To expose to anyone to prove it being done.

Most of life lived when given,
Is based on sheer faith and confidence.
Patience and the giving of sacrificial time.
With the knowing in one's mind.
Something divine is keeping track of the mess,
Human beings have made in attempts to perfect nonsense.

We can't imitate the living of life.
Once one has been blessed with it.
There is something genuine and real,
About the feelings one has.

We can,
However.
Prevent others from doing so.
To leave them to live their own lives.
And allow others to learn and grow,
For the sharing of those experiences.

But many don't get this!
Without that interdependence.
We limit eventually,
Our own growth process.
And the evidence of that,
Does not need a tour guide.

We would rather destroy other lives,
With the enforcement of values and standards...
We perceive with beliefs are best for others,
When in fact.
We are hard pressed to show any evidence,
To convince within our own minds.
Of that working for ourselves.

But an over medicating with a self importance?
We can do with the right prescription.
Not to take but to test.
With the observing of the affects on others.
To arrive at a feeling of perfection.
And that,
As of yet.
Can not be found.
However.
We can always say,
What we believe has been achieved.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Over The Darkness Of Desperation

This 'vision' of awareness,
Identified with one's own mortality...
Awakens 'realities'!
And therefore,
We are less of conflict and more of purpose.
This begins the journey,
On paths that provide our answers.
Reflecting...
Against clouds of doubts,
Fading!
And speeds to us reason...
Why we must choose happiness,
Over the darkness of desperation!
Assisting those to climb and scale the heights,
Of dreams.
But choosing not to dwell with them,
In the shadows of valleys...
Resting in beliefs,
They have found their comfort.
Without the rays of the Sun to cast upon them!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Over The Sounds Of Conflicts

A leadership that has focused its priorities,
On the obtaining of greed and keeping that fed...
Will never abide by the signs of warnings,
From those who know their futures.
And express this with patience from level heads.

And today...
There is not a place,
Where these messengers have not conveyed...
Their announcements to go ignored.
Over the sounds of conflicts on many shores.

Roosters are coming home to roost,
As if Chicken Little was cloned...
To proclaim the sky is falling everywhere.
Even on the rooftops of malls,
And hair salons.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Over The Top And Unneccesary

Let's face it!
We live to know some animosities felt.
It is an experience of living a life,
Teased by a variety of choices...
From which to pick and choose.
And some adapt to adjust.
While others can not seem to stop.

Many dissatisfied,
And craving just to feed a need to greed...
Will always feel themselves to be entitled,
To what others have.
No matter what they've got.
Even if their actions to get it...
Are over the top and unneccesary.

Let's face it!
We live to know some animosities felt.
And those who carry their immaturities,
To the heights of extreme...
Will always feel they are justified,
To satisfy their spoiled ways.
Even if this means demeaning the lives of others.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Over The Top With Dramatics

Every piece of clothing I wore,
At one time...
Bore my own tear stains.

Over the top with dramatics?
I wish this fact,
'Was' an exaggeration with theatrics.

Back to back agonies,
Had seemed the only air...
I came to learn to breathe.

I would cling onto my woes,
As if they were new born babies.
Protectively I held them close.

And then one day,
An adjustment was made!
I forgave myself for tossing away my faith.

Every piece of clothing I wore,
At one time...
Bore my own tear stains.

Spinning I was...
In a dysfunctional whirpool of guilt.
And a remorse felt from displaced anger.

And when I discovered I was being tested.
To prove a love I within confessed,
God released me from that mess I kept!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Over The Years

Over the years,
And facing to address my obstacles...
There had been a few people,
Who rumored me to be...
A fool to be laughed at.
Among others things,
They chose to add at my expense.

'God don't like ugly!
Remember that, Larry.'
My mother would say this,
As if her mission was to raise...
And nurture saints!

And for some reason,
I took a special interest in this.
Not to prove I wasn't foolish.
Or enjoyed to experience something new.
But to see who actually believed their perceptions.
And how many amongst them today,
Have discovered themselves complete idiots...
With stupidity that had attracted some to pursue.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Over You

I almost lost myself.
Over you.
No eating or rest did I get.
Over you.
I began to lose direction.
Caring less about my own footsteps.
Neglecting the making of them.
With every excuse I could use,
To permit you to do this...
As an exception I allowed.

Felt feelings I kept would blind my vision.
Indecision replaced,
My ambition focused on a mission to complete.
I would find more time,
Just to have you occupy my mind.
To repeatedly slow my forward pace to forsake it.
With a giving it a task more procrastinated.

I almost lost myself.
Over you.
And then one day I knew,
I had to move on.
Like you had done...
Many sunsets and dawns that have gone.
To leave this with me to remember...
Not a moment did you hesitate to offer explanations.

I almost lost myself over you.
And then one day I realized with it known,
How easy it was for you to have shown...
Forgetting what we meant to each other,
Had already been forgotten the moment you left.
To leave me hoping with a holding of my breath,
You would return expressing regret.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Overblown

Remember when this nonsense began,
And you said that it didn't...
And dismissed it?
Remember when
The affects of this started,
To ripple in the wind?
And again you said I was demented?

I don't deny being patriotic then,
Or speaking my mind for unpopular causes.
Publicly crying and singing the blues?
I did that and receive shoulders that were frosted!

But never did I once,
Think I would see these days...
When ignorance would become popular,
And foolishness was praised!
Never did I think,
Values upheld would sit on the brink.
And tumble in the valley ushered there by the crazed!

Watching as I do,
A quality of life I screamed to save...
Be disrespected and accepted,
As it is in this way!

Remember when this nonsense began,
And you said that it didn't...
And dismissed it?
Remember when
The affects of this started...
Rippling gently in the wind?
And again you said I was demented,
'Retarded! '

Remember me saying your denials will come to haunt?
And your stubbornness is nothing for you to flaunt?
Remember me trying to pull you aside?
Trying to shake you awake...

Before this madness created an outbreak,
That will rise?
Remember when you told me to leave you alone?
Well...
You have finally gotten your wish,
And this unconditional chaos you allowed to grow
Unresisted...
Like your unattractive hips!
With you and others like this,
Who are blinded in surrounded 'crisis bliss'...
Has overblown!
'That' is the message you did not get,
But sits condoned!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Overcomed By Joy

Captivation enchants.
It can disguise and hypnotize.
And often done too well.
Who notices the buzz of locusts,
When nibbling on lips to kiss.
As if the sweet taste of nectar,
Would never run out of supply.
Until reality comes along,
To prolong and unexpected visit.
And then an exit sought,
Becomes a thought one wishes...
Did not appear to distance,
From a smothering that is suffered...
By one who feels their sentiments,
Once lovingly expressed...
With expectations they would stay fresh,
As new beginnings seem to bring Spring.
But now...
Winter competes with cold shoulders,
And eyes iced as they roll.
What has happened to that 'forever'?
And the commitment made to those dreams?
To leave some left feeling...
Their feet had been sealed in cement.
Limited in movement.
And dared to think or mention happiness,
If their love of life is cherished.
What has happened to the bloom of love?

'What have you been that took so long? '

~Honey,
I told you I was going to use the bathroom.~

'I heard you in there pretending to cry.
What was that all about? '

~Joy.
Overcomed by joy.

And thoughts of it to remember.~

'Well...
Get over it and take out the trash.
At least do 'something' around here,
Instead of watching TV all day long.'

~It's my day off.
Can I enjoy my day off to do what I want? ~

'Could I sit with it wished,
The oven would turn on.
Food would be cooked by itself.
Dishes washed and put away,
While we sit and reminisce...
Our skipping down yellow brick roads,
Would remain a reality? '

~I remember that day,
When I was driving home from work...
Wondering what it felt like to have amnesia.
And no matter how I tried...
It seems as if,
The car was magnetically pulled into the driveway.~

'Is this your attempt at being humorous?
Well humor the both of us by taking out the trash.
And I don't intend to nag,
But...'

~LOLOLOLOLOL...~

'Stop it.
STOP IT!
Your eyes are scaring me.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Overcomed I Am With Determination

I am not alone in consciousness.
With many who are also aware,
Of what does...
And what for them,
Does not exist.
A connection within begins to click!

And I will never argue with someone,
ANYONE...
About their acceptance.
Or the degree of their acknowledgement.
I've learned personal experiences are just that.
Personally experienced.

Nor am I going to tolerate,
My peace of mind to be tampered.
And no where is 'that' on my top ten list.
I recognize but do not invite irritation.
I may respond with an opinion in conversation.
That's it.

And the hardest lesson there is to learn...
Is to listen.
And,
I've learned that lesson.

My right eyebrow,
Is somehow connected...
To my footsteps.

My eyebrow raises...
With a signal sent,
To my eyes to seek near exits.

Then my feet begin to move.

My reach for the exit...
Becomes a commitment.
And overcomed I am,

With determination. To split!
And I do it as if mastered.

As if to leave is my only priority.
And in many cases...
To get away from what's being layered and laid,
Becomes a needed desperation.
How many excuses to use the restroom,
Can one make?
I think four within an hour is ridiculous.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Overcoming Admitted Mistakes

Overcoming admitted mistakes made,
And wrongs to have done to anyone...
With one's actions corrected.
And hopefully not to repeat,
The same exact ones or others in between...
That come to learn from,
Is more honest than denying...
How they began.
OR stay to sit,
On the back of a lieing horse.
To prove one can do it to remain off course.

So many today are in the midst of conflicts.
To blame the initiating of their involvement,
As something they did to avoid more of it.
And insist, they do,
Of having no knowledge how these conflicts exists.
But refusing not to participate,
Seems difficult for them to turn away and quit.
With a leaving immediately to quickly depart.

'I don't know why it seems,
People pick me to be in the middle of their 'scenes'.'

~Perhaps you enjoy screaming with the loudest voice.
To do it with it done as a choice to make.
Knowing some attention from others will come.
And that's the way you like it done.~

'But if I turn away,
Many will say I was the cause of it.'

~And they would be wrong?
Right? ~

'Right.
And that's why I'm here to convince them,
I have a right to fight against their wrong preceptions.'

~Why can't you just walk away?
And let people say whatever they want.
As soon as you leave,
That is exactly what it's going to be.~

'Sure.
That's easy for you to say.
And let them put words in my mouth?
I don't think so.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Overcoming Adversaries

Overcoming adversaries,
On paths just to tarry...
Need to be given,
Not a welcome but a good riddance...
Until their effect is gone.

Every step taken to perfect,
Needs an architect.
With it known what is coming next,
To be recollected and remembered...
By those who opposed.

Every step taken to perfect,
Needs an architect.
With it known what is coming next,
To be recollected and remembered...
By those who opposed but 'now' it shows,
If it's wished...
To commit,
A proving of removing adversaries can be done,
And quick.
If wished.
A proving of removing adversaries can be done,
If one's committed.

Overcoming adversaries,
On paths just to tarry...
Need to be given,
Not a welcome but a good riddance...
Until their effect is gone.

A proving of removing adversaries can be done,
And quick.
If wished.
A proving of removing adversaries can be done...
If one's committed.

Overcoming adversaries can be a doing that's done,
If it is wished.

Overcoming adversaries can be a doing that's done,
If one's committed.
Overcoming adversaries can be a doing that's done,
If it is wished.
Overcoming adversaries can be a doing that's done,
If one's committed.

Every step taken to perfect,
Needs an architect.
With it known what is coming next,
To be recollected and remembered...
By those who opposed but 'now' it shows,
If it's wished...
Overcoming adversaries can be a doing that's done.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Overcoming Fear

I have spent my entire life,
Overcoming fear.
And people who disliked,
My objection to limits.
I have never found comfort,
On what others said...
Who it is I am.
When everyday my mind finds,
I can not be defined...
To be confined to found definitions.

I have spent my entire life,
Breaking down barriers.
Or seeking acceptance in times like these,
When people will do anything...
Just to have others pleased.
To discover wherever they may travel,
Happiness to have is not within their grasp.
And I'm going to live not to look for it.
But to have.
More than fear to seek to defeat myself.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Overcoming Setbacks

My space is my space!
And it's a happy place deserved.

Long in development.
And cleared of weeds,
Dusted of rubblish...
And nonsense free.

With resisted self evaluation done.
None of it fun overcoming setbacks.
And heartbreaks.
Or those mistakes clinging,
Onto denials made.

Fearing the truth hiding behind excuses...
I did to reduce pain felt.
Sitting I would do far removed from self...
To think of my journey,
Aboard a ship rudderless.
Until I awakened...
To shake away from my own confrontations.
Now to greet a 'me' I began to know to love!

With resisted self evaluation done.
None of it fun overcoming setbacks.
And heartbreaks.
Or those mistakes clinging,
Onto denials made.

My space is my space!
And it's a happy place deserved.
With or without those passing judgement,
About my love of it being self serving.

Nor do I solicit opinions,
Regarding how my life is best to live.
The enjoyment comes,
From the doing of it.
With less self abuse...

That seduces creative excuses to make!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Overdue

Appeasing to your comforts...
Is not my wish at all.
I desire a satisfaction lifted,
From a place that keeps you stalled.
Sometimes it is difficult.
Most times uncertainty sets.
But when you let an acceptance begin...
It becomes less of a nightmare,
And more of a mind that desires...
To be extended.
To reach beyond and test.
It happens when you least suspect.
Especially as objections end.
A thought or two that releases an attitude...
Produces another outlook for you,
To broaden with each step.
And this is true.
Allowing an understanding,
That has been suppressed...
To become a lesser thing to do!
As more of this higher consciousness,
Is welcomed by you and much overdue.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Overheard Complaining

Campaigning to prove,
Someone else is crazed...
Does not benefit the one,
Who has a history of displaying...
Not only psysical but also mental illness.
With none of this witnessed to improve or change.

And especially if the one 'strange' that's depicted,
As being crazed...
Appears to be happier being 'insane',
Than those on a daily basis...
Who are overheard complaining,
To others with similar afflictions.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Overheard Talking

Observing can eliminate frustration.
And knowing that listening to comprehend,
Is important to do with a sharing of feedback.
Clarity and understanding is associated with that.
Although...
Many are not that observant.
Or willing to listen effectively.
And that which is expressed,
Is left as if one is talking to him or herself.
But there is 'always' an exception.

One overheard talking,
And asking to have direct questions answered....
Is rarely offended by the doing of it.
Especially if this kind of conversation satisfies.

'I am sitting right here.
You don't have to talk to yourself.'

~Trust me,
I do.
I've tried and made several attempts,
To communicate with you.
And you have taught me how to recognize immediately,
Who it is, why it is and when...
My confusion begins to be created.
And it is the knowing from where it comes,
That has helped me tremendously in this relationship.~

'How long have you been doing it?
I 'thought' I overheard you answering questions.'

~Which ones did you ask? ~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Overhearing How They Are From Others

Why do some people hold grudges,
And maintain negative attitudes...
Towards others who may not remember them.
Or may be a close friend,
Of the one innocently victimized?

This makes little sense.
But there is a reality of this in existence.
And many people have not met,
The ones they dislike and disrespect.
Just 'overhearing' how they are from others,
Is enough for some to pass their judgements.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Overheated

Step back.
Look at it.
Deep breathe...
Then go.

Step back.
Look at it.
Deep breathe...
Then go.

Step back.
Look at it.
Deep breathe...
Then go.

And if this is a brick wall,
These attempts are made...
To try to break through,
It is best to check to see...
If there is a door open.

And if there is...
An experience teaches,
Checking for cleared entrances...
Is the first thing one should do!
With a saving of time,
And a cooling down...
Of an overheated attitude.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Overheated In The Kitchen

Vanilla scented candles,
Enhanced by frankincense...
May entice a date to dine,
In sublime penetrating comfort!
However...
A taste of succulent roastbeef,
Cooked and deliciously prepared
May sabotage hidden expectations.
Leaving one to chew on after dinner mints alone!
Be specific when suggesting dessert.
This may save time and energy,
Exhausting oneself over heated in the kitchen...
When spreading warmth was intended elsewhere!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Overloaded Ego

Is raunchy and stooping low,
The best way to go?
For someone seeking attention,
To expose an overloaded ego...
Needing the limelight.
And begging for it the most.

There are those who have the talent,
For being obnoxious.
Saying anything...
To agitate their lack of skills,
To rise to the top!
With sleaze categorizing,
Ambitions they will never ever drop.

Is raunchy and stooping low,
The best way to go?
Yes!
For someone seeking attention,
To expose an overloaded ego...
Needing the limelight.
And begging for it the most...
At any given opportunity.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Overlooked

It has always been puzzling for me to see,
Those who have trash loads of garbage...
Piled into heaps in their backyards.
Who seem to be the first to protest in the streets,
Publicly.
To complain about how things use to be...
As if to explain why changes to them they find,
Unnecessarily imposed.
And wish to keep things as they are.
Regardless if their irresponsibility,
Directly affects the lives of others.
With no showing of respect.
But wish to have their own neglect overlooked,
And accepted as a collection of historic artifacts...
Left on exhibit to rust the appreciation,
Of the entire neighborhood that degrades.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Overly Sensitive

Even though they have been among many,
Who have satisfied their thoughtlessness...
By a blaming of others,
For decisions they have made.
They will claim with an innocence,
Displayed to fake on a straight face...
How it was someone else,
Who made suggestions to recommend...
They did not take or listen to them,
But can be held accountable and accused...
With this done to validate their own mistakes.

And running to be seen giving them empathy,
Are those who know they deceive and lie.
But show they do with eyes to roll and despise,
The ones who have been shown with it known...
To have been shamed, framed and defamed.
With a doing to them to then criticize...
Their ability to move on with their lives to ignore,
An attempt with intentions to assassinate...
Their dignities and maintained identities.

'I don't believe how overly sensitive they are.
They act as if they were the first you attempted,
To have their lives ruined.'

~I know.
And not one word of apology to me,
Have they given.
Everyone else accepts,
What I've done to do.~

'It's okay.
It's okay.
There will be others.
Now you dry those tears.
We are here for you.
We understand what they've put you through.'

~You do? ~

'Of course.
You suffer from kept childhood dysfunctions.
And we know how horrible,
Reality for you has been.
Sssshhh...
It's okay.
It's okay.
There will be others.
Now you dry those tears.
We are here for you.
We understand what they've put you through.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Overnight Minds

Given...
Overnight,
Minds.
That open...
As if closed window blinds.
Something was given...
Without a reason or rhyme,
To open eyes wider...
Like they had been baptised.

No Sun blocking to be gotten,
Has prevented thoughts to stop.
Given...
To unlock many minds.
With them to open,
As if they had been blind.

Overnight awareness started,
Lifting heads from bobbing nods.
Given...
Overnight minds.
With knowledge...
Once knocking it to find.

No Sun blocking to be gotten,
Has prevented thoughts to stop.
Given...
To unlock many minds.
With them to open,
As if they had been blind.

Given...
Overnight,
Minds.
That open...
As if closed window blinds.
Something meant from heaven sent,
Without a reason or rhyme...
To open eyes wider,

Like they had been baptised.
With it and given...
Wisdom.
With it to give...
Overnight!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Overnight They Want The 'Info'

Overnight they want the 'secret',
From one they have seen has achieved.
Overnight they want the 'info'...
As if what has been done,
Will make it easy for them to succeed.

Isn't that always the case?
Someone labors years alone,
Dedicated and toiling through heartaches.
Applies devotion when jokes are thrown.
Then 'suddenly' the one that is mocked,
Establishes a name...
And becomes well known.

Overnight they want the 'secret',
From one they have seen has achieved.
Overnight they want the 'info'...
As if what has been done,
Will make it easy for them to succeed.

Isn't that always the case?
People will sit back and procrastinate.
Exaggerating what it is they 'wish' to do.
But doing 'nothing' on a daily basis...
Yet spend time critiquing with attitude.

Then time slips from them through their hands,
And when this is realized...
They then want to take a stand.
Wishing from someone,
To show them how things are done.
But absent of patience to listen to anyone!

Overnight they want the 'secret',
From one they have seen has achieved.
Overnight they want the 'info'...
As if what has been done,
Will make it easy for them to succeed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Overnight They Wish

They wish to take back this,
And take back that.
They wish to reverse decisions made,
That today bring them regret.

They wish conscious agonies,
Would vanish from their sight.
They approved the devastation...
But take no credit for the blight.

They wish the Sun,
Not to be shielded...
By clouds that keep them uptight.
And overnight they wish the Chinese,
Will forgive their debts!

Like a kite that easily slips from one's grip!
Hoping that claims of ownership,
Doesn't start a bloodbath to fight!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Over-Reacting

So many are finally arriving,
To remove disguises and open eyes...
With an admitting they recognize,
The existence of reality.

And disappointed they have become,
That those who had warned them...
Of the times to come,
Are not so willing to forgive.

Nor do they choose to prove,
A listening to comprehend...
Has blessed them with benefits.
When others offended with their ignorance.
And with a doing done,
They suffered through the experience.

'You 'act' as if you do not CARE anymore.'

~That's ironic you would express,
Such a change of mind to 'now' address.
Not too long ago,
You had accused me of 'over-reacting'.
And as change would have it...
I've adapted to adopt your point of view.~

'But no one expected what we had to go through.'

~And I was prepared?
To live through what you've done?
As if your doing of it was for me lots of fun? ~

'Times have changed.'

~I would say,
The music you wish to hear has stopped.
And you can't understand,
Why I don't dance to your tune.
I've kept the same rhythm and beat to keep.

And I am not leaving to address old habits.
Especially the ones you seem unable to abandon.
Nor has your feet left the comfort of the streets,
Your aging youth has refused to leave...
To seek and adapt to those changes you claim.
So don't attempt to blame me for that status!
And accusations you use as a kept apparatus.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Over-Ride

Delete perfection to seek it.
We all are a work in progress.
Delete perfection to seek it.
How can perfection be identified,
When mistakes to make...
No one can over-ride.
To deny them from being made.

Pretentious people wish to live to fake it...
With a leaping over reality not to face.
Pretentious people wish to live to fake it...
With an imitating what is perceived to believe.
Pretentious people wish to live to fake,
A life to live and accept as it is...
To over-ride!

Delete perfection to seek it.
Pretentious people wish to live to fake,
A life to live and accept as it is...
To over-ride!

Where does their truth begin when they live,
To over-ride.
And...
What is it they defend,
When...
They over-ride.

Where does their truth begin when they live,
To over-ride.
And...
What is it they defend,
When...
They over-ride.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Over-Riding Ignorant Statements

Over-riding ignorant statements to ignore,
Them heard to have been made...
Has increased the tensions between,
Those who have accepted stupidity.
And others who protest against a disrespect,
From the one grabbing the limelight.
Although mindless without a consciousness.
And having fame, fortune and wealth,
Is not going to change anyone with no depth.
Especially if they are on a mission to gain attention,
To maintain their position to entertain...
With a total disregard,
For making comments that are serious.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Overstaying To Unpack More Anxieties

I've come to love and appreciate life.
Even that part of it,
That makes one grieve.
That part of it that seems to sit,
To drive pain into a heart without novocaine.
No matter how long the screaming is done for it!
With a heartbreaking that never leaves.

I've come to love and appreciate life.
Even that part of it that muddies my boots.
That part where BS has to be dealt with and walked through.
When a smile is easier to offer...
Than explaining a pain that numbs the senses.
Or a joke is told to keep the tears from flowing.

I've come to love and appreciate life.
Even that part of it,
That makes one grieve.
That part of it that seems to sit,
To drive pain into a heart without novocaine.
No matter how long the screaming is done for it!
With a heartbreaking that never leaves.

I've come to love and appreciate life.
Even that part of it that comes with pieces of bittersweetness!
Coated sometimes with loads of anger and strife.
But what would life be...
Without tragedies to darken.
And a bit of comedy to spark one into laughter,
That frees one from a temporary emptiness...
Coming to visit and overstaying,
To unpack more anxieties to lay unrested.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Overtly Self Confident

Am I narcissistic?
No, of course not.
Even though,
I have heard that said about me before.

However...
I will admit,
To having a self love...
That is overtly self confident.

'Well,
It seems to me to be the same thing.'

Who's opinion are you asking?
Mine?
Or are you giving yours?
And if you are giving yours...
I am not impressed.
You obviously have not been exposed,
To my kind of self confidence.

'We can agreed to that! '

I know.
I know.
Now...
If you don't mind standing,
Just two steps to the left!
You are blocking my light!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Overzealous And Premature

You and your ideas are very creative.
And similar to those custom made cars,
Shown at auto shows each year.
With one striking difference.

Although your ideas are terrific as mentioned,
Implementing them would mean...
You'd have to step out of the box with action.
And so far you have played it safe.

By using words you suspect wont offend...
You have manage to get others to listen,
Without producing anything concrete.
To be observed.

And I completely understand that.
Since I am one of action first to produce.
And find I have to correct what I've done,
By asking those I have offended for their forgiveness.
Overzealous and premature without totally satisfying.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Owed Candy

What could be behind one's purpose,
And/or objective...
To invite the visitation of a known headache.
What is the addiction?

I don't get it when I hear people complain,
Over and over and over again about the same thing.
When all that needs to be done to prevent the doing,
Is to stop the re-occurrence of it.

What is with people whose minds are confined,
To high school corridors...
After more than fourty years they should have left behind.
Wouldn't have been advantageous for them,
To take their places in the world and adjust to fitting in?
But listening to their child-like conversations,
Something is loved by a starting to lick,
A taste for those conflicts they begin but don't end.

And what is devastating about all of this,
There are only a few who view the doing of it...
As silly, foolish and pointless.
While those of the majority accepting a delayed maturity,
Believe they are owed candy the moment it is advertised on TV.
Then to moan and grown about the paying back of loans,
That has deepened their debts yet they keep attracted...
To whatever their neighbors also have,
Although it has decayed 'their' quality of life as well.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Own A Love You Know

Treasure everything about love,
Knowing...
If it's yours you want it kept to grow.
And...
There's no doubt about it,
It is love you know.

'Cause if it wasn't...
You wouldn't know it.
And...
It would not be there.

Own a love you know.
Don't doubt about it,
'Cause...
True love stays to never go.
Own a love you know.

Treasure everything about love,
Knowing...
If it's yours you want it kept to grow.
And...
Don't doubt about it,
'Cause...
True love stays to never go.

Don't doubt about it,
'Cause...
True love stays to never go.
Own a love you know.
Don't doubt about it!
True love stays to never go.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Own It

Own it to rid.
And not impress to dress up.
There is a difference between mistakes made,
And covered lies.
Those caught and deny,
Try their best in confessions...
To 'eventually' pry themselves,
From a past they had others accused...
To pick on them to victimize and abuse.

Own it to rid,
The moment a lie is told.
To hold onto an innocence,
With pretense as one's defense...
Further damages whatever is left,
To convince anyone to believe...
Someone who lies,
Has ever known integrity.

Own it to rid.
There is a difference between mistakes made,
And a hiding behind repeated lies.
Own it to rid and forgiveness is given.
But to hide and deny what has been done,
Brings a lifetime of suffering to that one.

Own it to rid.
Own it to rid.
Own it to rid from those told lies.
Own it to rid.
Own it to rid.
Own it to rid to live a life undisguised.

With truth in denial and minimized,
The one who lies becomes despised.
And a mind of a liar is not the one wise.

Own it to rid.
Own it to rid.

Own it to rid from those told lies.
Own it to rid.
Own it to rid.
Own it to rid to live a life undisguised.

With truth in denial and minimized,
The one who lies becomes despised.
And a mind of a liar is not the one wise.

Own it to rid...
From told lies.
Don't be afraid to be criticized.
Own it to rid.
Own it to rid.
Own it to rid to live a life undisguised.
Come out of hiding!
Let truth rule to be your guide.
Let truth rule to be your guide.
Own it to rid...
From told lies.
Let truth rule to be your guide.
Let truth rule.
Let truth rule.
Let truth rule and own it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Own It!

The choices you picked.
With each decision 'you' made,
To pursue and persist.
Own it!

Although you find it okay,
To pinch another to do often...
It is your thin skin that is offended,
When someone else gives to you...
An honest opinion,
You solicited from 'them'.
And also your insecurity kept,
To weaken and shows your instability.
Own it!

Own it!
Petty arguments started to initiate conflict.
With a making of nonstop accusations,
To inflict them on purpose and not to quit.
Own it!
Own your ability to escalate those burdens placed,
On someone else's shoulders to anticipate acceptance.
Own it!
Own your expectations they should take,
More of your nonsense served on 'their' plates.
While you await them to clean your slate.
As you bring more to the table,
To perceive is an appetizer...
They will quickly consume to appreciate.

Know this to notice it...
No one here is living to do it to leave you pleased.
Nor is anyone going to drop to their knees,
Pleading for your approval.
Know this to notice it...
The choices you picked with each decision you made,
You did this to do.
So own it!
And take your boo-hoos to weep those tears,

Somewhere else to get the pity patted on your back.
Or...
You can stand up to take whatever it is,
That comes your way...
To own it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Own World

Come here,
Quick!
We're hoping you can help us,
Make some sense of this.

We are diehard conformists.
To that we admit.
And those we chose to ridicule...
Had been the ones we selected,
As 'do-nothing' mavericks.
Shouldn't we have been the ones,
To have prospered?
To benefit from our loyalty.
The ones to make the gains...
With lifestyles to benefit?

In fact...
They had been those we ostracized.
And we made sure of it!
Now they appear to have profited...
From anti-social behavior,
That declared them lunatics.

Come here,
Quick!
Do you have an explanation,
For any of this?

'Well,
As an observer...
I can only offer this quip.
It seems those who chose to live free,
Of restrictions...
Are happier they did and did not quit.
Regardless of who thought what of them.
Or who passed judgement on their 'craziness'!

They do not seem to be complaining at all,
About an economic crisis...

That has marched the rest of you,
To the edge of an abyss.

And here you are filled with anger.
The ones gritting your teeth.
And spitting expletives.

You stand in a group...
Shouting in fits.
Cursing others loudly.
And with clenched fists!

Shouldn't that be the actions of those you claim...
To have been the ones isolated and brought to shame?
Didn't you say,
You all had gone out of your way...
To smear their reputations and ruin their names? '

Yeah,
But...

'I thank God I do not live in this neighborhood! '

Where do you live?

'I've been told I live in my own world years ago.
And I am so glad I decided to make it comfortable.

Thank you for asking for my opinion.
I thought I had been totally ignored.

You don't mind if I leave,
And take my peace of mind with me?
I've had it for so long...
Your question caught me off guard! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Owner Of The Mood

Afflicted with compassion.
Although some prefer to call this outbrust...
A manipulating.

Yet...
The owner of the mood,
Only wishes to express affection.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Owners Of Pockets Full And Deep

It is incomprehensible to perceive,
Those born and taught to be thieves...
Would have giving hearts for anyone to believe,
They would rush to the aid of others seeking...
Opportunities.
Or share a piece of a stolen pie.

Those who have created for themselves abundance,
Did not do so...
Crawling and clawing their way through tons,
Of grit and grim or mud of any kind.
Those stories may be told...
To deceive enchanted by good fiction.

However,
Those who are the owners of pockets full and deep...
Usually are not graduates of a nine to five.
And rarely have they received,
An abundance that they hoard...
Based on philosophies of sharing with their fellowman.

Folks like these are out to get as much as they can,
While keeping it out of the hands of others.
And that is the nature of a mind,
Nurtured on materialistic feeding.
What one like this gets...
Is meant to tease others in need.

Owners of pockets full and deep,
Pay to ensure...
Those unconscious,
Are kept to stay unaware in a sleep.
With the dangling of carrots...
Far out of their reach!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Ownership

If you happen to be one who brags,
About that which you love to say you own.
And your signature appears,
On outstanding loans?
You don't own.
Your life is leased.
With mortgaged groans to vent as you moan.
Or rent...
Without the accompanied headaches,
As a downpayment for the investment.

And if you insist,
You have good credit that exists?
Your lifestyle is debited.
And subjected to fretful creditors,
Imposing irritable constant threats.

Today's economy has become a surplus of needs.
With a lack of funds...
Squeezing the pockets,
Of those in unseen high classed poverty!
Who now are blocked out.
Regardless of their selfish shouting.

Those who believe ownership of anything sets them free...
Are shocked.
As their pretentions are dragged behind them in plastic bags,
For anyone to observe this process for them who are sad.
Those stripped publicly and left to sit on streets.
And,
That's the only ownership...
Delusions carried with an unacceptance get.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

P.O.V.

From my 'point-of-view',
We all have the ability to reminisce.
We all have the gift to pick and choose,
From which selected memory to visit.
There is a choice involved...
That decreases the likelihood,
To stir up argument or debate.

Wouldn't it be easier,
When and if in conversation...
Someone announced,
'From my 'p.o.v.'...
This is how I perceive things to be.'
Opening the door to receive comprehension.
Without trying to convince anyone...
A 'point-of-view' expressed,
Is the best one anyone can get.

And at these prices,
Who can afford therapy?
Just say what it is...
To get it out in the open.
Allowing other topics to be discussed.
Why keep the fussing done,
Over spilled milk!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Pacifier

You are a negative human being.
With only yourself on your agenda.
And for years you've made that known!

No one is sitting in a vigil,
Awaiting to treat themselves at a feast...
Upon your release,
From your self inflicted indulgence.

Do you have any idea just how outdated,
That method to attract attention is?
Even the kids today are beyond that nonsense.
Pouting as if you need a diaper change.

You look the part...
But there is nothing mature about you!
And take that pacifier out of your mouth!
You look ridiculous.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Pack In More 'Nuts'

Pack in more 'nuts'.
At least keep the perceptions,
That way.
We must double up.
Two million is not enough.

Build more cells.
To hype a safety in minds kept...
Believing we are here to protect their interests.
And not thieving from them blind,
Their rights!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Pack That Sadbag Get Up

How many times have you said,
You're tired of feeling defeat?
How many people,
You tell this when you meet?
How many downs can be found,
On your search for more?
You've got to pack that sadbag get up.
No one is waiting for an explanation that bores!

It's not doing a thing,
To pull on heartstrings!
Pack that sadbag get up!
It's doing nothing to bring,
A thing to make you sing.
Pack the sadbag get up!
Get up on your feet...
And stand on the floor!
You're the last one here,
Who hasn't gone through...
The opened door like the others before.
Pack that sadbag get up!
That act you've perfected is being ignored! ?

How many times have you said,
Go away don't bother me?

How many times will you find to play the fool?
You may be doing it for something greater...
Maybe something to someone to prove?
But...
How many times will you find to play the fool?
I'm the last one to care about you.
And the only one it seems like too!

How many times have you said,
You're tired of feeling defeat?
How many people,
You tell this when you meet?
How many downs can be found,

On your search for more?
You've got to pack that sadbag get up.
No one is waiting for an explanation that bores,
Anymore.

How many times will you find to play the fool?
You may be doing it for something greater...
Maybe something to someone to prove?
But...
How many times will you find to play the fool?
I'm the last one to care about you.
And the only one it seems like too!

I'm the last one to care about you.
And the only one it seems like too!
The last to say to you, babe...
I wont allow myself to be used!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Pack Up What You'Ve Got And Go

If you can't give it to me with love,
What is it that you are leaving?
If you can't give it to me with love,
What is it I'm to believe?
If you can't give it to me with love,
Pack up to back up and go.

If you can't give it to me with love,
What is the meaning and purpose?
If you can't give it to me with love,
Everything you've got to give.
Why are we here pretending,
Love is what we do?

If you can't give it to me with love,
What is it that you are leaving?
If you can't give it to me with love,
What is it I'm to believe?
If you can't give it to me with love,
Pack up to back up and go.

If you can't give it to me with love,
Pack up what you've got and go.
You can't...
Masquerade it!
Pack up what you've got and go!
Or give me more of it to know.

I want love.
The kind you have yet to show.
I want that love.
The kind you have yet to show.
You can't masquerade it.
Or think you can charade,
What I've come to know.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Package Of Its Passage

I'm just a 'deliveree'
Of what comes to be wished
To be represented in my mind.
At the time.
I'm there and it finds me.
Aware I am and unblocked.
Unable to stop...
The flow of it when the gushing,
Raises the pounding of my heart to free it.
To let this moment as it comes...
Show 'me' what 'it' knows.
And It does.
To leave me sometimes suspended,
With nothing else to do...
But be used,
By its influence.
Allowing to become selected.
Becoming one subjected,
By a method accepted!
And elected...
As the package of its passage.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Packaged And Heaven Sent

When your research is through
Digging with time lost...
To find out at any cost,
How I do what I do
To prove I am 'not' true!
You will reveal you have spent...
Your lifetime trying to invent
A mind like mine...
No one will find
Because what I have
Came packaged and heaven sent.
And that 'fact' is what you resent!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Packed With Ammo

Packed with ammo.
The kind to settle scores,
Discreetly.

When one has been annoyed,
To a brim that overflows...
It is best to keep,
A repayment unexpected.

Just to ensure,
The unbelieving receiver knows...
Actions of deception exposed and known,
Have been delivered at the wrong doorstep.
And will not be accepted,
For a continuation of visits.

To nip this in the bud,
Has a way of showing quivering lips...
A one on one presentation,
Means a resolving of serious business meant.

Packed with ammo.
The kind to settle scores,
Discreetly.
With a face to face acknowledgement,
As to what and will must come to an end.

'I understand there was something done I did,
You disliked.
And I've come to hear what it was I did to do,
From you.

I'm not into hearsay or hand-me-down gossip.
There is something about direct comprehension,
I like to get understood.

You have a moment?
And let's keep this between us.
Okay?

Who knows...
We may even come to agree.
Nothing more would please me.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Packing Her Jack Daniels

She taught high school.
With the eagerness of a beaver.
Breath sweeten with peppermint.
With a quick wisp of her preferred beverage.
Scenting the air like mouth wash.

She would teach to her students,
Those required subjects and about life.
How to keep it real...
With a tad of spice.
The students liked her!
And she was quite nice.
But behind her desk...
In a small container.
She would keep her Jack Daniels,
Packed in ice.

Packing her Jack Daniels...
She disguised in a bottle,
Labelled 'Tonic For a Quick Lift'.
Everyone saw it.
And no one thought anything of it.

She did this for more than ten years!
And no one suspected a thing.
She was always cheerful and inebriated.
And sometimes she would stray in her lectures...
Bringing the kids to laugh to tears.

With 'Tonic For a Quick Lift' grasped tightly in her hand...
She would take a 'swig' now and then,
Do a little gargle...
Before she sat.
Daring not to stand.

And after school she would cruise,
Down her favorite avenue.
With a small nip bottle of 'Jack' close by.
As she would spy on her students.

Or so she told the police.
Who would constantly stop her...
For suspicions of DUI.

'Ma'am...
Have you been drinking? '

~Of course not!
What makes you think I've been drinking?
I am a respectable 'educator and motivator'.~

'Well...
I've watched you for more than fifteen minutes.
And you've been driving in circles on the track field,
On school property.'

~I'm preparing my next lecture.
Entitled, 'Keep On the Right Track'.~

'Ma'am...
I'm gonna have to ask you to step out of the vehicle.'

~But I only have my slip on! '

'I know!
Remember me from last week?
That's when I stopped you...
And you were then preparing your speech,
On Extracurricular Activities.
And I was off duty then! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Pack-That-Past

Pack the past.
And keep it leaving.
Don't you let it linger,
One moment to grieve.
So..
Pack-that-past.
And...
Let it go.
Don't you be the one to feel,
Down and low.

Be the one to catapult,
Up off your feet.
Quick and swift.
Say good-bye to all your alibis.

Be the one to catapult,
Through despair.
Feel the breeze,
Breathe in the sweetened air.

Pack-that-past.
And keep it leaving.
Pack-that-past.
To let it go.
Pack-that-past.
It's not worth you grieving.
Don't be one perceiving down is where to go.

Pack the past.
And keep it leaving.
Don't you let it linger,
One moment to grieve.

Just pack-that-past.
Be the one to catapult.
Feel the breeze.
And fresh air.

Why can't you pack-that-past.
To let go.
Down is not the way you really want to go.
Catapult,
From everything...
That has you grieved.
Catapult,
There's nothing from the past you will need.
Catapult,
From everything...
That has you grieved.
Catapult,
There's nothing from the past you will need.
Just...
Pack-that-past.
And...
Let it go.
Don't you be the one to feel,
Down and low.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Pad And Pen Active

I do not have to close my eyes,
To employ the imagination of 'visions'.
I am bombarded by a vast array of those,
On a daily basis.
And my ears cleared to hear,
When I shut my doors.

I need not sit with my own delusions at all.
Too many are sharing theirs,
Unsolicited!
All I need to do,
Is to keep my eyes open not even wide.
And my pad and pen active.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Paid Some Attention

If no one other,
Than the few who do...
Deposit their time to invest,
With expressed interests made...
To begin to witness their interests,
Produce to flourish...
With applied encouragement that nourishes,
Why is it so many expect to receive...
A share in the dividends to get as they perceive.
As if they should be paid some attention?
And then to make demands to have it delivered,
To them?
With the loudest arguments made to be heard,
How the best of their intentions have gone ignored.

'Who are those people protesting?
They are the ones making claims,
To be related to the others who have invested...
Not only time and interests with faith and devotion,
But also their blood sweat and tears AND emotions.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Paid To Stay Faked

Paid to stay faked,
For celebrity sake and adulation saved...
Can addict and will kill,
An innocence once had and just for thrills.
With a teasing taste to satisfy the brain.
And one getting a slight whiff of it,
Sniffs and succumbs to the numbing done...
To never again be the same to those 'stung'.

And the ones who feed to keep this existence,
Can not unleash the traps to easily release
To escape to return back as simple as that.
With a belief a name with acclaimed fame achieved,
Will allow a freedom to visit again a wished reality.
Since a soul once sold spends a lifetime in regret,
Believing an acceptance of fame leaves peace and rest...
Anytime one wishes it and needing this to get.

Paid to stay faked,
For celebrity sake and adulation saved...
Can addict and will kill,
An innocence once had and just for thrills.
Until that craving ends a taste that fades,
To leave alone one empty remembering the days...
When a wish for notoriety and fame to achieve,
Was not a contract to please others wanting blood to see.

'You are paid to stay faked.
That's how you are compensated.
Paid to stay faked.
In someone else's hands holding your fate.
You are paid to stay faked,
Anytime they demand it and at anytime to get.
You are paid to stay faked.
And that's the bottomline of it.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Pain

'Ouch.'

Once again,
Do you mind describing it?
For some reason,
I can feel my own when done.
But...
Your pain I am just not feeling.

'Maybe I should do,
What you've been doing to me?
To exchange the sensation.'

Comeon.
Let's be real about this.
What makes you think I want to feel 'your' pain?
Or my own self inflicted to prove what?
This is your experiment.
Not mine.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Pain Can Not Find Comfort

A global focus must come to connect.
To erase heartbreak and the seeping of blood,
Needlessly dripping...
To advance senselessness.

We must sweep this consciousness,
Barren of empathy...
Away!
Pain can not find comfort.
It will not stay.
It can not.
Not if it finds no place to repeat these visits.

Evil flourishes in minds fed to see others grieve.
Although an eternity of suffering greets their souls...
They do not accept we all are God's creations!
But they are addicted to inflict with venom!
These young seeds nourished with taste buds for blood.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Pain Felt To Feel

Pain felt to feel,
Is not an expectation.
Although some pain to feel,
Everyone who lives...
Becomes subjected to its effect.
It is not a request to experience its depth.

But yet...pain felt to feel,
Is not a choice to select...
To reject or neglect it.
A pain felt to feel is real and part of life!
No matter who lives on the left or the right.
Or decide they will stay on a fence to sit.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Pain Killers

There are more today taking pain killers,
To numb their aches away.
And today more take pain killers,
To reduce their facing of truth produced...
With a hope their delusions are given a boost.
And no one wants to admit their craze,
Is rampant and uncaged.

Pain killers are used as fillers...
To excuse the getting at the root,
Of what their lives have introduced.

People can't face their own creations.
They rather take a pain killer.
People can't face what they've implemented.
They rather take a pain killer.
They could have stopped to prevent,
What now has their minds bent...
Without considering intervention.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Pain To Feel And 'Made' To Feel

Most people who did this find they have been canned,
By those they chose and picked to adorn false labels.
And discovering they aren't so quickly being forgiven.
No.
Not by those who have learned to become vicious,
In malicious and vindictive ways...
That those who once chose to pick them to label,
Can not remove the imprinting of 'fool' on their foreheads.
Or prevent the rise of ignorance they have allowed to spread,
Now proving them all to be crazed.
With a doing to make it impossible to erase,
The tracking of their placed steps to therapists to correct...
Advancing stages of their mental illnesses.

'Pain to feel and 'made' to feel,
Is a process one does not easily forget.
No matter who perceives the doing of it easy,
When one appears to have healed completely...
With a disguising of any memory one has.
And it isn't satisfying at all...
To witness those who placed false labels,
Being medicated to charade in masquerade their craze.'

~I thought you would have forgotten what happened by now.~

'Why?
Because you don't feel what it is I do? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Pain With An Anguish

A pain with an anguish,
Comes to be delivered...
And no matter what the language.

A pain with an anguish,
To be extinguished...
Comes!

Choices given to make decisions,
Have been thoroughly observed.
And...
Witnessed to conflict with wishes,
To have a peace on Earth.
As this Earth was created to serve.

But...
Many believed their greeding,
Was just for them this creation made.
And with an isolating themselves away,
Few have realized their mistakes.

People talk about entitlements.
With a choice to choose their own interests.
But their own interests just don't sit well...
With THAT passing judgements from a greater realm.

A pain and anguish,
Comes to those evils done.
Oh yes a...
Pain with an anguish,
Comes to undo what those demons done.
Producing as a reason to sell.

Pain and anguish,
Comes to those evils done.
No one living doing things to others...
Can hide what they've done and run.

A pain and anguish,

Comes to those evils done.
Oh yes a...
Pain with an anguish,
Comes to undo what those demons done.
Producing as a reason to sell.

Pain with an anguish,
Produced as a reason to sell.
Will soon...
Have no market or a need,
As minds begin to heal from a hell.

A pain with an anguish...
Produced as a reason to sell.
Will soon...
Have no market or a need,
As minds begin to heal from a hell.

Pray!
To deliver your mind from a living hell.
Pray!
To...
Deliver your mind from a living hell.
Pray!
To deliver your mind from a living hell.
Pray!
To...
Deliver your mind from a living hell.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Painful It Is When First Heard

Painful it is when first heard,
And rawfully exposed...
With no etiquette created for it.
And...
Coming from one's mouth.
Without a linen napkin,
To pat licked lips.

Some would depict the verbage,
As evil with an intent to bring tears.
And though the truth spoken,
Does bring many to tears...
It is actually a mind cleanser.
To clear the blockage,
With an implementation of what 'is'.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Painfully Self Absorbed

What standards can be claimed to stay
Valued.
And who is it that remains proud,
Of their biased activities...
That has allowed divisions and hatred
To succeed.
As cracks in established foundations,
Continue to widen to invite...
More of those most faithful to devote
Their time trying to find reasons,
To explain...
Why their beliefs kept religiously,
Have not, as of yet, prevented...
Them from staying on their knees,
Seeking solutions...
To what they've created consciously.
But no one can face the facts,
Of their own doings...
Sitting at the core from seeds,
They have planted with intent...
To implement and witness,
The growing of sour fruits...
Spoiled at the roots.
And yet to blame,
The crop that has been harvested...
From their labors to have produced,
On others long determined...
Disqualified, unfit and less worthy,
Than those self anointed.
And painfully self absorbed.
Although too obsessed...
And self centered to notice,
A rot that has blocked their senses!
Gone from being grounded.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Paint Pictures

Hostile?
No.
I call my performance 'embittered'.
It's easier to leave it on stages where it's shown!
To exhaust my anger.
Discuss in detail my defeats!
Paint pictures of remorse...
And watch faces of guilt,
Wilt like a thirsting flower.
Isn't that what brings upon standing ovations?
Who wants to sit...
Watching someone eat macaroni and cheese?
You want to make it good enough,
As if everyone has had a taste!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Pancakes And With Baked Salmon

I do have this 'thing'
For my own homemade pancakes.
And with baked salmon!
What a treat to eat.

You are not going to get any that I make!
But here is the recipe.
You can do it just like me.

First beat an egg in a mixing bowl,
Add a tablespoon of baking powder.
A third teaspoon of salt
A full teaspoon of sugar.
And about a third cup of vegetable oil.
Beat that all together.
Now you want to add the flour.
About a cup...maybe more...
If you're serving more than two people.
I choose to use evaporated milk.
At least a cup.
Whip all this stuff up.

Heat that frying pan or griddle.
Medium to hot.
Add some olive oil if you got it.
Vegetable oil will do.
With a slice of butter added too!

OH! I almost forgot the salmon!
I use salmon steaks.
Preheat the oven 350 degrees.
After rinsing the salmon...
Rub with apple vinegar.
Salt and pepper if you please.
Lay on tin foil since this is what I use.
Add butter and a bit of oil!
Enclosed that salmon within the foil.
Baked twenty minutes.
That's all it takes!

ENJOY!

Use syrup on the pancakes.
Perhaps a little Vadalia Onion Dressing,
On the salmon.

And if you don't like this...
You definitely will love,
My brown sugar/mustard roasted chicken.
But I'm not sharing that right now!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Pandemonium

Who but he,
Could create such pandemonium.
A flickering light that had burned out of sight.
And yet so beloved and giving.

Who but he,
Can stir unbelievable fantasies.
To secure and keep you interested,
For almost a half of a century.

Pushed into the limelight.
And made to thrill.
Made to keep producing...
To fulfill someone else's will.

Who but he,
Could create such pandemoneum?
And if looks could kill,
Each one initiated satiated...
Monstrous appetites for his love.

And somehow he knew this would grow even brighter.
After the sight of his flame was gone.
But he would make sure his flame would burn on!
And on.
And on.
And on.
With a brighter intensity sought!
Too much of him,
Is still 'sizzling' in vaults!

'It's pandemonium,
On and on.
And the beast he has created...
Is there to satiate.

It's pandemonium,
On and on.
To thrill and satisfy,

To make sure no one is denied.

'It's pandemonium,
On and on.
And he has done his best...
Now he must have his peace and rest.

'It's pandemonium,
On and on.
And with his every step...
He made sure everywhere,
Everyone...
Would hold their breath! '

He made sure...
Everyone
Everywhere,
Would hold their breath! '

'It's pandemonium,
On and on.
And the beast he has created...
Is there to satiate.

It's pandemonium,
On and on.
To thrill and satisfy,
To make sure no one who knows him,
Or those who opposed him...
Will be denied.

'Cause he's a 'thriller'
All the time.
Who thrilled us with his music,
And mind! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Panic Adds To Pressure

Do it now to allow.
And get up on your feet.

Taking command in hand,
Is not an easy task to embrace...
When under pressure.
And...
Doing that task to see it completed,
One has to be free...
Of negativity.

A road to travel and alone,
May start with doubts.
But a road to travel one condones,
To do alone more than allows...
Faith to do the doing to have it realized.
Faith uncompromised to recognize,
Frees a carried baggage on one's back.
To acknowledge panic adds to pressure.
And with a taking command in hand,
One consciously takes a stand...
To be removed from those traps.

Do it now to allow,
A taking of command.
Panic adds to pressure.
Take a stand.
Don't be the one who from it ran.

A road to travel and alone,
May start with doubts.
But a road to travel one condones,
To do alone more than allows...
Faith to do the doing to have it realized.
Faith uncompromised to recognize,
Frees a carried baggage on one's back.
To acknowledge panic adds to pressure.

Taking command in hand,

Is not an easy task to embrace...
When under pressure.
A road to travel and alone,
May start with doubts.
But a road to travel one condones,
To do alone more than allows...
Faith to do the doing to have it realized.

Do it now to allow.
Get with it don't forbid it.
A taking of command.
Panic adds to pressure.
Take a stand.
Don't be the one who from it ran.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Panic Antidotes

Many have awaited too late,
To numb a pain that begins to ache.
Nothing can be found to counteract it.
Nothing can be found to distract the impact

Panic antidotes are taken,
With the hope to ease the pain.
But nothing can be found,
That will numb that fast.

Corruption was gumption done,
Secretly to leave.
And out from hidden crevices,
Deceivers show their grief.
And after feeding greed that now attacks,
The same deceivers say...
They have an answer for that.
More promises to make to break.
As an antidote to facts.

Panic antidotes are taken,
With the hope to ease the pain.
But nothing can be found to counteract it.
Nothing can be found to distract the impact.

Corruption was gumption done,
Secretly to leave.
And out from hidden crevices,
Deceivers show their grief.
But nothing can be found to counteract it.
Nothing can be found to distract the impact.

The pain is too erractic and fanatic.
And nothing can be found to counteract it.
Nothing can be found to distract the impact.
No panic antidotes can stop what's already cracked.
To have whacked out minds get back on track.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Panicked If A Pill Popping Is Missed

There will always be those,
Who say they believe in God.
And quote verbatim...
Memorized Biblical scriptures.
And proud of themselves,
That they can do this.
As they frown upon those sinners picked.
The ones they find to pass their judgements.

And first they are to question 'Why'?
God selects them to be tested!
Pill poppers...
Yes.
These people seeking peaceful sleep.
But their minds at night,
Are left unrested.

No peace of mind comes for them to keep.
Although they protest the lives lived by others...
Aren't lived according to God's wishes and beliefs.
And yet,
Those who manage to live their lives,
Thankful to express...
God keeps them blessed!
Have no problems getting to sleep.
Sometimes to rise before dawn.
And feeling quite rested.

But also they find they are too busy...
To have time to moralize!
Or find they need to refill prescriptions.
To become panicked,
If a pill popping is missed.
As a qualified doctor prescribes!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Paper Or Plastic Bag It

Give it to the can!
Paper or plastic bag it.
Set it out on the curb,
For the garbage man to come...
To take that trash to the nearest dump.

Do I want to hear anymore of what bores?
Not within these doors I adore.
Not where this peace exists unlimited.

Give it to the can!
Paper or plasitc bag it.
Just take it outside.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Paradigm

Theoretical to not accept,
An existence of dimensions...
Revealing themselves to connect,
Indifferences of appearances.
And beliefs kept to reject,
Comes.

Conflicts to adopt will stop.
To lose excuses.
And all unable to refuse,
The pattern of a paradigm.
Coming to a mind near you.
To blend and end confusion.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Paradigm Zone

There's nothing left to be said,
So let's leave it!
A consciousness missing,
Can not be knocked...
Into the head,
Of one whose thought process has stopped,
Been blocked, stiffled or dead!
A waste of time occurs instead!

If a shallowness is groomed...
Room for depthness
Has long been shed.
So even if those wishes are shown,
We must gather those feelings
Inside of us condoned.
And hopefully a thought to think
Will begin to sink
Into others left alone.

Merging are dimensions...
As an intention,
To grasp our attention.
Merging
Merging
Dimensions into one.
This spellbinding parallel
Of that which is unknown...
Merging into one dimension quick.
Breaking down our conditioned concepts...
In a paradigm zone that shifts.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Paralyzed

No one should feel entitled,
In acts that progress
To continue disrespecting another.
But there are those who do.
Refusing warning signs!
And then one day...
Out of the blue.
Lights bright once shining upon them...
Are suddenly turned out!

A balled fist has been swung to stun.
And a consciousness fades.
Ever slowly someone's thoughts begin to dim.
To leave them paralyzed.
Never again to cross a line...
That has been clearly defined and discovered.
Without a hint of explanation needed.
As darkness proceeds to greet.
Knocking them on their backs.
To find a permanent sleep...
That takes them off their useless feet!

'The affects inflicted here appear more like a coma.'

I agree.
However...
What I observe,
Is a decrease in movement!
And 'that' has been achieved.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Paralyzed And Iced

What's frivolous sticks.
What's serious...
Is picked to bits.
Estranged...
Is a commonness.
Deranged...
Are minds.

And kept divisive,
Are people accepting crisis.
People keeping secret wants and needs,
Under lock and key.

Divisive!
Accusations everyday that are made.
Accusations keeping people separated,
From a truth few people display.

Divisive!
No one seems to show devotion.
No one seems to show emotion.
No one wants to be exposed.

What's frivolous sticks.
What's serious...
Is picked to bits.
Estranged...
Is a commonness.
Deranged...
Are minds.

And kept divisive,
Are people accepting crisis.
People keeping secret wants and needs,
Under lock and key.

Divisive!
Accusations everyday that are made.
Accusations keeping people separated,

From a truth few people display.

Divisive!
With more shoulders that are cold.
Divisive!
Like a robot controlled.
Divisive!
So many painful souls,
Divisive!
And paralyzed.
Divisive!
Like a robot controlled.
Divisive!
So many painful souls,
Divisive!
With shoulders cold,
And iced.

Divisive!
Paralyzed and iced.
Divisive!
Paralyzed and iced.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Paranoia Has Arrived

The dictates of proper etiquette and taste,
Has narrowed to appease...
A few in positions who decide what they like,
To dismiss what they perceive to be offensive.

Paranoia has arrived to achieve censorship.
As if in the doing this keeps minds limited.
And yet the rise of confusion and mental conflicts,
Will stay without diminishing a reality that exists.

Poets, writers and those who chose to acknowledge truth,
Become threats everyday to the ones with their druthers...
To have delusions increased as truth is reduced.
With it becoming more effective to fear and accept it!

To drone or not to drone.
To peep, snoop and sneak,
Has become part of life no longer fantasized...
Paranoia has arrived and not in masquerade to disguise.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Paranoia With Anxieties Comforted

We have become alerted,
For enemies of all kinds to attack.
And we are instructed to look for them,
In movies or TV.
And...
Peeking through the windows.
Where we find our 'facts'.

But few are taught,
To monitor their own backs.
Or bother to ask,
Neighbors about lives lived...
In their past.

We clearly have made it our priority,
To accept what we see...
If that image is tolerated.
And appears to accept paranoia,
With anxieties comforted by familiarity.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Parenting Is A Commitment

Parenting is a commitment,
Devoted to sacrificing...
For the rest of one's life.
And sometimes creating division,
Between those who chose...
Having a child or two Or more,
Would be a delightful gift from heaven...
To always protect as if treasures kept.
Until those treasures kept,
Begin to feel like anvils...
Not the 'angels' once prayed to get.
Strapped to hang forever,
Like burdens carried around their necks.

And yet those who are parents,
Often become perplexed...
As to why such 'gifts' given,
To want with wishes to cherish and defend...
Turn into such creatures,
Taking advantage of everything done for them.
To then be found on their knees to pray,
Asking God to help them find a way...
To not appear ungrateful for blessings received,
If He would only temporarily...
Grant them a visit with amnesia to forget,
What they wanted and wished with it believed...
Would be precious gifts kept to remember,
From the moment the arrival came for them to get.

'Dear Most Wonderful and Giving God,
It's me again.
About those children I prayed for and wanted?
Is there a way you can make them 'children',
Once more?
You know...
Cuddly and cute?
I admit I had once adored them then.
However,
Today?

Is there a way YOU can help me,
Keep 'them' ignored?
At least six days a week? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Park The Car

Park the car.
Get on a public transit bus.
Ride it for two weeks,
To prove you believe in diversity.
And pray your delusions stay alive.

After you have spent that time,
Mingling with 'reality' and have survived.
Only then will you come to see,
Real people more diversified and much different...
Than they are on TV and probably more intelligent.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Paroled

Gamed and played by racial hype,
Victims of a weeding done...
Have become wasted dudes with no insight.

Made to perceive themselves as beggars.
And perfecting this image,
Day long and through sleepless nights.

Fathers of the homeless with despair to teach.
Ex-cons motivated,
By a preaching learned to do outreach.

Trying to save themselves,
From unconscious misdeeds to prove...
A stupidity they have bought,
Has made them all look like fools.
And they do.

Gamed and played by racial hype,
Victims of a weeding done...
Have become wasted dudes with no insight.

Believing that the obtaining of 'bling' makes men.
These sad creatures couldn't make sense of two sentences.
And yet they believe their release from prisons,
Rehabilitates them back into a society...
To again associate with the same demons,
That hooked and trapped them...
To the ease of quick addictions.

Gamed and played by racial hype,
Victims of a weeding done...
Have become wasted dudes with no insight.
Hoping that a life spent in ignorance,
Will get their minds paroled.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Part Of A Fabric

Is it disregard of prinicple or disrespect,
When someone neglects another...
In what seems a conscious slight,
To induce an intention brought to light?
And when this is ignored,
It further incites.
Like a child wanting attention,
Just to bicker into a needless fight.
And day and throughout the night,
These disturbances are either heard...
Or observed in one's sight!
Like part of a fabric one has no choice but to wear.
Even if it provides one discomfort.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Part Of Life

If it appears as is to be witnessed,
When was it decided not to be wanted?
Yet given permission to exist.
And how long had it been observed,
To have gained approval by those to annoy...
With it done to have them admit,
It makes them sick.

And who was it that convinced with persistence,
A protesting against it...
Would make the spreading of this sickness obvious.
To have it stopped.
Or has the obviousness witnessed,
Become too much a part of life...
To those not comprehending why they protest.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Part Of Life, That Is

Few get to sit in the midst of it.
Part of life that is.
With the giving of opinion and the giving of lip.
Part of life that is.
Few get to sit in the midst of it.
Part of life that is.
With the giving of opinion and the giving of lip.
Part of life that is.

Stuck with sticking emotions felt in my gut...
Unable to abandon them.
Or give them up...
Had been a place I'd been,
Back then.
With no one but myself...
And faith,
To help me slowly break away...
Of a hold I had on them to mend.

Few get to sit in the midst of it.
Part of life that is.
With the giving of opinion and the giving of lip.
Part of life that is.

I have learned to feel grief deeply,
Where it is felt.
Let it visit.
And then from it to leave!
Not to forget the process...
But to breathe!

Remembering...
With an agony upon my letting go,
Knowing what I felt was painful...
It was also,
Part of life!

A part of life,
That is!

Few get to sit in the midst of it.
Part of life that is.
With the giving of opinion and the giving of lip.
Part of life that is.
Few get to sit in the midst of it.
Part of life that is.
With the giving of opinion and the giving of lip.
Part of life that is.

Few get to sit in the midst of it.
Part of life that is.
With the giving of opinion and the giving of lip.
Part of life that is.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Part Of One's Performance

A falsified existence,
Can not purchase one respect...
OR integrity.
Even the act of removing one's mask,
Is thought to be part of one's performance.
Since the doing of it,
Appears to be a study done...
From a rehearsed premeditation.

A falsified existence allowed to deceive,
Vaingloriously...
In an extravagant self righteousness,
Dances with sadness as a companion.
To then excuse an inability to lead.
Or know anything,
About keeping in step...
With an accepted and established rhythm.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Part Of The All

Why do I feel blessed,
And offer my condolences?
Well...
You can only relate to that
Which expresses
The experiences 'within' your exposed understanding...
Of a world you've been taught is centered around you!
And 'that' I have understood most of my life.
Me?
It took me a while to realize,
I was raised knowing
I am part of the all!
Leaving me free,
With the ability and comfort of knowing...
It is easier for me,
Just to be able to relate!
And that has been a whole lot less stressful.
I am not concerned about comparisons...
Or divisions.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Part Of The Deal

Had I known being knocked about,
And publicly humiliated...
For choosing a path no one else walked upon,
Was going to be part of the deal...
Of keeping things real,
WITH commitment to reveal...
AND with a matched devotion?
Would I have made the same decision,
To endure sacrificing and criticisms?

Well...
It is much easier today to say 'yes' I would.
However,
If I knew now what I had to go through 'then'...
I would still be sitting somewhere procrastinating,
The depth of my wishing with a wanting...
For my dreams to come true!

I can only thank God...
My craving to taste was more than the obstacles,
In my face I had to eliminate.
Do you realize how difficult it is,
To keep your eyes focused with a looking ahead?
And not keep them moving from side to side?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Part Of Their Existence

Some will get it!
Some will not.
Some blueprints are understood,
For what they are!
Should an entire project be dropped...
Or stopped,
Because a disinterested passerby
Tries to 'picture' at a glance...
Where the entrances and exits will be?
If it can't be envisioned,
Why waste time in explanation?
If someone recognizes trash on the street...
But doesn't fathom the concept of a broom!
Garbage will always be considered attractive,
By those who have grown believing it as part of their existence!
'That' has not become associated with a lesson plan!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Part Of Your Life Too Often Quickly Dismissed

Play it safe and hope that caution is with it.
Suppress your passion and let it sit.
As you dance around the bushes...
Seeking to be accepted.

Then look at yourself in the mirror and admit,
There is a part of your life too often quickly dismissed...
For wishes to follow behind,
Those like you afraid to speak their minds.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Part Time Piece

Part time piece,
Or lover on the side...
Appeals to those appeasing,
In these times truth hide.
Just to have someone to claim,
They can ignite or extinguish your flame...
Is lame.
In the game of tasteless fashion!

Getting it on to finish...
Something quick and done,
May be fun for the moment
But the joy doesn't last for anyone.
And waiting for the phone to ring
For a scheduled fling or two...
Is such a waste of integrity.
Even when one is set aside to screw!
Like finding a toy to play with...
For those with nothing else to do!

Part time piece,
Or lover on the side...
Appeals to those appeasing,
In these times truth hide.
Just to have someone to claim,
They can ignite or extinguish your flame...
Is lame.
In the game of tasteless fashion!
Lame...
When it lacks of passion!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Participating In The Enjoyment Of Life

Few who come to know a pain that is endured,
Are not out campaigning to gain...
Sympathy votes.

Those who are actively participating,
In the enjoyment of life...
Have come to do it,
Without sharing their gripes...
To evilize all they come in contact.

And those that do this seem to delight,
When someone they have approached...
Has been left with a headache!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Participating In The Midst

No engine starts without being ignited.
Someone has to get close to a fire,
To know from experience learned...
A heat that flames will also burn.

People seldom admit their involvement,
That creates the beginning of a conflict.
And if no one is around to witness,
They will rely on looks of innocence...
As to how they were picked,
To be in the midst and victimized by it.

Some practice their deceptions,
And omit to confess...
What was done to others,
To get them so upset.

People accustomed to playing the same tricks,
Often run to others weeping...
To blame with fault something said with honesty,
By another that is interpreted to be to them offensive.

And anyone who takes the time,
To connect the dots with an independent mind...
Will discover to find a mind that is ill.
Using skills to defy with lies to hide,
Ongoing and apparent insecurities.

Some practice their deceptions,
And omit to confess...
What was done to others,
To get them so upset.

Yet...
No engine starts without being ignited.
Someone has to get close to a fire,
To know from experience learned...
A heat that flames will also burn.
And if one wants it out...

They will do their best to find a way.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Participation Requires

Everyday we awaken,
To a freshness awaiting us...
That has been already made.

Each Sunrise and Sunset,
Comes created...
To be the best as it gets.

Only mindsets are falsely timed,
To move and become upset...
In regretted backward steps.

But nothing experienced,
Here on Earth...
Is created to deliver to anyone regret.

Only mindsets are falsely timed,
To move and become upset...
In regretted backward steps.

With wishes to replace the unknown yet to face.
Choosing to separate from nature,
And isolate an agenda to initiate one's fate.

Everyday we awaken,
To a freshness awaiting us...
That has been already made.

And participation requires,
An observance to digest this...
As we live and obey without delay.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Particular

Particular!
And yet
With specific needs.
Wassup with this?
What is there missing?

How particular can one be?
Has addressing sacrifice,
Not be taught?

One has lofty thoughts,
Of what one deserves.
And,
Just perhaps
One has been accustomed to serve,
Sacrificing.
With a doing of it for too long.

There is nothing wrong,
In the knowing of that which one wants.
And not what someone else,
Chooses to select what is suitable.
For one to receive to get.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Partnership

It depends on if you are serious.
I can only show I am...
If you say you are.

It depends on if you are serious.
If you are not...
We can just dropp this.

It depends on if you are serious.
I can only show I am...
If you say you are.

It depends on if you are serious.
If you are not...
We can just dropp this.

'Is that it?
No whispers or kisses?
With advancements started...
To tease then to dismiss? '

Like I said...
It depends on if you are serious.
If you are not...
We can just dropp this.

I am on a mission.
I would like to have partnership.
But if you are not completely into it...
Why would I wish to be into you?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Party Pooper

A digging of a trench,
Believed to prevent...
A continuance of corruption,
From increasing the violence and crime...
To convince with a digging of a deeper trench,
Will effectively stop the consenting permitted...
That has been allowed to exist,
Can be compared to putting a bandage...
On wounds needing,
Not one or two but a few tourniquets...
For those left battered and bruised repeatedly,
As if performing a custom...
All are expected to become accustomed to it.
Yet remain bleeding profusely...
From a suffering self inflicted they have endured.
With a giving attention to addictions no one quits.
Although told to believe,
They will be rescued immediately...
If they keep digging to enable themselves,
To eventually find what it is they seek.
With a staying to pray faithfully,
For that day to come that guarantees relief.

'Uh...
I don't want to be the one,
Thought to be a party pooper.
But how are those going to rescue us,
If we accept a digging into a deepened darkness? '

~You are right.
This is no place for a party pooper.
Or someone demanding batteries for a flashlight.
Either you dig and bleed with us in unity!
Or you leave and take with you a commitment.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Pass The Crack

What can be said to those who are 'not'
Deaf, dumb or blind?
It seems as though they have been processed,
On an assembly line.
And mass produced to only receive deceptions.
With defections approved and encouraged.

What can be said to those who are 'not'
Deaf, dumb or blind?
When even blatant hand signs,
Can not stop them from their desires...
Of the experience of getting hit by a truck!
They've been programmed to accept its coming.
Much like their anticipation as they wait...
For truth to tumble from the lips of politicians.
They become ecstatic with hope,
By the words spoken by freshly minted visionaries!

What can be said to those who are 'not'
Deaf, dumb or blind?

'Pass the crack.
And if you want more...
Get back in line! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Pass The Shell Cracker!

With just a touch of radiation...
Tinged to contaminate minds exist.
Chemicalized beverages,
Are savored with diets perserved...
And finger licked.

Dyed meats packaged fresh...
To add to bad breath.
Sizzles on grills in those backyard bar-b-ques!
As poisoned waters feed the fish,
And of those are crustaceans...
Scavengers to delight,
And buttered as wished!

'Hmmm...
Pass the shell cracker!
What?
Now why do you insinuate I call you names?
Pass the 'SHELLCRACKER'...
That's 'all' I've been saying! '

I want to eat and not think of racial tensions,
Folks are laying down and portraying!

And we wonder why we are a people,
Deepening thick into the bowels of mental sickness!
But there may be 'something' in the food we eat...
To keep us stirred at night seeing monsters in our sleep!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Pass To Me The Grits

A population teased to feed the opulence,
Of a few praising to worship...
The benefits of kept decadence,
Can be directly accredited to their obsessions...
To possess with a perception,
Possessions to impress is a prerequisite accepted.
Although...
A paying off debts never occurs as a deception.

And those who choose with a refusing to be deceived,
To immediately detach themselves from these temptations...
Are accused and abused of being nonconformists.
Suffering through vocal degradations expressed.
But without regrets they know they have been blessed,
To confess adapting to a basic life to live with less...
Has ultimately increased their awareness of happiness.
An achievement to believe with a peace of mind received.

'Pass to me the grits!
I've grown to enjoy the taste of every bit of this.
Glad am I to have sobered from an addiction to greed.
Glad am I my curiosities have diminished that need.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Passé

If you still believe that you can put off and wait...
For a date contemplated,
To be saved in your future.
And applied to a life enjoyed in retirement...
Seduced by a reduced pressured schedule.
You might reconsider,
Altering your plans.
Especially if you are holding out...
With expectations you believe,
You can then demand.

It is highly suggested...
You rearrange your delusions.
And live to do those things today!
Since reality the way it is...
May not keep your agenda in perspective.
Leaving you with few options,
If any at all...
To sit and reminsce,
A life better lived as it is right now.
With total and complete happiness.
Feeling secure with a tenure done,
If you teach with a reaching for a status...
May be as passé,
As a life you let decay...
To welcome nothing but sadness.
Be glad you are the one,
To put your life first!
And standards held you believe you grasp...
Toss them to forever stay in your past.
Things have changed,
Dramatically!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Passing Over Chapters

I know...
You want me to feel
That superiority you believe you have,
Over me!

I know...
That has to feel traumatic.
I'm not allowing you to jump ecstatically in the air.
Showing my awareness of limitations I've been sold!

I can't blame my parents for that lack of insight.
They were too busy showing my sisters and me,
How to survive with pride and dignity.
And somehow when you became the topic...
They had nothing to say!

Some lessons aren't meant to be taught,
To everyone passing over chapters of subservience!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Passing Through

Although my light has shown,
And continues to clear my path.
There are those who stand by watching,
Without a firm grasp on a task...
Or one cared enough to master.

And I hold onto my light so tight.
Even in the darkest of night,
It is in my sight and delivers...
A sight that builds my appetite,
To 'hear' the jeers and whispers!

I snack on that as motivation swells.
An act that attracts my vocation to excell.
And I wont stop to dwell on diminished insight.
Not as bright as I keep my light burning!

I don't mind passing through them.
To hear of recipes that screwed him...
Or her!
I just don't want them blocking my way!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Past Tense Quick And Imminent

She may be tough,
With the right stuff.
But those viewing from afar...
Aren't quite ready,
To leave their door ajar...
For a woman to mandate,
What for centuries has from women been barred.

She may be strict,
With dictated wishes to end conflicts!
But those accustomed,
To sit on thrones only men condoned...
Are not going to have none of it!

And what she may represent...
Is an illusion that will not confuse,
Barons in control...
Who expect women to do as they are told!
Only one man selected can cool tensions mixed.
And 'if' people were wise,
That man they will pick.
To stop a declining power...
From becoming a past tense quick.

What happens within closed doors on isolated shores...
Is not the reality,
For those of true rule!
Who are prepared to turn their backs,
And leave all nonsense adored ignored!

These are not the days,
To praise a propaganda raised!
A tone of truth...
Comes to cement those of straying ways.
Fantasies have reached their limits.
And those unbelieving will discover this is imminent!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Pastimes

Fixed in place to market escapes,
And entertain with distractions.
Pastimes divert to deviate numbed minds.

Collective mindsets daydream of holidays.
Days off and vacations with pay.
Await patiently to negotiate opportunities,
To become officially lazy and approved.

Pastimes are expensive to initiate.
And advocate dysfunctions of all kinds.
Especially thjose feeling entitled,
To disrespect, neglect, stay lazy and get paid.

Pastimes dedicated to waste,
And have quickly replaced discipline...
Have to come to an end.
Statistics have already proven them to be,
Too costly of an investment with no dividends coming in.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Paths Protected By Fences

No one can predict with certainty,
The outcome of events.
And even though some may be convinced,
To follow along paths protected by fences...
Will eventually free them from troubles,
No longer to face but eliminate.
And yet...
Those within those fences might find locked gates,
To prevent them from a promise made...
That the paths they walk on will provide escapes.
And through locked gates they witness to see,
Those they did not believe...
They knew gates to be locked permanently,
Walking around freely and appearing to be relieved...
That a tasting of truth no matter how bitter,
Left them to know deception for what it was.
With it discovered...
No path one takes to explore and adventure,
Should be fenced to prevent the journey to experience...
That which is unknown.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Patience

Pick it up.
Read it.
Put it down.
Leave it.
Return in a few years.
Pick it up again.
Doesn't it seem to make sense now?
I knew it would.
All you needed was to allow yourself patience.

For some folks this takes a little bit longer,
Than for others.
But at least you are now comprehending...
Right?
That's all that matters.
Now...
It's okay,
To place your left foot...
In front of the right one!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Patience Given

Patience given,
To those dealing with their insecurities...
Have several exceptions!

Patience given to a child,
Learning when and how to use a toilet.
Patience given to a child,
Going to school for the first time.
Patience given to a child,
Learning how to share.
Patience given to a child,
When left with a babysitter.
Patience given to a child,
When learning the difference...
Between telling a lie and being honest.
Patience given to a child,
When being taught to be responsible.

Patience given,
To those dealing with their insecurities...
Have several exceptions!
Extenuating exceptions beyond the call of reason,
Requires one to ignore with an ability...
That preserves a peace of mind one wishes,
To keep and maintain undisturbed...
By those who are,
Disturbed by their expectations to be exceptions...
To the rule.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Patience Is The Key To One's Treasure

A point once made,
Is useless to be repeated.
Unless the one that has made that point,
Is in the business of saving them.
And finds they increase in value,
At the expense of those that have been given...
Them repeatedly.
But have yet to learn to listen.

And some kind of profit has been gained,
At a loss that has cost someone else.
And that someone else is not aware...
A price for not listening,
Only fools pay over and over again.

In this situation,
Why waste the effort?
It becomes too exhausting,
To give advice unheeded.
So...
Sit back, watch and collect,
From the experience of that being done.
Eventually the activity returns a fortune.
Patience is the key to one's treasure.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Patience It Took

The path I have paved,
Has been years in the making.
Few detours on it have I taken.
With obstacles to remove,
As others observed me...
As if to disapprove.

And I have learned while doing this,
Only I understood my dreams and wishes.
Only I made promises to myself and no one else,
What I wanted and needed to achieve...
Would eventually materialize to please me.
With a patience it took time to realize.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Patience To Be Used

Beyond the boundaries of my own consciousness,
Is an existence that solicits my imagination.
It comes to tease me periodically,
With revelations...
I know myself 'alone' I could not perceive.
And my willingness to free from limitations,
Gives me the patience to be used as a tool.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Patient

Patient.
To a fault...
One can be patient.
And even when verbally assaulted,
A tolerance of this abusive behavior...
Becomes a habit by those,
Who choose to continue...
Walking down this same road.
In belief this tolerance to them showed,
Until the patient one runs away to stay...
From allegiances faked and absent of respect.
Yet...
Pledged is a fidelity kept unbelievably,
Delusional in every aspect of loyalty expected.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Patient And Forgiving

Do not become part of a plot,
To dish up a disrespect towards anyone...
Who deserves it not.
And has been selected,
By those whose business is to collect foes.

Especially,
If the unknown is awaiting to deliver...
An inescapable revenge,
That had one suppressing it.
In a patient and forgiving attitude,
That time has come to change.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Patient Enough To Sit

I sit and wonder,
Why so many choose to move backward?
Why a determination to prove an ignorance is there.
And why,
Would a stagnation provide a cause for their celebration?
And elated in darkness as they chase Sun away.

I sit and wonder,
Why is there glory perceived in hidden self defeat?
Is it the activity that attracts one to constantly weep?
Is it a pride one denies when their weaknesses no longer hide.
Is it the fear of someone despised,
Wanting to clear their path of debris...
To enable them to walk freely outside and,
Be!
With a clarity to 'see' no enemies stalking to wish them ill!

I sit and wonder,
And sometimes I deep breathe to be very still.
Absorbing the peace that comes.
Being available,
Without a single thought as to who might bring me harm.
As I sit in such peacefulness wondering why I feel unique.
And blessed to be patient enough to sit quietly and receive.

I am not unique.
I am not that self indulgent,
To carry around thoughts like within me.
I may be more determined to leave behind,
THAT which brings me sorrow.
Because...
I aint into it!

Nor will I allow myself to borrow agony.
From whiners who dine on it.
I choose not to be weak.
And that alone can be a painful experience,
I know!

I am glad I awakened.
And did not fall back to sleep.
I refuse to be fed from confusing heads.
Those that choose to feed themselves on morbid deeds.
I choose not to be weak!
Because...
I aint into it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Patronize Me With Flattery

You will accept my money,
Honeyed tongued.
And patronize me with flattery,
Way overdone.
But you will not receive,
My existence as declared to be.
Is it because I do not solicit,
An approval that matches an identity...
Rampant with conflicts.
Or have I learned too well...
To live my life as I see fit.
Which is it?
Do you wish a dismissal,
Of my independence.
With a strength too strong I keep persisted.
There has to be a reason...
You remind me I am a minority.
And you have majority membership.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Patronized

Before it arrives to be decided in public.
Someone has decided the value and place of it.
With a giving of a rating.
To further diminish,
High standards 'once' valued.
To appease those less deserving.
But to please them to keep them patronized.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Patted Fat Cats

They want deregulation done by government.
But from their mouths they shout and say,
They want the government away.

They want deregulation done by government.
But from their mouths they shout and say,
They want the government away.

What's wrong with greedy people,
Who just want to feed their greed.
And when the greeding stops,
They want to blame someone about it!
And...
What's wrong with greedy people,
Who just want to feed their greed.
And when the greeding stops,
They want to blame someone about it!

They don't want no more taxes.
But they want to live relaxed.
To live their lives on that high hog...
Like patted fat cats!

They don't want no more taxes.
But they want to live relaxed.
To live their lives on that high hog...
Like patted fat cats!

What's wrong with greedy people,
Who just want to feed their greed.
And when the greeding stops,
They want to blame someone about it!
And...
What's wrong with greedy people,
Who just want to feed their greed.
And when the greeding stops,
They want to blame someone about it!

They want deregulation done by government.

But from their mouths they shout and say,
They want the government away.

What's wrong with greedy people,
Who can not correct their evils.
What's wrong with greedy people,
Who can not correct misdeeds.
What's wrong with greedy people,
Who can not correct their evils.
What's wrong with greedy people,
Who can not correct misdeeds.

What's wrong with greedy people,
And their foolish beliefs!
What's wrong with greedy people,
And their foolish beliefs!

What's wrong with greedy people,
Who can not correct their evils.
What's wrong with greedy people,
And their foolish beliefs!
Like patted fat cats stroking their own backs.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Patterns Followed On Aging Fabric

Patterns followed on aging fabric,
Exposes those to show an intending to mend...
A once glowing radiance remembered,
Can not be captured without sighting the flaws.
And updating those views from a lost youth,
With a desire to keep spotlighted an innocence...
Is a senseless chase of wasted time.
Although there are those with minds stuck and frozen,
To events they attempt to convince happened.
But did not.

'My ancestors assisted in the creation of this.'

~That may be true.
But long before your ancestors arrived,
To be invited to assist...
My ancestors were already here,
To make the original fabric.
And with each piece they knitted it to stitch.~

'But whose faces are more dominate on it? '

~As you stated...
Your ancestors assisted in that creation.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Patting 'Her' Foot

Why is it people continue to do evil things.
To believe their actions,
Will not pay back consequences...
They someday will retrieve to receive.

Mother Nature is all over the place spanking butts.
Attempting to encourage folks it's best to show respect.
It is best for them to wake themselves up.
Mother Nature can't seem to warn enough,
About 'Her' presence to be felt in a display of rage.

Why is it people continue to do evil things.
To believe their actions,
Will not pay back dividends without blood to bleed.
They someday will retrieve to receive...
To leave them in pools of tears to deepen as they weep.

Little boys with guns are taught to shoot and kill.
Even little girls are beginning to enjoy the thrill.
They are shown to make it known who their enemies are.
And not far from their doorsteps they murder someone,
With friends and relatives left forever scarred.

And there is Mother Nature,
Patting 'Her' foot.
'Thisclose' to using it and knowing where it should be put.
But for whatever the reason people don't get the connection,
That connection is close to being made with a left devastation.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Paved Over! Cemented

What steps have you taken,
To prove that you've made them?

Are the volume of your complaints,
Stored for future documentary?

Is the importance of your disapproval,
Strong enough to withstand the winds of time?

Will minds like yours today,
Find themselves praised tomorrow?
In a collective raised contribution.
Or will that hole you dig be dug so deep in sorrow...
Be paved over!
Cemented.

And the existence you believed lived,
Has too long bee dismissed...
To be reminisced as one remembered.
By anyone assigned to research,
These mindless mundane times now experienced.

And the sacrificing of common sense,
With an absence of forgiveness...
Has becomes as mechanical,
As the expression of someone's devotion to caring.
And the only one can do to compensate for one's loss...
Is to shake one's head.

What steps have you taken,
To prove that you've made them?
To leave cemented.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Paving Roads Of Negativity

Naysayers have begun to lose,
Their influential ways of paving roads of negativity.
More people begin to see,
Evil inflicted intentionally on the decrease.
And the truth of those who have done good deeds,
Are witnessed to be surviviing...
From the smothering activities of those who had deceived.

Naysayers have begun to lose,
Their influential ways of paving negativity.
And their portrayals of themselves as victims in distress,
Have exposed their treachery once a tool used successfully...
No longer can hide,
Their mental and physical crippling pains.
Shown to be repayment for their evil claims now upon them aimed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Pawned

'What is this? '

That is a box of my realities.

'This is worthless stuff.
We can not use this here.
All of it is rusted gold plated crap.
What do you think we can do with that? '

You took my other things I pawned.

'We knew you were coming back.
Now...
Those realities you want us to believe...
Can not do a thing for us!
We fed our needs for a while...
Providing you a fix to return to get your realities.
But no one comes to us with a bail out,
To recycle greed.

Even your pleas are worthless!
If you had chafing pans or dishes,
Sterno and a box of matches...
With a manual can opener,
You got yourself a deal! '

Those are utensils the 'help' would use!

'Well,
You need to go find where that 'help' is.
It ain't here! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Pawning In Their Hearts

Pawning in their hearts,
Are the people who are pitiful.
Selling souls to fools who sold them...
On happiness to get,
And what is success.

Pawning in their hearts,
Are the people who are pitiful.
Selling souls to fools who sold them...
On happiness to get,
And what is success.

A limelight wanted.
With names to shine bright.
High in flashing neon,
Appearing in broad daylight.
And to be seen at night.

But never ever did they get the feeling,
Of success or a lasting...
Happiness.
Believing if they sold their souls,
For some gold they would get.

Pawning in their hearts,
And shocked to find them worthless.
Pawning in their hearts,
To find dirt has more worth.
Pawning in their hearts,
And shocked to find them worthless.
Pawning in their hearts,
To find dirt has more worth.

Pawning in their hearts,
Moaing for their souls again.
Pawning in their hearts,
But no souls they own.
Pawning in their hearts,
Moaing for their souls again.

Pawning in their hearts,
But no souls they own.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Pawns In A Game Of Chess

People forget...
Who lifted veils from their eyes.
Opened closed doors.
And knocked old fences down,
To allow them unlimited visits...
With hopes, dreams and their wishes,
Once restricted but gone to be noticeable...
Are those physical barriars,
But visibly set behind disguising window dress.

People refuse to admit they remember.
And choose they do selective mindsets.
With a doing of this to use each other,
As dispensable pawns in a game of chess.
Just to get 'things' on credit to impress,
For those few seconds of attention...
Wanted and confess they will do 'anything' to get.
Even if this means...
To lie, deceive and cheat.

People no longer think they should respect one another.
OR be held accountable for their neglect.
People no longer have a depth of self worth left.
Choosing instead to accuse, shame and blame...
Others they defame with claims they do NOT represent.
And 'they' are the ones who lifted the veils from their eyes.
Opened closed doors and knocked down those fences.
To now have it said these folks who had taken those risks,
Are too honest in their criticisms with a doing that offends them.

And continue they do to play a game to be played upon,
With minds blocked to adopt delusion...
To prevent any entry of all signs of consciousness.
Only to address when upset and reminded...
Their steps towards progress,
Should be taken with moves to go forward.
But yet...
Comments made like this offends but should,
Assist a self-examining evaluation.

'That's great.
Now try not to take fifty more years,
To move the other foot.
And 'if' at all possible...
With a doing to eliminate accusations and complaints.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Pay Up

So pathetically crazed.
From day to day they contradict their ways.

They wish their safety,
As long as someone else is delayed.
And when a perception their security is weak...
Immediately they accuse the government,
Of not doing its best to protect their manicured...
And suburban profiled streets.

So pathetically crazed,
They accuse the current administration...
Of being too much in their lives.
And these same people have claimed recently,
The government should spend more...
To ensure their interests are not terrorized.

So sick with thick self righteousness,
These same folks wish for economic bliss to exist.
While living lives indebted...
To unpaid loans,
And fantasies charged to overwhelming credit.

So pathetically crazed.
From day to day they contradict their ways.
And they just don't get it!
No one is left who is willing to hold their breath...
For repayment or an extension to prolong delusions.
And those in control of those foreign banks,
Are simply saying, 'Pay up! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Payback Doesn'T Retract

Those haunted by a guilt,
And wishing it to rid...
To get themselves away,
From misdeeds done they did.
Can not admit wrongs committed,
Done to others they had dismissed.
To come to find they are the ones,
Doing their best to shake 'mistakes'...
Coming to haunt with guilt to taste.

Payback doesn't retract from the facts.
When it returns,
Effective is the message.

Payback doesn't retract,
To skip with a forgetting...
Those who attacked.
And returns with an effective message...
Haunting to stun the ones who can not relax.

Those haunted by a guilt,
And wishing it to rid...
To get themselves away,
From misdeeds done they did.
Can not admit wrongs committed,
Done to others they had dismissed.

Since a payback doesn't retract from the facts.
When it returns,
Effective is the message.
And so effective is the delivery of it.

Payback doesn't retract,
To skip with a forgetting...
Those who attacked.
And returns with an effective message...
Haunting to stun the ones who can not relax

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Payback For A Life They Chose

No one ever forgets,
The attacks upon them done.
No one ever does.
And that pain is never overcomed.

To forgive and forget are just statements made.
A resentment is kept,
With a temperment masqueraded...
By an award winning charade.

If someone has something valued,
Taken away from them...
There is a revenge hidden within.
And those of evil deeds who take life for granted...
Are going to one day be reminded,
The road they believed easily traveled...
Will for them come to an abrupt close!
As payback for a life they chose!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Payback Isn'T Always In The Seeking

What is it with those,
Who boo and hiss efforts of some people...
To purposely wish havoc bestowed upon them.
And as years pass evil deed doers later expect,
A forgiveness given for their conscious intentions.
To then pretend themselves 'saints'.
While the ones burdened by agonizing mental pains,
Are left alone to mend with nothing about this pretended.
As those who perceive and believe their misdeeds done,
Have miraculously disappeared...
To forever be erased from memory.

Payback isn't always in the seeking of revenge,
To warn others with attitudes that are shown.
Often it takes one to awaken with guilt to be felt,
To self inflict their own grief.
And portrayals of innocence may be easier to release,
Than the knowing of what one has done to another.

'I hope you understand that the years I tormented your life,
I was not completely aware that my activities...
Would one day come back to haunt me.'

~And...
You expect from me an apology?
Or a wish to transfer your guilt?
Which is it?
I appreciate your confession.
But I am not the one to administer or offer relief.~

'But...
Don't you hate me? '

~Why would I want to waste that kind of energy?
Apparently you've done enough of that for the both of us.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Payday Long Overdue

No one knows,
What you go through each day.
But there are some with 'something' to say...
About what it is,
That you do...
To get done.

No one knows,
How it is that you feel.
But opinions given they will reveal.
Just to get the satisfaction...
To opened ears to appeal.

But you know that...
Your payday coming for you is overdue.
For those dues paid that you've been through.
With no sad songs sung heard,
To come from you.

So get that payday long overdue.
You've been through what no one ever knew.
Leave those sad songs,
For others who sing the blues.

And you know that,
Your payday coming for you is overdue.
For those dues paid that you've been through.
With no sad songs sung heard,
To come from you.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Paying Close Attention

What ammunition do 'I' use?

Truth.
Truth as I observe it to be.
You know...
The kind that I can see,
That is more real to me...
Than what someone else,
Wants to feed me as 'their' reality!

What ammunition do 'I' use?
Truth as I observe it to be.
And the process of effective listening.
You know...
Paying close attention.
Even to those unconscious.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Paying For Change

Down a notch or two,
From a quality of life many knew...
To view today from them slip away.
With belief others keep,
Their best interests kept...
Prioritized.
Mobilized in an undenying effort.
Although criticized,
By those with ears and eyes...
Still miraculously open.

'Lies to tell have been recycled.
Deceived and duped.
To leave us in stupors.'

So crazed and delusional.
We've been taught to perceive,
Those misfits embittered...
By disparities and inequities,
Promised to be fixed.
But those 'nonconformists',
Seem to always warn...
Of coming catastrophies.

'You'll be digging deeper.
Deeper into emptying pockets.
Paying for change.
With hopes it can be borrowed.'

No one listens.
Or pretend they don't comprehend.
As authorities come to silence,
Misfits loudly offending...
A way of life sacrificed,
To a continued rescinding...
Of pretensions indebted,
On unpaid loans and accepted debts.
While claiming to remain,
Loyal and patriotic.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Paying Taxes

Done-with-a-minimum.
Donewithaminimum.
Done-with-a-minimum.
Donewithaminimum.

The rich pay...
Donewithaminimum, donewithaminimum, donewithaminimum.
And some say...
With lifestyles out of reach.

They've got 'moolay'...
Donewithaminimum, donewithaminimum, donewithaminimum.
And you and I will not be relieved from paying taxes.

The rich pay...
Donewithaminimum, donewithaminimum, donewithaminimum.
And some say...
With lifestyles out of reach.

They've got 'moolay'...
Donewithaminimum, donewithaminimum, donewithaminimum.
And you and I will not be relieved from paying taxes.

The money,
The rich have...
Flows nonstop!
Pootoo-poo-too-too-toot!
Pootoo-poo-too-too-toot!

The money,
The rich have...
Many aint got!
Pootoo-poo-too-too-toot!
Pootoo-poo-too-too-toot!

And those poor have paved the way,
For the snobs and snots.
It's clear who are the 'haves' and those 'have nots'.

Oh...
Done-with-a-minimum.
Donewithaminimum.
Done-with-a-minimum.
Donewithaminimum.

The rich pay...
Donewithaminimum, donewithaminimum, donewithaminimum.
And some say...
With lifestyles out of reach.

They've got 'moolay'...
Donewithaminimum, donewithaminimum, donewithaminimum.
And you and I will not be relieved from paying taxes.

No...
You and I will not be relieved from paying taxes.

The money,
The rich have...
Flows nonstop!
Pootoo-poo-too-too-toot!
Pootoo-poo-too-too-toot!

The money,
The rich have...
Many aint got!
Pootoo-poo-too-too-toot!
Pootoo-poo-too-too-toot!

And you and I will not be relieved from paying taxes.
No...
You and I will not be relieved from paying taxes.
No...
You and I will not be relieved from paying taxes.

The rich may skip,
But you and I pay taxes!

The government makes sure who pays those taxes!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Paying The Consequences

Acting...
That's all it is.
Not a fact of life,
One actually lives.

However...
One may think,
Misdeeds done to another...
Puts them under a brighter light.
One may think,
Words spoken untrue...
To purposely do,
Will not return on their backs to bite.
One may think,
Their negativity is disguised with lies...
To hide deception.
However...
Demons like this,
Can not run away after believing themselves clever.
Demons like this,
Will forever be paying the consequences.

One may think,
They can do to others and with their druthers...
What it is they wish to get away with.
One may think,
Delusion and fantasy will one day be reality.
And to continue betraying others,
Will be erased without a trace of facts to face.
One may think,
To do to someone with a doing done to do...
Leaves them not the one victimized,
But that's that true.
You see...
Demons like this,
Can not run away after believing themselves clever.
You see...
Demons like this,
Will forever pay the consequences.

Acting...
That's all it is.
Not a fact of life,
One actually lives.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Paying The Price

If for no other reason they exist,
Those who have chosen to self destruct...
Have done this very effectively.
This is not a negative wish.
This is an observation of it.

And they seem to be the ones,
Who approach life from a superficial point of view.
With no depth, no insight, no ambition.
And certainly no respect or discipline shown,
To themselves or others...
They accuse for their lives of 'bad luck'.

Quick to critique the deeds of others.
With expectations to be served.
Since living to take without giving...
And use what and whoever it is,
Without replacing that with acts of gratitude...
Will not from them rise high on their agenda.
Although blaming with a fault to find is what they do.

And abuse themselves and whom they choose,
If not getting on demand what they wish...
Is not on someone else's list to prioritize,
They will promptly deceive with a getting of it.
No matter how blind the eyes in denial.
Or the expense others pay,
To refuse to accept truth.

And usually,
As time goes by...
And today time flies.
They are not alone or by themselves,
When it comes to paying the price.

They are we and we are them and all of us,
Are in this 'thing' together.
And not one of us is a Walrus.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Paying To Keep Deranged

I don't know what time zone you slowed down in,
Or when you decided...
You would keep things as they are,
And have others agree
This was a good thing to begin.

I am not in the position to tell you your attic light is dim.
But I would invest in an electrician...
At least twice a week,
And just sit and talk with him.

I know you've been stressed.
Today it is difficult not to be.
Many are deluded and reality is...
Well,
Something else other than reality!

But you are not young or getting younger at all.
The ones we use to call 'they' and 'them'...
Are you and I who seem to have dropped the ball!
We are the blame for trying to keep things unchanged.
And as a result of that...
We have accepted insanity.
And paying to keep deranged!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Peace Has Packed On A Fast Track And Gone

Sad attacks are stacking to leave nerves on all backs.
With increasing sickness shown unmasking this as a fact,
That...
Sad attacks are stacking to leave nerves on all backs.
With increasing sickness shown unmasking this as a fact,
That...
Peace has packed on a fast track and gone.

Where are the people,
The people wishing peace.
Has peace retreated,
To leave fearing increased.

What has happened to the people?
The loving caring people?
As these sad attacks are stacking,
To leave nerves on all backs.

Where are the people,
The people seeking peace.
Has peace retreated,
To leave fearing increased...
As,
People are now looking for trouble.
And...
People are now hunting for trouble.

What has happened to the people?
The people who loved peace?
As these sad attacks are stacking,
To leave nerves on all backs.

Gun toters now attacking,
As if a knack to snack...
On those innocent as if it's meant,
To make fearing fact.

Where are the people,
The people wishing peace.

Has peace retreated,
To leave fearing increased.

What has happened to the people?
The people who loved peace?
As these sad attacks are stacking,
To leave nerves on all backs.

Sad attacks are stacking to leave nerves on all backs.
With increasing sickness shown unmasking this as a fact,
That...
Peace has packed on a fast track and gone,
To leave a grieving.
Peace has packed on a fast track and gone.

Oh where could be the people,
The people seeking peace.
Has peace retreated,
To leave fearing increased...
As,
People are now looking for trouble.

Where are the people,
The people wishing peace.
Has peace retreated,
To leave fearing increased...
As,
People are now looking for trouble.
And...
People are now packing for trouble.

Where could be the people,
The people seeking peace.
Has peace retreated,
To leave fearing increased...
As,
People are now looking for trouble.
And...
People are now gunning for trouble.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Peace Keeps Me Desperate

Peace keeps me desperate,
With a wish not to let it stray.
Too far away,
From an earned solitude.
I choose not to get too loose,
To drift away and wander.

To lose such peace for me,
Would be regrettable.
Since my happiness has been set.
From the moment I saw my first Sunrise.

Peace keeps me desperate,
With a wish not to let it stray.
Too far away,
Since my happiness has been set.
From the moment I saw my first Sunrise.

Peace keeps me desperate,
With a wish not to let it stray.
Too far away,
From an earned solitude.
I choose not to get too loose,
To let drift away and wander.

Peace keeps me desperate,
With a wish not to let it stray.
Too far away,
From the moment I saw my first Sunrise.

Peace keeps me desperate,
With a wish not to let it stray.
Too far away,
Since my happiness has been set.
From the moment I saw my first Sunrise.

Peace keeps me desperate,
Since my happiness has been set.
From the moment I saw my first Sunrise.

Peace keeps me desperate,
With a wish not to let it stray.
Too far away,
Since my happiness has been set.
From the moment I saw my first Sunrise.

Peace keeps me desperate,
Since my happiness has been set.
From the moment I saw my first Sunrise.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Peace Like A Sermon Heard Preached

The wish for the appearance and existence,
For a peace that increases...
Has become as obsolete,
As one's use of a bow an arrow...
To decrease with an elimination,
The steps of an approaching enemy.

As long as minds are affixed to wars and crimes...
To develop sophisticated weapons,
With the inflicting to restrict movement...
Of human beings anytime,
Peace like a sermon heard preached...
Will be something no one equipped,
To use a weapon quick...
Will remember.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Peace, Maurice

Peace,
Maurice.
Lifted by the Sunrise,
Coming from the East.
Energizing throughout the day.
To rest.
As the comfort of deeds done...
Settles you in contentment.
As the Sunset in the West,
Comes.
To leave you pleased...
With all that you've done!

Dedicated To:
Maurice D. Robertson

'Photgrapher extraordinaire.
And jazz buff...
To soothe the airwaves,
From a DJ's chair.
(WWUH-FM, Hartford)
With history of jazz artists...
And more to share! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Peaceable Kind (Repeated)

Baby dontcha know me?
I am...
The peaceable kind.

Baby can't you see it in me?
I am...
The peaceable kind.

I have no weapons kept to hurt you.
And...
No mission wishin' here to employ.
I have...
Just honesty to show you.
And...
Just your presence to enjoy.

Oh ooo...
Baby dontcha know me?
I am...
The peaceable kind
With this repeated.

Oh ooo...
Baby can't you see it in me?
I am...
The peaceable kind.
Why...
Don't you surrender,
Your love to feel completed.
Surrender it to me.
Your love to feel completed.

Baby dontcha know me?
I am...
The peaceable kind.

Baby can't you see it in me?
I am...
The peaceable kind.

Why...
Don't you surrender,
Your love to feel completed.
Surrender it to me.
Your love to feel completed.
Why...
Don't you surrender,
Your love to feel completed.
Surrender it to me.
Your love to feel completed.

This I'll keep repeated.
Why don't you surrender,
Your love to feel completed.
Surrender it to me.
Your love to feel completed.
Why...
Don't you surrender,
Your love to feel completed.
Surrender it to me.
Your love to feel completed.
Surrender it to me.
Your love to feel completed.
Surrender it to me.
I am...
The peaceable kind.
To be repeated.
I am...
The peaceable kind.
I'll keep repeated.
I am...
The peaceable kind.
I am...
The peaceable kind.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Peaceful Dispositions

Peaceful dispositions,
Comes as gifts...
To those who have removed themselves,
From various causes of their internal conflicts.
And after arriving to survive walks on paths,
To journey through ups and downs experienced.
With the leaving behind competitions.
To appreciate life without need to compete.

Peaceful dispositions are seldom decisions,
Those with them one day awaken to make.
Or choose from options to pick and take.
Peaceful dispositions seem to come to the ones,
Who have earned them...
Through the process of learning,
To know that life to live is a blessing bestowed.
And how that blessing becomes interpreted?
Only God to follow with steadfast faith knows.

Peaceful dispositions takes time to find,
As those unafraid...
Face obstacles. And not from them run away.
With a knowing there will be disappointments.
And the ones with peace in their dispositions,
Seem more appreciated by those with minds...
Who have stopped chasing denials to pretend,
They have 'not' felt the affects of heartbreak.
To witness the mending that eventually begins.
And no longer find it a priority to pretend.
Like so many living just to get attention.

Those with peaceful dispositions,
Live with a willingness to forgive.
And to value with patience and tolerance,
That which 'is' to accept.
And not be the ones to become upset,
By changes that are made that stay effective.
Those with peaceful dispostions,
Seldom place themselves in positions...

To make attempts to refuse what tomorrow brings.
And those tomorrows, for all us...
Have come to go with each stage of a fading Sunset.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Peacefully Kept Secret

I...
Have forgotten,
From where I've come?
This must be something,
You are accustomed to saying to anyone.
Perhaps those you would prefer to see,
An attention to them come.
And that would not be me.

You see...
Not only have I not forgotten,
But I am still living in it.
In the same familiar environment.
I am just not of it!
And I perceive that is what you meant.
Since I hope you are not accusing me of negligence.
That would be an assessment,
From someone with a mind fixed on images...
And not deeds.
And...
That would not be me.

I can not blame you at all!
Who would suspect...
I'd keep an interest in placing my footsteps,
Upon the same sidewalks.
And no one would expect my visions kept,
To reflect upon those unaccepting.

However,
I...
Have 'not' forgotten,
From where I've come at all.
In fact...
I am happy,
To keep my seeking to reach...
Peacefully kept secret.
And I believe that is what you see.

But...
I am not here to focus upon your impressions,
You seek with a validation,
To fuel into an argument.
Or a wasting of my rebuttal to expose a slighted ego.

I am happy,
To keep my seeking to reach...
Peacefully kept secret.
And I believe that is what you see.
To hopefully be kept the way it is,
Peaceful as it has been earned.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Peaches

Strolling in an orchard,
Seeking to get...
Some fresh peaches to pick.

Strolling in an orchard,
Seeking to get...
Just a few peaches to pick.
But none,
Are yet ripened...
To savor the deliciousness.
No not one,
Is yet ripened...
To satisfy my taste for it.
Or,
The hope I had to lick my fingertips.

Strolling in an orchard,
Seeking to get...
Some fresh peaches to pick.
But none,
Are yet ripened...
To savor the deliciousness.
No not one,
Is yet ripened...
To satisfy my taste for it.
Or,
The hope I had to lick my fingertips.

No not one,
Is yet ripened...
To satisfy my taste for it.
Or,
The hope I had to lick my fingertips.

Peaches. Peaches...
It's just too early to be seeking a peach.
Peaches. Peaches...
It's just too early for a peach to reach.
Peaches. Peaches...

It's just too early to be seeking a peach.
Peaches. Peaches...
It's just too early for a peach to reach.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Peacocking To Flock Together

There is no apologizing that can be made to me,
For a publizing of my address...
In the heat of one's ignorance later confessed,
And I'm kept a prisoner...
By someone's rush to stupidity expressed.

People are quick to ignite their own storms.
To later admit they were thick-headed and impatient,
And expect a forgiveness for their foolishness...
At someone else's expense they must adorn.

There is no apologizing that can be made to me,
For a publizing of my address...
In the heat of one's ignorance later confessed.
That's capitalized B.S.
Underlined and followed by defined exclamation.

Everyday people step through fields of manure,
Seeking to blame someone for their actions.
With a seeking 'not' to self examine,
The lure of their own temptating ignorance...
Handed down from one generation to the next to ensure.

Everyday people show they can strip respect away.
With a doing of their own as if protected to condone.
No matter what they do to each other shown,
With a peacocking to flock together like misguided birds...
Bearing the same false feathers to flutter as heard.

'What about us? '

~What about it?
We only collectively gather together,
To express our own unified distrust...
We can not seem to elimiate from ourselves,
Or each other. What about 'us'...is there such a thing? ~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Peanut Butter Lovers

Chocolate,
And marmalade...
Is a taste craved by some.
Who may just rave...
About the flavor that comes.

But...
Those who prefer their peanut butter,
Alone...
Spoon it from a jar protected,
As if its diamonds they own.

Peanut butter,
When it's discovered.
Is loved like nothing other,
To soothe one's secret druthers.

It is licked quick from the lips.
And it isn't there long.
Those addicted to their peanut butter,
Have stacks in their homes.

Oh yes, it's peanut butter...
When it's discovered.
Is loved like nothing other,
To soothe one's secret druthers.

Chocolate,
And marmalade...
Is a taste craved by some.
Who may just rave...
About the flavor that comes.

But it's peanut butter,
Loved like nothing other.
It can make one stutter,
When it is discovered.

Oh yes, it's peanut butter...

When it is discovered.
Is loved like nothing other,
To soothe one's secret druthers.

Those peanut butter lovers,
Are different from the others.
Those peanut butter lovers,
Are different from the others.
Those peanut butter lovers.

Keep your chocolate and that marmalade.
Peanut butter lovers,
Are different from the others.
Those peanut butter lovers,
Are different from the others.
Those peanut butter lovers.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Peeking From Behind Trees

You are someone who likes to run and hide,
While being chased through the wilderness.
And peeking from behind trees to see who follows.

I am someone who likes a good sandwich,
As I sit quietly in the park to eat undisturbed...
Observing people making fools of themselves.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Peeking Skills

Why do you feel uncomfortable...
Playing games you've obtained?

You block your telephone number out,
When you call.
Leaving me to question...
Why are you the one in doubt?
When I am the one
Who taught you how to play!

Some of us stay too long,
In hiding!
From those too bored,
To seek!
Or care to speak...
With anyone in pursuit to teach the teacher,
Peeking skills!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Peering Through Windows

This has nothing to do with that,
We are told.
But it is.
Some of it at least.

That has nothing to do with this at all.
Yet we are made to become convinced that it is.
Leaving us to know less about 'this'
And more about 'that'...
Which is none of our business.

And peering through windows with pressed noses,
Imagining we are part of a display enclosed inside...
Leaves passersby wondering,
Just how far we will go to get noticed! ?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Peers Will Jeer

Those who aspire to achieve heights of mediocrity
Are not to be blamed for these aims they select.
If this is their best they believe they should reflect...
They offer much less,
Than just crowded fast food places to leave
As their legacy!

They leave people like me aging,
Wondering why wanting to achieve our best...
Had been a waste of time their peers will jeer
As obscene gestures from a time
People actually made attempts to use their minds,
For thinking!
And 'worked' with a desire for a quality of life teased...
But nonexistng?
How 'purposterous' can that be?

'It is 'preposterous'...
How absurd were they 'then' in those olden days?
Why on Earth did they struggle like that? '

Exactly!
My exact 'centiments'!
'It's 'sentiments'! '
So you 'feel' me?
You can dig my chatter?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Pen Busy

Snap, pop, hip hop.
Nonstop!
Have you had enough?

Much of what I've laid,
Has still been untouched.

I could discontinue this,
And leave.

Or stand silently in a corner,
To watch.
But I am too pen busy!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Pendulum

The asylum now has reopened for tours.
Renovated with new padding.
With personalized doors...
To reduce confusion.
And to highlight the colors...
On the coded carpeted floors.

Each cell has fresh paint.
In pastels of rose and lime.
And the ceilings of sky blue...
Allow the clients,
To stare clear through.
With imaginations fixed...
Only if they choose.

Medicated and sedated...
To keep delusions fresh.
And soothing music to calm the nerves.
To assist a reality...
Quietly put to death.

And these 'refugees'
Are quite different from the ones...
Proclaimed to have once lived in New Orleans.
A pendulum...
Has completed its swing!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Pennies Pinched To Reminisce

A smoozed and glamorized depiction of life,
Doesn't make the reality of living it any sweeter.
Especially for those awakening to discover,
Those good old days when pinching pennies...
Was a thing done to hide but with hidden pride.
Unless...
One is not hampered or beset by the choice of drug,
To be selected when listening to or sharing new trips!
Afterall...
Only those choosing to remain idealistic,
Seem to be able to afford their escapades.
With a choice as to how they will be medicated,
On a daily basis.
And pennies pinched to reminisce,
Is done with one who pays for that shared high!

'There'll be pennies from heaven for you AND me!
This stuff is great.
What is it? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Penny Candy

The one thing about playing,
The game of hide and seek...
Is,
Sooner or later the game of it...
Gets old.
And those aging forget,
Whose hiding where to care less...
To remember who seeks to be sought.

But...
There is one thing I do miss.
While a few kids ran to to find hiding places,
A couple of us would go to the store...
To purchase penny candy.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Penny For My Thoughts?

Penny for my thoughts?
Those are ten dollars a pop now!
And IF you want me to make sense...
Add an extra 15 dollars for the effort.
Comprehension communicated?
Well...
If you hire me as your psychologist,
I'll have you believing you are admired.
And to keep you feeling that way,
For the rest of your life...
Is going to take a miracle!
And for miracles,
I will require complete devotion.
With a guaranteed commitment,
You will give me 75% of everything you own.
I will deliver you quicker than anything or anyone,
That has been teasing you with nonsense.
You pay to receive with no immediate relief!
Every Sunday morning...
You are down on your knees,
Being duped and pleading to be forgiven!
For sins you are going to pay for anyway.
I'll make you a deal...
And I will not mention satan and his disciples of evil,
If you promise me to keep your sins to yourself?
For you...
I can not play God!
You have made others who do too rich with pretentions.
I will tell you the truth!
And you will be freed of hell!
But...
For a price!
And I can not do a damn thing with pennies!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Penny Pinched

Visitations of subservience...
They adorn their Sunday best and await.
A colonialized attachment excites.
And they do not bite the hand,
That feeds them from a buffet...
Of accepted identities they obey.
As they try to remain good boys and girls,
All their lives.
With a pride dignitized and churched!
Where they peek and perch to point and gossip.
And pray their well-being is kept penny pinched,
From hand-me-downs!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Pensive I Sit And Sniff Scents

Pensive I sit and sniff scents,
Of lavender and lilac...
Coming to invade my space,
From the other side of a fence...
Where my neighbors reside.

These days I try to find a way,
To quiet all of my anxieties.
And I didn't think I had that many,
Until I discovered...
I do!

And still I sit in a pensiveness.
Between thoughfulness and sadness.
And dreams that seem out of reach.
Although my 'spirits'
Are lifted by scents I sniff and wish to seige.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

People And Their Situations Do Change

If it is true you knew,
How I felt in those times...
Where were you,
To help me empty...
Those many buckets of tears,
I cried.
If it is true,
My struggles with agony...
Had been something you knew.

If it is true you knew,
Who planted obstacles on my path...
Why were you not there for me at all?
And when I reach out to you,
You dismissed me and laughed.

If it 'is' true you knew,
What I was going through...
You said nothing about it,
Until several years have passed.

And,
If it is true you knew...
Anything about me at all,
Why have you waited until today...
To appear to say,
You are experiencing your own downfall.

To what degree of an empathy,
Do expect from me...
To receive?

'People and their situations change.'

I couldn't say that any better.
I agree.
Trust me.

And that person you say you knew back then,

Has matured to improve...
On my expectations of 'friends'.
And can see people and things as they are.
With a re-arrangement done to philosophies,
Without a passing of judgement on them.

'People and their situations change.'

I couldn't say that any better.
I agree.
Trust me.
And I've been blessed with a peace,
I am going to protect and keep.

And all I can do is wish you the best.
With a peacefulness I am feeling.
Hoping one day,
The same for you will come your way.

People and their situations do change.
Of that,
I totally agree.
But an empathy from me you wish to receive...
Was not from you,
Ever given to me from you to give...
To believe you can receive.

I agree...
People and their situations do change,
A lot!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

People Are Attempting To Escape From Facts

A comfort in passing judgement on others,
Has its way of returning this activity...
Right back to those detractors.

For a long time it was believed the Earth was flat.
And there were scores of people,
Who would despise others...
Opposing with a difference of opinion.

In fact...
People were expected to keep their mouths closed.
As if to be kept sealed and 'labelled'.
Entrapped to pay for their lack of conformity.

Today...
Something about that has changed.

Today?
People are attempting to escape from facts...
To have others pay to enhance delusions,
That will never become realities.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

People Are Desperate

When is it time to defend one's beliefs?
Prior to preparing breakfast,
And having noonday snacks...
With the person relaxed enough,
To attack them!

IF one professes to be faithfully attached...
And not trying to adapt to please!
But then again...

People are desperate to be in the company,
With anyone they might regard...
As being part of the majority!
And who really likes to feel alone,
Taking their own prescribed medications.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

People Are Inclined To Split From It Quick

It's okay.
I am fine with it.
I know any intelligence expressed,
Offends quicker than an ignorance
Accepted and not addressed.

I also know that truth sickens and not mends.
A truth spoken for many is considered wicked.
Although deceiving anyone,
Gets a door to open.

And when that door opens with an allowance done,
People do not fear it.
But from the truth they run.
Leaving the one who comes to speak truth,
Ostracized and shunned because it stuns everyone.

It's okay.
I am fine with it.
I know any intelligence expressed,
Offends quicker than an ignorance.
Accepted and not addressed.

And an avoidance of it,
People are inclined to split from it quick.
Intelligence AND common sense?
Those are the two most forbidden mental elements,
People are taught early to be suspicious of their presence.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

People Are Joined At The Hip

Carrying burdens urgent.
They seem to not let go.
Are...
Those minds running on a cycle.
And...
Buying 'anything' sold.

Sunken suffering doers,
As if this should exist.
Are...
Minds addicted to be sick.
And, this they can't admit.

People are joined at the hip!
And, afraid of this to quit.
Many accept their afflictions,
To point them out as if they fit!

Carrying burdens urgent.
They seem to not let go.
Are...
Those minds running on a cycle.
And...
Buying 'anything' sold.

People are joined at the hip!
And, afraid of this to quit.
Many accept their afflictions,
To point them out as if they fit!

People are joined at the hip!
As if sunken suffering doers.
People are joined at the hip!
As if sunken suffering doers.
And, afraid of this to quit.
As if sunken suffering doers.
People are joined at the hip!
As if sunken suffering doers.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

People Are Left To Wonder

Never should one asked another,
To do a favor.
Without an intention,
To return the deed.

Many perceive they can ask for anything.
To believe they are entitled.
To then ignore,
What someone for them has done.

And people are left to wonder,
Why there are those exercising their right...
To roll their eyes accompanied by,
A tightening of jaws and cemented lips.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

People Are Not Prepared For This

It seems always left kept,
At the demon's best of interests...
To inform that an evilness,
Is perfomed and detected...
Somewhere by someone done.

And if people are not prepared for this,
A wickedness upon them will come to visit.
With no guarantee they will ever receive,
A restful night of quiet sleep.
Or a peace of mind to keep for themselves.

It seems always left kept,
At the demon's best of interests...
To ensure people are made aware,
Everywhere there are threats.
And each step taken should be suspected.

'Good morning.
How are you today? '

~Why did you ask me that?
Who do you know?
Where do you live?
We've never met before.
Have you been following me? ~

'Forget it.'

~Thank you.
I'll try.
But I will keep my eye on you.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

People Are Offended

Listen to this...
Check this out!

She's not speaking to them,
Because he told her...
They didn't like her around him.
And he is the one who fathered
Her best friend's baby!
But her friend stopped speaking to her...
Because she is upset
That her baby's father,
Is her best friend's brother!

'Hey...
That's nothing!
That insanity is normal where I'm from!
Ministers are fathering children,
Of elementary girls not even in their teens!
Cops smoke weed on duty.
And don't try to mind your own business...
People are offended by that! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

People Are Only Entertained By The Performance

It has to be admitted,
People do speak of unity...
With consistency.
You know,
That 'togetherness' in harmony thing!
As if what is said is actually believed.
And the activation of it is not a myth,
But a recognizable direction that can be achieved.
Like speeches made by leaders.
Or sermons made by preachers who testify of seeing 'visions'.

People are only entertained by the performance.

That's it!
When the show is over,
Another activity is sought.
Nothing heard is retained to make changes.
Only stated for debate...
Until a holiday comes to celebrate.
And what was intended prior to that is forgotten.
That's how it is when people are given too many choices,
From which to select and confuse their already weakened...
States of mind based upon variety and delusion.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

People Are So Ready To Rage

People are so ready to rage.
With open mouths they shout...
And a madness pours right out.

People are so ready to rage.
To say today they're crazy,
Would not today amaze!

Gone,
From them...
Is any sign that hints,
Of an innocence.

And gone,
Are ballooned parades...
People use to love,
And...
Celebrate.

People are so ready to rage.
With open mouths they shout...
And a madness pours right out.

People are so ready to rage.
To say today they're crazy,
Would not today amaze!

Gone,
From them...
Is any sign that hints,
Of an innocence.

And gone,
Are ballooned parades...
People use to love,
And...
Celebrate.

What their exercising is their right to bleed.

What their exercising is their right to bleed.
What their exercising is their right to bleed.
What their exercising is their right!
And...
Gone,
From them...
Is any sign that hints,
Of an...Innocence.

And gone...
Are ballooned parades,
People use to love
And...
Celebrate.

People are so ready to rage.
Yes!
People are so ready to rage.

And...
Gone,
From them...
Is any sign that hints,
Of an...Innocence.

People are so ready to rage.
Yes!
People are so ready to rage.

And...
Gone,
From them...
Is any sign that hints,
Of an...Innocence.

People are so ready to rage.
And...
Gone,
From them...
Is any sign that hints,
Of an...Innocence.

People are so ready to rage.
Yes, yes.
The people are so ready to rage.
Yes, yes.
The people are so ready to rage.

And gone,
From them...
Is any sign that hints,
Of an innocence.

And gone,
Are ballooned parades...
People use to love,
And...
Celebrate.

People are so ready to rage.
Crazy people getting evil.
And ready to rage.

How can the people get so evil.
And ready to rage.
Crazy people getting evil.
And ready to rage.

How can the people get so evil.
And ready to rage.
Crazy people getting evil.
And ready to rage.

People are so ready to rage.
These crazy people getting evil.
And ready to rage.

And gone,
From them...
Is any sign that hints,
Of an innocence.

People are so ready to rage.
People are so ready to rage.

People are so ready to rage.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

People Aren'T That Dumb

Is someone who is coached to lead...
Someone needed to bolster issues of trust?
Can that person truthfully convince,
They possess leadership qualities...
To allow others to breathe easily.
And accepted as one of independence.
Without displaying a hint of incompetence?

Or will a dumbdowning done,
Implemented by everyone.
Not notice that such leadership...
Isn't what it should be,
For anyone observing...
To realize,
There is in fact..
None!
But given time such qualities will some day come!

And the person selected based on appearances...
Looks the part just to get an election won!

'That will 'never' happen.
People aren't 'that' dumb! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

People Ask For More To Drop

Their eyes are popping out a lot.
Yes they're popping out a lot.
From what has been exposed not 'kosher''.
With a dropping from their spots.
And this some people think is cool.
With no rushing it to stop..
Because they think that this is 'super'.
And they dance and fingerpop.

Their eyes are popping out a lot.
Yes they're popping out a lot.
From what has been exposed not 'kosher''.
With a dropping from their spots.
And this some people think is cool.
With no rushing it to stop..
Because they think that this is 'super'.
And they dance and fingerpop.

Everything done has a beat.
And they dance and fingerpop.
Nobody cares what sense they keep.
While they dance and fingerpop.
No matter what is in the streets.
People dance and fingerpop.
There is no respect shown to leaders.
With an ignorance they've got.

Their eyes are popping out a lot.
Yes they're popping out a lot.
From what has been exposed not 'kosher''.
With a dropping from their spots.
And this some people think is cool.
With no rushing it to stop..
Because they think that this is 'super'.
And they dance and fingerpop.

There is no respect shown to leaders.
With an ignorance they've got.
Nobody cares what sense they keep.

While they dance and fingerpop.
Because they think that this is 'super'.
And they dance and fingerpop.
With so much of it that they feed.
And people ask for more to drop.
And people ask for more to drop.
Nonstop.
Nonstop.
And people ask for more to drop.
Nonstop.
Nonstop.

Everything done has a beat.
And they dance and fingerpop.
Nobody cares what sense they keep.
While they dance and fingerpop.
No matter what is in the streets.
People dance and fingerpop.
There is no respect shown to leaders.
With an ignorance they've got.
Nonstop.
Nonstop.
And people ask for more to drop.
Nonstop.
Nonstop.
Yes people ask for more to drop.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

People At The Bustop

People at the bustop.
('people at the bustop? ')
Don't have time to talk a lot.
('people at the bustop? ')
And when it rains or snow on them drops,
People at the bustop,
Don't appear to anger with moods to cop.

People at the bustop.
('people at the bustop? ')
May sing a tune or fingerpop.
('people at the bustop? ')
Listening to music through earplugs blocked,
And unheard to hear by those who are near.

People at the bustop.
('people at the bustop? ')
Don't have time to talk a lot.
('people at the bustop? ')
And when it rains or snow on them drops,
People at the bustop,
Don't appear to anger with moods to cop.

People at the bustop.
('people at the bustop? ')
With ipods bop.
('people at the bustop? ')
Listening to their rap or rockin' hip hop.

Oh those people at the bustop.
('people at the bustop? ')
With ipods bop.
('people at the bustop? ')
Listening to their rap or rockin' hip hop.

People at the bustop.
('people at the bustop? ')
Don't have time to talk a lot.
('people at the bustop? ')

And when it rains or snow on them drops,
People at the bustop,
Don't appear to anger with moods to cop.

People at the bustop.
('people at the bustop? ')
People at the bustop.
('people at the bustop? ')
People at the bustop.
('people at the bustop? ')
Peeping on the people who are nodding to a beat.

Oh those people at the bustop.
('people at the bustop? ')
People at the bustop.
('people at the bustop? ')
People at the bustop.
('people at the bustop? ')
Peeping on the people who are nodding to a beat.
In a world all their own and sharing a seat.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

People Break Hearts

Is it what it really is.
Or what it was with a wanting,
To forget.
That innocence displayed taken away.
By another to have hidden,
Some other agenda unseen but intends.

People take.
People break,
Hearts.
To do it over again.

Approached with a belief it is honesty.
Approached with a hope it is meant.

Is it what it really is.
Or what it was with it needed to be returned.
Wishing the doing will eliminate past regrets.
Yet...
Knowing it will not be easy,
To forget what was given if the return leaves...
One with the same lesson not to have learned.

People take.
People break,
Hearts.
To do it over again.
People take.
People break,
Hearts.

Approached with a belief it is honesty.
Approached with a hope it is meant.

Is it what it really is.
Or what it was with a wanting,
To forget.
That innocence displayed taken away.
By another to have hidden,

Some other agenda unseen but intends...
A destroying of an innocence given.
With an intent it will be forgotten.
And a forgiveness to give,
Comes to mend...
Those left with broken hearts, again.

People take.
People break,
Hearts.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

People Can Be Sold Anything

How can one survive,
On lies to tell and alibis...
To dupe,
The people.
And abuse truth to connive.

How can one survive,
On lies to tell and alibis...
To dupe,
The people.
And abuse truth to connive.

'Drug 'em on dope and hope.
Fill up their minds with promised dreams.
And legalize the weed they smoke.'

How can folks believe,
What has been deceived.
To let,
Themselves...
Stay grieving on their knees.

'Drug 'em on dope and hope.
Fill up their minds with promised dreams.
And legalize the weed they smoke.
To share with other folks to tote.
Until...
They heal,
From sorrows to put off tomorrow.'

People can be sold anything.
As long as they stay drugged on hope.
People can be sold anything.
As long as they remain addicted.
People can be sold anything.
As long as their heads stay messed up.

How can one survive,
On lies to tell and alibis...

To dupe,
The people.
And abuse truth to connive.

'Drug 'em on dope and hope.
Fill up their minds with promised dreams.
And legalize the weed they smoke.
To share with other folks to tote.
Until...
They heal,
From sorrows to put off tomorrow.'

People can be sold anything.
As long as they stay drugged on hope.
People can be sold anything.
As long as they remain addicted.
People can be sold anything.
As long as their heads stay messed up.

People can be sold anything...
As long as their minds stay messed up.
People can be sold anything,
As long as they are kept addicted.
People can be sold anything...
From anyone who is corrupted.
People can be sold anything...
As long as they stay messed up!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

People Can'T Enjoy What They Like

To row your boat,
It's best to know a little 'bout life.
You just can not do,
Whatever it is that you like.
And if you want to just,
Be about flying your kite...
You'll have to do it,
Either from the left or the right.

You can't rely on,
People to respect what you do.
You can't rely on,
Love for you to always be true.
You can't rely on,
Those you know to be cool with you...
Since,
People live to do what they choose.
And,
No matter what is you do,
Or don't do.

You can't rely on,
People to respect what you do.
Since,
People live to do what they choose.

To row your boat,
It's best to know a little 'bout life.
You just can not do,
Whatever it is that you like.
And if you want to just,
Be about flying your kite...
You'll have to do it,
Either from left or the right.
Since,
People live to do what they like.
And,
Today people seem to be uptight...
Since,

People can't enjoy what they like!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

People Can't Get Over

People can't get over,
Being deceived to believe it.
People can't get in their minds,
These times we live.

People can't get over,
Being deceived to believe it
People can't get in their minds,
These times we live.

Others tried to shake them to wake up,
But...
The truth to them offended.
To not convince.

Others tried to shake them to wake up,
But...
Defamed and disrespected.
That's what they got to get.
And booted to the curb,
While the truth they spoke occurred.

People can't get over,
The depths of their delusions.
People can't get over,
Who hoodwinked them to dupe.

People can't get over,
The depths of their delusions.
People can't get over,
How they've been used as fools.

People can't get over,
The truth they chose to boot.
And the people can't get over,
Who they did this to.
The people can't get over,
Lies told them to tell.
People can't get over,

The ones who did this.
Done to do and very well.

People can't get over,
The depths of their delusions.
People can't get over,
How they've been used as fools.

People can't get over,
The truth they chose to boot.
And the people can't get over,
Who they did this to.
No the people can't get over,
Lies told them to tell.
People can't get over,
The ones who did this well.

People can't get over,
Who hoodwinked them just to dupe.
People can't get over,
Who hoodwinked them just to dupe.

People can't get over,
Being made fools!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

People Can'T Give Their Conflicts Up

Why can't there always be a peace.
And why not..
Have it everywhere that we go.
And why not...
Drop every weapon we found to keep,
To bury in a ditch or a hole.

And why do...
People find the time to be bitter.
And why do...
People find the time to berate,
And hate.
And not admit they wish to escape.

And why is it,
People find no time for a peace.
And why not..
Have it released where they go.
And why not...
Drop every weapon they find to keep,
To bury in a ditch or a hole.

And why do...
People find the time to be bitter.
And why do...
People find the time to berate,
And hate.
And not admit they wish to escape.

And why do...
People find the time to be bitter.
And why do...
People find the time to berate,
And hate.
And not admit they wish to escape.

And why is it,
People find no time for a peace.
And why not..

Have it released where they go.
And why not...
Drop every weapon they find to keep,
To bury in a ditch or a hole.

And why is it,
People can't give their conflicts up.
And why is it,
People choose to be so corrupt.
And why is it,
People deny they cheat and lie...
And seem to love to dig deeper ruts.

And why is it,
People find no time for a peace.
And why not..
Have it released where they go.
And why not...
Drop every weapon they find to keep,
To bury in a ditch or a hole.

And why is it,
People can't give their conflicts up.
And why is it,
People choose to be so corrupt.
And why is it,
People deny they cheat and lie...
And seem to love to dig deeper ruts.

And why is it,
People can't give their conflicts up.
And why is it,
People choose to be so corrupt.
And why is it,
People deny they cheat and lie...
And seem to love to dig deeper ruts.
And why is it,
People can't give their conflicts up.
And why is it,
People love to dig deeper ruts.
And why is it,
People can't give their conflicts up.

And why is it,
People choose to be so corrupt.
And why is it,
People deny they cheat and lie...
And seem to love to sit on their butts!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

People Can'T See Their Misdeeds Diseasing

People can't see their misdeeds,
Diseasing.
And...
People can't see their misdeeds...
A destructive attitude.
No!
People can't see their misdeeds,
Diseasing.
And...
Infecting with a plague to them that comes.

People can't see their misdeeds,
Diseasing.
To think their protected within a fence.
And the evil they do to another is sent.

People can't see their misdeeds,
Diseasing.
To do to others what they think is fun.
And doing it to think they can overcome.
With a hiding in places from everyone.
To...
Eventually be stunned by the acts that they have done.

People can't see their misdeeds,
Diseasing.
And...
People can't see their misdeeds...
A destructive attitude.
No!
People can't see their misdeeds,
Diseasing.
And...
Infecting with a plague to them that comes.

People can't see their misdeeds,
Diseasing.
No they don't.
And people can't see their misdeeds,

Destroying everyone.
No!
People can't see their misdeeds,
Diseasing.
And...
Infecting themselves with a plague that comes.

People can't see their misdeeds,
Diseasing.
No they don't.
And people can't see their misdeeds,
Destroying everyone.
No!
People can't see their misdeeds,
Diseasing.
And...
Infecting themselves with a plague that comes.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

People Change

Everything,
Must change.
Nothing,
Stays the same.

Facts are facts.
Regardless who wishes,
To have them subtracted.
As if truth to reveal,
Will erase to eliminate...
The doing of their acts.

Few are left to defend,
The evil done to them.
And those who intended,
To harm others with their misdeeds...
Believe an aging done that awakens,
Will make it okay for them to claim...
They were the ones victimized,
By their conscious acts of ruining lives.
To assume time diminishes,
The effect of their told lies have had...
On broken relationships and cut family ties,
That created and cause conflicts to arise.

Today these demonic evil witches,
And warlocks alike...
Have chosen to adorn themselves in disguises.
Some who have menaced others,
Have taken to pulpits to minister.
Those who Bible thump have taken to the streets,
To quote and preach from scriptures...
In performances complete with rehearsed innocence.
As if their past harrassing,
People they had picked to inflict their wickedness...
Is easy to forget with expressed forgiveness given.
It isn't. Easy!

'People change.'

So do memories.
However...
Those inflicted to remember their pains,
To heal from them both physically and mentally...
Aren't so quick to choose from their thoughts,
Which ones are better kept selective.
And...
For 'whatever' the reason,
This practice has not been perfected.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

People Choose To Lay Up On Their Backsides

'I have suffered this.
I have suffered that.'

'I have suffered this.
And,
I suffer from that.'

Hear them talk about their pains,
And those agonies they reveal.

'I have suffered this.
I have suffered that.'

And...
Listen how they boast about,
Reasons why they choose NOT to heal.

'I have suffered this.
And,
I suffer from that.'

People like to stay flat on their back-
Sides!
People like to moan and that's a fact.

People like to stay flat on their back-
Sides!
People like to feel that keep it real...
To suffer!

'I have suffered this.
I have suffered that.'

'I have suffered this.
And,
I suffer from that.'

'I have suffered this.
I have suffered that.'

'I have suffered this.
And,
I suffer from that.'
And...
People choose to lay up on their backsides!
Listen to their reasons NOT to heal!

'I have suffered this.
I have suffered that.
I have suffered this.
And...
I suffer from that.'

People choose to lay up on their backsides!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

People Claim They Want More Peace

Agonistic balled up fists,
Shown by those too argumentive...
Are accustomed to conflicts,
And...
Should be left alone.

Agonistic balled up fists,
Shown by those too argumentive...
Are accustomed to conflicts,
And...
Should not be condoned.

Those choosing to pick fights,
Aren't the ones who use their wits.
Or nor are they quick thinkers,
With solutions that resolve...
That will result in benefits.

Those choosing to pick fights,
Aren't the ones who use their wits.
They're much too use to using fists...
As if to fight will end all riffs!
But escalations aren't dismissed.

More, more, more...
Grief and agony is wished.
More, more, more...
Revenge is sought and with the risks,
Showing and exposing proof...
Just who can be more barbaric!

Those choosing to pick fights,
Aren't the ones who use their wits.
Or nor are they quick thinkers,
With solutions that resolve...
That will result in benefits.

Those choosing to pick fights,
Aren't the ones who use their wits.

They're much too use to using fists...
As if to fight will end all riffs!
But escalations aren't dismissed.

More, more, more...
Grief and agony is wished.
More, more, more...
Revenge is sought and with the risks,
Showing and exposing proof...
Just who can be more barbaric!

More, more, more...
Grief and agony is wished.
More, more, more...
Revenge is sought and with the risks,
Showing and exposing proof...
Just who can be more barbaric!

Agonistic balled up fists,
Shown by those too argumentive...
Are accustomed to conflicts,
And...
Should be left alone.

More, more, more...
Grief and agony is wished.
And people can't leave this alone.
More, more, more...
Grief and agony is wished.
And people should not this condone.

More, more, more...
Grief and agony is wished.
More, more, more...
Grief and agony is wished.
People claim they want more peace,
But peace is not what people have known!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

People Climbing On A Fence

We can prevent,
A doing to have others suffer.
To prevent...
Denying how hatred is made.
We can prevent,
A doing to have others suffer.
To prevent...
Lies to tell with them to leave. deceptions.

People climbing on a fence,
Pretending they don't have a direction.
But quick to move a rumor.

People climbing on a fence,
Are the ones who do more harm...
With duped maneuvers.
And told lies they deny.

People climbing on a fence,
Can be prevented.
People climbing on a fence,
Direct their hatred made.
People climbing on a fence,
Are quick to move a rumor.
With their duped maneuvers.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

People Do An Evil To Choose

Some people do an evil to choose.
To be living.
And given.
Some people do an evil to choose.
To be living.
And given.
People do an evil to choose.
Some people do an evil to choose.

Some people do an evil to choose.
To pick on someone with it to be dropped.
And some people do an evil to choose.
With a doing that's done to do it nonstop.
Some people do an evil to choose.
People do an evil to choose.

Caught up to give it more wickedness.
Some people do an evil to choose.
With a showing they suffer a mental illness.
Some people do an evil to choose.
People do an evil to choose.
And...
Turning away from a right to do wrong.
Some people do an evil to choose.
And...
Turning away from a bright light left on.
Some people do an evil to choose.
People do an evil to choose.
Even though in the doing to know they are wrong,
Some people do an evil to choose.
From a Sunset that fades to blaze upon the dawn.
People do an evil to choose.
SOME people do an evil to choose.
To want it to give it to someone to live.
People do an evil to choose.
To flaunt it with punches to heads and the ribs.
People do an evil to choose.
SOME people do an evil to choose!
To knock out,

What's right.
And a keeping of a conscious light.
Some people choose evil,
To knock out what's right.
With defeating of a conscious light.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

People Do Change

Oh,
I am in total agreement.
People do change.
And the evidence of that is clear.

I am not one seeking the proof,
Of anyone's awareness.
Or discuss with a stagnant mind,
The benefits of ignorance.
Those positions in my life,
I just do not take.

Oh,
I am in total agreement.
People do change.
And the evidence of that is clear.

However...
I am not one to allow,
Footsteps to walk across my chest...
As I lay down in forgiveness mode,
To show someone how effective my faith can be.

I too have changed.
And will be the first to tell anyone,
How proud I am to recognize it!
But no one gets repeated opportunities with me,
To express how their absence of consciousness...
Affected choices they made.

I look at life like this...
Mistakes made by anyone can be excused,
With the knowledge they will not surface again.
Although I must admit...
I with those who refuse to turn another cheek,
To please the ease of someone's apology given!

If someone's is doing something,
At the expense of someone else's integrity...

And emotions spent in the healing process.
That person knows exactly what time it is!
And should not expect a cleaned slate.

But then again,
I have made some outrageous statements...
Directed to hurt some reputations.
And I knew this was wrong.

And yet,
To this day I do not regret what I did one bit!

Some folks change and it benefits their lives.
There are exceptions to every rule.
Hey,
What can I say?
I guess I am one of those exceptions.
And I aint mad at nobody!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

People Do Like To Mock A Lot

To keep a lock and key on a valued life,
With a doing unconcerned,
Or bothered by wrongs or that which is right.
To then praise idols!
Is not realistic...
For someone to say,
They live a life with a taking of risks.
There is a bit of a conflict in your admission.

To be confronted by a boulder,
With a pretending of it to be a pebble...
Or a tiny rock dropped.
Is not realistic.
But of course I respect your point of view.
People do like to mock a lot.
Are you one of those people too?
With a taking of something serious...
To portray others as fools.

Or...
Is it that you are a pessimist,
And a teasing cynic too?

'I'm neither!
But I must admit...
Your grasp of the language is hypnotic.
And your knowledge of the topic,
Overwhelms in your stunning presentation.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

People Do Make Mistakes

Sometimes people do make mistakes.
I've made some.
And who has not made a few?
But not knowingly at the expense of others.

And those who excuse these activities done,
As errors made unconsciously...
With proclamations for a wish to be forgiven,
Need to know how it feels to receive payback.

Directed and unmistakable.
And inflicted with the ease in which they were made.
With a consciousness applied and lessons taught.
To awaken anyone daring to use these excuses in the future.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

People Do To Do To Pest

Go-go-go-go-go-to move on,
From a pecking people do to do to pest.
Move on,
From a pecking people do.

Move on,
From a pecking people do to do to pest.
Move on,
From a pecking done to you.

Move on,
From the pecking.
Don't let it stop your steps.
Move on,
From that pecking people do.
You can move on,
From the pecking people do to stop your steps.
Move on,
From a pecking people do.

Go-go-go-go-go-to move on,
From a pecking people do to do to pest.
Move on,
From a pecking people do.
You can move on,
From the pecking people do to stop your steps.
Move on,
From that pecking done to you.

You can move on,
From a pecking.
Move on,
From that pecking.
Move on,
And refuse that pesty pecking done to you.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

People Everyday Are More Convinced

People,
Everyday are more convinced.
People,
Are hopping more off the fence.
People,
Recognize they have consented...
To a sliding down of life,
They could have prevented.

People,
Everyday are more convinced.
People,
Are hopping more off the fence.
People,
Recognize they have consented...
To a sliding down of life,
They could have prevented.

People!
Everyday are more convinced,
Only they hold the key...
To 'their' consequences.

People!
Everyday are more convinced,
Only they hold the key...
To 'their' consequences.

People,
Everyday are more convinced...
That a down slide of life,
They could have prevented.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

People Everywhere Are Pulling Hair

Politicians have to end,
Their same old lies again.
For reasons why they need to spend,
So many millions to pretend...
If elected they will mend,
All divisions that began...
By their hating in their shared debates,
They take time to defend.
Again.

And those divided should condemn,
The ones who pocket and pretend...
That the money that is sent to them,
Will get them votes to win.
Again!
With a doing to those foolish,
To offend.
Again!

People everywhere are pulling hair,
That's getting thin.
And...
Patience seems to begin,
With everyone to dim.
Again!
With a doing to offend,
Again!

Politicians have to end,
Their same old lies again.
For reasons why they need to spend,
So many millions to pretend...
If elected they will mend,
All divisions that began...
By their hating in their shared debates,
They take time to defend.
Again.

People everywhere are pulling hair,

That's getting thin.
And...
Patience seems to begin,
With everyone to dim.
Again!
With a doing to offend...
Again!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

People Evil Leave A Permanent Stain

People evil leave a permanent stain...
Felt like nothing other.
People evil leave a permanent stain...
And forever this is suffered.
People evil leave a permanent stain.
And it remains,
With a paining that continues...
Sustaining and to drain.

People evil leave a permanent stain...
And forever it is suffered.
People evil leave a permanent stain.
And it remains.

We pray that it's forgiveness...
With a hope that it will soothe.
And we do this with a wish,
It is the best that we can do.
But...
Evil never leaves,
Us.
Evil never leaves.

We pray that it's forgiveness...
With a hope that it will soothe.
But...
Evil never leaves,
Us.
Evil never leaves.

People evil leave a permanent stain...
Felt like nothing other.
People evil leave a permanent stain...
And forever this is suffered.
People evil leave a permanent stain.
And it remains,
With a paining that continues...
Sustaining and to drain.

We pray that it's forgiveness...
With a hope that it will soothe.
But...
Evil never leaves,
Us.
Evil never leaves.

We pray that it's forgiveness...
With a hope that it will soothe.
But...
Evil never leaves,
Us.
Evil never leaves.

People evil leave a permanent stain.

People evil leave a permanent stain.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

People Forget

Going out of one's way,
To discredit the deeds done by others...
To portray them with betrayals,
Mocked and displayed to jest...
Has these disadvantages:

God is always listening.
God is a Master at fixing things.
And God is quick to share,
With those who faithfully pray.
Removing deceivers and exposes truth...
For all to see,
Those who have created such falsities.
And eventually there is an exchanging of pain.

People forget,
Whose World this is.
People forget,
What they do is inspected.
And not just left,
To go undetected.

People forget,
Everything done they do is known.
People forget,
What goes down...
Comes back around like a yo-yo,
Going up and down affixed to a string.
People forget,
These things.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

People Have Done This To Themselves

I miss sincerity.
And my friends and family members,
That shared theirs with me...
Who have moved on to other 'realms'.

I miss sincerity.
Too many today are so dishonest.
When someone opens their mouth,
My first reaction is to disbelieve.

People have done this to themselves.

Not to treasure one's integrity,
Is a sign an identity is lost.
And nothing is valued but delusion.

People have done this to themselves.

To express disrespect and receive it,
As if expected...
Is a quality of life lived not uplifted but diminished.

I miss sincerity.
And my friends and family members,
That shared theirs with me...
Who have moved on to other 'realms' of 'this' experience.

I miss sincerity.
Too many today are so dishonest.
When someone opens their mouth,
My first reaction is to disbelieve,
Not one word but every word said.

People have done this to themselves.

To express disrespect and receive it,
As if expected...
Is a quality of life lived not uplifted but diminished.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

People Have Their Own Interpretations

People have their own interpretations.
Imitations of life and impressions to make.
With different environments to experience,
A condoning of their comfort zones.

Leaving them alone to create their own realities,
Is best to recommend,
For anyone attempting to exchange to undo...
Delusions for a truth few know it if introduced.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

People In Other People's Lives They Have Never Met

Are you that person,
To take what you hear...
To be fact and not fiction?

Have you ever disliked someone,
Because of what you've heard?

Did you ever disrespect anyone,
To one day regret paying attention to gossip?
Helping to spread the rumors...
That defamed and shamed lives that were done.
And you had been the main one...
Wishing to pass on fresh innuendos to come.

And one day...
You just happen to meet,
The nicest person someone else introduced to you...
As the two of you met,
Coincidentally on the street.

And there you were,
Feeling embarrassed with remorse...
You and others,
Were the reason this person was divorced!

Well...
You are not alone.
There are so many people in other people's lives,
They have never met.
Nor have ever seen before...
Until they actually meet!
On the street or socially...
With wishes they could find someone like that,
To come home to and be happy to love.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

People Into Quiche

Do you mind passing to me the quiche?

'Oh...
So,
You're into quiche?
You know what they say about those into quiche? '

I can not wait to hear.
What is it that 'they' say?

'It is said...
People into quiche,
Are passionate.
Artistic!
And quite loving.'

I've never heard that before.
Here...
Why don't you take my piece of quiche.
I'm not seeking a companion.
And you...
Are obviously more into quiche than me.
I am more into black eye peas and carrots!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

People Kicking Peace

People kicking peace!
As if they have no wishes,
To change lives unfulfilled...
And peel from foolish things.

People kicking peace...
As if they have a reason,
To camouflage their hearts....
With masking gentle ways.
They don't know...
This should not be embraced.

People kicking peace!
As if that is their purpose.
To perfect actions rehearsed!
Cursing it...
With such a quickened ease.
They don't know...
They spread a sick disease.
Stopping this...
Is what the people need!

People kicking peace.
And kept locked...
From their treasures.
No one is satisfied...
Or tries to comprehend.
They don't know...
Their problems are within.

People kicking peace!
As if they are not worthy,
To wake up and explore...
An abundant harmony!
They're overdosed,
To kick peace...
Piece by piece!

Overdosed...

And looking for the key!
Total peace,
Is what the people need.
But they're tricked...
To kick peace as a deed!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

People Like That

People may cry...
When happy sometimes,
For reasons.

Feelings they hide,
Deep inside them...
Come to the surface to flow free!

Possibly,
The tears seen fall from a need.
More than anyone can see.
And emotions not outwardly shown,
Glisten from eyes unexpectedly...
Showing a neglected human quality!

People grow...
Exposing thoughts ever changing.
Maturity shifts us shaking to break molds,
We hold onto...
As if we are glued to a time that stays.

No one experiences these 'movements' the same.
Some become upset.
Some they knew have renewed mindsets!
And people like that often talk behind others' backs!

People may cry...
When happy sometimes,
For reasons.

Feelings they hide,
Deep inside them...
Come to the surface to flow free!
Showing an honesty trusted.
In times when 'who' we think we are...
Is never the way we believe we should be treated!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

People Like This

They are always on the run,
From...
Anything bitter not sweet.
They are always on the run,
From...
Anything pricking that stings.
They are always on the run,
From...
Anything to them that brings,
Discomfort.
That toughens...
Their thin skins.
Even though they witness others suffer,
They rush from theirs to begin.
And...
People like this,
Often initiate conflicts.
And...
People like this,
Don't mind inflicting pain.

They are always on the run,
From...
Anything to them that brings,
Discomfort.
That toughens...
Their thin skins.
Even though they witness others suffer,
They rush from theirs to begin.
And...
People like this,
Often initiate conflicts.
And...
People like this,
Moan with a groaning on too long.
And...
People like this,
Are not seen stopping but snap out their minds.
And people like this,

Are not that difficult anywhere to find.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

People Like This Are The Ones Convinced

Somewhere,
One may find they are...
Unaware.

And...
Somewhere,
One may discover...
They haven't a care.

And even if they do or if they don't,
See their neighbors.
And even if they do or if they don't,
Belabor over it.
Something deep inside that's in a mind,
Wont stop...
Believing they've been followed.

Somewhere,
One may find they are...
Unaware.

And...
Somewhere,
One may discover,
They haven't a care.

Then a paranoia kept sometimes in minds...
Kept there.
Will make some people feel they are confined,
Everywhere.
And people like this are the ones convinced,
They're the ones are being followed.
Somewhere.

And even if they do or if they don't,
See their neighbors.
And even if they do or if they don't,
Belabor over it.
Something deep inside that's in a mind,

Wont stop...
Believing they've been followed.
Somewhere.

People seem to be so paranoid,
Everywhere.
People paranoid seem they're annoyed,
And they stare.
Something deep inside that's in a mind,
Wont stop...
Believing they've been followed.
Somewhere

Lawrence S. Pertillar

People Like This Will And Can Victimize

If someone believes,
They can do as they please...
Including be disrespectful,
With a negligence?
And others they have known,
'Had' accepted them for this?
But the more this is shown,
Many have grown tired of it!
And from them have flown away.

If you know anyone who fits,
This appropriate description...
Split or they will make you sick.
Especially when you get caught up in,
This web that begins to spin.

No need to get upset by them...
Those people who believe,
They can do as they please.
However...
Know them to be usually the youngest born,
If not the only child.

And the signs of who they are...
Are not easily detected.
They are generally protected,
By exaggerations embellished...
With their time spent practicing delusions.
Instead of attaching their minds to truth.

But...
When they do become 'suspected',
By a pattern that is set...
Do not around them stay!
They will convince others you are out of 'your' mind,
For descovering something to be wrong with them.
And...
This will happen!
Since people like this will and can victimize.

With gentle voices and innocent eyes.
Like a deceiving child trapped in an adult body!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

People Like To Keep A Heat Provoked

Blowing out fires after starting them...
Isn't going to clear the smoke.
And,
Whoever is hired to keep smoke chokers away...
Is the one that chokes the most.

People like to keep a heat...
Provoked.
Even people on the streets,
Are...
Attracted to the smoke.

People like to keep a heat...
Provoked.
Even people on the streets,
Are...
Attracted to the smoke.

Blowing out fires after starting them...
Isn't going to clear the smoke.

People like to keep a heat...
Provoked.
Even people on the streets,
Are...
Attracted to the smoke.

And,
Whoever is hired to keep smoke chokers away...
Is the one that chokes the most.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

People Like To Twist Their Words

Running away from lives to hide.
Started.
And...
Peeping from inside disguised.
Started.
But...
Staying within a loop,
With nosey people choosing this to do.
To falsify and lie.

Running away from lives to hide.
Started.
And...
Peeping from inside disguised.
Started.
But...
Staying within a loop,
With nosey people choosing this to do.
To falsify and lie.

People like to sniff and stir,
Conflicts they commit.
And...
People like to twist their words,
From both sides of their lips.
With a doing this of it...
Just to keep a wish for peace,
Disturbed.

People like to twist their lips,
As if it's preferred.
And...
People who do this exist,
To keep things disturbed.
Hoping for attention.
And...
People like to twist their lips,
To invent something heard...
To know the spreading of it,

Will destroy worse than a fire...
They desire out of control.

People like to twist their lips,
As if it's preferred.
And...
People who do this exist,
To keep things disturbed.
Inventing something heard...
To know the spreading of it,
Will be worse than a fire...
They desire out of control.

Running away from lives to hide.
Started.
And...
Peeping from inside disguised.
Started.
But...
Staying within a loop,
With nosey people choosing this to do.
To falsify and lie.
Hoping that a fire started,
Can't be stopped or become controlled.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

People Like You

If I had not shown you the way,
You would not know a way could be made.

Now that you have updated it,
You say my attempts had not been that great.
And with your efforts,
They have become greater.

And this you ensure is a cause for celebration!
With applause and no mention of me at all!

But...
That's what people like you do!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

People Like You Just Don'T Get It

People like you,
Just don't get it.

'Get what? '

Don't worry about it
If you had it you would know.
And...
Maybe you are right.

You once said,
The homeless and hungry...
Was a situation for those,
Who chose to be so.

You once said,
'There are jobs out there.
Those folks just don't want to work.
When 'I' was in that situation...
I walked down the road,
To ask my neighbor if I could pitch some hay...
To buy groceries and pay my 'mortgage'.
And my father and his father did the same thing.
Today...
People think they deserve more than that.'

People like you,
Just don't get it.

'Get what? '

Don't worry about it.
If you had it you would know.
And...
Maybe you are right.
Some people just bit off more than they could chew.
And if they had good credit like you...
None of them would be in the same predicament.

People like you,
Just don't get it.

'Get what? '

Don't worry about it.
What you don't know is intended.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

People Love To Intimidate

People love to intimidate,
Those they believe not strong.
And, people love to instigate,
A conflict that goes wrong.
Then...
Those people will pretend they don't know,
What is going on!
To then become offended,
By those who choose themselves to defend.

People love to intimidate,
Those they believe not strong.
And, people love to instigate,
A conflict that goes wrong.
Then...
Those same people will pretend,
They don't know what is going on!
To then become offended,
By the ones who choose themselves to defend.
And....
The fighting never ends,
No!

People will pretend they don't know,
What is going on!
To then become offended,
By those they thought were weakened
And....
The fighting will not cease.

People love to intimidate,
Those they believe not strong.
And, people love to instigate,
A conflict that goes wrong.
Then...
People will pretend they don't know,
What is going on!
To then become offended,
By those who choose themselves to defend.

People love to intimidate,
Those they believe not strong.
And...
People love to intimidate,
Even though they've been so wrong.
And...
People love to intimidate,
From night until the dawn.
And...
Then pretend with innocence,
How they've been the victims all along!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

People Mediocre Later Weep

Give up your best,
To the one you are sure will catch it.
Don't just give it up...
To anyone who 'might' fetch it!

Give up your best,
To the one you are sure will catch it.
Don't just give it up...
To anyone who 'might' fetch it!

People undecided don't know what it is they want.
So don't give up your best...
To anyone to fetch,
It.

People mediocre will choose anything to flaunt,
Without a knowing what they want.
Thinking anything that gleems,
Is a 'keeper'.

People undecided don't know what it is they want.
So don't give up your best...
To anyone to fetch,
It.

Give up your best,
To the one you are sure will catch it.
Don't just give it up...
To anyone who 'might' fetch it!

People mediocre will choose anything to flaunt,
Without a knowing what they want.
Thinking anything that gleems,
Is a 'keeper'...
To later weep.

People mediocre will choose anything to flaunt,
Without a knowing what they want...
To later weep.

In their misery.

People mediocre,
Later weep...
Without a sleeping.
People mediocre,
Later weep.

People mediocre,
Can not sleep.
And...
People mediocre often weep,
In their misery.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

People Most Unhappy Chase The Money

With that mind that you have,
And all the things that you can do...
Why you only chase,
The money?
Why you only chasing for the money.
Why the money.
Why you only chasing money.

With that mind that you have,
And other things to pursue.
Why you only chase,
The money?
Why you only chasing for the money.

Why the money.
Why you only chasing after money.

People most unhappy chase the money.
People most unhappy find it hard to believe.
They are not the only ones with pockets empty.
And for them it isn't funny when the money stops coming.

People most unhappy chase the money.
Only money.
And those unhappy people find it hard to believe.
They are not the only ones with pockets empty.
And for them it isn't funny when the money stops coming.

People most unhappy chase the money.
People most unhappy find it hard to believe.
They are not the only ones with pockets empty.
And for them it isn't funny when the money stops coming.

People most unhappy chase the money.
Only money.
And those unhappy people find it hard to believe.
They are not the only ones with pockets empty.
And for them it isn't funny when the money stops coming.

People most unhappy chase the money.
Only money.
People most unhappy chase the money.
Only money.
People most unhappy chase the money.
Only money.
People most unhappy chase the money.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

People Need A Cane

Dedicated to stay remaining the same,
As if days to live have not changed...
Has kept many minds affixed,
To habits to have them not to quit.
With some who have aged,
Wishing for events of the past to relive...
Isn't healthy to persist they still exist.

Even things we get,
Eventually gets to be turned to dust.
No matter what crutches,
Are used to not admit...
Rust has prevented our bones,
To be as strong as they were...
Before the pains began to create our moans.

People hate this and that.
Driven to lay flat on their backs.
To still feel a hatred,
Towards others they don't know.
Just to attack.
But now needing a cane,
To help them limp from pain.

People using canes will not admit,
How their pains began the cause of it.
People using canes,
Now wish they could assist...
Others on their knees,
With something said to give them a lift.

People need a cane,
To remember why their pains exist.
People need a cane,
To realize the unimportance...
The feeling towards anyone,
A hatred to give them fits.
When their own aches wont quit.

People need a cane,
To remember why their pains exist.
People need a cane,
To realize the unimportance...
Of a hatred to have,
When their own aches wont quit.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

People Of Goodwill

The more one is charitable towards another,
More donations are expected to causes created.
And at one time philanthropy was a safe haven,
For those who were crooks...
To show themselves as people of goodwill,
And humanitarians!

Today those same thieves,
Are attempting to prove helping others...
Will eliminate them from doing good deeds.
Since an increase in their taxes,
Will force them to decrease...
Opportunities they've used to force others to bleed,
As a write off many of greed had grown accustomed!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

People Of Impressions

A wish to see him defeated,
Decreases to depletion...
Their hold onto a longevity.

And beliefs of defeating him,
Returns to them...
Values and standards kept.
At the pinnacle of greatness.
Perceived by them as this should be.

But he represents realities they resent.
And realities to them had never been presented.

So they protest his arrogance.
Using medieval tactics and aged laments.
And stubbornly they become incensed.
With wishes to find him incompetent.

But incompetence did not make him president.
And it is clear to all,
Why they disrespect his presence.
As a focus noticed of those around the globe,
Stirs with an interest.
And becomes more aware of this.
As evident of those feelings meant.

'We're not racists! ' They object.

'We just want him to do what is expected.
Like the 'others' we let fantasize at their best.

He is so out of touch with us.
And that makes us quite upset!

Who does this nig... 'person' think he is?
Showing himself to be much more,
Than those images to 'them'...
We have historically given.
To keep them in their place...

For our sake.'

~He was elected because he was the best.
The best to protect any interests you have left.~

'Yeah,
But...
We are a people of impressions and images.
And those images he dares to test.
With embarrassment to us at our expense.
That's why we wish him defeat and not success.'

~That makes very little sense.~

'We are a people of impressions and images.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

People Of Nonsense

People seeking responses to their nonsense,
And become disappointed...
When those who choose to refuse to bite,
Have elevated their minds...
To invite a higher consciousness.
Are those people of nonsense,
Hoping to annoy someone long enough to get...
Any attention given in return,
To satisfy a feeling of emptiness...
That serves to them no purpose.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

People Once Sought

Conversations have lost comforts,
Of mutual exchange.
Forced engagements now depend,
On premeditated thoughts...
Once enjoyed but now has ended.
And abandoned curiousities
Seemed to have peaked and shallowed.
But no one dares to admit something is missing.
People once sought to share conversations...
Are finding their presence disapproved!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

People Panic

Tripped out,
Over their finances.
Doubts begin to cloud their minds...
With a suggestion to breathe deeply.
To prevent a panic to exist.
And if they don't breathe deeply,
That's exactly what they'll find!
That's exactly what they'll get...
Panic!

But do people listen?
No!
Is common sense from them missing?
Well...
I don't want to pass,
That as harrassment.
But if I'm allowed,
I would choose to brag.

I don't want to pass,
That as harrassment.
But people seem to get,
Just what they ask!

And everywhere you go,
You'll see them in their stubbornness to give!
In 'fits' like spoiled little kids.
And everywhere you go,
You'll see them in their stubbornness to give!
In 'fits' like spoiled little kids.

But do people listen?
No!
Is common sense from them missing?
Well...
I don't want to pass,
That as harrassment.
But if I'm allowed,
I would choose to brag.

Tripped out,
Over their finances.
Doubts begin to cloud their minds...
With a suggestion to breathe deeply.
To prevent a panic to exist.
And if they don't breathe deeply,
That's exactly what they'll find!
That's exactly what they'll get...
Panic!

People quick to throw a fit and...
Panic.
One's finances will do it!
Cause a panic.
A lack of money will do it....
Cause a panic.
There is no benefit in it,
But people panic.

People quick to throw a fit and...
Panic.
One's finances will do it!
Cause a panic.
A lack of money will do it....
Cause a panic.
There is no benefit in it,
But people panic.

People quick to throw a fit and...
Panic.
One's finances will do it!
Cause a panic.
A lack of money will do it....
Cause a panic.
There is no benefit in it,
But people panic.

People sick of taking risks,
And so they panic!
People sick of taking risks,
And so they panic!

People sick of taking risks,
And so they panic!
People panic

Lawrence S. Pertillar

People Pray With Wishes

People pray...
With wishes to have comfort.
And a having peace within their homes.

People pray...
With wishes to have comfort.
And a life to live that they condone.

Fresh air to freely breathe.
And conflicts left to leave,
Alone.
Most people want this.

Fresh air to freely breathe.
And conflicts left to leave,
Alone.
Most people want this.

People who pray,
Wish for themselves a comfort.
Without a fighting going on.
And living to have peace,
With others to know it...
As shown.
Most people want this.

People pray,
With wishes to have comfort.
And a life to live that they condone.
To know it can exist,
Without a selfishness...
Now known.
Most people want this.
That's why they pray with wishes wanting it.

People who pray,
Wish for themselves a comfort.
Without the fighting going on.
To know they can exist,

Without the selfishness...
Going on.
That's why they pray with wishes wanting it.
Without the selfishness,
Or conflicts that exist to move on.
Most people want this.
To witness it from dusk to dawn.

People pray...
With wishes to have comfort.
From dusk to live it until dawn,
Forever.

From dusk to live it until dawn,
Forever.

From dusk to live it until dawn,
Forever!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

People Rather Shop

People rather shop,
Than to stop to pay attention.
'Do they'?
And people rather wish,
They were bright as shining stars.
'Do they?
But what about the ones,
Who have given up to do it to leave.
And...
What about the ones,
Taking their lives seriously.'

People rather shop,
Than to stop to hear and listen.
'Do they? '
And people rather gleam,
In bling worn to be seen.
'Do they?
But what about the ones,
Caring less who sparkles to glisten.
And...
What about the ones,
Wishing for someone to hear.'

People rather shop,
Than to stop to pay attention.
'Do they?
Do they?
But what about the ones,
Caring less who sparkles to glisten.
And...
What about the ones,
Wishing for someone to hear.
And...
What about the ones,
Who have given up to do it to leave.'

People rather shop,
Nonstop.

People rather not,
Listen.
'Do they?
Do they?
But what about the ones,
Who have given up to do it to leave.
And...
What about the ones,
Who are not easily deceived.'

But people rather shop,
Nonstop!
People rather do it with their minds blocked.
'Do they?
Do they?
And...
What about the ones,
Caring less who sparkles to glisten.
But...
What about the ones,
Who are not easily deceived.
And...
What about the ones,
Who have turned their backs to leave.'

People rather shop.
People rather shop.
People rather shop, nonstop.
People rather shop.
People rather shop.
People rather shop, than not!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

People Say They Do But Not

What is...
There left to say or do,
For anyone to have it proven...
That what they've done deserves something.

And what is...
There left to say or do to prove,
That what one does...
They are entitled too!

People flip their lips a lot.
And,
People say they do but not...
Give up sweat and elbow grease,
To leave no evidence of it.

People brag to do nonstop.
And,
Expect to get what others' got.
To be the first to get and taste dessert.
And demand it with whipped cream topping.

Just what is...
There left to say or do to prove,
That what one does...
They are entitled to do.
Like whine, complain and waste more time!

People brag to do nonstop.
And,
Expect to get what others' got.
But...
Are THEY more deserving,
Than THOSE who do the work?

People flip their lips a lot.
And,
People say they do but not...
Give up sweat and elbow grease,

To leave no evidence of it.
Yet...
The selfish get to feed their greed.
And take from others what they want not need.
To leave...
Bragging to do nonstop!

The selfish get to feed their greed.
And take from others what they want not need.
To leave...
Without a sweating to do that drops.

And what is...
There left to say or do to prove,
That what one does...
They are entitled too!

People say they do but not,
Sweat.
But yet...
Dupe to deceive to get over.

People say they do but not,
Regret.
But yet...
Still dupe to deceive to get over.

People say they do but not,
Empathize.
To deny they lie.

People say they do but not,
Sweat.
But yet...
Will lie,
To deny it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

People Seek Qualified Leadership

You may be right.
Perhaps it is his skin color,
That is disliked most about him.
However...
I've noticed many with his skin color,
In leadership positions...
Who are despised because of their intelligence.

Do you realize if having intelligence was admired,
We would be faced with few dilemmas?
For some reason...
People seek qualified leadership.
But begin to despise those qualified to lead.
No wonder the mental industry is becoming big business.
People have tremendous 'mind' problems,
Getting out of their control.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

People Seem To Have A 'Thing' For Spring

It's warming in the Spring and budding begins.
The air is freshened as the Winter ends.
And...
I hear the chirping of the birds.
'Tweet-tweet'.
Those birds are chirping to be heard.

It's warming in the Spring and people leave,
Their frowns and Winter coats...
For something short sleeved,
And...
They're ready to warm up to Spring.
With a humming done,
Of a song to sing.

People seem to have a 'thing' for Spring.
And....
Lovers everywhere,
Can be seen.

It's warming in the Spring and budding begins.
The air is freshened as the Winter ends.
And...
I hear the chirping of the birds.
'Tweet-tweet'.
Those birds are chirping to be heard.

It's warming in the Spring and people leave,
Their frowns and Winter coats...
For something short sleeved,
And...
I hear the chirping of the birds.
'Tweet-tweet'.
Every morning when they're heard.

People seem to have a 'thing' for Spring.
And...
What for them the season for them means.
And...

I love to hear the chirping birds.
Tweeting as if greeting.
In the morning early when they are heard.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

People Sell Their Souls

Impulsive and full of himself.
That is the image of the legacy he leaves.
Incompetent?
That is not the right word.
Connected!
That's it.
Once you know someone who knows someone else...
That doesn't take intelligence, common sense,
Or even a thought process to distinguish between the two.
People sell their souls to acquire a certain status.
And to have that shared with just a few...
Eventually makes a fool respectable.
And no one in their right mind would allow an idiot,
To achieve anything of dominance.
But then again...
This assessment by now should be obvious.
And a painful admission experienced by many,
Who have allowed themselves to believe
Anything he represents has depth.
Or a consiousness connected.
Although connected he is to those of like minds!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

People Sleep To Keep On It

People sleep to keep on it...
All their yesterdays they permit.
And...
People sleep to keep on it,
As if this beings a benefit.
And hold on,
To burdened woes.
And hold on,
Tight...
Afraid to let woes go!
Oh!

People sleep to keep on it,
And do it from coast to coast.
And...
People sleep to keep on it,
As if they have a love for ghosts.
And hold on,
To burdened woes.
People sleep to keep on it.
And hold on,
Tight...
Afraid to let woes go!
Oh!

People sleep to keep on it...
With wishes to pick hardships.
And...
People sleep to keep on it...
Up tight but can not quit.
And hold on,
To burdened woes...
People sleep to keep on it.
And hold on,
Tight...
Afraid to let woes go!
Oh!

People sleep to keep on it...

As if hardships benefit.
And...
People sleep to keep on it,
With...
A knowing that this makes them sick!
And hold on,
To burdened woes...
People sleep to keep on it.
And hold on,
Tight,
As if they have a love for ghosts...
Oh!

People sleep to keep on it.
And witness...
Themselves getting very sick.
Oh yes!
People sleep to keep on it.
Oh yeah,
As if this brings a benefit.
Say yeah!
People sleep to keep on it.
And witness...
Themselves getting very sick.
Oh yes!
People sleep to keep on it.
Oh yeah,
As if this brings a benefit.

And hold on...
With all their might!
People sleep to keep on it.
And hold on...
Without a fight.
People sleep to keep on it.
And hold on...
With all their might!
People sleep to keep on it.
And hold on...
Without a fight.
Oh!
Sleeping people seem to keep on it!

Say yeah!
A sleeping people seem to keep on it!
Say yeah!
Sleeping people seem to keep on it!
Say yeah!
A sleeping people seem to keep on it!
Say yeah!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

People Snoozing Miss Info

Listening to do and attentively,
Is a getting of info one could know.
To do and gift understanding with it.

Ears turned away and shut closed,
May create a nod to start a deep doze.
And one sleeping hard,
Becomes detached from consciousness.
To awaken to wonder what time it is.

People snoozing miss info.
They should know but don't get.
People snoozing miss info.
To miss the benefit of vision and listening.
People snoozing miss info.

Ears turned away and shut closed,
May create a nod to start a deep doze.
And one sleeping hard,
Becomes detached from consciousness.
To awaken to wonder what time it is.

People snoozing miss info.
They could get.
But don't.

People snoozing miss info.
They could know but their ears are closed.

People snoozing miss info.
They could get.
But don't and wont.

People snoozing miss info.
And many sleeping will never grow.

Listening to do and attentively,
Is a getting of info one could know.
To do and gift understanding with it.

But,
People snoozing miss info.
They could get.
But don't.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

People Submerged In Their Insecurities

People submerged in their own insecurities,
Have a constant need to speak of one's race.
Constantly!
And...
The color of one's skin.
And who is responsible for today's racism.
With deceitful confessions,
That these are not part of their 'sins'.

They are!
And that's why they wish to keep it identified.
They are,
Themselves...
On the dark side.
And doing it absent of color.
Or the lack of it shown!

They are...
People submerged in their own insecurities.
And people like these,
Make their presence known!
Even if their actions annoy themselves...
In a collective ignorance that is overblown!

They are...
People who dislike,
People like me.
And others who strip disguises away,
From people submerged...
In a willingness to inflict their own insecurities,
With misdeeds and a hate for self reflection.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

People Think They Can Be Saved

Giving up on the old to hold.
And importance given to them to mention.
Giving up on what had been sold,
With a giving less attention...
That allows what comes to follow,
A natural intervention.
Since...
These days are not made,
To stay...
Forever.
People can't let them just fade.
People think they can be saved.
But...
These days are not made,
To stay...
Forever.

Giving up on the old to hold.
And importance given to them to mention.
Giving up on what had been sold,
With a giving less attention...
That allows what comes to follow,
A natural intervention.
Since...
These days are not made,
To stay...
Forever.

People think they can be saved.
From what?
People think they can run away.
From what?
People think they can escape.
From what?
People think they can evade.
But...
These days are not made,
To stay...
Forever.

People think they can be saved.
From what?
People think they can run away.
From what?
People think they can evade.
But...
These days are not made,
To stay...
Forever.
Or had they ever,
Been created to remain that way.
These days are not made,
To stay...
Forever.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

People Today Misunderstand

If it appears I could care less,
About the things you say...
Part of that is true!
I 'do' appear as if I could care less.
However...
I am not caring at all!
I just had a need to get clarification on that!
People today misunderstand so much!
And that bothered me to leave you,
Doubting my concern.
Now you have no doubts at all!
Feel better?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

People Today Rage Over Nothing

Why is it difficult for many to admit,
That a tit for a tat doesn't end a spat.
And never will a stabbing in the back,
Stop. Without...
An escalation.

People today,
Rage over nothing.
People today,
Are baited with hate.

People today,
Rage over nothing.
People today,
Are more irate.

Why is it difficult for many to admit,
That a tit for a tat doesn't end a spat.
Or stop. Without...
An explanation.

People today,
Rage over nothing.
People today,
Are more irate.

People today,
Rage over nothing.
People today,
Are baited with hate.

Where are those people who wish for more love?
And...
Where are those people who seek peace,
To leave.

People today,
Rage over nothing.
People today,

Are more irate.
Well...
Where are those people who wish for more love?
And...
Where are those people who seek peace?

Why is it difficult for many to admit,
That a tit for a tat doesn't end a spat.
And never will a stabbing in the back,
Stop. Without...
An escalation.

Why is it difficult for many to admit,
That a tit for a tat doesn't end a spat.
Or stop. Without...
An explanation.

People today,
Rage over nothing.
People today,
Are more irate.

People today,
Rage over nothing.
People today,
Are baited with hate.

People today,
Rage over nothing.
People today,
Are more irate.
Is it,
Too late...
To end this captivation.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

People Wait Too Long Accepting

If it's,
What it is...
Why do the people mention,
Their wishes with conditions.
And If it's...
What it appears,
Why do people complain...
To then express doubt.

People wait too long accepting,
With expressed doubts.
People wait too long accepting,
To open their mouths...
With words that are so vulgar,
Heard and tossed about.

People wait too long accepting,
With expressed doubts.
People wait too long accepting,
To open their mouths...
And then to make excuses,
Why they should not be accountable...
For how things turn out.

If it's,
What it is...
Why do the people mention,
Their wishes with conditions.

People wait too long accepting,
With expressed doubts.
People wait too long accepting,
To open their mouths...
With words that are so vulgar,
Heard and tossed about.

And If it's...
What it appears,
That's the way it is because the people had approved.

People wait too long accepting,
With expressed doubts.
People wait too long accepting,
To open their mouths...
And then to make excuses,
Why they should not be accountable...
For how things turn out.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

People Waking Up

People waking up from a deep sleep,
With the beast...
Are trying,
To stop...
An addicted need to greed.

Things that bling bring nothing,
After the selling of souls.
And those who know this have regrets,
When debts to pay grow old.

People waking up from a deep sleep,
With the beast...
Are disbelieving what's allowed,
To sob with a grief to weep.

'Oh Lord...
How can I get back what I've sold,
For peace to keep.
Oh Lord...
How can I get back what I've sold,
For peace to keep.
And rid this grief.'

Things that bling bring nothing,
After the selling of souls.
And those who know this have regrets,
When debts to pay grow old.

People waking up from a deep sleep,
With the beast...
Are disbelieving what's allowed,
To sob with a grief to weep.

'Oh Lord...
How can I get back what I've sold,
For peace to keep.
Oh Lord...
How can I get back what I've sold,

For peace to keep.
Oh Lord...
How can I get back what I've sold,
For peace to keep.
Oh Lord...
Help me again mend.
To end the pain I'm in.
Oh Lord...
Help me again mend.
To end the pain I'm in.
Oh Lord...
How can I get back what I've sold,
For peace to keep.
Oh Lord...
Help me again mend.
To end the pain I'm in.

Oh Lord,
Begging You to forgive me.
Oh Lord,
Begging You to forgive me.
Oh Lord,
Begging You to forgive me.
Oh Lord! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

People Want Progress

People want progress and at its best.
But they can't seem to let go,
Of what they know that needs to change...
Without complaining,
Of how that change will affect...
What they want left kept to remain the same.

People want progress,
But only if their exceptions...
And preferences to keep,
Will be guaranteed not to leave them...
Feeling any degree of discomfort.
Or any changes made out of their control.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

People Want Truth

People want more than they have,
Of what it is they're given.
And first to criticize the ones who serve.

People want truth,
But...
Their feelings get hurt.
And...
People want jobs,
But...
Complain when they work.

People want more than they have,
Of what it is they're given.
And first to criticize the ones who serve.

People want others to sweat,
While they sit.
And people want the credit,
For a doing of it..
People want their dreams packaged,
As they wish them wrapped.
But they don't want to get up off their backs.

People want truth,
But...
Endeavors made with effort takes some sweat.
People want truth,
But...
They don't want it if it should upset.
People want truth,
But...
Stopping others from taking these steps,
Is a movement protested people regret.

People want truth,
But...
They don't want it if it should upset.
People want truth,

But...
They don't want it if it should upset.
People want truth,
But...
They don't want it if it should upset.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

People Who Are Set In Their Ways

It is too late,
To re-program a people taught
They are entitled,
To disrespect without giving it a thought.
Or,
Show a remorse of any kind.

People who are set in their ways,
And in this state of mind
Prey to leech.
And are not the kind,
To admit their wrongs.
Since there are none they can find.

People set in their ways,
And in this state of mind
Will not be the ones confined,
Spending their time
Delivering to the neighborhood children,
Freshly baked homemade cookies.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

People Who 'Assume'

~Reality 'is'...
What reality 'does' with it achieved.~

People who 'assume' others to be stupid,
For an expressing without exception...
A respect and thoughtfulness to give.
Regardless of the situation.
Although one's disposition becomes tested,
With a doing to heat a temper to release...
But the doing is 'cooled' to allow the heat to cease.

And yet...
Even when they themselves get no respect to get,
It seems to be the very same people who 'assume'...
Those they disrespect,
Should also be equipped to forgive and forget...
Once a doing of apologies have been expressed,
For those misdeeds done and purposely.

'I have discovered you are not stupid at all.'

~So why and how is it,
You've accused me to be unforgiving?
I forgave you the moment you believed me to be stupid.
But I have not arrived at the forgetting of it yet.
Nor does that mean lessons taught I sought,
To remain thoughtful and respecting...
I am going to give up because of your ignorance,
You openly allow yourself to address.
Reality 'is'...
What reality 'does' with it achieved.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

People Who Believe

It's too bad,
People are sad.
And walk around mad...
For someone else to claim it.
And call sadness their own.

While those who are glad,
And happy for reasons.
Seem pleased with themselves,
When no one else is there...
To leave the moans alone!

The people who believe,
Keep faith.
The people who believe...
Keep their faith alive!

People who believe,
They keep faith.
People who believe...
Keep their faith alive!

It's too bad,
People are sad.
And walk around mad...
For someone else to claim it.
And call sadness their own.

But...
People who believe,
Keep faith.
People who believe...
Keep their faith alive!

They trust and...
This helps them survive!
They trust and...
This helps them survive!
They trust and...

This helps them survive!

Those who are glad,
And happy for reasons.
Seem pleased with themselves,
When no one else is there...
To leave the moaners alone!

They trust and...
This helps them survive!
They trust and...
This helps them survive!
They trust and...
Peace of mind arrives.

The people who believe,
Keep faith.
The people who believe...
Keep their faith alive!

They trust and...
Keep their faith alive!
They trust and...
Keep their faith alive!
They trust and...
Keep their faith alive!
They trust and...
This helps them survive!

These people who believe,
Keep a faith inside known!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

People Who Believe They Are Indispensible

People who believe they are indispensible...
Are the ones ready to kill.
Believing the experience of life,
Is theirs to give and take at will.

Like a cancer that spreads,
Without a cure...
People like these,
Have missions of evil to fulfill.

People who believe this world is theirs...
Destroy and destruct,
Without a consciousness known...
Or Shown they care.

They assume they have rights,
To tell others what to do...
Day and night.

And when they discover they are wrong...
They can not live with themselves.
Staying awake to make decisions,
Others are the ones that do not belong!

So they make excuses...
To murder!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

People Who Have Prioritized Them As Waste

It is easy to make fun,
Of the odd one out.
Isn't it?
Especially in an environment,
That seems not only to condone it...
But solicits a provoking of this behavior.
It is a condition that is taught...
And learned very well.

Then it is wished a unity is done.
But those that have become alcohol abusers,
And drug addicts...
Social misfits and psychopaths,
Appear to have other agendas.
And to express a vacancy of love,
Is not one of them.

And the people who have prioritized them as waste...
Can be observed, examined and witnessed,
As being the real victims!
They are the vagrants adorning false masks.
Since they've invested their time...
Ensuring their own kind were driven out of their minds.

And they wander about,
Making sure this task is successfully done.
Or they 'hang' in there...
Despairingly.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

People Who Protect Themselves

People who protect themselves,
At someone else's expense...
I have no respect for.
And neither will you find me accepting.
Or coming to their defense.

I care less about their motivations,
And what their intentions are.
If someone abuses another like that...
In my mind they are the ones,
That should be reprimanded and scarred.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

People Who Use Love

Love and deceit,
Can not meet to greet...
Happily under one roof.

There may have been some,
Who have tried to do this.
But loyalty and devotion...
Is not a commodity to dilute.

People who use love,
As if they are exchanging...
A pair of tight fitting shoes,
Are also the ones who say they pray...
And afraid to tell the truth!

Love and deceit,
Can not meet to greet...
Happily under one roof.
And those who do it,
Are in constant conflict...
With those who refuse...
To put up with their,
Alibis and mood shifts!

To have an acceptance,
From those to approve...
As if it's okay to choose confusion too!

As if they can get away...
With whatever they do!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

People Will Claim They Do Not Know

People refuse to believe,
They get back what others receive.
People refuse to see,
The reactions to their acts.

Anger given to them sent,
Is an action to their act of it.
And...
If an evil done is meant,
That evil isn't random.
But intended with direct sentiment.

People will claim they do not know,
Why somebody treats them mean.
People will claim they do not know,
Why obscenities are screamed...
To them without a reason.

People refuse to believe,
They get back what others receive.
People refuse to see,
The reactions to their acts.
And...
People will claim they do not know,
Why obscenities heard are screamed.
As if anger sent to them and meant,
Is offensive to their innocence.
Since they did nothing to begin,
What has started without end.

But nothing is done to do,
Without a cause to feel it raw.
And nothing is done to do,
Without purpose or reason at all.
No...
Nothing is done to do,
To others will just sit.

People will claim they do not know,

But do.
Yet wont admit it.
People will claim they do not know,
But do.

People will claim they do not know,
But do.
Yet wont admit it.
People will claim they do not know,
But do.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

People Will Deal With Emotions

What has been done to others to do,
Has been done...
To others to do.
With a doing to get over.
And...
What has been done to do,
Has been done to do.

Upset are the people left,
Doing their best to catch their breath.
And...
Upset are the people who choose,
To stay where they are with excuses to use.
Yet...
A people will deal with emotions they can't remove,
Until they are over.
And with a given to them,
Until they come to an end.
People will deal with emotions they can't remove.

What has been done to others to do,
Has been done...
To others to do.
With a doing to get over.
And...
What has been done to do,
Has been done to do.

Although upset are the people left,
Doing their best to catch their breath.
But a people will deal with emotions they can't remove.
With a given to them until they come to an end.
A people will deal with emotions they can't remove.
Until they heal from them to be mended.
And for them when this moment begins...
People will deal with emotions they can't remove.

Until they feel they have mended,
And with a knowing of them to have ended...

People will keep their emotions.
Some to the depths of oceans.
People will deal with emotions until they move.
With a going away and not before that day,
People will deal with emotions as they choose.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

People Will Make Their Decisions

People will make their decisions.
Yet deny to have been committed,
To choices made they can not live with.

Loyalty and devotion is a thing of the past.
Desires like that today just do not last.

Like children who wish,
For Christmas gifts to get.
And after a few minutes are bored.
Wanting something else and quick.
To notice with this witnessed,
Their appearances may change...
As they grow older.
But their minds remain with the same,
Unchanged dispositions.

Leaving those who show a patience,
Left for others to 'assume'...
Medications are not taken to numb their minds.

Especially the ones who find themselves,
Trapped into accepting all kinds of B.S.
To also approve the getting of disrespect.
Thoughtlessness.
And deception to volunteer it to receive.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

People Will Say They 'Know'

We know 'of' those to claim we 'know',
Like we do a kept preference...
For something that is labelled.
To identify quickly the appearance,
As we do a 'thing' to accept or not...
With a doing to put 'it' in an identifiable place.
To please what it is we believe.

We know 'of' those to claim we 'know',
By looks, where one lives, possesses or dress.
We know 'of' those to claim we 'know',
By surfaced personalities we have come to address.
But not how they 'feel' if this they should show!

People will say they 'know' someone but don't.
To leave questions not to ask.
Preferring to 'assume'.
While leaving that task to directly ask quesions,
For a preference to gossip or innuendos to pass.

People will say they 'know' someone but don't.
If they did would they permit them to suffer alone?
People will say they 'know' someone but don't.
If they did shouldn't they express concern and interest?
People will say they 'know' someone but don't.
If they did would they condone,
Garbage and trash around them thrown?
Would they just sit in the midst of witnessing their conflicts?
Would they know it 'if' the ones claimed 'known,
Laid up at home with broken hearts or broken bones?
Would they know them that well to bother to telephone?

People will say they 'know' someone but don't.
To leave questions not to ask.
Preferring to 'assume'.
While leaving that task to directly ask quesions,
For a preference to gossip or innuendos to pass.

People will say they 'know' someone but don't.

If they did would they permit them to suffer alone?
So many make claims to know someone else.
But those often surprised by claims like this made,
Are the ones not approached to share in heartfelt conversation.

People will say they 'know' someone but don't.
And wont!
But will claim they do...
Most if not all of the time when rumors to gossip is done!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

People With Mates

People with mates,
Seem to have elected...
To remain connected in dedication.
Their relationships never appear outdated.
Happiness for them has been their fate.

At least,
Whatever the chemistry is that attracts them...
Leaves those that are single,
Wishing more not to be selective.
And hoping more to be able to cooperated,
With someone found and located...
Desirable enough to appreciate.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

People With Wishes And Dreams

Everyday people awaken,
To make their choices.
And...
Everyday some may delay,
To make their choices.
Yet...
Everyday many are afraid,
To make their choices.
With...
Belief their choices wanted,
Can't be voiced.
But...
People with wishes and dreams,
Should never abandon them...
To see them end.
People with wishes and dreams,
Should never abandon them...
To see them end.
People with wishes and dreams,
Should never abandon them...
To see them end.

Everyday people awaken,
To make their choices.
And...
Everyday some may delay,
To make their choices.
Yet...
Everyday many are afraid,
To make their choices.
With...
Belief their choices wanted,
Can't be voiced.
But...
People with wishes and dreams,
Should never abandon them...
To see them end.
People with wishes and dreams,
Should never abandon them...

To see them end.
People with wishes and dreams,
Should never abandon them...
To see them end.

One should keep all their wishes and dreams alive.
Never to see them end.
One should keep all their wishes and dreams alive.
Never to abandon them.
One should keep all their wishes and dreams alive.
One should keep all their wishes and dreams alive.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

People Without Patience

People without patience,
Can not appreciate the having of peace...
To comprehend the meaning of it.
Or to show it from them,
Kept to keep where it's felt deep.
People without patience get little sleep.

People who have yet to experience,
A life to walk on paths alone...
To face the unknown,
Can not identify to witness...
Faith kept to use it to move obstacles.
And other assorted aggravations.

People without patience,
Can be heard to often say...
How it is someone else who lives,
Has had it better than they did.
To sell this nonsense to others,
With time and empathy to them to give.

People without patience,
Will always claim another to blame.
With embellished delusions to instigate,
As to why that blame on others is claimed.
And to do it as if this dismisses their selfishness.
Or the fact they've lived lives to be spolied.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

People Yet Are Not Tired

People yet are not tired...
Of doing just what they please.
People yet are not tired...
Of praying on their bended knees.
People yet are not tired...
Of excusing their hypocrisies.
Or blaming others for what happens...
To them.
And when...
From the doing of their own misdeeds.

People yet are not tired...
Of making to fake accusations.
They are not tired...
Of creating their own stagnation.
They are not tired...
Of showing what it is they hate.
To then claim they've made mistakes.

People yet are not tired...
Of running away from the facts.
No they're just are not tired...
Of kicking truth around to attack.
People yet are not tired...
Enough.
To stop the stuff.
With a giving it up to end.

People yet are not tired...
Enough.
To stop the stuff.
With a giving it up...
To end.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

People You Knew

Don't keep it bottled up...
All those reasons you can let off steam.
Don't keep it bottled up...
All those things you keep and do not need.

Let me remind you,
Things don't define you.
Leave them behind you...
All those things you should let go.
All those things that bring sorrow.
All those things that could explode,
To bruise...
Those people you once loved but lose!

Don't keep it bottled up...
All those reasons you can let off steam.
Don't keep it bottled up...
All those things you keep and do not need.

Let me remind you,
Things don't define you.
Leave them behind you...
All those things that could explode,
To bruise...
Those people you once loved but lose!

All those things you should let go.
All those things that bring sorrow.
All those things that could explode,
To bruise...
Those people you once loved but lose!

Those people you knew you made fools.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Peppered And Sprayed

Salted tempers rise.
As if suddenly people realize,
Overnight...
Wishes to live their lives,
Has been compromised,
While they slept peacefully...
Clinching onto their entitlements.
From them now being snatched away.

And today peppered and sprayed,
They find themselves awakened...
By their own selfish ways.
Believing themselves to be...
Among the untouchables,
To do as they please.
Now disbelieving they too can bleed.
And forced to feel discomfort.

Who knew they too,
Would eventually view themselves as human.
To be treated as used and tenderized meat.
Feeding the same beast,
They would never believe would eat to defeat them.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Perceive Beyond Fixed Boundaries

Addressing limitation,
Can be compared to expectation.
What one has in mind achieved...
Is rarely challenged,
To perceive beyond fixed boundaries.

Accomplishing medocrity,
Is a subconscious activity done.
Like the mention of discipline begins excuses.
With a refusal to progress towards one's best.
Even though people take time to dress to impress...
In attempts to appear above average..

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Perceived To Be For Them Easy

If this was easy...
Why isn't more of it being produced,
At this caliber.
If this was easy.

'Perhaps they mean it is easy to read.
Therefore...
It is perceived to be for them easy.'

It is easy for me to go to an amusement park.
But I also remember when it wasn't there,
For years.
And not one person expressed a thought,
To create one.

'What are you saying? '

It is easy to say what appears that way.
Until those who say it...
Make attempts on their own.
But that will not happen...
Since what is done requires work!
And those who believe things are easy...
Are not accustomed to work or its definition!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Perception

People do choose to protect their delusions,
In ways they've been taught...
Feels safe.
And perception plays a major part,
In the separating of truth...
From one's mind and heart!

If someone believes what another has said...
Little if any research will be done,
Before what has been shared is spread.
And this eases the way,
For a round of gossip to land in one's head.

And perception plays a major part,
In the separating of truth...
From one's mind and heart!
People do choose to protect their delusions,
In ways they've been taught...
Feels safe.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Perception Fascinates Imaginations

Perception fascinates imaginations.
Even when the presenting of the facts,
Have been revealed.
Perceptions marketed to hype and sell,
Or rumored to whisper from mouth to mouth...
Do well when minds fantasized spread them about.

The rich have no problems they have to fix.
Perceptions like this continue to exist.
The poor are less ambitious.
And those living in poverty to penny pinch,
Their realities experiencing homelessness...
Do it without dignity or pride to swallow.
And those choosing to explore and adventure life,
Are drifters who are misfits...
Seeking to refuse what is 'normal' to abuse it.

And those livng in urban centers are committed,
To accept diversity...
Do so because they have found it cheaper,
Than those living to impress...
With their possessions kept.
To believe they have achieved an 'exclusivity'.

Perception fascinates imaginations.
Even when the presenting of the facts,
Have been revealed.
Perceptions marketed to hype and sell,
Or rumored to whisper from mouth to mouth...
Do well when minds fantasized spread them about.

However...
Those who seem to live happy stress free lives,
Do this without it being perceived to imagine.
Or look for ways to impress others,
With a keeping of a peace of mind they have received.
Only those in a rat race continue to chase delusions.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Perception Of Love

It's not right,
That I find I am fighting...
Sleep at night.
Perplexed...
By your perception of love.

And I lay seeking...
With wishes to meet,
Your unspoken expectations.
It's not right.

It's not right,
That I keep reaching to heights.
Thinking I might be able to represent,
What I believe is meant...
When given your silent treatment.

I ask of you what is on your mind?
And each time you reply, 'Nothing.'
But my feelings do not lie.
There is something in you from me you hide.
And this you deny.

When it comes time for you to leave,
I get a hug without a squeeze.
And a distant kiss...
Far from passionate.

Is this the last time I will see you anymore?
Those thoughts race through my mind...
As I take a peek at you,
Walking away from my closing door.

It's not right,
That I find I am fighting...
Sleep at night.
Perplexed...
By your perception of love.

Or is that my perception that over re-acts.
As I am left...
Feeling a hopelessness without a single fact.
'Do you love me? ' I think to myself as I wish.
And maybe yours is not admitted...
Because you are just too afraid to know it.
And my willingness to show mine,
Has blinded you.

Yeah...
That's what it is.
I've made you too afraid to know it!

Whew!
Yeah.
That's what it is.
I've made you too afraid to know it!
Too afraid to show it,
Yet.
What a relief.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Perception Of Success

A perception of success that is fed,
And eventually loses its taste...
Because of the excessive waste of it.
Is a re-creation,
Of that which has already been created.
There is nothing but rust to wait for to digest it.

And since there is a lack of innovation expressed,
Those who are fed perceptions of success...
Only know it if it has been copied from another,
With a collective mindset impressed and approving...
Only what a limitation of processed blocked and blind vision,
Has been taught to them to accept, reject and to ignore.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Perception Of The Concept

Perception of the concept,
Benefits...
The ones who keep it and unchanged.
Perception of the concept,
Benefits...
The ones who see it to maintain.
Perception of the concept,
Benefits...
But many don't see it the same!

It doesn't cost a cent,
To give respect to others...
With it felt and meant.
In fact...
The dividends received,
With just that alone to deposit...
Returns tremendous results.

Those who have no self respect,
Whether having it to express but do not...
Complain the loudest about their lives.
With it to thrive upon as they criticize.
And from birth many are raised to have expectations,
Delivered to them from Sunset until again the Sun rises.

And luck for them seems to not exist.
Especially for the selfish who live like this.
Too much time they spend to compare,
Where one lives and what one wears.
And who possesses what to impress,
To be seen to flaunt with this addressed.

Yet...
Everyone living given life to them,
Breathes the same air to do effortlessly.
Until that breath to breathe comes to an end.
With everyone 'then' left to witness,
A perception of the concept...
Should be more preciously kept with it respected.

Perception of the concept,
Benefits...
The ones who keep it and unchanged.
Perception of the concept,
Benefits...
The ones who see it to maintain.
Perception of the concept,
Benefits...
But many don't see it the same!
Until time for them leaves little left to remain.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Perceptions

At what cost,
Did you manage to keep your balloon afloat?
At whose expense,
Is that smile upon your face...
Permanently etched,
Not to show a trace of fear.

At what cost,
Did you manage to keep your balloon afloat?
Who kept the clouds away from your shine?
And...
How is this happening all the time,
When I am certain what you see does not exist.

Who did you listen to that convinced you to do this?
And how high is that balloon you see flying?

At what cost,
Did you manage to keep your balloon afloat?
At whose expense,
Is that smile upon your face...
Permanently etched,
Not to show a trace of fear.

Just how near or far are you,
From my own learned perceptions?
And sometimes confused and conflicted by deception.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Perceptions Have Been Diseased

Every aspect of their existence,
Has been based upon their love...
For sustained and maintained violence.
And choose they do those weak to oppress.
With it shown how best,
How to pump up their chests...
In displays of bravery and valor.

And craving to keep these miraged images,
They seek to defeat themselves in the streets.
They accuse the police for not keeping the peace.
But tattered is a peace torn to pieces.
With a shown disrespect.
And undetected self discipline.
A discipline long neglected no one accepts.

Every aspect of their existence,
Has been based upon their love...
For sustained and maintained violence.
And yet their kept perceptions have been diseased.
Although seek they do to keep their interests protected.
But the value of their interests is deluded at best!
With a leaving of their minds mentally affected.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Perceptions Of Reality

Rushing back to get their seats,
After intermission has been announced completed...
Are those happily deluded and deceived.
And entertained with beliefs,
That their perceptions of reality have been validated.
And hushed they become as if in pews listening.

Regardless if performers backstage,
Do the best they can to remember their lines...
Between acts to keep it real,
For the ones who have yet to experience to see...
How such beliefs kept are pieced together,
Only those priviledged have been picked to conceal.

Monologues like speeches are seldom sermons,
Unrehearsed without much practice...
To be remembered to produce the right effect,
That satisfies those with expectations.
Re-enactments practiced capture and attract.
And those who are skilled at this know how to 'act'.

To then have those mesmerized when they leave,
Soliciting to advocate to reveal to others on the street...
What it is they 'too' should accept and believe,
As a reality that has been recently confirmed.
With lessons learned to quote and teach.
As if scriptures few would realize have been re-written.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Perfect Angels

I said what I said to her.
After hearing what she had to say!
To me...
She never showed respect.
She did what she did,
And I accepted her neglect.
Until I got tired of being her pet!
And I let her 'have it'!
I do not have any regrets!

I said what I said to her!
In a way I'm sure she understood!
It didn't matter to her she was breaking my heart!
And I got rid of her...
The best way I could!

Yes I said what I said to her!
And I have more to say to her,
Kept behind lips tight!
I refuse to have anything to do with her.
And that's why she's trying to stir up a fight!

She can't take the hint!
I took my cares for her and went!
I'm not trying to be involved at all!
She's the one baiting...
And making attempts for my fall!

I'm not around or near the scene.
And she's telling people I'm evil and mean!
She's the one carrying that monkey on her back!
Telling lies about me...
When she's the one revealing,
Why I escaped that trap!
She's backstabbing me,
When she's not ALL THAT!
Telling what she tells subtracting the facts!

I said what I said about her!

I'm not denying at all that was done!
And anyone who thinks she's honest...
Better find an exit and run!
She squeezes the life out of making love and fun!
Hear her compaints,
Like she's the innocent one!
And both of us have not been perfect angels!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Perfect Pitch

I wish someone would accuse me,
Of stealing my creativity from them.
When I've been doing what I do...
For more than 'fifty' years!
Count them...
Not five, ten or twenty!
But FIFTY years.

'That's impossible!
How could that be?
You have 'yet' to leave your fourties! '

Well...er, uh.
You're right!
What am I thinking?
It just 'seems' as if I've been doing this...
For so very long.
At least...
Thirty anyway.

'Tell us the story about how you were breast feeding,
While your mother accompanied you on the piano...
As you sang Ave Maria.'

That was 'not' Ave Maria.
It was the First Noel.

And don't laugh!
I still pride myself for having perfect pitch!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Perfected And Over-Rehearsed

Not a few,
But far too many...
Have become disillusioned and mystified,
By the quickened fast pace of change...
That has taken place.
Leaving those wide eyed quite surprised.

Spoiled and embroiled by choices of isolation.
Believing decisions made would remain sustained.
Creating superstitions within accepted standards,
Of division...
Has weakened values and traditions.

And foundations trembling...
With once tried and true,
Restrictions.
Faltering a quality of life for all,
By hidden agendas and undenied admissions.

Not a few,
But far too many...
Have become disillusioned and mystified,
By the quickened fast pace of change...
That has taken place.
Leaving those wide eyed quite surprised.

With wishes to return to comforts yearned...
To free from the rising of conflicts,
That has today showered many with concern.
Although hoping lessons that seem hard to learn,
Has not come upon them too late to recreate...
What is observed.
When a listening done to comprehend and correct...
Was not prioritized as an objective first.
To protect from a neglect...
Perfected and over-rehearsed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Perfected Deception

Bailout?
A prolonged stimulus,
Packaged to delay...
A masked betrayal.

To produce to loan,
From nothing one owns...
Provides a deeper digging done,
To convince more credit will lift everyone...
From a hole!
That will not be closed.
Until the truth is told.

And truth has never been a commodity,
For sale to be sold!

Bailout?
A prolonged stimulus,
Packaged to delay...
A masked betrayal.

With the hopes that time...
Offering less to those who whine,
Will find an acceptance.
As a way of life is slowly erased...
By a perfected deception,
That has come to take its place.

And minds have adapted,
To being entrapped.
With beliefs that a fleecing done...
Will satisfy the bitter taste,
Experienced by those...
Who have had their standards and values,
Come abruptly to a close!

As greed is stopped.
And open gates locked.

With an understanding...
This choice for them was one they chose.
And the ecstasy that teased delusions...
For them has been forever blocked.

'Will you please pass the escargot? '

Find your own snails!
Their all over the beach!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Perfected With Regret

When they did not know...
They chose to disrespect!
When they discovered for themselves,
What was real.
They became humbled...
By a reflected ignorance,
They perfected with regret!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Perfection?

Why should I want to be perfect?
There are too many trying to be that.
And those 'acts' are commonly observed.
With proper etiquette intact!
Leaving many on the verge,
Of being 'whacked out' and cracked!

I'd rather be considered unusual and 'weird'.
At least I will always have something,
Others believe I offer I can claim as my own.
And left alone with all of its originality!
Without one concern of my 'weirdness' being stolen.

They will have to come to me to get samples of that!
But perfection?
There is too much of that around.
With copies of it tossed.
Snuffed from being stressed!

And found left trampled on the ground!
Proving that 'perfection'...
Seems to always leave behind,
Someone criticized and victimized...
For not providing any evidence of it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Perfections To Match

Two people sharing love that's theirs,
Is not...
Rare to find!
But those who say that love's not there...
Do not have love in their minds.

Nor is love something they want or need.
Nor is it something that's delivered,
To choose as they please.

People like that seek,
Fantasies wrapped.
People like that seek,
Perfections to matched.
And people like that,
Are alone in their homes!
Waiting for their phones to ring,
From someone condoned.

Two people sharing love that's theirs,
Is not...
Rare to find!
But those who say that love's not there...
Do not have love in their minds.

People like that seek,
Fantasies wrapped.
People like that seek,
Perfections to matched.
And people like that,
Are alone in their homes!
Waiting for their phones to ring,
From someone condoned.

Nor is love something they want or need.
Nor is it something that's delivered,
To choose as they please.

And people like that seek,

Fantasies wrapped.
And people like that seek,
Perfections to matched.
And people like that,
Are alone in their homes!
Waiting for their phones to ring,
From someone condoned.

Wait they do for phones to ring,
From someone condoned.

People like that seek,
Fantasies wrapped.
People like that seek,
Perfections to matched.
And people like that,
Are alone in their homes!

Moaning and groaning,
No love for them is known.

And people like that,
Moan and groan alone.
And people like that,
Moan and groan alone.
And people like that,
Moan and groan alone.

And people like that are left,
To be on their own!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Performance And Stamina

Cool with life and free of superstitions,
Four leaf clovers, rabbit feet...
And free flights of fancy.

She said I had 'captured wisdom' in my eyes.
As she turned down my request for a date,
To ask if I knew her grandfather!
It just so happened I did.
When we both were kids.

Cool with life and free of superstitions
Four leaf clovers, rabbit feet...
And free flights of fancy.
Most of the times.

People say I shouldn't admit to being 60.
That I should say to everyone I'm 45!
I feel so blessed I'd confess anything to who I meet.
Rejecting me because of my age,
Is such a foolish thing!

'Rejecting me because of my age,
Is such a foolish thing! '

After much practice...
I'd say that to someone.
Only to hear the other one say,
What they want, how they do it
With expectations along the way!
Preferences and club hangouts.
Using cellphones to give a brief shout out!
And lapses of memory in mid sentence.
Asking then again what I said.
And, 'What was that age you mentioned?
I'm sorry I wasn't paying you any attention! '

Cool with life and free of superstitions,
Four leaf clovers, rabbit feet...
And free flights of fancy.

And if you actually believe that...
You too suffer from 'captured wisdom'!
Have a cup of tea
And recall all of those memories you had...
Trapping that captured 'stuff'.
Remember it well.
Being interviewed for performance and stamina,
Was not the issue then!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Performed Infinitively

A people driven to ruin,
By pettiness, greed, self -centeredness...
Racism and a lack of respect shown to others,
Can not honestly believe...
That a postering their way to maintain the idea,
Of a greatness sustained,
By the use of dividing its own into groups...
That attack one another,
Can expect this greatness to thrive...
Just on the acts of pretentions and delusions,
Performed infinitively.
Unless...
In a collective one world rule,
This becomes unnoticed.
And those driven to ruin sets the example and the place,
To encamp their activities without the need of fences.
Since everyone has been proven to be already crazed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Performing Arts

Anyone believing,
A sustained career in the performing arts is easy...
Hasn't done it.
Or could if they tried.

There is quite a difference between being entertained,
And entertaining.
It's very similar to the art of writing.
And there is an 'art' to it.

There has to be a love connection.
An emotional committment.
A joy that is heartfelt.
And a devotion that is inseparable.

If those factors aren't there...
Becoming a critic is less involving.
Less challenging.
And requires far less talent!

Being able to use one's body and mind,
Is a gift.
Especially if one has to tolerate...
The creativity expressed coming from critic's lips.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Performing To Do Well

How can anyone have an understanding,
To believe they can achieve success...
Without some knowledge obtained,
From the performing arts.
There has not been a time,
What one does had not been defined...
By some kind of expectation of performance.
It doesn't have to be on a stage.
Or left less spectacular behind a desk.
One's performance is noticed and is inspected.

If one can not comprehend the meaning meant,
Of performing to do well with this intended...
It shows.
And those in positions qualified to know,
Are not accustomed to upholding mediocrity...
As a guideline wished to be followed.
To leave those believing an earned college degree,
Automatically guarantees them a deserving of success...
Usually become the ones highly upset,
When told they must first identify success to recognize it
Then apply the definition of it to the quality of their work.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Perhaps He Can Tell Us What He Knows

If one continues to remove obstacles,
Off of one's path.
And a journey one has taken has had,
Nothing but obstructions along the way.
To make it easier for others to follow.
One day someone will ask,
To have a curiosity finally revealed.

'This path we have taken,
Seems to have been cleared...
Prior to us getting here.
Who planted the trees and flowers,
Along this path and paved it?
How can we rightfully call ourselves pioneers,
When someone else obviously...
Had to have been here before we came.'

~That's a very good question.
Let us wait until others awaken to notice.
But for now we will take the credit.
There appears to be an elderly man up ahead,
Picking weeds.
Perhaps he can tell us what he knows.
And then we can document that with re-writes.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Perhaps If I Fantasized

Perhaps if I fantasized,
I'd find less time to be critical.
Perhaps if I adorned my eyes with blinders.
I wouldn't mind bumping against the decadence.
And convince myself.
What I've done is run into a flower,
That has grown releasing into the air.
Fresh floral scents.
And not the garbage that is there.

Perhaps if I fantasized,
I'd find more time to be surprised.
That I could actually do it!
With the covering of my eyes,
After a long tote on crack.
And believing myself to be a fire hydrant.
Soliciting strays dogs passing by to attract.
Perhaps if I fantasized.
Like many I would not recognize reality.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Perhaps It Is A Possibility

Does one choose to be brilliant?
Or would they prefer to be more circumspect?

Do they select to be more profound and prudent?
With a discreetness they wish could be protected.

Is one of such consciousness,
Examining their own effectiveness?

Or...
Perhaps it is a possibility,
They are blessed enough to know...
What they have been bestowed,
They can keep to themselves.
With wishes not to share...
The disrespect others show!

To inspect on a kept scale of obnoxiousness!
Completed with an equal ignorance...
If one so declared brilliant elects!
Is it conceivable these are options,
Such a one with an awareness...
Gets and perfects,
To project objectively!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Perhaps It Is You Who Is Disappointed

I am not looking to receive anything from you.
My expectations have not been allowed,
To rise that high.

I have been getting exactly what you have delivered.
And perhaps it is you who is disappointed,
With beliefs from you I seek something...
Far greater than what to me you have shown.

Remember,
I am not a visitor here.
I am well aware of who you are.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Perhaps It Is Your Smile

Even though the mix is familiar...
To you and me too!
It does seem as if the taste of it,
When revisited...
Is more enjoyed.

Have you done something to your hair?
Perhaps it is your smile,
I hadn't noticed as so bright...
Which makes what is tasted,
Again...
As you insist,
So delicious.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Perhaps Progress Will Soon Begin To Move Forward

Now a serious argument takes place among them,
To remove the word 'retarded' from their records kept!
And also from an increasingly insecure consciousness.
Although an unaccountable responsibility remains.

Things take time to correct.
It's never too late to have a scrambled egg.
Even if it's served at dinner.

Idiot and imbecile are their other depictions.
And since their stupidity seems to be environmental...
At least some reflection is being self examined.

Remember when dinner was popularly called 'supper'?
And all adults were thought to have had a normal thought process?
A child does not suspect fools to be a dime a dozen.

The road to their complete recovery from delusion,
May come sooner than expected.
Those now contemplating the word 'retardation' to be offensive.
Hopefully...
These same folks,
Who witness this activity increasing amongst themselves,
Will use this same element of 'awareness'
To deal with issues of sensitivity to identify,
Their total lack of mental competence.

There's great honor given to those who step aside.
Especially when the mind decays.

There has been an absence of mental competence.
Maybe we are living in a resurgence of it.
And perhaps progress will soon begin to move forward,
Again...
Since greed had it stagnated for many many years!
'Retarding' everything in its path.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Perhaps That's Why

This should not come as a surprise,
Since I wear no disguises...
Play charades or masquerade.
I am not trying to impress you.
Fully clothed or undressed.
I look for challenges...
To keep my best tested.

This should not come as a surprise,
Since I do nothing to attract attention.
What I am and do in someone's eyes...
That's for them and not for me to mention.
I wouldn't know how to relate,
To anyone like that!
Perhaps that's why I do what I do.
And not take crap I wont dish right back!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Perhaps The Familiarity Warrants The Disrespect

I've already done the pauper bit.
And discovered quick,
An array of sentiments in my direction sent.

I've done the all for one and one for all crusades.
To be kicked to the curb several times.
And then to be given 'attitude' and 'shade'.

I've attempted to give and received a lot that was rotten.
But I have never forgotten where I've come from.
I am there physically to be seen.
And perhaps the familiarity warrants the disrespect.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Perhaps You'Ll Find More Luck With The Others

Peace?

There is only one peace I will defend.
And that is the peace between my ears.

When it arrived and I identified with it...
And it took a while for my suspicions to leave?
I had not until then...
Experienced a life without spotlighting my agonies.

Peace?

There is only one peace I will defend.
And that is the peace between my ears.

Nor do I have a need to have it cheapened,
By a marketing campaign...
You've come to solicit with promises to set me free.
I've already got it.
'Free-of-being-dumb'.

Perhaps you'll find more luck with the others.
They are the ones praying for it on their knees!
With the hope that the peace you tease will come.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Periodic Appearances

I choose to keep my affairs,
To myself.
Not because I am discreet,
Deliberately.
I can be.
Since my privacy is cherished.

There are some matters,
That need to be kept left best...
In secret.

This freshens periodic appearances,
When one's business...
Is seldom heard whispered,
On the streets.
Whether imagined or creatively,
Embellished.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Periodic Revivals

Kept periodic revivals,
Comforted in a nostalgia to promote it...
Leaves those focusing,
On the past with wishes progress
Eventually is achieved.
But yet,
A fear of a future unknown...
To come,
Has many preferring...
Stagnation over creation.
Since what has been revived,
Has already survived...
Undoing a thorough censorship.
By the ones controlling,
Diversity and conformity.
From which is picked,
What best represents a consented
And proper etiquette,
That presents values nonexistent.

'I just love that production.
And the sound of its music.'

-I use to.
Before the hills became alive,
With crack heads, dope dealers.
And embezzlers seeking to hide,
Money stolen from pension funds.-

'I love the concept.
But setting that to rap music?
Would be a hard sell.
Too much reality.
And besides...
A production like that,
Today?
Would skyrocket ticket prices.
But I must admit,
The visuals alone...

Could be worth the investment.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Permanent Emotions Kept

Some learn to take life,
As a journey in stride.
To know situations disliked,
Is a part of life that goes by.
And not to dedicate,
Permanent emotions.

Permanent emotions kept,
Keep such feelings entrapped.
Permanent emotions kept,
Invites...
Mishaps and setbacks.

Some learn to ride,
Through shifting winds that blow.
To know they should do their best,
Continuing on to forget regrets.

Permanent emotions kept,
Are not meant to defend.
Or tolerate.
Reviewing them without end,
Leaves one with no escape.

Some learn to take life,
As a journey accepted in stride.
While others stay to replay,
Everyday...
What has happened to long go away.
Yet permanent emotions kept,
Defeats the witnessing of happiness.
Permanent emotions kept,
Keep just interest invested...
On the feeding of grief.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Permanently Affixed

Too many people seek distractions.
Hoping facts never to face.
Praying for a deceit that fits.

Too many people seek attractions.
With a hope to distract facts,
That someday from them will be erased.

And those masks worn to replace,
Faces charading become permanently...
Affixed.

Leaving distacted faces masked,
Never again to face facts with hopes...
Delusions will never from them be erased.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Permanently Fixed

Never be satisfied with just the taste of things.
Know each ingredient and what it takes,
To create that taste with it savored anytime wished.
And never be afraid the flavor you make becomes greater,
With a dedicated discipline only you can give it.
Remember...
There is a difference between a craving that stays,
And a fad that fades to be forgotten.
Once that taste one makes is discovered to gratify,
It aint about to go nowhere anytime soon!
It's there as if permanently fixed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Permanently Scarred

Why is it with ease but difficult to believe...
For those who intentionally,
Do their wicked deeds to others...
With a doing to watch them bleed and suffer,
Will eventually mend to heal again...
To forget and forgive what has been done to them.
A doing that has left them permanently scarred.
Although expected without exception,
To forgive the ones who did what was done...
With malice, hate and intention celebrated.

And who are they living with this kind of mind,
Believing themselves to find a joyous reception...
When time has been given to learn from past lessons.
Lessons repeated...
But only those seeking peace are thought weak,
Meek and subservient.

Who is it still on knees and pleading to be released,
From nightmares prohibiting them to get any sleep.
With lives to live torn and shattered apart...
As memories of loved ones ripped and snatched,
Right out of their never ending bleeding hearts...
To remember the pain and agony personally felt,
No one else will ever come to feel.

Who is it leaving these wicked deeds,
Believes...
Anyone left permanently scarred,
Owe to show them forgiveness?
Or accepts a bitterness of a torment lived,
Can control and suppress it as if it did not exist.
Who is it yet that has not learned,
Pain deeply felt may be concealed...
But real it is to remember whenever it wishes to revisit.

'I can't believe you have not gotten over that.'

~Whose pain is it to reminisce with it remembered?

Yours?
Or mine? ~

'Time heals ALL wounds.'

~Well the time has not come,
For me to welcome a doing of that done. Yet.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Permission To Give

Permission to give,
Is a submission to admit.
And an admission to permit it done,
Is sometimes a decision...
Embraced and welcomed by some.
To have these words heard come:

'Save me!
Save me!
You have my permission to...
Stop me from the stupid things,
I do.
To you.

Save me!
Save me!
From being a bigger fool.
I've done that repeatedly.
And too often to you to prove.

I bring to you attitude.
Unexplained.
You accept when I should feel,
I could explain and not blame.

You have every reason,
To express a mood or two.
But,
What do?
Show you my back.
And...
Walk away from you.

You have got to save me!
Save me!
From being a bigger fool.
I give you my permission,
To tell me I am stupid too!

I show you cold shoulders.
But you've never left.
You stayed to accept,
My neglect and disrespect.

My childish ways,
Affected our relationship.
You were more the adult.
And I was too foolish,
To notice it.'

Permission to give,
Is sometimes a decision made...
To have another hear these words,
Heard...
'Save me!
Save me!
From being a bigger fool.
I've done that repeatedly.
And too often to you to prove.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Permitted

Regardless of who says it,
With or without projected intuition percepted.
To deny or accept those current events left.
There are overwhelming defects,
In a society permitted...
The right to defend a political correctness.
And pretensions displaying proper etiquette.
As a wish that this reflects,
A way of life all should accept.

Yet...
On a daily basis,
People are observed serving undeserved...
Emotional affects their delusions protect.
To leave a detected reality neglected.
With an offering too many the opportunity,
To escape as they parade a charading replaced...
By divisions intended to seperate and defeat,
A mending that heals with complete unity.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Permitted To Become Ugly

If the doing of it has with a consciousness,
Been done...
To find many now protesting the outcome,
Then those insisting with their resistance...
Are the reason and the cause of its existence.
When math is understood it is easier to apply.
Rotten apples with oranges can not be disguised.
Anyone who accepts this,
Can no longer continue to themselves lie.

But excuses to use and alibis to keep,
Has found many awakening...
From their self induced addictions to deep sleep.
With it to realize as their eyes open wide,
Kept delusions fade when reality chases them away.
And truth to select is more effective than rejecting it.
Although painful it can get,
When the first taste of it is not what one expects.
It can sour sweet dreams to perceive them as nightmares.

'What's going on? What's happening all over the place? '

~Truth denied and resisted has arrived to be what it is.
And has been permitted to become ugly,
By those refusing to admit it had even existed.~

'Who allowed it to be forbidden? '

~The ones heard objecting,
To the growth of their own rotten fruit.
With accusations to lay the blame...
On others who chose to invest their time,
Only on a good harvest they could market.~

'But why are some protesting and others are not? '

~You do the math. I already have.
When was it last you saw to see,
Prized flowers growing unassisted amongst weeds?

To then believe they could thrive,
Without a hint of shown envy or jealousy?
And from the ones seeking attention to protest,
Their own kept successful lack of interest.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Permitted To Disease

Made to keep effective everywhere,
Is a discrimination affecting...
Lives lived by those unaware,
How deep a bigotry that has left to leave...
Existing and permitted to disease,
A mindless ignorance...
Allowed to spread this epidemic.
With a doing as they please,
To spread this crazed mentality.
As if to prove by the doing of it,
This sickness results in ultimate benefits.
But for whom or 'who' to do what,
When they've left themselves to self destruct.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Pernicious And Effective

Doesn't it seem weak today,
To mention wanting peace?
And through the blackened Universe,
Dazzled by an array of fantastic light.
There is balance.
There is quiet.
There is nourishment and growth.
And here on Earth...
We crush each other,
As if assigned to be...
A pernicious and effective pesticide.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Persistence Sits Within Me

A persistence sits within me not to quit.
As if on an adventure,
With my own dreams to pick.
Inside I remain fixed with a focusness.

Passionate with a dedication unresisted,
All that I am and could ever be...
I have prepared myself,
To sacrifice temptating wants I don't need.

A persistence sits within me.
Like a cat with nine lives,
Obstacles I face...
And fears from me seem to be erased.

There is a persistence I admit that sits within me.
I can not sleep peacefully,
Until my dreams I touch to taste.
Until that taste satisfies to please.

Like a cat with nine lives,
I dare to climb with my eyes on the prize.
And those obstacles I face...
Somehow in my mind they become erased.
Since...
A persistence sits and will not quit.
That persistence sits within me quick.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Persistent

Annoyance?
Okay.
Agitation?
I wouldn't use that word.
But...
Okay.
Head strong and hard headed?
I would say determined!
Spoiled and self-centered?
You're getting warm!
Persistent and...
Bingo!
That's it!
Persistent.
Now that we've almost covered the alphabet...
Are you giving me sex or not?
Or do I have to beg?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Persistent Consistency

A persistent consistency...
With detemination to excell,
Generates a motivation...
From inside one where it dwells.

Seeking an acceptance,
For that which one loves to create...
Will never satisfy an ego that tries,
To enforce upon others...
An appreciation shown that escalates.

One attempting to do this,
Is not connected mentally...
To the gifts they have.
Or feel blessed to nourish,
As time passes on from their grasp.

Many seek results and success,
Quickly delivered.
Without a discipline applied.
Or a sacrificing done of a social life.

A persistent consistency...
With detemination to excell,
Generates a motivation...
From inside one where it dwells.

And does not derive,
From an outside source for a thriving to arrive.
Some nights may be substituted,
For a sleeplessness...
Ambitions seduce to produce.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Persistent Unrelentlessness

A persistent unrelentlessness,
Is just that.
Without looking back.

A kept persistence will insist,
To keep on...
A focused path.

Difficult it is to stop a wish.
When desire is on fire,
And wont quit.

Persistent unrelentlessness,
Is that.
Like the Summer bringing heat,
Until it leaves.
And the Winter bringing snow,
Until it goes.
Somebody wanting something bad knows,
They can not sit to wait for it... Toshow.
That taste for it does not slow,
But it grows.

Persistent unrelentlessness,
Is just that.
There's no stopping someone like this
To keep back.
There's no stopping one,
With a mind...
Free of traps.
Unpacked to cast,
Away.
To stay...that way!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Persistent With Their Contradictions

Those persistent with their contradictions,
Should not be labelled or considered hypocrites!
No.
That would imply they have a conscious intention meant,
To diffuse a solidarity...
Composed by others already in agreement and accepting,
Of a flow of things prior to being manipulated...
By a listening to those voicing their contempt.
Hypocrites solicit and advocate dissent.
With a doing of it to get attention.

Those unknowingly persistent with their contraditions,
Can never be accused of using their minds independently.
And are more accustomed to seek the opinions of others,
Who they depend upon to convince them first to doubt...
Any hint of a thought process that comes out of their mouths.
With a reminder that an objection,
May leave them to feel like fools.
And hyporcrites could care less who already perceives them,
Of the fools they are and how this is addressed...
Regardless of whose time has been found to have been wasted.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Persistent With Your Insistence

Okay!
So I have been,
Predictably inconsistent.
And aware of this,
It is you that keep me reminded...
Of it!

And you have been,
Persistent...
With your insistence of my inconsistency!
And you say,
I have not been reliable?

I think you have mistaken my ability,
To keep you noticing what I do...
As something done not intended!
And correct me if I am wrong.
But, aren't you the one I can rely on to critique?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Persisting To Exist To Pester

If it has been what it is,
And you've been made to believe...
It was not!
And you discover a truth from you,
Has been intentionally dismissed.
What else is there connected,
To your disbeliefs...
Persisting to exist to pester?

Perhaps you should investigate,
This annoyance that irritates.
To uncover why it insists to prick you.
Why keep defying in denial the reality of it!

If you don't mind,
I would like to leave you with this...
I wouldn't continue to question its existence.
I would suspect the validity of those beliefs you keep.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Personal 'Affairs'!

You are right!
I don't know how much,
You are feeling your pain.
But you do talk about it...
As if you have a relationship.

With an obligation you fear,
If you divorced from it,
It would surely be missed.

And like all marriages that don't work out...
You are hanging onto this one,
As if it makes you proud...
To bear this anguish,
In private and in a crowd.

You are right!
I don't know how much,
You are feeling your pain.
Or what you are going through...
To maintain and sustain its discomfort,
Twenty four hours.
As it attaches its latch onto you.

You had to agree to it.
Look what you 'allow' it to put you through.

But I am not the kind,
To involve myself what is not mine.
So if it appears as though I do not care...
I try not to involve myself,
With those who are entwined...
In such personal close 'affairs'!

Nor do I believe...
It is something I should consistently hear about.
Or you should constantly with me try to share!
Whatever decision you eventually make...
Make it to the best of 'your' benefit!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Personal Battles

You will never take from me my hope.
Or a faith I keep within me believed.
You will never take from me my hope.
Or find me moping with emotions in grief.
To see.
Because...
Too many personal battles,
I have had to saddle...
To corrall until they were tamed.
Nameless,
To blame.

Too many personal battles,
I have had to saddle...
To corrall until they were tamed.
Nameless,
To blame.

You will never take from me my hope.
Or a faith I keep within me believed.
You will never take from me my hope.
Or find me moping with emotions in grief.
To see.
Because...
I am not the one to claim my own pain to blame,
On anyone hiding in the shadows.
I am not the one to claim my own pain to blame,
On anyone hiding in the shadows...
To relieve me of reality.

Personal battles fought,
Can not be done...
By someone else who audits.
Personal battles fought,
Have to be settled by the one in the saddle.
Personal battles fought,
Have to be done alone to win.
Or admit the loss.
To get back on that saddle to begin, again.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Personal Gift

When are you really going to say what's on your mind?

'Ive been saying what's on my mind! '

No...
You've been saying what's on 'our' minds.
We just didn't have the nerve to express it!

'Then why did you let me vocalize it so loudly? '

Well...
We wanted to see,
Who would disagree with you.
And if they did...
So would we!
But today we are in total agreement,
With what you have said all along!
Now we wish to know how 'you' really feel!

'Like a complete idiot.
A fool! '

No!
That can't be!
That's what we told 'them' you were.
When we all had jobs.
And our quality of life to protect!

'Excuse me? '

We had to cover our own backs!
But we don't have to do that anymore...
Not since the economic crisis!
And the reality of their deceit.
We were completely tricked by them.
Their calling themselves morons now!
And we and everyone can see that.
It's out in the open!
So tell us...

What's on your mind?
For real.
You can be honest with us...
Now!
You are one of 'us'.

'You don't want to know 'that'!
Trust me!
I wish I had heard this confession earlier.
I would have delivered to you my personal gift.
However...
I have just excremented! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Personal Reasoning

Let's get one thing straight.
Without debating over it.
Where and what,
Do you believe I've been doing...
For the past fifty years?
Roasting marshmellows?
At some boy scout camp on weekends?
And don't give me that look,
As if you are thinking about it.

I don't know about you,
But there was a lot of growing up I had to do.
With plenty of 'alone' time spent,
Knocking my head against walls of plaster.
After learning not to do that,
Against those made of cement.
And I certainly was not gossiping to argue,
Over unchanging events to prioritize.
For the past fifty years and more I've lived life.

'O...kay!
Excuse me.
But...
I just knocked on your door to say,
You left your keys in the door.
Did you intend them to stay that way? '

Uh.
I was just on my way out.

'I apologize.
You and your company,
Were talking so loudly...
That's why I was knocking as hard as I was.'

I don't have any company.
I was...
Well.
I was doing some personal reasoning.

'I see.
Do you do this often? '

Only when I try to convince myself,
68 is not old.

'It really isn't.
I thought I heard you say,
'You' were 50?
However...
When I turned 50?
I caught myself whispering.
AND to myself.
Needless to say...
I'm not looking forward to being 68 at all.'

Thank you.
I'll take my keys now.

'Should I shut the door?
Is this part of your 'personal reasoning' process?
You know...
I remember one time,
When I couldn't find my keys.
I blamed it on my pet dog I use to have.
I think that was the last time I actually yelled.
And I haven't seen him since.'

Thank you.
I'll take my keys now.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Personal Vendettas

Personal vendettas,
Seem more to be a solicitation,
Of an invitation sent...
By one.
To create the getting of attention,
From another.
Fishing to distract and to bait,
Someone to escalate a debate...
That initiates a wasting of time,
One who is focused in mind...
Continues to ignore.
And that upsets the agitator,
Wishing to be noticed in a crowd.
With a seeking of a preference to reference.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Personality

Some aspire to have it.
Many do,
With charisma too.
Others claim to fame,
Is making attempts...
To establish names,
For themselves.
And they will do that,
In a heartbeat.
No matter who is plagiarized.
They will find a way to steal,
A personality.
The origin of it may not fit.
But for them,
At least they can convince
What has been obtained,
Sticks!
As long as the glue holds.
While traveling either from Dublin...
Or to Chicago!
They will keep it.
Even if it is dismissed!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Personalized And Thought To Be

Nobody lives,
Without some kind of conflict going on...
That is personalized and thought to be,
Experienced to feel as if alone.
To get an attention paid to it.
And...
As human beings we like to be acknowledged,
By somebody else we want to believe cares.
This is as natural as the passing of gas.
It may not be socially etiquette to admit it done,
But everybody does it to do.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Personalized Garbage

What better day is it than today,
To trash and put out on the curb...
All disturbing nonsense.
Every single bit of it.
Without a need to start an argument.

Like a chore over time that has been ignored,
Sack all that crap stored...
To get rid of it.
And set it out to stay away permanently....
From your front door.

And if it should be passed as you leave,
To get some fresh air inhaled and exhaled to breathe...
Don't acknowledge you are familiar with it.
If you do recognize this as personalized garbage,
Again it will be yours to reluctantly admit.

What better day is it than today,
To trash and put out on the curb...
All disturbing nonsense.
Every single bit of it.
Without a need to start an argument.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Personalizing Tactics

Feel the texture from this pattern,
I have created?
It is distinct and mine.
And it took years for me to find it.
To develop and unwhine.

And for someone to believe,
This is easy to thieve from me?
Not only are they blind!
They are also brave.
Since I do not play a tit for a tat.

In fact...
About that,
I do not play at all.

I am the kind that takes matters in my own hands.
And apply what I feel will satisfy me by the action!
I call that...
Personalizing tactics with a customizing flair.
And unconcerned I am about someone's reaction!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Personally Felt

Pain personally felt,
Is too difficult to console.
Especially when those,
Accustomed to inflicting it...
Discover themselves,
Being chased by their own wickedness.

Anguish and suffering,
Coming to be done to them to leave...
Is the result of creating,
More enemies by kept beliefs...
That what is initiated to another to do,
Will cease and not increase more conflicts.

'Mama, why you putting on your combat boots? '

~I've run out of cheeks to turn.
And your daddy has refused to use his.
Smiling no longer returns to me benefits.
And I'm hoping Our Father forgives.~

'Daddy is 'your' daddy too, mama? '

~Just help me put the food I cooked,
Into the car.
One day you will come to understand,
What weapons to use to end arguments.
With it understood,
How to dress to leave the best impression.
And be careful carrying those Blueberry Pies.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Persuaded To Remember

Wouldn't it be a fantastic discovery,
If it was uncovered...
That the process of thought,
Was a natural occurrence.
And human beings could actually do this,
Independently.

To forget with a forgiveness!
And all bitterness,
Is dropped.
Without assistance to connect dots.
Or persuaded to remember,
Something in their minds to find...
With a need for recurring conflicts to stir,
Nonstop!

Wouldn't it be a fantastic discovery,
If it was uncovered...
That the process of thought,
Was a natural occurrence.
And human beings could actually do this,
Independently.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Perverted Urges

Peruked from a time,
When masquerades were the rage.
And little boys and little girls...
Satisfied their fancies.
The elders curbed their perverted urges.
Under burlap, hopsack and lace...
And replaced later by silk and houndstooth,
To disguise their heated lusts...
And naked tastes for a screw in the hay!
Discreeted with the best of principles projected.

Those perverted and peruked.
Sweat!
With standards of lives...
And an etiquette!
Oh yes.

And today,
As those centuries have long passed away!
Those perverted urges are still there.
But faded are those standards...
Yet
Attempts are made,
By some who try to keep temptations hidden!
While butts and thighs...
With tattoed breasts!
Are clearly exposed and on display!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Pessimist

I hate to be the pessimist.
Especially when invited...
To these backyard picnics.
Under joyful Sun and eating Bar-B-Que.
Discussing world events,
After the games we watched are through.
Talking about 'them'
And what they ought to do!
But...
I have a sense we're the ones being screwed!
By taking daily doses,
Of what's good for them...
Has had nothing to do,
With either me Or you!
And yet I regret...
Our lifestyles they affect!
Whether we accept that...
Or 'them',
That's a bet neither one of us will pocket!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Pessimistic Visits

Is it...
Those pessimistic visits,
Permitted to persist,
Unresisted...
Going on,
With no one wanting them gone.

And is it...
Those pessimistic visits,
Invited with commitment...
To arrive and stay as long,
As they wished.

From inside to outside,
People name and blame remaining pains.
With a keeping them maintained.
From inside to outside,
People complain with others the same...
Pessimistic visits.
They welcome everyday to sit.
And is it...
Those pessimistic visits,
The reason why people lost peace to find.
And is it...
The reason why people have lost their minds.

Is it...
Those pessimistic visits,
Permitted to persist,
Going Unresisted...
Many nuts of all kinds,
Now not hard to find.

So is it...
Those pessimistic visits,
Shared and found permitted...
The reason why people have lost their minds.
And is it...
Those pessimistic visits,

Have made it easier than peace to find.

Is it...
Easier to permit pessimism.
With allowing evil visits as a wish.
Can you tell me is it...
Easier to permit pessimism.
With allowing evil visits to exist.
Do you wish these visits,
Making easier to welcome pessimism.
With allowing evil visits to commit.

People want protection from it found.
But...
No one can shoot pessimism down.
Since...
Pessimism is in every town.
And...
Not underground.
Since...
A pessimism is in every town.
And...
No one can shoot pessimism down.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Peter And The Wolf

Let's face it,
We all make mistakes.
And somewhere,
Up or down the road of our travels...
An attention we should have paid,
Had been missed.
But the passing of judgement?
Well...
That's in our DNA.
Who hasn't done it?

However...
A suggestion given,
With a hint of advice ignored...
Continually and consistently,
From those experienced and looking at life...
As they live from the trenches on the frontlines,
Doesn't prepare one for an invasion of their realities.
You see...
There are many people trying to avoid others from playing,
Peter and the Wolf.

Although a viewing of it is highly recommended.
Those wolves have long left the forest.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Petty Crook

From where I stand...
I see a thief.
From a place in your head,
You are trying to upgrade...
To another level of cheapening,
What I first thought...
Would be a sweet and innocent excursion.

From where I stand...
I see a thief.
From a place in your head,
You are trying to upgrade...
To another level of cheapening,
What I first thought...
Would be a sweet and innocent excursion.

But you only want to be a petty crook.
With a good body that can reel in a rise!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Petty People

Petty People...
Could care less if they are petty.
That's who and what they are.
Constantly seeking the center of attention,
Addressing petty issues
Most people wouldn't mention!
And having a way to nip and tug.
Much like what a little dog does.
Snapping and barking at the slightest little thing.
Petty people...
Exploding their mini volcanic 'tops'
Just to shoot off itsy bitsy lava drops!
That's all those petty people really got!
With their poked out lips...
Like children a closed ear often ignores a lot!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Petty Picking Baggage Packers

They claim a faith is deepened,
But their mouths are foul.
They pray everyday,
But their mouths are foul.
And whatever to them comes,
They do a backstabbing done.
Standing on the church steps,
In front of it to curse next.
Forgetting what they've heard,
From a sermon to them served...
The petty picking baggage packers,
Mouths are foul.
Those petty picking baggage packers,
Mouths are foul.

They claim a faith is deepened,
But their mouths are foul.
They pray everyday,
But their mouths are foul.
And whatever to them comes,
They do a backstabbing done.
Standing on the church steps,
In front of it to curse next.
Forgetting what they've heard,
From a sermon to them served...
The petty picking baggage packers,
Mouths are foul.
Those petty picking baggage packers,
Mouths are foul.
The petty picking baggage packers,
Mouths are foul.

'You know...
All of you are hypocrites.'

~What we choose to do outside of church,
Has nothing to do with our devotion.
Or a kept faith we feel you don't notice.
What you need is to join us,

To know the true meaning of being saved.~

Standing on the church steps,
In front of it to curse next.
Forgetting what they've heard,
From a sermon to them served...
Those petty picking baggage packers,
Mouths are foul.

~And look at you.
Daring to pass judgement.
At least we are dressed to impress.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Petty Pushers

Dirt diggers in the midst.
With a maliciousness unresisted.
Whisper they drift to and fro.
Stirring up rumors wherever they go!

Petty pushers with time on their hands...
Destroying reputations to smear on command.
Enjoying degradation with sensational accusations!
In cloak and dagger masquerades.
Adorned in disguises as they charade.

Twisting truths and on the pursuit to defame.
To magnify indignities,
In a game to distort.
And bring those of goodwill to needless shame.
With good intentions they scatter about to abort!
To gain from the unconscious their support!

Petty pushers and peeping toms.
Gathering information to bring the innocent harm!
With ambitions to solicit filth.
And bilking those nonthinking...
With their brand of kindred minded,
Slickened sickened ilk!

'Are you sure this is the speech,
You wish to deliver to the community activists?
There are undertones of anger about it! '

You're right!
I'll change the line, '...and bilking those nonthinking! '
I wouldn't want to offend anyone!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Petty Wedged And Pressed

Petty wedged and pressed,
By a nothingness...
Too long unaddressed!
A strangulation of progess succeeds,
Where small minds exist...
To keep people with wishes,
And hopes on their knees.

Countrified towns with big city dreams,
Lose youth to dope...
With fast cash to get,
By outmoded schemes.
These folks remain blind,
With jealousies planted in their minds.
Going backwards fast...
And doing their best,
To insure this thoughtlessness
Spreads to knot a tightness that lasts!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Petty With Beliefs

Be grateful to witness these days,
Of changes.
Changes delayed but made.

Be grateful to witness these days,
Of changes.
Made to shake those awake,
From their pointless biases and hate.

Minds and eyes have been long blinded,
With a taking for granted life.
Minds and eyes have been long blinded,
To accept needless conflicts igniting fights.

Be grateful to witness these days,
Of changes.
And to see those petty with beliefs,
Toss them aside.
Be grateful to witness these days,
Of changes.
And...
See those petty with beliefs,
Toss them aside.
Those petty with beliefs,
Tossed aside.

Witness these days of changes,
And...
See those petty with beliefs,
Toss them aside.
Those petty with beliefs,
Will tossed them aside.
And if you're petty with beliefs,
You'll toss them aside.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Petty Zest And Zealers

The petty zest and zealers,
Are going to be there.
They will not be pleased,
If there is nothing to despair.

Picky party poopers.
Whining like spoiled brats.
And sitting on their backsides...
To find things to attact.

Using their voices like noise to be heard.
And doing their best,
To create unrest!

These petty zest and zealers,
Are going to be there.
They will not be pleased,
If there is nothing to despair.

Even if one wishes...
To pitch them all in ditches!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Phantom Dumps

Get me to the right place.
At the right time.
In front,
And not left...
To be undermined,
By phantom dumps.

In my head I created.
Shown on shoulders weighted,
Down to be found in pain.

Get me to the right place.
At the right time.
In front,
And not undermined...
By phantom dumps.

Coming to go to hit me low.
Coming to go to kick me.

If you come to me to lift me up...
Don't sympathize my grieving you perceive.
If you come to me to lift me up...
Help me rid that phantom on my back.
Help me rid that shadow it can cast.

I'm in a slump that phantom came to dump.
And...
I refuse to feed it sympathy.
I'm in a slump that phantom came to dump.
And...
Misery it came to dump on me.

I need someone to come to lift me up.
Out of the darkness. Out from the pain.
I need someone to come to lift me up.
Into the Sunshine and out of the rain.

Get me to the right place.

At the right time.
In front,
And not left...
To be undermined,
By phantom dumps.

I need someone to come to lift me up.
Out of the darkness. Out from the pain.
I need someone to come to lift me up.
Into the Sunshine and out of the rain.

I need someone to come to lift me up.
And,
Rescue me from slumps this phantom leaves.
I need someone to come to lift me up.
And,
Off my knees.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Pharisaical

Successors of beliefs,
Spreading hypocrisies...
Like a pharisee.
Careful to be...
Care less of what they do!
And of those things done for 'fun'
They do purposedly to you.
As long as its perceived...
They are the true ones to believe!

Pharisaical are those of this mind.
They are rising to the surface...
In these days and times!

Pharisaical are those of this mind.
Regardless of set rules and laws defined...
They will disobey them.
And label others crazed,
To have life their way!
As they enforce acceptance...
Portraying themselves as 'gold' to trade.
And regular folks who are 'okay'!
But that day comes when they will pay...
For betraying humanity.
And leading us astray to feed on evil!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Pharmaceuticals Injected

An assessment given with honesty,
Is least received with acceptance.
A degree of secrecy exposed...
Leaves those afraid to face self examination.
For fear they too will see themselves too clear.
And this kind of clarity...
Will not sit well with those who induce,
With a medicated enrichment produced...
By the best pharmaceuticals injected to keep,
A conformacy alive and dependent!
To reap and build wealth from ill health treatments.
Medicating millions to feed a burgeoning industry!
Instilling sickness to uplift their higher towers.
To reign and have power over all consciousness.

An assessment given with honesty,
Is least received with acceptance.
A degree of secrecy exposed...
Leaves those afraid to face self examination.
For fear they too will see themselves too clear.
And this kind of clarity...
Will not sit well with those who induce,
With a medicated enrichment produced...
By the best pharmaceuticals injected to keep,
A conformacy alive and dependent!
Even in sleep this seduction is controlled.
And those addicted reach...
To sustain a mind no one longer beholds.
Or can be defined as one independently owned.
And hustled to keep their drug intake,
Free of surprising shakedowns.
Or a criminal bust,
Of those getting high from a natural rush!
Outlawed and distrusted but preferred and lusted.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Phased Out At Chapter Two

A giving to extremes,
Overplayed to plead one's faked case...
Fades to phase out.

Mouths to open not to hear.
With a listening done to make things clear,
Has been what understanding to comprehend is.

North, East, West and South.
More mouths are closing to find that out.

Wishing to bait tastes,
By cooking up saurekraut...
To hook fresh fish,
Of a different language to dish...
With a sudden change of a menu,
To offer them something new...
Does not camouflage,
The deceiving done you do.

Save your sobbing tears,
Once to flow like a river.
To dry rapidly into a draught.
Phased out at chapter two,
From that book that has been read...
To know what you are all about.
A giving to extremes,
Overplayed to plead one's faked case...
Has faded to phase out.
With a patience gone to no longer tolerate,
Dramatics to emphasis the selling of stale skills.

North, East, West and South.
And on highways, byways and crooked streets,
More mouths are closing to find that out...
With a wanting to overhaul their old beliefs,
By a listening to comprehend...
Before interrupting to ask pointless questions.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Phenomenons Appearing Everywhere

Phenomenons appearing everywhere,
And they will stun.
Foolish are the ones who decide to run,
From that which comes.
Since...
Places will be limited to hide.
And...
What is there witnessed,
Can not be denied.

This is...
Phenomenal.
And,
This is...
Just too big,
To escape.
Or...
Mistaking this to be a charading masquerade,
That is faked.

This is...
Phenomenal.
And,
This is...
Just too big,
To escape.
Or...
Mistaking this to be a charading masquerade,
That is faked.

Phenomenons appearing everywhere,
And they will stun.
Since this is...
Phenomenal.
And,
This is...
Just too big,
To escape.

Foolish are the ones who decide to run,
From that which comes.
Since...
Places will be limited to hide.
And...
What is there witnessed,
Can not be denied.
Since this is...
Phenomenal.
And,
This is...
Just too big,
To escape.
Or...
Mistaking this to be a charading masquerade,
That is faked.

Yes this is...
Phenomenal.
And,
This is...
Just too big,
To escape.
Or...
Mistaking this to be a charading masquerade,
That is faked.

Phenomenons appearing everywhere,
And they will stun.
Yes they come.
Phenomenons appearing everywhere,
And there's nowhere to run.
Yes they come.
Phenomenons appearing everywhere,
And they will stun.
Yes they come.
Phenomenons appearing everywhere,
And there's nowhere to run.
Yes they come.
Phenomenons appearing everywhere,
And they will stun.
Yes they come.

Phenomenons appearing everywhere,
And there's nowhere to run.
Yes they come.
Phenomenons appearing everywhere,
And they will stun.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Phenomenons Studied

Phenomenons studied by scholars,
Are...
Stunning phenomenons never undone.

Phenomenons studied by scholars,
Are...
Stunning phenomenons never undone.

Mysteries lived to exist,
Are...
Phenomenons never undone.
And,
The more they're probed confusion sits.
Because we don't see us a part of this.

Why are we here to be neighbors?
With confusion that we can't resist.
Why can't we accept our differences?
Without trying to end conflicts.
Why the fighting to exist...
In a peacefulness ruled by one fist.

Phenomenons studied by scholars,
Are...
Stunning phenomenons never undone.

Phenomenons studied by scholars,
Are...
Stunning phenomenons never undone.

And why are obelisks ignored?
Why are they there and who are they for?
What is that energy they feed?
And what is it that we can't see?
What is the purpose and the need?

Phenomenons studied by scholars,
Are...
Stunning phenomenons never undone.

Mysteries lived to exist,
Are...
Phenomenons never undone.
And,
The more they're probed confusion sits.
Because we don't see us a part of this.

What blind eye has to open?
To fix what has been broken.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Philosophy

I am sorry...
You have no lullabys to sing to me,
In a breath sweetened gingerly...
With peppermint schnapps.
I am not numb by your rhythmic indecisions.
Nor stunned by your absence to call me by first name.
I understand how my appearance may confuse you!
But let my words confuse you not.
I am not a Huxtable.
Nor does my last name begin with 'X'!
I am proud of my past...
And how I arrived to look you in the face!
Trust me...
I have been called everything conceivable,
One can call another human being!
In a place affectionately known as 'the brickyard'
Enduring 'many' years of...'reality touches! '
I was not raised to worhip images of you.
And no empathy or apology do I extend!
So I hope you and I will understand...
I do not view you as a competitor,
Nor do I have thoughts...
As to which one of us is a better man!
I hope that is comprehended?
I have a different purpose here...
In the event you thought I sought your approval!
None of that nonsense has ever been in my head!
Maybe you'd like to share your philosophy with the others?
I've been working on my dreams too long...
And not in one of them did you appear.
I need no missionary to save me here!
I hope that's clear?
And we can choose to work together...
Or not be near!
I have no desire for any enforcements,
To pretend to endear.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Photogenic

Every picture I've seen of you,
Looks nothing like you at all.

'Who said anything,
About my desires to be photogenic? '

No one.
But who selected those pictures?

'Have you read my writings? '

Yes,
I have.
Why?
How is that connected to anything?

'Would you want to be recognized? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Physical Adjustments

You can forget to doubt about,
Facing life without...
Trying to stop mental and physical,
Adjustments.
After a certain time,
When youth begins to be noticed to fade...
Tests to pass a patience once had,
Only prepares what had been tolerated...
For those next tasks to come.
Whether or not you choose to be stubborn.
Know this to be reality to leave a youth done.

Some live life refusing to believe,
Those days to awaken to jump out of bed...
To discover aches and pains to feel instead,
In both feet AND knees arrive for permanent visits.
With a back to pop and crack,
As reminders of aging and not jokes to tease.

And at a certain age,
When the body begins the doing of that.
All you can do is laugh. Sit back and accept.
But staying in denial to become upset with regrets,
Is a decision one makes to disguise their aging process...
As a temporary experience to address others impressed,
By an acceptance to pretend...
Youth to keep is a state of mind,
Without finding more time to lay down and rest.

'Why are those kids assisting as if to insist,
That 'old' man off the dance floor?
And he seems reluctant.
Although appearing to display showmanship.'

~I think he has finally been convinced,
A rhythm 'they' keep to the beat for him has ended.
When they began to wave their hands in the air,
Like they just didn't care with the raising of the roof?
Well...

He fell to his knees trying to get some air to breathe.
Then pretended he was James Brown.
Asking for a cape.
And someone obliged his request,
By covering him with a tablecloth.
And off the floor they carried him.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Physically Challenged

I understand.
My methods to teach,
Are not acceptable.

But your honor...
All I asked my son to do,
Was to use the broom...
To sweep with it.

He then told me...
'If you know how to use it,
Do it!
You're not physically challenged! '
And he was right.

Both of us have learned 'something'
From this embarrassment.

And I am guilty for teaching him a lesson,
He will never forget.

Hopefully he will recover,
For the injuries received as he ran from me...
To get hit by that car.

He would have healed quicker,
If he had stayed still to get hit in the head...
By the broomstick!
Now he's laid up in the hospital.
And I'm sentenced to sit in a cell,
Wishing I did not yell...
But knocked him out instead!

With a thinking process quickly implemented.
Saving us both from such pain.
Even though remorse has been gained from this.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Pick It Up Or Be Gone

Pick it up or be gone.
What's given.
Pick it up or be gone.
What's there.
Pick it up or be gone.
The steak.
Or the rake.
Or the keys,
To open the gate!
Now...
Pick it up or be gone.
What's given.
Pick it up or be gone.
What's there.
Pick it up or be gone.
The steak.
Or the rake.
Or the keys,
To open the gate!
Now...
Don't try to imitate,
Homemade cake.
Oh no.
And don't ever try to duplicate,
A delicious taste.
Or...
Butter up faked mashed potatos.

Pick it up or be gone.
What's given.
Pick it up or be gone.
What's there.
Pick it up or be gone.
The steak.
Or the rake.
Or the keys,
To open the gate!
Now...
Pick it up or be gone.

Oooow.
Pick it up or be gone.
Yeah.
Pick it up or be gone.
Now...
Pick it up or be gone!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Pick This To Leave

A product solicited and much too erotic,
With a marketing done to the very young.
In articles that blatantly state:
'Scope Upon Your Pleasures.
And Keep Fixed In Positions to Satiate.'

Promoting promiscuity.
And the irresponsibility,
Of random breeding.

What else could this be?
But a fostering of humanity,
Depleting in self defeat.

Nope. Nope. Nope. Nope.
Don't need it.
Don't welcome it to feed it.

Nope. Nope. Nope. Nope.
New addictions may appease.
But pick this from your head to leave.

Don't let this sit.
Pick this to leave.
Or become addicted.
Make this leave.
Don't be submissive.
Make this leave.
Don't think of this as a benefit.

Nope. Nope. Nope. Nope.
Don't let this sit.
Pick this to leave.
Or become addicted.
Make this leave.
Don't be submissive.
Make this leave.
Don't think of this as a benefit.

A product solicited and much too erotic,
With a marketing done to the very young.
Someone, something has to stop it.

Nope. Nope. Nope. Nope.
Don't let this sit.
Pick this to leave.
Don't give this even a chance to breathe.

Nope. Nope. Nope. Nope.
Don't let this sit.
Pick this to leave.
Don't give this even a chance to breathe.

Nope. Nope. Nope. Nope.
Don't give this even a chance to breathe.
Don't let this sit pick this to leave.

Nope. Nope. Nope. Nope.
Don't let this sit pick this to leave.
Don't give this even a chance to breathe.

Nope. Nope...
Pick this to leave.
Nope. Nope. Nope.
Pick this to leave.
Nope. Nope...
Pick this to leave.
Don't give this even a chance to breathe.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Pick Up All Your Stuff

Who penetrated my inner peace,
Be declaring they meet my needs.
And...
Who is that unpacking their crap,
At my doorstep wishing to leave!

I don't bemoan,
Someone who's gone...
After threats to me they'll leave.
At least they left my peace intact,
And a quiet life I received.

Who penetrated my inner peace,
Be declaring they meet my needs.
And...
Who is that unpacking their crap,
At my doorstep wishing to leave!

I don't condone,
Anybody like that.
Attached to sacking then stabs my back.

I don't condone,
Anybody like that.
Attached to sacking then stabs my back.

Pick up all your stuff and leave, please.
Pick up all your stuff and leave.
Pick up all your stuff and leave, please.
Pick up all your stuff and leave.

I don't condone,
Anybody like that.
Attached to sacking then stabs my back.

I don't condone,
Anybody like that.
Attached to sacking then stabs my back.

Who penetrated my inner peace,
Be declaring they meet my needs.
And...
Who is that unpacking their crap,
At my doorstep wishing to leave!

Pick up all your stuff and leave, please.
Pick up all your stuff and leave.
Pick up all your stuff and leave, please.
Pick up all your stuff and leave.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Pick Up That Broom And Sweep, Boy

Pick up that broom and sweep, boy.
If you wanna eat.
You gotta get sweepin'
Pick up that broom and sweep, boy.
If you wanna eat.
You gotta get sweepin
And if you don't sweep,
You ain't going to sleep.

Pick up that broom and sweep, boy.
If you wanna eat.
You gotta get sweepin'
Pick up that broom and sweep, boy.
Nobody's peepin' on the way you sweep.
And if you don't sweep,
You ain't going to sleep.
And you wont sleep,
If you don't eat.
So I suggest get off your seat...
Grab that broom and commence to sweepin'

Pick up that broom and sweep, boy.
If you wanna eat.
You gotta get sweepin'
Pick up that broom and sweep, boy.
Nobody's peepin' on the way you sweep.
And if you don't sweep,
You ain't going to sleep.
And you wont sleep,
If you don't eat.
So I suggest get off your seat...
Grab that broom and commence to sweepin'

Pick up that broom and sweep, boy.

If you wanna eat.
You gotta get sweepin
And if you don't sweep,

You ain't going to sleep.
So don't try sneakin' tippy toe on your feet,
Across this floor because it creaks.
And when that happens...
My dog Pete,
Will do his best to sink his teeth.
Right into your funky meat.
And you'll go screamin down the street.
And I'll report you to the police.
Who will bring you back here...
Once again until you sweep.
And it you don't do it,
You'll join those who've been deleted!

'You better pick up that broom,
And sweep, boy! '

~I gotcha 'boy' ol'man! ~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Pick Up The Pieces Of The Mess That's Made

Pick up the pieces of the mess that's made.
Make sure no remnants get,
To be left kept as toxins.
Pick up the pieces of the mess that's made.
And don't have one regret,
This challenge you have met!

Pick up the pieces of the mess that's made.
Make sure no remnants get,
To be left kept as toxins.
Pick up the pieces of the mess that's made.
And don't have one regret,
You've met the challenge that's been swept.

Don't let this creep into your sleep.
As if a daydreamed lover,
Is a desire you wish to meet.
Get up and beat this need fatiguing.
If you want a peace of mind...
Don't become weakened by routines,
You know should be left behind.
No need to keep this stored and neat,
As if this is sublime.

Pick up the pieces of the mess that's made.
Make sure no remnants get,
To be left kept as toxins.
Pick up the pieces of the mess that's made.
And don't have one regret,
This challenge you have met!

Pick up the pieces of the mess that's made.
Make sure no remnants get,
To be left kept as toxins.
Pick up the pieces of the mess that's made.
And don't have one regret,
You've met the challenge that's been swept.

Make sure no remnants get,

To be left kept as toxins.
Make sure no remnants get,
To be left kept as toxins.
Pick up the pieces of the mess that's made.
And don't have one regret,
This challenge you have met!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Pick Up Your Blessings

Those who don't get it wont.
Pick up 'your' blessings.
Those who wont just don't.
Pick up 'their' blessings.
And many rather stay in slumps,
To dump on somebody their funk.
So why be the one who sighs?
Or the one who empathizes?

Those who don't get it wont.
Pick up 'your' blessings.
Those who wont just don't.
Pick up 'their' blessings.
And many rather stay in slumps,
To dump on someone their funk.
So why be the one who sighs?
Or the one who offers to empathize.

Don't argue with those who choose to be fools.
Waiting to select through picked over gifts.
Retrieve your blessings and move from this.
Do it quick.
Then to leave.

Those who don't get it wont.
Pick up 'your' blessings.
Those who wont just don't.
Pick up 'their' blessings.
And the ones who rather stay in slumps,
To dump,
Their funk...
Witness this to leave.

Those who don't get it wont.
Pick up 'your' blessings.
Those who wont just don't.
Pick up 'their' blessings.
And the blessings you have are legit.
So don't argue with those who choose nitpick.

Those who don't get it wont.
And don't.
Those who wont get it don't.
But 'your' blessings are there to be recognized.
Keep your eyes open wide.
And move.

Those who don't get it wont.
Keep it movin'.
Those who wont get it don't.
Keep it movin'.
Those who don't get it wont.
And...
Just recognize 'your' blessings.

Those who don't get it wont.
Keep it movin'.
Those who wont get it don't.
Keep it movin'.
Those who don't get it wont.
And...
Pick 'your' blessings.
And...
Pick 'your' blessings.
In your mind kept recognized not to leave.
Pick up 'your' blessings,
To keep them in your mind to find and not to leave.
'Your' blessings.
Keep them in your mind to find and not to leave.
'Your' blessings.
Keep them in your mind to find and not leave.
Pick up 'your' blessings.
Pick up 'your' blessings.
Keep them in your mind and they wont leave.

Keep them in your mind.
'Your' blessings.
Visit them all the time.
'Your' blessings.
Keep them in your mind and they wont leave.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Pick Yourself Up Off The Bottom

Doo-doo-doo-doo do...Bedoo.
Bedoobe doo-bee-do...Be-dooooo-beeeeahhh.
Bah dum.
And-pick-yourself-up-off-the-bottom.

Doo-doo-doo-doo do...Bedoo.
Bedoobe doo-bee-do...Be-dooooo-beeeeahhh.
Bah dum.
And-pick-yourself-up-off-the-bottom.
Bah dum.
And-pick-yourself-up-off-the-bottom.

Get back to a simpler time.
If not just in your mind...
When you found a reason and rhyme.
To unwind.

Get back to a purposeness.
When you had much more sense.
And your mind wasn't condensed...
To accepting false lies...
To fly like they do!

Hop-in-that-taxi...and get back to you.

Doo-doo-doo-doo do...Bedoo.
Bedoobe doo-bee-do...Be-dooooo-beeeeahhh.
Bah dum.

Doo-doo-doo-doo do...Bedoo.
Bedoobe doo-bee-do...Be-dooooo-beeeeahhh.
Bah dum.
And-pick-yourself-up-off-the-bottom.

Doo-doo-doo-doo do...Bedoo.
Bedoobe doo-bee-do...Be-dooooo-beeeeahhh.
Bah dum.
And-pick-yourself-up-off-the-bottom.
Bah dum.

And-pick-yourself-up-off-the-bottom.

Doo-doo-doo-doo do...Bedoo.
Bedoobe doo-bee-do...Be-dooooo-beeeeahhh.
Bah dum.
And-pick-yourself-up-off-the-bottom.
Bah dum.
And-pick-yourself-up-off-the-bottom.
Bah dum.
Pick-yourself-up-off-the-bottom.

Bah dum.
And-pick-yourself-up-off-the-bottom.
Bah dum.
Just pick-yourself-up-off-the-bottom.
Bah dum.
Pick-yourself-up-off-the-bottom.
Bah dum.
Just pick-yourself-up-off-the-bottom.

Doo-doo-doo-doo do...Bedoo.
Bedoobe doo-bee-do...Be-dooooo-beeeeahhh.
Bah dum.
Giddyup, giddyup, giddyup, giddyup...and
Pick-yourself-up-off-the-bottom.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Picked For Celestial Punishment

There are those who seriously do not understand,
How it works!
The wilfull hurting of someone else.

Some actually believe,
It is okay to inflict emotional and/or physical pain...
And to walk away as if from this there was something gained!

The real problem with this people have...
Once they have acknowledged their activities.
Is the inability to accept,
'Why' they have been picked...
For celestial punishment.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Picked To Remember

No one can erase memories.
Whether they are selective,
To forget others.
Or picked to remember,
Every detail to embellish...
The ones continued to revisit,
A happiness with them that sits.
Or a bitterness to hold onto,
Just to bring it up,
For the convenience of admitting it.

No one can erase,
From a mind to replace...
That which to them has happened.
And if whatever that is remembered,
Is negative...
That is the one that will stay.
To return everyday to select.

'Uh...remember that day,
We were at the beach.
And you hit me in the head with a shell? '

~Yeah. Wow.
I remember it.
You were celebrating your 5th birthday.
I hadn't forgotten.~

'And here is that shell.
I've been waiting for years,
To hear you apologize.'

~For what? ~

'Ruining the most precious years,
Of my childhood.
Leaving me mentally scarred.
For the rest of my life.'

~But...
We got married.
Do you realize how old we are? ~

'I know.
And everyday I am reminded,
Of how you have taken me for granted.'

~Oh, GOD.
I can't believe this.~

'You?
I can't believe how long,
It has taken you to be considerate,
Of my feelings to at least apologize.'

~Baby. Honey. It's okay.
I'm not comfortable with this aging thing either.~

'We were so happy and innocent, then.
And on MY birthday.
You hit me in the head with this shell.'

~It's smaller than a pebble, honey.~

'Sure.
The older you get,
Everybody thinks you look great.
ME?
Nobody tells me that.'

~I just told you that yesterday.~

'You did?
But did you mean it? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Picking From A Grab Bag

Pick one.
Go ahead and pick one.
Just only pick one...
And pull it from the grab bag.

Pick one.
Why don't you pick one.
Just pick up any one,
And...
Pull it from the grab bag.

Do the children learn their ABC's,
Picking from a grab bag.
Is this the best that it can be,
To...
Pick from a grab bag.
What's learn by,
Picking from a grab bag.
What's earned by,
Picking from a grab bag.
Who teaches,
Picking from a grab bag.
Who preaches,
Picking from a grab bag.
And what lessons are really learned?

Who,
Teaches...
Picking from a grab bag.
Who preaches,
Picking from a grab bag.
What's learn by,
Picking from a grab bag.
What's earned by,
Picking from a grab bag.
And...
What lessons are really learned,
Picking from a grab bag.
Picking from a grab bag.

Picking from a grab bag.
Picking from a grab bag.

Who teaches,
Picking from a grab bag.
Who preaches,
Picking from a grab bag.
And...
What lessons are really learned,
Picking from a grab bag.
And...
What lessons are really learned,
Picking from a grab bag.
Who teaches,
Picking from a grab bag.
Who preaches,
Picking from a grab bag.
And...
What lessons are really learned,
Picking from a grab bag.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Picking Segments To Be Neglected

Different are the teachers of today,
Who are challenged to teach lessons...
To collective minds,
Sitting with a desire to be taught...
And learn in times desperate for thinkers.

A future invested can not be molested,
With a selecting to dissect...
Which part of a unified society,
Should receive a better treatment.
While picking segments to be neglected.

Those expecting to rise to leave others beneath,
Has not proven to be of benefit...
To a quality of life that has steadily decreased.
Nor has this strategy,
Eliminated a tragedy created by division.

And the need for discipline and respect is overwhelming.
As those who now see...
The feeding of ignorance and mediocrity,
Does not influence success.
Nor promises greatness to reflect the best.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Picking Teachers For Their Leader

Strangers!
Come before the darkness of night,
Crawls.
As twilight escorts the rising moon!
Strangers...
Known in dreams.
Whisper of their presence unseen.
But felt...
By a familiar comfort embraced.

My steps cease to seek a quickened pace.
There is no wish for leaving.
I am told in my mind I should stay.
Soft voices dance within rainbowed light!
Sparkling to convince...
I should pray with faith.
And they would make my life right!

Picking teachers for their Leader.
For the One never shown.
The One who through scriptures...
Repeated to make appear,
But left still for them to go unknown.

Picking teachers for their Leader.
How they do it like it's done...
When they come,
Nobody knows.

Their picking teachers for their Leader.
They say He's number One.
Like none other like He,
Upon me with gifts bestowed!

Strangers!
Come before the darkness of night,
Crawls.
As twilight escorts the rising moon!
Strangers...

Known in dreams.
Whisper of their presence unseen.
But felt...
By a familiar comfort embraced.

Their picking teachers for their Leader.
As God demands.
Their picking teachers for their Leader.
As God Commands.
Their picking teachers for their Leader.
And I understand...
Something that I give,
Must be done with giving hands.
And instantly I'm comprehending...
My relationship with my fellowman.

Their picking teachers for their Leader.
Picking teachers for their Leader.
Their picking teachers for their Leader.
Picking teachers for their Leader
Picking teachers for their Leader.
Picking teachers for their Leader!

Strangers!
Come before the darkness of night,
Crawls.
As twilight escorts the rising moon!
Strangers...
Known in dreams.
Whisper of their presence unseen.
But felt...
By a familiar comfort embraced.

Their picking teachers for their Leader.
Picking teachers for their Leader.
Their picking teachers for their Leader.
Picking teachers for their Leader
Picking teachers for their Leader.
Picking teachers for their Leader!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Picky And Petty Too

This is how the mind of those unconnected wind...
When they want something from you,
They want you to do.

They expect you to do it regardless of your time!
But don't expect 'that' from them...
You can try test after test,
And your conclusions will find...
As long as you allow them to use up your time,
They will think you have nothing else to do!
Because you think of them before yourself,
And selfishness for themselves 'first'...
Will be shown time after time to you!

That is how the mind of those unconnected wind.
And even though you know this is true...
Don't waste your time bringing it to their attention.
They will claim 'you' complain,
As well as picky and petty too!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Pictures Still Say What Words Can Not

I have no wish like others,
To feel and relive miseries.
There is nothing about sorrow,
That has an interest for me.

Some folks share their grief,
And can not leave these moments alone.
Folks like these I choose not to be around.
Nor are they invited near or inside my home.

I've had my days of weeping tears.
And for years they would not stop.
My heart has pounded in my chest...
Feeling I would pass out or dead I would drop!

But faith so strong I kept inside of me.
Even when those I thought were close...
Chose to leave me alone.
There was a message from God I learned from that.

When people think one is down and out...
They will make their true identities known!
And just how much time,
If any...
They have,
To make their feelings shown.

When one is flat on their back...
Folks can show where they are coming from.
With no need to express where they are at!
Or vocalize what they wish others to believe.
Pictures still say what words can not!
And some words unheard,
Can be the best one unseen can leave!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Piddled In Pits

Beat up and leave negativity,
Where it is.
Don't grieve over it.
Or assist to heal,
Repeated wounds revealed.

Beat up and leave negativity,
Where it is.
Forget it to rid it.
And be very specific.
Or it will just sit...
Watching you get more,
Piddled in pits!
Dawdled and frazzled,
Losing your wits.

No negativity is worth this fit!
Beat it and leave it just where it sits.
And don't assist to heal its wounds.
Shove it until you can dismiss its gloom.

Forget it to rid it.
Don't listen to it insist....
As it leaves you alone piddled in pits!
Dawdled and frazzled,
With a losing of wits.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Pieced Together From Shreds

You say you don't understand,
What it is I am trying to convey?
And you read again and again...
Still not comprehending?
In a way you think,
What I've said should be understood...
For a quick dot connection,
To determine if it's bad or good!

To digest after reading?
For an analyst it...
Or I may be needing.

But I like the thought of bleeding...
A multiple meaning instead.
I love it when that double entendre is done!
And whatever I have said,
Gets to be a memory in one's head!

I'm not going to make an interpretation easy.
Especially after I have to sit and wonder...
What is 'it' that I mean?
And if I've said anything,
I may later dread.

This 'Rubik's Cube' of teasing thoughts...
Would be more acceptable,
If presented to readers...
Pieced together from shreds!

Maybe I should introduce,
A variety of colors one could use?
'Blue' would be confusion.
'Yellow'?
Too far off track to get!
'White'?
Neither one of us are right!
And 'red'?
Something has been fed...

That can put this 'mess' to bed!

Inspired by:
Alice Anne Gordon
Scotland/United Kingdom

'Thank you, Alice.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Pieces Now Connecting

So happy am I now to live,
To have a mind free.
And the pieces now connecting,
Did not come to fit...
To snuggle,
Perfectly for me to see.
Or feel deep.

Oh so happy am I to have a mind,
Peacefully freed.
And it didn't come to happen,
Easily accepted...
As I thought a peace of mind,
For me...
Would come to be.

I thought all troubles came to be expected.
And easily for me to accept.
I even thought my head was only made to ache.
And easily I accepted.
I thought my life was meant to fear,
And easily I accepted.
With a living in pain to gain...
To easily accept,
And...
To keep it near.

Oh so happy am I to have a mind,
Peacefully freed.
And it didn't come to happen,
Easily accepted...
As I thought a peace of mind,
Would come to be.
For me.

Yes so happy am I now to live,
To have a mind free.
And the pieces now connecting,
Did not come to fit...

To snuggle,
Perfectly for me to see.
Or feel deep.

But now...
Perfectly for me to see.
And I feel deep,
Is a peace...
Within me as it's meant,
To be.

Oh so happy am I now to live,
What fits for me.
With pieces now connecting,
A peace that fits,
Perfectly intended as was meant,
To be.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Piercing Nerves

Walking in fear
Observed today and done.
Is becoming an accepted act,
Enforced upon everyone.

With freedoms being diminished,
And peace less used is shunned...
Democracy isn't as quick and easy,
As a way of life to come.

Hoodwinked and duped,
Sitting on curbs and front door stoops...
Inner city urbanites fight,
Sacrificing an involvement...
To save a lost drained youth.

Daring with hustled ambitions,
To gain a respect they dream...
With fast cash and flashing baubles,
Lay soaked in streams of blood
On streets unsafe, cruel and mean!

Pop! Pop! Bang! Bang!
Driveby shots from guns are heard.
Walking in fear and ducking stray bullets...
Shattering hopes,
And piercing nerves!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Pigeonholed

Pigeonholed?
Where do these rumors get started?
I am a Dove in heat!
I'm not trying to compete with those Penguins!
Or whatever they are!
I am doing what I'm qualified to do.
Fly above popcorn and peanut droppings.
I've tried to pop my head in those holes...
But was told I didn't fit in!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Pigs

Pigs do not always 'oink'.
To have it heard to easily identify them.
Or do they 'always' wallow away in squalor,
To squeal gleefully in sties where swine reside...
Enjoying the filth and the slinging of mud.

In fact...
I have seen some dressed to impress.
Wallowing away in squalor.
And squealing amongst themselves,
While enjoying mud to sling gleefully.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Pill Poppers

Upsetting to trouble,
Can be associated to realities...
One is unable face.
With a refusing a truth,
Taking place not to accept.
Since delusions adopted,
Have latched onto many minds.

Upsetting to trouble,
Many actions defended...
Without comprehending,
Why such actions should stop...
Those agitated addicted pill poppers,
Reaching quickly to numb...
Any hint of reality to them that comes.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Pimples On Her Nipples

She glouted...
And I stared.
She laid
With pimples on her nipples.
I asked if they were dimples?
She became offended.
As if I had requested
To touch each one.
I didn't.
Infact I admired how they were exposed.
And she gathered herself and plopped down
To another location...
Beached!
She was the one who chose to switch and bounce.
It was understood...
The cellulite she carried was all hers.
She made sure the Sun and eye popping done,
Captured her parade!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Pinch Me Quick!

'It's been a long time coming...
And its arrival has erased,
The agony of the wait!
This dream that has developed,
And come forward to take shape.
Finally...
I am able to embrace it!
Pinch me quick!
Am I awake? ! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Pioneering New Territory

The onslaught of vacuous meanderings,
Is a representation of the futile attempts...
One makes to create spontaneity.

And this...
In one's mindlessness,
Does not exist! Spontaneity.

However...
What does,
Is an abundance of innovative mediocrity.

And with the increase of nonsense...
One is boosted with a feeling that thrills,
As if pioneering new territory.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Piranhas

We can not blame anyone for ripping someone off!
Have we not extended blessings...
To anyone acquiring opulence.
And living to feed gluttony,
At our expense to dispense upon our imaginations.
While we entertain having champagne dreams and caviar wishes.

We have been fed to be greedy people.
We are even instructed...
To have the needs of our cravings met.
Through prayer and devotion to symbolism.
It all has been there.
Even enemies have been created for sport and profit!
Until those on the 'inside' could not stop it!

And like piranhas who feed...
They could care less who's flesh they are fed.
Especially if a system encourages the greed.
With hypocrites insisting...
These standards and values should be perceived.
As a way of life that exhalts a decency!

And a spreading of a democracy enforced...
With capitalism induced and endorsed!
WHO can divorce from these addictions,
If from birth one has been afflicted,
And upon this encouraged to nourish!

WHO you?
I've still got my eye on that Mercedes.
Forest green with mahogany accents in the interior.
Plush with lambskin.
Hoping my ship comes in.
I will be extremely disappointed...
If I should witness it sinking on the horizon.
My visions have me at least test driving the thing!
How long is this 'crisis' gonna last anyway?
Two-three weeks?
Any more than that...

Someone will have to peel me off the walls.
I am 'not' entitled to that kind of sacrifice.
There is nothing coming out of Hollywood that says that I should!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Pissilled And Posselled

Pissilled and posselled,
Are those quite disturbed.
By the advent of events...
That has unnerved,
Their advancements.

Blingless they've become,
With each visit to pawn their things.
Some diamond crusted...
While others are just gold leaf.

Down many notches,
From ladders they've climbed.
To find themselves among...
The ones they had considered,
As worthless slime.

Now crushed and crunched underneath,
Abandoned pretensions left behind.
Without friends to share name droppings without end.
Or bridge or cribbage players to be found among the 'swine'.

These pissilled and posselled inhabitants of despair...
Discover nothing in common with 'have nots' everywhere.
Cropped together like a flock of wingless flamingos.
Maintaining their pulchritude...
With a pompousness unnoticed.
Yet hoping to be rescued...
By the igniting at night of their sky brightening flares!

'Mother...
What on Earth has become of our money? '

*Only your father has that answer.
He has become quite chummy,
With 'those' people over there.
Singing 'We Shall Overcome'
And we are down to just a few flares.
Light another one, Morton.

The children's eyes are sparkling...
As if it is 4th of July! *

Note:
Pissilled and Posselled;
(2009) Those once of extravagant means,
suddenly stripped of their 'materialistic' way of life.
Now finding themselves in dire straits!

Introduced into the English language,
April 12th 2009 by Lawrence S. Pertillar

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Pit Stop

Enjoy whatever it is in your life,
You believe supplies a benefit.
And if during your journey,
Limitation is not addressed to arrest
The suppression of freed thought...
You let upset because it is not set free,
As is meant to be.
What fulfillment sought is this?
Especially if you insist...
Limits are welcome to sit and visit!

Can anyone explain this centered implosion wished,
To further drain one's happiness?
Lifted from the pit stop of historical myths.

'If' there is any real benefit lived by anyone...
Would it arrive to those alive,
Sitting...
To claim life is best lived,
By those who choose not to test it!
But accept it as it comes,
As if one should await for an invitation...
To re-energize,
Fill up and drive!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Pitching Away Bales Of Daily Nonsense

My scars and wounds,
You will never see.
A pain to relive...
Is not for me.

And it is not that I heal quickly.
Sharing that process,
Is something I do not believe.
Why should I wear my heart on my sleeve?
To prove my life has not been struggle free.

My scars and wounds,
You will never see.
A pain to relive...
Is not for me.

There is no reason for you or me,
To validate something we both can agree...
No one familiar with digging out of ditches.
Or pitching away bales of daily nonsense,
Is going to be doing that without a bruise.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Pitfalls

It is best to leave those who accept,
To disbelieve alone.
Statistics has shown this to be beneficial.
Especially for the ones,
Not prepared to have their peace sacrificed.
Unless you are the kind to expect,
A heated debate to lead to some achievement.
And you choose to use disbelievers,
As a practice to keep truth validated.
With it unexpectedly discovered eventually,
By those disbelievers who had opposed truth...
With it shown exposed and to them known.
And for whatever the reason,
This satisfies your attraction to keep your addiction,
To medicated your headaches as a way to prove...
That being human has its pitfalls.
And crawling out from under these traps unscathed,
Makes you feel you have contributed successfully!
And those who chose to keep deluded,
Are 'thisclose' from having their fantasies fade away.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Pitifulistic

There is a pity,
That has become so pitiful...
Its pitifulness,
Can only be described...
As having pitifulistic qualities.
And any attempt to reverse,
The adverse effects...
This pity has caused as if a curse,
Will take every human being...
On Earth,
Equipped with shovels...
To dig out from the dirt.
Dumped to smother up,
All the madness condoned.
That has been tolerated to accept,
The bulldozing!
And the droning sounds,
Entertaining to enhance ignorance...
While welcoming to dismiss,
Realities of disbeliefs.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Pits To Spit

Life has its peaks.
Cracks and crevices,
That create setbacks.
Setbacks that seem to load in packs
With unwanted disappointments,
From nowhere to appear.
With a doing to customize...
As if to do it is a personal attack,
Upon one's patience to leave none saved.

Make a pledge to take or fake it.
Life can have its pits to spit.
And difficult to swallow.
Since most fruit to chew isn't seedless.
Make it to take it to fake the pledge.
Or just quit whatever it is,
Before jumping off the edge.
To decide to minimize what is disliked.
With an acceptance of the pits.
To expect some bitterness allowed to exist.
For a more fulfilling and enjoyable life.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Pitstop

In my pain remaining,
You still dropp more of it.
As if I occupy a pitstop.
And I am there...
To replenish your need,
To gas up...
As you retire your worn out displeasures,
To rebuckle for a rebooting...
For a race you keep,
To speed away to leave me broken.

I pray for you!
To Stop this dance you do with evil.
But emotionally you wish me drained.
So no one else can see,
Who re-energizes you...
After you are through abusing me.

But one day you will come not to feel this way.
The scars dropped by the clock...
Will inflict upon your mind reminders.
Behind closed doors,
You will begin to feel trapped.
By a consciousness that visits.
And your past misdeeds will plead to be forgiven.

But...
From whom or what,
Will release you from those pitstops,
That left me strickened as you struck...
With a letting go for a public showing.

'Stop it,
Let me go.'

The scars dropped by the clock...
Will inflict upon your mind reminders.

'Stop it,

Let me go.'

The scars dropped by the clock...
Will inflict upon your mind reminders.

In my pain remaining,
You would dropp more of it.
As if I occupied a pitstop.
And I was there...
To replenish your need,
To gas up...
As you retired your worn out displeasures.
To rebuckle for a rebooting...
For a race you kept,
To speed away to leave me broken.

One day you will come not to feel this way.

'Stop it,
Let me go.'

The scars dropped by the clock...
Will inflict upon your mind reminders.

'Stop it,
Let me go.'

The scars dropped by the clock...
Will inflict upon your mind reminders.

And it will be your misdeeds.
Not me to haunt you.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Pity Makes Those Visits

Everyday you have to pray,
If you want a life to be lived right.
Everyday.

And everyday you have to do it in a way,
To make those loose ends tight.
Without a struggle or fight.

You want a life that's easy pleasing.
Without discipline or meaning.
Without work or sweat involved.
With your troubles quickly solved.

You wish your dreams to come alive.
While you sit and analyze...
Why others seem to have such luck!
And all you have is whining time.
With pity making visits in your mind.
That's all you want,
There to fine.

Everyday you have to pray,
If you want a life to be lived right.
Everyday.

And everyday you have to do it in a way,
To make those loose ends tight.
Without a struggle or fight.

But pity makes those visits in your mind.
All the time.
And all you wish to do is sit...
And analyze.
Why you ain't gotta dime.

And pity makes those visits in your mind.
All the time.

And all you wish to do is sit...

And analyze.
With thin dimes on your mind!

As pity makes those visits in your mind.
Without a thin dime to find!

As pity makes those visits...
You don't want to quit,
In your mind.
Without a thin dime to find!

Pity makes those visits you don't want to quit,
Sitting in your mind!
All the time!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Pity Partyers Coming In From Everywhere

Whose pity is this party for?
If this is an invitational event,
I will not be attending.
I realize many I am acquainted with,
Will be there.
And from what I understand...
There is an attempt to make this an annual affair?
With pity partyers coming in from everywhere?
I think my temperment might offend.
And I am feeling too 'up' to be 'down' this weekend.
And I am not prepared to defend my nonconformity.
Or how it all began.
But thanks again for the thought and your best wishes.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Pivot

Giving up a sight,
To scope upon another...
Is a pivot.
Why can't you pivot.

Turning your head,
Sometimes would be better...
If you pivot.
Why can't you pivot.

Why can't you leave what is,
To be it's own.
Why can't you,
Let live and let live alone.
Why can't you,
Walk away or go back home.

Giving up a sight,
To scope upon another...
Is a pivot.
Why can't you pivot.

Turning your head,
Sometimes would be better...
If you pivot.
Why can't you pivot.

Why can't you leave what is,
To be it's own.
Why can't you pivot.
Do a pivot.

Why can't you,
Let live and let live alone.
Why can't you pivot.
Do a pivot.

Why can't you,
Walk away or return back home.

Why can't you leave what is,
To be it's own.
Why can't you,
Let live and let live alone.

Giving up a sight,
To scope upon another...
Is a pivot.
Why can't you pivot.

Turning your head,
Sometimes would be better...
If you pivot.
Why can't you pivot.

Turning your head,
Sometimes would be better...
If you pivot.
Why can't you pivot.
Why can't you do this.
Do a pivot.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Placate (Remain They Stay)

Wanting to be paid to keep up.
With a sweeping away the trash,
Tossed in their own streets.
While blaming the blood,
Streaming down gutters...
Inflicted on their neighbors,
Sisters and brothers...
On others to accuse,
Of their self abusing ways.
And excused they are,
By others who say...
'They deserve a getting,
From us a serving...
Of displayed remorse and pity.'

And everyday they stay,
Seeking that pity.
As a way to remain enslaved.

Taught to adapt,
To being 'have nots'.
Portraying to be victims,
More severe...
Than their long forgotten,
Ancestors.

Allowing their minds,
Unused to rot.
And seeking to be pitied,
While craving to re-create...
Ever moment of researched,
Oppression to squeeze...
Empathy to drain it dry.

Placated.
With dedication devoted...
To handouts and sympathy.
Placated.
To roles too old but played.

In minds wasted and vacant.
Remaining that way to stay...
Safely placated.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Placed On A Lazy Susan

That buck has been passed from one to another...
For too long and too often.
With nothing getting done!
And now those who assisted in its worthlessness,
Say they know how to turn things around.
Instead of laying their divisive issues on the table...
They rather see them placed on a 'Lazy Susan'.
Declaring this is a better way to ensure accountability!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Placed On Pedestals High

Overbloated by boasted ideals.
And consumed by boosted images.

None of this is real but affects mindsets.
With immaculate pretensions.
Yet...
A collision resides,
Inside where truth is not invited.

In fact,
Neither is a comfort condoned...
In a place one calls 'home'.
In mind, body or spirit!

Although,
A perfectness is expected...
By those who have achieved notoriety!
And they are placed on pedestals high,
Closer to the worshipped heavens!
To maintain robotized lives.
Delighting those deluded and awed,
By human achievements that become idolized.

And rubbing elbows close,
Surviving one sees are their hypocrisies.
Almost as clear as the cracks appearing,
And barely hidden...
On foundations in much need,
Of updated restorations.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Placed Within This Festival Of Vision

Did you believe,
The giving of the spectrum done...
Was created to provide your enjoyment only?
To satisfy the gratifying sense of flesh.
Until the escaping depth of breath,
Comes to quiet in cycles of death...
All that now and has lived,
Rushes into a silence that forgets
With buried experiences!

Here we are...
Placed within this festival of vision.
Given to partake and share,
This Cosmos...
Mystique le magnifique, n'est pas? Oui!
Et c'est si bon.

Traveling...
You and I,
Suspended in dimensions of life.
To sparkle in brilliant light.
Discovering,
As we gaze upon the stars and moon.
Sun bright give us life we live here...
On a sphere of Earth that allows a birthing,
Of our imaginations.
To dance and whisper sweet wishes,
Granted.

And it is so clear,
The works of God has spoiled our involvement.
To expect this spectrum ever evolving...
Will endure a disrespect of its greatness.

We are just but specks undetected...
Beyond this atmosphere.
Cloaked but evoking wonder.
And yet we wish to magnify the affects,
Of our infestation!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Places I'Ve Never Been

Shuggy shuggy shuggy shock pop pop.
Shuggy shuggy shuggy shock pop.

You bring me,
To places...
I've never been before.
To leave me just to tease.
And begging you for more.
Oh.
Shuggy shuggy shuggy shock pop pop.
Shuggy shuggy shuggy shock pop.
Oh.
Shuggy shuggy shuggy shock pop pop.
Shuggy shuggy shuggy shock pop.
I let you get me...
Hooked.
I let you get me...
Addicted.
Let you get me...
Hooked.
I let you get me...
Addicted.

You get me early mornin',
With you wanted all day long.
Oh.
You're not common like you wanted me to believe.
No.
You're not common like you wanted me to believe.
Oh.
You're not common like you wanted me to believe.
No.
Oh.
Shuggy shuggy shuggy shock pop pop.
Shuggy shuggy shuggy shock pop.

You bring me,
To places...
I've never been before.

Then you leave me knowing in your mind,
I'm gonna want you more.
I let you get me...
Hooked.
I let you get me...
Addicted.
Let you get me,
Hooked.
I let you get me,
Addicted.
You're not common like you wanted me to believe.
No.
Oh.
You're not common like you wanted me to believe.
Oh.
You're not common like you wanted me to believe!
No.
You've got me,
To places I've never been.
You've got me,
To places I've never been.
You've got me...
To places I've never been.
And...
You're not common like you wanted me to believe!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Places To Avoid

Concentrated are more escapes to make,
Today.
Tomorrow.
As common sense and the use of it,
Diminishes.

Too many are finding themselves bombarded,
By threats to fear.
And places to avoid others depict,
As being more dangerous...
Than the ones where they sit.
With weapons near within reach to protect,
Their minds from any signs of conflicts.
Conflicts in their minds they invite to exist.
With everyday to be reminded,
Threats are near and protecting against fear...
Is the only way today to feel safe,
From those others say are crazed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Places To Hide Pretensions

Are you trying to fit in,
To a box crumbling into pieces?
And all that you wish,
Is to have things done your way?

Has it dawned on you,
Few are still holding onto this point of view?
'Change' is just not a word that is being said.
Everything on Earth is moving ahead.
Except you.
And you refuse to believe it!

Haven't you noticed?
Truth has removed...
Places to hide pretensions.
Well...
Maybe not yours,
Yet!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Plagiaristic Dream

If I did not respect the craft itself,
My approach would be less fresh.

I do not understand,
The mindset of vulture.
One who picks over...
Those of fame to make a name.
Or make aims to infuse,
An excuse for originality.

If I did not respect the craft itself,
My approach would be less fresh.
And the art of poetry...
Would be a plagiaristic dream.
Discovered today by many,
With that mindset it seems.

'Anything to advance,
A jackass believed to be enhanced! '

~And I thought we were talking about vultures? ~

Pay attention!

Again!
...If I did not respect the craft itself,
My approach would be less fresh.

I do not understand,
The mindset of vulture...

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Plagued By Woes

Plagued by woes.
And a grief that keeps miseries,
Kept for centuries wept to weep...
From distant shores our ancestors,
Left to leave behind...
To find better lives to live.
Some did and some didn't.
Yet collectively we remind ourselves,
We live as one family.
To be sisters and brothers.
In a place like none other.

And here we live as remarkable as it is,
To have abilities to spend millions spent...
Sending orbiting probes to discover if,
Life as we know it...
On other planets exist that represents,
An intelligence that equals...
The kind we have that is meant to present,
Accomplishments we have gained

Although in the process of such progress,
Neglect we do to expose it shown...
A displaying of more,
Than just an ignorance to allow...
For the purpose to condone,
A greed to feed a need that pleases...
Those who spread their hatred and bigotry.
To believe it a success to have humanity bleed,
With a creating to initiate civil unrest.
Plagues by woes that everyone gets,
As if done to leave all benefitting from it..

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Planned Escapades

To exit from a highway taken,
For a route believed easier traveled...
With an arrival successfully achieved,
When one happily reaches that destiny.
Against the advice of flashing warning lights.
Says one thing about who is behind the wheel...
Feeling untouchable and refusing to pay attention.

Running out of gas on a dusty road,
To choose to walk whether slow or fast...
On a path one makes through a wilderness,
Gives...
One plenty of time to think!

And...
With appreciated patience,
One finds no longer speeds to escapes...
When the planning of escapades,
Are wished to never again forget...
To prioritize with emphasis!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Plans To Franchise

I too wish I had much more to offer!
I am sure I will...
As soon as time allows!
What about you?
Aren't you participating in this life too?
Or is your position to leech?
One you are committed to perfect,
And teach to market...
With future plans to franchise?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Plant To Seed

What is done to plant to seed,
Takes invested interest not to leave...
To grow with an expectation,
If left alone...
A crop to harvest will be shown,
To have flourished without nourishment.
Or expressed encouragement,
Known of it heard nor it seen.

Nothing thrives without love given it,
To survive and stay alive.
And expectations without interest to invest,
Is a worthless waste of time...
Protesting disappointments.
And what from others some should get,
To believe they are owed...
For their investment of negligence.
With that to produced as their only interest.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Planted

I am who I am.
And from a seed planted,
In an environment...
I grew to love.
Comprehend and understand.
With rudiments of life taught early.
To know them to learn,
Never to forget.
Or decide them useless to dismiss.

I learned ignorance was not a given.
Nor a birthmark to accept.
I learned responsibility,
Was not a choice for me.
But a duty to expect.

I learned refusing to be foolish,
May separate me from the rest.
Yet...
Respect to keep and show to others,
Will be the main remembered lesson
That achieves success.

And one's environment to reminisce,
Without regretting the experience...
Will be revisited often,
As the true ingredient needed...
Planted to feed the desire,
To reach and climb to heights.
Even after the doing of it,
Leaves one to crave...
More.
Until one's appetite is satisfied.
And that seldom happens.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Planting Cemented Steps

Knowledge to obtain it,
Is not assumed to get.
Nor is wisdom,
From a grab bag snatched.
Without experiencing,
Regrets that sit...
Unpacking setbacks.

Going through unfocused motions
Can weigh upon emotions,
Wishing tears to wipe...
From eyes wept would dry,
Before someone recognizes...
A need to mop an entire floor.

And it's not until,
One stumbles to fall...
That it is decided,
A crawling to do...
Proves nothing at all.
When a standing to walk,
Tall.
Planting cemented steps.
Can not be done,
Whining behind a locked...
And closed door.

Knowledge to obtain.
Takes a planting,
Cemented steps.
Facing obstacles to remove.
And remaining determined,
To let go of 'yesterday'.
With it done.
And impossible...
To improve to redo again.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Planting Misdeeds

Envy and jealousy kept to keep to spread,
Eventually creeps into the heads of others.
And this feeling deep seated,
Increases in the minds of sisters and brothers...
To find them defeated every time.
With hidden agendas and secret plots to deplete,
Happiness shown of any kind
Leaving a hatred left to suffer by all.

Take a look.
Petty thieves, leeching crooks and deceivers...
Are everywhere planting misdeeds.

Ask yourself this question.
'With what effectiveness am I participating,
In the nurturing of weeds to kill the bloom of flowers?
And is my progress as successful as it can be? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Plastic

Superficial is...
Plastic.
A plastic some recognize,
Can easily be disguised as glass.
If and when the doing of it is wished.
But smudges to smear on plastic,
Are difficult to remove.
Without diminishing its appearance.
And those genuine like a diamond,
To sparkle bright wherever they go...
Will cut through both plastic and glass.
With a doing it to leave,
No one to believe them to be artificial.
And this shown in some social circles,
Will and can offend those who become upset...
Their lives are not left to live,
Superficial.
Highly artificial.
And noticeably plastic.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Plastic Backbones

Owning and not to borrow or loan,
One's direction taken...
Consisting of a mix of confidence,
Faith and initiative unshaken.
And unafraid to admitting,
The making of mistakes.
These are the straight-up no nonsense people.

Yet others who protest against,
That which they had accepted with consciousness...
To then wish a quick fix demanded that mends,
Their broken plastic backbones too inflexible to bend...
Have found themselves melting when heat begins,
To test a faith claimed obtained by praying...
With false images portraying pretended strength.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Plastic Pity

Within some minds,
It is okay to be criticized.
And in some minds closed and confined...
What others do to them,
Is perfectly fine.

And yet there are those minds,
Behind times trying to define...
How best to belittle,
With a showing of unconsiousness...
A plastic pity that will fit,
All occasions that will suit...
A showing of a care-less-ness,
So obvious and with no regret.

With their noses in the air...
They plastic pity.
They dare to play it really fair,
With their plastic pity.
They careless who is there to spare,
With their plastic pity.
Or who lives on and in despair,
As long as they give pity.
A plastic empty pity.

With their noses in the air...
They plastic pity.
They dare to play it really fair,
With their plastic pity.
They careless who is there to spare,
With their plastic pity.
Or who lives on and in despair,
As long as they give pity.
A plastic empty pity.

And yet there are those minds,
Behind times trying to define...
How best to belittle,
With a showing of unconsiousness...

A plastic pity that will fit,
All occasions that will suit...
A showing of care-less-ness,
So obvious and with no regret.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Plateau Rising

Modulator toting.
Demodulator coding.
Flashed and minimized...
Decoded modem-ized!
Speeding as we go,
In Information modes!

Horse and buggy days are gone,
But so many still hang on.
With attempts to stop the pace...
To slow down a human race!
Getting out of hand,
But no one group can command!
With computers in control...
Of everything we know!

Up on plateaus!
On plateau rising goals!

Made with two wheels
Then with four.
Fresh air opened buggies,
Now motorized with doors!
Got to let them go...
Those who are too slow!
Those who can't keep up...
Are lost in mud and muck!

Too slow...
Got to let them go!
Those who are not computerized,
Will find they have been victimized!
These are not the days to stop...
To watch those weeping on street blocks!
Chips on shoulders will not feed,
In today's economy!
The world is spinning like a top.
Hold on tight or you will drop!
Take those chips and pop them quick...

In laptops used to message in fits!

Up we go...
On plateaus yet to show!
Plateau rising goals,
In computer minded mode.

Oh. Oh. Oh!
No more horse and buggy 'whoas'!

Modulator toting.
Demodulator coding.
Flashed and minimized...
Decoded modem-ized!
Speeding as we go,
In Information modes!

Oh. Oh. Oh!
No more horse and buggy 'whoas'!
Got to let them go!
Those who are too slow!
Those who are not computerized,
Will find they have been victimized!
These are not the days to stop...
To watch those weeping on street blocks!
Chips on shoulders will not feed,
In today's economy!
The world is spinning like a top.
Hold on tight or you will drop!
Take those chips and pop them quick...
In laptops used to message in fits!

Oh. Oh. Oh!
No more horse and buggy 'whoas'!
Got to let them go...
Those who are too slow!
Those who can't keep up this pace,
Are lost in mud and muck in haste!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Platform Plunge

We watched each rung he took to climb,
And he chose the smaller one...
From which to take his dive!
And he won with a look of surprise!

He took that winning with a sight,
To acheive a dive from the next platform height!
He had more confidence...
Showing in his eyes that were wide and bright!

To the top he wanted to go to jump!
He wanted to be sure he was seen by everyone!
Even his family wasn't sure of this one.
And he spiraled from the top to shock and stun...
Those watching him and the platform becoming undone!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Platforms Debated

Every one of their platforms debated,
Are today outdated.
Like a fence that has been removed...
There are those insisting,
To exist within limits as if something to prove.

Rusted are standards,
Longing to be replaced.
And this remains fixed in minds...
As if yesterday has been reborn,
From decades past but today retraced.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Platinum

Shadows only shade,
Not produce a single light...
On a path one makes.

Seeking to hide behind those shadows,
May welcome more grunts to stunt...
With additional heartaches that come to break.

Get up and shine,
Like you're platinum.
Glow and radiate.
Get up and glisten.
Like a priceless diamond.
Gleam in the mix and celebrate.

Shadows only shade,
Not produce a single light...
On a path one makes.

Keep it there,
As if you are platinum.
Share whenever you choose.
Sparkle bright like a diamond,
And strut like you've got new shoes!

Shadows only shade,
Not produce a single light...
On a path one makes.

Seeking to hide behind those shadows,
May welcome more grunts to stunt...
With additional heartaches that come to break.

Get up and shine,
Like you are platinum.
Glow and radiate.
Get up and glisten.
Like a priceless diamond.
Gleam in the mix and celebrate.

Keep it there,
And strut around like you're platinum.
Keep it there,
Radiate and celebrate.
Keep it there...
To blind the eyes like a diamond,
Fresh and priceless...
And never out of date!

Or rated as fake!

Keep it there,
Like you're platinum.
Keep it there,
To radiate!
Keep it there...
To blind the eyes like a diamond,
Fresh and priceless...
And never out of date!

Don't forget about titanium,
Your next move to make.

And strut around like you're platinum.
Keep it there,
Radiate and celebrate.
Keep it there...
To blind the eyes like a diamond,
Fresh and priceless...
And never out of date!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Plausibilities

Of all the statements,
In exchanged remarks made...
Are the ones most retainable
And heightens eyebrows arched.
Those are diced with spice and scandalous.
Plausibilities whispered over crumpets and tea.
Poured over rumors...
With frosted spearmint tips.
As these knitters giggle,
In convalescent circles.
After lurking from separate rooms,
In wheelchairs waiting...
For a push and conversation,
To begin again sensations!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Play It Safe

Play it safe.
If you don't want things too complicated,
By words you speak that may escalate...
To offend naysayers waiting to berate,
Every move or decision you make...
Play it safe.

Play it safe.
And if you choose to do this,
Don't hesitate.
Or let anything you happen to hear,
Appear to irritate you into needless debate
Just to lure you to expose impatience.

Play it safe.
Refuse to use excuses to indicate,
To those detractors...
It's okay to re-route your path.
And direction of your fate.
Play it safe.

If you must correct with a slower pace...
By coming face-to-face to eliminate,
Accusations made...
With a breaking away.
Do it...
Before you find the time is late.
Play it safe!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Play Me For A Fool You May

Play me for a fool you may.
To inflict a public stumbling fall.
I am not that weak to sit still and weep!
Or complain that my knees
Scrap from a toilful crawl.

Slander, backstab, defame with games.
Laugh if you must if this is your aim.
Make sure my friends and family see me shamed.
But I've learned to get up,
From any ditch trenched by those gutless...
Satisfied to whine on their shiftless butts!

Play me for a fool you may.
Tell others who demean,
I am wallowing in dismay!
During my struggles seen...
I may be in complete disarray.

But one day you will see,
Me erect and standing tall.
As conflict upon conflict...
Comes to visit you afterall.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Play The Fool

Any attempts someone makes,
To eliminate the fate to face...
What God intends for one done,
To achieve.
Yet believed by others wishing,
They've been bestowed to have...
Influence over what is or is not,
To be experienced to receive.
Would not make much,
Of a noticeable difference...
To the ones dumbed down.
And have long stopped,
Thinking to pay attention.

'But...
Who is keeping 'whom' from what?
And why for the purpose?
Or reason? '

-The ones dumber,
Than those they've dumbed down.
Although the doing,
They perceive leaves them...
To benefit from it.-

'How? '

-Ssshhh.
Never publicly display,
You have that kind...
Of intelligence.
To keep asking questions.
An active and wondering mind,
Is easily suspect as a threat.-

'So...
What should I do? '

-Play the fool.

At least you won't be accused,
Or blamed for making...
Stupid decisions.-

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Played On

People of a certain mentality,
Have a commonness with each other...
And they play games.

The more they believe they are in demand,
They do this...
And the game remains the same.

They make promises they never keep.
They wish to make others wait...
While they deceive another,
Who is not aware they cheat.
And doing this preserving an innocence believed.
As they juggle several relationships,
Until their spouses find this out...
And from them they leave!

People of a certain mentality,
Have a commonness with each other...
And they play games.

Stupid ones!
But they don't know they are played on them,
Everyday!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Played Secretly

There are those who use others,
To mask their insecurities.
As if in the doing,
They are protected and immuned...
From scrutiny.
With a continuing of victimizing,
In a declaration of their innocence.

And there are some,
Who extend to the ones like this...
An empathy.
Not knowing that they themselves,
Are being played like rooks to deploy.
Quicker than pawns to destroy,
By the ones choosing to create their own rules.

Believing the making of fools to be played secretly,
While keeping their activities...
Close to their chest to gain adulation,
Will keep them in the game to gain more attention.
And ultimately they do.
But not for the reasons they pursued.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Player Of Tricks

No one who's attracted to another,
Does it...
Just for kicks.
Just for kicks.
And no one who allows themself to suffer,
Does it...
Just for kicks.
Just for kicks.

No one on the ground found,
With their head hung down...
Is a player of tricks,
For attention to get.
And no one with a broken heart,
Sobbing not to stop.
Does this just for kicks.
Enjoying it.

No one who's attracted to another,
Does it...
Just for kicks.
Just for kicks.
And no one who allows themself to suffer,
Does it...
Just for kicks.
Just for kicks.

And no one does this with this done,
Knowing someday one will come...
Taking their emotions just to twist,
For the fun it.

No one who's attracted to another,
Does it...
Just for kicks.
Just for kicks.
And no one who allows themself to suffer,
Does it...
Just for kicks.

Just for kicks.

But some who deceive love to see others bleed,
And...
Just for kicks,
Of the doing of it.

Some who deceive love to see others bleed,
And...
Just for the kicks,
Of the doing of it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Playing Crazy

If I had not lived my life,
To recognize early...
The petty doings of mischievious demons,
I too would become easily upset...
And feel threatened by their Earth bound tactics,
With them accepted to believe...
The walls they build to prevent my progress,
Are the same ones constructed...
From which they perceive,
Keeps me restricted mentally...
As they have proven themselves to be.
And if I had not lived my life,
To recognize early...
The petty doings of mischievious demons,
I would be like so many...
Caught up in 'religious' beliefs,
That staying to pray on beneded knees...
Would be ammunition enough,
To get the wicked misdeeds those demons leave...
To someday from me disappear.
And 'spiritually' I have found...
Earth bound tactics that demons use,
I can dismiss anytime I wish from my mind!

'How? '

Comprehending the benefits of discipline.
With a facing of obstacles to test my faith.
And understanding that conflicts and confusion,
Humans are taught to create and make...
For the purpose to escape from their own insecurities,
Is a doing the demons have effectively done...
To ignore the power of The One Most High.

'But you can not 'see' that.'

Exactly.
Nor can you see my thoughts.
Or to that which I am connected to validate,

My feelings with them kept real to believe.

'So...
What about the demons? '

What about them?
They are using everything to recuit new members.
And I don't mind standing in line.
I want to know all I can about their methods.
Portraying a fool and being one makes a difference.
And playing one who is crazy,
Has its advantages.

'Okay, MS Lawrence.'

LOL.
You demons are funny as hell.
Hmmm...
Let's see.
Sorry.
That's already on the list.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Playing Dodge Ball As If Children

I fought petty wars for you.
Wars you never knew,
That came close to you.
I nipped them in the bud!
That's how petty they grew.
And you are the first prepared,
To do the things to me you do?
You may have plots to go into mindless battle...
But watch who you do that with!
And be mindful of who you choose to screw.
Just to get to me!
Because of accusations you chose to use,
As an excuse.
While you give them enough fuel...
To destroy everything about you.
And as I have learned my lessons from the past...
Playing dodge ball as if children,
On a mine field of those playing hide and seek...
Is extremely dangerous.
Especially for those who age!
With a forgiveness expected...
But none coming forth to last!
Not to praise after such a degrading.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Playing It Safe

Play it safe?
On what field of endeavor,
Could I possibly do that?

From the moment I was made aware...
Of restrictions and limits.
Comparisons and statistics...
Enforced upon my receptive mind,
Was a difference I dealt with!

I found that playing it safe,
Would never be my option!
And that,
I was taught...
By others who thought,
It 'had' to be brought to my attention!
Early.
As I began my first steps,
Upon a path...
Sometimes still feels threatened.

And with 'that' successfully done...
With ambitions intact.
I prepared myself to face obstacles.
And prayed for assistance,
When confronted by challenges...
Of all kinds that would come to attack,
From an assortment of programmed minds.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Playing Possum (Give Me Reason)

Do you gossip.
Playing possum all day long.

Ready to dump that junk.
I'm so ready,
For you...
To dump that junk.

Give me reason,
To keep my love maintained to sustain.
And give me time,
To understand...
What is it you gain.
Give me more touches,
Your kisses and hugs.
And I'll to you give...
My everything.

'Really? '

Do you gossip.
Playing possum all day long.

You are...
There to stay,
On my mind.
Yes you are...
Time to give to you I find.
You are...
A blessing I've been glad to get.
But your love for gossip,
I can't deal with.

Do you gossip.
Playing possum all day long.

'I don't gossip when you're here with me.
And it's not gossip...
When it's done with dignity.'

I see.
But do you gossip,
With others when I try to sleep?

'Only if it's a necessity.'

Give me reason...
Why you can't dump that junk.
I'm so ready,
For you...
To dump that junk.

'It seems you play possum more than me.
Your nosiness keeps you from getting sleep.
Even possums playing dead don't 'try' to peek.
Or sneak.'

Uh...

'Give me reason...
Why you can't dump that junk.
I'm so ready,
For you...
To dump that junk.
Especially when the floor begins to creak.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Pleading For More Time

I fear...
The ticking of a clock heard.
Tick-tock-a-tick-tick-tick tock,
a-tick tock.
I fear...
The ticking of a clock heard.
Tick-tock-a-tick-tick-tick tock,
a-tick tock.
I fear...
The ticking of a clock heard.
Tick-tock-a-tick-tick-tick tock,
a-tick tock.
And I don't want to be the one,
Pleading for more time.
And I don't want to be the one,
With a trying of time to find...
When it's gone!

I fear...
The ticking of a clock heard.
Tick-tock-a-tick-tick-tick tock,
a-tick tock.
I fear...
The ticking of a clock heard.
Tick-tock-a-tick-tick-tick tock,
a-tick tock.
I fear...
The ticking of a clock heard.
Tick-tock-a-tick-tick-tick tock,
a-tick tock.
And I don't want to be the one,
Pleading for more time.
And I don't want to be the one,
With a trying of time to find...
When it's gone!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Pleading For Your Heart Again

You have hurt me more than the wounds,
I can show.
More than any scars.
Of those thrown mental blows.

And everytime I struggled,
To get back on my feet.
There I was...
Pleading for your heart again.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Pleading On Their Hands And Knees

The test dissected has been done to select...
From those who have chosen materialism to digest.
And those who are able to feel and see,
The anguish created by these misdeeds.

And the ones who have depleted others,
With a disregard to feed their own greed.
Are the ones who will suffer the most.
Pleading on their hands and knees...
To be freed of the guilt and restlessness.
That will haunt their mentalities for all eternity!

The ticking and the tock,
Has not stopped on this clock...
For them!
They have regrets,
That come they have not met!
Not-just-yet!
But that hour approaches upon them.
And that stinging done...
Promises to stun!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Pleading To Be Accepted

Long before water was used to abuse,
As a device to slowly poison minds...
Greed and the ability to deceive,
Was a guarantee to leave victims...
Pleading to be accepted,
To further deepen their debts.
With a belief good credit to achieve,
Would enable them to impress anyone.

And racism?
If everyone was rich,
To possess any object they wished...
Divisive divisions created in minds,
No one would have time to prioritize them.
Or use boundaries as a discussion to debate,
Whose entitled to live life as they choose.
While confiscating resources from others.

'I thought this was a history class.
And not economics.'

It's all about theft.
And how it is religiously kept.

'Oh.
So it's about religion? '

What isn't?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Please Bear With My Hypothesis

Let me preface my earlier premise with this.
And please bear with my hypothesis.

IF a hole appears to have been dug,
AND with a doing that is deep...
Somebody, somewhere is aware of doing it.
Somebody knew,
Of that digging done to do.

Now...
IF streets are trashed and this is passed,
To see on a daily basis.
SOMEBODY sees it to leave it there.
SOMEBODY passes it and just doesn't care.

When eyes are wide open and minds are clear,
It becomes difficult to deny that which appears.
Although when minds are closed,
In denial to excuse...
Accusations then begin,
To confuse a few to blame others to accuse.

Refusing to acknowledge written warnings,
Scrawled on high and neon-ed walls...
Everyone choosing to dismiss what this is,
Are heard debating in a finding of fault...
Who is responsible for this attention to them brought.
N'es Pas?
That's French for...
Snap out of it and smell the stench.

And those who exclaim where the truth still remains,
Seem always to be shot down behind the eight ball...
To be framed and removed from a crooked played game.

Yet...
Deeper gets that hole dug deep.
Deeper get the deceptions that people keep.
Deeper in crevices those hide their lies.

And deeper and more indebted,
Are those who owe to the ones they despise.

IF a hole appears to have been dug,
AND with a doing that is deep...
Somebody, somewhere is aware of doing it.
Somebody knew,
Of that digging done to do.
A choosing to refuse an admitting of it,
Does not remove the guilt or those fingerprints...
On those shovels abandoned in the hole.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Please Consider Becoming Our Leader

Defiant.
Nonconformist.
Rebellious.
Militant.
Nationalistic.
Irreverent.
Blasphemous.
Dysfunctional.
And psychotic.
With deviant ambitions!
Plus you have the right touch of bigotry,
Bordering on racism.

'Hey...
Why don't you run for office.
These things we already know about you.
And...
You are the only one left,
Who can best represent us!
We know you can be trusted.
Because you lay it all out.
There is nothing you are trying to hide.
Plus you tell it like it is!
And we've grown tired of trying to achieve beliefs...
That are not who we are!
Although...
Some of us wish to maintain our pretensions.
Please consider becoming our leader.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Please Do Not Bring This To Their Attention

Hmmm,
Authentic?
About as authentic as false smiles will allow.
I guess.
Or one's depiction of those envied,
At best.

Who knows?
One's truth is in the acceptance of one's perception.
And the ability to entertain denial!
Stand where you are,
And observe this!
It's free.

One who embellishes without constraint,
Can damage the quality of a class act.
By going through the motions.
And not a growth shown from that...
Is attempted with or without requests.

Authentic?
Will put replicas to shame.
If recognized!
But those accustomed to mediocrity,
Would never know the difference between
What's genuine or fake.
Since much of their environment,
Is based on substitutes and other things demeaned.

Oh...stop that glaring at me!
Open your eyes and let that be seen.
I'm just your tour guide.
Not the creator of this BS!

However,
Please do not bring this to their attention.
We find their pretentions,
Priceless.
And...

Judging by your reaction,
You do as well.
At least your good tastes have not been wasted.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Please Do Not Resist

At nighttime I have found my mind,
Can not unwind.
You've got my insight on a hold...
All thoughts I've left behind.

And I know you're not the kind,
To try to probe and define me.
And feeling good I surely do...
Because of you it's true.

A taste I want a little bit...
Of it.
Yes.
A taste I want a little bit,
But I am not a quitter.

I know I'll try to get as much of it,
As I can get.
Oh I know I am persistent...
And it's to your benefit.

A taste I want a little bit...
Of it.
Yes.
A taste I want a little bit,
But I am not a quitter.
And...
I know I'll try to get as much of it,
As I can get.
Oh I know I am persistent...
And it's to your benefit.

And I know you're not the kind,
To try to probe and define me.
And feeling good I surely do.
Because of you it's true.

A taste I want a little bit...
Of it.

Yes.
A taste I want a little bit,
But I am not a quitter.

I know I'll try to get as much of it,
As I can get.
Oh I know I am persistent...
And it's to your benefit.

A taste I want a little bit...
Of it.
Yes.
A taste I want a little bit,
But I am not a quitter.

I know I'll try to get as much of it,
As I can get.
Oh I know I am persistent...
And it's to your benefit.

Oh I know I am persistent...
And from me you can't resist!
Oh I know I am persistent...
And from me you can't resist!

I know I am persistent!

You can not resist.

I know I am persistent!

You can not resist.

A taste I want a little bit.
Please do not resist.
A taste I want a little bit.
Please do not resist.
A taste I want a little bit.
Please do not resist.

I know I am persistent!

You can not resist.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Please Do Not Take This Personally

I am impressed by your progress.
And 'controlled' ability to listen.
'That' I applaud.
We both have shown tremendous growth.

However,
I must bring this to your attention!
That you still refuse to regard my opinion,
Is a matter of your own survival.
I can only extend my best wishes.

But I will 'suggest' this...
Maybe vacating the entire building,
Before the wrecking ball swings.
And the building gets hit?
Leaving it,
Will decrease my 'suspicions'...
That you and your followers will suffer fatalities.
And maybe life long injuries that 'will' exist!

I'm not wishing this.
Perhaps it is an 'intuitive' perception.
Perhaps?

'How would you know this?
What experience do you have?
Why do you attempt to undermine my leadership?
And question my competence?
When 'that' stirs your jealousy.
And to see it is so sad!

When you can produce documented proof,
Perhaps 'then' your 'opinions...
Will be for us more significant.
Until then,
Things will be done as I see fit!
And I can see already,
You are envious of this!

Right now,
And please do not take this personally!
But right now,
I see you as an arrogant and egotistical opportunist!
Using that wrecking ball as a means to make a point,
You have yet to prove.'

You are right.
We do have communication problems.
However...
I do not foresee them as being in our way too much longer!

'I'm glad you have finally come to your senses.
You are not the only one,
With insight and observation.
And seeing it from our point of view,
There will be lessons learned for you.'

You have no idea!
And by the way...
No!
I don't.
I don't take these lessons to be learned,
As personal at all!
Not on these levels of such clarity.

In fact,
I am honored to have you teach them to me.
Lessons like these are life changing!
And once in a lifetime do they come.

Bon Voyage!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Please Do Not Turn This Into 3-D

I do not judge what I observe,
I AM a product of my environment.
And those who cease to accept,
The origins of their foundations...
Are those who seek to impress,
With an addressing that seems to be...
Overly pretentious.

BUT...
I do not judge what I observe.
How can I?
When this pretentiousness is kept clearly,
All up in my face.
And as viewed panoramically in my vision.

Although I do make one request.
'Please do not turn this into 3-D.
I am in it enough as it is.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Please Don'T Leave

Hold me until I say stop.
Squeeze me until my eyes pop.
And if my temperture should drop...
Don't wait to resuscitate me.

With lips locked!
And a bit of tongue.
Please don't leave until you feel,
The heat in my hips shift.
Please don't leave until you feel,
The heat in my hips shift.

With lips locked!
And a bit of tongue.
Please don't leave until you feel,
The heat in my hips shift.
Please don't leave until you feel,
The heat in my hips shift.

Hold me until I say stop.
Squeeze me until my eyes pop.
And if my temperture should drop...
Please don't leave until you feel,
The heat in my hips shift.
Please don't leave until you feel,
The heat in my hips shift.

Hold me until I say stop.
Squeeze me until my eyes pop.
And if my temperture should drop...
Don't wait to resuscitate me.
Don't wait to resuscitate me.

Please don't leave until you feel,
The heat in my hips shift.
Please don't leave until you feel,
The heat in my hips shift.

Hold me until I say stop.

Please don't leave until you feel,
The heat in my hips shift.
Squeeze me until my eyes pop.
And if my temperture should drop...
Don't wait to resuscitate me.

With lips locked!
And a bit of tongue.
Please don't leave until you feel,
The heat in my hips shift.
Please don't leave until you feel,
The heat in my hips shift.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Please Don'T Nibble 'There'

Nothing that is seen,
Is separated from me.
My mind and heart,
Sometimes do not agree.
And I can be touched,
To reveal sensitivity.
But do not confuse...
Anything you see,
Can be manipulated easily.

No.
Don't go 'there'.
Who told you...
'There',
You would find me defenseless.

Please don't...
Nibble 'there',
On my ear!

Please...
Don't.
Please...
Don't.
Pleasure,
Me...
Please?

You are too young,
To understand...
What
You
Are...
Doing!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Please Excuse Me While I Kick Myself

Please excuse me,
While I kick myself...
With a bit of bruising.

Only I can do this.
And I have proven it.
You can choose to stand back and watch.
Or assist if you wish!

Please excuse me,
While I kick myself...
With a bit of bruising.

I would not say it is enjoyed.
Nor do I inflict the kicking,
With a stiffer swiftness...
I'm sure you would employ.

But since I am doing it,
Submit your suggestions...
With multiple choices,
As to why I have reasons to abuse myself...
Where others find these 'areas' comfortably spreading.
And I am not pleased to sit with ease.

Please excuse me,
While I kick myself...
With a bit of bruising.

I have discovered myself to be impatient.
And if I inflict my own pain,
The sensation of it keeps me motivated.
Applied to re-energize,
An acceptance I reject and despise.
Upon the arrival of malaise.
Many express with wishes to have stay.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Please Forgive Them For What They Do

The one thing I have noticed,
About those who choose to stay subservient...
Is their love to be apologetic,
To those they 'assume' still...in whatever way...
Suppress and oppress them by a passing of judgement.
Although times have passed for many to have left them,
Not to revisit again.
But many with a limited consciousness,
Frequently do.

And...
Done whenever they 'believe' inappropriate actions,
By their own kind they find offensive...
When out and about during those social events.
To then hope to impress and convince 'themselves' especially,
That they are much different than those like them...
Who are obviously not as properly trained for such affairs.
And they begin to put on 'airs'.

'Oh my. Oh dear.
I too am appalled by their behavior and lack of social graces.
Please forgive them for what they do.
I assure you I am not like them at all. Oh my goodness...
Did you hear that? Such loud and disrespectful laughter.
Look. Look at what they are doing now. Chewing 'and' talking...
At the same time. I am so glad I am not like that.'

'Appalled?
And...
What is it that they do 'you' believe I should find offensive? '

~You know...
The entire package from head to toe.
Their apparent disdain for etiquette.
Their ignorance displayed AND in public view.
Oh...how utterly atrocious.
I am so glad I am not like that.~

'I see.

And so glad I am you brought that to my attention.
However...
It is 'they' and not 'you',
We have gathered here to honor...
For maintaining their honesty, identity and personality.
And remaining true to themselves inspite of all the B.S.
It is YOU that I find obnoxious and pretentious.'

~OH. Uh...excuse me,
I've spotted a few of my dearest friends.
Apparently they don't see me 'mingling'!
HEY! HEY ya'll.
Now don't ya'll go actin' like you don't see me over here.
Lawd chile...how ya'll been doin'?
Excuse me.
And thank you for the conversation.~

'Trust me.
It was you who opened my eyes and ears,
To so much I view who is in need of self-assessment.'

~That's what I've been saying.
But that's between you and me.~

'True dat...fool.'

~Huh?
What? ~

'Some of 'us' aren't who we appear to be.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Please Give It

Please give it,
What ever it is.
Please give it,
What ever it is.
Please give it,
What ever it is...
You've got for me!

Please give it,
What ever it is.
Please give it,
What ever it is.
Please give it,
What ever it is...
You've got for me!

I won't turn back,
Whateva' ya got.
To give me.
No!

I won't turn back,
Whateva' ya got.
To give me.

I won't turn back,
Whateva' you got.
To give me.
No!

I won't turn back,
Whateva' ya got.
To give me.
No!

I won't turn back,
Whateva' ya got.
To give me.

I won't turn back,
Whateva' you got.
To give me.
No!

Please give it,
What ever it is.
Please give it,
What ever it is.
Please give it,
What ever it is...
You've got for me!

I won't turn back,
Whateva' ya got.
To give me.
No!

I won't turn back,
Whateva' ya got.
To give me.

I won't turn back,
Whateva' you got.
To give me.
No!

I won't turn back,
Whateva' ya got.
To give me.
No!

I won't turn back,
Whateva' ya got.
To give me.

I won't turn back,
Whateva' you got.
To give me.
No!

Please give it,

What ever it is.
Please give it,
What ever it is.
Please give it...
And you'll be satisfied.

Please give it,
What ever it is.
Please give it,
What ever it is.
Please give it...
And you'll be satisfied.

I won't turn back,
Whateva' ya got.
To give me.

I won't turn back,
Whateva' you got.
To give me.
No!

Please give it,
What ever it is.
Please give it,
What ever it is.
Please give it...
And you'll be satisfied.

Please give it,
What ever it is.
Please give it,
What ever it is.
Please give it...
And you'll be satisfied.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Please Stop Teasing Poppa

I ain't no bed hopper,
But poppa knows what to do,
In the bed.

I may be older but I smoulder,
And I'll rock your pretty head!

Don't you test me!

When I get turned on,
It wont be for long to feel the heat!

I know you're teasing poppa,
But poppa is the one to please your need!

I ain't no bed hopper,
But poppa knows what to do,
In the bed.
I may be older but I smoulder,
And I'll rock your pretty head!
Don't you test me!
When I get turned on,
It wont be for long to feel the heat!
I know you're teasing poppa,
But poppa is the one to please your need!

I know you're teasing poppa,
But please stop teasing poppa...
When he sleeps!
That heated furnace needs a bit of peace!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Please The One Who Pays The Bills

Express what you wish,
About how you believe I live.
Whether done negatively or positive.
Behind my closed doors...
Whatever it is I do,
Is a doing done that is.
And guess who's opinion is not considered...
Whenever a choice is made,
To please the one who pays the bills?

Comeon!
I'm sure you've got 'something' to offer about this?
Something to slip through those usual flapping lips.
Something to suggest or recommend,
That has not been solicited.
Before I respectfully ask you to leave and end your visit.

'I don't have people in my home like that! '

~Oh I don't either.
Not anymore.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Please Think About This

You have taken our relationship totally out of context.
My showing respect and love for you,
Does not mean I am weak and have stopped competing.
I am seeking a mate.
Not a wrestling companion.

To greet me everyday,
With a putting me into a headlock...
And then to throw me to the floor,
To then rip clothes off my back...
IS a bit aggressive.

When I said our marriage was lacking excitement,
I meant, perhaps...
We could explore doing more romantic things.
Like going out to dinner, catch a movie or two...
Or just go for a pleasant walk together.

However,
Your decision to take wrestling lessons...
Because I am into sports,
To add pep with a re-energizing of 'your' love,
To show me I was wrong about your feelings for me...
Has an interpretation I perceive you wish to do me bodily harm.
Why wrestling?

I did marry you for better or worse...
In sickness or in health.
But...
I'm not putting up with this much longer.
How come you can't get into baking cookies or needlepoint?
Oh wait a minute...
Forget the needlepoint.
I don't want to give you anymore ideas.

But honey...
I do love your efforts.
However,
And please think about this.

Is it possible we could discuss what's best for our relationship,
Together?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Please Vote Wisely

President Obama...
How do you hope to restore the confidence lost,
By millions of Americans who have...

'Excuse me. Excuse me...
He has not won.
We are still campaigning for that office! '

You are so correct, er...uh...Senator McCain.
You will be given the opportunity to respond...
To that very same question.

Forgive the interruption, President Obama.

'There you go again!
He has not won anything.
I have more experience and I am the war hero.'

Indeed! Correct you are...
Mister? ...er...Senator McCline.

'McCain! '

~John?
It's going to be alright.
You have the respect of the people.
Even those assigned to do maintenance,
Around the Lincoln Memorial
Are familiar with your presence in D.C.~

'Don't patronize me like you did Joe The Plummer.
And all he wanted to do,
Was to be in a position to expand his company.
Hire more decent and wholesome Americans.
But no.
He wont be able to do that.
Because you are going to raise his taxes! '

*And I know a socialist when I see one!

Even though I did take the oil revenue,
And spread those earnings among the people of Alaska.
I didn't have to wear these new clothes.
It's like the lights.
Like this stage.
Like every speech I've been forced to recite...
Was provided by the RNC.
I purchase my own clothes from the consignment store,
In Anchorage...
You betcha! *

'Sarah? '

*Shut up!
I am more popular than you are!
PLUS...
When I flap those pancakes from my kitchen,
I can see Russia...
Right from my window!
AFTER I come from a good Moose hunt.*

Ladies and gentlemen...
We have run out of time!
As you see,
One of these candidates know what those issues are!
That affect your immediate concerns.
We here at BUTV will remain nonbiased,
As we approach the coming elections.
You have a choice to make.
Please vote wisely!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Please. Please...Get That Away From Me

This may be unbelievable to fathom,
But...
There are those living today,
Who are unable to face...
That they are responsible for the embrace,
They have chosen to consciously take...
In the creation of their own dilemmas and fates,
Instigated by their own making.

Supported by excuses and the popular use of alibis,
So many still rely upon dodging the facts...
With denials and lies they try to hide.
Instead of coming into direct contact,
With truth to refuse its presence.
And believing themselves to be under,
Needless and vicious random attacks.

'Please. Please...
Get that away from me.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Please... Don'T Repeat It

Something you 'recently' discovered about me,
Gives you a differing opinion that changes things?
And now it is you who pretend,
You don't know who I am.
And you've become upset because I react,
As if I could care less?
Your approach to making sense,
I have not encountered before.
I would even say it is unique.

'Yeah!
That's it.
You act as if you are better than everyone else.
That is why I've made attempts to ignore you.
In the hopes you will notice my doing it.'

I find your admission to be quite odd.
Since...
Wasn't it you who had assessed 'me',
As not being qualified to say 'hello'...
Years ago in exchange to my expression?

'Yeah...
But,
I didn't know you could have shown me disrespect.
Because I've discovered your deeds all over the internet.'

Huh?
You did what?

'Yeah...
But I didn't know you could have...'

Please...
Don't repeat it.
I do the best I can to avoid headaches.
I like to make a request you continue to ignore me.
It would make my life that much easier.
And...

Do me this favor.

'Okay.
I will.
What is it? '

Tell others how nasty I was in treating you,
When you greeted me.
That always seems to work for people like you.

'Your comments are rude! '
That's fabulous.
Go with it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Pleasure Seeker

Pleasure seeker
Hunting to get 'lucky'
Hoping to pluck someone without scruples.
Hoping to get laid,
With less of a game to be played.
And those moralistic ones,
Are the best to tease.
Easy to capture,
With temptations to please.
Pleasure seeker desires one of these.
To squeeze a butt while screwing up juices.
Or to leave one sucking,
Discreetly!
After a satisfying time,
Delivered from one's knees.
Or...
Better left gratified,
Under sheets naked...
Entwined in sweat,
Left by a slow building heat....
That comes after calls for wanting more,
Have cooled.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Pleasuristic

Got that fix connected.
No plans to visit...
Or reject a knock unexpected!
Enjoying just to sit,
With thoughts that ride...
And letting a pleasuristic time,
In my mind glide.

Got that combination mix of bliss...
With a quietness that is welcomed,
To stay as long as it exists!
Free of mental 'noise' that annoy sometimes!
When trying to understand,
Why I should concern myself...
About situations held,
In the grasp of someone else's hands!

I'm feeling quite 'pleasuristic' and free...
A feeling I control, turn off and/or demand!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Pleatheretta

Pleatheretta,
Loves but spills her scotch.
With her patent leather,
Knee high boots...
She's an eye popper.
Wearing her pleathered bra.

And at the bar she sits...
Stirring her drink,
With a preferred lemon twist.
To turn to ask...
If I would give her a lift home.
And of course I obliged!
Since her eyes spotted the stiff,
I bore and could not hide.

And she rode me as I drove...
To equal moans and sighs!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Plentiful Are Those With Blank Stares

Some personas develop at a certain age.
And do not progress.
Perhaps that is the reason,
Many adults still possess...
A noticeable immaturity.

In grown up skin and more like children,
With limited communication skills.
And devoid of accountability.
A seriousness does not in their minds sit.
And comprehension?
Forget it!

And when some folks reach,
The 'state' of a higher consciousness...
An 'aloneness' is what they get.
In depth conversations,
Are few and far between.
But plentiful are those with blank stares.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Plenty Of Shared Lip Service

Those unfamiliar with leadership,
Should not be expected
To understand it.

There are more accustomed,
To being followers.
And it can be annoying,
To hear them whining.
Bickering amongst themselves,
In footsteps from behind.

One who leads,
Hardly sleeps or properly eats.
Thinking of the whole as one entity,
And not several pieces to see pleased.

One who leads,
Had to learn to listen.
And those who have no idea what this means
Often pass judgement,
With a seeking to do it.
At every given opportunity.

Those unfamiliar with leadership,
Should not be expected.
To understand it.
What 'can' be expected from those unaware,
Is plenty of shared lip service.
And a volunteering of their mocked despair.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Plethora

A plethora of excess sought to reap.
Will keep most eyes on abundance.
A plethora of excess sought to feed,
Will have many living with redundant needs.

People who seek greed,
Love their trash stacked in packs.
With a keeping it to guard.
To then brag about traps.

People wishing quality,
Don't need to prove with crap.
They rid themselves of excess gained,
By cleaning up their acts.

Plethora to maintain isn't good for the brain.
It causes pressure leaving nothing that's pleasured
A plethora to maintain isn't good for the brain.
It causes pressure leaving nothing that's pleasured
Tied by the wrists with a tightened fit.
Tied to a sanity ripped to bits.
There's always something better,
Than a plethora kept.
A plethora to keep hasn't brought peace yet.

What's better than a plethora to keep?
Besides a peace of mind that never leaves.
What's better than a plethora to keep?
Besides a peace of mind that never leaves.

People who seek greed,
Love their trash stacked in packs.
People wishing quality,
Don't need to prove with crap.

What's better than a plethora to keep?
Besides a peace of mind that never leaves.
What's better than a plethora to keep?
Besides a peace of mind that never leaves.

Tied by the wrists with a tightened fit.
Tied to a sanity ripped to bits.
There's always something better,
Than a plethora kept.
What's better,
Than a plethora to keep...
To live the life one likes.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Plethora Of Fragrant Douches

With a plethora of fragrant douches,
She kept my aging heart inspired.
No longer was I quick to lift...
A stiff prick she was once excited with.
And she teased me with her favorite scent...
A blend of cinammon mixed with peppermint.
After finishing with her ritual,
Her ample thighs soon made me ready to dwell.
Squeezed inside yards of spandex she stretched...
We enjoyed our walks on the sidewalk,
As my limpness was hidden...
But my neck she was pleased to keep quite flexed.
And she was gifted to be,
The one I witnessed who could do that the best!
Indeed she had her talents!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Plodding Along

You are wishing I would express,
More of my deep felt feelings?
To address some things,
That seem to nag and tug...
As if a pet peeve.

And I am wishing one day to wake up,
To have my hopes and dreams fulfilled...
Of finally finding someone,
Honest enough with themselves...
With a maturity that enables them to listen,
To what I have to say.

Patience is the key!
And I am doing the best I can,
Not to run out of it.

I guess until then,
Both of us will have to keep...
Plodding along,
Until our wishes are achieved!

Where are you going?
I thought we were having a conversation?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Plucked Over Like Ducks

Never mind
What she said
Or he said
They said
About what we have got
Or not!
Noboby but us
Pays these bills
Dropped in 'our' mailbox!
Forget about them
And their affairs.
Let's stop this mess addressed!
Never mind what they do
And who's screwing who.
We all are getting 'plucked' over like ducks!
Let's take care of our own BS...
And leave those 'quackers' in denial,
They are about to crack over theirs!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Pocket And Run

They meet!
They nod.
They socialize...
And exchange between them business cards.
They listen,
With intent.
Identifying the purpose...
What to them this affair has meant!
Leaving each other,
Smiling big with firm handshakes.
Opportunists they are...
Believing they have what it takes,
To establish themselves and make 'breaks'!
But when it is time,
To get 'real' things done...
They show utter dissatisfaction,
Towards the working ones!
As they explain in campaigns...
They're awaiting for more funding,
To pocket and run!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Publicly I take this opportunity,
To apologize to for submitting a poem...
I recently had written that was depicted as offensive,
With sexual content that is opposed to their guidelines.
I did not 'intend' to be offensive as much as depict,
A world that has become too accepting and disrespectful.
And, as a writer I admit, taking it to the limits of tolerance...
Was/Is irresponsible. And I thank for allowing
All of us who do write such a fine a website,
to submit our expressions. And for the many years I have gained
support and a 'notoriety' of sorts, I can only thank Poemhunter
for this.

Again, I apologize to and to those who found
my sexually 'over-the-top' submission offensive.

Best Wishes only do I have for all of you.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Poetic Inclinations

To read excerpts to re-interpret,
What has already been written...
With a version to proclaim one's creativity,
Is not original or innovative at all.
But coming from a mindset limited to theft,
This is the best one can do...
To profess they too have poetic inclinations.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Poetic Is The Existence

I have no clue as to why,
I enjoy confronting those...
Who believe my life,
Has been a trimming of poetic verses.
Oh,
The reverse of that is so true.

To this very day...
Most of the neighborhood children,
Are illiterate and can not read.
Or know how to write or spell their names.
I wish this was an exaggeration!

And living with a masquerading poverty.
You know...
The kind accepted BUT in New England,
Denied.
It's more charitible to discuss,
The 'richness' of the environment.
Than to reveal and expose the real wounds,
Spotted as misplaced bowels...
Through the beautiful Oak and Maple trees.
Hiding the manicured suppression.

Oooohhh...
Such disguising magnificient beauty,
Just has to be seen and digested.

I have no clue as to why,
I enjoy confronting those...
Who believe my life,
Has been a trimming of poetic verses.
However...
Poetic is the existence I embrace,
As known and witness as it exists...
In all of its contradictions.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Poetically Speaking, Of Course.

Let me make this clear.
As best as I can express it!
Without premeditative doubts.
And a conscious free of wonder,
Of your thought process.

Prior to meeting you...
I did have a life.
And choosing it with a peace of mind too!
Far removed from agitation.

Let me make this clear.
As best as I can express it!
Without premeditative doubts.
And a conscious free of wonder,
Of your thought process.

'If' for some reason or circumstance,
You should suddenly disappear!
Eyewitnessed with a 'poof'...
Making you totally invisible!
That life I had prior to meeting you,
With that peace I mentioned?
Would increase.
Quickly!
And you...
Would not exist!
Even as a memory.

Poetically speaking,
Of course!
I'm sure something more instant will occur,
To deprive this creative spirit I now share!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Poeticating What A Poeticator 'Do'

Blank is my mind like a canvas.
Not filled with disarray or confused with thoughts.
A melody may come into mind.
Finding an image!
And thinking of a time...
To begin a poetic line,
That may or may not rhyme.
As a mental search begins,
Defining an image.
Before surrounding that with meaning.
Something accessible.
Lean!
And has comprehension in it that screams.
Bites!
Then frame it with...
A title meant for it!
That's the task of one who 'poeticates'.
In creative ways...
That uses the reader as baited prey!

'Poeticates? Po-et-o-cates, okay?
One who is in the process of preparing,
A poetic verse to be spoken publicly! '

If it sounds good,
Make your own stuff up!
That's all it is anyway!
Finding something that connects.
And reflects with anticipation.
Not to be confused with po' etiquette!
And depending on the nature of the 'piece'...
That too is invited!
Poeticating what a poeticator 'do' when done!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Poetician

Discipline to listen,
Observe and interpret.
Words selected to depict,
Life...
As one sees it.
Emotions come,
To overflow
With idealistic purpose.
Unknown until the poetician shows...
A creativeness that lifts imaginations.
In prose or to rhyme...
Sometimes without reason.
So it seems.
Yet those hopes and dreams,
Are written to be shared.
To freshen the air...
With the flow of possibilities!
Upon divergent mindscapes.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Poetry...A Craft

Poetry...
A craft,
Much like that
Of a mason laying bricks.
Each word selected...
Has to be placed,
On a foundation suitable
That's right...
And making a nice, tight fit.
If a piece is out of kilter,
It is spotted (snaps fingers) quick.
Much like building a home,
To match the scenery where it sits!
Appealing to the eye,
But surprisingly comfortable
For those who did not come to stay!
Believing they came briefly to visit...
And then turn away!
Not when poetry is done to convey,
What it offers to the mind
In a unique and special way!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Point Of Decision

There is a point of decision one reaches in one's life,
When a stripping away of pretentions from them...
As well as those still participating in that false activity,
Are no longer needed to condon with patience.

And with it an unexpected abruptness is conducted.
An exit done as shown and felt as necessary is done.
With an increasing of one's mental clarity unclouding,
That welcomes the arrival of one's unadulterated honesty.

With a caring less as to who has to say what about it!
Since what takes place is a change that is inevitable.
And the feeding of a mind on a path of growth,
Can not be stopped or wished away like a diet of choice.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Pointing Fingers To Another

To maintain a sustained incompetence,
Left and described...
As signs of the times.
Is perhaps,
A task that is vastly tedious...
For those employed and assigned to mask it,
As the most significant representation of intelligence...
This side of the Universe.

Especially,
When taking into consideration...
A steady rise of unruly and undisciplined children,
Mentioned by a weakened society...
As being restless with a needing of motivation.
And...
Too preoccupied by the advancements made,
In today's speeding technology!

With a common declaration heard,
That passes the buck...
Yet again.
With the ease of an accountability,
No one dares to claim as their responsibility!
Or has become fostered by a lack of their concern.
Pointing fingers to another,
Has becomes as traditional...
As placing blame.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Pointing Their Fingers

One day...
And not too distant from the future,
Those with brains in their heads...
Will awaken to recognize,
They too have minds to use.
With a doing independently to think.

And not too distant from the future,
Hopefully those still pointing their fingers...
At others,
To have made their own decisions to make,
Will find themselves looking foolish...
While running away being chased,
From mistakes they've made to accuse others.

'Why are they pointing their fingers at us?
And running away? '

~I've been praying,
That will be their last effort to convince others,
We are the ones who have been victimizing them.~

'Should we taunt them?
You know...
Boo and jeer?
To make their claims made look more authentic?
Just standing here to witness this repeatedly,
Gets boring.'

~Tell me about it.
I know the feeling.
It's like getting excited about the circus,
Coming to town.
But the same clowns can be counted upon,
To do the same things.~

'Comeon...
Let's boo and jeer them.'

~No.
They've been made crazed enough,
By their own self deceptions.
Let's just wave and watch them run,
To find hiding places.
We'll pretend we don't notice they do this,
On an annual basis.
And many onlookers visiting,
Believe they are viewing a parade.~

'Yeah.
A parade of fools.
I'm going to buy another hotdog.
You want one? '

~Yeah.
But don't put onions on it this time.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Pointless

What point taken is there made to make,
By one doing it to prove to others there is one...
But becomes determined to be pointless,
To go unexpressed yet to show on their faces.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Pointless Decisions Made

It is not unusual today,
To find those not keeping abreast...
Of these rapidly changing times,
Discovering themselves out of touch.
And wondering 'why',
They can not accept them.
And yet to protest they have found pointless.

Negative thinkers,
Were those who then spoke against...
Serious issues ignored,
By those who chose to sleep through them.
To now disbelieve what offends has no defense.
Nor is there empathy shown to them given.
And these are the people who sat behind fixed fences.

Attempts made to awaken,
Those deceived to broaden their minds...
And eyes to become enlightened,
Are frightened to lose their perceived entitlements...
With benefits given that would never diminished.
Or upheld standards and beliefs to value would never end.
But they have and many are saddened.

There could have been benefits enjoyed,
Through the acceptance of differences.
There could have been steps made towards progress,
For all to receive.
There could have been an end to conflicts,
And needless animosities.
But a feeding on greed and divisions were kept prioritized.

Negative thinkers,
Were those who then spoke against...
Serious issues ignored,
By those who chose to sleep through them.
To now disbelieve what offends has no defense.
Nor is there empathy shown to them given.
And these are the people who sat behind fixed fences.

To protest today against their pointless decisions made.

No one can escape from their pointless decisions made.
Or have them chased away to become erased.
To become less effective if suddenly replaced.
No one can escape from their pointless decisions made.
Or believe alternatives once mentioned,
Exist still from them to pick.
These times we live move just too quick.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Pointless It Is To Back Away

When choosing allies...
One should not do it with the same caution,
As excuses and alibis are done.
Difficult it is to run away from deception,
After advocating to shun someone...
With a joining of those,
Who have also been told to oppose.
Without a making of a conscious decision,
To be prepared to receive repercussions.
Pointless it is to back away from embarrassing facts.

Since many choose to be on the side,
Of what is perceive to be popular and fun.
With nothing that proves a reality comes,
To anyone until it is too late.
Only to leave those with a discovery,
Popularity is seldom on the side of truth!
Especially when people are seduced,
By trickery and foolishness used to attract.
And so many people are just like that.
Pointless it is to back away from embarrassing facts.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Pointless Oppositions

So happy am I and pleased to see,
Others with talents to express them publicly.
When I began to do this I felt alone and strange.
Especially when people misunderstood my attempts,
To do what I desired and not seek attention to get.
Although it was part of the territory to be exposed.
I only knew of a love of it.
Ego had nothing to do what I chose!

And as years have gone by so happy am I,
To see others with 'gifts' express them in public.
I know how lonely and difficult it gets,
When others with no interests...
'Assume' they can pass judgement with senseless tests.
Hoping to discourage those born to do their best.
To only witness one determined to be who they are,
And achieve with a doing to reflect their best efforts.

So happy am I and pleased to see,
Others with talents to express them publicly.
And...
Putting to rest,
Those who protest with their pointless oppositions.
Only those who know,
Grow from those wounds to heal to show what's real.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Pointless Perturbation

Sometimes I am humored,
By those with shallow depth.
The ones 'assuming'...
Anyone who speaks with a depth,
Has to represent or be connected...
To those who are of 'liberal' ideals.
And they share their 'gifts' of wisdom.

Sometimes I laugh to myself,
When I think how limited...
Programmed minds can be.
Especially when I am approached and asked...
Where did I study.
And what favorite subjects did I have?
With which grade point average did I obtain my degree?

Not too often,
But there have been times I am amazed...
When some people believe,
They are born with more intelligence...
Heaven sent.
And those perceived below them,
Need assistance to connect sentences.

And it is always that 'one'...
Who seems to come to baffle them all.
That 'one' no one can quite figure out.

And that 'one' somebody,
That can not be quite figured out?
Sleeps peacefully like a baby at night.

But...
Can get quite cranky quick.
Like an aging man,
Being disturbed...
By a needless and inquisitive,
Pointless perturbation.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Pointless Reappearance

You're not going to 'hit' this and leave!
To splurge your whims and urges.
Without your 'fixes'...
I have been encouraged!
Those days have gone with the grief...
I need not revisit,
To satisfy a passing temptation,
You wish to release.

I have not missed that unhappiness,
Or will I give what 'was'...
Another chance to regret,
In suspicions planted to tease.
Those sleepless nights
Have long gone from here.
And so has your hold on me!

No pointless reappearance,
Can forgive the tears...
That fell for years
From my cleared eyes!
I've risen from the depths,
Of a promised love I have not yet seen.
You said would come when you came.
But you left just rain...
To pour and pour,
To soak and demean!

And I do not contemplate another draught!
I am with sunlight that brightens my life.
And I cherish that without you on the scene!
Consider your affect on me,
As being blotted out!
Removed from shoulders I carried about.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Pointless To Make Attempts With Common Sense

Is a power taken,
The same as a power given?
And how much power,
Does a power that has been taken have...
If those that did not give it,
Deem it as useless?

And if those who deem a power taken,
As being useless...
How powerful can that power remain?
And over what or whom,
Does one with useless power...
Have it kept in their minds believed?

It is pointless to make attempts,
WITH common sense...
To anyone who has money,
That money hoarded has no power at all.
It is only when it is distributed,
That the power of it is most effective.

One's greed,
Eventually defeats a blinded perception.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Pointless Without Thought And Senseless

IF it is 'fact' and is true,
That trash collects on your side of the fence...
With an intention to do,
To reflect a perception kept...
You seem to accept and protect.
WHY do you become offended,
By a perception you have given to others...
Who bring this to your attention?

Especially on the same disrespecting level,
You loudly exclaim to mention publicly.
And with a doing you have done to yourself?
No one else you have accused!
But yet...
You expect others to run to your defense.
Proving your mind is irresponsible AND dense.

IF you cleaned up your trash on 'your' side of the fence,
Perhaps those who find your opposition to their actions...
And comments made you find do not represent,
The reality YOU present.
Maybe. Just 'maybe'...
Others may not take what you have validated as shown,
Pointless without thought and senseless afterall.

However...
More than protesting may be needed as proof!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Poise

I have yet to have met anyone,
Who has accepted rejection...
To do and then reflect poise.
No one I knew that had been divorced,
Said to me they married with that expected.
Or offered to make someone a sandwich,
While sipping a cup of tea...
As they discussed without cussing,
How someone has blatantly...
Threw them under the bus!

Or someone who calmly sat when told,
Their mate, lover or best friend...
Had done something left to keep private,
What no one else should know.
But yet everyone in the neighborhood,
Already knew...
Who and when had been coming in and out,
Of their front and back doors...
Either half dressed or naked.
And they sat to listen to this with a smile.

That kind of poise would annoy,
Anyone who had gone through similar experiences...
To have been handcuffed, arrested or imprisioned,
After leaving someone beaten or worse.
And lots of noise to disturb anyone within listening distance.
People who sit and appear to be poised when livid,
Should not be left alone to believe they condone...
Being mistreated and every bit of it they enjoy!
Somebody unexpecting is in for a big surprise.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Poised To Be Teased

Poised to be teased,
Are 'most' of the people.
The others...
Have totally blocked out reality.
Nothing remotely connected to truth,
Will these folks believe.

And...
There are those who who actually,
Prefer and seek to be deceived...
Than to accept anything,
Close to hinting ofm any reality.

And those who were bred,
To have mush for brains...
Will have nothing to do with what truth contains.

Forget introducing a thought process.
Many more accept medications,
To provide their fantasies...
Exclusive access.
Yes.

Poised to be teased,
Are 'most' of the people.
The others...
Have totally blocked out reality.
Nothing remotely connected to truth,
Will these folks believe.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Poisoned

Tattered had been my love!
With a shattered heart that has mended.
When I thought it unbearable...
To witnessed the lips I kissed,
Shared with another.
I have since gotten over it!
And my thoughts of suicide.

I was prepared to take a nose dive,
Into oblivion.

Then it dawn upon me...
You have every right,
To live your life...
As the slut you are!
And if God had not shown me that...
You would have had me poisoned,
For the rest of my life!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Poisoned And With Intention

Heightened and enforced surpervised surveillance,
Has yet to prove the decrease of threats protects.
Nor is one's keeping of peace increased.
Corruption and crime has not been prevented.
And those historically monitored and watched,
Have always been stopped by cops who provoke...
With a racial profiling invoked to stroke colored folks.

Character assassinations to defame with false claims,
Has always been a technique gossipers keep...
To discredit those of good deeds to diminish their abilities.

Liars have always influenced those who listen.
With belief their whispers in ears on the streets,
Evaporates in thin air...
Without having their phone calls tapped,
To be taped by someone they perceive is not there.

Heightened and enforced surpervised surveillance,
Has yet to prove the decrease of threats protects.
People could care less and reflect the sign of the times.
And regardless of who's sentiments,
Are tapped to tape to uncover what is being mentioned...
A mindset has been poisoned and with intention,
To impose a control with a slowing to eliminate entitlements.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Poisonous Venom

The snakes never leave.
They just slither to hide,
Undetected disguised...
To reappear from shadows.
With it claimed to have found,
A way to inflict their poisonous vernom.
But with a smile to have learned,
A vicious bite still intended to do...
Is more acceptable and approved,
When thoughts are kept to keep...
Less obvious.
Although the hissing heard,
For whatever the reason...
Many ignore but accept it.
Since the look and appearance updated,
Has more of an effect that impresses...
Than the fear of impending death,
No one expects.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Policies Allowed

Your policies allowed,
Those 'crazed' to be praised.
With no depth to be appraised,
As consciousness raising.
With no sign anywhere,
That respects intelligence.

And this is 'not' a criticism.
Nor an embellishment of fact.
These comments are made,
From a focused observantion.
And exposed are pretentions...
Successfully charaded,
To masquerade.

When corners are left,
To collect the settling of dust.
And a crust from rust...
Is anxiously swept under a rug,
With a practiced thrust.
There is unsurmountable trouble that exists.

And it should not be offensive to mention this.
If those who clean claim they have worked,
To the extreme.

Lips are quick to lie in high places!

Your policies allowed,
Those 'crazed' to be praised.
With no depth to be appraised,
As consciousness raising.
With no sign anywhere,
That respects intelligence.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Policies To Keep

They know what they want.
And undaunted it is flaunted!
It is not mainly sex,
They flex and stretch their muscles to get!
It is about the 'self'...
And how to feel one's best!

They know how to please their needs...
Mistakably misunderstood,
In neighborhoods where they choose to do good!

Many don't see these scenes on TV!
And perhaps that is why the masses
Are conditioned to treat reality...
Like a contagious disease,
Used to confuse and deceive
By policies to keep all victimized!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Polished To Present

To prove you have been 'there',
And by others taken for granted...
While they have laid bathing in claims,
That what you have done...
Has been to the benefit of no one.
Stop your being 'there'.
And do not hesitate in the doing of it.
Just stop all that you have contributed.
With a doing shown that has been done.
To allow those you know committed to lip,
And an abundance of procrastinating nonsense...
An experience of your absence.
With a round of new excuses,
Guaranteed from them to be made...
As to 'why' they lack to prove in the showing,
Their attributes submitted...
Whether in the planning stages,
Or polished to present to amaze those who critique.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Political And Religious Hypocrisy

More difficult it has become,
For anyone to take what's said.
Or done to do seriously.
Leaving suspicions,
And intuitions...
More valued to trust.
Than what is quickly,
Smothered up.

Those who claim they maintain,
Faith to pray everyday...
Can be observed to be the ones,
Creating confusion...
Between neighbors, friends.
And involved families.
With deceptions to protect,
Kept childish insecurities.

Missed to dismiss information,
To twist it.
Will often start conflicts.
And unnecessary arguments.
Without evidence of facts.
Or the use of them to clear...
An understanding to comprehend,
A truth that is nowhere near.

And repeatedly...
The opportunity to have peace,
Love and harmony set free...
With it identified in unity,
As many claimed is wished.
And felt with a deep belief.
Becomes more a commodity,
Like a 'thing' purchased.
Or something one has,
To possess to impress.
But the reality of it,
Is nowhere to share.

As much as their political...
And religious hypocrisies,
Routinely followed.
Along with a worshipping...
Of dismay and despair.
Shared faithfully,
On a daily basis.
Yet...
A God many say is served,
To obey...
Hears the words of hypocrites.
Who betray.
And from them has turned away.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Political Theatre

There is a stage of life,
When the connection to it...
Should inspire an acknowledgement.
And those of us blessed to be human beings,
Grow to appreciate being a part of nature...
With expectations to make this quick visit,
As best as it can get.

And then there are those who make manipulation,
As a means to adjust the spotlight.
They want to ensure others are aware...
There is a power they've obtain,
To decide for themselves...
Whose appetites for this life,
Deserves more of a feeding...
And they will choose who shares this light!

It's all political theatre!
Drama to ascertain...
Who amongst them should split the riches.
And who will sit in the audience,
Observing these egos...
At their expense!

It's all political theatre!
A sham representation of a rewritten script.
With no respect for the director.
And terrible performances...
Judge by those who have grown sick and tired,
And have had enough of the fighting that is witnessed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Political?

Everything done today is politically based.
What isn't?
Religion?
Or those who claim and say,
They are of faith.
With a bragging they do daily,
Of their political affiliations...
As they advocate the supporting,
Of those policies that oppress...
The lives of others gone unaddressed.
While confessing their own interests,
Are better if kept to themselves and separate.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Politically Correct

Throw the bums out!
And restock the bars,
With non-alcoholic beverages.
That's the politically correct thing to do,
To eliminate the stench of booze...
From the halls of justice!
And perhaps the screwing will end too!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Politicizing Life, Religiously

Those elected to represent their constituents,
To present their interests politically...
Are being accused of politicizing life,
Religiously.
As if a preference with efforts,
To camouflaged their deeds...
Would be for those delusioned more suitably acceptable,
To relieve them of a feeding on misleading deceptions.

Although not mentioned...
Is the expense of blatant hypocrisy.
Regardless of the process or method of selection.

However...
What part of life lived to be experienced,
Has not been witnessed...
By those observing their quality of life diminish?
As arguments between politicians continue,
Regardless of affiliation, ethnic heritage or creed.
What part of life lived to be experienced,
Protects with a prevention...
A stopping of the increase of taxes,
Attached to everyone who is forced to pay.

If this is not politicizing life,
Than why are those choosing to live as is their right...
Harrassed on a daily basis by those provoked,
Who solicit actively for funds and voters...
To ensure 'politically' with their religious overtones,
That 'all' beliefs should be kept in the best of 'their' interests.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Politics And Dishes

Politics and dishes,
Are not noticeably switched.
If the same pattern is used.
But some make claims,
To convince of their differences.

Politics and dishes,
Have the same familiar tastes.
Although those debating argue,
On their plates to serve...
What one eats,
Sustains much more to appreciate.

And this...
At one table to debate,
Gets more ridiculous...
To those finding their time wasted.
Since the cooker no one knows.
Or has shown their face to meet.
And this...
At one table to debate,
Discredits the process...
Of what gets old, outdated.
To have others pay,
For a feast they've not been...
Invited to eat.
But Solicited from them,
Are exorbitant fees.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Politics, Image, Disaster And Expressed Sympathy

Gee.
I've never been in this situation to face.
Well...
I do have my beliefs and I must keep them prioritized.
It will always be business first as we know it,
Right?
I can not disappoint those who have supported me.
I'm sure you understand.
People will eventually get over their minor issues.
Here...
Make copies of my statement,
'Heartfelt I express to all my deepest sympathy.'
Stand clear.
The photograhers have arrived, finally.
Let's do this as quickly as possible.
I have other stops to make.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Pollsters Stare

Entrenched in indifferences.
And tossed about by negative opinions.
With a decision to make,
As to who best represents them...
During times all stand on shaky ground.
The sounds of sighs from the people are heard.

And with random surveys collected,
As clues they hold in hand...
The pollsters stare becoming very much aware
Not one of the respondents mentions politics.
Printed on the surveys many have suggested,
Names of psychiatrists and some with addresses!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Polluted With Deludedness

When I turned my back...
That's when I got attention.
They believe the held
Something that attracted.
And I had given up.
Divorced I was...
From that kind of stuff.
I tried to snap them back into reality.
Another insight,
That proved honest to me.
But they were polluted with deludedness.
And I had tired of the stench.
I left them in their designer trenches!
Shoveled and dugged,
Around them to protect.
They wanted to sell me...
Their used cesspool philosophies!
They believed I was crazed to leave their rage!
As they paraded their smells with a pulchritude.
That captivated their lack of comprehension,
With an apartheid pride they defended.
And I was out of their league.
Pleased was I to be out of step as well.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

'Polluticitis' Perhaps?

Everything about you has been contaminated!
Your mind
Your body
Your.....
Your mind, your body?
I guess if your mind and body is contaminated,
Everything about you is a process...
Needing a complete overhaul!
Nothing else seems to work!
And I see you have already begun,
By killing yourselves!
With that kind of brilliant programming...
What on Earth went wrong?
'Polluticitis' prehaps?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Poodles

So many love to spoil their pets.
Especially those poodles.
With pedicures and silk worn vests.
Especially those poodles.

Some can be seen,
Adorning precious gems as necklaces.
Especially those poodles.
And people 'ahh' and 'ooo' too...
Whenever they see a pampered moving poodle.

Why,
Oh why...
Few are heard to brag about their cockatoos?
Those noisy Australasian crested parrots.
And,
Why oh why...
Do some prefer cats?
Even appearing to nap those cats will scratch back.

Love people do their poodles.
No matter what those poodles do.
And finicky are those poodles too.
Whining to be carried in their owner's arms...
As they choose to coo like a lovebird.

So many love to spoil their pets.
Especially those poodles.
With pedicures and silk worn vests.
Especially those poodles.

Why,
Oh why...
Few are heard to brag about their cockatoos?
Those noisy Australasian crested parrots.
And,
Why oh why...
Do some prefer cats?
Even appearing to nap those cats will scratch back.

Why do people choose to brag about their poodles.

Some can be seen,
Adorning precious gems as necklaces.
Especially those poodles.
And people 'ahh' and 'ooo' too...
Whenever they see a pampered moving poodle,
Flaunt and strut while cruising.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Pooling From A Tank Of Picked Catches

Pooling from a tank of picked catches,
Examined and tested...
Eliminates second guesses.
And motivates with a boost what is expected,
From that which has been prime selected.

People wanting better know for them what is the best.
And there are those who refuse to accept,
With a getting for themselves...
What the rest can not get,
And...

They're not in line with the others behind the times.
They're not the ones choosing to complain and to whine.
They're not the ones who chose to get nothing done...
Like so many who just lived for fun!

They're not in line with the others behind the times.
They're not the ones choosing to complain and to whine.
They're not the ones who chose to get nothing done...
Like so many who just lived for fun!

Pooling from a tank of picked catches,
Examined and tested...
Eliminates second guesses.
And motivates with a boost what is expected,
From that which has been prime selected.

They're not in line with the others behind the times.
People wanting better know for them what is the best.

They're not the ones choosing to complain and to whine.
And there are those who refuse to accept,
With a getting for themselves...
What the rest can not get,
And...
They're not the ones who chose to get nothing done,
Just to kick around excuses.

They're not in line with the others behind the times.
They're not the ones choosing to complain and to whine.
They're not the ones who chose to get nothing done...
Like so many who just lived for fun.

Like so many who just lived for fun.
Like so many who just lived for fun.
There were others who chose to get things done.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Pooped From Their Stupors

Up in arms,
People are...
Pulling alarms.

Hope...
For many is gone!

Protesting in the streets,
People heated wont cease...
And,
This...
Confusion goes on!

Missing greed are people,
Who...
Never thought they'd be the fools.
And,
This...
Confusion goes on!

Dismissing signs all around,
Their gluttony loved will drown.
And,
This...
Confusion goes on!

Hoop and holler groupers,
Who are pooped from their stupors...
But,
This...
Confusion goes on.

Scooped up by the dupers,
And dropped by the snoopers...
But,
This...
Confusion goes on!

Up in arms,

People are...
Pulling alarms.

Hope...
For many is gone!

Hoop and holler groupers,
Who are pooped from their stupors...
But,
This...
Confusion goes on.

Scooped up by the dupers,
And dropped by the snoopers...
But,
This...
Confusion goes on!

Up in arms,
People are...
Pulling alarms.
And...
Scooped up by the dupers,
And dropped by the snoopers.

Up in arms,
People are...
Pulling alarms.
And...
Hoop and holler groupers,
Who are pooped from their stupors.
And...
Up in arms,
People are...
Pulling alarms.
And...
Pooped from their stupors!
And...
Pooped from their stupors!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Poopey Poopoo

My grandmother,
Was not into calling her children
By nicknames.
In fact she once said to my sister...
'I gave my children the names they have!
Each was given with a special meaning.
To identify and dignify that which has been given.'
I often wondered...
Had my sister and I been,
The only ones listening?
With comprehension?
Over the years...
It just appears that way!

Today...
Grown folks are known better by their nicknames.
Than those names given.
Poopey PooPoo. BeBop. Slice and Dice...
BooBoo and Drooper!
What 'energies' have they called upon themselves?

And their children have no idea who their parents are.
Their real names.
Or their purposes.

I remembered when I began calling myself Lawrence...
My birth name.
Lawrence, Junior in fact.
Named after my father.
We were both called Larry at one time.
I decided I would become Lawrence S.
After discovering on my father's birth certificate,
His name was listed as Lawrence A.
And I wanted to be 'AS' much as Lawrence as possible!

Can you guess...
I am between poeticness.
As I share a bit of 'personal-ness'.

Folks got upset!
Guess who smiled?
Clara Louise Countryman Pertillar.
She was very strong and dynamic.
She was pleased to know I was daring!

And the leaves upon the trees,
Begin to bloom in Spring.
As I reminisce those things I miss.
Taking trips back through time.
Those things impressed upon my mind.
And finding me feeling blessed!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Poor Dining Habits

When people have shown themselves,
To have a history of treacherous behavior...
Why do many express shock,
That these same people have poor dining habits.
And cuss with a mouth full of food?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Pop And Culture

Peeps peep on pop and culture.
People peep on pop and culture.
There's a peep on pop and culture,
With not a poop to stop.

They peep on pop and culture.
People peep on pop and culture.
There is a peep on pop and culture,
Without a poop to stop.

Lady Gaga got that pop.
People peep on pop and culture.
Taylor Swift's got Country Rock.
People peep on pop and culture.
And Kanye's a social poppa.
People peep on pop and culture.
With Beyonce and Jay-Z,
Seen on top in magazines.

Peeps peep on pop and culture.
People peep on pop and culture.
There's a peep on pop and culture,
With no poop to stop.

Peeps peep on pop and culture.
People peep on pop and culture.
There's a peep on pop and culture,
With no poop to stop.

We feed on Beatles.
Those songs of Beatles.
We feed on Beatles.
And...
Prince is there with beats.
And Michael Jackson's Pop is sweet.

We feed on Beatles.
Those songs of Beatles.

We feed on Beatles.
And Lady Gaga just rocks.

We feed on Beatles.
And they introduced this culture shock.

Peeps peep on pop and culture.
People peep on pop and culture.
There's a peep on pop and culture,
With not a poop to stop.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Pop Culture

If 'pop' culture for us did not exist,
What would be the 'interests'...
And 'standards' to uphold?
Nothing else seems to be sticking
To an integrity long jeopardized
By contradictions of fantasies,
And capitalized ignorance fed to worship!
Maintaining values sustained...
Envied the world over!
Pursuing to dominate,
With the very best of 'our' garbage!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Pop Leroc

Comeon and eat some pasta,
With your poppa...
Pop LeRoc!
Comeon and eat some pasta,
With your poppa...
Pop LeRoc!
Comeon and eat some pasta,
With your poppa...
Pop LeRoc!
To get the mood...
Like you know you want to!
And rock,
With poppa!

Let's make a feast,
By putting pieces...
Of some lox on top.
And then for fun,
We'll order pizza...
So very nice and hot!
That's what we'll do.
With green peppers too!
To move in the groove,
With pop the rocker!

Come on and eat...
Tasty pasta with me.
Pop LeRoc!
Your poppa.

Let's make a feast,
By putting pieces...
Of some lox on top.
And then for fun,
We'll order pizza...
So very nice and hot!
That's what we'll do.
Before this night is through.
Rock with pop the rocker!

Gonna rock with your poppa.

Comeon and eat some pasta,
With your poppa...
Pop LeRoc!
Comeon and eat some pasta,
With your poppa...
Pop LeRoc!
Comeon and eat some pasta,
With your poppa...
Pop LeRoc!
To get the mood...
Like you know you want to!
And rock,
With your poppa!

That's what we can do.
Before this night is through.

There's no ticking clock,
Around your poppa!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Pop Pop And Sizzle

When you've been re-mated,
With someone you hate...
But love...
With all your heart.

Nothing is between or in the middle.
This is known by two who do those things they do...
In the dark!

Pop pop and sizzle!

Nothing is between or in the middle.
This is known by two who do those things they do...
In the dark!

When you've stopped debating...
Who gives what and how to you.
You'll wake up to know what was,
Has not changed.
It was there when you had your head up,
In the clouds.

Pop pop and sizzle!

Nothing is between or in the middle.
This is known by two who do those things they do...
In the dark!

When you've been re-mated,
With someone you hate...
But love...
With all your heart.

Nothing's in between in the middle.
But-a pop pop and sizzle!
OH..and,
Nothing's in between in the middle.
But-a pop pop and sizzle!
OH...and,

Nothing's in between in the middle.
But-a pop pop and sizzle!
OH...and,
Nothing's in between in the middle.
But-a pop pop and sizzle!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Poppa Dreams

Poppa dreams.
I still wait for your call,
After all these years.

Your absence brings me to tears,
At night.
I still reach for you,
In sleepless heat.
Yearning to feel completed.
As only you can do!
After you're done screwing poppa.

In submissive climax twitching,
That subdues us into sweat.
Poppa tries to catch his breath...
As we hold together on soaken wet,
Creamed dripped sheets.
And throbbing in
Sighs until we've gone to sleep!

You're wicked!

Poppa dreams.
I still wait for your call,
After all these years.

Poppa dreams.
Poppa aches all day it seems.
Poppa wishes to kiss your lips.
And feel our naked hips,
Lick, dance and thrust!
In touches that passion rushes,
Poppa loves so much!

Poppa wants us to knock boots!
Just like you and poppa did...
At least three times a day or more to do.
Poppa dreams.
All ding dong day and night it seems.

The phone rings.
Poppa don't answer.
Poppa listens to the answering machine.
Poppa knows it's not you.
Poppa knows it's just another fling!
A substitute to do.
That poppa does to do his thing.
Imagining in one more dream...
That poppa has while grinding up,
Against someone else...
With thoughts of you!
Poppa dreams.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Poppa Rocks

Poppa didn't come to stay,
Standing on the sidelines
To watch others play!
Poppa came to rock!
So get out of poppa's way.
Poppa tore it up on the dance floor,
Back in poppa's day!

When poppa use to move and groove,
Other people watched.
Poppa didn't care who stared
When poppa rocked...
The clock didn't stop!
All night long,
Poppa did his thing.
When he did the 'do' he 'don'
You could hear poppa loudly sing!
Now that dusk has caught him rusty...
Poppa's moves are smooth.
But that is poppa and poppa can't be stopped.
When poppa gets the urge...
Poppa wants to rock!

Poppa didn't come to stay,
Standing on the sidelines
To watch others play!
Poppa came to rock!
So get out of poppa's way!
You don't know how poppa rocks....
When poppa rocks his way!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Poppycock

Because he is black,
He believes he is held back.
He is!
And so are they!
Because she is black...
And attractive.
She believes she was hired for that!
She was!
For display.
Because I am black,
And proud of that fact!
I can not understand...
Why many blacks can not accept,
Who and what they are...
Will always be attacked!
There is a sickness attached,
With insecurities no one can match.
People are conditioned,
To believe in superstitions...
With inflicted intuitions to expose an ignorance.
And yet superiority can not be proven,
By the advent of incompetence.
Anyone can look around,
And observe standards and moral attitudes placed...
Crumbling to the ground!
Live and in living color.
Very few of these images,
Are broadcasted in black and white!
And what is done undercover?
Produces all shades of everything.
Making what one's values...
With traditions they uphold,
Little sense left to fathom to maintain, grasp or follow!
It's all poppycock!

'There you go!
Bragging about your sexual prowess,
Again! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Popularity

Popularity is great...
For those on missions to seek it.
For those conditioned to live to be liked,
Inspite of how one inside truthfully feels.

For those running for an office,
With blemishes and flaws...
They will not escape a scrutiny,
Until they are left wishing...
They did not do this!

There are those who use looks,
To flaunt about.
Hoping this attention...
Separates them and stands them out!

And then there are those,
Who do not seek popularity at all.
It is just something about what they do...
That make some folks believe,
They are seeking ahs and ooo's.

While the opposite of that,
Is where their minds are at.
And this is true.
If you asked those who are more popular,
Than me and you.

And I wish I had time to do that.
Signing autographs prevents that task.
And the paparazzi stays on my path.
And all I'm wishing for on days like this...
Is just some privacy,
While I eat my tuna sandwich!

Oooohhh...
The anguish one suffers,
When something done meets approval...
That separates them from so many others!

'hehe...'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Popularity Achieved

Popularity.
Whether it is obtain to achieve,
Or given to one as a confirmation...
A conformity pleases,
And one who shows this with loyalty...
Is certain to be popular.
And noticed to be a faithful devotee.

Those who speak and with tongues to irritate,
With opposing positions they often take...
May say what others want and should,
If the truth is heard and understood!
But those who follow to whisper their opinions,
Would rather do that than to offend...
The sensibilities of most who choose to stay dishonest.

And popularity achieved to be given,
Isn't kept too long...
If the one who has it,
Is more impressed by keeping this status...
Than upsetting a cart carrying those,
Hoping no one notices their excessive baggage.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Popularity And Truth

Do you honestly believe,
A truth is spoken to obtain one popularity?
Has grandma ever baked a cake you ate,
To exclaim it delicious...
But thought to hate it later,
Because the taste of it was that good?

And admitting to wanting another slice,
Was too embarrassing to say...
In the presence of others,
Who disliked grandma's directness.
And how that directness was displayed.

Popularity and truth,
Do not normally become a mixture...
One anticipates from a craving to satisfy.
These days people are afraid,
To approach a kitchen or know how hot,
An over can get to experience a staying away from it.

Popularity accompanied by truth,
Rarely gets any votes as a choice people prefer...
With thunderous applause and a cheering heard.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Popularity Based Upon Testimony Received

Dangerous are the ones,
Uncomfortable in their own skins.
Easily influenced and absent of identity.
Personally untrustworthy.
Yet dutiful when given and assigned responsibility.

And programmed they are,
To achieve a popularity.
Based upon testimony received...
From those who are equally trained to deceive.
Successfully!

And that is reflective to the health of one's society.
Accepted to observe without comment if wished.
Or deny in one's defense which is commonly witnessed,
To make for them a conscious sense...
To what they do that's done.
For their own betterment and social standing perceived.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Popularity Bestowed

To declare someone or a thing done,
As popular...
Is a point of view.
Like a fad one embraces,
Until the taste of it is replaced...
By something else considered fresh,
And updated.

In some schools these 'labels' given,
Hold true too.
With a giving of attention...
To a uniqueness that is mentioned.
That others may attempt to replicate.

But when something is determined by some,
To become popular...
Others may perceive that a popularity bestowed,
May go to one's head to marinate to stay.
To carry around without sleep.
With a thought of this believed.
To be accepted as received.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Popularized To Address And Adorn

They've been conditioned to believe,
What happens to them in their environment...
Is a reflection of society and the general public.
And what has been done to them has been effective.

And...
Indirectly,
They are correct.

Although,
What they expose and show as a collective mindset...
With a lack of comprehension as to who they are,
Consciously speaking...
Skips and misses the point of having an identity.

And this they should know.
But many of them have been taught...
Mediocrity is acceptable.
And to be literate offends their ethnicity.

And only in the 'inner cities'...
Is this believed,
To be a fashion statement!

Where everything else,
Seems to begin to generate taste and flavor...
Before being popularized to address and adorn.
And marketed to benefit the easy life of thieves.

And this they should know.
But many of them have been taught...
Mediocrity is acceptable.
And to be literate offends their ethnicity.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

'Pornification'

Things are easy to laugh at
When misunderstood.
Easy to laugh at...
Until you see this does no good.
I want to command a life I can understand.
Passing judgement upon others...
Is not a taste I welcome or demand.
And I take my wishes seriously,
No matter who observes...
The kind of man I am!
Things are easy to laugh at
When misunderstood.
Easy to laugh at...
Until you see this does no good.
And throughout neighbors,
There are thugs and others...
Doped up on hope,
As if they 'should'.
And how to make a coping much better.
Far better than it is!
Until the next 'hit' fits the groove.
To make a worthlessness
Accepted and approved!

Things are easy to laugh at
When misunderstood.
Easy to laugh at...
Until you see this does no good.
So 'Pornification' is 'not'
Too far out of the picture?

'And...
It's fornication! '

Then where does that 'F'ing 'F' go?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Portfolio

Look...
I could care less,
About you being stressed
Distressed, depressed...
Or suppressed with anxieties,
Addressed in stale oppressions.
You confess you detest.
What's next?
On this merry-go-round...
You have found a comforting rest.
Is 'this' your 'best'?

I am no longer available,
To share 'that' with you!
Not at this hour.
Not in these times.
Not after what you and I have been through!
To spin in circles just to prove...
I can get dizzy in one spot?
And stagger around unable to move?

I have found my own happiness.
And those 'keys' to my success.
If that is the kind of conversation you wish to have...
Then I am open to express,
Why we both should be thankful to be so blessed.
Fussin' and cussin' is not on my agenda.
Nor is defeat or limitation speeches...
To feed into my consciousness.

IF you have a problem with 'that' or with me...
I will not stop you at all 'if' should turn your back,
To leave!
Be my guest!
You will be received...
In that crab barrel protesting like the rest!

I am only looking for good investments,
For my peace of mind that has been tested.

And whether or not this is understood...
You will not find me sitting on my behind,
To prove to you I can suffer...
Better than you ever could.
Or anyone in the neighborhood.

Should I mope in despair?
Declare to the world I've been ignored?
Should I pout when opportunity knocks?
Because I don't like who or what I see...
When I 'peek' through that door?
I think not!
Not on my 'watch'!
Will I let that go unexplored.

You want to splurge on complaints?
And put restraints on your ambitions?
You want to make your life miserable...
And focus on your condition?
You want to moan and groan about you being 'PO'?
And identify yourself with others like that you know?
That's okay!
I'm not going to tell you don't do it that way!

I am setting up additions to my revised portfolio!
And folks like you who continue to review losses...
Are being removed from the stock the blocks,
My goodwill and the path my journey shows.
And what I feel is mine to be returned?
I've been taught some lessons I have learned...
And I've begun mending bridges I once had burned.

I sense my steps you wish to stop!
And I have to let you go!
My portfolio can not hold onto that nonsense.
I want more than trapping BS,
In my life to adventure and show!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Portraits Of Innocence

Innocently skipping along,
In a quiet neighborhood...
Munching on 'Skittles'.
To then be approached,
By a big bad man...
With a gun in his hand,
Hunting down a child to kill...
Is the best depiction of Norman Rockwell.
Norman Rockwell had 'skillz'.

However...
A teen built like a full grown man,
Snooping to sneak in between buildings...
Where break-ins and fear takes place.
And with intent to burglarize to feed a drug habit.
Is not what people choose to see exhibited.
No matter how truthful,
The reality on display everyday this is.

It's all over the place to ignore yet defend.
It's all over the place,
Dishonesty and a lack of discipline.
It's all over the place,
Disrespect and neglect but yet...
Portraits of innocence,
Are what people expect exhibited.
And will protest to the end to get.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Portrayed As A Maverick

Remember the days when being portrayed,
As a maverick...
Had offended those 'normal',
Who then considered themselves conformists.

And today there are more than ever before,
Joining the ranks of those clearly insane.
Daring to proclaim they are entitled...
To follow and uphold a way of life that is crazed!

And those 'abnormal' with dysfunctions known,
Have proven what they value with standards attached...
Are living with a peace of mind,
And choosing to remain detached...
From those who have lost their minds to never get back!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Portrayed As A Togetherness Wished

So divided and un-united as a people they are.
And so without an identity.
Whatever purpose they had,
Has been deluted into a non-meaning.

At one time the response was high.
With an energy few could deny.
But today some just rather walk away.
Than to receive the many labels dispensed...
From those who claim involvement,
In this kind of delusional nonsense.
Portrayed as a togetherness wished.
But their minds are not uplifted...
From the valleys they travel and kept revisited!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Portraying Themselves As A Class Of Masters

These matters would not exist...
If not discussed,
With such digusted persistence.

To insist that what is not real for some...
Does not undo what has been done,
Or mean others are not dealing with it...
For centuries to overcome.

Some would say homelessness and racism,
Aren't realities lived surrounding them.
And yet there are millions living like this,
In a country they all live in!

And these situations are not just observed,
From tourists eyes...
But also lived by countless others,
Who can not hide as they try to survive.

Poverty and joblessness...
Aren't fantasized conditions,
Just 'minorities' live with!
They happen to dwell in urban cities...
While a 'majority' come into work,
And leave these scenes strapped with taxes...
Taking resources and quick they flee!

Those hustling with fat paychecks,
Want to believe...
They are not restricted,
From an abundance of opportunities!

And as long as they reflect,
A standard of life they respect...
Their visions are not limited,
With constant reminders they are rejected...
By someone else's perspective!

As they live in a 'world'

With images of themselves everywhere displayed.
Providing comforts for those of similar faces...
Portraying themselves as a class of masters.
And shepherding others,
To their accepted places!
As they announce their actions...
Benefits their interests,
To incite destruction and immoral conflicts.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Portraying Themselves As Friends

I don't care who told it...
When it was told to who and why.
When a lie leaves someone's lips,
And they are quick to try to cover it...
With additional nonsense that makes less sense,
I feel offended, disrespected...
And I will not get over it!

I do not exist for that kind of crap to persist,
In my life.
Not mine.
Folks like that,
I could care less who they are.
They will not get other opportunities,
To do what they do to others to me!

I am not that kind of forgiver.
When I give of myself,
I deliver.
And there is nothing below the surface that I hide.
But I will bury quick...
An association I discover has been based upon lies!
Too much of that is observed.
And cowards portraying themselves as friends...
Are the first to think its a joke,
To do you in!
And believe your reaction to them is not deserved!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Poses Taken To Take Them No Where

It's easy to sit back,
And say who needs direction.
But it seems as if those with the most lip,
Are the ones who are the least prepared to lead.

And those with ambition...
With their eyes on success to achieve,
Can not stop in their tracks seeking approval...
From those satisfied to sit together,
Getting fat nibbling on cheese.
And other assorted poses taken to take them no where!
These folks are not assertive.
Judgemental...
But not assertive!

It takes work to make things happen.
With sleepless nights a part of it!
If one knows what is wished to be accomplished...
The deed is in the doing.
Without manic tantrums in dramatic fits.
Or spoiled demands made by one,
Waiting for intructions to become assisted.

If one chooses to get things done...
It is best to take command,
And not make demands on those who question...
The qualifications of the one who created the plans.

Folks like this,
Meet and greet to promote stagnation.
Leave them in it,
And split!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Position Of The Careprovider

Neglecting one's own health,
Is not intentionally done...
When one is focused upon,
Being there for others.
And caring for themselves,
Is not a priority that comes.

In fact...
People are often quite stunned,
When it is revealed someone like this...
Becomes the one sick and needing attention.
Since those who take a position of the careprovider,
Are most often themselves the ones neglected.

'They said not one thing about feeling ill.
Or needing assistance.'

To whom would they tell?
And who would think of their sickness,
As being 'that' serious?

'The last time I saw them,
They appeared to be in perfect health.'

Oh?
And when was that?

'It was recently.
Maybe two or three years ago now.
And I am closer to them than a relative.'

Perhaps that explains their reluctance,
To say anything to anyone.
With an eliminating of the gossip,
And concentrating on a healing...
That can be quicker done.
Without rumors of a false diagnosis.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Positioned Conditions

Conditions!
Set in minds positioned.
To uplift and remove those ugly moods
No matter what comes next,
With a left negative affect...
It is the position,
A mind conditioned...
Will ignore and not accept to choose.

No matter what comes next,
To leave a negative affect...
One's mind positioned,
With a wish to want...
Can undo any mood to choose.
If,
This is wanted to do.

Conditions!
Set in minds positioned.
To uplift and refuse those ugly moods
No matter what comes next,
With a left negativity in effect.
It's in the mind to make a decision,
To remove...
Those ugly moods.
To get them out the mind and let go.
Ugly moods.
To get them out the mind and let go.
And refuse,
Any ugly moods.

No matter what comes next,
To leave a negativity in effect.
Don't choose,
Any ugly moods.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Positive

You wish for me to say something positive?
Okay!

You are positively in denial,
Of the plight of your blight!

Which is positively a result of your negative greed.
Fed by your positive inability,
To be concerned about the outcome you now face...
With positive detrimental consequences.

I can not be any more positive than that!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Possessing Of A Good Health

Some may claim that fortune and fame,
Are goals to reach and to maintain.
But possessing of a good health,
Is better than impressing people with wealth.
Since people who live for nothing else...
Seem to live for nothing else but to greed.

Some may claim that fortune and fame,
Are goals to reach and to maintain.
But...
Nothing is richer than health.
Or possessing every good thought felt.
And getting up and able to walk...
Through the trees.
Without making impressions.

And...
Possessing discipline everyday.
With a doing it and able to say,
That one's mind has a peace that stays...
And capable of showing,
One's wealth of health remains.

Some may claim that fortune and fame,
Are goals to reach and to maintain.
But possessing of a good health,
Is better than impressing people with wealth.
Since people who live for nothing else...
Seem to live for nothing else but to greed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Possibilities

The vast richness of consciousness,
Leaves some veiled and some minds lifted.
Some are left in darkness,
With visions left incomplete.
Some perceive a knowledge received,
In colleges and universities...
Will heighten what the enlightened ones see.
It is neither sought or taught from books,
That frees this 'spirituality'!
It's an understanding of something far greater,
Controls all our destinies.
And what it is can not be described,
Using eyes limited!
And unfamiliar to far greater
Possibilities!
Where values based upon material wealth,
Actually decrease in purpose and need!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

'Possibilities List'

Oh...
I can take you to the edge.
And have you think you can fly.
However...
IF you know you need a pair of wings,
Please do not decide that AFTER you jump!
I will not have you on my conscious,
Wishing I had offered you...
To glimpse my 'Possibilities List'
First!
And I am glad you are paying 'some' attention.
The others couldn't wait,
Until I said...
'For every action taken,
Be prepared for the consequences! '

'FLY! '
As in one's head!
Not flap your arms...
And take a dive off a ledge!
Those fools just wanted to fly.
Some folks are just so impatient.
And there's nothing on this list,
That says anything about flapping!
Do you see it?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Post! To Delete

Post to delete.
Delete.
Post!
To delete.

Post to delete.
Delete.
Post!
To delete.

Automated.
Minds are.
Automated.
Dreams are.
Automated wishes,
To get.
With...
Automated thoughts,
To reset.

Where are those with their hopes,
Hanging on...
To not let go.
As preachers speak of kept faith.
Where are those who know,
What is better for the rest.
Less are their voices heard in protest.

What is the purpose for lessons taught.
What is the purpose for time sought to learn,
To pass those tasks not to last...
In these times moving away so fast,
From expectations that are quickly trashed.

Automated.
Minds are.
Automated.
Dreams are.
Automated wishes,

To get.
With...
Automated thoughts,
To reset.

Where are those with their hopes,
Hanging on...
To not let go.
As preachers speak of kept faith.
Where are those who know,
What is better for the rest.
Less are their voices heard in protest.

Post to delete.
Delete.
Post!
To delete.

Post to delete.
Delete.
Post!
To delete.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Postulate

These days we live are not for pretensions.
Or those with assumptions...
Who can't give it to anyone straight.

These days we live have been much maligned,
By mischievous maliciousness!
And those who have done this...
Need to do prsion time!

These days we live brought with them heartbreak.
Too many today have become victims of snakes.
And those who gambled away lives of others...
Deserve public floggings and removed from their undercovers.

These days we live will sadly not get better.
Not for those who sit wishing...
For those times to return reminisced.

These days we live are not for pretensions.
Or those with assumptions...
Who can't give it to anyone straight.
Absorbed they are in crookedness.
With deceit to satiate.

These days we live are exactly as observed.
Intended to shake those awake.
From fantasies kept...
By those now seen as fakers.
Those who baited hatred and fear.
As a means for their escape.

But it is too late!
For those who traded evil...
To postulate truth to manipulate their doings!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Posturing

Posturing,
Upon your fears.
To have you pay,
For years and years.
A sacrifice demanded,
And reprimanding guilt.
Just to have you accept,
Deceptions dealt.
Without regard or empathy,
Of who has feelings deeply felt.

Posturing?
Yes!
Who benefits...
From this 'bull' that sits?
No need for guesses to further depress.
It will not be you.
You are no where in view.
You are not on the radar...
Or on this selective menu.
Neither as a consideration!
Nor as a choice to choose.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Posturing...'What An Attitudinizer '

What are they doing?
It's fascinating.

'It's not really new.
It is how they do it.
They make it look so fresh.
And so innovatively done too!

Rumor has it,
It began in D.C.
Now it's sweeping across the country.'

I like the way they stop.
Look reflectively to the sky.
Take a few steps.
Fold their arms across their chests.
Tilt their heads to the side,
As if to listen.
And repeat the process.
Then stop.
Pat a foot to look intentive.
While placing their index finger over the lips.
As if to stop the flow of speech.
Wonderful.
This is going to be mainstream one day.

'It leaves more of an impression,
With the hip hop music behind it...
Doesn't it? '

Of course it does.
That's how it caught my attention.
I could not help but stop!
I'm in awe.
I can see right now,
That's going to be a fashion rage.
What is that called?
I can't wait to introduce this to folks in my hometown!

'It has already become an underground movement.
Literally!
It's called POSTURING.
You take a position,
Then act as if you're about to do something.
But don't! '

I absolutely love it.
Posturing?

'Yep.
That's what the kids call it.
Posturing.'

Great.
Wow!
That's fabulous.
What an attitudinizer.
I can see why it's such a tremendous hit.

Posturing.
What an attitudinizer, what an attitudinizer.
Posturing.
What an attitudinizer, what an attitudinizer.
Posturing.
What an attitudinizer, what an attitudinizer.
What an attitudinizer,
That can really hypnotize...
Set your eyes and fix them,
And anyone can do!

Now...
Posturing.
What an attitudinizer, what an attitudinizer.
Posturing.
What an attitudinizer, what an attitudinizer.
Posturing.
What an attitudinizer, what an attitudinizer.
What an attitudinizer,
That can really hypnotize...
Set your eyes and fix them,
And anyone can do!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Pot Pie

You don't think that you do it,
But you...
Give it up.
Give it up.
You don't think that it's tasty,
But you...
Give it up.
Give it up.

You cook up a good pot pie!
You don't need to try,
To do any harder.
And when it is done,
Folks sigh!
Your pot pie.
Doesn't leave a dry eye...
'Cause it's good.
Like your mama's.
It's good.
It's good.
It's good...
Like your mama's.
It's good.
It's good!

You don't think that you do it,
But you...
Give it up.
Give it up.
You don't think that it's tasty,
But you...
Give it up.
Give it up.

And it's good.
Like your mama's.
It's good.
It's good.
It's good...

Like your mama's.
It's good.
It's good.

You cook up a good pot pie!
You don't need to try,
To do any harder.
And when it is done,
Folks sigh!
Your pot pie.
Doesn't leave a dry eye...
'Cause it's good.
Like your mama's.
It's good.
It's good.
It's good...
Like your mama's.
It's good.
It's good!

You don't think that you do it,
But you...
Give it up.
Give it up.
And it's good!
Like your mama's.
It's good.
It's good.
It's good...
Like your mama's.
Your pot pie.
Doesn't leave a dry eye.
And it's good!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Potless Wishes

Why aren't you enraged?

'About what? '

The state of the economy!

'Remember years ago,
When I told you I was 'downsized'?
A new term they were using back then
To declare people were no longer needed,
To perform jobs being taken away from them? '

Yeah, I remember that.
And those jobs were 'outsourced'.
Another term created!

'Right!
And something about the way it was used...
You knew it didn't belong to you any more!
Your 'gut' told you it was gone forever!
Over the years such words as surge, stimulation package
Bailout, rescue relief and mortgage meltdown have been introduced.'

Things 'are' happening rather fast it seems.

'There are some terms being tossed about for introduction,
For folks to absorb and digest!
They were sampling them the other day at the supermarket! '

What are they?

'Vacant Shelfing and Mental Evacuation.

I've dealt with Vacant Shelfing on a number of occasions,
When I was a child.
We use to call that 'Potless Wishes'
However...
'Mental Evacuation'?
That's the term that stumps me! '

Why is that?

'Something tells me...
That is not going to be done on a voluntary basis! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Pots And Dishes

I kept sending my best wishes.
But some dismissed...
As bits of riff.
Not as thoughts with a purpose to gift!
Then I sat with chores on my mind...
Most ignored,
By a lack of my time.
Which ones could I use
Someone to assist me with?
The pots and dishes are needing my attention!
And with Best wishes sent...
These activities needed to be done,
I had yet to mention...
Until now!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Potty Trained At Birth

Why do you look down in the dumps?

'It has been discovered my mother,
Allowed me to walk around in a dirty diaper.
When I was nine months old.
So my chance to be selected,
As community organizer has been jeopardized! '

Whatever you do...
Don't hold that against them.
Perhaps one day they will find someone,
Who was experienced.
And potty trained at birth!

'Perhaps!
And maybe a true change they can believe in,
Will finally come into their lives! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Potty Trained By Patient Strangers

Is there an awakening stage,
Upon which children undisciplined...
Become responsible driven adults?
And suddenly a laziness condoned,
Develops into an array of capabilities shown?
And beaming parents with no influence of this at all...
Stand tall to be awarded the credit.
With an acknowledged look as if deserved?

If this scenerio is an expectation...
While parents who have been negligent,
Of 'parenting' as it is meant await praises?
There is no wonder why there are many adults,
Who have learned to be potty trained...
By patient strangers.
And few who have done this,
Can say they have welcomed successful results.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Pounding Sexuality

Hounds on the prowl...
Wolves in silk and satin,
Growl.
Tasty morsels loose unleashed.
Waiting unsuspectedly,
To dangle and mesh...

A hidden inner beast!

Pounding sexuality,
And tearing the seams from sheets!
No one lays a victim here...
It is clear these dogs only stalk,
And eat
Fresh and tender meat!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Pour As Much Of It As You Want

Who you knew and what you knew,
About who and why back in the day.
When back in the day was...
Well,
Behind the times even then,
When molasses moved faster than folks...
Who claimed to eat snails on planes.
And some were calling that mess escargot!
Dipping it in horse radish and cocktail sauce?
Who knew?
I didn't know.
I just ate them.

People like that,
Slapping fancy names on common stuff...
I aint got time for.

And today those times have not changed.
Not that much.
And nothing you have to say,
Is of a concern to me.

Those days are behind me!
Packed way in the back,
Of my dusted memories.

Trust!
And the truth shall set you free.
Now...
Are you here to represent or deliver grief?
Which is it?
Since I certainly can not accept,
Your presence on my doostep...
As a chance encounter!
Nor am I into prolonging mysteries.
Hmmm...
You are here to spread fresh gossip,
On someone you suspect I know well.
I can tell.

And you could not wait to get here,
To get my reaction!
Am I right?

Well...
Let me clear the air and say this to you,
So I can get it out in the air...
Open and over with!

Before you think you'd find me in that same frame of mind.
I hate to disappoint you...
But,
I just removed some frozen chicken wings from the frig.
And they will take at least twenty minutes to thaw.
How much time you got?

'Me?
I got all night! '

Well, come on in!
You standing outside like I can afford to heat it.
I ain't got it like that!
It's cold.
Come on in and close the door.
And I'll fix us a nice pot of hot tea.
And feel free to pour as much of it as you want.
How you been?
I was just saying the other day...
It sure would be good to see you.
And here you are.

God is good aint He?
And works in such mysterious ways.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Pout On

IwishthatIcouldrushtoyouandmakeitokay,
ButIcan'tdothatbecauseyou'renotfeelingthatway.
IwishthatIcouldrushtoyouandmakeitokay,
ButIcan'tdothatbecauseyou'renotfeelingthatway.

You rather whine about these times.
Just sitting on your backside finding time to sigh.
You rather whine about these times.
Just sitting on your backside finding time to sigh.

IwishthatIcouldrushtoyouandmakeitokay,
ButIcan'tdothatbecauseyou'renotfeelingthatway.
IwishthatIcouldrushtoyouandmakeitokay,
ButIcan'tdothatbecauseyou'renotfeelingthatway.

You rather whine about these times.
Just sitting on your backside finding time to sigh.
You rather whine about these times.
Just sitting on your backside finding time to sigh.

Pout on.
Pout on.
Like the others who are shouting 'bout lost pennies in their pots!
Pout on.
Pout on.
Like the others who are shouting 'bout lost pennies in their pots!

IwishthatIcouldrushtoyouandmakeitokay,
ButIcan'tdothatbecauseyou'renotfeelingthatway.
IwishthatIcouldrushtoyouandmakeitokay,
ButIcan'tdothatbecauseyou'renotfeelingthatway.

You rather whine about these times.
Just sitting on your backside finding time to sigh.
You rather whine about these times.
Just sitting on your backside finding time to sigh.

You rather whine about these times.

Just sitting on your backside finding time to sigh.
You rather whine about these times.
Just sitting on your backside finding time to sigh.

Pout on.
Pout on.
Like the others who are shouting 'bout lost pennies in their pots!
IwishthatIcouldrushtoyouandmakeitokay,
ButIcan'tdothatbecauseyou'renotfeelingthatway.
You rather whine about these times.
Just sitting on your backside finding time to sigh.
Pout on.
Pout on.
Like the others who are shouting 'bout lost pennies in their pots!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

...Pow! !

An intoxicated greed made so intense,
A sobering to detox from it...
Is becoming 'thisclose' to be considered,
A federal offense.
And compared to nicotine, alcohol...
Or drugs claimed to be unlawful,
But miraculously made easy to get...
The feeding of greed has taken minds,
On expensive and far from cost effective trips.

The seeds are planted and everywhere harvested.
Not a thought is given to crediting a fix.
'I'm sorry. Is that card maxed out? I have another.'
So dangerous has greed and selfishness become,
Parents today are shopping for guns...
In the hopes to protect against any signs of threats.
Marketed to heighten fears of losing what's possessed.
To then have guns purchased and engraved,
As a surprise for each one of their children.
Even those much too young.

'...POW! !
Daddy? When am I going to be old enough,
To put real bullets in my new gun? '

~Maybe I will teach you that,
After you leave pre-school.
And your first day of kindergarten has begun.~

'...POW! ! '

~And...
After you learn not to point your gun at daddy.~

'Promise? '

~Promise.~

'I hope all my friends get guns.

Especially Bobby.'

~Why Bobby? ~

'He 'pretends' to shoot me,
All the time.'

~You kids don't know how to play.
Like we did at your age.~

'LOL. Daddy? You so funny.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Power And The Use Of It

Few come to know truth.
The power and the use of it.
With a significance that overrides...
Liars and their alibis.
And what hides behind their eyes...
What is there to be seen and/or isn't.

And that's why many folks foolishly lie!
Those that do not know,
Truth exposes...
The youngest and the oldest.
There is no discrimination.
Or affordable subdivisions.

Few come to know truth,
For what it is.
So many don't know,
What telling the truth gives.
But those who do know what truth is,
Live it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Power Drunk

He's not out of touch!
He just has never been 'in' touch,
To know what's that like!
Or what that kind of touching means.
He pulls out a weggie!
Thinking 'that' is what is seen.

He was told that...
After receiving confirmation.
His train is still boarding,
And has yet to leave the station.

It will take some time,
Before all news he 'chooses' reaches his head.
He has been so far removed...
All he knows is what he's been fed.
Some brain cells are thriving.
Some on life support and close to dead.
He actually believes he is JC!
But JC turned water into sparkling wine!
This fool is power drunk and drinks his instead!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Power Of Prayer

I shared with someone I cared.
And immediately I was told,
My caring was obsolete.
I was told I didn't have to.
I knew then my mind was ill spent.
I didn't have to take it back.
I just let it fade away.
I knew where my caring came from.
They believed it could be salvaged.
As if it could be traded for something better.
Like an upgrade.
Of course they had no idea the power of prayer.
And that's where my caring for them had meant.
But some folks wish not to be that connected.
And who am I to argue with that kind of ego?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Practice Every Step

Practice every step.
Do not second guess what it takes.
Practice every step.
Practice every step.

There's no sleeping for someone who has a place to go,
So...
Practice every step.
Practice every step.

Focus on that goal,
And tighten on your hold,
And...
Practice every step.
Practice every step.

Practice every step.
Do not second guess what it takes.
Practice every step.
Practice every step.

Every journey taken,
Must be thought of as a race...
And,
Practice every step.
Practice every step.

There's no other way to straighten out a crooked road,
So...
Practice every step.
Practice every step.

No matter what you're told,
There will be some doubts and woes...
But you,
Practice every step.
Yes you,
Practice every step.

Woes you hold will eventually go,
So...
Practice every step.
Practice every step.
Practice every step.
Practice every step.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Practicing Tact

Practicing tact,
May work for those...
Who are expected to control,
Certain environments.

But old fashioned tactics,
To hold one's attention...
Today does not work.

Have you tried to teach,
A classroom of students...
Who have been fast food supplied,
And gone beserk?

Or listened to a parent who cries upon a visit...
Not understanding 'why' their 'babies',
Are locked up in a prison?

To then be told,
They should be held accountable...
For raising irresponsible children.
And when this is tried...
Some authority from the 'outside',
Tells them their methods applied...
Are not acceptable to 'standards'.
And their actions are denied!

Practicing tact,
May work for those...
Who are expected to control,
Certain environments.
However...
Practice does not make perfect,
If those allowing dysfunctions to exist...
Insist ideals more valued,
No one from them should run and hide.

Although laws created,
Protects a downslide!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Practitioners Of Standards Valued

What values remain to be left identified,
As a quality of life to fade unnoticed.
With a diseasing youthful minds to succeed,
Continuing an epidemic...
To spread agony perceived to be,
One of those 'temporary' kid events.

Where is that 'prized' process intended been,
To have a progress meant to comprehend...
Be forgotten the moment it began.
And where oh where are those people who care,
Describing themselves as 'elves' of consciousness.
The ones who could prevent decisions,
Leaving them sick and tired of unconscious nonsense.

Who is representing any truth to believe these days?
Who is committed with a quickness to stop deceptions.
Without deceiving others,
They are against such receptions to not themselves...
Learn to perfect.

And, why are more people seem to be feeding,
On new threats from enemies unseen but fear.
While their quality of life has slipped to disappear.
Deep into a mud of sleaze,
Entertaining hypocrisies.

Where is that 'prized' process intended been,
To have a progress meant to comprehend.
For all to benefit without a questioning of it.
And where are those practitioners,
Of standards valued once protected to exist.
But eroding to be missed.
With known and shown disparities that sit.

Yet...
This to mention offends,
Those who insist they remain defending...
Their entitlements and the right...

To do whatever they like whenever they like,
And to whom they choose to dislike.
As a quality of life speeds quicker into a blight.
While an infighting blinds those losing their minds.
To find daylight from the moment it dawns,
Leaving them not to witness...
Opportunities to mend their differences,
Time given to them has gone.

*'Somewhere,
Over the rainbow...
Blue birds,
Fly.
That's where...'

~Shut up.
No one's got time,
For that kind of optimism.~

This to mention offends,
Those who insist they remain defending...
Their entitlements and the right...
To do whatever they like whenever they like,
And to whom they choose to dislike.

*Note:
Originally written as 'Over The Rainbow'
But more popularly referred,
As 'Somewhere Over The Rainbow'.
Music by Harold Arlen and Lyrics:
E.Y. Harburg. Introduced in the 1939 movie...
'The Wizard of Oz' and sung by Judy Garland.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Praised For Outrageous Behavior

Loud like their mamas.
Irresponsible like their papas.
Protected all,
By excuses made.
Surrounded by walls,
Of those denials laid!

Disrespectful and indignant.
Ignorant and insolent.
Yet wishing with a dismissal of this,
To be praised for outrageous behavior.

Their lives have been lived,
Without social investments.
Or an upgrade of lowlife mindsets!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Praised On Raised Pedestals

It is as easy today to ruin someone's reputation,
As it is to deceive anyone who believes...
Those who preach with a self righteousness,
Are not sneaking around cheating on their mates.
With a hope their judgements passed on others,
Keeps them praised on raised pedestals.
With a doing done that is public,
To impress those equally impeccably dressed...
With a covering to smother up their own digressions.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Praises

When you awaken one morning,
And feeling the absence of B.S.
Don't stop to wonder where it is...
Or quickly get dressed,
Expecting your usual day of stress.

Thank God for the moment!
And address this happiness.
Do your best to keep this feeling!
And express your thankfulness...
With praises you are willing to give,
Accept and share!
Hold onto it with a firm grip!
And pray to keep it there.

When you awaken one morning,
And feeling the absence of B.S.
Don't rush to the window as the sunrise lifts!
Forget that it ever came to visit.
And forgive yourself 'if' it is missed!
Sit...
With praises you are willing to give!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Praises To The Eldest

Praises to the eldest of siblings!
You know...
The ones parents experiment with?
The ones some plan for...
And rush to grow up,
To get it right with the other 'younger' kids!

Everything is tried on the eldest first.
Whether it is good or bad,
The eldest is going to get it first...
Not the one to get it last!
That comes after the eldest...
Has to grow up fast!

Blamed for something that was not done.
Doing chores while the younger ones have fun.
Being held accountable,
And being told to become more responsible!
Getting sick?
Forget it.
Pretending not to be,
Is what the elder one...
Chooses the younger ones not to see!

He or she has to prove how strong he or she has to be!
And making demands the eldest has to do.
They know when they've been ignored like a pair of old shoes!
And don't be a male in a family of females.
There is nothing right the eldest one can do!
The younger ones will accuse the eldest.
And get away with it too!
Like lieing about what the eldest one does.
Because the eldest one,
Is the one born that everyone likes to pick on...
To abuse and use!
Until the eldest one decides to leave the nest...
To do what he or she chooses to do best.

Growing older alone...

And finding themselves in a home,
The eldest one had said...
Never again they would return,
To hear the bitching, groaning and moans.
And finding themselves with no one there,
To care what the eldest does.
With who...
Or if anyone is there to share!
But...
It is soooo peaceful!

'Thank you,
Father God!
THIS has indeed been earned! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Pray Reality You Pay For Never Fades

Wear your toupee with a wish youth stays.
Handle all your business from May 'til December.
Pray reality you pay for never fades.
Since so many like you can't accept what's true.

Put down those whines you find time pining,
And moans that your groan.
Whatever you thought would be happening,
Ain't happenin' no 'mo'!

Put down those whines you find time pining,
And moans that your groan.
Whatever you thought would be happening,
Ain't happenin' no 'mo'!

Wear your toupee with a wish youth stays.
Handle all your business from May 'til December.
Pray reality you pay for never fades.
Since so many like you can't accept what's true.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Pray That They Awaken

They want to cling to divisive means.
With an influx of this division...
That reeks of a stalled and stale indecision.
Pray for their souls.
Those of consciousness detached!
Pray that they awaken...
To gain the remains,
Of 'any' common sense back!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Prayer (Meditation)

When in prayer,
Most take this time...
To send with it hoped,
Undivided attention...
Is given to them.

When in meditation,
Most take this time...
Clearing their minds.
Patiently to find,
Themselves prepared to receive.
And listen.

Many pray to say what it is,
They wish.
With 'things' prioritized,
On their top ten list.
And not a word from them,
Of being appreciative...
From their mouths are mentioned
Or an expressed gratefulness.

Nor are their quivering lips,
Stopped to silence...
To receive and listen,
What is meant to understand.
Believing God is only there,
To hear their demands.

And yet...
After their 'show and tell',
Routinely performed is done...
Accepted are regrets,
And disappointments heard...
Expressed.
Among those who congregate,
Sharing together...
Unchanged complaints.

When one decides,
To sit in quiet...
Desiring this time to find.
Discovering they will,
A mind eventually silenced.
And listening to comprehend...
Begins.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Praying Everyday With Faith

You will not pick me as your victim,
To have me believe it.
Because I wont be the one,
To have that done.

No you will not pick me as your victim,
To have me believe it.
Because I wont be the one,
To have that done.

You will never be the one,
To ever break my faith.

Oh no.
You will never be the one,
To keep me...
Away from praying everyday with faith.

You will not pick me as your victim,
To have me believe it.
Because I wont be the one,
To have that done.

Oh no.
You will never be the one,
To keep me...
Away from praying everyday with faith.

I've been in too many battles,
With a praying everyday with faith.
To believe...
With a praying everyday with faith.
My Comforter,
Is there to provide my needs.
And everyday that I pray with faith.

Nobody,
Can take away my strength with faith.
Will deceive,

To come between me and my faith.
With a wanting me,
To believe...
I live to be a victim!

I said NOBODY,
Can take away my strength with faith.
Will deceive,
To come between me and my faith.
With a wanting me to believe...
I live to be a victim!

No I will not be a victim,
To have it believed.
Because I wont be the one...
To have that done.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Praying For Change And Upward Mobility

The rich get richer.
And the poor stay on sore knees,
With it intended for them to believe...
Praying for change and upward mobility,
Is a thing done that comes to motivate...
Those who will miraculously discover,
Ambition, drive, inspiration and discipline...
To leave their expectations less delusional.
With reality and facts to face.

And those who know,
How their success and riches...
Developed with sweat and tears wept,
May have prayed during the process...
But off their knees they knew they had to get,
If dreams and wishes of their wants and needs...
Were ever for them to be met.
And with no guarantee,
Their efforts to endeavor would succeed.

'But some are just more luckier than others.
And most are not stressed,
To have their heritage oppressed.'

~And others are left to perceive,
If they remain reminded of their oppression...
Those who have achieved success,
Will keep giving them sympathy?
With a continuing to hear...
How their ancestors were able to overcome their fears,
While fighting through obstacles.
And doing it without soliciting empathizers.
To throw pennies to those choosing to play,
Stereotypical roles.~

'Well...
You must admit the routine has been kept effective.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Praying On Their Knees

The increase of self righteousness,
Shown by those deep in deceptive...
False claims and accusations made,
Is clearly on the surface now.
Hightening tensions amongst those of 'faith'.
But afraid they are.
Proving their faith to be fake!
And from this there is no escape that erases.

And for anyone choosing,
To remain smothered in denial...
With hopes that what is being exposed,
Is a trick to dispose of their fantasies...
Are closer than they realize,
To experiencing truth accompanied by realities.

Leaving the increase,
Of those of self righteous beliefs...
Deep in the thick of deceptive false claims.
And accusations made.

While those praying on their knees,
Hoping truth from them will vanish...
To forever go away and permanently leave,
Should prepare to be traumatized...
For the rest of their lives!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Praying That It Stays

There is nothing like witnessing to experience,
A people living in an environment who have been convinced...
Ignorance and subservience is theirs to defend.
With an advocating of it that will not see an end.
And praying that it stays to forever exist the way it is.

There is nothing like listening to a sermon delivered,
From a pulpit where a minister behind it sits...
After preaching to receive applause and lots of it.
To remind those who sat but now on their feet...
How remaining down to Earth to 'him' this pleases.

There is nothing like witnessing to experience,
A people living in an environment who have been convinced...
Ignorance and subservience is theirs to defend.
And many wishing to be 'Back Home' again.
To walk those rural roads bare foot to visit neighbors.

There is nothing like listening to a sermon delivered,
From a pulpit where a minister behind it sits...
After preaching to receive applause and lots of it.
To then drive away in a recently purchased Mercedes.
To live in comfort and tax free; rewarded for a job well done.

There is nothing like witnessing to experience,
A people living in an environment who have been convinced...
Ignorance and subservience is theirs to defend.
And the only thing that is wished,
Is that their children remember from where it is they came.
And proud they would be of them if they did the same.

'Why are you so critical of the people? '

~Oh...?
So what I observe is NOT accepted? ~

'It's the heritage and the culture,
They wish kept preserved.'

~I see.
How stupid of me to view it any other way.
And here I am thinking all of this,
Has no historic value to them that benefits.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Praying To Maintain Their Status

There is nothing more exhilarating,
Than being in an environment...
Of children raising children,
And none of them are nourished...
With an influence meant for them to grow.

And surrounded they are,
With opportunities to have fun.
Leaving them free of accountability.
And anyone attempting to have some,
Is regarded as a threat to broadened any aspect...
Of a higher consciousness.

With an observation of them,
Praying to maintain...
Their status as victims.
And succeeding.
There is nothing like witnessing,
The feasting done of this.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Preacher Needs More Ram

I took the modem off the podium...
Just before the preacher sneezed!
I asked a doctor in a pew...
If the sneeze would spread disease?
And Doctor Blye looked in my eyes,
As if I was there for church.
I looked him up and down and said,
'I am here doing research! '

I came to hook the preacher up,
To a new connection!
He wanted all his emails sent...
And downloaded to the chatrooms.
I came to hook the PC up for sessions!
But the preacher is displeased...
'Cause the modem seems to need,
More ram!

I'm in the house of the Lord,
And the preacher needs more ram!
I hear the people pat their feet,
When the preacher's sermon's heated!

I'm in the house of the Lord,
And the preacher needs more ram!
Oh Lord...
What do I do with the modem?

I'm in the house of the Lord,
And the preacher needs more ram!
I hear the people pat their feet,
When the preacher's sermon's heated!

I'm in the house of the Lord,
And the preacher needs more ram!
Oh Lord...
What do I do with the modem?

I came to hook the preacher up,

To a new connection!
He wanted all his emails sent...
And downloaded to the chatrooms.
I came to hook the PC up for sessions!
But the preacher is displeased...
'Cause the modem seems to need,
More ram!

oh Oh OHHH....

I'm in the house of the Lord,
And the preacher needs more ram!
I hear the people pat their feet...
When the preacher's sermon's heated!
I'm in the house of the Lord,
And the preacher needs more ram!
Oh Lord...
What do I do with the modem?

Ahhhhaaaayyy

I'm in the house of the Lord,
And the preacher needs more ram!
I hear the people pat their feet,
When the preacher's sermon's heated!
I'm in the house of the Lord,
And the preacher needs more ram!
Oh Lord...
What do I do with the modem?

Oh Lord...
What do I do with the modem?
Oh Lord...
What do I do with the modem?
Oh Lord...
What do I do with the modem?

What do I do with the modem?
What do I do with the modem?
What do I do with the modem?

'Reverand Heath?

I recommend a live video hookup as well!
I think you will touch a lot of people.
I found myself 'slightly' involved.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Preachers Seated On Bleachers

High and mighty,
Spewing lofty prophecies.
Game preachers seated on bleachers,
Pick...
Those with the best speeches,
Who forcefully speak as if...
They've come prepared with a remedy,
That promises to defeat...
The ones who have sweated,
Under heat for years.
With a doing to have done this,
Disguising heartbreak and tears.
Although scrutinized,
For how their undying devotion...
Appears.
Since those seated with minds,
Blinded...
Can only hear the cheers.

Few self anointed,
Who have appointed themselves...
Judge, jury and authorities,
Have yet to catch a ball thrown...
Erratically to carry across,
A goal line to win.
And maybe it is time,
For those seated in the bleachers...
To discover and find,
Who has sacrificed...
With their best moves made,
Less self obsessed.
Just to protect the interests,
Of others.

'Whew!
That was close.
But we finally won.
But...
When did it begin to rain? '

-It's been raining for sometime.-

'I never noticed it before.'

-Be careful what you ask for.-

'I asked for someone else,
Who better plays the game.
Not for rain.'

-It seems we all have underestimated,
The skills of others...
We sit and take for granted.-

'I can't believe how its pouring,
Cats and dogs.'

-Forget the cats and dogs.
Get use to the snakes and rats,
You cheered on to win!
And...
They did.-

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Pre-Approved

The doing to someone else by others,
Is okay until that day comes...
When that same thing done,
To them comes.
But...
With a difference.

When one does to others,
What had been done...
Offended others become.
Believing what they do,
Should be forgotten to forgive...
With a doing pre-approved.

'Some things we said,
To say intentionally to ruin someone's life...
Was done so long ago.
Why should they feel still embittered? '

~Who knows.
Why some people can't let go,
Of being character assassinated years ago...
To me is childish.~

'Me too.
Just because we destroyed their relationships.
And devastated their integrity with accusations,
Who would think they would 'still' hold that against us.
That's being too sensitive, if you ask me.
By now they should have gotten over it.
I know I have.'

~Some people don't appreciate what being 'Christian' means.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Precious And Delicate

Precious and delicate,
This fragile life to us given to experience.
And taken for granted it is everyday.
Until with a sudden quickess it ends.
Leaving not many prepared to accept death.

Precious and delicate,
Like a flower observed to bloom.
With the beauty of it slowly unfolding,
Presenting a different scent...
That begins to enchant the environment.

Precious and delicate,
Are those feelings we associate...
As we develop and connect to relationships,
With a wanting wish...
They will always be kept protected.

Yet...
As precious and delicate this life lived is,
We permit conflicts, confusion and chaos...
To exist as if,
The doing of it comes to provide us all a benefit.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Precious Moments

I would like to steal,
More precious moments stolen...
From those unaware,
Of their misplaced values.
Trashed and then from them sent away,
Like abandoned to orphan children.
Without care and thoughtless disregard,
To not see them as gifts.
Or recognize them for what they are.

I would like to steal those treasures gone,
Unidentified right in front of unconsious eyes.
Eyes clouded yet searching,
For meaningless things...
To satisfy fleeting temptations,
An emptiness brings...
When those sensations leave permanently.

Precious moments to be stolen,
I would steal and have no regret.
Precious moments others consider,
As useless artifacts too usless to protect...
I would treasure and keep them respected.
Yes.
I would.
Since what I've come to value,
Are moments to treasure others neglect.

I would like to steal,
More precious moments stolen...
From those unaware,
Of their misplaced values.
Trashed and then from them sent away,
Like abandoned to orphan children...
Wishing for that nourishment to flourish.
And giving it to be given from me they would get.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Preciously Kept Principles

Truth is seldom,
Welcomed as a friend.
The moment it appears on the scene,
People are heard demeaning it.
And yet,
Truth never seems to give up what it does.
Even if dragged through the mud.
To get right back in the faces of those,
Who can not make enough excuses...
With the hope allegations used,
Will support their implications...
That their deceptions,
Highly praised to crave and manipulate...
Had been intended by introducing truth,
To offend their valued and preciously kept...
Principles.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Precise (Uncertainty)

Precise!
Is...
A doing done,
To end indecision.
Yet invites...
An unknown to incite.

Precise,
Is...
A finger pulled on a trigger.
To leave unsure,
If what was done...
Ends or entices more,
Uncertainty.
And why...
Someone known to be indecisive,
Has taken this time...
To be precise.

Was it done to maintain,
A known vanity.
Just for the sustaining,
One obsessed with ego and fame.
To distract,
With yet...
Another game.

Precise!
To play...
The end of indecision.
As uncertainty is chased.
With more attracted,
By factless distractions.
And precise,
Is the displaying...
Of uncertainty played.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Precisely

There are those who oppose your decisions made.
And say you do not operate with their best interests,
In your heart.
And others talk amongst themselves,
How they are not pleased.
And wish from them you would disappear,
To leave.

'This is for you and anyone who feels that way,
I stood up because I had something to say.
And what did the others do? '

They sat and watched quietly listening to you.

'Precisely!
I'm not the only who has these opportunities.
When opportunities knock...
I don't wait in hesitation to open the door.
Whatever the intention meant,
I am not one to deny myself the experience of it.
Tell that to your people you are here to represent.'

Could you do that?
I fear how they may react.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Preciseness

All this talk about ego.
When no one escapes self expression.
Isn't that what composing is?
For a poet.
And the writing of it is what gets done.
For a poet.
Who unlike critics...
Sit and wait for something tart to remark.

That could be said of most!
Certainly not for everyone.
Is this place offered to those who create.
For those who are innovative in thought.
And not scholared in debated...
Seeking to correct self expressions.
And...
Hoping to find a clue what to do with their own.
If that should happen before the ego does arrive.

All this talk about ego.
When no one escapes self expression.
Isn't that what composing is?
For a poet.

I can pretend I know it all and I know I don't.
So you get no entertaining charades from me.
However,
Expect everything you can imagine,
From those who have none!

Their preciseness is overdone.
With an overbite.
And under-rated is their aggravation.
With an unspoken wish they were out of sight.
And they would get it delivered quickly.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Pre-Conditioned

Most of us,
Have been pre-conditioned...
To find good jobs.
Odd or not...
But that job sought,
We eventually got!
Instead of creating them.

Most of us,
Had been in that position.
And pre-conditioned...
To look for something already there.
Without paving a path with motivation.
Hoping what we did...
Secured us for years,
And would last!
Passing along that abstraction,
To our 'kids'.

Most of us...
Seek approval from some.
To find out from them,
If they accept what we've done.

Most of us...
Live lives confused.
And sit to await...
For that sacrifice to be appreciated.
With a love developed to sing the blues...
Feeling distraught and sometimes used.

And others who seem to fulfill their dreams...
Are often the ones who come to stun,
Some,
Who complain nothing for them changes.
Becoming strangers...
Even to themselves.

While those of us stay pre-conditioned,

To superstitions and beliefs.
And tied religiously,
With pleas to relieve us from sorrow and grief.
Fixed in prayer,
And down on our knees.
Stuck without movement...
As if sealed,
In concrete!

Hoping God...
Will bestow upon us our desires!
With His understanding...
We are obedient as we sit.
To observe a miracle!
And demanding He delivers it.

Leaving God to wonder what it is,
We wish.
Since He has not seen,
Any evidence of those on their knees...
Applying any elbow grease,
And/or working towards it!
Whatever it is that is wished.
Knowing His creations are here to benefit.
With the aid of His assistance.
And He too waits...
To see who takes the initiative!

And most of us,
He knows.
Just don't get,
This process.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Pre-Conditioned By A Doping Done

Wider are those eyes closer to full open.
Those once hazed,
With a focus directed...
On amusement and candied fantasies.

Bittersweet on tongues are messages tasted.
Messages nibbled...
From those who delivered them,
Considered once to be traitors, mavericks...
And patriots,
Carrying thick chips on shoulders...
And indifferent to steadfast policies.
Are now regarded as heros...
Who sacrificed their own lives,
To get others to 'see'.

'Get up off your knees and pay attention! '
Voices exclaimed,
From positions ostracized.

'You have been pre-conditioned by a doping done.
And duped to sleep like sheep.
Not one, not some...
But 'everyone'.'

Wider are those eyes closer to full open.
Those once hazed,
With a focus directed...
On amusement and candied fantasies.

'Get up off your knees and pay attention!
You have been pre-conditioned by a doping done.
Not one, not some...
But 'everyone'.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Predators Indebted

Preying on...
Minds that remain unconnected.
And a preying on these vacancies accepted.
Yes,
Preying on...
A thoughtlessness expected,
That rejects a common sense.
With none of it reflecting...
Those predators indebted!

Let's say it is true...
That greatness achieved,
Was done thoroughly independently.

Let's say it is true...
That a quality of life enjoyed,
Was not supplied or produced...
By foreign imports that seduced.
And deployed to introduce creature comforts,
Now demanded as entitlements.

Let's say it is true...
That land purchases and foundations treasured,
Were not bought and sold by those with cash in hand.
No matter what language was spoken,
Or where undocumented 'aliens' decided to take a stand.

And let's say it is true...
That all that we here do IS envied.
And...
Let's say this is true too...
We are predators indebted!
And beholdened to those kept,
Uknown.

Preying on...
A thoughtlessness expected.
Preying on...
Minds that remain unconnected.

And a preying on these vacancies accepted.
To stay beholdened to those kept,
Unknown!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Predators Perpetuating Misdeeds

Anyone who has ever spoken negatively,
About a friend or foe, close associate...
Family member or another relative.
Or even someone they did not know,
Participated, and 'maybe' unconsciously...
In the increase of today's conflicts.
That have resulted from a pettiness,
To have stirred the beginnings...
Of threats that have turned into violent crimes.

Whispered gossip to inflict wounds intentionally,
Do not sit without it being meant to victimize.
With a lifting from lips to create agitation.
To have that agitation lead to a seeking of revenge.
And the ones declaring their innocence,
Are often the predators perpetuating...
Misdeeds that escalate.
While looking for others to steam up to heat,
Until eyes glow to flame to show the gritting of teeth.
Instead of doing something constructive,
With a sharing of minds to find time that beneifts.
Not destroy.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Predictably Pretensed

And here we are,
Making demands...
As if we expect to have them met!

Here we are,
After generations of standing by...
To witness our lives,
Turned upside down...
Into a complete mess expecting corrections.

Can you believe we are here right now...
Feeling upset and disrespected.
But watching every bit of what has been going on,
Go down.
Waiting for the next stimulation.
And that has always been known about us!
We are predictably pretensed,
Spoiled and delusioned.

'Get some rest,
Children.
There is a wakeup call coming.
And some of you need to be mentally prepared.
Others of you?
Well...
Do the best you can to keep up.
And 'if' you are already lost?
Forget it.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Predicted Addiction

You are 'here' to stay...
Where?
HERE?

I appreciate that thought,
But there is something you ought to know.
I have no intention of offering my time,
Watching the processing of your endeavor!
However...
You 'are' here,
Until whatever this is we share is over!
That's it!
And,
IF it goes beyond month...
Both of us will be stunned and amazed,
That either one of us is still here!
I am born under a 'fixed' sign.
And I am needing a lot of fire to share my 'air'!
You have a lot of Earth and can be mutable.
We sizzle!
And that's hot!
We both like that alot!

We could just make this a monthy contract?
With a daily renewed screwing enjoyed?
Agreeing to keep our meetings fresh...
Disregarding your predicted addiction!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Preferably When The Lights Are Out

In these times we live...
Men are having sex with men.
Women are having sex with women.
They are bi-coastal...
Bi-polar,
Bi-sexual
And as dysfunctional as everything they represent!
Even those sneaking around in the halls of government...
Don't use the term 'gay'!
Even though their ancestors
Whose standards they are trying to cling onto...
Labelled the 1890's as the Gay '90's!
And they weren't attempting to surpress anything,
Back then!
But today?
Any and everything is accepted!
As long as it is done 'undercover'.
Preferably,
When the lights are out!
Or...
In bathroom stalls that are cleaned!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Preferences Attached To Match Elation

To know love,
Is to leave behind our fear and doubts.
Our limited visions of how things should turn out.
And let be as is.
To receive a love that lives,
Without contemplation in hesitation.

To know love,
Is to free our hearts of expectations.
And preferences attached to match elation.
With fate to take its course.
If we are to know love,
And not await remorse.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Preferences Listed

If someone has come,
Willing to apply an undeniable love.
One that another can identify as true.
Why should the affect felt from it,
Be determine as an inspected prerequisite...
One let sits to decide if it fits.

Why can't the origin of love be accepted?
With the intentions of it meant that were sent.
As an unconditional love that is present.
Coming as it does,
Without complications of a document...
Written in fine confusing print.

Preferences listed,
Often change to forget.

If someone has come,
Willing to apply an undeniable love.
One that another can identify as true.
Why should the affect felt from it,
Be determine as an inspected prerequisite...
One let sits to decide if it fits.

Only to be discouraged,
That what has been given to us...
Does not depict what we perceive should be perfect.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Preferred As Protective Devices

In unfortunate ways these days,
People are allowed to betray themselves.
And with validation...
From those they declare as friends.
With a shallowness sought and received from them.

Today few have close friends.
Too many are accustomed to dishonesty.
And truth is disbelieved.
Even some find the mention of it offends.

Delusions are preferred as protective devices.
And when visions becomes blurred,
People seek actively deception as advice.
Only to complain to others what they've heard...
About their depressed and troubled lives.

Leaving that wide of a gap in their minds.
And finding it convenient to wallow away in grief.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Preferred Distractions

If you have recently discovered,
You have become one of many people...
Who have awakened to ask,
'What is going on? '
And you are dismayed and distraught by it?
Why concern yourself with the facts of life now?

Crawl back into your shell.
Denial hasn't kept you from redecorating.
And those in denial always find a way,
To address their beliefs to keep themselves...
In preferred distractions to attract whatever it is,
They stubbornly keep intact as a reality kept protected.

And who has the right to say,
A reality that affects the lives of everyone...
Is a reality everyone 'should' accept and MUST face?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Preferred Suffocating

Everyone should have the right,
To defend their beliefs.
There is nothing 'constitutionally' wrong with this.

However...
Opposing those beliefs of someone else,
Without exposing evidence of one's own existing...
Is not defending one's beliefs at all.

It's just a blocking of a progress to eliminate or stall.
Ensuring for themselves any success is defeated.
To allow those nonbelievers to obstruct,
And impede.

In the prevention of anything done,
That generates any forward movement...
For a preferred suffocating stagnation.
A belief many wish to keep increased.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Preferring Nostalgic Glances

Trapped to rehearse and perfect practices,
To satisfy a doing with a purpose unclear.
Since the doing in an atmosphere,
Has made such practices...
Scrutinized to be questioned,
By those unsure of a reason that fades.

Yet a fearing to let them go,
To welcome an unknown left unexplained...
Makes for the necessity of changes,
A process of growth...
Too foreign to fathom.
And too complex,
For those preferring nostalgic glances,
With demands for them to come alive...
Repeatedly before their accepting eyes.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Preferring Nothing Else

Many people living all alone are finding others,
Having the same druthers...
And preferring nothing else,
But to live by themselves.

Many have discovered it is better to not suffer,
From a catapulting into pits...
Deep in others' selfishness,
Who wish to leave their pity!

No...
Hearing of moans.
Or...
A groaning that drones.

Many people living all alone are finding others,
Having the same druthers...
And preferring nothing else,
But to live by themselves.

And with no...
Hearing of moans.
Or...
A groaning that drones,
Going on for hours in the same monotone.

Many have discovered it is better to not suffer,
From a catapulting into pits...
Deep in others' selfishness,
Who wish to leave their pity!

No...
Headaches bemoaned.
Or a wishing of a negativity to go...
Away to be left alone.

No...
Hearing of moans.
Or...

A groaning that drones.
Or a wishing of a negativity to go home!
Wherever that may be when someone like that leaves.

Many people living all alone are finding others,
Having the same druthers...
And preferring nothing else,
But to live by themselves.
And...
Happy there's a peace that is condoned.
To love and to know it is cherished.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Preferring To Align Yourself With Routine

Remember...
Truth is not what you decide it is.
If you are suffering from the acknowledgement of it...
And can not free yourself from an assortment of beliefs,
There is nothing about truth you will accept.

Even if God answered your prayers...
You would still be in denial.
Preferring to align yourself with routine.
And not a deliverance with concrete meaning.
That would be too much reality!
Wouldn't it?

You could not live without relying upon delusions.
Or an embellishment of your activities.
You've become accustomed to structure,
And dictation.
With a place to hide where you can go lie to yourself.
Concealed in neurotic freedoms.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Preferring To Complain, Eat, Play Games And Sleep

Things will be said about the one once ignored.
The one once a joke,
And providing laughing fodder...
To those who fidget.
Saying there is 'nothing' to do!
And life to them bores.
With attempts made to improve their lives...
Very few of them even bother.

But this does not happen,
To those deemed and perceived...
Least likely to succeed.
The ones living quietly in communities,
And discreetly applying their seeds to achieve.
Perceiving to 'do' is 'to' follow through and receive.

Setting the example,
Is likened to biting into a pail of nails.
In some places...
Where folks are accustomed to applauding failure.
And setbacks are welcomed by those laying the traps!

It seems to happen to those,
In acceptance of themselves.
Believing they can do anything!
And accomplish like no one else.
No matter what the circumstances.

People like this seem to have a determination.
Like flowers reappearing to dare to bloom brighter,
Every Spring!
As if to prove a point that is made.
Regardless of what the naysayers bring to the table.

These folks seem to qualify their own abilities!

Since to accomplish means to them...
What one does with one's mind.
Not a place to find where this can be done.

Or seek to fulfill a mediocrity,
Like everyone in an environment...
Where excuses are made.
And alibis the 'disease'.

And a thought process for many,
Seems to have stalled in potential.
Surrounded by an abundance of it.
To proclaim!
But the potential has yet to become essential.
It's just in conversation to exclaim.

With a doing of it yet given an opportunity to use.
And those seen in pursuit...
Are immediately sought to ridicule and abuse!

Yes this 'is' sick!
And done daily by vocal nitwits!

Things will be said about the one once ignored.
The one once a joke,
And providing laughing fodder...
To those who fidget.
Saying there is 'nothing' to do!
And life to them bores.

But this does not happen,
To those deemed and perceived...
Least likely to succeed.
The ones living quietly in communities,
And discreetly applying their seeds to achieve.

And ironically...
This activity one has sought to pursue,
Isn't that unique!
But a work ethic applied to tasks to complete...
Seems oddly a challenge many unaccepting.
As seen by those who roam on urban streets.

Many have come to fear to dislike and not endear...
The definition of work or the time spent to sacrifice.
Mention this...

And they will soon disappear!

But adopting quick to devisive devices...
No one fears this at all!
Preferring to complain...
Eat, play games and sleep.
With a shopping stop made,
Daily at a local mall.

Like an expected routine.
Kept as sacred,
As the connection of life has to breath.
No matter if the act of that...
Has least importance than one's credit.

'They seem to take a lot for granted here.
Don't they? '

~I have no idea.
Do they?
I have things to do to get done.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Preferring To Remain Unconscious

Probing to the depths,
To connect a found truth dismissed...
Can be a useless undertaking,
By those who feel this is their mission.
Since today many are convinced...
Truth discovered to admit it uncovered,
Is a wasted admission.
And revealing it rather pointless.
When so many are not aware of truth,
Or of its existence to rely on its validity...
To find it makes a difference,
With an effectiveness that will awaken...
Those preferring to remain unconsciousness.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Pregnant Pauses

Whatever it is,
To be agreed upon to exist...
Is what it is until it isn't.
Its presence may be felt,
For periods of time to be remembered.
But attempts to revive it back to life,
Some try with efforts to make...
But wasted is the endeavor.
No matter what is done or what takes place.

To rewind back to a time to find excuses,
Seeking an acceptance to claim...
Mistakes to move forward,
Is much more productive...
Than reminiscing them to argue,
In pointless debates.
With a doing deliberated endlessly,
For the purpose to initiate more confusion.
And conflicts to start,
Seldom stop from escalating.

'What you are doing,
Is a total miscarriage and common sense.'

~What is? ~

'Your faked pregnant pauses.
When you know I'm waiting for a response.'

~Look.
I want you to listen to me.
And very carefully.
You created every one of your own headaches.
With it known,
I am not the one...
To continue to carry them around in my mind.
When the first one came,
I thought I made you pleased I left it alone.
But since then,

You believe each one 'you' have with me to keep...
I should condone.
But those days have come to an end.~

'But why don't you say just that?
Instead of delaying my expectations.'

~If you listen to comprehend,
Your 'expectations' would not be mention.~

Whatever it is,
To be agreed upon to exist...
Is what it is until it isn't.
Its presence may be felt,
For periods of time to be remembered.
But attempts to revive it back to life,
Some try with efforts to make...
But wasted is the endeavor.
No matter what is done or what takes place.

'You want me to feel like a fool, don't you? '

~Is it possible? ~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Premature Outbursts Later To Be Cursed

On automatic are dramatics,
With performances begun.
Those combat addicts,
Choose to pick their fights...
To declare what they have won.

Only,
To find themselves birthing...
Premature outbursts,
Later...
To be cursed!

On automatic are dramatics,
With performances begun.
Those combat addicts,
Choose to pick their fights...
To declare what they have won.

Only,
To find themselves birthing...
Premature outbursts,
Later...
To be cursed!

Only,
To find themselves birthing...
Activities done,
That can't...
Be reversed!

Premature outbursts,
Are later to be cursed.
Premature outbursts,
Are later to be cursed.
Premature outbursts,
Are later to be cursed.
Premature outbursts,
Are later to be cursed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Pre-Medicated

Looking around and observing those once inflated,
By temptations that elated.
And draped some with sugarplumes on their plate!
And couldn't wait to prance around...
With easily obtained 'things' either given or found,
To satiate a frosting licked...
Off an everlasting cake!
Almost!
They received a 'breezy' coasting to boast!
And they did...
Until their glides hit thorns with splinters on skids.
Turning a boasted lust into toast!

Pre-medicated.
From a charaded fate.
It seems today heartbreak is the maker.
It has taken too long,
For my peace of mind to come.
And I am surprised I have not run...
From all the moaning around me,
Being done!

Pre-medicated,
From dismissed drips.
Sobbing to rob a smile from a grinner.
This happy frame of mind is mine to keep.
My bubble didn't pop on me...
To find my pockets emptied deep.
With creditors hounding me out of a peaceful sleep.
Weeping bluesy party poopers,
Losing treasures from them...
To find themselves now in and on the streets.
And that ain't pretty!
Especially if you had been one of those...
Who laughed at others and showed no pity,
Walking around in tattered clothes...
Among the exposed in urban cities.

Pre-medicated.

From a charaded fate.
It seems today heartbreak is the maker.
It has taken too long,
For my peace of mind to come.
And I am surprised I have not run...
From all the moaning around me,
Being done!

And what they 'had' they bragged was high class.
Either leased or rented...
They then had the cash!
But when that cash depleted,
They could not keep defeat a secret.
They were exposed.
And it became known what they had...
Was not theirs to own!

Pre-medicated...
With a patience I've always had.
Never one to let what others had make me angry or mad.
I've been told I am self serving.
It's a self preservation that satisfies my needs not greed!
I'm glad I'm like that!
My life's not foreclosing with burdens on my back!
Or up for bid.

Looking around and observing those once inflated,
By temptations that elated.
And draped some with sugarplumes on their plate!
And couldn't wait to prance around...
With easily obtained 'things' either given or found,
To satiate a frosting licked...
Off an everlasting cake!
Almost!
They received a 'breezy' coasting to boast!
And they did...
Until their glides hit thorns with splinters on skids.
Turning a boasted lust into toast!

And if I am self serving...
It is a pride I am not ashamed to hide.
Or find I can no longer drive,

'Cause the gas is too high!
My octane just gains me more confidence!
Pre-medicated...
With a patience some sold out with the bait!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Premeditated And Done To Do

People are most impressed,
By that which is visible.
Material and physical.
Since whatever it is,
Will have a guarantee of being addressed.
With a getting of much attention.
As meant and intended.

Although it is that which is invisible...
And directed from behind the scenes,
That influences with great visibility.
With a selling of that which is proposed,
Without a sight of 'who' or what that is...
Having a need or desire to be seen.
To be bombarded by questions of authority.
Or debated as to what is created to take shape,
To effect anticipated expectations.

Since whatever it is to be presented,
Will have a guarantee of being addressed.
With a getting of much attention.
And...
With a reaction already determined,
By a decision premeditated and done to do...
With a doing made to make to implement.

Those who go ignored,
Are seldom struggling with boredom.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Premeditated Preferences

A trusting relationship,
Isn't one that has not been nurtured.
People seek others to make them happy.
As if to interview those deemed qualified.

If one doesn't arrive,
With a feeling of a happiness generated from inside...
Few will give their happiness away,
At the benefit of another's dismay.
Not today!

A trusting relationship,
Isn't one that has not been nurtured.
People seek others to make them happy.
As if to interview those deemed qualified.

And most times premeditated preferences,
Sit alone in the minds of those,
Already disappointed and negative!
And not conscious enough,
To know this is the life they've chosen!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Prenuptials And Divorce

Give me that
You take this
Give me that
You take this
Give me that
You take this
Give me that
You take this
Give me that
And you take this!
Prenuptials and divorce,
Divides and splits...
Upon legal visits!
Not doing this at all
Still does not guarantee
A positive return,
On an emotional deposit...
Two invested,
Without interest earned!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Preparation, Dedication And Patience

Anyone wishing to achieve success,
And still without a guarantee to receive it...
Must have discipline to tolerate the taste,
Of sacrifice to appreciate the ups and downs...
That come with correcting mistakes to be made.
With a regular dose of preparation, dedication...
And patience to sometimes find,
A dislike for setting one's sights so high!
Since time spent not to waste any of it...
Is neither empathetic nor forgiving.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Prepared

If I took a topic and expounded upon it,
With a research that has been detailed...
Why would anyone become offended,
If what I had chosen to discuss...
Was intended to eliminate distrust,
And the corrupted misuse...
Of someone's honesty clearly abused,
With a trampling on it as if an obligation.

'We are only here to make a choice,
From those submitted topics.
You have come too well prepared...
With a doing that is detailed.
And frankly,
We have never been ready for that.
And the act of what you have done,
Can and does offend.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Prepared And Ready

The evidence that dissects their shallowness,
Has begun to surface.
And purposes to keep this hidden...
Has decadence becoming a valued way of life.

There is nothing more powerful,
Than sweetened distractions.
And those satisfied...
By a quality of life,
Degraded and disgraced by addictions.
Supported and advertised to inflict with pleasure.
And numb the onslaught of anxieties.
With realities freed to become less effective.

And this is the next wave to enslave those crazed...
By their own casting shadows.
Prepared and ready...
To denounce any signs of truth suspected!
As they welcome to relinquish and suspend,
All freedoms.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Prepared For Depth

They believe they are being equpped,
To sightsee coral through crystal blue waters!
Because they have been issued snorkels,
Fins and one tank of oxygen!
And the one delivering the supplies,
Replies he is a passenger aboard a submarine...
Docked next door!
He wishes them the best of luck!

'He's a cute colored boy...
Isn't he? ' She says.

Someone on the yacht,
Yells for more caviar!
One vessel is prepard for depth.
Those dipping chips aboard the other ship...
Have none at all!
They have no clue of the huge wave that comes!
It is a doozy!
The sun is too bright!
And they are working on their tans!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Prepared I Come

Whatever it is from You that I need...
Immerse me with it!
Surround me and I will totally submerge.

I am more ready than ever,
To receive Your direction and command.
I no longer demand to be heard...
With tempting self righteousness,
Served from a shallow ego.
And blurred by mental unrest.

Now that I know in silence You speak to me!
Each time I profess my devotion.

Whatever it is I need to do,
To keep us in sync!
God just let me know.

In devotion,
This motion of life I have flows.
And prepared I come...
To benefit from Your teachings.
Reaching deep inside me,
I touch more to uncover
And surface with that which I've learned.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Prepared To Cut Away From Doubt

We speak with words,
And let the best we should receive...
Be those words to go unheard.

We wish to be clear and precise,
With a calm exterior.
But a distrust with us occupies the interior.

And within some searching minds,
Is found a definition of peace.
Attachments become dramatically left...
To be released for an immediate increase,
Of a fresh air to breathe!

There is a sense that commences,
A beginning we can not do without.
This sense with us commences,
And we are prepared to cut away from doubt.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Prepared To Deliver And Teach

Speeches, sermons, lectures...
Are prepared to deliver and teach.
However...
If they are delivered too seriously,
Without a bit of comedy...
Those giving those speeches,
Sermons and lectures...
To teach with an outreach to people,
Will find most of them asleep.
Disturbed from a droning boredom,
Only to awaken to applaud...
Begun by those relieved with sighs,
That whatever was heard...
With the giving of a patience,
Is over!

'You were wonderful.
I sat through it with my eyes closed.
Absorbing in meditation...
Every meaning of your intention.
To allow the depths of your words to sink in.
But I must ask you this...
Do you mind explaining parts of it I miss? '

~No!
Not at all.
Which parts were those? ~

'The beginning? '

~Yes.~

'And...
The end.'

~Okay? ~

'Do you mind repeating,
What was said in between them? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Prepared To Deliver The Goods

Can we and could we,
with a should...
Do much better?
Many say they wish to,
But few choose to prove it...
As if commited to doing this as a duty.

Can we,
Eliminate the seeking of escapes,
To leave behind the perpetuation of hatred...
Taking place to erase faithfulness?
With every difference.
With every excuse made to make.

Noe finding comfort in spaces,
We once thought protected...
To never disturb the peace we keep.

Can we...
And could we with a should,
Do better?
And...
Can we,
with a must...
Be always prepared to deliver the goods?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Prepared To Live My Life

You've given me lots of reason,
To keep a level head and play it cool.
You've given me insight to reason,
To accept the past has passed.
And not stand under an overcast.

You've given me lots of reason to live...
My life.
You've given me lots of reason to live...
My life!
And as I like it to live.

Every morning when I greet the Sun,
I am prepared...
For life!
And everyday yesterdays had faded,
To live my life.
And negative people I keep away,
To live my life.
The way I like it to live.

You've given me lots of reason,
To keep a level head and play it cool.
You've given me insight to reason,
To accept the past has passed.
And not stand under an overcast.

You've given me lots of reason,
That teaches...
How to live my life.
And each day I am prepared to live,
My life.
As I like it to live.
Everyday I am prepared to live my life,
As I want it to live.
Everyday I keep prepared,
To live my life as I like it.
Everyday I am more aware,
My life is the way I like it.

You've given me lots of reason,
That taught me...
How to live my life.
You've given me lots of reason to live...
My life!
And as I like it to live.

You left me with reason believing,
It's my life to like it.
You left me with reason believing,
It's my life to like it.
Yes...
You left me with reason believing,
It's my life to like it.
And I do!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Preparing For Success

Preparing for success,
Is more appreciated when it finally comes...
For the one who has made sacrifices.
To do to tolerate,
Whatever it was others had or had not done.
And knowing better than anyone else,
What motivates a kept initiative and the incentive.
A discipline to keep that way isn't often on display.
However...
Those who believe success should be achieved,
With it to receive by deceiving anyone...
Are often the ones,
Perceiving they can defeat...
Someone who has become familiar,
With facing obstacles to rid them.
As if the shoes worn by someone shone to shine,
Had been recently purchased and not cleaned of mud!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Preparing For Their Dreams To Come True

I wouldn't advise anyone to jump from a plane,
Without using a parachute although they want to fly.
Especially those asking,
The purpose and reason a parachute is needed.

But...
I would do my best to convince them,
There is a difference between wishing...
And preparing for their dreams to come true.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Preparing My Next Smearing Campaign

What are you doing?
'Preparing my next smearing campaign.'

Why?
Against who or whom?

'Against myself.
I've discovered if I initiate it,
With a more active participation...
The results are more immediate.'

It makes no sense to offend yourself.

'I thought about that too.
But if it is going to be done,
Why should I pretend to be surprised by it? '

How long have you been doing this?
Involved in your own character assassination?

'For as long as I have had a love for controversy.
I've learned many years ago,
People are intrigued with fresh gossip.
That re-cycled stuff bores me to tears.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Preposterous And Offensive

Too weak to bob and weave.
Or review mistakes,
Based upon my taste for conflict.

I can write for you a post dated check?
To pay these days to start and end...
My personal conflicts.

And if this procedure,
Proves to be successful...
An arrangement can be made,
To have payment for these tasks...
Directly deposited for your convenience.

I have been accused,
Of being thoughtful and generous.
And that look on your face...
Isn't new to me at all.
It confirms it.

I've grown accustomed.
And...
When that first given,
I interpreted my request...
As being preposterous and offensive.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Prescribed The Wrong Medication

Those who have risen to the top,
To achieve some type of notoriety...
Have not done it,
On the back of a perceived social status.

A work ethic was involved in the mix.
And those believing they can skip over this,
To acquire an accepted success to flaunt...
Have been prescribed the wrong medication.

The results of which kind of seeds one plants,
Ultimately will flourish to bloom.
If a persistence is regularly visited.
And the taste of feeding on procrastination,
Isn't embellished with frequent bouts of delusion.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Presence Of Evidence

There is one thing I have learned,
From my remaining dedicated to a passion.
The seriousness is dismissed by others.
And insulting comments from those unexpected,
Come quick as if they had been given authorization...
To do it.

Some have even asked to forego my passion,
As if my loyalty and commitment was an ongoing joke.
With an intended provoking they readily invoked.
But I will admit this to anyone who has a dream...
Pursue it relentlessly!
Since that day will come to pass,
That those who 'had' laughed...
Will not need proof of a doing of those tasks sought done.
With a realized verification is available to anyone.

Assisted by a confirmation that has been researched.
And with a persistence of a delivery,
To have been followed and known from birth.

There is one thing I have learned,
From my remaining dedicated to a passion.
The seriousness is dismissed by others.
And insulting comments from those unexpected,
Come quick as if they had been given authorization...
To do it.

But with a living through sacrifices and obstacles to diminish,
It does not matter who critiques with their judgements to pass.
What matters more is the witnessing of those tasks,
One completes to identify...
With a conquering that establishes a personal success.
And this does not have to be confessed to embellish.
Not when there is a presence of evidence.
Relished to please the taste of one's flavor or not!

Giving in to give up,
Has never been my objective.

And learning from those with minds corrupt,
Has been a blessing that has enabled me to identify.
So these words I leave to those who 'try'...
Keep those dreams you have pursued.
Never let doubts undo them.
Never let doubts undo them.
To let go of your dreams would be self abuse.
Never let doubts undo them.
Keep your dreams pursued!
Reach.
And the presence of evidence will be yours.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Presentation

It doesn't matter what talents one has!
Whether they have been plagiarize...
Created in innovative ways or completely faked.
Or how expressed one intelligence gets.
Or to which schools one goes,
To address anyone who may be left impressed...
After the unsolicited info comes from nowhere,
To interrupt others with this confessed!

If...
One knows nothing about presentation,
To realize the importance of its effects...
Brilliant could be what they bring to the table to offer,
However...
It will be the presentation.
And how the doing is approached...
That will leave folks awed! Captivated and elated.
And to do without it known,
What credentials one has obtained...
To declare of them earned to own.

If the presentaton 'sucks'?
Guess what?
There will be no ifs ands or buts brought up!
Just a disgust wanted to be heard and in loud discussion!
If one's presentation is not sensational,
To more than meet expectations!
Since the mundane, frosted to cloak mediocrity,
Has become too easy for many today to pass on...
With a benefit they await from a doing of it to gain.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Presentation Sells

Presentation sells.
Appearances representing image,
Takes concentrated effort.
With a dedication not to overlook insight.
Attention to detail always delights.
To entice those getting invitations sent.
But no one should disregard benefits many value.
And incentives that excite,
One that accepts a doing that invites.

'I could care less,
What was done to the exterior...
With a complete redoing of the interior.
Of course it looks nice.
However...
I'd like to know with it shown,
How my time is going to be spent.
And who impresses me with a welcoming,
Of my presence I shouldn't have to mention.'

~Leave your ego at the door.~

'This is not about ego.'

~But WHY should they assume you to be so special? '

'They shouldn't assume anything.
They should know something about networking.
Who does it and how that is done.'

~But they know nothing about you.~

'Congratulations.
And that's the point I make.
They don't.
And I'm also not the one soliciting.'

~Perhaps you should make your presence known.~

'And...
Whose business is it to keep 'their' doors open?
I'm investing time.
Not advice, suggestions or recommendations.
I've done that before to be ignored.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Presented As A Defense

Today excuse making,
Is presented as a defense.
And depending upon,
Who best uses denial...
Determines who will get,
More of the attention,
To be allowed to abuse...
The fading away of common sense.

And any attempts made,
To acknowledge the presence of truth...
With facts delivered and them produced,
An empathy is given to be done and quick...
To the one refusing honesty to admit.
With this to be accepted,
Regardless of the crime one commits.
Or the evidence of it to be questioned.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

President Obama

'This is not just ALL about 'me'!
This is all about you, us and humanity.'

Who said that?

~President Obama.~

No he didn't.
He said, and I quote:

'This is not all about me...
This is about you! '

~You see this space,
I now share with you? ~

Yeah!
Why?

~In two seconds...
It is going to be all yours! ~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

President Obama-Nobel Peace Prize

Did you hear?

'Hear what? '

President Obama!
He was selected to win,
A Nobel Peace Prize.

'Laaawwwddd...
The bigots and his detractors
Wont like that.
Especially the ones who question
His eligibility.
And whether or not he is deserving.'

He may be the first President to receive it!

'Let's just say the 'first' black president
Elected in the United States to receive it.'

I know he is intelligent.
I know he is wise and has the 'vision'.
But I 'still' can not believe it.

'Me either.
He has only been in office less than a year.'

And he could have done 'anything' he wanted.
ANYTHING other than run for president of this country.
Why would he want to sacrifice his talents like that?
Put himself in jeopardy to represent such imbeciles.

'Careful!
You talk about me too, you know! '

Did I say 'idiot'?
I said 'imbeciles', fool!

'There you go...

Being judgemental again.
That's what I don't like about you.
You have one of those bi-polar personalities.'

I like to refer to it as 'eccentric'.
You know...
Some of this and some of that.

'Oh yeah!
Like the different colors of MARBLES! '

AND whatchu tryin' to say, huh?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Pressured From Depths

Not one.
But more than four thousand...
Are drilling deep.
For greed and profit.
And to keep green in pockets.

But a greasy mess seeps.
Pressured from depths,
No one can reach.
Although fresh technologies...
Could have made things cheap.

But creeps...
Have dollar signs in their minds!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Pretend A Disconnection Has Been Made

What we talk about...
Is that more important,
Than those feelings we feel?

What we do to ourselves and others.
Should we continue to excuse this?
As a way of life we choose?

A tolerated suppression,
Has led many to express unhappiness.
As if this was a gift to expect.

UNTIL 'all' of our efforts are made,
To improve our outlooks, funky moods and attitudes...
We can choose to do what some still do.
Strut away with lips shut.
Put stuck up butts on high shoulders.
And 'pretend' a disconnection,
Has been made!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Pretending To Be As Stupid As Possible

There was a time when I believed,
People were pretending...
To be as stupid as possible.
With evidence to leave that no one could expect...
To detect them to be responsible,
Or held accountable for any thought process...
Whatsoever.

And today?
I'm embarrassed to believe I had been THAT naïve.
People were not pretending at all.
And with that known I do the best I can,
Not to stand or walk too confidently as if...
I can do this with a thought to think at the same time.

'Wassup, bruh? '

Is it the sky?

'I can't go nowhere without some 'dummy' trying to be wise.'

I was just playing.
I'm really more intelligent than that.

'Now you're trying to insult me.'

Seriously.
You've got to believe me.
I am intelligent.
I am.
Please.
Don't look at me like that.
I was playing to be stupid,
Because I thought you were.

'I was told to stay away from people like you.
Now I know why.'

PLEASE DON'T LEAVE.

I'M REALLY NOT STUPID.
I'M NOT.
REALLY I'M NOT!

~Comeon.
I told you these folks around here are nuts.
There's City Hall across the street.
Maybe somebody in there knows,
Where the train station is.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Pretending To Be Concerned

I use to be accused of making,
Some of the most outrageous comments.
With a cynical and sarcastic flair.
But today my statements are not as offensive,
As I would like others to perceive them to be.
No!
It seems my 'detected' embitterness,
Now is expressed openly by many.

Am I angered by this?
YES!
When I was thought to be a misfit maverick,
With nationalistic motives...
That allowed me to flaunt a daring to be different.
Today?
Everybody wants to be deemed as a disgruntled citizen.
And loudly voicing their disgust.

It seems as if when I did this,
I was quickly abandoned...
By those who chose to defend their pretentions.
And now...
They are pretending to be concerned.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Pretending We Are Strangers

I have an idea.
Let us all pretend,
We are strangers.

'We are.'

Well,
I have another idea.
Let's pretend we are all close relatives.

'We are all relatives.
But we prefer it better,
If we stayed pretending we are strangers.
Somehow that makes us feel even closer.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Pretense

Some prefer correctness,
Even though that may not be direct!
Some reject an honesty,
If it's not delivered as one accepts!
Today most live to protect true feelings,
With a hope no one offends!
And they are the ones who disguise themselves...
In pretense that never ends!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Pretentious Intentions

An adult I am and familiar with adult themes.
Pretentious intentions I do not premeditate.
I have learned to address what it takes to face truth.
And I must confess at times it is difficult,
To keep my patience with a tolerance kept...
When so many immature are offended by a directness,
They can not accept, condone or respect for what it is.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Pretty Babies

Where are all the pretty babies,
Young folks had in their teens.
Young folks 'young' themselves it seems.
Where are the pretty babies,
Where are all those pretty babies?

Where are all the pretty babies,
Young folks had when in their teens.
Where are all those pretty babies?
Wanted and treated tenderly.
So cute with an innocence unseen,
Since 'then'.
How did all the ugliness seduce them,
When we wanted all their preciousness protected.

Where are all those pretty babies now who walk?
When we wanted their preciousness protected.
And where are all those pretty babies now who talk?
When we wanted their preciousness protected.
Where are all those pretty babies taught to steal.
When we wanted their preciousness protected.
And where are all those pretty babies now who kill?
When we wanted their preciousness protected.

Who left the pretty babies unprotected, .
Where are all those pretty babies now who walk?
Who left the pretty babies unprotected.
And where are all those pretty babies now who talk?
Who left the pretty babies unprotected.
Where are all those pretty babies taught to steal.
Who left the pretty babies unprotected.
And who is the next pretty baby killed.
Who left the pretty babies unprotected.
And leaving them without anything to feel.

Who left the pretty babies unprotected.
When we wanted to protect their preciousness.
Who left the pretty babies unprotected,
When we wanted to protect their preciousness...

When none of them today have any left.

Who left the pretty babies unprotected.
To leave them without any preciousness.
Who left the pretty babies unprotected.
To leave them without any preciousness.
Pretty babies.
Pretty babies.
Pretty babies.

Our,
Pretty babies.
Pretty babies.
Pretty babies.

Who left the pretty babies unprotected.
Who would do this to the babies?
Who left the pretty babies unprotected.
Who would do this to the babies?
Any baby!
Who would do this to the babies?
Any baby!
Who would do this to the babies?
Any baby!
Who would do this to the babies?

Our,
Pretty babies.
Pretty babies.
Pretty babies.
Now with criminal minds,
And gone detected is a preciousness.
With none found to find,
To call their ugliness precious.
Or once thought of it to protect.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Pretty Boy

She said I was a 'pretty boy'.
I could not be offended at all.
Since it was clear,
She was looking in my eyes!
And it took time to realize,
From within me
That is where beauty lies.
And I too saw that in her.
She wanted me to know...
My growth was not masked.
We passed to each other blessings!
And I knew what I had gone through...
Enabled me to deliver an exchange,
Free of scars I once publicly wore.
She validated the pain of my heartbreak...
Was gone and undetected.
I am released and freed of burdens to live!
She knew.
And I did too!

'God has been good to us! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Prevent The Feeding Of Routine

Choosing to chase,
An undisciplined pet into the woods...
Becomes a game that remains the same.

If a seriousness is meant,
To change a habit that was not one's intent...
Prevent the feeding of routine.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Preventative Maintenance Mode

We've done everything to get his attention.
But he seems to be ignoring us.
Why?

'Maybe he is not seeking your attention.
And obviously is avoiding you.
That's why? '

But...
We haven't done anything to him!

'Perhaps he is already in,
A preventative maintenance mode.
And he wants to prove how effective it is! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Preventative Measures

Preventative measures,
Put in place still will not stop...
Those testing barriers.
And when barriers like this,
Become broken to dismiss...
Always a professing of innocence,
Leave the ones who have set limits...
Left scrutinized, demeaned and punished.

Preventative measures created to protect,
Eventually become suspect to protest...
When someone begins to detest,
Rules to obey and in full display.
They will neither follow or swallow the facts.
With a choice they have made,
To prove they are entitled to start conflicts.
And at the expense of others who pay.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Preview

Blessed and not confused about it!
Not at all.
No longer chasing rainbows,
Rabbit feet or four leaf clovers.
Those days are over!
Clinging onto something divine...
And most captivating!
It supplies a driving 'will' that fulfills!
Half full at all times.
Free of draining illusions,
Or misconceptions.
Available 24/7!
It ain't heaven yet...
But it is a damn good preview!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Preview I Do

Preview I do,
Untaken steps.
To prepare and let,
My mind project...
Those things yet,
I must select.
And some I am reluctant,
To forget.
With wishes...
To have more of a happiness kept,
For me.

Preview I do,
Those hurdles and hoops...
I've jumped through.
With needs too common.
And wants too few.
Knowing that darkside,
Like others do too.
When love held escapes.
And hurt stays in its place.
Wishing again to taste it like I knew.
Hoping to go on,
In what seems an empty pursuit.
With a past reviewed continuously.
To prevent a preview I do of pain.
That may come tomorrow.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Previously Witnessed

One's abrupt change of racial biases kept,
Meant to inflict another's suffering to apply.
And with a doing done to impose disparities,
To cause sometimes premature death...
Unnecessary agonies and flowing tears wept.
Just to depict one of being able,
With a capability to insure...
Disadvantages observed and by others seen,
Ultimately appeases the one who demeans.

And with a doing done to deceive with a masking,
Of one's misdeeds a reversal of fortunes happens...
To often result in a return of one's own conflicts,
So surmountable they will never leave.
No matter if one decides to have a change of heart,
In a pleading heard to be victimized from the very start.
Yet...
Those who live a life like this on lies,
And tries to hide with a hope the past will be forgotten...
Eventually from their darkened corners,
A falling apart begins to occur to have the one emerging...
With a denying of wearing diversed disguises.
Worn and previously witnessed for all to see.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Prick

She was told it would prick,
If she put her hand on it.
And sure enough it did.
I slide her hand
Between both of mine,
And rubbed!
She noticed then,
How small the prick.
Thinking it to be bigger!
I assured her it was not!
Showing her how to hold it.
And from then on...
We both enjoyed the Rose!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Pride And Integrity

Many young are so accustomed,
To seeing themselves addressed ignorantly...
Religiously follow like sheep in these steps,
And accept this as to reflect...
A part of their heritage.

And if any of their peers are discovered to become,
Too serious with wishes not to be referred to as clowns...
Immediately they are bullied and ostracized,
From appearing with the others in this circus.
And demands are made to remove themselves,
From under the fenced in tent.

As others who encourage this event,
Boo and hiss those expressing a recognized identity...
Of pride and integrity intended as is meant,
By a strength left inside that is felt...
From the existing spirits of their ancestors.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Pride To Hype And Delusions To Keep

Surrounded we are,
By visitors coming from other stars.
More advanced in intelligence,
And far beyond our self-centered limitations.
Although we would like to perceive ourselves,
As the creators of the Universe...
Probing the Cosmos,
To detect other forms of life...
Progressing to create conflicts,
To depict who best can destroy themselves...
With greed, deception to feed corruption.
And chaos with uncertain purpose,
Defective of any effectiveness.

'We must protect our borders,
From the aliens.
And profile those we deem suspicious.
You know...
The ones intelligent AND ambitious.'

~What about those 'foreigners' with cash?
Buying up all the landmarks.
And valuable property that exists,
From coast to coast wherever it sits? ~

'They are different.
We welcome their investments,
And with much interest.'

~So what is it that is being protected? ~

'Pride to hype and delusions to keep.'

~Well...
In that case,
Let's just stay focused...
On fears to face, threats and terrorists.
At least the doing of it always entertains.~

'And don't forget,
There are those with their religious beliefs.
So chill that extraterrestial stuff.
There are some folks who still can not accept,
The Sun does not rise or set...
But the Earth actually orbits to rotate around it.'

~LIES!
I don't want to hear anymore of that,
DEVIL talk.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Primal Faker

The primal faker,
Innovated what today goes on.
The primal faker,
Has created what today belongs.
And all the fakers who love tasting it,
Can't get enough.
Today they are addicted,
With a fix to stay drugged.

The primal faker,
Innovated what today goes on.
The primal faker,
Has created what today belongs.
And all the fakers who love tasting it,
Can't get enough.
Today they are addicted,
With a fix to stay drugged.

More people have a need,
With a fix to stay drugged.
And so many are on knees,
With a fix to stay drugged.
If they don't have it they plead,
With a fix to stay drugged...
To that which keeps them baited,
To those values that are faked.

More people have a need,
With a fix to stay drugged.
And more poor are on their knees,
With a fix to stay drugged.
If they don't have it they plead,
With a fix to stay drugged...
To that which keeps them baited,
To those values that are faked.

The primal faker did this to deceive the people.
And, the primal faker,
Did this with a kept belief...

That keeping people deceived they wont know what to believe.

The primal faker did this to deceive the people.
And, the primal faker,
Did this with a kept belief...
That keeping people deceived they wont know what to believe.

The primal faker,
Innovated what today goes on.
The primal faker,
Has created what today belongs.
And all the fakers who love tasting it,
Can't get enough.
Today they are addicted,
With a fix to stay drugged.

The primal faker did this to deceive the people.
And, the primal faker,
Did this with a kept belief...
That keeping people deceived they wont know what to believe.

More people have a need,
With a fix to stay drugged.
And more poor are on their knees,
With a fix to stay drugged.
If they don't have it they plead,
With a fix to stay drugged...
To that which keeps them baited,
To those values that are faked.

The primal faker did this to deceive the people.
And, the primal faker,
Did this with a kept belief...
That keeping people deceived they wont know what to believe.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Prime

You must be channeling a fool,
If you expect I should converse with one.
There is nothing 'upstairs' in your head,
If you think your masquerade is fun!
It's bordering on stupid
And on the edge of being quite dumb...
To believe I'm not coherent enough,
To see what you are doing
And not be aware of what you've done!

You must be channeling a fool,
A personae suitable for sleepers.
But I am wide awake,
After tasting samples of what is fake.
And you're fake!
So shake it...
If you want with me to debate!
My time is prime.
And not a minute of it
I regard as waste!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Prince Rogers Nelson (1958-2016)

The pressures of fame.
And labelled with a notoriety,
Others brand on someone to proclaim...
Can ultimately stress,
One who sustains a maintained greatness.

And we...
Become spoiled and take for granted,
A greatness one displays.
To begin to think the doing of it,
After decades of being exposed to this...
The easier it gets,
To deliver quickly that familiar impact.
With that equal persistent consistency.
Although bored some ignore its brilliance.
Expecting more 'magnificence',
From one great with talents and skills.

Until...
One day,
That bright shining star abruptly leaves.
Having left with no other comparisons to make.
And missing it suddenly followers start to grieve.
Prince Rogers Nelson was there.
As if fixed to glow to beam day AND night.
Time after time.
Shocking and blowing minds.
With something new innovative created.

Never will there be another PRINCE like 'he'.
Never will there be,
Another star maintaining its glow so bright.
For so long to then be gone.
But forgotten?
Not!
Paisley Park...
Has just too much Prince,
Stocked and locked as if time released.
For those like Prince addicted to greatness.

And greatness to want it is addicting.

Yet...
Overdosing on greatness can kill,
The will to keep it...
Sustained and maintained to deliver.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Prior To Variety

Believe what you wish,
But you must admit...
Prior to variety adding to the spice of one's life,
There seemed to have been less conflict.

And very few objected,
To the limits of selections that fed appetites.
Now everyone ignites incited to fight,
Over whose delusions should be justified in spotlight.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Prior To Whatever The Outcome

Who knows if those decisions we make,
Will achieve and please...
An expected result?
With a certainty known that is already felt.

The ones who take chances,
Eventually learned...
Something about deciding,
Upon which way to turn.

It is easy to reflect upon those experiences,
One gets.
And express whether or not,
A relief to them came with no grieving met.

But those who hesitate in a waiting done...
Are always heard to state they know what will occur,
Prior to whatever the outcome that is shunned...
Comes to ease or wreck havoc on their nerves.

Prior to whatever the outcome,
A shunning...
Prior to whatever the outcome,
Is done!

Prior to whatever the outcome,
A shunning...
Prior to whatever the outcome,
Is done!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Priorenicity

You'd like to skip over the next steps,
Because you find what is required...
Too boring to accept.
And yet you expect to get a degree in finance,
With knowing very little about economics...
Or how this knowledge acquired,
Will help you to advance.
Is everyone in this class a student on crack?

'There you go!
Assuming stuff.
I speak for mahselves when I say I is a scholer,
That congratulatedfrom high scool...
With all 'A's in remedial edjewcation.
And all that basick mess you be trying to teach us,
Aint of priorenicity!
Not to me it aint.'

LOL

Trust me!
You will soon find none of this funny.
Who in here wants to learn?
And who in here wants to leave?
All of you have that as an option.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Priorities To Emphasize

We are taught,
What priorities to emphasize.
We are taught,
To criticize that which is different.
We are taught,
Denial is a part of a daily life to lve.
But no one seems to prioritize the teaching,
The meaning of common sense.
Or when to use it to be effective.

We are taught,
To be patient with those ignorant.
We are taught,
To tolerate excuses made.
We are taught,
Mistakes to make and success don't mix.
But no one seems to be teaching,
A fear to make mistakes and common sense...
Has a way to create the initiating of conflicts.

And conflicts created with more of them to initiate,
Eliminates the purpose or any reason why...
Teaching to do with lessons to learn,
Should be implementated when those who take notes...
Would rather provoke and joke about life.
Instead of fighting without intent to comprehend,
Who really benefits...
On either side of the fence to keep a preference,
For an ignorance that makes no sense.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Priorities To Keep As They Are Kept

I don't care what that's about.
To argue what it shouldn't be.
Or what's been said by who...
Between the 'he-said-she-sayers'.
That's their investment.
Not mine.

And I am not the one to pass judgement,
Or find time to do it.
However...
Maybe one day they will find,
The decisions that they have made...
Brought no benefits to their advantage.
Who knows?

I am grateful to have taken chances,
With faith that is still in place.
I know what that's about.
What I am about.
And how I've been tested.
With a healing done,
From mental and physical wounds.
Those experiences are vivid.

No one can accuse me of not being pleasant,
When I exit from their presence.
And to protect my peace of mind,
My exits have become more and more graceful...
As I age knowing my priorities.
And priorities to keep as they are kept?
I know what that's about to not doubt it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Prioritized

My time and any activity I choose to do,
Will not await for someone to schedule.
Or control to decide where I am placed,
On their agenda!

No one in my life has got it like that with me!
Those days when that was allowed have gone.
And I've moved on with a strengthened sanity.
No longer from me do I give to another to waste,
My time, advice, sincerity...
Or the best of my heartfelt suggestions.

And...
What makes my lessons so difficult,
For someone else who comes along...
And there 'may' be a shared interest seeking depth?
As a test...
I want to see effort made that comes in my direction,
Prioritized!

That's what living life wisely does.
Especially if one has already jumped through hoops.
And gone through beau-coup changes!
With intentions to do no more!
Experience is the teacher.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Prioritized And Lifted

I knew too well,
What my life had been like.
And that loneliness no one could touch.
I was deeply mentally scarred and troubled.
Yes...
I had been there.

I knew too well,
The masking of pretensions.
And the smothering of those emotions...
Afraid to let anyone see them show.
I have been there,
To numb them...
With alcohol or weed.
I have been there with a broken heart,
Many times to feel inside me bleeding.

I knew too well,
What my life had been like.
And that loneliness no one could touch.
I was deeply mentally scarred and troubled.
I had been there.
And going back,
I don't intend to do.
To feel again pain is not one of my pursuits.

Not back to back to scrape my knees!
Naw.
I don't think so.
Even with knee pads...
That's not happenin'!

Being at a place that drains to remain there?
For purposes to have others see one unchanged...
Is a selfishness that provides for them comfort!
And I know that kind of environment too well!

I had been there too.
Doing just that!

Providing others comfort at my expense.

Now I provide my own comfort.
Which to me makes much more sense...
In the maintaining of my peace of mind and happiness.
And those who proclaim I have changed...
As if one's purpose in life is to remain the same,
Are right!
I decided my life had to be prioritized and lifted,
To the top of my list and agenda!

And those who believe this is against God's wishes,
Have no connection to God!
I had been there myself...
To undo that kind of ignorance!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Prioritized Neccessity

Uncouth the booting to losers done.
With an anger meant to be.
Uncouth the booting by those abused,
Who have chosen the kicking to the curb,
Of those booted losers...
As a deed doing done a prioritized neccessity.

Some have done this without hesitating,
They are glad they have done this and quick.
Uncouth the booting to losers who have shown,
The booting to them done...
Has been deserved with their earning every bit of it.

Uncouth the booting to losers done.
With an anger meant to be.
Uncouth the booting by those abused,
Who have chosen the kicking to the curb,
Of those booted losers...
As a deed doing done a prioritized neccessity.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Prioritized Not Disguised

From the beginning of his leadership,
They began a campaign to see him defeated.
From the moment his brilliance began to shine,
They began an advocating of hatred in the minds.
Hoping a decline would blind those...
Supporting and standing behind him.

From the time they believed themselves,
Better mentally equipped...
They began to show themselves dimwits!
And they began to use economic deficits,
To highlight an ignorance that left them with...
A nakedness that exposes their self-righteousness.

Observed now by all who clearly see,
Money can not buy deception for too long.
Or have people collectively believe...
With a masquerading of it as intelligence!
Especially when people have chosen,
To have their interests represented.
And their needs prioritized not disguised by lies.

Although...
There are those who could care less,
If they shred any credibility they may have left...
Just to prove their ineptness and the depth of it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Privacy

Depending on the degree of one's privacy,
It is recommended...
One chooses to say nothing.
And if one 'does' one should create.

Privacy is not respected.
And having a peace of mind,
Many people who will never have it...
Don't understand it and that is what they hate!

'I told her not to say a word to anyone.
And she couldn't wait until I got off the telephone...
To tell my business to everyone.
And she calls herself a 'friend'.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Privacy Wanted

One would think and not too long,
That someone wanting their privacy so bad...
Could get if they wished,
Without it being difficult.
However...
Wouldn't that mission be pointless,
If one made appearances in public to broadcast...
In an announcement wished for privacy to get?

'Why do they have to appear here,
To tell us how much privacy wanted they wish?
And can not seem to get it.'

~Think about it.
They are more afraid of 'not' being missed,
If they didn't mention their privacy wished.
And...
To do it to disturb what we are doing.~

'Maybe what they really seek is attention.'

~No!
You're kidding? ~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Privately Conducted

First comes the facing of unquestionable doubts,
One who has sat with them...
And wishes to have them erased.
Then comes that next step one embraces,
With a feeling to defend...
What from them has been openly expressed,
That now addresses an unexpected opposition.
An opposition positioned that requests one's expertise.
An expertise with similarities to others compared.

But one who has faced unquestionable doubts,
To successfully do it to knock those doubts out...
Rarely finds the time in their minds to duplicate or defend,
What from them has been openly expressed that has begun...
With an admitting done to no one but themselves,
No aim to campaign to solicit votes from other folks...
Who had not been invited to ceremonies privately conducted,
That one has taken a lifetime to achieve...
And satisfies in celebration the completing of an accomplishment.

Someone like this is not distant from being realistic!
And has long prepared for criticisms to meet and greet.
With a skin that has thickened to realize they exist to be treated.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Privileged To Poach

Privileged to poach folks,
Are the same kind of people...
Coached from birth to accept and believe,
They've been bestowed...
With exclusive opportunities,
To dismiss their misdeeds as exceptions.
Since destiny has called them to fulfill,
Appeasing the doing of their own selfish needs.

And their minds are no different,
From those seen with their noses lifted...
While touring through urban inner city streets,
With beliefs sights of homelessness and hunger...
Are exhibits of victims awaiting to be assisted,
By those rich with their noses lifted...
How to best pose for pictures to depict the best,
Of pain endured to suffer self-inflicted miseries.

To let everyone know those privileged to poach folks,
Do so to perceive themselves better equipped...
With a teasing that releases their sense of entitlement.
As they spoil the soil for sport and blood stains to leave.
And excuses left to have those in turmoil receive to accept,
A power no one knows like the privilege folks who poach...
That can induce and with effectiveness a sadness left.
Regardless if this illness reflects their blinded mindsets.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Prized And Forbidden

There are those who prefer,
Their ignorance corralled.
Limited to a certain space.
As if keeping what they have is prized...
And forbidden.
While those who have expressed intelligence,
Enforce upon them a real threat!

This feast has infested,
With a manifestation of multi-leveled addictions!
Those showing signs of a thought process...
Should be warned to watch their backs.
As well as the amount of nonsense swallowed.
The squinting of eyes IS approved! But, don't shut them!

There are those expounding their beliefs.
And thumping on 'their' Bibles.
As if a keeping of an ignorance represents,
The intention of God's wishes...
That all mankind display depths of stupidity!
With an addition of more contradictions...
In direct conflict with hypocrisies.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Prized And Once Cherished

Where do open eyes,
Turn to find those undisguised?
Contact is pointless,
When a vacancy is known!
And looking away...
Into a desert reflecting similarites
Is shown,
A lonely task awaits ahead.
An emptiness is carried,
For a wish to see sparks of life.
A smile or two accepting,
With renewed vision!
But the journey of one,
On a mission to overcome isolation...
Continues on a path in search,
For identities recovered.
After months experiencing,
The mind slaughter now that has passed.
To leave those observed empty in bewilderment,
Sitting beside rusted treasures.
In tears!
And clutching onto overdue tax bills!
Enduring the heartbreaking loss...
Of a prized and once cherished,
Good credit rating...
They could no longer privately keep,
To secure their fading statures held...
That glowed,
Upon their now disturbed and troubled faces!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Prized As A Talent

Trying to initiate motivation,
In an adult uninspired.
And believes procrastination is a blessing,
And prized as a talent...
Only the chosen are born not to depart with.
Can be compared to being hired to teach children,
To ignore the use of curse words...
They have heard from their parents since birth.
As their parents make claims,
Their children have been influenced...
By hoodlums who walk the streets,
In their neighborhood.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Proactive Tactics

Our proactive tactics,
Could be made more fantastic.
If our conscious intentions,
Were moved from first gear...
Into third.

A journey enjoyed,
With perception employed...
Takes removing comforts packed,
Out of a box wrapped with familiar trappings...
To explore fresh adventures that are not.

People fear their selfishness threatened.
Those accustomed from living off the backs of others.
Creating their interests from what is seen,
In another's backyard.
And with the use of strategies,
Employing reasons to manipulate and thieve.

Our proactive tactics,
Could be made more fantastic.
If our conscious intentions,
Were moved from first gear...
Into third.

The sharing of resources produces more for all.
Ideas extend from this.
But those of limited awareness and greed.
Perceives one's enslavement,
Delivers what they need.
In a feeding of a suppression...
That stunts abilities.

To leave a dependency...
That a laziness breeds.
And succeeds in the observation...
Of an ignorance supported,
By ongoing stupidity monitored by insecurity!

Our proactive tactics,
Could be made more fantastic.
If our conscious intentions,
Were moved from first gear...
Into third.

With a view more appreciated,
By all being accountable and taking responsibility.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Problem Solver

If we stuck by the rules,
To ensure they're obeyed...
I can be,
A problem solver.
You can be,
A problem solver.
We could all be problem solvers,
If we got to be involved.

I can be,
A problem solver.
You can be,
A problem solver.
We could all be problem solvers,
If we got to be involved.

Troubles would diminish...
If we all got now involved.
Anguishing would disappear...
If it was not thought a job,
To be labored then be robbed!

Troubles would diminish...
If we all got now involved.
Anguishing would disappear...
If it was not thought a job,
To be labored then be robbed!

If we stuck by the rules,
To ensure they're obeyed...
Oh I can be,
A problem solver.
You can be,
A problem solver.
We could all be problem solvers,
If we got to be involved.

Troubles would diminish...
If we all got now involved.

Anguishing would disappear...
If it was not thought a job!
We could all be problem solvers,
If we got to be involved.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Problem Solvers

Whatever it takes for some people to escape,
From being held accountable for their actions...
Will happen.
You can win a bet on that and expect to get paid.
And people are making demands,
To know what is going on around them.
And they have not a clue that their lack of involvement,
Is the main reason why the very roof they live under...
Has been overlooked and in dire need of much repair.

And try telling that to them!
They will add someone as quick as possible,
To their enemy list.
To be accused,
For any leak or future damage they may experience.
With a daring of anyone to point a finger at them.
People like this are not problem solvers.
Creators of confusion and chaos?
Yes!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Problem Solvers, Fence Menders And Division Healers

There seems to always be people prepared,
To discredit someone's capabilities, knowledge...
Contributions made and deeds done.
As if in the doing with such attempts made...
Will expose their abilities to be problem solvers,
Fence menders and division healers.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Problematic

Static.
And problematic.
You live a life,
Like it's better than platinum.
And this is static to be seen as problematic.

You wish people to assume,
You stash cash and diamonds.
While you sleep on pillows,
Wearing nothing but pearls.
And you're not that kind of guy who lies,
But outside in the world...
Both of you adorn disguises to hide.
Why do you do this to deny your pride?

Static.
And problematic.
You live a life,
Like it's better than platinum.
And this is static to be seen as problematic.

Women do this to impress other women.
And men do this to address other men.
But children live their lives to affect with a doing,
To imitate and pretend what they see without end.
And this is problematic.

You, they and them...
Wish people to assume,
You live a life of platinum.
But it's more like a life of gloom.
And this is sad and static.
Problematic and a fact.
And the children can't see through it.
They don't know it to be an act.

Women do this to impress other women.
And men do this to address other men.
But children live their lives to affect with a doing,

To imitate and pretend what they see without end.
And this is problematic.

You, they and them...
Wish people to assume,
You live a life of platinum.
But it's more like a life of gloom.
And this is sad and static.
Problematic and a fact.
And the children can't see through it.
They don't know it to be an act.
And this is problematic.

The children can't 'see' reality!
And this is problematic.

Children grow to believe life lived is a fantasy...
And this is problematic.

You, they and them...
Wish people to assume,
You live a life of platinum.
But it's more like a life of gloom.
And this is sad and static.
Problematic and a fact.

The children can't 'see' reality!
And this is problematic.

Children grow to believe life lived is a fantasy...
And this is problematic.
Erractic and it bites right back!
The doing is a fact and problematic.
Erractic and it bites right back!
The doing is becoming automatic.
Problematic and it bites right back.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Procedurally Speaking...Of Course!

Procedurally,
There is a desire...
To have things as they were.
As if things as they were...
Did not then cling onto dire straits.
However...
Moving forward with procedures revamped,
And cleansed of those effects...
To refreshen without defects craved and addicted,
Is a painful awakening.

Ignored or not,
Injections do pinch.
And many faint just from the thought of it!

But procedures as they are,
That fed realities now bleeding heavily...
Do not necessarily stop the ones,
Gathered to posture at organized tea parties.
With the hope to return to a yesterday...
'Independent' in voices raised,
To sing songs of patriotism.

Slices of Apple Pie munched in glee...
Does not erase the fact their precious shores,
Already own and patrolled by foreigners they despise.
Has not prevented them from becoming,
The recipients of lives outsourced and downsized.
With their eyes as wide open as they can get.
And given demands to welcome an enslavement.
Deluded by whatever it is they wish to keep...
Inside their heads.
Are the only options they will have...
When reality has been completely unmasked,
For their undivided upclose inspection!

Procedurally speaking...
Of course!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Proceed With Caution

The storm swept away
Straying camouflaged reminders
Of coverups and rusting grins.
A full cleansing has taken place
And those once trusted proceed with caution.
Too afraid their absence of integrity
Will leave their yachts to land against the rocks.
To expose their cargo of hoodwinkers, crooks...
And other fleeing, high powered crying snots!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Process Of A Divinity

If anything in nature had been created,
Based on falsities...
All that has been manmade,
To reflect a stability...
Would have earned the praise of nature.
And not be bombarded by devastation!
Or persistent tragedies.
To experience a weeping before repeated.

Nature is a process of a divinity.
One far superior.
With a majestic quality!

And the ignorance of disobedience,
Causes many to grieve.
That's why all living things,
Depend on trees to breathe.
And when the trees decide to leave...
Excuses made will no longer have purpose.
Or a need for reasons,
To explain the outcome of possibilities.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Process Of Questioning

An honesty that becomes debated,
And it is to great lengths.
To confirm the validity of it.
Is as suspect as a deceit known...
But allowed not to go through,
A process of questioning...
To reveal the depth of its activity.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Process Of Rejection

The importance of substitution,
Will never be as potent...
As the significance,
Of that which is originally given.

There will be attempts made,
To dilute and disguise the affect...
With replacements to digest.
And those unconscious may never suspect,
Until a system begins...
A process of rejection.

The importance of substitution,
Will never be as potent...
As the significance,
Of that which is originally given.

A process of rejection begins.
And the harm that is done...
Upsets with effectiveness,
Not just a few disgruntled ones.
But everyone awakening,
To the glaring sight of Sun!
A Sun unclouding to expose...
Those without vision and on the run!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Process That Replenishes

WE are within it!
This Universe.
This entity.
Thinking and expanding
From a perception
Never for us...
On this level to perceive.
We are too exclusively 'within' ourselves.
With desires to manipulate
A self centeredness debated
In terms of race
And other limitations
We apply the fate of labeling
But the Earth collects us all
In a rejuvenating process that replenishes.
And the Sun and Moon allows

'BUT where 'is' God? '

Wherever The Almighty chooses to be!
Is this a quiz?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Proclaiming Preferences

Feeling a bit threatened,
By those proclaiming preferences?
Only to then become offended,
When you have been omitted...
From being a preference one admits.
How traumatic?
And why is this?

One at first feeling threatened,
Should now feel relieved.
But noooo!

They decide they would like,
To taunt those proclaiming them.
Especially if those preferences,
Has anything to do with sex.
And those choices that have been expressed...
Does not include them as addressed.

It was only when those preferences were announced,
Did those previously minding their own business...
Went about doing what they normally would do.
Snooping between gossip hops.
With an attempt to acquire details...
About who does what with what they've got.

Then one day those with preferences,
Unlocked their doors and came out of closets.
And caring less who passed judgement on them.
They sought a happiness.
From lifestyles that had one time or another,
Had them feel both closed and trapped in.

Now today...
Those with old gossip,
Have nothing to say.
If fact they seem embittered...
To stay in relationships,
Daring to admit...

Their own activities,
Have long skipped over...
And beyond a 'curiousness'.

'What's the matter?
You look upset.'

~That 'misfit' told me,
I was not desirable...
On a kept preference list.
Can you believe this?
And I 'know' I am desirable...
IF I decided to choose to be!
And IF I wanted to be selected and picked.~

'Selected and picked?
For what? '

~You know.
For 'whatever' it is...
Those two over there are doing.~

'What are they doing? '

~You can not see what they are doing?
Look at them...
Closely.
And how they are looking at each other,
With 'those'...eyes.
And...
Out in public.
I am highly offended AND appalled.~

'What are you talking about? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Proclivities Of Subjected Idealistic Objectiveness

It is easy for many to beat around,
And hide in bushes.
Defend their opinions in places of safety.
Lie to protect their own deceiving backs.
And criticize those who take public attack.

It is easy for many to not take a stand.
To uphold their weak beliefs.
Since they seek someone's approval.
Someone certified with a title.
Someone who impresses,
With equal shallowness.
With a life that stays on slow idle.

It is easy for many to follow folks like these.
And it is easier for those who see people like them,
As the reasons why today's society...
Has no backbone to straighten out their own children,
With discipline, respect and a quality of life they accept.
And these folks should be these kids idols.

This is easy to see,
From an objective perceptivity subjected to one's idealistic proclivities.
With professed desires confessed to have realized.

This is easy to see for...

'For anyone who knows what in world your'e talking about!

With the proclivities of subjected idealistic objectiveness?
What is that suppose to mean?
And for who?
And why should they care? '

What?

'Exactly!
Case closed.
Come back and say it with some feeling attached.

I ain't feeling this at all!
In fact,
You bore me with this mess!
And I'm on the children's side.
You've got to break this down...
So we can see eye to eye!
You 'feel' me? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Procrastination Becomes A Worn Out Vice

There comes a time in everyone's life,
When procrastination becomes a worn out vice...
To depend on to conveniently use,
By those choosing to remain undecisive.
With every excuse to make to delay what is wished.

And aging has a lot to do with this.
Since a 'sunrise' taken for granted...
Seems to speed quicker towards the 'sunset'.
With a caring less who is left to procrastinate,
In a self indulging mental state of regret.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Procrastinations Created To Make An Erasing

No excuses are better made,
Than those insecure that make them.
A beating around the bush,
Whether conscious or not.
Is not done quite as well...
As those who attempt to escape,
From hesitated procrastinations.
Created to make,
An erasing of their accountability!

People like this are easily offended.
Believing their disrespect for others,
Should be condoned.
People like this,
Anticipate being appreciated!
For making mediocrity enforced upon others.
With a downgrading of their expectations.
And communicating that,
To entrap as this is shown!

No excuses are better made,
Than those insecure that make them.
A beating around the bush,
Whether conscious or not.
Is not done quite as well...
As those who attempt to escape,
From hesitated procrastinations.
Created to make,
An erasing of their accountability!

And as incredible as this may be...
People extend to them patience,
With comprehension.
Instead of giving them a boot to the curb!
Asked for and deserved!

A lack of discipline should never be rewarded.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Prodded Into Discussion

Philosophy spoken only works,
When the doing of it...
Is not so academically induced.
From classrooms.
But applied to one's reality.
You know...
The one that deals with truth and life!

And absent of debate teams,
Prodded into discussion...
To give deluded opinions,
As intelligently as possible.
While providing more of meaning,
To those participating to get good grades...
If such lip service actually was put into practiced.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Produced To Reduce Suspicions

One can only fake a doing of 'that' undone,
To express vehemently in dramatic fashion...
With a convincing of those willing to listen,
For so long and in prolonged...
Moments of entertaining exaggerations,
Some addicted to it have given adulation.

Until the day comes along,
When those curiosities...
Fed to those feeding on embellishments,
Begin with a questioning to seek some evidence...
Of that which one says has been done to do,
Is requested to be produced to reduce suspicions.

'Well...
I 'think' there has been a misunderstanding.
When I stated I performed at the White House,
I actually pretended to faint.
And that's when I was offered to stand closer,
To the front of the line before I took the visitor's tour.'

~And your reception before the President?
And how you gazed into his eyes?
Was that also an embellishment? ~

'Oh no.
For some reason he stared at me,
When I shouted he appeared taller in person...
Than he does on TV.'

~So...
Did you not actually 'perform' upon request,
Inside the White House.~

'That depends on what you interpret as a performance.
Inside the White House,
I was approached AND asked...
If I had any stage experience.
So 'naturally' I admitted I did.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Producing Remedies

When listening became regarded as offensive...
Disrespect found refreshed acceptance.

And now that disrespect is as mainstream,
As naked beauty queens...
Viagra, bras and sex enhancements,
Advertised on national TV...
People are wishing for those 'good old days' to return.

I lived in those days.
And the same people inflicting their prinicples,
Are the same ones in laboratories...
Producing remedies,
That have little to do with finding cures.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Product For The Archives

Those that ridiculed and found time to do it...
Can not be too bright.
Not to percieve actions taken,
Like these today...
Do not come back seeking,
A return to nibble for a bigger bite.

'Now...
Where are those who claim to have 'some' insight? '

It's funny how things twist and turn,
To ultimately leave those frazzled.
Change has exploded upon the scene,
With a tremendous dose of 'wake up'.
Stable foundations aren't so stable it seems.

And those that did not catch it.
Or expect it to come as it has...

'Hello? Anybody home?
I'm sorry...
I didn't expect anyone in the attic!
The lack of 'light' gave no clue.'

Your fantasies are now product for the archives!

Aint nothing you once believed,
Will be revived.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Products Of A Normal Society

Well...
There is always room left,
To be 'lofty' and philosophical...
About all that is happening around us,
And in the world today.
Or...
We can choose to remain negative,
Like everyone else tied to be fitted...
For a strait jacket by the latest 'hot' designer.
And be like others who have accepted themselves,
As products of a normal society.
With a few to accuse and designate on a regular basis,
As being completely out of their minds.
And proving they can be as crazy as possible,
With a reliable frequency.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Professing To Be Strong

Those today professing to be strong in faith,
But display a weakened identity...
And questionable intergrity.
Are not those I would suspect,
To have any backbone.
At least none that is projected or publicly shown.
And...
Those offering their feathery sweetness,
Sicken with their hidden agendas.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Profit Watchers

Profit watchers.
And thug betting racketeers,
Are of a similar mindset.
With abilities to come and leave,
Anyone they can intimidate...
To a succumbing of weeping tears.

They represent 'constituents'.
Those faithful who follow...
Religiously and/or politically,
Relying on receipts they receive to get.
For duties performed to ensure people reap,
Big bucks for deeds with beliefs their interests...
Are kept wisely invested
In a practice that continues keeping cash pocketed.

It's the business of deception,
People pray to God that stays that way.
It's the business of deception,
Worshipped with wishes success is trhe benefit.
It's the business of deception,
That leaves people possessing deeper debts.
It's the business of deception,
Profit watchers sell to get more hooked on hype...
To market addictions of thoughts that feed,
A need for greed to accumulate more tasteless waste.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Profound Is The Sound Of Silence

Profound is the sound of silence.
The acceptance of its presence,
Is immediate and welcomed.

Profound is the sound of silence.
The calmness of it is irresistable.
It seems to magnify in power.

Profound is the sound of silence.
So much when it arrives can be accomplished.
And so appreciated it is when it comes and gives.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

'Profounded-Nouned-Ness'

The 'light' has always been there.
Perhaps it takes 'aging' for some to become aware of it! ?
Nothing in nature has remained the same.
It is constantly 'evolving'.
Some have accepted this as 'change'.
While others hope their observances,
Will remain for them a repeated cycle.
We are just replacements.
That's it!

'Hmmm...
A 'poem'?
I think so!
I'm just so 'full' of 'profounded-nouned-ness'.
lol.

Of course my wonderful sister, Mim, would say,
'Yeah! He's full of 'it' alright! '

Inspired By:
Frances J. McAlpine Sharp
Hartford, Connecticut
High School English Teacher

'Thank you, Ms Frances'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Programmed To Fail

There are not that many lights,
Shining to stay bright these days.
Neither to be found strolling around,
Reflecting during the day and ecstatic.
But witnessed they are to commit to antics,
As hindsight from unused 'attics'...
Appear dimming to slim emphatic tactics,
To keep...
Protected that glow that grows within.
No one wishes to nurture the 'home' they betray.
No one wishes a brightness within them stays.

Programmed to fail.
And with potential unknown.
The switch has been disconnected.
Or meant to leave broken intentionally.
The switch to never be fixed,
Seems to exist as permitted.
And condoned indefinately.

And just a few are patrolling to control with this shown.
There is a preference for a thoughtlessness...
To trap and steal the precious treasures of lost souls.

Programmed to fail.
The main switch has been disconnected.
Programmed to fail,
And meant not to fix that which exists.
A uselessness of a potential unknown,
Just a few have determined provides for them no benefit.
To leave the dimming of bright lights,
Roaming to distance themselves...
Far away from their darkening homes.

Programmed to fail.
And with potential unknown.
To delight a few,
Patrolling to control and with this shown.
They have a preference for a thoughtlessness...

To trap and steal the precious treasures of lost souls.
So...
Who or whomever has been programmed to fail,
Have it perceived to remain disconnected...
Will deliver to them success,
Without this being fixed with their assistance to correct.

And just a few are patrolling to control with this shown.
There is a preference for a thoughtlessness...
To trap and steal the precious treasures of lost souls.

'Pssst.
Hey? You?
Yeah...you.
I've got some real nice 'bling' over here.
And cheap too! '

Programmed to fail.
And just a few are patrolling to control with this shown.
There is a preference for a thoughtlessness.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Programmed To Switch Channels

If I pinched myself,
Would you feel it and say 'ouch! '
Would my concerns
Pull you away from a chair or a couch,
Ecstactic with empathy?
Until that happens...
Your understanding of my pain,
Will be as quick as shifting
From one boring episode to another!
We are programmed to switch channels.
It is a convenience to keep us detached,
And self absorbed!
We are only aware of the connection...
When our viewing habits have been temporarily delayed.
Or interrupts with an immediate personal discomfort,
We rush to announce to others with dismay and disbelief!
Until baseball season comes to help us keep score.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Programming Shared

So many are unaware of a programming shared,
That creates their own despair.
And...
Leaving them with minds barren.

As they seek a shearing like sheep asleep...
Grazing on dreams of malaise.
Pleased they are to be given the opportunity,
To be mentally slaughtered!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Progress

A shown progress made,
Takes commitment to truth.
No truth. No progress.
Just efforts to endeavor,
Excessive defeat.
A continuation,
Of a wasted expense paid.
Yet,
Kept worshipped as a way...
To get attention then declare,
And accuse...
Those who speak truth,
Are negative when they begin...
Pointing out failed activities,
With a lack of their shown...
Positive support.
And communal unity.
Perceived to be taking,
Effective steps forward...
By charading an honesty,
Portrayed while imitating it.
Fearing reality...
And its full disclosure,
Will diminish their right...
To remain judgemental,
Insecure and pretentious.
For many...
This to masquerade,
Is success and progress made.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Progress Identified Is Progress To Make

During a repeating of a familiar feeding,
One needs not to be told...
When the time comes to leave.
With a knowing what to do,
And does it without an explanation.
Or an excuse to make in hesitation.

'Did you see that?
He just got up and left.
And we have yet to discuss the agenda.'

~Sometimes it is better to know,
Who is or who is not...
On the same page with the rest of us.

Now...
And without further adieu.
Let's get back to our priorities.
It was mentioned at our last meeting,
Steps we should have taken,
To correct in 1992...
Had not been done to do to investigate.
Has anyone come up,
With a suggestion or recommendation?
And remember...
Progress identified is progress to make.
We must recognize what it takes,
To remain and stay unified...
With our efforts to endeavor.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Progress Is Identified

There are many living in inner cities.
And even more clinging,
Onto the fringes of poverty.
Who are claiming,
With their creative statements made.
That progress for decades,
Has eluded them.
And...
Is not known or anywhere around,
To be shown.
Well...
I beg to differ from that assesment.

Take a look over there.
You see those sparkling revolving doors?
I remember as a child,
When they had been wooden.
Yes. Wooden.
And today...
They are made of 'chrome'.
Can you believe it?
CHROME.

And the ones who took flight to the suburbs,
Back in the day.
Have return to dismiss their biases.
With some of them given positions,
To pick from those destitute...
To either window dress or polish those doors,
With a restoring of their gleem.
Each day to remove fingerprints.
So proud are the ones to be selected,
From the rest to qualify.
Now get this.
With 'logos' embossed on tailored uniforms too~

From my point of view,
Progress is identified.
That's why I don't understand,

All this talk about racism and hatred.
When I was a child we were only permitted,
To push around those revolving doors.
With no other expectation to do anything more.
And today?
People have the nerve to complain,
About who has the right to decide...
The qualifications of the ones picked,
To not only dress to impress.
But given the opportunity to polish off fingerprints.
What is this World coming to?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Progress Is The Concept That Inspires Ideas

To move forward,
In thought.
Or in actual movement.
Means exactly that!
Not to discuss it,
As if to do so will get it done.
To move forward takes applied effort.
If a repeated situation,
Does not get resolved.
Because there is something,
In one's consciousness that blocks this.
Moving forward is not going to be accomplished.
To make noticeable progress.
And progress is the concept that inspires ideas.
Rarely, if ever...
Does enlightenment stirs or occurs,
To one 'enhanced' by the driven excitement of stagnation.
Unless this has been determined as a fresh activity.
And for a very few,
This may be a possibility.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Proletariat And Unfit

Those elitist are fighting tooth and nail,
To privatize their theft of greed with a keeping...
Of wishes sought seeking,
These activities prevail.
With promises of their theories,
To one day trickle down to those weary.

And...
Perceiving themselves to have reaping privileges,
With a harvesting they did not with a working sow...
Although they have interpretations of being entitled,
To ensure they are distanced knowingly...
From those labelled proletariat and unfit.
Hoping their actions continues to widen and grow,
With distractions upon others they bestow as being legit.
And a dripping dipped in sincerity hoping there's a buying of it.

Although,
The implementation that has initiated all of this...
With a climbing higher on a plateau to sit,
To view from separate positions of lofty self interest...
Does not in the end protect them one bit.
No!
Or prevent a losing of a grip heard from them professed,
Has had for all a shared benefit...
That time did not allow them to produce to prove or reflect,
To have their visions by others held to touch.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Prolonged And Lucrative

Only in a place...
Where negotiations should take place,
Are those upset...
By this process.

They prefer conflicting contests to disturb,
Any reasonable solution...
That might end a prolonged and lucrative,
Ignorance that has kept them fed!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Prolonged Indulgences

Go to any neighborhood.
Anywhere.
Anytime!
And there will still be folks,
Talking about how things use to be.
While they allow what is going on...
Right in front of their eyes,
To be dismissed.
As they sit reminiscing,
In prolonged indulgences.
Waiting for someone else to come along...
To pick up the trash they throw,
In their own backyards.
And complain...
No one has bothered to come around,
In quite some time!
As if that was a sign,
To show them no one cared!
And 'where' are the reasons...
Why anyone should?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Prolonged Too Long

People who have sought most of their lives,
To obtain popularity with a sudden found interest...
In the times from them that have long gone and moved on,
Are the ones who should feel they have been cheated.
Since they have prolonged too long,
Involving themselves in activities fed to feed escapes...
From their realities that have been erased and replaced.
And they have not a clue how to relate and/or to whom.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Promise?

'Father? '

Yeeeaaahhhsss, My son?

Oh, I know You're not giving me attitude?
It's too early in the day for that!

'Excuse Me?
Are you forgetting that I...I Am The Almighty? '

Hey!
Why You always gotta bring that up?
No. Not at all.
It just seems of late...
You're not so eager,
To sit with me and listen to my prayers!

'OH! Is that what you call it?
WHATEVER 'this' is! '

Whatever!
Listen up,
You know...
You are sumthin' else!

'Whatchu sayin?
What have I done now?
Whatchu mean by that? '

Nothing!
I was just thinking about 'All' that You are!

'So...
You like it?
What's the deal?
Who did what to 'who' and WHY?
Give Me details.
And don't 'shrimp'
On any gossip you've heard lately! '

I'm loving it!
But it is truly amazing how You do stuff!
I mean...
You 'really' got it goin' on, Father!

'And...? '

That's it! That's all!

'You mean to tell Me...
You called upon Me,
Just to tell Me that? '

And...
To tell You I love You.
And thank You for Your blessings.
I am so very thankful to You, Father!

'What is it that you want?
I'm all ears.
Nose, throat, Heaven and Stars.
Sun, Moon...the Universe, etcetera.'

Seriously,
Nothing.
Not really!

'Hmmm...
You mean that's all you want to say to Me? '

Yep.
That's it!

'I'm gonna keep My eye on you.
You are up to something! '

Promise?
Good.
I love it!

'Yeah...

I'm gonna keep My eye on you.
You love Me too much,
Not to do it! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Promised To Be Kept To Keep

Secrets...
That are kept,
Are secrets...
That may be wept.
To leave one with nights,
Unslept without rest.
Although promised to be kept to keep.

And secrets...
Left,
In a protectiveness...
Never regretted to forget,
Are kept secrets...
Wept.
One wishes to have ever met.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Promises Are Made

Promises are made to those who protest,
Their quality of life has faded.
Without them being aware of suffering loses.
Or an effective degrading that has taken place.

Promises are made acceptable to receive,
By those in positions seeking to be freed...
From suspicions by those they've deceived.
But few who protest keep promises made,
With an equally kept effectiveness.

Such as:
Remaining to be accountable for the lives they live.
Or accepting responsibility for deciding to lie,
But found it easier to deny they did.
And who actually admits,
A defending of undisciplined and unruly kids...
Is a prerequisite for reservations made,
For them to sit with misfit roommates...
In prisons awaiting for chances to escape.
Or become rehabilitated to be determined equipped,
Prepared and ready to return to a society...
Of folks already in denial of their own dysfunctions.

Promises are made acceptable to receive,
By those in positions seeking to be freed...
From suspicions by those they've deceived.
But few who protest keep promises made,
With an equally kept effectiveness.

Promises are made to those who protest,
Their quality of life has faded.
Without them being aware of suffering loses.
Or an effective degrading that has taken place.

But...
Promises made are loved.
And those refusing to make them,
For truth to reveal...

Become despised for their honesty.
And often ridiculed for being too direct,
By those who protest and addicted...
To hearing promises made,
Rather or not they were intended to be kept.

'Boo. Hiss, hiss boo.'

Heard are the people protesting the truth.
And refusing to comprehend its meaning.

'Boo. Hiss, hiss boo.'

Heard are the people protesting the truth.
And refusing to comprehend its meaning.

'Hip hip hooray.'

Promises are made.
And cheer the people do,
Those known to lie yet take centerstage.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Promises Given

Promises given...
And then lifted from children,
Expecting to be gifted...
Dries an anticipation,
Bubbling innocently in the younger ones.
Those implanted with hopes and dreams...
Sparkling and beginning in the minds of some.

And once these exciting wishes diminish...
A delighted twinkle in the eyes is lost!
Something inside,
Feels not right, incomplete and unfinished.
Leaving apologies that seldom come,
Hard to accept as excuses from anyone!
Especially if promises mentioned are not done!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Promises Made Were Broken

Promises made were broken,
As unknown shadows crept from crevices...
Stealthily upon shoulders to cast.

It was then high noon with a Sun showing bright,
Above a cloudless horizon.
While those stood with a happiness to clench,
Surrounded by scents of merriment...
Increasing an anticipation to them sent.

And then those makers of storms warned,
A ripple of darkness would come to forlorn.
And they came...
To dash upon them rain and hopelessness.

And it seemed within moments,
Fears were instilled to revisit.
Creating division to descend upon good intentions.
As tears from eyes were then released,
To prove to all witnessing their grief...
That those promises made would be impossible to keep.

Promises made were broken,
As unknown shadows crept from crevices...
Stealthily upon shoulders to cast.
There had been dire deed doers hiding in darkness,
Believing they held the reigns...
Of enjoying the last laugh.
But...
Those keepers of faith erased this fate.
While those promises made unintentionally broken,
Were mended to restore, implement and renew.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Promises Of Honesty

I never made a promise to myself,
To stay honest.
When I felt to know the meaning of it,
It stayed and wouldn't go away.
And after years of having it as part of my life,
With it to live day and night...
Promises of honesty I hear others make,
I know immediately aren't deeply felt...
If they have to remember,
To keep honesty a promise...
And not kept believed...
That honest they should always be.
Don't promise me an honesty just be it to give!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Promises Of Love

Promises of love...
Who's gonna give it and who gets it.
Those promises of love...
Who's left to wait for the benefit.
A promise to be loved...
With lots of it that will not quit.
Is just a promise.
A promise from one not honest.

If it isn't there prepared to give...
Just where is it.
If,
It isn't there...
Where does one get it?
With a promise of a love that comes...
When none of it has before been done.

Those promises of love...
Who's left to wait for the benefit.
A promise to be loved...
With lots of it that will not quit.
Is just a promise.
A promise from one not honest.

Promises of love...
Who's gonna give it and who gets it.
Those promises of love...
Who's left to wait for the benefit.
Awaiting to be loved,
By someone promising to give it...
Is just a promise.
And promises of love aren't honest.

Promises of love...
Who's gonna give it and who gets it.
Those promises of love...
Aren't very honest,
If it isn't there to give!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Promises Stated To Later Escape

Whether you stand up straight,
Or crawl...
Your determining motivation,
Should be devoted to commitment.
To complete and finish...
An obligation made,
Throughout its duration.

To excuse commitment,
With solicited procrastination...
Does not put a shine on one's integrity.

Promises stated to later escape,
Erases intentions.
And categorizes any mistakes,
One might unconsciously make...
As faked!
With an ease expected to later celebrate.

And so many seem willing,
To gather collectively...
In the sharing of this fate.
While feasting on pretensions,
And hollow impressions to salivate.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Promises To Break

Promises to break,
'Before' the thought of them to make,
Should be easy from them to escape...
If the thought is kept with a good intention,
But a doing of it is left not to mention.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Promises To Get Fixed What Is Broken

It would be wonderful if initiative was taken,
To correct the mistakes of that which is obvious...
Than to make promises to get fixed what is broken,
If the people could only pretend to forget...
With a forgiveness given,
To those who messed up their lives in the first place.

But now...
Wish to be seen as suited to be selected as the ones,
Who are best at getting the job done.
And...
Haven't they already done that job which is obvious?
That job to undo those standards once valued.

Is it new leadership that the people need?
Or do the people just need to wake up?
Since competent people are already there.
But people are not wanting to be represented by competence.
People have been conditioned to see others fail.
And with a doing that has been done to please them.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Promises To Keep

Live it up!
By all means...
Don't let me stop you!
I wouldn't dare allow my eyes,
To drift away from absorbing this!
Your current romp in glee,
Reminds me of so much I must remember!

For every chicken I watched my mother pluck!
And for every blister suffered on my father's hands...
Obtained by working ungloved in an iron factory,
You are going to pay!
For every roach that crawled on my skin,
For every rat that fell on my sister
When the ceiling caved in!
For every teardropp I wiped from my swollen eyes...
I STILL have problems drying.
You are going to pay for the lies you told,
To keep our lives lived that way!

Live it up!
I have forgiven.
But forgotten...
I have not!
Live it up! !
I have promises to keep!
And memories to release and unlock,
That feeds my anger!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Promises To Promise

What has been known,
To have been shown repeatedly...
Should not today,
Shock and surprise anyone deciding...
A diet on truth,
Effectively reduces anxieties.

Debating over mistakes to have made,
To acknowledge them in statements...
Replacing promises promised,
From previous comments to update.
Are the same promises used.
Hoping those still remain deluded.
To not notice the truth,
Of their lives to live...
Have taken a quicken ride downsized,
From a quality into a sludge.
So thick some interpret it,
As a reason to celebrate...
The keeping of its presence.

And it is the scent,
Of how sweet sentiments...
Are delivered,
Many have come to crave.
With promises to promise,
For better days to come.
As long as everyone patiently awaits,
To get that taste...
Prolonged to go on,
By those debating...
Which promises to promise,
Are more fulfilling...
To keep deceptions alive.
And wishes kept to thrive upon.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Promissory Notes

Living on 'advances' to repay,
And promissory notes...
To keep fantasies alive and envisioned,
Is to participate in an industry...
Where the selling of souls is as common,
As the marketing of pretentions to entertain.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Promoted And Religiously Defended

The look and feel of it...
Are illusions.
Those participating in exchange,
Are illusions.
Even the illusions themselves,
Can be concluded to be exclusively...
Illusions.
With or without perceptions needed.
And yet...
God is the exception of this conception.
And He, She or It,
Can not be seen at all.
Although we remain devoted.
To keep what isn't real in our lives,
Promoted and religiously defended.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Promoted As It Spreads

What continues to fail,
Are those accusations made.
That have become for many to be accepted,
As something foolish humans do.
But to say this directly immediately offends,
The ones who have come...
To protect their denials without end.

And when those do choose,
To be accountable for their actions...
With a responsibility that attracts attention,
Those like this are quickly faulted...
For wanting more attention upon them to get.
Infuriating others too immature to recognize,
Their own mindsets are beset with a pettiness.

A kept pettiness fed and promoted as it spreads,
To reject this ignorance and feed on truth instead...
Becomes a pointlessness proposition,
Of this activity to endorse...
As the main course to digest,
For any possibility of it to overcome with an eating done.
Since impossible it is to convince anyone unaccustomed,
That a truth fed to eat upon as a feast is more nourishing.

Failure!
Promoted as it spreads,
Will not prevent pain.
Promoted as it spreads.
Or diminish an insanity...
Promoted as it spreads,
For anyone to claim a gain.
Promoted as it spreads.

Failure!
Promoted as it spreads,
Will not prevent a felt pain.
Promoted as it spreads.
Or hide affects of suffering...

Promoted as it spreads,
For anyone to claim a gain.
Promoted as it spreads.

Failure!
Promoted as it spreads,
Is...
Just failure,
To promote as it spreads.

Failure!
Promoted as it spreads,
Will not prevent a felt pain.
Promoted as it spreads.
Or hide affects of suffering...
Promoted as it spreads,
For anyone to claim a gain.
Promoted as it spreads.

Failure!
Promoted as it spreads,
Will not prevent pain.
Promoted as it spreads.
Or diminish an insanity...
Promoted as it spreads,
For anyone to claim a gain.
Promoted as it spreads.

Failure!
Promoted as it spreads,
Is...
Just failure,
To promote as it spreads.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Prompted By Debate

Often those who say they mean well,
Do so.
When noticeably convenient,
After deeds undone but promised and wished...
Are discovered to be among the missing.
And those good intentions would be better spent,
If they had been from the beginning...
Genuinely done.
And not prompted by debate.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Prompted To Make Their Selections

If they were not pushed with insistence,
To have their druthers more defined.
And their preferences were not limited,
To confine them to prior choices made...
People would be quicker to choose happiness,
Over making impressions for others to approve...
Anyday and at anytime,
Without being prompted to make their selections,
From a list that had already been decided,
Were required prerequisites for the obtaining of it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Proof Of It Communicated

The time to protect with an effectiveness,
Any erosion suspected...
That comes to begin a doing of harm.
Done to a village and its inhabitants.
Would be at the moment,
When just 'one' villager believes...
With a perception sniffed in shifting breezes,
There is 'something' foul in the air.

And not 'after' fire alarms have been silenced,
As those who stand by...
To watch the entire village burn down to the ground,
One building after another.
To have all then declare,
An awareness with a paying of attention...
Should have shown itself being there.
With signs and proof of it communicated by a caring.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Proof Of Their Evidence

Isn't it amazing,
What other people often admit...
They too can do?
After it has been noticed,
Someone who has for years struggled...
And criticized as being and a joke and a fool,
To now have others make claims...
That what someone has exposed and done,
Is not the only one with dedication and devotion...
But like anyone else who could have done the same thing.
And the one given the attention an spotlighted,
Is no exception!

'Yes.
I hear this all the time,
But...
Where were they and their evidence?
And where are the facts producing the fruits of their labors?
Anthing!
I'll even set up an audition,
To quiet their complaints.'

Well...
Thats' the problem.
No one seems to be able to find the time.

'Oh.
I see.
And who amongst us,
Is given extra time....
To sacrifice in the doing of what gets done?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Propaganda Made

Well...
You can look at it this way...
If he is not elected,
Times ahead are going to get a whole lot worse.
Based upon who the current world leaders are!
And who is capable to deal with them on 'their' level!
That John Wayne calvary stuff has worked for years!
Those folks have not been fed on Hollywood.
They do not understand what it is that is expected from them.
And...
On the other hand,
If he 'is' elected...
Times ahead are going to get a whole lot worse.
Because the clean up is going to become a monumental task!
And once again,
It will be the blacks to come to save them.
To entertain them.
To endure their suffering.
To build them up to become disrespected again.
Mislead and treated the way we've been.
It's all a cycle that captivates this superiority thing they have.
But those in control...
Aren't bothered by these charades.
They are too aware they've been propaganda made!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Propaganda Ploy

'This is despicable!
And deplorable behavior.
Who and what is behind this?
It is utterly irresponsible.
Not only should these actions be investigated...
They should be banned and stopped,
From further activity!
Our initiatives are being ruined.
The very fabric of our society is being undermined.
This is more scandalous...
Than a crotch sniffing page
Delighting the lewd and descreet 'goings on'
In both republican and democratic chambers.
We must attack those
Who jeopardize our rights and prinicple interests
For what they are...and, forever shall be!
This 'Goodwill Movement' rumored to be surfacing
Upon the very footsteps of this republic nation,
Is nothing more than a propaganda ploy.
AND need I dare to mention...
Without hint of political correction involved!
This...
I repeat...
This IS NOT your typical nigger and cracker
Confrontation issue at all!
No...it is not!
This,
Ladies and gentleman of the press,
And those of you impressed by this mess at home....
This movement is infesting and eats...
Like little bitty squirrels nibbling at a nutt!
It EATS at the very fabric of our true natures!
And we will...
We must,
As God has given me the will to lift my wings!
We must maintain our unwavering stance and remain
On this course to spread liberty and justice for all.
This IS our reward! '

Shivers! Ooooo...
I have goose bumps, Mister President.
Fabulous.
Wonderful!
And that weasel look you use at the end...
With the squinting eyes?
Keep it!
And when you roll your eyes upward,
As if you have forgotten what to say next?
Use it...
That is classic!
The wink at the end should stir them to thunderous applause!

Oh...
Speaking of applause!
The applause sign is still being repaired!
And we have yet to get a followup from calls placed
At Saturday Night Live and Mad TV!
So if we are not able to get anyone to warm up the reporters
Prior to your speech...
You'll have to grab them early with one of YOUR jokes!
And we all are confident you will be able to pull this through, sir!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Proper And/Or Acceptible Public Etiquette!

I try to release from my consciousness,
Those painful images fixed...
We all can say we survived,
But still live with.

And the only time I am reminded I have them...
Is when someone says,
I should raise and not lower my head...
To quicker dry those tears I cry!
And to wear a smile on my face instead.
With no clue...
Or point of reference,
From which I feel such depth!
Coming as it does...
When it happens,
Delivered from my point of view.

And I do my best not to express...
That these are 'my' heartfelt agonies.
When upon me,
They choose to come to visit!

And not one moment am I in thought...
With wishes to entertain,
Proper and/or acceptible public etiquette!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Prophesized

We are born to have it done,
To learn from lessons taught...
With them accepted to expect,
An improved quality of life.
And many grow wanting to sacrifice,
Comforts they like day and night...
Hoping benefits to themselves,
And to others come.

Yet some who are born to have it done,
To learn from lessons taught...
With them accepted to expect,
An improved quality of life...
Refuse to choose what it takes,
To devote time and discipline.
Or respect given.
As they make attempts to escape,
From mistakes they have made to face.

And although...
No one has rehearsed first,
From a script to follow...
What should or should not exist.
But prophesized from Biblical Scriptures,
Is a blueprint many claim to acknowledge.
Yet they are the same people,
Warned about conflicts before they start.
But seem unable to end them,
To seek victories to win and leave broken hearts.

But to 'whom' do people pray,
To claim a faith with them stays.
With it practiced to have the facts,
Of this to witness?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Prosperity Wished

What is it defined,
That remains unchanged in meaning.
What emotion found to find it felt,
Stays the same to express that way.

Yesterday...
Prosperity wished,
With it almost guaranteed to get...
Was a promised made from pulpits.
If...
One faithfully tithed and prayed for it.
Returning one's 10% of an income,
Commitment...
Into an abundance they would receive.
Witnessed by those who were devotees.
Followers 'chosen' and...divinely picked.

Today...
More are praying for a backup plan.
Hoping conflicts end,
Before their dreams of prosperity,
Fade away to see it for them begin.
As many who have debts and creditors to pay,
Know too well...
Conflicts created and at their expense,
Has taken prosperity wished...
Out of their pockets.
By those who are claiming and faithfully,
More taxes are owed on diminished dreams.
If...
They had not yet been repossessed.

What is it defined,
That remains unchanged in meaning.
What emotion found to find it felt,
Stays the same to express that way.
Today...?
Keeping hope alive may mean,
Shopping to find a can of beans.

And with a lid that has a pop off top.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Protect Yourself!

Seriously?
You want something to talk about?
This may be painful...
However,
First remove all that dead storage space
In between your ears.
Reboot it after you have replaced that
With patience.
Yeah...
You are going to need a lot of it!
And that is very under-rated!

Patience is the beginning,
Of downloading and receiving useful information.
To share when communicating.
Without trying to degrade what is misunderstood,
Unknown or unfamiliar.
The process shouldn't take that long...
Stay aware and welcome change.
Remain focused.
That eliminates ignorance.
And be careful.
Once you are on the path of sharing something meaningful...
Ignorance has a way of eating up good thoughts!
Like a virus!
And you may have to reboot again!
Yes.
Starting this process from the beginning!
However...
Make sure you can trust,
'Who' and with 'whom' you share good conversations!
This will enable quicker understanding.
And you may escape constant repetition.
Allowing a faster growing of comprehension!
To enable an avoidance of conflicts,
Picked specifically for heated debates...
As well as gossip, innuendos and possibly street brawls,
Initiated by hearsay!
Remember...

Ignorance hates comprehension.
Protect yourself!
Watch everything that slithers and crawls.
And bites with a poisonous venom.
Don't give your confident smile away too easily.
Let that develop as part of your package...
Once you have successfully felt,
You are on track and your mind is clearly
Without distractions that come you can not handle.
You will be fine!

Protect yourself!
Temptation can be a bitch,
Dressed like a tasty sandwich.
Waiting to be bitten!
And...
The process of wanting 'something' to talk about,
Again becomes a painful undertaking!
When these encounters are done enough,
With a loss of gratification dwindling...
You will seek a seriousness unsolicited.
By...
First removing all that dead storage space,
In between your ears.
Reboot it after you have replaced that,
With patience.
Yeah...
You are going to need a lot of it!
And that is very under-rated!

Is any of this sinking in?
Or...
Does it sound too aggravating?
Be careful as to which attitude you choose,
Before a mood taken you decide is easier to live with...
Than the other!
Protect yourself...
From all sides.
You never know who may come along,
To unplug you with discord!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Protected

Your depictions sit and haunt,
Vividly.
Although I am not physically there,
To witness any of it...
The anguish you are feeling,
Grips my heart.
Ripping it into bits.
If I had not understood this,
My tears would flow...
And not quit!
Just know whatever you are going through,
Ask of God...
To handle all of it!
And observe yourself,
Becoming protected with a mental lift!
But...
This does not happen,
If you are not prepared to pray!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Protected And Kept Secret

There are very few things left,
To go unexposed...
For the purpose to select and offend those,
Clinging onto proper etiquette...
And what they want to keep as socially correct.

Pretentions kept to impress,
Have become overnight outdated.
Things possessed on lease agreements,
Have become less precious to have than a bus pass.
It just makes more sense,
To ride in a vehicle without checking the gas tank.
Or fixing expensive scratches and dents.
And paying a deductable to insure against minds densed.

There are very few things left,
To go unexposed...
For the purpose to select and offend those,
Clinging onto proper etiquette...
And what they want to keep as socially correct.

The only things today protected and kept secret,
Are reasons for conflicts and wars started begin.
And why racists profess to be religious,
When their wickedness done to others...
Should be prioritized but their demon acts go uncensored.

Yet on the rise is deception with no end to it.
Filth is the rage and this is marketed by hypocrities!
The innocence of children is used as a defense.
While those who choose what is to be censored,
Wallow away in cesspools enjoying every moment of this.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Protected As A Kept Interest

Only those who choose to discriminate,
Do so to protect their kept theft.
A theft protected as a kept interest,
With an effective self-righteousness valued.

And doing so while exposing to show,
A growth of widespread mental defects...
As a freedom to express their beliefs in keeping,
Others oppressed but less is the peace 'they' get.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Protected As Their Best Interest

People divide amongst themselves,
With a choosing of 'sides'.
And those 'sides' subdivide within to begin,
Decisions that are made...
As to who is the one most popular,
To represent their 'sensibilities'.

And those sensibilities are never collectively,
Respected.
And those who become upset,
Begin to protest that their needs are not met.
To eventually try to unify themselves,
In the maintaining to keep their pretentions...
Protected as their best interest.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Protected By A Masquerading Kept

When a people willfully 'and' knowingly,
'Forcefully' allow themselves to deceive.
Others who are unaware of it,
Is clearly a lack of integrity or an honesty felt,
That is not there within the minds of the doers.
And.
This is an act comparable to treason.

How can anyone again give support,
When it becomes revealed.
Someone they had once followed,
And given respect.
Had no respect 'first' to give to themselves!
In retrospect.

And.
To continue a parading of a charaded,
Self righteousness,
Protected by a masquerading kept.
Should offend anyone duped,
By a display of such ego!
Neither regretted or shows an interest in correcting.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Protected By Insecurities

No one blessed with life to live,
Can expect it done...
Without facing the fear,
Of some kind of rejection.
To accept but should not let,
Steps to move forward...
Left kept protected by insecurities.
To perceive them to be,
A mission another has to attack...
Anyone uncomfortable,
With their own blemishes and flaws.
Seeking and prepared to defend them.
And...
Before they've been noticed or seen.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Protected Next

Protected next without exception,
Will be the respect given and shown...
To established friendships.
And the avoidance to neglect,
Relatives and those connected relationships.

Protected next without exception,
Comes to us a standard to prioritize...
Health and happiness.
To realize as our most prized possessions.
And begin to assess our lives as blessings given.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Protecting Integrities

Why would I have interest,
In someone who's main objective...
Is to whore around.
Even an embryo would know,
Sound judgement is absent...
Especially if that decision became effective,
With a 'yes' that is accepted.
And consent is passed?
For a piece of...attention!

Some people rush into these arrangements.
And with no consideration at all.
Of someone's feelings, objectives or politcal affiliation.
However...
There are those like myself who have had a few flings,
And a couple of one night stands.
Perhaps several 'quickies' too!
But that's not the point I am making here.

I did and still do not consider myself a 'whore'.
And 'that' is the big difference in one's perception,
As to what is done. Services delivered. And attitude.

Prior to any 'admitted' whorish activities being exchanged,
One has to clarify the situation AND interpret the involvement...
On a needs to know which needs are being pleased basis!
With the acknowledgement of protecting integrities.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Protective Defense Mechanism

Those who complain about what some do...
And leave the focusing on handling their own business,
In the hands of others...
Should be ashamed.
That...
They are not.

Instead...
They seem to express a pride,
They have been absolutely accountable...
For nothing!
And those who show responsibility,
Are the ones most likely to be disrespected.

At one time these comments made,
Were considered negative and detrimental...
To the growth and prosperity,
Of inner city neighborhoods.

Today...
These comments made,
Are considered negative and detrimental...
To the growth and prosperity,
Of inner city neighborhoods.

Living in denial is still an ambition,
Many keep as a protective defense mechanism...
To prevent truth to heal and mend,
Long held ignorant wounds.
Truth for many,
Is still believed to be the enemy!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Protective Insignificance Kept

An unevolving complacency sits.
Unresisted.
Without a sign of urgency,
Coming to involve in the igniting of it.
With motivation to move from point A to B.
Eventually inviting a destructiveness to upset.

As those requesting constructive debates,
Become angered because their needs go unaddressed.
Claiming their wholesome values have been ignored.
And a funding to proceed with their priorities has been depleted.
Yet...
A stagnation that comforts,
Identifies and surrounds a protective insignificance kept!
Without a sound made from those,
Who feed upon ideals left aging to rust.
With a daring to be challenged!
But inspired by thoughts of renovation that maintains,
A quality unchanged.

Unaccepting...
That all mindsets are being replaced.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Protective Lockdown

I would love to entertain your priorities.
However...
My schedule has been changed.
And on my agenda,
I have placed the importance of my peace of mind
On a protective lockdown!
And as of late...
It refuses to leave isolation.
I would love to entertain your priorities...
But right now I find myself in a struggle
Between happiness and complete joy!
And it bothers me that I can not tell the difference.
Can you?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Protest With Those Protesting

Don't get erratic
Like the people in the streets.
I say emphatically...
Help them protest
A lack of quality!

You chased the 'bling' of things.
Titles and socialites,
And what you thought a good life brings.

You laughed at me.
Because I had my hands in toilets,
And cleaning sinks.

But I owned what I did.
And learned from invested time in it!
What did you learn?
How to pick up a pink slip...
Smile and be replaced!

Don't get erratic
Like the people in the streets.
I say emphatically...
Help them protest
A lack of quality!
I can think of no one better,
Than you.
How best to discuss,
A digust with a life you knew!
I can think of no one better,
Than you.
To protest with those protesting,
How they assisted themselves
In being screwed!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Protesting Against Being Oppressed

What further excuses are left to use,
By those who continue to make...
Unconscious accusations.

Accusation of being disenfranchised.
And treated disrespectfully.
Done blatantly with it obvious to see.

Yet efforts to endeavor,
That gets ignored heat...
Displayed on both sides,
No one argues is concrete.
Are those attempts made on a daily basis,
By the ones already stressed by oppression.
But an extra dose of it they get,
From those protesting to claim...
Opportunities for them are limited.

'Why don't you support the ones,
Toiling everyday to get some progress done?
To realize the coming of those benefits.
You say to claim for you have become limited.'

~And what would our focus of attention to give them,
Do for the rest of us?
When it's obvious attention is all they want to get.~

'I see.
And your protesting 'collectively',
Against being oppressed...
Provides the getting to bring you what?
A future to choose your benefits?
From who or whom will you approve to do this? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Protesting Against What They Had Accepted

Okay.
Okay,
I get it.
Those who are protesting against,
What they had accepted.
Are the very ones who now oppose,
The others who had then objected...
What was once accepted,
But now protest against.
And anyone who disagrees with this confusion,
Is rejected to be considered a nonconformist!
To be ignored for any sense from this,
They wish to have made understood...
Right?

'And 'they' who use to be 'them'...
Are wondering why so many children,
Are suffering from 'Attention Deficit Disorders'.'

What in the world is that?

'Something different than being Bi-polar.
To avoid being labelled mentally unfit.'

WHO comes up with this stuff?

'Well...
It's safe to say,
It is becoming easier to separate,
The ones who are mentally stable.'

Oh?
How?

'They were the ones depicted as being crazed,
Long ago by those who are now attempting to explain...
Their involvement in implementing all the nonsense.
And of course,
Those who continue to follow their directives,

Are depending upon them to find solutions.'

LOL...

'Don't laugh.
They are very serious about it.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Protesting In The Nonsense Called Denial

Like it to accept or not,
But those sharing deceits...
Are people of equal mentalities.
To gather together to make claims of being neglected.

And those looking for physical differences,
To live one step above the other...
Forget,
On which common soil...
There is a placing of similar footsteps.
With the going through the same process.
To gather together to make claims of being neglected.

And to make accusations they do,
That are seen to be reflected and familiar...
Only upsets the ones refusing to see themselves.
And those who refuse to see themselves,
Are all over the place...
Protesting in the nonsense called denial.
And...
To gather together to make claims of being neglected.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Proud

Learn to be proud
Of what is done that you do.
Whether a talent, a skill or a gift
You feed.
Let it from within you,
Nurture and breathe.
Let it live.
Manifesting your being!
Let it free...
To give willfully.
And accept it unconditionally.
Whatever that is that brings with it joy...
Dance with happiness and release it to fly!
And do not question or deny its flight!
Learn to be proud,
Of what is done that you do.
Become enraptured with its essence.
Let it from within you,
Nurture and breathe.
Let it live.
Manifesting your being!
Let it free...
To define a divine presence,
Given.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Proud Of The Outcome

I remember the last time,
I promised to do something for myself...
And I was proud of the outcome.
I was proud of the result.
Since that time,
I have found...
I am able to successfully procrastinate.
And,
With good intentions.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Proud That You Can Do It!

Give what it is you do your best.
There will always be those with insecurities...
Who will believe you perceive yourself,
Better than the rest.

And it is not up to you,
To seek their approval.
Although that is what they expect,
You should accept.
But...
Give what it is you do your best.

With achievement on your mind,
All the time.
Your obligation is to shine.
And being proud that you can do it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Proud To Be Amongst The Crowd

There was a time,
When I referred to someone as being a fool...
I intended to offend.
Today?
I am very cautious to call anyone a fool.
Too many today,
Would think that to be a compliment.
And proud to be amongst the crowd.

I miss those days,
When being cynical and sarcastic...
Would get an eyebrow raised.
Today?
Even men are getting their eyebrows shaved,
And arched to look permanently offended.
Needless to say,
My approach has sought to seek alterations.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Proud To Be Depicted That Way

There is nothing like being made,
To look like someone's fool.
With a learning of a lesson taught,
By another who has brought 'something'...
To one's attention.
However...
This will be extremely difficult to do,
And teach effectively in an environment...
Comprised mostly of fools,
Seen strutting around on a daily basis...
Proud to be depicted that way.

'What is the point you are trying to make?
And for what purpose?

~Forget it.
Just forget it.
This is a waste of time.~

'Yours?
OR mine? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Proud To Be Lowlife

Slick and quick to cover their tracks.
But not wise enough,
To silence their bragging.
They boast of their undermining efforts.
And proud,
To be lowlife!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Proud To Exist To Witness Possibilities

I am glad I represent a generation aging.
With an acceptance to reminisce and reflect,
Upon the times I have been blessed to remember.
I am glad to be able to think with a thought process,
That connects with a wish to daily adventure.
And welcome a maturity I have earned.
With all that being conscious of it has to offer.

Although I will admit,
A loneliness when so many are dismissing...
There are phases of life that should be natural.
And understood with observations undenied.
And moving forward instead of backwards.
Or remaining down to earth unchanged.
As many aging with their delusions intact,
Would like to claim with a sameness of sanity.

But isn't that what stagnation is?
A stubbornness that is fixed in place.
With ways that begin to collect ignored dust.
And being stagnant and stale, unchanged...
Is something I don't consider fresh or impressive.
Or sparkles as if proud to exist to witness possibilities.
Not if one is to grow and experience what life is.
Or come to realize this adventure isn't here to last forever.

I am glad I represent a generation aging,
With an acceptance.
I am glad to be able to think with a thought process,
That connects with a wish to daily adventure.
And welcome a maturity I have earned.
With all that being conscious of it has to offer,
As a life I have learned to live...
To appreciate, explore and not take for granted.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Proud To Have Healed

I stand to walk,
From a crawl.
That's why I remain,
Confident.
To be labelled arrogant.
And abundantly self assured I am.

I do not need to expose,
The showing of my bruises.
I know how they got there.
I find it unimportant,
To reminisce them.
Although I am proud to have healed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Proud To Have Themselves Treated Like Children

Of course they have depicted me as a fool.
Wouldn't you...
If I came along to infect,
A collective ignorance the others project!

I give them credit for putting that label on me early.
I had always been a maverick.
And accused of not being down to Earth.
You know the kind...
Blind by accomplishments,
That provoked and stirred.

You know the kind...
Proud and dignified.
From the ghetto but bestowed with self worth.

You know the kind...
Trying to be somebody,
When those around me...
Were satisfied to be clowns and jerks!
Enacting sterotypical images,
Without self motivation.
Or identities to exert!

You know the kind...
Those who complain about their lives.
And proud to have themselves,
Treated like children.
And disrespected like dirt!

Of course they have depicted me as a fool.
Wouldn't you...
If I came along to infect,
A collective ignorance the others project!

Look around you!
Those that are accepted...
Have neglected themselves.
And are totally conditioned to live fenced in!

Undisciplined with no respect.
For themselves or anyone else!

As they are taught to appreciated their own neglect!
And this is what they believe,
Are their true identities they wish to perceive!
Fed to them as they crave and eat!
And skillfully done...
With a purpose to ignore,
A welcomed self defeat.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Proud To Value

The one thing about truth,
Heard with it spoken.
And opposed by those,
Who dispute it exposed.
Is it's reality that steps on toes.
With a lowering of upturned noses,
Of the ones who have been taught...
Their beliefs to keep proud to value,
Not only have gaps in them...
As wide as canyons,
But to argue a purpose of their worth...
Has less significance,
Than the slingling of mud...
When dried becomes nothing but dirt.
Thrown to be blown by a forgotten wind.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Proudness

How proud of themselves can someone actually be?
If someone else is observed displaying,
A courage with strength and identity.

I would think someone with integrity,
Would be already proud.
And would not allow themselves to question,
A proudness shown...
That seem to be suppressed.
And held inside of them to be in doubt!

Unless more of them are seen walking about?
And this encourages a proudness pronounced...
From them to be strutted with smiles on their mouths.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Prove Critics Fools

No matter who does what,
Just do.
No matter who does what,
Just do.
No matter who does what,
Just do.
With a doing to be done...
To do.

And...
Deliver to the people to prove,
Critics fools.
Deliver to the people to prove,
Critics fools.
And deliver to the people to prove,
Critics fools.
Just deliver to the people to prove,
Critics fools.

No matter who does what,
Just do.
No matter who does what,
Just do.
No matter who does what,
Just do.
With a doing to be done...
To do.
With a doing to prove critics fools.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Prove Yourself The Vampire

When you come...
Do it through the window.
Do this when the Moon glows.
And sink your teeth,
With venom sweet.
With no blood to drip or leak.
Promise me I'll be swept off my feet.
And prove yourself the vampire.

'Honey,
I ain't doing all that just to get some sex!
These new movies the kids are addicted to,
Are not for us.
I keep telling you that!
And frankly,
I don't see the romance in it at all! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Proven Not To Be Beneficial

It has already proven not to be,
Beneficial or cost effective...
To have issued lifetime memberships,
Or seasonal tickets...
To those of the population selected,
For purposes to keep them addicted...
And protected by entertaining amusements,
Numbing effectively a thought process...
That has kept denials prioritized over truths.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Providing A Lightness

The air seems to be relieved of less stench!
Have the 'rats' been supplied with stronger deodorant?

'No!
For some reason they have been jumping overboard...
And the ship is being steered in a new direction!
A fresh case of vodka
Has been located to occupy the captain!
And we have been freed to continue this journey,
Without his pets he has reluctantly dismissed it seems.
Providing a lightness to the cargo once heavily carried.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Proving The Doing Of It Has Been Done

Whether praised,
Or raised to heights to admire...
To experience being forgotten,
And phased out of relevance to distance...
Memories are only held to be endeared,
By the one who can reminisce them...
Anytime it is wished with a doing that is private.

And regardless of the longevity...
One's deeds and activities can be said,
To have appeared...
On a selective priority list as they once did,
Is a proving the doing of it has been done.
To be documented without embellishment,
Sometimes enhanced when validation is suspect.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Proving The Power Of Hype

Justified will be their own misdeeds,
Again!
And again...
Their pretensions will be sought,
As those to be...
The most admired that reflects,
A certain standard and valued qualities.

Yet again...
Blinded by flaws and blemishes unseen,
Proving the power of hype reigns supreme...
Will be those returning back on the scene,
Demeaning...
With their separatist ideals and hypocritical ways.
Dictating about their self righteous interests.
And who threatens to terrorize,
A lifestyle that must be protected as it stays.

Hoping that images with marketing efforts are praised!
And everyone,
Again...
Will continue to seek,
A slipping away of a diminishing greatness...
That is achievable IF believed!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Proving Themselves To Be Exceptional

For those proving themselves to be exceptional,
At what it is they do...
Someone critiquing with envy is near by.
With the familiar comments made,
Heard coming from the mouths of those...
Who are exceptional at wasting time.

The ones whose efforts are perfected with discipline,
Will always be despised by those who have none.
And they are usually the ones showing their expertise,
In the feeding of self centeredness...
Fed to an unlimited greed.
Gorging their faces and sipping on diet drinks.

For those proving themselves to be exceptional,
At what it is they do...
Someone critiquing with envy is near by,
While licking their fingers.
And attempting in conversation to convince others,
If they had the time they could do what others do too!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Proving To Be Rude

Some people don't think of luck,
Because they believe for them luck sucks.
And they seek to search for a life,
That drips upon them obvious fortunes.

And when those fortunes,
For them are prayed...
Are overdue in delivery and much delayed,
They give up on a committed faith.
Until that faith devotedly prayed,
Slips from their loyalty and fades away.

They become crude with attitude.
And strike to bite like barricudas.
Shifting in their pleasant moods.
And proving to be rude too!

Some people don't think of luck,
Because they believe for them luck sucks.
And they seek a life of fortune quick.
No matter if the getting of it,
Is corrupt, vicious and a bit mentally sick.

People self centered like this,
Can strike to bite like barricudas.
Shifting in their pleasant moods.
And proving to be rude too!

People self centered like this...
Corrupt, vicious and a bit mentally sick,
Could care less...
Who is victimize by their wickedness.

And...
They will strike to bite like barricudas.
Shifting in their pleasant moods.
And proving to be rude too!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Provocative

Octaves above
And below
Middle 'C'
With a soprano singing sweetly,
Caressed and assisted
By a plucking 'bass' between her knees!
Providing provocative sounds...
Below and bare,
Under beautiful red and orange leaves...
Shakened to the ground,
From an Autumn Maple tree!
To give a crisp blanket of bliss,
Falling on movements like these!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Provoked But Motivated

The taking for granted of others,
Does not have long lasting benefits.
Nor does an attempt to fit another into a mold,
Believing this misdeed easy to sell to be sold to others...
Will not eventually backfire to expose one's own credibility,
To reveal an ability to create fantastic lies...
On those they chose to be depicted as they would please.

Creating one's own truth can be forgivable,
By those picked to be discredited as if this had been permitted.
But for those whose minds become disturbed,
As time unwinds them to unravel without a word from them heard.
It becomes more difficult to keep this from being noticed.
Or those provoked but motivated,
By those who thought them to be the fools they have never been.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Proxy

It's all about you?
Shouldn't you be giving up on that notion?
Would you like anyone here,
To administer smelling salts?
Would you like a shot of Brandy?
Cold ice?
Fresh air?
I'm here now!
And I am not in need of a proxy any longer!
You need not tell me it's thrilling!
I need to strap my own self in...
The moment I awaken with the engine idling!
I've driven blindly around some curves.
In stormy weather!
I can't imagine you wet at all!
Well...
I'm here now!
I can do that pretense thing,
Far better than you!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Proxy Up Your Posse

Proxy up your posse,
I could care less what you say.
You've got a lot of moxie,
To stand in my way.

You've come to dump your junk,
To excite me to get grumpy.
But those you have corrupted...
Will soon end your luck.

Proxy up your posse,
And others you may choose.
But when your proxy posse finds out...
You'll be the fool.

Too much have I been interrupted,
By your corrupted stuff.
And it's that stuff you always make up...
I've had it!
And enough.

Go get your proxy,
To interrupt me...
With your corrupted stuff made up.
And with this posse that you get..
They'll tire of your stuff.

Proxy up your posse,
With corrupted foolish stuff...
And,
With your moxie fluffed up puffed...
You'll be the one punk'd dumped.

Proxy up!
You'll be the one punk'd dumped.
Posse up!
You'll be the one punk'd dumped.
Moxie up!
You'll be the one punk'd dumped.

Go ahead and Interrupt me,
But...
You'll be the one punk'd up.

Don't bother me,
With your punk'd up stuff.
To get me started.
You'll get dumped!

Don't bother me,
With your punk'd up stuff.
Or hide behind lies.

Don't bother me,
With your punk'd up stuff.
To get me started.
You'll get dumped!

Don't bother me,
With your punk'd up stuff.
Or hide behind lies.

Take your corrupted stufff,
Leave...
And,
Don't again...
Bother.

Take your corrupted stuff,
Leave...
And,
Don't again...
Bother.
Proxy up your posse,
You've come fronting just to do me,
To leave!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Prude And Quite Priggish

To an obnoxious degree,
They point out irritations and observances
To what they find offensive.
Those who qualify themselves,
The 'Censors' of what is wrong or right.
As they delight in prude and quite priggish behavior.
Immaculate births did not welcome these jerks.
Morons of societies bleeding from the darkened shadows
Of their sluttish whims.
And they have the nerve to elect...
What is good for them,
And their ill bred disrespecting lawless children!
Prude and quite priggish these snobs of moltened characters.
Sliding they do in cesspools oiled by their soiled deeds!
Making attempts to hold onto standards...
And values they flaunt but themselves disbelieve.
Although they wish to restrict those who do not uphold them!
And such nonsense is pomped with medieval circumstance!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Ps...I Am Not A Nosey Person!

To my next door neighbor's ex-wife's new boyfriend.
You may not be aware of this...
But I know you are the reason for the split,
In my neighbor's marriage.
I have seen you many times...
While minding my own business,
Sneak in the backdoor.
I suspected my neighbor of being a homosexual.
But I had no clue you were too.
Since I know for a fact,
You have a girlfriend that lives two blocks,
From the corner grocery store.
I am not one to be in other people's business.
However...
I did purchase a new set of binoculars.
And your face is even clear on cloudy nights!

I know this is your car where you will find this note.
I know this...
Because I started to get one like it.
Now I am glad I didn't.

Signed,
Anonymous

PS He cheats on you with a minister I wont name.
AND...for your own information,
I am not a nosey person.
Just available when God wants to teach.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Psychotic

Some have chosen to waltz,
Through their lives.
With minimal chances taken.
And faking steps...
Clearly undetermined.
And on their terms,
A reality is accepted.
An expectation understood...
Delays a maturity stunted.
Never happening as it should.
A mindset enhanced,
Is not encouraged to flourish as it could.
A self-centeredness in a world is viewed.
This tainted nourishment is pursued.
A sense of feeling grounded is subdued.
Perplexing them in sheltered nests,
And exposes flaws they believe are hidden...
In a psychotic self deception.
No one contests this acceptance,
As a lost lesson.
Bringing to them neither peace nor rest.
Poisoned on concepts they can not resist to feed.
Social misfits like these can not perceive...
How controlled they are.
In environments they can not see,
Has no allowances for them to be free!
And that is condoned...
As if this was meant to be!
Continuing to tease a release of their own anguish!
And kept medicated on a prescribed point of view,
That keeps them hungering for lives confused.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Psychotic And Dysfunctional

Put me on your readers list,
If you wish.
And you will find your nonsense,
Not unique at all!
In fact...
Most of my writings deal with that...
As a main topic.
You should feel more relaxed now.
And all this time...
You believed you would not find a friend?
I knew you were psychotic and dysfunctional,
Long before you did.
I've removed my mask!
And you will notice that immediately!
Put me on your readers list,
If you wish.
And you will find your nonsense,
Not unique at all!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Psycopaths

On the news we see abusers,
Are they psycopaths.
Drug abusers in the schools.
Are they psycopaths.
Confused sick people,
Are they psycopaths.
The misfits, unfit depicted as mad.

Are the ones paranoid,
Also psycopaths.
And the people who annoy,
Are they psycopaths.
What about the crooks,
Are they psycopaths.
And what about the people everyday I pass.
And what about the people everyday I pass.

Are the ones who lie and cheat,
Are they psycopaths.
And what about deceivers,
Are they psycopaths.
And the cops who beat up people,
Are they psycopaths.
Is everyone I see,
A psycopath.
Is everyone I see,
A psycopath.

And what about the homeless,
Who have no cash.
Are they and the hungry,
Psycopaths.
And what about the people everyday I pass.
And what about the people everyday I pass.

Are the rich and snobby people,
Also psycopaths.
Are the people who don't eat,
Are they psycopaths.

And those who watch their diets,
Are they psycopaths.
And those playing videos,
Killing fast!

Are children being raised,
As psycopaths.

Are children being raised,
As psycopaths.

And will psycopaths,
Have all of the cash.
And will psycopaths,
Have all of the cash.
And will psycopaths,
Have all of the cash.

Are children being raised,
As psycopaths.
And will psycopaths,
Have all of the cash.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Public Announcements

Some things needn't be made,
Public announcements.
Like a miserable childhood...
Lived being taunted and misunderstood.
Or feeling as if,
The only one to have endured...
Loneliness and heartache.
Or had emotions that sat,
On the edge of quitting life.
Because another child said...
They heard you peed in bed!
Or pimples on your face,
Reminded them of parasites.

Comeon!
This is no reason to take one's life.

Some things needn't be made,
Public announcements.
Like feeling betrayed,
By those believed has your strictest confidence.
Only to discover sooner or later,
Secrets you had expressed...
Are on all of your neighbors' lips.
There is no need at all,
To have everything confessed.
Especially if you are the type...
To not want all of your business to be addressed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Public Safety

You have no 'constitutional' rights,
To police protection.
The police are there to uphold the 'law'.
Public safety...
That's all!

And 'if' it has been determined,
That 'law' has been broken...
Guess who is going to jail?
That is certain.
Those 'laws' will prevail!
People yelling, 'Protect me and mine! '
Will find themselves ignored,
Most of the time!
Police are trained to deal with you psychologically...
However,
Your individual needs...
Are not theirs to feed!

Your rights to protect yourself is best.
And that's why the streets are full of such unrest!
IF you have problems with this as it is...
Know what those laws are!
And why crime has risen...
Bringing folks to tears.
And your individual feelings,
Are not part of constitutional business!

You have no 'constitutional' rights,
To police protection.
The police are there to uphold the 'law'.
Public safety...
That's all!
And your taxes 'may' be used,
To fill a pothole!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Publicity Given Some Wish Not To Receive

I'm not here to want or wish for less.
I am here to do those deeds I can.
And at my best.

I did not arrive to sit and wait to take.
I came to give and share.
With others who are tested,
Who choose not to feud.
Or 'do' something just to see what they get.

I'm not here to want or wish for less.
I am here to do those deeds I can.
And at my best.
With a desire to do this without protest.
Knowing I am not the only one,
Doing this alone.
Publicity given some wish not to receive.

Often those that do,
Whine and complain a lot too!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Publicly You Treat Me Evil

You don't have to be,
Pleasing and sweet.
But publicly...
You treat me evil.

In private you are so adored.
And I am sure...
You-are-my-equal.

But on the streets,
You then deceive.
You have a need,
To treat me evil.

Why do you seek,
To treat me evil.
In the streets,
You treat me evil.
Then alone and under sheets...
You-are-sweet-full.

Why do you seek,
To treat me evil.
In the streets,
You treat me evil.
Then alone and under sheets...
You-are-sweet-full.

But publicly,
You treat me evil.
People see,
You treat me evil.

Why is it in the streets you seek,
To be evil.
Why is it in the streets you seek,
To be evil.
Why is it in the streets you seek,
To be evil.

To be evil.
Then alone and under sheets...
You-are-sweet-full.
But...
Publicly you treat me evil.
Publicly you treat me evil.
Publicly you treat me evil.
Treat me evil!
But...
Publicly you treat me evil.
Publicly you treat me evil.
Publicly you treat me evil.
Treat me evil!
TREAT ME EVIL.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Pucker Up My Little Sucker

Pucker up my little sucker,
And give daddy a great big kiss.
I'm glad you're the last one to listen to poppa...
And have decided to dismiss,
The annoyances of those other kids.

I'm glad you like daddy's teasing,
And have come along for the ride.
You have known about poppa's gambling habits....
And unlike the others,
You wanted to learn.
You didn't run away to hide.

Daddy needs evey dime you've got!
I've got an itch this time that will not stop!
I know I will hit it big.
I feel this in my bones.
Trust your poppa and dropp your concerns.
Grant me a loan of everything you own.

Don't worry about your temporary survival needs.
I promise when I hit that jackpot...
Poppa will take care of you.
And that is guaranteed.

Here...
Take this promisary note.
And put it under your pillow.
If and when you fall asleep at night...
Know daddy's intentions,
May look as if they are to deceive.
But daddy wishes you to pray...
To keep daddy honest,
A free of thoughts of misdeeds.

Give me a few years, baby.
And you'll see poppa did this for your best.
Now hand over all you've got to give to poppa.
And forget about this...

To get your rest!

Has daddy ever lied...
About saying what he wants for you?
Every time it was explained,
From poppa's point of view?

'Daddy?
How come when you tuck me in so tight...
You call yourself poppa?
Like you are hiding something?
You do that all the time.
As if you want me keep from getting out of bed!
To see what you really do for myself instead.
Why daddy? '

Pucker up my little sucker,
And give daddy a great big kiss.
Don't worry about what poppa does...
Just close your eyes and let your dreams persist!
Here's a piece of candy.
In time after sucking it up...
You will forget about this!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Puddled Up

She wasn't a sweet loving buttercup.
Not on that date we had when I picked her up!
She had a look on her that she wasn't taking 'no stuff'!
AND if I was to ever try to get some...
She would give it to me quietly,
And take it right back
When she thought I'd had enough!
She thought with me,
Her territory could be tough! ...'.; -) '

Mysterious with intensive curiousity...
I picked that right up,
When she was scanning me!
From head to toe...
Shoelace and lips!
Oh she was quick with her fast 'assessments'!

And I smiled innocently as it began to rain.
She asked me where I parked...
She didn't want to get wet,
Or her brand new shoes stained! '; -) '
Oh
I faught back the laughter
Because I knew how to ease this 'pain'!
I pretended to pull up my umbrella...
But I grabbed her hand and ran!
Her hair looked a mess.
She lost a shoe and ruined her dressed!
She fell into a puddle.
Puddled Up in soaking distressed!
And she turned to me,
Laughing and confessed...
'I LOVED what you did!
I feel like a kid.
And you're going to see,
With me you have the best!
I like to be tested...
And yours was the best test yet! '
'; -?'...LOL

And we laughed and sat,
On the sidewalk without regret!
Just like children would...
When they like someone they've met!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Puking Into Gutters

Who are these folks?
The ones out of touch,
Who attract with the biggest mouths.
The ones who slid back from skid row...
Who suddenly find themselves with options,
They'd like to 'think' can be browsed.

More are standing on common ground.
Finding they share a rare clarity.
Bums with suits and ties...
Seen puking into gutters,
From their tower falls to the bottom.
Truth upon them has been realized.
Even those they labelled scum...
Refuse their wishes to be sodomized!

Who are these folks?
Drunken into stupors...
Sitting slumped in clumps,
And looking wasted and used.
Wishing to deaden their minds...
From crimes they once dined and wined.
Now they see themselves the chumps.
Punked out by their own...
And dumped!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Pulchritudinous

Why are those people strutting around,
With such a pulchritudinous arrogance.
As if they've been hypnotized,
By a scent of their own greatness.

'Those are the 'new' influential leaders.
They have been just designated,
As the most dysfunctional representatives...
Of extraordinary ignorance,
To represent the best interests of the people.
Since any documentation has been kept.
And they have taken a pride,
In the crumbling of those foundations.'

But...
Hasn't what they've done,
Is to themselves?
Primarily?

'Of course.
But they have done it more effectively.
And this,
As they perceive it...
Has been their greatest achievement to date.
They plan other such events in the future.
That is what they are promising.'

That can not be the reason they celebrate?
That's absolutely astounding.
The peak of incredulous.

'Sssshhh.
One of them just heard you say that.
Look into his eyes.
See?
He is elated.
They are glazing over as if he is euphoric.
He is thrilled.'

But no one.
No One,
Is 'that' unconscious!

'Not him.
Not the ones dressed in suits,
Looking like zombies.
Not them.
Over there...
The younger ones.
The ones who appear as if,
They have just graduated from college.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Pull It Up From Deep In Your Gut

Pull it up from deep in your gut,
What's possible.
Pull it up from deep in your gut,
To leave doubts.
Pull it up from deep in your gut,
Ambition,
To lift...
A determined initiative.

Pull it up from deep in your gut,
What's possible.
Pull it up from deep in your gut,
To leave doubts.
Pull it up from deep in your gut,
Ambition,
To lift...
A determined initiative.

So...
Pull it up from deep in your gut,
Doubts to drop.
Pull it up from deep in your gut,
Fears to stop.
And,
Pull it up from deep in your gut,
With a doing...
To want to arrive on top.

Now...
Pull it up from deep in your gut,
Do it.
Pull it up from deep in your gut,
Now...
Pull it up from deep in your gut,
Don't be foolish...
Like those fooled,
That nobody can do what they choose.

So...

Pull it up from deep in your gut,
Doubts to drop.
Pull it up from deep in your gut,
Fears to stop.
And,
Pull it up from deep in your gut,
Don't be foolish...
Like those fooled,
That nobody can do what they choose.

Pull it up from deep in your gut.
Do it.
Pull it up from deep in your gut.
Now.
Pull it up from deep in your gut.
Do it.
Pull it up from deep in your gut!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Pull Me Up

Pull me up,
From feeling stuck in bad luck.
There is nothing rougher,
Than believing life's too tough!

Pull me up.
From feeling stuck in bad luck.
I'm tired of a hustle bustled,
Just to repeat rust.

Pull me up...
I'm tired of the rush,
That's made a rut too deep to cuss.
Enough 'is' enough.

Pull me up...
I am tired of the hustle.

Pull me up...
I've grown too tired of the rush.

Sick and tired of my muscles used,
To produce rust.

Pull me up...
I'm tired of the hustle.
Tired of my muscles used to produce rust.

Pull me up!
Enough 'is' enough.
I'm tired of a hustle bustled,
Just to repeat rust.

Pull me up!
Enough 'is' enough.
I'm tired of a hustle bustled,
Just to repeat rust.

Pull me up!

No more beating am I needing.

Pull me up!
No more beating am I needing.
Nor will I continue,
To choose that as a greeting.

Pull me up!
Enough 'is' enough.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Pull Up Your Pants

You aint gon loiter here.
Hanging around with your friends.
Smoking weed and blunts,
To dump near my doorstep.
And pull up your pants.

You aint gon loiter not today or here.
I maybe your neighbor,
But let me make this clear...
I've seen enough cracks displayed on backs,
And you should have more respect than that.
Pull up your pants.

I don't care who shows interest,
And what's in style.
Or you telling me you've known me for awhile.
You aint no child at least not to see.
So don't try to use that philosophy on me.
Pull up your pants.

Whatever it is you think you can do,
You aint doing that here believing I approve.
I don't nor will I permit it to excuse.
I want you, the other dudes and your girlfriends too,
To pull up your pants, cover your breats.
And show me some respect like I've asked from you.

'What we're doing is now legal.'

And you know what's sad about that?

'No mistuh, what? '

I remember talking back to an adult,
Was thought to be a crime.

'Dayum! Comeon, ya'll.
Let's split.
This old man is giving us hints,

He aint only old...
But he can talk to the dead.
And I aint 'bout to lose my 'high',
With his eyes staring at me like that.
Did you hear what he said?
He remembers when talking to old people,
Was a crime? '

I said 'ADULTS' idiot.

'What's the difference?
Aint none of them around anymore.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Pull Yourself Together

Don't let the fact you're banished...
Cause you damage.
To become vanished...
From those heights that delight.

Know that others also can make claims,
Of having once a name that brought them fame.
Oh and they managed...
To get over it.
Yes they managed...
Not to split their wrists.

Know that others also can make claims,
Of having once a name that brought them fame.
Oh and they managed...
To get over it.
Yes they managed...
Not to split their wrists.

Pull yourself together.
Use that bone in your back.
Pull yourself together.
Start again making tracks.
Don't sit but get up like you did before.
Why split your wrists?

Pull yourself together.
Use that bone in your back.
Pull yourself together.
Start again making tracks.
Don't sit but get up like you did before.
Why split your wrists?
Get over what you did to do much more.
With a seeking higher heights few can ignore.

Make yourself the one who stays elated.
And appreciate it.
Don't let this be debated.
Make yourself the one who stays elated.

And appreciate it.
Don't let this be debated.
Make yourself the one who stays elated.
And appreciate it.
Don't let this be debated.
Let faith be the master of your fate.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Pulled And Attached By Strings

When you look at my face,
Do you see me?
Do you know...
What's,
Behind my eyes?

When you look at my face,
Can you,
Feel me?
And then...
Do you realize,
That I am not a puppet...
On your string.

When you look at my face,
Do you see me?
Do you know...
What's,
Behind my eyes?

When you look at my face,
Can you,
Feel me?
And then...
Do you realize,
That I am not a puppet...
Pulled and attached by strings.

When you see me,
No I'll...
Be no one's puppet,
Pulled and attached by strings.

When you see me,
No I'll...
Be no one's puppet,
Pulled and attached by strings.

Can you,

Feel me?
No I'll...
Be no one's puppet,
Pulled and attached by strings.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Pulling It Apart

It is there for what it is.
To be appreciated for what it does.
Dissect it...
And it loses its significance.
Becoming worthless.
Nothing is achieved.
Nothing remains.
It is gone.
The value once priceless,
Can never be duplicated!
That wasn't the intention...
When it came.
Pulling it apart...
Leaves no memories to cherish.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Pumpin' With A Thumpin'

You can take a look.
And take that look away.
But my eyes are opened wide...
Fixed on you,
Like a radar.

You can take a sneak peek.
But on you my eyes stay...
Feeling myself getting weak,
Seeing you cross the street...
At a traffic stop!

You've got the key to unlock my heart.
Or whatever is left from you melting it.
Since the pumpin' with a thumpin'...
Has already begun to start.

You've got the key to unlock my heart.
Or whatever is left from you melting it.

You've got,
My heart...
Pumpin' with a thumpin',
And my eyes already popped.

You've got,
My heart...
Pumpin' with a thumpin',
And my eyes already popped.

Jaw drops.
Traffic stops.
And I can't believe my eyes,
Wide opened and popped.
And I am fixed on you,
Like a radar.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Punished

Approachable...
Liked.
Giving with care,
With an excitement that invites!
Loving and sensitive...
A natural delight!
Nice to hold,
When someone's there...
To plant a missed fruited kiss,
On lips licked and prepared!
Honest
Empathetic
Communicative and innovative.
Wanting someone...
To repossess a love,
Tossed and thrown away!
Vulnerable to a fault...
Naïve in fact,
In a circumspect way!
When it comes to desire,
That comes to tease and stay...
With temptations fired up
And impulsive decisions come to betray!
Returning a punished cycle,
To experience with the same display!
Torment
Grief
Endless nights...
With no sleep or relief to release.
As quarreling fights ignite thoughts
In a punished cycle beginning to spin
From daylight to dusk!
Straying to affect again...
Those churning,
Mixed and collected emotions!
Punished by the notion of devotion!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Punished By Fame And Talents

Punished by fame and talents...
Leaves cries for help unheard.
A rest from this is eventually sought.
It is granted.
And the heavens rejoice.
Although touched hearts are emptied.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Puppeteers

The tricks of politics,
Is to pretend religion has nothing to do with it.
Pretend there is a deep caring!
And a race without rascism 'is' involved.
The freedom to vote will solve all problems!

Whether you are a jackass...
Or a thought provoking elephant.
None of this is relevent,
To the people represented.
This is known!
And these election games are prone
To produce the best BS money can buy!
Since it's the guys behind the scenes...
Pumping in the bucks and pulling all the strings!
And we don't have a clue as to who these puppeteers are.
But...
We do know who their choices are,
To keep us thoroughly distracted and entertained!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Purchased Are The Weapons

Are we in the same 'thang' to maintain gains,
Or...
Are we just,
Reaching for a peace.
But...
Seeking destruction.

On every shore and border where the water flows,
Do we...
Seek the peace,
Or...
Fake it just to make a destruction.

Everybody says they wish a peace to grow,
But...
Purchased are the weapons.

Everybody says they wish a peace to know,
But...
Purchased are the weapons.
And...
A feeding on deceptions.

Everybody says they wish a peace to grow.
And everybody says they wish a peace to know,
But...
Purchased are the weapons.

Everybody talks about a peace they wish.
And everybody talks about a peace they miss.
And everybody says that peace is on their list,
But...
Purchased are the weapons.

Are we in the same 'thang' to maintain gains,
Or...
Are we just,
Reaching for a peace.
But...

We-seek-destruction.

On every shore and border where the water flows,
Do we...
Seek the peace,
Or...
Fake it just to make a destruction.

Everybody talks about a peace they wish.
And everybody talks about a peace they miss.
And everybody says that peace is on their list,
But...
Purchased are the weapons.

Everybody talks about a peace they wish.
And everybody talks about a peace they miss.
And everybody says that peace is on their list,
But...
Purchased are the weapons.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Pure And Innocent

Why shouldn't children participate in protests,
And rallies affecting their lives and futures?
Well...
It is believed,
To keep children away from the realities of life...
They will grow up to become disillusioned,
By their fantasized perceptions that should remain...
Pure and innocent.
Although what they are exposed to contradicts,
The wholesomeness of pretentions revealed...
They face on a daily basis.
And this...
Somehow,
Will prevent them from becoming...
The responsible and accountable adults,
They have now to emulate in imitation,
To idolize as their heros!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Pure Swine

They stand for nothing and wish for less.
With wealth of culture...
Settling for mediocrity is their best.
And conversations haven't changed,
From years of gossip passed around!
Stunted from 'blunts' and thisclose to a thought!
All are seen out and looking for one,
But suffer they do...
From nothing learned or taught.

Comfort levels have leveled out.
Nothing concrete is spoken about!
Dodging depths of thinking done...
Everyone accuses someone of having none.
And the ones being disrespected,
Are those separated from the rest.
Snubbed and criticized...
For having vigor, vim and zest!
Opened eyes upon this place,
Survive closed tight on this mess.

And 'souls' kneel praying to protect it!
Infesting ignorance.

There is a place like this existing.
When first seen it is irresisting.
And then it becomes noticed...
Something is wrong with the people's minds.
They are not what they should be at all.
Something within them has been redefined.
One part is demonic...
And the other is pure swine!

Changing nothing for those deranged.
And further behind the times they climb!
Like pigs in a pen...
Happy slinging mud,
And whimpering in foul whines!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Purpose

I can be self absorbed and consumed.
And be conscious of every moment of it.
Especially if I feel deserving...
And not ignored like some do others,
Who are believed to be swept off their feet...
With a protected image to keep.
Like me,
Some may perceive.
And a success,
That has yet achieved placing judgement status.

Feeding heard giggles and whispers,
From...
Those awaiting in attack,
With a delivery that feeds people like that!
Cracking up on drug induced mentalities.

What I have learned from being motivated...
By people like these,
Is that an energy that comes from within...
Isn't always there,
Heard and nurtured from the outside.

In fact,
Being self absorbed and consumed...
May be the best contact that keeps one,
Driven to achieve...
With an escaping discipline that succeeds.

And knowing,
Those awaiting in attack...
Seem to deliver and feed on that!

Giving a strengthen determination,
More to craved!
Just to satisfy a peace one keeps,
Away from public scutiny!
To feed one's mentality,
Purpose.

Purpose.
Purpose!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Purpose And Distance

Some say,
They don't know 'what' to believe!
While others say,
They have stopped it all together.

And this is sad to witness,
Since efforts of unity with a togetherness...
Seems to drift further away,
In purpose and distance!

And there appears to be an intent to this!
It's unfortunate economics...
Can diminish and divide,
Those who are religious...
From those who say,
They are 'spiritualistic'.

And I can understand,
Both sides of it!
So where does that place me?
As I make attempts,
To keep my own sanity.
With a way of life,
I wish increases my valued peace.

'God,
Are You going to make this someday...
One day as an answer to those prayers I pray,
Easier for me to perceive?
Or...
Are You still going to allow me,
To continue make those choices?
I can understand where You're coming from.
But Gee...
Why all of this materialistic teasing? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Purpose For The Delivery

Evaluating the messenger,
Does not diminish the content of the message.
Nor do judgements given,
Dissect its power.
Options of free will,
Have never stopped the foolish.
Lessons learned too late...
Are what they are!
Lessons learned,
Too late.
Satiating a taste,
For diminishing appetites.

Those believing it is never too late...
Only have to stop their wishes,
For yesterdays reminisced.
To look outside to find that time...
Has not ceased to stop,
For those choosing to block it from moving forward.

It is doing so without one thought about them at all!
And the messenger could care less,
Who addresses what or when.
Or if ever discussed to comprehend.
To gather any attention then.
That is not the purpose for the delivery!
Nor a concern to debate with them!
Just like time...
Coming,
To Go!
With a flow that does not slow,
To await those chasing it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Purpose Meant

They complain about the media.
Those who use it and abuse it!
They say it is unfair...
And declare its worthlessness.
But millions are spent,
To convince and capture with attention.
And as long as what is printed,
Or seen on TV screens...
Does not demean as intended.
They maintain that the media...
Is on a mission to destroy their deceptions!
And they use the media to campaign against,
Its effectiveness to reveal an undermining...
Purpose meant!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Purposely To Leave

I have made many errors.
Some to correct.
And others purposely to leave.
Caring less if they were shown.
In public meant to be known,
I am far from perfect.
Or wish to leave that,
As an impression to make.
Even in relationships,
Thought to be close...
I'm the first to be able,
To know 'something' is wrong.
And not legit.

'What you sayin'? '

This.
You long left an us,
In your mind to view.
Just to focus on you!
Remember?
I do.
With a doing to leave me,
Convinced.
You sought success.
And stepped on backs,
Holding up a ladder to reach it
Feeling no remorse or regret.

You left an 'us'...
To leave a 'we' behind.
With a seeking to impress.
Remember?
I do.
And I have no regrets,
That you chose success...
Over happiness to get.
And it seems to me,
You're the one...

Seeking to be convinced,
Your pretense to fake happiness
Is not an obvious charade,
Already played on me.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Pursued With A Doing Of Missions

So magnificent is this gift of living life.
Pursued with a doing of missions to undertake.
Some loved.
And...
Some disliked.

But many do not appreciate this gift that they get.
And others hate being tested,
To be picked as the ones to get a specific job done.

No one who grows with a faith that shows,
Stays determined to stick selfishly indifferent.
Or refuses to experience those obstacles to face.

Yet...
Many do not appreciate this gift of life they get.
No!
Many prefer to sit through all of it.
While complaining to anyone who listens,
How someone else is 'lucky'.
And all they have known is bad luck and conflicts.

'Nobody knows the troubles I've seen.
Nobody knows my...'

~Do that in a different key.
Try avoiding B-flat.
You have no idea how many times I've sung that.
And in B-flat.
Until I began to hum it.

And one day I awakened to realize,
I was shuffling along to a wrong beat.
I had to speed it up a bit.
Since that song didn't fit any of my missions.
Not a one.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Push And Pull

It is hard to keep it clean,
When you push and pull.
Or acting happy when feeling mean,
When you push and pull.
And people stand around just to see one weep.
When you push and pull.
And when you say 'hello' they don't even speak.
When you push and pull.

You might see Bo Peep having some trouble with her sheep,
When you push and pull.
You might see Mary and her lambs giving Bo Peep creeps.
When you push and pull.
You might see Humpty Dumpty crawling up a wall.
When you push and pull.
You might see Perter and The Wolf eating chips at a local mall.
When you push and pull.

Ain't nothing easy,
When you try to keep your feet from sinking...
Deep!
And with no sleep.

It is hard to keep it clean,
When you push and pull.
Or acting happy when feeling mean,
When you push and pull.
And people stand around just to see one weep.
When you push and pull.
And when you say 'hello' they don't even speak.
When you push and pull.

And they push bull,
When you push and pull.
And they push bull,
When you push and pull.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Push Doubt Right Out

There is no need for you to prove,
You can duet to the blues.
Or tolerate with patience,
Not to do what you choose!

Push doubt right out!
Don't allow a doubt to sit or settle down.
Don't allow a single doubt to hang around.
Kick that doubt about until it is gone.
Don't do a sad song sung!

Push doubt right out!
Don't allow a doubt to sit or settle down.
Don't allow a single doubt to hang around.
Kick that doubt about until it is gone.
Don't do a sad song sung that is done!

Free your kingdom of the pricking of thorns condoned.
No need to sit through pricking of those thorns you don't own.
Choose to pick each prick that sticks to rid from your home.

There is no need for you to prove,
You can duet to the blues.
Or tolerate with patience,
Not to do what you choose!

Push doubt right out!
Don't allow a doubt to sit or settle down.
Don't allow a single doubt to hang around.
Kick that doubt about until it is gone.
Don't do a sad song sung!
Kick that doubt about until it's gone.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Push Push And Pop It

Push push and pop it!
Don't keep it bottled up!
Or you will dropp like slop to mop.
Leaving specs and pieces left,
To kick and knock your 'ouch' about!

To needle and pick!
You gotta stop it.
To needle and pick!
You gotta stop it.
To needle and pick!
You gotta stop it.

Puuussshhh! Keep pushin'

Push push and pop it!
Don't keep it bottled up!
Or you will dropp like slop to mop.
Leaving specs and pieces left,
To kick and knock your 'ouch' about!

Push push and pop it!
Don't keep it bottled up!
Or you will dropp like slop to mop.
Leaving specs and pieces left,
To kick and knock your 'ouch' about!

Puuussshhh! Keep pushin'

You can refuse to feel remorse or guilt.
And let forgiveness handle it!
No need to flip your lid or top.
Learn to love yourself a lot.
If this is not done...
How can you expect others to start.
You don't have to play a part...
Of that panic brewing in your heart!
Denying it is there.

Just...
Puuussshhh! Keep pushin'
Puuussshhh! Keep pushin
Push push and pop it!
Don't even try to stop it.
Just...
Puuussshhh! Keep pushin'
Puuussshhh! Keep pushin
Push push and pop it!
Don't even try to stop it.

Push push and pop it!
Don't keep it bottled up!
Or you will dropp like slop to mop.
Push push and pop it!
Don't keep it bottled up!
Or you will dropp like slop to mop.

Push push and pop it!
Push push and pop it!
Push push and pop it!
Push push and pop it!

Inspired and Dedicated:
To all my Hip-Hop lovers and friends,
Of the mooovement!
Peace Up!
L

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Push To Ban

Today they're getting hell.
Those who serve it to other folks.
They're getting hell,
Those who wished it to provoke.
For them the heat is hell.
And for them this is no joke.
But what they've done to become stroked...
Now has come back to attach,
And the pain they feel can not be matched.

'Do unto others as you wish is done,
To you.'

Today they're getting hell.
Those who serve it to other folks.
They're getting hell,
Those who wished it to provoke.
For them the heat is hell.
And for them this is no joke.
But what they've done to become stroked...
Now has come back to attach,
And the pain they feel can not be matched.

'Do unto others as you wish is done,
To you.'

Push to ban...
A pain inflicted to another.
Push to ban...
A pain that's known and felt by others.

Push to ban...
A pain inflicted to another.
Push to ban...
A pain that's known and felt by others.

'Do unto others as you wish is done,
To you.'

Push to ban...
A pain inflicted to another.
Push to ban...
A pain that's known and felt by others.

Push to ban...
A pain inflicted to another.
Push to ban...
A pain that's known and felt by others.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Pushed Off The Track

I feel all my battles,
Are gone.
Gone.
Gone.
Every battle that I had,
Is gone.
Gone.
Gone.

A self defeating,
Is gone.
And off of my back.
And alibis,
Are gone...
Too.

Mistakes repeated,
Are gone.
And pushed off the track.
Not to repeat a quick defeating,
To have it in my head...
To cage me in to trap.

Mistakes repeated,
Are gone.
And pushed off the track.
Not to repeat a quick defeating,
To have it in my head...
To cage me in to trap.

Since every battle that I had,
Is gone.
Gone.
Gone.
And off of my back.
All my battles are gone,
Gone.
Gone.

All my battles have shuffled,
And gone.
Gone.
Gone.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Pushed To The Curb

Those holding onto their catty bitch issues?
From days long gone and equally insignificant.
Need to be dropped, stopped and blocked,
From anyone who regarded them as a priority.
The universe bustles with too much life...
To let their continued bickering,
Bring another one strife.
They need to be 'dusted'.
And pushed to the curb.
To be picked up like garbage,
Along with the other crusted stuff!
Too long rusted.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Pushing Buttons

What are you doing?

'Pushing buttons.
It should be obvious.'

It is.
But why are you avoiding,
The ones with the colors of the rainbow?

'Naw.
The people over there have already done that.
You notice the ones I push,
Are colorless.
Hopefully the doing of it will be more noticable.'

Well...
I did notice.

'That's all it takes.
To get just one to pay attention.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Pushing Up A Wealth Of Useless Egos

You need to mind 'your' business!
And 'you' need to mind your business...
Understanding their business is none of yours.
AND...
All of you need to find a way,
To conduct your business together!
Because if you do not...
The business that could have been done,
Will find a worth less than dirt.
And 'that' is what we all eventually become!
Dirt!
Pushing up a wealth of useless egos!
Nobody knows or cares existed!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Put A Sock In It

Put a sock in it,
Maybe this will rush a hush.
Put a sock in it,
Maybe this will rush a hush.
Put a sock in it,
Maybe this will rush a hush.
Today there is just too much stuff.
And people are getting fed up!

Put a sock in it,
Maybe this will rush a hush.
Put a sock in it,
Maybe this will rush a hush.
Put a sock in it,
Maybe this will rush a hush.
Today there is just too much stuff.
And people are getting fed up!

Many getting sick of the pickiness started.
And when it gets sticky they can not stop.
Instigating agitation with annoyance.
Dropping all they've got to tie a mind in knots.

Put a sock in it,
Maybe this will rush a hush.
Put a sock in it,
Maybe this will rush a hush.
Put a sock in it,
Maybe this will rush a hush.
Today there is just too much stuff.
And people are getting fed up!

Can't you see them strike poses and begin to 'cheese'.
Then plop on their knees,
To make their pleas.
These same folks cry about bad luck.
With claims their butts are stuck in ruts.

Put a sock in it,

Maybe this will rush a hush.
Put a sock in it,
Maybe this will rush a hush.
Put a sock in it,
Maybe this will rush a hush.
Today there is just too much stuff.
And people are getting fed up!

Put a sock in it,
Maybe this will rush a hush.
Folks have had enough,
And fed up!

Put a sock in it,
Maybe this will rush a hush.
Folks have had enough,
And fed up!

Folks have had enough.
Folks have had enough.
Folks have had enough.
And fed up!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Put A Whoa To Your Woes

Unstrap from that backpack you carry,
Loaded with burdens others on you dump.
And don't straddle on a saddle,
Believing the ride will get you over the hump.
Let go and jump away from that rat race.
Put a whoa to your woes.
Experience your life at a slower pace.
You can.
Just loosen up that grip you hold.

Take a morning walk.
Seek a place where there are trees.
Do this as often as you can.
And take some time to leave,
Those wanting to put upon you...
'Their' demands.

Unbunkle from those traps backpacked.
Let go and face the truth of facts.
Breathe the freshened air that's free.
Take a morning walk and talk,
With a doing amongst the listening trees.
Put a whoa to your woes and know,
You don't have to straddle a saddle...
To be buckled to beliefs,
Not returning to you a moment of peace.

Put a whoa to your woes.
Let them go.
And don't fear doing it as a solo.
But put a whoa to your woes.
You can.
And don't fear doing it as a solo.
Put a whoa to your woes to leave them behind,
And go!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Put Down Your Weapon

No one.
No one I have ever met to come to know,
Or believed with confidence I could share...
Every detail of my intimate thoughts,
Could, if they wanted...
Even if from me they begged,
Should put themselves in a position...
To represent 'my' wants, desires and needs.
No matter if under hypnosis,
The doing of this is an impossibility.
Ask anyone who has gone through a divorce.
Or the reason why their relationships have ended.

That's why I will never to this day,
Or any to come I am blessed to receive...
Understand how people can believe,
Someone else should be held responsible...
For not making them happy on a daily basis,
While they sat to sit awaiting for it to happen.
Only to become disappointed as 'afterglow' fades away.

When preferences with details are not delivered to meet...
Lofty expectations out of reach no human being could satisfy,
People left crazed to have their dreams and wishes fulfilled...
By someone else who has made to them promises,
Often threaten to take their own lives.
And depending upon how they were raised as children,
Will take any weapon to show and tell they mean business.

'I wanted frosting on my cupcakes.'

~We understand.
Everything is understood.
We have called the authorities,
To order your cupcakes with frosting.
Now...
Put down your weapon.
There is no need to shoot anyone else.~

'Promise? '

~Yes.
Just put down your weapon.
Slowly.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Put Down Your Weapons

Put down your weapons!
What do you defend?
Your right to bury natives,
Upon their own land?
What images of grandeur
Do you perceive?
Bugle calls from cavalier mountings...
Will not come forth descending,
With surrounding cavalries
Conquesting in glee and bravado!
What messages do you send...
To ancestors awakened from this grief?
Your ways to conquer peace,
Has been defeated by barbaric imaginings!
Put down your weapons!
The alarms that ring,
Come from your own shores you sell...
And leave abandoned and unfenced!
Your backyards are beginning to burn in flames!
And yet you stake claim to treasures not yours.
Not worthy of the blood you shed,
Or interests of those displeased by the cost of guilt!
Put down your weapons,
Or eternally bow your head,
In sorrow with no guarantee...
You will be recognized,
At your own doorstep that has been sold
Prior to your return
Of any valor professed to have earned!
These are not those days to relive in glory!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Put Down Your Weapons!

Put down your weapons...
And the ammunition fed,
To spread your hatred!

On whose souls do you believe,
Are crushed to bleed as you succeed...
In what?
To do what for who and why?
The selling of an advance life...
To live in a living hell to dwell?
To raise more of it as you see fit?

Put down your weapons.
What peace is received by depleting the Earth?
With a mental disease perceiving a self worth.
What is it you think is being achieved?
In an atmosphere of religious differences...
With falsities conceived
To reveal racist contempt!
From misconceived interpretations meant,
To explore your won destruction?

To allow a rise to the top to breathe,
Hollow victories...
That leaves a quality of life left to bleed.
To say there has been 'something' conquered.

Put down your weapons!
Confess your digressions.
Put down your weapons!
At let God restore your mind...
To a peace you say you fight to find.

Put down your weapons.
Or all life once known,
Will be left behind to rot to dust...
From which the Earth it came!
Before your selfishness grew to be shown!
To display your degradations?

Last chance!

PUT
DOWN
YOUR
WEAPONS

Put them down!
And learn from past lessons.
They are all around.
With everyone trying to prove themselves,
The greatest of fools!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Put In Check And Cleared

You say I should spend my time,
Around those I know have wasted mine...
And used theirs in the act of deceiving others?
I...
Don't think so.
I...
Am fine knowing folks like that,
Have been put in check and cleared off my path.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Put It Down

Put it down!
Pick it up tomorrow.
It will be more relevant.
And then a defensiveness,
You now today hold that is senseless...
Will become easier for you to admit,
Without me being around to witness it.

Put it down.
Do not attempt to absorb any of this.
Your lack of comprehension,
Will only lead to an argument.
And just for the sake of peace and quiet,
I will pretend your thought process...
Does not inhibit your lack to exhibit understanding.

Put it down.
I am sure you will find some time...
To allow your mind to open.
And digesting what is being addressed,
Without me reminding you...
How disgusted you are with my directness.
And if I came to deceive you with sweetness,
Everything I said you would accept.

Put it down.
With me in your presence...
And handing you this message,
The only thing you will remember...
Is being upset.
Not by the message...
But by my presence you will not forget.

Put this down!
It will make more sense to you tomorrow.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Put It On The Shelf

Just take that,
Pudding and put in on the shelf.
Just take that,
Pudding and put in on the shelf.
Just take that,
Pudding and put in on the shelf.
Right now we are tightening up,
Loosen belts!

Just take that,
Out of sight of those uptight.
Just take that,
Perhaps for tomorrow night...
Just take that,
Maybe we will celebrate...
With the eating of icecream,
And with cake!

Just take that,
Pudding and put in on the shelf.
Just take that,
Pudding and put in on the shelf.
Just take that,
Pudding and put in on the shelf.
Right now we are tightening up,
Loosen belts!

Just take that,
With a vision of a peace.
Just take that,
With a vision of a peace.
Just take that,
With a vision of a peace.
A peace that will come and will never leave!

Just take that,
Out of sight of those uptight.
Just take that,
Perhaps for tomorrow night...

Just take that,
Maybe we will celebrate...
With the eating of icecream,
And with cake!

Just take that,
With a vision of a peace.
Just take that,
With a vision of a peace.
Just take that,
With a vision of a peace.
A peace that will come and will never leave!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Put Living Life On Your Agenda

Put living life on your agenda!
You may as well.
Things you valued and people trusted...
Seem to all have gone to hell.

It may seem that way,
But it doesn't have to be.
While you were working hard on a 9 to 5,
Others were working behind your back...
Cheating for an easier life,
And lieing and deceiving comfortably...
Day and night!

And if you are angry,
You have every right to be.
However...
You are not alone!
You are not the only one,
Trick by a way of life...
Your standards have condoned.

Put living life on your agenda!
You may as well.
Things you valued and people trusted...
Seem to all have gone to hell.

The first sign of trouble didn't faze you at all.
There were clues laid all over the place...
A decadence beginning was being thrown in your face.
The first time you accepted disrespect from someone...
That was a hint,
At least a clue...
You were not the only one to whom that was being done.

And remember making decisions not to become involved?
You shouldn't have turned your back!
What is happening today...
Could have then been easily solved,
Corrected and kept from attack.

So...
Put living life on your agenda!
You may as well.
Things you valued and people trusted...
Seem to all have gone to hell.

And you really didn't care.
If you did what you should have done yesterday...
Was not to observe the crumbling done around you.
Something said would have prevented it instead.
And none of it,
Would have existed.

So...
Put living life on your agenda!
And get rid of everything else you've been doing.
Because whatever it is you've done,
Has not worked to your advantage.
Not if you are crying about your wants and losses!
You relied upon someone else,
To decide what was valued...
And what was to be tossed away.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Put My Name On Your List

Put my name on your list.
Because I'm willing and able.
I've got the magic I insist...
You need,
With those benefits...
At the touch of your fingers.

Put my name on your list.
And get it closer to the top.
Because I'm willing and able.
You wont shout for me to stop.
'Cause...
I've got that magic here to feel,
At your fingertips.

You want to row a slower boat.
But I've brought with me a motor.
And...
You will find too hard to let go,
To my speed.

So put my name on your list.
And get it closer to the top.
Because I'm willing and able.
AND...
With a-bub-a-hub-a-bubba bee baybee,
You wont shout for me to stop.
When I'm there and on the top!
AND...
With a-bub-a-hub-a-bubba bee baybee,
You and I are going to rock.
And I...
Brought along some magic you can feel,
To believe or not.
AND...
With a-bub-a-hub-a-bubba bee baybee,
You and I are going to rock.
Oh...
AND,

With a-bub-a-hub-a-bubba bee baybee.
With a-bub-a-hub-a-bubba BEE baybee.
AND...
With a-bub-a-hub-a-bubba bee baybee.
You and I will like a lot!

Oh...
AND,
With a-bub-a-hub-a-bubba bee baybee.
With a-bub-a-hub-a-bubba BEE baybee.
AND...
With a-bub-a-hub-a-bubba bee baybee.
You and I will like a lot!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Put On Your 3-D Glasses

When is the pain going to stop?
It is not!
The sugar you've been fed,
Coated the taste of those gumdrops.

You should have long been told...
Long ago when those
Who wanted to...
Were quietly scolded and secretly abused.

When is 'your' pain going to end?
Once again...
It is not!
The anesthesia you've been given,
Can no longer be 'gotten'.
This truth may be rotten,
But you have been forgotten!

Not only that...
You've been used like a doorstop!

OKAY! ?

Get angry if you must.
But the messengers you ushered away...
Brought to you messages,
You neither listened to or obeyed.
That's why you should feel like a whore that's been laid.
Being preyed upon without one cent paid!

And that anger that you display towards me...
Will do nothing to prevent the reality you will see!
The stinging and infliction of it...
Will not be pretty one tiny bit.
The gritting of your teeth and biting of your lips,
Will not restore your way of life that bleeds.
Or an eclipsing of your valued outlook!
Blistering on the horizon,
And bringing with it a reality.

None like you've experienced before.
Since the coming of it has been ignored!

Put on your 3-D glasses.
That's how close it will be!
To touch up close to feel as you breathe.

Of course its presence hurts.
Of course the sight of it upsets...
And too ugly to perceive.
That's what reality is.
Truth stripped of delusion and deception free!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Put Out To Graze In The Pasture

Hey
The only thing you can truly say
Is that you 'once' ran a good race
And now that you've aged
And have been replaced
Why put that blame on the jockey?

That jockey is accustomed
To riding on the backs of winners.
And you have fed that purpose.
No matter what spotlight you believe,
You today deserve.

Your purpose has been served.
Get over it.
You've been put out to graze in the pasture.
Whatever you had has been used.
And like the rest,
Who have taken their lives for granted
Your purpose,
Has
Been served!
With or without your consent or lost investment,
You spent at the service of others.
Graze and shut the
Just shut up!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Put That Bottle Down

When you get sippin'
I get tired of it.
Then you begin to trippin'
And that makes me sick.

Why can't you put,
That bottle down.
If you wont do that,
I can't stay around.

You're a closet alcoholic,
That's a fact you wont admit.
When you begin to nippin...
Your sips don't quit.

Why can't you put that bottle down.
If you wont do that I can't stay around.

You need to stop that sippin quick.
When you get drunk,
It makes me sick.
That habit that you have admit it...
Before you get ripped on your trip.

Why can't you put that bottle down.
If you wont do that I can't stay around.

If you choose to you can do it.
If you choose I'll help you through it,
But...
You need to put that bottle down.
You need to do it 'cause I want you around!

If you choose to you can do it.
If you choose I'll help you through it,
But...
You need to put that bottle down.
You need to do it 'cause I want you around!

If you choose to you can do it.
If you choose I'll help you through it,
But...
You need to put that bottle down.
You need to do it 'cause I want you around!

If you choose to you can do it.
If you choose I'll help you through it.
Prove it to yourself this habit you can remove!

Why can't you put that bottle down!

You can do it.
You can prove it.
I am here to help you through it!
And...
Why can't you put that bottle down?

You can do it.
You can prove it.
I am here to help you through it!
And...
Why can't you put that bottle down?

You can do it.
You can prove it.
I am here to help you through it,
To cease this evil.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Put 'That' In Your Basket

My beliefs that are 'my' beliefs,
Should not infringe upon those of yours.
However...
If my beliefs are more popularly received,
Well...
I will prevail,
Even if thrown in jail.
Just to have it shown on national TV.

'But 'why' is that process necessary? '

'Cause,
MY beliefs are real ones.
And yours?
Are not accepted around here.

'And, that's discrimination! '

And...
Your point to make,
Is what?
What we do is what we choose.
And has nothing to do with you.
This is about me. Us.
And our tight knit judgemental community.
So put 'that' in your basket.
With a taking your task somewhere else.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Put That Peddle To The Metal

If you want to get to drive,
You have to learn to be swift.
With those daydreams gone.
Without a mind that drifts,
From...
Off to on.
And...
Make sure that peddle that you push,
Is not the one that stops the gas.
Put that peddle to the metal.
Give it gas.
Don't brake, don't brake.

If you want to get to drive,
You have to learn to be swift.
With those daydreams gone.
Without a mind that drifts,
Hit that gas.
And put that peddle to the metal.
Give it gas.
Don't brake, don't brake.
Just hit the gas.

If you want to get to drive...
Don't brake, don't brake.
Just hit the gas.
And put your foot down on the petal.
Give it gas.
Put that peddle to the metal.
Hit the gas.
Don't brake, don't brake.
Just hit the gas.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Put Them On A Poster To Hoist Up On A Rope

Get up!
Like you've been through it.
Get up!
To yourself prove it.
Get up...
And chase your troubles away.

Get up!
Like you've been through it.
Get up!
To yourself prove it.
Get up...
And chase your troubles away.

Singing sad blues,
Those songs have been sung!

Get up!
Like you've been through it.
Get up!
To yourself prove it.
Get up...
And chase your troubles away.

Singing sad blues,
Those songs have been sung!
With an overkill that's been long overdone.
Seek inside with faith you know that will overcome...
Those woes needing no more makeovers.

Put them on a poster to hoist up on a rope.
And announce to all you know...
You've-let -that go!

And getcha gitcha yo'self up!
Like you've been through it.
Get up!
To yourself prove it.
Get up...

And chase your troubles away.

Git-git-git get yourself up!
Like you've been through it.
Get up!
To yourself prove it.
Get up...
And chase your troubles away.

Singing sad blues,
Those songs have been sung!
With an overkill that's been long overdone.
Seek inside with faith you know that will overcome...
Those woes needing no more makeovers.

Seek inside with faith you know that will overcome...
Those woes needing no more makeovers.
Seek inside with faith you know that will overcome...
Those woes needing no more makeovers.

Singing sad blues,
Those songs have been sung!
Put them on a poster to hoist up on a rope.
And announce to all you know...
You've-let -that go!

Put them on a poster to hoist up on a rope.
Put them on a poster to hoist up on a rope.
Put them on a poster to hoist up on a rope.
And announce to all you know...
You've-let -that go!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Put Those Binoculars Down

No one should ever judge a book by its cover.
Since the content,
Seldom depicts what starts from the beginning...
To the end of it.

And some people interpret,
What they wish is to be believed.
By researching an author's background...
Or seeing something that reminds them,
Of a fantasy they've kept perceived.

And some people will keep their perceptions,
Kept!
No matter what is in between the pages...
That may expose them to depth.

Since many prefer to gossip.
To dispel the truth to have their delusions met.
With ample embellishment...
To invigorate the interest one expects.

'Let me tell you what the real deal is.
And I put this together,
As I slept.
Put those binoculars down!
What I have for you is as fresh as fresh can get.'

This allows them to create what isn't...
With an ability seen like no one else has exposed yet.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Put Your Boots On

If truth and reality had been the driving force,
That powered this weakened engine...
It would had all focused to remain on course.
And none of what now is offered...
To soften and buffer the suffering,
Would exist.
There would be diligence on the lookout.
Instead of self serving selfishness...
Stuffing pockets.
While passengers were being pilfered,
By an overglamorized hype...
About a quality of life.
Stolen right in their sight!
As those self righteous,
Took a hike!

Folks...
Here's the deal.
That engine is,
And has been crusting to rust for years.
Dry your tears,
My friends.
That engine you've depended on,
For the ride of your life...
Has died.
The ease of your journey has glided to a stop.

Put your boots on!
If you dare to look from your windows,
You'll be shakened.
The depression has progressed,
From a recession recently professed.
Yes!
Put your boots on.
There will be lots of BS...
To walk through,
To get to the next destination.
Bring your medications,
And prepare to numb your senses.

Yes!
Put your boots on folks.
And get ready to abandon those freedoms,
To do as you wish.
Or lower this reality on your priority list.

Put your boots on!
The engineer now in command...
Demands on hands on deck!
Be ready to wipe sweat,
Off Botoxed brows and tightened necks.
The heat from the cleanup,
Is about to be felt!

Put your boots on!
Your shopping until you dropp days,
Are done!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Put Your Foot On The Pedal

No ember that you've struck...
Could heat up a fire burning out.
And no engine that is cool...
Should keep ready,
For a driver who ain't behind the wheel.
Or thinking that a boost,
Is not needed to get started.

You gotta give up,
Mo' steam.
And get up offa that...
Low self-esteem.

You gotta give up,
Mo' steam.
And get up offa that,
Low self-esteem.

Put your foot on the pedal,
And steer me to all your needs.
Put your foot on the pedal.
Put the pedal to the metal.

Put your foot on the pedal,
And steer me to all your needs.
Put your foot on the pedal.
Put the pedal to the metal.

Put that pedal to the metal,
If you wanna get with me.
Put your foot on the pedal.
Put that pedal to the metal.

Put your foot on the pedal,
And steer me to all your needs.
Put your foot on the pedal.
Put the pedal to the metal.

No ember that you've struck...

Could heat up a fire burning out.
And no engine that is cool...
Should keep ready,
For a driver who ain't behind the wheel.
Or thinking that a boost,
Is not needed to get started.

You gotta give up,
Mo' steam.
And get up offa that...
Low self-esteem.

You gotta give up,
Mo' steam.
And get up offa that,
Low self-esteem.

Put that pedal to the metal,
If you wanna get with me.
Put your foot on the pedal.
Put that pedal to the metal.

Put that pedal to the metal,
If you wanna get with me.
Put your foot on the pedal.
Put that pedal to the metal.

If you wanna get with me.
You gotta pedal to the metal.
Put your foot on the pedal.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Put Yourself On A Diet Of Love

Put yourself on a diet of love.
And recognize the meaning of forgiveness.
To strengthen and not weaken.

Put yourself on a diet of love.
And recognize the meaning of forgiveness.
Through the week and over the weekend...
No matter who may think you're freaking!

Put yourself on a diet of love.
And recognize the meaning of forgiveness.
Recognize the benefit,
Of a happiness exisiting.

Put yourself on a diet of love.
And recognize the meaning of forgiveness.
Only you can testify of Sunlight on the horizon.

Put yourself on a diet of love.
And recognize the meaning of forgiveness.
To strengthen and not weaken.
And declare your peace of mind,
Has come to satisfy your needs.

Put yourself on a diet of love.
And recognize the meaning of forgiveness.
You will find a peace of mind,
Has no time to search for enemies.

Put yourself on a diet of love.
Get rid of nitpick nibbling.
Put yourself on a diet of love.
Get rid of nitpick nibbling.

You will find a peace of mind,
Has no time to search for enemies.
So...
Put yourself on a diet of love.
Get rid of nitpick nibbling.

Put yourself on a diet of love.
Get rid of nitpick nibbling.

Put yourself on a diet of love.
Through the week and over the weekend...
To strengthen and not weaken,
Your needs.

You will find a peace of mind,
Has no time to search for enemies.
So...
Put yourself on a diet of love.
Get rid of nitpick nibbling.
Put yourself on a diet of love.
Get rid of nitpick nibbling.

You will find a peace of mind,
With a remedy you found to please!

So...
Put yourself on a diet of love.
Eat up all you want to eat!
Put yourself on a diet of love.
Feel the lightness in your feet!
So...
Put yourself on a diet of love.
Eat up all you want to eat!
Put yourself on a diet of love.
Feel the lightness in your feet!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Putting A New Face On The Same Dilemma

Putting a new face on the same dilemma,
Does not erase the affects of it.
But those in high places,
Accustomed to deceit...
Believe and will do anything they wish,
To control resources.

And quick dismissals,
To what is regarded as foolishness...
Is a priority addressed on that list.
Like feelings connected to humanity.
Or that which is connected to its existence.
With a pocketing done of money kept number one.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Putting An End To It

No longer am I in the business,
Of donating time I regard as valuable...
For the purposes of others,
To hesitate in procrastination...
In a wasting done of time that comes,
To them at my expense.

Those days have disappeared,
To clear from my radar.
I have shifted my senses,
From that existence.
Since for me it did not make sense,
To use them as excuses as my defense.

Putting an end to it,
Helped me get off that fence!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Putting Pieces Of Yesterday Together

It's a funny thing about developing,
One's curiosity...
That a having of experiences,
Eventually comes to teach.

Those who are curious with a desire to comprehend,
Seem never to run out of things to do.
And those who are not curious about anything,
Are often horrified by the hearing of yesterday's news.
Often with a beginning of the blues to sing.

To then make demands with an insistence,
To know what happened and how and at what hour.
When it is the current events of the day,
That leaves them unconsiously affected.
Nor do they wish with an urgency to hear it,
With ears opened and mouths shut.

As many could care less,
Who did what, why and when to whom.
Since they have not been told yet,
They should be. But, are not concerned.
So they do not bother to be inquisitive at all,
To ask or be given a hint.
Because their time is spent,
Putting pieces of yesterday together.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Putting Pity Properly Propped

How pitiful can a declared pity get?
Some can do pity proud...
By having pity dipped and bronzed.
And accessorized with torment.
With a highlighting of pity in rhinestone...
To give focus with meaning and intention meant.

Capturing a pity purposely posing in a moldedness...
And an importance that could be set on mantels.
Thusly and/or thence...
Putting pity properly propped,
On top and placed upon such a pedestal.
Where pitifulness praised like this can sit!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Putting The 'Who' In You

Removing the 'I don't know'...
And putting the 'who' in 'you',
Makes a difference when appreciating
One's life!
With dignity and respect.
It creates an accountability,
That affords decisions made.
And accepting opinions made by others...
Who may not understand the 'who' you are,
Inside and within first you command!
It removes indeciveness and abilities to excuse.
You begin to see that done with others,
And 'that' being done by them...
You simply refuse!
Knowing 'who' you are without neglect,
Makes criticisms of others done...
Allows and gives you a reason to recieve,
An openness for you
That becomes more circumspect!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Pyramids

They are here...
Those pyramids.
Precise and standing,
For thousands of years.
And scholars and scientists,
Can not figure out how they were made.
Unlike in the 'civilized' world...
They can not say these foundations,
Can be attributed to those depicted...
As ignorant slaves.
With that same 'ignorance'
That kept their forefathers living high off the hog.
While others toiled to make them rich.
With nothing to do...
But to claim and maintain their stolen assets!
And seek to keep them,
As the main focus of their 'interests'!

They are here...
Those pyramids.
Precise and standing,
For thousands of years.
And scholars and scientists,
Can not figure out how they were made.
Much like the craze that confronts them now!
They have no clue as to how it got there.
But quick to identify their dislikes for others,
Who are not as equally mentally limited!
Or have skins shaded in different colors.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Quadruple Jumps And Pirouettes

Listen!
There have been those taught,
And conditioned.
As if accustomed to do it.
To defend their innocence.
With such incredible believability,
That the use of a lie detector hooking them in place...
Would never detect a deception has been erased.

And if hell should freeze over...
You would never suspect them at all,
To be doing quadruple jumps and pirouettes.
Even if they were filmed in the process as seen.
Because their eyes will swell up with tears,
Denying that which obviously appears.
To blurt out accusations loudly heard,
Of being offended by unwarranted suspicions.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Quagmire

They call on the spirits of a dead man to save them.
They are on the precipice of a financial disaster.
Remaining on a course that should not have begun!
And they are saying someone who wishes to lead them,
Out of their own quagmire has no experience.
That may be the best news anyone has heard in years!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Qualifications

'Mister Pertillar,
Based upon your 'experience'...
What makes you qualified,
To fly a 747? '

I have flown in a 747 twice.
And I once walked the streets of Paris,
Behind someone wearing a Captain's uniform.

'Fabulous! Great news.
And you...
Mister Chester?
Same question.'

~First and foremost...
Giving honor to God,
With true patriotism.
I have flown 747s for twenty years as a pilot.
And I have also...~

'Very well stated Mister Chester.
However...
Did you or did you not walk the streets of Paris?
We wish to hear of your 'experience' that led to your qualifications.
Not your 'actual' qualifications!
Do you wish the question to be repeated? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Qualified As Ascertained

Time has a way of shifting around,
That which had seemed to be grounded.
And found to be significant with influence.
Once upon a time,
When a climbing above others...
Was a focus and priority on many minds.
To suddenly change direction,
With a spotlighting of that which had been dismissed.
To allow that to become,
Declared more precious than gold.

Leaving those to flaunt a uselessness held,
That seemed just moments ago...
Qualified as ascertained,
To have impeccable credentials...
That only a few chosen to be interviewed,
Had obtained.
To be made to feel there was an achievement,
Reached.
With a leaving of that which had been dismissed.
Now sought after as if their lives depended on it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Qualified As Identified

My place is where my footsteps are traced,
To validate as made to make known.
It took me a long time to see it that way,
Since I only adventured...
To follow my own curiosities unlimited.
Leaving to fear what I could not see,
Left to ignore someone else's philosophy.
That would label me from their point of view.
And squeezed to fit in a box from bottom to top.

My place is where my footsteps are traced,
To validate as made and to myself shown.
And if I had sought an identity others accepted,
To think it needed as a pre-requisite first...
I'd be following others like many do,
To never find a thirsting to adventure.
Or believe those experiences I lived to face,
Would not have me today qualified as identified.
And with significant evidence applied on a daily basis.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Qualified To Do

The only thing that qualifies most who are not scutinized,
Are looks of images created to project and portray...
What is wished to be perceived and believed.
And unfortunately for others who are microscoped,
Competence, looks and intelligence together,
Are rarely in the mix when images are created...
To meet expectations that rely on accountability.
This just doesn't happen when folks seek mediocrity.

Since it isn't publicly revealed,
Only images are sought to appeal.

People of intelligence present threats to the status quo!
And although those who prefer to go unchallenged,
Are often the ones selecting image over substance...
To address their standards that are valued,
They are often given an attention to debate...
Without reason,
Why their insults placed upon responsible folks...
Should merit a listening to their fault finding.

The only real thing image seekers are qualified to do!
And insist with persistence their 'senses' are common.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Qualified To Make Productive Contributions

Do you have a degree?

'A degree in what? '

You know?
Something that validates your intelligence!

'Oh...
Something that documents my discipline,
And education?
Something that verifies my verity,
To conform to the wholesomeness of humanity.
And I am now qualified to make productive contributions?
My life lived,
Has already provided the requirements.'

Uh...yeah...I guess.
Whatever that was you said.

'And...
I imagine you have at least 'one' degree? '

Of course!
I got me two.
And I'm gon' get me a job that pays.

'Hopefully not to teach English!
And...
Suppose I did not have that 'degree'.
Would that make my efforts less credible?
Would that make a fame or notoriety less worthy?

IF...
I should pursue that route.
I know this is difficult for you to believe...
But a degree doesn't measure my success felt.
And I feel pretty damn successful! '

So...

You 'do' have a degree?

'You've missed my point entirely.
And you...
Have been depicted as a scholar?
God...
Thank you for opening my mind,
And doors! '

OH!
So you've studied to be a minister?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Qualified To Teach

You have reminded me too many times,
Through your actions...
What it was you thought of me.
And each time I took what you delivered,
As I made sure you stood to witness this.
And without a defense you made against,
My indentity, dignity or integrity.
In fact,
What you have done intentionally...
Has strengthened my resolve.

It has not been overnight that I've decided,
To live my life for the reaching of stars...
Shining above me bright.
Nor have I been standing in the shadows,
Hiding within a darkness in fear to be in sight.
No.
I have been observing with an appetite,
For that day to come...
To see you learn a few lessons.
And knowing one of them I am qualified to teach.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Qualify Yourself

A door doesn't have to appear,
For one to knock and realize an opportunity...
Could be near.

It could be closer than that by making your own door.
Create your own opportunities.
You then can decide to knock, block, lock it...
And keep it close if you wish!

However...
Once one has done this,
And awaken to their own power...
The only one that can stop a mind,
Defining 'who' one is and 'what' they are...
Is the one whose eyes have been opened.
So wide open with a wisdom they do become.

And rare is the one that blinks,
When that happens.
There is too much to be done.
Unlike some who first seek to become qualified...
Approved and accepted.
Interviewed to then be rejected.
Feeling affects of being dejected...
With suspicion aiding tensions.
Overdressed 'and' seething from heat.
With a degree...
Or maybe two!

What kind of nonsense is that?
The burdens one can place on a back,
Feeling out of place!

A door doesn't have to appear,
For one to knock and realize an opportunity...
Could be near.
Qualify yourself!
And become that much more observant,
Of opportunities you have created!

Instead of waiting to turn a knob on a door...
To discover everyone,
Has long been 'out-to-lunch'.
Make your own opportunities exist.
And prepare the kind of sanwich you wish.
Knowing you may have to save half of it,
For later.
But...
It is yours!
You made it without question.
There may be some answers needed.
And experience will take you where they are!
To satisfy or not.
It is the process that enlightens.
Not the lettuce or the mayonnaise you forgot!

AND...
If that is all that is on your mind,
When 'that' time comes?
Dine out!
You can well afford it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Qualifying Your Worth

You may create competition.
To do on your own turf,
With a qualifying your worth...
As you compare your doings,
To others unfamiliar...
With your selected environment.

But this is not a competition.
This is a revealing of your ego.
And with the hope you choose,
The right competitor.
That will leave you and your insecurities,
Free to maintain the keeping of 'your' self praise.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Qualities All Races Share

There are those who are stuck,
In discussions about race.
Like people today who learn,
Their children are not only using drugs...
But having sex in between clases.
And with a variety of colored folks.

One would think that wide screen TVs,
People have mounted onto walls...
Would send home a few messages.
However...
Denial does come in assorted flavors as well.
And it is hard to tell,
When the mind and brain activity shuts down.

But,
Folks love their sports.
And even ice hockey is integrated these days.
Leaving the discussion of race,
To those trying to intellectualize their own existence.
And wasting away a lifetime attempting to fine,
Something other than color that makes them unique.
Since cheating, greed, deception and corruption...
Seems to be qualities all races share.

With a praying to One Deity for a forgiveness of their sins.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Qualities That Attract

You have your way of depicting reality.
And I have my way of picking you apart.
I told you we had qualities that attract.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Quality And Choice Used For The Safety Net

Should people of greed,
Be thrown a lifeline?
When their digressions and selfishness,
Created their own suffering...
From a gluttony that brought upon them regret.

Should those who oppose,
Keep their mouths closed?
While the government prioritizes,
Their selectiveness.
With a tremendous concentration...
That helps relieve their overwhelming debt!

Should those be expected to endure familiar neglect?
To protect the sticky fingers of such blatant theft.
As the needs of the already weakened,
Are push aside!
While a few who created this downslide...
Discuss and choose amongst themselves,
The quality and choice used for the safety net!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Quality And Qualifications Of Teachers

What is it about sex that makes it so attractive?
And why are those least attractive,
Interested in sex the most?
Its accessible to all.
And whoring has found legitimacy.
Women throwing panties at men...
Who throw theirs back,
Seems to fill advertisements on public TV.
Between pain killers and youth treatments.
And diets to enhance sexual performances.
With instructions for those illiterate.
Even those blind and deaf,
Have their own personalized attachments...
Custom made to order.
And those near death itself,
Can now be treated to a quickie before departure!
There is such an obsession with sex...
The sexual lives of insects are now being investigated.
And...
Being banned in some ant colonies!
And I can imagine they are thoroughly pissed about that!
Children are carrying weapons to safeguard fresh orgasms.
It sounds sick like something lifted from a culture on decline!
And in my time...
The teachers were using rulers,
To keep us distanced as we danced on the dance floor.
Long before the parents were buying weed...
Getting high and defending the right to smoke pot,
With their kids.
And these same folks are the ones shouting the loudest,
About the quality and qualifications of teachers.

'Don't do as I do!
You do as I say.'

~Okay dad...
I will use the bong!
And leave you the rolling paper next time.
And I will stay out of your stash too, promise! ~

Children today...
Think nothing about the act,
Of getting high with their parents.
Or going to school to have sex with their teachers.
Or having secret affairs of all kinds with their preachers.
And totally disrespecting life!

And there are those creating laws...
To defend all of this ignorance!
Or should that be...decadence?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Quality Of Life Has Been Diminished

The complexity of college entrance exams.
And the hike of already exorbitant tuition fees...
Diplomas issued in the month of June,
Commencement speeches...
And honorary doctorate degrees,
Given to those notable behind raised podiums...
Seen by those waving to later speak,
About the benefits of getting a higher education.

Where has the truth of this been reflected,
In one's quality of life?

People agree everywhere,
The quality of life has diminished.
And with thousands on a yearly basis,
Certified to have graduated...
With a knowledge to contribute to society,
What it is they have learned at the expense...
To prove common sense,
As a factor to prevent confusion and conflicts?

Or the rising of taxes applied with made excuses,
Without facts to back them to justify why.
Where is any of this pomp and circumstance reflected,
To prove there has been an advancement enhanced?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Quality Specimen

If you give me your hand,
I will hold it.
If you share your heart,
Mine will be there to protect.
If you run away...
I will not chase you!

If you go...
You go!

My love is genuine.
Not a remake of some kind,
Another may pretend!

And when you discover...
I am hardly like the others,
You'll be back!
And perhaps...
I'll let you in my life again!

IF by then,
I haven't been found...
As a rare and unique,
Quality specimen!

I am well aware
Of what I have to share!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Quality That Shines

Slipping to slide does not end an influence known,
Of those who are followed...
And have shown repeatedly to produce quality.
Since a quality that shines from them,
All the time...
Is assured.
It is only the ones accustomed to a mediocrity done,
And its doing to appease those increasingly on the scene...
Advocate for more of it with a rating to have this rise to heights.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Qualms

Those sudden qualms manifesting...
Coming in an alarming harm,
To arrest with an unresting,
Of my possessed propriety...
May come to test my endurance...
But my experiences,
Thus far...
Has strengthened my abilities.

I keep the capacity of my capabilities,
Intact with self examination.
And doubts I don't leave to float about...
To weaken those beliefs,
That stood me tall on my own two feet.
To rid me of those insecurities perceived,
Hiding an incompetence within me breeding...
That does not exist in me to feed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Quantity Versus Quality

Quantity versus quality is easily achieved,
For those seeking to rush a production of insignificance.
To make claims of something gained.
But clearly a waste of initiative...
Leeched to seek attention sought.
At the expense of another's originality.
But then...
Maggots wouldn't exist,
If they were not fed a reason.
And I am told the best 'maggots' are kept,
Sweat shopped.
Where expressions of flattery and duplicity,
Of ideals to lift and label quickly as one's own...
Are better appreciated in that kind of climate.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Quarantined

No one lives to attribute,
Something they do found in the public's eye...
Without experiencing being despised,
By 'somebody' who has an issue with it.

Even one volunteering their time in some places,
Gives people a reason to conduct a federal investigation!
Exaggeration?
Wake up!

And...
Having an ability to think with a diction that is understood?
And have a conversation involving common sense?
That's enough to have somebody quarantined today.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Quarterback

Even in pain.
You called the plays.
And retrieved the ball...
Deciding where to throw it.
That choice was yours to make.
Not only did you become the quarterback...
You are also a team member.
One of the players.

If you can not fulfill your part,
With a clarity...
Do not try to shift your weight,
On anyone else's shoulders.
Everyone that plays,
Should be focused on winning.
Even in pain.

Even in pain.
You called the plays.
And retrieved the ball...
Deciding where to throw it.

You've got a lot of 'child' in you remaining.

And no one here is obligated,
To listen about 'your' bad days.
If you can not fulfill your part,
With a clarity...
Don't show up!

If you can not fulfill your part,
With a clarity...
Do not try to shift your weight,
On anyone else's shoulders.
Everyone that plays,
Should be focused on winning.

Everyone here,
Unfortunately...

Now has to decide,
Whether or not they wish to continue...
Looking at you!

Do you realize how stressful that is?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Queen Of Oars

There is a lasting benefit to growing up poor.
And dealing with the 'guts' of reality.

One carries a perception...
That to observe closely every detail of one's life,
A lot of time is saved from wishful thinking.

And before crime became one's sole purpose for living...
Those, in the early days of struggle,
Benefitted by not taking things for granted.
Like the basics...
Food.
Clothing.
And a roof over one's head.
Those were the days before fantasy became the rage!

Today...
Reality,
Like truth...
Is a thing people rather not discuss.
It is feared.
You can not show enough of it.
It still will not be believed...
As an anchor which rescues.

People purchase things they do not need,
Or can afford today.
But can buy with good credit.
Or what's left of it.
Having a plastic card without a dime in one's pocket...
Will throw a nose higher in the air,
In any shopping mall!

I overheard a conversation about the current devastation.
One was in total disbelief,
That the economy was bleeding.
The other was a woman who professed her hopes,
That the 'ship' would not sink!
She didn't appear to be cracked on dope.

She was going to shop for jewelry...
And look for bargains to purchase a 'mink'.
In July?

I could not help but think...
'She is not even blinking.
Poor thing!
She must be medicated to the brim.
At least to the brink.
Could she actually afford,
That kind of 'bling'? '

So many are living in a world they ignore.
And I approach to interrupt,
Those two in discussion.
And without apology I stated...
'I have a message for you both.
Your ship 'is' sinking.
Believe it...get a row boat.
Neither one of you need a mink.
Even delusions will not float.
One of you I annoint, Queen of Flights of Fancy.
The other I declare, Queen of Oars.
The crew will never be bored! '

Of course...
I had no choice but to leave immediately.
When they both began to scream loudly,
For security!

And I did not feel guilty at all...
As I continued to stalk the mall!
Observing those treasuring their packaged 'things'.
Unaware of their dwindling dreams!
In times that seem...
So remarkably bewitched.
As I amuse myself surrounded,
By so many who have been...
With their materialisms addicted!

Inspired by:
One of the most positive thinking people I know...

Frances Jeffrey McAlpine Sharp
Hartford, Connecticut

'Thank you, Ms Frances.
You are, indeed, a gift of inspiration.
Yes, we have had our 'moments'
However...
I can not deny you are 'blessed'.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Quenching My Own Thirst For It

'What can you do that you have not done? '

Tomorrow has not yet to come.
I am still in the 'now'...
Welcoming every step,
With a freshness that has begun.

What can I do that has yet to be done?
I would instantly materialize,
A happiness for everyone.

'But how can you do that? '

By first quenching my own thirst for it.
And not concern myself about the 'doing'
To get done side of life!
Somehow I know that will take care of itself.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Quest

If my quest was to be the best...
I could not sit,
Until I sat in 'research' quick.
Before I grabbed a walking stick...
To adorn this climbing crusade!

I want to be dressed for the part!

If my quest was to be the best.
BS and all the rest of that nonsense,
Would be left behind...
With the ignorance that it swallows.

If my quest was to be the best.
I would need to learn how to be uncomfortable...
Sometimes.
And in my discomfort I think of what's been left behind.
And I find myself in my mind feeling at home!
Glued like a magnet to the ignorance that comforts!

If my quest was to be the best...
I would find a way to excavate this 'home'
Decorated with my heart and soul within me!
And 'that' would be the best of my quest.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Questioned For Shallow Standards Kept

Willing one's adopted comprehension
Of what a prominence is on others to project
Is like any temporary state of an effective delusion
Until
That which is faked
Eventually loses a standing of credibility
Of that which supports the superficiality of it all
With all involved questioned for shallow standards kept
And attention to protect plagiarists and their obviousness

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Questioning The Obvious

I have never said,
You were unbelievably ignorant.
I said you were stupid.
And there is a difference.

'What is the difference?
And try not to flatter me.'

You still have potential.
And how could I stop myself,
From flattering you?
You know flattering you is my business.

'WHY do we have this kind of relationship? '

To love and honor one another,
From the depths of our hearts.
That's what I mean when I call you stupid.
You enjoy questioning the obvious.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Questions Asked

Questions asked,
Of you with anticipated answers to get...
Are left questioned to dismiss.
And yet...
An integrity from others you expect?
As if...
A purpose is not specific.
To then dissect them to bits.
With a hope those forget,
Their questions asked!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Questions Now Wanting To Ask

Those who have questions now wanting to ask,
With an urgency today just as outdated...
When answers were available,
In those times long gone...
For the ones wishing to relive to dig up the past.
Should, but don't look in mirrors to 'see' themselves.

Taking for granted,
People and what they do to assume...
Doesn't leave one's mind much room,
For clarity to replace a wasting of time...
While those who have procrastinated,
Demand updates to find no one...
Awaiting for them with that kind of patience.

And any questions requesting to now ask,
With assistance given...
In which one wishes to play a game of 'catchup',
Will not allow excuses for accusations to use.
For the purpose to blame on changes coming too quick.
When many have chosen to ignore them to exist.
And those who live life just to drift,
Should keep this in their minds remembered...
Only fools will choose not to pay attention.
With a doing to give of an undivided focus.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Questions Repeatedly Asked

What has made listening to comprehend,
A major undertaking very few do with intent.
Even in the middle of a thought to mention,
For it to come completely with it said...
Someone will interrupt it,
To begin another topic to start instead.

Understanding means nothing to those flapping lips.
And they are the ones later confused,
By pieces of a puzzle they can't seem to get to fit.
With questions repeatedly asked,
That would make a curious child throw up hands in disgust.
And walk quietly away to the nearest exit in a rush.

There are more people protesting to do to make claims,
For reasons they wish they could find to explain.
And those pouting with frowns,
With folded arms across their chests...
Have chosen to be negative to display this expressed.
Since they believe they are entitled to be upset 'and' depressed.

And no one wants to listen to do it to comprehend.
Or be told that their ignorance prevents conflicts not to end.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Questions That Come To Visit

Creating a place,
To nurture the presence of doubt...
Affects and wounds,
One's credibility assumed.
And assumptions are not worth,
The agony of this thought kept.

And eventually this doubt flourishes.
With these questions that come to visit...
If one 'is' or if one isn't,
A reliable source...
To keep an invested friendship,
Valued as had been perceived.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Questions They Have Begun To Ask

Those today seeking to find answers,
For questions they have begun to ask...
Are the same ones who had no interest,
When signs to open their minds...
Were easily found to find everywhere.

But the messages to read with content,
Did not impress those wanting to address...
The schooling, background and degrees received,
By those who had not approached to get...
Approval or validation to deserve response.

Especially without obtaining certification.
Or first being invited to share their opinions...
When this step is required,
If anyone is wishing to gain appropriate attention.
And anyone not on the 'Who's Who' list,
Is depicted either to be disgruntled or a derelict.

Those today seeking to find answers,
Seldom refuse to ask those questions...
They know will offend,
Their lives protecting kept delusions.
And facing truth to have it revealed,
Is not politically correct to have truth effective.

'I am thoroughly appalled,
By the goings on today.'

~You?
I am completely miffed AND flabbergasted,
By the way these 'events' take place!
And...
From out of the blue for no reason at all.~

'If it were not for my daily martini,
I would be...
Outraged with disappointment.'

~Oh...
The horror.
The horror of it all.
I'm up to two olives a day myself.~

'Noooo? '

~Yes.
The stress.
I-I-I-I-I can't take it anymore.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Quick

Quick to dismiss,
That which is misunderstood.
And quick to do this often.
Because one can and could.

Quick to define something wrong.
Quick to complain about it,
All day long.
Quick to sit to nitpick and pull apart.
As if this quickness was intended from the start.

Quick to resist a comprehension that exist.
Quick to allow a temper tantrum fit.
Quick to whip up excuses...
And split to disappear.

Quick to discover the nearest exit!
That's what troublemakers do...
When they stir up others in raging fits!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Quick Am I To Return A 'Tude'

Quick am I to return a 'tude'.
I am not a good receiver,
Of moods dumped on me.
With expectations...
I should understand,
Someone's funky attitiude!

I don't.
I did not major in psychology.
Or empathy overflow...
To have my emotions abused.

Quick am I to return a 'tude'.
I am not a good receiver,
Of moods dumped on me.
With expectations...
I should understand,
Someone's funky attitude.

I have my own issues.
And a doing it alone to correct them.
Has helped me process my weaknesses.
And I don't accept anyone telling me...
'You are strong and more experienced.'

I may be both.
But...
I am not a collector of insecurities.
Nor am I one to understand,
A delivery of another's disrespect.
Shown to me or anyone else addressed.
A maturity I may express...
Was not to me hand delivered.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Quick And Painless

It takes a master of a craft,
To make look easy a task...
With it done to have many,
Believe without sacrifice...
They can duplicate to create,
A mediocrity some accept...
As talent one has to pass,
And rate as such.

Gone unnoticed are the details.
Or the time involved it takes,
To be genuine and innovative.
While others less gifted,
Are kept focused upon...
Ways in which,
They can get and pocket...
A quick and painless buck.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Quick And Quiet Pee

Grandpa trapped me with gas that he passed.
The children from the playground saw me gasp for air,
And laughed.
Grandpa didn't bat an eye at me,
When I covered up my nose and pretended to sneeze!
He offered to extend to me an apology...
By saying he tried to hold the gas in,
But if he did there was nowhere around...
He could take a quick and quiet pee!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Quick As If To Quench One's Thirst

If lifetimes have been spent in pretense...
There is no value for reality.
Limitations of fear, greed and conflict,
Isolates like a disease.
And those afflicted...
Insist upon evil and wickedness,
For their survival.
Or the lack of it,
Thereof!
And an appreciation for their existence,
Becomes dismissed!
As easily as extinguishing lives disrespected.
Quick as if to quench one's thirst for blood!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Quick Exits

Of course I can be cordial.
Respectful and show tact.
I would never expose anything more...
When in public,
And that's a fact.

I want others to feel I can be approached.
With an empathetic ear,
Prepared to listen.
With a patience endearing...
And abundantly bestowed.

Although...
When it becomes time,
For me to protect my peace of mind...
I'll take off any mask I'm wearing.
To make it easy for anyone...
To locate my definition,
Of quick exits!
As I can define and exhibit.

With a disappearance,
Clear of interference...
From any atmosphere I leave.
While others may choose to socialize...
Some are quite surprised,
I'm not out seeking popularity.
Sometimes the idea of it frightens me.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Quick Fix

Some people are brilliant,
In their rhetoric.
Expounding in profound glory.
Expressing themselves with direct eye contact.
Firm handshakes to leave,
The best impression a gifted perfomer can deliver.

Their BS is rehearsed so well,
It smells wonderful.
Until it is realized the act delivered...
Is just what it is.
Entertainment to appease those thirsting,
For a quick fix!

And those professional at it...
Know exactly when to turn it on and off!
Hoping the spotlight is controlled,
By a very slow dimmer.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Quick Fix Remedies

I find it absurb and totally ridiculous,
That those who profess to be in the dark...
And clueless,
As to why these days...
That find them entwined,
In an assortment of dilemmas...
Have discovered they are beset,
With mental, physical and financial regrets!
As if the steps they have taken,
Were unconsciously made...
By an hypnotic inducement,
That tricked them and enslaved.

Demanding today they are as if entitled,
To have quick fix remedies...
That will come to sweep them free,
Of their ability to self inflict their own ailments.

'Oh...
To 'bah' with a humbug is tempting! '

And they are the same people,
Who refused to hear or listen...
To those they depicted,
In character assassination campaigns...
As being unpatriotic, nationalistic mavericks.
With a choosing to ruin their reputations.

Well...
Who amongst those self righteous types,
Are in the streets everywhere...
Declaring their displeasures now?

And...
Aren't their activities,
Focused on the disparities of life?

Isn't this something once done years ago,
That was once declared...

A challenge to their way of life?
And they had turned their backs on those,
Doing 'then' what they felt had been right!

'Oh...
To 'bah' with a humbug is tempting!
Even if the holidays are not in sight.
But these times are so ripe for this expression.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Quick Fixes To Satisfy

Getting rid of those experienced,
To refuse what it is given to readily dismiss...
With it declared unaccepted,
As an offering to refuse to then disrespect.
Can be compared to valued gems that are genuine.
But kicked to the curb as a custom kept preserved!

However...
If no one is aware of what is there in their presence,
As an opportunity that benefits without strings attached...
They will always seek that which impresses,
On a surface that represents a glitter presented.
And with a bling that matches for eyes to attract.
Yet no depth that is connected to a serving,
Of a longevity to keep illuminating bright,
With a kept sparkle that shines everywhere day and night.

And this a routine too frequently seen...
Comes to eventually upset the ones,
Wanting more to feed their temporary needs...
And not a future to address when their cupboards are bare!
But even their voices...
Begin to irritate those with minds teased by impatience,
With a getting of quick fixes to satisfy that taste for greed.
Not self worth or integrity!
But greed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Quick For Them To Lure A Dude

It's quick for them to lure a dude,
Service their slutty needs...
And call him a dog!

It's quick for them to have fatherless children.
Not by one or two,
But by three different men.
Sometimes more.
Depending on the 'heat' they are in!

So...
If they wish to call these kids' dads dogs...
Why are the men,
The ones with the fleas?
To become impounded in jail cells,
For back due support payment fees!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Quick Lived Whims

And here we are...
Concerned that aliens from outer space,
Will someday come to invade our way of life.
As if our barbaric perceptions,
Would be envied by any being who can travel...
Faster than light from distant stars,
Can reach our self centered existence.

We remain fearful of that which has supreme intelligence.
Just like we become suspicious of an independent,
Thought process.
People are programmed to detest a 'smart ass'.
Or someone that is direct.

And yet we take for granted the very Earth we leech on.
Not realizing...
We are being consumed by it.
Not the other way around!
And every aspect of its magnificence...
Allows us to believe what we wish!
With that 'message' missing...
From our need to self indulge those quick lived whims.
That have come to feed the amusement,
Of this living Earth!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Quick Of Lip And Short Of Thought

Destroyed by appearances.
And values on the surface...
That have no depth.
A quality of life has been sacrificed.
Devisive measures have assisted the blight.
There are still those bickering over racists insights.
And their ignorance has expedited conflicts biting...
Further into poisons to bring them all demise!
Since the foundation that supports their allegations,
Is in need of desperate repair...
And has cracked with wounds!
Everywhere!
Leaving hatred and bitterness,
To sink their luxurious ship!
Exposing themselves...
To be quick of lip and short of thought!
And agreeably their own worse enemy.
Nourished on 'mad cow' and polluted pretense...
That justifies this nonsense,
With an applied nonstop ignorance!
That seems more and more a way of life accepted.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Quick Possession

Insignificant they see themselves.
And a showing of this towards life as well.
Hollow and ungrateful feelings,
Taught and perceived by those whose beliefs...
Were dictated to them in environments,
Where they represent the people living in them.

Insignificant they see themselves.
Just like their parents who felt the same way.
With similar images of obtaining success,
As a quick possession of what they can get.
With a having of that which impresses,
No matter how easy such unrealities come to be lived.
Or what the judge says before sentencing them to prison.

A mindset fixed and conditioned to be self centered,
Is a mindset that lacks other values!
And those 'standards' by which they live...
Is obtained by the entertaining of decadence.
With such a marketing done that trivializes life...
And the significance of being human.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Quick Seizures

Run...
Through the valleys of your deepest fears,
And escaping pain.

Run...
And stay clear of deceptive faces,
Some may take time...
To define and clarify.

Run...
Out pace temptations chasing,
They too seek someone to cling onto.
Someone like you,
In denial and yet,
Knowing on the inside
Someone like you,
Not showing it on the outside
Is inside desiring...
Needs you have to be touched,
Fucked and satisfied!
But prostitution should not be,
What this feeling can deliver...
When it's been on hold overtime!
To slowly freeze.

You're ready to thaw!

Run...
They seek quick seizures.
With judgements passed to place!
They come to haunt you with false charges.
Memories revealed you knew weren't real of face!

Run...
Your peace of mind is wanted,
And it threatens those with no sense.
Even though they know you know it shows...
They feel better with you caged and fenced!

Run...
Through the valleys of your deepest fears,
And escaping pain.

Run...
And stay clear of deceptive faces,
Some may take time...
To define and clarify.

When you've got them out of view...
Forget their constant screaming!

Run...
Through the valleys of your deepest fears,
And escaping pain.

Run...
And stay clear of deceptive faces,
Some may take time...
To define and clarify.

Run...
Out pace temptations chasing,
They too seek someone to cling onto.
Someone like you,
Refusing in denial and yet,
When not in sight...so needy.

Run...
They seek quick seizures.
With judgements passed to place!
They come to haunt you with false charges.
Memories revealed you knew weren't real of face!

Run...
Your peace of mind is wanted,
And it threatens those with no sense.
Even though they know you know it shows...
They feel better with you caged and fenced!

Run...
Through the valleys of your deepest fears,

And escaping pain.

Run...
And stay clear of deceptive faces,
Some may take that time...
To define them and clarify.
But...
When you've got them out of view...
Forget their constant screaming!
Forget what you've gone through,
And live that life you're dreaming!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Quick Slate Cleaner

When I announced I didn't want any of it,
All of it became available.
As if a decision I had made,
Could be teased.
And my mind would find fresh pleasures.

When I was there caring...
I cared.
That's why I was there.
Because I cared!
When the purpose of my caring ends...
I don't pretend.
It ends!
And there is no convincing.
I am not one to stand on a fence.
There has been very few times,
I sought and needed assitance...
To make up my mind!
I am not that kind.

When I have love.
It is there and unconditional!
If testing of those conditions begin,
Something I have and give...
Certainly is not being comprehended.
And I am not a good instructor...
When it comes to rules of love,
And interpretations of it!
It diminishes in value.
Especially if what is felt has to be explained!
Even the thought of doing it is useless!
I have become very practical.
If I have lost an investment?
That's what it is...
A lost investment!
Some folks rather gather others,
To become smothered in tears.
As if those actions will erase,
Regrettable decisions.

They don't!
They just prolong them,
For bouts with recycled doubts!
I've learned to be a quick slate cleaner.

Something I feel that comes to a stop.
Comes to a stop!
And I give everything all I've got!
When the purpose of my caring ends...
I don't pretend.
It ends!
I am not in the business of rekindling,
Anything that has fizzled.
When the flame of my heat is turned off...
By someone or something,
Believing it will be easy to have my heart reset?
Forget it.
I wouldn't want to be the one to lose that bet!
There is nothing like lessons learned.
And I am not living my life repeating regrets.
Or satisfy my desires with stagnation!
For some...
That might work!
I'm just not one to argue about it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Quick They Are

Quick they are to spread amongst themselves,
Who's not doing what for them.
And who's not doing this or that.
For them!
And they should know.
Since creating rumors is all they do.
Gossip.
Lie.
And ruin lives too!
Quick they are to spread amongst themselves,
Diseases of all kinds.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Quick To Adapt To Please

Always humbling it is,
To acknowledge the scent of flowers.
No matter where they go to bud and grow,
Or become transplanted...
The flowers, the trees, birds and bees,
Seem to be committed,
To their identities.

But we as human beings,
Seek to impress...
Whomever addresses,
Our differences.
And quick to adapt to please,
Many of us do!
To camouflage the truth of our existence.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Quick To Be Thoughtless

People who believe themselves to be influential,
And dismiss the activities of others quick.
Assuming what has been done,
Will not affect where they sit...
Or come not to experience the wrath of one,
Victimized by their wickedness...
Only need one time to be shown,
Who's boot fits the foot that kicks them out the door.

Just one time does it take,
To clarify this kind of mind with an introduction to reality.

And to their surprise,
The one who does this...
Was the first to have offered a welcoming,
With a warm assistance given.
But...
Who knew that the one self obsessed,
Would perceive the one expressing hospitality...
To be the one picked as dispensable?

You know...
Someone believed trying to impress.
And someone who one best is thought...
Can be done without.

So disturbing are the minds of those who are...
Quick to be thoughtless and fast to raise a nose.
And...
Too late,
Come the lessons for some to learn...
Like those who believed they are chosen,
When applying a respect that should not be selective.
And they 'assume' someone near,
Can do without a bit of political correctness.
Based upon their 'perspective'.
And undenied and unstoppable 'arrogantness'.

'Excuse me,

Your Highassness...
I don't believe we've met.
But if you expect to stay around here...
Your way of doing things,
Will not be done around me.
Is that clear?

I am not so charitable when offended.
Or dismissed by stupidity.
But I do love the process of giving warnings.
Some I know wouldn't bother!
How fortunate you are 'they' are not 'me'.'

~What are you saying? ~

'I'm quick with the use of my feet.
And you don't want to see either foot in action.
Since that would create unnecessary distraction.
But eventually you will get the point I make.
I've grown increasingly patient.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Quick To Boost Children With Wit

I once sought acceptance.
As a child growing in an environment.
Living amongst those I was told to respect.
With words untold...
I also grew to respect.
On their terms.
Since the same turf we shared.
Back then and during those times I yearned,
To learn!

But as I grew to understand from hard knocks.
Like throwing rocks at children.
And finding them and their parents...
Coming to my folks,
With not a smile on their faces!
Not a one looking...
As if they came to tell a series of jokes.
My yearnings to learn,
Took me, at times, away from my neighborhood.
Sometimes alone!
And for me this was good.

I soon came to understand...
Some folks didn't have a high degree of curiosity.
In fact...
Many couldn't read.
And those kids who could...
Were kinda ostracized from the 'hood'.

And growing up in a huge family...
I kept my thirst for learning,
As a secret kept within me!

But today as an aging man...
I know how important it is,
To be who I am.
And I am quick to boost children with wit.
Encouraging them to be inquisitive.
And observe how minds empty of thought...

Will have their hands out,
With nothing in them to share or give!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Quick To Defend A Perception

Many are quick to defend,
A perception they have...
That they can do a balancing act,
While juggle balls.
Chew gum and hop on one foot.

Until it is brought to their attention...
Whatever it is they are perceiving,
Would be more impressive and believed...
If the cleaning of their own backyards,
Was for them a priority.
And accomplished to the best of their ability.

People are then more inclined to be forgiving,
Once it is acknowledged...
What one pursues to do,
Is in addition to what one has already done...
Successfully.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Quick To Deliver The Flavor

From my own experiences to live,
And witness to eventually comprehend...
I have come to recognize,
An opportunity when it is presented.
Whether the outcome is positive or negative.
The result leaves one with a lesson learned.

All opportunities should leave 'something' achieved.
Even misdeeds done to others,
Have their benefits to not at first understand...
Who is left the most deserving.

I remember those days,
Being driven into a rage.
To not understand,
How to replace my craze with faith.
I had let my 'cool' crank up into a boil.
Heated to please someone loving my steam.
Until I was told I could control my blood pressure.
With a stopping to feed what others enjoyed.

'Stop fighting against the ignorance of others.
If you know you are being baited into an argument,
Identify the reason why.
The only way to win against ignorance,
Is to not feed what ignorance seeks.'

What does ignorance seek?

'An appetite to leave someone else feeling stupid.
Many who pick arguments are not mentally secure.
And they wish to feed their insecurities to others.
To smother them in anger.
With that done to feel good about themselves.
If you notice this,
The more obvious it gets.
Be quick to deliver the flavor.'

You mean 'favor' don't you?

'No.
Flavor.
Be agreeable.
Immediately that taste they wont expect.
And it will be shown to them known,
Who has the better of a self respect kept.
If you notice this,
The more obvious it gets.
Be quick to deliver the flavor.
And not the one whipped up into a frenzy.
Or...
Say nothing and just stare.
With head tilted and eyes up in the air.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Quick To Dump Their Junk

Some seem ready to jump into a garbage dump.
Quick to dump their junk,
And then start running.
Quicker to abuse their minds.
Quicker to find the time to whine.
And quick to say who's nuts...
And who ain't crazy.

It seems easier to walk away from people raging.
Easier to say who should be who they are.
Easier to start a fight.
Easier to say who's not living right.
And easier to be the one who sleeps at night.

Quick and easy it seems not to worry.
It appears some live lives free of mental strife.
Quick and easy it seems for them not to hurry.
When a life they choose to live,
Is not disguised by lies.

It seems some can take their lumps and not be moaning.
Or groan from Sunrise 'til that Sun goes down.
Whether they keep a faith.
Or pray every second of each day.
They don't walk around,
With a face to frown.

Why is it...
Some seem ready to jump into a garbage dump?
And why is it...
Some are quick to dump their junk,
And run?

Why are they...
Quicker to abuse their minds.
And why so quick are they to whine?
And quick they are to say who's nuts...
But they're not crazy.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Quick To Finish Mentalities

It's not how one starts.
But how they finish.
With a focus to produce quality,
A standard to value that seems to have gone.

Although those accustomed to mediocrity,
With quick to finish mentalities...
Rush to make impressions first,
To thirst only fame and notoriety.

'I know I am late and I apologize.'

~I assigned this task three days ago.
You are the last to arrive.
And that surprises me.~

'I wanted to produce my best effort yet.
Not only just to do it.
But to keep a promise to myself,
Made years ago that I can not forget.'

~Let me say this as you lower your head,
Your presentation and commitment to quality...
Is above and beyond my expectation.~

'But I...'

~Sssshhh.
I only have one suggestion to make.~

'Okay. I'm listening.'

~Congratulations.
Even though the others rushed through their tasks,
Is it possible you can teach them what quality is?
Is that too much from you for me to ask? ~

'I don't know if I can teach it.
It has to be what someone wants.

It has to be a desire and felt required.
Regardless of a time given for a test to pass.'

~I see.
I have no need for those with quick to finish mentalities.
If I paid you to produce consistent quality for me,
What payment would you accept? ~

'We can negotiate.
I don't want you to get addicted to my best.
To have it left to believe I'll accept less payment.
I have no interest in having my ego massaged.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Quick To Flee From Evil

I've got my past dues paid.
From streets well seasoned.
My life,
Has found a new release!

Got off a high horse dead!
Beaten down to relieve me.
I didn't understand it then...
But now I walk free,
Without pity handouts teased!

It hasn't been an easy breeze,
To know the taste of defeat.
It 'has' been a struggle,
Just to keep my faith.
Decreasing stored grief...
Prepared to dropp my tears,
With frowns
Down on saddened cheeks!

And within me,
Was a strength concrete
Held onto...
With my beliefs!
Healing.
This fresh outlook I took that appeals,
With a brightness felt!
That began to show and reveal...
A growth within me,
I could nolonger conceal.
And there I was...
As I am today!
Quick to flee from evil!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Quick To Hide What Is Not Wished To See

When fear becomes greater,
Than the payment to keep it under control.
This generates an expensive undertaking,
That never seems to diminish in threats.
Nor does it get a chance to grow old...
With updates made to entice legalized,
Fighting.

And we insist to keep fear resisted.
No matter how enormous our appetites....
For the taste of blood gets,
From front seats.
When in the midst of creating conflict and fear,
We endear the thought of horror stories...
With snacks to munch.

And eyes covered with buttered stained hands,
Are quick to hide what is not wished to see.
As minds adapt to multi-tasking!
While preferences to remain locked in boxes,
Keeps the security industry alive and thriving...
To frighten and spook as well!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Quick To Leap

Lost!
Those people spreading evil,
Are lost!
And people feeding deceit,
Are lost!
And those quick to leap,
On gossip heard in streets...
Are lost!

Those people spreading evil,
Are lost!
And people feeding deceit,
Are lost!
And those quick to leap,
On gossip heard in streets...
There's no reason for a people to be eating anything late,
Like a baked cake.
There's no reason for a people to be eating anything late,
Like a baked cake.

People who can't think,
Are lost!
Those people fighting thinking,
Are lost!
And people walking 'round,
Looking dead on their feet.

Lost!
Those people spreading evil,
Are lost!
And people feeding deceit,
Are lost!
And those quick to leap,
On gossip heard in streets...
There's no reason for a people to be eating anything late,
Like a baked cake.
There's no reason for a people to be eating anything late,
Like a baked cake.
And...people walking 'round,

Looking dead on their feet.
Are lost!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Quick To Pass Their Judgements

The ones quick to pass their judgements,
Seem always the ones first to protest...
Any signs of injustices they perceive are made,
Against them and their beliefs.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Quick To Quit It

Born to stick and get it on,
To that which has from me not gone...
Away to stray.
And not for too long.

I'm motivated to create.
And,
That has been my vision.
Everyday I feel elated,
Like I'm born with this decision...
To crave it as a wish.
And as a mission.
With a satiating of it as my true ambition.

Born to stick and get it on,
To that which has from me not gone...
Away to stray.
And not for too long.

My chatter may be scattered,
And I know this as a fact.
But my mind forever searches,
To connect and attach...
What's below the surface,
With a purpose that emerges.
And...
Sometimes,
I quickly detach.

My chatter may be scattered,
And I know this as a fact.
But my mind forever searches,
To connect and attach.
And...
Sometimes,
I quickly detach.
With my druthers not intended done from others.

I'm motivated to create.

And not waste idled chatter.
My mind from this can detach.
With my druthers not intended done from others.

I'm motivated to create.
And not waste idled chatter.
My mind from this can detach.
And quick!
My mind from this can detach.
And quick!
To quit it.
With my druthers not intended done from others.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Quick To Raise My Right Eyebrow

I am one not often stunned,
By those who come...
Just to grieve and leave.

Nor do I give quickly empathy,
To those I perceive...
Wish to deceive me.

But I will donate a raised eyebrow,
To those who will plead endlessly...
That my joy is theirs to take away.

I've earned my happiness.
With a sacrificing of my time.
And I've given every bit of my patience.
But I'm not the kind to barter my peace...
For somebody who has lost their mind.

I am one not often stunned...
By someone who has lost their mind.
I am quick to raise my right eyebrow,
To anyone who wants to see that done.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Quick To Re-Act

Quick to re-act but so slow to think,
Are they who should have learned by now...
Lessons to them taught,
Would one day have more value...
Than jewels thought priceless or coats of mink.

Even egocentrics thick headed with beliefs,
Are beginning to show signs of becoming humbled...
By those they once chose to turn up their noses,
Only to discover themselves the ones bleeding...
From a guilt driven remorse felt deep.

Their hearts can not take,
The truth that those they have underestimated...
Had struggled to pave paths,
Upon which those quick to re-act...
Stroll with a doing to address false impressions to make.

And, of course...
Discovering themselves to be the ones who fake,
Does not provide a comforting feeling to face.

'I'm sorry...
But I thought...'

~No need to apologize to me!
I always knew I had the keys to your destiny.~

Quick to re-act but so slow to think,
Are they who should have learned by now...
Lessons to them taught,
Would one day have more value...
Than jewels thought priceless or coats of mink.

Even egocentrics thick headed with beliefs,
Are beginning to show signs of becoming humbled...
By those they once chose to turn up their noses,
Only to discover themselves the ones bleeding...
From a guilt driven remorse felt deep,

AND to keep.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Quick To Sniff Sabotage

Warning!
Do not select me,
As a means or reason...
To inflict your insecurities.
You will not be pleased,
By the response you will receive from me!

I enjoy my cashews raw, unsalted...
And with raisins.
And if I am trailing in a mix...
I 'may' add dried pineapple.

You see,
It's like this...
I've never been one to run away from conflict.
Nor am I one to whisper in listening ears,
With tainted lips.
To insight drama,
Where none had existed.
However,
If drama is what is sought...
I will ensure to drag inappropriate activities,
To centerstage.
With patience as one of my virtues.
And a mind that is quick to sniff sabotage!

Stripped bare of mystery.
I do not do 'who-done-its' well.
I am direct and quite specific.
And spend little time analyzing BS!

Sometimes in the receiving,
I become overwhelmed with my giving!
Especially to those,
Who have proven to be more than deserving.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Quick To Stop To Adapt And Adopt

Memories to believe mean more to me,
Than sitting to reminisce and not experience...
That which I missed,
But had not occurred in my life just yet.
With wishes I had developed the nerve,
To do what I could have done...
But didn't do because of fear,
Like many do who refuse with excuses...
To move with a making of things to happen.
Although quick to stop to adapt,
And adopt the impossible with doubts.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Quick To Wish To Be Accepted

So quick to wish to be accepted.
With a doing of anything to be perceived as equal.
To do everything done to be the ones selected.
And intergrated with the blinding of eyes not to be found to hate.

But the time has come for all of their desires to be outdated.
With a teaching to hate themselves successfully achieved.
Since what they should have wanted was identified dignity.
And doing that would have found them today elated.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Quick We Are To Say

During lives we come to live,
There are many we don't see.
Even though we share,
The passing of cast shadows.

Everyday there is,
Opportunities to meet.
But our eyes just look away,
While walking upon the streets.

Few stop to say, 'Hello how are you today? '
Or care to know,
Who feels...
As we do!

During lives we come to live,
There are many we don't see.
Even though we share,
The passing of cast shadows.

And...
We don't dare to bother to ask,
How one feels.
Or...
Dare to smile to greet,
When we pass.

But...
Quick we are to say,
Kiss my...!
As if that was a favorite task,
Mastered...
In a class.

Everyday there is,
Opportunities to meet.
But our eyes just look away,
While walking upon the streets.

Few stop to say, 'Hello how are you today? '
Or care to know,
Who feels...
As we do!

During lives we come to live,
There are many we don't see.
Even though we share,
The passing of cast shadows.

We choose,
Instead...
To be rude.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Quick Whim Mode

Access to a treasure chest!
Quality shown but goes unknown...
To the one fed sweetened snacks
By another prone,
To keep those off track!
Those who are lured...
From the safety of their nestling sacks.
Sneaking with a creep,
Who is envious of that!
A two bit con with a game going on.
Charming and preying until dawn.
Satisfying the insatiable lust...
Of one in quick whim mode!
Disregarding trust.
To return to the 'gem' at home,
With a prepared lie that's told!
Just to get tricked for the hell of it!
To please the urges of a freelancing libido.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Quickened Endings Speeds The Change

Quickened endings speeds the change.
And games played once reliable...
No longer,
Remain the same.

Quickened endings speeds the change.
Knock down those blocks,
And...
Open up what's been locked.

Quickened endings speeds the change.
Don't try to cease them.
Hoping to keep...
Whole and complete in one piece,
A picture wanted perfect...
But,
Soon from you to leave.
Soon you will believe!

Quickened endings speeds the change.
Let what was known go!
And....
Don't try to cease this speed.

Quickened endings speeds the change.
And games played once reliable...
No longer remain.
So...
Knock down those blocks,
And...
Open up what's been locked.
It's futile to keep clinging,
To meanings coming to a stop!

Quickened endings speeds the change.
And...
Don't try to cease them,
With a picture held to keep.

Quickened endings speeds the change.
And...
Don't try to cease them,
With a picture held to keep.

Quickened endings speeds the change.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Quickened Forgiveness Comes

A choice to abuse those refusing to choose,
To use darkness to undo love...
Will bring these doers someday into broad daylight.

Although one's patience can not be expected,
To forever wait.

And if a few elect to drag some corrupted souls,
Into the open...
A quickened forgiveness comes to restore confidence.

Without the force of hate!
But by a taste for replacements that suddenly takes place!

Sometimes that is how things have to be done!
To stop the dimming of light,
Affecting everyone basking in the acceptance of decay.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Quickened Is The Ticking

There is no more than the shadows of ghosts,
Appearing in the troubled eyes...
Of those perplexed by the days betraying,
The shredding of power bases dared.

Hour upon dreaded hour,
Ears are exposed to hear...
Each thunderous crack,
Of foundations splitting apart to entrap.

And quickened is the ticking of the clock,
Under watchful eyes nonstop.
As a flow of placing blame remains unchanged.
While a tossing about of accusations,
Refuses to cease a decreasing sanity increasing shame.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Quickened Methods To Destroy

The elevation of escalated ignorance,
Could have been prevented by common sense.
But a senselessness and an activation of it,
Has become too common to avoid.

With a consent of this as if enjoyed,
By those who employ quickened methods...
To destroy and shown it to be craved,
By a display of licking blood off lips for the taste.

And...
Denying those who try to defy,
With other definitions that will sustain...
Only one that will remain as a permanence.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Quickens Its Own Demise

A shallowness connected,
And shared with limited mentalities...
Quickens its own demise.
This is not shown,
Until a visitor from the unknown is made.
And only then does an end,
To sophisticated ignorance shown...
Saves others from demons,
Hiding from the innocent in darkness!
In an overblown self induced superiority.
Where a slick wickedness is practiced and condoned!
And they undo themselves with an honorable skill.
And when revealed...
Squeal like children discovered doing evil deeds.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Quicker Than A Wick

Those days that come,
With a visiting from darkness.
Seem to stay with us forever,
When we are young.
And too impatient to wait,
For our dreams to come true.

Some young people become distant,
And disrespectful.
With a doing of things regretted.
When days thought long and went on and on,
To become compared to minutes lived...
When aging done seems like a race to the finish line.
And those days that come with a visiting...
From darkness seem to remind us,
Our stay in the present days...
Are not for us in a foreverness to be remembered.

When we are young and many adventuresome...
And too impatient to wait,
For our dreams to come true.
Some sat in a brooding.
Not knowing what to do.
But choose to be insolent.

And then they do! Come true. Those dreams.
Although...
We seldom do realize it.
Until we've matured and reflect upon what has visited.
And why we were so concern to rush through a life,
Quicker than a wick can burn through wax...
To provide the darkness to be the canvas,
Of etched shadows cast.
To eventually end the flickering,
Of candlelight to leave silent our voices.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Quickies

Your nipples once sat lifted
As gifts you shared with me.
You let me lick dripping moisture then...
When they glistened in sunlight with glee,
Just for me.
And as those days began to fade our youth...
Everything firm took a turn and now sags!
You think of yourself unattractive as we age,
But booted 'quickies' took in haste...
Has gratified with a slower pace,
To make us glad together...
We can still quiver in climax!
And nothing about that saddens.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

'Quickies' Upon My Heart

Where IS your lover?
That significant 'other'?
You can not be here,
Without an attachment near?
Where IS your lover...
Are you mine that has appeared?

Where IS your mate?
The one who salivates...
Your appearance awaited.
Who ELSE is captivated,
By your charms, wit and smile?
I see those eyes that dance...
Teasing me with wishes of romance!

Where IS this lover?
There has to be someone,
You left heated?
Someone you left pleading,
For your return?
Someone you are teaching...
To live these moments in your absence!
As you break free,
To unleash these 'quickies' upon my heart!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Quickly Assessed To Suspect

If one's intelligence was a defense used against,
The strangle hold of an increasing ignorance...
And events associated to its prominence.
To end with a smothering of common sense.
Then why has it been an exorbitant expense,
To convince...
That the education one has is a vital benefit.

Especially today when many are offended,
By anyone with a thought process...
Confessing an expertise easily to connect dots.
Confusing many to address without that ability.

And once this is admitted with a proof that is served,
That person becomes quickly assessed to suspect...
As a threatening nonconformist to be watched and observed.

'Do you mind passing me more BS, please?
The taste of it is so fresh.
Is it 'never' out of season?
Or does that depend on its presentation...
And the supply and demand for its need? '

I have not a clue.
But it is delicious, isn't it?

'Yes.
Is there more? '

As much of it as you would like.
Light, mild or spicy!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Quickly Delivered

It's not polite to slam the door,
On the face of one who aggravates!
Invite them in...
And push them out the window instead!
Your point will be quickly delivered,
When they discover you serving hors d'oeuvres
To the attending ambulance crew!
Leaving everyone with a taste of your graciousness!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Quickly It Began

Suddenly you're there...
In my heart.
In my heart as if,
You had 'always' been there.
And then I became aware...
Quickly it began beating.
My heart.
Quickly it began beating.
My heart.
Quickly it began beating.
My heart.
Quickly it began beating.

Suddenly you're there...
In my heart.
And...
Quickly it began beating.
My heart.
Quickly it began,
Like it couldn't stop.
Quickly it began,
And-that's-the-good part.
Quickly it began beating.
My heart.
Quickly it began,
Like it couldn't stop.
Quickly it began,
And-that's-the-good part.

Suddenly you're there...
In my heart.
And...
That's-the-good part.
My heart...
Couldn't stop!
And...
Quickly it began,
Like it couldn't stop.
Quickly it began,

And-that's-the-good part.
Quickly it began beating.
My heart.
Quickly it began beating.
Like it couldn't stop.
Quickly it began,
And-that's-the-good part.
Quickly it began beating.
My heart.
Quickly it began beating.
Like it couldn't stop.
Quickly it began,
And-that's-the-good part.
Quickly it began beating.
My heart.
Quickly it began,
And-that's-the-good part.
Quickly it began,
And-that's-the-good part.
Quickly it began beating.
My heart.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Quickness Of Life

Death is going on...
To replenish what's be taken!
To fulfill a wish,
That was untimely aborted.
Death upon us,
Is linked to the life we know.
We review the affects of death...
As if those among the living 'know'.

'Is there a look of confidence among them?
When Jesus is spotted...
Bring Him to the front of the line! '

We treat death as if it does not exist!
Like those who are racists,
With other assorted mental limits.
As if it is ignored...
Away it will go!
Death is the other side of life...
Coming to bestow,
A reason to enjoy life and live!
And many don't get it!
And yet some get it much too soon!

And everything that can be touched
Now can and is taken away!
Since death is far greater,
Than the quickness of life...
Coming for moments to glow!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Quicksand Under Your Feet Sinks

It is quite wonderful,
You would want the beliefs you keep...
To be correct.
I think it to be commendable.

But shouldn't you rethink,
The possibility...
That the quicksand under your feet sinks!
And that the rescue workers that have appeared...
Are here,
To save you!

And not praying,
For it to freeze to see you lifted...
By a miracle you say,
With faith...
Soon comes!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Quiet Are The Mockingbirds

Quiet are the mockingbirds.
Stopping their mocking,
Of others with appearances...
Different from theirs.
To come as a flock,
Repeating to peep about...
While listening from fences,
Creating divisions.
And their own defenses.

Once quick to tweet,
And flutter to be seen.
Just for the attention,
With a mocking done...
To clearly demean.

No one knows why they chose,
Here to mock.
And start commotion.
No one knows why they chose,
Here to spread innuendos.
And malicious gossip,
To spew and drop...
From their lieing to divide,
Mocking mouths.

Their intentions to offend.
Began to backfire on them.
Those mocked did not like it.
Or tolerate this,
As their ancestors had...
From centuries passed.
Quieting the mocking.
As all with differences,
Came to gather together.
In a display...
Of multiple colors.
Adorning an array...
Of proud to wear feathers.

Quiet are the mockingbirds.
Defenseless.
Abandoning fences made.
Quiet are the mockingbirds.
Making attempts to mend,
Senseless divisions...
They alone created.
To humiliate and intimidate,
Those they determined...
Were complicit and placated.
Quiet are these mockingbirds...
Knowing today they face,
A life to live more complicated
And those of differences,
Are not so easily chased.
By others disapproving...
Of their physical appearances.
To quickly dismiss,
With intimidated humiliation.
Long to have become accustomed,
As to why this is done.
And the useless foolishness,
Of it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Quiet Hours

Until those quiet hours come,
Before dawn and midnight passes.
Peace to know it as it is to last,
Will be kept as a wish.
To be forgotten to keep,
Existing conflicts more the reality.
The moment the Sun,
Appears on the horizon to shine.
Unable to leave a carried baggage behind.

Until those quiet hours come,
As if awaiting for them done to stay...
Everyday with this commitment meant.
Few prepare for that new dawn that begins,
To end yesterday's confusion.
And others dismiss the quietness,
With frowns accepting an expectation...
There will be 'something' by someone done,
That welcomes their readiness to be abused.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Quiet Womb

Yearned it has been and earned,
This peace I keep released inside.
And to feed upon thoughts,
To me fed privately...
Within my protective quiet womb.

Undisturbed are those thoughts,
Coming to surround me to be easily found.
And prepare they choose,
To find the right time to be delivered.
As I await with baited breath and patience.

God has planted these seeds.
And however it is done...
The harvest comes.

Although a few of those thoughts of mine,
Are not ready to select.
Too personal I must abort them.
Too personal to be accepted.
Too personal by others who have been taught,
The sharing of some painful thoughts...
Is a desperate seeking of attention sought.

Well...
My inspiration is not a creation,
Tied to desperation.
Even though I will admit,
Humility and I are associates.
But close friends?
I have already discovered being humble,
Gave some the idea I could also be humiliated.
Needless to say...
There are still concepts I wont accept.

Thoughts of mine I am 'directed' to let go,
I am attached as if an overbearing parent.
With the hopes they are welcomed,
By those who acknowledged them to be...

Inspiring and insightful,
From someone with the same desires and needs.
Seeking to share,
Without all that drama but emphatically...
To assist understanding and to comprehend,
We are all more connected,
Than 'perceptions' separately taught...
Teaches us to believe.

Yearned it has been and earned,
This peace I keep released inside.
And to feed upon thoughts,
To me fed privately...
Within my protective quiet womb.
To know...
This process is not an exception.
Although the 'awakening',
One does to do alone.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Quieted Lips

At one time,
He was rumored to be unqualified.
Not only is he qualified...
He puts others to shame.
With an intelligence,
They can not pay for...
Or claim.

And the more he and his name is known...
Many show,
They can not bow their heads
Low enough!

We are in the presence,
Of a high intelligence.
And this experience has quieted lips.
With the acceptance of those,
Who are aware of his higher consciousness.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Quieting Their Egos And Putting Out Their 'Lights'

It takes more than a winning attitude,
To actually produce a win.
Some believe it is owed to them.
Those accustomed to adulation.

And no one wins alone!
Some 'superstars' have found this out.
After unknowns have captured their throwns.

It takes more than a winning attitude,
To actually produce a win.
Some believe it is owed to them.
Those accustomed to adulation.

And overpaid folks,
Often provoked jokes...
When their talents and skills,
From them take a hike.

Overnight they might rise,
To heights of fame and glory.
But at a blink of an eye...
Their blessed gifts have been diminished.

And no one wins alone!
Some 'superstars' have found this out.
After unknowns have captured their throwns.
Quieting their egos and putting out their 'lights'.

'Where is that championship you promised us? '

~Well, I...er...um...uh.
Well...
Uh...oh...uh...er...~

'You can always blame it on the 'bling'.
And not the 'brawn' you didn't bring.
It doesn't pay to believe one's own hype.'

~Well, I...er...um...uh,
Right. Right! ~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Quilled By Feathered Pens

Those with embellished delusions,
About keeping entitlements...
Perceived to be constitutionally amended,
To protect them and their rights...
As they WERE to be left untouched.
Should at least read the contents,
To discover what they demand...
Is out of touch, out of the ballpark.
And from a time no longer existing,
With that which 'had' been documented.

And if updated to relate to the times,
We now live in...
Everything believed to be concrete reality,
Would not reflect the intentions...
Of those who would be appalled,
By the inflated misinterpretations...
Attempted to uphold by those sold,
On the influence made quilled by feathered pens.
Created from the beaks of birds.
And etched on parchment paper.

'We uphold these truths to be self evident.'

~I can dig it!
But...
Evident of what?
The presence of a militia?
Is that in the 2nd or 3rd amendment? ~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Quit And Think About Tomorrow

No you can't fool me.
I don't easily buy it.
And no you can't fool me.
I'm looking right in your eyes.

No you can't fool me.
I don't easily buy it.
And no you can't fool me.
I'm looking right in your eyes.

You may say one thing to me...
But I'm looking right in your eyes.
You want me to believe...
But I'm looking right in your eyes.
And it is so incredible...
As I look you in your eyes.
That you'll choose to lie to me.
Your habits are no surprise.

When you're feeling down and out,
You try to pretend you're happy.
When you're feeling lonely too,
You try to hide this from me.
And when you are troubled...
I know that you are.
I know you are feeling...
Sad and blue.
I know that you are...
But what else can I do?

No you can't fool me.
I don't easily buy it.
And no you can't fool me.
I'm looking right in your eyes.

No you can't fool me.
I don't easily buy it.
And no you can't fool me.
I'm looking right in your eyes.

You may say one thing to me...
But I'm looking right in your eyes.
You want me to believe...
But I'm looking right in your eyes.
And it is so incredible...
As I look you in your eyes.
That you'll choose to lie to me.
Your habits are no surprise.

When you're feeling down and out,
I know that you are.
I know you are feeling...
Sad and blue.
I know that you are...
But what else can I do?

If you want to 'trip'...
That's on you.
I can't prevent it.
That's on you.
If you choose to lie,
That's on you.
But...
You should quit and think about,
All those sorrows that you borrow...
With a dragging that you do into tomorrow!

If you want to 'trip'...
That's on you.
I can't prevent it.
That's on you.
If you choose to lie,
That's on you.
But...
You should quit and think about,
All those sorrows that you borrow...
With a dragging that you do into tomorrow!

If you want to 'trip'...
That's on you.
But...

You should quit and think about,
Tomorrow.
And changes to pursue.

If you want to 'trip'...
That's on you.
But...
You should quit and think about,
Tomorrow.
And those changes to pursue.

Quit and think about tomorrow.
'Quit and think about tomorrow.'
And those changes to pursue.
'And those changes to pursue.'
Quit and think about tomorrow.
'Quit and think about tomorrow.'
And be glad it's a new day too!
'And be glad it's a new day too! '
With those changes to pursue.
'With those changes to pursue.'
Why don't you quit and think,
That life you want to live and see tomorrow.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Quit With Nothing Said

When nothing makes sense anymore,
Make this an opportunity...
To free yourself from attempts,
Of being intelligent about it.
Refuse the temptation and resist this.

And try not to convince anyone,
You understand what they are going through.
Don't open up another door,
That invites you to sit with someone else's confusion.
Refuse the temptation and resist this.

Quit with nothing said.
To save that peace inside your head!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Quit Your Obsession With This

When is enough enough?

When too much of it,
Has been determined...
By the one unaccustomed to it.

And they allow it to sit,
Unrecognized and blinded by it.
And not accepting,
Some of it could be shared.
Even after getting sick...
Nothing inside them says,
'Hey,
Look!
Stop...
You need to quit your obsession with this! '

Inspired by'
Rick S. Bastasa's poem
entitled: 'when is enough enough'

'Who knows? '
Thank you, Ric

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Quite A Fantastic Pair

As I grow older...
The wisdom of my parents,
Has increased by leaps and bounds.
I find myself listening to them more now...
Than when they were alive!
And I...
Tried my best not to be too much around.
Young and criticizing...
Who they were and weren't then in my eyes.
And I find myself quite surprised,
To discover their brilliance.
And they were!
Quite a fantastic pair.
They had to be.
To not be crazed by such demanding children!
And as I look back upon those days...
We were not easy to raise.
They kept each of our minds active.
I only realize now...
They knew exactly what they were doing.
And what they were dealing with!
Making sure we were pursuing...
Our journeys,
On right and not wrong paths.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

'Quite A Few'

Thieves greedy and corrupted,
May not get the message...
Until they are crushed and busted.

And already they have been warned,
By natural storms that have come...
To spank them and scorn.

But many heads stubbornly,
Stuck with a thickness...
May eventually get it,
When 'everything' they value...
No longer exists for them as they wish.

Nothing manmade has an unlimited fit,
On an Earth evolving...
To make drastic changes.
Without consulting that which lives upon it.
What visitor invited,
Has been given authority to rule?
Just how many fools are there uncounted,
Believe they can continue to destroy...
With a doing as they choose?

'Quite a few! '

And these are not threats.
Consider them opporunities,
To absorb and receive.
With the leaving behind,
Those impressions to make.
And feelings of regret,
Hoping prayers will return what's not theirs...
By a keeping a false faith,
To have their lives repaired.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Quite Clever But Not Unique

With no thought to think,
Those who cut and paste...
Assume a creativity is taking place.
With a re-arrangement done,
As if an innovation from them comes.

Quite clever but not unique,
Is their technique.
With hopes what they do...
Is sought by others with depth to teach.
As they cut, paste and leech.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Quoted Out Of Context

I've been quoted out of context,
By those who believed it easy to do.
I've been perceived as someone I didn't know...
By those who never spoke to me.
Or came within conversation close.
In other words,
I wouldn't know them 'if' we spoke.
I'm not generally talkative.
And with those I feel comfortable,
I may joke!

But being quoted out of context,
Is something done to others...
Who may provoke an unconscious mind,
To defend a thought process not being delivered.
And the best thing folks who twist the truth can do,
Is to find some way to undermine it!
Or campaign against the one who is unafraid,
By declaring the person crazed!
And suffers from some undisclosed issue and 'problem'.
They try to mask to hide and not themselves expose,
From overdosing in delusions or other escapades they've chosen.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Races Run And Done Just For Fun

Winning races,
Use to mean...
A change of pace,
Of those high stakes placed...
With a bet!
And this would excite
Those who made them with delight.
With a feeling 'something' has been won.

Today,
Races are run...
To go through motions!
These races run and done just for fun,
Are done just for the running.
Not to accomplish a thing for anyone.
Even the serious ones who have grown tired of the fun,
Done...
Are feeling a numbness from those races run.

With the best of political dupings pooped!

With hollow victories achieving nothing.
But a cheering of excitement heard,
From everyone.
In the beginning.

Then a stirring of jeers from those disappointed.
Find expectations resume a familiarity.
Leaving empty promises mouthed but not yet begun.
And a stagnated movement,
Returns with clarity.
A clarity of reality once hushed and shunned.

And everyone begins to see...
These races run to go through motions,
Produces for them...
Hollow victories.
And banners once held high,
Are hidden.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Rachel Jeantel

Blinded by a false and perfected etiquette,
Are those pretentious and embarrassed by reality.
Focused and unaffected by others who project,
Their needs to be seen as acceptable human beings.
And free of these delusions is Miss Rachel Jeantel.
Representing that side of 'society',
Others would rather hide behind fantasies they dwell.
Rachel is not a racist,
She just knows the life 'she' lives.
In an environment untainted by depictions,
Others isolated only in movies come to witness.

Rachel Jeantel forced to testify and defend herself,
With a presence credible by those who know too well...
A truth that exists she refuses to twist.
And not prepared to smother,
By attempts to hide with pretentions of others.
Or those who would be more impressed,
If she expressed their 'interpretation'...
Of someone who possessed 'their' version of intelligence.

Rachel Jeantel IS the reality.
And 'if' those who judge had their identities intact,
They would praise Rachel...
And not fault her for what they determine is a 'lack'.
Rachel Jeantel reflects a truth exposed.
And those with their noses sniffing the air,
Could learn many lessons from an awareness that's there.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Racial Slurs

Those who get upset by racial slurs,
Have come to expect it and can't let it rest
They seem to be those who prefer and choose,
To insult and offend themselves.
With beliefs no one else can do this better.
And those racial slurs they work hard to preserve...
Are reserved to belittle and disrespect.
But no one else is more deserving,
To berate themselves as they can do best.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Racism Kills

Racist people,
Are the saddest these days.
Racist people,
And their ways...
Are fading away.

Hatred kills!
Chills.
And often excused,
As heroism.

Hatred kills!
And for thrills,
Often is defended...
As a pride.
No matter if it hangs...
Or drags alongside,
Insecurites denied.
Hiding the fact...
Their is jealousy behind,
Evil and often...
Masquerading eyes.

Black, white...
Brown or yellow folks,
Provoking attacks.
On others.
Or themselves!
To stab with a vengeance,
Behind a back.
To distort facts!

Racism kills.
And there is no sense in it.
Racism kills.
And the sense that's meant.
Racism kills.
Leaving minds incensed.
Exposing ills...

And evil wills.

Racism kills.
And there is no sense in it.
Racism kills.
And the sense that's meant.
Racism kills.
Leaving minds incensed.
Exposing ills...
And evil wills.
And evil wills to kill will end.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Racist Ambiguities

It's not 'that' which can be seen that is visible...
And annoys to enforce ignorance,
Planted and harvested
To dumbfound those numb and astounded.

It is those on the scene who refuse to see
Themselves endorsing it!
Sewn to reap with an appetite.
This lifestyle of hypocrisy bites,
With an arrogance that is marketed...
By those employed to add 'touches'
Of diverse avoidances.
Testing some to see which ones work!
Hoping efforts pass those awake and alert!

Difficult is the pursuit of hospitalities,
With sincerety and depth attached!
And thinking minds stray detached...
Without matches to assist any growth,
Nourished with encouragement!

And what is visible is denied,
With wishes none of it exists...
As it does in reviewed previews,
Listing
Diluted resolutions...
That persist within those driven,
To deliver racist ambiguities
Fostering fading masquerades!

And no where is this better shown,
Than in places where disturbed faces
Sit in invisible shackles condoned.
With reasons claimed to be unknown!
Except in unconscious trips...
Back and forth in black and white visits,
Observed in constant participation!
As tensions hide realities,
Behind denying eyes!

Searching for what to tag with new labels!
Making sure they keep the rhythm...
And the hand jive alive!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Racist Cowardice

He declares and speaks the truth.
Daring to clear the air...
Of polluted deceitful affairs.

Some distrust such crushing done.
Since honesty had never been delivered...
So bare that it glares,
In the face of those delusioned.

Foundations cracking,
From under false assumptions.
Stunning those fantasized,
By such reductions.

And he is qualified to lead them.
Although they wish his lips would soften.
He declares and speaks the truth to them.
Something that has not been done often...
To a nation afflicted with racist cowardice.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Racists

Racists can not help being what they are.
They have been speeding quicker to an isolation,
Faster than they are being consumed...
By their own hatred.

They speed towards a fate inescapable.
And all we have to do is wait.
Since their eyes are too clouded,
To see the edge.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Racists Can'T Hide

The only ones denying,
Racism exists...
Are those with free passes to DisneyWorld,
And twisted with beliefs
They and their ancestors are descendents,
Of Jesus.

One has to be blind not to see,
What the bigotry of indifference has done.
No country full of whites,
Suffer as much as those of colored ones!
As resources continue to be pilfered,
From lands invaded...
Those who take advantage,
Lay on beaches baking to get 'colorized'
Unshaded!

Trying to get bronze,
And as dark as those despised...
Tossing about histories from a birth,
To give reason to rule and dominate
A familiarized disguise!

Demonic in maneuvers...
With faith in hatred on their side.
Slowly dieing from within,
These racists can't hide!
From sin to sin,
To exploit!
And back again with attempts to win,
With their sinning ways once more...
Again!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Radiance

To bask themselves in radiance,
They purchased flourescent lamps.
Believing they could energize,
And show this...
Without the required batteries needed.
Since they perceived themselves,
To have followed instructions.

'That comes from the 'inside'.'

~OH?
But where are the outlets to plug them in? ~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Radiant Beam

Dear Radiant Beam...
From the Cosmic Heavens come.
You shine upon the Earth Your presence.
And to the life You have given me.
To everyone experiencing...
This 'wonderment' allowed.
Although our minds are shrouded,
With storm clouds hiding...
The true significance,
Of what and who You are!

Dear Radiant Beam...
Any transgressions I commit against Your wish.
Forgive my ignorance, Father Sun.
Knowing I am grateful for all Your gifts.
And all that You are I know here that 'Is'!

With the Sunlight you provide...
That tolerates my thoughtlessness.
Teased by the foolishness of my unconsciousness.
Forgive my ignorance, Father Sun.
Radiant Beam...
You are that only One,
Knowing I am grateful for all Your gifts.
And all that You are I know here that 'Is'!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Radiant Is The Morning Dew To Mist

Radiant is the morning dew to mist.
As if for the first time in my mind,
I've come to see and appreciate it.
And on the horizon a rising Sun,
Appears in the sky like never before done.
Where was I and where have I been?
Have I aged to acknowledge,
A liking more of my life...
Without looking for complaints to begin?
To witness the significance,
Of this 'Supreme' experience I've been given.

Radiant is the morning dew to mist.
As if in my mind to discover the first time,
I've come to see and appreciate it.
And on the horizon a rising Sun,
Appears in the sky like never before done.
Where was I and where have I been?
Have I aged to acknowledge,
A liking more of my life...
Without looking for complaints to begin?
I must first thank God.
And without delay for this gift nearly missed.

Radiant is the morning dew to mist.
Majestic.
Complex.
And yet,
Simplistic in appearance and easy to accept.
As if for the first time I have come to like life.
Where was I and where have I been?
Have I awakened to dawn to have bloomed,
To now take notice of it?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Radiate

Radiate.
Even in the silence of it,
To do alone.
With no one else around to notice,
Your doing of it is taking place.
Radiate!
Electrify your life,
With determination.
And purpose kept identified.
To never allow to dim within.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Radiated With Animation Witnessed

Too brave I have been to be innocent.
Too inquisitive and experimental...
With an unresting daring to live and learn.

I've conquered some fears.
Yet I am aware and too conscious,
Of a powerful existence.

Radiated with animation witnessed,
I am part of but did not create.
And 'this' greatness has my deepest respect!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Radio Active

Groves of Pomegranate with implants,
Of Lilac scents.
Fill the air misted with Cinnamon,
And Lavender fragrances.
Hinted with Lime and Lemon twists.

And all which isn't accepted,
Is kept restricted with barriers that fence.
Ensuring a way of life projected,
Is radio active to incense.

A constitutional decree,
Will never be amended.
To include elements...
Threatening this exclusivity meant.

Since laws implemented were never intended,
For a reception of all to come dressed to the ball.

'And let's make clear this interpretation we are racists.
We are protectors of rights we defend.
We accept other races,
Like us...
To stay in their place.
That they were eliminated is not our mistake.

We do as we please!
And that is not about race.
If they happen to see that another way...
We say, Hey...
Too bad.
Get over it.
That's the breaks! '

A constitutional decree,
Will never be amended.
To include elements...
Threatening this exclusivity meant.

Since laws implemented were never intended,
For a reception of all to come dressed to the ball.

~Now there is a virus that spreads from horses to dogs! ~

WHAT are you talking about now?

~I just wanted to change the subject.
'They' are calling that one H3 'something'...~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Radioactive Activities

It ain't cool,
To select and pick enemies.
Wherever one goes.
And proving with excuses,
A doing done...
With a turned up nose.
Oh no.
This ain't cool.

It ain't cool,
Creating diseases.
To lay the blame then claim,
A cure has been found.
Labelled to give it,
Some difficult to pronounce...
A made up exotic name.
This ain't cool to do.

Eventually a pudding to whip,
Will open all eyes to see...
Just who had intended,
To exercise a right...
To poison minds.
affecting eyesights.

And those masters of deceit,
Revealed from under disguises.
Believed kept discreet.
Will find themselves,
Without defense.
When pigeons among them,
Begin to squeak.
Sitting in prison cells.
Defying lies told and dieing...
From their own radioactive,
Activities.
Innocently to declare,
They've been the victims...
Of a misunderstood strategy.

Ultimately left unfinished.
Since they've been,
Wrongly accused...
As the true enemies of peace!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Ragged In Fads

Held in bondage by their own selfish design!
Confined and conditioned by locks on their minds.
Carrying wounds within...
Feeling trapped by 'colored' skin.
And doing their best to wrestle with unrest.
Seeking acceptance,
And yet rejecting with protests!

Back biting each other with calls to unite.
Contradicting the actions of believers out of sight!
Fighting they do amongst themselves...
Day end and under moonlight.
And when left alone they create their own blight!
Ragged in fads are these lost urbanites!
Believing what they do is right,
Inspite of those who view their tasteless ways...
As wrong and tattered.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Rain Falls To Replenish

There is no appetite I feed,
With indefinite 'becauses'.
There are needs associated,
To the basicness of my existence.

And when I arrived to recognize,
I had qualities of being human...
Nothing about this was based upon,
Idealistic wishes.

Rain falls to replenish the air I breathe.
As provided by the trees.
And however that is interpreted,
With reasons to diminish this...
Is not a lecture from which,
I will sit in a seeking for confirmation.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Raise Your Arms Up

Hey,
Let's strike a deal here!
You promise to pretend,
You give a damn about me.
And I'll pretend I am here,
To end your suffering.

We've got to do something.
Our commanders are running out of cigars,
And bluff!
And you are making our technology,
Appear like Toys R Us stuff.
And our folks back home,
Will never believe you are this tough!
So...
What do you say?
Let's strike a deal here!

You give us back our video equipment...
With our integrity, okay?
And all of you raise your arms up,
Like that guy did on TV last night
When Denver got those touchdowns,
Over the Patriots.

We'd like to leave here in good graces!

'Captain,
Let us know when you want the cameras to roll! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Raised From Birth

People do not suffer,
From their faith.
Or an abundance of it in practice,
Everyday and kept active.
People suffer from the wrong beliefs.
And a mind that is programmed...
That has been taught to feed,
By teachings of thieves.
Who then show them methods of greed.
To spread and release.

People adopt to philosophies,
That tag others with labels.
To assist in the lifting,
Of feelings that isolate them...
In divisions that split.
Into inferior mentalities,
That impresses with a dominance.
And imposes a superiority.

People have been raised from birth,
To replace a self hatred.
That makes others worship failure,
Which allows a thirst.
Cursing themselves and everyone...
With wishes to become the chosen ones.
And be viewed as the only ones,
God sees as first.

Eventually a destruction is dispersed.
And conflicts arise that threatens their demise!

People do not suffer from a faith that is unbroken!
People with a depth of it,
Would keep themselves grounded.
Unshakened with it as it is shared and spoken!
People with faith would never be undone.
Unless it was never there.
Erased and replaced by something else.

That came to chase away a faith...
And kept them praying,
Everyday!
And yet displaying...
Absolutely none!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Raised To Be Independent

I did not understand it then,
But I was in good hands...
When I was raised to be independent.
And learning at an early age,
What it takes to accept in life...
About those things I had to do,
And did not like!

I did not understand it then,
The taking on of responsibilities...
That seem to have no end.
The crying alone inside,
And not showing not a tear outside.
For fear an assessment of it,
Would earn another name to be called.

I did not understand it then,
How to be patient with an ignorance displayed...
At my expense.
Or...
An unconscious ignorance everyone pays,
For the dispense of it!

I did not understand it then,
But I was in good hands...
When I was raised to be independent.
And learning at an early age,
What it takes to accept about my life...
And those things I had to do,
But did not like!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Raised To Be Totally Independent

I knew my mother very well.
In fact...
We were related.
By birth.
Somehow folks that knew us both,
Either did not know that or accept
My mother and I knew each other before
Many of them did.
Many people would come to me,
To say what kind of person she was.
As if I was a visitor...
That showed up on the holidays.
I am the result of my mother's teachings.
And I hope I've done her lessons well.
In fact...
When I had been just a kid at 18,
And had enlisted in the military.
My training instructors were amazed
That I was so disciplined.
I already knew how to iron, sew, cook and clean.
Many of those things some guys struggled,
Through.
As they endured basic training.
People without military training aren't aware...
If mama wasn't there,
Uncle Sam ensured those things got done!
Or no guy would survive on just learning how to clean a gun.
My mama didn't pack no gun.
But she knew what was best for her son!
And to a large degree...
My mama prepared me to confront the enemy.
My ex-wives!
And I say that kind of jokingly.
But I was raised to be totally independent,
Since I can remember.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Raised To Express

So innocent then,
Were my public aggressions!
My willingness to connect,
All aspects of my identity...
With an outspokenness,
Is not new to me.

Raised to express!
And not to regress...
In needless nonstop guessing.

To do my best,
Is...
Something done I should do first for me.

Raised to express!
And not to regress...
In needless nonstop guessing.
And,
To do my best
Is...
Something done I should do first for me.
Since no one better knows my destiny!

So innocent then,
Were my public aggressions!
My willingness to connect,
All aspects of my identity...
With an outspokenness,
Is not new to me.

Raised to express!
And not to regress...
In needless nonstop guessing.
And,
To do my best
Is...
Something done I should do first for me.

And,
To do my best
Is...
Something done I should do first for me.

Every aspect of my life delights,
Since no one better knows my destiny!

Raised to express!
With no need for nonstop guessing.
Or regress to foolishness.
Since,
No one better knows my destiny!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Raised To Have False Perceptions

Don't look at me as if,
You are on a weekend excursion...
Visiting the local zoo.

I know you have limited experience,
Being this 'deep' inside the 'hood'.
But know this...
I recommend you keep your delirium,
Down to an unnoticeable minimum.

How quick and easy it is for those rich,
To attack with their attachments to restrict...
Those limited to opportunities,
To then label their activities as lazy welfare recipients.

However...
Have you ever thought of it?
No one accuses those dripping with values materialistic,
As being thieves, deceivers or opportunists.
To have networked their capable abilites...
With a discreet smugglimg away,
Resources squeezed to leave those bleeding...
To then have them betrayed to allow a portraying of them,
As poor uneducated and less advantaged people.

'How dare you speak to me with such insolence? '

How dare you perceive me to be stupid?

'I...
Just happen to have been raised to have false perceptions.'

I see.
So this removes you from any blame or responsibility?

'I am a philanthropist.
And I donate with a giving of my acquired wealth,
to selected charities around the world.'

And 'how' did you acquire your riches?

'That is none of your business.
Just fill out the application,
If you are seeking any funding from me.'

Do you recruit extremists who have nationalistic wishes?

'What?
Who is the caretaker here,
I shall hold responsible for your crude behavior.'

We are currently seeking a new zookeeper.
With the hopes those projected funding caps,
Are appropriately matched to the ones discovered...
Fit those needs you have requested.

'And you?
Who are you.
What is your position? '

I've been assigned to adequately agitate.

'And must I say...
A job well done.

Do you have a résumé? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Raised To Only Praise Delusions

They come quick to evaluate the words...
And not the content of the message.
They come to seek and critique,
Definitions and language use.
As if an acceptance of concepts,
Will be a test to pass the task that is earned.
They want to qualify the composition...
And the one who prepared the text.
But what is being delivered,
Does not with them connect.
Their minds have been set to protest.
They would like to find the composer negligent.
Incompetent at best!
With an ego self enthralled.
And what should in their minds connect...
Is rejected to leave them stalled.
They were raised to only praise delusions.
And that,
Afterall...
Has become their reason and purpose.
They have become limited and programmed.
With no desire to stand and walk tall.
But to remain on their knees...
As they have been taught to crawl!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Raised To Praise Ignorance

If mediocrity is selected as a favorite flavor,
Of the majority of people raised to praise ignorance.
Then mediocrity it will be,
To smother the influence of those most capable.
Although the ones more intelligent,
Have always been those in the so called minority!
And the evidence of that,
Is as clear as someone mistaking...
A mama grizzly bear for seasoned and trained rats!
Ideas are stolen,
To enhance the ones that have no competitive chance.
And that is not a rumor,
That is based upon identifiable facts!

'Show them how a wheel is made,
And they will run you down in a car they've built.
Show them the positive usage for making a fire,
And everything around you will be burned.
Show them the advantages of keeping a weapon,
And they will kill themselves.
But not until they do that to others first! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Raised To Worship Money

When people are raised to worship money,
With a disrespecting of themselves to obtain it...
The absence of sincerity shows.

As their mental and physical deficiencies grow,
They seem to be frantically caught and seen seeking...
Anything quick to numb the pain to get that 'normal' feeling.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Random Acts Of Silence

Random acts of silence,
Has fed the increase of crime.
These random acts of silence...
To dismiss involvement,
Has affected too many minds...
Time after time.
Without listening to comprehend,
What is condoned does not end...
On its own to isolate and be left alone,
To diminish and confine.

Random acts of silence practiced,
Has brought to introduce sadness...
Much too often in these times.
And random acts of silence stuns,
The ones who question...
Why to them such sadness comes.
With them left disbelieving and in grieve,
That actions accepted...
Leaves a misery of tragedies wept,
Uninvited but welcomed by everyone to regret.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Random Decisions Made

When I awakened one day,
To feel absolutely free of complaint...
I knew the opportunity had come,
To rid myself of stress.
A dawning had arrived I needed to address.
And with a doing to seek my own happiness,
I took advantage immediately of this feeling to make...
Random decisions made to take a walk,
To places I had not before experienced.
With an observing those looking as if,
They carried the World on their shoulders.
Faces with frowns and heads held down.
Some limping from aches and pains,
To bear the weight and appearing strained!
With more of it invested while producing nothing gained.
And I noticed in their doing of it,
How I attempted to do the same thing.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Rap It

Do you wanna rap?
'No, I don't wanna rap! '
Do you wanna rap?
'No, I don't wanna rap! '
Do you wanna rap?
'No, I don't wanna rap! '
Do you wanna rap?
'No, I don't wanna rap! '

Tell me why,
Do you camouflage that love.
And why...
Do you do it disguised in meaning.

Tell me why,
Do your eyes cry and fill with tears.
And deny with lies,
You want true love!

Do you wanna rap?
'No, I don't wanna rap! '
Do you wanna rap?
'No, I don't wanna rap! '
Do you wanna rap?
'No, I don't wanna rap! '
Do you wanna rap?
'No, I don't wanna rap! '

Tell me why,
Do you camouflage that love.
And why...
Do you do it disguised in meaning.

Do you wanna rap?
'No, I don't wanna rap! '
Do you wanna rap?
'No, I don't wanna rap! '
Do you wanna rap?
'No, I don't wanna rap!

Don't wanna rap but...

I'm so tired of giving up my heart.
I'm so tired of making new starts.
Like I've got nothing but love for sale.
To inhale pain with no gain to exhale.'

Rap it!
Rap it!
Rap it!
Rap it!

'I'm so tired of the games being played.
I'm so tired of being used for a quick lay.
I'm so tired of words that say,
'I love you baby but I can not stay.'

Rap it!
Rap it!
Rap it!
Rap it!

'I'm so tired of giving up my heart.
I'm so tired of making new starts.
Like I've got nothing but love for sale.
To inhale pain with no gain to exhale.'

Tell me why,
Do you camouflage that love.
And why...
Do you do it disguised in meaning.

'I'm so tired of giving up my heart.
Rap.
I'm so tired of making new starts.
Rap!
'Like I've got nothing but love for sale.
To inhale pain with no gain to exhale.'

Tell me.
'I'm so tired of the games played.'
Rap!

'I'm so tired of being laid.'
Rap!
'I'm so tired of words that say,
'I love you baby but I can not stay.'

Tell me why,
Do you camouflage that love.
And why...
Do you do it disguised in meaning.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Raped By Grandeur

Raped by grandeur...
And images too pomped and circumstanced,
These gold leafed lifestyles
Have slit the throats of those who chose them.
Bartering their presence
To deplete and bleed their own!
Those they ignored...
Living in shacks with dirt floors.
Those who are poor
With sad faces behind closed doors!
As diamond dripped whores sip champagne,
And campaign to lead their flock!
Soon their eyes will open wide...
When their stature begins to crack,
Rock and drop!
They can not remain atop...
Since weapons and wars made by them,
Will cease economies like theirs and stop!

Flip flop...
Goes the fish out of water!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Rapid Are The Changes

Rapid are the changes.
And those who have refused,
To either adapt to adopt or adjust...
Are still heard in discussions,
Between themselves to fuss...
How the old days were better.
As they gather in protests,
With wishes to stop the rush.
And the effect to prevent,
The wasting of time their lives have spent.

Rapid are the changes.
And those who have refused,
To either adapt to adopt or adjust...
Are no longer amused by being left behind.
With a finding themselves to discover revealed,
Steps to have been taken yesterday...
Have no one today left to show them the way,
How to revive that which has rusted...
Turned into dust and has long blown away.
Or either mixed with water and sold as clay.

'I remember we use to play there as kids,
More than fifty years ago.
And overnight they are trying to remove,
All of our memories with no regard to our history.'

~Where did you use to play? ~

'On what use to be an empty parking lot.
That stayed that way until I had grandchildren.
And 'now' they are building a baseball stadium.
To change all of our advancements made.
So no one will remember our contributions.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Rapid Is The Information

Rapid is the information.
Too much perhaps,
But the facts are clear...
It is here.

Blurring the minds and fixed visions,
With such speed and precision.
And fearing are those who can not keep up.
With down on their luck blues to sing.
And nerves quickly plucked,
By their own closed and shut inhabitions!

Listening to tired conversations,
Wishing to manifest a redigesting...
Of yesterdays gone,
Is sad to witness and observe...
Such listlessness gone undisturbed,
By a jolt of motivation.
Or something that provokes slow pokes,
To ignite with urgency.

Was that served and deserved?
With an intent to have many feed their gut,
With gluttony.
And not their minds to fine tune,
With the times?

Rapid is the information.
Too much perhaps,
But the facts are clear...
It is here.
Leaving that and those 'tomorrows',
Far behind!
Faster than the batting of an eyelash!
And...
With the thoughts of them,
Easier to put off...'then'!
With the best of procrastination skills,
Many have adopted as professions.

But the facts are clear...
Whatever is here and experienced right now,
Is on the move.
It has 'already' gone!
And anyone desiring to torment themselves,
Because of it...
Will find they are not alone!

Others also made decisions to deny their dreams!
With hopes that tomorrow would do for them,
What today did not...
Do for them!

And just like all of those yesterdays they 'lived'...
Moaning and groaning,
To find excuses not to do it!
And to find that just as rewarding,
As the discovery of fresh complaints...
Is a waste of time to address.
These folks...
Are not the 'Oh! -I've-got-it-now' kind.

Rapid is the information.
Too much perhaps,
But the facts are clear...
It is here.
To distribute to those who receive it.
And not here to give attention,
To those who don't!
And THAT is 'thee' reality!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Rapid Renvovation

There are people who have adapted,
To false identities that have them entrapped...
Have expectations of acceptance,
In other environments...
Without facing the challenge of change.

And remain deluded they do,
With beliefs their laundry to hang and expose...
Should be tolerated as it is in the 'hood',
Where folks are accustomed...
To openly degrade themselves.
In displays of indignities daily to show...
Should know some places are not prepared,
For that kind of rapid renovation.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Rapid Satisfactions Met

It is there to read.
Judge and discuss.
But few who preview,
With a quickness to do...
Comprehend the intention.
Time and patience takes too long to tolerate.

No connection is met with an urgency,
As if people must first search for pictures to see.
With no understanding why words selected,
Were done for reasons...
By those who leave,
Hints and clues to unglue confusion.

No purpose is believed by those perceiving...
A depiction of clarity just may sit,
To go undetected.
With a reflection of it to digest.
But not many suspect,
Under the surface...
There may be depth to get.
Time and patience takes too long to tolerate.
Temptating exits and escapes await.

And yet...
Many live lives with antiseptic wishes kept.
Although contaminated,
Are most preferences accepted.
With limits conditioned that remain protected.
Addicting one's thoughtlessness with senses sent,
To medicate a fix of rapid satisfactions met.

Time and patience takes too long to tolerate,
To medicate a fix of rapid satisfactions met.
Time and patience takes too long to tolerate,
To medicate a fix of rapid satisfactions met.
With limits conditioned that remain protected.
Addicting one's thoughtlessness with senses sent.
Although contaminated,

Many live lives with antiseptic wishes kept.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Raping Of Reality

The human mind is fascinating.
It is programmed to manipulate.
The moment it is taught how things are connected...
A raping of reality begins.

A desire to impress with one's knowledge occurs.
Comparisons are sought and made.
And an ease of life is attempted.
Temptations are teased as denials are smothered.
Truth is hushed and medications are taken.

The human mind is fascinating.
It is programmed to manipulate.
The moment it is taught how things are connected...
A raping of reality begins.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Rare

I am acquainted with several people,
Who have earned BA, MA and Doctorate degrees.
And it would be wonderful 'if'...
Their knowledge and focus to obtain certificates,
Was as equally devoted in the use of their 'competence'...
As are their eyes on 'things' and what money brings.

With the assistance of decreasing but not adding onto...
The climbing economic deficit!

Not to say they are among those greedy.
Or perpetuating the increase of gluttony!
However...
If they are servicing the needy with a teaching how to feed,
They are to be applauded.

Since rare in a capitalistic society,
Are those motivated to show or expose...
Humanitarian qualities.
It is the feeding of a greed,
That most seek to achieve a higher degree of feeding.

There aren't too many Oprahs and Ellens,
Represented in the mix!
Being about to afford what they do has little to do with it.
And 'rare' are the minds that these two exhibit.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Rare And Genuine It Is

None are shown to be the brightest of lights.
Especially when compared to one that glows.
And attempts will be made...
To dim with shade an onslaught,
Of underserving shadows.
But the brightest of all will still reflect the most,
Since there is something about it...
That does not hurt the eyes.
Or quenches one's thirst,
For more of it to see shine!
People have discovered it does not blind.
Reminding those who witness,
Just how rare and genuine it is!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Rare Is The Case

Rare is the case,
That someone is placed...
In a position to be forced,
To enrich themselves...
At the expense of others.
This...
Is a personal decision to make.
Done...
To remove as a choice to take.

Rare is the case,
Does anyone throw...
A 'friend' under a bus.
To then express,
It was from love done.

And rare is that case,
Someone confesses to be a fool!
And provides the evidence.
To ensure it is known,
They are proud of it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Rare To Achieve

The creative process takes effort.
Many believe the expression itself is easy.
No announcements made are necessary,
To proclaim an interest to start what is desired...
But repeatedly does not begin.

It takes more than hours!
It takes years to hone a craft...
From love, blood, sweat and tears.
And many are not connected to what they deem as easy.
Several may get upset...
Because no support from others they get.

Why?
Well...
Let's analyze it!

Very few concepts that are lipped,
Arrive to the wrists.
With sleeves rolled up to the elbows.
It is more glamorous to say what it is one wishes to see done.
Than it is to realize it and have it shown under the Sun.

And a work truthfully in progress,
Is seldom mentioned until a finished product is seen.
Few projects move from discussion to completion.
And the ones that do...
Require a focus to get done with collective discipline.
And this,
Is extremely rare to achieve in 'most' small minded communities!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Rare, Yet Devalued

When did thoughtlessness,
Become a cherished entitlement?
With so much of it overflowing,
In abundance to possess.
To leave many upset if more of it,
They can not get.

So often those showing kindness,
Are considered 'crazed' and depicted weak.
Or treated disrespectfully,
To be sought out by some to seek.

So often those empathetic and this known,
Are not perceived to be the ones...
With patience and tolerance to spare,
As if to receive mistreatment is condoned.

And when did wishing to live life peacefully,
Become a rare, yet devalued commodity?
And when did one's strength of conviction,
Become perceived and interpreted as worthless?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Rarely Do We Reflect

We choose what we wish.
And dish it.
As it sits with others,
To comfort or make sick.

What is that we hold,
That increases conflict?
Is it to betray ouselves?
In an eventual abyss.

We may elect to dismiss it.
And rarely is that done,
In self examination.
Rarely do we reflect,
Upon the effects of our deeds.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Rarely Is That The Outcome

One should never seek a sympathy,
From anyone they had assaulted verbally.
Whether done discreetly, publicly or innuendoed.
Since the odds are not in one's favor,
A forgiveness has been given...
To erase one's memory of who had chosen them,
To abuse.
Using one's character to assassinate,
That has left scars one now brags about and appreciates.
Rarely is that the outcome from anything like that done.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Rarely Seen In Public

Who hasn't lived moments,
They knew contradict?
And who could believe,
Anyone actually known as introverted...
Would show they have an extroverted side,
Rarely seen in public?

Breaking from their shells,
Some do this quick without assistance.
While many will not attempt,
Experiencing a bit of discomfort...
To rid themselves,
Of habits that limit.

Who hasn't lived moments,
They knew contradict?
And who could believe,
Anyone actually known as introverted...
Would show they have an extroverted side,
Rarely seen in public?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Rarely Worth It

The difference between today and yesterday,
Can be likened to someone demanding...
Entrance into a home no longing standing.
But can not be convinced,
That the keeping to possess a key...
Is not going to return a time that has gone.
Even if one stubbornly sits amidst,
Fields of weeds thick and growing into trees.
Shouting as if their delusions...
Will become something prioritized,
By those who have moved on with their lives.
Since miracles egotized this size,
Are 'rarely' worth it with patience to witness.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Rarely. If Ever

Rarely.
If ever,
Do trouble makers disguise themselves.
For whatever the reasons they enjoy attention.
If confusion is in the mix,
It comes from a trouble makers lips.
Discipline and expressing respect? Forget it.

Listening to comprehend,
Is as foreign to them as sitting in silence.
Even their elementary school teachers,
Had been forced to confront...
The origin of their ignorance.
When parents showed up to defend them.
And with ignorant bellligerence.

'How dare you say I am not interested,
In my children's future?
I want the best my kids can get.
And I'll have you know...
That's from 'my' point of view.
You are NOT qualified to know my children,
Like 'I' do.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Rarity Descending

A shallowness began,
Comes to an abrupt...
And such a public end!

A trend of secrets...
Kept to keep lies thriving,
Is dieing a painful death
For those unexposed...
To breathing a freshness,
The 'enlightened' have received
As a selected choice chosen,
Many years ago...
When truth was conceived and believed.

A pattern of inducements,
That have reduced humanity...
Can now be released,
To experience the securing
Of an endangered peace!

It's coming and available,
To all who have faithfully sought.
The wind is blowing with scents of clarity!
With a rarity descending...
That The Almighty has brought!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Rate This...

A life that blooms
From gloomy outlooks
Devised on despair!
One who adopts to top
Another's bliss from places unknown
Can only expose an ignorance driven.
Riding on rebuttals
And sustaining an ego slighted.
That delights one done with fits,
Exchanged by those who get no 'tats'
For their 'tits'!
Or attention not forthcoming
From one who cares less,
Who does their best to rate this...
Shallowness!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Rather Not Be Bothered

There is nothing about redundancy,
I'd like to review.
It seems so...repetitive,
And recycled.
Like a bad habit used to amuse...
And excused as accepted.
This gets as old as hearing 5th graders,
Threatening to run away from home!
I tried that myself.
Until I got tired of saying the same thing over again.
And arriving back just around supper time.
I was getting the hint!
With or without my presence...
Time was going to be taken to eat!
And my absence was getting a bit too familiar!
So I adapted to other tactics.
None proved to be tear worthy.
Only my own seemed to flow!
I was awakened quite early in life!
Redundancy provides a similar comfort!
Until something drastic...
Like growing up happens.
Or the realization that the same routines,
Seldon provide new observers.
And those familiar with these acts...
Have lost a desire to express empathy!
Or a wish to make eye contact.
It's a clue they would rather not be bothered.
Thanks to God I found better usages for my time.
Or I'd be totally dependent on making excuses,
For myself and my actions.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Rating Of Attention

Any comments you make,
About activities of others...
You assess as being fake.
Has been associated,
Coming from what creative debate?

Where are those of yours made?
And on what scale of 'genuine'...
Have you convinced yourself,
A rating of attention is deserving.
Without your self serving solicitation.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Rationalizing Themselves

How can anyone maintain compassion,
For those who are habitual liars.
And have made careers,
By ruining people's lives.
With a wish now to seek forgiveness.
Or try rationalizing themselves and their deeds.

And they rely on those to turn their cheeks.
As they stir up known emotions.
Since to do this they can see who's weak.
But demons like these never change.
Whether seen speaking from the pulpits,
Or pretending to be Ghandi on the streets.

The best solution for these psychotic creeps,
Is to identify them and leave immediately.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Rattled

Don't think that floating boat,
You sit in needs no one to paddle.
You need to grab those paddles,
And begin to steer that boat.

You can handle this with feelings felt specific.
You need to grab those paddles,
And begin to steer that boat.

You can handle this and quick.
With a healing that mends.
You need to grab those paddles,
And begin to steer that boat.

Knowing you are well equipped to face and conquer battles.
You need to grab those paddles,
And begin to steer that boat.

No need to get annoyed,
From annoyances that sit.
Or let yourself just drift.
With experience dismissed.

Knowing you are well equipped to face and conquer battles.
You need to grab those paddles,
And begin to steer that boat.

Don't think that floating boat,
You sit in needs no one to paddle.
You need to grab those paddles,
And begin to steer that boat.

Knowing you are well equipped to face and conquer battles.
You can face conflicts,
To unravel what has rattled.
And battle anything,
If you sit tall in that saddle.

Don't think that floating boat,

You sit in needs no one to paddle.
You need to grab those paddles,
And begin to steer that boat.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Ravished

By greed and a lack of discipline within.
Ravished!
By a purpose to select those to neglect,
Effectively to increase with no intention to end.
Ravished!
By refusing to self examine and reflect...
Upon those misdeeds done to others,
Now diseasing minds,
With a witnessed mental illness easier to find

Ravished by a selfishness that now addicts.
Ravished!
By divisions meant to instill racial conflicts.
Ravished!
By a self righteousness,
That can not respect religious beliefs.
Or those with different opinions,
Attempted to censor and/or restrict to cease.
Ravished are those who will never to themselves admit,
Their standards to value has become an epidemic.

'A society is defined by what it values.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Raw

These practices administered are nothing new.
People are becoming less deluded.
And amazed these 'truths' are being revealed.
They are frightened!
And the enlightenment that begins...
Offends.
These are not sins to be forgiven!
This is life undisguised.
Raw!
And uncolorized,
By the acceptance of deceit.
And criticisms spewed that lies hide!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Rays Of Sun

We all should welcome more Sunshine,
With a hope in our hearts it remains.
To forget all those clouds that came.

We should all welcome the Sunshine,
And forget about the clouds and rain.
To remove from us the pain.

Too many storms on us have come,
To leave our faces tear stained.
And...
Too many people keep up a fuss,
With nothing from them to gain...
But more tears,
To shed with more pain.

And now we need...
Those rays of Sun!
To have us smiling with some fun to be done.
Under clear skies to please everyone.

And now we need...
Those rays of Sun!
To have us smiling with some fun to be done.
And under clear skies to please everyone.

We all should welcome more Sunshine,
With a hope in our hearts it remains.
To forget all those clouds that came.

We should all welcome the Sunshine,
And forget about the clouds and the rain.
To remove from us pain.

And now we need...
Those rays of Sun!
To remove from us the tear stains.
With a knowing there is nothing to gain,
But more heartache with us that remains.

And now we need...
Sunrays to come,
To remove from us the tear stains.
With a knowing there is nothing to gain,
But more heartache with us that remains.

We should all welcome more Sunshine,
To remove from us the tear stains.
With a knowing there is nothing to gain,
But more heartache with us that remains.

Let the Sun in and come,
To remove from us the tear stains.
With a knowing there is nothing to gain.

Let the Sun in and come,
With a knowing there is nothing to gain.
And remove from us the tear stains.

Let the Sun in and come,
And remove from us the tear stains.
Let it,
Remove from us the tears.

Let it...
Remove away the tears.
Let's forget and let it,
Remove away the tears that come.
Let it...
Remove away those tears.
Let's forget and let it,
To remove away our fears.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Reach For Wishes

If I did not do this,
I'd be doing that and unhappy!
Although befriended I would be.
To share my daily agonies.
To fit within accepted limitations.
With social invitations,
To discuss our frustrations.
And hesitating to reach for wishes!

If I did not do this,
I'd be doing that and unhappy!
Although befriended I would be.
To share my daily agonies.
To fit within accepted limitations.
With social invitations,
To discuss our frustrations.
And hesitating to reach for wishes!

And for time to make them happen,
As those wishes that can happen pass!
Each day.
Each day.
Each day our wishes we let drift away,
Out of sight and reach!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Reaching Even Deeper

Many had not bothered,
But have lots to say...
About the stench of garbage,
Tossed around today.
And there's no doubt about it,
Everybody will pay...
From their pockets stocked with gloom.
To be reaching even deeper,
From those pockets of gloom.
Whether liking it or not but not a moment is it stopped,
This reaching for gloom!
And there's no doubt about the people who are making room,
For a seeking to be reaching even deeper...
As if the doing feeds a selfish need,
To do!
As if the doing feeds a selfish need,
To prove...
The reaching even deeper can be done!

Many had not bothered,
But have lots to say...
About the stench of garbage,
Tossed around today.
And there's no doubt about it,
Everybody will pay...
From their pockets stocked with gloom.
To be reaching even deeper,
From those pockets of gloom.
As if the doing feeds a selfish need,
To prove...
The reaching even deeper can be done!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Reaching The Destination

For every left turn made...
There is a right way to go about it.
Every right turn made,
Leaves something left behind.
Straight paths or roads without curves
May cause one in the driver's seat
To dose.
Even fall asleep.
If you're going to take the wheel
On your journey...
Be sure you are well prepared.
If you become unsure as to which way to turn,
Or who to turn to for advice,
Don't be afraid to make a mistake.
Very few can say their travels,
Have been without gliches!
In fact...
The best 'trips' have been those
With some surprises along the way,
To make reaching the destination...
And arriving with a new experience,
That much more enjoyable!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Reaching The Pinnacle

Greatness!
And reaching the pinnacle,
Of fame and success...
Obtained carefully and taken by steps.
Can leave one unsuspecting...
Breathless.
And insecure at such a lofty height.

But that greatness achieved,
Is not a timeless annointment...
To be left to go unchecked.
Without a truth one should face,
With all that there is centered upon it...
To maintain as greatness is accomplished.
Can never be disrespected or it eventually fades.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Re-Acting To Hearsay

Re-acting to hearsay and not the facts,
Does not make for healthy mentalities.
Evidence of that has destroyed families,
Business and other close relationships.
When all anyone with a consciousness,
With a motive shown and a proving to do...
Was to seek the truth!
And not repeat an overheard version of it.

But there are so many today,
Loving first to accuse to then pretend...
They have become offended,
When their expectation of a forgiveness...
Is neither mentioned or given an attention.
And these are the unfortunate times we live,
To be accepted with rear-ends on shoulders!
Weighing them down to carry unnecessary attitudes.

'If your butt wasn't where it is,
You would have understood to comprehend...
From the very beginning.
To do with your mouth closed and opened ears,
To avoid the stink you caused that clearly appears.
But no.
You decided you wanted to start conflict.
Congratulations. Enjoy it. You've got it in abundance.'

~But...
What about 'you' what are you going to do? ~

'Me?
I have found there are situations,
When pretending ignorance is a virtue.
And a benefit that frees me from involvement.
My steps will remain moving forward.
I've said what I've had to say to do not to repeat.
That's the 'me' I am keeping to know.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Reactionaries

Ultraconservative reactionaries...
Politically correct with intentions set,
Can be often compared...
To children who do not listen.
Wishing to have their demands,
And requests met...
For whatever reason,
To appease a selfishness.
Just to get their way.
No matter how or who ultimately pays.

'It would be wonderful,
To get back to a basicness.'

Oh,
I do agree.
But the expensiveness of it,
Is now out of reach.
Even beggars on the streets,
Are complaining about the cost of keeping up...
With appearances.
Yesterday what they did was lucrative!
Today?
Those with degrees in engineering,
Are seeking them to be trained.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Reactions Difficult To Detach

Unknowledgeable about one's own history...
And yet publicly denouncing,
A history documented by another...
May 'be' one's druthers to do.

However...
If one has committed,
To speak with untruths as is done...
It should behoove others advocating their trust,
By a giving of that to one who speaks up...
To have that someone representing their interests,
To make their speeches with facts attached.
And not spill ignorance from their guts!
With embarrassing reactions difficult to detach.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Read A Book Just Don'T Face It

Faked profiles and deceptive connections...
Found and romanced,
To seduce fantasies...
With a kept belief of delusions,
Is not a solution the internet can fix.
When people become hooked on false appearances...
Emotions in the mix of this become dangerous,
For those addicted and can not snap out of it.

Remember when the telephone rang?
And someone ran to answer it?
Well...
Those days long gone and enhanced by convenience,
Upgraded technology continues to replace...
Has also eliminated the necessity,
Of meeting people face to face.
Has created the permanence of sickened mentalities.

Read a book just don't face it.
Open it to digest the contents,
To deliberately comprehend.
Before announcing a commitment,
That hasn't started to weep its end.

Read a book just don't face it.
And study it from cover to back.
Don't rely on texted messages...
Anyone can erase,
With the replacement of distorted facts.

Read a book.
Just don't place a face on it.
To befriend someone unknown to discover,
You've been duped foolishly and emotionally tricked.

Read a book.
Just don't face it.
If no interest is there,
Leave it to replace.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Read Between My Lines

I'm going to make it easier for you,
To read between my lines.
Since you are convinced...
You are aware of my intentions!

Ready?

----------?

----------! !
And...
----------?

There!
Feel free to interpret my every word.
With specific intentions you believe I meant.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Read Me Like A Book

You wish to read me like a book?
Good.
You will find each piece to fit.
Very little of it will be misunderstood.

I am not a one dimensional quick read at all.
I lay it on the line.
You will find I wont allow anyone,
To sit and pick my mind.
I don't waste that kind of time.
Unless,
Of course...
You are divorced from that as well?
Hmmm...

You wish to read me like a book?
Good.
You have no idea how much I wish,
To get you hooked.
Craving to salivate.
Drooling!

Each chapter has been crafted,
With some sentiment and pain.
You will find some sorrow and regret.
And some expression of heartache left.

You will discover blemishes and flaws,
With attempts to have them corrected.
Notice I admit imperfection...
With self reflection I don't neglect.
Or regret it is you I wish to impress.

No games of tit for tat I play.
I say what I mean.
Not what you wish to hear me say.
And none of it is from mumbled lips.
I want each word read you 'read' conveyed!
I want what I say in your mind to stay.

You wish to read me like a book?
Good.
But you will never comprehend...
How long this process took.

Flip through each page,
As if you seek definition.
You will discover I am not perfect.
But freed by a peace...
To solict your complete and total admission.
Willing to show you mended scars.

You wish to read me like a book?
Good.
I knew you were coming!
That's why it is already open.
Take your time.
I want you to find me an easy read.
Hopefully to collaborate on new chapters.
Together,
You and me.

You wish to read me like a book?
Good.
Take me with your eyes.
Hold me in your hands.
And bring me close to your heart!

There we are.
Touching!
That's how I like it.
Do you?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Read My Poetry

Please...
I beg of thee.
To gaze upon and read,
My poetry.
And quote...
In notes.
How it left you charmed,
Or provoked.

Please...
I beg of thee.
To gaze upon and read,
My poetry.
'Fantastic' comments I accept.
Even nit picking critics...
Aren't rejected at this love fest.

Please...
I beg of thee.
To gaze upon and read,
My poetry.
It is,
After all...
Spiced with juicy drippings!

Please...
I beg of thee.
To gaze upon and read,
My poetry.
And quote...
In notes.
How it left you charmed,
Or provoked.

Please...
I beg of thee.
To gaze upon and read,
My poetry.
It is,

After all...
Spiced with juicy drippings!

Please...
I beg of thee.
To gaze upon and read,
My poetry.
And quote...
In notes.
How it left you charmed,
Or provoked.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Readily Available

Being accessible,
And readily available
For some
May be their opportunity
To benefit their needs
By someone so willing
To give as a deed

And many more believe,
That someone's accessibility
Feeds their greeding
For an ego to please!
Until that one once accesible
Takes off to leave
With their sanity intact

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Reading This

IF you think I do this for you?
I am happy you believe,
You are worth that kind of premeditated time.
I don't wish to burst your bubble.
Or wish to have you zoom in on me...
Like the Hubble Telescope,
Taking photographs of the cosmic sea!
But in actuality?
If I did not do this because I can...
And get it done for me?
You would not be reading this...
Passing a judgement,
I could care less than horseshhh...
Radish about!
But it is exciting to realize,
I can write something like this...
And 'still' get you pissed!
And 'that' is the bliss I wish you knew!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Ready

'What are you doing? '

Taking off my kid gloves.
Flexing my muscles...
Prepared and ready,
To show what I'm made of!

'I thought you did that already?
At least I had that impression.'

Oh no!
If anything...
You caught me in rehearsals.
Practicing strategies.
I have only just begun...
To show what I can do,
And get what that is done!
I'm going to remove some giggles...
And a few remnants of laughs.
I have been much too lenient...
With those conveniently,
Disrespecting me and my tasks!
And far too long,
That has gone on!
I am going to make clear...
What I will unleash upon their eyes and ears!
And I've been here...
Ready.
Ready for them to become aware.
My presence will be felt,
And made quite clear!

Power up my engines...
Father!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Ready For Public View

Here is another you can examine,
Before you decide...
It is ready for public view.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Ready For What Comes

I 'still' expect from each day to progress forward.
From something I've done yesterday to remind me.
And adapting to change I have always accepted.
Since my mother use to frequently say to me,
'You better change that face and attitude.
Unless you want me to do it for you? '
My mother had been strict!
And demanded quick delivery,
Back in those days.
With a teaching of lessons that have stayed to stick.

I 'still' expect from each day to progress forward.
From something I've done yesterday to remind me.
And adapting to change I have always accepted.
Since I am not prepared to refuse stubbornly,
And don't.
I can't and wont,
With a teaching of lessons that have stayed to stick.
And a voice I hear in my head that says,
'Don't test me if you are not ready for what comes.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Ready To Declare Yourself Authorized

You read a chapter from a book,
Epic in size and content.
And now you are convinced...
You are prepared to lecture,
On the life of the author?
One who's life not a second did you step!
With or near or 'in'?
Or spent a moment out of breath amazed!

There appears to be many like you,
Who are quick to judge...
Opinionated with assumptions.
And ready to declare yourself authorized,
To wear one's shoes as if any mind...
Can squeeze into them!
Only to realize,
That surfaced research does not unearth depth!

Dedicated:
To those who service, share and condone participating
in shallow relationships just to mask a loneliness.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Ready To Dish

The only thing I debate,
Is whether your love saturates.
You say it is unconditional
But there are conditions...
You contemplate!
My schedule is quite tight.
And you know I may show up late.
Why when I arrive for a date with you,
You tell me you hate to wait?

That is no statement to make!

The only thing I debate...
Is whether your love saturates.
And if it does
You seem ready to 'dish'
Something heated much more,
Than I can take?
Much more than what's served on my plate!
A cold shoulder is not my taste.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Ready To Show Envy

How can someone say,
'I didn't mean for it to come out that way! '

Which way was it suppose to come out?
From the butt and not the mouth?

'But' aren't we all getting it 'in' that way?
Ready to forgive being screwed...
And ready to have it happen again?

Ready to show envy,
If it's happening to someone else...
With acceptance shown?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Ready To Taste Somebody Else's Flavor

Most of the time,
I don't know where you are coming from.

'I'm fine with it.
As long as I know where you are,
All the time...
At least I can count on you to provide,
An unchanging stability.'

I'm confused.
Is that good or bad?

'That's good.
Don't you think our differences,
Adds a mystery to our relationship?
Otherwise...
Think how boring it would be,
If you knew exactly what made me 'tick'?
You'd be ready to taste somebody else's flavor.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Real Achievements Produced

Real achievements produced,
Are often used as exceptions.
Once they are exposed,
To be correct and effective.

But those who would love,
To reduce those achievements...
Exclaim with deceptions,
One has personal imperfections.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Real And Honest

Keep it with you night and day long.
Never turning off but left on.
Your honesty,
Left on.
And integrity,
Left on.
To know it when you get it is real.
To know it when it's real to feel.

Keep it real,
And honest first...
To yourself,
With it felt.
Keep it real,
And honest first...
To yourself.
With it felt.
To know it when you get it is real.
To know it when it's real to feel.

Never think about it to give up.
Honesty
Never think about it to give up.
Truth.
Never think about it to give up.
Identity.
Never think about it as a thing you should lose.

Keep it real,
And honest first...
To thirst,
And...
Never think about it to give up.
Honesty
Never think about it to give up.
Truth.
Never think about it to give up.
Identity.
Never think about it as a thing you should lose.

Keep it real,
And honest...
First.

Keep it real,
And honest...
To never think about it as a thing to rehearse.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Real Bad

I will wear my tattered, cracked boots.
And I know they look horrible,
When I dress up in a suit.

But I am not on a pursuit to impress,
For digesting eyes to accept that effect.
I am out to get things done in my comfort.
And-to-do-it atmybest!

'Well, how bad do you want it? '

Real bad!

'How bad do you want it? '

Real bad!

'How bad do you want it? '

Real bad!
It's in my system and I can't resist it.

'Well, how bad do you want it? '
Real bad!
'How bad do you want it? '
Real bad!
'How bad do you want it? '
Real bad!
Like a piece of scrumptious chocolate cake.
And near my lips with a tease to taste.

'Well, how bad do you want it? '
Real bad!
'How bad do you want it? '
Real bad!
'How bad do you want it? '
Real bad!
It's in my system,
And I can't resist it.

I will wear my tattered, cracked boots.
And I know they look horrible,
When I dress up in a suit.

But I am not on a pursuit to impress,
For digesting eyes to accept that effect.
I am out to get things done in my comfort.
And-to-do-it atmybest!

'So how bad do you want it? '
I want it bad.
'How bad do you want it? '
I want ti real bad.
Like a piece of scrumptious chocolate cake.
And near my lips with a tease to taste.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Real Influence

She's the only one I know
With REAL influence!
Have you ever tried stopping her?
When her mind is made up...
She will convince you to do it her way!
She is not waiting for you to wait!
And IF you should try to stand in her way
She will blow you right over!
She will have you running away from her
Or to eliminate the nagging call...
That brings you to a bathroom stall!
She wants to have your complete,
And undivided attention!
That's having real influence!
And Mother Nature has it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Real Men

The real men today are not recognized,
For who they are.
In fact,
Those who are real men today...
Are despised for who they are.
And barred from getting their just 'do'...
And attention.

A working man who does what he can,
And without complaint as he does this...
To provide for his family.
Is rare!
And hardly seen.

A devoted husband and family man,
Is not given credit at all...
For standing tall.
As other 'men' shy away from being accountable.
While away busying themselves...
Leisurely making excuses,
To play all kinds of self obsessed, seducing 'ball'.

You name it!
There will be something entertaining,
And selfish attached to it!

And 'these' are the 'real' men...
Cheating women bar hop,
To pick and lay up with.
As they both trade their self respect,
For two minutes of unsatisfying...
Discreeted, deceiving, disease spreading sex!

The real men today are not recognized,
For who they are.
In fact,
Those who are real men today...
Are despised for who they are.
And barred from getting their just 'do'...

And attention.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Realistic Communistic Moves

Realistic communistic moves have taken over.
The government uses taxpayer's money meant...
To stop the bleeding of their own decadence.
This turn of events is socialistic with intent.
As the sinking continues...
As denial is fed,
To everyone delusioned and fantasized instead.

Optimistic wishes greet,
One world rule that comes.
The land of the free and home of the brave...
Has been sold by the greedy.
A fact none accept.
Yet one can bet...
Has already been done!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Realities Happening Right Under Their Own Roofs

People are quick to want to learn,
About a nothingness rumored...
Than they are with a desire,
To become more familar...
With that which is in their own backyards.

And will argue over something they heard...
Which isn't factual at all,
Before they uncover the realities happening...
Right under their own roofs.
And when asked they will express they could care less.

And yet...
Will blame anything and everything,
They find wrong in their lives with a seeking done...
On anyone who had given them the time to whine,
But could not stay to 'trip' with them through their delusions.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

'Reality'

There is no backstage...
Nor a prop table.
Stage manager? No.
There is no lighting
Sound
Assistant director,
Or make up artist!
This is raw and upfront!
If what is said makes you vomit...
Do so at your own risk!
Once 'REALITY' starts,
All exits will be closed!
This performance promises
To nail you to your seat!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Reality Bites With A Painful Sting

Flaunting our possessions,
With obsessessed aggressions...
Seems to be, of late, outdated.
Inflated egos held unshakened,
Have suddenly taken a backseat...
To become, today, a display passé.

Who is lesbian or gay or both...
Has diminished innuendos,
And less folks peeking...
From behind closed blinds,
Where for sale signs are exposed!
Something has come to stun.
Affecting the lives of everyone!

Reality bites with a painful sting.
Less is being gossiped about trivial frivolous things!
Why?
People are trying to hide their frightening embarrassments.
A seriousness has descended upon their personal sentiments.
Yesterday good credit ratings,
Had most jumping for joy!
But an ability to pay with card charges has faded away.
A belt tightening comes...
And that can annoy!

Foolish beliefs of getting assistance to relieve them of grief...
Have many steadfast in observations waiting.
With crossed fingers and in prayer...
Staring at planted plastic flamingos on property they glare.
Hoping a miracle will encourage them to fly.
Or at least a temporary high afforded...
Will get them buzzed,
To nudge them slightly for an imagined flight!

These days have brought limitations...
Even for those who are snowbirds!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Reality Disguised Can Not Be Betrayed

Old, sad and pathetic,
Are tired methods used...
To uphold outdated ethics,
Even kept pretentions...
Can no longer defend.

Those still addressing impressions to make,
Have arrived too late to realize...
What they keep prioritized,
Has vanished from existence.
And reality disguised can not be betrayed.

Deluded with standards and values indebted,
To fantasize lifestyles most have had repossessed...
Has manifested divisions not intended to create a mess.
But a mess can not be denied,
Nor hidden to describe as a passing phase of life.

Old, sad and pathetic,
Are tired methods used...
To uphold outdated ethics,
Even kept pretentions...
Can no longer defend.

And yet protective are those wishing for lives to live,
Generations ago to romanticize to see never end...
With the hope the ones victimized by ignorance unlimited,
Will awaken to crave those days when reality did not exist.
As kept myths and self righteous pretentiousness wins debates,
While the process of progress fails to prevail.

'WHO...
Is doing this to 'us'? '

Well...
The only ones disgusted seem to be 'us'.
So the WHO should be clear and not cloaked in mystery.
Unless you prefer like the others have chosen to choose,
To remain unaffected as you enjoy your deep sleep.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Reality Embraced Has A Much Slower Pace

Whether or not people face it,
A basic living is imminent.
And a greed that fed has ended.
With no need to defend the existence.
Since witnessed are divided classes,
On a common slide...
Down.

Profits to pocket decrease.
Stopping this has been increased.
Credit to brag about drops.
Heads hitting on walls knock.
And those of upper classes,
Show their lowered noses posed.

People who were superficial,
Take notes from those provoked.
And decide to walk instead of ride,
With false senses they pride...
On high horses.
Since witnessed are divided classes,
On a common slide...
Down.

Whether or not people face it,
A basic living is imminent.
And a greed that fed has ended.
With no need to defend the existence.
Since witnessed are divided classes,
On a common slide...
Down.

Profits to pocket decrease.
Stopping this has been increased.
Credit to brag about drops.
Heads hitting on walls knock.
And those of upper classes,
Show their lowered noses posed.
Since witnessed is no difference,

As to who impresses best...
With what's exposed.

People who were superficial,
Take notes from those provoked.
And decide to walk instead of ride,
With false senses they pride...
On high horses.
And of course the price one pays,
To be tossed off a horse at a cost...
Can be effective.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Reality Fatalities

Bitter is the truth,
Coming to some to stun.
And in these awakening days now lived...
None of it is partial.
A totalness of it is addressed,
As it relentlessly gives...
Heartbreak and emptiness.

And tempers everywhere,
Are there and flaring.
Truth is not to be dared!
Its affects are bold.
Leaving folks beholding it...
In blank and helpless stares.

Unbridled are horses and other pets.
Showpiece collections...
Being stripped away,
With tears and regrets!
Like the sudden departure of anything,
Or anyone loved...
That leaves behind a grieving,
And much unhappiness that is left.
To feel without an accepting...
Like the ease of a breathing breath.

These reality fatalities,
Meeting a squeezing done.
By a faltering of an economy...
Dwindling from a greed,
Excitedly greeted and once welcomed.
Now gone.

Swept across a land of those who once believed,
Their quality of life was set and sacred.
Untouched but now discovered...
Is a bleeding felt that succeeds.

They can not recover,

From lifestyles lived beyond their means.
When the certainty of truth...
Brings with it a stinging done.
And demeaning with a death,
Of all delusions that have been kept!

These reality fatalities,
Meeting a squeezing done.
By a faltering of an economy...
Dwindling from a greed,
Excitedly greeted and once welcomed.
Like the drifting away of leaves,
From barren trees.
Never to reproduce the joys...
And those temptations that seduced,
A feeding fed that has run out of its 'juice'.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Reality For What It Is

You want a job?

Wake up to face reality for what it is!
There are plenty positions still available.

And once you have accepted,
To become trained successfully...
Volunteer for the overtime.
There will be plenty of it.
Since many will find it too stressful,
To have their pre-occupied minds...
Already set on entitlements.
And two week vacations.
Without working to earn their first cent.

You want a job?

Wake up to face reality for what it is!
There are plenty positions still available.
And that's why those who have outsourced the truth,
Hope the ones who refuse to awaken...
Keep their delusions pursued.

You want a job?
How about ridding your mind of fantasies?
And forgetting about that feast that fed your greed.
That same greed those who once employed but now can not,
To find themselves overseas to receive expected profits to pocket.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Reality Has Its Own Agenda Too

They can create any statistic they wish.
Label it and give it purpose.
And have anyone believe,
What it is they desire perceived.
But reality has its own agenda too!
And when it finally begins to remove falsities...
It does so without making excuses.
Sometimes becoming quite abrupt,
Abrasive and direct!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Reality Never Looked So Attractive

It's not that truth is feared,
It is the cost of getting away from it
That is getting sky high.
And at todays' prices...
Reality never looked so attractive.
Even if it does causes one to think!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Reality Observed And Hear As Heard

A truth to speak that offends,
To express to be heard...
In a society declining,
To undermine reality...
For purposes to keep delusions kept,
Reflects...
A growing sensitivity to protect, and defend,
Those immature and insecure within themselves...
With belief all people should stay comfortable,
If a reality observed and hear as heard...
Is left to go unaddressed to keep ignorance,
As a respected inspiration that motivates more of it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Reality Of Your Disappointment

To excuse it for something else,
Because that is what you wish it to be...
Is okay.
It is the reality of your disappointment,
That seems most disbelieving!
Especially when you've been told,
The fence you sit on has been sold!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Reality Tv

What has all of life been reduced to?
A hyping of a joke promoted,
To be taken seriously.

And the provoking of this one joke,
Sold to be closely monitored...
On reality TV.

To leave anyone with any credibility,
Suspected as not being truly...
A natural born citizen,
If that person has a hint of sensibility.

And this creation becomes satiated,
As a taste of life...
The way it is lived and should be!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Realization

Realization.
There is 'something' honest,
And truthful about its presentation.
Somehow...
All enclosures are sealed.
Exposed exits do not exists.
Escapes of all kinds are gone.
Devalued are right or wrong conceptions.
Mysteries are lifted.
Plans to use remnants of deceptions,
Have diminished in mental investments.
A reduced satisfaction to induce 'myths'...
Produce tears for some.
There is no where to run.
Or places to hide backbiting divisions.
Backstabbing wishes are missing.
Reasons for existing have many flustered.
Rehearsing bitterness,
Has lost its tit-for-tat power.
Realization has developed,
Both in and outside incisions...
To heighten consciousness.
Racists excuses have lost their use.
Relief for those grieving restricted comforts,
To return...
Exposes pretensions.
Traditions inflicting a separateness fades.
Blemishes and insecurities are bared.
We are all in the presence of realization.
Giving it our undivided attention!
Nappy, Straight, corn-rowed or dread heads...
With blond, brown or shades of eyes witnessing,
Find themselves up and beyond such pettiness!
A magnitude of 'supreme' intelligence embraces.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Realize This

With a doing not to fail it,
And in doing this with what you've got.
Stay solid as a rock.
Regardless who discourages...
You picked what fits and don't you stop.

Realize this...
Unfortunate are the ones that come,
To prejudge and quickly...
And with their perceptions done.

Some see only the surface.
Not below it,
To know what your purpose is.

With a doing not to fail it.
Realize this...
Only you can prevail.
Realize this...
Some see only the surface.
Not below it,
To know what your purpose is.

Stay solid as a rock.
Regardless who discourages...
With beliefs they perceive they can have you stopped.

Realize this and don't dare quit...
Some see only the surface.
Not below it,
To know what your purpose is.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Really! How Imaginative

People have stated,
They 'see' themselves...
Depicted in your writings.
Do you find that to be a compliment?
Or is that to you a coincidence?
Purely circumstantial is it?

'I find that most strange.
Since most of my writings,
Are focused upon the sexual preferences...
Of bees vacationing alone without their spouses,
In the Antarctic.
And doing 'odd' things with the polar bears there.
You know...
In The South Pole.'

REALLY!
How creative.
And all this time,
I perceived your depictions to have a human element...
Associated with them.
I see this clearly now.
Very vividly.

'REALLY!
How imaginative.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Really! Is That What You Want?

Maybe it is best,
I will never come to understand...
What pleases others.
And yet the same action done,
Will make some upset.

Sometimes one's intentions,
To project a comprehension...
With an empathy attached.
Will offend some who then prepare,
To defend themselves in a boxing match.

And there are times when one desires,
To have no contact at all with others.
As some may find this an attractive challenge,
No matter what disgusting thing is said...
From a mouth spewing indignities,
With a hope what is done sends them off to another!

'You have wishes to be tamed!
Don't you? '
Who knew you would meet your...domesticator.'

~Excuse me?
I am wanting you to buzz off.~

'Really!
Is that what you want?
Deep in the crevices of your mind?
Or...
Are you secretly wishing to redecorate my hive? '

No!
But IF I had a fly-swatter,
You would get the message!
Immediately.
Believe me.

'Oh.

I see.
So you are into spankings? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Really! You 'Can' Imagine That?

Anyone who wishes,
To discuss the value they place...
In strengthening strong relationships,
To knowingly be involved...
In the ruining of them to dismiss,
A faked and forced sincerity presented.
Yet 'still' insist not to initiate any of this...
Can best be described as demons in disguise.
Trying to pull the wool over unconscious eyes.

However...
No one who is made to bleed intentionally,
Thinks of the act as charity.

'Can you.
Or have you forgiven what has happened to you? '

~How many turtles have you seen,
Smiling with a happiness...
While adorning broken shells? ~

'None.
But I can just imagine,
The healing process is slow and painful.'

~Really! You 'can' imagine that? ~

'Of course I can.
I am not that insensitive.'

~How many times have you volunteered,
To have your back broken?
To then be expected to forgive the doers? ~

'I can not imagine THAT.'

~Nor can I imagine you giving up blood.
To then pretend it is an everyday occurrence.
With a donating of it volunteered.~

'What has any of this,
Have to do with strengthening to build strong relationships? '

~What is valued.
And how that is interpreted.
AND 'who' initiated the emails? ~

'Huh?
What? '

~You've missed it.
Apparently...
You are much too disconnect to connect those dots.~

'WHAT?
Dots, emails, relationships, turtles with broken shells?
What's going on? '

~Thoughtlessness, pretense and deception.
With an ending of it all coming soon.
There are few 'fall guys' that loyal from which to pick.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Reason And Cause

Promises made and not kept...
Are not easy to forgive or forget.
Those that do this are usually met,
With less respect than they expect...
Or get!

To excuse a promise made,
Often degrades a relationship.
Especially if made to children.
Children do not forget it.

And adults who make promises...
With no intentions to fulfill them.
Find themselves blaming someone else,
For breaking a commitment.
Only to discover,
They have become the reason and cause...
Of that person's resentment.

Promises made and not kept...
Are not easy to forgive or forget.
Those that do this are usually met,
With less respect than they expect.
Or ever again will get!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Reason And The Cause

For any mending to begin,
There has to be an honesty faced...
From within.
There has to be a connection made,
That allows a process without conflict...
To move forward and not stay,
Rotting until it decays!

There are many examples existing like this.
Many too accepting in denial...
With negativities that persist.
And for those who choose not to see,
As it is.
They are the reason and the cause,
For the chaos this has cost!

For any mending to begin,
There has to be an honesty faced...
From within.
There has to be a connection made,
That allows a process without conflict...
To move forward and not stay,
Rotting until it decays!

And for those who choose not to see,
As it is.
They are the reason and the cause,
For the loss and chaos this has cost!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Reason To Complain

Living a life,
That is tied and relying...
On others dependently,
Leaves those who do this...
Less appreciative.

And many keep beliefs,
They are owed if they show...
Any hints of initiative.
To perceive their doing of it,
Gives them reason to complain.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Reason To Feel Betrayed

So many seem to have fled away,
From confronting the truth.
And displayed trust,
That appears to be slowly fading.

With kept reason to believe,
They have been betrayed by misdeeds...
Blatant and in their faces,
Although debated in charaded escapades.

Yet few feel they are entitled,
To abandon delusions to have them chased.
Hypocrisies have replaced beliefs.
With preferences to keep fantasies alive.

And truth there to know for the reality of it,
Continues in mindsets as a negative.
While so many seen seem to have fled away,
From truth and trust fading once clearly displayed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Reasons For Its Importance

If people were as honest as they claim to be,
Hypocrisy wouldn't exist as such a challenge...
To deny or attempt to hide an acknowledgement,
Of its existence.

But since hypocrisy has become affixed to life,
As a convenience more reliable than deception...
To admit the doing of it is an unnecessary process.
And a waste of time trying to find reasons for its importance.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Reasons Kept To Embellish

Stronger felt to keep,
Are our delusions to fantasize...
With them romanticized,
As time goes by.
Than it is to face the truth,
We would rather have reduced.
And replaced by something,
Much more seductive.
Something that identifies...
Our lives to live with less reality.
A reality criticized as being too honest.
And too offensive for those of us who seek,
Deceptions to keep that which leaves us all...
With reasons kept to embellish lives that don't exist.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Reasons To Discuss

Oh yes...
You can bet the effects today,
Being revealed you feel ubelievable...
Are so real not to leave anyone guessing.
And even though you may confess,
What is real upsets...
Whether this you admit or not,
Is not going to be stopped or blocked...
To allow debated for something more appealing.
The only thing you and anyone of us can do,
Is to accept, move on and live.

'I've had it.'

Where are you going,
With that chip on your shoulder?

'With others to protest,
What we are facing but did not expect.'

May I suggest one thing?

'What?
And hurry up I'm in a rush.'

Think of the reasons to discuss,
Why 'today' you are so disgusted.
And be sure to share between all of you,
New excuses never heard before.
Or your purpose will be ignored.
Since opportunities to overcome your fate,
You chose to waste to chase delusions.
And those delusions to eliminate...
Should not have taken decades.

'No one is going to agree to listen,
OR comprehend what that means.'

Good luck attempting to convince,

While all this stuff was happening...
You and the others decided to pretend,
The doing was done not to intend.
But as a benefit to feed more greed,
As an incentive.

'Can you write that down? '

What?

'Your suggestion about,
Us being entitled with benefits to feed more greed.'

I did not suggest that as reasons to discuss.

'I know.
But being entitled with benefits to feed more greed,
Would leave it for the people to believe...
Our protesting isn't done,
Without knowing something about being selfish.
And left totally unconscious about it.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Reasons To Escape

You say you love me.
You love me just to get up and leave.
But you love.
You say you love me.

You say you love me.
You love me just to get up and leave.
But you love.
You say that you love me.

I feel I'm baited.
Baited for escapes you fake.
And I'm faited.
Knowing what you feel will fade.
I am baited.
Yes I feel I'm baited.
And I hate it.

I feel I'm baited.
Baited for escapes you fake.
And I am faited.
Knowing what you feel will fade.
I am baited.
I know you've got me baited.
And I hate it.
To know you've got me baited.

You say you love me.
But I know I'm baited.
When your feelings fake...
Reasons to escape.

You say you love me.
But I know I'm baited.
When your feelings fake...
Reasons to escape.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Reasons To Exist

Fascinating,
Are these times in which we live.
Seen to be devastated,
Are those unaccustomed...
To experience a drought,
Of food, shelter and money.
And the rising of expenses,
Making less sense.

Some have lost it and quick.
Without an ability to further credit their debits.
Their minds have been permanently fixed,
On valuing money more than healing...
Their mental and physical ailments.
And their eyelids can not seem to lift,
Without it.
Or the loss of it being taken out of their pockets.

So fascinating...
Are those who have made money,
Their reasons to exist.
And a disrespect for others is obvious.
Especially coming from those believing themselves,
To be entitled to what others may have.
And the evidence of their wickedness is historic.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Rebel

She said I was a rebel!
I thought that odd...
Since that day she detected my nature,
I was without my codpiece!
She did say she was clairvoyant,
But her eyes never met mine...
Ever!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Rebels Without A Cause

On the right,
Are those who make excuses.
On the left,
Are those who abuse.
In a cycle to confuse.

And those of independent thought,
Do whatever they wish, when and where they choose.
And just yesterday,
They were rebels without a cause.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Re-Booting

Where have you been?

'Re-booting.'

Re...
What?

'Re-booting.
I don't keep that stuff downloaded.
To discover I've run out of space.
Space I intended to save for myself.
No.
I have to cleanse my mind,
As often as I can.
Before an unneeded attitude shuts me down.
I've learned to catch myself,
And take heed to the signs to prevent it.
With an admitting to myself of this...
A doing it refreshes and a lot less expensive,
Than getting a complete system overhaul.'

How do you know it is time to re-boot?

'When I begin to notice,
My doctor and I start our conversations...
About the petty nonsense I hear from my neighbors.
And I get a bill charging me for the visits,
To only realize we have not discussed my medical concerns...
At all.
Yet I am prescribed medications to take.'

And...
After you re-boot?
What do you notice?

'A clarity of mind to find.
And a need not to see my doctor as often.
Although I'm sure he misses the payments I make.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Re-Bootment

Once they have been used up,
And screwed over...
They want to make a reappearance,
At home.
Where a worried heart was left.
Perhaps a mother or a father.
Or a lover.
When tempers got out of hand.
And one left to get rest.

Or a 're-bootment' of sorts.
And that can come in any...
And in all flavors!
And might take,
Longer periods of time!
To get a naturalness restored.

And trying to say less...
Than the unconfessed expression on one's face.
Is not acceptable.
There is not enough 'I am happy to see you back! '
Left to spread around.
Not when someone wants to play circus,
With honest felt feelings.
Sincerety doesn't make an appearance,
To be clowned around!
Usually expressed,
By the clinching of one's teeth.

And an explanation pursued,
Will not do!
Chasing to pull honesty out of someone?
May make a good TV series.
But in reality...
Someone will have to deliver,
Not only fresh biscuits,
But also a letter dipped in 'my' lover's blood.
And signed by Father Pure.
From a monastery!

Blessed by a recent appearance by the Pope!
And someone saw him in the courtyard of monks,
Downing a beer chased with a shot of Jack Daniels.
I don't joke.
Nor do I invite an opportunity to become provoked.
Not when my mind, my heart and my love,
Has been invested.

Those 'test' I don't pass too easily!
No!

IF...
I was to have any lover of mine,
To disappear from time to time...
For no rhyme or reason?
There is going to be more,
Than a raised right eyebrow delivered.
This rocket is about to blast!

No one is going to be lapsing,
Into a quick unconsiousness.
Not on my watch!
Unless that has been inflicted accidently.
And I am waiting patiently...
With flowers.
Pacing in a haste,
To make a regretful hospital visit.

And when I arrive,
Let there not be a muscle twitching.
I am there to observe near death.
'Then'...a break out of tears begins!
And then a mending takes place to heal.
IF...
I was to have any lover of mine,
To disappear on me,
From time to time...
For no rhyme or reason?

However...
Why do we care to consider fresh beginnings?
Once they have been used up,

And screwed over...
They will come back.
Only to return to the one who did them dirty.
Some folks like to be treated like trash.
There's no getting around it!

And this...
You did not hear from me!
I'm told,
The more lipstick and makeup used?
That's the one who is the most dishonest!
That's the one most likely returning home...
Dressed in drag!
Caught by surprise.
Leaving someone off guard.
And another to broaden their concept of infidelity.
To listen and hear excuses to cover,
How the 'putting out' gets done!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Reborn To Rebuild

Returning to claim what's mine...
Others may find impossible!
Road blocks set,
To have this denied with regrets...
Are set without understanding,
The power of desire!
And I do have dreams...
I alone envision.
It is my own decision,
To confront the tasks I make.
Breaking boundaries I choose to create.
Reborn and it feels great!
To rebuild but not abandon my fate!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Rebranding Of The Existing Rhetoric

Nothing has to be changed,
From the way things are done.
As long as a rebranding of the existing rhetoric,
Is fed with acceptance until it is believed.
What is so complicated about this?
People are already addicted to their various delusions.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Rebuilding

I need you out of my energy.
Out of my flow of thought
That gnaws at my good nature,
And grinds it to a halt!
I need you out of my focus!
Like a plague of locusts,
I need you out of my mind!
Out of my heart!
Out of any remnants of love
That may be left over!
Tagging along with ill intent!
You represent a resenting time departing!
I'm starting over!
I know that too well now.
You've been dismissed!
I'm letting go of this abusive degradation.
Packing a cracked foundation I am...
And there is not a view cast upon you!
I am rebuilding on rock solid ground.
With a contentment,
You can not cement!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Recaptured

Recaptured,
From desires of wanting favorite seasons...
To remain unchanged.

Recaptured,
From seeking things to bring me happiness...
To last forever.
Realizing that would be a long wait,
Between each whim.
As boredom began to suddenly creep in.

Recaptured,
From beliefs that winning anything,
Brought a peace of mind.
When peace of any kind,
Is determined and defined...
By the one who finds it,
Without conditions sought.

Recaptured,
From thoughts that good sex...
Had to involve someone else.

Well...
I am recuperating,
From years spent in self contained confinement.
We all adapt to our own entrapments.
Nothing is perfect.
And besides...
My recovery may be a slower process than others.
And I am in no hurry,
To begin interviews with anyone...
Who may qualify to satisfy my needs.

Some abilities acquired,
Never leave one's memory.
And I am more than prepared,
To take matters into my own hands...
To rekindle anything that may have laid dormant,

From lack of internal activity.

I do have my memories.
And all of them did not end,
With gratifying pleasantries.

I've been recaptured!
Not retooled.

Note:
'Thank you, Herbert, for suggesting 'sought'.
That really strengthened the stanza,
and overall composition.'

Who is Herbert?
Why that is Mr. Herbert Nehrlich.
Johannesburg, South Africa. lol

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Receding From Depleting Beliefs

Receding from depleting beliefs.
With a permanent recession...
To fade away completely.
And keeping delusions,
Kept more valued than a reality that is...
Has made truth to face to interpret as evil.
Yet those who choose to use these interpretations,
Will not replace the existence of truth...
For those still pursuing those 'innocent' yesterdays.
When reality lived with a tasting to do,
Of those varieties enticed with temptating spices...
Was not such a high price to pay as they are today.

'What on Earth are you doing with that loaf of bread? '

~Slicing it in half.
To then pretend I am on a diet.
With eat piece to eat in moderation.~

'And that fried egg?
Why do you cut it that way? '

~In the shell...
It may have one yolk.
After I fry it and cut it up...
I have EGGS.
Now...
Would you like to share my egg sandwich? ~

'But then...
There would be little left.'

~That's your perception.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Receipts

Now that it is noticeable,
Kept and protected fantasies...
Have begun to slowly slip away.
Those who purchased their season tickets,
Packaged to guarantee lifetime memberships...
Are shocked to discover,
Expiration dates are coming to end them...
Unexpectedly too quick.

They can not donate them to charity.
Or find those homeless,
Ignored and accustomed to survive on the streets...
Wishing to exchange their 'realities' made to live,
By those who kept their fantasies protected...
With deepened debts credited to pretentiousness.
Since those on the streets,
Have long been witnesses to the adverse effects.

'I had been the last hired but the first fired.
To have my possessions re-possessed.
I bought to know,
A permanent job I got to get.
Right after those 90 days,
I was promised I would pass.
Since my tests to have high scores,
No one else had done that before.
I got a car and drove to New York City,
When I got the news that was not pretty.'

~You?
The homeless talkative one.~

'Jus a sec.
Those people have no respect.
May I help you? '

~Yes.
I'm giving away. And to 'you'...
A lifetime of 'my' paid up fantasies.~

'Oh yeah?
And where are the receipts?
Validating each payment made.
With your final bill stamped paid in full?
And please...
Don't look at me dumbfounded.
It took me years to do it.
Blink your eyes or something.
Close your mouth and breathe.
No one here is that stupid.
As you've been made to believe.'

~I...er...uh...I...~

'It's okay.
You're not the first to approach me.
Or any of us.
With your agonies described as free giveaways.
The moment we noticed your nose,
Was not up in the air...
We were prepared to hear your 'Southern' accent.
And guess what? '

~Uh...uh...what? ~

'I'll give you a dollar,
Which one of us was born in Norway.
And who has parents,
Still regarded as royalty in Africa.'

~I see you all as my brothers and sisters.~

'You must be in some deep, deep, deep debt? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Received By Increasing Debits

If people were not afraid to walk away,
From the feeding of greed...
And their false pretensions made,
To impress their neighbors...
Or kept insecurities to believe themselves,
Better than others with less possessions...
Received by increasing debits and credits,
They leave to charade a diminished quality of life...
There would be no economic crisis.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Received 'Outside' Of It To Get

Being me and with identity,
Has been less of a statement to make...
Than it has been a progress with steps to make.
And a doing to proceed forward.

And...
Without the benefit to overuse excuses to create,
With a denying many mistakes I have made...
To achieve comprehension and clarity.
The running into brick walls helped with that.

And perhaps in that doing done,
To do unafraid to readily admit...
My experiences obtained have been painful to gain,
An insight others might interpret as a wisdom.

Yet...and this I will confess,
No one but myself has witnessed the scars and bruises.
That came with pain to remind me 'how',
Whatever it is 'inside' my head had been contributed mostly...
To what I received 'outside' of it to get.
And the receiving of it for me has not been a mystery.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Received Without Sacrifice

Years spent in learning a craft.
Or the multiple tasks attached to applying...
That which is associated in the creation of it.
Benefits with the experience of observation.
And plenty of lessons through frustrations learned.

Pieces believed by others to be detached,
Are actually there in place.
And many are not aware of that.
One foot directed,
Does not mean the other does not sometimes drag.

Many have their eyes on a prize.
And become discouraged,
By the assortment of different routes...
Avenues, valleys and streams,
One motivated takes...
To put together a dream.
Sometimes with mistakes and false starts.

Even painful screams to see created,
What one eventually achieves.
Is believed by others...
To be as easy as a wish delivered.
Without shedding blood, sweat and lots of tears!
Only those giving their time,
Knows what that giving of time means to give...
Throughout the years.

Some believe gifts given,
Are received without sacrifice.
And they are the ones procrastinating...
Sitting to seek a more sweetened advice.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Receivers Of Deceptions Believed

With a sabotaging done.
And their alibis sold.
Why can't they provide evidence,
To expose with proof...
They have successfully achieved,
What they have been claiming...
Had been theirs to introduce.
With their ways to follow.
But to leave only pettiness produced.

And with their sabotaging done.
To manifest an accepting,
Of assistance solicited from others...
To stab selected ones in the back.
Where are they now,
After deeds done to attract the doing of that?
And those sabotaged without facts...
Have been discovered to be the ones,
No one should have ever attacked.

And those who had been sabotaged,
Are seen happy with no desire of ever returning back.
Where are they now?
The ones who distracted with their vicious acts.
And what happens to the ones,
Awakening to what has been done...
When they were receivers of deceptions believed!
Knowing they assisted in causing themselves to bleed.

Where are all of them now?
Those distrusting,
And feeling much disgust.
And where are their mentalities?
Those receivers of deceptions believed!

Where are they now?
Where are they now?
Receivers of deceptions believed.
And...

Where are they now?
Where are they now?
Hiding their tears that wont leave.

And...
Where are they now?
Where are they now?
Receivers of deceptions believed.
And, uh...
Where are they now?
Where are they now?
Hiding those tears that wont leave.
Tell me,
Where are they now?
Where are they now?
Hiding those tears that wont leave.
Are they defectors injecting to infest?
And where are they now?
Where are they now?
The creators of a bleeding to leave

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Receiving Of A Recompense

There is nothing like the smell,
One gets in the receiving of a recompense.
When freshly minted retribution,
Has ascended to clear the air.
From answered prayers being dispensed.
And the delivery of it received is unexpected,
By those held captive and made to feel frightened.

No matter how long it takes...
To remove what has polluted,
From the sky to brighten...
What had never been approved.
Until a doing done is accomplished.
With clouds disappearing to expose a Sun there,
To enlighten those unaware of the power of faith.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Receiving This To Give As Given Is A Blessing

The less space one has,
With less things to clutter it...
To consume the mind in denial,
Leaves one with more life to live.

And in 'that' acceptance of a nothingness,
Others may perceive as an unbearable sacrifice...
One has 'everything' to experience and share.

Since those with points of view of materialsm,
Aren't there to busy a mind in peace.
To diminish happiness with expensive needs,
To qualify teased 'wants' delusioned.

Life then becomes such an abundant experience.
And receiving this to give as given,
Is a blessing to comprehend and acknowledge.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Recent Victims Of Amnesia

It is difficult for anyone,
To trust someone who jumps the gun.
Speaks from both sides of their mouth,
And runs.

Accountable for anything,
Has not from this one been shown.
Overblown exaggerations,
From this one is expected and known.

It is difficult for anyone,
To trust someone who jumps the gun.
Speaks from both sides of their mouth,
And runs.

As they rely upon excuses,
To delay what they should have done.
While abusing the common sense of others,
To insist the culprit to be another one.

As if those who stare are unaware,
And have been deaf, blind and dumb.
Or recent victims of amnesia,
Seeking embellishments to be entertained.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Receptive

This late afternoon breeze...
In the midst of June,
Pleases me.
In a Spring quietness,
As I sit in Elizabeth Park...
Digesting its beauty.
With a peace of mind from it I get.

It is comforting,
In this timelessness at rest.
As I overlook the Rose Garden,
Encircling a loveliness...
Centered by a gazebo set.

'Too much is not enough of this',
I think.
With wishes unrestricted.
I sit,
Receptive.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Receptive Without Disrespect

An interest in others quickly displayed,
Can easily become distorted...
When those on the receiving end,
Perceive one's interest is only given...
To receive from them something to get.
Something misinterpreted one gets to benefit.
As if one's time to give benefits to have wasted.

And one with an interest in others displayed,
Awakens to realize what others have to say.
To take interest away,
From negative interpretations.
Chosen by the ones allowing this to them done.
With it unknown,
There will always be others one finds...
More receptive.
Without disrespect to betray themselves.
Or unaccustomed like some to repeated visits,
With mental paralysis self inflicted.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Recess

The only recess one is obligated to take,
For as long as one wishes...
Is the one taken after progress has been made.
And to no other does one owe an announcement.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Recharge

Whenever it is needed...
It will be there.
Whenever your supply runs low,
Don't ask...
My heat is there to share!
Whenever you find your mind needs a rest,
Think less without quessing!
Come to me.
Lay in my arms and regenerate in comfort.
Kiss me and recharge!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Recharged To Boost Your Energy

I am with you,
And I will be.
I know we've exchanged,
Spoken words with inconsistency.
But...
You are like a seasoning I need,
Once sprinkled on something eaten I crave.
And I want more of that,
To fulfill the inside of me.

I am with you,
And I will be.
I'd like to see you touch the sky,
And be troubled free.
I'd like to know you would come to me,
To be recharged to boost your energy.

I am with you,
And I will be...
If this is what you believe you need.
I do!
If this means that I am and will be.
I can.
Part of a shared happiness,
That is comprehended...
As I understand it.

And there to be what you and I together wish,
Without 'this' despondent distance.
Like two peas in a pod that has been split.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Recipient Of Lost Time

Thirty years...
Spent,
In one spot.
Got a watch...
That stopped its ticking!

After throwing it away,
The recipient then realized...
A similar thing was done,
To things wished but never begun!

It seems dreams had also retired,
The recipient of lost time
To hours confined,
Waiting by the telephone!
Hoping someone would call and suggest...
How to schedule something to do!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Recipient Of My Devoted Loyalty

Closer to show,
I am so in love with you.
What is it that I should do...
To prove what I feel is true?

Closer to show I am so in love with you.
Theoretically for me you are a miracle.
And with nervousness I do my best,
Not to expose a hystericalness.

Oh I am so close,
To show I am in love with you.
And regardless of what others may say...
That you from me should stay away.
I am going to prove I am in love with you.

And I'll do anything,
To be perceived straight and narrow.
I will jump through hoops.
Or attempt leaps over barrels.

In the mornings until midnight,
You alone could satisfy my appetite.
And not matter how this may be viewed.
Only you will be the recipient,
Of my devoted loyalty too!

Oh I am so close,
To show I am in love with you.
And regardless of what others may say...
That you from me should stay away.
I am going to prove I am in love with you.
And prepared I am to be that fool.
If it means you will regard me,
Someone you knew in your heart to choose.

I am so in love with you!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Recipient Of Unexpected Adversity

Wouldn't it be wise for anyone,
Before doing something done...
That affects the life of another,
To at least base the act upon facts?
Or 'something' that justifies one's ignorance.
And not what one has heard or assumes.
It would be advisable to use tact as well.
Many people do things without cause,
Or loosely connected reason.
To find themselves the recipient,
Of unexpected adversity.
Directed and with purpose.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Recipients

They choose to be about nothing.
That's why they are about it!
It takes all their effort,
To get clothed to gossip.
With rollers in their hair,
And pushing strollers!

They choose to be recipients,
Of anything handed out and free.
For generations...
That's all they know their lives to be!
And the men?
Very few of them.
They never grow from being boys.
And become overjoyed...
To be sentenced to prison!
'There' everything is done for them!

Pawns belonging to an eroding society.

They choose to be about nothing.
And that is why they are about it!
And those who have kept them there,
To entertain their demented egos...
Get paid to display their own ignorance!
And the affect of this,
Has detrimental benefits!

Leaving them all to fight for their rights.
Even over blighted sites,
They fight without a hint of insight!
And it is all a struggle over nothing.
Since that is the kind of life 'dished'
That has been accepted!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Reckless

Something said,
Was misunderstood.
A relationship gone!
Neither could...
Bring their lips to say,
'It's okay.
I didn't mean it that way.'
It was too late...
To save what was great!
Reckless was the fate,
That awaited.

Something done,
To the other one was fun.
As one was stunned...
And began to run away,
Not looking back.
And the laughing one thought this an act.
It was in fact...
The last to come of that.
And the reckless one stood shunned!
Unbelieving the Sun
Would ever set upon them,
Fading shadows.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Recognition

Only those without a clue,
Seeking with wishes...
For fortune and fame,
To obtain recognition and attention to get...
Do not realize what giving up their lives mean,
With a doing to allowed...
One's identity and dignity kept.
Without being expected to be a novelty...
Inspected to dissect to judge and accept.
To then reject if one decides to protect,
In peace and away from disrespect.

Fame can ruin any peace one desires.
Especially among those,
Riddled with envious jealousy.
And one who has ever achieved recognition,
Feels blessed to have their sacrifices recognized...
However,
Fame to have for others to perceive is easy...
Comes with a price one pays.
With attempts made to remain discreet.

Once one's fame and success has been leaked,
To become known publicly...
The only peace of mind and quiet time kept,
Is when one finally finds...
A disguise of an attitude rumored by others,
That one has let a recognition to receive...
Destroy the person they use to be.

'Who do they think they are?
I remember when they were 'nuthin'.'

~When was that? ~

'Just a few days ago.'

~But...
They have been successful,

For many years.~

'I don't care about that.
That gives them no reason,
To act all 'uppity' now.'

~And...
WHY would they want to do that now,
When I've seen them walking or taking a bus...
And talking with others where they live.
Which so happens to be in a neighborhood,
I've heard you say you wouldn't accept pay...
To live there.~

'Well...
They could at least be more impressive.'

~To please...
Who? ~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Recognition To Acknowledge

I promised myself,
Again I would listen.
With intent,
Of my empathy given.
But there are some,
Who wish to get more than that.
They want it shown to make known,
What it is they carry on their backs
Can be quickly unpacked,
To unload and dump on another.

I promised myself,
To try yet again...
Listening to comprehend,
With empathy given.
Heartfelt sincerity,
I can not pretend.

And then...
A voice inside my head said to me,
'The last time I called you stupid.
This time, perhaps, recognition,
Will prevent the mentioning of it.
And...
Maybe.
Just'maybe'...
You should redefine your terms.
And under which conditions,
You are willing to listen.
Without promising yourself to do it.
To know a dumping on you will come! '

Lord?
I hear to understand Your truth!
With a recognition to acknowledge,
I can not pretend I don't hear.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Recognizable

Your desires are within you.
And wherever you go.
Whatever you do.
However that is done,
From your point of view.
Is not a lifelong search,
To impress from lofty perches.
With a deluded hope it comes.
In a contemplated frustrated wait.

What one seeks,
Is not out of reach.
If it is a desire one keeps identified.

However,
Those things sought,
On the outside...
Will never satisfy,
That which is in the inside...
Occupying with an origin not orphaned.
To be always kept recognizable as is.
And shown when it emerges.
As meant to be from where it is delivered.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Recognizable Patience

It would be easier for someone,
Who has any recognizable patience left...
To teach a raccoon with impaired vision,
How to drive a car.
Than it would be to tell a group of grown people,
Seen running into a brick wall to do repeatedly,
That such a doing is unhealthy.
And will eventually affect them severely.
Both mentally 'and' physically.

And to then recommend either a ladder,
Or walking around it would achieve success.
Since 'obvious' it is,
That a speed from which the runnning is done...
To hit the wall,
Is not going to have an affect on that wall at all.
'Someone' will find a reason to get upset and protest.
Which then leads to an unnecessary argument.

It is best for anyone 'today'...
With recognizable patience left wishing it kept,
To use it as a choice to choose not to waste...
On 'anything' that will not return complete satisfaction.
And to leave what is impossible to accomplish,
Alone!
DO NOT involve reason, comprehension...
Or what is perceived to be common sense.
WITH a consciousness. Oh no, don't do that.
Leave what is impossible to accomplish, alone!

'I'm sorry.
Where were we?
Oh yes.
Remember, after you turn the key,
Keep both paws on the wheel.
Look both ways AND behind you.
Then slowly press the pedal to give it gas.
And be sure your vision is focused and clear.
Relax. Pretend you don't see them...

Giving us 'the finger'.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Recognize That Funk

Be not the one,
To open your door to an invited funk.
Then to have it with you to over stay,
With that funk in your way everyday...
As you accept being in a mood to give attitude.

Be not the one,
To have that come and be done.
Recognize the funk for what it is.
Rid of it quick and be about your business,
Without that funk coming to dump its stink on you.

Recognize...
That funk!
Don't be the one to let it come and be dumped.
And be you not the one permitting funking done,
With an opening your door allowing funk to come.

Recognize...
That funk,
Dumped!
Don't be the one to let it come and be dumped.
And be you not the one permitting funking done,
With an opening your door allowing funk to come.

Be not the one!
To open your door allowing funk to come!
Recognize...
That funk,
Dumped!
Don't be the one permitting funking done!

Be not the one!
To open your door allowing funk to come!
Recognize...
That funk,
Dumped!
Don't be the one permitting funking done!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Recognized As The Gift It Is

When done.
And with an ease of it perceived,
Others may believe...
That a doing requires little or no effort.
When attempts they make,
Are half-hearted and faked.
When done.
With a hope someone offers assistance.

When done.
Many dismiss the discipline needed.
Others plagiarize as if no one suspects.
A few may try a sacrificing of their time.
But the one who originates with innovation,
Can not esacpe from a commitment made.
Or pray for a secret to be revealed,
To have one come when there 'is' none.

When done.
And with an ease of it perceived,
Only develops in time...
When within one's mind,
An increasing of belief becomes as effortless...
As the breath one breathes.
And is familiar as the life experienced to live,
To become recognized as the gift it is that comes.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Recommendations Are Accepted As Donations

Pleasure prone,
And not quick to grasp concepts.
Even with suggestions made.
Depending upon the image and appearance!
With a few baubles, bangles and bright shiny beads.

And recommendations are accepted as donations,
From someone seeking to do charity work.
With a voluntary wish to be disrespected!
Instead of being thought of as one who comes,
To provide solutions to abundant ignorance.
That does more of an outreach than good deeds.

Exposing an unconcern,
Cemented in sustained temptation!
With a touch of grief.
As if a prerequisite for life has been learned.
But not a comfortable fit to live or like.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Recommended They Should React

The one coming forward with an explanation,
Of that which was previously said...
To upset the ones objecting to the comments,
Had an intention to correct misunderstandings...
But the one deciding to express an apology,
With a corrected explanation to lower the heat...
Tries to impress with a selected intellect,
With a smile to ensure no one comprehends...
Completely.

And they don't.

However...
Those listening eventually are seen nodding,
As if approving in agreement...
That it's pointless and no reason to remain offended.
Especially if no one remembers what it was said,
As the rumors and gossip fades in their heads.
Or who it was that recommended they should react,
Ignorantly and with defiance to something not a fact.
Yet no one understood but all felt they should respond.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Reconciliation

Minds like that...
Have been poisoned for so long.
And for all the wrong reasons,
They would rather keep their sights...
Away from light.
Defending themselves in darkness.
To continue the spread of blight.

A condemnation of others,
Has kept them in constant fights.
And a reconciliation,
Brewing to heal a bitterness...
They have intentionally inflicted.
Comes to appease.
As the Sun begins to spread,
To remove an evilness they have long fed!

But instead they choose to make excuses,
To oppose any rainbows appearing on the horizon.
Insisting that death in valor...
Is worth to maintain,
A diminishing isolation...
Hopelessly maintained,
They will defeat the odds...
And someday regain!

And still all efforts God has shown,
How they are insignificant...
And what Mother Nature does...
Has no affect.
This goes ignored...
As they infest with their insecurities,
Built upon souls of emptiness.
Although brazen and bold.

They wish to believe...
Their deceit and greed,
Somehow will succeed!
No matter how much blood is spilled.

And no matter whose blood they bleed!
As the messengers with their messages,
Go ignored.
And yet they can not see...
That these,
Are their last days to surrender their ways!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Recovering From A Dose Of Hypnosis

They wish not to politicize their mess.
Although each step taken,
To get them where they are...
Was done through a vote of confidence!
They sought and won.

But now they want to abandon,
Because of the things they've done.
To themselves and everyone.
For fear their greed and corruption,
Will be deemed disloyal and unpatriotic.
By those recovering from a dose of hypnosis.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Recovering From Selfishness

Blessed are they awakening each day,
With a gratefulness and a wishful spirit...
To do for others and with God's assistance.
And not to find time to whine or complain...
But to forgive.
First themselves...
For any moments of selfishness felt,
Fed with a feeding on conceit and delusions.
With beliefs others were born...
To be at their disposal to serve them only.

And to discover after recovering from selfishness,
The doing of 'something' to be of service to others,
Does not mean to flaunt those 'things' God has given.
Since...
So many wish to have themselves exclusively depicted,
As Gifts with 'special' annointing.
We ALL are special and gifts of God.
Annointed with the 'light' of life to uplift humanity.
With a doing of any good deed done one can do for others,
To 'then' acknowledge a good deed done to do! That's it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Recovery

That which occurred in our lives,
Does not return.
The 'now' is to be lived!
And with it lessons learned.

To wish for that which no longer exists,
Implies a resistence to what 'is'...
And the mentality associated with it.

A recovery is done when one moves on.
In acceptance of what has been lived,
Has to be let go...
Since it is gone.

There is nothing from yesterday,
That will be replayed again to stay.

To live life is a forward movement,
It is!
And for many in denial,
They refuse to see it that way.
Insisting on a revisit.
To relive what now isn't for them.

Remaining deluded,
Some do...
To addicting intoxications,
To redo and transfix...
That which has slipped from their grasp.
And traumatically faded away too fast!
Never to make a reappearance as it was.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Recreational Degradations

The comfort and ease of celebration,
That comes to comfort myths...
And a way of life,
Fragmented in its appeal.
Dances with an erasing purpose.

Standards are showing a fading quality.
And equality documented,
Seems less of an intention than what is meant.
Structured foundations and their sentiments,
Have lost pride.
Only gestures remain,
To market an effectiveness.

Recreational degradations...
Has a conformity parading malfunctions.
Dysfunctions are the normalcy.
And a common sense,
Has desolved in pretensions.

And yet those few with integrity,
Are losing a battle with disrespect.
Like an endangered sanity...
Once valued,
But few are witnessed to have that left!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Recruiting Campaign

I often wondered,
If those who were shallow,
Knew it.
And if their obsession with self,
Smothered from the suffocating.

And if they could do that to themselves,
Why has the number of them increased...
With such a self serving done?
As if to another one...
The one self obsessive...
Is the one having the fun,
At someone else's expense.

It seems as if being shallow,
Is on a very successful recruiting campaign.
And no one is paying anyone,
To pump up the hype!
It all has become part...
Of a society hopeful that what is done,
Maintains to produce gains...
With an image that sustains.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Rectangles

Many a day she played with my rectangles.
Wishing to pick them up,
And lay them upon her breasts.
She said they supplied her with energy.
To me they were perfect angles...
I made into rectangles.

Many a day she played with my rectangles.
And asked if I would make her a few.
They weren't made out of plastic,
Or of anything that would last.
They were just rectangles I drew on paper...
Whenever I was bored,
And wishing for her ass to grasp!

I told her that!
And she would laugh and laugh.
They were just rectangles.
And before she touched them...
They were headed for the trash!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Rectumania

Oh they've got their corks up now.
Overtaxed and burdened,
They can not relax.
Smack dab in the middle,
Of dribbling finances.
Taking chances and feeling much plucked!
Like ducks walking as if rectumania has struck.
And for many out of luck...
It has.

So whatever it is carried on your shoulders.
Chips, bricks, sticks or stones.
The moaning heard is getting loud and clear.
And there is no need for suspicion.
Bend over.
It is a massive activity.
Affecting many of us in the rear!

'Next! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Recurring One Too Many Nights Too Often

Do you remember it?
When I was the first to admit,
I was afraid again to commit...
To a monogamous relationship.

And at the alter...
I passed out into complete darkness.
And when I awakened,
Someone had written 'I Do'...
On my fingertips.

And to this day you say...
I was the one who requested that done?
And no one at the ceremony,
Witnessed any of this?
Even when their faces appear to me,
To be stunned.

Nor can the minister,
Who swears he heard me whisper,
'Please help me get out of this.'

Do you remember it?
When I was the first to admit,
I was afraid again to commit...
To a monogamous relationship?

And every night it seems,
I awaken from a nightmare screaming...
To the feeling of your eyes glaring.
There beside me ensuringly to convince,
I have had nothing but a bad dream!

No.
This can not be so.
All of it was and still is a nightmare.
Recurring one too many nights too often.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Recurring Pain

If it wasn't for Adam and Eve,
None of us would suffer...
From cabin fever.

If it wasn't for the birds and bees,
None of us would say...
A thing about that either.

But there are those,
Who think this all is something to change.
As if it can be re-arranged.

And there are those,
Who think that sex is just a game.
To be played always the same.

If it wasn't for Adam and Eve,
None of us would suffer...
From cabin fever.

If it wasn't for the birds and bees,
None of us would say...
A thing about that either.

But there are those,
Who think this all is something to change.
To arrange in the brain.

And there are those,
Who think that sex is just a game.
To be always played the same.

And there are those,
Who think this all is something to change.
As if it can be re-arranged.

And there are those,
Who think that sex is just a game.
To be always played the same.

And there are those,
Who think this all is something to change.
As if it can be re-arranged...
To change something that's in the brain.

And there are those,
Who think that sex is just a game.
To be always played the same.
Like a draining campaign.

And there are those,
Who think this all is something to change.
As if it can be re-arranged...
To change something that's in the brain.

And there are those,
Who think that sex is just a game.
To be always played the same.
Like a draining campaign,
That gets boring from the strain.
As if it can be re-arranged...
To change something that's in the brain.
A brain that seems to be insane!
And a wish to gift others with,
Recurring pain!

Oops!
Ouch.
It's a recurring pain.

And hard to boot!
Ouch.
This recurring pain.

When it is booted!
Oops!
A recurring pain.

And hard to boot it too.
Recurring pain.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Recycled Recessiveness

Making attempts,
To revive that which is clearly nonexisting.
And has past its usefulness...
Is sad to witness.
Although this can be observed to be done!

There are those who still insist upon,
Their usage of depictions of stereotypical images.
With moking jokes of poked out lips.
Stretched rolling eyes.
And slow dragging steps taken,
Like a Step n' Fetchit.

And those wishing to turn back the clock...
To relive these times,
Are those who have been suppressed the most.
But there is something of value for them,
In being subservient
They find...
That keeps them wishing to perfect,
These teased images in their minds.

It is an art they have long established,
As a cause to unite behind...
The disgraceful declining...
Some of their own kind now denounce,
As a means to uphold their begging!
And the infighting keeps them...
In a recycled recessiveness.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Recycled Steps

Exclusion did not free them to grandeur.
As they sheltered themselves in secret.

What they met was an isolation squandered,
With possessions to rust.
And feelings emptied of depth.

Exclusion did not free them to grandeur,
As wished to live lives in splendor as they pleased.

What their selfish centeredness self righteous eyes have left...
Is a way of life that promises a slow death.
And a fear of losing what they have theft,
From those they chose to keep bereft.

In minds polluted and blind,
That takes their breath...
To spin in recycled steps of their regrets!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Red Grape

You're like a piece of sugar on the vine,
That's been resisted.
And sitting lusciously delicious,
Waiting to get plucked...
When time comes for the picking.

You're like a piece of sugar on the vine,
That's been resisted.
And sitting lusciously delicious,
Waiting to get plucked...
When time comes for the picking.
By someone patient,
Who sits wishing for you to lick.

You're like sugar on the vine,
Not ripe to lick.
You may be a nine in someone's mind.
But not quite ready to snip and pick.
Or slowly drip from someone's lips.

Red grape...
You're not quite ready to squeeze between teeth.
Red grape...
Your sweetness teases tongues among some.
And,
Red grape...
You look so ripe,
For an easy pick to lick!

You're like a piece of sugar on the vine,
That's been resisted.
And sitting lusciously delicious,
Waiting to get plucked...
When time comes for the picking.
But,
Red grape...
You're not quite ready to squeeze between teeth.
And,
Red grape...

You look so ripe,
For an easy pick to lick!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Redevelopment

Thinking of all aspects of discipline.
And the benefits of comprehension...
Once the affects of listening begins.

The association of respect,
As it is witnessed...
To be connected to one's happiness.

And the satisfaction one gets,
Upon learning sacrifice and patience...
Is a successful process in redevelopment.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Redevelopment Zones

They have turned certain regions,
Into redevelopment zones!
And that's the only 'interests' they have!
To destroy and rebuild...
To fill their pockets.
Creating industries to produce inferior products,
And call this achieving success and advancement!

And whenever visiting these transformed sites...
We are quick to notice where to obtain a soft drink,
And a good hamburger!
'Hold the pickle and the lettuce! '
This is the peace and democracy
They eliminate cultures to spread!
'With mayo and cheese, please! '
These are the reasons they must uphold,
And enforce their will...
Upon those with savage graces!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Redressed

They did not like what I had to say,
Or the manner I chose to say it!
That was clear.
So...
I altered my position!
Redressed my appearance.
Returned and addressed the issue!
Once more.
With the same thing said.
However...
This time louder!
With a dash of flash!
Hoping that would make what I had to say
Heard without doubts incurred!
They were obviously not understanding,
Who they were talking to!
And I like to be understood!
Since I wasn't like the others...
From my old neighborhood!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Reduced To Delusions

Believing to lift themselves up,
By demeaning the activities of others...
Reveals the observation of many things seen.

Progress is diminished.
Attempts to begin with good intentions,
Never start to ever get finished.

And those who vocalize their contempt,
Of those who take steps to try...
Are those procrastinating as time flies by!

But there they are on the scene to be seen,
When the opportunity presents itself...
For them to socialize in the promoting of outdated ideas.

Of course,
They are heard openly criticizing...
To provoke any focus on the doer and not the deed.

And in communities that this is done,
The call for unity is kept alive...
As much as the nothingness that survives and thrives.

As facts are silenced and denied,
For the purpose to undo truths...
While observations witnessed are reduced to delusions.

Or...
Induced to inflict fear that an enlightened consciousness,
Is the work of demons behind calling for minds to progress.

While the keeping of an ignorance is obsessed to possess.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Reducing Their Associations

There is no time left,
To waste in contemplation.
Or sit in waiting for days to return,
To make the comforting of insecurities...
Welcomed to feast on denials.

These times lived upon us now,
Are for those getting introduced to truth.
And reducing their associations,
From the many still using reliable excuses.
Even though those events that happened,
Just last week protect no one.
None with beliefs...
That the use of outdated info can be used as validation.

That's how needless those stuck in mindsets are.
Depending on pointless explanations to find themselves.
They wish to detail that which has already been understood,
And gone!

There is no time left,
To waste in contemplation.
Or sit in waiting for days to return,
To make the comforting of insecurities...
Welcomed to feast on denials.

That's how needless those stuck in mindsets are.
Depending on pointless explanations to find themselves.
They wish to detail that which has already been understood,
And gone!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Redundant Applications Abused

It can be reluctantly admitted,
Those oppressed can not be blamed...
For current actions that shame,
Those with conquests that are being suppressed.
An infighting has heightened,
And exposes a lack...
Of togetherness confessed.

It is a mess that has been created,
To satiated individual greed.
Seams held tight in strict confidence...
Has loosened the lips of those once mummed!
A collective mindset held...
Is leaving them all accountably stung!

They can not use statistics...
To blitz their selfishness!
With redundant applications abused,
Their confusion now ignites...
Battles they fight with no relief in sight!

As those divided stop to comprehend...
What has been going on,
From a beginning that comes to defeat,
Those who used 'peace'...
As a methodic scheme to leech,
In a pathetic public way
That comes to betray before it ends!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Reeking Of Ego

My door when it is open,
Is not done to invite disrespect.
And if it closes upon anyone,
That comes from a reaction I did get.

Some have accused me of having ego,
Because what I do is at my best.
I've studied with interest what I deliver.
And I expect nothing less.
Since teachers I had would not accept,
Mediocrity.

It took many lessons,
For me to make what I do look easy.
With devotion and focus and sacrifice too.
Many can not connect...
The importance of being mentally and physically,
Disciplined...
With respect.
And this in my mind I can not tolerate.
Especially from those who are creative...
Who do not appreciate,
Their blessings given to neglect.

Some have accused me of having ego,
Because What I do is at my best.
And my best from myself I expect.
Taking years not days or hours...
To satisfy,
And...
With no rest to get.

I wish it was 'ego'.
It would be easier on me,
To get the attention...
And a lot more sleep.
Some believe those creative,
Can do without.
For an exchange of accolades,

Sought to seek by those reeking of ego.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Reeling For Cod

She asked if I would donate
To her desires to be humped,
On a bed as 'screwmates'.
And if I'd be home alone at eight?
She would bring someone else,
She knew I'd appreciate.

I asked her if it was sperm she wished,
To raise a child in a manner she saw fit?
And she said no!
'It's not that at all!
I'm wishing to be neighborly...
And my friend's name is Paul! '

Of course I was stunned,
By her approach and thoughtlessness!
I told her I liked sex...
But with one not another she selects.
And she said Paul had a tremendous 'rod'...
And he would just like to watch us,
As she closed her eyes...
Fantasizing fishing,
Using his 'rod'...
On a boat reeling for cod!

Needless to say...
I said okay!
Since today nothing is sacred.
And her arrangement was not that odd!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Re-Evaluation

Strutting with your stuck up butt up in the air,
Like others...
Struck by foreclosed homes in suburbia,
Appearing everywhere.
And you have the nerve to ask those 'have nots'
If they have any change to spare?
While using pots they've got to piss in...
To leave them pretensed with your penniless flair.
Should say something to you,
About a way of life more missed!
And in need for your severe,
Re-evaluation!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Refill

You light my life,
With a warmth that inspires.
And soothes,
Like a candle burning bright.

Sometimes you can ignite my desires.
And then...
You're like a piece of ice.
But...
That's why,
I want to keep you like a fever.
When I begin to chilll,
You restore me with a refill.
And that's why...
You can get me up from lows,
Only you know how it's done...
And,
It shows.

You keep me alive,
With a heated fever needed.
When I begin to chill,
With those doubts feeling real.
You restore me with a refill.

And that's why...
I'm peaceful when I sleep at night.
And that I like,
That refill only you provide.
Inside my mind I keep it there...
Maximized.

And that's why...
I'm peaceful when I sleep at night.
And that I like,
That refill only you provide.
Inside my mind to keep it there...
Maximized.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Reflected From Within Us

The light of life,
Reflected from within us...
To animate that which we see,
Does not glow to show brightly...
As it is believed done independently.
To leave any us to perceive,
We are individually detached from it.

The light of life reflected from within us,
Is a blessing bestowed...
By a higher and magnificent,
Tremendous deity.
Giving us eyesight and an ability to breathe.
And taken for granted,
The doing is automatically.

The feeding from 'IT',
Is provided until 'IT' decides...
How bright a life glows,
And when the dimming begins to show...
Be it day or night to be removed from sight.
With a leaving those self-righteous,
To accept or disbelieve to discreetly deceive...
That a life they've been given blessed to receive,
Can be manipulated to flatter unseen 'deities'.
To have it 'then' depicted to have others believe,
A light within them that glows to show...
Is a better and brighter light to shine,
Than others bestowed.

With a giving them the right,
To interpret what's not there to read...
Between the lines throughout their days,
And their blessed nights...
When all lines,
Anyone wishes to misinterpret with them to find...
Can be remove from minds at anytime to go.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Reflected In Their Mirrors Hiding

They've decided to create their own enemies.
And with this collective belief,
They organized with faithful followers.

And today no one can say,
What their true accomplishments have been.
Since those they had once delared their enemies,
Have successfully proven...
However they were depicted and regarded,
Had nothing to do with their achievements...
That have no end to them.
And...
Unaffected by those it seems,
Who treasure character assassinations.

And those still insisting they have their enemies...
On a list insisting this,
Have yet to see them identified...
Although they are clearly reflected,
In their mirrors hiding behind lies and disguises.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Reflected Perception Of Satisfactions

Life is much more,
Than the limitations given.
And those who chose not to see life that way?
It is okay to leave them convinced...
They are a reflected perception of satisfactions,
Sometimes there to please.
And most times delivering to them blemishes,
Found to compare an awareness of flaws!
They wish to correct...
With further imperfections!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Reflected Specks Of Dust

It may be an illusion.
But all must agree,
It has to be faith.
To endured from us,
This has to come.
With a lusting of trust thrusted.
In resounding echos heard.
Repeated in completed recognition!

Embraced attached souls are we!
From a place of magnificent light.

Reflected specks of dust so loved.
As the power of The Almighty,
Adorns to trace...
With an etching to witness upon our faces.
Animated to dim until extinguished.
And soar we do,
Under the warmth of Sun.
To cool when the Moon comes.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Reflecting Ideals

Doctrines?
What good are they...
If they are fought over?
But can not be enforced,
By those who endorse them...
As a tool reflecting ideals.
Crumbling in the most sacred of places!
And there are expectations to have those rejoice
Positions failing foundations of choice.
Delivering hypocriscies everyone sees as flawed?
Jaws 'would' dropp if so many were not shocked,
Without a moment to stop to breathe a sigh
Of polluted air!
And as precious as 'that' is...
No one cares to keep it clean,
Or at least scented with pine to address illusions.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Reflecting Upon Regrets

We accept.
Even those rejections,
That come to us unexpected...
We accept.

We all try to do our best.
Very few try hard 'not' to succeed.
It is a quality of human nature...
To do those things to have others pleased.

We seek conquests,
To prove to some...
We are better than the rest.
With an neglecting of common sense...
Ignored!

When our backs are up against a fence.
Or a high brick wall...
We refuse to climb.
Or around it crawl!

We accept.
Even those rejections,
That come to us unexpected...
We accept.

We seek conquests,
To prove to some...
We are better than the rest.
With an neglecting of common sense...
Ignored!

We all try our best.
Very few try hard 'not' to succeed.
It is a quality of human nature...
To do those things to have others pleased.

When our backs are up against a fence.
Or a high brick wall...

We refuse to climb.
Or around it crawl!

We accept.
But never direct our steps,
To move forward with lessons learned.
That has, of yet...
Been a choice to satisfy,
Without reflecting upon regrets!
Since regrets for us are not acceptable.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Reflection Of God's Best

What habits we bear,
In this humanness given.
A 'will' to do those things,
To bring ourselves despair.

What delusions we carry,
To perceive we are disconnected.
To judge and disrespect...
Someone else who has feelings,
We don't accept and neglect.

What rights do we have...
To eat and rest,
Under safe shelter.
While others go hungry to wander,
Without food in homelessness!

What habits we bear,
In this humanness given.
To think we are better...
To live with no regrets.

Heartless and selfish!
Believing what we do,
Is a reflection of God's best!
And yet we find ourselves denying...
Inside of us,
A hopelessness!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Reflection Of His 'Work' And Achievement

I am the reward received from God's deeds done.
I am the reflection of His 'work' and achievement.
I can not allow myself to produce less than my best.
This would disfavor the love I am given from Him.
And I would live a life,
Not seeking to reach heights.
But reduce myself to making excuses,
As if this activity would nourish and feed my appetite!

I am the reward.
I am the reflection.
I can not allow myself to produce less than my best.
This would disfavor the love I am given from Him.
And I would live a life,
Not seeking to reach heights.
But reduce myself to making excuses.
And I want to prove I am more than just worthy.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Reform

A selection from trash,
Will not rescue them.
No matter how it is dressed...
To impress.
Or repress with depression
One of colored skin.
Or programmed to be dim of wit.
To disadvantaged all of them.
With beliefs
They are doomed to a life of grief!
A disruption of this thought process,
Is achieved to expose a digression...
Of a failed conquest.

A falsified reality,
Leaves all powerless at best!
But no one knows a cure of 'bliss'...
Comes to reform such 'freedoms'
Never born!
And deceptions of all kinds,
Will be redressed to inform.
Abandoning those wicked,
In their own mental storm.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Reformed Apologists

Socially accepted name soiling,
Of those reformed apologists.
Wishing to have their public role calling,
Yesterday found appalling.
But today have discovered themselves,
The ones full of 'it'.

Retracking from en-acting,
Pointing blame with accusations.
Only makes those misdeeds to face,
Unable to erase.
From the minds of those attacked,
By assumptions and not facts!

Socially accepted name soiling,
Of those reformed apologists.
Wishing to have their public role calling,
Yesterday found appalling...
But today have discovered themselves,
The ones full of 'it'.

Leaving good relationships blemished.
And reputations diminished.
Isolates with a finish,
Those feelings of friendship forever left embittered.
With a forgiveness erased,
To never again be considered.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Refresh, Revive, Renew

Refresh, revive, renew...
And declare yourself,
You!
Detached and removed,
From a confusing deprivation.
Blocked and unlocked from it!
You can not return...
To burn.
To learn from consequences,
You alone earned.

Refresh, revive, renew...
And declare yourself,
You!
Back from a lack of confidence.
Unstrapped from incidents.
Caused by hasty indeciveness...
Rushing to prevent any form of movement.
Condoned and now done with it.

Refresh, revive, renew...
And declare yourself,
You!
If done now...
Your future becomes even brighter.
Even the light held you hold,
Can be held even higher.
Higher
Higher
Higher still!

Refresh, revive, renew...
And declare yourself,
You!
You are that spark,
Igniting to glow.
Show more of it!

Refresh, revive, renew...

You.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Refreshened Appetite

I am sure they have different perceptions,
About how to do things right.
I am a ghetto baby.
Not a surburbanite!
I've experienced people leeching,
Off backs to get an easy ride.
Telling others what they do for the poor.
And without them,
They wouldn't have those lives to criticize.
Or make a buck.
To act stuck up!
OR plant fat butts on toilets...
To get through,
And publicly turn their backsides!
I am sure they have different perceptions,
About success and how that appears.
How it looks to them...
When they drive in expensive cars,
Snearing at the 'lowly'...
And being the snobs they are!
But one thing comes to them,
That is unavoidable.
And that is very clear.
Their activities in the past decades now gone...
Has brought them much regret and tears!

I am sure they have different perceptions,
About how to do things right.
So many of them now appear in 'ghettos'...
Attempting to correct,
Their damaged 'insights'
With a refreshened appetite...
To enlighten themselves with a higher consciousness.
Devoid of an absence of arrogance.
And befriend the 'ghetto-ites' of blight they incited!
Bringing offerings to share...
A newfound diet they like!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Refreshing To Hear

Why do I refuse to stop smiling?
That is the only thing I can prove,
I can do...
To chase my tears away.

And since it seems,
Few are doing it willfully...
It is 'almost' refreshing to hear,
Folks say today I am crazed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Refreshing Visions

When an opportunity comes,
To break down a barrier
That has separated someone.
It must be done!
To undo,
What should not have begun...
In pursuit to manifest division.
A sense of accomplishment
Over a perceived detriment is won!
Prevails with striking enlightenment,
To be hailed in a rejoicing that melds.
Lifting with a rejuvenation shared.
And a foolishness that awakens consciousness,
Is dismissed to embrace a clarity once resisted.
Dared by curiosity and myth!
Quickly healing these splits ensured...
With wishes of forgiveness delivered.
To reveal those misunderstandings held!
And witnessing them drift away,
Under clearing skies...
To brightened eyes,
With refreshing visions!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Refuse They Do To Accept The Truth

They go to their places of faith,
To pray for solutions to end their dilemmas...
And increasing conflicts.
Yet...
Refuse they do to accept the truth,
Of a free will God has given them...
With choices to make.

But facing the reality of mistakes they have made,
Escapes from the delusions they would rather live...
Than admitting to themselves,
THEY and nothing else create their own problems.

'You're in the wrong place.
Get up off your knees.
Examine the choices 'you' alone have made.'

~Who are YOU to talk to 'us' like that? ~

They go to their places of faith,
To pray for solutions to end their dilemmas...
And increasing conflicts.
Yet...
Refuse they do to accept the truth,
Of a free will God has given them...
With choices to make.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Refuse To Be Abused

Among the things I had consciously done,
But discovered the stopping of doing them...
Was an opportunity to change my own attitude,
About who I would give my time and respect to.
With it expected from those; although 'they' chose,
To have it perceived they were doing me the favor.
By allowing themselves to accomodate not appreciate,
My time and respect to them I gave as a choice made.

And when I found I was not the only one,
Used to have their nonsense to me done...
Well,
Needless to say today I don't have those desires...
To solicit that kind of disrespect leaving me upset.
Nor do I let my peace of mind become affected with regret,
By those who perceive me to be distant and sensitive...
With a removing me off of their 'Refuse To Be Abused List'.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Refuse To Be Driven To Fits

Grab your destiny.
Prepare to mix a recipe...
With a freeing breeze.
And-don't-let-go.

Know you've got the key.
To fulfill your every need.
Choose your life to be...
One-that-flows.

You alone can plant your crop with joy.
If you want it.
And get on it.

You alone can stop that which annoys.
By distractions coming to sit...
To make you bite your lower lip.

Grab your destiny.
Prepare to mix a recipe...
With a freeing breeze.
And-don't-let-go.

Know you've got the key.
To fulfill your every need.
If you want it.
Just get on it.

Refuse to be driven to fits.
Know you're tired of this and quit.
If you want it.
Just get on it.

Refuse to be driven to fits.
Know you're tired of this and quit.
If you want it.
Just get on it.

You alone can plant your crop with joy.

You alone can stop that which annoys.
If you want it.
Just get on it.
And...
Refuse to be driven to fits.
Know you're tired of this and quit.
If you want it.
Just get on it.
And...
Refuse to be driven to fits.
Know you're tired of this and quit.
If you want it.
Just get on it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Refuse To Be Inoculated

The best way to avoid a virus,
Is to not go near the plague.
And refuse to be inoculated,
To stimulate antibodies...
From anybody wearing a tuxedo,
Accompanied by a caddy...
Carrying a golf bag!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Refuse To Be Muted

Do choose.
And, select your steps.
Do choose.
Don't second guess to be a wreck.
Do choose.
Reach and see yourself the best.
Seek to want nothing else less...
Since there's no time to sit and rest,
With folded arms against your chest.

Do choose.
Don't pity pat your own back.
Do choose.
Decide to be better than that.
Do choose.
Unstrap from shackles that trap.
You are much more than that.
Put some heat under your feet...
Know your destiny is yours,
To meet and greet.

Do choose.
Don't pity pat your own back.
Know you're better than that!
Refused to be muted.
Refute this to be booted!

Do choose.
And, select your steps.
Do choose.
Don't second guess to be a wreck.
Do choose.
Reach and see yourself the best.
Seek to want nothing else less...
Since there's no time to sit and rest,
With folded arms against your chest.

Refuse to be muted.
Refute this to be booted.

Do choose.
Refuse to be muted.
Refute this to be booted!

Do choose.
Refuse to be muted.
Refute this to be booted!
And, select your steps.
Reach and seek the best.

Do choose!
And refuse to be muted.
Confused and disputed,
To choose!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Refuse To Be The One With That Title

Picking with an esteem,
A choice not to be one idle.
And not one to be guided by...
A looking with eyes from side to side.

Picking with an esteem,
A choice not to be one idle.
And not one to be guided by...
A looking with eyes from side to side.

Looking ahead and keeping one's faith,
With a hold that shows one bridled.
Are the ones who never wait too late...
Until time from them has escaped.

Picking with an esteem,
A choice not to be idle.
And not one to be guided by...
A looking with eyes from side to side.

Picking with an esteem,
A choice not to be...idle.
And not one to be guided by...
A looking with eyes from side to side.

Procrastinators are the ones to make mistakes.
And found to be...idle.
As they watch time from them fly right by...
While trying to catch up with slow strides.

Picking with an esteem,
A choice not to be one idle.
And not one to be guided by...
A looking with eyes from side to side.

Picking with an esteem,
A choice not to be...idle.
And not one to be guided by...
A looking with eyes from side to side.

Procrastinators are the ones to make mistakes.
And found to be those idle.
While trying to catch up with slow strides,
As they watch time from them fly right by.

Don't procrastinate and find it's much too late.
Refuse to be the one left idle.
Don't procrastinate and find it's much too late.
Refuse to be the one left idle.
Don't procrastinate and find it's much too late.
Refuse to be the one left idle.
Refuse to be the one left idle.
And...
Don't procrastinate,
To find it's much too late.
Refuse to be the one...
With that title.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Refuse To Say A Thing

One determine to depict themselves,
As a victim at someone else's expense...
Will begin to provoke and solicit tension,
To get the attention.
And in public ensure...
Another who has been incensed,
Is observed inflicting mental abuse...
For no reasonable excuse as viewed for it.

But there is a way to trick a demon who does this.
Walk away.
And refuse to say a thing.
A demon then...
Can not prevent,
A fool others will see to believe.

One determine to depict themselves,
As a victim at someone else's expense...
Will begin to provoke and solicit tension,
To get the attention.
But there is a way to trick a demon who does this.
Refuse to say a thing.
A demon then can not prevent,
A fool others will see to believe.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Refused To Accept

Today...
It seems few take seriously,
The many ways they've been betrayed.
Even the ones,
Openly and clearly deceived cleverly,
Keep doubting the truth.
And the appearance of it to believe.

Anyone who speaks defiantly,
Against misconceptions...
And the dire affects lies have left.
Become the ones to be subjected,
By their own people...
Who have long accepted,
The reality endorsed...
To enforce upon themselves,
A negligence they continue...
To protect,
An ignorance and its presence.
And...
Will never believe they've been,
Duped to fool.
With a doing that reflects,
Mindsets choosing to accept...
Whatever they are told.
As long as reality and the truth,
Is kept deluded.
And...
Refused to accept and left deceived.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Refused To Believe Them New

One accustomed,
To making excuses...
Will always be heard,
Accusing another...
Of not accepting new excuses,
Like others have done.
One listening remembers...
To have been used.
Others empathetic,
Have as yet rejected or refused.
To believe them new.

'You should not be so harsh,
In your assessment...
Of someone obviously distressed.
And torn in different directions.
To leave them stressed.
Without any rest to get.'

~I know.
Each night I find it difficult to sleep.
I awaken in cold sweats.
Regretting what I've done.
Unable to shake away,
The remorse I so deeply feel.
The pain. The anguish.
The moments of unrelenting sorrow.
Only I know how unbearable it is.
I pray to God my misdeeds done,
Will one day be forgiven.
And again I am free to live my life.~

'So...
In others words,
You actually could care less.'

~Well...
Your choice of words are not mine.
However...

I was hoping,
It wouldn't be that easy to detect.
But I will confess,
The caring less of others...
Who have shown me,
Ways they have done it better...
Than I ever could,
Leaves me comforted to know...
I too can achieve that same feeling.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Refusing A Dose Of Self-Examination

People refer to a documented constitution,
When they wish their entitlements...
To be upheld and defended.
But a respect given,
To that which has been in effect...
To protect the rights of all affected,
Has not been valued as those standards kept.

And deception feeding an exclusive greed,
Has proven to be defective.
Leaving division, confusion and conflicts observed,
Left to serve those refusing...
A dose of self-examination in retrospect,
To correct with an achieving of solutions.
And solutions to correct inflicted divisions are best.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Refusing Its Acceptance

The one thing that upsets so many,
About reality...
Is the presence of truth.
And the existence of it.
Even though the expense,
Of refusing its acceptance...
Keeps the cost exorbitant.
With debts to pay increasingly deepened.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Refusing Lessons To Them Given

I have never understood,
Those who pay to sit in classrooms...
Refusing lessons to them given.
To then declare what is being taught,
And the experience of the teacher...
Who provides a strained patience,
Is inadequate for them to digest.
And the teacher commited,
Has to listen to those too ignorant...
To respect or silence themselves.
Or speak or write correctly!
But wish to express their intelligence,
To impress others.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Refusing The Facts That Be

Pity weepers drip,
Their tears to be revisited.
Pity weepers drip...
Their sadness repeatedly.
Pity weepers drip,
Their tears to be revisited...
Refusing the facts that be.

Violence enacted by those distraugfht,
Has brought...
Pain upon the innocent.
And heartache dispensed to all.
Oh the woe!
Pity weepers drip,
Their tears to be revisited.
Pity weepers drip...
Their sadness repeatedly.
Pity weepers drip,
Their tears to be revisited...
Refusing the facts that be.

People reject and can not accept.
Refusing the facts that be.
People neglect and disrespect.
Refusing the facts that be.
People sweep their own mess on others to fret.
Refusing the facts that be.
And...
Refusing themselves to see.

Pity weepers drip,
Their tears to be revisited.
Pity weepers drip...
Tears.
Pity weepers drip,
Their tears to be revisited...
Refusing the facts that be.

People reject and can not accept.

People neglect and disrespect.
People expect an attention to get,
But refuse the facts to believe.

Pity weepers drip...
Tears.
Pity weepers drip,
Their tears to be revisited.
Pity weepers drip...
Tears.
Pity weepers drip,
Their tears to be revisited.
Refusing the facts that be.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Refusing Then To Listen

There were those selected and chosen,
To represent their causes.
With a reflecting of their priorities,
And interests kept protected.

There were those denied,
And deemed not qualified.
Although they produced credentials,
To prove their experiences were essential.

Today those denied,
And deemed yesterday not qualified...
Are discovered to have experiences,
That should have never been dismissed.
But time does not allow to have those yesterdays,
Replaced with a catching up to date.

And,
What could have been of benefit and useful to them,
Those refusing then to listen...
Would have been paths freed of debris with clarity.
But a patience gone from those dismissed...
Has been distanced from the ones,
Caught up in lives lived in chaos and conflicts.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Refusing To Become Anyone's 'Grief' Co-Pilot

I don't drip or sob tears.
Like some who have a gift for it.
I am exposed everyday...
To pain and sorrow.
Hopelessness shared.
Among those with their agonies to borrow.

I've been tested by wickedness.
With prehaps more of it to come.
But I will not succumb to shiftlessness.
Or become attracked to those...
With nothing but pity on their lips.
I am here to taste happiness.
And if I am alone...
That's just more of it I will come to like.
Refusing to become anyone's 'grief' co-pilot!

And if you are about to take off?
You can have the runway.
And from it...
Take WAY off!
With no concern if I'd like to see you land again!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Refusing To Instill An Obedience

A belligerent disposition,
Does not overnight occur or begin.
It has been fostered and condoned in doses.
And began as something noticed,
Regarded as cute!
Especially bestowed upon 'precious' and precocious...
Sweet and adorable manipulative children!

'You are too strict on your children.
All children that age display stubborn independence.'

~I don't consider talking back, throwing tantrums...
In a public display to get their way.
I will spoil them to a certain point.
But a listening to me will be done!
And,
They 'will' obey!
How you raise 'your' children...
Is not how mine will be raised.
In other words...
You stay out of this! ~

Refusing to instill an obedience,
That is respectfully applied...
Undenied.
Without a firm authority...
And at times felt on one's backside,
Can lead to an expensive lifelong embarrassment.

And making attempts to calm unruly kids...
Undisciplined by parents who appear in schools,
To defend what they did...
Ultimately finds someone sobbing in tears,
When a sentence to spend time behind bars...
Is given to a 'child' to sit for years in a prison.
For acts of mugging or threatening with weapons to rob!
If in fact,
Not for violent attacks that left behind someone murdered.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Refusing To Self Examine

I know this may be disappointing,
But we can not be anyone else.
We are here to be ourselves.
With little time to pass judgement on others.
But time is spent in the doing of it,
As if on a mission.

And that is why most of us become disappointed.
With a refusing to self examine our own blemishes.
Instead of sneaking to peek over someone else's fence,
To evaluate if in the doing of this...
We leave with a feeling to be or not to be impressed,
Without addressing or own activities.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Refusing To Wear Masks

We don't like them anymore.

'Why? '

We find them ruthless and too uncouth.
Their presence lacks polish and refinement.
Gone is their grace and social etiquette.
And...
Besides that,
They have the audacity to say what they think!
With a doing to do this in public with no regard,
To values we keep to have adopted.
We have found that much too tasteless.
Unforgivable!

'Oh.
I see.
So they are honest and delusion free.
And you wish not to have your friends,
Believe this is the kind of company you keep secretly.
Since they would not tolerate anyone delusion free.'

Exactly.
We can not have our impressions to make,
Ruined by those refusing to wear masks.
Especially in public!
I mean...
Who do you know in their right mind would do that?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Regard It As An Obligation

One should live each day,
Grateful to be cautiously observant.
Do not become too thrilled.
Especially those of you who awaken...
Feeling absolutely wonderful!

Remember...
There is someone you will encounter,
Who will be determined to find your good feeling
Suspicious.

And they will do their best to remind you...
Gloom should be part of your reality.
You can maintain that glorious feeling.
But whatever you do...
Do not ignore their wish to accept their lives,
As they choose.
With complaints and burdens to bear.

Acknowledge their misery.
That's all they want.
They want it to be confirmed.
Do it!

Do not insist there is joy to be felt!
You know that to be true.
You do not have to convince anyone,
Who is on a mission to dispense headaches.
Preserve your peace of mind!
Regard it as an obligation.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Regarded As Frivolous

The ability to acquire and purchase things,
Should not be the impetus...
That begins to establish one's self esteem.

Or that which stimulates an incentive wished,
Should not be the catalyst...
That provokes with a teaching,
The reason why anyone seen...
Appears with a feeling to be successful,
With talents and 'gifts'.

Since an integrity gained to maintain,
May come from one's awakening...
To finally recognize one's identity.
And that's it.
Everything else one has and obtains,
Maybe regarded as frivolous.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Regardless

It doesn't matter...
How you regard me.
Where you regard me
If you regard me.
Or why or even when,
I am regarded by you at all.
If neither one of us are sharing...
To acknowledge it!

Whenever I am home,
And feeling alone.
That is done...
When and if those moments arrive,
Regardless!
And...
Until those moods decided to leave...
There I am,
In total disregard.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Regardless If Being Assessed

I have never been curious of those,
Who have a lot to say about others.
But keep themselves hidden behind masks,
As if afraid to show their own faces.
Or have I been interested at all in those,
Who introduce what they do...
As if to do this puts them high on a judgement list.

I can tell in a minute who is ambitious.
And who lives to experience life without it being a task.
But those who live just to be pretentious,
Aren't as interesting as the ones...
Who seem to be unafraid to walk upon an unchartered path.
To be who they are and say whatever they like.
Regardless if being assessed by others addressing it.

'Did you hear what was said about you? '

~Of course I did.
They are not the only ones here assessing too.
Feeding imaginations I find exciting to do.
I've grown accustomed to being stripped naked,
Without being asked!
Or being in the presence of those disrespecting!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Regardless If The Act Of It Is Avoidable

They don't want,
THAT direction!
They want THEIR direction.
Even though it has been shown,
Their direction
Has long been eroding.

And the installation of a brick wall,
Erected with warnings of consequences
Is beginning to chip,
From their constant banging against it.
A collective stubornness insisted
Goes unheeded.

And no matter what anyone says,
About a the wall protecting them
From a fall over a cliff
They have chosen to rise against,
The presence of qualified leadership
To bulldoze their way,
Right through it!

And the moral of this?
If there is any morality left,
Significant in this decaying existence.

Whatever is said to those who don't listen,
Through the cracks many will fall.
Screaming for help,
From those they claimed appalled.

And always there are those,
Pointing their fingers at others
To accuse and blame,
For dilemmas they keep
To protect their ignorance even as they weep.
With a desire to prove
Their heads are thicker,
Than any installed wall.

Or the steep deepness of their fall.
Regardless if the act of it,
Is avoidable.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Regardless Of How Blatant

They pat each other on the back,
For a con job well done.
And the people fall for that.
Knowing their best interests have been shunned.

And regardless of how blatant,
The degrading act of this appears...
The people await for more of this,
With a round of applause...
And encouraging all to stand tall and cheer!

As they roll their eyes at those who scoff.
In stances to defend...
The increasing decadence,
That has jeopardized their quality of life.
With no end in sight!
And believing themselves to be envied!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Regardless Of How High A Horse

I have lived long enough to learn,
A repeated ride on a merry-go-round...
On fixed and painted horses that go up and down,
Has nothing to do with a scenery unchanged.
No matter how I insist with an addiction,
To grab hold of a brass ring that teases.
As if the prize for accomplishing this monotonous ride,
Will have an effect on the environment I left.
Showing to reveal my sense of pride.

To then return with excitement and have this reflect,
On others unimpressed...
By an accomplishment I have achievement to receive.
And prepared to share with 'whomever' is there.

I have lived long enough to learn,
That my experiences that I have earned...
Is not going to make a difference to those indifferent.
Regardless of how high a horse I had sat on!
Whether it went up or down OR jumped through hoops,
To qualify me a winner.
Or the number of times I tried to succeed.
And did.
Because I believed I could.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Regardless Of How It Is Perceived

There is a right time for some.
And a wrong time for others,
For 'some' things to be done...
Kept defined in minds pressured,
Unable to unwind.

And there seems never a time,
We determine to keep...
Nourished with a flourishing,
All the time.
With a manifesting of happiness.

Regardless of how time is perceived,
As a limited fit...
To adjust to a scheduling done to it.
Wouldn't it be wonderful,
If you and not time became the benefactor of life?

And it came looking to find you.
And you were too busy to look for it.
Or cared if it was found.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Regardless Of My Needs

Babysitting emotions,
Of those of aging rusty butts...
Does not set well with my adult outlook.
Since I know what it takes,
To pave the path I make.
No one has held my hand,
To prevent mistakes I took like a man.
And I can not stomach those who fake,
Heartbreak because of situations they create.
Or try to diminish their disasters done to others...
As nothing more than an oversighted blemish.
And hear them make attempts,
To run from their misdeeds like wimps!
I'm not living my life to run and hide.
Nor will I take the time to listen to others' sigh!
The strides I've taken...
I took as I cried.
Perhaps that is why,
Babysitting emotions,
Of those of aging rusty butts...
I deny.
And will not satisfy those weaknesses,
I put aside.
When I realize I alone,
Must comfort the healing of my own sorrows!
No one else but me condones!
Yesterday, even now and tomorrow.
Afterall...
I am a man.
And a man is 'suppose' to withstand,
Any stinging pain!
Inflicted with sealed lips.
At least that's what I'm told,
As I conceal my agonies!
With an expectation...
That others can dump theirs upon me just the same!
Regardless of my needs!
Or if I bleed.
My wounds I must contain!

And pretend my feelings have not been changed!
It is all insane.
But if I expose the pain I hold...
I must endure the shame!
That's why I make no announcements to maintain,
Or claim...
My manhood!
As I interpret it to be.
And given to me to explore!
Babysitting emotions,
Of those of aging rusty butts...
I ignore.

Dedicated:
To those of us who are expected to 'understand'
without an ounce of 'that' expressed to us!
We must realize there is a 'blessing' involved.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Regardless Of The Lack Of Proof

To cling to that which is changing,
Splits and widens the gap...
Between that which is wished,
And dismissing the honesty attached
With facts.
Some will choose to cling,
As if clinging onto what has gone
Brings back anything stronger than before.
Reality is ignored and slips from those insisting...
It isn't what it is.
And even though what it is, is missed?
Eyes refuse to acknowledge its existence.
Even if it sits in their faces to stare.
They cling onto visions.
Hoping that myths aren't just mental visitations,
They've become deluded with and overwhelmed.
Regardless of the lack of proof,
That eludes their aloofness that seeks to be soothed.
And pampered by a deludedness kept attractive!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Regardless Of The Obstacles To Overcome

It is not unusual to hear from those,
Climbing up from out of crevices...
Or from behind cemented walls,
To volunteer unsolicited comments...
About someone who has offended their insecurities.
Or doubted beliefs kept held but seeking validation.
Only to have it exposed in debate or heated argument,
A choice they have chosen to waste their valuable time...
In the midst of someone else's business.
With a making of attempts to define what's going on,
In that person's mind...
Only to give others an opportunity to discover,
Who does 'what' with a doing to move forward with a purpose...
Regardless of the obstacles to overcome and to be faced.
And 'who' it is that implements the opposition,
With a wish to disgrace one's credibility or perceived influence.
And there to get the attention to make that known,
With a voice increasingly speaking and loudly heard...
To rise above others who have not adopted to adapt or accept,
The popularity of hypocrisy.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Regardless Of The Outcome

Release rejections of imperfections kept.
To ruin steps assigned to your journey,
And stamped with your imprint...
Will not match and identify masks worn,
To disguise the 'Angels of Divinity'.
Those who have mastered life
And sit in skies with eyes that see
Beyond our limited visions.

What is expected..
Is a calmness that remains,
Contained within.
Changing the mission,
To satisfy with conditions
Prequalified with a nip or tuck...
Or altering what one considers fucked up,
About an appearance unacceptable...
Enhances grief for a brief fling.
Like seasons changing into seasons changing.
Something that continues to beautify and fade.

The impatience of a Caterpillar,
Does not expedite the wings of a Butterfly!

Why not receive the reward that comes...
By remaining true to oneself,
Regardless of the outcome!
Regardless of perceptions shunned.
These miracles are not to be tampered!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Regardless Of The Weather

Easy it is to receive a bright sunny day,
To then say what events could have been prevented.
So easy it is when clouds of yesterday have passed,
To admit a limited point of view...
Could have been broadened if more time one had.

And easy it is to make repeated mistakes,
As long as one knows they will be forgiven.
But many are quick and too easy to offend,
When someone is honest with a truth spoken to them.
And deliberately mentioned regardless of the weather.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Regardless Of Those Appearances

The selling of any image,
That directly conflicts...
With that which is in existence.
And clearly represents,
A negligence that is in shambles.
Does not mean for one moment,
That the image sold free of imperfections...
Should not be held to be one golden.
With a choosing of it as reality.
And reflects all that is properly etiquette.
Since this as a deliberate promotion shows,
Has been marketed as a brilliant achievement.
Regardless of those observances.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Regardless Of Whose Oven Is Used

Unfamiliar lips kissed,
And impatient...
May never find anyone,
Wishing for more of that...
Than a pawing done to pick,
A preference.
For the purpose to warm up some heat.
To please a required taste.
Regardless of whose oven is used,
Or what it takes for the cook,
To know who shows a more personalized appreciation.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Regional Conditioning

Scanning one from head to toe,
To deliver an incompleted assessment...
Of another,
Upon an initial meeting...
Is a regional conditioning process.

Instead of greeting someone appropriately...
Some have a need to address one's physicality,
With interest first!
As if preparing for an adoption to take place.

And this head to toe scan is noticed,
To be done by those...
Who should be the last,
To think of passing judgement or eyeballing anyone.

However,
When an indoctrination...
Of a conditioning process has been done,
Its aim is to be thorough and childishly delivered.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Regret Or Champagne

No time is better,
Than the time right now we are in.
Any thought that strays
From a negative place yesterday...
Why do you insist,
Inviting it to make visits to sit?
You know it's going to accept...
Since a positive attitude you seem to reject,
Without regret or champagne to offer.
You go right ahead and whine!
Pass me that bottle...
I have a toast to make.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Regret That Is Unrelenting

If I had known...
A hint or clue,
You were rushing to see me.
I would not have grown impatient.

But last I saw you...
It was you.
You were the one,
Who had lost your patience.
In one single breath...
You left!

It pains me now,
To know we could have met...
To forgive and forget.

I did come back...
To find a note,
Expressing your sorrow.
Expressing a loneliness...
I had felt,
Hungering in sleeplessness...
That greeted me in my emptiness.

You said you understood.
And you would be gone,
For good.
How could you?

I would reach out.
Shouting for that embrace,
That now seems to have been erased...
By bad timing.

I am now the one pining for you.
Intensely yearning.
With a regret that is unrelenting.

Moments like these I wish I could send away.

But they stay.
To beat in a rhythm my heart wants to hold,
With you again!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Regrets

My regrets to have,
Are limited to few.
And even those few I have kept,
I keep to remind me...
Of those sacrifices and obstacles,
I believed were intentionally there...
To prevent my achieving a success,
I already had.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Regrets Met To Forgive We Must Forget

There is nothing we have in common,
Except for a distance kept.
I see no reason for us to pretend,
There is something there...
When there is nothing left.

Nothing but despair remembered.
And with no one do I want that to share.

There is nothing we have in common,
Except for a distance kept.
For you to mention that with consistency...
Means we both need to get as far away,
As we can get.
To keep from repeating,
Regrets met to forgive we must forget!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Regretting Their Actions

Unfortunate are those,
Who select their victims with venom.
Those who are blinded by an agenda picked,
Without facts that are offered to them...
But set with a mindset,
To appease a personal illness.
And this had been done with ease.

Unfortunate are those,
Deciding to choose the ones perceived,
As vulnerable.
Those they believed were without friends.
Those they have chosen,
To be open and defenseless.

Unfortunate are those with minds like this!
And they are the ones to ultimately suffer the most.
First to scream an unjustice has been done.
Although they are the ones,
To instigate...
Their own pain and defeat!

And exposed to be evil...
From discretions selected privately.
Now publicly observed as acts to deceive.
Unfortunate are the ones like these...
Regretting their actions,
At the expense of destroying their own lives.
Weeping and seeking...
Places to hide!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Regular People

There are those people,
Who will rush to defend...
Anyone or anything,
That best represents...
What they have been taught,
To believe to keep valued most.
And looks, money and things,
Possessed...
Sits at the top of that list.
Before respect to give.
Honesty known to keep it.
And a caring expressed,
For other human beings.

'That's your opinion.
I think things to have,
With looks?
Are tied for first place.
Now...
If one should possess,
And prove they also have...
Good credit too! ?
Wherever to use without money.
Not a dime produced?
In my eyes,
They are prioritized.'

Okay.
I'm not here with you to argue.
But...
What about a caring that shows,
For other human beings?

'I can dig it!
Which ones?
Professional athletes?
Or the ones who entertain,
In movies and TV? '

No!
The regular people.
Like you and me.

'Oh. Well...
When I get older I 'hope',
I don't have 'that'...
As a problem.
So many of them,
I hear complaining about...
Needing some kind,
Of movement assistance.
To not know...
Feeding on anything to eat,
Isn't easy or best to digest.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Regulate Your Flowing

Poopoop-a-doom-a-doom-a-doom.
Poopoop-a-doom-a-doom-a-doom.
Poopoop-a-doom-a-doom-a-doom.
Bah bah-2-poppa.

Poopoop-a-doom-a-doom-a-doom.
Poopoop-a-doom-a-doom-a-doom.
Poopoop-a-doom-a-doom-a-doom.
Bah bah-2-poppa.

Real neat.
And not a picky eater.
Toasted whole wheat,
With jam-a or rye-i.

Pickled beets,
Mixed with chili and green peppers.
Sweetens a deliciousness,
You've gotta once try!

Poopoop-a-doom-a-doom-a-doom.
Poopoop-a-doom-a-doom-a-doom.
Poopoop-a-doom-a-doom-a-doom.
Bah bah-2-poppa.

Poopoop-a-doom-a-doom-a-doom.
Poopoop-a-doom-a-doom-a-doom.
Poopoop-a-doom-a-doom-a-doom.
Bah bah-2-poppa.

Regulate your flowing,
By going regular.
Regulate your flowing,
By going regular.
Regulate your flowing,
By going regular.
Regulate your flowing,
And go,
Regular.

Real neat.
And not a picky eater.
Toasted whole wheat,
With jam-a or rye-i.

Pickled beets,
Mixed with chili and green peppers.
Sweetens a deliciousness,
You've gotta once try!

Ah...
Doom-a-doom-a-doom.
Ah ah...
Doom-a-doom-a-doom.
Ahhh...
Doom-a-doom-a-doom.
Bah bah-2-poppa.

Ah...
Doom-a-doom-a-doom.
Ah ah...
Doom-a-doom-a-doom.
Ahhh...
Doom-a-doom-a-doom.
Bah bah-2-poppa.

Regulate your flowing,
By going regular.
Regulate your flowing,
And go,
Regular.

Poopoop-a-doom-a-doom-a-doom.
Poopoop-a-doom-a-doom-a-doom.
Poopoop-a-doom-a-doom-a-doom.
Bah bah-2-poppa.

Regulate your flowing,
And go,
Regular.

Poopoop-a-doom-a-doom-a-doom.
Poopoop-a-doom-a-doom-a-doom.
Poopoop-a-doom-a-doom-a-doom.
Bah bah-2-poppa.

Regulate your flowing,
Faster!
Regulate your flowing,
Faster!
Regulate your flowing,
And go,
Regular.

Poopoop-a-doom-a-doom-a-doom.
Poopoop-a-doom-a-doom-a-doom.
Poopoop-a-doom-a-doom-a-doom.
Bah bah-2-poppa.
Regulate your flowing,
And go,
Regular.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Regurgitating

People are often offended,
By a truth directly spoken.
And often people incriminate,
Those who speak their own minds.
Those with some integrity and also honest,
Without regurgitating what to them has been heard...
Or suggested when hypnotized by fresh gossip splurged,
To affect with purpose and intended to have an effectiveness!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Rehabilitation Experts

There is nothing innocent,
That can compare these children today...
To an innocence that lacks a discipline,
Children did not get yesterday.
To release the ignorance of excuse making parents,
Who refuse to be parents to set examples made.
Instead of being afraid to offend their 'friends'.
Like many parents want to be to their thoughtless children.
With a doing to please their ungrateful minds.

And parents accepting this position,
As a disposition to take...
To raise friends and not adults to make to offend,
With expectations to receive positive results...
Are left to prove themselves to be fools...nothing else,
In this day and age when it has been discovered...
They have spent time accusing someone else,
For not having the expertise or qualifications...
To babysit, teach, discipline or produce respectable kids!

'We need more qualified teachers.'

~We do in our prison facilities.
They are now called rehabilitation experts.
And their success rates have been phenomenal.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Rehearsing A First Impression

Never would I wish to compete,
Upon those fields...
Depleted of challenges.
I've witnessed my own foolishness.
Admitting to limits of my competence.

I'm inclined not to accept,
Those invitations that produce stress.
Sacrificial?
I have healed from those contributions.
I prefer to administer my own tests...
That appear to be free of multiple choice.

And,
If I am seen blindfolded...
I am rehearsing a first impression.
I wish to leave a scent that pleases.
Or at least 'something' I donate,
To be considered as having value.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Rehearsing To Ensure

Listen to that.
They can say anything they wish,
To dip other people's lives into gutters and ditches.
And for them that is okay.

But as soon as they are approached,
To clarify a misquoting of their spoken words...
They instantly become belligerent.
Accusing others of being against them.

And the media that advertises their paid campaigns,
They blame for the attention they get.
Although they insist upon rehearsing to ensure,
The cameras are set and they are looking their best.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Re-Invent And Undo

Out from the woodwork they will come,
Like carpenter ants and termites to cut down...
Anything to upset and destruct,
With a plucking of nerves.
And venom striking tongues.

They are not readily noticed,
Until something unexpected...
They have heard validated,
Someone believed they did a doing done...
To have left their misdeeds trapping one in a web.
With a stinging that stung...
No one would survive to overcome.

Like carpenter ants and termites to cut down...
Anything to upset and destruct,
With a plucking of nerves.
And venom striking tongues.
Out from the woodwork they will come.
With a permanent stinging,
No one would survive to overcome....
To re-invent and undo with a renewed doing.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Rejecting Its Relationship

Chasing to patch up yesterdays' mistakes...
Is likened to a dog chasing its tail.
The time taken to just stop...
And Identify the connection.
Verify the attachment to the cause.
It would remedy possiblities of grief!
But that suggestion...
Like others shared and debated,
Loses its comfort...
When a mind wants to prove,
How a fool can indure...
Without a thought to connect,
Prior to rejecting its relationship to common sense!
It is just not recognized at all!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Rejection

Good deeds done,
Are seldom remembered...
By those who benefit from them.
But someone disliked for no reason at all,
Will be given attention for rest of their life.
For whatever they did or hadn't done...
Or just being who they are.
To never to know,
How indirectly but not admitted...
They have been 'despised' for so long,
That their name has been mentioned enough...
To bore those listening to tears.

'WHY?
Why...
Do you always bring them up in our conversation?
Why do you do this? '

They make me sick and get on my nerves.
They 'think' they are ALL THAT.
But they are not.
I can't stand them!

'Why don't you tell them how you feel?
Get it off your chest.
Get rid of it.'

And get rejected?
Are you kidding?
I may be into many things,
But rejection isn't one of them.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Rejection, Denial And Deception

An acceptance,
That has a negative affect...
Reeking of a need to be corrected.
Is difficult to recognize,
In environments where people survive...
On rejection, denial and deception.
And most of them rely on suspicion,
To qualify and validate as if to appreciate...
The state of their mental condition.
With encouragement given by those in positions,
Hoping they remain that way to stay...
Accepting negativity as a way of life,
As a purpose served...
To keep them from the truth and the 'light'.
Which makes for some higher incomes.
And those dumbdowned left delighted and liked,
By those wishing them to pray...
For a more positive outlook on life.
But keeping it a wish to pray for.
Since it will never be too late.
When and if that day comes to ever happen,
To those with minds confined to limitations.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Relate With Any Interpretation

Relate,
With any interpretation...
That gives the best description,
You wish to have depicted.
With a showing of a quick thinking done,
On your feet.

This,
Momentarily...
Will give you time,
To find the appropriate apology...
To excuse that which is uncovered,
That contradicts your 'most' recent explanation.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Related To Experiences

That void.
That vacancy.
That emptiness that seldom leaves.
A rawness of a grief felt is left.

That unstable emotional ride one takes,
Inside pretending to hide...
Faking to have found an escape erased,
Comes back.

And as remembered...
A happiness one has achieved,
Did not come easy.
Nor cheaply was it received.

Those aches, pains and heartbreaks...
Are related to experiences.
And somehow collectively,
Delivers one a peace of mind.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Related To The Environment

I use to express my appreciation.
And complimented those,
Whose talents I admired.
I've stopped doing that.
I found myself defending that activity.
YES!
I was insulted,
Because I congratulated someone.
They indicated that I was patronizing.
So the few I do know that aren't offended,
I still extend my comments.

This foolishness experienced is without equal.
It has to be witnessed and evaluated,
To recognize the depths of insecurities...
And how they are related to the atmosphere.

And even then when that has been discovered...
A shallowness becomes identified,
Without doubt or question as part of the environment.
In other words...
It is as inescapable as gossip is to small minds,
In smaller towns.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Relationships And That Kind Of Closeness

Some people are just more suitable,
Than I am...
For relationships and that kind of closeness.
Five minutes alone with anyone,
And I begin to feel paranoid.
With the feeling of the air beginning to pollute.

And 'IF' that time should extend to six minutes,
I am the one demanding a quick divorce.
Show me the papers to sign on that bottom line.
Most things I do well...
But relationships?
That 'aint' one of them!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Relationships That Have Lead To A Peace

No one walks away,
From any relationship...
Without something eventually gained.

Some will benefit,
From a broadened point of view...
That did not previously exist.

And others will not admit,
Using a relationship...
To get something selfish out of it!

Either way,
Many can say...
Where they are today,
Has not been completely achieved...
Without betrayal.

And those who have discovered,
A happiness is more appreciated...
Alone in the comfort of one's home,
Has known a few relationships...
That have lead to a peace condoned!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Relative And Irrelevant

It's all relative and irrelevant.
An acquired taste one prefers.
If something is disliked,
It will not be bought.
And if it is...
What business is it of others?

The only reason why variety has been made,
The spice of everyone's life...
Is a way created to pay more taxes.
Not to appease diversity.
If that was a priority,
Fewer would be seen homeless and hungry.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Relative And To What?

Is it relative and to what?
To feel love for someone,
Openly discussed.
With belief a doing it,
Has been welcomed to receive.
Relieving one admitting this,
That what has been wished to want...
Is achieved and guaranteed.
Yet...
Not to realize,
What has been confessed addressed...
Isn't taken seriously but teased.
By another doing it,
Wanting friendship and nothing else.
But just an opportunity to leave,
Someone else to feel pleased.

Often love is assumed.
And too late to take back.
Especially after a commitment made,
Is difficult to retract...
When one's 'I DO',
Has been laughed at.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Relax In The Improvisation Of It All

Premeditation,
Takes too much time to ponder.
With a hesitating in wasted indecision.
Especially when over-rehearsing embellishments.

It will always be my suggestion to do and be done.
Relax in the improvisation of it all.
Then regret to forget eventually,
What has taken place to leave as is.

A little humility shown is forgiveable.
But doubt AND stubbornness mixed to act it out,
Enlarges an inflated ego shown...
To be remembered as an impression left.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Relax, Chill...Prevent That Ill Will

I have my point of view,
Of those experiences I've lived...
And still go through.
Not once have I expressed,
That your opinions I disrespect.
Is that why your arms are folded?
As if you are waiting for words I say,
You are prepared to reject?

And yet...
You seem to wish to compare,
Our experiences...
As if we were in some kind of contest!
Relax.
Whatever you've been fed...
Is not here inside my head.
Relax, chill...
Prevent that ill will.

When I give you my attention...
With the intention to listen,
That is what I do.
My ears are not waiting to hear,
Something you've done...
That I've done too.
I'm into you.
I've done 'me' already.

Whoever sold you false truths,
About who it is I am...
Wanted to prevent you,
From obtaining a friend...
Who may just understand.
And they did not want that to happen.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Relax. Just Observe It For What It Is

Please.
Can you assist me?
'I will do the best I can.
What is it that you seek? '

I am trying to make some sense,
Out of what's going on.
Can you tell me where it is I can go,
To begin with my efforts?

'Oh.
I can tell you many places to go.
But.
The only suggestion I can give,
Is try not to make any attempts at all.
That's right.
Pretending to go along with whatever is going on,
Will be the best solution.
Just observe it for what it is.

Trying to stand out,
As one being accountable for your actions...
Is not a healthy way to live.
Afterall
Who would understand this?

And today
People are easily offended by anyone,
Making attempts to be responsible.
Relax.
Just observe it for what it is.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Release All Aggravation

There is a way,
One can clear one's mind...
Immediately,
To release all aggravation.
Real and perceived

Pretend those who get on your nerves,
Represent a normalcy.
And in public act crazier,
Than those you see.

You will experience a detachment.
People will leave you alone quickly.
With a peace of mind yours to keep.
To live a life freely!
And enjoying it doing exactly what you please.
Within those limitations you set and believe.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Release And Demonstrate

And as we leave behind limitations,
That kept us blinded from the views...
Of fresh plateaus there to discover.
We see the narrowness of our cares,
Thrust away...
As we pierce through wonders unfolding.
Holding its wait to share abundance,
To compensate!
Look above.
There is so much beauty!
So much of it is our duty...
To explore.
Release and demonstrate!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Release From Locked Up Cages Aged

Release from locked up cages,
Aged.
Release from locked up cages,
Aged.
Release from locked up cages...
Aged.

Release from locked up cages.

Come everyone...
Release from locked up cages.
Come under the Sun...
Release from locked up cages.
Come feel the breezes.
With fresh air to keep!
And make it yours,
In your mind.
Get more than you need.
And...
Release from locked up cages.
Shake off the rust.

Release from locked up cages.
What's there to lust?

Or trust.

Worthy of your cussing.

Come everyone...
Release from locked up cages.
Come under the Sun...
Release from locked up cages.
Come feel the breezes.
With fresh air to keep!
And make it yours,
In your mind.
Get more than you need.

And...
Release from locked up cages,
Aged.
Release from locked up cages,
Aged.
Release from locked up cages...
Aged.

Release!
Be freed,
From locked up cages aged.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Release From Static Crap

This may be a bit too hot for you!
Those who expect a less than spicy brew.
But the cook perfers to have you sweat!
Believing it's the heat,
That loosens up the neck!
And we all have seen a stiff neck unrelaxed!
Walking like a duck with a straight flat back!
What appreciation for life...
Does someone who is stuck up like that,
Have for reality?
When they act stuck up...
Like something is up their butt!

This may be a bit too hot for you!
Those who expect a less than spicy brew.
But the cook perfers to have you sweat!
Believing it's the heat,
That loosens up the neck!
And we all have seen a stiff neck unrelaxed!
Walking like a duck with a straight flat back!
Pretending they know 'all' when they are way off track!
These folks create tensions!
And today we need less...
People feeling tensed and prepared for attack!

Sit back and welcome something different on your journey!
Something different on your map that doesn't offer views that trap!
Especially when it's needed to release from static crap!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Release Me Freed

This pit
I've got
In my heart
Will stop.
When it is deported,
From its assortments of grief.
Received bombarded by a dwindling deceit.
And departs...
Without a lingering rembrance of it!
Completely depleting,
To release me freed!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Release Me To Those Fresh Breezes

Release me to those fresh breezes,
Of my free to live youth on paths adventured.
Betraying me seems to be,
Each stage I reach to experience age.
And although I do accept truth as is,
Too much of it has become very clear...
For a youth I spent,
To acknowledge my future has been smeared...
By the arising of conflicts.
And those overdosing on the presence of fear.

Release me to those fresh breezes,
Of my free to live youth on paths to explore.
At least when with me and thought kept near,
Fear and threats and people expressing regrets...
Did not appear where I placed my steps.
Yet...
Each stage I reach to experience age.
It seems I can not escape a noticeable rage.
And those wishing to share their disappointments.
For which I choose not to accept as my life to live.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Release That Joy And Feed Us

Overcome that struggle you have,
To mask your hidden pride...
And peek from inside,
That casting shadow.

Free yourself from this false image.
You keep displayed.
For fear someone may steal,
Your quest...
To shine with exhilarating light.
The basking in this ray you gave...
Is missed by others,
Who enjoyed it when they bathed.

Overcome that struggle you have,
To mask your hidden pride...
And peek from inside,
That casting shadow.

Your flower blooming in radiance is missed.
Restore the courage within you that still lives.
Resist like you have...
From all of those conflicts had in your past!
And let us share and witness,
That which you unselfishly give!

The 'you' you 'are' from within is desperately needed.
To help assist all darkness from us to leave,
We plead.

Come out! Come out!
And glow like that bright star you are!
Come out! Come out!
Release that joy and feed us.
Please don't let us starve.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Release Them From Their Mental Cages

Release them from their mental cages.
And unlock and free them from their self inflictions.
Too much of their debris has created obstacles.
And those who are now awake,
And forgiving of their past mistakes...
Are being delayed to accomplish their missions.
By those insisting they have a fear...
Of making and creating their own footprints clear.

Release them from their mental cages.
And unlock and free them from their self inflictions.
Too much of their debris has created obstacles.
And healing with an uplifting done to their minds,
Is severely overdue!

Release them from their mental cages.
We have no desire to see them stampeded.
But a stampeding of them is what we will do!

'When you say, 'Release them from their mental cages.'
You speak of doing this 'figuratively' right?
Right?
As something done emblematically, right?
RIGHT?
Why don't you answer me? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Release Yourself From Guilt

Why be self indulgent,
If the act is not a conscious effort?
Or participate in it with guilt?
Be still and know...
You have chosen to be as self indulgent,
As consciously possible.
Whenever and with your best ability!
This is not the time to be remorseful.
Especially when you can afford to have it...
As you wish!
And knowing it is well deserved!
Indulge!
And release yourself from guilt!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Released

There is one thing that is certain.
When people begin an association with honesty...
And a flirting with deception from them is dismissed,
To permanently leave.
Those unfamiliar with this uplifting transformation,
With a strength that is received.
Will choose to perceive this show of orderly decency,
As a weakness that depletes a deleting of courage.
Although it is a courage from them that has been released...
To be displayed as a courtesy and respect,
Others accept as a projection...
Of an addiction to weakness they reject.
With chaos and conflict in their minds to protect.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Released For Repeated Processing

Not into subservience!
Or failed belief systems.

Nor do I tolerate those...
Who impose their insecurities on others.

You know the kind...
Who talk about the disadvantaged.
While they make sure,
They are kept that way...
At a disadvantage!

Not into those,
Who allow this to happen either.
Like those preachers who leach their congregations...
And brag about their Phd's from pulpits.
To insure a cure for devilment...
With a percentage of all earnings,
That will ease an ignorance...
They sermonize can be managed.
At their living tax free 'advantage'.

Deceptions like these,
To further the cause of fear...
Only results in the advancement of decadence.
And that is very clear!

Where there is a church...
Crime is close and near.

'That is blasphemous! '

Explain that in your next 911 call!
Maybe to you the police will rush.
Or maybe your minister will show up...
If it is not an inconvenience.

~Yes, my brother...
I'll be there as soon as I can.

Oh, by the way...
Did you tithe this past Sunday?
You know the church is short on funds! ~

It doesn't take a spy,
To wonder why!

And not far away are diseases from hospitals.
That is the reason there are so many of them.
To make sure people are treated...
And released for repeated processing.
For a fee!

Leaving those who live,
In the profligating of their 'sins'...
The least likely,
To benefit from their ailments.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Released From A Mental Bondage

Being released from a mental bondage needless to keep,
Although once a condition accepted and perceived to represent...
A respecting of others in an environment which restricts,
Individual expressions expected to fit...
Within limitations others submit to exist,
Comes as an opportunity to disconnect and free...
One's indentity too strong to allow pretentions to deceive.
After examining the standards conflicting with values believed.

And yet, with an increasing clarified perspective kept...
Even to breathe with this freedom to 'Be' oneself felt,
There remains still a path to journey through obstacles...
That does not become easier to diminish the feeling of threats,
When it seems the benefits of doing this is more critiqued...
By those with minds unconscious and in deep sleep.
Only to momentarily awaken to seek something that offends,
From the mouths of those daring with an objective to stay aware...
As a choice to choose focus with a discipline that doesn't end.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Released From Fantasies

People can no longer escape,
From faked and false accusations made...
They had grown accustomed to make and place,
A blame on others for their own decisions...
And a regretted exposing of their shown mistakes.

It may have been easier in the past,
To attack the innocent with allegations meant.
But those who had been quick to pick their victims,
Are scrutinized with wider eyes...
By those released from fantasies to see,
Who amongst them have spent their devotion...
And time in the creation of deceptions to feed.
With attempts to undermine those thought blind.

And the ones who rushed to judgement,
Trusting on the feasting of their own selfish lusts...
Wish with a hindsight that is 'always' retrospective,
They had prioritized a self-examination...
Just as much.
With a focus first to thirst on that...
Without their mental illinesses,
Being probed to establish the absence of facts.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Released From Mental Bondage

People who have tolerated,
Their own excuses to make...
To find this mistake,
Has left them surrounded by fools...
With nowhere for them to escape,
Have no reason to blame or find fault..
If they thought to believe,
Being irresponsible and deceiving.....
Would return to them lives to live,
Free of a madness that has come.
And the ones they were accustomed,
To chase away believing them to betray...
A comformity accepted by many protective,
Are not envious at all...
From being saved from the craze.

'Halleluyah, Jesus, Thank You Lord.'

~Those people?
The ones over there.
They seem to be very religious.~

No. Not 'religious' in the church going sense.
Those are the others complaining about their lives.
The ones rejoicing are more...
Spiritual.
And have discovered being released,
From mental bondage.

~Oh.
Halleluyah.
Thank You...uh...~

Don't worry about it.
Trust me...
I understand.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Released From Obligation

Those who have never sacrificed themselves,
To complete and total devoted dedication...
Will never know what it is,
To be released from obligation.
To have a freedom and peace of mind,
Safe and erased from guilt of any kind.
And given the support of The Almighty.
Bestowing a feeling which is divine.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Released From The Academy Of Acne

Pimple free and cleared of blemishes.
Pimple free and cleared of blemishes.
Pimple free.
They're pimple free.

Pimple free and cleared of blemishes.
Pimple free and cleared of blemishes.
Pimple free.
They're pimple free.

And released from the academy of acne.

Teenagers now texting their pictures onto facebook.
And pimple free.
They're pimple free.
Teenagers now texting their pictures onto facebook.
And pimple free.
They're pimple free.

These are priorities of our young people.
Cleared of blemishes to to save.
These are priorities of our young people.
Physically attached and that's the rage.

And released from the academy of acne.

These are priorities of our young people.
Cleared of blemishes to to save.
These are priorities of our young people.
Physically attached and that's the rage.

Pimple free and cleared of blemishes.
Pimple free and cleared of blemishes.
Pimple free.
They're pimple free.

Pimple free and cleared of blemishes.
Pimple free and cleared of blemishes.
Pimple free.

They're pimple free.

And released from the academy of acne.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Released From Their Craze

Those suffering from their evil addictions,
Will be cured.
In fact,
A massive healing has begun.
And those holding on to their stubbornness...
Will overnight awaken,
With their eyes opened wide...
To become the witnesses of it.

Something out of their control,
Comes to stun and fix.

The spirits of the Universe have already won.
They are showing those who are affixed to conflict...
Their wickedness,
Will soon not exist.
This planet called Earth...
Has grown tired of rifts!

Those suffering from their evil addictions,
Will be cured.
This is beyond diets to keep.
And New Year resolutions made,
To begin exercising or a smoking that is hard to beat...
For those wishing to be brave.
Although they increase the eating of sweets.
Believing that shifting from one thing to another thing saves.

The spirits of the Universe have already won.
They are showing those who are affixed to conflict...
Their wickedness,
Will soon not exist.
This planet called Earth...
Has grown tired of it.

No one with thoughts they are better than others,
Will continue to deceive with the purposes to defeat.
No one with thoughts they will achieve success,
With a manipulation done...

To diminish with restrictions to everyone,
NOT anymore.
And NOT encouraged under over or besides 'this' Sun.

A massive healing has begun.
And those holding on to their stubbornness...
Will overnight awaken,
With their eyes opened wide...
To become the witnesses of it.

The spirits of the Universe have already won.
They are showing those who are affixed to conflict...
That their wickedness,
Will soon not exist.
This planet called Earth...
Has grown tired of it.

And those non-believing,
Will find themselves less afraid.
And those non-believing,
Will be released from their craze!

Those suffering from their evil addictions,
Will be cured.
In fact,
A massive healing has begun.
And those holding on to their stubbornness...
Will overnight awaken,
With their eyes opened wide...
To become the witnesses of it.
Something out of their control,
Comes to stun and fix.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Released To Be Re-Leased

How has the economy affected some people?
It has exposed presumptions,
Of those with turned up noses.
To bring reality into an uncomfortable conflict.
Dropping many folks from an ego A list.
With creative ways...
To interpret their reintroduction back into reality.
But still with the best of snob appeal!

This has become quite upsetting.
For so many enforced to stop lease payments.
As well as claims of having ownership of things.
Now subjected to release...
Those precious 'holdings' found to be re-leased!

'We have decided to use our equity,
In the purchase of can goods, subway tokens...
And bus passes!
This year we are ever so determined,
To regain a more physical stamina.
By shedding those things we do not need.
It was such a heartbreaking decision to make!
But it was either that...
Or put off our training to conquer the Himalayan peaks.'

~Can these folks get any phonier than they are? ~

Of course they can.
It is in their blood!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Releasing And Receiving Gladness

I want my words to reach and heal you,
Like yours do that for me.
I want to say more than what has been said...
About why we are here and our destinies.

If I expressed to you my love,
I'm returning what I receive.
I know this may sound crazy to you...
But I 'feel' you...
And every thought with me you leave!

When I project my wishes,
For you to have the best...
I want you to receive that as if a gift.
A gift accepted,
From me you get!

My thoughts are quite mental...
Not physically confined!
You are there inside my heart.
And in my mind,
There you are all the time!

I want my words to reach and heal you,
Like yours do that for me.
I want to say more than what has been said...
About why we are here and our destinies.

And when I close my eyes,
I surround you with happiness.
You may not hear my voice at all,
But I am there...
Sharing my peace,
And releasing and receiving gladness!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Releasing Myself From Those Irritations

The music is wonderful.
I think it is really great.
The messages delivered,
I've heard...
When they are given,
Have power and inspiration.
And all of them I've come to digest.
With an understanding I've adopted.
With a renewed outlook I now appreciate.

But it's the infighting and miscommunication...
With all the gossip that takes place.
The conflicts exisiting there I am confronted with...
Makes me feel my peace of mind is threatened.
And I'd rather not bother with it.

I'd rather not participate or congregate,
Around others who express their indifferences.
With wagging tongues whispered,
Sharing an overheard hate!
Something is wrong within the minds of the people,
Who say one thing but really are two faced.

'I can understand your point of view.
At times I have felt that same way too!
But why don't you reconsidered your decision.
Come back and make the return your experience!
God wishes you to fellowship with us...
In the House of the Lord!
That is what church is for! '

That's what I know.
And the reasons I've given is why I don't go!
But I do appreciate your invitation.
I've protected my peace,
By releasing myself from those irritations!

'So you are 'not' a Christian?
Is that what you are saying? '

I'm praying to stay where my mind is at.
And for 'me' there is no hesitation.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Relentless

You wanna be this.
You wanna be that.
You wanna be considered,
As a fed big fat cat.

You want to be admired,
To inspire dreams and hopes.
You wanna be more...
Than average folk.

You wanna insist persistence lifts.
And it can!
And it will.
Since you are not one to stand still!
To wish for a want,
You know you can fulfill!

And the power of your 'will'...
Delivers your wants to feed a feast!
Increased by a relentless release of desire!
Scorching a path,
Burning and admired!

And I choose to remain...
Sizzling,
In the ceasless heat of your fire!

My heart yearns to share your constant flame!
Undaunted by the swiftness licked...
Envisioned by the goal that's aimed!
And soaring to spiral even higher.

I am dripping wet...
And there enjoying this sweat I love!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Relentlessly Pursued

No matter how clever one's lies told to tell,
To protect a deception one peceives will sell.
And kept sold to be well hidden to never detect,
The effectiveness of truth...
One hopes eventually fades away.
Yet...
It is truth relentlessly pursued in its doing,
That has a way to fix quickly...
Those of twisted creative tongues.
With a revealing of what they have done,
In an effort to keep those hoodwinked...
Forever duped and deluded.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Relevance

It is much too big to contain it.
Relevance.
It connects to a point of view,
Making sense.
A pieced together relevance.
And changing it to convince,
An alternative provides more to give...
With a backing of defense.
For those accustomed to confusion,
Conflicts for them sit well.
But a relevance to what exists,
Clears the air where delusions...
Have been invited to dwell.
Bringing 'home' a relevance,
Invites communication.
And from that confusion is dispelled.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Relevance That Remains

A relevance that remains maintained,
Does not rely on gimmicks.
Or tricks of fashionable fads to pass,
To forget the craving of an appetite had.
An appetite satisfied until another arrives.

A relevance that remains sustained,
Has an ability to stay...
On one's mind not to leave its touch.
With it recognized to realize,
It has become part of one's daily life.

That which is significant,
And invites unlimited visits whenever wished...
With a keeping of its influence relevant,
Always seems to remain that way...
Regardless who attempts to change its effect.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Relevance: No Return To A Ping, With Its Pong Gone

Where is it?
Who hid it from opened eyes.
And why is it in disguise?

Where is it?
A relevance missing.
With few curious.

Has it been thrusted,
And crushed under a bus?

Where is it?
A relevance,
Making sense.

Where is this presence that has gone?
And the minds it stayed on?
With relevance spoken strong...
Are they too gone?
Without a relevance,
Freed from its ping!
With a needed pong gone!

Think about this...
But not too long.
If you delivered a ping,
Would you not expect a pong to belong?
Or in time,
Come along?

Where is it?
This relevance that was here,
Seems to have disappeared.
And it is very clear,
Relevance known...
Has shown to us,
It does not feel...
It belongs.

Freed from its ping!
With a needed pong gone!

Think about this...
Again if you wish.

There were opportunities,
When relevance was near.
And clear!
Now that it is absent...
Do you feel,
A bit of a tear?

And if there's no relevance,
What is the purpose...
To go on to sing unchained melodies?

Oh,
My love.
My darling...
I hunger!

Where is it?
And if there is no relevance,
What is the purpose,
To go on to sing songs without meaning?

Breaking up is hard to do.
Where is that relevance we once knew?

Where is it?
A relevance,
Making sense.

Where is it?

And if there is no relevance,
What is the purpose,
To go on?
To sing songs of love.
And...
No return to a ping,

With its pong gone!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Relevant It Isn'T

The cost of living
Getting out of reach.
The English language,
Taught in schools...
Becoming overruled,
As not the only language to be used.
Outsourcing now is an acronym for loss.
While those on foreign shores,
Rule as the new boss.
Relevant it isn't!
Not to those blind to this.

Values once upheld and shared.
Standards of life disrespected and bared.
Crime and corruption now seduces like a treat.
And welcomed like a lost friend,
Eager to meet on urban streets.
Relevant it isn't.
Not to those blind to this.

Trapped in racist sentiments.
Mindlessness connecting this.
A consciousness limited to selfishness!
Self examinations go dismissed.
A finger pointing is quick to lift.
Relevant it isn't.
Not to those blind to this!

Politics dropping lives like flies.
Using alibis to deny a truth that hides.
And whose interests are left in the banks to dry?
Relevant it isn't.
Not to those blind to this!

But to those demystisfied...
Can not cry enough teardrops,
From their swollen eyes!
It's the pitifulness of it,
They wish can be admitted with this weeping!

Dripping like rain...
But gaining little attention,
From those drugged and entertained
By their own self importance.

And 'that' to them,
Is the only relevance that makes sense.
And even that has weakened in priority.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Reliable Are The Rumors Heard

As long as disrespect is accepted,
With a reflecting of all aspects...
Of an entitled life,
In which divisions are projected...
To protect a doing what one chooses,
And does what one likes...
A lack of discipline by children defended,
Who are daily bombarded to target...
With a marketing of decadence,
A society hypnotized by hypocrisy...
Will always be left bewildered,
When truth is refused to face and examine.
And faith based in delusion is all over the place.
While honesty offends and is immediately chased away.

The children are rude.
And adults are negligent.
Few are viewed to be accountable,
Or held responsible for their misdeeds.
But yet...
Kept reliable are the rumors heard,
Of outsiders making threats...
To upset valued standards upheld with interest.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Relied On Misguidance

Whatever you believed the image was...
You had relied on misguidance.
And each time this was shown and corrected,
You were led again off track.
As facts flew over your head.

And now you are back...
Seeking evidence,
To match a series of discovered facts.
Good luck!
I hope you find someone who can define honesty.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Relied Upon For Their Honesty

Most playmates from my childhood,
Have long been gone to move on...
To other experiences beyond this life.
And I wonder sometimes,
If I am remembered with the same curiosity...
As they are as their memories stay with me.

A difference intended to make and made,
Seems more relevant, meaningful and with a purpose...
When those known and trusted delivered sincerity.
And could be relied upon for their honesty.
Today?
So many who fake will never know what truth is.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Relied Upon To Be Refreshing

Based upon content alone,
It is obvious to me...
Who is feeding those,
Who boldly plagiarize.
Look at the dates.
Titles and submissions,
Of the work that is done.

It's like the feeding of thieves!
They do not cook up any meal.
However...
They will demand a favorite taste to add,
To a menu.
And then do their best to convince anyone,
What ingredient is needed to have it savored.

Plagiarists are all over the place.
But innovation is always relied upon to be refreshing.
And those who originate,
Can not help but deliver the goods.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Relieved

I often wondered,
Why it was natural!
And there it was...
The evidence!
I felt relieved.
Almost vindicated.
There I was posing...
As a baby,
In pictures.
With my foot in my mouth!
I knew I did it with such ease.
Now I don't have to make excuses.
It's something I've been accustomed to doing...
All my life!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Relieving Received

The only true thing today I would honestly believe,
Is an annoyance I daily faced that would suddenly leave.
And all that was connected to it,
Calmed me down to enjoy a peacefulness.

To have a contact with you periodically.
With the both of us returning to appreciate,
A relieving received...
We've been blessed to have had that distance.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Religious Beliefs

Again...
I 'think' I heard what you said.
But...
I am in total disbelief.
WHY were you fired?

* A visiting parent,
Walking pass my classroom...
Overheard me say, 'God bless you.'
After one of my students I taught sneezed.

The parent,
Who is an atheist...
Reported this to the Board of Education.
And told them I was enforcing my religious beliefs,
On young and impressionable elementary school students.*

And...
You are not upset?

*Not at all.
However...
I did go to Houston, Texas
To enroll in their astronaut program!
I've got to train to leave this planet.
Even if,
It is just for a few days.*

That's absolutely crazy.

*You can say that again!
I thought anyone could sign up.
But apparently a military background is preferred.
Two years in the Cub scouts wont cut it.
And I didn't know that.*

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Religious Beliefs To Keep

Religious beliefs to keep.
And followed faithfully.
Are they any different,
Than one who pledges to a fraternity?
Or a sorority?
To become hazed as part of the orientation.
Before acceptance is approved.
And all invited witness the baptism.

These days anyone with a different belief,
Seeking more meaning that connects 'spiritually'...
Are often made to feel they are forced,
To admit they are 'atheist'...
When their beliefs are divoced but yet kept,
Pledged to an unknown they can not see either.
But neither are their pretentions made to contradict,
That which is written in scriptures to follow...
Can anyone declared to say them to be hypocrites.

'Your depiction is more politically based.'

That may be true.
But 'my' faith kept as it is,
I will never allow to be debated.
Or measured from the right or left.
To qualify the acceptance or existence of it.
Since I know 'this' to be certain,
Images to symbolize have yet to prove...
Differences in appearances,
Choices to make with taste to like or dislike...
Neither you or I created.

'Yeah?
But what about 'our' ancestors? '

Yours?
Or mine?
Theirs?
Or the others?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Religious Routines

As long as you are kept,
On the bottom rung of consciousness...
You will always be left subjected to believe,
Maintaining a good credit score...
Depends on the prayers you give,
And the blessings you receive.
Although our existence here,
Has nothing to do with religious routines!
And that is why,
So many find they have a lower interest,
Rating to invest!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Religiously Humanistic

My writings are often depicted as political.
And I am religiously humanistic.
With observations I deem as realistic.
But then again,
My nationalistic pride...
Is often interpreted as racist.
And being African-American,
I am often entertained...
By the limitations of others.
Especially those who are insistent...
To live pretensiously within them.
When my experience,
Has been primarily culturally mixed.
Afterall...
It would be extremely difficult for me,
To exist in isolation...
As those who constantly remind,
They are the majority in deed that's defined!
In such fragmented and segmented times.
With many but not most,
Elevating to a higher consciousness to boast.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Religiously Political

There are those who say,
Religion and politics do not mix.
But those who pray for blessings...
Are hoping when they arrive,
They can avoid a tax applied.
And any wish dreamed that comes...
Has a politician greeting you with a smile.
Knowing all the while...
Whatever you get,
The government is going to get lots of it!
And 'whatever' is claimed you own,
Eventually will be lifted!
Everyone pays a price...
Even to flaunt pretentions!
Leaving those teased,
With beliefs they can breathe freely.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Relishing The Success

If a need wished and wanted,
Has come to be granted...
To the one that is fed,
Those standing by...
Repeating their misdeeds to tease,
Are the ones missing a chance to recognize...
Their own opportunities,
With hopes their efforts impedes...
Someone they believe is not aware,
Of what it is being sought to seek...
A satisfying achievement.

'We did it.
We denied him being mentioned,
To be among the top ten.'

~But...
How can we be sure,
He has become more pleased...
By not receiving the attention? ~

'That is ridiculous.'

~Oh?
And how can you be so sure of this?
His smile is broader than it was before.~

'That's just a tactic used to confuse us.'

~Well...
From my observation,
It seems he is relishing the success.
With others impressed,
By his lack of seeking our attention.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Reliving Nightmares

Enjoying the healing that has come to mend,
Are the ones who had once lived subjected...
As victims selected to offend without end,
By those perceiving them not to be awakened.
Or comprehending the actions.
Of those deceiving believing themselves hidden.

Enjoying the healing that has come to mend,
Are those who tolerated with patience...
The day the beginning truth would descend,
With a disturbing effect those hiding from it...
Had not suspected would have their minds spin,
Reliving nightmares. Over. And over. And over again!

Unsuspecting...
When planting misdeeds,
With a doing to deceive...
Secretly,
To be...
Reliving nightmares. Over. And over. And over again!

When planting misdeeds,
With a doing to deceive...
Secretly,
They are...
Never to be freed,
Reliving nightmares. Over. And over. And over again!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Reluctance

Pointless the doing seems to become,
For anyone today...
To continue their defending,
Of truth and the presence of it...
Fading away,
From a reluctance to use it.
By many who would rather,
Have it decay.

And those who remember truth,
To prioritize in their lives...
Choose to not admit their true ages,
In fear they may be victimized.
Or ostracized by others pretending,
They can disguise their appearances
With moisturizers, facelifts...
Or doctored birth certificates.
As if to prolong their membership,
In the forever young...
Youth movement.
While excusing truth to use at all.

'Don't I remember you?
Of course I do.
There is a picture of you,
In my grandparents high school...
Yearbook.'

-Just how old do you think I am?
70? -

'Oh no.
You can't be 'that' old.
I would say...hmmm...
At least 65.
You here at the club,
Checking up on your grandchildren? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Reluctance To Come Into Contact

I never thought that being mature,
And taking responsibility for my own actions...
That I, alone, choose to be held accountable for doing,
Would come to be regarded as showing signs of weakness.

And my reluctance to come into contact with those who deceive,
Now regarding me to be...
Inconsiderate, self-centered and disloyal,
Would leave them with beliefs that I have lost my mind!

It has taken me some time...
But I have found I am perfectly fine,
With the accepting of their beliefs...
That gives me a freedom to enjoy my peace without debating.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Reluctant To Be Reviewed

I love it when I hear,
Others can do what I do.
And show a better quality,
In the doing of it too.
And like others who listen to this lip,
They have nothing to show to prove any of it.

And I hear those comments made,
From decade to decade...
As I continue to present my own evidence.
To leave them with the same,
Voices of critique.
With nothing concrete from them at all.
Or a doing to apply a witnessed technique.

People are quick to correct others' flaws.
Or what they suspect is a blemish to inspect.
And yet are reluctant to be reviewed as they do.
To expose a doing from themselves...
Any offerings to deliver,
What they believe is better than one's best substance.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Reluctant To Leave Those 'Yesterdays' Alone

If there is one thing learned,
That growing older teaches...
The expressing of wisdom,
Even done innocently...
In the exchanging of conversation,
Becomes regarded as suspicious.

Especially amongst those who wish,
Their aging appearances...
Still bestows upon them a youthful glow.
To enable them to dismiss,
Any experience that reveals they too...
Are growing old!

And the evidence of that,
Shows with the lack of wisdom shown...
To those who are actually much younger,
Who today compete with the elderly...
Who are reluctant to leave those 'yesterdays' alone.
With the showing today of any guidance.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Reluctant To Protect Themselves

A duty accepted to do as performed,
Will not be done in malice...
If one volunteers and be challenged,
To accomplish what others fear.
Since no one else seeks to volunteer.

A duty accepted to do as performed,
Is often one rejected by some too alarmed...
Who then demonstrate a relief released,
That someone has come forward...
To protect a peace they wish to keep.

A duty accepted to do as performed,
Will not be done in malice if one has volunteered...
To accomplish with a doing what others may fear.
Although it may be fear what one wishes disappears,
From those too reluctant to protect themselves.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Reluctant Traps

Today...
Many are living lives no longer valued.
Shown by the expressions worn on their faces.
Traced with an obvious depression.
Adorning faked grins,
No longer protect them from this impression.
Since the measure of success for them,
Has either been foreclosed or repossessed.
And many things once lavishly blinging,
Gone to pawn.

Standards held to appraise the good side of life,
Has taken a hike...
To repress pretentions and the getting of attention,
Once so loved.
And for some coming to grips with this,
A broadened insight for them has begun to exist.
To finally rid themselves of reluctance.
And reluctant traps...
Are just that.
A reluctance that is trapped until removed.

Reluctant traps are just that!
Once released for them,
One should make a break...
Doing what it takes.
And don't buy...
Into gloom.

Reluctant traps are just that!
Sit back.
And don't buy,
Into gloom.

Reluctant traps are just that!
Sit back.
And don't buy,
Into gloom.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Reluctantly Seeking

In a world in which many have spent,
Fortunes to keep themselves deluded...
And so many more kept drugged on fantasies,
With preferences to numb their heads...
To remain comatosed as if in sleep.
It is apparent and not overwhelming at all,
To witness people like this craving to be comforted...
By myths more valued than realities that exist.
While dismissing those with abilities to assist.
As they highlight with neon their ignorance.

Although the price paid to keep them deceived,
Has dug a hole so deep people slowly awakening...
Have reluctantly begun seeking to find anyone,
Willing to erase and re-write...
The most recent events in current history.
That will not place too much emphasis,
On those in positions...
'Assuming' they were born with superior intelligence.
But discovered to be incompetent!
And completely out of their minds.

'Perhaps our methods that have been decades expressed,
Became misinterpreted and overshadowed by our intent...
To address our desires to always include everyone,
Without exception.
To reflect a greatness that embraces all of our endeavors.
We have 'always' maintained that in our actions and beliefs.
Our policies of inclusiveness are heartfelt and deeply meant.'

~They lost the last election.
Didn't they? ~

Bigtime!
How can you tell?
Is it possible you could depict them with 'some' sincerity?

~I am not that imaginative.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Relying On Bitterness

Their tragedies are noted,
And documented with flair.
They announce themselves war mongers,
Leaders in this game of conquer and despair.
They represent the dwindling few...
Who see life from conflicting starts.
Destroying and remodeling hopes,
To erase ancient histories and 'beef' up their parts!

They carry no remorse as a resource to learn.
For them they rule with material techniques,
The success they count on to control the World...
Like children watching with excitement,
A fire that burns.
Relying on bitterness with nothing at all sweet.
Ensure all of humanity suffers beaten,
Leaving masses to wander in ruin...
On cold city streets!

And we think of this as progress?
Uncontested as it seems.
Demons using a call to cease...
To increase their schemes!
Released to spread a desire for death
Infused to disturb with sickness,
A threat to peaceful unreachable dreams!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Relying On Insecurities

Insecurities kept not to face,
Can be terrifying.
Especially for the one aging,
With wishes to remain unchanged.
And down to Earth to think it done,
By others who find such immaturity...
Acceptable to share repeatedly.

Or accusations made,
Towards those who have grown gracefully...
As children often are found to do,
Through stages of life and experiences too.
When 'kids' no longer remain to stay,
Relying on insecurities...
To excuse their childish and selfish ways.

'My children and grandchildren,
Will never understand the life I had as a child.
No one does.'

~I give you one boo and two hoos,
For the drama.
Now...
Isn't it time for you to get over that to forget?
Your children should not be held accountable,
For any selective memory you have...
Of living a tormented childhood.
Beset by grief and unhappiness.
They didn't choose to be your children.
You chose to be their parent.
Grow up and make attempts to be one.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Relying On Restrictions

When a slowing of a flow begins to show,
From those known to be poets.
A sign of changing times has come.
Poets are often the sensitive ones.
With ideals flourishing to encourage forethought.
And not be bogged down,
In overwrought sensations.
Fed to a nation grieving the loss of greed.

When a slowing of a flow begins to show,
From those known to be poets.
There is a consciousness overwhelmed.
And too proccupied with limits!
There are restrictions being nourished.
And too many with unhappy lives lived.

When a slowing of a flow begins to show,
From those known to be poets.
A sign of changing times has come.
Poets are often the sensitive ones.
With ideals flourishing to encourage forethought.
And not be bogged down,
In overwrought sensations.
Fed to a nation grieving the loss of greed.
And a selfishness succeeds...
To hush and crush all patience.

When a slowing of a flow begins to show,
From those known to be poets.
The enlightenment of a society diminishes.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Relying One The Passing Of Time

Encounters never before faced,
To surprise those unexpectedly...
It is always the best decision to make,
When confronted...
To know when using one's benefit of doubt,
Is better to leave than a bad taste...
Spouted to come out of someone's mouth.

'Wassup? You look troubled about something.'

~I was told to be offended,
By remarks that weren't there.
And my expectation is disappointed.
Not only did I say things I did not mean,
I was obnoxious for no reason at all.~

'But why? '

~I was expecting to be offended.
I was told to be prepared for nasty remarks.
But instead I was treated with sincerity.
And by someone I had been told,
Would be sarcastic and arrogant with me.~

'So you were the one,
To make a bad first impression to leave? '

~Yes.
But my intentions were not to offend,
to have that believed.
Perhaps one day my ignorance will be forgotten.~

'By who or whom,
Do you suspect will forget being disrespected?
To then awaken one day admit,
And to you 'especially'...
They suffered from selective amnesia? '

~I'm relying on the passing of time,

To allow that to happen.~

'I'm not one to believe in luck.
However in your case,
Hopefully an exception will be made.
Who did your disrespect,
In such a disgraceful way? '

~Someone I later learned,
Had been following me with an offer...
To hire me for a position I had always wanted.
And I was to be interviewed tomorrow,
But for whatever the reason...
My interview was cancelled.~

'You know that 'luck' I was telling you about? '

~Yes.~

'Forget about being the exception.
In your case...
Let's just say,
You represent ignorance very well.
And with such commitment too.
Don't be disappointed.
Be proud of yourself like so many are of themselves.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Relying Upon Staying Uncontented

Fulfilled with an intention meant,
Is all that it takes
For one to initiate happiness and joy

With a deploying of a beginning
That breaks away
From relying upon staying uncontented

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Remain To Stay (Placated)

Wanting change.
And the benefits of it,
To be presented without effort.
Or taking steps,
With that process made...
Needed with patience,
To appreciate change.
So,
None is made.
But kept fresh are protests.
As time quickly passes by.

And remain they stay,
Placated.
With the same questions.
From decades to have passed.
But still they ask 'why? '
Each step requires...
Lessons to learn.
Then to comprehend...
That nothing to understand,
To accept as understood...
Begins to never end,
Changes to expect to come.
Yet some...
With change around them done,
Are the ones who choose...
To refuse what they hear.
Or with eyes to see,
Whatever is disbelieved...
Is more credible,
Than the needless questions...
Their minds will not grasp.
No matter who is asked.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Remaining At The Dock

You may have made claims,
To be the founder to find...
Something done to prove,
The validity of your interests.

But you have yet to discover,
A way to leave your ego in check.
And away from those,
More experienced with certified interests.
To assist in keeping your boat afloat,
Through climate changes and turbulent terrain.

Although quick you were,
To put your name on that boat.
Without trusting a more knowledgeable crew.
And while inside of it you began to interview,
Only the ones who flattered and agreed with you.
To find they knew less what you set out to prove.

There atop of an empty boat you pace.
Splendidly dressed with impressions to make.
Alone remaining to gloat on a boat,
Rusting away as your ego stays intact.
With thoughts kept to believe,
Others convinced they have 'not' been deceived...
Of claims as a founder will in due time,
Keeps holes from being noticed on a rusting boat...
Sinking although the premise of it,
Will be remembered for what it could but did not achieve.

'It is best to know who has the experience 'first',
To establish relationships to obtain and maintain...
A success that is wished and encouraged.
Than to pretend an interest without it acknowledged,
Of being incompetent to administrate a direction...
With a concept to test,
Amongst those not sure themselves what comes next.
But securing the trust of the ones who know best,
How to roll up their sleeves 'before' displaying egos.'

You may have made claims,
To be the founder to find...
Something done to prove,
The validity of your interests.

However...
As the Sun sets from a bright and promising dawn,
Those with questions to ask to wonder...
With time that has gone on to prolong,
Just 'whose' interests would have been better served...
If those interests were first shared with others,
To flourish and nourish keeping them encouraged...
Less excess would have been spent...so it seems,
On impressions made by sinking to fade away ego...
Living to scheme dreams,
Seen pacing back and forth.
With a top that has flipped nonstop!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Remaining Happy

No stories left,
Do I have an urgency...
To compare in the telling told.
About confronting and defeating,
Those impossible obstacles.

No stories left,
Do I have a need or wish to recall.
To relive to captivate,
With a leaving of others enthralled.
Or with shivers to deliver.

Whether or not others make claims I exaggerate.
I am more experienced today with a faith I did not fake.
And a taking for granted each step I make.
Is not a welcoming activity,
I greet with an anticipating to partake.

I felt a cold brick wall up against my back.
Frightening enough,
I could no longer fantasize a trapping done like that.
Especially with exits closed.
To rely only on my faith to provide an escape.

Now with remaining happy and sustaining that on my mind,
No stories left...
Do I have an urgency to compare in the telling told.
About confronting and defeating those impossible obstacles.
Nor do I have a need to be teased to emotionally relive them.

I've unloaded and left behind,
Those winding roads I never chose to twist my mind.
Remaining happy and sustaining that,
Has come to please my every need.
No matter if that's judge as a selfish act...so be it judged!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Remaining Limited To Isolate

Remaining limited to isolate one's comfort preferred,
Does not qualify with a doing to censor to have deterred...
That which a few feel is improper etiquette.
To perceive with belief concepts of a perfectness,
Are held in the hands of those who insist they can enhance...
A more effective life to live,
If only people are restricted from experiencing a reality that is...
To exist!

But not on terms that might offend,
The ones choosing to remain limited to an isolation.
And with a kept preference ignorance reigns maintained,
As long as possible to detect as selective.
Although 'they' may limit themselves,
To isolate for purposes to escape...
Developed is an entrapment of fears to face on a daily basis!
That only escalates a craze within minds lost of faith

And a faith to lose,
Has no replacement!
None...
To erase what one creates that comes,
To believe can be shunned...
With a running away from!
A doing can proceed.
But what is it 'exactly' that one on the run leaves?

Remaining limited to isolate,
Is not safe.
Remaining limited to isolate,
Creates a hate!
And invites a fear,
Too many have kept near!
With belief if it's censored it will disappear!
Remaining limited to isolate,
Is not safe.
Remaining limited to isolate,
Creates a hate!
And invites a fear,

Too many have kept near!
With belief if it's censored it will disappear!
But it doesn't with effect stop the running.
No...
It doesn't with effect stop the running.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Remaining Meek And Weak

Those with kept mental issues unfaced.
And taught by lessons they follow,
That a keeping to stay in their place...
Is a sign of divine humility that proves them loyal,
Demonstrates their faith as a devoted belief...
That stays to keep them remaining meek and weak.
Are left behind in a darkness to embrace delusions.
And will never perceive themselves as tools used,
To produce other fools who believe there is honor...
In expressing an accepted suppression enforced,
And without divorcing is shared to be worshipped.

Those with kept mental issues unfaced.
And taught by lessons they follow to obey,
That a keeping to stay in their place...
Is a sign of divine humility that proves them loyal,
Demonstrates their faith as a devoted belief...
Can be observed any day of the week,
Feeding upon insecurities and ignorance...
For the rest of their lives and not hiding the effects,
Of their self hatred that is impressed...
Upon a distressed environment that reflects acceptance.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Remaining Obligated

Once it dawned on me to realize,
Remaining obligated...
To the minding of my own business,
Was more effective to my peace to keep.
Less were the headaches I solicited,
With beliefs the sharing of my experiences...
Would be received and appreciated.
Once it dawned on me to realize,
I had delusions I needed to rid and forget...
Forgiving myself for such foolishness,
Was an undertaking I did...
Not difficult at all to do.
Once it dawned on me to realize,
Remaining obligated...
To the minding of my own business,
Needed no one else's effort to endeavor.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Remaining Respectful

Remaining respectful,
Progresses and affects success.
Noticed is respect.
And this returned one gets.
This is not imagined.
This is fact with witnessed proof of that.

Remaining respectful.
It only takes just one,
To show others how disrespect is done.
Just one to show another...
How genuine a sincerity kept,
Can be interpreted as useless.
With others to follow,
Behind such foolishly placed footsteps.

Remaining respectful,
Has a wealth of benefits many receiving them get.
But it only takes one to undo what has been done,
To have doors open to have them mysteriously close...
With belief the spreading of desrespectful acts,
Will be accepted as they further become exposed.
No matter what some folks choose to do,
Or where they are to display themselves having no tact!

Remaining respectful,
Progresses and affects success.
Noticed is respect.
And this returned one gets.
This is not imagined.
This is fact with witnessed proof of that.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Remaining Socially Illiterate

When a judging of a book by its cover,
Has been done...
The only one who benefits from this,
Is the one who continues,
To be thought as superficial.
With no depth that exists.
Or nothing to offer,
To those who perceive with beliefs...
What appears on the cover,
Has nothing inside to provide a release.

But always there is someone,
Who has learned from an experience to welcome.
With a taking of time to read between the lines.
And finding ways to maneuver around,
Those who are comforted...
By remaining socially illiterate.
To discover ruts that keep them stuck,
As a result of living a life to receive bad luck.
Wished upon themselves as kept interpreted,
Among others equally please to stay uninformed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Remaining True

When you can show to me,
You can be respectful with discipline...
And...
Have integrity?
You never know,
How far this belief in yourself will go.
Or...
The heights you can achieve.

You never know,
Who will come to me with requests to be impressed.
And you are on my mind with this request to be addressed...
And...
There you are,
Always at your best!
And remaining true,
To you.

When you can show to me,
You can be respectful with discipline...
And...
Have integrity?
You never know,
How far this belief in yourself will go.
Or...
The heights you can achieve.

When you can show this to me?
You've already made this obvious,
To everyone else.
And I am just there to agree.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Remaining Vain

Using the mind and not one's vanity,
Can limit feelings of sustained pain.
The using of one's mind and not vanity,
Is a life lived that gains insight and wisdom.
With understanding to comprehend,
What one with a kept ego...
Is prepared to defend without giving time,
To listen.

Nothing or no one can simply choose to undo,
Someone accustomed to thinking.
And using their mind,
Without seeking that approved.

'Look at me.
At what it is I do.
Take a look at me.
And I'm sure you will agree,
Not only do I look good.
But everything I do is cool too.'

Remaining vain has its pain.
When a vanity kept,
Runs out of octane and leaves.
Remaining vain can not sustain,
On an empty mind with noting in it...
Maintained.
Remaining vain invites a drought.
To leave others to find out,
Nothing in the mind can flourish to nourish...
Without something in it,
Besides a vanity that ultimately diminishes...
An attention given to it.

'Look at me.
At what it is I do.
Take a look at me.
And I'm sure you will agree,
Not only do I look good.

But everything I do is cool too.'

~I don't want to interrupt.
But are you talking to me or to yourself? ~

'That...
Should be obvious! '

~It is.
And I apologize.
Please continue.
I thought it was me you were talking to.
I use to have those same conversations.
But today I've come to recognize,
To leave when they become...
Something done one has to question,
Alone.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Remaining Vulnerable

I don't have a lock on my heart,
To stop it from love.
Nor have I installed a wall,
To prevent my emotions...
From them to be seen.
Denying the obvious to me is obscene.

Remaining vulnerable doesn't mean,
All of my life learned experiences...
Have been comfortable without obstacles.
I have chosen to stay on a path with focus.
To invite new adventures.
And not fear them to pass or go unnoticed.

I have love and prepare to share it shown.
I am also aware of my boundaries known.
To not have them repeatedly tested,
By anyone who 'assumes' to perceive...
I am in need of a lesson they can teach,
With it to discover who leaves to be taught.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Remarkable

Have you ever had a taste of cake,
So remarkable...
As to not leave a crumb on the plate?

And have you ever eaten chips,
Believing quitting would be...
Just unstoppable to do it?

Have you ever kissed lips...
To find them irresistible,
To leave unkissed?

And then you wish just a little bit,
To get down...
To that 'business'!

Have you ever had a taste of cake,
So remarkable?
And have you ever eaten chips,
Believing quitting would be...
Just unstoppable?

And then with a licking of lips,
You get down...
To that business.
With no rushing of it!
That business.
Thinking it a gift.
That business!

And then with a licking of lips,
You get down...
To that business.
Unstoppable.
That business!
Remarkable.
That business!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Remarkably Successful

A trending vast abyss permitted to exist,
And accepted with encouragement...
As a social media phenomenon practiced,
By those distracted and lack common sense.
Has, in fact...
Increased not diminished more personal attacks.

And the comfort of using the internet,
Establishes an ease to do just that.
To select anyone whom one may please,
Regardless of innocence or pain received...
With false depictions, innuendos or just blatant lies,
To ruin lives and in seconds leave...
A mental illness left to spread that thrives,
Quicker than any other created infestating disease...
Believed can be cured.

But this one...
Is just too remarkably successful,
For those who have made their investment in conflicts.
Yes...
This one,
The internet...
Connects and has proven to be the most effective yet.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Remedial Explanations

If you are not 'vibing' with the times.
With a keeping up of current events,
On multiple levels...
Get a shovel!

Commence to digging.

And...
Make it deep enough to bury,
All those standards and values you treasure.

Know this...
They have become worthless on this ship,
Traveling at the speed of light.

If what I am saying is above and over your head...
That's exactly where the rest of the passengers are.
And free to be,
Away from remedial explanations.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Remedy

No time for nonsense,
Slipped that monkey off my back!
I caught it snoring comfortably...
And that's when I decided
To get rid of it like a sneeze attack!
It became too familiar,
Like old shoes I had to wear.
I got accustomed to hearing complaints...
And thought I too had blues to share!
But when I felt that burden ease,
I picked it up and kicked it out like trash!
No time for nonsense,
Slipped that monkey off my back!
I caught it snoring comfortably...
And that's when I decided
To get rid of it like a sneeze attack!
I've got a remedy ready and willing to use too,
If ever it decides it's going to catch me by surprise!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Remedy Of Existing Conflicts

This space we call reality...
Was not intended to be controlled,
By those who believe a 'oneness' THEY hold!
Like a cancer spreading to kill living cells,
There is a remedy of existing conflicts,
They now see closing in upon them as well.
From a 'hell' manufactured.

They seek hopelessly to find a cure!
However...
They have exposed themselves as encapable
Of using any knowledge
For curing their taste to conquer and rule!
Clueless they are as to what makes heat hotter.

They've enjoyed for too long,
Producing the weapons...
To watch the build up of increasing flames!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Remedy? See It, Read It And Delete

Why send a message,
With an expectation to receive a response.
If your 'email' box is full and blocked.
And when you confront people,
You ask of them...
Why has their communication stopped.

Why bother to have email at all?
If this instant way of keeping in touch,
Is quicker than making a telephone call.

Or if someone says,
'I answered your message...
Why haven't you responded? '
And that person says...
~Time has prevented me to do it.~
And this is the same person heard to say...
~No one ever tells me what's going on.
And if they did...
I haven't reviewed my email for weeks.~

Remedy?
See it, read it and delete!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Remember And Enjoy The Experience

Take and taste the slice of cake when served.
Eat in nibbles and bits.
Slowly munch.
Do not let a crumb of it sit.
Savor the flavor.
Feel the love from which it was made.
And if it is good to you,
Remember and enjoy the experience.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Remember I Mentioned Of Hearing Of Rumors

Why is it more are feeling uncomfortably misfit?
And being squeezed between credits and deficits.
While being reminded corruption is not a fantasy,
And it does indeed exist!
Where are the benefits in any of this?
And to whom does it really matter,
Who claims to represent those cherished interests?
When people are stressed out of their minds,
And finding more time to refuse the suppressing of doing it!
Believing to be crazed at least releases one to feel freed.

'Do you hear what that 'nut' is screaming,
Running butt naked down the street? '

~Yes!
He's screaming, 'I am free. I AM free.~

'If I wasn't so uptight...
I would do the same thing.
I would...if...
What are you doing? '

~I'm not so uptight.
Here...
Take my clothes.
I am free. I AM free.~

'God?
Trust me.
I 'think' it is time You should now intervene.
I'm in the midst of witnessing an emergency.
Remember I mentioned of hearing of rumors,
Here on Earth?
Well...
Let me confirm those rumors to be true.
You've got 'nuts' running around naked.
Asses are beginning to flash all over the place.
Is there 'anything' You can immediately do?
Some of these fools are not even on diet plans.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Remember Needs

Remember needs.
Focus not on familiar pleas of stress.
The ones identified as if invited guests.
Wish them away in mental protest.
Do not prioritize them as accepted.
They come to make their stay effective.

Remember your needs.
Place them on the top of your list,
As promises kept.
Reject those paces with routines met.
Reschedule all disappointments!
And have no regrets.

Don't be like the busiest of bees.
Taking opportunities,
To be stung and return stings!
Remove yourself from this living hell you dwell.
In spun hives you live to seek.
Feeling unrelaxed.
Without a deep breathing to release.
With a fear to do so...
Will eliminate a beating,
You secretly wish increased.

Just relax and live life.
Desiring to be free of grief.
Desire to be free and relieved.

Remove yourself from this living hell you dwell.
In spun hives you live to seek.
Feeling unrelaxed.
Without a deep breathing to release.
With a fear to do so...
Will eliminate a beating,
You secretly wish increased.

Remember needs.
Focus not on familiar pleas of stress.

The ones identified as if invited guests.
Wish them away in mental protest.
Do not prioritize them as accepted.
They come to make their stay effective.

Remember needs.
Relax and live life.
Desiring to be free of grief.
Desire to be free and relieved.
Remember needs.
Your needs.
And see to it that these needs are met.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Remember Struggles From The Bottom

Pick up those feet and leap!
Believe you can conquer,
Over obstacles to defeat.
With a beating done to erase and cease.

Remember struggles from the bottom.
Know what was done to step away from it.
Never settle for the minimum.
And,
Resist to have your confidence dismissed.

Pick up those feet and leap!
Believe you can conquer,
Over obstacles to defeat.
With a beating done to erase and cease.

Remember struggles from the bottom.
Know what was done to step away from it.
Never settle for the minimum.
And,
Resist to have your confidence dismissed.

Remember struggles from the bottom.
And
Resist to have your confidence dismissed.
Know what was done to keep your dreams focused.

Remember struggles from the bottom.
Know what was done to step away from it.
Never settle for the minimum.
And,
Resist to have your confidence dismissed.
Resist to have your confidence dismissed.

Remember struggles from the bottom.
With a boosted confidence.
Remember struggles from the bottom.
With a boosted confidence.
Remember struggles from the bottom.

With a boosted confidence.
Remember struggles from the bottom.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Remember That Turkey Stuffed

Slip me a witch and be done with it.
Then give me a hee-hi-ho!
Let's both benefit from this wickedness.
Then slip me a ho-to-go!

La la la la lahhhh
Lee lee lee lee leeeee
Loo loo loo loo loo lah low.

And for all who have not had a good screwing all this year...
May those turkeys you stuff have tasty rears.

Slip me a witch and be done with it.
Then give me a hee-hi-ho!
Let's both benefit from this wickedness.
Then slip me a ho-to-go!

La la la la lahhhh
Lee lee lee lee leeeee
Loo loo loo loo loo lah low.

And for all who have not had a good screwing all this year...
May those turkeys you stuff have tasty rears.

May you taste a good turkey stuffed...
With cheer!

La la la la lahhhh
Lee lee lee lee leeeee
Loo loo loo loo loo lah low.
And for all who have not had a good screwing all this year...
May those turkeys you stuff,
Have juicy rears!

'Oh...
Such a festive decadence.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Remember The Messengers

A sliding into despair can be avoided,
If one dares not to accept it.
And embrace these lessons taught.

A losing of material things,
Can be quite upsetting
When an obsession to obtain 'things',
Gets in the way of what living life means.
And that is the greatest asset
Life!
One has been given.
And many question their deserving of it.
By a showing of selfishness that has created conflict.

A sliding into despair can be avoided,
If one dares not to accept it.
And embrace these lessons taught.

~When a dooming of others is done to be welcomed...
A dooming is done to those doing their doom!
What goes around comes around.
Sometimes unregocnized.
But a doing gets done to do! ~

A sudden severing from what one possesses,
Should prove to one 'then'...
There is no control,
By those who worship and hold onto things.
With a squeezing to keep,
Tightly held in shaking hands.

When a strong wind blows and lightening strikes,
People run for cover.
With no ammunition to fight against this!
When a strong wind blows and lightening strikes,
People run for cover and discover...
Something far greater is in the midst and mixed,
To blend those divisions or get rid of all of it!

And yet there are many who perceive,
Themselves to be greater than The Almighty.
Or 'That' which is in true control.
And knows our every move made
Whether young or old,
It knows.
We are the 'creations' NOT 'thee' Creator.

A sliding into despair can be avoided,
If one dares not to accept it.
And embrace these lessons taught.
And every one of them can be observed.

Even though there will be those who make claims,
They maintain their faith and remain religiously connected.
But the losing of 'things' leaves nothing left for them to impress.
And this traumatic occurrence,
Becomes difficult to comprehend.
A world they ensured stayed isolated
Suddenly around them begins to cave in!

Especially for those who believe themselves to be chosen.
With a wondering 'why' a devastation has come to visit with them.

'I've lost 'EVERYTHING'!
Why weren't we warned about these pending tragedies? '

~Remember the messengers with those messages delivered?
And you believed them to be at your disposal,
For purposes to personally entertain.
How vain.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Remember The 'Old' Days?

Remember the 'old' days,
When attempts were not made...
To manipulate legitimacy.
And people did deeds with merit,
To achieve their best to be correct.
With a doing of it without being tested,
By deceivers picking apart what had been done.
Just to prove they can devalue,
A quality of life for everyone.

Remember the 'old' days,
When expectations were raised high to reach?
Without a seeking them in gutters,
By those who had their druthers...
To share their findings with others.
Remember the 'old' days,
When people were not demanding...
Entitlements underserved.
Yet wanted them served in their opened hands.

Remember the 'old' days?
There are still many left who do.
With a yearning to earn what was given to them.
And respect and discipline was not forbidden then.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Remember The Ridiculous?

Remember the ridiculous?
When outrageous public statements made,
Were attributed to those considered nonconformists.
Or at least depicted as militant with violent wishes!
And were silenced quick wherever they dared to sit.

Remember the heights achieved by those self righteous?
The ones who quoted from scriptures and knew what sinning meant.
The ones who declared a separation of church and politics.
And spoke of family values and deplored decadence.
With hints they were chosen and others lived to be blasphemous!

Rewind these actions and tell me this...
Whose standards vowed are at a crisis now?
Who authorized the lives we live?
While standing by to watch...
Chaos rise to become prioritized as top notch!
With excuses to make and pointing fingers to give!

Remember the ridiculous?
When outrageous public statements made,
Were attributed to those considered nonconformists.
Or at least depicted as militant with violent wishes!
And were silenced quick wherever they dared to sit.

And those making the most noise today...
Protest loudly in disarray!
In groups to influence and convince in their dismay...
They represent the people who are of conservative ways.

Remember the ridiculous?
When terrorists were thought to ride camels...
And not be Ivy league graduates,
On shores who condoned and promoted this!
With only greed and the economy as the main interest.

Too bad the borders can not be secured,
By those who are staunch racists!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Remember The 'Virtue Years'?

It is a good feeling to be thanked.
Without those ulterior motives floating.

Someone who just says 'Thank you! '
And that's it!
With nothing to gain.
Or leave behind nothing to suspect.
Is given undo attention.
If any is given at all.

Remember the 'virtue years'?
Those who are still able to maintain a sense of sanity do!
And there are so few still with 'us'.

I remember the days when people spoke and said 'Hello! '
Without one eyebrow arched over an eye,
Moving swiftly from one's head to toe.
Those who are lucky enough,
Know this.
And...
Children were so respectful.

Today,
If children are respectful...
Immediately we detect something is wrong.
So we hurry along to get away from them,
As fast as we can!
With a forced smile and eyes fixed,
On keeping them distant.

To get home as quick as possible...
To lock our doors.
And take sneak peeks from behind draped windows.
Hoping we have not been followed!
With claims of how the world has changed.
And not hold our own selves responsible!

Of course 'these' actions are not deranged.
Especially when it has been determined,

We have arrived safely to a protective place.
To then take our appropriate medications.
You know...
The ones for high blood pressure!

Remember the 'virtue years'?
Those who are still able to maintain a sense of sanity do!
Or whatever that is we are calling our fears!
And doctors then were not considered our best friends.
To call whenever we developed hypochondriatic symptoms.
At least we know they are there caring...
About our health and adequate insurance coverage!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Remember This

Stop blaming those effects,
You did not expect to affect you life...
In the way they have,
On me or others to depress.

You picked and chose,
With a careful selection...
Every aspect,
In full consciousness.

You are the receiver of your beliefs.
Whether you accept that or not.
And apparently those decisions,
You alone made without initial regret...
Have come to stare you in the face.
And this makes you upset.

Why?

Remember this...
You did tell me to mind my own business!
So do not accuse me 'now'...
Of having no empthy towards you to show.
OR none coming from me to you to express.

Remember this...
You did tell me to mind my own business!
And if I had not...
That would have led to an argument,
You would have kept to never forgive or forget!

Remember this...
You did tell me to mind my own business!
And doing that,
I have learned what is best to protect...
With a peace that has welcomed my happiness.

Remember this...
I have given to you 'exactly' what you wished!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Remember This Quick And Fast

Remember...
I am not the one,
To have encouraged you to make...
Those choices made you have done.

Remember...
I am not the one,
To have talked behind your back.
And then to laugh.
Although to me you have done just that.

And remember...
Even in my sacrificing without a dime to share,
I was there giving you my support.
Regardless if none to me you had given.
At no time did I ask from you anything.
I gave to you from me something genuine.
And I hope you remember that for the rest of your life.

And let me leave you with this...
Since your priorities seem to have changed a bit.
To disrespect others...
Who too make their own choices.
You will confront others who find it okay,
To display 'things' they have.
Or in your case...
Things they once had.
To one day remember that laughing at others,
As being less impressive to socialize in 'inner' circles...
Are often the ones sooner or later discovered,
To have more going on to impress...
IF,
They wanted to address their effective accomplishments.

Remember...
I am not the one,
To have encouraged you to make...
Those choices made you have done.
Remember this quick and fast.

Remember...
I am not the one,
To have talked behind your back.
And then to laugh.
Although to me you have done just that.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Remember This...

Remember this...
There is only three things
That could get between us.
We can avoid them,
Anytime we choose!
But they will never avoid us...
And the friendship we share!
It dares,
You.
Me.
And our ignorance we take for granted!
And we both can be guilty,
Of enjoying that pleasure!
If we can just keep that in mind!
We'll be friends forever...
Much like a fine wine aging.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Remember Those Days We Cared

A trust busted does not mend.
Or heal the pieces to make them invisible.
The effect of it is forever remembered.
And those who say they forgive the act of it,
Do their nest to make attempts to forget.
But a betrayal that is blatant and intended,
Sits permanently to be revisited.

'Remember those days we cared for each other? '

I remember 'those' days.
But that day you thought it okay to lie on me,
Will never go away.

'I must have been out of my mind.'

Are you asking or is that a request for acceptance?

'I just wish I had made a better decision.'

You mean keeping what we had treasured protected,
Until you took that for granted to daily neglect it.
Or do you mean perceiving your thoughtlessness,
Turned me on each time your disrespect was expressed?
And I only became upset when that was regularly addressed.

'But...
What about us? '

US?
You busted that trust.
I had been into 'we' with a steadfast belief.
And you and 'me' as I now see to realize,
No longer exists to appear before my cleared eyes.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Remember Those Outrageous Points Of View

Believing you are owed clarity,
Amuses.
I have no lapses of stored patience
To share.
Or a moment of curiosity left,
That concerns you.
Remember those outrageous points of view I had?
Remember the look of disgust you gave me,
In the comfort of your judgemental friends.
Oh by the way...
What happened to them?
Believing you are owed clarity,
Amuses.
I owe you nothing...
But my back.
And absence!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Remember Those Who Spoke Their Minds

The people who make claims,
They do not know what's going on today...
Are the same people yesterday,
That said the same thing.

And the day before that,
They pretended not to see...
Trouble approaching their doorsteps.
Or a devalued lifestyle full of tension.
And lacking an abundance of quality.

Remember those who spoke their minds,
Without excuses to make!
And were told they were negative?
Remember those who refused to be disrespected,
And were criticized behind their backs...
Because they sought better lives to live!
And did not masquerade to fake?
To eventually be chased away...
Slandered, backstabbed and betrayed!

The people who make claims,
They do not know what's going on today...
Are the same people yesterday,
That said the same thing.

And the day before that,
They pretended not to see...
Trouble approaching their doorsteps.
Or a devalued lifestyle full of tension.
And lacking an abundance of quality.

And 'now' they wish,
For sense to be made of this.
When the seriousness of this they had dismissed!
And those that were ostracized,
Have disconnected themselves from it...
Completely with lives lived free of conflict!
And blessed to have been mavericks.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Remember To Value Patience

Trust me...
What you may not understand,
To comprehend today that confuses...
You will be the one explaining it,
To highlight every detail...
With a teaching someone to have done...
When tomorrow comes.

Remember to value patience,
Since...
One is not born smart and with wisdom,
Wisdom is an experience one earns.
Wisdom will not attach itself,
To closed ears and flapping lips...
Seeking attention to get.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Remember When He Juiced Us Up...

The journey would never have been this treacherous,
If we had taken the direct route...
And quickly landed on Reality!
At least we had the light of the Sun with us.
Now we are in complete darkness!
And the commander is still convinced,
We are headed in the right direction!
Have you noticed...
He has not been in the cockpit one time?

Remember when he 'juiced' us up in the beginning?
By tossing to us cash and a drugged vision?
And he is doing the same thing now!
Can you sense disaster?
And his incompetence exposing faster?

'I'm wondering who and what IS in that cockpit!
And why this trip had to go through turbulence,
In the first place?
It just seems to be a wasted adventure,
To please an ego!
And the sight of it now...
Although much too late,
Has made ALL the passengers sick! '

Well stay buckled.
Whatever we land on...
Will be extremely long and bumpy!
Much longer than that joker,
Has parachuted away from us and it.
That's guaranteed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Remember When You Did That To Me?

I am glad your point of view is broader now,
And you are beginning to 'see' things.
But don't expect your excitement,
To send chills up and down my spine.

I walked alone strengthening my backbone.
And no time to find to be spineless.
Something within me couldn't condone it.
I healed and mended from countless wounds,
You will not believe,
The treachery!

Don't get me wrong,
I am happy for you!
But you will discover this...
Once you 'see' things,
Others will find you obnoxious.
And at the stage you are at right now...
I can not bare to witness you go through it.
The gossips, the backstabbings.
And the friends you thought you had...
Will initiate this and from you they will split.

Remember when you did that to me?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Remember, Faith Saves

Grab some time to be alone.
Rest your mind...
And put aside your anguish.
Don't condone,
Or savor despair.
Don't try to own it!
Leave it there.

Remember,
Faith saves.
Remember,
Faith saves.
Remember...
Keep your belief,
You can and will receive peace.
As much as you need.
Faith saves.

Whatever reasons that are there...
To magnify your sorrows.
Sunshine tomorrow comes.
If you allow it to be welcomed.

Troubles are meant to sit.
Like any obstacle that comes...
Wishing you not to get over it.
Unless you wish your problems to remain...
Like a pain that is given attention to drain.
With your wish to claim it in repeated complaints.

Remember,
Faith saves.
Remember,
Faith saves.
Remember...
Keep your belief,
You can and will receive peace.
As much as you need.
Faith saves.

Whatever reasons that are there...
To magnify your sorrows.
Sunshine tomorrow comes.
If you allow it to be welcomed.

Grab some time to be alone.
Rest your mind...
And put aside your anguish.
Don't condone,
Or savor despair.
Don't try to own it!
Leave it there.

Remember,
Faith saves.
Remember...
Keep your belief,
You can and will receive peace.
As much as you need.
Faith saves.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Remember...You'Re The One That's Nuts

Help me understand,
What I am having trouble comprehending.

For years I have been labelled a fool...
Who has no direction.
Laughed at behind my back...
With less than adulation.
And made to feel uncomfortable,
Because I chose to be who I am.

Tell me this...
If they who have done this,
Have been stripped and evicted...
From their realities.
And their 'normal' lives have ceased to be!
While I maintain my peace of mind...
That took time for me to receive.
With a faith I've kept and believed.
What do they have they had valued...
But now has been taken.
That allows them to escape...
The sadness appearing on their faces?

Help me understand,
What I am having trouble comprehending.

If their way of life is 'suppose' to be right...
Why do they look as if,
The end for them is nearing?
If I had been the one...
They were laughing at and jeering?

Help me understand,
What I am having trouble comprehending.

I see a new day beginning to dawn.
And it seems all that they have believed in...
Has been taken away from them and gone!

'Remember...
You're the one that's nuts! '

Oh...
That's right!
I forgot!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Remember?

Would I rather be strangled or screwed?
In a polyester suit...
Sporting spit shined boots,
And prepared to service.
Would I rather be a clown in a circus,
Or be kicked around by you for fun?
At least when you're finished...
I'll have a clue I've been done!
Instead of hearing you dropp a plot,
To have me appear the fool I'm not.
Because the love I stopped for you has gone!
Why can't you move on?
I did when your shouting drove me out!
And the doors behind me you locked.
Pouting!
Remember?
Embarrassing me bare assed?
Until I disappeared behind the boulevard of trees.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Remember? I Do!

There is nothing more to you,
I can say with it displayed.
Or return from a yesterday,
An intention meant I then valued.
Although I have kept,
My respect for you unaffected.
And to waiver from it I have yet to let,
What I have kept to keep to be diminished.
Who I was in the past has not changed.

Remember...
I was not the one,
To listen to rumors gossiped.
Then taking what I had heard to spread,
With a doing of it to believe words said.
I wasn't the one to run back to you,
Prepared with judgements passed...
On you to do.

You made that decision that I should prove,
And with a doing...
Of a jumping through hoops to do backflips too,
To convince what I felt was honest and true.
Only fools will allow their minds to be tricked.
By others equally insecure and mentally sick.

There is nothing more to you,
I can say with it displayed.
Or return from a yesterday,
An intention meant I then valued.
However...
My trust to give to discover deceived,
Is no longer felt for you to receive.
And I didn't do that.
You did 'that' to me.
Remember?
I do!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Remembered In Retrospect

There is no better voice heard,
Than the one remembered in retrospect.
That one voice spoken at a time avoided to reject.
But comes around again with a wanted wish to listen.
Since what had then been said,
Has left a profound affect on those who 'now' hear...
With a clarity reminisced in heads less distanced.

As limits within then lived and frequently visited,
Have disappeared to open wide eyes and unblocked ears.
To reveal a truth of evidence never embellished.
And as fresh as it ever was or could have ever been,
For anyone seeking a desire to comprehend.
Knowing a process of listening 'first' has to begin,
To achieve understanding a having of patience can command.

No patience to listen,
No comprehension.
No comprehension to get,
No understanding is given.
No understanding received,
No listening has been invested.
And without patience or listening invested,
Leaves no benefit to reminisce even if remembered in retrospect.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Remembered Love

My wishing to stop the pain of remembered love,
Isn't easy.
The more I think of love,
And the coming with it those moments of bliss.
My wishing to stop agonizing over what I miss,
Is pointless.

My wishing to stop the pain of remembered love,
Isn't easy.
Nor is the expense of pretending,
I knew no love for me existed.
My heart knows how ridiculous that is.
And so are my foolish attempts to forget.

I've loved.
And knowing that I am capable of doing it again,
Is when I am wishing not to remember it.
With a forgetting that brings me back to relive,
I can't get over that keeps me reminded.
Of what it is within me I wish.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Remembered To Never Forget

I am not angered,
Or kept embittered...
By false perceptions,
Some may have of me.
I can understand,
How first impressions made...
May leave a picture,
Left to perceive...
Delivers a fixed unchanged,
Reality.
I can understand that.
If I stayed to remain,
Exhibited.
But...
I am not.
If I am offended,
By remarks intended...
To ignite within me a spark.
I don't bite back.
Snarl, growl or bark.
I walk away quietly to await,
For one seeking publicly...
To use me to get attention.
With a giving of mine to give,
Undivided.
To ensure what they receive...
Has been personally delivered.
I have found this to be...
The best way to have a message,
Remembered to never forget.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Remembered To Reminisce

It is not what we give,
That stays to make a difference...
In someone else's life,
To be remembered to reminisce.

It is who we are,
To always give with a difference made...
That stays that way.
And seldom to forget to be forgotten.

Someone who gives,
With this as a priority done to do...
Christmas is just another day,
To validate it proven...
What someone like this often does.

Someone who gives,
With this as a priority done to do...
To validate it proven...
What someone like this often does,
Is the gift to others they get.
And unwrapped to disguise surprises.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Remembered With The Best Thoughts Kept

Remembered with the best thoughts kept,
Are the ones we can't let go to forget.
Remembered with the best thoughts kept,
Are the ones most loved and missed reminisced.
The ones with us left always remembered.

We all live to lose someone we knew to love.
Someone there always thought of,
With a wish...
They did not leave.

We all live to lose someone we grew to love,
To know what it was to have that love...
Within our hearts with it touched.
And missed so much.

Whatever was done we forgive,
To...
Remembered with the best thoughts kept.
And...
Whatever that togetherness meant,
Is...
Remembered with the best thoughts kept.

We all live to lose someone we knew to love.
Someone there always thought of,
With a wish...
They did not leave.
To remember with the best thoughts kept.
And reminisced with much regret,
How they left us and so soon.

Remembered with the best thoughts kept,
Are the ones we can't let go to forget.
Remembered with the best thoughts kept,
Are the ones most loved and missed reminisced.
The ones with us left always remembered.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Remembering Correctness

Game players who have long played out,
Stale and dated games to relay and play...
Still are observed with a doing to fool anyway.
As many of them are paid to remain crazed,
With a doing to eliminate escapes or once chosen exits...
Thought to be the best choices to make,
By those remembering correctness.
And the effect it had,
On a consciousness they wanted kept protected!

But those game players...
Who have long played out their stale and dated games,
To relay and play in an intentional betrayal...
Are still observed today with a doing to fool anyway.
As many are paid to remain as crazed as possible,
To prove they can eliminate escapes or once chosen exits...
Thought to be the best choices to make,
By those remembering correctness to respect and not neglect it.
But too few are left with these memories kept.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Reminded Of The Environment

With money to prioritize.
And the having of 'bling' to symbolize,
A life enriched if one has a lot of it...
Is leaving many to awaken and realize,
Even with the having of money in abundance...
A paying for happiness is limited,
If...
The only ones that come around,
To convince they are attracted...
Become quickly distracted,
When the presence of money...
Isn't the first scent they can smell,
At the door when they arrive.
To then come inside...
Not to address the invitation!
But to make their quick assessments.

'You look around as if to make an inspection.'

~No.
Not at all.
I came to visit YOU.~

'Then why do you have white gloves on,
To check for dust and taking notes? '

~For no specific reason.
I hope you don't fine what I do disrespectful? ~

'I don't mind.
But I must admit,
The few I've allowed to come inside to visit...
Have not been this pretentious.
But then again,
You keep me reminded of the environment...
I have 'chosen' to live in.
And you represent very well.'

~Oh.

Thank you.
I enjoy your hospitality.~

'I didn't think you noticed.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Reminded Of Traps

How much to me does it mean,
To leave behind unpleasant scenes...
Of a past that clings as if cemented.
To live a life free to the fulfilling of dreams,
Would be for me...
An experience undeniably incredible!
If I could only take that one step forward...
Without taking two or more steps,
Just to look back to be reminded of traps.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Reminders

What one knows,
Can not be thrown away.
Or be disposed of!
To unlearn an experience,
Is not like a pinch felt.
I can recover from being bruised.
Depending on who did the abusing.
And if on my knees I knelt.

But if I'm left to wallow in a sorrow,
That is life changing?
An experience like that...
Will be remembered for the rest of my life.

I know how to ride on a two wheel bike.
But for the life of me...
I can not remember the many attempts I made,
Before I started to ride without assistance.
And I've got scars all over my body.
But the ones in my mind...
Seem to linger there all the time,
As if reminders!
And some have first and last names.
Attached and dated to the experience.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Reminding Me Of My Blessings

Thank you for reminding me,
Of my blessings.
Thank you for stopping,
My flow of complaints.
And restraining me...
When they came to contain with anger,
I felt!
God is in my life.
There to make things right for me!
What more could I ask for?
When so many aren't sure...
With questions that confuse!
I have no barriars...
I can not without Him,
Remove!
Thank you for reminding me...
Of 'What' and 'Who' I have chosen,
To choose!
And allowing myself to become upset,
By 'things' I can refuse!

Dedicated to:
Gary Gamble
Hartford, Connecticut

'Thanking you, Gary...for walking away
and leaving me with that thought today! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Reminding Mementos

Disappointments I no longer keep,
As regretted open wounds slow to mend.
That I had expected to leave left that way.
To burden myself with yesterday's sorrows.
No.
I have matured to grow.

Today, tomorrow and those days ahead,
I now view whatever wounds I had as souvenirs.
Reminding mementos...
Of those who taught me lessons well.
And how a getting to stand on my own two feet,
Was easier than a belief...
A keeping on my knees weeping to get sympathy,
Would bestow upon me a strengthened dignity.
No.
Growth takes pain and a reaping gained from it,
Are harvest the rewards.

But I had to learn for myself this concept...
A dignity to have is a dignity to earn first.
And an identity to pride is felt and not annointed.
As with a marinating to age does,
When one is not declaring their wisdom...
To have it recognized by others.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Reminisced As Gifts

Constant was that pain grimaced,
In those loved faces missed...
I knew.

So close to them I cherished each moment.
Even down to the seconds,
When death took them away.
To leave me numb and staring.
With emotions drifting...
Out of touch.
Taken away...
By those I loved so much.

And agony did stay with me for a while.
Until one day I felt them all,
Smiling.
And I knew then,
It was okay for me to do the same.
As I keep them reminisced,
As gifts.
From a sharing treasured!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Reminisced Regardless

Forgiving those of wicked deeds,
With a hindsight to review frequently...
Can be a mixed blessing to receive,
By the ones with kept memories...
Revisited to ease a bitterness felt to weaken.
Although it is not easy to forget,
Regretting to get and accept such tests.
To pass as a kept faith is prayed to stay.
With a devotion those of misdeeds,
Seek with their evil doings to take away.

Yet...reminisced regardless,
Is the emotion that is picked to pluck a nerve.
Reminisced regardless,
Is the nibbling on lips and fists balled quick to hit.
Reminisced regardless,
Is the quiet suffering one permits...
Until tears cried stop their dripping to dry eyes.
With it shown to be known to forgive,
Has and displays its benefits one gets in due time.
Leaving one who endures with peace of mind.
And less pain to find any bitterness to reminisce it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Reminisced To Miss

The one thing always reminisced to miss,
Is the directness of someone's true friendship.
And it is not appreciated until it is compared,
To the nonsense shared in some environments...
In which 'personalities' express no depth,
And become offended easily...
When reality addressed upsets those pretentious.

'You know what I miss as I grow older? '

~What's that? ~

'People unafraid to be themselves.'

~Gee!
Just how old are you? ~

But today?
So many have pretended to be other people,
Reality for them has become a nightmare.
And avoiding it to experience at any cost,
Has left many caught up in keeping their delusions...
Protected to believe,
Others they meet are also making false appearances.'

~My goodness.
You must be real old.
Especially if you can remember 'reality'.
AND be able to reminisce to miss it too? ~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Remnants Of A Ravenous Activity

Shallow are the crabs
Laying near the bottom of the heap.
Pinching and clawing those near the top!
Wanting more darkness.
Wanting the light shown to stop.
And rotten is the smell,
Preferred and enjoyed.
Tough of crust,
And a sting of venom.
In a barrel that's enjoyed.
To eat themselves and keep...
Trapped.
Devoured.
Until there is nothing left,
But remnants of a ravenous activity.
And scarred shells...
That have begun a rusting into dust!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Remnants Of Sanity

Between fiscal cliffs and threatening flus.
Self righteous, religious lip givers,
And morally corrupted fanatics...
Expressing a forgiveness wished from pulpits.
To continue giving their hypocritical points of view.

OR...
Lieing politicians,
Representing their lieing constituents.
Foreclosed homes and joblessness...
Repossessed lives once valued as a standard.
And crazed gun toters,
Psychologists and newscasters...
Are attempting to convince,
These events have nothing to do with a society...
Slowly being flushed down the tubes.

However...
Those holding close to their chests,
To protect remnants of sanity they keep treasured...
To possess as if obsessed,
Should not interpret any of these visual depictions,
Seen to observe...
As an unleashed madness revealed to be condoned.
No!
This is not the case.

Although...
What is wished that everyone perceives,
Is...
To acknowledge just the few who happen to be,
Mass murderers, crooks, deceivers and cheats...
As a small representation of those who choose to vent,
And destroy the lives of others...
Because they had awakened one day to make wrong decisions.
And the over 300 million guns and other weapons people possess,
Are kept to protect their freedoms 'whenever' that need should arise.

'Oh.

Okay.
Well...
I am so glad that was clearly explained.
I feel so relieved now.

Perhaps those people who do these awful things,
Should be taught much earlier in their lives...
They have been naughty. And...with a firmness,
Asked to leave the dinner table 'without' getting dessert.
And sent to sit alone in their bedrooms.
That will send to them the appropriate message.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Remnants Of Their Own Fumes

Only those giving pomposity to have believed,
With a throwing up a nose and the tightening of jaws...
Allows them to change the rules and laws,
Whenever they choose and see fit to please...
As if they sat on other than porcelain thrones,
To dictate policies with an ego shown...
Should not be upset to acknowledge they are idiots,
When the proof of it has become publicly known...
With a doing they can neither erase or chase away,
From a turmoil they have created.
And obviously affected by the remnants of their own fumes.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Remote Viewer

Before he was able to walk in baby shoes,
He sang with the angels and visited ruins
On Mars too.
He saw times not seen,
And those chosen to forget.
He pretended not to 'know' those he just met!
He held conversations alone,
With those who sat on royal thrones.
And he traveled the universe...
As quick as batting an eye!
He could fly if he wanted to,
Without boarding a plane.
Why should he make those attempts?
He didn't have to try!
A remote viewer he was...
Although many observed him to be insane!
He knew truth before it was spoken,
And watched others hide behind alibis!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Remove It From Your Mind

Does the shallowness,
Of one with a fickled soul show...
If it is announced to another,
How much a missing of one's presence is...
After many years has come to go,
Without a sign of contact.

Or...
Should the one who has been contacted,
Not be suspicious of this act at all.
If the one proclaiming to have done the missing...
Responds to an email sent 'eleven' years ago,
And did not express this in a telephone call.

'Well,
My opinion is this...
That person isn't too high,
On a priority list.
And a confession made,
After that length of time has come to go away...
I wouldn't be suspicious.
I would remove it from my mind to dismiss this quick.'

Hypothetically speaking?

'Hypothetically speaking or not.
People like that are into themselves.
People like that are thoughtless and should be dropped.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Remove The Façade

Sometimes that 'top',
Some boastfully announce...
They can reach with a seeking,
To look down upon others...
As their egos sit on peaks.
Has more to do with who approves,
To continue listening to hear...
Such empty and hollow echos repeated,
From those who believe a leaving behind...
Fools they have made has been achieved.

'Okay boys...
We've been given the sign to remove the façade.'

~I thought the background,
Of that scenery was fixed.
It was promised to me if I followed directives,
I would obtain success without questioning it.~

'You have.
In fact,
We kept you blinded by it.
And the ones you disrespected,
Paid us to equip...
Everything they perceived you needed,
To keep you believing of this.
However...
Delusions like yours are expensive.
Requiring payment you could not deliver.
Remove the façade, boys.'
And there left to stand in the shadows of defeat,
Is another one hushed...
By selfish perceptions a feeding on an ego leaves.

~It was promised to me if I followed directives,
I would obtain success without questioning it.~
Echos from the depths,
Of one sitting on humiliated devastation.
To be felt and left alone...

Questioning what they've condoned.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Remove The Limitations Of Our Ignorance

Bow your heads,
And together let us pray.

Dear Father,
Creator of all our sensibilities.
You are the Sun of Power.
And 'we' Your reflections,
Leeching on this planet called Earth.
And nourished by the Moon with You.
To flourish as it is Your wish.

Dear Father,
Creator of all our sensibilities.
Remove the limitations of our ignorance,
Experienced!
And with the 'spirit guides' who have been assigned,
To protect us with their teachings...
Remove from our steps those obstacles we regret.
Although with each step...
Some of us forget,
How powerful You are, My Father.
And they choose to grieve themselves to death.
Like sheep blinded by self reflection,
But without direction...
Faithfully digested to respect.

And help us not to be just leeches.
Help us be the best of humans...
Creatures You believe can be,
Of a Superior Consciousness
Amen.
We love You Father.
And those 'guides' assigned to protect us.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Remove These Obstacles

Remove these obstacles,
I have now on my path.
I wish to attract happiness...
With a peace of mind,
Coming to find me at last!

I refuse to submit,
To disappointments and hardships.
That past I dismiss with a resistance to conflicts.
And detailed to welcome that,
As a fact of life made for me legit!

Remove I will burdens carried on my back!
I am choosing not to identify,
Confrontations on my path...
I must endure all my life!

I refuse to submit,
To disappointments and hardships.
That past I once lived,
I now dismiss!
Remove these obstacles,
From my mind.
Where I've encouraged their nourishment,
And given them reason to exist!

Remove these obstacles!
Remove them...
I insist!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Remove Yourself

If you can not make a stand
For anything you believe today.
And you constantly make excuses.
Rehashed and replayed?
Remove yourself out of the way,
Of those you slow down!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Removed From A Disguise

The truth of the matter is...
No one is going to tell it!
A society that has been fantasized,
Has flourished on deceit and lies.
Dishonesty and pretension thrives.
It doesn't matter how truth
Is removed from a disguise.
It will not be recognized anyway.
And that is why the pain of it...
Has many upset.
And those brave enough to tell it,
Are demoralized and criticized!
A society once respected for its trust...
Has been thrusted into a nose dive!
And those responsible for its demise,
Do the best they can,
To hide this from eyes!
And those failed actions are remarkable!
As they rob Peter to pay Paul who owes Harry...
That loaned Mary who stoled from Agnes and Jennifer,
That promised Peter she would deliver her payment...
With interest!
And he has been ignored!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Removed From A Kept Priority List

To know thyself is the greatest of all happiness.
With a joy and fulfillment free of tensions to mention.
So much is understood and comprehended then.
And so much can be accomplished when that happens.

It is as if obstacles do not exist.
At least the ones we are familiar with...
Are removed from a kept priority list.
To forget and be left unaddressed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Removed From The Scene

When some folks are given ten minutes of attention,
To then begin to 'assume'...
Their star shines brighter than any other in the universe,
Something is missing in those heads this dense...
That focuses thick in self delusion to dispense.
With a belief their glistening has a permanence.

And instead of being grateful,
To that which has allowed them to shine so bright...
Suddenly they find a dimming to be done overnight,
As a falling back down to Earth becomes noticeable...
To those they once shown their behinds,
While doing a climb to ascend to heights.

And recovering to discover from gutters looking up,
Others stars glowing with a doing longer and brighter.
Reflecting with a gratefulness that respects,
The doings allowed by The Divine Creator observing...
From a place unseen no one suspects to inspect,
Those self obsessed to be removed from the scene.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Removed From Their Cracked Shells

Remember when I said,
'Something' was unfolding?
'That' was directed for those who understood.

For those who didn't...
And find themselves still wrapped up.
Don't worry about it!
Those you once viewed as being 'nuts'
Have been recently removed,
From their cracked shells.
They have been exposed to a 'light'
The darkness of your confinement fears!

You are like a leaf...
Clinging to a tree,
That is doing its best to shake you loose.
To manifest your uselessness elsewhere.
And there is nothing to convince you...
You will never be green again!
And yet you still insist,
Upon being breast fed!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Removing Discomfort Away From Happiness

When the death of taxes comes...
That's when a unity can begin,
And all troubles on Earth will end.
Someone created a way to pay for life.
Taking it and charging one to breathe.
Feeding on it with immoral greed!
And telling people on their lands to leave!

When humanity begins to show...
You'll see it in the eyes of your neighbor.
You'll begin to rush home to savor,
Time with friends and those of them!
Accepting different cultures regardless of skin.
When everything right ends any sins that begin!
Only then can it be said,
Evilness on Earth instead will end!

Removing discomfort away from happiness...
And watching frowns on sad faces grin!
That's when everyone can rejoice and sing,
With a freedom caring less about...
Just about 'things'!
Delighted with stock market counts,
And the sound of cash register rings!
Releasing minds from the urge to bite,
Borrow, steal and sting!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Removing Of Those Shackles Borrowed

Too many travel with weighted backs.
Too many are the torn and broken hearts...
Packaging despair to carry.

Too many are wrapped tightly...
With suspicous unnecessary needs.
To behold in their grasp.
Leaving their wants and desires behind them.
Instead of unloading themselves from sorrows.
Many have allowed too long to last.

And...
Determining to maintain faith.
Determining to maintain faith.
Determining to maintain faith,
That's kept unshakable.
With a removing of those shackles borrowed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Removing The Grease Paint

Removing the grease paint,
From the face of any clown...
And a circus is not what first comes to mind.
Although,
Clowns determined to start their own circus...
Will find a way to do it,
With a more acceptable appearance.
And one dressed in a tailored suit,
Can achieve remarkable success.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Removing Your Mask

Remember this...
No storm you fear to face,
Is chased away...
When you pursue,
A running away from it.

Nor will obstacles diminish,
To allow you to hide to pretend...
They do not exist.
Or from you will fade to exit,
As you charade a parading of delusions.

Remember this...
The only escape you have,
Is acknowledging reality exists.
With a hope someday you will have one task.
And that's removing your mask to be yourself.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Renegades

Those cream puffs and their stuffed muffins...
Have, of late, been roughed up.
Their silver goblets and golden cups...
Are no longer being lifted,
By the decorated plume of charading plumped fingers...
Sparkling with jewels seen glittering,
As a sipping of sweet juices to fill fattened guts...
Exaggerates a pampered taste.

Someone has closed those gluttonous cupboards!
Chained and locked them,
To keep them shut!

The ride that kept them deceitfully in glee...
Has come to the end of a self-righteous greed.
And people who believe an innocence was done...
See now for themselves,
Treacherous treason has been exposed to stun,
Everyone.

And now on the run with public excuses made,
Can be seen the instigators...
Shown as lowlife renegades!
Whose highbrow tactics as creators of corporate theft...
Has even left those of conservative values,
Doing their best not to show they are scared to death.

And knowing their ideals only appeals...
To the ones administering chaos.
With an unconscious self wounding zeal!
And implementing worldwide unrest...
That comes to focus upon them to blame and arrest,
By the same laws they used to suppress...
The ones who will come to see them confined,
Behind cell block bars.
And doing much time for their patheticness!
Although many blinded by imagined good deeds,
Done by these criminally minded band of thieves...
Will come to their defense with a devoted loyalty.

Proving a programmed mind has its benefits,
When awarding the egos of others.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Renewed Satisfaction

I'm back on track,
With renewed satisfaction.
I can say yesterday was okay...
But today,
I'm going to ride away!

I'm going to wave to the people,
Whether they wave back.
And I'm not going to wonder
Who smiles
Or frowns just to show me that!

Humming to the music on the radio,
And it ain't even the blues!
Cruising through the countryside,
And doing just exactly what I choose!
This boost has got me moving!

Decided I would take a drive,
To discover brand new places!
I needed this fresh breeze...
And an updated point of view!

There is no urgency to repeat,
Or retracing of my paces.
I'm doing this for me,
Like I should have done...
To free myself from you!

'I think I'll have a baked potato! '

I'm back on track,
With renewed satisfaction.
I can say yesterday was okay...
But today,
I'm riding far away!

Decided I would take a drive,
To discover brand new places!

I needed this fresh breeze...
And an updated point of view!

I needed this relief and believe me,
It agrees with my mood!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Renewed With The Pursuing Of Each Conflict

Insurance. Guns. And wars to increase.
Morbid strokes feed employment opportunities.
More police. More fear.
More need for home based security.
Created by diseases and tragedies made.
Since those who are suppose to be innovative,
Find it easier to accomplish the doing of this...
The reliable and tested cost effective old fashion way.

Ensuring those faithful are kept religiously subdued,
With the keeping of the hype that education is needed.
To tease with the belief that their quality of life is raised.
And renewed with the pursuing of each conflict debts pay.
While those taxed have flashbacks of a peace less expensive,
When entertainment was for escapades.
And not meant to be kept to reflect and accept,
As realities!

Yet...
The younger the mind fed crime and deception to feed all the time,
A difference to be defined isn't easy to do...
By anyone who seeks to address what is real,
But is not impressive.
Or dresses the part to play as a gangster, rap artist or ballplayer.
Gleaming with bling.
Nor on a team that delivers dreams that can be seen as victorious!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Renovated Much Too Late

Redone.
Refurbished,
And...
Renovated much too late.
Although...
Updated are amenities.
But...
There is something that will never please,
A mind re-arranged.
And...
Enlightened by the changes,
Of the times.

Redone.
Refurbished,
And...
Renovated much too late.
Although...
Updated are amenities.
But...
There is something that will never please,
A mind re-arranged.
And...
Enlightened by the changes,
Of the times.

And when times have changed,
Many leave what 'was' behind.
No matter who wishes to have it redesigned.
Since when times change,
Many seek a freshness to find.
Leaving what 'was' that could have been left behind.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Repackaged Trash

Past ordeals,
In constant conversation.
Wounded pride,
Creating emotional devastation.
Sleepless nights.
Seeking sympathy.
Unable to move on believing...
Your life lived is not meant to be.
And getting pissed off,
When long lost friends...
Seem to live happily.

Do this...
Look yourself in the mirror.
Lock your eyes upon your image fast.
And ask...
'Am I worth more than repackaged trash? '

Now,
IF you should get,
A negative response?
You have a choice to slit your wrists.
Or,
Admit it quick with added common sense...
You just have too much time on your hands!
With a need to be less self involved.
Only then will all of your concerns,
Be immediately solved!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Repaid

I have been repaid.
For every sacrifice I have made.
And I can say this.
Blessed I have been to witness it.

No fun did I spend,
Rushing to be at a loved one's side.
Disbelieving the sight before my eyes.
Prioritizing to leave behind possessions,
I treasured to collect to accept...
And having that disconnect taking years,
To eventually get over my regrets.
Yes...
I experienced many moments being upset.

I have been repaid.
For every sacrifice I have made.
And I can say this.
Blessed I have been to witness it.
Surviving to heal from threatening illnesses,
And held bitterness has taught me...
Good health to maintain can not remain,
In a mind tricked to become sick.

Although it took me time to admit,
A little bitterness held to keep...
Gave me reason to heal and mend quickly.
When I began to notice,
A shown thoughtless from others to show...
Taught me to know personally,
What a forgiving myself truly means.
With allowing God to do all the paybacks.

And...
With that to observe and keeping my faith intact,
I have been repaid.
To have nothing to say but continue to pray.
I have been repaid.
For every sacrifice I have made.

And I can say this.
Because...
Blessed I have been to witness it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Repairing What Needed To Be Fixed

When something clearly ends...
There is no need to try to revive it.
That action should have taken place...
Long before an ending,
Had an invitation to be faced.

Warnings are given.
And with them come denial.
Instead of repairing what needed to be fixed...
A relationship is put on a mental trial.
There is no need for this...
If reality is at risk.

When something clearly ends...
There is no need to try to revive it.
That action should have taken place...
Long before an ending,
Had an invitation to be faced.

Many choose to sit in a hesitation waiting,
In a stubbornness debating.
Instead of making a choice to resist this...
As a repairing what needed to be fixed,
Is nixed!
And an invitation to end nonsense...
Is accepted without contemplating it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Repayment For Sins

Those who feast and nest on greed,
You still have time to sacrifice indulgences.
Crimes that led to spread hunger and pain,
Will spare no sympathy in dimensions revealing.

Those who believe to conquer is to win,
Will find themselves in corners trapped without exits.
Monitored we are by 'angels' who observe us!
Judgements have been issued...
And repayment for 'sins' have started to begin!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Repeat...

Repeat...
If there is no serenity being received,
In the divinity being preached...
To you in such excess.
Something is missing,
From the listening process.

There are too many claiming,
To have this access that's exchanged.
Observed is a continuance...
Increasing a confusing mess that's gained.

Whatever is being confessed,
In these 'obsessions' one has and receives...
Where are the blessings being bestowed,
To spread from these 'sessions'
Digested and professed
When congregations
Disperse and leave.

Repeat...
If there is no serenity being received,
In the divinity being preached.
Many are not about in an outreach,
From the preachings observed...
Heard and 'suppose' to teach!

Leaving after being 'served'
With a 'wholesomeness' from these 'cliques'.
Are people who are full of themselves,
Making it apparent...
They are nothing more than hypocrites!

Repeat...
If there is no serenity being received,
In the divinity being preached...
To you in such excess.
Something is missing,
From the listening process.

There are too many claiming,
To have this access that's exchanged.
Observed is a continuance...
Increasing a confusing mess that's gained.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Repeated Repetitions

Do you think I am not listening?
Or standing with hands on hips
Because they've grown tired,
Of being balled into fists!
And my fingertips have practiced,
But resist the feel of squeezing your neck.
Oh...
I'm ready to choke you,
But prison for me is not next!
Why do I stay in this relationship?
When you continually ask to have your butt kicked?
You wished to be slapped around...
This I know.
Your lover does that and you like it so!
And your husband's boyfriend did that to you as well.
My wife and my lover tell me to tell you to go to hell!
I can't!
It's these repeated repetitions,
I love that enhances our cheating!
I wish things were simple again.
When men and women stayed in the closet!
And didn't let diversity in sex pleasures,
Come between them!
Either sit down and cool off...
Or join the rest of us in bed,
The new neighbors will be here soon.
Her name is Nancy and his name is Ted!
And share some of that heat!
This time we'll be using the 800 thread sheets!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Repeated Visits To Resucitate A Past

It has taken them with determination,
To prove together they could defeat him.
Or anyone with wishes to experience,
All that which tomorrow promises.

And they will spend years in the doing of this,
To convince themselves...
Their ambitions are praised,
Each moment a step ahead is delayed.

But there is one obstacle that remains in their way...
And that's a kept stupidity they wish others to believe,
That their misdeeds will keep followers...
Who are equally deceived by kept thoughts that progress,
Can be successfully obtained if one remains limited...
By attempts to walk backward with repeated visits,
To resucitate a past to revive that has long passed on.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Repeatedly Done

'They must think from my own actions shown,
And with them repeatedly done...
That I must be some kind of fool.'

No.
Don't be so pessimistic.
I'm sure they are not thinking that at all.

'That's a relief.
But why would you say that? '

The confirming of that you have done yourself.
Years ago.
And I am sure you have convinced them by now,
To think of other things not so obvious.

'Thanks for being encouraging.
Maybe they will accept my apology.'

If I were you,
I'd leave them believing you had been a fool.
To apologize for things you did years ago,
Would only open old wounds.
And having them to come to think of you,
As an idiot...
Is difficult to forget.
Especially if you insist upon it.

'But...
What should I do? '

Stay the fool you are.
There are so many around today,
No one is going to pay you any attention.
Once an ignorance is shown,
Difficult it is for one to prove a found wisdom.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Repeatedly Shocked

Why have people become,
Repeatedly 'shocked'...
By the increase,
Of preventable crime and violence.
That can be, if wanted...
Not given encouragement,
But nipped in the bud...
With a determined firmness,
That is quick to rid and have it stopped.

Has the numbness of each event,
Too quickly forgotten...
Like the use of common sense.
To ignore these messages,
Flashing in neon when they are sent...
And those who see them,
Dismiss to disbelieve...
The seriousness of the content?

Why have people become,
Repeatedly 'shocked'?
As a quality of life to live,
Has lost all signs...
Of success that progesses,
Towards peace, acceptance and equality.
The significance of this,
Seems from mindsets to be dropped.

Why have people become,
Repeatedly 'SHOCKED'?
Repeatedly 'REMINDED'...
Repeatedly 'REPEATING' remorse,
To observe and accept and not enforce a divorce...
From the same disrespect and neglect they show,
With a protecting to defend...
Their own ignorance that has grown and bestowed,
Such evils upon them to leave the effect of it...
Condoned to perceive it to be 'threatless'.
Yet...

From 'them' and nowhere else,
Have their fears manifested.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Repeating Repetitiously That Which Has Become Repetitive

Finally you got it.
Great...
Let's move on.

Repeating repetitiously that which has become repetitive.

Finally you got it.
Great...
Let's move on.

Repeating repetitiously that which has become repetitive.

Finally you got it.
Great...
Let's move on.

Repeating repetitiously that which has become repetitive.

Finally you got it.
Finally you got it.
Finally you got it...
And that is great!
So we can 'now' move on!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Repetitious Are The Ramblings Dished

Repetitious are the ramblings dished.
About the broken hearted,
And who tossed them aside,
To disregard and dismiss.
There is a commonness linked,
Between all of them like this.
They seem willing to be victimized...
For a prize that does not exist!

A foolishness depicted...
Is what these creatures share.
Every few weeks,
Their weeping is heard.
And thoughts of others...
Aren't concerns they share.
They want to make clear,
Their feelings are felt like none other.
And after their points of views are relayed...
A sympathy is extended,
To their fathers and mothers.

Without a doubt as to 'why'...
Some have decided to leave these nuts,
Alone and crushed with a quick goodbye!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Replaced By A Hasted Waste

Has the season of crooks come to an end?
Are people finally awakening,
To witness these actions as actual sins?
Nothing is gained in fulfillment long term...
When thieves retrieve something,
From others not earned!

Has selfish satisfaction lost its gratification?
Consequences must be repaid,
After pretentions lose an ignored sensation!
There is nothing like reality,
To come to stare in one's face.
Especially when disgrace comes to visit...
And replaced by a hasted waste!

And when these affects start to bleed those of greed,
It's remarkable to see...
The speed at which they are prepared,
To feed those of need!
Hoping a forgiveness unconditional...
Will mask such delayed deeds!
And pleas are heard with every mumbling word,
From a grief perceived that arrives not to leave!

Has the season of crooks come to an end?
Are people finally awakening,
To witness these actions as actual sins?
Nothing is gained in fulfillment long term...
When thieves retrieve something,
From others not earned!

Realizing in retreat,
It is 'their' lifestyles...
And a quality of pampered living,
They have destroyed and now burns!

Everywhere they seem to be suffering!
They can't believe it is now 'their' turn!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Replaced By Awareness

Examining to explore,
Beyond my comfort zone...
Can be attributed to my condoning,
An acceptance of differences.
With a listening to opinions,
From those having experiences...
Unlike mine.
I found that definitions change all the time.

Those that do not travel,
Outside of their own neighborhoods...
Often find it for them difficult to comprehend,
What they've been fed to buy and sell...
Where they dwell has long been outdated.
But difficult it is for those not curious,
Or the least bit inquisitive...
To understand a life to live with more to give,
Has to be experienced beyond their closed doors.

And to be 'in' it and not 'of' it is hard to explain,
To those seeking to live life remaining the same.
Fearing changes to claim.
With wishes changes for them did not exist.
Although wanting they do,
The benefits of change to them handed.
Without adapting to the affects of them to accept.

How does anyone leave a past behind,
Without accepting changes?
How does anyone adapt with a broadened mind,
Believe that a being down to Earth means...
Expressing a kept ignorance endears them,
With a social acceptance that popularizes stubbornness.
In times stupidity has been replaced by awareness.
An awareness sought beyond their own doorsteps.

Replaced...
By awareness.
And they can't perceive,

The times we live that have come.

Replaced...
By awareness.
And they can't perceive,
The times we live that have come...
To everyone.
To have it done.

Replaced...
By awareness.
And they can't perceive,
The times we live that have come.

Replaced...
By awareness.
And they can't perceive,
The times we live that have come...
To everyone.
To have it done.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Replaced By Suspicion

It was stated to them then,
How they underestimated...
Feelings that had been readily given.

It was reminisced and revisited,
What one thought had been unconditional...
Was conditionally betrayed on a daily basis.

Sincere tears then began to swell and fall,
From puffed eyes.
As if wishing to erase time.

Yet inside one's heart those lies once told...
Seem to fix and take hold.
Never to go away!

'You don't know how I have changed my ways! '

~You have no idea how much has changed...
Period.
Acceptance has been replaced by suspicion.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Replayed In A Staleness Saved

Those remembering yesterday who said it is never too late...
Are those today who say how fast time has passed.
With wishes they had not sat to watch it,
Leave them and their procrastinations...
Rush by them without hesitation.
To age in dated excuses,
Replayed in a staleness saved!
For purposes to conduct discussions,
About the good old days!
With applied embellishments,
And exaggerated activities...
Just to induce another round of delusions,
That heightens with brightness one's self importance.
Detailing daily fresh versions of changed facts.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Replenish And Dispense

Black, thick and slick.
And let us pray those in charge of it,
Don't allow the prices to go uncontrolled.
If they do...
All of our addictions will end.
And quick!

Those choosing to compose a calamity...
May not get that opportunity,
To exterminate who they wish.
The 'Divine' is observing all of this.
To speed up tremendous great changes,
Now!

A reduction comes to replenish and dispense,
For those new worlds!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Report

What is report?
Report is established,
Not demanded.
Seduction to manipulate
Premeditated moves
Will not sit well with someone else
You wish to impress
With what you offer that's approved.
One seeking report
Leaves these aggressions at the door.
If not one will find rejection...
Without another reception.
And having report,
Is what one should never first ignore!

'You mean 'ree'pour? '
Report is like giving a grade.'

And 'ree'pour is like giving what?

'Having class! '

Well,
What do you get in a 'class'?

'A report! '

Let's see...
If you report to class with 'ree'pour',
You'll get a good grade!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Repossess The Basicness Of Life

Separate 'things'
From your evaluation of happiness.
Repossess the basicness of life...
If you can remember how that time was spent.
The moment your were persuaded to abandon it,
For a chase to retrieve creature comforts...
Was the day you believed,
Your life was to live impressing others.
And your creditors are the ones left,
Who are least amused by your choices made.
Release this from the confines of your mind,
And decide to live.
Repossess the basicness of life.
Remove those restrictions you have imposed...
To feel deserving of an earned peace of mind.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Repossessed Ambitions

Not too many today can afford to sit,
With aged old depictions...
Describing,
Who creates their conflicts...
While judgements from them are passed.

Who exclusively invited those to feast,
With a nonstop greed.
Who granted those they chose to select,
A feeding upon credit...
Until they deepened their debts,
To squeeze and not protect the economy.

Not too many today can afford to sit,
With aged old depictions...
Describing,
Who creates their conflicts...
While judgements from them are passed.

Not today?
Too many are hungry and homeless,
To be depicted as the culprits.
And too many finding themselves jobless,
Have discovered themselves betrayed.

Who exclusively invited those to feast,
With a nonstop greed.
Who granted those they chose to select,
A feeding upon credit...
Until they deepened their debts,
To squeeze and not protect the economy.

Those who have made unwarranted statements,
Will hopefully awakened to realize...
The answers to their questions,
Are not too far from their dwindling appetites.
Or repossessed ambitions.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Representative Of Their Best Reflections

Civilities and public petty bickerings,
Steadily exposes those most affected...
With a need to tear themselves apart.
And explains why a mental illness,
Has become an accepted human behavior...
By those who find people like this,
Representative of their best reflections.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Representatives From The Kingdom Of Crack

You have trespassed my property.
And boldly stand in my backyard,
With demands that I step down...
From my position as Head of Household?
Are you 'mad'?
Insane?
You obviously have toted on too much smoke!

'We have taken a consensus.
And your neighbors have convinced us...
You must step down immediately.'

Who are you?
Are you a citizen?
Or a taxpayer?

'That is besides the point.
We have elected ourselves,
Representatives from the Kingdom of Crack.'

Activate the electric fence!
Release from their knitting dens,
All their bitter ex-wives.

'You can not do this.
We will not survive,
The tormenting done by our ex-wives.'

Precisely!
You think I am without secret weapons?
Entrap these crack addicts...
Now!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Represented

Popular although illiterate,
May gain one empathy votes.
But to declare someone like this,
Competent to lead?
Shows just how much,
A society driven by superficiality...
Can feel threatened and offended,
By one's intelligence.
And those of ignorance...
Rise to heights to become represented!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Represented By Observation

People do not listen with intent to comprehend.
People hear what they want to.
Even if the words they hear were never mentioned.

He specifically stated 'No acts of terror will be condoned'.
And those hearing what they wished heard him say this,
'What was done was an act of terror'.
Even with his taped remarks repeated...
Those who oppose his comments,
Still hear what they want to hear.
Because people do not listen to achieve clarity.
And this is represented by observation.

To describe and act not yet committed,
Is different than hearing those insisting...
There was something they heard,
But nothing of it was mentioned...
To fit their twisting of it.

~So what is it that you're saying? ~

'I like my pizza topped with onions, green peppers...
Roasted red peppers and saugage.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Represented By Pseudonyms

There are more people represented by pseudonyms,
Giving their unsolicited opinions...
To then have themselves declared influential,
With an achieving of a recognition...
That makes those who give them this attention,
With a status given and mentioned...
Questioned by the ones who continue being honest.
With a doing of it to express their best efforts.
While those who charade and hide behind lies,
Are raised to heights based upon the quality...
Of their deceptions.

'Why do people have a need to hide behind them? '

Who knows.
Maybe for the same reason people choose to lie.
With a doing it to represent,
The best achievements made by deceivers.
Who makes the better impression?
A thief who steals and embellishes the doing?
Or one who is honest to bore others with reality?
Look what appears on anyone's top ten list.
Isn't there someone with a pseudonym,
Fantasizing what exists to feed the people's wishes.
It is about keeping delusion not truth to permit.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Represented In Some Capacity

I can not say I am multi-lingual.
However,
I can say I am more culturally aware,
Of the diversity that shares the offerings...
My ethnic heritage exposes others to.
Than they can say theirs has been exposed to mine.
And that is fine!
Because I am represented in some capacity,
Everywhere...
The most!
Regardless of who has fed upon my 'wealth'!
Even today...
There are claims being made,
That my 'insignificance' as is proclaimed...
Feeds their greed where they keep their 'interests'.
Which are upon lands of my origin!
So...
You are correct,
I am not multi-lingual.
But I sure can profess to being connected,
To everything else.
Even Tarzan swinging from a vine can not say that!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Representing All Of Life

Stereotypes no longer thrive,
As realities for them anymore.
There are too many avenues,
Where truth is revealed and oozes.

However,
There is an escape attempted now and then...
By those still proposing their point of view.

And ridiculous this becomes for the ones,
Who have committed to listen...
Since they have a self respect left that's valued.

Although to announce they are trapped amongst fools,
Would jeopardize their employment.
As well as lower their chances to get that ten cent raise!

It seems today that those 'lowlifes'...
Are representing all of life.
And folks are not so quick to admit,
They wish they were born of a different color!

Some just wish they knew more thieves and crooks!
And had lifetime 'careers' in religion and politics.
Where few are bothered to pay taxes.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Representing Their Needs

This hour...
It is proclaimed,
Government is wanted,
Out of their lives!

The previous hour...
It had been exclaimed,
The government is not doing enough...
To correct the downslide experienced,
In their lives.

And as this hour comes to a close...
They have decided,
Those in government representing their needs...
Are not listening effectively.
And have chosen to replace those elected to lead.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Reproved

Flat on their backs like flapjacks.
Rustled and stirred,
Like they've been attacked by wolves.

Wasn't it just yesterday,
These clowns strolled around...
As if they ruled the world?
As if their excrement did not stink.
And here they lay on the brink,
Of much exposed sorrow!

Flat on their backs like flapjacks.
Rustled and stirred,
Like they've been attacked by wolves.

They exclaimed they needed to get to the meat of it!
Not expecting they would become 'the meat' of it eatened.

Wasn't it just yesterday,
These clowns strolled around...
As if they ruled the world?
As if their excrement did not stink.
And here they lay on the brink,
Of much exposed sorrow!

Too many of them have borrowed time from others...
To plot their deceptions.
To flourish in receptions of grandeur.
To discredit the honest.
To defame those of good characters.
And now they seek redemption for their treachery?
The only cheek I turn,
Is the one that conceals a balled fist in my pants pocket!
These people can not be forgiven for the loss of lives.
They caused while in the creation of tremendous lies told!

Wasn't it just yesterday,
These clowns strolled around...
As if they ruled the world?

As if their excrement did not stink.
And here they lay on the brink,
Of much exposed sorrow!
Flat on their backs like flapjacks.
Rustled and stirred,
Like they've been attacked by wolves.

And they should...
Be attacked!
In public reprimand.
To show these blood sucking reptiles,
Have been reproved!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Reptilian Genes

It knows it bites.
But unaware it poisons.
It knows it victimizes.
But unsure why it is despised.

Reptilian genes it has.
And dangerous to anyone it passes.
It slithers and hisses...
Strikes and leaves.

Doing this as it was taught.
It does what it believes.
And guilt it feels not.
Or an empathy for blood it sees...
Dripping!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Repulsed

More today seem unable to face,
Any opportunity to be completely honest.
Repulsed and insulted,
As if to lose their identity and dignity kept...
Amongst the ones familiar and not in disbelief,
With their embellishments done.
Regardless of the harm this brings to achieve,
Another heart dropping performance received...
That is totally without a shred of truth.
But those listening leave eventually knowing,
They have been deceived AND entertained...
By someone who remains offended yet denies,
A sickness they attempt to hide...
Has for others no longer distracts from an expectation.

'And you claim to have witnessed,
What no one else did.
And the only evidence you have,
Is a knowing of what you heard.'

~Yes.~

'Even though the rest of us were also there? '

~I was too appalled by the comments to notice.
My feelings were so crushed I had to catch my breath.
I tell you...
I was repulsed and insulted to near unconsciousness.~

'And this,
You claim...
To have witnessed? '

~Yes.~

'Then why has the person you accused,
Who had been with us at the event...
Said nothing to us about it? '

~Being overly sensitive,
Has a way of draining one's memory.~

'Not to mention one's reality as well.'

~You can say that again.~

'Why?
What would be the point? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Requested

The more a people are heard,
Routinely groaning to moan...
About being oppressed,
The more they look for it done.
To prove its left effects.
As if requested...
To have the affects of it,
Validated after inspected.

The more evil is sermonized,
From pulpits to describe...
Few are left to deny,
Demonic deeds teased...
Is the reality of life,
Only faith to keep...
With a healthy tithing done,
Weekly...
Will chase away evil.
And God kept to remain pleased.

Yet many confess to say,
That their committed sins...
Won't with prayer go away.
And admitted is their faith.
Whether or not,
Some accuse their belief...
Mocks a doing to be faked.

And although with claims made,
To portray themselves...
Historically oppressed.
Causing their anguish,
Depression...
And constant mental stress.
Seem nowhere to be witnessed,
Around or near their doorsteps.
As much as their volunteered,
Self-depridation.
Tested to manifest and left,

For anyone to inspect...
The presence of it requested.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Requesting To Go Through My Eliminations

If it was not for my efforts,
You would have nothing in life to do.
I'm only now beginning to understand,
How important these moments are for you.
So when you are completely through,
Please flush the toilet.
I pride myself on my originality.
And you have that yet to learn.
Requesting to go through my eliminations,
Has left me feeling charitable.
But do as you wish.
Even if you pick over it,
It would still be mine to recognize.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Requests Expected

Often I am asked to read,
The works of others...
To then leave comments.
And I wonder what it is,
That is wished from me to say?

I had once did this with a giving of interest,
Only to offend with that intention not meant.
And has been for years,
I make no comments...
That may offend those who request them.

As a writer I explore the unknown as I envision.
I don't have the expertise,
To think of myself as a critic to critique.
Nor do I wish to have my visions disputed.
Knowing from where they came to not have them explained.

Often I am asked to read,
The works of others...
To then leave comments.
And I wonder what it is,
That is wished from me to say?

And if I should say nothing,
This is taken in the wrong way.
And if I should respect a request...
High is the expectation,
When the doing I offer upsets with less.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Requiem

Far too many are forgiving.
And sacrificial.
Positioned to allow,
Breath as we know it to breathe.

They feel.
Bleed and silently scream.
Few are seen being thanked.
Or properly are they given a requiem.

These are our trees!
Protecting.
And cringing...
From the mindless disrespect.

And yet...
From Sunrise to Sunset,
Each raindropp that falls upon them...
Whether Pine needles or leaves,
Of the Oak, Birch or Maple.
And so many others unnoticed.
Or caring less,
If they aren't addressed by name.
Still they stand tall through it all!

Receiving a nourishment that feeds.
And they remain steadfast...
Even if they are not given,
The benefit of a passing glance.
With loyalty...
They are in support,
Of our unconscious values!
We have abused!
And willfully aborted.

These are our trees!
Our trees on this Earth...
Allowing us to breathe,
Freely.

As they protect.
And probably cringe...
From the mindless disrespect.
With a neglect,
And a thoughtlessness accepted!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Required Prerequisite

A call to duty,
Few use refuse.

It once had been an honor to do it.
In those days passed,
When patriotism was a thing to choose.
And everyone felt this,
Without making an excuse.

Today,
Quick escapes...
Is as natural as responsibility betrayed.
And having no accountability comes to surprise...
As many display themselves to be disrespectful.
Without a sign of regret to disgustfully criticize.

As if the act of expressing respect,
Has become a required prerequisite...
Most folks have come to think as weak.
And this, if shown, is today despised.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Requiring Scrutiny

A nonthreatening reverence,
Is encouraged with support...
Much quicker.
Without hesitation.
Than those requiring scrutiny.

A process that requires common sense.
With a procedure that connects to thought!
Often solicits debated forums.
To intellectualize in mindless babblings.
By those accustomed to comfort zones,
Set in the limitations of a proud and isolated heritage.
And condoning an ignorance of familiarities shared.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Re-Script To Fit

Face it to fix whatever's been done.
And open ears to listen...
To re-script to fit,
If...
Success is wished.

Success just not come to anyone.
Especially one fearing to admit,
They have made mistakes...
To have faked taking place.
And...
One's relentless practice to enact,
A perfection...
Does not erase,
Those same mistakes.

Face it to fix whatever's been done.
And open ears to listen...
To re-script to fit,
If...
Success is wished.

Face it to fix whatever's been done.
If success is wished...
With a wanting it to come,
To re-script to fit.

Get over mistakes made to admit,
And rid them quick.
To re-script to fit.
Be bold,
Let them go to be gone!
And just re-script to fit.
Be bold,
Let them go to be gone!
And then re-script to fit.
Be bold,
Let them go to be gone,
If it's success you wish.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Research Can Unearth A Wealth Of Knowledge

New England.
Colonialism.
The influence of the Dutch.
And...
Apartheid!

Things have a better chance,
To be comprehended.
When the basics of historical facts,
Are understood and 'not' left to be ignored...
As many wish they could!

Research can unearth,
A wealth of knowledge.
And dispel rumors,
With attached innuendo!
As the 'new' saying goes.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Research. Examine. And, Dissect

Research.
Examine.
And, dissect.
And after doing that...
Apply that same tactic,
To my next submissions.
And to those after that.

My goal is to make sure,
You and your ancestors...
Experiencing me 'after' you,
Will at least have something to do...
To discuss as you make attempts,
To discredit my abilities and creativeness.

You know what 'you' people do to achieve,
A sense and feeling of superiority?
To then fail at that to profess your undieing love.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Researching Of Your Rebirth

None of it has been rehearsed.
The researching of your rebirth.
Every detail of it has been lived.
And moments of it,
You had felt neglected and cursed.

No steps first awakened,
Came with ease.
No temptation tasted,
Lasted to please.
Few you met...
Had souls complete,
Of truth and honesty.
Although you held onto the myth...
Everyone you knew,
Was born with a goodness,
To free joy and happiness...
Within them existed

None of it has been rehearsed.
The researching of your rebirth.
Every detail of it has been lived.
And moments of it,
You had felt neglected and cursed.
From the moment of your first birth.

Now on a path of enlightenment.
Accepting reality as it is meant.
Freed from beliefs that decreased as you grew.
Comprehending this,
Increased your higher consciousness.
And you realize the clarity before your eyes.

None of it has been rehearsed.
The researching of your rebirth.
Every detail of it has been lived.
And moments of it,
You had felt neglected and cursed.

But what has been revealed...
At first may hurt.
Until acceptance heals!
To allow the growth from a stunting to bloom!
Waiting for you to decide to give it room...
To rise above and beyond,
Limitations of despair that keeps one teased.

Dedicated:
In honor to Maurice D. Robertson
who celebrates his continual 'rebirthing'
October 7th

'Happy (re) Birthday, Maurice.
'JazzBo'. lol

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Resented

A success one gets,
That to others appear easy to obtain...
Will always be resented,
If one can not explain...
How their success to them came.

'Can you tell me what steps you took,
To ensure your success? '

~All I did was to sacrifice.
With little to eat and not much rest.
Years spent in self doubt.
And totally without appreciation.
Neither to wish it or expect.
And living to remain focused with a purpose.~

'Comeon. Be serious.'

~Okay.
I did nothing.
And one day I was just lucky.
That's the kind of life I have.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Resented For Expressing Their Indifference

Taking visable pride to have ousted,
Those they delighted to have ostracized.
In the doing of it to ruin those lives.
Because there had been a time...
Those despising to be criticized,
Defended their pretentions with alibis and lies.
And took advantage of others,
With this blinded way of looking at life.
Have now come to recognize...
Their approach to be stubborn,
Has come back to razor bite every concept...
They accepted for them to be as right.

So wrong and head strong,
Many now know they have been.

And now for some reason,
Those character assassinated are today being accused...
For not being strong enough,
To stand their ground with the accepting of abuse.
But chose to remain distant,
From those who insisted they were mavericks and misfits.

And now for some reason,
Those who persisted to stay foolish can not explain...
Why those who had been shunned,
Have become resented for expressing their indifference.
And have made their commitments to a keeping of their distance.

Proving without doubt,
That those who are demons can switch their decisions.
And dance on several hypocritical levels...
Without within themselves find a single flaw to fault.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Resentment To Keep Is Pointless

Once one survives from disappointments.
And heals emotionally,
From mental and physical agonizing pain.
With this as a gift to realize...
After analyzing the benefits one has gained.

To then acknowledge with a gratefulness,
That only The Almighty has the power to correct...
With an effectness that directs,
One from the depths of despair suffered to bear.
And personalized...
Without a peaceful night of rest.
Can one validate why a bitterness is kept.

Since...
There is no reason left,
Why one should not or can express,
The blessing it is to be disconnected.
With no regrets!
From everything and anyone,
Thought ever then or continues to be...
The keeper of intentional evils.
Expereince teaches life has its upheavals!
And...
Anyone who has lived with a peace of mind to get,
Knows bitterness and resentment to keep is pointless

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Resentment?

Resentment?
I have never met anyone,
With abilities and skills...
That expressed a resentment,
Towards anyone seeking to be convinced...
Talents they possess,
Could be used at someone else's benefit.
And there to easily access.
But had been ignored,
For another sought to address...
That left them with an impression to express.

Resentment?
How many people do you know,
Would give up their expertise freely?
To confess to anyone,
That a giving up of their unpaid time...
Had been rejected,
Without a compensation of payment done.
To allow a continuance of their peace of mind?
And this they kept protected.
Acknowledging how this was difficult to find.

Resentment?
I doubt very seriously if they had that feeling.
Perhaps relieved...
What they brought to offer to others,
Had not been dissected or scrutinized.
With a diluting done of their freely given abilities.

Resentment?
Would not be the word I'd use,
To define their state of mind.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Reset

Reality has been the first casuality,
Of this war!
The moment it was attacked...
A division between visions,
Started today's static!
And people relied on leaders who lied.
Except...
Very few knew that!
A nonsensed war was backed.
The creators just sat.
Burying the facts!
With lives lost not coming back.
Deep sadness fell on millions' backs.
And demons laughed at that!

Reset to erase?
Not this disgrace!

Whispered truths began to leak!
A disbelief brought shock and grief!
Time was lost,
And hearts that bled...
Could not lift up their weary heads.
A quality of life was gone,
With loved ones dead.
And this would not reset!

A quality of life was gone for all...
And disturbing this would get.
Fantasies was dreamt to keep,
Could never be reset.
And lies about this everyday...
Has faded happiness!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Residue

The delivery of it,
Wishes to leave a residue.
With a statement thrown away...
Tossed and expected to sit.

And it can not rid itself from memory.
It is etched.
Outlined in a residue that has become marred.
To be imprisoned with imperfections,
And flaws picked and prickled
By a lockdown behind cold steel bars.
Would greet with more warmth...
Are my thoughts of you.
You reek.

That's the feeling I met,
When I read your goodbye.
And now you are trying to pry me away,
From a happiness earned?
Healed and free of scars?
Everyday I pray to remove your addicting scent.

Thinking there is something left from you,
That I yearn?
Is that what you believe I do?
That you have some secret powers,
I can not see through.

You smothered my love with indecency.
And you expect me to forget those choking fumes?
You must have assumed a residue of you was left,
I crave.
None that sits,
That I did not let entangle me.
I've meditated you right out of my life.
And 'that' has been most effective.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Resist Those Bitter Conflicts

Step into a vacuum without lament.
And...
Don't have your feathers everyday be plucked,
If want to duck confusion.

Step into a vacuum without lament.
And...
Don't have your feathers everyday be plucked,
If want to duck confusion.

Resist those bitter conflicts,
And...
Feel free to strut your stuff.
Keep a peace that will never leave,
And...
Feel free to strut your stuff.
Be kind to your state of mind,
And...
Feel free to strut your stuff.
Give all the nonsense up.

Step into a vacuum without lament.
Resist those bitter conflicts,
Intended to you sent.

Keep a peace that will never leave.
And...
Feel free to strut your stuff.
Be kind to your state of mind,
And...
Feel free to strut your stuff.
Resist those bitter conflicts,
Intended to you sent.
None of it pays the rent.

Step into a vacuum without lament.
And...
Don't have your feathers everyday be plucked,
If want to duck confusion...

Feel free to strut your stuff.
Give all the nonsense up.

Keep a peace that will never leave.
And...
Feel free to strut your stuff.
Be kind to your state of mind.
And...
Feel free to strut your stuff.
Resist those bitter conflicts,
Intended to you sent.
None of it will pay the rent.

Why keep your shoulders bent offended,
And...
Why keep your shoulders bent defended,
And...
Why keep your shoulders bent consented,
And...
Why keep your shoulders bent,
Offended to defend and that consented!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Resistance To Its Existence

Only those who have discovered the truth,
For what it really is...
Can no longer submit to denial.
Or masquerade the experiencing of pain.
Pain has a way of making personal,
Its visitations...
When the prolonging of a resistance,
To its existence...
Is revealed in the feeling of it.
With an intended healing,
From all that had been delusioned.

And all that 'had' been delusioned,
Is observed still catering...
To willing participants.
Disregarding an urgency.
And...
The presence of it meant!

And all that 'had' been delusioned,
Is observed still catering...
To willing participants,
Subdued...
In a resistance to truth's existence.

And all that 'had' been delusioned,
Refusing the acceptance of truth...
Is observed subdued,
In a resistance to its existence.

And all that 'had' been delusioned,
Is observed still catering...
In a resistance to truth's existence.
While attempting to escape from its insistence.
Disregarding an urgency.
And...
The presence of it meant!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Resources We All Need

A negotiated peace,
With anyone who has illegally place...
Their feet on occupied land,
May be diplomaticized!
To try to reach,
An agreeable settlement.
But in the eyes of those disposed,
Feelings may arise they should oppose such theft.
And to be declared as terrorists and threats...
On lands that are rightfully theirs,
Is not best.
When public opinion has been distrubed,
By unrest!
Especially when seeking...
Resources we all need,
To identify a greed that feeds.
And it is the greed,
That has to be impeded.
To ensure a peace that is sought.
With desires for it to someday succeed.
And these times lived,
Are no better times to do it!
Since acts of destruction...
Appear as common as malfunctioning minds.
On the egde of a conciousness raising,
That Is not far behind to find!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Respect Directed

My bluntness,
Has never been mistaken...
For a beating around the bush.

And I don't slip or slide to hide,
Away from my displeasures.
Or leave one believing I jester or joke.

When I am provoked...
I cuss.
With a respect that is not misdirected.
Only love and respect directed I give.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Respect It Deserves

Those who are fortunate,
To heed to those messages sent...
By listening or reading to comprehend,
What has been delivered and mentioned to them...
Has purpose and reason!

Those believing a manipulation succeeds,
Eventually spend their lives...
In some form of recovery.
In an 'IF' wished.

Either a reflection is done,
On a waste of time committed.
Or a chase to catch up,
To escape from the past...
Is foolishly admitted.
In an 'IF' wished.

However one comes to interpret,
These times we live...
It is certain,
There has been an issuing...
Of duties to be done,
Based upon an alignment...
Of Cosmic assignments.
Most of which have gone ignored.

Those who are fortunate,
To heed to those messages sent...
By listening or reading to comprehend,
What has been delivered and mentioned to them...
Has purpose and reason,
Beyond the limited depths of our understanding.

And...
As long as that becomes understood,
Those frustrations we face will be erased.
As long as this place we call Earth,
Begins to receive the respect it deserves.

We serve 'It'.
Much more than 'It' needs us to serve.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Respect Your Mama

Respect your mama.
No matter what your mama may do.
Respect your mama.
No matter what she does or do.
Respect your mama.
She's been through a lot for you.
So respect your mama.
With a lot less drama.
That's your mama.

So,
Respect your mama.
Do what she wants you to do.
Respect your mama.
She'll be there to pull you through.
Respect your mama.
Even when you're a fool,
You can count on mama.
To put up with all your drama.

Count on mama...
To be there when your weak.
You can count on mama...
To try and feed your needs.
Count on mama...
To hug you when you weep.
You can count on mama...
To be there when you awake from sleep.

Your mama!
Count on your mama.
Respect your mama.
She's been through a lot for you.
So respect your mama.
With a lot less drama.
That's your mama!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Responses Others Suggest

If I have given a response,
To not be accepted...
Should I make requests,
Of getting those responses...
Others suggest,
To ensure no one objects to reject...
And have accepted those they wish to hear?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Responsible

Taking action.
Regardless of the consequences,
That may come.
Relying upon experience.
And doing what needs to be done.
Disciplined without taking offense.
Defensive,
If what is done is thought to be right.
Having integrity...
With a dependable insight.
Willing to correct.
Realizing no one is perfect...
Yet.
Taking steps to accomodate,
Without hesitating to wait...
For decisions to take place.
Or one to be late,
With admitted commitments to make.
Showing a respect one does not neglect.
And keeping one's word...
With a comprehension,
One and all deserves.
Listening with attentiveness to every word.
Being 'there' and responsible.
Making sure of what has been shared and heard.
Dependable.
Thoughtful and reflective too.
Where are those...
With these traits today?
Where are they...
To show us the way?
Have they too felt much betrayed?
By those once trusted...
Crushed and now busted!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Responsible And Known To Be Accountable

Even with a pain felt to go undetected,
One responsible and known to be accountable...
For actions others choose to oppose in debate.
Can be depended upon to deliver still,
Without excuses or alibis to make of fake...
A headache to excuse or refuse confrontation.
Just to get away from those,
Accustomed to doing it wherever they go.
To ensure someone is left accepting confusion.
One responsible and known to be accountable,
Stays to uncover culprits to expose...
With a knowing how to eliminate effectively,
The root and the cause of 'detectable' pain...
To end the possibility of it spreading without gain.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Rest To Get

No promises to anyone,
Have I intended with them made...
To deliver the expected.
Nor has anyone ever heard me say,
I have no need of rest to get.
With a needing of it to confess or express.

Redundant for some,
May be my best to achieve.
To believe a doing of it is easy for me.
Instead of a test I sometimes fail.
And failure for me does not stay to prevail.
Or will it sit to visit as if I am familiar with it.

Achieving my best to leave it left anywhere,
Requires I step back and reflect.
With a giving up a few midnights,
For a rest to get to feel more effective.
And yet...
Has anyone wanting to give their best,
Do it to accomplish a rest to get effectively?

No promises to anyone,
Have I intended with them made...
To deliver the expected.
Nor has anyone ever heard me say,
I have no need of rest to get.
With a needing of it to confess or express,
A wishing to want to do my best 'and' rest...
To witness the doing of it actually happens.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Resting Unprotested And In Crevices Ready To Molest

No one pays attention,
With intent to comprehend.
Too few do!
Others are quickly bored.
And easy to offend.
The only ones who do listen...
Are those who are dismissed,
And disbelieved.

They are mostly slandered and repeatedly...
Asked to leave.

When too much truth is spoken by them...
This brings a disgust upon those in opposition.
Refusing they do to hear with ears accustomed,
To receiving messages sweetened with deceit.
Even though what is said...
Leaks with a seepage that creeps and slithers!
And threatening in appearance...
That blinds denials they keep.

Resting unprotested,
And in crevices ready to molest.
Upon their urban and suburban streets.
Preying like vultures they are focused and spy...
Deciding whom to consume.
And who's dignity is set to digest!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Restricted And Limited

To live a restricted and limited life,
Depending on opinions and what others like...
Can stifle a life one wishes to live.
With less of it to do,
While awaiting to be approved...
By those feeling restricted and limited too.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Restricted Detriment

Your wishes to remove my thoughts...
Are as ridiculous,
As your demands to shut one's lips.
Or have someone produce something less offensive...
So you would be pleased with it.

But you are not the keeper of another's experience.
And your desire to censor one's speech...
Comes to your restricted detriment.
Found by many,
To be out of touch with reality.
With perceptions removed from common sense.

Enforcing a limitation to degrade a creativity.
Is a pointless action taken.
And the actual power you have no one questions.
Is to remain stagnant in a stench that reeks.
With a demented agitation.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Restricted From Possibilities

Those with insecurities,
Longer have to admit them.
Their nightmares are making visits,
On every dream there is.
And restricted from possibilities,
By the ones afraid to welcome and adopt change.

And in these days,
Where physical change is all around.
With the Earth making them.
Some extremely profound!
There are those still in disbelief...
Yesterday is not returning,
No matter how stubborn...
In their heads they refuse tomorrow to come!

There is no need to insist these folks are ignorant,
Stupid or just plain dumb.
They've been convinced they are the reason,
All of life exists.
And from their lips,
Are heard comparisons that remain racist.
Stuck together like fools on a sinking ship.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Restricted To Limits

Beliefs fed and meant to keep,
With them to learn and kept embedded...
In one's head is a process begun,
From one's environment with a doing done.
And enforced by those,
Who insist with endorsements...
What is taught to teach will feed the seeker,
Benefits that are received when tasks are completed.

Minds restricted to limits and confined within them,
Are seldom inquisitive...
To face or investigate hypocrises and contradictions.
Since very few experience a comprehension to understand,
Missing with intent is a truth omitted.
A truth more effective than delusions permitted.
But addictions fed are too expensive from them to break.
Especially when truth to introduce has never been incorporated.

Leaving conflicts and mental illnesses,
Considered as a part of life to live...
With this treated as if,
Just another accepted aspect of a normal existence.
And the prospects of self-examination,
Is thought offensive and degrades an achievement to perceive...
Greatness is not obtained to keep sustained,
If mistakes made are confessed that may stain one's status.

'Do what? Admit mistakes?
To lower my status of being great?
With a placing of my charading in jeopardy?
To then have others regard me,
As having human frailties?
With a removing of a mask?
To leave me vulnerable?
Do you believe me to be insane? '

~That would be difficult to prove.
Since I've never seen you without your mask.
However, your actions speak for themselves.

And your tasks...
Need not to identity you to validate your mentality.
You did not have to ask if I believe you to be insane.
One who questions already have their answers.
I am not into the convincing business.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Restricted To 'Things'!

Just like that mortgage,
That now is worth more in payment,
Than the value of the house.
I am like that too.
With one difference.
I skyrocketed in value.
Once it was known...
You enjoy the visual side of life.
With 'things' now gone.
Living 'realities' tattered!
And I am about living life...
To soar beyond my wildest dreams.
And I could not see myself restricted to 'things'!
Imprisoned and smothered.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Restricting

The meeting held was critical.
It was determined to be apolitical.
When everyone arrived...
No one took a stand,
Or grandstanded with command.
And pitiful were responses
That reprimanded!

Our children might be out of order!
But it is the adults restricting themselves
To be diaper changed!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Restrictions To Accept

Restrictions to accept,
Has an affect effective...
Upon those with mindsets,
Living within such limits.
To discover themselves,
Eventually getting upset...
By a definition of progress mentioned,
But not for those with that intent meant.

'Our steps are kept to remain recycled.
We wish to progress.
Yet those paths for us seem to be less.'

~Your expectations have not changed.
A progress made can not stay the same.
You must look forward and not look back,
How have you prepared yourselves...
For a doing of that? ~

'We were not told,
A staying prepared is a requirement...
Needed to always be there...
To face unexpected obstacles.'

~And what do you perceive the future to be?
An event to rehearse?
To select from suggested pre-requisites?
With a choosing to pick,
From those restrictions that have kept you...
Limited? ~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Restrictions Will Be Lifted

No fear needed.
We are in the midst of a leader.
One who is determined,
A discipline comes.

One who knows the value of hard work!
And one who is prepared,
To introduce it to everyone.

Serious and fun loving.
And determined to instill a quality.
When time comes to work...
That will be done.
And everyone will come to know...
Exactly what that means.

Fear not the rumors of enemies.
Those concentrated times are done.
That needed leader has arrived.
And no one American will misunderstand...
Just what this leader demands,
From every woman, child and man.

And no one will be heard asking...
Who is in command.
Restrictions will be lifted,
From anyone once lost in confusion.
Those days...
Like deceptions and fantasies,
Have gone!

Very few will concern themselves,
As to who is afflicted with laziness.
In these economic times we face.

Very...
Few!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Restrictive

Yes...
I am crazed!
I was told
That was the only qualification I needed,
To join the others.
Thank you very much.
Had I known this affair
Was going to be this restrictive...
I would have brought along my resumé,
To verify my state of mind!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Result Of Your Creation

You don't care where it comes from.
Nor does a hint or clue,
Interest you.
Although it has come to confront...
You rather grunt in irritation.
Nothing about its appearance,
Stirs within you a contemplation to explore...
The origin.
You rather ignore it.
Just like everything you do that is done.
Everyone has begun to notice the crumbling...
Coming to do what has to be done that stuns,
But you!

You don't care where it comes from.
Nor do you wish to know,
It is what you reflect and your neglect
Has left it to grow!
To bring some to weep and many to sow.
Whether or not you accept it to harvest...
Does not affect the effectiveness of the trap.

And the setting of it,
Accepted or not is too damaging for you to take back!
Turn your head on that if you will.
But it is still a result of your creation!
A devastation of a planted ignorance...
You believed would bloom into fruit you would eat!
Like quick sales of stolen goods on urban streets!
Your mindlessness comes back to defeat you!

You don't care where it comes from.
Nor does a hint or clue,
Interest you.
Either you are too blind...
Or being ignorant is a desire you wish,
With a hope others will find in time!
And that time is not too far from your behind.
Unfortunately...

It is your mind that has come to find these times appealing!
With every denial you bring.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Results From A Completed Self Diagnosis

If your flaws were not so prevalent,
And attached to your consciousness to resent...
You would find a way to make them mine.
Wouldn't you?
And I would not be surprised by your attempts.
Since you do find the time,
To misrepresent, judge to label and accuse.
With the best excuses you can use,
To avoid with a testing...
The results from a completed self diagnosis.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Results Of Any Choices Made

I've never found it acceptable,
How grown people still use their childhoods...
To make continued excuses for themselves.
With the seeing of psychologists, psychiatrists...
And others designated to be certified,
To professionally analyze their minds.
With a trying to get them to realize and find,
That a being held accountable with a clarity...
For one's own decisions made,
Is no longer the responsibility of mommy and daddy.

However...
Mommy and daddy should have been arrested...
A long time ago,
For permitting such spoiled children...
Access to beliefs,
They were entitled to point blame on others.
With a dismissing of strict discipline,
To ensure those now thoughtless knew the difference.
Mommy and daddy could be 'sentenced' for not doing this.

BUT...
Regardless of what should have taken place?
The results of any choices made are clearly to be,
What they are as seen from what has been selected...
To represent the best of efforts allowed and condoned.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Résumé Introductions

I've never been into résumé introductions,
To then project a promenading...
Like a peacock accepted by a flock of quacks.
I am not into that.
I rather sit and chat and feel relaxed.
Without the going through those superficial motions.

I have met too many impressive and prominent,
Who have kept themselves Earth bound...
With a common sense meant to be intended.
And nothing about them shown to others had to be convinced,
As if an approval awaited an inspection done in a receiving line.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Résumé Of Deeds To Be Acknowledged

There are many who wear their affectations,
On their sleeves.
They want others to know,
How an artificial and shallow existence...
Is properly lived and communicated.

While those who could easily afford,
Their affectations with a long list of awards...
They have been presented,
With deeds done they represent.
Are the ones least likely to show,
A prestige upon them that has been bestowed.

'Why do you live the way you do?
And...
Where you do? '

Well...
I wish I can say it was from choice.
But today I will say,
I am blessed to have certain choices made...
Upon me forced.
And happily divorced I am from delusions.

What I've done, did and continue to do,
Has its place.
I am not one to carry around with me,
A résumé of deeds to be acknowledged.

'Oh.
So what about your social status,
And 'standing' in the community? '

As...
What?

'You know...
As one of those shakers and breakers,
Who make things happen.'

For who?

'Why...
You of course.'

And...
I need people like that around me?
To do...
What?
Inspire what I've done?
What I did?
Or what I do?
To motivate a promoting of...
What?
An agenda?
Who's?
It couldn't be mine.
My agenda long ago had been prioritized.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Resuscitation Gifts

Standing back and peeking.
Through a cracked door.
Insuring a recession ignores them.
And stays across the street.

A double talk heard and spoken,
From both sides of mouths...
Have been pouring out!
And awakening those shakened in disbelief,
Resuscitation gifts promised...
Will help them take a leap.
With fantasies intact,
And fantasies safely wrapped...
To soothe anxieties eased by anticipation.

And a death that creeps...
With a murdering of realities,
Deepens even in confinement...
The minds of those clinging onto possessions,
With tight clawed grips!
Visions are being shattered.
Stunned...
And no one can get over the quickness of it!

Yet they weep...
As others moan!
The groans are getting closer to 'home'.

Grim reapers have been released.
And those who sneak peeks,
Are hoping to block the shock that comes.
They stay inside their homes whispering.
With no desire to participate...
A fate that belongs to others.
They will not smother their nurtured delusions.
This is the only thing left they own!
And they will protect them at any cost.
Even though the lost of them...is certain!

Resuscitation gifts to keep them uplifted,
May not arrive on time!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Retired To Expire

Retired to expire from my mind,
Are those 'what ifs'.
The 'could ofs' and the 'should have beens'.

There comes a time,
When thoughts like that must go.
Even to visit with them to reminisce,
Has nothing to do with the time I get...
To do the best I can to forget,
Dreaming with others about what was wished.
To leave them sitting to dream,
As I adventured to take risks.
And admitting to myself in those days long gone,
I may not find success in the process.
But experience alone I will accept and move on.

Retired to expire from my mind,
Are those 'what ifs'.
The 'could ofs' and the 'should have beens'.
Since looking back on ther tracks I've made,
With fears to face to witness them fade.
No regrets can I express to say or confess,
About initiative to take.
And it done to leave procrastination behind.
I did it to do to find it wasn't easy.

Retired to expire from my mind,
Are those 'what ifs'.
The 'could ofs' and the 'should have beens'.
And I did this to do,
To find the doing of it not easy...
Getting up with dreams wished,
With efforts to endeavor.
And seeking to have them fulfilled.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Retribution

I doubt seriously,
If anyone dances with glee...
To know someone has received a retribution,
Done for the doing of their misdeeds.

It's just in the doing of these misdeeds done,
Someone that does them...
Should realize the consequences paid,
Will to them someday come with no excuses made.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Retribution And Vengeance

Creating the crime,
Has progressed opportunities.
And those resenting these times we live,
Are not seeking too deeply...
To keep it understood to comprehend,
Or listen to learn.
That a taking from another is not only a sin...
But also defines the climate,
We have comfortably embraced to live in.

What joking could be lived,
To have the laughter eventually end.
What people who feed others,
To hear themselves being offended...
Would continually put up with this,
When they can turn the money off...
And stop the water coming out of faucets.
What delusions have kept such foolishness,
Believed to worship with arrogance confessed...
To digest, accept and desrespect it?

Creating the crime,
Has progressed opportunities.
And those resenting these times we live,
Are not seeking too deeply...
To keep it understood to comprehend,
Or listen to learn.
That a taking from another is not only a sin...
But also defines the climate,
We have comfortably embraced to live in.

And if what goes around comes right back,
Why do people always say that...
When they are the ones to come to stir up the dirt.
And seem to be the ones who are always first,
To declare enemies are there and propose threats.
Aggressively, but yet...
Can ensure 'their' interests are kept to be protected.

And today,
People everywhere are creating successfully,
An interest of what others have to take away effectively.
And to get whatever it is the best way they can,
With a validating of a selfishness...
That has created retribution and vengeance.

Who wants to live their lives to feed on,
Retribution and vengeance.
Who wants to live everyday to see,
A retribution and vengeance.
Who thinks defeating will be done to leave,
Without retribution and vengeance.

People are tired of the liars who desire,
Retribution and vengeance.
People are tired of the liars who desire,
Retribution and vengeance.
A retribution and vengeance.

People are tired of the liars who desire,
Retribution and vengeance.
People are tired of those liars who desire,
Retribution and vengeance.
A retribution and vengeance,
Intented.
And with a retribution and vengeance,
Meant.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Retro-Active Practices

Anyone noticed to be seen moving forward,
With aggressive steps placed to make...
Is aware of keeping a focus kept,
On a life that is lived to experience what's next.
Too important for them to take time to waste.

Those looking behind to find those whining,
In discussions of regrets...
To do in recycled mindsets kept...
Will be easily found today and yesterdays gone,
Assessing in protest...
How it is few seem to be left to express concern.

'Why do they gather to 'boo' those moving forward?
And the benefit of them doing this is what? '

~That depends.
Do you refer to the ones making pro-active steps?
Or the ones actively in retro-active practices,
Hoping an attention to get will deliver to them empathy? ~

'Well...
From my point of view,
The ones that are being 'boo-ed'...
Appeared to be the ones receiving little to no encouragement.'

~I have a different opinion.~

'Oh?
How so? '

~You see the smiles on the faces of those being 'boo-ed? '

'Yeah.
I do.'

~Something tells me,
They are being motivated with both incentive AND initiative.
The louder the jeers the more they appear...'inspired'.~

'I love it.
Let's join them.'

~You go ahead.
I still have some soul searching to do.
And I have yet to find the incentive,
To expose my findings publicly.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Return Exactly What Was Given

Return exactly what was given to you,
To the one who gave it.
Refuse to accept.
And they will become offended by the act done.

With the telling to others of what you did.
And a mistreatment they received.
With a having of no idea why they were picked upon.
Or why the disrespect.

Return exactly what was given to you,
To the one who gave it.
And they will not admit to their own signature.
Or acknowledge from them it was sent.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Return To Sender

Failure wished dispensed,
And is...
Seldom stops.
To leave those wishing it,
Upon others to experience...
A wealth of unspoken,
Back to back occurrences.
With a dropping of a load,
Of their desires.

Surprising them with wide eyes in disbelief,
How such failures requested...
Comes to stare them in the face.
Only to blame those chosen...
For not being where they should be,
When their wishes arrive at their front doors...
Delivered as gifts unexpectedly.
To have such failures declared...
Return To Sender.

Be careful of what is wished,
An overflowing of it may come...
When one is unprepared to accept.
Or the address is not correct,
As anticipated.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Returned Equally

The only interest,
One should expect to receive...
Is the interest one has invested,
To have it returned equally.

Too many awaken with wishes and requests.
To have high expectations,
With a facing of disappointments...
And getting upset when more of them they get.

The only interest,
One should expect to receive...
Is the interest one has invested,
To have it returned equally.

And if an interest has not been made known,
None of it comes...
To have it made shown.
Or should any be expected if none was invested.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Returned To Them To Receive

Liars and deceivers of expertise,
Can no longer deny...
Their decisions to create havoc,
In the lives of those innocent...
Has left an adverse result that affects them
From their intention to stir up conflict.
With it done to inflict upon themselves,
As time reveals this to be witnessed...
Division, disinterest from others.
And an unexpected isolation,
Returned to them to receive...
By the very ones who oversee their defeat.
To leave any aspect of forgiveness to be given,
As remote as a boat seen floating,
On the Sahara Desert.
These are not those days to wish,
For delusions kept like this to be granted.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Returning Back To Basics

How can anyone surrounded by decadence,
Be expected to be innocent of anything?
And how old can one's pretentions get,
Before they too begin to smell like curbed garbage?
Especially when fresh resolutions have just been made,
By those insisting they are going to simplify their lives...
With a returning back to basics.
As soon as those 'basics' are decided to identify.
And they don't interfere with things chosen that are liked.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Returning Back To Normal

Whatever lies have been told...
Realities have been forever changed.
And returning back to normal,
Is going to be extremely difficult...
Since that state of mind,
Got us where we are today!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Returning From A Journey

Within this Majesticness,
Reflecting.
A presence of being...
To breathe a self examining acknowledgement,
With an insight of a seeing done...
That invites a witnessing,
Given as an existence...
By The Almighty One.
Is as It is given.

And...
As a star energized to shine as bright,
I wish to glow representing...
Both day and night,
All that there is sighted in my life.
Until the mystery lived,
Gifted as given...
As It lives transcends.

Returning from a journey,
Back to the Majesticness...
Where eternity lives,
As is and shall always be...
The One!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Returning To The Pits

Returning to the pits.
Thinking of this to be a brief stop,
To refuel, retire and re-energize their lives.
But back into a race they get.
Hoping to win, place or show...
For a trophy that will eventaully collect dust.
To be praised as something 'to die for'.
With a life to live that goes ignored.
Rocking back and forth reminiscing,
The speed of it all.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Returns To Rescue The Rhythm Of Life

A ballet with knowledge ignored and/or forgotten...
Has become a dance recovered.
And unearthed with scientific gratitude.
A spiritualistic wisdom of ancient value,
Returns to rescue the rhythm of life.
Just because it has not been seen...
Does not mean it is without its power!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Revealed And Exposed

There is nothing.
Absolutely nothing at all,
That compares to the repair...
Of a broken heart that has been mended,
By an act that has revenged that.
Especially when it has been discovered,
Lies told by others have been revealed and exposed.

And I would rather not find myself ever again,
With people like that...
Who would create havoc just for laughs.
I hate what it does to me internally.

'That would make me angry too.
What does it do to you? '

It makes me change.

'Change?
How?
What do you mean by that? '

I'd rather not discuss or think about it.

'I think I understand.
But...
What do you mean when you say,
It changes you?
HOW do you change?
You get upset?
Do you get...
WHOA.
AHHHH. AHHHH...
Mommy. Mommy?
God!
AHHHH.'

Would you stop that.
I told you...

I didn't want to think about it.
I told you...
I hate what it does to me.

'Okay.
Okay.
I believe you.
Don't 'ever' do that again.
WHAT was 'that' behind you?
And that look on your face.'

Didn't I tell you,
I didn't want to think about it?
You're just like a child.
You can't accept what someone says,
To leave it alone and be done with it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Revealed Everyday

It is going to get increasingly difficult,
For those who chose to be superficial...
To recognize sincerity to them given,
After dismissing the ones who freely gave it...
As weak and perceived to be easily duped.
And not accept a life lived to experience,
As a process that makes one more direct...
With concerns that are less in the making of impressions,
By some who may consider this the only way to address...
Being uncomfortable with insecurities they can not face,
To erase or admit that keeps them hiding behind deceptions.

One who has already traveled this road loses tolerance easily.
And a sincerity given that has been taken for granted,
Stops abruptly with those too immature and caught up in charades...
To leave them parading in masquerade,
With others of equal limited insights questioning life.
As an aging to not accept each stage of it to process,
But a digressing done on a regular basis...
To stop with futile attempts to prevent a flourishing of a bloom,
For many self deceived perceive this as a strength.
Although revealed everyday are their fears to confront truth.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Revealed From Its Confinement

To attempt the re-inventing of reality,
Will not prevent the existing of it.
Nor will those who have come to know,
The meaning of it as intended...
Accept a diluted second rate creation,
That is not connected to a consciousness...
That 'sees', 'knows' and 'feels' the truth,
As it is delivered to a mind on a mission...
To have it revealed from its confinement.
A new day dawns to awaken and 'wisen' eyes.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Revealed From Pretentions Concealed

Those who waste to take their time,
Producing false accusations...
To do with limited minds,
Wallowing away in the bottom of gutters...
Hoping this will find,
A reason to discredit efforts of others...
Without a shred of evidence produced,
Diminishes to reduce a credibility once enjoyed,
By those who seek someone else to destroy...
With accusations and proof of their delusions,
Eventually revealed from pretentions concealed.

'People are quick to say what someone else does,
To discredit their efforts.
And then when asked to produce the evidence of it,
Quick they are to create it to make and in bad taste...
With a faking of it to represent their own reflections.'

~Who do you speak of 'specifically'? ~

'Trust me,
Fools know who they are.
To give them attention is just what they seek.
Believing their misdeeds to offend.'

~They do.
Don't they? ~

'Of course they do.
And to mention fools specificially,
Is what they expect the unconscious to do.
To create further and ongoing tension.
Not mentioning them ends it. Period.
Idiots live to get attention.
And those who follow are delighted to be made fools.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Revealed That He Was Strick! And All Business

When he had been depicted as a familiar joke...
Those who did it were fine with that.
Until the day came,
When those who thought they knew him...
Discovered why 'he' was the one laughing.

And that reflected on their sad faces.
He made them all feel as if they had been clowns.
The ones who spent their lives fooling around.
To have it revealed that he was strick!
And all business...
Made them sick to know of this.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Revealed To Make Known

What are you doing?
You can't do that.

'What do you mean,
What am I doing?
I am holding myself accountable,
For my own actions.'

But...
What about the people?

'What about the people? '

What will they do now?
They are accustomed to finding fault.
And blaming with accusations,
Those who normally deny any participation...
In creating to initiate forward movements they have made.
What do you expect me to say to them?
Since now I find myself in a unique situation.

'Say something like...
You people are plucking on my last nerve.'

But then they will turn on me,
Because they will feel offended by the message.

'Great!
Now you know why others are reluctant,
To take the responsibility to become messengers.
And think of it this way...
You will not have to question,
Whether or not you have gotten their undivided attention.
People do not keep that a secret,
To be revealed to make known.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Revealing Layers Of Other Attempts

A façade created,
To establish interest
Does not attract.
No matter what innovations stated,
Went into the making of faking it.

The façade eventually cracks.
And behind the chipping,
Are seen exposed bricks.
Revealing layers of other attempts,
To present what's inside
As something never seen before.

Until the unswept floors
And dust on unkept steps,
Exposes aging and old attitudes taken
For a promised sweeping from a past,
To introduce a total and complete change.

And the expense of not doing this,
Has affected the stability of the foundation.
The board of directors selected,
Speak of diversity and its inclusion.
But few represent a diversity needed.
Or reflect from what outside can be observed,
As a meaning of it being inside intended.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Revealing With Such Speed

With the best of wishes,
To you from me I give.
I hope the coming days,
Of relentless truth...
Revealing with such speed,
That even your kept denials...
Can not prevent them,
From being squeezed to see daylight.
With an upgraded consciousness.

And you are finally freed,
To be released from beliefs...
Held by old told lies you thought were secret.
No matter how creative,
Your deceptions and use of excuses...
Have aided you in the past.
And I can only wish you this doing to let go,
Of a foolishness you one day...
Will flush away to realize you've been exposed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Revelations As They Are

When you decided to take it upon yourself,
To ignore my needs...
With a depleting of my quality of life.
I bet you had no idea,
Who watched this closely...
And presented you with every test.
Just to observed what you would do next!

And when you believed you were freed from judgement,
The Creator stood by...
Preparing to send His 'angels' to fly!
Over the skies of the Earth.
They are amongst us now.
Ignoring your worthless repentence.
With your pretensions...
Of a fresh discovered rebirth.

Revelations as they are...
Dismisses interpretated wishes.
Those who have kept their faith and trust...
Identify with the signs God has sent.
And those who have defied them...
Will find themselves lost,
In their own excrement!
Sinking in a stench.
And wondering why for them there is no rescue!

'Your deeds have not advantaged the meek.
A greed to feed one's selfish needs,
Sows what is bestowed upon those who now reap...
Anguish in eternal sorrow.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Revelations...The Ultimate Sensation

What on Earth do they hope to accomplish...
With antiquated, outdated fear campaigns?
They have proven they can kill.
And introduce catastrophes...
Better than Mother Nature will!
But their minds are disturbed...
With barbaric refinements.
And I wish to uplift their consciousness,
To realms not twisted...
By the sickness they've inflicted!

Upgrading methods,
Of propelling sticks and stones.
It's enough I don't turn My back on them,
And leave those jackasses alone!

Progressive people?
Of 'super powers' and greatness?
Who began this contrived wickedness?
And 'who' are the members,
Of this clique of ego bitches?

'That's a good question,
Your Majesty.
Our 'observers' are also baffled,
By this lunacy! '

Here! ...
Induce them with My wishes quick!
This demented festival has to end,
With this fix.
Call it 'Revelations'...
The Ultimate Sensation.
And make sure all know,
This process now begins!
It is time to get there posthaste.
Before My beloved Earth...
Is turned into a dust ball,
Of smoldering heated waste!

'Should we avoid the 'm/f' word, Father?
For some reason...
The younger people are using that expression,
With a heightened degree of relish! '

WHATEVER!
There's no need to call them anything at all.
Just do what has to be done!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Revenge

Did it help, babe?
That broken heart that you gave.
Did it make you giggle up,
To know
He is down.
And now out of luck.

Did it help you, babe?
Did you feel good being
Cruel and mean?
Aweful is the word to use,
When someone like you...
Seeks revenge.

Did it help you, babe?
Falling in and out of love.
Was the last one better than before...
Or was that all just to keep score,
And revenge.

Did it help, babe?
That broken heart that you gave.
Did it make you giggle up,
To know
He is down.
And now out of luck.

Did it help you, babe?
Falling in and out of love.
Was the last one better than before...
Or was that all just to keep score,
And revenge.

Aweful is the word to use,
When someone like you...
Seeks revenge.

When someone like you...
Seeks revenge.

When someone like you...
Seeks,
Revenge.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Revered

They had no clue who they were!
And it was intentional.
They had no say in their destiny!
And it was intentional.
They were used to entertain.
And for social programs
Monitored and maintained!
They were treated as if they had no brains...
And THAT was intentional!

Stripped of titles and resources.
And it was intentional.
Treated with disrespect and like work horses.
And it was intentional!
Then one day a shift occurs...
And this process from them purged.
A reversal of fortune takes root and grows!
The oppressed no longer depressed,
By this suppression once imposed.
And it IS intentional...
No one mentions them now revered!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Reversal Of Condescension

A patronizing shift...
Has saddled them with,
A reversal of condescension.

The act of looking down on others from their noses,
Now has them exposed as those others oppose.

This did not happen overnight.
It took generations to inflict bitterness.
And to get others like this uptight.

This did not occur with a consciousness.
This took hundreds of years.
As enemies were declared...
To leave the innocent stripped,
And plundered.
To leave the innocent stripped of resources.
Diminished to leave them in tears.

A patronizing shift...
Has saddled them with,
A reversal of condescension.

The act of looking down on others from their noses,
Now has them exposed as those others oppose.

This did not happen overnight.
It took generations to inflict bitterness.
And to get others like this uptight.

Now the days look bleak and dim for them!
Those who believe they were above law and sin.
It is as if a pendulum swing...
Has come back to be swung.
And those who are now fresh victims of this,
Will find there is no place for them to run.
When the time comes and this is done!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Reverse Psychology

Never could I get,
With you...
Too exhausted.

And I keep my breath,
Minted fresh.
As we caress.
And find ourselves,
Awakening from a night...
Of peaceful rest.

Although for me,
Those times may come...
Infrequently.

You see...
Nothing between us,
Will I ever let upset.
Or will I eat,
Without carefully brushing,
All my teeth.

That's how close,
I want us to be!
And I pray and hope,
Those days will come,
More frequently.

'And I do get...
Your reverse psychology.'

Honey...
What are you talking about?

'Honeeeee...
What are you talking about?
I can take a hint.
I will gargle AND brush my teeth!
How's that? '

Well...
Hurry up.
Before I fall to sleep!

'All you had to say,
Was that my breath smells bad! '

Does it?
I didn't notice.

'And remove all of those mints from the bed,
Before I get back.'

WHY are you so sensitive?
Geeeessshhh.

'Shut,
Up!
Do not say another thing.
Poetically or not.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Revetted In Disbelief

From a serious point of view,
Who do you think would best represent...
The mood of the people and their concerns.
And remember...
This is your chance to influence those,
Who are not aware...
Of the firm grasp you have on their problems.
And the intentions you will undertake,
To appoint those most qualified.

'Well...
I do know this,
People have grown tired of current policies.
First I would appoint,
Uh...gee...I just had the name on the tip of my tongue.
HECKEL. That's it.'

Interesting.
And your next two candidates would be?

'I had no idea these debates were this pressuring.
My second nominee would be...
Uh,
You know what's odd?
Last night I was just reviewing their credentials too.
How embarrassing.
Oh!
Jekyll and Hyde.'

I see.
And a...
Would you have happened to be watching TV,
When assessing the landscape of concerns?

'Assessing the 'who' of the 'what?
That TV was going on in the background.
But I am a very focused and dedicated individual.
With a plan I have customized for today's needs.
The people will soon know the true me.'

Thank you for your response.
Now your views on the economy.
You have the audience revetted in disbelief.
Leaving some too overwhelmed to breathe.
You are definitely on a roll.
And...
One of the best dressed I have seen in quite some time.

'Thank you.
All of my suits are tailored.
From the best material money can buy.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Revised Interpretation

Rushing to re-write a script,
Already publicly...
The star of the cast,
Quoted lines from it.
Gives those backstage no time,
To close dropped jaws.
Or pause.
Hoping that a captivated,
And mesmerized audience...
Will still stand and applaud,
A shifting done quickly...
Of a revised interpretation.
To be convinced,
What was heard was not meant.
Since the script presented...
Had been vague in content.

'The audience.
They seem to be,
Absolutely in love with this.
What is it that I'm missing,
That the audience cheers? '

-The explanation...
Of any,
Unintended misunderstanding...
They perceived to be meant,
For them to comprehend.-

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Revised Reality

Updating to simplify,
A revised reality...
Complying to satisfy wishes,
Of a guarantee to promise...
Those with lifetime memberships
To keep entitlements deluded,
Kept untouched and left intact.
Will be a magic act performed.
And difficult,
To pull out of a hat.
When eyes are wide and minds,
Distracted...
By what is seen,
Slowly descending from the sky.
And in broad daylight.
With no attempt to disguise,
As a weather balloon.

'Sir? Uhmmm...
There seems to be,
Either a representative...
Or spokesman for immigrants.
That could be refugees.
Perhaps, illegal aliens?
STRANGERS! Yes! Strangers,
Demanding a larger,
And wider parking space...
To...uh...
You should see this...'thing'.
To say it's hundreds of feet,
Long. And seats...
Thousands of people waving,
From its windows.
Is not an exagger...'

-I don't know why,
Everybody expects me...
To be the fix it king.
Just because I sit on a throne.

And wear mink slippers.
Cut me 'some' slack!
Geesshhh.
I'm just your average,
Think I know everything guy.
That's all.
If their in one of those,
Stretch limousines...
With faked gold rims.
Tell whoever they sent in here,
To park it across the street.
And I'll ask the police,
Not to do any profiling.
That's the last thing 'today',
I need to be accused of.
Especially when,
I'm trying to push forward...
My new executive order,
That revises the last one...
Those idiots disapproved,
Because some old women...
Became offended,
When I referred to them...
As aging sunset maidens.-

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Revisited Dismisses

Let them trip over revisited dismisses.
Since falling down presents fresh excuses.
To maim the mental state of minds...
Hoping a delivery of a clarity to find.
Or something quick to reminisce and addict...
To moments when lies and dishonesty was hidden.
Now it is welcomed freely as the air one breathes.
And more are becoming upset...
With the roughness thieves project and leave.

Let them trip over revisited dismisses.
Blinded to possess something valued to impress.
As wickedness underneath their feet...
Was authorized with complete deceit.
But fantasies fed became a favorite treat.
And now they are left to eat,
A reality none can digest.
But they had been the ones to feed...
Such greediness at their best.
With a taste of it that lingers on...
As a demand to reinstate,
A way of life from them now gone!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Revisiting Doubts

Every step of the way,
Has not one stone been unturned.
Nor a voice to speak that has gone unheard.
And I might have taken two steps back,
From them to take two more.
But never have I left my faith,
To leave behind any closed door.
Doubts?
Yes.
But faith I am going to take with me,
Wherever the path of my journey goes.
Too much I have unravelled on my travels,
To crowd my mind with revisiting doubts.
I've learned first to comprehend,
Before admitting to understanding anything...
Every step of the way.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Revitalization Created

A revitalization created,
To rid 'collected' colors...
For a more luxurized version,
Of diversed flavor.
Within urban city streets.
To make these 'areas' safer,
For suburbanites to live...
Meet, greet and eat.
Has had its economic disappointments.
For those dollar counters.

A vibrant atmosphere in the air,
Was no longer there.
This could not be reconstructed.
An obstruction made this clear.
The laughter and merriment,
Had disappeared.

And none of this could be poured,
From concrete.
The renaming of historic streets.
Or the laying of new bricks.
With an electric absence eclectic,
Uninvited!
To address the relocation of jealousies.
At the expense of unadmitted insecurities!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Revolving And Not Evolving

They are still in those places I left.
And that I don't understand.
They are still there as if nothing has changed.
There with the same revolving issues.
There to address the same expressed nonsense!
Remaining the same and unchanged.
Revolving and not evolving...
To find anything of value resolved.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Revolving Cycles

Shifting with the winds,
Of these times ever changing.
And not against them blindly.
Is a difficult decision,
To make...
When one's comfort seems,
A permanent condition.

And then the winds begin,
Swiftly shifting.
Finding many looking done.
With eyes fixed,
Upon the ground.
Ignoring the warning of signs,
Everywhere to be found.
But 'priorities' keep them,
Conveniently dismissed.
As with a doing not to listen,
To others who comprehend...
These times to pay attention.

The meaning of the winds.
And why they have begun,
Shifting swiftly...
Has disbelievers demanding,
A quick return...
Of their addicting and steady,
Habits.
With a rapid response expected
Yet...
Gone from their repeated,
Cycles...
Is the disconnection,
Of delusions kept.
That will take many years,
To become effective.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Revolving Door

Finally,
An agreement between those made,
Who have argued for decades...
Over that which they have regarded as important,
Has taken a temporary recess.

'God answers all prayers.
So...
What between them has been decided? '

They've all agreed to leave the revolving door,
As is.
With volunteers to provide the daily maintenance.
And to replace the color of it,
Every twenty years.
To give the younger generations a sense of change,
And progress to believe in.

'But...
The door.
It 'still' remains a revolving door.'

Perhaps.
But many have yet to notice it for what it is.
And changing its color once every twenty years,
Will unify those with renewed commitment.

'But...
It 'still' remains a revolving door.'

You know this.
I know this.
However...
They?
With their standards to value?
Are not that conscious.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Revolving Doors

I make a request to remove all revolving doors.

'Why? '

Do you see how many,
Have become addicted to repeating the same scenes.
Over and over again.
And the revolving doors have not been cleaned for years.

'So...
What would you recommend? '

One exit. One entrance.
Like in the old forgotten days.

'And what would that accomplish? '

People meeting and greeting to tolerate each other.

'But that would slower the progress of success.'

And what progress has been made,
By repeating the same scenes over and over again?
I see no progress made in that process.

'Perhaps you haven't tried hard enough to become addicted.'

I've grown tired of seeing people,
Debating to fight over the same conflicts.

'And...
If the revolving doors were removed,
That would eliminate to end the same attitudes?

Well...
I would think perceptions would change and be different.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Revolving Petty Pits

Living on the right side,
Of life...
Is like,
A nightmare...
When only few are there.

Living on the right side,
Of life...
Is like,
Trying to fight...
A ghost,
Both day and night.

Stuck in revolving,
Petty pits.
People are involved,
In foolishness.
And nothing gets solved,
With a seriousness.
Since commitments are made to nonsense.

Living on the right side,
Of life...
Is like,
A nightmare...
When only few are there.

Stuck in revolving,
Petty pits.
People are involved,
In foolishness.
And nothing gets solved,
With a seriousness.
Since commitments are made to nonsense.

Living on the right side,
Of life...
Is like,
Stuck in revolving petty pits.

With people are involved in foolishness,
To fight...
Against,
Ridding themselves of divisiveness.

Living on the right side...
Of life,
Is like...
Being caught up in revolving petty pits.

Living on the right side,
Is like...
Being caught up in revolving petty pits.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Rewarding

No wishes do I have,
To sit and dwell upon times gone.
Each breath I am blessed to take...
I make the best of it.
Remembering heartbreaks,
But not with them do I solicit,
Lingering memories that persist.
Too much right now,
At this moment...
I am completely in the midst of it!
Nothing do I wish to change.
I have made up my mind...
To find in the time now lived,
Rewarding.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Rewriting A Constitution

A beauty booted!
Those gracious skies...
Have swollen eyes,
These past few chapters lived.

A blight has come to rust a trust!
A unification of a nation tatters.
It matters.
And a rush to crush this nation,
Must be snapped back from this slow molasses trap!

Arresting this fascination that splits,
The nitwits from the misfits.
In a furthering division,
Sliding away from a unifying pride.

Don't deny your tears.
Cry!
These are the lives today we live.
Undignified!

There is no glory,
In welcoming an accepted ignorance.
To uphold in bold cursing.
While a demise driven by the blinded...
Rehearse the unwinding of it!
In isolated sickness as if in bliss.

Rewriting a constitution...
May be the solution to divert a destitution,
Of what had been great or appreciated.
Before salivating on fantasies began!

Recreating a wheel needing healing...
Will not repair the spokes of it!
Or strengthen the folks joking,
As the cracks of its foundation widen without regard.
And taken too much for granted for too long,
For the wrong reasons!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Re-Written

There is no soul or depth.
None that I suspect.
I know you are full of yourself.
And I discovered that with much regret!
I respect you.
But I wont let you flip a switch
On my healing!

You are on the wrong page!
And that chapter you kept...
That read, Squeeze Every Bit Before You Leave
Has been re-written.
Updated!
Without a shallow part,
To annoy or have me grieve!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Rhymes Without Reason

Ticket sales
Not ratings.
That is what moves
Most commodities.
If folks depended
On how things were rated,
There would be more quality.
And it's usually word of mouth
That someone catches a deal!
Like finding one day an appetite,
For something one writes
That has been real!
And all those 'pooped' ratings
That were high on hype,
Will tumble when their rhymes
Without reason,
Are found to lose their bite!
Especially when they are written,
By those with no clue or dropp of insight!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Rhythmic Beats And Promises

Exchanged dialogue shallow without depth,
Is becoming less frivolous these days.
Could it be...
Those eager and accustomed to rush to escape,
From lives lived overwhelmed by reality...
Are finding those exits made no longer provide,
Satisfying rhythmnic beats and promises?
And...
Have become serious discussions,
Between those awakening to notice...
A recycling of the same trash to pass time.
As the same delusions prevail to taste stale.
With an increasing of disappointments,
Those self annointed are beginning to realize...
They have become the bait.
Creating and setting up their own traps.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Rhythmic Sedations

Rhythmic sedations,
Have them seduced...
And captivated by stagnation.
Assigned to sterotypes,
They struggle and fight to maintain.
Behind masks that traps them,
Defining entrapments...
Loved and keeping them blind.
They do not find themselves behind the times.
Dysfunctions produced have induced,
Recycled motivations to feed only the taste...
Of a thumping bass.
And trained they are to accept chasing their tails,
Like dogs.
Believing a progress is being made...
With new instruments to supply updated beats.
To each ritualistic hymnal sung!
Effective to entertain and sustain inactivity to praise.
Rehearsed each day...
For dynamic Sunday performances.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Rhythmistic Pulse

One, two, three...
Rhythmistic pulse.
Rhythmistic pulse.
Rhythmistic pulse.
Rhythmistic pulse.
Rhythmistic people...
Feel within a flow of a beat,
With a rhythm pulsed.
With a rhythm pulsed.

Rhythmistic people...
Find it easy patting their feet,
With a rhythm pulsed.
With a rhythm pulsed.
And...
Harmonizing with a life that's reached,
For the sounds of nature.
With a rhythm pulsed.

Rhythmistic people...
Feel within a flow of a beat,
With a rhythm pulsed.
With a rhythm pulsed.
And...
Harmonizing with a life that's reached,
For the sounds of nature.

One, two, three...
Rhythmistic pulse.
Rhythmistic pulse.
And...
Harmonizing with a life that's reached,
For the sounds of nature.
With a rhythm pulsed.

And...
Harmonizing with a life that's reached,
For the sounds of nature.

One, two, three...
Rhythmistic pulse.
Rhythmistic pulse.
Rhythmistic pulse.
Rhythmistic,
One, two, three...
Rhythmistic pulse.
Rhythmistic pulse.
Rhythmistic pulse.
Rhythmistic,
One, two, three...
Rhythmistic,
One, two, three...
Rhythmistic pulse.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Rice

Rice.
This time,
Spare us the gravy.
Eliminate the salt and pepper.
No butter or sweetened brown sugar to add!
Serve it up to nourish.
That's all we ask.
No need for the silver placements...
Or impressive china.
Nor the water goblets or crystal glass.
It is just rice!
What else to us has been passed?

We are here to get it plain and simple.
Direct and upfront.
And without the seasoned meat,
Promised and teased.
The rice we all once thought we liked...
Had been too disguised!
And this time...
We demand to know why,
The preparation took as long as it did.
Afterall,
Hasn't it been just rice?
And if not...
What was it?
Taking too long to surprise.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Riddled And Beset

How can a way of life,
Riddled and beset to upset with constant conflct...
Shown to have a deficit of common sense,
And accompanied by an onslaught of known hypocrisies...
Find anyone to condemn as one not to lead...
A normal and approved existence?

When revealed are those self righteous,
With exposed dysfunctions clearly insight...
Have annointed themselves with the right to demand,
Their standards valued be adopted OR imposed...
Regardless of how crazed and mindless,
Their defenses to uphold such nonsense becomes.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Riddled With Defects

If all cults weren't divisions,
Of existing religious beliefs...
Why are just a few,
Considered illegitimate?
When every one of them,
Is a creation of someone's imagination...
Sold to sell with a telling that is bought.
And a fighting done amongst themselves,
That has nothing to do with the presence of God...
Claimed to be in their lives.
As contradictions and hypocrisy thrives.

Do we exist as images of GOD?
Or...
Have we been created to immulate the image?
Either way,
The process seems to be riddled with defects.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Riddled With Guilt

Tell me something...
Was it before or after you were conceived,
Are you accusing me of plagiarizing...
Your precious inner thoughts?
That you now wish to bring this to my attention.

Or was it after you discovered my own already existed,
Long before you could express words from your lips.

Did you assume I fathered your ambitions?
And you want me to feel riddled with guilt?
Well...
I will admit,
I do have desires to satisfy a wandering idealism.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Riddled With Prolonged Pain And Sustained Guilt

Those parents wishing to not let,
What is deeply felt be kept hidden...
But a self assessment reveals,
No matter what they do...
After a child loved meets death,
They can not become better parents 'Now'...
To confess they have skills with unproven success.

Public campaigns to claim children innocent,
Of misdeeds committed but absent is the evidence.
No matter what these parents wish others to believe,
Will not be erased from the memories...
Of those victimized and with opened eyes,
To those activities actually performed...
By 'children' appearing sweetly in inncocent pictures,
BEFORE they were introduced...
To drugs, petty crimes and seduced by the thug life.

'What is the solution? '

Investing in 'more' honesty.
And 'less' time selling our delusions...
To captivate the imagination of others,
Who are willing to react...
Regardless of opposing facts existing.

Riddled.
And with guilt.
Will never erase that pain felt in the middle.

Riddled.
And with guilt.
Will never erase that pain felt in the middle.

Riddled.
And with guilt.
Will never erase that pain felt in the middle.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Ride Them Out

In your lifetime...
There will be those
Who may tell several lies about you.
Ride them out.
Defending them defeats your focus.
That is known.
That is why those demons show their heads.
To mislead.
Hopefully to get more believers...
Nonbelievers instead.
Ride this nonsense out!
Deceivers are the first to bleed.
Ride them out.
You will be relieved of their treachery.
Be patient.
And that will be hard to do.
Especially...
When you are close to removing some teeth.
Not your own.
And not with the aid of a dentist!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Ridiculie

I bet you never would have believed this,
That in your lifetime...
You would come to witness,
The ridiculous.
And more of it as each day passes!

With all of the abundance of this ridiculousness...
Could we come to agree to lable this surplus,
With the bailouts established to stimulate the economy...
As 'ridicu-lie'?
With the emphasis on 'lie' applied?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Ridiculosis

How ridiculous does 'ridiculous' have to become,
Before it gets 'ridiculi'?
And those expressing it...
'Ridiculated'?
It can not stay 'ridiculous' like this,
Without a single change!
And those suffering its affects...
Not realizing the depths of their involvment?
There is not enough of the antidote,
To cure their 'ridiculosis'!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Ridiculous

Ridiculous?
I know.
But somehow that is less disturbing,
Than an abnormal existence...
You insist,
Governs a reality...
Assisted and uplifted by misfits believed.
And until my conscious adjusts to this...
Perception you embrace as one I should face.
I feel much safer remaining in a peace you describe,
As a ridiculous way to live my life!
Free of conflict sweetened with deceit.
And spiced by tasty lies I refuse to eat!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Riding Hard On Their Backs

Charading people under steeples,
On their knees praying to keep...
Things!
And their bling.
Don't know that they have reaped,
Deep ditches to reach out...
To be forgiven for their hypocrisies.

And you can't tell them that they pray,
To keep their evils.
They will attack you 'cause they don't believe that.

And you can't tell them that they pray,
To keep their evils.
They will attack you 'cause they don't believe that.
Although those demons seen are riding hard on their backs.

Charading people under steeples,
On their knees praying to keep...
Things!
And their bling.
Don't know that they have reaped,
Deep ditches to reach out...
To be forgiven for their hypocrisies.

And you can't tell them that they pray,
To keep their evils.
They will attack you 'cause they don't believe that.

And you can't tell them that they pray,
To keep their evils.
They will attack you 'cause they don't believe that.
Although those demons seen are riding hard on their backs.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Riding High On Your Horse

What are you doing...
Riding high on your horse.

'I am hoping to find 'someone',
Who knows the meaning of communication.'

Most people around here seek the same thing.
But I will admit this,
You are the first I have seen...
Attempting to do this,
And from a perch that is not down to Earth.

'I said...
I am hoping to find someone,
Who knows what communication means.
Most people who claim to be down to Earth,
Do not communicate with meaning.'

Well...
Good luck.
Since most folks around here,
Regard those on high horses as uppity nig...

'Hey. It's okay.
I use to think that same way too.
It was the horse that came to me,
With an offer of a better view.
So I have high hopes...
My choice doesn't intimidate anyone,
Who might have an interest in 'me'.
And what I will do to meet someone special.
I'll get off my high horse when that happens.'

You're not afraid of being thought of as arrogant?

'If I was afraid of that,
I wouldn't show myself on a high horse.
I'm looking for someone special.
And that someone 'special',

Will not need from me an explanation.'

Ummm. I see.
Do you have a sexual preference?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Riding In A Circle

I keep...
Riding in a circle.

I keep...
Repeating those,
Same old lines.

I keep...
Riding in a circle.
Wanting to find,
Reasons for the rhyme

What am I trying to pick up?
And what am I trying to find?

Could it be,
The reason for the rhyme?
And the reason I'm riding this merry-go-round,
Out of mind.

I keep...
Riding in a circle.

I keep...
Repeating those,
Same old lines.

I keep...
Riding in a circle.
Wanting to find,
Reasons for the rhyme

What am I trying to pick up?
And what am I trying to find?

Could it be...
The reason for the rhyme?
And the reason I'm riding this merry-go-round,
Out of mind.

And the reason I'm riding this merry-go-round,
Out of mind.

I keep...
Riding in a circle.
And the reason I'm riding this merry-go-round,
Out of mind.

I keep...
Riding in a circle.
And the reason I'm riding this merry-go-round,
Out of mind.

I keep...
Riding in a circle.
And the reason I'm riding this merry-go-round,
Out of mind.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Riding On Coat-Tails

Riding on coat-tails,
Is a movement hard to keep up.
Prevailing to ride when times are tough,
No longer muffles with a buffering to hush.

Independent failures surface to pop as crops.
An obvious sign that times are getting rougher.
And lives lived to bluff,
Are forced to be weeded from an accustomed fluff.

Today the facing of facts is under attack.
With a hitchhiking done on backs...
Removed from positions,
Once easily relaxed to munch on picked snacks.

Facing facts is difficult to smother.
And hard to deny with a keeping undercover.
As a druther to be tossed...
Like a thoughtless whim to be caught by another.

Facing facts is difficult to smother.
When times reveal,
No one can keep them undercover.
Or dismiss them to exist,
For a profit to gain to exploit a fun done.
Or enjoy with a sweetened twist to the mix...
Tasted and approved by everyone.

Riding on coat-tails,
Is a movement hard to keep up.
With a prevailing to ride when times are tough.
No longer can the muffles with a buffering be hushed.
No longer can the facts be sacked...
To silence and smother,
As an undercover druthered to crush.
Or conceal behind a polish that's buffed...
To glamorize a sparkling of disdain.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Riding On My Back!

I don't concern myself
With your perceptions
Of my point of view!
There is not a pair of shoes
I wear
That you have worn.
And not one look of disgust,
Have you received
From those I distrust,
That you have shared!
Do you believe my existence
Relies on your assistance?
You are riding on 'my' back!
And that seems to have been
Your only objective!
If I did not exist...
Would you have any other interests at all?
Would your life be as fulfilling as mine?
If I did not exist...
Who would you then find offensive?
Or could you live your life,
Without the need of comparisons?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Riding Steadfast To Affix

It has been allowed for those self indulged,
To drop the talk and conversation stage.
There have been those who couldn't sit,
When the time had arrived to permit unlimited...
Opportunities that came to resolve all problems.
The ones once denied to had then existed.

Now to point blame and fault to accuse,
Those victimized by actions that abused...
To have anyone say today what is needed,
Is an exchange of comprehension and patience to seek...
Seems a bit too late for those who had insisted,
The time given to self examine one day will slip away.

It already has,
Done just that!
With chaos and conflicts,
Riding steadfast to affix on the perpetrators' backs.
Who committed to implement those very acts,
They ignited that today unphased face them to attack.

'Stop the tears.
Where were you when the writing appeared,
On several walls to go ignored? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Riding Undenied To Sit High On A Saddle

The tragedies that continue to plague,
A people delusioned with beliefs...
Approved and ignored as being okay,
To prey on those innocent...
Without consequences to eventually pay,
Has today depicted a society sick.
With people assuming they can do what they wish.

And entitled they perceive they can do what they please,
To destroy the lives of others and not have their own lives...
Threatened unexpectedly by misdeeds they leave,
Are a people inflicted with a growing mental illness.

A society continuing to allow these acts permitted,
Only jeopardizes those values pretentiously kept...
To defend falsities and deluded beliefs,
Kept impressive with hype but too many on the streets...
Weep!

While making attempts to sweep away,
Internal griefs they keep and with them stays.

The tragedies that continue to plague,
A people delusioned with beliefs...
Approved and ignored as being okay,
To prey on those innocent...
Without consequences to eventually pay,
Has today depicted a society sick.
With people assuming they can do what they wish.

But that day comes soon,
When deceivers who lie will have no place to hide.
And those who 'assume' they can used aged alibis,
Will find their disguises have left them victimized.
Truth comes riding undenied to sit high on a saddle.

'Why can't our deceptions get rid of it? '

Whomever believes truth can be deceived,

Are the ones yet to experience lives to live tormented.

'What a bunch of poppycock.
Once we throw some of our money at it,
Whatever it is perceived...
Will leave quicker than a tornado.
And we 'always' bounce back after one of those.'

You don't seem to want to understand,
With a sustained comprehension...
What it is that rides high on that saddle.
Close your eyes and try,
Removing the symbolism of it.
It will not be seen but felt to deal with.

'I'll take off my boots.
I don't want to be seen shaking in them.
Especially at the price I paid.'

Cherished are the words I 'use' to deny.

'Great lyrics.
Here...
You want some 'Bread'? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Right Before Their Clouded Eyes

Kept high on fantasies most of their lives,
People like this will never accept it to realize...
A reality to keep believed.
As a drugging done has been too effective!
With a convenience making it more selective.
And removing excuses as exceptions to use.

And...
No matter if detoxing from delusions occur,
So many have become 'blurred' to protect nonsense.
In the face of renovations taking place to erase them,
Right before their clouded eyes.
Yet preferences are kept for more deceptions and lies.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Right In The Place Where 'They' Live

People who did it had no idea,
That I loved every moment...
When they were smearing my name,
By the making of their false claims.

There is nothing like knowing,
The direction one makes and what it takes...
To maintain a discipline to learn,
And not attempt to escape from making mistakes.

Interests I have are not in ego cemented.
I am determine to establish,
The possible from obstacles and impossiblilities.
And do it in a place someone suggested to recommend,
I would succeed if I should leave.

There is nothing like knowing,
The direction one makes and what it takes...
To fulfill dreams and overcome heartbreaks.
But the doing it can be proven and with kept faith.
To stop doubters and shut their mouths,
With an observing who can pave a path...
And open closed gates right in the place where 'they' live.

'I didn't know...'

You needn't bother to continue.
As long as I did,
To me that is all that matters.

'But how did you...? '

Escape from your criticisms?

'Well...
Yes.'

I didn't try.
I relied upon them.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Right Now

Right now...
It does not matter that it is,
Or that it is what it is.
Maybe to you a point of view,
From another...
That is the same as the others,
Is not given the way you expected.
But that still does not change...
What remains the same.
And it is obvious your opinion that is given,
With an attached emotion that is driven...
Feeds a needing ego,
Instead of a common sense missing...
And you are in need of assistance not admitted,
That has been distanced and you could use.
Since...
Right now,
It does not matter that it is,
Or that it is what it is.
Maybe to you a point of view,
From another...
That is the same as the others,
Is not given the way you expected.
But that still does not change...
What remains the same.
And it is obvious your opinion that is given,
With an attached emotion that is driven...
Feeds a needing ego,
Instead of a common sense missing...
And you are in need of assistance not admitted,
That has been distanced and you could use...
Some sense,
Right now.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Right Now I Feel A Chill

You,
And your 'ALL ABOUT ME' attitude bores.
Your self obsession with self and 'exterior' virtues...
Have stretched beyond limits.
And...
This is no longer considered as an affliction,
Of mental illness.

Something inside of you does not connect,
And is missing.
It does not exist.
And the value of what is not there but gone...
Is obvious 'it' was never there for you to have a clue.

I use to think it was me who could not express,
At times...empathy!
However,
I have never been accused of being heartless.
And when I think of you...
That is the first thing that enters my mind!

In fact,
Right now I feel a chill.
And I have yet to open the door,
To request you now exit to leave!
Please...
No cold icy to throw,
Eye staring daggers.
And...
No need for me to be less than cordial about this.
Is it?
Or reason you wish to prolong this visit?
Is it?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Right Side Of Left

Right side of left,
Is my mind sometimes.
Thoughts too correct,
Needing to bend at times.
Cycles of childhood spent,
Fostering indulgences...
Frozen in memories.
Doing my best to let them melt,
To release them from me.
Being the adult,
By experiences I've been dealt!
But I can not reduce them!
Too seduced.
Should I be?
Am I too right side of left?
And too away from being centered...
Where at this time,
Grounded as perceived
As the 'me' others see!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Rights Of The Victim

Rights of the victim:

To forgive...
With a choice to remember,
And recall.
To feel embittered!
Especially if one still has life.

Since being victimized isn't easy to forget.
And to know that vindication,
Takes on a whole new meaning...
When God is involved.
And God has a way to handle all of it!

Being patient?
That is one's option.
But it is highly recommended!
It is best to leave such matters,
In the hands of The Creator!

Keep faith and know this...
No one could ever be that imaginative,
When it comes to inflicting upon another...
A lifetime of remorse and guilt!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Ripe For Heartbreak And Fresh To Hurt

So bare and naked lay my emotions.
Exposed and out in the open,
For you to abuse if you decided...
That to me you would do.

So ripe for heartbreak and fresh to hurt.
I've rehearsed my reaction,
If you begin to treat my affections...
As if they meant nothing but worthless dirt.

Agonized with visions of passionless love.
And awakening to feel touches of frozen pieces,
Left to never thaw.
I don't want us to experience this.
And I do not wish an attraction for it.

So bare and naked lay my emotions.
Exposed and out in the open,
For you to abuse if you decided...
That to me you would do.

So ripe for heartbreak and fresh to hurt.
I've rehearsed my reaction,
If you begin to treat my affections...
As if they meant nothing but worthless dirt.

And yes,
I confess...
I have fears to be near and held close,
By love.
Since being crushed by it,
Has left me to spin in doubt and disbelieve.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Ripened

Ripened!
But on a wrong tree done.
This hybrid thinks it to be pure,
And naturally sweet.
But the tree adopted it,
From despair.
And convince the nut...
It was a fruited pear.

And when the apples growing,
On the tree became aware...
They were taught to respect the nut!
Although they knew,
Never a pear would be there.

Yet,
Ripened to be spared,
From playful impatient squirrels.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Ripened Juveniles

Overpopulated by gameplayers,
Who have played out to squeeze fresh energy...
From a climate left brimming on the rim with a hope,
That an awakening snaps these jokesters to loosen their grasp...
To undo their need to dangle with such a firm grip,
On a path to mimic and not experience life sassed to flash.

Like ripened juveniles clinging fast,
To aging and dried up vines weakening...
And just can not get rid of them quick enough.
Or kick them away from sitting on the edge of potential,
To realize it with a going beyond the verge that surges.
And this has been mentioned more to bore the getting of attention.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

'Rise To Greatness'

There is something to be said about those
Who believe they can solicit themselves
Into obtaining attention, notoriety and fame.
Having little talent for what it is they perform.
But understanding the marketing.
And the strategicness of how to play...
The 'Rise to Greatness' game.
Using the skills to annoy in their favor.
Hoping this applied form,
Of their acquired 'art'...
Achieves their aim to gain acclaim!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Rising To Another Level

Rising to another level.
And cleansed from the bullshit,
Other folks shoveled...
I can be abrasive I admit to that!
But I don't scatter nonsense,
Or run like a timid cat!
I've clawed my way to achieve where I am.
Whether others understand me...
I don't give a damn!
If it wasn't for God rushing to my aid,
I would have been in a plot
Unmarked in a grave!
Rising to another level...
I see what keeps most afraid!
Restricted by denials,
And obstacles in their way!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Risk

Peddling influence
Among thieves
And trying to find explanations
For failed connections!
Introduces a risk incurred...
When addictions to opulence,
Can not be cured by standards adopted!
Money becomes as insignificant
As those who dangle it...
In the hopes that it does not strangle!
But,
Eventually it does!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Risks

In the taking of risks,
One makes the decision...
To boldly take those steps,
With a fear inside that may be felt...
Although from outer appearances,
That fear one knows may not be shown.

And if not for the taking of risks,
Advancements enjoyed might not be known.
Leaving those who began alone,
In the taking of them...
Seldom bestowed the credit for those risks taken.
Or share in the getting of those benefits given.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Risky Business

What is all the screaming about?
Aren't they the ones who said,
They wanted less government in their daily affairs?

'Yeah,
But they are losing their investments.
Jobs, homes...
And with that, their respect.
How are they expected to live,
If nothing left is what they get? '

I haven't seen a dime yet...
Or a dollar printed from the mint,
Without someone from the government represented.
With their face boldly on it.
And 'that' had been a dead president.

And folks say they want less government in their lives?

They've got it!

'Well...'

Well nothing.
They shouted for less involvement,
Now they've got just that!
Less of it being circulated.

Giving people what they ask for these days,
Is risky business.
Especially after they've sobered from a sustained stupor!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Rite Of Passage

They argue, cuss, fuss and fight,
As if it is a 'rite of passage'.
To then expect such 'rituals'...
With respect to them given,
By others who should find this...
As their duty to do,
Without proof or evidence...
That the doing of it would be understood.
Or comprehended,
It is 'they' who constantly neglect themselves...
As time away from them passes.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Rituals

How can one say that they have love for God,
And live a life that's filled with fear?
How can one go through the motions to pray...
For answers they ignore and don't hear!
How can one accept moments of doubt,
When they shout about having faith and beliefs?
And when they seek relief from obstacles to overcome...
They wonder why they are alone in their grief!

Many choose going through rituals to abuse,
Themselves...
With weaknesses,
They think God wants them to keep!
Like illnesses shared with others aware
Who say suffering is a reward for those meek!

And there are many who look down,
Upon others with their frowns
As they enter into 'temples' like sheep
Proud to keep their miseries in silence...
Without a peep!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Road Bumps

Only those who keep their minds closed...
Feel penalized.
Only those who keep their minds closed,
Get bowled over.
With big chips on their shoulders.

Some are quick to disbelieve their visions,
With it done.
Some are quick to listen to,
Deceivers in their ears.

Some are quick to disbelieve their visions,
With it done.
Some are quick to listen to,
What they've heard to hear.

People stumble over road bumps,
After warnings.
People stumble over road bumps.

People stumble over road bumps,
After warnings.
People stumble over road bumps.

Jaws tight.
Day and night.
Disbelieving what is right.
People stumble over road bumps.

Only those who keep their minds closed...
Feel penalized.
People stumble over road bumps.
Only those who keep their minds closed,
Get bowled over.
With big chips on bent shoulders.

Jaws tight.
Day and night.
Disbelieving those right.

Some are quick to disbelieve their visions,
With it done.
Some are quick to listen to,
Deceivers in their ears.

People stumble over road bumps,
After warnings.
People stumble over road bumps.

People stumble over road bumps.
To try to hide it.
People stumble over road bumps.
To lie.
People stumble over road bumps.
And keep denying,
They have stumbled over road bumps.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Roads That Cross

There are roads that cross,
From which one picks to choose.
Hoping to make a correct decision,
To select the best...
Is very difficult to do.

And one does what is thought to be right,
With faith to pray.
And one does what is hoped,
Will not cause confusion...
The rest of one's life to pay.
Yet...
Are there any roads paved with gold,
Cleared of clouds or thunder?
Are there any free of obstacles,
With no sign of pouring rain.
And...
Is there much to gain,
If one refuses to choose?

Are there any roads paved with gold,
Cleared of clouds or roaring thunder?
Are there any free of obstacles,
With no sign of feeling pain?
And...
Is there much to gain,
If one refuses to choose?

Is there any other way,
To live...
With a doing done to do.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Roads Unclear But Taken

Sometimes the fog can be thick,
Maneuvering through days uncertain!
Stalled within tunnels
Dark and long!
Enduring with a strength...
Accompanied by tears at times.
And suddenly intuition pulls.
The many roads unclear but taken
Narrow...
Shadows are behind as light spreads!
Sighs of relief exhaled.
A clearing comes,
As steps are faster paced.
Warming a smiling face that glows.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Rob And Cop

People are fed to want,
With a doing of nothing.
'Word.'

And takers want more from those,
Breaking daily sweat.
'Word.'

Everyday voices heard are complaining.
With stretched lips and necks expecting,
Delivered wants and wishes to get.
While screaming in the streets protesting,
About lives they live they now regret.
'Word.'

And unruly are the crowds allowed to rob and cop.
'Word.'
And unruly are the crowds allowed to rob and cop.
'Word.'
And unruly are the crowds allowed,
To destroy with destruction and nonstop.
Because nobody that they knew,
When they grew up...
Gave to them love.
'Word.'

Everyday voices heard are complaining,
And looking for an easy out to rob and cop.
Everyday voices heard are complaining,
And looking for a reason just to rob and cop.

Everyday,
There are people seeking easy outs.
Everyday,
They are seeking ways to rob and cop.

Everyday voices heard are complaining,
And looking for an easy out to rob and cop.
Everyday,

There are people seeking easy outs.
Everyday,
People seek ways to rob and cop.
Everyday,
There are people seeking easy outs.
Everyday,
They are seeking ways to rob and cop.

People are fed to want,
With a doing of nothing.
'Word.'

And takers want more from those,
Breaking daily sweat.
'Word.'
And it seems everyday,
People seek ways to rob and cop.
Everyday,
There are people seeking easy outs.
Everyday.
'Word.'
Everyday.
'Word.'
Everyday it's observed and on display.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Robins May Have Red Breasts

I know why I am not included,
In your conversations.

Most of the time I am ignored.
And that is done,
Without hesitation.

However...
Allow me to just say this.
And it will be done swiftly and quick.

SUMMER,
Is not WINTER.

And...
Neither is WINTER,
A time for SPRING.

Robins may have red breasts.
But it is their chirping,
The attention to them brings!

Thank you!
I will now exit...
To disappear from you to leave.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Robotic Things

Keep it in the right perspective.
Keep it in the right perspective.
No need for probing deeper,
For those reasons to dissect this.

Signs come!
And...
Keep it in the right perspective.
Those exposing a wisdom,
Are ignored as bores!

Keep it in the right perspective.
Keep it in the right perspective.
No need for probing deeper,
For those reasons to dissect this.

Upheaval seen upon the streets.
Keep it in the right perspective.
And...
Poverty increases and defeats.
Keep it in the right perspective.
No need for probing deeper,
For those reasons to dissect this.

And the songs heard they sing,
Sound as if,
They are...
Human beings!

Keep it in the right perspective.
Keep it in the right perspective.

And the songs heard they sing,
Sound as if,
They are...
Robotic things!

Keep it in the right perspective.
Keep it in the right perspective.

No need for probing deeper,
For those reasons to dissect this.

Signs come!
And...
Keep it in the right perspective.
Those exposing a wisdom,
Are ignored as bores!

And the songs heard they sing,
Sound as if,
They are...
Human beings!

And the songs heard they sing,
Sound as if,
They are...
Keeping it in perspective.
They are...
Keeping it in perspective.
They are...
Keeping it in perspective.
Robotic.
Robotic.
Robotic things.

1-2-3-4...
Remove those brains and toss them on the floor!

Keep it in the right perspective.
Keep it in the right perspective.

'Robotic things,
We need more! '

Keep it in the right perspective.
Keep it in the right perspective.

1-2-3-4...
Remove those brains and toss them on the floor!

Keep it in the right perspective.

Keep it in the right perspective.

'Robotic things,
We need more! '

Keep it in the right perspective.
Keep it in the right perspective.
Keep it in the right perspective.
Keep it in the right perspective.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Rock Away

Stay on it.
Pray on it.
Don't give up,
'Til you own it.
And...
Pound, pound that rock away!
Don't let it get to you another day,
Oh!
Get a pick and shovel pieces of it...
To a place where it will stay.

Oooow!

p-p-p Pound, pound that rock away.
Don't let it get to you another day,
Oh!
tick-tick-tick,
Get a pick...
And shovel pieces of it to a place,
Where you know it will stay!

Take it off your constant meter.
Make your heated sweat,
Even sweeter.
Give it up to the gripper,
Quicker.
Slicker.
Live your life lived that much richer.
And...
Pound, pound that rock away!
Don't let it get to you another day,
Oh!
Get a pick and shovel pieces of it...
To a place,
Where...
It will stay.

You will not feel free,
Until that beast has been ceased.

Stay on it.
Pray on it.
Don't give up,
'Til you own it.
Stay on it.
Pray on it.
Don't give up,
'Til you own it.

p-p-p Pound, pound that rock away.
Don't let it get to you another day,
Oh!
tick-tick-tick,
Get a pick...
And shovel pieces of it,
To a place,
Where...
It will stay!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Rock Bottom

The hour of the liars,
Closes in upon them quick.
Those whose lips have flapped with lies...
Have found their alibis,
No longer keeps them in full disguise.

A smothering of coverups,
Has exposed them and their deceiving butts.
Leaving those who chose to follow,
Hitting hard rock bottom!
Without a shred of empathy...
To receive as a loan.
Or a scent of it shown,
From anyone who has it for them to borrow!

Even the thought of caring,
Has become a fear...
People today,
Have dared themselves to share!
Hoping the act of it...
Will not find them labelled,
As liberal activists!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Rock To Hold

Is my back you say you watch,
Still guarded by your protective eye?

Why do I suspect your whispers,
Bring me not cheers...
But a reason to cry?

Is there an unleashing of deceit,
You wish to keep discreet and secret?
Is there envy in your need...
To feed my suspicions,
With a feeling of intuition sent.

I want to suspend this,
As a misundestanding uncomprehended.
But you do not hide,
A harbored intention meant.
Cloaking hints of resentment.
Aiding my discomfort.
Which baits a bitterness I wish not have visit.

Is my back you say you watch,
Still guarded by your protective eye?

Why do I suspect your whispers,
Bring me not cheers...
But a reason to cry?
To leave me with an alibi,
To severe ties from you!

And you have been my rock,
To hold.
And sometimes boldly shoulder.

Has our relationship come to this?
A series of clues...
What we had has been set adrift.
With introductions of mistrust,
And deceit soon to come through once kissed lips.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Rocking In Their Chairs

What is clear,
That many young people should understand...
To eventually comprehend,
Are those much older with minds molding...
And rocking in their chairs to face West,
Will soon see their last Sunset.

And having patience is key,
Until these old folks finally leave...
With the past they have attempted to stop,
As they rock reminiscing...
An East forgotten to remember fresh dawns,
To block a future impatiently waiting,
For younger minds knowing....
How fast these times are moving on.
With it known what it means...
That a holding onto what has gone,
Will not prevent it from existing.

Although,
So many who do grow old...
Will do their best,
Not to step aside.
Or prepare the younger people,
To appreciate what it takes...
Handing over a baton with grace and gratefulness.
But will instead....
Talk about the value of standards,
Romanced to enhance in museum exhibits.
Even their beloved ancestors,
Refused lives to live that way feeling limited.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Rodomontadinous

A toast to the boasting rant.
Bluster dusting those in whispered chants.
Scatting with street corner bravado...
Being rodomontadinous.
And caring less that it shows.
Hosting ego with a glide that one prides.
As if awarded a grand prize,
For such flagrant obnoxiousness loved.
A performance that seems to fit like a glove.
And observers stare with pen and pad.
Aware that fresh air should be noted,
Before it disappears from their disguises.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Role Play Dreams

We've been fogged by ambiguity.
And role play dreams.

It,
Had been never my wish...
To leave you.
Maybe to lead and guide.
As if to mentor.
It,
Was something done,
We both needed.
That's what I,
In my selfishness believed.

Perhaps it was me,
Who sought compassion.
On a schedule.
And you...
Sought that too!
Too much.
As if to greed.

You were someone I could easily love.
Endlessly.
And maybe you felt squeezed.
Or sought you thought to please...
A constant feeding of my needs.
And fresh air was not there enough...
For you to freely breathe.

Perhaps it was me,
Who sought compassion.
On a schedule.
And you...
Sought that too!
Too much.
As if to greed.
But you received little of that from me.
And too late it is for me to see.

We've been fogged by ambiguity.
And role play dreams.

It,
Had been never my wish...
To leave you.
Maybe to lead and guide.
As if to mentor.
It,
Was something done,
We both needed.
That's what I,
In my selfishness believed.

And it that could have been,
Has diminished.
With me,
Selfishly...
Thinking of myself as the center,
Ending your dreams with me...
Foolishly finishing to end it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Role Tape Please

There was a time in my life,
I would dare not offend anyone.
Although there were those,
Who seemed to have been addicted to it.

Role tape please!
Thank you.

Today...
Scenes have changed.
A seriousness took place in my life.
And I felt I had to over emphasize...
An offending done at my expense,
Was downsized not to exist.
I don't like it one bit!

And yet my return of it...
Is swift with an purpose connected,
As directed.

There was a time in my life,
I would dare not offend anyone.
But these days...
An asking for it,
Gets a quick delivery!

And...
Cut.

I will do my own editing from now on.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Roleplays Are Fading

Roleplays are fading,
From minds finding a typecasting...
Picked to fit and please expectations,
Done comfortably yesterday to be erased.
With them getting more difficult to define,
As limits to restrict fixed images unwind.
And seem no longer cemented to prevent,
The quick pace of these changing times.

Roleplays are fading.
And those preferences once sitting,
On a short wishlist believed to remain permanent...
Have many now beginning to throw them away.
With a seeking less to address impressions made.
But searching their hearts with a truth to face,
To satisfy a happiness more desired and real.
And not feel it forced to play it straight to keep faked.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Roles They Play To Rehearse

It is easy for anyone,
Not sitting in a hot seat...
To accuse someone for not doing something,
Believed that should be done overnight.
Or someone else could do it better immediately.

Especially if that one has received accolades,
To assume qualifies them with beliefs...
That certain roles they play to rehearse,
And re-enact to fantasize...
Turns their delusions into realities.

'Be careful on the scene.
They are actually using live ammo.
Nothing used are 'props'.
If you should get shot,
You will drop...for real! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Roll And Bounced

You're only going to get so close.
So don't try to rub up against my shoulders.
When anyone begins to discuss me with insignificant others...
They join that crowd.
And I maintain distance.

You brought out that frost in me.
I am more into one-on-one contact.
I'm not into group therapy sessions.
I am not in need of a false hug to prove a worthiness.
I'm not into it.

So when you decided I needed to be enrolled...
From you I did a roll and bounced.
End of discussion.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Roll Out!

You rolled in,
Like an unexpected breeze!
Making demands to please
And satisfy.
Without chemistry or understanding my needs,
Or even IF you qualify to justify my attention.
You expect I should accept this?
That is not what I am about!
Just as you descended and rolled in...
Roll out!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Roll Over Minutes

Say what?
I have not seen you in years.
So good it is to see you.
I feel like breaking down in tears.

But then within one hour,
You receive a call on your cell phone,
From a long lost aging relative...
Who has fallen and can't get up.
And afraid to be alone.

'I'm sorry, honey.
I have to cut this visit short.
You know how it is with family...
They know just who to call.
Those who will stop to prioritize 'them'.
Regardless of what it is...
Those loyal like me abort! '

Say what?
I have not seen you in years.
So good it is to see you.
I feel like breaking down in tears.

And I'm trying to be understanding.
With no demands on your time.
I know how deep you are in it.
But you tell your family...
I am the one in need,
Of those roll over minutes!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Roll Up Those Sleeves

The telling of lies left as told,
Has never kept anyone...
Feeling more protected nor braver or bold.
And those investing in deception,
Are the ones behind the increase of crime.
The kind younger people accept,
As seen as they connect...
To world events over the internet.

Today...
It has become rather unfortunate,
People less conscious...
Wish to project proper social graces and etiquette.
With a feeding of deception that has left them addicted.
And showing to display themselves mentally defected,
Has kept values and standards they wish to reflect...
More reason why divisions and conflicts affect,
Mindsets believing their neighbors are threats.

Although,
A taking off those suits and ties...
With attempts made to minimize those told lies,
To roll up those sleeves to leave behind fantasies...
And facing honesty and truth to pursue reality,
Would be beneficial before anyone else has to bleed...
For greed and gluttony to feed exclusively,
The ones who believe they have the right...
To eliminate life as they choose from others,
With a finding to discover their evils to inflict...
Has been on their own sisters and mothers,
Fathers and brothers...AND themselves to commit.

Truth is there not to go anywhere!
Truth is there and shouldn't cause such despair.
Yet disguising to deceive,
Will not bring about peace for anyone to live or believe.
Truth is there not to go anywhere!
Truth is there and shouldn't cause such despair.
Or have it to be done when the ending comes for everyone,

To leave tomorrow a reality no one lives to know.

'What is this? '

~Centuries ago on 'this' planet,
They once used that as a weapon.~

'And...
How was it used? '

~To destroy themselves.~

'But why? '

~Take it with you if you wish,
Back to the ship.
But don't get that curious about it.
We are here to investigate,
How these barbarians existed.
Not to celebrate their ignorance.~

'Okay.
I suppose you're right.
But Daddy? '

~Yes?
What is it? '

'Why is it that You keep,
This side of the heavens...
Repeatedly kept so dull?
Can we end this trip and go back home? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Roll Up Your Sleeves

You'd like to realize your dreams.
And you seek from me and others,
'Sound' advice you wish to uncover.

Take your eyes off the prize.
Try to think of it as icing on a cake,
You have yet to bake with lessons learned...
As if you want the reputation of a chef,
Not just a cook.

Roll up your sleeves.
Become familiar,
With 'everything' in the kitchen you need.
And prepare to live your life,
Totally devoted...
To delivering each meal spiced,
With 'all' ingredients that are liked.
Become fast friends with sacrifice.

And...
MAYBE 'then',
With a 'perhaps' attached...
What you dream will be recognized,
As something 'you' alone will be proud to achieve.
With a sweating done...
Some believe others for them,
Should do!

If you can go through that...
And survive!
Those dreams perceived will come true for you!
But first...
Roll up your sleeves.
And prepare to accept rejection!
If you're in it to win it...
You will whistle as you clean toilet bowls.

That's the magic of success!
Doing something you would never accept...

Or expect that you would do.
But you will do it to get what 'you' want done!
And don't be afraid to feel a bit gloomy,
When using a broom to sweep up a room.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Roll With The Punches

Why do you have those bruises,
All over your face?

'I am taking boxing lessons.
I love it.
I just had my first one.'

Boxing lessons?
You should be taught first,
How to 'bob and weave'.
At least know when,
To protect your face.

'I thought the same thing too.
But my instructor is from the old school.
He's not into using those tired rules.
And after I put on my gloves,
To begin to bob and weave...
He hit me twice in the face.
To then say to me...
Learning to roll with the punches,
Is the best lesson he can teach me.'

You should have ducked.

'I was already on the mat.
He also said...
Life is about expectations.
And the moment someone gets hit,
The first thing they do is make excuses.
Pretending they are prepared,
When they are not.'

So what are you learning?

'More about life than I thought.
I can always heal from bruises.
But excuses to make,
He is helping me to eliminate.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Rolled Up Sleeves And Backbone

The only wishes with wants craved,
To appetite the taste of them on a daily basis...
With them desired to have come true,
Are the ones that begin with life changing discipline.
To add initiative, motivation and devotion to sacrifice.
Any other advice one is given that is recommended,
Is suggested not to ignore,
But never procrastinate to consider it.
Remember this...
Doubts to think about is an easy way out.

Sleepless nights trying to fight back tears,
To discover after spending many years...
That those wishes with wants to get them pursued,
Is not a cakewalk on a path without some tasks to pass.
And confronting every obstacle possible there is.

This is not easy for anyone to do.
Especially when hearing discouraging words,
Accompanied by negative comments meant to be heard...
From those who perceive a success to achieve,
Is not done with faith, rolled up sleeves and backbone.
Or with smiles disguising the gritting of teeth.
When one is attempting not to reminisce,
The healing to mend from a hidden anguish...
Successfuly masked by one who has mastered,
With a lot of practice a display of forgiving humility.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Romanced Ideals

I have already romanced ideals,
To believe my visions to be within reach.
I have already shared my conquests to experience.
With my taste to perceive others would accept,
And also challenge themselves...
To seek and reach for 'possibilities'.
I'm not one to associate comfortably with negativity.

But I have learned not to chase doubters who hesitiate.
Or those who claim and say they have faith but wait.
Yet wanting to get paid, they do, for every step they make,
Before initiating discipline and discipline is what it takes.
Or implementing any effort made to inspire a kept assistance,
From someone else taking steps with sweat...
Just to place disrespecting others at the door of success.

'You can't expect 'everyone' to feel the way you do.'

That's true.
But everyone expects equal payment,
With a doing of less to promote their own success.

'Whatever.
I know I haven't sold any tickets yet.
And I missed both tech and dress rehearsals.
But is it possible I can get my check,
Before the opening of our first performance? '

What example do you think you set for the others, hmmm?

'I am the director.
And what I do...
Should reflect my intentions.'

Exactly.

'You can't expect 'everyone' to feel the way you do.'

I have already romanced ideals,

To believe my visions to be within reach.
I have already shared my conquests to experience.
With my taste to perceive others would accept,
And also challenge themselves...
To seek and reach for 'possibilities'.
I'm not one to associate comfortably with negativity.

'You can't expect 'everyone' to feel the way you do.'

But I have learned not to chase doubters who hesitiate.
Or those who claim and say they have faith but wait.
Yet wanting to get paid, they do, for every step they make,
Before initiating discipline and discipline is what it takes.
Or implementing any effort made to inspire a kept assistance,
From someone else taking steps with sweat...
Just to place disrespecting others at the door of success.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Romancing Fantasies

What would you call it,
If these activities...
Are not deception as perceived.

'It is a mere re-interpretation,
Of a reality that had never existed.
That's all.

There is no need,
To get all puffed out of shape about it.
I am surprised you are not aware,
This is a convenience that has taken place...
All the time.

Where have you been?
Romancing fantasies? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Romancing Inequities

Taunting truths,
And those who speak them...
Are the ones sanctioning liberties.

Witnessed is a quality of life fading.
But only few believe,
This plot has been created...
Within their own boundaries!
In their hearts and minds,
They've been fed to fight enemies!

Tools of destruction to create hate is aging.
Stage events begin to dwindle an audience.
One World disciples once in hiding...
Are themselves within their ranks dividing.
And cloaks to fool fall from the backs,
Of those who drool from such tactless acts.

Romancing inequities,
Has enraged jilted lovers.
Those who accepted false engagements,
Wish not to wed their lives to fears.
Suddenly cleared eyes,
Denounce facts of distractions.
Realizing assumptions...
Has bled from them wants,
Wishes and needs!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Romancing The Bark Of A Tree

Romancing the bark of a tree.
Covering the many rings of its existence.
Touch one with a thankfulness to let it know,
You too have a skin others try to get under.

And just as mysterious as that tree touched,
One realizes those they know have not come that close.
And this activity will begin to establish an understanding,
One would never suspect would connect to humanity.

A comprehension long overdue would develop from it.
A stability of its patience many neglect to appreciate,
Becomes a sudden reminder of how one's breath is taken.
And what is need to supply the continuance of it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Romans Twelve

I read and re-read Romans twelve.
Until it casted a spell.
And I saw myself,
And others like me.
Instantly I realized...
I was not as free,
As I chose to be.
In these times I'm finding,
Romans twelve has helped me dispel
What I believe I had to do...
To protect a truth I myself abused!
And to release what I thought I knew too well.
This is what I discovered as I read Romans twelve.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Romantacized

You have romantacized me,
Right out of your life.
I am not here to fulfill your whims.
Or guarantee,
The longevity of my smile.
Or my need to have us up in each other's face.
On a daily basis.
My dislike for leftovers,
Should provide a hint!
I don't do them...
Often.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Romantic

From a distance you insisted,
I uncover my heart...
To express feelings felt.
You wanted to release it,
From its freeze.
One I chose to hide...
But,
My heart...
You wanted it to melt.

And for you it did.

You are so romantic.
Free you are of tricks,
And antics.
So natural does this feel to me.
As if it's meant for us to be...
Romantic.

Closed no more for wishes to kiss.
Welcome now I do,
To be held like this.
And wanting nothing more...
But to share more of it.

A collection of bruises I stored and kept.
And wept and treasured my emptiness...
I guess.
But did not know this was wrong.
Until you came along.

From a distance you insisted,
I uncover my heart...
To express feelings felt.
And for you it did.
And...
For you,
It did!
My tears I cry...

Are happy you can dry them.

You are so romantic.
Free you are of tricks,
And antics.
So natural does this feel to me.
As if it's meant for us to be...
Romantic.
As if it's meant for us to be...
Enchanted.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Romantic Understandings

You've got me on a tightrope and trembling too!
This is not...
Romantic understanding.

You've got me so uptight I don't know what to do.
This is not...
Romantic understanding.

Tell me why,
Romantic understanding...
You aint got hip to yet!
Tell me why,
Romantic understandings...
From you I might not get.

Tell me why,
There's no romantic understanding.
Why...
There's no chance for romance.

And,
Tell me why...
There's no romantic understanding.
Or a chance for romance!

You've got me on a tightrope and trembling too!
You've got me so uptight I don't know what to do.

Tell me why,
There's no romantic understanding.
Why...
There's no chance for romance.

You've got me on a tightrope and trembling too!
You've got me so uptight I don't know what to do.
Can you.
Can you.
Can you...
I bet you can,

Tell me why,
There's no romantic understanding.
Why...
There's no chance for romance.

Tell me why,
Romantic understanding...
You aint got hip to yet!

Tell me why,
Romantic understandings...
From you I might not get.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Romanticing Panic

This life you have was granted,
And to live upon this planet...
Without conflict or a panic to be done.
But...
Romanticing panic has begun.

And...
The fears appearing comes to everyone.

To keep a fear kept near that stuns...
With making some who run,
From Sun to shun.
To love their darkness.
Blinded by darkness.

Romanticing panic has begun.
To hide in darkness.
As if from this enlightenment comes,
In total darkness
But foolish are those who run from the Sun.

Romanticing panic,
Has many people frantic.
Romanticing panic,
They are on they run.
Romanticing panic,
Has many people stunned.
And run they do to get from Sun that comes.

Romanticing panic,
Has many people frantic.
Romanticing panic,
They are on they run.
And run they do to get away from Sun.
And run they do to hide from Sun that comes,
With it done!

It's all about a panic,
And keeping this romantic.

It's all about a panic,
With it done.

It's all about a panic,
And keeping this romantic.
It's all about a panic,
On the run.

It's all about a panic,
And keeping this romantic.
It's all about a panic,
With it done.
On the run.

There are those who panic.
And in a frantic
Romanticing panic to be done.

There are those who panic.
And in a frantic
Romanticing panic to be done.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Romanticized As Being Better

It is closer to tomorrow than it is to yesterday.
But it seems as though those yesterdays,
Are romanticized as being better than they were.
With similar conflicts and the same stubborn people,
Who profess how green the grass use to be.
And benches under trees where people sat peacefully.

But from their lips they will not confess or admit,
They were the ones to petition their local governments...
To have the grass gravelled or paved over to replace,
With a fenced in parking lot.
To enable them to charge high prices for space,
That ensures that they will make a fast buck.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Romanticizing Lives Lived Fictionalized

What determines a classic?
And how does one become qualified,
To pick one out from a pile of trash?
Is it a value of a standard idealized and wished?
Is it a persuasion of a preferred taste?
Or one's choice to keep one's experience limited.
With it acknowledged by those of like minds,
To also define within their confines of desired comfort...
That which best describes myths kept and left depicted,
To fantasize by those maintaining a sustained romanticizing...
Lives lived fictionalized but nonexistent to ever realize.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Ronettes

Baby I Love You,
Sang The Ronettes.
Lead by Veronica,
In innocent times...
Once musically expressed.
I like Walking In The Rain.
But Be My Baby?
What a song feast to digest.

A creation of Phil Spector,
When an innovative...
Wall of Sound,
Was then the best heard around.
And the Crystals too,
Produced He's A Rebel.
So good and true...
Were those days I knew.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Rookie Hooked

It takes a rookie,
For some to take a look...
At actions taken,
Sometimes that can be shaky.

It takes fresh eyes,
That doesn't criticize.
Without a judgement passing,
From lips not thinking...
To blurt a crudeness,
Loud with pride

No matter how high people get,
Wishing they could fly...
There will always be a rookie hooked,
With eyes opened wide.

No matter what some people do,
To think they can't be touched.
Their reach is often teachable,
To someone who's not rooted...
To being rude and snooty!

It takes a rookie,
For some to take a look...
At actions taken,
Sometimes that can be shaky.

No matter what some people do,
To think they can't be touched.
Their reach is often teachable,
To someone who's not rooted...
To being rude and snooty!

No matter how high people get,
Wishing they could fly...
There will always be a rookie hooked,
With eyes opened wide.

A rookie hooked.
There will be a rookie hooked.
With eyes wide open...
Who decide they're qualified.

A rookie hooked.
There will be a rookie hooked.
With eyes wide open...
Who decide they're qualified.

A rookie hooked.
There will be a rookie hooked.
With eyes wide open...
Who decide they're qualified.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Room For Sunshine

Be not in your gloom,
To squander despair.
With feelings that squeeze...
Memories of happiness.
Retrieve it.
It has not left.
It needs for you to give it more breath.

Chase that away...
Misery!
Don't accept.
Prepare more room for sunshine.
It is there awaiting!
Remove you can...
Your stay!
Reject this invitation.
You don't have to lay...
And wallow that way in dark shadows!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Rooster Crowing Kind Of Love

Better than the butter one spreads on warm toast.
Whether that bread toasted is whole wheat, rye...
Enriched white or delicious oat!
I want to be what your teeth meets,
With a licking of your lips.

Knowing I am the best treat to greet you,
After you have sat to witness the Sun...
Lift,
To kiss the horizon!

And the first thing you do,
Is remember...
We did not just 'screw'.
But we made a rooster crowing kind of love!
That welcomed a day we could not wait to begin!

'Don't use up all the hot water!
I've got to take a shower to, you know? '

Why are you shouting so loudly?
It's too early in the morning!
You want to wake up the neighbors?

'I think you already did that! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Rooted

Ignore me,
If you must.
But twig bearing leaves,
On the branches of the same tree...
Are we.
Perspectively speaking.
And feeding from the same trunk,
Rooted.

You may not expect,
The affects felt...
Are still ours to feel.
Be you filled with animosity.
Or a hostility you choose not to heal!

And the Sun that shines,
To absorb the rain that falls...
Continues to nourish.
Whether you decide to encourage it,
Or not!
Every single dropp of blood that spills...
Does not do so,
At the expense of your vanity!

You are still destined,
To replenish the Earth.
Separated to wallow away in mud,
Or dirt!
You are still destined,
To replenish the Earth.
Even those who believe they are chosen!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Rose Colored Glasses

Does it really matter,
How impressive a demon is dressed?
A demon is a demon.
No matter how fashionable the deception.
Or from which side of the mouth one speaks,
To bare flawless teeth.

Listen with open ears.
And cover up that tender heart.
A demon will always flip flop excuses to exchange.
And take off those damn rose colored glasses.
They may give you an image,
But do absolutely nothing for your brain.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Rotated

The one chasing
Like a captor after prey...
Is only in it for the hunt,
Like one on the prowl...
Seeking to exhaust a fresh stunt,
Used to amuse
And display in play.
Although obvious and tired,
Are tactics employed...
No one can tell the one hunting,
Actions rotated are actions that annoy.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Rote

They've been 'roted'.
Who rote them to provoke,
Should be demoted.
The roting of their teaching is no joke.
Their minds are soaked with garbage to exploit.
Like lemon cars...
Under hoods with scars.
With eyes transfixed upon the stars.
And thoughts belonging to them,
Far away!

They've been 'roted'.
Who rote them to provoke,
Should be demoted.
The roting of their teaching is no joke.
Their minds are soaked with garbage to exploit.
Like lemon cars...
Under hoods with scars.
With eyes transfixed upon the stars.
And thoughts belonging to them,
Far away!

Like lemon cars...
Under hoods with scars.
With eyes transfixed upon the stars.
And thoughts belonging to them,
Far away!
They've been 'roted'.
And this process has caused all much decay.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Rough Stuff

Folks are stuck,
And can't grow up...
To leave behind their colors.
Whites and blacks attack,
And all down the brown!
To be found...
All around!

What on Earth are we?
Why can't we share humanity?
And be what it is that God,
Wants us here to be!

The rough stuff is enough!
We all are living...
And times are tough.
Whatever it is dividing...
Has to crush this BS,
To snuff.
Before it chokes us,
Into a ball of puff.

Look at me.
I'm black
And I don't bite!
Look at you.
White...
And you're not always right!
Fighting all around the World.
To incite conflicts to hurl...
Both day.
And night to fright!

The rough stuff is enough!
We all are living...
And times are tough.
Whatever it is dividing...
Has to crush,
This stupid stuff!

Folks are stuck,
And can't grow up...
To leave behind their colors.
Whites and blacks attack,
And all down the brown!
To be found...
All around!

Look at me.
I'm black,
And I don't bite!
Look at you.
White...
And you're not always right!
Fighting all around the World.
To incite conflicts to hurl...
Both day.
And night to fright!

The rough stuff is enough!
We all are living...
And times are tough.
Whatever it is dividing...
Has to crush,
This BS to snuff!

Before this Earth we call our home...
Rids us all to blow us up to dust!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Routine

Scum scroungers
Smear landscapes
With fads of exposed rear ends
And diapered worn pants.
Why and how did this begin?

If he ran...
He would trip.
If she bends over...
We would see her shaved split!

There is no virginity in any of this.

And those once thought out of their minds...
Today are appealing and considered more 'legit'!

And left are huge tips...
After a psychologist visit,
By those who can well afford...
Moments of escapism.
To pay someone else
To explain to them,
Why deeds they did that have been done...
Have a way to reflect themselves,
In ways that puzzle the one that questions.
With grave importance on the mind.

('Should I prepare dinner?
Or should I cruise the bar during Happy hour? ')

This may work well for Wall Street 'peeps'
But the image reeking stinks...
With an absence of common sense linked,
In a thoughtless mental static sinking!
And kept entertained...
Useless and routine.
With injections of fear to keep activities tensed!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Routine Of Deeds

From the rear is kept a preference.
Suffocating...
And yet,
Unwilling to glance ahead.
Or peek to see what it takes to lead.

From the rear is kept a preference.
Suffocating...
And yet,
Unwilling to glance ahead.
Or peek to see what it takes to lead.

And a whining done,
Is as consistent as one's routine of deeds.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Routine Tragedies

When tragedies become routine,
To eventually decrease...
Surprise and shock to stop tear drops,
These tragedies are removed...
From the category of being rare.
As those becoming aware,
More prepare themselves to accept...
Someone amongst them to be described,
To be depressed and disgruntled...
By a life they have chosen to live,
But have decided they dislike.
And everyone they can name is the blame for it.

Unfortunately,
These 'incidents and isolated events'...
Are becoming a way of life,
Children, adults and others in between...
Have begun to think of what they witness,
That occurs on a daily basis...
As an expectation.

'Daddy?
There they go, again.
Sirens and people screaming.
What is the reason 'this' time? '

~Who knows.
They are at the front entrance of the mall.
Could be something someone heard,
Has been lower priced.~

'Oh.
Like the value of life? '

~Where do you kids get such ridiculous ideas?
Comeon.
Let's hurry to get that video game you wanted.
And nothing else.
Understood? ~

'Whatever.'

~How many times do I have to remind you,
Do not 'whatever' me.~

'I don't see you enough to remember.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Routines Kept In Session

Some stay in a mirror,
With nothing seen to please.
Some wish to live bigger,
To please ego needs.
While others choose to put aside a pride,
That keeps them hiding lies denied.

Many move with steps quicker,
Than those who sit.
And wish to exist in limitedness.
To enjoy a boring they pour on themselves...
Like objects dusting on a mantled shelf.
Afraid to move away from routines kept,
In session.

Some stay in a mirror,
With nothing seen to please.
Some wish to live bigger,
To please ego needs.
While others choose to put aside a pride,
That keeps them hiding lies denied.

Many move with steps quicker,
Than those who sit.
And wish to exist in limitedness.
To enjoy a boring they pour on themselves...
Like objects dusting on a mantled shelf.
Afraid to move away from routines kept,
In session.

Afraid to move away from routines kept,
As if possessions.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Routines Refurbished

I 'use' to feel reluctant,
To speak the truth to those seduced...
By their own deluded foolishness.
Those who believed anything they do,
In their own defense...
Should not offend.

Even if lies told,
Protected them...
Within revealing embellishments.

But tired I became,
Being part of an audience.
And one seeking to be entertained.
By the same act sustaining without gain.
Especially when I heard my name connected...
To routines refurbished at my expense.

And to later discover,
How quick and cheap these acts were dispensed.
I had to stop finding,
Humor from such minds unwinding...
Slowly,
Detaching.
And clearly improvising sanity.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Rubbing Off What's Been Dusted

Rubbing off what's been dusted.
To pick up again to shine and buff.
With a doing not to get enough.
One feels fortunate and blessed,
To return to a time in their mind...
When decisions made,
Were done with a basic vision.
Cleared to know the difference,
Between needs, wants and...
Frivolous wishes.
With trust as a must to know it.

How and when did confusion,
Become the rule to accept?
Who voted to select this choice,
As the best substitute...
One deserves to get?
And when did deception,
Become an expectation.
And...
What happened to truth?
Who removed it to replace it,
With new and approved realities.

Rubbing off what's been dusted...
Many are discovering,
Themselves to trust is today...
More of a need and a must.

Rubbing off what's been dusted...
Is a truth found to have value.
Substance and a quality.
Discovered never to rust.
Or distrust the purpose,
Of its intent meant...
Not to have its content,
Deluded to be misrepresented.
And rubbing off what's been dusted,
Satisfies to surprise,

With its own reward to treasure.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Rubbish, Licorice And Paste

The environment and the scent of it.
That is all this is!

And the smiles entertained by tourists.
As they compare their sights on scenes...
That have been brushed and colorized.
While winos described as connoiseurs...
Have been listed on their maps,
As being more than able
To recommend the perfect Chardonay.

An over zealous marketing ploy...
Has described this village landed upon,
During this mystery excursion...
As a vacation destination!
And those who misunderstood this trip,
Have been told all East coast ghettos...
Secretly harbor fountains of youth!

And they clamor to get next to the natives!
Treating with twists of licorice and camera poses.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Ruffled Puffers

Don't keep yours a secret.
Tease with a dazzling and make it lurch.
Ruffle feathers of those puffing,
Of bling to brag with a sparkling that dims.
What you have nobody's got.
Just your presence alone,
Brings a brightness to eyes making time stop...
With a starting from the beginning,
That puts an end to their shenanigans.

Don't keep it a secret.
Keep it worked.
Muffle up to shut those ruffled puffers.
Your presence alone has them on alert.
As if your arrival announced the time for dessert.
Just feed them with your unique treatment.
Those stunned still take crumbs to taste.
While grumbling as they nibble to lick...
Slowly to an exit yet too startled from it to run.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Ruffled Up

I'm gonna beat this stuff.
This stuff that's got me ruffled up!

I'm gonna beat this stuff.
Because I'm tough enough.

I'm gonna beat this stuff.
This stuff that's got me ruffled up!

I'm gotta beat it.
Since I can't leave it.
To grieve over weeping.
And compare my pains.

I'm gonna beat this stuff.
This stuff that's got me ruffled up!

I'm gonna beat this stuff.
Yes!
I'm gonna beat this stuff.
Yes!

I'm gonna beat this stuff.
This stuff that's got me ruffled up!

I'm gonna beat this stuff.
Yes!
I'm gonna beat this stuff.
Yes!
I'm gonna beat this stuff.
That's got me ruffled up!

I've had it,
With this stuff.
Too many,
Suffer enough.
And too much stuff that corrupts...
Is,
Enough!

I've had it,
With this stuff.
Too many,
Suffer enough.
And too much stuff that corrupts...
Is,
Enough!

I'm gonna beat this stuff.
Yes!
I'm gonna beat this stuff.
Yes!
I'm gonna beat this stuff.
Yes!
That's got me ruffled up!

I'm gonna beat this stuff.
Yes!
I'm gonna beat this stuff.
Yes!
I'm gonna beat this stuff
That's got me ruffled up!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Ruler Of Everything

It is past the hour we all realize,
No one on Earth lives to survive...
Immortalized.
We breathe to share the air,
Then die!

No one is born to be controlled,
From the time of birth until we grow old.
Or be ruled by those who dare to try!
With deceiving misguidance...
Applied to convince with blatant lies.

All of us live.
All of us die!
Many believe,
Death can be disguised.
Or from it we can hide!

This gift of life is given and allowed by,
Only One Deity we are here to please.
And only One Deity commands and oversees...
Who and what we all should be!
Whether in prayer upon our knees...
God is there,
And aware of our needs!

It is past the hour we all realize,
No one on Earth lives to survive...
Immortalized.
We breathe to share the air,
Then die!

All of us live.
All of us die!
Many believe,
Death can be disguised.
Or from it we can hide!

There is only One Deity.

One Ruler of Everything that is we see.
God is ALL.
God IS King!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Rulers Of The Cosmos

Let's agree to come to this conclusion:
Reality is not going to be determined,
By the truth of it!
And deception is applied,
When there are suspicions...
That those with good intentions,
Have liberal agendas.
Affecting the quality of life,
Of human beings.
And many have not earned that right,
To be so qualified!
At least by those standards decided,
By those who have elected themselves...
Rulers of the Cosmos.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Rulers Of The Heavens

Definite and distinct is the trail,
Pioneered by a preservative persistence...
Often followed to replicate,
In hushed formulated seductions.

Conveniently renamed and claimed,
As fresh productions.
To triumph a hollow gain of fame...
Within diminished mindsets obtained.

And just specks are we,
In a massive Universe existing.
Left to be defined by scientists renown...
To announce their latest discoveries found.

Sit we do in a stew swirling majestically.
Undoubtedly a phenomenon...
Beyond depictions of eternity,
Limited by time the human mind can see.

Almost as if...
The significance and purpose of our existence,
As we lable it and see fit...
Includes the ignorance of selfish species,
Attempting to isolate to create...
An importance by use of conflict and technology.

With a crafting to introduce...
More division.
To generate more demeaning separatism.
In the hopes to declare themselves,
The Center of the Cosmos.
And Rulers of the Heavens!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Rulers Of The World

Wake up and take a notice,
With a focus on the motive.
It's time to boot delusions,
And remove all veils to see...
Some people do what they will do,
Just to get attention.
Some people do what they will do,
For giggles and kicks.
And...
Some people do what they will do,
For their satisfaction.
To maximize a recognition,
Without the facts.

The few care less who suffers,
Or who they defeat.
The few care less who suffers,
With a mindlessness they keep...
Believing themselves rulers of the world.

The few care less who suffers,
Or who they defeat.
The few care less who suffers,
With a mindlessness they keep...
Believing themselves rulers of the world.

Some people do what they will do,
For giggles and kicks.
Some people do what they will do,
For no benefit.
Or a profit to gain,
But flush themselves down a drain.

The few care less who suffers,
Or who they defeat.
The few care less who suffers,
With a mindlessness they keep...
Believing themselves rulers of the world.
With a doing done,

To hurt everyone.
With a doing that brings ruin to occur.

Wake up and take a notice,
With a focus on the motive.
It's time to boot delusions,
And remove all veils to see...
Some people do what they will do,
Just to get attention.
Some people do what they will do,
For giggles and kicks.
Believing themselves rulers of the world.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Rules For A Complete Detachment

Understanding to comprehend,
What had begun to begin....
Has diminished to come to an end.
With a starting to satisfy those rules,
For a complete detachment...
Relieves one to deeply breathe, again!

Exhausting needs to ask questions.
Or express with a diplomacy what is missed,
Does not increase one's happiness one bit.
Nor will the ignoring of the facts that sit,
Remove them from riding on one's back...
To free from one's collection of burdens.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Rules Of Engagement

Since neither of us are committed,
To continue our relationship.
I want the ring I gave you back.
Since the obligation to fulfill that contract,
Has been cancelled.

'But...
You gave that ring to me.
And I have shown it to friends,
And family.'

That was on you who decided to
Have them view and then ruin...
The rules of engagement,
I wanted to pursue.

'And what with it will you then do? '

Pawn it!
What did you think?
I would allow my investment sink?
To have your friends and family believe,
Both of us are fools?
And I'm the one blinded by love.
And would allow that too?

Slip that off your finger!
And put it in my hand!
Maybe you will find someone else,
Who will understand your collection habits.
I-am-not-that-one!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Rumblings Of Unconcern

It is perfectly alright,
To dredge up the past...
To highlight those points you'd like to make!
Isn't it?
As long as those points made...
Erases fact from the re-telling.

However,
When I mention what you did just yesterday...
I am being mean and unforgiving.
So you say.
But unlike you...
I have no need to defend my opinion,
With the aid of a supportive cast.
Invited to witness your latest performance.

And the show of masquerade,
To entertain their imaginations...
Continues.
And...
Is executed impeccably.

You are most skilled in providing exquisite illusions.
Although...
You do have one flaw!
Yes.
Just one!

This act...
Is remarkably unchanged from the last!
Or...
The one before that.
Or the one before that one!
What is it you hope no one will ask?

Could it be...
Why there is an absence of truth,
In your delivery.
And an overabundance of pathos.

Delivered to capture the expected response.

Ssshhh.
Do you hear any applause?

'No! '

Neither do I.
But I do hear rumblings of unconcern.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Rumor Mongers

Do not express fret over the ones,
Who make claims to others...
They know who you are,
With a sharing done of assumptions.
As has been their custom to do.
Those who protect their privacy,
Know this is true.

Those quick to share what they believe,
With opinions to give...
Are also the ones least likely to know,
Anything more than they tell others...
When the issue is addressed.
Since rumor mongers are what they are.
And nothing more from them can be expected.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Rumored To Have Hauntings

How is an understanding achieved from detachment?
Or comprehension received by one who lays in a coma?
Not saying that it can not be done.
However...
Someone with a consciousness,
Usually acknowledges an absence of comprehension.

There is a difference observed when one is between thoughts...
And one completely without them all together!

A vacant house can be rumored to have hauntings.
A vacant mind...
However,
Is not often rumored to have visitations!
That one can qualify as shared and welcomed ones.

Unless...
A séance is being conducted?
And if that's the case...
Any and everything then can be claimed,
As validation!

Even someone experiencing communication,
For the first time.
Possibilities do happen and can exist!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Rumors Fed

Given like a ticket,
To get.
A parked attitude, Unlocked.
It should be given,
Like a ticket to get...
A toxic mouth that runs,
Nonstop.
Lips flapping as if,
Motorized not to quit...
Or muffled to zip,
With rumors fed...
Heating up heads.
Like a fire that spreads,
Spilling out...
From under rooftops.
Until someone calls,
The cops

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Run All Out Of Benefits Of Doubt

Benefit of a doubt?
Do you realize how many benefits
Of doubt I've given out?
How many 'Oh well, that's okay! '
I've said to myself...
To chase those doubts away,
That cropped up to stay?
Sometimes everyday!
To relay to myself,
I understand...
In an understanding way?

Do you realize when I had been in doubt,
I would find myself excusing
A cause someone else brought about.
And then when I became angry...
I was the one to feel guilty,
From being fed nonsense
That would raise my voice then made to shout?

And now you ask me,
To give to you a benefit of a doubt?
Another one?

I've run out of benefits of doubt.
They are gone.
And so are you...
Free to move on!
I have no more in supply.
None for you to use or abuse...
Or deny I have not tried!

Get out.
While I still havean eyebrow raised to offer.
And you are more than welcome to have it!
And before you leave...
Please keep the keys!
New locks I've got,
Just to keep any benefits of doubt restored...

From you forever ignored and blocked!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Run Along

Stay your distance.
Remember,
You declared me crazed.

And I've been trying to keep that protected.
From your accepted normalcy...
That has the majority of you,
Walking around in a daze.

And I rather keep my 'craze'...
Safe and masqueraded.

Run along.
Return to your conformity!
Since that is where you say you belong.

And your assessment has been right.
While the life I live,
Has for me been all wrong.
I agree!

Now run along!
I wish to keep my peace of mind,
With me peacefully all day and night long!
For as 'wrong' as you perceive it to be.
Leave me!
C-ya!

Oh,
Before you go...
Thanks!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Run From Malaise

Run from malaise.
That vague sense,
Of lost vitality.
Don't let the chase of malaise,
Quicken with a pace,
That fades away your energy.

Run from malaise quickly!
And insist it does not exist.
Once malaise becomes recognized,
Difficult it is to resist.
Since malaise has a way of staying around.
With no getting rid of it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Run Its Course

You are an excuse of miscalculations.
The patience I once afforded you...
Has long run its course.
When I said I divorced myself from nonsense,
That included yours as well.
The adolescence of immaturity...
Is the core of the nightmarish hell.
And I do not condone heat on my peace of mind!
My need is to provide substance.
And your needs are just to abuse the idea!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Run To The Mirror

Are you like the other ones,
Who love to complain...
About what others do,
To have some folks hear you say...
Nothing gets done
With negative comments,
From your mouth that often comes?
Run to the mirror.

Do you criticize those 'things',
People choose to do...
With a hope to bring enlightenment to others,
To do this to inspire...
And not be confronted by attitudes.
Or those refusing support to give...
Because they are motivated with initiative?
Run to the mirror.

Is the neighborhood where you live,
Less desirable a place as you would like?
Does it appear to be neglected?
And overrun by conflicts, gangs and their fights?
Do awaken from sleep to hear gun shots and screams?
Or have you learned to ignore 'that'...
With a choosing instead to seek someone to demean?
Run to the mirror.

And in the mirror do you see,
Someone who has done 'their' thing effectively?
In the mirror can you identify,
Anyone you recognize that has often despised...
The doing of others and their efforts to get things done.
In the mirror can you admit,
What has not been successful you were distant from it.
And if you can not see this you need to step away.
Because anyone looking in the mirror sees that,
Which should reflect...
Someone that can be honest enough,
To quit making excuses to blame somone else.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Run To The One Who Comforts

Run to the ONE who comforts you.
Without delaying.
Run to the ONE who comforts you.
Without debating...
Which way you should go,
Or who to see to please.
The ONE will get your wishes met,
If you keep your faith to heed.
And with the ONE close you can bet,
You'll have no regrets!
So...
Run to the ONE who comforts you.
Without delaying.
Run to the ONE who comforts you.
Without debating...
Who it is you know,
To recommend and suggest...
What it is that you should do,
When the ONE who does it best...
To,
Comfort.
And take that weight off your chest.
And...
Comfort.
To put your mind at rest.
And...
Comfort.
To eliminate those tests...
Others want you to go through,
To keep your life in a wrecked mess.

Run to the ONE who comforts you.
Without delaying.
Run to the ONE who comforts you.
Without debating...
Which way you should go,
Or who to see to please.
The ONE will get your wishes met,
If you keep your faith to heed.

Run to the ONE who comforts.
You'll have no regrets!
So...
Run to the ONE who comforts.
Put your mind at rest.
And...
Run to the ONE who comforts.
You'll have no regrets!
So...
Run to the ONE who comforts.
Put your mind at rest.
Run to the ONE who comforts.
No 'other' can do this best.
So...
Run to the ONE who comforts.
And put your mind at rest.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Run! Chase! Do

Run!
To get the doing of it done.
Chase!
To keep up with the pace,
Of a treacherous rat race.

With a doing of it,
As if something real is there to accomplish.
And this will come to satisfy,
A driven need to succeed!
But at what?
Addressing impressions pretentions make?

Run! Chase! Do...
On borders of disorder,
Run.
With time wasted making life shorter.

Run! Chase! do...
Find that perfect place,
Where all headaches are erased.

Run!
To get the doing of it done.
Chase!
To keep up with the pace,
Of a treacherous rat race.

And...
With a doing of it,
As if something real is there to accomplish.
And this will come to satisfy,
A driven need to succeed!
But at what?
Addressing impressions pretentions make?

And if not approved...
Will a disappointment allow a follow-up,
More accepted in its place?

Run!
To get the doing of it done.
Chase!
To keep up with the pace,
Of a treacherous rat race.
Do...
To get done.
To hate it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Run, The Hider Does

Run,
A hider discreetly does.
And in fear!
But from whom?
And why discreetly in secret?

And after what...
Does a runner hiding,
Chase away?
An out paced shadow?
Or the light upon oneself which is cast.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Run. And Don'T Look Back

Just because I disagree with you,
Does not mean I disrespect your opinion.
And if you always agreed with me,
I would begin to suspect your honesty.
What kind of relationship did you expect?
If you are seeking with me,
To keep your insecurities protected...
Run.
And don't look back.
I'm not one to walk on eggs,
To then apologize for a breaking of shells.
Especially if the yolks are already scrambled.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Running Around Loose

People who have spent,
Years of their time...
Trying to convince some who do listen,
There has been others who have treated them...
With offending indifference.
And have done this to them,
For no apparent reason...
As their telling of this story begins.

Upon hearing this,
One should take two steps backward right away.
But these sympathy soliciting conversations,
Can be difficult to detect...
When a professional is in action.
They know just what to say.

These same people...
Seem to have no excuses to make,
Or alibis to offer...
When they are caught in the midst,
Of trying to sell new versions of their lies...
To anyone who had missed the originals.
But had forgotten who they were told to...
With a re-telling to include omitted names,
And what they did that was found to be horrific.

People who have spent,
Years of their time...
Trying to convince some who do listen,
There has been those who have treated them...
With offending indifference.
And have done this to them,
For no apparent reason...
Can be directly associated with,
Why there are so many mentally sick folks...
Running around loose yet appearing totally sane.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Running Away Doesn'T Free

Deciding to come out of hiding,
To run away...
From what's inside,
Kept still denied.
But then...
Why does one keep believing,
Running from something...
Frees.

Deciding to come out of hiding,
To run away...
From what's inside,
Kept still denied.
But then...
Why does one keep believing,
Running from something...
Frees.

So many do it thinking...
Running from something frees.
And keep a pace believed...
A running from something frees.
To only feel defeated,
By a running with no relief.
So many do it thinking...
Running from something frees.
And keep a pace believed...
A running from something frees.
To only feel defeated,
By a running with no relief.

Deciding to come out of hiding,
To run away...
From what's inside,
Kept still denied.
But then...
Why does one keep believing,
Running from something...
Frees.

So many do it thinking...
Running from something frees.
And keep a pace believed...
A running from something frees.
To only feel defeated,
By a running with no relief.
So many do it thinking...
Running from something frees.
And keep a pace believed...
A running from something frees.
To only feel defeated,
By a running with no relief.

It's hard to stop it but...
A running away doesn't free.
Those who have stop it know...
A running away doesn't free.
Believe or not...
Whatever isn't dropped,
Will continue to come knocking.
Oh....
A running away doesn't free.
Those who have stop it know...
A running away doesn't free.
Believe or not...
Whatever isn't dropped,
Will continue to come knocking.
Oh....
A running away doesn't free.
No. No. No...
A running away doesn't free.
There is no doubt about it...
Running away doesn't free.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Running Away From A Self Evaluation

Listen closely to those,
Who repeatedly accuse others...
For attacking them for no reason.
Or preventing their movement,
In any direction.
Or the showing of a concern,
To them not returned.

Listen and learn intently,
From those who feed doses of nonsense.
And eventually you will surmise,
Someone who has grown accustomed...
To a running away from a self evaluation.
And will use deceit and lies,
At the expense of anyone giving to them empathy!
When it is psychotherapy that is needed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Running For Sainthood

No. That was you!

'No it wasn't...
It was you! '

No, you!

'No...
That was you! '

~And what are they doing over there? ~

They prepare for the conventions coming up.

~Well...
They seem to represent the people.
Nothing will get done.
And the one who wants to do that,
Will be labelled a liberal.
And those conservative will say...
The country is too far left!
And those on the right are religiously opposed! ~

*Remember those days,
When the choice made was just to vote?
Now you have these folks,
Who claim to represent our causes...
And protect our well being and quality of life!
Now they want us to believe they are running for 'sainthood'.
And those with the lesser of clipped wings...
Will deliver all our needs,
Tax free!
And we are going to be foolish enough...
Not to see through this crap they've got us trapped in! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Running Game

Running game.
As if this lame routine
Isn't known or seen,
For what it is!
From one door stop to another
This practice has no depth,
Or sincerety upon its delivery.
It just travels to be played.
Amazing those who watch
Others allowing it to continue,
With supportive encouragement...
And donated loyalty!
There is nothing in it for them at all.
It has become tradition...
And that matters more than substance!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Running Mate

She's shallow and easily programmed.
And maybe that has something to do
With the size of the state she represents.
And that's not sexist at all.

When it comes to speaking about issues, facts and truths...
Her eyes aren't as focused.
In fact...
There seems to be deception hidden behind them!

As they seem to be when she repeats her beefed up resumé.
Making her the obvious choice he could have made,
As a running mate!
Moderate or conservative...
Or whatever those folks call themselves today.

'Right wingers who aren't liberal.
You know...
Those who pack guns, hunt and race cars.
And talk about how patriotic they are.
With isolated values,
They insist should be everyone's standard for life.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Running Out Of Our Supply

That's not going to do it!
Bring another.

Bring another.

Bring another.
Bring another!
Bring another.
Bring another
And another.

~Sir!
I know you are professional at this.
And you have the experience.
But...
Wouldn't it be more economical,
If something more like a tourniquet was used?
The bandages are dwindling.
And...
We're running out of our supply of lies! ~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Running Out Of Patience

They did not understand his smile
Or the quick pacing of his steps.
They did not understand
Why rumors did not affect him!
Neither gossip nor slander
Seemed to bother him at all!
And when they threw him out...
Locking the door behind him,
They were amazed to discover him...
Laughing and swinging on the swing,
In the backyard!
They could not sleep at night...
Even medicated!
Why?
They questioned!
Why is he doing 'this' to US?
And no one thought to change the locks!
And 'he' had the key!
He also owned the house and the property!
And he knew...
They were living on borrowed time!
His!
They believed they were doing him a favor,
By gracing him with 'their' presence!
And he enjoyed them not knowing...
He was running out of patience!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Running Out Of Wind

Running out of wind,
And...
Accusations.

That merry-go-round is slowing down.
And those who have become bored with it...
No longer find the scenery,
Appetizing enough...
To keep returning for revisits.

Running out of wind,
And...
Accusations.

A promise to speed up the ride is dismissed.
People just want to put an end to it.
They demand to get off.
That's it...
They quit!

Running out of wind,
And...
Accusations.

Running out of wind,
And listening with patience...
To those blowing it consistently,
Until a boredom has set in!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Running To Escape To Get Away

Running to escape to get away?
Who is it and what,
Does the chasing?

When you say you've got to get away,
What do you give up...
From the fear of facing?

And...
Did you dig yourself into a rut.
That's much too tough!
And...
Did you think it would not be that rough,
To recover.

So you run...
To keep up a pace.
And you run...
From yourself that chases.

Did you dig yourself into a rut.
That's much too tough!
And...
Did you think it would not be that rough,
To recover.
So you run...
To keep up a pace.
And you run...
From yourself that chases.
So you run...
To keep up a pace.
And you run...
From yourself that chases.

Running to escape to get away?
Who is it and what,
Does the chasing?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Running With A Faith That Is Done

With a stumbling numbed,
And...
Going through the paces.
So many people on the run,
But with a faith they choose to keep.

They are stumbling numbed,
And...
Feeling dedicated.
And...
Many feeling so elated,
With their sticking to beliefs.

They may show their wounds,
But...
People keeping faith will make it.
With their sticking to beliefs.
People know they can't fake,
A sticking to beliefs.
Even with heartache...
Or a stumbling numbed.

People keeping faith will make it.
With their sticking to beliefs.
People know they can't fake,
A sticking to beliefs.
Even with heartache...
Or a stumbling numbed.

They may show their wounds,
But...
With a stumbling numbed,
And...
Going through the paces.
So many people on the run,
But with a faith they choose to keep.

Not to be undone,
With a stumbling numbed.

Not to be undone,
With a stumbling numbed.
Not to be undone,
With a pace that keeps them running.
Running.
Running with a faith that is done.

And with a pace that keeps them running.
Running.
Running with a faith that is done.

And with a pace that keeps them running.
Running.
Running with a faith that is done.

And not to be undone,
With a stumbling numbed.

Keeping pace that keeps them running...
Running.
Running with a faith that is done.

People keep their faith when running.
Running.
Running with a faith that is done.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Rushing Of The Rapids

The rushing of the rapids heard,
Soothes.
As does the walk along a path,
Shown to wind through Sun kissed trees.

The quietness heightens...
With soft and cool Summer breezes.
And...
The rushing of the rapids heard.

Birds of different colors flying.
With a landing on the rocks,
To catch the mist from fast pacing rapids,
Making sounds...
Or sending messages I could not interpret,
From birds and other creations of God...
Within this tropical splendor.

And I sit,
At the base of an old oak tree.
Feeling it...
Getting comfortable beneath me.
As if preparing for a welcomed and long visit.

The rushing of the rapids heard,
Soothes.
The rushing of the rapids,
Heard...
Soothes.

And I sit,
At the base of an old oak tree.
Feeling it...
Getting comfortable beneath me.
As if preparing for a welcomed and long visit.

The quietness heightens...
With soft and cool Summer breezes.
And...

That rushing of the rapids,
Heard.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Rushing Through Broadway Traffic

Motivation!
And devotion combined,
Seem to affix themselves...
With unequivocal discipline hinged,
Tightly.
With commitment cemented.

Those hoping for lightening to strike them,
With a stroke of 'good luck'...
Are blinded by stars neon bright on a marquee.
As visions of rushing through Broadway traffic,
Prevents a yielding to patience.
Or a stopping to dropp fantasies day dreamed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Rushing To Churches To Remove Their Curses

Demons can never accept lessons to learn,
From those they have picked to see demeaned.
Demons love to belittle them with schemes,
With it voiced heard to others...
How they can put those who teach in places,
Where they can be undermined in view...
To do as they choose to disrespect when seen.
A doing that brings nightmares and not dreams.

But demons who do this,
Fear a pendulum that swings.
With no escaping from it,
Or a payback that comes to do intentionally.
And there they are making appearances publicly,
Demons and their followers...
Rushing to churches to remove their curses,
In the hopes that their faking eliminates heartbreak.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Rushing To Enter An Empty Playground

The familiarity,
Of the same game played...
By those who do it,
With routine.
Begins to lose its appeal,
When some of the participants...
Find other interests.
To leave those aging and not gracefully,
Rushing to enter an empty playground.
And with not a clue as to why,
Those who once played hide and seek...
Have sought and found,
A maturity with them to keep.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Rushing To Hug A Tree

I could If I wanted,
To be stuck in deep stuff.
With an analyzing done,
As if I was there to fix and correct...
What suited my comprehension,
And my intellect.

But as I grow older,
I've selected a more basicness in life.
Like taking a walk around the neighborhood.
And saying hello to folks I had once disliked.
I don't know why.
I try hard to earn a smile from others,
These days.
Of course they hesitate.
I would too.

There is nothing like being cautious.

I could If I wanted,
To be stuck in deep stuff.
Dressing the part of an aristocrat...
With my nose lifted high.
And my butt corked up!

But today I find myself,
Rushing to hug a tree.
Listening to the birds sing.
And seeking harmony.

Perhaps I have arrived to enjoy,
A certain 'maturity'.
That combines an appreciation,
I've discovered that heightens...
The level of my tolerance.
With a wish of it to be judgement free.
Or...
An acknowledgement my aches and pains,
Have become overnight...

A useless fight against priorities.
My feet and knees keep reminding me of this.

I've grown to value the ease of simple movement.
Oooo,
Geeesshh...
Who knew,
I would come to find this pleasurable.

'And yes,
I did go to high school with your grandparents!
Sooo...
What's the point you're making?
I carry this twig to show my appreciation for nature.
You do not see me attempting to use it as a cane!
You kids are so disrespectful.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Rushing Touch Of Love

You have opened the window to my heart.
The air is fresh.
And the dew that sits...
Lifts with the dawning Sun.
You have removed the clouds from my eyes.
My sight is clear.
The trees appear so majestic now.
The carpet of grass caresses the ground.
A family of flowers surround me with their fragrance.
And a patience to know them by name.
When you hold my hand I tingle.
Our kisses are as sweet...
As any bee can create to comb in hives.
I am alive with this awakening to me gifted.
I can not resist its magneticness.
You have opened the window to my heart.
Had I left it closed in darkness...
I would have still felt rain and thunder!
But now the storm I feel...
Is the pounding of my heart.
And the tears that have come.
Knowing someone like you...
Has thrusted upon me this rushing touch of love!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Rusted Fences

Many with elitist dreams,
Are seldom ones with broader visions.
Could this be contributed to their D.N.A.?
Or is this just the way they feel it best to express,
Impressions to make in the hopes to be accepted?

The times 'and' minds of these lived days are changing,
So rapidly to leave behind a grandeur wished.
And how that is defined.
As a quality of life prioritized as one that is luxurized,
Seems to whet less an appeasing of an appetite to get.

And yet...
Many with elitist dreams,
Are seldom ones with broader visions.
It appears eyes have opened wider,
To self examine what's felt inside.

And recognized within is an acknowledged vacancy existing.
With more wishing to have it replaced to escape,
Away from meaningless things that dust.
With a seeking to touch a reality...
That frees them from the surroundings of rusted fences.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Rusted, Busted But Will Not Give Up

The car stalls.
And...
Wheels on it seems corrupted,
By a collection of dust...
No one has thought,
To have ever cleaned...
The build up of muck,
That has it stuck.

Rusted, busted but will not give up,
Are those riding inside...
Demanding from the driver,
To push!
While those riding inside decide,
If it is to their benefit...
To assist the driver,
With either a push or a pull.

OR...
Maybe someone should consider,
Perhaps there is a need for gas.
And...
Who should pay the price.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sabotage As Weaknesses

They would love to blame every blemish they have,
On him or her.
Them or those.

Their successes are interpreted as defeats.
They seek to discourage any positive beliefs.
And yet very quietly...
They sob tears with sighs,
That are heard behind closed doors.
Not to expose regretted emotions.
None to interpret as theirs...
But 'yours'.

Wishing not to have their insecurities made public.
As they admonish others for abilities...
They sabotage as weaknesses...
That feed to them their strengths.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Saboteurs

Saboteurs using methods to injure and defame,
While disguising themselves...
As if to prove they have no self worth,
Bring upon themselves the harm.
And open the door to their own shame AND dirt.

In the undoing of another as they in darkness seek,
They believe to others they are unknown.
But nothing on this Earth is kept from not surfacing,
Even from those depths,
Thought to be discreet and secretive AND hidden deep.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sacrifice

Without experiencing the benefits,
Of what the act of sacrifice brings...
The purpose of not being exposed to it,
Goes as another thing meaningless...
For those accustomed to throwing tantrums,
To get with a whining...
Whatever it is wished to quickly get.
Not earned to learn to value.

And learning to value life to not take for granted,
Makes the receiving after the act of sacrifice done...
Completed by someone giving with a focus to do,
Is a benefit bestowed and noticeable...
By the one who knows what they have gone through,
To ultimately be rewarded and accept...
Without expectation,
For their unselfish thoughtfulness.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sacrifice And Faith Are My Friends

Sacrifice and Faith are my friends!
From the very beginning,
They made their presence known!

I have shown them indifference,
On many occasions.
And we parted...
With Sacrifice being the more stubborn
When I rejected harsh criticsms,
I was not prepared to face!
As I grew to find how true they were.
How I created them and made them to occur!
Sometimes Sacrifice had me on the floor,
With Doubt!
And Doubt and I had bouts...all the time!

That's why Doubt is not a close friend of mine!

Sometimes Sacrifice made me aware...
If I was going to do anything worthy...
'It' was going to be there to insure
I had enough endurance
Not to give up!
Sacrifice was there to make sure
I knew 'It' was where I cared most!
Even though most of those times,
Tomorrow was much delayed!

I'd pray with fears as tears rolled...
To swell into rivers of complacency!
Sacrifice knew that was not me,
Fixed on my knees pleading.

Sacrifice often would connect me with Faith...
When I turned my back on Faith many a day!
I'm so glad Faith allowed my tantrums.
'It' knew I was being a misunderstood child,
When Faith would come and enfold me
With security and comfort.

That would sit with me a while!

Letting my time with Sacrifice...
Be discussed with Faith and understood!
And Faith would bring me to my senses.
Like only Faith knew...and could!

They were never the ones with the conflict at all.
I had to identify them on their own merit.
I had to discover 'Me' and who they were.

It has difficult but I now realize...
Without Sacrifice and Faith,
I would never have found Happiness!
And that is what they have been wanting for me,
All this time!

Inspred by:
Trevor Foster, Owner
TRU BOOKS/CAFÉ
Hartford, Connecticut

'Thank you, Trevor'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sacrificed In The Doing

What I have to give and offer,
Is done and comes from my heart.
And seldom do I become offended,
By shallow comments made.

That you wish to compare my offerings,
To your contributions...
Says a lot about how genuine you claim to be!
And what pre-meditated thoughts you crop that start.

Giving with the expectation to receive,
Is a selfish deed.
No matter what is stated,
To have been sacrificed in the doing.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sacrificed To Master

Not an artform one has crafted,
With time sacrificed to master...
Is presented publicly to expose,
A negligence of detail.
Or a thought process...
Scrutinized under microscope,
By those seeking closely...
A blemish or a flaw to detect it shown.

Not an artform one has crafted,
With a technique unique...
That has taken years to create,
Develop and complete...
Is done without determination.
Or can be left to rest.
Nor is one thinking of a proper diet to eat.

A commitment to producing excellence,
Is a difference one makes to stay devoted.
And it does not matter who in moments critiques,
A composition, performance or something exquisite...
Visually that treats.
What matters to the artist,
Who has been designated as such...
Is a soul that is honest and has been bared to touch.

And...
With a technique unique.
That has taken years to create, develop and complete...
One who has sacrificed to master their chosen craft,
Is in no need to ask from anyone...
For an approval to get to rate a sweating of an effort.
With years taken to master a lifelong task.
Since an appetite that stays to crave,
Will not satisfy with a rating to give it...
Or,
Believe the doing of this to accept...
Keeps the perceived ego of an artist forever fed.

Not an artform one has crafted,
With time sacrificed to master...
Is presented publicly to expose,
A negligence of detail.
Or a thought process...
Scrutinized under microscope,
By those seeking closely...
A blemish or a flaw to detect it shown.

One who has mastered...
Their craft to make known,
Has spent too many days and nights alone...
Remaining devoted.
And hopelessly determined to stay,
Just that way.
Committed.
To producing excellence.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sad

Why are you crying?
You put him there.
And he promised,
To bring us all together.
And he has.
In complete devastation.
And he can not be criticized,
For being wrong.
Nor can Reverand Wright!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sad But The Truth Is On

There are too many bold,
Sad but the truth is on.
And too may all-knowing for their teachers.
Sad but the truth is on.
And they say their teachers can't teach,
Or read, or write to them...
On their lowered levels.
Sad but the truth is on.
Sad but the truth is on.

Many never knew about a hug to touch.
Sad but the truth is on.
There's just too many needing loving.
Sad but the truth is on.
And they don't believe a lesson taught to them,
Reveals and begins to grow to show.
Sad but the truth is on.
It's so sad but the truth is on.

It's so sad about the truth!
The truth for so many has gone.
It's so sad to see it...
Nonexisting.

Sad but the truth is on.
It's so sad but the truth is on.

It's sad about the truth,
Today!
For so many that truth is gone.
It's so sad today...
That,
People sit back to watch it too!
Sad but the truth is on.
It's so sad but the truth is on.

Everybody's talking about a fairness.
But nothing there is fair.
Sad but the truth is on.

Sad but the truth is on.
And,
Everything once fair there is gone.
'Cause nothing in the air is fair there!
Everybody's talking about a fairness.
But nothing there is fair.
And,
Everything once fair there is gone.
Because nothing in the air is fair,
There!
Sad but the truth is on.
Sad but the truth is on.

Everything once fair there is gone.
Because nothing in the air is fair,
There!
Sad but the truth is on.
Sad but the truth is on.

It's a long and lonely,
Sentimental journey.
Sad but the truth is on.
Sad but the truth is on.
Sad but the truth is on.
Sad but the truth is on.

It's a long and lonely,
Sentimental journey.
Sad but the truth is on.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sad But True

Alone and knowing it.
That's how it is,
When one is wishing to accomplish.

And with a making of an effort,
Out of sight unseen...
Seems to give others,
Reason and rhyme to validate...
The saying and doing of mean things,
About one who is not in their presence.
Until a success is achieved.

Although sad but true this is...
When hearing those same people say,
What it was they 'knew' as if they felt the pain.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sad Is The Laughter

Sad is the laughter,
Heard from a broken heart.
An outburst disconnected...
From what is shown,
Attempting to conceal...
A pain so deep,
But that feeling felt...
Can't be ignored to be known.

Sad is the laughter,
Forced! And yet...
A pretentiousness that is expressed,
Everyone that witnesses this...
Can observe the heartache,
But resist to assist.
How can anyone approach a pain that shows,
By someone that is hurting below the surface.

Below the surface so many keep,
Their anguish intact.
An implosion is occurring,
And the affect is not an act.

Below the surface so many weep.
But deceits to do to betrayed today,
Has left dishonesty displayed in several ways.
To leave an empathy wished to give dismissed,
Since kindness shown to another suffering...
Has lost its meaning by those now so suspicious.

Sad is the laughter,
Heard from a broken heart.
An outburst disconnected...
From what is shown,
Attempting to conceal...
A pain so deep,
But that feeling felt...
Can't be ignored to be known.

Below the surface so many weep.
Believing it private the pain they keep.
But deceits to do to betrayed today,
Has left dishonesty displayed in several ways.
To leave those in sorrow...
Attempting to laugh away their grief!
Those on the edge...
And prepared to leap!

'None of us can comprehend,
How this tragic 'accident' could happen.
No one thought it seriously,
When they stated...
'I think it is time for me to fly.'
Well...
Who knew they meant from the ledge? '

~Okay.
But who saw this and assisted? ~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sad Sacking Uncle Daddies

My heart goes out,
To those unknown who carry...
In their minds they can not rid,
The fact...
They are the products,
Of some sad sacking uncle daddies.

And these uncle daddies brag about their kids.
As if supporting them is what they did!
But they don't care a bit.
OR do a disciplining.
All these uncle daddies do,
Is dropp a seed to leave and scoot.

I'd like to shout from rooftops,
But to who would give a hoot?
I'd like to stick my booted foot,
Up a pooter with a couth.

But...
Who would benefit from it?
Not the kids who walk around,
With feelings dismissed.

I'd like to shout from rooftops,
But to who would give a hoot?
I'd like to stick my booted foot,
Up a pooter with a couth.
To knock some sense in uncle daddies.
Those sad sacking uncle daddies.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sad To See

Giving up on a monotonous groove,
That has fused those stuck in a fading rut...
Has more than addicted.
And is a dilemma,
That has squeezed reality out of twisted minds.

Aging gracefully is definitely a crisis not yet faced,
For those in a mental mode locked and frozen in a zone...
That relays a remaining to stay unchanged is ok!
And not a sickness sad to see,
Afflicting so many without identity or integrity that matures.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sad To Witness

There for no purpose and rehearsing grief,
Just to please the ambitions of one man...
Who has gotten us in deep shit,
At our expense to satisfy a disturbed ego!
Is sad to witness!
But then again...
It has been sad to witness the fact,
That he represents so many like him
Who can not accept defeat
Without ensuring everyone feels
As insecure about failure as he does!
No matter what the cost or price to be paid!
It's just a way of life for him and those he represents!
Even though what's kept in movement...
Makes no bit of sense!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Saddle Up

Saddle up.
This ride we're taking,
Wont be easy.
Saddle up.
We're taking the direct route,
Without a scenic tease.
Saddle up.
This ride we're taking,
Wont be easy.
Saddle up.
We're taking the direct route,
Without a scenic tease.

I've got to speed up that peace,
That waits for me.
All that mess about aggression!
And who's got a better weapon,
To teach a lesson.
Ain't getting one thing done!
But keeping people on the run!

Saddle up.
This ride we're taking,
Wont be easy.
Saddle up.
We're taking the direct route,
Without a scenic tease.
Saddle up.
This ride we're taking,
Wont be easy.
Saddle up.
We're taking the direct route,
Without a scenic tease.

I've got to speed up that peace,
That waits for me.
All that mess about aggression!
And who's got a better weapon,
To teach a lesson.

Ain't getting one thing done!
But keeping people on the run!
I'm not accustomed to the cunning!

Saddle up.
This ride we're taking,
Wont be easy.
Saddle up.
We're taking the direct route,
Without a scenic tease.
If you wont to share that chaos,
You can have the piece I leave.
Or saddle up with me...
And let them keep this sick disease!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Saddled And Strapped To Traps

Perceptions are usually fed by concepts.
What is envisioned seldom results,
In the actual reality of the subject perceived...
That one can accept to believe yet witnesses.

In fact,
It is like the presence of truth.
How often is truth denied as presented,
To be rejected when it clearly appears?

Many will disbelieve what they see,
To say...
'I hear what you are saying,
But that is not what I've been told.'

Those who have minds entrapped like that?
Should not entice one into an argument.
Minds saddled and strapped to traps like that...
Should be left alone!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Saddled On The Back Of A Steed

Saddled on the back of a steed she is.
Moistered from a heated sweat.
She wishes to tease as she rides.
Butt naked on hilltops.
And loving the fast ride to the bottom,
Where she is dropped.

And she lays next to her muscled steed.
Fantasizing the next throb she gets,
When thrusted with a hustle nonstop.
To gaze and show an afterglow.
That satisfies her peacefully.
As she watches her steed thighs,
Pass her swiftly.
With a mighty galloped gale.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Saddled Strapped To Meanings

Feeling lower holding onto woes...
While hoping to ride high on bling.
Dreaming woes will let them go...
While hoping to ride high on bling.

Those saddled strapped to meanings,
Can't seem to free from setbacks...
That keep them trapped on thoughts of bling.

Some see their cups near emptied up!
That keeps them trapped on thoughts of bling.
Some see themselves with just bad luck.
That keeps them trapped on thoughts of bling.
And some may dig in deeper ruts.
That keeps them trapped on thoughts of bling.
And bottled up they cuss so much.
That keeps them trapped on thoughts of bling.

Those saddled strapped to meanings,
Can't seem to free from setbacks...
That keep them trapped on thoughts of bling.

Some see their cups near emptied up!
That keeps them trapped on thoughts of bling.
Some see themselves with just bad luck.
That keeps them trapped on thoughts of bling.

Feeling lower holding onto woes...
While hoping to ride high on bling.
Dreaming woes will let them go...
While hoping to ride high on bling.

Some may dig in deeper ruts,
While hoping to ride high on bling.
And bottled up they cuss so much.
While hoping to ride high on bling.

Those saddled strapped to meanings,
Can't seem to free from setbacks...

That keep them trapped on thoughts of bling.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sadistic Measures

Reduced to fulfill
A need to expand
Obsessions.
Needs of greeds have succeeded
And feeds egos.
Those untouchable
Fill treasure chests
Making bets they are uncontested.
Followed by those with chants of praise.
As they believe
Meeting and feasting on a buffet of spoils.
And the selected pot boiling their brew breaks!
Spilling sadistic measures enjoyed.
Ruining a fraternal nurturing...
Once highly sought but now internally destroyed!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sadness Begets Madness

What can be said to a people,
Heated by their self-defeat.
What can be said to a people,
Shown an ignorance taught to teach.
And to them preached in their minds to keep.

Sadness begets madness,
And feelings felt that entraps.

What can be said to a people,
Accustomed to show no respect.
What can be said to a people,
Disenfranchised and this effects.

Sadness begets madness,
And feelings felt that entraps.

What can be said to a people,
Refusing to comprehend...
What they do to each other,
Makes no sense to forever defend.

Sadness begets madness,
And feelings felt that entraps...
A stubbornness kept ever ready,
Spilling on to streets just to manifest.

What can be said to a people,
Who choose not to listen nor to understand...
Destroying themselves and their neighbors,
Only takes more away from their hands.

Sadness begets madness,
And feelings felt that entraps.
Sadness begets madness.
To leave nothing beneficial after that.

What can be said to a people,
Remaining with decisions to sit on their backs.

And what can be said to a people,
Who believe they deserve much more than that.
Because they see it on TV.
And their minds have been turned off to all facts.

Sadness begets madness,
And feelings felt that entraps.
Sadness begets madness.
To leave nothing beneficial after that.

Sadness begets madness.
With a feeding on delusions that the people greed.
Sadness begets madness.
With a truth everyday being more deceived.
Sadness begets madness.
With a wounding of minds to leave the people crazy.
Sadness begets madness.
With a wounding of minds to leave the people crazy.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sadness Traps The Unfortunate

Sadness traps the unfortunate.
Those who will never be honest with themselves.
And live for things to comfort them.
To fulfill empty lives committed to hiding.

These are the ones who compare themselves to others.
These are the ones who feel significant,
If they can impress.
If their conversations express,
An interest that is common with pretensions addressed.

Sadness traps the unfortunate.
Those who will never be honest with themselves.
And live for things to comfort them.
To fulfill empty lives committed to hiding.

And those glass ceilings crack.
Precious plastic cards lose appeal.
Credit ratings plummet.
And those living leased lives are revealed.

Sadness,
Traps...
The unfortunate.

And looking back floods the tears,
From those who could not show compassion.
Now it is something that seems to flow.
But not from those doors padlocked and foreclosed.

Sadness,
Traps...
The unfortunate,
In minds where fear is found.
With compassion for others.
But no one is around to notice or care.
Since a cold indifferentness had always been there.
From those who exposed,
Their wishes just to feed their greed.

And egos.

Sadness traps the unfortunate.
Those who will never be honest with themselves.
And live for things to comfort them.
To fulfill empty lives committed to hiding,
Lieing and deceit.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Safe From Rivalry

From depths I rose and chose to shine,
Because you made it so!
And...
From dawn 'til midnight,
I'm glad you've entered my life.
With emotions,
Released from traps that teased.
You keep a side of me...
Doubt free!
That side of me that feels,
Safe from rivalry.
That side of me only,
You were meant to see.

From dawn 'til midnight,
I'm glad you've entered my life.
With emotions,
Released from traps that teased.
You keep a side of me...
Doubt free!
That side of me that feels,
Safe from rivalry.
And I am glad it's you,
That means so much to me!

From depths I rose and chose to shine,
Because you made it so!

You keep a side of me...
Doubt free!
That side of me that feels,
Safe from rivalry.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Safe Within The Arms Of Fear

Safe within the arms of fear,
Some feel.
Some feel an attachment,
To that which attracts...
And clamps them into a doing,
That addicts.

Safe within the arms of fear,
Some feel.
Some feel an attachment,
To that which attracts...
And clamps them into a doing,
That addicts.

What would they do,
If released from their cells...
With a barring done,
That has scarred them for life.
What other devices would inhibit and restrain?
And who will invent a suitable oppressiveness to present?

Safe within the arms of fear,
Some feel.
Some feel an attachment,
To that which attracts...
And clamps them into a doing,
That addicts.

Frightened they are,
To be freed from their boundaries...
With nothing there but peace to threaten them,
Without conflict to resist and commit total devotion.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Safer To Be Caged

Living with a fear to endear it,
Never unlocks one from a cage.
Even if the key is carried in one's pocket.
To unlock from a fear to then leave.

Or if one is led to believe,
It is safer to be caged...
Than it is to face one's life to live,
With a faith that stays one claims is prayed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Safer To Walk Into A Forest

Everything in nature sheds.
Even the skin of human beings.
The dust we see are these particles we breathe.
And 'if' they are diseased...
So are we.
And everything processed that we eat...
Is fed to skin we shed again and again.
As we create chemicals to rid it.
Getting sick and making hospital visits.
Living to recycle ignorance to the brain...
And wondering why so many are insane.
We are what we eat.
Choosing to pollute our lives in defeat.
It may be safer to walk into a forest...
To be cured.
Than to walk into a hospital,
Where diseases are spread...
Quicker than horse manure!
Bring a mask...
Next time you are asked to sit,
And be patient.
The odds are you will become one!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Safety Net

I...
Want to be,
Your 'best' flavor.
Everyday and not to fade.

And I...
Want to be,
That flavor you will favor.
Everyday to have it craved.

Whenever your head,
Is tossing doubts about...
With them to come to knocking,
To do nonstop.
Just know I...
Want a lot to be,
That choice you taste to savor.

Those days you're walking tightropes,
I'll be your safety net.
Those days you're walking tightropes,
Place on me your winning bet.
Those days you're walking tightropes,
Know I'm in your corner.
Don't think yourself a goner.
Not yet to forget,
That I...
Want to be,
That flavor you will savor.

Those days you're walking tightropes,
I'll be your safety net.
Those days you're walking tightropes,
Place on me your winning bet.
Those days you're walking tightropes,
Know I'm in your corner.
Don't think yourself a goner.
Not yet!

Whenever your head,
Is tossing doubts about...
With them to come to knocking,
To do nonstop.
Call on me and I'll come running,
To stop those doubts you've got.
And block them from them coming,
Before they come to knock.

Those days you're walking tightropes,
I'll be your safety net.
Those days you're walking tightropes,
Place on me your winning bet.
Those days you're walking tightropes,
Know I'm in your corner.
Don't think yourself a goner.
Not yet!

Know I...
Want to be,
Your 'best' flavor.
Everyday and not to fade.

And I...
Want to be,
That flavor you will favor.
Everyday to have it craved.

Count on me.
I'll be there to be your safety net.
Count on me.
If you want to keep a winning bet
Count on me.
And don't forget,
I'm your safety net to never second guess.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Safety Nets

Safety nets are no longer in use,
With a proof that they protect...
Those assets now reduced to leave,
Little left to cover increasing debts.
Even a breath kept to possess,
Is difficult to catch up with when chased.

Penny pinchers are heard expressing a wish,
They had done more adventuring.
Since diminished overnight,
Has been those precious nickels and dimes...
Picked to count to buy more time.

And those retired deciding to return back to work,
Find their expertise and once valued efforts...
More disrespected as they are made to feel worthless.

Safety nets are no longer in use,
With a proof that they protect...
Those assets now reduced to leave,
Little left to cover increasing debts.
Even a breath kept to possess,
Is difficult to catch up with when chased.

Fading and outdated are those safety nets.
And gone like time that moves on to foget,
Who had what with assets left.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Safety Nets For Them Have Been Severed

A horrible mistake initiated,
Will never again bring the aggressors rest.
They will find their minds disturbed for their crimes.
And the innocent ones who were murdered by lies...
From heaven will here those demons scream.

And for all eternity...
Their misdeeds will keep them haunted.
In a hell where they will sit imprisoned,
With their peers!
As a sunset upon them...
Begin to expose their look of fear,
They can not hide this...
But to all it appears!
The safety nets for them,
Have been severed!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Said Before To Say It Again

On my mind are these times.
And I do find these times on my mind,
Hard to define.
With a keeping of those,
Feeling these times have them boxed in.

And on my mind,
There is a reason to seek rhythm and rhyme.
With my visions set,
On what it would take...
To increase my happiness.

I've said this before to say it again.

I'm not looking for stoppers,
To block as obstacles to hop over.
Or the welcoming arms of acceptance.
With a hope that they will open,
The gates to a fence to feel I've been approved.

On my mind are these times.
And I do find these times on my mind,
Hard to define.
With a keeping of those,
Feeling these times have them boxed in.

Acceptance or not,
I'm not looking to get out of a box.
Too many have found themselves there,
To argue over space,
With little of it that to share.

I've said this before to say it again.
Those feeling trapped,
Like it exactly like that.

Fresh is the air,
One dares to breathe alone.
Revitalized is an atmosphere,

When the clearing of a sky,
Becomes recognized to the one who looks...
To discover the vastness of it to become known.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Said To Others To Hear

You.
And no one else decided,
To make your own choices.
With a doing to have had,
Everyone of them made.

You.
Have said to others to hear,
Clearly...
The life you live is yours to choose.
Doing as you please.

And today you have the nerve to say,
You have been betrayed!
To expect forgiveness given.
For those mistakes you initiated to make.
Although it was your business to create.

You.
Have accused others to be hypocrites.
Yet you,
Refuse to admit...
You and no one else permitted your conflicts.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Same Sex Relationships

There are far more enjoying same sex relationships,
And happy in them without expressing regrets.
Than there are those in heterosexual ones...
To argue over nonsense that upsets.
With a seeking to stay together,
For the sake of appearances.

Yet...
Finding themselves with time to spend,
At 'singles' only bars to sneak to daily and on week-ends...
Just to complain about their spouses and their unhappiness.
And these are the signs of our times gone denied to hide.
Or to excuse with creative alibis.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Same Thing Over

You say you're going to turn a leaf.
But it's the same thing over.
You say you're going to release your grief.
But it's the same thing over.

You say no more to jumping through hoops.
You say you're going to do what you choose.
You say you're going to be free and loose...
But it's the same thing over.

You say you're picking up more speed.
But it's the same thing.
You say new rhythms you now beat.
But it's the same thing.
You say more of life you will see...
But it's the same thing over.

You say more of life you will see.
But it's the same thing!
It's the same thing.
Same thing you will bring into your life,
Until it's over.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Same Weapons Used

What they have done...
Is given them ammunition,
To destroy themselves.
And others of like mind...
Who are equally ignorant,
Thoughtless and choose to be dumb.

This strategy has been in place,
Since it was discovered...
The ease of manipulation.
And how that creates self hate.
Done with deceit and undercover...
Without a trace.

Now those same weapons used,
Are turned against them.
Those outdated ways of 'winning'...
Has exposed evidence kept in denial.
And a foul odor left by a decadence...
Is slowly about to smolder,
And do them in!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Same Words They Heard

It is said.
And said again.
The more of it that is heard...
Less of it is understood.
Although those sitting in the back,
Claim they are taking notes.
And wish to have what has been said,
Repeated.
Even though the notes they take...
Are the same words they heard,
Before they were issued pads and pens.
They now want to show others...
How effectively they can use them,
To their advantage.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Samples Of The Examples

Ma...
Why do you spank me so much?
You know you are creating my dysfunctions.

'Because I love you.
And you are the oldest.
You have to set the example for your sisters.'

Well,
Can you not love me so much?
And give them some of the samples,
Of the examples you want me to set?

I have an idea...
Why don't you switch up on your routine.
And I promise not to be jealous,
If you give them all your love.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sanities To Keep And Not Leave Abandoned

We live in times many have found their minds unaccepting.
Too many have wishes they keep to feed,
On a greed and other pleasures sought to bring them peace.
Only to keep many addicted to routines.
With promises of a brighter tomorrow to come.
And too numbed they are to be stunned,
To perceive themselves victims of prolonged deceit.

And for those who have awakened,
To realities they can not resist that exist...
Those tomorrows have become yesterdays already gone.
Gone and no longer do they await escapes,
But have come to face and to share...
With others who have not abandoned their sanities.

We live in times many have found their minds unaccepting.
With wishes they keep to feed upon,
Greed and other expected pleasures...
Kept within their reach to get quick and instant fixes,
To soothe an addiction to unwavering routines.
With promises delayed but prayed on a daily basis,
For a cloudless and brighter tomorrow to come.

And for those who have awakened,
To realities they can not resist that exist...
That tomorrow they await to face and share has come,
Along with others made aware...
Of their sanities to keep and not leave abandoned,
With an acknowledgement they have been blessed...
And left mentally and physically fit,
No treasured possession could possibly satisfy.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sanitized Toilets

They are doing the best they can,
To ensure he is not re-elected.
And with their blinded efforts,
They want to prove to all...
How they can effectively,
Flush everyone with a doing done...
Including themselves,
Down scented and sanitized toilets.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sanity Accepted

It seems those who resent,
The re-interpreting of 'their' versions told...
Of lives lived to experience,
Are the ones with perceptions given...
From distances and not one moment spent,
Doing it to live but through the use...
Of borrowed sensationalized imaginations.
Seduced by delusions hyped and fictionalized,
To compare to existing myths...
Caricatured and stereotyped to depict,
A fantasize marketing that brings a comfort...
To a reality already thriving on dysfunctions.
And choosing many do a refusing of the truth.
Since sanity accepted today is not a profit maker.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sanity Is Threatened To Succumb

Maybe today...
It's better off to be declared crazy.
And allow this to be done.
Maybe today...
It's better off to be declared crazy.
And allow this to be done.
Since sanity is threatened to succumb,
To nonsense.
Sanity is threatened to succumb,
To nonsense.
Since sanity is threatened to succumb,
To nonsense.
Sanity is threatened to succumb.

Maybe today...
It's better off to be declared crazy.
And allow this to be done.
Maybe today...
It's better off to be declared crazy.
And allow this to be done.
Since sanity is threatened to succumb,
To nonsense.
Sanity is threatened to succumb,
To nonsense.
Since sanity is threatened to succumb,
To nonsense.
Sanity is threatened to succumb.

Maybe today...
It's better off to be declared crazy.
Since sanity is threatened to succumb,
To nonsense.
Sanity is threatened to succumb,
To nonsense.
Since sanity is threatened to succumb,
To nonsense.
And everybody left with it is stunned

A sanity is threatened to succumb,

To nonsense.
Our sanity is threatened to succumb,
To nonsense.
All sanity is threatened to succumb,
To nonsense.
And anybody left with it runs.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sapped As I Seek My Dreams

There is this feeling that comes and goes,
I get.
Of being left stranded,
As if alone...
On an island quiet.
Abandoned but not upset.

There is this helplessness that visits.
And my emotions flood to fill.
I am without companionship.
To leave me sometimes lonely.
Yet...
There are other times I am thrilled...yes!

There is this nagging wish to be loved.
With unconditional preferences.
Could I be alone with my request for that?
Could I be destined to have my needs go unmatched?
To be left sapped as I seek my dreams.
With hopes it will be my stubbornness tapped...
That weakens in a welcomed defeat.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sarcastic Wit

I once convinced myself,
I could curb my sarcastic wit.
And for all of ten minutes,
I tolerated my enforced patience.
Hoping the expressions in my eyes...
With an eyebrow lift,
Would deliver my thoughts...
Without them coming through my lips.

But the torment shown on my face,
Could not erase the smoke slowly emitting...
From my ears.

And when it was mentioned to me,
My eyeballs look as if they would pop out of my head...
And my face was beginning to turn beet red?
Well...
Immediately I panicked.
Black folks are not known to turn beet red!
I was not prepared to become a phenomenon.
OR a statistic.

I realized for health reasons,
It is better for me to be sarcastic.
Than to pass out to accomplish the impossible...
By attempting to keep my mouth closed.
Instead of freely saying to another...
What it is I have to say.
Since I am not into rolling eyes...
Or speaking out of both sides of my mouth.

Like some folks I know,
Afraid that being direct...
May effect their standing in gosssip circles.
And who have popularized,
The 'look away as they speak'...
Delivery when communicating.
And...
They are quite comfortable in the doing.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sasha Fierce

B'bay Bay you're so fine.
Sun shines on you all they time.
Say Sasha!
Sasha Fierce.

B'bay Bay you're so fine.
Sun shines on you all they time.
Say Sasha!
Sasha Fierce.

I know whatcha got.
And you are hotter than hot.
My Sasha.
Sasha Fierce.

I know whatcha got.
And you are hotter than hot.
My Sasha.
Sasha Fierce.

B'bay Bay you're so fine.
Sun shines on you all they time.
Say Sasha!
Sasha Fierce.

Though this is only morning glow.
That comes to leave me blown away.
Beyoncé made me feel this way.

And when I noticed her in you...
My heart took flight on something new.
So rare it is,
I knew it came to stay.

B'bay Bay you're so fine.
Sun shines on you all they time.
Say Sasha!
Sasha Fierce.

B'bay Bay you're so fine.
Sun shines on you all they time.
Say Sasha!
Sasha Fierce.

I know whatcha got.
And you are hotter than hot.
My Sasha.
Sasha Fierce.

I know whatcha got.
And you are hotter than hot.
My Sasha.
Sasha Fierce.

My Sasha.
Sasha Fierce.
I gotcha Sasha.
Sasha Fierce.

My Sasha.
Sasha Fierce.
I gotcha Sasha.
Sasha Fierce.

I gotcha Sasha!

Inspired by:
Beyoncé Knowles

'Comeon! Is there anyone on the planet,
who has not been inspired by the gifted talents
of Beyoncé Knowles-Carter?
If so...
She will be coming to you soon.
She is a phenomenal performing artist.
Diva implies something else that Beyoncé is beyond! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Satisfaction Comes

Whatever it takes...
Break from that hostage feeling!

Reel yourself in...
Bait life and start your healing.
Toss misfortunes,
Take deep breaths and breathe!

Whatever you have...
Be glad and count your fortunes!

Know you are blessed.
And your tests are distortions!
Only you can be your own best enemy.
Chase away those clouds,
That feed you grief.

Dissolve your blocks.
Stop and dropp all complaining!

Get the upper hand.
Command the 'ship' your sailing!
You are in the center of your fears.
Steer away from them and they will clear!

Whatever it takes,
Break from that hostage feeling!

Reel yourself in...
Bait life and start your healing.
Toss misfortunes,
Take deep breaths and breathe!
Satisfaction comes if you believe.
Chase away those clouds,
That feed you grief!

The Sun awaits to shine,
On your wants and needs!
Command and demand your desires...

With belief!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Satisfaction Had

No one's satisfaction had,
Is retrieved without the acceptance of facts.
And to unstrap from one's back delusions.
Nothing but truth pursued,
Sought and to live with it as proof...
Brings a peace of mind one finds,
That a leaving behind doubts and conflicts...
With a doing of this to rid as wanted and wished,
Validates to qualify an acknowledged happiness...
Undenied to accept and live as is as if always meant.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Satisfied By A Meddling Done

Anyone who has been allowed,
To come between two involved in a relationship...
With a giving of their opinion without it being solicited,
And not told where to go through a quick exit...
Has had an open invitation where it had been known,
Romance or the existing of sex was not shown.
Or the depth of it not permitted.

And one or both in this platonic situation,
Knew it from the beginning with the playing of tricks.
Or...
The one in the middle enjoying every bit of this,
Is the culprit who has become satisfied by a meddling done.
And those who are professionally equipped to meddle with lip,
Are all over the place doing it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Satisfied By Your Sacrifice

Listen to me.
There are 'somethings' needing a hint of clarity,
Especially if a wish of a misbelief is to cease.
And there is always one,
Wanting a misunderstanding to be removed...
With a doing to prove done.

Now...
I have gotten what I've wanted.
It wasn't just given.
I earned it.
Even headaches I received I did not want.
But I took them just to stop an argument.
I enjoy peace to keep.
Not a moody attitude.
And 'if' I choose I will move one.
With more wants to get.
And with a sacrificing to do it too!
Are you needing 'more' clarity with it proved?

'I might.
And since you are willing to expose such depth,
How do you propose earning the dinner I prepared...
For us both to share?
With 'your' sacrificing I determined has been earned.'

Well...
Let's see.
I'm glad you mentioned that,
As a matter of fact.
I'm in the mood to sacrifice my willingness,
Of a doing in being intimate with you.

'Only if you prove in the doing,
I will be thoroughly satisfied by your sacrifice.
To leave me with a heated breath undenied.
And a sweating detected left you wont regret.'

My goodness!

You must be cooking steak, baby?

'With a tossed salad I promise you wont forget.
I've done some sacrificing before myself.'

Well...
I'm sure with that proven,
There will be no need for further clarity.

'Now...
Do you wish to go out or stay in for dessert? '

Let's leave that to be discussed,
If we must...
In the morning.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Satisfied With That Calmness Found

Welcome every opportunity,
To accept peace...
Upon you descending and released.

Become satisfied with that calmness found.
And let those frustrations felt cease.

Dare to witness everywhere,
A tolerance within you daily increase.
And broaden your scope of an openness...
Valued as discovered.
Lived...
And not one sought as it is preached.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Satisfying That Attraction

Needing you.
Needing us,
Here.
Now.
To know we are together.
Not just to tolerate.
For purposes to berate.
With a condemnation...
Instigated to irritate an initiation,
Of a heated debate.
We have our differences known!

Needing you.
Needing us,
Here.
Now.
Not in conflict.
Nor in long lasting,
Pointless arguments.

We do not owe each other sorrows.
On loan or otherwise.
To keep us divided on our knees...
In darkened shadows!
To find ourselves in a relationship,
We both despise.

We need to retreat from that which defeats.
In a sharing of despairs,
To plant.
As if annointed to nurture.

We can not grow,
In the hopes that tomorrow...
We are found ripped apart.
Satisfying that attraction...
That maintains our broken hearts!

Only to find,

In time...
Our minds can no longer afford,
A feeding of a need for that!
Preferring traps.
Instead of the freedom we once knew.
Before we said, 'I do! '
And did not commit,
To a happiness we quickly dismissed.
Discovering a sick enjoyment...
To inflict each other with pain!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Saturated In A Marination

'It's a devastating thing...
For one who chooses to think,
And surrounded by mindless human beings! '

Ignorance for what it is,
Is a most difficult thing...
For one to overcome!
Not everyone can resist this pull.
Not all are prone,
To sit alone in isolation.
To satisfy a thinking sensation!

'It's a devastating thing...
For one who chooses to think,
And surrounded by mindless human beings! '

And that's what it takes,
To break from the commonness of it!

Ignorance can be comforting.
Especially when so many,
Have been bred and born to feed on it.
Saturated in a marination...
Seeped with ingredients,
That produce clowns to fool around.
Displaying condoned qualities of misfits.

'It's a devastating thing...
For one who chooses to think,
And surrounded by mindless human beings! '

Is it an illness...
Ever to be cured?
And chased away from its endurance?
Ever to be blocked and knock out...
Never to regain a need for it to remain unchanged?

'It's a devastating thing...
For one who chooses to think,

And surrounded by mindless human beings! '

Ignorance can not be that deep of an affliction!
Why is it so craved?
Why is it chosen...
To wallow in and stay?

'It's a devastating thing...
For one who chooses to think,
And surrounded by mindless human beings! '

Wanting to comprehend and understand...
May today be the most dangerous weapon.
For inquisitive children.
Or thoughtful women.
Or the deeds of a concerned,
And caring man!

Even when this is done,
It is best not to be seen.
By anyone!
On any surfaced scene.
Where they will be demeaned.

Avoiding suspicion,
Should be the condition...
Of one who chooses to connect with thought.
Selecting that as an escape.
An undercover mission!

'It's a devastating thing...
For one who chooses to think,
And surrounded by mindless human beings! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Saturated Yet Split And Kept Divided

Saturated yet split and kept divided.
Unable to solve or dissolve their fears away.
But they can boil to a heat and keep themselves defeated.
To pick up pieces valued from a yesterday.
And then claim aches and pains with nothing to gain.
Although the same routine maintains unchanged.

Building up to destroy...
Over again.
Building up to destroy...
But no one wins,
A battle.
Building up to destroy...
Over again.
Building up to destroy...
But no one wins,
A battle.

People with their minds on hinges,
Broken from unending binges...
To fight as a kept defense.
But where is it making sense.

People with their minds on hinges,
Broken from unending binges...
To fight as a kept defense.
But where is it making sense.

Building up to destroy...
Over again.
Building up to destroy...
But no one wins,
A battle.
Building up to destroy...
Over again.
Building up to destroy...
But no one wins.

Saturated yet split and kept divided.

Unable to solve or dissolve their fears away.
But they can boil to a heat and keep themselves defeated.
To pick up pieces valued from a yesterday.
And then claim aches and pains with nothing to gain.
Although the same routine maintains unchanged.

People with their minds on hinges,
Broken from unending binges...
To fight as a kept defense.
But where is it making sense.

Building up to destroy...
Over again.
Building up to destroy...
But no one wins,
A battle.

They cry for unity but minimize lives.
They cry for unity but disguise their lies.
They cry for unity yet this is denied.
They cry for unity but from it they hide.

They cry for unity but minimize lives.
In a saturated hate.
They cry for unity but disguise their lies.
In a duplicated hate.
They cry for unity yet this is denied.
To further complicate it.
They cry for unity but they keep divided,
Kept to bait to debate it.
They cry for unity but they keep divided.
Kept to bait to debate it.
Saturated yet split,
And...
Kept divided

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Saturation

You are made to understand,
One just met
Is trying to forget
Another who has claimed
To have been left
With a broken heart.

It's a familiar story!
But will 'this' one quickly end?
Before another minute of time is given,
To it! ?

One is hopeful.
But faith begins to fade!
As one sits,
Beginning the first...
Of recurring stirs.

And each conversation started...
No matter what the subject.
Begins by a reminiscing memory...
Of who did what to whom, when and why?
A consoling is tried.
With a lightness to keep things uplifted.
A saturation is realized.
And then comparisons begin!
An exchange of discussions,
About her or him or them does not end.

Even the hands on the watched clock...
Seem to have come to a stop!

The time slows!
And an exit seems to be moving,
Further and further away!
Until it is announced...
'How can I be so absentminded'?

A pot roast has been left in the oven!

Unseasoned.
And that is not acceptable.
Nor is this excuse used.
Especially when it has been mentioned...
How one prides on being vegetarian!

'Will those comments be remembered? '
One thinks and gives direct eye contact!

Something had to be done,
Before one becomes too deeply involved!
And a promise is made to make another date.
With calls to be placed...
Once schedules have been checked and confirmed.
However...
One already knows,
There will be no availability.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Saturdays

Saturdays,
Are not...
Meant,
For the lonely.
And not...
For those who are afraid.
To live a life,
Wished with a wanting to live.

No those Saturdays,
Are not...
Meant for the lonely.
No they're not,
For the ones afraid...
To live life,
A way...
They wish to have it lived.

But a Monday morning blues comes too soon...
With the dawning on a gloomy mind,
That Sunday...
Could have been spent,
Resting from yesterday's happy events.
And thanking the Lord for all the blessings sent.

But a Monday morning blues comes too soon...
With the dawning on a gloomy mind,
That Sunday...
Could have been spent,
Resting from yesterday's happy events.
And thanking the Lord for all the blessings sent.

Those Saturdays...
Are not,
Meant for those lonely.
And they're not,
For the ones afraid...
To live their lives,

To live.
And be about it doing.

Oh stop throwing those Saturdays,
Away...
Just to feel lonely.
Since loneliness is...
A want.
And not...
A given.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sauced And Baby Back Boned

Between two 'coo'-ers who detach,
There may be one disappointed who reacts...
With wishes to be remated.
Wanting more to be reattached.

A hold reminisced and missed...
Is wanted again cuddled up.
And reminding one of that once filled cup.

One wishes those times lips opened had buttoned up.
Instead of dripping quick quibbled quips.
Meaning nothing at all to stick with permanence.
And...
One can admit the missing of those lips freshly licked,
Of homemade bar-b-que.
Sauced and baby backed boned.

Yes,
One can admit the missing of those lips freshly licked,
Of homemade bar-b-que.
Sauced and baby backed boned.

Between two 'coo'-ers who detach,
There may be one disappointed who reacts...
With wishes to be remated.
Wanting more to be reattached.
And...
One can now admit the missing of those lips freshly licked,
Of homemade bar-b-que.
Sauced and baby backed boned.

One wishes now those times lips opened had buttoned up.
Instead of dripping quick quibbled quips.
Meaning nothing at all to stick with permanence.

Yes,
One can admit the missing of those lips freshly licked,
Of homemade bar-b-que.
Sauced and baby backed boned.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sautéed In Fiasco

Simmering and sautéed in fiasco,
This chef finds himself...
Blending a mix the patrons have nixed!
Overheated in a kitchen,
With a haste that loses taste.
And a flair that has been wasted,
On those baited to sip!
They split in droves...
And leave him this tip:

'This feast you prepared,
For us to eat...
Continues to sour
The air on the streets!
The menu was fabulous.
One we all thought we would like!
But you have shown you're a flapjack king...
With promises of pheasant to delight!
You offered us substance,
And we have waited too long for that!
Your skills are based on delusion...
Infusing hors d'oeuvres served in crap!
We can no longer wait for more,
We are sealing your doors...
With you entrapped!
Nothing you have done has pleased anyone.
We want our money back,
Before the others come...
And burn down your shack! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Savage Mentalities

Is there another way to undo,
Betrayal without awaiting proof
Its presence is evidence enough
An addicted connection...
Is immediately needing,
To be cut from this fixation.

Is there another way,
To forgive and forget...
An inflicted agony permitted,
By those of savage mentalities.
Also victims of taught misdeeds
Unconsciously fed to feed,
That victory sought...
Leaves humanity to bleed.
Without remorse felt to feel.
While limping away,
From proclaimed battle fields.

Is there another way,
That allows healing to begin...
Mending with intent meant?
Or has it become too late,
For those craving to taste...
More craze to validate,
A successful diseasing...
Meant to leave a few,
Basking in bunkers...
Defeated,
With precious possessions kept.
But left to suffocate slowly,
One by one as death comes...
Without needed air to breathe.
Eliminating from them enemies.
Bees, trees...
And all existence of reality.

'We found yet another,
Progressive civilized...

Existence.
Mummified.
Many are clutching onto,
Worthless gems.
And weapons apparently used,
To kill themselves.'

-How deep in the caverns,
Are you? -

'Hmmm...
Uhhh,
Maybe...
A couple hundred feet.'

-Get the gems.
And anything else,
Thought to be of value to us.-

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Savant

Slice the roast as we toast the savant.
Sip the wine and let's dine with cresçents.
A special honor is bestowed upon him.
The one with chosen 'gifts' within.
No clue he leaves he believes himself great!
But we must show him we at least appreciate...
The patience he has shown for the waste,
Average men like us create!

Slice this roast as we toast the savant!
Sip the wine and let us dine
With cresçents all we want!
A special honor comes to him...
He with unlimited patience
To allow us to feed,
From the treasures upon us he descends!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Save Some Of That Grease You Do Not Eat

Did you plan to fill my nights,
With implanted enchantment?
With a pace...
Slowed in haste.

Did you picture me dazed,
Situated and elated...
With you as a mate?
That a kept faith,
Had brought and upon us fated?

Whatever it is,
You think will be delivered...
Don't wait,
For a chit chat debate.

Whatever it is,
You think will be delivered...
Don't wait,
Or become so fascinated.

Whatever it is,
You think will be delivered...
You'd be better off if you fried,
Onions and liver.

Whatever it is,
You think will be delivered...
Save some of that grease you do not eat!

Did you plan to fill my nights,
With implanted enchantment?
With a pace...
Slowed in haste.

Did you picture me dazed,
Situated and elated...
With you as a mate?
That kept faith had brought and fated?

Whatever it is,
You think will be delivered...
Don't wait,
For a chit chat debate.

Whatever it is,
You think will be delivered...
Save some of that grease you do not eat!

Whatever it is,
You think will be delivered...
Save some of that grease you do not eat!

Whatever it is,
You think will be delivered...
Save some of that grease you do not eat!

Whatever it is,
You think will be delivered...
Save some of that grease you do not eat!

Save some of that grease you do not eat!

Save some of that grease you do not eat!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Save That Energy

Why are you now upset?
You were the one to say
Those concepts were outrageous.
Now you are enraged?
Let me share this perception...
To add to other deceptions,
About life and how things in your world
'Should' be!
According to your teachings.
And those throughout your life,
You have been told to avoid.
Let me say this...
To conflict with your dismissals.
You now being enraged,
Will not change the outrageousness
Of these days you chose back then to ignore.
Save that energy!
You will need it when reality arrives,
At your doorstep!
And it will not offer you options!
Discount that outlook if you must.
But these are observations...
Not given previews at an amusement park!
You are going to be in need,
Of much more then remembered quotes...
From a book of correct etiquette.
I recommend the use of common sense.
IF you have any...
And know when and 'how' to apply it.
It comes without intructions!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Save That Look For Someone Else

I want to make one thing perfectly clear!

'Okay.
And...
What is that? '

Oh no.
You are not going to try to trick me.
I know what you're up to.
You want me to provide clarity,
BEFORE your questions are asked.
Don't you?

'But,
I didn't ask you for clarity.
You volunteered.'

I see.
So now you want to take advantage of my honesty.
You think I'm stupid?
I am not volunteering anything,
Until I know what it is I am volunteering for.
And save that look for someone else.
No question?
No clarity.
And that's it!

'I am not going to suggest you have issues.'

Is that a question?
It didn't sound like one.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Save Your Best Sweat

Rebounding from heartbreak,
Is a slow process.
Rushing to snuggle in another's nest,
Can become a complexing regret
If progressed
Especially if one is selected...
To pass someone's loyalty test!
This move is not advisable,
After mending from a recent 'mess'
Left!
Stay away from recreational sex,
And save your best sweat...
For someone better than your 'ex'!
Who cheated with blatant success.
Get some rest.
This will be much needed,
When the heat seeks
To avoid a repeated defeat...
As your examination closely inspects,
A fresh 'victim' you have chosen
To jump through 'hoops' to impress!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Saves And Replenishes With A Mending Done

A country based upon policies,
That insists a tolerance of diversity exists...
Is seen exposing the opposite of this.

Rampant division in politics,
Depicts several splits within them...
That will not soon see an ending of it.

And the economy steadily slides to oblivion.
With those deluded,
Protesting for a return of a gluttony missed.

A country based upon policies,
That insists a tolerance of diversity exists...
Is seen exposing the opposite of this.

Rampant division in politics,
Depicts several splits within them...
That will not soon see an ending of it.

And the economy steadily slides to oblivion.
With those deluded,
Protesting for a return of a gluttony missed.

A country based upon policies...
With a rampant division in politics,
And an economy steadily sliding into oblivion...
Has long passed the stage of a healthy self reflection,
That saves and replenishes with a mending done.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Saving One The Expense

It's not worthy to discuss,
An injustice done and performed...
By the intentions of someone else,
Who professes an innocence.
The leave the experience of agonizing over this...
Remaining with the grieving receiver.

Then only thing instrumental that is critical to use,
In situations that either mentally or physically abuse...
Or both,
Is a one one one in prayer.
A response will be eventually answered.
With no doubting of its appearance.

And what has affected will be corrected,
In a way that is absolutely more creative...
Than one in despair would believe.
The Supreme Justice Unseen...
Teaches masterfully.

And the keeping of one's faith focused,
And in place...
Is all that one needs on a daily basis.
With eyes and ears kept opened wide...
Listening,
To witness lessons taught and dispensed.
Saving one the expense of additional mental detriment.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Say It And Be Basic

Say it and be basic.
Let it be shown...
What may be unknown.
Showing up to appear,
Doesn't connect a thought
Or make feelings clear.
Something said,
May not be understood.
We take for granted,
More than we should!

If more were consistent,
In existing relationships...
There would be less adultery
'Assumed' and committed.
With more tighter unions,
With fewer quicker to split!

Instead of those who choose,
To do as they see fit!

Many live lifes of fantasy,
With falsities they can hunt and prance.
As someone quietly awaits with glazed eyes...
In romances still fueled although gone unenhanced!

Only to find a note that says upon their return:
'The last time I sat
I gave you the benefit of a doubt!
But today I've decided to leave you alone.
You are not around and about!
That flame I carried,
I have now put out!
And though I have made this simple...
I am far from stupid!
Why should I stay,
When you enjoy hearing me shout!
C-ya! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Say It Bait It And Run

You can say it and run.
Say it and run.
About what's been done.
You can say it and berate it.

You can say it and run.
Say it and run.
About what's been done.
You can say it,
Leave and run.

How we slid to the bottom from the top.
Say it bait it and run.
Who did what to start this problem.
Say it bait it and run.
Corruption done under dirty rugs.
Say it bait it and run.
What thugs brought this to fisticuffs.
Say it bait it and run.
What party pooped their rule.
Say it bait it and run.
Who's too cool and cuckoo too!
Say it bait it and run.

You can say it and run.
Say it and run.
About what's been done.
You can say it and berate it.

You can say it and run.
Say it and run.
About what's been done.
You can say it,
Leave and run.

Who's too cool and cuckoo too!
Say it bait it and run.
Who's too cuckoo and too cool.
Say it bait it and run.

Who's too cool and cuckoo too!
Say it bait it and run.
Who's too cuckoo and too cool.
Say it bait it and run.

But that cool cuckoo's no fool.
To cause what has been done!

You can say it and run.
Say it and run.
About what's been done.
You can say it and berate it.

You can say it and run.
Say it and run.
About what's been done.
You can say it,
Leave it and run.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

'Say It. I Dare You'

'There is not an 'if' or 'maybe' in possibilities.
Opportunities can be overlooked...
By those sitting with a wish for them to come.
And the ones ambitious,
Eventually are enriched and rewarded...
By their sacrifices!

Who said that? '

Well...
I did write it.
And I could swear I just heard you read it.
I could be wrong.
But I did see your lips move.

'You ever try stand up comedy? '

Not yet!
But you have given me thoughts about developing,
Ventriloquism.
You'd be a perfect...

'Say it.
I dare you! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

'Say Manure! That Will Stick! '

They are killing the police,
Over dog urinations.
That is the latest commentary,
To depict a nation...
Fed on fantasy and degradation.

But of course this influence,
Has had its beginnings dipped...
In a lack of strict discipline.
When it was believed that sparing the rod,
Would not produce thoughtless and reckless
Children who grew...
To be caring women and men!

Who knew?
Did you?

Folks worship their pets,
First,
Then God next.
Scurring off to grooming shows...
Spending tons of money,
Just to see an animal strike a human pose.
To get a ribbon or a trophy bestowed.

To say today folks are sick,
With priorities of nonsense...
At the top of their list.
Doesn't need the brilliance of a poet,
To sit and write about it.

Although it aids the creative mind with a 'lift'!

This madness is all over the place.
And one does not need to rely on brilliance...
To unmistakably know this,
This...
I'm seeking the right word!

'Say manure!
That will stick! '

I think you're right!

And one does not need to rely on brilliance...
To unmistakably know,
This 'manure' exists!
With a stench that pollutes a senselessness,
That affects with a seriousness every continent.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Say Nothing Else

Confront someone,
In the telling of a lie done.
And watch their eyes,
Quickly shift...
To avoid any acknowledgement of it!
Say nothing else!
And soon you will be entertained...
By someone losing any integrity that remains.

Observe how they drift to protect themselves.
Back and forth with hopes to find an exit.
And instead of admitting,
They've been caught off guard by surprise...
They will try to cover up one lie told,
To excuse it with an alibi.
And that alibi,
Defies the evidence another holds and shows.

Say nothing else.
A culprit knows...
When a self incriminating mouth,
Is best to keep closed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Say Something

Have you ever gotten tired of hearing,
From those who say...
'I have good intentions.'
As if that statement is up for debate.

If anyone had good intentions,
Wouldn't you think,
Those intentions clearly...
Would be done and not mentioned?

It's like someone who has an expectation.
And the rising of excitement,
That teases with anticipation.
A frustration enters,
When disappointment arrives.
And here it is...
Excuses and lies!

Have you ever gotten tired of hearing,
From those who say...
'I have good intentions.'
As if that statement is up for debate.
And you are left sitting to wonder,
Between hesitation and comments to make.
But your lips remain sealed.
However...
Your eyes are not connected,
To an expected acceptance of your patience.

'You look as if you can kill me!
Say something.
I meant to call you.
You know that.
Say something.
Say 'something'...
Anything! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

'Say That Again? '

Hey...
Back up!

You are good to suggest,
I am in it for the ego.
That I need that massaged...
To gain a barrage of adulation.

Do you realize how long I've been doing this?
Getting angry looks with frowning lips.
Wishing to assist others with their gifts.
And this has not given me...
An expanded ego to lift.

Folks talk good game about unity.
And how others should support each other,
With their diversity.
But all I've been given is their indignities.
And how they believe...
Receiving such disrespect,
I'm finding it relieves...
The masochistic side of my personality.

Or this accomodates a deep self depravation...
Only when shown,
They then can appreciate!
For gossip purposes...
To spread to say they saw me grieve.

I do not feed on self loathing.

Hey...
Back up!

You are good to suggest,
I am in it for the ego.
That I need that massaged...
To gain a barrage of adulation.

Who in their right mind,
Would put up with such aggravation?
Unless, of course...
They feed on remorse!

'Say that again? '

Unless, of course...
They feed on remorse!

'No...
That part about being in your right mind!
Maybe that is what you should have examined!
Why continue to beat your head against the wall...
If you know no one cares you inflict your own pain!
Have you attempted another approach,
So the folks wont believe you're insane?
Or leave them alone and maintain your peaceful gains? '

What are you saying?

'I have never seen a camel,
Complain of being dehydrated.
Or wishing to have a thirst quenched! '

That makes no sense.

'My point,
Exactly! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Say To Me From Your Heart What Is Meant

Say to me from your heart what is meant.
And please leave out mythology,
Created to prevent common sense.
Or use abstracts to quote from an invention.

We are arriving to thought plateaus,
With the speed of a higher consciousness.
And that higher consciousness puts to limits,
Intentions to disregard the power that is ours.

Say to me from your heart what is meant.
And please leave out mythology,
Created to prevent common sense.
Or use abstracts to quote from an invention.

An awakening from delusions,
Has begun from realms we can not see.
There is in existence 'something' far superior,
That has come to advance insights to believe.

And that which infuses conflicts,
To distract mentalities...
Is losing its influence since it has proven,
The use of fear diminishes its own integrity.

Say to me from your heart what is meant.
And please leave out mythology,
Created to prevent common sense.
Or use abstracts to quote from an invention.
Much like what is found under a circus tent.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Scammed To Depths Deep

Scammed to depths deep and chased.
And so far away from common sense,
Its distance has retired the thought process...
As a normal and accepted occurrence in the void.
Annoyed by truth and honesty from them kept aloof,
They have become threatened by its appearance.
And have been sweetened by deceits,
Followed to lead the way.

Believing to profit from deals,
Will heal and mend.
With enriching lives accomplished.
If an adopting of more nonsense,
Stays appealing with a listening not to end.

Scammed to depths deep and chased.
And so distant from reality.
Leaving those unconscious to continue to follow,
A guarantee promised to please...
If abandoning truth by all is pursued.

'Where on Earth are we? '

Too late it is to fight for a consciousness.
Go back to sleep.
Don't try to snap out of it.
You've been tricked.
Too late it is to fight for a consciousness.
You've been tricked.
Don't try to snap out of it.

'Where on Earth are we?
That voice.
Is it for real?
It sounds as if,
It's been...
Computerized.'

Too late it is to fight for a consciousness.

Go back to sleep.
You've been tricked.
Don't try,
To snap out of it.

'That voice.
Is it for real?
It sounds as if,
Computerized.'

Too late it is to fight for a consciousness.

'That voice.
Is it for real?
It sounds as if,
Computerized.'

Too late it is to fight for a consciousness.
Too late it is to fight for a consciousness.

'That voice.
Is it for real?
It sounds as if,
Computerized.'

Too late it is to fight for a consciousness.
Too late it is to fight for a consciousness.
Scammed to depths deep and chased.
Scammed to depths deep and chased.

'That voice.
Is it for real?
It sounds as if,
Computerized.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Scandalopera

Emboldened posers daggered.
And cloaked.
In darkened corners peeking.
From shadows sharing...
More of their shared and false,
Creative notes.
Awaiting for the sign,
Given to them to begin...
Another round of havoc.
With a dispensing,
Of their senseless whims.

The hour comes close,
To provoke those unconscious.
Those using common and amusing,
Simplified anecdotes.

Spied upon,
Are the hip-hoppers.
Dancing gangbangers.
Providing fresh beats.
Loaded with depictions,
Of occurrences...
On their urban streets.
As a soundtrack flows...
Complete with a feeding,
Of hypnotic deceit.
Revealing a panoramic view,
Of their lives to broadcast...
On TV.
Delighting deceivers.
Mingling unnoticed.
Taking their notes unseen.

All together joined,
In this scandalopera.
While corruption hidden pops.
Spilling from the top,
Until the bottom it drops.

Leaving the boardrooms,
Everywhere nonstop.

Scrutiny arrives to maximize.
Liars try somewhere, anywhere,
To continue their disguise.
Loosing their suits to dupe.
To dress as thugs,
Mugging truth.
But without reason to rhyme,
The rhythm for their 'raps'...
Produced with no street 'cred'.

In this scandalopera,
Flaunted and dauntless...
Laws are rocked by decisions.
And knocked.

We live to be in this,
Scandalopera.
Love or leave it,
But it won't soon stop!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Scandalous Decisions

Unleashed are the demons...
On the prowl to defeat,
Signs of correctness.
Replacing defects...
Implanted.

Scandalous decisions,
Are now under attack.
And these demons want their exclusions...
Kept in secret.
But their deceit,
Has some setbacks.

They've been caught and running from their own misdeeds.
And none of them can believe it's time to leave...
Behind their schemes of treason.

Caught and running from their own misdeeds.
And none of them can believe it's time to leave...
Behind their schemes of treason.

Bullying has lost magic.
And building up fears just-to-feed-a greed.
Has got some demons pleading.
The rights of all are doomed!
And gloom is what's ahead for those trusting...
For others to remove their lusts!

They've been caught and running from their own misdeeds.
And none of them can believe it's time to leave...
Behind their schemes of treason.

Caught and running from their own misdeeds.
And none of them can believe it's time to leave...
Behind their schemes of treason.

Scandalous decisions,
Are now under attack.
And these demons want their exclusions...

Kept in secret.
But their deceit,
Has some setbacks.

They've been caught and running from their own misdeeds.
And none of them can believe it's time to leave...
Behind their schemes of treason.

Unleashed are the demons...
On the prowl to defeat,
Signs of correctness.
Replacing defects,
Implanted.
And...
Soured demons try,
To disenchant these days.

They've been caught and running from their own misdeeds.
And none of them can believe it's time to leave...
Behind their schemes of treason.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Scandramada

Logo poachers.
Checking out feet,
And behinds...
In a survey to find,
Who is wearing anything.
Without a logo sign!

Scandramada,
In the restrooms...
In the bedrooms
Where the preacher sleeps.
Scandramada,
A snooping of beliefs!

Scandramada,
With sneaky peeks
And 'cruisers' seeking fresh new meat!
Scandramada...
Scoops on nakedness,
And screwing in the streets.

And no one wears a logo,
Approved by Wall Street!

Scandramada,
In the restrooms...
In the bedrooms
Where the preacher sleeps.
Scandramada,
A snooping of beliefs!

Amen...

Scandramada,
With sneaky peeks
And 'cruisers' seeking fresh new meat!
Scandramada...
Scoops on nakedness,
And screwing in the streets.

Logo poachers.
Checking out feet,
And behinds...
In a survey to find,
Who is wearing anything.
Without a logo sign!

But discovers...

Scandramada,
In the restrooms...
In the bedrooms
Where the preacher sleeps.
Scandramada,
A snooping of beliefs!

No one recovers...

Scandramada,
With sneaky peeks
And 'cruisers' seeking fresh new meat!

Like the others undercover...

Scandramada...
Scoops on the nakedness,
And screwing in the streets.

Scandramada,
In the restrooms...
In the bedrooms
Where the preacher sleeps.
Scandramada,
A snooping of beliefs!

Scandramada,
A snooping of beliefs!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Scapegoats

Of course they are prepared,
To blame him for their failures.
Although their failings began,
Long before he was born.

Scapegoats are becoming meager.
Very few of them are left.
And those knowing this...
Are scared to death.
They are running out of breath,
With excuses.
Or the defamation of someone's character,
To abuse as accustomed.

Creating conflicts and wars,
Has become passé.
Since it is blatantly obvious...
Those who start them,
Aren't on the battlefields.
Or on the receiving end...
When a love one dies.
And others who are innocent,
Pass away!

Scapegoats are becoming meager,
Folks!
Everyday distractions are introduced to confuse.
One day it's about racism!
The next day...
The singing of 'Kum Bah Ya' by a group somewhere,
Makes headlines on the evening news!

'Isn't that an African-American Spiritual? '

Sssshhh...
They are on a 'high' right now!
Doing the best to blend voices.
Not the color of skin.
Leave them alone!

Let them sway to the melody.
It soon will end.

Scapegoats are doing their best,
To find a way to correct their mess.
And the concern of terrorists affecting their way of life...
Doesn't make sense!
Especially if the quality of it,
Has been initiated by homegrown conditions!
Increasing with a decadence within this density.

Note:
Definition of 'scapegoat' as defined by Merriam Webster's
Collegiate Dictionary (10th Edition)
'...a goat upon whose head are 'symbolically' placed
the sins of the people after which he is sent into the wilderness,
in the biblical ceremony for Yom Kippur.'

Yom Kippur (Day of atonement)
In Judaism, the most sacred holy day,
falling on the 10th day of the Jewish month of Tishri.
(usually late September or early October) . It is a day of fasting
and prayer for forgiveness for sins committed during the year.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Scarlett Treat

Scarlett,
Treat me to your insights.
Your thoughts with wit,
So delight.

And Scarlett,
I must say
If not for you...
I would not feel as much encouraged,
Had not your comments
Made more sense and cleared my view!

Scarlett,
Treat me to your insights.
Your thoughts with wit,
So delight.
I just can not sit knowing you are right...
And knowing I had perhaps been wrong,
By not accepting a reflection of me,
With belief.
I see that clearly now...
Scarlett Treat.

And as I write,
High on a consciousness
I am blessed with that excites.
Thank you Scarlett for your 'wit treats'.
They have provided a wider vision,
For a mind like mine
That feeds to nourish
This mental appetite that loves to bite on wit!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Scary

Yes I can deny
I hide from you
A part of myself
That cries inside.

No matter what is done,
Or said...
It's sad for me to see
You believe in lies
Carried in your head.

Your stubbornness isn't charming.
Nor is your virtuousness a lift for change.
There is a bi-polar tendency...
That keeps me on edge,
Waiting for your lunacy
To become more obviously deranged!
That's what I dred!

And I'm not making an appointment...
To have those times arranged!
I'm looking for an exit instead!

Yes I can deny I hide from you.
Although that's exactly what it is I do!
I am trying to get you off my pack.
Since your conflicting points of view,
Frightens!
They attack.
Knowing so many like you are convinced...
Reality can be condensed to avoid,
With a supported delusion that destroys!
And that is scary to know you applaud its reception!
I'd rather turn my back.
But I'm afraid to do even that!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Scathing

Many years ago you went out of your way,
To ruin me, my happiness and relationships I had...
With friends, family and peaceful acquaintances!

Through the use of rumors and allegations,
You began slanderous accusations.
And delighted to know I had broken down in tears.
Emotionally shattered...
As my associations crumbled to eventually scatter.
Nothing of that mattered to you.
You had something to prove!
Regardless if that was the wrong thing to do!

And I have not forgotten that at all.
In fact,
I sat back to watch you gain notoriety.
Establishing yourself in local and national societies...
Crediting your 'abilities' based on lies!

Those years have gone by now.
And still you sit...
Surrounded by artifacts,
Collected by you and your band of misfits!
Trapped within that mausoleum.
Unfit for those of true creative habits!

And as my reputation mends...
I send to you my condolences and sympathy,
That will not protect you from your sins!
I have forgiven you.
However...
The forgetting is not going to happen.
Not today or anytime soon!

You are one bitch I wish to see suffer!
Oh yes...
This is meant to be scathing!
You can not be buried deep enough,
For the heat I desire you to feel!

You planted seeds for my destruction, '
From instructions false from the start!
You set out to break my heart!
But 'that' has always belonged to God!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Scavenger Hunt

It is important to them.
Why aren't you participating?

'It's been important for the past 50 years.
And what is clear to them now,
Has faded from my top ten long ago.
Oil and water just does not mix.
Even when vinegar has been applied to it.
No matter how 'sweet' those rancid apples use to appear.

Now that those who have grown older,
Find deceit and their dishonesty losing appeal.
They want to quote scriptures.
With an undying love to uplift their fellowmen.
As if the bitterness they've consciously inflicted,
Is going to vaporize and disappear.

I prefer not to be exposed to that much magic.

Pretense is important to them.
They wouldn't recognize truth or reality,
If lit with neon lights in a clear night sky!
Everything about them has been fantasized.
They are mutants of affectations.
And fearing anything that remotely exposes truth.
That's why I am not participating,
To uncover the 'known' in such a 'scavenger hunt'.
I've forgiven.
But not yet stupid enough to forget.'

It's just a reunion!

'Of what? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Scenerios

Scenerio One:
You hung up the phone on me.
And in doing so,
You did me a favor!

Scenerio Two:
Yes...
I did say I would return your call,
When time permits.
And I felt like it.
I have no idea when I will feel that feeling,
Again.

Scenerio Three:
Stop calling me!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Scenes Of Suppression

Why are you riding,
My back like a flea?
The only thing missing,
Is a harnessed saddle secured on me.

You must have heard rumors,
I was easy to 'break in? '
'Rough it out! ' You were told...
'Hound him and his fantasies will end! '

Scenes of suppression,
Impressed to solicit oppression...
Needs to be shaken loose from your mind
Since where we are going,
Is 'nowhere' you will find!

And closer than that,
You are not going to get!
If I don't 'deck' you first...
With a sudden outburst,
For breathing your nonsense down my neck!

Giving you a star filled sight...
One you never expected to see,
In broad daylight!

Why are you riding,
My back like a flea?
The only thing missing,
Is a harnessed saddle secured on me.

Days of cattle calls...
To stamp your initials with branding iron,
Has cease to exists but you still persist...
And no honor comes to you for trying,
Or weakened with tricks by lieing!
That mindset you sell is dieing.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Scented Bubbles

I am not here specifically,
To burst anyone's scented bubbles.
Not purposely with intention focused.
Although, frankly, I must admit,
I enjoy the aroma they give.
There is something about them,
That provides me greater incentive.
As if they promote my motivation.
And...
I do believe,
If they are going to be blown...
I am going to do my best to make it known,
Bubbles to break that are not my own...
Have always been my ambition,
To my own floating and alone.

What can I say?
I am going to stay 'and' look away?
When others have their bubbles on parade?
Comeon.

And if bubbles to break are also scented?
Well...
Aren't they the first ones to be broken?
Something about them says,
'I dare you to break me first.'
Who in their right mind,
Would give that kind of permission?

Since the scent of them attracts,
Those more serious in the act...
Of seeing their bubbles rise as high as possible,
Why should I let the scented ones...
Get all of the attention?
Especially if the doing is a competition.
Bubbles to break are for me like bait.

'Hey...
You're breaking my bubbles.'

Didn't you intend that scent to be meant?
Don't complain.
Aren't you here to be mentioned?
Wasn't that your intention?
You got it don't cry about it.

'Yes.
But you are not letting them rise.
Not as high as I would like them.'

Stop giving them scent.
Who knows...
Perhaps they will rise unopposed.
And as a suggestion,
Use less confetti.
Let your bubbles rise,
Without unnecessary accessories.
Do you see mine?

'No.
No I don't.'

And you wont.
I'm here to see them rise.
Until I want them recognized.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Schizophrenia

One who acknowledges to recognize,
A disorder they may have and characterized...
By a loss of contact with the environment.
That begins to deteriorate a desire,
To feel the importance...
Of communicating with others,
With an expressed intent meant.

And has been diagnosed with schizophrenia,
To hopefully be treated successfully.
With a gaining of a confidence,
To return and be with others depicted...
As being normal in a 'normal' society.
Just where would one go to prove their treatment,
Has been completed with a belief it to be successful?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Scholars Of Knowledge

When would it be a good time,
For someone to make a decision...
That affects their life?
And every sign they had been given,
Had been ignored?

And they preferred to stay sitting,
In an approval of their ongoing ignorance?
As they have chosen?
Hmmm.

Although,
Don't get me wrong...
That's a good question.
I would say that person should wait,
To face the consequences.

'But wouldn't that be too late? '

Not really.
If one plays with bees,
Guess who gets taught...
By a stinging to them that comes?

And guess who is seen running away,
With a wish not to experience the pain.
To have on their priority list?

'I would think it would be the one pro-active.'

And that's a dilemma many of us face,
When trying to prove we have all the answers.
And yet,
Many of our most memorable experiences come...
When we have chosen to be at our dummest.
Making many appear to be scholars of knowledge.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Scolded

A laughter once heard loud and clear,
Now does not appear to be on the heels...
Of one then taunted.
In fact,
Not a hint of a smile dares to approach...
Those faces on heads bowed so low.

It is almost as if...
They have been scolded,
By a superior being delighted to mold.
And who waited to see them trip.
Before applying fresh versions of annoyance,
Mixed with agitation.
To teach and erase those of mental conflict.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Scoop

You have been duped.
Hoodwinked, smokedscreened...
Like a substitute expected for caffeine.
Or a diet that's sugar free!
But your hips are spreading so wide?
And anxiety has you licking the rim of your cup!

It's like believing one week's worth of exercise,
Will make you look either like Will Smith...
Or Brad Pitt.
Maybe Angelina Jolie...
With those fine kissable lips!
Hey...
What about Halle Berry?
Or...
Both!
Or all!
And you run into Janet Jackson,
With Diddy doing backflips!
Here's the scoop...
You have been duped.

Your way of life you are demanding be returned...
'Right this moment, or else! ? '
Has about as much affect,
As my desire to see gorillas doing the hula.
Or someone in Washington, D.C.
Actually representing you and your wellbeing!
Or...mine!

Excuse me...
I'm trying to hold myself!
To keep from shaking.
I don't want you to interpret by hysterical laughter,
As a sign of disrespect!

But I will share this with you!
If you close your eyes...
And click your heels three times,

Not only will you get home...
With one stop made to Kansas,
To say hello to Auntie Em.
You will arrive to find Santa there,
Nestled.
Curled up under your Christmas Tree.
With cookies he baked just for you!

And that is about as close to reality,
As you have been allowed to get...
These past 16 years!
'Kinda' waaaaay out of touch.
And hopefully,
The detoxing that comes this November...
Will not be too traumatic!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Scoring The Most 'Browny Points'

'What on Earth,
Are they doing over there? '

Making attempts to discourage the messenger,
From delivering the message.

'But...
We have the same assignment.
We all are doing the same thing.
Have you been discouraged? '

No.
Not at all.
In fact...
I have experienced just the opposite.
Have you been discouraged?

'No.
Why do you think,
They have selected him...
To be the one discouraged? '

I don't think they realize,
He is loving every moment of it.
Afterall...
Who amongst us,
Is scoring the most 'browny points'?
Do you remember what we were told?

'Yes, I do.
The more difficult the delivery,
The brighter one's star shines.'

You know what?
I hadn't thought about that.
Oh...
He thinks he's the slick one, huh?
Well...
Comeon.

Let's go lay under the Sun.

'To do what? '

Tan.
Do I need to get more specific?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Scr

There will be a uniting of states.
There will be a shakedown coming...
To break away from past mistakes.
There will be a declaration made,
That brings the constitution...
Out of areas that have been shaded.
And degraded by those who interpretated it...
To fit their needs,
While the majority of people have been ignored...
By thieves,
And their deceitful misdeeds.

There will be a united nation done!
Many will not accept,
What for them comes.
The future is more global,
Than anytime before.
And those with beliefs they are superior over others...
Will see an increase of less division.
As their racist tactics will end.
Whether or not they wish kept entitlements,
Remain for them.

The embarking of a one world rule,
With a global uniting that begins.
And anyone wishing for a past they had...
For them what is ahead,
Will be traumatic and grim!

There will be a uniting of states.
There will be a shakedown coming...
To break away from past mistakes.
There will be a declaration made,
That brings the constitution...
Out of areas that have been shaded.
And degraded by those who interpretated it...
To fit their needs,
While the majority of people have been ignored...
By thieves,

And their deceitful misdeeds.

No one will be exempt...
From the Socialistic Capitalist Realism that comes.
This SCR life ahead for us,
Will stun not some but everyone!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Scrambling Through The Hay

Fear has its way,
Of replacing the chase...
To maintain, gain and obtain,
Those frivolous and expensive escapades.
Lacking with seriousness wished,
To be left and kept away.

Ooops!
Unsaddled unexpectedly,
From their high horses ridden to ride...
Are the ones today seen,
Scambling through the hay.
Seeking for anything that shines.
And may have been dropped to spot,
Out of pockets emptied.
With hopes to pawn before the dawn.

Forlorn and mourning,
A greed to feed on a decreasing feast.
Forlorn and mourning,
The viciousness of a teasing beast.
Cranking out credit and unpaid debts.
Coming to threaten impressions to reget.

Fear has its way,
Of replacing the chase...
To maintain, gain and obtain,
Those frivolous and expensive escapades.
Lacking with seriousness wished,
To be left and kept away.

Tears drip from eyes cried.
Denials hidden,
No longer can appease to pacify.
Abandoning more are delusions stored.
Doors now closed once opened before,
Are found to be shut forevermore.
And a scambling done through the hay,
Has stopped.

To prop up heads and make beds,
For those high horse riders to lay away...
From those showing less empathy,
Hearing their moans and groans day and night...
About how their selfish appetites,
Have come to have them witnessed...
Being betrayed.

'You guys okay over here? '
Asked those horses on the backs they rode.
'We're going to have to take away some of the hay.
Those days you thought everything was yours,
Are gone.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Scraps And Pieces

Is there anything of quality,
Left that is significant?
Has the praising of mediocrity,
All that remains...
In a going insane society.

Scraps and pieces of happiness.
Are priceless when this is possessed.
Social status seems less a crave...
With those of simple needs today.
Many have never gone through this...
Having hunger, no home and in joblessness.

And they're Black.
In joblessness.
And they're White.
In joblessness...
And they're Brown,
And they're Yellow...
Hungry, and no home to sit!

And they're Black.
In joblessness.
And they're White.
In joblessness...
And they're Brown,
And they're Yellow...
Hungry, and no home to sit!

Scraps and pieces of happiness.
Are priceless when this is possessed.
Social status seems less a crave...
With those of simple needs today.
Many have never gone through this...
Having hunger, no home and in joblessness.

Is there anything of quality?
Is there anything of quality?
Is there anything of quality?

Is there anything
Anything
Anything...?

And they're Black.
In joblessness.
And they're White.
In joblessness...
And they're Brown,
And they're Yellow...
Hungry, with no home to sit!

Scraps and pieces with nothing to eat,
And they're Black.
In joblessness.
And they're White.
In joblessness...
And they're Brown,
And they're Yellow...
Hungry, without a home to sit!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Scratched And Muddied

I have often heard it said to me,
I should not base my negative opinion...
On what a few nasty people have said to me,
Or about me and to others who have accepted...
Those comments made intentionally.
Especially those made over the many years,
And at my expense directed.

And usually someone will come along,
With eyes beaming bright unaware of the history...
Who will say,
'People are like that all over the place.
You should not take what people do to you personally.'

And I look down at my feet.
And at the shoes I wear.
With this comment I will make...
'How often have you worn my shoes?
And when was the last time you shined them,
When they became scratched and muddied? '

Then I leave cordially.
I dislike it when someone associates me,
With the killing of their fresh and glowing enthusiasm.
I like to keep my 'veteran' status undetectable.
And for as long as possible.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Screaming In Tantrum Fits

Many have been protected,
With a fantasizing to encourage...
Each step placed they make will be okay.
To believe their journey on any path ahead,
Will be freed of obstacles and safely paved.

Others had been given smelling salts.
In the early stages of 'their' journeys.
To keep them snapped, buckled and attached.
As truth they saddled to ride holding onto that.
With it defined in their minds to never be erased.

And those fed to nibble delicacies to sample and taste,
That became for them a preference made to face.
With Ddemands made that they get this when they wish,
No matter if the supply of it diminishes to nonexistence.
And disbelieving this they begin their screaming in tantrum fits,
Like spoiled kids.

Many have been protected with a fantasizing to encourage,
Each step placed they make for them will be okay.
And when that brick wall they run into gets in their way...
They then will seek,
Only revenge!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Screams Of Unbearable Agony

In these times we live,
It is best to leave those to dangle...
From a thread of hope that their cherished beliefs,
Are worthy to cling onto with a keeping sacred.
Since so many are afraid to fall into a vat of truth,
Promising to drench them in it completely.

And traumatic would be the havoc heard,
By those who have already experienced...
Their own slipping of grips,
With a distancing from fantasies...
Just to listen to screams of unbearable agony,
They remember but have chosen to forget.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Screened For Updates

When a lie initially told,
Is supported
With followup addendums...
For clarification purposes.
Does the affect of it,
Become more credible overtime...
Eleminating the cause to pause,
For plausabilities?
Or subjective doubts!
Once it is understood,
As a lie.
In its entirety.
And totally removed,
From the suspicions of reality!
To impact those accustomed to thinking!
Those familiar with the process of thought,
And deductive reasoning!

Now that it is packaged...
And complete in its deceptive content.
Prepared to withstand scrutiny.
And then...
On the other hand,
Should the teller be forgiven,
For not offering an apology
Knowing
That all lies told in the past,
Were not screened for updates...
Prior to their public exposure?

It would seem a savings of time,
And a waste of this mindless logic...
If those responsible for reviewing lies,
Were held accountable for their effectiveness
As they were being check for flaws!
From the very beginning of their creations.
And evaluated based on the believability
Held in sincere eye contact made by the speaker!
The one 'elected' to deliver them...

Without muscle twitches!
Only then can an abundance of lies meet with approval!
And told over and over again...
Generating the expected applause they are given,
By those devoted to every delusion conceivably embraced!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Screwed To Bits

Being alone is not half bad
Once you've been 'I.D.-ed'
Crazy and mad!
And watching others go into mental fits.
Trying to prevent themselves,
From denying what they can't admit!
That you have seen something,
They now know is 'legit'.
And they attempt not to look at you...
When you have already handled it!
Knowing in your heart how you knew,
That they would be screwed to bits!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Screwing For Virginity

You've got to roll with the punches,
If you're going to live life as it is.
Seeing things as they are...
And let others be!
Leaving you with a better understanding.
And confusion free.

Most as caught up in a whirlwind.
Disturbed by changed and their destinies.
Seeking to find reason...
Why they are 'out-of-it'.
And incomplete.

Screwing for a virginity.
A return to an innocence.
In a world folks believe,
They can rise to a self righteousness.
Livers of lives,
Discreet and secret.
Although a decaying mold has taken hold.

Insoired by:
Hugh Jackson
Hartford, Connecticut

'Thank you, Hugh'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Scrumptious Heat

A cooling behind benched
On a sideline seat.
Retreating from a game
That pleases...
In a drenched uniform and cleats.
With thoughts of additional strategies to play,
On this day that guarantees a win and defeat.
With an appetite to kick some ass...
Missing balls long stalled and overpassed,
And wishing to satisfy a taste with licks dripping!
Feeling incomplete...
In such a scrumptious heat!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Scruples

Very few with scruples,
Are around anymore.

'Scruples?
We use to have them.
To pick up sand at the beach.
But that was a long time ago.
Remember?
When we were kids? '

Those were 'scoops' not scruples.

Then what are scruples?

'People who have 'them' are...
Honest and upright.
Careful and considerate.
And display with a showing,
Of moral integrity.
And have a regard for what is right,
With a treating of others with respect.'

LOL...
Will you stop joking.
I'm serious.
What are scruples?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Scrutinize

Scrutinize it.
Don't accept anything to force a fit.
Just scrutinize it.
Scrutinize.

Scrutinize it.
Don't accept anything to force a fit.
Just scrutinize it.
Scrutinize.

Open up those eyes.
Scrutinize.
Don't leave to beliefs.
Scrutinize.
To accept and keep.
Scrutinize.
What you can't reach with your two feet.

Open up those eyes.
Scrutinize.
Don't leave to beliefs.
Scrutinize.
To accept and keep.
Scrutinize.
What you can't reach with your two feet.
To examine, rid or receive.

Scrutinize it.
Scrutinize!
Don't accept anything to force a fit.
Just scrutinize it.
Scrutinize!
Scrutinize it.

Let them go to whoop!
Or holler in a group.
You scrutinize.
With open eyes.

Let them go to whoop!
Or holler in a group.
You scrutinize.
With open eyes.

You scrutinize!
Don't accept anything to force a fit.
Just scrutinize it.
Scrutinize.

Scrutinize it.
Don't accept anything to force a fit.
Just scrutinize it.
Scrutinize.

Open up those eyes.
Scrutinize.
Don't leave to beliefs.
Scrutinize.
To accept and keep.
Scrutinize.

What you can not reach,
With your own two feet.
To examine,
Rid...
Or receive.
Don't criticize!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Scrutinized

My best was always less
Than I thought that it should be!
I heard the voices and made choices
Critical of me!
Inside it made me realize
More was there to show!
And even though what others saw,
My purpose is to grow!
That might mean taking risks of which
I am always prepared to do...
And doing that is often frightening,
When scrutinized in public view!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Scrutinized As Being Abusive

It is accepted as entertaining,
With a paying for violence.
And yet the abuse of its after effects,
Upsets those wishing...
A rehabilitation cures with a doing,
That protects an agreed upon acceptance of it...
By criminalizing the ones that are selected,
As not doing their best,
To keep hyprocrisies hidden.
With a doing not to have their personal lives,
Scrutinized as being abusive to their spouses.
You know...
The wives, the lovers and/or 'innocent' others.
Since THIS...
Is not regarde as asporting event,
Away from the cheering of crowds...
In stadiums where violence is allowed.
To be done with it done to appall.

And a doing it for 'free' is not considered to be,
Reflective of an accepted social etiquette.
'Not today.' Say those in viewing booths.
And deluded with self righteousness.
Therefore...
Those taught to be violent and with it done to be paid,
Must know how to abide and where to apply such rules.

'Is it at all possible,
If those we teach to be violent,
Can be taught to adorn suits and ties 'First'...
Before they feel the urge to abuse anyone?
Something has to be done to protect our values.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Scrutinized For Their Blemishes

It is easy for many to sit back and critique,
With a judging done of those tasks...
Others produce with a doing to complete.

And if some people are prolific,
From experiences live that dictate this...
The critics are quick,
To stampede out from nowhere it seems...
With criticsms prepared,
Not to uplift or encourage...
But instead,
Demean.

But when given the opportunity to highlight their gifts,
Critics often spew excuses...
As those under microscope,
Are scrutinized for their blemishes.

Although,
Even those who enjoy themselves as critics...
Have moments they don't admit but wish,
An attention given to be critiqued...
Would validate a reason to rid their insecurities,
With a purpose in their minds that solidified their existence.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Scrutinized Under Spotlight

Living to contribute,
Often becomes a discouragement...
To those who are needlessly offended,
By the publicity given to their activities.

Many people are raised to believe,
The only reason they are here...
Is to eat, receive and to deceive.

And the ones not fitting these qualities,
Are highly suspected for seeking attention...
Until they are relieved,
From the giving of themselves willfully.

And at most times without compensation...
Suggested or received,
As a token of sincere acknowledgement.

Living to contribute,
Often becomes a discouragement...
To those who are needlessly offended,
By the publicity given to their activities.
And to be scrutinized under spotlight...
Is not the ambition of one of good deeds.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Scrutinizing Of An Opportunity

To scrutinize an opportunity,
Will be one less opportunity one will see...
To be scrutinized again.
And for those that do this...
Hopefully that scrutinizing of an opportunity,
Wasn't disrespectfully or publicly done.
And didn't appear with others near,
Witnessing it being unappreciated.
Leaving the scrutinizer...
With fewer less opportunities to come.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Scurrying To Hide Their Self Servicing

Transit operations add onto the bailout wave.
An economic glitch has transfixed the land.
A dike has broken and no bandage can fix...
The overflow of a crisis,
Hidden by tricks and other conflicts!
Now tearing loose the slipping grip held,
Of those startled and unbelieving it!

But this for years has been creeping to centerstage.
As those in leadership positions,
Socialized in grandiose style and pulchritude.
With an embellishment of their self worth...
Quickly becoming identified with lowlife, trash and dirt!
And seen scurrying to hide,
Their self servicing with greed that appears in their eyes.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sea Deep In Darkness

I've been trained to kill!
Of course.
That's the idea...
When one joins the military.
To conform to protect and maim,
Total strangers.

We weren't trained to have mindsets,
To bake sweets to eat.
Or stand at attention...
To drip with sweat,
In soaring heat.
Not complain about crumpets!
Or who with lunch to meet and greet..

Young,
I set out to stop the enemy.
Young and programmed,
I did not accept defeat.

I wanted to stop the enemy from ruining my nest.
I wanted to let the enemy know I was a patriot!
An American at my best.

But it seems so many are sea deep in darkness.
Wanting gifts and trinkets...
Treasured as they disrespect.
And those who sought to keep them safe,
Are shown a rusting of neglect.

A need fulfilled has been digested.
A loss descends from light!
And that has been...
On the surface,
Reflected.

Where life is found now seems infested.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sea Of Bankruptcies

The only abilities they have and reflect,
Is administering a blinded selfishness.
They argue this in denial,
By protesting that their rights...
Have been infringed upon.
Their resumés are impressive.
With references to influence.
Although not one test of common sense,
Has been passed at all.
So those observing this...
Have had lifestyles that have been stalled.
And they represent the best intelligence,
Money can buy.
No wonder there is a sea of bankruptcies!
And a growing need of plastic surgeons.
These folks can't stand the sight,
Of what and who they really are!
And they are paying to remove their ugliness.
When it would have been better in retrospect...
If they had never came out of hiding from their crevices!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Seamless Fit

Whatever that was you were,
And thought I didn't see...
I saw the moment you appeared.
To disappear instantly.
Believing yourself to be faster,
Than what I can observe.

Just because I do not acknowledge it.
Or belabor a spoken wish to have clarity...
My mind has captured its vision.
And clarification with the patience I give it,
Has seldom deluded my ability...
To put pieces together to make a seamless fit.

I can pretend not to see what's going on,
In the basement of mansions behind thick stone walls.
Or someone who attempts to fake an existence.
But reeks with sleeping with demons!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Search For Clarity

Clarity.
There is something about it...
That lightens the burden,
Of becoming victimized by misunderstandings.

It is with clarity that one becomes free of doubts.
Or comprehending something unintended...
Someone takes and tosses about.
Most times gossiped from mouth to mouth.

The search for clarity,
Identifies aspects of honesty.
And truth uncovered involved in anything...
Can solve dilemmas.
And expose deceitful offerings!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Searching Desperately With A Seeking

They have been searching desperately,
With a seeking to uncover answers.
And they have looked under bushes.
Climbed trees to inspect leaves.
And researched books page by page,
With a hope that a microscoping close,
Of a reading between lines...
Will deliver a message for them to find.

They have confessed to priests.
And prayed in pews to have their sins released.
Walked upon flaming rocks to repeat nonstop,
To prove themselves brave and fearless.
And even contacted psychics for hints to drop.

They have been searching desperately,
With a seeking to uncover answers.
And they've looked under bushes.
Climbed trees to inspect leaves.
And researched books page by page,
With a hope that a microscoping close,
Of a reading between the lines...
Will deliver a message for them to find.

And every morning when the dawn appears,
The same routine followed doesn't make it clear...
That all their answers to questions,
Have always been near.
As close as their eyes and ears.
But not one of them stops to examine,
A reflection of themselves in the mirror.

They have been searching desperately,
With a seeking to uncover answers.
Yet every morning when the dawn appears,
The same routine followed doesn't make it clear...
That all their answers to questions,
Have always been near...
IF they stopped to self examined themselves.

Since close they have been to a mirror to dissect,
Reflect, correct and accept first their own flaws.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Searching For A Gem

I wont try to figure you out!
Nor accept a pointless test.
My time is not for you to waste.
Not for you to misuse or replace.
I recommend an ego adjustment.
One you need and right away.
No one I know is seeking 'mystique'!
Especially when flesh like yours is on display!
I wont try to figure you out!
Or will I spend a moment in doubt.
I am searching for a gem that is genuine.
Not for something 'had' and tossed about!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Searching To Pass An Exaggeration

Rarely are those of deed doing,
Heard or seen flashing a résumé around...
To impress those within listening distance.
Or found searching to pass,
An exaggeration of accomplishments.

And rarely are those of optimistic conversation,
Known to gossip or deflate another's achievements.
But there are times when encouraging words,
Are expressed...
There will be those to address them,
With a negativity some enjoy as if to infest.

Environments wherever lived,
Are diminished by these activities.
And those who spew from tainted lips,
Do not recognize that is what they do!
They are a part of the whole...
But not amongst the few,
Who energize and supply a motivation felt...
That is quickly delivered when it arrives!

And rarely does one like this,
Show up late with excuses to initiate sparks...
That causes others to react,
With an attacking done on those lethargic.
An apathetic atmosphere seems to drift,
When boosted with a lift by those determine.
Irritating pessimists and the ones accustomed,
To clinging onto their procrastinations.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Seas Of Unexpected Changes

Together we are living,
On this 'ship' called Earth.
To experience the going through,
Seas of unexpected changes.
And everyone fears the doing of it done,
To find a bombardment of conflicts too much.
The pain, the suffering inflicting everyone...
Has been touched.
And those self righteous,
Believe their actions are legit...
To perceive themselves annointed,
As chosen favorites.

But together we are living,
On this 'ship' called Earth!
And through the Universe it speeds,
Regardless of those witnessing...
Of what may seem unnecessary to move forward.
Since many wish for their lives to live,
More comforting if...
What had been observed stayed away,
Or kept where it was to relive each delusional day.

Or for them on their knees praying to be set free,
To those lives to live much better to accept...
And comfortably,
If this 'ship' called Earth was going in reverse,
To enable them to appreciate with more respect...
A precious gift given of life they have all neglected.
Although...
Isn't that the lesson they should have learned first?

But in time all will find this Earth has its own mind!
And as passengers,
No one but God is alone to command.
And through the Cosmos we ride until God decides we land.
Yet those aboard believe they can continue to divide with hate,
Are the least to expect the fate that waits.
You see...

Those with false faces will soon be replaced.

The masks, the tasks, the bitterness passed.
We are going through seas of unexpected changes.
The masks, the tasks, the bitterness passed.
We are going through seas of unexpected changes.
The masks, the tasks, the bitterness passed.
We are going through seas of unexpected changes.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Season Of Forgiveness

And once again...
Leaves blowing in October winds,
Fall to drfit from different trees.
As branches are left exposed.
From a doing expected.
And not one they chose.
Autumn awaits at all doors to say, 'Hello.'

And it's once again the holidays begin.
With an offering of days to celebrate
While most of us gather together,
To reminisce, give thanks and also pray.
Since this is the season of forgiveness,
We live to feel blessed to witness.
Coming as it does to see again.
As an attention is given,
From a much appreciative audience.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Season Of Remedies

Tricked treats they eat.
Laced with charm,
And hidden agendas.

Masked to dupe.
Costumed to leave mass stupors.
Upon a population already fed to bleed...
With their exposed hollowed cheeks.
Increased on streets!
And observed as witnessed...
To lack social graces.
Skills to survive.
And with appropriate means.

Tricked treats they eat to follow like sheep.
With one objective...
To ignore truth and its perspective!

And any remnants of reality...
Freed as an activity,
For anyone to pursue.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Seasonally Adorned And Erased As Etched

Substituted duties saluted,
With a booting done...
Of those original attributes,
To dilute them and a significance...
That had inspired with influence.

Diminishing a longevity.
And a weakening encouraged,
Of a strengthened history...
That could nourish and flourish,
With a sustained courage.

But if those affected accept this...
Identities are quicker to switch,
Like the fading of fashioned fads.
With a reduction meant to be,
Of any sign of integrity.

Seasonally adorned...
And erased as etched,
From a designer's pad...
For another to sketch.
With no intent to have it last.

While delighting to see,
A pack of dogs fetch a bone...
As time from them is taken,
To humor the doers practicing their traps...
To induce those who condone what's shown.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Seasoned With Intrigue

Too many years of misunderstandings,
Seasoned with intrigue...
Has caused most people to be upset.
It is not what one has,
Or perhaps will never get.
It is an unwillingness to comprehend,
Everyone living...
Produces their own set of sins.

Too many years of misunderstandings,
Bridged by solicited confusion...
And conflicts without end,
Fed in competitions.
Ultimately split in divisions...
Of who is worthy,
To fail, succeed and win!

And no one does when everyone depends,
On neighbors, relatives and those called friends.
There has been too many years of misunderstandings.
And distrust, lies and the use of alibis to hide...
Insecurities denied,
Must all come to an end!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Seasons Come And Seasons Go

Summer winds.
Soon they will be gone,
And
Fall begins.
And it wont be long,
Before
Winter ends.
And the chirping of the birds singing
In the Spring,
Will be heard
Once again.

Summer winds.
Soon they will be gone,
And.
Fall begins.
And it wont be long,
Before.
Winter ends.
And the chirping of the birds singing.
In the Spring,
Will be heard.
Once again.

Seasons come and seasons go.
Appreciated more,
As one grows old.

Summer winds.
Soon they will be gone,
And.
Fall begins.
And it wont be long,
Before.
Winter ends.
And the chirping of the birds singing
In the Spring,
Will be heard.
Once again.

Seasons come and seasons go.
Appreciated more.
As one grows old.

Seasons come and seasons go.
Appreciated more.
As one grows old.

Seasons come and seasons go.
Appreciated more.
As one grows old.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Seated Next To Hypocrites

Must we discuss,
The lost side of negativity?
I choose not to reset bitterness,
To sit within me and make uncomfortable,
My stress absent environment.

It is not that I am unaware of negativity.
I refuse to endorse its presence or existence.
And I care less how much of it is around.
So is prostitution!
Look at the many ways,
People are paying to get screwed.

Yes.
I have heard about the devil as well.
Especially by those who can show their devilment.
In re-anactments experienced.
Again and again!
To then preach about decadence and sin!
With free flowing scriptures quoted.
On many traveled block from coast to coast,
You will see these folks confessing misdeeds
Of their unconsciousness.
With the innovation of a gifted excuse maker.

I know about that.
And I know about them!
The eyes are not only limited to what can be seen.
The heart and mind are connected by thoughts.
and I have been taught...
Not to keep my mind focused there to pay homage.

I want to free myself from those inflictions.
And to make a visit to congregate to pray against...
Sins of our own and others,
And not 'for' lives loved as creations of God,
Defeats the birthing process.
The progress I have adopted
Is injected with happiness.

I'm not about to acknowledge sins.
Or beg for forgiveness...
Once my research has been completed.
Nor stand self righteous from a pulpit.
Knowing I disguise my lust!

In God I trust!
That's it.
And I listen and watch,
Where God reveals He wants me.
And I am sure it is not to be seated,
Next to hypocrites.
God already Knows...
I'm not having none of it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Seated Within Barriers

Where was I 'trained'?
To use my brain?
To realize it had a better use...
Than to sit enclosed
And left not to expose itself,
To receive, perceive and deliver?

Limited to conditions,
I was not.
Disciplined with responsibility...
Came from my parents,
Who initiated my awakening.
And on many levels.

I felt restricted by depictions...
Of where I should be,
By those who were 'degreed'
To regurgitate philosophies,
That did not reflect...
A life in the projects.
I quite loved and accepted.

Where was I 'trained'?
To use my brain?
From teachers who attempted,
To keep me seated within barriers.
The ones selected to keep me subservient,
And self rejecting!
Somehow those lessons of limitation,
Activated my dreams!
The moment I discovered,
I desired to rush to be with those I loved...
While others were rushing to impress,
With the best of their redundancy!
I was being instructed to open my eyes.
Listen with my ears.
And observe the steps...
Of those who feared to adventure their own destinies.

I was 'trained' to watch them.
Learn to enjoy the taste of bitterness.
Forgive but not condone ignorance...
Whether mine or some outside affliction,
Meant to keep my life deluded!

Where was I 'trained'?
To use my brain?
Learning how to fly high from my nest.
Before any sign of wings came to sprout.
I was taught to figure it out.
My mind began an inside flight.
My insights did not need wings to fly.
And as long as no one provided boundaries,
They could not show and I refused to see...
The training of my brain,
Became my property!
Since I was too stubborn to confess,
A conformity I can reflect.
But the testing of it suits me best.
I am not restricted to shallow acceptances.
An observation that is obvious...
Does not confine me to take note!
Or attract what I need to feed me,
To sustain the light that is on 'my' path!

Limited to conditions,
I was not.
Disciplined with responsibility...
Came from my parents,
Who initiated my awakening.
And on many levels.
They had 'ways' to capture my attention.
And I developed a way to obey.
I wanted my journey to soar.
Knowing that obstacles faced...
Delayed but did not erase to replace,
My own separate wishes...
To become free and dismissed from fear!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Secluded And Exclusive

Innocence these days has evaded us,
Totally.
Very few signs of it existing can be found.
And...
Wanting to keep faith everyday,
To display with a trust...
Often opens up a door to lots of us,
To the after effects of being crushed.

So why...
Do we widen our eyes,
To find an untainted love?
Secluded and exclusive...
Prepared with wishes to be seduced.

And why...
When we do meet someone who 'is' special,
We play games of fetch and catch.
To deny those feelings buried inside,
Deep to hide...
An innocence we hope someone seeks.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Secret Meetings

I have secret meetings,
In my mind.
And...
I find they're the best,
All the of time.

Yes, I have secret meetings,
In my mind.
And...
I find they're the best,
All the of time.

In my mind to be condoned,
Secret meetings feeding peace.
In my mind I keep condoned.
Secret meetings feeding peace.
And my head I keep cool and collected.

Yes, I have secret meetings,
In my mind all the time.
And...
It's keepng me cool and collected.

Yes, I have secret meetings,
In my mind all the time.
And...
It's keepng me cool and collected.

Yes, I have secret meetings,
In my mind all the time.
And...
It's keepng me cool and collected.

I have secret meetings in my mind all the time,
To unwind...
From the beatings of the times.
With corruption on the pedestal directing the crimes.

I have secret meetings in my mind all the time,

To unwind...
From the beatings of the times.
With corruption on the pedestal directing the crimes.

I have secret meetings in my mind all the time,
To unwind...
From the beatings of the times.
With corruption on the pedestal directing the crimes.
With corruption on the pedestal directing the crimes.

I have secret meetings to unwind.

I have secret meetings to unwind.

I have secret meetings to unwind,
From the beatings of the times.

With corruption on the pedestal directing the crimes.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Secret Recipe

What I have learned,
From temptations yearned.
With it to make clear.
Is not to repeat,
Everything I hear.
Regardless of its deliciousness
Or the drooling of juice,
Licked from my lips.
I have learned this...
Without proof provided,
Or evidence to witness...
Never will I be made convinced,
What I've tasted is homemade.
And not from a box,
Second hand to be whipped up...
To quickly heat.
While I believe I'm served,
Something unique and special...
No one else will be given,
The opportunity to eat.
To then in my ear whisper,
Quietly as if being discreet...
'Do not under any circumstance,
Say or give away...
To you what I've given,
In utmost privacy.'

And of course,
Like a bandit jumping...
On the back of a horse.
I would portray Paul Revere.
Making it known,
I have good stuff...
Everyone just has to hear.
Caring less the truth of it.
Or what on the surface,
Has been stirred to confuse.
And there I was...
Representing the latest,

Of someone else's faked news.

Too many times,
I had found myself defending...
A lie someone to me has told.
Too many times,
Had I been the one accused...
Of whipping up a batch,
Of fantasized creations...
For the purpose to leave,
The doing to self amuse.

I have learn to listen.
With comprehension understood,
Not to repeat gossip I hear.
No matter how delicious,
The gossip is.
With its secret recipe,
Whispered in privacy...
Done to give attention.
And coming from someone...
Who thinks of me,
As the town crier.
Courier of juice.
Quick to pour the tea.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

'Secret Shopper'

How can an evaluation be validated,
When it has not been delivered...
To invalidate the vapidity of the validity?
Or the qualifications of the authority in question!

'Well...
That 'should' be quite easy,
Since we have you on camera...
Drinking a gallon of orange juice,
In isle 20.
Helping yourself to a jar of cashews,
In isle 8.
And eating three tomatos,
From the salad stand...
Prior to bringing three apples,
To check out for payment!
For which you have written a bounced check! '

Oh!
Let me see if I can locate,
My 'secret shopper' identification.
Normally...
I am not treated with such rudeness!
And my report will also mention,
The lack of firmness in your tomatos!
I find 'that' appalling.
And don't think...
I will ask for this assignment again!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Secretly Having An Affair

I've been doing this,
For years.
Without thought of receiving attention,
For years.
And for years,
There has been no expectations.
Until someone brought it to my attention,
I should keep my opinions to myself.
Since Mother Nature had become influenced!
And it became known we were secretly having an affair.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Secretly Thanked

Faith devoted,
Nurtured everyday...
As an affirmation prayed,
Will afford one with a peace of mind.

The journey from birth isn't easy to keep...
Focused with a purpose.
Or creatively fresh and free from deceit.
And self deception can be one's unknown enemy.

Faith devoted,
Nurtured everyday...
As an affirmation prayed,
Will afford one with a peace of mind.

And those not understanding this,
Believing to themselves...
The can dismiss others off of a social list.
Will one day discover,
They have been secretly thanked!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Secrets Discreet

When I give,
I unwrap the entire package.
If there is something uncovered,
You discover unliked...
When given.
Remember this...
I did not come to you,
To hide anything.
I came to expose everything.
Not to compete!
Or keep secrets discreet.
Before or after,
Laying together between sheets.
To later instigate confessions made,
Were not mistakes.
And there are discrepancies in our definitions of love.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Secrets Kept To Chase

How do I know you're not real?
The happiness I'm feeling,
Seems not to appeal to you.
And whatever you keep within,
It is there and not revealed.
And secrets kept to chase...
To conceal,
Will not take away my happiness.
To make that second place.
Especially when it has taken too long...
To make an appearance on my face.
And it does not fake when it shows.
That's how I know you're not real.
There is a pretense about your zest and zeal.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Secrets Of The Treasures

There are trailblazers, pioneers...
And others on paths to clear and carve,
Fresh and unknown to be discovered destinies.
And many come to achieve success early in their lives,
With a hope to share their experiences.
Only to keep alive that which can and should thrive.

But so many without insight and/or minds enlightened,
Choose to think of those who give with such adventures...
Lived with a wish to have others benefit from these treasures,
Are suspected as attention getters with nothing material seen...
To address impressions.

And...
Unfortunately become ignored with their expressions left,
Overheard by those who eventually steal...
Those secrets of the treasures 'they' claim to keep for themselves.
To disgust the ones who choose to keep their distance.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Secrets Slipped

Blocked, clocked and watched.
Spied upon and sniffed!
Even during toilet visits...
Some are made to feel,
They are revealing secrets slipped.
With a plop that drops in a fizz.
Suspicions become more of an interest,
When done!
Than that business after conducted,
From the one that does it is!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Section 4 Of The 14th Amendment

'Is there some way to save us from ourselves? '

Of course there is.

They who stand on the edge,
Pledging what direction ahead that should be followed.
Section 4 of the 14th Amendment,
To The Constitution as documented...
Can 'always' be borrowed to follow.

To shorten what it states:
'If people are threaten by mental instabilities...
That 'crap' is not to be allowed.
It will be deemed unconstitutional.
Even if those nuts 'think' they are justified!

And the President has every right...
To end childish bickering and fighting.

'Then why doesn't he do it? '

Do you have children?
Have you noticed...
Being impatient with them,
Creates 'more' havoc?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Security Services

Door locks
Movement sensors
Electric fences
Police
Armed guards
Television monitors
Dogs
Bells
Block watches
Timed devices
Secret codes
Barred windows
Sexual protections...
To avoid contagious diseased infections!
And not 'one' visiting psychiatrist
On anyone's list...
To assist a mind,
Trapped within invisible fears!
Security services appear,
To protect excuses...
Of advancing mental breakdowns!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sedated

It's time to dropp hopscotched ideals.
Limited in isolation...
Within the minds,
Of those locked in and boxed.

Guilt rides them with fear.
No sleep comes near them at night.
A contained anger,
Keeps them in beliefs...
Their way of life is right.

Although a solicited greed,
Has pushed them to the brink.
Fading values and standards,
Are spoken of as treasures...
With such a seriousness,
Their fixed eyes do not blink.

Their very existence relies,
On the marketing of decadence.
And once great foundations...
Are decaying more rapidly than common sense.

Guilt rides them with fear.
No sleep comes near them at night.
A contained anger,
Keeps them in beliefs...
Their way of life is right.

It's time to dropp hopscotched ideals.
Limited in isolation...
Within the minds,
Of those locked in and boxed.

Although a solicited greed,
Has pushed them to the brink.
Fading values and standards,
Are spoken of as treasures...
With such a seriousness,

Their fixed eyes do not blink.

As if they have been...
Sedated!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sedated By Infatuation

As far as adapting to habits,
And becoming sedated by infatuation...
I never intended you to become addicted.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Seduced By Luxuries

A cheapened labor for profit,
Could not stop their lust...
To pocket more.
They began to contaminate themselves.
With a self righteousness
Arresting sensibilities.
As if they had been the chosen ones.

And they were.
Chosen!
To receive inflicted revenge.
From a power descending upon them.
They were seduced by luxuries...
Undoing them to end their greed.
At all cost they wanted to succeed.
'Egofied' with victory!
No matter whose blood was left on trails,
To bleed and suffer...
To the death for beliefs.
And grieving starvation.
Proving they were champions of horror!
A declaration needing no confirmation...
By those left in global darkness.
Witnessing a martyrdom to pride,
But at the expense of whose honor! ?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Seduced By Trivia

It is easier to take a taste that is sweetened.

Once seduced by trivia it becomes a wasted effort,
To reduce it to just a meaningless hype.
After it has blown to grow in significance,
To entice one's appetite.
Since a trivia introduced to praise delusion,
Feeds less on truth.

Until truth itself becomes viewed as ineffective.

And those most affected become conditioned to suspect,
Every aspect of truth with a wish to dissect it.
With a recruiting of those who have chosen to disrespect,
The presence of truth's existence...
To ensure none of it is left to have influence,
On anyone believing to be truthful is best.

It is easier to take a taste that is sweetened.
Until truth itself becomes viewed as ineffective.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Seduced To Feed Upon Beliefs

I keep reminding myself...
people are where they are in their minds.
In a comfort that appeases.
And seduced to feed,
Upon beliefs that increases...
A conformity released.

And that conformity 'is' their reality.
Regardless if that mindset has been created,
To control and confine the minds of its own kind!
It is its own creation.

And that...
Once upon a time,
Was a successful process.
One declaring itself 'divine'.
But today...
There is a truth of our existence that prevails.

With a persistence that knocks down false walls!
And people have become confused.
Unaccepting of this action taking place.
Although they pray to 'God'
For an understanding they approve.
Many self righteous have become offended,
By what has been revealed to them.

And faces reflecting their blemishes...
Are rejected.
And they pay the cost,
Not to be recognized outside.
But 'inside' can be found those souls that suffer.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Seduction Of Frustrations

No one can make better,
What is best when made and done.
A wheel revealed is what it is.
And squares do not roll...
Within corners,
That enfold.

Some will research for hours at a time,
To define with adjustments...
A seduction of frustrations.
To replace what has been made.
As they watch their 'creations'
Go to waste and decay.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Seductive Yet Unproductive

Seductive yet unproductive,
Come those temptations to touch.
And for each one that is tasted...
Regret soon follows up.

Seductive yet unproductive,
Come those temptations to touch.
And for each one that is tasted...
Regret soon follows up.

But we all seem to have those needs to please.
Seductive yet unproductive.
And we plead on knees to have them leave.
Seductive yet unproductive.
And we waiver when we see our neighbors savoring the flavor.
Seductive yet unproductive.

But we all seem to have those needs to please.
Seductive yet unproductive.
And we plead on knees to have them leave.
Seductive yet unproductive.
And we waiver when we see our neighbors savoring the flavor.
Seductive yet unproductive.

And no matter what we do that just don't go away.
Temptations.
Seductive yet unproductive.
And no matter what we do that just don't go away.
Temptations.
Seductive yet unproductive.
And no matter what we do that just don't go away.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

See For Yourself What Is Involved

Where are you headed?

'In that direction.'

But that way has no path.
And it is thick and dark.
With no Sun to light upon it.

'I am accustomed to carving my way,
Through brush and the thicket of obstacles.
You must lead one day,
To see for yourself what is involved.
And not follow to wander far behind.
Because one day,
Your following will not be allowed.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

See How Bright The Stars?

I'm going to sweep you up in my arms,
With a thrust unknown to you.
Overpowering all of your objections,
With a gushing love I have that's true!
I do.
Hang on tight...
Don't let go.
The wind is breezy!
Don't look down...
Or you will want to return!
I wish to take you to another place.
Where I know the smile you suppress...
Will shine upon your face!
You deserve to be uplifted to heights,
To experience all that you are...
Without fears of being correct or right!
With me,
Hang on tight...
See how bright the stars?

Note:
To me, this poem is saying:
'Let me take you
From where you are,
To uncover all possibilities
That can be manifested.
Let go! Trust and believe! '
~LSP~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

See It As It Is

It becomes a foolish proposition,
To debate those pre-conditioned...
Who perceive themselves to be,
Free of critique and self examination

To maintain one's peace,
It is apparent one must release...
From such mindsets trapped,
Within points of views abused.

See it as it is,
And leave the people like this alone.

See it as it is,
And accept the consciousness you own.

See it as it is,
And leave the people like this alone.

See it as it is,
Or that peace of mind you had will...
Move on.
Gone!

It becomes a foolish proposition,
To debate those pre-conditioned...
Who perceive themselves to be,
Free of critique and self examination

See it as it is,
And leave the people like this alone.

See it as it is,
And accept the consciousness you own.

See it as it is,
And leave the people like this alone.

See it as it is,

Or that peace of mind you had will...
Move on.
Gone!

See it as it is,
Or that peace of mind you had will...
Move on.
Gone!

See it as it is,
Or that peace of mind you had will...
Move on.
Gone!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

See It To Leave It And Go

Evil felt and identified,
Is a blessing dispensed...
For those who recognize this,
To have nothing to do with it.

Evil chips away,
At one's common sense.
And wherever evil exists,
Do not accept or find this as common.

That is what those evil,
Choose to transmit and leave.
There is nothing pleasing about evil.
Nor should it be allowed to upset or tease.

See it to leave it and go!
With faith and prayer...
No one should reap,
What evil sows.

See it,
To leave.
Do not be teased by it.
And go!

See it to leave it and go.
That's it.
See it to leave it,
And go!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

See That Gesture

If I have ever extended my hand,
With a smile to offer to you...
Or to anyone.
And it is dismissed as if I am diseased?

Well...
You will never again in your lifetime,
See that gesture from me towards you again.

And trust me...
I will not be the one feeling offended.
That's a promise.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

See The Bite Marks On My Hands?

If there is anything to learn...
Do not prepare a festival,
For those already expressing ungratefulness...
To chew on nibbles and bits.
If that is their custom...
All that is required is your observance of it.
Don't let that be your struggle.
Believing them to be deserving of something more.
Observe it and move on.
See the bite marks on my hands?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

See The Space?

You are absolutely right.
What you do,
Is your business.
But not at the expense,
Of a wasting of my time.

On my time...
Your business is mine.
If your seeking someone,
For a session of tag...
I'll be glad to show you something,
You probably have never had.

Do an about-face!
See the space?
Enjoy every bit of it.
There are more important things,
I need and must do!

Do an about-face!
See the space?
Enjoy every bit of being in the midst of it.

No more will you consider me,
As a convenience for you.
Do an about-face!
See the space?
Enjoy every bit of being in the midst of it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

See You Monday

What are my plans for the weekend?
I am going to cuddle up with my Bible...
And caress my shotgun!
Hoping I will stumble upon a scripture,
That decreases my need
To be prepared to confront insanity!

How about you?
Oh...
You are going to visit the Cape,
Where you believe it is safe?
But you are packing grenades,
Just in case the seagulls...
Are plotting to undermine your peace?
That too sounds inviting!

I think we both have made good choices.
See you Monday.
And hopefully we can have a quiet lunch,
Without worrying about getting salmonella!

I will pray that both of us,
Can escape from this 'mental' recession.
At least to feel refreshed enough,
To return to combat the normality of our lives!

Enjoy!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Seeing Something For The First Time

I am so grateful,
That your perceptions of who I am...
Has nothing to do with me at all.
And who it is I know myself to be.
However...
Do not let my mentioning this,
Stop you at all from your beliefs.

You have done more for my popularity,
Or the lack of it...
Than anyone else I could hire,
To keep what I do to make ME interested.

I am serious.
Why are you looking at me like that?
As if you are seeing something for the first time.
Stop it!
I am not going to pay you a cent.
I just wanted you to know how I felt about it.
Will you cut that out!

If you are going to talk about me,
At least we should meet.
Don't you think?
I do.
And yes...
This is my real voice.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Seeing Things As They Are

Seeing things as they are.
Oppose to how one wishes,
Or chooses them to be...
Stabilizes the mind.
In times where fantasies,
And delusions have overstayed their visits.
Especially for those who have been heard,
Questioning the realities of the times.
There seems to be a nonacceptance,
Of anything connected to truth or its origin.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Seeing Through You...

We have no common ground,
You and I.
You decided to abandon that ship...
Long before it sailed.
With hopes you'd see me drown!

I've stumbled and failed...
Got up to walk through taunts and jeers!
And now you appear seeking my advice?
The one you plotted with others...
To break my heart more than twice!
I'm to do that for you now because you find my life
Right for you...
To re-enter and screw?

You are so sad.
And I am so glad!
Seeing through you...
Makes me choose not to!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Seek And 'Yea' Shall Find

Do what?
Validate my background and claims?
Who writes your material?
That's funny.
You have any tissue?
You are too much.
That's funny!
Stop it.
You're making me laugh too hard.
My stomach hurts.

First of all,
I am not the one in doubt.
Second of all,
I've already done the leg work.
And number three?
I am not about to do number two for you...
Again!
We are not that close.

I do have my private moments, you know?

If you are in need to prove,
I have done a number two...
I have also done a number one.
And I'm not in the mood to do either one.
However,
That's Mother Nature's department.

All my 'stuff' has been out in the open,
Enough.
And most of my lfe.
I am surprise you haven't smelled it by now.
Yes!
I've done some 'stinky' stuff.
I'm proud of it.
But it still 'stank'.
You catch my drift?

Seek and 'yea' shall find!
And you know where that's from?
At least I hope you do.
My mother introduced my sisters and me to church.
And...
Well,
I am not going to do anything to make it easier for you,
To prove I exist.
This I already know with certainty.

Remember...
Seek and 'yea' shall find.
The key word in use here is 'yea'.
Meaning 'you' gotta do what you've got to do.
I've already done it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Seek Me Much Deeper People

You've got to seek Me,
Within yourselves...
Deep,
People.
Beneath that shallowness,
You wish to keep...
Hidden and discreet!

You've got to seek Me,
Much deeper...
People.
If you wish to receive,
A clarity that's reaped.
One I can give.
To fulfill your needs.

You've got to open wide those squinting eyes.
To enable Me to recognize...
Those proclaiming to have God inside,
Of them residing.

You've got to open wide,
Those half shut eyes.
With a removal of those layers,
Deceiving yourselves...
As if kept as a prize.
I am often surprised and bewildered 'Why'?

You've got to seek Me,
Much deeper...
People.
If you wish to receive,
A clarity that's reaped.
One I can give.
To fulfill your needs.

You've got to seek Me,
Within yourselves...
Deep,

People.
Beneath that shallowness,
You wish to keep...
Hidden and discreet!

You've got to,
Keep your faith and just believe.
With that God side residing inside.

Stay away from fantasies.
With a keeping of those eyes,
Fixed on Me!

Keep your faith and just believe.
With that God side residing inside.
With a keeping of those eyes,
Fixed on Me!
People.

You've got to seek Me,
Within yourselves...
Deep,
People.
Beneath that shallowness,
You wish to keep...
Hidden and discreet!

You've got to seek Me,
Much deeper...
People.
If you wish to receive,
A clarity that's reaped.
One I can give.
To fulfill your needs.

'Who is it that you seek and repeat those words? '

Him or Her...
The Omnipresent,
The All Knowing!
Who's blessings surround us,
With a showing.

'OH?
And what religion does He or Her,
Represent? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Seek Me Not Seated

Seek me not,
Seated defeated in darkened valleys.
Either discover me attempting to climb,
Mountaintops to reach.
Or look up to find me on one of those summits,
Daring myself to yet search for higher peaks.

Seek me not,
Seated defeated in darkened valleys...
Where you believed you left me resting.
With thoughts you perceived me giving up a quest.
I sat to catch my breath, that's all.
And how to best remove obstacles that tested my steps.

Seek me not,
Seated defeated in darkened valleys.
Lessons I have learned and from those teachings taught,
Have instilled within me much more than motivation.
I have learned I have already achieved.
Once I accepted to disbelieve,
What others regarded what for me were impossibilities.

Seek me not,
Seated defeated in darkened valleys.
You may be the one who runs out of breath,
Unable to again take steps to catch it.
My tests are not identified by your tasks,
You assume I should accomplish before you decide I pass.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Seek The Peace

Unleash that beast that you keep.
It wants to knock you off your feet.
Unleash that beast that you keep.
It wants to knock you off your feet.
Unleash that beast that you keep.
It wants to knock you off your feet.
And wants you more to be defeated,
Than to bring you victory.

Unleash that beast that you keep.
It wants to knock you off your feet.
Unleash that beast that you keep.
It wants to knock you off your feet.
Unleash that beast that you keep.
It wants to knock you off your feet.
And wants you more to be defeated,
Than to bring you victory.

Rip your conflicts apart.
Diminish them from your heart.
And...
Seek the peace.
Peace you'll keep.
Only peace can defeat that beast.

Rip your conflicts apart.
Diminish them from your heart.
And...
Seek the peace.
Seek the peace.
Seek the peace.
Peace you'll keep!
Only peace can defeat that beast.
Only peace can defeat that beast.
Only peace can defeat that beast.

Unleash that beast that you keep.
It wants to knock you off your feet.
Unleash that beast that you keep.

It wants to knock you off your feet.
And...
Seek the peace.
Seek the peace.
Only peace can defeat that beast.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Seeking A Balance

Why aren't you here,
To participate in my anger?
Why aren't you loathing in self pity?
And sitting in self inflicting bitterness.

I love it when my self centeredness is comforted.
Don't you?
And nothing else matters,
Except the catering of my needs!

'You 'must' live alone? '

Of course I do!
But I like to use various introductions,
Just to make sure I eventually meet someone...
Who is not nearly as crazed as I am.
I am seeking a balance.

'Wouldn't it be more cost effective,
If you sought a psychiatrist first? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Seeking A Bridge To Cross With High Expectations

I am not going to be the one,
To declare or call anyone stupid.
Afterall...
I have no proof,
I carry a gene that is ignorant free!
Nor have I earned a degree,
In Professional Detection.

I have a history,
Of doing some outlandish foolish things myself.
And admittedly,
Involved in conscious implementation.

However...
Anyone who sits in broad daylight,
Totally refusing the assistance of bright Sun...
To submit to a stumbling repeatedly done,
Seeking a bridge to cross with high expectations...
Based on gossipers for its location.
Can be said to have a few loose screws,
In a head overdue for enlightenment.
And on this subject,
That is all I will volunteer.

I am not going to be the one,
To declare or call anyone stupid.
Afterall...
I have no proof,
I carry a gene that is ignorant free!
Nor have I earned a degree,
In Professional Detection.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Seeking A Circus

Weeping,
Through conscious mistakes made.
With no immediate intent when processed...
May for some,
Be excusable.

However...
To place the blame on someone else,
Is a cause for payback.
Regardless what the expections,
To be delivered from remorse may be.

Weeping,
Through conscious mistakes made.
With no immediate intent when processed...
May for some,
Be excusable.

A child disciplined,
Eventually learns.
An adult lacking discipline...
Is a clown seeking a circus to entertain,
Behind a mask.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Seeking A Way To Detox

Bankrolling their own debts...
By borrowing funds from foreign resources,
As a means to prolong the affects of regret!
Is way off the course of an announced recovery!

But an addict is never satisfied...
With those solutions best to try!
Instead of seeking a way to detox...
To eliminate the presence of cravings.
A delivery is sought to block the problem.
And administer to just the habit.

Hoping what is left that goes unidentified...
Magically disappears,
From the mind and from the eyes!
Only to inflict another remedy more effective.
And with crossed fingers...
Hope truth injected is not detected.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Seeking Any Man To Slush

She wanted to give me a reason,
To sit in swill with her.
But I did not wish to deprive,
Any comfort she had sitting and sliding!
And besides...
I am not into pork.
Or anything alive that oinks!
I must have annoyed her!
She snorted her snout...
And I happily left!
Leaving her,
Seeking any man to slush...
In the mush she lusted!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Seeking Assistance

NOW what are they protesting?

'They have come to protest,
That the government...
Has shown them less interest.'

Aren't they the ones just a few months ago,
Who came to protest too much government...
In their lives?

'But that was during bright sunny days.
And the storms upon them did not yet come.'
And only then do they to the government run.'

I've noticed how quick those who critique,
Are the first in line...
Whining and seeking assistance.

'All the time.
If not complaining about those less fortunate,
When not in some fancy restaurant dining.'

Hypocrites.

'And they are faithful to the doing of it.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Seeking Attention Of That Kind Has Been Fed

I don't expect your praise.
In fact...
I don't expect you to acknowleged anything I do.
I am not on that mission.
Seeking attention of that kind has been fed.
However...
What I do expect,
Is a clue you know something about self respect.
And so far I suspect,
We both have become disappointed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Seeking Definition

an unblocked doorway
unmarked by locks or threshold
stunts the blind seeking definition

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Seeking Evidence

I could stop right now in my tracks.
And not concern myself,
With taking another step forward.
With clues I've left behind,
For you to retrace...
How I did what I did,
And what took place.
Laced with tasty unhidden facts!

Still you would be seeking undisclosed evidence,
To waste more of your time.
Believing you'll discover something to find,
To win and grin at the finish line.
Since your mind is not convinced...
I do not, have not or will not regard you as competition.
I look upon you more as a nuisance on the pursuit.
And somewhat of an annoyance that doesn't take hints.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Seeking Excuses To Exist

To set the record straight,
I do not solicit long winded debates...
Regarding my point of view or experiences,
I have had to witness to establish...
A thought process that is my own.

Nor am I on a mission to prove,
I am a Black man capable of mental diversity.
To be a Black man and 'not' have mental diversity,
In a country that affords at least the opportunity...
To acknowledge it,
Is a preference for that Black man to stay limited.
I am not that Black man seeking excuses to exist.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Seeking For Themselves Clear Meaning

Some...
Stay on the run for wrong reasons.
And some...
Prefer a hiding to do that's done!

Disgusted and giving up,
On...
What for them had been trusted.
And...
Disgusted with a giving up,
On...
Schemers who continue disceiving,
Without seeking for themselves clear meaning.

Disgusted and giving up,
On...
What had been most valued.
And disgusted and giving up,
On...
People with no values to keep.

Gone are the days when people were able,
To say exactly what they thought.
But,
An honesty today is not that way.
Since confusion is around and sought!

Gone are the days when people were able,
To say exactly what they thought.
But,
An honesty today is not that way.
Since confusion is around and sought!

Disgusted and giving up,
On...
What for them had been trusted.
And...
Disgusted with a giving up,
On...

Schemers who continue disceiving,
Without seeking for themselves clear meaning.

Gone are the days when people were able,
To say exactly what they thought.
But,
An honesty today is not that way.
Since confusion is around and sought!

While some...
Stay on the run with it done!
To get away...
From what's displayed!

Some...
Just stay on the run with it done!
To get away...
From what's displayed!

Gone,
With a seeking of a meaning to come!
And far away,
They choose to stay...
Gone,
Without a notice to give anyone!
And far away,
They choose to stay...
Gone,
Without a notice to give anyone!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Seeking Fresh Air And A Bright Sunrise

I hope you don't confuse my clarity,
As a sign of disrespect?
I awakened one morning...
Seeking fresh air and a bright Sunrise.
And to my surprise,
Honesty and truth appeared...
Without invitation before my eyes.
And I knew this was real...
Because I heard no whispering done,
With the passing of lies!

I hope you don't confuse my clarity,
As a sign of disrespect?
I awakened one morning...
Seeking fresh air and a bright Sunrise.
And to my surprise,
Honesty and truth appeared...
Without invitation before my eyes.
And I knew this was real...
Because I heard no whispering done,
With the passing of lies!

So I hope my pursuing of more of this,
Does not offend you.
And I'll do the best I can,
To remember what side of the Sunrise...
You have accepted to stand.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Seeking Hidden Meanings

Those seeking hidden meanings,
And deep secret messages...
From something expressed direct.
Is too complicated for me.
However...
If someone finds they comprehend life,
By going through that process...
That's cool.
But it seems quite foolish to me.
And a waste of communication.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Seeking Justification

It is becoming more and more difficult,
For those to make attempts...
Seeking justification,
For the choices they've made...
In the way they've lived their lives,
With a finding of others at fault.
And reactions exchanged by those,
Who no longer accept excuses...
Rejected.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Seeking Less Government In Their Lives

The majority of the people
Rush to have their liberties quoted
As stated within the framework
Of the constitution

At yet
These liberties representing the same people
Are said to interfere too much
In the lives they wish to live

People are seeking less government in their lives
But it is the government they run to
To protest their entitlements
Are not being represented as documented

And those they elect
Are eventually despised
For not implementing those policies
Created to describe standards and precious values

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Seeking Misguided Perfection

As expressed.
Who can do it best?
One seeking misguided perfection?
Or the one who lives to witness,
And to write what is liked.
Not caring to fight with those,
Who are uptight.
Enclosed and wrapped,
In limitations to confine with explanations.
And dieing inside the correctness of standards,
And ideals.
While crying from shallow depths defined.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Seeking Reason

Slowly I get the feeling...
I love the way you move.
Gee baby,
And your attitude...
Oh honey,
What would I do?
If you decide to leave me...
On the streets.
And,
All alone to feel so...
Incomplete to weep.
In a weakened state of mind.
And,
Blinded by ill disposition!

And,
Without a night of sleep...
Seeking-more-than-reason!

Oh...
All alone to feel so...
Incomplete to weep.
In a weakened state of mind.
And,
Blinded by ill disposition!

Slowly I get the feeling...
I love the way you move.
Gee baby,
And your attitude...
Oh honey,
What would I do?
If you decide to leave me...
On the streets.
And,
All alone to feel so...
Incomplete to weep.
In a weakened state of mind.
And,

Blinded by ill disposition!

But seeking reason.
And...
Blinded by ill disposition!
But...But...
But seeking reason.
And...
Blinded by ill disposition!
But...But...
But seeking reason.
And...
Blinded by ill disposition!
But...But...
But seeking reason.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Seeking Reason For The Cause

Speculation is what a spectator does.
Those with priorities to uncover facts,
Are not normally found tossing gossip around.
To then whisper in ears,
What they wish someone else to hear...
Unproven and based upon an attention to get.

Those with a mindset seeking reason for the cause,
First learn from their own experiences...
If they do not conduct their own investigation,
With a doing to diminish speculation...
The only conclusion they will reach after participating,
Is a confusion that teaches conflict and not resolution.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Seeking Remedies

You bartered for guaranteed luck,
To fill up to the rim...
Your carried and prized cup.

And you bartered for fun,
To leave your work undone.
Now in a haste you want that replaced...
To minimize and chase away,
Mistakes you wish weren't made.

You bartered for luck,
To fill up your cup.
And like an eagle flying high,
To spot a feast to eat you could not deny.
But a landing done to get closer to see,
Did not provide...
That satisfaction sought you thought,
For a curing of that need you have for seeking remedies.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Seeking Someone Older

Brokedown, busted, rusted AND out of gas.

'Why did she wait so long to replace it? '

She didn't know he was going to get laid off.
And trust me...
If I knew she was like that and recently divorced too,
I wouldn't have gotten involved.

'Oh...
I thought you were talking about her car? '

I thought she was too.
But she kept calling it 'Bruce'.
Until I questioned her how old Bruce was.
And then when she said 'Bruce' was in his twenties...
And 'still' acted as if he was a child.
That's when she admitted to me...
She was seeking someone older.

'And...
She did not ask you about insurance?
Or how you were covered? '
I would have been suspicious right then.'

She mentioned this after the act.
And we were not then covered at all.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Seeking Someone Special

I have come right back to where I started.
Healed from a broken heart.
And determined not to be,
On the mend again.

I've got my guard set up so high...
I have to climb over it to see the Sun rise.
Or tunnel vision my eyes,
To prevent another blinded move!

I use to believe a love expressed,
Was accepted unconditionally.
I never thought of competing,
With a preference list.

And when I found this out,
I was not about to persist...
With more of my stored up,
Bundle of deluded and foolish wishfulness.

I've come right back to where I started.
Healed from a broken heart.
And determined not to be,
On the mend again.
From perceived pretentions,
That I am an unplucked virgin...
Waiting for a heat to meet my passions.

I am going to sit!
For at least...
Hmmm...ten minutes!
That should be enough time,
For someone special to recognize...
I am the vision of their dreams,
That has come to life.

On second thought,
I need to make that twenty minutes.
Since I am seeking someone special,

Who is alert and Quick to spot what I've got!

That time-released clock,
Seems to be loudly tick tocking out the seconds.
I had not noticed it as much as I have done lately!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Seeking Someone To Empathize

What do you mean,
I haven't shown you any sympathy?
That was the first thing I showed you,
The moment you chose to select me...
As your prey to victimize.
Thinking my respect for you,
Was a sign of weakness.

You just don't remember that,
Because I have been nothing but supportive.
And you are seeking someone to empathize,
With your current surprising financial dilemma.
And I no longer do charity work.
Nor am I a doormat to walk on...
To get you from Point A to B.

No...
Homey don't play games like that!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Seeking Something Deeper And Concrete

From the beginning,
You initiated a chase.
The day we met,
I expressed a fondness for you.
And you expressed to me,
Feelings...
I now relate,
As being falsely made.
When I believed the Sun would appear...
You quickly would cloud it to give me shade!

It has been years and time spent,
I have not been convinced...
You care for me at all.
Every now and then,
You might express an emotion.
But a connection to what you mention,
Seems to stall behind a wall.
And I am not an architect...
Wishing to play with loose bricks.
I'm into seeking something deeper...
And concrete with me that fits.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Seeking Something Genuine

I too have gone through that process.
Believing if things,
Would only go my way...
Everything would be okay.
And those in doubt about 'my' decisions...
Would get over it!
And so happy, ultimately, we would all be.

So confident had I been,
With my interpretation of correctness.

I too abused myself with stubbornness.
Not knowing it then...
How a foolishness can haunt one's bliss.

With a believing if things,
Would only go my way...
Raised high on shoulders a lift I'd get,
To sniff the air...
With a hearing of cheers no one could resist!

And then a snapping done cracked me back into reality.
With a receiving of a request.
It seemed a lawyer wanted me to sign divorce papers.
And to do it without protest!

Does any of this make any sense to you?
Is there something I've expressed,
Sinking in and getting through?

What you want from me...
And what is not going to happen,
Is not a consideration I am going to make.
I have said no,
To any kind of relationship!
Freaky, homo, straight or discreet.
I aint into it.
I use to be...
All of that.

But today...
None of that is where I am at!
I am seeking something genuine.

Now...
What part of 'no' do you wish to have clarified?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Seeking The Spotlight

It has become so easy to criticize,
One who is effective in a doing to get done...
By those who stand aside seeking the spotlight.
But lack experience showing they know what that's like.
Since most of their time is spent,
Adjusting what is wanted on a wish list.
To change periodically as they see fit.
And not in the doing in performances that exists,
To be witnessed and known by others to have seen this...
By the one who has been criticized.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Seeking To Avenge Themselves

Digging deep are many seeking,
To avenge themselves...
And others wronging judged.
Today's conflicts,
Have more to do with infighting.
Than any addmission,
About reported threats coming...
From concentrationplace upon terrorists.

And those behind it defend themselves,
With senseless verbal attacks...
Heard from within their sacred domain,
Than directed from outside from someone else.

Digging deep are many seeking,
To avenge themselves...
And others wronging judged.
However...
The ones making these attempts,
Are the very people...
Who began agitating with accusations,
That the ones they wish now to protect...
Were the ones to slander as mavericks and pests.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Seeking To Be Convinced

They will never find true happiness.
They have chosen to adorn their shells...
With visits welcomed by temptations.
And desperations...
Sought outside,
Instead of inside themselves!
Where this journey begins and ends.
But they spend their entire lives,
Seeking to be convinced!
And peering over the fence...
To compare whose grass,
Remains the greener!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Seeking To Be Smothered

They are saying the same thing.
And that is unique.
Those wishing to defeat them...
Hand out shovels.
Repeating jestures to dig deeper,
Into a hole.
To prove...
Darkness provides complete cover,
To glorify and continue with misdeeds.
And those who see the light...
Are not frightened by it!
They are prepared to be opposed,
By those seeking to be smothered.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Seeking To Continue To Deny Truth

Does a raising of awareness heal any would?
Does a craze of losing entitlements,
Create in one's mind...
A reason to find a validation to hate?
For who and why and for what?
Something that can not be destroyed by nature?
Something valued that is waterproof,
And sit for decades covered by a flooding...
That decides to stay put to collect pollution,
With rotten debris also under toxic soot

Does a raising of awareness,
End injustices.
Or protect human rights of those,
Wishing to live and let live the way they like.

Does a raising of awareness heal any would?
Does a craze of losing entitlements,
Create in one's mind...
A reason to find a validation to hate?
With an increasing of debates,
To find solutions for those circumstances...
That have become attached to one's blinding ignorance.
Although seeking to continue to deny truth.

Does a raising of awareness,
End injustices.
Or protect human rights of those,
Wishing to live and let live!
No!
Not until those who attempt hatred to control,
Realize what they fear...
Will still be themselves to undo!

The social element in it is misft.
The social element in this is...
Thick with an addiction,
Allow to sit sick...
In denying minds either unaware,

Or ill in consciousness.

Does a raising of awareness,
End injustices.
Or protect human rights of those,
Wishing to live and let live!
No!
Not until those who attempt hatred to control,
Realize what they fear...
Will still be themselves to undo!

The social element in it is misft.
The social element in this is...
Thick with an addiction,
Allow to sit sick...
In denying minds either unaware,
Or ill in consciousness.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Seeking To Receive

You annoy!
As if it is enjoyed.
A specialty perfected that you do.
And it is not that I am cruel,
Pointing that out to you.
But you do it as if...
It is a gift from you I accept.
With an expectation from you I get.

You annoy!
As if it is by you enjoyed.
And I sit with you wondering...
If it is my patience given,
You wish to see from me...
Leave.
Before you decide,
That's the thrill you came seeking to receive.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Seeking To Speed Up A Way

When women begin to commit acts,
Of armed robbery...
Breast feeding and baking cookies,
Or standing over a sink...
Filled with unwashed dishes,
Is something not likely to be on their minds.

Unless...
They are seeking to speed up a way that finds,
Payment quickly for new appliances that are quickly delivered.
Enabling them to do those chores...
To keep up with the neighbors living next door!
Who knows what the time of the month does to some folks?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Seeking To Uncover Hidden Meanings

If more people read words actually written,
Less time would be spent by them...
Seeking to uncover hidden meanings,
Or trying to find a way to define the mind...
Of the writer.

Or...
Make attempts to read between the lines,
When there is a lack of comprehension...
Of the lines already there that appear.

But like most folks,
Who obtain their knowledge from gossip...
A title to them given speaks,
More than their reading of words.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Seen Before Throughout The Decades Passed

Those trying to 'find' themselves,
And have a firm hold onto their pretentions...
Only keep their intentions tricked.
Everytime they don a fresh masquerade.
Seen before throughout the decades passed.
But for those charading,
The fit for them...
Becomes something genuine,
To grab as a fast mask...
Until they are satisfied someone has been had!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Seen By An Undisciplined Offspring

Stale, antiquated and rehashed.
Traditions strict.
And wished to be kept...
By those whose lives are lived by myths.
And hyped with unresisted propaganda.

But those days are fading quick!
Shown by those fed,
Such misfit misgivings of a nonexistence.
With expectations high and mighty...
Seen by an undisciplined offspring,
As too laughable to achieve or accomplish.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Seen Cleaned And Fed

It is not difficult to leave behind,
Those who do not mentally or spiritually grow.
When one in a higher state of consciousness,
Arrives to that mindset...
It is not a fashion statement made.
Nor a fad to fade when it is replaced.

When a process of growth is progressed...
A change occurs.
Similar to that which is recognized,
Between children wearing diapers.
And adults who wear them too!
Literally and figuratively!

It's in the observation,
That something has leaped...
In both understanding and maturity.
One seeks to cling.
The other wishes to be seen cleaned and fed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Seen More In One Week

For someone who claims to enjoy his privacy,
He has been seen more in one week...
Than all of his elected time in office.
Eight deceiving years,
Of his frequent non-appearances.

Harboring his messages of darkness.
And how a new administration...
Is seeking to make a strengthened nation,
Appear not strong,
But decisively weak.

And like sheep they listen.
To such torture laden speeches.
With no explanation given...
How it was to come to pass,
Under his leadership allowed trashed.
A dictator like Darth Vader...
Was discovered hiding in a hole.
And the architect of terrorism,
Periodically released filmed videos!

Still free!
And probably producing a documentary!

With no mention of an economy...
That has created much suffering.
As if this agony to him has pleased!
And not one dime from his pocket...
Is thrown to the 'urbanites' crawling,
On their knees!

His looks could kill.
They are not of the empathetic kind.
Nor have they ever expressed goodwill!

'Take the camera off the smirk,
Of that jerk! '

But he has been a 'respected' Vice-President.

'And I am the magnificent Wizard of Oz.
Which over glorified deception do you prefer? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Seen To Be Subdued

For what other reasons,
Would one be singled out to penalize...
For actions that have been legalized,
By those now feeling justified...
To apply their self righteousness?

Is it an arrogance they wish seen,
To be subdued?

Or is it they seek to embarrass themselves,
With a doing that is pursued.
But in the doing of this,
And with a consciousness...
They don't perceive themselves as fools.

'Are they absolutely crazy.'

Sssshhhh,
They are still debating it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Seen Trickin'

Seen trickin'.
There is no secret..
Trickin' people are seen.
Because of the economy,
People feel that trickin'...
Is what they today must do,
To pull themselves through.
With a new definition of desperation...
Deliberate even though it demeans.

Every dime they had save for that rainy day,
Seem to have been raided...
By those masquerading,
To say they represent the coming of better days.

Trickin'.
Some just to eat.
They keep on trickin'...
With a losing battle to protect their dignities.
And no longer lost to find a reason in their minds...
How what they do others may define.

They know they no longer lick that finger lickin' chicken.
Nor dip in catsup those french fries yummy good...
To fatten rubbing thighs and lieing about those diets tried.

No longer are these tricks fixin'...
That roast that sits cooling in the kitchen.
Or that oven baked cake,
Grandma used to make.

These folks are trickin'.
Males, females, shemales and 'its'.
Trickin'...
And hustling up profits made to their benefit.
Attempting to keep that lifestyle from a slip to a slide,
Quicker than it is.
Folks don't care about who sees them trick.
Folks care more about keeping up their habits!

Seen trickin'.
There is no secret..
Trickin' people are seen.
Because of the economy,
People feel that trickin'...
Is what they today must do,
To pull themselves through.
With a new definition of desperation...
Deliberate even though it demeans.

Seen trickin' although it sickens them!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Seen Without Weapons

Awaken with love in your heart.
And a willingness to show it.
Those who choose to arm with armor...
Aren't as strong as the tree that is witnessed.
Or the Sun that shines bright.
When seen without weapons to defend.
.
Even the laughter of children,
Can melt a frigid shoulder!
And as I grow older...
I see the power of love maintained.
With a strength that remains,
To heal all wounds
When the fields supporting battle...
Have been deserted!
Doomed by undeserved fear.
And realized...
From eyes that have ceased,
A search for conflict!

Landscapes left in destruction...
Leaving evidence of hate,
Provide no comfort!
Nor peace of mind that stays!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Seeped In Treason

Overdosed and roasted,
By those who shed skin
Much like liars and snakes...
Who both have that in common!
And sincerety that disguises,
Hiding those rising from pews or pulpits!
With clipped wings and tilted halos.
And they ask for more visable patrol...
By police to protect and monitor their souls.
When they have lost control of lives...
To live uncivilized like moles in holes.
With a superficial hold on the 'Word'!
Using darkness to invent more lies told!
Lifted from reinterpretations of scriptures sold.
To advance their reasons to 'prey'.
And they believe this doesn't show...
Or validate an acceptance that has grown too old,
To deny its origins did not begin from their lips or pens...
Used to advance ignorance seeped in treason!
And delivered to enforce...
So they can divorce themselves
From any involvement for solutions to solve
Problems,
Generated by themselves...of course!
Once it has been shown,
These acts come to knock at their own front doors!
To lay at their feet.
Where the scent of scandal,
Has been traced and followed!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Seeping From The Last Of Merit

Can a mess long unaddressed be corrected?
How creative will the undertaking of that task become?
In a place in which reality has been nonexisting...
Who's vision will produce a concrete foundation?
What will it be based upon?
Every institution now has cracks,
Providing versions of inactivity to combat
What currently attacks.
How can anyone defend beliefs,
Seeping from the last of merit.
And pretentions kept have ceased paying any bill.
We live in days when having bad credit...
Is better to accept than having no credit at all!
Those who have played ball at their best,
All their lives AND patriotic...
Have become rejected and placed under investigation!
They have become suspects.
Standing out to bloom...
In a sea of choking weeds.
To become smoked away,
From positions once held in high esteem.
Can a mess long unaddressed be corrected?
How creative will the undertaking of that task become?
No one seems to know.
Too many are far too slow in awakening.
And those with virtue...
Have begun to sever themselves from the waste!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Seeps As If Squeezed

Difficult it is to keep defended,
Generations of sins committed.
When an integrity diminishes...
With a steady application of deceit.
Increasing as it does,
An exposure for all to see.
Without the benefit of relief.

How is it that anyone...
Can maintain with a sustaining of beliefs?
When evidence provided seeps as if squeezed.
And is as obvious as the falling,
Of Auntumn leaves from barren trees.
As stark branches left bare,
Reveal such a nakedness that seems to stare.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sees With A Desire Sought

Like my father.
And his father before him...
I was the eldest.
And made quick to grow.
With a teaching of life early.
And many times angry,
I had to let my childhood go.

Used to set examples.
And enforced to do chores I had to do...
Did not sit well with me at all,
As I saw other children playing games...
With a loving to do it too!

But as I grew older with skills I had been taught,
I still observe those 'children'...
Playing the same games with those teachings.
The very same games they have handed to their children...
With beliefs a maturity comes to one automatically.
Yet...
One does not achieve the meaning of responsibility,
Unless there is an influence one sees with a desire sought.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Seldom Absent

My eyes have never been set on a race to chase.
Or have I awakened,
From dreams to see myself in first place.
Experiences have left me with a lot of patience.

Too long I have spent in correcting mistakes.
And overcoming heartbreaks that showed on my face,
Were not 'then' or now priorities with me.
Experiences have left me with a lot of patience.

My faith and belief I could get up off my knees,
Has been more mentally challenging...
To witness the doing of it AND achieving happiness,
Than someone believing they could leave my ego wounded.

Experiences I have obtained I do not have to reminisce,
Not with blessings I have received to be grateful to get.
To leave me with a lot of patience to recognize what it is I value,
Over the presence of nonsense presented by foolish pettiness.

There is nothing like arriving to accept a clarity no one can deceive.
Since it seems there are certain lessons taught to teach,
That come to bestow experiences learned to comprehend immediately.
Needing never to be repeated in a mind seldom absent that stays fresh.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Seldom Asked

A horse familiar with pulling a cart,
Doesn't have to be taught...
What that experience is like.
Or is in need to have details of scenes,
Described by those riding in the cart...
As the horse pulls.

A horse familiar with pulling a cart,
Doesn't have to be taught...
What that experience is like.
A horse familiar with pulling a cart...
Is seldom asked,
About anything the horse knows and has seen...
On a path that is daily traveled.

Those in the cart,
Seldom repeat the ride.
And few, if any...
Know what it is like to pull their own weight,
And others.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Seldom Heard Complaining

Only those accepting to live life,
Feeling obligated to express gratitude...
Are seldom heard complaining to judge,
As if this was a job for them to do...
About the choices made that others choose.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Seldom Put To The Test

The best experiences to have and face,
Are those that come to one unexpected.
The affect of them leaves a mind more observant.
With an expanded comprehension.
And one is less protective of kept insecurities,
Since steps taken to expose one to risks...
Immediately will prove the validity of one's faith,
To others always claimed within a comfort that remains.
But seldom put to the test to attest to one's actions.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Seldom Will It Be Heard

Seldom will it be heard,
From those who excuse everything they do...
An admission of doing anything to provoke others,
With an acknowledgement based upon self examination.
Or an apology given to those they believe,
Should be understanding of their right to self indulge.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Selected To Be Unfortunate

With a feasting that had to cease,
Those addicted to this most...
Still will not concede,
The reason why their jobs were outsourced...
Overseas,
Had more to do with their increasing greed.
And policies unionized to keep them high paid,
While also maintaining entitlements...
To ensure their lazy ways.

People want jobs but don't want to work.
They want to know what the incentives are first.
Two weeks with pay vacation.
Bonuses and raises based upon attendance,
And not common sense or competence.
With free medical insurance that provides for sick days.
Not caring whoever employes them,
Has a product to market and a service kept wanted...
IF in the game that employer wishes to stay and play.

Selfishness is not in the mix,
For those affixed to entitlements.
And the cupboards grow bare for those who left them there.
Those who refused others a right to share,
With an eliminating of their rights to opportunities.
Should not expect those selected to be unfortunate,
To empathize with them or express they care.
Since disparaties and misdeeds of deceit...
Has always been a motivation greedy people keep.

'There you go bringing up racism, again! '

Not once did I mention color or race.
Has your consciousness come face to face with it?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Selected To Make Decisions

So behind the eight ball.
Those that can not see the forest...
But also can not interpret the tea leaves.
Even if they had a sip of it,
They would choose to have it sweetened.
Regardless of the affects or purpose.
Or the intentions of the ingredients.

To move and advance forward,
There has to be steps made!
This requires effort.
With a fading of rhetoric.
And the saving of the paving of it.

When someone claims to be aware,
But can not see a moving truck.
Or stares at a beachball...
That hits them in the head,
Because they do not duck.
I pause for concern!
Something in their 'awareness'
A common sense has not been taught
From experiences learned.
And these are the folks who provoke without knowing.

So behind the eight ball.
Those that can not see the forest...
But also can not interpret the tea leaves.
Even if they had a sip of it,
They would choose to have it sweetened.
Regardless of the affects or purpose.
Or the intentions of the ingredients.

These are the folks who see an oncoming train.
And stand in the middle of the tracks to ask...
'If I stood here,
Would that train hit me?
And if it did...
Will I get hurt? '

And they have been selected to make decisions,
Based upon their wisdom!

To move and advance forward,
There has to be steps made!
This requires effort.
With a fading of rhetoric.
And the saving of the paving of it.

Observe situations as they are.
And not how one chooses them to be.
See clearly the obstacles!
And perceive reality...
As being something based upon concepts concrete!
It makes the living of one's life much easier.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Selecting Memories

No dream do I wish I was idolized!
But I did once want to fly.
Like an Eagle with wings...
Soaring and gliding high.

I can not decide which season,
I would like to see baptised...
As the one more blessed than the other.
Since each has a way,
To reveal treasures constantly discovered.

And in my mind I'm almost close,
To planet Mars.
Wondering where to land.
And...
In my mind,
I know I can drift far away.
From a life I find demanding.

In my mind I'm almost close,
To planet Mars.
Wondering where to land.
And...
In my mind,
I know I can drift far away.
Selecting memories for me.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Selecting To Protect And Dissect

Objects to be used.
They view themselves this way.
In a perfected display...
Of a total loss of identity.
An empty falsity escaping by charade.
Facing this and coming to grips with it...
Establishes denial,
And masquerades that degrade.
Accustomed they are to be used...
As someone's trade!
As if a physicality and a plasticness,
Is all what they wish!
A hollow and fake nothingness!
Objects.
Selecting to protect and dissect,
From behind masks.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Selecting Which Ones To Fry

It has been a long time,
Since I've tested wings to fly.
Now when I choose to soar,
I feel I must spy to see who is near by...
Doing the wing clippings.
And selecting which ones to fry.
There are too many jealous wishing to pluck feathers.

It seems as if I have to waste my time,
Multi-tasking.
And I have not been asked,
To clarify a thing from my point of view.
It is assumed what I do I have done,
Without obstacles!
And watching for those have kept my flight afloat.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Selective

Those that write...
Know there is no easy way to it,
To get it done.
But to do it.

Plagiarist are quick to quote,
And lift whole passages.
With attempts to have their theft flow.
As if one's style can not be recognized.

One who writes,
Knows this upon sight.
It is similar to a game of chess...
Played out like life.
And at one's best.

The more one becomes aware of the game...
It is not who plays,
But how well they do it.
With a signature imprint that is left,
To impress with style.
That separates them from the rest.
And 'that' a plagiarist does not GET!

Even God intended to create,
And make each snowflake...
Unique and different.
A 'purest' would know!
All trees do not bear leaves.
Some bear pine.
Yet few, if any, grow ungrounded.

'Are you talking about trees?
Or plagiarists?
Or or or...chess or both?
What ARE you talking about? '

~Neither.
I want to emphasize the unique,

And different images of each snowflake...
God makes.~

'And I 'listen' to this? '

~That's the point I make exactly.
You have 'chosen' to be selective.
Others are not so particular.
They will pick up and run with anything.~

'And...
I might add.
That is b-a-r-e, 'bare'.'

~Oh?
A selective purest who is also a reading critic?
With time to discern proper word usage?
You should apply that kind of discretion,
To your game.
Perhaps you wouldn't lose as often~

'It's your turn.
Just make a move, okay? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Selective Discrimination

It's not noticed until focused upon.
And only then it is said nothing is perfect.
Those on tour buses view landscaped vistas.
Boxed lunches are issued.
Some had ordered sandwiches with mayonaisse.
Others complained of receiving pickles
Without lettuce!
In the distance it was observed,
Millions of people roaming in fields!
They were declared blossoms of a new season!
They were photograped that way!
Selective discrimination works!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Selective Memories

Those who believe they have feelings felt,
That should be given more of a priority
Over other human beings.
While they believe it is okay,
To do unto others as they please
As if blessed with the getting,
Of an attention?

Well
When I was raise,
The phrase that still applies
And has not faded away,
Do Unto Others As You Expect Them,
To Do Unto You~
Needs not to be updated,
To be re-clarified with an interpretation.
It seems to have a snug fit.
No matter what the language.

Some folks in the process of their doing,
Seem to have selective memories
When it comes to their intentional,
Misdeeds done.

And others in their forgiving,
Aren't so blessed to be possessed
With a forgetting.
They do not have that
As a selective choice from which to choose,
To erase from vivid memories.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Selective Memory

If I had not been there for you,
With interest...
To take you through steps,
A, B and C...
You would not have been enabled,
To celebrate your acquired self righteousness...
With perceptions you feed others to believe,
I had been strict and mean to you.

Who introduced to you discipline?

The ones deserving of your scathing accusations,
Expressed no interest in your success.
The ones deserving of your scathing accusations,
Were not around and absent to address your laziness.
Who introduced to you discipline?
Who was there with expectations you do more not less,
Of your very best.

'What is it you are saying to me? '

I am not the one who suffers from a selective memory.
If I had not been there for you,
Who would have made it possible...
For you to identify options?
Options you did not have before your attempts,
To exaggerate the facts of your past.

'But you were mean.'

Remember...
I chose to remain on the scene,
To express to you an interest.
I didn't leave like the others...
To address my own selfishness.
However...
Today I can say I've made up for that.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Selective Obnoxiousness

Some folks enjoy being annoying.
It is a pattern.
A rhythm.
A method of selective obnoxiousness.

Intentional and done to perfect what they do best.
Annoy since no other attention do they get!

Some folks make it their priority,
To make sure their presence is known.
Sometimes through use of flattery,
Much of it overblown.

Ignoring them is a challenge,
For the one who has been picked.
And responding with crude rudeness...
Gives them not a hint,
Those they choose to monitor...
Are not amused by it one bit!

Some folks enjoy being annoying.
It is a pattern.
A rhythm.
A method of selective obnoxiousness.

And quietly minding one's own business,
Is like feeding fresh unhooked worms,
To a school of fish!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Selective Pickings

It is done all the time.
Those selective pickings.
Choices made in one's mind.
And it has to do with preferences.
An acceptance of taste.
Or a thought process that appeases.
And when it comes to what one reads...
A picture painted to please,
Can depict a thousand words.
Especially if a word or two...
May not be what one prefers to have heard.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Selective Realities

No one believes...
The blood they bleed these days
Is of treason crazed,
Diced with sacrificed lives for lifestyles
Long gone, outdated, forgottened.
Instigating but a few,
Stewing pain.

A few who could care less who's name
Announces
A louder call
For more appalling
Patriot games.

No one believes...
Peacekeepers come
Bearing a quick peace up their sleeves.
Or a Jesse Jackson and Al Sharpton debate
About the relevance of political correctness,
On crime infested streets.
Are they competing amongst themselves?
In a practice of 'ghetto is good'
But not in my surburban neighborhood!
And nothing what is 'fed' feeds the 'hood'.

They are caricatures of a capsuled time...
In minds of those reliving 'selective realities'.

And no believes,
What is spoken convinces the one speaking!
Since the delivery is done with stature...
But the dignity of it lacks sincerety that's pure!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Selective Relativity

It's all selective relativity.
If someone decides,
They like something preferred...
They ensure it becomes 'preferred'.

And that which is deemed superior in quality,
May never get a nibble.
Especially from those who have a preference,
For that which for them...
Expresses the best in tastelessness.

Remember...
Persuasion has been the key,
In the spreading of all decadence.
With a long lasting blinding acceptance.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Selective Statistics

No one should expect
Those living in denial to accept
A foundation of truth to pursue reality.
It will not happen!
Beliefs maintained and sustained...
Keeps traditions medicated,
With just the right dose of sanity.
Allowing a life much more bearable
To share with others who are just as narrow minded,
And easier to identify...
With selective statistics that support
Their reasons to exist with a false sense of purpose.
No matter how shallow the routine and commitment
To focus on activities that are clearly out of touch,
And smothering.
Although they are in constant search and development...
To find something that validates
An ignorance fostered upon generation after generation
And declared antiques and treasures...
Artifacts!
Even though nothing is more worthless than a waste of time,
Collected to boost a much exaggerated history.
Mainly nurtured in isolation and encouraged to flourish,
Above and beyond anything discovered on Earth.
And that takes a lot of devoted promotion!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Selectively Limited

When I give...
It is from within me,
That is done!

When I speak...
Not a bush do I beat,
Like some may do and run.

My purpose has been made very clear.
And those who fear,
Make excuses heard...
Far and near.

When I give...
It is from within me,
That is done!

When I speak...
Not a bush do I beat,
Like some may do and run.

Protecting insecurities.
No eye contact made to greet...
Those they pass on familiar streets.

I am happiest when others live lives of truth.
It is difficult to face it.
It was for me.
But denial kept me abused and confused.

And when I refused deception of all kinds...
I began to speak from my heart.
And found 'peace' to be a friend of mine.
Although I do admit,
My contact with some folks...
Has been selectively limited.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Self Absorbed And Self Obsessed

What is it that it helps to feed,
When an overdosed ego...
Repeatedly shows but doesn't know,
On others it drips unnoticed blood to bleed?

It is with time an awareness should come.
When a life lived to experience,
An opening of eyes wider...
To free from one's tunneled vision done.

Some do, some wont and some just don't,
Accept to affect a life to live...
That can be more effective.
With others expressed as their main objective.

Listen intently,
To those self absorbed and self obsessed.
Listen to their comments made,
And that which is the focus of their 'selected' interest.

Listen with a wish to desire conversation.
With the importance of it to value,
When in exchange of it.
Then do not wonder why the exchange is limited.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Self And Identity

It is never too late,
For one to discover self and identity.

However,
I do not believe they should expect,
Fanfare.
Especially from those,
Who have chosen this route to take...
Most of their lives without fearing to be themselves.

And many of them without the benefit of respect given,
From those still in masquerade.
And seeking approval...
For the worn out sterotypical images,
They find easy to address and adorn.
No matter how outdated the disgracing beratements.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Self Betrayed

A new day.
And yet...
The same people,
Use fresh excuses.
Without delay...
Although in denial and self betrayed,
They portray themselves...
As ready to accept whatever it is they must.
But they distrust and fear being exposed by reality!
And whatever is done they do,
Is not connected to solving solutions.
And common sense to them has not been introduced.
They refuse to see themselves as the ones with problems!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Self Bleeding Beatings

I will not and can't stand back...
To standby,
To see you in tears!
I wont!
Nor will I watch your head...
Going through the motions,
Over something that has been said!
By someone you don't know.
Or know us.
To keep you that upset.

If you,
Don't keep your ears on someone's lips...
You'll prove,
That you've freed yourself from pettiness...
And give the boot to excuses suffered.

Don't bluff.
Just do it.
We both could use the experience.

Nope!
No need to keep up with 'those' self bleeding beatings!
Nope!
No need to keep up with 'those' self bleeding beatings!
Nope!
No need to keep up with 'those' self bleeding beatings!

Just because life seems extreme!

Nope!
No need to keep up with 'those' self bleeding beatings!
Nope!
No need to keep up with 'those' self bleeding beatings!
Nope!
No need to keep up with 'those' self bleeding beatings!

Even though you wanted your Rooster to rule.
With a stronger cock hold on the doodle-dee-doo!

Nope!
No need to keep up with 'those' self bleeding beatings!
Nope!
No need to keep up with 'those' self bleeding beatings!
Nope!
No need to keep up with 'those' self bleeding beatings!

Just because life seems extreme!
With an absence on the streets...
Of meaning.

I will not and can't stand back,
Nope!
No need to keep up with 'those' self bleeding beatings!

Nope!
No need to keep up with 'those' self bleeding beatings!
I will not and can't stand back,
Nope!
Just because life seems extreme!
With an absence on the streets...
Of meaning.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Self Defeating Foolishness

No interest they have in politics.
Believing that and religion do not mix.
No interest expressed in local business.
And yet they insist...
Changes must come to exist!

No interest do they have,
With the lack of discipline shown.
And the disrespect accepted and known.
No one wishes to participate,
In doing those things that are right.
But quick they are to pass judgements.
And witness those in conflict...
As they sit and gossip as if to benefit!

No interest in progress or moving ahead.
As those who do this among them...
They do their best to keep them down instead.
And when they notice they are all of the same mind...
Knitted together by the same common thread.
They want to come together and unify!
Crying they've been left behind...
To entertain themselves,
With more nonsense to spread!
And this is done not 'some'...
But all of the time!

And they come together,
To denounce others who express,
No interest in them...
Or their self defeating foolishness.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Self Destructive Praise

With no sense of natural rhythm.
And no sense of what that beat kept,
Keeps...
Within a soul that can feel this deeply.
Without losing sleep.
Out of tune and out of step...
Are they in search of assurance.

And yet,
An acceptance of who they are is rejected...
For fear that correcting what is out of sync,
Would be to admit their imperfectness.
And this will not be admitted.
Even if denial affects mental aspects...
Of a self destructive praise implemented to isolate.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Self Determination

A self determination,
Could be applied more effectively...
If those hired to oversee communities,
Found their jobs to leech elsewhere.
And left those qualified to do it...
To inspired themselves,
With their own wishes and ideals.
This would be much more appealing,
Than having outsiders,
Decide and choose the fates of others.
However...
Keeping those subservient,
Has benefits for many.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Self Esteem And Identity Issues

Who is to say,
How someone else should be?
Or that they are not being themselves?
Especially when those claiming to be down to Earth,
Seek approval from others who also have self esteem...
And identity issues.
While those who have put a stamp on their individuality,
Are said to believe themselves better than the others...
With attempts they make to prove they seek to experience,
More than just an average existence by doing things to improve...
Their outlooks with an adventuring done to explore their lives,
Away from routine complaints and gossiping about others!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Self Examination

Smothered in historic wickedness.
In regretted depths trying to forget.
Buried so deep,
To keep it left unacknowledged.
And unleashing hatred to build upon a guilt.
Devoid of sensibility.

Believing these acts will someday be erased.
Or replaced by destruction...
Inferiority felt within them creates.
And a forgiveness of emotions,
Come to them to show...
As weakness unadmitted to defend.
They must prove themselves as powerful!
By using weapons to threaten, kill, maim...
Destroy and end!

Those acts done by hardened hearts.
With a stubbornness that does not from them depart.
To eventually darken their own footsteps,
In suspicions and distrust.
Attacking their own reflections...
Which comes to visit them next!
Exterminating themselves,
Like they would insects.

Leaving them in isolation,
With mental defects!
Conflicting.
And achieving their own blend of sins.
That stings with severe pain!
To gain an enlightenment.

Slowly slowly this light sheds upon them.
Assisted by complete economic devastation.
When a self examination...
Reveals the naked truth!
And this truth that comes to them,
Will not be denied.

Since it when seen from its origin...
Can not be hidden!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Self Examination Is A Process That Must Take Place

I am not one up to addressing stress.
Or the affects of neglecting the effects of it.
But those who defend and protect the obviousness
Of their own unhappiness,
Because they choose to keep their stress kept secret...
Can not be helped.
I've dealt with it myself to know the steps.
People who have already decided to over-medicate themselves...
Have chosen not to face their own reflections.
And self examination is a process that must take place,
If anyone is going to progress beyond their afflictions.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Self Healers

Wouldn't it be great,
If our lives were as delicious...
As that favorite frosted baked cake.
And we shared a taste with those we loved.
Careful not to waste a crumb of it.
Anywhere or at anytime.

But sooner or later realities are faced.
And many enjoy taking time away from others,
To detail each agony that takes place in their lives.
As if the only life experience to have...
Are the ones dramatized and exposed.
There are some folks who live to have those.

Some are accustomed to the attention.
While others are self healers.
And this is out of necessity!
Since they play the role of listener.
And that expectation comes with a demand,
To put their own feelings aside.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Self Indulgences

I've learned this,
About self indulgences.

Do not be too quick to share them.
Nor entertain the thought.

Allow no one to discover an interest.
Or claim them as their own!

Turn them into habits.
They become easier to defend 'then'.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Self Inflicted Issues

When an environment of people,
Are taught and conditioned...
To accept ignorance and disrespect themselves,
With a freedom to do this and integrity they lack.
The expectations of them healing from their ailments,
And self inflicted issues...
Is not going to happen with a waving of a magic wand.

When minds are noticed to be hypnotized and absent,
Of nonexistent identites...
Those people look at themselves as the enemy.

When an environment of people,
Are taught and conditioned...
To accept ignorance and disrespect themselves,
Those people look at one another as the enemy.

When an environment of people,
Are taught and conditioned...
To accept ignorance and disrespect themselves,
Those people look at one another as the enemy.

When minds are noticed to be hypnotized and absent,
Of nonexistent identites...
Those people look at themselves as the enemy.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Self Obsession

Let's be honest about this.
The one true enemy we have,
Is our self obsession.

We've been taught to believe,
Someone else desires what we possess.
And wishes to bleed from us,
A way to get it.

Our self centeredness,
Surrounds us with paranoia.
We neither have peace nor rest!
And yet we accept isolation,
As a means to forget our own failures.

The day will come when we will wake up,
And see the nonsense behind our self inflicted pain...
We seek to blame on someone else.
Only to 'create' an enemy to keep us happy,
And delusional about how great we are.
And if that was true...
Why are we continually bickering amongst ourselves,
About who is better and more qualified to have life
With more greed and little to no peace to go with it!

Let's be honest about this.
The one true enemy we have,
Is our self obsession.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Self Promotion

I am one more devoted,
To the quality of work I produce.
That's how deeply involved...
And separated from myself I can get.
With messages that come,
And from me I want to deliver...
As soon as I can with it done and quick.
To then move on to other thoughts,
Demanding I notice whenever they visit.

Too humble I am to declare ownership.
Although it's not that I refuse self promotion,
As much as I have reduced my ego...
For me that became too restricted and limited,
To permit that which I have done to do...
With a doing to speak for itself.
To leave me not to wonder who,
May or may not be more impressed...
By what it is I have left to address.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Self Reflection

What you may find acceptable,
With expectations from others...
To agree,
May bring to you a degree...
Of psychological comfort.
And this may appease your limited,
Philosophy based upon outdated perceptions.

If you just stepped away from yourself,
With an examination that has depth...
Of a self reflection,
You 'may' still have some time left...
To regain some respect,
You 'believe' is owed and deserving.

There is nothing like awakening,
From one's overslept delusions.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Self Righteous And Self Centered Sick Cliques

Today so many are blatantly crazed,
It doesn't matter which ones out of their minds...
Defend the right to protect their madness,
From others who show no respect at all.
And at the cost and expense of a fallen society...
Diminished by an ignorance defended.
Divided into self righteous and self centered sick cliques,
Of racism, corruption and deceivers wicked...
Who themselves have never been connected to truth.
No matter where on knees they falsely pray,
To seduce others with similar demonic beliefs to fear.
Yet obey!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Self Righteous Stances

Caught up they are,
Into a way of life fading.
Degraded!
They can not accept...
All remnants of it,
Are dieing quick.

Trading luxuries,
For the basics makes them sick!

The acts of resuscitation...
Is finding some snatching patches,
To hide fast a devastation!
As feeding greed continues to flow,
Even though the signs show
A reality comes to bestow on all...
Self righteous stances maintained to awe
Will not cushion the pain
Of a superficial existence contained.

No pleas to God will keep their lusts remaining!

And many will hold onto a hope
Their moping of bruised egos,
Excuses their gluttony!
As they try to barter the old shoes of fools...
Worn
For something to cook the flesh of rotting steak!
Adorned around necks to display a connection...
To lifestyles they realize now too late was fake!
Instead of finding something to open cans of food.
A 'thing' more useful,
When the groove of pretense...
No longer keeps others held,
In jealousies received to please demented tensions.
Or kept in suspense...
Like the 'starlets' some of them
Were led to believe they should create to tease,
The hunger of the masses!

Denied the right to live unmasked!

Those days are being trashed!
And soon will be over!
The dutiful job of being a snob...
Has been diminished,
At last!
To finish a continuance,
Of a humanity intended!
A task that will mend,
And end indifferences!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Self Servicing

Never provide your own self servicing,
At someone else's expense.
This has not proven to be beneficial.
Plus the repercussions of doing it,
May reverberate to leave one noticeably...
Psychologically damaged.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Self Serving

Some people breathe to feed their insecurities.
And not face them head on.
But tolerate them...
As if to cover up arms,
By putting them through shirt sleeves.
And dress up these insecurities...
As if to adorn like ornaments!
To gain approval from others,
Who themselves believe...
This is as easy as discussing,
Their prescribed medications.
Or sermons preached!
To relieve and comfort after taking remedies...
For illnesses such as high cholesterol.
While all declare an abstinence,
From self serving small town gossip!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Self Serving Acts

There are many ways,
We can choose to display... Appreciation and respect,
Shown to others.
Whether or not it is expected.

And there are those with ways,
Observed on a daily basis...
When others show,
What they've been taught...
To believe,
Deserves enforcement to teach.
Lessons yet to learn.
Although...
Popularly it is perceived,
Understanding to comprehend...
Depends upon,
How 'we' are treated.
With it understood,
Who has been granted...
This privilege.
And entitlement.
Regardless...
Of our self serving acts.
Retracted from the facts,
Of life and reality.

When...
Will we begin to know love?
And its ingredients.
When will we begin to digest it
With it felt to feel,
As a necessity to share.
Without premeditated or faked,
Preferences.
When...
Will what one possesses,
Dresses or lives to impress...
Stop as a determining factor,
To address and value less...

Our humanity towards each other
On the verge of going ignored.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Self Serving And Isolated Mindset

Everybody,
And his or her mama...
Has an opinion,
Of what President Obama should...
And should not do.

Suggesting Barack does not have the sense,
To approach the state of the economy.
Or provide a fix,
For their self imposed conflicts!
Or their addiction to decadence.

Even those thought of as 'pros'
Have their mouths opened wide,
When they should be the ones closed.
Behind prison bars...
And their miscalculations fully exposed.

It is with their 'wisdom' or lack of it.
The entire world has become a pile of horse...
Manure!
And I'm sure you get the 'drift' of this?

And now there is a leader who has insured,
No longer will the suffering of the people be endured.
With an approach that lacks of arrogance.
But with an honesty to be believed!
And an absence of deceit,
To begin a healing...
He hopes will inspire a cure!

A bleeding of respect,
Those of experience for many years accepted...
At the cost of their own neglect!
Has caused this global mess.
And too many are left conscious...
To realize who created the feeding greed,
Of those who 'have'...
And the 'have nots' falling,

Through wider gaps with less.

Everybody,
And his or her mama...
Has an opinion,
Of what President Obama should...
And should not do.
Suggesting Barack does not have the sense,
To approach the state of the economy.
Or provide a fix,
For their self imposed conflicts!
Or their addiction to decadence.

And he has done his very best...
To represent a nation of people,
Who have become lost and upset!
In a delusional,
Self serving...
And isolated mindset!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Self Serving Thoughtlessness

I have been there myself.
And feel qualified from living the experience,
How pointless it is to warn someone else...
About the paying of unexpected consequences,
When in the process of displaying...
An expressed disrespect.

I have learned to sit and witness,
The inappropriateness of it.
Remembering when that piper came,
Directly to me with a playing to remind...
Why the visit was so specific.

I have learned to sit and witness,
The inappropriateness of someone else's...
Self serving thoughtlessness.
And that piper coming to play them a tune,
That had them moaning and whining.
Until they began to croon...
In the key of woe that wouldn't let them go.

And I have learned,
From my own experiences from this...
That it is best to respect,
Than it is to later regret and accept...
A receiving of grief.
Returned by a sefl serving thoughtlessness,
No one expects to get when it comes.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Self Taught

It takes life to live it,
To learn from many lessons.
And some will find,
That teaching done to come...
From those lessons to learn
Stay best remembered...
When they come to be done,
Self taught.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Self-Actualization

Alone with myself,
So much comes into view.
Life and my purpose.
What is and not true.
Who does what and what I do.
And why and how all of this is connected.
Alone with myself,
I feel a power within.
I wish to find a way to express it.
A way to address...
And share with those who comprehend,
Self-actualization among those lost of identity
They will never understand or come to see.
And 'why' is that important to me that they do?
Alone with myself...
Praying!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Self-Deception

I may have once lived,
With a kept self-deception.
Just to prove I could undo,
The impossible others knew.

All that I am,
Is what I choose to be.
And only I have the ability,
To qualify what it is I feel.

I had been taught to limit my dreams,
To pursue those already done.
And to follow in the footsteps made,
Paved by others to accept by everyone.

But my dreams to crave are my own to taste.
And I knew my path to take,
Had nothing to do with a familiar place.

I may have once lived,
With a kept self-deception.
Just to prove I could undo,
The impossible others knew.

And stubbornly my beliefs I kept.
Knowing my dreams to 'see',
Were meant for 'me' to keep.
And not to dismiss as impossibilities.

And today I am free to feel,
That reality of a path I took.
With a faith kept to leave behind,
What others thought impossible to find.
Or dispute my doing was a waste of time.

No longer am I living with self-deception.
Although grateful at a time self-deceiving,
Was a choice I made to undo limitation...
Of any to stay in my mind to roam freely.

To convince me of what I could or could not...
Eventually achieve to have done.

All that I am,
Is what I choose to be.
And only I have the ability,
To qualify what it is I feel to know it real.
Or not.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Self-Editing

Knowing what self-editing means,
Takes life to live and experiencing...
Actively listening.
And with it done to pay attention,
To then comprehend...
What to respect and accept,
Before one allows ignorance...
To come out of one's mouth.
Or expect remarks or an action taken,
Is suitable and appropriate for any occasion.

'I see you wear dreads.
I bet you prefer your food with curry.
I wouldn't dare let my children grow them.
I want them to be identified,
As normal and successful people instead.'

Disrespecting people,
Who take it upon themselves to undermine...
Or perceive they are in positions,
To offend anyone with thoughtless dispositions...
Regardless of the situation they find themselves in,
Ultimately discover they are known fools to avoid.
Although they may believe,
They have achieved what entertains to get a laugh.
But that laughter 'with them' is not done.

Knowing the effects of self-editing,
And the positive results one may or may not get...
Depends on who has experienced life.
And who has yet to learn that disrespecting,
Doesn't amuse those left entertained,
By anyone attempting to prove their ignorance...
Is connected to a mind often used.
Or argued to debate if their brain has blown a fuse.

Self-editing may not prevent confusion.
But knowing when to do it makes it easier to ignore,
Those unfamiliar with self-editing.

Especially the ones living to undermine and demean.
Hopefully their actions to remember,
Will have taught them 'something'.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Self-Esteem

Deliver like a giver,
Your best self-esteem.
Deliver with effect,
Your best self-esteem.
And regardless where you're seen,
Bring it.

You are,
The brightest of stars.
And keep that felt.
Know that you are,
A light...
To glow bright.

You are,
The brightest of stars.
And keep that felt.
Know that you are,
A light...
Not to dim when out of sight.

Deliver like a giver,
Your best self-esteem.
Deliver with effect,
Your best self-esteem.
And know that you are,
A light...
Not to dim when out of sight.
You are,
The brightests of stars day 'and' night.

Keep your self-esteem,
No matter who demeans...
With that delivered.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Self-Inflicted

Restricted with wanted wishes.
Yet kept confined by limits,
No longer found to comfort...
One's need to feel released.
And freed from a depleted life to live,
Takes desire to leave a dark place.

A light of life that expands its brightness,
Can only be accomplished by determination.
And a sacrifice done day and night.
Awaiting for the right time to find approval,
May happen if a brick wall is near and used...
To repeatedly hit one's head against.

However...
There is another alternative,
For one seeking to end a plight.
By just making a decision,
That an ending of a self-inflicted pain...
Relieves one of more grief to gain.

Although such action to take today,
May leave others unhappy...
To know their shared miseries,
Have stopped being embraced.
And those who have awakened,
To the cause of their headaches...
Are now thought to be less neighborly.

'Why have the neighbors stopped speaking to us? '

~It is rumored our happy appearances,
Have begun to offend and irritate them.
And now they are suspicious,
That their complaints with them we once shared...
Are no longer accepted to appreciate.~

'That's ridiculous.'

~I tried to tell them that.
But that just added more fuel to the gossip.
Now I hear we have been cheating on each other,
With secret lovers.~

'How do these rumors start? '

~I have no idea.~

'Why are you looking at me like that? '

~You don't seem to be upset at all,
By their accusations.~

'Well...
Let's pretend we are having a fight.
And bring it outside.
When the neighbors appear,
We will then take a bow.'

~To accomplish what? ~

'Your need to live life to appease the neighbors.'

~That's stupid.~

'Where are you going? '

~I'm going to put on my bathrobe.
And when I come yelling from the backyard,
You come out of the front door...
Screaming like a fool.
Grab my shoulders and shake me.
When the neighbors begin to appear,
We 'then' hug and take a bow.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Selfish Desires Wished And Reminisced

A purposed degrading of a forward moment,
Time dictates has to be made.
As time moves on and does not discriminate.
Enslaves the ones affixed...
To selfish desires wished and reminisced.
With a sitting in a stubbornness effectively done,
That permits and confirms one's own isolation.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Selfish Isolation

They believe what has been stolen,
From wicked beginnings...
Belongs to them.
Declaring with documents,
Who has rights...
To live the kind of life they like.

And using their injustices,
To rule upon others' land.
With weapons that defend their 'interests'...
With a firm and upper,
Rusting...
Corrupted hand.

With divisions they've inflicted,
They insist a united front exists!
But even with their greed afflictions...
Their beliefs aren't to unify.
As depicted by the turmoil...
They let persist to the bitter end.

And now their conflicts...
Have come to reflect,
A selfish isolation!
With a total disrespect.
And a regret that faces them!
Pray they do,
But it's too late.
For a fate that awaits their sins.

This is what happens to folks who aspire...
To rule with a might.
Only God declares and protects...
When He alone is in their sight!
And political divisions,
Are not what God envisions!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Selfish Needs

Like the Sun comes to lick the frost,
Where the chilled air had laid at dawn...
So much of what has been coated
And disguised under quick and cooled mists,
Lifts when daylight heats.
And we again surrender to our whims,
To satisfy selfish needs!
As long as we can afford to maintain them.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Selfish Social Climbers

Selfish social climbers with an eye on greed,
Dig themselves a bigger hole to get and deceive.
With it getting deeper.
That hole they dig is wide to get...
Deeper.
But the teasing of the greed they can not seem to leave.

Selfish social climbers with an eye on greed,
Dig themselves a bigger hole to get and deceive.
And it gets bigger.
That hole that's dug they dig for them,
Gets deeper!
And the cheating with the greed deceives their need,
To feed.

Impressed with a false success.
Those selfish social climbers with an eye on greed.
With a wish to just charade their best.
Those selfish social climbers with an eye on greed,
Addressing only themselves and their selfish needs.
And digging bigger holes from them they will never leave.

Deeper.
Those selfish social climbers digging deeper.
Getting deeper in a hole,
To expose their roles.
And getting deeper...
Those selfish social climbers digging deeper.
Getting deeper in a hole,
To expose their roles.
And getting deeper.

Impressed with a false success.
And doing it with selfishness.
Those selfish social climbers with an eye on greed.
Digging bigger holes from them they will never leave.
Just to address their confessed selfish needs.

Deeper.

Those selfish social climbers digging deeper.
Getting deeper in a hole,
To expose their roles.
And getting deeper.
Those selfish social climbers digging deeper.
Getting deeper in a hole,
To expose their roles.
And getting deeper.
Sinking...
Deeper.
Sinking...
Deeper.

Those selfish social climbers digging deeper.
Sinking...
Deeper.
Sinking...
Deeper.
Sinking.

Those selfish social climbers digging deeper.
Sinking...
Deeper.
Sinking...
Deeper.
Sinking.

Those selfish social climbers digging deeper.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Selfish?

Do not dull my 'lift'
By a misery you wish to spread.
I am not having any part of it.
Nor will I sit...
Listening to you retread your dread.
Oh no!
I've let that go.
And I'm not going to advise you,
That you should too!
Oh no!
We've gone over this.
Much more than I care to admit.
You enjoy being witty in a pity I find sick!
And not one part of it,
This time...
Will I let it stay on my mind.
This time...
You will find,
My steps making tracks.
To leave you where you sit...
With your troubles on your back!
I am no longer available,
To share in your weeping willow business.
This time...
I'm donating all aspects of my energy,
To the production of my own happiness.
Selfish?
When it comes to my peace of mind?
Of course!
I've done the remorse routines.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Selfishness Invested

A fear of losing capitalistic views abused.
By those who depleted,
The economy with their greed.

And shouts of spreading the wealth,
Will take away from the healthy giving...
Of those who are rich!

Those with humanistic values.
Those who created jobs for others.
Those who are concerned...
About the infrastructure!

And of the well being of their fellowmen.
Sisters and brothers.

Those...
Who depleted,
The economy with their greed!
Those...
Who have devastated,
The lives of millions of people...
Who now fear socialism will cause them to bleed,
Their fading way of life!

Created by those wealthy...
Who could care less,
Who pays for a bailout...
To correct an infested,
Selfishness invested...
In a mess.

'Socialism shared by a few...
With a capitalistic point of view,
Keeps what is due between them!
Not you! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Self-Rewarding Pat On The Backs

A fading influence,
Is protected from ruin.
And from the eyes of those,
That have been overdosed...
With,
Excited.
Invited.
Self-rewarding,
Pat on the backs.

A fading influence,
Is protected from ruin.
And from the eyes of those,
That have been overdosed...
With,
Excited.
Invited.
Self-rewarding,
Pat on the backs.

And sit relaxed...
Like,
Fat cats!

Shoveled away,
Is the scent of manure.
People who endured it,
Reached and sought for better days.

Some folks who stayed,
Pray on wounded knees.
Hoping that the sky will open,
To release,
Gold trimmed silver trinkets as they please.
And some sneeze from the gold dust rubbed.

With,
Excited.
Invited.

Self-rewarding,
Pat on the backs.

Hoping that the sky will open,
To release,
Gold trimmed silver trinkets as they please.
And some sneeze from the gold dust rubbed.

With,
Excited.
Invited.
Self-rewarding,
Pat on the backs.

And from the eyes of those,
That have been overdosed...
A fading influence,
Is protected from ruin.

With,
Excited.
Invited.
Self-rewarding,
Pat on the backs.

Excited.
Invited.
Self-rewarding,
Pat on the backs.

Pat on the backs,
Like relaxed fat cats!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Self-Righteous And Isolated Eyes

Needless escalations.
Promising to annihilate...
With a vanquishing of life.
To regard as of no consequence,
Is a repeating of a history done...
By a people feasting on a need to feed,
A greeding to its death.

And yet...
Those threating to upset,
The natural order of what should be...
Has disrespected a divinity.
Coming for all to see,
Just who rules.
And how!

With powers to open,
Self-righteous and isolated eyes!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Self-Sabotaging

A self-sabotaging committed,
Has to be witnessed in its effect,
To be believed.

There are those who will go to great lengths,
To destroy themselves...
By defaming those who help 'them',
Because those who do this...
Might get an attention.

A jealousy that is harbored,
Prevents their own success.
So a lieing is done,
To chase away good intentions...
Of those who come that have them.

And needless to say...
Environments like this,
Are not rare! Just brimming with ignorance.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Selling Themselves Out

After selling themselves out,
They remain dumbfounded.

No one has asked for a raincheck.

No inquisitive questions posed.

And no one seems to be concerned,
About availability.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Seminar

By a show of hands.
How many of you discovered,
You had increased difficulty...
Dealing with reality last year?
Excellent. Excellent.
The numbers are dwindling.
Now!
By a show of hands...
How many believed that having good credit,
Meant spending like there was no tomorrow?
I see!
We have some reluctant participants in the audience!
Did any of you think...
You were better off than those who could 'not' get credit?
AND bragged about the number of credit cards you had...
AND have maxed them to their limits?
Please...no crying!
Will someone pass tissue,
To those sobbing loudly in the back row!
I have a surprise for all of you!
Yes...
Please escort them in!
These people,
Ladies and gentlemen.
Are the very same people you had no problems laughing at...
Just 'months' ago!
See those smiles upon their faces?
Well...
In this seminar,
They are willing to prepare beans and franks.
AND lend you their can openers...
For one week to anyone of you,
Who agrees to clean their apartments.
By a show of hands...
How many wish to take them up on their offer?
Settle down. Settle down.
We will sign up as many of you as possible.
No need to rush them.
They have been known to be a patient group of people!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Send All Of It Back

Send all of it back.
All of that felt negativity descending.
Stop its intended attempts,
To invade my peace and privacy.
Take it away.
Back to where it originates.
To leave me free,
Of wickedness sent.
I will not allow it to compete,
With my quiet sentiments released.
Received and understood.
To nourish as I should.

Send all of it back.
All of that felt negativity descending.
I've comprehended mistakes,
And misunderstandings done.
No longer am I in punishment,
For mending those wrongs I've overcomed.
Forgiveness was given.
Apologies received.
Purpose, reason or causes of effects...
I am not going to research with consistent regret.

To persist to saddle dead horses to beat...
Are issues others may wish to revive.
But myself I will not weep in sobs...
To keep revolving,
Pain I've resolved.

Send all of it back.
All of that felt negativity descending.
Stop its intended attempts,
To invade my peace and privacy.
What happened in times passed...
My heart refuses to get involved!

Take it away.
Back to where it originates.

To leave me free,
Of wickedness sent.
I will not allow it to compete,
With my quiet sentiments released.
Received and understood.
To nourish as I should.
And will.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Send Me Back To Loving School

Send me back to loving school.
Oh my!
Whatever it takes,
To get me to care.

Send me back to loving school,
This is my need.
Some lessons taught there,
Need a repeating for me.

I need it,
To share and to give.
I need it,
In my life to live.
I need it,
With me everyday.
I need it,
To chase hate away.

Oh,
Send me back to loving school...
Yes please.
Some lessons taught I missed.
Now I'm ready to fix that quick.

Oh my...
I need it,
For complaints to stop.
I need it,
To block out that rot!
I need it,
To dismiss those fears...
Don't need those whispers in my ears.

I know what I need,
So...
Send me back to loving school.
Whatever it takes,
To get me to care.

Send me back to loving school,
I'm begging, please...
I need to stop that nonsense right now and prepare.

I need it,
To share and to give.
I need it,
In my life to live.
I need it,
With me everyday.
I need it,
To chase hate away.

Hey...
Send me back to loving school,
Oh my...
I need it,
To share and to give.
I need it,
In my life to live.
I need it.

Send me back to loving school,
Oh my...
I need it,
To share and to give.
I need it,
In my life to live.
I need it.

Send me back to loving school,
Oh my....
I need it,
To share and to give.
I need it,
In my life to live.
I need it.

Send me back to loving school,
Oh my...
I need it,

To share and to give.
I need it,
In my life to live.
I need it.
To share and to give.
I need it,
In my life to live.
I need it.
I need it.
Send me back to loving school.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Send The Others Away

There is a representation of emptiness.
A vacuum of thought.
And a process from that disconnected.
Even though incompetent,
They do have winning personalities.
And that alone is the mark of a leader.
Send the others away.
I think we have chosen our candidates,
To run for the next election.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Send Them A 'selfie'

Dahddy?

'Was is this with that 'dahddy' business? '

Those horrible naysayers appear again.
They are ruining the glistening,
On the polished gate.
Our way of life is being threatened.

'Oh rubbish. That's nonsense.
They are only venting,
Because of comments I made.'

Were they regarded as despicable?
Irreverent?
Disgusting and offensive?
Although honest and direct?

'Of course.
They will continue to annoy,
Until I promise to record my meanderings...
To deliver with a 'selfie' of me,
Posing as if I suffer from moments of regret.'

Pretend it then.

'I shant. I can't. I mustn't.
You know how I feel about pretense...
It's so...
Well,
Pretentious.
And such a shallow interpretation of life.
I will not have it.
Unless it is with my favorite tea.'

But 'Dahddy'...
I thought you said we should aspire to be shallow?
Hollow and vain?

'I most certainly did not mean for that to be intended.
However...
I did elude,
That in public and public only...
Pretention is our best policy.
Especially in gatherings,
Where the making of impressions succeeds.'

But...
Dahddy,
We live in the 'hood?

'Even in the 'hood,
There are days when we are not slaves to the rhythm.
Swagger to the gate and say, 'Hey! Wassup? '
Wear something revealing.
Use your gifts like that other 'babe'...
Whats-her-face.
The one with nothing but 'butt' for talent.

You mean, Kim?
Oh no. No to the no-no.
I can't do that.
That will really enrage the people.
They are engaged to what she has 'behind'.
They will think of that as being blasphemous.
They are only offended by what is said.
And apparently you have said too much.
And besides,
Dahddy...
These are times of decadence.
Send them a 'selfie' and lie.
No one will suspect,
Your pretentiousness is just a charade.

'Why should I be perceived,
As the one vain and vulgar? '

Dahddy...
Today?
Everyone is vain and vulgar.

'I know.
I remember the days when masquerading it,
Was so dear to me and precious.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sending An End Away

This comes as no surprise,
Your goodbye hurts my eyes.
These tears I can not stop...
Each dropp blocks my farewell.

And even though I know,
Tomorrow has to come...
It's still not in my heart,
To leave yesterday this way.

With a new beginning,
Sending an end away.

When morning brings to us sunrise,
Let us not speak of regret.
Let us not wish to stop time...
To fulfill promises not met!
Or any made left broken,
We should forgive and must forget.

When these hours come to pass...
And none are here to stay for good!
Let us ask ourselves,
If we've done the best we could.

And even though I know,
Tomorrow has to come...
It's still not in my heart,
To leave yesterday this way.

With a new beginning,
Sending an end away.

This comes as no surprise,
Your goodbye hurts my eyes.
These tears I can not stop...
Each dropp blocks my farewell.
And I should not take this time,
To sit and dwell!

But I will,
Wish you well...
As that hour comes,
To introduce something new
That has begun for everyone.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sending Those Mixed Messages

No!
My name is 'not' Angel.

Everybody's trying to get in a free 'cruise'.
And at my expense.

'Listen to Me!
You were specifically given an assignment.
When asked the 'code'...
You are to reply accordingly.
That's 'another' one you let escape.'

Ok ok ok.
I understand that, My Father.
But my name is not Angel.
I 'am' an angel.
And that is a tremendous difference.
The question I 'should be asked,
Is this...
Are you an 'angel'?

'Why is it,
You are the only one...
I find I 'have' to qualify My wishes.
Do you realize what time it is?
And I am on a schedule to raise conscious levels,
Around here.
DETAILS! Details.
Let ME worry about the details.
Is that clear? '

Sure!
Now...
What details do You refer to?
And how clear should I be?

'BOY!
Where on EARTH did you come from? '

Father...?
Aren't I 'not' Your creation?
There You go again.
Sending those mixed messages.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sensational

Sensational?
Is that the word you trying to say?
Is that what you callin me...
In your special way?
I would say I would agree with you...
But I am overwhelmed,
And quite lost for words.
I am delighted and so humbled.
And yet...
There is a feeling of such nourishment,
With that encouragement I've just heard.
I am, indeed...
Even a triumph in my own eyes.
But I am both amazed and shocked,
You noticed me in sunglasses!

'Sir...
My son has been trying to say 'sit down'.
He has a lisp!
We can not see the concert,
Or hear above your moving lips!
Will you please sit...
To allow us to see as much of it as you, too? '

And I was preparing to sign an 8 by 10 'glossy'? ? ?
I don't have to sit here at all.
You can not buy the class I have.
And you turned this down for free?
You must be from waaaay out of town?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sensationalized

A sensationalized existence lived,
Can not be avoided in environments...
When people are entertained,
By any movement that is different...
From other movements that have been the same.
With a reaction that borders on the insane.

And it doesn't matter what this is.
An appearance or how one speaks.
Walks tall or just stands to await to cross a street.
Someone observing will point this out.
At the expense of someone attempting,
To mind their own business but can't.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sensations

I am always 'here'...
Like the consciousness,
Keeping me aware!
With a vision clear.
I am not one,
To select fast exits.
Or seeking just fun!
Like the choice made by some.

I am not that kind...
To take for granted my 'gifts'
The ones that God has blessed me with!
To be part of this creation is bliss.
Especially when time is not mine to define!

I am here to accomplish.
I am here to succeed.
I am not here to stunt my growth...
Like some I see drifting,
As if tumbleweeds!

Always 'here' it appears.
And my purpose is clear,
As I reach to do my best!
Feeling blessed and tested,
On the path I walk...
Sometimes I am faulted,
But never do I think to halt!
Or rest,
To contemplate burdens,
Laid upon my chest!

I am always 'here'...
Like the consciousness,
Keeping me aware!
With a vision clear.
I am not one...
Teased by temptations that come.
To select fast exits.

Or seeking just fun!
Like the choice made by some.
Those who find they must stay on the run!

I am not that kind...
To take for granted my 'gifts'
The ones that God has blessed me with!
To be part of this creation...
Is my bliss,
That anoints me with sensations that fit!
With an understanding,
Of why I am allowed to be here.
To exist as I do...
Knowing the 'who' of me like this!
And with God beside me,
To assist me through!
Being here in the now...
Is the mood I choose!

I am always 'here'...
With God close to me near!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sensations Invented

It is so clear,
What is here!
What is near,
And appears.
Regardless of those,
Who choose to listen...
With opened ears.

It is apparent,
As the feeling in one's fingertips.
Even if some are numb to these senses...
The implementation done,
Has been imprinted.
Without effective lament.

Sensations invented,
Are meant to be left as sentiments.
Emotions within to mend with a willingness...
Are absent of attention.
At least hints intended,
Are not given to them.

It is so clear,
What is here!
What is near,
And reappears.
Regardless of those,
Who choose to listen...
With opened ears.

It is apparent,
As the feeling in one's fingertips.
Even if some are numb to these senses...
The implementation done,
Has been imprinted.
Without effective lament.

And we,
The people...

Receive beliefs under steeples.
Although through a peephole we peek.
To behold as told!
With full comrepension,
We desperately seek.

Prisoners of limited knowledge told.
To live with wishes to fulfill.
But then to become victims,
To that which we do not know!

It is so clear,
What is here!
What is near,
And appears.
Regardless of those,
Who choose to listen...
With opened ears.
Dismissing an acceptance,
That could be generated but disappears.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sense Of Accomplishment

Thank you!
As long as readers like yourself,
Discover that I don't make sense...
At least 'something' has been achieved!
That leaves me feeling a sense of accomplishment.
And I express my gratitude to anyone,
Who finds the time to acknowledge that point!

Inspired by:
The Venice Poet

'Talent desiring to remain incognito,
is factitiousness wasted! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sense Of Humor

I don't understand?
What's not to be believed?
You have never been told the truth...
And now you are seeking clarity?
How would you recognize it?
You have shown me no evidence.

I provided you the comfort of calling me a fool!
If I truthfully believed that...
I would not be here now staring in the face of one!
You may have made fun of me at my expense,
But I'm the one that's been laughing all this time.

OH...
I get it now.
You thought I was laughing 'with' you and the others,
Laughing at me?
No...
I'm not sadistic.
I have a sense of humor myself.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sense Of Pretense

Her friends convinced her,
She was better off without me...
Because she had degrees!
But I knew she had no common sense.
She left!
And they left her dazed and unhappy.
She did have one thing going she kept...
Her sense of pretense she used,
That I actually was lost
Needing someone like her,
Around me to find myself.
And I tried to show her from the very beginning,
Her friends couldn't give her
What she could never get back from me.
I knew what I had!
And I still got it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Senseless Graffiti

Everywhere signs have been appearing,
To end the feeding of selfishness.
And many have come forward to address the issue.
Yet others stubbornly stay,
Ignoring the times and maintaining their ways.
To believe the speed of rapid change,
Is gossip whispered by those deranged.

Everywhere the signs have been written on tall walls.
And those believing this as senseless graffiti,
An inscription on a public surface...
To admire the design and the artistic work.
With a disregarding of the message left by 'jerks'.
Having nothing else to do but seek an attention first.

Even those who yell of observing cracks in foundations,
Are thought to be out of their minds and crazed.
But everywhere the signs of this are appearing clear.
And those who have paid attention to listen and hear,
Understand the times and what comes near...
To prepare and remove themselves,
From others accustomed to be manipulated by fear.
Believing they can run somewhere to hide their denials.

The writing on the wall is for all to see,
But is it...
Just,
Senseless graffiti.
Is it?
Just,
Senseless graffiti.

The writing on the wall is for all to see,
But is it...
Just,
Senseless graffiti.
Is it?
Just,
Senseless graffiti.

Is it?
Just,
Senseless graffiti.

The writing on the wall is for all to see,
But is it...
Just,
Senseless graffiti.
Is it?
Just,
Senseless graffiti.
Is it?
Just,
Senseless graffiti.
Is it?
Just,
Senseless graffiti.

The writing on the wall is for all to see,
But is it...
Just,
Senseless graffiti.
Is it?
Just,
Senseless graffiti.
But should it,
Be believed?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Senses Reminisced

Summertime...
Nights with fireflies,
And hives with nestled bees.

Amber flickers...
Crackling sparks!
Sizzles wood chips
Crisping logs tossed,
In fireplaces.

Frosted windows...
Snow on pine trees.
Covers leaves left,
And chestnuts collected with cones
To be found lying around on the ground
Finding themselves in someone's home!

Patched seasons and holidays glimmer.
Simmering
New beginnings to manifest...
As those that pass linger.
And memories hatched detach,
When the marketing of sentiments
Are put away to settle on shelves
With other condiments stored...
Until needed to enliven
A taste to enhance the palate,
And senses reminisced!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sensitive

I've heard it said,
He is 'sensitive'.
You know...
Because he is creative!
And...
Writes 'poetry'.
And people are quick to assume,
A certain element of 'softness' to that.

'LOL.
Oh yeah?
I haven't seen that side of him yet.
I do know this,
He has a low tolerance for liars who deceive.
And I know him to have incredible patience,
With those who believe they can do that...
With a wasting of his time.'

How do you know that?

'He caught me in several lies.
And I tried to cover them up with excuses made.
Then I tried to get others to see it my way.
He discovered that.
Shut the doors to all communication.
Turned his back and started stepping.'

I would have done the same thing.
And...
I don't write or consider myself creative.
What he does is take responsibility for his own actions.

'That's why it is rumored he is sensitive.
Because he doesn't take from anyone any nonsense.
And...
Well,
While others continue to lie and deceive each other,
I find him to be direct and honest.'

Today?
People can't accept that without being offended.

'That's why they say he is sensitive.'

Demons always have a way,
To berate those they can not control.
Or attempt to use flattery,
To think an ego is in need to be stroked.
But him?
Sensitive? That's funny.
They obviously know nothing of his background.
If anything...
He might be insensitive and not too quick to empathize.

'I know him to freeze in seconds.
He keeps me in check.
And I guess that's why we still remain the best of friends.'

You're still friends?

'Of course.
I don't have to guess what he means.
I know the moment he says something,
He respects me enough with an expectation I listen.
And I do with no BS expressed between us.
Name 'one' friend you have like that.'

Well...
I don't have any friends like that.
Everyone I know is too afraid of truth.
And too sensitive to face it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sensuous

Do.
Then don't.

Confuse those with expectations,
You eventually will deliver.
From a need to please an evaluation.

But refuse to be used.
Or be available for a scrutiny.
And at your expense.

Do. Then don't.
Unless addicted to conflict.
And the conflict is found to be sensuous.

Do. Then don't. But then...
It may be too late to deny temptation.
Or make claims that you wont or can't,
Perform a task asked to do.
And you...
Are the one left to beg,
To produce with a doing that gets done.

'You can't deny me.'

~I can if I wish.~

'Really?
Maybe one day you will help me notice it.
And I'll be left feeling warned,
Again! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sensuousness

I touch my lips,
Wishing to have them kissed.
Thinking of the last time,
They had been nibbled and licked.
And feeling hands unbuttoning my shirt.
Rubbing between my legs...
Until my 'peter' is perched.
Seeking to be soothed in welcomed sweetness.
I touch my lips,
Wishing to have them kissed.
And a sensuousness invites me to lust.
With no one but me to take notice!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sent Back

Never wish something negative,
Upon someone else deserving or not.
Or keep those feelings embittered,
With a harboring to become directed.

Sometimes when messages like that,
Are sent to eventually become delivered...
Often arrive at the wrong address,
For no one there willing to accept.

Never wish something negative,
Upon someone else.
Or keep those feelings directed.
It 'is' difficult to forgive with a forgiveness given.
Yet...

Sometimes when messages like that,
Are sent to 'hopefully' become delivered...
Often undelieverable are these messages.
And sent back to create havoc upon the sender.
Where such feelings are kept anchored.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sent The Same Gift

They all were sent the same gift.
Very few of them recognized it...
For what it was!
Since they were accustomed,
To entertain their limitations.

Some took the gift and respected it.
And they became lifted...
By the feeling they got from it.
And they knew it for what it was.
Becoming grateful it had been given!

Others dismissed it with disrespect.
And lived lives beset by conflicts and regret.
As the gift just sat.
Gleaming in the midst...
Of an environment rusting.
Surrounded,
By a distrusting and weakened people.

Taught they were...
To pray and receive on their knees.
And there they stayed,
Seeking!
As the gift observed this,
And laughed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sentenced To Silence Unexpectedly

With a rush to judgement done,
An unwanted hush comes...
To sting the ones stung,
By their own misadventures.

And in one breath,
Those who sought to replace and shun...
Find themselves,
Sentenced to silence unexpectedly.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sentences Connected

The missing of common sense,
Has proven to have gone unnoticed.
And as we live these days...
One only has to sit quietly to listen for it.
To determine if there are any signs,
Or attempts being made to express intelligence.

Is anyone daring enough to make conversation?
With sentences connected.
And another awaiting to respond effectively?
Less of this is done publicly.
None of it seems to be in the air to clear anymore.
As more nonsense appears to be shared.

Maybe expectations are raised too high.
Maybe sanity is just too precious of a gift,
For those who recognize this and prefer to sit...
With their mouths and lips tightly pressed,
As if cemented to realize with eyes opened wide...
That any sense attempted to make can be life threatening.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sentiments

Instead of cheering those of their own,
To succeed and achieve...
And laying to pave a foundation they could depend.
For them and generations to come,
And strengthen.
They feed on deceit, idle jealousy and thieves.
Creating an isolation of destituting deprivation.
Begging for handouts and diminishing empathies.
Until they too...
Like dust from rusting particles in the wind,
That dry up and blow away!
Leaving them unabled to comprehend...
Or connect loose ends.
These minds are not nurtured,
To let those kinds of thoughts sink in!
And the sentiments expressed...
Will not become digested soon enough,
For them to grasp and reflect upon
Their expected disapperance!
That can be assured and counted on!
If they do not free themselves of an ignorance...
They possess and accept with devotion.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sentiments Experienced

It is a good feeling being appreciated,
By those who express this with left messages.
Often people giving are taken for granted,
To leave assumptions to exist.
With attitudes permitted that could be limited.

Doing what one feels born to do,
Doesn't make it easier in the pursuing of it.
Those who are devoted and committed to their tasks,
Are seldom asked what it is they sacrifice.
Since delivering what is done appears to others as fun.

A doing what is loved is not without frustration.
Obstacles are still there to remove with each step placed.
Sentiments experienced to reveal emotions felt,
Come from a depth of honesty...
That sometimes offend someone else.
But...

It is a good feeling being appreciated,
By those who express this with left messages.
Often people giving are taken for granted,
To leave assumptions to exist.
With attitudes permitted that could be limited.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Separate From My Needs

The more I have known,
What it is to keep wished...
And what it is to appreciate,
That which I get to receive.
It has always been my desire,
To keep my wants identified.
With them separate from my needs.

I want to give 'and' receive.
With it known I am not being selfish.
To be left feeling my doing of this,
Leaves me and another pleased.

I want my happiness with others shared.
To make it aware,
I am not seeking to complete...
A journey to be satisfied never to end.

I need to know my time is not wasted.
From someone who wants it just to take.
And I know I am not the one wanting,
Disappointment to accept.
I have been there before to know it not a need.
Or a request of it to want.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Separate Missions

Critics rush to flap their lips,
To do this unsolicited.
But can't find one solution,
To stop and end confusion.

And those who contribute a doing,
To reverse the tide...
Are being muted or disputed,
For attempts to say what's wrong...
To find themselves despised.

Evil people are on separate missions.
To destroy a peace that could exist.
The evil people are on separated missions.
With a doing feeding darkness.

Conditioned to have visions,
On divisions as decisions made...
To promote a darkness to exist.

Conditioned to have visions,
On divisions as decisions made...
To promote a darkness to exist.

No matter what the climate is.
Or the atmosphere...
People are bemoaning conflicts.

Critics rush to flap their lips,
To do this unsolicited.
But can't find one solution,
To stop and end confusion.

The evil people are on separated missions.
With a doing feeding darkness.
Evil people are on separate missions.
To destroy a peace that could exist.

And those who contribute a doing,

To reverse the tide...
Are being muted or disputed,
For attempts to say what's wrong...
To find themselves despised.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Separate Wish That's Kept

If together we had one thought,
Of abundance and good health.
You and I could lift ourselves above...
The agonies expressed by those in protest.

We could eliminate hunger and despair.
And remove homelessness from sight.
You and I can do those things...
Changing the wrongs to delightful 'rights'!

If we sat down to concentrate,
On all things we could do...
We would not live lives in conflict.
We would live lives being renewed!

If together we had one thought,
Of abundance and good health...
Resources we struggle to take from others,
Would not diminish but spread our wealth!

But we have known greed...
As a separate wish that's kept!
And this has meant,
Continued detriment!
Allowing continued abusing views,
At our own foolish expense!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Separated From His Father

She didn't want him to grow up,
Like his father.
So she requested the judge sentence him,
To think about those misdeeds done he did...
Separated from his father,
Who was being rehabilitated in a different prison.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

September

September approaches.
Laboring its pace,
From the haste of August
Delighting still...
With whirlwind gatherings.

September prepares...
With chopped wood,
And heat devices checked.
And fresh new experiences for some,
Beginning indoctrinations young!
Learning to start days...
With a discipline no one fully accepts,
Or expects anyone to ever crave!

Amusement parks begin to close.
Although the rollercoaster of holidays,
Will upon us all impose...
To exchange our carefree dispositions.
For the onslaught of traditions,
And schooling tuitions!

Yes...
This is the September that is known.
With a mixture of enlightenment that comes...
Textured with our groans!
As we get all of our choices set...
Remembering the quickness of September's plunge,
Can leave us cold on some days and on others in sweat!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Septembers Will I Keep Remembered

No more will my eyes cry,
For days gone by in shades of gray.
To wish that I...
Could relive a life,
With those now passed away.

Many sweet Septembers,
Will I keep remembered.
With labors to bear on warm shoulders.
Today I am so aware...
Souls meant to meet will again in eternity greet.
With a sharing together,
In a foreverness.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sequestered

What is it that I wish to accomplish,
In ten years?
That question is easy for me to answer.

I would be so proud of myself,
If after ten years that has passed...
I still possess remnants of sanity.

And I am not strapped down in a padded cell,
By those totally out of their minds...
Proclaiming themselves to be normal.

To then lay quarantined in isolation for the rest of my life,
Resulting from remarks I made to witness as observed...
That offended the acceptance of indoctrinated madness.

'Oh.
You mean you have fears of being sequestered? '

Sequestered, separated, isolated, quarantined...
Downsized, secluded, withdrawn, censored.
Or outsourced!
What difference would it make?
If within ten years,
The process of independent thinking...
Becomes regarded as the latest discovered threat,
That upsets those who now deceive.

'So...
What are your perceptions about your prosperity? '

Are you kidding?
Do you think I would admit to any dream or wish,
I thought could be repossessed...
Because I may be willing to openly confess it?
I am doing my very best,
To live in the HERE and NOW.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Serena And Venice (The Williams Sisters)

Rare and unique,
Are these two champions.
Serena and Venice,
Blood sisters of tennis.
Sacrificing and climbing new heights.

For the past eleven years,
They've appeared at Wimbledon.
And sharing nine titles between them.
To become among the elite,
Of true champions of an amazing fête.

Substance has been the foundation of their success.
Focus and dedication,
With determination to be the best has been stressed.
And desire sets their court game on fire.
What an inspiration to admire that inspires.

For the past eleven years,
They've appeared at Wimbledon.
And sharing nine titles between them.
To become among the elite,
Of true champions of an amazing fête.

Rare and unique,
Are these two champions.
Serena and Venice,
Blood sisters of tennis.
Sacrificing and climbing new heights.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Serious Business

I could have found a better way,
To say everything I've said.
But I had not sought bushes to beat.

What I felt was an opportunity,
To get the words out.

Leaving no doubt...
What was heard to come,
From my mouth to your ears.

I was not seeking to take a tour,
Around your insecure sensitivities!
I came with serious business to conduct.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Seriously

If he didn't do it...
And he's on trial!
And they know he didn't,
And they are not!
Why are they interrogating him?
Seriously!
Especially when Ben...
Has a new video he sends!
There are satellites in the sky,
That zoom in on gnats that fly by.
But one man can be found,
In a hole in the ground...
And the other who is claimed
To be at fault and the blame
Has been playing the same game,
By sending videos around!
AND...he is not to be seen?
OR detected by sound?
'Someone' is selling,
Truckloads of 'bull' by the pound!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Servant Sent

Reveal those duties,
That I have.
To do Your will,
My Father.

My assignments are designed by You,
For a purpose.
I wish to align myself to good deeds done.
I welcome this task.
Unmasked I am and bared.

All I ask...
Reveal those duties,
That I have.
To do Your will,
My Father.

My assignments are designed by You,
For a purpose.
Help me to usurp the needed strength.
From surrounded decadence lamented.
I am Your servant sent.
From walls to finger printed paint.
To graduate to pencil, pad and pen...
For You,
My Father...
Is my life experienced meant to live!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Servants To Endure Unique And Special Sufferings

Attempts to convince God in prayer,
That our distorted outlook of reality...
Is a better point of view to digest,
Than God accepts!
And we stay faithfully,
On our knees making these 'suggestions'.

Leaving those trying to enforce their own beliefs,
Behind.
And stuck stubbornly in a willful distress to manipulate.
Revealing eventual mental and physical distortions.
With an ownership that God has chosen them,
As servants to endure unique and special sufferings!

Choosing to do so as their aspect of free will.
And finding the right scripture to prove their insanities valid.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Serving A Purpose

Serving a purpose,
Delivers, eventually...
Benefits one gets.

Nothing is like,
That feeling felt being satisfied.
When one has devoted time
Sacrificing unselfishly,
Done to do for others.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Serving Something Worthy

To raise a debate,
Over who is better qualified
To be a pallbearer at a burial,
Will not revive the hopes...
Of the one inside a casket,
And has died.

To discuss gender issues,
And the depth of matters of trust...
Should disgust those in mourning,
That have come,
In a heartfelt collective...
To pay their reflective respects.

The ceremony prolonged...
To provide a selfishness neither right or wrong,
But sick!
Has earned the label of the lowest at its best.
As this churns the stomachs,
Of those unbelieving what they witness.
Without the aid to embellish,
Overheard sensationalized gossip!

'Pssst...?
Can you believe what we are seeing? '

~I don't care!
I just hope their serving something worthy to eat,
At the repast! ~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Set At Prices Too High To Pay For Anyone

Not for a moment am I going to lose,
Seeking substitutes for the words I choose...
To describe or depict,
An unnatural madness going on...
Amongst Mother Nature's picked and prime subjects.

Maybe I am too sensitive with embarrassment,
That my embitteredness is mistaken for disloyalty.
And here I am thinking those disloyal have allowed,
The nonsense marketing rights.
Set at prices too high to pay for anyone.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Set Into Motion

Methods of discrediting,
For the purpose to diminish one's influence...
Aren't methods easily detected,
But nonetheless applied as reminders.

I remember the first time I was told I was a 'minority'.
And I guess I reacted as if unaffected.
Because it seemed as if it became someone's duty,
To imply my life was restricted to limitations.

And when I scoffed at this...
That's when insults and blatant disrespect began.
Everyone I knew got into the act!

People taught their children to be disgusting.
Even thinking them cute when they began to cuss.
And...
I prepared myself for little Johnnie to say something to me.
Something derogatory.
'please don't let that little boy be that crazy.
Please Father God,
Remove images I should not have out of my mind.'

Visions of sitting in prison...
Locked behind bars for the rest of my life,
Kept me from smacking the hell out of Johnnie.

When it becamed noticeable I was being provoked...
I took deep breaths.
Or choked from smoking too many cigarettes.
Something to maintain a self control.
Or disguised as one.

Gender benders became the rage.
And if someone was not weird or strange...
Lesbian or homosexual,
By Sunset?
It was a bet to be won they were going to be pegged,
As 'something' or someone freaky.

And the following day,
Confirmations were all over the place.
Of course. I exaggerate.
But that's the way it seemed.

And folks wonder why today is so crazed.
I don't!
This was set into motion!

Now people today who thought
Having 'things' would give them reason for living...
Look like zombies that should be leashed.
Or at least caged.

Life from them has been sucked by mortgage payments.
Credit cards and bad credit scores.
And they are nothing but whores...
Of a disposable culture!
To allow oneself to become like this,
Without charging a fee?
To me is despicable.
And you can call me anything you want.
Not a dread on my head will be cut.

Methods of discrediting,
For the purpose to diminish one's influence...
Aren't methods easily detected,
But nonetheless applied as reminders.

And you know what?
I am glad I have been reminded,
Of my 'insignificance'.
Since I am 'thrilled' I had nothing to do with this mess!

And my mind has been protected from trying to help.
I used to be one of those 'unity' for all people.
With a sacrificial understanding.
Until I awakened and found my peace of mind.

And I would not hesitate to kill,
If that was threatened to be taken away.
And I thank God that is 'almost' impossible!

I say 'almost' because these days I love to tease.
And some folks at the edge of jumping off the ledge...
Would not understand I am only having fun,
When I suggest to them to jump!
People have a tendency not to keep their focus.

God is good.
AND...
All the time!
But...
One has to 'live' to know that!

Ahhhmen?
Ahhhmen.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Set New Compassions

Honor every joy that comes into your life.
Honor all the people and see everyone as equal.
Honor that feeling felt inside that makes it alright,
To be relieved of routines,
And the staleness observe in the growing of mold.

At dawn,
Just rise up.
Feeling you've awakened with that midas touch.
With indecision never coming near.
As fortunes suddenly for you appear.

At dawn,
Just rise up.
Take off and ride beyond your atmosphere.
Be bold and let go of that load you hold.
Set new compassions; set new goals.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Set On Auto-Pilot

Not only have they been,
Floating along powered by denial.
Their minds have been set on auto-pilot,
For as long as the supplies held out.

Now no one can convince them,
They must swim to shore...
Aided by their own initiative.
For them what had existed,
Is no more!

Many have chosen to ignore this warning.
With a demand for a new menu.
And a replacement of a chef...
That has never existed to prepare a new dish.
They laugh and perceive this to be an absurdity.

'Excuse me? '

And the tides are rushing ever so close,
To toss them all over a cliff.
And this...
They protest with the loudest of voices.
And wish all of this nonsense,
Be stopped by the shutting of lips.

Excuse me?
Waiter?
Waiter?

Did you see him pass us?
As if he did not hear me.
WAITER?

That's it.
He gets from me no tip! '
That is why they pass petitions.
To avoid this 'foolishness'.

'Waiter?
And he's parading around here,
With a lifejacket on.

Waiter?
I'm demanding your presence immediately.
Oh no he didn't! !
Did you see him sush me? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Set To Catch A Lover

Has it been that long,
Since I shared that space.
That place I kept sacred,
After gluing back the pieces...
I allowed to become defaced.

I hated to have my heart broken,
By someone I gave it to blindly.
I thought I was safe.
To later learn I participated in a game played.
Feeling trapped without an escape.

Has it been that long,
Since I shared that space.
That place I kept sacred,
To be played with a falling down again...
Upon my face.

Today,
Have I turned my mistakes into treasures I protect?
Am I willing to be touched with a stripping completely naked.
To feel a naïveté another does not expect,
Me to feel or suspect.

Can I accept a love I give,
Not to be returned to me at all?
Or should I fall to be found crawling,
To appear helpless with a need to be released...
From a trap I've set to catch a lover.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Setting A Few Records Straight

There is nothing like confronting,
An adversary who initiates conflicts...
But somehow has forgotten,
The ones that attempted...
To ruin you and your reputation.

With character assassination...
And malicious gossip,
Propped up on lips nonstop!
The only ones knowing,
What this might be like...
Are those not living their lives,
Appeasing others...
Sitting on a fence.
And living in a noncommitment status!

With hand extended to welcome you,
The one with an absence of memory...
Invites you as someone new,
To a neighborhood...
You had long lived before,
Being ushered away years ago.
But those into 'looks' aren't consumed with history.

No...
There is nothing like it!
Nor is there anything quite like,
Those decisions one chooses to ignore or make!
Especially,
When confronted with setting a few records straight!

'You look as 'if' you have something on your mind.
What could someone like you...
Possibly have on your mind?
Besides me?
And...
I hope you don't think I am being too forward? '

~Not at all!

You're making this more easier than I initially thought.~

'You are such the tease! '

~You have no idea how close I am to stopping.
And just let you have what I'd like to deliver.
But...
With you,
I am going to take my time!
I hope you're into sports? ~

'Me?
I love them! '

~I'm learning to become fond of them myself.
I enjoy skydiving and mountain climbing.
Which one of those would you like to learn? ~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Setting A Precedence

I am not hardly the one,
To play ignorant for fun.
Or become upset,
Over a pettiness done.

Although in some environments,
These acts are witnessed...
As if setting a precedence.
By those in and seeking predicaments!

Those who are the ones conditioned,
To be part of the creation of them!
Those who argue and fight each other...
With an unending quest for a unity to begin.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Setting For The Right Conditions

Sometimes the right one comes too late.
And we are left to appreciate,
The one who offers 'things' and not love.

And no love with 'things' is just what that is!
An existence.
With fading wishes.

And even though,
Sometimes the right one comes too late.
For some.
Those who have 'exhausted'
Living their lives for another one.
Sometimes,
For them the right one does comes too late.

But let whoever comes to arrive at my doorstep...
With my desires and needs met!
And I am still panting like a tiger caged!
In these times when nothing is perfect.
I am there.
To be unleashed

And they are welcomed to come right on in.
To be freed of expectations.

I am always available for the right cause,
And ready to arrange the setting...
For those conditions understood,
To be of mutual benefit.
Set in a setting for the right conditions met.
And on time!
Whenever it is.
I stay prepared and ready.

And...
If someone is in a situation,
Determined to be in it.
Because it is a 'situation'.

Those are their unsatisfying affairs.
I ain't mad at 'em!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Setting Stages

There is only one explanation,
That reveals the setting stages of today's insanity.

Vanity, greed and the feeding fed of feelings,
To achieve superiority.
And a right to defend what one pleases,
To describe as an entitlement.

There is no escaping from minds intensed,
With an intent to be seen better than others.
No matter who suffers unjust and undeserving atrocities.
And deluded with beliefs humanity is dispensable,
To anyone capable of possessing 'bling'.
As if obsessed to play the role of God.

There is only one explanation,
That reveals the setting stages of today's insanity.

Vanity, greed and the feeding fed of feelings,
To achieve superiority.
And a right to defend what one pleases,
To describe as an entitlement.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Setup To Fail

When you come to test someone,
You believe is unprepared?
AND with a confidence,
You will be the one to pass...
YOUR 'test',
Easily!
To then leave and be on your way?
Be sure your activities,
Have not been scrutinized...
Prior to administering 'your' test.

What appears to be simple...
May keep your brain twisted,
For the rest of your life.
Riddled with doubts you question.

When you come to test someone,
You believe is unprepared?
AND with a confidence,
You will be the one to pass...
YOUR 'test',
Easily?
Remember this...
You just may be the one,
Being setup to fail.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Seven Days A Week And Tweaked

When I filled to the brim,
Knowing my hip hop days were over.
And mentally I had graduated,
To levels with a taking of my life seriously.
Something within me had to address foolishness.
With a leaving behind several people,
Who still today wish to stay in playful arenas.
And can not seem to find,
A structure that defines order in their minds.
To excuse their choices made as having a good time!
Seven days a week and tweaked to celebrated...
Those times lived.
And how they use to be in those old days long gone,
They can not let go!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Seven Days Hath This Week

Seven days hath this week.
With a weekend that comes leaping in...
To leave us on Monday,
Squeezing every second left...
Before that routine kept we keep.

And those temperments begin,
Around noon during Tuesday's lunch.
With those discussing their company's losses!
And who they'd like to punch.

Then Wednesday arrives.
And all hell breaks loose.
Employees loudly argue...
One of them stole and drank,
A refrigerated juice.
Cuss words heard fly with no excuse.

Thursday everyone wants to amend over happy hour.
Apologizing for the spilled milk.
That should have never left anyone sour.

Plans are shared on Friday...
With no work anywhere to be done.

And Saturday secret lovers,
Finger their nakedness.
Going over what should be said...
When on Sunday when sunrise comes,
They sneak into bed normally shared with spouses.
Declaing a business meeting,
Has made them too tired...
For sex wished that is begged!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Several Times

I have this theory...
IF I wrote one poem,
And change the title of it...
Several times,
No one...
Would know the difference.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Several Ways To Express Success

To succeed for many,
Is a need to see...
An obvious public repetition done,
Of someone feeding greed.

Few accept success to be,
A feeling to live healthy and basic.
And happy to be blessed,
Getting the simpliest of provided needs met!

I guess there is several ways,
To express success.
But one has to feel what suits them best.
And not let success be someone else's interpretation.

Or become depressed...
If another's attraction towards a created success,
Does not stimulate or give...
The same arresting sensation to satisfy and digest.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Several Zones Of Twilight

There are several minds within our own,
Connecting.
Several zones of twilight...
Intersecting.
And given depth and breath,
On a revolving cell in the Universe.
We have come to disregard,
As a nonliving Earth.
And so wrong from birth we've been taught.
It takes perception to accept this Oneness...
That is God.
The only division that conflicts with this,
Is the consciousness God has given 'man'.
And man has decided within his mind he is God!
A part...perhaps.
But only One God is the whole...
Of this 'cosmos' we are in!
Living and connecting,
Several zones of twilight intersecting us,
To give us breath to breathe...
To animate this reality of life!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Severed

Severed!
From a maddening treachery
Inbreds keep in beds...
Sickened by duty,
Beyond comprehension.
And foiled through time.

Barking mongrels!
Thoroughbreds are desired,
Sired by tainted thoughts and deeds.
None of them are any of these
With a purety of consciousness.

A wickedness flows...
Streaming from the core of their foundation.
Eroding anything that's meaningfully clinched.
This incredible debauchery will never be cleansed.
Their ways are demented and fermented in self importance!

Unfortunately,
They are also severed.
Out of reach from a reality they preach
Thinking words alone sustains control.
There is so much that has rolled along unattached!

They've been severed from meaning.
Severed from a purpose they can't understand.
Severed they are...
And rotting!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Severing To Free Themselves

Getting involved in situations,
Affecting the lives of others.
And from their perspective,
Is the only information one gets...
To begin a stirring up,
Of a flowing of empathy...
That seems to be professionally solicited.
Or remarkably finessed by one skilled.
Whew!
Try saying that in one breath.

Not Literally.
Geeessshhh.

Then...
To later discover like duped others,
Fantasized depictions were given...
To enhance a reality,
Now without question...
Noticed to be absent from one's mind.
Where these episodes have been coming from,
All-the-time!

This...
Is a situation to walk away from,
IM-'with no mistaking it'-MEDIATELY!

Oh yeah!
Forget about involvement or being mixed in it.
Not with people like this.
One day soon,
Many will discover others have also chosen,
A severing to free themselves as quick as it is possible,
From emotional leechers to leave them be to be gone for good.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Severity Of His Disease

There were bullshit drippings,
Oozing from the corners of his mouth.
Each day...
The severity of his disease became apparent.
Those that followed him to the edge of survival,
Were told to believe they could fly if they leaped!
No one asked of him to show how this was done!
Undaunted,
Even when they began to jump...
He was signing autographs on 't-shirts',
With the image of himself sprouting magnificent wings!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sewn Into A Pattern

Caught up into limitations.
So many whine...
And find time to entertain it!
Living within closed in narrow minds,
And crying the blues like losers do!
Without one thought to taking a step,
In another direction.
Just for the hell or heaven of it.
Even a pause at an intersection of indecision...
Is acceptable and should be welcomed.
It is difficult to critique something unfamiliar!
Although it is done.
Leaving the ones who do it,
Expressing such vocal ignorance.
And helping to identify themselves...
As social misfits!
Out publicly dispensing their dysfunctions!
At least you will feel removed from being locked in!
Like them.
Sewn into a pattern with no wish to rip free!
And if you choose a direction you find not liked...
Find something about it you do!
Focus upon it and admire the difference.
Think of it as being stitched onto a patched quilt!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sextourism

Sextourism this practice grows.
Hiding those so sad behind this veil.
Elitist using disadvantaged folks...
To pleasure their libidos,
And enjoying dark skinned strokes.

Mostly of high class and mainly rich.
Luring teenaged boys and girls for sex trips.
Yes they are sick.
And of lurid wickedness.
Representing an existence...
Approved by the 'uppercrust'.
With values solicited...
Not far from where the gutters sit!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sexy

I once had a fool tell me,
There was nothing intentional...
By using my name fraudulently.
And representing me...
As having a taste for sleaze.
This imbecile directly,
Chose me for ruin.

But what this ignoramous did not know,
I admitted my taste...
For a bit of decadence long ago.
And sexual experiences I have had...
Were delightful.
And one homosexual relationship,
Would not have ended...
If death between us did not hit.

The only thing I have not publicly admitted,
Is my intolerance for ignorance.
And those who are of 'closeted' states of mind...
Are the ones truth and denial they can not define.
And today...
My views on life are neither straight nor gay.
They are whatever they are...
And that's for whoever believes I live a life to deceive.

However...
I am flattered at my age,
Anyone would still find me...sexy!
And wanted it declared.
Even if they thought this 'proclamation',
Would bring to me embarrassment.

I only wish they came to me first,
To enable a tremendous public campaign...
I would have endorsed.
Of course.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sexy Peach

You're a sexy peach.
Delicious on the eyes!
Igniting my taste buds...
To get close enough,
To eat as my treat!

Sexy peach...
I'd love to rub against your fuzziness.
And cuddle on the beach.

Sexy peach...
I wish to feel what now appeals,
And even lick the pit of it!

I'd like to bite every slice...
With the dripping of the nutrients done,
Provided by the succulent Sun.
And your fuzzy on my lips...
Inviting you to kiss,
That sweetness I can not resist.
Let's share it and strip away...
Those inhabitions exciting the addmission,
We both desire to pleasure and ride.

Sexy peach...
I'd love to rub against your fuzziness.
And cuddle on the beach.

Sexy peach...
I wish to feel what now appeals,
And even lick the pit of it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

'Shade' By Lawrence S. Pertillar

Shade?
Isn't that something
Someone gives another...
Before the lights are turned out,
By the other?

'Where is this coming from? '
Says the blind man!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Shades Of Endeavors Made

At Sunrise and the dew witnessed,
Seems to slowly cease with a patient drifting...
From making that early morning appearance,
Mindsets of those young and clinging dwell...
In a hop scotching done from daydream to daydream,
Forever locked to do this as if tomorrow sits awaiting for them.

Shades of endeavors made show themselves,
More after high noon has been lived and noticed.

An urgency develops when shadows begin to extend.
And a process that began when one beams under Sun,
Without the thinking of days coming to an end...
Become more serious as the Sunset approaches.
With a realization that this life lived to experience,
Ignores those believing an 'immortality' will give them more time.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Shadowed By The Thieves

The misdeeds done to do because one can do them,
To others discreetly...
Is a choice made one takes.
Like one who schedules an event to occur,
In one's future before it has happened.
Only to arrive at the date to find that date erased,
By someone thought to have been chased away....
By deceiving strategies layered and laid carefully.

But as facts being as they are when faced,
Devious tricks eventually lose their slickness.
And one with true abilities is discovered to be,
Profoundly cemented in consistent stability.
Overlooked but when revealed as a producer of quality,
A different level has been achieved.
Since those researching have discovered the identities,
Of the true innovators shadowed by the thieves.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Shake Off Dust

What are my goals?
Hmmm...
Of that I have no clue.
My mind is kept pre-occupied,
With so many unlimited things to do.

If I sat and thought,
About what it was i wanted to achieve...
None of my accomplishments,
Would have been given life to breathe.

I had been accused of doing nothing,
By those I observed doing that at their best.
And I never thought of that as a challenge for me.
So I left that to others to win that contest!

What are my goals?
Hmmm...
Of that I have no clue.
My mind is kept pre-occupied,
With so many unlimited things to do.
To get done.

I'm not one satisfied,
To rid myself or shake off dust.
Or notice it if it should come.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Shaking To Re-Invent To Then Adjust

Never did I ever stand inflexibe.
To prove I had strength against opposing winds.
I remain open to comprehend with a listening.
Hoping that from the doing of this,
There is something I have learned...
That continues to assist my growth process.
And letting nothing stand in the way,
Of my quest to eliminate aged and rusting barriers.

My life is like an earthquake...
Shaking to re-invent to then adjust as a must.
With a removing of that which has grown old,
To then innovate that updates...
Over and over again with renewed appreciation.
Much like the coming and going of each season.

I am not one,
However...
To quote a few passages from a book,
To then believe this protects me...
With a keeping of an ignorance,
I am not ready to rid.
Because to do so would disappoint,
Those upholding fading and outdated traditions.

My life is like an earthquake...
Shaking to re-invent to then adjust as a must.
With a removing of that which has grown old,
To then innovate that updates...
Over and over again with renewed appreciation.
Much like the coming and going of each season.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Shaky Are The Checkers

Shaky are the checkers,
Opponents...
In a game of chess!

How can a rook,
Be mistaken for a bishop?
A strategy 'appearing' to be weak...
As the knight leaps,
To retrieve the pawn.
And put the queen in check!

Yet,
The king of the game...
Has not fallen to sleep.
His eyes are wide open...
Knowing wherever he goes,
Not protecting the queen's steps...
Would certainly meet with defeat!

'Checkmate!
That's game.
While you were looking at my bishop...
You placed your queen in my rook's lane! '

~That's 'not' a checkmate!
You just outplayed me,
By using a strategy that was lame.~

'But 'who' won?
That's all that was needed to be done.
You ready for another lesson?
This time I'll use an easier plan,
That wont leave you humiliated or keep you guessing.
Set 'em up! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Shallow Are My Nights

Shallow are my nights.
A smothering of wrongs...
Has come to contaminate,
My will to do things right!

And for what reasons,
Should I hold onto standards gone?
Where is my quality of life?
Dreams I treasured to fulfill,
Have made me feel...
I don't belong!

My strength to maintain them...
Seems like a song I've sung.
I no longer care to even hum!

Shallow are my nights.
A smothering of wrongs...
Has come to contaminate,
My will to do things right!

Trashed are my steps.
To place them at my best.
A process once I refused as disrespect.
Now I see,
Less than mediocrity.
Is more than enough...
Those conditioned with this mindset will accept.

Shallow are my nights.
And a Sun once bright I gazed with delight...
Leaves me with a warmth,
I have come to find irritating.

Shallow are my nights.
With a lust I seek from the gutters!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Shallow Comforts

You can afford to let those go.
Those full of self importance.
Who are known to show you disrespect.
What more from them do you expect?
When more of the same from them you get.
Let them go!
And grow beyond the hold of ego!
Overblown and on constant display.
Whether it be yours or not.
Drop it and get away!
Want more than shallow comforts,
To soothe such fleeting needs!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Shallow Upfront And Hollow Underneath

The first time I became aware,
A declared friend couldn't say or spell...
My name correctly.
Or had not paid a visit to my home at all...
In none of the years I believed a friendship was endeared.
I realized those were not friends.
Perhaps acquaintances of shared conveniences.

The first time I recognized an ex-wife showed disrespect...
Well...
Why should I continue?
I guess I've said it all,
When I did say 'ex'.

This is the point I make...
That at first made me upset.
It doesn't take a rocket scientist,
To comprehend those feelings exchanged.
And from the beginning who pretends.
And 'who' deserves the reactions they get.

Folks have their own agendas.
And eventually this is exposed.
There is no need to show anger towards another...
If out of ignorance,
That is what they choose and chose.
Or chose to choose to do.
See it for what it is.
There is no need to wallow away in tears!

And those who are surfaced with secrets they keep,
Why be bother with those who are deceiving and weak?
Especially those who show themselves...
They can be shallow upfront and hollow underneath!
If you know you are genuine,
Leave these folks be! Leave them alone.
Don't you be the one left to rage and seethe.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Shame Will Come And Overstay Its Visit

Each time I tell you don't do it...
You do it with a daring of creative attempts.
What makes you 'think'...
Poppa is blind to your lies?
There is no wall you hide behind!
And even if there was...
Your head is thicker with a slickness,
You do not believe I can not see through.

Poppa knows you better than you know yourself.
And there is a lot about 'you',
That is in need of self examination!
Yes!
Don't look at me as if your innocence is being tested.
I made those same moves in grade school.
And a whole lot smoother too!

An if you think your lies...
Will pass by poppa's ears and eyes undetected,
You are a bigger fool than the fool I suspected.
Poppa didn't decide to awaken one day to become wise.
Poppa has lived to observe and learn...
Not to lie.
Because a lie will detach you from integrity.

And without integrity...
You have no dignity or identity to claim.
Shame will come an overstay its visit!
And you...
Will have nothing else to do,
But accept regret!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Shape Shifters

Tears and denials at trials of shape shifters,
One day professing their Christian ways.
And seen handcuffed the next,
Confessing trust they've betrayed.
As they are escorted through cheering crowds,
Exclaiming their support with them stays.

Shape shifters, petty crooks all bow-tied thieves,
Representing diverse constituencies...
Claim they had to address and perfect,
Being deceivers these days.
To appease the needs of everyone to please,
More of which are on a fast track quick.
Destined to be crazed with kept fantasies wished.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Share Them With Yourself First

Here's a pad and a pen!

'What is this for? '

You said you had ideas?

'I do.
But I want to share them with you.'

Share them with yourself first.
And if they make sense to you...
Eventually,
I will know what they are.

'How will you know that? '

You would have made them important.
I have my own ideas.
And the sacrifice it takes,
To get them to breathe...
Is time consuming.
With a patience that keeps me awake.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Share With Them My Gratitude

Submit what?
My ideas?
To whom and why?

'In the support of their endeavors...
They are seeking a more unified approach.
And actively solicit opinions of those most admired.'

And...
Your reason for being here,
Is what?

'Our committee decided,
You were one the ones most admired.
And we would like your participation.'

Really?
REALLY?

Not to confuse any issues I may have with this.
But do you see this smile on my face?
And the appearance given of a happiness...
That is far from fake?
You know what this smile took...
After what I've taken and shakened away?
Do you realize how long from this,
A recuperation takes?
Do you?
Speak up!
Do you?

'So...
That means we can expect you 'not' to participate? '

OH NO!
Not at all.
This smile doesn't mean that!
Have I sent mixed signals?

This smile gives me an opportunity...
To get some things off my chest.
Especially among those who slandered me...
With intentions that were their best efforts.

Are you kidding?
I would love to express my forgiveness.
Directly!
When is the next meeting?

'Maybe I should prepare them,
For your coming? '

Why spoil it?
I'll do that myself when I get there prepared.
And keep in mind...
I'll do what I can to keep positivity apparent,
In the atmosphere.

Just share with them my gratitude.
That's all you need to deliver and do.
And the decision that has been made?
To include me in on this...escapade!
I will be sure they will never forget!
When is that meeting?
Should I be dressed to impress?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Shared Absence

There are those with abilities to maneuver,
Into positions quick...
Without a hint of suspicion,
That their subtle comments made...
Have been selected to degrade.

They're on a mission to undo someone unknown,
But...
They pick and choose,
Those they hope have similar views...
With shared absence of any truth.

Whispered in the ears,
Is something sure to please.
With a leaving out of what was done,
To get someone to seethe.

Fragmented doses meant to mention,
To create descensions that begin.
And...
With intent,
These comments tempt a listening.

Whispered in the ears,
Is something sure to please.
With a leaving out of what was done,
To get someone to seethe.

There are those with abilities to maneuver,
Into positions quick...
Without a hint of suspicion,
That their subtle comments made...
Have been selected to degrade.

Fragmented doses meant to mention,
To create descensions that begin.
And...
With intent,
These comments tempt a listening.

Whispered in the ears,
Is something sure to please.
With a leaving out of what was done,
To get someone to seethe.

Fragmented doses meant to mention,
To create descensions that begin.
With a leaving out of what was done,
To get someone to seethe.
And...
Fragmented doses meant to mention,
To create descensions that begin.
With a leaving out of what was done,
To get someone to seethe.

There are those with abilities to maneuver,
Into positions quick...
Without a hint of suspicion,
That their subtle comments made...
Have been selected to degrade.

With shared absence of any truth.
People pick and choose those to undo.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Shared Like Gifts

It is still a Dutch colony.
With those who control it...
Coming to go,
To inflict their racial acrobatics.

It is divided by invisible fences.
With those of ethnic faces
Displaying their daily infighting defenses.
And there is funding for everything done.
To ensure comprehension...
Is something never to be understood,
With understanding that comes.

They want them at their dumbest.
And that is preferred and accepted.

And those of color who have ever contributed?
The great deeds they have done...
Have been from this place 'booted'.
As if they had made none!
And ignorance is shared like gifts received.
Along with the apartheid obviously applied...
By those who are equally mentally limited.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sharing Irony

This is a coincidence.
I didn't expect to see you here.
Oh...
And by the way,
I meant to call you.
But...
I have been so busy.

'Don't worry about it.
As a matter of fact,
I meant to believe you would call.
Isn't that ironic?
And here we are tensed by coincidence.
Together!
And sharing irony.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sharing Less Sense To Make

Here we are.
Where we were.
Admitting we should commit,
To taking steps forward.
And refusing to allow,
Continuing pettiness...
That has kept us preventing,
The obvious seriousness....
Of a deepening moral and mental abyss.

And here we are.
Again where we were.
Discussing those steps.
Yet unprepared to confess,
That a leaving where we are...
To find new issues and complaints,
Would not make sense to do...
If those with friendships made,
Don't agree to do the same thing too!

So here we are.
Where we were once again.
Hugging, shaking hands and professing unity.
But this time convinced,
We are more comfortable in our skins.
And discussing steps to take.
With old friendships made to tolerate,
To still procrastinate...
The sharing of less sense to make.
As that deepening moral and mental abyss,
Gets deeper. However, the seriousness of it...
Doesn't seem to be as dark as it is.
As long as diversity involved,
Joins in and becomes more part of the mix.

'We shall overcome.
Black Lives Matter.
White, Brown, Red and Yellow too.
Keep hope alive.

It's never too late.
Faith can move mountains.
A mind is a terrible thing to waste.'

Why are they repeating,
Those same trite expressions?
Turning them into chants that are heard,
Only when people gather to protest.

'One never knows.
Maybe someday,
We will be able to say them.
And with a kept belief that 'everybody' shows.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sharing Life

I am familiar with my own voice,
Therefore...
Less influenced by the tone of it.
Or any connection it may have,
To a significance that leaves me convinced...
That perhaps I should make more attempts,
To use another process more direct and effective...
Without the involvement of words,
To describe a tree or the obviousness...
Of birds that fly high in wide skies.

Debating to argue over the known that is shown,
Seems to entertain those unattached.
And seeking to match an unconsciousness,
With limited visions to adjust...
While focusing upon them to repeatedly validate.

I too am familiar with my thought process.
Although it may be perceived,
My observations are my own to conceive.
And sometimes I wish they were!
It would give me more time to find to accept,
My denials and my own unaffected delusions.
And less time would I spend,
Defending what it is I observe that offends those...
Preferring to pretend what it is I 'see' does not exist.
Although claimed it is we're sharing life to experience

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Shattered By Rich Misfits

To have a purpose,
Less focused upon by others...
Nothing to them,
Can be better served...
Than a series of distractions.
Especially the kind that leave,
What is done by one...
To perceive as foolish.
And thoughtlessly removed,
From any signs to prove...
This process has elements,
Of being associated with...
A recognized mental stability.
Although...
Normalcy and conformity,
As ideals...
Have too long been shattered,
By rich misfits.

Anyone who has known success,
With steps taken to achieve it
Is not going to be,
Less effective...
If choosing to evade questions,
As to each step one takes.
And in which direction.
Success to create,
In its development stages...
Is different than announcing,
With anticipation...
The birth of a child.
One is guaranteed to happen.
And,
Within months.
The other may show promise.
And this promise may or may not
Appeal to keep it real.

'Uh...
Some of us are baffled.
Not only by your purpose.
But your intended distractions.
What is it do you wish us,
To believe...
You really want accomplished? '

-That's for me to know.
And for you to continue

Of

Lawrence S. Pertillar

She Considers Insignificant

Everyone has a wish,
To influence with their unsolicited opinion.
Until Mother Nature arrives,
With a getting of all the attention...
To express a caring less,
Who belives what with their decision to make.
Or which entitlements deserve a serving to whom first.
Somehow and for whatever reason,
Earth sits at the top of Mother Nature's list.
And everything else below it She considers insignificant.
Have you ever noticed it?
You haven't?
Even those less selfish have notice this.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

She Delivers

Can what Mother Nature has already done,
Be improved upon by man...
To become for some,
A wish to outdo...
Mama's stunning?
With a cunning.

Will Mother allow to be breached this way?
Brewing in a heat...
To watch with Her eyes,
With nothing to say?
Or has She said it?
With no one paying attention.

As She delivers Her attitude with thunder.
To drench relentlessly with floods,
Hoping her children will obey.
Has 'Mama' selected earthquakes to shake us?
With a round of hurricanes and tornadoes...
To show us 'Mama' knows.

And yet we ignore and neglect...
With a lack of consciousness reflected.
Believing Her to be an accident...
We choose to perceive we can easily circumvent,
With our limited intelligence.
To take for granted this atmosphere She gives.
That bestows us breath to live.

Can what Mother Nature has already done,
Be improved upon by man...
To become for some,
A wish to outdo...
Mama's stunning?
With a cunning.

Or will we ever learn to listen in silence...
And observe Her gracious beauty,
Without defiance?

As creatures who leech...
Upon Her goodness.
As we feed unceasingly our selfishness,
Centered upon our greed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

She Endorses

Generous and direct!
Her comments...
No one listening,
Did expect!

But what was left?
More of the same?
More of the insanity,
To maintain.
Driven by a right...
Claimed.
To conquer over others.
To take what is theirs away!

She laid it on the line.
This is not that time!
That time for those actions,
Has brought too much dissatisfaction!

Too much is at stake.
Too many have endured needless suffering.
Too many are bitter with heartache they can't shake!

Loved ones have lost their lives.
By those who have risen to produce,
A revelation that has uncovered deceit and lies!

And 'these'...
She repeated to supporters,
Has no order of business accepted today!
And she endorses 'The We Can! The We Will...
And 'The We Must,
Campaign!
Standing 'with' and besides someone...
With promises,
This direction we all must prepare ourselves to take!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

She Had Been Nice

Of course she was loved,
By those who delighted in her leadership.
She did nothing controversial.
Or incited conflict.
And she was stylish wherever she went.

Publicly she was always pleasant.
And in a calm voice she always spoke.
But when she left office and the government in shambles...
Everyone knew her guidance was a joke.
She wasn't about disturbances.

How,
Under someone's watch...
Can billions of crumbs,
Be left as a deficit to sit on an exposed table...
Without a cleaning of it ordered to be done.

Of course she was loved,
By those who delighted in her leadership.
She did nothing controversial.
Or incited conflict.

She had been nice!
And people liked it.
Although with smiles,
Their quality of lifestyles...
Has diminished drastically.
And for some not to be in existence.

But she was 'nice'.
And people liked it!

'Where is she now? '

~She has mysteriously decided,
To spend more time with her family.
Just before the storm began.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

She Has Tremendous Hands

Eyes and high cheekbones!
That's how I can tell they are all related!
This crotch theory you've got,
Makes absolutely no sense.
Since that would not apply to them all.
Some are short and a few are quite tall!

'The daughter,
She wears a size 13 shoe.'

And what is that suppose to mean?
What has that got to do with anything?

'She has tremendous hands! '

And...
What is that wink about?

'Well...
You didn't hear it from me,
But...
I know she can be a gorgeous woman.
But I'm told...
When she stands,
She can stand up to any man! '

And what's up with the wink?
I still don't get it!

'I don't think you will no time soon!
You are not her type.
Unless that also changes.'

There you go with that wink!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

She Is Evil Lit

Her beauty is surfaced...
And when she smiles,
There are traces of evilness...
She tries to hide.
Once outside.
But under her makeup,
She can not erase...
What lies hidden deeply,
Behind that pretty face.

Bitterness concealed under a false grin.
Her smile is fixed,
Without one movement on her lips.

And she speaks through clinched teeth...
Like a trained ventriloquist.
But her eyes hold a light.
Brightly...
That is evil lit!

Her beauty is surfaced...
And when she smiles,
There are traces of evilness...
She tries to hide.
But under her makeup,
She can not erased.
How she holds onto...
Every pain and hurt felt in her life,
Every sacrifice is there.
From hair shampooed...
To her fixed glare.

And reminding anyone who witnessed this...
She was not the one,
Anytime soon...
Who would forget what it took,
To arrive to the reception of
Unwelcoming stares.
But she doesn't care.

Whatever that was good soured.
And it was not to her benefit.

She now knows who she is today.
She knows how to convey her beauty.
And to who what to say.
She knows she is...
Inside with tears.
She knows she is...
Inside,
Evil lit.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

She Is The Best Qualified

Whether she is Latino,
African-American.
Caucasian white!
Or anything they decide to be...
Day or night.
Chinese, Korean, Arab...
Homo, lesbian or transvestite!
Hypocrite or hemorphodite!
She is the best qualified.
Like most folks of color.
If it wasn't for that ignorance used...
This country would not be experiencing,
Its current downslide!
Or racial abuses used,
From the onslaught of insecurities!
She would make a terrific supreme justice.
And perhaps...
With too many over qualifying credentials!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

She 'Is'...A Child Of God

I stood and observed her,
Searching for disgarded soda cans.
And picking through trash,
From a downtown corner garbage bin!

And as I observed her,
People waiting at a bustop...
Would laugh and begin to mock.
And she would return to them,
A warm inviting grin.

And observing this I began to think,
How peaceful she appeared.
With hair fresh and netted to keep in place.
And a face...
Beautiful and radiantly clear.

She knew 'something' immediately I felt,
Deep within me.
This woman knew exactly who she was.
And in her eyes...
There was not a sign shown she was in denial.

This woman knew exactly what happiness was.
And from where she directly obtained it!

Helpless she appeared.
But a few that observed her,
Like I did...
Knew,
What she kept inside of her endeared!

She did not have to be convinced!
She knew,
She 'is'...
A child of God!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

She Knows Not

She is the mistress,
of his feelings.
Lay bare he does...
and stare out of heat mist windows.
Capturing moonlight,
on his skin with wishes to be touched.

She is the mistress,
of his feelings.
Unapologetic are rays carried,
from him he thrusts.

He trusts that she
will someday receive his yearning.
He burns in hunger longing...
And she knows not of his need!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

She Lies. He Lies. And A Fine Line Fades

She lies. He lies.
And a fine line fades.
Truth created and the reality of it,
Today has made no difference...
If a story told solicits attention.

Prices are raised,
To then declare a sale.
With increased taxes added,
To have those same prices prevail.
The only thing that changes,
Are signs proclaiming...
There has been a percentage taken off.
And off to the malls and other shopping centers,
People are seen saving time but not one dime.

In politics the promises remain unchanged.
Although the ones quick to tease,
Are the ones known by politicians...
That a marketing to update old promises,
Is much more effective...
Than reminding folks their quality of life,
Will never return when quality and its value...
Has taken a nose dive from where it was.
To have no one remember,
What it was before becoming addicted...
To decadence and accepted sleaze.

She lies. He lies.
And a fine line fades.
Truth created and the reality of it,
Today has made no difference...
If a story told solicits attention.
And mentioning to those listening,
About how they are being duped and deceived...
May qualify someone to do prison time,
For reminding anyone within distance that listens...
There are still a few left with integrity.
Daring to threaten others protecting delusions kept.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

She Mentioned Nothing About Your Eyes

Daddy?
Mommy asked me to ask you...
Where did I come from?

'Boy...
I've been asking myself that same question,
The first time I laid my eyes on you.'

No!
That's not the version mommy told me.
She said she knew I'd be coming soon...
The moment she let you touch her.
And she mentioned nothing about your eyes!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

She Played Softball

'I don't want to hear...
Another thing from you,
Young man!
Do you understand? '
My mother would often say.

So I showed her my notes,
Expressing my opinion!
Always with my mouth closed.
And prepared to duck.

She played softball in those days.
And had a mean pitch!
My father was a boxer.
I never approached him,
With anything I wrote!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

She Wanted What She Wanted To Give Image

I knew exactly what she meant,
When it was mentioned.
And I had it to give,
To know it was success.
But my mind was not limited,
To addressing impressions by the way I was dressed.
I was one with initiative.
With a knowing if I had created 'anything',
The creating of it would be at my best.

But...
She wanted what she wanted to give image.
And not what I wanted with initiative.
She wanted what she wanted to give image.

I wanted to start something on my own.
To work hard to see it grow.
And if I had purchased a broom to sweep,
I was prepared to do this alone to condone.

But...
She wanted what she wanted to give image.
And not what I wanted with initiative.
She wanted what she wanted to give image.

If I had to clean a toilet to reach the top.
With a pail full of water and slop to mop,
This I did with initiative...
Because the businesses I had liked me a lot.

I wanted to start something on my own.
To work hard to see it grow.
And if I had purchased a broom to sweep,
I was prepared to do this alone to condone.

'A janitor?
A JANITOR? ? ? '

Yeah.

But this is a business 'we' can own alone.

'No.
That is a business I can't condone.
There is no 'we'.
That's 'you'.
On your own.'

I knew exactly what she meant,
When it was mentioned.
And I had it to give,
To know it was success.
But my mind was not limited,
To addressing impressions by the way I was dressed.
I was one with initiative.
With a knowing if I had created 'anything',
The creating of it would be at my best.

But...
She wanted what she wanted to give image.
And not what I wanted with initiative.
OH she wanted what she wanted to give image.
And with a flaunting to others to quick deliver and give.
Yes she wanted what she wanted to give image.

'A janitor?
A JANITOR? ? ? '

Yeah.
But this is a business 'we' can own alone.

'No.
That is a business I can't condone.
There is no 'we'.
That's 'you'.
On your own.'

But I've already gotten in one week,
FIVE businesses under contract.
Who cares if I get them,
To apply with a mop or broom to sweep?

'You could have been a bank president!
How about that?
I have an image to aspire with a getting to keep.

She wanted what she to give image.
And not what I wanted with initiative.
OH she wanted what she wanted to give image.
And with a flaunting to others to give.
Yes she wanted what she wanted to give image.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

She Wants A Man In Her Life

She wants a man in her life.
And when he was there in it...
She showed him how that was resented.

She wants a man in her life.
But he has vowed to remain faithful,
To the man he now has in his!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

She Was There

Sitting on a tree stump,
Trying to hide the lump of pain...
Felt inside.
I discovered her on the hillside crying.

To lessen a suspiciousness...
I kept my silentness.
I slowly began to take deep breaths.
My nervousness developed a wetness on my brow.
None of that I wanted to introduced.
As I was being swept away...
I knew then I was being loved seduced!
Instantly!

So I sat a few feet distanced,
From her.
In quiet ambiguity.
Hoping she would feel my given empathy.
Exchanging it we did at once...
To do that immediately.

And she did stop!
And something inside me,
Released its hold!

She was once someone long ago,
I had the chance to meet.
And instantly she was upon her feet,
To greet me.

And I remembered how she did this,
In my dreams.
I awaken to remember...
The holding of us together,
For what seems now forever.

However...
This time when I awakened,
She was there!

Laying next to me caressed.
And in my dream to me she confessed...
Finally she could stop her tears that flowed.
These days when I awaken...
I feel her breath against my neck.
After enjoying early morning sex!

Yes...
That's how we met.
First in a dream...
When I decided I would let my broken heart go!
And upon that hillside where I sat...
She came from behind me to have a chat!
And after that...
We knew what we had was real!

Yes...
Both knowing who we were from a dream.
Made for us to meet to come to sleep now...
Together.
To touch outside what we knew existed within!
Beginning for us to have eternity never end.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Shedding The Old Man

Shedding the old man.
I feel I should.
And feeling great enough,
To say that I can.
So why not?

Philosophies adopted as to what is old,
I don't accept to reflect to others...
A perception of it.
To sit and portray aging that way.

I don't limp!
I hop.
With pain felt or hot.
Because I am shedding the old man.
Even though in the mornings,
It may take me a while to stand.

Shedding the old man.
I feel I should.
And feeling great enough,
To say that I can.
So why not?

Now...
If I can only remember,
Where I put my glasses.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Shells Cracked

So accustomed to opposing,
That which is formally addressed...
And yet,
Nothing from those who do this is proposed...
To compare or express with submitted suggestions.

So accustomed to opposing,
That which is formally addressed...
And yet,
Nothing from those who do this is proposed...
Except,
More nuts they show with their shells cracked.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Shells Hard To Crack

I have had concerns to openly express.
With belief honesty,
Would be noticed for what it is to accept.
Yet those concerns,
Although honestly expressed...
Have more to do with an expectaton,
Than a doing done that makes some upset.

So many live lives wanting to keep fantasized.
With a hoping to prevent every delusion intended,
From vanishing before their eyes.
And the few who dare with honesty speak,
Become despised and criticized...
For making attempts,
To make honesty an open main event.

And today I find myself shying away,
From expressing my concerns with a seriousness.
Reluctant I am to share them so quick,
With others who refuse to see they have permitted...
Their own conflicts.
To accept as they are to complain about it.

'The world.
And everyone in it seems to be addicted to nonsense.
High on self-importance.
'Me-ism', greed and selfishness.
With claims made to accuse all of this on racism.
The world seems to be full of cracked nuts in one basket.'

~Hmmm. Oh yeah? ~

'Yeah.'

~Which kind?
I love pecans and cashews.
I enjoy cashews mixed with dried pineapples.
I use to be into those Brazilian nuts.
And shells hard to crack?

No more.
I got tired of that.~

'So your commitment to them has changed? '

~Yep.
Dramatically.
And so have my concerns.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

She's A Grown Woman

She's a grown woman.
And for me the believing of it,
Seemed to have happened...
As I kept her in my mind for a very long time,
A little girl taking her first steps to correct...
While her parents held their arms outstretched,
Trying to protect her balancing act...
From getting her bruised or scratched.
And with her wise eyes she looked up as if to say,
'Hey, don't worry. I got this.
I'm Ms Shayla Louise Dixon. And no one will forget it.'

She's a grown 'ass' woman.
She said that to me.
As if to snap me into reality.
And that is my niece, Ms Shayla Louise.
Direct, accountable, sensible and wise.
With two intelligent children she raises.
Who are growing up fast as well to 'my' surprise.

On August 21st 'this grown woman turned 37.
And although it was 1976 it seems as if yesterday,
She demanded her independence and left to run away.
To go and stay with one of her friends down the street...
Leaving us all to worry and fear.
Until she return back to her parents' home to request,
Her checkbook she had forgotten and a change of clothes.

And here I am, Uncle Larry, composing,
A poem to recount so many fond memories.
For my niece so vivacious and too incredible to believe...
She's 37. Not eleven. Thirteen. Twenty-one or thirty!
37! !

'Uncle Larry? I am a grown 'ass' woman.'

And I say to myself...
'WHY does she feel I have to be reminded of it? '

I know how old you are.
You're older than 'me' now.
God knows I was 35 for twenty years!
But you Ms Shayla?
Stay 37 for as long as you want, okay?
I wont be 'madatcha'.

Dedicated to my adorable niece:
Ms Shayla Louise Dixon.
On her 37th birthday.
We all celebrated on August 21st 2013.

'I love you, Precious.'

Uncle Larry

Lawrence S. Pertillar

She's Determined And A Strong Willed Woman

When her mind's made up,
She doesn't fuss...
Or cry!

She's not the kind to mope around,
Or one to criticize.
With eyes that sigh.

She's not one weak who weeps.
She stands on her own two feet,
And defies,
Anyone who tries...
To fault the way she gets by.

She's determined and a strong willed woman.
And I like it that she's on my side.
She is determined and a strong willed woman...
Who knows what she does when it's done.
She's determined and a strong willed woman.
And I like it that she's on my side.
And there to sleep with me at night.

She's not one weak who weeps.
She stands on her own two feet,
And defies,
Anyone who tries...
To fault the way she gets by.

She's determined and a strong willed woman.
And I like it that she's on my side.
Yes she's determined and a strong willed woman.
And I like it that she's on my side.
And there to sleep with me at night.

When her mind's made up,
She doesn't fuss...
Or cry!
And defies,
Anyone who tries...

To fault the way she gets by.

She is determined and a strong willed woman...
Who knows what she does when it's done.
She's determined and a strong willed woman.
And I like it that she's on my side.
And there to sleep with me at night.

She's determined and a strong willed woman.
And I like it that she's on my side.
She is determined and a strong willed woman...
And defies,
Anyone who tries...
To fault the way she gets by.

She is determined and a strong willed woman...
And defies,
Anyone who tries...
To fault the way she gets by.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

She's Not Just A Mouse

He growls.
She runs.
He chases.
She returns to pose.
And with slow pausing advancing steps.
He chases.
She runs,
And returns out of breath.
He growls then purrs.
Her poses get closer.
He growls.
She runs.
He chases.
And neither one of them is seen for days.
He may be a cat.
But she's not just a mouse.
Her tactics are too well practiced.
No normal mouse enjoys being pounced.
Although...
Times and the playing of games have changed,
Dramatically.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Shi'Ann

Man...
I love my greatniece.
One of three sisters,
Born in the middle.
And can be sometimes sweet...
Bossy AND opinionated.
Like her mom and dad,
Grandparents...
T'ana and Allahna too.
We wont include Aunt Shayla...
She of course turns it on at will!
When things are not going the way
As Ms Shay says they should,
She gives us all eyes that can kill!
But my Shi'Ann,
Is the one that fits the bill!
You once asked me one day...
'Uncle Larry, write about me,
And what will you say? '
I will say my greatniece ShiAnn is grand.
She's terrific with a heart of gold!
And what Shi'Ann does...
Will be in the way,
Only Shi'Ann can...
Making sure others obey!

Dedicated:
To my greatniece Shi'Ann Pertillar
'Love you...'
Uncle Larry

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Shift Over

Shift over and let me slide near you.
I hope you are awake to help me demonstrate,
Those needs I have for you like yours for me...
As said in the bed where nothing is left untouched,
Or left to awaken my fantasies.

Shift over and let me slide near you.

I don't know why,
But you seem to never get it.
It is only you and me,
And what makes this a good receipe.
To keep between us forever.

Shift over and let me slide near you.

I know you did not drive me here,
To stay stiff and shiftless to lay in park!
I'm not here to be a begging receiver either.
I've got to howl like I'm sparked by the dark.

Shift over and let me slide near you.

Ohhhh...you shifted to cruise.

Shift over and let me slide near you.
I hope you are awake to help me demonstrate,
Those needs I have for you like yours for me...
As said in the bed where nothing is left untouched,
Or left to awaken my fantasies.

Ohhhh...you shifted to cruise.

Oh my why do I,
Walk into these things?
And...
Oh my why do I,
Feel the 'victim' as it seems to me.

Ohhhh...you shifted to cruise.

Shift over and let me slide near you.

I don't know why,
But you seem to never get it.
It is only you and me,
And what makes this a good receipe.
To keep between us forever.

Shift over and let me slide near you,
Before my shift is over.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Shifted Visits

What is reality?
But a shift of visits.
To come and leave,
Shifted visits...
Each time a belief remains,
Long enough defended.
To convince.
And long enough defended,
To weaken and dispense...
Past visits with a conscious mind,
Quick to change...
To unconsciousnesss,
In these days...
Unravelling any thoughts kept to find.

What is reality?
But a shift of visits.
To come and leave,
Shifted visits...
Each time a belief remains,
Long enough defended.
To convince.
And long enough defended,
To weaken and dispense.
Unravelling any thoughts kept to find,
In minds...
Too long gone to hold on,
To reality.

Shifted visits,
Are quick.
And intended not to stay long.
Shifted visits,
Come to go and not to be remembered.

Shifted visits,
Are quick.
And not to be remembered.
Those shifted visits...

Are intended,
To forget.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Shifting Images

Remember when mean spirited people,
Told their ethnic jokes.
And those within listening distance,
Would repeat them and laughed...
As they undermined and disrespected,
While poking at those 'other' folks.

And remember those days,
People felt safe to offend others.
As if they were entitled,
To proclaim publicly their druthers.
As some around them quietly endured,
And suffered.

Remember when people were hired to window dress?
To give an impression an acceptance was 'allowed'...
Although uncomfortably addressed.
And remember when it was expected,
Those with their noses turned up in the air...
Would climb on their high horses,
And remain forever there!

Remember when mean spirited people,
Told their ethnic jokes.
And those within listening distance,
Would repeat them and laughed...
As they undermined and disrespected,
While poking at those 'other' folks.

Remember when Roger Miller sang:
'England swings like a pendulum do,
Bobbies on bicycles two by two.
Westminster Abbey the tower of Big Ben.
The rosy red cheeks of the little children.'

That song was written in 1965.
The same year I decided to join the military.
It was considered to be a 'country' song then.
Filled with playful and innocent cuteness.

Today?
It just seems like an ironic satire,
With several shifting images.
No one these days,
Seems that inspired to acquire.

Note:
'Thank you, Mister Roger Miller'
Composer/Singer

~lsp~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Shifting To Drift Like Swift Winds

That which remains to sustain limelight,
Becomes less bright over a time...
To find a dimming intentionally done.
Although the message stays,
Just as sharp and tight to deliver...
To those awaiting to feed their appetites.

People seeking fads,
Are not interested in longevity.
With those fads changing amongst us...
Just as fast as a storm comes and passes,
For minds to rid and forget the intent of it.

As if to use a remote to preview an array of channels,
To peruse and cruise through lives lived...
Treated as breezes shifting to drift,
Like swift winds blowing that finally end.

And with a touching of a button flipping to switch,
From one thing to another to experience their druthers...
Which do not sit to stick for too long,
To ensure any importance is effectively erased.
And does not prolong,
An awaiting replacement that guarantees...
A variety of increasing nonsense.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Shifting Winds

Too beautiful to fall,
Fail or stumble.
These steadfast priorities...
Are undergoing drastic change.
For those accustomed to strutting tall.
As if life for them,
Should remain staying the same.
Afterall...
That's how it has been,
For those consumed with assumptions.
From Sunrise and Sunset...
As each day for them begins,
And ends.

Humility with humor,
Saves those from embarrassment.
Especially when today's foundations,
Once considered stable...
Expose a rusting of steel.
With signs of crumbling cement.
Ushering in new 'dents' never before seen in them.

Many are observed scrambling around,
Trying to make sense of the senselessness found.
Only to find themselves attempting to regain composure.
After they have discovered a miscalculation,
Of shifting winds that bring them to lay in poses shown.
That bowls them over...
Flat on their backs upon cracks on the ground!
This for them a fresh experience now known!
With a hope they can retrieve,
A helping hand...
To assist them with a lift to get them off their knees.
And no one there recognizes,
The dizzying bob in their obvious weave.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Shining Brighter Everyday

As long as you are 'real'
With a sense of 'self' and identity...
Don't worry about those that aren't!
They have enough problems today,
Trying to maintain what they've gained
Through false pretenses,
Shared with turned up noses!
And that for them has to be difficult...
Since the 'realities' they have lived,
Seem to be attracting more flies than honey these days!
And for you to be as genuine as you are...
You are shining brighter everyday!
Walk away.
With pride and dignity intact!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Shipping To Their Shores

Honored delusions exchanged in confidence,
Is fine to embrace when within one's fence.
And shared in face to face conversations.
Limited to the comforts of one's backyard.
To be regarded as a freedom of speech.

However...
It is the leaping over these fences,
To attempt to remove a foot...
One can not keep from being found in one's mouth,
To debate whether or not to negotiate...
When talking about beliefs without expertise.

And...
To defend those entitlements they receive,
When most of them are imported from overseas.
To then offend those who do this,
As rivals and enemies described as inept thieves...
Does not promote the best image for a diplomacy.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Shivering And Not Singing

Cold and freezing in low degrees,
Leaving people to turn up their collars.
Mittens, earmuffs and coats of fleece,
Leaving people to turn up their collars.

And breezes seem to hollar...
'Winter's here and will slick the streets.'
Leaving people to turn up their collars.
The snow is deep and boots are needed on feet,
Leaving people to turn up their collars.

And spending more to crank up that heat...
While wrapped in blankets,
And warm bed sheets.
Oh...
Shivering and not singing in their homes.
Shivering are many doing this alone.

Winter's here and will slick the streets.'
Leaving people to turn up their collars.
And spending more to crank up that heat...
While wrapped in blankets and warm bed sheets.
And...
Shivering and not singing in their homes.
Shivering are many doing this alone.
Shivering and not singing in their homes.
Shivering are many doing this alone.

And spending more to crank up that heat...
While wrapped in blankets and warm bed sheets.
And...
Shivering and not singing in their homes.
Shivering are many doing this alone.
Oh...
Shivering and not singing in their homes.
Oh...
Shivering are many doing this alone.
Oh...
Shivering and not singing in their homes.

Oh...
Shivering are many doing this condoned!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Shock

The shock of what is not,
Is more disturbing...
Than the acceptance of what is!
Once what is not,
Is stopped and dropped...
A reality delivered,
Ceases attempts...
To make what is not,
Meant to limit with intent.
Meant to have many consent...
To a controlled existence with contempt!

And what is 'not'...
Loses the attention given.
Loses an illusion driven,
To have and behold delusion.
And delusion and reality...
Do not a couple make.
Not today,
When earthquakes are shaking foundations...
Once believed permanent,
Because they were man made!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Shock Value

Priceless!
Is the value,
Of shock!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Shocking Are Some Scenes Seen

So shocking are some scenes seen,
Downtown
Where the people there will congregate,
As if auditioning
The latest of less wearing,
To expose their 'goods'
With a caring that is obviously,
A wish to expose just about everything.

So shocking are some scenes seen,
Downtown.
Where not only jaws drop!
But eyes too can be viewed to pop.

One has to be there to witness this.
To see what can not be for most to believed.
And yesterday what is exposed today,
Would promptly be a reason
For the calling of police,
And sirens heard to flood the streets
To arrest those for their nakedness
AND a disturbing of the peace

But
So shocking are some scenes seen,
Downtown and all around
Where the people there and everywhere,
Will congregate
As if auditioning,
The latest of less wearing of anything.
To expose their 'goods',
With a caring that is obviously,
A wish to expose just about everything.

And many become offended,
If an attention given is 'not' mentioned.

'Excuse me.
Can you tell me what that 'use' to be?

Whatever that is you are barely wearing'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Shoes One Wear

No one survives in the city,
On looks to just look pretty.
Or...
How they may walk.
Or...
How they may talk.

No one survives in the city,
On looks to just look pretty.
Or...
Cash had that is flashed.
Or...
How quick they get it had.

Shoes one wear they tie up,
With eyes they keep open wide...
To know which way they're going.
And...
Knowing where they're at.
With facts kept intact,
Will not be distracted...
By temptations to get them,
Off track.

No one walking in the city,
Can survive on just looking pretty.
Or opinions given mentioned,
By those sharing their pretentions.

Shoes one wear they tie up,
With eyes they keep open wide...
Will not be distracted.
To know where they are going.
Where they've been and where they're at...
To not let any distractions,
Get them to stray away from their tracks.

No one survives in the city,
On...

Cash flashed.
Or...
How quick its had.
Or opinions given mentioned,
By those sharing their pretentions.

Shoes one wear they tie up...
May be tight.
But if they are not yours it's alright.
The shoes one wear they tie up...
May be tight.
But if they are not yours it's alright.

No one survives in the city,
On looks to just look pretty.
Or...
How they may walk.
Or...
How they may talk.
Or...
Cash had that is flashed.
Or...
How quick they get it had,
To see it go to beg.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Shoestring

Everybody's pawning all their bling things.
Trying to live today on just a shoestring.
Giving in ain't easy for one thinking...
How will they survive,
Without the zing of bling things!

ooo woo...
ooopah ooopah ooopah,
ooo woo...
ooopah pah ooopah,
ooo woo...
ooopah ooopah ooopah,
ooo woo...
ooopah pah ooo

ooo woo...
ooopah ooopah ooopah,
ooo woo...
ooopah pah ooopah,
ooo woo...
ooopah ooopah ooopah,
ooo woo...
ooopah pah ooo

Droppin' hip hop poppin'
To stop coppin'...
From lockin' boppin'
So rock mop and toppin'.

They woke up soak and wet,
And feelin' threatin'.
'Cause' all the bling
They stung up...
Stopped affectin'!

ooo woo...
ooopah ooopah ooopah,
ooo woo...
ooopah pah ooopah,

ooo woo...
ooopah ooopah ooopah,
ooo woo...
ooopah pah ooo

ooo woo...
ooopah ooopah ooopah,
ooo woo...
ooopah pah ooopah,
ooo woo...
ooopah ooopah ooopah,
ooo woo...
ooopah pah ooo

Everybody's pawning all their bling things.
Trying to live today on just a shoestring.
Giving in ain't easy for one thinking...
How will they survive,
Without the zing of bling things!

And trying to live today on just a shoestring.

ooo woo...
ooopah ooopah ooopah,
ooo woo...
ooopah pah ooopah,
ooo woo...
ooopah ooopah ooopah,
ooo woo...
ooopah pah ooo!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Shoo Fly!

Shoo fly!
This aint buttermilk.
You seek the end result.
To pick from what has been processed.
Making a taste easier for you to reproduce and lift.
Shoo fly!
This aint buttermilk.
This chocolate whip has nuts!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Shoot From The Hip

If you want to get it quick.
I shoot from the hip.
Not a mumble do I grumbled,
Nor backstabbing gossiped hits.

I'm not one to leave you wondering...
What's on my mind,
Not a bit.
I don't hide my words,
When I choose to be heard.

If you want to get it straight.
I shoot from the hip.
Without a moment of delay.
I say it I don't spit.

If it's not liked how it is,
That's your business...
I'm not pissed.
Nor will you leave me in a fit.
To quiver with shut lips.

If you want to get it quick.
I shoot from the hip.
Not a mumble do I grumbled,
Nor pout and sit.
I'm not the kind to leave you wondering,
What's on my mind to admit!
Or suggest you see a psychic...
To tell you what you want and like it!

If you want to get it quick.
I shoot from the hip.
I'm not the kind to leave you wondering,
What's on my mind to admit!
If it's not liked as it is...
I'm not the kind to get pissed.
I'll deliver what I give you,
And that is it!

'So you're sayin' you do what? '

I shoot from the hip.

'What about the ears of others?

I shoot from the hip.

'What if they should have druthers? '

I said I shoot from the hip.
If they don't want to hear it,
Like it is from my lips...
They can turn around and I will kick them,
Where they are split!

Not a mumble do I grumbled.
I shoot from the hip.
No stumble do I fumble on...
I shoot from the hip!

If it's not liked how it is,
I will not get pissed.
Nor will I leave you quietly,
To quiver with shut lips.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Shopping

Isn't it odd...
How victorious the Vikings were,
And not one of them
Can be found shopping
On 5th Avenue
In Manhattan!
And there are those
Of Asian, African and Hispanic
Origin...
All over the place!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Short Circuited To Ignite

Those heartless to be hotwired,
And short-circuited to ignite enduring pain...
With an objective upon others to inflict and sustain,
Believe for themselves there is benefit from it gained...
Have not yet met guilt awaiting and coming to connect.

And when guilt connects with a purpose that affects,
A mental illness unexpected spreads selectively...
In their minds...like a plague...and, not done randomly!
To do without a cure to prevent the reliving of evils done.
As their souls are made to review tortured horrors eternally.

'For all of you just arriving,
You may think the heat and repeated images...
As a living hell. However...for us? It's just another day.
You will get use to the screaming this is a given,
Since all of you will come to do it sooner or later. Any questions? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Shorten That Story

One can and when wished,
Modify that which one has created.
To update with changes made if it is so desired.
However...
Standing in the shadows and prepared to take,
Advantage of any situation that comes their way...
To make claims and false accusations,
Are the naysayers, instigators, betrayers and fakers.
Hoping to replace that which someone else has made,
For the purpose to demean and character assassinate.

And those who have been convinced,
What they have been told to buy makes to them sense...
Await for explanations,
As to why what they have been sold to purchase...
Neither satisfies as the original,
Nor is it close to being mediocre.

'Uh...um.
Excuse me, but...
What you say has been yours all this time,
Has a different presentation.
And the taste of it is less than sublime.
Inferior comes to mind.
Shouldn't it be easy for you to duplicate the taste?
Since the flavor and taste you claimed to have created.'

~Well...
It's like this.
What I really did was to assist.~

'Even 'if' you assisted,
Shouldn't the quality be better than this?
Then who 'is' the true creator? '

~It's a long story.~

'No problem.
Shorten that story.

And tell us...
When did you begin to start,
The telling to spread your big lies? '

~They're not lies.
They are just...~

'Exuberant embellishments?
With a superficial offering to entertain?
Or are your just out of your damn mind? '

~May I have another option, please.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

'Should I Do That With Or Without Embellishment? '

How many grains of sand,
Are there on every beach on Earth.

'That would be impossible for me to fathom.'

Then why do you believe,
You can get inside my head to figure me out?

Please...
Do not regard me as your research project.

If I were you...and glad I am not...
I would begin to live my own life.

'Should I do that with or without embellishment? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Should I Lift My Eyes

Ride with guilt?
Sit harnessed to remorse?
Take a backseat to happiness,
And choose a more abusing course?
Gamble a peace of mind...
To share grief,
It took years to leave?
Me?
Should I settle for disappointments,
From others who feel...
My 'gifts' they annointed?
And I am not in praise,
To elevated their dazed crazed ways?
OR...
Should I lift my eyes with gratitude?
And thank God my life...
Hasn't been spent infighting with them,
In a dare not to split...
Someone's flapping lips.
Or have found myself by now a stowaway,
Aboard a cruising ship that drifts!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Should I Reconsider My Obstinance?

Should I reconsider my obstinance?
With the acknowledgement,
That a bolder world...
Appears on the threshold.
And my lip syncing songs of peace...
Can actually be now voiced and heard,
Repetitiously.

Can I,
On this day believe...
My obstinance kept in silence,
Can be screamed with abandonment.
And I will not be arrested,
For keeping my persistence...
Against conflict and its nonsense.

Or...
Should I just leave?
Knowing that the maverick I had been claimed to be,
Has now achieved a following!
And those wolves disguised in sheep clothing,
Have been exposed for the hunt!
With a discovery of my activities,
As being more beneficial than threatening!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Should I Wear My 3-D Glasses?

Mommy...
Who are they in those cages?

'They are the ones,
Who couldn't believe
They were being deceived!
And when they discovered they were...
They went nuts.
And started roaming the streets.
Begging from those living in the inner city,
For food to eat! '

And who ar they over there?

'Those are the ones who lived in the inner city! '

How come they don't look crazy like the others?

'They've been used to being locked up.
Most of them all their lives! '

~Boston! You gotta bid higher than a 4 low,
If you playing with me.
Hey...
Bring me some chips and a Heinekein,
If there are any left.~

Mommy,
What's a 4 low?

'I don't know!
That exhibit has been there for years.'

How come their cage door is open,
And unlocked?

'Who knows?
Maybe they are just comfortable being there.
Come on.

Let's look at the new exhibit upstairs.
I really want you to see that one! '

Why mommy?

'That's the one they are talking about!
They actually have on display,
Several groups of different people...
Who are expressing affection, concern and respect
For each other.
I want you to see that one.
I don't believe it myself! '

What is that one called?

'Death of Pretensions.
It has been filmed! '

Should I wear my 3-D glasses?

'Yes! I'm glad you reminded me.
I want you to get front seats.
I want you to sit up close.
I'll be sitting right behind you.'

Why, mommy?

'I don't know if I'm ready for it.
Your young.
You can handle it.
While you are here...
I may go back to find out what a 'Boston' is! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Should Not Be Surprised

Those who administer from an ignorant point of view,
Should not be surprised...
If their influence comes to bite their own backsides!
Remember...
You supply the tools,
To surround yourself with other fools.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Should One Confess?

At the risk of sanity,
A plunging leap is taken...
From comfort!

The air swift and moving.
Untried wings begin to lift.
And a choice is made!

Should soaring continue?
Or would landing dim the view...
One had when looking down,
From amongst the stars!

Only a smile would show,
To let others know
A test of faith was taken.
And bestowed success.

Should one confess?
Or leave them guessing?
Those with the ability...
But choose to be left stressing!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Should They Be Forgiven

Misunderstandings happen.
But should they be forgiven,
When these scenes are repeated?
With a familiar argument...
Starting again to make even less sense.

Misunderstandings happen.
But should they be forgiven,
When scenes like these are repeated?
To hear the same voice say,
'Let's end this!
And from each other,
Just walk away.'

Some aren't the ones,
Who have a problem with that!
The ones in denial,
Are the ones who keep looking back.
Trying to prove an innocence.
When together time spent,
Neither had been on the same track.

And often having 'chemistry'
Prevents off track distractions.

And it is difficult to say,
To someone once loved...
'Go away.'
But someone should do it.
If misunderstandings continue not to improve,
The communication in a relationship...
That's needing one less fool.

Someone should 'get it' and move on with life quick.
Instead of refusing not to do this,
But stay to annoy until a bitterness gets thick!
With attempts to try enforcing a mending of a split.
And the air reeks of no apparent healing being done,
To avoid any of it.

As those who listen to the same pleas again,
Wish for an immediate bout of amnesia to set in.
Or a door to bolt and cement.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Should This Disgust

Those who fought and defended then...
Received no respect.
Those young and patriotic...
Came home to neglect.

Homeless and hungry,
And left on streets.
With little of nothing to eat.
To see themselves kicked to the curb...
By those who treat them,
With disdain when the greet.

Embittered they are!
And should they be?
Veterans of war and conflict.
Who have proven their bravery.

Should this disgust the ones,
Who empathize their rights?
Or should those men and women,
Ignore their plight?
Since no one seems to want to defend or fight,
To see them honored day and night as deserved!
Should this disgust...
All of us?
Who are not corrupted,
By self centered lusts!

Dedicated:
To all veterans who are called to protect,
The interests of others.
Be you honored or ignored...
You are most deserving to live lives,
Free of wants or needs as a payment for your deeds.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Should This Make A Difference

Should it make a difference,
To the one accustomed to looking up...
As to who holds their head down?
To stop with a noticing of it...
Giving time to see what has been lost to be found?

Should it make a difference,
That people around talk 'to' each other...
With no eye contact that exists?
Should this make a difference,
To one who has already experienced this?

Should any of this make a difference,
To one who realizes their movements are not restricted...
On a top ten list of prioritized accomplishments,
Sought to do...
Since...
No one is aware of the persistence it takes,
To resist being disrespected with an accepted disregard.

Should this make a difference,
To one who has chosen to gaze at stars...
With dreams and wishes?
No.
The difference that is,
Has been decided and made.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Should We Still Search For Toto?

'Sir...
We have not yet located the Yellow Brick Road,
Nor the Emerald City!
Although we have studied plans,
For a re-creation!
There is still a chance Dorothy can be found!
It is rumored by the villagers of Munchkinland,
A ruby studded pump carried by a man
Dressed in a lion's suit
Was seen
Having lunch with the wicked witch,
In a diner called West of Kansas!
We have them currently under surveillance...
And monitored for any inappropriate activity!
Mister President...
We have the Tin Man in custody,
And Auntie Em is under sedation!
Our troops are exhausted...
Although everyone has agreed,
This mission must continue!
Whether or not the approaching tornado lands.
Should we still search for Toto?
We do have a replacement in training!
Now that our mission in Oz is nearing completion,
It is advisable to steer the course...
Since victory 'is' inevitable!
However...
We can not reveal a precise date to announce,
For any withdrawals to begin from this addiction
Commenced!
And sir...
We can always change 'victory' to imply,
A probable cause for success?
Terminology and semantics,
Has never been used as a weapon
By our adversaries!
And polls?
As long as we keep it clear...
We refer to the North,

And South poles when regarding our strategy!
There should be no misunderstanding left,
To clarify our purpose AND intent! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Shouldn'T One Be Conscious Of Losing Fat

Shouldn't one be conscious of losing fat?
Especially if one manages one's diet.
And is aware of that fact!

And yet one who manages another,
Where others are employed.
Has the audacity to say...
They had no idea,
How things turned out...
In the way they have.
But can account for a time,
Of having known some excess!

But yet can pocket and create excuses,
For the disappearance of missing funds!

Which one would you hold more accountable?
And why do all their relatives,
Manage to have Summer homes in Florida?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Shouldn'T We Be More Republic?

Why is the fight...
For democracy
A vision to be enforced by republicans,
Who have long divorced themselves
From the needs of common people?

They are not democrats at all!
But yet they do not hesitate or stall...
To label them librals!
This they will not confess...
Even complex them in distress!

Shouldn't we all be 'republicans'?
Fighting these endless battles?
Shouldn't we all be 'republicates'
With these issues to harnest and saddle?

'I pledge alligence to the...
...and to the 'republic' for which it stands,
One nation under God,
Seems to have slipped from sliding hands! '

There is something very republic about it...
That markets a democracy it misunderstands!

Democratic they may be...
For poster displays plastered in inner cities!
But 'republicans' true they say they are...
And democracy is pursued!
But none is used by far!

For purpose and content...
Their views aren't worth the trash in cans!
If it is true they move as republicans...
Why is democracy costing lives,
By actions 'republicans' command?

'Repeat that pledge again!
This time in its entirety.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Show And Tell

Aren't you concern at all,
About what your children carry...
In their backpacks,
When they go off to school?

'Not at all.
Our children have been taught to think,
Independently.'

I've noticed your son is dressed in camouflaged fatigues.
And has hidden his face behind war paint.
What about the rifle he carries?
Is that real?
And those straps filled with ammunition.
Don't you think you should...
Maybe, say something?
Or at least ask him a 'few' questions?

'This was discussed last night.
He told us his class has a 'Show and Tell' session.
And he is going to be the first,
To show and tell them a few things...
He's been wanting to get off his chest.'

I don't want to be one of those 'nosey neighbors'...
But,
I think you should be more pro-active.
More involved with your children.

'Oh we are.
I will be too busy to attend his 'show and tell' event.
However...
I asked my son to get one of his friends to videotape it.
And to my surprise...
When I saw him rehearsing last night,
All of us admitted we had goosebumps.
He was absolutely thrilling.'

Excuse me.

I need to make an urgent call.

'Sure. Sure.
Would you like another cup of coffee?
I can make a fresh pot if you like? '

No.
I need to do this as quickly as possible.
Oh...
What grade is your son in?

'The 5th!
Why? '

I'll be right back.

'If you don't mind,
Bring us both some donuts.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Show It To Me

Show it to me and with no risk...
That pride that you keep inside.
Show it to me and with no risk...
That you know about respect to give.
Show it to me and with no risk...
A dignity that you want me to believe.
And identity...
With you kept to keep.

Show it to me and with no risk.
Sincerity felt for another.
Show it to me and with no risk.
You care and it's always there.
Show it to me and with no risk.
You're not living to be self-centered or selfish.
Show it to me and with no risk.
You are living not to profit but benefit...
Others.

Show it to me that you think of others.
Show me that your druthers are of others.
Show me that your doings are for others.
Show this to me knowing there's no risk.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Show Lots Of Teeth

A race of people...
Historically intended,
To be kept lost in the wilderness...
Although consciously aware,
They have been disenfranchised...
And going along with it,
Still as time from them passes on...
Allow themselves to be defined by others.
Others who profit and benefit from their suffering.
But continue the do to pursue and endure,
Without finding identity or a strength within them...
Kept and meant.

And so they journey on seeking to please,
The ones who decide what and who they are.
As they stay on their knees and told to obey.
Although they become less significant,
This for many has been accepted as okay.
And those specifically picked to be pleasing to the eye,
To compete for 'their' master's attention...
Can be seen today fighting amongst themselves,
To get that 'photo op' with the master...
Smiling as the master approves.

'What about the ones sweating in the fields,
With a doing of this done?
In the heat and under pressure.
With a seeking of this to overcome.
Shouldn't they be here to make an appearance too? '

~Obviously they were not picked.
And the master had something to do with it.
So stand on the veranda like the others chosen.
Show lots of teeth.
The master likes that.
Who cares which of us does the work?
At least we'll take the credit AND sit at the table to eat.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Show Me That Scripture

Those restricting their existence,
To live within limits...
Are foolish if they believe,
The Creator of abundance...
Follows this same philosophy.

Especially,
When there are so many different varieties of life.
So many diverse species,
Inhabiting without being given an approval...
From another,
What their perception is to accept as right.
To control by 'assumptions'.
That are dictated through interpretation...
By those showing an exposed hypocriscy.
And a 'lunacy' obvious and clearly exposed.

If 'this' is what the Creator choose...
Myth as it is known to be documented,
Would not have taken The Almighty years to achieve...
Such a diverse way to destroy what God created in seven days.
IF those who quote from 'myths' knew 'anything...
About what GOD wants!
And I am sure The Creator did not intend,
For fools to dictate human policy and rule!
Show me that scripture.
It needs to be notorized!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Show Me The Love

I need someone,
Too...
Show me the love.

I need someone too...
Show me reason for that love meant to be!
That love inside me,
Needing company.

I need someone,
Too...
Show me the love.

I need someone too...
Show me reason for that love meant to be!
That love inside me,
Needing company.

I need someone...
Faithful as a puppy.
Devoted just to me.

Oh I'm needing someone...
Who can stand up and deliver,
And be as honest as can be!

I need someone...
Faithful as a puppy.
Devoted just to me.

Oh I'm needing someone...
Who can stand up and deliver,
And be as honest as can be!

I need someone,
Too...
Show me the love.

I need someone too...

Show me reason for that love meant to be!

I need someone too...
Be faithful as a puppy and devoted to me.
I need someone too...
Be faithful as a puppy and devoted to me.
Someone to show me reason for a love meant to be!

I need someone,
Too...
Show me the love.
Show me the love.
Show me the love.

I need someone,
Too...
Show me the love.
Show me the love.
Show me the love.

I am needing someone too..
So show me the love.
Show me the love.
Show me the love.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Show Me This!

Where does one go...
To 'not' take those risks,
That ultimately benefit?
Every aspect of what life truly is.

And where does one go to show...
A life can be lived,
Without daring to take chances?
As they sit and romance a life enhanced.

How many are completely satisfied,
To have lived a life AND survived...
With a quality of it achieved and done,
Without one obstacle...
They had to face and overcome.

Show me this!
And I'll find you a moose,
With thick big lips.
Whose only concern...
Is finding a soft couch to lay on,
To spread latexed covered wide hips.
While munching on chips and onion dip!

And that will be one moose taking more of a risk,
Than anyone deliberately...
Taking a stroll down any street,
In fear of being mugged.
Or gundown by vacationing terrorists!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Show Me What You've Got

Show me what you've got,
That has updated your game.
To do.
And...
Show me what you've got,
That hasn't remained unchanged.
To prove.
And...
Show me what you've got,
That has updated your game.
To have it claimed.

Show me right now,
You've invented something more than a rock.
To gain fame.
Show me right now,
You've discovered something others have not.
That maintains,
Its lustre not to rust.
And,
Keeps excitement touched.

Show me what you've got.
Even if it's in your pocket just show it.
What you've got.
Show me what you've got.
Even if it's in your pocket just show it.
What you've got.

Show me what you've got,
That has updated your game.
To do.
And...
Show me what you've got,
That hasn't remained unchanged.
To prove.
And...
Show me what you've got,
That has updated your game.

To have it claimed.

Show me what you've got.
Even if it's in your pocket just show it.
What you've got.
Show me what you've got.
Even if it's in your pocket just show it.
What you've got.
Or leave the scene,
To those...
Innovative dedicated with updates.
To leave the scene,
To those who only fake it.

Show me what you've got.
Even if it's in your pocket just show it.
What you've got.
Show me what you've got.
Even if it's in your pocket just show it.
What you've got.
Or leave the scene,
To those...
Innovative dedicated with updates.
To leave the scene,
To those who only fake it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Show Me Where This Greatness Is

I don't want to hear where it is,
Nor be shown just examples of it.
To sample as if offered on a buffet.

If there is a greatness to be had to experience...
Lead me where I can walk in the midst of it.
I am not into hype or false and hollow announcements.

Show me where this greatness is.
I want to be convinced,
That it is more than a wish or validated by pretense.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Show Me Your Beliefs

Your want to take my beliefs,
And enforce upon me yours.
I am fine with that.

However...
Show me where your beliefs,
Have satisfactorily been endorsed.
Show me the facts.
And I will follow you...
Of course.

Show me,
Your beliefs!
And if possible,
Can you do that...
Once you've dismounted,
Off the back of your high horse!

Show me your beliefs,
Without...
Showing me your remorse!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Show 'That' To Poppa

Come to your poppa,
Boy!
I'm going to tell you,
What poppa expects.

Come to your poppa,
Boy!
Listen clearly,
And sit erect.

It's not about making impressions.
Or what it is you do,
To pleasure yourself to get some sex.
What poppa expects to get from you,
Boy...
Is respect you best not forget.
'Cause if you neglect your poppa,
You will have no peace to get.

Come to your poppa,
Boy!
I'm going to tell you,
What poppa expects.

Come to your poppa,
Boy!
Listen clearly,
And sit erect.

I could care less the height of your heels.
Or how you decide to dress.
I could care less about your manhood,
It's best you keep that kept.
What others suspect about you..
I want you standing on your own two feet.
I want accept nothing less.
Or expect to see signs of defeat.

Come to poppa,

Boy!
Be aggressive, bold and correct.
Come to poppa,
Boy!
Don't forget your identity to neglect.
Come to poppa,
Boy!
Express your integrity for effect.
Come to poppa,
Boy.
Never ever lose your dignity to reflect,
Your poppa,
Boy.
Be a man the best you can.
Show 'that' to poppa,
Boy!
I could care less who understands.
Me! ?
I'm your poppa,
Boy!

Come to poppa,
Boy!
Be aggressive, bold and correct.
Come to poppa,
Boy!
Don't forget your identity to neglect...
Your poppa!
Show 'that' to poppa.
Don't forget your identity to neglect...
Your poppa!
Boy!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Show Us Some Love

Never do I wish to have you see,
My bad side.
That side of me,
That is stubborn.
Opinionated.
Self centered and selfish.
Closed to suggestions.
Not willing to listen.
Impatient, rude and offensive.
I want to show you I 'can' and will,
Know more about love!

'Comeon!
Are you through in there?
You're not the only one,
Needing to use the bathroom.'

~I'll be out in a moment.~

'We all hear you in there,
Talking to yourself.
Comeon...
Give us a break.'

~Give me a moment.
I'm just washing my face.~

Good luck to you my friend.
Remember...
I 'am' going to show you more love.

'Show us some 'love' and hurry up out of there.
Get away from that mirror!
We've got serious business to take care of.
There's a line out here.
Hurry up! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Show Your Love

Don't just say you love.
To expect others should know,
What you have discovered is a commitment.
Show your love.
Let it known even to those,
Who have been left to believe...
Love can be only expressed to address it,
When out shopping for new clothes...
To adorn and impress.

And so many confuse the meaning of love,
In a way that is seen to hear others say...
'I love what you are wearing.
Where you live and the car you drive.
I love how you appear in public.
And how the wind blows through your hair,
As you toss it aside to remove it from your eyes.
You've got 'it' going on.'

To leave you alone at home to wonder...
What is love?
Then you find reason to shop for a new weave.
To cover up a heart,
That isn't fulfilled nor are you pleased.

Don't say you love,
To the men, women or the kids in your life.
Show your love to them.
Let them know you know,
The meaning and purpose to show them what it is.

'Jesus, my God...
Ethel?
Where on Earth is your hair? '

~I got rid of it.
Others loved it too much.
And a love I wanted to feel just wasn't there.~

'What about Bob? '

~He doesn't care.
He has grown to love his dreads.
And he says his identity found,
Isn't going anywhere.~

'Hmph.
Some folks just don't know what love is,
To keep it valued.
Well, anyway...
Good luck with that.
I'm going to shop for a new hat,
To cover up my new weave I bought last week.'

~How many hats can be worn on one head?
And at the same time? ~

'EXCUSE ME? '

~I'm just talking out loud and to myself.
Thanking God how you have come,
To validate the love I feel.
With it realized the doing of it done,
Is to keep it felt real and natural.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Showing A Growing Irritability

Faking interest.
With less than half-baked dedication,
Is still a 'wannabee' self indulging on pretense.
Hoping that an expression of devotion,
Nowhere to be shown...
Will produce without the sacrifice,
An experience unknown.
With a proven expertise unseen or exposed,
To the ones showing a growing irritability...
Around those wasting time faking,
And going through the motions.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Showing Warmth Is Not A Myth

'Rumors about me being,
Obnoxious, rude and tempermental...
Have been over exaggerated.

When I talk over someone...
I'm helping them maintain their enthusiasm,
For communication.
And the bonding that comes from the honesty...
Of such rare an beneficial times.
When these moments come to award us.'

Wonderful!
I like the way you have written this!
Let me read it over a few more times...
To get the feel and 'tone' of it!
I should be able to add some sincerety!

Oh...
Look over the one you wrote for me,
Entitled, 'Showing Warmth Is Not a Myth'.

That one went right over my head.
There are too many typos!
It has to be perfect.
Especially if you expect me to display any of it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Showmanship

I thank you for that depiction,
And description given to others...
Of the origin and depth of my pain.
And even though you believe,
You have more to gain...
With your pointless explanations.
I think it would be best,
If you left the podium...
To let me give my own analysis.

Your interpretation given,
Although quite entertaining...
Would be better comprehended,
If I included more temperment.
That connects to an attitude,
I've come prepared to deliver...
Without such showmanship.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Shown On Faces Of Regret

To champion another's success,
Is an investment made...
That guarantees the spreading,
Of a happiness everyone gets.
And this is a lesson,
Expressed by an economic mess...
Even those who chose to separate themselves,
Learn too late...
As shown on faces of regret!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Shown To Be Antiquated

Principles and ideals,
Already shown to be antiquated
And obsolete.
Have intentionally been put into place,
For reasons to create
Complete devastation.

Whatever the plan unknown to common
Woman or man.
The production of it,
Will produce the opposite effect expected.
These deeds that please an ignorance,
Has to come to an end.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Shown What I Now Know

Where did you think that I would go,
After I was shown what I now know.
Back to forgetting those experiences had?
Back to feeling trapped within doubts,
To question the reality of presented facts?
There is something about experiencing life,
I simply could not turn my back on that!
I'm here to stay right where I am at!

Where did you think that I would go,
After I was shown what I now know?
Back to depending on your promises made?
Back to being disappointed...
And forgiving to tolerate present and past charades?
Where did you think that I would go,
After I was shown what I now know?
Crazed?

Oh no. I 'almost' took that road long ago...
When I believed honesty you would never deceive.
But what I have discovered about you and truth,
Is the finding of it you never met to be introduced.
And now that I know it as it is to be,
I realize who has more problems to solve...
And I'm here to stay right where I am,
To witness the death of your delusion AND full recovery.

That's how certain I am,
You too will experience to comprehend and understand...
Once peace of mind is found,
It doesn't matter if it shows or where one goes...
A clarity obtained to 'see' has an ability,
Not to deceive honesty for what it is!
That's how certain I am you too will experience that,
To comprehend and understand...

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Shown With Time Given

When it shown with time given,
It was just a fast flash to glow bright.
Until its light grew dim.
Yet its fading maintained,
A quality sustained with significance.

When it shown with time given,
To experience the doing of it...
Opportunities it took with risks.
Until a flickering began to remind,
Endings do come in time to find done.

When it shown with time given,
There is hope kept alive within to shine...
That something left behind will survive.
And the reminiscing to remember,
Will remain as bright when first witnessed...
Long after the glow has gone

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Shows As Being Clearly Exposed

If someone is so determined,
By a going out of their way...
To make another look as if crazed.
And a fool.
Shouldn't they at least not display,
Having the experience as evidence...
To convince those listening,
That they just may be admitting...
Something about themselves,
That was not intended for anyone to know?
But shows as being clearly exposed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Shuddup And Push

Behind the cart they'd rather be.
With a pushing it as they have been told.
Since the doing of it is historically fixed.
Just like the arguments,
They are quick to have amongst themselves.

And yet no one has ever bothered to question,
Why is it uphill they push the cart?
Or to where it is being pushed.
And when and 'if' they should arrive,
To 'who' or 'whom' will receive it?
And 'after' that has been done,
Where will the pushers go?

'May I ask a stupid question? '

~Remember this...
No question that is asked is a stupid one.~

'What is in the cart? '

~Shuddup and push.
You should have asked that question,
Long before arguing amongst yourselves...
Became your main priority.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Shuffle Ball Change

No desires today,
Do I have...
To do a shuffle ball change.
Are you kidding?

I made a mistake in my tap dance class,
To ask the instructor Ms Phyllis Stone...
What purpose did that have in 'my' routine?
That was in 1951 or '2'.

Well...
Ms Stone was determined I would find that purpose.
On Westland Street.
In Hartford, Connecticut.

Every lesson...
She made me do that shuffle ball change to perfection.
And also helped developed my taste,
For respecting those in teaching positions.
I could not 'stand' them!
But I listened with zipped lips.

There was a number assigned to enlisted men,
When connected to the military.
That number is in my head.
And I can recite that just as quickly...
As my feet can deliver that shuffle ball change.
Seriously.

Some impressions are meant to stick and never leave.

'Uh...er..Mister Pertillar?
Feet!
Move them.
You're not finished.
Unless I say you're finished.
Ana 1 ana 2 ana 3...ana 4...
Tata tata...tata tata...'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Shuffling Among The 'Nots'

Shuffling among the 'nots'!
Those who have,
Can keep what they've got.
I like the nonchalants.
They seem to have...
Lots of moxie.

The 'haves' seem to shell out a lot.
All boxed in and slick like foxes.
The 'nots' don't mind downing shots.
From a bottle that's passed to a neighbor,
Who labors.
While the 'haves' always want to cop!
And sip champagne with caviar nonstop!

Shuffling among the 'nots'!
Those who have,
Can keep what they've got.
I like the nonchalants.
They seem to have...
Lots of moxie.

Nobody brags about who has finally made it!
Or give shade while eating marmalade.
Nobody I know fakes it.
If they got it in their pocket...
No one is amazed.

Or talk about their chauffeurs,
Or laying off lazy maids.

The 'haves' seem to shell out a lot.
All boxed in and slick like foxes.
The 'nots' don't mind downing shots.
From a bottle that's passed to a neighbor,
Who labors.
While the 'haves' always want to cop!
And sip champagne with caviar nonstop!

Shuffling among the 'nots'!
Those who have,
Can keep what they've got.
I like the nonchalants.
They seem to have...
Lots of moxie.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Shunned To Slander Those Wholesome

Shunned to slander those wholesome,
They did.
In protection of their standards.
In the hopes they would be long lived.

Good people they ruined...
In belief their quality of life was attacked,
By those who spoke with honesty!
To reveal to them a truth with facts.

Oh...
The people did not like that.
Especially those self righteous.
They vowed to keep their 'ways' intact.
And they campaigned against,
Those who abhorred them.
So those opposing...
Received cold shoulders.

Foolish now they feel.
Those who threw their noses up...
With such exuberant zest,
Thought to appeal.

Although now victims of their own ignorance,
They wish a forgiveness released will heal!
But those who spoke truth,
With a desire to save them...
From uncouth sleuths!

Freed from the wicked!
And choosing not to sacrifice their peace of mind.
Since doing that to retrack a past...
Could not mend a trashing meant to last.

Living in the 'now' with truth...
Had been pursued with others to share.
But too many then had valued their pretensions.
And their eyes now reveal...

A longing to erase their despair.

With a hunger someone approaches.
To offer them empathy.
And excuse their indignities shown!
But who can believe those fed to greed?
Or the depths of their embedded deceit...
Too well dispensed.
And too well known!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Shut Eyes Stare

Behind the walls shut eyes stare.
Closed to imagination...
And opened to self depreciation!
Stopped and blocked,
By frustrations accepted!
Fearing disapproval,
But receiving rejection inspected.
And protecting it as if it belongs!
Behind the walls shut eyes stare.
Uncaring the glare reflected is wrong!
There to drain remaining all day long.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Shut It Down

Shut it down.
If it has no benefit from it to get.
Shut it down.
Before what someone done does,
Becomes a daily habit.
And you are used to supply,
Them with a fix.
Reliable to get.

Shut-this-down!
And quick.
Why put up with it.
Just shut it down.
Do not permit,
Frustrations one more visit.
If it comes to knock...
Block it, nip it. Have it stopped.

Why prepare a cake,
You know will be made tasteless.
By someone who then chooses,
To dump on you their attitude.
And why should you convince,
Your time taken isn't theirs.
Show them the door.
And don't let them in anymore.
Why put up with pains and aches.
Not yours to make.

Shut-this-down!
Don't be around it.
Shut it down.
Don't wait too late or hesitate.
To shut-this-down!
Bake your cake to taste it.
Don't let others take,
Your peace of mind to waste it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Shut Off Notices

'Even when to them done,
People still do not get the message.'

Trying to play catch up,
With time given to them lost...
Makes as much sense,
As one setting their alarm clock...
Ten minutes fast,
Only to appear an hour late...
And out of breath.
With yet another excuse delivered to make.

'And...
This is accepted behavior? '

ACCEPTED?
Are you kidding?
The only thing everyone knows,
That happens on time here is...
Those 'shut off notices' received,
From the phone company, cable...
And their utilities.

When someone gets a statement that reads,
'Pay By Noon'...
Pointless it is,
To attempt to make arrangements...
At twelve-o-Five.

'Even when to them done,
People still do not get the message.'

They do.
But guess who is faulted and blamed?

'The utility people supplying the service? '

Them and everyone else,
Tired of putting up with that nonsense.

And have had it with a servicing to them patience.

'So those shut off notices 'are' effective? '

In an 'offending giving kind of way',
Yes!

'Have you ever sent anyone a 'Shut Off Notice? '

No!
But I have...
However,
Made sure any messages delivered I did send...
Were understood without a need for me to vent,
In last statements written.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Shut The Rut Up

Shut the rut up.
Why stay stuck in it,
As if it is preferred?
Is it deserved?
You dwell on it as if it is.

Shut that rut up.
Leave it to disappear.
Are you that familiar with it?
Has it for you become endeared?

And what is it you wish I do?
Express a contentment in it like you?
I'll give you just a few more moments of my time.
Then without expressing any empathy to leave,
You and that rut you love will instantly be removed...
From my mind to be left behind.
I'm not into the rut loving business.

Shut the rut up.
Why stay stuck in it,
As if it is preferred?
Is it deserved?
You dwell on it as if it is.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Shut Tight

On the rise,
Again.
From darken shadows that began,
To comfort as if a welcomed friend.

And on the rise again to gain strengthened faith,
Held this time not to end...
As a clearing away of thunderstorms beginning,
To wet with a soaking my heart with rain.
No longer will I turn my back on rays of Sunshine.

So long my head had replaced my heart,
To keep both closed like a door...
Shut tight to keep my emotions protected.
From a wounding I suspected to detect and expect.

So long my mind ignored possibilities,
I could move on from being hurt.
Instead of beating up myself,
To self inflict what I thought was a need I deserved.

On the rise again to gain strengthened faith,
Held this time not to end...
As a clearing away of thunderstorms beginning,
To wet with a soaking my heart with rain.
No longer will I turn my back on rays of Sunshine.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Shutdown

To be seen validated...
Are the minds of the people,
In conflicts deep...
To hunt down,
A reason...
That got them in a hole,
Daylight can't reach.

They think a shutdown,
Will restore to find...
A connection they left behind.
To once again bring back,
Stability!

There is nothing like the feeling of a shutdown,
With reality dissed.
To make a shutdown,
Like this exist...
Prove to them a doing will not benefit.

They can't escape a doing without it being faced,
That anytime there is a shutdown...
To be seen validated,
Are the minds of the people...
In conflicts deep,
To hunt down a reason...
That got them in a hole,
Daylight can't reach.

They think a shutdown,
Will restore to find...
A connection they left behind.
To once again bring back,
Stability!

A stability once had,
Before the greed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sick Judgements

There is nothing that says
People have to prove they have no clue
As to what they are doing.

There is nothing to get them jailed,
For playing the roll of idiot overtime.

How they land in positions of decision making,
Should break all of our hearts.

Surrealistic 'realities' are becoming the norm!
Freaks, geeks and weirdness has become mainstream.
Children can now porno on a phone that buzzes...
Or rings,
Or plays loud music that makes some want to scream!
And some old man sitting alone in a convalescent home,
Staring out the window...
Will declare these years we now live as the good years,
When flashbacking to these times!

Glorifying the days of corruption,
And imitating how he too dealt with crime!

And today...
This circus has some folks,
Justifying this 'crap' in their minds!
Playing truth or dare,
With a peace no one can find!
But every dime is being sucked up...
In search for ways to make it happen!

There is nothing that says
People have to prove they have no clue,
As to what they are doing...
When something they do,
Is screwing it up for me and you!

But there should be a limit placed
On the number of psychiatrists,

Who are hired as policemen...
To maintain a law and order,
That has clearly become a nightmare
Wherever sick judgements are made!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sick Of Being Just Monkeys

One monkey to leave,
Does not stop a show of monkeys.
Unless that one monkey,
Happens to be the producer.
And other monkeys who know this,
Will do all they can...
To keep the show going on.
Or realize they can afford to buy,
Their own supply of bananas.

Or...
Have become sick of being just monkeys.
And monkeys who become sick of it,
Are not often found to be seen...
Depending on one monkey,
To open their eyes to other opportunities.

'You have a unique zoo here.'

~What do you mean? ~

'There are so many monkeys,
Doing their own thing.
And sharing with one another.
How has this been made possible? '

~Well...
As the zookeeper,
I got tired of hearing the same complaints...
About the bananas.
So I told them,
If they didn't like what I delivered...
Find a better use of their time,
Without wasting mine.~

'And what happened? '

~They began wearing the peels.~

'What? '

~And the tourists who saw this,
Wanted to wear them too.
And I still can't believe,
How many they have sold.
And now they have hired me,
As their accountant to pretend...
Their 'show' has been my idea.~

'And they all get along with this known? '

~I gave them my recipe for the banana pudding.
And that began to change everything.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sick Of Their Tricks

I've had it with demons and sick of their tricks.
I've witnessed their tactics...
To identify them quick.

My need to observe them with curiosity,
Has diminished my giving any attention.
With an unleashed disbelief.

I've had it with demons and sick of their tricks.
I've witnessed their tactics...
To identify them quick.

Donating my time to be further manipulated,
To have my focus by them castrated.
Has left them behind to tempt or bait my mind.

My need to observe them with curiosity,
Has diminished my giving any attention to them.
With an unleashing of disbelief.
To wonder in a pondering as they increase their misdeeds.

I've had it with demons and sick of their tricks.
I've witnessed their tactics...
To identify them quick.
Not even to pause to peep what they seek.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sick With Self Inflicted Pain

Heads thick and fantasized,
Have minds closed and prevent...
Abilities to reason.
Or rationalize with common sense.

Many minds like these,
Are not often seen sitting on fences.
Minds encouraged and convinced,
Become defensive...
When shown they are wrong.
And an offensiveness begins...
To shutdown with a stubbornness,
That creates their own unhealing wounds!

Heads thick and fantasized,
Have minds closed and prevent...
Abilities to reason.
Or rationalize with common sense.
And around those with heads thick,
Are walls cemented with a lifetime...
Of an ignorance sick with self inflicted pain.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sickened By The Wicked And Kicked

So many moaning thrown under the bus.
And overdosed by phonies...
Now busted of trust.

And O.D.'d by these phonies,
They once believed.

O.D.'d by straight phonies,
They chose not to see!

So sad are these believers,
Deceived to grieve.
With hearts they show to others,
Upon on their sleeves.

And signs of empathy don't come at all!
To those spoiled by a lifestyle fed to fall.

Sickened by the wicked and kicked in the rear!

So many moaning thrown under the bus.
And overdosed by phonies...
Now busted of trust.

And O.D.'d by these phonies,
They once believed.

O.D.'d by straight phonies,
They chose not to see!

Sickened by the wicked and kicked in the rear!

So sad are these believers,
Deceived to grieve.

Sickened by the wicked and kicked in the rear!
Sickened by the wicked and kicked in the rear!

With hearts they show to others,

Upon on their sleeves.

And signs of empathy don't come at all!
To those spoiled by a lifestyle fed to fall.

Sickened by the wicked and kicked in the rear!
And signs of empathy don't come at all!

'You and me too.
Used and abused!
And...
Sickened by the wicked and kicked in the rear!
And...
Sickened by the wicked and kicked in the rear!
And...
Sickened by the wicked and kicked in the rear!

And O.D.'d by these phonies,
We once believed.
O.D.'d by straight phonies,
We chose not to see!
Now...
Sickened by the wicked and kicked.
Now...
Sickened by the wicked and kicked.
Now...
Sickened by the wicked and kicked.
Now...
Sickened by the wicked.
Sickened by the wicked.
Sickened by the wicked and kicked! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sickened From Within

Why is he admired?
He is focused.
He is intelligent, young and fun.
Have you observed those in opposition?
Isn't it frightening what they have done?
And not one of them has a thought,
That is not connected to greed.
Look at them.
They have made themselves,
Sickened from within.
And appearing as if mental attention,
Is now a much needed requirement.
With a priority that should begin.
And...
'Agendatized.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sickened Sweet With Promises

They chose to take,
Another route.
In pursuit.
They would face,
A deadend to defend and embrace.

They chose to take,
Another route.
To then declare.
They,
Were not aware.

Sickened sweet with promises.
Yet
None of them existed.
Fixed with addictions.
And no one cared.

And those who followed say,
The choices made weren't theirs.
And those who followed say,
They were not prepared.
And those who followed say,
The air that laid sweet with promises to keep.
Would amongst them be shared.
Whether or not.
Promises kept may not be there.

They chose to take,
Another route.
In pursuit
They would face,
A deadend to defend and embrace.

They chose to take,
Another route.
To then declare.
They,
Were not aware.

But a choosing of deceit they did.
And none amongst them dared.

Sickened sweet with promises.
Yet.
None of them existed.
Fixed with addictions.
And no one cared.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sickened To A Rage

Even what is currently owed,
Will take decades to repay.
Yet they quibble over bits,
As to who will be responsible.
For the paying back of credits that debit.
With no ending of it.

Like children playing,
On an open field.
Long after the lights,
Have left them in darkness.

They argue and fight amongst themselves.
With both sides losing,
All respect from the people.
Who have become sickened to a rage,
That they actually stood by.
To watch in disgust,
Acknowledging.
The standards that they valued,
Has paid for this representation of misfits.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Side Affects

It is amaziing how one lie lived,
Can become the basis...
Of a faith based foundation,
Many will argue...
Has no benefit felt deeply within them.

To then have it said,
Principles of deceit...
Are studied and practiced,
With devoted longevity!

Beliefs kept and held begin to fall apart.
And trith of one's origin,
Is discarded and treated like molded meat.
To be buried.
Just as effectively as the creation of diseases.
To promote health industries.
With cures promised all will see,
Eventually.

IF...
Only the people follow the advice authorized,
As issued...
Those self help remedies seen as broadcasted,
On their wide screen TV's.
With side affects scrolling by...
Faster than a bolt of lightening.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Side Effects

Doesn't it seem as if another cure has been discovered,
For an ailment you didn't know existed...
But now you are convinced,
You had it since birth?
And the cure advertised and available,
Is just what you need?

And some of these when taken,
Produce side effects!
Like serious infections, viruses and death!
Who lives to be that foolish?
Nevermind...
Stupid question!

'No it isn't.
Haven't you heard?
No question asked is stupid! '

Can anyone today honestly believe,
Someone in a laboratory is going to find anything,
Other than another disease to create.
Infect some animal that's going to be eaten.
Spreading an illness that has to be cured.
And this is done on an annual basis.
Creating a public disturbance.
Increased pharmaceutical sales.
And hospitals building yet another wing,
To provide inadequate services...
For experimental purposes!

'Sound like you're talking about the flu?
Which reminds me...
Did you get your flu shot yet? '

What are we talking about?

'Give me a hint.
I haven't been paying attention.
Something about being a guinea pig maybe? '

Well...
Yeah!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sidetracked By An Ego Boost

Keep believing you're the last best thing on Earth.
I'm sure to you that has a worth!
You remind me frequently I do not meet your expectations...
Or satisfy your preference list!
You call to tell me this all the time!
As if you'd like me to play along,
To keep what I'm missing in my mind.
It's your choice to insist on playing hard to get!

But if you notice this at all...
I have shown no interest!
I'm holding nothing back to stall,
To participate in debate or conquests!

And the 'last best thing on Earth',
Wouldn't bother me to suggest I'm less than dirt.
Unless you feel you have been picked over?
Sidetracked by an ego boost...
You need me to help you hoist!

And the last of anything I select to be with me,
Is not the first thing on my mind I would want!
It certainly wouldn't be...
Anything I'd give time to consider,
As an opportunity!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sightings

You would have to be a bat wearing Foster Grants.
Or some shaded eye covering,
Not to notice 'something' in the sky.
Something that has flashed by...
Or stopped just to get your attention.
And your attention these 'objects' demand.

It is time to go within children.
Children of the slow in mind.
Children in denial with reality placed on trial.

Sightings!
That's what these celestrial beings are.
Sightings!
Although depicted in your Bible.
You rely on a consciousness...
That is unreliable.
And that is kept denied.

Sightings!
That's what these celestrial beings are.
An awareness for many.
And unbelievable when seen.
Sightings!
That's what these celestrial beings are.

Slowly piercing through dimensions unknown.
But deliberately done.
Not to have the masses scream.
OR be afraid to submit.

And the return of The One...
To this planet comes!
Or perhaps just one of many ONES,
Representing kingdoms throughout the Universe...
See us and descend!
To be welcomed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sights Blocked By Insight Flight

Did I mention,
Addiction to rituals...
Without testing their affects,
Eventually leads to blindness.
Sights blocked by insight flight.
And prolonged unhappiness?

No one should expect,
That a going through a motion...
Will be advantageous,
If a depth of feeling is not felt.
Or a self examination not ingested,
Will not expose a fakeness...
Unconsciously kept,
By the way one thoughtlessly...
Disconnects with a display of disrespect.

Did I mention,
Addiction to rituals...
Without testing their affects,
Eventually leads to blindness.
Sights blocked by insight flight.
And prolonged unhappiness?

Observe this for yourself.
Don't take my word as if I suggest!
The examples of it are abundantly expressed.
As if what is worshipped is self serving...
With pretentions unintended but there to address.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sigil Glyph

A sigil glyph from nowhere appears,
To signal one so inclined...
Of something magical for one to define,
In one's mind.
Sometimes coming from a made mantra.

A sigil is a glyph.
Or is a glyph a sigil?
Either way,
It is said spiritual power...
Influences the bearer,
That makes a statement of some kind.

Each intelligence and spirit has a sigil.
With an associated glyph created from it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Significant You Are

Significant you are.
Your mind.
And the ability in which,
Only you allow it to be used.

I am influenced by your depictions.
My own thought process is enhanced.
I now see what I had not seen before.
To never ignore again.

Significant you are.
Your mind.
And the ability in which,
Only you allow it to be used.

Thank you for this gift.
Shared without a hint,
Of selfishness to detect.
Significant you are. To me.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Significantly Different

I am not the same,
To pretend changes I have made...
Have not been excruciating.
Or exhausting to attempt,
To conceal the affects that challenge...
Me mentally and physically.
Without adjusting to adapt,
To that which I had not planned...
Or expected.

I am not the same.
Once one storm after another came.

I knew my desire and wish for a smooth life...
Would eventually expose,
Those personal events I could not prevent...
From experiencing.
And making my life significantly different,
To know I could never explain...
Which one of those challenges came,
With a pain to change a sameness...
I had to accept and could not avoid.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Signs Of Progress

Why are you looking so ecstatic?

'This is the first time in history,
They can not blame anyone for their foul ups.
And it's refreshing to see,
How they are dealing with reality.
Their fingers aren't pointed at you or me.
And 'that' has to be for them...
The beginning signs of progress! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Signs Of Winter

It can get a bit nippy.
And a little cool as expected.
But there is nothing pretentious,
About the signs of Winter.
Or the people,
Being within its midst.

Unlike when in warmer weather,
When people walk around...
With ice and snow on the ground,
And give others a cold shoulder...
Very few people take it personal.
There seems to be a reason,
To snap back and be snooty.
And some are quick to snip,
And be 'clippish'.

'Get out of my way! '

~Sure.
No problem.
Happy holidays.~

'Whatever.'

And every year,
Winter seems to arrive...
Way ahead of schedule.
As if not to disappoint those who love it.
Especially in New England.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Signs On The Horizon

Restoration of those values,
Intergrated with dusted standards...
And the fading of faith based beliefs,
Seem to have been resuscitated...
Briefly.

People take to the streets to rejoice,
Briefly.

A pride kept on hold with a retelling of greatness,
Replace malaise...
Briefly.

But there are signs on the horizon,
Coming.
With a promise to end tensions,
Wounding those stunned.
A new day comes to awaken,
With a permanence.
And not just to make a brief stay!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Silence Becomes The Tragedy

No word spoken,
Can change to affect...
All that which has been injected!

Although some degree of change is there...
A fear of it has been implanted,
To object to and denounce...
As something suspect to slant and trounce.
To rid and bounce away.

Crimes and criminals,
With deceptions to project...
Have come to an end,
Of misdeeds that were hopefully kept fed
To uphold and defend!

And no word spoken,
Can replenish those of lost minds.
There is no time that is left,
To restore the confidence,
Of those suffering heartbreak...
And missing those loved ones put to death!

Silence becomes the tragedy!
As those who now 'see'...
Attempt to take deep breaths!
Silence becomes the tragedy.
And yet...
Sleepless are the nights,
Stealing those away from peace.

Sleepless are the nights,
Coming to stir a consciousness...
And arriving to leave,
A grieving done!
With a prolonged test,
To maintain a sanity.

Silence becomes the tragedy...

Never again to experience,
The fading of complete rest!

Silence becomes the tragedy...
Left for one to battle alone inside,
Uncontested mentally!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Silence Is The Key

Silence is the key,
To listening and receiving.
Those who have adapted to adopt,
This connection to inner peace...
Can be relied upon with acknowledgement,
There are powerful and highly spirited deities,
That deliver the answers to questions we all seek...
With a desperate need.

Silence is the key,
To listening and receiving...
Answers to questions,
We all seek.
If we just sat with patience,
With a resetting of our priorities.

Silence is the key,
To listening and receiving...
What it is we seek.
What it is that is needed,
Without unsuccessful formulas...
Followed by traditions,
Having less significance and on the decrease.
A keeping of one's silence,
Increases undertanding to comprehend dramatically.
And...
Is the key!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Silence Kept To Expect Accepted

It could be that a silence kept to expect,
Accepted.....
Is more powerful than a spoken word.
But for those who have kept their silence,
In some places where silence is often 'heard'...
This has been regarded as a weakness.
With this belief kept to keep...
To create chaos and violence.
And a quality of life,
No longer theirs anywhere to be seen.
With a praying on knees for it wished to get it back.

It could be as some wish to perceive to believe,
That a silence kept is more powerful...
Than a spoken word from a mouth kept closed.
But for those who have kept their silence,
In some places where silence is self imposed...
This is regarded as an ignorance to accept.
That a shown indifference has left to infest.
And has today left sorrows and destroyed lives.
With a leaving many speechless to grieve in silence.
So 'powerful' few are left to disbelieve.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Silence Rewards

Silence rewards the receiver.
Sitting in unresisted quietness
To find moments like this,
Enriching.

Silence rewards the receiver.
Getting away to meditate.
With nothing on the mind,
Found to contemplate...
But one's breath to breathe.
Allowing peace to be achieved.
Discovering...
Confusion and havoc are habits,
One chooses to have.
To undo if it is wished.
With a leaving behind,
From the mind...
Conflicts of all kinds.
By letting silence to welcome,
Prove what it brings...
At the right time to deliver.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Silence!

Silence!
That is all that is left,
You now can offer.
Silence!
When your lips were needed,
To stop the heat of greed that fed...
You denounced a noncomformity,
As something those doing it would dred!
And here you are,
Being closed in...
By those who deceived 'you' instead!
Silence!
That's all that is required from you right now!
You have proven,
Like sheep...
Misfortunes thought were mine,
You believed you would never reap.
Has been designed to keep you mislead!
Now a sacrifice shared is weeped.
No one cares...
Tears from your eyes now you shed!
Silence!
Keep it...
As a sacrifice!
That is all you have left...
Tossing and turning your life,
Into a premature death.
With a shortened gasp of breath!
And with deception kept...
Your treasures hoarded,
Will quietly from you be swept,
Away!
As a silence bleeds...
From those who willfully allowed,
Themselves to be bled!
Self-righteous in rejecting those...
As you watched their hunger,
And homelessness spread!
Silence!

It's your turn...
To find no place to lay your head!
Silence!
Isn't that what you expected...
From those you said,
Were too low of life!
And denied them you did...
Of a fight to keep,
Their human rights!
Silence!
That's all that is needed from you.
No one cares what your objectives are.
You have already expressed...
Your selfish point of view!
And silence from others,
Comes to light!
As your plight is witnessed...
And subdues you to drown,
In standards that leave you...
Sinking underground!
Silence!
Is that clear?
That is all those who have survived,
Your sick conflicting inflicted nonsense...
Have chosen to dispel.
And from you...
Silence is all,
One wishes from you to hear!
With a peace released that swells!
No one but you,
Appreciates your created hell!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Silenced Has Been This Nut Cutter

Silenced has been this nut cutter.
The one whose persona,
Had been one of dignity.

He with lips,
Flapping and microphoned.
Broadcastiing sentiments...
One of his stature,
No one condoned.

Silenced has been this nut cutter.
Finding such disgust,
He should not have uttered.

And today,
Whatever influence he may have had..
Has faded away.
Along with his perceptions...
On top of water he walked,
And not through it he waded.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Silencing The Sobbing

There is talk of those deserting,
On battlefields where soldiers are serving.
Running away from an unjust mess...
To retreat alone in heartbreak and hopelessness.

There is talk among those who shoulder deceit.
To keep our young exposed to blood on foreign streets.
For 'interests' claimed to belong to 'us'.
But there is none walking the halls of 'justice'...
That anyone will admit they can actually trust!

Lawmakers investing in foreign currency.
Believing to keep this a secret...
No one will perceive they can do so openly!
As those who support this incompetency,
Watch without protest a failing economy!

Please!
Those who have allowed and see this...
Need to grieve!

And everyday and night,
The bravery of our young soldiers...
Are demanded in commands,
To spill their guts in fights!
With tears welling in their eyes...
And holding weapons with blistered hands!
Trying to disguise,
What they themselves can no longer stand!

Not just over oil...
But also over a faltering kingdom's might!
To keep the dignity of those totally insane.
Those who take stands to live lifestyles grand!
Even though these conflicts have no restoration,
Of a peaceful end in sight!
None at all,
For those who are blight seeking fans!

There is talk of those deserting,
On battlefields where soldiers are serving.
Running away from an unjust mess...
To retreat alone in heartbreak and hopelessness.

And when they return to lands of their birth...
Guess who shows them gratitude first?
Guess who shows them a treatment that is worse?
Guess who shows them disrespect and shame?
Guess who returns without honor bestowed or claimed?
Guess how many are homeless...
And living each day with nothing to eat?
While those in suits and ties,
Meet in secret places...
To produce more lies and accepted alibis!
Guess who does their best,
To keep these ills suppressed!

And 'this' is allowed and condoned!
To foster false images publicly shown.
As the mental states of those bleeding,
Are left pleading alone!
Leaving the final chapter,
Of a once great society...
Closing upon its destiny,
By a show of thoughtlessness,
And how it rejects and treats its own!

And those BLACK of color...
Know this like no other!
These are purely facts!
Although ignored...
Observation has proven that!
No further need for it to be statistically explored!

There is talk of those deserting,
On battlefields where soldiers are serving.
Running away from an unjust mess...
To retreat alone in heartbreak and hopelessness.

And yet a camouflage,
Is produced to hide the odds!

From distances where cloak and dagger tramps...
Complete their slickness by just nodding,
At each other with a winking glance.

And silencing the sobbing of parents heard,
By describing to the masses,
How courageous these 'victims' of war were...
With their selective choice of hollow and trite words!
As they continue to murder our sensibilities!
As we pledge to struggle through,
For these blood thirsty thieves.
Who have clearly made it known to all...
They can destroy humanity without compassion.
And with a growing heartless collective ease!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Silent And Without Comment

Who says and does what,
With an expressed intent...
To openly offend another as is meant.
Then using the media to deny,
As attention is given to those with alibis...
Still leaves a quality of life that slides,
Into a pit where they all bask and sling mud.
As if delighted little pigs loving to get what is given.
A feeding upon scraps and that which is expected.

While those enjoying every moment of this,
And standing near to observe the foolishness.
Although inciting the conflict,
From both sides of the fence taking notes...
These folks remain silent and without comment.
With wishes exchanged the time soon comes,
When a fattening is done to slaughter them all.
Hoping the bickering between them kept,
Adds to the taste to make the flavor greater.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Silent Are My Whispers

You I wish to touch and hold near.
It is you in my mind and heart,
I consume with a desired taste.
But I fear you will object to the heat of my passion.
And since I am old fashioned...
And hesitate to waste a movement embraced,
Sought to be taken without a moment in wait.
To make a later date.
Silent are my whispers!
Although quick,
I wish...
For you to accept my probing hands.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Silent Confrontations

Let's stop our constant bickering,
That always seem to escalate...
Into an unnecessary fight!
Let's just ignore each other.
And move on with our lives.

'There you go!
Taking an opportunity to change the subject.

And what is that suppose to accomplish?
Huh?
Silent confrontations?

And you believe I'm going to fall for that?
What do you take me for?
A loser?
Huh?

Answer me! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Silent Is The Afterglow

Silent is the rush that is hushed,
When dew to witness at dawn appears.
And it is clear the satisfaction of it,
Does not disappoint the ones...
Coming to face The Sun when they awaken,
From a bliss to reach and meet perfectly matched.

Silent is the afterglow to show with a doing done,
From a heated love to make let loose to slow its hold.
And silent become the moans of passion released,
Unleashed completely in unquestioned ecstacy!
To be repeated between those who know,
The meaning of being at 'one' with another and fulfilled.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Silent Violence

Why do you sit in your silent violence?
Containing your anger,
And acceptance of grief?
Do you think anyone cares,
You suffer from an agony.
That may be theirs but on your heart,
It can be clearly seen.
Victimizing to demean.
Kept screened and yet witnessed.

As you lock yourself away in darkness,
Hoping to rock the night...
Into an unforgiving shadow.
Keeping a screaming voice within,
Unnoticed. Unheard...
Feeding upon your emotions.
Until the dawn most anticipate,
Finds your face etched in madness.
And your quivering lips,
Left to mumble an anguish that sits...
With a visit you wish to keep from departure.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Silhouettes Of Vignettes

Silhouettes of vignettes
Selected carefully,
As one who chooses a favorite pet!
Remembering a darkened time,
That had no light to spare.
Remembering those who chose to dance,
Upon nerves deserving
Someone's thoughtful chance...
To take a broken heart,
And mend it with romance.

Silhouettes of Vignettes,
Pieced and placed together...
To avoid moments one regrets!
And viewed from shadows,
One hopes a masquerade charades!
Forcing a picture to complete what does not fit...
Yet the delivery can not hide,
The gestures that rise...
Giving clues of what's felt,
As one tries to deny...
A truth concealed inside!

Silhouettes of Vignettes,
Perfected to reflect...
A completeness one desires,
With emotions no one detects!
And when this moment passes...
To satisfy what one now accepts.
A divided heart once torn apart,
Will discover under spotlight...
The arrival of true happiness,
One deserving gets!

Inspired by and Dedicated To:
My dear friend and 'genius'
Michael Bradford!

'Thank you Michael! You are truly
an amazingly gifted individual!
I am honored to know you! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Silkened Tongues

Father...
The spreading of false sincerities,
Have many slipping faced down in BS!
Of course we are in the midst,
Of this 'blissful' season.
Some folks are overdosed,
With more BS than the rest.

Displaying silkened tongues...
That before lashed out venom.
They make attempts to disguise,
The evil within them.
And Father...
I thank You!
For helping me see through,
Their wicked deeds they 'still' pursue!

And after the new year is over and done...
These same folks will begin to display,
Their fangs...
To everyone!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Silly. Foolish. And Sad

Silly.
Foolish.
And sad.

A predicament,
That has them fenced in.
A situation they began.
That now they wish,
Would quickly end.

Silly.
Foolish.
And sad.

With a defense,
That more offends...
Even those,
Who did not believe...
What was perceived as a simplicity,
Has resulted in them looking...
Worse than they ever have!

Silly.
Foolish.
And sad.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Silver Spoon Fed Snootocrats

It's a matter of fact.
Regardless who decides to skip over that.
There are those who believe,
They've been annointed to say and do...
Exactly what they please.
As they continue to afflict those most affected,
By noticeably rejecting their expectations...
With an enforcement of conditions,
To prevent their upward climb to ascend...
From depths manifested as traps to keep them in.

Tripping to flip flop without an opinion that stops,
A guessing to identify beliefs anyone feels that are exact.
And this flourishes a thoughtlessness from the ones who claim,
They represent with consent a condescending meant...
Towards those less fortunate to nourish their resentment.
While the values of the silver spoon fed 'Snootocrats',
Are kept perfectly intact to feed their greed and wasteful needs.
As they stand on the backs of those made to pay higher taxes,
Whether they do or do not reflect that segment of the 47 percent...
Who have long have had their shoulders, backs and knees bent.

'It is all a game to preserve our gains.
And those interests we identify as ours.
Here...
Take these two dollars and wipe your tears.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Similar And Familiar Feathers

Sometimes the exclusion of one with a purpose,
Intentionally unmentioned with a doing done...
Gets more attention from those who are curious,
As to why some are given a rise to heights...
With questionable deeds and unproven capabilities,
And one who is prolific with depth and consistency...
Goes obviously ignored.
Yet a blooming that is beautiful,
Continues to be viewed no matter what one does to do.

'Well...
That depends on who is invited to sit with those selected.
And agrees without offending,
Others who charade an absence of competence.
To allow them to gather together to convince,
Like birds of the same kind comfortable behind a fence...
Who flock with similar and familiar feathers.
And whatever it is they do that is done,
Not one amongst them stands out or will peacock about.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Similar Ignorant Circumstances

Since I live in a community
That is rich with pretentious 'do nothings',
I am regarded as a waste of potential,
Lazy and unaware of my talents!
I don't walk around with my resume on me
And find such beliefs as unfortunate!
I may be one of the few people
Who actually care about my neighbors!
And I thank God I am comfortable with myself
And not afraid of my own shadow!
If I thought I had to flaunt my 'gifts'...
I would be as insignificant
As those who have time
Assessing others to arise conflict
To satisfy their lack of self worth!
And I always thought God felt I was precious...
Or I wouldn't be able to write this,
For those who need a boost to lift themselves
From similiar ignorant circumstances!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Similar Tastes

Take a survey.
None of the polls are consistent.
In some thriving neighborhoods,
People have never heard of those...
Sitting at the top of best seller lists.
Or rated to be this and that,
But lack notoriety.

How is that possible? It wouldn't be...
If a polling was done to include everyone.
And integrity was not isolated,
To a campaign blitzing done...
On a selected demographic.
Chosen based upon familiarity...
And similar tastes in what is for some acceptable.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Similar To Buyer's Remorse

Weren't they once ostracized?
With an effective shunning done?
Why are they now...
The ones being protested against?

'Well...
What has happened is similar to buyer's remorse.'

What do you mean?

'You know...
Many times when people choose to go with the flow,
They often become convinced,
The doing of it has an acceptance.
And very few can see ahead the repercussions,
Of their decisions made.'

Then why bother the ones,
They had chosen to ostracize and shun?
To protest their acceptance of it?

'Well...
You see,
Those once shunned were by others made to believe,
Had been the fools and idiots.
But time has proven them to actually be,
Less radical and more practical,
By those who have embarrassed themselves...
With a holding onto ideals and appealing concepts.
So...
They are hoping to appeal to those they had offended.'

But...
From my point of view,
It appears those being protested against...
Are ignoring those events upon them that are focused.

'You see it.
I see it.

But apparently those afflicted with mental conflicts,
Are not aware of their fading influence.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Similar, Frequent And Too Familiar

Those professing quickly,
To be innocent but victimized...
By 'vicious' attacking acts by another,
Eventually become the ones...
Others focus their eyes upon,
Once their routines become recognized...
As being similar, frequent and too familiar,
With nothing done they initiated or provoked...
Of course.

And...
Representing a mindset,
Embraced by the activities in one's environment.
But does not become a benefit, an asset or an advantage.
Yet...
Neither is this admitted publicly as being a mental disease,
Although collectively shared by those fixed in states of denial.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Simple And A Lot More Basic

If only I could make each tomorrow that comes,
Less disappointing than those yesterdays now gone...
I would awaken before every dawn,
With a seeking to find that rooster...
Who apparently gets more rest than I think I should get,
Before my alarm clock goes off.

I have no wish to kill it!
Just give it a stern warning!

If only I could make each tomorrow that comes,
Less disappointing than those yesterdays now gone...
Simple!
And a lot more basic.
With a crowing that's done,
Before the Sun on the horizon comes...silenced!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Simple As That

A sea of truth comes soon to flood,
Pouring into ears with shock!
Those who find themselves betrayed,
Will not attempt to stop 'this' block!
Like a scene from Hollywood...
A flow of lies was created and stood!
And truth prevails like it should
And those who ignore it,
Are exposed as No Good!
As simple as that...
We find them to be hypocrites,
Fat cats and rats!
Clean them out of that 'house'.
We know now...
What trash needs to be thrown out!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Simplicity

Simplicity...
Isn't often easy to achieve,
When teased by variety.
And those assortments of life.

Yet when simplicity arrives,
As a necessity...
One is able to breathe deeply,
With a sense of peace and clarity.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Simplistic Is Adorned Beauty

Simplistic is adorned beauty.
And it does not require definition,
To capture the attention it beholds.

No lips can find the words to explain.
Or come together to close...
From a mouth gaped and opened wide.

It is appreciated for what it is,
By those who agree...
This is rare beauty.

And not one walk down the halls of ivy,
Is a prerequisite to comprehend the magnificence of it.
It is as it is to exist.

And followed for as long as it allows.

'OUCH! '

Pillars of concrete are made to uphold foundations.
As you have learned!
However,
They are not easy to walk through.
Nor do they bend with flexibility for those with eyes focused,
Elsewhere!

'My thoughts escaped me momentarily.'

You're kidding?
I'm glad mouth-to-mouth resuscitation was not involved in this!
Are you okay?
You've got a big knot growing on the side of your head.
I think I shall call it, 'The Knot of Knowledge'.

No need to stare at me.
I caution you...
I am aware my light blinds,
If the gaze is held for too long!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Simplistic Wishes

I am influenced by Poe.
But there is no comparison.
Maya too inspires.
And Langston seems to 'crystalize'...
The hardships of a people,
Observed through his unique eyes.

Those dark and emotional days,
Arriving with Sunrise...
And until Sunset left,
But within me stayed.
Aren't as dark,
To cast Moonlit shadows.

It seems I have graduated,
To controlled melancholy...
And free flowing sentiments.
I attribute that to aging.
As time releases,
Those reflections of memories...
More than ever to me meant.

I am influenced by Poe.
But there is no comparison.
Maya too inspires.
And Langston seems to 'crystalize'...
The hardships of a people,
Observed through his unique eyes.

And even though my own eyes,
Are opened wider than ever...
There is a sensitivity I've noticed increasing.
There is a connection to humanity,
That enables me to see each day...
Much brighter than the days before.

So bright with a clarity,
My simplistic wishes now...
Are to experience many many more.

With an opening of a door,
To adventure life,
With intentions to explore.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Simplistically Breezy

Keeping it realistic.
Untwisted from statistics!
I've got my charm and focus going.
Watching those whose minds flow,
Unknowing...
Their balled fists keeps them animalistic.

I've got to keep it realistic...
Tired of being analystic,
About who did what to whom and where?
Why that was done in others affairs?
I am staying on top of what I maintain.
Trying to rise above those misfits...
Unchanged.
Who seem encouraged to go ballistically insane!

Dah deedee dah dah doo!
Dah dee dah.
Dah dee dah,
Dah dee dah...
Dah deedee dah dah doo!
Dah dee dah...
Dee dee dah dah dah doo!

Simplistically breezy.

Dah deedee dah dah doo!
Dah dee dah.
Dah dee dah,
Dah dee dah...
Dah deedee dah dah doo!
Dah dee dah...
Dee dee dah dah dah doo!

Keeping it realistic...
Without hatchets to bury or bones to pick.
Removed from rat races,
And those who sniff conflicts.
I've learned my lessons...

And have found for me what fits!
I'm through with that kind of messing around,
And those who take those 'trips'.

Dah deedee dah dah doo!
Dah dee dah.
Dah dee dah,
Dah dee dah...
Dah deedee dah dah doo!
Dah dee dah..
Dee dee dah dah dah doo!

Dah dee dah.
Deedee dah dah dah doo!
Dah dee dah.
Deedee dah dah dah doo!

Simplistically breezy!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Simply Love

You made me...
You made me to love.
You made me see the stars above.
When you taught me the meaning of love.

You made me...
You made me to love!
You made the difference,
Dreams are made of.
When you taught me the meaning of love!

Yes I confess.

You made me...
You made me to love.
Distanced from emptiness and a void.
When you taught me this meaning of love.

When you brought me this meaning of love.
You taught me what love was.
Now it's you and me in love.
I can not hide when it's simply love!

You made me...
You made me to love!
You made the difference,
Dreams are made of.
When you taught me the meaning of love!
I can not hide when it's simply love!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Simply Put

Simply put...
She is running,
For the Office of Vice President of America.
And she should bring her 'A' game with her,
Always!

She governs Alaska.
Prior to that...
She held the position of mayor.

That folks have lowered their expectations,
To dismiss the possibility
Her performance might expose a further degradation...
Is indicative of an addiction to a mediocrity affliction!

Simply put...
She is 'not' being interviewed,
To become a classroom substitute teacher!

She...
If elected.
May just become,
The president of The United States.
And there is more at stake...
Than how she will be treated by her opponent,
During a nationally televised Vice Presidential debate.

Wake up people!
Those of you asleep at the gates,
Awaiting for an amusement park to open!

Haven't the sign of these times we live...
Introduced any hints of reality at all?
Games of vollyball and hide and seek...
Are not on the horizon to be played.
Masks of masquerades paraded to charade...
Have from your standards and values,
Quickly faded.

Simply put!
Although a frightening premise...
That may come to all to lay underfoot!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Since An Epiphany Has Arrived

The living of life,
Can reveal bewildering moments.
Some are not as stunning as others.
But needless to say,
One that is stunned by an event...
Remembers it never to forget.

Like being picked to have a misdeed done.
One that is intentional,
By someone feeling vindictive.
To have that 'someone' eventually feeling guilty...
Then to ask the victim to forgive and forget.
Since an epiphany has arrived.

'Sure,
I'll remove the knife from my back.
And while I do that,
Why don't you make reservations for us.
We will have dinner then maybe catch a movie afterwards.
Don't worry abour the blood.
I will pretend it's not there.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Since Birth

When one 'is' who they are...
And has been who they are since birth.
Expressing what it is they do,
Because it is no fluke!
Or a passing whim.
The odds are against those,
Who bet the one dissected...
Will be changing anytime soon!
With many hats worn,
To express from the same creativity.
As has been done since birth.

So to ask,
'Larry?
Are you 'still' doing your 'thing'? '

That 'thing' might be considered breathing.
And thought to be a foolish question to ask.
Especially if one is seen doing it.
And the process of delivery has been the same,
Since birth!
With evidence all over the place as proof.
But many want to find,
A blemish to be flawed!
Like an identity one has,
With expectations of it to change!

Like a diaper some still wear.
Seeking the next step to development.
And some know exactly who they are...
Why and the how of it!
And that is what they do.
There is no notoriety sought for it.
If it is given...
Then something must be good,
About what it is that's done.
With devotion and dedication.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Since He Sees And Can Be All Over The Place

I am just inside for the ride.
Accepting that,
I sit back...
And let God drive.

I once tried to get my way behind the wheel.
And repeatedly turned down deadend roads.
Only to behold,
A growing of my own ignorance.
And 'this' I can reveal.

I now sit back and let God drive.
This 'vehicle' I'm in and ride inside,
God knows better than I...
How to steer it clear from temptations,
That attract me.
To sideswipe and undermine my dignity.
God knew it.
He wanted me to go through it.
And that was a hard testing of my pride...
I had to learn!
God in my life is the driver.

Now I let God do what He does!
With less concern.
And since He sees and can be all over the place,
I keep my faith.
Knowing God,
If He so chooses...
Will accelerate or apply the brakes!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Since I Lost You

You make me think about what's missing in my life,
Since I lost you.
Since I lost you.

And all I do now is to try to make things right,
Since I lost you.
Since I lost you, baby!

All day and through the night,
You're on my mind so much.
And all day and through the night,
I feel I broke us up.
All day and through the night,
I want to feel your touch.
That touch I once had I thought then was enough.

All day and through the night,
You're on my mind so much.
And all day and through the night,
I feel I broke us up.
All day and through the night,
I want to feel your touch.
That touch I once had I thought then was enough.

You make me think about what's missing in my life,
Since I lost you.
Since I lost you, baby!

All day and through the night,
I pray you want me back.
And all day and through the night,
My mind is on attack...
And I know what's causing that.

All day and through the night,
You're on my mind so much.
And all day and through the night,
I feel I broke us up.
All day and through the night,

I want to feel your touch.
That touch I once had I thought then was enough.

All day and through the night,
I pray you want me back.
And all day and through the night,
My mind is on attack...
And I know what's causing that,
I want you back.
In the sack.

You make me think about what's missing in my life,
Since I lost you.
Since I lost you.

And all I do now is to try to make things right,
Since I lost you.
Since I lost you, baby!

All day and through the night,
I want to report you missing.
All day and through the night,
I want to call 911 to tell somebody what you've done.

All day and through the night,
I want to report you missing.
All day and through the night,
I want to call 911 to tell someone....
What YOU have done done to ME.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Since It Is The First Of August

The first of the month seems so promising,
Doesn't it?
An elevation of expectations begins.

And today,
Since it is the first of August...
There is a sense of a renewed committment to life,
Clinging onto the atmosphere.
It is as if the 'spirits' are granting us all,
Extra wishes!
Like the road of happiness is being cleared of debris.

The first of the month seems so promising,
Doesn't it?
An elevation of expectations begins.

Why do conflicts seem foolish to digest?
And all this talk about one's color and brain size...
Exposes the best of professed ignorance.
Making less sense to comprehend.
Isn't it ignorance that creates conflict?

Well...
It is the first day of August.
And soon Fall will remind us all,
Of the approaching holidays that will again amaze,
Our sentiments.
With no other requirements from us but to just exist!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Since I'Ve Accepted Myself

Throughout your life you have made errors.
And the steps you have taken are not mistake free.
You act as if you aren't bothered by criticisms.
With a listening you do to them,
To tolerate with incredible disbelief.
As if you are soliciting to be the center of critique.
Why?

'I use to think it a benefit to hide my flaws.
Like many others who pretend them not to exist.
But then one day I sought others who were authentic.
And few were genuine,
Enabling me to see this with a swift quickness.
So I decided not to masquerade my blemishes.
With a hope and faith one day to benefit.'

Has it?

'Not yet.
But hopefully I am blessed with lots of time left.
And since I've accepted myself,
It doesn't matter to me who prefers to charade.
These days I only seek,
Only one who is done with a faking...
I know isn't real for me to feel.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Since I'Ve Come To My Senses

Giving up on my life,
To not sleep peacefully at night.
With a pacing of the floor...
Back and forth and uptight.
Not anymore.
Since I've come to my senses,
Open are those doors I've closed before.

Giving up on my dreams,
To witness them flow downstream...
Panicked.
Not anymore.
Since I've come to my senses,
Down came those fences...
And defenses raised.

Doing things for others to see them pleased,
With approval unshown...
They appreciated me.
Not anymore.
Since I've come to my senses.

I will not be accused,
For something done I did do.
To then feel used and psychologically abused...
With an inflicting of my own torment?
No!
Not anymore...
Since I've come to my senses.

Giving up on my life to feel accepted,
As a focused objective to have others reject...
No.
Not anymore.
I've closed those doors.
There are so many others I had to learn to open,
With a coming to my senses.
Before I prevented so much I now can see.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Since My Introduction

If I had not been misguided,
To right the wrongs I've done.
Acknowledge my mistakes.
Self examine my flaws...
And admitted I had heartbreaks,
I would not have the confidence...
To speak my mind.
And I would find myself,
Seeking acceptance to be who I am.
And it is only knowing who I am,
That has afforded me the opportunity...
To appreciate the caring less,
Of how I am perceived.

If I had not been misguided,
To right the wrongs I've done.
Acknowledge my mistakes.
Self examine my flaws...
And admitted I had heartbreaks,
I would not have the confidence...
To speak my mind.
And since my introduction,
Without outside confusion or seduction...
To corrupt my intent,
I will live with truth to pursue...
For the rest of my life!
Without needless dramatics.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Since My Youth

I've been,
Since my youth...
Intensed with a feeling that I had to win.
And I've been,
Since my youth...
Offended by the ones who said that I pretend.
But...
What I do is intended.
And...
With a doing done I do not hide.
Since...
What I do is intended.
And...
With a focus undenied I pride

I'm motivated with a purpose.
I'm motivated and I can't escape.
I'm motivated.
And so elated.
Naysayers stay away.

I'm motivated with a purpose.
I'm motivated and I can't escape.
I'm motivated.
And so elated.
Naysayers stay away.

I've been,
Since my youth...
Offended by the ones who said that I pretend.

I'm motivated with a purpose.
I'm motivated.
And so elated.
Naysayers stay away.
'Cause since my youth,
I'm motivated with a purpose.
Since my youth,
My purpose stays and it's a thirst.

Since my youth,
I'm motivated with a purpose!
So you naysayers stay away.

I've been,
Since my youth...
Intensed with a feeling that I had to win.
And I've been,
Since my youth...
Offended by the ones who said that I pretend.
But...
What I do is intended.
And...
With a doing done I do not hide.
Since...
What I do is intended.
And...
With a focus undenied I pride

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Since Sheep They'Ve Been

They want their leader to fail.
For reasons not as obvious,
As demons who tell tall tales.
Demons who wish,
Their created decadence prevails.

And if he should fail,
Unfortunately...
So does everyone,
In the entire country.
You see...
He is their first leader with integrity.
And all of those around the world...
Can see this very clearly.

And the truth he tells,
Conflicts with those who have told tall tales.
And a defeat is all they accept they will receive.
Since sheep they've been in accepting fear to believe.

'But those interests that are ours are the best in the world! '

~Which ones are the most envied?
And why are others pleading for you to leave?
Except for your leader,
Who is treated as if he is royalty!
Have they been fed on deceit as well? ~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Since The Government Has Been Broken

My life,
Has never been a convenience.
It has been a strategic manuevering,
To avoid polarization.

There had been those who attempted,
To block my path with inventive obstacles.
Trying to convince my sense of self,
That my acceptance of who I am...
Was nothing more,
Than a self inflicted sham.

While others who believed I sought attention,
Did their best to ignore my intentions.
And used my skin color as some kind of bait.
To make me feel my fate,
Was in their hands to disintegrate.

Dysfunctions and my choice of interests,
Became for them a focus.
And today these criminal minded beings...
Stand on the edge of an abyss,
As if they are the choice of folks...
To brag about which destruction,
Everyone prefers the most!

My life,
Has never been a convenience.
It has been a strategic manuevering,
To avoid polarization.
Something the country we live in,
Seems not to be able to escape.
Since the government has been broken...
By self interest and debate.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sincerely Expressed

Even in the midst,
Of being presented with their failures...
They have become stubbornly defensive.
As if there is an obligation for them,
To remain decisively opposed to anything...
That directs them out of their predicaments.

And anyone 'hinting' of any insight and intelligence,
Immediately offends them to no end.
Making it extremely difficult to make sense of any of this,
For those with hopes to produce results...
To pretend that their patient efforts sincerely expressed,
Has not been a waste of time or a loss of sanity.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sincerely Insincere

People today...
Are so sincerely insincere.
Full with trite expressions
Delivered from a smile,
Slowly lifting from a sneer...
Seconds before an encounter appeared.

People today...
Are quick to say
What they don't mean,
To make it seem
As if what is felt can not be seen...
Or show!
But it does.
And they don't know.

That's why at home alone,
Folks throw dirt.
Where it can hurt the one,
Who has no clue who threw out and 'dished'
What's to come.
To be a part of destruction is fun to some.
Except for those who do not suspect...
The one who grins,
Is the real culprit to regret.

Yet...
People today,
Are so sincerely insincere.
It is hard to address
Through disguises worn...
Just 'who' to tell what time it is,
And 'when' they can go to hell!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sincerity

The only thing sincere about them
Is their greed.
Show them something...
Anything you have they deem valuable.
And they will ooze of sincerity!
Reek with kindness and stale platitudes.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sincerity Of A Chemistry

Because one is approachable,
Does not mean another is being chased.
Laws of attraction are in force.
Which, from a point of view...
There are two involved,
To introduce on this pursuit.

But if one becomes too self involved...
Believing the honey is kept,
In just one jar.
Well...
Eventually that one will know what is true.
When it is made known that a honey wished to taste,
Isn't worth the game played.
Or the delay that has been wasted,
The other believed they saved for a chase.

It's not all about the honey.
Frequently it's about the sincerity of a chemistry.
When that's in place there is no chase.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sinful Creatures

Treacherous.
Evil.
Oppressors.
Suppressors.
Dishonest.
Sneaky leechers.
Deceitful.
War mongering.
Liars.
Usurpers of traditions...
And quality of life!
Criminal.
Threatening.
Sinful creatures.
Thieves and haters.
Traitors all!

'And now...
Do you have an opinion of the terrorists? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sing To Me Your Love Songs

Sing to me your love songs.
And I will sing to you,
No blues of those experiences...
I've seen and have lived through.

Sing to me those love songs sung,
And I will sing to you...
Of a love I knew.
With no lasting harmony,
Starting in the beginning when it begun.

I wish, I do...
Since meeting you,
I could begin with a freshness...
Clear of heartbreak,
That seemed to pain as it grew.

I wish, I do...
I could be free,
Of long lasting memories.
That come to haunt...
As in pursuit,
To destroy me emotionally.

Sing!
Sing to me your love songs.
And I'll sing to you...
Of no sorrows I knew.

Sing!
Sing to me of those love songs...
I've been needing desperately.

Don't stop if from eyes tears drop.
This may be the start...
Of pushing old pains kept away.

Sing to me your love songs sweet...
I feel a presence,

Of something wanted I need to stay!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Singeing To Scorch And Burn

There is no blending in again.
Signals are sent,
To ensure a mixture ends.
No melting pot,
To strengthen what is not.
An unraveling begins...
To send the prospect of that,
Singeing to scorch and burn!
Without a happiness,
For any of them.
And conflicts inflicted appear as if...
Intended.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Singers Of The Blues

These times have taken leaps.
With days fading into months gone.
And few today can hang on,
To those yesterdays with kept beliefs,
Changing to find them providing no relief...
As plans to have made fizzle away.

No one is safe taking stances in the middle.
Those on the right now take steps to the left.
Not knowing which side kept for them is best.
And more minds are being tested,
To affect their thought process.
And yet...
Those singers of the blues,
Sing the same songs day after day.
Night after night.
Month after month.
Year after year.

These times have taken leaps.
With days fading into months gone.
And few today can hang on,
To those yesterdays with kept beliefs,
Changing to find them providing no relief.
As plans to have made fizzle away.

And yet...
Those singers of the blues,
Sing the same songs day after day.
Night after night.
Month after month.
Year after year.
Sighing in such pitiful sorrow.
Enough to hear for anyone to buy fake tears.
To at least charade feelings that depict,
They too remember once having felt emotions.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Singing In Duet

Available but feeling like a soloist,
To go it alone.
With a duet gone.

Wanting to believe there is a harmony,
And hearing a hum.
From a duet done.

I wont give up wishing to be holding hands,
With that special one...
Who comes,
To hum and sings...
With me,
'We are together and forever.'
Singing in duet.
And happily as can be.

Available but feeling like a soloist,
To go it alone.
With a duet gone.

Wanting to believe there is a harmony,
And hearing a hum.
From a duet done.

I wont give up wishing to be holding hands,
With that special one...
Who comes,
To hum and sings...
With me,
'We are together and forever.'
Singing in duet,
And happily as can be.
'Together and forever,
Together.'
Singing in duet,
And happily as can be.
'Together and forever,
Together.'

Singing in duet.
And happily as can be.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Single In A State Of Mind

You've got your nights,
Doubled up with meetings.
And you say your days,
Are booked from dawn 'til noon.

But what about me and my time?
You've got me in a single state of mind.
And that's not right...
For the need I have for you.

You turn off lights,
When your neighbor comes to visit.
My jaws are tight!
But there's nothing I can do.

You've got your nights,
Doubled up with meetings.
And you say your days,
Are booked from dawn 'til noon.
You think I will hesitate in waiting?
To offer someone else a dried up prune!

You turn off lights,
When your neighbor comes to visit.
My jaws are tight!
But there's nothing I can do.
Except...
Bam on your door,
Until the lights turn on.
As I watch that creeper sneak,
Back across the street.

Bam on your door,
Until the lights turn on.
As I watch that creeper sneak,
Back across the street.

'Uh...hi.
You busy?

If it's not too late,
Would you like some company? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sinistrous

Taunting them who taunted then,
In ways that begin to haunt their peace.
Them who taunted then in fun...
Finds this taunting consumes until done!

An unrest occurs.
For no apparent reason!
It seems at first.
Jolting guilt and memories.
Pleas increase,
To be released from sinistrous deeds.

Believing years has erased innocence.
When evil intended was incensed.
But an aging sensitivity,
Grabs hold and does not ease.
A payback is shown for these misdeeds.

They are not pleased,
With sleepless nights that visit!
Hollow prayers and rituals,
Enhance past activities.
They try but can not break away...
From playful days that brought others grief,
With no relief.

These sleepless nights with nightmares come.
As they wonder 'why' and 'how' this has begun.
And 'who' and 'what'...
With them has this 'fun'!
Offering no escape at all to run!

'What a bummer! '

Taunting them who taunted then,
In ways that begin to haunt their peace.
Them who taunted then in fun...
Finds this taunting consumes until done!

And the ministry of these sinistrous deeds...
Satisfies those once victimized!
With a sadistic kind of glee!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sinking

Sinking.
Sinking in pathos.
Such sentiments...
Leave me lamenting,
In waiting.

Torment.
Torment in moments.
Undoing heartbreak...
With streams of daylight,
That teases.

I wish I could be free,
Of memories that linger.
On a tapestry
I once loved and surrendered...
To you,
As we both grew from first meeting!

Drinking.
To numb what we had then.
Thinking.
I must unweave from what was 'when'.
Just to 'sink' myself deeper in!
And praying to find 'me'...
Once again!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sinking From The Weight

Sinking from the weight of,
Denial.
We put on trial,
People we choose to deceive.

And...
Sinking from the weight of,
Denial.
We put on trial,
People we choose to deceive.

Is it an offense or a needless crime,
To defy fighting against...
Your own kind?
With selected ones chosen,
To occupy our minds.
For purposes to protect.
Their interests kept.

Even though we who are selected...
To do these deeds,
By those in sheltered discreet...
We remain despised,
By those who disrespect.
And fed from birth,
To know when to cheat...
Spy, lie and use alibis.

Is it an offense,
To not follow rules...
That make no sense.
As we must listen to 'authorities'
Who attempt to convince.
If a certain status given,
Is that of a minority....
Concerns of the majority,
Is a worthless expense.
And given less attention.
Is any seriousness mention.

Since no rights have been given,
A worthiness to drive 'unimportant' lives.
You may ride as a passenger...
But not permitted,
To make decisions from front seats.

And to speak,
Only when spoken to!
With a preferred silence.
To make what is done...
Even sweeter to complete.

Sinking from the weight of,
Denial.
We put on trial,
People we choose to deceive.

And...
Sinking from the weight of,
Denial.
We put on trial,
People we choose to deceive.

Is it an offense or a needless crime.
To defy fighting against,
Your own kind?
Or abandon ship,
Sinking from the weight...
Of evidence there is ignorance.

Sinking from the weight of,
Denial.
We put on trial,
People we choose to deceive.

And...
Sinking from the weight of,
Denial.
We put on trial,
People we choose to deceive.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sinning To Many Is A Frightening Premise

A familiarity may breed contempt.
And that encompasses,
A host of influences.
Having a familiarity,
May also include...
Some experiences achieved.

But an ignorance that breeds contempt,
Says a lot about one's limitations.
And the ease by which,
One who is thoughtless 'and' mindless too...
Can be programmed to self destruct.
Based on the feeding of fear alone.
And many people do,
Self destruct within minds stuck.

And fear to those ignorant,
Is as familiar to them...
As is their lack of knowledge.
Which also to them is treated like a sin.
And sinning to many like this,
Is a frightening premise.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sip It As If Kettled

Sip it as if kettled like a soup.
Then grade it,
Homemade.
And...
Savor every flavor that's pursued.
To aid,
Your best to be...
The one who lives your life,
Spiced and energized...
The way you like that's right.
And one of a kind you find!

Sip it as if kettled like a soup.
Then grade it,
Homemade.
And...
Savor every flavor that's pursued.
To aid,
Your best to be...
The one who lives your life,
Spiced and energized...
The way you like that's right.
And one of a kind you find!

Just sip it as if kettled like a soup.
Your life.
Spiced and energized...
The way you like that's right.

And,
Sip it as if kettled like a soup.

Your life.

Sip it as if kettled like a soup.

Your life.

And,

Sip it as if kettled like a soup.

Your life.

Sip it as if kettled like a soup.

Your life.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sipping On Champagne

Ultimately,
A truth concealed will be revealed...
When the telling of lies no longer flies by,
The heads of those convinced...
Enemies on distant shores threaten their interests.

As some campaign to maintain their gains...
While leaving those to fight themselves over,
Entitlements lost and at their cost...
To keep the rich getting richer!

And the ones hoping they can float without a boat,
Will not notice the yachts popping up all over the place...
Ignoring their screams for help.

'Why can't they hear us? '

~Who says they can't?
Or wont.
Who had been convinced to jump overboard,
With beliefs the enemy approached?
And...
How far will this 'joke' be provoked? ~

'Well...
I'm not laughing.'

~Why not?
Those you have supported are in hysterics.
Sipping on champagne and at your expense.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sipping On Your Nectar

I can tell when you have arrived.
Your energy is unquestioned.
As your presence is felt,
The air becomes electrodynamic!
Sparks fly as honey from you drips.
And I am drawn to your light like a magnet.
To begin sweating from the heat you provide.

I can tell when you have arrived.
Others can tell too!
They begin to turn away as if afraid of you.
Not me. Immediately you get me too hot!
I can whisper sweet nothings in your ear nonstop!
To nourish on the doing of that to never leave,
For the rest of my life just sipping on your nectar.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sisyphean

I have felt sisyphean.
Like Sisyphus,
A legendary king of Corinth.
Condemn to repeat the rolling of a boulder,
Uphill!
To have it roll back down as it nears the top.
I had felt that way until I stopped.
Realizing after wiping sweat off my brow...
Why am I allowing this and to whose amusement?
I could whittle this obstacle down,
To then make steps.
Taking on far easier challenges to accomplish.
Than those I already know are monotonous,
With nothing to motivate a desired achievement wished.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sit

Sit.
Don't you fidget.
Listen for a bit,
Before you quit it.

If you sit.
And do not fidget,
There is something you may hear...
To even get it.

You may comprehend by listening,
To what is said and mentioned...
If you sit,
And do not fidget...
You may comprehend by listening,
To what is said and mentioned.

If you sit.
And do not fidget,
There is something you may hear...
To even get it.

Sit.
Don't you fidget.
Listen for a bit,
Before you quit it.

You may comprehend by listening,
To what is said and mentioned.
You may comprehend by listening,
To what is said and mentioned...
If you sit.
And do not fidget,
There is something you may hear...
To even get it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sit And Fiddle With This

You're getting out of my life.
And not for one specific reason.
I think we both know it is clear,
The end is very near.
And,
You're out of my life.
To drift your fits to faddish reasons.

You're getting out of my life.
And not for one specific reason.
I think we both know it is clear,
The end is very near.
And,
You're out of my life.
To drift your fits to faddish reasons.

Go go...
And build yourself a kite.
Double up the string on it and hold on real tight.

Go go...
And do that which you like.
There's no need to argue, fuss or cuss to fight.

Go go...
And build yourself a kite,
'Cause...
There's no need for us to sit and fiddle with this day and night.
Go go...
And do that which you like.
'Cause...
There's no need for us to sit and fiddle with this day and night.

You're getting out of my life.
And not for one specific reason.
I think we both know it is clear,
The end is very near.
And,
There's no need for us to sit and fiddle with this day and night.

Go go...
And build yourself a kite,
'Cause...
There's no need for us to sit and fiddle with this day and night.
Go go...
And do that which you like.
'Cause...
There's no need for us to sit and fiddle with this day and night.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sit Around The House To Sing A Blues Or Two

All you think about is apple strudel.
And sit around the house to sing a blues or two.
With thoughts to stroll the 'hood' with a poodle.
As you sit reminiscing eating noodle soup!

All you think about is apple strudel.
And sit around the house to sing a blues or two.
With thoughts to stroll the 'hood' with a poodle.
As you sit reminiscing eating noodle soup!

Your wish upon a star ain't going to far.
Getting 'drunked up' and sitting at a bar.

The happy hour came to come to a close.
And there you are with a snotty nose.
Thinking you're attractive with a wobble in your pose.

All you think about is apple strudel.
Ooo...
And sit around the house to sing a blues or two.
With thoughts to stroll the 'hood' with a poodle.
Ooo...
As you sit reminiscing eating noodle soup!

All you think about is apple strudel.
Ooo...
And sit around the house to sing a blues or two.
With thoughts to stroll the 'hood' with a poodle.
Ooo...
As you sit reminiscing eating noodle soup!
Believing there is no one who is made for you.
Hoping that a knock will prove that untrue.

All you think about is apple strudel.
Ooo...
And sit around the house to sing a blues or two.
Believing there is no one who is made for you.
Hoping that a knock will prove that untrue.
Hoping that a knock will prove that untrue.

Hoping that a knock will prove that untrue.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sit Back And Watch The Circus! It's Free

Wait a cotton picking minute!
Billions are being spent on a monthly basis,
To protect us from 'identified' terrorists!
And yet mass murderers are walking amongst us,
Freely?
To do to us as they please?
And there is more of an interest,
To analyze their psychological adjustments...
As to why they can not live 'normal' lives,
In an approved and accepting society?

Am I NUTS?

'Sssssshhh...
You don't want anyone to believe,
You are 'not' patriotic...
Do you? '
Keep your voice down.
We are surrounded by rumor mongers,
And gossipers.'

OH!
You are right.
I have forgotten.
It is okay to tolerate our dysfunctions.
Just as long as we conform to them.
And they are not mentioned!

'Right.
Pretend these are the values others threaten.
But for us...
They are normally condoned.
And besides...
Some of these fanatics,
Are prone to receive flowering testimonies.'

Geeessshhh.
I am glad you are here to remind me of that.
Let's continue to observe the baring of the butts.

And people strutting around deranged.

'Hey...
That's what I say.
None of this we have to pay for.
Let us just sit back and watch the circus.
It's free! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sit There And Eat It

OH!
So you want to 'mince' something?
You come in here ready to dice...
With me?
Well...
Let me tell you something right now...
You take this knife!
You see that roasted garlic?
Vadalia onion, parsley and garden tomato?
You dice them first!
You mince that together.
See that sauce pan?
DO YOU?
Put some olive oil in that pan!
Add some seasalt.
Now you add some fresh ground pepper.
Wait until that oil heats!
DO YOU HEAR ME?
DO YOU?
Do you see that cod sitting over there?
Get the butter!
Get the unsalted butter.
What do you mean there is only salted butter?
Then USE it!
Melt it separately.
Dip that cod in that butter.
Throw that diced stuff in that oil.
Sizzle all of it!
Now put that cod in!
YES! Put that in there! In that pan!
And...
When that is finished cooking,
I want you to sit there and eat it!
Every dropp of it!
WHY are you smiling?
I didn't do a thing!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sits To Be Accepted

So difficult it is to understand an anguish,
When ambushed within one's zone of safety.
And that which threatens,
Comfortably sits near and goes ignored.

So difficult it is not to notice yet permit,
An innocence portrayed but mentally conflicted.
Although hints of it,
Are quickly dismissed as an unpreventable blemish.

It is amazing how appearances,
Can upset and threaten.
It is amazing how impressions made,
Are depicted on looks alone.

So difficult it is to understand an anguish,
When ambushed within one's zone of safety.
And that which threatens,
Comfortably sits near and goes ignored.

It is amazing how appearances,
Can upset and threaten.
And that which threatens,
Comfortably sits near and goes ignored.

It is amazing how impressions made,
Are depicted on looks alone.
And that which is condoned and permitted to exist,
Sits to be accepted although a time bomb ticks.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sitters And Their Dreams

Sitters and their dreams,
Have had their realities ruined...
By a jumping for toys out of reach.
And a keeping of their high expectations,
Teased to dupe to fantasize...
A constant feeding they will never realize,
Has little to nothing to do with truth.
Or keeping them informed of its existence.

Seduced with ideals manipulated by delusion,
Meant to confuse their minds confined.
To then have it reported their best interests,
Are kept protected and safe...
By the very ones who have played games with them.
With it done all the time,
For the purpose to keep them boxed in...
To ensure they are left blind.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sitting As If Fresh Flowers

Sometimes the answers,
Are not compatible...
To the questions asked.
When thoughts are uncertain.

But times pass.
And there those answers are.
Sitting as if fresh flowers,
Noticed.
When Sunlight blocked...
Is invited by opened curtains.

Blooming.
Scented and ready to pick.
Sniffed.
By someone wishing to hold them close.
With an understanding of this...
Coming as it does unresisted and quick.

Delighted they are able,
To appreciate them being there.
And their presence somehow,
Now...
Made more aware!
Like the clearing of the atmosphere.
When a polluted sourness,
Is removed from the air.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sitting Down And Calm

Sitting down and calm by the riverside,
Many can't do because of attitude.
Sitting down and calm by the riverside,
Many rather do something else to choose.
Sitting down and calm by the riverside,
Is lethally peaceful.
With a doing to overdose.
When this is done to notice,
Some approach to come too close.
And they begin,
To chase away the peace.
And they begin,
To think peace is a beast.
And they begin,
To chip away the peace to destroy.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sitting Idle With Others

I will 'assist' you.
And commit myself,
To assisting you.
However...
If you are here to observe my assistance.
As if this is your priority.
With complaints as to what I do.
And how what I do gets done.
One of us is analyzing an assistance being made.
And guess which one will eventually become disappointed?
When that committment of an assistance leaves.
And guess who will be left sitting idle with others in discussion,
As to who does not fulfill obligations.
With skills of blaming used.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sitting In Opposition

Interesting are today's developments.
Interesting are those who sit,
On fences with self righteous postures...
Meant and appearing to be offended.
Within divisions they have implemented.

And interesting are those,
Who are still unconvinced...
Their decisions to remain uninvolved at all,
Makes little sense to defend their positions...
On cracked walls in a stubbornness that stalls.

Since their sitting in opposition,
Has created their dilemmas.
With a degrading of conditions sought to improve,
While they disapprove of those making attempts.
And this is refused with biases kept as a choice to do.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sitting In The Middle Of It

My heart feels like it's split open wide and bleeding.
As I'm sitting in the middle of it.

Nothing I had lived prepared me for what I had to see.
As I'm,
Sitting in the middle of it.

I do feel guilty.
I am no saint.
I am not trying to hide away,
What it is that I'm feeling.

I do feel guilty.
I am no saint.
I am not trying to hide away,
What it is that I'm feeling.

Sitting in the middle of it...
I am no saint.
I'm not trying to hide away,
What it is that I'm feeling.

Sitting in the middle of it...
I do feel guilty.
But I'll never hide away from you...
My feelings.

Sitting in the middle of it...
I do feel guilty.
But I'll never hide away from you...
My feelings.

Sitting in the middle of it...
I am no saint.
And I'll never hide from you...
My feelings.

And I'll,
Never hide from you...

My feelings.

And I'll,
Never hide from you...
My feelings.

Sitting in the middle of it.
Sitting in the middle of it,
And I'm...
Sitting in the middle of it.
Sitting in the middle of it,
And I'm...
Sitting in the middle of it.
Sitting in the middle of it,
And I'm...
Sitting in the middle of it.
And I'm...
Sitting in the middle of it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sitting In The Middle Of Situations Disbelieved

Sitting in the middle,
Of situations disbelieved,
But...
I am slowly adjusting.

Listening to the people,
Quibbling over trivia...
Reduced to bits and pieces,
In discussions rusting...
Over the benefits of broccoli and peas,
Is not for me,
Transforming.

Who's life is invested in this mess manifested?
And why is all of this,
Just a sickening tease.
When so many homeless and hungry...
Continue to go unfed and forced to plead.

Sitting in the middle,
Of situations disbelieved,
But...
I am slowly adjusting.

Am I the only one observing,
A hopelessness regarded...
As a myth and fantasy?

Who's life is invested in this mess manifested?
And why is all of this,
Just a sickening tease.
When so many homeless and hungry...
Continue to go unfed and forced to plead.

A caring done has been lost in squabbles.
Depleting without ceasing,
From an increase of mental instabilities.

A caring done has been tossed to the curb,

As a squeezing from humanity...
Exposes a uselessness felt from those of dignity.
And we...
You and me become completely restricted,
To an acceptance placed before us...
Of a devalued way of life,
Others unconscious declare as their victory.

With an expectation we become use to managing,
An observation that increases...
The sight of insanities.
Delivered by all who are persuaded....
This standard of life 'is' our destiny.
With a fear to be censored,
If we objected with a 'B.S.' expressed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sitting In Their Backyards

Pawns once quickly victimized,
Now yawn.
As complaints of those,
Preferring to sit on cushioned seats...
Can be heard comparing themselves,
To the ones accustomed to suffering historically.
The ones limited to nibbling on crumbs of stale cake.
Once thrown to the streets by a hired baker.

And those pawns once used to comfort royal beliefs,
Find those capable of pulling strings...
To aid their own relief,
Now sigh in a grief worse than orphaned children.
Sobbing as their wind swept yachts,
On lawns appear mangled and broken from piers.
Now sitting in their backyards behind lost dreams,
Schemed by decades of achieved demeaning.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sitting On A Fence

There should be some credit given,
To anyone making attempts...
With a doing of something completely different,
Besides sitting on a fence...
Awaiting to be convinced the experience in doing it,
Just may strengthen the muscles...
On a behind below the back.
With a discovery found of this doing that.

And...
With a moving of their legs on a daily basis,
Increases a fat loss deliberately fading.
To eventually go away...
That chases the craving to snack.
With a discovery found of this doing that too!
To prove some day that fence can be hopped.
And not just a prop to stop to find a place to sit a butt.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sitting On The Stoop Down The Block

Let me share this with you,
Before your scanning begins.
I am as familiar with the process,
As I am comfortable in my skin.
Now,
I am ready to begin if...
Where are you going?
You haven't even started!

'What fun is it in it for us,
If we can't get to see you upset.
Sweat or get nervous?
What then would be the purpose?
Pretend we are into you,
When you can see clearly we are not.

We saw some folks sitting,
On the stoop down the block.
We'll go and try them out! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sitting Seeking Pity

Never will these wounds known that I carry,
Affect you directly.
When I earned my scars you were not involved.
Not to see them inflicted when I enlisted,
Into the military.
Not to hear of my friends being killed and buried.
Or the toil that took on my emotions.
I've already done the numbing of the mind thing.

You were not there,
To see me grieve over the death of my son.
Or the pain I felt blaming myself and everyone,
Regarding how that was done.
Or when both of my marriages ended!
And I was then still quite young.

All you know is what you see.
You have no idea what is inside of me.
Or the devotion I still have for my family.
After years now spent not seeing my mom and dad.
Very close those feelings you will not believe.
Or seeing them die that has left me sad.

Nothing I do has been magically produced.
Even forgiving myself and others,
Has reduced me to tears at times.
When I know of those folks who have sacrificed their lives,
For their beliefs.
As you wallow away in pettiness...
To complain about your issues.
And how from you they wont leave!
While you invite them on a daily basis.

And you say of me for you I show no empathy?
You have no idea how much I care!
I am just not like you.
Sitting seeking pity.
Because my cries for help,
Is all I choose to do!

My knees are not intended,
To be bended and kept knelt!

Never will these wounds known that I carry,
Affect you directly.
I am too aware of those steps I've taken.
I am too aware of what it takes to celebrate life.
And too much aware of a happiness,
I have chosen to separate from what has happened.
Pulled out of despair and dragged away from strife.

I will listen!
But I am not here to compare to share to relive.
Any of your agonies on your sleeve you so willfully give.
I am here to assist your getting over it.
Not to sit with you and feast upon defeat.
I am not that kind of 'friend'.
And those friends you do not need.
So stop rehearsing your tragedies.
Let's take a hike through the park,
And hug a few trees.
Let's express to them our gratitude.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sitting To Reminsce Their Victories

Seldom are those pro-active,
Sitting to reminsce...
Their victories conquered,
During the causes and effects of war.
Seldom are those who remember conflicts,
Beat on their chests with a wanting of more.
Seldom are those who barely survived,
Think of themselves and not those who died.
And seldom do those who speak of destruction,
Can be heard to wish for a peaceful existence...
Or think of those who do,
As strong. Brave. And fearless people.
Only the ones pro-active,
Speak of the future to leave behind those weak.
And determined to live,
Without being influenced by thieves...
Or barbarians believing themselves,
To be idolized as heros of destruction.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sitting To Wish

Time goes away not to stay.
Or await for anyone to witness it.
Time goes and quick and not too slowly,
From each day.
As the Sun dips to a fade,
Beneath a welcoming and seductive horizon.
Darkening the sky as seconds tick.
Without a minute skipped to allow,
A block of an hour of time stopped.
For anyone to delay and watch,
The giving to experience life to doubt.
Whether one decides to be active or not.

Time comes and goes not to stay,
For anyone sitting to wish...
In hopes to satisfy their own preferences,
To get...
An opportunity to benefit,
From someone else's efforts to endeavor.
As if they were created and from them to pick,
Which is more deserving...
To do this as an entitlement.

Time goes away not to stay.
Or await for anyone to witness it.
With complaints made to solicit them heard,
How the time they've been blessed to get and waste...
Seems to stay that way everyday as they sit,
Wanting more from life...
To expect what is wished to dream to appear,
If near enough for them to get up and get.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sitting Too High On Horse

Of course,
I will keep my expectations and aspirations high.
And I hope my ambitions to outdo myself,
Will not be interpreted by others...
As one who seems to carry,
Their aspirations on their shoulders.
Or expectations sitting too high on that horse.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sitting Upon Fences

There is something being presented
That clearly separates from the truth.
It doesn't have to be spoken.
It is observed and felt.

Something is disconnecting.
And it is okay that it leaves and goes away.

It conflicts with higher consciousness.
And those on the threshold of it,
See and feel the difference...
Between reality and pretense.

And those who are deluded...
Are observed living lives,
Absolutely making very little sense.

And yet they believe they hide their intentions...
By keeping themselves exposed,
While sitting upon fences imposing their denseness

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sitting With Constipated Dreams!

If I don't 'do'...
I will always feel I can't.
And 'if' I go ahead and 'do' do...
Someone somewhere will not like it!
Making a bigger 'stink' of it than I have made.
Creating a fuss.
As if I must seek their approval first.

My sole purpose is not to be afraid,
To release and accomplish my ambitions.
And if I don't do this,
When the time that movement comes...
Feeling natural.
As it churns my stomach with desire,
To let what's inside of me go.
I'll become just like everyone else,
Sitting with constipated dreams!

And I choose to cleanse myself of that!
Once I get up on my feet.
And off my backside!
With a plan to complete my task.
Knowing what needs to be done,
To keep my flow active!
By maintaining a sustained grasp...
On my own wishes I don't dismiss.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Situations Experienced

It is troubling enough to be bombarded by regret.
Haunted by disappointments.
And tossed about emotionally,
Over situations experienced one can not forget.
Or can be soothed by those disbelieving or suspect.

Sometimes a face one tries to mask,
Has a life that seems strained in appearance.
With a drained voice and weak convictions shown.
It becomes difficult to reach feelings unknown
When a paining inside no one outside can see.

Haunted by disappointment and bombarded by regret!
Who knows what one feels and carries in-depth.
If one is inflicted...
Over situations experienced one can not forget.
Or can be soothed by those disbelieving or suspect.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sixty Four Cents Per Gallon

Sixty four cents.
That's all they pay.
Sixty four cents per gallon of gas.
Maybe decades ago...
We too could say.
But today with our 'greatness'
And propaganda that is spread.
A dozen of apples,
And perhaps the cost of embarrassment...
May be less,
Than the price of a loaf of bread.

That's what they pay,
In Saudia Arabia each and every day!
And 'he' who leads this great land of ours...
Was turned away as he begged,
Those he chose as 'friends'.
And they embraced and shook his hand.
Sending him like an annoying child,
Back to his home to play!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sizzle From The Heat

If you wish what appears,
Be dismissed and cleared...
You must give...'it'
More than tossed tidbits,
Of a tempermental ignorance.
Before you decide to split,
Ignoring...'it'.
For someone else to...fix!
Quickly before 'it'...is missed.
As if a transfer of common sense,
Takes place and witnessed...
Arriving,
Then away it went!

If not...'it' stays and preys.
Just like 'it' does now in these days.
When folks are seeking jokes to tell...
Drugged with self importance,
Crazed and dazed with themselves to sell!
And looking for someone they qualify...
To prevent them from sliding,
Into their own created hell!

A laziness propells this...
As they love every moment of 'it' too well!
Although these times are found lucrative...
The sizzle from the heat...
Does not cease!
'It' gets hotter as they yell!

Fed on denials burning inside...
Crying and pleading,
To get 'it' away from themselves!
They who try their very best to hide.
From the creeping that keeps them weeping,
They reap.

And what was avoided 'then' can not be now undone.
The fun begins to sting like the zap and zing...

From a stun gun!
Since what comes does not care who is asleep.
The sizzle from the heat...
Burns!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Skepticism

Before you wanted more.
As a means to demean with skepticism.

Do you wish that I slow down?
That would give you a reason to at least,
Catch up with a critique...
Contradicting the previous one made.

It's your call!
You wanted more of 'that'.
I'll be a little more patient delivering 'this'.
But I can not promise I will do it.
And if I do,
I will not commit to how long!

You don't mind if I prepare dinner do you?
I had no idea this would become a full-time job,
For you.

And if you seem to be hooked...
I will supply you with an endless flow.
As long as that makes you happy.

And I have collected a wealth of recipes,
Over the years to do it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Skewed Ideals Accepted

And pushed beyond disrespecting limits...
Are difficult to change,
For those whose minds have been deranged.
With declarations not to self-examine,
A diminishing observed to be seen advocating insanity.

Since what has been tolerated,
By the ones defending their entitlements...
Has adapted to adopt what protesters can not stop.
And that ball played gone unrecognized,
Had been dropped...
Right in front of conscious eyes promoting lives fantasized.

And with a doing too long ago abused by delusions,
Has today become a part of a quality of life...
Just as much as division, greed...
Deceit, denial and self-righteousness,
Feasted and fed to all to feed as life as it should be.
And now there is a wish to reverse all of this,
By those who blindly implemented it...
To believe their doings would lead to progress.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Skids Into A Fizz

The budget?

The budget as it is,
Has skidded into a fizz.
No one chooses to say 'flop'...
Hoping that a plot is schemed,
To return smiling and gleaming grins again...
To those so close to giving up.

The budget?

The budget as it is,
Has skidded into a fizz.
With a 'don't-plop-me-down-now-thud'!
And added fuss and frustration.

The budget?
We monthy cuss that budget.
That budget...
Has us all caught up in corruptness.
And feuding over turf outsourced and sold.
Long ago.

The budget?
Skids into a fizz.
And folks with lips poked...
Still want to feel,
They can pop...
More champagne.

The budget?
Skids into a fizz.
And folks with lips poked...
Still want to feel,
They can pop...
More champagne.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Skimmed Finances

The joy of taking chances,
Is the realization no obligation...
Or a hint of commitment,
Has been exchanged with anyone.
Although...gamblers are seldom without,
Someone else's resources!

If a failed move is going to be interpreted...
At least the guilt factor is minimized.
And the choice to suffer is localized.
Or...
It doesn't become a shared experience.
It's not suppose to.

Unless...
Personal investments were made,
From skimmed finances.
To pass this off as a need to increase taxes.
IF...
A chance taken has not proven to be lucrative!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Skinny Dipping

You told me to go jump in the lake!
And after doing so,
I had a taste to demonstrate...
A desire to learn,
What it was you really wished.
Other than to see me skinny dipping.

You then hinted in pretense to be left alone.
And when I got home...
You called me on the telephone!

And I left it to ring, ring, ring.

You told me to go jump in the lake!
And after doing so,
I had a taste to demonstrate...
A desire to learn,
What it was you really wished.
Other than to see me skinny dipping.

You joined me.
And skinny dipped we did.
Until you got a sight...
Of my increasing appetite.
You left me quick!
Dressed and split.

Screaming as if hit...
That what I had you couldn't fit.
Or could not think...
Of handling,
My thick equipment.

You then hinted in pretense to be left alone.
And when I got home...
You called me on the telephone!

And I left it to ring, ring, ring.

You told me to go jump in the lake!
And after doing so,
I had a taste to demonstrate...
A desire to learn,
What it was you really wished.
Other than to see me skinny dipping.

And when I gathered my thoughts,
After feeling distraught.
I knew then what it was,
You were thinking!
Had I been that obvious?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Skip Through Blooming Lillies Of The Field

Skip through blooming lillies of the field,
If that is what you have chosen to do.
Instead of pecans use cashews,
To put a crunch in your breakfast meal.
That's up to you.
I am not here to confirm or approve your next move.

Slice strawberries and bananas,
Into orange juice to make a smoothie.
But whatever you decide,
To whip that will be delicious...
Know that your taste and mine,
Will not be defined from your point of view!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Skip Your Trip

Skip your trip.
And admit to it.
Just seal your lips.
And listen a bit.
Skip your trip...
And listen to what's been said.

It's okay to make mistakes.
People have done that everyday.
But it's not okay...
Just to turn and walk away.

It's okay to make mistakes.
People have done that everyday.
But it's not okay...
To believe your way is 'the' way.

Skip your trip.
And admit to it.
Just seal your lips.
And listen a bit.
Skip your trip...
And listen to what's been said.

No one has to disrespect,
An opinion that they don't accept.
Because it's something they wish not to hear.

No one has to get upset.
To later find they have regrets.
When all they had to do is comprehend.
And everybody says that this is wished.
But patience slips from them real quick.
And brooding attitudes are left to share.
Everywhere the frowns are there.

Skip your trip.
And admit to it.
Just seal your lips.

And listen a bit.
Skip your trip...
And listen to what's been said.

Skip your trip.
And listen up a bit!
Skip your trip.
And listen up a bit!
Skip your trip.
And use your head instead!

Oh...
Skip your trip.
And listen up a bit!
Skip your trip.
And listen up a bit!
Skip your trip.
And use your head instead!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Skipping Around Obstacles

It would be great if experience to one came,
Without the sacrificing of time...
To find fault or place blame.
Or the process of feeling some anguish and pain.

Wouldn't it be nice,
If it came with the throwing of dice?

And those wishing to have it,
Could barter for it in exchange.
Leaving complaints at a minimum.
With a bargain felt that had been obtained.

It would be delicious and lip licking good,
If the price of it could afford everyone's taste.
And no one would feel deprived of it,
No matter the neighborhood.

It would be great if experience to one came...
Overnight feeding everyone's appetite.
And those who make claims,
They have awakened with knowledge...
Would express more insight,
With eyes clear and bright!

But experience is what it is.
And it can not be taught to achieve.

'Excuse me professor,
Is it possible we can discuss that topic,
One more time?
Please? '

The one who acquires experience...
Isn't the one with a heart worn on a sleeve.
But has lived and learned from mistakes that were made.
And did not make excuses heard,
While gathering up the energy to again stand...
With no mention of having crawled on knees.

Experience does not come gift wrapped in a nice package.
Or skipping around obstacles,
To place that responsibility on someone else's back.
Experience doesn't come to be done like that!

'I am so glad I had that experience.
No one will ever know...
What it was like to see you,
Struggle as you carried my weight.
I so appreicate you giving me that experience.
WHEW!
Let me know when you are ready for more.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Skipping Up The Road

So many today 'had' been caught up,
In the making of impressions...
With an addressing of appearances,
That being accountable and competent...
Is no longer a reason to hold someone responsible,
For displaying an absolute ignorance to dispense.
If they are likable, entertaining and 'down-to-Earth'.

However...
Addictions to nonsense do come to an end.
And more have begun to discover,
Someone has to take reality seriously soon.
Since there is nothing funny to laugh about,
What's approaching towards them...
Grinning delightfully and skipping up the road.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Skit Scat Back

Negativity behind me.
I'm gonna leave it.
I don't want to see it.
To feel or make real in my bones.

Skit scat back to retrack that,
And be gone.
Be long gone.

I've found initiative to hook and fish.
And what I want is not anonymous.
Skit scat back to retrack that,
And be gone.
Be long gone.

Negativity behind me.
I'm gonna leave it.
I don't want to see it.
To feel or make real in my bones.

Skit scat back to retrack that,
And be gone.
Be long gone.

Negativity behind me.
I'm gonna leave it.
I don't want to see it.
Skit scat back to retrack that,
And be gone.
Be long gone.
Skit scat back to retrack that,
And be gone.
Be long gone.
Skit scat back to retrack that.
Skit scat back to retrack that.
Skit scat back to retrack that,
And be gone.
Be long gone.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Skittish

Your mind reminds me of a hummingbird.
Quick to flip back and forth from any subject.
Never known to land on anything concrete.
And flighty!
Seemingly with wings unattached.

Skittish.
Easily excited...
With a potential to be volatile.
Like a grown child determined...
To go in several directions at once.

Only to blame others,
For a lack of accomplishment!
And a thief you are!
Ready to charm...
And be superficial.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Slaps On Aging Wrists

A society that initiates its own dilemmas,
And questions the mistakes it makes...
By seeking an escape from accountability.
Those they wish could be erased.
Has more than the ability to be self righteous,
On its side.

It also has a population unable to face,
The definition and meaning of maturity.
And the lack of it,
Has that society trapped in a childish mindset.
Hoping misdeeds will not receive,
No more than slaps on aging wrists!

'Your assessment is appalling! '

Tell me about it.
You have no idea how my observations,
Disgust me as well.
And...
We are all in the same boat.
Now isn't that a coincidence?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Slave To Its Dictation

Bag of crisp fish and chips!
Some have said that about him..
But he is not there to be aware...
That he 'is' these titles given.
Nonchalantly he is with this gift,
And driven.

He refers to himself,
As a slave to its dictation!
This gift of writing in picturesque verse...
Isn't one he selects to thirst,
Or rehearse to reveal to readers.

His mind is attached to divine intervention.
A gift he cherishes he seldom mentions.
Or even doubts he really could.
To make what happens in his mind...
To come up with such profound 'lines',
And make himself to a novice understood!

A skill to bring one's mind at rest.
I guess that is what he does!
If he chose that to confess.
As if that is hoarded in a nest.

He is just blessed.
And that is all there is to his obsession.
He says he is a slave to its dictation!
And I say he is chained and balled...
Like in 'all' wonderful marriages,
That has one 'whipped'...
To a satisfaction that enthralls.
He is 'just a slave' he says!
To 'its' dictation.

And I say...
He is just 'whipped'!
And loving every bit of it!

Inspiration:
Duncan Wyllie
Hilperton, United Kingdom

'I would say Duncan and I belong to a mutual admiration
society. His crafted compositions are magnificent.
Duncan and I have been submitting our 'work' here at
for at least three years. And, throughout those years, he and I have
expressed our feelings of each other's submissions, from time to time.
'Slave to Its Dictation' is inspired by Mr. Wyllie! '

I thank you, Duncan!
Best wishes...
Lawrence

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Slave To Labor

Behave
I can't
Endure
I've done
No longer can I be
A slave to labor
Over what it is
Others may see in me
So proceed I must
And shut out doubts that come
The ones that did me in
Like some
In this skin
Trusting
To live not end
Possibilities
Of a life given to me
And I will give it my best
Since I'm not afraid to sweat
Or correct what I need to do
To win
Even if I have to start
From the beginning again
With no resting periods
Between each test
And silent
Without an exclamation used
Or confess to the rest
Finding a grand time
Working on a chain gang
In one collected insane mind

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Slaves To Appearances

Slaves to appearances,
And trading faked faces.
Meant and kept for pretentions met.
Slaves to appearances,
And trading faked faces.
Meant and kept for pretentions met.

Chasing other wannabees with a need,
To find a reason and rhyme to life.
Chasing other wannabees with a need,
And unsatisfied to fly their own kites.
All devoted to be noticed.

Slaves to appearances,
And trading faked faces.
Only to be left feeling nothing meant.
Nothing that satisfies with content.
Chasing other wannabees with a need,
To find a reason and rhyme to life.
And just for the purpose to be noticed.

Slaves to appearances,
With dressed backs.
Slaves to appearances,
To mask their acts.
Slaves to appearances,
To feed those needs...
To have an emptiness felt inside pleased.
Slaves to appearances,
To feed those needs...
To have an emptiness felt inside pleased.
And all of them faking to be noticed.

Chasing other wannabees with a need,
To find a reason and rhyme to life.
Chasing other wannabees with a need,
And unsatisfied to fly their own kites.
All devoted to be noticed.

Slaves to appearances,
And wanting them sold.
Slaves to appearances,
As if they were gold.
Slaves to appearances,
Although they are old.
But no one wants to hear this told.

Slaves to appearances,
('And wanting them sold.')
Slaves to appearances,
('As if they were gold.')
Slaves to appearances,
('Although they are old.')
But no one wants to hear this told.

Slaves to appearances!
('And trading faked faces.)
Slaves to appearances!
('Too late to update.
Or change their fates...but')
Slaves to appearances!
('And trading faked faces.)
Slaves to appearances!
('Too late to update.
Or change their fates...
To have a focus on this noticed.')

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Slaves To The Rhythm

Dedicated and remaining devoted,
To one's belief with discipline...
Maybe difficult to accept,
For those mostly affected...
By social gatherings.
And those effective scenes that are set.

But the repeating of them to keep up with others,
To be just social butterflies...
Reflects in the eyes of those unimpressed,
Who seek advise from those serious about life.
But difficult it is to determine,
From those quick to party just what it is they expect...
When not an aspect of their lives seem to be invested,
In a quality of life that seeks with efforts to achieve the best.

Slaves...
To the rhythm.
And a keeping a beat.
Repeated and kept with it hard to leave.

Slaves...
To the rhythm.
And a keeping a beat.
Repeated and kept with it hard to leave.

Slaves...
To the rhythm.
And a keeping a beat.
Repeated and kept with it hard to leave.
Repeated and kept with it hard to leave.
Repeated and kept with it hard to leave.
Repeated and kept with it hard to leave.
Slaves...
To the rhythm.
And a keeping a beat.
Repeated and kept with it hard to leave.

Is this rhythm,

Hopeless.
Is this rhythm,
Hopeless.
Is this rhythm,
Hopeless.
Is this rhythm,
Hopeless.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Slay The Game

Slay the game.
Not the players.
It's the game to be played,
Needing to decay and fade away.
Slay the game.
Not the players.
Lessons taught to teach...
Have been outdated and in need,
Of change.

Baited.
Hatred.
Basted baked to taste...
Has left too many to consume.
With it wanted.
And rushing everyone to doom.
Dauntless.

Slay the game.
Basted baked to taste.
With it wanted.
Basted baked to taste.
And needing sudden change.
Basted baked to taste.
Slay the game.
Basted baked to taste.
Not the players.
Change the game.
Remove it from the table.

Baited.
Hatred.
Basted baked to taste...
Remove this from the table.
Slay the game.
Exchange it while you're able.
Slay the game.
Exchange it...
Before all minds thinking,

Unwind.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sleaze With A Dash Of Slime

Disapproval generally means
Doing that which does not approve!
Going against the grain!
And
If done often enough...
The actions draw so much attention
To disgust those into discussions
At such an alarming rate to make
Disapproving activities the center of attraction...
And the focus of curiosity!
Stirring up controversy
That eventually becomes the subject of good taste!
With just a touch of sleaze and a dash of slime!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sledgehammer

No time should anyone today take,
For horse play, hide and seek.
Or slick mind games to undermine,
Not today.
Too many will find that bandwagon,
Outdated to try to crowd in to ride.
With foolish beliefs kept to pride,
As cute fun that teases...
The ones who have awakened,
To realize their lives should be taken...
With eyes open wide and seriously.

If anyone today accepts life as child's play,
Reality is here to be no longer denied.
And that bandwagon to ride,
Packed with passengers continuing to lie...
Will discover their destiny awaits,
For them to arrive...
Knocking every piece,
Of every delusion packed to carry they keep,
Away!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sleep

Can anyone explain,
Why a full agreement has not been reached?
You have everything available.
Although many of you are now declaring,
You need more of something...
Not before thought of to sustain that level,
Of a peak to keep.
And...
Exactly,
What would 'that' be?

We here on the committee,
Desire to hear.
We are 'all' ears!
Speak.

'Sleep! '

What about it?

'You see...
None of us knew it,
To have gotten to know the importance of it.
To keep success achieved.
We need sleep.
That is all we now request.'

Unfortunately,
That is not part of the deal.
You promised to keep our needs fulfilled.
And frankly,
Few have expressed concern...
About your needing rest or getting sleep.
You promised to keep the taste of success delivered.
Well...
Do it!
Or you will certainly be accused of weakness.

'What about Thanksgiving? '

Thanks for giving.
Did you wish that expressed collectively?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sleep Agent

Okay...
I will admit it.
I have been using you.
You have been my therapist.

Here I sit,
Getting things off my chest.
And silence you give me.
As if you want to hear the rest.

And a going on of spilling of my guts I do.
And when I am through,
Not a sound from you comes.
As if you approve.

You have been my therapist.
And I have been your...
Sleep agent.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sleep At The Wheel

There are those who would like to keep,
Their lives free from contacting...
Elements of decadence.
To perceive themselves immuned.
And they can prevent aspects of them to reject.
Like deciding to accept,
Preferences for some Sunsets.
Even though one Sun rises and 'that' Sun we all get.

And there are others living upon this diversed Earth,
Believing they live to do it separately...
Freed from Earth's activities,
Somewhere high above and detached in the Universe.
With rules they wished followed and if not they will censor,
A reality of life that is real and tasted.
But if it isn't etiquette it would be deemed time wasted.

With a giving of permission to restrict those who live,
Sit those self appointed with minds limited.
To decide amongst themselves they've been chosen and divine.
Although sleep at the wheel they are most of the time.
Finding they have hit brick walls.
And using outdated and aged old explanations...
As to how they repeatedly create the presence of their downfalls.

'And...
Here we are again.
You and defeat have become familiar friends.
But tell me this,
Who are you to approve what others should or shouldn't do?
When lessons are taught for all to learn,
You seem to believe you can not learn them too.'

~But we are...~

'No different than the others.
You've been invited as an inhabitant.
Nothing more or nothing less.
But for whatever the reason...

You believe you are immuned and above passing tests.'

~But we 'follow' the scriptures.~

'Following to then live them...
Should leave you no time to also find,
You can do that AND be judgemental too.
Once again...
Who are you,
To approve what others should or shouldn't do?
Name 'one' living thing on this Earth you have created! '

~Uh...
Diseases?
And of all kinds.
Does that qualify? ~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sleeping Like Napping Cats

We guzzle up quick those sporting events.
With a rushing done to ease our minds,
From serious thinking to keep common sense...
Prioritized as we survive.
Or...
Something done today as a joke to be made.
And if one laughs too loudly...
Of course we assume that one to be crazed.

We spend more time to be entertained.
Believing the thought process,
Should be left on the shoulders...
Of those we elect to do that best.
Hoping their main concern,
Is to preserve and protect 'our' interests kept.

We are convinced our freedoms are under attack.
But depending on the time of the year and the season,
We wish for the holidays to bring them back.
And when no attention is paid to our daily acts,
We accuse those in politics to be distracted.
Lacking in skills and sleeping like napping cats.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sleepless Tears

Unburden your load.

You can not show,
How you feel.
With depth and meaning.
You've got to scheme.

Those scenes scream for longing,
For you to join...
The inside of your heart,
You've blocked and locked!
And have departed.

Unburden your load.

You can not show,
Something real.
And I want that shown.
Let us togerther,
Begin to heal!

I don't want envy,
Between us here so near.
Not if my needs for you keep,
Reappearing.

And that need clearly,
Invites my sleepless tears.

Unburden your load.

You can not show,
How you feel.
With depth and meaning.
You've got to scheme.

Those scenes scream for longing.
Just to show how strong,
We were.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sleeplessness And Peaceless

Not enough of them can resign.
They have design segregation...
That undermined these troubled times.
And if they leave feeling pleased of their efforts...
Their shallowness and crimes,
Will come to haunt them.
And this
Days ahead...
Can not be avoided,
In their sleeplessness and peaceless beds!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sleepwalking Through Reality

Many are protesting a return 'back' to a dream.
And they are the very same ones,
Who have been sleepwalking through reality.
To awaken from a state of self imposed hypnotism...
Unable to deal with a thoughtlessness they have allowed.
And implemented consciously while feeding on delusions.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Slice Of Life

Taste this.
'What is it? '
A slice of life.

'No.
That's okay.
I'll pass.'

Without tasting,
At least 'some' of it?

'I am watching my diet.
And anymore of it,
Just might produce gas.'

Well...
Who knows.
Maybe this slice of life,
Will help stir up something in you...
That will make us both laugh.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sliced And Served À La Mode

Are there secrets leaked when weeping?
'Something' starts those tears to fall.
If this relief allows one to easily breathe...
Then let it be done,
If this should bring comfort to some.

Can accusations stir up sensations,
When those conservative...
Land on mavericks like fleas?
And those who are liberal,
Take the blame for being too cerebral...
Explaining what is wrong,
In explanations boring and far too long!
Leaving those crying...
And ready to explode,
For a wish of simplicity...
Peacefully sliced and served à la mode!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sliced Bread

Sliced bread...
Whole wheat and toasted.
Buttered with jam,
And munched.
Either with tea, punch...
Or just plain water for lunch!

Sliced bread...
With cheddar cheese and tomato.
Add Romaine lettuce,
Topped with fried strips of bacon.
This too will certainly do.

Sliced bread...
Oatmeal raisin,
Oven baked and fed.

Sliced bread...
Crumbed to stuff a turkey.
And seasoned to gobble...
With an aftertaste on the tongue,
Deliciously nutmeged!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sliced To Feel The Cut

Threaded through a needle.
With no wish to close a hole.
Has blindsided squinting eyes,
Unexpecting a step upon a toe.

Motives to get over,
A held emotion no one knows...
Can't always be denied,
What shows to be exposed.

Sliced to feel the cut,
Deep to someone's gut.
Will not prevent the bleeding,
Of a pain that hurts so much.

Sliced to feel the cut,
Deep enough into one's gut...
Leaves a scarring too real it's revealed,
When one is picked purposely...
To be needled then ripped to bits by it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Slick Crooks And Pampered Thieves

Hey...
You are not the lone ranger.
Being bamboozled and hoodwinked,
Has become as passé...
As long as concepts of dishonesty,
Has been effectively in place.
Today...
It is an honor to be discovered,
As one who deceives.
Those folks end up to write books.
Bestsellers turned into blockbuster movies.

Con artists now teach others,
How to wholesomely steal.
And how to perfect an innocent look...
To gain an empathy that is felt.
And maintain a life for them that's real.

So do not believe,
These people are without integrity.
It is just not the kind,
You wish to see publicly observed.
Those standards you keep,
Are more delusional today.
Folks have been trained to be slick crooks,
And pampered thieves.
And in this society...
There is no other way!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Slick Sickening Shtick

Don't talk to me about your concepts of God.
Or part time faith,
You rarely use.
How can you say what it is you believe in...
When you have many issues,
Packed on your back with baggage too!

Don't praise His name and raise your concerns.
What from your prayers have you really learned?
And it's not luck that comes to those who are blessed.
God is working in their lives.
While you...
With your weak beliefs,
Think God only listens
When you recite from biblical text!

Don't talk to me about your concepts of God.
Or quote from scriptures memorized to spew!
The depths of your understanding,
Is not deep at all!
If that is quite obvious to me...
What do you think God does,
When He hears from you?
With your shallow insights,
Brewed and simming in materialistic calls!
Moaning about something you can't undo!

As if God delivers from a shopping mall!
There to accept returns of purchases,
You don't like!
And 'may' have worn!
To some social function,
Adorned the night before right up until dawn!

You can 'try' to manipulate me!
But everything done,
God knows what it is we do!
And foolish you are...
To think of God as a tool,

To use and abuse!
These lessons are learned.
Apparently not by you!

One day you will open your eyes and see...
Nothing God has made was done accidently.
Do you know the meaning of blasphemy?
I suggest you absorb the meaning quick.
Since God is getting tired of your nonsense!
And all of your slick sickening shtick!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Slick Tricks

I learned very early in my life,
To be suspicious of anyone offering sweets.
And to examine them closely.
Especially their sleeves.
To ensure slick tricks would not slip from them,
When it is easy to do this...
Since many are quick to prepare,
Their visions to be coated with anything to fantasize...
At the beginning of the holiday season.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Slick Tricksters

Believing themselves to be equipped,
With a kind of wit that makes them slick...
They appear from nowhere,
Out from the woodwork...
To show their aging routines.

As if slick tricksters...
Assuming as they once did,
The ones they wish to 'do'...
Have no clue what they are up to!

And their immaturity they believe,
Is not in full view.
To once again...
Undermine and defame,
One's character to put to shame.

And these 'kids' masquerading as adults,
Are all over the place.
Be careful.
Or you just might find yourself,
Tripping over their toys.
Placed to trap to entertain their laughter.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Slime Crawlers

Obsessed with correctness,
And images sublime to define themselves.
Yet their quality of life is beset by decadence.
Although they would prefer to be discreet...
Any secrets revealed are quickly thrown to the streets.
And received well by the gossipers!
Embellishing what they hear...
As if given sweetened treats.

'Ssshhh...
Come here.
You will not believe what I heard...'

While those obsessed with correctness...
Are known to deliver their pretensions,
Complete with a squeaky clean image...
And intellectually delivered speech.

Some are teachers.
Politicians.
Lawyers, doctors, preachers...
Close family members, acquaintances
Associates and close friends.

But often those obsessed with correctness...
Are the first to beg forgiveness,
From hidden sins they've enjoyed...
Once they have been detected!
However...
Not voluntarily professed,
Of course!

These slime crawlers,
Prefer to masquerade their temptations.
Afraid to expose their attraction for gutters...
And low life visited,
With agendas that are uniquely scheduled.
When not tampered or caught off guard.

Eventually to reform with authored books...
Explanations, talk show appearances.
And God's mercy for years spent,
In selfish deception.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Slip Knot

No longer bonded to me you show.
Slip knot from your finger,
Is that band of gold.

More I am told,
You sneak behind my back.
To leave wondering with whom your are with,
And where you are at.

I sleep in empty reaches.
I pace cold floors in bare feet.
Through closed blinds I hope to see you.
But you are not there.
With another your nakedness,
Sweats in heat.

No longer bonded to me you show.
Slip knot from your finger,
Is that band of gold.

I hold it clutched!
Trying to understand...
Why I bother to care.
Why do I want you still wearing it?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Slipping Away From Existence

With their values on the decline,
And their influence no longer hyped to fantasize...
There are those still holding onto addicting myths,
To use to stimulate the oldest of stale tactics...
With the hopes aging and fading standards,
Slipping away from existence...
Can be resuscitated if reminiscing them is wished,
By those who claimed their ancestors...
Roamed shores they alone discovered,
To teach natives how best to domesticate dinosaurs...
As helpful kept pets to enable a better way to plant corn.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Slipping Away To Fade

Stripped quick from being significant.
A relevance is slipping away.
Upgraded is the consciousness.
And the importance of it has come to stay.

It is difficult to suppress,
Truth when truth is sought and confessed.
And pointless it is to try to hide it too...
When beliefs once known have shown new roots.
With a growing that leaves clear and fresh air to breathe.

Stripped quick from being significant.
A relevance is slipping away.
Upgraded is the consciousness.
And the importance of it has come to stay.

And we have been chosen to witness it.
And we who have come to benefit from this,
Will rise like flowers reaching up from concrete.
Becoming part of that which yesterday was not possible.
Not when solutions were ignored to correct,
Cracks appearing on city streets.

With powers unlimited and abilities unrestricted...
By useless conflicts inflicted to deceive.
With minds now uplifted no longer accepting this,
As part of life and the experience of it.

Stripped quick from being significant.
A relevance to stick,
Is slipping away.
Slipping away to fade.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Slipping Under The Radar

What he has managed to achieve and accomplish,
To us has made no sense.

'Why doesn't it? '

From what we have heard about him,
And from reliable sources too...
All he has ever done was waste valuable time.
As well as his gifts and talents he has not used.

'Well...
It is obvious to me,
He knew more about himself...
Than the others believed.'

But how could he manage to achieve and accomplish,
With a slipping under the radar to go undetected...
As he has successfully done?
With a collecting of his own set of fools.

'Perhaps he was not concentrating on the rumors.
And feeding them to everyone to entrap for fun.
Knowing that the doing of this...
Would one day have him shining in the Sun.'

He has not played fair,
In the eyes of those who chose to belittle him.
Proclaiming he was delusional.
Amounting to nothing with a going nowhere.

'He did not play fair?
I think he played it just right.
Whose mouths have been silenced?
And whose lips have been closed tight? '

So...
What should 'we' do about the rumors?

'WE?

Don't get 'me' involved in this.
He didn't make me look like a fool.
I verify 'all' of the gossip I hear.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Slop They Dropped

Move from a tainting of a game maintained,
To have people painted to sustain a gain.
With a mopping up slop that's enjoyed alot.
But the cleaning of it up,
Will be theirs nonstop.

To mop up slop that's enjoyed alot.
But the cleaning of it up,
Will be theirs nonstop.

Move from a tainting of a game maintained,
To have people painted to sustain a gain.
With a mopping up slop that's enjoyed alot.
But the cleaning of it up,
Will be theirs nonstop.

Sticky fingerprints all over the place.
With a hoping that in time they will be erased.
And unhappiness appearing on faces now chased.
Those who mopped up slop they enjoyed alot.
But the cleaning of it up,
Is now theirs nonstop.

Those who mopped up slop they enjoyed alot.
But the cleaning of it up,
Is now theirs nonstop.

Those who mopped up slop they enjoyed alot.
But the cleaning of it up,
Is now theirs nonstop.

Sticky fingerprints all over the place.
With a hoping that in time they will be erased.
But the cleaning of it up,
Is now theirs nonstop.

It's too late to move from a tainting game,
To have people painted to sustain a gain.
'Cause the cleaning of it up,

Is now theirs nonstop.

It's too late to move from a tainting game
To have people painted to sustain a gain.
'Cause the cleaning of it up,
Is now theirs nonstop.

Tainting people's names to sustain a gain,
Has other people mopping up the slop they dropped.
Tainting people's names to sustain a gain,
Has other people mopping up the slop they dropped.
Tainting people's names to sustain a gain,
Has other people mopping up the slop they dropped.
Other people now mopping up a slop.
Slop they dropped.
Slop they dropped.

Sticky fingerprints all over the place.
Slop they dropped.
Slop they dropped.
But there's no hope in time they will be erased.
Slop they dropped.
Slop they dropped.
Sticky fingerprints all over the place.
Slop they dropped.
Slop they dropped.
But there's no hope in time they will be erased.
Slop they dropped.
Slop they dropped.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sloppy To Mock And Copy

Keeping it real and smooth is tough.
And easier said than done.
To keep it real is not enough...
For the ones who make decisions,
What for them is real...
And quick to know for them what isn't!

Keeping it real and smooth is tough.
And easier said than done.
To keep it real is not enough...
For those with noses who take notice,
What is real for them to know.

Sloppy to mock and copy,
Are those people clueless of an order.
Sloppy to mock and copy,
Are those people mindless of the rules.
Sloppy to mock and copy,
Are those people who are quick to steal...
Anything they can lift to think,
Gets attention and appeals.

Sloppy to mock and copy,
Are those people feeling nothing real.
Sloppy to mock and copy,
Are those absent of ethics.
And...
Done they do to mock and copy,
Done to do and to convince.

Keeping it real and smooth is tough.
And easier said than done.
To keep it real is not enough...
For those with noses who take notice,
What is real for them to know.

Sloppy to mock and copy,
Are those people feeling nothing real.
Sloppy to mock and copy,

Are those absent of ethics.
And...
Done they do to mock and copy,
Done to do and to convince.

Sloppy to mock and copy,
Are those people clueless of an order.
Sloppy to mock and copy,
Are those people mindless of the rules.
Sloppy to mock and copy,
Are those people who are quick to steal...
Anything they can lift to think,
Gets attention and appeals.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Slot Me Not To Peg In Fields

Slot me not,
To peg in fields...
Appeasing to your comfort,
With a zest to raise your zeal

Not me.
If I want to sneeze out loud!
I'll do it,
When that happens...
In a crowd.

I live not to be so addressed.
Within your limits.
To bring a sweetened peace to your nest.

Not me.
If I want to sneeze out loud!
I'll do it,
When that happens...
In a crowd.

Living with a meaning,
To have others pleased,
Makes that for me a nightmare...
Screamed out from my dreams.

Not me.
If I want to sneeze out loud!
I'll do it,
When that happens...
In a crowd.

You may wish,
To high profile.
Quick to grin...
Or give wide smiles.

But I...
Am not one to do charades.

Or sit pretending,
I'm living to be Grade A.

Not me.
If I want to sneeze out loud!
I'll do it,
When that happens...
In a crowd.

Slot me not,
To peg in fields...
Appeasing to your comfort,
With a zest to raise your zeal.

No not me.
If I want to sneeze out loud!
I'll do it,
When that happens...
In a crowd.

I've earned to do what I please.
And...
If I want to sneeze out loud!
I'll do it,
When that happens...
In a crowd.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Slow Folks

Slow folks...
Seem to stir up all the troubles.
And they poke up...
To mope around hope.

The slow folks...
Would like to borrow buttered biscuits,
And then lick 'em...
Like their crackin' on dope!
Those slow folks...
Can getchu outta line!
Those slow folks...
I've seen that all the time!
Those slow folks...
Will get quick in your face.
But you gotta say,
Hell no!
I'm not that joke you want provoked.

Slow folks...
Seem to stir up all the troubles.
And they poke up...
To mope around hope.
Oh,
Slow folks...
Seem to stir up all the troubles.
And they poke up...
To mope around hope.
The slow folks...
Would like to borrow buttered biscuits,
And then lick 'em...
Like their crackin' on dope!
Those slow folks...
Will get quick in your face.
But you gotta say,
Hell no!
I'm not that joke you want provoked.

By those slow folks...

A butt end of a joke.
By those slow folks.
Provoked or demoted,
By those slow folks.
Or turn into a joke!
By those slow folks.

They can getchu outta line!
Those slow folks...
I've seen that all the time!
Those slow folks...
Will get quick in your face.
But you gotta say,
Hell no!
I'm not that joke you want provoked.

Those slow folks...
Seem to stir up all the troubles.
And they poke up...
To mope around hope.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Slow To Self Detect

They are doing their best to see him defeated.
He does not represent,
Their interests with intention seen that's meant.
Nor has he given them any attention sent.

And with the lack of his wisdom,
As their guide...
They will witness their own demise,
To no one's surprise.
Those who can separate the ignorant from the wise.

Since in their eyes they find themselves,
Uncontested and bitterly incensed.
Although their madness has been slow to self detect.
A consciousness absent...
Of a common sense witnessed that is in effect.
With an incompetence effective as incompetence can get,
And stirred by a rowdy madcowed crowd.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Slower Doses

On the surface it would appear,
Useless studies...
Pitting the blacks against whites,
And other 'minorities'
Would continue to delight,
With excitement...
Those who enjoy comparisons
Between a pampered Poodle,
And an abandoned German Shepard.
It makes no sense...
On the surface of 'things' manmade!

Where is the logic?
Other than to feed one's mental insecurities!
Graphs and charts depicting disparities,
Seem to be a tradition
To monitor the the ambitions,
And success of implanted ignorance!
But purposes on the surface,
Of 'things' manmade...
Are not revealed.
Intentions are concealed!

However...
This activity does show an advancement of sorts!
It continues to spread light
On all uses of effective weapons,
In place
That bring progressive societies
To complete ruin!
And ultimate disgrace.
It makes no sense...
On the surface of 'things' manmade!

Unless a cause and reason...
To implement genocide,
With documentation
As a means to maintain stolen lifestyles
Are maintained...

For those who prefer their own devastation,
In slower doses!
To ensure the rise of insanity is not mistaken!
Results of that achievement,
Has already been observed!
It makes no sense...
On surface of 'things' manmade!

Forget they do
'Where' the true power of all existence...
As we know it,
Originates!
From dimensions unseen!
Contemplating.
And 'Its' ultimate weapon has yet to be felt,
But comes!
To 'snap' some out of their illusion of 'greatness'
As to 'what' controls...
And 'who' survives,
From such mindless deeds of the greedy
Who see themselves as conquerers!
On the surface of 'things' manmade!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Smacked

Kept pocketed and it's deep,
Those feelings so hard to reach.
And then with no warning shown...
They're seen unbelievebly,
To rattle as if in battle...
To match!
And...
Smacked like a cat attacking,
With claws at the end of paws.
And scratching right back,
Ouch!
And smacked with the claws out.

Smacked like a cat attacking,
With claws at the end of paws.
And scratching right back,
Ouch!
And smacked with the claws out.

Kept pocketed and it's deep,
Those feelings so hard to reach.
And then with no warning shown...
They're seen unbelievebly,
To rattle!
And...
Smacked like a cat attacking,
With claws at the end of paws.
And scratching right back,
Ouch!
And smacked with the claws out.

Finding...
No time to rhyme,
When...
Smacked like a cat attacking,
With claws at the end of paws.
And scratching right back,
Ouch!
And smacked with the claws out.

Finding...
No time to rhyme,
When...
Smacked like a cat attacking,
With claws at the end of paws.
And scratching right back,
Ouch!
And smacked with the claws out.

Kept pocketed and it's deep,
Those feelings so hard to reach.
And finding,
No time...
To rhyme,
When...
Smacked like a cat attacking,
With claws at the end of paws.
And scratching right back,
Ouch!
And smacked with the claws out.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Smacked And Slapped Against The Wall

Smacked and slapped against the wall,
Is not magnifique.
Although some may just enjoy...
This touch of quick awakening.

Smacked with a slap against the wall,
May help some snap senses back.
But not for all...
Who may be appalled,
By such treatment.

Smacked and slapped against the wall...
ooo
Some may need it!

Smacked with a slap against the wall...
ooo
Without the need,
For smelling salts.
Is cost effective!

Smacked with a slap against the wall...
ooo
Is cost effective!
Smacked and slapped against the wall...
ooo
Without the need,
For smelling salts.
Awakens!
And...
Relieves.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Small Steps

The effects of small steps taken,
Succeeds as if one had jumped with leaps.
Especially when compared with some,
With a doing done to sit and wish...
For their paths to be cleared,
From anything that might prevent...
Their hopes and dreams of living a life,
Without opposition or obstacles to face.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Small Urban Towns

In small urban towns,
Where people exist...
To be in the business of others,
Not too much concrete is done...
To cement the foundations,
With an interest on the future...
That prepares the young ones.

In small urban towns,
People talk about being 'back home'.
People talk about how things use to be,
Before they came to arrive somewhere else...
Not to get involved themselves to assist or condone.
But to critique what others do as is shown and known,
As if in the doing their assessments should be approved.

In small urban towns,
Where gossiping is loved and done day and night...
Many have appetites for not keeping it 'real',
Since those who are 'real' offend and don't appeal.
And they are the ones who have experienced truth.
Something those deluded refuse themselves to do.

And in small urban towns,
People expect to get entitlements.
With a unified effort to keep 'down home' in their midst.
Conflicts arise and differences are not respected.
A lack of discipline is obvious.
And kept identities to dignify have long gone neglected.

Yet in small towns,
There is a charm many do not seem to see.
Too many divisions are subdivided and permanently.
There are those from the islands and those from overseas.
There are those from both coasts, North and South...
With a wish these small towns can be,
Like it was when their ancestors came to feed and feast.
But in their minds those living in small towns,
Can not leave behind their hypocrisies...

To establish a future for their children who have visions,
On cities and people not caught up on petty deeds.

In small urban towns,
Where people exist...
To be in the business of others,
Not too much concrete is done...
To cement the foundations,
With an interest on the future...
That prepares the young ones.
And these small urban towns are left behind,
By those who have wider visions in their minds...
To live and be and exist as they wish,
During these speeding and changing times...
For them with diverse lifestyles small urban towns,
Will never to them provide this benefit.

'We are losing our youth.'

~Perhaps if you rid those 'mules' they will come back.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Smart And/Or Lucky

There is a style that emerges,
When one applies a skill.
When one devotes both time and loyalty...
With determination that motivates a will.

A drive that is given.
And takes this as a craft.
To those who view this as sacrificial...
Could never be disciplined,
To tasks requiring a focus that lasts.
Or taking it upon themselves,
To 'do' and not ask!

To love what one does,
May not be easy because one loves it.
It might be the challenge,
One faces to embrace.
To enhance a curiosity,
In one's mind that takes place.

And some have a way,
To overcome their own obstacles.
While others try to pretend they don't exist.
With excuses that are fixed,
In exaggerated wishes.
To say what it is they dream to do.
But the doing of the deed that should please,
Never finds time in their minds to get done.

And these are the same ones,
Who are quick to say...
Someone is either smart and /or lucky.
And imply no work has been involved or applied!
Or that one has been gifted with talents.
Subtracting to mention...
Those 'talents' are honed,
By many sleepless nights...
With some tears sometimes to cry!
To deliver what is loved,

Into an undelusioned reality.

To prove to 'self' what can be accomplished.
With motivated determination self inflicted.
Without a magic wand involved.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Smart. But Not Wise

The people who have found an interest,
In the pursuit of that which is loved AND liked...
Are thought to possess an intelligence kept.
And labelled to be smarter than the rest.
The rest who express no particular focus...
On anything they find of interest.

Disadvantaged they have managed to convince themselves.
And for years have manipulated,
The ears of those who listen at this process to get attention.
Clever in the doing in performing this task...
That leaves no one listening to wonder or ask,
Why are others they accuse of being so smart...
Seldom the ones heard making alibis or creating excuses,
Made as they protest against a detected success...
Time invested and sacrifice often delivers to the one who gets,
In return for that devotion of interest they have kept.

Smart. But not wise are those who manipulate,
To disguise their insecurities for a sympathy solicited...
From those unsuspecting they've been fooled, duped and trick!

Smart. But not wise,
Are those who try to disguise their hidden insecurities.
To then attempt to compare initiative and discipline given,
With an intelligence that is 'smart'...
Instead of an intelligence that applies sweat equity from the start.
Those who do this may be clever, manipulative...
And 'smart' in the doing.
But proving they have spent time experiencing life,
In the pursuit of obtaining wisdom?
No time given to allow this doing done for them has no interest.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Smeared With Mud And Smelling Of Fried Chicken

No one clearly appearing from out of the 'blue'...
Smeared with mud and smelling of fried chicken,
Can proclaim an innocence,
Of not being involved in a brawl...
At a backyard bar-b-cue.
To then wish to validate their innocence by saying...
They just arrived from a trip they took to remoted islands.
And they have come to report a case of stolen luggage.
Something in this explanation sounds a bit fishy.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Smearing

Reporting distortion,
And smearing one's name.
To gain and claim a personal fame...
Does not undo the shame of it.
Nor correct the affects that exists.

Arguments between classes,
To produce an opinion from the masses...
Is a fact of life,
For those who cling onto deceit and spite.

And delivers to the innocent,
Actions done without defense.
Whether edited to correct or not...
A suffering is experienced,
At one's expense to be expected not to stop.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Smearing Done Condoned

People finding they can't keep up.
Or have voices that will not speak up.
Spending sad lives fast asleep,
To awaken in groans alone.

People stealing sneaky peeks,
From window sills in cushioned seats.
And can't believe these times they see...
Trouble coming near their homes.

They wont accept,
But must condone...
Although they wish to reject,
What's going on.
And block out,
What they choose to hear...
If it's not the smearing of people.

Many love it and they wont give it up,
The smearing done of people.
Many love it and they wont give it up,
The smearing done condoned!

People stealing sneaky peeks,
From window sills in cushioned seats.
And can't believe these times they see...
Trouble coming near their homes.

But,
Many love it and they wont give it up,
The smearing done of people.
Many love it and they wont give it up,
The smearing done condoned!

They love it!

Many love it and they wont give it up,
The smearing done of people.
Many love it and they wont give it up,

The smearing done condoned!

They wont accept,
But must condone...
Although they wish to reject,
What's going on.
And block out,
What they choose to hear...
If it's not the smearing of people.

They love it!
They love it!

Many love it and they wont give it up,
The smearing done of people.
Many love it and they wont give it up,
The smearing done condoned!

Many love it and they wont give it up,
The smearing done of people.
Many love it and they wont give it up,
The smearing done condoned!

They love it,
Many love it and eat it up.
They love it,
Many love it and eat it up.
They love it,
Many love it and eat it up.
The smearing done of people!
The smearing done condoned.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Smelling For Decades

Don't you find it ironic,
That those who laughed...
At the efforts made by others,
Are today those very same people...
Who have flushed themselves down toilets.
And now complain and place the blame,
On the ones cleaning up the mess...
Those who laughed but now in tears,
Have created.

'I don't find that to be ironic.
I find that to be a wish! '

A wish?

'Yes.
Think about it.
If the only thing you knew and was taught,
Is to flush yourself down the toilet...
Wouldn't you be suspicious,
Of someone committed as if devoted...
To a cleaning up behind you?
And with a doing done to ignore your laughter?
Looking at it from their perspective...
I would think those choosing to do that as fools too! '

I hadn't thought of it like that!

'You should.
This atmosphere has been smelling for decades.
And those accustomed to it...
Well,
That stench is all they have known.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Smelling Salts

Why do the people with the least intelligence,
Get the most attention?
This is a trick question,
Isn't it?
Are you filming a 'Reality Show'?
Where are the cameras?

'There are not cameras,
I am serious.
Why do you think,
Those of intelligence are the least admired?
And they may be highly qualified too.
But they seem the last to be hired.'

Well...
Let's agree on this.
Look around you.
How much of what 'you' observe,
Is a result of displaying collective competence?

'Can you be more specific? '

I'll try.
But I don't want to blow my cover.
Being considered a fool has gotten me by.
However...
I will offer this as an hypothesis.

'Sure, go ahead.'

If you were in business,
Of selling a commodity or a message.
And you were doing that,
For the purposes of earning money?
Would you just choose to sell to those of intelligence?
Or...
Would you care less who had the money?
As long as your needs were met and addressed?

'But that would not lead to a fair assessment.'

A 'fair' what?
ASSESSMENT?
Here.
Take this. It's free.
And on me.
However...
If for any reason you decide you would like to franchise?
I'll have to charge you a franchise fee.

'What is this? '

Smelling salts!
And trust me...
You have just proven there is a fortune to be made,
In the selling of it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Smile Fixed

The one to fear...
Is not that one who speaks.
The one with a smile fixed.
As if practiced.
And quick to bare teeth,
Is the one deceitful.
And the one well rehearsed,
To regurgitate accepted etiquette.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Smile Killers

Some folks stay miserable.
They could turn their efforts,
Into a viable industry.

They are in a vortex that sucks,
Any happiness around that thrives.
Nothing is ever right with them.
Try extending good wishes...
And you'll be seeking quickly,
A place to hide.
Or a churning of the stomach is felt inside.

And they seem to be everywhere,
These smile killers.
Preying on one's joy.
And proud they are to be gifted to do it!

And don't befriend them,
Don't you dare.
As soon as they are spotted...
Be aware.
They will greet you with a negative comment.
Immediately felt polluting the atmosphere.
As if they are on a mission.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Smile Like The Others

What IS going on?
Has everyone become insane?

'Sssshhh.
Keep your voice down.
Let's pretend,
That we are not aware...
Of the people running around butt naked,
Chasing each other and shooting guns.
Once we are inside...
I'm sure everything will be fine.
Just don't make eye contact,
With the police looking at 'us' suspiciously.
After all...
Remember, we are visitors here,
And not residents of this community.
Smile like the others are doing.
We don't want to offend anyone.'

I must admit...
Being 'frisked' before going inside,
To attend a church service...
I've never experienced before?

'Like I said...
Smile like the others are doing.
We don't want to offend anyone.
And besides,
We are visitors here,
And not residents of this community.
Some Christians approach the living of their lives,
Much differently from others.
We are here to pray and mingle and pretend to be saved.'

From what?
Reality?

'Sssshhhh!
We are only going to spend one hour with them.

Is one hour spent with others deluded too much to ask? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Smile When It Rains

My mama was the first to teach me...
I can always be a better man.
And doing that at my own expense.
Never to forget...
God made me to wear the pants!

And 'if' I decided in my life,
To experience any aspect of change...
Challenging my brain.
Nothing conscious that I did,
Should to me be excusable.

If I was not prepared to stand tall...
Upfront and honest.
No explanations could I give.
And leave accusations alone.

'Always be a better man, my son!
Through clouds and thunder.
Be responsible and accountable.
No matter what the pressure you are under.
Even in your crawling with eyes glazed...
Be good at it!
And smile when it rains! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Smile, Fake And Get Paid

Hey...
When you are in a state of denial,
And most of the people supporting you...
Have endorsed your position,
With cheers heard too?
And wish you continued success?
Why not fight for the cause,
Of expanded ridiculousness?

When it is known one represents constituents...
Too juiced with self importance.
And they have shown undenying faithfulness.
Why admit that a ship sinks?
Just pass around designer sponges during brunch.
Smile, fake and get paid.
You'll have time to remove a mask.
And in this environment with climate fixed,
No one will ask of you to remove it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Smitten

I have seen you,
In your best of days.
And I have seen you also display,
Very couthless and ruthless ways.
But on 'those' days,
When I know you are totally crazed...
I stay amazed!
I can't help it. I do.
Your beauty still radiates,
Even when both of your eyebrows raise.
Arched as if they are mountain peaks.
And lava is heating to explode from them.
With fangs beginning from your mouth,
Drooling to expose them.

I am there for you, my love.
Smitten.
Aware and prepared with eyes glazed over,
For anything and whatever it is you do.

I have seen you,
In your best of days.
And I have seen you also display,
Very couthless and ruthless ways.
But on 'those' days,
When I know you are totally crazed...
I stay amazed!
I can't help it.
Your beauty remains remarkably unblemished.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Smittenisticness

That sugar coating you behold,
Shows an eroding corrosion.
Slipping quick.
And your snapping back attacks,
Doesn't save the allure of it!

Some lips that slip...
Lose a 'smittenisticness',
And should be bitten.
To keep some things happily hidden,
Where they sit.
Quietly...
Without falling,
From a demure position...
One captivated prefers to keep lifted.
Or something that does to make that stud buzz!

Note:
Smittenisticness: One who has the ability to attract
and keep another in an enchanted hold. Similar to 'puppy love'.
i.e. 'She had a certain smittenisticness that kept him under her spell.
And he became awe-struck and overwhelmed by it.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Smogged

I'm glad I no longer feel obligated,
To defend ignorance.
Or uphold honor for someone,
Disgraced by their own abilities to deceive.
I'm glad I've been relieved of those duties.
But somehow I am still imprisoned...
By the affects of the implementation,
That appears to have smogged the horizon.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Smogged By Your Fog

He became...
Affected!
You know the kind?
The ones who get a little money,
Then completely lose their minds.
The ones born in Hartford or Brooklyn
Or Boston, Mass.
Suddenly they speak with British accents,
With attitudes to pass.
They may get good jobs with titles.
To push paper behind cherry wood desks...
In San Francisco or Seattle.
And when the day comes when they lose it all,
They are the first to say to an old acquaintance...
I have not heard from you,
Why didn't you give me a call?
A good response would be,
To those becoming 'soberized'
With their bouts from 'nobility' could be...
'I was smogged by your fog!
And your golden gate was too high for me to climb!
But I am doing quite fine.
I have been in my right mind all this time! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Smoke Screened

No one chokes anymore,
From being smoke screened.
It has become an expectation,
Accepted.
And a life that has become,
Overrun by those incompetent.
But chosen to sit in positions,
To undermine and demean.
With a purpose to manifest,
An agenda that promises...
A controlling over,
All left unconscious.
With an effective deception,
Many will accept.
As a vision that protects,
An autonomy ruled...
By a few elitists,
Using their best tools...
To trick and fool,
The blinded unable to see.
Or believe,
How low some will stoop...
To continue serving,
Their own greed to feed upon...
Kept to do selfishly.
Regardless of the depths,
Of their obvious evil misdeeds.

'What you do is wrong.
Evil.
And threatens to end humanity.'

-Some of us selected.
And picked to listen...
With a faked concern.
Are confused by your comments.
Tell us...
Which were statements?
And which one,

Should we consider...
To have been questions? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Smoked Screened Personas

Pitiful.
Most of them have lost their way.
Within smoked screened personas.

All of them are given nicknames.
Branded upon them...
From their earliest birth days!
And the ones that are given,
Don't offend them at all.
Until they realize...
'Poo Poo' and 'Mookie'
Aren't what they wish to be called!

Their minds haven't graduated,
From elementary school!
Most of them stalled on urban street corners...
Perfecting the fools they were!
And to drool together in clique pools.

Dysfunctions intented and excused by ignorance.
And quite an appetizer too...
For the local newspapers, TV shows,
And other marketing nonsense!

And this is exposed to inspire the young?
To remain detached,
And to keep statistics of this numbing 'some'?

'Yo, mama...
Wassup? '

~Young man,
You will not address me that way!
Not in this 3rd grade class.
Now take your feet off the desk!
And sit up straight fast! ~

'Go f-k yo'self! B-t-h! '

We've taught them how to fill in these blanks...
On their own!
Haven't we?
Pitiful!
And now far to 'priceless'
To correct!
This dismissed 'cuteness'!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Smoked Screens

A gamble projected to succeed,
Has failed miserably.
And it seems as though,
Those wishing to influence...
With more excessive tricks,
Are continuing to make false appearances...
From behind smoked screens.

As if to float on majestic clouds...
With no one aware of their slickness.
And no, they are not convincing enough,
Since...
Too many are awakening from all delusions.

And the acknowledgement of it,
For those snapping out from under a spell...
That had left them unconscious,
Can no longer avoid the attempts made...
To leave them permanently hypnotized.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Smooth Of Any Lumps

You want it in the middle too deep.
And,
Leave the beginning left weakened.
To end in surprise with stretched wide eyes,
Those caught off guard by 'your' strategy.
Hoping we are left to be the winners believed.

But you and I need to first agree,
We are united in a unity.
With a movement smooth of any lumps.
And what we do together,
Will not find our shoulders humped over...
With a stumping done that has us crunched.

Remember...
A good pie crust is never rushed in the making.
The whipping of eggs with the butter mixed...
Then adding flour with baking powdered to it.
And a dash of salt to top it off,
Should leave the crust perfect and flaky enough.

A good pie crust is never rushed in the making.
The whipping of eggs with the butter mixed...
Then adding flour with baking powdered to it.

You want it in the middle too deep.
And,
Leave the beginning left weakened.
To end in surprise with stretched wide eyes,
Those caught off guard by 'your' strategy.
Hoping we are left to be the winners believed.

But you and I need to first agree,
We are united in a unity.
With a movement smooth of any lumps.
And what we do together,
Will not find our shoulders humped over...
With a stumping done that has us crunched.

Remember...
A good pie crust is never rushed in the making.
The whipping of eggs with the butter mixed...
Then adding flour with baking powdered to it.
And a dash of salt to top it off.
Should leave the crust perfect and flaky enough.

'Listen...
We are in the trenches drenched with rain.
That analogy,
Somehow isn't working for me.
Why are you 'always' thinking of your stomach? '

Ssshhh...
I swear I can hear the peeling of sweet potatoes.

'Yes...
I agree we are in need for someone to respond,
To our request to be relieved from our bivouac.
A few days away to celebrate the holiday would be nice.'

That's what I've been saying all this time.
I'd rather give my thanks in person.

'Me too! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Smooth Surfaces

Smooth surfaces do not begin,
With them paved to be laid that way.
And those unaccustomed,
To adventure with a making of their own path...
Through obstacles and stumbling blocks,
To remove before allowing themselves safe passage...
Are those who choose to complain a lot,
About the time it takes to correct mistakes...
As others sweat and toil to accept,
Comments made by naysayers...
Contributing nothing but excuses heard to make,
While convincing themselves they supervise too.
Taking notes to critique a completed and smooth surface.
To then seek a rating that justifies the work,
Done by the doer who provides the opportunity.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Smooze Appeal

You do something quite well,
I have yet to accomplish!

You seem to convince others of efforts made.
And compare yours to mine,
Without evidence.

And I am always asked,
What will I produce next.
Without any response given,
To the freshness of what appears.

It is clear your popularity,
Is based upon smooze appeal.
And my 'doing' doesn't ooze that!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Smother Me With Love

Smother me with...
Love.
Smother me with...
Affection.
And I will,
Be yours.
And I will,
Stay faithful.
To do...
Never with it wished to leave.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Smothered Crooks In Hot Gravy

The lines continue to grow long,
Outside the freshly renovated restaurant, Denial.
People await and stand patiently to taste...
The popular Smothered Crooks In Hot Gravy.
Served with a side order,
Of I Can't Believe It Until I'm Convinced.
And of course, this dish too is found delicious.

And working there part time,
Are those barely paying their rent.
But happy these jobs for them have been created.
And on the menu listed under desserts,
Scoops of 'Delusion' come free...
If the patron is seen quenching their thirst,
Either on Acceptance or Memory Loss.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Smug Knockers Shock

Some can receive.
And digest details.
Some can not.
Whether done from stubbornness.
Or bored with a topic,
Presented without it question.
And preferring it to ignore.
Some dose to go to sleep.
Some more disinterested,
Capture attention...
Making sounds as if to snore.
Although repeating they will,
Their own interpretation...
For others also bored,
To take and create...
With a sharing that goes,
Downloaded to compute...
Messages sent,
Intended to confuse.
Using the internet,
Without facts attached.
To minds detached.

Words emerge from text.
Weaving together,
Incoherent content.
Devoid of meaningful,
Effective context.
Returned back with addressed,
Contempt expressed.

Upset and heard protesting,
Those innocent despised...
Arrive to meetings unannounced.
To confront.
And not to apologize.
To ultimately realize,
They've been duped and deceived
By false messages sent...

Intended for them to believe.

Defiant and unprepared,
Those with smug faces drop.
As smug knockers become shocked
By proof some 'got'...
To undo fools who choose,
Using other people...
For reasons to abuse truth.
To implement yet excuse...
Their attempt to benefit,
From confusion to intend.
And conflict meant.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Smut

Smut!
Isn't that what you want?
But you wish to be discreet about it.
You don't want it like the others...
Those who take and keep it.
And parade it while they flaunt.

You like your smut in secret.
In sighs you'd rather moan,
Stroking under sneaky sheets!
And not doing that alone.
You like your smut...
Down low and dirty.
Wishing to keep this your private treat!

That's understood.
But pretending you're self righteous about it.
Does no one any good.
Because when it is banned...
You'll be the first thirsting.
And taking matters into your own hands!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Snacks To Munch On

Once one begins to win championships,
Expectations of the bar to be raised higher...
Comes along with it.
And one slip or a move,
To prove one to be human with this done to do...
Only invites malicious criticisms,
From those who can not accept to respect...
The sacrifice and sweat one does,
Just to obtain the confidence and belief...
To win can be accomplished and succeed,
If that belief is kept sought to seek it.
Many just sit back in their seats relaxed,
Prepared to pass judgement to only do 'that'.
As they reach for snacks to munch on to eat.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Snag It From The Root

Snap and snag it from the root.
Use every resource you have got.
Clip and snip,
To replant.
If that's what you have to do!

Make up your mind,
You will do all the weeding that's done.
Make up your mind,
You will do all the weeding that's done.
Make up your mind,
You will do all the weeding that's done.
From Sunrise until Sunset comes.

Snag it back and get it from the root.
You can snap it back from the root.
Crack it back until you get the main thing done.
You can snag it from the root!

Snap,
And snag it from the root.
You can snap it back from the root.
Crack it back until you get the main thing done.
You can snag it from the root!

Make up your mind,
You will do all the weeding that's done.
Make up your mind,
You will do all the weeding that's done.
Make up your mind,
You will do all the weeding that's done.
From Sunrise until Sunset comes.

Snap,
And snag it from the root.
You can snap it back from the root.
Crack it back until you get the main thing done.
You can snag it from the root!

You can snag it from the root!
Snap,
And snag it from the root.
Crack it back until you get the main thing done.
You can snag it from the root!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Snakes

Listen to them hiss and rattle!
Snakes in fear...
A way of life comes to a close.
And from under rocks...
They've been shakened and shocked,
From their comfort zones.

Listen to them hiss and rattle!
Snakes awakened,
Feeling threatened...
But certainly not mistaken.
For a diminished way of life,
Too many for too long have condoned!

A venom inflicted,
Now comes to afflict them.
No longer can they sting and bite.
In sight they are now for everyone to see...
Just how desperate,
Snakes can be.
When they are revealed...
To be the reason behind the poisoning done.
And snakes they are!
Doing their best,
To keep themselves from getting stung!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Snakes Praised In Shaky Places

There is nothing like witnessing,
The acts of fraud exposed for what they are.
And those behind it,
Losing credibility.

Especially if these 'creatures',
Had a tendency to leech...
Successfully,
From someone else's abilities.
And that had been discreetly deceived.

There is nothing like witnessing,
The exposure of these acts of fraud!
But unfortunately,
Those once leeched upon...
Have taken their expertise,
Away from snakes praised in shaky places...
Where lies and corrupted minds thrive!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Snap Out Of It

Think of it this way!
The time you take today,
To place judgement on anyone...
Will it make a difference?

When people are seeking to quench a thirst,
How many do you believe,
Have thoughts to impress with proper etiquette?
How many are hoping to approach their thirst,
First with political correctness on their minds?
Especially if that one has been critiqued,
By those giving their outdated opinions heard...
As if fossils undefined but creating their own refinement,
Believing themselves deserving of the attention given.

Think of it this way!
The time you take today,
To place judgement on anyone...
Will it make a difference?
Has it?
Snap out of it!
The only ones you influence,
'May' be the snails.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Snap, Crackle And Pop

I believe we have encountered,
A bit of misunderstanding.
Although I would love to participate,
With the same enthusiasm as you have shown...
In the promotion of your efforts.
However...
I will not go through your process,
Of being interrogated as to my qualifications.
And whether or not...
I have acquired those abilities!
Especially...
When you've come within,
The territory of my familiarized boundaries.
Unsolicited.
With desires you wish to seek performed.
Are you a survivor of some mental storm?
I believe one of us is confused,
As to who should be seeking the acceptance!
And I will give you a clue...
That person is you!
I recommend you snap, crackle and pop yourself,
Back into 'this' reality!
You are the visitor.
And where we stand on this land,
Is mine!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

'Snapped' Back

I am 'not' your Santa Claus!
Or Saint Nick,
With pockets bulging with riches.
Or prepared to scent the air with Balsam fir,
To spray...
On a beautifully lit Christmas tree,
Adorned with thick peppermint sticks!

But I can provide you with suggestions quick!
You've got to realize,
You have been hypnotized!
And what you are experiencing...
Is every bit of reality!
And you have been 'snapped' back,
Into it!

Here's your mop.
And there is the broom.
The seven dwarfs are on vacation.

Get this mess cleaned up,
Before the President comes!
And you must do that without hesitation.
He is the charming one,
you will immediately like!
But his beautiful wife,
Has velvet gloves on...
To protect her powerful fists!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sneak

I'd rather have someone around me,
I know will be direct and honest...
Regardless if they are politically correct or not.
Than someone who will sneak behind my back,
To make claims made someone I fully trust...
Has defamed me secretly and attacks.
When I know the people who are doing that...
Wish me to believe I've been hallucinating.
And what I've seen them do,
Is a misinterpretation of their good intentions.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sneak A Little Lick

Don't...just...
Fuzzy up and cuddle on a peach.
Or sneak up peeping,
When you should be eating!
Every single piece of it!

You can...
Leap up and down behind the scenes.
Screaming about your future,
And...
Destiny!

But don't...
Sneak a little lick,
Then leave.
Don't you,
Sneak a little lick,
Then leave!
Don't,
Sneak a little lick.
Sneak a little lick.
Sneak a little lick,
Then leave!

Leap up and down behind the scenes.
Screaming about your future,
And destiny!

If that's your wish...
To pick it up to ditch!
But,
Don't you...
Sneak a little lick,
Then leave.
Don't you,
Sneak a little lick,
Then leave!
Don't,
Sneak a little lick.

Sneak a little lick.
Sneak a little lick,
Then leave!

Don't...just...
Fuzzy up and cuddle on a peach.
Or sneak up peeping,
When you should be eating!

Don't you...
Sneak a little lick,
Then leave.
Don't you...
Sneak a little lick,
Then leave!
Don't,
Sneak a little lick.
Sneak a little lick.
Sneak a little lick,
Then leave!

Leap up and down,
If that's your wish.
But that peach found,
Might be your gift.
So pick it up and eat it!
Don't you...
Sneak a little lick,
Then leave.
Don't you...
Sneak a little lick,
Then leave!
Don't,
Sneak a little lick.
Sneak a little lick.
Sneak a little lick,
Then leave!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sneak A Peek Out The Window...First!

They would love to see their activities magnetized.
In neon lights,
If possible.

And when adverse attention,
To them is unexpectedly given...
The seek to apologize,
For deeds done they wish to hide.

Unfortunately...
A revenge they wish could be avoided,
And dismissed...
Has already been placed,
On the 'spirit-hit-list'.

And for those who believe their deeds...
Whether missed or not,
Should be forgiven, dropped and forgotten?
I wouldn't rush to the door,
When a stranger comes to knock.

I would sneak a peek,
Out the window...
First!
To ensure those 'spirits' haven't arrived,
From high places.

You never know who has allies.
And from where those allies come.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sneaking To Rooms When The Lights Go Out

Teasing done between kids,
Is easy to accept.
It is infectious and expected,
When hormones are set.
And directed.

Teasing done between those elder,
Is coy, cute and fun.
Especially when the sharing of this,
Is in a convalescent home.
With someone,
Wishing to attempt to get something done.

Something that is hoped will provoke,
A sneaking to rooms when the lights go out.
And the best memories are exposed and stroked...
Gently as to not disturb those less fortunate to be touched,
In ways that raises the removal of all doubts.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sneaky Indiscretions

This is not too crazy to be true today,
To hear someone say...
Those who love the taste of fried chicken,
In a franchise selling this deliciousness.
Would probably be served respectfully,
IF...
It was determined by the management,
Those who came to pay...
With an anticipation of getting their fingers licked.
Should not be overtly practicing homosexuality
Or displaying their preferences with limp wrists.
As to not disturb those with values more conservative.
And...
Who are more discreet with their sneaky indiscretions.
Since a sneaking to cheat and sleep around,
Is an act that is preferred and deemed more acceptable.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sneaky Peeks Out Of Windows

Can you handle scandal?
Or innuendos,
With a lifting of an eyebrow sent?

Can you handle cheeky comments made,
About who you've been seeing in discreet...
And how you like your sex done,
With 'whomever' you have had...
Prior to sneaking home to go to sleep!

Can you handle scandal?
Or innuendos,
With a lifting of an eyebrow sent?

How about someone you have yet to meet,
Paying your monthly rent?
This gossip is daily entertainment...
For those with no lives to live.
But 'know' from sneaky peeks out of windows...
Who they assume does what,
And with whom...
From notes they take and schedules they keep.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sneaky People

Sneaky people are seldom direct.
They are the ones who whisper into ears of others,
To effect destruction at the cost of someone's happiness.
The 'sneaks' are looking for something that stirs unrest.
Since they believe their own deceits.
And they spread this like a diseasing pest at their best.
You know the rest.
Sneaky people will smile and grin and do someone in!
And wont suspect this to be shown and known.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sneaky With The Looks

Sneaky with the looks that they give.

I perceive myself alone.
I feel a curiosity directed.
At first I am not sure,
If the curiosity is directed towards me.
And I look around.
Nothing is there to block my steps.
And I begin to whistle in nervousness.
To then talk to myself...
In a calming peacefulness.
I admit is beginning to get a bit restless.

Sneaky with the looks that they give.

I am among the trees.
Alone in fresh Spring breezes.

Sneaky with the looks that they give.

I begin to hear the chirping of birds.
Conversing to break the silence,
With a charm that does not disturb.
And they fly high between the trees.
Trying to hide within the leaves.

Sneaky with the looks that they give.

I follow a path made clear of obstacles.
I stop.
So does the chirping.
I pick up a small rock,
To toss as I also pick up a twig.
There is a wind.
And I continue my journey.

Wings flap as if there is clapping.
I adjust my cap.
And two squirrels chase...

Across my path!
To play tag and hide and seek.
I stop to watch.

Sneaky with the looks that they give.

I look up!
And there they all sit.
As if in conference on a branch.
Together...
Laughing!

And...
Sneaky with the looks that they give.
My feathered friends.
Amused by the doing.

And...
Sneaky with the looks that they give.
My feathered friends.
Snooping on my movements.
And maneuvering doing it!

Sneaky with the looks that they give.
It's evolutionary.
Very revolutionary.

Sneaky with the looks that they give.
With a comprehension that is difficult to mention.
But they're sneaky with the looks that they give!

It's evolutionary.
Very revolutionary.

Sneaky with the looks that they give.
With a comprehension that is difficult to mention.
But they're sneaky with the looks that they give!

It's evolutionary.
Very revolutionary.

Sneaky with the looks that they give.

My feathered friends.
Snooping on my movements.
And maneuvering doing it!

Sneaky with the looks that they give.
With a comprehension that is difficult to mention.
But they're sneaky with the looks that they give!

It's evolutionary.
Very revolutionary.
And...
Sneaky with the looks that they give.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sniffing For Treats Left By Teasers

Not another offensive comment made to me,
To have it defined with a staying to stick in my mind...
Can be said,
That will introduce a shuffling of my feet seen...
As a self demeaning prophesy.

And I will not be the one staying up all night,
With the writing of speeches to deliver...
An acceptance long wished with an approval done.
I was not groomed to live me life,
Sniffing for treats left by teasers.

I've spent too long clearing brush off my path,
To acknowledge my own steps I've taken...
Came aided with the strength of my faith.
As those naysayers on the sidelines...
Awaited for their paths to be paved in fools' gold.

Those opportunities laid out for me...
I initiated by the signing of my own signature.
With dates, origin and expected destinations!
I knew early the fate created for me,
Was not going to be an expectation...
Given with an assistance by a hand delivery.
Not in the field I needed to mow, sow reap and harvest.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Snipped At The Pith

How can they sit and accept,
Praying to be blessed
Without rejecting disrespect?
What are they protecting in devotions met?
There's too much emphasis on forgiveness...
And not on what giving respect gets!

How can they ask for more police protection?
When everyone in this condition...
Allowed this affliction to occur!
Is everyone living life on fun and lies?
Alibis and cries of abandonment?

And they say the ones who are sick,
Are the ones who leave scenes like these quick!
But fools cannot compare their ignorance with wisdom.
When they are the first to endorse their blight.
Fighting about who's wrong or right...
When both are wrong to be fighting,
With sightless vision!

How can they sit and accept,
Being blissfully ignorant
In a network that does not connect
Any form of common sense that recognizes,
It's in sync and in check! ?

They should be incensed!
Instead of nickle and diming
For a 'hit' that went to leave them,
Just where they are...
Snipped at the pith of compliance.

Stuck with a conscious...
That's been unconsciously detained!
Substandard thoughts maintained,
Remain!

Snipped at the pith of compliance.

Loving it,
And being entertained.
Burning induced seduced drugged out brains.
And complaining!

Stuck with a conscious...
That's been unconsciously detained!
Substandard thoughts maintained,
Remain!

And the gain is with the ones who choose to flee!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Snooping About

Never do those things you think are secret,
And are hidden 'cause...
People,
Soon or later find out.
Don't think the people,
Are not there snooping about.

Never do those things you lie about and then deniy,
Because the people...
Have their ways to find out.
And if it's gossiped,
Your nosey neighbors will take notice...
With your business at their noses.

Never do those things you think are secret,
And are hidden 'cause...
People,
Soon or later find out.
Don't think the people,
Are not there snooping about...
With your business at their noses,
And to do it to be noticed!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Snow

There is not a dropp of it alike.
No flake interrogated
Would admit under oath
They are related!
No snowball approached...
Or investigated,
Can say 'how' and 'why'
They were made from these particles!
And not a one looks like the other?
This is absolutely assinine!
Not 'one' has a familiar pattern...
With the other?
This is ultimate creativity!
I am outraged!
How is this allowed?
Without one single protest?
And people claim they love this mess?
They lie!
I wish I had a drive-by heat gun to melt this crap!
And I would be arrested for murdering snowflakes.
Can you imagine?
And I am told...
Some people have overdosed,
From sniffing this shit!
Hey...
That's what I heardI
So don't try to get me involved!
My name ain't 'Bennet'...
Even though I've got to go out in it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

So Accustomed To This

Accustomed we are,
To cheapness.
With a fakeness that glistens.
And being on knees to plead,
For a decent existence.

Accustomed we are,
To reach with a seeking.
Although deceived by theories idealized,
To keep our delusions fresh...
And kept alive as standards long rusted.

So accustomed to this,
We are...
Caught up in despising any realist,
Found to be painting scenes...
Pictured as observed.

And yet seen but felt demeans,
With exaggerated caricatures...
Depicting realities lived as they are.
But denied.
With a feeling that leaves those believing,
How appalled they are to be this openly offended.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

So Afraid To Be Revealed

There are those so afraid to be revealed by the truth.
And so afraid they are to come out of hiding.
They have felt comforted by the lies they have spoken.
To keep their pains and resentments concealed.

Their misdeeds directed have come to affect their minds.
And the years of deceit now have come to surface.
In illnesses they try to numb.
With prescribed drugs to keep them hidden.
But eventually...
Truth shows what they have done!

There are those so afraid to be revealed by the truth.
And so afraid they are to come out of hiding.
They have felt comforted by the lies they have spoken.
To keep their pains and resentments concealed.

But their agonies...
Keep them from peacefully sleeping.
Their agonies keep them constantly weeping.
With no escape...
From the misdeeds they can not shake!
Or from them go away!
To live lives for them that have been totally fake!

And they may or may not know...
What they've done to others,
Those that were not aware of it...
See it cleary.
Because truth always shows,
What has not before been exposed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

'So And So'

Do you know those folks
Who will ask others questions
About you?
And when you see them...
They have nothing to say.
In fact...
They may walk away.
Pretending not to see you at all.
Then someone gives you a telephone call,
To say 'so and so' just asked about you.
And you had just seen 'so and so'...
When 'so and so' gave you much attitude!
And these are the folks who spread rumors,
About you not wanting to speak!
Blaming you in their gossip they do.
That's why it is best,
To associate with just few.
If a happiness you wish and nurture...
Is going to be pursued!
Keeping that to yourself...
And protecting it too!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

So Basic Am I

So basic am I,
My blemishes and flaws...
Have a personality of their own.
They have no fear to appear publicly.
In fact...
When I had made attempts to hide them,
I began to hear rumors...
I was trying to find a reason,
To escape from my accomplishments...
Only a few had discovered.
And no one 'then' had believed,
I was seriously seeking to achieve anything.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

So Bold Are Those Shoulders

It's hard to disapprove someone determined.
Someone like that,
Is not easily swayed to be steered off track.

It is difficult to distract a mind fixed and attached.
As others scheme,
To remove one's hopes and dreams.

So bold are those shoulders,
Of one with reach.
One impossible to convince,
Obstacles can not be leaped.

So bold are those shoulders,
Of one with reach.
Especially if the one that teaches,
Isn't one that follows.
But that one who leads.

It is difficult to distract a mind fixed and attached.
As others scheme,
To remove one's hopes and dreams.

It's hard to disapprove someone determined,
Like that.
Someone who has already been stabbed in the back.

So bold are those shoulders,
Of one with reach.
One impossible to convince,
Obstacles can not be leaped.

So bold are those shoulders,
Of one with reach.
Especially if the one that teaches,
Isn't one that follows.
But that one who leads.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

So Bust A Move And Split!

Wait a minute.
Hold up!
Let's use some intelligence,
With the aid of perception here.

For hundreds of years,
There has been a total disrespect
Of my ancestors' presence.
Their contributions donated...
With blood, sweat and tears.
And a grieving that has gone on,
As if these afflictions...
I should bear for the rest of my years!

And I am to pray on my knees,
For some afterlife to appear?
Where did you hear this?
From a pew you were told...
I should sit and respect in quietness?

Let me send you back with this message...
To make this absolutely clear...
THAT is not why I am here,
To worship in the persistence of it!
Or to be stalked by those,
Insistent on the path I walk.

I reach for a higher state of consciousness.
If there is something I am missing...
I am sure God will correct it!
As for now?
There is nothing you can say,
To turn me away from my faith!

I am as close as I am going to be...
To The Almighty.
Flaws and all.
And God knows that!
Since He and I...

Have 'eternity' to discuss my errors!
So bust a move and split!

If you feel you must legitimize one's life?
Try finding ways to explain,
Why your decadence...
Seems to be closer to you in areas you worship.
And not a prayer congregated with others,
Professing to have faith,
Has yet to have the power...
To deliver none of you from your evils!

I would question that.
Since my life I live in peace.
And not in contradictions...
Symbolized to restrict,
To have something other than that released!
I am not a follower of demons.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

So Close To Forever

So close to forever...
Yesterday we were.
But today's realities,
Have hampered our dreams...
With details.

And we must put aside our ambitions,
Until our fantasies are mended.
Or replaced...
By an extension of credit,
And enticing affordable finance plans.
To allow our bliss to continue,
Uninterrupted.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

So Close To Love

Too close to love!
Yet it's,
Costly to keep.
And it's,
Too costly to leave it.

So close to love.

I prayed with faith to get it.
Never knowing love would be 'that' close.
Never knowing I would love it most.

Too close to love!
Yet it's,
Costly to keep.
And it's,
Too costly to leave it.

Too close to love!
Yet it's,
Costly to keep.
And it's,
Too costly to leave it.

So close to love.
Never knowing love would be 'that' close.
Never knowing I would love it most.

And I'm,
So close to love.
Never knowing love would be 'that' close.
Never knowing I would love it most.

Too close to love!
Yet it's,
Costly to keep.
And it's,
Too costly to leave it.

So close to love.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

So Coached To Manifest Infestation

I hope they don't believe,
That a validating of their stupidty...
Will come to free them.

It is there and clear...
The initiator of current conflicts,
Wants nothing to do with the ownership of it.

And the choice to rid others from this cancer,
Begins the finalizing of their end.
Unfortuately people who think like this,
Are here to destroy.
Not to build and uplift.

And they have no idea what is done that they do!
So coached to manifest infestation.
So coached to manifest infestation.
So coached.
So coached.
So coached.
So coached.
So coached to manifest infestation.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

So Confused

People today are so confused.
They don't wish to be regarded,
As 'socialists'.
Although at every event,
Difficult it is to prevent them...
From being social.

People everywhere claim they seek peace.
But freedom to express and do what one pleases,
Upsets those who believe...
Only their values and standards should appease.

People want their entitlements,
But not one cent towards them do they wish to pay.
One day they want the government out of their lives.
And yet say,
'Where is the government?
When disasters take my 'things' away.'

People want the criminals,
And those mentally disturbed locked up.
But not in their backyards,
Where the teachings were taught.
With lessons intructed.

People want to feel safe with weapons they keep!
But then want to be financially awarded,
When on their neighbors they 'peep' to see...
Whose corrupted and shot who?
And if there is a ransom given by the police.

And they aren't inner city people.
People they claim to hate.
But steal from them their sense of fashion.
Music trends and dreads!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

So Cool And Choosy

I can not chase a feeling away,
That has caught me inside by surprise.
Nor can I hide with a closing of my eyes,
To step aside from what resides in my mind,
With a stunning leaving me unable to run.
Where did you come from?

Where were you then,
When I was young and in pursuit.
And where were you then,
When my steps were pepped with youth.
And...
Where were you then,
When I thought myself so cool and choosy.
And perhaps very foolish to create my own rules.

Where were you,
When I thought myself so cool and choosy.
And my steps were pepped with youth.
Tease you do and although I've aged,
I can not chase this feeling away...
You came to awaken from a dormant place.
And quite surprised I am I can't hide what raises.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

So Cozy Is The Hold

You turned my dark side around.
And taught me...
Understanding.
You made me want the best,
For you.

You turned my dark side around.
And taught me...
Understanding.
You made me want the best,
For you.

On my mind I find you,
All the time.
Much more than I think you should be,
And uncommited.

My heart and mind seem to be disconnected.
Infatuated I am with you.
So cozy is the hold.
And cozy holding you I want to do.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

So Difficult It Becomes Not To Diminsh Life

A mind that compares but is not there,
To evaluate or self examine...
Can not be held accountable,
For a thought process...
Those conscious expect and take for granted.

And those who are conscious,
Have discovered too few prepared...
With an awareness that has awakened,
To appreciate the benefit and value...
Of that which they have as a gift to nourish,
The broadening concept of comprehension.

A mind that compares but is not there,
To evaluate or self examine...
Can not be held accountable,
For a thought process...
Those conscious expect and take for granted.

With the shining of bling and other things,
Bringing into the mix the teasing of temptation...
So difficult it becomes not to diminsh life,
As an opportunity to feed our selfish whims.
With a dismissing of others,
Who do not join in with the fleecing...
Of a weakened and dieing golden lamb.

'It is not a dead horse.
No need to beat it.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

So Don'T Take This Personal

Most of my life...
It was about 'they' and 'them'.
Very little was expressed about 'us' and 'we'.
Until a call for unity became popular.
That concept dried up quick.
Since nobody seemed to know how to do it!
It would all be so easy,
If we wanted to listen to each other.

Most of my conflicts were born from ignorance.
Like not being Black enough.
Or speaking like an ill willed intellectual.
Wanting to be 'somebody's nigguh'.
Or in a crowd of nigguhs to be declared...
'Hey, my nigguh! '
Complete with street gestures.
In a thugged out prowl!
Ready for a tender ballin'.
Donated by some street queen.

To express my knowledge,
About the 'sights' of togetherness.
You know...
The hand shakes and the grabbing of crotches.
Not each other's!
Not in public.
No labelled homo here.
Just donating a little spice...
To entice rumors.
And if you are a hetro...
A homo or two you will do.
Which makes all of this a lovefest!
And if the season is dull,
I'll spread a few home nesters myself.
There is room in the gutter for all of us!
And...
It is all about marketing!
So don't take this personal.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

So Don'Tchu Bother Me Tonight

If you AINT seen the light...
Don'tcha bother me,
Tonight.

Don't bother me...
Tonight.
I'm doing all I can to live my life right!

Don'tcha bother me,
Tonight.
I have no appetite to share in a fight!

Don't you bother me...
Tonight.
I wont allow myself to move in that groove.
And if I did you' be the one that would lose.
I've worked too hard to be abused by you.
I could demand from you 'backpay'.

Don'tcha bother me,
Tonight.
I have no appetite to share in a fight!

Don't you bother me...
Tonight.
I've worked too hard to be abused by you.
I could demand from you 'backpay' too...
For all that stuff I had to suffer while you made it with another.

Don't you bother me...
Tonight.
I wont allow myself to move in that groove.
And if I did you' be the one that would lose.
I've worked too hard to be abused by you.
I could demand from you 'backpay' too!

So don'tchu bother me,
Tonight.
Unless you want to cough up 'BACKPAY' too!

So don'tchu bother me,
Tonight.
Unless you want to cough up 'BACKPAY' too!

So don'tchu bother me,
Tonight.
Unless you want to cough up 'BACKPAY' too!

So don't dare bother me!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

So Dull

What makes a place one stays,
So dull?
Even free events offering excitement,
Can not attract tourists...
Seen with their arms folded and looking bored.
And those hired to perform in painted clown faces,
Begin to offend the ones annoyed by them.

'The cafes?
Are exquisitedly on display presented.
But something about that does not invite.
In a museum, perhaps...
An exhibit like that might entice.
Although I must admit,
A loss of appetite.

From whose point of view,
Does any of this represent diversity?
When the tour bus missed the exit,
And we rode through the 'ghetto'?
At least this was what we were led to believe,
Many of us wanted to get off to explore.
But the tour guide assured us scenes like that,
Should be avoided and ignored.

And they were the scenes we most wanted to see.
People living their lives in a climate and atmosphere,
Eccletic and magnetic.
Free of pretentiousness with a doing of this mysteriously.
It's too bad that can not be captured.
It's too bad that kind of diversity,
Is avoided and considered an unwelcomed disease.'

What makes a place one stays,
So dull?
Even free events offering excitement,
Can not attract tourists...
Seen with their arms folded and looking bored.
And those hired to perform in painted clown faces,

Begin to offend the ones annoyed by them.

'And I understand they have spent tons of money,
To redevelop this place to enhance it.
But from whose point of view was this enhancement chosen?
And just who decided,
An excitement to invite would be better represented...
If those reflecting the residents already living here,
Could be hand picked to window dress...
A diversity preferred and liked? '

~But...
You haven't looked at our menu.
We have sea bass and fresh escargot.
Delicious crab and lobster...
Served with the best of New England Clam Chowder.~

'We just want hotdogs and fries,
With atmosphere provided.
And 'maybe' some service not presented so severe.'

~We don't offer that here! ~

'Maybe you should.
And as a recommendation...
Those corks you have taken to place them elsewhere,
Would be better if they were put back into the bottles.
If you can catch the ever changing drifting winds.'

~We all, at 'this' location...
Happen to walk this way naturally.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

So Easy It Has Been Made

I am not a terrorist!
At least I wasn't when I last checked.
I am, however, a divorced veteran of the Vietnam War,
Living alone on a fixed income.

I am a man who decided early in life,
To take a stand...
With a doing of things I believed were right.
As I kept my identity and pride and integrity in tact.
I did not seek to backbite or make excuses.

There is not a woman who can say or make claims,
I fathered any of her six children.
Or laid up in her face all day to nibble or chew,
On seven hundred dollars or more of food stamps.
OR was there to sleep with her,
And her other fatherless kids in subsidized housing...
Just to have a place to live as I complained,
About my circumstances.

I am a dedicated Black man!
Whether that is significant or not.
I am also patriotic.
And reminded on a daily basis,
I am amongst the very few...
Who choose to stand on my own two feet.
Although so easy it has been made,
For many to degrade themselves to live a lazy existence.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

So Excited I Am With Life

So excited I am with life.
On certain days when I awaken,
I vow to invest my sights and thoughts...
Into perceiving all things God has created,
As oozing with an abundance of love, purity and joy!

And...
Needless to say,
On those 'certain' days I am feeling that way...
I make sure I am not too far,
From my comfort zone.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

So Far Behind The Times

Once comforted by standards and values,
Thought to remain in a permanance forever kept...
Were those who felt free,
To pass their critiques and judgements on others...
Who chose to experience,
Many different and assorted things to bring to them...
A diversity to life.
With expanded capabilities.

And as time has changed,
To leave those fixed in a mind of 'permanance'...
Silenced has been their lips and critiques.
Since they are the ones today who seek,
Answers to their questions.
And reasons why they can not adapt,
To the quickness of change and their disbeliefs.
Or how they could find themselves so far behind the times.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

So Fresh Are These Days Of Awareness That Come

Fresh are these days of awareness.
The spicing done to fantasies,
Seem totally ridiculous.
Escaping exits to explore escapades...
Are closing down in minds,
For those who had found themselves entwined!

Oh,
So fresh are these days of awareness that come.
A stinging stung that's felt,
Nearly by everyone.

And those who sing the blues,
Had other choices...
But they refused.
Deciding to keep their minds completely fixed.
To a way of life,
With standards and values today quickly nixed.
Wishing now they had kept things simple.
But consumed they are with bitterness.
With others like them...
Who have been deceived and tricked!

Oh,
So fresh are these days of awareness that come.
A stinging stung that's felt,
Nearly by everyone.
The spicing done to fantasies,
Seem totally ridiculous.
Escaping exits to explore escapades...
Are closing down in minds,
For those who had found themselves entwined!

And a whistling is heard!
Coming from those who kept their eyes opened.
Observing reality for what it is!

Now they watch those disturbed.
Those who sit stubbornly...

With hopes their delusions maintained,
Will someday again...
With the aid of false prayer,
By them who dare...
To display a sudden faith.
Be served to end the reality of their heartache.

But where were they...
When the earth began to shake?
To awaken those from their sleep.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

So Glad Am I To Have Discovered Listening

If I was not able to listen,
I would not grow...
To comprehend to say I know,
Anything.

So glad am I to have discovered listening,
As something meaningful I do to improve...
My ability to communicate an appetite for it.
With an eagerness to appreciate life as is.

Learning when to be silent with lips closed,
Takes effort and determination inspired by desire.
Knowing there is always something new to welcome,
And experience.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

So Glad My Days Are Simple

I am so glad my days are simple.
So glad my sights are clear.
Viewing life nonjudgementally...
I'm free to express my cheer!

Materialistic wishes,
Are briefly satisfied.
I found a peace of mind I hold,
I have learned not to put my life aside!

I am not completely isolated,
From others who feel rushed with pursuits.
I was once caught up myself with quick endeavors...
Until I discovered a self I had to soothe.

And I am so glad my days have become simple,
I have time to enjoy other facets of life.
I don't look for rain when clouds appear.
And when they do,
I accept that as being alright!

I don't get uptight about it,
Like some who use these times to fight!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

So Gone

Gone!
So much that was wrong.
Yet prolonging it on,
To satisfy the sitting of blues.
And committed to making it a perfect fit.

Up all night,
Until the dawn.
Hoping to trigger a motivation,
To leave the emptiness...
Of that which has been going on.

But so gone!
Much that was wrong.
Yet prolonging the sensation of it.
To satisfy the sitting of blues,
As glued as if...
A committment has been made,
To ensure it a perfect fit.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

So Good For You

Good For You.
You've cast your fears away.
And good for you,
Everyday is a brighter day.
So good for you,
You now can believe and say,
That...
You can't be bothered,
By those who stop to sob.

You should feel proud of yourself.
And proving too...
You've chosen life to live and do.
And...
You should feel proud of yourself.
And proving too...
You've chosen life to live and do.

So good For You.
You've cast your fears away.
And good for you,
Everyday is a brighter day.
So good for you,
You now can believe and say,
That...
You can't be bothered,
By those who stop to sob.

Good for you.
You found something you like.
So good for you.
You life is in your sight.
And good for you,
All your fears are cast aside,
To...
Choose a life,
You like to live and do.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

So Grateful

I have had issues,
And I can now admit...
I still have a problem forgiving
Those who in my face spit!
And others who blatantly
Told lies
To slander my name across town.
I am not blissfully wishing them good fortune,
Although I'm trying to forget,
I had wished them a deep six
In the ground!

With heartbreak and faith
Tinged with emotional drain...
I pray everyday
To My Father,
'Please keep me sane! '

And after many years of biting my lip,
I can say that the darkness I gripped
Is pulling away from me,
With a satisfaction I hold that fits!

I can now shout 'hallelujah'...
With a joy and happiness.
I am so grateful I used my head,
Instead of dreading I had used my fists!

('...on a bunch of useless, worthless bitches! ')

~I HEARD THAT! ~

I am still working to improve, My Father!
After all...
You 'still' have me listed,
As a 'work-in-progress'!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

So Hang They Do...To Maintain!

Thick in the wilderness,
And trying to make some sense of it.
But you know,
Some are too slow...
To speed up with the flow,
So...
Bold are those who choose to break,
From this mold.
But you know,
Some are too slow...
To speed up with the flow,
So...
Hang,
They do...
To maintain.

So...
Hang,
They do...
With nothing to gain!

Hey...

Said,
Thick in the wilderness,
And trying to make some sense of it.
But you know,
Some are too slow...
To speed up with the flow,
So...
Bold are those who choose to break,
From this mold.
But you know,
Some are too slow...
To speed up with the flow,
So...
Hang,
They do...
Just to maintain.

So...
Hang,
They do...
With nothing to gain!

Hang...
That's what they do,
To maintain.

Oooh...whoa...the woes
And...
Thick in the wilderness,
And trying to make some sense of it.
But you know,
Some are too slow...
To speed up with the flow,
So...
Bold are those who choose to break,
From this mold.
But you know,
Some are too slow...
To speed up with the flow,
So...
Hang,
They do...
To maintain.

So...
Hang,
They do...
With nothing to gain!

So...
Hang,
That's what they do...
Just to maintain.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

So Happy I Am 'You' Said That

I am not one to pass judgement, normally!
And those who do pass it with wild abandonment,
With a disregarding done of specific rules...
Disengaged from using practical 'sensitivities'.
I offer my judgement to pass on this topic...
The Art Of Effective Parenting.

'If a child is disobedient and disrespecting enough,
To cause headaches and problems intentionally.
AND runs away from home at a young age.
Gone for two years.
Only to be recently reported missing.
BUT...
Had been discovered using a false identity,
In a foreign country.
To have done this illegally.

And that child now cries with regret.
But that country she has been deported to,
Has restricted her activities.
And no sympathy from them does she get.
WHO should bear the brunt of the blame?

'Anyone who claims to be held accountable,
For her actions.'

Well...
That is not going to happen.

'Then this is a clear reflection on the parenting.
Often left to be excused.'

So happy I am 'you' said that.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

So Hard It Is

So hard it is,
Just to pick one brick...
To be thrown to hit,
A designated target.
With it felt much differently,
By one making attempts to dodge it.
Either they do or don't.
But some do run into brick walls,
Purposely.

So hard it is,
To witness a head that is so thick...
That when someone falls upon cement,
Invented and intended...
For something else meant.
But convincing someone of 'that' intention,
Is not comprehended...
When repeatedly mentioned,
To refuse and ignore any attention to give it.

And we all...
From time to time choose not to listen.
With a living to do what it is we wish.
And we all...
Continue to insist good advice to us given,
Ultimately has no immediate benefit.

So hard it is to convince,
An experience obtained develops common sense.
And once one's head gets hit with a brick,
The message of it sent was not an accident.

And we all...
From time to time choose not to listen.
With a living to do what it is we wish.
And we all...
Continue to insist good advice to us given,
Ultimately has no immediate benefit.

So hard it is,
Just to pick one brick...
To be thrown to hit,
A designated target.
With it felt much differently,
By one making attempts to dodge it.
Either they do or don't.
But some do run into brick walls,
Purposely.
To do it again without learning a thing.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

So Help Me God

It wasn't me!
But you who were maneuvered,
To move in and sleep...
With the demon.
Separated to feast.
As you were teased with trinkets dangled.

Now that you have been isolated,
And strangled.
With beliefs you had been accepted.
Only mangled and defeated with deceit.
You call me anticipating rescue?
Why?
Remember you declared...
It was no longer a you and I,
But them.
And you defended their shenanigans!
To ensure my loss?
And you a definite win!

It wasn't me!
But you who were maneuvered,
To move in and sleep...
With the demon.
Separated to feast.
As you were teased with trinkets dangled.

Now you find yourself mangled with no way out!
And I am to run to you because you shout?
After you rocked and knocked about,
My reputation.
And devastated my character,
With an assassination of defamations.

It wasn't me!
But you who were maneuvered,
To move in and sleep...
With the demon.
Separated to feast.

As you were teased with trinkets dangled.

And I don't like this one bit.
Smuggling you away from here,
As if I'm the convict.
Shut up,
I've had enough of your lip!
Put that mask on and fix that wig!
Hopefully no one will recognize,
The true swine you've become!
And I have not adapted a taste,
For gutter pigs.

Shut up and sit.
When we get away from here,
You're going to have hell to pay.
And I'm going to make sure you'll remember...
All of what you're getting.
I promise you'll receive every bit of it!

It wasn't me!
But you who were maneuvered,
To move in and sleep...
With the demon.
Separated to feast.
As you were teased with trinkets dangled.

And you might want to reconsider this...
Since when I get us safely away,
Tieing you down and going ballistic...
With a snap cracking of my whip,
Is what I have in mind...
For a hard headed behind!
And that will be done my way.

'God,
Please no! '

God has nothing to do with this!
I've already begged for His forgiveness,
When I defied His wishes...
To leave you where you were.

So shut up and sit.
When we get away from here,
You're going to have hell to pay.
And I'm going to make sure you'll remember...
All of what you're getting,
Applied first class!
With a touch of sadisticness.
And I'm going to enjoy every bit of it...
So help me God!

~I thought you said I had nothing to do with this!
Do you wish for My assistance or not? ~

No My Father.
This task I undertake,
Will be mine to define...
As I proceed!
But I do thank You for the offer.

~Hey...
No big deal!
I'm always here when needed! ~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

So I Am Told

There is one thing some have yet to discover about impatience.
So I am told.
Less thought with implusive action...
Has a longer unexpected regret span of time,
To reflect upon wishing to have taken more patience!
After finding that having remorse,
Seems to endorse an activity of self infliction...
By an awakened consciousness.
Sitting to never go away.
Even with the aid of good medication...
So I am told!

This can not be taught.
So I am told.
It has to be experienced.
So I am told.
And somehow,
Eventually...
This lesson is learned.
So I am told.

And I wonder why it is I am...
The one this is often told?
Since I am not the one soliciting this advice,
From anyone!
I've got too much to do.
With little time to listen to such nonsense.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

So I Happen To Prefer Whole Wheat

Of course I'm sleazy!
Isn't that one of the requirements,
I had to admit to get you to date me?

'But I didn't think you were serious when I asked! '

So when did you take notice of it?
Before or after I began to lick,
The crunchy peanut butter off your nipples.

'Yeah...
But do you think holding them,
Between slices of whole wheat bread...
Really accomplishes anything? '

That's a matter of opinion!
So I happen to prefer whole wheat bread.
What's the problem here?
I was going to use the muffins.
Do you want me to use the muffins?

'I'm sensitive to multi-grain.'

Huh?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

So I Hop

I look for a pair of socks.
But I can only find one sock.
I can not put both feet in one sock!
So I hop!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

So I Take It Your Answer Is...No!

What are you peeking at?

'It's the neighbors across the street.
Can you believe,
They are replacing those beautiful hedges,
Flowers and trees we so admired.'

And...
You have the right,
To do what?

'Protest if I wanted to.
I've already started a petition,
To restore my view.'

A petition?
YOUR view?

'Yes.
What gives them that right?
No one I know has given them that permission.'

And...
That property belongs to...?

'There you go.
Always trying to interfere.
This has nothing to do with details!
Or logic.
You with me on this or not? '

If you and the others,
Spent more time...
Beautifying your own backyards,
Your attempts would increase...
The values and standards,
Of eveything around here.

'So I take it your answer is...No! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

So In My Travels...

To go through the steps,
Just to qualify myself deserving
Of receiving a paycheck...
Has never set well,
With my personal philosophy.
There should be more to one's existence,
Than an exploitation to salivate...
In the licking of fingers and lips,
After dining and wining at an exclusive...
Invitation only gluttonous feast.

It's much like performing a service,
In the military.
I was there because of patriotism.
Not because I wanted to learn,
Acts of discipline.
Even though many lessons were taught.
Besides defense mechanisms.

I admit I have issues,
With those who seek college degrees.
Most of them skipping a service in the military.
Only to earn a degree to seek high paying salaries.
With no commitment to leave an impression...
On others with the teaching of skills to please.
And those of military experience,
Have much to offer.
And...
With a commitment unquestioned in existence

So in my travels...
I observe those of devoted integrities,
Demoted to obscurities and judgements passed.
As those of a self righteousness defend their travesties.
And this as seen is very clear to me.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

So It Goes

Those who do not know 'The Light'
Can not hide from its 'effects'.
'Revenge is MINE! ', Sayeth the Lord.
And...
So it goes!
The truth shall be exposed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

So Judge Me Not For Mistakes I'Ve Made

Judge me not,
For...
Mistakes I've made,
Because...
I had to grow up too.
One day you will discover...
Growing up is not a thing,
Easy to do.

No one living can ever escape,
From mistakes everyday made.
And no one living can ever replace,
A time long gone.

Judge me not,
For...
Mistakes I've made,
Because...
I had to grow up too.
One day you will discover...
Growing up is not a thing,
Easy to do.

No one living can ever escape,
From mistakes everyday made.
And no one living can ever replace,
A time long gone.

No one living can ever escape,
From mistakes everyday made.
And no one living can ever replace,
A time long gone.

Judge me not for mistakes I've made.
A yesterday lived can not be erased.
Judge me not for mistakes I've made.
Look at me for who I am and today!

Judge me not for mistakes I've made.

A yesterday lived can not be erased.
So judge me not for mistakes I've made.
Look at me for who I am and today!

No one living can ever escape,
From mistakes everyday made.
And no one living can ever replace,
A time long gone.

So judge me not for mistakes I've made.
A yesterday lived can not be erased.
So judge me not for mistakes I've made.
Look at me for who I am and today!
Look at me for who I am and today!
Look at me for who I am and today!
A yesterday lived can not be erased.
So judge me not for mistakes I've made.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

So Many Are Burdened

So many are burdened by demands,
Placed upon their shoulders by others.
It is encouraging to know...
Some people let them go.
Realizing this is not a task,
God has asked of them.

Nor do they 'sin'...
Or should feel a guilt within them,
If others should get upset...
When they are held accountable,
For their own sorrows.

Enduring someone else's pain,
Is honorable.
But not regarded as a wholesome process,
If one expects to maintain a consciousness...
Of peace,
One accepts that is reflected.
And 'pieces' of a peace of mind enjoyed,
Is not recommended.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

So Many Caring Less

I have a respect for accepted correctness.
With a doing of my best,
To give from me what is expected.
Although I must confess,
In doing that which I wish to achieve...
There seems to be so many caring less,
As to how others they mistreat...
But want for themselves shown no neglect.
With an attention given to them as if they were royalty.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

So Many Minds Are Left Fractured

So many minds are left fractured,
By the ease of manufactured lies.
Truth has been reduced,
To grains of sand hidden under rocks.
Only to be tossed in the face of those shocked,
When truth effectively stops to block their delusions.

'Mother? Mommy?
That big bad man...
Is trying to take my fantasies away.
He says he is my daddy.'

~You can't come running to me,
Everytime someone says to you the same thing.
I've been your mother AND father.~

'Now you've got me totally confused.
So are you...
A cross dresser?
Transvestite?
Homosexual, lesbian or an 'amphibian'? '

~Amphibian? ~

'Yeah.
Something that can take off from either land or water.'

~I may be blessed with many talents,
But I have yet been able to do that.
And besides,
What difference does it make who throws sand in your face?
You will learn to throw it back.~

But...
Suppose I'm not near a beach when that happens.
Will you then teach me how to fly?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

So Many Mistakes

If I had not been rebellious,
Seeking to have my own interpretation of life...
I would not have made so many mistakes.

Or had found my knees scraped on many occasions.
And experiences that have assisted my maturity,
Would have never happened to enlighten me with wisdom.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

So Many Pained

It has been a blessing for me to achieve,
The reaching to the age of nearly sixty-six...
And realizing with clearer eyes,
So much in my life I have experienced.

Each year I've witnessed a growing tolerance,
For disrespect.
And a sharing of nonsense too blatantly accepted.
With fingers pointed to others blamed.

So many pained,
By the senselessness of their inaction.
So many distracted,
By the worthlessness of their possessions gained.
So many with false principles kept to bring them relief.
Until their values and standards,
Bring them to their knees to weep.

Many disbelieve,
Ignorance can hop over their protected fences.
Many perceive the right to do as they wish,
Affords them to dismiss what they conceive is safe.
And away from environments they depict as crazed.
So many pained by their delusions to awaken emotionally strained.

It has been a blessing for me to achieve,
The reaching to the age of nearly sixty-six...
And realizing with clearer eyes,
So much in my life I have experienced.

Each year I've witnessed a growing tolerance,
For disrespect.
And a sharing of nonsense too blatantly accepted.
With fingers pointed to others blamed.

So many pained,
By their false achievements and what they've obtained.
So many deluded until life secludes them...
With a suffering and a task to ask of themselves,

What age does one have to be...
To begin to connect their minds to reality.
And what is seen to affect one to ignore,
Will eventually disease to effect us all.

Each year I've witnessed a growing tolerance,
For disrespect.
And a sharing of nonsense too blatantly accepted.
With fingers pointed to others blamed.
But no escaping...
Is a truth that focuses upon us with direct aim.
To reveal we are the end result of those choices made.

And...
Does this come with aging?
Or is it delivered to self-examine,
With the use of common sense?
No one can purchase to then protect,
With weapons kept to defend.

Each year I've witnessed a growing tolerance,
For disrespect.
And a sharing of nonsense too blatantly accepted.
With fingers pointed to others blamed.

So many pained,
By the senselessness of their inaction.
So many distracted,
By the worthlessness of their possessions gained.
So many pained.
And left to question with tears left only to express,
A distress unexpected.

'But...
We have lived such normal lives.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

So Many People

So many people...
View life to see through tunnels.
Many people...
Only live to just receive.

People heard to complain,
About those things they can change...
Are seldom heard expressing 'thanks',
For what they've got.

So many people...
View life to see through tunnels.
Many people...
Only live to just receive.

People who make their gains,
From others they do not name...
Are seldom giving gratitude,
For what they've got.

So many people,
Only think about themselves a lot.
So many people,
Like to brag about themselves nonstop.
So many people,
Who achieve to get themselves to the top...
Will never tell who got them there to get it.

People who make their gains,
From others they do not name...
Will never tell who got them there to get it.
So many people,
Only think about themselves a lot.
So many people,
Like to brag about themselves nonstop.
So many people,
Who achieve to get themselves to the top...
Are the first to find themselves in pity pits.

Viewing life through tunnels.
And living to receive,
Are the people dripping tears in pity pits.
To do...
With a wanting for some empathy to get.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

So Missed With It (Si Manqué Avec Cela)

No other way can I say love is felt.
Desired and wished beyond kissing lips.
Or the sucking done you do to my tongue,
And the experience of it so missed.

The smell of your breath before the Sun rises dawn.
Those showers we take together,
With the scrubbing touches and the rubbing...
We ensure goes on and on and on!

The silent thoughts I have of you,
When you are gone and not in view.
No other way can I say love is felt.
It is there for you as true as humidity,
Introduces August to Summer's heat.
And when I think of something,
I crave to appetize to eat!
I think of us in bed performing...
Until we have wet the sheets!

No other way can I say love is felt.
Desired and wished beyond kissing lips.
Or the sucking done you do to my tongue,
And the experience of it so missed with it!

Si Manqué Avec Cela

Nulle autre voie ne peut je dire que l'amour est estimé.
Désiré et a voulu au-delà des lèvres s'embrassant.
Ou la succion faite vous faites à ma langue,
Et l'expérience de cela si manqué.

L'odeur de votre haleine avant l'aube d'augmentations de Soleil.
Ces douches nous prenons ensemble,
Avec les contacts frottants et le frottement...
Nous garantissons va sans cesse et sur!

Les pensées silencieuses j'ai de vous,
Quand vous êtes s'en allés et pas en vue.

Nulle autre voie ne peut je dire que l'amour est estimé.
C'est là pour vous aussi vrai que l'humidité,
Présente l'août à la chaleur d'Été.
Et quand je pense à quelque chose,
Je meurs d'envie à appetize pour manger!
Je pense à nous dans l'exécution de lit...
Jusqu'à ce que nous ayons mouillé les draps!

Nulle autre voie ne peut je dire que l'amour est estimé.
Désiré et a voulu au-delà des lèvres s'embrassant.
Ou la succion faite vous faites à ma langue,
Et l'expérience de cela si manqué avec cela!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

So Much About You

There is so much about you,
I am not...
That I like!
Much I feel has much appeal,
The kind that invites and delights.

Someone like you,
Hasn't been in my view.
Unless my eyes were shut tight!
And I wish I offered more,
Than a boring courtesy.
I'd sweep you off the floor,
Off your feet...
And our lips would meet!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

So Much Can Be Accomplished

Substance with content,
To affect with effectiveness...
Is the foundation of meaning.
With a purpose to communicate comprehension.
That's all an open dialogue should be.

And if a listening is done with a priority,
So much can be accomplished...
With an exchange of appreciated awareness!

However...
A stubbornness may have content,
But the affect of it loses its effectiveness,
When a kept patience...
Can no longer be expected to remain justified.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

So Much Goes Unsaid

So much goes unsaid,
Between those sharing a relationship.
But uncommitted to communicate.

So much goes misunderstood.
As expectations,
Grow further distanced.

And a union isn't what it could be.
With a love professed...
Before a legalized ceremony,
Took affect to leave...
A hunt to trap a 'game' to seize.
To then do what one chooses to please.

So much goes unsaid,
Between those sharing a relationship.
But uncommitted to communicate.

So much goes misunderstood.
As expectations,
Grow further distanced.

And that which has been captured,
Seeks dishonesty...
With a taste for unfaithful sleaze.

And a union isn't what it could be.
With a love professed...
Before a legalized ceremony,
Took affect to leave...
A hunt to trap a 'game' to seize.

To then do what one chooses to please.
With a seeking that teases,
Discreet and decadent opportunities.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

So Much Is Exposed

Patterns undeniable.
Stitched to conceal
A seamlessness of misdeeds.
With a portrayal of purity...
Even those kneeling in prayer,
Suspect.

These routines are meant to disguise.
To hide intentions as days go by.
Without a light to shine upon the dark things done.
But a higher consciousness arrives.
And with eyes closed,
So much is exposed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

So Much More

It is so much more,
Than...
Just a regiment.
And...
So much more,
Than a doing that soothes...
And one that is meant.

It is more than,
Proving with a doing of discipline.
And...
There's nothing that can equal,
Or come as a sequel to re-invent.

This is...
Satisfaction.
And is...
Mighty sweet.
Yes.
And...
When I go to bed,
I don't toss and turn.
I close my eyes and I fall right to sleep.

Holy moly yeah!
This is...
Satisfaction.
And is...
More than I can wish.
Even if it wasn't top of my list.

This is...
Peace and it benefits.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

So Much Of It That Comes Awarded

Not mystified by false idols.
Symbols
Bangles or beads.

Faith is a decision one makes.
And keeps that...
Throughout misery.
Or a grief left,
By another.
Who chooses that to leave.

Being pleased and grateful.
No judgements to pass or share!
Waking up each morning.
And expressing thankfulness.
Without concerns of what 'bling' to 'zing'
To wear for stares.

There is so much in life,
That awakens one aware.
So much of it is there without conflict.
So much of it that comes awarded...
One can afford that is not limited!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

So Much Of What You Do

If you can hear or witness,
The ticking of a clock.
See the leaves on any tree.
And seasons that transcend.
Seemingly with no end.
Or a beginning that has started...
To say when that did begin!

If you can see birds fly.
A day with sunlight...
That turns into night.
To reveal a moon shining bright.
Whether or not,
Someone can not sleep tight!

All of this has us here evolving.
As this Earth revolves on an axis in orbit!
It has been quite sometime since closed minds,
Thought we lived on a flattened disc.

When one accepts life and eliminates BS...
It is wonderful to experience.
And to realize one is blessed,
Without collecting additional emotional stress.

If you can accept your life as a 'gift'.
You will not torment yourself...
With beliefs what you have been given,
Is to you a useless exchange.
With nothing more to offer,
But complaints that drain.

If you can take steps away from yourself...
And separate from your ego as well.
Put your mind on something else.
Perhaps imagining the Universe 'first'...
As a living breathing thing that thirsts!
And you...
If you can do this,

Will realize you are just a leech.
With no appreciation of this Earth,
That gives and feeds you life.
You neither created...
But somehow you welcome,
Visiting conflicts and stirring up fights!

If that is understood...
You will treat yourself much better.
And others as you should.
If...
That is understood!
But then,
So much of what you do...
Has been through misunderstanding.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

So Much Today Is Being Revealed

So much today is being revealed,
By those who profess...
Of keeping their traditions sacred.

Without a batting of an eye,
They use alibis to falsify their misdeeds.
And protect their evil ways to declare their faith.

Evading to escape truth,
Are those advocating their rights to abuse...
Without shame, remorse or valued redemption.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

So Much Trust Has Faded Away

So much trust has faded away,
From a once rich and vast abundant sea...
We,
You and I took for granted.
As we sailed along upon its greatness.

Now we face a stormy turbulance,
Of corruption and deceit!
No one thought could happen.
But it is!
And it is changing rapidly...
The reality,
Few if any are prepared to see.

The one at the helm,
Intentionally 'stayed the course'.
With a promise to 'shock and awe'
At any cost.
But suffer we the citizens...
At a price to pay at our loss.

And those who earned his confidence,
Tried to convince with lies...
A direction that led us to this dead end,
Would someday in our minds make sense.
But none of what has happened does!
Not even vacuous explanations...
That got us here surrounded by,
Exorbitant, excessive and total devastation!

So much trust has faded away,
From a once rich and vast abundant sea...
We,
You and I took for granted.
As we sailed along upon its greatness.

And those who led us into this mess,
Will abandoned us with pensions to spend!
As we tried hard...

To keep whatever integrity we have left.

And even that is highly suspected.
By the few neighbors who can not believe...
So many allowed this destruction,
When apparently closed eyes...
And experienced minds,
Had been too drugged by greed to see!

Who can be blamed now...
For an evaporating patriotism!
When from the top...
The ball was dropped!

And punctured never again to return,
To a game played that required it...
To have significance and a respectable bounce!
Even the one now who is new and will lead...
Is expected to have a magic wand up his sleeve.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

So Natural Is This Flow

Too many times,
People of faith put their lives on the line.
To find they have been undermined...
By those still learning to count their fingers and toes.
While hiding behind others to do it,
In the midst of someone's shadow.

It takes a brave mind to think independently.
To make a decision and not follow but lead.
Few with this kind of persona,
Can say they live lives that are obstacle free.
But their word is their bond,
And what they do seems to come naturally.

So natural is this flow...
Some believe it is easy to interfere by throwing,
Innuendos and stones to block their paths.

Too many times,
People of faith put their lives on the line.
To find they have been undermined...
By those still learning to count their fingers and toes.
While hiding behind others to do it,
In the midst of someone's shadow.

To prove nothing but how well,
A deception they do can be done!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

So Nothing Is Done

Do you get the feeling,
That it doesn't matter who says what...
About anyone or anything anymore.
This seems especially true...
In small towns with nohing but gossip,
For folks to value.
The more things change...
The less those who desperately need to change,
Do!
Even in big cities,
There are small minded folks!

And...
The mindsets of small town folks,
Will be guaranteed to be left reliably...
Small minded and uninvolved.
But yet upset with 'them'
Because 'they' don't 'act' like they care,
About their problems.
Those who sit on stoops...
And/or push baby carriages,
Around the blocks where their babies fathers,
Stand.
Seeking tips on good luck,
To dropp in their pockets!

They have suffered from under the rug swept stuff...
These folks!

With claims to have problems...
That have been historically ignored,
By those praying to God for solutions.
And when they come...
They don't like what has to be done!
So nothing is...
Done!
It just decays!
And folks find ways to celebrated it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

So Often This Is Done

It is difficult to maintain one's rights,
When another takes creative license...
With a purpose to drive,
Their own topic home!
With an assisted 'lift'
From what is already produced...
To do what it is they like with it!

Innovation this is not.
An ability to steal?
Yes.

And so often this is done,
By those who 'call' themselves writers...
Poets or anyone without a vision,
To recycle or restate what someone has written.
To advance whatever it is they have...not,
To pass on as their own creativity!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

So Often Undone

Done to do.
That which is so often undone.
By the ones with a purpose to protest.
Leaving what could be effective progress,
Not to happen.

And those participating,
With a giving of their best efforts...
Have left to neither be upset or regretting.
But acknowledging for them a leaving was better...
Than to stay and waste breath they could save.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

So Original And Exact It Is

A sudden hindsight that comes to someone,
To stun with an insight that happens overnight...
With a clarity that enlightens those activities,
One then unconsciously in the past had done...
Can not be changed to make arrangements to undo.
We are 'watched' and on exhibit to visit until we leave.

And in review it is pointless to make excuses or refuse,
To acknowledge what has taken place.
We are here to enhance and take advantages to advance.

It is best to admit the making of mistakes.
Since maturing to accept and grow as lessons are learned,
Is a part of the art of life with obstacles presented with each turn.
And quilted to piece together on a vast animated canvas,
One which has been created by The Almighty's divine hands.
Who alone decides the time to evolve or dissolve its existence.

So original and exact it is to visit and appreciate as guests.
To copy or attempt to duplicate its magnificence to upset,
Or disrespect what is on exhibit brings to one unending conflicts.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

So Remotely Distanced

Discussing reality brings many to a sadness.
So remotely distanced from truth...
A life without delusion pursued,
Is not a life lived.
And many today refused to do it.

Fed on elitest ideals and dreams,
With luxurized lifestyles...
In condos with high walnut wooden beams,
Is how many see their purpose.
Surrounded by materialistic 'things'.

And things without enlightenment,
Is a life lived incomplete and empty.
With a seeking of sympathy...
When things are taken away from them and gone.
As complaints from them placing blame on others...
Goes on and on and on and on!

Discussing reality brings many to a sadness.
So remotely distanced from truth...
A life without delusion pursued,
Is not a life lived.
And many today refused to do it,
Too.
Choosing their own sanity to maim.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

So Right To Begin

When Autumn comes to go to show,
Just how beautiful this season can be!
And leaves that fall from the trees,
Vivid and bright...
Cools those nights enjoyed peacefully.

So right to begin,
Anticipated holidays.
So right to begin,
A festival of feasts.
and so right to begin,
Preparing for a new year...
As an old one ends.

So right to begin,
Anticipated holidays.
So right to begin,
A festival of feasts.
and so right to begin,
Preparing for a new year...
As an old one ends.

When Autumn comes to go to show,
Just how beautiful this season can be!
And leaves that fall from the trees,
Vivid and bright...
Cools those nights enjoyed peacefully.

And so right to begin,
Preparing for a new year...
As an old one ends,
to welcome fresh beginnings.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

So Self-Obsessed

Many today so self-obsessed,
And live to thrive to pride themselves on it...
With a manipulating done to deceive discreetly,
Represents a mindset that has been condoned.
As is shown by the freedom of this expressed.

With an obviousness of it projected,
Those who are conscious and sometimes affected...
Easily detect to witness as a disrespect accepted,
No longer seems to offend when those self-obsessed...
Can pretend the Sun rises and sets on 'their' aspirations.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

So Shocking To Mourn

Can a tragedy expected,
Be one that's so shocking to mourn?
If signs and warnings go ignored,
To the point when its occurrence done...
Leave some numbed and forlorn.
When reality sits and it is scorned.

What is it that one must face,
To embrace truth for what it is?
What will it take for pretentions to stop.
With a chasing of a fakeness away.
A suffering done when it comes,
Should tire those parading their charades...
Everyday.

Can a tragedy expected,
Be one that's so shocking to mourn?
If signs and warnings go ignored,
To the point when its occurrence done...
Leave some numbed and forlorn.
When reality sits and it is scorned.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

So Small Is One Pea

So small is one pea,
When it is in a soup with nuts.
To distinguish it as being insignificant,
Would depend on who valued the adding of it...
Had something to do with the enhancement of the flavor.
And without the addition of just that one pea,
Would the attention given to the nuts...
Be then diminished?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

So Suitable Has The Outrageous Become

Is it befitting that the ridiculous,
Now
Is a way of life?
So suitable has the outrageous become,
That those seeking to shoot from the hip
With a telling it like it is,
With a voicing of it.
Are the ones today,
Finding themselves censored.
To allow the rise for the marketing of misfits.

And it was not long ago,
Those who were declared militants
With nationalistic wishes,
Were more patriotic
Than those elected to represent their contituents.
While those who promote decadence,
Have the bucks to demand
How much of the sleaze on the streets show.

Is it befitting that the ridiculous,
Now
Is a way of life?
So suitable has the outrageous become,
That those seeking to shoot from the hip
With a telling it like it is,
With a voicing of it.
Are the ones today,
Finding themselves censored.
To allow the rise for the marketing of misfits.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

So Thoughtless Are We

Easily God is with us to please.
Caring that our needs are met.
With those dreams wished delivered...
To get and quickly forget,
How to us they came.

Like the rain does not replenish.
Or nourishes to sustain.

Easily God is there to forgive,
Those who maintain a faith.
Although allowing all,
To run into walls and make mistakes.

God understands this!
God knows what is in His or Her power,
To create.
For purposes to celebrate.
Hoping to correct,
Our reasons to hate.

But we seem so unconscious,
Of this miracle of life we have.
So thoughtless are we,
We actually believe...
God is a figment of our fantasies.

We seem so unconscious,
Of Mother Nature and of Earth.
As if 'scientists' made the Moon, Stars and Sun.
And they've proclaimed our lives the center of it.
As if our lives here on Earth...
Are the only ones lived,
In this 'massive' Universe.
Where needs to feed,
Understandings with a thirst.

With some isolated to debate their fates.
Wanting to be,

The only ones who are chosen to be 'first'.

Not only are our minds blinded...
But our eyes deceive,
Just to tease these selfish greeds.

Easily God is with us to please.
Caring that our needs are met.
With those dreams wished delivered...
To get and quickly forget,
How to us they came.

Like the rain does not replenish.
Or nourishes to sustain.

Easily God is there to forgive,
Those who maintain a faith.
But make mistakes.

God understands this!

God knows what is in His or Her power,
To create.
God gives.
And only from us God can take!
So much.

And yet...
Surprise us with much more.
If we accept and appreciate,
Why we are here.
And 'WHO' and 'WHAT' IT is,
Our lives are lived here for!

'Place no other gods before ME!
That's ALL I ask!
How difficult 'is' that task? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

So Timeless Yet Fleeting (These Events)

People who professionally,
Campaign.
With their best quotes,
Done to emote the solicting...
Of guaranteed votes.
Do it...
Just for the win!

Like heard commitment to vows,
With a few tears to shed...
Photographed and allowed.
Among those invited,
To witness...
This submission to devotion.
Emotionally admitted.

'I now pronounce for all to...'

And not too after,
The pomp and circumstance...
Passes to fade.
Cracks in cement...
Sworn to keep strong intentions
Begin to diminish,
Promises mentioned...
Until abruptly,
And, with a suddenness.
A honeymoon ends,
In abandonment!
Since the aims of the campaign,
Had been accomplished.
With a getting of 'that' win.
Witnessed and granted,
Before a crowd applauding.
Cheering to approve.

'You...
Promised to keep me,
In your heart forever loved.'

-I'm sorry.
Forgive me.
So timeless yet fleeting.
These events.
And...
Your name? ...again, is?
Don't stand their stunned.
And looking shocked.
Give me a hint.
Or a clue.
Something remembered,
I apparently forgot.
You got good hair.
Your name isn't, Becky?
Is it?
Comeon. Lighten up.
I'm joking.-

Lawrence S. Pertillar

So Unique

Your poison to make.
Seems to have had me,
Both approving it to defend.
And willing to take to taste, It.
With it to know all this time,
I am the first one...
You come to find easy,
To humiliate and abuse.
And amuse yourself,
When you unleash your love...
To display such hate.
And there I am,
Both defending and taking it!
Without hesitation.

So unique,
Has been our relationship.
You can count on me,
To come running.
The moment to defend you.
And without pretense.
Quicker than a false allie.
But me you mock nonstop.
With profane and maintained,
Ugliness.

So unique our relationship.
You prefer to treat me,
As if a captured creature...
You've domesticated to stay,
Placated.
In one of your created zoos.
So unique what it is,
That appears between us.
No matter how you excuse it...
Like an abandoned dog,
I'm still there for you.
And found remaining loyal.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

So Unsure! Of Love

I can not trust that love,
You claim you have for me.
There is something incomplete about it.
Something that leaves me,
Feeling insecure and empty.

If it is true you do love me...
Why do I perceive there is dishonesty?

I can not trust that love,
You claim you have for me.
When we aren't together...
Your whereabouts is kept discreet.

And I have known true love before.
So much of it I had,
When it was given...
I became bored.

I ignored that one who gave me love.
And unconditional it was.
But it wasn't enough.
I thought I needed more.
So I was the one then...
Who chose to explore.

I can not trust that love,
You claim you have for me.
There is something incomplete about it.
Something that leaves me,
Feeling insecure and empty.

If it is true you do love me...
Why do I perceive there is dishonesty?
Why is it you,
I can not trust or believe?
Am I experiencing now...
What my true love 'then'
Felt from me?

And I have known true love before.
So much of it I had,
When it was given...
I became bored.

Too immature I was!
Too quick to leave,
And close love's door.

Too immature I was!
And today,
So unsure!
Of love.
And its required expectations.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

So Very Clear

I don't expect you to know me.
Or how I managed to travel this far,
Without you.
I had to put my life on hold,
Because of a devotion within me felt.
That kept me away from selfish endeavors.
For many years I thought less about feeding my needs.
To provide those needs for those I adore.
I didn't think twice of sacrifice.
Or having those things...
I wanted then that were nice.
I even spent nights alone without companionship.
Wishing I sat with anyone who understood,
The depth of my commitment.
And why I had to deal with it!
I even got sick...
Prepared and ready I was to embrace death.
That's when you and your friends,
Socialized without end...
Having fun and comparing dance steps.
I remember spending six weeks,
Feeling weak...
In a forced locked down isolation meant!
To heal and recover as I did...
Has created within me a freedom from limitation.
And an abundant insight instead!
I don't expect you to know me!
Or how I managed to travel this far without you.
But I do understand where you are coming from.
I was there myself!
That is why where you are is so very clear!
And I am blessed with a gratefulness,
My faith has strengthened!
Since it has been God alone,
Who has kept me here!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

So Very Strange

To me that's strange.
That you would want to play mind games.
Yet you don't even know my name.
Or if I have a claim to fame.

So very strange.
How some do their best to remain unchanged.
To keep a routine in their lives the same.
Without using the benefit to expand their brains.
To feel a safety that is maintained.
And holding others accountable,
To relieve themselves of any blame...
At all.
And to express no remorse,
Or apparent shame!
I find that strange.

Even though I am relaxed,
And go with the flow.
Some over reach their max...
And want others to know,
How upset they are!
Although they are the ones,
Who have gone too far!
With their noses lifted in polluted air...
Choking from an irresponsibility,
They alone put there.

To me that's strange.
That you would want to play mind games.
Yet you don't even know my name.
Or if I have a claim to fame.
So very strange.
How some like you remain unchanged.
To keep a routine kept the same.
And to express no remorse,
Or apparent shame!
And to expect others to take the blame.
Yes I do...

I find that strange.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

So We Booze

Confused and duped by a cruel world.
And broken!
Until a choice is made it's better...
Accepting one's fate to lose.

The ones who choose to maneuver...
Have no time to just cruise through a life,
Undenying what's right.
Like those frightened at night...
Who can't sleep peacefully,
Because they've been deceived.

Confused and duped by a cruel world.
And broken!
Until a choice is made it's better...
Accepting one's fate to lose.

And emotionally damaged deep inside.
With a crying about a free ride...
Through a lifetime luxurized with ease and leisure!

Confused and duped by a cruel world.
And broken until they lose.

The ones who choose to maneuver...
Have no time to just cruise through a life,
Undenying what is right.
Like those frightened at night...
Who can't sleep peacefully,
Because they've been deceived.

And this mistreated tragedy,
Has been for you and me...
As clear as can be!

So we booze.
Until this stinging is numbed!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

So What Can A Monkey Do

It's just insidious...
Too ridiculous and hideous to me.
To find some are nonbelieving,
In the obviousness of reality.

And the questions asked,
Persist...
Pertaining to the 'way' things happen as they do.
Making little sense when the evidence points back...
Into the face of the accuser.

You know the kind?
The one who creates the crime,
But not admit it.

It's just insidious...
Too ridiculous and hideous to me.
And too emotionally sacrificial I've become.
With too much topping of self serviced depreciation.
Aggrevated by the act of too much devotion shown!
This...
It's just insidious!
It's too ridiculous and hideous to me.
Even to make known...
What is felt and seen has been condoned!
So what can a monkey do?

'Only what a monkey can do!
Be a monkey! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

So What Do We All Have In Common?

Thank you class.
I am glad all of us here,
Have agreed to take pictures of ourselves,
As an assigment.

Take a good look at each picture.

Now...
Pass your picture to your classmate.
Everyone do this quickly please.
No laughing.

Now...
With the scissors,
Cut away everything you see...
We all have that is common and familiar.

'There will leave nothing left to our pictures.'

Would you repeated that, Jack.

'There will leave nothing left to our pictures.'

Saying what?

'We all have the same thing in common.'

So what has happened to the picture?

'There is no picture.
There is nothing left to see.'

So what do we all have in common?

'Nothing! '

Well...uh...well...er um...
You've missed my point,
Entirely!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

So Where Have You Been

As his legal guardian...
And at least fifty percent of the time,
I can say...
I recognized him on the streets.
I have come to defend his belligerent behavior.

Your 'honorship'...
We all know boys will be boys.
And we do the best we can,
To raise them to be irresponsible
And thoughtless.

Butchy D is no different.
I taught him the ropes.
Trained him myself...
To be conniving as possible.
He is not at fault here!

~Then who is?
Who is accountable for his misdeeds?
Who should we hold responsible,
For his total lack of concern for others.
His only claim to fame is fathering children.~

That would be his mother!
She was never there for the boy!
Claiming she had to work,
To make ends meet.
And I paid her twenty five dollars a week,
In child support.

~So where have you been,
Most of his life? ~

No disrespect, Your Judgeness...
But I've got my own life to live!
You think I should have given up,
My own activities.
To be there for these worthless kids!

I've got my own reputation to maintain.

~We are going to lock him up.
Rehabilitate him.~

Good!
That will give me an opportunity,
To get inside his head!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

So You Had Intentions To Miss Your Boat?

If you have missed your boat,
While procrastinating in hestitation...
As you watched it float away,
To then say to anyone...
What it was you should have done.
Who do you expect will be patient enough,
To give up their time to empathize and listen?
Those on the boat,
Drifting away from your screams?

'You seem to have no worries on your mind.'

And guess what?
I don't collect them from others either.
Take your eyes off of me and find somebody else.

'You are rude and offensive.'

Playing show and tell with you,
Was quicker than I expected.
Congratulations!
So you had intentions to miss your boat?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

So, Go Tell Your Mama

Go tell your mama,
You've got crushes.
On an old man like me.
And I,
Don't know what you see.

I've got no money.
And drive no car.
I live very basic.
And have had wounds and scars.

So,
Go tell your mama.
You've got crushes.
And I...
See with you,
Just an old man.

Go tell your mama,
You've got crushes.
On an old man like me.
And I,
Don't know what you see.

I've got no money.
And drive no car.
I live very basic.
And have had,
My wounds and scars.

So,
Go tell your mama.
You've got crushes.
And I...
See with you,
Just an old man.

So,
Go tell your mama.

You've got crushes.
And I...
See with you,
Just an old man.

So,
Go tell your mama.
That I,
See with you...
Just an old man.

So,
Go tell your mama.
You've got crushes.
And that I,
See with you...
A foolish old man.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

So...Are You?

Nothing about you satisfies
The remotest of my daily applied imaginations!
Unless, of course...
You are worth millions?
And in that case you can disregard my comments,
As flippant rantings of a fool...
That has taken leave of his senses!
And was sharing obnoxious statements,
Of those I have encountered in unconscious thought!
So...are you?

'Am I 'what'? '

Worth millions, dammit? !

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Soaked Streets

Pictures etched to catch,
A depthness then hung...
Shows mist and drizzle drawn.
A forecast of gray clouds,
Displayed above floors of parquet.
And parlayed behind closed doors...
Appears to come to those in conference.
Bearing surreal rainstorms to drench,
Until done!
Although some had eyes sparkling of brightness,
Captured.
Others carried tears,
When they looked away.
Knowing this exhibit conveyed,
Too many reminders.
Too many had known...
They had already walked,
Soaked streets wet with sorrows...
Few knew.
But realism comes.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Soaking In The Wrong Detergent

You've been seeking a cleansing.
While soaking in the wrong detergent.
You've been spinning in cycles...
Meant to dry.
But you have yet to get your consciousness wet.

There is an experience you would like to receive.
But refuse to let your brainwashing go.
And that is not easily achieved.
Although this should be welcomed,
As your best bet never to regret.
You've got to drain to begin to gain.
To thoroughly realize any kind of brightness.
Removing all the tainting stains that remain.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Soar Where Those Poor Of Faith Reside

Soar where those poor of faith reside.
Sacrifice temptations,
That come to tease temporary pleasures.
Soar where those poor of faith reside.
Deny them the capture,
Of happiness sought inside not denied.
So many poor of faith wish to keep,
A seeking of others they find to weep.

Soar where those poor of faith reside.
Where faith heard to claim is faked.
Soar where those poor of faith reside.
Where it's heard to claim and debate.
Where faith hesitated few seem to take.
Do not imitate faith to activate.
Soar where those poor of faith reside.
To walk in it with less talk.

Soar where those poor of faith reside.
To walk in it with less talk.
Soar where those poor of faith reside.
To walk in it with less talk.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sob Stories

I am not one to pass another,
On their knees.
Or look back with curiousity.
I 'may' stop to even assist.
To do whatever I can.
Before I leave.
But I don't have patience to sit,
And listen...
As to how 'The Man' put someone,
In that position.
With it expected of me,
To have embittered compassion.

My thoughts are not weakened,
By revisiting historic ancestral memories.
Or why anyone...
Can not get up and stand,
On their own two feet.
When it took me years to overcome,
Believing my own sob stories done.
Hoping the telling of them repeatedly,
Would bring to me some empathy.
From others who knew,
Those same sob stories too.

None did I get. No one came to sit.
And to this day I know,
God did this to me intentionally.
God works in mysterious ways.
So mysterious...
It felt as if 'His' foot in my backside stayed.

And if...
Some did come to sit,
And I had been lost without faith...
On my knees seeking empathy,
With others sympathetic...
Weeping buckets of tears with me,
I still would be there but probably crawling.

To ensure my story told would be,
Much more symbolic of my chronic disposition.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sob Story

Give me your poor.
Give me your self righteous.
Give me your...

'The poor?
Self righteous?
I've never known the poor to be self righteous.'

There has been a new category added,
To include those now claiming...
To be amongst those the most in need.

'I see.
So does that mean,
The ones historically disadvantaged...
Are pushed even further back,
On your list of priorities? '

Hey,
Whatever works.
And they have promised to deliver us 'perks'
IF and WHEN the current crisis turns around.

'I see.
So...
You are getting paid for your deeds,
To announce their current dilemma? '

Yes.
A fool I am not.
I've got empty pockets I wish to see filled too.

Give me your poor.
Give me your self righteous.
Give me your homeless and destitute.
Give me your most believed desperate situation.
Give me any sob story at all...
And I'll add your claims to my pity party list.
No one will be refused.

However...
Be creative in the telling of it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sober And Erratic

Neither diplomatic.
Or on automatic.
Are the sighs sober.
Dramatically emphatic.
Heard to unnerve.

Barbaric misdeeds,
Pleasing sick mentalities...
Around the World.
Dropping lives like flies.
With the use of worthless alibis.

A hatred that has purged.
Permitted to surge on planet Earth.
And gone ignored it seems,
Are human beings to silence instantly.
As disconnected feelings snap,
Away from those spineless.
Attacking like snakes cold and mindless.
With wishes to ensure that,
A peace to have will never be known.

Neither diplomatic.
Or on automatic.
Are the sighs sober.
Dramatically emphatic.
Heard to unnerve.

Barbaric misdeeds,
Pleasing sick mentalities...
Around the World.
Dropping lives like flies.
With the use of worthless alibis.
For the purpose to make it known,
God is a myth and does not exist.
But allowing this God will not,
Have His Creation destroyed by misfits.
Believing themselves qualified to do this.

Sober and erratic they may be.
But the time is near when all will see...
Those devoted to hatred deeds,
Suddenly removed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sober, Grave, And Staid

Sober, grave, and staid...
To highlight one's prim and proper,
Self restraint.
Often impairs one's vigor and effectiveness,
To react spontaneously...
That allows the naturalness of the order of things,
To flourish to become what they are intended.
And unfortunately reflects,
A stagnation of beliefs with those standards valued...
Unable to compete with an existing reality.

'We will continue to seek leadership,
Which represents 'our' interests.'

~And those interests are? ~

'Whatever has worked for our ancestors.'

~Even though times have drastically changed? ~

'We are not going to allow times to change.
We prefer to keep our beliefs outdated.
And we are entitled to do just that.'

~But what is the advantage? ~

'We do not concern ourselves with benefits,
Or advantages.
Logic or common sense.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sobered

Wait one minute.
I must file a tax return,
'Before' I am stimulated
By a package.
To induce my addiction to spend?
Something about this makes no sense.
If you have promised to give me something...
Don't take away from me first,
Before you give yours.
And that is going to help me stimulate what?
Your continued need to feed a greed with teases?
Do I have 'Tell Me Anything and I will Believe'
Written on my furrowed brow?
Can you see my sunkened cheeks?
My cupboards have been bare.
There is no food to eat.
You may see the tops of my shoes.
However...
The soles are taped to prevent my feet,
From touching the heat of the streets.
And you have the audacity...
To believe I await more of your deceit?
I am not surprised by the way your misdeeds,
Are being revealed and lifted from all eyes!
And my complaints were once criticized!
I am not the only one now...
Who knows you have been defeated,
By the very lies you have hidden...
With attempts you continue to disguise!
You are being chased by your own alibis.
And I find my cup runneth over,
From a truth I have learned to trust...
To leave me quite sobered!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Social Ailments

What mistakes have been made,
When someone does something intentionally.
When the life of another,
Is deliberately altered...
By planted misdeeds.
And when culprits are caught,
Claims of declared mistakes are made.
When folks like these should be flogged.
And publicly degraded.

What else has successfully worked?
Besides folks given a mandate,
To go totally beserk!

So many social ailments would cease to exist!
And millions sitting in democratic prisons,
Would absorb less of the overburdened taxpayers' money!
Proclaimed as being in their best interests...
To legitimize theft.
And thieves write best selling books,
Detailing the benefits of their crooked accomplishments!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Social Bankruptcy

As a result of their convictions,
With a desire to obtain a social status.
One they grabbed at when that opportunity arrived!
Some have earned those sought titles.
To have lives prioritized with a guarantee...
They have what it takes.
And have 'made it' in 'this' society!

But...
What is it have they really achieved?
Sacrificing their skills and knowledge,
To improve humanity?
I'm sure 'somewhere' under the barrage of bad news,
Those images are highlighted,
To provide moralistic inspiration viewed and as seen.

What is it have they really achieved?
Honestly...
Let's share!

An ability to say,
They have a good credit rating...
That promises to stay that way?
To keep their nouveau riche noses,
Stuck high in polluted air?

What is it have they really achieved?
A reflection of a greed,
That suppresses those in need.
And choosing to bask in attitudes,
As superficial representatives...
Doing what those with a false sense of self do?

And...
What they have accomplished does succeeds.
From their point of view.
Although,
What is reflected...
Is their connection,

To a widespread and unprecedented failure...
Unconsciously digested.

What is it have they really accomplished?
When so many with degrees have been qualified...
To do,
What?
Prove a gluttony that leaves all to bleed?

What is it have they really accomplished?
A greater sense of ignorance that sits on the edge,
Of a once caring humanity that has become magnetizied...
To social bankruptcy.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Social Data

See you later,
I'm not into that data.
Downloaded or to text.
With pictures to collect.
And,
Just for sex.

I'll see you later.
Perhaps to share a date.
Or maybe get to know...
Each other not to rate.

Could you leave,
A social data just to feel something real.
Could you leave,
A social data knowing most of it faked.
To imitate perfection,
More wish to immulate.

I will see you later.
I'm not into that data,
Downloaded or to text.
With pictures to collect.
And,
Just for sex.

Could you leave,
A social data just to feel something real.
Could you leave,
A social data knowing most of it faked...
To imitate perfection,
More wish to immulate.

Could you leave,
A social data...
To know it faked.
As more perfection...
Just to,
Imitate.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Social Divas

Some have needs to feel,
A part of something artificial.
And departing from what's real,
The grow to play roles that are superficial.

Some people prefer,
To develop their own personas.
Piranhas of the night and in full makeup,
To believe if they don't...
A truth to live wont be accepted.

Social divas they've become.
Re-creating themselves with this to be done.
Only to awaken when their youth slips away,
Realizing wishing to remain young one day betrays.

Social divas then seek they do,
An honesty to portray to someone shown...
They had not abused to confuse.
Someone disrespected they now regret.
Someone that will believe they are not being deceived.

'Seriously.
Can I be 'frank' and candid with you? '

~Sure!
But from whose point of view,
Will your frank and candidness be borrowed?
And if I refuse what it is you do,
Whose mask will you then use...
To convince me your honesty has not been practiced? ~

'I don't know if I can prove to you of that.
What is it that you would wish me to show? '

~Try sincerity.
For me,
That seems to always work.
I have no desire to be impressed.

Try if you can just to be yourself.~

'I'll do my best.'

~And when my patience runs out,
You will know this to notice 'and' not guess.
I am not one to sit and examine façades.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Social Event

I do not take without giving.
Nor do I receive without gratitude!
For anyone to believe,
These traits are not a mandate from God,
Take their faith for granted
And leave their places of worship
With nothing more on their minds
But a social event attended,
And a hope they were observed!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Social Illiterates

Why are the people angry?

'Comments made to them,
Were upsetting when expressed.'

But...
Were they true?
And from who?

'All of it was true.
And everyone listening knew it too.
Those who stayed after the booing died down.
And paid attention with a listening done.'

Then...
What is the problem?

'The speaker who spoke,
Came dressed to impress.
And no one expected,
Their delusions to become affected...
By such an effectiveness as to them addressed.'

So what did the speaker say?

'He kept calling them social illiterates.
And many of them began to leave,
Saying...
No one is going to tell them,
They are 'dumb' and do not know how to read.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Social Madness

Logic to the winds blew fast,
Leaving common sense corrupted.

It's social madness,
Carried on backs.
It's social madness,
Did a lack of cash do that?

Logic to the winds blew fast,
Leaving common sense corrupted.

It's social madness,
Carried on backs.
It's social madness,
Did a lack of cash do that?
And gone.
Gone.
Gone...
Is the benefit of senses.
Did a lack of cash do that?
With offenses.
Did a lack of cash do that?

Minds are dazed.
Did a lack of cash do that?
And crazed.
Did a lack of cash do that?

And gone.
Gone.
Gone...
Are many fools on the loose.
Did a lack of cash do that?
And abusive people.
Did a lack of cash do that?
And hunger everywhere..
Did a lack of cash do that?
With those homeless.
Did a lack of cash do that?

Rise of fear.
Did a lack of cash do that?
With evil near.
Did a lack of cash do that?

And gone.
Gone.
Gone...
Is all common sense.
Did a lack of cash do that?
Minds are dazed.
Did a lack of cash do that?
And crazed.
Did a lack of cash do that?

It's social madness,
Carried on backs.
It's social madness,
Did a lack of cash do that?

Logic to the winds blew fast,
Leaving common sense corrupted.
And...
Gone.
Gone.
Gone,
To never come back.
Common sense!
Where is it at?
Did it up and scat?
With the big fat cats.

It's...
Social madness.
Did a lack of cash do that?
Minds are dazed.
Did a lack of cash do that?
And crazed.
Did a lack of cash do that?

It's madness!
Did a lack of cash do that?

Minds are dazed.
Did a lack of cash do that?
And crazed.
Did a lack of cash do that?
It's madness!
Did a lack of cash do that?
Minds are dazed.
Did a lack of cash do that?
And crazed.
Did a lack of cash do that?

It's...
Social madness.
Did a lack of cash do that?
And sadness.
Did a lack of cash do that?
It's...
Madness.
Did a lack of cash do that?
And sadness.
Did a lack of cash do that?

And gone.
Gone.
Gone...
Is all common sense.

It's...
Social madness.
Logic to the winds blew fast,
Leaving common sense corrupted.
It's...
Social madness.
Did a lack of cash do that?
It's...
Madness.
Did a lack of cash do that?
And sadness.
This...
Social madness.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Socialistic

So many are now expressing their concerns,
Whether,
If elected...
He will continue to protect their interests.
They are beginning to voice a distrust for him.
Because of his global popularity.
And, of course,
His color of skin!

'Which interests?
Which ones? '

The ones that fed their greed.
As they consciously chose to leave,
Millions hungry and in poverty!

The ones that left them unconcerned,
About the homeless.
Those disenfranchised.
Those disadvantaged...
They were taught to despise.

Those they denied and refused a morsel,
Of an economic abundance that fed their gluttony!
Until they depleted their most recent feast!

Or...

Their self centered, self righteous...
Christian based religious pulchritude.
With mindsets grounded,
In accomplishing victorious nationalistic snobbish attitudes...
Wished to be kept maintained!

Which ones?
You take your pick!

'Geeessshhh...
If he concerned himself with any of that,

He wouldn't have time to be the leader of all people.
He could not address all of their needs.'

Exactly!
But I do 'think' this has been taken into consideration!
And he and his advisors have matters completely understood.
Remember...
He has advocated for 'change'.
And this dude,
Unlike the others before him...
Is totally disciplined and focused!

'Wow!
What is ahead for all of us? '

Either way...
There will be definite change coming!
Some have predicted,
It will be 'Socialistic'!

'You mean like the government take over of banks,
To enforce a more communal outlook? '

That's already happened!

Let's say...
You will become more concerned,
About your neighbor's well being!
On a more enlightened global level.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Socialistic Certainty

A socialistic certainty is in process!
Similar to a republic...
Few understood.
Although pledging an allegiance to it.

And democracy as it has been defended,
Only protected those,
In exclusive capitalistic greed.
Devastating a global economy.
That has leeched too long on foreign lands...
To depict those living on them,
As feared enemies.

As crooks of all kinds,
Lay their gluttonous behinds...
Wining and dining on fancy yachts,
Feasting and doing...
What they damn well please.
While those who are left...
In hunger and pitifulness,
Find within themselves...
How best to be more politically correct!
And doing it,
On their hands and knees.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Socially An Accepted Activity

Does it really make a difference,
If carpenter ants or termites...
Are responsbile for the effects,
Of a crumbling structure known?
Both can gnaw galleries,
In dead or decayed wood.
Termites are often pale colored,
And live in colonies.
Maybe because they are called white ants...
And the carpenter ones are black.
Perhaps that is the reason,
When they destroy with ultimate devastation...
It is socially an accepted activity,
Than 'if' their presence had been of color.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Socially Appropriate And Required Correct Etiquette

I often amaze myself,
How unphased I can become...
By those things done,
That today are acceptable.
When those exact same procedures,
Had been once scrutinized,
As unethical.

And now that the 'unethicalness',
Of what yesterday was not politically correct...
Is in place.
And more of what 'then' was initiated,
Has been updated to be regarded...
As socially appropriate,
And required correct etiquette.

And yes...
B.S. still retains its full implied meaning,
As it applies.
And...
With a bunch of it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Socially Entertaining

An election took place,
For a hand picked representation.
And those who went through,
The process of selection...
Knew without a doubt,
Their interests would be prioritized.

But what was done,
Was a selection of those...
Who represented 'image'.
And those surfaced pretentions,
Were those that won!

Now they conduct debates,
Trying to motivate an implementation...
Of those promises stated.

But those who made promises,
To represent image...
Are too incompetent to deliver,
An accountability...
That a socially entertaining personality,
Is hard pressed to comprehend.

And...
How what it is that they do,
Can be remotely associated with disappointment!
Since attending all high profiled parties to network,
Is exactly what they are qualified to accomplish.

A creation of a defeat had been done.
With a guarantee of it to fill the atmosphere.
But no one expected it to be theirs,
With an abundance of polluted air...
As a shared bonus for their successful efforts.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Socially Illiterate

Socially illiterate,
And using this as a depiction to motivate...
It has become quite refreshing to be ignored by those,
Who have awakened to discover...
Very few are seeking their acceptance.
Or wishing an invitation once approval has been granted.

'Why do they look upon you with disdain? '

~Is that what that is?
I'm glad I'm with you and you took the time to notice.~

'I can't help it.
They are staring.'

~Wave to them.
Maybe they will turn up their noses and look the other way.~
Who knows?
Perhaps the giving them your attention will offend them.~

'Why don't you do it? '

~Why?
Why should I waste a wave? ~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Socially Inappropriate Behavior

It 'use' to be called socially inappropriate behavior.
But today,
Any socially inappropriate behavior displayed publicly.
And visually confirmed,
Is a prerequisite.
For anyone wishing to run for public office.
And with certifiable dysfunctions known AND expressed?
Anyone with these credentials is guaranteed to be elected.
With favorable and overwhelming results.

'Oh!
I like them.
They be down to Earth.
Just like us.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Socially Left Unchallenged

It's hard to be direct,
When the intention of it
Is not accepted.
Or when minds are still feeding on adolescence.
And comprehension is zero.
With nothing learned as a lesson.

And being direct,
When the intention of it
Is not accepted...
Feeds more of a willingness,
To leave what is witnessed behind.
Why waste time,
With those malfunctioning with dysfunctions...
And conditioned to be socially left unchallenged.

They live to have...
Good luck or no luck.
Saddled with the sad and bad,
With a few bucks to waste and complaints to make.

Nothing done to benefit their mentalities,
Will ever be understood.
Why bother to raise an eyebrow?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Society Needs Relief

Minds adopting violence as a crop,
That grows.
Exposes those who show,
A hopelessness invested.
With a manifesting,
Gone unarrested.

Minds adopting violence as a crop,
That grows.
And bestowing,
An assessed uselessness.
That has been infested,
Fed and digested.

Society needs relief...
With a sweeping of the weeping.
Too many left on knees and grieving.
Too many say they seek a meaning.

Society needs relief...
With a sweeping of the weeping.
Too many left on knees and grieving.
Too many say they seek a meaning.

Although the answers come,
They can't let go.
Although the answers come,
Their tears still flow.

Minds adopting violence as a crop,
That grows.
And bestowing,
An assessed uselessness.
That has been infested,
Fed and digested.

Society needs relief...
With a sweeping of the weeping.
Too many left on knees and grieving.

Too many say they seek a meaning.

Although the answers come,
They can't let go.
Although the answers come,
Their tears still flow.

Society needs relief.
Society needs relief.
Society needs relief.

Although the answers come,
They can't let go.
Although the answers come,
Their tears still flow.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sociopaths Stand Back

People in the middle,
Enjoy keeping their riddles griddled.
And slapped to sizzle nonstop.
While turning up the temperature...
To see who steams a lot!
Just to justify that feeling to boost.

Nobody adjusted and in a right frame of mind,
Sits to feel reduced,
In a seduction they can find.
Just to feel that boost.

Nobody wants to stay a loose goose cooked.
For other geese to please.
Just to feel that boost.

Nobody carries on their back,
Weighted troubles packed.
To consciously seek a place to bend their knees.
Just to feel that boost.

Nobody chooses to sing the blues,
Because they love the melody.
Just to feel that boost.
Although some may elect to fight...
Instead of leaving alone what is known is right.

Sociopaths stand back.
Nobody expresses those needs you feed.
Just to feel that boost.
And trying to justify,
Why their detached caboose is loose.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Soft And Tenderly

Soft and tenderly,
A breeze comes to me...
And then it leaves.
Quick and fresh it is.
Taking me within in its midst,
Ever gently.
Cool, fresh and sweet...
Then it goes.

How it flows to tease with blowing,
No one knows.

The sky clear and crisp.
As my eyes lift to witness,
The Sun rise and glow.
The birth of this day...
Has a peaceful way to say,
Share this and grow.
A wealth of Spring begins,
And I sing without end...
A melody that is soft,
With a tenderness I seldom show.

Soft and tenderly,
A breeze comes to me...
And then it leaves.
Quick and fresh it is.
Taking me within in its midst,
Ever gently.
How it flows to tease with blowing,
No one knows.

And I'm glad to sit as it drifts,
Unresisting the giving,
It bestows.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Softly Has Left Aggression

Softly...
Has left aggression.
And...
I could not hold onto that,
And changes.
I could not hold onto that,
When change in my heart came.

My life...
Has smoothen over with,
The meaning of,
Knowing what it's like to be loved.
And the meaning of,
Letting go of that which made me suffer.

Softly...
Has left aggression.
And...
I could not hold onto that,
And changes.
No,
I could not hold onto that...
When change in my heart came.

My life...
Has smoothen over with,
Letting go of that which made me suffer.
And...
I could not hold onto that,
And changes.
No,
I could not hold onto that...
When change in my heart came.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Softly Touch Me

Softly touch me
With your hands now warm but once so cold.
Softly touch me,
And understand
I wishing from you to never be let go.
Softly touch me,
As you hold me near your shoulder hugging close.
Softly touch me
In places where I want you to touch most.

Touch me like like it's me you want.
Touch me don't be nonchalant.
Touch me with your whispers in my ears I hear.
Touch me and make it clear I am yours and we are here.

Softly touch me
With your hands now warm but once so cold.
Softly touch me,
And understand
I wishing from you to never be let go.
Softly touch me,
As you hold me near your shoulder hugging close.
Softly touch me
In places where I want you to touch most.

Touch me like like it's me you want.
Touch me don't be nonchalant.
Touch me with your whispers in my ears I hear.
Touch me and make it clear I am yours and we are here.
Touching.
Softly.
And wanting it so much.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sold

People who have made it a career,
Of labelling others with disgusting names...
With a doing everything possible,
To have them shamed and defamed...
Will try to keep the facts unknown,
And kept close to their chest unconfessed...
To achieve success with attention to get.
Just as long as some people are left...
Believing to accept the lies they've told.

Yet, ultimately though, deceivers face disgrace!
Especially when time passes by and it's exposed,
Accusations made no longer leaves those to wonder...
Who has lied to hide behind excuses made.
Since the beginning of the end,
Of those who had defended...
Deceivers and their perceived integrities,
With a doing to realize,
Integrity had never been a part of their lives.
To know disguising it is their greatest talent.

'What about those victimized,
By the telling of all those lies?
What about those still delivering to produce,
In ways they continue like no one else can do.
How about you?
I was told...'

~I know.
But I am not nearly as curious,
As to how much of the telling you were sold.~

'Comeon.
Be angry.'

~Why should I be angry?
I was not the one duped to be anyone's fool.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sold And Caught Up In Ideals

Sold and caught up in ideals,
Can become quite traumatic...
For the ones who are still convinced,
Their lives lived are envied.
Since suddenly and overnight it seems,
There is a marketing of reality...
They had been told did not exist.

And unbelieving this...
Many camp out in tents,
With a protesting beyond their picket fences...
To have their standards valued and way of life,
Returned.
And even those they kept away from benefiting,
Look upon them with an amazement that humors.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sold On Appearances

The way things 'are' on the inside,
For those who live this life...
As it is lived for them,
Isn't as it seems.
From the outside looking in.

Romancing what one thinks,
Does not always match to link...
With the reality lived and experienced,
Across a fence...
Constructed to protect and restrict,
With intentions meant.

The same can be said,
For an invisible brick wall.
We wish to believe what is there...
But what we imagine,
Is not there at all.
And answers to questions are often stalled.

If our perceptions of others were correct,
Would we live our lives more or less happier?
Would we then spend our time,
Requesting forgiveness?
Or would we lend a hand to our fellowman,
Knowing few skip down yellow brick roads!

Or would we find pavement under no one's feet,
Made to sparkle in bright blinding gold.
Even though all of us as sold on appearances.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sold On Beliefs To Keep

Sold on beliefs to keep them.
Sold on beliefs to keep.
Sold on beliefs to keep them.

Sold on beliefs to keep them.
Sold on beliefs to keep.
Sold on beliefs to keep them.

Agonized.
Inside.
As if blinders had eyes,
Shut.
And...
Sold on beliefs to keep them.
Sold on beliefs to keep.

Feelings kept.
Realizing,
Conflicts to have...
Upset.
And...
Sold on beliefs to keep them.
Sold on beliefs to keep.

Where this goes,
No one knows.
What affect,
This will have on life,
Next!

With a,
Life to live.
With a,
Life to live,
With a,
Life to live.
With a,
Life to live.
Life to live.

Sold on beliefs to keep them.
Sold on beliefs to keep.
Sold on beliefs to keep them.

Sold on beliefs to keep them.
Sold on beliefs to keep.
Sold on beliefs to keep them.

Feelings kept.
Realizing,
Conflicts to have...
Upset.

Where this goes,
No one knows.
What affect,
This will have on life,
Next!

With a,
Life to live.
And...
Sold on beliefs,
Trying to keep them...
Fresh.

Sold on beliefs to keep them.
And trying to keep them,
Fresh.

Sold on beliefs to keep them.
And trying to keep them,
Fresh.

Sold on beliefs to keep them.
And trying to do one's,
Best.
To keep them...
Fresh.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sold On Ridiculousness

There is nothing like feeding the mind by reading.
Or paying attention by listening.
And connecting these elements with observation.
There is nothing like it!

There is nothing that addresses comprehension,
Better than what has been mentioned.
But then again...

There will be those who will waste debate,
To satisfy themselves and their pretensions!
With discussions about the quality of the approach delivered.
And IF it 'twas handled with appropriate etiquette.
As relating to the current season.
And whether or not...
The credentials of the messenger impressed.

'All that just to pay attention to something? '

I've seen some folks sold on ridiculousness!
Based upon what color they were...
And how they were dressed.

'I'm willing to bet that's how this mess was created! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sold To Fresh And New Ears Willing To Listen

So many have spent the majority of their lives...
Undermining the credibility and good deeds,
To endeavor and accomplish displayed by others.
With it attempted to have themselves feel better.
Yet they never seem to achieve to succeed at this.
To show they have found lives to live with happiness.
And clearer it is seen who has distanced from reality.

And time is not kind when revealing,
Those still living with their childhood insecurities.
To make it too obvious who has been victimized,
By a wickedness no longer concealed and disguised...
To prove it shown who it is that lives fighting against,
Having a mind disturbed with the proof of it to witness...
Wherever people like this make their presence evident.

'Demons love to revisit,
Sorrows and pains to themselves they've inflicted.
To have it claimed to blame on others.
Others they have picked just to defame but wont admit it.
And from their eyes tears drip when soliciting empathy.
To sell a story sold to fresh and new ears willing to listen.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sold To Provoke

When a giving heart has emptied,
With a depleting of it to give more...
No one who has relied on lies,
To pursue the undoing of truth...
Should be surprised,
By cold shoulders and eyes to receive.
To disbelieve the reality of it.
Or argue to dispute,
Their participation in spreading...
Malicious gossip to perceive the doing of it,
Had been intended and meant...
To have come from an innocence.
Although admitting its continuance to say,
How other broken relationships...
Ended that way.
And those too sensitive to get over it,
Should learn how to laugh.
And stop taking life so seriously.
Especially,
When jokes sold to provoke have been told.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sold With Success

What had been wished to keep concealed,
Now revealed to accept...
Has some with their eyes wide.
And many others out of breath.
Yet...
What is true to refuse to believe,
Was always in full view although unwanted.
But those who chose to keep it hidden,
Became more respected for their deceptions.
Sold with success and manifested popularity,
That left truth suspected to become rejected.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sold Without First Unwrapping

All that you see...
My head.
My eyes.
My lips.
My hands and arms.
My legs and feet...
Are equipped and prepared to examine.
And...yes,
Moving towards your direction.

However...
My mind,
And all that you may wish to feed it...
Is not easily bought,
To accept anything you think...
I will buy to purchase from you to sell,
As sold without first unwrapping to inspect.
Un-uh. Oh no...hand me a microscope!
I have suffered from buyer's remorse before.

This time...
I want to see dates.
Manufacturer's suggested price.
Along with shipping and handling charges,
AND testimonials from previous users.
With a count!

'And what do you take me for? '

I'll take you for the rest of my life!
But first...
Here is my check list I wish to have completed,
BEFORE I make any decision!
I am not going to rush to close any deal.
Not this time.
Is that a weave or is that natural?

'EXCUSE ME? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Soldier Me

I want someone to soldier me.
And protect my nights,
With the ammunition of love.
No one dared or could penetrate.

With a sheltering of my wants and needs,
Relieved of fear or mystery of feedback static.

I want someone to soldier me,
As if contracted to reveal bravery.
Enough to know I am tough as they can be.
And standing up faithfully to deliver unbelievable,
Devotion!

I want someone to soldier me.
With a sheltering of my wants and needs.
Relieved of fear or mystery of feedback static.

To ask.
To tell.
And be given,
Passion.
Seen, felt and uncamouflaged in action!

I want someone to soldier me,
As if contracted to reveal a bravery uncommon...
To capture the wishes of my submissiveness.
And piercing through armor to find me tender!

I want to be bare,
There...
Held and in a hold patrolled.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Solicit

Solicit to get what's wished.
And submit with commitment.
Urges to have don't go away,
That fast or quickly.
Nor do they stay forever,
To satisfy as time flys by.
Let it known those desires,
Are still there and more exciting.
And more inviting.
If recognized.

Solicit.
As if in a 'red light district'.
Don't wait until,
Age becomes an excuse to use...
To let go of those cravings.
Once known to rage out of control.
Oh no.
Aging is just a coverup,
To disguise that fire...
Ignited by motivation.
Kept sizzling to burn the yearning.
Although...
Quietly solicited with dignity.
In the hope what is most noticed,
Is the quality of the wine.
Someone ultimately finds,
As exquisite and worthy...
Of the approach and what's proposed.

However,
One soliciting...
Should not be too hasty,
To share what has aged gracefully...
With time to have acquired,
An ability to choose to be...
Selective if one wishes.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Solicitation Of Empathy

Those who remind others,
Who does what to them and when...
Are just as wicked as those they claim,
Cause them pain.
Or miseries no one sees a doer of such deeds,
Begin.
With perhaps much more embellishment.
And a solicitation of empathy to gain.
Finding it not so easy to inflict upon a 'picked' culprit,
What one wishes to have done and sustain.
An overacting of facts is what remains.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Solicited To Pitch In

A feeding offered to feast endlessly,
Has increased with a deepening...
Of a bottomless pit.

A pit created that began,
With a few selecting who would benefit.
And with a choice to pick,
Those who would live on the giving of credit.
While leaving their mess of debts,
Projected on the backs of all.

The ones solicited to pitch in.
And enforced by laws to adapt to the gap.
While still the last in line,
Behind those least deserving.
But considered first to be served...
From myths depicting them to be chosen.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Solicited With Other Voices

Those able and capable of making decisions,
Are already prepared to be blamed for them.
Since those who take positions,
To find hiding places as is their custom...
Always seem to make appearances,
To dispute those decisions that have been made.
With an advocating of protests...
Solicited with other voices raised,
So no one can detect which of those voices heard...
Stand out to be recognized by anyone,
To humiliate publicly and personally disgrace.

Although cookies shakened together in one package,
Eventually chip to have them all crumble.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Solid As A Rock

Do not fool yourself with beliefs,
You have the power to prevent another's progress.
What you do is further cement your own defeat.
And in time your stagnation,
Becomes as solid as a rock.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Solid As Pure Gold

People who are blessings,
In disguise...
Are,
Straight up.
Direct and often tough.

People who are blessings,
In disguise...
Don't play mind tricks.
Or mix religion,
With politics.

People who are blessings,
In disguise...
Are,
What they appear.
Clear with words upfront to hear.

People who are blessings,
In disguise...
Are not the people,
Spreading rumors told to lie.
And solid as pure gold.
Genuine and bold,
People.
Direct, straight up and tough.
Genuine and bold
Solid as pure gold,
People.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Solid As You Like It

Stabilized enough to keep,
In your eyes.
In your eyes,
I've got to be that rock.
And as solid as you like it.

Stabilized enough to keep,
In your eyes.
In your eyes,
I've got to be that rock.
And as solid as you like it.

Dependable.
And as solid as you like it.
Knocking all your doubts out,
To stop 'em like you like it...
With a solidness you wish me to be.

Dependable.
And as solid as you like it.
Stabilized for you I can be.
Dependable.
And as solid as you like it.
Knocking all your doubts out,
To stop 'em like you like it...
With a solidness you wish me to be.

Stabilized enough to keep,
In your eyes.
In your eyes,
I've got to be that rock.
And as solid as you like it,
With a solidness you wish me to be.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Solid Is The Ground

Beneath my feet I have found,
Solid is the ground.
With clear tones of sounds to hear,
More familiar to define...
To know the difference which ones,
Were mine to rid from others to distance.
Serving to do as a duty to want,
Strengthened my efforts to focus upon.
And not to endeavor just to flaunt.

Beneath my own feet I have found,
A purpose deserving my giving it attention.
To identify that mission I have been given,
With a stepping away from shadows to hide.
And left to leave behind hearsay and pettiness,
Delaying Sun shining on my face.
Like many who mourn attempts meant,
But too afraid to make.
Faith and determination have with me stayed.

Block by obstacles to remove, I did.
And refused from my mind to do as done...
To step without fear or feeling threats to come.
With a knowing beneath my feet I have found,
Ground as solid to be as I see it to believe...
My purpose to serve is deserving of my attention.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Solid Is This Knowledge

Phased out!
From admission and conditions,
Of doubt.
They're phased out.

And solid is this knowledge.

Phased out!
From admission and conditions,
Of doubt.
They're phased out.

No needs I have for worries,
Or doubts!
They're phased out.

No rush to hustle bustled in a scurried hurry.
Or haggard by a nag,
Wishing to dump on me baggage.

No needs I have for worries,
Or doubts!
They're phased out.

And solid is this knowledge.

Phased out!
From admission and conditions,
Of doubt.
They're phased out.

No rush to hustle bustled in a scurried hurry.
Or haggard by a nag,
Wishing to dump on me baggage.
Or doubts!
They're phased out.

And,
Solid is this knowledge.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Solid Mold

First classed and luxuried out,
Of credit card touch...
Writers of bounced checks,
Left perplexed but not stopped much.
Pawning bracelets and watches
Diamonds and gold,
To keep appearances a little less glittered
Hiding shelves reflecting solid mold!
To please...
Or pleasure?
No one dares to tell this story untold!
When pretense is the measure
With these surburbanites growing hungry...
Penniless and cold!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Solid. Strategic And Methodical

Solid.
Strategic and methodical.
Cresting ontop to wobble,
On less than popular...
False statements previously,
To have been consciously made.
But saved by a sincerity,
Most felt to believe.
And forgave unadmitted,
Confessed mistakes to say.
Perceiving a path,
Laced with gravel...
Now has begun,
To be of concrete paved.
And finally free of deceptive,
Self-interest to parade.

So shocking to open ears,
Once blocked.
So shocking to those,
Applauding with jaws dropped.
Too overwhelmed,
Are witnessing disbelievers.
Rushing nonstop to exits,
For a quick tote to smoke crack
Secretly slashed to return back
With minted scented breath.
Some giggle. Some laugh.
Leaving others unaware or care,
To ask...
If what has been done to do,
Is a trick to leave them...
Approving to be bamboozled!
While the applause,
Giggles and laughter...
Spreads with an infectious,
Cheering effect.

'More more more.'

The crowd begins to roar.
'More more more.'
As substance 'abused'...
Continues to go ignored.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Solidarity

Still waiting in the playgrounds,
To settle scores.
With tit for tat paybacks.
Within them harbored and stored.

Still standing near the swings,
Or the monkey bars with pails of sand.
Hoping for a foe to show,
To continue an aging.
And quite old argument.

As their children 'and' grandchildren,
Stagger by high.
On alcohol or weed,
Maybe both.
Who knows but the adored,
Pusher of quick solutions to solve.

Unified with the same needs,
To ensure they keep the image.
Of their unified solidarity objectively alive.
And
Without a doubt,
Kept down to Earth.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Solidarity Shown And Shared In Grief

Comes often to cement with honesty meant.
When people are in need with a unity of empathy.
And still this solidarity freely given with intent,
Seems not able to mend divisions.
As if to end them restricts to a limiting of defenses.

What is it that discomforts expressed sincerity,
With an allowance it to be concealed and hidden...
When those stubbornly unable to admit to it,
That there IS a love wished to be permitted.
Yet this love seems best if resisted uncommitted,
When a 'normalcy' again returns to a life as it exists.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Solitary Confinement

I wish I had the authority,
To arrest and lock up...
All that delicioudness you have
For reasons to feed,
My down selfishness when wished
To know there would be...
No resisting my request to get.

And there we'd be sharing,
Your permitted...
Solitary confinement.
And I alone would have the key,
To fulfill your needs released.
And no one near could hear,
Our screams of pleasure...
Climaxing in moans,
Unleashed.
Until our satisfied groans,
Gently cease.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Solitude

A solitude enjoyed...
Has been a solitude earned.
One who appreciates a quietness,
Is deserving of a mind at rest.

A few who arrive...
Will confess a complete acceptance,
With a welcomeness.
Especially after dealing,
With those who find themselves still reeling,
Back and forth with feelings mixed.
From lives showing signs of an emptiness.
Devoid of a happiness they keep stalled...
Without a desire to remove this at all.
Existing with drifting wishes.

I appreciate my solitude.
Every chance I get!
It is quite different than being alone,
In an unwanted loneliness...
Others may perceive,
One condones and grieves!
This solitude,
Has been chosen to satisfy a certain mood!
And not to be confused,
With one who sits to brood in an attitude.
Those fits of mind are totally diminished...
When a solitude comes to implant and plenish!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Soloists

Those encouraged early,
To test and use their wings when young...
With a flying done occasionally,
Away from the nest...
Will be most likely the ones,
Who explore in flight...
Places out of sight they have chosen.

And as difficult as it is for others,
To point and watch what is done...
From the safety of their 'coops'.
They seem always to be the ones...
Discouraging others and what they do.
With advice given,
When that daily flight by the young is through.

The ones testing their wings learn to sing.
Be in chorus, quartets or duets.
But it becomes apparent with their voices raised...
They are clearly soloists with obtained experience.
And...
With a doing of it on key as every note reached is clear.
Not to waver at all with a singing of their song being sung.
And, a cappella!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Solutions

Solutions to be found to solve problems,
Are there and everywhere else...
When determination becomes prioritized.
And that's why solutions to problems,
Will never become solved.
Since very few have that kind of determination,
At the top of their list to prioritize.
And others seek debates to schedule discussions,
For the purpose not to offend anyone...
Omitted from the process if unable to appear,
When the topic is presented...
Who may object to which solutions picked,
May not be suitable to fix their particular problem.
And so it goes with an unending that shows,
More problems to accomodate,
For those who wish them left exposed to grow!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Some Accept. Some Reject.

Life presents to us challenges.
Some accept.
Some reject.
Others believe they can be put on hold,
Until they make up their minds...
As to what to do and direction to take!
Challenges do not come,
With options to preserve.
They are either faced or not.
Either way...
The consequences of our decisions,
Always seem to provide immediate feedback.
Never do consequences lack not to arrive,
On time.
An appearance they will make.
Whatever is done!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Some Actually Read

Some actually read what I write.
While others view the number of my submissions written,
As a means to entertain their curiosity.
Either way,
I am grateful to achieve the attention given.
So much of myself I share.
Even though some who are blood closer,
Take no time to notice.
And isn't that true for most everyone?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Some Are So Creative

When some folks begin...
To make excuses.
It is a process for them,
That never ends.
They keep making excuses,
To use and abuse their family and friends.
In an addicting process...
Predictable!
Eventually identified as lies.
And applied over and over again.

Some are so creative,
As to make people believe...
Those who can see through this,
Are wrong not to comprehend...
An obvious illness,
Hidden within!
And why excuses for them exist.
Going on in their minds,
Without the slightest resistance...
Time after time.

And then comes the campaign...
To discredit and bad mouth others.
Either stating someone believes,
They have opinions that are not concrete.
When anyone who has ever made contact with them...
Notices too late,
They too have been wrapped up in a waste of time...
Helping the excuse maker to defend!
Only to find themselves in public disagreements.
And having the innocent eyes of a pathological liar...
Gaining sympathy from those,
Who had not been over time exposed!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Some Are The Type

To keep their reasons to please.
Some are the type...
With unspecified wants,
Wishes and needs.
And those who please,
Within their own minds decide...
What is valued for them to do.
Whether or not their desires are sacrificed.

Some are the type...
To live lives full of adventure.
With their eyes fixed to gaze,
Upon the stars and those future days.
And at Sunrise...
They carve paths awaiting later,
To have them paved...
By others who may follow,
Determining for themselves what goes and stays.

Some are the type...
To keep their reasons to please,
A boosting of others to get them up off their knees.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Some Aspect Of Truth

There is much more to life,
Than having the ability to sit...
And create grudges.
To smear and smudge others.

Although in the doing...
The screwing feels good,
To many who would if they could...
Find some aspect of truth in what it is they do.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Some Boys

You've got to,
Nip some boys from the collar.
Be strong and do not 'hollah'.
If you want your boys to stop,
And...
Rise like men to the top!

Some boys...
Do not know what it is to be a man.
They understand only play plans.

Some boys...
Aren't discipline enough to be thinking men.
No comprehension is within them.

You've got to,
Nip some boys from the collar.
Be strong and do not 'hollah'.
If you want your boys to stop,
And...
Rise like men to the top!

Some boys!

You've got to,
Nip some boys from the collar.
Be strong and do not 'hollah'.
If you want your boys to stop,
And...
Rise like men to the top!

Some boys...
Aren't discipline enough to be thinking men.
No comprehension is within them.

Some boys...
Do not know what it is to be a man.
They understand only play plans.

You've got to,
Nip some boys from the collar.
Be strong and do not 'hollah'.
If you want your boys to stop,
And...
Rise like men to the top!

Some boys...
You've got to,
Nip some boys from the collar.
Be strong and do not 'hollah'.
If you want your boys to stop,
And...
Rise like men to the top!

Some boys...
You've got to,
Nip some boys from the collar.
Be strong and do not 'hollah'.
If you want your boys to stop,
And...
Rise like men to the top!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Some Camels Have Two Humps And Others One

Why do some camels have two humps,
And others one?

'That's a good question!
Hmmm...
To get to the other side perhaps? '

The other side of what?

'The other side of where they've been.
To get from point A to B.'

That makes no sense!

'And a camel with one hump,
Makes this journey more cost effective? '

Well,
That depends.

'On what? '

The number of mirages supporting an Oasis,
One uncovers.

'You have a degree from Harvard.
Don't you? '

Yes!
How did you know that?

'Your reasoning...
Though absolutely pointless,
Has much flair.
It fascinates.'

That's quite nice of you to say.
I think you are wise as well.

'Trust me...
Wisdom has nothing to do with it! '

Doesn't that hump business depend,
On whether the camel is Asian or African?

'You've got the degree.
Not me! '

Obtaining a knowledge that is common.
Or pertaining to one's comprehension and sensibility...
Has very little to do with academic learning.

'No...way!
You're kidding? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Some Choose To Dye Quickly

It gets a little bit harder,
To expand upon one's tolerance...
As the hair begins to gray.

Growing older,
Sometimes isn't done with patience.
And the thrill of each day,
Comes when staying as far away...
From the sounds of nonsense.
Arriving at this stage of one's life,
Needs no definition...
Of what peace is like.

It gets a little bit harder,
To expand upon one's tolerance...
As the hair begins to gray.

Some choose to dye quickly,
Every sign of getting older.
With a permanence wished to sustain.
Hair, eyebrows, moustaches and beards.
Expecting Mother Nature from them to disappear.
As if no one recognizes...
Every movement done they do is slower.
And a once proud vision...
Is not as clear.

'Hey Pops!
Hold up your head.
Don't dropp that toupee.'

~Is that suppose to be funny?
Well,
It isn't.
You, you, you...
Whatever! ~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Some Choose To Receive Willfully

If knowingly one stands in the rain...
One should prepare to acknowledge,
A wetness one gets.

Rain falls to nourish.
And to flourish for a purpose.
To assist in blooming.
Not to upset!

But to deny the obvious,
After welcoming an effective wetness...
Should not leave one disappointed,
If others have kept themselves sheltered.
And express to them no regrets.

Some choose to receive willfully!
Then perceive what has been given is defective.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Some Do Take For Granted A Loyalty Expressed

A devotion that remains,
Hopefully gains in respect.
It doesn't mean that getting upset,
Changes one's feelings into regret.

But some do take for granted,
A loyalty expressed and known.
And go out of their way...
To test the limits gone unshown.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Some Dudes Believe They Are Devos

Being and thinking to be a 'diva'
Is two entirely different things.
One IS and another 'wishes' to be!
Those who are have a presence,
That is 'iconic'!
And some dudes believe they are 'devos'...
Diva-like and blessed with gifts!
And they prance around switching hips!
And these are 'men' who think like this?

Oh...

Devos?
Please leave-o
Me-o
Alone-o!

Now these 'cats' who are 'dogs'...
Are the really sick bitches!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Some Express Their Depictions

An expression of an emotion,
Should come from one's experience.
As a feeling that personal and felt.
And yet...
Some express their depictions,
Of what another may confess...
As an opportunity to leave their own feelings,
Left unaddressed.
While attempting to interpret,
Those feelings felt by someone else.
To prove the limitation,
Of their own communication.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Some Feed To Be Fed Attention

A fool will always come forward,
To make their presence felt.
It is a need based in insecurities,
Some feed to be fed,
Attention...
Otherwise,
Those of intelligence...
Do not bother with their actions,
To solicit to get!
And this for a fool to feel useful,
Is for them a prerequisite!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Some Feel It Their Duty

To validate someone else's insecurities,
Seems such an injustice...
To bestow on another,
With an approval done of their limitations.

We all have our doubts and fears,
As part of experiencing life.
To grow with the understanding,
That faith kept devoted in pray...
Will remove those uptight feelings.
To leave us feeling alright.
About ourselves and our lives!

However,
Some feel it their duty...
To campaign for empathy and understanding.
And frankly,
No one living their own life...
Has that time to give!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Some Folks Are Just Unavoidable

Some folks are just unavoidable,
No matter what is done.
But an avoidance must be attempted...
Or their evilness intended,
Will not be overcomed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Some Folks Are Not That Forgiving

Hey...
Now that you have finally landed on the Earth.
Do not expect a dispersement,
Of overwhelming cheer.

Remember how you left us here?
With a turned up nose,
As you made your climb to the top.
Elevated above the 'have nots'!

Something or someone has greased that ladder.
And to the bottom,
You quickly dropped.
And your 'sizzle' has come to a sudden 'flop'.

Hey...
Now that you have finally landed on the Earth.
Do not expect a dispersement,
Of overwhelming cheer.
Some folks are not that forgiving.
I know I'm not.
And that I want made clear.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Some Folks Find That Comforting

Anyone who tries to correct,
What they have already done...
Should be applauded for making the attempt.

Somehow my experiences,
Have assisted in my acquiring this philosophy...
I'm not going to spend a minute trying to correct,
What I have done.
It has been done.

However...
I will do the best I can,
To be more conscious of that which I am doing...
In the moment I am doing it,
As to not to wish to make changes,
To that which I've already done.
If in the doing of 'that' was a possibility.

In other words,
I am not living to make excuses for myself.
Some folks find that comforting.
I don't.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Some Folks Go Out Of Their Way

Some folks go out of their way,
To disrespect others.
And treat them as if they are insignificant.
Showing them they are less important.
To dismiss them and what they do!

I wont tolerate that done.
Nor will I accept that behavior from anyone.
We all know 'someone' who knows someone else.
And I wouldn't want anyone to know I knew,
A human being like that.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Some Folks Who Have 'Arrived'

I too am 'degreed'.
But I don't consider myself,
As part of the 'elite'.
I could throw down my rèsumé...
With some of the best.
And then proclaim I am nationally known.
Acclaimed and famous too.
Just to put some flapping lips to rest.

But I am both blessed and grateful,
To have achieved what I've done.
And in a field many said...
My deluded mind had been stung!
With 'drugged' out visions that come.

'Oh, the things I hear! '

And yet some folks who have 'arrived'
Believe they are better than everyone.
Because they have a few more dollars to spend.
That allows an excessive tax to be placed,
On their credit based incomes.
With a fear of losing them near!

I am not a snob and never chose to be.
My neighbors are considered 'minorities'
And I love them dearly.
I ride the local bus.
And listen to folks sometimes scream and cuss.
And for me this is a life more real.
Since it seems more 'organic' with an honesty I trust.
With a unity amongst the people!
I endear.
Unlike those who are 'degreed'...
Who prefer to name dropp and lust!

And...
I just can't imagine them,
Riding on a public bus!

Or have them considered,
To be one of 'us'.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Some Folks Will Go Out Of Their Way

Some folks can't be respected.
They wont allow it!
Someone who shows another respect,
Today?
Is going to be disrespected...
And that's a bet!
Some folks will go out of their way,
To show the depth of their ignorance.
Just to prove that is what they are!
And proud to be dysfunctional.
Wanting to show it has been earned.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Some Get Erotic

Some get erotic,
When the bottom drops...
And they hit the rocks.

Like their heads had knocked against,
Acknowledged nonsense.

Some get erotic,
When the bottom drops...
And they hit the rocks.

Like they got up from a shock,
That all their bubbles popped!

And they found out...
They were isolated and locked.
And they found out...
Life is not about what they've got!

And they found out...
They were isolated and locked.
And they found out...
The bottom rushes to the top.
When you're dropping,
Isolated.
When your'e dropping,
And locked.

Some get erotic,
When the bottom drops...
And they hit the rocks.

Like they got up from a shock,
That all their bubbles popped!

And they found out...
They were isolated and locked.
And they found out...
The bottom rushes to the top.

When you're dropping,
Isolated.
When your'e dropping,
And locked.

When you're dropping,
Isolated.
When your'e dropping,
And locked.

Some get erotic,
When the bottom drops...
Like they got up from a shock,
That all their bubbles popped!
And isolated,
When their droppin'
Isolated,
And locked.

Isolated,
When their droppin'
Isolated,
And locked.
Some get erotic,
When the bottom drops...
And a lifestyle stops!

Some get erotic,
When their droppin' isolated and locked.
Some get erotic when the bottom drops...
And a lifestyle stops!

Some get erotic,
When their droppin' isolated and locked.
Some get erotic when the bottom drops...
And a lifestyle stops!

Some get erotic when the bottom drops...
And a lifestyle stops!
Some get erotic when the bottom drops...
And a lifestyle stops!
Some get erotic when the bottom drops...

And a lifestyle stops!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Some Got A Battle On Their Maps

I use to hate to
Re-organize
My life
For someone...
Who did not know who to appreciate.

I use to hate to
Re-organize
My life
For someone...
Who did not know who to appreciate.

I use to hate to
Re-organize
My life
For someone...
Who did not know who to appreciate.

People are like that,
They do not appreciate.
Some can be so ruthless,
They do not appreciate.
People are like that.
Sad is the fact.
People are like that.
Some got a battle on their maps.

People are like that!
Some got a battle on their maps.
People are like that!
Sad is the fact.
People are like that!
Some got a battle on their maps.

People are like that!
Some got a battle on their maps.
People are like that!
Some got a battle on their maps.
People are like that!

Some got a battle on their maps.

I use to hate to
Re-organize
My life
For someone...
Who did not know who to appreciate.

People are like that,
They do not appreciate.
Some can be so ruthless,
They do not appreciate.
People are like that.
Sad is the fact.
People are like that.
Some got a battle on their maps.

People are like that!
Some got a battle on their maps.
People are like that!
Some got a battle on their maps.
People are like that!
Some got a battle on their maps.

Some gotta battle
Some gotta battle
Some got a battle on their maps.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Some Have Steeples. Some Don'T

What do I think of church?

'Yes! '

Church?
Like in 'church' church?

'Yes! '

Well...
Some have steeples.
Some don't.
Some have people.
Some wont.

Some are religiously political.
And some are politically religious.

My vehicle is my church.
And that's all I care about.

'Oh?
So your 'car' is your church? '

Oh.
No no!
My 'body' is my church.
It is my sanctuary.

Now...
Keep in mind,
I am not devoted to keep it as pure,
As it should be.
But I do the best I can,
Not to be led away by temptation.

But everyday I pray to be forgiven,
Of those 'sins' I know I should not enjoy!
However...

You can find me anytime,
Self righteously defending...
My point of view.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Some Heads Are Thicker Than Concrete Walls

I am what it is you are not.
However...
Ironically,
What we both have in common...
Is this as a similarity.

And the only differences we perceive,
Are those likes and dislikes...
We exchange constantly.
Although we seem not able,
To accept our feelings and beliefs.

When the unimportance of our skin color,
Is kept as a priority to create division.
When two hands, two feet and one head,
We all have.
Well...
I do admit this because it has been witnessed.

Have you noticed,
Some heads are thicker than concrete walls?
If you haven't...
It's okay.
That's understandable.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Some 'Hesitators' Carry Those Thoughts

Each new day should for you,
Bring with it such renewed freshness.
And promises of beginnings,
With old endings dismissed and finished.

To step into tomorrow with today on your mind,
With discussions of those moments gone...
Is an injustice!
And seems such a waste of breath and time.

If people can not find,
They are not unwinding from yesterday?
These folks are simply afraid to live,
In fear of what others about them are said.
And some 'hesitators' carry those thoughts in their heads.

To live a life wondering,
What other people say about them instead!
Filling up spaces with dimmed lighting they do.
In convalescent homes.
And watching TV from remote controled beds.

'Bah hum bug...'

~And happy holidays to you too,
Mister Weinstein.'

And these same people are heard,
Saying they wished,
They had lived their lives...
Enjoyed in their own way.
And now they stare out of windows,
To feel all alone.
With no ringing heard from a telephone.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Some Horrible Stuff

Oh I know I can write some horrible stuff.
Written horribly to satisfy those horrible,
Seeking to be horrified.
And that is the reason...
The most horrible stuff written I can muster up,
Is specifically created to have that...
Certain horrible touch.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Some Impatiently Must Review Lessons

We are human.
And everyone with a taste of experience,
Wishes to have the last word.
And those who seek it,
Get it.
With a lesson for them...
Questioned whether or not,
One has been learned.

Those wanting to comprehend,
Choose to listen.
With understanding as the condition.
Acknowledging a wisdom has been achieved.
Leaving those who get their last word,
Hearing what 'they' say...
And nothing else is perceived.
Some impatiently must review lessons...
Mistakenly thought taught.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Some Just Want What They See

Wisdom is not accessible,
To anyone walking into a candy store.
With a wish list to pick and choose,
Their experiences.
Assuming they will get a choice to lick,
Through a few samples.

It takes a willingness to bob and weave through thorns.
Crawl on knees already scraped and worn.
For many to pass those tests and failures to admit.
Before any selection made at a candy store,
Can be appreciated for the variety of flavors.
That sit within it.

Ask the one who has the 'key'.
And responsible to pay the bills.
Some just want what they see,
Without knowing what's involved.
To just turn the lights on.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Some Kind Of Welcomed Status

No one should feel threatened,
To serve a life sentenced...
Spent surrounded where people enjoy,
Mediocrity cemented in ignorance...
As if they are meant to seek this to employ.

I can understand why the young people,
Strike out and defy authority as they do!
Most adults are immature...
Without a presence of discipline that is endured.
And...
In most urban centers this is what people choose,
As an approval of some kind of welcomed status.

Or a showing by example,
Those qualities of leadership expressed...
To impress their children.
However...
Neglect is what these young folks expect.
With a quickness of their lives lived,
With no understanding the finalizing of death.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Some Knock Rocks

If a doing proves it does,
What it should prove to be done...
Then a fussing over it,
Makes no sense of this one bit.

A method proven rooted,
With a depth of it included...
And to do without a substitute,
Is a proven method suited.

Some knock rocks just to think it cool.
Some knock rocks with this attitude...
With a choice to choose to knock some rocks,
Since this is all they do.
Some knock rocks just to do nonstop.
Some knock rocks with rocks they wont drop.
Some knock rocks thinking it a rule,
They will get approval too!

A method proven rooted,
With a depth of it included...
And to do without a substitute,
Is a proven method suited.

If a doing proves it does,
What it should prove to be done...
Then a fussing over it,
Makes no sense of this one bit.
Some knock rocks just to think it cool.
Some knock rocks.
Some knock rocks.
Some knock rocks with this attitude.
Some knock rocks.
Some knock rocks.
Some knock rocks as a choice to do,
With a mood and attitude...
If the rocks they knock is done nonstop,
They'll get attention too!

Some knock rocks with this attitude.
Some knock rocks.

Some knock rocks.

Some knock rocks.

Some knock rocks!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Some Lessons Are More Effective

Attempts were made to contact you!
Long before your present concerns became fashionable.
Long before your way of life,
Came crashing down to Earth.
Those things now happening to you...
Happened to others first.

Remember those homeless and hungry,
Expressing human needs?
You do recall expressing this statement...
'If they don't like it here,
Why don't they leave! '

You remember being given authority,
To select those for work...
And you chose those of 'quality'.

You remember being given government grants?
And choosing friends and family members,
To take the funds to fill up pocketbooks...
And their already bulging pants!

You remember representing yourself,
As a part of the community?
Only to express that when it was advantageous,
To take what you wanted.
Then you would leave.

Remember voices saying you should train the folks...
And sharing that,
A prosperity would grow?

But you let greed feed your selfishness!
That is why no one cares that you now suffer.
Or that you have no where to go!
And you feel offended with your defensiveness.

Some lessons are more effective...
If they are felt!

Like a beating received one gives oneself,
Before one can say they truly 'know'!

'Who learns more from their experiences?
Crabs on the bottom?
Those in the middle?
Or the ones on top? '

They are all in the same barrel...
So that process stops!

'Precisely! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Some Lessons Learned Have To Go Into Immediate Effect

There are several reasons why,
I choose not to go out of my way for folks.
Most of them are thoughtless.
And the rest...
Get provoked!

I do not care what is done...
They will be back for more.
And once they have become addicted to this,
The 'victim' becomes disrespected.
If a wish and whim is dismissed.

There are several reasons why,
I choose not to go out of my way for folks.
Many simply do not care.
Who it is that supplies their needs.
Or who they have left pulling out their hair.

And I know that I have aged with values long gone.
When all I require is a 'thank you' from those I assist.
Is that so wrong?

And when that isn't given I re-evaluate my steps.
Realizing my 'next' desire to be taken by a fool...
Will not find me clicking my heels together.
To show my willingness to express,
A good deed done and at its best!

I may return the response I get.
By acting ungrateful, thoughtless and stunned...
When expectations are denied.
And my availability becomes a 'zero' for anyone.
Regardless if my denials for some might numb.
Some lessons learned have to go into immediate effect.
Like an anesthesia applied...
To 'awaken' some to digest!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Some Lessons You Should Try Better To Learn

Perhaps if you got up from where you sat,
You would see and determine for yourself...
What is happening in your own backyard.

'And what would that solve? '

An ending to the gossip.
And your discovery of the facts.
With a revealing of solutions,
That will prevent your unnecessary...
And wasted re-actions.

'Who told you that would happen?
My neighbors? '

Not at all.
You and not they have made complaints.
I am just making a suggestion,
I thought to you would be obvious.

'Well...
You don't live here like I do.
And if it was that obvious,
I would notice it too.'

You've got a point.
I am doing my best to learn,
To mind my own business.

'Now.
That's obvious.'

What is?

'Some lessons you should try better to learn.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Some May Come To Find They Beg

Some may come to find they beg,
Not to be left alone...
When mates decided to leave.
And from shared homes flee!
With a purpose to move on and forget

And those affected by the split,
Will not admit their participation in it.
Or they activated to ignite a riff...
That causes one to exit,
Permanently.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Some May Not Like What They See

With a pinch of anguish.
Seems to always provide,
The correct antidote...
For those arriving from their excursions,
Through the land of intoxicating delusion.

There is no debating about the tour taken.
An awakening comes without question.
Maybe the presence of fear might be there.
Since the shock of seeing things as they are...
Needs little explanation!

Some may not like what they see.
But all agree...
What appears,
Has them all looking at it for what it is!
Even though what it is has been there.
Only a few recognized and knew its power!
Knowing from the very beginning...
An acceptance of shallow fantasies,
Ultimately has its consequences.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Some Moments Come To Us To Own

There are moments when they come,
Are moments to accept and not to refuse.
Some moments come to us to own.

There are moments when they come,
Are moments to accept and not to refuse.
Some moments come to us to own.

Like opportunities we get...
Some moments come to us to own.
With perfect benefits that fit...
Some moments come to us to own.

There are some moments when they come,
Are moments to accept and not to refuse.

But people wait,
In hesitation just to procrastinate.
And people wait,
In hesitation just to procrastinate.
Yes people wait,
In hesitation just to procrastinate.
Yet there are moments when they come,
Are moments to accept and not to refuse.

Like opportunities we get...
Some moments come to us to own.
With perfect benefits that fit...
Some moments come to us to own.

There are some moments when they come,
Are moments to accept and not to refuse.
Although some people come to do it.
There are moments when they come,
Are moments to accept and not to refuse.
Although some people come to do it.
There are moments when they come,
Are moments to accept and not to refuse.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Some Notice. Some Don'T. Some Live It. Many Wont!

If you have right winged thoughts,
About leftist ideals.
And whose liberal ways,
Do not appeal to those of conservative zest and zeal.
With a republican platform stance.
Or broadminded values,
That those democratics chant!
All who live decidedly with divided feelings,
Reeling from a racist hatred...
Created from ignorant rhythms danced.
You might as well be in hight orbit around the Earth.
These days now lived have distanced you.
And none of those points of views,
Are currently being romanced!
Not even from the best of those,
With propaganda wishes on their minds!
Folks today of a higher consciousness...
Are doing their ultimate best,
To leave that kind of nonsense behind!
To embrace what has arrived...
That has been labelled,
The future!

Some notice.
Some don't.
Some live it!
And many wont!
While others are left to feed,
On barbaric seeds.
Remnants on fields of needs abandoned!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Some Obstacles Are Planted By Those Who Test

...and the fact is this...
I am not one on a mission,
To prove to those who witness...
I am here to exist.
Nor do I hesitate to debate a foolishness.

The first thing most would come to think,
When I take opportunities...
To declare I am black,
Is someone prepared to defend that fact!
Or feel I must attack because I am labelled that.

Listen...
The color of one's skin,
Has little to do with the mind within them.
And I will not allow a scrimmage,
To scuffle with in set defined limits.
Or restrict my life,
To choose what I do because it is liked.

Although I will admit,
Some obstacles are planted by those who test...
With a purpose to discourage my ambitiousness.
And I've learned not to get upset,
By those representing that kind of ignorance left.
Either at my door to greet.
Or laid before my placed footsteps!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Some Of It. None Of It. Or All?

Your entitlement based beliefs,
Are only as real as its creation.
And you must agree,
Your entire belief system has been created!
What part of it would you like to designate,
As honest and real without deception?

Some of it. None of it. Or all?
And...
Do your best,
To leave out any recent movies you've seen.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Some People Are Just Lucky

What, if anything, in a tomorrow wished,
Is guaranteed?
If the ability to experience the 'now' today,
Is an activity done that can be achieved.
Besides procrastination?
And many daily do that AND succeed.

Too often it is heard by some,
What they can not do...
Because there is no time to find.
Or funds to wine and dine themselves!
As if in a 'tomorrow'...
A lottery win will come to change their minds.

However,
Explain this to me...
What, if anything, in a tomorrow wished,
Is guaranteed?
If the ability to experience the 'now' today,
Is an activity done that can be achieved.
Besides procrastination?
And many daily do that AND succeed.

And why do those who seem to be in sacrificial mode,
Are always considered the ones who are lucky...
When working hard all their lives,
Creating their own opportunities.

'I never see those folks out socializing anywhere.
And they always look tired and haggard! '

~I wonder why? ~

'Maybe they stay home laying on the couch.
Watching too much TV? '

~That's what I do.
I don't look like that.
In fact, the doctor told me I was getting fat.

And I know I keep active.~

'Yeah,
Some people are just lucky.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Some People Can Fall In And Out Of It

I need more than superstition,
To remove suspicions I have of love.

I feel as if,
I have been sentenced as a convict.
And I did nothing but wish to want to know love.

Some people can fall in and out of it.
THAT...
I just don't get!

Others need to know value and substance.
As if to become inducted into some hall of fame.
Either because of a name change,
Or a brain induced by temporary insanity.
And love does that.
The thought of it can make one crazed,
While possessed with excessive obsessed delusion.

Experiencing the depths of it can make one sick.
Especially when suggested remedies are not acceptable.
Like patience, virtue and loyalty.
Terms outdated but some say they work!

I need more than superstition,
To remove suspicions I have of love.
I just don't buy into this forever after stuff.
The minds of the people are just too corrupt today.

I feel as if,
I have been sentenced as a convict.
And I did nothing but wish to want to know love.
With the hope to explore the significance of it.
That's all.

Some people can fall in and out of it.
THAT...
I just don't get!

My mind, heart and soul has to be in the mix!
For me to feel it is legit.

I have been left feeling empty.
But no longer will I give my heart to someone,
Who returns to me an ice cold attitude.
Because I might be in the mood!
And they are plotting to remove me from their agenda.
I've been trained to recognize traps like that!
But love...
Is like playing Blackjack or shooting craps.

What a risk to gamble away like that!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Some People Enjoy Their Burdens Kept

Being in the presence of the 'NOW',
Keeps...
Facts intact.
Being in the presence of the 'NOW',
Eliminates...
The need to guess.
Being in the presence of the 'NOW',
Keeps...
Facts intact.
And keeping it 'real',
Gets that 'monkey' off one's back!

Some people enjoy,
Their monkeys!
Some people enjoy,
Their burdens kept.

Some people enjoy,
Their monkeys!
Some people enjoy,
Their burdens kept.

Being in the presence of the 'NOW',
Keeps...
Facts intact.
Being in the presence of the 'NOW',
Eliminates...
The need to guess.

Some people enjoy,
Their monkeys!
Some people enjoy,
Their burdens kept.

Some people enjoy,
Their monkeys!
Some people enjoy,
Their burdens kept.

Being in the presence of the 'NOW',
Keeps...
Facts intact.

Some people enjoy,
Their monkeys!
Some people enjoy,
Their burdens kept.

Some people enjoy,
Their monkeys!
Some people enjoy,
Their burdens kept.

Some people enjoy,
Their monkeys!
Some people enjoy,
Their burdens kept.

Some people enjoy,
Their monkeys!
Some people enjoy,
Their burdens kept.

Being in the presence of the 'NOW',
Eliminates...
The need to guess.

Some people enjoy,
Their monkeys!
Some people enjoy,
Their burdens kept.

Some people enjoy,
Their monkeys!
Some people enjoy,
Their burdens kept.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Some People Exist To Be Impressed

For whatever the reason people perceive,
They may 'know' of someone...
From a conversation had,
Or that person being approachable...
Without giving a hint of self importance,
To those quick to receive accessibility...
Yet still those same believe they know,
How that person lives with feelings deep.

But not one...
If any,
Coukld of them can spell or pronounce,
Correctly to admit or confess...
How it is to properly address who it is,
They claim to know so well...
To spell their name incorrectly.
Nor know a thing about their siblings.
What it is they most enjoy.
Or when invited inside where that person dwells,
To first assess it as if to inpect it.
With a giving of a disrespect everyone gets,
In environments where the doing of this is expected.

Some people exist to be impressed.
While others less concerned about that,
Are not the bit interested in protecting a superficiality...
Many have embedded in their deluded mindsets,
With the best of falsely kept representations...
That never updates a charading of their masquerades.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Some People Grow Up

Some people grow up,
To develop into adults...
In staged phases.
Maturing with a blooming done.

Others grow older in age,
To never experience adulthood.
Or those staged phases of blooming.
And remain immature to play pretend.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Some People Have Been Hypnotized

Stand back and analyze,
Why truth is out of sight.
And,
Stand back to wonder...
Who does what believed.

Stand back and analyze,
Why truth is out of sight.
And,
Why people day and night,
Choose to argue, fuss and fight.

Open up your eyes wide.
Listen with your ears to hear.
Don't be quick to criticize,
What you think is real appears.

Some people have been hypnotized.
Some people live a life of lies.
Some people have long lost their minds,
And them they'll never find.

Stand back and analyze,
Why truth is out of sight.
And,
Stand back to wonder...
Who does what believed.

Some people have been hypnotized.
Some people live a life of lies.
Some people have long lost their minds,
And them they'll never find.

Open up your eyes wide.
Listen with your ears to hear.
Don't be quick to criticize,
What you think is real appears.

Stand back and analyze,

Why truth is out of sight.
And,
Why people day and night,
Choose to argue, fuss and fight.

Some people have been hypnotized.
Some people live a life of lies.
Some people have long lost their minds,
And them they'll never find.

Know some people have been hypnotized.
And those are people living lies.
While other people have blind minds,
To never 'see' again.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Some People Just Want The Attention

You're too snooty,
For me to want your booty.
Scented fresh?
I could care less.
Your attitude is not perfumed!
And I quickly distanced myself from it...
When your presence filled the entire room.

You're too self assured!
And nothing is wrong with that.
But I can not imagine you,
Butt naked with me in the sack!
I am not that submissive.
Although I'm known to be attracted,
To domineering folks who trap.
Being hunted and captured...
With sweat pouring down my back.

Yes,
I'm prone to fantasize.
But reality snaps me away from that!

If you softened your eyes,
And licked your lips.
Sat quietly and portrayed...
There was 'something' in your life you missed.
If you spoke in a whisper instead of shouting in a bark...
And pretended I had 'command'
You could have me AND my heart!
But...
You just want to tease!
As if I am here to notice it.

You're too snooty,
For me to want your booty.
Even if you approached me...
I'd teach you a lesson or two!

'You!

Yes...
YOU!
When you are through...
I'm over here! '

Some people just want the attention,
All to themselves!
I thank God I'm not like that!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Some People Live To Test

Keep it cool if you choose to.
With that cool in you used.
Don't ever let it loose...
To slip away from you.

Keep it cool if you choose to.
With that cool in you used.
Don't ever let it loose...
To slip away from you.

It's easy to get heated.
With a need to split!
But some people will block that move...
To raise that heat a bit.

It's easy to be mean to people,
When they show that evil streak.
Just know there are people just like that...
Who love to sleaze and leave!

It's easy to get heated.
With a need to split!
But some people will block that move...
To raise that heat a bit.

Keep it cool if you choose to.
With that cool in you used.
Don't ever let it loose...
To slip away from you.

Some people live to test!

It's easy to get heated.
With a need to split!
But some people will block that move...
To raise that heat a bit.

Some people live to test!

Keep it cool if you choose to.
With that cool in you used.
Don't ever let it loose...
To slip away from you.

Some people live to test!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Some People Peek At Evil

Look at me I wish to resist evil.
I don't want a piece of it to sit near me.
I've got to rid deceiving people...
Smiling at me like I'm fit to eat!

Look at me I wish to resist evil.
None of evil do I want near me
Some people peek at evil through their keyholes.
With beliefs I see as much naïve!

Look at me I wish to resist evil.
It doesn't fit,
Acquit me from it please.
I've got to rid deceiving people.
Those who trick and think I treat.

Some people peek at evil through their keyholes.
With beliefs I see as much naive!
I've got to rid deceiving people.
Those who trick and think I treat.

Look at me,
Look at me resist evil.
With every bit of strength I've got.

Look at me,
Look at me...
Resist.
With every bit of strength I've got.

Look at me,
Look at me...
Resisting.
With every bit of strength I've got.
I've split from evil and that's it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Some Prefer Their Pain On The Rocks

Since truth today has been reduced,
To the equivalent of myth...
So many have lived lives convinced,
Without truth life to live...
For them makes little difference.

Corruption as an option provides benefits.
As has been kept to believe
Even though the failure of this revealed,
Can keep corruption concealed.
To allow ignorance to exist does not appeal.

Too many who have slept,
To let others take the wheel...
Have awakened too late,
To find cemented walls await.
With a speeding towards them 'and' no escape.

'Why have they ignored the detours? '

~Who knows?
Some prefer their pain on the rocks.
While others can not seem to stop,
Their addictions to delusions.~

'Here comes another one giving us the 'finger'.
What should we do,
With the abundance of morphine...
Here to inject to those in need of its use.'

~Someone eventually has to need it,
To heal from the effects of pain.
What a waste it would be to have life and know death,
To not appreciate any reality in between.
With a slow healing to comprehend or value its meaning.~

'And the ones now on 'weed' have no need for the morphine.'

~Well...

Not yet!
Those making decisions,
Are not going to let this dope go to waste.
I'm sure new dilemmas are being created.~

'That's a relief.
At least, for us, there will always be jobs.
Here's another 'finger'.'

~Great!
Just smile.
Give them something to remember,
Before they hit the wall.
Just think...
If you prevented them from doing it,
How then will you get paid?
I've learned this...
Assisting those who survive their ignorance,
Is a lot less stressful than insisting...
People should pay attention.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Some Prefer To Keep It Frozen

Honesty can be that one gift received,
To be quickly unwrapped to wear.
With a daring that is flaunted.
And exposing it to everyone,
To prove a truth living within...
Exists and is shown everywhere.

Unfortunately...
Not everyone welcomes this gift to receive.
With a keeping it under wraps.
To pack away in one's attic.
Or...
Stored in one's basement.
To leave it frozen in a freezer,
With a thawing no one will ever see at all.

A shocking honesty and truth can awe.
A shocking honesty and truth can awe.
A shocking honesty and truth can awe.
Some prefer to keep frozen,
Never to thaw.

Honesty can be that one gift received,
To be quickly unwrapped to wear.
With a daring that is flaunted.
And exposing it to everyone,
To prove a truth living within...
Exists and is shown everywhere.

But,
Left corrupted...
A shocking honesty can awe.
To be abducted.
Shocking honesty can awe.
With none conducted.
A shocking honesty can awe.
And...
Leaving it to freeze,
Never to thaw.

A shocking honesty and truth can awe.
A shocking honesty and truth can awe.
A shocking honesty and truth can awe.
Some prefer to keep frozen,
Never to thaw.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Some Prefer What's On The Surface

It's in the meaning that comes,
That may not suit everyone...
With a getting to be done and quick.

It's in the meaning that comes,
That may not suit everyone...
With a getting to be done,
Before they run.

Some prefer what's on the surface,
And not below it to pick.
Some prefer what's on the surface,
With no thought attached to it.
Some prefer what's on the surface,
Since it's easier to get.
Without a picking up to leave to then split.

It's in the meaning that comes,
That may not suit everyone...
With a getting to be done and quick.

It's in the meaning that comes,
That may not suit everyone...
To pick up,
To leave to then split.

And many will prefer it to sit.
With...
A caring less of meaning in it.
Or...
Discovering themselves,
A meaninglessness.

No one wishes to discover,
A meaning exists.
Or bother to uncover,
A meaninglessness.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Some Premeditate What They Say

When I speak,
I am not team motivated.
Nor am I representing a cause,
From a membership of devoted worship.

When I speak,
Sometimes I do admit...
My head is quick to release words,
My heart has not had an opportunity to examine...
Before my lips respond.

But when I do speak,
I have to deliver my words with honesty.
Some premeditate what they say.
As if to have had rehearsed their reactions as well.

I do this.
And I know I am not alone.
I have to control my temper,
The best way I can.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Some Say My Contributions Are Political

Some say my contributions are political.
With a point of view that is fixed.
But who is living to exist without religion,
Or politics?
And who believes there is an escape from this?

My writings are all about relationships.
Not one is disconnected from it.
Some may choose from their point of view,
To see a separateness.
But from where I sit,
If you are living you pay taxes...
All of it goes to the government.
And the only thing that is 'free'
Are delusions.
And even those have proven to be costly.
With some political attachment no one can deny!

Some say my contributions are political.
And I say to them...
'The point that you are making is...'what'?
And who lives not to make endorsements...
Of some kind! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Some Sit To Wish

No one can or should miss,
What they have never had to reminisce.
Although some sit to wish,
For that which they could have had...
But either neglected to dismiss but now miss.
With a reminiscing whatever it is,
To wish they didn't think of it so much.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Some Still Do What They Then Did

Some find themselves relating and stuck...
To impressions left and their dispositions met.
Some are chastised for who they were,
And not how they are.
Or the people they have become.

Some are thought of as children for years.
Not to mature into adults...
To become responsible,
And held accountable like those of their peers.

Many find themselves in discussions...
Of who did what to whom when they were kids.
Some still do what they then did!
And these same folks,
Never seem to grow up!
Just old.
And tired.

With aspirations...
Only to discuss what has passed.
As if time for them,
Will forever last!
And wait.
Until they take a firm grasp onto reality!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Some Thing New

Everyday we are blessed to live,
There is...
Some 'thing' new.
Something we hadn't thought,
Would be interesting enough to do.

But if we,
Choose that some 'thing' viewed...
As a pick up to keep us lifted.
While pursuing that some 'thing' viewed,
Our minds will broaden to accept and receive.

Everyday,
There is...
Some thing new.
There is...
Something we hadn't thought,
But could find...
Interesting enough to do.

And if we thought about that yesterday,
When we refused...
The experience.
And dismissed it as a foolish event,
We might have discovered,
Just how much we grew.

Everyday we are blessed to live,
There is...
Some 'thing' new.
Something we hadn't thought,
Would be interesting enough to do.

But if we,
Choose that some 'thing' viewed...
As a pick up to keep us lifted.
While pursuing that some 'thing' viewed,
Our minds will broaden to accept and receive.

And if we thought about that yesterday,
When we refused...
The experience.
And dismissed it as a foolish event,
We might have discovered,
Just how much we grew.

But if we,
Choose that some 'thing' viewed...
As a pick up to keep us lifted.
And make that the rule that is meant...
Much joy will come to me and you.

And if we,
Choose that some thing viewed...
As a pick up to keep us lifted,
Much joy...
Will come to me and you.
Much joy...
Would be what it is we pursued.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Some Things Done And Delivered

I am sure I have not been the only contributor,
To neither conceive a receiving of flattery...
From contributions presented,
Will obtain a following blissed by this.
Hopefully there is a comprehension established,
By those mature of mind understanding what it takes...
To develop this process they of a consciousness embrace.

But there will always be the ones with beliefs,
Some with a focused determination...
Are not serious in the production of their creativity.
And they will find a way to waste lots of time,
With a choosing to introduce a game playing of minds.
To manipulate attitudes to prove themselves...
Judge and jury of one's thought process too!

However...
A messenger only delivers a message.
And this may be confusing,
To those who take matters in their limited hands.
Perceiving messengers are at their disposal,
To abuse them as if to pursue an undoing.
And from them command with a demanding.

But needless to say,
Some things done and delivered as they come...
Should be accepted and not chased away.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Some Things Just Can Not Be 'synonymed'

An improvement meant to remove,
A refocused attitude that includes reality...
Takes a confidence that is not wished.
It is only in the doing that success is achieved.
With a wanting that is desired.

Anyone can prove they can make excuses,
Done to do.
Since kept lies and soliciting to be deceived,
Has fed many people to believe...
Truth is to be avoided at all costs.

Yet...unfortunately in the doing of it,
The expense of denial...
Has been an expensive undertaking.
And leaving many people still negotiating to find a way,
How to payback on their addictions feasted upon to delude.
At the most minimal of installment fees.
Hating the thought of living lives unfantasized.
And doing this cold turkey can prove to be too traumatic.

'Do you like it on rye or whole wheat? '

What?

'The cold turkey? '

Some things just can not be 'synonymed' for folks.

'If you want it cinnamoned or not,
That's your choice.
But let me say this...
I have never heard of that combination before.'

LOOK!
I am not talking about cinnamon, rye, whole wheat...
OR turkey.

'Yep.

I understand.
Trust me.
I do.
But...
Keeping things like that to yourself isn't healthy.
You've got to let it go.'

If you only knew.
God?
Why?
Why ME?

'Looking towards the sky,
Only provides temporary relief.
Just let it go.
Be real.
God knows what's happening.
Trust me.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Some Things Just Get Too Old

To tap into one's energy,
With a sapping of most of it away...
To then say how distant someone has become,
With a leaving of nothing getting done...
By those voicing their complaints,
Should expose to anyone passing judgement...
Just who had been doing all the work.
AND promoting those to sit...
WITH a getting paid to do it no one mentions.

Some things just get too old but not quick enough!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Some Things Others Do

YOU,
May tolerate your laziness.
But me?
I find it offends.

Perhaps,
I know what it takes to be disciplined.
And those accepting mediocrity with ease...
Is like hearing the screeching,
With chalk on a blackboard...
Intentionally begin.

YOU,
May tolerate your laziness.
But me?
I find it offends.

And I know I represent,
An older generation now!
However...
Some things others do,
I will not let go unmentioned.
It is wonderful to see someone attempting their best.
And that effort seems to grab my attention!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Some Trot Out From...

Some trot out from...
Bad relationships they're feeling.
Some trot out from...
Hints of misery.
And some trot out from...
The ones who disappoint them daily,
Bringing every ache and pain.
And everything that happens to them,
They wish you the same.
Taking up your time and patience,
Leaving nothing gained.
And wanting everything around them to remain the same.

Some trot out from...
Bad relationships they're feeling.
Some trot out from...
Hints of misery.
And some trot out from...
The ones who disappoint them daily,
Bringing every ache and pain.
And everything that happens to them,
They wish you the same.
Taking up your time and patience,
Leaving nothing gained.
And wanting everything around them to remain the same.

Some trot out from...
To take a lap around the corner.
Some trot out from...
To get away from those who moan.
Some trot out from...
Those who stay inside to grieve,
Everyday and every night...
And,
This is guaranteed.

Some trot out from...
With a speed to get away.
Some trot out from...

Those bleeding on their sleeves.
And some trot out from...
Those who love to live in ruts.
But they wont get off their butts,
To leave.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

'Some' Veterans Are So Ungrateful

People who don't know what it is like,
To volunteer and sacrifice one's life...
In a patriotic devotion to fight and protect,
Accustomed liberties and rights...
Without a selfishness but with felt commitment,
Will never come to understand...
Pain inflicted to reminisce,
Is not quite at the top of their priority list!
Not to celebrate or parade.
Or charade with pumped up chests.

Seldom do veterans who have survived fought wars,
Can forget those wounds.
Or companions witnessed to have died to live no more.
Only those excited to fantasize victories,
Are the ones who had not experienced...
The death of close family members or friends,
Honored as 'heros' to cover up and smother kept hypocrisies!
While doing it to portray a valor and bravery,
As if kept memories magically fade and from them go away.
Like those who remain safe to take days off to celebrate.

'We have purchased balloons.
Many church goers and neighbors baked cakes.
And 'still' some veterans are so ungrateful.
Or seem to express appreciation for what we've done.
Especially the ones who make claims,
The Vietnam War Era has left them anguished.
And left them in severe mental pain.'

~Nothing is like the pain I still endure.
I can not describe how I awaken some days,
Shaking and drenched wet with sweat...
Haunted by the college exams and barely passing tests.
And the horrors of this is still etched in my mind,
Each time I am invited to attend a class reunion.~

'You?
My first job interview I shook like a leaf.

To this very day I am left terrorized.
And at 'happy hour',
I can't explain to the bartender...
Why these memories I keep taunt me and wont leave.'

~I hear you.
And one would think after so many years,
Those who served in the military during Vietrnam...
Could at least express 'some' appreciation.
No one has ever celebrated my efforts.
And I wasn't left that devastated,
To find myself homeless, hungry and living on streets.
At least I know how to find a job and keep it.~

Note:
To those who served in the military,
With a dedicating of your lives...
I honor your attempts and efforts made.

Only 'you' and those who have experienced,
What this kind of sacrificial giving is like...
Will always carry the burden of being misunderstood,
By those whose daily lives have been kept fantasized...
To protect with minimal respect shown to you given.

It is the hope that my composition,
'Some' Veterans Are So Ungrateful brings attention...
To a truth too few dare to closely examine.
Whether enlisting to volunteer or recruited,
The young are the ones picked to fight conflicts.
With a doing expected that they 'ALWAYS' win.
As if to meet quotas selling matresses at a discount store!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Some Who Came Brought Their Assumptions

There was a meeting at the junction.
Some who came brought their assumptions,
And expressed gumptions malfunctioned...
With a numbing of tongues,
Leaving a spewing undone.

There was no spitting of a bitterness.
Some who came to do it,
Had been tamed and dissed.
What has happened overnight,
Has had an affect on their brains.
With a wished conflict now seen remissed.

Expected were some frowning lips.
And signs of that some said they missed.
But something in the air has been changed.
Everyone seemed quite sane.
With a peace maintained.

There was a meeting at the junction.
Some who came brought their assumptions,
And expressed gumptions malfunctioned...
With a numbing of tongues,
Leaving a spewing undone.

There was no spitting of a bitterness.
Some who came to do it,
Had been tamed and dissed.
With a wished conflict now seen remissed.
And the shaking of hands.
Without lifted balled fists.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Some Will 'dis' This Style

Some will 'dis' this style,
As unsophisticated.
Some will 'dis' this style,
To not appreciate it.
Some will 'dis' this style,
To under rate or hate.
Then later want a taste,
Craving it to drool.
Salivated.

Some will 'dis' this style,
To say it lacks compassion.
Some will 'dis' this style,
To claim it out of fashion.
Some will 'dis' this style,
Until it hits the market.
Zooming like a rocket.
To the top.

'Dis' this style.
Productive and seductive.
Some will 'dis' this style.
To think it just fluff.
Some will 'dis' this style.
And one day this stuff,
For them is not enough.
But this 'dis' style,
They come to gobble up.

Some will 'dis' this style.
Although it is seductive.
Some will 'dis' this style.
To think it not productive.
Some will 'dis' this style.
And one day this stuff,
For them is not enough.
But this 'dis' style,
They come to gobble up.

Some will 'dis' this style,
As unsophisticated.
'Dis' this style,
To not appreciate it.
'Dis' this style,
To under rate or hate.
Then later crave it.
Salivated.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Some Would Have No Life To Live

If you live in an atmosphere,
That has condoned conflict, violence and chaos.
When did any of this start?
Or were you born into it as if it were a gift?
And have witnessed this...
As if it to be performing art!

Many sat by and watch this nourish.
And in somes cases,
Encouraged it.
If this affected another race.
And on TV you saw this take place.
With accusations flying...
How 'those' people should be ashamed.
And how 'they' are such a disgrace.

Racism 'helps' many people deal with their insecurities.
Many countries wouldn't be what they are,
If not for the created terminologies...
Such as 'minorities' or 'enemies'.
Superiority and dominance.
Or...
Ignorance from it,
Dispensed!
Some would have no life to live.

Racism 'helps' many people deal with their insecurities.

If you live in an atmosphere,
That has condoned conflict, violence and chaos.
When did any of this start?
Or were you born into it as if it were a gift?
And have witnessed this...
As if it to be performing art!

Racism 'helps' many people deal with their insecurities.

If not for the created terminologies...
Such as 'minorities' or 'enemies'.

Superiority and dominance.
Or...
Ignorance from it,
Dispensed!
Some would have no life to live.

Racism 'helps' many people deal with their insecurities.

If not for the created terminologies...
Such as 'minorities' or 'enemies'.
Superiority and dominance.
Or...
Ignorance from it,
Dispensed!
Some would have no life to live.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Some Would Rather Run And Hide

For eight years,
One man was allowed...
To strip them bare of their principles.
Leaving them naked of values.
And barren of their quality of life.

Now they are fearful,
That a new leader...
Will not understand their standards.
Is not aware of their needs.
And he is the only one mentally stable.
Capable to restore order.
And chose this responsibility,
To clean up the injustices...
Inflicted upon them.

And yet...
They distrust him,
Because he dares to be honest...
Direct and disciplined.
And they are afraid...
He may solicit from them sanity!
He presents a differentness.
And this is not their custom.
Some would rather run and hide...
Than confront reality.

And he scares them with his seriousness,
To have them sacrifice their fantasies.
Even though crooks they have trusted...
Have left them bone dry of treasured beliefs,
And their ideals!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Somebody Just To Please

By the minute someone's picked to fit the image...
Of a loser.
Or an enemy.
And...
By the minute someone's ripping up to bits...
Somebody just to please,
Their insecurities.

For no other purpose,
'Cause the know no peace of their own.
And for no other purpose,
'Cause they can't leave people alone.
And for no other purpose 'cause inside they hurt!
And for no other purpose,
They just want to dig and throw dirt...
To get attention.
With intention to get mentioned.

By the minute someone's picked to fit the image,
Of a loser.
Or an enemy.
To get attention.
With intention to get mentioned.

And for no other purpose,
But to get attention.
And for no other purpose,
They just want to dig and throw dirt...
To get attention.
With intention to get mentioned.

And for no other purpose 'cause inside they hurt!
And for no other purpose,
They just want to dig and throw dirt.
To get attention.
With a seeking of it mentioned.

By the minute someone's picked to fit the image...
Of a loser.

Or an enemy.
And...
By the minute someone's ripping up to bits...
Somebody just to please,
Their insecurities.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Somebody Knocks

Somebody...
Knocks,
On my door...
And wanting some attention.

Somebody...
Keeps on knocking,
With a wish...
To fulfill a need.

And an attention I don't mind to give.
And...
An attention they get,
With priority!

Somebody knocks,
And wants to get from me some attention.

Somebody keeps on knocking until I stop...
To see what they need!

They said they want to know if I'm okay!
And...
They just want to wish,
Me...
Have a good day,
Then leave.

Somebody on my block stopped,
Just to wish me...
Have a good day.
Somebody on my block stopped,
Knock knock knocking away.

They just want to wish me...
Have a good day,
Then leave.

And neighbors like this,

Are few...
And far between!

Somebody on my block stopped,
Just to wish me...
Have a good day.
Somebody on my block stopped,
Knock knock knocking away.

And neighbors like this,
Are few...
And far between!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Somebody Slipped Some Crack In Your Soup

That 'you'...
Are suddenly interested,
Of how I am affected...
By the state of the present economy,
Makes me highly suspicious.

How are you benefitting,
From this turn around of events?
By what other process can you use,
To make me thoroughly convinced?
Since there is nothing in your past,
That has brought your concerns...
To appear out of breath on my path.

That 'you'...
Are suddenly interested,
Of how I am affected...
By the state of the present economy,
Makes me highly suspicious.

Are you sure your activity is based on sincerity?
Or...
Are you here because you fear,
There are few spots left for you in heaven?
Which is it?

Because...
I suspect somebody slipped some crack in your soup!
And pointed you to move in my direction,
For thrills and kicks.
And they are loving every bit of this.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

'Somebody' With A Validation

'Somebody' With A Validation

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Somebody, Somewhere Claims To Have Proof

Many with a minature flow grown old,
Have overblown and exposing bluff that disrupts.
Just to get the followers of doers to give up...
What they know effective and correct,
And not corrupt...
'Cause,
Somebody, somewhere claims to have proof...
That the doers are the losers.
With lies they tell and try to hide.

Many with a minature flow grown old,
Have overblown and exposing bluff that disrupts.
Just to get the followers of doers to give up...
What they know effective and correct,
And not corrupt...
'Cause,
Somebody, somewhere claims to have proof...
That the doers are the losers.
With lies they tell and try to hide.

Somebody, somewhere claims to have proof...
But,
Where is it?
Somebody, somewhere claims to have proof...
But,
Does it exist?
And...
Somebody, somewhere claims to have proof...
That the doers are the losers.

Can a duck pass as a pheasant?
And...
Somebody, somewhere claims to have proof.
But...
Where is it revealed?
And...
Somebody, somewhere claims to have proof,
Kept hidden and concealed.
Yet...

Somebody, somewhere confuses truth,
That those who 'Do' are not the losers.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Some-Fake-A Baked Cake

No I don't have...
What I do have.
And I do have...
That which I don't.

A peaceless sleep...
Like many who walk 'mean' streets.
No I wont have,
None of that!

Strung out on dope,
Because I can't cope.
No I don't have,
None of that to keep me off track.
Or,
Make an impact.

No I don't have...
What I do have.
And I do have...
That which I don't.

No I don't have...
What I do have.
And I do have...
That which I don't.

Psychotic I'm not...
Like the ones who worry a lot.
Or hooked on smoking pot.
No I don't have...
What I do have.
And I do have,
That which I don't!

No I don't have...
What I do have.
And I do have,
That which I don't!

Even though...
Some-fake-a baked cake.
Some-fake-a baked cake.
Some-fake-a baked cake.

And I wont have...
None of that.

Even though...
Some-fake-a baked cake.
Some-fake-a baked cake.
Some-fake-a baked cake.

And I wont have...
None of that.
No!
I wont have...
None of that.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Somehow I Am Immediately Alerted

If I can express,
From my own point of view...
A committment to honesty,
As 'my' experience with it
Allows me to be.
With a self assessment...
That encourages I should be limitation free.
I will not be seeking opinions,
As to how my own impressions...
Affect me emotionally,
Mentally or physically.
Somehow,
I am immediately alerted.

Or why my feelings are felt,
The way I feel them.
Somehow,
I am immediately alerted.

Nor am I going to address that in debate.
To await who wins!
Somehow,
I am immediately alerted.

If I say I feel a certain way about my life...
I do not seek a validation.
Nor will I take random surveys.
Somehow,
I am immediately alerted.

Any emotions I can not define...
That are mine,
Has very little to do with outside observations.
No needs do I have to schedule visits,
With qualifying psychiatrists.
Or analytical dissections of dysfunctions,
Performed by anyone ordained...
To deliver sermons from a pulpit.
And...

Who believes themselves to be more in touch,
With 'my' reality.
Since all my realities have my name on them!
My creditors will vouch for that!
And would be happy I've made any attempts,
To contact them at all!

So if there is anyone who is in doubt,
About what comes out of my mouth.
Know this...
Any questions I may have,
About my life and directions I take...
To broaden my own awareness,
Will 'first' be heard by God.
And what is decided from 'our' conferences...
More than likely!
And will produce all the comprehension I need.

Unless God is not available.
And it is rare I've had to reschedule,
Priorities to accomodate my visits with Him...
Her or IT.
So far,
I've been extremely fortunate...
To find I am expected.

Somehow,
I am immediately alerted about this!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Somehow I Knew They Knew

My left hand has five fingers.
So does my right hand.
I look at them with my eyes.
I uncross my legs and look at my feet.
I breathe.
I am blessed,
With a mind that realizes...
This is not man made.
Or is it?
God...
Where are You?
In my hour of darkness.

'I brought you here!
And I'll take you out! '

My mother use to say that all the time.
To me and my sisters.
My father would just look.
That's all he had to do.
As if he was prepared,
To offer a hint or clue.
Somehow I knew they knew,
Something I didn't!
I am blessed.
I did not challenge my mother's words.
And God...
Thank You for keeping me silent.
Bringing me comfort as I prayed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Somehow My Agenda Remains Prioritized

When someone says to me,
I do not have to express...
Or show my concern.
I deliver quick!
Exactly to them what is wished.

And if I should witness approaching trouble,
Heading towards them on the double...
I am dutiful to what I am told,
With eyes I immediately close.

To dismiss any trouble coming to confront,
Is a blessing I have kept unknown.
Confirming in mind,
What is happening does not exist.
Is not a problem at all for me.
I've been trained to know how to distance.

And somehow,
My agenda...
Remains prioritized.

'Owwww...
Help me. Help! Please.'

With little effort or stress!

'Owwww...
Help me. Help! Please.'

And somehow,
My agenda...
Remains prioritized.
With little effort or stress!

'Help me. Help me.
Owwww, please! '

And somehow,

My agenda...
Remains prioritized.
With little effort or stress!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Somehow They Understood That Immediately

Well...
It is a beginning.
That,
You will have to confess.

Admit it!

At least several of them,
Have seen a forest before.

However...
Many are still questioning,
The purpose for the trees.

'Well...
It is a beginning.

At least several of them,
Have seen a forest before.'

That's exactly what I said!

'I know.
I'm stalling for time.
I am attempting to create an answer,
That will first make sense to me.'

Good luck!
I've already told them,
I was not from their neighborhood.
And somehow they understood that immediately.
I am doing all I can to remember them...
As college students.
Good luck!
I'm glad I did not request this field trip.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Somehow This Is Praised

It doesn't matter where they go.
They will still show they can degrade themselves.
That is the only identity they know.
And those who protect them with excuses...
Have not a clue they've become numbed to the abuse.

It doesn't matter where they go.
They will loudly expose their ignorance.
With no common sense to use as a defense.
And everyone who came to assist them in the past...
Were backstabbed and lied upon.
Since the doers of these deeds had minds long trashed.

Worthless they are!
And somehow this is praised.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Someone Another Selects

Most times information received,
From unreliable sources...
Is not the best direction to take,
When one wishes to make an impression...
Upon someone another selects,
To become a possible mate in establishing...
A credible and honest relationship.
With expectations to have it last beyond two weeks.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Someone Deceit Free And Not A Greedy Needer

I want somebody worthy!
Trusting and a friend.
Someone deceit free,
And not a greedy needer.

I want somebody worthy...
Trusting and a friend
Someone deceit free,
And reeks of honesty.

My needs are simple and I make no demands.
My right hand knows,
What my left is doing.

I want someone who knows just where they stand.
And if they should fall...
Get right back up on their feet,
To hit the breeze.

I want somebody worthy!
Trusting and a friend.
Someone deceit free,
And not a greedy needer.

I want somebody worthy...
Trusting and a friend
Someone deceit free,
And reeks of honesty.
Is that 'one'
For me!

My needs are simple and I make no demands.
My right hand knows,
What my left is doing consciously.

I want someone who knows just where they stand.
And if they should fall...
Get right back up on their feet,
To hit the breeze.

I want somebody,
Who will not compromise with defeat!
I want somebody,
Who has stopped trying to find enemies.

Someone deceit free and not a greedy needer,
Is for me.
Someone deceit free and not a greedy needer,
Is for me.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Someone Different

There are those who have identities,
And have known themselves so well...
They at times offend others,
Who have been given a perception...
Of an image that conflicts with their beliefs.
To leave the person they finally meet,
After never having met before...
Disappointing their expectations.

'I thought you would be someone different? '

~Really?
I wish I knew who you had spoken to.
I'm sure they were as close to me,
As a passerby on the street.
Or flourishing an embellishment.
It would have given me more time to rehearse,
That person you believed you would meet.~

'I know.
At least I would have had more time,
To re-act appropriately.'

~You're doing fine.
Perhaps with conversation,
I can assist in eliminating your confusion.
We can try that if you wish? ~

'Okay.
Say something sarcastic.'

~To you about you or just in general?
Now I am confused.
Do you wish to know 'me'?
Or just be entertained? ~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Someone Elected, Liked And Popular

Someone has to be held responsible,
For allowing people to make wrong decisions.
Someone has to be held accountable,
For allowing people to dismiss their values.
And adopt standards that unleashed upon them...
An onslaught of disrespect.
With a lack of discipline...
Their blind mindsets enjoyed and accepted.
Someone has to be held responsible,
For the blatant theft and rise of crime.
Someone elected, liked and popular...
To lead and guide them out of shadows,
Should have had their interests protected.
And their choices made,
More closely inspected.
With a voice of concern...
Their way of life has been neglected.
And they someday will pay!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Someone Else

People who have created,
Their own problems unable to face...
Will always find others to convince,
Someone else has been...
The reason and cause for them,
To place their blame.
With a campaign to promote,
Deceptions accepted...
By those who empathize,
With lies they have heard told to tell.
Involving yet someone else,
Learning less about a truth...
Left to go unaddressed or confessed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Someone Else's Garbage

She had bigger gonads than Goliath!
Oh yes she did!
She introduced me to her boyfriend.
And I was living still at the crib!
We were married!
He came by to pick her up for a date!
This was happening...
I couldn't believe!
And neither could they!
I told them to have a good time...
And enjoy the evening!
I know I was going to!
Somebody wanted to see somebody act a fool!
And I wasn't in the mood!
If she allowed herself to show disrespect like that!
I certaintly wasn't going to show her I cared!
I don't pick over left overs...
Or worry about someone else's garbage!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Someone Had To Try

What are you doing?
And why are you doing this?
What is the reason behind it?

'I've decided you are right.
I'm tired of arguing.
And it has become pointless to fight.
I'll follow your lead.
Since you've said you have clearer sight! '

But...
What if I fail?
What will the others then do?

'I have no idea.
That would be up to you.
Wherever you take us...
I'm sure you'll follow through.'

But...
What if I fail?
What will the others then do?

'I guess we'll have to wait to see,
What your leadership proves to be.'

But...
What if I fail?
What will the others then do?

'Are you afraid to lead?
Is that the excuse that you choose? '

Uh...
Uh,
I've grown accustomed,
To critiquing your moves.
I'll be alone in leading.
There will be no one but me,

To make decisions of what I do.
The others will not like me.
And mistakes I might make.
What if I do make a few of them...
And excuses then I can't fake.

'I see!
But it was okay with you...
To see me suffer and bleed.
I am not accustomed to pain at all.
And I am not afraid to lead.'

Then...
Why don't you continue doing what you do.
And I'll stay where I am.
Since that will be easier for me,
To keep the others confused.

'No...
You go ahead.
I want to see how you handle the abuse.
Eventually you'll get use to it.
And the sacrificing too! '

But I am no leader.

'Neither am I.
But someone had to make forward moves.
Someone had to try.
Someone had to rely on faith.
Even though alone they may have cried.'

Wow.
I didn't think of that.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Someone Has To Address Their Needs

Find fault with me.
I have been in preparation...
For dissections and critique.
When I began testing the waters,
I chose to jump in...
Learning 'then' to sink,
Or swim.
With those of shallow minds.
Or with those whose minds were 'deep'.

I did not boast to float along like some.
My intentions were based upon content.
Flash splashes made to say I can make a wave,
Or two.
Was okay at first...
But I have more than just that to do!

I have been in practice for years!

Find fault with me.
I have been in preparation...
For dissections and critique.
If I have to say in poetic verse...
How I hunger for true peace on Earth!
I will be controversial,
With comments some will bleep.

And use I do choice cuss words too.
If I feel a need to shake things loose!

Or I may select a way to probe into minds...
With an eeriness that creeps!
That I love to do,
For those of inflated etiquette standards pursued.
You know the ones?
Politically correct!
And breaking their necks to hide their flaws.
Why I love to watch their jaws drop?
Why not?

Those horses they ride high upon...
Need rest!
Someone has to address their needs.

But I would rather convey,
A way to promote...
An understanding that is consciously invoked.
However,
If that doesn't work?
You can rely on me to provoke with glee.
With a stroke of bitterness...
Yet mixed with lots of love to leave.
Although,
Not necessarily that easily found near the surface.
Give me some credit for my attempts,
To provide hints of contempt...
With a dose of mystery!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Someone Has To Leave Feeling Victorious

Someone has to lose,
In a game of egos played.
Someone has to leave feeling victorious,
To pump up a chest...
And display this to parade,
An intended attention to get.

Someone has to be defeated.
No matter who it is.
Even if the purpose is pointless,
Conflicts are created only to make...
The doing of it to impress an accepted,
Ignorance left displayed for whatever the reason.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Someone I Am Not

You'd like for me to be for you someone I am not.
You'd like for me to dropp my priorities,
And put your agenda on top.
Stop!

Wasting my time I have never found comforting.
Or deciding my life is less important than yours,
Has never occurred to blur my vision.

Any door of opportunity I see for me that is open,
I am going to walk through it.
And your attempts to block me...
Is a notice from you I do not deserve.

And ignoring you does not take neither courage,
Or nerve.
You're just another observed fool in my way!
Move,
You can not stay here to pluck or shuck...
Not at this door to cross a threshold.

You'd like for me to be for you someone I am not.
You'd like for me to dropp my priorities,
And put your agenda on top.
Stop!

What have you not heard?
Do you wish for me to show you,
I can be insensitive?
Someone I am not.
But I can deliver a believable portrayal,
Whenever someone has that as a need.

You'd like for me to be for you someone I am not.
You'd like for me to dropp my priorities,
And put your agenda on top.
Stop!

I prefer to be left to be someone I am.

Not to be changed into someone I am not!
Although I am quick to defend against,
Misdeeds and their intentions.
With a noticeable determination.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Someone I Don'T Know

A spell within repeating.
Unseated in my grief.
Shadows lift from me.
Unwind I do from needing.

I feel a sadness ending.
I leave behind despair.
Someone says hello.
Someone I don't know.

Then I am touched by love.
It feels as if I knew it.
It was familiar then.
Like it did...
When I hid my heart!

A spell within repeating.
Unseated in my grief.
Shadows lift from me.
Unwind I do from needing.

I feel a sadness ending.
I leave behind despair.
Someone says hello.
Someone I don't know...
But knew!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Someone Influential

Three piece suited and tied crooks,
Are becoming too comfortable
Wearing flip flops with sox...
And getting breakfast, lunch and dinner too,
With cable nonstop
Behind bars for executive crimes!

They don't mind sweeping cell blocks with mops.
Or chatting around the clock,
About the dirty cops who stopped them,
To pocket hush money for their silence!

These are the days...
Hoodlums are being paid,
And treasures are being stashed...
As the middle class pays up the ass
To conceal these vermin,
Doing 'rehabilitated' time
Behind barbed wire...
Safe and secure in concrete condos!
Undeterred and being nourished.

And when these thieves are released...
They are booked again!
But this time,
They preach on stages in forums
On how they have paid the price,
For sacrificing their freedom...
To thunderous applause and standing ovations!
As chauffeurs await to whisk them away,
To negotiate with agents
Over book deals and movie rights to consider!

And these messages are delivered to our youth!

'Stay in school!
And one day you too...
May meet someone influential! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Someone Is Going To Pay For This

'MOMMY? '

Why are you screaming like that?
You nearly scared me to death.

That look...
In your eyes.
What is wrong?

'Mommy?
The sky.
I saw the sky...
And it was blue.

No?
What did I tell you about lieing?

'It's true mommy.
It's true.
My friends and I just left the beach.
And it was covered with...'

Go on!
Don't cry.
Mother's here.

'Mommy?
It was covered with 'white' sand! '

LIES!

'And...
We saw people smiling.
At us.'

Where is my gun?
I want you to stay in this house.
Go to your room.
Don't go anywhere.

I'll be right back.

'Where are you going, mommy? '

Someone is trying to feed my child with delusions.
And I don't like it one bit.
We are here to trash this world.
Not respect it.
Do you understand that?
DO YOU?

'Yes, mommy! '

You go to your room.
I'll be right back.
Someone is going to pay for this.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Someone Like You

Whatever is going on in your life,
You dislike yet initiated.
You should try...
Acknowledging that you had it your way.

To accuse others for your disappointments,
And dismay...
Only announces this loud and clear:

'YOU LIKE TO TASTE AND SAMPLE
WHAT IS SERVED ON THE TABLE.

Complain about what is on it!

AND NOT BRING ONE THING,
BUT AN APPETITE!

And then...

BLAME THE HOST FOR INVITING YOU,
TO PARTICIPATE IN THE FESTIVITIES.'

Is that reason enough,
As to why I rather not be in your company?
Or can consider you a trustworthy friend!

Someone like you I can not be around.
Nor can I depend upon or could ever defend!
And you...
Should not feel alone.
There are others I am sure you represent!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Someone Loved Much

Death has only one face.
To know when it comes to never be replaced.
And when the absence of life,
Once experienced to move on...
Those familiar with a love once touched,
Identify immediately...
Death has come to take someone loved much.

Life lived presents a temporary enjoyment,
Not to forever exist.
And when that time comes to witness it go,
We all come to remember,
That special one cherished and got to know...
To never forgot the life within them gifted to flow.

And as death comes to pass one of us along,
It is difficult to hide that pain felt inside.
But celebrate we must that someone loved much.
Although their presence will be missed,
With a deepness felt that is reminsced.
It is not death that should bring anyone to tears.
It is the happiness shared to be remembered that lives.

Death has only one face.
To know when it comes to never be replaced.
And when the absence of life,
Once experienced to move on...
Those familiar with a love once touched,
Identify immediately...
Death has come to take someone loved much.
But...
Never to be forgotten.

Dedicated To The Memory:
My Aunt Catherine 'Mush' Pertillar-Jackson
April 11th 2013

'I Love You'

Nephew Larry Jr.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Someone Made The Decision

Why do people leave,
From places once felt comfortable?
Someone made the decision,
To perceive themselves...
The end result of another's happiness.

And with a growing obnoxiousness,
Believed they could well afford...
Began to ruin the atmosphere.
And those who 'had' enjoyed it once,
Made it clear...
They could easily take away with them,
A peace of mind no one had bought.
Or sought to provide its growth to share.

That's why people leave,
From places once felt comfortable.
And that is why so many grieve,
When they believe what was done to please...
Has eventually left them alone,
To entertain their own sorrows.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Someone Needs To Draw For Them A Much Clearer Picture

So closed have been my eyes.
So closed and distracted.
From those acts,
That now I can say...
Left unattended,
My values.

Standards I expected to be maintained...
Use to have identifiable names!
Today,
I'd be hard pressed...
Trying to find anyone addressing them.

And that is my fault.
I can't recall the last time,
I reminded anyone...
To keep them encouraged,
Flourished and well nourshed.

I kept hot flashes of fast cash in my mind!
And for too long.
'That'...
I can admit was wrong!
But I can not be the only one,
That has been that stupid?

And I observe more destitution on the streets!

Why can't these people get on their feet,
Get a job and go home! ?
Or establish good credit,
Like the others snuggled in,
Their suburban homes.
Slicing to eat,
Another piece of that Apple pie.

So closed have been my eyes.

So closed and distracted.
From those acts,
That now I can say...
Left unattended,
My values.

'Are those inner city people still whining?
Someone needs to draw for them a much clearer picture.
Perhaps if they see how it is done...
They will get themselves together! '

~Will that be all, Master Lawrence? ~

'Yes.
Make several copies.
Hand a few to that bag lady!
Tell her to dispense with them amongst the crowd.
Maybe that will give them some incentive,
To move away from my doorstep.
And become viable citizens of this great land! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Someone Still Hanging Around The Playground

Having things the way we wish they should be,
With a convincing of others they would be better off...
If they followed our lead,
Is a fantasized wish probably found on a priority list...
Of those hoping to blame their held immature insecurities,
On someone still hanging around the playground.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Someone They Distrust

Many will get immediately upset and disgusted,
By someone they distrust who tells them the truth.
To then defend without question or comprehending why,
A lie told by a 'friend' known to exaggerate and embellish...
Everything said not to be believed,
Because of a close relationship shared...
Regardless if honesty has never been there to discuss.
But avoid they will any truth coming up that offends.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Someone To Believe

I want to be elated.
I want to be,
Satisfied.
I want to empty out,
All my frustrations.
I'm more prepared,
Than I realized.

I want...
More love to keep it.
I want...
True happiness.
And I want...
Someone to believe,
Together we can have our needs met.

I want...
To be elated.
I want...
To be satisfied.
And I want...
Someone to believe,
I want to live a life not to fantasize.

I want...
Someone to believe,
That I want the best of life to get.

I want...
Someone to believe,
Together we can have all our needs met.

I want to be elated.
I want to be,
Satisfied.
I want to empty out,
All my frustrations.
I'm more prepared,
Than I realized.

I want...
Someone to believe,
Together we can live...
Happy.
That's what I want.

I want...
Someone to believe,
Together we can live...
Happy.
And, that's what I want.
To be happy.
And, that's what I want to be happy.
With someone who agrees and sees,
Together we're happy.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Someone Unknown

Only fools will allow,
Malicious gossip to overhear.
Then spread it to whisper,
In other ears.

Only fools would sit and hiss.
To believe another told,
Had been deserving of it.

And only a fool like this,
Is eventually left to feel...
Upset, regret and other,
More appropriate adjectives.
When someone unknown,
Said to have similar interests
They had not before,
Been introduced to meet...
Formally.
Suddenly refuses...
To make excuses,
To stall a greeting.
With a wish not to meet,
At all.

'Come with me.
I want you to meet someone.
And...
Blame me 'if' love happens.
Instantly.
This...
Is who I've been wanting,
The both of you to meet.
I'll leave you two alone.'

-Please don't.-

'Have you met? '

-No! No, I can't say that.

Nor do I wish to.
Look,
I've got better things to do.
And if I knew,
Fools were invited...
I would not have come.-

'Why are you being so rude? '

-And please, by all means...
Consider what I've done,
Disrespectful.-

'Maybe a little crazed.
But 'disrespectful? '
Wassup? '

-The sky. And folks,
In disguise who try to hide...
From others what they are.
Excuse me.
I have to your restroom,
To make a donation.-

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Someone Wants To Show Me Some Magic

Remember when you stood on my foot,
With an expectation to hear me scream?
And I gave you a look,
As if you were the fool!
Because I knew immediately,
You had no idea...
That I was not only the train engineer,
And it's conductor.
But I also cooked the meals...
And entertained.

When you saw me taking out the garbage...
I was making sure the train,
Maintained its comfort...
For those passengers I guaranteed,
The time of their lives they would believe.

Do you remember doing that to me?
I hope so!
Because just like those times gone before?
On 'my' train...
You are still not welcomed aboard.

~Hey,
Wassup? ~

Nothing much.
Go grab a seat.
I'll be in to treat you...
As soon as I make myself clear,
To a wannabee.

~You need my ticket? ~

How many times have you ridden with me for free?

As for you?
You can get off my foot now.
Maybe you will get re-imbursed...

For a trip you didn't take.

Oh...
And,
Give me a moment.
I'll be there shortly...
I need to see what it is you do to convince.
Good luck!

~Hey,
Wassup? ~

Doing great.
We may be a little late.
Someone wants to show me some magic.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Someone Who Has Grown

What do you think I would want from you now?
After years of warning you,
No life can be lived without it in existence.

You think I now want from you love?
Loyalty and devotion? Honesty I trust?
I told you then I am not into leftovers.
Or anything someome else has nibbled.
Especially when I believed I was the first,
To unpack it fresh.

What do you think I would want from you now?
After years of warning you,
No life can be lived without it in existence.
A truth you never knew?
Or another lie you want to disguise?
Open your eyes to see someone who has grown.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Someone Who Has Placed A Bet

I hope to have greater moments,
Than the ones that have come...
In my past that were done.

I hope I am mentally and physically able,
To seek adventure and not fear the unknown.
With an exploring of life and share what is shown.

I hope the Sun rises and on the horizon stays,
At least to allow me to acknowledge...
So many blessings came my way.

I hope one day to find companionship,
With someone who has awakened...
To appreciate honesty and life lived to be basic.

I hope the Sun rises and on the horizon stays,
At least to allow me to acknowledge...
So many blessings came my way.

I hope I am mentally and physically able,
To seek adventure and not fear the unknown.
With an exploring of life and share what is shown,
And I am mated with someone honest and basic.
Someone who has placed a bet to win and won,
Exactly what they see in me.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Someone Who Writes

The best advice I have to give,
To anyone wishing to walk...
Is to practice falling.
When that has been accomplished,
The getting up to walk...
Without thinking of it at all,
Becomes as natural...
As someone who writes.

And as uncommon as it appears to be,
Very few who walk do it without shoes.
And someone who wishes with a want to write?
Well...
It is recommended,
To always be prepared...
To enable that want to be done.
Since wasted are thoughts without a pad AND pen.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Something About Forever That Is Never Guaranteed

If anyone is unclear,
As to whose accustomed greed
Has been historically jeopardized.
You need only to look into those faces,
To witness a gloating smuggness...
Sinking fast upon those of fattened cheeks.
And a swelling being done,
Of swollen tear dripping eyes.

With this reality that shocks and surprises...
An exclusive feasting enjoyed,
Seems to be diminishing quickly.
With the shrinking of their numbers.
And the ending of them has begun,
To make them appear...
Visably weakened and mentally sick.
And they are aware whatever happens,
From now on they will have to pay for it!

'No free rides?
No free lunch to munch on in between...
Our travels to observe those of lesser means?
How utterly appalling! '

And those on foreign shores hear their screams!

'MEDIC! MEDIC!
We need assistance.
Hearts are stopping all over the place.
Can we not get better care then this? '

And in their loud protest to overshadow this fact...
Blatant theft, deceit and a bleeding elitism,
Have taken more than a few steps back.

And those scenes depicting irrational gluttony...
Are being removed and burned as trash!
From a past many believed would forever last.

However...
There is something about forever,
That is never guaranteed.

'MEDIC! MEDIC!
We need assistance.
Hearts are stopping all over the place.
Can we not get better care then this?
Thousands we pay annually for 'premium' service.
We deserve better than we claim exists! '

~Someone called? ~

'You're not a medic!
You're a mortician.'

~I am a magician as well.
You see those horses over there?
They look as if they are running in place,
Don't they?
People were stunned to see what I could do...
After they were beatened to death! ~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Something About Insight, Intuition And Awareness

There is something about insight, intuition and awareness
That can not be taught.
Like common sense is not a family trait.
It is either there or it isn't.
Experience in observation seems to be a prerequisite.
And some folks are born to walk around,
With their heads in the clouds.

I have actually had conversations,
With those who can lie easily with a straight face.
And then embellish that with something else.
Not aware they do not have to split their lips...
Before my radar detects dishonesty about to arrive.
Dressed elegantly in full BS.

There is something about insight, intuition and awareness...
That uplifts a consciousness that is far less expensive,
Than daydreaming during a college lecture.
And much more adventurous,
Than sitting to listen to a professor's drone!
Trust me.
Been there/done that!

It just amazes me people with college degrees,
And thousands of dollars still owed on loans...
Don't have a dropp of common sense!
If I was the one paying...
I would sue!
Or demand my money back for malpractice.
The expectation and what has been accomplished,
Just does not provide the balance.
Can you 'feel' me on this?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Something About It Is Faked

How can anyone feel safe,
With a faith to claim that shakes...
Away from doubting it to debate.

How can anyone say they're safe,
If they await to look for escapes.
And pretend they have a faith that's real.
But something about it is faked.

Wake up and face your fate.
Wake up and walk with faith.
Wake up don't hesitate.
With faith your fears will move away,
To prove this to you everyday.

How can you say you're saved,
When everyday you are afraid...
To test your faith to eliminate,
Those obstacles in your way.

Wake up and face your fate.
Wake up and walk with faith.
Wake up and don't hesitate.
With faith your fears will move away,
To prove this to you everyday.

Unregrettable...
Something about it is faked,
Unstated.
Something about your faith,
Has faded.
And you want others to believe,
You have more faith than what it takes.
Yet...
Something about it is faked.

Wake up and face your fate.
Wake up and walk with faith.
Wake up and don't hesitate.

With faith your fears will move away,
To prove this to you everyday.

Unregrettable...
Something about it is faked,
Unstated.
Something about your faith,
Has faded.
And you want others to believe,
You have more faith than what it takes.
But...
Something about it is faked faith.
Something about it is faked.
Something about it is faked faith.
Something about it is faked.

Something about it is faked faith.
Something about it is faked.
Something about it is faked faith.
Something about it is faked.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Something About Snow

I feel them.
Cold but warming.
Inside my pockets.

Inside my pockets,
I play with loose change.
While in my mind deciding...
Whether to make a snowball,
From fresh snow.
Or should I go sit in my car...
Kept running.

I remember as a child,
I would love the snow.
I would love to make and throw snowballs.
Not thinking of my hands.
Or the cold!
Or being chased.

I take my hands out from my pockets.
I feel the heat released by the change!
I hide behind a tree.
People walking do not see me.
I hit one with a snowball.

I remember as a child,
I would love the snow.
I would love to make and throw snowballs.
Not thinking of my hands.
Or the cold!
Or being chased.

Those days have passed.
I can not run so fast.
Today I drive.
Hopefully not to be recognized.

I would love to make and throw snowballs.
Not thinking of my hands.

Or the cold!
Or being chased.

There is something about snow,
That leaves an impact!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Something About That

The various messages sent,
Have always invited confusion.
Whether or not intented or meant.
OR prevent the increase of misunderstanding.
Who will begin to examine from where,
These tensions created to never end.

Those of devout and faithfulness profess,
A strict adherence to a Christianity confessed.
Although a kept alliance with their closest ally,
Who declared and named them all Christians...
From the beginning when Jesus was 'then' a Jew,
Are not themselves Christians at all.
Or admit to beliefs in the doctrines of God.

'What are you implying with your remarks? '

I am not 'implying anything.
I base my statement on a religious fact.
If you knew anything about your history,
You should have known 'something' about THAT!

Those who are Baptist,
Sing about 'Zion'.
The Jewish homeland that is symbolic of Judaism.
What does it mean...
When they sing we're marching upward to Zion?
Why do conflicts exist if not in our minds they sit?

'What are you implying with your remarks? '

I'm not implying anything at all.
I'd just like to know from where these conflicts start.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Something About Their Jokes Told

Why is it,
That those who once provoked...
Laughter and jokes,
On other folks...
Have become the ones,
Who today appear to fear?

Could it be,
Something they have done to someone...
Has managed to attract serious attention.
And faces of those once cracking with laughs,
Find something about their jokes told...
No longer thought to be as funny.

And today,
Those who they pass to exchange...
With others who gathered to laugh,
Seem to smile as if gasping onto bags...
Of contained laughter.
And appear happy for no apparent reason.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Something Accepted By Those One Knows

Those standards one claims to have,
And valued...
Seem to be higher set and unobtainable,
When judgement on others is placed.

Yet when one is faced with their own digressions,
The excuses made are always the same.
To remain noticeable but denied,
As something accepted by those one knows.

And it shows as hypocrisies dispensed,
Go disguised.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Something Appropriate

They meander incapable
Of helping themselves.
Intelligence is nonexisting.
And mediocrity is applauded
For the effort!
Who is to blame?
An insanity embraced,
As achievement...
That has replaced
Encouraging the process of thought!
They are all caught up,
In the physicality of 'things'
A reality that brings them all disaster!
And with that approaching...
They all look for something appropriate,
To wear!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Something Authentic

Selling lies to sell,
Is much easier to produce...
When truth seekers,
Are not around to bargain...
For something authentic,
That is worth the price.
Often overlooked...
At a flea market where crooks,
Can hide to disguise...
Delusions replicated cheaply.
Without costly advertising.
To know...
Lies to sell do well,
When the price paid for them...
Come in bulk.
And packaged to attract.

Seldom are those,
Looking for authenticity...
Will be standing around,
Awaiting to pay for it.
Behind others who have no idea,
What it is at a flea market...
Many don't recognize,
As being unique.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

'Something' Being Overlooked

When any relationship begins,
With dishonesty introduced...
Why is it the one seduced by lies,
And should have been aware of this...
Becomes hurt when they learn,
Infidelity has taken place?
And their mate is caught being unfaithful?

To then express they do to someone else,
And with innocence expecting empathy...
How they've been made to appear as if a fool.
As if this confession will shock and come as a surprise.
But...
To no one it isn't.
Especially to anyone within listening distance.

'I thought being a fool was what had been accepted?
Now that's the surprise that has me shocked.'

~Look for signs of pretense.~

'There isn't any.'

~None? Not even a hint of one? ~

'Nope.
And, you know I'm into body language.'

~Comeon.
Let's get closer.
There's got to be 'something' being overlooked.~

'You go.
I don't want to appear to be that nosey.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Something Constructive

When I offer to you,
To kiss my ass!
Am I angry...
Or mad?
Not at all!
I just want those observing,
See you do 'something' constructive!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Something Decent To Eat

Armchair warriors,
Approving from distances...
With a giving of their support,
For those conflicts fought on foreign shores...
Will one day end after trillions spent,
To leave an economic dent and millions poor...
Has left less evidence of peace.
But more wishing they could afford...
Something decent to eat.
And a job that pays for shelter to sleep.
Or a doing away of those deceivers who leap,
From one told lie that hides another.

Give me some love.
Not a weapon and a reason to fight.
Give me the love,
And not promises that will ignite...
An empty stomach and a sleepless night.
Conflicts you keep in my sight..
Has stopped feeding my mind and appetite.

Give me some love.
Not a weapon and a reason to fight.
Give me the love,
And not promises that will ignite...
An empty stomach and a sleepless night.
Conflicts you keep in my sight..
Has stopped feeding my mind and appetite.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Something Deliberate Maintained

The mind of an artist that is not detailed,
Can not be one accepted...
Or respected as a craftsman to be celebrated.

Perfoming or visual...
There is something deliberate maintained.
That which excells and commands attention.

And one who becomes a true artist can do this well.
And easily separates from those...
Who are just going through the motions.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Something Dismissed Should Be Retrieved

Those wants and wishes have materialized,
Right before their eyes.
And that which has been stated not wished,
Appears with no disguise.

And arguments heard occur to travel...
Faster than a speeding bullet,
Shot from an opened mouth.
With a twisting of facts...
From there to an ear for all to hear.
Whispered behind most backs.

What consciousness is this?
When complaints like this exist.
Those wants and wishes have materialized.
Why is it they now resist.

Something dismissed should be retrieved.
Yet what has been dismissed,
Has allowed those wants and wishes...
To appear!
But not wanted.
And now claimed...
Not wished.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Something Done That Establishes Trust

In establishing a relationship,
It is important to be consistent about 'something'...
That impresses.
It can be compared to starting a new job!
Coming in late...
Says one thing.
Making excuses...
Says another.
Lieing?
That is a no-no!
And not showing up at all...
Well,
Can get one replaced!

In establishing a relationship,
It is important to be consistent about 'something'...
That impresses.
Something that without a doubt says,
'I am extremely interested in what has begun.'
Something done that establishes trust!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Something Dumb Did

One's ability to purchase and acquire things,
Does not bring one into the center ring...
Of maturity.
To bow and be acknowledged under spotlight.

It's the letting go,
Without the screaming.
It's the absence of demeaning others.
With accusations to place and erase,
One's motivation to exit in escape.

With a taking of one's own steps made,
In the acceptance of mistakes.
A maturity arrives that enlightens one's life.
With no anticipation done.
To secure a maturity when it comes.

When someone realizes something dumb did...
Is the winning of a beginning of control one holds.
With emotions kept in balance.
On shoulders one can show so bold.

It's the letting go,
Without the screaming.
It's the absence of demeaning others.
With accusations to place and erase,
One's motivation to exit in escape.

When someone realizes something dumb did...
With emotions kept in balance.
On shoulders one can show so bold.
A maturity takes over.
One that is seen that needs not to be sold.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Something Easy To Do

I am told,
Since I enjoy writing...
I must find it easy to do!

First of all...
If someone finds something easy to do.
And they brag about it,
Not because what is done is 'liked'.
It is done because they find it easy.

Nothing is easy about writing.
In fact,
Those creative things I enjoy...
I don't find easy at all!
There are too many critiques involved.
Folks constantly expressing their judgements.
And then there are those who have jobs and drink coffee,
All day long to tell someone like me,
I should get a real job!

I was told that one time,
By someone taking a two hour lunch break!
And if it takes me two days to a month,
To complete a task...
I don't take breaks until that task is done.

I can't think of one creative person,
Associated with the economic collapse.
No one I know with discipline...
Has time to feed a greed.

And ultimately,
Those of creative minds will have to mend this mess!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Something Else Unstated

What is it that one 'should' expect to accept?
That which is told and thought to be correct.
Or another version of it,
To then be told what was first said and heard...
One should forget since it was not meant,
To be intended to be interpreted...
For anyone to take seriously.

'Then why say these things at all?
What is the purpose? '

~Today?
I've learned not to analyze one's intentions.
Or the depths of their honesty or purpose,
To avert away from it.
It has become too easy for anyone,
To change what they initially say...
For something else unstated,
They claim to have meant.~

'Why bother to make attempts,
To have a meaningful conversation? '

~How can that be done?
When people have not experienced,
The benefit or purpose of having one.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Something Experienced

How can some live their entire lives,
Without the seeking of fresh expressions?
Or to open a gate,
And walk away from a locked box.

Some...
When they dare,
Do step away.
Returning to that locked box,
To open the windows but not to stare.

But find themselves surrounded,
By something experienced...
That brightened up the atmosphere,
They decided to bring along to invite inside.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Something Far More Serious

An escalating of truth,
Is finding its way to dispute delusions.
And the falsities of realities to believe.

Hatred and bigotry. Done increasingly,
To permit violence, crime and corruption...
As a way of life to accept it done.
Are no longer assumptions to dismiss.
As isolated incidents.

And those who have chosen,
To continue risking obvious disparities...
Are the ones seeking to prevent,
Their deceptions and lies...
From being exposed to keep hidden and denied.
By...
Criticizing those oppressed for a mess,
They did not create to celebrated,
The effectiveness of it.

'What on God's Earth,
Is causing the rise of of all of this sick...
And mental problems revealing to exist? '

~Uh...
Let's see.
Could it be...
A breakdown of a lack,
And total respect for honesty? ~

'No!
That's too simple.
I'm talking about,
Something far more serious than that.'

~Like what? ~

'You know.
Some folks just can not accept,

Who God has chosen...
To keep them remembering,
Their boundaries and places...
With them limited and they should stay.'

~Those are racist and bigoted remarks.~

'Everyone knows to quote these passages,
From their Bibles.'

~Hmmm.
And who created the weapons,
To destroy humanity.
With their kept evil misdeeds? ~

'I'm not talking about that.
I'm talking about something far more serious.'

~Like what? ~

'Isn't it obvious who has the power,
To legislate their way of life?
And who should follow those rules,
Not to protest.
But to value them as being kept justified.
Some people need to learn,
How to obey 'our' laws.
The way they have been made to remain.
And whenever 'we' decide to change them.'

~But...
Isn't there a conflict of interests? ~

'You are not listening.
Haven't I already said...
It is something far more serious than that? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Something Finally Believed

Why are those now so concerned,
About a budget?
When then they expressed no limits seen.
While feeding their greed that became obscene?

Why are they concerned,
About jobs they consciously outsourced...
To leave those here incapable of earning.

And they wish to convince,
Everything done they do makes sense?
To who?
Their tailors paid to keep them in expensive suits?

Well...
Maybe if they defined themselves as 'mindless',
It would be something done admitted.
And something finally believed,
Many would agree has validity and substance.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Something Fowl To De-Feather

Time is trying so hard,
To be kind...
To a longing entrapped in my mind.

I am aware my impatience holds,
Onto contemplation.
Enforced within a dancing hesitation.
As I consider...
Being available to blind dating.

And that expectation,
To inspect a prospective soulmate...
Stays attached to my awaiting fate.
Although my deflated ego,
May be used as temporary bait!
During these times,
I am reminded of my aging.

And yet...
When I hear knocking at my door,
I don't expect.
I wonder aloud...
'Is this an opportunity I should explore?
Or could this be a certified letter...
Being delivered I should ignore?
Or allow.

Is it another 'bill'?
This 'could' be a Mary! '

I look...
And discover,
It's my neighbor!
Ready to gossip as before.
('What a damn bore! ')

'Wouldn't it be easier,
To conduct a random survey? '
I am asked...

As my neighbor enters and passes,
Me.
'At least you would roam...
A few steps away from your own,
Comfort zone.'

No!
That would ruin my flair for ambiance.
And homegrown hospitality,
That would be left begging to be shared.
I know someone for me will come...
To sniff the bliss scented air.

'Before or 'after'...
This misting of your 'BS' is released?
To spare those who prefer minted geese? '

Hmmm...
What are you implying?
Should I...
Or should I not,
Continue to spray my place with curry?

'You want a ram or a lamb...
To spice your heated sheets? '

Good question.
I had not thought...
To lay my chops on mutton!
I had been thinking,
Of offering something fowl to de-feather!
Hoping it to please,
The taste of one seasoned....
And ready to de-frock for a bit of frolic.

'Then you must add a hint of garlic,
And roast with vitamin-E! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Something Genuine That Has Rare Vitality

Each will come to have their turn.
To positions to appease egos.
And each will eventually...
Do their best,
To keep their practiced plagiarisms...
Hopefully to continue to go undetected,
To become recognized as a slice of innovation.

Cleverly kept in disguise.
And provides them their motivation.

Although,
This activity...
Leaves the taste for the originator,
To return to give what has been yearned.
Something genuine.
That has rare vitality!
And none are able to reproduce it,
With an ambiance...
That spices the atmosphere with such an array of flavors.

And I know I do this very well.
I've been behind the scenes auditioning for too long!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Something Good

When I found you,
Something good began.
Something good begun with it done,
When I found you to stop my running.

When I found you,
Something good began.
I almost ran from it.
Afraid to admit I was deserving,
Of happiness to receive...
And not resist it.

Something good began.
So good I felt like humming!

Hummm...
What is this?
Making me forget my commitment,
To not have my mind or my heart...
Tossed about and twisted,
Without sleep at nights to get.
Hummm...
What is this making me forget,
I'm at an age but not too old...
To feel again a puppy love!

When I found you,
Something good began.
Something good I had not felt,
Since gaining a few pounds.
And trying to disguise my weight,
Behind a tightened belt.
But you made me feel,
Something good about myself.
And I knew only you,
Could be the one to make me hum.
Like I had not done for anyone,
In decades!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Something Good Could Be Had

Something good could be had and last.
But some are too busy scrutinizing,
Things done...
In another one's past.
Envy and jealousy leads the way.
But a lack of truth keeps them sad...
Everyday.
And the removal of it completely...
There is nothing left much to say,
But goodbye to the victims!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Something Good To Do And Say

Where is the opportunity
To let what 'was' go?
To know that today...
Has more purpose than yesterday.
Right now,
In this moment.
Let us be in 'it' without delay!

Where is the opportunity
To say what was 'is' done?
Nothing gained is more rewarding...
Than to know something fresh has begun!
Beating dead horses and riding slow turtles,
To make a point that will never be won!
Doesn't do a thing when slinging aged mud...
To accomplish an understanding,
Misunderstood.
Let us leave it alone...
Like we should!

Where is the opportunity
To let what 'was' go?
To know that today...
Has more purpose than yesterday.
Right now,
In this moment.
Let us be in 'it' without delay!

Right now,
In this moment...
Help me help us,
Find something good to do and say!
You must be tired,
Like I know I am...
To discover in review,
Nothing 'fresh' or new to be pursued!
And reliving past emotions feed,
A time that is not returning...
We should leave as is and let it be!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Something Had Has Broken

Everything once meant something to them.
Everything they saw and had between them then.
Now that something meant...
When they first began,
Has little left to offer.
And the pricelessness of it...
Is not merely exchanged as token!
Something had has broken!
And much of that has decreased in value!
But they wish for no one else,
To know its true worth.
When all pieces shine together.
Wishing to deplete it into nothing,
Themselves.
And they keep enforced the dullness...
Of the nothingness they are!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Something Hated To Remember

Nothing faked is savored to love.
Or remembered for the taste of it,
If hated.
Often a commitment to a craving,
Is not admitted

Something hated to remember,
Without tasting the flavor...
Has something to say,
About the one who denies...
An addiction they can not seem to quit.
And hating with a purpose,
Without a reason is sick!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Something Held To Suppress Has Affected The Connection

To be referred to as smart and intelligent,
In an environment of other minds...
Noticebly unconscious or sold on ignorance.
Or aware but believe intelligence is rare...
Has to be in the water or in the atmosphere.

And to be accused of being a novelty,
Implies the exercise to think...
And use this ability,
Has to be a threat!
Especially to those,
Who either oppose this activity.
Or remain curious with an envy,
As to how this process is applied and done.
Something held to suppress has affected the connection!

And...
To observe this as obvious,
Has to be for some...
Who believe thinking is a normality,
A life lived...
In a lonely and isolating existence,
Fearing to express a comprehension.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Something I Have Attracts

Say that again!

'I'm straight.'

LOLOLOLOLOL...

'Seriously,
I am.'

You are too hysterical.
You're straight about what?
And keep it clean.

'Oh, I do!
I make sure of that.
Every time I slip into a safe place! '

Oh.
OH...
LOLOLOLOLOL...
Get outta here!
I thought you said you were serious.

'I am!
You want the experience?
It's obvious.
Something I have attracts.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Something I Know Nothing About

A proving to me there is a lesson I need,
You assume with the taking of the position...
I eventually will learn from A to Z.
There is one thing missing,
From that perception you keep of me.
You see...
A mistaking a respect I have shown to give,
Has been, for whatever the reason...
A sign you detect is a weakness that is.

And in your mind you have fed this to feed,
With a doing to disrespect...
A truth to live you can not accept.

Well...
You have yet to meet that side of me,
That is not based upon your life lived on fiction.
Or refusing to be aware of a reality that exists.
But know this and I say it with a patience to get,
Any lesson you believe you are qualified to teach me...
I recommend you begin by ending your assumptions,
Quick!

And one more thing not to offend or start an argument,
But to your mind to send...
I define having experience with the living to acquire it.
With a knowing to show and give respect to others,
Before I assume I qualify to teach...
Someone 'something' I know nothing about,
To be left with an attitude that overheats.
You 'feel' me?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Something In Common To Share

You may follow others to use,
The same tactics and strategies...
That are old and tired and predictable.
And others have claimed,
To have achieved less than desirable results.
But is their outcome,
The one you perceive...
Is more personal to receive?
And if it isn't...
What is it you desire to have,
No one else can claim to get from him?

'I wish I can get to know him better.'

What have you done to let him know that? ~

'I was told by others,
If I approached him like they did...
I would only get a negative response.'

I see.
Well...
Have you approached him,
With a doing to be yourself? ~

'No.
I fear being rejected.'

Then approach him as if,
You had already been rejected.
You never know...
Maybe you will discover,
Something in common to share.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Something In Context Loses Its Content

I hope you aren't sitting on everything that is said?
I hope something is taken away,
And the rest is put to bed.

Trying to remember everything,
Can and will clog your head.
Like trying to comprehend...
Why the use of a verb,
Pronoun.
Or even the style of something you've read.
Opposes to 'why' it is written instead!

Or a preposition used that ends a sentence?
When a proposition...
May be a desired modification,
To proclaim a predication!

And something in context loses its content,
To come to make little sense.
Even when re-read again...
Whatever has been written to be read,
Will have a period applied to emphasis the end.
Or an exclamation like this-->!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Something In The Contract

She took his lips off her chiseled busom.
Saying mothering,
Had caused her suffering.
Her newly planted breasts,
Were investments for conquests.
And having him as a child...
She discovered was not worth her while.
Since she was about images!
And not what a mother to a child could give!
And he had gotten much too old,
To lift a withered wand!
And she was only there...
To supplement an affair that had gotten too tired!
This was clearly business!
And something in the contract signed...
He did not understand!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Something In Your Vision

If you're holding too tight,
On something too long.
And it hasn't dawn on you,
That something is wrong.

Nothing that you own,
Is going to stay.
Know that...
Nothing that you wear,
Is going to stay.
Know that...
Nothing that you see,
Remains the same.

We are all a part of nature,
And from that no one escapes.

Nothing that you own,
Is going to stay.
Know that...
Nothing that you wear,
Is going to stay.
Know that...
Nothing that you see,
Remains the same.

If you're holding too tight,
On something too long.
And it hasn't dawn on you,
That something is wrong.

Know that,
Something in your vision...
Will be changed.
Know that,
Something in your vision...
Will be changed.
Know that,
Something in your vision...

Will be changed.

We are all a part of nature,
And from that no one escapes.

Nothing that you own,
Is going to stay.
Know that...
Nothing that you wear,
Is going to stay.
Know that...
Nothing that you see,
Remains the same.

Know that,
Something in your vision...
Will be changed.
Know that,
Something in your vision...
Will be changed.
Know that,
Something in your vision...
Will be changed.
Know that,
Something in your vision...
Will be changed!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Something Inside

If one is misunderstanding,
The connection between...
Passion,
Sacrifice and discipline.
Loyalty and devotion...
And the love of life,
To experience what it takes...
Being fortunate to witness,
The unfolding of happiness...
Through trials and tribulations?

Something...
Inside of their minds,
Does not accept!

And to survive defeating obstacles,
With heartaches to shake?
Someone delusional lives in wait,
Procrastinating in needless self debate...
For someone else,
To deliver to them their expectations.

Something...
Inside of their minds,
Does not accept!

And...
That had already been done,
An expectation!
When they were gifted with birth!
Just like everyone else...
That has come to feel the rays of Sun.
And this is an occurrence that has happened,
With or without their acknowledgement!

Something...
Inside of their minds,
Does not accept!

Yet,
Hopefully...
One day this all connects!

Turbulence,
Begets turbulence...
Begets no peace felt,
To be from one released!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Something Inside Of Me

I want to feel,
I am on a mission to forgive...
And let live as is.
I want to feel this.
Instead of visitations...
From suppressed bitterness.

I would like to forget,
I have healed and moved on...
With a peace of mind that within me sits.
I would like to recognize it,
Immediately.
But something inside of me,
Remembers the tears and the loneliness..
And I ask myself this...
'Why is my love so deeply felt,
And tested? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

'Something' Is Obvious About It

There is a lot of emptiness these days.
People are trying to fill up these spaces,
As quickly as possible.
Unsatisfied with themselves and where they are.
And doing the best they can not to find blame.
Or be ashamed to discover they are alone!
Whether from failed relationships.
Or a disappointed lifestyle,
They had to strip away from!
Or vice versa!
Either way...
There is a lot of emptiness these days.
And reality is not fooling around.
Delusions are at a premium!
And few seem to be able to keep them around.
Planting one's feet on the ground...
To feel some Earth below them,
Is highly recommended.
There is a lot of emptiness these days.
And if anyone is seeking companionship...
Or someone else that has been around the block.
Make sure that person has done that,
And climbed a few skyscrapers as well.
The chances you will see eye to eye...
May not be all that difficult!
Especially...
After the mind has been cleared of fantasies.
And that has been agreed upon.
With a maturity,
That does not have not to be convinced.
'Something' is obvious about it!
There is a lot of emptiness these days.
And few seem to be pointing fingers,
At anyone with or without a consciousness.
What 'is' does not provide escapes for anyone!
Everyone is either holding...
Or pacing with a racing breath.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Something I'Ve Accepted

Why have you continued and permitted,
Those negative comments said about you...
With such a tolerance?
Why not refute them as you should do.
Or at least argue against their existence.

'Remember when you discovered,
My ambitions were realistic?
And I pretended to be the fool,
You insisted me to be?
And with no resistance? '

But...
I really didn't know that other side of you.

'Which one?
The fool, the realistic or the sadomasochistic? '

What are you saying?
You derive pleasure from that?

'After years of endearing my character being attacked,
It has become something I've accepted.
Without anyone knowing that! '

Wouldn't you be more respected,
If facts about you were to others made known?

'Perhaps.
But the enjoyment I get,
Is in the laughing I give back.
Especially when the facts of my life,
Are exposed and to others shown.'

That's sick.

'From who's perspective?
Now you're trying to qualify,
The degree in which I achieve my pleasure.'

There is something 'dysfunctional' about you.

'Something?
Are you kidding?
'Everything' is dysfunctional about me.
Have you heard me complaining about it? '

No.
No...
I haven't.

'Then continue to consider me a fool.
I love it.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Something I'Ve Already Done

Of course I care that you are there.
I am not without intuition.
Because I choose not to listen,
Does not leave me obligation free...
To acknowledge you as part of humanity.
I've never left you...
Physically!

My priorities as we speak,
Has a clarified mission I seek.
And you prefer redundancy...
With the hitting of your head,
Against the same wall.
And I will not be stalled,
By something I've already done...
Countless of times!

When we were finding shared time,
To whine together...
One of us, apparently
Got sick of it!
Enjoy 'your' addictions!
I am hopeful you will not extend,
Their insistence to overstay their visit.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Something Less Obvious Has Got To Be The Cause

People are awarded funding and grants,
For the most ridiculous incentives.
$600,000.00 for an internet newspaper,
In a place where most folks are illiterate.
And those who aren't,
porn!
Blatantly this is done in the libraries.

Comeon,
Let's be real about this.
Many hold tainted cash in their fists!
It has become too easy to openly steal it!

A half a millions dollars awarded,
To a theatrical entity to study the prospects of 'space'.
You know...
SPACE.-->('nothing here') -->('nor here')
But $500,000.00 is needed when and 'if' it appears.
And the feasibility of the future use of it,
Has from us to be made clear.
And legislated to get more.
In a state declaring itself the richest.

Wicked is not the word for this self centered,
Self righteousness professed to be a thoughtfulness.

But those in the urban centers...
Live lives taken away from them.
And live that suppressed oppression,
Sore and poor!
Knowing bread crumbs are thrown to them,
From cracked doors.
And sheltered as to not come into contact,
With any sign of intelligence.
For them those areas are off limits.

And nothing stimulates like a ski slope needing snow.
As an economic start up package...
This has more of an urgency,

Than those having no where to go.
And if they do not ski,
Why hold a job at a lodge where only the 'selected' show.
Needing hundreds of thousands of dollars,
To 'seed' their treatment to allow their 'healthy' glow!

These thieves do not know they are also sleazy.

Crazed is not a word for this insanity!
Not if you are mindless...
Like many of our incompetent 'leaders' prove to be!
Or crooks with lowlife mentalities.
There 'has' to be an explanation for this irresponsibility,
Besides ignorance and stupidity.
Something less obvious has got to be the cause.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Something Loose Has Not Been Grounded

You interfere too much,
In other's growth process.
And your assessment of life,
Is limited at best.

Hypocritical and blasphemous,
You quote from scriptures...
But your own life you cuss.
With a daily disapproval....
Close to being diagnosed as bi-polar.

Something loose has not been grounded.

What makes you think others,
Are attracted to you?
What makes you think...
Your constant negativity,
Is a desired longing,
As one's dream come true!

Something loose has not been grounded.
Something loose has flown the coop.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Something Loose Needs Tightening

Either way one looks at it,
An implemention of chaos and disaster...
Warned about upon its initiation,
And by an ego ignored...
Could have been avoided.
But it wasn't.

And now those disappointed by the outcome,
Of their inabilities to listen and learn...
Are getting their lessons taught.
But still they do not comprehend,
Those observing them...
Have already determined,
Something loose needs tightening in their heads.

They perceive the world to be round,
And theirs!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Something Loved One Enjoys

Why is it,
That something loved...
One enjoys to do,
Has to either be easy?
Or there is nothing else,
One has expertise...
With skills to prove or can use?

And those who choose,
What they most love to do...
To 'then' become successful too?
Well...
Many often accuse them,
Of doing it just to get attention.

'They were doing what they have done,
Since they were children.
To be ignored by everyone.'

~Sure.
Yeah, right.
But no one does that,
To have gone through what they've gone through...
Without knowing they would get,
That kind of attention.~

'Uh...
What? '

~No one sacrifices their entire life,
Devoted to something they enjoy and like.
To be taunted and lied upon,
With ups and downs, obstacles...
And other disappointments to face personally,
Does this for many years...
Going through heartbreak and tears,
Will do this without knowing...
What they have done to do,
To have others discover...

How successful they have been.
Will do this just for the enjoyment of it.
And...
Act so nonchalant about it.~

'How should they 'act'? '

~Like those 'other' famous people do.~

'Oh...
Like the ones we see on TV? And movies? '

~Yeah. Yeah. Like that.~

'Well...
Maybe they have had fame for so long.
That you 'now' finding out about it,
Has not changed their perception...
Of what fame and success is.
And your wish they had been more impressive,
To fake a respect from you to give...
They now know from you will not come to get.'

~But...
That's not fair.~

'What's not fair? '

~Them being 'all that'.
And acting like they are not.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Something Of A Higher Consciousness Knows Everything

We were all given the same rules.
And the consequences for disobeying them,
Were tested.
By more than just a few.

Why many are protesting the results,
Of those tests...
That upset them to experience their distress,
Is their lesson not mine.

I struggle very hard and fight against temptation.
And I don't always win.
However,
Those lessons I accepted...
I had never expected them to end.
Maybe that is why,
I am not afraid to make mistakes...
And learn until my tears cried dry.

Whereas...
Others may repeatedly ask for a forgiveness.
And believing they are secretly in discreet.
With a perception that what is done,
Can not be seen by 'deities' beyond.
With a hiding of their business,
Away from public scrutiny.

And I am not that foolish...
To think what I do,
Is not spiritually viewed and judged too!
If I can oberved 5th graders doing exactly,
Those things I've done...
And they ignore me as if I am invisible?
I know that very same thing is being done to me.

Something of a higher consciousness,
Knows everything about my exiistence.

And praying everyday is what I do!

'Dear Father?
I know You can see me.
But here's the deal.
And my appeal...'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Something Of Value

You believe you have something I want.
Something of value,
I need to possess.

Those are sinister conclusions,
You wear upon your chest.
I have no interest in emptiness.
And that is all you have at best!

What I seek is something genuine.
Something one has,
That is not professed.

Qualities that are rare,
Are those I wish to share.
But they seem to be,
An impossibility.
Since many I see...
Believe themselves to be untouchable.
And being able to touch,
Is what I admire and desire much!

And you aint got that!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Something Omitted Not Admitted

Situations that come to occur,
In people's lives
Do not stir,
Without an initiation that began with reason.

There is something omitted not admitted,
To those kinds of discreeted deceiving acts.

And for anyone to proclaim,
A lack of knowledge
Attached to that which happens to them,
With a declaration of their innocence?
Keep an eye on them.

They will make other outrageous claims.
With a tinge of victimization added.

And
Well,
A routine with a familiar pattern
Begins to become noticeably repetitious.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Something Otherworldly Occurred

There are many experiences,
That can be considered mind altering...
With a changing of one's perspective on life.
Than just the one done someone has of being isolated,
For nearly five months in a hospital room,]
Feeling as if to be an experiment probed and dissected.
And to then be healed knowing one is blessed.
Yet...
Continuing to have a consciousness,
Broadened like no one suspects.
As if something 'otherworldly' occurred as a test.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Something Positive

Only those who choose to stay upset,
By a point of view they find offends them...
Should reflect more upon the years,
The doing they've selected to get accomplished...
Has not for several decades begun to take effect.
But yet...
Offended they stay with themselves in the way,
To prove a doing they can stay upset...
By a truth they refuse to accept and correct,
A decision they have made to take those steps.
But for decades has gone neglected.

'Why is it you always seem,
To have something negative to say? '

~If I had not seen,
What was on the other side of that wall...
I too would feel offended.
If I had never experienced it,
To know that the tearing it down...
Would make it easier for people to get around.~

'But that is your experience.
Many of us are accustom to deadends.
With a love for a wall that stalls.'

~And I've begun to notice.
That's why on you I've removed my focus.~

'At tleast you've begun to do something positive.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Something Real You Needed To Feel

Losing sleep I am not going to do.
Nor will I be pacing back and forth,
On a floor behind a closed door...
To wonder why you had ignored,
My advice specifically given to you.

You chose to do your suffering.
You chose to do this,
With a doing to me to prove...
Listening to me to pay attention,
With an intent you were not going to do.

And now...
You lay drugged up.
In a body cast...
Itching from head to toe.
And you whisper even on your butt!
But remember...
It was I who mentioned that fast moving truck,
Approaching you quickly if you did not move!
You didn't. As if you had a wish to be striken.

You won.
And I am neither shocked nor stunned,
By the outcome to you done.
And if you should survive to completely heal,
You needn't worry ever again...
My interfering with something real you needed to feel.
From now on my mouth will remain sealed.

Your experience to witness has shown me this:
There is nothing like a lesson to learn,
When the teaching of it is more meaningful to accept...
To have more of a personal affect...
If the doing is directed effectively!
And I 'thought' I was the teacher.
No. You taught this lesson and very well.

That's why a losing sleep I am not going to do.

Nor will I be pacing back and forth,
On a floor behind a closed door...
To wonder why you had ignored,
My advice specifically given to you.
You knew there was 'something' you had to prove.
And you did. Your brilliance, I admit, I under-estimated.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Something Senseless

Keep up false pretentions long enough...
And who knows?
You may just end up paying for them,
In fake money.
Or something senseless!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Something Stupid To Say

Far away,
I try to leave my criticisms...
And opinions I am tempted to make.
Far away...
This decision made in my mind I keep.
And then logic wants to interfere to take over.

Suddenly the pieces that are out of place,
Are staring me in the face awaiting comment.
I can not even nod my head in acceptance,
To mind my own business to leave it that way.
Before someone approaches as if I am delicious bait.
With something stupid to say they know will irritate.

'I bet you don't think I notice your faked happiness.
Or that self confidence you pretend,
Is the reason why you walk with pride and stride.
Masquerading in charade you can not hide.
Since I know where you come from and where you reside.'

Cool.

'Cool?
I'm calling you a fool.'

I know.
But today...
What you say gives me goosebumps.

'Goosebumps?
You may be a goose who dumps,
Chump! '

Far away,
I try to leave my criticisms...
And opinions I am tempted to make.
Far away...
This decision made in my mind I keep.
And then logic wants to interfere,

With a calming of a heat that rises...
I would rather have take over.

'Hey? Dummy?
Why are you looking towards the sky? '

I am wondering why,
Such an intelligent person like you,
Can identity and spot a fool so quickly.
It takes wisdom and talent to do that.
And I am grateful you've taken time to waste on me.

'Yeah?
Uh...huh?
Whatever!
Cool.
You aint no fun.
Fun and dummies don't know each other.
Man?
Where you come from...
Uranus? You get it? UR-ANUS!
LOL.'

God?
Thank you.
I was just about to go off.
And then YOU let logic interfere to take over.
Wow!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Something Suggested That Exchanges Mint

When will the same argument,
Exhaust the nonsense of its fight?
Backs have buckled from the strain of it.
And those in the midst of these conflicts...
Have proven themselves to be full of excrement.
In need to flush with a new diet meant.
At least one that cleanses.
To refreshen the air with uplifting sentiments.

When will the same argument,
Exhaust the nonsense of its fight?
How can anyone sleep peacefully at night...
Feeling clogged up with a blockage,
That keeps them uptight.

A continuation manifesting waste...
That leaves a bitterness on one's tongue to taste...
Does nothing to produce a good scented atmosphere.
Not if wishful thinking is there to have it cleared.
What will it take to change and maneuver these moods?
Group meetings to sit on toilets?
With favorite beverages served to cheer attitudes?

Something creative has to be implemented.
Something suggested that exchanges mint.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Something Supplied Had Been Needed

Time is too precious,
To waste it on fools!
So leave them alone.
There is nothing done they do to you,
You have to accept or condone.
Unless you find their antics attractive?
Then there is nothing to explain,
Or complain about.
Something supplied had been needed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Something Teased To Please In Prologue

What is this mystic mischief?
Coming to stir upon our wish for peace.
Creating divisions increased by bigotry released.
There is a method in this madness...
It must be solved!
It has to cease!

Mental disruptions occuring without a stop.
Minds feed on evil by what's put into the mouth!
Dieting on meats and other chemicals for taste...
Takes away all senses one has,
And replaces them with those of hate.
Or something teased to please in prologue...
As those sit and wait,
For 'professionals' to debate their foolish fates!

What is this mystic mischief?
Coming to stir upon our wish for peace.
Creating divisions increased by bigotry released.
There is a method in this madness...
It must be solved!
It has to cease!

And yet indoctrinations come to inoculate...
More brainwashing with empty speeches,
From those who pose no opposition,
As long as it is never too late...
To keep a leeching state of mind kept in place!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Something That Collects Hidden Dirt

Today it can become so frustrating,
To remain conscious with such focus.
And...
It is noticed.

To be the one baited to answer questions,
With expectations to make a clear opinion...
Has become a challenge to keep one's mouth shut.
Without someone observing a lower lip bitten.

And to be respectful to others without being introduced?
Is enough to have others suspect the one doing it,
Of being on some new prescribed medication.
People seek evidence of it by staring intently into the eyes.

Being honest and direct and remaining true to oneself too?
This can lead to one being stalked.
Talked about and even wiretapped.
To find 'something' that collects hidden dirt from 'somewhere'.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

'Something' That Identifies A Progress Made

No decade will 'ever',
Come close to what the 70's...
Exposed to implement,
With a diversity to create.
And with 'daring' a Blaxploitation Era,
Stomped on myths and pretensions...
As to how the eclectic black race,
Was to be interpreted.

Today with that diversity all but camouflaged,
There are more blacks who seem afraid...
To accept and be the people they are.
So many today have less identity...
Yet amongst themselves,
Share an abundance of disrespect.
Gone is that dignity to express that diversity.
By those whose only wish is to impress.
With 'things' to purchase that has gotten them into debt.

Innovators in fields of entertainment no longer exist.
Many wish to claim their creations,
Are not snipped to clip and plagiarize...
From pioneers they would rather dismiss.
And all for quick buck to get two minutes of fame.
Although there are exceptions...
With a very few that are obviously at the top of their game.
And on one hand I 'could' mention them by name.

Even to say there is a black president in the U.S.A.
Should be a highlight that reflects much pride.
But so many addicted to imitate and not be imitated,
To stimulate with a emulating those of minds long gone.
It seems only those blacks with their minds intact,
Are those who have aged to wonder 'what's going on'...
In the minds of the heads of those embarrassed,
By those who would rather connect their ethnicity...
With a pride shown in the wearing of dreads.

'Something' that identifies a progress made and acceptance.

An awakening of an enlightened consciousness.
Something that addresses a faith and hope connected,
Without a seeking of approval with a wish to be left deceived...
By those already who have them on their knees.
Wanting them to believe they are subservient.
And for some reason this activity seems to be highly worshipped.
With an appeasing to those who oppress.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Something That Is Offered And Exchanged

The best possible way to remain 'involved...
To have a clear and open dialogue wished,
With those one initially meets.
Is not to introduce those experiences,
One has lived through to accomplish.
Throughout one's life,
That has come to benefit.
An increased understanding.

If done too early in a conversation.
Those who came prepared,
To share and express themselves freely.
Will then begin to embellish their activities.
With uplifted chins and arrogant faces.
This can be observed in 'most' social places.

To appear not to know many things,
And.
Sometimes nothing at all,
Is the best avenue one should take.
To at least learn 'something',
That is offered and exchanged.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Something That Justifies Your Nonexistence

I know you would love to excuse your abuses,
With apologies and visions of being reborn!

However,
During that period you inflicted your wickedness,
I lost dear friends and beloved family members.
And a life I lived,
In emotional turmoil.
For many years I lived like this.
And now you've come to wish for my forgiveness?
After your own bouts with guilt!

And I think to myself,
You'd be better off with a total disappearance.
Or something that justifies your nonexistence.

I don't even want what has been done discussed.
Those wounds have healed.
And not one thought will I allow you to occupy in my mind!
Not one!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

'Something' That Might Connect

I wish I was
Caught up in the shallowness
Of my own thought process.
That would make it much easier
To communicate and relate to you.
And you would find it even quicker
To access 'something' that might connect.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Something That Qualifies

Greed has left the teaching,
With a seeking of it sought with meaning.
Regardless if it creates depths of debt!
Whatever it is man has made...
To wax, dust or buff and reflects success.
With a gleaming that shines to sparkle.
AND declared as valued enough,
To leave one taxed until death...
Determines one's worth,
With a getting to impress without question...
An attention one should crave as deserved.
But first...
One has to have something,
That qualifies to certify as validated bling!
To reflect what others define as obtained happiness.
Since...
One without bling brings on the feeling of uselessness.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Something That Stays

I knew you would find something here for you.
I knew you enjoyed comfort.
And I like that too.
I knew you would enjoy
An atmosphere of peace.
I knew you would feel
Relaxed and at ease.
I knew you would find something here for you.
What we have discovered,
Only me and you knew...
The something that you wanted is me!
And all that you are
Is the something I've always wanted.
I knew you would find something here for you.
And I am hoping for us,
This is the something that stays!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Something Thorough In The Mix

When people accept they've been set up,
And question to what degree?
There is nothing that can be said,
To people like this.
They would not recognize an opportunity,
Sitting in front of them as they resist.

People like this,
Look for answers as to why they exist.
And if praying they say is done they do...
As they pursue limitations too?
Something thorough in the mix,
Has them 'consciously' addicted.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Something To Do Was Payment Enough

You say you work to have 'stuff' and things.
Things for you that make your life more meaningful.
And you believe those denied,
Should be classified as lazy.
Since they do not use initiative...
To recognize or create their own opportunities that await.

Yet there is something missing from your assessment!

'Oh yeah?
Like what? '

You and others like you,
Have successfully blocked all their avenues to progress.

That's not true,
When my ancestors arrived...
They spoke not a word of English.
And immediately on the South Side of the city...
They were inspired to open several pizza parlors.
And my grandfather once told us...
None of those folks wanted to work for him.
And he offered them FREE pizza too!

'How much did he offer to pay them? '

Hey...
In those days,
Having something to do was payment enough!
That's what's wrong with them now...
Their expectations are too high!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Something To Get Done For Somebody

Many people have done one thing,
Most of their lives.
Get up-go to work-and go home!
Get up-go to work-and go home!
Get up-go to work-and go home!
Until they are awarded a gift...
To show an appreciation,
For their dedicated madness.
Those who make it.

Those who are downsized with jobs outsourced...
Their loyalty gets them a pink slip.
Or a promise to fit them in anywhere.
If there is space left.
And if they don't mind sitting behind a brick wall,
To put in their time for a lower pay.
And to keep in mind...
They still have jobs that accomplishes 'something'.
Something to get done for somebody!
Until the time comes to retire from it.
Or get fired.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Something To Numb The Pain

Their philosophies are proclaimed to be different.
As expressed...
Throughout a long campaign.
For press 'ops' and long speech stops!

Yet both declare they are advocates for change.
And the one thing that remains to be the same,
Are their philosophies.
They proclaim to be different!
Yet redundantly familiar.

Like a medical procedure...
Administered without anesthesia.
And all that is called for now...
Is something to numb the pain!
Or a rearrangement of the routine.
Before an outburst of people scream...
'No more of this! We get it!
Whatever has to be done...do it quick!
The both of you are making us sick! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Something To Offend

One's prolonged obsession,
With soliciting empathy...
Eventually gains them a sympathy,
For possessing a mentality...
That has left a maturity,
Something to offend the ones...
Who will never in their minds,
Self examine their insecurities to address it.

And it continues to hurt those,
Forced to remain stunted and stagnant...
By those who can not divorce from the hold,
On their limited views on growth...
While advocating the advancement of ignorance.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Something To Rely Upon (Community Service)

Many refuse to believe,
Someone else has taken the time...
To deceive them thoroughly.
And people like this will keep,
Every lie told to them...
As something to rely upon,
That will always be comforting to use.
As a truth others know,
Has little defense against it to show.

Although those who have been sold,
On lies to them told and can not let go...
Will prove their minds absent,
Of a common sense to present.
Especially when heard in an argument.
Loudly displayed to entertain in public.
As those who gather to watch for free,
Fools choosing to be observed...
For what they are as if providing a service.
And in 'some' communities,
This activity is an expected one to be done.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Something To Say To Get Out

I did not limp your wrists.
Nor was I the one,
Who convinced you to live your life,
Spineless.
It seems to me that is your endeavor.
Done to achieve what it is you perceive.

But I do think of you,
As one who is afraid to come forward to say...
What you find important to verbalize,
In front of one's face...
Instead of behind one's back.
With a doing of that you do quite often.

And those I know...
Who have something to say to get out,
And off of their minds to clear slates...
Are just not the ones...
Who go shopping to demonstrate,
A working out of their frustrations.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Something To Share

I have learned from my past experiences,
To never express a felt compassion...
With a sincerity that reeks of honesty.
Especially in places where an interpretation,
Of what comes from my heart...
Offends those not yet ready to accept,
Such expressions to come from a depth...
Not expected by those still superficial.
Since there are many with real feelings,
They would rather leave suppressed...
To have others guess what they are.
And to get upset 'if' what is guessed,
Happens to be misunderstood to then offend.

'I heard you said something to someone else,
That offended them.'

Well...
At least they got it off their chest.
Maybe one day they will have courage enough,
Not to vent with others what their druthers are.
With a realization,
That a bone in their back...
Also allows them to stand on their own two feet!

'Maybe they are afraid to get their head chopped off.'

Oh?
I see.
So they prefer to accuse and execute people secretly?

'That's how some folks can be.'

And you?

'What do you mean? '

Your preference is to, 'He said. She said.'
You know...

To agitate with gossip dropped.
With an embellishing to exaggerate nonstop.
As long as you are not 'personally' attached to the attacks.

'I am offended by that.'

Good.
Now you can go back with something to share.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Something Transcends

Many aren't prepared to leave,
Realities consistent with myths.
Foundations explored and introduced...
With solid knowledge and built on proof,
Now find those who once believed...
Perplexed by revealing hidden truths,
Received as they torment in grief!

Wars and conflicts that exist,
Have ancient cultures quite betwixted...
Between concepts created,
And finding these origins inflated...
Subjected to debate,
Without solutions to produce
A certain and accountable unquestioned fate!

Something transcends,
From the Universe that descends.
To scatter some in masses,
Into shelters to hide.
While those in patient faith await...
Stand to observe this magnificence,
In a joy that makes them convinced and elated.

Whatever 'this' is that comes just could not be!
Has eyes wide enough to pop...
Jaws dropping in a wordless stop!
An 'intelligence' greater than anyone could conceive,
Announces to us all in a shocking discovery,
They've come from a place they describe as 'Eternity'!
Leaving those in religious divisions,
Together astounded fixed...
To stare in a total collective freeze,
That nips their self righteous fits!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Something Tremendous

Their agenda has been stalled
By a 'lunatic' with big balls.
Their plans for the few to control...
Has been halted by one who is bold!
But there's a greater force no one sees
Who comes prepared to scare
And have all flee.
Coming to a town near you,
Is something tremendous...
That will capture, awe and startle your view!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Something Unrevealed

If there was an interest,
You would express fresh questions.
You'd wish to know something new.
Something unrevealed between me and you.

If there was an interest,
We'd both be on our best behavior.
Trying to impress.
And displaying a happiness.

But what we have here is a competition.
A game of some kind...
To seek ways to undermine.

And my sole purpose with you,
Is to establish a meaningful relationship!
One for the long haul.
And not one pursued to unhitch and undo.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Something We Wish To Prove

From the start,
Again...
We begin,
Again.
To then end,
Again...
To depart.

And we can't seem to admit,
We are addicted but wont commit...
To stop our foolishness,
To know that love we have...
For what it is.

Sit,
We do alone.
Wanting to be touched.
Caring for each other,
And wondering why we break up...
So much.

And we can't seem to admit,
We are addicted but wont commit...
To stop our foolishness,
To know that love...
For what it is.

From the start,
Again...
We begin,
Again.
To then end,
Again...
To depart,
Again.

To sit and lament,
We do alone.
Wanting to be touched.

Caring for each other,
So much.
And wondering why we break up.
To mend together,
Again.

As if,
Without each other...
There is something we wish to prove.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Something Will Dawn On You

If you have doubts about reality...
Run across a highway,
In midday traffic.

Something will dawn on you!
It should.
And soon.
Without a delaying impact.

Something totally within your grasp,
Will have captured both your imagination...
And your control of it.
Or loss of it with consciousness.

Which 'side' of you survives...
Should cement your beliefs,
For the rest of your life!
And the length of it,
You provide, decide and determine.

Now...
You go right ahead and play God.
And if I hear from you later...
My faith will need to be immediately renewed.
Since my walk on faith,
Has taken many a detour.

And 'if' I hear from you later...
Share with me your secret.
But until then...
I'll keep my fingers crossed for you!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Something Wished That Could Be Felt

There is nothing like being shown,
Something wished that could be felt...
From another with an equally shared desire.
But it isn't.
For whatever the reasons someone chooses to ignore,
What for them has yet to be explored.
And the hardest thing that heartbreak brings,
Is moving on!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Something With Expertise They Do

Many...
Keep their wishes and dreams...
As a matter of a focus kept.
In perspective and nourished.
With an unrelenting drive...
Applying discipline that they pride.
And most times without rest.

For anyone 'assuming'...
Sacrifice can be set aside,
Until one decides how much time is given...
To succeed with the achieving of success,
Should listen to those suggestions...
One with this disposition frequently gets.

With a going back to sleep!
Something with expertise they do.
And without question performed and done,
At their very best!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Something Within Them Connected

They would walk around,
With heads held down.
In passing,
I told them all...
They were beautiful.

They stopped to look up at me.
As if something heard,
Had been a first occurrence.
And the clouds departed,
From their eyes.

Smiles appeared upon their faces.
Erasing a sadness.
And all traces of it!
They believed what I saw.
And shared that between themselves.
Within them...
The Sun soon reflected.
Something within them connected.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Something You Don'T Have To Read

You will never comprehend or feel
Depths of emotion experienced...
If that is not your wish.
To exploit yourself like this!

In the selection of each word...
Chosen for this poem,
You can decide to rest your curiousity.
This is being composed to take a different turn,
Upon a new road of a personal concern.

An expectation is not encouraged!
For you to decide if I should be bland,
Or flourish thoughts to crop upon a topic!
And whether or not it should be profound or grand.

But it is hoped,
You do not live a life promoting abstinence
From deep feelings felt.
Or deny yourself an appetite,
To explore sincerety without premeditation!
Hesitating initiates guilt that can overwhelm,
Those out of practice!
Or those relaxed and dressed in kilts!

'I'm looking for rhyme...
Not reason!
And I may not be doing neither!
Since it has been a while,
I have been under anesthesia! '

This is not weakness to muffle,
Seeping from a heart that feels.
Nor does it diminish a strength...
One has to boast about with zeal!
If what is felt is real,
Let it flow!
Whether rehearsed or not,
Let it go!

Others do not have to know!
And 'this' composition when completed...
Is something you don't have to read...
To seek confirmation or validate,
That which exists and feeds your need!
Although I hope it pleases,
Those who enjoy these brief mental teases!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Something You'Ve Done

You know what you are.
Did my validation,
Confirm your findings?
Did you take a survey...
From those whose opinions you trust?
Was there a collective thought about you...
That boosted your ego up?
Or was any reality gained...
To refrain from making excuses?
Something I was never taught to do,
While living in the projects.
And in poverty too!
But you know what you are!
Unfortunately you don't like what you see.
And what is observed is of your making!
A sense of living out your own fantasies.
Something you've done and now can not believe.
It will help if you awakened from your faking.
Your dramatics have bored,
And have become ignored!
Although that task of hiding behind a mask,
May for you be heartbreaking!
But removing shallowness from your mind,
Will not be shattering or Earth shaking...
At all!
Not for those who have not overdosed on you.
And can see right through,
That crumbling wall you seem to think
Some can not see you for you!
And those tired attitudes you cling to!
It's about 'life'!
And how others are living theirs...
Is not being consumed by thoughts of you!
This too I am sure you will not believe!
No one I know think of you as their dependency!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Somethings Change, You Know?

Are you still doing what you've been doing?

'I never think of it until I'm reminded.
And you've been reminding me of it,
For more than 60 years.'

'Hey, what can I say?
I'm just checking.
Somethings do change, you know?
Some are born to do what they do.
And some do things with a doing,
Never to be aware of it.'

Yep.
I know.
Thanks for reminding me.
'Some' things do...
Have a way of changing.
Don't they?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sometimes Crime Occupies Everybody's Mind

Sometimes crime occupies everybody's mind.
Coming as it does,
To kick a peaceful dove...
Away!

Hey,
Say...
Sometimes crime occupies everybody's mind.
Coming as it does,
To kick a peaceful dove...
Away!

And it doesn't really matter,
Where you are upon that ladder.
Or the chatter made and started...
To believe you can be saved.

Sometimes crime occupies everybody's mind.
Coming as it does,
To kick a peaceful dove...
Away!

And it seems we all are slaves,
Victimized by greed.
Teasing wishes wanted.
With a deceiving of those needs,
Without delay.

Yes it seems we all are slaves.
And vicitimzed with the taste of greed.
Teasing wishes wanted...
To appease those deceiving needs.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sometimes I Break Down In Tears

I love my parents and sisters dearly.
I've been the first to their defense.
And I am sure they are aware of this.
However...
It is no mystery to me,
Why I enjoy living alone.

I've been married and divorced,
With no living children of my own.
But there is something so peaceful,
Knowing I can turn a key...
Open a door.
And not hear a peep or a sound unknown.

And when I am alone in the place I call home...
Sometimes I break down in tears.
I am 'that' happy.
And God knows it.

I remember a few years ago,
One of my sisters said I should have a companion.
We are 'just' beginning to break the ice,
To begin speaking to one another again.
I thought she was trying to curse me.
It took me a few years to realize she was concerned.
And looking out for the betterment of my welfare.
Of course I apologized.
I felt so foolish.

But...
When I am alone in the place I call home...
Sometimes I break down in tears.
I am 'that' happy.
And God knows it.
God knows how blessed I feel.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sometimes I Feel So Happy

I've had enough of my self involvement.
Looking into mirrors and other objects,
To find my reflection 'radiating' to stun...
Anyone,
Making attempts to shade my 'light'
From their bare eyes.
I saw them squinting as I passed.

I've had enough of my self involvement.
And with happiness intact!

I've even considered giving part-time appearances.
You know...
Those that are disshoveled.
Looking lost and bewildered.
Frightened and dismayed.
Distressed and beatened down...
Because 'somebody-done-did-'em-wrong! '
The Stress Bearers...
Out in full force!

I do not want to show total self involvement.
With a complete appreciation for my life.
And a grateful thankfulness to 'The Almighty'
For allowing me to feel so good about myself!
Not today.
It's enough that I have to 'pretend' I am upset with 'something...
Just to get back to B from point A,
And back on a daily basis.
I do this...
So I don't stand out!
Completely alone.

I saw someone smiling the other day.
I couldn't believe it.
We rushed to get closer together...
Quicker than Whoopie Goldberg did,
When she say her sister coming towards her...
In the movie 'The Color Purple'!

And both of us decided to have a quick cup of coffee.
Just to get away from the onslaught of stress...
Dragging up and down the streets around us.

That's how threatened we felt...
That someone suspicious observing this,
Would have us arrested for fraud!

'Have you seen what is going on lately? '

~Seen it?
I am tired of masquerading that I am 'about it'.
Sometimes I feel so happy,
I know I'm gonna be locked up...
For expressing too much of it! ~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sometimes I Find...

If I concentrate with discipline everyday,
In the morning and at dawn...
With intent to pray.
I can face to chase my fears and doubts away.
To then begin to choose my steps,
And with a focus that stays.
And...
Sometimes I find,
There are people so unhappy with themselves.
They could give a 'hoot' about somebody else.
Self-obsessive and possessive with mindsets,
To bring others so much stress that 'they' care less.
And...
Sometimes I find,
People seen alone are keeping peace.
And...
Sometimes I find,
Some people seeking others to defeat.
And...
Sometimes I find,
People seen alone are keeping peace.
And...
For me it's easy to find,
Where I place my steps and pray to keep.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sometimes I Wonder Why

Silent my nights.
And,
Often...
Too remote.
And too often...
I'm reminded,
I chose.

Silent my nights.
And,
Often...
Too remote.
And too often...
I'm reminded,
I chose.

Sometimes I wonder why,
I chose...
To live a single life.
And be alone.

Sometimes I wonder why,
I chose...
A life of squeezing pillows,
With no one else to hold me...
Close.

Silent my nights.
And,
Often...
Too remote.
And too often...
I'm reminded,
I chose.

Sometimes I wonder why,
I chose...
A life of squeezing pillows,
With no one else to hold me...

Close.

Sometimes I wonder why,
I chose...
To live a single life.
And be alone.

Sometimes I wonder why,
I chose...
To live a single life.

Silent my nights.
And,
Often...
Too remote.
And too often...
I'm reminded,
I chose.

Sometimes I wonder why.
Sometimes I wonder why.
Sometimes I wonder why.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sometimes It's Best To Be Alone!

You with the temper fits,
Need to sit and listen...
To your moans.

You can not handle it,
Those situations committed...
You initiated and condoned.

And you make attempts,
To bring your nonsense...
Inside of others' homes.

The troubles that afflict,
Begins with an outside prodding...
That started your sighing and groans.

And an attention you sought,
Has been denied...
By those you thought were close,
And you could annoy over the telephone.
Those you believed stood by your side.

Sometimes it's best to be alone!

One day you will admit,
Your selfishness has to quit.
Let it decease. Let go!
Move away from it...
On your own.

To become strong with a stiff upper lip,
Can and should do the trick!
Sometimes.

It's best to be alone!

And knowing this will keep you from getting hit!
From someone on the edge,
You have made to show...

They too can go ballistic!
Made mad and deranged,
And quite tired of all your ssshhh...
Yes!
All of it!

Oh yes...
One day you will awaken to admit,
Sometimes it is,
Best to be alone!
To mend and fix your own issues.
Or be laid knockout flat on your back...
Without a choice!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sometimes Mentally Therapeutic

With a call to respond,
I imagine that is what a writer...
Of poetic verse does.

Something said that is received,
By another who thinks...
A delivery of words written,
Opens doors to communicate...
An attention the author seeks.

Part of this is true.
A writer wishes minds,
To review a thought process too!

But words selected to express,
Those life experiences one gets.
Is sometimes mentally therapeutic,
To get what one feels off of one's chest.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sometimes My Mind Gets So Tired

Sticking with my eyes,
With a sticking to see...
That a confirmation sticking to my faith,
Is the key.

Sticking to a licking taken I may receive...
Gets a mending healing quicker,
With belief I don't leave.

Sometimes,
My mind gets so tired from a not getting rest.
And often I am stressed without a sleep I don't get.
And sometimes...
I feel so weak,
With my feet feeling numb...
But a negativity will not come with that done.

Sometimes,
My mind gets so tired from a not getting rest.
Sometimes,
I am so stressed without a sleep I don't get.
Sometimes,
There is a weakness that comes right over me...
That gets me on my feet to fight off negativity.

Sticking with my eyes,
With a sticking to see...
That a confirmation sticking to my faith,
Is the key.

Sometimes,
My mind gets so tired from a not getting rest.
Sometimes,
I am so stressed without a sleep I don't get.
Sometimes,
There is a weakness that comes right over me...
That gets me on my feet to fight off negativity.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sometimes Questioned When Revealed

I've seen birds with wings,
Use them.
I've known people with talents,
And God given gifts...
Use them for a purpose.
And intent.

I've heard those with wisdom,
Share insights.
I've seen a commercial jet,
Take off...
Weighted with passengers,
And luggage...
Soar from a standstill,
To rise in the skies in flight.

But I've seen many people,
From behind as they walked.
And I wondered to myself...
If only they could see,
From my point of view and eye sight...
Those wide shadows cast,
On the sidewalks...
In broad daylight!

I've seen birds with wings,
Use them.
I've known people with talents,
And God given gifts...
Use them as well.

However...
To spread around,
Pound for pound...
What some people carry,
That has yet in their minds...
Been introduced to marry common sense,
Is as mysterious as those acts of genius...
Taken for granted,

That are around us...
AND,
With a significance that influences.
But still,
They are sometimes questioned when revealed!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sometimes That Is Drastic

Raised to believe...
If they wished reality not to exist,
They could ignore it away!
Or kneel on knees to pray to false symbols
And/or deities with their likenesses
And ask 'them' to remove reality
Out of their way.

Since they can not fathom,
Those they have chosen
To defame by slander,
To 'be' and 'speak' of truth!
They actually hold them responsible...
For their quality of life,
Crumbling slowly in decay!

And nothing about their existence,
Is based on having a consciousness.
With morals, respect or concern conveyed!
And complaints of the artificialness of it...
They beg of their 'god' to keep it that way!
But the GOD who has created them...
Has always been about change!
And sometimes that is drastic.
At most times that change comes...
And no longer can be delayed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sometimes There Is Goo And No Gah

Love is not all goo and gah.
Sometimes there is goo and no gah,
And lots of...
Ugh! Geeessshhh.

Especially that day when one awakens,
To look at a calendar.
Not any calendar!
The one the days have been checked off.
With a little note as a reminder...
'I survived.
How many more of these,
'For Better or For Worse' days I've got to deal with? '

But hang in there.
Some folks are just in it for the wedding ceremony.
After that...
Many more are looking for something else to do.
And finding someone else to do it with too!

~I thought you said you were divorced? ~

And...
Your point is what?
Don't let my youthful glow...
Trouble free lifestyle and happiness fool you.
I have had those days when I overcook my scrambled eggs.
Seriously.

And just the other day,
I abruptly had to end listening to my favorite music.
I ran out of Green Tea.
And I was just at the store.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sometimes With It Done To Bring Tears

The best gift one can give,
To another who is claimed to be a friend...
Is straight up gut wrenching honesty.
Although the friendship might end,
After shock sets in.

But what will be remembered...
Never to be severed from a mind to exist,
Is how a truth introduced came unexpectedly.
With a doing to stay reminisced.
And sometimes with it done to bring tears.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sometimes With Nothing Profound

Spectacular and unconventional.
With a little bit of poverty.
And a lot of dysfunction.
But I couldn't pay...
To have my life any other way.

The names I've been called,
Over the years that I've been called them...
Have been fuel to ignite my desires.
And those who have done this,
Were mainly relatives too.
Choosing to be the worse critics.
As if a duty of it was to prove.

And over the years,
Sharing both laughter and tears...
So many experiences enjoyed I've done.
Lessons were many and they still continue.
As my curiousity expands...
To extend a bolder me that stands.

And with pen in hand...
I have been blessed to share.

And sometimes with nothing profound.
Just comments made to toss around.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sometimes Your Demonstrations Make Sense

Why do you hand me that noose?
Is this your attempt at comedy?

'Oh,
No.
Please I didn't mean to offend.
I know you are accustomed to saying,
'I am hanging in there! '

I thought it would be of a benefit to you,
If you did not swing too far from where you hung.
It didn't occur to me you spoke figuratively! '

You know,
SOMETIMES...
Your demonstrations make sense.
At at other times,
I wish I had kept my mouth closed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Somewhere Deep Inside Your Denials Kept

Heckled by the hecklers,
Now found splintered by their own grief.
So easy was it for them to ridicule...
When they had the safety of employment,
And the backing of what they believed...
Was an economy strong to support their taunts!

Now haunted by their flaunting ways,
To portray themselves as a better class.
With some among them now asking why,
If they are so superior...
Why have those they've elected to protect them...
Blatantly ignore them and treat them like common trash?

'Oh...?
Your trash has been common for quite a while!
That is what those of deceiving greed do.
Psych and hype up the minds to gain trust.
And suck up your resources...
While they ensure you are entertained by concepts of greed,
And the need to feed temptations and lust!

Then with a pinch of fear to inflict.
With a dominating hatred...
Towards those who are promoted as enemies.
Using one's color and religion as excuses to begin.

And then to spread the word,
They are coming...coming they are,
To destroy the interests of those addicted...
To a way of life nonexisting.
Only in the throes of propaganda!
As seen on TV and in commercial ads.

And then with that as a distraction...
All funds are pocketed and then they run!

Isn't that not obvious? '

~But we are children of the chosen! ~

'You have been chosen?
Yes!
Oh have! Most definitely.
You have been chosen...

To be duped, hoodwinked, bamboozled, smoked screened...
Lied to with deceit and stripped of your resources.

And I'll refrain from calling you a sucker.
Somewhere deep inside your denials kept,
I am sure you now have a clue already hinting.
With a manifesting...
Supporting the widening of your eyes! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Somewhere In The Beyond

I'm not going to be anyone's part-time anything!
Today folks are nutts.
They've allowed their children to be disrespectful and cuss.
Demand attention with their ignorance.
And I'm expected to condone this?
Pretend it does not exist?
As I'm being set up for someone's romantic tryst?
And I'm told one is going to bring her husband...
While the other wants her lover to film all of this?
And if I want...
I will get paid on the side?
'Dear Father can You hear me?
I know this is a joke!
And You are somewhere in the 'beyond'...
Cracking up and splitting your sides!
But if You can see my face, Dear Wonderful One...
Not a smile do I make or can fake! '

Excuse me...
You want me to do what?
I only act nutts.
But I do not need a date,
With those who truly are!
And besides...
I am WELL into my...30's!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Somewhere Someone Will Listen To Them

I don't expect anyone to be familiar,
With my memories.
The ones I keep fondly close to me.
How could they be?
When memories affecting me are mine.
Although I am told about myself all the time.
As if my life hangs from a grapevine.

And those experiences,
That came to jolt my emotions...
Are the reasons why some may find me,
Not the one they 'thought' they knew.
Or the one they comfortably gossiped about.
And I know for those with nothing else to do to choose,
This can be quite disappointing.

As long as they are soothed,
By others approving their deceptions too...
There will always be a place for those two-faced.
Somewhere someone will listen to them twist truths.
With an accepting done of their irresistible dysfunctions.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Soon

Common sense is not alive.
Not like it was,
In those days gone by.
Too many today have paid their visits,
With a foolishness to get themselves...
Credited to loans and borrowed sorrows.

Common sense has tried hard to survive,
Bling and its affects.
Bringing with it tears.
And such embarrassing regrets.

Statistics shows,
So many lost their minds sold.
To easy living with a wanted warm breeze.
Statistics shows,
Many carry burdened loads.
Too heavy on their shoulders.
Strapped so tight to impressions made,
Letting go has left many afraid.

But soon...
People will demand.
And soon...
A life to live no one commands.
Soon...
People will awaken to wish,
Less grand living,
With a basicness to get.

Common sense has tried hard to survive,
Bling and its affects.
Bringing with it tears.
And such embarrassing regrets.
But soon...
People will not put up with this.
Wanting for themselves,
A shown and proven happiness.

Soon...
People will demand.
And soon...
A life to live no one commands.
Soon...
People will awaken,
With less wishes to be grand.
Wanting for themselves to live,
A life they control and also understand...
Can be lived without debts to pay in tears,
Flowing to fill...
Several emptied buckets and found cans.

Common sense is not alive.
Not like it was,
In those days gone by.
Too many today have paid their visits,
With a foolishness to get...
Credited to loans and borrowed sorrows.
Without a happiness returned to get.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Soon After Given They Forget

I could never say 'yes',
If my thoughts are 'no'.
Or welcome with a false smile.
If from that someone I wish to go!

I do not carry with me good diplomacy.
Not if within a constant realness breathes.
I choose to sleep peacefully at night.
Without planning who next I can deceive.

I could never say 'yes',
If my thoughts are 'no'.
Or welcome with a false smile.
If from that someone I wish to go!

I see so many pretend who they are not!
So many ask names of others,
They have no intentions to remember.
Or soon after given they forget.
And within seconds...
A name dropped is forgot!

IF I spend five minutes with someone new...
I will remember their name, telephone number...
Age and address too!
Especially if something shared between us,
Leaves us both impressed.
With a date that has been selected,
To get naked next!

Why waste time...
When lust and sex is on everyone's mind!
Even those who profess to be 'Christians'.
With more shared than prayer,
Being touched upon those pews.
I've seen this...
With an eye opener or two!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Soon After We Did It

You took your magic away.
So how can I stay,
Believing in you?

When our lips first touched and kissed.
A kiss that I missed...
Soon after we did it.
And we drifted apart.
To place distant calls in harmony.

You took your magic away.
So how can I stay,
Believing in you?

Whenever I would appear,
You acted as if...
A nightmare came to visit.
With a shock that stopped you quick.

And when I came too close you moved.
To let me know your space,
Was used.
And not to share.

You took your magic away.
So how can I stay,
Believing in you?

Whenever I would appear,
You acted as if...
A nightmare came to visit.
With a shock that stopped you quick.
When our lips first touched and kissed.
A kiss that I missed...
Soon after we did it.
You left!
Did you expect me too..
To leave?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Soon Coming To A Set Of Eyes Near You

They could have had their culture and identity in place.
But many of them because of jealousy,
Took their time to slander and erase...
Any deed that was done by anyone who came to uplift them!
They were sure to crush and ambush.
That has been their unconscious mission.
They are mentally sick.
But don't know this!

Folks with megaphones in communities...
Preaching from the Bible about unity.
Are they themselves in divisions.
They reflect themselves to have conflicts within them.
They do not have peaceful minds at all.
Recovering from drugs and alcohol.
Wanting to express their personal findings of God!

What has been embraced today...
Is a guilt expressed that has created an economic mess.
And a decadence that has fed gluttony,
Will still be at a heated fervor pitch...
If there were signs an abundance of it were being produced.
And Bible thumpers had their hands on it.
When folks see their greed about to cease...
That's the only reason they call upon God!

And that's why God is switching up all agendas.
With priorities for many to become vividly clear...
In the sharing of one reality!
There will be no varities or assortments of it...
Depicted from one's interpretation of a scripture lifted,
To define God's meaning.
Soon coming to a set of eyes near you!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Soon Rejoicing Comes

Darkside melodies sung,
Are coming to an end...
For some who sang,
In tones
Not in tune!
And soon rejoicing comes,
In cheers
To harmonize dissentions!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Soon There Will Be Love

Soon there will be love...
When it comes.
And this will affect everyone,
Under the Sun.

Self examinations will make this so easy.
Self examinations done is what we need.
Self examinations will make this so easy.
Self examinations done is what we need.

Soon there will be love...
When it comes.
And this will affect everyone,
Under the Sun.
And...
Soon there will be love...
When it comes.
And this will affect everyone,
Under the Sun.

Self examinations will make this so easy.
When it's done.
Self examinations done is what we need.
When that comes.
Self examinations will make this so easy.
When it's done.
Self examinations done...
Must be heeded since it's needed.

Self examinations will make this so easy.
When it's done.
Self examinations done is what we need.
When that comes.
Self examinations will make this so easy.
When it's done.
Self examinations done...
Must be heeded since it's needed.
To be freed of miseries.
And,

Soon there will be love...
When it comes.
And this will affect everyone,
Under the Sun.

Soon there will be love...
When it comes.
And this will affect everyone,
Under the Sun.

Self examinations will make this so easy.
When it's done.
Self examinations done is what we need.
When that comes.
Self examinations will make this so easy.
When it's done.
Self examinations done...
Must be heeded since it's needed.

As soon as we admit it!
Commit and benefit.
As soon as we admit it!
Commit and benefit.

Commit and benefit...
And it's done!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Soon To Be Seen Descending

They are not yet frightened.
Believing what they face,
Can be easily erased...
With more deceit and strategies that manuever!

These schemes are being watched,
From beyond our comprehension.
And the attention that greed has created,
In attempts to build dynasties from rubble...
Will bring fools to their knees.

Every aspect of these failed struggles,
Has a flipside of impending intervention.

People have gone mad with rage.
Its accepted craze comes to an end!
A new beginning comes...
For those whose hearts are filled with sunlight!
Angels sent are soon to be seen descending!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Soon Will Come To Be Shown

Left to sob are those addicted,
To rituals that contradict.
And it may be hopeless to awaken them,
From lives restricted to limitations and sins...
That conflict.

All have been conditioned,
To accept traditions without thought or compromise.
How can someone considered to be a nonconformist...
Expose to those known,
Their 'realities' have been based on lies.
And that to them soon will come to be shown.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Soon! We Will Meet To Greet

Soon!
So soon to come to stun,
Even those who had believed...
Themselves awakened and relieved,
They have kept abreast of changes.
Yet difficult to make,
But done.
Soon a shift of consciousness comes.

Soon!
Soon and 'very' soon,
Swift and quick myths end!
An appearance from another dimension opens.
From other existences unknown it is clear,
We have never been alone condoning our conflicts...
With a senselessness to dismiss and not embrace,
Our indifferences.

Soon!
So soon to come to stun,
Even those who had believed...
Themselves awakened and relieved,
They have kept abreast of changes.
Yet difficult to make,
But done.
Soon a shift of consciousness comes.

Soon! We will meet to greet,
All who inhabit the Universe.
To realize we have been representing them,
Right here on Earth and all this time.
To find ourselves powerless with minds limited.
And soon!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Soothing Effectiveness

First to drug and addict.
Making them, their thoughts
And their minds worthless.

Obsessed are the wicked,
With control and dominance.
Everything done to produce seduction,
Is purposely decadent...
To rule a planet,
That has chosen them to shun!
With mysterious suspense.

In disbelief this Earth is not alive.
With the Sun and Moon as its balanced 'guides'.
Manipulating humans try to survive and thrive,
With conflicts and deceit...
Perpetuated by religious defeats.
As warned by a God perceived to be...
Their 'genie' in a bottle...a 'He' and not 'She'.
Ready to pop a cork on demand!

How self righteous is this arrogant stance?

And yet,
Everything Mother Nature does...
Those of barbaric minds,
Do not get!
Or after suddenly upsetting...
Scientific forces set!
Quickly removing the affects.
With a soothing effectiveness...
That schmoozes with a coolness all accepts.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Soothing Moody Doers

Refusing to amuse them,
Will stop confusion too!
Refusing to amuse them,
Is what we've got to do.

Refusing to amuse them,
Will stop all what they do.
Soothing moody doers,
Who display bad attitudes...
With a choice to throw their tantrums,
As if doing this is cool.
Doesn't measure up,
For the ones who've had enough.
No this doesn't measure up,
For the ones who want to be more tough!

Punishments no longer done,
Brings harm to the younger ones.
Since they think that they can do,
Anything they choose.

Soothing moody doers,
Displaying their attitudes...
Need to be restricted,
From the choices that they choose.

Punishments no longer done,
Brings harm to the younger ones.
Since they think that they can do,
Anything they choose.

Soothing moody doers,
Displaying their attitudes...
Need to be restricted,
From the choices that they choose.

Refusing to amuse them,
Will stop confusion too!
Refusing to amuse them,

Is what we've got to do.

Refusing to amuse them,
Will stop all what they do.
The soothing moody doers,
Has manifested fools.

Refusing to amuse them,
Will stop confusion too!
The soothing moody doers,
Has manifested fools.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sophisticated Idiots

A few decide...
How and who is rated.
More decide...
All decisions made are dumb!
The ones coming forth with integrity...
Tell all what is done
Has not achieved anything for anyone.
Since the few regard their views legit.
And the majority observes them all...
As sophisticated idiots!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sophisticated Love

Few will ever risk it.
Or admit this from their lips...
It's hard to find and keep,
Sophisticated love.

Too fussy to get busy,
When such etiquette is wished.
In a publicly addressed expressed,
Sophisticated love.

It's hard to get too physical,
When make-up touched gets rubbed.
With a maintenance existing,
In sophisticated love.

It's hard to get too physical,
When make-up touched gets rubbed.
With a maintenance existing,
In sophisticated love.

Few will ever risk it.
Or admit this from their lips...
It's hard to find and keep,
Sophisticated love.

It's hard to get too physical,
When make-up touched gets rubbed.
It's hard to find and keep,
Sophisticated love.

Too fussy to get busy,
When such etiquette is wished.
It's hard to find and keep,
Sophisticated love.

It's hard to get too physical,
When etiquette is wished.

It's hard to find and keep,

Sophisticated love.

It's hard to get too physical,
When etiquette is wished.

It's hard to find and keep,
Sophisticated love.

Too fussy to get busy,
When such etiquette is wished.
It's hard to find and keep,
Sophisticated love.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sophisticated Willows

Sophisticated willows,
Dancing under moonlit skies.
Swaying are the willows,
Doing it as one to be done,
Without a leaf in sight.
And I...
Feel the lilting breeze,
Of August winds.
And I...
Witness the ending,
Of Summer begin.

Swaying are the willows...
Doing it as one to be done,
Without a leaf in sight.
Those sophisticated willows,
Dancing under full Moon light.
As I...
Witness the ending,
Of Summer begin.
I...
Feel the last of breezes,
From those August winds.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sorely Neglected

As obvious as a three dollar bill.
And yet its counterfeit use,
Has not brought about any attention!

Could it be...
Those of this persuasion on a spending spree,
Are in a self praise mode?
As values continue to plop,
Without flushing down an ignored commode!

They enjoy taking a self righteous stance.
As a reality that is touched and felt...
Loses an appeal of a tasty sharp cheese melt,
Once delighting with a zest and zeal.

And sandwiched in between,
Are those of religious doctrines screaming.
They would like to believe their values are wholesome...
But contradicted values displayed on the streets,
Have found them much dismissed and benigned...
By those speaking of a standard of life,
Cruising into a nightmarish covered up blight.
No one seems to mind in these times.

A clarity of how things truly are lived,
Is not at all reflected.
In fact the truth is sorely neglected.
And a 'white house' surrounded by useless monuments...
Is 'thisclose' from being up for sale.
Brought by foreign investors...
Who could care less who professes,
To make sentiments about this!

Regardless who wins in an election and prevails...
Whether it is understood or not,
Who gets to sit to attempt making divisional splits fit!
A devalued 'buck' can not stop...
In an empty pocket!
And no amount of brilliant deceptive explanation,

Is going to magically make that happen!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sorry If I'Ve Caused Any Inconvenience

To embrace and know one's identity from birth,
Is not a rare occurrence...
As those on the pursuit to impress others,
Would want many to believe.

It takes one with willpower...
To leave what is felt to be nonsense behind.
And much of it is connected to capitalistic,
Desires to self indulge with a teasing to be seen.

To know exactly what one wishes,
May introduce to others...
Restrictions that conflict.
With superficial stabilities...
Like an ability to acquire multiple jobs,
To pay one's taxes or credit cards.

Feeling an accepted comfortability,
In what a dysfunctional society...
Labels as a 'normalcy',
Is for some an ideal way of life!

But someone who chooses a life creating...
Is neither lazy, confused or mentally sick.
Not as perceived from where those deemed,
'Abnormal' sit!

Some trying to convince they toil on a 9 to 5...
Exaggerate what it is they do,
Between coffee breaks and hour lunches too!
But someone who sweats doing something that is loved...
Isn't thought to live realistically.
Not if a title isn't worn with a shopping spree done at the mall.

'Oh...How embarrassing!
Is that card 'maxed' out?
I have another here somewhere.
Give me a moment.'

To embrace and know one's identity from birth,
Is not a rare occurrence...
As those on the pursuit to impress others,
Would want many to believe.

It takes one with willpower...
To leave what is felt to be nonsense behind.
And much of it is connected to capitalistic,
Desires to self indulge with a teasing to be seen...
As one capable of purchasing anything!

'Here we are!
Oh. No!
That's 'maxed' too!
I have a new one somewhere.
And, here it is!
Sorry if I've caused any inconvenience.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sorry To Disappoint

Would you rather that I'd be bent and twisted?
Raging in fits.
Unable to handle the slide and dip,
Of my quality of life?
That's not the way I choose to live.
Or the outlook of my life I would like!
Not me.
And if I felt that way...
You wouldn't see it!

My eyes have been wide open too long.
The steps I've taken have been calculated,
To confront and not ignore impossible obstacles.
And finding them more feared!
Each time I got near them.
Until I removed doubt and replaced that with faith!
I'm not good at faking defeat or submission.

After tasting humiliation a few times,
And realizing that strengthened my mind...
I began to welcome challenges!
With criticisms and judgements passed.

Relying on luck is not the way I live.
I've learned to trust myself.
And keep my mouth shut...
Around others who wish to describe every pain they have,
Without a word of gratitude expressed...
For anything or anyone!

Would you rather that I'd be bent and twisted?
Raging in fits.
Unable to handle the slide and dip,
Of my quality of life?

Sorry to disappoint.
But none of your opinions,
Or other shared thoughts...
Are on my agenda!

Right now.
But who knows?
Things do change,
And rearrange themselves over time...
When a mind can become absent of consciousness.

I recommend and suggest,
You become less preoccupied with a mental diminishing
That seems to keep you attracted.
None of us are above being snapped or cracked.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sought And Mooched

If it becomes acknowledged,
You are that one who gives unconditionally.
And can be depended upon to do it,
As if you have no other reason to live...
Be prepared to be sought and mooched,
By those seeking to squeeze...
Every bit of empathy they can from you to get!
You will be hunted as if to feed a craving,
Needing by some to be immediately fed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sought By Trained Blood Hounds

Those who had been already declared,
Mentally incompetent for being 'too' aware.
And dismissed and forgotten,
For their 'crazy' opinions to openly give...
Are today being sought,
By trained blood hounds sniffing for lost treasure.
With hopes they can suggest how best to correct,
The lives of those with discovered dysfunctions.
To undo a mess that has been allowed to manifest.

And ironically enough,
Those already declared aware 'and' crazed...
With a doing to be shunned, defamed and disgraced,
Are now found to be the only ones left 'competent' enough...
Who can best represent a normalcy fading,
With truth to express honestly and without fear...
By the very ones awakening from delusions disappearing.
To have for them wanting what had existed.
A truth heard to speak without it sweetened.
With it no longer offensive or perceived as treason.

'Have the 'hounds' sniff around the forest.
I remember those we seek,
Saying something about the trees.
Sarcastically, of course.
But today we can not afford to overlook any clues.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sought To See With Wishes Granted And Seen

I am indeed,
Not the perception...
But the belief.

I have been then conceived.
I have been freed of invisibility.
To experience and touch sensations.
Explore temptations and grow from them.
Not to become corralled or restricted,
Within barriars of sins...
Depicting those who are wicked.
Preached by those who pocket from such grief.
And cursed to smother under clouds of sorrow...
Are those who sermonize to lust and leech their evils.

What teachings would leave those to feel dark,
And gloomy?
To feed unlimited greed.

I am indeed,
Not the perception...
But the belief.

I am that spiritual connection.
Sought to see with wishes granted and seen.
Given touch to love and satisfy.
And I express these blessings with much gratefulness!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Soul Creator

Do as you must,
To accomplish that
Which fulfills your desires.

God eventually validates all deeds...
To evaluate them according to His wishes!
And not as you choose Him to do.
Or to gain attention.
Sought to adorn with additional blessings received.

From the moment of your birth,
You have been watched.

He rules without need of accomplices.
To do what He does alone.
And at His best as our Soul Creator.

Leaving many to live their whole lives...
Not 'getting it',
As He alone can solely give as it is 'given'.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Souls Undermined

It's a struggle to forgive,
An evilness intended.
Especially done when the act of it,
Leaves another alone,
Emotionally wounded and sickened...
From the wickedness of it,
Implemented.

But...
Keeping one's faith,
Not to stray or abandon...
Mends and heals quicker.
Than a bitterness kept to feel.
Done to do at one's best,
To ignore...
A seeking of revenge explored.

God has His way,
Of intervening to step in.
To prove He and He alone,
Knows what's best...
With this done to make shown.
Saving souls undermined,
By demonic wishes everytime.
With a keeping one's patience,
To eventually witness...
A removing of all struggles,
One may have felt...
To have been doubled.

'Thank You, God!
Always when You come,
That time is right.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sound Bites

Bitten and spit.
To get a morsel...
Not all of it.
And the folks getting it,
Eat it up!

Not a moment of it wasted,
On providing facts.
Not complete...
For a comprehension to receive it.

Sound bites bitten to scoop the news.
To dropp a little bit to confuse.
Just to extend the taste of what is chewed.
And that's what sound bites bitten done,
Do!

A buffet that's meager,
For a taste to choose.
With a tease that's given.
And a hope what's nibbled makes good news.

Just to extend the taste of what is chewed.
And that's what sound bites bitten done,
Do!

Not a moment of it wasted,
On providing facts.
Not complete...
For a comprehension to receive it.
Bitten and spit.
To get a morsel...
Not all of it.
And the folks getting it,
Eat it up!
And that's what sound bites bitten,
Done...
Do!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Soured To The Taste

No time do I have to waste and spend,
On meaningless or frivolous endless levity.
With a doing without a seriousness,
I pretend to take or leave.
As most people do with a doing to deceive.

The hour upon us has soured to the taste.
And the observations I witness I can not erase.
I feel it's my duty to comment on them to make.
Regardless of who perceives I only see negativity.
Although positive I am if I wasn't I wouldn't give a damn.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Southern Belle

A shawl and bonnet she wore
From an era gone.
On a dusty road...
She walked bare foot,
As she picked cat-tails carefully
From the marsh dampened field.
Sweeping them against the stilled
Warm air and singing.
Watching as I leaned quietly
Against the carriage house nearby...
She sat beneath the willows,
That wept fresh moss from the trees.
This southern belle reminded me
How much I needed her to share,
The peace that made her heart rejoice!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Space

There is 'nothing' more satisfying,
Than discovering to find with an appying...
Of one's conscious act,
To listen with intention.
With allowing something heard to attach.

When effective listening is done,
It has a way of deepening understanding.
With heads nodding in agreement.
If not nodding from boredom,
To fall to sleep and sometimes snore.

So many with repeated questions to ask,
Do so until somebody is bound to get offended...
By the one who has tired,
Of answering the same question.
And replies with a face staring...
As if to look at an 'alien' from out of space.
With a lot of it suspected to be in between the ears,
Of the one who pretends to hear but doesn't listen.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Space Assigned

No one can fill,
Your space assigned.
And no one but you,
Should be using your mind.

You ought not be the one,
Confused.
Nor should you be the one,
Others easily choose...
To nit and pick your wits.
If you are not permitting,
Their fun of it.

You ought not be the one,
Confused.
No.
Don't become the one,
Others easily choose...
For a mission.
To then give you permission.
With defined conditions.

No one can fill,
Your space assigned.
And no one but you,
Should be using your mind.
To do.
But you.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Space Fillers

The difference between you being here...
And me being here,
Is this...
I was invited.
I had something to say that made them excited.
I am direct and to the point.
Some say my bluntness annoys.
While others believe I have an ego self annointed...
That victimizes my greatness.
And after I entertain...
No one remembers to play that blame game!

And you,
On the other hand...
Do a good job in providing ambiance!
Well done.
You and your friends,
Are splendid for these occasions!
I must leave the host a note,
To show my appreciation.

Thank you for reminding me,
Of your presence.
And why it is important!
There will always be a need for space fillers!

'You are such a pompous !
Classless .
If you had a I'd tell you to go yourself!
You s.n o. a ! '

Could you be more specific, please?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Spankings Overdue

Religious pageantries are ending.
Rituals performed that feed on sins and fear...
And lives lived in expected limitations,
No longer apply...
For those who have dashed hopes,
Of acquiring golden wings in the afterlife to fly!

Eyes have been opened wide.

And if we are all God's children,
As convincing missionaries on missions...
Deceptively wish all to believe.
Some derelicts are currently being pursued,
For spankings overdue!
As will be witnessed by those conscious...
In delight that these endeavors take place,
With a purpose to punish and embarrass the degradators.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Spark In Mars

Should my testicles be that,
Of one born with Gemini Rising?
Should my buttocks be as thick,
As one with Venus and Moon in Capricorn?
Should my Aquarius Sun...
Spark in Mars as it is done.
And should my heart sit with Pisces...
Since sometimes it,
Comes to visit my emotions.
And bringing with it,
A reason for my stiff lift!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sparse

Sparse.
But so effective.
Your trimmings,
And that masterful touch...
The one you do that means so much,
Than a smothering of promises...
Never to be delivered.

Sparse with an igniting of sparks,
Directed to implant within my heart...
With such a precise understanding.

You know me in a way,
I've grown to anticipate whatever it is you give!
You bring to me what it is I get.
And what I have to give is unmistakably yours.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Speaking Now Out Loud But Then Unspoken

Too many living in unrested desperation.
And giving up their hopes and treasured beliefs.
Too many living in arrested situations.
And many who have lived it have grown tired,
And they grieve.

But no one wants to leave their minds open.
And no one wants to keep their own delusions detached.
Many want to share how they are busted and broken.
And some just want treatment like 'elites'.
Speaking now out loud but then unspoken.

Too many living in unrested desperation.
And giving up their hopes and treasured beliefs.
Too many living in arrested situations.
And many who have lived it have grown tired,
And they grieve.

But no one wants to leave their minds open.
And giving up their hopes and treasured beliefs.
But no one wants to leave their minds open.
Many have grown tired and they grieve.
But no one wants to leave their minds open.
And some just wish to live as if stiff upper lip 'elites'.
Speaking now out loud but then unspoken.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Speaking One's Mind

Speaking one's mind,
Has a way of offending those who declare...
That the tone of one's voice,
And not the content...
Is disrespectful.

And if one expects to get a message across,
A sugar coating is suggested.
Since direct approaches negatively effect,
Minds deluded and are not acceptable mixes...
In fantasized environments.

'I am not accustomed to being spoken to like that.
If you jump through hoops and roll over to play dead,
Like the others...
I 'may' pay you some attention.
Until then...
I will ignore your warnings about my house burning down.
It is your attitude I object to.'

~No problem at all.
Forgive me for making an attempt,
To point out facts as they are.
And my voice...
Although to you unfamiliar,
Will be remembered.
I guarantee it.

I'll leave this bucket with you.
However...
I think the flames are out of control now,
So I'll be on my way.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Speaking Terms

I apologize if my actions yesterday,
Seemed a bit petty.
I have been stressed lately.
And took that out on you.
I'm sorry.
I hope we will still be on speaking terms.

'No problem.
None at all.
You have proven...
To have more experience,
In that area than I do.
And when I witnessed that...
I learned to leave you alone.
I have forgiven AND forgotten.
And I did that within seconds.

Sure...
We can be on speaking terms.
I can do the 'hi' and you can do the 'bye'.
And on our good days...
We can switch that around!
How's that?
You want to practice it now? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Special Effects

It doesn't pay to sabotage the doings of others.
Mother Nature has a way of getting one's attention.
With or without the use of unexpected special effects.
As if specifically directed,
To the one who has no choice but to accept.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Special Needs

It has happened too frequently,
With it done to often...
That those who have shown,
To be thoughtless but later regret...
A neglect to openly in debate express,
That people living in their own communities...
In sight and not disguised,
Have special needs,
That have long been ignored.

Although condoned to permit.
But refuse to admit with pretentiousness,
Their own mentalities are in dire need...
Of an attention to be focused on them,
With an expediting done immediately...
To achieve a reality most refuse does exist.
Yet those who sit with their delusions intact,
Will not accept...
The doing of that which they have created.

'It has occurred to us,
Those of us not before made aware...
That there are hundreds living,
Right here in our community...
Suffering with 'special needs'.
And we have hired outside investigators,
To uncover with proof...
How such an isolated event,
Could be allowed to happen...
When all of us pride ourselves,
With a finding of appropriate solutions...
To resolve our problems,
The moment they are identified.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Specific

Filled with negativity...
Generalizing in unspecific quickness!
Judged in misguided confidence...
Sitting on fences of definitions unexplored.
Convinced thoughts of dismay are shared realities!
From perched undecisiveness,
Like birds who chirp with wings clipped.
Wishing to fly but stunting motivation.
Dipped in gossiped sorrow.

Not so say those in flight to test!
A growth observed is personalized...
In quests admitted that lifts determination.
Reaching for plateaus beyond limitations set.
Specific regrets are broken to free adventures.
Hatched from confinement and climbing...
From environments of self inflictions that feed.

There is so much to touch!
So much life to live ahead...
In clear breezes that release.
For those not living,
To stop to dread tasteless steps they've taken...
Or willing to cry on shoulders to grieve.
Groaning prepared to weight with baggage,
With like minds who wear their hearts on sleeves.
There is no gift for those awaiting in mental 'trips'...
Grunting to mope in groups like these!
Hoping for joys to accidently dropp from the sky,
For them to qualify and please!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Specific And Direct

Untreated deceptions can defeat.
And those addicted to their weaknesses,
Are often comforted by those overprotective...
With a using of empathy to remedy this disease.

And a diseased mind condoned,
Will always seek a defense against anyone showing...
A lack of sympathy that offends,
The ones who gather others that befriend them.

Proclaiming false accusations of being treated mean,
By those they wish to declare as their enemies...
Have been too specific and direct and absent of tolerance,
With a giving of their 'cruel' assessments that upsets.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Specific By Design

Lazy adults raised by irresponsible children,
Choosing to do what they please...
With the making of excuses encouraged as done,
Are not the ones to blame for their attitudes towards life.
Many do not accept transitions and think of them as painful.

Every example of a quality of life to value,
Has been degraded by those lazy who view mediocrity...
As too much of a struggle to achieve,
With an escaping from a hopelessness and self pity.
And the evidence of their influence is too obvious to avoid.

And they are left trapped in sadness patterns.
With their touches of guilt to add to a quilt...
Specific by design.

Left trapped in sadness patterns.
With their touches of guilt to add to a quilt...
Specific by design.

And the evidence that is knitted in,
Becomes too obvious to avoid.

Left trapped in sadness patterns.
With their touches of guilt to add to a quilt...
Specific by design.

And the evidence that is knitted in,
Becomes too obvious to avoid.

And they are left trapped in sadness patterns.
With their touches of guilt to add to a quilt...
Specific by design.

And the evidence that sits,
Becomes too obvious to avoid.
Or can anyone conscious excuse the limits of it!
And the purpose with intentions to confine...
Those of shallow and unused minds.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Specific Speculation

Specific speculation,
Is as reliable as facts created.
Based upon hearsay.

And gossip to value,
Only becomes worthless...
If no one participates or has interest,
In the spreading of malicious rumors.

We must,
All of us...
Find ways to prioritize to identify.
And with clear certainty,
Our purpose as human beings.
Since some are still on the fence,
Determining just how specific...
A speculation should be,
Before they are convinced...
A doing of it is more acceptable,
Than awaiting for evidence of truth.
Or the existence of the proof of it.

Specific speculation,
Is as reliable as facts created.
Based upon hearsay.
And today,
More are persuaded by speculation...
Than any truth that can bore many to tears.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Specifically Custom Made

An organized effort,
To undermine and disguise it.
Rarely escapes a heated cussing out,
From the person who chances to uncover the deed.
And what is released through the teeth...
Will never be heard delivered from a pulpit.
The adjectives used are crisp, creative...
And crafted as if specifically custom made.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Specifically Introduced

My standards have always been valued.
Just because they are freely displayed,
Does not mean I don't consider them...
As precious gems.
I do.

My treasures are vast.
And God Father's The Kingdom.
So whatever is in my Father's house,
Also belongs to me.
That's how I've allowed myself,
To interpret my existence.

Unless someone can provide,
An understanding with a more clarity...
That my Father has not already shown.
And early in my life,
His presence was specifically introduced.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Specifically Picked And Selectively Chosen

There will always be the ones,
Specifically picked and selectively chosen...
To voice their opinion about the comparisons between,
Plums and pears or grapes and lemons...
In timely debates with attention given,
To get many to see the similarities.

There will always be the ones,
Specifically picked and selectively chosen to do this...
As long as it is known those listening will become outraged,
With their tempers raised to boil...
As they demand why they had not been told,
There was never any difference in presentation or taste.

There will always be the ones,
Followed by those with an absence of thinking done.
And believing anything they eat to digest,
Will benefit their best interest.
Caring less if the design of it,
Is to get their minds whipped into a frenzy.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Specifics

With hindsight not too distant.
Or that far removed,
From the current dire circumstances...
Enhanced by the welcoming presence,
Of ongoing ambiguity...
No one would be experiencing economic fear.
Or biting their nails with repossessions to face.

However...
Values placed on biased divisions.
And racist bigotry.
Addicting incompetence.
Deceit, denial and the feeding of greed.
Solicited by those who advocated standards,
They could not abandon to leave the feast.
None of that which today is witnessed,
Would have never existed to become reality.

And the placing of blame,
On those homeless and hungry...
Refused by the greedy a true opportunity,
Has been the height of indoctrinated self righteousness.
With hypocrisy kept to keep.

Do any of these facts bring back memories?
Is there anything about these specifics,
Anyone needing clarity?
Or is there someone offended who wishes to stick,
With their accustomed ambiguity?
Since there is nothing like debating the importance of truth,
That is absent of facts, misdeeds and misplaced priorities.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Spectacular!

And with a panoramic,
Unobstructed view.

'Incredible.
And...
What were your feelings and thoughts,
Of the life you lived...
Before you decided to step aside,
From those limited in wishes and wants...
With an acceptance to live 'their' lives,
Opposing to adventure and having no desire...
To free themselves from boundaries? '

Well...
For whatever the reason I am grateful.
And feel extremely blessed,
To have had that experience.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Speculation

The right things done by some...
Does not right things done,
By everyone.

Rituals performed...
May leave a feeling of forlorn,
Adorned by those addicted to agitation.
Especially In situations accepted as an adulation!

'Adulation?
What is there to admire,
In this mental infestation?
This dismiss of motivation...
Should have long expired.
Examined for its faults and left retired!

Many see this as a manifestation!
A certain suffering,
That brings 'closure' to most things.
It's the opposite of expecting blessings and gifts!
To be denied in some eyes...
Brings about a restoration,
And leaves one rejuvenized!

'Like a holding onto a stubborness...
By someone who knows this isn't the best,
Yet sits unresisting
In some kind of personal conquest? '

The right things done by some...
Does not right things done,
By everyone.

Rituals performed...
May leave a feeling of forlorn,
Adorned by those addicted to agitation.
Especially In situations accepted as an adulation!
In speculation this will solve all situations!
And a praise will be bestowed,

Since this disposition is the one they chose!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Speed Of A Crisis

Repeated and historic has been...
The finger pointing done to accuse another one,
For a self inflicted suffering...
That comes to them without end.

Insecurities unconfessed,
Now has them forced to address...
An idealistic way of life,
That sets the spotlight upon
Such a disturbing mess.

Yes!

Truth like this is difficult to erase.
When greed has been one's feeding.
And greasy fat hands appear...
With mud smeared on one's deceiving face.

Of course the blame for this will be placed on someone else.
That's the way these steps of greatness have been achieved.
Leaving victims dishonored and disenfranchised as they bleed.

And the speeding of a crisis begins to leap over false devices.
As those try to hide their absolute disgrace...
Realizing the basis of their taste,
Began with the seeding of petty issues...
And spiced with the baiting of race.

Now an incompetence has stirred the heating of disaster!
With a churning of internal division...
That can not be stopped.
Even as their demise is taking place!
With a trashing done that they have mastered.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Speeding To Leave Your Behind Behind!

Speeding to leave your behind behind!
Speeding to leave your behind.
Speeding to leave your behind behind!
Speeding to leave your behind.

Get up and ready we gotta go.
Speeding to leave your behind.
You can't benefit if you're dragging slow.
Speeding to leave your behind.
Who said what you do,
Doesn't get you where your'e going.

Speeding to leave your behind behind!
Speeding to leave your behind.
Speeding to leave your behind behind!
Speeding to leave your behind.

Get up and ready we gotta go.
Speeding to leave your behind.
You can't benefit if you're dragging slow.
Speeding to leave your behind.
Who said what you do,
Doesn't get you where your'e going.

Speeding to leave your behind behind!
Speeding to leave your behind.
Speeding to leave your behind behind!
Speeding to leave your behind.

Why stay up half the night!
Looking for a falling star?
To make a wish...
Then,
Dismiss it.

And why,
Do you wish to fight with me?
Someone who's always there for you!
Someone who wants to have life,

Like you do!

I don't wanna do it but I'm...
Speeding to leave your behind behind!
Speeding to leave your behind.
But I'm...
Speeding to leave your behind behind!
Speeding to leave your behind.

Get up and ready we gotta go.
Speeding to leave your behind.
You can't benefit if you're dragging slow.

Speeding to leave your behind behind!
Speeding to leave your behind.
But I'm...
Speeding to leave your behind behind!
Speeding to leave your behind.
But I'm...
Speeding to leave your behind behind!
Speeding to leave your behind.
But I'm...
Speeding to leave your behind behind!
Speeding to leave your behind.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Speeding Too Rapidly To Limit Or Condense

So many are wishing to live a yesterday gone.
Quotes of poets from centuries past,
Are used to compare to current events.
With hopes to inspire desires to diminish,
Complex and advanced exposed experiences...
Speeding too rapidly to limit or condense.

And documents quilled on parchment paper,
Fading from a time no longer known to be loved...
Have suddenly become the focus of attention.
To interpret entitlements that make little sense,
In these days when electronic messages...
Are created and in seconds sent.

Standards and values many followed to believe,
Have lost more than just a credibility.
Not too many people are convinced today,
That their best interest is to have things their way.
Especially if their way has led to confusion and conflict.
And a lot of that exists,
But not in the poems of long gone poets.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Spellbound And Tantalized

The most efficient and sufficiently accepted way,
To get to the truth is to introduce it.

'But what about the opportunity,
To debate the insignificance of assumptions?
And without producing the evidence just yet? '

Hmmm...
You're right.
We 'are' out to captivate an attentive audience.
With a much needed higher TV rating.

'Exactly.
So what is it you propose we should do? '

Well...
Of course I am with you.
And after reviewing my thoughts,
You 'unselfishly' brought to my attention.
AND with considerable reality.
A broader demographic is in dire need.
By all means,
Continue to debate the insignificance of your assumptions.
And tomorrow we will see what the critics have to say.

'Let's cross our fingers.
And hope an increase of viewers,
Remain to stay spellbound and tantalized.'

~Objection!
This has nothing to do with the case.
We are here to uncover both 'evidence' AND 'truth'.

Your 'objection' has been over-ruled.
That 'old-school' stuff has played out.
We are in need of RATINGS.
This is a new day!
Is that understood?

And stand back.
More to the left.
You are blocking my closeup shot.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Spending Time Getting Upset

If my perceptions given,
From my point of view upsets...
Try to acknowledge,
The life I live...
Has been experienced by the making,
Of my own footsteps.
And with a doing to face those obstacles,
I remember doing alone to have met.

So if I express 'something' you don't expect,
It is the life I live from my own perception I address.

Now...
Had you been living 'your' life,
Being fed perceptions that should leave me impressed?
And those perceptions that don't impress me,
Has left you upset?

Well,
Hopefully...
When the reality of this is comprehended,
You will find spending time getting upset...
Has been a wasted foolishness.
And I pray you're not awaiting for my expressions of regret!
Because my footsteps will still be left for me alone to make.

'Yeah but...
You shouldn't say those things that offend.'

And I spend my time seeking to find ways,
To offend you...
Right?
And with a priority I should give to you day and night,
To ignore the living of my own life.
Right?
Well,
Hopefully...
When the reality of this is comprehended,
You will find spending time getting upset...

Has been a wasted foolishness.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sperm

'What on Earth are you doing? '

I'm trying to get inside.
But I don't want to offend anyone.

'Just be direct.
You will be more effective.
You'll be fine.'

I was told that when I came,
To be dropped off.

'Stay firm, Sperm.
That's all I've got to say.
Eventually you will figure it out.
God works in mysterious ways.'

Tell me about it!
That's all I heard...
Before the screeching came to a halt.
And I was dropped off here!
I didn't ask for this.
To climax my existence.
Or know what or who...
I'll eventually meet.
When inside I'm there to greet.

'Like I said...
God works in mysterious ways! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sperm Or No Sperm

All of a sudden he decides,
He wants to be in his children's lives.
They have been long on their own.
And alone they grew up...
Until they were grown.
Now 'daddy' decides,
He'd like to be a father by their side.

All of a sudden he wants to play dad.
Even his ex-wife and grandchildren...
Don't think of him.
And when they do those thoughts are sad.
He has lived his life,
Being one of the 'boys'!
And now that he has put away his toys...
He shows up...
To annoy!

And all who witness this,
Agree!
Wherever he has been and whoever he is...
To them,
He remains an absentee father!
Sperm or no sperm,
He did not earn respect!

And as far as they are concern,
He can squirm his excuses elsewhere.
They have recovered from the 'affect'...
Of his neglect they have forgiven,
And forgotten!
And his appearance would be better if kept...
Invisible!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Spewing From Bitter Lips

You must enjoy the burden of that load.
And any hints given to rid yourself from it...
Creates with you,
A defensiveness viewed.

With an addicted wish...
To voice your agonies.
With an offensiveness...
Spewing.
From your bitter lips,
You have chosen to keep bitten.

With an ignited self affliction.
That has been groomed from a habit!
Restricting you to limits.
Inhabiting with a comfort in your mind.
Blinding.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Spice Of Their Lives

As trite as popular expressions go...
'Success of material gain,
Is equated to the depth
Of one's intelligence.'
This is 'probably' the most misunderstood
Perception of 'reality' in motion,
As is...
'Curiousity kills the cat! '
In fact,
The opposite of that may be true!
One never knows...
If 'that' particular cat has attached,
A parachute!
Especially if he has exhausted his 9th life.
And dares to explore a 10th jump...
Without assistance!
But then...
You must admit,
We are living in most unusual times!

Let's explore our observations...
Shall we?

Since those of intelligence,
Are less self indulgent in appearances...
For appearance sake.
It does appear,
However...
Those who choose to adorn their egos,
Do so with something to mask their insecurities!
Preferably with that which masks and matches,
A branded snob appeal!
Collected and accepted...
Between those who go under the knife,
To selected noses for high profile poses!

And that's why they maintain...
Variety is the spice of their lives!

Who amongst them will dispute,
They are the keeper of 'things'?
Displayed, flaunted and certainly flourished.
After all...
They have kept the rusted wheels of economies,
World wide...
Oiled in dependency.
Held in the gracious hands of a precious few,
Within the clutches of well manicured
And greasy fingers!

'Don't let this magic slip from the grip...
Of those plump and moisterized hands, boys! '

And that concludes the purpose for this meeting,
Today!
Any questions?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Spiced With Choice Ingredients

Feasting on ethnic heat I feed.
Spiced with choice ingredients!
Disqualified I'm declared...
To breathe air my birthright brings.
How foolish these things swing back and forth
In the minds of those
Discouraged by my lack of subservience!

My ancestors did not wilfully play in bondage!
Not of my blood.
Not of my composed heritage,
That leaves me here today with dues paid!

You 'may' criticize my stance and flair for life!
That's just the tip of my arrogance!
I don't owe you anything...
And that's the joy I have!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Spices To Entice

Expectations to be treated,
By increasing tricks...
Could not be avoided.
Too slick they came and came they did,
Quick.
With teasing sweets added,
To prevent dramatic childish fits.
Since...
Everyone HAD to HAVE THAT!
And...
Everyone HAD to HAVE THIS!
And...
When it was discovered everyone tricked,
Could not afford everything they wanted...
Spices to entice,
Trapped to encapture...
Even those suspicious standing in line to then find,
Although they too had pockets empty...
They were invited to become freely addicted.

And so...
That's how everyone,
Began trading in their souls.

'Why do the people moan? '

They have awakened to discover loans unpaid,
Closed the exits to further escapades.
And ownership had been delusions made.
Delusions made for the sake of making impressions.

'And you? '

I faked what they could get made me unhappy as hell.

'And did it? '

I said I faked the wanting to taste,
The THIS and THAT of nonsense.

I aint about to sell my soul.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Spicy With A Little Bit Of Raunch

I am not a rumor.
Nor am I a page from a script,
To overdo as rehearsed.

I am who I am with no excuses,
To create on the spot or make up...
With a hiding of my flaws.

I have been through too much in my life,
To solicit from anyone an attention to me given.
I am motivated and obsessed by initiative I can't rid.

I am not a rumor.
Although some told on me I have heard are very good.
Spicy with a little bit of raunch.
Nor am I a page from a script.
I live to adventure and not to be limited.
And rehearsed?
I offend too many who are pretentious.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Spineless

A spinelessness,
Will always find a way...
To slither out of control.
Whether in attempts to convince,
It isn't what it is.
Or pretend a warm heart exists,
In a 'thing' that is nothing...
But stone ice cold.
And those who are spineless,
Eventually show themselves...
When their backs are up against the wall.
And their venomous tactics have been exposed.
Showing themselves to be ssssnakes!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Spineless And Mentally Digressive

Oh I can be quite snide,
If that occasion should arise.
I can sling mud with the best...
If I am challenged to pass that test.

I can also be loving and kind,
With the giving of the shirt off my back.
And those who are aware of that,
Aren't so willing to initate on me their attacks.

Oh I can be quite snide,
If that occasion should arise.
I can sling mud with the best...
If I am challenged to pass that test.

But why should I...
Use that as a weapon,
To defy those who are clearly...
Spineless and mentally digressive.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Spinning Out Of Control

To be part of a collective whole
Does not diminish the value,
If kept polished and acknowledged!
However...
If that piece increases to become ignored,
And perceived as not as important...
Forgotten to rot.
No longer adored.
The quality of the whole also loses,
As its stature and influence tilts
From a constant abuse,
Willed upon it.
And a prominence once gained,
Begins to show...
A detrimental change!

An 'arrangement' is damaged.

Unattended greatness,
Can not itself sustain.
With bits and pieces chipped away...
Unrecognized for its need to be nourished,
Constantly in conscious ways!

A pride falters and shallows in purpose.
Everything then begins to taint...
To oxizidize and rust!
Everything that did not contribute...
To the purity of its breath,
Becomes distrusted.
And beings to die,
A slow death from a life given to cherish.

And the whole that was,
Is no longer what it could have been!
Spinning out of control...
Until it fades,
And dust is all that remains to scatter.
Lost from its majestic magnetic hold!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Spiraling

The crime minded,
Now find themselves in a bind.
Taking for granted their slanted point of view...
Living only to exist,
To redo with a smearing...
Done to hoodwink.
Trick and fool!

Raised by an element,
Mixed with insecurity and common slime.
It had been their intent...
To spread and enforce this devilment.
With a consciousness unrelenting,
Flaunted and wanted!
Showing unconcern...
Their madness was undefined!

Yet unwinding it is...
From its purpose to confine.

And this sickness did not just happen...
It was blamed on those with no defense!
Fences created and initiating hate...
By the ones who now quarrel,
In constant heated debate.
As they try their best,
To correct their own dissecting!
Condoned by them alone,
And spiraling with a quickness...
In a blinded dismal fate that's shown!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Spiraling Out Of Control

'What did you notice?
What did you see? '

All of us stood and witnessed it,
Spiraling out of control.
In fact before that...
We all began to see it wobbling,
Many years before it started its descent.

'And no one did anything about it?
No one made an attempt to correct its course? '

How could we?
We were all intoxicated and enjoying the party.
We saw what was happening,
But...
Is it really our responsibility,
To protect something we claimed loved?
Like I said...
We all were having a good time.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Spirit Guides

Thank you 'Spirit Guides'
For clearing my path of unwanted obstacles.
And providing my life,
With the correct insight...
To motivate and inspire dreams,
Desired to fulfill and complete...
My appetite for life.

No longer have I chosen,
To walk on paths unguided alone.
Or to stubbornly resist assistance.
Since my needs for you here,
I now know is plainly shown.

Thank you 'Spirit Guides'
For clearing my path of unwanted obstacles.
And providing my life,
With the correct insight...
To motivate and inspire dreams,
Desired to fulfill and complete...
My appetite for life.

No longer have I chosen,
To walk on paths unguided alone.
Or to stubbornly resist assistance.
Since my needs for you here,
I now know is plainly shown.

And as my daily affirmation,
I acknowledge my destination...
With you near,
Has brighter light.
In my mind your presence has been cleared.
No struggles do I endear,
With you here.
With you near.

Spirit Guides assigned to my life...
My eyesight 'sees',

But does not invite nor is chased by fear.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Spirit Of Elevation

What is it you wish...
You claim is there you wait for?
Hop aboard,
The Spirit of Elevation.
Separate yourself,
From those isolation days.
Get rid of devastating implementations.
Planted to erase,
The best of your well being...
Inside that's craved!

Hop aboard,
The Spirit of Elevation.
Replace your visions of limitation.
Remove any traces of it that sits.
To keep you in the midst of feared conflicts!

Get rid of it!
There is nothing to value,
To maintain such a grip.
Get rid of it!
Get rid of it!
There is nothing of it that benefits!
Get rid of it!
Get rid of it!
And delight in a higher consciousness.

Hop aboard,
The Spirit of Elevation.
Replace your visions of limitation.
Remove any traces of it that sits.
To keep you in the midst of feared conflicts!

Get rid of it!
There is nothing to value,
To maintain such a grip.
Get rid of it!
Get rid of it!
There is nothing of it that benefits!

Get rid of it!
Get rid of it!
And delight in a higher consciousness.

What is it you wish...
You claim is there you wait for?
Hop aboard,
The Spirit of Elevation.
Separate yourself,
From those isolation days.
Get rid of devastating implementations.
Planted to erase,
The best of your well being...
Inside that's craved!

You're more deserving of better days.
You're more deserving of better days.
You're more deserving of better days.
You're more deserving of better days.

Hop aboard...
The Spirit of Elevation!

You're more deserving of better days.
You're more deserving of better days.
You're more deserving of better days.
You're more deserving of better days.

You're more deserving of what has been served...
Get up the nerve.
Who's more deserving?

You're more deserving of better days.
Yes...
You're more deserving of better days.
Yes...
You're more deserving of better days.
Yes...
You're more deserving of better days.
YES

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Spirit To Win

Having a spirit to win,
Has to be consistent.
And kept relentless is the drive,
That separates the doer...
From those who do less.
But yet decide in their minds,
That a making an attempt...
Meant,
Is not worth the effort to try.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Spiritually Costly

It has been spiritually costly,
For the status quo to adopt policies...
That has kept racist inequities,
Unchecked.
Without reflecting.
Or introspectively accepting.
And keeping ignorant beliefs,
A segment of their population suppressed...
In an oppressive freedom,
That advances irresponsibility.
And with excuses made to feed...
Upon perceptions that leaves them,
Feeling rejected and in dire need.
To be left convinced...
Staying to pray on their knees,
Saves their souls.

It has been spiritually costly,
For them not to participate...
In the upgrading of a mindset,
That does not compensate...
Those that do not initiate respect.
With a protection done,
Not of benefit to anyone.

It has been spiritually costly,
For them not to insist...
An advantage is received,
By those with desires to relieve themselves
Of fantasies.
And to live life right,
Is to forgive.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Splashed With A Little Lemon

The slow process of leaking truth,
Has finally begun.
Sweetened lives,
Splashed with a little lemon...
Will leave those accustomed,
To munching their milk and cookies...
With less fun in the stunning days to come.

Those surviving on the streets,
Will just be more familiarized with them...
As they are sought to give tours,
To those shocked into reality.
And those deluded by their pretentions?
Are stuck in mindsets trying to convince,
Someone, anyone...their point of view makes sense.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Splattered On An Aging Quilt

Oh!
The shame and the guilt,
Splattered on an aging quilt.
Left torn and tattered.
To be tossed thoughtlessly about.
But there sit those knitting together,
Discarded pieces from the past.
Gathered in a must rushed hush they've come,
In attempts made to cover the sadness it has!

With the hope the doing of this to the quilt,
Is accepted to forget the increasing pain and agony.
And will last at least until another victory declared,
Appears somewhere to be found to proclaim.
To prevent the diminishing of a fading fame,
Losing what was once thought glorious to maintain.
And symbolic enough to keep it adored and worshipped.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Split

How is a broken fence mended?
Move away from it.
And forget that thought,
Entered your mind!
It will save time,
And explanations
When re-occurrences happen!
And they will!
Just like a cheating spouse!
If it's not stuck like glue...
Know what to do.
Split!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Splitting Dimensions

Traitors of the unseen regime,
Are losing their hold...
On a reign that falters!

Snobbish doubters of the power of God...
Command with shallow faith that dulls!
Weeping warriors on lands defend,
Trapped as bomb blasts crush their skulls.

On the horizon rises sparkling ships.
Equipped with colors bright in sight.
Darting quick,
Splitting dimensions to land.
To remove conflicts off the backs of man!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Splitting From Your 'B-S' Flings

You're just like a child.
One who asks questions.
But not patient enough...
To sit and listen to the answers for them.

Your mind can not resist...
Being turned on and turned off quick.
With distractions bombarding any moment.
And you expect someone, like me...
To understand this?
And not be connected.
As if I am void of being emotionally equipped.

One of us is in denial.
One of us puts others on trial...
If they do not live up to our 'scattered' expectations.
If they do not deliver to us the taste of our temptations!

And you can call what I am about to do,
Anything you choose to as it is addressed...
From your perspective free of truth!
But I am splitting from your 'B-S' flings with nonsense...
Right now!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Splitting Team-Mates

Splitting team-mates,
To see them challenge each other...
For an attention,
Others they should have never listened...
Had convinced them to get.
A wished individual attention mentioned.
Has taught,
With time lost...
A costing for all,
Their payment to receive defeat.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Spoiled

Sometimes,
I know You may find me acting...
As if You do not exist.
That's when my free will works overtime.
And my choice to decide I can not push aside.

You did this to me to see what I would do.
To see if I would totally forget my relationship,
With You.
How can I do this when You bombard me with gifts?
I am completely spoiled and this I am sure You can not miss!

Sometimes,
I know You may find me acting...
As if You do not exist.
That's when my free will works overtime.
And my choice to decide I can not push aside.

But Father?
You are everything I AM.
And I have yet to be all there is You wish for me to be.
So 'if' You see me acting as 'if' You do not exist...
Know that I do the best I can to want to impress You!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Spoiled And Accustomed To Laziness

It is easy to pass judgement.
And easier still,
To impose upon someone else...
For something delivered from the kitchen.
So as not to disturb a self importance.
Spoiled and accustomed to laziness.
And hopefully the right amount of mayo,
Will not create an argument.
Or need for a prolong debate on who 'waits' on who.
And why such actions are allowed!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Spoiled And Demanding

Noticeable it is,
For those kept abreast and conscious of it...
A known point sought when reached,
Has no return to an innocence left.

A spoiled child thought cute when born,
And left to grow without discipline...
Often becomes a self-centered adult.
Spoiled and demanding with no empathy felt.

A people believing themselves great and special,
Develop less discipline and express no respect.
Spend time they do to pass judgements on others,
As if in the doing their spoiled demands have influence.

Noticeable it is,
For those kept abreast and conscious of it...
A known point sought when reached,
Has no return to an innocence left.

And we are living in the midst to witness this.
A spoiled and undisciplined people...
Inflicting their conflicts on others with their demands.
To claim they protect interests,
Of those with similar childish mindsets.

The hype of this may excite advertisers,
Solicited to assist in marketed delusions promoted.
But the truth left sweetly smothered with attempts,
To ignore a contempt interpreted as adulation...
Does not appease those who wish childish pranks,
Away from their shores.
Since the kept doing of this increases not diminishes,
Serious conflicts no one finds adored.

'OH! ?
They use drones to spy?
Let us now use chemicals...
To poison the air and burn their eyes.'

Noticeable it is,
For those kept abreast and conscious of it...
A known point sought when reached,
Has no return to an innocence left.
Or a remembered innocence once left accepted.
And 'this' had been an objective respected to protect.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Spoiled Or Determined

I have been told,
I had been spoiled.
But no one I knew to know,
Has of yet come forward...
To admit the doing of it.
As I demanded to a getting,
Everything done my way.
However...
If earning to deserve,
What I have received...
That others began to notice.
I can say I stay,
Motivated enough to enjoy...
My efforts to endeavor,
Have finally achieved...
Some kind of recognition.
That those who believe,
They know me...but don't.
Had no idea what or who,
Provided the incentive...
To keep me pleased and spoiled
By...
Appreciating what I've done,
With an expressing...
Of their support.
And I guess my witnessed,
Happiness...
Has others to declare,
That I have been spoiled.
And all my life.
Although it for them,
Continues to go unknown...
As to what or whom,
The doing of it...
They can say to blame.
Or accuse.

'He was always like that.
Even as a child.'

-Spoiled? Or determined? '-

'Uh...? Uh...
Give me another choice.'

-Motivated? -

'Yeah! That's it.
He was spoiled and inspired,
By motivation.
To then believe,
He can and would...
One day achieve successfully.
To prove it and with ability.'

-His own?
Or yours? -

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Spoken Words Heard

The one thing a shown disrespect,
Accompanied by a known humiliation...
Purposely inflicted upon others can not do,
Is to remove the effectiveness of this done...
From anyone's memory.
Although...
There will be those making their claims to deny,
Having such abilities with them to attempt to try...
To erase and replace their spoken words heard,
From the eyes, ears and minds...
Of the ones exposed and stripped of their dignities,
What was done to them...
Had been stretched out of context.
And should not have affected their overly protected,
Sentiments or sensitivities.

'They should have known,
Our support of their efforts to endeavor...
Were not meant to discourage them.
For whatever the reason,
They have taken our comments made to misinterpret.'

~Don't worry about it.
Afterall...
Given time and forgiveness they will have forgotten,
The many years it has taken them to recover...
From your intentional demeaning.
Character assassinations.
And experiencing broken relationships...
To understanding how ungrateful they have been,
They allowed their lack of comprehension...
To be interpreted unjustly.
And your concern for them has never waivered.~

'Yeah, Right?
There was no need for them to take us so seriously.
Or be that sensitive about it.
No one else has complained.'

~Especially the ones who have died emotionally,
From overwhelming criticisms.~

'Right.
And they were the ones who totally misunderstood.'

~Some people are just unappreciative.~

'You can say that again.'

~Some people are just unappreciative.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Spontaneity

You know where and how to find me.
I make no attempts not to be accessible.
But to hear from others...
You have not seen me for awhile,
Is more than a bit embellished.

In fact...

The last time I saw you publicly,
You pretended not to see me at all.
Remember?
Go ahead...
You have already proven,
To have a reliable selective memory.

Were you waiting from me to approach you?
To display your best act of phoniness?
I only have one face to give in this life.
Only one!

I use to have those expectations myself,
When others I would see...
On the street with their friends,
Taking opportunities to avoid me.
But these are the days of our lives,
Aren't they?

And today those same people,
Say I do not speak when I see them.
And they are right!
So quick now they seem to be observant.
Receiving sometimes is not so pleasant.

And...
I only deliver what I receive.
There is more on my mind,
Than the premeditating of responses.
Or the rehearsing of approaches.
There is something about spontaneity I like.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Spooky Is A Truth Too Cruel

Ravished.
By realities haunting me.
I'm feeling ravished.
And...
Spooky is a truth too cruel.
Spooky is a truth too cruel.

Where are my kibbles and bits.
Spooky is a truth too cruel.
Where is my treat when I need it.
Spooky is a truth too cruel.
Who took away my leash.
Spooky is a truth too cruel.
Who am I now to follow.
Spooky is a truth too cruel.
I feel betrayed.
And...
Spooky is a truth too cruel.

I was made to believe,
What I wanted I would certainly get.
I was made to believe,
If I followed like a loyal pet...
All my wants and delicious wishes,
Would certainly with promises would be kept

Ravished.
Ooooo,
By realities haunting me.
I'm feeling ravished.
Ooooo,
Spooky is a truth too cruel.
Spooky is a truth too cruel.

Where are my kibbles and bits.
Spooky is a truth too cruel.
Where is my treat when I need it.
Spooky is a truth too cruel.
Who took away my leash.

Spooky is a truth too cruel.
I feel betrayed.
And...
Spooky is a truth too cruel.
Spooky is a truth too cruel.

I was made to believe,
What I wanted I would certainly get.
I was made to believe,
If I followed like a loyal pet...
All my wants as promised,
Would certainly be met with a getting them kept.

I'm ravished.
And I can't believe my delusions are gone.
I'm ravished.
Ooooo spooky is a truth too cruel.
I'm feeling ravished.
And Ooooo,
Spooky is a truth too cruel.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sporadic

He is just a little boy...
Thrown into the limelight craved!
Raised to believe
He came from a diviness to save
Traditions engraved,
Made to enslave!

Sporadic!
He like so many are tragic.
Fooled in schools to use tools to rule,
With an emphasis that disguises values wished
To convey and left static!
He's sporadic.
Using statistics to help lift his social status!
But like others who are like him,
With intentions looking quite grim...
Can find him eating crow
From the lies he chose and told!

Sporadic!
Just like religious fanatics!
Who preach wholesomeness...
Then publicly confess,
They live lives filled with sin and much distress!
Because of identities lost behind sex!
This mess is sporadicly exposed at its best!
Observed in its context!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Spotted On The Horizon

Attention!
Sinners, saints and pretenders acquainted.
This is your final warning.
The rumored Storm of Truth,
Has been identified and spotted on the horizon.
Stand fast.
Prepare for the blast.
Buckle down and secure your delusions.

The winds of change,
Have been clocked at a speed...
No one fantasized has ever before witnessed.
Or has ever before seen to disregard or dismiss.
The Storm of Truth comes.
And promises to leave behind minds,
Unfamiliar with its reality unconfined to define...
With a capability to devastate all procrastinators.

Seal your shutters.
And board all exposed windows and doors.
The Storm of Truth pursues us with a vengeance.
Extreme and excessive will be the upheaval.
And the effects of it will leave no one teased,
As common sense again returns to be restored.
To never be deceived as quickly or easily...
With a doing done by those who from the truth run.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Spreading Haddock

First pre-heat the oven at 350degrees.
Take approximately 3lbs of fresh haddock,
Season it..
With a compound seasoning of salt
Oregano, pepper/red pepper, garlic powder,
Onion powder, and celery salt.

Gently rub these ingredients into the awaiting haddock!

One baking dish is needed.
Pour one full cup of water/maybe more into dish.
Sprinkle Basil onto the water. YES...B-A-S-I-L.!
Lay that haddock down.
If you have bread crumbs...
Now is the opportunity to crumb this haddock!
Get a stick of butter.
Slice thin butter slices...
And place them on that haddock.
Final touch before slipping this into the oven...
Toss some parsley...on the haddock!
Cover with aluminum foil.
Place this dish into the over for about 30mins!

Next!

Romaine makes the beginnings of a good salad!
Get some fresh Romaine. Wash it.
Get a platter and chop this thing up!
Tomatoes? Fresh? Get 'em! Dice 'em if you wanna!
One large Vadalia Onion. One Green Pepper.
And one jar of Roasted Peppers.
Slice this mess up into a mix.
Yes...
Of course,
Put it on the platter. Remember? Presentation!

There's never been a time for haddock,
As it's time for haddock now!
It should be caressing the kitchen...

And your taste buds by now!
Take it out of the oven.
Let it cool for about 10-15 minutes!

Look at that platter!
Now look at that haddock!
Put that haddock on top of those lucious vegetables!
Take some virgin oil! Yes...make it 'virgin'.
At this point you just want a hint of oil.
NOW...
If you really are serious about your taste buds...
A mix of vinegar/white zinfandel/olive oil,
Is a nice topping!

When you want to do something for yourself...
Spreading Haddock is recommended!
There's nothing like it!

'How many does it feed? '

Why? You're not getting none of this!
That's why I went through the trouble
Of telling you how to make it!
How many does it feed?
One!
Me...Sorry 'bout that!
But this is a meal for the 'survivors! '

LOL...just joking! Have some!

Note: This is my own creation! 'Yes. You have my permission
to use it and treat yourself. You're gonna love it! '
Spreading Haddock...LOL

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Spreading Of Ignorance

You can not blame a fool...
For wishing to expose,
Learned skills and acquired talents.

But by all means...
A hefty fine can be applied,
To a spreading of ignorance denied.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Spring Brings Fresh Buds

This process has been continuous.
There is no stopping it.
I just take time to let some out.
But that act alone does not deflat it.
Whatever leaves is instantly replaced.
Much like the air is needed,
For one to breathe.
Much like a tree that grows leaves again...
After Autumn takes them.
And snow comes to sit on limbs.
But not for long.
Spring brings fresh buds.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Spring Cleaning

What are you doing?

'A thorough Spring cleaning.'

Why is each one of those boxes packed...
And stacked high with labels attached,
'Agitation'?

'This year,
Every bit of it...
Is being removed from my atmosphere.
And everything I am getting rid of...
I am guaranteeing will not reappear.'

But you are making your space,
Practically empty.
There are no chairs for anyone to sit.

'That's exactly the point I intend to make.
No one will come to sit,
Expecting to prolong their visit.
A freshness to the air is what I wish!
And I am determined for that wish to get.
I made myself a promise to be the one that benefits.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Spring Maiden Ways (Late In May)

There is still a bit of a chill,
Lingering in the air.
And old man Winter sits,
Wishing for more time his frost...
Does not seem to slowly disappear.
This time of the year to do so quick.
But from a distance he and others see,
A teasing dance through a Sun done.
To bud anew those barren places traced,
With blooming promises coming to erase...
Remnants of Winter.

Spring maiden ways,
Appearing these days to be young and fickled.
Giggling like a little girl playing hide-and-seek.
Wishing to be found to give up treats.
But suddenly turns around,
To trick with a retreat.
Knowing her warmth she could if wanted,
Leave without teasing a doing to pursue.

These days Spring maiden ways,
Can confuse those less dressed.
Believing Spring comes to reveal,
Not a cold shoulder left.
But there are times when Spring,
Would rather tease and not commit.
To deceive until she decides to quit,
Delaying her stay.
And for many this might not happen,
Before this is done to come late in May.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Springbouncer

Too many like you,
Remain and stay on game mode.
And I often wonder...
From where did you
That outdated program?
And if you know how to detach...
From an attachment I sent,
Obviously misunderstood?

Delete that with this belief...
I can at least get a return,
Of something that will be more tempting
To match a net worth,
That will mutually satisfy...
With a much quicker value expressed!

You are into surfing.
And I am into one-on-one relationships.
I hope that message has been conveyed?
There is no need for a response.

SpringBouncer

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sprinting Through

During this speeded up course,
I trek called life.
I approach as a thoroughbred horse.
With challenges awaiting that aren't nearly as great...
As those obstacles I faced,
When first I entered this race.

With a slowed but no less eager pace...
I see clearly the tracks I placed and passed.
And so determined am I to complete those assigned tasks...
Given to me.
And from God I asked.
With little regard to the solitude I endure.

Sprinting through!
Doing that which God wishes me to do.
Until it is done!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Spying Eyes

Since I am not on the search,
For a distant pen-pal.
Or have an inclination to exchange explicit notes,
With someone unknown...
I prefer to keep my secret sexual fantasies,
To myself and not open to discussion.
But I have, of late, decided I would stop,
Finding ways to be excessively cynical.
And continue my walks alone...
Through trees in a familiar forest.

Why I seem to be the only one,
To clearly see its presence is a mystery to me.
However...
I have learned to leave what others believe,
To themselves.
With the hope that an awakening,
Will assist in helping them to branch out...
To share with others who too were unaware,
The number of people who bare their essentials...
In the most unusual places.
Yet right before unsuspecting spying eyes.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Squashing Others Doesn'T End Their Troubles

Where there's always trouble,
That trouble never leaves.
And many live to double up their troubles.

Where there's always trouble,
That trouble never leaves.
And many live to double up their troubles.

Gangbangers like to take their hanging into the streets,
To heat them up with stirring up their troubles.
Beat boppers from the 70's tote up on their weed.
To drift away and up above their troubles.
As hip hoppers and the rappers with their slang done,
Think they have the key to end their troubles.

Rap packers 'spit' their chatter,
As if nothing matters.
With a squashing done to others double troubles.
And squashing others doesn't end their troubles.
No!

Where there's always trouble,
That trouble never leaves.
And many live to double up their troubles.

Where there's always trouble,
That trouble never leaves.
And many live to double up their troubles.
Many live to double up their troubles.
And squashing others doesn't end their troubles.
No.
A squashing others always starts the trouble.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Squeaking Heard Is Much Too Real

A rat shocked by light and caught in darkness...
Becomes frightened,
When an accustomed hole has been closed...
Or blocked from view.
It makes attempts to convince it is not a rat.
Even though all who sees it...
Can identify what it is.
But the rat will do anything,
To not be seen for what it is whether masked...
Or undercover.
Being a rat shocked by light and caught in darkness...
Makes it difficult to calm tensions,
When sneaking a snack in the kitchen creates such a scene.
And the squeaking heard is much too real!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Squeaky Clean And/Or Bleeped

Why do folks play childish games to pest?
Those older ones play them,
And should give them a rest.
You would think by the time some one is 55,
They are more interested in being 'real',
Than handing out a bunch of old tired 'jive'.
No wonder the kids have lost all respect.
There are adults who still think,
'They' are the ones breasting feeding home in nests!
There are more mature children than there are grown 'peeps,
These days.
And maybe that's why those accused of being molesters,
Aren't!
When the 'children' are the ones stalking older folks...
And they are the ones who should be charged,
For being the sleazy, sneaking creeps!
The 'real' old people are home alone and jealous...
Seeking ways to get reality,
Squeaky clean and/or bleeped!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Squeaky Wheels

The deeds and tricks of the wicked,
Will come to an end.
The wounds of those bruised,
Begin to heal and mend.

The days of hearing squeaky wheels,
Will be greased to cease annoying squeals.
And all of the noise that has been generated,
With a lulling of the ones now awakening from sleep.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Squee-Gee Clean (Diversion)

It is never a good thing,
To look down one's nose...
Upon another,
With intended contempt.
Such insults,
Do not lend themselves...
To result with satisfying,
Beneficial dividends.
When deposited unforgotten,
In one's kept memory.

To ignore, loathe and abhor,
Someone seen sweeping...
Or buffing up,
An intricate inlaid...
Marble floor,
Maybe the one to invite...
To have lunch.
Or have a hunch...
Whoever does this,
Does much more.

Nor is it a good thing,
To whisper, giggle then laugh.
At someone who uses,
Monogrammed towels...
As if they were rags.
Or perceive one to be,
Down and out.
But given a 'break',
By boardroom 'big shots'...
Sitting in offices,
Atop a skyscraping tower.
Listening to classical music,
While one slings a mop.
On a foyer floor.
To remove scuff marks.
Or signs of dust drops.

'This place,
Is immaculate.'

-Thank you.
I do my best.-

No. It is never a good thing,
To be impressed by image.
With it not to realize,
Who the image maker is.
Or who may be less impressed,
By image...
Than how best to invest time.
And resources to franchise,
More 'bucks' to find.

Very few impressed with image,
Seldom have inquisitive minds.
To express interest,
Or investigate relationships...
Between the banker, lawyer,
Or the accountant.
The baker, candlestick maker.
Or the business developer,
On a cellphone...
Negotiating with the one,
Who holds the deed...
To acres of land.
OR...
Anyone's social association,
With the janitor!
The one seen cleaning.
Collecting all the trash.
To know whose trash it is.
And where it goes to keep,
One's mouth closed.
With this done to ensure,
Every window is spotless.
Squee-gee clean.

It's never a good thing...
To assume a gleaming Mercedes,

Familiar and seen...
At an office tower downtown,
U.S.A.
And spotted in a driveway,
While taking a jog.
Does not belong to the janitor.
The jogger has snobbed.

It's never a good thing,
For the janitor to visit...
Close relatives,
To sit in welcomed chit-chats.

'Cut them some slack.
You volunteered to be janitor.
Why blame them for that? '

-When I politely stopped,
Polishing the brass...
On the revolving door.
One of them attending,
Your business meeting said...
And I quote:
'He acts as if,
He owns this place.'
With that young All THAT...
Punkish attitude.-

'And...
You had to say something.
What was it? '

-I just said...
And what if I did?
That's all.

Them he laughed.
A loud heckling kind of laugh.-

'You choose,
To wear a tuxedo.
And a top hat with spats.

On your shoes.
Daddy? What janitor does that?
And think...
He'll not be thought of,
As a joke? '

-I see your point.
I'm not yet willing to accept,
Diversion.
But...
If I see him again...I'll...-

'Remember,
You volunteered...
To be our janitor.
And not his.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Squeeze Me

I...
Choose you to be,
That someone...
I can trust.
And I desire,
No more...
Than most who rush,
Into love...
Wishing respect.
And with caresses,
Never to reject...
When you,
Hold me close...
So tightly I can't move!

I...
Choose you to be,
That someone...
I can trust,
To hold me...
So tightly I can't move!

And I desire,
No more than most...
To be held,
And very close.
So tightly I can't move!

Hold me please.
Hug and squeeze,
So tightly I can't move!
Don't let go,
Hold me close...
So tightly I can't move!

I...
Choose you to be,
That someone...
I can trust.

And I desire,
No more...
Than most who rush,
Into love...
Wishing respect.
And with caresses,
Never to reject...
When you,
Hold me close...
So tightly I can't move!

Squeeze me baby.
Come on, come on,
So tightly I can't move!
Come on, come on...
Squeeze me baby,
So tightly I can't move!
Come on, come on...
Squeeze me baby,
So tightly I can't move!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Squeeze That Sucker Dry

Squeeze out the hanky
From the tears she leaves.
And squeeze that sucker dry.
Leave it to hang...
For those believing she deserves empathy.
Hopefully this time...
She is finally gone!

Dedicated:
To all those who are accustomed,
to biting the hand from which they feed!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Squirrels With Tales

Skunks who bunk,
And break bread all together.
Stink and stank
As they stunk crunching feathers...
With pigeons who had their wings snipped
And tethered inside coops,
That lock!

Mocking with shocking degrading deception!
Smelling themselves to detect imperfections.
Finally they find they have not been perceptive...
To the ones who flock!
Watching...
Squirrels with tales who dropp their nuts,
From treetops!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Stability

Standards have begun to become,
Redefined.
Limits imposed to restrict to conformity,
No longer today represents the 'norm'
When being 'normal' meant,
A keeping in step with others.
With a doing to prove a remaining fixed,
To values accepted would never change.

Finding that 'good' job with benefits to get,
Had everyone young preparing for retirement.
Stuck and caught up,
In the making of impressions.
And in between those deluded years to devote,
People would acquire 'things' to bring...
Comparisons made to share with glee,
With those who also shared...
How proud they were to acquire such success,
To do it equally.

So many were heard protesting,
Their rights for an 'equal' THIS or THAT.
And who dreamed to live,
On the other side of the 'tracks'.
Tracks now found to be trashed and/or abandoned.

Credit to get with it easy to achieve,
Had many believing this is the life to live.
Until reality became a vicious threat.
And words such as...
Downsizing. Outsourcing and being laid-off,
Were tossed about without safety nets.
To introduce to challenge mindsets,
Where would their beliefs kept had gone.

'If you don't like it here,
Go back to where you come from.'
Comments once made,
By the ones now discovering...

The expense of their own charades.

Standards have begun to become,
Redefined.
Stability shown to others known,
Isn't what it use to be.
Anyone today able to stand up on two feet,
After being punched in the gut...
By thieves and their greed,
Who had been blatantly corrupted...
Is an accomplishment to achieve.

Especially today...
When many are creating few new excuses,
As to why they have come to find...
Conforming to this kind of 'normalcy',
They would rather leave behind to define...
For those attempting to prove,
They are the ones these days 'not' crazed.
When it is clear who is and who is not,
Completely distant from minds...
Long gone from any definition of stability.

'May I share your cardboard box with you? '

~This is not a duplex.
I know,
Looks can be deceiving.
But this is a one room flat.
To be folded and carried on my back.
And you...
Seem to be fresh from the 'condos'.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Stacked On Platters

The relevance of forgiveness,
Has distanced the significance of it...
From making an influential appearance.

Indignities are serve and presented,
As a choice on a menu selected to eat.
To feast upon by many shown licking their fingers.

The relevance of forgiveness,
Has distanced the significance of it...
From making an influential appearance.

And those preparing for the main course are teased,
With the passing aound of hors d'oeuvres...
Heated with biases to please and stacked on platters.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Stacked Upon Their Own Shelves

Observe and see for yourself...
Those of competence imposing rumored threats.
As the ones who are exposing their insecurities,
Do their best to unravel at the seams...
In foolish protests to recreate fantasies they dream.

They begin to show signs of despising themselves.
And nipping away at their own neighbors,
Because of what they've purchased...
To keep stacked upon their own shelves.
And barking loudly in anger their dissatified choices.

Crumbling quicker than overbaked cookies kept.
Their minds have gone.
All common sense has left.
And they expect what they've done to be corrected.
And it gets harder to keep them envisioned,
Objectively and focused as a people to respect.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Stages

First of all...
I know it's not just all about me.
Only in my mind I am told.
And that seems to be aging rapidly!
As a glowing youth...
Dims to be conquered,
By an aging truth!
Overnight it seems.
Although many may refuse to agree with me.
Those into appearances and physicalities!

I am not one to be talking about looks...
But let me say this,
No pages flipped through books
Prepares anyone for the stages of aging.
Or when to apply a night cheek lift!
To become disappointed with the results,
That sit unresisting to stay for a long visit!

Compliments on maintaining a youthfulness,
Stirs those in doubt about what is really meant...
By those unsolicited comments sent!
But pleased to get them without resentment.

There are those who may defy this process.
But when it noticibly starts...
A feeling of achievement begins to arrive,
Or a time gone by so quickly is realized!
Which gets many into denial fits!
Horrified that the time has come...
And that they too can not escape from this!

When a passing glance in a mirror,
Becomes a lingering stare...
What is seen is obvious.
And we all must become aware...
An aging has taken place,
To stay on one's face...
Not to go anywhere,

But to etch and trace.
Hopefully some allow...
And undergo with grace.

That's the reality of these stages we go through!
At least 'some' do.
The ones who are not moisturizing...
To rid a wrinkle,
Or two.

OR...
Those of us who make a fuss,
About a delayed aging process ordered...
Taking too long to come and is much overdue!
A special delivery was paid to insure a rush!
To subdue those lines that accrue...
With the stages of age some welcome unphased!
Praying this amazement of a quick aging,
Fades away!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Staging An Escape

Boom baby doom bah doom.
Boom baby doom bah doom.
Boom baby doom bah doom.
Boom baby doom bah doom.

Baby! Doom bah doom bah doom.
Baby! Doom bah doom bah doom.
Baby! Doom bah doom bah doom.
Boom baby doom bah doom.
Boom baby doom bah doom.

Baby! Doom bah doom bah doom.
Baby! Doom bah doom bah doom.
Baby! Doom bah doom bah doom.
Boom baby doom bah doom.
Boom baby doom bah doom.

Some nights.
Most days...
I'm craving,
A taste of heated fever.
To save,
Myself...
From raging,
And staging an escape.

Boom baby doom bah doom.
Boom baby doom bah doom.
Boom baby doom bah doom.
Boom baby doom bah doom.

Baby! Doom bah doom bah doom.
Baby! Doom bah doom bah doom.
Baby! Doom bah doom bah doom.
Boom baby doom bah doom.
Boom baby doom bah doom.

Baby! Doom bah doom bah doom.
Baby! Doom bah doom bah doom.

Baby! Doom bah doom bah doom.
Boom baby doom bah doom.
Boom baby doom bah doom.

Some nights.
Most days...
I'm craving,
A taste of heated fever.
To save,
Myself...
From raging,
And staging an escape...
From you.
Baby! Doom bah doom.
Boom baby doom bah doom.
Boom baby doom bah doom.
Boom baby doom bah doom.
Boom baby doom,
From you...
Baby! Doom bah doom.
Boom baby doom,
From you...
Baby! Doom bah doom.
Boom baby doom,
From you...
ooooooo

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Stagnant Air

What can be said
To someone who is sleeping?
Someone so removed from consciousness...
Nothing can be done,
To drag them away!
This lifelessness weights
On their shoulders each day!
And because their eyes are opened...
It is believed a thought is there!
But nothing is inside their heads!
Nothing at all but stagnant air!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Stagnated And Cemented Minds

People determined to find,
A better quality of life...
Seldom rely on hype.
Or a marketed propaganda.
The attraction of that,
Continues to lose a satisfaction had.

Erected monuments,
And historic documents...
Displayed in museums to visit,
May represent aging pretentions.
But decades to grow into centuries to pass,
Does nothing for those who choose to leave...
Stagnated and cemented minds of all kinds,
Doing their best to relive times that have gone.

People determined to find,
A better quality of life...
Seldom rely on hype.
Or a marketed propaganda.
Since the attraction of that,
Continues to lose a satisfaction had.
And yet there are many,
Still living in environments...
Believing their way of life to maintain,
To remain the same...
Sustains a benefit as destinations.
Even though businesses and others...
With a kept common sense,
Leave to go to places where people aren't afraid...
To live their lives more diversified,
With a welcoming of a future that does not offend.
To be done and connect with it.

'Connecticut? '

No.
I said...'connect with it'.

'Oh.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Stagnated Eruptions

Stagnated eruptions,
Entrusted to dysfunctions rusted.
With aging foundations,
Brittle and crumbling in hopes to save...
A fading faith of a greatness to charade.

Even debates wishing to renovate them,
Have begun to speed away with the times...
Taking those with minds daily corrupted.
Wanting more these days to defeat fear and threats.
And anyone dressed depicted with intentions,
To upset their kept pretentions.

Yet within the chipping and tumbling walls,
Divisions continue without them to end.
Imprisoned dreams and wishes sit,
Not for peace but preparation for conflicts.
Stalling to await for the sky to fall.

Stagnated eruptions,
Entrusted to dysfunctions rusted.
With aging foundations,
Brittle and crumbling in hopes to save...
A fading faith of a greatness to charade.
As if to create more tension to mention,
Is an intention to make fear...
A preference and a desire,
Sought.
With it wanted.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Stagnation And A Committment To It

Bemoaning one's insecurities...
Or accusing others for discussing topics,
One unsolicited chooses to bring up...
Are signs of an unconscious mind.

A maturity that comes with age,
Should get one through these 'stages'.
But the affects of denial and the familiarity of fear,
Produces stagnation and a committment to it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Stain Remover

Depending upon unreliable sources,
To validate and spread...
Unsubstantiated information,
That character assassinates...
The integrity of another,
For the purpose to intentionally cause pain.
Has dire adverse affects,
That isn't easily to rid with expressed apologies.
Or the repeated confession of making a mistake,
As if one can use stain remover...
To wipe clear a blemish that appears on cloth.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Stained Frames To Paint (Pictures Of Love)

Stained frames to paint,
Pictures of love...
Remaining with wishes often visited,
As they hang near windows...
Where love once witnessed,
Had been viewed as an accepted existence.

Today,
Pictures of love staining frames to paint,
Have now been covered with a showing of rust.
Aiding a dust that kicks up,
By those rushing to avoid conflicts...
Increasing around them to permit.

Stained frames to paint,
Pictures of love...
Remaining to hang near windows closed,
Can return again to depict outside...
What appears 'inside' to sometimes reminisce,
If...

Frames were removed from aging walls to delude,
That which had once reflected as a 'normal' reality.
With a love claimed not to frame it,
But express it outside...
Where love unknown to most could see,
Shown displayed and untainted to reveal its paint.
Or an attempt to keep it exclusively.

'I accept your 'hello'.
But why do you request from me a hug? '

~I am in need of one.~

'Oh.
Well...
Let's make it quick to get it over with.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Stains Bleached Bleeds

Stains bleached bleeds!
Colors vibrant gone from fabric.
Jealousies worn too tight,
And uncomforting.
A brightness dulls.
The quality of a freshness,
Is removed.
A renovation does not improve,
But diminishes the knit!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Stale And Cussed Filled Basements

There are those who had been nourished,
Based upon the looks of 'things'.
And not on quality or valued substance!

Familiar faces of those are compared to others.
Leaving deeds done ignored and undiscovered!
And as time goes by...
So comes with it the fading of 'things'!
An aging brings with it,
A change of outlook and accustomed habits!
And those who chose not to relate to 'this'...
Find the substance in their own lives,
Below an expected standard that exists.
Time does not address...
Who is or who is not,
Prepared for it to shift!

And those they thought they knew,
Go unknown to hide in shadows accepted.
And the saddest part of this revelation?
Most of them are related by blood.
In relationships gifted yet dismissed,
With an absence of kinship understood...
Or shared!
Or the caring of anyone aware of it!

No one seems to be at 'home'...
In their minds or anywhere!
And the few discovered that are?
Have never adventured into the attic.
To explore what maybe a treasure up 'there'!
Preferring to sit rusting with visions dusted...
In stale and cussed filled basements!
Expressing agitation.
And waiting to be rescued from darkened corners.
Insisting what they have chosen has not been welcomed!
With an ignorance applied that had once satisfied!
In denial!
Until sunlight comes with someone who knocks,

To crack open an unlocked door...
To expose them to one with wrinkled skin!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Stalked Like A Shadow Passed

Am I stalked like a shadow,
Clinging and from me to pass.
With a scent that is followed,
Thick and carried to cast in the atmosphere?
I often wonder about this.

Can I walk quietly without being observed?
Or does my presence disturb,
Those claiming to be focused on their own affairs.
Is the minding of my own business,
Become part of their agenda and now 'theirs'.

Am I stalked like a shadow,
With a scent that is followed?
Is the minding of my own business,
Become someone else's affair?
I often wonder about this and its annoyance.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Stalking Life

I love to walk.
Stalking life,
And all that I encounter...
Preying upon its offerings I savor.

Listening to the birds chirp from trees.
Taking full advantage of Mother Nature,
As I please.
Groping each glorious stroke of 'her'.
With an energy that caresses me.

'Sssssssoooooohhh! '

I love to walk...
Stalking life.
And participating with others,
Fulfilling their appetites.

Feeling the lick of drifting breezes,
As I meander with delight...
Through the paths and open spaces.
Stopping to absorb...
The sounds and sights of Elizabeth Park.
A Hartford treasure experienced during the day...
And by some,
Long after dark!

And getting my 'visions off'!
Greeting to be teased in a mutual exchange.
My need for this is satisfied.
Caring less that my gratification,
May be quite obvious!
And at dawn?
That's when Mother Nature and I 'get-it-on'.
How arresting 'she' can be as the dew lifts,
From 'her' moistened and delicious...
Grass!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Stalking Storks

You are 'still' embarrassed
By open discussions regarding sex?
Although you condone violence
That is created without debate...
Marketed and sold to incite riots.

All of us have been fucked up!
Screwed by some form of love connection made.
However that is termed to keep you from squirming.

Two or more people got together,
To get you here.
By doing the 'nasty'.
Not by stalking storks,
To inquire about delivery dates.
And these realities are traumatic to our children,
Once they are called into battle on the killing fields.
Wherever and whenever it has been determined
Our 'interests' have been threatened and violated!
Like a rape of our senses long distorted!
'Storm Petrels' would have been better qualified,
If chosen to occupy that position!
We would be better prepared.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Stall. Pivot.

Stall. Pivot.
And then with endearing,
Sincere eyes...
Rely on frequent and trite,
Expressions.
With a less emphasis to use,
Overdone alibis.

Accuse. Point fingers.
Drop a tear or two.
Slowly with your left hand,
Wipe them away in full view.
Tilt your head up,
Before taking your right hand
As if in faith...
You're reaching for honesty,
To pour forth from your lips.
With a knowing this act,
Will dismiss B.S. heard.
As if not to hear or exist.

'My fellow (sniff) trusting.
And loyal dependable friends.
I appear before you...
As I can only do.
Filled to the brim,
With unquestionable heart felt
Quivering (sniff) to my knees,
An open door of flowing emotion
For you.
Pure (sniff) .
And God knows...
Absolutely true.
I beg of you to keep your trust
In me to do only for you.
As only a God fearing man can.'

-uh...Senator?
As a representative elected,

From my district.
Your left hand?
With crossed fingers,
Behind your back?
Is that done to signal,
Those of us watching...
On TV monitors,
An expressed sharing with us...
A surprising message,
You wish kept concealed...
To prevent our thunderous,
Applause...
Too embarrassing to hear,
That will disrupt your humility
And down to Earth personality? -

Stall. Pivot.
Slowly move towards the exit.
Announce an emergency meeting.
Then run!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Stampede

It is happening today!
Those deceivers, cheaters,
And thieves...
Are being chased away,
From their hiding places.

This is not a perception.
This is seen to be believed!

It is happening today,
As gossip told on ears received...
Many are being forced,
To reveal...
Truths unspoken to release and free.

Devastating fiction,
Created to distort facts.
Has produced a host of conflicts.
And those conflicts have returned,
Disturbing paybacks.

It is happening today!
Those deceivers, cheaters,
And thieves...
Are being chased away,
From their hiding places.

One must step quickly,
To clear a path for those who run.
A stampede increases...
As these people are clearly in fear.
They are frightened and appear...
Afraid of what is to come!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Stand By...

Stand by...
This is your operations manager speaking.
The next sound you hear,
Will be your sighing!
No tears to cry will come...
The landing ahead of us,
Will leave a few of you quite stunned.
Probably some may be left undone!
The shake up felt...
Will be experienced by everyone.
So,
Stand by.
An abrupt adjustment in attitude,
May startle.
And be considered less than fun!

This wide-eyed jaw dropping stopper...
Brings realities that will not be shunned!
Stand by...
The attitude indicator,
Has just locked onto a new horizon!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Stand On Your Feet

I'm not the one to get soaking wet,
By pitiful tears you leave to weep,
With a bringing that you do to my doorstep.

Cry.
Get over it.
Stand on your feet and walk.
I'm not the one to get,
Soaking wet.

Cry.
Get over it.
Stand on your feet and walk.
I can't express regret,
I left to forget.

Cry.
Get over it.
Stand on your feet and walk.
I'm not the one to get soaking wet.
So take your pity package,
and back up two steps

Cry.
Get over it.
Stand on your feet and walk.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Stand Tall

Straighten up that bended back bone.
To...
Stand tall.
Be independent.
Stand tall.
Don't be dependent.

Straighten up that bended back bone.
To...
Stand tall.
Be independent.
Stand tall.
Don't be dependent.

People carry troubles to the max,
As if they're shackled.
And others drag their sorrows,
Packed in sacks.
To re-enact their own demise.

Some people like their griieving shown,
To be condoned.
Just to re-enact their demise.
And...
There are people sharing their pains to moan,
For sympathy to get or will try.

And these are people talkin' 'bout,
They wanna be free.
And these are people stooping over,
Bended knees.
Hoping they'll get paid for pity acts.

Straighten up that bended back bone.
To...
Stand tall.
Be independent.
Stand tall.
Don't be dependent.

Straighten up that bended back bone.
To...
Stand tall.
Be independent.
Stand tall.
Don't be dependent.

It's easy to share troubles with another,
With them not to end.
It's easy to give up a hope for dope.
To numb a struggle.
It's easy to give up a faith and hope,
When...
People sharing misery are everywhere.

To stand tall,
Takes a faith not to debate or fake.
To stand tall,
Stops the bending of a burdened back.
Don't be dependent,
On that...
Stand tall.
Don't be dependent,
On a stumble to fall.
Not at all.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Stand Up Or Be Randomed

Stand up or be randomed,
If there is a wish...
One desires to have recognized,
To bring upon an attention...
One who speaks,
Refuses to have dismissed.

People of today,
Have tossed out those whispers.
Speaking up may offend!
But getting one's point across,
Eventually will get...
Others to listen.

Stand up or be randomed.
Speak out or sit.
But don't annoy as you fidget,
Thinking someone will notice it!
Stand up or be randomed.
Or sit in an expected quietness.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Standards I Value

How can I recognize times have changed,
And so have I?
I had been the kind of person that thought,
Being of service to my fellowmen...
Was a duty and a deed I was here on Earth to do.
I would have cleaned some people's toilets,
If I was asked to.
I make clear now those choices,
From which I choose.

Today,
If some of those same people...
Were to invite me to a dinner party as their main guest,
To sit at the head of the table.
I would not accept.
Not because I didn't care for them as people,
Which just might be the case.
I wouldn't accept because of the menu.
OR if I did not personally know the chef.
Since I have acquired my own satisfying taste.

How can I recognize times have changed,
And so have I?
I had been the kind of person that thought,
Being of service to my fellowmen...
Was a duty and a deed I was here on Earth to do.
I would have cleaned some people's toilets,
If I was asked to.
And I 'still' might consider such a task.
Depending upon who it is that may ask.

But,
As my own preference would have it...
I'd rather take a city bus.
Than to be chauffeured around in a limousine.

And...
So glad I am,
To have remained to keep my own standards I value...

Available and within my grasp.
And not think myself out of touch or reach,
From the people I most adore and respect.
Or think I am above those lessons I learn to keep.
And from them whom to me I receive realities...
I do not have to solicit,
Since they frequently on a daily basis teach.
And for FREE?
I can not beat that.

These are standards I value.
To keep me focused and my mind intact.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Standards Kept No One Keeps To Accept

Now that sexual preferences confessed,
Are opening closed closet doors once shut to ignore...
To be discussed and prioritized to re-assess.
Perhaps the real issues we all live to confront,
Yet still denied and left unaddressed to suppress...
That people were unable to face but routinely created,
Such foolish divisions and racial conflicts to bait.
And supported by distorted religious beliefs.
With an advocating of hatred and biased immaturity,
Released for no other reason but to keep insecurities...
Pleased.

Perhaps all of this witnessed nonsense...
Will too become unhinged from cemented foundations,
To allow for many the reality of life to begin.
Without restricting it to delusions and continued pretentions,
Valued with standards kept no one keeps to accept.
Since all of life is evolving regardless if left unobserved.
No matter who says what to object to the presence of facts.
As if some live to perceive themselves exceptions to this rule,
With a keeping of truth on surfaces where they hide beneath.
And hoping that truth like a fad will someday leave.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Standards Kept Valued

To express feelings felt with honesty,
Is what has been missing...
That keeps people in fear seeking,
A peace of mind they are unable to find.

And choosing to be politically correct,
With proper etiquette not to upset...
Only affects those who accept,
Delusion over truth WITH pretense.

With the hope to convince,
Their false impressions made...
Are enough to save themselves,
From not appearing to be abnormal.

Although dysfunctions and mental illness,
Have become too noticeable and commonplace...
That the quality of life has been diminished,
To who has rights to keep and purchase guns...
As a protection from standards kept valued.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Standards Of Life That Qualifies Their Absurdities

Fatherless,
Of those fatherless...
Insisting to uphold dysfunctions,
They choose to dismiss...
To excuse their visits,
To those who sit being rehabilitated...
In prisons.

Persisting to have their way,
In a society where they 'raise'
Their babies!

Beyond self examination they come.
Some refusing to confront their own abuse.
Believing they can do as they wish.
As they sit to pamper a way of life...
That burdens tax payer's rights!

While inflicting these conflicts...
To produce more excuses.
That house convicts...
Within just a slice...
Of those standards of life,
That qualifies their absurdities!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Standards To Value

Opportunities to have lost,
At the cost...
Of disappearing dignities,
And identities long tossed away.
Have been blamed on the expense,
Of keeping up appearances.

And yet those appearances kept,
Just to impress.
Has had less to do,
With who chooses to use their minds...
To make and create,
Their own opportunities to find them found.

Without awaiting for someone else,
To declare where they are and made to make,
Available to inspect and accept them to take.
Whether or not they reflect expectations.
Or standards to value prioritized,
Long gone to be felt inside.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Standards Valued

Their leaders fed them greed.
That has led them to a brick wall,
Stalled.
And now they wish to push their ignorance to new limits.
Since their selfish way of life...
Has been severely for them,
Diminished.

They still choose to refer to 'them' as 'those'.
With every need they had from 'them'...
Stolen.
Gold and oil and treasured gems.
All of it belonging to 'those' and not 'them'.

And all their interests...
Has been for them to pick conflicts.
On foreign lands.
And now their debts made that must be paid...
Are owed to foreign hands.

And on their own shores a man elected,
To lift them out of their own swill.
Is scrutinized not for his ability...
But for his skin color.
Some have chosen to overshadow...
In pointless debates!
To smother his abilities...
And his apparent skills!
At a sacrifice to belabor their weight.

As those of small minds,
Are overheard reminding themselves...
'But he is BLACK!
How will his mind 'absorb'...
What we know from birth he lacks,
Because of that fact! '

Fools of gluttony!
With minds poisoned from sheltered environments.

Believe themselves the 'chosen ones'.
Although their evilness...
Makes them the most barbaric on Earth.
Always on a binge of defensiveness.
Always seeking enemies and terrorists.

And they fear their standards valued,
Will change!
And threaten the darkness...
They wish not to miss with a protectiveness.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Standing Alone

You don't know the place I come from.
I'll leave you standing alone!
Standing alone.

You don't know the place I come from.
I'll leave you standing alone!
Standing alone.

Don't ever try to lie to me.
I'll leave you,
Standing alone.
Standing alone.

Or hide in your eyes you deceive.
You'll be,
Standing alone.
Standing alone.

You don't know the place I come from.
I'll leave you standing alone!
Standing alone.

You don't know the place I come from.
I'll leave you standing alone!
Standing alone.

Like a game of one on one in hoop,
You'll be playing alone.
Playing alone.

Or hiding in the bushes too!
You'll be hiding alone.
To be left on your own!

You don't know the place I come from.
I'll leave you standing alone!
Standing alone.

Don't ever try to lie to me.

I'll leave you,
Standing alone.
Standing alone.

Or hide in your eyes you deceive.
You'll be,
Standing alone.
Standing alone.

Don't ever try to lie to me.
I'll leave you,
Standing alone.
Standing alone.

Don't ever try to lie to me.
Or hide in your eyes you deceive.
You'll be,
Standing alone.
Standing alone.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Standing In The Light

What is it going to take,
To see what it is...
For what it is.
And how it got that way,
To move on?
A singing of an anthem?

Or...

A total commitment,
To admit a mental sickness...
Fed by addictions,
Of an exclusive mindset...
Set in prioriticized rights,
To do as one chooses...
As one would please.

And that is not going to happen.
Even after those choices made,
Has driven all to their knees!

What is it going to take,
To see what it is...
For what it is.
And how it got that way,
To move on?

A miracle!

And those who debate today,
To save their way of life...
In a diminishing of others,
In selective conflicts...
To depict themselves as always right?
Are standing in the light,
To prevent any signs of enlightenment!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Standing On The Backs

It doesn't matter how high they raise a ceiling.
It is the floor those folks need to put their feet on.
And open a few doors to exchange the foul air.
They've grown too accustomed to themselves.
And have forgotten who has fed their greeding.
As they stand on the backs of people,
Tired of their actions.
And professional abilities to deceive.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Standing On The Other Side

Whatever it was you thought you had time to do.
And with a familiar procrastination...
You would do what pleases you.

And...
With a comprehension missed,
Along with an attention span...
You pawned for something quicker,
With an ease you believed...
You could control and demand?

Well,
Attached your ears to this...
Those days are gone!

And those that have moved on...
Have left you,
Behind.
Standing on the other side of that mental divide.
Standing and waiting,
For an acknowledgement you had grown accustomed...
That others would provide.

But you missed them!
Standing as the winds of changed,
Pushed you aside.
And they were there...
Giving you a long wave goodbye.
Like in...
Do whatever you please,
'Cause that day has come...
For most to ignore,
What it is you have not yet done!

What you could not believe,
Has arrived to make you convinced.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Standing On Their Own Two Feet

Estimating a number from observations seen,
It would be too difficult to produce the exact figure.
Of the ones complaining,
About environments they wish to be in.
To do those things,
They claim they mean to do.
If in another scene.

Look they do for a climate,
With a certain energy that allows them.
To be themselves.
Look they do for other people,
Who are doing those things they claim.
For them they can not do,
Because being who they are.
They feel that to be restricted too.

Yet,
Excuses they make.
And this is all they wish.
A seeking for an environment...
With people doing what they do,
So a continuation of excuses can be made...
Hoping to critique,
With more reasons why...
Standing on their own two feet,
Is not as easy as those who are 'lucky'.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Standing Or Dancing Under Spotlight

Why aren't you dancing under the spotlight?
Why not dazzle the audience,
With that side of your talents?

'I am sitting here amazed,
How that light can beam centerstage...
And all I want to do is to observe it! '

Why?

'It just occurred to me...
I've never sought spotlight.
And there it is as if teasing.'

Aren't you tempted to bask in it?

'Not at all.
Immediately I would get bored with it.'

Why?

'People would expect me to want to be,
Under it all the time.
Waiting for me to entertain them somehow.
And nothing bores me more than routine.

I am more interested to know...
How someone who controls that spotlight,
Maintains such patience...
Following someone with such ego,
Who seems to want that light on them all the time!
I bet that person has an interesting conversation.'

I never thought about that!

'Me either.
Not until I began to smell that peach cobbler.
Can you smell it? '

Yeah!
Yeah I can!

'When was the last time saw anyone,
Standing under spotlight eating?
Anything? '

Performers aren't allowed to eat onstage.

'On stage?
Performers aren't expected to eat, period.
And...
I want a taste of that pie.
Standing or dancing under spotlight,
Is the furthest thing from my mind! '
Let's go see how much of it is left.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Standing Out In A Crowd

If I could trade off my moody disposition,
For one that didn't openly convey...
Something done has struck a nerve.
And I didn't feel deserving,
Of an activity directed towards me...
Served with intent to leave me lamenting,
I would be left standing out in a crowd.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Standing Under Spotlight

I can be a shadow on anyone's wall.
But I can not do that,
Reflecting my own light.

I can cast a shadow at noon...
To have others believe,
I have energy to give I don't need.

But to leave to cast no shadow at all,
I am not yet prepared to do.
So...
If I am caught,
Standing under spotlight...
Bright with a smile toothy white,
You know the applause I am waiting for...
Is anticipated to come from you!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Standing Up To Be Heard

While you were chasing rainbows...
And playing hopscotch throughout your life.
There were those committed,
To doing things to get done.
Some in relationships and some with none.

And the degree of sacrifice,
Only those who chose to do it...
Seem to be free of complaint.
But you...
Have grown to become a nuisance!
And that apparently is your choice.
Since in the background I hear your voice spoken.
To distract and add to division.

Standing up to be heard...
Instead from behind a herd of sheep,
As if your life depended on that decision...
Is an accustomed experience you have had!
And until you have stood in the face of opposition,
You have nothing to say about anyone...
Who has a track record of doing that!
And deserving of your respect and silence.
Or at least your familiar disappearing act.

Either way...
If you have something to say,
You must first establish a value placed...
Upon yourself.
That's if you have one worthy,
Of giving it your own respect!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Staring Them In The Face As Proof

To 'know' God is to be 'free' of inhibitions...
Pretensions and superstitions,
Those demonic live to identify.
To restrict consciousness to limits.
With attempts to keep what is valued unchanged.
And controlled
By delusion and the enforcement of conflict!

But then again...
Some folks are waiting for evidence that God exists.
With all that there is,
Staring them in the face as proof!

And the Earth,
The living reason that affords all to leech upon it...
Shakes everywhere beneath their fragile feet.
With the hope of awakening a broadened consciousness.
And the knowledge that man made time is not on their side,
Waiting in an understood patience...
For absent minds to decide,
Which 'fate' is more acceptable to take.
And which one should be left,
To address in debate!

With all that there is,
Staring them in the face as proof!
With all that there is,
Staring them in the face as proof!
With all that there is,
Staring them in the face as proof!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Starry Eyed

If it wasn't for hindsight,
Some folks wouldn't have any vision at all.
These are the people that have to be convinced...
That taking a step forward,
Actually means moving ahead!

Prosperity with peace slogans don't work anymore!
And yet those running for office to get votes...
Will squeeze the juice from these tired expressions.
In the hopes that those still starry eyed and delusioned,
Will believe anything!
And.
They.
Do!

Even if told the hand felt in their pockets...
Belongs to grandma.
And she comes to 'stir' up their 'packages',
With a stimulating twenty dollar bill!
Prolonging their existence for the next ten years.
And 'this' will be rumored as fact.
Argued in heated debates.

Although there is an actual lifting of lint,
From those empty pockets of many...
Angered with balled fists!
Those benumbed can be heard singing along,
With animated advertisements.
And proud to have anything taken,
To be donated to any 'cause'...
That refreshes memories of their fantasies.

Caring less they are being screwed.
And feeling benevolent...
Like Santa Claus.
While they enrich themselves,
Into a poverty.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Stars Of Hunger Documentaries

Even emerging from the darkest of shadows,
Voices making demands are heard.
The accumulation of nonsense,
Has given those usually unseen...
Encouragement to speak.
With a highlighting of their unknown needs.

Those who would normally ignore,
Their neighbors next door...
Come to make unexpected visits.
To sit and chat to barter in exchange,
Complaints about how their lives have changed.

And those who have remained,
In the open and destitute...
Seem to be given less empathy,
As their numbers increase.
Knowing the moans heard...
Come from those who are newly arriving,
Upon the scene.
Making their decades of living in poverty,
Less of a concern.

And many of them had become stars,
Of hunger documentaries.
At least getting an opportunity to eat,
While being filmed.
Who would have ever thought that their plight,
Would become less lucrative as an image.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Start A New Trend

Why belabor with complaints,
If there has been a spilling of juice.
Get on your knees and lick it up.
Reduce yourself to self abuse!
Join the club.
Blaming your actions on someone else,
Is such a passing fad.
Be fashionable.
Start a new trend.
Being accountable...
Just might become the 'thing' that's IN.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Start To Move

You wont get them,
With just a wish.
If something's wanted,
You have to get...
Up on your feet.

Then start to move.

With dreams intact,
You have got to prove...
You really want them.
You really do.
If those dreams are wanted,
To come true!

You wont get them,
With just a wish.
If something's wanted,
You have to get...
Up on your feet.
Then start to move.
With dreams intact,
You have got to prove...
You really want them.
You really do.
If those dreams are wanted,
To come true!

If those dreams are wanted,
You have got to move.
If those dreams are wanted,
You have got to prove...
To yourself,
AND nobody else...
You are deserving,
But...
First start to move your feet.
If you are deserving.
Move your feet,

If you are deserving.

If those dreams are wanted,
You have got to prove...
To yourself,
AND nobody else...
You are deserving,
But...
First start to move your feet.
If you are deserving.
Move your feet,
If you are deserving.

Start to move.
If you are deserving.
Get up on your feet.
If you are deserving.
Start to move!
If you are deserving.
Get up on your feet.
If you are deserving.
Start to move.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Starting Monday And Through Sunday

I will love you like I love to have you,
In my dreams.
And I will love you like I love to have you,
As it seems...
My love is like your habit.
And from me you'll always have it.

I will love you like I love to have you,
In my dreams.
And I will love you like I love to have you,
As it seems...
My love is like your habit.
And from me you'll always have it.

Starting Monday and through Sunday,
You can bet you'll always have it.
And I'll never leave you needy,
'Cuz I'll be your only habit.
You will never want another lover,
Since there is no other...
Who will do you like I do.

And...
Starting Monday and through Sunday,
You can bet you'll always have it.
And I'll never leave you needy,
'Cuz I'll be your only habit.
You will never want another lover,
Since there is no other...
Who will do you like I do,
To satisfy you with this pursued.

Oh...
I will love you like I love to have you,
In my dreams.
And I will love you like I love to have you,
As it seems...
Starting Monday and through Sunday,
You can bet you'll always have it.

And I'll never leave you needy,
'Cuz I'll be your only habit.
Since there is no other...
To satisfy you with this pursued.

Starting Monday and through Sunday,
I will keep my loving you pursued.
Yes.
And starting Monday and through Sunday,
There is nothing better I wish to do.
Oh,
And Starting Monday and through Sunday,
I will keep my loving you pursued.
Yes.
Starting Monday and through Sunday,
There is nothing better I wish to do.

I will love you like I love to have you,
In my dreams.
And I will love you like I love to have you,
As it seems...
My love is like your habit.
And from me you'll always have it.
Yes from me you'll always have it.
You will always have it,
And from me.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Startled

People are such mysterious creatures to observe.
When it's believed
Someone seen on a daily basis,
Has no worth they can detect.
That person becomes like them...
Driven by bad luck and circumstance.
They are comfortable with not taking chances.
And 'good luck' is what they express in doubt!
However...
When it is discovered someone seen on a daily basis,
Has, in fact...
Achieved accomplishments,
In front of them and not behind their backs!
They become quite startled that someone like that...
Could care less about the methods used,
Or who determines how success is measured to reflect
One's influence!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Startled Are Those Robbers

Startled are those robbers,
That had came to thieve.
Quite startled are those robbers stunned,
Begging for a forgiveness on bended knees.

And the hiding places,
Where startled robbers had once hid...
Are blocked to stop an entry,
With cracks and crevices from them now sealed.

Startled are those robbers...
Finding no one wants to bother.
No one wants to bother with robbers...
Chased away and startled by the mobs.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Startled Hearts

Dim reason.
With a confuse distraction made.
Spotlight divisions.
And indecisions to degrade.

Dim hope.
Sell fear.
Make it easier to purchase.
Bring scare tactics near.

A choice to hold onto faith grows.
Darkness slowly dissipates into thin air.
A quality of life returns...
To scatter fat rats.
And the fright of their appearance clears...
Disappears.
To calm and compose,
Those of startled hearts.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Startling Is The Sharpness Of Its Shocking Knock

Sugar-coating realities,
Has left mentalities...
Desperately searching,
For alternatives to provide...
A familiar taste upon which to feed.

And the high cost in maintaining delusions,
Is getting closer everyday to losing an effectiveness.
A delivery of unwrapped packaged facts comes,
On those doorsteps unfamiliar with truth.
And startling is the sharpness of its shocking knock.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

State Of Emergency

Vacant minds.
Fat behinds.
Gossiped innuendos,
As rampant as crime...
Defining today's times!
Pesty racists.
Bigotry freed.
Bleeding done by everyone,
To spread fed philosophies.

It's a state of emergency,
Declared, announced and condoned!
A state of emergency inflicted on humanity.
Forget about peace!
There is none on the horizon...
Whether sunrise or sunset shown!

Vacant minds.
Fat behinds.
Gossiped innuendos,
As rampant as crime...
Defining today's times!
Pesty racists.
Bigotry freed.
Bleeding done by everyone,
To spread fed philosophies.

It's a state of emergency,
Declared, announced and condoned!
A state of emergency inflicted on humanity.
Forget about peace!
There is none on the horizon...
Whether sunrise or sunset shown!

'Shelter anyone? '

Jokes like these should be left alone!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Static Factions

Static...
Factions.
Static...
Factions.

You will get a bit of it,
If you are in the middle of...
Static...
Factions.
Static...
Factions.

Erractic people panicked,
With fanatics on the scene.
And everything is evilized,
To make sure there's a realized...
Static,
Factions.
Static,
Factions.

You will get a bit of it,
If you're in the middle of...
Static,
Factions.
Static,
Factions.

Erractic people panicked,
With fanatics on the scene.
And everything is evilized,
To make sure there's a realized...
Static,
Factions.
Static,
Factions.
To make sure nothing's minimized.
Static,
Factions.

Static,
Factions.

Erractic people panicked,
With fanatics on the scene.
In their static,
Factions.
Static,
Factions.

And everything is evilized,
To make sure there's a realized...
Static,
Factions.
Static,
Factions.
To make sure nothing's minimized.
Static,
Factions.
Static,
Factions.

Erractic people panicked,
With fanatics on the scene.
In their static,
Factions.
Static,
Factions.
And being loud about it.
In their static,
Factions.
And being loud about it.
In their static,
Factions.
Static,
Factions.
And being loud about it.
In their static,
Factions.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Statistically Speaking

Boom boom boom boom boom boom boom boom boom,
Statistically speaking.
Boom boom boom boom boom boom boom boom boom,
Statistically speaking.
Boom boom boom boom boom boom boom boom boom,
Statistically speaking.
Boom boom boom boom boom boom boom boom boom,
Statistically speaking.
Boom boom boom boom boom boom boom boom boom,
From the viewpoint of a human being...
I detect us humans,
Are the least important things,
On this Earth.
And the water, grass and trees...
Are the 'real' things,
Mother Nature wishes more to treat!

I perceive our existence here,
Is not so high on the list.
Since we are an experiment.
Even though we choose to think of ourselves,
As the center of the universe.
And here to live in a permanence!
Boom boom boom boom boom boom boom boom boom,
Statistically speaking.
Boom boom boom boom boom boom boom boom boom,
Statistically speaking.

We leech and feed,
Off what nature offers.
We know nothing but conflict!
And this chaos we foster.
There are laws created to discriminate.
Yet we discuss things loved...
And show how much we despise and hate.
We infiltrate and pillage,
Lands where others live.
We take without thought.
Causing blood to shed.

And worship heartache.
As we lay alone sleepless in our beds!

Boom boom boom boom boom boom boom boom boom,
With faith we fake brotherhood!
Boom boom boom boom boom boom boom boom boom,
Believing prayer delivers escape!
Boom boom boom boom boom boom boom boom boom,
And cry like spoiled children!
Boom boom boom boom boom boom boom boom boom,
With no guilt of remorse to eliminate...
The taste of life,
Made of just frosted cake!

Boom boom boom boom boom boom boom boom boom,
Statistically speaking.
We treat ourselves and others like sheep!
To fleece the wool.
Because we're full of bull!

Boom boom boom boom boom boom boom boom boom,
Statistically speaking.
Boom boom boom boom boom boom boom boom boom,
Statistically speaking.
We take without thought.
Causing blood to shed.
And worship heartache.
As we lay alone,
Sleepless in our beds!

Boom boom boom boom boom boom boom boom boom,
Yes!
Boom boom boom boom boom boom boom boom boom,
Yes!
Boom boom boom boom boom boom boom boom boom,
Yes!
Boom boom boom boom boom boom boom boom boom,
Statistically speaking.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Statistics

Statistics,
As they are followed...
And used for the benefit,
To ingrain a subjective confidence...
Amongst those needing confirmation,
Of a particular standing...
That justifies one's thought process.

And keeping such statistics kept,
Reflecting in one's favor...
Allows for easier manipulation.
And a continued degrading,
At someone's expense demeaned.

With an ongoing research updated...
On a frequent basis as 'stated'
To enhance the credibility of a falsely held security.
Focused upon those in need of re-enforcement.

Some may call this use,
Effective propaganda or standards of indoctrination.
In the claim such actions done,
Are to one's best interest.
However the interpretation preferred...
Deceit and increased taxes,
Seem to play major roles...
In getting the point across to a gullible collective mass.

Especially when threats of bankruptcies are bandied about,
Like the spreading of syrup on pancakes...
In the midst of billion dollar profit producing industries!
Someone has to succeed handsomely,
From the taste and cost of creating these illusions.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Statistics To Keep

Statistics to keep,
Are no more reliable to collect...
Than the ever changing,
New England weather.
And better if left kept,
Not to follow at all.
Similar to sermons preached,
From a pulpit heard to give.
About those standards to value.
Everyone listening will agree.

However...
When they come to leave,
Much like a quick to forget breeze...
Few will remember,
What it was they sought and thought...
Had been that important to prioritize.

Since what is not witnessed to observe,
As a fact that remains unchanged...
Isn't given the attention that stays maintained.
Everyone exposed will come to know,
Whatever it is rushed to discuss...
May or may not affect those,
Right across the street to know...
They are being talked about to expect it.

And...
Some will be standing in front of churches,
Where they just prayed together...
For themselves better days.
And consistent weather.
To forget what was preached.
Or those statistics to keep.
Left to prefer the serving,
Of their own activities to create them.
With a gossiping nonstop to do.

'As statistics go,

That was one of the better sermons I've heard.'

~It's the first Sunday.
And they had the nerve to wear that to church.~

'God is good though.
Because it was predicted to rain.'

~It's New England.
Everything is subjected to change.~

'I hope so.
They should know better than that.
By now.'

~Who? ~

'The weather people.
Today...
No one seems to be paying attention.'

~To what? ~

'How they dress and what to wear.
When and the significance of it.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Status Quo Ante

Diversity...
Is a rehearsal of intentions,
Practice within boundaries...
Of protected traditions.
To insure the status quo ante,
Is represented in ways not to offend
Values non existing although referenced...
When making comparisons to uphold quotas!
And keeping the 1800's fresh...
Although outdated to keep a way of life 'alive'
With a dieing progress...
That seeks to control and re-invent change!
In attempts to prevent a constant evolution.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Stay

Come in...
And follow me,
To my world.

Come in...
And begin to send those deep ends,
That hinder you...
Away.

Stay.
You are welcomed to do it.
Few are as prepared as you.
You know enough is enough...
After what you have been through.

Come in...
And follow me,
To my world.

Come in...
And begin to send those deep ends,
That hinder you...
Away.

Here?
With me?
You are not pressured to think,
If you wish not to do it.
All I insist and require you to do,
Is to seek your 'own' happiness.

Here?
With me?
That can be done.
If you choose it...
It will come.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Stay Away From These People

Anytime someone says...
They are accomodating you,
For time you give them.
As you devote something done,
No one else has begun!

Do not hesitate for one moment to split.
After hearing their assessment,
Have nothing more to do with them or it!

What is being shared is total disrespect.
If you let yourself be treated like this...
You deserve to feel your deep regret.
Do yourself a favor.
Stay away from these people!
They will find some excuse,
To accuse you for their failures!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Stay Devoted

I don't feel it my right,
To undermine your achievements.
With it believed success is not yours.
If I can not support or encourage your efforts,
You should not 'first' accepted this as rejection.
Or consider slowing your pace or change your course.
This should motivate your initiative even more.
With a proving to yourself and no one else,
Something that you have done to do,
With time and discipline giving it too...
Has left someone else feeling less accomplished.
Remember...
You are amongst the few,
With a decision made to stay devoted.

Stay devoted.
Stay devoted and focused.
Stay determined.
Stay determined with motive.

Stay devoted.
You are amongst the few.
Stay devoted and focused.
You're amongst the few.
Stay determined.
You are amongst the few.
Stay determined with motive.
You're amongst the few.

Stay devoted.
Stay determined with motive.
Stay you!

Stay devoted.
Stay determined with motive.
Stay you!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Stay In Your Lane

Don't believe,
In the tried and tested.
Don't believe,
In what's confessed.
Don't believe,
What has been stripped naked.
With no need to second guess.

Stay in your lane,
To accept what's going on.
In your lane.
To follow without doubting,
All that which is wrong.
In your lane.
Not to question but go along,
In your lane to lay blame.
With claims the sameness,
Remains unchanged.

In your lane...
To pick it up and not drop.
In your lane...
To hop on it and not stop.
In your lane...
And with others speed up,
To be knocked about...
For what you've got.
Who you are and the 'are',
You're not!

Don't believe,
In what's been tested.
Don't believe,
You've been disrespected.
Don't believe,
The signs on the road.
A mind not to use,
Will lose control.

Stay in your lane,
And complain about deadend.
Stay in your lane,
To blame a sameness.
Warned to remain unchanged.

In your lane,
To pick it up and not drop...
Doing those things,
You've been told to stop.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Stay Out And Keep Away

Hypothetically insinuated,
Or suggested by opinion.
A picture paints what the message is.
If it is subjected on a focus...
To depict an imagery,
Hyped to be solicited.

People grow tired,
Of those delusioned by pretensions.

An isolated scene as viewed,
To be cutoff from the reality...
Of a life that is lived but distanced.
By those believing their traditions...
Valued as a standard kept.
With a maintaining of a teased jealousy.

And...
Will provide sustaining subsistance,
With perceptions a way of life they live...
Is envied!

Well...
Foolish is the fence fortified,
They have surrounded themselves...
To convince.
With signs posted that display,
'Stay Out and Keep Away From The Fence'
Will someday be taken serious...
By those delivering a dwindling of supplies.

'Should we continue to play along with their lies?
Or ignore them as has been 'our' intention.
With the backdoor feeding of them.
Or keep the supplies for ourselves? '

~Suppose the media gets a sniff of this? ~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Stay Peaceful

...and remember this,
You can't eat all the macaroni and cheese!
Someone else may want some too.
While the pan is still warm...
Make sure your fork is ready!

What does this mean?
Who knows!
I don't even like macaroni and cheese like that!
Especially if I have to sit and wait patiently,
For it to be passed!

I can use my fork for something else,
That sits on my plate!

How someone can take spoonful after spoonful,
And not be considerate of others...
Is beyond me!

Knowing there are others watching.
Others who could care less about this activity...
Unfolding with disgust right before their eyes!
I wonder what's going through their greedy minds? !
I wonder if they picture themselves...
Staying in a food line,
Waiting for bread and blocks of government cheese!
Standing on their feet...
Blistering in the Sun.
With their stomachs aching to be fed!
Aching to savor the taste of a hot meal.
I wonder!

Stay peaceful!

Someone has to!

'Look...
Are you going to pass that?
Or are you going to keep it and hoard it,

For yourself?
If there's any left to pass at all!
When you were offered a seat...
It was not intended that you eat all you can eat!
Before the rest of us get a taste of what's been served.
You have got some nerve...
And the guts the size of Wyoming! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Stay Right By My Side

Stay right by my side.
And I hope you never show...
Or tell me I must go,
To then just walk away.

You will leave me all alone.
You will leave me feeling sad,
And blue.
I want you with me,
Always.

Stay right by my side.
And I hope you never show...
Or tell me I must go,
To then just walk away.

Stay right by my side.
I have nothing here to give,
But love.
And nothing but love...
From me,
Is all I want you to know.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Stay Seeking To Be The Pupil

If I sought with a doing to be taught everyday,
That there is something I can improved upon...
In some way,
Why should I stay unconvinced?
If I stay seeking to be the pupil with my eyes on life.

Too much I have already experienced,
With lessons learned...
To know denial is no achievement to be earned.
But acknowledge, I do, the presence of it to reject
To then instead in my head protect desires for my success.

'Stay seeking to be the pupil.
And accept your success is in your head to get.
Stay seeking to be the pupil.
And never let denial near your doorstep.
Stay seeking to be the pupil...
Of life with your eyes to realize YOUR prize.
Stay seeking to be the pupil...
With a seeking of life lessons to taught to get everyday.

Stay seeking to be the pupil.
And accept your success is in your head to get.
Stay seeking to be the pupil.
And never let denial near your doorstep.
Stay seeking to be the pupil...
Of life with your eyes to realize YOUR prize.
Stay seeking to be the pupil...
With a seeking of life lessons taught to get AND everyday.'

Stay seeking to be the pupil.
Everyday!
And...
Stay that way.
Stay seeking to be the pupil.
Everyday!
And...
Stay that way.
Stay seeking to be the pupil.

Stay seeking to be the pupil.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Stay That Way

If how you're feeling is sufficient and efficient,
For decisions that you've made...
And only for yourself,
Stay...
That way.

And forget about permission to be given,
If you're happy everyday!
Stay...
That way.

Too many people live their lives...
Afraid.
And too many people live their lives,
To delay...
What it is they wish and want to duplicate,
Other people and what other people get...
To address impressing people who can not express,
A happiness they don't possess and left unconfessed.

If your feeling is sufficient and efficient,
For decisions that you've made...
Stay that way,
And keep committed.
If your feeling is sufficient and efficient,
For decisions that you've made...
Stay that way,
And keep committed.

Too many people live their lives...
Afraid.
And too many people live their lives,
To delay...
What it is they wish and want to duplicate,
Other people and what other people get.
But...
If your feeling is sufficient and efficient,
For decisions that you've made...
Stay that way.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Staying Away From Arrangements Of Bliss

Few relationships are partnerships at all.
And beyond wedding gifts...
Marriages are more conveniences,
For someone's purpose to circumvent!

Those in unions who share with an openness,
Seem more chemically suited...
To be united together like this.

Others who join in matrimony,
Have agendas and timetables to meet.
The lure of being with anyone...
Depends more on the hunt,
And a game to win over to defeat.

Competitve are these false companionships.
It's not long after they begin...
Nothing surprises to hear of a riff that splits.

Those in unions who share with an openness,
Seem more chemically suited...
To be united together like this.

And those who have been burned,
By an array of 'assessments'...
Are more likely than not,
To appear after the healing...
To be the happiest.

And staying away from arrangements of bliss.
With eyes wide open.
And wrists in bandages after being slit.

'Oh?
These?
I cut myself shaving! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Staying Not To Leave

No one can give,
What is unknown to them...
Some have come to value,
As being priceless.
Or more precious,
Than any purchased commodity.

Thoughtfulness with respect.
Given with consideration,
Seldom upsets to be rejected.
Listening with a willingness,
Giving undivided attention...
To understand what is mentioned
Can be the best gifts,
Anyone should love to get.
And cherish.
Everyday and at anytime,
Without questioning...
To believe,
What it is on one's mind.
Or the feeling one has...
Staying not to leave to go,
Anywhere.
Regardless of scheduled,
And celebrated festivities.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Staying Power

Being an 'absentee' anything these days,
Is easier to do and accept...
Than to argue with those,
Awakening with accountable attitudes confessed.
As they attempt to hold others responsible for their neglect.
With a demanding to have them verify...
Proof of their involvement,
Long before maturity became a fashionable thing to do.
And be.

An aging process faced upon them descends.
With a guilt riding within them,
To show a doing of 'something' beneficial that validates.
Other than entertaining their time away,
Addressing themselves in social circles to impress.

And today...
Comparing substance and what is valued?
Those ideals portrayed from a vanishing yeaterday,
Has had little staying power to immulate a significance...
To leave as something achieved as concrete and specifically done.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Staying Prepared

Staying prepared,
Persistent, awake and daring...
May not guarantee anyone,
A successful outcome.
But no one can say,
The effort made to endeavor...
Is far more beneficial,
Than excuses premeditated to make.

Recognizing to identify their failures,
Is a common expression heard confessed.
To leave one left,
Devoted to negativity and its expectation.
All over the place,
People can be seen wearing frowns...
On their faces.
With eyes and heads pointed to the ground.
As if seeking some luck around to be found.

'You don't know how I've tried for 'months',
To get something done but can't.
Nothing I do seems to happen the way I want it to.'

~I am sorry to hear that.
I left my violin at home,
To no longer use.
I refuse to unpack it.
How much with a wishing for your desires,
Have you sacrificed your life? ~

'Sarcasm and sacrifice is not what I'm into.
And neither one is on my top ten list.'

~When I learned staying prepared was a benefit,
I realized the more I sacrificed...
The more sarcastic I get.
I use it as a defensive mechanism,
To rid obstacles and opposition in my way.
Soliciting empathy did nothing for me.~

'Oh really?
So what do you suggest? '

~Get your wants and wishes together,
Grit your teeth with a staying prepared...
To hear all kinds of ignorant comments,
To you being made.
Know nothing is impossible to stop your dreams.
I nibble on anger now and then to keep me focused.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Staying Safe

Staying safe,
And away from controversy...
Has not left life or its quality,
Better lived with it seen to show.
Or proven to those with beliefs to keep,
They can protect themselves against...
The increasing appearance of diversity.

Truth, reality and the presence of this,
Is up and in the face of anyone seeking...
The taking of their preferences anyplace,
Is acceptable to maintain...
For those with claims made they will remain,
In the staying to be safe business.
As if in the doing their minds reflect it.

Too many purchasing weapons,
To protect themselves...
Have found they've become suspicious,
Of neighbors admitting they are not Christians.
Or find them not dressed to impress,
Hypocrisies kept expressed.
To at least charade in masquerade,
A dislike for anyone who doesn't feel threatened.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Staying Swift On My Feet Keeps Me Peaceful

You snooze you lose,
That's it.
I'm no longer in the business,
In keeping you updated...
As to what occurs,
In front of your doorstep.
I've had to break away from that habit,
That addicted you...
To select which objections,
You preferred to accept.
When you allowed them to happen.
And I annoyed you as you slept!

Oh no...
Some things in my life,
I just had to let go!
You snooze you lose,
That's it.
I'm no longer in the business,
In keeping you updated...
As to what occurs,
In front of your doorstep.

And too tired have I become,
From excusing myself through it...
When from you I would leave.
Only to return.
To find you still unaware and fast asleep.
And getting disrespect,
Coming at me from both ends...
I could no longer justify.
You can close your eyes and keep them closed,
For all I care.
Today I don't have those concerns.

You snooze you lose,
That's it.
I'm no longer in the business,
In keeping you updated...

As to what occurs,
In front of your doorstep.
I have learned,
Staying swift on my feet keeps me peaceful.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Staying To Keep Aware

Staying to keep aware and conscious,
Is affordable.
Effective.
And doesn't cost one cent.
Yet those with minds refusing to use them,
Do themselves the injustice and self abuse.

Getting bent out of shape...
And nicked and picked upon with this to take,
Should not be cause and reason...
For decisions one makes,
To lay blame on another.

People protesting and with disgust,
And discovering themselves to be out of touch...
Are the same people everyday,
Creating fresh excuses...
To accuse with the time to find someone to cuss.

And easy it is for them to defend,
The hitting of brick walls and meeting dead-ends.
With fingers pointed to others,
They claim have intentions to offend them.
Although that step they take everyday,
When they turn away from what's reflected in a mirror.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Staying True

She has everything she has ever wanted.
A shallow and successful emptiness.
That is on the outside,
Quite impressive.
Although distant she is on the inside.
And she cries ever time it rains.

And he...
Disgarded as a worthless nothing.
Has become known around the world.
Staying true to himself.
And full of happiness he remains.
He has kept nothing changed!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Staying Where You Are

If I am saying what I mean...
Why would I change it?
To clarify or rearrange it?
What efforts do you make...
To shake or break your habits,
Of staying where you are?
'Down to Earth',
Remaining!
With a stale satisfaction...
You claim provides no challenge!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Staying Within The Box

Whatever is lived within one's box,
To define what keeps one's mind...
Tightly locked.
Is okay!
Until the children demand,
To go outside to play.
Finding that staying within the box,
Causes them to rebel...
Against all who live within it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Stays Around As A Constant Reminder

De-sensitizied?
From a life lacking of experiences lived?
And joking to de-humanize others,
Living their lives from a deck of cards dealt.
Has its consequences for one to pay one day.

There is nothing like running into a brick wall.
Believing the pain resulting from it,
Can be whispered away...
Without a suffering done.
And a call for help that goes unanswered.

A suffering from our unconscious actions,
Not only comes...
But stays around as a constant reminder,
To let what is be as it is.
Or there will be no sleeping in a peaceful rest.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Steadfast Beliefs

'We, the people of laws and rules to follow,
To uphold and maintain the wishes of realities...
Carved in stone and steel to never rust,
And over centuries kept in vaults free of dust.
As is the wish of our founders' dreams,
With a commitment infused in our minds...
No matter what creature comforts,
May come to contradict with hypocritical conflict.
Let it be known this day and all days yet to live that come,
Whatever may occur to change minds with the times...
We WILL remain true,
To these standards and values to never undo.'

Well stated.
Now...
What happens to those,
Who evolve with a wider and higher consciousness.
We can not keep them restricted to such outdated limits.

'Are we...
Or are we 'not' entitled to keep bestowed upon us,
An exclusive way of life to live as we see fit, fair and just? '

These ceremonies are great.
But very few of us are still living to appreciate them.

'Who cares.
Are there any other documents,
To declare such self-righteousness?
And wholesome self-indulgence.
No.
I think not.
There isn't.
And you know why? '

No.
Why?

'Because we also control delusions.

We only need to keep the belief,
Our interests are threatened by enemies.'

But what are those interests we keep with steadfast beliefs?
And...
Aren't we indebted to our enemies?

'Look...
I was appointed to read what our steadfast beliefs are.
I am not here to interpret them.
And besides...
This process is to keep people entertained.
And faithful to created delusions long ago implemented.
Why change the ingredients to an addicting soup? '

Huh?
What?

'Why change the ingredients to an addicting soup?
If people still find it delicious...
So be it.'

Oh.
Like...
Let them eat cake?

'No.
Somebody already cooked that one to death.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Stealing Praise

When is the best time,
To eliminate associating with those...
Who have given others the impression,
Something you have given to them for years...
Has been deserving?

Do it when they begin to tell others,
With convincing arrogance...
They've done the best they could,
To accomodate 'your' wishes.

'Excuse me?
Say What? '

Say it again...
To let the belief of it sink in.

'Excuse me?
Say What? '

Eliminate your associations with people like this,
And others will begin to plainly see...
Just 'who' has been accomodating 'whom'.
And just who has been stealing praise,
In ways they have claimed to have been justified.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Stealthed

Everything has been labelled,
To tag and remember.
As an implantation done.
And historically forbidden,
To forgive and forget...
By anyone.

Names of importance,
Given to please an aristocracy.
And nicknames chosen...
To depict those less 'dignified'.
With disrespect and atrocities.

While those attached,
And living to be dispatched...
Were convinced to match,
Themselves with crap...
And disgarded trash.

This 'experimentation' would last.

Challenges invented...
Were presented to be tackled,
By those thought to be gifted with talents and wise.
And those unfamiliar with this experience,
Often ran to shelters to hide inside.

In an isolated feeding of insecurities.

The rich became loved as well as despised,
For completing scenes,
Hidden in deceits.
Unknown they had been compromised.

And the poor grew much poorer...
By those class acts out of reach.
Once upon a time when stolen economies,
Were the reason and the rhyme.
Climbing further to heights.

To teach the advantages of 'tweaking' beliefs.
To advance those greedy and willg to cheat.

And they became blatant.
Addicted to gluttony.
And not so stealthed...
As accustomed wealth grew.
Digging underneath the feet,
Of those meek,
And made weak and needy.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Steamheaters

She wants a love...
She can take into her arms.
Hold her with her charms.
And sing love songs,
To allure
And captivate!
Heating...
Without setting off the alarm!

He wants a love...
No other one has had.
When it is 'his' booty...
He likes it slow not fast!
And he's glad no one has had,
To touch his booty's ass!
If that has to happen,
He knew he would be sad!

And...
'What' they want...
Maybe a bit too soon.
They need more memory moments.
Before beginning to cast eyes on that 'fullmoon'!
As they lay naked on the basement floor...
Sighing and grinding in lovebird swoons!

'WHAT? '

Steamheaters drip...
Just 'getting it'!
They both are wet,
From the basement water!

Steamheaters kiss...
With sexiness.
He sucked her tits,
'Til her husband caught her,
With his best friend...
'getin' it! '

'Uh...
For clarification,
Will you say that again, please? '

You want it sung?

'No,
I just want it heard.
I may have misunderstood!
What I thought your blurted,
In a mumbling blur.

Sure, no problem!

Steamheaters drip...
Just 'getting it'!
They both are wet,
From the basement water!

Steamheaters kiss...
With sexiness.
He sucked her tits,
'Til her husband caught her,
With his best friend...
'getin' it! '

'Then 'what' happened next? '

Hit hit hit...pow!
Hit hit hit...pow!
Hit hit hit...pow!
Hit hit hit...pow,
Pow badow pow
Pow
Hit hit hit...pow!
Hit hit hit...pow!
Hit hit hit...pow!
Pow badow pow,
Pow.

She wants a love,

Hit hit hit...pow!
She can take in her arms.
Ssssspow!
Hold her with her charms.
Ssssspow!
Pow pow badow pow,
Pow!
Ssssspow!
Ssssspow!
Ssssspow pow wow badow pow.

He wants a love...
Hit hit hit...pow!
No other one has had.
Hit pop.
When it is 'his' booty...
Ssssspow!
He likes to ride it glad!

Hit hit hit...pow!
Steamheaters drip...
Ssssspow!
'getin' it! '
Hit hit hit...pow!
Steamheaters kiss...
'getin' it! '
Both slip in basement water!

Finding out the dangers of love!

Hit hit hit...pow!
Hit hit hit...pow!
Hit hit hit...pow!
Hit hit hit...pow,
Pow badow pow
Pow
Hit hit hit...pow!
Hit hit hit...pow!
Hit hit hit...pow!
Hit hit hit...pow,
Pow badow pow

And finding a new lie,
To hide a slutty butt!
Hit hit hit...pow!
Ssssspow!
'getin' it! '
Hit hit hit...pow!
getin' it! '
Hit hit hit...pow!
'getin' it! '
Ssssspow,
Pow-wow badow-pow!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Steaming Wienerschnitzels

Pressed against their lips and bunned,
Are my steaming wienerschnitzels.
Some prefer 'der' wienerschnitzel...
But it's really 'das'.

Wiener Schnitzel means breaded veal cutlet,
Vienna style.
When Wiener Wursten means hot dog...
'DERlicious' with a smile.

Pressed against their lips and bunned,
Are my steaming wienerschnitzels.
Some prefer 'der' wienerschnitzel...
But it's really 'das'.

'Listen...
And carefully!
I could care less if it is German.
Nathan's,
Or National Kosher Beef.
May we have our hotdogs with mustard and relish.
With far less history and 'no' singing...
Please?
Thank you! '

You two are not from Brooklyn.
Are you?
Not with 'that' attitude.
That's for sure!
You from Connecticut?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Steely Eyes

Long frosting,
These cold shoulders.
Once a place chips came and sat,
Now bear solid cubes of ice.
Stacked and packed...
To keep any chance of a thaw,
Away and unmentioned.

Even routine handshakes,
Are gloved to protect from touch.
Friendly ties have been crushed,
To wither into flakes far from melting!
Hearts are frozen.
And heated speech decreases...
Any warmth shown,
In steely eyes fixed not to blink!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Steep From A Peak A Fall Deep

Steep from a peak a fall,
Deep.
Just like a ball rolling,
Gaining speed.
Eyes open wide as they witness to see...
A clarity that stops their sleeping.

Steep from a peak a fall,
Deep.
Just like a ball rolling,
Gaining speed.
Eyes open wide as they witness to see.
A clarity that stops their sleeping.

Deceit is wished to be defeated.
Steep from a peak a fall,
Deep.
People see this and the creeps.
Steep from a peak a fall,
Deep.
Honesty reveals all evils.
Steep from a peak a fall,
Deep.
And those of wicked ways.
Try not to look afraid,
But.

Steep from a peak a fall,
Deep.
Steep from a peak a fall,
Deep.
Steep from a peak a fall,
Deep.
People see this and the creeps.

Steep from a peak a fall,
Deep.
Steep from a peak a fall,
Deep.

Steep from a peak a fall,
Deep.
People see this and the creeps.

Deceit is wished to be defeated.
Steep from a peak a fall,
Deep.
People see this and the creeps.
Steep from a peak a fall,
Deep.
Honesty reveals all evils.
Steep from a peak a fall,
Deep.
And those of wicked ways...
Try not to look afraid.

Steep from a peak a fall,
Deep.
Just like a ball rolling,
Gaining speed.
Eyes open wide as they witness to see...
A clarity that stops their sleeping.

Steep from a peak a fall,
Deep.
Steep from a peak a fall,
Deep.
Steep from a peak a fall,
Deep.
People see this and the creeps.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Steering From The Helm

Steering from the helm.
I could be shifted and overwhelmed,
From the position I firmly stir...
As navigator.

Accustomed to unpredictable winds,
Alerting me to obstacles and oppostion...
I may face in preparation to brace,
This 'ship' I command.

And stand I do in anticipation,
To embrace Sun.
Freed and released from any tension,
If and when it should come.

Equipped with this in full acknowledgement...
That 'anyone' steering from the helm,
Could be shifted and overwhelmed...
From the position stirred,
As navigator!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Step Aside

'We now designate and recognize you,
As a 'man'.
With the subtextual condescending tags of 'Coon'.
'Negro'...aka 'Nigger'.
'Black'.
And 'African-American'...
As totally outdated labels.
Since now...
We have no idea how to refer to you!

More titles have been bestowed upon you...
Than any other people on the planet!
Except for maybe the Japanese.
And that's not to exclude...
Our indebtedness to the Chinese!
Amen?
Amen!

You have proven time and time again,
You are above and beyond description.
How you have accomplish this fete...
Is absolutely spellbounding!
Even with our deceitful ways intact...
To keep this from happening.

Although...
We will maintain our tireless efforts,
To continue to do 'something'...
Whatever this is,
To keep us feeling superior.
And we could use a bit of that right now!
What that will be?
Who knows.

However...
We do have our scientists,
In research as we gather together...
In laborous study.
To uncover 'anything'

In the melanin of your pigmentation.
Even if that means...
We can be blessed with a little ethnic rhythm.
We'll just have to 'get funky' and 'get down'...
To some 'slammin beatz',
If we have to!
Those pretension days are fast from us dwindling.
Amen?
Amen!

But for now...
We will accept your qualifications,
To not only think independently!
And this we have noticed you do well.
But also...
On a part time basis,
We accept your leadership abilities.
Until you have completed 90 days probation.
And then of course...
We declare you fulltime.
As is the custom with our previous employees! '

~Excuse me...
He is, afterall,
Going to be The President of the United States! ~

'I know!
I was just joking.
Lighten up.

And we declare this,
Although reluctantly...
And with a few tears.
On this day,
As one we can freely say is devoid of all hallucinations allowed!
As far as we know!
And on this day...
President Barack Obama,
January 20th 2009 @ 11: 30am,
You...
Man of colored skin.
And basketball playing abilities.

With a beautiful Black woman for a wife...
And two adoring down to Earth children.
'That' by itself,
Is an astounding and most remarkable achievement...
For a Black man with your credentials.'

~For any man with his credentials! ~

'You wanna do this? '

~No!
You're doing fine!
But hurry up and get to the point! ~

'Thank you.
Now step aside!

We here on this day...
Pray you...
President Obama,
Help us out of this mess we have created.
Hopefully...
And with this confirmation and declaration,
You will be supplied with all of the assistance you need!
To restore us to some sense of sensibility.
Or something recognizable as 'sanity'.
Somewhere in time within the coming months.
We are hoping you are able to take the evil eye off of us...
As well,
From those on foreign shores!
'Cause they ain't been liking us too much! '

~Well,
Condi said...~

'Hush up!

Amen?
Amen!

Can we get a righteous 'Kum Bah Ya' started? ! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Step Away To Observe The Process

One will never be able to feel secure,
Or be free to express an identity found...
If one is incapable of breaking away,
From the opinions of others being made.
To then be unafraid if approval or acceptance,
Has not be given to validate one's movements.

To know life,
And its many connected experiences...
Associated with a personal living of it,
One has to face their own obstacles.
Suffer through their own heartaches and pain.
With a healing to be done alone.

Establishing a wisdom rarely is given on loan.
Or purchased at a flea market at a value,
To be found at a price to pay that is cheap.
A valued life to find can not be bargained,
To know what one owns to have defined.
One has to step away to observe the process.

All that other 'stuff' people make up,
As to what they believe someone else should be...
Is a way to prevent independent thinking.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Step Back

If you are amongst those,
Who base their realities...
Without the facts.
And not accepting facts,
Is not a place where you are at...
Pack your misguided beliefs.
And step back!

Start making tracks.

Until you learn how to re-act to truth produced,
Ignorance will choose you to always seduce.

If you are amongst those,
Who base their realities...
Without the facts.
And not accepting the presence of facts,
Is not a place you choose to be at...
Step back!

And start making tracks.

Until you learn how to re-act to truth produced,
Ignorance will 'always' choose you to seduce.
And there you will be to accept and re-act foolishly.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Step Back, Let Go And Let Reality Do Its 'Thing'

Never take the position,
To argue with anyone...
Who doesn't pay attention to listen,
To then spread the telling of their own truth.
Since time and kept patience,
Has a way to reveal...
The definition without it questioned,
What reality is for those unaccustomed to it.
And pointless it would be to argue needlessly,
With one who has others sold on their delusions.
Step back, let go and let reality do its 'thing'.
Ignorance to fight against alone is self defeating.
Step back, let go and let reality do its 'thing'.
Be you the one to witness it come to your defense.
Step back!
Let go!
And let reality do its own 'thing' without assistance.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Step By Step

As the greedy feed...
A draught soon nears.
Blinders have been issued to all,
To keep them unaware.
Yet numb by terrorists fears.

The creation of enemies...
Soon grinds their economies to a halt.
To introduce a controlling one world rule,
Refusing to accuse the bleeding of greed,
As the fault.

Step by step this grand plan comes.
But the success of it,
Will unravel quick.
And those behind it much undone!

A lifting of consciousness comes to everyone.
'You've said that! '
A lifting of consciousness comes to everyone.
'You've said that! '
A lifting of consciousness comes to everyone.
'WHY do you keep saying that? '

When it comes some will be stunned.
And what will be reveiled,
May cause many to run...
In shock and disoriented,
To see their way of life over and done!

'I 'think' that splitting of consciousness,
Is 'now' in existence!
Even those in positions to 'dictate'
Weren't prepared themselves for this one,
To come! '

Oh they weren't!
That's why they try to disguise it...
From those they perceive,

Are still buying that BS about terrorists...
And enemies!
God stirs this pot...
And those ingredients now are poured,
Upon all to dropp without a stop!

A lifting of consciousness comes to everyone.
When it comes some will be stunned.
And what will be reveiled,
May cause many to run...
In shock and disoriented,
To see their way of life over and done!
And that is what they are praying to prevent.
However...
This World is not ours.
This is God's invention meant!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Step Up To Get

Claim it to name,
And want what it is changed.
Climb to the top of mountains.
Claim it to name and want it.
Reach and touch the stars above,
Step up to get it and want it.

Only you can soar or float.
Only you can row that boat.
Keep your goals and don't let go.
Claim it to name with a wanting.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Stepped Out With A Greeting Of My Fate

I've stepped out with a greeting of my fate.
I've stepped out with a greeting of my fate.

Way pass mechanics,
With a seeing 'it' as it is...
And with examined antics that can panic,
Leaving those hopes on automatic...
Disappointing but coping,
With emotional deficits...
I feel I have an advantage.

Why bob for apples...
When from trees they can be picked.

Way pass mechanics and antics that can panic.

Why seek surprises...
From those hiding behind disguises.

No longer with automatic hopes,
To inspire lumps left in my throat.

I've stepped out with a greeting of my fate.
Disappointing but coping,
With emotional deficits to leave to learn...
It is my life I must face.

I've stepped out with a greeting of my fate.
Disappointing but coping,
With emotional deficits to leave to learn...
It is my life I must face.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Stepping At Least An Inch Away

Choosing to live one's life,
Honestly...
Would seem to be a no brainer,
For many.
But there are those who have chosen,
To hide their lives behind deceit,
And praying daily to be saved...
From reality.

And I am not the one to say,
From delusions it is easy to wake up.
Or pray what is accustomed for some to go away.
But I know that stepping at least an inch...
Away from one's self everyday,
Helps to remove all kinds of restrictions.
And if attempted more than this,
Can be witnessed and realized.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Stepping On The Shore

Wind and sea,
Leaves me adrift.
With this warmth...
Sitting in my heart so grounded.

And I have found a storm outside,
I ride.
Knowing my faith,
Smooths the waves.

And the clouds and thunder fade.
And the Sun comes to hold me close.

Stepping onto the shore.
I feel the sand...
Beneath my feet.
I am safe,
And at peace.
Released from fear...
I am home!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Steps Are Then Taken

People will 'always',
Subject themselves to be convinced...
That a truth outspoken,
Should somehow offend.
As defense mechanisms are created to prevent them.

And steps are then taken,
To censor that which is deemed improper.
Only to have a preferred decadence,
Accepted without doubt to be adopted and not stopped!
As a clinging on for decades of known lies are allowed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Steps Must Be Cautiously Placed

When valued pretensions,
Are threatened to be taken away...
What is there left?
For those of this consciousness,
To then for them to seriously celebrate?

Steps must be cautiously placed,
To shake away from false displays.
Or no rest or peace will come to those,
Found faking their lives detached.
And on paths unknown to stray.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Steps Of Ploys

Declare a national emergency.
Shut a 'normalcy' known all down!
A 'fool' who signs a document...
Will take control of all that is around!
Shuttering beliefs...
Of those who could not perceive this!
Steps of Ploys employed in secrecy,
Do and will certainly exist.
Incredible but inevitable...
It's coming as we sit!

'Man,
Where you get this nonsense from? '

Ignore me...
I'm delusional!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Steps That Have Been Taken

Everyday there is a rearrangement,
Of something that has been changed.
For people to insist no changes exist,
Will stop those from being born,
Into a mindset meant and permitted...
Just for the nonsense lipped,
By those self righteous hypocrites!
And too many have already witnessed,
The affects of their 'perfection'.
And the steps that have been taken,
To keep it that way!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Stereotypical Images Taught

A Black woman or a Black man,
In a leadership position...
Not only receives 'flack' from their own kind.
But is scrutinized and critiqued,
By those far less competent...
With a doing they do not even discreet,
To discredit every moment made they do.
And why?
People are trained to despise,
Anyone trying to deny with a doing to remove...
Stereotypical images taught to accept and approve.

'Who are you trying to be?
Someone or 'something' else? '

~I'm being who I am.
What task have you mastered,
To charade in masquerade? ~

'I regard your comments as racist.'

~Tell me about it.
Hopefully one day,
You will see yourself in another way.
And rely on facts not to distract you from reality.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Stewed For Taste

Naturally...
If one is fed nonsense,
That is all one knows to accept.
Anything else that may be better to digest...
Will get a rejection,
If it is not marketed to infest...
As the best for one of limited consciousness.

And limitations imposed,
Will be sold as those to be correct!
With an affectiveness,
To produce what one expects!
Naturally.
And with less effort.
Especially,
If some are treated as meat.
And seasoned to be eaten,
As a selected treat!

Leaving the unsuspected,
To be gobbled up like sheep.
Once left...
To sit,
Brewing and stewed for taste!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Stick Around

If I have offended you...
I do offer options.
You can choose to look at it this way...
Either I have had a lot of practice at it!
With those before you providing my experience.
Or...
You have gotten on my last nerve,
With such a degree of annoyance...
I had to offend,
To deliver the attention you sought!
Now...
Which is it?
If neither of those applies,
And this is your first time being insulted...
You and I could become good friends.
I do not often offend without a purpose.

Stick around!
You look as if,
I might have finally found the one...
Who will not put up with it!

'You're sick! '

Really?
Tell me more.
Don't stop.
I'm all ears.
You have my undivided attention!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Stick With It

Stick with it.
No matter who has chosen,
Just to live to limit...
What they wish to see come true,
But they choose to quit.
Don't let this be you!
Do what you do.
And,
Stick with it.
No matter who has chosen,
Just to live to limit...
What they wish to see come true,
But they choose to quit.
Don't let this be you!
Do what you do.

There are no rules,
To prove your dreams can't come true.
So stick with it!
Focus with devotion.
And stick with it.
Don't give up with the notion,
That it's time to quit.
Don't ever get disgruntled,
Just stick with it.

Stick with it.
No matter who has chosen,
Just to live to limit...
What they wish to see come true,
But they choose to quit.
Don't let this be you!
Do what you do.
And,
Stick with it.

See it in your mind,
And let it exist.
See it in your mind,

And stick with it.
Don't think of the time.
Just keep it in your mind.
And...
Stick with it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Stick With It, Resist Doubts

Stick with it.
Resist doubts.
Stick with it as had been planned.
Stand and command over obstacles.
Oppose them to remove from your dreams.
Stick with it.

Resist doubts.
Even when storms appear with raindrops,
Remember...
The Sun eventually comes out!
Stick with it and the benefits will arrive.
Stick with your mission to witness it thrive.

Stick with it, resist doubts.
Eventually the Sun comes out.
Stick with it, resist doubts.
Forget about the rain on your head.
Remember what your plan is instead.

Stick with it, resist doubts.
Eventually the Sun comes out.
Stick with it, resist doubts.
Forget about the rain on your head.
Remember what your plan is instead.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sticking To Those Promises

That's it for questions!

Oh hell...
I quess I can answer one more.
The roar of this crowd is deafening.

Annnndddd...
That gentleman.
Seated next to the woman,
With a mole on her right cheek.
With an earring in her left ear that reads:
WE LOVE YOU!
I love you too.
Yes...
You!
Up in the second balcony in row E.
Fourth seat in!
Your question?

'I just want to say,
It is just thrilling to have you here,
Mister President!
This is my question.
And I hope your response satisfies those,
Who are riveted by your appearance!

At one time back in the '60's...
I had no problem finding argyle socks.
Will that be a priority in your administration,
To return them to Bloomingdales? '

As part of our 'Yes We Can' campaign.
And sticking to those promises I made...
Consider that wish,
Done!
My heart goes out to you!
Just the other day,
Michelle and I thought about that.
And we guarantee you immediate and fast action!

One more question!
And please make it brief.

YES!
The woman of mixed heritage...
Sitting next to the gentleman,
Who has a stain on his lapel.
It looks like...
Mustard from a hotdog purchased at Nathan's..
Yes,
You sir.
The one seated behind Condoleeza Rice in disguise,
And born November 14th 1954 in Birmingham, Alabama.
In row B...fifth seat in!
Your question?

'Mister President, your briefs?
Are they Hanes or Fruit of the Loom?
Or...
Do you prefer boxers? '

By all means!
Your expressed concern is duly noted.
And that, ladies and gentlemen...
Will be the main focus of the Health Care Bill,
We propose to reform the importance of getting coverage
For all in need.
With those choices to keep preferences intact.
AND...
At a savings to you,
The American public.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sticking With Commitment

Sticking with commitment,
Has its benefits.
If devotion is faithful.
And with a purpose that is legitimate.
Identify with a consistency daily visited.

Many will say they will do...
With a few doing not!
Then to complain to lay a blame,
One someone with a fault to drop.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sticking With It

Sticking with it.
And trying not to be out of it.
Everyday there is a reason I find...
Not to toss in the towel to give up and quit.

And although it is tough staying motivated,
I awaken feeling appreciative.
I can not say I relate to being elated...
But there is so much of life that can be abundantly lived.

Sticking with it.
And trying not to be out of it.
Everyday there is a reason I find...
Not to toss in the towel to give up and quit.
No.
I know what I should and should not resist.

Even forcefully establishing my own initiative,
I seek to give to myself as a gift.

Sticking with it can be sticky sometimes.
But the finding of motivation within one's mind,
To look at each step made as a forward climb...
Will not need anyone to define these times.
Not if one is kept busy living.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sticky And Wet

When one runs up a heat,
No sweat drips sweet.
And salty come the comments,
With humidity peaked.

A temperature rising,
Is wished to be left alone.

A temperature rising,
Is not welcomed in one's home.

And Summer is a bummer,
When the air conditioner is gone.
Yes Summer is a bummer.

Sticky and wet,
Is not what one condones.
Yes a humid Summer,
Can be a big bummer.

When one runs up a heat,
No sweat drips sweet.
And salty come the comments,
With humidity peaked.

A temperature rising,
Is wished to be left alone.
Yes Summer is a bummer.

Sticky and wet,
Is not what one condones.

Yes a humid Summer,
Can be a big bummer.

When one runs up a heat,
No sweat drips sweet.

Yes a humid Summer,

Can be a big bummer.

When one runs up a heat,
No sweat drips sweet.

Yes a humid Summer,
Can be a big bummer.

Sticky and wet,
Is not what one condones.
And Summer is a bummer,
When the air conditioner is gone.

Sticky and wet.
Sticky and wet.
Sticky and wet...
When humidity makes one moan.
Yes a humid Summer,
Can be a big bummer.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sticky Fingerprints

How can you take what is mine,
Away from me?
And excuse that act,
As something that you do?

I've heard of those addicted,
Do the same thing too!
And not care a bit about,
Who they choose to screw.

And you do it to me,
Like I'm a fool to use.
But I am not the one...
You can use and abuse.

How can you lie and fake,
Honesty and trust?
When your sticky fingerprints,
Are slick with each touch.

And you do it to me,
Like I'm a fool to use.
But I am not the one...
You can use and abuse.

I've heard of those addicted,
Do the same thing too!
And not care a bit about,
Who they choose to screw.

How can you take what is mine,
Away from me?
And excuse that act,
As something that you do?

And you do it to me,
Like I'm a fool to use.
But I am not the one...
You can use and abuse.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sticky Wicked And Bit

Sticky wicked and bit.
Now they are stung.
Sticky wicked and bit.
Now they are stunned,
By...
Feasting on their misdeeds.
That pinch...
And heat their seats.

'Oooo OW.'

Sticky wicked and bit.
Now they are stung.
Sticky wicked and bit.
Now they are stunned,
By...
Feasting on their misdeeds.
That pinch...
And heat their seats.

'Oooo OW...
What have we done now?
To get it there and stinging.
And oooo OW...
What have we done now?
To get it there to pain,
And...
To remain.'

Those are your woes,
And...
Sticky wicked and bit.
Now they are stung.
Sticky wicked and bit.
Now they are stunned,
By...
Feasting on their misdeeds.
That pinch...
And heat their seats.

'Oooo OW.
OW.
OW! '

Sticky wicked and bit.

'Oooo OW.
OW.
OW! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Still Between Maturity

It shouldn't.
But it does...
Sit,
Within my consciousness.
Grown folks.
Still between maturity,
And provoking childish sentiments.

They can't get over themselves,
Or events from those days...
Time has from them erased.
But there they remain,
Trying to change...
What is.
As if what isn't is there for them to relive!
To recapture to re-interpret their misdeeds.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Still Heard Squawking

In the shadows they are
Seeking to use a fading power ignored.
They 'assume' they are not seen.
They are...
But no one cares any longer!
It is known they operate from behind the scenes.
And in times like these...
Their influence has diminished!
They are finished,
And yet...
They can be still heard squawking.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Still I Sit With This Bitterness

After fifty years,
You are much too late!
To entice any interests
To bait my creative tastes.

I have not been waiting,
For your awareness to discover...
An identity you have suppressed,
That now finds you recovered.

When I was given 'gifts'
It was my duty to persist...
To lift them to heights.
Not to hide them in fright!

A veil from your eyes have been lifted.
You 'now' want to express your worth.
You now find something within yourself...
That you have found more valuable than dirt!
Weren't you the one to say back then,
That I was the scum of the Earth?

Now that scum is priceless!
And you find that 'scum'...
Has become 'royalty' to serve?
How humbling an 'act' I observe!

After fifty years,
You are much too late!
To entice any interests
To bait my creative tastes.

I have not been waiting,
For your awareness to discover...
An identity you have suppressed,
That now finds you recovered.

When I was given 'gifts'
It was my duty to persist...

To lift them to heights.
Not to hide them in fright!

A veil from your eyes have been lifted.
You 'now' want to express your worth.
You now find something within yourself...
That you have found more valuable than dirt!
Weren't you the one to say back then,
That I was the scum of the Earth?

Now that scum is priceless!
And you find that 'scum'...
Has become 'royalty' to serve?
For some.
How humbling an 'act' I observe!
And still I sit with this bitterness...
I have yet to find strength to overcome.
As I hold back anger,
Sometimes in fits!
Biting my lips to be pleasant to everyone!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Still In A Processing Called Progress

I am not the one,
To empathize with those...
Who have sat on cushioned booties,
That have begun to bottom out.

I can not consider feeling remorse,
For those who have spent their lives
In complaint and in comparison of others.
Those who wake up in the morning,
With only one thing on their minds...
How to best manipulate someone,
From something they wished they had.
And do their best to get!
And stealing it without one sign of regret!

And how can someone have no remorse,
For denying another human the right to live...
Without plagiarizing their inventions or lifting their resources.
And then return to make claims for the land!
With all of their symbolic religious splendor.
Pepared and ready to teach the way of the demon.
And to see to it,
Just what sins are understood...
To commit!
And ultimately come to them to beg forgiveness!
What mindset is that...
Which spreads this kind of cancer?

That answer will not be forthcoming.
Since these misdeeds,
Are still in a processing called progress!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Still It's Truth You'Ll Face

You could...
Put it over there,
Like others everywhere...
To refuse and deny that it exists,
But...
Still it's truth you'll face.

You could...
Attempt to resist it,
As if unfit.
And build a fence around it,
Or smother it to bits.
But...
Still it's truth you'll face.

Hiding to run from it to prove it done...
With a doing you hope truth never comes,
But...
Still it's truth you'll face.
And truth can't be,
Chased away.
To feel good away it stays.

You could...
Attempt to resist it,
As if unfit.
And build a fence around it,
Or smother it to bits.
But...
Still it's truth you'll face.
Truth can't be,
Chased away.

You could...
Put it over there,
Like others everywhere...
To refuse and deny that truth exists,
But...
Still it's truth you'll face.

Truth can't be,
Chased away.

Still it's truth,
You'll face.
Truth can't be,
Chased away.

You can try to deny it with alibis.
Or try to disguise it with more of your lies,
But...
Still it's truth you'll face.
Truth can't be,
Chased away.

You can try to disguise it with the telling of lies.
And try to hide for the rest of your life,
But...
Still it's truth you'll face.
Truth can't be,
Chased away.
Still it's truth you'll face.
Truth can't be,
Chased away.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Still No Insight Comes

...and you say you live with no perceptions?
Everyday.
You pray with faith and still no insight comes.
Remaining blinded by things and what opportunity means.
To you.
And what does it mean...
To you?

A blessing?
An ability to maintain the feeding of your greed?
With the need of a blessing?
As if God specializes in the satisfying of your desires!

Maybe that is why many have grown tired,
Of the leeching done by those lurching in churches.
Searching for a soul to squander.
Leaving those dens of sin behind in droves...
For something that is far more spiritually connected.
And a lot less scandal ridden with gossiped conversations.

'Lawd, chile...
You don' said a mouth full.
But I didn't hear it that way from Brother Lucious.
And he said he had heard it from Sister Smith.'

...and you say you live with no perceptions?
Everyday.
You pray with faith and still no insight comes.
Perhaps it is there...
Waiting for you to qualify it with a price tag!
Since that's your 'bag'!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Still Nonbelieving

How long can nonsensical wars go on?
Look around.
How long can nonsense be tolerated?
Which anniversary is it of yours?

Have conflicts now,
Become an accepted part of your life?
And,
Do you find your addiction to deceit...
A habit, a need or just a desire?

Nothing today,
Is offered up as multiple choice!
And if anything offends...
You've been asleep too long!

I am still nonbelieving...
These days,
People are expressing shock.

Spring approaches.
And Bin Laden has been announced to be making threats!
And no one claims to know from where!
Or who edits them for correct pronunciation.
It has only been close to eleven years!

I use to love that Ike and Tina Turner song,
'You're Just a Fool You Know You're In Love'

Some addictions become part of routine.
Like the taking of medications.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Still Outside At Recess

Walk away!
Don't say a word,
About how you suffer.

You walked out on me.
I am not the one to blame.
I did not create,
Your pain.

If that's what you've come to claim.

You dissed me!
Selfishly and without thought.
I had your back and...
So did 'you' it seems,
As well.

You were always freely in my dreams.
Coming to go as you pleased.
Where as I had to pay rent,
In yours.

And most times I found myself evicted,
At my own emotional expense.
To which I can say,
No longer provides you access!

Get away from me!
Walk!
Don't say a word.
You have not a clue!
I am not looking to you to occupy,
A vacancy!

And you come to me,
Making demands...
For 'my' forgiveness?

One of us has learned lessons.

And one of us is still outside at recess!
Guess which one is neither sharing,
Or renting out space?
And...
Caring less about the preferences,
Of references.

There is no sign here that suggests,
Child's play is allowed.
Step!
To the left.
On the curb.
And down the street.
To disappear.
From here!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Still Quick With Wishes

I do not desire to be an apparition,
Of a faded youth.
I do want to feel healthy...
And continue that as my pursuit.
Feeling a bit of a hypocrite...
As I smoke cigarettes.
Exercise and watch my diet.

I know it makes no sense...
To display a physical and mental confidence.
And be addicted to nicotine.
A habit seen and not hidden to be kept secret.

And in my youth,
The cherry blossoms weren't the only things,
To pop up fresh and out in Spring.
And reminscing it...
Has not done one thing to my addiction to cigarettes.
Or my interests in watching the bees,
Land to deflower and pollenate!
Without a hint of a follow up puff.
And I am still quick with wishes to do it!
Now with less vigor.
But with a lot of bluff!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Still Rushing To Doubt The Truth To Face

If I had not committed my time and mind,
To being honest with myself...
With a finding of this to cure all my ailments,
I'd be still rushing to doubt the truth to face.
With beliefs only I saw my flaws...
In the hopes with deep faith,
I could wish them away...
From eyes that 'might' be opened wide to see.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Still They Protest

A way of life has been completely destroyed!
Their lifestyles from the past,
Vague memories!
And still they protest with others in distress...
Why neighbors wont clean their yards of leaves?
And they are the ones...
With Master and Doctorate degrees!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Still To Show An Afterglow

Through the meadow swift.
With picked twigs and fresh selected sticks...
We run.
Having fun,
Under moss green sunlit trees.
Young!
And full of 'come-and-get-me' glee.
We played in times lasting forever then.
Back when her tresses flowed...
As we played hide 'n seek,
With agreeing youth peaking.
Feeling the magic,
Of a blooming Spring season...
Free as breezes.
Teasing to go!
To leave us sparkling,
As blossoms bright...
Still to show an afterglow.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Still Trying To Accept And Connect Concepts

There is no need
To discuss what has been said.
Especially...
If you have run out of breath,
Trying to catch up to the meaning!
Some are seen relaxing,
And drinking lemonade!
While you are still trying to accept,
And connect concepts together.
The very same ones,
Chasing you now!
The very same ones,
You said did not exist!
Don't slow down.
Or on your lips trip!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Still Trying To Learn That Lesson

In my wildest dreams,
I would never have imagined...
Or in my mind thought to create,
The twists and turns my life has taken.
I am not that innovative.

I learned early as a child,
The term sacrifice.
But the meaning of it,
Has hit home clearly...
On more than one occasion,
With an experience of it.

I also learned the meaning of patience.
But I didn't think,
The meaning of it meant...
I would need to have it for the rest of my life!
'Someone' ordered re-writes to my contract.

I learned early as a child,
The term sacrifice.
But the meaning of it,
Has hits home clearly...
With many fouls to strike out,
To experience with doubts.

And today it seems,
I have accomodated both patience AND sacrifice.
As if inseparable twins loving to dress alike!
However...
I am 'still' trying to learn that lesson,
Why both at the same time...
Have to show up to pluck my nerves?
With the testing of my emotions.

And no one as of yet,
Can supply me with an answer.
Or suggest with a hint or clue,
As to how best to deal with them.

Especially when they pick the wrong time,
To decide to hold a conference with me involved.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Stinging Bluntness

Their jealousies and evilness
Have created their diseases...
And the mental illness they have achieved!
The stinging bluntness of it all,
Helps them to seek
The best medication
To sedate
Their craze!
Episodes they chose to live without meaning,
In a bitterness that is dazed!
And even morphine can not subdue,
Their screaming!
Or remove the memories that haunt their days!
Their jealousies and evil ways,
Have created their diseases...
Somehow an 'allure' of this sickness pleases them,
And stays!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Stinging Me To Leave

You keep on stinging,
With your tongue done.
Stinging with your tongue.
And just to sting me...
Then away you turn to run.

You keep on stinging,
With your tongue done.
Stinging with your tongue.
And just to sting me...
Then away you turn to run.

I wonder why...
Do you sting me with your tongue.
I wonder why...
Do you do this to then run.
I wonder why...
Have I done something to you,
Deserving to be stung...
In such a public way that's viewed.

You keep on stinging,
With your tongue done.
Stinging with your tongue.
And just to sting me.
Then away you turn to run,
To have me wonder...
What it is I've done to have you stinging me to leave,
So stunned!
And by a stinging of your tongue that's done!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Stinging With Fever

Stinging with fever.
And the heat of what is seen,
Wont cool down the temperature...
Unless,
Accepted and received...
Is a need to self examine,
With a diagnose believed...
That all minds,
Are in need of a healing to mend.
All minds in these times,
We find ourselves in...
Are in need,
With no one who believes this offends.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Stingy

Until I feel the chemistry.
And there is a tingling,
I can not stop...
That heats inside of me?
I'm going to stay stingy,
With my love.

Free sniffs with quick hook ups and flings...
To answer midnight booty calls,
To listen to professional bed hoppers...
Tease about doing 'nasty' things.
Are no longer important,
To how I want my bed springs to sing.

I've become a prude,
When sharing my nudity.

Until I feel the chemistry.
And there is a tingling,
I can not stop...
That heats inside of me?
I'm going to stay stingy,
With my love.
Hoping...
But not in desperation,
I just want to make that clear!
Hoping,
I discover someone soon...
That appreciates my thriftiness.

And we click!
Not just to knock some boots.
Or disturb nosy neighbors,
Who are told...
We enjoy renovating creatively,
In the wee hours of the morning!
And our activities should be ignored.

That's the kind of chemistry,

I deserve.
But I do wish it does not disturb when heard.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Stocked Full Of Clues

Before an egg is cracked...
A chicken is hatched from that.
To peck around until its feathers are plucked.
Then baked or fried,
Or perhaps made into soup.
That is stocked full of clues,
To cure most ills.
Put that noodle in your noggin and sip on it!
And don't dropp this if it's hot!
It is just that valuable.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Stoic, Mundane And Unemotional

Stoic, mundane and unemotional.
And these are qualities you believe,
People are seeking in a true leader?
Of what?
To be a tour guide,
For a family of vacationing trees?

We have already had those in the past.
And many of them that were led...
Are still trying to find their way back,
Into the forest.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Stolen Profits

A hustle bustled to hush dissension...
Has crush those voicing,
Differences of opinion.

Folks have become perturbed,
By what to them has been done!
Clear evidence of corruption is observed.
And shatters the nerves of everyone stunned.

Warnings of these events were dismissed and ignored.
As the backs of the middle class...
Have been broken like those already historically poor.

And all of this could have been prevented,
If the few did not concede...
To uphold the needs of the filty rich and greedy

But those hypnotized by materialism...
Chose to fill their pockets,
With an increasing ease to feed gluttony...
And their guts!

Caring less who would be left with nothing...
Until a crisis touched their collective butts!
Now a quick fix to end their addictions has been submitted!
But no one wants to sacrifice and quit...
By producing restrictive limits,
That examines how this 'rut' began.
And put an end to it!

With nothing remaining that exists...
They wish to sustain standards they value!
As if an entitlement gave them rights to it!
When all of it had been stolen profits.

'Assets never existing...
Can not forever be assets declared! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Stolen Treasures

They put them there...
And now all are wanted out.
They weren't the best selected to lead,
But they secretly deceived with much clout!

Everything they've done,
Has destroyed everyone's beliefs.
And the very ones that followed them...
Are shocked by their misdeeds.

From the very beginning,
They concealed their treason.
Exploiting the truth,
For their sick reasons.

And critics of their movements
Have been slandered and ignored!
And all the doors they have locked to peace...
Has been felt on foreign shores!

These 'creeps' have stolen treasures,
With lies now all can see!
Threatening the quality of life enjoyed...
As a ploy to defend democracy!

A way of life used...
And taken for granted.
As demons like these,
Proceed with evil to succeed!

Announcing that misery...
Is patriotic to grieve!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Stop & Shop

There are people I see...
But I don't know them personally.
Yet I can truthfully say,
I've come to respect them highly.

They may be folks who work,
At stores I go.
To purchase items,
Where I stop to shop.
In unique and personable environments...
I've come to like a lot.

Friendships I've developed,
I did not expect.
As I spend a few dollars...
Sharing and gaining respect.

And there is one place I travel,
In Bloomfield, Connecticut.
Intending but forgetting...
What I've come to get.

Some places attract,
Because the service and employees...
Are just charismatic.

Dedicated To:
Those sometimes humorous,
Friendly and always respectful employees.
At the Stop & Shop in Bloomfield, Connecticut.
I think you all are terrific.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Stop Being Angry

I had to stop being angry.
And displaying bitterness,
Because of my own disappointments...
Others may have.
But I would carry mine,
On my shoulders as if...
The World weighed me down.
And I thought I should be burdened,
By collecting pieces of bricks and chips...
Thrown around me I grew tired to witness.

Too many today seem to pride themselves,
With complaints to make and fingers to point.
I began to think it was my mission and duty,
To be the one to join in to prove I could too...
Find my own life to live as an excuse to choose.

I had to stop being angry.
And displaying bitterness,
Because of my own disappointments...
Others may have.
But I would carry mine,
On my shoulders as if...
The World weighed me down.
And I thought I should be burdened,
By collecting pieces of bricks and chips...
Thrown around me I grew tired to witness.

And then it occurred to me,
When I awakened early one morning...
Before the light of dawn,
To hit my head against an open door...
That I had been doing most of my life,
With eyes I decided to keep close.
To take so much for granted.
And it took a door I ignored,
To show me to pay more attention...
To which direction I was going,
Where I was coming from...and why...

The doing of it was more important,
Than what others had chosen for themselves.
And...
With it done to do as 'their' purpose.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Stop Being So Dramatic

You tell me what you think and mean.
But why you don't,
Let it go!

When we're walking in the streets,
There's always a scene.
And under spotlight...
You begin your show.

Let it go.
Your past and those bitter things.
Let it go.
Why can't,
You let it go.

Does your happiness mean anything?
Then you've got to let stuff go!

Let it go.
Stop being so dramatic.

Let it go.
Stop being,
Those worst of fanatics.

Let it go.
Stop being so dramatic.
Let it go.
Stop being,
The worst of fanatics.

You spend your days fantasizing from your window.
Locked up tight without a social life.
And you tell 'me' I'm growing old.
But I'm not sitting with my eyes half closed.
Or watching my life pass by...
From a window.

Let it go.

Your past and those bitter things.
Let it go.
Why can't,
You let it go.

Let it go.
Stop being so dramatic.
Let it go.
Stop being,
The worst of fanatics.
Let it go.
Stop being so dramatic.
Let it go.
Stop being,
The worst of fanatics.

You tell me what you think and mean.
But why you don't,
Let it go!

Stop being so dramatic.
Let it go.
Stop being,
The worst of fanatics.
Let it go.
Stop being so dramatic.
Let it go.
Stop being,
The worst of fanatics.

You let life flow to pass you from your window!
Framed-in-pain...
Let it go!
Stop being so dramatic.
Let it go!
Stop being so dramatic.
Let it go!
Stop being so dramatic.

You need a hit to spark that light inside!
Let it go.
Stop being so dramatic.

Let it go!
Stop being,
The worst of fanatics.
You let life flow to pass you from your window!

Stop being so dramatic.
Stop being so dramatic.
Stop being so dramatic.
Stop being,
The worst of fanatics.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Stop Crawling To The Middle Of It

Stop crawling to the middle of it.
To prove to anyone you are confident.
Don't be that dude,
To become the one who's battered.
And left with bruises.

Stop crawling to the middle of it.
To prove with a doing you can be productive.
Don't be that dude,
Like so many before who had been abused.

Throw away that motive with a notion,
You'll remain in control.
Too many are standing by and waiting,
To pop your cork to slow your roll.
And throw away that focus,
You'll be respected for a climbing to the top.
More people want to see you tossed,
To the bottom and stopped.

Don't be that dude,
To be crushed by others with those attitudes.
Dont' be that dude,
To prove to anyone you can be used.

Stop crawling to the middle of it.
Stop crawling to the middle of it.
Stop crawling to the middle of it...
To affirm with a doing that you can be fooled.

Stop crawling to the middle of it.
Stop crawling to the middle of it.
Stop crawling to the middle of it...
To prove to anyone that you can be tricked.
Don't you be that dude,
To let your cork pop to slow your roll.
Don't you be that dude,
To have those doors slam on your closed.
Don't you be that dude.

Don't you be that dude.
Stop crawling to the middle of it.
Don't you be that dude.
Nothing that you do will be a benefit.
All attempts you make will be undone quick.

Don't you be that dude.
Stop crawling to the middle of it.
Don't you be that dude.
Nothing that you do will be a benefit.
All attempts you make will be undone quick.

Don't you be that dude.
All attempts you make will be undone quick.
Don't you be that dude.
All attempts you make will be undone quick.
Stop crawling to the middle of it.
Nothing that you do will be a benefit.
Don't be that dude,
To prove you can be used.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Stop Doing What You Do

If you haven't done it,
How can you give advice?
To anyone to benefit.
If you haven't done it,
With opinions from you comin'.
If you haven't done it,
With it proven done.
Why are you opinionated,
Giving thoughts exaggerated.
Embellished to relish,
The attention that comes.

Stop.
Doing what you do alot.
To have other people believe...
Expertise you've got.
When you do not!
Stop.
Doing what you do alot.
To have other people believe...
Expertise you've got.
When you do not!

Doing what you do,
Is only proving what you're doing should stop!
So drop it as a topic others come to find to knock.
Doing what you do,
Is only proving what you're doing should stop!
So drop it as a topic others come to find to knock.

Stop.
Doing what you do alot.
To have other people believe...
Expertise you've got.
When you do not,
So stop.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Stop Giving Them A Reason

We're running on low.
Low
Low
Low.
We're running on desperateness,
And fear
That has to end.

We're running on low.
Low
Low
Low.
We're running on desperateness,
And fear
That has to end.

We've got to stop excuses.
Stop feeding crime to police.
Stop giving them a reason,
To use a gun!

We've got to stop excuses.
Stop feeding crime to police.
Stop giving them a reason,
To use a gun!

We're running on low.
Low
Low
Low.
We're running on desperateness,
And fear
That has to end.

We're running on low.
Low
Low
Low.
We're running on desperateness,

And fear
That has to end.

We've got to stop excuses.
To use a gun!
We've got to stop excuses.
To use a gun!
We've got to stop excuses.
Stop feeding crime to police.
Stop giving them a reason,
To use a gun!

We're running on low.
Low
Low
Low.
We're running on desperateness,
And fear
That has to end.

We're running on low.
Low
Low
Low.
We're running on desperateness,
And fear
That has to end.
We've got to stop excuses.

To use a gun!

We've got to stop excuses.

To use a gun!

We've got to stop excuses.
Stop feeding crime to police.
Stop giving them a reason...

To use a gun!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Stop Laughing

The reason why,
They have rejected your assistance.
And have ignored your suggestions...
Recommendations and proposals written,
Is a belief you are seeking something from them.

'Like what?
Notoriety?
Fame?
Or 'Worldwide' attention?
What is it?
There are people living far more advanced,
Who have no idea this place is on the map.'

Well...
Let's just say this,
People approaching them with common sense...
And speak as if they 'might' be intelligent,
Have not been embraced with open arms.
Maybe 'if' they didn't 'think' they knew you,
Both you and they would benefit from this.

'I'll say this again...
'What do they believe I want from 'them'?
Fame? '

Maybe it's fortune?

'Stop laughing.
I'm suppose to do that.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Stop Pretending There Is No Pretentiousness

Let's pretend,
We all have an interest...
In the well being of others.
With druthers to express our concerns.
Then...
Let us assume those 'others' who have been exposed,
To the best of our interests to them shown...
Feel the effectiveness of this,
To share with it heartfelt a giving of themselves...
As Christians should do to permit it and admit.
Now...
Can it be explained with all of this pretentiousness,
Allowed to exist with it going on...
Why are the people complaining of increased conflicts,
Confusion and division.
If 'faithfully' they are devoted and affiliated to their religions?

'Well.
Okay.
Perhaps if we all stop pretending there is no pretentiousness,
Maybe the reality of its existence...
Would be more accepted to not offend.
And the pretending there is no pretentiousness,
For all of us would then come to an end.'

And 'suppose' the happening of that wont happen?

'Let's hope not.
I can be philosophical about this and with you to do,
However...
I have been religiously pretentious most of my life.
I know of no other life to live to exist to just be honest.'

Frightening is the thought.
Isn't it?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

'Stop Staring At Them, Harry...'

I hope I do not embarrass?
I'm feeling like a child,
With a new toy I cherish.
I'm wishing to let everyone know...
I share it with you,
No one else will do.

I hope I do not embarrass?
I feel as if,
We are experiencing Paris.
That romantic place,
Where hearts embrace.
And love is not hidden.
Those who are smitten...
Have it written on their faces.

I hope I do not embarrass.
And I know we're not in Paris.
But this is something felt,
I feel must be shown.
I hope I do not embarrass...
Pushing you around in this grocery carriage.
And watching the customers' eyes open wide...
As you and I act like children,
On a carnival ride.

'Stop staring at them, Harry.
They're on crack! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Stop Teasing Them

Stop teasing them.
These folks aren't about to end their sins!
Are You kidding?
They need to be taught lessons.
Again and again and again...
Until they get it!
So stop teasing them,
And deliver 'it'!
Why can't You show them,
They have crossed boundaries?

'I love them too much! '

Yeah...
But Father,
Check it out!
Some of Your creations...
Are on the prowl,
To destroy ALL of Your creativity.
On this planet anyway.

'Hmmm...
I can dig it!
I see what you are saying!
What do you recommend I do? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Stop Telling Yourself You Are Afraid

Be bold!
Stop telling yourself you are afraid.

So many moments left and each precious.
Intoxicating fears no one should adopt.
Or caress with steps avoiding a happiness...
That comes with breath,
To breathe without regrets met!
That is the daily test one can master.
Be bold!
Stop telling yourself you are afraid.
Parade your life,
As if the gift given was right!

Just know each path has obstacles to pass.
To wonder if others have them...
And compare which ones are more daring,
Introduces fear.
Don't declare you invited fears approaching near.
Fear is used for one purpose!
To delay faith in doubt.
Carried on shoulders and displayed about.
To mask upon Sunless landscapes.

Be bold!
Stop telling yourself you are afraid.
Parade your life,
As if the gift given was right!
Command to lead.
Resist the bleeding of your emotions...
To allow weaknesses felt to be confirmed.
You did not earn that from your birth.
Your worth is much more valued!

Be bold!
Stop telling yourself you are afraid.
You are not here to sacrifice,
A life that hides from joy!
Employ satisfaction and live!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Stop That Copying Of Me That You Do

Stop your copping on my duty,
That your are trying to scoop.
Stop your snooping to excuse it too,
Boo!

Stop your copping on my duty,
That your are trying to scoop.
'Cause I choose not to get moody,
Showing attitude.

And while you're at it,
Choose somebody else to boost.
And while you're at it,
Choose somebody else to use,
Boo.

And while you're at it,
Choose somebody else to boost.
And...
Stop that copying of me that you do.

And while you're at it,
Choose somebody else to boost.
And while you're at it,
Choose somebody else to use,
Boo.

And while you're at it,
Choose somebody else to boost.
And...
Stop that copying of me that you do.

Stop your copping on my duty,
That your are trying to scoop.
Stop your snooping to excuse it too,
Boo!

Stop your copping on my duty,
That your are trying to scoop.

'Cause I choose not to get moody,
Showing attitude.

And while you're at it,
Choose somebody else to boost.
And while you're at it,
Choose somebody else to use,
Boo.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Stop That Gentle Rocking Of My Cradle

Stop that gentle rocking of my cradle.
Stop that gentle rocking of my cradle.
Stop that gentle rocking of my cradle.
Stop that gentle rocking,
Will you stop that gentle rocking.
Will you stop that gentle rocking of my cradle.

Children now programmed to
Stop that gentle rocking of my cradle.
Children now exposed and overdosed...
On,
Crime...
Treason!
And...
Denial.

Stop that gentle rocking of my cradle.
Stop that gentle rocking of my cradle.
Stop that gentle rocking of my cradle.
Stop that gentle rocking,
Will you stop that gentle rocking.
Will you stop that gentle rocking of my cradle.

Children now programmed to
Stop that gentle rocking of my cradle.
Children now exposed and overdosed...
On,
Crime...
Treason!
And...
Denial.

Stop that gentle rocking of my cradle.
Children now exposed and overdosed...
Stop that gentle rocking of my cradle.
On,
Stop that gentle rocking of my cradle.
Crime...
Stop that gentle rocking of my cradle.

Treason!
And...
Denial.

Zzzzz
Zzzzz
Ooooh,
Poppa why you sleepin' so long?
Ooooh,
Poppa why you sleepin' so long?
Zzzzz
Ooooh,
Poppa why you sleepin' so long?
Poppa why you sleepin' so long?

Stop that gentle rocking of my cradle.
Zzzzz
Zzzzz
Ooooh...
Poppa why you sleepin' so long?
Ooooh,
Poppa why you sleepin' so long?
Poppa why you sleepin' so long?

Children now programmed to
Ooooh,
Poppa why you sleepin' so long?
Ooooh,
Poppa why you sleepin' so long?

Children now exposed and overdosed...
On,
Crime...
Treason!
And...
Denial.

Zzzzz
Zzzzz
Zzzzz
Zzzzz
Ooooh,

Poppa why you sleepin' so long?

Stop that gentle rocking,
Will you stop that gentle rocking.
Will you stop that gentle rocking of my cradle.
Ooooh,
Ooooh...
Poppa why you sleepin' so long?

Stop that gentle rocking,
Will you stop that gentle rocking.
Will you stop that gentle rocking of my cradle.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Stop The Drama

Stop the drama.
And using commas in between,
Every excuse made...
For reasons to delay,
The living of your life.

Affirm statements to claim.
With an ownership.
Put a period on it.
And stop the drama.

Rewrite the script.
If it's a wish.
And do this to remove,
Needless questions that conflicts...
With whatever it is,
Without assistance from anyone.
Who will only prove,
A decision to make for yourself...
Belonging to you to follow through,
Sends a signal of indecisiveness...
If it is perceived a request,
From you to them is suggested.

Why solicit to get confusion.
Stop the drama.
Stop the act of it.
Own to claim what it is you do.
And move on from using excuses.
Or offer clues or hints,
Your determination is not meant.

Stop this drama to end it.
And begin to add,
More adventurous chapters...
To excite and delight your life.
Who better than you can do it?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Stop The Treason

Dramatic change!
Not only was it promised...
It was cheered on as a need.

And now that it has been implemented,
People want their change...
With a sweetener that feeds.

Like addicts detoxing,
From a mindset...
That is fantasy free.

And the reality of this...
Has them pleading on their knees,
To stop the treason.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Stop Trying To Find The Logic In Everything

The trouble with people feeding their greed,
And perceiving their feeding to hoard
To be an eternal process,
For themselves to be kept stored.
With no one else to profit from a process,
Not stopped.
Is...
Well,
One day to be revealed as preventable.

Even their selfish deeds must come to an end.
Whether or not...
They believe what has been available,
Has been diminished without the consciousness
Of their active input,
To keep what is missing their responsibilty
To nourish the flourishing that is obviously,
Absent from their purpose.

And those who live just to feed their greed,
Do not realize they place themselves in jeopardy.
Although they are not aware of this
Behind walls of a blocked isolation.
Perceived from a direction of its inception
To be an envied way a life.
Needing at their own expense to protect.
Even if that expense is aided by depending
On the discreet and secret borrowing from others.

'I thought you said 'they' were our enemies?
Them and they and those others? '

Who cares?
What is more important?
Impressing with our pretentions
Or being honest with ourselves?

'None of it makes any sense.'

When did the feeding of one's greed,
Ever made any sense?
Hmmm?
It is a standard that is valued.
We thrive on our pretentions!
Remember that.
Stop trying to find logic in everything.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Stop Your Complaining

Come here and listen!
You can pretend to ignore.
But leave your ears open.
Close your mouth.
Those eyes?
You can roll them as before.

It 'may' look as if doors are being shut.
But they aren't,
Not at all!
Those opportunities,
That once knocked at them?
Are in your mind...
Where you have kept them stored!

That's where they have always been.
You were the one to let them out!
And you will bring them back in,
Again!
So don't believe what is being locked out,
Means for your tears to descend.
Those doors needed to close on you,
Anyway!
To allow greater things for you to happen!

Now is the time to test your faith!
Not to wallow in despair,
And welcome heartbreak!
Snap out of limitations.
Explore new avenues you can take!
At least stop your complaining.
A difference only you can make!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Stop Your Masochistic Fishing

Don't start...
Saying that you're missing my kissing,
When we're distant.
Comeon, comeon.

Stop your...
Masochistic fishing,
Just to hear me pitch a fit.
So comeon, comeon.

You know the shape I'm in,
When you smell the liniment.
You know the shape I'm in,
When you smell the liniment.
So comeon, comeon.

Don't start...
Saying that you're missing my kissing,
When we're distant.
Comeon, comeon.

You know the shape I'm in,
When you smell the liniment.
You know the shape I'm in,
When you smell the liniment.
You know the shape I'm in,
When you smell the liniment.
So comeon, comeon.

Stop your...
Masochistic fishing,
Just to hear me pitch a fit.
You know the shape I'm in,
When you smell the liniment.
So don't start...
Saying that you're missing my kissing,
When we're distant.
Comeon, comeon.
Don't start...

Saying that you're missing my kissing,
When we're distant.
Comeon, comeon.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Stop Your Peeping Through Those Keyholes

Stop that peeping through those keyholes.
Open the windows and doors you've closed.
And take advantage of the time,
Bestowed upon you...
To stretch your mind.
Do this...
And you are certain to grow.

Stop your peeping through those keyholes.
Get fresh air and let yourself be exposed.
To all that is offered,
Beyond suspicions you guess..
And from rumors heard with gossip proposed.

Follow you must...
Each rising Sun.
From dawn 'til noon...
Until the dusk of twilight,
Invites nightfall that comes.

Stop that peeping through those keyholes.

Don't welcome your troubles,
To undo a happiness...
To chase away on the run.

Stop that peeping just to peek.
Stop that peeping just to peek.
Stop your peeping through those keyholes.

Stop that...
Peepng through those keyholes.
Open your windows and doors shut closed.
Stop that...
Peepng through those keyholes.
And take advantage of a life unlived.
One you have yet to accept.
Or come to know.

Stop your peeping through those keyholes.
And live a life to live to be bold.
Stop your,
Peeping through those keyholes.
And live a life to live that is proudly told.

Stop that peeping just to peek.
Stop that peeping just to peek.
Stop that peeping before you're too old.

Stop that,
Peeping through those keyholes.
And live a life to live to be bold.
Stop your,
Peeping through those keyholes.
And live a life to live that is proudly told.
Live a life to live that is proudly told.
And live a life before you're too old.

Stop that,
Peeping through those keyholes.
And live a life to live to be bold.
Stop your,
Peeping through those keyholes.
And live a life to live that is proudly told.
Live a life to live that is proudly told.
And live a life before you're too old.

Stop your,
Peeping through those keyholes.
And live a life before you're too old.
Stop your,
Peeping through those keyholes.
And live a life before you're too old.
Stop your,
Peeping through those keyholes.
And live a life before you're too old.
Live life before you're too old.
Stop your peeping through those keyholes.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Stop!

Stop!
Not giving all the best,
That you've got.
Or expecting even less,
From the start.
Send to yourself a written letter,
Saying you know you can do better.
Stop!
The self defeating you welcome,
A lot.
Get up before the dawn,
To tell yourself you've got it.
Got it going on.
And stop living with doubt.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Stop! Defending Yourself

Stop!
Defending yourself,
For shining just as bright as you are.
Like a star.
You ought to stop,
Not climbing heights to go far.
With attempts to dim your light,
When I know you're dynamite.

Let go and expose all your gifts.
You have been blessed,
And fortunate to get.

Let go and explode with a flair everywhere.
I know you are terrific.
And not one who is limited.
So stop,
Defending yourself.
Because I know you've got it.
Regardless what others may doubt.
Stop!
Defending yourself,
For shining just as bright as you are.
Like a star.

Stop!
Defending yourself,
For shining just as bright as you are.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Stop! Rewind That Back

As difficult as it is,
For some decisions to be made...
The doing of it is much easier,
Than the creating to make up new excuses.
Although...
Some have perfected an expertise,
That combines excuses, alibis, lies...
And disguised deceptions,
Without batting an eyelash.
To then perform with an innocence,
Even children stop in the midst of their betrayals...
To take notes and test the effects they get.

'Stop.
Rewind that back.
Did you hear that?
What they are saying is clearly a lie.
Yet the people are applauding,
With tears in their eyes.
Go back to that again.
I've got to use that in my next confession.
Who knew life to live,
Could be made this easy? '

~Yeah, but...
What about the ramifications? ~

'The ram-a-for-who?

~You know...
Paying the consequences.
The 'off-shoot'.
That act or process of branching,
From circumstances that can be avoided.~

'Geeessshh. Comeon. Snap out of it.
Save that impression to make for the classroom.
We've been accused of being 'smart'.
Not intelligent.

Remember...
We're children. Children. That's all.
There is a difference.
And we must use it to our benefit.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Stop, Choosing To Demean

You've got your meaning,
And still you are choosing to demean...
My love?

Ya gotcha meaning,
But-cha choosing to demean.
Ya gotcha meaning,
But-cha choosing to demean.
Ya gotcha meaning,
But-cha choosing to demean.

Baby!
I gotcha meaning that demeans,
What I say.
And why it is I feel this way.

You're choosing to demean,
How I pray.
For us...
With faith and love,
Everyday!

Baby!
You're choosing to demean.
I see,
You're choosing to demean.
My compassion,
You're choosing to demean.
And..
My strong beliefs.

Yo, Baby!
You're choosing to demean.
I see,
You're choosing to demean.
My compassion,
You're choosing to demean.
And..
My love for you so deep.

But, you choose to be so mean.

And baby...
Stop, choosing to demean.
Baby!
Stop, choosing to demean.
Yo' baby!
Stop, choosing to demean.
Yo' baby!
Stop, choosing to demean.
Yo' baby,
You mated!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Stopped From Their Chirping

The cold and Winter mix,
Many wish would disappear.
Will soon melt away...
As Spring approaches.
And is near.

There is a flooding done,
When a flowing of water...
Comes to stun!
But most of us will have our wish.
That winter mix is gone.

And so are our prized possessions...
Floating down a river,
As if it now owns all of it!

The cold and Winter mix,
Many wish would disappear.
Will soon melt away...
As Spring approaches.
And is near.

And those who can afford to do so...
Contemplate buying boats.
While clinging to a tree,
Getting snug and holding very close!

As voices are heard from coast to coast,
Yelling from trees and rooftops for help.
Disturbing the chirping of birds...
Stopped from their chirping,
As if annoyed by the shouts...
Coming out of the loud mouths,
Of spoiled humans.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Storage Space

She had been asked to use her uterus,
To incubate the birth of someone else's child.
She was asked if she would keep it baked...
And to become a surrogate,
For a while.

I know my ideals are old fashion.
And a gift wished by another,
Should not be denied.
But if I carried something within me,
For nine months.
It would be hard to see...
Someone take it from my side.
Or denied me the opportunity...
To rush to comfort my child,
When my child cried.

Some have called me a 'mother'.
By another name attached and meant.
And perhaps it is good I am not that kind.
Since I can not perceive myself...
As a storage space,
To be paid nine months for rent!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Stored To Nibble And Taste

I wanted to love and knew how to do it.
I wanted to give...
Touch and abandon my inhabitions,
In lustful thoughts I seem to savor.
And I sit on a sand dune...
On the shores of Cape Cod,
Just before dusk.
Thinking of 'us'!
When there is no 'us'...
To share the coming sunset,
Yet!
I watch the seagulls dip and dive for fish,
Realizing I must keep my wish alive!
If the tides hold promise to nourish...
Why can't I be plucked by someone,
Who sees my need to be fed and feed
With unwavering anticipation,
Stored to nibble and taste!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Stories Are Created

Stories are created to have them believed.
Regardless if the telling of them,
Are embellished and untrue.
Eventually accepted life to them is given.
And those who reject their realities depicted,
Offend those who defend their existence.
And a worshipping to idolize what has symbolized life,
Continues to seduce those who refuse to accept truth!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Storm Cloud Chasers

Storm cloud chasers.
Those folks in constant reaction mode,
Oppose to those proactive who lead...
Seeing the Sun,
Before them come...
With a desire.

Storm cloud chasers,
Are quick to say...
'We most pray our troubles away'.
Instead of creating them knowingly,
In the first place.
Then become afraid to face them.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Storms Come

Failures are made from dusk to dawn.
With them approved,
To make so many happy.
And if condoned,
Some people are relieved...
To see and know that other people,
Live with this belief.

And some pray,
To keep more hopeless.
Some pray,
To keep more grieving.
Some pray,
More stay on knees.
So demons can feel better.

Some pray,
To be on top.
To think themselves as chosen.
But they don't know that God is watching,
Who is making others moan.

And some pray,
To keep more hopeless.
Some pray,
To keep more grieving.
Some pray,
More stay on knees.
So demons can feel better.

Failures are made from dusk to dawn.
With them approved,
To make so many happy.
And if condoned,
Some people are relieved...
To see and know that other people,
Live with this belief.

Some pray,

To be on top.
To think themselves as chosen.
But they don't know that God is watching,
Who is making others moan.

God doesn't leave anyone to feel betrayed.
God doesn't leave His children,
To feel that way forever.
No!
God doesn't leave anyone to feel betrayed.
God doesn't leave His children,
To feel that way forever.

Storms come to have them done,
To make right what's wrong.
Storms come to have them done,
To reveal the wicked.
Storms come to have them done,
To uplift the hopeless.
Storms come to have them done,
To rid wickedness.

Storms come to have them done,
To make right what's wrong.
Storms come to have them done,
To reveal the wicked.
Storms come to have them done,
To uplift the meek.
Storms come to have them done,
To switch false beliefs.

Storms come to have them done,
To make disbelievers weep.
Storms come to have them done,
To keep the faithful on their feet.
Storms come to have them done,
To make those know God-Is-Real.
Storms come to have them done,
To make those know God-Is-Real.
To feel.

Storms come to have it done,

To feel.
What is real.

Storms come to have it done,
To feel.
GOD is real.
GOD is real.
GOD IS REAL.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Straight

In a society where everyone has been left bent...
Or crooked by events,
That have shakened them from thoughts...
They were sold and bought,
As authentic ones taught they ought to follow.
Borrow or steal...
To initiate their acceptance in reality?
Or...
What is perceived as 'thee' reality?

Well...
Who can honestly say they have escaped today,
Being totally and completely straight?
As defined by those redefining definitions.

Maybe there are a few exceptions,
Among those left narrowminded...
And blinded in darkness by cave dwelling.

But hardly anyone can say,
They have not gone astray!
Not the way things are exposed.
Not the way they are these days.

And...
The discovery of one in innocence and naïveté...
Could capture museum attention,
As relics to see for a fee to pay!

And remember when,
The appearance of a halo above one's head...
Was so blasé?
Well...
Those of us that have not pawned them in!
Our unstained and untainted intentions.
'We' of virgin virtues and proclivities,
That is.
We...
Are haunted by such taunting memories!

'Are you writing this down? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Stranded On The Sahara Desert

'What's the matter?
What 'is' on your mind? '

I am happy.
With few petty complaints.
I get up in the morning,
Thankful to God for my life.
And I have a peace of mind,
Without a restraint.

I have a joy within,
That finds me grinning.
Although I am not materially rich...
I do pinch pennies,
For something I don't need.
But something, at the time, I wish!

I talk to the sun...
Hoping its rays will shine through clouds.
And when it rains on my parade?
I am crazed with love...
Soaking wet and shouting out loud.
To the ears of anyone.

I've had my share of disappointments.
Some of which left me in deep despair.
But I do keep my prayers focused,
And my faith intact is always there.
Knowing God has the best of my welfare.

'But why does it seem,
You are hopeless without dreams?
At least that's the way it appears.
Discovering you like this on this scene! '

I'm just here wishing for a way...
To share the cheers inside I feel.
Seeking to find an appeal...
To produce more smiles.

And remove frowns and tears.
Wanting to make 'that' for some unreal!

'You'd be better off being a ventriloquist!
Stranded on the Sahara Desert.'

Well...
At least 'there'
It will be more Sun!
And I'm sure whatever I say,
Wont be wasted on my tongue!

'AND you certainly will not need a 'dummy'
To capture 'all' of the attention!
You'll have lots of space,
To rehearse your fate!
And not a soul to disturb any decision heard,
You alone provide and will make! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Strange Things

Some strange things,
To us can happen.
With them to bring,
The strangest things to happen...
To be done,
And when they come...
To everyone.

Those strange things,
To us to do to happen...
Can be felt and seen,
Affecting not imagined...
To us to be done,
Like the dawning rays of Sun...
When they come.

That which was limited now has space.
And with it done to get more.
Like fences torn down not replaced with gates.

That which was limited now has space.
And stretching to explore,
Are minds that have never done this before.

Some strange things,
To us can happen.
With them to bring,
The strangest things to happen...
To be done,
And when they come...
To everyone.
Affecting not imagined.
To be done.

That which was limited now has space.
Affecting not imagined.
To be done.
Affecting not imagined.
Some strange things,

When they come.
And to everyone.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Strange To Believe

Experiences to have them lived,
Do not come with avoiding it done...
Of removing challenges.
And on a daily basis.

Challenges to face with kept faith,
Are those experiences...
One comes to remember most,
To be more appreciated.
And left to keep to never let go.

'Everyday,
I get up...
To repeat the same routine.'

-And you know what's strange to me? -

'No. What? '

-I have heard others say,
To complain...
About not finding the time,
In which they could be...
More productive and less repetitive.
Seeking ways to be challenged.-

'Oh, yeah?
Well some folks are never satisfied.
And always trying to prove,
Something to somebody else.
Just for the attention to get.
And people like that,
I don't find strange to believe...
At all.
I'm not into faking motivation.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Stranger

Stranger are those things today,
Yesterday...
Were not perceived.

Stranger still,
Are events intended...
To send shock waves,
To stay and not leave.

And stranger are those philosophies,
People adapt to and keep.
Even though old these philosophies have grown,
Cold and frozen to the touch of one who holds.
Cold and frozen...
Is the stranger who beholds bold but old goals.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Stranger To The Truth

These are 'my' memories!
Whether you want to believe them,
Or reject them as real...
Or dissect them to interpret,
As 'you' please.
You still don't walk in my shoes.
Nor is my life experience yours!
But I do admire someone like you...
Who is determined to have others know
What you believe is my reality!
That kind of imagination...
Has to keep you a stranger to the truth!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Strangers Are Better To Meet

As a child I was taught,
Not to speak or accept one thing...
From any stranger I met.
And that included candy, toys...
Or money they sought to give to me.
So I thought to myself...
'Would they be strangers,
IF I should make them my friends?
Would they stay strangers,
IF we agreed to share...
With a sharing that began? '

Then I became older.
With the hearing of the word borrow.
To learn from 'friends' I thought I knew.
When every now and then they would borrow,
Money and other things from me...
I had to keep reminding them,
From where they got the money.
And other things from me too.

Needless to say I no longer listen,
To anyone wishing to 'borrow' a cent from me.
With it known from past experiences,
Any money I give I will never again see.
To know this today and with it kept to believe,
Strangers are better to meet.
Than the keeping of leeching friends,
Doing their best to avoid,
Repaying me what they owe.

'Why do so many people around here,
Wear masks to hide their true identities? '

They are hoping to keep their status as strangers.
But once you have noticed,
How skilled they are with exchanging their masks...
You too will begin to seek strangers to be friends.
To know their main task is not to adorn masks.

And hopefully they wont 'if' your friendships last.

'LOL. That's funny.
You've got jokes, huh? '

A fool you may perceive me to be.
But the face you see is not one of a clown.
Eventually you'll find many of them around.
Easy they will become to observe in this town.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Strapped To Ineffective Stagnation

When a choice is made,
To dismiss the experience of another...
With feelings that become defensive,
Because someone is perceived to be...
A know it all with a hidden agenda to achieve!
How can anyone blame with a finding of fault,
The one who decides to walk away...
From those who choose,
A brick wall to find and repeatedly stalk.
Without making any attempts to climb.

Leaving behind this kind of mindset,
Is best to do with no need to feed conflicts.
Or a getting upset!

People will or will not eventually learn,
From hitting their heads that are knocked.
As facts accepted,
Prevents their delusions with a stopping.
And a respect is given to a listening,
That develops one's comprehension that starts...
A devotion to understanding.

When that begins,
An ignorance dissipates to end!
Like a collection of dust blowing away with a wind.

And the one who has risen to accept life to wisen,
Refrains from the sharing of rolling childish eyes.
Or tries to compromise a truth,
To argue with those too foolish to remove limitations.
That keeps them strapped to ineffective stagnation.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Strategic Are Those Coming Censorships

Strategic are those coming censorships.
With phone tappers listening,
To obtain a knowledge their perverted minds,
Are searching the internet to dismiss.
And getting paid for their snooping unresisted.

What's next?
Calorie inspectors to visit private homes.
To ensure cholesterol levels remain acceptable,
To stay condoned with a making of those embarrassed...
That any extra fat on their bodies jiggles to be shown.

Already people are upset,
About those selecting the same sex partners...
To choose what they wish to do.
And caring less about those 'straight'.
Who cheat on their spouses on secret dates.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Strategic Is The Tactic

Strategic is the tactic,
To set a trap and capture.
With a hunting done,
To lure someone...
Into a place,
To keep one's mind...
Victimized and accepting.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Strategically Used

Like a tool to undo...
All that is good.
For the purposes to implant,
A controlling that enhances.
One's chances to produce fools...
Does not harvest what is expected.

A success envisioned to become accepted...
Like a scientific test that rejects a manifesting,
Is not a timidness that is fed to breed.
But a monster that frightens,
And bites the hand that feeds a grandiose plan...
That poisons those of manipulating minds.

Finding themselves spiritually destroyed!
On precious land where they now suffer and beg.
And endlessly strategically used instead.
In an effective process...
That leaves them mentally dead.
With lives once lived in selfishness finished.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Street Cred

Street cred,
Embedded never leaves who lives it.
Street cred,
Toughens one's skin like a rubber cover.
Street cred.
Is there to stay in heads.

Street cred,
Embedded never leaves who lives it.
Street cred,
Toughens one's skin like a rubber cover.
Street cred.
Is there to stay in heads.

It doesn't matter where one goes to college to get knowledge.
Street cred,
Is there to stay in heads.

It doesn't matter who collects awards with them to get.
Street cred,
Is there to stay in heads.

It doesn't matter which side of the tracks one has been trapped.
No it doesn't matter who possesses things that might attract.
No it doesn't matter who has what or cash in pockets flashed.
Street cred,
Is there to stay in heads.

It doesn't matter where one goes to college to get knowledge.
Street cred,
Is there to stay in heads.

It doesn't matter who collects awards with them to get.
Street cred,
Is there to stay in heads.

It doesn't matter which side of the tracks one has been trapped.
No it doesn't matter who possesses things that might attract.
No it doesn't matter who has what or cash in pockets flashed.

Street cred,
Is there to stay in heads.

Street cred,
Embedded never leaves who lives it.
Street cred,
Toughens one's skin like a rubber cover.
Street cred.
Is there to stay in heads.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Street Sweepers

There is nothing more disrespecting,
Than to hear others disrespect themselves.
With a diminishing of an environment,
That is claimed to be degrading in standards...
And values.

And those with those points of view,
Are the one's disconnecting their attitudes...
With excuses,
As the cause of their wiltering quality of life.
But you can not tell them that.

You will be told,
To mind your own business.
Even though they are putting theirs all in the streets.
The street sweepers can not keep up to clean.
There is filth everywhere the eyes and ears behold.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Street-Cheap-Meat

You've given me up to boost danger.
A mistake made with a stranger.
Who knocked on your door proposing,
With a cut glass rock and plated gold.

And street-cheap-meat!
Oh...
You've given me up to boost danger.
A mistake made with a stranger.
Who knocked on your door proposing,
With a cut glass rock and plated gold.

Our minds were united,
And tight for a lifetime.
We sought for that right time...
When we'd be together,
Forever and ever.

Our minds were united,
And tight for a lifetime.
We sought for that right time...
When we'd be together,
Forever and ever.

But,
You've given me up to boost danger.
A mistake made with a stranger.
Who knocked on your door proposing,
With a cut glass rock and plated gold.

And street-cheap-meat!
Oh...
Our minds were united,
And tight for a lifetime.
We sought for that right time...
When we'd be together,
Forever and ever.
But you prefer street-cheap-meat.

Our minds were united,
And ripe for that lifetime.
But you prefer street-cheap-meat.

Our minds were united,
And ripe for that lifetime.
But you prefer street-cheap-meat.

Our minds were united,
And ripe for that lifetime.
But you prefer street-cheap-meat.

Our minds were united,
And ripe for that lifetime.
But you prefer street-cheap-meat.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Strength In Leadership

Strength in leadership,
And commitment to rhetoric...
As the dollar value slips.
Leaving harder times to come and exist!
Has nothing to do with who has image.
That ego massaged has caused this rift!
Creating an estrangement of realities.

People have had it and are getting sick.
Hidden corruption and blatant greed...
Has only delivered a few this bliss.
And those who have been against this ssshhh...

'It...
Does not make a difference.
Sacrifices influenced and made,
Today has taken savings of money away.
Strength in leadership has camouflaged to hide...
A catastrophe that avalanches to bleed an economy dry!
And a lack of confidence,
No matter who now lies to convince this mindlessness.

Even if wished...
We can not rid ourselves of none of these conflicts!
Why?
'WHY? '
Some ask as if to be answered.
As if a strength in leadership...
Will cure their ailments and other illnesses quick.
When they who raised these questions...
Praising those crazed.
Welcomed all it!
And ignored nonconformists who resisted,
The actions of these defective movements.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Strength Kept In Faith Delivers

It takes incredible determination,
To heal from a nagging internal pain.
The steps are not quick,
When it is personally known...
From where it began to become inflicted.
And who did what with this to intend.

It takes incredible determination,
To forgive as strength kept in faith delivers.
With prayers said wished and hoped to be heard,
While awaiting to witness God correct injustices.
To know the doing of this done to be more effective,
Than feelings kept of seeking revenge could ever do.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Strength Overshadows

Dulling are those thorns,
Once sharpened to prick.
Dulled are their effectiveness,
With a wounding done...
One has learned to heal from quick.

Scars once shown,
Have disappeared.
Without a trace of them at all.
And those victimized stand,
From a crawl to walk ever so tall.

Dulling are those thorns,
Once sharpened to prick.
As if deceivers have been revealed...
From the crevices of their wickedness.
And this exposure has left them sick.

When one chooses to ignore their critics,
A strength overshadows...
Those maneuvering in darkness,
To inflict their evilness.
Leaving them to surface with...
Useless intentions left upon tight and silent lips.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Strengthen My Faith

Strengthen my faith,
Father.
Wherever You are.
Wherever I am.
Whenever it's done.

Stengthen my faith,
Father.
Wherever I go.
And whomever I may know...
Let this show.
I am the son of You the One.

Strengthen my faith,
Father.
Let it reveal,
Just how I feel.
In every way...
With no debating,
Or temptations awaiting to test...
To lead me astray!

Let the 'light' shine,
A divine mind within me.
Knowing,
And showing...
I can grow!

Let me define,
How You are there inside me.
Guiding with a hold...
I can not let go!

Strengthen my faith,
Father.
Wherever You are.
Wherever I am.
Whenever it's done.

I will be right here...
Expressing without doubt,
Who and What fulfills all my needs!
Even 'if' and when I am found on my knees...
Pleading.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Strengthened

Being accused of blasphemy,
By those now questioning their own beliefs...
Weakened by an increasing disappointment.
Has only strengthened those who are spiritual...
And never had their faith connected to the economy.
While those who struggle to keep,
Myths and images of a symbolic way of life alive...
Try their best to hide an acknowledgement,
They have been deceived.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Strengthened And To Notice

Each day I can not say,
The unknown I welcome.
And I have no fear of it.
But I do keep a faith,
That remains unshakened.
And I know that God knows this,
With each step forward I take...
To prove to myself and no one else,
That I can with my faith...
Become mentally and physically,
Strengthened.
And to notice my fears,
With an unimportance of them kept...
Are being diminished.
To one day have none left.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Strengthened Faith

I need to get much richer,
With...
Spiritual beliefs.
Teasing 'things' just can't do it.
Or deliver to me mental relief.

I need to get richer,
With...
Spiritual beliefs.
'Cause...
Nothing that I ever had to 'bling',
Stayed to mean anything to me.

But my...
Faith is here to stay.
Although it is daily tested.
And...
Opposition everywhere wont let me rest.
It keeps my weaknesses invested.

Yes my...
Faith is here to stay.
Although it is daily tested.
And...
Opposition everywhere wont let me rest.
It keeps my weaknesses invested.

I've spent a lot of time by the riverside.
Strengthening a faith I feel inside.

And yes I feel it,
Strengthened faith!
Everyday and without fail.

Oh yes I feel it,
Strengthened faith.
And with it I must prevail.
'Cause...
Opposition everywhere wont let me rest.

It keeps my weaknesses invested.

I've spent a lot of time by the riverside.
Strengthening a faith I feel inside.

And...
I feel it,
Strengthened faith!
Everyday and without fail.
Oh yes I feel it,
Strengthened faith!
With me and I will prevail.

Oh yes I feel it,
Strengthened faith!
Everyday and without fail.
Oh yes I feel it,
Strengthened faith!
With me and I will prevail.

Oh yes I feel it,
A strengthened faith!
Yes I feel it,
Everyday and without fail.
I feel it...
A strengthened faith!
With me and I will prevail.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Stress And Headache Free

I am stress and headache free.
To peace I'm dedicated.
Stress and headache free.
To peace I'm dedicated.
I am stress and headache free.
To peace I'm dedicated.
No more nodding medicated.
Or allowing to berated.

I am stress and headache free.
To peace I'm dedicated.
Stress and headache free.
To peace I'm dedicated.
I am stress and headache free.
To peace I'm dedicated.
Dues I had I paid it.
I feel today elated.

I am stress and headache free.
To peace I'm dedicated.
Stress and headache free.
To peace I'm dedicated.
I am stress and headache free.
To peace I'm dedicated.
I'm happy that I've made it.
And there's nothing complicated!

Oh, I'm stressing headache free.
To peace I'm dedicated.
Yes I'm stress and headache free.
To peace I'm dedicated.
I am stress and headache free.
To peace I'm dedicated.
I am happy that I've made it.
There is nothing complicated!
No more nodding medicated.
Or allowing to berated.
Dues I had I paid it.
I feel today elated.

I'm now more animated.
I'm now more animated.
I'm now more animated.
And my life can be paraded.
Since inside I'm illuminated!
Since inside I'm illuminated!
Since inside I'm illuminated!
Since inside I'm illuminated!

I am stress and headache free.
To peace I'm dedicated.
Stress and headache free.
To peace I'm dedicated.
I am stress and headache free.
To peace I'm dedicated.
To peace I'm dedicated.
To peace I'm dedicated.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Stress Is Kept As It Depresses

A kept stress depresses.
And to confess it isn't the best thing to do...
If one is trying to prove,
They can be super human too.

Some folks brag about what they can do,
When stressed.
As if happiness and getting rest...
Is something to detest.

And these same people,
Complain about having a loss of time.
They can't seem to find any of it,
To relax and ease their minds.

But stress is kept as it depresses.
As people care less to openly profess,
What a doctor has prescribed...
As a remedy to recommend and suggest.

Yet those who believe,
Others they must impress...
Are often those left alone,
With physical and mental issues...
A discomforting breakdown has forced them to address.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Stressed To Their Mental Limits

No matter what the showing of proof may be,
There are still many believing...
They live a way of life envied by others.

But very few seem envious of those,
Living day to day on leases and loans...
While being indebted to creditors.

Even those teased and ridiculed,
For having nothing to impress...
Sleep peacefully and appear to be rested,
Than those claiming to have everything...
Yet appear and seem to be medicated,
To avoid being stressed to their mental limits.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Stretch

From here.....to there!
Until it pops!
Dropping with a flop.
With no sound of a sizzle.
Or a pissing sprinkled to mop!
One piece to stretch.
Now there is two.
Both left dejected...
Spreading less for each to do.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Stretch And Do

If there are frowns on your brow,
And wrinkles you wish to quickly disappear.
Drink peppermint tea,
On a daily basis continually.
Get rid of that tension.
It's not yours to 'brag' about.
Discuss or mention.
Or there for you alone to carry!
To introduce undo attention.
Let go of this 'stuff' you did not marry.

And for your digestive track?
Try lemon juice in 'boiled' water...
Chilled it and just sit back,
Relax and get your energy on track!

Stretch and do,
Light exercises to get you through.
And within one week...
Someone will approach and ask you,
'What are you doing?
Have you had a facelift, too? '

And any aches and pains,
In your joints that remain...
Try vitamin E in 400 internation units.
For arthritist in your hands, legs and knees!
Listen and try this...
And eventually you will agree,
What I share with you will work!
Tell those 'jerks' who tell you differently,
Don't bother you with nonsense...
Since your life is to be enjoyed,
Not to moan about as they do...
Paying exorbitant fees,
Not to feel as great as you will...
Literally for free!

Like I say...

Allow at least seven days!
And after this period,
You will be amazed how much 'youth'
Has restored the 'you' you knew...
As you age!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Stretch My Legs

Oh...
I am the best.
And I have no problem
Showing you my credentials!
Where do you want to start?
With the scars on my back?
How about the crushing indignations...
I learned to endure,
While you and the others
Were ensuring my pain?
Oh...
I am the best!
You know why I can contest to that?
You still ride my back,
But you are about to slide off.
I 'know' I am the best!
Because I allowed you,
To think you were the boss!
And now I'm ready to stand up,
And stretch my legs!
I've always known without me,
You'd be lost!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Stretch Your Wings

Stretch your wings.
You can,
If you want to make it.

Stretch your wings.
You can,
If you want to make it.

Stretch your wings.
You can,
If you want to make it.

Look up to the sky,
And find a place to fly!

Stretch your wings.
You can,
If you want to make it.

Stretch your wings.
You can,
If you want to make it.

Stretch your wings.
You can,
If you want to make it.

Look me in my eyes!
And invite me,
With you to fly!

Stretch your wings.
You can,
If you want to make it.

Look me in my eyes!
And invite me,
With you to fly!

Stretch your wings.
You can,
If you want to make it.

Stretch your wings.
You can,
If you want to make it.

Look up to the sky,
And find a place for you to fly!
Look me in my eyes!
And invite me,
With you to fly!
Together we can do...
So many fly bys!

Stretch your wings.
You can,
If you want to make it.
Me and you can do,
So much if we try!

You gotta...
Stretch those wings!
You can,
If you want to make it.
Me and you can do,
So much if we choose!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Stretched To Depths

Minds kept open to stretch to depths,
Aren't closed to the unknown or the possibilities.
Minds kept open to stretch to depths,
Can not be limited to life to experience.

Minds kept open to stretch to depths,
Often get no rest.
And...
Those who let their yesterdays go,
Aren't seeking to be limited with giving it a thought.
Those getting up with a getting to go,
Aren't seeking to be limited or thinking to be given it.
Those who leave behind those slow,
Aren't seeking to be limited or waiting to be giving it.
Those on a path with a going to know,
Life to live is a benefit.
And they are not about to sit.

Minds left open to stretch to depths,
Are looking for a purpose not pains to hurt.
Minds left open are stretched to depths.
Stretched to depths that are kept!

Minds kept open to stretch to depths,
Often get no rest.
And...
Minds left open to stretch to depths,
Are looking for a purpose not pains to hurt.
Minds left open are stretched to depths.
Stretched to depths that are kept!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Strickened With Conviction

Strickened with conviction,
Helps to replace...
Back pain and the carrying of weight,
Those with strapped on burdens...
Can undo to escape.

Strickened with conviction,
Helps to erase...
Everything created people claim to say they hate.

Tolerated aches,
People say they hate...
But complaining everyday,
Keeps them near and not away.

Sharing their dislikes,
Keeps them more invited.
To entice excitement.
With an approval of it done,
Yet from them they do not run.

People strickened with conviction,
Know what it takes...
To rid themselves of aches and pains,
And get them out their way.

Those strickened with conviction,
Know what it takes...
To keep their distance from those who complain everyday.

People strickened with conviction,
Help to erase...
Everything created people claim to say they hate.

Tolerated aches,
Many claim to hate...
But complaining everyday,
Keeps them near and not away.

Sharing their dislikes,
Keeps them more invited.
To entice excitement.
With an approval of it done,
Yet from them they do not run.

People strickened with conviction,
Know what it takes...
To keep their distance from those who complain everyday.

Strickened with conviction,
Helps to erase...
Everything created people claim to say they hate.

Those strickened with conviction,
Soon eliminate...
A negativity expressed and heard everyday.

People strickened with conviction,
Help to erase...
Everything created others claim to say they hate.

Those strickened with conviction,
Soon eliminate...
A negativity expressed and heard everyday.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Strickly Business

Long before you could pronounce my name,
I was taking myself seriously.
When you believed I was not aware...
I was there.
In full awareness.
When you believe I could not perceive your deceit.
I was in preparation!
You had taken for granted too much.
And I knew it.
A respect you could have given was not your focus.
In fact an absence of it made me more determined.
You did not use me for a welcome mat without my knowledge.
Who and what did you 'think' you dealt with here?
Another delusion you collected to toss disrespectfully in neglect?
Did I project that in my reflection?
Did I ever give you any reason to believe,
I would allow you to continue to treat me that way?
Did I ever call you out of your name?
Not once did I make you look like a fool in public.
Even though I enjoyed the challenge of doing that myself.
That is a refreshing aspect of my personality.
However...
When it comes to me and my desires,
I am strickly business!
And disciplined to be patient enough about it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Strickly Love

And sometimes I wish this wasn't,
Strickly love...
I have,
Since it's...
Only love,
I have...
Only shown.
And it's,
Strickly love...
Some,
Can not give.

And sometimes I wish this wasn't,
Strickly love...
I have,
But it's...
Only love,
I have,
Ever known.
And it's,
Strickly love...
Some,
Will never know.

And sometimes I wish this wasn't,
Strickly love...
I have,
But it's...
Only love,
I have...
Let to grow.
And it's hard...
When others resist it,
And this hurts me so.
Knowing how strick,
Love is...
Within me.
To be...
As is.

Strickly love to be,
As is.

Strickly love,
To be...
As is!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Strict And Sticking To A Discipline

Strict and sticking to a discipline,
I knew...
From early teachings,
That still pull me through.

Strict and sticking to a discipline,
Understood...
With a doing,
Because I know I should.

And I...
Don't try to find excuses to hide.
Because this has a benefit I pride.
And I...
Don't try to find excuses to hide.
Because this helps me feel a strength inside.

Strict and sticking to a discipline,
I knew...
From early teachings,
That still pull me through.
And I...
Don't try to find excuses to hide.
Like so many others seem to do.

Strict and sticking to a discipline,
Benefits.
Strict and sticking to a discipline,
Has no risks.
Strict and sticking to a discipline,
I admit...
Offers more to feeling good than not.

Strict and sticking to a discipline,
Benefits.
Strict and sticking to a discipline,
Has no risks.
Strict and sticking to a discipline,
I admit...

Offers more to feeling good than not.

Strict and sticking to a discipline,
I knew...
From early teachings,
That still pull me through.

Strict and sticking to a discipline,
Understood...
With a doing,
Because I know I should.

And I...
Don't try to find excuses to hide.
Because this has a benefit I pride.
And I...
Don't try to find excuses to hide.
Because this helps me feel a strength inside.

Strict and sticking to a discipline,
I knew...
With that same attitude.
From early teachings,
That still pull me through.

Strict and sticking to a discipline,
I knew...
With that same attitude.
From early teachings,
That...
Still pull me through.
Yes from early teachings,
That still pull me through.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Strict It Gets

To challenge oneself,
Isn't fun that's done.
Because,
The critic visits.
And strict it gets.

To challenge oneself,
Isn't fun that's done.
Because,
The critic visits.
And strict it gets.

Stalking as a menace,
Looking for perfection in it.
And...
The critic vists.
And strict it gets.

Stalking as a menace,
Looking for perfection in it.
And...
The critic vists.
And strict it gets.

Picking seeking detail...
To prevail,
And...
The critic visits.
And strict it gets.
Detailed...
The critic visits.
And strict it gets.

Stalking as a menace,
Looking for perfection in it.
And...
The critic vists.
And strict it gets.

To challenge oneself,
Isn't fun that's done.
Because,
The critic visits.
And strict it gets.

Detailed!
The critic visits,
And strict it gets.

Detailed!
The critic visits,
And strict it gets.

Stalking as a menace,
Looking for perfection in it.
And...
The critic vists.
And strict it gets.

Detailed!
The critic visits,
And strict it gets.

Picking seeking detail...
To prevail,
And...
The critic visits.
And strict it gets.
Detailed,
The critic visits.
And strict it gets...
Detailed!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Strike Up The Band

Strike up the band.
Do not permit us for another moment to sit.
You have already persisted...
You are the maestro of your gifts!
So strike up that band.

Come forward and produce your talents.
We insist.
At least reveal the evidence,
You have 'it' and they exist.

Too many have serviced us with lip.
And you have staged an entrance,
With...
Wishes from us to see you exit through it.

Take the baton in your hand.
And lead us through...
How your hard work and sacrifice,
With a mix of sweat and paid dues...
Has developed with an appetite,
That will inspire and delight too!

And prove you are worthy,
To command with deed.
Or leave the spotlight...
That feeds more of your ego,
Than any initiative given.
And this is not perceived.
It is a vivid observation.
You appear the only one here,
Who can not 'see'!

So strike up that band.
Too many are serious.
And prepared they are...
To take a stand!
Command what you have.
Or leave!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

String Pullers

The ones who are best,
With a kept interest...
To produce a good show.
Without it known who they are.
Or their qualifications known.
Would be the string pullers.
Those who script the text.
Of every word heard delivered.
And rehearsed to perfection,
By puppets and hand held muppets.
Added to attract distraction and...
Moved around used as directed.
For entertainment purposes with this kept,
To keep an audience amused effectively.
No matter what the price expected paid.
Or the cost of it at their expense.
The string pullers,
Will always have their hands...
Unseen behind the scenes yet, in command.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Strings Attached

Living a life more to do,
To make impressions...
Often will come to those,
Realizing to learn too late...
Puppets only seem to live,
Lives with strings attached.
And operated,
By the ones kept interested...
To use the same puppets,
Accustomed to do the same stuff.

Until a cutting is done to wake the puppets up,
With it to dawn that an approval sought...
To continue on,
Is a choice to choose if it is wished.
Although using one's own thought process,
Can be much more rewarding to experience...
Than awaiting for an interest expressed,
By those manipulating...
Each step of one's direction.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Strings Once Attached

You wish to strum my strings,
To pluck my heart of its emotions.
As if to bring...
Upon my ears sentiment.

You wish to keep,
A melody repeatedly delivered.
Hoping we again would harmonize.
To erase discord...
And resentment to lament.
Hoping my happiness,
Is a charade I disguise.

But I can not forget...
It was you who found another tune to play.
And it was I who could not convince you...
That duet you proposed,
Would bring you dismay one day.
To Leave you feeling used and betrayed.

Choosing to sing you did with another.
With a beat completely out of rhythm,
And rhyme.

My time now has solo indulgences.
And I have found...
I did,
My peace of mind.
That took me long to find!

And strings once attached...
Known to be matched but severed.
Can never again,
Produce the same seduction.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Strip Teaser

Strip teaser...
Each time you remove an unneeded vowel,
And you appear,
Exposing consonants clear...
I shiver.

Strip teaser...
When you lick your lips,
Between the 'M's-'C's and your 'T's...
With teeth that touch,
I sit amazed!

I am dazed as my heart rate races.
My blood pulsates with an increasing pace.

Strip teaser...
When you speak,
Crisp and deliciously delivered from your tongue...
Is clear diction!
Not commonly heard today from anyone.

Strip teaser...
I can stare or close my eyes.
Clinging with a desire I can bare...
To hear,
What is clearly understood.

Your elocution is...good! Terrific.
And keeps me on the edge of my seat!
More. More. More...
I find myself repeating,
In unexpecting need.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Stripped And Bared

No matter how you peek at it,
Or disbelieve it's there.
Truth has discovered you,
In desperate hiding...
And is aware of your fears,
To be stripped and bared.
No matter where you are inside,
Outside shows your point of view quite clear.
And truth no longer dares for your appearance.
It knows those with you are also quite scared.
And it comes after you and all who deceive...
Without weapons,
To freshen up the air!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Stripped Clean And Swung

Staging tantrums with a stubbornness,
To demand with a yelling of attention to get...
May be a custom in some privileged households.
You know the ones.
The ones on TV and in the movies done.
However...
No one I grew up with and knew tried that.
It was understood a public whipping would be had.
Either with a belt 'momma' carried to swing.
Or with a switch picked from a near bush.
Stripped cleaned and swung to hit immediately.
Momma didn't play that way.
Watching us display our tantrum fits.
Momma swung quickly to nip things in the bud.
'And I 'dare' you to cry.
What's wrong with those lips? '
That's right.
Momma didn't take no 'switch' to nip it for nuthin'.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Stripped Completely

They've allowed their ideologies,
To ruin their lives to be lived free and pleased.
With the cross breeding of religions.
And practiced beliefs...
A forgiveness relieves them from repeated sins!
From tarnished pulpits preached to remind them.

Devoted to motivating lusts.
Driven by the marketing of temptations.
And soothed like trained mice...
Taught and conditioned.
To be controlled.

Accepting they do,
What they been told.
And stripped completely from those identities...
Few are bold enough to strut.
And behold...
Without being corrupted!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Stripped Free Of All Foolishness

I live my life to achieve,
With the getting of results.
There is no place I make,
For the celebrating of nonsense.
Nor will I welcome a visit of it to stay.
Too many have become addicted to it.

Only one time did I play along,
With that follow the leader concept.
And I had been in the military,
Being trained to be one.
'Stand straight, shut up and listen.
Unless you prefer licking my boots? '

To be stripped free of all foolishness,
Is no fun when someone else is in command.
And demanding it to be done 24/7,
With orders barked and nowhere to run.
Or hoping that a drill sargeant will ignore,
The revealing of fears or hears a call out for 'mama'.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Stripped From A Zone That Comforts

Fed with beliefs,
To receive...
One has to learn,
To let something go!

And,
Giving up eliminates limits that sit...
Within a mind stripped from a zone that comforts,
An ego believing to benefit from it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Stripped, Clawed And Flawed

Too many rather skip to a bar and nip.
Until they feel an alcoholic 'trip'.
And sit refusing to admit...
They're drowning denials that cause them fits.

Too many feel henpecked and nitpicked.
By spouses ripping them to bits.
And they choose then to bemoan their whims.
With others near,
Befriending them!

Spending every dime and feeling sick.
Leaving drunk with no left tip!
Stripped, clawed and flawed,
From a baring of emotions felt so raw!

Spending every dime and feeling sick.
Leaving drunk with no left tip!
Stripped, clawed and flawed.
And wishing they had not flapped,
Or dropped jaws.

Stripped, clawed and flawed,
From a baring of emotions felt so raw!
Around strangers who now know all!
And wishing they had not dropped jaws.

Stripped,
Clawed and flawed.
From a baring of emotions felt so raw!
Around strangers who now know all!
And wishing they had not dropped jaws!

Stripped,
Clawed and flawed.

'You left me not tip? '

Flawed and clawed.

'You left me not tip? '

Clawed and flawed

'You left me not tip? '

Flawed and clawed.

Stripped,
Clawed and flawed.

'You left me not tip? '

Flawed and clawed.

'You left me not tip? '

Clawed and flawed.

'You left me not tip? '

Flawed and clawed.

Stripped,
Clawed and flawed!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Strips Of Montaged Clips

Zooming in with specific interest,
To examine strips of montaged clips...
Snipped and pieced together to depict,
People enjoying their decadence.

But only a few do I see,
Actually laboring to enable themselves...
With earnings gained to afford it.
While many others seem to lay around,
Looking for ways to get paid...
At someone else's expense.

'Have these pictures been doctored?
Have they been pasted together to represent,
A 'theme' you've chosen just to display a decadence? '

~Not at all.
They appear to be strips of montaged clips.
And I did no doctoring to alter the appearance.
Why do you ask me this? ~

'I do not object to the decadence.
I know for myself the tremendous expense of it.
However...
Besides the absence of psychiatrists,
Or anyone monitoring these social habits.
I can not believe the leeches I see,
Are welcomed as if they are tolerated.'

~No one can.
That's why my exhibits have been highly successful,
By those who come here to visit...
Disbelieving what I capture are facts.
And not re-enactments to attract.
How many copies do you want? ~

'How many can I get? '

~How much cash do you have?

I don't do lay-away or credit.~

'Gee.
I can give you my Mercedes? '

~What year is it? ~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Stroking Their Egos

What are they doing over there?

'Stroking their egos.'

Why have none of the tasks required,
And assigned to be done...
Have not been touched.
Or given priority?

'Remember...
When it was suggested to you,
Not to issue them titles?
Well...
Try to get them to do anything now.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Stroll Into Your Limelight!

Stroll into your limelight!
Brave.
Let gusto push you front and center.
Others still wait for unanswered prayers,
Stored and saved...
To show gold fingers to adorn deflated egos.
Attached without obstacles...
Gift wrapped and packaged to camouflage pain!
Trinkets can be sold, borrowed and stolen.
Faith is not a commodity!
Discovery is bliss...
If you,
Stroll into your limelight!
Brave.
Say goodbye to nightmares.
Say goodbye to foolishness,
Trapped by the passing of hat tricks!
And dare your dreams to come true!
Demand they appear.
Not as others wish they do for you!
But as you know them to be!
It's time for you to shine.
You can!
Just do.
Be brave...
Stroll into your limelight,
And glow!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Strong And Confident

I understand those,
Who chased the taste of money.
I also admire those,
Who stick to their convictions.

But I do not comprehend anyone,
Who belabors in the dwelling of envy.
It seems too much time is spent,
Living one's life jealous and feeling resentment.

I understand those,
Who make mistakes.
Forgive 'themselves...
And move on.

It's difficult for me to tolerate,
The ones who make excuses...
And burden others,
With the singing of their sad songs.

And those who are strong and confident,
I've come to admire a lot!
They are the ones never heard in discussion,
Complaining about their aches and pains.
Or who it is they know!
Or what it is they've got.
They live their lives,
In the pursuit of what this experience to them means.

And there is something about 'that' done,
That earns the giving of my respect.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Strong And Sturdy Branches

A nibbling on the roots of the tree,
Has been done for so long...
Those questioning the growth,
Of persisting to do this...
Infuriates the ones believing this is a custom.
A ritual believed should be kept as is.

Although all agree attempts to establish a unity,
Should be a group effort first...
To discover why the tree seems to be without,
Strong and sturdy branches.
While dismissing with discouragement...
Those reaching to bloom to heights.

'No one seems to know,
Why progress for us has been extremely slow.'

~Really?
It's a mystery isn't it? ~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Strong Enough Not To Express Their Frustrations

Explaining themselves with a host of excuses.
Says many things about people like this.
And the one thing that stands out clearly,
Is a wish they believe is kept secret...
To have their insecurities accepted.
With a protecting no one neglects of this.

These people are always demanding,
Understanding.
With a hope...
That someone will come along,
To allow themselves to be openly disrespected.

While comprehending in a patience understood,
They are the ones...
Strong enough not to express their frustrations.
Soley for the purpose to have others dump theirs.
Making the act of this help the dumpers feel good.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Strong Enough To Smell

Coffee not requested,
Strong enough to smell.
With a brewing one can tell.
But tea is what one wishes,
As desired to fill a cup.
Yet there is a message being served.
And the one expecting tea,
Should just get up and leave.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Strong On Hype

Having a conversation,
With someone not listening.
Isn't a conversation.
It is work.
And not 'of' art!

Tedious it is to keep repeating,
Something said to someone...
With a selective process going on,
In their head.
And quick to change direction of conversation.

And...
Don't say 'anything',
That can be interpreted as intelligent.
Someone will perceive...
The simpliest of word usage for them,
Is other than what anyone perceives to be basic.

Keep it simple,
Stupid!
Keep it simple,
Stupid.

To dumbdown these days,
In the getting of anything across...
AND comprehended,
Is no longer a matter of choice.
To get others to effectively listen,
One is practically enforced...
To use techniques at a preschool level.

Think this to be a joke?
An assumption done by one sarcastic?
Or a cynic being overly dramatic?
Well...
Unfortunately,
It isn't.

Many college professors,
Are 'literally' face to teach those...
Who can neither read at levels of high school.
Nor can write sentences without words spelled,
Incorrectly.

And yet,
There are those defending the right to fight in conflicts...
To protect an 'interest'.
And that interest is not invested in the minds of the young.

'Keep it simple,
Stupid!
Keep it simple,
Stupid.'

And those comments made today,
Are not by the intructors heard...
Conducting their lessons.
Those comments are made by the students,
To those who intruct in classrooms...
By those who can not follow direction.
Nor can they keep,
On any grade level with others waiting impatiently...
Watching other stundents,
Making 'some' attempt with a trying to keep up!

To say an entire system is in dire need,
Of an innovative revamping...
Is an understatement that has offended,
Much too long in the protecting of a pretentiousness...
Stong on hype.
But not in an insight invited,
That has been in need of thorough self examination.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Strong Willed And Opinionated

Some suspect I am into myself!
I play along with it.
To amuse their curiousities.
Knowing they have no idea...
The influences that structured me.
We expressed ourselves freely,
As children growing up.
My parents were quite intelligent and gifted.
And they would give us 'signals' when to speak...
And when to shut up!
Strong willed and opinionated,
My sisters and I were taught to be that way!
And if we had something on our minds...
Inside of us it did not stay!
Wherever the spirits of my parents are,
They have to be proud...
Of the lives we have displayed!
But I often wished,
What it would be like.
If my mother did sew up my lips...
To keep my mouth shut closed and tight!
Since she said some things,
Not to tease us.
But to strike a fear within us that would fright!

'What did-you-say?
You better not say another thing to me, boy! '

Ma...
Please,
Don't tell daddy!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Stronger Than Ever

A sticking to a gloom in 'what ifs'...
To compensate for the speeding of time done.
Does nothing for one's lack of movement.
Especially if those have chosen...
Not to catch up and run,
In these times that have come.

Victims of stunned disbeliefs,
Awaiting in patience...
To swallow their pride and gain relief.
Should not count on that coming too soon.
These days of rapid change...
Has left little room,
For steps taken in a much quicker pace...
To be explained.

Some will stride with backs packed with sorrows.
With their eyes fixed on tomorrow.
And keeping their faith,
Stronger than ever.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Stronger Than I Have Ever Been

Not one moment of heartache,
To put broken pieces back together...
Inflicted with intention done bu others,
Did I come to enjoy.
Nor the seconds of bitterness,
I learned to forget and forgive...
Can I say were the highlights in my life.
But the healing from them,
As I grew wiser from the process...
To make me stronger than I have ever been,
Is an achievement,
I have witnessed to regard as miraculous.
And to begin to explain how I remained sane,
With a peace of mind kept to keep protected...
Only blessed can I say I am to confess it.
Only blessed can I say I am to leave addressed.

'How did you manage to remove the stench of demons? '

Only blessed can I say I am to confess it.
Only blessed can I say I am,
To leave the facts of doing that left unexpressed.
With a not looking back to say,
I am stronger in ways that I have never been.
Kept faith to have provoked is no joke!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Strongly Suggested And Advisable

If anyone wants to be taken seriously,
Investing first in gaining crediblity...
Is strongly suggested and advisable.
Since adopting a fast track way,
To obtain acceptance in some influential circles...
Just to be seen hob nobbing amongst,
The movers and shakers who themselves charade...
Does not guarantee a long lasting approval.

And besides...
Dressing the part no longer impresses those awake.
Spotting instantly those who seek,
To glamorize every entrance they make.
And...
They may or may 'not' be fake.
But today?
The odds are not in their favor.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Structure

One with a topic,
Must adopt structure.
With an effectiveness,
That seduces unexpectedly.

Without structure,
A captivation wished...
Never comes to satisfy.
Or acknowledges before it leaves.

And those with desires,
To get their points across...
Will someday realize it is structure,
That intensifies and pleases all of their needs.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Strungout

The same tactics used repeatedly,
And over and over again in changing times.
Lose their affectiveness,
And the attention they get.

Like an alcoholic who drinks.
Or one addicted to drugs.
A conditioning process has been instilled.
Those highs once enjoyed,
Produce a lesser thrill!

It's like going through the motions,
And devoted to an expectation!
When sensations aren't achieved...
Folks like these blame God.
Or claim they know Him.
But somehow their faith is not strong enough...
To give them what they need,
To identify results they anticipated.

However...
They remain in varying stages,
Reminiscing about those good times
When everything was fine.
And they got what they wanted...
Until that no longer satisfied.
So,
Of course...
Something or someone,
Had to be found guilty or at fault...
For not delivering what they wanted and when!

The same tactics used repeatedly,
And over and over again in changing times.
Lose their effectiveness,
And the attention they get.
Like a child with a toy,
Who begins to annoy...
When that toy has satisfied their whims!

Much like having a variety of religions...
All professing to know God.
But the people are at odds,
As to how this 'Oneness' should be depicted!

Leaving everyone 'strungout' and hyped up...
Physically debilitated!
Intoxicated and stupefied!
To reach for something,
That doesn't quite meet their needs.
Although willing to victimize anyone available...
In the search to find it!
To declare a justified self importance.
For a temporary gratification,
To induce a prolonged and effective delusion.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Strutting All Your Stuff On Main Street

On that avenue where your heartbreak is chased,
I follow you with wishes,
All your bitter kept feelings from you...
Fades away.
And I would see you,
Strutting all your stuff on Main Street.
I'd like to see you,
Strutting all your stuff on Main Street.

And with your head down like its been really tough,
Looking as if you're about to give life up...
But I wish,
You would 'dis' this to strut on Main Street.
Oh yes I miss you...
Strutting all your stuff on Main Street.

Just know I've done a boo-hoo too!
And that didn't do a thing to prove,
Anybody noticing would rescue...
Me from my grief to free it.

A public boo-hooing is not cool.
Since nobody will undo,
Your heartbreak that is felt.
Nobody else but..
Yourself to get over.

On that avenue where your heartbreak is chased,
I follow you with wishes to replace,
All those bitter feelings that you face...
To fade them away from your mind to stay,
And I'd see you...
Strutting all your stuff on Main Street.
Oh yes I miss you,
Strutting all your stuff on Main Street.
And I really want to see you,
Just strutting all your stuff on Main Street.

I'd like to see you,

Just strutting all your stuff.
With an attitude,
That you can't flaunt enough.
And doing that with a strutting that you do,
On Main Street.

I'd like to see you...
Strutting all your stuff on Main Street

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Stubborn People Often Weep

Decided by decisions made,
To do what one pleases...
Regardless of what others say.
And having one's way...
Until a brick wall is hit.
With an awakening to ponder...
The reason and cause of it!

Stubborn people often weep,
Loudly and often without peaceful sleep.
They wish to have others accept and understand,
The origins of their thick-headedness.
With an attention given,
They themselves dismiss to comprehend...
Or keep a firm grasp within their own hands.

They wish to have others accept and understand,
The origins of their thick-headedness.
When they aren't even committed to sit,
Self-examine.
But from others they make demands.

Decided by decisions made,
To do what one pleases...
Regardless of what others say.
And having one's way...
Until a brick wall is hit.
With an awakening to ponder...
The reason and cause of it!

Stubborn people often weep,
Loudly and often without peaceful sleep.
They wish to have others accept and understand,
When they aren't even committed to sit.
Self-examine.
But from others they make demands.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Stubborn Poses

Holding a firm grip,
Onto bitterness and anguish...
From times now that do not exist.
Is something people do!
Why do you choose that to be you?

Schoolyard games and childish antics...
Have many still inviting,
These conflicts in their minds...
To persist and rewind.

Hoping to find themselves validated...
By anyone who has replaced,
A forward movement...
With a backward pace.
Just to appease a waste to accomodate.
Regardless of the foolishness this creates.

And there are those
Who choose to stay in their ruts...
Stuck!
In such outdated...
Mindless stubborn poses!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Stubbornly Affixed

An exhausted horse,
Began to show signs of weakness...
Years ago.
And those who rode it,
Ignored the signs.
They chose to ride it hard...
And its maintenance declined.

The horse slowed and faltered.
Keeled over and died.
Some got off and announced its death.
While others demanded...
A desire to continue their ride.

Many chose to debate the fate of the horse.
As others observed a replacement due.
Some refused to open their eyes...
And denied an immediate and effective rescue.
As a few stood by...
And blocked all attempts.

Even after the horse was buried...
Heated arguments still exist.
With some lamenting...
The return of leadership,
Decades long gone.
And many...
Who have passed these scenes viewed today...
Walk away amazed,
As to how some can stay fixed...
In their ignorant ways.

And stand they do...
Praising the dirt covered roads now paved.
With wishes they could live lives...
Back when their ancestors had plantations!
Back in 'the day'
In times when they all seem to thrive.
Surrounded by the dancing and the smiling done,

By happy and entertaining slaves!
With none refusing to obey.

And stubbornly affixed they are in their minds.
Disregarding the fact...
The year is two thousand and nine!
With a One World Order rule descending,
Upon them.
And a dead horse collecting dust...
With no one ever again to climb.
To show how much an attention given...
Will allow any of them again to shine!

Pathetic are these mindsets.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Stuck In A Web Affected

A peace achieved,
Has to be a desire craved on a daily basis.
It is not a given to be received,
As if one is entitled.
And many perceive themselves,
Chosen to decide who is deserving.

No success comes without a sweating done,
By someone to get it.
And those paying the price are usually overlooked.

Only those wishing to benefit as they sit,
Are the ones who protest the doing of others...
Sticking out their necks to put their heads on the line.
To have them chopped off to disrespect everytime,
By those who find a taking advantage of what others do...
With a complaining done but nothing from them invested.

When nothing comes from those to invest,
A disrespecting fast manifests.
When nothing comes from those to invest,
Protesting begins until they get...
Others indebted in their mess.
And...
Stuck in a web affected.

When nothing comes from those to invest,
Others indebted in their mess...
Become,
Stuck in a web affected.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Stuck In A 'What? ' Zone

High beamed like a deer,
Crossing a speeding road...
Where fast moving vehicles,
Of all kinds appear.
Stuck...
In a 'what? ' zone.
Stuck and incapable,
To see what others do so clear.

They are there staring,
To continue excursions...
Of unfulfilled but wished dreams.
Wondering 'why' they are prevented from landing,
Safely on lush and emerald green pastures.
Depicted to deliver an everlasting feast of joy.
Blinded by promise!
And teased images employed to keep envisioned.

Stuck in a 'what' zone and struck by 'light'.
Smothered to be covered up,
By thorns that prick and thick debris.
Fences adorned by barbed wire,
Will not make it easy to feed as freely.
Escaping from the traffic comes too quick.
Some quit to leave others jumping to take chances.

'What has happened to our visions?
Visions you teased us to keep envisioned.'

~There are no cushions of life to provide you here.
Only those who have sacrificed cleared their own paths.~

'But, we were led to believe we would be entitled.'

~You are!
You are entitled to pick up those shovels.
Choose a direction.
And then pray with faith what is done to do,
Eventually removes from your eyesight...

Heights to achieve your beliefs.~

'We see no mountaintops here.'

~We heard that same story from some old goats.
But you know what happened to them? ~

'No...
What happened to them? '

~They too thought they would prace around here,
Like some young deer.
They took those shovels and began to clear their way.
And it took them years to discover wisdom and the facts.~

'What were the facts? '

~They were never deer, afterall.
And it took them time to realize they were goats.
Sitting ontop of those mountains you can't see.
That's why we call them old goats because they are wise.~

'But...
WE 'are' DEER.
WHO are YOU? '

~You can return back to where you came from...
Or,
You can pursue your dreams.
All you need to know,
Is this...
I'm not the one stuck in a 'what? ' zone!
Nor am I on anyone's welcoming committee.
Choose a path. Take a shovel...
Or take your chances facing that traffic.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Stuck In Between Disbelief And Denial

A return to relive,
A yesterday gone...
Is not going to 're-happen'.

That change to come,
Has arrived for everyone.
And that which 'is' as it appears,
Is here to stay.
With severe adjustments,
By many to be made.

And...
For those still stuck,
In between disbelief and denial...
Should choose acceptance,
As a long lasting friend.
With plenty time to devote,
To a doubtlessly close relationship.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Stuck In Between Floors

An elevator stuck in between floors,
Will stay where it is.
Until it is fixed.
Or someone who rides inside of it,
Recognizes a maintenance is needed.
And as soon as this is done,
A performance is returned as is expected.
To dissipate an impatience.

However,
If someone is inside and can not recognize,
They are stuck in between floors...
And ignores to be assisted,
By pushing an emergency button...
To obtain much needed help.
It may be already too late...
To get these doors to open on the right floor!

'Have you made any attempts to use a metaphor,
Before? '

~No I haven't.
How can that help me? ~

'It will give me an idea you understand its usage.
Giving me 'something' to clarify where you are.'

~I don't have a clue.~

'I hear your voice.
But I don't follow you at all.
Hopefully,
You will be rescued in due time.'

~How long will that take? ~

'I don't have a clue.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Stuck In Childish Ways

We live in speeding different times.
And appearances of one's age,
Chronologically...
Can be deceiving.

And a maturity of mind,
Can no longer be defined by looks.
But by actions taken to admit and face,
So many today regardless of age...
Seek escapes to chase away,
Traces of being held accountable...
For that which they do.
To accuse others as a convenience.
And expect an empathy too!

Commitment to fraudulence,
Is as commom today as excuses made.
Very few own up to their misdeeds done.
With a preferring to lie and disguise to charade.

We live in speeding different times.
And appearances of one's age,
Chronologically...
Can be deceiving.

And mindsets still stuck in childish ways,
Are often displayed to portray an innocence.
With a running to others to convince those listening,
How someone intentionally picked on them to offend.

Commitment to fraudulence,
Is as commom today as excuses made.
Very few own up to their misdeeds done.
With a preferring to lie and disguise to charade,
No matter if one older masquerades an adult age.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Stuck In Doubtful Visions

Jobs coming and created...
Will instill an appreciation,
For the infrastructure...
Long depreciated.

And disciplined these millions will be.
Trained to respect...
The 'We Can' vision,
President Obama expects.
A fresh horizon is what's next!

Changes to all aspects,
Of a way of life many neglected.
Come!
And everyone,
Will do their part...
With a deeper understanding.
Felt in their minds and hearts.

A new dawn will find many,
Clinging on...
To their mops and brooms,
To make room for it when it appears.
Making it clear to those,
Stuck in doubtful visions...
As they sweep in a uniformed awareness.
Executed like nothing known before!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Stuck In The Business Of Others

Unfortunate is a wasting of time done,
By those choosing others to monitor.
And as if entitled.
With a doing of this without pay,
Or can be defined as an assignment.

The practice of this,
Seems to often occupy the minds of hypocrites.
The ones claiming religious beliefs kept with faith,
To devote in the keeping of their noses...
Stuck in the business of others.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Stuck In The Dungeons

With no light to find...
In deep and darkened dungeons.
Stuck in the dungeons,
With no light to find...
And sinking in the grunge!
Even though,
There's a door left open...
But some oppose,
And prefer to have it closed.
Oh!
Stuck in the dungeons,
With no light to find...
In deep and darkened dungeons.
Stuck in the dungeons,
With no light to find...
And sinking in the grunge!
Even though,
There's a door left open...
But some oppose,
And prefer to have it closed.
Oh!
Some are picked to look for locks,
To prevent any light that they can block...
To stop it,
From coming...
In!
Oh...
They hold their woes.
Oh...
They hold their woes.
Oh...
They hold their woes.
Oh...
They hold their woes.
Oh...
Some are picked to look for locks,
To prevent any light that they can block...
To stop it,
From coming...

In!
Oh...
Stuck in the dungeons,
With no light to find...
In deep and darkened dungeons.
Stuck in the dungeons,
With no light to find...
And sinking in the grunge!
Even though,
There's a door left open...
But some oppose,
And prefer to have it closed.
Oh!
They hold their woes.
Oh...
They hold their woes.
Oh!
They hold their woes,
And prefer the door closed!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Stuck In The Middle And Feeling Sad

What is it that you need,
To interrupt your love for suffering?

Do you need a lot of...
Discipline.
Would you like a little...
Motivation?

Stuck in the middle of indecision,
You lack motivation.
Stuck in the middle and feeling sad,
You lack a discipline

Stuck in the middle of indecision,
You lack motivation.
Stuck in the middle and feeling sad,
You lack a discipline.

What is it that you need,
To interrupt your love for suffering?

You're stuck in the middle of indecision,
You lack motivation.
You're stuck in the middle and feeling sad,
You lack a discipline.

Do you need a lot of...
Discipline.
Would you like a little...
Motivation?

What is it that you need,
To interrupt your love for suffering?

You're stuck in the middle of indecision,
You lack motivation.
You're stuck in the middle and feeling sad,
You lack a discipline.

You're stuck in the middle of indecision,
You lack motivation.
You're stuck in the middle and feeling sad,
You lack a discipline.

You're stuck in the middle of indecision,
You lack motivation.
You're stuck in the middle and feeling sad,
You lack a discipline.
You lack a discipline.
You lack a discipline.
You lack a discipline.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Stuck In The Middle Of

Stuck in the middle of,
Something this is not my stuff.
Caught in the middle of,
Something this is not my stuff.
Stuck in the middle of,
Something this is not my stuff.
I've had enough,
Of all the stuff.
I've had enough,
It's messed up.

Too many days,
I laid and played...
The game,
Of all the stuff...
That has gotten too much.

And too many times,
I'm all entwined...
With that stuff.
That feeds and corrupts.

Caught in the middle of,
Something this is not my stuff.
Stuck in the middle of,
Something this is not my stuff.
Caught in the middle of,
Something this is not my stuff.
I've had enough,
Of that stuff.
I've had enough...
It's messed up,
And too corrupt.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Stuck In The Practice

Stuck in the practice,
Of success re-anactments.
To charade for others,
With a hopeful soothing done...
To keep expectations physically seen,
As if something secret is there to be won!

Uncomfortable are those behind their own closed doors.
And sleepless are their nights,
With impressions to fill the hunger...
Of 'assumed' appetites!
With social activities kept prioritized,
People are observed walking around...
Dressed to impress with bloodshot eyes.

Frustrated to appeal to others who critique.
People have dieted themselves from common sense.
And comprehension and reason,
No longer do they feed on this their minds to eat.
Although a picking may be done this is left to leave.

Destroyed are integrities and identities dismissed.
An A credit standing is why some from day to day exist.
And nothing in their environments supports a stripping away,
Of all nonsense.
People want to feel they belong,
No matter what that price paid is!

Stuck in the practice,
Of success re-anactments.
To charade for others,
With a hopeful soothing done...
To keep expectations physically seen,
As if something secret is there to be won!

And there is!
Mental breakdowns.
With an attached assortment,
Of high cost hospital visits.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Stuck In Their Nonexistent Beliefs

It is difficult to leave behind,
Those whose minds are kept defined...
By times no longer here to breathe.

What keeps them fixed,
With such a stubbornness...
Has many refusing to converse with them.
And abruptly from them people leave.
To find fresh air pollution free.

Rapidly changes are amongst us to see.
To witness and adapt appropriately.

But there are those who will remain,
Stuck in their nonexistent beliefs...
That horsedrawn wagons and cobblestone streets,
Were innovations never to be replaced.
Even when shifting winds...
Show an aging upon their disbelieving faces.

With deep concerns that can be traced...
Back to those times they can not let go!
Yet argue to be heard,
Their way of life for 'certain' people...
Is more than well deserved.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Stuck Like Glue

You are quite different,
Than what I had expected.

'Who and what did you expect? '

Based on rumors and gossip heard,
You are nothing like that at all...
An injustice has been served.

'Oh?
Not at all.
You must not look at it that way.
I see it as an opportunity...
To get those the attention that they seek.'

I do see this from your point of view.
And after meeting you...
I can understand,
There may be some jealousy and backbiting...
Those who are envious make known in their pursuits.'

'I can not stop doing what I do...
Just to chase little children,
Making grumpy noises as they masquerade...
Jumping up and down to get attention,
Dressed in their monster suits to do a 'BOO'!
I thank God maturity is on my mind,
With an obligation that keeps me stuck like glue! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Stuck On Pause

The biggest enemy we fight...
Is the inability to admit wrongs,
That are clearly not right.

Punishing the truth with ignorant stances...
Enhances the danger,
And defeats any chances...
To regain integrity lost!
It is the price paid,
For proceeding unswayed at any cost!
With a narrow mindset decreasing.

And the accomplishments gained,
Are flushed down the drain...
By those remaining obstinate,
In attempts to sustain a fading glory
Never to be reclaimed.
It's been lived...
Never to be the same!

Times drastically change...
For those minds stuck on pause!
Leaving options that were bountiful,
Burned to a crisp...
On bridges now flaming,
But once safely crossed!

And all who stood by watching,
Are now victims of their whims!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Stuck On Themselves

Those seeking to be understood,
Are stuck on themselves.
Instead of living lives like they should,
Their flaws become someone else's fault.
And quick they are to hide their blunders,
In a charade of masquerades.
Only to say how strong their faith is!
To deliver their best of repeated hypocrisies.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Stuck With Mixed Emotions

You've got me,
Locked.
You've got me hinged.
You've got my heart to open up.
But you keep yours,
Hidden within.

I am locked.
And magnetized.
I feel as if a need is clinging,
To never let this feeling end.

You've got me locked.
You've got me hinged.
You've got my heart to open up.
But...
Your door stays closed within.

What am I to do?
You've got me stuck with mixed emotions.
What am I to do?
I can't saddle up and leave.

What am I to do?
You've got me stuck with mixed emotions.
And,
I'd rather not be sure...
Than be sure I've been delusioned.

You've got me locked.
You've got me hinged.
You've got my heart to open up.
But...
Your door stays closed within.

What am I to do?
You've got me stuck with mixed emotions.
What am I to do?
I can't saddle up and leave.

What am I to do?
You've got me stuck with mixed emotions.
And,
I'd rather not be sure...
Than be sure I've been delusioned.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Student Of Life

I do the best I can,
As a writer to condense...
An experience I may have had,
With the purpose to share...
My observations with others,
Hoping the doing of this...
Communicates similar interests.

Nothing I attempt as a poet,
Is meant...
From a podium sent.
To be lectured.
For those suggested,
To take notes for tests.

Nor do I feel obligated,
To explain a changing to do...
A Point of view.
Some days begin sunny.
Without a cloud in the sky.
But I don't groan and complain,
With those who did not...
Expect a drop of rain.
I regard it,
As part of the process.
Being wet is better,
Than getting blisters on feet.
Dragged bare,
Through heated sand...
Of the Sahara.

I don't preach to teach.
Quote scriptures or Bible thump
Like some who define,
All aspects of hypocrisy.
No claim I make,
To fake 'sainthood'.
And I listen to comprehend,
Others who express opinions...

Different than my own.

I am a student of life.
A living exhibit,
Of a work in progress.
Knowing to accept,
And not reject...
From where my lessons,
To learn and obtain...
A gaining of wisdom come.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Study The Atmosphere

If ever you are approached by someone,
Who comments that you are different.
Do not become offended.
That's the time when you should become aware,
Of the environment.

And if you perceive it to be out of the ordinary,
You may represent something not often seen.

Immediately stop!
Go get a cup of coffee or tea.
Sit quietly and study the atmosphere.
Your adventurous 'spirit'...
May have intruded upon those of limited minds.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Studying New Maneuvers

Where is your prized horse?
The one that leads the pack,
Whenever I am on the track...
Just to practice.

Where is your prized horse?
The one you let loose to run the course.
To distract with an attraction,
To have me viewed by the others...
As the one to beat.
After you believe,
The releasing of your prized horse...
Should first be the one to wear me down.

Where is your prized horse?
The one that leads the pack,
Whenever I am on the track...
Just to practice.
Or have you come alone to take notes.
Get chummy and share a few jokes.
Believing I have an ego,
Unaware of every detail of my doing.

Where is your prized horse?
Studying new maneuvers,
To undo what comes natural to me?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Studying To Qualify

For purposes of a higher income...
Those who pursue a college degree is done.

Few seem to seek an education,
To comprehend humanity.

And from observances...
An abundant need of it goes unserved.

Not many are wishing to greed for this...
As a desire to feed or crave its worth.

Many are wanting image!
And studying to qualify...
To get as much of it as they can get.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Stuff

When did your stuff,
Suddenly...
Become better than mine?
To accept and tolerate.
I thought we had something,
In common between us.

'It wasn't sudden.
I use to feel that way too.
But...
I began to notice over time,
You had more stuff than me...
To pull out of a trunk,
That got too funky on me to dump.
And I had told you,
I had 'some' baggage.
But a truck load of it you actually had.
And my own stuff is more than enough,
Just for me to handle.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Stuffed Shirts Smother

Values fixed,
In rusted steel
Once gleaming tall and storied.
Has those towers leaning,
With those inside eating pizza.

The realness of this vision screams,
As those unconscious
Return acts obscene.
By using influence,
To hush the crushing...
And seal pipe dreams.

Although very few,
In those high rises survive.
Stuffed shirts smother...
When they begin to believe,
The nonsense produced
And filed under 'Lies,
Excuses and Alibis Yet to Try'.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Stumbles Like Tumbleweeds

Land of lost realities.
And it is difficult to shake,
The people awake.
Those who trusted,
With a faith no one could break!

They have long been fed deceit.
For too long they have been kept asleep.
And the visions confronting them,
They can not believe.
They can not perceive...
Their way of life,
Stumbles like tumbleweeds.

And anyone who insisted...
A standard and quality from them drifted,
Was dismissed.
Just like the times for them now that exist.
Shifting like an earthquake,
That startles quick with splits.

But they can not conceive...
What has been taken for granted,
Now from them leaves.
Like the changing colors in Autumn on trees.
Changing from Summer so dramatically.

And keeping they do an hypocriscy...
Sitting with them to grieve.
As victims from self inflicted wounds to bleed.
Like those 'other' people did...
Once witnessed in the comfort,
Of their homes on TV!
Homes now foreclosed.
And from a time that use to be!
A time now suddenly more like a fantasy.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Stumbling Through Your Paradise

Stumbling through your paradise,
With eyes not opened wide enough.
I wanted to believe,
You would find paradise in me.

Stumbling through your paradise,
What is it from me needed?
Since what appears to me,
Are dreams come true successfully...
For you.

'Have you not been in my dreams?
Have I not shared them with you?
Have you not been in my dreams?
What is it you wish me to prove?
Love? '

Stumbling through your paradise,
With eyes not opened wide enough.
I wanted to believe,
You would find paradise in me.

'I did not need you!
I wanted you.
And wanted you to feel the same.
If it is paradise with me you see...
It is because of you,
That view is there as it is seen.'

Stumbling through your paradise,
With eyes not opened wide enough.
I wanted to believe,
You would find paradise in me.

'No paradise alone can one see.
Lose conceit.
No more stumbling then will you greet.
If with me you believe you should be.
Lose conceit, lose conceit.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Stumps On Corner Dumps

If she wasn't working,
He wasn't there.
And 'if' he was there...
It was the first of every month.

Chumps and ball handlers.
Stumps on corner dumps.
To define them as punks...
Would defend them as spineless men.

She's been led to believe,
That man independent...
Not needing a woman to feed his needs,
Just has to be 'that way'.
You know...
Limped wrist and gay.

And she and her girlfriends,
When they sit at the bars...
Talking about themselves,
For hours and hours.
And who is not a man...
Doing what a man can!
They get up and leave...
To tweak each other's needs.
With a tweaking done to please.

She's been led to believe,
That man independent...
Not needing a woman to feed his needs,
Just has to be 'that way'.
You know...
Limped wrist and gay.

If she wasn't working,
He wasn't there.
And 'if' he was there...
It was the first of every month.

Chumps and ball handlers.
Stumps on corner dumps.
To define them as punks...
Would defend them as spineless men.
But who is left in the household...
To encourage, raise and discipline them?

And she and her girlfriends,
When they sit at the bars...
Talking about themselves,
For hours and hours.
And who is not a man...
Doing what a man can!
They get up and leave...
To tweak each other's needs.
With a tweaking done to please.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Stun, Numb And Dumb Them Up!

The absence of trash indiscriminately disgarded around.
With clean streets and people treating themselves respectfully,
Says this about their environment...
There is a sharing of caring being done.
And a gratefulness is expressed by everyone.

Those selfish and feeding upon wishes of greed,
Could care less about other people as seen in a unity.
And those places where they worship,
To rid themselves from their evils they are taught to practice...
Are all over the place to stun, numb and dumb them up!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Stung

Lies.
My lies.
My lies.

I learned to quick admit them.

Lies.
My lies.
My lies.

I learned to quick admit them.

When I was young I said I was stung by a bee.
And I was told not to go where I shouldn't be.
And then I 'fibbed' thinking this would benefit.
And right away my mama punished me for it...
'Cause I led.

Lies.
My lies.
My lies.

I learned to quick admit them.

Lies.
My lies.
My lies.

I learned to quick admit them.

My mama struck me and my lips went out poked.
She said don't ever lie and she was no joke.

And I cried.
I cried.
I cried.

My mama stung and I was punished...
From lies.

Telling lies.
My lies.

My mama stung and I was punished...
From lies.
Telling lies.
My lies.

And I learned quick to admit them!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Stung By Ego

They all lay claims
On talents they have.
As if to aim their comments,
Towards someone believed
To be ego driven mad.
But anyone who is blessed
With gifts.
Understand that God
Wants them to work the ones
They have been blessed with.
To sit around and just make claims...
Only proves and displays a laziness gained.
And anyone who is not stung by ego...
Knows this sometimes,
Is not only heaven but most times hell!
As others who have visions of fame...
Are asleep to awaken,
With talents and gifts 'they' may know
Worthy of showing to produce to tell.
But seem to have less time to apply them,
And more time to find flourishing lies that swell...
Their heads!
With embellishment to relish,
Instead!
As they raise their lips in conceit,
To flap well!
As they prop up their feet,
In front of a TV.
Sitting their behinds on spreading seats,
To snack and eat!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Stunned

Realities and their concepts,
Have been so distorted.
Even revealing their falsities...
Many can not just abort them.

Trauma and tragedies of epic proportions...
Descend upon mentalities,
Making attempts to absorb the enormity.
An immensity crowds their densities.

And the presence of God,
Does not enter into their consciousness.
Those unbelieving can not accept...
This Earth is not their creation.
And The Almighty is a rumor at best.
Although every conceivable 'natural' test...
Has been applied by Mother Nature,
To put their insignificance at rest!

And yet this evolution upon them takes hold.
A change so drastic has indeed begun.
Before their eyes this takes hold.
Leaving them with no place to hide.
And certainly from themselves...
They will try,
But can not run.

Stunned are those of hollowed faith!
Stunned is a quality of life that comes...
To become for them replaced.
Stunned are the ones,
Accustomed to use rascism as their taste!
And left undone is a reality...
To crumble until it humbles.
Until everyone respects with grace.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Stunned By A Running

Here!
Take this from me with a purpose to label it yours.
I wont be offended.
Nor will I be the one to defend my giving.
Or be stunned by a running you do into a brick wall.
Especially if those bricks,
Are the ones from me you decided you would pick.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Stunned By The Show Of It

They wanted him to take action.
They wanted him to express an accountability.
And in the process,
Voices of opposition are raised...
Against his policies.

So unaccustomed to effective leadership...
Or witnessing how it is done.
People are stunned by the show of it.
Believing prolonged irrational debates,
Is the only way conflicts are won!

With a voting on who amongst those arguing,
Had come to impress and had been better dressed!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Stunned By The Speed And Brightness

These days now and ahead,
Are not for those wicked.
A lifting of consciousness has come.
Leaving many to make attempts,
To overcome and be done...
With self deceptions.
Hidden in beliefs,
No one can 'see' through their deceits.
With new found clarity.

These days now and ahead,
Are not for those wicked.
Those yesterdays are buried and dead.
Too much truth today is demanded instead.

And those dishonest trying to outrun,
This light that comes...
Are stunned,
By the speed and brightness!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Stunned They Run

They've been there running,
Since he was elected.
Like plucked chickens,
Without necks.
They don't respect him.
No they don't.
Or his leadership that's best.

They've been there running,
Since he was elected.
Like plucked chickens,
Without necks.
They hate the fact he's where he's at.
And they're upset because of that.

Stunned they run,
Since he was elected.
He's no fun,
Since he was elected.
To do to get done,
Is his objective.
With more change to come.

Stunned they run,
Since he was elected.
He's no fun,
Since he was elected.
To do to get done,
Is his objective.
With more change to come.

They want reality delivered with more sweetening.

They've been there running,
Since he was elected.
Like plucked chickens,
Without necks.
They hate the fact he's where he's at.
And they're upset because of that.

They want reality delivered with more sweetening.

Stunned they run,
Since he was elected.
He's no fun,
Since he was elected.
To do to get done,
Is his objective.
With more change to come.

Stunned they run,
Since he was elected.
He's no fun,
Since he was elected.
To do to get done,
Is his objective.
With more change to come.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Stunned With A Stinging Into Love

My heart hunts to be captured.
Runs to be chased.
And sits in denial.

My mind wants to be soothed.
And feel assured.
My body aches to be touched.

And that's a cure I am sure I'll endure.
When the hunt ends.
And I am stunned with a stinging into a love,
Wanted much.

When the hunt ends.
And I am stunned with a stinging into love.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Stuns With A Threatening Done

People fed delusions all of their lives,
With documents certified to validate their beliefs...
And with addictions so severe,
Difficult it will be for them to accept truth.
A truth that has been clearly omitted from reality.
Since truth when it is heard or gossiped to appear,
Stuns with a threatening done.
No one wants truth near.
No one wants truth around them to come.

People rush to purchase weapons.
And an array of licensed assault guns.
With the hope that this popularity,
Will show a truth daring to be exposed...
There are those opposing any threat to their delusions.
And protecting them should be taken seriously.
Proving themselves to represent,
So many with unhealthy mindsets unconvinced...
They have become sickened and with intent.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Stunted

Stunted in adolescence.
So sad to see them there.
Lead like sheep,
With no thoughts they keep.
Seeking to be entertained...
While remaining irresponsibly unaware.

Trapped and caged...
Growing older as they age.
Seeking approval for actions,
Found today...
Intolerable!

But these are the elders,
Who hid themselves in shelters.
Now they want to hangout...
To be accepted like the children.
And exchange with them,
Hop hop rap!
And getting 'down' with dirty mouths!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Stunting Others Too Numb

An effective mental projectedness...
Blankets to affect,
An accepted incorrectness.
People have selected,
For themselves...
To remain sheltered and not to detect.
An erosion suspected of a comprehension,
Elected.
Many wish to reject!
But its value is enforced...
With an engrossing blindedness.
Shuddering those to stutter...
And stunting others too numb.
Leaving some in opposition,
Deaf and dumb!
And the only ones left to overcome,
What is being to them done!
Completing a sustained intentional process...
To maintain a contamination,
With a controlled human devastation!
Removing an ability to think from everyone.
And such is the life...
Of anyone clinging onto truth.
Realizing today,
That holding firm in an earnest honesty...
Is a desperation a few can see and stuns!
And these are not the times to unwind from it.
This madness unimagined has just begun!
Shivering the quivers with no where to run.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Stupid

Stupid?
You may perceive them that way.
You may say you can no longer,
Tolerate them or obey their whims.
But just 'who' is the stupid one,
If everything they have done...
Has been adopted and approved,
As choices that you have condoned?

If they 'are' stupid...
As you wish them to be conveyed.
They are clearly not standing alone,
Imprisoned by their own convictions!
And being depicted as stupid,
Is a reflection of what they represent.
Your consent.
With your best wishes sent.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Stupid Is As Stupid Does

Oh yes!
I agree.
Stupid is as stupid does.

And...
I want to prove with an enhancement,
That my earned and valued stupidity...
Is a gift that has arisen to awe.

Leaving my flawed stupidity...
As a recognizable trait,
With no escaping from its existence.

And boasting with a flaunting of it,
I will.
Since this is an aspect of my pride.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Stupid Looks

People are now heard saying,
What 'could' have been done...
When what 'should' have been done,
They did not do.

Ignoring what has been stated,
To have someone else appear as if crazed...
Delivers the opposite effect,
To eventually reveal...
Those who procrastinate standing,
With stupid looks on their faces.

People seem only quick to listen,
After and not before something to them happens.
And to those they have chosen to critique and slander,
They are 'always' proactive...
With their character assassinations.
Even when they have clearly victimized themselves.

People are now heard saying,
What 'could' have been done...
When what 'should' have been done,
They did not do.

And they seek to lay blame on someone else,
As if it is their tradition to not self examine.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Stupity Recognized

No one can stop others,
From making the same mistakes.
Nor can anyone stop,
The same apologies expressed...
By the ones defending to protect their excuses.
The only ones left to be abused,
Are the ones tolerating excuses made.
And once repeated familiarity exists,
An immunity from it is shown.

When people are not convinced,
What they have done makes no sense...
Leave them alone.
Don't even offer condolences.
Exit to leave them alone.
Perhaps one day they will stop to hear,
The pointless sound of their own groans.
And stupidy recognized to be identified,
Only one can do this on their own.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Stupored On Stoops

Sitting stupored on stoops.
Aging 'boys',
In separate groups.
Daily gather to visit,
A long gone youth.
Hoping to rejuvenate,
Memories of an expertise had...
When they played 'hoops',
In places bulldozed.
Now scenes where people,
Dump their garbage.
And toss trash as they pass.

Cemented still they sit to sip,
On the last drips of liquor.
A 5th of a shared favorite.
And bragging who can,
Dunk their balls...
For old and relocated,
Neighborhood fans.
And...
Without not one to move,
From either group...
Gathered to brag what they then
In their youth to do,
Can prove...
With balls!
Nowhere to have them,
Used to witness.
Or be convinced...
It was with balls they ever had
At all!
To do from stoops.
Stupored and drooped over!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Style Of Delivery

Attacking one's style of delivery,
And refusing to acknowledge the substance implied...
For purposes to keep mentalities sugarized.
Allows an atmosphere to remain cut pasted and safe.
To continue a pledge of devotion,
Increasingly devoid of progress.
And of faith!

While keeping the people fast asleep.
With wishes not to be disturbed...
By a blatant theft of their consciousness,
From them pilfered by deception reeked!
To leave them undeterred.
And...
With minds voluntarily sold that truth produces,
An evilness identified that should not be induced.
But the goal that should be idolized,
Is the gold that should stay fixed...
In their clouded and dulled eyes.

And from them a significance,
Of life lived must be erased.
To adjust as their standards,
And way of life slowly is replaced.
With a drugging of acceptance,
Done!
In their collective distraught faces.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Style Vs Substance

As a TV show...
The first episode,
Will always overflow with style.
A longevity is promised.
And to heighten intensity,
Hype will always succeed.

But as far as substance goes...
Those who oppose style,
Have already been sold...
On a substance shown.
Since one excellent performance,
Does not guarantee a supportive audience.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Subjected To Listening

To convey an absence of knowledge,
Of hardships and dysfunctions...
To not have them focused upon,
As is wished.
Is commendable.
In fact...
These award winning performances given,
Are daily witnessed.

'To belabor my steps will not ease my journey.
And it continues.
Each blessing I accept as I move forward.
And today I find myself subjected to listening.
While others may reject the notion of devotion...
Commitment and the positive aspects of patience,
Growth and change...
I find myself subjected to listening!
And it was stubbornness in my past...
That has helped me with today's gains.

I find myself subjected to listening!
And that has helped me to maintain.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Subjected To Their Release Of Insecurities

You will get and find attention,
IF it is to someone's benefit.

You will be treated with consideration,
IF someone else gets credit for it.

You will also be ignored by those who show and tell.
The subject of charades and gossip.
Someone will initiate a wish not to see you well.

IF you are the one who has peace of mind...
And dismiss conflicts of all kinds.
Someone will produce an obstacle for you.

IF you have managed to survive,
And thrive independently...
You will get and find attention,
From those unaccepting...
You have achieved maturity.

And maturity is a threat,
To those who do not respect who you are!
And 'how' you got that done.

You see...
You will get and find attention,
IF it is to someone's benefit.
Someone who has been stung and stunned!

And as long as you remain,
The fool they believe you to be!
Or that person they perceive provides them comedic relief...
To keep their sensibilities obtained and valued,
You will be subjected to their release of insecurities.
Especially if it is thought,
You are accessible to their antics.
And accustomed...as they see it,
To your own stupidity!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Subjective Objectivity

Shallow.
Too hollow to perceive
One victimized by their deeds
Was not far beyond reach...
Of mental observation.
Shallow.
They who fed from prolonged contentment,
Resented lives led...
But refused to change!
Refused to see,
A bitterness contained stunted their stagnation!
Remaining in sustained defiance they stand.
With subjective objectivity...
They ensured they would be left behind!
Enduring the nothingness cultivated in their minds.
And willing to share their findings!
In caves where they dig in pursuit of light...
Ignoring the fading voices of rescue!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Subjectively Speaking

Subjectively speaking,
And with a hint of objectivity...
I can only direct my comments,
To those topics I have selected to know.
In a way that makes my conditional philosophy,
One that is compliant...
To the satisfaction of my own thoughts first.
Dare I say it.

Not,
However...
To be regarded as self centered by those offended.
But...
As a self-assurance that has developed,
Without the self-assumption of conceit.
As difficult as that may be for others to perceive.
And me making this attempt to convince,
I am truthfully humble.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Subliminal Feedings

Subliminal feedings,
Inflict quick,
Those to addict...
Subliminal feedings,
Can afflict those even conscious.

The moment a mind leaves a certainy,
To believe...
What is put in the head.
To accept 'and' be fed.
Without knowing it there,
To be kept...
Remembered.
And triggered not to forget.

Subliminal feedings,
Inflict quick,
Those to addict.
And kept...
Remembered.
And triggered not to forget.

The moment a mind leaves a certainy,
To believe...
Subliminal feedings,
In the head.
To be fed.
With a triggering done anywhere.

The moment a mind leaves a certainy,
To believe...
Subliminal feedings,
In the head.
To be there.
Everywhere.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Subservient, Submissive...And, Conditioned

She placed her boots on my back!
And I deserved that.
I felt comforted,
To hear the crack of her whip.
She had 'it'.
And I was more than happy,
To be subservient, submissive...
And, conditioned!

'Say it! Say it again...
Who's your mama? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Substance

It's okay if some have none.
Or know what it means to have it.
Some live their entire lives,
Having no clue what it means.
While others believe it is a collection of things.
That sit around waiting to be polished or dusted...
Until the importance of that act,
Bores!

That which has substance also has quality.
Even if ignored,
It will maintain its intent and integrity of content.
Its purpose has been defined.
And there is a reliability that is consistent.
And it is not surprising at all,
That many people have never come in contact with it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Substance Abuse

I remember those days,
That seem not too long ago...
From us to have gone,
That far away.
When substance abuse,
Were comments appled...
To the misuse of narcotics.

And here we are today,
Observing those more neurotic...
Exposing their unstable emotions,
Climbing to heights on flights of assumptons.
And gaining attention,
For a display of their unconventional ways.
To do...
Without a thread of evidence connected,
To a competence that had been...
Respected.

But today?
The presence and meaning of substance,
And the effectiveness of using it...
Has lost its definition to be redefined,
By those out of their minds but finding themselves...
Reluctantly representing a craze they've invented.
With a belief to prevent,
More addicts distracted but attracted...
They have become,
To a madness preached to have reached...
Their sickened mentalities allowed to unleash.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Substance Fades

It is done quite simply!

To reduce an influence,
And significance...
Advocate the importance,
Of ignorance.

And market this as the latest fad.
With a witnessing of this,
As a rage no one can resist!

That's how influence,
And a significance that benefits...
Begins to slowly diminish in effectiveness.
With a substance that ends as an aging of it,
Fading away...
To become replaced by mediocrity.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sub-Standard Is The Giving Of My Love

Sub-standard to you is the giving of my love.
Do you remember when it see-sawed,
Between excellent and moderate?
Before below sub-par it went.

And your nagging sent me away quite a bit.
For days at a time!
And I returned looking and feeling exuberant.
With no explanation how my joyous time was spent.

Sub-standard to you is the giving of my love.
And I agree the taste of it has been irregular.
With a flavor leftover,
Even the cat turns away.

Sour it is and sits in decay.
Yet when I gave it you thought it to be mixed,
With foolish gift giving and childish nonsense.
Close I came to dipping your chocolate mints in cement.

And today you demand why I express not interest?
I get a better response when I shake an empty paper bag,
While sitting alone on a park bench.
Surrounded by squirrels giving me at least 'some' attention.
And all I have to do is to pretend I am there to give.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Substitutions

There are times when substitutions,
Can become the best solution...
To identify one's ignorance,
Replacing it to rid denials to admit.

Beating around the bush,
Wishing a love to give to one picked.
Can not be expected to be assumed,
If another is not made aware of it.

Playing hide and seek.
Keeping one's heartfelt desires,
Out of reach and believed...
Not to exist.
Teased mixed messages stay,
Unattractive to someone...
Misunderstanding the game played.
To turn away.

Too late confessions professed,
Leaves no effective interest kept.
And the one wishing,
To have been more direct...
Is introduced to meet,
A spouse or a lover...
Of someone who never suspected,
They were loved by the one...
Too 'stupid' to be direct.

Substitutions to use,
Can become the best solutions.
Especially for one,
Awakening to have regrets...
Of not being upfront and real.
Fearing to be rejected.

'I thought you understood I loved you
I thought I made that clear.'

-When? -

'When I pretended I didn't.
But around you I always appeared.'

-I'm not into games.
Or substitutions to expect,
I should accept...
I've been the only one selected,
For games of love to play your way.-

'What did you think,
My sent 'selfie' to you meant? '

-Was that YOU? -

'Yes.'

-Then why wear a mask?
To say your heart beats for me,
As a 'special'task.
For laughs? -

'I thought you would take me,
Seriously.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Subtext

You may want to see me,
Down and out.
Beneath and under shadows cast.
And you may spend a lifetime,
Trying to provoke this image upon me.
But look around you!
Is there anything you have done to do,
Different than those choices made...
Others selected to choose to do to themselves?
And like you we are both from the same 'hood.

What attention do you expect,
I would neglect myself to give to you?
Special and undivided?
What lessons do you teach,
Do you believe I have yet to learn?
Is there a subtext to your method?
Is there something metaphorical,
With some kind of message that has depth...
I just don't get?
Or are you just hoping time you've wasted,
Will eventually become mine to find and define.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Subtle And Expected To Be Effective

Subtle and expected to be effective,
Are those racist implications.
To those attempting to integrate,
A blending of ideals.
For the purpose of expressing humanity,
At its best.

And that's great!
For those who sit with patience to wait,
For someone else to allow them...
An opportunity to appreciate,
Themselves!
Without making demands for this in protest.

'We shall overcome.
We shall overcome,
Someday.'

~What are we seeking? ~

'Identity! '

~And when are we seeking it? ~

'Uh...um, er...uh...
Now? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Subtle Disrespect

You want it played fair.
With a score card even.
Cunning from your point of view.
And crafted as 'you' choose.

However,
With a doing...
You treat me anyway you want to.
Then leave me you do,
With a wish I believe...
You care with 'that' by you perceived.

Yet so apparent is the only 'fair' you wish,
From me to receive...
Is that which I dish you get and I issue.
That's the only 'fairness' between you and me.

A subtle disrespect I don't buy on my time.
A subtle disrespect you can forget to leave.
A subtle disrespect left behind you'll not find,
With a total disregard that you start in my mind.
I am not that kind you can easily blind

You want it played fair.
With a score card even.
Cunning from your point of view.
And crafted as 'you' choose.

However...
A subtle disrespect I don't buy on my time.
A subtle disrespect you can forget to leave.
A subtle disrespect left behind you'll not find,
With a total disregard that you start in my mind.
I am not that kind you can easily blind.

A subtle disrespect I don't buy on my time.
Since I'm not that kind you can easily blind.
A subtle disrespect you leave will exit my mind.
Since I'm not that kind you can easily blind.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Subtle Sedation

The more ridiculous their outrageous stage...
The more approved the behavior becomes.
This affect of dumb numbskullness is intact.
It is no act!
Brilliant the injection tested...
And their reactions prove this is fact!
Precious is the formula used.
And a subtle sedation...
Overtime,
Keeps them whacked!
Confused and controlled.
Further taxed by those amused.
Lunatics quick,
To display an absence of conscious thought!
Fused to instant whims they are!
Gems,
They think of them of this creation.
Dim of wit...
And not a threat of a lesson kept,
That is taught!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Subtle Tease

We're not on the same track.
Or sitting on the same pew.
If fact,
The only thing we have in common.
Is not having anything...
Approaching it.

One set of 'I do's...'
Is enough for me and you!

At one time I attempted with you,
To have a comfortable fit.
And you told me I wasn't good enough.
Then you disappeared on me.
Packed and did a quick split!
Tearing me apart emotionally.
And I remember every bit of it!

So glad am I now that those days,
Do not exist.
Nor do I intend to reverse my steps...
To converse with you,
How my wounds were nursed.
And who was there...
To mend and repair!
With frequent visits to heal my 'lift'.
In moments of my urgent,
And lonely despair.

That's already enough to share.
And I'm sure my well-being...
Has long been absent from your care.

We're not on the same track.
Or sitting on the same pew.
If fact,
The only thing we have in common.
Is not having anything...
Approaching it.

One set of 'I do's...'
Is enough for me and you!

But I do feel flattered,
By the way you lick your lips.
As if some of 'this' you see...
You are going to get!

Not even a quick screw to reminisce...
Will I consider.
For the three minute limit,
You use to set...
For our butt nakedness!

Unless...
You consider raising the 'ante'?
I am a bit slower now,
To produce those youthful miracles.
However...
You can do that licking of the lip thing again!
One never knows,
What's on the mind of Mother Nature.

'Or Father Time! '

I see you're still such a 'subtle' tease!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Subtle These Scenes Are Not

I am not on the side of apartheid.
Or the camouflage of it as democracy.
Ethnic culture and intergrity...
Flourishes at their best,
When a respect is acknowledged.
And theft is not a means,
To acquire control to inflict and demean.

Subtle these scenes are not.
An enhancement that allows,
Ignorance to advance...
Creates a wealth of suffering,
That eventually gets out of hand.
With only a fool to question,
How any of this began.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Subtracted From Facts

Some use a common denominator,
Under handed to then split.
Some use a common denominator,
To inflict confusion quick.
Some use a common denominator,
To undermine while they divide..
A people with their lies emphasized.

Some use a common denominator,
Confusing to abuse.
Some use a common denominator,
To fracture minds and feel amused...
By a left evilness they pursued.
And with the facts subtracted,
From the ones unaware...
Truth to seek had always been theirs.

It has been found too common not to find,
Minds around...
Undivided with a thought that is sound.
Left subtracted from facts.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Suburbanites Are Frightened

Even suburbanites are fightened,
By decisions they have made.
Even suburbanites have discovered,
From threats and fear there are no escapes.

Easier were the days,
When urban dwellers were accused...
To excite, ignite and invite decadence,
With it done to populate the evening news.

So better their lives to live,
With an isolating done to do it and prove...
That those 'inner city' people,
Were less 'civilized' and extremely rude.

Even suburbanites are fightened,
By decisions they have made.
The expense paid to feel safe,
From their own neighbors made them this way.

Profiled today is anyone,
Minding their own business with it done.
While the ones in the suburbs buy the guns,
Fearing threats to come and done...
By someone living next door.

'Aren't you concerned about the rise of crime?
Aren't you concerned about hearing it done,
And all of the time?
With more of it likely to come? '

~Not really.
I live in the inner city.
But I will admit,
Whenever I see someone known...
To live in the suburbs and visits,
I am more cautious and suspicious of it.~

'Why is that? '

~I'll ask you the question.
Why would anyone move from a place,
To make claims they feel unsafe...
And walk around as if,
They are without fear or feel threatened at all.~

'Maybe they don't watch TV.
Or maybe they are accustomed to reality.'

~I don't watch TV either.
But history?
That I do know about.
And my connection to that 'reality' as well.
Thank God I don't have corn to trade,
For alcohol.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Success And Image And The Face Of It

Those who say,
Looks aren't everything!
Aren't the ones who are judged,
Based solely upon them.

And besides...
This can be deducted,
From what many prize.
Thick lips, nappy hair and brown eyes...
Are not considered standards,
By those who analyze.
Not for a beauty,
Considered to be immortalized.

No matter who is competent...
In a package that is presented!
If it doesn't suit the taste,
For those who select an image to digest.
As an appearance,
That suggests success...
And not a waste to regret.
It will be the 'image' one picks,
Over a competence that 'may' exist.

'But hasn't it been image and not substance,
That has increased in an invited decadence? '

Well...
Yes.

'But who in reality today believes? '

Remember this...
Image speaks volumes.
And easier to hype.
On the other hand...
Reality is something placed,
On an equality wish list...
Not too soon to happen,

For the sake of changing...
Success and image and the face of it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Success Is Theirs

Some people refuse to be instructed.
Or accept critique as a useful possibility.
OR believes someone who gives it,
Is on their side with an honesty to criticize.

Only those who hear and accept,
A truth that is done to come unexpected...
And not to flatter an ego one protects,
Eventually discover...
They and with determination,
Have begun to correct their own footsteps.
To find success is theirs!

And...
With an eventual gratefulness,
Someone found them who could care less...
What need they had to impress!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Success Takes Steps

Would I follow behind,
Someone who promises success.
And has of yet been tested?

Or would I select to stay,
By the side of someone I know...
Who has shown their best,
Under duress and has made mistakes?
And has revealed flaws.
To prove success takes steps,
With expectations of disappointments?

Well...
You may not agree,
But that answer is easy for me.
Since I know nothing is guaranteed.
And someone who makes promises,
WITH a guarantee?
I wouldn't trust if they held a magic wand.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Success That Is Achieved

The best success that is achieved,
Is the kind one feels within...
And is not denied,
By a comparison made.

A stated success,
That relates to acquiring things to impress...
Is much like a quick passing of a fad.
Once that trap fades...
A satisfaction remembered with it dies.

The best success that is achieved,
Is the kind one feels within...
And is not denied by a comparison made.
Leaving this accomplishment to stay and endure,
For as long as the memory of how it was done...
Lingers in the mind of the one who does it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Success To Achieve

Accomplishing success to achieve finally,
Never leaves the memory of the one...
Knowing how it was done to do.
And does not diminish it from being obtained.
Or the undertaking one goes through,
With such an effort to endeavor and endure...
While keeping faith, beliefs,
Wishes and dreams intact.
Regardless of the tactics used,
By those entertaining unchanged criticisms.
To know with it understood to understand,
That the only thing criticisms prove they can do,
Is provide motivation and unrelenting incentive.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Success...Depends On One's Definition Accepted

Those who seek assistance,
To spearhead their own success.
Hope for an easy way to accomplish it.
With less stress and aggravation.
And without the breaking,
Of seen public sweat.

Some would prefer it gift wrapped,
AND delivered!

Success is not guaranteed.
Even when one places a bet!
Many who choose to gamble,
Are hopeful for the best.
But will come to grips with what they get.

If the mind is in doubt...
It does not matter what the outcome is about.
There will always be questions,
For those who sequester themselves...
In bewilderment.
And seeking approval to be convinced.

Being successful,
And having that expressed...
Depends on one's definition accepted.
As well as 'who' and with 'what',
Addresses the desired affect.

Some rather shop around for appearances.
While others bog themselves down with 'work'!
Because of concept and not perceptions...
Based upon satisfactions done.
And known to get down on knees...
If necessary in compliance with one's belief.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Successful Launch

'Ladies and gentlemen...
This is your captain.
You may unbuckle,
And remove your seatbelts!
You are free to move about the cabin.
And for those of you still seated?
If you look out of your windows to the left...
You will see we are so far removed
From 'reality' now,
As to not be harmed...
Or affected by its results.
This has been a successful launch!
One that will be viewed as our greatest triumphs!
And the ship has been placed,
Into an indefinite orbit that will benefit us
For many many years to come!
Those of you going onto the space station...
That docking will occur soon!
And you will never again...
Have to worry about a return trip!
This inaugural journey is historic.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Successful Mediocrity Is Worthless

If anyone is not devoted to detail,
And they call themselves...
Interested in the 'arts',
Instantly I become offended.

If that devotion to detail,
Has not been experienced to achieve...
To deliver.
Successful mediocrity is worthless.

Successful mediocrity is worthless.
Successful mediocrity is worthless.
Successful mediocrity is worthless.
No matter who delivers it,
Detailed it never is.

Successful mediocrity is worthless.
Successful mediocrity is worthless.
Successful mediocrity is worthless.
No matter who delivers it,
Detailed it never is.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Successfully Overqualified

Now that I find myself successfully overqualified...
There has been a boost to my morale and self confidence.

I remember the days,
When I had not been qualified at all.
After passing tests and being scrutinized,
By everyone from the mailroom to the cleaning people...
During 'welcome and greet' visits with prospective employers.

And after the fifth 'final' interview...
My fate was in the hands of someone,
Who feared my abilities would unmask their incompetence.

Today and years later...
I don't have those concerns.
I've learned to do my own 'thing'.
Producing a wealth of insight.
No money.
However...
My insight is priceless.
But...
Always am I available,
For appropriate monetary negotiation.
I can be foolish not stupid!

Now that I find myself successfully overqualified...
There has been a boost to my morale and self confidence.
And at the rate today's standards are sliding...
My worth has increased in value.

I've been waiting to be asked,
What I would charge for my consultant fees.
And as you can see...
I am torn between delusion,
With a slight hint of being full of myself.
Both of which I currently enjoy!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Such A Magnificent Gift

That which we are,
With dreams to fulfill invented...
Those that seem to be within,
Limitations our minds accept.
Limited they are,
With no greater expectations.

And although complicated,
The naturalness of life seems to be...
We simplify all that surrounds,
With adjustments to gratify...
Lives to set aside for quick cravings to feed.

No one questions what has become commonplace.
Or everyday address with priority,
The defacing that is done...
To a naturalness that sits,
As such a magnificent gift to us presented.

And yet with an impatience,
We create conflicts with attempts to destroy...
Such a magnificent gift,
Given to us that should represent joy.

That which we are,
With dreams to fulfill invented...
Those that seem to be within,
Limitations our minds accept.
Limited they are,
With no greater expectations.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Such A Massive Waste Of Competence

If respect for intelligence,
Was in retrospect respected...
With an acceptance,
Would thoughtlessness...
Beset us with woes?

There is no further need,
To mention the affects of greed.
It is apparent in one's vision...
The precision done by ignorance.

Those who believed they had the answers,
And would not listen...
Have gained positions,
To affliliate themselves with quick fixes.
And decided a leadership,
Would be those hand picked and liked...
For their willingness to follow.
Allowing much grief and sorrow.
With a quickness done of their silent lips.

If respect for intelligence,
Was in retrospect respected...
With an acceptance,
Would thoughtlessness...
Beset us with woes?
Not if those stood strong and opposed...
Such a massive waste of competence.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Such A Revealing Thing To Witness

People have created their own realities.
To find themselves blocked...
In a head lock.

With a mental strain that drains them,
Physically and emotionally.
And the days they could have stopped,
A clinging onto a superficial existence...
Has from them gone.

And the act of pointing fingers,
That seems to be acceptably done by everyone...
Is such a revealing thing to witness,
About those thoughts one has...
Regarding their own accountability!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Such Activities

One day they are going to need,
Updated and refreshened explanations.
With a new set of excuses,
For their misguided deeds.

No one can repeatedly shot themself in the foot,
To hop around in self inflicted sorrow...
And blame others for criticizing their efforts.
Or not showing them support for consistently being,
Redundantly incompetent.
Although STUPID would be an appropriate word to use.

Loyalty begins to wear thin,
When those who follow such activities...
Are made to appear to be the bigger fools.
With the excusing of blatant ignorance,
As an element of routine.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Such As A Bad Habit

I've been on my own and alone for too long,
To know a few things about patience and life!
And those who have not had that experience...
Know very little about sacrificing their likes,
To endure putting up with unwelcomed dislikes.

There has been many things done I did,
That I disliked but tolerated.
In fact I hated going through the process.
And when I had the opportunity,
To do those things enjoyed and liked...
Not a moment did I waste in indecision.
I might have been confused...
But not crazed.

People who spend time whining,
Get on my nerves.
And I am quick to split away from them.
In mid-sentence,
If I have to do it!
I am not attracted to 'whoa-is-me' people.

My father use to tell me,
How as a child...
He had his teeth pulled,
Without novocain.
He told me this frequently...
Whenever I thought he was just around,
To make my life easier.

'Come on, Daddy!
It's just ten dollars! '

I am one of the fortunate ones,
I will admit that!
And with obstacles and setbacks...
I crawled back to get myself on track!
I wasn't about to spend my life,
Traumaticized by emotional ties!

Or gossip and lies...
Folks entertain themselves to tell!

My relationship with God...
Is close.
And we communicate very well!
God is there...
And delivers!

I don't give advice,
Or recommend what others do!
I use to...
Do that,
Often!
And ended up being screwed.
Figuratively speaking!
Even though it is still just as painful.

I've learned many lessons in my life.
And the hardest one was to forgive and forget.
At times I am visited,
With an embitterness that sits.
it takes a while to get over it.
But I am not going to soon let go of my peace of mind,
Or happiness.
Because someone wants to show and display,
Every bit of their ignorance.
With attitude seeking acceptance.

And those folks,
In some places...
Travel around in cliques.
As if what they do is fashionable.

And after one obtains a degree of consciousness...
Folks like that become easier to identify.
Such as a bad habit,
One has to end to quit...
And quick!
Like a fad that has been outdated.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Such Compassionate Humility

'I admit to those times of being vane,
AND guilty.
But...
Not in recent memory.'

The same game played,
No matter what season it may be...
Will be played by the 'users'
Expressing the same mindless philosophy.
With only one agenda.
And that is to score!

With an intent,
To keep those prepared losing excuses...
At a hopeful distance.

Even the one who wins...
Has a determination,
From the beginning that does not end...
Speaks!
With such compassionate humility.

'Was it as good to you,
As it was for me...
To receive, give 'and' teach? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Such Doings Can Be Tempting

Such doings can be tempting,
For one torn between participating...
In a demon's misdeeds.
To feel a seeking to get revenge,
Will leave one pleased and at ease.
But ultimately left to be accused,
Of starting a conflict.,
One initially sought to diffuse.

Leave alone one should do,
Those known to lie.
And deceive successfully too!
Use truth as a weapon.
More effective against demons.
Use truth to haunt them mentally.
And patiently with faith and tolerance,
Demeaning demons...
Will fade away from the scene.

'What a coincidence seeing you here.
You know...
I heard what you said.
By others who told me what you did.
What are you going to do,
To stop those rumors about you? '

~Hmmm.
I don't know.
It's been a while since I stripped butt naked.
To then run screaming through the streets.
I'm glad you're here.
Why don't you do that with me? ~

'Uh...uh...
No. Uh...
Don't you want to know,
Who it is I've heard this from? '

~No.

I'm in the mood to run butt naked.
And since you are here to deliver such news...
Why don't you prove to me,
You are fed up with it too.~

'OH.
I'm sorry.
It wasn't you.
It was someone else.
You take the fun out of being evil.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Such Misconceptions

The personality of anything taken for granted,
And either consciously or unconsciously destroyed...
Can not be duplicated, revitalized or just simply replaced.
Many have attempted to do such a thing,
With hopes to capitalize and profit selfishly to themselves bring.
By restoring buildings with a luxurizing of them to take place.

Some even believe the removal of people,
That initiated a charm and grace respected and loved...
Would benefit from others tampering with it,
If the originators just weren't there 'or' solicited.
And a flair in the atmosphere was tweaked.
Such misconceptions are disappointingly not unique.

The personality of anything taken for granted,
And either consciously or unconsciously destroyed...
Can not be duplicated, revitalized or just simply replaced.
People not understanding this,
Eventually wish for a flavor their taste buds seek.

And,
Unfortunately...
These lessons aren't learned until it is much too late.
No one...and it will never be done,
Can just up and replace the personality of anything.
No matter what attempts are tried!
Or expenses wasted in the doing of it...
In denials they wish kept hidden and swept aside.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Such Myths Aren'T So Easy To Shatter

Foolish are those who believe they can exist,
As being just pieces of a whole...
That nourishes as they come together,
With indifferences to complain or sit.
Or deposit their selfishness...
In self righteous idol worship.

Believing in divisional circumstances...
They are not connected.
Or can live lives undetected.
And by 'what' or 'who'...
Will allow or accept this?

This Earth is just one of uncountable cells!
Dwelling within this 'mental' cosmos.
And that fact...
Seems to continue to elude those,
Believing they are exclusively God's gifts...
In this Universe!
Such myths aren't so easy to shatter!
Or sit to ponder in limited minds,
For too long.
Or too well!

Even with a progress expressed,
And professed.
They can not escape...
From the reality of their creation!
Much longer in existance.
Prior than the event...
Of their use as an experiment.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Such Myths Twisted

Specific twisted myths,
Picked to depict...
Hypocrites with them,
Are too embedded to lift...
From the depths of minds,
Inflicted.
And too late to erase their significance,
Since...
Such myths twisted,
Have become too difficult to admit...
The specificness of their significance,
Has influenced with a keeping...
To rid from anyone's consciousness!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Such Portraits From The Past

Is there a relevance in attempts made...
To restore a past,
When an innocence was more restricting?
And the slow pacing done in those days,
Seem to last as long as those gaslights burning.
Or the wax that dripped from candlesticks.

It is difficult to face current times...
That seem less romanticized,
Than those of cobbled stoned streets.
Upon which people mingled,
With a sharing of their simple visions.
In nights then to seem never ending.

Is there a relevance in attempts made...
To restore a past,
When an innocence was more restricting?
And the slow pacing done in those days,
Seem to last as long as those gaslights burning.
Or the wax that dripped from candlesticks,
Thick with wicks homemade.

Is there a relevance to any of this today?
And why some try to glorify such portraits from the past?
Didn't many complained about them when they lived back then?
But today there seems such a renewed interest.
With a wish for those values.
And a quality of life reminiscing embellished victories.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Such Vivid Clarity

The advantage of seeking the truth in situations,
Is the unpeeling of the many layers taken...
To conceal the presence of it.

And the detailing of deceit,
Prefabricated behind the scenes...
Appears remarkably authentic.

One on a path of this discovery,
Becomes difficult to reason with.
Since awesome and overwhelming,
Becomes such vivid clarity.

It is likened to the experience of a child,
Dazzled upon first visiting,
The Amusement Park Of Truths.

'Oh daddy, daddy?
THIS 'is' REALITY.
You didn't lie.
You didn't lie to me,
Daddy.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sucker Punch

Talk!
Sometimes the doing of it,
Is to gossip to entertain listening ears...
Shared and overheard by others,
Having fun or just being...
Nosy and inquisitive.

And at others times,
A vindictiveness arises.
With a main purpose focused...
To ruin someone's life.
No matter who the victim is!

This is 'talk'...
Like the taking of chalk,
To scratch against a blackboard used.
Since some have come to seek attention...
To direct an amusement to abuse.

But there are those,
Who refuse to be pulled into arguments.
And they prepare to knock out somebody's lights...
By throwing a sucker punch from nowhere in sight.
That lands a fist!
Shutting mouths opened...
And silencing some lips.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sucker Punching

I remember being sucker punched once.
Someone disliked something I did.
But could not face me to confront.
Like most cowards who attack...
I was asked to turn around.
And then I was whacked!
I then was young.
I had learned some lessons...
But more that day had begun!
I have never been quite as stunned.
However...
Sucker punching is a skill observed,
Delivered by those who are quick with the lips...
But lost without pretensions.
As they flaunt their bravery...
On the backs of those with nerve!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sucking Tongues And Pouting Lips

All day long,
There is a playing of catch up.
And follow the leader.

And all day long all their lives,
This is done!
The following behind someone.

Sucking tongues and pouting lips,
They do as if
They were born to do this.

Sharing complaints and voicing opinions,
They do as if this is routine.
Everyday, everynight.
From Sunrise 'til noon!
And under moonlight.

All day long,
There is a playing of catch up.
And follow the leader.

And all day long all their lives,
This is done!
The following behind someone.

Sucking tongues and pouting lips,
They do as if
They were born to do this.

Sharing complaints and voicing opinions,
They do as if this is routine.
And for them,
It is!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Suddenly I'M No Longer Attached

Suddenly I'm no longer attached,
And there is something inside of me
That welcomes that.

Years of my activities,
And concern...
Would leave me quite frantic.
Feeling overworked, strained and burned.

I am satisfied with those things I've tried.
And making a footprint no one can deny.

Everywhere I placed my steps,
Not one did I do without dignity and pride.
I need no one to qualify my stride.
My mark has been placed,
Before and not behind witnessing eyes.
I seek no approval for my deeds neglected.

I'm not awed by applause.

My functions have been upfront.
And for some the intent,
Has been meant to be most personal.

I'm not a backside biter!
And that is a fact!

Suddenly I'm no longer attached,
And there is something inside of me
That welcomes that.

That You, Father.
As long as You are pleased!
With me and deeds I've created,
You have helped me make to leave.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Suddenly Images Change

Too many now bending under heat,
Like drying crops.
Without a drop...
Of reviving fresh water.

Others would rather ignore their pleas,
And let them rot.
Like the weeding,
Of their wicked disorder!

Suddenly images change.
Those now in pain,
Are the ones...
Who chose to inflict it.

Suddenly they all seem insane.
Those who disdained,
Are now the ones...
Mentally conflicted.

Too many now bending under heat,
Like drying crops.
Without a drop...
Of reviving fresh water.

Others would rather ignore their pleas,
And let them rot.
Like the weeding,
Of their wicked disorder!

Suddenly images change.
Those now in pain,
Are the ones...
Who chose to inflict it.

Suddenly they all seem insane.
Those who disdained,
Are now the ones...
Mentally conflicted.

Suddenly images change.
Like drying crops.
Without a drop...
Of reviving fresh water.

Suddenly they all seem insane.
Those who disdained...
Are now the ones,
Out-of-order.

Suddenly images change.
Like rotting crops.
Suddenly they all seem insane.
Their tears now drop.

Suddenly images change.
Like rotting crops.
Suddenly they all seem insane.
Their tears now drop.

Too many now bending under heat,
Like drying crops.
Without a drop...
Of reviving fresh water.

Suddenly images change.
Those now in pain,
Are the ones...
Who chose to inflict it.

Suddenly images change.

Suddenly they all seem insane.

Suddenly images change.

Suddenly they all seem insane.

Suddenly images change.
Those now in pain,
Are the ones...

Who chose to inflict it.
Now the wicked are conflicted.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Suddenly With Intention

Difficult they had been to get,
Were those lessons now treasured...
To remember and never forget.

And it seems the teaching of those lessons taught,
Always came from those first opposed.
With a belief a stubbornness shown to expose,
Would validate to keep a limited mind forever closed.

And then one day the dawn, the dew and the Sun,
Rising on the horizon becomes clearer to notice...
As if 'something' suddenly with intention connects.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Suffering From Head Wounds

Those told what to do most of their lives,
What to think, how to think...
What not to believe or listen to.
And who is stupid,
Because of their physical appearances...
Are those who are most traumatized,
By the sign of these rapidly changing times.

Not all...
But most people have been conditioned to believe,
That the unchanged color of a house...
Also determines what goes on inside.
No matter how many renovations have taken place.
Or evolving maturities of the people living in it.
All people will do is to talk about what they 'knew'.
Or what they've been told.

And...
Most of the time what is known,
Had been heard from one's now grown children...
Or a pet dog or cat,
Programmed to be reliable.
But not from the horse's mouth!
People rather beat their horses to death,
Repeatedly.

Those told most of their lives,
What to think, how to think...
What not to believe or listen to.
And who is stupid,
Because of their physical appearances...
Are those who are most traumatized,
By the sign of the times.

Without being medicated,
Few people are sure if and when they should...
Take a left or right turn,
Why and for what purpose.
And if they should or should not ignore,

Signs that warn them to yield and pay attention...
With caution!

People have been taught to believe and do as they please,
Because...
Well,
They are entitled to do so for the rest of their lives.

'Medic...
There's another one over here suffering from head wounds.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Suffering From The Exhaustion

Suffering from the exhaustion,
That has eliminated the feeding...
Of their own gluttonous greed,
Is not the fault of those...
Who have been hired to service,
Their needing to feast.
Or those who came to warn,
Of leaner days ahead.

Suffering from the exhaustion,
That has eliminated the feeding...
Of their own gluttonous greed,
Has been self inflicted.
With a sweetened ignorance,
All fed upon to do to choose...
A doing exactly what they pleased.
No matter who was stepped on or over.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Suffering From The Lack Of Maintenance

Emerging economies,
Have nothing to do...
With my own backyard,
Suffering from the lack of maintenance.
Or a weeding done that a laziness excuses,
The fact I let garbage sit to rot as I watch it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Suffocating

The clock...
With loud sounds
Of tick tocking
On shoulders burdened
And all exits closed!
Find barred windows
Once unseen
Trapped within cages
They never dreamed
Locked them
Without fresh air
Even resources the have
Can no longer buy!
So they are there...
Suffocating from a choice,
And time they chose to die!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sugar Added Wont Stick

Don't,
You leave my heart abandoned to be...
With somebody else,
Who winks you into a quick quiver to please...
A fantasy that will no last.
One you believe,
Brings to you a life sweetened...
Everyday to treat your needs.

Because a little sugar added wont,
Stick to stay without thoughts to stray.
And a little spice you just might like...
Will show a deceit to leave you weeping.
As you wish my arms surrounded you,
To comfort and hold you tight.
Not true.
Doing that to me,
Would ruin any love between you and me.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sugar Beets And Peas

Give me sugar beets and peas.
Because I like the taste of them.

Give me sugar beets and peas.
And give them to me meatless.

Give me sugar beets and peas.
The doctor says my pressure's high.
And a change of diet I should try.
Since french fries and hotdogs,
Stick to my thighs.
And I can't hide this.

Give me sugar beets and peas.
Because I like the taste of them.

Give me sugar beets and peas.
And give them to me meatless.

Give me sugar beets and peas.
The doctor says my pressure's high.
And a change of diet I should try.
Since french fries and hotdogs,
Stick to my thighs.
And I can't hide this...
From any mirror I pass.
I can't hide this...
From any mirror I pass.

I want to touch my toes,
So...
Give me sugar beets and peas.
And give them to me meatless.

Give me sugar beets and peas.
Because I like the taste of them.

Give me sugar beets and peas.
Since french fries and hotdogs,

Stick to my thighs.
And I can't hide this...

From any mirror I pass.
I can't hide this...
From any mirror I pass.
I want to look like,
How I did in the past.
And I can't do it,
With a big fat ass.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sugar Coating The Wholesomeness Of It

How can anyone look at a tree...
And not notice the leaves on it?

It's done!

How can someone not acknowledge,
A greeting said to them heard?
It's done.
Or the disrespect spoken from the lips of children.
And a total breakdown of discipline!

That too is done!

Truth is there.
Available and free.

Perhaps the reason for it not being sought as much...
Or has the popularity that fantasy and delusion flaunts,
Is its attachment and close association with reality!
And many people use that as an excuse not to deal with it!

And today...
Facing truth and reality,
Is more difficult for many...
Than it is to get a child to eat vegetables.
Without sugar coating the wholesomeness of it!
Making it an accepted game to play.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sugar Cubes

To know how lowdown people will go,
With self-centeredness on their minds to please...
Has to be witnessed.
The depths of deception once observed in process,
Is like watching a crack addict with munchies...
Picking small rocks up off the street,
Believing them to be sugar cubes.
Don't laugh.
Those who deceive are the saddest of people.

Anyone who accepts respect,
With it given to them and is done...
To then have it revealed they have an ease to deceive,
Anyone!
Whether spouse, friend or family member,
Just to life a separate life to live self-centered...
Is, in fact, a condoned sickness.
And even when caught, people like this,
Will seek until the doing is sought to get their 'fix'.

And they wouldn't or could give a lickety split,
Who is hurt, offended and/or abused by it.
And will accuse and use a dog's buried bone,
Or...
Someone they thought would protect them with lies.
Someone they thought would protect their alibis.
Someone they thought would protect their disguise,
By keeping them assured truth to tell they would never do.
While rolling over to do tricks like they promised to.

'You lied.
You said you would not tell the truth.'

~Yes I did.
And I thank you for validating my thoughts of you.
Not only are you out of your mind,
You never had one to use to think me a fool.~

'Now I am totally confused.

What kind of fool are you,
That would accept the other things I've done to do?
And not tell me I'm stupid.'

~Here.
Take these.~

'What are those? '

~Sugar cubes.
You've got to be on crack,
To believe me addicted to your act.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sugar Snap Peas

Sugar snap peas,
I plant thy rods.
To enable your journey...
With tentacles to grab tight.
In this garden,
You will make home.

Search as you climb and bloom.
Roam and stretch within the room,
You make yours and ascend!
Sugar snap peas...
Near fresh soiled cucumber seeds.
Growing with you slow...
To enhance the sweet organic taste!
Tp please separately,
Or in a fixed mixed blend.

On this day in the month of May.
In late Spring...
The sunset will bring,
A brightness upon your pods.
And ready you will be picked to eat.
Rather cooked or raw...
Under the coming early Summer heat!
Sugar snap peas,
Sweet.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sugarbear

I just want to love you,
Like a sugarbear would.
And snuggle up and cuddle,
Like a sugarbear could.

I just want to love you,
Like a sugarbear would.
And snuggle up and cuddle,
Like a sugarbear could.

I just want to love you,
Like a sugarbear would.
A sugarbear could.
A sugarbear would.

You will never get enough of what I've got here!

I just want to love you,
Like a sugarbear would.

You will never get enough of what I've got here!
And snuggle up and cuddle like a sugarbear could.
You will never get enough of what I've got here!

I just want to love you,
Like a sugarbear would.
A sugarbear could.
A sugarbear would.

You will never get enough of what I've got here!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sugared Scoops

It is not my purpose,
To serve what isn't there.
With a hope one day,
To share imaginations.
As everyone skips around,
A truth to dupe with sugared scoops...
For preferred kept fantasies.
But I will admit,
What is there not to imagine...
Real to see and not disbelieve,
Seems to have more ignoring it.
To become offended when mentioned.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sugarless And Deceit Free

Remember when it was said,
New Days are ahead?
Well...
They are here.

Hopefully those who saw them coming,
Have been influential to the others,
Who had been totally unprepared.

Those days coming that are finally here...?
Have been stripped of sugarplum and gum dropp wishes.
They are real and have arrived to be dealt with!
Without a frosting to lick!
Sugarless and deceit free these days will be lived.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Suggested

Today...
It is not appropriate to be honest.
Or imply it in retrospect.
We live in times
In which truth is deluded,
With a mixture of suggestions...
Followed by denials confessed!

Suggested is our need for patience...
To allow inconsistency to cease.
Suggested is a resistance...
To want a stop to fighting,
That only increases the movement of the weak.
Suggested is a greatness kept,
By the spilling of blood and sorrows wept.
Suggested is we maintain,
A mental stressing drain!
To keep thieves looting resources...
And driving those of consciousness,
Further into an abyss!

Today...
It is not appropriate to be honest.
Or imply it in retrospect.
We live in times
In which truth is deluded,
With a mixture of suggestions...
Followed by denials confessed!

And deeper with resolutions,
Providing an absence of thoughtful solutions...
Are those who lead pleading,
We can succeed by sheer request!
And that's all they are suggesting we do...
As those who view ahead of us coming,
A deadend awaiting with an awarded mess!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Suggested As A Recommendation

Forgiveness is a process of one's state of mind.
And in most cases...
An acceptance occurs.
A tit for a tat...
And an eye for an eye,
For what it is and means...
Can and should be avoidable.

However,
And I am a firm believer of this...
If someone has already submitted a leave of absence,
During these periods.
An accountability for what takes place...
For whatever happens to another,
When misdeeds are done directly...
Or behind one's back purposely to disgrace.
And a retaliation has been committed,
During times when one is under mental duress.
Any steps then taken to correct one's health,
Should be regarded as progress.

With 'that' as the main goal to achieve!
And one should then be praised,
For a recovery that heals in success.
And any doctor concerned,
Will prescribe the best remedy to keep a mind healthy.
Many of us have gone through that!
If not...
And this is a fact,
A second opinion is always suggested...
As a recommendation.

Remember...
Keeping in good physical and mental condition,
Determines the degree of one's happiness!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Suggested Exits

I lived through many seasons,
That came to go with an appreciation done.
Each one appealed with a growth remembered.
Although the experience,
Would change me with a noticeable difference...
I can admit as I reflect on this,
Glad I am to have moved forward to open doors...
And not fear the unknown.

A process to accept things done to let go,
Was not an easy lesson for me to learn...
As I journeyed to endure,
Obstacles that blurred my vision to eventually clear...
With a validating done of my decisions,
Today I endear as a part of life lived some may fear.
Or choose as a few do to remain self deceived,
As they proceed to seek empathy with tears on sleeves.

Heartbreak with mistakes made is part of life one lives.
Difficult it is to forgive sometimes.
But a peace of mind to have and keep,
Once discovered to find becomes protected.
Regardless of the imperfections,
Others may claim they can detect.
I've lived through many seasons to know what's best for me.
And judgements heard upon me passed behind me I do leave.

I lived through many seasons,
That came to go with an appreciation done.
Each one appealed with a growth remembered.
Although the experience,
Would change me with a noticeable difference...
I can admit as I reflect on this,
Glad I am to have moved forward to open doors...
And not fear the unknown to submit to suggested exits.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Suggested Recommendations

What more can be said,
To those...
Who continue to bang their heads,
Against unmovable brick walls...
To see if their actions will convince God,
The seriousness of their lives lived...
Would be better done,
Without HIS interference.

And...
If The Almighty,
'Has' for some unexplained reason...
A need to interfere with their decisions,
They wish that 'He' The Almighty...
Follow their instructions.
And this comes,
With suggested recommendations!

What more can be said,
To those...
With minds tightly trapped,
Within self-centered egos.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Suggestion; Hint; And A Clue To Pursue

If you feel you have a need,
To monitor someone else's activities...
With discussions brought up,
In social settings with others...
Who then begin to wonder,
Where your priorities are focused.
You should be the one to ask yourself,
Why would the doings of anyone...
To be 'their' business to be in 'your' mind,
In the first place?

And...
Why is it you can not find the time,
To do what it is you do...
Without trying to convince at social events,
Others are not happy unless you approve...
Of how they live their lives AND with who!

Suggestion; hint; and a clue to pursue!
Your nose is perfectly fine on your own face.
And not sniffing the cracks behind people's backs.
Although, perhaps for you a comfortable position, but...
You may have grown too accustomed,
With a doing done to yet accept...
People who have matured with experiences endured,
Have found what it is to condone on their own.
To have left you committed to an existence,
Of an immaturity that will be yours for an eternity.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Suggestions

Few suggestions do I make.
Especially to those,
Who solicit them.

Most times folks await,
Suggestions they prefer and like.
And it becomes difficult,
To be both honest and polite...
With someone who tries to define,
My interpretation...
Of what I 'really' meant.
To defy in denial...
With a prepared and customary,
Excuse.

Few suggestions do I make.
Especially to those,
Who solicit them.

When I know I am honest in my assessments.
And folks aren't ready for the truth...
Unless it agrees with them.
Only to hear them say back to me,
'What makes you an authority?
Judge and jury? '

My response?
'Years experienced,
In being a complete jackass!
And it becomes easier for me to identify one!
You...
Are still in the midst of development.
And I understand that too! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Suggestive Gestures

Not too many seem to be laughing at others,
With such zest anymore.
Not today.

I knew of those who chose to hold their heads up high.
This was not a materialistic thing with them to do at all.
It was done to show those who were young then like me...
That one's pride and dignity,
Was not a matter for debate.
It was a sacrifice one made.

Especially when minds were subjected to the feeding of BS.

So many lessons taught,
Were through suggestive gestures.
You were either quick to pick them up...
Or lost within a hollow lonely shell,
Disliking the outside color of it.
And not know how to react when reminded.

Not too many seem to be laughing at others,
With such zest anymore.
Not today.

Many are beginning to see through the foolishness.
Many are beginning to see the purpose of it meant.
With an intention that has begun to sabotage themselves.
And this 'realisticness' presents its own internal struggle.
And this 'realisticness' most times create unexpected conflict.
The kind that is found in one's own home.
The kind one finds has been condoned...once awakened!

So many lessons taught,
Were through suggestive gestures.
You were either quick to pick them up...
Or lost within a hollow lonely shell,
Disliking the outside color of it.
And not know how to react when reminded.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Suggestive Modifications

Suggestive modifications,
Seldom reflect a credible ability.
Selected suggestive modifications,
Has a lot to do with the picking and choosing...
That which best represents one's taste!
And one's identity to that frame of mind,
Others too find suitable with a limiting done...
To one's own comfort zone.

'What are you saying? '

Am I not the only one eating collard greens?

'Don't be silly.
Of course you are.
No one else brought them.
And the way you are eating them,
No one has a chance to taste...
How delicious they are.'

I know.
And I am not here to see them wasted.
Passed to me the hot sauce.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Suicidal

Tortured are their portraits,
Hanging.
A few undusted for many years.
And depicting scenes,
Of a life fantasized as serene and innocent.
Free of mystery and mystique.
Tortured are their portraits,
Tilted as if purposedly.
Tilted as if the feelings of being jilted,
By false portrayals stay as they are as reminders.

None seem to be hung centered.
As if set by one in a stupor.
Or hungover from too much reality.
With framed portraits depicting tortured scenes,
Of a crisp and pristined life...
On canvas and documented for authenticity.
But can not be quite lived right to such perfection.
And...
Suicidal,
For those making attempts to do it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Suing

A childish prank,
That begins in innocence,
But is allowed to develop...
Into acts of violation of privacy.
AND allowable fraud.
Resulting in a suing done.
Can be preventable.
If a warning with action taken...
Seriously,
Is not ignored.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Suitable For Scrutiny

Conscious minds,
With thoughts to think.
And constantly seeking answers...
For that which does not make sense,
Or connects to link.

This detachment from a foolishness,
Sets those apart...
To be,
Suitable for scrutiny.
Suitable to be watched and peeped.

Independent with intent.
And has purpose that is meant.
Identity strong and proud to be,
Among seekers of comprehension...
Taking charge to rule their own destinies.
And...
Suitable for scrutiny.
Suitable to be watched and peeped.
Suitable to be suspected,
To have a peace and freedom...
With capabilities to see,
Deception in progress not for them accepted.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Suitable Image

Please.
I want everyone's full attention.
This is the only rule to the contest,
That will determine the winner of...
'Suitable Image'.

The first to arrive,
With that 'suitable image'...
Will be guaranteed that image,
To be impressed on the minds forever.

However...
And listen to this very carefully.
This is an open contest.
Anyone found...
To have bound and chained others,
Just to gain an advantage.
Will be disqualified.
If seen...
Doing these misdeeds.
We are not here to enslave anybody.
With a gagging done of them intentionally.

Remember what I have said!
We are not here to enslave anybody.
These acts are not tolerated.
If seen!

Now...
On your mark.
Get ready.
Go.

'There are voices heard coming,
From behind those closed doors.
Are you blinking?
Or is that a wink? '

No one said anything about 'hearing' things.

I said...
If seen.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Suited In Demon Evils

Anyone can see...
They need to be strung up by their feet,
For treason.

An economy has been devastated,
By an historic greed.
Staged to bleed a people for their oil.
But the odds have not been in their favor.
Those suited in demon evils.
Not to flavor those of higher consciousness...
With a taste to dismiss such wickedness expressed.

Anyone can see...
They need to be strung up by their feet,
For treason.

Anyone,
That is...
Except for those limited with addictions,
Of self indulgence and the restricted belief...
Enemies are on their doorsteps!
And more come to put an end to their own theft!

That has been their only fear.
Their main regret!
And now...
That has been exposed.
In a magnitude that has been amplified!
In a step by step dismantling,
Of a deeply hidden and discreeted deceit!
And completed by one,
Who splurges on high fashion.

Anyone can see...
They need to be strung up by their feet,
For treason.

An economy has been devastated,
By an historic greed.

Staged to bleed a people for their oil.
But the odds have not been in their favor.
Those suited in demon evils.
Not to flavor those of higher consciousness...
With a taste to dismiss such wickedness expressed.

To be addressed.
Like nothing ever seen before.
Or has never been before like this addressed...
To impress upon imaginations stunned by the reality,
Of those who are down low and dirty!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Suited To Be Tied

In time,
All crimes...
Expose themselves,
For what they are.

No matter how small.
Or notorious!

Clouds shading Sun,
To hide and protect what has been done,
Come to light!
Eventually.

And injustices committed,
Are lifted to acquit.
Sometimes with a reluctance,
Expressed on faces of sickness.

And those suited and tied,
AND tried for their criminalities...
Discover,
They have been uncovered...
Indeed!
And found suited,
And tied.
Confirmed and confined,
To spend much time...
Locked behind bars,
For their misdeeds!
And dressed in inmate fashion!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Summer Can Sizzle Hot

The eating of 'crow' and humble pie,
Is not so easy...
For one young with stars in their eyes.
Especially if the cranking up of hype is believed.
Who could avoid,
Wearing such loftiness on their sleeves.

With TV and the media all up in one's face.
And flashbulbs from cameras...
Paparazzied all over the place.
I would believe I could walk on water too!
Wouldn't you?
Especially if you were given visions,
Of wearing a crown instead of disgrace to boo hoo.

The eating of 'crow' and humble pie,
Is not so easy...
For one young with stars in their eyes.
Especially if the cranking up of hype is believed.
Who could avoid,
Wearing such loftiness on their sleeves.

But when a season ends,
And the attention leaves...
There are tears and loneliness,
No one sees as one grieves.
And a Summer can sizzle hot...
When reality sets in on shoulders to drop.

'Did you get that from King James? '

In a way.
From my own observation.
And more of a whiff of it from Revelations.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sumthin' Othuh Than Yo' Nah-Stay

Gimme sumthin' othuh than yo' nah-stay.
'Cause yo' pooh-pooh sicks a doo-doo,
And yo' doo-doo reeks a pooh-pooh.

Gimme sumthin' othuh than yo' nah-stay.
'Cause yo' pooh-pooh sicks a doo-doo,
And yo' doo-doo reeks a pooh-pooh.

I want something lifting to a higher degree.
'Cause yo' pooh-pooh sicks a doo-doo,
And yo' doo-doo reeks a pooh-pooh.

I want something lifting to a higher degree.
'Cause yo' pooh-pooh sicks a doo-doo,
And yo' doo-doo reeks a pooh-pooh.

Gimme sumthin' othuh than yo' nah-stay.
'Cause yo' pooh-pooh sicks a doo-doo,
And yo' doo-doo reeks a pooh-pooh.

I want something lifting to a higher degree.
Gimme sumthin' othuh than yo' nah-stay.
I've gotta reach a peak to please a 'bon appétit-ah'.
Gimme sumthin' othuh than yo' nah-stay!
'Cause yo' pooh-pooh sicks a doo-doo,
And yo' doo-doo reeks a pooh-pooh.
Gimme sumthin' othuh than yo' nah-stay!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sun Light Comes

Life bites.
Many moons come to pass.
A dawning Sun light comes,
To lift darkness from nights.
Wounds heal.
Smiles brighten.
And a life liked begins to dance.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sunlight Is What I Wish To See

Perhaps it is okay...
For you to decide I am okay,
Today!
But I remember how my yesterdays were spent.
Getting dirty looks from you.
And receiving your resentment.

I guess it is alright,
If you treat me today...
With respect and politeness.
But my wounds and scars,
You will never see anyway.
Since the life I have lived...
Had nothing to do with you in my way!
You know why?
Because any tears I had to cry...
I've never relied on you to help me dry them.

You made it known a long time ago,
Any obstacles I had on my path...
You were one of the ones too happy,
To put some there.
Hoping they would last.
Unaware...
I was being prepared,
To climb mountains.

And the molehills you constructed...
Were just test to strengthen my resolve.
I reach for peaks to conquer.
I already know who prefers to dwell in valleys!
And more Sunlight is what I wish to see.
Believe it or not...
That is the destiny for me I desire to reach!

Perhaps it is okay...
For you to decide I am okay,
Today!
However...

I am not relying upon your decisions.
Or am I wishing to impress,
To gain your approval for my success or happiness.
I 'am' going to climb,
THAT mountain!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sunrise And Sunset Pleases

Everyday comes,
To give all opportunity...
And a chance to appreciate,
What that day offers and brings.

Perhaps it is with the ease of it,
That we take life for granted.

And the existence of this gift given,
Is rarely looked upon or accepted by many...
For its seriousness,
Quickly dismissed.

Until it is realized there is no permanence.
And a missing of those we shared our lives with,
Becomes reminisced,
With wishes to see them again.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sunrise Visions

Sunrise visions,
Inside without outside clouds.
Brings an experience of radiance.
And leaves upon the horizon,
At sunset...
Eyes sparkling,
With a clarity of hope!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sunset

There's no wonder,
You are loved.
No wonder...
Clouds and thunder,
Bow and step aside.
To allow such radiance,
To glow with the removal...
Of your presence shrouded in mist!
And the dew at dawn,
Slowly lifts!
With the announcement of your coming!

There is no wonder,
You are loved!
No wonder at all...
Joy appears.
To twinkles eyes,
And dry disappearing tears.

And when your rays,
Come to shine and stays...
Until you begin,
In the evening to descend.
There is no wonder 'you' are loved...
Sunset!
No wonder,
When the night comes to call...
This gift you bring,
Has delighted us all!
And there is no wonder...
You are loved.
In winter.
In Spring.
Summer...
And during the adventures,
Spellbinding Fall.
There is no wonder many find you,
In their hearts to reminisce...
Sunset!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sunset Wishes

One's choice to follow,
The direction of growth...
Seems mentally healthier,
For one to take this approach...
When one steps to know it best to accept,
An expanding of a mind going through stages...
Is part of life to be adventured and explored.

Attempting to prevent this experience to resent,
An aging to masquerade, charade or evade it...
Will not slow the process to regret the effect,
Of a once bright light to shine upon dreams...
One with wishes to stay at centerstage forever.
No matter how clever one imitates a fading youth.
Or the appearance of a Sunset,
Being swallowed into a darkness so inviting...
One had been warned at dawn,
The skipping to sing favorite tunes at noon...
One should not expect to last very long.

And yet...there will be those,
Sitting to reminisce with Sunset wishes...
For their lives to relive more explored and adventured,
At each stage to experience every bit of it.
Without those moments one wanted to freeze in time.
Before the 'ifs' came to remain preferences maintained.
Instead of attempting to prevent with resentment,
The fading of a light they captured at centerstage...
When a blooming of a youthful appearance,
That no one keeps no matter who prays it stays...
Colorful. Bright. And too enchanting to let go.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sunsets Come To Make Me Wish

The glow of colored sunsets,
Makes me think again...
Of places I've been,
And where tomorrow brings me.

Sunsets...
Remind me of the ways,
How a blooming can end...
From a start that began.

Those sunsets,
Come to make me wish...
For such beauty like this,
To stay until the dawning comes to lift...
The dew as Sun rises,
Clearing morning mist.

Those sunsets,
Come to make me wish...
For beauty like this,
To never go.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

'Sup?

'The usual stuff.
I see the same folks stuck.
Draggin' their butts from rut to rut.
Complaining about their bad luck...
While others do their best,
To pull themselves up.'

I see you struttin'.
Doesn't seem like you much troubled,
'Bout too much or nuthin'!

'I see it and I don't.
Aint got time for misery.
And I'm not 'bout to get on my knees...
Just to see somebody pleased,
I can do it.
I don' been through that mess.
You 'member I was distressed,
And express that to you.
As you pretended to listen to me confess,
From my point of view.
'Sup with you? '

The usual stuff.
I see the same folks stuck.
Draggin' their butts from rut to rut.
Complaining about their bad luck...
While others do their best,
To pull themselves up.

'I see.
Looks like you and me,
Got lots in common? '

Yep!
Which goes to show...
Even though we think 'we' different from the others,
We haven't moved too far...
From where they are.

'Yeah!
But don't it feel good to know sumthin'
'Bout movin' on?
Even if it is going 'round in circles? '

I guess!
They are there and we are here.
But it looks like they've got a better way,
Of avoiding paying more taxes.
And I 'use' to think the gov'ment was helping them out?

'Naw man,
That's how them folks got there in the first place!
How many liars and thieves you know,
Live like this? '

Well...

'None!
Where you goin'?
To that job fair? '

Might as well.
Seems to be the routine.
Either I'm over qualified...
Or I've got bad credit!
And when I 'was' qualified...
I stayed in a rut!
That's wassup!

'Stayin' in that rut, huh? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Super Duped

Who convinced the people,
They should feed their biased needs?

They should now see the conflicts in it.
And for them all benefits end.

Who convinced the people,
They should divide and split their ties?

Can't they now see the conflicts in it.
And for them all benefits end.

And who convinced the people,
Evilness will keep them equal?

They should now feel stupid every minute.
With a knowing they've been super duped.
Super duped and left confused.
Super duped.
Super duped and left confused.

And who convinced the people,
Evilness will keep them equal?

They should now feel stupid every minute.
With a knowing they've been super duped.

Who convinced the people,
They should feed their biased needs?

They should now see the conflicts in it.
And for them all benefits end.

Who convinced the people,
They should divide and split their ties?
They should now feel stupid every minute.
With a knowing they've been super duped.
Super duped and left confused.
Super duped.

Super duped and left confused.
Super duped.
Super duped.
Super duped and left as fools confused,
Glued.
Super duped and left as fools confused,
Glued.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Superficial Is Official

When the people pick...
Physical appearances,
Dressed with images.

Superficial is official,
When everyone depicts...
What for them is serious,
To accept what is legit.
And,
Dismissed...
Are realities,
With a purpose to gain.
And,
Dismissed...
Is a reason to succeed.
And...
Dismissed,
Is initiative when people believe...
Working towards a goal,
Is a foolish wasted deed.

Superficial is official,
When the people pick...
Physical appearances,
Dressed with images.
To dismiss reality,
Of those who will believe,
Superficial is official when someone receives...
Attention with an image given,
To mirage and to deceive...
Attention with an image given,
With no depth that's deep.
Superficial is official,
When it feeds the need.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Superficiality

On the right side of leftover need,
Trying to dropp a want...
In an empty pot not heated.
And not use to steaming up,
A sympathy to catch...
An empathy others can not see,
Or feel.
This is the reality,
Of attempting to appeal
To a superficiality,
Too long fed on a diet of pretensions!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Supplies My Need

I am going to remind you...
I can be obnoxious!
I think that's what you wish.
More of my obnoxiousness.
A provoking you do,
To inflict an ego to bruise...
Is observed and viewed.
Amuses.
And quite funny too!
I know you're using methods,
To pinpoint my state of mind!
I wouldn't waste that time.
I am not one self obsessed.
I feel happy to be who I am and blessed.
But I can be obnoxious!
And do that amongst the best.
Especially when someone selects...
Me,
To test as they pest!
That kind of attention...
I really don't deserve.
And I confess...
That kind of energy you provide,
Supplies my need to further my conquests!
Thank you,
For coming to aid my motivation!
'That' is an inspiration.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Supply And Demand

To package anything,
To attract and sell...
Entertain and seduce.
Takes skill.
Takes knowing the audience.
And marketing to their lazy ambitions.
The kind that is talked about with wishes,
To fulfill!
This takes talent.

From concept until production released,
To package anything...
To attract and sell,
An appealing of it...
Has to be somewhat addicting.

And satisfying enough to keep it defended.
Because it is thought to be so good.
And the thought of not having it,
Craves one into a rage.
Needing a fix.

Some have fits if they don't get it,
Easy and quick!

And supply and demand,
Increases its worth.
Like any drug,
Cropped and harvested.
And supplied here on Earth,
To have it find its value.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Support Systems

If one's kept interests,
Is only their main concern...
Without adapting to establish,
Support systems with others to create...
A dependable audience that appreciates,
Their endeavors and efforts made...
To extend and expand those interests,
Well...
Few will be left to accept such interests,
To value.
Or consider the importance,
Of them remaining to sustain long lasting effect.

'No one expresses a pride,
In what 'we' do for 'them' anymore.'

~What had you done to include them in the process?
What had you done to prove to them,
Your efforts and endeavors...
Would eventually provide them benefit? ~

'We 'assumed' they knew,
What we've always done included them too.'

~How?
By soliciting the selling of tickets?
Or by showing with it explained,
How the selling of more tickets...
Would allow you to offer scholarships,
To those with interests that extends diversity.~

'But...
What has that to do with 'support systems? '

~Unfortunately, your interests are in need,
In knowing the meaning of demographics.~

'What do you mean?
I...

Will stay to remain a 'republican'.'

~And your tickets will remain,
Fewer to sell and many left unsold.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Supporting Charities

The only time an acknowledgement,
With a proper respect given
Seems to be for those supporting charities.
Or,
The ones announcing
An establishment of a foundation.

This act of philanthrophy,
Enables many to solicit funds from others
With a hiding of their own money.
To then distribute with a giving,
What to them comes in
To be donated to those regarded to have needs.

It would be wonderful if the act of giving,
Was not considered a lucrative business.
And the reality of hunger and homelessness,
Was not a creation to feed the greed of those elite.
To empower the placement of their social graces.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Suppose There Is A Valid Reason?

Do I forgive those who knowingly deceive?
No!

'Suppose it's their first time?
Suppose there is a valid reason?
Suppose there is a good excuse,
As to why they do it?
Sup...
Hello?
Hello?
You still there?
Can you hear me?
Is anybody there?
Hello...? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Supreme And Divine

There are many with undying wishes,
To play God.
To do it better than God has done.
As if all life orbits around them.
And they are the Moon, Stars and Sun.

There are many who believe they are here to rule.
To set standards and label others as fools.
To take resources from others and do as they wish.
To tell others how they should live.
And how to exist!

There are those who create their own sicknesses.
And spread them to inflict the less suspicious.
Those who are quick to become blinded...
By an overdose of hypnosis.
While in a worship of devotion and faith,
To objects made!
And symbols and myths believed to depict God!
And 'that' energy is too Supreme and Divine to recreate!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sure I'Ll Accept Your Apology

Sure...
I'll accept your apology,
For something you accused me...
And now find that not to be true.
After years spending your time,
Slime-ing minds againgst mine!
Ruining relationships I had of all kinds.
And with just a brief apology...
You believe you are going to be freed,
Of your guilt?
Especially when it was done to me consciously.
Sure...
I'll accept your apology.
Will you accept my continued hatred for you?
Sincerely speaking,
Of course.
And with respectful brotherhood.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Surf For Other Fish

You will always question my faithfulness.
I downloaded pictures...
And shared my email address.

Meeting under these conditions,
I thought would produce less stress.
But I've been accused...
Without seeing none of you!
As your point of view in my mind,
Is impressed!

You will always question my faithfulness...
And my willingness to exchange honesty!
Perhaps what I've sent,
Is too real for your acceptance.
And rejection may be the best,
Of your 'mysterious' appeal!

Keep me filed as you surf for other fish.
I want to meet and greet someone...
Not evasive,
But ready to feel desires concealed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Surface Gliders

Surface gliders,
Desire to prove...
They can get by with sliding,
With no depth to penetrate.
And to do this for the rest of their lives...
To defy an age that eventually materializes.

But outdate becomes their philosophies.
And obvious is a stunting done,
To a maturity that never comes.
For them life is lived to acquire adulation.
And as long as they get by with sliding,
A purpose achieved has been won.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Surface Viewers

When I did 'do',
The doing done I did...
Was not noticed,
To deeply critique.

I was thought to be a new 'kid'.
Innocent and absent of wise eyes.

Now the doing done,
To do as always...
Without the seeking,
Gets more criticized.

As if something done I do,
Will change with that doing done.

I was thought to be a new 'kid'.
Innocent and absent of wise eyes.
But I...
Have grown accustomed to being mistaken,
For someone else believed recognized.

To later disappoint those who are surface viewers.

'Circus viewers? '

Them too!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Surface With A Purpose

What is done,
And how I do it...
Whenever this is pursued,
Has little or nothing to do...
With approval I expect from you.

What is done,
And how others do it...
Whatever they do is pursued,
May catch you viewing on the sidelines doing...
The nothing new to change attitudes.

You can't seem to stop critiquing to drop.
You can't seem to start a search for your purpose.
You can't seem to stop critiquing to drop.
Or bring your own desires to the surface.

What is done,
And how others do it...
Whatever they do is pursued,
May catch you viewing on the sidelines doing...
The nothing new to change attitudes.

What is done,
And how I do it...
Whenever this is pursued,
Has little or nothing to do...
With approval I expect from you.

You can't seem to stop critiquing to drop.
You can't seem to start a search for your purpose.
You can't seem to stop critiquing to drop.
Or bring your own desires to the surface.
Do it!
Bring your own desires to the surface with a purpose.
Bring your own desires to the surface.
Do it!
Bring your own desires to the surface with a purpose.
Bring your own desires to the surface.

You can't seem to stop critiquing to drop.
Or bring your own desires to the surface.
Do it!
Bring your own desires to the surface with a purpose.
Bring your own desires to the surface.
Do it!
Bring your own desires with a purpose to be surfaced.
Let your purpose surface to be serviced.
Do it!
Bring your own desires with a purpose to be surfaced.
Let your purpose surface to be serviced.
Do this!
Let your purpose surface to be serviced.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Surfaced Emptiness

I close my eyes...
And no boundaries appear.
I open them and quickly see...
Restrictions that are limited.
And labels placed,
That are believed.
Although unclear...
To one who perceives.

I feel emotions,
But taught them not to express.
I am confused by those,
Who have open conversations.
But only to address,
A surfaced emptiness.

I close my eyes...
And no boundaries appear.
I open them and quickly see...
Restrictions that are limited.
And labels placed,
That are believed.
Although unclear...
To one who perceives.

I question with answers expected.
Although I am told,
Curiosity killed the cat.
But if cats have nine lives to live...
Why should my questions,
Threaten death like that?
I am not a cat.
I want to learn!
And that's a fact.

I've stumbled and fell,
To my knees that were scraped.
Most of what I've comprehended,
Has been done by making mistakes.

And if 'censoring' teaches anything at all...
It teaches that one man's truth,
Could get him exclusively blackballed!

How hypocritical can the expression be...
'Do as I say!
And not as I do! '
Mean to today's youth...
On pursuit,
To living lives wholesomely!

Senseless without a point,
Seems this journey!
Senseless without a point,
To hunger with a yearning.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Surfaced Ingenuities

Shallow tricks played,
Had been the acts of children.
Today everyone takes part.
To elicit some emotion,
Wishing to start.
And it is so obvious,
The hollowness of the games.
And the ones who initiate them,
Are never ashamed to expose themselves.
And/or their surfaced ingenuities.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Surfacing From Their Narrow Crevices

Now surfacing from their narrow crevices...
Most are surprised,
There is a truth that thrives.

Eyes squenched from darkness,
As sunlight hits.
They become witnesses of others...
Living their lives as if those coming out,
Had not and do not for them exist.

Doing their best to catch up with the times,
They find themselves lost...
With minds left behind.
And holding onto values oxidized from rust...
They are thrusted into a world,
Unknown to them and they do not trust.

As they try to solicit others to acknowledge,
Their attempts to awaken and catch up!
They slowly become aware,
They are the ones who chose to hide in crevices.
Worshipping their gluttony...
With a lust that kept them stuck in ruts!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Surfacing Misdeeds

Those who proceed,
With their subtle campaigns...
To position themselves,
As a victim of another.
And the misdeeds they've done,
Have yet to be uncovered.
Will expose their objectives,
To be suspect.
Especially when the routines,
They use are often connected...
With the hiding,
Of those surfacing misdeeds.
As others take notice of their familiarity.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Surprise

I delight in the keeping,
Of that excited look...
Kept in your dancing,
And sparkling fresh eyes.

My wish is only to deliver,
One surprise after another.
To express my affection,
You spark to ignite...
Inside of me feelings felt.
No one else but you can do.

My wanting to surprise you,
Is my obligation.
Like the air I'm grateful,
That has given me life...
And the opportunity,
With breath to breathe.
To realize without you,
How boring this experience...
Of my life would be.

And I look forward,
To express my love.
Even in ways,
That have come to surprise...
Me.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Surprises In Store For Those With Closed Eyes

Ignore the truth,
And deceit will someday suffocate.

Participate in the re-creation of reality...
And the Earth,
With the assistance of the Sun and Moon...
Will not hesitate to awaken those mistakened by this!

Life and the naturalness of it as experienced...
Is not created from a human perception.
Nor is it a reflection that decides when to change,
Into something more acceptible.

This 'experiment' called life,
WE have decided to destroy...
With a selfishness employed.
Will find divisions within it that survives.
And the end result of this evolution...
Has surprises in store for those with closed eyes.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Surreal

At times,
Life lived can seem surreal.
Profound and too provocative.
Astounding.
To leave some,
Anticipating...
What next could stun.
With it done,
Better...
Than the day before.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Surrounded By Misfits

Issues that confuse,
Stall conclusions from the start!
Matters of shared dialogue intended...
Initiates a popularity of personalities,
Tossed about and lost!
Bitter conflicts about distrust,
Become childish playground pranks!
Leaving those who compose as poets...
Ranting about ratings,
And who has abused their rank!

If systems devised to award prizes,
For those who had true 'gifts'...
There would be few
Who did what they do,
Since the process to create would just sit!
But of course they are not bothered...
When surrounded by misfits!
There are those who fart with their art!
And there are those who are serious...
With the 'work' they submit.
Trying to avoid and escape these conflicts!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Surrounds And Magnifies

If life itself is not poetic...
With bewildering twists,
Adorned with abstract expressions
Worn to adapt
As one who is seen
Wearing an assortment of hats!
Then for some...
Who believe they have power
To censor and shun
What grows and blooms under the Sun...
Stunt their own growth,
With diminishing opportunities to expand
Limited minds already confined!
No matter who decides to live through it...
With eyes and ears closed.
Left to breathe in suffocating boxes.
Choosing to experience what 'is' unexposed.
They will always be 'outfoxed'...
By that which surrounds and magnifies.
An obnoxiousness encouraging misfits...
The ones who sit on standards that have drifted.
And eventually mentally blocked,
As life continues to thrive,
Without the narrow minds of those...
Withered in a time no one wishes to revive!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Survival And Instincts

Survival and instincts...
Manifest on city streets.
Survival and instincts...
Embed in heads to never let go.
Survival and instincts...
Manifest on city streets.
Survival and instincts...
Embed in heads to never let go.

What is learned with lessons taught,
Embed in heads to never let go.
Common sense can not be bought,
When embedded in heads to never let go.

Survival and instincts...
Manifest on city streets.
Survival and instincts...
Embed in heads to never let go.
Survival and instincts...
Manifest on city streets.
Survival and instincts...
Embed in heads to never let go.

Mistakes one make seldon repeat,
When embedded in heads to never let go.
And regretted mistakes are felt real deep,
When embedded in heads to never let go.

Wisdom comes from experience known,
To keep embedded in heads.
A knowledge obtained will be shown,
When embedded in heads.

Survival and instincts...
Are kept embedded in heads.
Survival and instincts...
Are seldom from school books read.
Survival and instincts...
Is often common sense fed.

Survival and instincts...
Manifest on city streets.
Survival and instincts...
Embed in heads to never let go.
Survival and instincts...
Manifest on city streets.
Survival and instincts...
Embed in heads to never let go.

What is learned with lessons taught,
Embed in heads to never let go.
Common sense can not be bought,
When embedded in heads to never let go.
Common sense can not be bought,
When embedded in heads to never let go.
Survival and instincts...
Embed in heads to never let go.
Survival and instincts...
Embed in heads to never let go.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Susie Q

Susie Q
Would you like to do a few,
Night caps?
I've been refused...
And I'm a cat that isn't like that!
I think you're sweet...
Butterfinger licking.
I think you'll find my conversation,
'Not-that-bad'!

Susie Q
What do you do...
When you say you don't do it?
I'm so amused
That you believe I am a 'fooler'.
I may have a glass of wine or two with you.
I may even ask you what you'd like to do...
Susie Q,
Eat your oysters...
Let's be movin'!

Susie Q
Would you like to do a few,
Night caps?
I've been refused...
And I'm a cat that isn't like that!
I think you're sweet...
Butterfinger licking.
I think you'll find my conversation,
'Not-that-bad'!
Susie Q...
When you're through,
We can get groovin'!
Susie Q...
When you're through,
We can get groovin'!
Susie Q...
I think you know,
Just what you're doin'.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Suspect And Questioned

I will leave behind what it was
I came here to fulfill and do!
This journey mystifies
Beyond our eyes to view!
What it is we all have come to give,
Comes through us in our prayers...
As we live!
I can only do the best I can.
I hope with faith,
You feel that way to!
Let us join hands
To correct misunderstandings,
And demand as we stand strong...
With united love,
Suspect and questioned.
But never found to be wrong!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Suspicions Existing Unresisted

There is nothing in the shadows,
Yet they run to them and hide.
Nothing there subsisting with substance...
A suspicion fits in this existence...
And no one in this exposed enclosure confides.

Quick is shared philosophies,
Of how their plight began!
Sunlight has chased away curiosity,
As a 'dawning' meets an assisted dead end.

This has been accepted.
And approved by ignorance.
No one sheltered kept in darkness...
Can find themselves trusting from within.
All respect has found neglect.

Their faith has gone.

There is nothing in the shadows,
Yet they run to them and hide.
Nothing there subsisting with substance.
Suspicious in existence...
No one in this enclosure confides.

And snatching satisfactions...
From distractions they regret.
No one has found true comfort where they are...
But continue to project,
An incorrectness they protect!

A faith professed has certainly gone...
And no one takes the time to reverse these minds,
That are wrong!
As they spin delighted on this carousel,
Caring less they have spun around too long!
Heated by a living hell...
They've become accustomed to live too well!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Suspicions In The Way

Weren't we once in love?
Or was that just another game to play?
Weren't we once there for one another?
Or was that just for public display?

Questions unanswered.
Time lost and investments hindered.
Broken and mended,
With emotions on the fence.
I was never in love like that.
Nor have I ever,
Been that way since.

Weren't we once in love?
Questions unanswered.
Or was that just another game to play?
Questions unanswered.
Weren't we once there for one another?
Questions unanswered.
Or was that just for public display?
Questions unanswered,
And...
Suspicions,
In the way!

Can't get off the fence,
With suspicions in the way.
Can't get off the fence,
With suspicions in the way.
Can't get off the fence,
With suspicions in the way.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Suspicions Kept

Allegations and hidden lies,
Are being revealed to be seen...
Or heard nonstop like hot and fresh popcorn.
With the scent of it unmistaken,
Yet...
Who will be left teased awaiting to get a taste?

Not too many had been willing,
To take those initial steps to correct disparities.
Or the aroma of injustices that today affects,
A widening demographic with few exceptions left.
Only those 'connected' are guaranteed to receive.

More who had once believed themselves safe,
From being selected to be oppressed...
With less opportunities manifested for them to get,
Are witnessing their 'entitlements' and civil rights...
Diminishing overnight.

With arms and hands lifted in protest,
An advocating of a unity is becoming routinely expressed.
But those historically suppressed by dishonesty and deceit,
Are left with suspicions kept they keep...
Regardless who confesses a desire to represent everyone's needs,
With a call of equality and an end to divisions.

Allegations and hidden lies,
Are being revealed to be seen...
Or heard nonstop like hot and fresh popcorn.
With the scent of it unmistaken,
Yet who will be left teased awaiting to get a taste...
Of a discovery of truth as is and untainted?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Suspicious Are Those With Wicked Wishes

There is nothing more disturbing,
Than someone observed...
Espressing joy and happiness.
For no apparent reason.

And those on drugs,
Have a certain appearance.
While those alcoholic,
Have eyes clouded in denial.

Those natural high lifers,
Are often thought of to be crazed.
Or completely detached from reality.
And today this amazes those distracted by it!

How often is it that one is seen,
Smiling and content?
And absolutely self abuse free.
While attracting attention AND comments.

Has a rehabilitation been the cause of this sensation?
Something of a discipline has occurred.
With a vibrancy that expresses verve.
How encouraging!
And this takes nerve.

Suspicious are those with wicked wishes.

'Oh...
They 'have' to be doing something more than nothing!
Because too much attention they bring to it! '

And discipline and self respect,
Are the last things loose lips digest in minds to accept!
With an evilness projected.
And leaving those 'bugs' that fly up their asses,
To camp out in a permanent residence.
Although finding it unsafe to stay there!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Suspicious Of Others With An Opinion

You know...?
How can I say this?
'Just say it.
Get it out of the way.'

You wont be offended?

'I can't promise that.
But at least what you say,
Is out of the way.
And you can sigh with relief.'

You know...?
Your conversations of late,
Are making to me less sense.

'Whew.
You had me frightened for a moment.
I thought you were beginning to comprehend,
My motives not to be understood.'

But...
Shouldn't you be wishing to be understood?
With my paying of attention?

'Are you kidding?
And have you believe I am intelligent?
Do you know what a threat that could present,
To those already suspicious of others with an opinion.

No!
Trust me.
The more you believe I am crazy...
And you tell others that.
The more I can enjoy my peace of mind.'

Huh?

'I have more loose and mixed nuts in my head,

Than a holiday fruit cake.'

Oh.
Well...
I could have told you that!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sustained And Embraced As If Tradition

Who am I to call the mindless pitiful?
Or refer to their lack of sense,
As having a uselessness.
Afterall...
Their use is most effective.
And their needs are marketed quite well.

Their purpose is to prevent progress of all kinds.
Including those who have some kind of mind to be used.
But clearly can not!
In an environment of self abusers.
Since a suspected thought connecting,
Would mean a forward movement.
With an awakening witnessed.

And it is advantageous to keep people like this...
As far away from the thinking process.
To instill the quality and purchase of BS,
Has made an affect as a broadcasted major event!
With a certainty it is supported as well as maintained.

And this indoctrination...
Ladies and gentlemen,
Is as religious as a movement can get.
Sustained and embraced as if tradition.
As all are duped,
On the politicing of religion and its comfort...
To twist innocent minds to uphold distorted beliefs.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sustained Pain

One's pain to feel,
To introduce as their main objective...
As a perspective to subject,
Is often not expected.
Since pain to feel to share it,
Is difficult to do when personally felt.
So many love to entertain,
Others with their display of maintaining pain.
Heard at the convenience of listening ears.

And sustained pain only remains relevant,
In the mind of one who seeks from others...
An attention to get that would otherwise,
In different circumstances go unnoticed.
If one was not seeking to compete,
With a boasting of their agonies suffered.
As if pain to endure with a mending done to do,
Is something new no one else has to experienced.
And frequently condoning to do this alone.

'You have no idea,
How excruciating this pain I am feeling is.
Every moment of each day,
I am reminded of it.'

~Well...
Let's see if we can get the manager,
To let you use the P.A. system in the store.
I'm sure this event,
Others would regard historic as I do.~

'No.
That's okay.
I've already asked to do that a few weeks ago.
But I do appreciate your willingness to be aware.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sustaining To Maintain That

I will be there 'with' you,
To prioritize what to do to get done.
I am that one!
But I will not be there 'for' you,
In the support of your fears.
Or a stagnation that is clear,
With an obviousness...
You wish it stays to remain.
Sustaining to maintain that...
Is all yours.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Swagger

With a walk of pride,
And heads held high.
Displaying a confidence seen and undenied.
Some come to think of this still as arrogance.
Anyone appearing dignified and proud,
With an identity that speaks out loud...
And arrogance is applied to this stride that clouds,
Today's definition

Swagger is what that is called today.

In my day...
In times that seem so far away.
To act as if one was a foolish clown...
Was one who was down to Earth.
And had been taught this was acceptable,
With a teaching of this from one's birth.
Being a fool was preferred behavior.
In cycles where dysfunctions were revered.

Many times I was told I wasn't a bag of chips.
But easily spotted as a dim-witted dip!
To display one's intelligence...
Was for some an embarrassment.

Today...
Those 'dips' done by the ones with wit,
Appear to have a lot of emulated swagger.
With a hip-hop that raps and rocks!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sweat And Work Are Involved

Isn't it easy,
To dictate what someone should do...
From the comfort of the sidelines,
Where the peanut gallery sits...
Irresponsible with accountability limited?

And I hear you say,
You'd like more assistance.
With a wish to have it quick.
But those were not your sentiments made,
When you passed your judgement,
On the one you and the others...
Forced to throw up hands to quit.

People seldom realize,
How much is paid for their ignorance.

Isn't it easy,
To dictate what someone should do...
From the comfort of the sidelines,
Where the peanut gallery sits...
Irresponsible with accountability limited?

And now you are complaining,
How no one understands.
But you had no problem accusing the other,
Of not standing tall and taking it like a man.

And he succeeded.
Although this didn't please.

But then...
Again,
The attention was on him.
Wasn't it?

And you thought that was all it took to lead.
Now it is your turn.
And you can not take the pressure of critique.

There is much more to it,
Then just smiling and having an appetite...
The ego wants pleased.

For the one taking the heat,
And being in the brightest of spotlights...
Sweat and work are involved.
And this...
Many people aren't behind the scenes to see.
Very little time is given to the crunching on munchies.

Sweat...
And work,
Are involved!
Together...
Like in any close relationship.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sweat Equity

Too hard some struggle,
To secure recognition.
Believing the ease of it,
Comes with just a wish.

There is no formula that exists.
Or comes with guarantee.
Even with persistence applied...
By the one who patiently abides,
And heeds such deeds.

But no one can admit,
Sitting and wishing for a thing to exist...
Develops without making attempts.
Or delivers with an absence of love,
For hard work!
Regardless...
Of an acknowledgement.

Since it is with devotion,
Anything desired...
Must be set into motion.
Even when one is beyond getting tired...
That fire ignites and excites inspite,
Of limited rest.
Wanting nothing else but to produce one's best.

And any notion that this can be dismissed,
Maybe shown by those...
Wanting an easier way to reach,
A goal to expose limited as seen fit.
Without sweat equity.
Or labor to invest which is not valued.

Although a welcoming of excuses to achieve,
Success as one believes.
Is a constant one keeps focused.
And recorded on a lazy track,
To play back.

As if to merit their time wasted!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sweating With Blistered Hands

I use to care with a doing.
And a sacrifice with a giving away of talents,
To prove my sincerity with beliefs a unity...
Was not a cause but an obligation.

After years of feeling this way,
And having those same voices today say...
'Things aren't the way they use to be.
When people cared about others,
And showed a caring of loyalty that was unquestioned.'

And listening to this with a realization,
How some people like to embellish their past.
Those same people who sat on their...
Fat lapses of action.
Are still hopelessly looking for direction,
From 'someone' who agrees to do things...
The way their ancestors did.

When being accountable meant...
Following behind someone,
Who joked and laughed with them all day.
To leave others assigned to work in the fields,
Sweating with blistered hands.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sweep Away Your Own Debris

So clear you were not here,
When the trenches were dug.
And when the heat appeared,
Not a dropp of sweat...
Came from your brow.
And you expect my attention,
To listen to your delayed intentions!
And you expect my time to mention this...
Now?

Too much of what you have,
And take for granted...
Has been made easy for you to judge.
Including my activities.
But in my life,
What you say and offer...
Has not been made my priority.
Not to influence me to budge!

Your seriousness is elementary to me.
And there is something to be said,
About those who toiled from the old school!
Who learned to use their minds...
And not toys to use as tools to advance fools.

My path has never been paved,
With options.
Nor was it ever paved before time to it I gave.
And any options appearing,
Are those I made!

You show up to discuss,
How I should approach 'my' adventure.
When you display no ambition...
To pick up a broom,
And sweep away your own debris!
That's why I prefer you not to be around me.
To distract with aspects of your own insecurities.

Don't attempt to use my energy.
Sweep away your own debris!
Sweep away your own debris!
Or go elsewhere to play.
Just get away from around me.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sweep It To Clean

Quoting statistics,
With an ability to do this quick.
Although one hesitates,
To put in place solutions...
But dresses to impress to make excuses,
Continues to be the mindset...
Of those seeking to deny the effectiveness,
They have chosen to historically ignore.

And that is...
If dirt appears to pile up on a floor,
Sweep it to clean it.
What does a taken off of a suit jacket,
To pick out a decorative rug is suppose to hide?
More attempts to face reality?
There is something about teaching sweat equity,
To deposit that restores a dignity earned not given.

'Do as I say with a doing as I do.'

~I think you've got 'that' confused.~

'No.
You do.
No more speeches from me do you get.
The proof is in the teaching,
With an assistance to teach those lessons taught.'

~I don't get it.~

'You will.
After this floor is cleaned.
Along with the two others.
And I inspect them before you mop.'

~What is 'this'? ~

'This is a broom.
To take in your hands.

That is a floor.
To remember where your lessons began.
Show and tell is over.
So begin.
You have an hour.'

~But...
What about my studies and my ambitions? ~

'Somehow,
I am convinced...
You will regard them with a much more seriousness,
With a time for them you will find.
You have 45 minutes.'

~45?
You said I had an hour.~

'I know.
That was 15 minutes ago.
Time flies doesn't it?
Especially when seeking excuses to make.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sweeping Under The Rug

Molestations have become the new rage,
To openly admit being committed...
In locker rooms, showers and on fields,
Of play.
Men with boys used as sexual toys,
Abused in the most perverted ways.

Lesbians and gays,
Have even become appalled.
Since their preferences,
Are not hidden behind pretentions.
With a doing as they please...
And admitting to sexual needs.
While those conducting themselves obscenely,
Secretly attempt to hide and deny...
Their own closeted homosexuality.

And those who seem surprised and disgusted,
By the revelation of these activities...
Are the ones who have had their heads buried in sand,
Doing their best to deny,
This existence they attempt to label as sick...
Is more commonly accepted as historic.

Although...
A sweeping under the rug,
Is still a preference for those who enjoy their dirt...
Covered up to maintain 'appropriate' disguises.

'Your comments are utterly disgusting.'

I know.
I do the best I can,
To avoid embellishing my exaggerations!
And by the way...
There is a spot you missed over there!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sweet And Oozing With Charm

Others may determine,
You are fantastic.
With a defending of your claims,
They have seen you actually do a tap dance...
On thin air.

But it has been only directed towards me,
Your defamation and atrocities.
And these acts they have not witnessed,
To declare and believe my public treatment of you,
And in their view is unnecessary and too offensive.

'How can you be so cruel to someone undeserving?
Someone so sweet and oozing with charm.'

Gee, I have no idea.
Perhaps it is from leftover wounds...
No one witnessed when they were inflicted.
And a forgetting to forgive...
Has not yet arrived to sustain me with entertainment.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sweet And Soft Whispers

I may not be a bit psychic...
But I know it's there.
That love inside you fight.
With a wish I might like it.

No, I may not be a psychic...
But that fragrance you wear is in the air.
You want to give me a chance.
To cuddle up and romance.

I believe you want me alone.
To claim and have me as your own.
You want me close enough to hear...
Those sweet and soft whispers in my ear.

And I may not be a bit psychic.
But I know it is there.
That love inside you fighting to appear.
With a wish that I might like it.
And have it in my arms to hold it near.

Oh...
Your excitement you try to hide.
But I know it's there.
And not that deep inside.
And I just may keep it a secret...
Until you make me aware.

I may not be a psychic...
But I know what you feel,
For me...
Is there!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sweet Cowardice

Traveling in packs,
And out to seek thrills.
Boasting to boost punk temptations...
To bully someone,
To show sweet cowardice skills!

Chumps in secret gatherings,
To promote horrors unsuspecting!
Sneaking around like rats...
Creeping,
To attack anyone,
With a turned back!
Thinking these folks have no backbone,
For that kind of surprising entrapment,
By creeps unleashed!

Taught by bigots to pick on the weak.
Thinking those defenseless...
Are easy prey to overwhelm and defeat!
And yet your insecurities,
Show clearly through deceit!
But you stay away from those
Grown to adapt on urban streets!
Why?
Do you think you and yours would be beaten,
As a treat?
Hmmm...
Thugs eventually find themselves locked up,
In prisons cells where they all seem to meet!
Picking this time...
Fresh young butt to discreetly seek,
When the guards patrolling fall to sleep!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sweet Meat Cleaver

Sweet meat cleaver...
May your sharpened blade,
Be swung to come down swiftly...
To silent false lips attached to crooked necks.
May you have assistence,
From those wishing to expedite...
The cleansing of this demon hex.

Too many lives have been poisoned,
From deceitful feeding.
Too many have died...
To support candlelighted greetings.

Kidnap these beasts from their feasting.
Warmongers toasting the oozing of the bleeding.
And not one of them in celebration feels...
The killing of humanity,
With such zest and zeal!

Ssssweet meat cleaver...
May your sharpened blade,
Be swung to come down swiftly...
To silent false lips attached to crooked necks.
May the coming dawn shine upon those who dance.
Knowing a quickened end to their pain...
Will stop the strutting of those wicked.
With the chopping up of guts,
And the splitting of their brains.

To watch as a cleansing washes away...
This filth that reeks into the reception of welcomed gutters.
And applauded by those healing everywhere encouraged...
Huddled together homeless on public streets.
As the rain removes every stenching stain!
With a gathering to end all division!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sweet Potato Muffin Cake

Sweet potato muffin cake,
What is it going to take...
For you to let me get,
Another hug and squeeze?

I promise the next time,
Not to sneeze and cough.
My allergies flared up...
Just when you took your sweater off.
Who knew I was allergic to cashmere?

Sweet potato muffin cake,
What is it going to take...
For you to let me get,
Another hug and squeeze?

Now that you know,
Cashmere and I do not agree...
Perhaps you will give me,
Another opportunity?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sweetened Commodities Sold To Be Treats

Threats of death,
With weapons kept to defend...
Against suspicions,
That have no end to them.
Only raises the stakes,
For tensions to continue.

Since peace is not the objective,
Barbarians choose to move forward to.
With its success in progress.
To spread with a feeling,
Known and manifested.
With a keeping of it respected to protect.

But instead used as a novelty,
To amuse those believed fools...
Who will accept death threats and weapons kept,
As only a means to keep the delusion of peace...
Alive to thrive,
As a sweetened commodity thought as a treat.
To crave until extermination has been tasted.

Those sweetened commodities sold to be treats!
Death threats.
And kept weapons.
Sweetened commodities begging to feed,
Death threats,
And kept weapons.
To believe,
Peace received...
Needs the presence of,
Death threats.
And kept weapons.
Death threats.
And kept weapons.

Those sweetened commodities sold to be treats!
Death threats.
And kept weapons.

Those sweetened commodities sold to be treats!
Death threats.
And kept weapons.
To believe,
Peace received...
Needs the presence of,
Death threats.
And kept weapons.
Death threats.
And kept weapons.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sweetened Medications

If being honest and the living of truth,
Was not considered offensive...
By those wishing to protect,
Their prefabricated lives with high-tech weapons...
There would be more people accepting,
Not only truth...
But the reality of their existence,
Without the need for sweetened medications.
Or other false addictions to sustain selfish habits...
To maintain self centered and self righteous beliefs.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sweetened Scents

Little left there is,
That can be covered up.
Or dressed over by sweetened scents.
Nor can flavored speeches given,
In the best politically correct etiquette...
Can dismiss,
Polished and manicured appearances.
Rusting to crumble stable foundations.

No longer do standards to value,
Addressing them to impress.
Will disguise to hide the mess created,
With denials used and made to attempt...
Describing a way of life as envied.
When many can see a tarnishing beginning,
To ruin their golden beliefs.
Awakening those heartbroken to see,
A truth faithfully kept has been deceived.

Little left there is,
That can be covered up.
Or dressed over by sweetened scents.
Eventually facing reality can not be ignored.
Especially when the funk of it,
Is everywhere with the stench of it to smell.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sweetness

You want sweetness,
You say I have an ability to ooze?
You want sweetness available,
Anytime you choose?
You want sweetness,
Without any bitterness to taste?
I'm sorry I am not a magician at all.
A reality for you...
I can not pretend or fake!
I can't ignore the pain you caused...
Or sugarcoat you drove me to heartbreak!
I smile because I am over you.
And this happiness shown...
Is to prove to you
We are done! It's over!
We are absolutely through!
You have a nerve to come back,
Expecting a sweetness due!
You are sickened with ego...
And that is 'all' you prove!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Swindle

A request to have a door,
On hinges installed...
Is a great idea,
For one seeking privacy.

But a door on hinges,
That does not close...
Or has a lock with a key,
Is just another swindle!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Swing. Hit. Drop And Leave

A heavy hitter may swivel hips.
Or a nerd perceive,
To have limp wrists.
However...
Some fooled and tricked by this,
May discover themselves recovering...
By smelling salts to assist their awareness.

Swing.
Hit.
Drop and leave,
Is the best remedy...
To return one back to reality.

A heavy hitter may hide a bat.
Or a fist wrapped in a sequined glove.
To distract from enacting,
Kept facts not to miss...
By another who insists,
Judging others alone by their appearances...
Will be a lesson to learn that comes unexpected.
And many lessons one comes to remember,
Are the ones that are swift.
Without notes to take from anyone to get.

Swing.
Hit.
Drop and leave.
Is the best remedy...
To return one back to reality.

A clown with a face masked,
Is seldom laughing underneath.
And no one knows but that clown,
The emotions felt...
Someone who clowns carries around.
To leave those who joke,
Believe they can provoke some folks.

Swing.
Hit.
Drop and leave.
Is the best remedy...
To return one back to reality.

'Uh...
They didn't even stay to hear me say,
I'm sorry.'

~If I were you,
I would keep that admitted to yourself,
From now on.
And hopefully,
Whoever it was to have hit you like that,
Is not on a mission to teach others lessons.
But I suspect,
The message they left was personal.
One to you delivered even I wont forget.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Switch The Gear

Kids are dopin' up,
To keep their minds numb.
With wishes to eliminate,
Capers others made.

Kids are dopin' up,
To keep their minds numb.
Running from a fear to face,
Capers others made.

Many play it 'tuff'.
With an acting 'ruff' to cuss.
Bluffin' how they will kick butt,
Prepared to fist-a-cuff.
But...
Inside they are soft as muffins,
Sufferin'.
Disguising outside tears to cry.
Inside they all deny they're sufferin',
But puffin' to bluff...
All the pain that goes denied.

If they switch the gear from fear,
A madness had they'll tackle.
If they switch to not be near it,
Sadness disappears.

Kids are dopin' up,
To keep their minds numb.
With wishes to eliminate,
Capers others made.

If they switched the gear,
Away will go their sadness.
If they switched the gear...
Fear disappears.

If they switched the gear,
Away will go their madness.

If they switched the gear...
Their minds will become cleared.

Kids are dopin' up,
To keep their minds numb.
With wishes to eliminate,
Capers others made.

All capers to made will fade to quit,
When minds switch...
From teaching kids a bluffin' benefits.

All capers to made will fade to quit,
When minds switch...
From teaching kids from thinking,
Puffin' to be drugged up...
'Is' happiness.

They must be taught quick to switch the gear.
They must be taught quick to switch the gear,
From fear.
They must be taught quick to switch the gear.
They must be taught quick to switch the gear,
From fear.
And reject,
Divisions visioned.
To accept,
Conflict decisions...
Made to stay.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Switch Up And Ditch 'Em

I've switched rails.
On a new track.
I had to take my train,
Engine and all...
To stop those huff and puffing days,
On a familiar route.
With nothing to pursue...
But reasons to keep looking back!

The routine got too stale.
I attempted to prevail,
On a course that brought me
Repeated remorse.
With complaints to grieve...
As if that was an achievement.

I've switched rails.
On a new track.
And this might have disappointed others...
But going around in circles?
I have finally got tired of that.
Finding the trick to end my conflicts...
Was to switch up and ditch 'em!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Switching The Goal Posts

They are against those who oppose everything.
And those who oppose everything,
Are using their position to ensure there is opposition.
While those caught up in between teams,
Have begun to accuse the referee...
For not being more influential in getting both sides,
To play ball and follow the rules!
Instead of switching the goal posts around,
Each time a player gets closer to scoring points.
And anyone intelligent can see they have the best referee.

'Comeon you guys.
People have paid too high of a price,
To be expected to sit and take this much longer.
I think you all have lost sight,
As to why we have been selected to play this game.
If you don't play it my way...
Guess who ultimately suffers the consequences?
And don't look at me.
I am accustomed to being called vulgar names.
Turn around and look at the ones looking at you.
That blame game is about to change! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Swollen Knuckles

From where I sit...
And I have had those opportunities,
To sit and observe from various places.
In different environments.
And conversed with an assortment,
Of those with both frowns and smiles on their faces.
I've come to notice,
The ones rehabilitated and returning from their time,
Spent incarcerated in prisons.
And so prepared to share with an uplifting.

Those same folks,
Who objected to those who sat with patience,
And had wisdom.
Only now perceive themselves,
To have acquired advice...
With a willingness to share it.
And finding themselves dismissed,
By the very ones they attempted to con.
As if to sit behind bars is the only way to learn lessons.

'OH...
I do understand where you are and where you've been.
And those frustrations you have with newfound concerns.
Oh...
I am not above thinking there is nothing I can learn.
We all make choices.
And my choice was to receive my lessons not sitting in a prison.

And since you've been rehabilitated,
You have more opportunities than I do.
My knuckles have been swollen from knocking on doors for years.
And here you are...
With a Bible and job offers.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sworn To Groove

I'm sworn...
To groove.
And to pat my feet.
To a beat repeating.

Sworn to groove.
And to funk!
To stomp with a-jumpin'.

I'm...
Ssssworn to groove.
And to sweat in heat...
Releasing fever deep.
That's got me rockin'
To get out-of-my-seat!

Oh...
Sworn to groove.
Feel the rhythm meant,
Not-for-skimpy-limpers'!

Or for wimps,
Who can not be convinced...
To move.

I'm
Ssssworn to groove.
Oh oh
And everyday,
I anticipate it.
Not a moment...
Do-I-waste.
Or contemplate a milli-second,
Sitting back to wait.
And I see people...
Keep their booties up to pace.
Hoping what their mamas gave them,
Doesn't ache to break.

Oh...
Sworn to groove.
Feel the rhythm meant,
That's not-for-skimpy-limpers'!
And to sweat in heat...
Releasing fever deep.
And to pat my feet.
To a beat repeating.

I've been ssssworn to groove.
Oh oh!

And everyday,
I anticipate it.
Not a moment...
Do-I-waste.

Or contemplate a milli-second,
Sitting back to wait,
For you!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sycamore

Standing in the heat to sit,
Like...
A Sycamore.

I like it that you take risks,
And not shut close your eyes.
I like it.
Oh yes,
I like it.

I will do the driving,
And with me you'll like the ride.
And...
You will like it.
Yes I know you will like it.

The road ahead may get too bumpy,
And tough.
But,
I will not be giving up...
Or slowing when its rough.

'Cause life to me is second nature,
And adore I do...
A Sycamore.
With figs so sweet.
Yet not so common to ignore.

Oh yes I like it,
A fig sweet I can eat.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Symbolic But Not With Proof To Drop

If I represented myself,
To be 'that' which I was not.
With an impressive resume,
Presented with nothing but lies...
From the beginning until those lies stopped.
And if I adopted,
Another name to claim with a synonym...
Symbolic but not with proof to drop.
Would I be more appreciated,
Like those who have obtained notoriety...
By being thieves who deceive,
And success achieve?
To be praised and raised to the top like cream?
Or does an honesty people say they wish,
Is only reserved for their close relationships?
To have them 'end' and many very quickly,
Because of a dishonesty revealed they will not permit.
But yet...
Living a lie and deceiving like spies,
To those closer to them but hide behind disguises.
And people accept this as if addicted,
To say how hard they try to do the right thing.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Symbolic Need

For those into scriptures.
To quote to stir up a closeness to God.
The Bible is a purpose to reference Him.
Although many open it to underscore...
How best to remove themselves from sin!

Without a single clue,
The Earth is a living and breathing 'entity'.
If it wasn't for the Sun...
And its relationship to the Moon,
None of us would have conflict...
If an ignorance of this would from us be lifted.

None of us would fight...
Over who has more of a religious right!
Since long before those divisions began...
The Moon was there!
And so was the Sun.
Along with the Stars we see at night.

And those into a self righteousness...
Even with a 'divine' tool to use.
Will always find reasons to feed,
A symbolic need to physically...
Authorize their appetites.

As God watches,
From an omniprescence.
Knowing from a darkness...
He patiently awaits for us,
To turn on the 'lights'!
By simply asking for this to be done.

And yet...
All of us are not assigned to see,
The magnificence that 'is' of this 'Deity'.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Symbolized

There is a symbol,
On everything you claim you own.
There is a symbol.
Stamp on everything in this life.
Everything is marked.
And highlighted by a brand,
Nearing closer to the forehead...
Of your fellowman.
And you leave your world unpure?
'Let no man worhip any gods before ME? '
Said He.
The Almighty.
And many have replaced Him in their lives,
To deny it but are quite...
Symbolized!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Symbolized Mysticism

Your Highness?

'Yes...
My devoted, chosen and special one.'

The moving vans have arrived.

'Moving vans?
What moving vans? '
You mean 'fans'?
What's wrong with the air conditioning? '

There has been a sudden and unexpected,
Shift in beliefs.
The winds of them have changed.
And You have been relieved of duties immediately.

'What?
What are you saying? '

I'm sorry Your Majesty.
I've been practicing my Spanish.

'Repeat to me what it was you said.
All I understood,
Was something about moving vans.
Now I understand you meant 'fans'.
But isn't the palace,
Fitted with central air? '

Yes.
And unfortunately...
Someone else has been selected,
To take advantage of it.

'What do you mean.
I am the ruler here!
My reign is to be 'forever'.'

I thought so too.
But things have dramatically changed,
For both me and You.
Your followers have adopted their own ideas.
And it seems a more symbolized mysticism,
Has become the new rage.
And the demographics...
Appear to be 'growing' at a faster pace,
In the Southern Hemisphere.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Symbols Of Status Had

One never knows these days,
Who one might see to believe impoverished...
Picking up bottles and cans,
Off the streets to inspect...
With a doing in haste and hurriedly.
To then witness again,
This same person driving a Mercedes.
Parking it in a rush to leave,
With a running across a busy street...
As if late to greet a long lost friend.
But seen picking up a can to hold and caress.
And with a doing not to seem to care less,
Who might think this as foolishness.
But obviously meant to fulfill a need,
To keep up with impressions specifically to address...
Those symbols of status had one intends to feed,
What one perceives are 'their' kept priorities.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Symbols To Identify

Symbols to identify,
An obtained image of materialism...
Wished with a wanting to get and realize,
Leaves many feeling they must qualify...
Who amongst them has arrived to receive,
A getting of respect others with less are left...
Either ignored, rejected.
Criticized and/or despised by a truth deceived.
Truth has gone with its preciousness to keep.

Who better lies,
Gets awarded with the prize.

While a living of all life to live slips to slide quick,
From a grip of that quality once wanted to get.
Until it becomes too late to realize,
Those symbols to identify with images wished...
Begin to fade with kept beliefs.
With no returning back to what has diminished.
Since a blessing of life to receive and respect,
Leaves a consciousness to prioritize,
Living life to comprehend and value.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sympathized, Not As Wise And Less Entertaining

Everything is up for grabs to be discussed.
People today are so confused,
Few refuse to have any trust.
And false claims made for the purpose,
To undermine and defame others to entertain...
For reasons to gain an attention to receive,
Has left many shocked with their beliefs deceived.

Everything is up for grabs to be discussed.
And those discovered to be disturbed in mind,
Are finding themselves more sympathized...
Not as wise and entertaining,
By the ones who have found them mentally corrupt.
As time reveals a truth no longer concealed.
To leave feelings crushed too difficult to heal.

Lies to tell to know them not facts,
Has left many to wonder 'who' watches their backs.
White folks pretending they are black,
As blacks wanting not to be that attack each other.
Masks to wear for the convenience to charade,
Has left many afraid to self assess and face reality.
Yet kept are excuses made to justify all the madness.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Sympathy Is Not Given

Some stay stuck in ruts.
Never able to pull themselves up and out.
Holding onto a stubbornness,
And expecting to be forgiven.
Or given the attention...
From those who have chosen to move on.

And this upsets,
The ones who feel neglected.
The ones who expect...
An empathy they wish to receive.
But do not get.
Since a sympathy is not given,
To the ones who self inflict themselves to bleed!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Symptoms Of Leftover Ignorance Enjoyed

'Don't do it.
Throw them away.
Don't be tempted.
Let the taste and flavor of them just fade!
Don't...'

Many hesitate in an awaiting too long,
As they allow things to happen.
To believe an action can be quickly reversed.
With belief overnight a marinating done,
Can change effectively...
An adverse condition to them that comes.

Not so say those awakened,
With burdens that have aged on their backs to carry.
And other symptoms of leftover ignorance enjoyed...
That has come to manifest with a digesting,
Discovered to sit and overwhelmingly annoys.

Unconscious actions surround and attack,
Those of a negligence...
Who kept with a belief,
Others should be responsible and held accountable...
For their lack of facing facts!
And a refusing to use a common sense,
Is not a defense for excuses to continue to be accepted.

'Don't do it.
Throw them away.
Don't be tempted.
Let the taste and flavor of them just fade!
Don't...
Oh well.
You can't say you were not warned.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

System Of Deceit And Secrecy

So above the law are thieves.
They've devised their own system,
Of deceit and secrecy.

And denounce they do,
Those who speak truth.
With a certainty to ruin their lives.

And crooks have others believe...
They should feel threatened,
By 'these' enemies out to destroy...
Their comforts and accustomed ease.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Tables Turn And Times Change

For decades.
'D' With 'cades'...
Decades!
The homeless and those hungry,
Have survived outside...
Under carboard, subways
And bus and train stations.
Ignored completely...
By those giving them,
Cornered looks from eyes...
With raised noses.

As those of 'means'...
Treated the people in these scenes,
As if to be invisible.
With a wish,
By those 'of means'...
Not to see 'those' people,
In these scenes.

'Why can't they find jobs?
It is deplorable to see this...
Acceptable laziness.'

But,
The tables turn and times change.
'Those' people are now joined by 'them'.
And 'they' together are finding...
How values swiftly shift,
From mall shopping...
To wishing someone hurries,
From a publicly used restroom!

And newspaper to rub...
Becomes for both of them,
And many with money wearing thin...
A point of focus.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Tabloid Moments

An escaping from those tabloid moments,
Seems to be an incredible impossibility.
Plastered on everything that is moving,
Are advertisements reminding...
What's on TV, what to eat, how to dress
And what to read.

Intimate details of celebrities,
Has made the paparazzi a new industry.
And the squeezing of produce in a grocery store,
One is reminded which 'star' is on what diet.
Is it celery and grapefruit?
And what are avocados used for?

An escaping from those tabloid moments,
Seems to be an incredible impossibility.
Plastered on everything that is moving,
Are advertisements reminding...
What's on TV, what to eat, how to dress
And what to read.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Tacky Lacking Couth

Why are you making this song so sad?
It is a happy tune...
But you're making me mad.

Why are you making this song so sad?
It is a happy tune...
But you're making me mad.

Don't know why you wanna be,
Crude and hard.
Exposing fangs like a viper.
And breathing like you're crazy.

Don't know why you wanna be,
Big and bad...
And tacky lacking couth.

Don't know why you wanna be,
Crude and hard.
Exposing fangs like a viper.
And breathing like you're crazy.

Don't know why you wanna be,
Big and bad...
And tacky lacking couth.

Why are you making this song so sad?
It is a happy tune...
But you're making me mad.

Why are you making this song so sad?
It is a happy tune...
But you're making me mad.

Don't know why you wanna be,
Crude and hard.
Exposing fangs like a viper.
And breathing like you're crazy.

Don't know why you wanna be,
Big and bad...
And tacky lacking couth.

Big and bad...
And tacky lacking couth.

Don't know why you wanna be,
Crude and hard.
Exposing fangs like a viper.
And breathing like you're crazy.

Don't know why you wanna be,
Big and bad...
And tacky lacking couth.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Tact Techniques

Okay...
So we have different methods!
If someone steps on my toes...
I shoot them in the leg!
That's a quicker learning process,
Than having sessions,
To enlighten etiquette procedures.

My approach to achieve enlightenment,
Gets immediate response.
However, I must admit...
Perhaps your 'tact' techniques,
I could use to enhance my patience!
And have fewer of my 'students' limping,
In fear.

Although,
I must say...
Some are quite eager to learn.
And become surprised how quickly they adopt,
To my teaching skills and delivery...
They seem to grasp,
With little explanation!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Tactics Employed

Their tactics employed,
Might...
Get them a win.
If the winds should shift,
To present thick fogging clouds...
Again to begin.

Their onslaught of repeated deceits,
MIGHT bring a cascading of unthinking people...
To cheer excitedly on their feet.
With addicting images feeding,
Delusions craved to feast.
But a hunger is there for a reality to eat.

A practice advocating aging divisions,
With truth denied and hiding it...
Is a desperate decision,
Made to save those days long gone.
As lies no longer effectively support,
Pillars weakened to crumble ignored to abort.

And issues left in corners stacked,
To confuse those with an avoiding of facts...
Like a dangling of carrots teased to pull back,
From the eyes of the ones once tantilized...
Can not escape the climate of lies.
The climate of lies will not survive.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Tactics Used And The Aging Of Technique

There will always be someone needing,
To fake a stance.
Or enhance one's standing,
By a cuddling up thought to be sincere...
To someone impressed by appearances,
And adoring a fresher scent...
With a different approach.
Undetected to have a familiar cloaking.
But the method used still reeks,
Of a game that ceases to teach anything new.
Or provides a potential to increase imaginations,
Since the tactics used and the aging of technique...
Weakens in content to achieve no 'it' appeal.

'It also has no 'come-hither to allure that magnetizes,
To entice with charm that attracts.'

We can always go to another restaurant?

'Yeah.
Let's do that.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Tactics Used To Intimidate

Tactics used to intimidate.
Only speeds an exposed failure,
To a fate that awaits.
These weapons rust.
And show their lack of luster.
Activities to keep a hollowness that creeps.
Produces the weaknesses,
Of those with minds bleeding with defeat!
And a lost of empowerment,
To another given but not intended.
Initiating their own demise lamented.
And the sheer uselessness of their shallow deeds.
It does nothing to strengthen or cure as a remedy!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Tag Sales

Why should I promise you my love?
When you are never available on the weekends.
And those tag sales you say you offer,
On a monthly basis...
Look more like a fast food service to me!
With a slow cook,
Preparing whatever is being offered inside.

No...
I am not buying it!
You say you have revival meetings,
On Saturdays?
What on Earth is being revived?
I see too many guys standing in line outside.
And not a one looking a bit religious.

Of course I am suspicious!
Why wouldn't I be?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

T'aint Nobody Here

T'aint nobody here,
Blessed with eyes, ears and mouth...
To be used simultaneously with this done,
And...
Have all the answers to appease everyone.
Without other voices heard...
To give each undivided attention to listen.
Or at least pretend to them respect is given.
Although there are some...
Who become offended and stunned,
When they are told to shut up.

'Why do you sit with your mouth closed?
I came to the meeting expecting to hear,
Your unsolicited opinions.'

~I was told earlier where to go.
And to do to myself with it to show,
I could do this to prove it.
And for whatever the reason,
Some believe me to be an exhibitionist.~

'What was it that you were told? '

~A few told me to shut up.
But that one over there staring at me,
Has dared me to do something else to myself.~

'And that's why you're sitting here quietly? '

~That's one of the reasons.
But I hate to be challenged to do something,
I've never done in public before.
So tempted I am to prove my abilities.
And I know no one else in here has that expertise.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Tainted

Tainted is the wine
Being sip by puckered lips.
Dripping from the mouths of those
Exchanging socializing quips!
With intentions to forget...
The unfed and the homelessness.

Their minds may become dulled by wine.
But in time their neglect will most certainly
Bestow upon them much regret!
And that is what is meant by tainted.
What becomes...
Has not happened yet!

Something to someone in purpose one does,
In a drugging of reality...
To an acquaintance in frivolity!
Eventually returns,
To teach a lesson...
So very hard for some to learn!
And quite painful for those once unconcerned!

To learn without a feeling turning...
Their emotions left to drink until 'drunk'
In a dumbness that is churning,
From a distaught and destructive...
Internal burning that has been brought!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Tainted Vows

I am not against marriage.
Nor am I a prude.
I can understand marrying once.
And having that marriage not work out.
I've done it.
With sympathies extended.
But after two?
A third knock out I've avoided.
I know what I can and can not do.

Those who marry three, four, five and six times?
Should know be then,
It is not the marriage they intend.
But it is the love for the ceremony!
And not for the person foolish enough,
To hear tainted vows...
Confessed to repeat over and over again!
With no guarantee...
That person they marry is listening.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Take

Take.
To leave nothing...
If you will.

I am not afraid to go without.
I am not in doubt,
I can create more.

Take.
That's what you do.
That's how it has been,
Between me and you.
I am accustomed to it!
Going through that before.

Each time you call.
Or knock on my door.
I know what your presence means.
I know what you've come for.
It is a familiar scene done you do too well.

Take.
No need to tell me to go to hell.
Each time you come,
You bring it with you.
And leave.

Take.
That's what you do.
That's how it has been,
Between me and you.
I am accustomed to it!
Going through that before.
Each time you call.
Or knock on my door...
I hide my peace.
That's mine.
I'm not ready to give that away.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Take All The Time You Need

We have it here on your 'record'.
Theft of a candy bar,
From a local grocery store.
What is your defense?

'That was 60years ago.
I was but 4 years old.'

And you wish us on the panel to believe,
You can be entrusted to uphold...
Our principles and standards?
What lessons since then have you learned?

'I have learned...
My tolerance to deal with 'annointed' fools,
Is a gift and a remarkable blessing.
One I have come to cherish most of my life.'

We, on this selection committee...
Are not completely sure if your response is an insult.
So we have agreed to end our assessment of your talents,
Until further notice.

'Cool. Take all the time you need.
I will be waiting with baited breath for your response.'

And yet...
There is a sincerity about you,
That keeps us enthralled.
If it was up to me you would be selected.

'Cool. Take all the time you need.
I'm sure whomever is selected,
Will fit within the confines of your vision.
I don't do limitations well,
But I can certainly try.'

There is 'something about you,
I can not put my finger on.

But it is intriguing.
You will definitely be hearing from us soon.

'Cool. Take all the time you need.
You must be the 'brains' of this outfit?
I would love working with you.'

You mean 'for' us!

'No...
I mean 'with' you.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Take And Keep It

Take and keep it!
Stay focused.
Believe the journey.
Enjoy the scene.
Wrap your heart around the moment.
Be there...
And remember each detail.
Prevail and succeed.
Live as if it breathes within you.
Feel, unlock and release...
Every thrill increasing your excitement.
Exclaim in shouts!
Come out with it,
Or hide in quiet gratefulness.
You hold the key.
Know that awake or in deep peaceful sleep.
It is yours to keep!
Let this sensation unresisted fit.
Take and keep it!
Stay focused.
Believe the journey.
Enjoy the scene.
Wrap your heart around the moment.
Be there...
And remember each detail.
Prevail and succeed.
Live as if it breathes within you.
It does.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Take Back That Rapping Of Smack

Take back that rapping of smack,
With a smothering it up discovered as substance.
And make it more than substandard rehash,
To pass as something fresh no one has before tasted.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Take Corrective Steps

There is no map,
To tap or pinpoint those frustrations...
Periodically coming,
As if long lost friends with memories to share...
You wish would just go away.

Nor are there reasons to obey,
Routines that are kept treasured...
As if loyal, devoted and loving pets!
Does your troubles leave you upset?
Why do you let them?

Take corrective steps to feel your best,
Today.
Now!
Things will get easier somehow,
Tomorrow.

And one day your blues will fade.
Before your mind decays!

There is no way to pay for mistakes you've made.
Or no guarantee,
That a patience saved in hesitation...
Will pave the way to make your life okay.

Take corrective steps to feel your best,
Today.
Now!
Things will get easier somehow,
Tomorrow.

And one day your blues will fade.
Before your mind decays!

There is no map,
To tap or pinpoint those frustrations...
Periodically coming,
As if long lost friends with memories to share...

You wish would just go away.

Nor are there reasons to obey,
Routines that are kept treasured...
As if loyal, devoted and loving pets!
Does your troubles leave you upset?
Why do you let them?
To serve and deliver repeated regrets.

Take corrective steps to feel your best,
Today.
Now!
Things will get easier somehow,
And they do...
Tomorrow.
If you stop allowing sorrows,
To borrow time your mind finds!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Take It And Like It

Take it and like it...
With a facing of each mistake you make.
And take it and like it...
A bitterness to taste to let fade.
Open up your mind,
And from this...
Walk away.

Take it and like it...
A lesson learned you wish to evade.
And take it and like it...
With a knowing for you it's not too late,
To occupy your mind with wanting...
Not to escape.
Or wish to vacate...
The gift.
Of life.
That God to you gave.

Take it and like it...
Defying time you find just to whine.
And take and like it...
That step deciding you'll cross that line,
To leave behind excuses not to use but decline...
Thinking you've been picked by disappointment.

Take it and like it...
A lesson learned you wish to evade.
And take it and like it...
With a knowing for you it's not too late,
To occupy your mind with wanting...
Not to escape.
Or wish to vacate...
The gift.
Of life.
That God to you gave.

Take it and like it...
With a facing of each mistake you make.

And take it and like it...
A bitterness to taste to let fade.
Open up your mind,
And from this...
Walk away.
Do it now.
Don't delay.

Take it and like it...
That test you get determined to pass.
Take it and like it...
Whatever the test and with it the task.
Take it and like it...
To know the taste of it will not last.
Obstacles are to be used to wisen.
Take it and like it.
Stop trying to fight it.

Take it and like it.
You can do that or you can refuse.
Take it and like it.
You can do that or you can refuse.
Take it and like it.
You can do that or you can refuse.
But to take it gets it quicker out your way.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Take It Back. From The Past

Take it back.
From the past.
Everything you have ever done.
And not with intent you might have had.

Take it back.
From the past.
All mistakes from childhood committed,
That sticks like glue and makes you sad.

People lie and pretend within their hearts they forgive.
Few do with a choosing of this to refuse.
And many refusing dare to call themselves 'Christians' too.
As they harbor embitterness with a praying done to do.

People try and hide their tears to weep.
While staying awake attempting to get sleep.
To come to realize those who make claims,
They have let time pass them by with a forgetting to forget.
But in their minds someone is reminisced to despise...
And they will never get over it.

Take it back,
All things ever done in your life.
Take it back to erase places, people and mistakes.
People lie and pretend within their hearts they forgive.
Few do but many others will remember every detail,
Of what someone else has ever done to them.
Yet will not mention at all anything they've done to others.
And with their druthers to do what they did to intend.

Take it back.
From the past.
And begin that perfect journey,
Free of blemishes and flaws!
And mistakes not to make again.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Take It To Use

Habitual liars,
Do it to fantasize.
So far they are removed,
From truth.
Obvious it becomes to others,
Their doing of it...
Is a useless pursuit.
Although their excuses made,
Are the best...
Of the latest creations.
Yet still remain lies.
To recognized them as such.
But to identify this habit,
Leaves one re-acting...
As if proud to have it.
Like a wound one gets...
Exposing to show,
When lieing to have fought off
Bandits at a local...
Grocery store.
A store already patrolled,
By security guards.
Sniffing dogs and cameras.

'Here.
Take this one to wear.
Take it to use everywhere.'

-What is that? -

'A new mask.'

-Fantastic.-

'The others you've adorned,
Have all worn out.
And this one,
Isn't made of plastic.'

-It's...
Very light.-

'More believable.
And life-like too!
Fool proof and less obvious.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Take Me

Pretense to strip,
And with it to be bitten...
By a love felt meant,
From someone that is giving...
Of this message to them sent.
Can...
Thaw to soften up a heart,
And from head to toe can't be ignored.
With a flutter to discover a love to get,
Is not easy to pretend...
The happening of it to exist anymore.

Hey!
Take me where we can explore,
Baby.
Take me to that treasured shore of yours.
Take me where we can explore,
Baby...
Now that you've got me wanting more.

Pretense to strip,
And with it to be bitten...
By a love felt meant,
From someone that is giving...
Of this message to them sent.

Hey!
Take me where we can explore,
Baby.
Take me to that treasured shore of yours.
Take me where we can explore,
Baby...
Now that you've got me wanting more.

Thawed to soften up a heart,
And from head to toe can't be ignored.
With a flutter to discover a love to get,
Is not easy to pretend...
The happening of it to exist anymore.

I am ready.
Free and stripped of pretense.
You got me here and I am ready.
Take me as you wish with my consent.
Take me where you'll make me,
Cry with joy.
Take me as you will and make me...
Sigh.

I am ready.
Free and stripped of pretense.
You got me here and I'm ready...
To sigh, 'sssss, oh...my.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Take Me Or Leave

Take me or leave,
Where found upon your discovery.
Emotions quickly rushing to attach...
I have been through that,
With far less teasing.

Take me or leave,
Without a display of interest...
With lingering eye contact.
Nothing about it can again entrap.
Unless you reveal a true feeling of affection.

Too old am I getting,
For a slow process of baiting.
Too aware of my senses,
To allow them to dance unconvinced.
And sitting on a fence in suspense,
No longer satisfies an anticipation.

Take me or leave,
Without a display of interest...
With lingering eye contact.
Nothing about it can again entrap.
Unless you reveal a true feeling of affection.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Take Me To New Highs, You Take Me

I never knew a feeling could be felt like this before.
You take me to new highs,
You take me.

I never knew a feeling could be felt like this before.
You take me to new highs,
You take me.

These,
Feelings...
I never knew.
And you take me.

I never knew a feeling could be felt like this before.
You take me to new highs,
You take me.

I never knew a feeling could be felt like this before.
You take me to new highs,
You take me.

These,
Feelings...
I never knew.
And, you take me.

You have seen...
More than I like.
More than I might,
Have exposed.
Before you came.

And you,
Have seen...
More than I like.
More...
Than I might,
Have exposed.

There's no mystique,
How you keep me excited.
There's this heat underneath,
I can't hide if I tried.

I'm trying to be,
Calm on the outside!
But I can't deny,
You take me to new highs.

I never knew a feeling could be felt like this before.
You take me to new highs,
You take me.

I never knew a feeling could be felt like this before.
You take me to new highs,
You take me.

These,
Feelings...
I never knew.
And you take me.

I never knew a feeling could be felt like this before.
You take me to new highs,
You take me.

I never knew a feeling could be felt like this before.
You take me to new highs,
You take me.

These,
Feelings...
I never knew.
And you take me.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Take Mental Notes And Deep Breaths

It may be wrong to do,
But in some environments...
One has to play along,
With what goes on.
Not to digest or even accept it.

But in some environments,
To reject nonsense...
Is interpreted as being offensive.
Since this is a standard...
Many have been taught,
Their entire lives to come to value.

Do not ruin an invitation,
To notice all pictures...
Hanging to be displayed,
Up-side-down on a wall.
Make no reference to this at all.

And do not stare,
As if what is viewed is unusual.
Take mental notes and deep breaths.
With a remaining as calm as possible.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Take Off That Parachute

It doesn't matter who is elected to lead.
Or those issues diversified,
By those subdivided in divisions unsatisfied.
A cesspool where all reside stinks.
The smell of it reeks.
And even though this situation encloses them,
Within!
Participation in debates are scheduled.
Not to discuss and prioritize their fates.
But to regurgitate the placing of blame.
The necessity for races to be compared.
And whose policies should be followed,
Because of majority rule.
Regardless of how that is done by deceit!

'Uh...
I hate to disrupt the meeting.
However,
The foundation seems to be experiencing unusual sinking.'

~That is not a Code Blue announcement.
When it has been determined a severity has begun to threaten,
Only then interrupt our affairs.
Is that clear? ~

'Sure.
I aint got no problem with it at all.'

~ And take off that parachute.
It looks ridiculous.
What are you trying to sell us now? ~

'Nothing. Nothing at all.
Many of us will be loading the cargo planes with supplies.
And a few of us will be jumping to safety...
To ensure the new dwellings are prepared to be occupied.'

~ If there is one thing I dislike...
That is a know-it-all.

Are you finished?
We have business to conduct here! ~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Take Risks And Adventure

Why are you bruised like that?

'Following you has not been easy.
I thought it would be a breeze,
When given 'you' as an assignment.
But you make unannounced twists and turns.'

And all this time I thought you wanted to be my shadow?
With a desire to remain attached like a moth is to a flame.

Either way...
You should have said something!
I would have told you,
The ride is not a smooth one at all.
I take risks and adventure!
You should have been here to witness,
My earlier injuries.
I had my eyes closed when they happened.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Take That Jive To Moontaine

What makes you 'think',
I am going to continue...
To put up with your intolerable behavior'

'I said I was....'

Who or WHAT do you think I am?
A pile of cheap sheets,
You attempt to sell overpriced at a flea market?
To have people believe they are getting a bargain?
Huh?

'You wont give me a chance to apolo...'

GIZE?
Don't you dare say 'gize' to me.
Who do you think I am?
Moontaine?

'Moontaine?
WHO 'is' Moontaine? '

EXACTLY.
I'm not the one here suffering,
From a convenient loss of memory.
And I'm not going to put up with yours any longer!

'But...
Who is Moontaine?
I have never heard of Moontaine! '

That's between you and your guilt ridden conscious.
I'm not putting up with it any longer.
That's it.

'Moontaine means nothing to me! '

Sure.
Sure.

But know this...
You can forget sleeping on high thread counts,
Ever again!

'What? '

You heard me.
And don't try to 'gize' me either.
Take that jive to Moontaine.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Take That Sack Off Your Back

Take that sack off your back.
And start tracking...
Your own path!
No need to set a trap.
That keeps you handicapped.

Take that sack off your back.
And start tracking...
Your own path!
No need to set a trap.
That keeps you handicapped.

You can,
Decide what to do.
You can,
Choose a route that suits.
You can,
Buckle up...
To a life you want so much.

You can,
Decide what to do.
You can,
Choose a route that suits.
You can,
Buckle up...
To a life you want so much.

Take that sack off your back.
And start tracking...
Your own path!
No need to set a trap.
That keeps you handicapped.

Oh you can,
Decide what to do.
You can,
Choose a route that suits.
Oh you can,

Buckle up...
To a life you want so much.

Just know that you can,
Buckle up...
To a life you want so much.

Take that sack off your back.
And start tracking...
Your own path!
No need to set a trap.
That keeps you handicapped.

Oh you can,
Decide what to do.
Oh you can,
Choose a route that suits.
Oh you can,
Buckle up...
To a life you want so much.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Take The Corn

Take the corn.
Even with eyes closed,
Most are aware of its...
Slender cylindrical form.
And then remove it from its shaft.
Peel it back to examine it for what it is.
If it is not to your expectation,
Don't anticipate the taste will deliver...
The suggestion from another,
What they have eaten...
You will find just as delicious.
Lessons like this are seldom forgotten.
Or the experience of it quickly dismissed.

Take the corn.
And if it was yours to plant, grow and harvest...
The feeding yourself on it to eat,
Should not disappoint or needs an explanation...
Corn you know for what it is,
Will never be re-defined to change its concept.
With a selling from another to be lettuce or cabbage.

Take the corn.
Since you know from the day you were born,
What it is that has kept you fed and nourished.
What others sell to have you believe,
Maybe 'corny'.
But knowing from personal experience,
Your corn to accept never deceives.

Take the corn.
Even with eyes closed,
Most are aware of its...
Slender cylindrical form.
Anything else you wish to eat and accept,
Why should you or anyone after...
Protest the digesting of its presence?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Take The Lid Off The Pot

Just take the lid off the pot
Savor all the flavor
Take the lid off the pot
Savor all the flavor
Take the lid off the pot
And savor all the flavor
That's inside of the pot
To then taste what that pot has got

It's been long in simming
With select ingredients
Mouths drool and this is seen
With a stirring up the scent
Eyes are watering with dreams
Now's the time to dip in and get eating
To stop the teasing that was meant

Take the lid off the pot
Savor all the flavor
Take the lid off the pot
Savor all the flavor
Take the lid off the pot
And savor all the flavor
That's inside of the pot.
To then taste what that pot has got

Delicious is the stew
To satisfy those licking lips
Deliciously it soothes
For those who sit and wish
With a wanting more of it!

Just take that lid off the pot
To savor all the flavor
Take the lid off the pot
Savor all the flavor
Take that lid off the pot
And savor all the flavor
That's inside of the pot

To then taste what that pot has got.

'What's the matter? '

There's none left!

'What are you saying?
What do you mean? '

It's gone
All of it
So
Take those memories you've got
And reminisce those wishes
That was inside that pot
There is not even a drop!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Take The Plunge

There is so much to be learn,
In burning bridges needed to cross!
Sometimes a debate to jump off...
Should not be reduced to argument at all.
Protecting one's integrity...
Might be the only solution there is,
To take the plunge!
When considering the values being connected,
And motives supplied to build such structured
Thoughts
To maintain a passage still unclear...
With evading bullshit on both sides unavoidable!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Take The Time

Unwind.
And have some fun.

Take the time.
And find...
Some fun to be done.

Cut loose,
From a stress that you've been keeping.
And let go...
Of all your little boo hoos.

Take the time.
And find...
Some fun to be done.
And let go...
Of all your little boo hoos,
Now.

Cut loose,
From a stress that you've been keeping.
And take the time,
To unwind...
And have some fun.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Take Two Steps Away From Me

Receive and contribute,
To the giving of that which is good.
Be appreciative and grateful,
As if with a getting of your blessings...
This becomes a duty and by you understood.

'You know...
I can not begin to have a pleasant day,
Before 'someone' comes along...
Trying to mess it up,
Just after dawn.
It is much too early in the morning,
For me to hear that.
Why don't people like you,
Find another path to cross.'

To know love to give,
Is the ultimate peace.

'Oh yeah?
Well let me tell you a thing or two about love.
I...?
What the...?
Okay.
You playing with me?
You a ventriloquist or something? '

~Brother?
You know...
I can not begin to have a pleasant day,
Before 'someone' comes along...
Trying to mess it up,
Just after dawn.
It is much too early in the morning,
For me to hear that.
Why don't people like you,
Find another path to cross.~

'What's going on? '

~I don't know.
But I strongly suggest.
You take two steps away from me.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Take Two Weeks Isolated

Those seeking to get encouragement,
To release what discourages them to let go...
May find it more to their benefit,
If...
They refrained from deciding,
Which delusions to keep!
And which pretentions should be kept,
That are better accepted when socializing.
To then take two weeks isolated,
Away from all prioritized nonsense...
With a hope 'something' mentally materializes,
That produces a thought not brought upon by insanity.

'Is that your best advice,
Doctor? '

With 'your' budget?
Yes.
Of course those with higher incomes,
I find it to 'my' benefit to keep them medicated.

'But...
Isn't that malpractice? '

Between you and me...
If you came to me seeking to maintain,
The making of impressions to dismiss reality...
I would not hesitate to prescribe the best drug.
You...on the other hand,
Seem to be seeking to make sense.
And most of the patients I see,
Have lost that a long time ago to rely on.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

'Take Us To Your Leader! ...'

These 'new' aliens,
Are all over the place!

'Take us to your leader!
We need to speak to your leader.'

~Geesssh...
What a bad time to arrive.
You see...
'That one' was actually elected.
However,
Those running around objecting?
There is not a leader among them.
But if you listen to them,
You might believe all of them are.
Let's see...
You want to toss a coin on this?
Heads...
You go to that guy over there.
Tails?
Good luck!
You ready? ~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Take What Has Been Given

I am just here to deliver!
I could care less,
How the message is interpreted!
There were no instructions given
To return feedback!
Or my perceptions of the receiver!
Nor am I going to spend time in explanation!
Hopefully you will 'get it'!
Then again...
Who cares?
It's apparent you don't!
Or you would take what has been given,
And absorb it for what it is!
You can't even 'pretend' to have common sense!
And that is not an intentional offense.
Although, I am sure
You will believe my heart was in it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Take Your Clue From God

For many years,
And with intended contempt...
You took upon conscious action,
To ruin me making several attempts.
Without provocation on my part.
Just something you do,
As a representative of your community.
Doing your own people in!
And getting enjoyment from it too!

A community of deceiving evil people...
Declaring their desire for a communal unity!
And doing this upon an event when some child gets shot.
To begin the flowing of cussed words to dropp on one another.

And other outrageous gatherings...
To show the sweated depths of evil.

But you?
You...
Directed your animosities,
With beliefs no retaliation would be done.
Or come to your doorstep.
And on your door would knock!

'I've found God now!
I've been saved.' So you say!

I also have found something God has given me!
An ability to recognize false disciples.
The ones that do unto others then run to find God.
And God comes to tell me where you are!

But you?
You...
Directed your animosities,
With beliefs no retaliation would be done.
Or come to your doorstep.
And on your door would knock!

God knows I am a work in progress.
And does not know what I will do next!
And as God is my witness I will say this to you...
Take your clue from God.
And know with His Grace...
Any sin I commit He will forgive.
Under the circumstances!

And under those circumstances...
I hope I didn't disturb you,
As you viewed 'One Life to Live'?
I'll only be a moment.
There are some feelings I wish to address.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Take Your Eyes Off Of My Treasured Space

Take your eyes off of my treasured space.
Not an inch of it here is yours to be shared.
You are welcome to visit and admire,
The peace kept within it.

And when your visit is over...
The front door will open.
And through it you will leave.
Hopefully with less curiousity...
As to what your decorating additions will be.

There will be none.
I have all the fun I've had,
Doing what you see myself.
And in the doing of it,
Was one of the best experiences I've had!
Enjoyed with no one else.
It was such a selfish joy!

Take your eyes off of my treasured space.
Not an inch of it here is yours to be shared.
You are welcome to visit and admire,
The peace kept within it.

And when your visit is over...
The front door will open.
And through it you will leave.
With an understood appreciation...
How glad I was to have you visit with me.

But you staying here is out of the question!
Although the time together,
Was enjoyable and well spent.
Give my regards to 'old' Broadway.
And other streets on which we played.
Back in the 'day'.!

There is nothing like a peace of mind,
I can find in any room I choose!

The air is fresh and absent of attitudes.
Sometimes just to sit in silence,
Energizes me with motivation.

Give me a call.
Maybe one day we can do lunch.
And exchange more of our fantasies!
While reminiscing as we munch,
And free from any temptation to aggravate.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Take Your Life Off Pause

If you hesitate to bake it,
You or anyone will get to taste the cake.
Why is there a procrastination?
What is it you await to negotiate?
You will never know how that cake is rated.
Or even worthy of debate.
If you hestitate to bake it,
Pointless becomes the time wasted.

Take your life off pause,
Because you're seeking first to appease.
Take your life off pause,
Add to your life flavor.
Don't be afraid to dip into mystique.

Take your life off pause and bake it.
Take your life off pause and bake that cake.
Take your life off pause don't you fake it.
Take your life off pause don't wait too late.
Take your life off pause.
And...
Eliminate those tightened jaws.

You will never know how that cake is rated.
Or even worthy of debate.
If you hestitate to bake it,
Pointless is the time you waste.

Take your life off pause!
Bake and taste it.
And...
Take your life off pause.
Why negotiate?

Take your life off pause!
Bake and taste it.
And...
Take your life off pause.
Don't wait too late.

Take your life off pause!
Bake and taste it.
And...
Take your life off pause.
There is no need to debate.

Take your life off pause and bake it.
Take your life off pause and bake that cake.
Take your life off pause don't you fake it.
Take your life off pause don't wait too late.
Take your life off pause.
And...
Eliminate those tightened jaws.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Take Your Logic

Leave me alone.
And with you take your logic.
I am in no need of advice from you.
Nor am I sitting with wishes to be fed treats.
I've done that and it made me ill.
So sick from it I became,
I knew then it was a warning.
And here you are to offer your condolences.
As if I suffer from the murdering of YOUR thoughts.

Leave me alone.
And with you take your logic.
I'm feeling fine and will do even better,
Knowing when you leave to go away...
I'll be left to dance to my own rhythm.
With a doing done I find reason to rhyme!
When the dawn came I stopped my mourning.
To realize my own life to live and to do it well,
Was what I needed the most.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Take Your One-Sided Love

Take your one-sided love away today.
I've already had all sides of it.
I wont miss the side you take away.
In fact...as you threaten it to take back,
That side of love,
You may believe to me you gave...
I never felt.
It was the side promised but never revealed.
You know...
'The I Have No Secrets To Keep From You' side?

Truth never leaves a heart wounded to break.
Take your one-sided love.
Or to participate in 'Why Don't You Love Me' wars.
Take your one-sided love.
Love and the truth of it to give and receive,
Eliminates one's anticipation to feel pain. I wont.
Take your one-sided love.
I'm done being your experiment to experience.
Your one-sided I've been too patient not to miss.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Taken For Granted

No!
I am not berries to pick,
On your visits to the forest.
Nor am I a twig to pluck.
To deleaf and strip of bark.

What I am is flesh.
Deep with emotions.
I've learned I must protect.
Especially when my feelings
Are taken for granted.

And the more I give...
The less respect I get!

No!
I am not berries to pick,
On your visits to the forest.
Nor am I a twig to pluck.
To deleaf and strip of bark.

And this is what you do.
Like many who are clueless.
About that which has life.
Or about those feelings others have too!

'Why are you so sensitive?
Oooow!
Why did you pinch me? '

Isn't that strange?
I didn't feel a thing!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Taken For Granted Is...

With the getting of the best gift,
Which is life.
Many are unconscious,
Of its preciousness.
And,
Taken for granted is...
This life.
With a disrespecting,
Many generously give.

So many perceive it a quiz...
This life.
To reject the positive aspects of it.

Selfishly a living has been taught,
To assume, impress and consume.
Selfishly a living has been taught,
A feeding to feast is what life should be.
With a giving to others thought as charity.
As if the Universe does not provide all abundance.
And those who manipulate without thought to hesitate,
Witness with a taking away...
Their prized over-rated possessions.
Within seconds.

Selfishly a living has been taught,
To assume, impress and consume.
Selfishly a living has been taught,
A feeding to feast is what life should be.
To find themselves protesting,
A quality of life on the decrease.
As a feasting on 'things' diminishes.
With a declining value of human beings.

So many perceive it a quiz...
This life.
Many are unconscious,
Of its preciousness.
And,

Taken for granted is...
This life.
Until what is possessed disappears.
To leave nothing left but wept tears.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Taken Out Of Context

No one rages without a cause.
Or decides at the height of boredom,
To seek revenge unless introduced...
To a repetition of deception,
That continues to escalate...
From another's direct baiting,
Of an instigated hatred beginning to seethe...
And churn to stir at one's boiling core.

And then,
Of course...
Accusations are made.
By those who say a joke was misunderstood.
And taken out of context.
To confuse a few disbelieving it should.
The very same ones who create a havoc done,
For sport and fun sprung from a childishness.

No one rages without a cause.
Or decides at the height of boredom,
To seek revenge unless introduced...
To a repetition of deception.
And...
At the expense of one who has been forced,
To lose a sense of humor.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Taken To Extremes

At one time I was,
Am I now...
No!
At one time I was,
Am I now...
No!
At one time I was,
Am I now...
No!
Accepting people AND their shortcomings

At one time I was,
Am I now...
No!
At one time I was,
Am I now...
No!
At one time I was,
Am I now...
No!
Accepting people AND their shortcomings

I had stop,
Accepting people and their shortcomings
I had to stop,
An empathy they would expect from me.
I was made to drop,
All the giving of my energy...
Taken to extremes until they saw me bleed.

I had stop,
Accepting people and their shortcomings
I had to stop,
An empathy they would expect from me.
I was made to drop,
All the giving of my energy...
Taken to extremes until they saw me bleed.

At one time I was,

Am I now...
No!
At one time I was,
Am I now...
No!
At one time I was,
Am I now...
No!
Accepting people AND their shortcomings.

I was made to drop,
All the giving of my energy...
Taken to extremes until they saw me bleed.

I had to stop,
An empathy expected from me.
And taken to extremes until they saw me bleed.
I had to stop,
An empathy expected from me.
And taken to extremes until they saw me bleed.
And taken to extremes until they saw me bleed.
I had to stop,
An empathy expected from me.
I had to stop,
An empathy expected from me.
I had to stop,
An empathy expected from me.
And taken to extremes until they saw me bleed.
And taken to extremes until they saw me bleed.
And taken to extremes until they saw me bleed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Taken Too Much For Granted

An opportunity to say hello,
Comes when it should be done!
And that chance to do it from you goes.
To freeze from a thaw another one chose.

And when your fortunes slows to none...
Who knows when another blessing comes?
And no one is around to care.
Or propose may come from anywhere.

Leaving you much aware...
Of a life that should be shared,
But taken too much for granted.
And a smile you wish to give,
Finds not a soul to witness it...
Or gives recognition you even exist!

Life is a blended mix,
Of misunderstandings!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Takes More Than Paying One's Electricity Bill

It can be wonderful to see one's name in lights.
To shine bright...
With each letter in its correct place.
And that delights.

But to stay bright consistently,
Night after night...
Takes more than paying one's electricity bill!
And an appetite to keep one's name seen in lights.

'Where's the beef? '

Well...
I've decided to go vegetarian.
I'm going to try that diet for a while.
To get a new perspective on things.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Taking Accountability

When people begin to connect,
The affects their actions have on others...
To accept what they get in return,
Lessons will be learned to never forget.
When taking accountability,
Also becomes regarded with giving respect.

And a placing of blame to claim not to know,
Why they receive a negativity that grows...
Will then have a chance for them to enhance,
More positive relationships...
Without having it perceive someone re-acted,
Sensitively...
To a misdeed done with intent to do.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Taking Advantage Of My Fondness

When I desire to slip into unconsciousness,
Remind me not to let you know of this.
Since you have a way of loosening my lips,
By taking advantage of my fondness...
For swiveled hips.
And exposed ti...

'Temptations? '

Yeah,
Those too!

'I don't understand!
Why would you choose to be unconscious? '

Well,
My doctor says...
If I really am serious about stopping my smoking habits,
I should try hypnotism!

'Why don't you stop cold turkey?
I did! '

I would too!
If I had what you have as motivation.
But I don't.
And I'm doing the best I can.
You have no idea!
When your 'temptations' are on my tongue,
I desire nicotine for some reason.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Taking All The Credit

Unconscious are the people,
Who continue to take credit...
For their blessings given to them.
And...
From God they get.

Unconcious are the people,
Who remain unaware or care...
How their blessings to them arrive.
Or from 'whom' God has chosen,
To deliver their blessings in disguise.

Unconscious are the people,
Who disrespect others intentionally.
To perceive beneath them.
Only to discover too late to recover,
From being dismissed,
By a messenger sent.

A messenger who has requested of God,
For another assignment.
With it done to leave those unimpressed,
Left.
To take all the credit for their ignorance.
And it noticed from this there is no benefit.

Unconscious are the people,
Who continue to take credit...
For their blessings given to them.
And...
From God they get.

And from God they get,
Difficult tasks to pass to disbelieve...
They are not so easily achieved,
As when those they perceived...
Beneath them,
Requested to be relieved...
From a disrespect received.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Taking An Attention Away From The Facts

Everyday there is 'something' else introduced
Many are solicited,
To advocate the supporting of ineffectiveness.
With a taking an attention away from the facts.
In the hopes to distract,
Those already hypnotized by delusions.

Yet a consciousness in most still lingers,
Hindering a complete numbing of minds done.
And everyday there is 'something' else introduced,
To seduce with more nonsense...
From limited minds to produce with wishes to convince,
More divisions within those already scattered.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Taking Backward Moves To Make Excuses

There is no hidden desire I have,
To know what it is you think.
Or had thought!
Or the process used by you,
To generate comprehension.
I am not in doubt nor do I have questions.

However,
I will mention this for updating purposes...
Your beliefs,
Are clearly observed.
With your thoughts about yourself,
And environment not kept secret.
They surround you exposed like a bad habit.

And I know the difficulty of confronting issues,
After years of dealing with denial and addictions.
And being baited to debate the obvious,
With you or anyone else...
Would not do justice,
To a consciousness I've earned while yearning.

I've already learned the expense of my own ignorance.
Why should I reminisce in a wallowing away in visit with you?
To who's benefit would that foolishness prove?
And...
That is not a request for a response from you.
I think you perceive me as vulnerable!

I have chosen to move forward.
Taking backward moves to make excuses,
Are not, is not and will not be...
On my agenda!
To prove I can make mistakes...?
I've done!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Taking First Steps After Crawling

Distrust exposed and apparent,
Seldom becomes unquestioned trust again.
Unless...
One awakens with amnesia?
And the recovery of one's own name...
Becomes an adventured led by a tour guide.

And the freshness of it all,
Is as thrilling as a child...
Taking first steps after crawling.
And that spanking one gets,
Somehow connects to sex!
And a slow process of recollection begins,
With something remembered that had pleasured.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Taking Full Credit For Its Existence

I don't care what it is one has done,
People currently doing it...
Will attest that their interest,
Has made what has been done,
More appealing.
Thereby taking full credit for its existence.

And,
Well...
I 'use' to feel threatened by this myself.
Until I realized...
Not too many people will be able,
To duplicate my originality or 'try' and succeed!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Taking Grapes Off The Vine

From abstract to prose depictions,
Live we do to describe our lives.
Whether done on canvas to paint.
Or with words to write to invite opinions.
Although...
What is direct and effective to say,
May offend those who live...
Portraying themselves righteous,
With this displayed in a public way.

Sensitive people wishing to censor,
A reality of life they prefer not to face...
Are the ones most limited in experiences.
And they seem to be the ones,
Behind conflicts started that have begun.
To ensure comprehension and progress isn't done.

'Killing others is okay and accepted today.
However,
Some acts not to mention without consent given...
Are more offensive than the dropping of bombs,
On those innocent.
With a doing of it to protect kept interests.'

~Excuse me.
I understand all of that; there is no need to explain.
But I just heard of a man taking grapes off the vine.
Taking them by force and disregarding a consent,
Heard to mention or given to him admitted.~

'No? '

~Yes!
But not one word of it are you to say.
Or you will be the one censored by the others.
Grapes to take off the vine,
And without consent...
Around here is considered offensive.~

'But...
It is a part of life that occurs and happens.'

~It's to happen but not to be mentioned.~

'Facts happen.'

~Not where delusions are preferred.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Taking It To The Roof

It should be one's consideration,
Someone is there.
It should be one's consideration,
Someone there cares.

It should be one's consideration,
People are aware who dare...
To show someone there is caring.

Many are feeling more empathy.
Because people are sharing and aware.
Many are fed up with cruelties.
And showing they dare to care.

Taking it to the roof,
To...
Prove what people caring do,
To...
Remove their stubborn attitudes,
To...
Show they care with an empathy there.

It should be one's consideration,
Someone is there.
It should be one's consideration,
Someone there cares.

Taking it to the roof,
To...
Prove what people caring do,
To...
Remove their stubborn attitudes,
To...
Show they care with an empathy there.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Taking It Too Deep (Meant Distractions)

Taking it too deep.
What is said.
Taking it too deep.
Inside the head.
Taking it too deep.
Reality.
Clearly there for all to see.

It's...
So ironic.
It's...
Hard to believe.
It's...
Incredible,
How easy people are deceived.

And yet,
The only thing that changes...
Is the time on a nonstopping,
Clock to watch.
Before a watching it...
Stops with a bomb dropped.

Taking it too deep.
A complaining.
Taking it deep.
To petty depths.
Taking it too deep.
What is allowed...
To scare people with threats.

Taking it too deep.
Distractions.
Taking it deep.
To get reactions.
And it's deep,
What is accepted...
To create conflict and grief.

And yet,
The only thing that changes...
Is a misery deepened,
To believe,
It!

Taking it too deep.
Fear to feel.
Taking it too deep.
What is not real.
Taking it too deep.
Chaos to market.
And weapons sold to stock.

It's...
So ironic.
It's...
Hard to believe.
It's...
Incredible,
How easy people are deceived.

Taking it too deep.
Meant distractions.
Taking it deep.
What is deceived.
Taking it too deep.
What's on the surface,
Easily...
Deluded in minds to be,
Distracted by the facts.
And those facts deceived.
To take them,
Deep.
Leaving all minds to be,
Polluted to delude.
Leaving all minds to be,
Distracted from the facts.
And leaving minds left,
To grieve...
Deeper to a depth to keep.
And leaving minds left,

To grieve...
Distractions.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Taking Loads Off Their Backs

This may be your yesterday,
Delayed with promises again to make.
With habits stated you need to break.
Dragging behind you conflicts
And arriving much too late...
For sympathies you wish to bait.
This is not that time for that.
Today people are taking loads off their backs.
Carrying sacks of baggage and issues to share...
Wont give you the empathy,
From those awakening to their own reality.
This may be your yesterday.
With a staleness you wish now to breathe.
But that isn't acceptable now and/or tomorrow!
Since yesterdays like those you bear...
Should be dropped and from them you should leave.
These are not those times anymore!
New doors have been opened.
And seeking those to help you grieve...
Will not find a warm reception.
Not here!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Taking Mental Notes

Offering life's lessons,
Free of lip upoin delivering it
As if one has seen it all,
Is not the action of one wise
Who has gone through personal,
And lip biting experiences.

To advise others,
As to what they 'should' do
And how to do it to resolve their issues,
Only proves one thing.
What one has experienced,
May not be the lessons
Another has to be be taught,
And may not be those lessons
Given at the time,
One paying attention should avoid.

Many must experience the same situations.
But when the time comes,
For that testing to be done!

Taking mental notes,
Is suggested.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Taking Peeks Across Quiet Streets

Disgust has yet to rush into the suburbs,
Where those living still believe...
The strife depicted by inner city dwellers,
Will not effect their perceptions...
Of having a quality of life,
Completely without crime and tension free.

There is a mental disease,
Spreading like an epidemic.
And effectively descending,
Upon those with weapons kept.
Left quick to fetch to catch a thief.

There is a mental disease,
And random it is.
Or is it that random to go unnoticed or detect,
That those entitled to keep their weapons kept,
Are using them more...
Against themselves to protect.

While a disgust has yet to rush into the suburbs,
Where those living still believe in silent pretense...
The strife depicted by inner city dwellers,
Will not effect their 'precious' perceptions...
Of having a quality of life,
Completely without crime and tension free.

And seen taking peeks across quiet streets,
Are those wondering why...
There is an increase of police,
Knocking on doors and disturbing their peace.
To learn that a fugitive is who they seek.
And shocked they all are it's one of the neighbors.

'Oh-My-GOD.
Say it isn't so.
I just hosed my prized roses.
The affect this will have on them,
No one knows.'

There is a mental disease,
Spreading like an epidemic.
And effectively descending,
Upon those with weapons kept.
Those still deluded,
By descriptions depicting to accept...
Who imposes upon them the greatest threat.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Taking Responsibility

There are times when minds,
Are kept purposely unconscious...
Or enforced to remain consciously limited,
In many urban environments...
Where most people are left to believe,
That expressing a disrespecting youthfulness...
Is a thing done to do as a choice to choose.
And this reflected to expect,
Disregards anyone who has accepted maturity.
To diminish the exposing of it as not accepted to respect.

Since those who have progressed to accept steps to mature,
Are not often seen to witness a tolerating of childishness.
Not if the doing means being in the midst of stupidity.
And...
It directed to demean a standard one has valued,
To keep...
Regardless of who becomes offended by one's belief,
That becoming an adult comes with taking responsibility...
For one's actions to admit.
Although the doing of this so many make attempts to avoid.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Taking Responsibility Others Refuse

So many still remain to be accused,
For taking responsibility others refuse...
With a blaming them of making wrong decisions.
As those who do this,
Keep their popularity to be liked...
Inspite of proving themselves to be incompetent.
And the making of those 'wrong' decisions made?
No one comes forward to admit,
From them they did not receive some benefit.

'He always does things his way.
She always does things her way.
They always do things their way.'

~And you? ~

'I'm always accused of procrastinating.
I'm always accused of confusing the issues.
I'm always accused of not knowing what to do.'

~And these accusations are not true? ~

'Those I've spent time to convince of my innocence,
I can rely to come to my defense.
Anytime I tell them I've been victimized unjustly.'

~So what have you done to prove it? '

'The ones who know me best,
Are familiar with my intentions.
And my intentions need not to be proven.
Since I 'always' rely on others to give their opinions.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Taking Something Given

No one can teach
How eyes should observe.
What to focus on.
What to hear...
And leave unheard!
Like beliefs one has,
Passed and received
Without an experience to reflect.
When one accepts
And there has been no introspection...
What one rejects,
May be what one should not disrespect.
Like taking something given
When it should be suspect!
But how does on know that...
To avoid heartbreak and regret?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Taking Tasks To Tackle

A taking tasks to tackle,
With a rushing them through...
Can make more mistakes one makes.
To have one discover,
Other tasks have been added...
To correct with tears to shed too.
Learning to be detailed,
Can save one from nibbling...
On what's left of their fingernails.

Many face such obstacles,
To moan them nonstop.
With a doing to believe what is done they do,
Others don't go through the same process too.
Then with a putting chips on their shoulders,
Daring them to be knocked...
These same people are heard complaining,
About the unlucky lives they've got.

Obstacles to face and have removed,
Requires faith to keep.
And not a bemoaning them,
As is often so many do to choose.
With a hesitating to procrastinate,
In the hopes the doing so...
Will provide more comfort,
In the wearing of one's...
Already seldom used shoes.

'Are your shoes new?

~No.~

'They look as if they have never been worn.'

Obstacles to face and have removed,
May require even sweating,
With less sleep to get too.
Since a taking tasks to tackle,

Is a personal obligation no one should expect...
A crew of people to come to one's rescue,
And equipped with a hammock.
To allow them to rest while others suggest,
How one should tackle their tasks to remove...
As one supervises from a hammock,
Approving suggestions.
And who best can do them too.

'Uh...
These suggestions we make,
Are for 'you'.'

~I understand that and I like them.
I approve. I approve.
Trust me.
I will not interfere.~

'These are 'your' tasks.'

~And I have approved your suggestions,
To get them done.
Okay. I get it. Permission granted.
I am not going to interfere.
How many times should I say that?
You've made it clear...
Taking tasks to tackle is your thing.
What is the problem?
Oh...
Can someone pour me more tea, please.~

'WHAT? '

~Geeesssus.
T with an E and an A.
What is going on here?
Good grief.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Taking Those Tests

I am not blessed to live each day,
To look forward as I trace my pace...
Looking back on those steps I have made.
I've graduated from taking those tests.
Those tests to compare with others seeking 'A's.

I've been blessed not to seek approval like that.
Although I will admit to having doubts and regrets,
When I discovered my steps taken...
Were then done with a loneliness,
My faith with prayers answered kept my mind focused.

And as I reflect to reminisce as I sometimes do,
I'm glad I just spend minutes to do this...
Instead of putting emphasis,
On what others thought I should do to pursue...
With a doing to refuse to make excuses.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Taking Too Long Is Not Recommended

The only drawback there is,
To making up one's mind...
With a final decision made,
Is the time, date and the year of it.
And what one believes is needed,
To decide.

If one still has high expectations,
Those awaiting for a response...
For a decision to be made.
And finally that day comes...
As if a light switch has been turned on!
That expectation once high,
Should be lowered considerably.
Since...
The likelihood of that decision made,
Being obsolete...
Is more than just likely a given!

'I'm sorry.
Who are you again?
You say we were the best of friends,
Back 'then'?
WHEN?
How far back is 'then'?
I don't remember you at all.

Oh...
Wait a minute.
Wait a minute.
I do!
Geeessshhh.
What happened to you?
You don't look the same at all.
I don't remember what was discussed.
What was it? '

The only drawback there is,
To making up one's mind...

With a final decision to make,
Is the time, date and the year of it.
And...
When one is requesting time to think things over,
Taking too long is not recommended.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Taking Two Steps Back

If someone's life experiences exceeds,
That of others in the same environment...
It becomes increasingly difficult,
To pretend an ignorance.
Since this is an accepted form of communication.

And taking two steps back,
For every half step forward others take...
Actually becomes a refreshing undertaking.

Those seeing someone do this,
Embraces this movement as one they can identify.
And it does not become offensive to them.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Talent That Is Given

Would you ask a mason,
To build you a home?
Because it appears...
He enjoys laying bricks.

Would you ask an architect,
To design it for you...
Without a thought of paying for it.

Would you ask someone to 'act' for you?
Because that's what you know they do.
And acting seems easy too?
That's what many people think.
Until they discover each would printed...
Has to be absorbed into the brain to sink.
Without pauses or thoughts to make one blink.
If that is not in the script!

And what would you get from that?
A satisfaction you believe,
Others are wishing to supply?
Or are you just a dreamer?
Thinking what seems easy for others...
So you also wish to give that a try!

Just because one does what one enjoys...
Does not mean it comes easy.
Well...
Maybe for them it does.
Because that's what they wish to do.
Like some folks climb mountains.
While others jump from planes...
Using a parachute.

Or perhaps you believe it takes less work
To get what you observe,
Done.
Whatever it is.
You believe for you will be equal fun.

Well...
Let me say this!
If something done appears easy.
And it has a quality.
Someone has taken hours, years...
And maybe a lifetime to perfect it.
And a talent that is given...
Does not diminish the time one gives to it.
WORK is involved!
With a concentrated effort.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Tales Of Those Now Listening

Folks now gone.
With advice given ignored but shared...
Surfacing upon once deaf ears,
Suddenly heard...
As if from no where!

Those maturing with a wisdom,
Brought upon by age and reflecting...
Leave some to ask,
'Mama 'why' did I not listen then?
Daddy, we had our differences...
But what you tried to express,
I confess...
Seemed so old fashion and useless.
And when the two of you restricted me,
From doing things that would bring harm...
I thought my world would end.'

And the tales of those now listening...
Are as old although they remain ever so fresh.
And the listening somehow is heard,
Clearer now than it has ever been.
Some are spoken to their hard headed children.
With a hope 'something' learned,
Will sink into their thick and disrespecting skins.

But these tales of those now listening,
And delivered...
Seem to breathe new life,
As each generation applies an innovative affliction.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Talk Back With 'Tude

How does one explain things?
Like a naturalness known from birth.
Or having an ability to do something done...
It may take others time to digest and rehearse.

And how should one react,
To a compliment given?
Sometimes saying just thank you...
A frowning reception comes with that.
As if something else is expected,
To be said next.

How does one respond,
To questions asked since 'birth'?
'Are you still doing what you did before?
Or are you still making up your mind...
Trying to find yourself? '

And if that person should say,
'I've been doing what I do.
And I've been doing that everyday! '
Some folks are prone to scan from head to toe...
As if they detect sarcasm,
To an answer that is truthfully something they did not know!

And the person scanned from head to do...
Becomes continually disrespected,
Since they give the impression
Something done they do,
Is secretly hidden from those who gossip...
Awaiting fresh news.
But only the sameness they get!

'Hey,
Aint nothing different!
I've been doing this since I've learned how to walk.
And talk back with 'tude! '

~Yeah...

Whatever.
You need to come down to Earth.
And stop trying to be something you're not.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Talk Of Sin

They are right!
Those with appetites,
To see this life...
The way lived end.
A new beginning,
Is about to begin!
And the one in which
There is talk of sin...
Is coming to a close.
That is not a wish!
That has been proposed!

We are being lifted,
To embrace a new consciousness!
And everything we know,
Has no where else to go.
But to exit!
And...
For many of us this is good!
Sins, demons and wickedness...
Are no longer accepted,
By those infected...
With these projections insisted!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Talk Radio

I listen to these folks on talk radio,
Expressing their opinions of those of notoriety.
Who attempt living their lives as best as publicity will allow.

And I think about those people behind a microphone,
Earning a living by not leaving others alone.
To influence a listening audience with that which is unknown.

Then to finish their diminishing,
To go to their homes lived in privacy.
Where no outsider is allowed or condoned.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Talked About

Much easier it is,
To talk about someone.
Than it is to be the one,
Talked about...
From gossiped mouths.
While lounging around,
On a couch in their house.

Usually those with determination,
And backbone...
Are often alone with a commitment shown.
Then to be judged and critiqued,
After a task that has driven them...
To successfully complete has been done.
With a doing some find unacceptable.

Much easier it is,
To talk about someone.
Than it is to be the one,
Talked about...
From gossiped mouths.
While lounging around,
On a couch in their house.

Not too many today,
Will make a decision to do unafraid.
Since many seek advice and opinions,
From others who are quick to express doubt.

Usually those with determination,
And backbone...
Are often alone with a commitment shown.
Then to be judged and critiqued,
After a task that has driven them...
To successfully complete has been done.
With a doing some find unacceptable.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Talking About Faith

Those who give from their hearts,
With an unpremeditated doing...
May sometimes feel taken for granted,
And at other times feel betrayed.
By the ones perceiving them to be...
Targets marked and duped easily.
With a deceiving done to do as they please.

Yet seldom heard from those who give,
Are complaints as to who or whom...
Inflicted them with intentional wounds.
Since many are sincere without wishing attention.
With an intuitive acknowledgement,
Needs they have are diminished to witness...
When delivered by God and/or His, Her Or 'ITs' assistants.

'We've thrown 'everything' possible on their paths to obstruct,
To delay their journey for ther purpose to disrupt.
And 'still' they have managed not to give up.
Perhaps what we are doing is not enough.
What 'magic' do you suppose they have? '

~Magic?
Them? Naw!
It beats me.
I'm puzzled as well.
They keep talking about 'faith'.
That's all they ever say.~

'Faith?
I have faith my rake will pick up Autumn leaves,
When they fall.
But 'somehow'...
That rake wont budge.'

~LOL~

'Seriously. Think.
Let's try something else to humiliate them.

Faith?
How ridiculous.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Talking To A Handful Of Bananas

Choosing to dismiss warnings,
With comments made and the giving of clues...
There will be many who will stay defiant,
In the keeping of their false beliefs.
No matter if historically it is proven to them,
They have been led down a path to locate something...
For them that does not or has not ever existed.
And this is understandable.
Only a few have escaped from the act of hoodwinking.

It's like trying to prevent a teenager from entering into a mall.
Or keeping worshippers in a church from having a bake sale.
It is pointless to make attempts to pry away these fixtures,
That have cemented themselves in minds.
And warning someone not to overdo what is done,
Because it eventually will mentally and physically confine...
Can be compared to talking to a handful of bananas.
And getting debatable results for the effort one finds,
Will be found to be time consuming.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Talking To Myself I'D Rather Do Privately

Look.

'At what? '

Into my eyes.
Are we not in conversation.

'I guess we are.'

You don't know?

'Why do I have to look into your eyes? '

I need to know the side and back of your head,
Has a face.
Somehow that's the way I communicate.

'I can hear you.'

And you expect me to want to listen to you?
Why do you have to look away,
To then say something you expect me to hear?

'You're not the only one I can talk to.'

Apparently not.
And I can see this is true.
But talking to myself I'd rather do privately.
You all enjoy your conversation.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Talking To Themselves

There is not a day that goes by,
I find myself lost for words to say.
But as each day does go by...
I realize very few are paying attention,
Whether they are in conversation or not.

And I have also noticed,
Those who are giving their undivided attention...
Are often talking to themselves.

'Well...
At least there is 'someone' captivated,
By what is being said.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Tall Tales Told

There are times when hearing,
One telling a fable...
Getting more creative,
With embellishment to sell...
Even the ones listening to their lies,
Who have known them to have a mind...
Deluded with wishes most of their lives,
To undermine and outshine others...
Know their experiences to be more limited,
Than actually adventured.
But the ones who are not aware of this,
Sit mesmerized to visualize...
Such tall tales told to be sold.
And buy them too to defend them.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Tampering With My Juice

None of my children,
Have resulted from adoption.
I know them.
I was instrumental in their creation.
And I am there present in their lives.

For someone to think,
One of my children can be taken...
OR borrowed,
For the purpose of re-creating them...
As to have them go unrecognized.
Or dressed to impress,
Without my acknowledgement?
Are in for quite a surprised,
When my children inform me instantly...
Who has been tampering with my juice!

None of my children,
Have resulted from adoption.
I know them.
I was instrumental in their creation.
And I am there present in their lives.
Just as they are in mine.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

T'Ana

Things we do
Have changed too...
Like you have done T'Ana.
First to shine and sparkle bright,
This gem you are is our delight.
And we are blessed by the sight of you,
T'Ana.

Things we do,
Have changed too...
Like you have done T'Ana.
And each day of your blessed life...
Sprinkle some of it,
To ignite your star and glow!
You will let the world know
You are here to bestow goodwill!
This is your purpose and the claim
That all we see.

T'Ana,
Love you are.
Glow bright your star shines!
From a heart pure that shows!

(Dedicated to my 'Great' Niece: T'Ana Pertillar)

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Tangible Proof

Often I awaken to first feel blessed.
Yet unforgiving I admit and this I confess.
It is the pettiness of others and their wickedness,
That upsets and keeps me pestered.
Especially when I have memories,
Of those who intentionally...
Meant to do me harm with an effectiveness,
To weaken the hold of my mind and beliefs.

And then I realize if it had not been,
The maintaining of my faith I keep within...
I could not have survived over emotional obstacles,
Instigated by deceivers and lies that some have told.
Although I have healed to mend to get over them,
To witness as my own testament to experience...
A tangible proof I am protected to never alone forget,
To pray on a daily basis to remain strengthened.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Tantrum Queens

There are those who are writers.
And others who choose to be tantrum queens.
They are the ones demanding to be rated.
Demanding their submissions be assessed.
With a listing of their writings,
Read and reviewed.
If not those requested to do this,
Are discussed in forums and demeaned.

It's so obvious it is disgusting.
And it is those who are younger that do it.
With words drawn from concepts that are incorrect.
They have high expectations...
For something submitted less than their best.
Hoping for a rating as if competing in a contest.
Wishing that thoughts half expressed,
Makes a bridge to eliminate any guess work!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Tapestry Of Travesties

An unfortunate mindset,
Protected and beset...
By an ignorance kept to spread,
Has torn a quilted fabric apart.
With an indifference intended,
To bring attention to this senselessness.
As a soliciting of it starts.

Truth unfaced and attempted to erase,
Brings together those unable...
To stabilize their insecurities.
With a wish to do exactly,
Whatever it is they choose and please.
And do.
With an unrestricted pursuing.

Believing themselves entitled,
By a re-writing of history.
Although many are discovering their beliefs,
Have been tampered over time...
With a finding themselves deceived.
And this revelation begins to blow their minds.

But too late it is to reverse these caricatures,
Of parodies knitted successfully.
That affix permanently with perfect embroidery.
Within a tapestry of travesties familiar.
To now have revealed,
An upfront honesty kept for centuries concealed.

Opposed to this disclosure,
Are those already in a self hatred mode.
Showing a contempt and a disrespect,
For their own lives to despise.
And yet those who have been victimized,
Are expected to accept as if the doing protects...
Wishes and dreams and prayers,
They've been longing to have answered.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Targeted

There is one thing about giving,
From the heart that is commendable.
And another to be targeted as one who gives,
By those who have become spoiled by the doing.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Targets

There is something about a headache,
That keeps me from wanting one.
I don't get up in the middle of night,
Pacing the floor craving them.
Some might do that.
Some have a need for that kind of attention.
However with a 'how' attached to 'ever'...
I have been introduced to several people,
Who probably get no sleep at all...
Planning to deliver a few headaches,
To those unsuspecting...
They are targets!
And they too have no idea...
Those they may have chosen,
For this delivery...
Have a few surprises of their own.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Tasks To Pass

I have already seen,
With meaning and time...
To eventually digest,
Those signs appearing on my path...
Very early as if the doing of this task,
God knew and chose...
To be most difficult for me to pass.

And even though I had taken steps,
Away from sights and feelings...
To disbelieve them and not accept,
Admitting to myself with age and experiences...
Throughout my life to face,
That way to take only God has chosen...
Has made a difference for me to stay,
Direct and receptive.

I have already seen,
With meaning and time...
To eventually digest,
Those signs appearing on my path...
With tasks to pass that had been difficult.
And to have accomplished what I have done.
That my asking today of God, 'Why me? '
No longer is a thought to contemplate I allow.

'You want me to stop and look where?
Then you want me to walk over there,
And do what?
But...
Okay.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Taste For Evil

What are they wanting to win?
A hyped pride?
Or a lost dignity...
Rusting yet denied.

What are they hoping to gain?
A respect neglected.
A peace released gone unprotected?
From their own racistness.
Providing gloom, complaints...
And obvious unhappiness!
With bigoted wishes of those who dismiss...
The rights of others that should exist!

What is it they insist inflicted?

They have just one interest!
To rule and dominate.
But their hatred makes that impossible.
Since they have created...
They taste for evil to salivate!

And that beast within them feasts on sin.
Although The Almighty has sent,
Angels with divine powers...
To end opposition.
Assigned as their mission.
To stifle their gentrifying and horrific whims.

And a gentle voice within them...
With a certainty begins:

'This place I have created,
Will no longer be degraded or disgraced.
This is 'My' invention!
Erased you will be!
Since you pay 'Me' no attention!
None worthy to mention.'

And...
A vanishing to end begins.
With a silent implementation.

Blending scandalous slander.
And fear imposed.
Evaporating quick existences!
And closing eyes of those opposed.
Unsympathetically energetic.
And visible this process...
Is slowly bestowed!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Taste Of Life

Who are you to say to me,
I am not who I should be?
And who are you to say to me,
What my future brings and I'll receive...
As I alone walk on my path,
Confronting to remove all kinds of debris.

I sip from cups that I fill up.
Not a drip that drops do I take for granted.
I sip from cups that I fill up.
Everyday without delay,
And come what may on a regular basis.
I sip from cups that I fill up.
To get that taste of life I wish.
And not to waste away like some dismiss.

What I do with my time to identify as mine,
With a peace to keep I have found to find...
Is in no need of assistance sought to seek,
Anyone deciding to qualify its existence.
And this...
You can either accept to believe.
Or leave it to know I will still remain pleased.

'But no one can enjoy their life to live,
With a doing it alone.'

I agree.
But when I drink from my cups to fill up,
Alone I might be when I'm tasting life happily.
To know that loneliness is nowhere near when I sip.
And that makes for me the difference not too many,
Could get even if they wanted it wished.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Tasteful And Diversed, Exquisite Cuisine

There is nothing like a deceiver,
Who will attempt to have others believe...
They had contributed something done,
By a stealing from someone else...
Their originality.
And innovative recipes.

Long before they made a start.
Or actually appeared upon the scene.
To depict themselves as greater than,
Another.
Who for years has delivered,
Tasteful and diversed, exquisite cuisine.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Taught And Never Misunderstood

My parents encouraged
My sisters and me
To be who we are.
To see our lives the way it was seen,
From our individual visions!
Without illusions...
Yet kept with dreams!

However...
That did not mean that we stopped
To fight amongst ourselves,
For things we did not produce!
Especially if they were providing the feast,
And we had yet to pay our dues!

They were unique,
In teaching us how to appreciate
Lives with free air...
And treats to eat without a dime invested!

That has been a sobering message.
Taught and never misunderstood!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Taught To Accept With Ease To Get

The brain-dead and dumb-downed,
Are the ones first to receive...
Their treats teased of a sweetened life.
With a quickness to rid,
Blemishes and appearances of flaws.

Those seeking truth as it is known to be,
Are laughed at when they turn their backs...
On comforts to keep delusions intact.
With a quickness to rid,
Blemishes and appearances of flaws.

While those choosing to deepen their debts...
Have been taught to accept with ease to get,
An entertainment representing true happiness.
With a quickness to rid,
Blemishes and appearances of flaws.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Taught To Be Courteous

Excuse me...
But you have stepped on my toes!

'Why didn't you say something...
Before you punched me in the nose? '

I've been taught to be courteous and polite!
Regardless of the circumstances.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Taught To Be Professionally Combative

I would not categorize myself,
By using any means of limitation.
Some who live without missions,
Or causes...
Would not understand my commitment.
Nor do I campaign my efforts.

I will say I am direct.
Pleasant and respectful to a fault.
However...
I do not mind coming face to face,
Or nose to nose...
With anyone who assumes,
My life has not been lived...
Without challenges.

I prefer to be peaceful.
But...
I also have been taught to be,
Professionally combative!
Both as a performing artist,
As an ex-military man...
AND having survived marriage.

So...
I am mentally equipped to deal,
With anyone on several levels.
And living alone on my own...
In a few distant cities,
Has given me a lot of insight.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Taught To Fear And Suffer

Taught not born,
To hate.
Taught not born,
To fear.
Taught not born,
To discriminate.
And taught not born,
To jeer.

Taught not born,
To give.
Taught not born,
To take.
Taught not born to be of benefit to others.
But many bigots interfere...
With an infliction of their insecurities,
That smother one another.

Some are taught they are better than most human beings.
With a stunting of their own growth,
In isolated dreams.

And then their are those who confront others,
With obvious legitimate needs.
Ultimately to suffer from these misdeeds.

Taught not born,
To hate.
Taught not born,
To fear.
Taught not born,
To discriminate.
And taught not born,
To jeer.

Taught to greed selfishly!
Taught to deceive and steal like thieves!
And taught to cheat to succeed...
No matter who does the suffering and bleeds.

Taught to fear and suffer.
As a right,
To incite and ignite...
Fear.
As a right,
To incite and ignite...
Suffering,
Inflicted.
As a right to incite and ignite,
Fear!

Taught to fear and suffer.
As a right,
To incite and ignite...
Fear.
As a right,
To incite and ignite...
Suffering,
Inflicted.
As a right to incite and ignite,
Fear!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Taught To Hate

How many valued relationships,
Have been destroyed...
By those professing to be innocent,
As they depict themselves as victims.

How many are quick to listen,
To those who lie?
Unknowing the ones who do this...
Are seeking more attention yet deceive.

How many are easily duped,
To awaken to learn they have been fools?
And how many discover it is too late,
To appreciate the ones they have been taught to hate.

And...
How many of those who have been hated,
Have turned their backs...
On those who now each other attack?

And...
How many who attack each other like that,
Wish those they should have appreciated...
Returned to defend their backs.

And...
How many who have ever been backstabbed,
Feel honored they have been asked to defend...
Those who had betrayed them.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Taught With Others Of A Fixed Mindset

I use to believe,
Those who leeched...
Were not threats.
Well...
Corrected,
That belief...
Has been exchanged for observation.

Not only do those who leech are threats...
They are the cause and the effect,
As proof to what happens...
When one is taught with others,
Of a fixed mindset...
That their actions have no direct affect,
On the decline of an environment.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Taunted By Fears Of Loss

Taunted by fears of loss.
Inflicted to fidget and sit.
That may cost them dearly.
And set to protect,
With weapons and a mindset.
To bring upon them regret.
From actions that instill unrest,
That affects a global peace.

And once they release beliefs...
Comprehending their mortality,
Will no longer be thoughts expressed.
Nor a happiness received they get.
Since from an ignorance,
They choose to do what's best!
And that is self destruct!
For an end they view for them,
Is a must.

And the Earth prepares,
To eliminate its disrespecting inhabitants.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Teach Me How To Eat

If you notice I stay hungry,
Teach me how to eat.
If you notice no baloney,
Teach me how to eat.

More discipline I may be needing.
Teach me how to eat.
More seriousness I may yet miss.
Teach me how to eat.

No medications do I take,
To keep a pace that irritates.
No longer young with dumb ideals.
Teach me how to eat.

I wish a peace that keeps me feeding.
So teach me how to eat.
I see in you more than in some.
The ones who can not overcome.
I see some stumble as others run.
But you,
Know how to eat.

Success you've reached and still you seek.
Teach me how to eat...
I'm hungry.
Teach me how to eat.

Success you've reached and still you seek.
Teach me how to eat...
I'm hungry.
Teach me how to eat.

If you notice I stay hungry,
Teach me how to eat.
If you notice no baloney,
Teach me how to eat.
I'm hungry.
Teach me how to eat.

Teach me how to eat.
I'm hungry.
Teach me how to eat.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Teach Me How To Fly

It's never to late to open the gate.
'Teach me.
Teach me.'
Age is nothing but an excuse to make.
'Teach me to free myself.
Teach me like no one else.'

Moons come and those Summers go.
It's never too late to open the gate.
Minds in fear keep those dreams slowed.
Age aint nothing but an excuse to make.
'Teach me.
Teach me.
Teach me how to fly.'
It's never too late to open the gate.
'Teach me,
I'd like to try.'

You're the only one who decides it's too late.
You're the only one afraid to open the gate.
You're the one with urges wishing to escape.

'Why can't you reach me to teach me,
To break away from those limits made? '

You're the only one who decides it's too late.
You're the only one afraid to open the gate.
You're the one with urges wishing to escape.

'Teach me.
Teach me.
Teach me how to fly.'

I can't.
It was something I desired.
And with that desire...
I found it could be done.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Teacher Of Lessons

Shouldn't someone expect,
A life of regretting a planting of misdeeds.
After they have discovered,
The one person they decided to pick on...
Was not the person they thought.
But was a lover of playing cat and mouse.

And that one person they decided to pick on...
Decided not to be the turn the other cheek,
Forgiving kind.
Oh no.
This one decided it was time to teach a mind.

And had in fact been a teacher of lessons.
With a knack of customizing lesson plans.
Suitable to be understood,
As to 'who' one should have left alone.
To make it clear it is best not to judge a book,
By its cover for effective results to get.
Especially if one is not familiar with the contents.

Shouldn't someone expect,
A life of regretting...
After they have discovered,
The one person they decided to pick on...
Has long been a master of human interaction.

And...
Had in fact,
Been a teacher of lessons.
With a knack of customizing lesson plans.
Some less painful to accept when delivered direct,
Than those taught unexpectedly to leave the student...
Frrling unsure what test is coming next.

Why do some people pick those to be subjected,
They believe to them will be easy to shame...
With a branding of a quick defamation.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Teaching The Benefits Of Conflict

Teaching people how to fight,
With it done day and night...
Has been the greatest invention,
Those remaining limited in mind have created.
However...
Those with minds remaining confined to limits,
Have yet discovered a way to prevent their creation...
From increasing in a mental illness witnessed.
To keep it defined as sanity.
And this becoming more recognized,
By the ones refusing to give up their consciousness...
Believing they must accept this to survive happy lives,
Aren't so willing to continue...
To allow permitted conflicts for them to exist.

'We live to destroy threats of our enemies.
To protect the interests of our children.'

~And teaching the benefits of conflict,
Provides a peace they will know to keep...religiously?
Or will they keep religious beliefs they must fight?
With a purpose to create and ignite conflicts? ~

'Oh no. No.
With others.
Not themselves.'

~I see.
And if this is 'not' clear to me to comprehend,
All children will comprehend this immediately? ~

'Of course.
That's why teaching the benefits of conflict,
Is important for them to understand...early.'

~And making it important, religiously!
I got it.~

'Whew.

I'm glad you do.
For a minute I was beginning to question my own values.'

~What you do makes perfect sense.~

'It does? '

~Of course.
As long as you find a way to keep it justified.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Teachings Of Fear

Where do people first hear about evil?
And what those demonic do?
Where are teachings of fear...
Taught and told not to go near.
But depicted by images,
Selected and picked...
To protect against.

Where are toy guns sold,
And learned how to hold?
With an awaiting to shoot,
To then brag and boast...
As one is left to feel brave and bold.
From a childhood influenced,
By those much older.

High priced videos,
Prepare those solicited to be violent and quick.
With a purpose to accept conflicts,
As a game of innocence to be convinced.
Until the innocence of it,
Has those asking themselves why...
And how and where began their involvement,
To decide who lives and who should die.

Where do people first hear about evil?
And what those demonic do?
Where are teachings of fear...
Taught and told to those not to go near.
But depicted by images,
Selected and picked...
To protect against,
As they see fit.

'My kids?
I don't allow them to watch TV.
And movies are out of the question.
They have computers to use,
To assist them with their homework.

CD's and DVD's as well as their own cellphones.
And when they are in their rooms...
Alone,
I don't hear a peep.
I know how to keep them busy.'

And the time you spend with them...
Is,
How much?

'I'm too involved in my community,
To ensure those bad elements...
Don't pose a threat to our standards.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Tearing Down Defenses

A joy increases more inside me,
With a pride no longer do I hide.
Or try defying to deny.

That joy increases more inside me,
And when it started to arrive...
I felt much more alive.

Happiness I discovered was best,
When it had arrived...
I felt much more alive inside.

And when I began to protest,
Against that which had come to test...
Like people who were negative,
With only that to me to give...
I felt much more alive,
By kicking them in the backside.
And tearing down defenses.

That load I had once shouldered,
Diminished when I wished it to defeat.
Those boulders I jumped over,
Became little pebbles chipped away to sweep.

My joy increases deep inside.
Knowing I rid boulders,
To chip from me away.
With a tearing down defenses,
I kept at my expense.
And...
Gone are loaded shoulders,
To prevent my happiness.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Tears

Tears...
Dry them!
Do it now!
You've spent enough time,
Giving grief your attention!
I shed them myself.
Not for hours, days or weeks!
But years!
That's all I could do!
That's all I felt my eyes were in my head,
To produce!
I realized my tears were not being felt,
By anyone else but myself.
I could not borrow empathy for my sorrows.
I dried those tears.
Took smiling lessons.
Believed I could fly...
Until I fell off the curb from a high,
I thought I enjoyed.
But 'weed' does not last too long!
I asked myself what was wrong?
It was me!
I could not believe it!
I had wanted to believe my tears came from something...
OR someone else.
But...
They were rolling down 'my' eyes.
And that agony was mine!
It wanted me more than I wanted it!
I got rid of it!
I became my friend!
My 'best' friend!
And like all good friends...
I learned to enjoy myself.
I learned that my happiness was deserving!
I began serving myself dosages of happiness...
On a daily basis!
Tears?
You can shed them if you want!

But I am willing to bet,
You'll be doing it by yourself!
And if you're happy doing it?
Be thankful.
Celebrate!
However...
If you find yourself delivering tears?
Find out 'who' is behind the production.
And 'why' you are left to pay the cost!
Such performances are usually not worthy,
Of the price paid!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Tears As Seen Like These

Tears,
As seen like these...
Uncommonly flow!
The moans from suburbia,
Continue to grow.
With closures of hopes.
Where neighbors known,
No longer roam.
Between boys playing street ball.
Or giggling girls jumping rope!

Blocks of homes foreclosed.
Shattered dreams are heard,
From the silence that occurs.
And children sensitive...
Shorten their Christmas lists.
With hopes that mommy and daddy,
Can keep them all together.
Regardless of their homelessness.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Tease My Appetite

If I lied about knowing love.
In your mind would I increase,
In value?
Would I be someone you might chase,
To teach.
Tease my appetite,
With a taste of your peach?
Or would you offer me tomatoes...
From your garden.
With each piece sliced, diced and spiced
To please.
Or would you have me on my knees...
To taste cream you wish me to whip,
Into cheese you would prefer I lick!
I so want to know about love!
And how...
After testing,
I could rest upon your nest!
Your melons are wonderful.
And that onion of yours...
Smells nice and fresh!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Teased With Kept Beliefs

Like taxes, entitlements and rights bestowed,
Laws are created...
To seperate, divide and control,
Those who can not escape through loopholes.
With a protecting of their interests not to neglect.

And the ones who have left them teased with kept beliefs,
They too can share in the feast a few selected daily eat...
When that day comes to feed upon a treatment of equality,
If they keep themselves indebted to accept a faith in humility.
With worshipped myths projected to ignore those who protest.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Teaser

You're just a teaser.
And more today from you I need.
You're just a teaser.
To please yourself then leave.
You are just a teaser.
Who wants more than you give,
Wishing someone bleeds...
From a hunger you wont feed.

You're just a teaser.
And more today from you I need.
You're just a teaser.
To please yourself then leave.
You are just a teaser.
Who wants more than you give,
Wishing someone bleeds...
From a hunger you wont feed.

You've got me wanting you only,
And from a hunger you wont feed.
You've got me wanting you only,
Only.
Only.

You're just a teaser.
And more today from you I need.
You're just a teaser.
To please yourself then leave.
You are just a teaser.
Who wants more than you give,
Wishing someone bleeds...
From a hunger you wont feed.

You've got me wanting you only,
And from a hunger you wont feed.
You've got me wanting you only,
Only.
Only.
Teaser!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Technically Speaking

What has Television Done?

'Created a whole new awareness.
And introduced the keeping of delusions.'

What has the internet done?

'Taken those delusions to confuse the truth.
So much so...
That those who expose 'everything' about themselves,
Today complain they have no privacy.
And prefer to keep their lives away from spies.
Or anyone else they believe is a stalker.'

But...
Haven't they already exposed themselves to millions?

'Yeah!
But they want to keep their lives away,
From the people they see depicted on TV.
You know...
The ones created to fear the most.'

That makes no sense.
If I wanted to I could create a villain.
But that would be deceiving.

'Welcome to the age of progress and technology.
Technically speaking, of course.'

Oh how I wish for the innocent '50's.

'Yeah.
Much easier it was to keep people dumbed down,
Unknowingly back 'then'.
Today?
People have that choice to make.
And for many this has been very profitable.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Techno Madness

Snooped and watched...
In a primative upscale modern scheme,
To demean.
And patrolled by robots scattered.
Coming to your neighborhood.
Appearing on the scene.

Tapped and padded down,
By sensors planted underground...
To monitor each step.
And what thought one has,
Communicating to exchange...
Probing what the mind thinks next!

Systematic techno madness,
Has arrived in disguise to grow.
Systematic techno madness,
Has arrived speeding minds of the wise...
Who know!

Snooped and watched...
And patrolled by robots scattered.
Tapped and padded down,
By sensors planted underground...
To monitor each step.
Producing an accepted techno madness,
At its systematic best.

We're being undone to redo,
To renew and improve...
What's been done!
And for everyone that dawning comes.
To leave a life once known,
Quicker than can be imagined.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Teddybears Have Been Slaughtered

Many wish life the way they see it.
The way that it has been fed.
Without the bleakness and the dred.
But when the veil is lifted...
And a reality hidden begins to spread.
They go ballistic.
Out of their heads.
Their talking teddybears have been slaughtered.
And those they believed were of inferior quality...
Are actually more superior to what to them has been said.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Teflon, Botox, Faked Smiles And Debates

These debates between candidates,
Running for elective office to be voted in...
To run for president are becoming sporting events,
These days.

And in the future they will be held in stadiums.
With fees to charge at exorbitant rates.
As more teflon is used to spray...
To ensure nothing sticks and quickly slips away.

While supporters have their faked smiles held in place,
Injected by doses of botox.
That guarantees no one can decide who is qualified.
Whether to impress with image or not.

'Where are the candidates now?
Are they preparing? '

~Well...
One has requested an additional layer of teflon,
To ensure his performance gets the expected response.
And the other is grateful to have another week...
To allow many coats to dry,
Before several more are sprayed on repeatedly.

And those who represent false agendas to present,
To advocate and voice their deceptive opposing views...
Have used up all the botox to appear everyday,
With attempts to sway the public...
As they give updates on the evening news.~

'It seems the future is near and soon to arrive.'

~How important are these debates? ~

'That depends on how you place your bets.
But the clear winners will be...
The tax collectors and the cost of living.
The rich and those who will pocket your fees.

Which of these picks will be to your benefit? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Teflon-Ed

Quick to shift,
A blame that sits.
On those who drift,
From being...
Held accountable.

They choose to say,
Their way is best.
Although they take,
More time to protest...
Another mess they manifest!

A love they have for dancing,
Around the bush.
So slick like oil oozing,
They refuse to look...
At the games they play.
Fast they run...
From mistakes initiated.
Mistakes by them repeated,
To keep things done their way.

They choose to say,
Their way is best.
Although they take,
More time to protest...
Another mess they manifest!

Quick to shift,
A blame that sits.
On those who drift,
From being...
Held accountable.

A love they have for dancing,
Around the bush.
So slick like oil oozing,
They refuse to look...
At the games they play.

Fast they run...
From mistakes initiated.

And 'Teflon-ed',
To keep their misdeeds...
Stick free.
Or noticeably heated.

Teflon-ed,
To keep their misdeeds...
Fed to feed,
As needed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Teleprompted Speeches

Teleprompted speeches
Prepared to deliver daily hype,
From those caught up in worshipping
The onslaught of their own dysfunctions!
And explanations are crafted.

Repeating disbelief,
In an accepted way as to not project
Total ignorance of the subject!
And lack of interest!

Direct eye contact is preferred.
There is something about it that can be trusted!
However...
So many are skilled at deception these days.
Watching one's brow furrowed...
Shows more frustration than truth is inside that head!

This hype keeps them up at night,
Hoping an obvious loss of credibility...
Will magically appear through presence and stature.
And all of this preparation is an act to deceive.
That's why they can not find peace in sleep!

The comfort of keeping their delusions scrolled.
Line after line defining times of crimes and corruption.
Hoping such methods will ease the shock that comes...
To those already numbed by marathoned appearances,
Of crooks protecting themselves!
And imaging leadership qualifications in expensive suits!

Duping hoodwinkers have one pursuit in their minds.
And that's to have you find them,
Worthy to represent...
Myths and beliefs that do not exist.

However,
The delusion to keep them as a process
Of a quality of life sustained in total fantasy...

And founded on criminal values,
Will maintain a christian charade.
And if these hypocrisies are attack...
At least the one who is elected,
Has to convince he or she has the experience
To lie brilliantly under pressure!

But the one not prompted to be perceived as packaged...
Should be selected.
However,
His competence and fantasticness overwhelms.
And they are not accustomed to that at all.
In fact that kind of commitment frightens them.
Nothing had they seen like this before.

Someone they can believe in comes.
And they are suspicious.
The others ready to perform their tricks...
Will lie in a minute.
Claiming what is seen on videotaped playbacks,
Has been misunderstood!

And this is what the people misrepresented,
Have been saying all along.
They have been misunderstood!
Teleprompted speeches will never reflect sorrows,
Or the patience they have had to endure...
Observing the costs of these self serving acts!
Written by folks so completely out of touch.
And so far removed from reality.
And so far removed from reality.
And so far removed from reality.
And so far...

It doesn't pay to practice.
There will still be malfunctions.
And no time to memorize which lies to tell!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Tell All

I have never been one to tell all.
Or believed my decisions to make,
Needed an explanation.
Especially if my path has been traveled,
Alone to condone whatever those consequences.

Nor have I ever been one,
To confuse what I do to be done privately...
With a doing like some to make public announcements.
Or whisper in hushed and quiet tones,
My personal business I prefer to not have known.

'But...
You will admit to being a writer.
A writer committed to revealing honesty? '

You might see me flying a kite.
But you will never see me doing it naked,
To invite controversy.
Unless I do that with an intention meant,
To stir up with a purpose...
The most visual of imaginations.

'Well...
That contradicts you being a private person.'

Does it?
If I am flying a kite to do it naked,
What have I exposed to tell...
You interpret to 'visualize' as not being kept private?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Tell All Stress To Beat It

Do not release from you the need,
To uncover opportunity.
That which is within your reach.
Seek that life you wish to live!
Awaken from sleep to realize your dreams.

Keep real those dreams you feel.
Just know your dreams are real.
Keep real those dreams you feel!
And tell all stress to beat it!

Keep real those dreams you feel.
Just know your dreams are real.
Keep real those dreams you feel!
And tell all stress to leave from your home.

Do not release from you the need,
To uncover opportunity.
That which is within your reach.
Seek that life you wish to live!
Awaken from sleep to realize your dreams.

Keep real those dreams you feel!
And tell all stress to leave you.
Keep real those dreams you feel!
And tell all stress to leave you alone!

Don't dare condone it.

Keep real those dreams you feel!
Make it known you're through moaning.
Keep real those dreams you feel!
Show those dreams you claim and own.

And tell all stress to beat it.
You tell that stress to leave you alone!

Keep real those dreams you feel!
And tell all stress to beat it.

You tell that stress to leave you alone!

It's just that simple.
You tell that stress to beat it.
Tell all stress to leave you alone!

It's just that simple.
Yes!
You tell that stress to beat it.
Tell all stress to leave from your home!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Tell Me Now

Is my,
Loving you unreasonable?
Are my,
Feelings out of touch?
Do I,
Appear to be impossible?
Do you,
Think I clutch too much.

And is my,
Loving you unreasonable?
And are my,
Feelings out of touch?
And do I,
Appear to be impossible?
And do you,
Think I clutch too much.

Tell me now,
'Cause my patience is a keeper.
And you don't know how,
I can tolerate a need.
And this you know by now,
I have love for you forever.
And that somehow,
Is the reason why you think I'm here,
Because we shared a vow?

Is my,
Loving you unreasonable?
Tell me now...
Are my,
Feelings out of touch?
Tell me now...
Do I,
Appear to be impossible?
Tell me now...
Do you,
Think I clutch too much.

And that 'too much' is enough!

Tell me now,
Has that too much been enough?
Tell me now,
Is my loving you unreasonable?
Tell me now,
Has that too much been enough?
Tell me now...
Do you,
Think I clutch too much?
Tell me now...
Do you think I am impossible?
Tell me now...
Do you think I love too much.
Tell me now...
Do you think I love too much.
Tell me now...
Do you think I love too much.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Tell Them Anything To Believe!

Tell them anything to believe!
That kept policy of philosophy,
Remains as the chief cohesive reason...
Why too many can not accept,
A life they perceived to be denied...
Of an integrity wished from others.
With a wanting of it from them to get.
But learn they have been duped by lies.

Tell them anything to believe!
And those who have done this,
Today have their regrets to express.
If people are led to discover,
They no longer should and can respect...
What is there left to protect or expect,
From those giving their best but find themselves...
Totally disregarded and taken for granted to neglect.

And those who have chosen to tell folks anything,
But what is correct...
Eventually find they are without a purpose.
Since nothing which is meant to convince to be heard...
Becomes regarded as worthless and a waste of words.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Teller Of Myths

Lieing is as much part of the culture,
As is deceit, embellishment and fantasy.

One honest in this kind of environment,
Is easily disregarded...
As a relic of a time.
Before the creation of movies...
Was conveniently the medium to use.
To depict the re-creation...
Of a history no one remembers.

'My great-great-great-great grandfather,
Designed and cobbled the boots worn...
By all the crew members on The Mayflower.
AND...
Left his own shoelaces to dry,
On top of Plymouth Rock.
I have that confirmed on parchment,
Among my treasured archives.
That's how my family obtained our 'social' registry.'

And that's part of who it is we are.
With denial defiantly displayed,
As a confirmation to cement...
The legitimacy of a nontruth.
Or whatever it is one wishes to claim.
With a snobbishness as phony as the teller of myths.
And...
These folk tale tellers all over the place.
And becoming quite common in distorting anything,
That 'had' been considered legitimately realistic.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Telling Tales To Tattle

Tales tattled and told to sell or barter,
Are not the ones recommended to be eager to keep.
Not if the telling of them make the innocent weep.
Since resentments kept can grow deep.
And the price one pays for telling tales to tattle,
Has a way to come back to rattle one's peace...
In a way that the teller had wished never altered,
To utter as told to sell to be sold.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Temperatures Heat Up Slow

Temperatures heat up slow.
Some boil to explode.
Steaming to show outside...
What can no longer hide.

Temperatures heat up slow.
some refuse to let go!
Until it's hard to keep...
A heat that has been released.

It's difficult to find the time to explain it.
Words aren't there to say what's going on.
Some people make it their business,
To stir up arguments.
And leaving behind them created conflicts.

Temperatures heat up slow.
With a click.
Some boil to explode.
With many clicks.
Steaming to show outside...
Flying fists.
What can no longer hide,
Loud brawled rifts!

And it's hard to find time to explain this!
Or sit in calmness to cool rowdy rows.
Some folks will agitate this,
As if it's a gift.
To then give to others...
To glow in what has been bestowed.
To behold what is done,
That gets old.
And this has left many cold.

Some people make it their business,
To stir up these riffs.
And leaving behind them created conflicts.
With all conflicts growing old!

Much too old to bestow.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Temporarily!

Too little too late to stimulate,
A lost confidence
That has arrived when some
Have become irate.
Lives were pledged...
To follow you to the edge.
And now it is discovered,
That direction is dead!

Too little too late to stimulate,
With or without invigorating debate!
The chances taken to play with people's fate...
Doesn't leave them feeling more protected.
Nor are they feeling more secure or safe.

What a mess has been created,
Because of impulses you made to take!
And now you wish to be believed,
That a quick fix to prevent a tidal wave of grief...
Is going to stop that from happening...
And solve all needs!

'Temporarily! '

OH! ...
Temporarily?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Temporary Displays

Those with an agenda to deceive,
May hide their motives initially.
But a focus maintained on their activities,
Will eventually surface...
To leave longlasting impressions.
No matter how many disguises,
That may masquerade and adorn...
To express other qualities to adopt,
For temporary displays to leisurely wear.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Temporary Guests

Many believe and perceive,
Their beliefs are to keep...
Durable as if in concrete.
To stay frozen...
And remain intact.
No matter where the times are.
With a progressing to leave,
Nonbelievers in their tracks kept back.

And with unsatisfying results,
Their limited visions are insults...
To those who have run out of patience,
And empathy for those stuck...
In ruts others have given up.
To moved on with an accepting of facts.

Or wish to do so.
Without a feeling of remorse,
To sever the ties from the ones...
Who can not seem to live their lives in stages,
On this Earth.
Or can not divorce themselves from craving,
A taste for an exclusive foreverness...
Selected for a few to feed and greed.

This,
Reality...
That has a beginning which advances to an end,
Many can not accept,
Themselves as temporary guests.
But dictators to infest a manifesting of regression.
So hopeless are those with this mindset.

Seeking with a beating of their own regrets.
So hopeless are those with this mindset.
Seeking with a beating of their own regrets.
And, so hopeless are those with this mindset.
Not understanding they are here as temporary guests.
Seeking with a beating of their own regrets.

So hopeless are those with this mindset.
Seeking with a beating of their own regrets.
And, so hopeless are those with this mindset.
Not understanding they are here as temporary guests.
So hopeless are those with this mindset.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Temporary Leave

If 'ever' our closeness,
Should become estranged...
Slap me quickly to awaken,
Dear Father.
Know this...
If 'ever' our closeness,
Should become estranged...
I have taken temporary leave,
Of my consciousness.

IF You should 'ever',
Doubt my faith...
As I wish for you to believe,
As I say it is as it is perceived to be...
Dear Father.
I have been drugged without my knowledge.
And in need of Your serious counseling.
I have been strickened with abnormal indecision.
Something defective has come to bait my attention.

Know this...
If 'ever' our closeness,
Should become estranged...
I have taken temporary leave,
Of my faculties.
And I am in dire need!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Temporary Satisfactions

Deep within one's heart,
Where an honesty felt is kept.
The eyes unclouded searches,
For what is inside...
To be outside reflected to match.

And they do not hide desires,
For the ones who see truth in them.
Yet those who do not respect this vision...
Keep themselves falsely detached,
With hopes that this attracts...
Temporary satisfactions.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Temporary Setbacks

Those who do not share their ills,
Or bills they pay to survive their lives...
And without the aid of charm or flattery.
Are the ones more than likely to be,
Freely expressing their blessings with grace.
And even though an attitude with mood may show,
They are quick to get over temporary setbacks.
And always seem willing to present gratitude.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Temptations Conveniently Hidden

It doesn't always pay to stay up-to-date,
And fresh with a keeping abreast...
Of the current fashion craze raising eyebrows.
Or what today is considered to be the 'latest'...
That introduces the next phase of an ongoing rage.
Since even today there are some with beliefs,
Emailing, cellphones and texting are passing fads.
And downloading sex is something done by sinners.

'Will I be forgiven...
If I carry my temptations,
Conveniently hidden in my pocket? '

There are so many still afraid and stuck in yesterday.
And anything mentioned brought to their attention,
That another considers they should focus upon and comprehend...
Immediately becomes something some find to be offensive.
With defense mechanisms taken to protect,
Concepts of correctness and standards valued left...
Dusting but kept to address,
When those 'Use to be' days are topics of discussion..

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Temptations Teased Ruthlessly

Just because one shows promise.
And enjoys participating,
In playing a highly skilled game.
Does not make one qualified,
By the association.
Being patient eventually reigns.
And an attention given is not solicited.

What makes one undeniably qualified?
Realizing a work ethic is applied.
With devotion and sacrifice...
Prepared to put aside a favorite meal.
And remaining focused showing couth.
Despite temptations teased ruthlessly.
This too can be proven to be ignored.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Temptations To Numb Pain

Weaknesses fed...
Do not strengthen peace.
Where is the discipline needed?
A peace that is kept,
Must have an appreciation shown.
A lazy acceptance known...
To keep a few in new stitches,
Keeps eyes focused on 'things'
That hypnotize useable brains...
To strain for consciousness.
And a peace like this,
Is a glue strip to catch flies.
And others who believe...
Maintaining something simple,
Is easy to gain and retain.
A life made to look like that traps,
In truth deceived and consequences rejected.
And temptations to numb pain,
Easy to obtain.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Ten Minutes Aint Enough

Ten minutes aint enough,
No!
To have my needs satisfactorily pleased.
Ten minutes aint enough.

Ten minutes aint enough!

Ten minutes aint enough,
No!
To know what I want before it leaves.
Ten minutes aint enough.

Ten minutes aint enough!

There has to be a bit of teased acquaintance.
With a chat that sits.
There has to be a bit of teased acquaintance.
With eyes that are fixed.
And not drifting.

Ten minutes aint enough,
No!
To have my needs satisfactorily pleased.
Ten minutes aint enough.

Ten minutes aint enough!

Ten minutes aint enough,
No!
To know what I want before it leaves.
Ten minutes aint enough.

Ten minutes aint enough!

Some may wish a quick...
Beginning that swiftly ends.
With nothing to explore.
But an exit out a door!

Ten minutes aint enough,
No!
To know what I want before it leaves.
Ten minutes aint enough.

Ten minutes aint enough!

There has to be a bit of teased acquaintance.
With a chat that sits.
There has to be a bit of teased acquaintance.
With eyes that are fixed.
And not just there to lift and drift.

Ten minutes aint enough,
No!
To have my needs satisfactorily pleased.
Ten minutes aint enough.

Ten minutes aint enough!

Ten minutes aint enough,
No!
To know what I want before it leaves.
Ten minutes aint enough.

Ten minutes aint enough!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

'Ten' Minutes Into A Happy Hour

The key to success?
Don't let anyone know,
'Successful' is 'your' life.
Keep it to yourself.

If you feel forced to speak,
When asked.
Especially from those who probe,
And wish to know...
'Are you 'still' doing that? '

Say 'yeah! '
Nothing else.
A 'yeah' will do it!

Then in the peaceful confines,
Where you are relaxed...
And away from those self indulged in BS.
Do your thing!
And become successful at it!
Folks will one day realize,
Just how resourceful you are.

Giving them a reason to wonder,
Why you are happier than they are...
And you are leaving them,
'Ten' minutes into a happy hour.
Without having a drink.
OR complaining about co-workers or a boss!

'He's gay! ',
Those dudes sipping on a Sloe Gin Fizz whisper!
As they pretend to play pool!
While eyeing chicks drinking bottles of 'Bud'
Who either flirt or ignore.
~Why?
He hasn't got a dropp of ass! ~

'Man,

You gon' take your shot or not? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Ten To Fifteen Years Would Be Ideal

Your Honor...
I take full responsibility for my actions.

When I stopped my car,
In the middle of the highway...
And told the kids,
That I was driving home from school...
If they found me so boring,
To go play on the highway!
I didn't think they would take me literally.
Who knew?

The police report stating,
I had a gun...
And making the kids run one by one,
Across the highway is exaggerated.
I did not have a gun.
It was a bat!
And I had 'HAD' it.

Sorry, Your Honor.
Of late...
I have become very emotional.

So...
If there is any rehabilitation programs,
You believe I may be qualified to enter...
I would be so grateful.
Ten to fifteen years would be ideal.
As a suggestion.

However...
If you feel I am needing more time,
Behind bars...
I will leave that entirely up to you.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Tender

Tender?
I can surrender,
A tenderness.
I can become seduced...
If that emotion comes.
And I can not refuse,
A choice chosen we both choose!
I can be cold!
And my eyes would not hold that back.
I prefer to give...
But it is hard for me to take,
A heartbreak
You believe can be easily mended.
Anytime you have mistaken me...
As a piece of discarded meat!
You wish to treat as a leftover,
When you have the appetite to eat.
I am not 'that' available!
Your selection was timely.
You will discover that...
After I am gone!
And you are left cruising the streets!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Tender And Remembered

Absorb I do your kisses sweet.
In dreams so vivid
As I awaken from a deep and restful sleep.

And a Sunrise witnessed,
At the break of dawn...
Lifts me quick,
With the thought of your lips...
Tender and remembered.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Tender And Sweet

Sorry to disappoint.
But I am not the tender/sweet kind.
I am aware that kind of association,
Is generally placed upon those
Who express their creativity as a performing art.
And the 'arts' are suppose to be for those of limp wrists.
I've heard that all my life.
And no one I've ever met quite depicted that at all.

Those I know are very hard working.
Thought provoking and determined.

Architects are artists.
Athletes are entertainers.
And those who dance for a living...
God bless them.
Where would this society be?
If a carpenter had no creative abilities to use a tree.

The only people I observe who are tender and sweet.
Are those who do exactly as they are told.
Then complain and whine to everyone they meet.
And they are much too weak to do what I do!
But I will say...
Preferences?
I have a few of those.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Tender Is My Ambition

Tender is my ambition,
To show love.
To express with an openness...
In a devoted trusting shown.

I have grown too weary,
In pretense to be free of this need.
And on shallow surfaces...
I will continue on purpose,
Untill someone awakens...
What is here and wished,
Desperately.

Tender is my ambition,
To show love.
To express with an openness...
In a devoted trusting shown.

When that someone with that key...
Comes to unlock what is inside of me!
I will then feel free,
To absorb completely...
This journey I have found,
In need of company.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Tender Is My Touch

Tender is my touch,
I know.
Although my balled fists...
When unclenched,
Reveals a gentleness
Of my fingertips.

Each day I grow,
With patience that comes.
From my head to my heart...
Masquerading yet welcomed.

All obstacles faced...
Are not completely removed.
Of this I am aware.
But none of this,
Is deserving for either one of us...
For me to prove to you.

There is more inside me than conflict.
And as I grow,
I'm more willing to show it.
Since I too wish for more happiness.
But how can I desire for more peace to thrive...
If I expose only resistence.
Without expressing how I feel inside.
And you are not aware I hide.
When only my exterior...
Reveals that strong side,
Of a need to carry my pride outside.

Tender is my touch,
I know.
Although my balled fists...
When unclenched,
Reveals a gentleness
Of my fingertips.

Come closer...

Come.
And be a witness to it!
Hold me.
I too have fears.
But I'm wishing them not to exist like this.

Come closer...
Come.
And be a witness to it!
Sit and let's develop trust.
We can if this is what we wish.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Tenure Achieved

The having of common sense has yet to receive,
An honorary degree from any college and/or university...
That has proclaimed to have identified to graduate,
Scholars to present with convincing representation...
A society that professes a welcoming of qualified minds!
Unless...
Those accepting such praise and adulation bestowed,
Have found themselves in positions opposed by the ones...
Unwilling to expose their incompetence or tenure achieved,
In the fear of losing their overpaid salaries obtained...
Maintained by a false postering gained but not suspected.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Terrorist Poetry

Too much truth,
And excludes delusion.
Expresses realism,
Felt and stripped of fraud.
Includes what is and eliminates what isn't.
Unless, of course...
Someone expresses remorse.
Or spent time in recovery...
Healing from divorce.
Terrorist poetry,
Must be avoided at all cost!
It threatens a fantasy.
Like descriptions of flying horses...
Saddled by talking moths!
And everyone knows...
Moths only sneeze, sniffle and cough!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Test My Appetite

Some prefer and choose perfection,
To convey ideals...
Promoted to instill.
With a showing of a knowledge...
In a hope that this appeals.

And then there are those,
Who have chosen to be real.
Grounded and solid of sound minds.
To find they are critiqued...
By those of the pretentious kind.

'It is not proper etiquette,
To dip biscuits in stew.'

~Hey...
I am here to eat.
Not to see what others do.
And IF you're looking for a silver spoon.
To eat your stew?
You go and do that.
And my biscuits will be in your stew too!

In these times,
I will nourish first...
Before rehearsing any refinement,
I've learned from the past.
But today does not work.~

'It is not proper etiquette,
To dip biscuits in stew.'

~Hey...
I am here to eat.
Not to see what others do.
And IF you're looking for a silver spoon.
To eat your stew?
You go and do that.
And my biscuits will be in your stew too!

Go ahead!
Test my appetite!
I dare you.
Leave that stew.
And I'll show you what can be done with it.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Test Of My Faith To Face All Demons

When I took my first steps into the wilderness,
I too had been accused of abandonment.
Accused I was,
Of leaving behind those of limited minds...
Accepting that kind of confinement.

I was young, curious and feared no evil.

I was unafraid and made to face obstacles.
And those experiences convinced me,
A kept faith prevented my staying on my knees.
Like others who are still there believing,
Prayer and hypocrisy for them is the answer.

I was young, curious and feared no evil.
With a testing of my faith to face all demons.

'But...
What about God?
How can you do this without God? '

You haven't understood a word I've said.
Have you?

'You talk about taking steps and facing obstacles.
Fearing no evil and testing demons.
But God you have not mentioned.'

Could I have done any of this without God?

'I don't know.
I go to 'church' where I know God is.'

Good.
Continue.
Maybe one day whatever faith you have you will test.

'And 'if' God wants me to test my faith,
I certainly wouldn't do it alone in a wilderness.

What you need is God in your life.
And you 'aint' gonna find 'Him' in no wilderness.
What you need is to go to church.
Any 'Christain' will know that's where God is.'

I see!
You have reminded me not to mention demons again.

'Good.
Because today they are everywhere.'

I see and hear clearly.
And everyday,
There is a test of my faith to face all demons.

'Good.
Because today they are everywhere.'

I see!
You have reminded me not to mention demons again.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Tested

Why should I express regret,
Or miss something as I applied my own sweat...
With the knowing in the doing of it,
Has been and is well done?

I did not spend years in repeating defeats.
To not learn from mistakes,
That enabled me to get up on my feet!

And those obstacles I did not seek.
I chose to put up a fight,
With a daring to be challenged.
I was not about to let my own fear,
Have the best of me to beat!

Why should I express regret,
Or miss something as I applied my own sweat...
With the knowing in the doing of it,
Has been and is well done?

That's why it was there for me to do,
In the first place.
I never sought to accomplish that which was easy.
What would be the point of my being proud,
If doubt was heard constantly coming out of my mouth?

I did not spend years in repeating defeats.
To not learn from mistakes,
That enabled me to get up on my feet!

Why should I express regret?
I hope to have been instrumental...
In leaving inspiration left.
Instead of the negativity I had to face,
On a daily basis that tested my faith!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Tested Day And Night For Decades

I've heard all kinds of fantasies,
Of how I live my life.
From others who perceive.
What it is they wish to believe.
I am amused by some of the comments.
While others I dislike...
Determined I am to live 'my' life.

But the life I live for the past 65 years,
Has not been lived without pain or strife.
Although I've heard others say to me...
How lucky I am to have had no struggles or fights.
And with straight faces they've had the nerve to say this.

Yet...
Continued to feel blessed to live this gift I've been given,
A life I have learned to appreciate and like...
Is a gratefulness I awaken each day to express,
To the Creator who knows what for me is best.
And...
God only knows what has fed my appetite.
Without malice to seek revenge with a bitterness that spites.
And I've been tested day and night for decades.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Tested Faith

Led to believe
One amoungst them
Was beneath.
For years this perception,
Was fed and conceived.
The followers were blinded
By the one deceiving them to the ledge.
With vows they pledged to honor him...
And he took them to the edge.

They had no wings to fly.
He did not help them...
Or want them to try.
'With me you do not need them! '
They did not know he lied!

The one believed beneath them,
Although shunned and ostracized...
Explored his flights from different heights.
And did this as days went by.
Until he mastered with abilities that grew.
Soaring past those who thought they knew him...
Standing on the edge.
With no understanding where that led them!
They had fears...
No one taught them to release.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Testing From A Nest Infested

To ignore those who annoy,
Is a blessing.
A gift to resist the desires of those
Wishing conflict.
Gives a peace within.
And this will never be understood...
By those doing their best,
To attract others to their nonsense.
As they seek a confrontation,
Spiced with agitation.
Testing from a nest infested...
As a pest unrested.
And being aware of this,
Provides a mental lift.
Delivering one to a higher consciousness!
The one who views those who do this as misfits.
As tactics employed by a sleepless surface thinker,
Become useless like a broken toy discarded.
Fading its purpose,
To an ego enjoying limitations that do not nourish!
Or flourish beyond an irritation that has no affect.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Testing To Tease An Unrest

I have no interest,
To be among the top!
I desire to be at the top.
Looking with a grateful proudness...
Knowing that all it took,
Was vision.
Hunger.
Thirst.
Craving.
Sacrifice.
Temptation...
And greed!
Yes...
G-r-e-e-d! Greed.
What do you think motivation is?
Some warmed over spaghetti?
Delivered by a next door neighbor?
Well...
It isn't.
And just like those who have come to stomach success...
Yes...
One has to acquire a stomach for success.
Nibbling to be satisfied is not success.
Even from the summit...
There is observed,
Other quests testing...
To tease,
An unrest.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Tests To Teach Those Reaching For Light

Recycled racism...
Does not do a thing to lift,
Anyone out of this intentional darkness.
With insecure criticisms,
Of those feeling a deliverance
To have all see them as other than misfit!
It only confirms,
A shallowed ignorance...
Kept medicated on illusions,
That a way of life isolated...
Is envied!
But by whom?
Preserving stagnation,
Rots those who die from inside.
With mindsets that feed their own genocide!
Although their acts to produce perfection...
Keeps them divinely blind!
In beliefs...
It is 'they' and not God who rules,
And keeps them lost...and yet, alive!
As tests to teach those reaching for light.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Tête-À-Tête

You talk about success?
How are you going to obtain that...
And you socialize all the time?
Your looks may carry you across
Someone's threshold...
But even trophies lose their glitter,
And rust.

And fading looks minus substance...
Equals a significant loss,
In those superficial circles!

Those of true success,
Get little sleep and not much rest.
Having little time for a tête-à-tête
With ex-convicts who now conduct seminars...
On topics regarding proper etiquette,
For those being taught how to hoodwink...
For fun and profit!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Texture

It is not important,
What it does.
How it does it.
Or if it is viable,
To those who deem it as a need.
If it feels good.
And the texture of it is right...
It will be made to be in demand.
Felt and caressed between one's hands...
Before the stock market is closed!
With the booting of buns.
Whether they are tightly held or not!

'You mean 'bonds'? '

Buns, bonds, balls...
Whatever.
This is about texture!
The feel and the description of it!
Not what they are called.
But how they feel!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Texture Of The Mix

The texture of the mix...
Does not sit well on many lips.
Barriars are being broken.
An unspoken mending begins to end...
Divisions and conflicts supported.
With a marketing twist.
Abandoned by many.
While others have druthers,
Not to birth more of it.
And...
Has left the taste for those who wish,
More substance and less ghosts,
To boost and boast...
Empty and expensive visions.
As a loss of cost effectiveness...
Has proven ineffective,
For those intentions meant.
As knuckles grip,
To expose an absence of hemoglobin.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Thank God For All Gifts

Thank God for all gifts.
And blessings given bestowed.
With a wish they be shared,
To allow prosperity to grow.
Although many are confused,
With beliefs what God gives...
Done abundantly,
Is for a few to keep selfishly...
To have them discover eventually,
What God 'giveth'...
God has no problem deciding,
When such gifts bestowed...
Should be taken 'awayeth',
From those refusing to comprehend...
Who created what to take it back.

'We lost everything we ever had.'

-Who gave them to you to get? -

'Gave?
No one gave us 'anything'.
Everything we had we worked for it.'

-What about God?
Your faith? -

'God?
Faith?
Do you know how long it took us,
To get these things? '

-No.
I neither have the time,
Or the power to replace them.-

'No one does.'

-Maybe you should pray.-

'Why?
And for what?
Everything we had lived for is gone.
Can't you see that? '

-Not only do I see it.
But I am sure I'm not listening,
Alone.-

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Thank God For The Critics

It use to bother me when I heard others say,
Who did or did not have talent.
And I believe one who breathes has skills,
Of some kind.
I like to stay in that frame of mind.

Then it dawned on me,
If those who had time to speak negatively...
Of course they would have time to pass judgement too.
And with a 'light' of insight,
I was introduced!

'These are the critics! Enjoy.'

And they seem to despise those who have gifts,
That attracts the attention they wish their efforts could.
If efforts of creativity within them exists.
Rehearsed and practiced until they are driven into fits.

But they don't work at it.
To know the experience.
Nor the requirements of self examination and honesty.
With a mix of naïveté and vulnerability unbelieved.
Keeping an accepted freshness alive.
And talents shine when this is done!
This also inspires and encourages at least 'someone'.

Thank God for the critics.
And those with talents who are inspired to resist,
The exchange done of sharp tongues.
And those with frowning lips.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Thank God I Do

I've been famous...
Infamous, defamed and dismissed!
I've sat to be spat upon by a few,
To forget and forgive and then kissed!

And I've dropped to the bottom,
To crawl painfully back to the top!
And I've dropped to the bottom,
To crawl painfully back to the top!
In a monotonous cycle...
That have flipped flopped more than not!

Several times I've obtained possessions...
To discard or leave behind.
With many successes and regrets of regresses.
With lessons coming difficult...
Back to back some came sometimes!

And today I'm very proud to say,
How blessed I know I am!
My life could be a whole lot worse
Than those who curse theirs...
Not sharing or caring or giving a damn!
I thank God I do!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Thank You

Memories of accomplishments,
Come as a relief as a nourishing rain.
A sacrifice maintained,
Has flourished to produce results.
And a gleaming sustains as bright,
As the light that shows on the face...
Of one who finally knows,
That feeling of achievement...
Released and received to please.
Knowing,
Something did that has been done...
Will be remembered.

What can one say...
But,
'Thank You! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Thank You Burt Bacharach And Hal David

I am not a child.
I never had that opportunity,
To invest that time in my life.
And there are many I knew...
Who had no childhood too.

So when someone immature,
Believes I will endure their childish games played...
They are often disappointed,
I am not one made that way.
I am direct and decisive.

And those who have been exposed to this...
Don't need to be told,
To keep their distance.
I am very helpful in showing those the way,
To San Jose!

Thank you Burt Bacharach and Hal David,
For that song.
And thank you Dionne Warwick,
For keeping that tune memorable.
I am appreciative to anything that benefits my existence.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Thank You Father

Thank You Father,
For giving me this life that I live.
Thank You Father,
For giving me the chances to forgive.
I believe in You...
I pray each day to prove that I do!

Thank You Father,
The Keeper and Ruler of Love.
Thank You Father,
You're ALL things on Earth...and Above.
You opened up my eyes,
Your power can not be denied.

I dream of a life that is full
And giving!
To dream of a world
Where all people live in peace.
In true harmony released!

Thank You Father,
My soul will flow eternally.
Thank You Father,
The breath that I breathe
Just could not be.
In everything I do...
I ask of you
To help me see things through.

I know You are there with me every hour.
And each day...
It is clear that You're everywhere!
With You...
Why should I despair?

Thank You Father,
For giving me this life that I live.
Thank You Father,
For giving me the chances to forgive.

In everything I do...
My purpose here,
Is pleasing only You!

Thank You Father.
Thank You Father!
Thank You...
Father!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Thank You For Reminding Me

Because I thought we both would benefit
By being in each other's presence.
That's why I approached you!
I thought you would find that to be true too.
But you chose to use that
To unleash some unresolved issues...
And bitterness,
You wish to keep!
And I have long since learned to forgive.
However...
I will not forget,
The bitterness you reflect.
That reminds me of myself...
When I was self involved.
With a selfishness I have years ago left,
Behind!
And you are not the kind I wish to waste my time with!
That self centeredness I have dismissed.
Thank you for reminding me,
Just how much I have grown.
Without needs to dump my insecurities,
On someone else's shoulders!
And you?
Seem to do what you do well.
And I do not wish to observe that in practice!
Or keep it rehearsed in my life.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Thank You For Ringing That Bell

You constantly would ask for my opinion.
And nothing that I have suggested,
Has stuck in your head like glue.

After years of discussing your insecurities...
I have one suggestion left,
I'd like to offer you.

Collect all of your excuses.
And reuse each one if you have to.
Your speeches of change,
And admitting this is true...
Makes no difference to me anymore,
What it is you do!

I've learned not to pay any attention to you at all.
And waking up to that realization,
Has taught me this lesson...

If someone can accept,
One's show of disrespect...
And not think that could be...
A possibility that leads,
To the beginning of one's downfall?
Stalling in hesitation creates the implementation.

And I thank you for ringing that bell.
Because I have finally awakened,
To answered the call.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Thank You For That Good Advice

At one time,
Your back had been pressed against the wall.
Now you have managed,
To lock your head between the apex...
Where two walls meet.

And I remember suggesting,
You go outside to sit on top of the roof.
To get a clearer view.
Hoping you would listen.
But this you did not do.

Yesterday I might have been that fool for you.
Yesterday I was there,
Jeopardizing my own sanity to pull you through.
With no gratitude or regard for me did you prove.
And today you say you have always respected me?

Where was I when this was done?
Was this something I should have known...
Or something you said to another one?
And you are counting on me not to have a good memory?
Unfortunately I do.
And that is why you alone will address,
Your head pressed between an apex...
All by yourself.

When you told me to leave you alone...
My steps did just that,
When I left to accept you were right!
It is best to stay out of other people's business.
And I only returned to thank you for that good advice.

And...
Don't worry.
I will close the door behind me,
When I leave.
See how much I've learned from you?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Thank You For The Memories

I 'should' care...
You are limited in awareness?
Yet when I was in despair...
You weren't there at all!

You actually expect me,
In your descend to cushion your fall?
Like you I am a work-in-progress!
Stumbling and learning...
How to stand tall from a crawl!

My heart is not made of steel.
My feelings like yours are very real!
And what goes around comes back around!
This lesson your experiencing now...
For me has no appeal!

But I thank you for the memories,
That helped inspire me...
To see through folks like you with ease!
And have no guilt when from you I leave!

God has given me the kind of strength within...
That satisfies and pleases all of my needs,
Without the use of deceit as a disguise to offend.
As I observe you in nakedness now,
Choosing excuses and ignorance to defend!
Hoping that I will have encouragement to send!

I recommend,
You extend your hand to Him!
There might be a hint of bitterness recalled...
And I may say something to you that offends!

I recommend,
Again!
You extend your hand to Him!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Thank You God

It's not about what one has...
Collected for purposes to attract attention.
Teasing others to please an ego.
With no other need than to stir up jealousy.
And to make a driveby to old neighborhoods.
Just to see who and what is left standing.
Hoping to see someone,
Who is down and out!
Or to use to brag about what one has...
And who has not!

Things change!
Even from hands they do.
Those who may have thought themselves on the bottom...
Only have to keep faith,
To realize that's true!

Someone who may have pointed their fingers,
And laughed at you...
And that pain within you may have lingered?
Go on about your life and live!
People like that with only taunting to give...
Be patient with yourself!
You will witness them with nothing else...
But grief!
And as that kind of grief from you has left...
You will someday see them.
And when you do,
What you view may scare you to death.
But don't give them a look of shock!
Or stop to mock their agonies!
Just say, 'Thank You God! '

Things change!
Even from hands they do.
Those who may have thought themselves on the bottom...
Only have to keep faith,
To realize that's true!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Thankful For A Fixed Income I Magically Manage

I did not grow up picking Lillies from the field.
I was a latchkey child with chores and responsibilities.
That's the way my mother raised my sister Mimmie and me.
To be independent and aware at a very early age.

I can sometimes be difficult, direct and demanding.
Traits others discover within minutes in my presence.
However...
When I give of myself and time,
That is done without question.

I am one of those Give-Back-To-The Community kind.
And I've learned after many years of doing it...
Not too many in the community appreciate the sacrifice.
Since I am limited with 'bling' to impress!

I've been told many times,
'Why are you here wasting your life?
You can go somewhere else with the skills you have.
And make lots of money! '

It sickens me to hear this,
From those who assess others...
By what they 'visual' possess.
They same folks that express 'unity'.
Based on conditions met!

But...
My mother didn't raise me like that!
She taught 'me' to make contributions.
Delivering to others my best.
Needless to say we had many arguments about this.
Guess who won?

The only regret I have?
Not too many were present to digest her message.
Although I am grateful and blessed,
To have listened.
And thankful for a fixed income I magically manage.

And a can opener I use without protest.

Yes...
I am skilled.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Thankful I Am To Witness Another Christmas

I am up and feeling blessed.
Thankful I am to witness another Christmas.
And honored to have lived to experience Kwanzaa.

And as I listen to a local radio station,
Do a live 'feed' from a nearby church.
The crispness of the music played by the orchestra...
Seems to be purposely drowning out the vocals,
Performed by soloists...
Who sound as if marbles are in their mouths.
And destroying every Christmas carol I loved as a child!
Singing with a grandeur and pomp that poops.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Thankful To Give

Thankful to give.
And feeling blessed to be able.
This day in November,
With kept joyful memories.
It seems as if,
Too swift this day comes to leave,
Those we loved to love...
More remembered,
For the quality of their unselfish
Deeds.

Thankful to give,
Time to reminisce the importance...
That it is to express gratefulness.
And 'everyday'.
Appreciating the experience,
Of not just receiving.
But doing it to be heard.
And confessed.
Before, during and not after,
When...
Days like this come to go away.

'I'm thankful to give.
And you? '

-I'm thankful to be with you,
And to receive...
In the sharing of our giving.-

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Thanks For Sharing

How tough is it to be depicted,
As being wise and intelligent?
Hmmm.
That depends.

'Continue, please.
That depends on what? '

The person unexpected,
To have wisdom or intelligence...
Because of,
Well...
Appearances.
Appearances are so...
Abstract.
You feel me?

'It's okay.
I'm not sensitive.
You mean being black? '

Black?
No.
I mean...
I know some folks,
Who have been black 'most' of their lives.
I'm referring to...
People who are not into impressing others.
The ones who are 'who' they are wherever they are.

'Oh.
So...
What about being black?
What do you have to say about 'that'? '

I apologize.
I didn't know.
Don't be offended by this,
But...

If you had not admitted it,
That would have been the furthest thing from my mind.
I had no idea. You don't look it.
I guess I'm not so wise and intelligent afterall.
Hey...
If it's okay with you,
I'm cool with it.

'I'm talking about your intelligence.'

Hey. Calm down.
Trust me...
I wont tell a sole.
If you hadn't said anything,
I would not have noticed it at all.
Sometimes it is best,
To keep to ourselves what we know.
Thanks for sharing.
I lived in San Antonio.
And it's difficult to tell who is who there.
But like you...
People there are also just as proud.
They will admit in a minute what the deal is.
God, I love that place.

'You realize,
I'm talking about you? '

I'm use to it.
However...
Some of 'us'...
Simply have no choice.
I'm cool.
You can say anything about me you want.
But if I were you,
If no one knows...
I wouldn't mention it.

'Mention what? '

You know?
The abstract.

What appears to be what it is,
But in reality it is something else.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Thanks For The Suggestion

I admit to have lost my patience,
But refuse to expose an opposing attitude...
With those who have chosen,
A lifetime of amusing themselves...
At the expense of dispensing humor on a daily basis.
To then one day awaken with a serious side of life to face,
Claiming to have taken a point of view...
That reflects accountability and responsibility accepted too.
With a readiness to provide 'me' with recommendations.

However...
And with a guaranteed change of weather,
Remembered are these same people...
Who accused others who had long ago did just this,
As fools who wanted to get attention for being different.
And chose to separate themselves from others in play mode.
But 'now' they campaign to show their seriousness exposed.
In disbelief others accepting adulthood had already been shown,
Through a process of 'adulthood' for them already known.

'You know...
There is nothing like being conscious,
To all aspects of life to experience.'

What a concept.
I just 'might' consider that,
When I find 'your' time...
To allow it to be contemplated.
Thanks for the suggestion.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Thanks For The Tip

With proven talents and gifts expressed,
Over many years to face doubts to address...
Some are still left unconvinced.

'Are you still doing that same nonsense?
When are you going to do something real.
You know...
Something to prove your interests have merit.'

~Who knows.
Perhaps when the notoriety I've been given ends.~

'That's funny.
What notoriety?
I see you either walking around,
Or waiting at a bustop.
Just about everyday.
Coming to go nowhere!
IF you really had that kind of notoriety,
You'd be living in New York City OR Hollywood.
Somewhere impressive and applying your craft.'

~Why?
And give up the comfort I get,
By being annoyed on a daily basis?
I have a love to be IN but not OF 'your' reality.~

'Well...
If I were you I wouldn't be wasting my time.
And that's the reality.'

~Who do you suggest I should thank for that? ~

'Thank for what? '

~That you are not me to believe my time is being wasted?
In your reality you seem not hesitant to share.~

'I'm just saying...

You aint gon get nuthin don waitin for a bus.'

~Thanks for the tip.
I'll remember it.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Thanks To The Native Indians

Thanks to the native Indians,
Who saved those arriving in ill health
And disease.
As they traveled and arrived from the South,
To bear the blunt of the cold...
On the East Coast.

Even though history will not dare,
To reveal the truth.
Let those aware of your sacrifices...
Declare to you our thanks,
As we worship in our prayers.
With blessings to you,
On this Thanksgiving Day!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That Ain'T About To Happen Here

Just because you do not see my scars...
Or I do not brag about the wounds I've suffered,
They are there.
Some healing from the drops of blood...
That have left stains on the path of my journey!

And if for a one second,
You believe I am going to stop...
To pour tea and gossip.
You have picked the wrong one,
To do that with!
I am very upfront about that.

However...
I will share this with you,
I am in no mood to debate...
Over who would benefit from my experience.
Or the fuzzy feeling I would get,
From captivated wide eyed children...
I would rather strangle.
Since I've learned very early in my travels...
Experiences can not be taught!
They must be lived to appreciate.
Complete with discipline that motivates.

And I am not the one to sit patiently,
While someone decides...
If my life is worthy of someone's attention.
They may or may not give.
After my throat has become hoarse,
From screaming at the top of my lungs.
No...
For that I am not qualified!

I am not living my life for that kind of decision,
To be made.
Or waste my time in discussion...
About the disadvantages my actions may create.
No...

That ain't about to happen here.

You can,
If you wish to call it...
Self involvement.
I too have learned many lessons.
And I am not certified,
To solve someone else's problems!
Or will be baited to complicate,
My own issues.
And I've got some needing my focus.
Prioritized with a peace of mind...
I am not about to give up!

You can,
If you wish to call it...
Self involvement.
And you would be correct!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That Aint Happenin'!

I admit I do have skills and abilities.
But not without heartbreak,
And the aches that come...
To achieving them,
Was not for me an easy undertaking.

Or did they come to lay at my feet,
Those skills and abilities!
For a quick retrieval.
Reality didn't come to me,
Quite that easy.
Sweat and tears dripping...
Hard work with motivation,
And lots of sacrifice took place.
With little encouragement coming my way.

Hey,
What can I say.
The facts speak for themselves.

To have someone stand in my face,
With the making of demands...
As if a flattering done to my ego,
Will deliver to them quickly...
From me what they command,
Becomes a disappointment for the both of us.

Nothing in my mind,
Came as a breeze to easily find!
What they see is a dignity.
And a pride in what I do.
To be taken for granted,
Are attitudes I do not pursue.

And anyone who believes,
My ego is easy to please.
Become surprised to discover...
I have a depth that is attached to an identity!
And aint nothing about any of it,

Has been given or come to me easy.

With God as my 'Guide'...
I have worked day and night for this.
Many hours, months and years...
God and I sat,
As I rid my eyes...
From the buckets cried of tears.

And to give that experience up,
To help fill someone else's cup...
Has not been my reason,
To immediately do what others expect from me.
That aint happenin'.

However...
I will say this,
To know my activities have become recognized...
To validate in these times that exist,
Means more to me...
Than the show of someone's quickly expressed,
Disrespect.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That Angst Aint What It Use To Be

Every conceivable trick in the book they could use,
Even to amaze a professional magician...
Those seeking attention had done to abuse,
Others who are still innocent with precise deception.
To depict anyone they chose to choose,
As an enemy to successfully accuse.

'How can people like them,
Be defended?
Where does a defense begin...
When their actions reflect,
All lessons taught we ourselves respect.
Without a complete dissecting...
Of a consciousness in need of a thorough process,
We can no longer neglect.'

And then one day,
Misdeeds backfire to expose evil ways.
Face to mirrored face.

With no explanation they could create.
A self examination...
Has never been raised in any debate.
Isolated hatred has been their fate.
In continued divisions...
They have kept separated.

Yet...
With angst in their minds,
They belabor to define their grief.
Proving that angst aint what it use to be...
To just leave behind so easily.
As denials increase...
To keep reality deluded.
And realities deluded always betray.

'Stop pointing your finger at me.
I have a college degree.
I'm not crazy.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That Appears To Be Your Curse

You are much too shallow,
Inexperienced and isolated...
To understand where I'm coming from!
You have no idea the quality of my dsyfunctions.
And the remarkable affects they have had,
On my perceptions.

I 'know' an experimentation of some kind has taken place.
Something that had disgraced but now doesn't.

Everyone I knew that grew up in the projects,
Have more insight today than most.
Of course some still hold onto small town antics...
However,
When we greet,
There seems a sanity about it!

And those who depicted our dilemma as abnormal,
Are the very same ones crazed today!

You figure that one out!
I don't want that to discuss.
Not with you and on my time.
You'll have to quality a justification,
For your own mental escape.
I extend my best wishes.

As I said, you are much too shallow,
Inexperienced and isolated...
To understand where I'm coming from!
You have no idea the quality of my dsyfunctions.
And the remarkable affects they have had,
On my perceptions.

I wasn't raised to believe I was 'chosen'.
I've been too blessed from the very beginning...
To realize that my siblings and I,
Are not the center of the universe.
That appears to be your curse!

As prescribed with the appropriate medications.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That Ball They Choose To Bounce

Although they have been persistent,
With requests to free them from limits.
They wish less restrictions of government,
In their perceived over governed lives.

But yet...
During national disasters they expect,
The government to step in quickly...
To save their dreams from floating down streams.
And a catering to their needs immediately.

They protest with voices raised,
That the government intends to 'socialize' their days.
And a capitalistic system already depleted of feeding greed,
Has agreed to respect and honor their pleas.

But yet...
They become surprised and upset,
When cuts to their entitlements are proposed.
To balance a budget needed to impose.
And those who had advocated this,
Begin to poke out their lips.
When it is learned and discovered,
The first on the list is granting the ones insisting...
For those less restricted wishes.

'Someone, somewhere misquoted our desires.
You see...
Our wishes were for you to cut 'their' entitlements.
To leave the ones we deserve to remain intact.'

And that ball they choose to bounce,
To announce themselves independent...
They want it to be bounced back,
To be debated and determined...
As to when specifically that independence begins.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That Beating Of The Bush

I'm not into,
The beating of the bush.

That beating of the bush.

I'm not into,
The beating of the bush.

That beating of the bush.

I have this 'thing' about honest and truth.
And those who become offended,
By declaring them too harsh to accept!

There has not been an experience I received,
I regretted with a wish to forget!
And those attempting to live their lives,
In pretense to deceive believing this is not deception...
Will always escape with excuses and alibis to make.
Charading as if...
No one recognizes,
Who is in masquerade.
And who amongst them fakes!

I'm not into,
The beating of the bush.

That beating of the bush.

I'm not into,
The beating of the bush.

That beating of the bush.

An honesty and truth spoken,
From deceivers is rare.
Those who deceive perceive...
Those who are direct and honest,
Are insensitive and do not care!

With a sharing of this mentality...
To those empathetic,
In a keeping of delusions...
Spared from despair!

But I know I'm not the only one...
Who elects to see,
Dishonesty from all people get up and leave.
I can't be!

I'm not into,
The beating of the bush.

That beating of the bush.

I'm not into,
The beating of the bush.

That beating of the bush.

I'm not into,
The beating of the bush.

That beating of the bush.

I'm not into,
The beating of the bush.

That beating of the bush.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That Better Life

Stop seeing those doctors dropping,
On you another pill.
And...
Start walking not to be stalked,
By increasing medical bills.
You can...
Start walking not to be stalked,
By wishing for ills to fulfill.
You can live a life better to like.

Stop seeing those doctors dropping,
On you another pill.
And...
Start walking not to be stalked,
By wishing for ills to fulfill.

Exercise your right to live a healthy life,
And...
Start walking not to be stalked,
By wishing for ills to fulfill.

You can live a life better to like.
If you wished it to want it and not to spite,
By...
Start walking not to be stalked,
By wishing for ills to fulfill.

That better life.
Without those ills to feel.
That better life.
If you wished it to will,
That better life.
Without those ills to feel.
That better life.

Exercise your right to live a healthy life,
And...
Start walking not to be stalked,
By wishing for ills to fulfill.

You can live a life better to like.
If you wished it to want it and not to spite,
By...
Start walking not to be stalked,
By wishing for ills to fulfill.

If you,
Stop wishing for ills...
You can rid yourself of medical bills.
If you,
Stop wishing for ills...
You can rid yourself of medical bills.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That Better That You Do For You

You can not make me any better,
Than the better I make myself.
You can not do a better best,
To beat up what I have left.

But don't you cry,
Cause...
That better that you do will be for you,
And not for me to better.

So don't you cry,
Cause...
The better that you do will be for you,
And not for me to better.

You can not make me any better,
Than the better I make myself.
You can not do a better best,
To beat up what I have left.

So don't you cry,
Cause...
That better that you do will be for you,
And not for me to better.

Don't cry,
Cause...
The better that you do will be for you,
And not for me to better.

THAT better that you do will prove to you,
You don't need me to do better.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That Cake We Bake

If it isn't what you wish it to be,
Why is that the fault of others?
Or with druthers you express,
A blaming to claim them...
Not doing their best to protect your interests?
What is it that you have done,
With an active participation to prove to anyone...
You welcome a doing of sweat and sacrifice?
Or making attempts to improve your own life?

'I know what I like and what for me is right.
And inspite of my comments,
I am treated as if I am not in sight.'

Perhaps making it known you do not condone,
What it is that others do for you...
Would be more respected if you chose to accept,
Less heated breath from your mouth to blow...
With a showing to those you are not opposed,
To doing what it takes to remove your own obstacles.

'And...
What are they going to do?
Sit while I do this? '

Why should you care,
If you say you are the only one aware...
Of what it is you wish and want?
Or are you more concerned of paying your dues,
And in the doing of it you seek attention too?
Sometimes that cake we bake has to go without frosting.
And usually done not to be witnessed by anyone.

'But...
I want the credit.'

No...
You want to impress.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That Chapter Captured

Vibrant and bright,
As if never to leave...
A budding in the midst,
Of an unfolding full bloom.
To be cemented in my mind,
With a love I found to find.
And believed it would stay to blaze,
In my heart forever glowing to grow.
Although...
Forever is not meant,
To remain as one intends it.
And high tides do come,
To fade away the sands of time.
When fresh were kept,
Fresh adventures before the fading of Sunset.
And yet...
That chapter captured on Padre Island stays,
In my mind to revisit where it remains reminisced...
With the one I knew love to never forget.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That Childlike Clubhouse Mentality

Let me set the record straight,
Before some other novice initiates...
Another round of ignorance,
For immature fools to immulate.

There are those who enjoy what they do.
They are driven by an appetite,
To walk on a path and see their way through.
Few on a mission are not seeking competition.

There are those who recognize challenges.
Not challengers but challenges...
With the jumping over hurdles,
And unforeseen obstacles too!

Many have matured beyond,
That childlike clubhouse mentality.
Many have been healed and cured,
From comments dosed in created insensitivities.

And yet there are some who will never overcome,
Wanting to expose their youthful stupidities.
And seek they do...
To play the role of kids in school.

Let me set the record straight,
Before some other novice initiates...
Another round of ignorance,
For immature fools to immulate.

Grow up!
Or...
Get out of the way of those who are,
Adults who have had enough of your stuff!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That Choice To Face Obstacles

The best route to take,
To ensure something focused upon...
Has a chance to get done without friction,
Is to take the opposite direction,
Others have said is the most popular one.

This will guarantee less commotion on the route.
And that choice to face obstacles,
Produces something learned...
Those preferring an easy way,
Will always find reason and time to argue.

It is easier to get something done by one,
Than to discuss the longevity of benefits...
That has yet to materialize to exist for all,
Who will come together to resist...
The nature of the benefit and how it will be implemented.
And at who's advantage.

If one has been down this road before,
There is no need to repeat the experience.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That Clarity Is Here At Last

That clarity is here at last.
Goodbye...
And for those lost,
The challenge gets greater.
Goodbye.
And for those lost,
The picture unseen.
Has for you no meaning.
That connects with a reveiling.
Goodbye!

That clarity is here at last.
Goodbye...
And for those lost,
The challenge gets greater.
Goodbye.
And for those lost,
The picture unseen.
Has for you no meaning.
That connects with a reveiling...
That'-as close as-if-it's-seen.
Goodbye!

That clarity is here at last.
Goodbye...
And for those lost,
The challenge gets greater.
Goodbye.
And for those lost,
The picture unseen.
Has for you no meaning.
That connects with a reveiling.
Goodbye!

That clarity is here at last.
Goodbye...
And for those lost,
The challenge gets greater.
Goodbye.

And for those lost,
The picture unseen.
Has for you no meaning.
That connects with a reveiling...
That'-as close as-if-it's-seen.
Goodbye!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That Concept Is Best Left

It is a narrow mentality,
That makes some perceive...
What is done is okay.
With a thoughtlessness achieved.
And determined to leave this receptive.

Many believe an integrity is not important.
That 'concept' is best left to those weak.

Although they suffer from these deeds.
In silent denial.
A robust hypocriscy is maintain.
To mask their searching...
For someone to dump their responsibilities.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That Cup Of Coffee

Why is it one seems to be able,
To hold onto a dollar for days?
And yet...
Hundreds of dollars would take just hours,
To spend as if they had never had it.

'I can't get a cup of coffee for a dollar these days.
It's nearly useless as it stays in my pocket.'

~That's great.
More pennies for your thoughts,
You can say you have saved.~

'Huh?
What? '

~Now...
Think of that cup of coffee as being hundreds of dollars.
Not to waste.
But to keep in your pocket.~

'Is that what you do? '

~Are you kidding?
No.
But I must admit,
Giving others advice makes me feel good.~

'So...
What is it that you keep in your pocket? '

~I'm hoping you will give me that dollar,
You've confessed to me you can't use.
I will be more than glad to relieve you of that stress.
God works in mysterious ways.
Don't He? ~

'It's DOESN'T He.'

~It sure is.
But you keep that thought.
While donating to me that dollar.
With the knowing that God is good 'and' all the time.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That Dawn You Deny Will Still Arrive

When many moons have gone,
And winds come to blow those seasons lived...
What then had happened in the past away,
Pointless it is to insist upon revisits.
Wishing to stay stubbornly fixed in mid-bloom!

With experiences we should grow from them.
And not pretend they come to leave us unchanged.
Or allow us to prevent, ignore and/or dismiss,
What appears on the horizon to witness and permit...
That which comes to us to discover as the dawn arrives.

'I refuse to accept it.'

~What part?
Your birth or your expected bloom?
Either way...
That dawn you deny will still arrive.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That Day Comes

That day comes,
When everyone discovers it to find...
That friendships are gifts to be given,
With them meant shared to protect.
And not taken for granted to disrespect.
Time has a way of proving this to reveal.

That day comes,
When someone will remember...
An attention they received by another,
Had been undivided...
With a listening wished to comprehend.
And that friendship given will be wanted,
Back again to begin and not end.

However...
Very few will find those 'discoveries'...
To reminisce with it missed,
Being taken for granted or disrespected...
As something wished as their preference.
With that to return back to their top ten list.

Although...
Who is it to know when that day does come,
What has been forgiven to forget?
Since changes to make today everyone faces.
And being stubborn to hold onto a pettiness,
Become wounds to feel to know them self-inflicted.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That Deep Stuff Is Not Enough

That deep stuff is not enough,
To cuddle up to places within you...
I exclusively wish to be invited to touch.

Too many times I've tried to be cerebral.
To show I can be intelligent.
Only to witness you slowly close your eyes.
With a nodding to follow.
Proving my intentions...
Gives you a reason to 'meditate' on it.

Well,
At least that's what you say...
After I've shakened you awake.

That deep stuff is not enough,
To cuddle up to places within you...
I exclusively wish to be invited to touch.
And I am so afraid I will chase you away...
If I said honestly it was you I lust.

'I wish you were more direct.
And told me how you really cared for me.'

Only the best of worker bees,
Will deliver the nectar to the hive...
Satisfying the needs of the 'queen'.

'What?
Are you asking me for a date? '

If a deer is not blinded by oncoming headlights,
Unexpected on a darkened road.
Would he choose to linger in the hopes to get this wish?

'Gee...
I hope not.
Wouldn't that make him a dead deer?
Or would he be a dead doe? '

Naw!
He'd be a big buck.
Wanting more each moment,
To get it on and...
Stir things up.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That Depends On The Enlightenment Of Your Consciousness

How much more pain can you endure?
That's a good question!
How much more would you like?
Would you like that with or without an appetitizer?

You seem to prefer your suffering done,
With a full voicing of complaint.
You seem to have awaited,
The moment of its infliction.
Then you began...
A whining without constraint!

How much more pain can you endure?
How much more would you like?
When did you decide,
That an enduring of it...
Brought to you more dignity?
And enhanced your pride in others' eyes?

How much more pain can you endure?
You seem to enjoy it with cocktails.
Or at least with others,
Who feel their afflictions...
Increases a degree of a perceived patriotism!
And of course...
No end appears in sight for your noble sacrifice.

How much more pain can you endure?
That's a good question!
But I am sure,
When you begin to hold yourself accountable for it...
You will awaken to discover,
The foolishness of your decision.
And those you believed had your best interests...
Kept you in pain to obtain their own gains!

And how much of their gain,

Can you endure at your expense?
That depends on the enlightenment of your consciousness.
And your willingness to seek some answers,
When you have been detoxed from your addiction!
Without the need to martyr or bleed away,
Your right to a peace of mind...
That has obviously become no one's concern!
And this is a lesson,
You aren't the only one...
That has to learn!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That Doesn'T Make Sense

Wait a minute?
That doesn't make sense!
Because you have become successful...
Doing what you have always done,
They feel you will become less successful,
If they ignored you?
I don't get it!
That doesn't make sense!
Haven't they always ignored you?
And you, them?
Wait a minute?
That doesn't make sense!
If you ignored them better than they have ignored you,
Wouldn't that make you even more successful?
And that's what you've done in the first place?
Maybe they're trying to get you to notice they're ignoring you?
And you're not paying them any attention?
But that's what's going on anyway?
Wait a minute?
That doesn't make sense!

'I know!
And less of it is being made everyday!
Hopefully this will become very lucrative? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That Drama

All that drama got them messed up.
And uptight.
Yes that drama got them messed up,
And corrupt...
Day and night.
And conflicts to find to fight to feed appetites.

All that drama got them messed up.
Wicked and evil.
All that drama got them messed up.
Praying under steeples.
All that drama got them messed up.
Stuck in ruts,
But they can't seem to recover.

That drama got them messed up.
That that that that drama got them messed up.
That that that that drama got them messed up.
All that drama got them messed up.

Yes that drama got them messed up,
And corrupt.
All that drama got them messed up.
Stuck in ruts.

All that drama got them messed up.
Wicked and evil.
All that drama got them messed up.
Praying under steeples.
All that drama got them messed up.

All that drama got them messed up.
And uptight.
All that drama got them messed up.
Day and night.
All that drama got them messed up.
Get them off the stage and turn off the lights.

All that drama got them messed up.

That that that that drama got them messed up.
That that that that drama got them messed up.
All that drama got them messed up.
Day and night.
Get them off the stage and turn off the lights.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That Dreadful Thing Upon Which Truth Depends

Those 'F' and 'N' words offend.
So do the 'B's and 'C's.
And the more explicit the 'M' with 'F' is used...
By children freely using them together,
In schools or 'wherever'...
To describe their teachers.
Or anyone regarded as fool seeking them to learn.

Lives are taking a ride on the downside quick.
And the boys who use the 'B's literally to breed,
Treat their actions as if a sporting event.
With a wishing they succeed.
And do.
To proclaim the fathering of a dropping of seed.
As if to score points on fields of play.

Hypocrisy reigns supreme all over the place...
To admonish a lack of accountability.

But responsible leadership...
Requires a respect and discipline to be imposed.
And neither one of those are approached as if...
All that is hoped for and wished depends on it.

Because...
Too many are concerned with being politically correct.
And more are willing to censor a maturity that accepts!
And yet...
It is with immaturity delusions are kept.
To strengthen dumbed down minds in the belief...
They are entitled to remain fantasized as if at a feast.

And isolated to ignore its existence,
Is an honest approach to an accepting of reality.
Yep!
That dreadful thing upon which truth depends.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That Dwindling Cash

People,
They do what they can.
In a season long on memories,
And .

People,
They do what they can.
In a season long on memories,
And .

We all have got it.
No doubt about it.
And...
No need to sigh and whine on somebody crying.

We all have got it.
No doubt about it.
And...
No need to sigh and whine on somebody crying.

People,
They do what they can.
In a season long on memories,
And .

We all have got it.
No doubt about it.
And...
No need to sigh and whine on somebody crying.

We all have got it.
No doubt about it.
And...
No need to sigh and whine on somebody crying.

People,
They do what they can.
We all have got it.
No doubt about it.

And...
People,
They do what they can.
We all have got it.
No doubt about it.
And...
We all have got,
That dwindling cash.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That Eenie Meenie Miney Moe Gotta Go

Quit your beating that you do around the bush.
Your looks are mushy,
And they're not that anonymous.

I like to get a rush to hold and touch.
A feeling in my heart,
That will gush with a blush.

That eenie meenie miney moe gotta go,
Oh oh.
It's got too much of your mind on a hold,
Oh oh.
I like to get a rush to hold and touch.
Oh oh.
A feeling in my heart,
That will gush with a blush.

Quit your beating that you do around the bush.
Your looks are mushy,
And they're not that anonymous.

I like to get a rush to hold and touch.
A feeling in my heart,
That will gush with a blush.

That eenie meenie miney moe gotta go,
Oh oh.
It's got too much of your mind on a hold,
Oh oh.
I like to get a rush to hold and touch.
Oh oh.
A feeling in my heart,
That will gush with a blush.
Oh oh.
That eenie meenie miney moe gotta go,
Oh oh.
It's got too much of your mind on a hold,
Oh oh.

Quit your beating that you do around the bush.
Your looks are mushy,
And they're not anonymous.
They're not anonymous.
That beating that you do around the bush...
Is not for me!

That eenie meenie miney moe gotta go,
Oh oh.
That eenie meenie miney moe gotta go,
Oh oh.
That eenie meenie miney moe that you hold,
Is not my cup of tea!

That eenie meenie miney moe that you hold.
That eenie meenie miney moe that you hold.
That eenie meenie miney moe's gotta go...
It's not my cup of tea!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That Exquisiteness Becomes Missed

Even in the midst of shifts,
One providing a true substance known...
Becomes accustomed to this,
After a craving fulfilled has satisfied...
The hunger of those tongues addicted to licking lips.

And will not drift too far...
Will be that one qualified to supply fresh tasty bits.
When that exquisiteness becomes missed, again.
With a wish admitted to taste a flavor...
Only one can whip to savor.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That Face You Wear Looked Better

What has happened to your world,
Girl?
And that man you snuck around with...
That gave me the evil eye.
And I tried to warn you...
He would bring you shame.
And make false claims.

What has happened to your world,
Girl?
And all I wanted was to share our happiness.
It looks as if he took that too.
Remember when I said,
I was too good and true
When you lost your treasures...
Did he with your truth,
Pack up to leave too?
You should have seen it coming...
Like the things you pursued.

What has happened to your world,
Girl?
And that man you snuck around with...
That gave me the evil eye.
And I tried to warn you...
He would bring you shame.
And make false claims.

What has happened to your world,
Girl?
That face you wear looked better...
When your eyes were on me!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That Fatal Realism

That fatal realism you accept would not exist,
If...
You,
Had opened up your eyes.

Those worries you've collected,
Would be gone to not reflect.
If...
Your eyes were opened wide.

Who chose from the choices to choose,
Everything you picked that has attacked.
And...
Who chose to think of me as a fool,
Because advice I gave to you was ignored to refuse.

That fatal realism you accept would not exist,
If...
You,
Had opened up your eyes.

And now,
Your own battles have you rattled.
And now,
You expect me to unravel...
Your pain.
You've gained.

That fatal realism you accept would not exist,
If...
You,
Had opened up your eyes.

And now,
Your own battles have you rattled.
And now,
You expect me to unravel...
Your pain.
You've gained.

And that fatal realism you accept would not exist,
If...
You,
Had opened your eyes.
And if your choices were wise,
That fatal realism you accept would not exist...
If your choices were wise.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That Filling Of A Hole

What real purpose is served,
By a people choosing to follow someone...
With a blind confidence,
That has shown a competence...
To dig a deeper hole?

And those who have proven,
With statistics shown...
That a filling of a hole,
Will allow a growth to show everyone...
There is a benefit from the doing of it.

The only thing that a ditch produces,
Is a sweating done and mud when rain comes.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That First Time Is Impressive

So you've stumbled.
To crawl on your knees.
With a doing to stand tall.
Now all you have to do is to move your feet.
And the 'next' time you do this,
Don't stop to complain.
Or begin to solicit empathy sessions.
Learn when you fall to stand up quick.
And keep moving on to forget about it.

'The 'next' time?

Yes.
It wont be your last time.
But that first time is impressive,
Isn't it?

'How do you know this? '

It would take too long to share my experiences.
And I don't stop to listen to those who complain.
In time you will do the same.
With your own experiences to recognize and distance.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That Forgiveness They Seek

After decades of declaring created enemies,
They wanted others to believe...
Were full of jealousy and envy.
With a doing of awful things to themselves,
To gain and plot the getting of attention...
From those willing to give them empathy.
And empathy to them had been given.

They now wish to call a truce.
But with who or whom will they truce with a doing?
Those whose lives they have ruined to defame?
Or the ones they deceived into believing,
Those enemies selected and picked...
Would have never thought of them existing,
If they had initially minded their own business.

What is the purpose of forgiving anyone,
Who spends their time...
Proving to others they've been out of their minds.
And that forgiveness they seek,
Should be of themselves with lessons taught to teach.
Since they chose to reek their own havoc,
Blamed to have been done by someone else.

And...
Successful in the doing of it they had been.
Until it was exposed...
They chose their own descent.
Without comprehending...
Those of substance and integrity are not shallow.
Nor corrupted by limited mentalities deluded.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That Genuine Factor

Many lack that genuine factor.
And the ones who overcompensate,
With a masquerading...
Seem suspiciously to be protecting,
Insecurities they would rather erase...
Than to be placed in awkward positions.

We all have flaws some have evaluated.
And at times wished them not to be seen at all.
But eventually we can not fake them without facing,
A participating with others...
On some kind of regular basis.
Affording us an escape from ways that isolate.

Many lack that genuine factor.
And the ones who overcompensate,
With a masquerading...
Seem suspiciously to be protecting,
Insecurities they would rather erase...
Than to be placed in awkward positions.

'Some of my best friends were once 'Negroes'.
Now they are 'Black'.
Should I have said that?
Or do you prefer something much more updated?
I'm doing the best I can to accept diversity.
You may not believe this...
But just the other day I had my first taste,
Of chitterlings and collard greens.
And I must say...
They were quite delicious.'

~There's nothing like making that first impression.
Is this your first visit to the 21st century? ~

'Of course not.
You people are so...
Entertaining.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That Giving Back Trap

With all done for others we do,
Less is appreciated.
More done is expected.
Without benefit of choice,
To refuse or excuse.
But left to feel an obligation,
As a promise to not neglect.

And those days,
When we need to focus...
Upon valued rest to get.
We hear words expressed,
About our selfishness.

Then if we prove this untrue...
Rumors begin to spread,
How it is we choose...
To use others to get attention.
With including to mention,
Sensitivities we have...
Are only meant to seek them,
Comforted and pleased.

And when we don't get rest,
Affected is our mental...
And physical health.
To realize very few appear,
Anywhere near.
With offers to assist.
Or make clear,
Their expressions of concern...
Is sincere to believe,
Those words heard.

But those who have travelled,
This road...
To know what occurs,
When feelings of guilt...
Begins its emotional approach.

To surge...
Have learned not to stop,
Moving forward.
To leave behind made to lay,
Their own 'self-serving'...
Earned to deserve tracks.
With it acknowledged as fact...
They will not again,
Be caught up...
In that giving back trap.
Knowing that...
Sacrificing a found happiness,
Is too much of an expense...
To exchange for disrespect.
AND to expect it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That Giving Of Love

I wish those times we had caressed,
Would return and with respect.
As if there were special effects,
To help us forget we had values invested.
Instead pf beginning to interpret love,
As a meaning to confine and imprison it.
That which we intentionally wanted to be free.
With an unconditional love no one else shared,
But that giving of love involved more than just me.
And falling from your priority list,
Has left me crushed as if a gutter has given me birth,
With an awakening to accept...
To you I have less worth than dirt.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That 'Grab-The-Attention-While-I Can-Get-It' Thing

Excuse me!
I am new to this neighborhood.
And there are certain traditions,
I am yet to understand.
What are those people across the street doing?

'They are practicing their fear techniques.
But don't worry about it.
As you can see...
Those on this side of the street,
Are going about their business as usual.'

Why are they doing that?

'Well...
You know there are the terrorists.
Then there is the steady climb of those losing their minds.
The economy.
Undisciplined children.
Rumors of the end of the world coming.
And the most devastating thing many of them can not face...
The repossession of their high horses.
Along with those pretentious seats where they sat! '

Why aren't the other people affected?

'Oh...
We all are!
But some prefer to be more dramatic than others.
You know...
That 'grab-the-attention-while-I can-get-it' thing!
After 5 you wont see them anywhere near here.
They will all be meeting at a bar somewhere!
Watching the news on a wide screen TV...
And spending at least a hundred dollars apiece on drinks! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That Has Always Been A Dream

Why are you playing dodgeball?
In the middle of traffic on the highway?
You 'must' have a death wish?

'I'm seeking immediated feedback.
Plus I'm testing the hearts of my fellowmen,
To prove my wellbeing is their priority!
But don't distract me.
My partner is behind you.
And getting ready to throw me the ball.
I tagged him out!
I told him he had no chance to win.
No guts...
No glory.'

Why didn't you follow.
And remove yourself out of harm's way?

'And lose my advantage?
I'm up by three points.'

I thought you were testing the hearts of your fellowmen?

'I am.
But if I win this game,
I'll also gain the sound of applause.
And that has always been a dream I wish to fulfill.
And I am 'thisclose' to achieving it.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That Has Not Been Your Objective

I will not slip into wickedness,
Because that is what you wish.
Nor will I pray to be forgiven of sins.
Or temptations you have teased me with.

I am not the one,
To be conditioned how to live.
With your beliefs thrown upon me,
To keep me feeling of myself as negative.

This process you have chosen,
To diminish my identity.
Will never sit well...
With contradictions you uphold.
And do not dispel.
But choose to dangle in front of me,
As a process of an equality.

And to find within restrictions,
A limitation to place my need to be me...
Will never satisfy an acceptance of a life,
That is mine!
With a pride and dignity I carry inside.
With a presence I do not seek for you to define.

To you I do not owe an existence,
By which I will sit in a wickedness...
Inflicted by your wishes,
To teach as lessons preached.
In sermons from pulpits to have me reach...
For wings in the beyond.

While you use my ignorance,
To leech from me my freedom?
In a continued display that maintains disrespect.
And you want me to believe,
This is all I can expect?
If ever you see me on my knees...
Not a vision of you do I have,

Coming to my aid with aims to please.

And blessings I have received from God,
Has taught me the clarity of that!
You are not the creator of my breath.
Or separate dreams kept,
To fulfill you can meet to satisfy or have met.
And I have known that has not been your objective!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That Has Yet To Happen

Do me a favor.

'Sure.
I'm here for you.'

Don't do me anymore favors.
That's the favor I am requesting.
Everytime you have been here for me,
Why is it I have to remind you...
Of a favor you promised to do,
That has yet to happen?

'So what are you saying?
The excuses I used,
Were not good enough for you?
And I went out of my way,
To choose the best ones I could?

Well...
You don't have to worry about me,
Ever doing you a favor again.
People like you are not worth my time.
And are so ungrateful.'

I know.
It's difficult for me,
To not think of myself all the time.

'I'm glad you can see how selfish you can be.'

I'm reminded.

'Good.
It's not all about you,
You know.
I have a life to live too.'

I'm reminded.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That Havoc You Can Have

You believed a taking from me would be easy.
With a convincing done to others,
What was mine had been yours to take.
And...I admit I let this take place.
I know my capabilities and what I create.

Only to know what you have taken,
Would one day reveal you to be a thief.
Since that which you have,
Will always belong to me to cause you the havoc.
And that havoc you can have gladly to show on your face.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That High Horse Of Yours

Asking to be humiliated,
For the purpose to experience...
Humility and its effects,
May attract volunteers...
Happy to leave one weeping in tears.

But humility to have is seldom asked.
To believe being humiliated,
Will also leave anyone knowing...
The meaning of being humble,
To enable the hiding of noticed ego.

'You want me to 'humiliate' you?
Why?
For the purpose to accomplish what? '

~I have been told I control my ego.
And I want it proven,
My ego has nothing to do with it.
Although I will admit,
I 'may' be overdosed with self-confidence.~

'I see.
And how do you suggest I humiliate you? '

~That's my dilemma.
Do something to help me recognize it.
Then after it is done,
Help me to deliver my best reaction.
I want to show I know how to be humble.~

'I'm sorry.
I aint got that much time.
But I will suggest,
And if it is at all a possibility...
To try lowering your expectations.
Chop down that high horse of yours,
A notch or two.
Better yet...

Just get off of it.'

~Are you kidding?
I'm not trying to 'stay' humiliated.
I just want to show,
I can be humble now and then.
You know...
With a little humility I can practice.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That Hole Is Not Of Our Making

Although their fingerprints appear,
On the shovels used to dig themselves...
Into a hole so deep,
Those still digging can not be seen...
The ones standing above it and looking below,
Wish to have the ones they have deceived...
Believe they had nothing to do with it.

'But it is clear to everyone,
Your fingerprints appear on the shovels.
And your hands and pockets are covered with dirt.'

~We've only come to sample the richness of it.
But that hole is not of our making.'

'Can you explain why the ones in the hole below,
Have chosen to scream out your names?
Begging to be rescued from their predicament? '

~We too are mystified just like you.
However...
We have come together to insist,
Everyone should participate...
To free us from this embarrassment.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That Horse You Named Clarence Has Died

There are those who are handed definitions,
To relate to as a designation.
And there are those who create definitions,
That describe the times that move forward with change.

Those who make attempts to keep things remaining the same,
Will always find their standards kept...
To use as proper etiquette,
Outdated and sought to replace on someone's menu.

Especially those needing a crash course,
In updating slow minds.
And there 'is' one that just may do the job!
One that is ideal to leave old thoughts behind.

Entitled:
Those Wheels Don't Roll On Cobblestone Anymore;
And That Horse You Named Clarence Has Died.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That House Once Felt Like Home Has Gone

You may never know,
What it's like to fly.
Or come to know,
What makes the change of seasons.
You may never know,
The reasons 'how' or 'why'
Some stay together.
And some no longer try.

Some people who had broken hearts,
Don't deny
They have had it with it,
That love once had admitted to quit.

And others are at home alone
Hoping love comes by,
With patience just to sit and listen
That love that was missed is now fulfilled as wished.

Yet,
Those who have had broken hearts don't deny
A house is not a home.
When they sit home alone.
Even when love had been known and flown
They know they feel alone,
And that house once felt like home has gone.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That I Can'T Do

You can't be mean to me,
And expect my eyes to glow...
With love and joy.
As if I'm thrilled to get another toy.
That I can't do.
Not even for you if I wanted to, boo.

You can't live your life,
With a doing to me to dump your troubles.
To do what you please and when you like.
As If I crave this to satisfy my appetite.
That I can't do.
Not even for you if I wanted to, boo.

I refuse to have your pain reside inside me.
I refuse to deny how you cheat and lie.
To pretend I don't hear...
What is said on the streets,
With a hiding of tears I rush home to cry.

You've had my back too many times against ropes.
With a doing to provoke me with your nasty jokes.
I won't continue to 'bob-and-weave'...
To have you believe your punch lines I can take.
And I can fake my breaking heart that bleeds.

I refuse to have your pain reside inside me.
That I can't do.
Not even for you to pretend it, boo.
Staying stupid and accepting everything you do...
Oh no, no.
That I can't do.
That I can't do to prove my love for you, boo.

You can't be mean to 'then' demean me.
No!
That I can't do.
That I can't do to prove my love for you, boo.
You can't be mean to 'then' demean me.

No!
That I can't do.
That I can't do to prove my love for you, boo.
No!
That I can't do.
Believe it and leave me to know it's true.

I can't remain,
Gaining nothing but your pain.
No!
That I can't do.
That I can't do not even for you, boo.
That I can't do.
That...
I can't do.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That I Did Not Say

If you 'were' to select,
Someone to which your abilities were compared...
To be critiqued.
Whom would you pick?

'Hmmm...
Let's see.
I would probably pick someone who believed,
Their best was to achieve mediocrity.'

But suppose their efforts were championed.
And the greater of your efforts were deemed to be less.
Wouldn't that bother you?
Wouldn't you be upset?

'Why should I be bothered?
My mind is not one of a critic.
And I spend no time deciding 'whom' to crtique.'

So you think nothing of your accomplishments.
Nor of your notoriety.

'THAT I did not say.
My devotion, commitment and sacrifice,
Consistency with persistence and longevity...
Should speak for itself.'

Then you are familiar with being criticized?

'Oh yes.
Definitely.
But I've been working on my low tolerance,
When showing I am getting annoyed.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That Illness Is Obvious And Can Be Easily Cured

Perhaps in one's mind,
They would like to see things...
Remain the same,
Unchanged.

But the fact of the matter is...
From birth to childhood,
Nothing stays as it is!

And 'something' in the heads,
Of adults should click!
If Mother Nature sees to it,
That everything changes...
Why is anyone living to breathe air,
Upset with anything...
That is not permanently fixed?

Misunderstanding,
And a lack of comprehension...
Stays trapped inside of a mindset like that.

There is no sense in researching,
For the beginnings of confusion!
That illness is obvious and can be easily cured.
No one should be looking too far,
For the reason and cause of their problems!
That implementation was created,
For mankind 'alone' to ensure this endures!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That Interest Factor

That interest factor I once had,
Has packed.
It's gone.
To no longer wish to entice excitement.

And nothing that it has already experienced,
In an environment of minds clinging onto despair...
And recreating woes,
Can stimulate the generating of pep and vigor again.
It's just too exhausting to keep that kind of hope alive.

And I have struggled with the 'whys' and 'reasons',
People have such a priority...
To complain about their illnesses,
As 'if' picked and selected as custom made gifts.

I have prayed to stay with belief my showed devotion,
Would prove to anyone my loyalty could never be undone.
And the lesson I have learned is to dismiss the saying of 'never'.

That interest factor I once had,
Has packed.
It's gone.
To no longer wish to entice excitement.

However...
And I must say this,
My own happiness has not been affected.
It has been left intact without a need to have it shared.
More than anything I do care about that.

That interest factor I mentioned that I once had,
And has packed to leave to go...
Has been forwarded to a fresh destination.
Where appreciation stimulates,
Everyone's participation.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That Is A Mystery

Why is there such a high crime rate,
In these neighborhoods.
And the people hating themselves,
The way they do?

'That is a mystery.
One would think that the ways of the demon,
Taught in the churches on such a consistent basis...
Would have eliminated all of the evilness by now.
Huh?
Or that poverty, homelessness and hunger...
Would not exist.

But see...
I would not have noticed that at all,
If you had not brought that to my attention.
I had been ostracized many years ago.
Yep.
For being a nonconformist.
Had you not invited me to visit your relatives,
I wouldn't be here at all.
You must don't go to church?

Thank God I recognize on which side of the fence,
My blessings flow.
Comeon.
Let's get out of here.
We're already getting looks of suspicion.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That 'Is' A Nice Car

The one thing that having more money,
Than others does...
Is to prove one can flaunt and tease.
And with a belief in the doing,
A shown jealousy increases.
To allow that one an opportunity,
An attention to get to boost an ego.
Especially in places small enough,
One wearing a new pair of sox is noticed.
And folks becomes fixed with eyes focused quick,
Of someone stopping every few blocks...
To wipe off collected dust on a brand new car,
Just a few minutes ago...
Everyone saw the owner wax after it was washed.

'That 'is' a nice car.
Perhaps we should wave at the driver,
The next time we see it.'

~It is.
But if I had it...
I would spend more money on gas,
To travel and not to waste.
Than running it through the car wash,
Every twenty minutes...
Just to drive around a few blocks,
As if in a parade to get us to wave.~

'Maybe they just got it.'

~Isn't that obvious? ~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That Is All I Ask

If you make decisions to put words in my mouth.
Words you put there to say come out.
Let me be there and others to witness this!
Let us hear what it is I am accused of saying.
And 'then' repeat what it is I've said that you admit.
Without one sound made coming from my lips.

Let me be there.
And others to witness this!
Let 'us' hear what it is I am accused of saying.
And 'then' repeat what it is I've said...
That you admit.
Without one sound made coming from my lips.

Let me be there to witness this.
That is all I ask!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That Is All I Ask Of You

I gained more from my inability,
To press forward with a self centeredness.
When my obsession with correctness left...
I realized what I possessed,
Was the power of forgiveness!

I had to forgive myself,
For wishing to please an ego teased.
To share with others my perceived good deeds.
And to see my accomplishments ablaze in spotlight!
Knowing I felt inside a missed insight!
As I used my gifts and talents for my own delight.
And I awakened one day feeling that was not right.

I prayed and asked to be delivered from this.
And I was laid away for months...
Feeling alone in a helplessness.
I told God I was ready.
I was through!
And I was sent a message...
'You are there because of 'ME'.
Allow Me to use you!
That is all I ask of you.
And I will fulfill all of your desires.
I promise.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That Is All I Can Do

Father...
I am doing the best I can,
To keep my eye fixed upon You.

Doing the best I can,
Father.
To keep You focused,
Glued in my view.

And,
Yes...
I know what it means to stray.
You have been with me everyday.
So you have seen that happen!

And,
Yes...
I know the circumstances,
Of my actions.
When I have not obeyed.
And to awaken afraid to suffer,
Through those consequences.

With a feeling of enemies approaching.
As I would sneak to take a peek...
From behind closed curtains.
To discover those fears,
Making a 'home' inside me.

Father God...
I am doing the best I can.
I choose to prove I can do much better.
By preparing to combat,
Those storms that confront me.
Those that come.
Giving me reason to run!
But You will not allow it.
You wish me to sit...
Trembling.

As I experience every bit of thunder,
That roars.

I cringe when passing by those lessons you teach.
Everyday when I walk across many diverse streets.
Trying to understand,
I do.
Why there is unhappiness all around.
And why those who claim to have faith...
Stumble disrespectfully on solid ground!
You teach...
That I do not want that for me.
You teach with such vivid depictions.

Father...
I am doing the best I can,
To keep my eye fixed upon You.
Yes,
It is true.

I try doing the best I can,
Father.
To keep You focused,
Glued in my view.
And that is all I can do,
My Father.
Until You...
My Guiding Light,
Disapprove of it!
With a wish not to ever,
Get You upset.
With false steps I take.

Father God...
I am doing the best I can.
And I choose to prove I can do much better.
Quickly.
Before repeating...
Any of Your lessons.

And that is all I can do,
My Father.

Until You...
My Guiding Light,
Disapprove!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That Is All That Matters

I don't have expectations to be loved.
I don't dwell on the reception of it!
I have have it.
I give it.
And it is there to share.

I don't have expectations to be loved.
I do expect to be respected.
I don't accept disrespect at all.
That is one thing,
I don't have.
To give.
And it is not here as a thought either.

I don't have expectations to be loved.
If it is returned as it is given...
That's it.
I have no other preferences,
With requirements.
Nor do I sit,
To question love one bit!

I know it!
And that is all that matters!
With or without,
Someone to share it with.
It will be there...
Inside and recognized!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That Is As Basic As It Gets

You thought I came here to follow your rules?
Oh no.
No, no, no.

I came to express how life should be lived.
My life!
However...
Not without some limitation.
There has to be 'some' guidelines adhered.
Like this one...
You step on my toes,
And I will annoy you for the rest of your life.

I come to express my respect.
And that is as basic as it gets.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That Is His Job

We live to dream.
Inspite of opposition.
Despite of conditions
Unwarranted.
Hidden to denied...
Or dangled to tease
Unpleasing those
Who live lives trying.
Many are recruited to assist
Dreams of some.
Those who believe their dream wont come...
Unless others are overcomed and succumbed
By their desires!
We all live to dream,
Within this dream of life that's dreamt!
We call upon the consciousness of God,
To make real our hopes,
Because that is HIS job...
To deliver!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That Is 'My' Child

You think...
Just because you've got a job,
You can mope around your home...
As if you were paid to be a slob?
Not true.
Contribute 'something' useful,
To prove.

You wont was a dish.
Or use a broom to sweep.
Or mop a floor to keep it clean.
But you make excuses,
To hip-hop, rap and body bop.
As if to exist to do this...
Is enough to show you are on the scene.

I wish that I were your daddy!
You wouldn't laugh or dismiss me.
I wish I were your daddy!
You would do more than sleep and eat.
Then with disrespect...
Do as you please.

Oh how I WISH,
I were your daddy!
You wouldn't laugh or dismiss me.
I wish with me you 'would' ball your fist.
You would do more than sleep and eat.
Then with disrespect...
Do as you please.

'Excuse me!
That is 'my' child.
And I do all the discipling here.

You and I are just dating.
And let me make that perfectly clear.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That Is My Recommendation

I am not there with you.
But I understand where you are.
I've had that view before.
Remember when you chose to ignore it?
And I suggested not to become addicted?
Remember...
When we were told before we took hold...
'To see but not be of it? '
Especially not to indulge becoming transfixed.
Well...
I hear your explanation.
However,
I have no comtemplations on my plate,
For a second helping.
Eat until that feast increases to bleed your soul!
That is my recommendation.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That Is Not An Offer

How can you say,
With 'me' you have been direct?
I find you too convoluted.
Too introspective.
Too self involved with issues,
You have protected.

And you wish me to be the one you select...
To find you irresistible?
As if I'm seeking someone...
With looks and no depth?
Those days for me have long 'petered out'.

I use to have a pet!
But today I'll settle for all the peace of mind I can get.
And chasing behind mysteries...
I'd rather leave alone to be drama free.

Do you see how clear my eyes are?
You will not find them clouded with doubt!
Or vacantly awaiting for an occupation,
Of your BS planted to upset.
That will be a bet made you lose.

You will not find strategic steps of your 'mess'
Accepted here to endear to leave confusion.
And that is not an offer.
That is a conclusion.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That Is Not Decided

What can stop...
Is a choice to drop,
One's pain.

Trapped within devices...
None of which is liked.
Inside a box,
Blocked.
Inspite of invitations,
To enjoy the outside light!

A struggle ensues.
As if delighted.
And a shading to shadow,
Any brightness,
Engulfs.
With an enclosure imposed.

What can stop...
Is a choice to drop,
One's pain!
But...
That is not decided.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That Is Not Positive Feedback

We've been extremely successful,
In isolating ourselves...
With a creation of a lifestyle,
That best reflects 'our' values and traditions.
AND...
Returning back to standards 'we' believe in!
Ensuring that it stays and remains that way.

Now that we have been undoubtedly successful,
In removing certain elements...
From our interpretation of 'success'.
With a separatist menatality!
Can anyone here 'volunteer'...
WHY does there seem to remain with us,
Conflict and undenied confusion? !

'Yes...
I would like to respond.'

That's great.
Someone with positive feedback.
By all means...
Let us hear your recommendations and suggestions.

'Perhaps...
And I say this only because I want us 'all' to comprehend.'

Yes, yes, yes.
Take your time...
It is wonderful to have the young participating,
In our decision making process for a change.
I apologize...
Continue.

'Perhaps...
The real reason 'why' we are still bombarded,
With an affliction of chaos, conflict and indifference...
Is,
Just 'maybe' WE are the cause of it!

With our unreasonable stubbornness.
And a total lack of a willingness to listen! '

Young man...
That is 'not' positive feedback at all!
And...
Let me make this very clear.
Only those caring to share POSITIVE feedback,
Will be given the floor.
Sit down

Anyone else?
With 'positive' feedback?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That Is Not The Diet We Are Fed

It would be wonderful to recognize our failings,
And immediately correct them.
Or face the truth and deal with our insecurities.
But we are suspended within mentalities to react,
Too quickly!
We are prepared to defend such conditions...
We find ourselves in,
Much too fast!

Offended we are and preconditioned to attack,
And not listen.
Becoming less respected because we disrespect.
For purposes that generate a reflected unhappiness.
Handed down from one generation to the next.
To annoint our fears to the innocent.
Hardening their hearts before they are ready to speak.

And when someone is 'intentionally' like this,
Who cares how the bleeding is done?
Or how it has come to manifest.
Why bother to empathize with this stubbornness?

One in which an attraction for habitual lies,
Cries foul constantly to themselves in active denial.
Taught to whine and complain.
Why commit to be placed on trial by nitwit misfits...
Socially unfit?

Where is the benefit of it in this process?
Tied to become unified with an ignorance...
That desires to incite conflict.
And resisting the agony,
That comes with enticing more of it!

It would be wonderful to recognize our failings,
And immediately correct them.
But that is not the diet we are fed!
And we even get upset...
When placing an order for fast food to infect us,

That it does not come fast enough to do it...
Upon command.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That Is Seldom Expressed

There is a huge difference between,
Expressing one's concern...
And fostering negativity.

Comments such as:

'Hang in there! '
Expresses a stagnant,
And limited movement.
With the chances of little to accomplish!
But to swing back and forth,
From a position fixed.

'Stay optimistic! '
As if one isn't.
So to belabor this point,
Confirms one should not make attempts.
Like a dog chasing its own tail.
Hoping one day to discover it is attached.

'Be Positive! '
This comment generally comes from someone,
Who initiates the question,
'How are you doing? '
And no matter how jovial the response,
Or blatant good feelings observed...
Someone will interpret this,
As being insincere.
And that happens on many occasions.

And my all time favorite...
'It can always be worse! '
Now...
This implies that the person
Should not stop trying to make things,
As negative as possible!
In fact...
The moment this is expressed,
Visions of one's dilemma...

Are targeted on becoming worse.
Or getting as close to it as possible.
And one should seek to accomplish,
Seeking to be at the bottom of a pit!

How can this be handled?
Be grateful and appreciate your blessings...
At 'all' times.
No matter how full your cup overfloweth.
Feel it!
No one has to know it.

And 'that' is seldom expressed!

Remember...
Happiness and peace of mind,
Are envied.
People can not accept,
They can live without regrets!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That 'Is' Some Form Of Forgiveness

Those who unknowingly,
Rally around the ones who have lied...
And found themselves supporters of a deceit,
Are equally as quilty...
Of destroying others' lives.
With such an ambitious thoroughness.

Inflicting isolation upon others,
Because of what has been heard...
And prefabricated for selfish purposes,
Results in feelings of guilt.
Theirs!

And when the ones who have been victimized...
Have no desire to be around those who have acquired,
A following by deceit that has left them depleted...
Of doing another good deed.
It becomes discovered the extent of the damage done.
And a forgetting with a forgiveness,
Is not part of the mix.
No matter what the wholesome belief,
Of turning the other cheek may be.

'Do what?
Forgive?
After years of them actively participating,
In the ruining of my life?
With statements they've made,
That they have made mistakes?
And we are all human?
What an awakening!
My eyes are beginning to moist.

We must be on camera?
Are we on camera?

I've done something better.
I've removed them completely from memory.
In my mind they do not exist.

I guess that 'is' some form of forgiveness.
Isn't it? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That Is The Convenience

You have every right,
To see your life from your perspective.
Only you know what is best,
Better than the rest.
We all have our own realities.
And that is the convenience!
Truth at all cost,
Can be avoided at our own risk!
No one ever knows who speaks it.
Or allows it to exist!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That Is The Person I Want To Keep Distanced

On several occasions,
You have openly and in public...
Dismissed me.
You 'have' to remember it.

I am just taking this 'one' opportunity,
To express my dislike for you.

Why is that something you find,
Important to discuss with me now in debate...
You find must take a wasting of your time?
I prefer that you keep ignoring me.

Approaching me with a smile and arms extended,
Is not the impression you left with me...
When we first met.
And THAT is the person I want to keep distanced.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That Is What A Kept Faith Does

After one has become accustomed,
To experience repeated attempts to reach peaks...
From cloud covered and mist strewn valleys,
Of course there is going to be some bragging...
When that brightness of a peak is reached.
Regardless of one's scars and bruised knees.
Or the pettiness of distant voices heard.

One's repeated attempts to reach peaks,
Develops a capability...
To even ignore pain.
That is what a kept faith does!
Especially if one is devoted and focused,
To accomplish heights,
That appear to beckon those who dare.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That Is Why This Is Done For You

If I could say this another way...
Then that way would have been chosen.
And then you would miss this way I've selected.
Eliminating my anticipation,
For you to correct it!

And that is why this way is directed...
Only to you.
To touch in those places,
I trust is just for us.

That is why this is done,
For you like I do with a choice I choose.
With a comprehension that is clear...
You expect from me my best!
And nothing less will you accept.

Even though I do believe...
You wish for me to get 'some' rest!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That Is 'Your' Outlet And Creativity

You complain about your life!
And you do it as if it is on canvas.
Every stroke you make,
You wish to acknowledge.
With an attention returned.
That is 'your' outlet and creativity.

Me...
I acknowledge I am blessed to write.
With a like I love!
And an appreciation for my life!
I can not get enough of it.
I don't want to nibble.
I am going to take a tremendous bite!

And you...?
Well,
You have perfected what you do best!
And I do not mind correcting my imperfections.
As public as they are made.
And you...?
Well,
You enjoy expressing your ailments.
And you make them come alive with much reality!
My approach is a bit more subtle.
But hopefully,
Just as effective!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That Joke To Some

That joke told and thought funny by some...
No longer brings with it smirks.
Or the half smiles on faces.
A seriousness upon them lurks.
And they wonder...
From where the echoed laughter comes,
Surrounding their startled hearts.
The sound of it frightens.
And unfamiliar to anyone!
Has something once done to undermine...
Discovered it was them all this time?
Finding it a thrill to haunt their minds,
This time.

Someone amongst them has elected to stun!
Someone victimized by their tactics...
And missed with them to have their fun.
And that joke told and thought once funny by some?
Seems to now only satisify just one...
Who masquerades in a vengeance of delight.
Knowing their misdeeds done then...
Keeps them in cold sweats in taunted sleepless nights.
Fearing 'what' or 'who' has found whatever they did offensive.
They have forgotten which joke had been told.
And which 'fool' they picked...
They believed then had been defenseless!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That Joke Told To Tell

The joke thought funny as told.
And easy to tell on someone else,
Becomes less humorous...
When the laughter heard is coming,
From the one thought would be provoked.
But instead their laughter becomes louder,
To silence and quiet folks to leave them...
Wondering what reason could someone have,
To find such a joke told to tell...
Meant to embarrass and harrass,
That leaves the one who laughs...
The only one left to enjoy every moment of it.
What agenda could they possibly keep secret,
That no one perceives or believe can be revealed?
And that joke told to tell and thought funny...
Is really on who?
Who will end up the one in agony?

'Everyone heard and got the joke.
And thought it funny.
But why is 'he' laughing to leave us to stop? '

~It wasn't meant for 'him' to find it funny.
Or meant for us to wipe away tears.
Perhaps he knew this AND the 'punchline'.
To find us the ones who would become hysterical.~

'I don't like this game.'

~Someone apparently does.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That Journey Isn'T A Group Effort

Remember,
I should not be the feeder
That initiates your creativity.
I express from the depths of my heart.
I choose not to be the catalyst,
Of your 'originality'.

If you have aspirations,
To be innovative with 'that' to express
You must travel much deeper inside your self,
To reveal something as of yet explored.
And to do it means not to extend,
Upon that which has been developed
By one's own tears, blood and sweat.

If you have aspirations,
To be innovative with 'that' to express
You must travel much deeper inside your 'self',
To reveal something as of yet explored.
With an achieving of your own happiness to get!
Superficiality does not achieve what one expects.

You must travel much deeper inside your 'self'.
And that journey is not a group effort.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That Keeps Me Reminded

I wont be the one found,
Trying to re-invent new methods...
To exist without expressing insanity.
Not me.
There is too much to adventure.
Plus...
And I am discovering many of them.
There is something about the old ways,
Of doing things...
That keeps me reminded,
It is not that bad to be considered 'nuts'.
And out of touch from the accepted,
'Normalcy'...
Of those things today presented.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That Key In My Door For You Will Never Fit

Someone gave you a key,
And you believe it fits this lock?
What else were you told?
That you can come and go...
And take from my backyard,
What you choose to then leave?
Your approach is very bold.
But I'm not hooked on watching TV.

So,
You might as well add me to your enemy list.
There is a limit to your opportunities.
And that key in my door,
For you will never fit.

However,
Let me point out this...
You see those people,
Hanging around over there in the streets?
The ones moaning about their entitlements?
And the diminishing of empathy,
They get from others concerning their needs.
Try that key business on them.
Trust me.
From them you can take away everything.
Just tell them what you want them to believe.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That Kind Of Action Is Against The Law

We have tried everything in our power,
To ween them away from gluttony...
And their feelings of being entitled,
To devour selfishly...
As if they are the chosen ones,
To graze and feed an endless greed.

'mmm...I see.
Have you tried using guilt?
Sometimes people aren't aware,
They are hypocrites.'

We've introduced diets.

'I was going to suggest lobotomies.
But go on.'

Nothing can convince them,
Their feeding of greed is an economic disaster.

'And...
Where is the problem? '

We wish to prevent this disaster.

'Really? That's funny.
My grandfather believed,
Lessons taught was with a strap felt on the butt.'

That kind of action is against the law.

'Well...
Keep sugarizing them to sustain them in fantasy.
Eventually the taste for greeding will exhaust the supply.
That's a given.'

So...
You don't think hypnotism will work?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That Kind Of Deceit And Treason

No one on Earth
Can be that blatantly ignorant.
No one would set up a scheme,
To destroy their inner being.
And to launch a campaign,
To claim it was initiated by someone else.
Just to have the masses begin to fear themselves.

No one can be that evil.
To plan that kind of deceit and treason,
For reasons to declare a victory.
So few could profit and share this deed.
One that shatters peace.
One that is declared to pay a debt.
Owed to those living with growing economies.
Overseas.
And outsourcing jobs to support...
More dollars to themselves to feed!
Is that why this was done?
To create terrorists...
And them call them our enemies!
That is hard to believe.
No one can be 'that' low!
Lower than a snake...
Under rocks that breeds!

No one on Earth
Can be that blatantly ignorant.
No one would set up a scheme,
To destroy their inner being!
And to launch a campaign,
To claim it was initiated by someone else.
No one can be that evil.
To plan that kind of deceit and treason,
For reasons to declare victory.
To line the pockets of those in need,
To feed a gluttonous heartless greed.

No one is that demonic.

And if so...
Who would that be?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That Lesson Has Been Learned

If anything you have ever done,
Has been to benefit someone else...
Without wanting to expect,
Something in return.
That lesson has been learned.

If ends to meet are difficult to achieve,
And your last dollar is given...
To another unknown met on the street,
You determine has more of a need.
Blessings come for you to receive.
At the time nickels, dimes and pennies,
Are pinched beyond them being squeezed.
Faith to keep has its rewards.

So many are living in selfish bubbles.
Complaining to moan about their daily troubles.
Trying to maintain their impressions made obtained.
So many are living with wishes for more greed.
To never know what it's like to live in poverty.
Or wanting just a bite to eat.
With hopes to find somewhere to sleep.

If ends to meet are difficult to achieve.
And you are that one to give,
Your last dollar to another in need.
Blessings come for you to receive.

So many who claim they have faith religiously,
Are the first to be heard...
How they struggle on a daily basis.
With hopes to obtain a happiness,
They can not get or afford.
To find it too late to learn,
Lessons they've ignored.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That Lime Can Squirt And Burn The Eyes

People will not accept...
Or have patience enough to believe,
They can achieve success if they wished...
Based upon their own merit.
And a willingness to be dedicated,
With a sacrifice of time.

Anyone who believes what one achieves,
Is based upon luck and having good genes...
Is not playing with a full deck.
It is best to be what it is one does,
To avoid disappointment of being in a limelight.
For many that lime can squirt and burn the eyes.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That Love For One Another Done

Where do we masquerade now?
That dedicated faith we fake.
The one we parade,
When charades made take place.

And...
Where do we masquerade now?
That dedicated faith we fake.
The one we parade,
When charades made take place.

That love for one another done,
Real or fake.
The respect for our fathers,
Is it real or fake.
The honor for our mothers done,
Real or fake.
And that love for one another done...
Is it real or just for fun?

Concern for our sisters,
Is that real or fake.
And what about our brothers,
Do they hug and fake.
As they backstab each other,
Calling one another 'mothers'.

That feeling,
Is it real or fake.
That feeling,
Is it love or hate.
That feeling,
We all celebrate.
And what about the brothers,
Backstabbing one another.

That feeling,
Is it real or fake.
That feeling,

Is it love or hate.
That feeling,
We all celebrate.
And what about the brothers,
Calling one another 'mothers'.

And that love for one another done...
Is it real or just for fun?

That feeling,
Is it real or fake.
That feeling,
Is it love or hate.
That feeling,
We all celebrate.
And what about the brothers,
Backstabbing one another.
And what about the brothers,
Calling one another 'mothers'.

And that love for one another done...
Is it real or just for fun?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That Makes Two Of Us

You seem as if,
You could care less...
About that which is going on around here.

'I'm sorry I have prorities on my mind.
Are you seeking what 'seems',
From me to be positively confirmed?
Or do you wish to remain guessing? '

Gee.
I don't know.
I hadn't thought about that.

'That makes two of us.
And I'm willing to place a bet,
That if you approached others...
With their lives to live with something to do,
You would get the same response.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That Mask One Wears

It doesn't matter what name is claimed,
Or fame gained by what is done one does.
It doesn't matter what heights sought and reached,
Or lessons taught by the best of teachers...
To seek those dreams upon us to be bestowed.
As each one of us may 'say' we keep pursued,
With a masquerading of recited prayer done to do.
Like one going through motions without insight.
If nothing is there to be felt from the start,
It will show no matter how blemishes are glamorized.

It doesn't matter what religious affiliation maintained.
Or faith said to have that really isn't there sustained.
One thing is for certain lessons learned must be kept.
If a demon is allowed to become attached to one's back...
It doesn't matter who one becomes or where one is at.
Getting rid of that demon takes much more than pretense.
Or charading beliefs one keeps to convince in public acts.
Getting rid of any demon is difficult to detach.
And that mask one wears to cover one's heart to deceive facts,
Does not prevent a demon from its ride.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That Message Being Delivered

When the Creator speaks,
And those who choose to walk in faith...
Stop to meditate and concentrate,
On that message being delivered...
To be done and for free,
The presence of The Creator...
Is immediately felt.
To know inside with a focus,
Seldom to come from false prophets...
To interpret a personal message,
Felt so close without needing it defined.
Or one assisting the profit of a prophet,
Wishing more to collect a dime...
On fear to identify and kept in one's mind.

When the Creator speaks,
With 'that' message being delivered...
Those familiar know it to be divine,
And seek not to waste time in debate...
On fear mongering interpretations,
To have their faith rated...
On a scale from one to ten.
Used by those who claim to know God,
Better than the one who does a listening done.

'My Brother...
I see those with evil intentions,
Doing their best to prevent your success and progress.'

~Hmmm.
Oh yeah? ~

'Yes, yes, yes.
What you need,
Is to annoint yourself...
With this oil God has told me to make,
And have me directly deliver to you...
For a mere twenty-five dollars a month.

~Twenty...Five? A month? ~

'To ensure those demons are permanently chased away.
I see them surrounding you as we speak.'

~OH no.
Release me from their habitat.
Please don't let them drag me away.~

'No checks or credit cards.
God only accepts cash.'

~What about a payment plan?
Can I lay your oil away? ~

'Look...HEATHEN.
Let's be real about this.
You want to be saved or not?
I aint got all day for your nonsense.
I see those with suffering souls,
Needing immediate saving.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That Might Happen

You are going to know and feel my light.
Whether I am near or not...
You are going to know it belongs to me!
Because I am going to brand you with my blaze!
That's how hot this scorching is going to dropp on you.
And you are going to beg...
For breath I hold back,
To blow upon you to cool!
And that might happen,
IF...
I am not in a mood,
To demand from you...
A better attitude!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That Mindset Remains With Them

As soon as they realized pay was involved,
For something they deemed easy...
Everybody and their mamas wanted in on the act.
And that mindset remains with them to this very day.

People wish to get paid for expressing interest.
However...
Working towards a goal to pursue experience,
With discipline and devotion is not seen on TV.

Therefore...
Expectations are high,
That someone should handover to them...
Fame, fortune and notoriety.
Or...
A job doing 'nothing' that can be bragged about!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That Mist You Wish To Leave

Keep me in your love,
Light!
And let it shine.

Keep me in your,
Life!
Both,
Day and night.

Let me,
Be the one...
You always come to running,
When those winds you feel exist...
Start to drift,
With shifting.
To drip those tears,
From your eyes to cry.

Keep me in your love,
Light!
And let it shine.

Keep me in your,
Life!
And,
On your mind.
And...
I'll be there to chase your fears,
Away.
And I'll be anywhere with you,
To stay...
When,
Ever...
You need to feel,
Safe, complete and loved.

Whenever,
You need from me...
To chase away,

That mist you wish to leave.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That Motivating Initiative

I knew,
When I received my third spanking...
Or was it my fourth?
That I should not write on walls!
There was another power within me,
Seeking to express what could not be stalled.

And I was 'used' as its intrument.
That is why compliments given...
For what it is I do,
Don't impress...
That motivating initiative,
I've lived with to address.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That Need For Words Like These

This time unlike those we have passed...
Like the blooming of fresh scented Spring flowers.
I will stop to express my gratitude to you.

This time,
As time speeds with such a lightening burst...
I will not question or rehearse my comments,
Or response.
In a hesitated wait.
To click on to light the room,
From a dusted ceiling sconce.
I wish to see your smile sparkle.

Those 'opportunities' must now be taken.
No hour is promised for anyone to fake!
Or hesitate until it is too late.
To say an appreciation for those moments...
Shared.
As we both experience this blessing,
We call life.
And lived as we know it 'now'...
Dared. It seems!

This time unlike those we have passed,
Flying by so fast.
Is that time we have...
Today right now as it is grasped.
Unlike dreams that go for some untouched.
To say what is in our hearts to be spoken.
Before it too slips from our reach...
With that need for words like these,
To be expressed and heard.
Without desparing from those wishes,
We had said them often.
But never too much!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That Need Is Gone

The need is gone,
For me...
To hold onto,
My past.

That need is gone,
For me...
To hold onto,
My past.

And I,
Once had tried in vain...
To keep everything I knew,
Kept...
In my grasp.

Oh,
The need is gone...
For me,
To hold onto...
My past.

Yes that need is gone,
For me...
To hold onto,
My past.

Memories of people loved,
Would stay with me so fresh.
Dreams I had of them quite often,
Would awaken me...
Out of breath.

And the need is gone,
For me...
To hold onto,
My past.

Yes that need is gone,

For me...
To hold onto,
My past.

And I,
Once had tried in vain...
To keep everything I knew,
Kept...
In my grasp.

I once had tried in vain,
To keep everything remaining...
In,
My grasp!

That need I had was pursued,
To keep...
Everything kept,
In,
My grasp!

That need I had was pursued,
To keep everything I knew kept...
In my grasp,
To last!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That Need You Have To Show And Tell

Whatever side of 'fluff' you sit,
I was never one to be a part of it.
I've made my visits.
But to identify me with a place,
As to track my paces...
Will keep you awake,
Attempting to slot me comfortably...
To satisfy that need you have,
To show and tell.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

'That' Once Found

After many years of declaring my identity.
With an opposition to be 'me' on occasion.
I set out on the pursuit of one thing.
And one thing only!

That...
'Was' my purpose.
That...
'Is' my purpose.
And 'that'...
Once found,
Can not be reversed.

I have never had the option,
Of a practiced rehearsal.
Or a flaw I had to welcome,
To live with and overcome.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That Once Wished

I wanted to be that.
But I couldn't.
I had to be this...
And that would resist it!
But this 'who' I am,
Became 'me' more to 'myself'.
'That' which wasn't...
Was slow to leave.
I have only been recently pleased!
And the me I am...
No longer searches to be qualified.
I have done that with examined self reflection.
And I am overjoyed.
I have accepted a priority to be me now!
With a full existence...
That feeds and fulfills my soul!
I can say I feel my feet planted on the ground!
Without a step I question with doubt!
If and when obstacles appear on my path...
That is for me to figure out!
And realizing that,
Leaves me feeling fantastic!
I am no longer victimized by my own fears,
Or successes.
All of it...
Is on my journey I've embraced!
I wanted to be that.
But I couldn't.
I had to be this...
And 'that' once wished,
Is no longer my concern!
I've learned.
And living my life,
As right as I see it.
With this without that to nag...
Has left my faith to lead.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That One Hat

The best advice I refused to take,
Was to choose one pursuit.
And concentrate on it.
With a doing done to do well.
That a wearing of several hats,
To become a jack of all trades...
Would be a wasting of time,
I would regret one day.

And as I look back,
To have it discovered I have not regrets...
While I reflect upon that 'best advice',
Given to me and I ignored...
So many advancements have been made.
The computer and internet have been introduced.
With a leaving behind those chosing to pursue,
A wearing of that one hat to do.
And bragging to kids what it was they did for years.

~In my day,
I chose to do one thing and one thing only.
To do it to have it done,
With a dedicating my life to do it and for many years.~

'Just a second.
I'm texting to information to a friend.
We're talking to each other and playing games.
Give me a minute.
We are just about to end.
Okay.
Excuse me.
I didn't hear a thing you said.
Were you speaking to me? '

~Yes.
I said I was able to wear one hat.
And devoted myself to doing that for many years.~

'Wow!

And you did that to yourself on purpose?
Why?
Didn't you have any other interests?
And 'why' would you brag about it? '

~To prove I could...well, uh...
To show...I, uh...~

'Just a sec.
I have a conference call coming in.
And a message to return.
Plus my friend and I,
Are starting to play a new video game.
I know you must be bored.
But I don't have the time for you right now.
I think those people over there are your age.'

~What people? ~

'The ones over there sitting on that bench.
Apparently with time to talk about how things use to be.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That One Puts The Brakes On

Faked embraces,
Sooner or later are replaced.

One may try hard to hide behind disguises.
But a false face,
Does not a lasting relationship make.

What becomes obvious,
No longer can one accept or take!

And that one puts the brakes on this,
Quick.
Eliminating any climbs attempted.

Wished, assumed or perceived to exist.
That may be fixed in another's mind.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That One Who Condones Assumptions

One who leeches and perceives,
They can not mooch off another...
Because it is believed,
That person has nothing to offer...
Or bring to the table for that one to feed,
And eat to feast freely...
Assumptions are kept.
And that person is left alone.

However...
When it is discovered a person can impress,
But refuses to address it...
To leave that to go unexpressed or addressed,
That person...
Who may have been the same one,
Sitting alone to condone assumptions...
Often becomes pestered by the ones,
Who 'thought' there was nothing there to mooch.

But there is always one thing known,
By that one who condones assumptions...
A peace of mind that has been earned and not borrowed,
Will never be nibbled upon to feed anyone...
Who first knows nothing about respect.
And yet expects...
Not to be suspected to be a selfish and self centered leech.

A wisdom obtained,
Isn't always something exposed and known...
To be part of a public domain.
And often it is best,
To play and hold one's cards...
As close to the chest as they can get.
Especially in some environments,
Where expressing disrespect to others...
Is not only accepted but expected.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That One With Pride

Too many arrive expecting.
Anticipating to be gifted,
With the granting of their instant wishes.

Too many sit believing they can demand.
With hands extended and opened like cups...
Hoping this is noticed and their hands will be filled up.

Too many wait at a table to eat,
Without one concern...
As to who pays and buys the groceries.
Or who pays the rent or mortgage.
Or...
Who satisfies them,
With the keeping on of the utilities.

Too many arrive expecting.
And among them few are accountable!
Or could care less what it takes,
To be the one identified...
As that one with pride and responsibilities.
That one who isn't waiting.
Or feeling entitled to be served.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That Pain Pricked

Little can be proven with a pinching.
People don't awaken with a pinching.
Nothing is resolved with a pinching.
Since...
All is felt is a pricking of a pain to gain.

Little can be proven with a pinching.
And...
People don't awaken with a pinching.
No!
Nothing is resolved with a pinching.
Since...
All is felt is a pricking of a pain to gain.
And that's it.

Reality is what it is.
And...
That's it.
Reality is what is and how it's believed.
And that's it.
Reality is from birth as taught to buy...
To sell,
And...
Realize.
No matter from which side of Earth,
One thinks is defined and in their minds.

Little can be proven with a pinching.
And,
People don't awaken with a pinching.
No,
Nothing is resolved with a pinching.
Since...
All is felt is a pricking of a pain to gain,
And that's it.

Little can be proven with a pinching.
People don't awaken with a pinching.
Nothing is resolved with a pinching.

Since,
All is felt is a pricking of a pain to gain.
And that's it.

That pain pricked...
Sticks.
No matter if admitted with a wishing to forget it.
That pain pricked...
Sticks.
No matter if admitted with a wishing to forget it.
That pain pricked...
Sticks.
No matter if admitted with a wishing to forget it.
That pain pricked...
Sticks,
And is ours!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That Pain Remains The Doer's Own

That time to apologize,
For what has been done...
Has passed.
Acts of forgiveness and regret...
Are admirable.
But what truthfully can be accomplished now?
Those wounds inflicted have healed.
The anguish of betrayal has diminished
From its initial intent.
A mindset once narrow has broaden.
And the expression of fresh empathies...
Are as meaningless,
As the desire of one who is haunted by a guilt,
That another does not live with!
Especially since the one who currently suffers...
Will do it much longer,
Than the one who was meant to feel undue sorrow.
And a pain...
Each hour of each day of those yesterdays,
Have taken away!

That time to apologize,
For what has been done...
Has passed.
Acts of forgiveness and regret...
Are admirable.
But those confessions 'today'
Fall on deaf ears!
That person who needed to hear
What is being expressed now...
Does not sit where those 'proclamations'
Will lift a remorse now felt by the doer!
That pain remains the doer's own!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That Paycheck! Just Looks Too Good To Get

People who have found their comfort,
With a paid incompetence to maintain...
To feel they have made it with others to boast.
Have reason to believe they have achieved success.
And why not?
Since there are very few who are left,
Motivated and inspired...
To leave their positions of mediocrity.

And the routine of pushing papers,
From one end to the other on a desk...
With their name on it,
To feel they should be the ones left alone...
At a bar during happy hour,
Depressed and drinking with wishes to be the best.
But that paycheck! Just looks too good to get,
Every two weeks to make such stupid confessions.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That Penny Held Tightly Within One's Fist

Harsh assessments.
Coming to bombard.
A treasured way of life.
One valued with standards,
Presented and upheld.
As the only way of life,
Enforced upon others.
Whether this way of life is disliked,
Despised.
Or defended as right and liked!

This blind obsession,
Has proven in time.
Even those who were convinced,
Others envied this life with a jealousy meant.
Has been overdue for a self examination.

It would be difficult today,
To locate anyone who will say.
It thrills them to maintain their pretentions.
Knowing every penny they save.
Is less,
Than the penny they earned yesterday!

However.
That penny held tightly within one's fist,
Is done so with the greatest of devoted loyalty.
Regardless of its worthlessness.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That Performance

Do you forgive those,
Who make mistakes?

'(?) Of course I do.
That's the only right thing to do.
I would think.
And besides...
I could not live with myself,
If I didn't.'

That's godly.
So God like.

'I wouldn't go that far.
I said I would forgive those,
Who make mistakes!
However...
They do not get another opportunity,
With me to make more.'

But God isn't like that.

'And I ain't trying to play God.
Or practice the doing of it.
God does 'that' performance,
All By Him or Her or Itself.
And better than anyone else.
To be here, there and everywhere.
With it done to provide comfort.
And acknowledgement for misdeeds.
Me?
Unlike God,
I acknowledge my mind 'and' time,
Has its limits to be made known.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That Person You Are

Sometimes I sit with wishes,
Wanting you to be someone different...
Than the person you are.

I have my fantasies of you being,
Warm and romantic.
And you finding me...
A delicious meal to eat.

And when I pray before I go to sleep,
I pray for someone other than you...
To show up in my dreams.
Someone that has your qualities...
But without your moods and distant attitudes.

Sometimes I sit with wishes,
Wanting you to be someone different...
Than the person you are.
And yet that person you are,
Is the one I fell in love with.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That Pity B-Gone!

Let that pity b-gone!
No more from me you get pity.
That pity b-gone!
You indulged and had to rid of it.
That pity b-gone.
And also going are those benefits.
If you carry on...
Like you can't handle it!

Let that pity b-gone!
No more from me you get pity.
That pity b-gone!
You indulged and had to rid of it.
That pity b-gone.
And also going are those benefits.
If you carry on...
Like you can't handle it!

We knew that pity had to split!
B-gone.
We knew that our hearts would split, and soon...
B-gone.
If we let that pity sit,
Between us....
Both of us would have a fit.
If we let that pity sit,
Both of us would have a fit.
If we let that pity sit...
Between us!

And...
You'd believe,
That I could never love you.
To leave me feeling sorry,
And blue.

But...
I would know,
How deep inside my love goes.

And protecting what I love,
Before it overflows.

Let that pity b-gone!
No more from me you get pity.
That pity b-gone!
You indulged and had to rid of it.
That pity b-gone.
And also going are those benefits.
If you carry on...
Like you can't handle it!

So...
No more from me you get pity.
That pity b-gone!
You indulged and had to rid of it.
That pity b-gone.
And maybe not so much the benefits.
Since I would miss too much your many moods.

That pity b-gone.
No more from me you get pity.
That pity b-gone!
You indulged and had to rid of it.
That pity b-gone.
No more from me you get pity.
That pity b-gone!
You indulged and had to rid of it.
That pity b-gone.
No more from me you get pity.
That pity b-gone!
You indulged and had to rid of it.
That pity b-gone.
No more from me you get pity.
That pity b-gone!
You indulged and had to rid of it.
That pity b-gone!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That Plant You'Ve Got Needs A Bigger Pot

That plant you've got needs a bigger pot.
It's getting very big and branches out.
It's got to stretch in a bigger pot.

That's what it says to me.

That plant you've got needs a bigger pot.
It's getting very big and branches out.
It's got to stretch in a bigger pot.

That's what it says to me.

'Please, please, please...
I need to grow my leaves! '

That plant you've got needs a bigger pot.
It's getting very big and branches out.
It's got to stretch in a bigger pot.

That's what it says to me.

'Please, please, please...
I need to grow my leaves! '

Get it to a bigger pot,
Before the roots rot.
Get it to a bigger pot,
Before the roots rot.
Get it to a bigger pot,
Before the roots rot.

'Please, please, please...
I need to grow my leaves! '

That plant you've got needs a bigger pot.
It's getting very big and branches out.
It's got to stretch in a bigger pot.

That's what it says to me.

Get it to a bigger pot,
Before the roots rot.
Get it to a bigger pot,
Before the roots rot.

'Please, please, please...
I need to grow my leaves! '

Get it to a bigger pot,
Before the roots rot.
Get it to a bigger pot,
Before the roots rot.

That's what it says to me.

That plant you've got needs a bigger pot.
It's getting very big and branches out.
It's got to stretch in a bigger pot.

That's what it says to me.

'Please, please, please...
I need to grow my leaves! '

That plant you've got needs a bigger pot.
That plant you've got needs a bigger pot.
That plant you've got needs a bigger pot.
That plant you've got needs a bigger pot.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That Promise I Made To Myself

I remembered when I promised myself,
I needed to stop complaining for no reason.
And the very day I decided I would do it,
I noticed my friends...
Dwindled and quick.
Becoming limited to one or two.

'Why?
How did that happen? '

I don't know.
I guess when I made that promise...
I recognized I had been listening to complaints,
More than I realized and just too much.
And that promise I made to myself,
I didn't have to make afterall.

'So how are you feeling today? '

Incredible.
As if I had stopped feeding an addiction.
And at my expense.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That Question Is Too Easy

You accuse me of not being there for you.
After you chose to do something,
I warned you not to do.

And you come to find me at fault?
To sell me guilt,
With a sadness you've brought?

I must look like a fool to you?

I said,
I must look like a fool to you?

'Ask me something else.
That question is too easy.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That Right To Live The Life You Like

You've got to fight,
For that right to live the life you like.
Since nothing is a given.
Or proven to be owed.

You've got to fight,
For that right to live the life you like.
And doing that is always,
Worth more than a purety of gold.

Everything with hard work and earned,
Is not what one wishes to produce to be sold.
Every little piece put together,
One learns to appreciate.
With a holding onto it that validates one's growth.

You've got to fight for that life you like,
Most times,
Wrong or right...
With a pinch of some pain and tear stains to gain.

Everything with hard work and earned,
Is not what one wishes to produce to be sold.
Every little piece put together,
One learns to appreciate.
With a holding onto it that validates one's growth.

You've got to fight for that life you like.
And...
Prepare to get no sleep at night.

You've got to fight for that life you like.
And...
Sacrificing time to get it right!

You've got to fight for that life you like.
And...
Prepare to get no sleep at night.

You've got to fight for that life you like.
And...
Sacrificing time to get it right!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That Road Has Been Traveled

That road has been traveled.
Long before your carefully placed steps.
Hesitated to test the paved,
And manicured path you take.

That road has been traveled.
And once aligned and adorned with gravel.
Rocks and other obstacles thrown.

If it seems,
I am not in sync...
With others who shower you,
Best wishes and tons of sympathy...
I am not going to do!
Because your shoes are too tight.
And an ingrown toenail bleeds and bites.
You are right!
I 'am' out of that synchronicity.

I don't want you to believe or 'think'
I am not with empathy!
I want you to 'know'...
I have none!
On you,
To spare.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That Rollercoaster Ride I Rode

I'd like to keep,
You...
On my mind.
It's satisfying all the time.

And I'd like to keep,
You...
In my dreams.
To wake up and to see,
You...
Here with me.

I feel that load...
Off of my shoulders.
When you look glowing sunny and bright.

And I'm glad I know,
That...
Rollercoaster ride I rode,
Has ended.

I'd like to keep,
You...
In my dreams.
To wake up and to see,
You...
Near to me.

And I'd like to keep,
You...
On my mind.
It's satisfying all the time.
To know that I am yours and you're mind,
For the rest of our lives.

I'm glad I know,
That...
Rollercoaster ride I rode,
Nonstop until I couldn't let go...

Has finally ended.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That 'Rubbing' Done That Has Appalled You

If you really want to feel offended by anything done,
To you that is believed is directed.
Be you offended,
By being deceived, manipulated and used.
By those who have thrown that up in your face.
Then compared that to something you've heard,
That you have felt...
Rubbed you the wrong way.

Now...
With that 'rubbing' done that has appalled you,
Connect that something said...
To that which is actually happening to you.
On a daily basis that you have blindly accepted.
With that false faith you project to protect.
That accepts being deceived, manipulated and used.
What words have you heard has directly affected your life?

The words you don't like?
Or the people honest enough to say them?

Now...which do you prefer when being stabbed in the back?
Being able to selected the instrument used?
Or do you have a preference for a certain color?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That Search Has Been Agonizing

The hardest thing for me to learn,
Was to say, 'No.'
And after I learned how to say it...
It became difficult,
Not to premeditate its use.

Now I am seeking someone,
To teach me...
When the use of saying 'no'
Has its disadvantages.
And so far...
That search has been agonizing.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That 'senior Citizen' Thing

That 'senior citizen' thing,
Isn't easy for many to face and address.
And...
I am not comfortable with it yet.
Not to cling onto it like it is mine.
I am not prepared to declare,
Total ownership of it.
I am told I can still 'pass' for 55.
And that's young and radiant,
When one is...
On the fringes of showing 'maturity'.

And as my aches and pains,
Make attempts to ignore a fading youth...
Slowly leaving my consciousness,
With loud professions of my obsessiveness...
I know,
Is no longer in that hip hop stage!
And has gone.
I feel time has crept upon me,
And has done me wrong.

But...
I aint crying about it.
Not in public anyway.
And if I do it is raining!
I tell people then,
How I enjoy the feeling of nature.

That 'senior citizen' thing,
Was never on my agenda when I was in my teens.
Nor did aging appear in my dreams...
When I sought ambitiously,
To waste as much time as possible.
It was not a topic of excitement.
Nor a subject to defend.
Back in those days when age was taken for granted.

And then,

Overnight...
My eyesight needed correction.
I had to wear glasses 'with' bi-focals.

My digestion needed anti-oxidents with more fiber.
And for no apparent reason,
I would stumble into buildings and trees.
Losing my balance.

That 'senior citizen' thing,
Isn't easy for many to face and address.
And...
I am not comfortable with it yet.
Not to cling onto it like it is mine.
I am not prepared to declare,
Total ownership of it.
I am told I can still 'pass' for 55.
And that's young and radiant,
When one is...
On the fringes of showing 'maturity'.
Someone...
Like myself,
For example.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That Sense They Have Of Entitlement

Some of you may become disappointed,
Your requests go unheeded.
With an attention sought...
You may believe deserved.

While others do not get upset,
Their requests are not met.
And they are the ones,
Who enjoy what they do.
Like many who pursue,
Choices they choose!

Yet some remain annoyed...
By having their demands,
Not followed through.
And they need to get over it.
That sense they have of entitlement!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That Sharing Of Our Own Ignorance

We haven't been this close since,
Well...
Too much time spent and wasted,
To convince one another,
Being petty with a picking of dislikes...
To pick with a doing what we did like,
Apart...
Was a doing to place blame,
And immature ambiguity.

And we come back together,
Wanting to mend what was broken.
With both of us now less outspoken.
And willing to listen.
Because we reminisced,
Too much what was missing.

We haven't been this close since,
Well...
Too much time spent and wasted,
Creating things to hate.
Believing it became okay to appropriate,
An appreciation...
Of being petty with a picking of dislikes...
To pick with a doing what we did like,
Apart.
To awaken to realize and remember,
Both of our hearts were meant to love.
Each other.
Like no one other could, can or would.

And this we now know,
Because we've been reminiscing too much...
Of the love that was missing.
With that honesty between us known.
To forget with an absence to regret,
That a being petty with a picking of dislikes...
To pick with a doing what we did like,
Apart...

Began to be felt too deep in our hearts,
Until we had to face with facts...
The foolishness of being THAT stupid,
Did become too unbearable not to admit.
Even if...
Both of us didn't realize it 'then',
Just how much we were willing to accept...
The sharing of our own ignorance.

I hope it's gone...
It doesn't belong!
That...
Sharing of our own ignorance.
It doesn't belong!
I hope it's gone...
The sharing of our own ignorance.
I hope it's gone...
Because it doesn't belong!
That...
Sharing of our own ignorance.
It doesn't belong!
I hope it's gone...
The sharing of our own ignorance.
I hope it's gone...
Because it doesn't belong!
That...
Sharing of our own ignorance.
The sharing of our own ignorance.
That...
Sharing of our own ignorance.
The sharing of our own ignorance.
That...
Sharing of our own ignorance.
I hope it's gone...
Because it doesn't belong.

Those storm...
And bitter winds,
I hope they don't begin!
And they're gone.
They don't belong.
I hope they're gone.

They don't belong.
Those storm...
And bitter winds,
I hope they don't begin!
And they're gone.
They don't belong.
I hope they're gone.
They don't belong.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That Should Prevent Any Further Outbursts

It has been made official.
The elite,
Once referred to as politicians...
Have now declared,
Violent acts commited by 'nuts'...
Those a notch up from disgruntled.
And reflecting a decadent society...
Will be regarded as distasteful!

And after psychiatric studies,
Have, indeed...
Been successfully completed,
By hand picked medical experts...
To determine the origin,
Of such embarrassing behavior...
Let it be known,
That this day and this day forward...
All flags will be lowered to half mast,
To declare our national outrage.

'Now...
That should prevent any further outbursts,
Of civil disobedience.
It has been officially decreed,
We will no longer tolerate such insolence.'

~Horace,
I must say this.
I loved that suit.
The one you wore,
Upon making the announcement.
It looked as if it had been recently tailored.
Was it? ~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That Should Take You Half Way

When I needed a helping hand...
You chose with yours
To look away.
When you saw my feet
Begin to submerge in defeat,
I saw a grin on your face displayed.
When you heard my begs to eat...
And share your shelter from the storms,
On my back they would beat.
You closed and locked your doors!
And now you want to cry your tears,
In my limousine?
Well...
I am not going that way today.
But here are some tissues...
That should take you half way!
I have appointments to make.
I like to be ontime...
And on point with my mind!
And pride myself on not being late.
I give to you my best wishes.
And even 'that' you could not give to me,
Off your plate!
When you ate...
Well!
Remember?
These cheeks do not turn the other way.
When one gets slapped...
Both sides feel the pain!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That Shouldn'T Even Be A Guess

You want to know 'if'
And just how much you are respected?
Pretend to forget,
Someone's routine...
Who could care less what you do,
How you do it and when you are done...
How you feel.
About anything!

Pretend...
Not to have 'this' ego,
Top ten on your agenda.
Your insensitivities,
Will find themselves known...
On someone's ear.
That's how much you are 'endeared'.

You want to know 'if'
And just how much you are respected?
Try forgetting.
Or interrupting their mile a minute conversations,
They have about themselves!

You want to know 'if'
And just how much you are respected?
That shouldn't even be a guess by now!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That Shy Side

I knew if I began to enchant,
Any blemish I had...
Would diminish as a flaw.
And I would be accepted,
As long as I entertained.

Keeping my intentions meant,
From being too scutinized.
Since I dislike explaining,
My lack of exposing humility!
And that shy side I keep undetected.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That Sky Is Wide

Once there's a feeling,
Of a freedom that frees...
Once there's a feeling,
Of someone being whom they please...
Once there's a feeling,
Of a letting go,
To let things be what they 'be'.

That sky,
Seems so wide...
With the choices there.
That sky,
Seems so wide...
With so much to share.
That sky,
Seems so wide...
Why do people despair,
With a dropping of their tears everywhere.

Once one decides,
To embrace their dreams.
And once one decides,
To let their troubles fade...
Knowing that yesterday can not replayed.
When...
The sky,
Seems so wide...
With the choices there.
The sky,
Seems so wide...
With so much to share.
The sky,
Seems so wide...
Why do people despair,
With a dropping of their tears everywhere.

That sky is so wide,
With the choices there.
That sky is so wide...

With so much to share.
That sky is so wide,
Why do people despair...
With a dropping of their tears everywhere.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That Sleaze

The only thing needed for you to give up,
Is...
That sleaze.
Your sleaze,
You...
Left when the going got tough.

The only thing needed for you to give up,
Is...
That sleaze.
Your sleaze,
You...
Left when the going got tough.

Over-rated and now outdated enough,
Is...
That sleaze,
You...
Fed to leave.

Destructive corruption has broken filled cups.
And that sleaze,
You..
Fed on to leave.

The only thing needed for you to give up,
Is...
That sleaze.
Your sleaze.

The only thing needed for you to give up,
Is...
That sleaze.
Your sleaze.

Destructive corruption has broken filled cups.
And that sleaze,
You..
Fed on to leave.

The only thing needed for you to give up,
Is...
That sleaze.
Your sleaze.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That Song

Carry on,
With a humming along that song.
That song to sing,
When things appear to go wrong.

Keep it to hear as if a soothing lullaby.
To replace those sighs to push aside,
Temptations to be dragged into the shadows...
Of the darkside of life.
Soliciting participants to share their strife.
That song to sing.
Or hum along.
Regardless of what life seems to bring,
With an ease of it to feed and feast.

Carry on,
With a humming along that song.
That song to sing,
When things appear to go wrong.

'Don't need no salt or pepper,
To pour upon my walk.
I know I have my faults.
And I've left behind that talk to pay the cost.'

Keep it to hear as if a soothing lullaby.
To replace those sighs to push aside,
Temptations to be dragged into the shadows.

'Don't need no salt or pepper,
To pour upon my walk.
I know I have my faults.
And I've left behind that talk to pay the cost.'

Carry on with a humming that song.
And battle...
With a taking off that saddle.

'Don't need no salt or pepper,

To pour upon my walk.
I know I have my faults.
And I've left behind that talk to pay the cost.'

Carry on,
With a humming that song.
And battle...
With a taking off that saddle.

'I know I have my faults.
And I've left behind that talk to pay the cost.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That Spark

No relationship can survive,
The probing done by outside eyes.
Or those with listening ears,
To whisper through lips...
What they've encountered,
Once invited inside and exposed to it.
And a comfort to do this,
Becomes negligent of the meaning of respect.
Since relationships should be kept within boundaries.

And those who solicit from others suggestions,
With advice to recommend...
Not only skate on thin ice,
But may find they wish they had thought twice...
Upon realizing space once privately shared,
Has only one there left to wonder 'why'...
Those feelings of approaching clouds felt alone,
Aren't so quickly chased away...
When that spark igniting excitement decides to leave.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That Store No Longer Exists

What makes you believe you still have options?

'I was told it is never too late.
With a taking of my time to make up my mind.'

I see. And by who?
Who or whom convinced you of that?

'The one who owned the store.
I was told anytime I could return back.
When I made my decision.'

That store no longer exists.

'So what are you saying?
It's too late?
Why are you walking away.
At least you could have the courtesy,
To respond.'

Note:
What is the moral of this story,
As this example applies to life?
The obvious does not need explanation.
And if it does...
Consider yourself not alone.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That Strength To Fight For Others Rights

Something inside me has gone.
When someone misuses my friendship.
To believe my integrity can be dismissed.
Something inside me has gone.

Something inside me has gone.
When a respect I have for others,
Isn't given back to me.
Something inside me has gone.

Something inside me has gone.
When I opened my idealisitic eyes to see,
A reality that discourages and supresses identities.
And I come into contact with people,
Afraid to say exactly what in their hearts...
They truly believe.
Something inside me has gone.

That strength to fight for others rights,
Inside me...
Is not,
As strong.
Something that was there and felt...
Now has left.
And it feels wrong!

Something I once cherished,
Now does not quite belong.
Something there so naturally...
From me to give has gone.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That Temptation To Be Teased

Hopeful and forgiving.
With a wish to remain positive...
Can produce the correct effect,
If a concentrated effort...
From just one mind is projected.

The selling of negativity,
Has increased in volumes of it sold.
There are more willing to accept this direction...
Than there are those remaining brave,
With a faith that is bold.

Hopeful and forgiving.
With a wish to remain positive...
Can produce the correct effect,
If a concentrated effort...
From just one mind is projected.

With a commitment to release from it...
That temptation to be teased.
That temptation that creates,
A believed remedy will instantly...
Premanently please.

'Not so.'
Say those who know,
That a reaping of negativity...
Sewn,
Is what can be expected...
For one to see flourish to grow.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That Terrifying Enemy

Two weeks after I graduated from high school,
I was in the Air Force.
Patriotic and eighteen.
Scared as hell during basic training...
But ready to kick plenty of ass!
And working hard during the week,
To receive a weekend pass!
Time seemed less urgent then!
We knew we would accomplish things!
And certain we were we would win!

Fourty-three years ago...
I wanted it known I wished to save souls then.
I wanted to be a pilot and fly,
But I became a poet with a pen!
And times have changed since then as well!
Now it is not clear,
Who is fighting for what and 'why' it should matter?
We have consciously let our treasured ideals...
Lose it's appeal to keep falsities,
In minds scattered!

And those with barely any military experience at all...
Have taken my home,
And given it away.
For a price we all now pay!

Greed has been that terrifying enemy,
That has brought upon us a failure.
Greed has been that terrifying enemy,
That has brought to us this grief!
Greed has been that terrifying enemy,
That brings us no relief...
To cease and/or free us!
Greed has been that terrifying enemy,
That has been camouflaging peace!
And the awareness of this has increased!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That They Did Not Expect

I'm confused!

If he has been labelled a fool...
Why are they upset?

'He apparently enjoys it.
And that they did not expect.

He has made being a fool,
Something to respect.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That Time Approaches Near

What would you do...
If suddenly you discovered,
God was pure energy,
A light force within you?
And 'beings' of higher energies
Are very soon to appear.
From centuries out of our reach!
Ahead of us,
By thousands of years!

What would you do...
If you knew to 'them',
You were barbaric?
The lowest of all humanistic creations.
And they are observing our trivial deeds,
With displeasure they've come to stop!
To set the universe at ease!

What would you do...
When you find you've been fooled.
To worship with a faith,
In 'things' that has nothing to do with you!
And when dimensions like a veil,
From your eyes have been removed.
What would you do...
When beings with powers,
Take complete control over you?

Think about it!
But not too long!
There are other beings here...
Who are aware of what we fear!
And they are going to make it clear...
The right way to love and live our lives!
And that time approaches near!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That Time As We Know It

I wish there was another process,
To approach...
To go about this.
But there isn't one as an option.

There are those awaiting,
For that right time to come.
That right time to do as one wishes,
To put off to do and get those things done.

That right time to collect,
What it is that is needed believed to perfect...
A happiness surrounded with,
An exactness to accept.

Dictated and controlled as one expects!

I wish there was another process,
To approach...
To go about this.
But there isn't one as an option.

Yet...
That right time that begins for them,
Is as elusive as promises anticipated and made.
When God gives us time,
None of it can be saved.

Nor does that time God gives,
Contemplates in hesitation waiting.

I wish there was another process,
To approach...
To go about this.
But there isn't one as an option.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That Time Has Been Found

No one will ever be praised,
For being outspoken...
Or giving an honest assessment.
That strips away all pretense.
Not in places,
Where people become embarrassed...
And take offense to them given.
People show their reaction,
By becoming irate and belligerent.

And for whatever the reason,
In these same places...
People will come together,
In planned meetings to discuss...
Their disgust with the downslide,
Of their once valued quality of life.
And will argue amongst themselves,
About no one caring enough to speak up.
Or express their concerns from their gut!

'You and a few others,
Were not at the last community meeting.
And we issued notices to everyone,
Regarding the importance of attending.
Why weren't you there? '

~If I remember correctly,
It was you who told us where we could go.
And what we could kiss before we did it!
And I personally decided,
I can find a better use if I choose to waste my time.
And I am happy to acknowledge,
That time has been found.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That Time You Wish To Take From Me Has Come Too Late

If you've noticed it,
You are the one 'hanging-in-there' convinced...
That things take time and it is never too late,
For situations to change if one remains patient.
Those portrayals seem to work only in two hour movies.

First of all,
You and I need not to argue over 'your' philosophy.
None of what you believe works for me.
I am not going to volunteer to hang anywhere.
Or enforce a mood swing to shift upon myself to do it.

I am interested in you.
However...
Do not think I am going to decrease the horsepower,
In my engine...
Because I will not listen to your suggestions,
About how I drive in the direction I have taken.

If you don't wish to ride just tell me.
But decreasing my speed to make you happy...
Is not going to be a focus in my mind to allow to happen.
Chill with those conditioned repetitions!
No bush do I beat to see turn into a rose.

You want to jump off here?
Because you are not going to remain agitating my nerves.
That time you wish to take from me has come too late.
And I don't need to see a flashing neon stop sign,
To have that in my mind to caution.
Since the action has been witnessed as a fact proven.

Do you mind unstrapping and jumping off here!
I would suggest it since my ejection seat malfunctions.
I don't want you to think of me as being rude or abusive.
I've got places to go, people to see and things to get done to do.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That Tingle Of Devoted Love

In a grip.
Held!
And,
Not in it to be snuggled.

Choking every bit,
Of freedom felt and known.
And quite disturbed by it.
This once close knit relationship.
A habit unraveling.
And one now outgrown.

In a grip.
Twisting in a noose.
One chooses to slip loose.
And breathe again freely.
Allowing remembered Sun to shine through.

Undoing questions,
Of whether a life lived can be saved.
And resuscitated emotions,
Can be thawed from a frozen grave.
To feel,
Again...
That tingle of devoted love!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That Tour Through The Trees

Trusting in wishes to come true,
Is not the same as embracing a truth that exists.
A long time ago I discovered this.

I've noticed those of strong work ethics,
Were often those who boldly spoke...
And walked with a pride.

I've also noticed those believing they were owed,
For the lives they chose to live...
Complained and leeched a lot.

Many are not prepared,
To take that tour through the trees...
On paths independently taken.
To be alone without a masking of their fears.
Or hear the rustling of the leaves,
As the breezes blow to make sounds unheard before.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That Trickle Down Theory

Lightly it begins to drip.
With many delighted and anticipating it.
Then it pours upon others who get wet.
Drenched some become to experience regret.
Only farmers awaiting for the promise of rain,
Hope the doing fill the wallets in their pockets.
While those still pinching pennies to feed themselves,
Are told to stay patient as they pay for the drought.
As the economics of it are explained to keep maintained,
No matter what the season but the reasons are sustained.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That Tsusami There You See

What in the world is that approaching?

'That is a 'tsusami'.
A destructive and deadly wave.'

Why are you walking slowly,
And looking up at the sky?

'Feeling blessed and doing my daily exercise.
Enjoying nature and those beautiful sights I see,
Before my eyes.'

Aren't you afraid this 'wave' will destroy all you've got?

'I've witnessed that wave approaching from the horizon.
And I've shared that warning made to some.
Others stood and looked with me.
But their sights were distracted.
They preferred to have fun.

You know the ones who hear something said?
The ones who have other priorities...
Dancing around in their deluded heads.
The ones who claim they are aware...
But hey,
Who cares?

Economically,
I've been busted for years.
And have lived a basic life.
One that has provided me a peace of mind I like!

That tsusami there you see...
Will have little to none,
Effect on me.
But the others you see staring?
They're so stunned.
They can not run!

And besides...
Where will they go?
Into mortgaged homes on loan?
To grab something believed they still own?
As creditors await.
Like vultures surrounding prey,
For something of value to confiscate.

I am comfortable just where I am! '

Well...
I gotta go.
That 'thing' to me is getting too close!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That Uncertainty Is Still Being Discussed

We have known of their covert activities.
And have been monitoring them for years,
To insure their threats against us...
Are kept at a minimum.

'That's great news.
Now explain a lost investment of trillions of dollars,
At the expense of those who have been innocent...
With the sacrificing of their lives,
And those standards valued never to be revived?
As tons of money is continued to be spent,
Protecting 'our' interests.

Do you mind explaining to us,
Who do your refer to as 'our'?
And those interests protected belong to who?
Specifically? '

That uncertainty is still being discussed.
But we trust you will maintain your trust in us,
As we further agree to deceive you with excuses.

'Sure no problem.
Take as long as you wish.
My questions are based on my own personal curiosities.
I'm sure the others deep in sleep,
Could care less of your thought process.'

Well...
We certainly have our fingers crossed,
That your comments have merit and truth.
Keeping those dumbed down is not as easy as it seems.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That Voice Of Choice Is Their Own

When a game of catch up,
Believed can be played to be done...
Is initiated by some who think,
This battle against time can be won...
Is a matter of choice?
Their minds are stuck!
Listening to one voice.
And that voice of choice is their own.

And there is nothing in this world,
To convince people like this...
That their resistance in a stubbornness,
Has nothing to do with enemies or terrorists.

The ones witnessed being victimized,
Are they who perceive doing what they please...
Ultimately results to their benefit.
And there is a mindset of folks who think life is a joke!

With a listening done to one voice!
Not yours or mine,
By choice.
Just one voice and that is their own.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That Was A Wonderful Story

They are 'still' on their knees praying,
For acceptance and approval.
And this they do,
While the 'master' makes no attempt,
To hide the fact...
There is specifc intention,
To burn down every aspect of the plantation.

And they continue to pray...
That this vision will cease.
And the mind of the 'master' is restored with senses.

'Wow, grand-daddy.
That was a wonderful story.
You've got anymore of those? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That Was Many Years Ago

I was told many years ago,
By a college professor...
I had a tendency to write and speak,
Too lofty.
And 'if' I seriously wanted to communicate,
My thoughts for others to comprehend...
That I should perceive my audience,
To have mentalities of Third grade school children.

Well...
I did say that was many years ago.
Today...
No matter what I write or how I speak,
I am often asked 'WHERE' I am from?
So tempted am I to say...
'Somewhere your parents should have dropped you off.
Instead of wishing intelligence upon you.'

But,
Of course...
I keep those kind of comments to myself.
Especially today,
When I would only get a blank stare in return.
Or someone telling me to go back to Africa.
You know...
By those who are not believing Africa to be a huge continent,
With places far more advanced than TV depicts.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That Was Part One. Maybe Part Two Needs Review

In the meantime,
Save up all your nickles and dimes...
And make yourself that charity case.
Goodbye.
Good luck.
This enviroment I'm in,
Needs to be replaced.

And in the meantime,
You can stop that whining you sigh...
And lift yourself over hurdles that appear.
My leaving you will help you find,
What's been missing for years...
Between both of your ears.

You chose to booze up when you wanted to.
You chose to do what you wanted to do.
You choose to eliminate a listening to hear.
Now you think I want you close...
Although distant when I wish you near?

That was part one.
Maybe part two needs review!

You chose to booze up when you wanted to.
You chose to do what you wanted to do.
You choose to eliminate a listening to hear.
Now you think I want you close...
Although distant when I wish you near?

'Come here.
You don't have to say it twice.
Come here,
I know what you need and like.'

Oh no,
I'm not attracted to defeat.
I know...
How to stand on my own two feet.

And I,
Wish not to ever repeat...
Being alone while you roam the streets.

Oh no,
I'm not attracted to defeat.
I know...
How to stand on my own two feet.
And I,
Wish not to ever repeat...
Being alone while you roam the streets.

In the meantime,
Save up all your nickles and dimes...
And make yourself that charity to give.
That charity case I found a waste.

And in the meantime,
You can stop that whining you sigh...
And lift yourself over hurdles that appear.
The ones you believe I'll await you to clear.

You chose to booze up when you wanted to.
You chose to do what you wanted to do.
You choose to eliminate a listening to hear.
Now you think I want you close...
When really what I'm wishing is that you disappear.

Give me a hammer or a tambourine!

Oh no,
I'm not attracted to defeat.
I know...
How to stand on my own two feet.
And I,
Wish not to ever repeat...
Being alone while you roam the streets.

And in the meantime,
You can stop that whining you sigh.
In the meantime,
Save up all your nickles and dimes.

And don't even try,
To ask me for change!
That's all I've ever done.
There is no pleading from me,
That 'we' shall overcome.

The singing of that tune has long been overdone!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That Wasn'T You

So you saw me expose myself publicly!
Was I rehearsing a speech?
Was I preparing it for a gift,
When you saw me take a leak?

You don't know do you?
And how public could I have been...
When I saw you with my binoculars,
Leaning from your bedroom window...
With your binoculars peeking at me last week?

'That wasn't you! '

I had stopped using viagra.
I didn't want you to kill yourself!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That Which God Has Given

I am not living my life to run away from fear!
No!
I am living my life to face fear,
And obstacles appearing.
Yes!
I know that God is near...
To protect and watch,
My every move!

And I do not solicit faith.
Or attempt to create,
That which God has given!
I am here to testify it works.
And I am God's employee.
The Almighty...
Is my only Boss!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That Which Had Been Different

Overnight...
That which had been different,
Is today alright.
With a jumping over in leaps and bounds,
What was found just yesterday...
To be safe and sound,
But now archaic.
Antiquated.
And has rusted with decay.

Just yesterday...
Those afraid to live,
Because they feared their names...
Would be dropped in hot gossip,
Seek today to be the main event!

Overnight that which had been different,
Is today alright.
In fact...
So many are over-excited with appetites to live,
They seem not able to be satisfied being mediocre.
A recognition they live to be the main event,
To breathe seek and reach accomplishments...
Has dawn on them as if they have begun to notice,
The Sun rising on the horizon for the first time.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That Which Has Already Been Done

By the time it dawns on you,
That something 'is' happening...
It would have taken place and happened.
Like that which has already been done!
And you have not a clue.
Do you?
Although your denial will always be there,
To depend upon.
At least 'something' is within your reach.
Even when news is reported on a daily basis,
People are heard saying, 'I do not believe it! '
So you do have some company.
You are not alone.
You are among thousands of nonbelievers...
Prepared to validate your lack of comprehension.
And...
To joyfully welcome the existence of it.
I just happen not to be a fan,
Of that kind of selective thought process.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That Which Has Come To Sit Too Long

Uptight with an appetite,
To rid it from sight.
With a wish to split,
And done quick...
From all illegitimate conflicts.

And uptight with an appetite,
To rid it from sight.
That which has come to sit too long.
To do a doing one knows is wrong,
But done to do by few who choose.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That Which Has Never Existed

Deprive them the ability to afford their dreams.
And pretensions to protect.
Deplete them of fantasies that fed their delusions.
And those impressions made that were the best.
Make real the realities upon them felt to feel,
With a breath to accept and all denials revealed.
What part has Mother Nature played,
In exposing that which has been concealed?

Assist them then with the crushing of all their traditions.
And foundations historically created to believe.
Leaving people to awaken to wonder,
Why they have been on their knees praying faithfully...
To that which has never existed.
Making it easier to control them.
And ensuring no resistance!
As one world with a few who rule expect!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That Which I Do Not Know

How do I know what I know?
I've accepted faith as my reward,
For understanding.
I've accepted the experience of stumbling...
And not allow defeat,
To stop an ability I have to get back on my feet!
I've accepted humiliation to assist in my self evaluation.
I've accepted criticsms of all kinds.
I've accepted heartbreak to mend any bitterness.
With a forgiveness that God will defend...
And correct misdeeds done!
How do I know what I know?
I know I did not bleed without pain!
I know I did not recover from wounds alone.
I know I don't have all the answers!
And that was the beginning...
Of knowing something I could not debate.
It is what it is.
And could not be what it is not!
How do I know what I know?
That which I do not know...
I do not!
And I will admit,
I am prepared to learn.
'That' I choose not to stop!
I am not living my life to hide from it!
Or deny what it has to offer.
I do observe some fantasizing pain.
I am not that advanced!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That Which I Had Done

That which I had done and 'use' to do,
Had long been replaced...
By a maturity I have embraced.
And glad I am to not have been the one,
Chasing those yesterdays refusing to 'grey'...
To grieve over in denial an aging that comes.

With a leaving that which I once did to do done,
As part of a process I have adapted to when I knew...
Growing older to find what I did when I had been younger,
May not have been that foolish in the doing, I thought!
But obstacles to face with no escape,
Kept me focused without excuses to make.

Although the repetitiveness of them attempted 'then',
Began to lose my interest and patience to remain tolerant.
And admitting this did provide the comfort of my acceptance,
To age and love the experiences of living life in the present...
With a doing to make the adventure of this gift called 'life',
An exciting exploration I am blessed to have been given.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That Which I Have

You
IT
Giving me fits?
No!
I can handle this,
As its been done!
Before.
Those are lessons,
I have not ignored!

They
You
Me
With IT?
Being with them...
And they not getting 'it'?
No.

'Why me for this task? '
I sometimes would ask.
As I would pass those whispering,
'He's delusional!
He has refused our rationality! '
Quite confused he is.
And his tempermental personality! '

You've taught me to appreciate,
With love...
That which I have!
And I do
Too!
So appreciate You!
And 'all' that You do!
But,
'Why me for this task? '

I silence the thoughts,
Before they reach my lips!
Would I rather have God as my Guide,

And my Teacher?
Or would I rather let myself,
Be lead to indecision?
And become attracted to indeciveness...
And give up my needs
To seek what feeds me next and best!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That Which Is Fed To Feed

To then digest and absorb...
As is believed.
Will always be reflected,
By 'those' who select to leave behind...
What is found without assumptions,
That which is consumed and others find...
Exposed and revealed from 'those' minds.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That Which Is Fictioned

If only that which is fictioned,
Did not idolize to popularize corruption...
And its feeding of greed to glamorize it,
Less attractive would be the acceptance...
Upon those unconscious...
Seeking lives to fantasize.

Leaving reality and those attempting,
A recognized quality of life slipping away...
But remnants of it still exists,
To be kept safely protected from thieves...
And their desires to capitalize,
On fear, threats and increasing deceptions...
Created fresh on a daily basis to focus upon,
Filling over-stuffed pockets.

Although...
These activities can and could be stopped,
By those awakening with a conciousness...
And not gawking with their jaws dropped.
But...
Instead,
With a determination to chase away...
Every sign that represents a worshipping of delusion.

And that which has been fictioned,
Eliminated from minds hypnotized and medicated...
To accept beliefs that bring them more grief,
Than a happiness denied from overdosing on lies.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That Which Is Good

That which is good,
And provides a wholesomemess...
As it should once it is understood,
Will always be disputed...
By those who can not directly profit,
With a pocketing...
From the many who begin to acknowledge this.
And no longer are addicted,
To that which teases to be better than it is!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That Which Is Invited To Stay

Memories from days gone to pass,
Each of us has to declare our own.
Some stung by events that have come,
To go with feelings still kept left unhealed...
Will never experience true happiness,
With it within them felt to last.
And this kind of agony fed entraps.
Since it is those memories from days,
Gone from us all now to pass...
Are like obstacles to face to have removed,
Without wishing, if ignored, they will go away.
They don't.
That which is invited to stay,
Eventually takes who welcomes it for granted.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That Which Is Known To Have Endured

It is difficult to replace,
That which has been established.
Regardless how fancy those signatures left,
After the pouring of fresh concrete.

That which is known to have endured,
To ease those footsteps that follow...
Will always be remembered,
For an implementation pioneered to initiate.

Regardless how fancy the signatures,
Of new names making claims...
On that which has created the foundation.
That same foundation would not exist,
Without the persistence...
Of the ones others make attempts to dismiss.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That Which Is Not Rehashed

That which is not rehashed,
But comes to offer a benefit had...
To all.
Will undergo a microscoped scrutiny,
With specifics targeted...
Than that which others accept without question,
Because of a feeding of a habit that keeps them fixed.
But does nothing for their physical or mental well being.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That Which Is 'Now' To Be Lived

Firm and consistent.
Persistent and resilient.
To begin and finish as fixed.
Grounded and steady in sound ideals.
Uncompromising when it comes to visit.

Appealing and unyielding,
To passing fads and rehashing fashions.
And not about trends or the ending of them.

Reliable and constant.
With a taste that is craved.
Today and not tomorrow...
Without borrowing from yesterdays gone.
That which is 'now' to be lived as is!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That Which Is Outside And About

I don't have to wake up to smell the coffee,
To begin my appreciation for the existence of it.
Nor do I seek an explanation of what it is,
To have a picture of it depicted...
Once I have had the experience.

There is something about the living of one's life,
That has to be done with curiousity.
And for many wishing for them a satisfaction...
A gift of life that has been identified,
Is better lived when the bringing of what is felt inside...
Has been introduced to that which is outside and about,
All of life.
And not avoiding that which offends to be censored.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That Which Is Really Cherished

To value life,
More than things.
Is a mindset that arrives,
For those who choose to see beyond...
Concepts of victory.
And medals to honor valor.
Bestowed upon temporary stances of glory.
To sit dusting on an ignored mantel.
Erected to cover a natural surface.
With a wish to keep pretensions decorated.

To value life,
And the nourishment of it...
Increases one's awareness,
Of that which is really cherished...
When the threat of it leaving,
Clarifies priorities immediately.
And many folks,
Have yet to have that in their lives addressed.
Especially those consumed by credits and debts.
And living in fear,
Of missing the pettiness of life and all it affords.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That Which Is Sacrificed

It stcks with a grip,
Cemented and stays fixed.
An ambitious wish...
Does this.

A desire acquired that remains ignited,
Like a light brightening the sky...
To witness with eyes whether closed,
Or opened wide...
One's dream never dims or dies,
Until witnessed.

Devoted with discipline,
And kept faith held within...
Becomes timeless,
To dismiss any thoughts given to limits.

And that which is sacrificed,
Is comprehended as a fact of life.
As blessings eventually come to be delivered.
To begin as if never ending them,
For the one left satisfied and ecstatic.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That Which Is The Wish

If you listen you'll hear...
The ringing of distant village bells.

Seek me as I seek you.
Like the colors of Autumn do.
When my mind drifts to reside,
In a Summer that quickly moves on.

Seek me as I seek you.
Like a squirrel picking to hide pine nuts.
As Fall begins to subdue,
Vacations and relationships...
Everyone begins to miss,
When the cooling of the breeze...
Stops anyone to ponder and reminisce.

Is it the falling of the leaves,
A prelude...
To festivities and what's to come,
And holidays no one disputes...
They welcome and anticipate.

Is it the brilliant color of the trees,
The 'first' gift humanity receives...
To collect,
With a hibernating....
A growing of love love hibernated does.

You know,
Once you seek me as I seek you...
There's nothing more to get,
Than 'that' which is the wish!

Don't you know...
Once you seek me as I seek you...
There's nothing more to get than 'that',
Which is the wish.

That which is the wish!

Comes to those who recognize,
That which is the wish!
Open ears and clears the eyes,
That which is the wish!
Revealed and sometimes surprises,
That which is the wish!
Receive to getWith benefits,
That which is the wish!

Don't you know...
Once you seek me as I seek you,
There's nothing more...
Than 'that' which is the wish.

If you listen you'll hear...
The ringing of distant village bells.

Don't you know...
Once you seek me as I seek you...
There's nothing more,
Better than the doing...
We two together can do well.

You know...
Once you seek me as I seek you...
Nothing we meet can beat,
The best of the better together we do well.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That Which Is Visible

Not to see that which is visible,
But to worship that to idolize with symbols...
In beliefs that ruin the lives of others,
Is as demonic as it is to create wars...
With the intention to feed one's greed.
And to do it as if it is sacred.
And those taking positions against this...
Were diminished in appearance to look as if weak.

'The first time I hear the name Lucifer,
I was a child and sitting in a church.
To learn all I needed to know about 'sin'.
And to discover those who were doing it,
Around me.
And the one standing behind the pulpit,
Advocating the awareness...
In a very heated delivery to demonstrate.

Yes...
The first time I heard of evil,
I saw it done first in a church,
Where people were taught to fear.
But not cease from their practicing of evils.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That Which Is Without Depth

Shallow.

'What is? '

That which is without depth.

Deception.

'Who is being deceived? '

People kept from a truth to believe,
Whatever to them expressed to accept.

'So can someone be shallow,
And express without depth...
Deceive purposely to be believed? '

Someone who is shallow,
Is rarely connected to any depth.
Although they can be easily deceived,
To not expect a deception they quickly accept...
With an unsuspecting thoughtlessness.
And rely upon...
That which is without depth.

'And what about truth?
How will I know the reality of it? '

Find to climb the highest tree you can.
Then jump from the top of it.

'But I am not a bird.
I will break my neck.'

See how quickly you visualized that?
Truth has a similar effect.
Once you've put all of your delusions to the test,
Truth, reality and what has been deceived...
Clears immediately in your mind,

When life experiences have been received.
To never again question the simplicity of it.
Or the limits of fiction and fantasies.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That Which Is Without Light

It is what it is.
Not hypothesized from theory.
Or sitting in laboratories,
Waiting to be probed under microscope.
This reality is basic to see as it is exposed.

It is what it is.
Flame from a fire burns.
That which is without light,
Becomes without definition in the dark.
And a mind comforted within limitation dies.

That's it!
No transit comes from anywhere,
To attach golden slippers, trumpets or wings.
When a wake up call has been attempted but ignored...
Delusions become more dangerous for those entrapped,
By them.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That Which I'Ve Been

I may not be what you perceive me to be.
Or accomplish what it is you wish.
But know this,
I am more aware of my abilities.
And with confidence I am convinced,
That which I've been,
And to myself known...
Eventually you will see.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That Which No Longer Exists Will Be Relived

In these rapidly changing times,
All are living to endure...
Those with preferences to keep it petty.
Keep this in mind...
There is no longer any reason,
Why anyone should continue to tolerate,
Petty people who insist upon feeding upon trivia.
The acceptance of this eliminates quickly kept delusions.

Unimportant matters kept prioritized,
Should begin to dawn...
Upon the minds of the ones,
Who recognize to realize...
That which no longer exists will be relived.
Nor will the smell or taste of freshly made coffee,
Compare to that which sits in a pot to stale.
The acceptance of this eliminates quickly kept delusions.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That Which One Wishes

If there is a decay noticed,
That has been allowed to spread...
It has been welcomed.

The power to eliminate,
That which one wishes...
Does not sit around to collect dust.

Those who put up a fuss,
Regarding their circumstances...
Had to greet them or they wouldn't exist!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That Which Others Pursue

Everything said and done,
Becomes easier to do...
After the ones giving their advice or opinions,
Approve with a doing...
That which others pursue.
With no assistance from those who insist,
People like this would have no initiative...
If from them initiative,
Had not been permitted with a patience to give.

'And what is it that you do? '

~I provide specialized criticisms,
To those who become motivated...
By my experience of doing this.
And my willingness to give,
This unsolicited technique.~

'What makes you qualified? '

~All my clients have left me,
Feeling despised with their rolling of eyes.~

'And you take credit for their success? '

~Of course.
Yes.
Regardless if they to others admit,
They would have become just as successful...
If I had shut my mouth and minded my own business.
But I have a reputation to maintain.~

'I see.
Do you have any advice for me? '

~Not yet.
However...
You'll be the first to know,
Where it is you can go...

The moment I feel I've been tested.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That Which Possesses My Life

It has been 24 years now,
That I decided to leave behind...
Every possession I had collected,
And had owned.
To be of comfort to someone else.

I had did this before,
Back in 1969.
For a similar reason,
That has blessed me...
With tremendous insight.

And I do..I can understand 'why',
People cling tightly onto what they possess.
It connects them with their existence to life.
And I am glad I've discovered...
I am life!
Not 'that' which I possess.
I awakened with a consciousness to that revelation.

And...
THAT which possesses 'my' life,
Awards me for expressing my gratefulness.
And so blessed I am to be aware of this connection.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That Which Shines Over Substance

There are quite a few who choose to pick,
That which shines over substance.
To discover they have found themselves,
Aging with things that have lost their lustre.
Even gone from this is that youthful excitement.
And a gleem to discover an appearance fading.
Eventually rusting to crust collecting dust.
These 'things' to pick often do.
Or either they are tossed away,
For something else sought fresh and new.

But that which has substance,
Seems to grow in quality to endure...
Through the changing of times to adapt.
To then glow with a value more to be noticed.
Becoming more understood for its preciousness.
With the finding that which had shown to shine,
In times outdated, unappreciated and less tolerated...
Abandoned and ignored as useless or just too old.
Since that which has substance seldom diminishes.
And remains in the mind to be timeless.

'Uh...
Excuse me.
I would like to purchase this.
However...
Can you tell me if it will maintain its substance? '

~That depends.
What is it that you value?
Substance to have it known,
Is not often shown to request it for purchase.~

'Well...
How will I know it? '

~Living life to experience.
And time to reminisce.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

'That' Which They Had Wished To Ignore

Since they are not into 'that'...
They choose to know nothing about it.
And they express no interest in the 'other'...
So that goes unknown as well.
Now since 'that' which they had wished to ignore,
Has affected their lives...
They seek to find out what is going on.
And how long it has been happening!
As if they deserve an explanation.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That Which With Time Given

Unfinished continues a blooming undone.
To have anyone perceive what will be,
Viewed and seen,
In its ultimate beauty yet discovered.
Yet each stage of its development is critiqued.
Should such depictions be kept discreet?
Until the presence of its giving has been complete?

And those who have come to witness,
Each stage of its revealing growth...
Can not possible know,
To what degree of magnificence...
Awaits them to be finally witnessed,
Since...
That which with time given is still unfinished.

No one knows,
In what direction a blossoming of a blooming goes.
Since...
That which with time given is still unfinished.
Unfinished until the doing is complete.

No one knows,
In what direction a blossoming of a blooming goes.
Until the presence of its giving has been complete?
And with a time given to finish...
Prepared and ready for those who critique with expertise.

That which with time given,
Blossoms.
That which with time given,
Blooms.
That which with time given,
Blossoms.
That which with time given,
Blooms.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That Will Or Can Replicate The Doing

This may be traumatic.
But those possessing intelligence,
Are not of your creation.
No scholars you determine...
And selected to roam the halls of ivy.
May be ill equipped,
To handle common sense.

Leather bound books,
May encase what you feel is brilliant
Based upon what you declare...
Reflects an exclusive experience.
To be then induced and reproduced.
To recreate your version...
Of majestic mountains,
And the air we breathe allowed by trees.

This may be traumatic.
But those possessing intelligence,
Are not of your creation.
Nor is 'that' which has made this possible.

And there is nothing you can research and document...
That will or can replicate the doing.
The only choices you can make...
Is to steal and pretend,
You are the beginning of it all.
But your presence when that ends...
Does not 'end' the presence of what is witnessed.

This may be traumatic.
But you...
Having nothing to do with it.
You just represent the effects.
That's all!
Unless you're convinced...
Your head can damage or break a brick wall?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That Word That Smells

I've found a reason not to rhyme.
Or open a door to flowing prose.
I suppose I am not feeling poetic today.
Nor especially free of speech.
Although there is a discipline to write.
Sometimes my mind turns off like a light.

And even though I said,
I've found a reason not to rhyme...
Something 'automatic' within me resists.
Something inside of me refuses to respond,
To my temptations that exist to just say...
It!
You know.
That word that smells when one feels like hell!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That Works In Your Favor

Just because you've done something,
For a very long time...
Does not mean you have an acquired skill.
Or expertise.
However...
At least you can adapt to routine.
And you are loyal to redundancy.
That deserves a highlight.

Now...
Whether or not this should be considered creative,
Depends upon your ambitions.
And getting out of bed to come here...
Expresses a willingness to embrace change.
But the watching of television with consistency...
I would not regard that as a talent.

I recommend you redo this resumé.
Remove your picture with the ascot.
I understand the presentation.
Add something technical like:
'Ability to monitor for long periods of time.'
Pehaps then,
My staff and I could 'locate' a security position for you.
Plus you have the presence of a watchdog.
Dark, big and muscular!
'That' works in your favor!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That Would Be Devastating

How is he preparing for the next debate?

'That's hard for us to determine,
As of this date.'

Why?

'Well...
He's great during our practice sessions.
To make sure the public is informed.
But somehow he is still not convinced,
That eliminating the facts to use against his opponent...
Is not the way to win.'

What do you think is behind his strategy?

'We have no clue.
But hopefully he will realize...
The people have become fantasized,
By the image his opponent presents.
And using the facts as truth to prove,
To the people they have been duped...
Is what he has to do! '

I wonder if it would be to his benefit,
If he chose to expose to the people...
He was fluent in the speaking of Chinese?
And if he is not re-elected...
The Chinese will demand immediate payment,
Of those trillions of dollars...
They have invested in keeping us all delusioned.

'We have already suggested that.
But during the last conference we had with Big Bird,
A different tactic is guaranteed to awaken all the people.
You see...
The opponent has no idea,
How powerful Sesame Street really is.'

You don't think he is prepared to use Big Bird's recommendations,
As his secret weapon?

'Not only do I think he is going to use Big Bird.
But the entire cast of Sesame Street.'

That would be devastating for any opponent,
If he decided to do so.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That Would Make Me Not Like You

I would like to...
Do those things with you to do.
I would like to...
Have those talks about whatever we choose.
I would like to...
Know what it is that might upset you.
But I wouldn't like to guess,
Until you say I am correct.

I would like to...
Know that you are happy nearly everyday.
And with me you are pleased to admit and say.
I would like to...
Spend time together and meaningfully.
But I wouldn't want to discover,
You kept secrets intentionally from me.

I would like to...
Hear you laugh because it makes me feel good.
I would like to...
Be close to you and have that understood.
But I wouldn't like to feel,
You were hiding from me anything real.
Or you would rather from me keep anything concealed.
Because...
That would make me not like you at all.

I want us close,
As close as we can be.
And if you don't,
That would make me not like you.
I want to know and feel you deeply.
And if you don't,
That would make me not like you.
I want a lover,
AND a friend.
And if you don't,
That would make me not like you.
I want a lover,

AND a friend.
And if you don't,
That would make me not like you.
That would make me not like you.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That Wouldn'T Work

We must prevent,
The increase of insanity...
Noticably effecting,
Values and standards...
We must keep protected.

'And what you recommend?
Or propose to suggest?
That will keep the doing of this,
Cost effective.'

How about...
We have everyone pass a psychology test?

'And this will be based upon,
What? '

Well.
We could...

'OKAY.
We could...?
Give me a hint.
What does it sound like?
Give me the first letter.
Does it begin with a 'T'?

Uh...
We could...uh...

'Re-invent the wheel?
How about re-examining everyone's mindset?
With a facing of truth and honesty.
To eliminate delusions? '

No.
That wouldn't work.
Too many people would protest.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That You Can Not Do

The only way you can walk in my shoes,
Is when I am finished wearing them.
And to you they are donated.
To then retrace the steps where I have been.

And even then the wearing of them would not fit.
Since what they have been through,
You wouldn't be able to tolerate it.
How do I know this?

You see them as just shoes.
But I used them as tools.
And sometimes as weapons.
And that you can not do.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That Yummy To The Tummy Done

Chasing to escape a common placement,
Is a taste one wishes to keep sweet.
Once the taste of achievement...
Stays to cling on a tongue,
With the licking of the lips done.
And that yummy to the tummy...
Has a difficult time for one to overcome.

When treated the first time,
No one thinks of addiction.
Or a thought that something would stick...
With a desire wished that solicits a wanting more of it!

Chasing to escape a common placement,
Is a taste one wishes to keep sweet.
Once the taste of achievement...
Stays to cling on a tongue,
With the licking of the lips done.
And that yummy to the tummy...
Has a difficult time for one to overcome.

And that yummy to the tummy...
Has a difficult time to overcome.
That yummy to the tummy done...
One never forgets its deliciousness.
Or the first time lips were licked.

That yummy to the tummy done..
Ahhh.
A tummy with a yummy comes,
Ahh ahh...
That yummy to the tummy coming with a yum yum.

That yummy to the tummy done..
Ahhh.
A tummy with a yummy comes,
Ahh ahh...
That yummy to the tummy coming with a yum yum.

That yummy to the tummy done..
Ahhh.
A tummy with a yummy comes,
Ahh ahh...
That yummy to the tummy coming with a yum yum.

That yummy to the tummy done,
Ahhh.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That, I Do Know

You see this?
I've been doing it,
Most of my life.
Writing.
I began in the '50's
The nineteen fifties.
With little or no encouragement,
At all that I could see.

OH...
My mom use to buy my sister
And I writing pads and finger painting sets
to keep me from writing on the walls.
And...
I guess a few spankings supplied an incentive!
Now that I remember certain events.

It was my sister Mimmie,
Who discovered I could write poetry.
And she didn't believe me.
People 'assume' I was nourished,
And encouraged by my parents.
I don't think they knew what I did,
To be honest.

I was born 'this creative being'.
With demands I made.
No one 'gave' me a thing,
But a headache.
With a parade of negative comments,
About my exposed interests.
They assigned to being a little effeminate.
But I played ball and stuff like that.
I wasn't hung up on gender!
That is more expressed today,
Than in those days I grew up.

So...
I am quite amazed today,

Especially...
That someone would ask me 'how'
I do 'this' and what they need to know...
To do 'that'?

'Gee, I don't know what to say.
Or how to say anything at all about it.
Uh...you...uh...well? ...I...uh...Gee.'

Sometimes I'm left speechless.
I just know...
If it is something done that is loved,
It will discover a way to express itself.
THAT,
Is what I have discovered over many years,
Of unrelentless devotion.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That-A Be Tops Of Cool

Can you tell I've never,
Trusted before?
As deeply as you wish me to.
Can you tell I've never,
Trusted before?
And as deeply as you wish me to.
Can you tell I've never,
Trusted before?
Or as deeply as you wish me to.

But from you like no other,
I just know it'd be cool.
And deeper if you wanted it that way too!

Can you tell I've never,
Trusted before?
Or as deeply as you wish me to.
Can you tell I've never,
Trusted before?
And as deeply as you wish me to.
Can you tell I've never,
Trusted before?
Or as deeply as you wish me to.

But from you like no other,
I know it'd be cool.
And deeper if you wanted it that way too!

Can you tell I've never,
Trusted before?
As deeply as you wish me to.
Can you tell I've never,
Trusted before?
And as deeply as you wish me to.
Can you tell I've never,
Trusted before?
Or as deeply as you wish me to.
But from you like no other,
I know it'd be cool.

And deeper if you wanted it that way too!

Deeper if you wanted it that way too.

Can you tell I've never,
Trusted before?
Or,
Deeper if you wanted it that way too.

Can you tell I've never,
Trusted before?
Or,
Deeper if you wanted it that way too.

Can you tell I've never,
Trusted before?
Or,
Deeper if you wanted it that way too.

Giving in a little bit.
Now that-a be cool.
Sharing in the benefits.
Now that-a be cool.
And stop being adamant.
Now that-a be cool.
That-a be cool.
That that that-a be cool.
That-a be tops of cool.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That's A Bit Too Kinky

Your cookies sought,
Does not release the thought of nookie!
The moment I feel the sweetened heat,
Of your oven...
There is a temptation,
To have my hands on your buns as well.
Just the smell of it quickens my rise!
Are you surprised,
I am stripped and appear butt naked?
I have been practicing that all day!
What are you getting ready to do...
With that spatula,
You hold in your mittened hands!
That's a bit too kinky for me.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That's A Good Question

'Why? '

That's a good question.
With a simplistic urging connected.
But let's eliminate, for now...
Any discussion that might bog us down,
With references to reality.

At this point we have an open investigation,
That allows us to first assume...
Before considering the facts!
And we want to make this absolutely clear,
That it has been our past experience...
Whenever we have come to face the facts,
They have only confused the issues at hand.
Only to leave many disturbed by it.

Therefore,
It is our decision to avoid the truth as best as we can...
Until we have concluded our investigation.

'Not to offend anyone here,
Who may be listening to this with a consciousness.
But...
Don't you think your approach accentuates the negative,
With a dismissing of the positive...
To emphasize the delusion that is in between? '

As I have stated,
During this time of our investigation...
Everything we can do to do to get done,
Will be to the benefit of the outcome.

'Yours or ours? '

That's a good question as well.
But let me guarantee you this...
Tomorrow is another day no one has yet to witness.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That's A Thoroughbred

Is the fresh dew appearing,
On the backside of a thoroughbred horse...
Any indication,
That this horse stays prepared to run a race...
Anytime.
And never finds time to relax or sleep?
Or keep away from the track.
Only to practice lap after lap after lap,
With eyes on the prize!
And that's why the dew.
Since the early bird catches the worm?

'I stayed with you until we got to the bird.
And the worm.
What does that have to do with the horse? '

That's not just an ordinary horse.
Doing laps around a course!
That's a thoroughbred.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That's All I Ask

If discouraging my sensibilities,
With the implementation...
That effects my forward footsteps,
You believe can be done...
By use of your expertise in defamation?
I hope one day...
I am not accused for all of your failures.
And you at least extend to me the courtesy,
Of removing your ignorance off my path!
That's all I ask.
Your success in doing this to others,
I will not tolerate.
Nor will those who have approved my mission.
Having it your way,
Is not part of my job description!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That's All I Know

Even though tomorrow,
Will not resemble today at all...
The one thing that will remain the same,
Is my willingness to do and be my best for you.
That's all I know no matter what the outside looks like.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That's All I'M Gonna Feed

It's not about the rhyme,
And reason.
Not about it no.
Not about the minds flipping out.
Not about it!
Not about whatever's in season.
Not about it no.
And not about the lips poked out.
Not about it!

It's not about the rhyme,
And reason.
Not about it no.
Not about the minds flipping out.
Not about it!
Not about whatever's in season.
Not about it no.
And not about the lips poked out.
Not about it!

I'm only digging you and me...
And that's all I'm gonna feed!

It's not about the people who peep.
Not about it.
Or the people who decide to eat meat.
Not about it no.
I'm only digging you and me...
And that's all I'm gonna feed!

It's not about the rhyme,
And reason.
Not about it no.
Not about the minds flipping out.
Not about it!
Not about whatever's in season.
Not about it no.
And not about the lips poked out.
Not about it!

I'm only digging you and me...
And that's all I'm gonna feed!

I'm only digging you and me...
And that's all I'm gonna feed!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That's All I'Ve Got

I wish you the best.
Nothing more or less,
Than a feeling of satisfaction
Can deliver.
Offering you a sense of accomplishment,
That leaves you sighing with relief.
A pride you acknowledge yourself is success.
That's all I've got to wish for you.
Anything else that may come along attached...
Enjoy it for what it is!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That's All. That's It. Nothing More

In full and undenied exurberance,
They came from out of the woodwork...
Displaying their abilities,
To charge with credit given...
A capability to get in deep debt.
While surrounded by protected valuables,
Once prized with a shine...
But upon them dust has collected.

And now with those temptations tasted,
To admit to themselves...
The taste of regret stays and does not leave,
They now choose to fix their eyes on others...
Who patiently removed their obstacles,
With a grievng endured to slowly overcome...
A weeping in public and humiliation done.
To hear it openly confessed,
By those suppressed by bills and loans unpaid...
Why it was that others who did not chase the rat race,
Have been awarded with a peace of mind?

While those perceiving their rainbow chasing days,
Has left them terrified with no sleep to get.
And reminded with no exit to escape.
Or a moment of rest away from creditors,
Who hunt them like predators....
To remind them on a daily basis they are just prey.
That's all.
That's it.
Nothing more.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That's Been Done

This time my time is mine.
It has been a long time since...
These days have commenced,
To be as I choose to live them.
And not emotionally committed...
To be where my devotion is misunderstood!

I had been conditioned to believe,
I had a life to live unselfishly.
And I did at the benefit...
Of my parents.
To find my mother totally giving.
And my dad a humorous wit.

They taught me early in life...
That a black man walking around,
With intelligence is not rare.
What is done with the gift is the challenge.
And I should live to dare the unknown.
Unafraid.
Although scared to death!

Some have chosen to poison themselves.
And have become very successful at it!
While others have selected to be between existences.
You know the type?
Unsatisfied with everything.
Participating in little...
But delivers demands with lofty expectations!

This time my time is mine.
It has been a long time since...
These days have commenced,
To be as I choose to live them.
And not emotionally committed...
To be where my devotion is misunderstood!

Not today!
That's been done.

Today...
Lawrence S. Pertillar can say,
'God?
However 'we' did it,
It has been done.
And I am grateful to know I'm blessed!
Caring less who thinks I am selfish.
Only You, My Father...
Only You,
Know what the real deal has been.
And I feel free not to stop and give explanations,
About the kind of life You have awarded me to live.
Not today!
That's been done.
And to Your satisfaction that leaves me happy! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That's Crazy

How treacherous are those,
Seeking both power AND control...
Over you and others?

'How? '

So treacherous,
They have you believing...
Your neighbor is the reason,
Taxes you pay.
Crimes and violence committed...
Is the reason,
Blatant corruption, terrorists and their threats...
Will not end until,
You purchase weapons to get...
To end the presence of fear,
In your home, schools and even churches.
And marketed with you to believe...
That a peace to have whenever you decide it,
Is yours to have if you suspect...
Someone you've known most of your life,
Has been deceiving you to do you harm.
But first...
Kids are getting accustomed to killing themselves,
By use of video games and designer drugs.

'That's crazy.'

I know.
It is.
Isn't it?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That's Evil

Living one's life,
On incredible big lies to tell...
Eventually comes to shred every bit,
Of one's credibility sold to sell too well.
With a doing at times with tears to assist,
A cementing of lies to ensure a truth...
Is kept distant from existence.

When lies told to find out,
Are discovered to be created and heard...
Coming repeatedly from one's mouth,
Anything perceived to have been legitimate...
Ends its journey to cease immediately,
From those seeing through...
A performance that deceives.

'How can you stand by and watch,
One screaming in pain?
And emotionally bleeding.
How can you stand by and watch this,
As if you are relieved? '

~For me that is easy.
After being victimized by their telling of lies,
It seems to me...
A score has been made now I see as even.~

'That's evil.'

~I know.
But observing it I can now let it go.
With a leaving it where it is.
To not have it bother me anymore.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That's Good Business

It's a manipulation thing.
Of course...
If you tell people they are fantastic.
And convince them they are great.
They will do anything to keep that fed!
Even if they have to pay someone,
To keep that in their heads.
It's the 'I'm okay BUT you are marvelous' approach
To good duping!
And an excellent salesman,
Will always feed the ego of a suspected client first!
That's good business.

Some try the 'you-are-not-as-good-as-you-think-you-are' approach,
On some people!
Believing this establishes some kind of connection.
Only to find themselves quickly dismissed.
Especially by those who have been around a few blocks!
It is best to know the demographics...
Before applying any marketing techniques!
Some are great.
And then again...
Some fizzle and flop right on the spot!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That's How Close I Am

Writing is my addiction.
If I'm not able to do it...
I suffer withdrawal anxiety.
I carry a pad and pen.
And if for some reason,
I forget or misplace them...
The breath from me,
Seems to be squeezed.
And I know I show I am paniced.
As if I hear my 'children' weeping...
In a desperate seeking for me.

That's how close I am to what I do!

Writing is my addiction.
I'm always in need of a fix.
And if I'm not able to do it...
I suffer withdrawal anxiety quick.
And if for some reason,
I forget or misplace them...
The breath from me,
Seems to be squeezed.
And I know I show I am paniced.
When I am not prepared to receive a 'flow'.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That's How Confident I Am

I am going to create wealth.
He wants to spread the wealth.
I am going to lower your taxes.
He wants to raise your taxes.
I am going to end the greed in D.C.
He wants to feed them more greed.
I will fight for you.
I have the scars to prove it!
He has no scars.
How do you know he will fight?

'How did you know what he was going to say?
And mock his every word verbatim? '

For months he has said the same thing.
That's why we need to pack early, Laura.

'George,
You are beginning to sound like Cindy!
And I'm leaving her my muffin mix.
That's how confident I am...
She and that lipstick wearing pitbull,
John the Plummer and Preston the Cakebaker
Will love eating them in the White House kitchen.
Fix me a vodka and cranberry juice while you're at it! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That's How Disconnected 'some' People Are

The best way to keep a happiness achieved,
Is to remember...
How it was obtained.
Since many who envy it,
Believe what one has...
Can be purchased at a flea market.
Or received by way of a fling at a bar!
And they are upset,
A bargain was uncovered...
Before they got the opportunity to flaunt it themselves.
That's how disconnected from reality,
'Some' people are!
The others automatically assume it's fresh dicreeted sex.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That's How Involved I Became

I had been prepared,
To establish more than a fling with you.
But even a fling became a boring contemplation.
That's when I began to show my agitation.
With a playing a game of solitaire.
What more can I say?

When the aspects of getting undressed,
Put a damper on my heat.
As your interrogation,
Nodded my hopes and put me to sleep.
I didn't even hear you when you left my home.
That's how involved I became.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That's How The Story Told, Goes

Why can't we continue to pretend,
None of us have been troubled...
By the existing of the current events?
We had no problem with the knowing,
There were debts to pay.
It seemed yesterday to have been okay!

And ignoring those homeless and hungry,
Being left alone pushing their belongings...
In shopping carts obvious to all on city streets.
Didn't they choose for themselves...
To trade in their dignities,
With a choice to live like they do...
With little to nothing to eat.
That's how the story told, goes.

Why is it 'today'...
Those same delusions we then embraced,
Are from us being chased away?
Is there another chapter in this story,
Unknown yet to be told to unfold?

Something in the midst,
Is not being fair or realistic about this.
Why can't we continue to pretend?
And why is it from those dead,
We seem to learn our lessons?
After the passing of chapters,
Have to us been read?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That's How We Met!

I once met a woman from Nantucket.
Who wanted me to add fluid in her bucket...

'GRANDPA? ? ? '

You asked me to recite a poem!
You kids don't know what you want.

'Yeah,
But grandpa...
Comeon.
You've got to have more on your mind,
Besides sex! '

SEX?
You kids are sumthin' else!
Who in the hell's talking about sex?
That woman just happens to have been your grandmother.
She sucked some gasoline out of my car,
To get her own started.
Using a hose.
I had never seen that before.
That's how we met!
And sex was the furthest thing from our minds.

'Oh yeah?
Well...
How did my mother get here? '

On a TRAIN!
How many times do I have to tell you that! ?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That's It

If you want a life that's free,
Of 'sssshhh'...
Yeeewwwwgotta live it.

If you want it free of BS,
You gotta live it.

That's it!

Keep your wishes distant.
And your dreams you will miss.
If you think this doin' does you any good.

Keep your ears from listenin'
While you sit and reminsce.
And you won't do whatcha could,
And should.

If you want a life that's free,
Of 'sssshhh'...
Yeeewwwwgotta live it.
And don't quit.

And if you want it free of BS,
You gotta live it.

That's it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That's It With That

I am not pretending anymore,
I do not care she pretends...
I am not there.

I'm not there to pretend anymore.
Nor do I care,
If she is or is not aware.
And in a pretension,
That is conspicuously ostentatious.

I am through with that kind of neglect,
Of my time...
Thrown away in a haste that's wasted.

'What do they call that?
When something said means the same thing?
You know...
Like two different words having similar meanings? '

Huh, what?

'Doesn't 'conspicuous' and 'ostentatious'
Mean the same thing?
Like 'vainglorious'? '

Look,
Either way...
I call it good riddance!
A 'c-ya' without looking back.
Regardless of what 'they' may call it.
When I'm done with it that's it with that!
I'm not seeking to reference my movement,
To definition.

I'm glad you are paying attention.
But from you,
Right now...
I am in need of some 'em-pa-thy'.

'How am I suppose to know that?
You're the one using all these big words.
Break it down.
Give me some 'com-u-nee-k-shun'
DIG? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That's It. I Quit

Who am I fooling when I say...
Go away!
I've had enough of it.
I tire of headaches I get.

Who am I fooling when I say,
Twice a day...
That's it. I quit.
That's it. I quit.
Bye bye.

God knows inside that I've tried,
To hide my pride.
With a proud step that I stride.
And...
God knows I really have tried inside,
To deny...
That I'm not upset and have no regrets.
But yet confess,
You are the best.

Who am I fooling when I say,
Twice a day...
That's it. I quit.
That's it. I quit.
Bye bye.

God knows inside that I've tried,
To hide my pride.
With a proud step that I stride.
And...
God knows I really have tried inside,
To deny...
That I'm not upset and have no regrets.
But yet confess,
You are the best...
For me.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That's Messed Up

I have never understood it.
And refuse to give my time to understand,
Why some people can gather quickly together...
To prevent the success of others.
Then have the audacity to protest the outcome done,
When their misdeeds leave them trapped...
With limited benefits to come.

I have never understood it.
And refuse to give my time to understand.
Why those accused of wanting to be successful,
Are the ones that are blamed when defeat succeeds...
By the ones protesting they suffer from the effects,
That have left their environments devastated by neglect.
And a caring once done by others seems to be less.

'What they've done is messed up, huh? '

Truth to tell them will offend.
Don't approach them with it.
They will begin to quote from biblical scriptures.
To pick the ones specifically,
That will depict themselves as being victims.

'Of what? '

After decades of witnessing this,
I'm willing to bet...
Most of them protesting have accepted it,
As part of their heritage.
Some folks can be shown how to fish...
But will argue over 'why' bait is needed to use.
And then will protest to vocally express,
The success others find in catching fish.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That's Not All They Do

People do not listen to others.
In fact,
If they are not directly affected...
They could care less.
Not all people.
But enough of them to make this noticed.

'My dog,
Who had been my best and closest friend...
Since a puppy.
Was hit by a bus this morning.
And this makes me sick to my stomach.'

~You?
Many of them have no respect.
Cussing?
You should hear those kids that live near me.
That's not all they do,
When they get on public buses.
It's enough to make me want to throw up too.~

'No. No.
You're not paying me any attention at all.
It was my puppy.'

~You've got a puppy that cusses?
And your a passenger like me on a public bus?
If I were you,
I'd look into having my own reality show.
I have never heard of that before.
That would be an instant hit.~

'What a friend you are! '

~Hey...
What can I say?
You want me to make a few calls for you?
I know I can get you an appointment,
To see somebody.

Male or female? ~

'What are you talking about? '

~You puppy's gender.
Or preference?
A dog that smart can be what it wants.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That's Not The Way I Groove

Fumbled up and down...
Tackled to the ground and pounded.
Blinded.
To unabled me to find my path.
Eventually I found.
Encouraged to get up,
And off my butt!

Stumbling to a crawling fall..
I again stalled.
With bloodied scraped knees.
But no one believed I knew...
It was more than a shallow ego,
I had inside with something greater to prove.

I'm not filing a complaint,
About how I have lived my life.
Troubles come and go!
This I have learned to know!

I am not looking for a better way,
To breeze through or make look easy.!
I don't pout...
When down and out!
'Cause that's not the way I groove.

I'm not looking for a better way,
To make this easy!
I've been down,
And have been knocked out.
Spotted silent in one place...
But I am laying with plans,
For a smoother move to cruise!

One that has a solid punch!
Updated and perfected to use!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That's Okay!

That's okay!
Push me away.
Keep me at arm's length.
Deny what I say.
There is always two sides of a coin.
And I've seen both of them.
See things your way.
Protect yourself in that box you live in!
Trapped and wishing for yesterdays to begin...
Again.
That's okay!
Push me even further away.
And when the truth arrives at your door?
It will not softly knock.
It is going to kick it down.
And although I may not be around...
I'm sure you will be able to find 'someone',
Somewhere...
To come out of hiding,
With offers to sedate you!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That's Promising

What are you running for?

'I'm running to keep my truth,
And peace of mind...
From being deceived by more promises,
I use to believe...
When I first heard them told to me.

Why run?
What do you hope will be won,
By running away...
From those making promises,
You believe are made only to deceive?

'I'm hoping to win my sanity back again.
I only noticed recently,
How many were living on empty promises.
And frightened I became when I realized,
The same people are returning...
With campaigns promising that 'this' time,
My wishes and wants have not been forgotten.'

That's promising!

'I know.
And I still have a little more than a year to go,
To make sure my mind this time they don't take...
As I did before while awaiting to pay for my delusions.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That's Racist

The minds of those poisoned,
On both sides of the fence...
Abused and used to be victims,
To view themselves to become convinced...
Some are entitled to get better lives to live,
With a doing of it that benefits...
Who has black or brown or whitened skins.
And nothing sensible is preventing them,
From actions taken to have such thoughts sink in.

'I have to work while you collect welfare.'

~And you prevent me from working to get anywhere.~

And unfortunately there may be truth to this,
As a lawlessness exists...
From the top to the bottom and perceived permitted.
While those who are victimized,
Seem to be the ones more criticized...
By others who have chosen deceptions to feed,
To believe themselves better...
Than the ones forced to beg for change,
From postions restricted to stay on bended knees.

'You can't read or write.'

~But neither can you.
I just don't have the connections that you do.~

The minds of those poisoned,
On both sides of the fence...
Abused and used to be victims,
To view themselves to become convinced...
Some are entitled to get better lives to live,
With a doing of it that benefits...
Who has black or brown or whitened skins.
And nothing sensible is preventing them,
From actions taken to have such thoughts sink in.

'I have a college degree.'

~And that makes you what?
I could have two or three,
And still have doors on me shut.~

The minds of those poisoned,
On both sides of the fence...
Abused and used to be victims,
To view themselves to become convinced...
Some are entitled to get better lives to live,
With a doing of it that benefits...
Who has black or brown or whitened skins.
And nothing sensible is preventing them,
From actions taken to have such thoughts sink in.

And...
Such is life.
In days when those are given opportunities.
When others who might have the right credentials,
Might be turned away because they are not liked.
Even though they are competent...
They just may not be the right color.

'That's racist.'

~To hear?
OR witness re-enacted? ~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That's Real Sick

The only thing I 'now' resent,
After thinking of those times spent...
Being then by others resented,
Is wondering why I allowed my mind...
To find reasons to care,
Why others wasted their time,
Resenting how I spent mine.
And today with time on my mind to waste,
I find I'm spending more of it resenting.

'That's crazy.'

I know.
But as I age who knew it would give me pleasure?

'That's real sick.'

I know.
I try to stay as hip as possible.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That's Ridiculous

It's quite simple.
And as plain as listening to an excuse.
No time is awaiting,
For people to make delayed decisions.
To have bouts with doubts in minds confused.
When time is given to anyone and it comes,
That's when decisions to enact should be made.

'There are those who disagree with you.'

They can chose to do it,
Until polluted oceans return back to the color blue.
But when time comes to go...
Decisions that should have been made,
No more time is given.
The giving of it is refused.

'That's ridiculous.'

Tell that to those sitting in prisons.
Tell that to grieving parents and relatives visiting,
Manicured cemeteries wishing things were different.
You tell how ridiculous it is to those still with children.
Children of all ages lacking discipline, dignity...
Or any kind of respect.
You tell that to anyone seeking to impress.
But their backs are hunched over by a reality carried...
By a using their time to find reasons to get in deep debt.

'What are you saying? '

Time has left them acquiring regrets.
With it being too late,
For their regrets to be expressed.
And...
If any of this 'is' ridiculous,
Give me all the money you have left...
And I will take it with 'your' time and go place a bet.
And IF you do this?

I will not be the one found ridiculous.
THAT's what I'm saying.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That's Rude

I am not the one to call you names.
However...
I have perfected a few facial expressions.

'Really?
I'm impressed already.
Go on.
I'd like to see them.'

When I roll my eyes up...
And they remain there a few seconds,
That means your conversation...
Is beginning to become disbelieved.

'Hmmm.
Okay.'

When I roll my eyes to the left,
And I begin to nibble on my bottom lip...
I am asking myself,
'Why am I listening to this bunch of...
Malarkey.'
With the hopes you notice I am doing it.

'Uh huh.
Go on.'

When my eyes roll from left to right,
And widen wide...
That should give you a clue,
I know that you lie.

'Uh...hmmm.
And...
What else you got? '

And if I begin to roll them around,
Twice.
And leave them left staring at the ground...

And my head is bowed,
With my hand resting on my forehead?
Nothing you have said,
Am I interested in.

'I THINK I would rather have you call me names.'

Oh...
I left out one thing.
If my hand goes over my mouth like this...
And you can't hear a thing I say,
That means you have gotten the message.
And standing next to me,
You will not stay.

'I'm sorry.
What did you say?
You have your mouth covered.

So...
Now you rather just wave and walk away?
That's rude.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That's Rude To Run Away Like That

Having an optimistic outlook,
For one who has made the decision...
To divorce from old wounds,
And the causes for them.
Makes for a renewed approach to life.
With the acceptance of fresh nonsense,
Appearing less of a threat...
Than one attempting a failed mugging.

'I'm sorry, dude.
You caught me on a bad day.
Try me again around the first of the month.
Especially in the morning...
After I've had a cup of,
Hey...
HEY?
That's rude to run away like that.
I wasn't finish explaining.
You are never going to be a good mugger.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That's That Liquor Talking

It is difficult to feel a sustained love felt,
24/7.
Unless one is receiving unlimited doses,
Of a medicated treatment administered...
That relieves emotionally a rollercoaster ride,
One eventually decides enough is enough.

Love for another may not always be shown,
To have it known outside to detect.
Or felt inside to stay that way without praying,
God quickly intervenes to prevent a breaking...
Of someone's neck begging for it to be broken.
Or the stopping of biting one's lip,
Until blood begins to drip from it.
Love? Love can be a never ending quest,
To remember a time...
One couldn't eat or sleep because of love.
Love can blind a mind to only want that to digest.

And there are others who continue to sip,
On bottles of wine to find beer 'and' scotch...
As an appropriate chaser,
To numb away feelings they've got wished to leave.
With a hope forgiving themselves,
From what was allowed to come out of their mouths...
Is understood and not meant to be taken literally.

'Honey?
You have no idea the love I feel for you.
If you only knew the depths of it.'

~Oh yeah?
You ain't fooling me.
I know that's that liquor talking smack.~

'Will you forgive me for telling you,
Where you, your family and friends can go?
To be in the heat they enjoy,
And near other demons they know.'

~You might want to tell them that yourself.
Since they left to know a fool when they see one.~

'And you? '

~I pray everyday,
For God to take away this 'thing' I have for fools.
Especially one I knew and grew to love.~

'Grew to knew?
You don't mean that.
Where would you be without me? '

~Performing that disappearing act,
I've been praying for.~

'Well...God does work in mysterious ways.
Who knows.
Hopefully both of us will witness that miracle.
Bestowed to have behold.
To see grow to know it molded.
And and and and...uh, uh...
Grew to knew.'

~Shut up and go to sleep.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That's The Beauty Of It All

Why is it,
Neither of you wear wedding rings...
To express your undying love for one another?
Do you not want this known?
I know you are together.
But so many people do not.

'Not at all. We do not want that known.
We have decided years ago,
To keep our happiness to ourselves.
If people knew what we shared,
By the wearing of wedding rings...
They would be the first ones,
To try to break us up.'

But...
How would people know,
You are in a commited relationship?
And you are as devoted and happy as you say?
That is not fait to those seeking mates.
Or available companions.

'That's the beauty of it all that has been noticed.
If people think we are not commited...
To a relationship,
They spend no time trying to break it up.
People only go after what they suspect they can't have.
And they leave us alone believing we are not wanted,
By anyone.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That's The Kind Of Medication They Are On

They honestly believe,
Their illnesses are projected...
Throughout the nation.
That's the kind of medication they are on!
And it has to be working.
The affects of it are brilliant.
It leaves them in denial and pleading,
For Marshall Law.
It has to be witnessed to be conceived.
Their poisoning has been successful.
They are quick to defend their ailments!
And denounce those who bring it to their attention!
It's like hearing children cry for more,
When spanked and punished!
Something has induced,
The seduction of a mental disturbance accepted.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That's The Problem

A wrong direction taken,
Does not correct itself...
Alone.
Or by accusations made.

If ones' refusal to self examine,
In a reflective sense not defended.
And take suggestions as criticisms to reject...
To interpret as envious interjections.
Well...
That's the problem.

An immediate introduction,
Of a stubbornness wished to be perceived as right...
Enters the picture.
With a blindness that heads one towards,
An encounter with disaster.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That's The Way He Likes It

You gotta love Him.
That's the way He wants it.
Unmistaken and direct.

You gotta want Him.
Before all others.
Spoiled He is.
And will get upset.
If you ignore Him,
And his creations.
To neglect them with disrespect.

You gotta need him.
That's the way He likes it.
It has to be all about Him first.
Because He knows...
Anything you get,
He gives.
Because everything there is...
Is His to make your life worth living!

You gotta love Him.
You gotta want Him.
You gotta need Him.
That's the way He likes it.
Because He knows...
Anything you get,
He gives.
Because everything there is...
Is His.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That's Too Old School

Exposing one's imperfections,
To openly confess to address...
Upsets those idealistic.
With wishes to keep,
Their moralistic values of life...
Unaffected by a truth that abuses.
But confessions admitted,
Has never diminished the strength of this.
Only those committed to dismiss reality,
Are the ones who stay suppressed...
And seek the keeping of kept delusions,
To validate their unhappiness.

'Why do some pretend they are happy?
And all the time?
With nothing to show others the reason.'

~Maybe it's kept within themselves.~

'That's nonsense.
How can anyone be that happy,
Without showing 'something' they possess? '

~Perhaps 'that' something they had,
To show others to address...
Was voluntarily repossessed,
And that has left them happy.~

'Comeon!
Honestly?
Everybody knows you've got to show 'something',
To make people happy.'

~Well...
For 'some' people,
It's not what they have to flaunt...
Or their ability to acquire bling,
That keeps them happy.~

'That's too old school for me.
I aint happy unless I'm impressing 'somebody'.
And they look at me with envy in their eyes.'

~These days?
I would interpret that as 'craze'. Not envy.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That's Too Spooky

Fearing to forget,
Treasured memories left...
By those we most loved,
But have moved on into eternal rest.
Is something the ones gone,
To have left us to move on...
Will not allow or let,
Those they too...
Have kept to keep treasured.

'I keep thinking of those,
I have always loved.'

~I hope with less regret? ~

'It is not with regret at all.
It is as if...
There are days I feel their presence.
As if they have never left.
But I can't see them.'

~God works in mysterious ways.
Keep your faith and pray.
And everyday you will notice,
Who comes to visit.
And who comes to say quickly,
They are okay.
With it wanted with you to feel,
That very same way.~

'That's too spooky.'

~Because I am saying it.
You know better than I do,
What it is you feel that is real.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That's What A Growing Does

Long before I met you,
I was introduced to myself first.
And that meeting took awhile,
Before I felt a clarity.

With a clarity noticed I wanted to know.
And to let go of that which I did not need.

Now with clarity and identity intact,
I can understand...
Why today you say I've changed.
I have learned that's what a growing does.

And I hope that growth continues to show.
With a letting go of that which my mind does not feed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That's What Happens When Truth Is Spoken

Truth hurts!
That's why the presence of it,
Is scandalized, falsified, denied and fantasized.
Criticized and spat upon and treated like crap!

'You are 'still' talking about truth...
Right?
I just want this conversation to maintain its focus.'

Of course I am 'still' talking about truth.
And that's the tragedy of it!
Even when it is mentioned people want to stop it.
They want to disrupt it with a show of disrespect.
To prove they can throw it indignities.
And to leave it as if that is accepted.

Well...
I say NO to that!
It is NOT accepted!

'You are 'still' talking about truth...
Right?
I just want this conversation to maintain its focus.'

You aren't paying me any attention are you?
That's what happens when truth is spoken!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That's What I Said

No!
I have been misquoted.
And frankly...
I am getting sick and tired of it.

I did not say you lacked intelligence.
What I said was...
'How can an imbecile masquerade as a fool.
And have the I.Q. of a grapefruit! '
That's what I said 'verbatim'.

I did not mention anything,
About you lacking intelligence.
Nor that you were waiting for an order,
You placed to be filled
But,
It has been delayed.
Another misquote attributed to me.

If I thought you had any intelligence at all,
I'd be the first to tell you that.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That's What I'Ve Been Trying To Tell You

I shouldn't say,
I could care less what you think.
Even hearing myself say that to you,
Has come back to offend...
My open and liberal point of view.
And normally I am not so blunt,
When confronted by limitation.

What I should have said,
With a showing and giving you more respect...
Is sometimes I might neglect,
Prioritizing your opinion.
Especially when I am not in the mood,
To agree with your stupidity.
And I am sure you think the same of me.

'But I did not call you stupid.'

~I know.
Did you now wish to take that opportunity?
You can if you don't agree with my earlier assessment.~

'What difference would it make? '

~None.
And that's what I've been trying to tell you.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That's What Some Say

If it's wanted you've got to be bold.
You can't hold back,
Be bold.
If it's wanted you've got to be bold.
To get what is wished...
Be bold!
If it's wanted you've got to be bold.
You can't hold back,
Be bold.
If it's wanted you've got to be bold.
To get what is wished...
Be bold!

That's what some say,
But...
If you're the kind that's nice and sweet.
With a recipe that can't be beat.
And if eyes pop out from addicted heads,
With a taste that stays in their minds instead.
Then you don't need to be...
So bold.
Like others who have sold their souls,
Being bold.

If it's wanted you've got to be bold...
That's what some say.
But...
If you're the kind that's nice and sweet.
With a recipe that can't be beat.
Then you don't need to be...
So bold.
Like others who have sold their souls,
Being bold.

If it's wanted you've got to be bold!
That's what some say.
If it's wanted you've got to be bold!
That's what some say.
If it's wanted you've got to be bold.

You can't hold back,
Be bold.
That's what some say.
If it's wanted you've got to be bold.
To get what is wished...
Be bold!
That's what some say.

You can't hold back!
Be bold.
If it's wanted you've got to be bold.
To get what is wished...
Be bold!
That's what some say.
The ones who have already sold their souls
That's what some say 'they' say.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That's What This Process Is

If there is anything I've ever done,
That has not been true to the gift I was given.
And represented to invoke the growth,
And the understanding of it.
I think that would be okay!
I've laid down some 'art'.
Not the greatest.
And perhaps rated,
As not my best effort.

I will be the first to agree.
I am still in My Father's
Creative hands.
There is going to be some blemishes,
Before enhancements.
Who doesn't know that's what this process is?
If it is not...
I am not the one to argue over your assessment,
About this and whatever this is we are living.
Would you agree with what?

'Would I agree with what? '

That we are living?

'Man, I don't know what you're talking about.
You left me when you began opening your mouth.
Whenever your eyes start to glaze over...
I know you are about to receive a whiff,
Of some self contained joy.
But,
If I'm not mistaken.
I believe I asked you,
If you wanted to go to Eddie's and play pool! ?
'...I've laid down some art.'
What in the hell does that mean?
I've laid some down too.
And I was glad when that 'art' departed.
Shucks...

I can do a lap dance better than that! '

I think we are understanding the same thing.
However,
My depictions do add a bit of 'color'.

'You drinkin' Jack 'and' smokin' crack? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That's What Time It Is

What time is it?
It is time for all to step to the plate.
With a purpose to seriously initiate,
An immediate evaluation from others made.
And prepared to receive bone chilling critique.

What time is it?
It is time to face those flaws ignored.
And dissect into pieces,
A collection of delusions adored to store.
With a suspending of them to end defending.

What time is it?
More visits with truth and less with denial.
And accusations made,
To put those innocent on trial.
With heads bowed not to show a guilt exposed.

What time is it?
Time to see things as they are and not as wished,
By those with idealistic preferences.
Hoping with enough of them presented,
Something sticks.

What time is it?
Time to cease pretensions picked to fit.
And...
Time for those irresponsible,
To be held accountable for actions they commit.
With a finding of 'anyone' quick to blame.
That's what time it is.

The time to embrace reality.
A reality no doctor can be found to write,
A suitable prescription to numb it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That's What Woke Me Up

In disbelief?
I was too,
Before I accepted.

There was a time,
I placed truth on trial.
Everything vivid,
Became for me a denial.

My thoughts and observations,
Were clearer than my own footsteps.
But when I began to follow my mind,
To leave doubt and fear behind...
I knew I was fine!

Not that I declared anything wrong.
I was not right with it.
And that took a long time to see.
I didn't understand that immediately.

Until I saw 'me'.
And the pieces on the outside,
Completed a total fit.
I began to see things as they were.
And not what I thought they should be.
I had been against the naturalness of it.
With interpretations I 'heard' should be mine.
I saw that to be imperfect.
And I became disturbed by it.
And doing my best to sit and fix the imperfect in me.
And God does not make mistakes on purpose.
To fake them as something done unconscious.
People do!
To unloosen but not tighten screws.

And that's what 'woke' me up!
I began to tighten up my activities quick,
To overdose on reality.
Now I've got my dosages under control.

In disbelief?
I was too,
Before I accepted.
There was a time,
I placed truth on trial.

Everything vivid,
Became for me a denial.
Until I saw 'me'.
And the pieces on the outside,
Completed a total fit.

I began to see things as they were.
And not what I thought they should be.
Because they could never be how I saw them.
I saw them to be imperfect.
Not comprehending a thing as I followed.
To become involved in an assortment of heartbreaks.

And God does not make mistakes,
To fake them as something done unconscious.
People do!
And I no longer follow those who have eyes,
They allow to remain clouded.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That's Why I Stay Away

There is not another excuse you can use...
To allow time to slip away from you.
Or to sit and wait for your happiness to appear.
If you have not done a thing,
To attract it near.

There is not another alibi to utter.
Or mumble in self centeredness...
About what you will do when the time permits.
There is nothing about time,
That is going to sit and wait.
Not for you to decide what decisions to make.
Or question what should take place with others,
In needless time consuming wasteful debates.

Others may say they accept who you are!
I do too!
And that's why I stay away.
No friendship I give,
Will be treated that way.
I don't like to feel,
What I value has been betrayed.

And loyalty...
For me does not need to be defined.

Your campaign for wishes to be understood.
Reeks from an ego that has done you no good.
But you in your stubbornness can not comprehend...
It's not what others have done to you.
But what they have allowed you to do to them.
And it's a shame they still claim you as a friend.

That's why I stay away.
I value what my friends choose to do and say.
And taking folks for granted...
Is not my way.
Nor will I ever find that kind of time...
To let thoughts like that occupy my mind.

I thank God I respect others.
And not of the selfish...
Me...me! I...I,
Kind!

And I don't like my time wasted.
While others make up their minds...
How to use it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

That's Why I Value Number One

For clarity purposes.
You are in no position to place demands on me.
Let's make that acknowledgement number one!
I've been in relationships and split from them,
Because it had been believed my needs would be neglected.
That's number two!
Never do that.
Not even if you wanted that done to you.

And I am not one who wallows in doubt.
If I know there is not an exchange of desires met,
I do not seek explanations from therapists or counselors.
Number three will never happen to me.
No third party will be giving me advice.
Period!

If it is not working out for me...
There is no research that could be done,
To awaken my heart feeling overjoyed with discovery.
That's why I value number one.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Thawed From A Deepening Freeze

Oh yes...
I am going to push you to the edge!
I want you stripped of masquerades.
I want charades you parade depleted.
I want much more,
Than substitutions you portray!
Oh yes...
I am going to push you to the edge.
I want that reality you have yet fed!
I want what I know is hidden underneath!
And since you only allow me just sneak peeks...
I want you unmasked!
Release that 'freak' you tease to free!
Oh yes...
I am going to push you to the edge.
Until you realize how foolish your alibis.
And keeping up disguises...
Keeps a freedom enclosed and denied!
Oh yes...
I am going to push you to the edge!
Until you have discovered you have lead...
A falsity frozen,
You need thawed and warmed over...
From a deepening freeze!
You think suitable and enough to please!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Thawed Out Meat Left To Sit

I've got to jump out of this box,
And detox.
Without stopping!
As I dropp those things I like a lot!
To explore something new.
That for me would be eye popping.
I've got to jump out of this box,
And detox.
From a groping overdose,
I've allowed to turn to slop!

Comfort zones I must leave alone.
With values condoned...
Rusting into a dust.

I must seek out what I have not!
I must have forgotten...
Thawed out meat left to sit,
Can become rancid.
Offensive!
Leaving a taste on tongues,
Not accustomed to what is decisively rotten!

I've got to jump out of this box.
And detox.
From a groping overdose,
I've allowed to turn to slop!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Thawed To Replay

So many desire a 'was' that had been,
To remain with events remembered.
Without those uncomfortable changes made.
To allow a stagnation...
Kept and frozen.
Only to be thawed to replay...
As if those days and times,
Have not from them faded away.

And those who still visit playgrounds,
From their distant and traveled past...
Are often offended by those who have aged,
Wishing to keep their paces moved forward...
With an accountability that speaks,
From a maturity that has been reached.
With a wisdom kept,
In a mind that does not betray.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Ability To Ignore

I'm sure there is something inherent to dislike,
About someone who achieves in the midst of naysayers.
Perhaps it is some degree of notoriety,
Unexpected by those projecting their negativity...
That occurs.
With cast iron balls undetected!
And nerves of steel unsuspected.

However...
There is a purpose and reason for everything.
And if a nitpicking done gets one out of the house...
Someone eventually benefits from it.
Hopefully the ability to ignore...
And a process of knowing 'when' to do this,
Becomes prioritized and perfected.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Accepted Effect

Suddenly have the facts of life arrived.
With a suddenness that widens,
Opened eyes to recognize denial.
Suddenly have beliefs to keep,
Become the beast?
To keep you on your knees,
And not stand on your own two feet.

Shock can leave a horrible taste to hate.
But sometimes it takes shock,
To unlock from those shackles.
Shock can leave somebody in a mental state,
But...
Sometimes it takes shock,
To know what is and not.
And hauling cotton should be now forgotten.

Days to live to live again will not come to pass.
Unstrap from backs whatever happened then.
And leave those tasks,
With others who want them to last
Get off your knees and use your mind as a tool.
Get off your knees and stop portraying the fool,
And who do you wish this to prove it to do...
For too long to prolong,
The accepted effect.

Get off your knees and use your mind as a tool.
Get off your knees and stop portraying the fool,
And who do you wish this to prove it to do...
For too long to prolong,
The accepted effect.

Brothers.
Sisters.
And those most affected by oppressors.
Get off your knees and use your mind as a tool.
Get off your knees and stop portraying the fool,
And who do you wish this to prove it to do...

For too long to prolong,
The accepted effect.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Accomplishment Of One's Healing

Those with preventable physical disabilities...
And there are many clinging onto philosophies,
Seeking to gain a distribution of sympathy...
With empathetic attention given.
Do themselves the injustice of this mental pain.

If one can not be true within themselves...
After claiming to have faith in all that they do.
Something in the mind accepting dishonesty,
Has been more prioritized than the act of release.
And the accomplishment of one's healing is a lie lived.
That's all it is!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Act Remains The Same

Studying to steal from someone,
What they have created and done...
Is not innovation.
It's stealing.
No matter how this activity is interpretated.
The act remains the same.
However a weasel whittles away to connive.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Advice

Should I be held responsible,
For advice someone has asked of me...
They did not take.
Or stop to think about it to consider?

Should my reputation,
Be dragged through the mud...
Because my actions seem not to care,
What that person does?

And why has my life,
To live as I wish...
Become judged and scrutinized,
Because of this?

If someone is unhappy,
To discover a choice they have made...
With it done to me to have said,
I should spend more time...
Minding my own business.
And my business had not been,
On a selfish mission to pursue?

Well...
I am not quick to dismiss these words to hear.
Nor do I think twice to ponder over to consider,
What I can do to make it clear.
To know the advice given to me heard...
I can take to put my name on it.
And with it done to prove I do pay attention.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Affects Of Assumptions

Intiating effective campaigns,
To gain a momentum...
With a purpose to disrupt,
What one assumes to be destructive...
From innuendos and appearances,
Heard of but not seen by others.
Should not be rushed.
To enforce with a doing.

But...
Intiating effective campaigns,
Are still conducted.
And...
May not prove to be beneficial,
Or conducive as instructed.

Since one never knows...
What it is one has to sacrifice,
When the facts of such acts...
Have been revealed to discover,
The affects of assumptions...
Has on one's life never to be,
Emotionally recovered.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Age Of Aquarius

**Wouldn't you like to ride,
In my beautiful balloon?
Wouldn't you like to glide,
In my beautiful balloon? **

The keeping of ideals,
Has depleted rapidly...
To be freed,
Of materialistic assets...
No longer as appealing.

The Age of Aquarius,
Engulfs us in an arresting trust.
Moving with a thrust...
That demolishes myths.
We are now within a truthfulness,
Crushing through those deceits once seducing.
Introducing a fresh new dawning!
**And floating among the stars together,
You and I.
'Cause we can fly.**

**Lyrics from the Jimmy Webb composition,
'Up Up and Away' as sung by the 5th Dimension.**

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Agenda Will Remain As It Is

Anyone believing my creativity,
I do not take seriously...
Would have to take the 61 years,
Of my active and documented participation...
To show me 'where' this evidence,
Has NOT been proven.
Even though,
Time to waste to convince...
Is not within the elements of my expertise.

Now...
If it is claimed,
That within those 61 years of my affiliation to be active...
In a 'declared' participation has not brought to me,
A profit I could pocket?
There is no argument I have about that.
Many have died to 'thrive' after life.

However...
I have had many heated debates,
With those who believe my efforts should 'feed' them.
And this to them I can only say...
They will just have to wait until God provides that directive.
And God and I have been 'tight' for 66 years.
Thus...
The agenda will remain as it is.
Until God sees fit,
To shower me with trinkets from 'His' Kingdom.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Aging Of Entitlements

The aging of entitlements,
Has created a deep hole...
For those who perceive,
Their lives are compared...
To those of royal thieves.

They want to continue to believe,
They are deserving to stand tall...
On the backs of the poor.
As a cementing of doors...
Prevents them to advance.

The aging of entitlements,
Has created a deep hole...
For those who perceive,
Their lives are compared...
To those of royal thieves.

As the throwing of trinkets to appease the needy,
Is treated as if good deeds are done...
By the ones who welcome their blood ties.
To a history of gluttonous feeding of selfish greed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Agony Of Being Humble

You can say anything you wish about me.
But know this...
When I discovered to find,
Initiative and confidence as a benefit...
I realized I had so much,
I could give some away.
So what do I do?
Being the giver that I am?
I began to give admirers my gifts.
With no expectations.
And 'still'...
I am accused of being selfish and egotistical.

'Thank you for your 'gift'?
But...
Where do you expect me to hang,
An 8 by 10 inch framed picture?
And, it's of you?
Has it been oil painted? '

That's what I'm saying.
I can't get anyone to admit,
They appreciate what it is I do.
And if it had been a mural,
Oil painted or not...
Immediately they would rush,
To hang it right on the wall in their bedroom.
But no!
I'm left to suffer through my humility.
Left to question myself,
~Why do you even bother to share? ~

The agony of being 'humble',
Is much too emotional for me.
Tch...
I'm sure there are only a few living to exist,
Tolerating this kind of torment.

'You can't be serious?

Are you crying? '

~Uh...
No. Not really.
I am not crying 'that' kind of cry.
I'm just overwhelmed by your re-action.
Full with joy I am.
That's all.
This too shall pass.~

Who is it that said...
Abundance shared is abundance spread?
~You did. You just said that.~
I know.
There's nothing like having an intelligent conversation.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Almighty Does Not Sit In That Classroom Of Tricks

When acts of evilness with intent are committed...
Do not revenge it.
It will hurt like pain never felt...
Or believed dealt with before!
Do not revenge it.
Even though it aches not to strike back.
Like some who believe,
They have been ordained to attack!
Forgive those involved!
That is the key!
And observe how God resolves your patience.
In ways you will witness in disbelief!
But hold onto your faith with a courage,
You should not chase or allow to leave.
No deed done goes ignored.
Believe!
What goes up...
Comes down eventually!
Believe!
And what goes around...
Has to come back.
And for millions observing,
The Earth is round and not flat!
Even thoughts that are tossed away...
Aren't lost to stay that way!
Understand what is said and to 'whom' you pray!
Believe!
When acts of evilness with intent are committed...
There is a higher power that knows just how to bestow
What is needed when the time is right!
Remember this...
Forgetting maybe something we are told,
And conditioned to believe we must do...
By those who chose to sell their souls,
To allow a brand of evilness to continue,
What it does to me and you.
As we weaken in droves!

But...
The Almighty does not sit,
In that classroom of tricks!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Almighty Speaks

...and the conference of federations,
Come to meet in Dubai.
Leaders picked to represent goodwill...
Without conflict,
To uphold needless special interests.

They come to gather for peaceful means.
With all races within the Universe...
Extraterrestials too it would seem.

And The Almighty speaks,
To reveal what will be done.
To save the Earth from castrophe.
With a lifting of a conscious veil...
That introduces humanity,
To a truth that prevails!
Coming...
To a mind near you!
In preview of the League of Nations.

And none are required to appear in Gucci!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Alternative

The alternative at times,
Just sits.
In minds refusing to consider this.
As if its involvement,
Has no use or benefit.

But 'if' the alternative did not exist,
By those who choose to advocate it...
A diagnosis made to a thought process,
Would limit the progress of 'any' advancement...
For those preferring only darkness permitted.

And many do choose,
To refuse to be enlightened.
In the fear that this might,
Add light to their insight.
Or force them to endorse change.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Am I Nuts Test

Before taking The Am I Nuts Test,
Do your best to be objective and prepared...
To declare 'yourself',
As crazy as a bed bug!

Why declare this?
It will be easier to take the test,
With the acknowledgement...
There had been someone who picked on a bed bug,
To proclaim and announce it crazy.

Okay?
Now you should feel open to accept,
All possibilities.

First...
Have you ever discovered yourself quick to deny,
Anything?
Think about this and be honest.

Second...
Are you afraid to be critiqued?
For any physical flaws and blemishes you keep?

Third...
Do you seek to mask your insecurities?
With a pointing out those of others...
As you desperately try to secretly hide,
Those of your own that are hidden deep?

Fourth...
Do you get up each morning,
With wishes to find someone to impress.
Without first expressing a thankfulness for your blessings?
Do you find a need to rehearse this first?

Fifth...
Are you envious and jealous,
Of those addressing with confidence their identities?

Does this irritate you to no end?
And you are convinced,
They actually are trying to run away...
From their strange and differentness.
Do you feel people like this pretend?

And you remain one of the few...
Who advocate a 'normalcy' wishing others to approve?

Well...
You 'are' nuts!
And there is no need to have the results discussed.
If you believe others are out of their minds,
With a few like you being 'normal'.
And no evidence around you to validate and find.
You 'are' nuts and out of your mind.
No one today is normal.

'What makes you qualified to administer a test like this? '

Long ago I was confirmed as being dysfunctional.
And I resisted this refusing to admit it.
But today those dysfunctional,
Seem to be the ones left who have common sense.

'So...
You too are nuts? '

No.
My preference is to stay,
As dysfunctional for as long as I can.
I find to admit it makes me more marketable.
To discover someone is nuts,
Puts a limit to their opportunities.

And...
To debate with someone about the mentalities of bed bugs,
Is way out of my league.
I enjoy my life lived as simple as possible.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Application Of Much Elbow Grease

If I believed everything in life,
Should come to me quick and easy...
I would not have made any attempts,
To accomplish anything.

I'd be more like you...
Complaining and maintaining,
An ability to make new and fresh excuses.
Refusing to listen.
Or accept and move on,
From mistakes I've made.

I'd be like you...
Pretending the only thing I needed,
To boost my self esteem from a routine...
Was a bit of luck.
And a patted stroke on my back,
From someone who offered a shoulder to cry on.

And while you are here...
Let me make this comment absolutely clear.

I will never make it a habit,
To run from one listening ear to another.
Wasting my time or that of others...
Whining about time I don't have,
As I defend every one of my insecurities.

I've witnessed too many seasons,
Hearing how some folks abruptly leave.
To produce nothing but a list of 'what ifs'.
Perceiving they could wish procrastination away.

I've witnwessed too many seasons,
In bloom...
Acknowledging my dreams needed more from me,
Than wishful thinking without sacrifice, dedication...
And the application of much elbow grease!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The 'Art' In Me

They don't understand the 'art' in me.
The part of me that is 'art' creativity.
The process of it can not be explained.
It's not to be intellectualized...
Or minimalized
Because when it occurs,
It is like a birth one endures.
And pampers to insure,
A quality that is right...
Gives it life that excites
The very breath one breathes,
With such a welcoming ease.

~And no talking, coughing or sneezing
in the theater, please! This stuff is 'live'
And for your eyes only.~

'I've never had to pull a sculpture out of my behind,
So I can imagine the pain that artist suffers!
But the joy when the birthing has been completed.
A satisfaction comes and nothing else competes! '

A pen or paintbrush...
Camera or dancing legs!
On a canvas or bookpages,
In exhibition or on a stage.
Art is such a part of life...
The act of it does not go away with age!
Whoever accepts that is crazed!
And unfortunately today...
So many of us can say 'that'!
'That' we are!
Or...
'We are an 'abstract' work-in-progress! '
A progress that is 'art'.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Art Of Correctness

The art of correctness,
To leave zero defects...
Not suspected or detected,
By another.
Takes a master in love,
With that kind of mental pressure.
A pressure that walks between,
Madness and sanity.

And one with this obsession who starves,
For that perfect affection to get...
From someone else totally unaware of it.
Or of being inspected to may be rejected...
Because one hair on their head,
Does not stay to lay in place.
And surprised a microscope is used,
To confirm it.

'I knew it.'

~You knew what? ~

'You are not that disciplined.
And you thought I could be fooled.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Art Of Life

If anyone believes,
The one standing alone...
Taking the heat under spotlight,
Runs the show...
Hasn't met the director or the producer,
The manager, assistant manager.
The script writer, agent, publicist...
And a host of others behind the scenes.

If anyone believes,
The one standing alone...
Taking the heat under spotlight,
Runs the show...
Doesn't know theater.
Or who calls the shots,
To enable any light to shine
And be spotted anywhere.

Theater is staged.
No matter whose name is on the marquee,
To sell the tickets.
Theater is staged.
And the best acts are trained to fill the seats.
If one knew theater,
One would know the art of life.

And the importance of having not only a good director...
But one with the bucks,
Who can keep the production afloat long enough to seduce...
Is the key to selling an audience sold on what they see,
Until the curtain drops to signal the end of the performance.

Taken from its natural habitat to be staged,
The art of life...
Is only theater to delude and to captivate believers.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Art Of Sport And Humility

Hollow is self praise.
Hollow is the acceptance of it taken.

In the art of sport and humility,
Those who are truly champions...
Of undenied ability and integrity,
Aren't those first to cross the finish line...
Most of the time.

Often those who are true 'victors',
Can be found behind the scenes...
Giving their support and motivation,
To others on the team with praise.
To receive with beliefs they are the winners.

Each minute.
Every hour in days lived and those to come.
If a maintaining of faith stays,
No one loses what is sought to successfully keep...
Within their minds engrained.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Asking Of Questions

Usually an interest is expressed,
By the asking of questions.
For answers to come to one who expects.
Seldom is it that answers come delivered,
Unsolicited from which to pick...
To satisfy a silent curiosity.
As an inquisitive mind allows curiosity to sit.
You may be the first from which I've heard of this.

'Why does it seem,
I'm the only left to know these things? '

~When did your interest in those things,
Become known to express with it confessed? ~

'I don't remember anyone bringing it to my attention.
To volunteer it to be mentioned.'

~You mean like the doing of spreading idle gossip?
With a choosing to listen as you wish?
What benefits to you has been accomplished?
And what in your mind has remained there to stick? ~

'I feel I have been used as a fool with a doing to choose.'

~And I am glad you did not ask that as a question.
However...
If I were you,
I wouldn't think of that as an accomplishment.
Nor as a benefit to have achieved.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Attributes Of Planets In Our Solar System

Do not aspire to achieve heights of greatness,
And be prone to make typographical errors...
Of words used,
Without knowing definitions.
Or content of a purpose meant,
That may not produce the expected outcome...
Desired.

For example...
A name affixed to the planet Uranus,
May imply for some...
That you refer to manure.
And the use of it...
To encourage organic growth.
Some are not so sure,
If the usage of manure for this endures.

Especially,
When you are actually telling them where on a map to lick,
To help them to remember...
The attributes of planets in our solar system.
Learning is done by the application of tricks,
Sometimes.
When some minds decline behind the times.

Although there may be a few,
Who would rather kiss these aspirations.
And with them,
When they do...
The purpose meant and intent has more meaning.

'THIS has 'nothing' to do with typographical errors.'

I know.
As you can see...
I've done my best to correct any,
One may be inclined to find.

'And...

What about the attributes of planets in our solar system? '

That's not my interest.
Although Uranus is.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Authority Of Self Expression

Who are you to choose what I do is not suitable?
And...
Who made you the authority of self expression?
Who fell ill and was left crazed?
Who announced you a scholar of prim and proper ways?

Chill that lip around me, please.
My days weren't hand fed by a highly paid nanny.
Nor did I grow to know life through chit chat and gossip.
However...
I have experienced 'intelligent ignorance'.
You know...
The kind that is confined to reading books,
To uncover an interpretation of correctness and etiquette.
Written by someone who deplores common sense.
And suffocates from a corked behind.
That is the way from here it looks.
As if someone is walking,
Trying their best to hold tightly onto a thin dime.

Who are you to choose what I do is not suitable?
And...
Who made you the authority of self expression?
And...
Who announced you a scholar of prim and proper ways?
Who fell ill and was left crazed?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Awarding Of One's Self Importance

The awarding of one's self importance,
I don't understand.
Or the basis of one's achievement.
As if a seeking of attention,
Is all that one demands.

There is something about a hollowness,
That desires to be fulfilled.
Like a thing wanted by someone who wishes,
To be seen on a pedestal.
And not regularly on a toilet.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The 'Backturners'

Who are those people turning their backs,
When others walk pass them.

'The young people refer to them,
As the 'backturners'.
They are quick to do that to anyone they perceive,
Have ambitions to assist them...
With needs they may have in the community.'

That makes not a bit of sense.
They do it as if they wish to offend someone.

'They do.
It is done to ensure they are noticed.
And one is suppose to have their feelings hurt,
By their actions.
It's tradition.
And visitors around the world...
Come here just to see them turn their backs.'

I don't get it.
How is this act benefitting them?

'It doesn't.
But as a tourist event?
People come here to spend their money.
And not a dime does that go towards this community.
And...
The backturners complain about it.'

Yeah...
But,
Aren't they the ones who turn their backs?

'I live here.
I'm not trying to figure that out anymore.
And all of them I know personally.'

Maybe they will listen to you?

'I'm sorry.
My ears have closed shut.
Did you say something? '

I said...
Maybe they will listen to you?

'I'm sorry.
My ears have closed shut.
Did you say something? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The 'Bad' Guy

Selecting to depict one who has achieved,
A doing of activities produced publicly...
As a despicable 'bad' guy to dissect,
And pull apart...
Is a thing done that people do,
When one has proven their obtained experience...
And accomplishments can be of benefit to others.

However...
If not persuaded to be 'used',
A labelling declared to be everything negative...
Than what he is or has given,
Will become the topic to diffuse...
That which has been positively done.
Proving demons will always make attempts,
To have their way.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Bait That Seduces

The bait that seduces and refuses to let loose...
What has been preyed.
The bait that secudes and refuses to let loose...
That which is stuck to the web.
The bait that seduces and refuses to let loose...
What has been preyed,
Stays.
And what has been preyed...
Is convinced to submit and surrender.

It had not been my immediate intention,
To resist your sweetened tenderness.
It had not been my intention to be near you,
To have it mentioned.
But who knows how emotions flow?
Or how the wind blows to be prepared to escape,
From being the bait that appetizes someone's taste.

Had I been needing more time to heal,
From mistakes I've made and not revealed.
And had I been needing more time to find,
Reasons to evade heartache again?
But then came along entrapment.
An entrapment I did not intend to begin.

The bait that seduces and refuses to let loose...
What has been preyed.
The bait that secudes and refuses to let loose...
That which is stuck to the web.
The bait that seduces and refuses to let loose...
What has been preyed,
Stays.
And what has been preyed...
Is convinced to submit and surrender.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Balancing Of Sanity

There was a time,
When I would lay with mind awake...
And eyes open to contemplate,
My favorite seasons.
And with each one...
I would review what I had done.

And for no reason I would get up,
Before dawn would arrive...
To begin pacing the floor,
With a thinking of what chores I should do.
And which to ignore.
There is so much inside my home,
Seeking an attention given to come.

I then begin to explore,
The kind of day the Sun starts to etch.
And how I can avoid,
What in my head I should do next.
And if a cloudless sky,
Communicates to me...
That I should do what's best.
Well...
Who am I to argue?

I pray, exercise, shower and shave.
I may nibble something to eat.
To then acknowledge,
I will not waste a beautiful day...
Attempting to convince myself,
That a doing of chores had been a priority.
Especially if the Sun has invited me to go outside.

I am easily persuaded,
When Mother Nature invites.
And 'Mama' knows how I can be enticed.

'But,
Your chores?

What about them? '

Oh...
It's 'you'?
The good deed doer side of my mind!
Trying to inflict a sense of responsibility!

I contemplated them.
Isn't that enough?
I am not seeking to be rational,
With reasonable actions to master.

Nor,
Will I be bored today with the balancing of sanity.
I'm not going to give time for a scheduling of that.
Not today.
I am going to relax.
So go away.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Bar Has Been Raised Much Too High

There is a standard set,
In the best of an idealistic premise...
To keep as a measure,
That checks one's advancement.

But expectations lowered,
Will eventually affect...
Those once kept high standards.
Slipping to catch the absence of discipline.

And with a mediocrity achieved...
To come alter the notion of ambition,
A proclamation introduce will claim...
The bar has been raised much too high.

Especially for those...
Seeking their need for attention,
And remedial assistance.
With no guarantee for achievement.

'The bar...
It has been raised again,
And much too high!
It must be lowered.
It must be lowered.
Please follow intructions to lower,
Expectations.'

'The bar...
It has been raised again,
And much too high!
It must be lowered.
It must be lowered.
Please follow intructions to lower,
Expectations.'

This is declared from a robotic voice,
Programmed to monitor classroon activities.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The 'Be' Ending 'Cause' Of It...

Because I don't care...?
Your declarations of 'that',
You believe I can not hear?
Because I don't care...
My attempts shown,
Appear invisible?
Gone in thin air?
Because I don't care,
You want me to think I really don't?
You want something more from me?
Something I give...
But accepting on your terms,
A receiving you wont?
Because I don't care...
In the way that you wish.
You continue to say that,
To all your family and friends!
Although none of them are here...
To witness these tantrums of yours,
Repeatedly falling on my deaf ears!
Because I don't care...
May soon be the reason,
Why I will disappear!
Because I don't care?
I care.
But the 'be' ending 'cause' of it...
Has begun to separate.
Just like the feelings I have,
That are fading fast!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Beauty Of My Reality

Keep in mind...
When you decide it is time,
To critique my 'disposition'.
None of the scars I have,
Did you earned.
Keep that in mind!

And remember this...
It took me years to perfect,
The art of being offensive.
And knowing who to direct it to!
Long before you arrived...
I saw those adorn their charades,
To masquerade in disguise.

You...
On the other hand,
Wouldn't understand...
The roots of my embitterness.
Your pains came from TV watching.
With that as an association.
To channel switch or stop with blocking.

You can if you wish dismiss my experiences.
To delude them with your fantasies kept!
But my steps no one has sacrificed to make.
They wouldn't know how they are placed.
Or what it takes to make them.
And that is the beauty of my reality.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Beginning Of The End

Death has come,
To a once political correctness.
And the acceptance of proper, Outdated etiquette.

Fed up and leaving false beliefs.
Is being demonstrated and witnessed,
Seen without remorse or grief.
Reality and truth,
No longer are considered as...
As cruel.
Or thoughts to demean,
A quality of life...
Too many have found obscene.

It is the beginning of the end,
Of tensions raised to inflate...
Combustible racial divisions.
Creating mental anxieties.
It is the beginning of the end,
Of delusions craved with promises...
Made to fake them.
And a return of prosperity...
Shared exclusively between,
Those rich and wealthy?
Well...
Only the ones kept on knees,
Are those less fortunate.
Loving to have their dreams wished,
Continually teased.

It is the beginning of the end,
For the ones perceiving themselves...
Exceptions.
And others blinded by things,
Possessed to impress.
To realize they too have been used.
As tools to trick with a slickness.
Played by the wealthy and rich.
To do it and betray...

Those unaware of the ways,
How bigotry and racism...
Keeps those unconscious,
Reacting and kept distracted...
From truth and facts to face.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Beholder Knows What Keeps This Fertile

Perhaps you should use another tool,
To process this.
One that will allow the measurement,
Of prolificness.
Since there is no other way,
You will comprehend it at all.

It's just enough here for you to taste!
Not intended for you to attempt to recreate!
Or complicate your mind,
With 'that' as a possibility.
That mission for you to undertake,
Would not bestow upon you success.

So...
There is no need for your sweat,
To begin to research a way to address it.
Trust me...
The beholder knows what keeps this fertile.
And aligned and in tune with the times!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Belief System

Some folks do things,
Because they want others to 'believe'...
They 'are' somebody.

Who knows what's up,
The sleeves of people like these.

And those folks with 'beliefs'
Who know they have 'always' been 'somebody'
Don't need to look for acknowledgement.
They are going to get it anyway.
Because of who they are!
And wherever they are...
Good deeds done,
Seem to be always something done they do.

There is no belief system used to convince.
There is an obviousness without the need to mention.
It is in the existence,
That transcends what may or may not be...
What comes forward off of people's lips,
For others to physically with their eyes see.
And...
It is not because of what they want others to believe!
That this is so,
From embellished exaggerations.
Entertaining and released from an implementation.
And fantasies from them born...
To come to life and grow!

It is in the observation,
That proves a deserving worthiness...
Upon which others bestow,
Those of merit that receive attention.

Leaving to be distanced,
Those folks who wish others to believe
They are 'somebody'.
And they are...

Provoked into some self serving action.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Benefactor

Those treasured lessons kept,
To remember as having effect...
Are often not the ones accepted,
When they are first taught.
In fact...
Those heard rebelling to oppose them,
'Then'...
Admit and sometimes reluctantly...
They had been the benefactor,
Pretending 'then' they were not listening.

After time has passed to remember refusing,
What was 'then' thought to be impossible tasks.
With belief one who taught to teach,
Picked upon them to humiliate and fast.
Are today those same people...
Reluctant and not so quick to admit,
A sitting to listen has its benefits.
Or whom or who they admire most,
For not putting up with their nonsense to boast...
A showing of their stupidity.

'Your children seem to be so well mannered.
Mature, respectful and disciplined.
How did you get them to be that way? '

~It was easy.
Whenever they began to challenge my experiences,
I allowed them to create their own.~

'But how?
How did you do that? '

~By pretending I comprehended their stupidity.
To then await for them to admit it.
Without giving them a hint or a clue,
I already knew.
I discovered the best lessons to teach,
With them kept remembered...

Are the ones that allow self-humilation.
To then encourage more of it,
Seen by others to then have it believed.~

'And it works? '

~You are the one who said to me,
And I quote...
'Your children seem to be so well mannered.
Mature, respectful and disciplined.'
I did not open my mouth,
When you saw them staring at me.
Did I? ~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Benefit Of Exception

What time does to those restless and impatient,
Is to bring upon regret...
As an aging provides no escape that resets.
Yet an allowed tolerance eventually comes,
And a catching up with lost time wanted to do...
Is discovered to be impossible for it to be done,
Or a giving to anyone the benefit of exception.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Benefit Of This Is Missed

It's better with a bit of innocence.
Better with a benefit of it,
Yes.
It's better with a bit of innocence.
Better with a benefit of it,
And...
So much exposed has people sick.
It's better with a bit of innocence.
And wish they do for peace and quietness.
It's better with a benefit of it!
Yes.

So many are lost for many reasons.
And destroyed by the cost of losing innocence.
Many wish for a taste of more sweetened seasons.
Wanting to reminisce,
A beneift missed.

People wish to unlock their doors to explore.
Remembering when there was an innocence of this.
Many are seeking a life to live adored.
Knowing how beneficial and wanting this more.

So many are lost for many reasons.
And destroyed by the cost of losing innocence.
Many wish for a taste of more sweetened seasons.
Wanting to reminisce,
A beneift missed.

It's better with a bit of innocence.
Better with a benefit of it,
Yes.
It's better with a bit of innocence.
Better with a benefit of it,
And...
So much exposed has people sick.
It's better with a bit of innocence.
And wish they do for peace and quietness.
It's better with a benefit of it!

Yes.
And the benefit of this is missed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Benefits And Advantages Of Knowing

The BENEFITS of confessing,
To having less and becoming honest with oneself...
When addressing this in complete truthfulness,
Quickly eliminates a need to numb and medicate stress...
To free a mind accepting,
Time for them has come to set aside expectations.

And the ADVANTAGES of knowing,
There are limits to one can stretch to feed wants...
Seems to leave no mental or emotional affects to protect.
Like those who experience worrying themselves to death,
As to how to maintain false images obtained...
Jeopardizing dignity AND a loss of self respect.

Yes...
The BENEFITS And ADVANTAGES Of Knowing,
For those aware and prepared for this...
Can be cost effective.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Benefits Of Remaining Patient

Accustomed to doing everything at the last minute,
May work for those choosing to make an impression...
Of showing an appearance,
But not necessarily interested in the event...
With a participating effort to promote it from the beginning.
These kinds of people just want to show up and bow.

And the ones approaching a crisis occurring around them,
In the same manner...
May find themselves running from a flashmob,
Of unruly children...
Caring less about the new playground to appease them.
Or the hotdogs and hip hop music,
Thrown together to unify the neighborhood to have that picnic.

They've grown sick of watching the shuffling of feet.
Especially from those with no backbone to lead.
And no minutes left to explain the benefits,
Of remaining patient.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Benefits Of Rest

Each dawn...
There is a promising freshness in the air,
One awakening to take a deep breath of it...
Wishes would linger on.

And between dawn and sunset,
There seems an attraction to madness...
Some people are wilfully open to project.

But then,
When midnight arrives...
Fewer minds are concentrating,
On disturbing the peace.

At least,
Each dawn...
There is a promising freshness in the air,
One awakening to take a deep breath of it...
Wishes would linger on and stays there.
With hopes that those attracted to madness...
Have magically overslept to discover the benefits of rest.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Benefits They Get

Few people actually respect,
The benefits they get...
From free entitlements.

Long gone are those times,
When many had a collective mindset...
To do for their neighbors,
What they themselves expected...
To receive in return.
And mostly doing this,
Without the feeling to receive back...
A getting that was earned.
It was just accepted,
People respected.

Today people live with their own interpretations.
To get to recieve the feeding of more greed,
People cling to this belief as if to do it religiously.
And those not capable of getting their share,
Are first to be shown ignorance everywhere.

Long gone are those times,
When many had a collective mindset...
To do for their neighbors,
What they themselves expected...
To receive in return.

So many today are caught up in selfishness.
And only to think of others,
When the taking from them is done...
Is thought to be in one's own interest.
To then still not comprehend...
What goes around comes back to them again.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The 'B-E-R'-Ness

After August...
A brisk September stirs.
The changing leaves in October breezes,
Bring changes in November that occurs!
And frost and Winter winds
Escort snowflakes that descend
In December
To nearly caress Spring.
and I sit and contemplate
The 'B-E-R' ness...
Of these months,
That delight with such joyful offerings!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Best Advice

If you did not want and wish,
For that which appears to exist...
How did it get there?
What is its purpose?
And why did you not notice it,
Before you stop denying it was there?

Now and today...
You accuse me to say I'm the one not 'real',
For not wanting to protest with you in unity...
To have what has been there for all to see,
Removed to be improved!

But...
Wasn't it you who told me what I brought to offer,
Was not a community need?
Although you allowed others to profit,
From your stupidity.
While you witnessed to praise them for doing nothing.
To comment to others that I am the one crazy?

Remember saying to me...
I wasn't 'this' or not enough of 'that'?
Well...
I interpreted that to mean,
I should mind my own business.
And with the doing of it I have found,
That was the best advice you could have given to me.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Best At Theft

Freedom and opportunity,
To lust and limit those who benefit.
Has come to an end...
For those who oppose,
The movement of inclusion.

And coming to threaten with regret,
Is a socialism feared...
Bringing those of greed to tears.
With visions of sharing,
An exclusive gluttony endeared.

And fighting they do,
Against the removal of fences.
Constructed to protect,
The reality of their being...
The best at theft!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Best Attitude To Take

The best attitude to take when misunderstood,
Is one that protects your happiness.
Showing respect to those ignorant...
Will always have them depict that act as weak.
And to leave them alone will have you rumored,
As arrogant.
However...
To keep your peace of mind intact,
Distrust those who say your wellbeing is of their interest.
Since the only time these people are seen is at someone's repast!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Best Companion

Being alone and not lonely,
At times some may find...
Is the best companion one can have.
Disagreements do not exist.

Experiences are found to be unlimited.
And more choices made,
Become less restricted by unsolicited opinions.
The air remains fresh no matter where one steps

Fewer people question,
What one selects to do next.
And so welcoming is a peace of mind one finds,
That the abundance of it can overwhelm sometimes.
But seldom is one witnessed to regret that done.

And the expense paid for being alone,
And not lonely wherever one chooses to go...
With an appetite like this to keep craved,
Is zero to plus and kept multiplied by satisfaction.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Best Doing Of A Done That I Did And Could Do

Do I undo?
To improve upon that which has been done?
Sure.
It is a necessity.
If an undoing is within my power,
To undo.

Do I stop the doing,
With an undoing that I did...
With attempts not to do?
Even if I am powerless...
To undo that doing done did,
With an improving of a done doing...
To do a better doing of a done did,
That I found unable to undo?
No!
However...
I will continue doing what it is that I do,
With the acknowledgement...
What it was that was done I did do to get done,
Was the best doing of a done that I did and could do...
With an improvement on a done I did,
Hoping that a doing of it was done much better!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Best Friend I Have Discovered

I have stopped paying the price,
For decisions you've made to make...
At my expense I did to sacrifice,
Promises of benefits...
Others received to leave none in my sight.
While you depended on me being available,
To deceive you were representing...
My life to prioritize it as if,
I would not notice less quality and more blight...
You were repeatedly feeding in secret,
A hope I would acquire as an appetite to delight.

I have stopped listening with patience,
To tolerate and comprehend...
Your need to use my presence to convince,
Those to believe without you to defend me...
No attention to my wishes to desire,
Would I get to have them known and meant.

Oh yes.
I have been blessed to awaken,
To realize delusions fed...
Can not make a sandwich,
If I'm still looking for a way...
To afford the bread.

I have stopped paying the price,
To consent to my own negligence.
And no longer will you get to waste my time,
Pretending I am the one who suffers...
From disparities unknown to me.
When you have consistently created them,
To have me perceive you've always been...
A dear and close friend of mine.
The best friend I have discovered to find,
Is reality.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Best Gift One Can Get

The best gift one can get,
Is to grow older to experience...
The making of mistakes made.
And to admit the getting over them,
As blessings to realize with time given.
And only time can undo the impossible.

And facing to move on from a past to accept,
Is something maturity does...
To help one heal with a forgiving to forget.
And to let go without regrets to reminisce,
Of the doing of what, why and when...
To move on to realize what happiness is.

'You seem to be so happy.
Why? '

~I've stopped lieing to myself.'

'When? '

~You will know when that time to you comes.~

'What? '

~No!
It's in the WHEN.
Not the WHY.
Or the WHAT.
But in the WHEN.
And in the WHEN that begins...
You will know the WHY.~

'How? '

~In the WHEN that begins...
You will then know the WHY,
And the HOW of your own happiness.
Trust me...

These doings need no explanation.
Time and patience is the teacher that gives.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Best Gift One Can Receive

Awakening from values placed,
On the emptiness of symbols and images...
Can save a lot of waste of one's appreciation,
For others and their worth as human beings.

People wait until it is too late,
To live their lives from a basic point of view.
Believing the purpose of life is in acquiring things,
To pursue with a flaunting of pretentions.

Today people are teaching their children,
It is okay to take from others.
Then find what they have done,
Disappoints with the results that come.

Today people do not accept,
Their own consequences they face.
Only to place blame and find fault,
With those directions they chose to take.

Awakening from values placed,
On the emptiness of symbols and images...
Can save a lot of waste of one's appreciation,
For others and their worth as human beings.

Awakening before it is too late,
To self examine...
Is not a sign of weakness.
It is the best gift one can receive.

Afterall...ultimately,
Is it what one has that delivers to them happiness?
Or...
Is it the caring of someone shown that is freely given,
And genuinely felt and known...
That validates with an acknowledgement,
What they have been seeking that is regarded as progress.

'I've given you every 'thing' that money can buy.

And you act as if I don't exist.
It is as if...
I don't know who you are,
Anymore.'

~Oh?
And 'who' are you?
Who are 'we'?
WHAT are we?
Machines are being made...
To 'do' what we 'do'.
Other than self destruction...
What other purpose do we serve? ~

'I'll see you later.
When,
Hopefully...
You are in a better mood.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Best Gift?

The best gift?
Knowing.
An arrival of acknowledgement comes.
Anxieties are eased.
Awareness of possibilities occur.
There is more communication.
Reality is not combated.
In fact...
It can now sit comfortably,
With comprehension.
But there are those determined,
A fantasized existence will prevail.
Although they fail in their endeavors...
It is remarkable the attempts they make,
To hide their incompetence...
Behind a stated faith created and quite fake!
The best gift?
Knowing.
An arrival of acknowledgement comes.
And a piercing clarity stuns those,
Seen disguising their personas in shadows!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Best Love Yet To Get

There is one disadvantage,
In being a part of a large family.
Or inter-related like many who confess it.
There will be more than a few believing,
They are deserving of getting attention.
With a love to them individually expressed.

And those who have accepted life as it is...
Have learned to give love without attention given,
Because with them it is love they feel.
And this is what they give to others regardless.
Since God has already give them all the attention,
And this love once known is the best love yet to get.

Although some with insecurities will feel a need,
To call attention upon themselves.
For whatever those reasons...
To appease and satisfy their mental weaknesses.
Thank God the trees aren't jealous of their branches.
Or the leaves sprouting from them which are nourished.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Best Medicine Totake

I could have not have said it yesterday,
With a consenting to contentment meant...
What today I can say to anyone,
How I comprehend what I thought had been...
Obscure and abstract messages delivered,
But in my mind I knew they were personally sent.
They would not leave.
Like pieces of a puzzle each day something connected.
Something in my mind became affected to give them time.
And time I gave each piece,
More of it to satisfy my growing curiosity.

I could not have said it yesterday,
Or the day before nor those days before that.
But it is with faith that I keep and forward steps I take,
That has helped me tremendously to eliminate regrets.
Those regrets I had let marinate to leave me in fear.
Fear that I knew too well with a keeping it near.
And that puzzle with pieces I spent time to put together,
Showed how my kept faith assisted my survival...
Through treacherous pitfalls and frightening stormy weather.
With a slow diminishing of fear I grew stronger to feel even better.

Faith I relied upon to recognize my strengths.
Faith I relied upon to recognize what I should ignore,
And not contemplate to become easily tempted.
Although with kept faith I believed to have been powerful,
There were moments I experienced the taste of being teased.
And the taste of being teased left me to face consequences.
Stupidity greeted me on my knees pleading to leave me alone.
And stupidity seemed to have repeatedly rewind in my mind,
Until my last visit with it...
Proved I could not accuse anyone else for what I had condoned.

And that was the best medicine to take.
With no one around to witness...
A charading of a faith I made claims to have been strong,
But nearly abandoned to be weakened by the taste...
Of something I knew would create for me more headaches.

I could have not have said it yesterday,
With a consenting to contentment meant...
What today I can say to anyone.
And that is...
From experiences not intended,
Without faith there is no exit.
Only one entrance that leads to a lifetime of misery.
And a lifetime of misery hopping from one temptation,
To others with druthers...
Is not what I suggest or recommend to find happiness.

It's okay to be curious.
But recognize stupidity and quickly from it leave.
No matter how it dresses to impress.
And...
Without feeling a need to explain.
Leave it with faith kept to keep intact.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Best Of A Kept Nonexistence

Your depictions,
Can not be compared...
To the poets of ages passed.
They were...
Let's say,
Less obvious.
And more imaginative.

'And before the internet,
Texted messages to ..
With expressions made,
To make others upset...
Was not then a thought,
And one was spared...
From being humiliated and disrespected.'

There are still some of us,
Who have kept our social graces.

'But with you I must agree,
Today's reality is far more explicit...
Than creating a 'reality',
Times long gone...
Poets romanticized to blush tender eyes.
And were not criticized or censored,
For a passion that had been expressed,
Thought 'then' innocently addressed.'

~Her skin...
Velvet to touch.
And moist were his lips,
From a licking to taste...
Every inch where he laid,
His quivering tongue.~

'Today those passions,
Would be subjected to scrutiny...
By those with kept delusions,
Of how a past fantasized...

Depicts the best,
Of a kept nonexistence.
And how a life wished had been lived.'

Excuse me...
We can not allow our children,
To be exposed to hearing...
Such descriptive filth.
It makes me seek to do evil things.

~Okay.
Let me interpret this,
In a way you find today...
Less offensive.~

Oh please do. Please.

~Her skin...
Bared from head to toe.
And even though he had wicked intentions,
He went to the corner store...
To purchase mints.
Peppered to be meant.
In the hope that his kept lust,
Was kept fresh and scented.~

Oh my.
I'm having a 'flash'.

'Is that 'forward'?
Or 'back'?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Best Of Friends

Everything you do.
EVERYTHING,
You do...
Is fine with me.
As long as it is agreed,
Between you and me...
That outside of our comfort zones,
We are free to do exactly as we please.
Argue, debate and disagree.

How...
With an 'everness' attached,
In my space that you might grace with your presence...
A keeping of your mouth shut,
To avoid a difference of opinion that may disrupt my peace...
You see to it,
Remains your priority.

And what you do before you arrive 'if' invited,
Is perfectly fine with me.
In fact,
You have my undivided attention...
And complete approval,
If you accept what I say and allow that to happen!
When you are 'not' around me.

'I thought we were friends? '

Oh,
We are.
And I am hopeful we will stay that way.
The best of friends.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Best Of Images That Represent

Expensive is the ongoing investment made,
In ignorance.
No longer is it cost effective,
Deciding who sees and who stays blind.
Or the act to praise some with an uplifting done,
While leaving others behind.

Who made the decision,
To choose those to represent high ideals?
Who made the decision,
Selected standards and values...
Would be the best etiquette?
Who decided to mess up everything like this?

And who self righteous,
Will ever admit...
Something has gone terribly wrong,
In their insistence persisted...
Of this permitted existence.

Expensive is the ongoing investment made,
In ignorance.
No longer is it cost effective,
Deciding who sees and who stays blind.
Or the act to praise some with an uplifting done,
While leaving others behind.

Who made the decision,
To choose those to represent high ideals?
Who made the decision,
Selected standards and values...
Would be the best etiquette?
Who decided to mess up everything like this?

And please,
Don't let it be...
The act of illegal aliens.
Or those homeless and hungry,
Pleading on their knees.

Wishing to give the best of images that represent,
The quality of life and those highlights of a great society.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Best Of My Ambiguity Is Yet To Come

I make attempts to leave 'specifics' up to the reader.
Affording them the opportunity to include their own biases.
It is a method I've learned to develop over time.
It provides an easy exit for me if I so choose.
The best of my ambiguity is yet to come.
With a certainty to be as noncommittal as possible!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Best Of Tests

One wishes with hopes for those dreams to come true.
Most of us do.
One prays with a faith in a doing believed not to undo.
No matter what it is one has to go through.

One seeks to validate those teachings to us taught.
To validate to us that which is brought.
And disappointment one refuses to receive.
It is not a concept within our minds to conceive.

Since disappointment is not perceived,
As a lesson to achieve.
Or mistakes made that leads,
To accomplishing one's success.

And yet...
When reflecting upon mistakes made,
One realizes them to be the best of tests.
Although at first regretted.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Best Of The Basic Things

When the feelings of my hands,
Have numbed.
And that which I wish to touch...
Is left to a memory to me that comes.
I will only have regret left to express,
That I did not take full advantage of life.

But as for now...
I will awaken,
With the acknowledgement...
I have been extremely blessed.
With a consciousness that appreciates,
The best of the basic things with breath to breathe.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Best Of Times To Remember

Nothing returns from a yesterday gone.
But memories?
Whether selective or not,
With a wanting to wish to get them...
Are either realized or hidden to deny,
Disappointments and upsetting regrets.
Memories seldom from anyone go away.

Too many suffering from a buyer's remorse,
Awaken everyday to repeat a beating...
Of the same tired horse.
As if the doing has not been made obvious,
That a change of a course needs to be enforced.

Too many suffer from staying in aging comfort zones.
To rely on familiar complaints others condone.
With pains to ache, smiling faces faked...
And their moaning of broken relationships.
As carried chips on their shoulders,
Validates to leave them unable to escape heartbreak.

And always as time from them is allowed to fly by,
There is someone attempting to sell with it sold...
How those yesterdays gone,
Had been the best of times to remember.

'How often do you go to the museum to visit? '

~Not too often.
I only go when the old exhibits,
Have been replaced by the new.~

'Me too!
I like to view how our lives to have lived,
As depicted...
Had nothing to do with the reality we knew.'

~Except for the increase of the entrance fees.
They seem to keep us reminded,

Of today's priorities.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Best Of Your Imperfections

You have let the 'hue' of things,
Bedazzle your quest...
To suppress with resentment,
Those who possess color.

And you consciously continue,
To refuse to admit...
Your wish to be like the others,
Who are born with this naturalness.

Only you come into view,
To introduce conflict.
Only you can not permit,
To leave alone what exists.

You have let the 'hue' of things,
Bedazzle your quest...
To suppress with resentment,
Those who possess color.

And it's only you who insists,
That the absence of hue...
Entitles you to do as you wish,
Until destruction has dissected...
All that does not reflect,
The best of your imperfections.

So noticeable are your blemishes,
And weaknesses you refuse to accept.
So noticeable too,
Your choice to choose to allow as you do...
A defying what God has created.
To have praise bestowed just upon yourself.

You have let the 'hue' of things,
Bedazzle your quest...
To suppress with resentment,
Those who possess color.

And your wickedness done,
Will come to undo...
Your attempts to not be 'hue-man-like',
With beliefs God has your back.
And blesses your pursuits.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Best Of Your Tests

There has been,
A misunderstanding between us.

'Really?
Hmmm...
Let's see.
I remember being there,
And subjected to hear...
What you said and did.
To make to me very clear,
The doing of it done.'

But my intentions,
Were not represented too well.
And totally misunderstood.

'That's a surprising,
And unexpected confession.
Since it was I who believed...
Your intentions were to teach,
Me a few lessons.
And from you,
With this belief to keep...
In my head kept to feed on it,
I admit of being taught...
A thing or two.'

So...
What is it to me you say?
Let bygones be bygones.
And a forgiveness comes my way
Or a rekindling,
Of our missed relationship?

'Missed?
Forgiveness?
No.
The best of your tests,
I have passed to ignore...

Further misunderstandings,
or unmentioned intentions.
Too many have been left, innocent victims.
And taught how to explore,
Character assassinating...
The ones to have it claimed,
They were extremely close.
Loved and adored.
My heart is not open to you,
Anymore.
And I thank God I kept,
Both faith and patience.
Or I'd be locked up,
With no one believing...
My 'intentions' had been,
To defend myself...
Against your array,
Of overly displayed...
Pretensions.'

You attack me unnecessarily.

'Now...
That's 'almost' Oscar worthy.
With tears?
You might have gotten,
My applause.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Best Peace To Achieve

The best peace to achieve,
Is the kind others believe...
An attention is sought.
And none comes!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Best Poet Yet?

Will my efforts ever be picked for what it is,
As the best collection submitted to admit?
And those discovering my poetic ambitions,
Come to realize I had been born to do this.

Will I be perceived as the best poet yet?
With a doing of it with intentions I have met.
Or will time and decisions made someday detect,
My ability to write poetry is 'my' blessing to accept.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Best Point Of View

The best point of view to have,
Is the one not interpreted to offend.
Even though what is observed,
Affects everyone with the same pain.
Many insist to have their messages delivered,
With a bit of sweetner.
And kept hushed in low voices.

Some medicate until they can exaggerate the affects.
While others choose to voice their opinions direct.
Either way this does not subject the majority of those,
Still holding onto their pretentions.
Although they prefer not to have them taunted...
And if this is suspected they become irate.
With an ostracizing of EVERYONE from their delusions.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Best Road To Take

Sometimes the best road to take
Is the one not already paved.
Too many find it,
An easy way to travel.
To discover it too late,
Impatient crowds.
Few opportunities to lead,
But follow those...
Seeking selfishly to benefit,
With it to insist...
They've been entitled,
To prevent...
Anyone to pass around them.

Sometimes the best road to take
Is the one to create.
With faith and taking chances,
What one discovers done to do
Achieves to receive,
Successfully...
What others without initiative,
Could never begin.
Or motivated to think of it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Best Solution

Ending all acts of degrading participation,
That makes one feel underestimated...
Is the best solution,
To keep from having deeds done reduced...
By those producing critique and abuse.

It becomes easy to release comments to defeat.
Than to take a stand on one's feet,
To make public what one believes.
Especially when one is seeking popularity,
Instead of clarity many refuse to accept and receive.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Best Suggestions

The best suggestions to make,
Are none.
Especially if they are taken,
To be interpreted as criticisms made.
And those who request recommendations,
Rarely expect them to be...
Honest, direct yet sincere.
With this to accept without attitude.
Or becoming rude to give that back,
As a show of an appreciation.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Best Way To Avoid Misunderstandings

The best way to avoid misunderstandings,
Amongst those heated in debate...
In your presence.
Is to not be the one who is quick to volunteer,
A willingness to express maturity.
With a seeking to comprehend,
How a conflict initiated to begin.

Let those who choose to pointlessly argue,
With no resolve in view...
Continue.
And when asked to express an opinion to give,
Stare with a blank face in space.
As if you have not a clue why anyone would ask...
You,
Anything.

If that doesn't work,
Pretend you are looking for your house keys...
That you hold clearly to be seen,
In your hand.
Then do a quick exit,
The moment someone notices this...
With a bringing of it to your attention.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Best Way To Avoid Publicity

The best way to avoid publicity in small towns,
Especially...
Where there are those who are quick to peek and probe.
Is to pretend to seek it!
That's right.

People living in small towns love to believe,
There are those living amongst them...
Who seek attention.
And there are very few people I know,
Who advocate the advertising for peace of mind.

People living in small towns,
Frown down upon others...
Just on general principle anyway.
Anything that does not conform to limitation,
Is ignored and left alone.

That's why many celebrities and other notables,
Choose these places to live to be shunned and go unnoticed.
And this feeling has a mutual understanding that is respected.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Best Way To Deal With Doubt

The best way to deal with doubt,
Is to ignore it...
To experience the consequences.
Doubt will then not be of one's concern.
With a lesson learned.
And the freeing up of space in one's head.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Best You Have Ever Had

I will never brag and say,
For you I will be the best you have ever had...
In each and every way.

But I am determined to be the best I can be.
And hopefully 'that' you will see,
To eliminate any guessing if I can pass your tests.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Better Of Expected Results

Rewarding assumptions,
Or giving credence to hearsay...
Had not been my introduction,
To a way of life to leave me feeling...
Living it deluded would clear obstacles,
Off my path.

Although...
I will admit being stalled a few times,
Not intending to express empathy towards others.
However...
There were many times I needed a warm shoulder,
Close with a hug to provide.

And remembering that,
Left me to sit and chat with those still deciding...
Whether keeping their delusions alive,
Or keeping it real to survive...
Would deliver to them the better of expected results.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Bigger Picture

Nobody wants to clean up the trash.
Nobody wants to clear the debris.
But nobody argues or disagree,
That trash should go.

Nobody wants to clean up the trash.
Nobody wants to clear the debris.
But nobody argues or disagree,
That trash should go.

'Pick up all the trash you see.
What will it take to bend your knees,
To pick up pieces of trash...
Within your reach and beneath your feet.

Does it really matter if that trash is not yours?
If it effects,
The bigger picture.
Does it really matter if that trash is not yours?
If it effects,
The best you expect.'

~But there is garbage all over the place.~

'Pick up all the trash you see.
What will it take to bend your knees,
To pick up pieces of trash...
Within your reach and beneath your feet.'

~But there is garbage all over the place.~

'When did you begin to notice it? '

~Notice what? ~

'You are a part of the bigger picture.'

Nobody wants to clean up the trash.
Nobody wants to clear the debris.

But nobody argues or disagree,
That the trash should go.

'Does it really matter if that trash is not yours?
If it effects,
The bigger picture.
Does it really matter if that trash is not yours?
If it effects,
The best you expect.

Does it really matter if that trash is not yours?
If it effects,
The bigger picture.
Does it really matter if that trash is not yours?
If it effects,
The best you expect.

Does it really matter if that trash is not yours?
If it effects,
The best you expect.

Does it really matter if that trash is not yours?
If it effects,
The bigger picture.

Does it really matter if that trash is not yours?
If it effects,
The best you expect.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Biggest Disaster

What 'is' unfortunate?
The capitalization of the word DENIAL.
And the tremendous affect the act of it,
Has had on the millions of those who have been shown...
A protection from truth will produce for them a reality.
And a denial pursued is what all should do!

However,
In the doing...
Denial 'now' has become too huge of a magnitude,
To disregard...
As the biggest disaster ever allowed to be created,
Humanity has come to face!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Bleeding Zone

Wanting to be pleasing,
Decreasing all the pain they own!
Getting rid of plastic issues.
Tied to hollow dreams...
And teased to further debt,
And loans.
Moaning in a sick
Constant droan!

Dawn has come...
To send a mending healing!
Faith has shown,
There is now an ending...
Seen to what has been condoned,
In the bleeding zone!

Wishing a quick split,
From heartbreaks that visit.
And kicking habits they once owned.
Forced isolation meant...
They spent in good intent,
To scrub temptations off their bones!
And do this all alone!

Dawn has come...
To send a mending healing!
Faith has shown,
There is now an ending...
To gather strength as strong as stone!
And cleanse their blood away,
From the bleeding zone!

Stains that kept them chained...
To drain their brains,
In the bleeding zone!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Bling Side

They want to see,
That bling side for them to begin.
With a start for them that has no end.
And hoping their lives,
Will sparkle bright.
With a sheen seen...
From outer space at night.

They hope that bling side to blister and glow.
From angles that exposes,
Their studded gold teeth glimmering...
In a bold gold that shows.

That want that bling side to begin...
With goose bumps too,
That never end.
With expensive sneakers costng fortunes.
To brag likes fools...
Like selfish spoiled children do!

To then dress as fools.
Act rude with a crudeness.
With a flaunting of lewd attitudes.

That want that bling side to begin...
With goose bumps too.
To then dress as fools.
Act rude with a crudeness.
With a flaunting of lewd attitudes.
And killing any sense that may be left within them.

They want to see,
That bling side for them to begin.
With a start for them that has no end.
And hoping their lives,
Will sparkle bright.
With a sheen seen...
From outer space at night.

They want that bling side to begin...
With goose bumps too.
To then dress as fools.
Act rude with a crudeness.
With a flaunting of lewd attitudes.
And killing any sense that may be left within them.

To live,
Or not to have...
A future.
One that has firm roots.
And not be foolish losers.

To live,
Or not to have...
A future.
One that has firm roots.
And not be foolish losers.

They want that bling,
To live!
They want that bling,
To live!
They want that bling,
To live!
To be just foolish losers.

They want that bling,
To live!
They want that bling,
To live!
They want that bling,
To live!
To be just foolish losers.

The bling side,
To live!
The bling side,
To live!
The bling side,
To live!
To be just foolish losers.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Blooming. The Innocence. And The Grooming Done

The blooming.
For the first time I noticed.
The different hues and scents.
Each with a unique,
And magificent appearance.
These are flowers,
Reaching to peak!

The innocence.
Of children playing,
As they display experience...
Climbing the monkey bars,
Closed within elementary school yards.
These are 'adults'...
At the beginning of their bloom.

The grooming done,
By mothers of freshly born pets.
This 'aliveness' felt...
When I witness nature at 'her' best.

The passing of sirens,
Rushing through inner city streets.
Enriches an involvement,
Of a life one gets...
Once it becomes obvious,
How all is connected.
And how one observing,
Becomes attached to it!
All seeking to climax,
At a destiny reached.

The blooming.
The innocence.
And the grooming done!
And I observing all...
As if all is within one.

And,
It is!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Blueprint States

It has always been significant.
That blueprint.
It describes their events!
Time released...
And to them sent.
But alterations to it...
Was never meant.
They have been trying to find,
Ways to avoid it.
Undermining the message.
And becoming annoyed by it!
And the blueprint states...
Exactly what the stakes are.
They have their scholars shouting in their ears.
Even Earth itself...
Can not get them to hear.
And they can not conceive,
This Earth living and breathing at all!
A common sense within them,
Has been ego enthralled!
And nothing sent...
Can transcend their dementedness.
They truly believe they are descendants of the heavens.
And yet their actions represent a demonicness.
And that blueprint goes ignored...
With every detail being abhorred!
As if to wish its existence,
To simply fade and go away!
Like a 'sanity' that now betrays them.
And the 'deities' have given them that!
And it appears as though...
They are clearly too powerful.
And here to take every shred of sanity back!
It has been selfishly abused...
To feed the greed of mindless fools!
What height of arrogance is this?
To dismiss what has been to them given,
To correct their senselessness!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Bottom Has Been Knocked Out

I've given to you all that I am.
And still you're talking,
To find a fault.

I've given to you all that I can.
And still you're threatening,
From me to walk.

And I don't know,
What it is I've done.
And...
I don't know,
What it is I should...
Overcome.

There is no more from me I can give.
'Cause...
The bottom has been knocked out.

And...
I don't know,
What it is I've done.
And...
I don't know,
What it is I should...
Overcome.

I've given to you all that I am.
And still you're talking,
To find a fault.

I've given to you all that I can.
And still you're threatening,
From me to walk.

And I don't know,
What it is I've done.
And...
I don't know,

What it is I should...
Overcome.

'Cause...
The bottom has been knocked out,
Of my heart.
The bottom has been knocked out.

And...
I don't know,
What it is I've done.
And...
I don't know,
What it is I should...
Overcome.

There is no more from me I can give,
'Cause...
The bottom has been knocked out.
No...
There is no more from me I can give,
'Cause...
The bottom has been knocked out,
Of my heart.
There is no more from me I can give.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Bottom Line Is This...

The bottom line is this...
And anyone can predict the outcome.
With expected unquestioned results.

Whatever it is,
One decides to put in one's mouth...
Will,
Without doubt...
Find its way out.
It is inevitable.

Just like one who sits on the top.
With a sitting done,
Will find at a given time...
There is a bottom to be revisited,
One will again find time to raise.

And some may do this on a regular basis.
Depending upon those nuitritional lessons learned.
To feed one's mind and body with an appropriate diet.
But either way...
A clearing away from what had been on the bottom,
Will always be remembered...
When one gets up to leave behind,
An achievement accomplished everytime.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Bottomline Is This

The bottomline is this:
Are there people searching their souls,
And spending sleepless nights...
With a losing of their precious time,
Concerned with interest...
About someone or anyone who commits,
Heinous crimes?

Are their actually people,
Pacing the floor with nothing else in their minds...
But to wonder,
The background and testing scores...
Of someone who apparently,
Represents what others find to be unbelievable?

The bottomline is this:
How can a modern society excuse to dismiss,
All that is visable to allow to go unadmitted.
And where have those of a 'consciousness' been...
To say innocently,
They had no hint or acknowledgement...
Of all that happens clearly exposed up in their faces.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Brewing Scent Of Freshly Made Coffee

It is no longer a matter of them telling the truth.
No...It isn't!
And it should be a concern for those who know it,
As it exists in their gut and as it has to them meant,
From observation, felt and experienced as presented...
That those who use other than truth to tell,
Actually are not convinced others are aware they lie.
Since alibis and excuses behind which they hide,
Has been something done to do all of their lives.
And their delusions have become their defense mechanisms.

But today,
Those embellishments exaggerated are easily chased away.
And facing consequences as a result of their defenses,
Has created their dilemmas and conflicts with their entitlements.

Some people will create right in the face of others,
There own versions of what is going on.
With eyes are pure as those seen coming from children.
And this isn't given as an option to express,
Their difference of opinion to address.
This comes from refusing to accept the absence of alternatives.
And what has taken place is immediately from them mentally erased.
Leaving feelings of abandonment,
By those who have been fantasized all their lives.
That is why they protest with a nonacceptance of a reality that is!
Although those realities as they are have never before to them been felt.

And no one seems to acknowledge,
The brewing scent of freshly made coffee...
There!
And everywhere in the air for all to get a deep whiff of it.

'That 'smell'?
What is it? '

~I have not a clue.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Brightest Of Candles

One may not hold the brightest of candles,
With it slow to burn.
As one seeks to learn...
And absorb that which is in clear view.
But it is certain,
When the wax quickly drips...
On the hands of those,
Bragging about their brightly held lights...
Fast to burn,
To leave them suddenly out of sight.
That one who appears to be slow and dim,
Eventually discovers a way out of darkness.
With that same candle to use again,
If the situation should warrant it.
With that choice to choose if it is wished.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Bs-Ness Of A Theory

Prone to lie.
Prone to seek alibis...
To coverup and deny.
Prone to articulate,
A relevance that deceives.
Prone to believe the BS-ness of a theory,
Planned and delivered...
Will be conceived and passed,
For the masses to perceive.
As reality!
To support and cloak,
Their disguises hidden.
To choke and maim all minds.
While those who suffer from these intentions,
Are left alone in their despair...
And driven to isolation.
While others stand on their backs...
To brag and boast,
Of such affairs!
In these desperate times.
Attacking those of lack with laughter.
With a thoughtlessness they dare to share...
To profit from these misdeeds long after!
How sinister,
Are they...
Who stir their own defeat!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Budding

The budding.
A rebirth of a season missed.
Spring arrives to lift spirits high.
Clear blue skies are witnessed...
As white clouds drift.

The budding.
Of flowers and grass and the leaves,
On Oak, Maple and Birch Trees.
Welcomes a lilting done of wind,
Introducing a Spring breeze to ease...
With a life that seems to be enjoyed again.

The budding.
Of familiar love known,
Yet hibernated in the Winter...
Amidst snow drifts.

And we smile and laugh and again forget,
That stress we welcomed to separate us...
From identifying those blessings,
That surrounds us to reach for complete happiness.
To explore and experience all of nature's treasures.

As Spring awakens with a freshness it brings.
With the budding, the blooming and the joy!
As Spring awakens with a freshness it brings.
With the budding, the blooming and the joy!
As Spring awakens with a freshness it brings.
With the budding.
The blooming done.
And the joy!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Building Of Your Decisions Made

That comfort once given,
To those fleeing to live in suburbia...
Has become more disturbing,
To those who had taken flight...
From a created blight they left,
To declare 'them' and those...
As 'ghetto-ites'.

The price of escape has been at your expense.
Your foreclosed dreams...
Has been a costly and emotional experience.
And pointing your fingers,
Will not make a difference.
Since the walls you bang your head against,
Represents the building of your decisions made.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Burden. The Weight

To insinuate to others,
A participation one claims...
That does not take place,
Is an intended deception.

And those lead to believe,
One has received benefits...
From one who lies of it.
Has accepted to depict,
With judgements passed...
An ungrateful, self-centered,
Ego-centric...
Has done this awful task.

And they play into the hands,
Of one familiar with charades.

And,
Of course...
Those with perceptions fixed,
Aren't told the truth since this would conflict...
With the image,
Of who has been carrying...
The burden.
The weight...
And the staying up late.

As has been the custom of one who produces...
Consistent innovative creations.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Business Of Division

As we bow our heads to pray.
Or kneel on knees...
To follow customs,
We have come to learn.
With a doing to get as near,
To 'Deities' we worship.
Claiming faith and belief.
Done to do to give time to permit,
Back we return...
To commit our minds to conflict.
Like children devoted to annoy.
And enjoy it.
Although everyone will insist to admit,
A giving of themselves to a 'Higher Power'...
One All Knowing. Omni-Present and Capable to Fix,
Every conceivable problem that exist.
To then deny,
Being hypocrites.
Or demons with misdeed wishes.
As we bow our heads,
Attempting to convince with kept pretentions.
As we bow our heads for the few minutes given.
Before we are back,
To the business of division.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Business Of Sickness

The business of sickness that sits,
Twisting some to pieces...
Increases mindsets,
To believe their ways are just.
The madness allowed...
To silence common sense,
Now chases everyone
Haunted by 'fun' still dispensed!

And innocent jokes done,
By those who are now on the run.
Keeps profits pocketed,
From the dung that's been slung!
And challenged they are by the onslaught,
Of a creeping sludge that overcomes!

Grieving in silence,
As violence continues to churn.
This is a cruel and mean existence.
But these are the 'standards' taught to digest,
And those who are against them are spurned!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Business Of The Poet

The business of the poet is done to live,
On the edge of idealistic impressions...
To express.
Mixed with a twisting hint of realism.
Some may come to criticize,
As having a bit of cynicism also addressed.

However...
It is the business of the poet,
To remain true and honest with this pursued.
And kept delivered with this done to do.
With hope to achieve for the reader a belief,
An integrity that maintains has been done...
Effectively.

And regardless who may dispute,
The message, style or the topic a poet chooses...
Rarely does the poet who has chosen this avenue,
Will decide not to offend those uncomfortable...
With a truth to reveal and exposed,
To those who refuse...
How a poet does a prose done not to excuse.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Buy It To Get Season

The buy it to get season,
Is nearly coming to an end.
Some with their sugar coated dreams,
Will know to realize them to be fulfilled.
While others await anticipating surprises.
Packaged to be wrapped expensively.

'Oh.
You shouldn't have.
I don't know what to say.'

~It's just a very small token,
That could not 'ever' express...
The tremendous love I keep for you,
All these years.~

Children of all ages young and older,
Shoulder together through crowded malls.
To come to sudden stops to eye pop,
The latest must have electronic additions...
Teased by dancing elves offering free snacks.
And joined by an underpaid Santa Claus,
'Ho-ing' to laugh his last act of the season off.

The buy it to get season is nearly coming to an end.
And as a new year comes around the corner to begin,
Many will express having doubts and regrets.
Knowing most of the new year that comes,
Welcomes bills to get that deepens debts.
With a listening to those who further upset.
By showing, again, their lack of appreciation.

'Sure.
Go right ahead.
Accuse me to be the reason why you are upset.
When you were the one to tell me,
How blessed I was to get and receive your love.
And 'now' you want to blame 'me',
For being ungrateful?

Did I not gratefully accept and helped you spend,
Every last dime you had?
I can't believe your giving has made you so vicious.
What do you expect from me?
Christmas is over.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Calculating Steps Of Beasts

The evolution process,
Rises up another notch!
And the secret building
Of detention camps...
Will not stop,
What God has chosen
To propose!

All concepts of life,
Implanted by man...
Comes to an end!
For a comprehension now unknown,
To begin!

And those who chose to follow truth,
Are slowly being introduced...
To a way of life,
Without threats of war!
Or have suffering inflicted by others ignored.
Or combat troops seduced to locate enemies.
To raise a fear we all see on TV!

Lies have been induced,
To produce a cause for 'peace'.
And no detention camps constructed...
Will ever disguise,
The calculating steps
Of demonic chest beating beasts...
Feeding on flesh as if invited to feast!

And those who followed them will soon recognize...
How this travesty has caused their demise!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Calling Speaks

A mighty breeze came suddenly,
To push my idled vessel...
Towards the Sun kissed horizon.
And awakened am I by a fragrant dawn.
I had to have been adrift so long,
To forget a journey I once hungered.
And now 'forces' within me severs my doubts.
Nibble no longer on challenges to survive.
I am alive with winds against my back...
Supporting the quick unlocking,
That unstraps the visions that feed my dreams!
I reach.
The calling speaks!
The seeking beseeches within me,
To fulfill and complete each step...
On this mission I've accepted!
Before the Sun sets.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Capture

Best wishes to those
Whose hearts dropp in sorrow!
Best wishes and joy...
For a brighter Sun kissed tomorrow!
The clouds that darken within will fade.
Like the moon reflecting light,
With a serenading escapade!
Best wishes come...
If you choose them to stay?
And drift away those gloom filled days,
When happiness is invited and excites...
The capture you radiate,
And display!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Care Provider

The only ones,
Who will ever know what it is like...
To abandon their own life,
To become the care provider for another...
Are those who have done it.
With a caring less,
About their worldly collected possessions...
Others confess have become too treasured,
And used to impress.

Be they a son or a daughter,
Caring for a father or mother...
Or someone other.
People who wilfully leave behind,
The living of their own lives to make time to give...
For days, months and for some many years,
Are the ones who can truthfully attest...
A sacrificing unintentionally done,
Eventually comes with its blessings!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Caretaker Of Unity

Things have changed?
I find that remarkable.
So much so...
That those responsible,
For the division inflicted years ago...
Are now claiming to be advocates,
For a much needed diversity.
And they 'selected' you to be who?
The 'Caretaker of Unity'?

Oh...
And this weekend,
They are coming in from suburbia...
To conduct their first seminar,
Based upon ethnic tolerance?
I do find that interesting!
But attending?
No!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Catastrophe Of Delusion

The catastrophe of delusion,
Conquered into submission.
And defeated by undeniable truth...
Wounds the minds of many!

The audacity of reality,
Tearing down walls of pretense.
Leaves an exposure of falsities...
With nowhere to hide.
Or a fence to sit!

Those aware with focused eyes,
Take comforts away...
From the ones medicated.
The ones sedated,
Who board daily...
Their escapading 'trips' as scehduled.

Anything to keep their minds numbed...
With detached satisfaction.

The catastrophe of delusion,
Conquered into submission.
And defeated by undeniable truth...
Wounds the minds of many!
As a way of life,
Quickly slips from their hands!
As those misunderstandings,
Are no longer in need of clarification.

What comes to an end...
Ends!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Cause And Reason

Ignorance to pride has died.
Yet many believe,
They have been blessed with it.
As a gift to flaunt undaunted.

Even confronted,
With mistakes they've made to expose...
More defiant they become.
As if to brag about what they've done.

Gathering together to defend each other,
With a blaming to claim on someone else.
To loudly proclaim faults they have found,
And uncovered...
By those who have chosen to walk away.
Hoping to save themselves,
From being associated with those demented.

Ignorance to pride has died.
Yet many believe,
They have been blessed with it.
As a gift to flaunt undaunted.

Leaving the ones accused to find exits quick.
Regardless if they've been picked,
As the cause and reason...
For initiating conflicts between those believing,
They have been entitled and granted rights...
To prove they can be as stupid as possible.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Cause And The Defect

Angry?
Why?
Your delusions denied the truth.
With a booting done,
Of those you gossiped were disgruntled.
And were against your standards lived!

Angry?
Why?
You chose to accept the lies in your life,
As they are.
You campaigned to keep things the same,
And unchanged.
With a resisting quick of any reality mentioned.

Angry?
Why?
Those attempts tried to awaken you,
Led to arguments and lives disrespected and slandered.

If you are angry...
Be mad at yourself.
Look in the mirror at your reflection,
And begin to curse!
You have been the problem.
The cause and the defect!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Cause. The Effect

The cause. The effect.
And the caring of less to guess,
Why so many have chosen to select...
A disconnected mindset.

The usual suspects,
Seem to have been given permission...
To continue to deflect direct reflections,
Obvious and seen openly witnessed.
As disgusting distrust once forbidden,
Has risen from shadows discreet...
To distinct misdeeds on Sun lit streets.

The usual suspects,
Continue to reflect accepted projections...
Directed upon lives living in denial,
A rapid downslide of a quality of life quickens.
As wishes, hopes and dreams become crushed,
By the rush...
Many deceived believe they will be left untouched.

The cause. The effect.
And the caring of less to guess for reasons why,
Have been for decades known and shown.
Yet kept denied to disbelieve,
The speed of it has grown.
Too obvious is the betrayal that prevails.
Too quick to digest the reality of it to feel.

The cause. The effect.
And the usual suspects,
Have become so common...
They are granted a courtesy,
With respect to them given...
By those with mindsets too disconnected.

And...
Left kept too deluded to accept,
What has been projected upon them...

Is not a reflection to protect but correct,
The cause. The effect.
And the usual suspects they respect,
With a courtesy not to believe...
The reality of their betrayal.
So imbedded in a depth too deep...
Many have become addicted to the darkness.
Many have not noticed,
Their quality of life slowly fades from a dimming light.

The cause. The effect.
And the caring of less to guess,
Why so many have chosen to select...
A disconnected mindset,
Without regret to accept...
Takes them one step closer,
To request and digest...
An appetite that craves,
More anger and a sad thirst for madness.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Chaos Caused By Its Absence

This isn't about appealing to conceptual ideals.
Or the chasing of dreams,
Almost close to one's fingertips while one skips joyfully...
Through lush green playing fields scented with mint.
No.
This is not from that script.

This is about awakening each day to appreciate life.
And ridding oneself from the appetite of being uptight,
From Sunrise to Sunset over issues people share.
And for what reason?
To drag around that baggage on one's back?
That's a conceptual ideal.

And regardless of the number of people accepting that,
One does not have to be trapped to conform.
Or adopt it as if a long lost relative,
One feels compelled and obligated...
To invite to stay forever in one's home.
On a one for all; all for one agitating basis.
No.
That too is a conceptual ideal,
For those into stories that bind to keep minds held hostage.

The secret to keeping one's peace of mind,
Is not to be so quick to buy into stolen sob stories told.
People have grown so accustomed to lieing.
It seems from birth people are protected,
Against any evidence of reality.
That is the first concept idealized to keep truth minimized.
And avoided at all cost.
No matter the chaos caused by its absence.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Chase For Perfection

When does the chase for perfection begin to then end?
As a sacrificing gone unexpected with a sweat that's done,
Seldom comes to satisfy those efforts tried by someone...
In their attempts meant to please,
Others receiving the benefit from their doing of it.
Yet negligent some can be to outwardly express,
Any sign of appreciation that addresses a thankfulness.

When does the chase for perfection begin to then end?
What makes one continue to sacrifice,
With it perceive others believe the doing is to achieve...
From them moments of attention given.
Even though relentlessly a critiquing becomes the focus,
Of blood appearing on one's sleeve...
As if there is a simplicity of it to leave to be easily noticed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Choice Would Seem To Be Easy

As the Sun rises on the horizon,
To lift new beginnings...
And clearing paths walked,
Along a journey stalked by distractions.
Will visions accept a guide assigned to lead them?
One they were not told or prepared...
Would appear before them,
With darken skin and kinky hair?

One who did not smile...
But offered a truth they had not heard in a while.
Or would they turn their backs,
And declare a wish for darkness?
To immerse themselves in further attacks.
Since they had grown accustomed...
To those who tormented them,
With such acts.
And sought for them prolonged despair.

The choice would seem to be easy...
However,
An experience in gloom...
Some considered more appropriate.
Than following someone,
Who promises a dawn...
Clearly showing proof,
They should move forward.
Move on!
But some will choose to sit in dismay...
Since the appearance of 'light'
Affects their lack of having insight!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Choices We Make In Dentists

I agree!
The root of our canals,
Although similar...
May be deeper than the other.
And our molars may also pulverize,
With a grinding done...
On totally disassociated tastes.

We may experience a decay,
To have it corrected or removed entirely.
But how you and I feel about our teeth,
Depends on the relationship we have...
With the choices we make in dentists.
And those compliments we may or may not get,
For the radiance of our smiles.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Clarity Of One Voice

First the naysayers come out to express their doubts.
Then the critics chime in with their critiques to begin.
Followed by those who claim to read between lines.
With a doing to solicit opposition every time.
As they hope a validity of this others find.

And as a chorus crescendos behind an orchestrated noise,
The one who is said to offend and annoy...
Has enticed an audience with wishes to hear,
Just the clarity of one voice...
They arrived as their choice with wanting others to disappear.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Closer They Get To Madness

The closer they get to madness,
The more they realize they are not alone.
The more common they become,
To those they thought lazy and dumb.
Now they find themselves...
Displaced and disgraced,
Like everyone else.
How sudden can a kindredness get?
How quick can those who 'had'
Find themselves among those
They chose once to disrespect.
The closer they get to madness,
They will receive the full affect!
Closer and closer to rub shoulders...
With an acceptance and much regret!
The closer they get to madness,
A perfected lifestyle behind them is left!
The closer and closer...
And closer,
They get!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Closest Planets To Earth

Your writing is...
Well,
So prolific.
It is as if you have wishes,
To touch every thinking mind...
In the Universe.

'Don't be so silly.
I'm sure there is a remote tribe,
Living somewhere in the Amazon...
Caring less I exist.

And besides...
I've learned to take one step at a time.
I have yet to receive a response,
From Mercury, Venus or Mars.
Are you sure they are the closest planets,
To Earth? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Comfort Of Familiarity

The comfort of familiarity,
Should not give some license
To disrespect openly!
Or disregard others living lives,
As they choose their lives to be.
Who gave who rights to be the mortgagor
And the mortgagee of this 'property'!

The comfort of familiarity,
Imposes on those with opinions expressed.
To feel accepted by a few,
Many drool to impress.
Dressed they seek with pretentions shown,
Just to be suppressed by intentions known!

The comfort of familiarity...
Looks for similarity to address!
To produce annoying conflicts enjoyed,
By those addicted to live with unrest!
Instead of encouraging themselves...
To live no less than their best!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Company You Keep

Don't you wade,
Or dip...
To slip,
In disorder near the border.
Don't you wade,
'Cause here's a tip...
You'll be caught up and be drawn to their brawls.

When you begin to sink,
In deep...
Who is going to free you,
From the grip of the beast.

And when you begin to sink,
In deep...
You become what it is that's wished,
By the company you keep.

Don't you be teased to sink deep,
In disorder near the border to be slaughtered.
Since,
The doing of it can't be dismissed.
And...
You'll become whatever that's wished,
By the company you keep.

So don't you dare to wade or dip.
Or go too close near the border of disorder.
'Cause...
You never know whatever it is,
That can't be changed by you or dismissed...
By the company you keep!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Complexities Of Life

It may become problematic,
To continue to ignore those who equate...
A youthful appearance with being inexperienced.
And a novice to the complexities of life.

Since the ones discovered to do this,
Believe they can escape from aging permanently...
By assuming any one who looks young is stupid,
If they don't want to hang out and party all night long.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Composition Of An Atmosphere

Is the importance of being aware with a consciousness,
To share with those afraid and scared to death of it...
Beneficial?

These questions and more can be observed and explored,
Just taking a casual walk around one's environment.
What is important to some and not to others,
Can be debated in prolonged arguments.

But what exists and obviously sits as seen...
Many will claim not to notice it at all.
While others seek escapes from it,
To claim to have no interest if not entertained.
Although what effects the entire environment...
The majority will see no connection as it affects,
The composition of an atmosphere and its entirety!

Is the importance of being aware with a consciousness,
To share with those afraid and scared to death of it...
Beneficial?
Well...
That depends on what side of the street,
One has a preference and chooses to walk on.

'Why should I care about what's going on over there?
I'm not getting paid to do it.
And if I do...
I 'may' attempt to get others involved.
That would be my civic duty to then express my concerns.
I am focused on that which is specific and exclusive,
To the enhancement of my own interests.
Which I 'hope' I am making apparent.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Concept Of Good Health

If that which is implemented,
Has been done to correct and heal...
The effects of illness with research and tests,
To detect with a discovering...
How one can maintain a quality of better health,
Why aren't more diseases prevented to occur?

And who will eventually have the courage and nerve,
To tell people addicted to being sick...
As if proud of it,
That their bad habits have been made easy to inflict...
For the purpose to profit and not for their wellness.
Since this would conflict with the concept of good health.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Consideration Of A Non-Action Taken

Affirming the consideration of a non-action taken,
Would be more productive for those who fence sit...
Than pretending an action thought to think about,
Is relevant to the ones awaiting to hear a debate...
That for decades has been outdated in its importance.
Like an attempt made to discuss the 'birds' and the 'bees',
To those changing diapers in high school nursuries!

Even for the many who have erased from their minds...
As to what had been prioritized for purposes to keep them,
From moving back and forth through a gate that has been...
Open to do as they choose and please.
To leave those hesitating in procrastination,
When, if, how and or why...
What it is that influences who or whom left sought to approve!

'Perhaps we should use a different approach,
Since it is obvious our standards we value...
Have lost meaning and effectiveness.
Especially for the ones that have shown to us...
That becoming more decisive,
Has for them already been done to do without explanation!
And they neither seek or need direction from anyone.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Constant Re-Interpretations

Anything it takes to create,
To make reality less acceptable...
For those believing,
The truth for what it is should be erased...
Has already taken place on a daily basis.
What it is people can not face today,
Are the constant re-interpretations...
Of what it is they should keep disbelieved.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Constant Reporting Done Of Threats

The constant reporting done of threats,
To advance fear in a projected animosity believed.
Intentionally keeps the mind tunneled visioned...
In acts to protect,
Effectively one's nest...
Constantly.

And,
Makes a life lived in search of 'peace'...
Great marketing for those,
Who seek a hatred kept to keep.
With weapons made to be sold!
For the ones working up a sweat that upsets.
For the purpose to reflect,
A bravery known to be courageous and bold.

The constant reporting done of threats,
Creates an indulgence...
Of an increasing release of evil,
With a slice of exciting devilment...
One is prodded to expect to get.
By those who are skilled...
In the playing of war games,
As if in a tournament of chess.
With a hunting done of enemies.
And those proclaimed to be terrorists.

Yet...
It is the quality of life,
That suffers from insurmountable limitation...
From behind locked doors.
Yet...
It is the quality of life,
Harvesting strife and devastation!
To ensure division and distrust,
Becomes heightened on all shores!

To produce.
An inducing attraction for honorable death.

Oozing life from every...living...pore...that's yours!
Until the numbing affect becomes accepted.
Until no one living,
Lives...
To reject it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Content With Meaning Is Missing

Why claim a faith,
And have it as a no-show...
When it is needed,
And the most to rely upon...
To boost and remain with hope.
Where does such claims of faith go?

Why claim a faith,
And have it as a no-show.
What is the significance,
If an intention is meant to influence.
But the content with meaning,
Is missing and/or without depth.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Convenience Of Manipulation

The convenience of manipulation,
Only provides temporary relief...
For the ones who believe,
They keep hidden their misdeeds...
Behind a wall to have others perceive,
Them to be...
Upright and righteous.
Until the facts have been exposed...
To close all exits to show them culprits.
Unable to remove the guilt from their faces.
Or masquerade another successful charade.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Core To Your Failures

Your need to feel you must compete with me,
s the core to your failures.
And the basis for your grief.
To deceive does not with benefit receive.

Everything done you do...
And regardless with who,
You want to see yourself portrayed as the winner.
Of what?

And...
Wishing defeat of those who support and feed you,
Will eventually open your eyes.
Since mine have been wide open,
With hopes one day you will see yourself...
For the fool you have been to 'think' there is something,
You will win to have others praise your efforts.
There is not a back left,
You can climb to rise high on it!

No mind intentionally disconnected,
Can remain unaffected.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Cost

The cost one pays,
To delay decisions to make...
Has become a process,
Substituted...
By thoughts accepted to expect...
Someone else keeps this,
Prioritized as their kept...
Interest.
As if they should feel,
Obligated to remain...
Held accountable,
For every excuse produced...
And used,
By those sucking their thumbs.
With a doing done to refuse,
To acknowledge themselves...
As being the ones responsible,
For actions they've created...
Whether thoughtlessly or not!

'But...
You can not say,
What I did to do...
You were not there,
To intervene.'

-And...
You can not say,
With faith claimed to pray...
That God had been first,
To hear your accusations made.
And if this was done,
To me you would not come...
With belief I created,
Your problems to fix them.
I may be your 'brutha'.
But a miracle worker I ain't.-

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Cost That Is Being Paid

Should we...
Become un-numbed,
From our active and kept delusions?
To find a need for more reason,
Why the feeding on deceptions...
Causing anguish and sorrow,
Everywhere...
Is not televised or fiction.
But today reality.

Should we...
Begin to re-evaluate,
Ourselves and what is valued...
With a stopping to procrastinated,
The cost that is being paid...
To remain tolerating,
A quality of life long in decay.
In need of mending without delay.
And people off their pleading knees,
Believing what they've created...
Can be prayed away.

Should we...
Continue to charade,
We've been shocked by daily events.
No longer isolated,
By fences or communities...
With hired security guards at the gates.
When people have found themselves,
With less freedom than those...
Locked behind bars and protected in prison cells.
And getting exercise and free cable.
Who shopping for weapons,
Can say they live so well?

Should we...
Begin to re-evaluate,
Our selves and what's valued...
With a stopping to procrastinated,

The cost that is being paid...
To remain tolerating,
An ignorance that has left us trapped...
By an insanity that escalates.
And then not to know...
If we are the willing victims,
Unable to detect someone mentally ill.
When our doors are closed and locked.
If anyone who might reside near us or inside,
Is not planning to commit mass murder.

'Honey?
It is four in the morning.
Where are you going looking like that? '

~I couldn't sleep.
I think I'll just go for a walk.~

'Well...
You never know what you will find to confront.
Be safe.'

~I'll de-activate the alarm.
So as not to disturb you.~

'And I'll leave the window open.
Just in case it is easier for you to get in.'

~I hadn't thought of that.
Yeah.
Yeah.
That will make it even better.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The 'Could-Have-Beens'

Why is there so much attention given,
To the 'could-have-beens' but weren't mentioned...
For positions they might have held.
But decisions made were determined with intention...
With the leaving of those seeking symbolic images,
Upset, perplexed and knowing not why they yell.

Why are there disinterested others,
Listening to their opinions as if transfixed?
And what difference does it make,
If statements made by them are outdated and useless?
Since those who may be influenced to be convinced,
Are still not comprehending the basics with common sense.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Courage To Be Honest

All he has done,
Is to remove hypocrisy...
From the decision making process.

And although this is historic,
In the eyes of those self righteous...
He has shown an ability as a leader,
To have the courage to be honest.
And for those hiding behind shadows,
This is incredible news.
It is unbelievable!
Leaving many to say,
He has done this for political reasons! !

Duh!
Let's evaluate his position.

He once had taught law.
He has interpreted the constitution,
As documented by the founders of their society.
Especially the part that says,
Protecting the rights of all people...
Regardless of their religious affliations.
That part.
That part that states...
Everyone should be treated equal.

And for the people observing this...
He has exposed his willingness,
To represent ALL people...
AND not to defy God's wishes.
For those thumping upon their Bibles.
With a cutting to paste their re-writes.

However...
He has offended those who would rather live lives,
Pretentiously.
Offending the ones who advocate for family values,
AND standards...

But whose leaders of their moralistic foundations,
Are being investigated for crimes of all kinds.
You name them!
They are there in full representation.

And THEY...
Regardless of their religious affliliations,
Or political indoctrinations...
Have used their own beliefs,
To prove they are out of their minds.

Although insist their own ignorance should be followed.
No matter what the evidence is...
That has proven them to be selectively crazed.
And these days...
Quite blatant about it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Creator Of Light, Life And Healing

No one can escape to become protected,
And sheltered...
From lies on them others have told.
No one living life to go through that process,
Can escape from tests or pests...
Unless something strong within them kept,
Keeps their grip held tightly to hold.
And better it is to witness with their mouths closed,
Has proven to them to have been a benefit.

The Creator Of Light, Life And Healing,
Can 'always' be trusted to correct mistreatment...
To make things right as one's faith kept expects.
Even while walking through the valley of shadows,
The misdeeds of the wicked are revealed to be seen.
And pain that is real becomes their's to feel.
Since The Creator Of Light, Life And Healing,
Can not be deceived by those perceiving...
Themselves to be skillful at deception.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Creator's Tests

A boldness to live escapes them.
Afraid to offend they are.
A fantasized existence is persisted,
And subdues.
A truth eludes their presence.
In an unhappiness they reflect.
Too much of it has confused.
A stubbornness has created their mental illness!
A truth within them is abused.
A deluded frame of mind they protect.
As if this is not revealed and viewed.
And they pray to God to keep their visions.
But what God decides they neglect!
They wish God to listen to them and their desires.
But they give Him no respect.
They choose to keep their eyes closed tight.
Hoping a miracle will come to remove their regret!
They want their insights to be classified as best.
Believing they are The Creator,
Instead of The Creator's tests!
They leech upon the Earth as pests.
And this they can not accept.
But they are.
We all are in this illusion!
This illusion is evolving.
It does not rest!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Creeping Is Of No Intent To Scare

I must warn you that the creeping,
Is of no intent to scare.
I must also say the creaking heard,
On the stairs...
Are from lack of use.
No need to glare at imagined steps...
No one through thin air will be produced.

Relax.
Enjoy.
Would you like a bit of light?
Or a sip of homemade juice.
Hmmm?
Forgive the darkness of my home.
I prefer to view you with my natural eyesight.
Before you are left,
Alone.
Just for a few moments.

Would you like to slip into something more comfortable?

'Yeah!
My car.
It's right outside.
C-ya.
You did say your were eccentric!
But this...
Is too much of a nervous visit.

What in the 'hell' is THAT? '

Why do you wish to leave...
So,
Abruptly?

Prudence?
Prudence?
Where are you?

Did you rub up against,
The leg of our guest?

Meeeooowww.

Why are you so naughty?
Hmmm?
Did you detect homophobia?

Meeeooowww.

NO?
Then what else could it have been?
No more than ten minutes here,
With me was spent.
Should I or should I not,
Feel offended?
Hmmm...
Perhaps a fear of bats,
Quickened the exit.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Critquing Done

So fortunate I have been,
Throughout my life to have met several 'Doers'.
And...
Many pretenders.
With a noticing of this:
Those 'Doers' I had observed,
Were in fact...
Doing.
With little time afforded to socialize.
Or devoting their time in the 'art' of making impressions.

However...
The 'pretenders'?
The pretenders are very vocal,
About what it is the 'Doers' do.
Or don't do.
And that depends upon who or 'whom',
Those who pretend attempt to address...
With kept impressions made.
Embellished and mostly exaggerated,
Are their activities.

Of which...
Time is given to procrastinate,
Or concentrate on entertaining listeners...
With their assessments.

'SOME people I just wont mention,
Seem to be blessed to have time doing what they 'like'.
Me?
I'm just too busy to accomplish 'anything' these days.
Meetings and appointments give me barely the time,
To find to mingle.'

And so...
The critiquing done with the passing of their judgements,
Upon the 'Doers'...
Continues.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Cure Is There

Let them believe...
That consuming greed,
Leaves them with power.
That will maintain their lead!
Hour upon hour.

They are focused on material treasures.
And the day soon comes...
When all will see them,
And their deeds undone!
Angels begin to descend,
To bring this 'cancer' to a final end!
The cure is there...
And prepared to begin!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Dance Of Life

We are born to be who we are.
Some take that to enhance.
While others refuse 'the dance of life',
That each one of us are born...
To reflect and be who we are,
Without a struggling to fight against it.
And at the best of our conscious abilities,
To better all humanity.

Yet,
And unfortunately...
There are many born to believe deceptions.
That they can make others become,
Whatever it is they wish.
With conflicts to start and confusion to 'dish'.
Leaving offended those defending themselves.
To then have them begin,
Costly campaigns to prove their 'myths' exist.
By a labelling of others to accuse them as enemies.
With false perceptions to accept these beliefs.
As each generation from one to the next,
Becomes left more mentally defective.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Darkness Prevents Your Rescue

Can anyone believe,
Truth can float
In oil slickened waters?
Tattered and standing on rafts,
Are those pointing fingers.
Disputing any appearance of truth,
With rations to save them.
Their ship has sunk.
Priorities have been dismissed.
And a voice shouting for anyone to respond...
Goes unheard!

'Please stop your fighting!
We are prepared to help you.
But someone has to tell us,
Where you can be located?
We hear you shouting...
But the darkness prevents your rescue! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Day When The Sitting To Listen Comes

The day when the sitting to listen comes,
Those who hadn't done it before...
Will discover a wealth of knowledge can be obtained.

Impatience with a running mouth...
And ears blocked,
Makes for poor comprehension.

And those who lack experience,
Are generally the ones...
Who believe they can not be taught anything.

Incompetence loves the company,
Of others equally ignorant.
Especially those who have gained their influence,
Through social networking and kissing tail.

The day when the sitting to listen comes,
Those who hadn't done it before...
Will discover a wealth of knowledge can be obtained.
And what has been done by misdeed and in discreet...
Will be seen for what it is to undo.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Death Of Common Sense

The re-occurrence,
Of 'isolated' violent incidents...
Becoming more entertaining,
As if they are scheduled social events...
Proclaimed not wanted,
Yet getting to appear as expectations.
With them to be solicited and not to prevent.
And represents the death of common sense.
Since no one wants to be accused,
Of having solutions using intelligence.

'How dare those 'arrogant' people,
Suggest and recommend what we should do.'

And not so 'isolated' are these violent incidents,
Increasing within and beyond restricting fences...
Of those who refuse to see but keep beliefs,
That their mindsets kept with fresh delusions...
Have 'not' been the reason and the cause,
Such 'incidents' depicted as isolated have increased.
And continue to prevail as a failed acceptance of reality.
A reality wished did not exist although permitted,
Is an unspoken commitment to an unadmitted ignorance.

'We need someone to assist us to fix,
The problems we are faced with that have happened...
With them to begin for no reason at all.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Death Of Restrictions

The death of restrictions,
Has been determined a suicide.
And those driven to weep in grief,
Can not decide what to do...
With the rest of their lives,
Without being directed.
Or whom to follow behind,
With steps to immulate...
To re-enact an imitation.

The death of restrictions,
Has been determined a suicide.
And those driven to weep in grief,
Can not decide what to do...
With the rest of their lives.
And left to feel abandoned,
Since not too many...
Have offered any sympathy.
Or willing to empathize.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Deed Comes Before The Media

I would never admit,
Without going into a series of conferences...
That I consider myself a pioneer.
Oh...
And I am in more ways than one.
There's no need to be stunned by my revelation.
It's true.
Today I am in a willing to share mood.

There are some who refuse to acknowledge my props.
Believing themselves to be deserving,
Of any attention for their donations...
While securing a photo op!
With a massaging of an ego done!
And anyone who has delivered 'anything' from the heart...
Knows that the deed comes before the media.
Without a need to solicit a feeding on it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Defense Against

If people had invested more of their interest,
In living vibrant and wholesome lives to live...
This would be reflected to see,
Instead of the acceptance of negativity.

And the defense against those who mention it,
Would not be a necessity...
To be protected by the ones most affected.

And yet they pretend,
Not to notice those dragging their limbs.
Or using crutches of all kinds to find reasons,
To shuffle, hop and use unbelievable excuses.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Deities Of Our Creation

We must embrace the deities of our creation.
And beyond the commercialized practices,
Interpreted as religious rituals...
Followed with a hollow belief without depth.

To accept 'something' is there,
And 'knows' before we decide to take a step...
Has a presence so effective,
With a doing to correct our deluded self importance.

Those who have had spiritual experiences,
Readily acknowledge a power far greater...
That can never be manipulated.
Or faked with quotes to escape their fates.

We must embrace the deities of our creation.
And beyond the commercialized practices,
Interpreted as religious rituals...
Followed with a hollow belief without depth.

The ones awakened and becoming more aware,
Are consciously reminded...
Of how precious this existence taken for granted,
Can be erased to be replaced and without notification.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Demon Demeans

Diabolical,
And with scheming...
The demon demeans.
It's diabolical.
And it shows.
It's diabolical.
And this grows.

Diabolical,
And with scheming...
The demon demeans.
To undo and proving too,
What demons choose to do.

Unwilling or unable to communicate.
While whispering in ears the benefits of hate.
To then seek easy exits after leaving this taste.
It's diabolical.
And this shows.
It's diabolical.
And it grows.

Crushing backs of people feeling they've been attacked,
By other people so removed from thinking of that.
But demons are on missions to eliminate facts.
It's diabolical.
And it shows.
It's diabolical.
And this grows.

An openness for evil has been well received.
And people unaware don't know they've been deceived.
The heating of this feeding has been fed to believe,
To leave the people bleeding and pleading on their knees.
It's diabolical.
And this shows.
It's diabolical.
And it grows.

Diabolical,
And with scheming...
The demon demeans.
It's diabolical.
And it shows.
It's diabolical.
And this grows.

Diabolical,
And with scheming...
The demon demeans.
To undo and proving too,
What demons choose to do.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Department Of Complete And Unequivocal Deception

'We come before you to apologize for the time taken,
To come up with a valid and viable solution to solve...
And eliminate,
Our current and future internal afflictions.

We, including myself and others appearing with masks on,
Have decided to outlaw the existence of perceived truth...
With an abandoning of any clues or hints of it all together,
To accept and protect excuse makers who lie with creative alibis...
And declare, on this day,
To go into effect immediately in the hopes this moves us forward...
The Department Of Complete And Unequivocal Deception.
Are there any questions? '

~That's preposterous and totally insane.~

'And...
Those listening intently will agree with me,
Your comments made is a 'statement'.
And not a question.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Depth Of It

I can be lonely.
But the depth of it,
Can not be depicted...
With words to describe,
Although I'll try it expressed.

I can be lonely with a wish to see,
A respect I can believe.
And shared amongst the people.
Without it left behind locked doors to perceive.

I can be lonely with expectations,
Everyone is living with a giving discipline...
Accepted.
And not to offend,
Those with druthers hoping to smother...
Ignorance and negligence displayed by others.

I can be lonely for relationships,
Free of hysterics and more of honestness...
Not to text over the internet,
The what, when and where that made who upset.
Making the doing easy to accuse and suspect.

I can be lonely for those times I remember,
Coming to visit when deception was not the rule.
And immature deceivers weren't creating to make fools,
With a hiding behind lies,
To deny their involvement.

Yes,
I can be lonely.
But the depth of it,
Can not be depicted...
With words to describe,
Although I'll try it expressed.

What is the meaning hoped to get...
When deception is the message,

With expected effect.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Depth Of That Connection

To understand one's craft to master,
Takes more than just having an interest.
Devotion, discipline and focus applied,
Comes with a commitment...
With one's life to sacrifice.
If that craft is undenied and chosen.

Too many perceive a doing of anything,
With blood and sweat routinely left to leave...
Requires for them a payment to receive.
And they are the ones seeking attention to come.
Wanting with a hope for it done!
To become disappointed if their activities are overlooked.

But those devoted with initiative and this to give,
Seldom have thoughts...
Of incentives, benefits or appeasing those who may applaud,
Since it is not impressions to make...
For the purpose to feed an ego after leaving others 'awed'.
It is about the passion felt and the depth of that connection!

The depth of that connection felt and meant is intense.
With a devoted focus and seldom deviates from its intent.
Unless lessons are sought to learn to enlighten,
The ones who seek to heightened their experiences...
To deeper affect the depth felt,
Of that selected connection.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Depthness Of Their True 'Who'

Seeking to have revealed,
The person behind the persona?
With a feeling felt real,
Stripped from a concealment?
To then show the depthness,
Of their true 'who'...
From under layers peeled?
Since this is what they had chosen to do.

When was the last time...
Anyone exposed their blemishes,
To acknowledge their flaws...
When they were verbally attacked,
For being unnatural.
And criticized by those pretentious...
Who themselves expressed shock,
Dismay AND appall.

And still people wish,
For those times to come...
When 'others' can be believed and trusted?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Detachment

An acceptance of what is,
To move on from it...
Increases the prospects of progress.
Although one will eventually admit,
The detachment at first permits a loneliness.

To stay fixed and unchanged,
With the times that are in constant movement...
Is a game one decides to play with others comforted.
Not to realize what is condoned,
Are habits only attractive to the ones...
Living in a past to pass judgement on themselves.
Which has adapted their minds...
Not to look forward but back.

To entrapped those who have become saddened,
By the embrace of their mental enclosures.
Finding they have become more exposed,
To that which they had at one time opposed.
Now find themselves praying,
For opportunities to escape through doors now closed.

An acceptance of what is,
To move on from it...
Increases the prospects of progress.
Although one will eventually admit,
The detachment at first permits a loneliness.

To do with no improvement done,
Accomplishes nothing for anyone.
And that proof is in the observation.
But those deluded do not seek evidence.
Even if it is clear a rebellion against this exists.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Development Of One's Patience

Going out of one's way to discredit another,
To depict that other as a fool and crazed...
Doesn't return good dividends,
With those kinds of investments made.

Especially when time does a flip flop,
And the development of one's patience...
Crops to expose those who are totally crazed,
In more ways than one to be seen as shown.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Devotion Given To Our Disciplines

You,
Are a dancer.
Dancing is what you do.
I write,
But enjoy dancing.
You,
Are an architect.
That is what you do.
I write,
But enjoy architecture.
You,
Are a photographer.
And you exhibit this.
I write,
But enjoy taking pictures.
You,
Sing.
Like no one I've heard.
I write,
But enjoy singing.

And,
The devotion given to our disciplines,
Has given us a purpose to define.
Our destinies.

However,
I can not demand you spend time with me.
If I am respecting how you spend your time.
If we are respecting with admiration,
Of one another's gifts.

There is an obvious difference of applied,
Concentration.

We must be left to do what we do,
To do it until it is done.
With a lesser time given to schedule visitations.
Somewhere.

Somehow.
And why?
We became married and attached to our crafts.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Dew And The Lifting Of Mist

I awaken these days to be more observant.
Have I been slower to recognize the Sunrise?
And the dew and the lifting of mist...
As I notice this while I sit to witness dawn?

I remember when much younger,
Noon held more of my interest.
And today...
I can be alone to watch the Sunset drift away.
To not think of this activity as an aging process.
Although for me it has to be.

I have adapted to appreciate life more.
And time lived I have been given,
To reflect upon and reminisce.
With a feeling of being blessed 'and' to know it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Dew Drops Mist

Whatever it is that you've been told...
As the dew drops mist,
Each morning that unfolds...
Mother Nature to this is committed.
To all things that exist.
And even you and I...
We are caught up the mix.

Whatever the season that comes to leave,
We may have our differences and do not agree.
But,
Nonstop Mother Nature shows...
Everything that lives,
She assists its growth.

And you and I can do what we like.
In between the fussing, cussing and fights.
You and I can decide to hide or be seen...
But mother Nature is there!
And always on the ecene.

It doesn't matter if we chit chat or scatter.
Upon this existence the dew drops mist.
It doesn't matter if we scatter without chatter.
Upon this existence the dew drops mist.
And,
We can be a little rich or poor.
Or never answer a knock on our doors.
It doesn't matter if we chit chat or scatter.
Upon this existence the dew drops mist.

Whatever the season that comes to leave,
We may have our differences and do not agree.
But,
Nonstop Mother Nature shows...
Upon this existence the dew drops mist.

Every morning when you're yawning and it's dawn,
On this existence the dew drops mist.

It doesn't matter in your life what's going on,
'Cause...
In this existence the dew drops mist.

Whatever it is that you've been told...
As the dew drops mist,
Each morning that unfolds...
Mother Nature to this is committed.
To all things that exist.
And even you and I...
We are caught up the mix.

So,
Every morning when you're yawning and it's dawn,
On this existence the dew drops mist.
It doesn't matter in your life what's going on,
'Cause...
In this existence the dew drops mist.

Whatever the season that comes to leave,
We may have our differences and do not agree.
But,
Nonstop Mother Nature shows it and knows...
Upon this existence the dew drops mist.

Whatever the season that comes to leave,
We may have our differences and do not agree.
But,
Nonstop Mother Nature shows it and knows...
Upon this existence the dew drops mist.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Difference

I can have wisdom AND knowledge,
With proof to show I do.
And be willing to volunteer my time away,
To those disrespecting I had valuable information,
That could benefit their lives.
And not ask from them a single dime.

I could be that person with no knowledge at all.
Had no wisdom to speak of and no time to volunteer.
But...
If I had made a name for myself,
And made 'claims' of my abilities.
With my name bright up in lights for all to see them flash,
People would flock to pay to see me.
And the doing of that may not be beneficial to them,
A bit.
But just to say they witnessed it.

The difference?
Someone who makes claims,
And has established a name...
With no wisdom to share proving knowledge is there,
Would be more respected to those not receiving benefit,
Than the one having what they need.

Why?
People have become more impressed,
By those addressing pretentions.
Than they are receiving opportunities,
Handed to them for free to meet their needs...
By those who do not impress them with image.

And those with image they seek to pay huge sums,
To get nothing for them done.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Difference Made

People will come,
To make a difference.
And leave,
To make a difference.
To be,
The difference made...
To be left and done that way.

People will come,
To make a difference.
And leave,
To make a difference.
To be,
The difference made...
To be left and done that way.

Yet many choose to complain,
About what others do.
But be the ones to want,
The credit for it too.
If what is done eventually succeeds.
And achieves a notoriety.

So many choose to complain,
About what others do.
To refuse to give support,
Until what's done others approve.
With a getting of attention too.

People will come,
To make a difference.
And leave,
To make a difference.
To be,
The difference made...
To be left and done that way.

Yet many choose to complain,
About what others do.

Not to know what's being done.
Nor believe it's true.
Even when the evidence provides the proof.

People will come,
To make a difference.
And leave,
To make a difference.
To be,
The difference made...
To be left and done that way.
Regardless of believers.
And disbelievers too.
Or those who do deceive,
To confuse what's been approved.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Different Twigs On Rooted Trees

The different twigs on rooted trees,
If noticed...
Expands concepts of possibilities,
If approached...
With an opened mind.

If one accepts the meaning of consciousness,
Life given to live will display...
An array of qualities,
Humanity blesses us to receive.

This Universe beholds many complexities,
Out of our control.
Although we demand with selfishness,
To insist we can rule and suppress...
What we choose and refuse what is detested!
Feeding a continuum of conflict and unrest.

A divine design,
More complexed than our self centeredness...
Is not blinded by the fuss we make as specks of dust.
It knows we leech disrespectfully.
It knows we show an ungratefulness...
With beliefs our insignificance,
Is the cause and effect of the 'heavens' progress.
And 'not' the creators of upsetting conflicts and diseases,
Left!
Like pests.
And not the self righteous 'saviors' professed!

A divine design,
More complexed than our self centeredness...
Is not blinded by the fuss we make as specks of dust.
It knows we leech disrespectfully.
It knows we show an ungratefulness...
With beliefs our insignificance,
Is the cause and effect of the 'heavens' progress.

The different twigs on rooted trees,

If noticed...
Expands concepts of possibilities,
If approached...
With an opened mind.

However...
Too many of those are still enclosed,
In shells too hard!
And too thick to birth from the surface to bloom!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Difficulty Of Kept Insecurities

A wisdom to earn to get and keep,
Takes a life to live overcoming mistakes.
With a facing of many obstacles to rid.
And mending from heartache is not easy.
Nor eliminating the difficulty of kept insecurities.
Whether one's own or someone else's to condone.
It is painful to have eyes open up wide.
And to endure the experience of doing this alone.

Those who offer others escapes to make,
With fresh excuses to create on a daily basis...
And still refuse to admit their involvement,
Are the very ones today hoping to pray away...
Attempts made to live life their own way.
Without listening to comprehend to understand,
An ignorance to protect is a life subjected to agony.
And is an ignorance that has its consequences to pay.

The best advice to give someone living their own life,
Is none. No one can advise another how that is done.
But offer to share experiences when that time comes.
With a doing that is known and shown to be beneficial.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Direction To Be Followed

.Noitcerid wollof t'nod I
.Dewollof eb ot noitcerid eht ma I

I don't follow direction.
I am the direction to be followed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Distraction That Is

The distraction that is,
Has always relied on the color of one's skin.
With an added economic diversion to throw in.
To have all blindly believe those disenfranchised,
Are the reason why crooks and petty thieves...
Have a purpose to deceive and ruin people's lives.

The distraction that is,
Keeps facts hidden from those unconscious.
With a portraying of philanthropists,
As saviors to those poor donating their trinkets.
Pulled from secret treasure chests,
Kept behind monitored and thick mansion doors.

The distraction that is,
Keeps conflicts ignited and fears kept near.
And with an infusion of delusions,
Feeding confusion and division...
To all who are known to abort the truth,
With a dependency on the ones creating false facts.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Dodging Of Bullets, Fistfights And Arguments

Too much evidence is there,
That a breakdown of respect has been lost.
And 'that' has become more than common.
A total absence of discipline,
Has been gone for so long...
That the younger generation,
Immediately become offended...
When it is implied or mentioned.

So...if I don't accept your invitation,
For another call to unite in unity, again!
It is not because I don't believe,
A unity can be achieved or pursued.
I do.
It's just that the dodging of bullets,
Fistfights and arguments...
Will not be on my agenda to witness,
This year.

Perhaps when the excitement,
Of celebrating it dies down a bit...
And we are comfortable enough,
To be together with a definition...
Of what a togetherness means.
And is comprehended...
I will then feel less threatened by its presence.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Doing Of This

The second a thing is done,
To be regretted by anyone...
With years to sit and marinate,
Does not with time to find an ease...
In one's mind to come when it pleases,
To erase what's done as if nothing took place.
Since to reminisce it seems to visit,
Whenever the doing of this is uninvited.

The second a thing is done,
To be regretted by anyone...
Has a guarantee to be remembered,
In a mind of someone wishing...
They had found a better use of their time.
Since to reminisce it seems to visit,
Whenever the doing of this comes uninvited.
With a sitting to stay until it dismisses itself.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Doing Of This You Refuse

Does taking chances increase one's advantage,
To enhance the advancing of maturity?
And does one like this learn to identify quicker,
The making of mistakes to eliminate them made?
Without being afraid to confess and say it?
With those who also can relate this as a 'normal' phase.
Although few will publicly admit to this these days.

Or do those mature place themselves in a position,
To endure a lifetime of opposition...
From those who have yet expressed an ability,
To leave and let go of their childish ways...
As a process of living life?
With this, hopefully, one day...
To become accepted to be comprehended AND understood.

And...
Will it ever be a possibility for all to witness as observed,
That being responsible for actions done...
Will not chastise those who accept being accountable,
With a facing of their consequences and refusing from them...
Not to run with a deserving of respect that comes.
Or will they like so many become labelled as fools,
By those who choose immaturity over truth.

'So what are you saying?
The majority of us are a bunch of kids? '

I didn't say that.
Nor do I have to.
Your actions do.
With a proving of it.
And not only from my point of view,
The doing of this you refuse to see continues.
Have you listened to your own excuses?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Doing Of What I Do To Get Done

If the doing of what I do to get done,
Was made to look any easier...
Those who believe that it is,
Would still be around!
However...
Whenever there is work involved,
Some people are nowhere to be found.

I seek real challenges.
To others that may look easy.
And not to leave them unfinished,
With excuses to make...
That I have become too exhausted.
And I hear that from those,
Who believe with me they can compete.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Donald

Donald Trump,
May be a lump of burning coal...
As suggested.
By some wishing their Christmas stockings,
Hung by the fireplace...
Will be filled with trinkets and promised gold.
But Mister Trump has done something,
No other politician or entertainer has done to date.
And that is to speak from an honesty,
Few who are wealthy and blessed with riches...
Can say they represent to have many appreciate.

Refreshing it is to hear these days,
A truth that offends those relying on pretentions...
To escape from traditions and values fading away.
With them sold to sell while a few pockets swell.
But The Donald isn't in it for the money.
Or does he feed those honey to discover more mold.

'So you are saying you actually 'like' Donald Trump? '

I like anyone unafraid to say it as it is.
Barack Obama 'still' does it.
Inviting opposition as if it is welcomed.
Although for many he has become too much of a quiz!
Yet...
Regardless who attempts to impress from 9 to 5.
And dressed to deliver more of the same tired jive.
With a doing to connive their deception and lies.
The Donald? Has proven he can afford to do neither.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Door I Open To Close

The door I open to close behind me,
Would be less routine...
If I knew,
You'd be awaiting in a room...
To greet me like you use to do.
With a barrage of pent up sentiments.

The door I open to close behind me,
Welcomes me with a peaceful silence...
I did not always find,
When remembering those times...
I wondered where you were,
And that disturbed me.

Today,
When I open that same door to close...
After missing you,
And going through those adjustments we made...
I think of us not having enough trust,
And so willing to give up.
When all I wanted was just five minutes...
To myself.
And you could never understand why.

The door I open to close behind me,
Would be less routine...
If I knew,
You'd be awaiting in a room...
To greet me like you use to do.

Sometimes now I wish,
I had given you ten minutes.
Since that's all you wanted from me to listen.
I'm all ears now,
Wanting to hear your voice!
But you made a choice to leave.
And I can not blame you for choosing to.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Downside Of An Upside Lived

The downside of an upside lived,
Is like the body cleansing itself...
To rid from a cold or a virus inflicted.

Those trying to cling onto something,
Possessed with a tightening hold...
Are the ones most embarrassed,
By a letting go of that which exposes.

It is all recycled!
To renew and replace.
Here today and gone tomorrow,
Is a part of life difficult to face.

If there wasn't two sides of a coin,
What would be the purpose...
To wish for heads or tails?
How boring it would be if neither existed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Easier It Looks

The easier it looks,
For one to do something done.
And to keep those from the outside,
Looking in...
With that perception undefended.
The harder it gets,
For one to do this...
Without getting sleep or rest.

And yet,
Making appearances everywhere...
As if,
There is nothing but time wasted.
To do what one pleases without care,
With a team unseen sweating in despair.
And supervised nonstop,
To produce with perfection their very best.

'It is not humanly possible,
To do what he is known to do...
With a proving that shows that he has done it,
Without him being some kind of machine.'

~But how?
We've been on his back like white on rice,
For years and before that when he was just a teen.~

'So what are you saying?
He is one of twins? '

~No!
But I do believe he is a triplet.~

'Hmmm...
I had not thought of that.
And maybe the other two yet to be born,
Dictate to him from realms beyond.'

~You may be on to 'something'.

Let's continue our probe.~

'And,
I know this is going to sound foolish.
But...
Maybe he just loves what he does.
And committed to the doing of it.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Easier The Comformity

It is easy to interpret a misunderstanding,
If that is what one wishes.
It is easy for one to choose conflict,
If 'that' is what one wishes.

It is comfortable for some,
To see others from a distance.
To observe them not as they exist.
But what they've been told.
Since no emotions have been exchanged...
To acknowledge truth,
Face to face.
Or any touching visit.

It is easy to interpret a misunderstanding,
If that is what one wishes.
It is easy for one to choose conflict,
If 'that' is what one wishes.
And the easier the comformity to what one believes...
Becomes that which is wished to inflict upon one's consciousness.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Eating Of Cookies And Having A Glass Of Milk

I don't know who they think they are talking to.
Or where their minds are.
Since the 50's,60's or 70's no longer exist.
And the 80's and the 90's have also long gone.

And yet they speak to me as if,
I stand in the midst of a playground.
And I am prepared to play dodge ball.

And after that...
We all will share laughs over our enjoying,
The eating of cookies and having a glass of milk.
What has happened to the minds of these people?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Effectiveness Of Fear And Threats

The producing to introduce fear,
Only unleashes conflicts to chase.
To then hide in separate divisions.
With a uselessness of comparisons,
Based upon religious beliefs and intelligence...
Between color, class and someone's race.

The effectiveness of fear and threats,
Has already been witnessed...
To heights of implemented ignorance.
Assisted by a lack of discipline.
And disrespect invested in regret.
How foolish can fools prove they can get?

To eliminate the existence of this,
Has to be a consciousness that's aware of it.
With a determination to self examine,
Self reflect and not find excuses...
To first seek reasons to be offended,
By the presence of truth left to leave suspected...
Because the honesty of it is not politically correct.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Effectiveness Of It

Let the truth be told to be unfold.

'Why? '

It's the only thing that has yet to be revealed.
And besides...
Lies and deception no longer surprise.

'And truth? '

Come here.
See those people...
Running away as if they've seen ghosts?

'Yeah.
And...
Why are they screaming? '

They are the few,
Who have already been introduced to truth.
And as you can see...
The effect of it can be quite traumatic.
So...
Even though truth should be told,
To be unfold.
I would suggest and recommend...
Only a few at a time be exposed to it.
The effectiveness of it can sometimes overwhelm.

'Look...
They are beginning to rip off their clothes.'

Didn't I tell you,
The effectiveness of it can sometimes overwhelm?
Thank God I was alone and in my home,
When I discovered it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Effectiveness Of Unpaid Debts

Those who take positions to prevent,
The progress of others with an intention to convince...
This doing is meant to prove themselves powerful.
Was a foolish undertaking upon its invention.
Although refusing to self examine,
The consequences of their ways to build cement fences,
Around a profound and kept ignorance...
They believed,
A keeping to feed on entitlements would forever benefit...
An exclusivity to keep themselves distant and envied,
Would also influence with invented religious myths.
However...
What is clearly missing that has been disconnected,
From their consciousness...
Is a dependency on those they believe restricted to limits,
And...
Are the very same ones they continue to depend upon,
To hype up their greatness for the world to see,
With a deceiving of diversity they wish and perceive...
Is held in their control.
Although these delusions cheaply sold,
Has increased the effectiveness of unpaid debts they owe.
And directly connected to their disceptions.
It seems not one of their myths can end their conflicts.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Effects Of A Secret Leaks

The effects of a secret leaks.
And those trusted with it,
Claim to now feel threatened?
By what?
Their guilt?

If a secret leaks to achieve the expected...
Why would those unknown,
To have kept the secret...
Between themselves,
Feel 'now' their identities will be exposed?

To who, what or whom?
If a mission successfully has been accomplished...
Only those chosen,
Should be invited to celebrate the outcome.
Unless some are feeling slighted,
Because they weren't invited.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Effects Of Freedom And Entitlements

There were times when those oppressed,
Use to beg and request their freedom.
With a wish to have their interests accepted,
And intergrated.

Well...
All requests today are now subjected to scrutiny.
With the effects of freedom and entitlements given,
Proven not to be beneficial to anyone's progress.

The obviousness of disrespect and the crumbling of values,
Can no longer go undetected to protect those living with regrets.
Unless they are one of 'those' with a nose too high up in the air,
To avoid a stench they from the trenches helped create.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Effects Of It (Delusion Meant)

In the midst of delusion meant,
To question truth...
Today I've come to realize,
What has been taught in one's life...
To keep emphasized,
Has nothing to do...
With a collective reality at all.

Manipulation!
The effects of it.
How that is done and to whom...
Is the basis of establishing fact!
If a successful manipulation is done,
Anything can and will be believed.

And the higher one's paycheck gets...
Dancing plums,
Assisted by a few marching candycanes...
With a few talking Christmas trees.
Targeting the right marketing done...
Is reality enough,
For anyone seeking an escape.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Effects Of Racism

I was once invited to participate,
In a seminar.
To discuss the effects of racism,
Conducted many miles away in an isolated
Remote area
Distanced from where the effects took place.
Near my home.
And I was to be the only Black to appear,
On this prestigious panel.

I declined the offer.
Since I felt it was ridiculous,
To remove myself away from those 'effects'
While in discussion with others,
Who kept perpetuated the acceptance
Of expressed indifferences.

Plus I had attended another affair,
At the same location...
As others listened intently,
While I explained reasons for wearing my hair
In dreads!
And if it had an affect on my identity.

I was then asked to come again,
Next time I was in the area.
As if these 'settings' would be missed,
In my life!
And those who 'sympathized' with my plight,
Would embrace my need to receive their acceptance.
With an understanding of my internal turmoil.
Which, of course, had to depress,
My sensibilities.

Yes!
Only an eyewitness experiencing this,
Would appreciate the sacrifices I make.
Living amongst those who have not been so 'chosen'
To escape from their deprived and substandard conditions.

Inflicted upon them by those less liberal of deed.

I feel so blessed to be honored,
By those 'willing' to share their comfort zones!
However...
There is something about my own environment,
That affords me the freedom to express less pretentiousness.

Although I must say this,
Being a 'victim' of those who are racists...
Has, at times, been to my benefit.

At least I know where they are coming from.
And I have been given opportunities to avoid them!
With a choice to leave them and their preceptions,
'Impressed' upon their limited consciousness.
And I,
Could leave them alone to glorify their intentions.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Eldest Born Knows

And like the eldest born knows,
Experiments take place.
And like the eldest born knows,
Expectations have their weight...
Since a quickness to do,
Eliminates time thought wasted.

And like the eldest born knows,
Appreciation isn't stated...
To keep the others safe.
No one protects the eldest.
Only fate awaits.

It becomes taken for granted,
The eldest is used...
To abuse with an escape,
With lies that are told by others...
Who will never know what it is like,
To take what the eldest does.

The eldest has to learn quick,
To do everything and take care of business...
Alone!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Elevating

The elevating finally arrives,
Like a magic carpet gliding in to invite rides...
For those who have been despondent.
And patiently awaiting,
With years and many tears...
That have left eyes too dry unable to cry.
To see evidence confirmed to affirm,
Faith kept to keep leaves believers...
Eventually receiving expected dreams,
And wishes to get.
As a path begins to clear those obstacles,
Once appearing more threatening with each step.
To regret a wish to reach that peak of success.
And then 'mysteriously' a miracle witnessed begins,
As if to sweep away to make ineffective opposition.
An opposition that seems to have quickly vanished.
To leave believes with kept faith,
Awed, thrilled and speechless.

'Now what is your problem?
You look as if you've lost something.'

~I have.
I've lost them.
I have none.~

'You have 'none'?
None of what? '

~Problems.
They are gone.~

'Then why are you crying? '

~You have no idea how good it feels to do it.
I'm letting go of everything I held onto for too long.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Eleventh Hour

The eleventh hour,
Loudly...
Begins to tick.
Yet...
Many who ignore it,
Insist to permit...
Ongoing conflicts.

The eleventh hour,
Promises an increase of madness.
While those believing,
Themselves left unaffected,
Still unconsciously protest...
A selfishness of their entitlements,
To get.

Leaving the mindless,
Who live behind closed and perfumed doors...
Locked to romance kept delusions.
Hoping heard disturbances,
Are not near their steps but on foreign shores.

Leaving the mindless,
Detached and surrounded by false tales told.
Preparing to attend invitations accepted,
To social events they intend with others convinced...
The eleventh hour ticking for all,
Is for some and not meant for them.

The eleventh hour,
Loudly...
Begins to tick.
Yet...
Many who ignore it,
Insist to permit...
Ongoing conflicts.

And leaving the mindless...
Unconvinced.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The End Of The Line Has Come

The end of the line has come to the ones,
Expecting a condoning an extention done of their fun.
And their whims and druthers kept self obsessed,
Has during these times we live...
Must now be addressed to face with a seriousness.

And those believing they are entitled to feed,
Only their needs as a priority felt exclusively...
Are stunned to find a reality has come,
With limitations restricting them to do as they please...
Since no more for them will their selfish wishes be done.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Ending To Your Objections

Accept what has happened in your past.
Let it go.
Nothing there bestows upon you one benefit.
Unless...
You have a need to appetize on misery.
The kind people love to kick around.
With it claimed not to look for it.
But there it is to find as if a treasure found.

Accept what has been said.
What is the advantage,
To keeping this negativity in your head?
With a doing to get no rest or peace,
While you lay in bed...
Thinking over the 'why' and reason,
Who mentioned what they did...
And for what purpose to serve it was said.

Unless...
The doing of it was a dream come true.
And you couldn't feel enough pity,
To have that party in your mind come true to do.
With dread always there to find when wished.
While appeasing the needs of others kept pleased,
To RSVP to the invitations you send.

Accept your life and reject getting upset.
Expect more unhappiness to get,
With the ending to your objections.
Afterall...
Who else is more qualified better than you,
To hang onto your sorrows.
And with a doing to seek empathy too?
Consider yourself the best at what you do.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Entertainment Industry

The only ones believing,
The entertainment industry is easy...
Are the ones being entertained,
At home watching TV, watching movies.
Or listening to music to either
To hear their favorite rap artist scat through...
Copied tracks on the radio.

People who have pursued their dreams,
To know what it means to go without eating...
Or getting sleep to walk the streets,
Looking at others through restaurant windows...
Imagining how it feels to eat,
After spending of hundreds of dollars...
Just to get head shots for a hope to meet,
A table of decision makers flipping quickly...
With little interest shown to make it known,
What it is they see is at best mediocrity.
And...
Who might to them say, 'WHY are you here?
And to waste our time? When you could easily find,
A desk job anywhere else where those folks don't mind...
Observing a wanna bee claim to have talent.'

It takes more than talent,
And a thick skin to put up with this...
Outward display of stripping away one's dignity.
For anyone to perceive,
A hopping on a plane or train with visions of stardom,
In Hollywood OR New York City with fame as an aim...
To think they will sit pretty on a stage under spotlight,
Believing this is going to be done...
Overnight without sacrificing to shed many years of tears,
With insults, embarrassments and more of that to come...
To endure the 'ease' of doing what one wishes to dream,
As something they will accomplish immediately.

Imitation Of Life had been a great movie.
And just an imitation of life was all that it was.

The entertainment industry is not for those,
Not prepared to carve their own way or be opposed.
Then dare to sell their gifts to be sold,
To those seeking to be convinced what is presented...
Comes from one's soul and not ego.
Ego has very few places to go in the 'industry'.
UNLESS, you are Kanye West who just happens to be,
Even 'more' than what he 'says' he is.

'Why did 'you' leave the entertainment industry?
Were you afraid of success?
Or did you accept for you that wasn't meant to be?
Either North, South, East or Mr. West on a quest.'

I didn't leave it.
I was told I could not create my own audience,
A few steps from where I lived as a kid.
And when I was told that,
I had to show them to prove...
If I wanted to I could move a few mountains.
Plus...
Who knew better what it was I was born to do,
To get done the way I knew I could.

'And...
Just what was THAT.'

Would it offend if I should ask,
~Are you illiterate?
Or are you one who perceives,
What you see and watch on TV and movies.
OR hear to from the radio,
Is all there is to the entertainment industry? ~

'OH...
So which team do you play your sport?
Or had that been another delusion you aborted?
When remnants of 'your' ego had been squashed.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Epidemic Of Disinterest

It may have started as an envy.
Something petty kept over decades...
That grew from a senselessness.
It may have begun as a rumor to begin,
Until time progressed it...
As a part of life to accept jealousies.
Jealousies to grow to know no end.

The epidemic of disinterest,
Began its step when children left...
Old neighborhoods and familiar playgrounds,
With a growing to experience...
Something else.

The epidemic of disinterest,
Became more effective...
When lessons learned to experience life,
Separated those from others who stayed...
Playing the same games.
To remain in comfort zones preferred and liked.

Differences of opinions,
Became more difficult to accept.
Those who adventured on various paths to take,
Were criticized and mocked as fakers.
Fakers who masked,
A replacing of known faces.

Dismissed they were and skills they'd obtained.
By those who defamed,
And undermined their gains.
With a doing to rumor and spread innuendos.
To intend to disrespect and shame,
Their intellects.

The epidemic of disinterest,
Began to effect families and relationships.
The epidemic of disinterest,
Left many to refuse...

The sharing of success others would reject.
The epidemic of disinterest,
Has divided communities.
And a unity now wished to get expected...
Has become less a possibility.

It may have started as an envy.
Something petty kept over decades...
That grew from a senselessness.
It may have begun as a rumor to begin,
Until time progressed it...
As a part of life to accept jealousies.
Jealousies to grow to know no end.
And...
This epidemic of disinterest kept,
Can be witnessed as a disease.
That has prevented many who are affected,
From connecting effectively...
To a future that has left them behind to leave,
Minds believing there is a benefit in limits.

In Chicago...
Where blowing winds can be cold.
We've got to stop,
This epidemic of disinterest.
In L.A. where fantasies are made.
We've got to stop,
This epidemic of disinterest.
In Miami, Atlanta, Hartford, Connecticut too.
And other places where pretensions stay,
To keep the truth abused.
We've got to stop,
This epidemic of disinterest.
Before 'all' interest goes refused.

Can't leave out Ferguson.
We've got to stop,
This epidemic of disinterest.
When are we 'gonna' get,
These lessons finally learned.

We are suppose to be great.

But of 'what',
To make.
We are suppose to be great.
But of 'what'?

We are suppose to be great.
But of 'what',
To make.
We are suppose to be great.
But of 'what'?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Equality Of My Sentiments

No offense intended or is it meant.
But I must remind you,
That your beliefs to keep...
Have nothing to do with my experiences.
And whether or not you perceive my comments,
As being combative,
With them expressed emphatically...
Is not a debate I will participate in.
Or be provoked into explaining my actions.

The facts that my experiences to have lived,
Remain to be unchanged...
Unchanged they remain to stay that way.
As I respect your beliefs you wish to keep.
However...
You can not expect me to believe,
I should be held accountable...
For beliefs you doubt and no not follow,
To make claims I am in defiance.

What strategy do you insist,
I should accept that makes more sense?
Help me achieve with you comprehension.

'I am repulsed by your insolence.'

Finally you are beginning to understand,
The equality of my sentiments.
And someday,
The getting from A to Z...
Will be agreed upon with it accomplished.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Escalation Of Fear

The escalation of fear,
To justify an acceptance of madness...
Should make it increasingly clear,
Of a mindset infected...
To perfect the spreading of mental disease.

With a doing to isolate themselves from others,
In a darkness that further prevents any light...
To cast upon their infectious misdeeds.
And delighting in their craze are their days ahead,
As a consciousness some may or may not reminisce...
Slowly from them is taken until all of it leaves.

'Who believes there is a benefit from this? '

I can't answer that question.
God creates.
God eliminates.
The wicked destroy believing they'll enjoy,
One Earth they will inherit.
With it perceived God will leave,
Their evilness to go unnoticed.

'What is that high flying in the sky?
Appearing to then disappear,
Right before my eyes? '

I can't answer that question.
God creates.
God eliminates.
And with my kept faith I can only say,
I've witnessed God working in mysterious ways.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Escalation Of Truth

People of 'yestersday'...
Easily offended when questioned of their beliefs,
Quickly chose to dismiss those written depictions...
Of existing inhumane injustices,
Endured to suffer from the ones inflicting...
Their rascist biases.
Comments made like this,
Could not be accepted by those unaffected.
And had either been banned or censored,
To perceive this kind of evil to be embellished.

Today as the year 2015 approaches,
And a higher consciousness...
Has begun to remove minds from restricted limits,
Blatantly seen are eyes witnessing a rise of visuals.
Visuals no one can describe or disguise,
As delusions fantasized.
People are beginning to realize their lives jeopardized,
By pretentions kept to address impressions.
With a truth to face as it has always been,
But more are delusions once preferred and sweetened...
Can not replace to eliminate by a chasing away,
The escalation of truth so brutal it can not be refused or denied.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Etiquette Of Standards (Fiction Unrestricted)

With a romancing done to symbolize,
Idols cast in stone to emphasize...
An hypocrisy that stabilizes their lives!
With an ostracizing actively performed,
On anyone who might criticize.

Truth to them is treated like sin.
And those who speak it become victims.
The etiquette of standards are values embraced.
Although contrived are their lives...
In a plan to devise realities compromised.
And based upon fiction unrestricted.

With a romancing done to symbolize,
Idols cast in stone to emphasize...
An hypocrisy that stabilizes their lives!
And that stability cracks backs with lies!
Upheld and defied by those hiding tears they cry.

And an unstoppable higher consciousness,
Comes knocking to pay visits.
And nothing documented can prevent this one bit.

Truth to them is treated like sin.
And those who speak it become victims.
The etiquette of standards are values embraced.
Although contrived are their lives...
In a plan to devise realities compromised.
And based upon fiction unrestricted.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Ever Changing Profile

No matter who interprets reality,
With highlighted dots...
Or colored crayons used,
To achieve an understanding.
We are a product of our isolated environments.
Be they an ethnic mix.
Or separated by choice of racist comforts...
Paraded through streets,
To honor one's heritage.
When we are given reason to celebrate...
During one of those monthly ethnic weeks.

And that ignorance that divides us all...
Is the same ignorance we defend,
When our delusions of who we are,
And those standards we value...
Are offended.
Depending on how those insults are delivered.
And by whom.

And whatever those ties we keep,
Belonging to ancestors romanticized,
Who had little or nothing to do...
With the polluting of today's atmosphere,
Is kept glamorized.
We are fine with keeping them as our heroes.

And hopefully we pray with faith,
They are not looking down upon us...
With eyes spying.
Observing us lose our tempers,
With tremendous rudeness...
As we together stand in unity,
In a crowded fast food restaurant,
Hoping what has been ordered...
Doesn't take too much longer,
Before we get to eat it.
Without a single thought,
Of being threatened by terrorists...

To cross our minds.
Until we all are reminded by the media...
Our treasured lifestyle is so envied,
We must be alerted to take pre-caution.

And this we do...
As we wonder while munching,
And sipping on diet soft drinks...
Which one of us fits,
The ever changing profile...
Of a lunatic!

'Why are you carrying that huge book around? '

~This is my collection of the different looks of terrorists.
Everyday I need to updat it,
To keep abreast of who will be depicted as one next.~

'They have the best 'fries' here.'

~I agree.~

'Do you have a recent picture of Bin Laden? '

~No, not yet.
I am waiting for his next video release.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Evidence Is Obvious

It's time to leave them!
Those that can not be lead.
Those attached to barbaric beliefs...
And sealed to the hip.
Following behind blindly,
The madness of dead weight heads.
Who mock intelligence,
To induce fear, agony and dread!

They say, 'Nothing is near us.
We are kings/queens of the universe! '

But their restrictions limited by inflictions...
Can not see,
We have been monitored constantly!

'It' is already here!
That powerful force...
We are told does not appear.
With abilities beyond,
What we hold dear!

It's time to leave them!
Those that can not be lead.
Those attached to barbaric beliefs...
And sealed to the hip.
Following behind blindly,
The madness of dead weight heads.
Who mock intelligence,
To induce fear, agony and dread!

The evidence is obvious,
As we are told to ignore truth...
And concentrate on terrorists!
With the assistance of strategists,
Doing their best...
To manipulate what we see and digest!

Proving there is no death!

Perhaps a transference of indifference...
We shed!
To lift us to other dimensions instead!

People are seeing 'things'!
That can not be describe as white,
With blond hair!
Green or blue blood shot eyes!

Goodbye reality!
There are just too many holes...
In the ability to maintain,
A stability going down the drain!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Exception Perception Has

No one questions the exception perception has.
Even in the presence of truth with validated facts,
Perception is accepted especially if done to impress.
And truth to address is often left to be disbelieved.
Since not too many are familiar with the getting of it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Excitement You Express Is Fantastic

I understand,
In full detail...
Where you have been.
And come from with your logic.

I need not take time to waste mine,
For your updates.
Any patience I once had,
You may have been familiar with...
At a time you fidgited as I taught,
No longer exist...
To give to you in a listening process.

Although,
I will say this...
You make me feel proud.
'Someone' has finally seen 'something'!

Now,
With that said...
Will you remove yourself off my path.
The excitement you express is fantastic.
Keep that.
However...
If you notice my enthusiasm not being as great,
It has been exhausting completing the assignment...
Of opening people's eyes,
From their hypnotizing attachments.

Now,
With 'that' said...
Will you remove yourself off my path.
The excitement you express is fantastic.
Keep that.
You are going to need that.
Plenty of it.
So preserve it.
Trust me!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Expense Of A Mess Confessed

Those who believe,
They have been chosen to lead...
But never have shown the competence,
Are themselves now facing...
A wealth of stressful consequences.

And every step they have taken,
Makes little sense to convince...
The ones who allow themselves to follow,
Such hollow activities!

And one day those paying the price,
For not obtaining sound advice...
In ways inescapable to explain,
Will find themselves straining their brains...
For acceptable responses,
That come to shine upon them in a favorable light...
Bright and full with excitement that delights.

Leaving those with true quality to lead...
Left to clean up and undo,
The expense of a mess confessed...
No one is able to address or can afford anymore.
With a willingness,
To sacrifice a common sense ignored...
To again correct a direction.

The repetitiveness of this gets to be too exhausting.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Expense Of Being Selective

It's not that I am negative.
It just seems too exhausting,
To have high expectations...
When those choices are diminished,
Within one's environment.

And the expense of being selective...
Is difficult if one is on a fixed income.

And so tiresome it becomes,
To have meaningless conversations...
With those who have chosen,
To stay mentally limited.
And threatened they are by anyone,
Who possesses a thought process.

It's not that I am negative.
It just seems too exhausting,
To have high expectations...
When those choices are diminished,
Within one's environment.
And a stretching of an imagination,
A painful undertaking whenever it is done.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Expense Of Negligence

The expense of negligence,
Has been tremendous for decades.
And the fostering of divisions,
Senselessly implemented...
Has left more confessing,
They are more stressed than ever...
To search for an ending...
And correct the high cost paid,
That has advocated such foolishness.

Less success has been achieved,
By those hypocritical with kept beliefs...
That strategies like these,
Would bestow upon them relief.
But those conscious and awake,
With visions cleared to see...
Conflicts solicited,
Does not promote peace.
As the evidence of this is on the increase.

The expense of negligence,
Has been tremendous for decades.
And the fostering of divisions,
Senselessly implemented...
Has left more confessing,
They are more stressed than ever...
To search for an ending...
And correct the high cost paid,
That has advocated such foolishness.

Too many have grown accustomed,
To feed upon the negativity representing greed.
But the days ahead call for a needed maturity!
Not a postering of childishness,
That has left a greatness in pieces to leave.
And the effects of kept negligence,
Destroys any prospects...
Of a progressive society seeking unity!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Expense Others Have To Pay

I know you perceive me to be against your kept delusions.
I am not.
What I am against is the expense others have to pay,
To keep your point of view fantasized.
And so far what has been tried over and over again,
Is an obvious waste of valuable time...
With a funding of them that has reached its end.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Expense Spent On The Hype

Even after all of the performances are done.
And the expense spent on the hype,
Leaves no one in the audience excited.
Or feeling their appetites have been satisfied.
The curtain on the stage will come down.
And the spotlight will be turned off.
As reviews the next day will be read.

Prescriptions will be filled.
And medications will be taken.
Even after all of the performances are done.
No one will be convinced,
Their reality lived has been truthfully represented.
Or the expense spent on the hype,
Will deliver to anyone a dividend.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Expense To Keep Peace

If conflicts on the rise,
Were not considered...
A lucrative enterprise,
Would there be in the lives of many...
An economic crisis to fear?
With weapons to purchase,
To endear to prevent the existence of threats.
Only the expense to keep peace,
Seems to be the reason pockets are empty.
And a purpose one pays to escape from terror.
Hoping to protect from their own reflections.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Experience

The experience.
Done to come to one,
Kept remembered.
Is meant not to forget.
If it stays to remain,
Reminisced to visit.
Or should what has been experienced,
Be expected by another or others...
To have an apology accepted,
Quickly to not delay...
A forgiveness given,
From an experience...
Done to come to one with a lesson taught.
Occurring to happen without notice.
Or preparation for a test to pass.
To either receive the effectiveness of it.
Or...
Time one spends wondering why,
The experience done that comes...
Was meant and intended never to be forgotten.

'Hmmm.
Did I experience 'that', ☐
To assist in building my character?
Or...
Remember when attempts were made,
To diminish my integrity? '

The experience of whatever it is,
Seldom leaves one dismissing it to forget.
Depending upon how it occurred to be inflicted.
Or...
Why would one come to ask to be forgiven,
When another can not remember...
The experience to forget.

'Hmmm.
Did I experience 'that', ☐
To assist in building my character?

Or...
Should I have remembered,
When attempts were made...
To diminish my integrity?
I'm sorry.
Who are you?
And what is your name? Again! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Experience Of Sharing It All

I choose to find a way to combine
Disassociated elements
Hoping within them
There is something that relates
To appreciate a diversity
Of a life to live
That does not seperate,
The experience of sharing it all
With an acknowledgement
That all that which does exist as is
Participates in the giving

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Experience Of Standing Tall

My downfall?
I am extremely independent.
And most of the time stubborn,
In my lament.
And getting over it takes time spent.

The advantage of this I get?
The experience of standing tall,
From a crawl and walking briskly!
Gaining and maintaining,
A strength felt in my legs.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Face Of A Kept Selfishness

The face of a kept selfishness,
Has many colors.
With the 'me' in 'I' divided evenly,
Between those brown, black and white...
Feeding to please,
Whomever has the bigger appetite.
To perceive with beliefs,
They were chosen to get theirs as a right to keep.
No matter who sleeps 'without' day or night.

The face of a kept selfishness,
Does not always belong to the one others suspect.
The face of a kept selfishness,
My even be 'yours' or your neighbor's...
That is done with a doing to go undetected.
And regardless if there is brightness of Sun,
Or in darkness where there is no light that comes.
The face of a kept selfishness seeks only to feed,
Those witnessed sitting at a table invited to feast.

Toasting to boast each other's ability to greed,
Are those representing those most selfish...
Doing it as those who are needy crawl on knees.

'Will someone come close the shutters.'

~Too much Sun? ~

'No.
My view is being obstructed,
By the same people portraying themselves as poor.'

~They must have hopped the fence,
Since all the gates are locked or blocked by guards.~

'Do 'something'.
I can not enjoy the roast duck or the caviar.
And may I have more wine, please.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Face Of Evil

No longer will the face of evil,
Remain disguised by denial.
Or deceptions to hide.
To leave concealed.
Too many abused by accusations,
Have today become supported...
By those who once chose,
To keep their mouths closed.
With it believed that this process,
Had been a movement towards progress.
And a progress that moves in silence,
Is none at all...
When it can always be stalled,
By disguising it to deceive beliefs...
With a doing to release hidden evils.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Fact That You Watch My Back

Why would I question,
The fact that you watch my back?
Didn't you tell me,
It was every first Tuesday...
Of each upcoming month,
You had time for that?
Often you remind me,
We are the best of friends.

Why would you think,
I would doubt your loyalty?
In fact as a gift...
Why don't you take,
The entire next month off.
To ensure what you do...for me,
Will not for you become too exhausting.
Or complicate our tight schedules.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Factor Favored And Embraced

Competition.
Division.
And the getting of attention,
For those deeds done that people do.
If those were not considered as attributes...
And removed from the mindsets,
As a conditioning process...
To make one feel accepted and approved,
There would be more of a collective effort made...
Towards those goals people say are to the benefit,
Of all mankind.
But as of today,
Immaturity is the factor favored and embraced.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Facts Are In The Doing

I know of no 'other' one...
NO ONE,
Who would turn their back...
On their worldly possessions,
To come to the aid of another.
Whether that person was a family member,
Friend or a lover, sister or brother.
And to do this is the height of sacrifice.
That puts to the test one's faith, courage and stamina.
And to experience the doing of this 'twice'...
Is an act that can not or will not,
Ever be comprehended by others to be explained.
The facts are in the doing to know what has been done.
And to hear others say what they can not do...
Can leave another to feel embittered,
By overhearing this confession of weakness.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Failure Factor

The failure factor,
Attacks...
Those who believe they can make mistakes.
And not hold themselves accountable.
Or own up to responsibility.

Many make claims that others are at fault.
And seek to blame them,
For showing no empathy.
Or provide them with delusions,
To ease their self inflicted sufferings.
And confronting them with a seriousness,
That has to be faced.
And this they can not take.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Faith We Claim

The many who have been inflicted,
With wounds and scars...
To leave them sleepless fearing nightmares.
Must forgive to mend.
Must forgive to end...
That unbearable pain continuing,
To relive heartfelt tragedies...
Coming to go as if on a welcomed visit.
We choose to be the curator,
Of our own sick exhibits.

As difficult as it is to keep this acknowledged,
Where we are in these times we face...
Is a place that is 'still' the creation of GOD.
It is still the place we pray everyday...
With valuable lessons taught we should learn,
To allow and let The Creator turn our doubts around.
But the more we sit and inflict our own agonies constantly,
We are not permitting the faith we claim to correct and solve...
Without stubbornly getting involved.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The False Worshippers

The false worshippers,
Can be identified immediately.

With scriptures learned and Bibles intact...
After they've expressed their acknowledgement of God.
Although quick in their judgements passed.
And that done with acquired 'facts'.

Then share with any of them,
How great you feel.
Not one will offer their gladness for you.
But instead,
Will change the subject.
Especially if you have been scutinized,
By their sense of self righteousness.

And that will give you an immediate clue,
As to the kind of people they are.
It doesn't matter what you have gone through.
They want to perceive,
God sees them first as true believers.
And any happiness they receive,
Is through the wickedness of gossip.
With a vindictiveness they are not aware,
Truth reveals to make easy for others to see.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Fast Act Of Facts

Whose innocence is left unaffected to protect?
Whose tender ears and covered eyes,
Have not yet peeped to hear in whispers...
Someone deceiving another with lies?
With a rush to cover them up and hide.

Who has not been taught to use alibis,
To excuse everything done they do to deny.
And who is it that still fears an honesty revealed.
Exposing with a quickness the fast act of facts.
Or the presence of truth pinching upon their backs.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Feeding Of Their Greed Has Ceased

Who are they that sit,
With pouting lips...
And balled fists?

'Those who refused to see life as it is.
Those who viewed the truth,
As something that is negative! '

But why are they angered by the revelation of it?

'They see themselves as positive,
And resist to believe...
Their realities have been deceived.

And those who spoke of these times that are here...
They have chosen to resist them too,
In the hopes that showing force...
Will show what is known and true,
Takes another course.
And turn their gray skies blue.'

And all this time they wasted,
Celebrating decadence?
They had no trouble accepting that!

'Yeah...
But they can't afford that anymore.
They have been laid off from jobs.
And their doors have been padlocked.
With many of their homes foreclosed.
In other words...
Their values have been diminished?
Egos have been crushed and publicly finished.'

But I thought they represented high standards?
With christian outlooks moralized in religious beliefs.

'Please...
Only if they can pay to have their smut and gutter ways,

Smothered
By the price they paid to keep them hidden.
But those days are gone for them! '
They are bittered by the prospects of revealing their sins.'

Oh.
OH!
Now I understand!
They are angry because the cost of hiding their pretensions,
Are now out of their reach?

'Exactly!
That's what this is all about!
If any of this was about God...
None of there 'displeasures' would have existed,
In the first place! '

The feeding of their greed has ceased!
And preachers who preached to them evil...
Will find fewer of them feeling freed,
Greeted as they leave their Sunday seats.

'Yes...
Exactly!
It's all so hypocritically blasphemous,
Isn't it? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Few Who Did Not, Knew

'...and when they decided to remain themselves.
Keeping things the same and expecting it.
Deeper into darkness they went.
Expecting gifts to quickly unwrap.
Becoming dissatisfied...
With a wish to give them back!
And not appreciating the one who gave them!
And that's a fact!

Very few attempted,
To expand from their limited restrictions.
And embrace the change they faced.
They believed for them this would be a waste of time.
And in time...
They did waste their minds.
And the few who did not...
Knew as they grew! '

~Grandpa...
That was 'not' a Christmas Story! ~

'You told me to tell you a 'story'.
You said nothing about Christmas!
And besides...
Grandpa does the best he can.
And I want you to realize that! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Finding Of Dirt

Get over the notion,
That the finding of dirt...
On someone,
Will embarrass them.

Some create their own dirt,
Just to bring attention...
To something they've done,
That will stun and captivate...
Imaginations the world over.

One never knows,
What is in the mind of a genius.
And that dirt that has been found,
Had been planted for discovery.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Firm Ones Aren'T Always The Best To Choose

Relationships of any kind,
Should be chosen very wisely.

And the older one gets,
The selecting of relationships...
Is much like picking tomatoes.

The firm ones aren't always the best to choose,
Especially when cooking them...
With corn, onions and green peppers.

The softer ones seem to create,
A more delicious taste.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The First

It was the first time in decades,
That an American had won the Boston marathon.
I was listening for something else to be announced.
But it wasn't.

'That's terrific.
I heard about it.
What is the 'else' you talk about? '

You know what 'was' significant about it?

'No. What? '

The winner is a man.
A 'black' man.
And American.

'But he was not described that way.
That's change we all can believe in.
You know,
If you had not mentioned it...
It would not have crossed my mind.'

And that's a first for Boston.

'That's the first for America.'

I had not notice that.
Perhaps we are 'all' finally growing up.
Accepting facts and not delusions.

'You should.
Aren't you black?
You should be delusion free by now.'

Yeah!
But I don't feel I have to always be reminded.
Or pretend I'm something that I am not.
Just to make others feel more comfortable around me.

'That's just how significant his winning is.
To all of us...
Who 'are' FIRST,
American.
And becoming comfortable to admitting it.
Without feeling there is a need,
To further qualify anyone to depict with definition.
That's how unnoticeable this significance is.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The First Time It Was Accidental

I apologized for slapping you in the face,
And kicking you down the stairs.

'I appreciate that!
And I accepted your apology then!
Remember?
But...
Why did you do that again? '

The first time it was accidental!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The First Time You Denied My Touch

The first time you denied my touch...
I knew it was getting closer to over,
For us.
The first time you denied my touch...
Our relationship had ran out of 'fizz'.
What did it?

Did you know I was just expecting sex without love?
Then when I'm done,
I'm gone?

You knew that!
You had to.
I was taking you for granted,
And this you knew!

The first time you denied my touch...
It was me.
Not you.
And I knew it too well!

The first time you denied my touch.
I felt an ache slowly creeping up inside,
Of me.
I tried to breathe soft and slow,
So you wouldn't know it.

The first time you denied my touch.
My tears came to fall.
And that was not easy....
Faking a rest,
After a grueling crawl.

'Thank you.
But no...
I am not preparing for the Olympics.
I'm just laying here to meditate on the ground,
For a moment.'

The first time you denied my touch.
Love was not there to respond.

The first time you denied my touch,
I knew you felt it too inside...
I was gone!
And I knew it then,
I had been gone too long!

Too long for you to deny me,
Of what's mine!

'EXCUSE ME?
Repeat that! '

The first time you denied my touch...
I knew it was getting closer to over,
For us.
The first time you denied my touch...
Our relationship had ran out of 'fizz'.
What did it?

Did you know I was just expecting sex without love?
Then when I'm done,
I'm gone?

'That's not what you said.
But you're getting to the point.
I'm in the bed and going to sleep.
What you do with your needs,
That's up to you.'

We just need time to get our booty better!

'EXCUSE ME?
Repeat that! '

The first time you denied my touch,
I knew you felt it too inside...
I was gone!
And I knew it then,
I had been gone too long!

Too long for you to deny me,
Of what's mine!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The First To Be Involved

I am here!
Not to appease.
To then leave feeling guilt if I don't.
I am here,
To be who it is I am.
And any adjustments I have to make,
My Creator will be the first to be involved.
And please...
Do not be offended by my admitting to this.
It's just what I know for me to be true.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Flavor Of Sham

The flavor of sham,
Continues to be high on the list...
Of those who favor preferences.
With a getting their dupings,
As prescribed and prioritized.

And nothing beats how sham is done to spread.
Selected and picked by those addicted to it,
As their number one choice and this is evident...
While they lick their fingers,
Recruiting to seduce others who too become committed.

And the flavor of sham began with many fans,
Enticed and delighted to invite more to share...
The uniqueness discovered,
That seemed to stay without going anywhere.
Even those in known stupors,
Believed themselves to function 'normally'.

But the flavor of sham to be savored and preferred,
Hightened deceptions of all kinds to be encouraged.
And coming together like trained field mice,
Those blinded by the taste of it began using any device...
To ensure they would feed upon it endlessly,
With a limiting of some to just one fix per week...
That created a havoc to leave their minds mentally diseased.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Foolishness Of Fear

The only people who miss,
The living of a different life...
Seem to be those who recognize,
The foolishness of fear.
With beliefs a better life lived,
Is to do it making decisions...
To live in divisions with avoidance.

And when it dawns upon them,
Experiences they could have had...
Were by them dismissed.
A process of 'what ifs' begins.
And aging for them is not done,
As gracefully as they wish...
With too much time lost to do it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Forest

The forest is ignored to see.
Although it isn't hidden.
Or said to be forbidden.
The forest is ignored to see,
By those who fear adventure.
And possibilities.

Diversity to see with eyes,
Is all up in the forest.
No matter where one's path goes,
All around this shows.
Diversified to see with eyes,
Is all up in the forest.
No matter where one's path goes,
All around this shows.

Stepping out of it things get condensed.
Separated to create,
Isolation with fences.
Stepping from the forest one can see,
Limited are minds kept...
Defending aged beliefs.

Diversity to see with eyes,
Is all up in the forest.
All up in the forest,
There's a selfishness that's lost.

Diversity to see with eyes,
Is all up in the forest.
All up in the forest,
God is witnessed as The Boss.
And all up in the forest,
There's a selfishness that's lost.

Visit.
With no cost of it,
The Forest.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Forever Wounded

Strength has never survived on the back of lies.
It can pretend well from its beginnings.
However...
It is not comfortable with the ride,
That makes attempts to sustain an honest presence.
Eventually,
It is observed for what it is.
And truth has never been that painful to be revealed!
But lies concealed and discovered...
Seem to leave those who tell them,
The forever wounded!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Forgiving Business

A heart is not yet open...
If it shys away,
From the forgiving business.

Nor is it prepared to receive...
Clients who are ready,
To stock potential perceived...
With any kind of love!

Or will they come feeling free,
To take away anything of value!
And whatever it has to market!
Sits without a thaw to freeze.

So difficult it becomes,
To sell anything within it.
Since nothing is deemed precious.
And the coldness is avoided.
With no attempts made to warm its need.

Leaving those convinced...
Whatever is in it,
Could never be sold!
Or worthy to share...
For others coming near.

Those approaching with beliefs,
Their appearance will be welcomed.
And one to please.

But a heart is not yet open...
If it shys away,
From the forgiving business.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Foul Smell Left To Leave

So many today seem unable to stay,
Away...
From someone else,
Minding their own business.

Like flies attracted to a horse's tail.
Or people who hop in their cars,
To drive to the nearest farm.
Not only to see the cows.
But to stop and want to know,
How they smell.
To get a closer whiff of it.

Perhaps it is,
What people who choose...
To mind their own business do.
And without mentioning it.

Perhaps,
People who mind their own business...
Seem to be unintentionally,
Begging for an attention they don't get.
Like ignoring someone,
Who continously knocks on a close door.

'Is anyone inside?
Either say 'yes' or 'no'.'

One knock on a closed and locked door,
Should be enough. That's acceptable.
Two knocks? Okay! But not three or four.

And those who have no business,
To call their own to do...
Are willing to get as close enough,
As possible.
Even to peek through windows.

'Is that you.

Sitting there like a statue? '

This...
Is harrassment!
A '911' thing that has gone much too far.
And without romance being involved?
Comeon.
But then, again...
I have been accused of being handsome.
By this woman who was clearly in her 80's.
Even though she told me she was 53.
God? I know You're busy.
But can you swat that fly?
This is my last petty request. I promise.

And folks like this just don't care,
How this stinks.
Or the foul smell left to leave in the air,
By their thoughtless actions.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Freedom Of What Honesty Gives

I have no desire to 'acquire' honesty.
I am honest and this offends pretenders.
Those not yet willing to accept the directness,
Of what a freedom obtained gives to them.
Or even what it is to another to get and receive.
Since some still believe that denying honesty,
Will afford them more time...
To find excuses to abuse the truth to then leave,
With a doing to confuse that which is real.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Freedom To Just Be In Peace

A price to pay for peace?
Is that a prerequisite needed,
For a tax one pays for air to breathe?
Or is the freedom to just be in peace,
Not considered a viable commodity to market.
And the price to chase it has been deemed cost effective.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Freedom We Sought

Overcoming the act of undermining others...
Without knowing the facts or scratching below,
Assumed surfaces to attract to oneself...
An attention to get,
To discover the foolishness of it...
May be easy for the ones undermined to forgive.
But a stupidity to forget?
Comes with a high price to pay.
To believe flattery and this to be given,
Is payment enough for those who had to endure...
The successful selling of ignorance.
Sold and delivered to ears and mouths,
Quick to flap lips with this done to do...
Loving to ruin lives by lies to have heard.
And embellished to gossip,
Destroyed relationships to do this effectively.
With this to cement as a detriment to prevent,
Any belief these existing divisive activities...
Creates the basis for a unity.

'We shall overcome.'

~Oh please.
What?
The ignorance?
The deception?
The wish to be equal and intergrate?
Or denial? ~

'Who you asking?
Which one removes to replace,
Envy and self-hatred?
And a taste some are born,
To crave jealousy? '

~Hmmm,
Maybe that's the freedom we sought.
But can not recognize,
We still have this fight to overcome.

You know...
On a one to one basis.
To identify truth and why it is despised.~

'Listen.
Common sense 'with' patience to comprehend,
Is a novelty to many.
And most become either suspicious or offended,
Whenever it is presented.
Those times maybe coming but they aint here yet.
When people begin to regret what they have allowed.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Fruit Of Labors

The fruit of labors kept belabored,
One day comes to pay...
With dividends and benefits,
To lift a weight off shoulders...
Of those who have toiled,
And remained faithfully to pray.

Sacrificing time and devotion,
Not from it done to stray.
Is a quality that may be overlooked,
By others with social events to book.
But one disciplined with duty and vision,
Will be rewarded.
And not from crowds to hear applause.

The fruit of labors to do belabored,
One day comes to pay...
With dividends and benefits,
To lift a weight off shoulders...
Of those who have toiled,
And remained faithfully to pray.
Leaving them to know God has been pleased.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Fruit That Looms From My Labor

The fruit that looms from my labor,
Is more often than not...
Bittersweet.

And sometimes my tongue,
Spews less than tarts...
For those anticipating,
A display of ego accomplishments.

And they may get more heat...
With sweat expressed,
Than expected.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Fruits You Eat

Come get your quota noted,
To be sold to those you know.
And get your ego boosted,
To puff up your chest to glow.

Come get your quota noted,
To be sold to those you know.
And get your ego boosted,
To puff up your chest to glow.

The fruits you eat,
Are down real low.
The fruits you eat,
Don't fill the bowl.

Doo bah dee dee doo bah dah dah.
Come and get your quota noted.
Doo bah dee dee doo bah dah dah.
To be sold to those you know.

The fruits you eat,
Are down real low.
The fruits you eat,
Don't fill the bowl.

Come get your quota noted,
To be sold to those you know.
And get your ego boosted,
To puff up your chest to glow.

Doo bah dee dee doo bah dah dah.
Come and get your quota noted.
Doo bah dee dee doo bah dah dah.
To be sold to those you know.

The fruits you eat,
Are down real low.
The fruits you eat,
Don't fill the bowl.

The fruits you eat,
Are down real low.
The fruits you eat,
Don't fill the bowl.

Doo bah dee dee doo bah dah dah.
Come and get your quota noted.
Doo bah dee dee doo bah dah dah.
To be sold to those you know.

Come get your quota noted,
To be sold to those you know.
The fruits you eat,
Are down real low.
The fruits you eat,
Don't fill the bowl.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Full Meaning Of Love

You know...
You are the first one in my life,
I have 'allowed' full reign.
And instead of appreciating this...
You will not let me get away with 'anything'.
You watch everything I do!
Plus...
You have the ability to 'read' my movements.

When I said I love you.
And I was certain of it...
It was as if I had hired a personal trainer,
To control and conduct...
Every aspect of my business.

'Hey baby...
You'll get over it.
I've got your front,
Your back...
And everything defined in your mind.
Whatever and 'whomever'
You were involved with before...
You opened up your door?
To me and my talents?
Was not love!

And...
I am going to show you,
The full meaning of love!
Trust me.
We are going to be together,
For the rest of our lives.
Can you feel it?
I know I can.'

That's great.
I need a moment alone...
To meditate.

'Sure, honey.
I am so glad we have that in common.
Take all the time you need.'

Our Father...
Who Art in Heaven.
Is this of Your doing?
Will You please RSVP me...
As soon as You receive this message.

It is of the utmost importance.

You will find me...
Praying for Your immediate response.
Meditating...
In a quiet space.
Awaiting to receive Your 'sign'.

Remember when I asked You for love,
Like none other I had ever known?
I think...
I'm not sure yet.
But I 'think'...
I should have qualified my requirements.
Please confirm 'THIS' as Your gift.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Furthest Thing From My Mind

Several years ago,
If I had witnessed a guy...
With hair longer than my sister's.
And he wore earrings and fingernail polish...
The furthest thing from my mind would be,
That he just might play professional sports.
Maybe even be a wrestler.
And a loving doting father!

THAT would not be on my mind.

If I saw a beautiful woman in those years gone,
I would not think of her as a boxer.
Or a basketball player or a race track driver.

THAT would not be on my mind either.

And today,
Those images once portrayed...
As the ideal one to idolize?
Are not in these times realized.
That's why I am quite surprised,
As to why one would question another's sexuality!

And THAT seems to be on everyone's mind.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Game Players Of America

The game players of America,
Are first bred in our neighborhoods.
They are conditioned to be gangsters,
Crooks and hoodlums.
And put on trial for their criminal denials.

The game players of America,
Are taught to deceive, lie and cheat.
Hussel stolen goods on urban streets.
Go to some church to pray and sing.
And on Wednesdays study Bible verse...
To enable them to be forgiven,
For the sins upon themselves they bring.

The game players of America,
Are part Hollywood mixed with truth.
Part naïve, innocent and uncouth.
And mentally driven to anything falsified that shines.
Conditioned with materialistic mindsets.
And quick to claim what is theirs...
With a factor that begins,
With a carelessness most times.

The game players of America,
Can be said to be thoughtless, rude and self indulgent.
But if they are not into the game to win...
Losing for them,
Becomes a taxpayers involvement.
And high are taxes found,
In cities or towns...
Where they are not known to go down!
Like the blood that's shed and spread on the ground.

However...
Rose colored glasses,
Are on the eyes of everyone.
Distributed free at birth!
And religiously worn.
Whether folks are conducting daily business...

Or hiding behind them hypocritically in some church!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Games Being Played Today

The games being played today,
Are are old as those used...
By the kid who refuses,
Others to play ball in the schoolyard.
IF he doesn't get his way.

And as those stand by to watch one confident,
And prepared to hit homeruns...
The one who has let others use his equipment,
Will take all of it away and threaten to run...
To ensure even his own team will be defeated.
If his way isn't eventually pleased.

'What are you doing?
Are you nuts? '

~That's my ball and that's my bat.
And if you all had realized that...
I'd be the one to be the focus of your praise.~

'But why should we all suffer,
Because you want 'him' seen the one defeated?
We all came out here to play ball...together.'

~But does he have to brag about what he can do? ~

'We all have done that.
And you have done that before too!
But the others kids who are here to see us play,
Could care less who equipment is used.
To delay or stop the game we came to play.'

~But I am the one who wants to be seen as the winner.
Not him.~

'Your misdeed is perceived as unfortunate.
Since your actions have left no one interested.'

~I don't care.

You all hate me because my family is rich.
Well...
We did pay our taxes!
And I know it.~

'What?
What on Earth are your talking about, Skip? '

~I know what's been said behind my back.
I'm not the one here who is stupid.~

'Prove it.'

~What is the reality of 'our' relationship? ~

'Skip...
You are making absolutely no sense.'

~Prove it.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Gift Of Polished Rhetoric

One who speaks,
With an unfiltered tongue.
And without the gift,
Of polished rhetoric done...
Will always offend those accustomed,
To censoring what they wish.
Even words heard,
From career politicians.
Normally selling,
The same delusions bought.
Yet...
Ultimately sought.

Today...
Only one seems to have appeared,
To have attracted an audience...
Eager to hear,
Someone who has made it clear...
A version of truth not before to be heard,
Stirring imaginations...
Of those who perceive today they deserve,
Someone willing who has the nerve...
To serve them salt and pepper.
Without putting them to sleep,
With familiar sweetened treats.
To greet the next day feeling bitter.

Although statistics will always show,
People will often come to pick...
One who knows best how to politic.
And prepared to be filtered.
Regardless how polished.
Or gifted they are to deliver the same rhetoric.
Those in the game to have remained,
Playing it longer...
May provoke the folks who will still vote,
Them over others to choose.

Familiarity may breed contempt.

But the one who expects to be offended,
Is seldom going to run away from opposition.

'She lies!
He Lies!
They all have lied! '

This is not the time to discuss facts.
Everyone knows that.
But the question is...
Who has done it the best?
And...
Who has had more experience,
In the doing of it more effectively...
Than another who has made promises,
We already know...
None of them will be kept.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Gift Of You

The gift of you has not been hidden.
The gift of you is in my mind treasured.
Forbidden and precious to not be removed.
With a doing I condone and alone approve,
Time after each time and easily found to find.

As it has from the day it was given.
To reminisce a past in this present moment,
For me here to last to visit and at my discretion.
Remaining fresh and pleasant as the dew is at dawn.
Felt always to remember it to be left there and kept.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Giver Should Have Known

Given to take for what it is from another,
Who has only one desire and that is to give...
Is less time consuming.
And relieves one from assumptions.
Especially when an appreciation isn't exchanged,
In the doing what has been done.
But then the receiver pretends a getting offends.
And what has been given is completely different,
From what had been wished that silences expectations.
Or disappoints a heighten anticipated excitement.
To then hear complaints upon an accepting of it,
With a pointless explanation...
That the giver should have known what was preferred.
Although the receiver accepts,
As a suitable substitute to tolerate making an exception...
To have the act of giving a process that dissipates.
And erased is a sincerity the giver had in the first place,
To never attempt in a doing to do ever for that one again...
For the sake of seeing another pleased by a doing done,
Unexpectedly.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Givers

Snip it.
What complaint would you have,
IF you had a heart that gave?
Quit it?
You are just part of this experience,
Life!
It is not about you or your whims!
The givers receive no attention at all.
And there you are falling down with tantrums!
Going ignored are your calls.
Snip it quick.
Shut your lips.
No tree grows from a branch.
When a leaf is released from it,
It dies, to wither and rust from its visit.
Connected are we all to this,
Life!
All your needs could be met...
IF your greed did not set things,
Off balance.
With needs you only feed.
One day you will learn,
All your suffering has been well earned...
By you!
Feeling screwed by the things you do?
You wouldn't feel this way,
IF you lived each day to 'give'!
You look for ways to take, use and squander!
That's why you wonder and wander...
Seeking to reap from life what is good!
What have you done?
Are you looking for ways to give to anyone?
Or are you here just to take?
Well...
Take this!
Shut your lips,
And learn what it is to give!
And all that this life is,
Can be yours.

You will receive what is deserved.
The givers serve without a mumbling word!
And all that is heard from you...
Are offers to undo what is done.
Takers get back,
That which has been given...
And comes to them in abundance!
A rusting of a nothingness achieved.
Leaving them with the results,
Of their selfish and hoarded greed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Giving Power To

Given power to...
Upset and disconnect.
And...
Reject the best.
And...
Exaggerate and stretch,
A lie to make it true...
Is done,
And with a motive.
But,
The giving power to...
Fix and uplift with hope,
Flows with a flushing...
Down the drain.

The giving power to...
Upset and disconnect.
And...
Reject the best.
Is...
What people do!

Yes,
The giving power to...
Fix and uplift with hope,
Flows with a flushing...
Down the drain.
And that is true.

Yes...
The giving power to,
Truth, peace and happiness...
As best as it can get,
Is not pursued.

No...
The giving power to,
Truth, peace and happiness...
As yet,

Is not...
Done to do.

The giving power to...
Undo a mess to correct,
Is...
Not pursued!

The giving power to...
Undo a mess to correct,
Is...
Not pursued!

NO!
The giving power to...
Undo a mess to correct,
Is...
Not pursued!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Glamour And Glitz Of Posture

The glamour and glitz,
Of posture.
To pose it.
Is slipping from its grip,
As a definitive way of life...
To depict as wished.
Today few still crave,
Impressions to make...
With possessions to debit,
On good credit to fake...
Imitations to masquerade,
What it takes to qualify...
Happiness and peace of mind.
When others are awakening,
To find it discovered...
Cheaper it is to watch parades.
Than it is trying to convince,
Investing in them prevents...
Leaving charades behind,
Is a foolish move to make...
For those who have chosen life,
To live basically.
Without it being rated,
By those masking their misery!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Glare Of Threats

Unafraid of the challenge,
One dares to overcome...
The glare of threats.

And without regret,
Forward steps are taken.

Limitations are removed.
And the air one breathes,
Seems to sweeten.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Going Through Of Motions

Someone is not accustomed,
To the minding of their own business.
And that seems to be the root,
As to the reason relationships...
Between two people,
Often find it difficult to survive petty meddling.

Leaving two people who should be together,
Questioning the choices they alone have made.
While parading in masqueraded charades,
The going through of motions...
As adopting to adapt to roleplay.
With the keeping up of appearances.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Good Negro

The good Negro in decades gone,
In times not that long ago...
Was the one who best performed,
With obedience and pride...
To do done to hide,
Any attempts to become belligerent...
To obvious restrictions and limits.
They may or may not,
Defy and protest against.
Or...
Display an intelligence shown to make known,
To those with turned up noses...
Told to be made convinced,
Good Negros knew and accepted their places.
Knowing themselves to be beneath other races.
With reminders of this on a daily basis.

The good Negro in decades gone,
In times not that long ago...
Has today embraced being called 'Black'.
Or African-American.
As if seeking approval or acceptance of that.
But what still remains as the same unchanged,
Are those who still perceive...
Being Negro, 'Black' and/or African-American,
Is an identity to defend.
With kept wishes deeply hidden,
To be born in a different color of skin.

The good Negro in decades gone,
In times not that long ago...
Is still undecided in a mind left divided,
As to which life to live as best as one can.
And done to do positive.
With a dignity to pride a kept identity to feel,
Inside and outside to show...
An acknowledgement of that connection to accept.
And with a self respect shown,
Growing up through each stage proud to reveal...

A less pretentiousness to defend or condon.
But a doing done to honor one's ancestry.

And this without question,
Should always be kept respected.
Be one a Negro, Black or a protesting...
African-American praying for an identity,
To be welcomed and accepted.
With a doing done first amongst themselves.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Good, The Bad

For each day of pouring rain,
Coming to exist...
There is something permitted about this,
That allows the nourishment of growth to flourish.
To bloom effectively and with a doing,
Some perceive to interpret as days of gloom.

And for each day of Sun to shine that comes,
Someone, somewhere...
Is encouraged not to follow behind a casting of shadows.
But instead,
Makes a choice that places steps to move ahead.
To remember those moments when shaded in a darkness.

For each experience to reminisce few wish to forget,
The unexpected is remembered to have bestowed benefits.
With the good, the bad...
And that which had been ugly...
Each coming together collectively that one can say to admit,
Happiness is theirs with the earning and deserving of it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Good. The Bad. And, The Reality

It is good,
To have open and honest dialogue.
It is bad,
To dispute the truth of it.
Heard to hear.
Leaving the reality of it all,
Still to fall on deaf ears.
Since the climate this stubbornness,
Allowed to generate...
Does not appear to be able to clear,
Alone without shown assistance.

A choking pollution,
Ignored to refuse a viable solution.
Remains to increase a stagnation.
And those who sit in denial,
They have been...
Both reason and cause of it,
Continue to squeeze life to leave...
All of humanity,
Few options left to survive.
As those debate their petty,
And childish grievances...
Believe a peace that thrives,
Can only be done by weapons used.
To provoke peace into existence!
That proves who controls and rules,
Over a completed devastation.
The kind that silences a future.
And further accusations to make.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Goodness Factor

The goodness factor,
Has all but disappeared.
A few still in practice...
Are all but publicly jeered,
As sneering remarks loud and clear
Make attempts to smear,
With stained and tarnished hopes...
To harvest for those listening!

What is it that is dreamed and wished?
The goodness factor can and does exist...
For those dismissing grief and sadness spread.
Let them go in dreadful service,
And serve upon those treasures sought!
They will arrive for those who seek to feed.
Those who recognize and receive...
Blessings witnessed!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Goods From Your Efforts

Rise to the occasion each time met.
No matter how brisk cool breezes blow.
Or temperatures heated to leave you wet.
Bring with it uncomfortable humidity.
To slow the affects of your expectations.

Do not let a breaking of sweat upset.
Or keep a goal that is set to let slip,
From its fixed position in your mind.
And eventually the goods from your efforts,
Will deliver to you prosperity in time.

Do not let a breaking of sweat upset.
Or temperatures heated to leave you wet,
To slow the affects of your expectations.
And eventually the goods from your efforts,
Will leave you cheering to erase every regret.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Grandiose Delusion

An affectation of grandeur.
Boosted by absurd exaggeration.
Does not daze those of self praise.
Quickly to further inflate,
The massiveness of their egos.

Why has it become shocking,
When those disbelieving...
Have adopted a consciousness to mock,
Every aspect of their lives...
Based upon the advocating,
And the supporting of accepted lies.

It isn't a phenomenon,
That so many are offended...
When confronted by truth.
Or learn they have been deceived and seduced,
By cheaters who leech on mentalities to dupe.

And the expense of lieing,
Hasn't been determined to be cost effective?
Who is too blind and not in their right mind to admit,
Their quality of life remains unchanged...
With no adverse affect that is not noticed by this?

And those unafraid to face the truth as it is,
Are often the ones character assassinated...
Reduced to humiliation.
Degradation; emotionally drained...
And can not refrain from the weeping of tears.

Why has it become shocking,
When those disbelieving...
Have adopted a consciousness to mock,
Every aspect of their lives...
Based upon the advocating,
And the supporting of accepted lies.
Why?

It is the grandiose delusion kept,
That one is better, smarter...
AND above the rest.
Yet the only eividence of this being nonsense,
Is swept to be hidden...
Under thick and window dressed,
Highly paid and impressive looking thugs!

It isn't a phenomenon,
That so many are offended...
When confronted by truth.
It is the massiveness of their egos,
By cheaters who leech on mentalities to dupe.
And the advocating of lies to tell,
Many find easier to do.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Great Divide

If you are that kind of person,
Who does not understand...
That pieces of a jiggsaw puzzle,
Creates a completed picture...
As an end result,
Of putting those pieces together...
You are one of those people seeking,
Answers to your questions.
And no one seems to have the patience.

You are on the other side of the great divide.

If you are that kind of person,
Who needs little explanation to what is observed...
You appear to have a peace of mind.
And have adjusted through changing times.
You have been the kind most likely misunderstood.
The power of faith is in your face.
There is a comprehension sustained that is maintained.
With a quiet calmness carried within obtained.
You are one of statements and impatient in debate.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Greatest Of All Sins

Lieing has never been considered,
To be the greatest of all sins.
But a lie can destroy 'everything',
One knows about the Ten Commandments.
If found avoiding them to keep,
From being accused...
Of not to follow them faithfully.
Since a lie to tell most do to do well.

To speak with truth and not dilute reality,
Has never made the doing of it popular.
Or left one to feel who speaks it,
As if they were being overwhelmed...
By too much love and hospitality shown.
Truth to cheer is seldom heard to hear.

But today many are finding themselves,
Awakening to discover these are different times.
To have forgotten who it was they had accused,
Of attempting to destroy their quality of life.
By too much truth to introduce.
That may keep the sliding into pits,
Nonexistent yet kept deluded pretentious values.
Believe it or not...
Truth for many represents a negativity.
Yet disaster to embrace for some is welcomed.

Up is down and down is up these days.

Although...
Come together in protest they will,
A truth revealed now wished to want.
But not wished to want to flaunt,
Is the reality of it.
Or the pursuit of it to let go of their perceptions.
In fear of thoughts to live a life,
That has been completely freed from delusions.

Up is down and down is...

Well...
Luck for many it seems.

So...
Continue they do to protest against,
The disappearance of standards and values...
They have created.
With expectations a facing of truth to do,
Will improve their fantasized lives.
And 'this' to allow and permit,
Validates the greatest of all sins they commit.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Greatest Thing Happening On This Earth

Is it possible to turn this ship around?

'Sure.
Let's look on the bright side of this situation.
It should be a lot lighter to do this...
Since now the ship is under water.
And the passengers are faithfully waiting,
On the surface in their lifeboats.
Hoping we soon will return their ship!
And deliver it to them...
Wherever their mindsets may be! '

So there is a possibility?

'Sure!
Aren't we the greatest thing happening,
On this Earth? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Growling Is Effective

Don't overwork that smirk.
I'm not worth it.
I don't want you to use that much energy on me.

Infact,
Allow me to give you a few tips!
Your right eyebrow is not raised high enough.
You want me to 'know' you are angry.
Not inconveniently pissed.
That sends mixed messages.

The quivering of the top lip is fine.
But the foaming of the mouth,
With exposed fangs...
Is a bit overdone!
Now...
The growling you do is most effective.
I am beginning to believe,
There is something you find disliked.
Right?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Growth And Blooming Of Bright Flowers

Wanting to know,
And not willing to listen...
Does not fertilize,
One's comprehension to expand.
Enthralled one is by their own demands.

Those who seek to be understood,
But lack the patience to understand.
Has a fear to self assess themselves,
As close as one who self examines can.

Wanting to know,
And not willing to listen...
Does not fertilize,
One's comprehension to absorb clarity.
Unless that clarity has others to agree.

And one not comprehending,
Only wants to perceive from one point of view.
And if that point of view mentioned,
Has obstacles in its way blocking what is there to see...
Those obstacles will remain to stay where they are.
When a stubbornness is thick like a cemented brick wall.
And stuck with a holding onto the comfort of ignorance...
That appears from the outside to be permanently installed.

Wanting to know,
And not willing to listen...
Could be that one who believes the feeding of weeds,
Nourishes the growth and blooming of bright flowers.
With a giving of consideration to nothing else at all.
Even when the petals from them begin to prematurely fall.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Guys You Like

I'm not the kind of guy,
You say you like.
Uh-huh.
Uh-huh.

I'm not the one to run,
Jump through hoops.
Or fly 'your' kite.
Uh-huh.
Uh-huh.

I'm the dude true to who I am.
I'm that one who is a self made man.
I am that one who is there for you...
When ever bravery calls to take a stand.
And you wont have to wonder...
When lightening strikes and thunder roars,
What kind of man I am!

I'm not the kind who sneaks to cheat.
Or brag about kids laid under different sheets.
I do what's right,
Day end and night.
Doing what I should!
And that's not the kind of guy you like.
You like the kind who promises to do you good.
The ones who fuss and fight.
Waking up the neighborhood.
To leave you after feeding his sexual appetite.

I'm not the kind of guy you say you like.
You like the kind of guys who lie.
And I'll never fit that picture fantasized in your eyes.
The b-boys, criminals who deceive all their lives.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Haunting Of Guilt

I have lived long enough,
To no longer be surprised...
By how it is those who choose,
To live their lives telling lies...
Use tremendous excuses to make.
And some of the most creative alibis,
They will try to hide behind, deny and fake.

Nor am I shocked to overhear,
How someone has discovered...
A believed faithful mate, spouse or lover,
Has been observed in secret places...
Sneaking around cheating with another,
Deceiving with belief no one gets hurt...
While they wine and dine to share dessert.

Many people are not honest.
Especially with themselves first.
When it comes to making decisions,
That a self serving selfishness for them is deserved
So many people today are just not honest.
Until it dawns upon them too late to realize,
The harm they cause to themselves...
Affects more than their own lives.

Those people today displaying dishonesty,
Perceive a forgiveness from others to ask...
Will have their misdeeds erased.
And with time what has been done will pass.
But some actions committed,
Are cursed and can not be reversed.
As the haunting of guilt continues to visit.
With a sitting in one's mind to taunt. AND lurch.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Health Of One's Mind

To discourage someone,
With a desire to become a doctor...
Because of a national health bill passed.
Is similar to defeating one's wish to be a priest!
Because a fear of an honesty,
From a pulpit may be preached.

And this might increase the health of one's mind!
Producing a limitation of funding time has defined,
That promotes an ignorance of suffering...
Most addicts choose to mainline!
In a restriction that confines the masses,
To a conformity of deception.

And a reception kept deceived,
Must not be undermined!
It's better to smother the cover ups...
In support of economic climbs!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Heart Is A Lonely Hunter

The heart is a lonely hunter.
With a hoping its search for love,
Satisfies every emotion...
That captures another,
To comprehend and understand...
What the heart needs to feel complete.
With a giving to receive,
Unconditionally.

The heart is a lonely hunter,
Never ceasing to be understood.
Or wanting to be fed,
A serving of deserved love wished.
And continues on a mission to get,
Someone passionate and devoted...
With it known they too have a heart,
Hunting with a desire to give up the hunt.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The 'He-Said' 'she-Said' People

When one lives amongst the 'he-said' 'she-said' people,
Many will assume what that person does and do.
And who that person is.
But few,
Will actually speak or have a conversation...
To know what those shared interests are.

And...
No one really cares what they are.
Since it might bring logic to their gossiped innuendos.
And in small towns,
The 'he-said' 'she-said' people...
Take pride in all of the lies they create.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Highest Of Energies

Anytime anyone...
Finds comfort in disrespecting,
Another...
'Inside' of that person's home,
Has no regard,
For the hospitality shown.
Nor a mind of consciousness,
Beyond the serving...
Of a self-centeredness,
To do what's done they do...
With it continued to believe,
One who has achieved...
Peace of mind,
Did not find this to receive...
Without being spiritually,
Connected...
To the highest of energies.
Known not to leave,
The slightest of injustices...
Dismissed!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The History Of Impositions

If an insistence persists,
As to what has been 'imposed'...
On minds to accept and believe,
As correct values and standards to uphold...
Then the history of impositions,
Will have to be re-assessed to examine...
As to which ones implemented to impose,
And created to impress...
Are in dire need to be updated,
To address what is today being confessed,
By the presence of truth as it is for what it is.
Since truth has never been accused of being ineffective.
Once it has been exposed to those in kept and preferred denial.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Hits

No matter how they may be pitched.
They just keep coming.
And can not be missed.
Whether ducking away from them thrown low.
Or trying not to bat an eye,
From a position one takes...
After choosing the high road.
The hits...
Seem to keep on coming.
The mud, muck and stench of dirt.
Polluting fresh air everywhere.
With a damage to do more harm done,
To the ones...
Whose mouths should be taped.
And arms strapped behind their backs.
Secured in strait jackets.
And these are the people...
Selected by the people,
Claiming to represent...
The best of interests and standards,
Their way of life offers to value.

The hits...
Just keep chipping away,
At their own decaying foundations.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Honesty You Asked From Me To Give

Whatever that is that has you confused,
You did it to yourself.
With a kept stubbornness protected.
And refusing to see it reflected,
With no benefit from it you should expect.
Yet you remain confused.
And YOU 'choose' not to comprehend.
Not me.
Remember?
I am the one who disagreed with your insecurities.
And you remained offended by my honesty.
The honesty you asked from me to give.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Hopeless Romantic

The hopeless romantic,
Refuses to see with clarity...
A reality to choose to ignore,
Delusions to explore them.

With the hope the results,
Are wholesome and comes to satisfy...
What the heart wishes.
And what the head comes to finally realize,
Is not a truth to expect.
But a temporary moment that arrives to affect,
Emotions kept to fantasize...
A life to live with wishes wanted,
To believe obstacles to remove to undo...
Can be done without facing,
Necessary changes needing for one to make.

The hopeless romantic,
Refuses to see with clarity...
A reality to choose to ignore,
Delusions to explore them.
To then justify excuses created,
And more alibis to use...
Others come to appreciate.
That will one day replace,
What the hopeless romantic can accept,
As a life to live the way they like it.
To have naysayers see and agree,
The hopeless romantic has been right.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Horse's Mouth

You've learned something,
That had not been part of gossip.
You feel betrayed by this...
And confront reliable sources.
They are dumbfounded too.
They believed they knew more,
Than what they actually knew.
And they too feel betrayed,
By this.

They've all learned something,
That had not been part of gossip.
And all felt betrayed by this...
With no one left to confront.
And dumbfounded too.
How could this business done,
Skip by whispers and listening ears?
Not so reliable are those sources.

And those who had spread their lies with glee,
Awakened one day with this understanding...
They have no idea who anyone really is!
They have no idea...
Since the horse's mouth,
Had ignored for years...
All of their ears!

Since that horse,
Of course...
Few knew anything about,
Whenever that horse appeared.

You've learned something,
That had not been part of gossip.
You feel betrayed by this...
And confront reliable sources.
They are dumbfounded too.
They believed they knew more,
Than what they actually knew.

And they too felt betrayed,
By this.

The horse conducted its business,
Distant from their flapping lips!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Humanizing Factor

Everything they've ever done,
Had been effective in undermining someone.
Their advocating to defame and shame,
Split apart those in close relationships.
And ostracized the ones to shun,
To isolate them from everyone.
With a deceiving playing of games.

But a giving of empathy to those who did this,
With understanding, comprehension and forgiveness.
Always comes without fail,
Since the humanizing factor has been solicited...
From those who had actually witnessed,
Culprits of evil deeds depicted...
Pruning their bushes and trimming their trees,
On days they gave the gardener time to eat lunch.

And with tears dripping from their eyes,
They explain to those listening...
How they were caught by surprise,
By an experience that has changed their minds...
About those they recklessly misjudged,
As being oppressive, selfish and inhumane.
And this motivated the switching of their vote.

'If it had not been for 'that' one experience,
We too would have thought them out of touch.
Now it is clear to us who is really on our side.'

~But...
How did you get through the gates of those 'estates''~

'We all were dressed as if we were immigrants,
Seeking housekeeping or sharecropper jobs.
To ensure our labor could be bartered.
And would not put a dent in their expenses.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Hunger Appears Stronger

The hunger appears stronger,
Among those obsessed with purpose.

A drive consumes them with desire.
With a depth that eventually,
Exposes on the surface...
A spark in their eyes,
That does not deny inside of them...
A burning done of an unstoppable fire.

And this enthusiasm is as if it can ignite,
Those influenced by the appearance of this sight.

The hunger appears stronger,
Among those obsessed with purpose.
And this enthusiasm is as if it can ignite,
Those influenced by the appearance of this sight...
That does not deny inside of them,
A burning done of an unstoppable fire begun not to end.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Hunger To Have It

Their failures faced,
Do not come to them.
Because of mistakes made.
Their failures have been created,
By their intentions to separate.
With a leading of incompetent dominance.
Not a blending of experiences from all,
To embrace.
The appearance of gluttony,
Came to take its place.

And greed feeding on incompetence,
Has led to their disgrace.
And maybe their strategy did begin with race.
But it is about all about the MONEY now!
Unfortunately.
The lack of it.
And the hunger to have it.
Has evil losing a battle to maintain greatness.
A commodity left to go unnurtured.
A commodity now less real and more faked.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Hunger, The Anger And The Homelessness

I'm sure they will remember how easy it was,
To take from others and then split.
I'm sure they will remember the method used,
To remove identities to successfully indoctrinate.
Then abuse and neglect folks,
Like they are waste.

I am sure of this as I have been an eye witness.
I still see their incompetent wickedness existing.
I still see them trying to shift their blame and anger,
Over to those they accuse for their losing grips.
And their downfall that slips into an abyss.

I'm sure they will remember how easy it was,
To take from others and then split.
But under a spotlight it is clearly seen,
They are the reason and cause for all of it!
The conflicts still existing.
The hunger, the anger and the homelessness!

I'm sure they will remember all of it.
When judgement upon them comes.
And judgement upon them,
Comes!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Hype And Marketing Of Medocrity

They belong to that generation,
That just isn't going to get it!
They are the ones adorned in 'bling'.
Life means for them to live externally.
The surface thinkers with no depth.
Reductive reasoning...
Has not a mind within them,
Where that kind of thought process...
Has of yet not met.

They belong to 'that' generation!
The folks who have no clue as to why?
But quick to plan for the 'when' and 'where'.
AND...
How much will it cost,
To take them 'there'.
Whenever and wherever there 'is'!

That's what we have done to these 'kids'.
Disconnected from thoughtfulness.
Wanting the end result...
Without putting discipline and hard work to the test.

That's what we have done to these 'kids'.
Many now adults...
Without enough common sense between them to share.
Or time to spare...
If it does not address self gratification.

And some of 'us' STILL expect greatness?
But...
Who is there in a mindset left to know,
What the better of best is?
To identify a greatness when it has been achieved?
Who can really today say what that even means?
Since the hype and marketing of medocrity...
Has made nonsense 'high' on low self esteem!

And those uptight who scream...

Do it!
But...
For what purpose?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Image

The image of one,
Reflecting it...
To impress others accepting,
Is more respected...
Than the soul one has,
Very few today still value.

With mindsets to perceive of life,
As just another commodity...
To either keep treasured as precious,
As some may choose to do.
Or disregard...
If what appears to be cheap and overpriced.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Implementation Is Seldom Unchanged

Those with a kept deep faith,
Have been able to see through...
The ways and games played,
By the ones fed to feed...
On directives taught by demons.

'I too am followed while walking as Black.'

~This is not about being profiled.
But then again this will remind you of that.~

The implementation is seldom unchanged,
When there is a teasing treated by temptation.
And being colorblind to admit in these times,
Is only admitted in places where diversity is solicited.
Demons are on a mission to add anyone to their lists.

Those with kept faith and refuse to play,
Seem to be the ones picked to blame...
With their happiness and peace of mind,
Found to find to be scrutinized by critics.
And those conscious know this has little to do with color.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Importance Connected To Truth

Liars who have found this easy to do,
Have yet to experience...
What it means to be deceived,
By those who play games with honesty.
To find it fun to have others succumbed,
And seduced.

But one day they will feel,
The importance connected to truth.
When those deceptions they have introduced,
Comes to haunt them with a taunting...
That nothing done they may attempt to undo,
Will eliminate the fate that awaits their sorrows.

We've been given a free will to live as we choose.
But even The Creator may decide not to be there,
To rescue someone exposed to lessons.
Yet rejects with beliefs they are the exception,
To learn from a single one.
As they choose to do what they wish to do done.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Importance Of Keeping The Peace

I hope what I say is understood.
The rent I pay to stay in my home,
Is not to listen to others argue...
In front of it.
And I am asking you,
To give me some respect.
By leaving this area...
And taking your mess,
To a place where you pay...
To lay your heads down to rest.

'None of us pay rent.
We live with friends...
Because our parents wont let us in.'

Trust me,
I sympathize with your plight.
However...
With that said,
And like your parents...
I'd like to get some sleep tonight.

And when and 'if'...
You get the opportunity to pay mortgage or rent,
You will come to understand...
The importance of keeping the peace.

Thank you!
And none of that did I ever do to my mother.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Importance Of Your Purpose

Too energy absorbing it is,
To promote with a devoting...
Of one's cultural identity,
To be kept connected without dollars and cents.
Since many today would rather have their efforts,
Funded for the purpose to document...
What it is they feel they represent.
And if the money isn't there...
Few are left to care if their culture is spared.
Or if the existence of it becomes extinct.
Especially in atmospheres where pride and identity,
Is meaningless unless it impresses with bling.

'We need more of 'us' to be paid to represent ourselves.'

~And if the funding isn't there? ~

'Why should we care who it is we are? '

~So your pride, identity and kept identity,
Depends upon who it is you can leave impressed? ~

'Of course.'

~Then you will never know the importance of your purpose.
Or have your thoughts represent who you are.~

'Listen.
You give me some money...
And I'll show you where my thoughts are.'
And it will not be spent on anything philosophical.
It's about the bling.
Give me the bucks and to me that's everything.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Impossible Is Possible

Your dreams to have them,
Are possible to achieve.
If left to believe in them,
To have been already accomplished.

Keep probability away.
And clear from doubts,
Tossed about by disappointment.
Distance thoughts like this quick.
Name to claim your dreams validated.
To know the impossible,
Is possible.
And not a theory to perceive...
In it's probability.
But a reality seen to believe.
Remember...
Your dreams are not,
Those of others with wishes to get!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Increase Of Its Popularity

The one thing about ignorance,
That is beginning to make sense...
To those advocating their prinicples,
And beliefs with enforced implementation...
Is the acceptance of ignorance everywhere.
Spreading to eliminate the thought of its existence.

Leaving the many who had perceived ignorance to be,
As appalling and offensive to become today outnumbered.
Making the appearance of ignorance the choice preferred.
That satisfies both purpose and taste,
Without need for debate to question.
With few left to argue the increase of its popularity.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Incredible Night I Spent

I thought I was dreaming.
You were there when things began to change.
The air was filled with creative opinionated glee,
Then suddenly...
My name was popping up from out of nowhere.
I couldn't believe what was attributed to me.

The incredible night I spent defending my honor.
I felt every blemish and flaw exposed,
Needed special protection.
As if I was a 'mother hen'...
Battling the winds to comfort my cheeks.
Baby chicks and chin.

I had to throw that in.
Whether conscious or not,
I remain a poet.

And under 'normal' circumstances,
I wouldn't care about this.
But I knew I was being violated and I didn't like it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Inevitable

No matter how far and wide,
Or clothed to masquerade in disguises...
To hide to keep hidden,
Influential deeds done by others...
Adventurous is the mind that dissects to connect.

And fruitless are these tasks to mask them.
Since those curious will always wish to know,
Why such efforts were made?
And who attempted to evade with a delaying,
The inevitable.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Injustice Of Justice To Justify

The injustice of justice to justify,
Has come in its eroding days to fade...
Sighs heard to dry eyes crying,
Too long gone ignored.
Or selected to be objected...
To an ignorance projected and noticed.

Disparities believed sufferers should receive,
To be sentenced to a lifetime of pain...
Are being lifted to expose,
Those inflicting a wickedness...
Upon others in droves.
With a disposing them as if,
They are not amongst the chosen ones.
Dispensing upon themselves a shown favoritism.

Atrocities end.
To unpack backs burden with sorrows.
Those yesterdays gone and not tomorrows to await,
Is a witnessed pendulum...
Returning to chase betrayers and their misdeeds.
Even in places where denials are kept hidden...
Every sickness enjoyed to have been inflicted,
Now become the ones with no where to run.
As that pendulum comes,
To stay for a prolong visit.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Innovator

The one elevated to the top spot,
Usually becomes the one...
Who's efforts become devalued.

And an accustomed innovation...
That seems with ease to copy,
Eventually for some gets redundant.
And...
The commonness of it stops.
Or attempts are made to have this blocked.

Although the creativity introduced,
Still produces...
A most effective enduring seductive juice.
No one but the innovator seems prepared to induce.
And this is only appreciated,
By those who have acquired the taste.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Integrity I Have Earned

If I have to look at life,
From my perspective AND yours...
Since I do anyway.
To survive a more diversed life than you do.
However...
You need not believe I wish to walk,
In 'your' shoes?
I am not of a limited mind.

But...
Guess who,
Is going to be giving my perspective...
On your interpretation,
Of how I wish to live my life...
First?
And you need not be around,
To hear who I will try to impress.
Nothing in my mind addresses that.

The integrity I have earned,
Has nothing to do with you.
Nor do I offer it to be borrowed...
Anymore.
I tried that before at my expense.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Intelligence We Serve

Repercussions will come rushing,
To repay for our own actions.
To react as if it doesn't,
Is that ignorance we lust.

Repercussions will come rushing,
To repay for our own actions.
To react as if it doesn't,
Is that ignorance we lust.

To believe we live for nothing,
Without 'something' that is near.
Knowing everything we do.
And,
IT hears.

Is the ignorance existing in us,
That separates the Universe.
When we are a part of IT...
But thinking the reverse.

We are the mix,
Not the bowl...
In a hold that grows.
And whipped up like ingredients,
To serve a great intelligence.

We are that mix,
Not the bowl...
In a hold that grows.
And whipped up like ingredients,
To serve a great intelligence.

Repercussions will come rushing,
To repay for our own actions.
To react as if it doesn't,
Is that ignorance we lust.

Repercussions will come rushing,

To repay for our own actions.
When we wake up to see this...
Conflicts we'll quit!

Whipped up like ingredients,
To serve a great intelligence.
We are not the bowl,
Just stirred in the mix.

Repercussions will come rushing,
As we're stirred up in this mix.
Repercussions will come rushing,
As we're stirred up in this mix.
Repercussions will come rushing,
As we're stirred up in this mix.

The intelligence we serve,
Is greater than our ignorance.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Is Is He

People say they know God,
Because they are familiar...
With some symbolized creation,
Seen in a church.
Because they know a few Bible verses.

If you are disrespecting the Earth or nature...
You are not into God!
If you are disrespecting other human beings...
And doing things to others that are nasty and mean,
You're not into God!

You are into interpretations.
If you have barriers up in your mind like a fence.
And you've been convinced,
Your point of view is better because of the color of your eyes...
Your hair or your skin?
You are not into God.
You are into yourself...
A morsel of all that God 'IS'

When you are into God...
Your mind becomes less limited!
And all of your sufferings done,
You will then see...
Have all been man made.

God is Pure Energy.
Pure light!
Pure Love!
The IS is HE.
And we are not!
We are mere 'droplets' of IT
And that we have forgotten.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Jealous

The jealous.
Envious of others.
Insecure and bitter too.
Believing picking on someone will do...
To mask their emptiness.
But they wont confess it.
The jealous.
Use patheticness as a charm.
To engage 'and' alarm selected victims.
First choosing ways to nitpick their gifts.
Hoping this annoyance will get to them quick.
And it does the trick.
The jealous aren't happy!
They are mentally sick!
The jealous.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Jilted One

When one chooses a direction to follow,
At the advice of false friends...
Whose recommendations are taken,
Over the disapproval of a lover or mate...
With a known devotion shown,
Through thick and thin.
And becomes heartbroken by what has happened.
Then it is not guilt the jilted one should feel.
Not at all.
Relief after a short visit with grief that is released,
Will be that feeling felt to believe and accept...
Once one acknowledges deception eventually fails.
With no need to seek or involve revenge.
Since payback is always delivered without requests!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Joys Of Thanksgiving

This day in November,
Special and remembered...
By many who are grateful to celebrate,
The joys of Thanksgiving.
With preparations made to express,
An appreciation.
In prayer and with faith to commensurate,
A gathering with family members and friends...
On this occasion,
To eat and feast upon past memories shared.
As an awareness of those many blessings given...
Seem to us to have more of a meaning as we reflect.
When the experience of witnessing...
Many moons and seasons come to pass,
To allow us yet another chance to embrace and grasp...
The importance of each other's presence.
And our fortunate lives we can so easily take for granted.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Judge And The Jury

No one,
Invited to come into my home...
Will disrespect my environment,
Or me.
Conscious, unconscious.
To do it comfortably.
Case closed!

'So now you are the judge?
AND the jury? '

Inside my home?
Where every bill I pay,
With a doing alone?
To then condone an ignorance shown?
Yes.
Not only am I the judge AND the jury,
I have also earned the peace I keep.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Keeping Of Faith Rewards

Too many confuse the having of faith,
With a purchase made.
And ability to impress.
To believe themselves as favored.
And blessed with 'things' to get.

Too many confuse the having of faith,
With a purchase to be made.
As they look down upon those homeless.
And step over those with less.

Yet,
Those who self-indulge will one day suffer.
And those who sacrifice,
With a doing it most of their lives...
Will be promoted.
To heights they never knew they could be raised.
Since to worship things one has should not be praised.

The keeping of faith,
Rewards...
The doer who's devoted.
The keeping of faith,
Rewards...
The doer giving up love.
The keeping of faith,
Rewards...
Good deeds free of evil.
The keeping of faith,
Rewards...
Those who face their challenges,
And doing this to forgive.

Too many confuse the having of faith,
With a purchase made.
And ability to impress.
To believe themselves as favored.
And blessed with 'things' to get.

The keeping of faith,
Rewards...
The doer who's devoted.
The keeping of faith,
Rewards...
The doer giving up love.

Too many confuse the having of faith,
With a purchase to be made.
As they look down upon those homeless.
And step over to degrade.

The keeping of faith,
Rewards...
Good deeds free of evil.
The keeping of faith,
Rewards...
Those who face their challenges,
And doing this to forgive.

The keeping of faith,
Rewards...
And not to address impressions.
The keeping of faith,
Rewards...
Those who are bold and tested.
With a living of life to confess...
They've been blessed.
And,
It's expressed.

The keeping of faith,
Rewards...
And not to address impressions.
The keeping of faith,
Rewards...
Those who are bold and tested.
With a living of life to confess...
They've been blessed.
And,
It's expressed.

The keeping of faith,
Rewards.
The keeping of faith.

The keeping of faith,
Rewards.
The keeping of faith.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Keeping Up Of Appearances

The return of long missed realities,
Has made the waiting for them...
As crisp as fresh air wished,
By those who had wondered...
Whatever happened to those Joneses,
Who once lived a few doors away.
But had to move.

Since the making of impressions,
They could no longer afford.
And those who chose to live basically,
Can now ignore the foolishness...
Of the keeping up of appearances,
My neighborbors are now eager to admit...
They too had difficulty trying to do it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Key

There comes a time in one's life,
When silence becomes the preferred company.
Joined by a peace of mind invited.
Providing what has been needed,
To have gone unrecognized as if in disguise...
Fo so long.

Feeling whole and complete...
Is the key that unlocks a happiness released.
And to feel whole AND complete...
Can not be replaced by 'things' one seeks.
With a doing of what one pleases,
Feels so good.

It is nice in one's life,
When silence becomes invited.
And stays as one's preferred company.
With a peace that can not be described.
To slice with a taste of it day and night,
Feels so good.

'Excuse me.
It is time for my slice of peace.
And I can't afford to miss it.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Killing Of Our Indifferences

The killing of our indifferences,
Has to be made more significant.
And for everyone to participate,
In eliminating to erase its face.
To realize our lives to experience,
Represents to reflect a multitude of races.

An attention not given to comprehend,
To understand...
Has made conflicts to exist,
As an efficient plan with a few left to benefit.

Awakening from delusions taught to teach,
Will begin an effective...
Step towards a peace to keep.
When more truth that has been denied is realized,
We've been feeding on deceptions.
And addicted to receiving lies disguised to identify.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Kind Of 'Labor' Most Enjoyed

I am not a rocket scientist.
But with the aid of observation,
I can tell you this...
Making things look easy to do,
Has a way of creating lazy people.

Often I've heard it said by others,
'They do what 'they' do because it is loved...
And easy.
Anybody can do that.
They don't have to work...
Like I do.'

And I have been in positions to 'see' that 'work'!
A blinded trained Seal could have produced much better.
This is not an exaggeration.

More folks sit back to procrastinate,
Than to get things done.
Not only discipline is missing.
People are just not accustomed to dedication.
Unless...
They are dedicated to the wasting of time.
And 'getting-down-and-funky' over a three day weekend,
Best expresses that devotion to the kind of 'labor' most enjoyed.

To be followed by a Monday of complaints,
And expected pay.
For doing absolutely nothing until the middle of the week.
And me?
I could never find this acceptable.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Kingdom

Not a flower in The Kingdom,
Has been picked to overlook...
Its significance to behold.
Not one seed of The Kingdom planted,
From a divine and majestic plan...
Has been done without reason.
Although microscoped with hopes,
Limited minds of mankind...
Will one day come to understand.

Not one being blessed with life given,
Has been ignored by 'That'...
Which bestows the consciousness,
Of this magnificence to experience.
And yet...
There are those with intentions to inflict,
Ongoing conflicts.
With a purpose to manipulate,
All of The Kingdom as it exists.

And the light from The Kingdom,
From them eventually fades.

'What light? '

The light once bright,
Dimming in those minds...
To witness and find them becoming crazed.
With beliefs they can disease The Kingdom,
By choosing to have things done their way.

And the light from The Kingdom,
From them eventually fades.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Knowing That Is

The best thing about the knowing,
Of something.
Is,
The knowing that 'is'.
Which no one can say,
From their point of view.
Is a misunderstanding and not okay.
How can they?
Isn't clarity a perception one accepts,
Digests and believes?

However.
One with an intuitive awareness,
With a knowingness of the difference.
Between fairness, honesty and injustice that demeans.
Is.
Today,
Suffering from a dilemma.
And has an unfortunate state of mind.
That when expressed,
Can upset others who become offensive,
And they defend by saying something obscene.

Especially when someone like this,
Does not have denial as an option from which to pick.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Kool-Aid, Although Tasty...Was Never Free

Can you excuse a tendency I have,
To be direct, thoughtless and somewhat abusive?
I grew up reminded I was dysfunctionally deprived.
Although encouraged to dream,
And master the art of discipline.
I was not allowed to feel sorry for myself,
Until I got older to realize how poor we were.
But we dressed to impress and remained stylish.
And sought to be cute.
You know how 'some' kids do?
However...
I was never sold on having what I couldn't have.
My sisters and I were taught to be grateful.
And to eat a sandwich somebody first had to earn it.
So...
If it seems as if I can be direct, thoughtless
And somewhat abusive...
I have memories of earning many sandwiches.
But I didn't realize that the meat was extra.
So was the lettuce and tomato.
Mayo too!
And the kool-aid, although tasty...
Was never free.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Labelling Limits

I am a poet to know it.
And often dismissed,
By those who believe...
They know the concept,
And what a poet is!
Or how what is achieved,
Perceived by many to be easy.

Personally I think the labelling limits.
Since some use gimmicks to depict an image.
And very few conceive it as art or a part of performance.
To leave the ones who do view it from that aspect,
Selecting to pick a word with a rhythm to connect.
With the hope that a decision made finally fits,
An experience others feel with a comfort that exhibits this.

Yes I am a poet to know it and often dismissed,
By those who believe they know the concept...
And what a poet is!
Or what it takes to achieve a reality that did not exist.
As perceived by many reading quickly to be easy.
Although the delivery seems that way...
To those who critique with a preference to suit their taste.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Landing Of Aliens

Seeking sympathy,
Is one way to gain attention.
Claiming to be victimized,
Is yet another way.

But the best way to gain attention,
Is to maintain an identity.
Stride with integrity.
And be to others respectful.

One doing this,
Will stand out in a crowd.
As if to represent,
The landing of aliens.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Last Frontier

How a cohesiveness,
Can pull them together
From indeciveness...
Is a test.
He is above the rest.
And,
Too good for them.
He has promise,
To heal.
And they are accustomed,
To honoring their traitors.
Baiting hatred,
While ushering decline.
They are out of their minds.
And too good for them he is.
And they have no idea...
How close they are
To being the last frontier,
This pioneer...
Will try to attempt to save!
With concepts that are fresh,
Daring and brave.
They have been enslaved,
By their thoughts of a fading greatness.
Rapidly becoming nonexistent.
And this twistedness,
Has brought them to the edge of doom.
He fights to bring them clarity.
He hopes to awaken them soon.
He is too good for them.
And those who are aware...
Wishes his reign,
Does not come to late.
To avoid their agony, further shame...
And more pain.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Last Of Lost Beliefs

Credibility.
Honesty.
Integrity.
Sincerity.
Truth to hear it.
See it and agree.
Without permitting slander,
Treason or committed with it...
As if to welcome,
Perjury.
The reality of unity.
Love to say, have and feel.
Promises made to keep.
Masks removed from false faces.
Imitations charaded to accept,
Democracy valued is a treasure.
And not just a cheap commodity,
Over taxed, overrated and sold.
To crooks...
Playing evil games religiously!
Before...
Without warning to find reason,
All which had been deceived.
And historically believed...
Suddenly isn't anymore.
When full disclosure unlocks,
All minds blocked...
Fooled to be used and duped.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Latest Craze Introduced

Now everyone everywhere,
Will declare themselves...
With Bi-polar disease.
To suffer from,
A switch of a quick temperment.
Too uncontrollable to stop.
Even though conscious...
Some will claim they are not,
When in the midst of swinging fists.
And other outrageous misdeeds committed.

It is not because of a bad diet induced.
Or a lack of having mental discipline,
To admit the difference between deceit and truth.
No!
Being Bi-polar is the latest craze introduced,
As an excuse to use to escape from facing reality.
And getting their dose of it on a regular basis,
Will have many wishing they arrived early...
To prevent the standing in long lines.
Hoping to get their fix before the prices rise on it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Law That Isn'T

The law that isn't!
But should be...
Integrity.
Integrity.

All kinds of crime,
Have been defined.
But...
One escapes from a state of mind.

Integrity!
The law that isn't.
Integrity.
integrity!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Lawlessness

The lawlessness,
That has increased to make many...
Tired and sick of it,
Has been allowed to exist...
By those refusing to acknowledge it,
When first they were made aware.

But they were the ones who had 'then' stated,
'Being negative...
With such pointless comments to make,
Only diminishes the progress made.'

The lawlessness,
That has increased to make many...
Tired and sick of it,
Has been allowed to exist...
By those refusing to acknowledge it,
When first they were made aware.

And 'now' that they are aware of the lawlessness,
To have been permitted to exist...
Calls to unify and protest against it,
Are voices heard to fade with them left distanced.
With a progress that could have been made evaded.

'We are in need of more police,
To clean our streets...
From the crime that has increased.
And where are the people,
Who act as if they are deep in sleep.'

The lawlessness,
That has increased to make many...
Tired and sick of it,
Has been allowed to exist...
By those refusing to acknowledge it,
When first they were made aware.

'We have a crisis over here.

We are in need of help to make it disappear.'

Remember when you stated...
'Being negative...
With such pointless comments to make,
Only diminishes the progress made.'
Well...
Welcome to your reality you have created.
What or who are you seeking to help you,
To fix it? !

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Laws Of Exploitation

Exploited.
Hunted and sought,
As if items reduced purposely...
To seduce a selling,
Of what is bought at a lower price.
And made to feel to stay cheapened.
By a marketing device,
Prolonged to remain in minds that way.

Exploited.
The advantages of being underprivileged.
Exploited.
The poor.
Solicited to find their bargains,
In basements below mainstream doors.
Exploited.
To think the rich and others 'lucky',
Are not victims of a 'Capitalism' like this.
With all affixed to kept beliefs,
That what they earn they actually keep.
Away from crooks and petty thieves.

Yet high in towers.
And above floors sitting behind exclusive doors.
Are those wearing suits and picking pockets,
Annointed and taught,
The laws of exploitation.
Finding it effective and successful,
To disguise their profits made...
By creating division between the races.
With it known how lucrative it is for them,
If mindsets remain this way.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Leader Who Has Been Chosen Knows

They stood by and watched,
Their lifestyles slide into the gutter.
They stood and condoned this...
As if observing a parade.

Now a selected leader says to them,
'Your activities will change!
I will not tolerate your spoiled whims.'
And they begin to treat him,
With much disrespect.
Because the truth to them has never been spoken.

And...
The leader who has been chosen knows this.
That is why he remains honest.
With a smile on his lips!

'What 'was' isn't anymore!
What 'is' will be.
Whether you like it or not.
Call me what you want to.
And deny my place of birth.
But I am the one to whip this place back into shape.
I am accustomed to being treated,
Less than dirt is worth.
AND...
By you!
I've been groomed.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Life Lived Of A Belching Frog

Is the life lived of a belching frog,
More important than the one...
Sitting quietly on a lily pad,
Looking at its reflection...
On a mirror smooth pond?

Or is the frog that belches,
Showing more appreciation...
For the flies that are attracted.
And the reason that a belching frog,
Could care less about an image reflected.
But expresses a gratefulness for the feast,
Available to be eaten.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Light Of Life

We come to live.
Not to follow as shadows.
We come to reflect...
The best of efforts.
To glow in the giving of respect.

We are here to influence this experience.
In support of others.
Not to distort their paths.
Or bestow upon their journeys...
Obstacles we inject!

We need not wish,
For these acts to be done.
To selfishly benefit!
When eventually...
There is none!

We are individually energized.
All of us are,
By the rays from the Sun.
To appreciate everyone's gifts given!
Not try to take away.
But share, grow and obey.
That which within us is divinely sent.
Minds to adventure.
Not to despise and hide in devilment.
To deceive to end in shadows...
Alone to grieve.

We come to live.
Not to follow as shadows.
We come to reflect...
The best of efforts.
In deeds that are sewn,
To produce an increased 'betterment'.
Making this known as it is shown.

Not to suffer from our deceits.

In belief there comes a gain maintained.
When tears from our eyes produce nothing,
But rain.
And overflowing suffering sustained!

We come to live.
Not to follow as shadows.
To discover too late...
When our 'lights' are turned out,
That darkness awaits our fate.
And that experience...
Is seldom in need of replication!

Dedicated darkness,
Has its own agenda!
And only then do we seem to get the message.
Taught in a silence.
Yet 'missed' when given the light of life!
That should excell in the dedication of growth!

But greed has fed us into blindness!
Behind which we...
Allow ourselves to follow!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Line Is Not That Fine

The line is not that fine,
When one begins to walk a road...
With a mind wide open and seldom closed,
Between those who are perceiving...
Anyone showing them concern expects,
Some attention from them to get.
And others who will take that concern shown,
To take it for granted and make this known...
Someone who gives with it done to do,
Is useful to use whenever they choose to.

The line is not that fine,
When one begins to walk a road...
With a mind wide open and seldom closed,
To notice...
So many living with expectations,
That they should be impressed before accepting...
Anything received from another who expresses,
'Their' appreciation for being allowed to do it.
And...
To not address the disrespect returned.

'I'm giving you my time you find to waste.
And you accuse me of being sensitive about it? '

~Okay.
So what's your point?
Why the drama and overacted theatrics?
You give, I take and receive.
Why are you 'now' so thoughtlessly upset.
And with me? ~

'Wow.
I better leave you with your beliefs.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Lives Of Those Lived Self Centered

Many are awakening to realize,
How empty their lives have been.
And if it wasn't for those,
They observed from their windows...
Looking in other directions,
To appear unimpressed...
By something new in their driveway.
Or yelling out their front doors,
'Look at me I'm over here', expressed...
They would not find life as meaningless,
As it has for them become.
This would not be noticed at all,
If the trying so hard was not at all done.
Not even standing in their doorway butt naked,
Attracts the attention expected.
So sad are the lives of those lived self centered.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Lives We Get To Live

Grieving to mourn,
Has its own limitations.
And those who have done it,
May find it difficult to forgive.

It takes more than spoken superlatives,
To reach a heart torn apart...
By the agony of pain.
And no one will ever comprehend what is felt,
When a suffering unpredicted comes to one and remains.

Grieving to mourn,
Has its own limitations.
And those who have done it,
May find it difficult to forgive.
Since there is nothing that prepares us to accept,
What is on our paths to be forecast...
To predict with accuracy the lives we get to live.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Living Of Life

After years of witnessing,
The living of life to experience it.
With fears, doubts,
And a host of assorted... Disappointments to come unexpectedly
I have learned the living of life,
Brings with it...
A host of disappointments.
With fears and doubts to come,
To be done...
In no particular order,
That prepares anyone...
With time to rehearse what occurs.
Or at least teases with a peek,
Of an outcome one decides to accept.
Or...
Returns back,
As not being satisfying enough.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Logistics Of Kept Deceptions

The logistics of kept deceptions,
Has come to upset...
Those witnessing their steps taken,
Coming to exhale the inhaling...
Of its final cycle of repeated breath.
Nothing left is there,
To prevent truth from being revealed.
Nothing left remains to be secretly,
Concealed.
It is all there to accept.
Or continue to reject beliefs to have been,
Deluded to keep reality abused.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Lollipop Kids

People who live each new day,
To relive a previous day...
And say,
They wish they knew what was going on.
And expect to be missed,
By those who have chosen to distance them...
Have more than a few serious issues.

These are...
The lollipop kids.
Those Saturday morning cartoon watchers.
Fed sugar coated cereals.
And rasied on video games.

These are...
The lollipop kids.
Refusing even in adulthood,
To notice reality as it is.
But for them life was never meant,
To become as serious as theft is to business.

These lollipop kids are seeking to have it sweet.
And accountability free!
As it was handed to them...
All of their lives.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The 'Look-At-Me' Factor

What about me?
I am here to be seen.

'But what have you done,
To get attention from anyone? '

OH.
I did not realize I had to do 'that'.
What is it you suggest?

'Perhaps less involvement with yourself.
To let what it is that you do,
Speak for itself.'

How would I do it,
And without exaggeration...
That embellishes my creation.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The 'Look-At-Me-And-What-I'Ve-Got-Type'

I've met a few snooty people in my days.
The ones who perceived themselves,
Better than others...
Because of a higher mortgage the had to pay.
Or the ones who bragged about their good credit.
And would announce the number of their credit cards,
To anyone for a quick display.

And those who were comfortable being who they are,
Always attracted my attention with admiration.
Those who were comfortable being who they are...
Were honest with themselves.
And to me this was a priceless possession.

People who talk about their stocks and bonds,
And investments they live on...
I don't fault them for what they believe is security.
People have their values and I respect that.
It is the ones self obsessed who appear to thrive best,
On masquerading their unhappiness....
With a projecting of pretentions the try to hide,
In a shallowness of emptiness.

The 'look-at-me-and-what-I've-got-type'.
You know...
The ones climbing down from their high horses,
Hoping not to be seen at night.
Since today the economy,
Has their mouths and lips shut firmly tight!

I've met a few snooty people in my days.
The ones who perceived themselves,
Better than others...
Because of a higher mortgage the had to pay.
Or the ones who bragged about their good credit.
And would announce the number of their credit cards,
To anyone for a quick display.

Well...

Those who were and 'still' comfortable being who they are,
Always attracted my attention with admiration.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Looseness Of Lips

Once they begin to flap without touch.
Flip and flapping back learned early...
And we adored them so much!
Once they were told twice to shut up.
And nothing could stop them.
Not even a spanking butt!
Then they began to get tight,
Disobeying and stubborn.
Making mommy think...
Of putting her own head in the oven!
Then one day,
The looseness of lips starts to calm.
When a twelve year old girl has a boy on her arm.
And daddy and mommy are looking quite alarmed.
Unbelieving they sit and pray,
Their daughter's baby isn't born...
Or an abortion is on the way!
And nothing is said about safe sex!
Gone into elusiveness is loose lips next regret!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Losers

The losers choose,
To stay and remain confused.
Refuse truth to deny.
Self abuse and try,
Hopelessly to defy...
With a keeping to defend,
Kept delusions to protect them...
Against any attempts made,
To have truth offend...
Beliefs.
Taught and learned,
From the day they were born.
With it understood what's going on.
Regardless of the facts and evidence,
That...
Old beliefs kept to value,
Will only maintain sustained grief.
To practice and serve,
What they are told comes deserved.
And they pray for just 'that' to have witnessed.

'If it wasn't for bad luck,
I wouldn't have any luck at all.'

~And with such kept beliefs,
I'm sure your disappointments are few.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Loss Of One's Integrity

They are calling their deliberate, derogatory antics,
Meltdowns.
I refer to them,
As exposed realities of repackaged nuts!

What comes through one's lips,
Often flows from a premeditated mind...
From where disgusting outlooks sit!
No matter how impressive,
One's appearance gets!

They are calling their deliberate, derogatory antics,
Meltdowns.
I refer to them,
As exposed realities of repackaged nuts!

Speaking with a 'learned' intelligence,
Does not make one identified with common sense.
The evidence is there.
Whether videotaped...
Or later excused in one's defense.
On or off televised 'air'!

Ignorance unleashed,
Even crosses picket fences...
Where lawns are manicured.
And the loss of one's integrity,
Can be extremely expensive for one senseless and dense.
Showing one who may have wealth...
To have concern for nothing else but self!

Several down!
Many more to go!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Loss That Has Cost The People

People aren't finding it exciting,
To witness the events...
Of these times that have come.
No one is finding realities like these,
Coming as they have and to them done.

The loss that has cost the people,
Has stripped them from the benefits...
That had promises of long lasting peace.
The loss that has cost the people,
Has for many a happiness out of reach.
As conflicts faced everyday exist,
Every second common sense from them is 'dissed'.

Oh...
The quality of life is almost gone,
Every second common is dissed.
And...
More people seem to choose to do what's wrong,
Every second common sense is dissed.
And...
Pooped are the doers who have been accused,
Of offending pretentious defenders.

The loss that has cost the people,
Has left them with nothing of value earned.
The loss that has cost the people,
Has left them without even one lesson learned.
The loss that has cost the people,
Floats...
On a drifting boat.
The loss that has cost the people,
Floats isolated and is left remote.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Lost Child

Set up and pleased to be,
The lost child.
And free to feed deluded needs.

Set up and pleased to be,
The lost child.
And thinking it's the only way to be.

Hustling the streets with little to eat.
No sleep. No shelter. No security.
With beliefs this doing is paying dues.
And seeking to be taught,
By those willing to teach...
How a life of ease can be obtained and reached.

Set up and pleased to be,
The lost child.
And free to feed deluded needs.
Yet refusing to combat a certain defeat,
Since the acceptance of it...
Has been known by others and condoned.

Set up and pleased to be,
The lost child.
And thinking it's the only way to be,
With others who have validated this life as shown.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Love That I Found Defined In Me

The love that I found defined in me.
Reduced all the fantasies,
I kept deceived.
When I saw you,
That moment I knew...
Mixed reactions disappeared.
I felt a deepness clearing and near,
Flowing to bestow...
Upon me.

The love that I found defined in me.
Removed all desires to be free.
You held the key,
To unlock that need in me...
That kept my secret beliefs,
No one could be there to release..
This in me.

The love that I found defined in me.
Needed no one else to complete.
You had the magic.
Fantastic,
Indeed!
And in me...
What it was you had,
Fixed a piece of mystery...
That teased!
And freed a gladness.

The love that I found defined in me.
Reduced all the fantasies,
I kept deceived.
When I saw you,
That moment I knew...
Mixed reactions disappeared.
I felt a deepness clearing and near.
To forever be here with me,
To grow.
And know together love!

The love that I found defined in me.
Needed no one else to complete.
You had the magic.
Fantastic,
Indeed!
And in me...
What it was you had,
Fixed a piece of mystery...
That rid from me the sadness.

And you held the key,
To unlock that need in me!

The love that I found defined in me.
Reduced all the fantasies,
I kept deceived.
When I saw you,
That moment I knew...
Mixed reactions disappeared.
I felt a deepness clearing and near.
To forever be here with me,
Growing to know this love!

Growing to show...
We know,
This is love!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Lucky Ones

It would be wonderful to sit back,
And glorify in an ego.
To feel,
As egos go...
I'm done!
And completely satisfied.
With myself and everyone!

It would be nice,
To accept restricting limitations.
With boundaries understood.
Like cattle within fences to graze,
Unfazed with just one expectation...
To eat and sleep,
Until slaughtered!

Sometimes I feel like that.
Unstrapping accountability off my back...
And live totally without thoughts to complete a mission.
Being absolutely conditioned to achieve nothing at all.
To be convinced that what I do is easy to achieve.
Believing what I like to do requires no work!
And become like those who say they have good jobs.
Because they find themselves with little to nothing to do.
But going beserk.
Over a prized coffee cup...
That has been discovered missing.

Or seeking to find a pair of sox that match,
An outfit one has prepared to publicly wear!
To receive a compliment,
From those in offices who arrive to work...
To file and push papers.

It would be wonderful to sit back,
And glorify in an ego.
To feel,
As egos go...
I'm done!

And completely satisfied.
Like those with a 9 to 5.

However...
It has been many years,
To accomplish tasks that I've done.
And if I had thought I was the center of it...
Like some.
Nothing of what I have done,
Would have seen the light of the Sun.

I'd be too busy doing nothing.
And many find time to do that.
With perceptions that others...
Who sacrifice to do what they wish,
Are the lucky ones without schedules to meet.
Or having to impress,
Someone greeted to have an hour lunch!
And after staring at a clock all day,
Be finally given the signal to be dismissed.

Only to agree to see one another at a bar.
For Happy Hour spent drinking.
And discussing 'who' and 'what' made them pissed!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The M.O.& A.N.O.B.B. N' W. Award

'Never in my wildest dreams,
Had I ever in my lifetime 'think'
I would be so highly honored.
With such a prestigious citation.

I have been moved emotionally,
By such an incredible and heartfelt jesture.
And...
May I say,
If it had not been for 'you'...
Those I have come to touch.
This award...
The first of its kind,
Would not have been made possible.
Just to know my efforts,
Are being duly noted!
And in this acceptance,
I express my appreciation.

I thank each and every one of you,
Responsible for this.
And may this achievement,
Be not the end...
But the beginning,
Of more of that which you expect.'

~Well,
What do you think?
Too long?
Should I 'add' or cut out something? ~

*Oh heavens no!
But I do think,
A slow dropping tear...
From your left eye...
Should bring the audience to its collective feet.
That would clinched it.
Expect thunderous applause.*

~Brilliant.
I love it.
That 'tear' falling business,
Is great.
Thank you!
And that would reek of sincerity too!
I will prove to them,
They have chosen the right one.~

*Oh, yeah...
Repeat again for me,
The name of the award.*

~Sure.
No problem.
It's The Most Obnoxious and Arrogant Negro,
To Offend Both Blacks n' Whites Award.

I am positive it will not be awarded too often.
I made sure my act would be a hard one to follow.
I've earned this.
Trust me.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Magic Of Racism

It hides the facts,
And exposes insecurities.
With a remorse,
No one is willing to admit or take back.
But at night...
It allows sex between diverse races,
To explore their differences
Under sheets to heat and sweat.
And this is done,
Without a public forum.
And the good of the act,
No one regrets...
Even thrusting to get wet!
The magic of racism may swell into hate.
But no one who is tempted to taste,
Regrets the nakedness of it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Magnitude Of Their Errors

What has defeated
A greatness beginning
To crumble beneath our feet?
It has been an obsession,
To deplete those of color in number!
Instead of appreciating contributions made...
To keep those 'feeding' off of their usefulness,
Alive!
And the magnitude of their errors,
Will open wide their eyes!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Main Ingredient

We have learned to excuse,
A stirring up of heat done to do.
To then refuse truth as an action taken,
With it to be mentioned...
By anyone fearing they may offend.

'I don't want to bring this up.'
~Then don't.~

We have intentionally over medicated,
On greed and lust and distrustful ways.
But hushed is the doing done,
Since no one wishes to betray.

'The heat can be felt.
But...'
~Good. Shut up.~

We don't want to hold ourselves accountable.
Although rush to find someone else to blame.
Someone else to claim,
And shame as being irresponsible.

'May I offer a suggestion? '
~Sure. As long as no one here, hears it.~

And after grinding chaos and conflict,
With it to taste all over the place...
We then perceive our accusations made,
Is deserving to be heard to then be eliminated...
While protesting the loss of benefits,
That continue to diminish the limiting of entitlements...
We are not getting from an ignorance,
Sustained to remain without discipline that represents...
Why a greatness is obtained.

'Uh...
This recipe is outdated.'
~And, your point to make?

Is what? ~

Missing from the mix is the main ingredient.
And very few are aware of it.
A respect for others that reflects it,
Will not result in success.

~Why is it no one seems to understand,
What it is we are trying to do? ~
'Well...
Perhaps your refusing to include others,
Has resulted in your repeated failures.'
~Do you have any recommendations or suggestions? ~
'No. You take all the credit for this.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Main Issue

The main issue,
Is not the continuing of injustices.
The main issue,
Are delusions kept.
And the feeding of them,
That has increased the presence...
Of an accepted mental illness.
With a doing,
That has been institutionalized...
As a part of reality unchanged yet survives,
Through denial and deceptions...
Worshipped to idolize as a necessity.

And, with a doing done...
To do with a refusing of the presence of truth.
And excuse as offensive its meaning to reduce.
To ensure that a kept producing,
Of confusion and conflicts are intentions...
By the identifing of 'others' with druthers,
Envious of a way of life created to isolate...
Minds incompetent and displayed as such,
To portray themselves not to be as crazed...
As the betrayal of their own actions and ways,
Have come to represent them...
Convincingly but hopeful they remain determined,
Their kept dismissed insecurities...
Will not have an effect on a quality of life,
Already defeated by a lack of insight...
They have repeatedly proven not theirs to have.
But denial and self deception is theirs in abundance.

'We just want everyone to know and be assured,
We will get to the bottom to one day reveal...
Why these events and occurrences,
Continue to happen in our midst 'and' with such...
Unimaginable frequency.
Afterall...
We are firm believers of equality that represents,
Inclusion and expressed diversity for everyone.'

~Do you believe a complete and total overhaul,
Of your thought process is in dire need? ~

'There is nothing wrong with our thought process.
Just some adjustments needed,
By those not fully comprehending to misinterpret...
What it is we have always wished.
And to see have done accomplished.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Main Objective

With just a bit of rest,
And out of breath to catch it...
I'm on a mission I confess,
Has been with me it seems...
Forever.

With just a little bit of needful sleep,
I...
Keep awake as I sip on tea.
Because...
I'm on a quest with a message.

If I feel a need to get something done...
Nobody but myself will do it.
And...
Any doubts I had I grew to overcome.
No matter what I did to get to be someone.

When a mind fixed sticks with a wish for success...
Eating little and getting rest,
Is...
Not a choice but a fact accepted.
And...
When a mind fixed sticks with a wish for success,
That.
Becomes.
The main objective.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Many Who Have Slept

More naysayers of those yesterdays gone,
Are heard to be sighing about what's going on.
And doing it with wishes,
That the ones they were taught to disrespect...
Would forgive a doing to them once done.
To realize today they had not been the ones,
Pretending to disbelieve a negativity...
Had been, indeed, a fact.
Of an attraction that would eventually,
Attack an ignorance many chose to defend.
Now wanting after decades to pass,
To unify and connect to correct...
All that has been done to overcome.
With it to expect...
Those who have taken years to move forward,
Would neglect those steps made...
To return to awaken the many who have slept.

'What about us? '

~That's what we've been saying.
To those with minds and eyes closed in denial.
What about us,
Are you now prepared to accept and believe? ~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Marriage Counselor

Your suggestion...
That I do 'something' to encourage jealousy,
To get 'some' emotion felt from my spouse towards me.
Did not go as plan.

'What did you do?
What happened? '

I invited a friend to pretend,
We were sleeping around and cheating.

'And...? '

The friend was the marriage counselor,
Who agreed the act of this would release some tension.

'What? '

Well...
One thing led to another.
And while we were having sex...
My spouse caught us and we confessed.

'Oh what a mess! '

Yes!
And all that was said,
Was to be sure to make the bed.
And when that was done...
Let's all go out to eat Tacos.
Since what was seen,
Increased the need to share an appetite!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Me Factor

Confusion sometimes a theory shared begins.
It is said to those who give,
To learn to receive...
And let just giving end!
But when one is raised to do for others...
The Me Factor spoken may sit well for some,
But doesn't become another's druthers!

We are often told how selfish it is,
To think of oneself and how that is negative.
It is said 'to give' is better than 'to receive'.
Although in doing so...
Receiving for some is difficult to show!

Giving to give and thinking nothing of themselves...
Are many who live who believe 'to give' is positive!
And yes it is an act of unselfishness.
But many are living and not receiving proper rest!
And living to receive with a 'me' factor conceived,
Is the one thing they detest.
In this giving to receive cycle some suggest!

Confusion sometimes a theory shared begins.
It is said to those who give,
To learn to receive...
And let just giving end!
But when one is raised to do for others...
The Me Factor spoken may sit well for some,
But doesn't become another's druthers!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Meaning And The Significance

To what significance,
Is a yesterday romanticized and depicted...
By those who chose to limit their experiences,
To focus on ideals kept to themselves...
Others remember with less zest and zeal.

To what significance,
Do nonexistent standards and values...
Only mentioned at socialized events,
Keep those pretentious with proper etiquette...
From these scenes believe they get?

And to what significance,
Are those influenced by delusions kept?
If an outdated point of view remains pursued,
When many are returning to a quality of life...
To live it basically and from pretentions to undo?

What is the meaning and the significance,
When those who once believed themselves influential...
Awaken to discover they have been made fools.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Meaning There Is In The Intention Sent

I've learned to say what I mean.
And then to clear the air,
With frankincense and myrrh.
Keeping the atmosphere golden.
Without hints left to be perceived.
Or believed in the picking of thoughts
Some may rumor I intended to leave.

Any peace I release is there to be understood.
And not subjected to petty interpretations,
By those imbibed with intoxicants.
Already stirred...
And disturbed by blurring echos.
Heard but not from words.

'I heard what was said,
But that wasn't meant!
Even though the words were spoken...
The meaning there is in the intention sent.
Here...
You want a toke? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Meltdown

Slow are the effects,
Is an accepted meltdown.
Approved with hopes it stops,
Descending to further drop...
Deceptions to delude.
And shocking those refusing,
Truth.
As rescuers arrive.
Yet...
The heat of false beliefs,
Continue to keep deceivers...
And those deceived,
Unwilling to end denials...
They've been taught to protect.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Mentality Of One's Ignorance

The mentality of one's ignorance,
Is often fed from birth.
One's environment exposes them...
To a comfort they grow to thirst.

People of limited securities,
Are the first to label and compare.
Uncertain of their own identities...
They use status and class,
To separate themselves...
In communities as if others are diseased.

The mentality of one's ignorance,
Is often fed from birth.
Beliefs and standards are subsidized,
To qualify one's worth.

And the ones who are at a disadvantage...
Aren't the ones who are depicted as poor!
The ones whose lives are victimized...
Are those who take from others,
With a quest that feeds a need for more!

And unsatisfied with their own lives...
They refuse to respect other cultures,
By imposing their own,
Upon foreign shores.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Message Is You

Slapped back to my senses.
Confused to pieces once!
It wasn't easy...
Knowing then what to do!

Stung from much heartache.
That wouldn't leave me.
Broken...
Until I found out...
The message is You!

Don't know how this started.
But I knew it had to end!
Shakened on the ground I was.
Without defense,
Family or friends.

But then...
Released from set traps!
Cut from addictions that treated.
I wasn't pleased!
What choice should I choose?
On my knees I knew...
The message is you.

Slapped back to my senses.
Confused to pieces once!
It wasn't easy...
Knowing then what to do!

On my knees...
That's when I knew!
So clear to hear...
The message,
Is You!

Dedicated to:
Crystal Fyffe
'Thank you, Ms Crystal'

Lawrence

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Middle Class

Between dire straits and meager existence,
There are those who insist...
They represent the middle class.
And doing the best they can to make ends meet,
While that gap is widening fast.

Exhausted from swimming in debts and credit.
And unable to afford the keeping up of appearances.
Although they support those standards they value...
Those that have given up such tasks,
Can not convince them their beliefs have been trashed.

Between dire straits and meager existence,
There are those who insist...
They represent the middle class.
And as they hold onto dreams quickly slipping away,
Deluded they remain that changes made aren't here to stay.

Between dire straits and meager existence,
There are those who insist...
They represent the middle class.
And even though the sight of this continues to be sad,
Few are heard left to brag about what they own...
That others do not have.

Today...
Those struggling to maintain their middle class status,
Have one thing in common with those who are poor...
Wishing they had just a few dollars more!
And a door they can close to ignore what's going on.
Those days are gone.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Mind Of A Champion

The mind of a chamipon,
Remains to stay...
Feeling challenged.
And pressured by naysayers.
Looking through microscopes...
For any hint of a blemish to mention.
With a doing to expect,
Each presentation of a performance...
To be flawless and much better done,
Than any before to be judged as perfect.

But the mind of a champion,
Is never kept satisfied...
By receiving previous accolades.
Or a flattery given one's ego saves.
Just to achieve what others may perceive,
To be a perfection to accept as incredible.
Oh no. It is the mind of a champion,
That wishes to leave those in disbelief.
With their mouths and eyes opened wide.
And sitting in shock glued unable to move.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Mind Will Find Whatever It Wants

The mind will find whatever it wants,
To belabor.
The mind will choose to define,
Itself and what it defends.
That may or not be offense.

A mind confined,
Spends a lot of time.
In search to uncover its own comfort.
And even when that comfort comes to show,
A stubborn mind that it needs to grow.
That mind will always find,
A way that is done not to do it.

The mind will find whatever it wants,
To belabor.
The mind will choose to define,
Itself and what it defends.
That may or not be offense.

The mind will find whatever it wants.
Even if that is a haunting of itself,
To keep life a threatening existence.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Minds Of Those Like These

The escalation of a hatred,
By those accustomed to doing it...
Produces for them great sorrow.
And on borrowed time,
They proceed to show themselves...
Out of their minds with a choice to grieve.

Incredible.
Incredible...
What people know.
What people know..
And find it,
Hard to believe.
And,
Incredible.
Incredible...
What people know.
What people know...
And find it,
Hard to conceive.

Self seekers enforcing to impose their will,
For the purpose to fulfill...
The prophesy of their demise.
So unwise are they who do not pay attention.
So unwise are they who do not listen!
As they forge ahead,
In disbelief of what has been 'envisioned'.
Or comprehend words to them said.
As they forge ahead,
Strickened by positions...
That restrict their minds to limited conditions.

Incredible.
Incredible...
What people know.
What people know..
And find it,
Hard to believe.

And,
Incredible.
Incredible...
What people know.
What people know...
And find it,
Hard to conceive.

The escalation of a hatred,
By those accustomed to doing it...
Produces for them great sorrow.

And no tomorrows come to those,
Making attempts to dethrone and dispose...
Of truth and the existence of it,
Because they refuse to 'see'.
Instead of reacting emotionally,
To rapid revelations.
Programmed and delivered by the 'Deities'.

Incredible.
Incredible...
What people know.
What people know..
And find it,
Hard to believe.
And,
Incredible.
Incredible...
What people know.
What people know...
And find it,
Hard to conceive.

It is hard to believe,
How people live and they deceive!
It is hard to believe people who seek no remedy.
Incredible.
Incredible...
The minds of those like these.

Incredible.

Incredible...
The minds of those like these.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Mindset Of Those Accepting

His misdeeds are not the only 'realities',
In need to be examined.
It is the mindset of those accepting,
In an environment that keeps...
A strangeness about it,
That takes a probing that will uncover...
How his actions could pass without notice,
By those who choose to create and refuse...
To examine their standards and what they value.

'What is it that you are saying? '

What is connected to the whole,
Is represented by the piece.

'You are not making sense.'

That's because you are looking,
Far away and beyond the goings on...
Within the fence.

'Huh? '

His misdeeds are not the only 'realities',
In need to be examined.
It is the mindset of those accepting,
In an environment that keeps...
A strangeness about it,
That takes a probing that will uncover...
How his actions could pass without notice,
By those who choose to create and refuse...
To examine their standards and what they value.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Minimalist

Crimson Is The Color.

'Where?
I don't see it.'

The fingerprint.
The artist has signed this painting,
Or lack of it shown...
With just his thumbprint.

'How did you know,
Crimson Is The Color...
Was the title of this 'piece'?
I see absolutely nothing.'

Look at the thumbprint.
What color is it?
They call him 'The Minimalist'.

'But...
Where is the other part of the frame?
Only half of it appears on the portrait.
Or whatever this 'blank' canvas is called.'

That's why he is called, The Minimalist.
You have to find the meaning within yourself.

'At 'that' price?
I can buy a brand new car.'

That's nothing.
I invested in one of his prized portraits.
Entitled, 'Blocked Nose'.
You should see it.
I have it hanging over my mantle.
Right above the fireplace.

'And you can't get one poetry reading?
And this guy is making a fortune?

You need a manager.'

Yeah.
You might be right.
But what I do isn't considered 'art'.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Misdeeds They Did

One day many more people will choose,
To be held accountable for their actions.
And stand up they will do,
To face their consequences.
With a refusing to let someone else be accused,
For their reactions to actions upon them done.
That had on them by others to blame.
The same ones who had not before stepped forward,
To admit the misdeeds they did.
But for selfish reasons hid to keep unclaimed.

One day many more people will choose,
To be held accountable for their actions.
And stand up they will do,
To face their consequences.
With an enduring of their own shame.
To find the truth in doing this,
Ultimately rewarding.
With a discovery that honesty,
Comes with a wisdom and maturity...
That the presence of suspected fear can not detach.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Moment I Say Chocolate

The moment I say chocolate.
Immediately,
You are going to envision color.
And not taste.
You are going to anticipate a deliciousness,
From your mind that will not escape.

Your mouth will water and you will begin to drool.
The moment I say chocolate.
That is what you will do.

And I may not be referring to my nakedness,
Or sex with you at all.
I may be implying a preference.
To lick the remaining remnants of a batter mixed,
From a bowl for a cake being prepared to bake.

The moment I say chocolate
You lower your eyes,
Then teasingly walk away.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Moment The New Year Arrives

Another new year approaches.
With it understood,
The same trite expressions...
Will remain the same.
And promises to keep,
Resolutions made to break...
As a celebrated custom,
Some have awaited...
To awaken with hangovers,
Hoping no one remembers...
Who told familiar lies,
Before and after midnight.
Afterall,
People seem more forgiving.
And willing to forget,
The moment the new year arrives.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Moment The Rays Of Dawn Comes

So blessed we all are,
To awaken and welcome to witness...
The moment the rays of dawn comes.
With a freshness that has brought to an end,
A yesterday to acknowledge...
Came with it something to experience.
And all in sight is viewed,
As if there is a renewed brightness about it.

Yet over the fence and not too far away,
There will be 'someone' and/or others with it done...
Feeling a purpose to revisit,
A self-serving victimization to awaken nonsense.
Overworking their displeasure that has become,
For some a pledge of alligence to a darkness...
They can not leave a chanting as if a mantra.
Inhaling deeply to exhale negativiity.
'Hummmbug. Hummmbug.'

Leaving to easily influence both children,
And young adults with wishes, desires and wants...
Hearing these repeated affirmations to imitate,
Over and over again until they too begin to yearn...
To have their negativity validated,
The moment the rays of dawn comes.
Not to know what they do and/or say to themselves,
Will follow them until 'their' Sun comes to set.
On a horizon they've been taught to misplace,
Treasures gone to not know them to value.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Moment They Are Felt

I don't have to 'believe',
My kept feelings are real.
I remain attach and connected,
To know they are.
I don't have to suspect what I express,
Is or is not appropriate.
The moment they are felt,
The reality of them are made to be known.
To leave nothing assumed from me to be shown.

And you?
Are you still praying to keep yours delayed?
With a hope a self debating,
Keeps the faked impressions you make...
Accepted to protect,
Like those who are equally pretentious.
And wish nothing else,
But to also escape a reality...
To leave kept delusions in place.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Moment You Arrived

The moment you arrived,
I knew you too.
Your eyes penetrated through,
My inhabitions hidden.

And free I felt to be myself.
With a flow between us,
Growing unrestricted...
To dissolve blocking walls,
Easily.

The moment you arrived...
To recognize you and I,
Could provide...
Communicated conversation,
No longer waiting with a patience to connect.
We knew what to expect would be accepted,
Next.

And we knew,
Anticipated steps directed...
Without the benefit of a single guess,
Would never again be neglected.

The moment you arrived,
I knew you too.
Your eyes penetrated through,
My inhabitions hidden.

And free I felt to be myself.
With a flow between us,
Growing unrestricted...
To dissolve blocking walls,
Easily.

The moment you arrived,
I...
Cried with joy,
Inside.

I...
Cried with joy,
I attempted to hide...
The moment you arrived.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Month Of Re-Enforcing Stereotypes Has Arrived

The month of re-enforcing stereotypes has arrived.
With a naming of a few who broke away from them,
To remind others they too have the same potential...
If they embraced discipline, devotion and a work ethic.

It's the month of re-enforcing stereotypes.
And folks who have waited to use the words 'niggers'
'coons', 'jungle bunnies' and other degrading references...
Depicting people of color,
Can do so to say they are celebrating bondage.
Since...
Isn't that the purpose?
To keep people reminded of their slave mentalities.
OR like some folks like to address their 'connections' as...
Keeping themselves down to Earth.

And...
With much assistance,
What a good job people have done...
To prove a legacy of ignorance can have its visual benefits,
For all who are determined to keep stereotypes alive.

Note:
Are these images subtle? Not anymore. In fact depictions of
ignorance 'are celebrated where I live in Hartford, Connecticut.
And thought to be 'cute' by those totally absent of identity.

When a picture from Kemble's Coons (Authored by Edward Windsor Kemble)
shows a coon with a naked black child sitting high in a tree,
eating on an ear of corn, and I know this reflects the mindset of the people...
this picture released and shown to begin celebrating Black History Month,
can be upsetting. ESPECIALLY when there is no acknowledgement, whatsoever,
of Jimmy Brown who was the first Black President of The Hartford Board of
Education.
AND those who are 'celebrating' those deeds of black folks in this 'town'...
Have no idea who he is.

'Is 'this' poetry? Is 'this' a slice of life? Yes, it is. A poetic flowing of an intention! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Moon Is A Moody Diva

The Moon is a moody diva.
With more power than we assume.
Without the Moon we wouldn't be living,
To do as we wish and choose.

The Moon is a moody diva.
Without it we wouldn't exist...
To believe that the Moon is nothing,
And there's nothing more to it.

But those of consciousness do know,
Fluids on the Earth the Moon controls.
And those of consciousness do know,
The Moon is more than a rock.
Without the Moon our lives would stop.

And those of consciousness do know,
The Moon is a moody diva.
When not in view we say it's new.
And if two appear in one month...
It has us calling it 'blue'.

The Moon is a moody diva.
With more power than we assume.
Without the Moon we wouldn't be living,
To do as we wish and choose.

And if it wasn't for the Sun...
No one would know what the Diva has done.
And if it wasn't for the Sun...
No one would know what the Diva has done.

The Moon is a moody diva.
And if it wasn't for the Sun...
No one would know what the Diva has done.
The Moon is a moody diva.
And if it wasn't for the Sun...
No one would know what the Diva has done.

The Moon is a moody diva.
Like a woman on the move with a power to command.
The Moon is a moody diva.
Like a woman on the move with a power to command.
The Moon is a moody diva.
Like a woman on the move with a power to command.

The Moon is a moody diva.
With more power than we assume.
Without the Moon we wouldn't be living,
To do as we wish and choose.

The Moon is a moody diva.
Without it we wouldn't exist...
To believe that the Moon is nothing,
And there's nothing more to it.

But...
The Moon is a moody diva.
Like a woman on the move with a power to command.
The Moon is a moody diva.
Like a woman on the move with a power to command.
The Moon is a moody diva.
Like a woman on the move with a power to command.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The More Appropriate Thing To Do

Too many in the past,
Who had decided they would take...
Deliberate strolls down the wrong path,
By a choosing of those who had showed it to give...
A depth of sincerity with a rare honesty exposed.
As a given but had been picked to be depicted,
Jokes to make others behind their backs laugh.
And in public places too this gossip was passed.

Well...too many in the past,
Who had mistaken those givers of their sincerity...
As being easily used as jokes for cheap laughs,
Today may discover themselves awakening to ask...
With a comprehension to understand clearly that past,
Who truly were the fools to think of others as jokes?
Although to declare themselves idiots with truth undenied,
Would be the more appropriate thing to do.
Since this is not perceived but believed with no need of proof.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The More I Chose To Notice It

People demand to hear me say...
'I am lonely.'
Because I live alone.
With peace of mind,
I own.

People with lack of vision,
And with no understanding claim...
Those who are comfortable with themselves,
Have to be hard to deal with.
Either that...or insane.

But it's not that I've chosen my peace of mind.
It seems through chaos to me it came.
And the more I chose to notice it...
Something in me has not been the same.

People demand to hear me say...
'I am lonely.'
Because I live alone.
With peace of mind,
I own.

People with lack of vision,
And with no understanding claim...
Those who are comfortable with themselves,
Have to be hard to deal with.
Either that...or insane.
And I remain committed,
Not to listen to those limited.
Or of lame brain.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The More It Is Understood

The more I comprehend where I stand,
The more it is understood...
How my stances taken can offend.
And since I am not one to be defensive,
I can perceive why it is believed...
My strength is interpreted to be arrogance.
Since I am not one to be limited to definitions,
With a searching in my mind to find them.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The More One Does

Why is it,
That the more one does...
To do for someone to get done,
The tasks one shows to do to prove...
Is a priority of choice that person chooses.
And time permits this assistance to exist.

Why is it then,
A discussion between others...
That introduces envy and jealousy?
With a making of someone becoming...
A procrastinator who is actually lazy.

To exclaim eventually,
That the one who has assisted...
No longer does what one wishes,
Because of an ego trip?

That's a taking one for granted.
To be identified to someone,
Not being appreciative.
But associated to someone,
Who is mentally sick and doesn't know it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The More One Thinks

The longer the battle,
The less credible the fighting...
That is fought.
Unconscious steps taken begin to awaken.

And the more one thinks,
Greater is the appetite for thought.
With a desire to link a process,
To reason to question actions unanswered.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The More This Truth Is Mentioned

If a people can not see,
Their own beliefs and activities...
Have been directly associated to their divisions,
With a making of decisions to consciously destruct.
As if in a competition to win a prize,
For the doing of it to prove themselves thoughtless.
And being with the times lived out of their touch.

What necessitates their calls for a unity to be believed?
To solicit more recruits in the doing of more conflicts?
Hasn't the effects been magnified enough?
When an awakening to self examine,
Is the ingredient that is missing.
But...
The more this truth is mention the more it offends.
And the more they feel offended,
The more they look for it to depend.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Most Admired

Only those who tried,
To disqualify his abilities...
With them tested to detest,
His accomplishments to achieve...
Under stress, duress and protest,
Are surprised that President Obama...
Has been thought by many to be,
The most admired man.
And...
Without the obvious,
Needed to be mentioned.
With a leadership not to sacrifice,
His identity, dignity or pride to keep intact.
There has been no other President,
In anyone's memory it can be claimed...
Approached to come near to that.

'You're just saying 'that' because he is black.'

~Okay.
I'll say 'that' because he is black.
But the 'fact' that he is the most admired man...
Has had nothing to do with him being black.~

'So...
What was the obvious,
You said needed not to be mentioned? '

~President Obama is not only thoughtful, wise...
AND intelligent.
He also has managed to be scandal free.
Who else can you name,
In any position of leadership throughout history,
Has those qualities? ~

'You're just being biased.'

~I know.
And I thank God my doing it is not a waste.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Most Amazing Of All Times

I find these times to witness...
The most amazing of all times lived,
For anyone who attempts...
To make sense of them.

There are people who pay to stay deluded.
The further away from truth one can get,
With preferred options that had been illegal...
Are now medically prescribed and in stores,
Offering them in assorted scents to purchase.

And the innocence of children,
Many pretend they wish to keep...
Have grown folks now being arrested,
For teaching them not to be disrespectful.

Hypocrites who censor what should not be heard or said,
Later confess how their temptations...
Led them to cheat on their spouses to have sex instead.
But, with anyone they please to admit an enjoying of it.

Liars cry when caught.
Thieves believe they are entitled to steal.
Nudity is appalling.
And yet someone near naked appeals.

I find these times to witness...
The most amazing of all times lived,
For anyone who attempts...
To make sense of them.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Most Historic Event

We are living in the midst,
Of eye opening events.
And the ones accustomed,
To protesting against...
Known injustices and disparities,
Find themselves disbelieving...
A reality never thought,
In their lifetime they would see.

'What...
On Earth is happening? '

-I know.
Having an African-American,
Elected as President...
Had never been a thought of mine,
Either.
Even with opposition from both sides
We have to admit,
There were no scandals.
And he manage to keep,
His integrity, identity...
And moral beliefs intact.
While representing this country,
With a dignity,
That will not be seen again...
Anytime soon.
So...
Don't feel despondent.
Be encouraged.
Remember...
Your lives will always matter.-

'That is not the reason,
We have stopped protesting.
And appear to be in shock.'

-Then why the wide eyes? -

'Look on both sides of the street.
Before the most recent election,
White folks were shouting at us...
'All Lives Matter'.
Now...
They shout at each other.
Ignoring our issues.
Because...
Neither side liked,
The white folks they voted for.
This just has to be...
The most historic event,
Topping anything we will ever...
Witness again.'

-Some of the white folks are crying.
Wassup with that? -

'Oh...them?
They were the ones shouting at us.
Wanting to share their tears.
Be we had told them we had cried out
For too long!
And apparently...
For all the wrong reasons.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Most Powerful Weapon

Forgiveness is and will always be,
The most powerful weapon one has to use...
With an expressing the strength of one's faith.
Although it does take much more work,
For one's mind to find a forgetting to do.
Forgetting takes a complete overhaul,
Of one's mood and attitude.
And to do this to choose borders on self abuse.

Forgetting to forgive,
Those who intentionally threw bricks...
And other wicked things with a consciousness,
Is not easy to forget when one reminisces.
However...
A returning to revenge what had occurred to them,
Continues with no end to it.
Since the bricks get bigger and the evilness,
Just doesn't quit.

'Where are you going with all those bricks?
Huffing and puffing,
As if you are on a mission to do something quick.
With your mouth all twisted.
And both eyebrows at peak lifts.
If I didn't know you better...
I would 'assume' you were consumed with devilment.'

~So glad I am you said that.
I was going to use these bricks for something else.
But you helped me decide,
I'd be better off building a bar-b-que pit.~

'With all those bricks?
You've got enough to also build a wall around it.'

~God is so GOOD.
And always there if people choose to stay aware.~

'ALL the time.

And I thank you for reminding me of this.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Most Precious Attribute

They are fed violence,
They are fed destruction.
They are fed conflict and disrespect.
Lack of discipline and personal neglect.
They are fed racism, division and hatred.
And yet...
There is a notion,
That the raising of children fed these priorities...
Marketed and sold as video games or shown on TV,
Is not going to have an effect on their minds.

'Excuse me...
Let's all turn a blind eye on these 'approved' activities.
And support with attention...
The art of accusation! '

When did denial become the most precious attribute,
One could hope to obtain?

~Hey...
That sounds pretty good to me.
Parenting has never appeared on my top ten list.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Most Sacred Of Sentiments

Why does it take one to age,
To reflect upon the importance of family?
A foundation meant to remain strong and cemented,
Would have the core of the family...
The most sacred of sentiments.
With an understanding...
What feeds those needs that are met,
Should be family prioritized and addressed.

That members of a family,
Allow themselves to become fragmented...
Have spent too much time,
Implementing their jealousies.
And the aging process reveals in a retrospective...
The ones who have been neglected,
Have been the ones most envied!
And their capabilities highly disrespected.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Most Wanted Thing You Wish

Are you one of the many...
Searching for a sanctuary,
To protect as best as possible...
What is left of your sanity?
And you have found you have begun,
To sacrifice the getting of sleep?

Good luck and may the force be with you,
With a keeping of that as your mission.
And an aspect never to leave your mind,
As the most wanted thing you wish today...
To welcome as realized,
No matter how bleak the odds.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Motto Of This Baring Of One's Soul

I 'used' to invite those,
Who disliked me...
Into my home.
With the showing to them,
Unquestionable and utmost hospitality.

I learned this from my grandmother.

With a giving to them an atmosphere,
To tell me face to face...
Whatever it was they had to say,
They could share it then...
And I would give them my full attention.

My grandmother would hum gospel songs,
Whenever she wanted to calm herself.

But instead of doing that,
The atmosphere I set for them...
In my home,
My detractors believed they could attack.

These times are not for the humming,
Of hymnals in any key.

And needless to say,
When they left to go away...
It was more not less,
Backstabbing they enacted.

The Motto Of This Baring Of One's Soul?

Always be respectful to others.
In all ways!
No matter who believes this is a weakness
And when a peace kept within is attacked,
Without warranted provocation...
A display of momentary insanity is acceptable.

And I remember my grandmother once disciplined,
All of her younger children...
As she lined us up,
With a whipping and humming done of a spiritual.
THEN...
Bake a treat for us to eat!

~One day you 'kids' are going to understand.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Moving Of Time

Time,
Does not criticize or apologize...
To anyone.
Or is guilt driven,
By those left bitter and unforgiving.

Time,
Not taken flies quickly by.
And does not ask permission,
From the ones carrying baggage...
Wishing for more of it to ease their minds.

Time neither waits,
Or makes announcements when it leaves.
Nor when it arrives,
It does not patiently tolerate...
Indecisive people seeking others to please.

You, me and many who have discovered,
A doing of things to get them done...
To not run away from time when it comes,
Know it's best to address the moving of time...
Without attempting to stop a clock or block out,
Its tick or tocking.
But go with the flow when it's bestowed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Museum Of Nothing

Although the museum had nothing on exhibit...
The people not believing this,
Would still come in droves to visit.

They would stand in line to wait.
And pay their fee to gain entry.
And inquire, once inside...
Why was nothing there,
To sustain them with pride.

And from room to vacant room,
They walked behind the tour guide!

So the board of directors,
Decided to please them all.
And changed the name of the museum!
The museum was renamed,
The Museum of Nothing.
And people came in the Winter,
Spring, Summer and Fall.

And 'nothing' it was affectionately called.

Although the museum had nothing on exhibit...
The people not believing this,
Would still come in droves to visit.

They would stand in line to wait.
And pay their fee to gain entry.
Some adjusting to the nothingness.
While others stood for hours,
Just to stare as if in disbelief.

Addicted to anything said to them.
And clearly easy to deceive.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The 'N' Word

The narrative and the pain associated,
Has not been experienced...
By those who can not relate.
And the narrative in debates wont change it.
Since the usage of the 'N' word today,
Has become as complicated...
As one's preference for Chinese food,
Yet still refer to these geat and inventive people...
Who have addicted everyone to an eating done,
But can refer to them as enemies.
While those who are black,
Think nothing of degrading themselves.
Or holding themselves back with a preference.
Until...
Others offend them by a word that is used,
To remind them what they 'think' of themselves.

'What is it that you are saying? '

I remember being called the 'N' word,
By a 'friend'.
And I told him not to call me that.

'And...
What was his response? '

Oh!
So 'now' you think you're better,
Than the rest of us?

'And then what did you say? '

I asked if that was a way to keep me reminded.
Because everywhere I go,
There is no denying who and what I represent.
And perhaps 'he' was uncomfortable with it.

'Where were you two when you said this to him? '

In a Chinese restaurant eating Chinese food.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Name Calling Of A Doer

After producing the product.
And pinpointing the demographics,
To ensure a specific marketing...
Is done effectively to entice,
An emotional affect.
A project begins,
With a focused mindset.

Then there is a staying up at nights,
To strategize a generating of interest...
With a hopeful success.
While others giving limited time to this process...
Desire to share the promise of pocketing,
Envisioned profits to accumulate from thin air.

As a spotlight staged...
Welcomes a shining that is bright,
On all of their faces.

What category would this fit in,
Do you think?
While one gets things done...
As others sit back and wag their tongues?

'Well,
Of course those who do this have no remorse.
They want all to believe,
There was a participation done...
Equally as is perceived.
And the one who sweats to do to get things done did...
Is usually the one eventually deemed crazy.
If one is overworked...
With a wish to have success tasted by everyone.

That is exactly the process taken,
By those who sit back expecting to get fat.
Hoping no one notices...
A laziness represented is attached to their backs.
With the name calling of a doer who gets things done...

A fool not to be believed,
By anyone!

'You sound experienced? '

I am also observant as well!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Name Of A Game

There is one thing I have learned,
About crooks and liars...
And deceivers who are thieves.
They are one and the same!
I had been so naive,
I did not know this.

And no matter how they are defined,
For the purpose 'they' may choose...
To qualify a dignity in the doing what they do,
Or go on Sunday to pray for their sins or 'mistakes'...
To up and fade away to be forgiven for their deeds,
Just to have their fellow worshippers leaving to believe...
Them to be acceptable,
Because the name of the game has been changed?
There is 'something' about the definition,
That will always remain the same.
Regardless of appearances.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Need

Why is it,
People are quicker to invite outsiders...
To destroy them.
Than they are to listen patiently,
To those who have their best interests...
With a protecting of their backs,
From being character assassinated.
What's up with that?

'The need.'

The need?
The need for what?

'The need to appear as ignorant as possible.
With a hope someone will find their stupidity attractive.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Need Not To Be Repossessed

Why can't you accept where those boundaries are?
Why must you treat yourself to a round of disrespecting me?
When you have clearly,
Tracked yourself uninvited...
Into my zone.
As peace and I were sharing some alone time.

You've come to me as if I pay you rent.
And I don't have the sense to know you own it.
MY 'space'.
And you came today to collect,
Another argument?
One I'm going to sit to listen and condone?

Why can't you accept where those boundaries are?
Why must you treat yourself to a round of disrespecting me?
When you have clearly,
Tracked yourself uninvited...
Into my zone.
As peace and I were sharing some alone time.

There is not a rule I obey,
Without first going into consultation with God.
And I would not be surprised if you found that odd.
Not an eyebrow would quickly lift upon you admitting this.

Possessing a need to control,
Is your issue.
And the need 'not' to be repossessed,
Is mine!

Why can't you accept where those boundaries are?
Why must you treat yourself to a round of disrespecting me?
When you have clearly,
Tracked yourself uninvited...
Into my zone.
As peace and I were sharing some alone time.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Need You Have To Charade

Ever since I've known you,
You've done your best not to admit...
Insecurities you have.
And those habits that exist.
Done as if...
I am not aware.
Or conscious when you declare...
You have other things on your mind.

And when you find the time,
You will work on those things
Needing your attention to mend.
And this you admit!

Since this and other things are accepted,
By your friends...
Why do I seem the only one,
Offended by them?

Maybe there is a reality...
I suspect you have!
But have not seen begin.

Perhaps I am the only one,
Who tires from hearing your creative excuses.
Freshly made to hide behind your masquerades.

And they have long been outdated.
Just like the fake loyalty of your so called friends.

Although I do understand the need you have to charade.
It is your addiction to self abuse,
I do not find amusing.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Needs Of All People

If the needs of all people,
Had with persistence been a promise met...
To reflect a sincerity and prioritized as kept,
There would be no homelessness or hunger to regret.
Yet...
The needs of all people,
Were ignored to feed a few their greed.
Leaving those same greedy people,
To panic and cause havoc...
With a doing done selfishly.
And realizing the feast they have fed,
Has from them fled permanently!
With no one perceiving they deserve sympathy.

'Excuse us those who weep.
But we have arrived to feed the needs of those meek,
And faithfully loyal to all humanity.'

~But...
What about 'us'? ~

'We believe and can see,
You have isolated yourselves enough.
And in our way you can not stay.
Your version of life has been too corrupted.
What on Earth did you think?
You were chosen to forever,
Feast, wine and drink.
To leave the others on the brink?
Get out of our way.
We are not moved by your tears.
Nor should anyone fear...
The uselessness of your senseless weapons.
Get out of our way.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Needs Of Future Societies

Braggarts, domestic abusers and sex.
Conflict starters, rumor mongers and thieves.
Liars, racism and delusion.
Cowards, spineless creatures and night crawlers.
Leechers, selfishness and greed manipulators.
Denying deceivers and dessert makers.
Cheaters, disease spreaders and false preachers.
Evilness and dressed to impress demons.
And...
The last category,
Quoted scriptures, mask wearers and faith.

Now, class...
Look over this list very carefully.
Since we have been directed,
By those elected to the school board committee...
That it is imperative we must immediately update,
All curriculums offered throughout our school system.
For the purpose to ensure all students are prepared,
And qualified to become tomorrow's leaders.

We are requesting from you,
To select from those choices that are listed...
A picking of a few of them that best represents,
Either your heros and/or your career of interest.
And please,
Choose carefully since your selections will determine...
Which new and proposed charter schools,
Will be created to focus specifically...
On your interests and the needs of future societies,
Competing for the best minds around the world.

'But...
Nothing electronic or the advancement of technology,
Is among the choices from which we are to pick.'

It has been determined if the best minds are produced,
The programming of all future electronic devices...
Will be easier to reflect the needs and reality of the people.

And to do that...
There is no better way to approach this,
Than to include recommendations and suggestions...
From 'you', our children, to keep what 'you' value,
As a kept investment to ensure progress is being made.
And that all elusive peace will one day eventually be achieved.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The New Normal

The uninvited presence,
Of the new normal amongst us...
May be protested by those against it.
And those accustomed to challenging change,
Have been pressed to reject with mindsets objecting.
However...
Swift and regardless of conformities expressed,
Today the new normal has arrived to be addressed.
And those drifting in the midst of it,
Can choose to refuse but behind they are left.
As those with a higher consciousness,
Acknowledging what time it is...
With eyes, ears and minds wide open to accept,
Are not the ones heartbroken to find themselves...
Freed from limitations and restricting beliefs.
Beliefs fed to feed on conflicts they have chosen to leave.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Next Phase

It's only a phase.

The next phase.

The next phase...
To come and change the last days,
To put up on a higher stage!
It's only a phase.

The next phase.

The next phase...
To come and change the last days,
To put up on a higher stage!
It's only a phase.

The next phase.

The next phase...
To come and change the last days,
To put up on a higher stage!
It's only a phase.
Many will taste it
Many will hate it.
And some of the stunned will run.
Run-run-run.

Many will taste it
Many will hate it.
The elated,
Will be baited!
And some of the stunned will run...
Run-run-run.

Many will taste it.
The next phase.
Many will hate it.
The next phase.
The elated,

Will be baited!
And some of the stunned will run...
Run-run-run.

And some of the stunned will run...
Run.
Run.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Next Time That One Comes

There is no satisfaction to one that comes.
To someone who knows another,
Who does something dumb.
When that one came to solicit advice.
Only to ignore it...
To add more weight on the shoulders,
Of the one giving sound advice that is shunned.

And the next time that one comes,
With a decision to make.
The best thing to do...
Is to beat them over the head with a bat!
They will never come back,
To ask for anything else again!
EVER!

However...
One who does take such action,
Should be prepared to endure suffering...
The consequences.
Or...
One could say,
Stress pressured one to lose one's mind.
Do some prison time.
Write a book and appear on Oprah!
Entitle the book, 'If Only I Had An Interest In Gardening'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Nonchalance

I am shocked.

'By what? '

The nonchalance.
And the unconcerned ease,
My children express by today's violence.
I am more upset than they are.

'Perhaps you've been fantasized,
By an idealized romanticized life.
And they are exposed day and night,
By the reality of living it.'

How dare you speak to me that way?
I've raised my kids to be good kids.

'I'm sure you did!
I can tell how quick you are,
To defend their abilities to manipulate.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The 'Normal' People

Yesterday...
When conformity was meant to keep,
As a measuring of everyone...
By standards expected,
And followed to meet.
The 'normal people believed it their duty,
To depict those specifically to embarrass...
Into restricted limits to know their place.
By making them feel like lepers,
If they should happen to look...
Or even 'act' in a certain way.
And many accepted to obey...
The doings of the...'normal' people!

Times have changed.
But those minds still exist.
Minds afflicted,
By appearances expressing a differentness.
Or that which should be of proper social etiquette.

Times have changed.
But those minds still exist.
And those portraying themselves 'normal',
With attempts made to stay that way...
Have shown with that known,
They condone domestic violence.
The 'normal' people...
Have raised children who lack discipline and respect.
The 'normal' people...
Have chosen to credit their lives into pits of deep debts.
The 'normal' people...
Accept as a standard they value,
Deception, murder, armed robbery and theft.
To then excuse their mental illnesses existing,
As stress developed by their causing an economic mess!

But today...
To excuse their craze as isolated events,
As these events occur more...

Inside their own protective fences.
Difficult it is for them to continue with attempts to convince,
They are 'normal' people when disappearing is the evidence.

Times have changed.
But those minds still exist.
Minds afflicted,
By appearances expressing a differentness.
Or that which should be of proper social etiquette.
Since dysfunctional is their presence.
With very few unaffected to overlook their existence.
Although declaring themselves insane,
Would not be the appropriate thing to admit...
'Normal' people with minds afflicted would choose to do.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Normals

That group of people over there...
Tethered and being lead around like that.
What's wrong with them?

'Just take a glance.
Do not stare at them.
They become easily offended.'

Who are they?

'We call them 'The Normals'.
They represent a standard of life gone now.
They are the one's convinced the world is ending.'

But...
WHY are they tethered together and lead like sheep?

'It's a tradition.
Instead of following along they now prefer to be tethered.
And frankly...
It is a mutual acceptance they are kept that way.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The 'Not-Yours-But-Mine' Kind

The 'not-yours-but-mine' kind,
Get upset if there is a threat to their 'intellect'.
Especially if it does not shine,
When expressing something 'known'
That is clearly not defined.

Without introspect that reflects,
They soon become protective with a stubbornness.
And insist they 'knew' what is being corrected.
But had been distracted by the facts!
You know...
The ones given to them earlier.
But wouldn't accept it in their minds...
Since they felt 'then' under attack!

There are so many around us,
Who are just like that!
You know...
The 'not-yours-but-mine' kind.
The ones who find the time,
To say someone else thinks 'they' know so much.
And quick to show themselves to be,
The ones who are out of touch!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Now I Know

I did not know what is known now before.
If I did...
The now I know,
Would not be as fresh.
Or accepted with such curiosity.
To leave me when that is fulfilled.
And added to my acknowledgement.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Nuitritional Value Of The Food Fed

Anyone who has already been convinced,
That conflict and confrontation is a part of life...
To be accepted and tolerated,
Are those who rush to defend the acts,
Of their disrespectful children who lack discipline.
And they are among the same people...
Who question the nuitritional value of the food fed,
To those who are locked up for their crimes commited...
While spending rehabilitation time in prisons,
Learning updated ways to be corrupt and deceiving.
As those continue to spend taxpayers 'bucks'...
Denying they have a point of view,
That actively advocates an appreciation for decadence.

'No one here is debating 'why' these young people,
Must repay society for their misdeeds.
However...
We feel it is most important and imperative,
That our youth today...
Be given a daily dose of the correct percentage,
Of vitamin A, E, C and D.
With a mineral supplement to maintain a healthy appearance.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Nurturing Of Beautiful Plants

Why would weeds seen growing,
Get on anyone's nerves who watch them...
Flourish.
And within distance.
Without getting rid of them in minutes.
If they have stated...
They wish to encourage,
The nurturing of beautiful plants.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Nutritional Value

We came collectively,
To request a federal investigation.

'And...
Please state your reason.'

We would like to find and identify the causes,
That have come to effect those living in our neighborhoods.

'What has been going on in 'your' neighborhoods? '

The one-on-one violence.
Rampant crime and disrespect.
The lack of discipline and initiative.
And 'why' we can not seem to qualify,
For those easy jobs we like to get.
So we can do as we please.
And do nothing but party.

'I see.
And you have been chosen to be their spokesman? '

Yes.
Yes, I have.

'Well...
Hopefully we can distribute to you immediately,
Something that can bring to you instant benefits.'

That would be great.
And what would that be?

'We can offer to give each of you,
A can of mixed nuts.
THEN begin,
If at all possible...
To connect this gift to how we feel about your complaints.'

Is this your attempt to offend us?

'No.
Not at all.
We are hoping one day,
In the sharing of these nuts...
You will awaken to discover the nutritional value.
And perhaps your eyes will open much wider than they are.
Let's keep our fingers crossed, okay? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Nuts That Are Seen Are Not Pecan

A choice made to separate, '
With others of like minds to isolate...
Over time in this kind of confinement,
Diminishes the health of mental wellness.
And this observation,
Is witnessed without needed statistics...
Over studied by celebrated psychologists,
To prove with shared findings...
As to which group out of their minds,
Satisfies an ongoing and prolonged research.
Since the proof has served up the madness,
Effective yet denied...
Where the grass is kept pristine to accept.
But the nuts that are seen are not pecan.
Nor are they falling to keep hidden behind trees.
Or picked from the ground where peanuts are found,
In climates warm and with inviting sensibilities.
No!
These nuts have only one objective!
To appear impressive...That's all. That's it!
And not to address mental stability.
Admitting this to reveal its existence,
Would not appease those of proper etiquette.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Obnoxious Ones

Recession?
From what use to be to what is now,
Is a permanent 'degression'.
There is no 'procession' back to retrieve beliefs.
To feel relieved with a breathing done freely.
Not this time around!

And it does not matter who helms or leads,
This drastic shift!
Those accustomed to traditions,
That allowed their procrastinations...
Will be lost in the midst of this swift quickness.
To find they are unable to adjust to it.
Like those who have been treated with disrespect.
As if they did not exist...
To dream and wish.

Recession?
From what use to be to what is now,
Is permanent.
And a lesson for those who oppose differences.
Never to recover from their dismissal as misfits!
By the very people they shunned.
Who view them now as the obnoxious ones,
Stung to cling...
Onto a painful sting,
By their own actions done to feel so real.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Obvious

The obvious does have its way,
To offend those pretending...
Each step they had taken and wilfully,
Somehow blindsided...
To have led them astray.

Even children unfamiliar,
Will make comments about what is seen.
Only to be told by those preferring 'blindness',
To look elsewhere and with immediacy...
For the purpose to keep them innocent.
And explanations kept nonexistent.

The obvious does have its way,
To offend those pretending.
As current events come to diminish and quick,
A quality of life sliding into an oblivion.
To disregard a momentum as a coincidence.

Yet upset and alarmed,
People everywhere are beginning to get.
Although the obvious has been mentioned,
By the ones already selected and picked...
To be ignored as misfits and dissidents.

For whatever the reasons people refuse to connect,
Steps they have taken...
But wont and can't acknowledge the affects they left,
Will always produce those reducing their involvement.
To rely on the blaming of someone else,
Of causing their lives to live to be limited and minimized.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Obvious Is Seldom Admitted

I have discovered the obvious,
Is seldom admitted to examine...
By those choosing to refuse,
To see what keeps them...
Falling to their knees.
But will,
However...
Quickly agree to having bad luck.
As if in the doing,
A bestowing of empathy is delivered.
And comes with a gift of knee pads.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Obviousness Of Delusion

Keeping up with appearances,
And striving to sustain a maintaining of an image...
Eventually becomes to be viewed as one's insanity.
Especially during these times,
When those who are clearly out of their minds...
Seem to be the ones more conscious of image.
And not able to embrace the reality of change.
With the obviousness of delusion,
Being stripped away on a daily basis.
To reveal truth and its existence everywhere.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Obviousness Of Improprieties

Politically speaking,
How much correctness is left?
How much of it is there,
Yet to still be addressed?

And politically speaking...
Where are those willing to confess,
The business of their politics,
Whether right or left inspected...
Has spent too much time,
On addressing correctness.

A tremendous mess that has been left,
No longer impresses...
Those most affected,
By the obviousness of improprieties.

And,
Politically speaking...
Who is monitoring the effectiveness,
Shown to have been neglected.
And reflects upon a declining of a social etiquette.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Obviousness Of It

So busy they have been,
With the exchanging of masks.
And the playing of tricks.
They have forgotten...
Innovations come to undo things done.
And the only ones doing,
What they love doing with a doing of it done...
Are the few still left,
Bored to tears with the obviousness of it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Obviousness Of The Evidence Shown

Throughout my life...
And others who could attest to my sentiments.
I have had others who believed they knew me.
To say that I wasn't 'that' enough for 'their' liking.
Can you imagine?
As if I was born to prove to them...
My life and efforts were on a rating scale.
To please their whims and noninvolvements.

Or that I wasn't a 'real' this to claim that,
But to be just what they said I 'was' or wasn't.
To demean any attempts I made in anything...
I 'wanted' to do to get done.
And the color of my skin,
Had a lot to do with that too.
Oh...
I got it from both sides of the fence.
With some painful comments,
Forever to be remembered.

Or I thought I was better than others.
I like that one!
Because I spoke to have others understand,
What it was I was saying.
I spoke too clearly.
LOL...
Seriously.
I have actually had people tell me that.
I wish I was joking but I am not.
I was told I spoke as if I was a caucasian.
As if I wanted to be!
A black boy living in a black neighborhood.
With black friends and surrounded by blackness.

Or...
Check this out!
If I really wanted to do what I wanted to do,
I'd move and go somewhere else.
Because 'they' weren't going to allow me,

To do what I wanted to do in the place I was born.
Uh...
Excuse?
Are you looking for an exit sign?
Because I am not.

Well...
Thank God I didn't allow their comments,
To ruin my ambitions.
Like others they have done with a doing,
Who bought into that kind of evilness...
To achieve exactly what the obviousness,
Of the evidence shown as proof of 'their' doings.
Not mine!
My wishes and dreams are not to be limited!
Period.
With an exclamation!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Obviousness Of This

What you choose to do,
With your beliefs...
Often in conflict and contradicted,
Should not be excuses you use...
When convenient.
But you do.

The obviousness of this,
Can not be avoided.
And I don't assume as you accuse.
You are a hypocrite with no integrity.
Repeatedly you prove it as if to be proud.
What judgement on you is it that I pass?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Obviousness Of You Doing This

It must to you feel great,
To create an opposition.
Then to bait others...
To help keep it faked.

It does,
Doesn't it?
It has to.

The obviousness of you doing this,
Shows with a glow upon your face.
And those you have chosen to oppose,
Only play along as an added hobby.

Knowing it is your disgrace and not theirs,
You can not easily erase.
When the act of yours is traced.
And you are left without explanation.

It must to you feel great,
To create an opposition.
Then to bait others...
To help keep it faked.

It does,
Doesn't it?
It has to.

But it is your fate,
Tossed away.
With no escaping,
From the damage you make to fake...
An opposition!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Odd One Out

Bittersweet is the life lived,
By that one depicted to be...
The odd one out.
The one picked as a child,
To be the one most unusual.

Bittersweet is the taste,
Of being determined to succeed...
Against opposition,
Standing on the sidelines...
And betting one this different will bleed.

Bittersweet is the one that experiences,
Observing other fall to their knees...
With qualifications that guarantees,
Them success.
But no happiness from them is expressed.

Bittersweet is the life lived,
By that one depicted to be...
The odd one out.
The one picked as a child,
To be the one most unusual.

'He is so unlike the others.'

~Yeah.
Despite his appearance,
He is determined, motivated and devoted.~

'What does his appearance have to do with anything? '

~You must be from out of town?
That's how people who live here are judged.~

'Maybe with that already known,
That's why he has chosen to live here.
And has succeeded inspite of attemtps to stop him.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Odds Would Be More In Your Favor

Do you actually believe,
I would 'say' something you dislike?
I might!
But I wouldn't count on it.
However,
If I were you...
I would bet on me 'writing'
Something you dislike.
That's what I would advise.
Since the odds would be more in your favor!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Oldest Game Played

The oldest game played,
Is coming to an end.
And those who have played it,
Are being exposed for perpetuating them.

Initiating disturbances,
And claiming to be victimized...
Is decreasing in its effectiveness.
People finally are opening their eyes.

The oldest game played,
Is coming to an end.
And those who have played it,
Are being exposed for perpetuating them.

They begin with pretense to befriend someone.
Like the smile of a demon,
To ensure its welcome.
And then to make claims...
Of something despicable the innocent one has done,
To then defame and assassinate good character...
With a perception that success,
Is soon to be won!

The oldest game played,
Is coming to an end.
And those who have played it,
Are being exposed for perpetuating them.

Those 'Woe is me I don't know what happened' facades...
Are being stripped away for what they are.
Those who deceive and lie,
With pity party invitations...
Have devastated friendships and relationships,
Behind masqueraded false faces.

The oldest game played,
Is coming to an end.
And those who have played it,

Are being exposed for perpetuating them.

'Why would they lie like that?
Deceive and create conflict? '

~What is it that you have they might perceive,
As a value to them? ~

'Well...
Nothing I haven't with them shared.'

~They did not want it shared!
They wanted it theirs.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The One Clearly Who Has Arrived

One's attempt to reveal honesty and truth,
Is like accepting the invitation...
To attend a masquerade party,
And without costume...
No one has a clue as to who one is!

Since everyone has been accustomed to charade.
And not to do it...
Isolates and degrades,
The one clearly who has arrived...
And to everyone's surprise is unknown

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The One Conscious

A conscious mind,
Showing up late and half dressed...
Will go much further.
Than the unconscious one,
Fully dressed...
In a tuxedo,
Not appearing to be there at all.
Even though physically present!
Both are scrutinized...
But the one conscious,
Is far more entertaining!
And eventually forgiven.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The One Remaining Problem

The one remaining problem,
A kept limited ignorance has...
Is its maintained sustained,
Ignorance...
Stubbornly enforced upon others
Is an ideal way of life,
To protect.
And the effectiveness of it,
Is envied.
By those protesting against,
The obviousness...
Of its mental limitation.
And this illness to prevent,
Is an act of jealousy...
To stop a craze that promises,
Devastation...
Of what was once referred to,
As life.
Before greed became prioritized
Over humanity.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The One That Opened Your Eyes

Look!
Here is the real deal.
Listen up.
Nothing...
Is going to return back to where it was.
Nothing...
Is going to be reset to a time,
When you found your life
Without direction, purpose or meaning.
You lived to feed a greed you fed!
That was it!
But 'nothing' is going to return,
For those days to be revisited!
It does not matter who wins to sit in what seat,
In what colored house!
And 'where' that house is located.

Look!
Here is the real deal.
Listen up.
Nothing...
Is going to return back to where it was.
Nothing...
Is going to be reset to a time,
When you found your life
Without direction, purpose or meaning.
You lived to feed a greed you fed!
That was it!
But 'nothing' is going to return,
For those days to be revisited!
It does not matter who wins to sit in what seat,
In what colored house!
And 'where' that house is located.

You got that?

That's called a reality check.
Forget what happened yesterday.
You are about to embark on a journey,

You will remember...
As the one that opened your eyes!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The One Thing About Knowing

The one thing about knowing,
Is its ability not to be undone.
Once something is known,
An acknowledgement of it...
To others become easily shown.

And that knowledge shown,
May come to show others despising it.
Depending on who sees what one has,
As a lasting benefit.
Since those who are not afraid of knowledge,
Feel freer to leave behind their ignorance.

The one thing about knowing,
Whether or not it is documented...
Is its ability not to be undone.
Once something is known,
An acknowledgement of it...
To others become easily shown.
And few are found to run away,
From its presence or existence.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The One Unreal

You made me care,
And...
I became aware,
I had been wrong.
For so long,
About you.

You made me see,
And...
Open up my eyes.
I was the one too sleepy
To keep my heart awake
And stay strong.

How could you put up with my nonsense.
When I sat on the fence so indifferent?
And you never mentioned this to me.
Or made me feel the one unreal.

You made me care,
And...
I became aware,
I had been wrong.
For so long,
About you.

You made me see,
And...
Open up my eyes.
I was the one too sleepy
To keep my heart awake
And stay strong.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The One Warned

How did I know that truck was going to hit you?
The sound of it.
The sight of it.
And the warning.

'You should have yelled at me,
If I wasn't paying you any attention.'

Oh...
I did that too!
But that wasn't the warning!

'What are you saying? '

I was the one warned!
Not to feel or have any remorse whatsoever,
If anything should happen to you.
That I had done my job!
Leave matters alone.
Move on.
And I was not expected,
To be emotionally connected.

'Then 'why' are you here? '

Making sure there is nothing else I need to learn!
Sometimes I can be hard headed.
But everyday I'm getting better at it.

'Getting better?
At what? '

Seeing things for what they are!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The One Who Decides

There is no fight for terrificness,
With votes to split...
To see who sits on thrones.
No panel of judges,
Or audience call-ins...
To pick who is the best of all!

When a writer is alone,
And inspiration begins to creep...
There is no sleeping!
Maybe some weeping!
Perhaps some frustration...
From attempts to produce a creation!

But when a writer is alone,
And a thought becomes complete...
The ultimate winner is you the reader.
The one who decides,
If the message delivered...
Is one to criticize.
Or if the writer wants what's read...
To be taken to depths,
Inside one's head!

There is no fight for terrificness,
With votes to split...
To see who sits on thrones.
No panel of judges,
Or audience call-ins...
To pick who is the best of all!

The one who decides,
If the message delivered...
Is one to criticize.
Or one that makes the shivering inside...
Going below surfaces,
Unexpected and undenied.
That would be 'you' the reader...
The one who decides to take it deeper!

Giving the writer a purpose to keep,
You...
The reader,
Either laughing...
Or weeping!
With creations,
That give you creeps!

BOO! !

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The One Who Feels Abandoned

If I have failed in any way,
To express my lack of support...
In the benefit to cater to your delusions.
I hope one day you will forgive me!
Since my appetite for sweets and whims,
Has been steadily diminished.

And I now seek substance,
Over snacks I've discovered do not nourish.
And I am needing more today than ever,
To maintain a regimen that is disciplined.
With a need to be encouraged.
And I am the one who feels abandoned.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The One Who Laid Down All The Pipe

When a mold has been broken,
It is difficult to replace its status.
Since the achitect needed,
To re-create the blueprint...
Has to everyone been told,
Through generations young and old...
Their selective beginnings started,
From hand-me-down myths...
Of ancestors sitting high on thrones.
When in actuality,
The achitect was a janitor named Hank...
Who loved to doodle.
You know...
Hank?
The one who laid down all the pipe.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The One Who Leads

We the people...
Seem to become influenced,
By nonsense competitions.
Especially those that come to leadership.
If any wishes to acknowledge who is winning
Anything pertaining to the quality of one's life lived...
Needs only to be more observant.
And if that does not satisfy...
One needs only to contact those owed.
They will be quick to tell anyone,
Whose debts have yet been paid!
And give names.
They tell who leads,
In the repayment department.
The one who eats and feeds without concern...
Of receiving aggravating telephone calls,
From creditors.
Is the one who leads!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Ones Considered Once On 'Abnormal' Missions

It wasn't that long ago...
When those who regarded themselves,
Normal...
Would campaign openly against,
Those perceived as strange and individual.
Because those who did not accept,
Their restricted visions...
Were made to feel like lepers.
Who had abnormal missions.

Well, well, well...
Here we are in twenty ten.
And the ones with those 'abnormal' missions...
Seem to be more than quite normal to me.
They were the ones watching their diets and exercising.
Meditating and speaking of a higher consciousness.

And those who once lived self righteous lives,
As they passed their judgements...
While making the 'weird' ones singled out to despise.
Seem today the ones totally crazed.
The ones now wishing to get away from those like themselves.
As the ones considered once on 'abnormal' missions...
Wishing to keep their peace and distance.
With the hope those of high moral 'standards'...
Do not find them to taint!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Ones I Today Praise

I will always praise those,
Who brave their pitfalls and move on.
It takes a strength to tolerate a nonsense.
And the more who see it for what it is,
Less they are to criticize...
The ones they perceived were negative.
Time has a way,
Of identifying truth to separate it from delusion.

I will always praise those,
Who brave their pitfalls and move on.
And like those few who chose to keep,
Their peace of mind intact not to decrease...
I understand them too well,
Not to dwell upon those times...
When the ones I today praise,
Had not yet aged to accept reality.

'You should join us in our struggle.'

I'm glad that's your effort to endeavor.
However...
I'd rather not reminisce,
A doing done once you did to dismiss.
But with a kept distance,
Know this...
You have my support.
And the best of my wishes.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Ones Inside

I have learned...
Anytime when you speak of 'we'
You refer to those much like yourself.
And to those who may have your 'interests'
To protect!

You have taught me...
I am not a part of that group.
Comprehension has been my greatest asset.
I am not the one in your face,
In discussions regarding my well being!

You need not raise a single eyebrow,
When I am around in your presence.
I have known what you share in confidence,
As you and I cross paths...
Does not concern me.
Or the others 'inside' your house,
Providing your entertainment.

I don't need to be convinced.
I have known that all my life!
Now...
The others 'inside' giggling with your guests?
They have not caught on 'yet'!

You may want to address that frown on your face,
To them!
I'm not having it!
Or looking for direction,
To pass or fail inspection.
With or without acceptance or rejection.
However...
I 'will' deliver your message to them,
Again.
And this time,
I want an increase in pay!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Ones Read

Only those who read a book,
From cover to end...
Comprehend the contents.
With an understanding that begins,
Before assuming the theme or plot.

And those who perceive,
They have an ability to give analogies...
Discover too late,
With updated contemplation...
They have been the ones read!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Ones Unaware

There is no sense in hiding.
What does one hide?
And from whom?

Formulated identities,
Are what they are.
And this people see.

What is hidden is not invisible.
An obviousness is there.
The only ones in hiding,
Are the ones unaware!

There is no sense in hiding.
What does one hide?
And from whom?

Misdeeds done...
Eventually come to bloom.
For all to see.
From those places no longer assumed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Ones Who Come To Witness

Don't choose to fret.
Over those upsetting,
The gains you've earned.
As they add more heat.
While observing you mind,
Do a slow burn.

You feel,
You're about to 'bust' from disgust.
You feel,
You've had enough of distrusting.
And like you many too,
Feel a display of betrayal.
But this feeling we must give up.

You feel,
Your back has been abandoned.
You feel,
Orphaned and attacked.
You feel,
Knocked down and dragged...
On your own welcome mat.

But don't choose to fret,
Over those with tasks to harrass.
Know people like that,
Have been temporarily placed...
On your path to pass tests.

Don't choose fret,
Over those upsetting...
To have you regretting,
Gains you must maintain.
Don't choose to manifest,
An evil to allow...
Your interest invested to infest.

Don't be provoked.
By those who take your life a joke.

Don't be provoked.
You're better than that.
Don't be provoked.
By those who take your life a joke.
They will be the ones who come,
To witness...
And hear at 'them' who laughs.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Ones Who Dare To Face Deceit

Those who 'snitch' and/or whistleblow,
And represent uncommon correctness...
Rarely today ever shown,
Are resented.
And this for them is felt and known.

This is not a new revelation expressed!
This has been a way of life,
For those who have ever spoken out...
In an unsolicited truthfulness.

The ones who dare to face deceit,
Are character assassinated...
By those above reproach.
Who take it upon themselves,
To ensure others meet defeat!

But those eventually inflicting those affected,
Finally are the ones 'used' to become victims too!
When the misdeeds they do to others,
Come to cripple their activities...
In ways displayed the Creator chooses!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Ones Who Have Struggled

If people have found themselves blessed,
With decisions and choices they have made...
To discover and feel a happiness that is real,
Then why are there others...
Who have made their own choices to decide them,
Quick to try to convince...
The ones who have struggled,
To have done this...
Minding their business without complaints.
Yet are often heard to be more criticized,
By those who seem to despise...
How they have managed to survive,
Without depending on opinions, innuendos or rumors...
Others have relied on to feel accepted.
And...
They were the very ones collecting possessions,
To do it at their best to impress.
While laughing at those struggling to make ends meet.
With a doing it to address stale and repeated gossip.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Ones Who Now Look Back

For most of their lives,
They did exactly what they wanted.
And signs of change,
Were beginning to glow...
With neon messages no one could ignore.

Those choices chosen,
Were made regardless of objections raised...
By those who were told where to go.

And those places told where to go,
Have been taken without looking back.

And the ones who now look back,
Wondering where those who were told to go...
Away to live in their own worlds,
Have done so to live lives...
Without taking theirs for granted.

As those who look back seeking satisfaction,
Have come to realize their own satisfactions...
Had been placed on the wrong track.
With a blaming on others,
As to where their lives lived are at.

'Excuse me,
But can you tell me...
If that boat that sailed many years ago from here,
Is due to make a comeback anytime soon? '

~I'm sorry I couldn't.
I don't live in this neighborhood.
Have you tried asking any ot those people over there,
Standing on the corner watching their lives go by?
I'm sure they haven't been anywhere.
You could spend time with them reminiscing.
And they could probably answer that question for you.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Ones With The Bigger Balls

No disrespect intended.
However,
I am sure this will be interpreted that way.
And reality offends.
That is the truth since those documenting it,
Began with the implementating...
Of ideals and the scratching away of facts.

It appears today,
That the women are the ones...
Carrying all the weight.
And they are able to do it,
No matter how they are dressed.
Or what it is they confess.
They know what it takes to get things done.
And many of them have had it with less lip,
With the delivery of more action.

The men?
They can be impeccably dressed.
OR be bone naked.
Either way,
It still is noticeable no matter who professes what...
It is obvious that it is the women who are the ones,
With the bigger balls.

At least as it appears,
In certain environments...
Where the women are accountable with responsibilities.
And the men are the ones,
Dragging their feet and weeping 'what if' tears.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Only Change I'D Like To See

The only change I'd like to see,
Is a quality of life.
And people expressing their respect,
For others including me.
With a commitment to doing it.
And not with hindsight.

I'd like to see a marketing of disciplined children,
Effectively being done.
Day and night.
With common sense used as a priority.
And not from it take flight.

And education a necessity IF,
Greed is not the emphasis...
To focus one's ability with a getting it,
As if a success to impress has been won.
I'd like to see this change in everyone.

I'd like to witness a representation,
Of honesty believed.
With people choosing to advocate this movement.
And doing this with integrity.

I'd like to see crooks and thieves,
Less promoted as dignitaries with ambitions to deceive.
I would like to see those deluded,
Awakened from this sleep disease.

A change we all can believe?
How about those admitting to their insecurities.
And the race and color of one's skin,
Confessed as a reason people are taught to hate.
And those with issues solicited to bait...
Labelled as ignorant.
That's the change I await.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Only Consciousness Known

With the greatest of effort,
They've accomplished defeating...
The ones selected,
To prevent any success...
Expressed with wishes to achieve.
A success that would directly benefit...
The lives of those living,
Within the community of condoned mediocrity.

And with this defeat crumbling beneath their feet,
They today actively seek...
Someone they deemed qualified,
And liked well enough to accept...
A manipulation of their patience.
Until a tolerance of it abandons them again.
To leave them in complete ignorance,
That is for them the only consciousness known.

'Your comments are a bit negative.'

Are they?
I had no idea my expressed observations,
Would offend.
Where do you recommend I go,
To have them acceptably interpreted?

'That may be a bit difficult.
What you see presented is a ritual.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Only Debate I Wish To Have With My Neighbor

The only debate I wish to have with my neighbor,
Is over two million dollars I gave to them.
Oppose to the one million I had promised,
But made a decision I could afford to give them more.
And they insisted my gift was far too generous.
That would be the only debate,
I'd consider not a waste of my time...
'With' something received that is beneficial.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Only Monk Keyed

The monk...
He has the key!
Does that make him,
The only monk keyed who sees?

Inspired by:
Mr. Duncan Wyllie

'Hi Duncan,
Thought I would have some fun with your poem,
'He Sees'.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Only One That Will Be Resented

If the reality of truth is kept from someone,
And eventually they are confronted with it.
The only one that will be resented,
Is the one who came...
To offer a solution to their delusions.
That's the one that will be defamed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Only Ones God Knows

For YEARS...
They laughed at the others,
From the stoop of the master's house!
Now that the house is going up in flames...
Who will they turn to?
Where will they go?
Since those they laughed at...
Are the only ones God knows!

'Hey...
Give me five!
That was a good 'meek' job,
Ya'll did back there!
Ready for the next mission?
This one will be less difficult! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Only Option

The only option one has,
On a path taken and remaining focused...
Is to stay upon it without drifting astray.
And if one has faced obstacles to see them removed,
Why would this someone choose to listen to those...
Who have played it safe on sidelines to stay?
To then be easily chased away by challenges.
With a returning back to often accuse,
The one who has moved on,
To close permanently a door.

'People seem so upset,
That you appear to have no regrets.'

~Were they standing behind,
Door number one,
Two...
Or three? ~

'Gee...
That is difficult to determine.
The last time I saw them,
They were still arguing amongst themselves...
As to why you have done what you did.
They were no where near a door,
That I could see if it was opened or closed.'

Believe it or not...
That was years ago when I left them.
With threats I would leave to live my own life.
And I was well on my path when that happened.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Only Power We Have

Once the insanity stops,
From shocking.
There is an understanding of it that comes.
This is Mother Nature's way,
Of having us grow up!
And She is showing us how to get it done,
As quickly as possible.
She is raising all kinds of havoc,
To show us the only power we have...
Is to be humble!
Grateful and at peace!
And She comes equipped...
Prepared to show us how to do it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Only Standard To Value

With a focused and fixed emphasis,
Place upon trivia to determine it has significance...
To prioritize as the meaning of life,
Embedded in the minds as a purpose to define...
The living of it,
Eventually uncovers the consequences...
Most have to pay,
When the displayed of an accepted foolishness...
Becomes the only standard to value,
As those delusions most treasure...
Are wishes to keep for them to come true.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Only Thing That Concerns Me

Don't you think it a bit unusual,
To be a grown man...
Divorced and living alone?
Paying your own way unsubsidized?
And living entirely on a fixed income.
And 'pretending' to be happy.
Without masquerade or disguise?
And...
Getting things done by yourself?
Just you and no one else.
I don't mean to pry...
But don't you think this is kinda weird?
How you manage to live your life!

'Well...
Honestly? Yes, I do Mrs. Smith.
Especially since the majority of my neighbors,
Are single women raising children.
From different fathers who have become distanced.

And these same women gossip about the flaws,
And blemishes of weak men.
I didn't want to mention this...
But there are at least four working women,
Living nearby in one household.
Raising two young unruly boys...
Like you and your grown daughters do.

So yes...
Mrs. smith I do find my situation most unusual.
I do.
Very strange in this environment!
But...
The only thing that concerns me,
Is the normalcy your grandsons believe...
The lifestyle you feed them is!
And they think of me as the 'freak'!
And I know that is with your encouragement! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Only Thing You Do Not Get

Have I ever not,
Supported your confidence?
Have I ever not,
Wished you unlimited success?
Have I ever not,
Been by your side...
With a pride I did not hide.
And have I ever not cried,
When you denied yourself respect.
The only thing you do not get,
Is the message.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Only Tools Needed

It was nearly fourty-five years ago,
When I received my credentials...
To both lead and teach.
Although unconventional were they obtained.
I followed a path and on it I remained.
The military does wonders for those with kept delusions.
Nothing can replace the introduction to being responsible.

Today with attempts made to share my insights,
With others less enlightened but awarded degrees...
Holding promise for maintaining A's and B's,
Or whatever grade average they successfully achieved...
I've discovered it is best to walk away,
From those who believe themselves to be scholars.
That kind of indoctrination eliminates common sense.

And at a very young age I learned it was discipline,
Sacrifice, commitment and kept identity...
That were the only tools needed to achieve and succeed.
With a know-how to sustain myself on the basics first.
And after getting the ingredients to keep on my shelves...
The making of a sandwich I learned to appreciate as I ate,
No matter how many times that same sandwich was made.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Only Trend Left

If there is anything anyone wishes to volunteer,
With an assistance needed...
To effectively be done with a doing of it.
Let that volunteering be in the giving of common sense.
That's the only trend left to have yet made a reappearance,
From those days when it was accepted and wanted to flaunt.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Only Way To Happiness

The only way to happiness,
Is the one you create to make.
No one else can give it to you,
With a keeping you'll appreciate.
Since the doing of a making you happy,
May not be the same to have changed...
To become something else,
In your mind to claim.

The only way to happiness,
Is the one you create to make.
No one else can give it to you,
With a keeping you will appreciate.

'I want someone to make me happy.
I want someone to make me smile.'

~But what are you giving back in return?
If what one gives...
Doesn't keep you feeling that way all the time,
And fades away after you've had it for awhile.~

'I want someone to keep me happy.
I want someone to keep my smile.'

~And what should that person do if you,
Use up what has been given?
Will you then re-act like a spoiled child? ~

The only way to happiness,
Is the one you create to make.
No one else can give it to you,
With a keeping you will appreciate.
And this takes...
Knowing what it is that you want.
And this takes...
Knowing what it is you seek.
And this takes...
Not depending on others to deliver,

A giving done just to have you evaluate.

The only way to happiness,
Is the one you create to make.
And this takes...
Knowing what it is that you want.
And this takes...
Knowing what it is you seek.
And this takes...
Not depending on others to deliver,
A giving done just to hear you say...
'I'm not happy with that!
Is there something else you can do,
With a pleasing of my needs? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Opponent Chosen

It has to come as a disappointment,
To carefully pick an opponent...
Who is perceived to be unaware of it.
But proves more than worthy,
For any challenge presented.
To then expose capabilities unknown.
And...
Without hesitation,
The opponent chosen...
Reveals with acknowledgement,
Of having a desire to be the one picked.
This has to come as a disappointment?

'For who?
The opponent chosen,
Who sat and waited patiently?
Or the one believing the task to be easy? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Opposite Begins

When one has had it,
With a havoc that misfits...
That one agitated,
Finds an exit and splits.

People known to create conflict,
Seek an attention they don't get...
Until,
The opposite begins.
Opposition steps in.

They pretend a trust to believe,
To have others perceive but...
The opposite begins,
For them.

Wake up and take notice,
That the opposite begins for them.
Those who charade innocence.
The opposite begins for them.
Those masking evil intent.
The opposite begins for them.

When one has had it,
With a havoc that misfits...
Well,
The opposite begins.
The opposite begins.
And...
That one agitated,
Finds an exit and splits.
But then,
The opposite begins.
The opposite begins.

That one who's had it,
Splits and runs into love...
To know the opposite begins,
When someone genuine comes in...

To view.

When one has had it,
With a havoc that misfits...
Well,
The opposite begins.
The opposite begins.
And...
That one who's had it,
Splits and runs into love...
To know the opposite begins,
When someone genuine comes in...
To view.
They want it quick.
And...
When one has had it,
With a havoc that misfits...
To then see someone who genuinely fits,
Well...
The opposite begins pursued.
Oh yes it does.
An opposite begins pursued.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Option To Do As You Please Clause

The bottom line,
Is needing no signature.
Or a validation of that which takes place.
The bottom line,
Whether definitions are agreed upon or not...
Will ensure a captivating of attention,
Regardless of the frowns shown...
On faces demanding they are entitled,
To additional suitable options.

'But we have not agreed upon the options!
And we protest the tone of your delivery.'

~And again...
As you can see,
This bottom line is quite specific.
You will notice...
The Option To Do As You Please Clause,
Has been eliminated.
Thank you for reminding me.
Sometimes I forget to use,
My velvet vocal touches.
How's this?
More soothing?

Take your time.
Read it again!
NEXT.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Ordinance In Effect

The ordinance in effect,
Has protected those entitlements.
The ordinance in effect,
Has protected their insanity.

The ordinance in effect,
Has protected those entitlements.
The ordinance in effect,
Has protected their insanity.
And upon them this is creeping,
With many afraid to go to sleep.

They've welcomed what's become to frighten.
With a leaving them to fear.
They've welcomed what's become to frighten,
Their own neighbors who are near.

The ordinance in effect,
Keeps protected those whose minds are crazed.
The ordinance in effect,
Accepts...
Insanity.

'We are the people and our rights have been ordained,
To stay the same.
We are the people and our rights have been ordained...
To remain.'

They've welcomed what's become to frighten.
With a leaving them to fear.
They've welcomed what's become to frighten,
Their own neighbors who are near.

'We are the people and our rights have been ordained,
To stay the same.
We are the people and our rights have been ordained,
To remain.'

The ordinance in effect,

Has protected those entitlements.
The ordinance in effect,
Has protected their insanity.
And upon them this is creeping,
As many are afraid to go to sleep.
And looking through their windows to sneak a peek.

'We are the people and our rights have been ordained.'
With their minds infected.
'We are the people and our rights have been ordained.'
With a craze infested.
'We are the people and our rights have been ordained.'
With a craze invested.
Accepted and effective.

The ordinance in effect,
Keeps protected those whose minds are crazed.
The ordinance in effect,
Accepts...
Insanity.

'We are the people and our rights have been ordained.'
To leave defected.
'We are the people and our rights have been ordained.'
And protects insanity!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Original Stays With Me

Like that...
You gave it to me!
And now you want it,
Back?
Like that?

And I'm suppose to let it leave?
Like that?
Because you want it,
Back!
Like that?

Here...
That's your copy.
The original stays with me.
To do with it,
As I please!
Since you did,
Afterall...
Gave it to me to keep.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Other One Needs

She's nothing but a bad boy,
Oh boy.
Oh boy!
Oh boy...

She's nothing but a bad boy,
Oh boy.
Oh boy!
Oh boy...

And he prefers that over others.
Oh boy.
Oh boy!
Oh boy...

She's nothing but a bad boy,
Oh boy.
Oh boy!
Oh boy...

She's nothing but a bad boy,
Oh boy.
Oh boy!
Oh boy...

He's nothing but a whatever he wants to be.
He lives,
And breathes...
From a different,
Reality.

She's nothing but a bad boy,
Oh boy.
Oh boy!
Oh boy...

And he prefers that over others.
Oh boy.
Oh boy!

Oh boy...

She's nothing but a bad boy,
Oh boy.
Oh boy!
Oh boy...

And he prefers that over others.
Oh boy.
Oh boy!
Oh boy...

And they got exactly what...
The other one needs.
She's nothing but a bad boy,
Oh boy.
Oh boy!
Oh boy...

And he prefers that over others.
Oh boy.
Oh boy!
Oh boy...

And they got exactly what...
The other needs.
Oh boy.
Oh boy!
Oh boy...

The other one needs.
Oh boy.
Oh boy!
Oh boy...

The other one needs.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Other Ones Will Never Get It Right

There are those who are not religious zealots,
Of moralistic stances.
To allow the grass to be trashed.
And walk past it.
Nor are they responsible,
For garbage tossed on concrete city streets.
Where steeples rise where those inside,
Pray and claim to hear God to them speak.

Many can be found observing the insanity,
Excused and ignored.
Perhaps by some adored!
As a consciousness like this seems sick.
And can not be accepted,
By those who chase this havoc away.
To prevent it at their doorsteps.

And like them,
I too could care less...
About what others do without a word of protest.
And if some find a decline is worthy of praise...
Why should they get upset,
That a few refuse to digest this mess.
Like the endorsements of relationships enforced...
When clearly a divorce from these situations diseased,
Has been the choice that has been sought!

'Will those with minds of clarity...
No need to get uptight!
Continue to do what it is that is done.
The other ones will never get it right! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Outlook On The Horizon

The outlook on the horizon,
Seems to brighten as if to dawn.
With the rising of the Sun coming on.
Instead of a darkening done.
That for some who are told...
Has for them begun to set.
Athough a clearing of the sky,
Greets the opening of awakened eyes.

And yet an interpretation being sold to convince,
Those already confused with abusing intentions meant...
Have been selected unconsiously to be smoozed.
To twist further mindsets with conflicted points of views.
For the purpose to redirect the meaning of observed events.
And it is not towards the East people should face for results.
But a looking towards the West has for them the least insults.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Overflow

The overflow of feelings,
Rushing to be seen begin to flood...
Onto manicured and pristine streets,
Where those who lived...
With feelings isolated and kept pretended.
Awaken to find themselves stricken victims,
Of a nonstop torrential dropping to drip...
Streams of quick spreading innocent blood.

Screams are heard for assistance wished,
From those who effectively kept their distance.
Screams heard like this,
Begin to pierce the atmosphere.
And disbelief on those pristine isolated streets,
Can no longer be ignored because they are loud...
As if near.
And unmistakably clear.

The overflow of feelings,
Rising to surround and felt to feel...
Could have prevented the drowning,
Of those now overcomed by grief and reality.
But the warning of approaching storms,
Strong and relentless...
Have become too difficult to circumvent,
A doing once ignored but unavoidable is its existence.

'Why have some come to help us,
With their mouths taped closed? '

~Remember,
They were the ones we taunted...
When they attempted to tell us,
This would happen years ago.
And I guess reminding us now,
Would be pointless!
Wouldn't it?
Since all of us now have become victimized.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Overnight Aging That Arrives

Ugly doesn't seem to care,
How early in the morning it is found on one's face.
And the entire body,
Feels as if it is being renovated.
With a work in progress taking place.

This aging process is done with more than just grace!
First a reaquaintance slowly begins.
To introduce a youthful mind,
To the 'vessel' that mind refuses to be trapped in.

Then an acceptible reality is encouraged,
With a tolerance one has to respect.
If this is not done with a kindness that reflects...
Folks who happen to see you publicly,
Will say what is believed one expects...
'You look SO good!
For 'your' age.
Not at all like you're ready for the grave.'

~Uh...
Thank you!
For the compliment?
I know what you meant.
I guess.~

And one feels inside someone has lied!
Especially when one knows how long it takes,
Of late...
To get ugly from taking a much longer ride.
With a regimen of ointments and pain killers,
To mask those aches one does not pride!

In the mornings when it is no longer safe,
For even one to find a place to hide...
From the 'overnight' aging that arrives!
And the time it takes for those aches to subside.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Oversight Has Enlightened More Minds

For you to believe,
An acknowledgement due...
With a receiving of my props,
Has not happened to occur to be dropped...
Will assist the stopping of my activities to achieve?
Let me share with you a secret...
I've been doing this long before props cropped,
To put any light to spot one's accomplishments.
But I will admit this as I think of it...
The oversight has enlightened more minds.
Including my own which has not ceased to broaden.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Part In 'This' Environment You Play

Forgive me but I am not a thief of your peace.
Or a robber here to sell you,
On more delusions to believe.
And look over the way I'm dressed.
I've been given a mission and not to impress.
I've come to address your negligence.
And come to express that your neglect,
Has not been for me cost effective.

Forgive me but I am not a thief of your peace.
Or a robber here to sell you,
On more delusions to believe.
But I do hope one day you open your eyes to see,
Your caring less has an affect on me.

'Why is it what I do has an affect on you? '

When you throw your trash or talk it,
Eventually what you do with a doing done...
Weakens beliefs that others should follow too!
Am I am here just to request,
If you are going to mind your own business...
As you claim you do.
It would be more effective if you kept it 'inside' your home.
And perhaps the rest of us would not be enforced,
To patronize with a cleaning up of your mess.

'I object to what you are saying.'

No problem.
Just consider doing it,
As an assignment to then witness...
The influence you have just by accepting,
The part in 'this' environment you play.
Everyday.
And unconsciously.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Past Is Left At Last

Fortified stances enhanced and romanced,
Behind the strength of principles...
Followed to command.
And unmistakably unshakened,
To break defined beliefs...
Remaining to sustain a training,
Historically achieved.
With a staying unchanged or unchallenged...
Eternally.

Until they are...
Changed to never be the same again.
Until they are...
Challenged to leave nothing that remains.

The past is left at last,
To leave behind the laughable.
The past is left at last,
To be perceived as medieval.

The past is left at last,
To leave behind the laughable.
The past is left at last,
To be perceived as medieval.

Fortified stances enhanced and romanced,
Behind the strength of principles...
Followed to command.
And unmistakably unshakened,
To break defined beliefs...
Remaining to sustain a training,
Historically achieved.
With a staying unchanged or unchallenged...
Eternally.

Until they are...
Changed to never be the same again.
Until they are...
Challenged to leave nothing that remains.

And hence that past is left at last.
To leave behind the laughable.
That past is left at last,
To be perceived as medieval.

That past is left at last.
To leave behind the laughable.
That past is left at last,
To be perceived as medieval.

The past is left at last,
To leave behind the laughable.
The past is left at last,
To be perceived as medieval.

Gone is that past to leave at last,
And left behind as laughable.
Gone is that past at last,
To be perceived as medieval.

Gone is that past to leave at last.
And medieval.
Gone is that past to leave at last,
To move on.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Path

The path has always captivated to attract,
As if to it I am magnetized; permanently attached.
So hypnotic it heals my every ache and pain.
On it I am stunned I can sometimes run.
As if this path had found me to do this done.
And together we are one.
Together to accept the unknown that comes.

The path is clear of any fear or threats to face.
And as I approach from distances to witness,
Obstacles appearing as boulders to pass...
I laugh to discover them pebbles.
To pick up and toss away to enjoy a doing of this.
Energized I feel by the Moon, Stars and Sun,
With a doing done on the path. My path that exists!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Pathetic Apatheticness Of Apathetics

You can not rush them to reality fast enough.
Overloaded with empathy?
Bummed out on low levels of unconditional love?
Shared as if you were running for office of the Love god.
Ripped and selling temptation, sex and false teases.
What made you stop?
The sight of those who have no clue or could care less...
That hints are now being driven without doubt,
And with the use of street jackhammers?
You would have to be high as hell not to feel it.
This reality can not be dismissed!
Not if someone was on a crack and vodka kick diet.
And buzzed into a stupor for a week.
There is a fresh air thief going on tonight...
Yes.
And the pathetic apatheticness of apathetics,
Blinded by cartoon effects...
Are going to be the first most affected,
By the speed and precision of what is being done.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Peeping. Stalking. And The Lawlessness Of It All

What more can be added,
To a lack of truth fading...
From today's existence?

'Innuendo!
More of our interest,
Should be kept invested in that.
I live to hear the latest, Assumptions.
Done to victimize anyone,
Without fact.
Or a shred of evidence.
This has to be the epitome,
Of excitement that reflects...
The times so many have created,
For the future generations...
To embrace.
With a host of possibilities.
And advancements to be made.'

Yeah but...
What about the peeping.
The stalking.
And the lawlessness of it all?

'That's old stuff.
Deception and fearing who to trust?
Now...
Think of the new industries,
Being developed and created...
Just based upon lies alone.
We can not afford to ignore this,
As progress.
Our values and standards,
Are rapidly changing.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The People They Have Become

Many with few life experiences,
May never get the opporunity to comprehend...
With an understanding that comes to them,
That a wisdom obtained is gained...
From acknowledging mistakes made.
And facing obstacles to remove.
Without avoiding them to make excuses,
Like many living often do.

Or finding fault with others to accuse and blame,
With attempts to undermine and publicly shame...
Their efforts to endeavor to make unwarranted claims,
That unknown lessons others were made to learn...
Had been the same as theirs to compare and imagine.
But not theirs to have had the life to experience,
To know the difference between,
Reality and exaggerated to embellish actions.

'We all came from the same place.
The ghetto. The 'PROJECTS'.
You feel me?
And I 'know' they could not have lived a life,
As drastic as they said it had been.'

~And how do you know that? ~

'We all went to the same schools.'

~Oh?
College or military schools? ~

'No.
Elementary, junior high and high schools.
But they are no longer there anymore.
Only one had been rebuilt.
And moved to another location.'

~Really?
And just how long ago was that? ~

'It had to have been more than 50 years ago.
But people don't change that much overnight.
Even if they had lived in other places,
To have married and divorced...
OR suffered to heal from life threatening diseases,
To believe themselves to know more than others.'

~Well...
Maybe it's not so much what they believe.
But the people they have become to be.
And to have done it without your approval.
Or to know what took place within those 50 years.~

'Some people don't know how to be down to Earth,
Like some of us who have not forgotten...
Where we've come from to remember it as if yesterday.
And that's the problem THEY have.'

~I see what you mean.
That 'is' THEIR problem.
A problem that shouldn't be of your concern.
Especially after 50 years.
OR more.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The People Wanted To Feel Invited

A tone of voice was not accepted.
Because of the rawness of the message delivered.
And the context of it was ignored.
As has been done a countless number of times before.
Those listening to the messenger...
Preferred to receive information that poisoned,
With sweeteners...
Initialed and italicized.
And personally handed to them before consumption.
The people wanted to feel invited.
More involved in their own demise.
Although this was not cost effective...
The compliance to their wishes was applied.
As the messengers stood aside,
To observe those ignorant...
Delight in the process of their 'digestable' genocide!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Perpetuating Of Kept Foolish Delusions

Disrespecting to accept an expressed disbelief,
To leave it to go uninvestigated...
Has led to the perpetuating of kept foolish delusions,
That has allowed the presence of unavoidable madness...
An attention given as if a UFO has descended,
To 'awe' the sight of many today awakening to face,
A diminishing of what is believed to question its existence.

'WHERE did all of this confusion start?
And HOW did all of it go unnoticed for so long?
WHY are 'our' lives being bombarded by such conflict?
As if an enforcing mental combat endorses the struggle.'

~From your beliefs to disbelieve the reality of it.
And the refusing to admit its credibility.
Your mindset is being attacked by facts.~

'I can not fathom what is happening.~

~Well...
Observing the others also 'fathomless',
Perhaps joining them...
Will provide all of you an explanation that is acceptable.
In the mean time that is 'now',
If I were you...I would not 'assume' vistory will be found,
Around the next corner.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Physicality Of Things

Living to identify and adjust,
To the physicality of things...
Loses one an opportunity to gain any wisdom,
From the spiritual side of life.

One into 'things' and the implied importance,
This emptiness brings...
Satisfies a perception,
That what one has equates one's worth.

Sad is the mind stuck on Earth like that.
Unconscious of all the traps that attract.
And imprisoned,
By a lack of time...
To adventure all that Mother Nature offers.

And,
It is an unfortunate observation to witness this...
But,
Those impressed by appearances and 'bling'...
Would have to be struck by lightening,
To appreciate the benefits the gift of life has to offer.

There are very few people,
Not limited in their minds...
Who can honestly say today,
They have no biases of any kind.

Very, very few can say that,
And keep an eye contact going on.
People are not yet that honest with themselves.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Pigmentation Of My Skin

If I never said a word,
About 'stuff' I thought about...
Would my not saying anything,
Be interpreted by someone else...
With a stopping of my thoughts about it?

I heard it said to me,
In varying degrees of sentiments expressed...
How strong and resilient I appeared.
And that I had the patience of 'Job'.
Able to endure and move on without dropping a tear.

I've heard it mentioned to me,
I rarely complained about my differences.
Or reacted negatively,
When this was brought to my attention.
And with an air of confidence I continued to stride.

And why should I say anything about 'stuff',
I wish to keep inside?
Everywhere I go the pigmentation of my skin,
Seems to speak for itself.
Or the ones who lack it I would hear tell others,
What they believe I feel, think and know....
About 'everything' without hearing a word from me.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Piper That Gets Paid Knows

No one wishes to leave,
Perceptions of weakness.
Especially when financial debts...
Are handled to keep beliefs,
And people deceived...
For purposes to maintain,
A way of life sustained by delusions.
And marketing a plan that is well conceived

With discreet meetings kept secret...
Between those who know,
Who owes what to who.
Regardless of conflicting images,
Of dominance and superiority in public view!
What is due and who pays it...
Only the piper that gets paid,
Knows.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Playground Has Been Abandoned

As an adult I have moved on,
From those still living to settle...
Childish tit for tats with wishes I re-act.
I am not about 'that'.

Nor will I condone anyone who has shown,
The only time they have to waste...
Is a soliciting of others to instigate,
A time when they were offended...
By a truth they could not face.

I am an adult and will not be baited,
Into childish debates with anyone who has not escaped.
Especially with those unconscious and unaware,
The playground has been abandoned and no one is there.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Pleas Of A Thief

The pleas of a thief,
Can pull the strings...
Of one with a forgiving heart.

And the sighs of a dysfunctional childhood,
Drop from regretting eyes...
Buckets of weeping tears.

But the pleas of a thief,
Caught disceiving in action...
Had every intention to remain a crook.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Pleasure Of One's Company

Often does not come soon enough,
When someone or something is wished...
With a missing of it had,
That drives one madder than a kid who nags.

The pleasure of one's company,
Wanted and felt needed bad.
Is like a 'hit' of a quick fix that soothes.
And all is well until the groove of it cools.

Often does not come soon enough,
When someone or something is wished...
With a missing of it had,
That drives one madder than a kid who nags.

And inside that nagging impatient kid,
Never seems to grow...
When that yearning churns with nowhere to go,
Until what is desired appears.
To immediately ease the burning of anticipation.

'Where have you been?
It seems as if you were gone forever.'

~It was only twenty minutes ago,
I told you I was coming right back.~

'I really,
Really enjoy being with you.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Police Are Called

Some people cause havoc for kicks,
Just to do it and then to run.
Like kids playing tricks to do done.
To enjoy this just for the fun.
With an innocence sold that's bought by everyone.

Some people annoyed by childish boys,
Will watch them with their toys to destroy.
And turn their heads to bite lips.
But stay annoyed by the boys,
As if their silence permits...them doing this.

And then the police are called.
With demands to protect them all.
As if they can amend with fixing,
Every problem that exist.

And then the police are called,
With demands to protect them all.
But no one wants to volunteer,
To give a name to assist.

Some people choose their battles picked,
But fought by others who do not run.
They want an end quick to come.
As they sit with shut lips.

Some people want their battles picked,
And peek through windows done...
As they sit.
With a watching of it.

And then the police are called,
With demands to protect them all.
But no one wants to volunteer,
To give a name to assist.

And then the police are called.
With demands to protect them all.

As if they can amend with fixing,
Every problem that exist.

Some people cause havoc for kicks,
Just to do it and then to run.
Like children playing for fun!
And then...
The police are called,
With demands to protect them all.
But no one wants to volunteer,
To give a name to assist.

And then the police are called.
With demands to protect them all.
As if they can amend with fixing,
Every problem that exist.

Some people want their battles picked,
And peek through windows done...
As they sit.
With a watching of it.
As if they permit...
All of it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Pool Of Various Depths

The pool of various depths,
Offers more than many will accept.
The view for them can be overwhelming.

Some will choose to dive in,
To swim without fear.
While others will take measured steps,
With a hope to remain protective.
Holding onto that which is near.

And yet...
A few will prefer,
To stay as dry as possible.
Hoping no one notices,
They supervise from the sidelines.
Without knowing what it's like,
To have their heads under water!
Or...
Even being wet.
But from their perspective...
Can judge what others do,
To ensure a doing is appropriately done.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Possessing Of It

Seldom is truth to live and witness,
Has left those regretting to know...
The possessing of it,
Leaves others depressed and defensive.

Truth to value can not be rated to impress.
And priceless is its preciousness.

Some make attempts to manipulate its worth.
By dragging it through mud.
Or throwing upon it created dirt.
For the purpose to prove truth is useless.

Truth to value can not be rated to impress.
And priceless is its preciousness.

Things to obtain eventually fade to dust.
Much like a trust to discover,
A deception allowed turns that trust into rust.
To never again appear as it was to begin.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Potential For Disaster

A focus is always microscoped,
On that which goes wrong.
With a prolonged investigation.
That results in ambiguous findings.

Yet the potential for disaster,
Is stamped with an approval.
And given a lifelong membership,
To be entertained at any amusement park.

And depending on one's image,
To become marketed and excite...
Anyone representing a certain demographic,
Could be chosen and highlighted as the main attraction...
With star status to shine and glow day and night.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The 'Potential' For Greatness Is There

If a greatness is indeed appreciated,
Wouldn't it take more than one to satiate the taste?
It would lessen the propaganda.
And the hype of it would not be faked.

'Well...
Okay.
Let me say...
The 'potential' for greatness is there.'

mmm...
That makes the taste of it easier to take,
Somehow.
That way,
My expectations aren't set so high.
And I can determine what is given,
More delicious than it is!
You get my point?

'I think so.
YOU want to determine,
The 'greatness'.
And when and 'if' that should be labelled as such!
Giving 'you' a purpose to encourage and spread the word.'

Of course.
I don't want to have it enforced.
I would think you would want my expectations to rise!
To declare something 'great'...
Leaves it to be criticized and opened to be downsized.

'Maybe we should hire you to do our marketing? '

Well...
As you yourself stated,
The 'potential' for greatness is there.

'I now can see,
The point you are making.

The potential for greatness 'IS' there.'

Exactly!
There is no need to overwhelm the message.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Power Of Determination

An escalation of evil to defeat it,
Makes as much sense...
As expecting someone to give a book report,
Who is illiterate.
But then anything is possible,
To anyone flying high on crack...
Who learns how to cook,
By watching cartoons on Saturday mornings.

The power of determination,
Should never be underestimated.
Or how a convincing done...
Is accepted with attempts to achieve.
With an end result prolonged,
In the hopes of a success impresses.
Someone left to award accolades,
Will be found inebriated and cheering.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Power Of God

They do not understand.
They actually believe,
They can continue to bleed...
From that which has created them.
To procure an enduring satisfaction!

That this Earth is not a living cell,
And 'spirits' who have not chosen to be born...
Are watching them in production,
Perfecting their own spice of life...
Diced with hell!

They do not understand...
How all here is connected.
And 'Mother Nature' has grown tired,
Of their thoughtless infestation.
Neglect and disrespect...
To manifest their own condemnation!

But somehow,
And very soon...
All of this mistreatment,
Is going to leave many traumatized...
With realities no one can research!
Or change in thought in the most prestigious
Of costly ivy league schools...
Sought to pool their 'knowledge'.

The training of conditioned fools...
Is not what is gradually taking place.
And 'that' will not be professed,
From any lectern!
Or pulpit...
For congregations to digest!
By anyone declaring,
Their doctorate degree!
And success achieved.
Obtain to fulfill requirements...
To be stamp and approved,

As highly conditioned...
For abundant limitation!

Sensations beyond description,
Have been prescribe to be delivered.
And no man...
Or woman,
Prepared for intellectualizing life...
Will find they have been qualified to do it!

What comes,
Has nothing to do with manipulation...
As taught!
Not for purposes to grandstand,
The power of God.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Preponderance

Ahhhhhh...

'What on Earth is happening?
You scared me nearly to death.'

It's the preponderance.
The preponderance of it all.

'The preponderance?
The preponderance of what?

Change.
Real change.
Trump change.
The kind of change coming,
We all will receive to believe.

'You're right.
Obama will be gone,
To blame things on.
And no one will know,
From day to day...
Wherever Trump goes,
If it's the wind.
Or if it's Trump that blows.
Ahhhhhh! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Presence Of Evil

Coming too cruel,
Is the presence of evil.
And it has fooled,
The people who sit.

People have been minimized,
In maximized conflicts.
With it believed,
They'll receive benefits.

But a peace that could exist is being bombed.

Coming too cruel,
Is the presence of evil.
With a peace that could exist being bombed.

People have been minimized,
In maximized conflicts.
With a wish for a peace nowhere around found.

Children that are orphaned wonder,
'What's the war for? '
Children used as targets wonder.
'What's the war for? '
Children crying tears do wonder,
'What's the war for?
We don't want more.
Take from us your wars.'

Children that are orphaned wonder,
'What's the war for? '
Children used as targets wonder.
'What's the war for? '
Children crying tears do wonder,
'What's the war for?
We don't want more.
Take from us your wars.'

Coming too cruel,

Is the presence of evil.
'What's the war for? '
People are tricked into conflicts.
But what's the war for?
And who are they with a wish for more?

Coming too cruel,
Is the presence of evil.
'What's the war for? '
People are tricked into conflicts.
But what's the war for?
And who are they with a wish for more?

Coming too cruel,
Is the presence of evil.
'What's the war for?
And who are they with a wish for more?
War if you must on your own shores.
Take away today your presence of evil.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Present

Keep your joy ready,
And prepare to give as a gift!
Not tomorrow.
Or to yesterdays gone.
But today!
Now.
As in the 'present'.
And isn't that what you are giving?
Yourself.
Yo give.
As God gave your life to you,
To live!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Price For This Paid Is Obvious

Looking for quantity over substance?
A quality has been drained.
Seductions induced...
To produce brains limited of depth.
Accepted on surfaces entertained,
They are!
Even samples rejected,
Disturbs and upsets!
And yet...
A nourished maturity does not occur,
Without comprehended thought.
With curiousity and a patience endured.
There grows a lost production,
Only availing damaged goods.
And the price for this paid is obvious.
Explanations go dismissed of this!
Continued debates insist to assist decay!
As a plummeting business,
Remains misunderstood!
A marketing of blight,
Isn't moving as it should!
The demographics have stopped traffic.
Tainted products have stopped a demand!
And the dumping of waste...
Spreads over once precious land!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Pricelessness Of It

I came to provide you,
A safe haven to share.
But you didn't see it.
Your ego sought attention,
To be pleased by those...
Who chose you for their affairs.

So much of what you wanted,
Was there for me to give.
But you were looking for imitations.
Something not to build or create.
Something already there...
With a temporary pleasing,
To feed with impression.
And pretentions to spare.

I came to provide you,
A safe haven to share.
For just you and me,
To succeed anywhere.
But you had no respect for that.
What I brought to give you could not see.
And now that I've exposed what you could not believe,
You assess what you've obtained...
As a value diminished.
In times you seek something treasured to keep.

But that which is purchased for eyes to impress,
Often rusts to turn to dust...
After much rubbing and touching.
To amplify one's unhappiness,
With a yearning in endless searching.
To change ever so much.

I came to provide you,
A safe haven to share.
But the pricelessness of it,
Could not sit or fit...
Within your limits.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Principal's Office

When I was much younger and believed,
Everyone was honest, wholesome...
And kept with them integrity,
I accepted this without question.
And feared being interrogated,
By anyone I respected and knew had authority.

But today?
Children practice being devious.
And if probed to be scurtinized by someone too close,
Children today depend upon what they know most...
An innocence projected they know too well how to protect.
Even if it means a heat begins to wet them with sweat.

'A lie is only a lie told 'if' I am caught in the telling of one.
And no one, as of yet, can produce any evidence,
Of me telling lies.'

~Listen to me and carefully.
You've changed your statement at least three times.~

'And where is your evidence I had knowledge of doing it? '

~You have no integrity, discipline or respect.~

'And you have no proof of that, either.
Where are your witnesses?
All I am hearing from you is hearsay.'

~The 'next' time you are sent to the principal's office,
Your parents are going to be sitting with me, right here...
Waiting from you,
To give us all an explanation for your actions.~

'Good luck.
You care to put a little wager as to who sits with you,
Waiting with expectation for appearances.
Or would you like to consult my lawyer? '

~Out.
Get out of my office.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Probe Of Ripping Critics

Block me from your view,
From your sight if you have to!
Will I still exist...
To express myself like this?
I didn't wait for you to discover,
Where I find 'myself' coming from.
In fact,
You are now where I've been...
At a beginning,
A place I have worked hard to ascend.

And what I do has always been exposed,
Right in front of you...
And those with a gossiping nose!
And blocking 'this' part of what I do,
To get me away from you...
Doesn't change 'me' at all.
Since I've been blessed and gifted...
Whether or not you were here,
Or even if 'you' existed!

I'm not waiting for you to approve of me,
Like others that you have 'done' and 'do'.
I am here being the 'me' I am!
And you are a fool,
If you think my purpose...
Is to focus my time wasted here,
Just on you!

And let me say this,
Before you begin to 'trip'...
I've been blessed to be given,
Many other 'gifts'!
Some of which have withstood the blows,
Of bored yawning audiences...
And the probe of ripping critics!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Process

Leave them alone!
You pose a threat,
To their process.
'Huh?
Their process?
What Process?
Their process doesn't exist! '

Sssshhh...
Quietly.
That's why you must leave them alone.
They are not aware of it.
And you...
Trying to get them to make some sense,
Is upsetting.
Just go along with it.

'Go along with what? '
The 'process'.
'But it doesn't exist.'

You know it and I know it.
Why can't you just leave it alone...
And let them pretend?
Why is it so important to you,
That they become aware and conscious?
Why?

There are several other charities,
To which you can donate your time and efforts.
In this case...
These minds have already been wasted.
Trust me.
Why do you think I whisper to you?
There are only a few of us left with the power to think.
Trust me?
Why do you think I whisper to you?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Process Isn'T As Simple

I find it pointless,
To discuss how a process is done...
And takes place,
To anyone who has not expressed...
Just more of an interest.

If anyone has never been on stage to act.
Or has picked up a pen or a pencil,
To write...
Generating that kind of motivation in one's head...
Is to me like asking,
What does it take to lay an egg?

There is 'nothing' here to work with.

Neither is the person asking this queston a hen...
WITH a pencil OR a pen.
Nor has any attempts been made...
To lay that egg!
I am one of those people,
Who has to see some effort being achieved!
Especially if my assistance is requested.

The process isn't as simple,
As that hen may make it look!

'How is the rooster involved in all of this? '

Trust me.
Once you 'really' get a bonafide interest...?
You will begin the process of research,
On your own.
That 'desire' will be there.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Process Of Life

When decisions are made...
To end games played,
The process of...
Life begins.
And the process of...
Thinking minds open.
The process of...
A letting things go,
To know that games played...
Stops the growth of knowledge.

One day people will unblocked from their minds,
All limits.
And one day people will wake up to find,
No gimmicks...
To play,
Until finished.
To end them with a seeking,
The process of life.
The process of life.

When decisions are made...
To end games played,
The process of...
Life begins.
And the process of...
Thinking minds open.
The process of...
A letting things go,
To know that games played...
Stops the growth of knowledge.

One day people will unblocked from their minds,
All limits.
And one day people will wake up to find,
No gimmicks...
To play,
Until finished.
Like they did when they were once little kids.

To live without those games to play,
Like they did when they were once little kids.
But to let go.
With a wish to know,
The process of life.
The process of life.
The process of life.
When it begins it never ends.
The process of life.
The process of life.
The process of life.
When it begins it never ends,
The process.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Process Of This Test

I can not escape from the fact,
From acknowledging that my faith...
Kept intact,
Has proven to have eliminated...
My doubts and fears with each step forward,
I have manage to embrace with a wiping away tears.
Regardless of regrets and those mistakes I have made.
And others that may come until my journey is done.

Learning from experiences to reflect and to reminisce,
The facing of obstacles to remove their existence...
Was not a choice from a list but a commitment,
To remain focused even though challenges persisted.
And admitting there were times,
I felt I couldn't take anymore hills to climb to find mountains.
Yet trusting in myself strenghtens with faith continued,
As my mind accepts the process of this test we call life.

With each step,
I have learned to accept...
And not reject,
The process of this test we know as life!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Promotion Of A Nothingness

The promotion of a nothingness,
To coverup insecurities...
Is as pronounced as those with them,
Who continue to make attempts to smother...
The uselessness of their incompetence,
That has expose them and their failures...
In everything touched that has been done they do!
And this has always been vocalized,
By those who have stood on the shoulders...
Of ohers who have made true accomplishments.
And all they have done...
Those shouting their indignities,
Is to feed a deceiving of greed inherited...
By a hand-me-down of slick tricks and theft!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Proof And Use Of Truth

Foundations implemented,
To initiate the structure of false beliefs...
Are themselves needing to be scrutinized,
For the beginning of conflicts.
And divisions inflicted...
That has resulted in grief.

The proof and use of truth,
Has been seldom utilized to introduce realities.
And allowing the worshipping of delusions to appease,
Is a reason deception...
Has brought many today,
To find solace on bended knees.

Those with increasing higher consciousness,
Have begun to see the flaws in this fabric.
They are beginning to see the forest for the trees,
To realize the leaves on them have been diseased.
And those pretending to ignore them,
Come together to protest and deplore the depiction

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Proof Is In The Pudding

What on Earth is going on with them over there?

'I was approached to give my opinion,
Concerning the world affairs.
And all I said was...
The proof is in the pudding.
The truth in it has been revealed.
And before I knew it,
That's what they began to do.
I'm sure the store owner is thrilled.'

But...
How is the dumping of pudding mixes,
Out into the street...
Connect to your comments made?

'Observe to witness this.
That's all I have to say.
It never ceases to amaze me,
How people re-act to what they hear.'

You don't think they took your figurative comments,
Literally...
Do you?

'Observe to witness this.
That's all I have to say.'

What do you think they are hoping to find?

'Something that reminds them of truth.
Or proof of it.
Who knows? '

I'm not going to say what they are doing is stupid.

'Don't even let that cross your mind.
Just observe it to witness.
The proof is in the pudding.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Proof Of It

To account for one's ignorance,
Is like announcing that truth exists.
And that is not permitted...
Since the proof of it,
One would rather use...
As a means to express excuses.
And those 'traditions' most keep intact.
With a fresh rewriting done...
Of undisclosed yet coincidental,
Revealing of discovered facts!
That retracks,
From what had been established.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Proof Of That

After living through to experience decades,
Of tolerating disrespect and ignorant ways...
To them directed,
These actions once permitted have immediately stopped.
With a return of what they had been getting,
Dropped and abruptly.

And those devoted to delusions and telling lies,
Has found what has been done...
A reason to express to everyone,
How some have been acting indifferent towards them.
With declarations to label them crazed.
And out of their minds as shown to them displayed.

However...
The proof of that,
Seems to appear on the backs of those who accuse.
To prove they have had more time to spend,
Defending their innocence and insecurities without end...
Against a presentation of verifiable and valid facts.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Proof Of Truth Is Its Evidence

There is nothing like being made,
To appear to look as if a fool...
By another skilled at doing this.
Than having their expertise,
Exposed to show wherever they go.
And needing no time to waste finding,
Others to convince...
With their frequent appearances,
To make attempts...
As to which fool has been proven,
To have been given the attention.
That leaves no one left to question,
Or debate in doubt about it.
Since the proof of truth is its evidence.
Having no one who has been accused,
To appear to look as if a fool...
Without need or reason to defend against,
Another who isn't offended at all.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Pros Of Prose And Poetry

Always there are those,
Proclaiming their expertise...
Between a narrative that is expressed.
And taking written lines to have them rhyme,
To define intellectually...
Whether what is done,
Is either prose or poetry to preview as viewed...
Successfully.

The pros of prose and poetry labor to rate,
Content, subject matter and delivery that takes...
The reader from one place to imagine,
Where it is the composer describes an escape.
With emotions flowing feeling them near,
Or transported to envision something fantasized.
And safe.

But those who write to unite both interpretations,
Confusing descriptions to depict within limits...
Are often inspired by insights more exciting,
Than trying to impress...
The pros of prose and poetry to address,
What is or is not the best and correct effect...
To use and not abuse a craft one attempts,
Creative and innovative ways to explore.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Pursuit Of Social Invitations

Now more are convinced,
A sitting on the fence...
Does not increase,
One's influence.

Or whispering into listening ears,
One's sentiments.
Those who speak direct and clearly,
May not be selected as the most popular.

However...
Those who hear truth spoken,
Are usually the ones taking risks...
To keep it vocalized.

Regardless of who rates what is being said!
It is about 'truth'!
Not the making of impressions.
Or the pursuit of social invitations.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Qualifications Of The Ring Master

Who are they to leap,
With a receiving of recognition...
They did not earn to achieve?
And yet they sit in positions to get,
A notoriety that has been accomplished...
To mention with an attention given.
And bestowed as though,
A doing of it has no association with deed.

'Contributions donated always has its benefits.
Regardless of who qualifies with undenied intelligence.
Anyone with deep pockets are often the first to receive,
The accolades with paid for rewards.'

But...
What about the attributes of one's integrity?

'When was the last time you attended a circus?
And the only thing mention heard to hear,
From those quieting the cheering of the clowns...
Were those voices demanding the qualifications,
Of the Ring Master.'

Well, I...

'Sit back.
Relax.
Don't take these acts so serious.
Be entertained by it all.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Quality Of Retaliation

When I have heard to learn,
I have mistreated someone for no apparent reason.
And they were innocently chosen to be victimized,
For nothing wrong at all that was done.
Be aware of this...
The quality of retaliation,
Is not randomly done by anyone.
A repayment is often specific.

However...
If I've been accused for a mis-doing of 'this' or of 'that',
To anyone who has to chat to another,
Unknown to others as to what has been implemented...
That person no longer for me exists.
Especially someone who practices cowardice.

What would be the point to have folks believe,
They can do what they please to then leave...
With accusations they have been treated mean.
What would be the point to continue feeding such an ego,
Without nipping that nonsens,
From a stench someone is accustomed to smell and see grow.

Awareness clears the sky from all clouded eyes.
And alerts the mind to any malfunctions needing to be corrected.
A mouth split to speak from both sides of it,
Can be made to keep closed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Quality Of Their Lives

If a doing done is not meant with intention,
And in sight day and night for many to see.
Why is the existence of it...
Suddenly there to make others aware,
They have become offended by its presence.
With it overheard to discuss in such disgust!

As if what is viewed is inappropriate to exist,
By those who have already authorized...
And with commitment they attempt to deny,
The quality of their lives...
That has become demoralized AND it approved,
But missing is the social and public etiquette of it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Randomness Of Picked Chic

The randomness of picked chic.
And ideologies to keep,
Associated with fashion.
Or kept religious beliefs.
Have become so diverse.
As curiosities merge,
To encourage ethnicities...
To share and experience,
What they offer to each other.
Like no time done before.

Diminishing are,
Once segregated turfs.
Claimed by various races,
Their heritage deserves...
To be isolated and preserved.
But those of expanded minds...
Have discovered to find limits,
Pointless to restrict...
Within districts in which,
Races and attitudes...
Have long been a blended mix.
And too difficult to depict,
Who is who to prove...
With it validated to do.
From observation to declare,
How someone dresses...
Or the way they wear their hair
Is there to make others aware,
Of a religious affiliation.
And not a feeling that leaves,
Unnecessary to express.

The randomness of picked chic,
Makes a statement that says...
'This is 'me'!
Accept or not.
Brand me to box.
Or in a slot to name drop.

But who I am won't be stopped.
Because 'your' mind is blocked,
By learned to adopt bigotry.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Ravishes

The ravishes of aging stress,
Brought about by a hopeless...
Feeling.
Uninvited yet permitted,
Can get little relief received.
When accepted grief is imbedded
To believe will not leave.
Yet carried as a task.
Belabored as if,
Assigned to endure...
Until a test is passed.
Has its consequences to pay.

The ravishes of unfulfilled,
Promises anticipated...
To await them not to come,
Begins to numb...
The ones bummed out by burdens,
Shouldered.
Slumping weighted bending backs
Until...
A doing done to welcome,
Has no return.

And everyday to witness,
Fading shadows...
Once etched by rays of Sun,
Disappear as sunsets end.
Never to observe another one.
With wishes to see,
Begin again.

No longer are the ravishes.
No longer are the feelings,
Felt to be grabbed...
By nerves pinched.
No longer are reflections,
Gone from a disappointing...
Existence.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Real Deal

Just with You and me...
I sit.
Grateful to have this peace.
And with You to share it with.

Alone but not lonely.
With flaws known You condone,
And accept.
So blessed I feel...
When a togetherness is present.

Just with You and me...
I sit.
Grateful to have this peace.
And with You to share it with.

Things and the trappings things bring,
To never stay.
I can say with You...
I am filled with joy and my most happiest.
No matter what comes to cloud or dampen my day...
In my heart you are,
As it has been that way.

Just with You and me...
I sit.
Grateful to have this peace.
And with You to share it with.

You remain for me...
The Real Deal.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The 'Real' In Reality

The advantages those have,
From the affects of being ostracized...
Isolated and shunned.
Is knowing the 'real' in reality they've advocated...
Has for them,
Never been a myth.
Or symbolized in worship,
To be discouraged as a curse!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Real Reason One Can Not Heal

Refusing to take a medicine,
That has been prescribed as advised...
By a doctor one does not like,
Because of the directness of the method used...
Is someone believing a home remedy is better to take.
However...
A listening to those in and out of one's home,
With the latest gossip to spread...
May be the real reason one can not heal.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Real Tragedy Today That Exists

The real tragedy today that exists,
Are those unresisting...
With mindsets rapidly diminished.

Fixed and glued unchanging,
On a fast paced landscape.
In a stationary place...
Slowly eroding,
And being erased.

There are those who stay unfazed.
Sitting stubbornly in positions...
And restricting themselves as they age!

Becoming the ones undaunted.
With demands to have things done.
As it had been in those 'olden days'...
When even the ones who once lived back then,
Will never again see the light of Sun!

And turning into dust,
In air that comes to sweep dust up.
To blow it away from those who pray...
For chances to keep yesterdays reminisced.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Reality By Which One Lives

When assumptions have become,
The reality by which one lives...
There is not a thing anyone can do,
To curtail their love of gossip.
That's the only reason keeping their 'purpose'...
Meaningful.

This 'activity' IS their life!
And debating with those with this mindset,
The advantages of seeing reality from a different perspective...
Is like the teaching of a grown cat,
Aspects of keeping quality hygiene.

This is not going to happen for the cat to get it.
Maybe if a kitten, yes!
But a grown cat,
No.
Even if you physically take its paws and put them in its mouth.
This approach would take the patience of Job.
You know...
The one in the Bible?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Reality Of My Existence

When I lifted my head,
To shake the burdens off my back...
My face was towards the Sun,
And I was off my knees
I was conditioned to bend in anguish!

I realized where that energy within me came from.
I know the source from which my blessings flow.
And although this may conflict,
With those whose lips
Are quick to quote from hypocrites...
What do I care?
The reality of my existence,
Has removed me from despair!

And ALL that IS and 'forever' shall be...
Has nothing to do what others will have me to believe!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Reality Of These Revelations

If I find you in my backyard,
Consistently snooping.
Pillaging through that which I own.
And confiscating my resources by illegal means,
Why is it neccessary for you...
To campaign about you being better than me?

I would think by now those who had once believed,
In your accomplishments and bragged abilities...
Wonder why you spend your time,
Taunting me although I wonder not at all about that need.
And nothing you claim to be yours,
Has been obtained in your own backyard to be explored.

And it baffles those of unconscious minds,
As to the shocking findings undermined over time...
By the reality of these revelations.
And even more unbelievable,
Are those portraying themselves to be stunned...
When accused they display attitudes of being insecure.

'That was great.
Everyone played their roles magnificently.
Now we don't have much time to prepare for 'Act Two'.
These next few scenes will be less colonialistic,
With a more colloquialistic feel.
So right away you know we are going to lose part of the audience.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Reality Of Things

The reality of things,
Often pricks and stings.
The reality of things,
Can bring on tears and sorrow.
The reality of things,
Often pricks and stings.
And usually with it brings,
Eyes to cry unending.

Traumatic is reality that's done.
To witness those who run,
Away from the truth that comes.

Traumatic is reality that's done.
To witness those who run,
Away from a truth that has them stunned.

And pretentions once sat on fences quit,
Knowing kept pretentions have no benefits.
And wounded are the ones with heads,
Lowered in shame.
Claims to blame others have minds deranged.

Traumatic is reality that's done.
To witness those who run,
Away from a truth that has them stunned.
With nowhere to heal or hide to overcome.

The reality of things,
Often pricks and stings.
The reality of things,
Can bring on tears and sorrow.
The reality of things,
Often pricks and stings.
And usually with it brings,
Eyes to cry unending.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Reality Which Is My Life

As I age,
Most of my decisions...
Have become easier to make.
Especially when it comes to living,
The reality which is my life.
And the one others have created,
With lies that are spiced.

And laced with eye popping controversy,
I would never consider doing...
In my most exciting days.
But listening to others,
What it was that I had supposedly done...
I've learned to keep my mouth closed,
Knowing privately I would think this was fun.

However...
As I age and reminisce,
How I've been focused and devoted...
To accomplish with a doing free of nonsense.
I must admit there have been days that I have hinted,
Of not knowing what it was I wished to do.
With a hoping someone would volunteer,
Something outrageous...
They heard through gossip too!

'Did you hear what he did now? '

No!
He who?
And what did he do?

'That Larry Pertillar.
Do you know him? '

No,
I've never met him.

'Me either.

But I am told he has preferences.'

NO!
You're kidding?
Oh please share.
And don't leave out the details.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Reason And Cause For Their Pain

Everyday!
Everyday as if a ritual,
Someone is complaining...
About being misunderstood.

Everyday as if a ritual,
Fault is being made...
About someone else.

Everyday as if a ritual,
People are accused...
For something they didn't do.

Everyday!
Everyday as if a ritual,
Some believes they have the right...
To excuse themselves of responsibility.

And everyday,
Someone is left to feel alone...
Still not getting the connection,
Between their misdeeds...
Aches and pains.
And those heartbreaks they receive,
They have come to perceive...
No one else has known!

And everyday without fail,
As sure as the ticking of a clock is heard...
These people will not see themselves,
The reason and cause for their pain.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Reason For The Split

To be in a relationship that ends,
For one to claim they do not know what happened...
Should not have been a relationship that began.

For someone not to be conscious,
Of their own relationship...
Could mean they do not wish to admit,
An activity or lack of providing it...
Was the reason for the split.

And...
If the other one involved in the same relationship,
Has a difficult time remembering it took place...
Well,
There is no need to continue a nosey probing.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Reckless Ones

The ones that do not listen,
Seem the ones who can hurt the most.
The reckless ones!
Living without a care in the world.
The ones who come with their misunderstandings.
Wanting not to hear.
But wishing to be held!
And fearing misjudgements that do not teach.

The ones that do not listen,
Seem the ones who can hurt the most.
The reckless ones!
Living without a care in the world.
To leave those who loved them...
In a sorrow that is undenied!
Those now who try their best,
To hide their loneliness!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Removal Of One's Regret

The choosing of 'sides'
Usually is decided based upon popularity.
Rarely does one take the time to research,
To obtain an indepth clarity.
That comprehension often comes to one.
Experiencing flashes of hindsight.
And that seldom happens overnight.
Or the removal of one's regret.
One wishes to erase with a quick remedy.
To leave one 'stuck' with a decision made,
In the hopes someone expresses an empathy.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Responsibility Assigned To The Chef

When people have shown,
A clear interest in presentation.
Instead of representation!
It is a waste of one's time,
To conduct prolonged discussions...
With a guided tour,
About the advantages...
Of not only knowing where the kitchen is,
But also the importance...
Of how a stove is used and its performance,
In the preparation of getting their meals cooked,
To serve.
And the responsibility assigned to the chef.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Rest Might

The rest might...
Criticize.
The rest might,
Analyze the times.
But these are
Only the times to live.
And these are
Only the times to give...
'What' and 'how' we can.

The rest might...
Try to hide.
The rest might,
Cry with alibis.
But sympathies
Really do not pay.
Not even wishing
That these times go away.
Nothing,
Today will stay!

The rest might...
Close their eyes.
The rest might,
Fight themselves inside.
But even having nothing more to say...
Wont make a difference,
If all things decay...
Right before our eyes!

The rest might...
Criticize.
The rest might,
Analyze the times.
But these are
Only the times to live.
And these are
Only the times to give...
'What' and 'how' we can.

So live your life enhanced!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Result Of Stress

Such a pity has come to show,
On the faces of the people...
Doing their best to prove themselves,
Better than others.
To refuse a truth they can not accept.

And deluded they remain to never change.
Even when the effects directly expresses,
Their increasing and openly seen...
Mental illness they attempt to prevent.
With it done to explain this is the result of stress.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Results Of Truth In Action

Never had I had the opportunity,
To have others rally in support...
Of my deluded accusations.
Nor have people rushed to my defense,
Based upon allegations I falsely made.

And after witnessing this in a process done,
By the ones who have had some come to their aid...
I can say with a gratefulness,
Happy am I that I have not been tempted...
To lie on others.

Paying the ultimate price,
To have time correct those wrongs to make right...
For those who have been victimized,
Does not achieve what deceivers expect...
When one's mental and physical health become subjected,
To live lives others can eventually see for themselves...
The results of truth in action.
Requiring little, if any, judgement needed to pass.

A payback delivered is in the proof of observation.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Return

Pawns of a nonexistence.
Blissed by myths...
And habits of repetition.

Enslaved by fear.
Kept in position,
And conditioned superstitions.

Seeded on a planet to leech,
To leave.
As these inhabitants await the return.
Believed by those of wisdom and capabilities...
A mental advancement has been achieved.
And those who were left,
Are living up to their potential.
Expecting this they are,
Upon their arrival.

'What is so funny?
Your Majesty.'

~Oh,
Nothing.
Nothing to share.
Just humored by my own thoughts.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Return Of Political Brow Beating

Laying off.
Downsizing.
Out sourcing jobs,
To diminish the workforce...
For a cheaper labor on foreign shores.
Was done at the expense,
Of those unconscious.

Now that a consciousness is clear,
Those responsible are nowhere to be near.
Although their voices can be heard through hype,
How it is they are 'not' the ones...
Killers of jobs like they have done.

It is the season of erasing memories,
To achieve the return of political brow beating.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Revealing Of This Catharsis

I wouldn't and don't advise anyone,
To underestimate me and/or my abilities.
Or take the love I am capable to easily express,
As a sign of not being committed...
To a strength within me I possess.
Since weakness is not my 'thing' to address.

No one knows of those obstacles,
I have confronted to remove.
Or the very few choices I have had to choose,
When as a child living in the projects.
And witnessing to endure all kinds of abuse.

Learning to be tough,
Because other kids thought of me as fluff stuff...
With a look that was shy and timid,
Kept me tested and prepared to defend myself.

I've been pushed down flights of concrete stairs.
And off of incinerator walls,
Where children like myself dared to play.
'After' I took out the trash to dump it,
Unafraid of the rats and roaches that stayed.

I jumped rope with the girls!
And climbed trees with the boys!
My daddy taught me how to box.
And my mother enjoyed watching me play baseball.
No one could put in a slot because I thought I had it all.

But then I got bored with those experiences.
And at the age of 18 I was convinced,
To volunteer and join the military...
With a purpose to protect and defend,
Family, friends and a country with my life given.

Then I discovered my trainers had other plans for me.
I became one of few selected in the AirForce,
To teach other young airmen...

How to maintain quality control with the issuing of supplies,
With 'zero' defects in kept inventories.
And they had this belief this exercise,
Would advance me mentally.

And...
I can not say it hasn't!
Since my military experience has increased,
My ability to reminisce...
With an assistance in the revealing,
Of this catharsis.

I wouldn't and don't advise anyone,
To underestimate me and/or my abilities.
Or take the love I am capable to easily express,
As a sign of not being committed...
To a strength within me I possess.
Since weakness is not my 'thing' to address.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Ridiculousness Of Truth

So ridiculous has truth today become,
Some are seen in public praying...
To remain deluded,
As long as possible.

We are living in times,
When even those clearly...
Have lost their minds,
Seem to be envied...
For finding an alternative,
To be totally detached...
From a normalcy others pretend,
Isn't crazed and everywhere displayed
With kept beliefs,
Their way of life...
Diseased by mental illness.
And increased denial,
Has become threatened...
By jealous terrorists,
With hidden motives to undermine...
Standards to value,
They have found to be one of a kind.
To destroy and replace it,
For a madness to duplicate...
On other shores to be adored.

When in fact,
They have wishes to assist...
Building a wall around this madness.
And have threatened they can do it,
As quickly as possible...
Before the epidemic spreads,
To infect the entire world.
And all the Earth's inhabitants.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Right Address

I know it's not all about me!
But that part of me that is affected by 'it'
Is going to get my many visits.
And seeking acceptance or approval
For my concern...
Is something that I've earned.
It wasn't given for me to be driven,
Into insanity
Because someone has not granted me approval...
To be me!
'God,
I don't see where they believe You are with me,
At all!
Are You sure You gave me the right address? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Right Call To Define It

Chasing rainbows on one's knees,
Is not a good sign one is understanding...
The definition of happiness.
Or hasn't learned too many lessons about life.

Anything chased on knees,
Can not be taken too seriously.
It is only with faith kept and knowing...
Anything that belongs needs not to be chased.

And...
If it is,
Chased...
Somebody is being made a fool.
And 'if' that somebody is on knees...
Pleading,
'Baby baby please I'm in need? '
Well...
Stupidity for this action,
Would be the right call to define it!
Don't look for any other definition to depict this.
Stupidity is what this is!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Right Time To Accept

I made that time the right time to accept.
Prepared I was for rejection and neglect.
And seeking approval or attention to get,
Had not been to me offered.
Too early I discovered and young I knew,
To ignore feelings I had to express regrets.
When finding my own time,
Right for me to accept.

I knew what it meant and felt to create.
I knew my efforts to endeavor to make.
Choices to choose from I limited to few.
To know the ones most comfortable,
I could not deny them or refuse.
I made my time the right time to accept.
And with it I've done to do,
No less than my best with that time I used.

'You shouldn't be doing that.
You should be doing this.'

I've done that to make my time,
The right time to accept.

'You could have 'this' if you did 'that'.'

I had that to get.
And if I wished with it to choose,
I could if I wanted get it back.
But 'this' happiness I possess,
Is with a time that is mine...
Without regrets to expect or accept them to deny.
I'm just too close to know what makes me happy.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Righteous

They have chosen to elect themselves,
The righteous.
Those who live life correct...
Under the Sun.
And under the Moon and Stars,
They deem themselves...
The Center of the Universe!
The reason why this Earth was created.
And in denial they sit,
Refusing to believe...
Other life forms have arrived,
For many to observe their presence...
As they visit!

Leaving all to wonder 'who' and 'what'
Can declare they are much more...
Intellectually advanced.
And 'who' and 'what' lives an existence,
Far more enhanced.
And 'who' are we on this Earth...
Struggling with issues of conflict and division,
Has the power to convince anyone coming to visit...
We can be hospitable to them,
When we can not appreciate our own home...
To prepare for any guests!
And 'they' who are coming in droves,
Already know we have self contempt!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The 'Righting' Of 'Wrongs'

I can and have...
Forgiven anyone that has done,
Something devious and mischievous...
In my past.
With a doing to undermine my efforts.
Efforts initiated with sweat to complete.

And I have also observe them receiving,
A punishment deserving of their misdeeds.
To leave me the benefactor.
Since the faith I keep never fails in the 'righting',
Of 'wrongs' someone has put on my back to carry.
And with a relief that releases eventually.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Rise And Acceptance Of Garbage

The rise and acceptance of garbage,
And those who solicit the taste of it...
Is a commentary of the advancement of society.
That assists in the delivery of this sarcasticness.

If quality isn't recognized...
Hope is lost for those who wish and seek it.
And for those who heard of it through rumor...
Can only get a whiff from those who plagiarize.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Rising Of My Purpose

Forget each and every one,
Of your analystic tricks.
I will tell you upfront...
You are the cause and reason,
Why my lips seperate...
To lick.

You may perceive this to be lust.
I confess...
Your perception is correct.
And your heart knows this.
I can tell by the melting in your eyes,
If my touch is gentle.
It is!

Why you play hard to get,
When you cause the rising of my purpose to lift...
Is 'your' mystery!
Not mine.

Forget each and every one,
Of your analystic tricks.
I will tell you upfront...
You are the cause and reason,
Why my lips seperate...
To lick.
You know this.

Why you play hard to get,
When you cause the rising of my purpose to lift...
Is 'your' mystery!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Rising Of Those With Less Credibility

Once a campaign has been initiated,
To depict one of intelligence as a fool...
Without knowledge to know what is going on,
The rising of those with less credibility...
Or shown and proven responsibility,
Will always be chosen for their like-ability...
And looks to impress,
That has more influence over anyone left...
With an accountability to express common sense.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Risk Is In The Giving

The risk is in the giving,
Not the taking of a gift one gets.
Many times that which is given,
An appreciation returned...
Seldom comes with it.

People take advantage,
Of what comes...
As a deed to please.
With an inspection to put a value,
On that which is received.

With a showing of an ungratefulness,
The giver of the gift to give...
Often leaves with this believed.

People take advantage,
Of what comes...
As a deed to please.
With an inspection to put a value,
On that which is received.

The risk is in the giving,
Not the taking of a gift one gets.
Many times that which is given,
An appreciation returned...
Seldom comes with it.

And when one does hear from another,
A thankfulness expressed.
The one who is gifted expresses this,
With an acknowledgement...
It is 'not' the gift one gets,
But the thoughtfulness of the one who gives...
And that is the exchange one does not soon forget.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Risk Taker

The risk taker,
Seldom sneaks around like a cat.
The risk taker,
Witnessed isn't doing that.
The risk taker,
Faces obstacles to attack.
To leave the risk taker,
Not often on his back.

Unafraid to take chances...
People taking risks,
Don't excuse the doing it.
Unafraid to take chances...
They talk and walk in faith.
And not look for escapes.
Unafraid to take chances...
Risk takers create,
Their own moves to make.

Unafraid to take some chances,
The risk taker seldom sneaks around like a cat.
And unafraid to take their chances,
The risk taker witnessed always seems to do that.
Unafraid to bet their chances,
On a walking in faith.
To leave behind the fakers with excuses to make.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Rite Of Passage

Some live to step,
From one stage of life...
To graduate to another.
Without much attention given...
To an acceptance or expectations.
And others exposed,
To ceremonies of rituals...
Without discipline or determination,
Are dressed to impress...
For a part of life to play,
Awaken to realize...
Their rite of passage,
Is meant and intended...
For them to recognize,
Being accountable and responsible...
Is much more than a 'rite'.
But a part of life,
Real and delusion free.
Many become to dislike to perceive,
'Rights' are entitlements,
Automatically dispensed to get handed
Without proving them deserved.
Or earned to validate a process,
Others have been groomed to achieve.
And this leaves...
Many seeking rituals and ceremonies.
Instead of the realities of life,
To find...
The realities of life,
Is lived far less ceremoniously.
Leaving no one prepared to face,
An abundance of B.S. to confront...
On a daily basis.

This is the 'rite'...
If one passes successfully,
Is the achievement one deserves...
To be rewarded and seen to receive.
With it known a kept determination,

Had not been done easily.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Road We Travel

We all have our varying points of views.
Upon the onset of choosing our paths.
And eventually,
Those experiences we have...
Teaches us,
To become less judgemental of others.
With an acceptance and insight,
Of everyone's individual rights...
To live their own lives,
In ways we may not like upon sight.
With less attempts to implement our own values.
Although this is hard to do.
Especially when the direction of those views,
Have been critically enforced upon our 'different' visions.

And...
Hopefully,
Learning...
As we age and self reflect upon the process of life,
That the road we travel...
From wherever the route that leads us to it,
Confusing and sometimes baffling...
Narrows with a broader sense of comprehension.
With a willing to listen and not predict.

And we become more understanding,
With an empathy easier given that's quick...
To those decisions people make for themselves.
Realizing mistakes made to recover from them,
Is a part of life that becomes more and more familiar.
To discover the similarites of this journey we have taken.
With a freeing of a feeling,
To be more exposed amongst those who know.
And caring less,
Who has yet to arrive.
Knowing one day they will.
Just as those who made it did.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Rumored Version

I don't find the need to apologize anymore,
To those who have expressed,
Their unconscious ignorance gone unaddressed.
I address 'that' immediately to let it be known,
I am at the stage and age of my life...
That I can not let what others accept to be,
My reality that others have created...
To afford the learning from my past experiences,
To have anyone believe throughout my life...
All I did was to sleep as others removed my obstacles.
While I sat to supervise as I ate from a bowl,
Of freshly picked cherries.
That might have been the rumored version.
My version?
I made the bowl and picked the cherries,
After I bled from climbing jagged rocks nonstop.
To then chop down the cherry trees,
As I carved out a path to reach the summit.
With wounds left to still heal.
AND prepared I am to reveal them if I am dared.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Russians Are Coming

The last time I purchased gasoline,
That was from someone from the Middle East.
Literally.
He owned that gas station.
And said he had three.

The last time I wanted something to eat,
It wasn't a pizza, a burger or a hotdog.
That was Chinese.
Fried rice with pork, an egg roll
And Wanton soup.

My last car was made in Japan.
The jeans I wore had a Korean tag.
And they were baggy.
I liked the way they sagged.

The last time I visited New York City...
I walked into a building that was owned by the Germans.
I purchased a newspaper from someone who spoke French.
Most of the banks where I live are controlled by the South Africans.
And they speak with a Dutch accent!

And now you're trying to tell me, 'The Russians Are Coming!
The Russians Are Coming? '
If millions of Mexicans are living here illegally...
What is all the fuss about?
Let the Russians come!
Aren't they here already?

I'm a Black man...
And all of them roll their eyes at me.
And I can trace my family tree in this country,
Back for centuries.
And the only thing I'm qualified to do,
Is to entertain everyone!
On stages, sports or just sitting on a stoop...
When the tourists come through the neighborhood,
As if we were in a zoo!

The Indians own all of the casinos.
And where the Buffalos roam...
They wont even leave them alone!
United they want to claim we are.
But they aren't in that 'state' of mind!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Sacrifice Involved

With a doing made to appear much too easy,
As unknown experiences has pieced together...
Over the years,
A process believed simple to copy...
For too many who become baffled,
By the complexity involved...
They can not quickly unravel or instantly solve.

To eventually leave,
They do...
What has been perceived luckily pursued,
For some to achieve because of an interest.
Yet others who claim to have the same interest,
Fear the sacrifice involved....
Once a commitment has been uncovered.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Same Back-At-Cha!

You wished me well.
And peace released in my life,
For me to tell.
With good health and prosperity,
That would grow and swell.
And my happiness to flow.
To know in my heart it is so!

The same back-at-cha!
Kept stacked in a pack,
And wrapped in active laughter.
To get you sitting relaxed...
With nothing on your mind to matter.
But you and the best of that!
But you and the best of that!
The same back-at-cha!
Kept stacked in a pack,
And wrapped in active laughter.
Getting what you give to match.
Getting what you give to match.
The same back-at-cha!

You wished me well.
And peace released in my life,
For me to tell.
With good health and prosperity,
That would grow and swell.
And my happiness to flow.
To know in my heart it is so!

The same back-at-cha!
Kept stacked in a pack,
And wrapped in active laughter.
To get you sitting relaxed...
With nothing on your mind to matter.
But you and the best of that!
But you and the best of that!
The same back-at-cha!
Kept stacked in a pack,

And wrapped in active laughter.
Getting what you give to match.
Getting what you give to match.
The same back-at-cha!

And getting what you give to match.
And getting what you give to match.
The same back-at-cha!
The same back-at-cha!
The same back-at-cha!
Getting what you give to match.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Same Old Stuff

This is the same old stuff.
There's nothing new to speak of.
The titles you create do change!
But all of your comments,
I must say...
Seem to maintain,
The same refrain.

'Then don't read what is submitted.
If you don't find what I say,
Suitable.
Or for you...
Mentally unfit! '

But I am addicted and committed.

'Well...
Something done has been accomplished!
And you haven't quit from your habit one bit.
This motivates me and I am glad of it! '

So,
What are you saying?

'The same old stuff.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Same Unchanged Resentment

Changes you envision,
To include a perceived diversity.
Like a window dressing all can see.
By removing a fence.
To then clear the landscape,
With an adding of a few trees.
Then to erect some new buildings,
Supported by stainless steel...
Embedded in concrete to represent,
Those changes meant.
Has nothing to do with those minds,
Still stuck in times long gone to fade.
And without that happening,
Your changes are only to facelift.
To leave inside your head what stays!
The same unchanged resentment.
That sameness that still remains.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Sands Of Time Seem To Speed

No longer do I give freely,
Because I feel from a need I must.
I travel on a road with deeds I take seriously.
Realizing my priorities,
Can become hampered by those I may trust too much.

Distractions can delay,
When childish games played get in the way.
And those with nothing on their agenda but fun...
Find no time to be productive.
Although procrastination they schedule to get done.

And lessons to learn how to waste my time...
I'm glad I did not pass to glorify as I age.
Since the sands of time seem to speed rather quickly,
When one's mind is on accomplishing...
Those goals to achieve with a completion of desired tasks.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Season Of Depletion

The season of depletion comes.
With the loss of those dancing sugar plums,
Fading innocence from the eyes of young children.

This Fall brings cutbacks on illusions.
Grumpy teachers prepare...
To receive fewer apples and more weapons,
From backpack wearing kids glaring in protest.

Yes,
The season of depletion comes.
Gone are overpriced 'sneaks' and thigh riding skirts.
Jeans worn to expose undies...
With piercings everywhere to be seen.
Offensive tattoos shown on those cussing on school buses.
Parents fussing about the lack of quality,
As they try to contain a disgust.

And those given assigments,
To share their essays of Summer activities.
Read and express with topics such as these...
'My name is Bobby, yo...
And I spent my summer,
Learning how to steal and cheat! '

~Well done Bobby!
Now, Ms Smiley...
You are next!
Please share with us your essay...
'Dreams I Had While Under Anesthesia,
Having My Very First Abortion'~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Season Of Joyful Giving

Why would anyone expect a thief,
Accustomed and raised by other thieves to greed...
Should have a sudden change of heart.
With an acknowledgement felt deeply of their misdeeds...
To overnight see a light brightly as upon them it beamed.
Just because it happens to be the season of joyful giving.

Especially when all through the year witnessed,
And those many years that have come to pass...
All those who have fed their needs selfishly,
As if weeds let loose on lush green grass...
Have done nothing but to show an ability,
To feast exclusively as if born to rehearse from birth to do it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Seeking Of Attention

Those of pretense,
Over exaggerated...
And with embellishments.
Have only one goal in life.
The seeking of attention.
With ambitions of getting it.
And hoping what they do,
Is noticed...
As a recognizable talent!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Self Servicing Of One's Own Interests

Living for the sole purpose,
To entertain the self servicing...
Of one's own interests.
To have never known what it takes,
How one feels to set aside those interests...
For a devoted sacrificing time to give,
To a family member or friend to experience.
Without depending on complaints...
When a choice to exchange,
A self contained entertaining interest ends.
Is to be commended.

Since very few who have done this to do,
Are respected or noticed for that which it is they give.
Especially without seeking to receive or get an attention.
Although there is a difference in maturity,
That either offends or is misunderstood...
By those who will never comprehend,
Why someone with a mind willing to take their time...
To be of service to another with few to witness,
Those blessings unseen that come to be bestowed...
Upon the one who gets to receive and knows this awarding.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Selling Of Threats And Fear

Truth with a seeking of it sought,
Eventually returns prosperity to the people...
Where it belongs to prove this more cost effective,
Than having corruption fail and hit brick walls...
By those incompetent with beliefs,
That the selling of threats and fear...
Would keep a few with their pockets full.
Only to discover themselves the ones,
Borrowing to pay to keep people deceived.
And an economy that thrives doesn't work that way.

'One day fools will awaken,
To realize how high the price paid to keep fear a reality.
Economies that thrive can not stay alive without the people.'

The selling of threats and fear,
Eventually depletes the pockets of those...
Who believe themselves left in control.
And of what?
Total devastation to again repeat regrets?
What crazed mindset is left isolated,
To 'assume' with this believed that this is progress?
And who is it that perceives they will be left in peace eternally?
What agreement would be made between those contolled,
To be forever satisfied by the few making these decisions.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Severe Changes Being Made

How severe are the changes today being made?
Remember when people who committed crimes,
Were locked away and sent to prison?
One not equipped to provide those incarcerated,
With the best of technology.

Well...
Today,
People are committing crimes to be sent to prison,
To enable them to learn a trade to qualify...
For a decent job that pays higher wages.

And those attempting to live decent lives are penalized,
By paying higher taxes on lowered wages paid.
While those severe changes being made,
Are as clear for all to see...
To believe in.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Shaming

The shaming they've done to themselves,
Increases to release a truth many see.
To openly speak about as if,
Past attempts to keep them defended...
Would permanently hide disbeliefs kept to keep,
Behind blocked and locked closet doors.
Like close relatives ignored and not mentioned,
Since the giving of attention to them would mean...
A recognition that tarnishes false presentations,
That would erase impressions of pretentions made.

But no more can the shaming seen,
Be kept discreet and secret.
To allow those under sheets peeking with evil eyes,
Cast them away when the dawn appears at Sunrise.
Or try to adorn their suits and ties,
To dismiss the dripping from fangs and manicured hands.
It's all in the open and in broad daylight,
No words spoken can excuse or explain away...
Their wickedness inflicted that brings them decay.

Lost souls once believed their misdeeds,
Would leave them triumphant.
Lost souls once believed,
They would not be judged but praised.
Lost souls selling pain to gain themselves victory,
But defeat and shame are theirs to claim...
To remain unchanged as their legacy stains.
And the hope for their redemption,
Descends into an eternal hell...
Where together they dwell after being sent,
Without consideration of forgiveness wished or wanted.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Shedding Season

Most are scandal driven and bitter people.
Undermining behind the scenes.
And creating those scenerios...
To demean those unsuspecting.

Whenever they are around,
A wickedness begins.
They are the ones good at loathing.
They are the ones who pollute the air...
To ensure they are useen,
With a slithering they do that is low.

Eventually you will come to know them.
It is the shedding season for snakes.
They are all around...
Ready to inflict with their sweetened venom.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Sickness That Is

People will say,
They want better education...
And qualified teachers,
To teach their kids.
But are the ones who treat them,
Disrespectfully with it known to show...
The beginnings that inflict,
The sickness that is.

People defend their children's misdeeds.
To then disbelieve,
The increase of crime and violence...
Left witnessed by those victimized,
Living on streets...
Within their communities.
To then blame police for doing duties,
They've been called to protect the public peace.

People expect,
Their actions directly done to others...
Should not produce ill effects to leave.
Yet protest against,
The unrest their investment gets...
With a wish a unified effort will prevent,
The cycle of disturbances that stays to remain...
As if to give consent to each event they invent.

People will say,
They want better education...
And qualified teachers,
To teach their kids.
But are the ones who treat them,
Disrespectfully with it known to show...
The beginnings that inflict,
The sickness that is.

People expect,
Their actions directly done to others...
Should not produce ill effects to leave.

But left to leave is the sickness that is.
A sickness wished to permit it.
If not...
The reality of its afflicting existence,
Wouldn't be there to reflect 'their' disbeliefs.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Sign Of A Man

It has not yet,
Been declared official...
But evidence of a dumbdown era,
Seems to have begun to come to an end.

An ease made for people to make excuses,
With accusations to make to abuse others...
To successfully escape from accountability,
Has finally been defined...
As taking responsibility for one's actions.

Even those who had exposed their behinds,
By a wearing their pants below them...
Are finding in these awakening times,
Only 'children' are attracted...
To that kind of distraction.

Although in small doses,
Many aging girls once tolerating little boys...
Displaying with their temper tantrums,
How they can spread their seed to disease...
As if their bodies were 'toys' yet weapons to destroy,
Have found themselves no longer willing to be victims.

The sign of a man,
Has many comprehending to understand...
What it means to be one,
To indentify the difference between weakness and strength.
And it seems more women are becoming supportive,
With allowing themselves to stand 'with' and not against...
That which cements and not prevents,
A progressive quality of life wished and wanted to exist.

It has not yet,
Been declared official...
But evidence of a dumbdown era,
Seems to have begun to come to an end.
With more people acknowledging to accept,
Positions they have been born and blessed to get...

Has been already qualified by GOD to 'direct'.
And without,
Needing self-annointed assistants to correct this.

'If something you choose to do is your wish,
That's fine.
But don't expect 'me' to be accepting,
If your wish happens not to be mine.
I am not trying to re-define,
A gift I've been blessed to receive...
To appease what you believe,
I should reject for the purpose to re-interpret it.'

~E-X-cuse me! ~

'No problem.
I'm not offended by the evidence I've been given.
Nor will I be persuaded,
What is obvious to me is not proof.
My chariot is meant to ride.
Stay sweet and swing below.'

~...uh? ...~

'With a rocking until God stops it.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Significance Of Differences

When one has been 'plethorized',
From all surrounding sides...
It makes it difficult to focus upon,
The significance of differences.
Or what is there to influence exclusively,
Under disguise and before one's eyes.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Significance Of Image

Monuments are just monuments.
And a defacing of them,
When and wherever it happens...
They can be cleaned to be restored again.
With a glistening done to add more gleem.
However...
It is humanity in dire need,
Of cleansing and restoration.
A humanity sinking in desperation.

Although as witnessed as the expense of values,
Continue to go misspent...
Priorities as priorities go to be 'prioritized',
That which is given the obvious attention...
Is that which is cleansed,
To keep minds fixed to a glorious past...
With a worshipping to romanticize it.
To maintain the significance of image.
As a reality as it is existing everyday goes dismissed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Sky Is Falling. The Sky Is Falling

Some activity with an addicting done,
Had to purposely afflict them to accept...
Misguided beliefs to condone and not shun,
To keep in their minds with such effectiveness.
To bring them to quickly re-act,
Without a thought process useless.
As if they had none.

'The sky is falling.
The sky is falling! '

~WHERE? WHERE? ~

'Over there.
Can't you see it? '

~I could 'if' I chose to.
But...
Do you mind me asking you this? ~

'NO! Go ahead.
What-what-WHAT?
Hurry up.'

~If the sky is falling over there.
WHY do you rush to get under it?
When the sky is perfectly clear right here? ~

'You?
You're one of those 'nonconformists' aren't you?
EVERYONE! EVERYONE!
Hear me now.
Hear me now.
The sky is falling.
The sky is falling!
We must run to get under it.
Come 'everyone. Come.'

Some activity with an addicting done,

Had to purposely guide them to accept...
Misguided beliefs to condone and not shun,
To keep in their minds with such effectiveness.
To bring them to quickly re-act,
Without a thought process intact...
To examine and enact with facts attached.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Slinging Of Mud

What has happened to the slinging of mud event?

'You must be new to the neighborhood?
That event has been moved to a bigger arena.
Those who initiated that activity...
Have turned it into a very prosperous entity.
And the people now regard it as a part of their lives.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Slipping Of Meet Notes

Accustomed to lies.
What does the truth really mean?
Accustomed to lies laying low on the scene!
Accustomed to tell them...
And protect when told.
Accustomed to lies,
Whether fresh released or old held on hold!
Accustomed to lies...
Without a bat of an eyelash moving!

Accustomed to lies.
Dishonesty is accepted and shown.
At the work place
Where the slipping of meet notes,
Does not provoke disdain.
Accustomed to lies...
And that's how our lives remain!

In heated sex away from home!
Regardless of who spies on another,
Both buffer their suffering by what's condoned.
Accustomed to lies...
And what is taught is always known!
Accustomed to lies.
Accustomed to holding on to them,
Until time flys!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Slow Chipping Away Of Myths

Ever closer we are to full exposure,
As the slow chipping away of myths...
Struggles against,
A convincing conditioning process meant.

Peeling away layers of deceiving beliefs,
To keep a delusion real to conceal facts...
With mindsets blinded and off track,
Has left the fighting for truth to bounce right back.

Manmade confusion and conflicts that exists,
Has begun its diminishing...
Away from those once under hypnosis,
And awakening to witness the Sun provides reality.

Without the Sun, Moon and Earth together working,
Those falsely feeding images to symbolize and interpret...
Themselves as chosen creatures,
Could not prove it to manipulate as they use fear to do.

Ever closer we are to full exposure,
As the slow chipping away of myths...
Struggles against,
A convincing conditioning process meant.

More complex it is than we've been made to believe.
But one thing is certain more than not,
Those who are conscious with a faith kept to keep...
Can not remain restricted to limits to appease hypocrisies.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Sound Of Loose Screws

If it continues to make you feel better,
To laugh at my efforts and attempts I've made...
To contribute 'something' productive.
Go right ahead.

Even calling me crazy I will accept.

But a few of those you have been trying,
All this time over the years...
Are not totally convinced,
The sound of loose screws heard...
Can be coming from my head.
Since you are the one frequently in their space,
Flapping your tongue and pointing fingers.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Sound Of Their Thunderous Applause

'They' have discovered a way
To rate what people say.
As if that dilutes the pursuit of truth,
'They' would not recognized if delivered...
From any polluted pulpit!

And I do the best I can...
To keep my broadening smile,
From turning into hysterical laughter!
As 'they' gather themselves in groups,
Deciding what has been said
Merits their attention!
Someone has been spiking their tonic water!
How completely overdosed with ego can this be?
And I wonder if my next production I produce,
From my toilet seat...
Will create the sound of their thunderous applause!
I'm sure every whiff of my performance will be critiqued.
Either way...
I am pleased,
Just to keep a good flow going!
And extremely grateful,
I am not backed up by nonsense!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Sounds Of Chirping Birds

It has been a while since I was a child.
And everyday someone will ask...
If I still use a pen and pad to write.

'No.
I now use a pad and pen.
And sometimes I might type.'

~Oh?
So...
Is there a difference? ~

'Yes.
I no longer change ribbons.
But I go through pads and pens.'

~Oh,
So...
You do still write? ~

'Not as much as I use the internet.
To then go to a website.'

~To write, right? ~

'Well...
That depends on what I find to
For inspiration.'

~Oh...
So,
What inspires you? ~

'The sounds of chirping birds.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Source

When grown folks who have aged,
Remain with their minds to stay...
Focused on childhood activities,
Performed decades long gone.
To have faded away.
Most children raised,
In these environments...
Without guidance or discipline,
To become responsible men and women
Should be praised.
Since the source,
Of their determination...
To escape from crowded playgrounds,
Had to have been like boulders...
Pushing up hills.
With a mindset driven...
To kill beliefs...
They were not destined to teach,
Irresponsibility...
As part of their heritage,
To keep forever sacred.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Source Of Your Motivation

If you are not taking who you are seriously...
Why?
Are your expectations,
So high!
And why?
Do you shy away,
From critique!

If you are not taking who you are seriously...
Why?
Should I...
Be the subject,
Of your offensive comments...
Sent.
As if you do have a purpose meant.

And you say to me...
Not to expect others to feel the way I do.
And yet...
Disrespecting,
Has never been my objective!
And 'that' seems to be the source of your motivation.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Speed Of Progress

'Another protest? '

Yes.

'What are they protesting? '

Steps finally taken to eliminate blight,
That has appeared for decades...
On vacant sites.
And they dislike the speed of progress made.
With a doing to ignore their accustomed complaints.

'Stop exaggerating.
I am serious.
They are chanting together as if in parade.'

Progress to have done,
They have not seen it often to have it welcomed.
And they fear that if the blight is removed,
They will have to adapt to it...
Or choose somewhere else where they can brood.
Although few of those places are left.

'Well...
At least they have proven,
They can come together 'and' agree...
To do something positive in unity.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Speed Of Upheaval

We can not all be shocked
By the speed of that which has been dropped.
The speed of upheaval that has blocked prevention,
To stop mind rot!
We can not all be that shocked.

Where have those of purpose,
Expressed with felt depth...
Gone!
Those who inspired,
That a thought process...
Be a gift protected.
And encouraged to go on.

Have they been mugged and stripped of it?
Have they been secretly captured and turned into conformists?
And those who are thinkers are now to be hunted...
And forced to listen to torturous ignorance.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Speeding Of Enlightenment

I don't blame you.
Not one bit.
Some can accept reality.
And many are offended,
By a truth admitted.
To dismiss from themselves nonsense.

I don't blame you.
There are delusions you must protect.
There are fantasies still promised,
And have not been delivered yet.
And to you I offer the best of wishes.

I don't blame you.
Not one bit.
Some can accept reality.
And many are offended,
By a truth admitted.

But time is revealing,
The speeding of enlightenment.
And even though you choose,
To remain in darkness to refuse the light...
Many are seeking it as 'their' appetite.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Spirits Know

The spirits know,
Which way to get things fixed.
The spirits know,
How to deal with misfits.

Nuts that are loose untwisted,
Need to be tightened down quick.
Some unscrewed from their bolts,
Can knock around a floating boat.

And those spirits know,
Which way to get things fixed.
These spirits know,
How to deal with misfits.

Foundations crack,
If immediate attention isn't given.
To that.
And those onboard with their backs,
Turned...
Find it's too late to show concern.

The spirits know,
Who stays faithful and who fakes it.
They know,
Who is devoted and the hypocrites.
They know,
The time it is and what it takes,
To knock common sense into motion.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Sporting Of Distortions

The sporting of distortions,
And the inappropriateness of this usage...
Implemented.
Has created a disproportionate number,
Of those imbalanced to perceive themselves...
Capable of disregarding for all what is believed,
By many to be the best.
With a protesting done against that,
Which had one time been proclaimed to have benefits.
And with their approval to keep intact,
But today they have chosen to detest their own decisions.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The State Of Your Present Clarity

To make excuses at my expense,
With claims made later...
You had no evil intent to ruin my life,
But continued to do to me as you like.
AND...
With a confidence I would never recover.
And I am to comprehend,
These 'mistakes' with a forgiveness to you given?
To pretend your wickedness I endured for decades,
Is okay because you have now awakened?

Let me say this and don't be offended,
I admire the state of your present clarity.
However...
If I had not healed to appear 'physically' untouched...
By a doing you did and loved the doing of it much,
You would still perceive me to be your fool.
But guess what?
Not only 'then' did I think you were nuts!
You've come to me with the evidence...
Haven't you?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Stealing Of It To Claim As 'Their' Property

There are many things I show,
Handed to me by my ancestors.
And what has been given to me,
Is in my DNA.
Where it will stay!
Although the preciousness of it,
May be tampered with one day.
But...
The stealing of it to claim as 'their' property,
Will not happen in my generation.
No matter how advanced the technology.
Or the sophistication of the thieves,
To create what they percieve will be human.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Stinging Of Them That Stuns

When examining the shell of one's being,
It is the core within of experiences...
That is applying the scan doing the sizing up.
And those choosing to judge a book by its cover,
Are the very ones...
Whose minds are corrupt.
And programmed to think in terms...
Of one's good and bad luck.

Everything based on one's physical taste,
Says a lot about one's waste of thought.
And a consciousness limited to value things,
Is a mind that can be easily swayed...
And bought.
With a shallowness that is diminished free,
Of any signs of having an honesty!
And conditioned to be deceiving.

And not believing...
There are those amongst them,
Who are spiritually here...
Just to be righteous in judgement.
And provide performances of good deed.

With the teaching to humanity,
Of how this is done...
To overcome their troubles!
And the stinging of them that stuns.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Strangest Thing About It

They are purchasing weapons to protect themselves.

'From what?
From who? '

Themselves.
Have you seen the monsters they've created?

'No.
I don't watch TV.
And I only listen to music I can pick and
The only weapons purchased in my neighborhood,
Is crack.
And the folks on that don't make it.'

So...
You don't own a weapon.
Everybody should have a weapon.

'Faith is my weapon.
And the strangest thing about it is...
People who claim to be of faith,
Have faithfully destroyed that...
For possessions being repossessed,
No one wants nor either can they keep.
Most people today fear the paying of higher taxes.
To then believe their lives are being threatened,
By someone else wishing to pay for their debts.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Sudden Appearance Of Realities

With answers revealed and printed high on their walls,
Many scramble below them seeking solutions.
With helium filled ballons colorful and bright,
As floodlights dart across the sky at night...
Many scramble below them seeking solutions.
With conflicts increasing as observed and known,
Many can not accept what to them is shown.
Although what they do best and continue to do,
Is accuse others with a blaming...
That someone should be held accountable,
For the sudden appearance of realities...
And those difficulties they have had to face.

'Who sold us to accept this bill of tainted goods? '

~That should be easy.
Who signed the invoice with a promise to pay? ~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Sun Sets On Their Backs

People today upset,
Expect the effects of change...
To be for them painless.
And immaculate.

Raised on delusions.
And entertained by a support of their whims.
People for centuries have been forced fed to feed,
On a way of life...
Slipping away and will soon from them leave.

Then one bright morning a dawning appears.
As one man seen bearing an image clear...
While another with rolled up sleeves,
Prepares to reveal what he carries.
With an anxiousness he says are facts.

And the people are torn between the two.
Hoping from their point of view,
Their fantasies will not from them be snatched.
But...
Nothing on the horizon appears like that.

A truth produced,
Is observed by those looking forward.
While those traumatized and rubbing their eyes...
Can not believe what they see.
As the Sun sets on their backs.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Sun That Has Come To Set

To say that greed and the affect of it,
Is not the main ingredient...
That is the reason,
Causing people the world over...
To express an increase of unrest that upsets,
Can be likened to someone noticing the Sunset...
For the very first time!
To have ignored it and its process!
As if those feeding themselves to greed believe,
With pretentious and 'conscious' naïveté...
Their actions will be forever condoned.
And the Sun that has come to set on the horizon...
Is a creation of their own!

'Incredible!
Who else has been able to witness this? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Sun Will Come To Address That

Someone awakened,
Not feeling tenderness this morning.
Hopefully the Sun
Will come to address that!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Sun Will Shine And You Will Know

Clear that brush,
From your own path.
Chip to diminish each obstacle.
Fall to your knees if you have to in frustration.
Shed a few tears and get back on your feet.
Lift up your head and dare to become defeated.
The Sun will shine and you will know suddenly...
Those efforts you make,
Are more than enough to continue on your way.
And keep moving.

Stay to complain each day when it rains...
And clouds will follow you.
That's what they do...
To ensure you are soaked in sorrow.
Seeking to find gloom...
You from them can borrow.
And you will share that with others.
Who will try to convince you,
There is nothing like wallowing away in grief!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Supreme Knows

I would say today,
I am more mature.
And at 62...
Wouldn't you feel that way too?

Not only do I feel mature...
I feel deserving.
I feel qualified to say what I like and don't.
And those who never understood a thing about me...
Wont!

There is a peace of mind I have...
Given to me by God.
And that has to be a gift.
Since there has been too much devilment recognized...
I survived!
And The Supreme knows,
I am not having any nonsense in my life!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Supreme's Approval

You have refused to accept,
The message being delivered!
And those who have made attempts to deliver it...
As well.
You showed contempt and resented them.
But they did not compose,
What you need to know in the message that shows...
A clear fear that attacks!
An absent mind that lacks remorse.
A thoughless heart with no concern.
An ignorance that burns those who learn!
A shallow understanding of the 'home' one has not earned!
And a self righteousness that has created a madness...
You have bestowed upon yourself in denial,
That trashes the lives of others!
In a stubborness that resist the appearance,
Of honesty and truth!

You want options?
With 'Reflections' of those times,
Hoping 'Someday We'll Be Together'
In some prefrabricated glimmer and glitz...
Glistening with glitter in some existing bliss!
Hmmmm...?
There will be no trial or jury!
There will just be your removal...
Yes, your removal!
In ways that meet with The Supreme's approval!
And Diana, Flo and Mary...
Will have nothing to do with what's ahead for you!
There will be no Motown requests where you're going!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Swan I Married Became A Moose

Crusted mustard breath,
I awakened to...
When I loved you.

String beans on your teeth,
I thought divine.
One time.

But when we got divorced,
I forced myself to really see...
How the Swan I married,
Became a Moose!

A big and wide behind,
I didn't mind to follow.

I thought it fantastic,
To climb on top.
When we made our version,
Of love.

But when we got divorced,
I forced myself to really see...
How the Swan I married,
Became a Moose!

I saw you recently,
I did not recognize you.
My eyes laid on your breasts,
And hips so fine.

But then you reminded me,
Of my ignorance.
And what that did to you.

You then left me looking stunning!
And I felt such the fool!

Crusted mustard breath,

I awakened to...
When I loved you.

String beans on your teeth,
I thought divine.
One time.

But when we got divorced,
I forced myself to really see...
How the Swan I married,
Became a Moose!

And that 'moose' today...
I wish I had not abused!

'Wow, dude?
WHO was that gorgeous woman you tried to hit on?
She's hot! '

That 'was' my ex-wife!

'Yeah, right.
Then one of us is a big liar.
You told me your ex-wife
Could be a side attraction at a circus! '

That was my ex-wife!

'Okay. Snap out of it! '

That was my ex-wife.

'Man, you okay?
Hey...
We all got our fantasies, right? '

Seriously,
That WAS my ex-wife!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Sweetness Of The Fruit You Taste

Much continued happiness and blessings!
May success always be welcomed
To cross your threshold.
Without hesitation.
As long as you maintain
To remain who you are,
Your glow shines brighter than any witnessed star!
You started on a path that has taken you quite far.
And the sweetness of the fruit you taste...
Has to feel as glorious to savor,
As the juice you dare not waste!
Letting you shine with accomplishments,
Like a heart like yours creates!
Happiness always to you is due...
As you reflect upon your struggles,
Giving you reason to celebrate!

Inspired and Dedicated to:
Nicki Mathis and her many years
of supporting the performing arts
through her 'baby'
'The Many Colors of a Woman, Inc.'
Hartford, Connecticut
Celebrating the 20th year in presenting
the musical talents of women of color!

'Congratulations, Nicki'
Lawrence

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Taking Is Of Their Interest

Many lifetimes it seems,
Some have personalized their agonies...
To then witness more inflicted,
By those claiming to do humanitarian deeds.

Too few know what it is like,
To be disturbed from their peaceful nights.
To stare hatred in the face...
As if this sickness to inflict,
Has a rightful place.

Many lifetimes it seems,
Some have personalized their agonies...
To be belittled and disrespected,
By an unconsciousness infested.

And manifested from an ignorance...
Still insisting on someone's shores,
The taking is of their interest.
And that is their purpose...
To greed and flee.
As millions remain poor.

Then to declare themselves peace makers.
But no peace comes to this beast who leaves pain.
No gain comes to a mind driven insane,
By an entity that has come...
To monopolize their senses in disguise.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Taking Of Nonsense Too Seriously

How absurd is absurdity,
When people get too involved...
In its perfection?

Isn't something already ridiculous,
Freed from explanation...
After those observing have given stupidity,
Validity?

What is the purpose being served,
To those with any remnants of intelligence left...
Trying to give respect to that which isn't deserving.
Or told the taking of nonsense too seriously,
Weakens the intention meant.

However...
Dumbfounded are the ones finding themselves,
Giving attention to those most ridiculous...
As if hoping what is absurd is being misinterpreted.
And someone dressed in a clown outfit,
Will announce it to everyone with a difference made...
That what is perceived as reality really isn't.
And has been inspired by those who love to joke,
Just to promote division and conflict.

Wouldn't this clarification,
Give people a comprehension to more understood...
If they knew their madness,
Was just an aspect of their life...
To leave behind them whenever they wished.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Taking Of Our Own Feet Out Of Our Mouths

Say what you will.
Most opinionated people do.
Eventually,
They will notice...
Like you,
Myself included.
And a few others too.
The taking of our own feet out of our mouths.

Having one foot stuck there,
Is a quicker recovery than having two.

Once again,
To experience this...
Is a better teacher,
Than any picture can depict.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Task Has Been Ordained

The main people,
Who have created all the havoc...
With a destroying of lives to inflict pain,
On others to do and leave to obtain...
Gains to pronounce,
In profound attention to get...
Are those who have their kept beliefs,
They have been ordained and chosen...
To spread their criticsms.
In a task that has been ordained,
To disease where and whomever they please...
Hypocritically done to do.
Not to see themselves as demons.
Contradicting facts and truth to distract it,
From where it has been kept to deny.
Free with precision and cloaked in disguise.
Hiding torturous insecurities.

Once a self examination to face and initiate,
Has been thoroughly and completely reviewed.
Only then will lives lived to expensively delude,
Will end the destruction this has caused...
On the multitude of lost minds.
Including their own long abandoned to condone.
Yet in severe need to find,
Kept deep, discreetly and underneath...
Minds of others they have undermined.
For pomp and privilege to serve their purpose.
A purpose that is symbolized in ceremonies,
Celebrated.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Taste Of Deceit

Let's...
Not discuss treason.
Or the reason why...
We attempt to try to deny,
The existence of it has not been in our midst.

Let's...
Not discuss disparities.
Or who believed an implementation,
Would provide some with benefit...
With a doing as they please would never cease.

But let's do acknowledge just those few,
Who have created conflicts with a choice to prove...
They can do it anywhere with an administrating of it,
To expose their greed that has resulted in their illnesses.
Be it physical or mental or both on display.

Let's...
Not discuss treason or reasons to get upset by this.
OR who has been duped foolishly to invite the arrival,
Of their own restricted limits.
No.

But...
Let's discuss an appreciation for lessons taught.
If we can examine to dissect what we have bought.
To then seek with a searching sought to have revealed,
When and 'how' did we become addicted to the taste of deceit.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Team That Wins

A game played continues,
To stay entertaining.
And remaining a part of life,
Not too soon to change.

It is the same routine,
Maintaining kept interest...
In politics with those picked,
To represent beliefs with speeches.

Tons of funds are collected to assist,
Those permitted to solicit...
Their best fed rhetoric.
In cities and small towns that stir,
Up crowds into a frenzy.
Supporting the one who promises,
A determined job to get done in Washington.

People later forget those hopes and wishes,
Promised to come when the game is finished.
And the team that wins,
Prepares to begin once again...
For the next four years.
With little to nothing in between to get done.
Or solutions made concrete to leave believed.
That the game played was worth the price.
Although souvenirs collected at a cost to pay,
Will always be considered to retain their value.

'Who will end...
The wars, conflicts and racial divisions? '

~What's entertaining about those discussions?
The important thing I want to keep remembered,
Is that our team came to win.
AND...
We won.~

'But what did you win? '

~The 'GAME'.
We came to play and won.
Don't get upset with me,
Because 'your' team was defeated.~

'We may all pay a higher price for that one.'

~It's just a game.
You'll get over it.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Ten Commandments

I believed the Ten Commandments,
Were sins we were not to commit.
And I understand them as 'commands'!
And not to be applied as 'we' see fit!

Some live their lives,
As if these are not legitimate.
And comprehending the opposite,
To inflict upon a consciousness...
An increasingly reflected mental misfitness.
With a clear misunderstanding...
That our Creator is not pleased one bit!

These commandments we should take heed.
And immediately revisit!

I am the Lord your God
You shall have no other gods before me
You shall not make for yourself an idol
You shall not make wrongful use of the name of your God
Remember the Sabbath and keep it holy
Honor your father and mother
You shall not murder
You shall not commit adultery
You shall not steal
You shall not bear false witness against your neighbor
You shall not covet your neighbor's wife
You shall not covet anything that belongs to your neighbor

'Look, Yo...
Ain't these 'commandments'?
Ain't these things we suppose to do? '

Noooo! ...yeeeesss, but no!
You are 'not' suppose to do these things.
You are suppose to 'do' these things!

'Oh!
Ooooh!

So, they are commands 'meant'
Not to do what is commanded? '

Let me put this another way!
See my fist?
Even though I am tempted,
To hit you in the head with it...
AND that might bring unto me,
A temporary satisfaction?
Something inside of me,
Is preventing me not to do it.

'Oh,
I see.
Would it be the gun you know I have in my car?
And you know I can command it in minutes? '

Let's just dropp the subject.

'Yeah!
I command we do! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Things They'Ve Done

Many seldon can't or wont admit it...
The things they've done to do.
Those things they have chosen and committed...
To deny and prove they can hide them too!

And many wont admit it...
The doings they have done produced arguments.
With a doing to make up stuff to convince,
Others to accept although made no sense.

Yet the ones who had been deceived,
Can't believe how they've been duped to fool.
And the ones who had been deceived,
Disbelieve...
How easily they could be tricked and be used.

Many seldon can't or wont admit it...
How easily they could be tricked and be used.
And many wont admit it...
The things they've done to do.
To later to discover they've been fooled to dupe.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Thought Of Being Heard

Should I spare you the agony,
Of believing there is a need for your response?
There isn't.
As long as we keep between us,
This rare eye contact...
I will remain appreciative of that.

Since...
I am accustomed to communicating with those,
Who scan anyone from head to toe.
And those who don't have turned up noses,
As they walk down the streets...
Often talk to me standing sideways,
With their eyes staring at my feet.
As if my voice is coming from any place other,
Than my mouth.
With the aid of using my lips and teeth!

However...
The people living in my environment,
Are more prepared to gossip...
Than they are to have a one on one.
Something that is meaningly done.
And having this eye contact you give me,
Makes me feel you understand.
And you don't have to say a word.
It's just the thought of being heard,
That has been worth this entire experience.
Thank you!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Time Has Come...

All of their cable lines,
Have been dependently connected...
To outside sources.
This has been going on for decades.
Generations have benefited from this.
So...
Tell me,
Who are these 'delutionists'...
Proposing such a ridiculous undertaking?

'The children of the potheads.
The ones strickly raised on independent concepts.
And calling themselves 'conservatives'.
The ones wishing structure that is sound...
And foundation based.
And...
Believing their way of life is envied.'

Envied?
By 'who'?

'The very ones supporting their existence.
Their way of life and those standards,
They have come to treasure and value..
That's why they have become upset.
And protesting now.'

Isn't it time they be told the truth?

'Time to do what?
Are you kidding?
By whom?
There are already hundreds of thousands,
Sitting in prisons.
And they were the ones told,
Santa clause did not exiit and had been a myth.'

The road ahead is rocky, indeed.

'Well...
Not necessarily.
You see...
Leaders from around the world,
Will soon be introducing in all school systems...
The teaching of magic tricks and illusions.
And...
So far,
Those protesting the loss of their entitlements...
Have been slowly convinced.
With a showing of an interest.'

That's great news.
Perhaps there will eventually be peace at last.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Times We Now Live That Takes Away Breaths

In the disarray of these days we now face,
I keep my concentration focused upon my deeds.
And less upon comments made by others,
About me...
My deeds.
And what beliefs about me they whisper,
To others giving them time to listen.

I could only wish people like that...
A less traumatic awakening.
Since I seek the company,
Of those few who are awake.

To mature AND awaken to accept,
The times we now live that takes away breaths...
In a neck breaking speed,
Is here.
And so blessed is the feeling,
To have one's peace of mind intact!
That's a fact!

And 'that' takes a long time in development.
It comes with experiencing life and not rehearsing it...
As some would think.
Or kept practiced as if to impress.
As some still do!

Life is much too precious to accept foolishness.
And that is...
But just one of the many of the many many lessons...
I have had to learn.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Tongue Of One Who Gloats

You can block out every thought I have.
You can seal your consciousness into cement.
You can take every limited vision...
Pack those up to dust from rust.
Or tied them up with trash.
In a tossed out glad bag.

Then...
Sit back satisfied you silenced 'my' voice.
And manipulated my words for those of yours,
By choice.
But I am not the one who has labelled you a fool!
I don't carry thoughts like that in my mind.
Unlike the others behind me...
I don't find this the right time to rejoice.

Nor am I like you...
Either!

When I talk to myself...
I try to keep my private conversations,
Separate.
A lot of truth can be heard...
Slipping off the tongue of one,
Who gloats out loud about what has been done.
And that has been something done by you so well.

You can block out every thought I have.
You can seal your consciousness into cement.
You can take every limited vision...
Pack those up to dust from rust.
Or tied them up with trash.
In a tossed out glad bag.
And still...
What have you accomplished?
Invisibility?
Or a safe way to protect your delusions!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Touch Of Love Again

When this day began...
I felt sentimental.
Just last night I spent,
Dreaming...
Of you!
And,
Needs released.
So real and believed.

When this day began...
Promises I made,
Never...
To keep myself away,
From showing...
Without you,
I am more complete.
Promises like this,
I can not keep.

Foolish I have been.
Pretending I could end,
My need to love...
And dismisss it.

Foolish I have been.
Pretending I could end,
A loneliness I wish would leave.
But with each dawn,
It awakens me.

When this day began...
Promises I made,
Never...
To keep myself away,
From showing...
Without you,
I am more complete.
Promises like this,
I can not keep.

Since I could never be...
I see,
Alone.

I could never be,
I see...
Someone alone,
Who yearns...
To feel and know,
The touch of love again.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The 'troof' Is In The Taste Of The Pudding

People believe,
They should be treated...
With more respect.
Even those who have such beliefs,
Could care less...
When, where and who it is they disrespect,
To then expect what they have done to others...
Be an exception to excuse,
Their negligent and abusive childhoods.

'WHEN are 'you' people going to learn,
To break this cycle of ignorance!
AND grow up.
Take responsibility for your actions.
With a doing that to be adults.'

~What do you mean YOU PEOPLE?
And I aint ignorant.
I happen to be of mixed heritage,
Thank you.
Get your facts straight.
That's why my children aint learning 'nuthin',
In these schools.
We need better teachers.
And people who know how to treat us,
Like human beings.~

'What? Huh? '

~Sure.
Go ahead.
Make excuses.
If I could afford to live where you live,
Me and the rest of us wouldn't have these problems.~

'Uh...
Huh? '

~Forget it.

Why should any of 'US' expect you to understand.~

'This has got to be an epidemic.'

~You can call me anything you want.
But the 'troof' is in the taste of the pudding.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Troubadour

The troubadour from an unseen place comes,
To poetically sing of those current events...
In villages where such a presence can incense,
Those with dirty laundry to hide...
In secret corners to deny and blocked to sightings,
From those not living within exclusive fences...
To protect their doings without lament.

Entertaining but may be found highly offensive,
When the lyrics of the poet stings...
And nothing romantic are among the offerings.
Since this troubadour intends,
To mock and parrot those incidents defended...
By those living amongst the villagers,
And pretending a nonrealistic existence.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Truth...That Is!

This may not be obvious.
But those who suffer from the perpetuation,
Of hate...
Are themselves victimized,
By applying their own self hatred.

I,
Myself...
Can become quite annoyed,
When I hear someone call for 'unity'!
As divisive as my statement can be.
And maybe it is the definition,
That bothers me.

Especially when I hear someone,
Speak derogatively...
About someone who does proactive deeds.
In their own community.
And is criticized...
By either family, friends or close associates,
For those positive activities.
And seem to attract,
A combative group of distractors.

And I know I am not the only one...
To observe this to be true.

It's just that no one seems to want to confront it!
The truth...
That is!

'You refer to Israel and Hamas? '

Not directly!
I do not have to single out the Middle East.
Or East, L.A.
Sudan or Hartford, Connecticut.
People are foolishly territorial.
Living on one planet...

Everyone 'consciously' calls home!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Ugliness Of It

It is not defeat to experience,
One wishes from the mind to go away.
It is the ugliness of it that appears,
On faces that clearly show...
An effectiveness of it persists.
Sitting in the midst of all kinds of conflicts.

And those in denial,
Trying to hide emotions that are real...
Expose them felt whether or not,
Attempts are made with their best effort...
To protect delusions,
They would rather reveal than conceal.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Ultimate Example

Those who have never told the truth about anything,
Are always heard commenting on someone else,
Not being who they are.

Pull up a chair and listen to this!
The passing of unconscious judgement.

While they embellish themselves and activities,
In the midst of an attentive audience.
They begin...
Recreating their perceptions,
Of how one should be...
When one has both feet grounded on Earth.
With an unnecessary mocking of someone done.

And of course,
Their protrayal is the ultimate example...
Of how one's life is correctly lived!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Ultimate High

There is a lot to uncover,
In the 'discovery' of self!
And 'that' is such a great experience.
It's the ultimate 'high'.
To realize it is so rewarding!
Soaring and released from doubt,
Manufactured in precast comfort zones!
It is okay to fly alone sometimes.
The observations become more appreciated.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Ultimate Reward

Whatever that is you are,
With a taste for making false impressions.
Your day to face yourself will come.
Since no one can masquerade forever.

Even the sight of that which you've made,
Will someday by others seek to stay away.
Leaving a truth that offended you,
Too late to admit a life wished with its existence.

Since that time for you to be real with honesty,
Has gone without you deciding it to choose.
That time for you to prove it with an acceptance,
Has very few around to care which false face you wear.

Living not to deceive with delusions kept to believe,
Does wonders for the health of one's mentality.
And provides in time a peace of mind one finds,
To be the ultimate reward one deserving can receive.

There is nothing wrong in the making of mistakes.
It is the running away from them,
That creates headaches, heartbreaks...
And the ending of one's dependency on faked relationships.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Unbelievable

The unbelievable,
Can no longer be denied...
As a way of life.
Beliefs once kept,
And thought stabilized...
Have become,
A nonconformist...
Attitude to take.
And that view of reality,
Can 'today' get someone...
Easily labelled,
A maverick crazed.

The unbelievable to disbelieve,
And not accept?
Or reject those complicit,
With confusion and the rise...
Of mental illnesses to exist?
Is something anyone,
Who insists they are still...
Aware.
And conscious of nonsense.
May get them suspected,
As being a threat that today...
Upsets the 'norm'.
A process that has replaced,
Any signs of reality.
Successfully gone.
And here it is...
The unbelievable.
Believe it or leave it.
Protesting against it,
Is a waste of time...
Defending a mind confined,
By those crazed.
And loving...
The outrageousness of it all.
Believe it to witness.
Or leave it to accept.

Either way...
The unbelievable stays!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Underdog

A game is played to have someone lose.
What other motivation,
Would those who create games have?
And few explanations are heard,
From the one who wins.
Cheering victory has become associated,
With defeat and leaving another feeling humiliated.
Where is this 'not' a part of life?
With it understood,
To comprehend and understand,
Bragging rights to claim them...
Will not change the outcome of the game.
Nor are excuses to make for winning,
Relevant to the facts.
Unless the winner chooses to rub it in.
And so many enjoy the doing of that,
To give the challenger both purpose and reason,
For soliciting empathy from the ones willing...
Who had at one time,
Given their support to the underdog.
But it seems that underdog,
Has become too accustomed,
To expressing humility...
Some interpret as arrogance to be despised.

'You see that? '

~What? ~

'Them acting all humble,
When we know how great they are.
Not a nose is up.
And so easy they are to approach.
BORING! '

~How should they act? ~

'They should act as if
They are the thunder and the lightning.

The Sun, Moon and Stars.
I know I would.'

~Well...
Perhaps they are accustomed,
To achieving success with their efforts to endeavor.
And nothing they have done had been without sacrifice.
Or a work ethic that required a lot of stress and sweat.~

'Now...
Those excuses when admitted,
I can accept.
But giving all that 'nonchalant' business,
Doesn't excite me at all.
I want to see some ego displayed with that.'

~Why?
So you can talk behind their backs about them? ~

'Yes.
This 'humility' giving without ego expressed,
Does not make for good gossip.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The United Conference Of Hemispheres

How about...
The United States?

'No.
That's what we're called now! '

Oh...
You're right.
I forgot.
Well..
How about,
The United Federation of Americas?

'Hmmm...
Now that does have a ring.
With Canada, Mexico...
And the current United States.
I like the sound of it! '

Or...
How about,
The United Western Hemisphere?

'YES!
That's brilliant.
We'll have a meeting this weekend,
To discuss it!
But we must go slowly with this.
The people are already going nuts over the economy!
But I do love this idea.
We'll have the United Northern Hemisphere.
The United Eastern Hemisphere.
And the United Southern Hemisphere.

Whenever we come to meet...
We'll call ourselves,
The United Conference of Hemispheres!

Pass that by President Obama.

See if he approves before the announcement is made!
We must consolidate all nations as soon as possible.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Universe Contradicts Fixed Beliefs

Reality is not owned,
By those who choose to keep it deluded.
Unfortunately,
Truth has been used as device to convince...
Whomever rushes to document their perspectives,
Should be followed and not subjected...
To debating what accepted beliefs they have.
Since symbols and myths represents their past.

A past to depict a validating of their existence.
A past that excludes millions of life forms...
In different dimensions too!

Much discovered in the Universe contradicts fixed beliefs,
Of what people are taught on Earth to serve...
With unending conflicts to keep.
To say we have been created by a greater intelligence,
That has nothing to do with the serving of our self interest...
Would begin to put all ignorance to rest,
If protective and divided mindsets collectively made that a quest.
To then effectively abandon the pettiness to forever reject.

The Universe contradicts fixed beliefs.
A teaching of nine planets still in schools exist.
And yet there are thousands more than that,
But explanations of this is not permitted.
To leave those who worship in an limited ignorance.

Because they are far,
We call them stars.
But like our Sun...
Revolving planets around them are done.

And if our Sun is also a star,
Who can say...
How many 'Gods' there are...
Omni-present with problems like ours to solve.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Unusual Suspects

We have no idea.
Not a hint or a clue,
As to how the wide screen TVs...
The refrigerators or the washers and dryers,
Computers, air conditioners or the lawn mowers...
Chained together and kept outside are missing.
Our security personnel were told to keep our eyes focused,
On those we perceived looked suspicious.

'And no one saw the theft of this expensive merchandise,
Being lifted in broad daylight from those departments?
That is absolutely beyond belief.
Who were you all so intently scoping your focus on?
And 'what' on Earth made them your primary suspects? '

Well...
Two were obviously interested in our sports equipment.
And the four others were tossing a basketball between them.
And...
They all were humming that song, 'Sweet Georgia Brown'.

'What else 'unusual' about them did you notice? '

They were dressed in red, white and blue outfits.
As if they all were patriotic.

'Did it dawn on anyone they might have been,
The Harlem Globe Trotters? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Upkeep Of Images

Approaching a broken fence,
With a brush and a can of paint...
Believing to change its appearance,
With a few minutes given to it.
And a mending with a healing,
Of fresh and accepted perceptions...
Would again begin...is quite admirable.

However,
Wouldn't it be better and cost effective,
If denials were rejected?
And a broken fence needing to be removed,
Would be viewed as a needed thing to do?
IF denials and excuses were not used,
To dilute with a diffusing of reality.

'Maybe you are right.
None of us have heard it stated that way.
We have spent millions,
On the upkeep of images...
And outdated appearances.
With a hope our efforts would influence,
Those times we wish unchanged to stay...
With us forever,
In a never-to-age-land of fantasies.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Uprising Of Conflicts

How profound,
Statements made in the past...
Have come back to trespass,
To capture imaginations...
With undivided attention given to them.

'Chickens have come home to roost.'
Boasted one from a pulpit,
To cause an uproar to despise him.

'The practice of cowardice when facing racial tensions.'
One had mentioned to declare a people,
And their daily affairs to describe denials everywhere.

But it is all out there!
As if prophets had prescribe them.
Leaving bliss and ignorance no longer a satisfying mix.
In a world where lives are being afflicted,
By the uprising of conflicts based upon race,
AND religious sentiments.

How profound,
Statements made in the past...
Have come back to trespass,
To capture imaginations...
With undivided attention given to them.
And yet there are still those carrying their pretentions,
That none of this exists.

But it is all out there!
As if prophets had prescribe them.
Leaving bliss and ignorance no longer a satisfying mix.
In a world where lives are being afflicted,
By the uprising of conflicts based upon race,
AND religious sentiments.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Urgent Revisiting Of It

If 'that' which should have been in place,
Is not and slips away.
Because of a hesitating procrastination,
With excuses prioriticized and made!
A rushing done today,
That should have taken time...
Those days before yesterday.
Can be thought of opportunities,
That came and faded to be erased.

There is nothing that will be done tomorrow,
With a necessity that comes...
That allows one to chase.
It just silences the support,
For the significance of importance!
And a significance that drifts,
Can be revived...
With an insistence that invites,
The urgent revisiting of it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Validity Of Truth

Fewer people are discovered and heard,
Arguing over the validity of a truth they see...
To witness.

Clearly there is a division of a consciousness,
Existing.
Opposed to the one,
Many insist that is wished.

Headed towards an abyss solicited,
Are those with beliefs delusions they can keep.
Although awaiting with an obvious permanance,
Are the facts of life to awaken those asleep.

Fewer people are discovered and heard,
Arguing over the validity of a truth they see...
To witness.
And those unaware their pretentions kept,
Will eventually leave them with no life left to live.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Value Of Compromise Goals

A decision to park and drive
Anyway one pleases
In a relationship of two
When one chooses to stop and go
With a doing of what they want to do,
Is not worth having the patience
To toot a horn and become forlorn,
Whenever a blocking is being done.

It is better to back up and find,
Another route to take to ease one's mind.
Since someone in this union sits,
With wishes of wanting to direct!
And this is a stubborn situation,
In which one wants total control.
And is lost in the meaning of relationships,
To understand the value of compromise goals.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Value Of Ethics

If a duck quacks and waddles,
Wearing a top hat while quacking...
But without a single fact quacked,
How can this duck hide its back...
With beliefs like that.

If a duck quacks and waddles,
Wearing a top hat while quacking...
And yet,
Disguises as a zebra amongst elephants...
To have others guess,
While sipping on champagne with donkeys...
Can this be considered a mess?
Or does this reflect an acceptance?
Representing the value of ethics.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Value Of Kept Faith

Anyone who has overcomed,
Being laughed at when they were young...
Or bullied to be picked on,
To begin a healing process...
Mental scars can leave to digest,
Is not the one who can be hardly depicted...
As someone who has achieved their success,
With accepting fear and not taking forward steps.
Or the living of having a protected lucky life.
Lies like that may be told but reality it isn't.

Anyone who has overcomed,
The erasing of obstacles and facing dysfunctions...
And on a daily basis eliminating opposition,
Without this to complain about or mention it...
Is not the one to be reminded,
Of the value of kept faith.
Or the price to pay and what it takes,
To keep peace of mind obtained to stay that way...
As a perspective respected,
With a having of no regrets to confess them expressed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Veils

The death of long lasting ignorance,
Has produced an increase od demons...
With razor sharp teeth and claws to clinch,
A squeezing done with a menacing sought...
To get those of intelligence to surrender,
And succumb...
To a teasing of temptating wickedness,
That will affix them to addictions...
They will never overcome.

The death of long lasting ignorance,
Seeks to find devoted representatives...
Eager to permit a continuance of conflicts,
Useless and senseless...
Although perceived to bring to them benefit.

The death of long lasting ignorance,
Keeps those afraid to stand tall and brave.
Especially the ones,
Severed from identities thought and taught.
With beliefs their existence has no significance.

The death of long lasting ignorance,
Comes.
To remove the veils,
Thick to cover eyes either clouded or closed...
With an opening of minds to propose to many,
They need not accept the feeding of deceptions.
Or follow beliefs to appease any 'deity'...
With wishes to see them on bended knees.
Restricted to limits in a worshipped loyalty.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Very Best Of Kept Threats

I am not here to seek fear.
With nothing else to do,
But to prove it can be done.
I 'Am' here for a purpose.
Like others I have not imagined,
With a proving as life is witnessed...
Possibilities are not impossible...
For those who have been given life,
With more to do besides invite strive.

Although...
Many have come to discover successfully,
Others who too are convinced with it confirmed...
They are restricted to limitation and impossibilities.
And with them done to be done to serve defeat,
They have created their own fences and divisions...
To ensure their limitations are protected to defend,
As they continue to create,
The very best of kept threats their lives can get.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Very Best Of Their Addicting Fictions

A writer who plays with politics,
Is not the same,
As a politician who writes...
To have people read to see it known,
The very best of their addicting fictions told.

And a writer who recites to speak,
May sound as if he could preach.
And from pulpits quote...
The very best of their addicting fictions told.
And no one would ever know.

With eyes closed,
Who should they follow.
Who is perceived to lead.
With eyes closed.
And who...
Eventually is discovered to have credibility,
With the telling of the truth.
Words delivered as they are and not dressed,
In a tailored suit and silk tie with spit shined shoes.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Visit

It's not that I want everything for nothing.
I just want a part of you,
I value.
That side of you clouded by your moods.
I don't see often enough.
Only when you decide you have fed your solitude.
To thank me for a patience...
I don't understand myself.
I just see something else,
I choose not to be near.

I only wish before you express bitterness...
To let me in!
But you are too quick to let anger slip from your lips.
And I am left alone to defend our relationship!
Do I need this?
Am I that much in love with you,
To feel I should remain patriotic and brave in combat?

Don't laugh.
I am serious.
You have me feeling like that at times.
Like I am walking through a minefield...
Prepared for ambush!

Whatever that is that occurs with you each month...
Needs to warn me that it is coming!
Even the pets...
They too refuse to come near you.

What can we do to improve upon 'the visit'...
When it comes again?
And, honey...
Is it possibe,
That you can give me a date and hour of its next arrival?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Voice Within You No Longer Sits

If it is 'something' they wish to get,
From you...
Some will be direct.
And others will leave you suspecting it.
Since from them you never receive a call,
Or a visit.

So right away from them,
You begin to feel suspicious.
Until the bushes have been beaten enough...
And the voice within you no longer sits.
You hear it blurt out, 'What is it that you want?
What is it? What is it? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Votes Are In

The votes are in.
It appears as though,
The ones receiving more from life...
Are those not burden,
By a carrying on their shoulders...
A methodical mythical way to live.
With a happiness that shows upon them,
Dancing to live with that sparkle still twinkling...
In their unclouded eyes.

And...on the other hand,
Strange enough as it is...
Those with bills,
Piling up as they sit...
In those big fancy homes marooned on lush hills,
Seem more concerned about the basics...
They wish today they didn't leave behind.
As the times climb the trails to knock,
On those 'French' designed and custom made doors.

'Are you a materialistic capitalist on these shores?
Or are you just a bling wearing socialist,
Caring less who wears the titles...
As long as you get what it is you need,
Mingling amongst all 'wannabee' socialites?
Hmmm?
Which one are you?
How do you fit in with all of this,
Toxic display of diversity? '

~Good observation.
Certain things I like to keep private.
Where is the bathroom? ~

'Just to the left of that exit sign.
Hope everything comes out okay.
And just as you wish and hoped to find.'

~How appropriate placed and stated.

Your comments.
And the exit.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Way I Now Do

I will not chase someone who runs away.
Or give a thought to disobey my Maker...
Not today!
No,
Not today.

If anybody wants to stray...
It's okay.
My faith keeps me strong,
And deep in beliefs that pleases.

I've knocked around with rocks a lot.
Thinking that was my destiny.
I had to shake away from that kind of rot.
It brought me nothing but misery,
To grieve.

I gave up my craving for waste.
And a taste for madness that I came to hate.
I couldn't appreciate myself...
The way I now do.

I will not chase someone who runs away.
Or give a thought to disobey my Maker...
Not today!

I've knocked around with rocks a lot.
Thinking that was my destiny.
I had to shake away from that kind of rot.
It brought me nothing but misery,
To grieve.

I gave up my craving for waste.
And a taste for madness that I came to hate.
I couldn't appreciate myself...
The way I now do.

I couldn't appreciate myself...
The way I now do.

In the way...
I now do!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Way This Life Is

Judgements you make and place on others,
Not living up to your expectations...
Should help you in doing some self reflection.

If you do the initiating,
That has come with others in mind to respect...
In many cases,
Your respect given will be returned.

However,
If your practice is initiating doing what you please...
In a disregard of those needs and wishes of others,
That judgement you placed...
With an erasing done through selective memory,
Will get those similar deeds done back to you.

And that,
Is the way this life is!
You give what you eventually get.
Not what your perceive you should receive!
Especially,
When a thoughtfulness shown...
Is not a custom but a rarity!

When one gets their own act together,
Pieces have a way of falling into place.
And that...
Is the way,
This life is.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The We Poem And Other Compositions

We can not be us together.
Whenever the storm begins to break...
You want then to confuse.
Like raindrops in clear sky and bright Sun.
What is going on?
You refuse to be 'we' then.

A beginning of shade comes.
A building of a wall of ice...
Is felt.
You freeze me out!
Your shouts do not warm.
And you feel I should love to lick,
The biting lips of an icicle?
'Do you see...
Kick Me In The Butt,
Written anywhere on my forehead?
And you think that puts me in the mood...
To write a heartfelt sonnet,
Seduced filled opus...
Called 'The We Poem'? '

With sincere eye contact!

We can not be us together.
Whenever the storm begins to break...
You want then to confuse.
Like raindrops in clear sky and bright Sun.
What is going on?
You refuse to be 'we' then.

We can not be 'us' together.
If we can not stop opening the door to exit.
Instead of blocking nonsense from getting in.
Patient I've been.
I know this was no joke the first day we began.
Whenever we get like this...
Don't you see my right eyebrow lift?
Like this! ?

Is there anything familiar with that scene at all?
How about if I stood on the window ledge?
Or if I just sat there singing 'We've Only Just Begun'
In 'G' flat since that's the key you and I sang,
Duets.

I was two inches away from a window leap!
Thatclose from jumping out.
That mouth of yours with cold shoulders...
Fangs exposed,
And your fingernails reminded me of claws...
On moisterized hands.
Baby...
You can be frightening.
But I don't feel why there's a need to run.

'Could you see me writing 'The We Poem'
Running through a darkened tunnel...
Trying to escape from the scent of a lunatic?
I am not that creative!
Trust me.
And I am fearing for my life too? '
Baby...
You just ain't yourself,
This time of the month.

We don't have menstrual periods together.
God did not bring us together to have that experience!
Did He?
I am not that magical.
Not even for you.
But I can't seem to get away from 'that'.
An entrapment that keeps me hooked by magic.

I wish you knew the many moments I cried.
Wondering why I could not find the guts,
To leave you.
I would love to see us get a 'We Poem' done.
To rhyme with lines we recognize and dialogue.
We can not be us together.
Whenever the storm begins to break...
If we do not learn not to hesitate to show,

Steam heat should always be prepared to blow hot...
Dropping it to cool down.
Enough to touch without getting 3rd degree burns.
But you make me wish I had flight tickets.
Or could say, 'Abracadabra! Do me a quick disappearance! '
And I would be safe.
And you would be...
Free of me!

Why can't I find the guts to leave you?
Or write 'The We Poem'
And be done with it?
Why am I the one wanting more not to be 'about' us?
I know I should care.
But I am starting to care less.
Wanting more from you to be a WE, I guess.
Who knows?
I've already thought of other compositions.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Weight It Takes

The weight it takes,
For me to place my steps...
Will still be mine to make,
When and where I do it.
When and where I do it!

Chicago or on the shores of South Africa.
At the tip of its cape.
Or on the dunes of Cape Cod.

The weight it takes,
For me to place my steps...
Will still be mine to make,
When and where I do it.
When and where I do it!

In my own comfort zone.
Alone in my home.
Or if I decide to roam the streets,
Of Paris, France.
Whether I dance with abandonment...
Barefoot on floors,
Or receiving awards for recognition...
For something done,
My labors won!

The weight it takes,
For me to place my steps...
Will still be mine to make,
When and where I do it.
When and where I do it!
And when and where I choose to do it...
This will not be a decision of yours!

The weight it takes,
For me to place my steps...
Will still be mine to make,
When and where I do it.
When and where I do it!

And only God can see to it,
With blessings He has given!
And not when 'you' see fit,
That this is allowed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The 'Weird' Child

I was the 'weird' child.
You know...
The odd one out!
The one with chores and responsibilities.
The one all the kids would laughed at,
When I had to stay home...
Sometimes with my sister and I alone.
And told not to answer the door or telephone.
And if we did...
'You'll be sorry for that,
When I get back.'
My mother would say.
In a way that was understood.

And when my mother and father would return...
No excuses were made,
Or jokes told.

If the floor wasn't swept...
A frown I would get from mom.
If I forgot to line the garbage can with newspaper.
I was told to empty it.
Wash it quick...
And do it without a sound.
And I was grounded,
If I looked as if I wanted to say something about it.
My father 'tried' to be strict.
But my mother handled the 'raising' business.

My mama had us go get a 'switch'.
From a bush.
Strip it.
And whipped us with it.
If we did not do what mama said!

I was the 'weird' child.
Made to feel different then by my peers.
And today I see many of them,
That bring me to tears.

They don't know how to do anything...
But complain!
And when mama would lift up that switch,
Prepared to swing it...
I gritted my teeth.
And I closed my eyes.

But she was the one that ended up crying.
My sister and I would look at each other...
As if to wonder why.

~She whipped us...
And she's crying? ~

'Sssshhh. Shut up! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Whole World Watches

The whole world watches,
The downslide of a greatness hyped.
A greatness photographed...
Staged and highlighted,
To fantasize what life lived...
Could be and delight.

The whole world watches,
As tears cried from eyes...
Can not keep hearts broken,
Repeatedly by deceivers...
Promoting their lies and alibis,
When truth denied becomes an honesty...
Before unseen and thought offensive.

But today the whole world watches,
And those who spoke of the truth existing...
Hidden behind smiles baring capped teeth,
Are no longer regarded as mavericks or misfits...
Since what the world sees,
Is more realistic than misfits depict.

'They had the whole world,
In their hands.
They had the whole wide world,
In their hands.
They had the whole world,
In their hands...
Until deception brought them to their knees.
Untill deception brought them to their knees.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Winds Have Shifted

Why are you expressing your concern,
For the needs of others...
Now?
When those needs have been pronounced,
Long before you thought they should...
Be to you announced.

Why do you express now such empathy?
Is it because you feel,
Your sudden needs should take priority?

It is no mystery that the winds have shifted.
And upon your eyes,
Those storm clouds have come to drift.
When the Sun above your head shone bright...
You showed no concern for those in blight.

Why do you express now such empathy?
Is it because you feel,
Your sudden needs should take priority?

Why are you expressing your concern,
For the needs of others...
Now?
When those needs have been pronounced,
Long before you thought they should...
Be to you announced.

When did you discover,
Others deceived also suffered.
When did you realize,
Those days would come...
When you would be agonized,
With a suffering done!

It is no mystery that the winds have shifted.
And upon your eyes,
Those storm clouds have come to drift.
When the Sun above your head shone bright...

You showed no concern for those in blight.

But now you call for all to fight,
For equality and human rights!
But when you slept sound and peacefully those nights,
You knew not of hunger or homelessness!
Or just a bite of anything to soothe an appetite.

When did you discover,
Others deceived also suffered.
When did you realize,
Those days would come...
When you would be agonized,
With a suffering done!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Winner Of This Battle

It's those...
Emotions we must conquer.
Emotions we must conquer.
Emotions we must conquer.

It's those...
Emotions we must conquer.
Emotions we must conquer.
Emotions we must conquer,
With a chasing away.

And...
The winner of this battle,
Doesn't ride on a saddle.
Or wear outfits,
To impress anybody they've got it licked.

The winner of this battle,
Doesn't ride on a saddle.
Or wear outfits,
To impress anybody they've got it licked.

Some do not expose,
Their woes on their sleeves.
With a showing they can be compose,
To a degree.

Although they may struggle,
With many troubles...
People like this don't deny,
They don't seek a ride to hide...
And rush away on alibis.

The winner of this battle,
Doesn't ride on a saddle.
Or wear outfits,
To impress anybody they've got it licked.

The winner of this battle,

Doesn't ride on a saddle.
Or wear outfits,
To impress anybody they've got it licked.

It's those...
Emotions we must conquer.
Emotions we must conquer.
Emotions we must conquer.

And the winner of this of this battle,
Are those...
Emotions that are conquered.
Emotions that are conquered.
Emotions that are conquered.

The winner of this battle...
Are those emotions that are conquered.
Emotions that are conquered.
Emotions that are conquered.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Wishfulness Of Their Own Deaths

With an attempt to defeat,
Their own demise they amongst themselves.
Have clearly created.
They.
Those of brilliance and of stated greatness,
Imploded from within.

With an understated division,
Biased by racism
They take liberties to expose their incompetence,
To those around the world.
Looking in on them.

With an attempt to defeat,
Their own demise they amongst themselves.
Have clearly created.
Whatever respect that is believed they have earned,
Shows their wish to control and rule the world.
An effort that has destroyed,
Visions of this attempt that brings to them an end.

The question to ask from all who now see,
How these deceiving tasks bleed needlessly.
Is a gluttony wish to achieve,
By a few who view themselves powerful with greed...
Worthy of a destuction to come,
To have such an ignorance welcome?
And if it is those tears wept.
Will haunt not the weak,
But those who implemented unconsciously.
The wishfulness of their own deaths.

And.
This just might be,
The solution to correct.
The spreading of their mental disease.
To leave humanity eventually with a wholesome.
And one respected by all that's lived in peace.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Witness

One day I 'know' I am going to find
That someone in my life
Who will appreciate me for who I am
And not who they believe I am suppose to be
For them
To be in their lives

Many years ago when I decided I would stop,
Using God
To allow God use me
I realized exactly what I wanted
It became easier for me to see
And although it is 'still' a struggle mentally
I am making attempts to be temptation free
That
Is not easy
Living in a world set up with obstacles
And paths to deceit and defeat

But
One day I 'know' I am going to find
That someone in my life
Who will appreciate me for who I am
And not who they believe I am suppose to be
For them
To be in their lives
And God is going to be The Witness of this gift bestowed

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Wonderful Thing About Critics

The wonderful thing about critics,
They know exactly that which is not.
And can not produce that which is!
Nothing that expresses talent.
But 'critique' with ability...
They seem to have a knack for it.
As if it is picked,
Straight from their insecurity chest!
There with the other judgements kept!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The 'Word' Is The Word

The 'word' is the word.
Whether it is heard,
Or the hearing of it is ignored.
The purpose of it is to comprehend.
Not to defend against,
The one who delivers it.
Or the ones who pretend,
There is a better definition.
Or is in need from others,
Their interpretation.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Work Of Demons

I could care less,
How popular negativity is.
Or the sharing of it to spread.
It's just not my thing.
Or backstabbing to lie.
Especially folks I don't know.
And those I know who do this,
Are the ones left to wonder...
Why their activities,
Get the attention of gossipers.
But not the positive community,
Unity...
They make claims is needed,
Whenever they leave...
Feeling self righteous,
After some religious ceremony.
To be reminded,
Of the difference between...
The work of demons,
And 'Christianity'.
Although...
Many will continue, Participating...
Sitting to do both,
As if playing a sport.
And for so many division is.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The 'Woulda Coulda' Syndrome

Even though you can not see it...
Tomorrow is there.
It has its own agenda waiting!
You can not prepare for tomorrow.
How can you?
You still haven't prepared for today!
Even though there's time...
You want to sit and whine about yesterday!
How much of it have you changed?
Other than the rearranged circumstances.
Enhancing excuses with priorities!
The 'woulda coulda' syndrome
That 'shoulda oughta' been done...
By now!
Even though you can not see it...
It's not waiting for you to make up your mind!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Wounds Of...

The wounds of...
Those in secret and themselves bleed.
The wounds of,
People who in silence believe...
They must not,
Share their own griefs.
And choose to weep,
On their own.
All alone.
And...

There when others are in need.
To heal from...
Their own pains,
Inside and kept unseen.
To never...
Have them revealed.
Because they feel,
This is wrong!
And not strong,
To...

Share miseries to leave!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Wrong Address

I apologize.
But you have caught me,
At a most inconvenient time.
Now...
Who or what was that you say,
You are looking for?

'I am looking for pity.
I was told to knock on your door.'

Pity?
You have the wrong address.
Although I did briefly meet pity.
But pity isn't here.
To live and never did.

'But I...'

However...
I will admit,
Anger and bitterness had been...
Room-mates of mine at one time.
But they had to go.
No benefit with me,
Did they leave behind to show.

Yet they did make attempts,
Bringing their baggage...
To pack on 'my' back to stack.
As if I was going to tolerate that.
I couldn't take the complaining.
With no one willing to listen.
And when I began to comprehend,
Out the door that had to go.
To leave me alone with a purpose.
More clear to me and it to show.

You have the wrong address.
Whoever told you to expect,

Either pity, anger or bitterness here.
With it to visit, 'whine' and on my time.
To find laying around me comfortably,
For you to share and over stay a visit?
Forget it.

You have the wrong address.
And at this time my time is not available.
To use at my expensive.
Or at your convenience to waste it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Wrong Direction

It doesn't matter which foot,
One chooses to use...
To move in the wrong direction.
Eventually both feet,
Will be found sharing the doing,
Equally.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The 'Yes' People

What has happened to those,
Who openly expessed their opinions?
Those who spoke about and exposed injustices?

'They were escorted out of town.'

And the folks over there,
With those glazed eyes.
And appearing surprisingly happy?

'They are referred to as the 'yes' people.
They are only allowed to complain,
Amongst themselves.'

And you?
Who are you?

'Me?
I am one of the many tourists,
Who pay good money annually...
To watch this attraction.'

But you 'must' feel an obligation to stop this?
You do...don't you?

'Well,
I do admit there is a conflict of interest.
On the one hand I feel I should do something.

However...
I am told,
Part of the fee I pay...
Goes towards the wardrobes the people wear.

And as I understand it,
The 'officials' are able to claim them as property.
Which helps pay the town's taxes.

And the people could care less,

As long as they are fed and dressed.
With weekends off to drink and party! '

Oh.
Oh?
OH! !

So I do feel I am participating to affect a good cause.

Oh.
Oh?
OH! !

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The Younger Ones

The younger ones,
Do not wish any part of it.
The fragmentation solicited...
Or the family divisiveness.

They have witnessed what the elders have done.
And this has made many of them turn away quick.
Because the younger ones wish,
Not to have any of the negative rifts!

They have witnessed what the elders have done.
And the elders are the ones that do not get it!
The younger ones,
Do not wish any part of this.

In their hearts and in their minds,
The youngers ones may not express it.
But their actions are quite dramatic.
And observing that is obvious and emphatic.
The younger ones have had it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Theatrics

A captivated audience is easier to trick,
With surprising theatrics.
Than those who have rehearsed,
The implementing of fear to test periodically...
For the effectiveness of reactions expected.

'We did it!
Finally we got a standing ovation.
Everyone sat on the edge of their seats.
We must keep this momentum at its peak,
Every performance.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The-Bad-Taste-It-Makes

When it comes,
It comes not to leave.
It seems to stay there eternally.

When it comes,
It's hard to breathe free.
Eventually it's shown on one's sleeve.

Heartbreak!
No fake the aching.
Or escape,
The wounds inflicted hard to shake.

Heartbreak!
No fake the chasing.
Or erase,
The bad taste it makes.

When it comes,
It's hard to breathe free.
Eventually it's shown on one's sleeve.

Heartbreak!
So hard it is to go away.
Heartbreak!
No fake the aching.
Or escape,
The bad taste it makes.

When it comes,
It comes not to leave.
It seems to stay there eternally.

Heartbreak!
No fake the chasing.
Or eliminate,
The-bad-taste-it-makes.

When it comes,

It comes not to leave.
Heartbreak!
No fake the aching.
Heartbreak!
No fake the chasing.

When it comes,
It comes not to leave.
Heartbreak!
No fake the aching.
Heartbreak!
No fake the chasing.

When it comes,
It comes not to leave.
It seems to stay there eternally.

Heartbreak!
No fake the chasing.
Or eliminate,
The-bad-taste-it-makes.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

'Thee' Reality

There is 'thee' reality.
And then,
There are those who campaign,
Resisting its existence.

The votes are in.
Again another campaign ends.

Battered, crippled and bruised,
Truth barely survives.
Yet continues to defy,
Delusions kept fantasized.
And needing no executive order,
To misrepresent its presence.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Theft No One Suspects

There are those shallow who will steep,
To darkened levels hoping to receive...
An attention felt deserving to get.
And with no regret detected,
Use theft no one suspects.
With an evilness kept at such depth,
Effectively suppressed and finessed.

With an aim to steal credit,
From another with smiles but is victimized.
With no acknowledgement at all,
What is produced in duress and told lies...
Is about to be stolen,
By one who smiles but hides...
A wolf under sheep disguise.

And the doing of nothing but sit on their rears,
Are those who fantasize the hearing of cheers.
And if denied their eyes begin to tear.
With hopes to get an empathy that's wished,
By those blind by deceivers...
Who are unable to sense dishonestness.
Or intentions of this expressed.

And the doing of nothing but sit on their rears,
Are those who fantasize the hearing of cheers.
While those who produce in duress and told lies...
Do not recognize the ones who hide,
An effective evilness kept...
Over a wolf disguised by yet classified.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Their Accusations Made

Help me understand this.
They are angered by the messengers,
Who delivered messages they did not heed?
I realize to them this makes sense.
However...
In the real world,
In which most of us make attempts to live in...
Their accusations made,
Are as pointless as blaming the actions of Mother Nature...
On the current President.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Their Actions Never Made Sense

'What is the matter?
You look as if you've been told a joke? '

No.
But you can look at it that way.
I just spoke to a fool.

'Oh? '

Yeah.
Accused me of being aloof and distant.
As if I thought I was better than the others.
As if I did not want to be bothered with them.

'You're not talking about those same people?
Why don't you just ignore them? '

I try but I can't.
It was great when they ignored me,
And walked around with their noses in the air.
In fact,
I welcomed it
They believed me to be beneath them.

'What changed? '

I guess they discovered I didn't care.
And I was totally happy with peace of mind.

'Is that why you're smiling? '

For the most part.
I was just chastised,
For not accepting an invitation.

'Chastised?
That doesn't make a bit of sense.'

That's why I'm smiling.

I was just told,
I offended those in the clique.
You know...
The ones in the 'inner circle'?
The movers and shakers?
The same folks who announced I was a joke?

'But why are they bothering you? '

That's why I'm smiling.
It took this this long to realize they are crazed.
And 'now' that it has been validated...
They believe I am worthy to be embraced.

'That doesn't make a bit of sense! '

Would you stop saying that!
That's why I am smiling.
Their actions never made sense,
From the beginning.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Their Aim Is To Blame

They decided to induce
A form of ignorance
That kept them seduced
To comforts now rusting
And minds long detached.
Their aim is to blame
The doers of misdeeds.
But they can not remove them,
From their homes to do it!
Or claim those they deemed ignorant...
For leaving unpaid bills,
To stack against their paint chipping doors!
And the government is not listening either.
Since its debts are foreign financed!
To keep thoughts of greatness enhanced.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Their Biggest Challenge Ever

The only thing left was reality
For the survivors to deal with!
It was their biggest challenge ever...
Since a few had never traveled there before!

But for the majority who sought definition...
This discovery had the promise,
To keep them honest...
Trustworthy and accountable!

And none were ready,
For these traumatic revelations
To be experienced!
Without testing!

How would the rats react?
Some thought!

That's why a planning committee was discussed,
And developed
To initiate a feasibility study.
And ways to implement its findings.
If deemed suitable for mass consumption!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Their Closest Relatives

People hypnotized and transfixed,
Have grown more accustomed
To their movie productions.
And those creative emotional TV shows.

So accustomed to myths,
People are.
And the praying to what is believed,
To what has been embedded
In their minds,
Exists.

People do not wish to be told,
About the thought process of Nature.
And how that goes.
Or about Earth and Mother Nature.
The relationship between them.
How that works and what they know.

People wish and desire to accept,
They are more powerful
Than that which 'allowed' them life,
And gave to them breath.
People reject with a dismissing of this,
That which gifted them and permitted their lives.

People have grown more accustomed,
To their movie productions.
And those creative emotional TV shows.
Yet,
Give zero respect to their closest relatives.
The Sun, The Moon
And how together,
They affect their lives lived here on Earth.

People have chosen to become accustomed,
To ignoring as if they do not hear or listen.
Or are aware of them with comprehension.

People choose not to accept this as is.
People choose to believe from that which exist,
They are not born from it.
People choose for themselves to believe,
For them
There is no connection to perceive.
Even though what is they can not conceive,
Flows through their veins and bleeds!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Their Cups No Longer Runneth Over

No one is entitled to take,
From anyone...
What is not theirs,
To take in the making.

And those who believe,
They are owed thieving priviledges...
Will one day become overwhelmed,
By their undoing done.

As the depth of the true debt they will pay,
From that taking away that has been displayed...
To fill their cups,
No longer runneth over.

'Do you believe what I've been giving to you,
I've been getting from the trees? '

~...and,
You are going to tell me you haven't?
This is too traumatic for me.
Well...
From where has the feeding of my excess,
Come? ~

'Not from the trees.
Although they do have an abundance of leaves.
It has not been from the trees the feeding of your excess,
Has come...
To give you the delusion,
That a thumbing of your nose is deserved by anyone.'

~What is going to be done? ~

'Your raking of those leaves.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Their Eyes Are Smiling

Hungry are the people,
Who seek to rid their fences.
They wish to heal a brokenness...
That aided their indifference.
And quickly they awaken,
From their foolishness and defenses.

Clearing misunderstandings,
Are sought with a demanding.
Something in the air,
Is making all aware...
A forgiveness is now commanding!

Being chased away is evil!
The demons can feel their ending.
No longer are they given,
Ears willing to give them a listen.
Their days are numbered and so are they.
And they are holding onto strategies...
That are slowly fading away!

Hungry are the people,
Who seek to rid their fences.
They wish to heal a brokenness...
That aided their indifference.
And quickly they awaken,
From their foolishness and defenses.
And their eyes are smiling!
As divisions between them abide and subside!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Their Eyes Are The Ones Beginning To Clear

There are a few days left,
To experience unabridged sanity...
Folks.

A desperation to free oneself,
Of any accountability has begun,
To provoke.

And protestors everywhere,
Wish to invoke the notion of irresponsibility...
With jokes told on others.

But their eyes are the ones filled with tears.
Yes their eyes are the ones beginning to clear,
To see their own misdeeds.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Their Greatest Achievements

The tragedy is not in the aftermath,
When ruins are created to be experienced.
The tragedy experienced is admitting,
The aftermath had opportunities to be avoided.

And those addicted to ceremonies,
To praise themselves...
Are the most likely to find what they've done,
Historically considered to be their greatest achievements.

No need to seek to locate the evidence.
An awakening provides an abundance of proof.
Although sadly enough,
Many enjoy the parading of the pomp and circumstance.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Their Invested Interests

With their devilish misdeeds taken to new heights,
And unlimited liberties to fight against those...
Introducing ambitious directions that began to unfold.
Many thought that fighting to maintain more of a control,
Would open new doors and pave new roads...
That represented their inexperienced mindsets,
And where they wished to go to obtain success.

With their devilish misdeeds taken to new heights,
And unlimited liberties to fight against those...
Introducing ambitious directions that began to unfold.
Deceivers got their way to prevent with a stubbornness.
And today it clearly shows their invested interests.
As a repeating of a mediocrity that has slowed a progress...
Those blinded could not see has stopped all opportunities.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Their Knack For Doing That

Agents unconsciously sent,
To demonize others with their skills...
Aren't aware that their knack for doing that,
Is associated with a need to find themselves victimized.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Their Main Focus And Purpose

Their main focus and purpose in life,
Is what's between somebody's legs.
Up their rear ends, in their mouths...
Size of chest, arms, thighs,
And caring less what is in their heads.
The outsourcing and downsizing done,
Effectively started with a dumbdowning first.

And for some reason,
The dysfunctions of the people have become prioritized...
As a way of perceiving themselves as normal 'creatures'.
With concerns as to who is straight giving that image,
And not one of them capable of providing proof...
A thought they have in their heads,
Originated as a result of their own initiative.

But quick they are to accept anything heard,
Or thrown in their faces as evidence that qualifies them...
As being no lost relative of Einstein.
Their noses are too smashed in the cracks,
Of other people's business.
So much so that trash has collected in stacks,
In their own homes.
With a cleaning of a stench that reeks as if,
Someone inside of it doesn't know a thing about hygiene.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Their Mindsets Have Been Fixed Upon Self Reflection

They were told.
They were WARNED!
And they,
Ignored.
But...
The hyprocrites found time to pray.

And prayed they did and some all day,
To have things 'specifically' done their way.
Believing themselves to be left in charge to command.
And across the land,
They popularized their misdeeds.
With an increasing arrogance that kept others oppressed.
Believing themselves to be blessed...
To perform acts of stubbornness,
Instead of selecting to perform acts of correctness.

They were told.
They were WARNED!
And they,
Ignored.
But...
The hyprocrites found time to pray.

And today...
They collect themselves in groups to protest.
Upset by the truth that has come their way.
And today,
Their mindsets have been fixed upon self reflection.
But not a mirror will get them to see,
An overdue need...
To self examine with an honesty they can not face.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Their Nickel Plated Copper Spoons

Have you ever gone to a place,
Besides an amusement park...
To notice how effective,
An unchanged mentality...
Can have and leave impressed,
On an environment refusing to address it!

The minds of the people are stuck in time zones.
A past is more vividly remembered,
Than a living is done in the HERE and NOW!
And socially the majority of the people,
Have subsidized mindsets.
With a faithfulness attached...
To what is believed are assets.

Like one's physical appearance,
Brings a disrespecting laughter heard...
From those raised to believe,
Their nickel plated copper spoons...
Are actually made out of one hundred percent silver!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Their Own Agendas

Slow to awaken,
They are surprise no one is there...
To take them on a tour,
Through reality.

They are quite shock to find themselves,
Completely ignored.
As if invisible to those who pass...
With their own agendas.
With no time to deal with those
Into a self inflicted existence.

And now they expect attention?
To accomplish what and for what reason?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Their Own Expense

Their flaws are now exposed.
And they are fighting tooth and nail,
To keep them camouflaged.
And the oddest thing about that is...
They have become enraged,
At their own expense!
Or a growing lack of common sense,
That has become expensive...
To hide convincingly,
So it seems!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Their Own Way Of Life

Decadence does not undecandent itself.
Overnight.
Or enlighten those to brush themselves up,
To sparkle gleamy and bright...
As if to Spring clean.
That is not a part of their insight.
Or will ever be detected.

A faltered conspiracy,
Comes to infest...
Those who have digressed,
With an unexpected outcome!

That which has been inflicted...
Sits now on the backs of those who conspired,
To plot and plant their contrived manipulations...
With an affect that diseases their own blood.
Their own way of life.
Their own survival!

And they can not see it...
Because they were raised to bait hate!
And make claims they can no longer pay for now.
Leaving those they had segregated from,
Wishing for them to stay away.
And feed from their own resources.

'They will never be able to survive doing that! '

~They've been told they can do anything they please.
Even ruin themselves on their own propaganda.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Their Prayers Are Going Unanswered

Rights, freedoms and entiltlements?
Sure.
Take a left at that next light.
Park your car.
Walk five miles.
Then take a right.
Follow the people seen walking...
And you will find exactly what you wish.

'But...
Wouldn't that bring me back,
To where I started?
Still seeking what I've been promised?
Hey...
Those directions leads me,
Right back here.'

NO?
You're kidding?
And you did that,
Without wasting any gas.

I am the one blessed.
I've been standing here,
Waiting to meet a thinker.
And people will say,
Their prayers are going unanswered.

I tell you...
I am a witness.
If you are patient and wait long enough,
You too can have this experience.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Their Roads Have Gotten Bumpy

Remember when you thought it was a thing,
To do to people.
With a rushing to crush me.
And not getting enough!

Remember when you thought it was a thing,
To be so evil.
With a rushing to crush me.
And not getting enough!

But today,
People are more than afraid...
Of a suffering through paybacks.

Remember when you thought it was a thing,
To do to people.
With a rushing to crush me.
And not getting enough!

Remember when you thought it was a thing,
To be so evil.
With a rushing to crush me.
And not getting enough!

But today,
People are more than afraid...
Of a suffering through paybacks.
But from not from those that they've attacked.
Their roads have gotten bumpy,
And they've fallen through cracks.
Their roads have gotten bumpy,
And they've fallen through cracks.

Remember when you thought it was a thing,
To do to people.
With a rushing to crush me.
And not getting enough!

But today,

People are more than afraid...
Of a suffering through paybacks.
But from not from those that they've attacked.
Their roads have gotten bumpy,
And they've fallen through cracks.
Yes their roads have gotten bumpy,
And they've fallen through cracks.
Yes their roads have gotten bumpy,
And they've fallen through cracks.
All their roads have gotten bumpy...
And they've fallen through cracks.
All their roads have gotten bumpy...
And they're trying to crawl back.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Their Self Righteous Mess-Part One

What is now widely known...
The hoodwink with bamboozling.
The private jets and corporate theft.
The cheating and lieing,
Over generations of deceit.
Those who used their influence to gain.
While homelessness and hunger...
Increased upon urban streets.

Character assassinations,
And defamations done.
The rise of racism...
Among the low and middle class,
Both now trashed and smelling like dung.

And the economy now bleeding,
Fast speeding to hit the rocks!
With a black President named Barack Obama...
Now telling those who 'had'
They are going to give it up...
All their ill gotten wealth,
Pocketed and locked...
In private stocks.

They are going to share,
Like it or not!
With those they rode on the backs to feed...
Those that 'had not' he has assured,
He knows they have endured.

And he has not forgotten...
The causes of their oppression!
Some choose to label this 'socialism' aggressed.
However...
Whatever it had been called in the past,
Democracy or a protection of interests.
The ending of it all can see.
Whether or not those 'conservative'
Wish to continue their self righteous mess,

Part one!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Their Shown Rejection Is A Reflection

Is what ones does to do effectively,
More significant...
Than what one has to impress?
Have we, today, adapted to a mindset,
That what one has to possess...
Not to own but could be re-possessed,
To be witnessed as observed...
As a tax collector,
Or someone with a lien to pay off past debts...
Is given more respect to expect it,
Than someone sacrificing with no rest to get...
Just to see others receive benefit of their sweat.
And yet...
Their lack of selfishness is often neglected,
By those who effectively reject what they do.
To then say about those they have taken for granted...

'What they've done for us was just not enough.
We awaited for them to do more.
But now they've turned their backs on us to ignore.'

~Do you think anything you have done,
Could have been done better with a different approach? ~

'What do you mean?
We offered to accomodate them giving 'us' their time.
What other approach was there for us to find? '

~A showing to express a gratitude to address.~

'GRATITUDE?
They showed us nothing worthy to deserve 'that'.'

~And perhaps that is why,
Your perception of 'their' shown rejection is a reflection.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Their 'stash' Has Gone

Why are those high expectations,
Being lowered into disappointing pits?
Why is it that remorse,
Seems to be the mood of choice.
And the first thing noticed,
When heard by a spoken voice...
Further encouraged by needling critics.

To say dismay has been raised to heights,
Is to acknowledge the acceptance...
Of those living a routine of feeling recycled,
With lives they have come to despise.
And faith and hope has become a drug for some.
With many realizing their 'stash' has gone...
And no more of it to them will come.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Their Time To Do Has Been Done

Those who have made their false appearances,
Need not to be mentioned with a giving to them...
That kind of attention.
Their time to do has been done.
With a doing to others that has been shown...
To leave what has been exposed,
Eventually known.
Their time to do has been done.
With a doing not soon to undo...
That proves there has been any integrity intended.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Their Way Of Life Has Ceased

Mistake it not,
The 'haves' have dropped.
Shocked and stopping a greed...
That bleeds an economy.

Stocks and bonds and savings all,
Are tumbling fast from a highclass fall.
Scurrying to flee this,
Like mice fed on poisoned cheese.
But many have found it's much too late.
They've become fattened by their gluttony and waste.

Draped in gloom with finances gone.
Now a blame is made to continue on.
No escaping is in sight.
Enhanced mansions now scenes of blight.
Stunned are they that this has happened overnight!
But none of this seems to have curbed or disturbed...
Their appetites.
Although their way of life has ceased,
Dramatically!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Their Way Of Playing

The games people create amongst themselves to play,
To solicit with an attraction done...
To get others interested no matter who qualifies,
Eventually bores and ruins the integrity of the game.

Especially when those who are controlling of it,
Aren't competent enough...
To stay on top of what sustains the excitement,
Of the ones who have become disillusioned...
By the same game played,
That even children have come to master.

And yet those caught up in it...
Habitually addicted persist to say,
Their way of playing...
Is the only way and is the best.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Their Way With It Done

People want it their way.
With it done to insist.
And can not be convinced,
That their way to want and wish...
To get,
Can not be permitted.
Since time for their wishes,
To be done as they insist...
Has long gone from existence.
When those who were awaiting,
For them to make up their minds...
To present what it was they wanted,
THEIR way to get.
With it known to themselves...
Left them not to notice,
They were removed...
From anyone's purpose to keep it,
As a reason they should stay focused upon.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Theirs To Declare

It's not just folks in Arizona.
It is a reflection of a mindset,
Trapped in disrespect.
And lofty in self perception.

Thieves do not get the connection,
That what is taken does not to one belong.
You can locate planets and give them names...
But only the creator can make claims.

And people who believe,
They rule above and over those dictates of God...
Find themselves beset by struggles.
And in their blind consciousness,
Can not see themselves...
As defects.

It's not just folks in Arizona.
It is a reflection of a mindset,
Trapped in disrespect.
And lofty in self perception.
With a certain 'class' of folks...
Believing themselves as self righteously perfect.

And deserving to label anything on Earth and beyond,
As theirs to declare.
With destruction and conflicts they initiate to carry on.
Like any incurable disease on a rampage.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Them

Some attempt to mince moody elements,
With convincing pleas they wish to bring a cease.
And gathered opinions are just what they are...
Divided and undecisive as they were before the start.

Rude attitudes should be shown the door!
That is why it opens and closes,
On those who should be ignored!
Those with minds locked will never be unblocked.
But they wish to be included...
To further pollute situations that suit,
Them!
Flapping lips that just don't stop.
And needing their rusted hinges oiled!
Spoiled they coil ready to pop for shock!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

'Them' And 'They' Are There

'Them' and 'they' are there.
And you...
Are here!
How do you explain that?

'Was that a requirement?
I did not think that I should,
Explain!
And even if that was someone's expectation,
Who would demand I comply?
Who seeks to bestow upon me their approval?

I suggest,
If you know 'them' and 'they' are 'there'...
And I am here not caring.
Perhaps you should find out from them,
Not me...
As to 'why'?
Since you get nothing else here,
But direct eye contact!
And that wont be for too much longer.
There are deeds I must accomplish.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Them...Selves

Those who have distanced 'themselves',
From the ones who spoke truth.
And embarrassed those distanced,
Who remain sustaining delusions...
About the lives they live.
And...
For 'who'?
Must feel today they are the ones,
That have been betrayed.

Afraid to be identified with 'them'!
When it is now 'them'...
Who have always been respected for who they are.
Them...
Selves!
With an identity,
They maintain and pride.
And have never tried to hide or lie,
The obvious!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Themes Of Self Patheticness

Most of their lives they have degraded themselves.
Looked down upon their neighbors.
And desrespected their children...
By offering them a life deplete of discipline.

Today these same people,
Share grief and sorrow!
All claiming to have faith.
These same people pray in their temples...
To come out of them,
With nothing positive to say.

And yet...
With their 'down-to-Earth' outlooks,
Most of their lives they have degraded themselves.
Believing such ignorance,
Would produce floral bouquets from garbage they discard.
And remaining hopeful success would come to be bestowed.

'What about us?
No one seems to care! '

And themes of self patheticness...
Are replayed in a rhetoric that is absent of consciousness!
Or one that connects and comprehends the affects,
Of an ignorance celebrated and devoid of all expectation!
Accepting only that...
Which has been applied and nurtured,
As part of one's culture and understanding kept defended.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Then Storms Come

Truth has less meaning.
Until it affects.
Truth has less meaning.
And seems easy,
To reject...
It.

Then storms come.
To cloud and darken the sky.
And then storms come.
Leaving some to wonder why.

It's there but many turn away.
It's there but many disbelieve it.
The truth when it is on display,
Some choose...
Not to receive it.

Then storms come,
To stay.
Then storms come.

Then storms come.
To stay.
Then storms come.

Truth is there but many turn away.
Truth is there but many,
Disbelieve it.
The truth is there but many,
Turn away.
The truth is there but...
Disbelieved.

Then storms come to stay.
Then storms come,
Defining meaning of truth.

Then storms come to stay.

Then storms come,
Without approving truth to choose.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

'Then 'Why' Do You Do This? '

Do you think,
If I thought I was perfect...
I'd be walking around like a damn peacock?
Flaunting my beauty.
And capturing such magnificence,
Upon myself?
Of course not!
If I was perfect...
I would have better things to do!
And no need to do this.
Believe me.

'Then 'why' do you do this? '

BECAUSE I AM NOT PERFECT!
Geeessshhh...
Are you paying me any attention at all?

My 'bad'.
What a stupid question?
You have no choice!
I'm radiating such brilliance.
And you...
Don't move any closer.
You're 'almost' in my light!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Then Why Tease Me Like That?

'I'd like to scream as loud as I can,
At times.'

Me too.

'If it wasn't against the law,
I'd strip and jog along Main Street butt naked.
As if I was in first place in a Bare-All marathon.'

Me too!

'If someone would dare me,
I'd do it too! '

I dare you.

'Not you.
I'm talking about someone else,
Who is not talking to themselves...
Irrationally.'

Oh?
Irrah...what?
Irrationally?

So now you tell me,
You pay me no attention?
Then you lie.
A straight up bonafide liar.

It was just yesterday I heard you tell someone,
How you listen to your inner most thoughts...
With a giving to them first priority,
Before listening to anyone else.
And 'now' you say this to me?

'Listen,
Just chill.
Calm down.

No one's going to be jogging butt naked.'

Then why tease me like that?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Then You'Re Not In This Game

Can you,
Really make...
The grade?
In the field
Of doing you to conquer.
Can you,
Take the ball...
Without falling?
And if you did,
Would you stall?
Or get up to make a stand.

Can you,
Minimize a brush with agony?
Or take a pinch or two,
Of self head beating?
Could you take a breath...
And keep on moving.
Beat your chest and let off steam?
Or would you find a way to demean.

Could you,
Get up and run in pain?
Would you give up your goals,
To claim...
Everything you try stays the same.

Can you,
Really make...
The grade?
In the field
Of doing you to conquer.
Would you stop to say its tough...
And what you've got,
Just ain't good enough.
Then you're not in this game to play!
'Cause you're looking for an easier way!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Theodora

Theodora.
One admired...
As I watch,
In my fedora...
Inspired!

I spot Theodora,
Dancing under moonlight!
Thrilled with her life...
As she feels delighted,
With a glow that's bright!

And as she glaces,
Unaware I am there...
I remove myself from shadows,
Hoping she excites...
To realize this night appears,
Has removed me out of darkness...
With smiles we both show,
To each other so clear!
Dance Theodora...
Dance with me near!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Theories Of Beliefs

False information to spread intentionally,
On those unwittingly being honest with themselves...
And with others they come to socialize in exchanging chats,
Calls for an immediate and total communication shutdown.
A stopping of that.

Causing the culprits doing this,
To find their own integrities picked apart.
Quicker than the lies they told to sensationalize,
Their own lives.
With theories of beliefs they add to what has been said.

It is best to get off a hot stove,
Than to remain sitting on it...
Perceiving a controlling of the heat,
Is kept discreet.
Which is an impossibility with small minds around.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

There Ain'T Nothing In My Life Like That

I've heard that I am fine.
Perhaps that's why I dine alone...
Who knows.

I'm told I shouldn't be 'picky'.
I should be appreciative,
And invite someone into my home.

I believe they say this because...
Well,
I am aging and should be in a relationship.
But the peace of mind I worship...
Confuses that with 'desperation'
I guess.

I am not one to cruise the streets,
To find anyone to meet!
Nor do I think of going to the movies by myself.
Or peacefully sitting to eat.
Whether I had someone there...
To share that scene with me.

I am headache free.
Can't that be seen...
By the way I look?
Serene!
And freed of burdens,
Someone else might feel urgent...
To know me well enough to dump them,
And then leave!

There ain't nothing in my life like that...
I have a need or a wish to see repeated!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

There And Fresh To Pick

Colorful petals bright and scented.
And bend I do as if to bow.
Sniffing to enjoy the flowers blooming,
Shifting as the wisps of crisp air lifts.
With all that buds in Spring too.
Coming as it does to call upon my senses.
Prepared to accept the grandeur,
Of this 'dispensement'.

In view and under a cloudless sky.
I drive beyond my own expectations.
To dive right into a grove of ripened gladness...
Savored to taste from the panoramic serving of it.

There and fresh to pick...
And within my reach with an ease presented,
As dawn awakens to lift the dew...
This morning,
Upon my attentive sight.
And it feels good!
With each moment of this day,
I've already declared mine.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

There Are Arms That Tick Tock On My Clock

I'm not blocking out your knock on my door,
No more,
No.
No more,
No.

Or padlock up that lock one notch...
No more,
No.
No more,
No.

I've got a life I'm living.
(And) I'm tired of sitting around,
Just to kiss.
There are arms that tick tock on my clock.

No longer into limits giving minutes benefit,
No more,
No.
No more,
No.

When I give attention I expect to get a little bit.
And more I could store!
I've got a life I'm living.
(And) I'm tired of sitting around,
Just to kiss.
There arms that tick tock on my clock.

I'm not blocking out your knock on my door,
No more,
No.
No more,
No.

Or padlock up that lock one notch...
No more,
No.

No more,
No.

I've got a life I'm living.
(And) I'm tired of sitting around,
Just to kiss.
I've got arms that tick tock on my clock.

I've got a life I'm living.
(And) I'm tired of sitting around,
Just to kiss.
There are arms that tick tock on my clock.

There are arms that tick tock on my clock!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

There Are Demons Needing To Feed

Demons needing to feed on negativity,
Eventually devour themselves.
With the hopes that the doing of it,
Will attract those who come to empathize...
In a sacrifice that devotes the giving of their lives,
As an unconscious act that snaps backs...
For snacks to crack while munching on their missions,
To rid any sign of peace!

There are demons needing to feed,
On the presence of harmony.
They are demons seeking a need,
To lust on those sufferers...
Aiming to please the greeding of beasts.
Feeding their cravings as if at a feast.

They're demons seeking a need,
To lust on those sufferers...
Aiming to please the greeding of beasts.
Feeding their cravings as if at a feast,
To rid any sign of peace...
Wherever presented.

Demons needing to feed on negativity,
Eventually devour themselves.
With the hopes that the doing of it,
Will attract those who come to empathize...
In a sacrifice that devotes,
The giving...
Of their lives.
To follow and to be devoured.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

There Are Eyes Upon Us

Through 'everything'...
There are eyes that see.
The only kept hidden,
Is what one perceives to believe.
To shield in secret, discreet privacy.

But through everything done,
On this Earth that is manmade...
Nothing in shadows escapes unscathed.

Upon everything done,
With a doing of a done we do...
There are eyes watching us.
Regardless if it is admitted,
Or refuse if we choose.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

There Are Many In Relationships Still Waiting For It

Trust is a creation that is developed over time.
Anyone believing it should be found immediately,
Should scratch that off of their list of preferences.
And 'demanding' that to be a priority.
Trust developed comes.
Like a respect that is given that becomes understood.

Even though a trust is wished...
There are many in relationships still waiting for it.
With a keeping of it away...
In the hopes that it comes to display itself,
Without them putting forth any effort.
And these are the people who mostly deceive.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

There Are Many More Like Me To See

Is there any 'particular' reason why you question me?
Any reason at all you question my integrity with intensity?
My experience and acquired wisdom you detect as delusional.
Or believe me to fantasize the real issues to minmize?
Why?

Is it that I do not expose wounds or scars left by obstacles?
Am I not reflecting enough pain from a suffering done,
To buffer the sounds of groans I've numbed...
From the taking of drugs or the drinking of alcohol,
And thrown out of local bars when I've gone too far?
To be seen stumbling around until I fall and discovered bawling?

I've been through all of that.
Long before you began to probe with xrays and radar.

Is there any 'particular' reason,
Why you address me with disrespect?
Or feel free and okay to express indiginites you think I'll accept?
Is it my appearance, where I live, speak or choose to dress...
That you perceive me as being someone less who's beneath you?

OR...
Could it be I have an identity you don't often enough see?
And you...
From what you have observed from others to view,
Have been conditioned to treat me like dirt?

Well...
I hope you're prepared to be traumatized!
Because there are many more like me to see...
Once the veil has been removed from your tunnel visioned eyes,
To shock and surprise.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

There Are Many Of Us Who Wish To Thank You

Under the current conditions of...
Premedicated fabrication.
With a representation of all that's insane!
I'd like to make this toast,
To those who live in absolute normalcy...
Wherever you remain in hiding!

Stay!
But hopefully not too much longer.

Your presence has already been missed!
And when and if you ever decide to emerge,
Again to face the ignorance that had dismissed you.
Know this...
There are many of us who wish to thank you.
Your resistance to put up with nonsense,
Has proven your endurance and courage.

And I'd like to raise this toast,
In gratitude.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

There Are Many Who Have Left Behind This Activity

Can't you taste tomorrow's freshness?
Is it not apparent,
That which is stale.
Can no longer prevail on its present course.
And that beating a dead horse,
Will not revive a survival of that which has died.

And a flipping back through pages,
Seeking direction for which step to take.
Is not advantageous,
For those choosing to keep up with a forward pace.

Although some will continue,
With a beating of a horse done.
There are many who have left behind this activity.
With an acknowledgement that a past once lived.
Is clearly not meant for those living.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

There Are No Minutes Kept Backed Up

There are no minutes kept backed up,
To put aside to decide to live them.
There are no minutes that can be stored as such,
For one to decide life is worth living.
There are no minutes kept backed up.
None one can say they have wrapped up.
There is no one on Earth with that much luck...
To decide when their life is worth the living.

People think they should be shown some proof,
That a life they live is worth the living.
While they isolate themselves locked up in coops,
To decide that a life they live is worth the living.
While awaiting for someone to approve what they do,
That a life given to them is worth the living.
With a choosing of every move...
Excusing some choices while others are removed.
To clarify that a life they live is worth the living.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

There Are Not Too Many People

There are not too many,
Who can leave hurdles leaped.
That others seek,
To reach and stir someone within.

With a tone that is expressed,
From an honestness.
And that's how those protective walls,
Come to be shakened.
To break and awaken.

There are not too many...
Who can express,
An experience they possess.
Not one that affects,
A comprehension that connects.

There are not too many,
Who can say they have lived.
And this is believed.
From an understanding given and perceived.

There are not too many people,
Unafraid to 'be'.
Without their hearts,
Left to bleed on their sleeves...
Publicly!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

There Are Those Exceptions

Many have spent lifetimes,
Doing their best...
To manipulate the presence of truth.
And yet there is not one shred of proof,
That a doing of this has led them to success.
However...
There are those exceptions!
Millions of dollars are spent,
In the celebrating of holidays created...
To allow the threats of terrorists,
Opportunities to rest...
As everyone is welcomed to join the festivities.

'But...
Where are the terrorists? '

~Ssshhh.
They are no threat to us on holidays.
Or on weekends.
Just Monday through Friday.
See them checking their watches?
It is almost that time,
For them to begin their threats.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

There Are Those Who Are The Exception

Do you honestly believe,
That saying things derogatory
About anyone...
Will suddenly be erased,
With a few apologies?
And a forgiveness done that is forgotten?

Let me introduce myself.
Since your approach to life,
Is a little different from mine.

How many things have you done,
That were 'unconsciously' intended?
None?
Me either.
In fact...
I doubt if that is possible.

So often,
Apologies are expected to be accepted!

That's why my approach to life,
Is to snap someone awake...
The moment my toes are stepped on.
And I do my best to inflict similar pain.

This 'turn-the-other-cheek-business'?
I'm just not into.
People know exactly what they do,
When they do it!
Under the influence of alcohol.
Or flying high on weed.

So often,
Apologies are expected to be accepted!
And there are those who are the exception.
They have feelings connected to emotions...
That are at stake.
And mistakes at their expense is not for-give-able!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

There Are Those Who Stimulate

There are those who stimulate,
Just by the ignorance of their agitation.
And others seeking attention,
To compensate for their lack of talent...
Will annoy until someone responds.

And still there are some,
Who hate themselves so much...
They seek forums,
To announce their agonies....
With a self infliction,
Too obvious to dismiss.

Even their cries for help,
Seem to irritate.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

There Are Those Who Try Hard To Convince

Someone living a life lived,
With a lesser experience...
Could not assess with a depth that qualifies,
A probing of one's life spent...
Being challenged and unafraid to become diversified.

Even though there are those who 'try' hard to convince,
They are the creators of intelligence.
And market common sense...
Whenever someone happens to accidentally visit,
The exclusiveness of their comfort zones.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

There Are Very Few Unaware

Would I be less scrutinized,
To gain more fame and notoriety...
If I remained in expected limits,
And accepted pretense to charade?

I doubt it.

With a leaving my perceptions of life,
Decided as a rarity of an intelligence...
'Normally' associated to those innovative,
Who actually perpetrate skills and talents...
Plagiarized to disguise and hide,
Abilities they will never have to claim themselves...
As creators of their own success.

I doubt it.

Would I be less scrutinized,
To gain more fame and notoriety...
If I remained in expected limits,
And accepted pretense to charade?

This I could never do.

I admit there were times I would think about this,
Only to submit...
To an honesty I have been blessed with.
Although I do have those days that come my way,
When I wish my brilliance...
Was not the only gift God has given to me,
I would awakened shocked that I got.
And I'd be more humble about it.

God knows I have had my bouts with humility.

But you know...
There are very few unaware,
Of what they have in their heads.
And 'WHO' put it there!

I never wished to be less conscious.

So many have supported my efforts,
With a doing for decades to motivate my initiative.
And to say they had 'not' been there,
Would be to omit the admitting of their presence.

Secretly I desire to keep them impressed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

There Are Very Few Who Adventure

If one keeps focused,
On a path one pursues...
A giving of an appreciation to another,
Becomes easier to do.
Since there are very few who adventure.

When one discovers what it takes,
To climb up from valleys...
Without a safety net attached,
Patting someone else on the back...
Acknowledges to another an awareness.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

There Are Winners Selected

There are winners selected.
And chosen as elected by those who perceive,
Who winners are and should be.
But the only ones who lose,
Are those who choose...
Not to participate in the process.

Everyone wins with a keeping of initiative.
A contest should never diminish to end those efforts.
What is loved by one who is devoted,
Is more committed to it than the gathering of votes.
A doing with a completion done,
Should satisfy anyone who knows who really wins.

There is no top ten,
When one remains devoted and with commitment.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

There As A Mausoleum

It isn't there sitting,
To provide incentive...
As it was mentioned to be intended.

It is there as a mausoleum,
Representing those of false pretensions.
A home for ghosts...
Claiming to have been,
A place for those with unique ambitions.

It isn't there sitting,
To promote or provide incentive...
As it was mentioned to be intended.
If it was...
It would be thriving with life.
Day and night!

But the caretaker overseeing it,
Has other internal battles yet to overcome...
As they wander the halls to wonder,
If the battle won has been worth the fight.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

There As Protection

What do you know about liars?

'It seems they are inconvenienced,
By the truth! '

And,
How about those who are honest and truthful?

'Well,
It appears not many are defended or befriended.
And popular they are not.'

Don't you think you are being a bit cynical?

'You get to be my age...
You call it as you see.
And can afford to leave these things,
To manifest on its own.'

Whose side are you on?
Where do you stand?

'You see the Sun?
That's the side I am on.

And in a few moments,
You are going to witness...
Me getting to my feet from a sitting position.
And moving as far away from you as possible.

Even with peace of mind,
You have proven...
Nothing one has is kept and guaranteed,
To be there as protection 'all' the time! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

There Comes A Time

There comes a time,
When something believed cute done...
Loses its cuteness and begins to irritate.

There comes a time,
When expectations rise above mediocrity.
And the acceptance of those who choose to do,
Mediocre things on a continuous basis...
With a losing of mediocrity as something 'cool'.
And from it there is a backing off,
With a recognition of it too!

There comes a time,
When a rudeness to another done...
Has to be confronted,
By the one who no longer finds this cute!
And a introducing to maturity,
From someone who knows it for what it is...
Does not hesitate to keep it patiently,
In a safe place without it being shown fact to face.

There comes a time,
When one who finds being mature...
Has to offend those who find immaturity,
Difficult for them to escape.
And...
There comes a time,
When those who have lost themselves...
Reciting nursery rhymes with comfort,
With a whining done from their limited minds...
Must be left behind.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

There For A Reason

Anyone choosing to go against a grain,
Believing that nicks seen in an established pattern...
Isn't noticed,
But gets pricked for efforts to remove them...
For a smoother surface.
Will learn soon enough...
To leave what appears obvious alone.
Since what is 'not' obvious to many,
May be there for a reason to condone.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

'There Goes My Baby'

I use to find myself staring at her.
She was so very beautiful,
My mother.

'Boy, why are you staring at me? '

~Ma, you are so pretty! ~

'Okay, what do you want?
I don't have any more money,
For you to buy another 45.'

I use to 'stay' in Roz Records.
It was a music store,
Not far from our apartment in Bellevue Square.
On Canton Street.
In Hartford, Connecticut.

I remember my first 45...
'There Goes My Baby'
By the Drifters!
I would play it 'all' the time.

~Ma, you so pretty! ~

'Boy, you better get out of my face.
And go play with the other kids in the playground.'

I did it!
Like a chore.
Children bored me back then!
They were so...'childish'.
And I was born a grown man.
I was!
But that's a different story.

I think most boys become infatuated,
With their mothers first.
Giving wives competition they did not expect.

And most men who had been mama's boys...
Usually divorce.
To be left on missions,
To find someone to spoil them!

I know.
I've been married twice.
To do that 'thrice'
Would be absolutely foolish.
'Huh...ma? '

Dedicated:
In loving memory to my mother,
Edna Roberts-Prudhomme Pertillar
'Miss you, ma! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

There Had To Have Been A Reason

Do I place my shoes,
Around or near your bed?
Have I laid under your sheets,
With pillows under our heads?

And 'IF' I have offended you,
By anything I've ever said...
There had to have been a reason,
To do what I did without excuses instead.

Since you are not an investment,
I can feel and see...
Would ever keep me interested.
With a dividend that benefits a relationship,
I would ultimately dread!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

There Has To Be 'something' Left To Salvage

There has to be 'something' left to salvage.
Something with a footstep placed,
And taken towards integrity.
Something with a fingerprint on it...
That says with uncertain proof,
He even knows what that means.

Something besides lies and deceit done.
And a legacy that will state...
He saved the land from terrorists that would come.
Or came and claimed to have stunned.

There has to be 'something' left to salvage.
Something with a footstep placed,
And taken towards integrity!

He and his followers would like to see,
Him vindicated...
For making decisions that will lift his name up...
And away from the gutter from a greed satiated.

There has got to be something,
Other than corruption and smut!
Smothered and dipped in utter ignorance.
And an ending of a greatness one country 'had'..
He and incompetence has left in rags!

Since he and what he has created...
Leaves a democracy in devastation.
And one sad man who secretly grieves.

There has to be 'something' left to salvage.
Something other than a directed bitterness...
Shown with an openness.
And criticizes a failed leadership.
That would be difficult to disguise,
For those who witnessed it...
And despise.
To leave it and him unscathed.

What in the days and years ahead can be said?

Many are left sickened.
More are left dead!
And those who are wounded...
Will never know a peace to come,
In their heads!

And he will leave behind much to grieve.
Whether he belives what he did was 'just' or not!
He was not of the justice frame of mind kind!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

There In Abundance

Why is there an economic failure?
People instilled with capitalistic beliefs,
Accepting success as materialness!
And schemes that variety is the spice of life...
Keeps many dreaming for 'things',
And despising the lack of it...
Because they feel cheated out of rights!

Why is there an economic failure?
Of course there is greed and gluttony.
Deceit and thievery.
Cheating and backstabbing with a hoarding done.
No one wants to feel left out or unwelcomed.
Pretensions with a presence,
Develops a mindset one wishes to be pleased.
That's why people are in hock...
With a country on its knees!

'Well...
If you're so successful,
Why do you live in the ghetto?
Why don't you drive a fancy car?
Why aren't you living,
Amongst the 'stars'?
Why do I see you on a bus?
You aint 'all that'!
You just one of us!
If you were 'really' successful...
You'd have 'things',
And I wouldn't hear you cuss! '

I have peace of mind,
I carry with me most times!
But it is folks like you,
Who don't enjoy yourself or your life like I do!
I feel blessed.
And not ungrateful like the rest.
I am happy with 'myself'.
And that seems to bother you!

Why are you making yourself my pest?
I'm not seeking your acceptance.
Nor your 'visions' for me,
What determines 'my' success!
When you don't see me I am at home...
With a mind that is totally at rest!

'I don't believe that! '

Maybe not!
But I am not trying to hang on...
To what I've got!
It is there in abundance.
Do you care to share with me an 'Amen'?
Or are your values like the others...
Whose minds have gone out to lunch!
Hmmm?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

There Is A Backlash Passing

There is a backlash passing,
As if an eclipse comes to uncover.
Revealing less of a tolerance,
For excuses made for clever maneuvers.

People no longer hesitate,
To express their impatience.
There is a rise of agitation.
And a venting of displeasures meant.

There is a backlash passing,
As if an eclipse comes to uncover.
Revealing less of a tolerance,
For excuses made for clever maneuvers.

People are awkening,
From a sleep that had deceived.
And a demand for answers once smothered up...
Are breaking from the ranks of a conformity.

It is the economy that is doing it.
And the people want it known,
They are aware and conscious...
From a duping done that left them in a stupor bummed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

There Is A Benefit Received

When is 'enough' understood,
To be that which it is?
When those have said they have had it...
It is doubtful it is meant,
A wish for more is the intent.
With an interpretation that more of an agitation,
Is, afterall, a welcoming event.

And when enough has flowed to leave nothing else left,
Will suggestions be made...
To advocate the instigation,
Of a people seen who have lost their minds,
Completely.
Wanting with a price to pay as demanded,
A chaos as the latest craze.

When is 'enough' understood,
To be that which it is?
When those have said they have had it...
It is doubtful it is meant,
A wish for more is the intent.
But that also depends on 'who' believes,
There is a benefit received to those with intentions.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

There Is A Big Difference

It is both a duty and a privilege,
To be able to do this.
And to discover a persistence,
That has my loyalty attached to it.

I think of those without hobbies at all.
And devoted to a job until retirement calls.
With no other interest,
That is creatively expressed.

To exist to get a piece of that dangling 'pie'...
With the hopes that the taste of it,
Satisfies.
Never attracted my ambitions.

It is both a duty and a privilege,
To be able to do this.
And to discover a persistence,
That has my loyalty attached to it.

Oh,
I have heard it said many times...
My contributions are worthless.
And how I chose to be lazy...
Because I did not choose to work!

And no one that I know,
Has pursued what I've chosen to do.
Even though what I do appears easy
However...
There is a big difference.
They are paid wages for a 9 to 5.
And I'm not paid a cent,
For my 24/7 devotion.

It could be debated I am crazy.
But I am certainly far from lazy.
I don't rush home to watch TV.
Or find I have slept,

To be awakened by commercials.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

There Is A Burning Need

There is a burning desire,
To have copies of his birth certificate...
To validate his leadership.
As those disgruntled demand!

There is a burning need,
To have his college degrees...
Scanned for evidence he can think,
On his feet and on one foot stand!

And as their misdeeds bleed from them,
A quality of life that comes to an end...
They want to accuse him of being incompetent!
Although...
He has been the most qualified amongst them,
They have ever seen!

They have a need to dump their irresponsibilities,
On someone less accountable.
And he has made 'one' mistake...
Proving he can ignore,
All of their foolish pleas!
He is no fool and this they see.

He is just too much,
For their limited mental capabilities.
And this outrages...
Those who wish to see him defeated,
And on his knees.

And that's their only focus.
Those on a sinking boat show!
Their bigotries and racist visions...
Slowly sinks to disappear,
A once floating boat they have destroyed!

'HELP! HELP! '

~I am here for you.~

'Oh no. Not 'you'.
We seek someone more...
'Relatable'.

HELP! HELP! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

There Is A Cycle That Is Consistent With The Doing

It doesn't take a scientist,
Or a mathmetician...
To identify the feeling,
Of being unappreciated.

Those who set patterns of self indulgence,
Are as obvious as a tree...
That begins to shed its leaves.
There is a cycle that is consistent with the doing.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

There Is A Dawning To Be Reaped

It is unfolding,
The disclosure...
Of the coming of a new plateau.
And on minds imposing with a showing,
It is time for that grasp of the past to let go.

It is unfolding and unloading,
That which comes to bestow...
A revealing,
Of a new plateau...
To behold for all to know.

And we who live are in the midst of it.
Here to adjust,
And witness this.

It is unfolding...
The disclosure of a new plateau.
It is unfolding to expose,
Those old beliefs to let go.

There is a dawning to be reaped.
Introducing us to different beliefs.
It is unfolding,
To leave...
Opportunities that will be released.

It is unfolding within reach.
No matter what the past teaches us to seek.

It is unfolding,
The disclosure...
Of the coming of a new plateau.
And on minds imposing with a showing,
It is time for that grasp of the past to let go.

There is a dawning to be reaped,
And imposing.
Not a doubt about it.

Dawning to be reaped and imposing,
Drop your doubts about it.
Dawning to be reaped and imposing.
There's no doubt about it.
Those who do remain in doubt,
Will find they stay amongst psychotics.
Doubting in their minds about it.

Dawning to be reaped and imposing,
Drop your doubts about it.
Dawning to be reaped and imposing.
There's no doubt about it.
Those who do remain in doubt,
Will find they stay amongst psychotics.
Doubting in their minds about it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

There Is A Depth There To Share

Superficial surfaces,
Interpreted...
Are often neglected to produce regret.

You have never visited...
Where my emotions,
Live comfortably to sit.

Nor have any of our conversations,
Left neither of us to ponder meaning...
That expressed a desire to explore some depth.

A physical attraction may satisfy temporarily.
But that does not mean instant chemistry...
Can be expected to enjoy mutually.

And yet you wish from me to accept,
Impressions you make...
By a look of a tailored way you dress.

You have never visited...
Where my emotions,
Live comfortably to sit.

Although you voice your opinions,
With assumptions of my feelings.
Without a prioritized time given...
To meet, greet and introduce,
In an exchange we both confess.

A quality meeting we have not done yet.
For either one of us to say...
There is a depth there to share we both respect.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

There Is A Difference

I'm glad I saw you!
Since this needs clarification.
And I'd like to set the record straight!

I did not pretend I did not know you,
When last I saw you with mutual friends.
I ignored you.

There is a difference!

And...
If you watch very closely,
I am going to apply the same technique...
In just a few seconds.

'But 'why' do you go through this process to explain? '

You're a lieing backstabbing sleazeball!

And the next time you say something about me not true...
I will be less than complimentary!

'Uh....'

Your seconds are up!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

There Is A Fanatic Clinging Onto A Madness

There is a fanatic clinging onto a madness...
As if no roof to a ceiling exists.
As if there is no attic through which hot air escapes.
This madness has been reached.
There is no wish for it to be replaced.

And those who have achieved it are pleased.
It seems to reflect,
A feeling of a rush that many have come to satiate.
There is a fanatic clinging onto a madness...
As if no roof to a ceiling exists.
As if there is no attic through which hot air escapes.

This madness has been reached.
There is no wish for it to be replaced.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

There Is A Felt Loneliness Connected

Too weak to weep again.
Or brave new insults made...
Heard before but nonetheless,
Can never replace a life lived dealt...
From a deck selected,
To represent the life I've been given.

There is a felt loneliness connected,
When it is expected one should accept...
Being in a public arena and getting little respect.

There is a felt neglect when one becomes an object.
And becomes subjected to negativity mentioned,
By those claiming to be close...
And those unsuspecting,
Very few come supportive with an emotional boost.

Too weak to weep again.
Or brave new insults made...
Heard before but nonetheless,
Can never replace a life lived dealt...
From a deck selected,
To represent the life I've been given.
But live I do and done at my best.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

There Is A Forest Existing Amongst The Trees

This life is mine and not yours to ride.
Get off my back.
Keep your eyes on your own path.
Make and establish your own tracks.

This life is mine and not yours to define.
There is no need to offer your definition,
As to the direction I should better take.
When I place each foot down,
I am aware of each step I make.

There is no blindside to catch me,
Straying off into the wilderness.
No hindsight is there to express,
About concerns of not doing my best.
My best has yet to be done.

And I do not seek in a premeditation,
To prove this to anyone.
I am at first my own worst critic.

This life is mine and not yours to ride.
Get off my back.
Keep your eyes on your own path.
Make and establish your own tracks.
You will be surprise to see,
There is a forest existing amongst the trees.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

There Is A Freedom That Comes

What are you going to do with it?
Sit and sulk?
Or use it to get results?

There is a freedom that comes,
When one is labelled crazed!
And then one day the truth overpowers.
It stuns many.
And will amaze.

And once one has it,
All conflict is lifted from the consciousness.
Some choose to sit like you do!
While others confront the ones who have abused them...
Just to be amused they are armed with truth.
Knowing from within their minds,
They are free and don't care...
Who finds the time to call them foolish,
Or stupid or criticize what they say or do!

To hear these words,
Becomes a luxury deserved.

What are you going to do with it?
Sit and sulk?
Or use it to get results?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

There Is A Goodness That Comes

When I feel a good deed is done,
I feel a goodness that comes over me.
And when I know I can let go of my woes,
I feel a goodness that comes over me.

I feel a goodness that comes.
A goodness that comes.
There is a goodness that comes over me.

I feel a goodness that comes.
I feel a goodness that comes.
There is a goodness that comes over me.

When I awaken from a peaceful sleep,
There is a goodness that comes over me.

There is a goodness that comes.
There is a goodness that comes.
There is a goodness that comes over me.

When I feel a good deed is done,
I feel a goodness that comes over me.
And when I know I can let go of my woes,
I feel a goodness that comes over me.

I feel a goodness that comes.
I feel a goodness that comes.
There is a goodness that I feel over me.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

There Is A Lesson In This

When one confesses that they have not been their best.
There is a lesson in this many don't expect.
When one confesses that they have not been their best.
They're making changes to arrange,
A ridding of routines that has brought them mental stress.

When one confesses that they have not been their best,
They feel this needed.
With a lesson in this many don't expect.
And it is needed.
When one chooses to confess they're not the best,
With honesty.
They're making changes to arrange,
A ridding of routines...
That caused them mental stress.

When one confesses that they have not been their best,
They feel this needed.
With a lesson in this many don't expect.
And it is needed.
When one chooses to confess they're not the best,
With honesty.
They're making changes to arrange,
A ridding of routines...
That caused them mental stress.

When one confesses that they have not been their best.
There is a lesson in this many don't expect.
When one confesses that they have not been their best.
They're making changes to arrange,
A ridding of routines that has brought them mental stress.

All day,
And all night...
They want to let it show,
That they can be their best.

All day,
And all night...

They want to let it show,
That they can be their best.

To everybody!
Now...
All day,
And all night...
They want to let it show,
That they can be their best.
To everybody!

When one confesses that they have not been their best.
There is a lesson in this many don't expect.
When one confesses that they have not been their best.
They're making changes to arrange,
A ridding of routines that has brought them mental stress.

All day,
And all night...
They want to let it show,
That they can be their best.
To everybody!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

There Is A Lumping In Their Throats

Trust dusted.
Lusts of all kinds,
Now being busted.
And the smuggling once done,
Leave few prepared to run.
Nervous servants see this coming.
Some slip through exits.
None are humming.

There is a lumping in their throats.
That made some want to jump the moat.
Or even float...
Without a boat.
~~~OH! ~~~
There is a lumping in their throats.
That made some want to jump the moat.
Or even float...
Without a boat.

Gagging on fresh canteloupe,
Dressed in bathrobes in the castle.
Loud knocking on the doors disturb...
Hired belly dancers' tassels.

And the naked thieves who fed on grapes,
Watch the vice squad and cops rushing.
While the herdsmen hustling antelope...
Smoked their dope on the hills,
Without a hassel.

And from the castle windows seen,
Crooks sliding down ropes!
Some in mink coats.
Clinging onto bling...
While exposing 'other' things!

There is a lumping in their throats.
That made some want to jump the moat.
Or even float...
~~~

Without a boat.
~~~OH! ~~~
There is a lumping in their throats.
That made some want to jump the moat.
Or even float...
Without a boat.

And all those who had trusted a few...
Didn't know the few they trusted were police too.
They knew that they had been screwed,
When the canteloupe they gagged on...
They saw the antelope chew.

Trust dusted.
Lusts of all kinds,
Now being busted.
And the smuggling once done,
Leave few prepared to run.
Without their suits and ties to disguise...
How could they hide their naked thighs?

While the smoking of the dope supplied...
Came from the herdsmens' tribe!
~~~OH! ~~~
There is a lumping in their throats.
That made some want to jump the moat.
Or even float...
Without a boat.
~~~OH! ~~~
There is a lumping in their throats.
That made some want to jump the moat.
Or even float...
~~~OH! ~~~
Without a boat.
~~~OH! ~~~
While they sat soaked.
~~~OH! ~~~
And jailed they mope!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

There Is A Mission Commissioned

Born with desire inside,
Requiring each flight...
To be unique and different.
Exploring fresh destinations.
And commanding a wider vision,
On things.

On things freed from labelling...
That a limited mind,
Brings.
When unawakened.
And grounded to foundations,
Unchanged and shaking.
Breaking insights!
With the clipping of wings.

There is a mission commissioned,
By the very experience of one's birth.
To adventure a life given,
And to pride its worth.
With a sharing that becomes more valued...
Upon the Earth.
When that landing comes,
Within an opened consciousness...
Becomes realized.
And treasured by a witnessing.

There is a desire inside,
Requiring each flight...
To be unique and different.
Exploring fresh destinations.
And commanding a wider vision,
On things.

On things freed from labelling...
That a limited mind,
Brings.
When unawakened.

There is a mission commissioned!
With an assignment accepted.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

There Is A Needed Reason

There is a needed reason to keep your attention involved.
There is a needed reason to keep your attention involved.
A needed reason to keep your attention involved.
There is a needed reason!
A needed reason.

There is a...
Needed reason to keep your attention involved.
A needed reason to keep your attention involved.
There is a needed reason to keep your attention involved.
A needed reason.
A needed reason.

If your mind is not here,
It may be focused somewhere else.
If your mind is not on fear...
It poses threats,
To those...
Who want it for themselves.

And if its too clear...
Fear will disappear!

There is a needed reason to keep your attention involved.
There is a needed reason to keep your attention involved.
A needed reason to keep your attention involved.
A needed reason.
A needed reason.

If your mind is not here,
It may be focused somewhere else.
If your mind is not on fear...
It poses threats,
To those...
Who want it for themselves.

And if its too clear...
Fear will disappear!

There is a needed reason to keep your attention involved.
There is a needed reason to keep your attention involved.
A needed reason to keep your attention involved.
A needed reason.
A needed reason.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

There Is A Place And A Time

It is only considered rude,
To tell someone to shut up...
IF they are in mourning,
At someone's funeral.
That would not be the appropriate thing to do.
There is a place and a time,
To express one's guilt.
Especially when it becomes overwhelming.

However...
Any place else is acceptable.
Even in church.
When the minister has taken,
More than the customary hour...
To expound the deeds of the demon.

It is apparent who's sins are being communicated.
And perhaps,
Quickening the minister into prayer...
Will save an embarrassment of a pulpit confession.
Especially when folks have fried chicken on their minds.
And it is clearly not an occasion for a repast!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

There Is A Pleading

For generations,
Their expected harvest
Has decreased in value and worth.
The advice given was not acceptible.
Experts could not convince them...
Methods outdated
Were deflating any interest in their purpose.
But still they could not believe...
Beautiful flowers
Can not grow amongst
The nurturing of weeds.
And methods their grandparents used,
Had long been mothballed!
And still there is a pleading,
To have more meetings
To find ways 'they' accept...
To save crops 'they' say are precious!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

There Is A Purpose And Meaning

No one is obligated,
To shoulder another's burden.
Or protect them,
From a misinterpreted view of life.

We all are presented with challenges.
And beset with missions to accomplish.

There is a purpose and meaning,
For being who we are!
No one here has been created,
To do as they please and leave.

Our experiences should teach us that.
But many do not mature to achieve clarity.
Although seeking to be understood,
Seems to be a goal some choose...
To refuse a reality they have been specifically given!

There is a purpose and meaning,
For being who we are!
No one is obligated,
To shoulder another's burden.
Or be shown an escape route,
To glorify their pleasures!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

There Is A Purpose One Is Serving

Facing North.
One unafraid to step forward,
Absorbs and soaks in...
This experience given.
To leave until the call to adventure,
Is heard and paid undivided attention.

Facing East.
A discovery increases.
The horizon welcomes the Sun that rises.
A connection attaches.
An adaption occurs.
As one's courage becomes emboldened.

Facing South.
There is a difference about this.
With a comfort one accepts.
There is a purpose one is serving.
And all within reach,
Becomes digested to respect.

And then to face West.
One realizes the importance of rest.
Recognizing the Sun,
As its effect leaves such colorfulness...
To slowly set as one receives a blessing.
With a thankfulness expressed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

There Is A Realization That Has Come

All of their thug cronies,
Have silenced themselves of late.
Few seem to be demanding today,
Proof of a president's birth certificate.
And/or birthdate.

There is a realization that has come,
To land upon their sensibilities.
Everything President Obama is trying to correct...
Has been directly associated,
With their incompetence and deeds misguided.
And a prior leadership misdirected.

All of their thug cronies,
Have silenced themselves of late.
Few seem to be demanding today,
Proof of a president's birth certificate.
And/or birthdate.

And their latest fiasco sits in the Gulf of Mexico.
Without a clue how to fix it.
But a blame of this,
Will be wherever President Obama sits.
Since a shifting of blame has been a custom we live with.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

There Is A Reason And Rhyme That Connects

No one should assume,
They know someone so well...
As to take their expression of concern,
For granted.
Or believe they have stopped doing it,
Because that person is in an attitude...
And has exclusively to them shown this.
For no apparent reason.
And they have expressed this 'moodiness',
Before in the past to them.

If someone is taken for granted like that,
With beliefs that have not been validated.
But has been treated indifferently as time progresses,
By those with unfounded beliefs they hold onto...
They can also assume,
That a concern once expressed...
Will not again be addressed,
By someone who has stopped caring...
Less,
What it is that they believe.

Eventually those assumptions held in their minds,
Will connect to find...
Someone that has been dismissed,
To them has been genuine.
There is a reason and rhyme that connects,
To everything with time given it that takes place.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

There Is A Reason To Be Rhymed

There is a reason to be rhymed behind,
Everything!

'May I hear that again,
From beginning to end.'

There is a reason to be rhymed behind,
Everything!

There's only one,
That can open wider...
A hooked and opened nose.

There is a reason to be rhymed behind,
Everything!

Where are the people who enjoyed doing,
Social things?

There is a reason to be rhymed behind,
Everything!
We are those people?
We are the people
WE THE PEOPLE.

We are those people?
We are the people
WE THE PEOPLE.

There is a reason to be rhymed behind,
Everything!

'May I hear that again,
From beginning to end.'

There is a reason to be rhymed behind,
Everything!

We are those people?

We are the people
WE THE PEOPLE.

There is a reason to be rhymed behind,
Everything!

We are those people?
We are the people
WE THE PEOPLE.

'May I hear that again,
From beginning to end.'

We are those people?
We are the people
WE THE PEOPLE.

There is a reason to be rhymed behind,
Everything!

All day all night here I stand.

There is a reason to be rhymed behind,
Everything!

All day all night here I stand.
There is a reason to be rhymed behind,
Everything!
And all day and all night,
And all day and all night the canvas expands.
There is a reason to be rhymed behind,
Everything!
There is a reason to be rhymed behind,
Everything!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

There Is A Rooster On The Roof

Someone said,
Chickens will come home to roost.
And there is a rooster on the roof,
With binoculars laughing.

'I want some scrambled eggs made,
With toast and marmalade.'

Someone said,
He was too young to fish.
But with them he went fishing,
And came back with all the fish.

'Clean it and fry it up with wild rice.
Cook some collard greens,
And that will be real nice.'

Someone said a failure will be seen.
But they are not the ones,
Eating fish and greens.

And there's a rooster on the roof,
Croaking for chickens to lay their eggs.
And the young fisherman,
Bathes in accolades!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

There Is A Storm Coming

There is a storm coming.

'How do you know?
I don't see a cloud in the sky.'

Oh...
You will give it attention,
When it comes.
And that's what I'm trying to avoid.
Before that storm arrives.

Now...
I'll ask you that same question,
Again!
Have you been cheating on me,
With someone else?

I am feeling a tension between us.
And if it's got to be that way,
I can leave before lightening strikes...
And thunder begins to roll in.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

There 'Is' A Tremendous Difference

Somebody's always finding,
Something to open minds.
A gap, a crack or crevice,
That knits a loophole!
Found discovered and it is told.

Some regret these found connections,
Of existing loopholes known.
And many angry get more bitter,
Just because those loopholes...
Expose and show what no one knows.

Some regret these found connections,
Of existing loopholes known.
And many angry get more bitter,
Just because those loopholes...
Expose and show what no one knows.
As opening eyes break down closed doors.

Who's whistle blew to undo the knots,
With a snooping through those loopholes.
Who sat and watched the loopholes drop...
To expose and show those loopholes.

Those existing loopholes found,
Could ground the ones who boldly hold...
Amongst themselves maintained control.

Somebody's always finding,
Something to open minds.
A gap, a crack or crevice,
That knits a loophole!
Found discovered and it is told.

Those existing loopholes found,
Could ground the ones who boldly hold...
Amongst themselves maintained control.
And rarely does a loophole drop,
To unload what comes from poopholes!

There 'is' a tremendous difference.
Depending on one's choice of perception.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

There Is A Vicariousness Lived

Sometimes when I awaken,
I wish my mind was not so investigative.
But I am too inquisitive,
To assume.

Those who sit and imagine their lives,
And others who are living theirs...
Seem to have so much time,
Not to experience life.
From their lips when in the exchange of gossip...
There is a vicariousness lived to then embellish...
Flowing nonstop to listening ears.

And when I hear this it becomes hard to detect...
What is real and what has been memorized,
From what has been spoken by another...
To then take out of context.
Delusional people can make real their fantasies.

Sometimes when I awaken,
I wish my mind was not so investgative.
But I am too inquisitive,
To assume.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

There Is A Welcoming Of Truth In Everything That Is Done

I remember my encounter...
With reality!
That's when I was stripped,
From those things I valued.
I was spinning in a whirlpool
Of a cruel introduction to truth.

I had some things I liked.
Things I thought I needed,
And kept polished!
Waxed to keep dust reflecting shadows.
Yes!
Even though accelerated winds,
Kept cars I owned spotless.
Dust and I became enemies.
I just didn't want to see any of it on my cars.

I took my parents for granted.
Until they became ill,
And passed away.

Friends I shared nakedness with.
And every conceivable intimacy...
Were gone!
Vanished in thin air it seemed.
And the things we shared,
To impress each other with...
Became useless possessions.
Especially when loved ones go,
And you are left holding onto emptiness!
And it doesn't take long...
To discover the valueless nonsense in this!

I remember my encounter...
With reality!
That's when I was stripped,
From those things I valued.

I was spinning in a whirlpool
Of a cruel introduction to truth.

And when I began my pursuit,
To free myself of guilt...
I had to forgive a superficiality I had with life.
When I discovered my heart could be broken,
By the permanent absence of those I love!

There is a welcoming of truth in everything that is done.
I am blessed to have learned how to love and forgive.
And blessed to appreciate my life as it is.
And so very blessed to have come to know the ones I loved!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

There Is An Absence Of Emptiness

I am here.
To come to You,
Just to be in Your presence.
Here to be near.

Without a want or need to express.
Grateful I am,
There is an absence of emptiness.
Here to feel.

And yet,
There is a peacefulness.
A quietness I accept.
To receive from You to get.

Free of expectations that question.
And left comforted I am,
To be with You...
Here unseen although known and felt!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

There Is An Absence Of Rudiments

Why should I want to?
Communicate at all?
And to whom would my efforts,
Be attempted to comprehend?
Without being evaluated,
As someone who believed...
Knew everything.

And all I did,
Was to successfully complete a sentence.
And added at the end of it a question mark.
And this,
No one realized...
Was an opening with a clue,
That someone is requested to respond.

A failure to communicate?
There is an absence of rudiments,
Connecting the mind to brain cells.
And they just lay there,
Having no clue what they are assigned to do.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

There Is An Advantage To Communicating

No!
I am not attempting to hide from you.
You've caught me 'trying' to disappear.
Who knew?
We had similar thoughts.

And here we are...
Seated on the same plane.
And next to each other.
Taking off to places...
Yet to be revealed.

Going to Mommy's house for the holidays,
I suspect?

'You make me sick! '

SEE?
I keep saying there is an advantage,
To communicating.
And here we are validating the lack of it.

We could have saved money,
Booking our tickets at the same time.
Getting a discount!
But noooo!
Both us were trying to get away from each other,
As fast as possible.

But who knew?
Somebody did...
Huh?

And I know you don't want me to say this...
But God don't like ugly!
And will throw it all up in your face to prove it!
EVERYTIME!

'You make me sick! '

SEE?
I keep saying there is an advantage,
To communicating.

You wouldn't have gotten sick at all,
If you had communicated that earlier.

And by the way...
Your mother and father,
Invited me to stay for the holidays.
Sooo...
Hopefully you'll have a quick recovery.

'You make me sick! '

Did they book you first class too?
I love your folks.
Almost as much as you use to love me!

'You make me sick! '

Will you stop saying that!
This is a long flight.
Let's hum the 'First Noël'
OR...'Navidad Blanca'.

'I've never heard 'that' one before.'

It's White Christmas.
I love the way it sounds in Spanish!
'Navidad Blanca'.

'You still make me sick!
And in what language will you get it? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

There Is An Art Applied To Your Torture

There is an art applied to your torture.
And you do this quite well.
In fact,
Without trying at all...
You manage to drive me right up a wall,
With your flagrant inconsistencies.

One moment you are focused.
And I am positive you will follow through.
And as soon as I am convinced of it...
You are on to something different.
Claiming you can not commit...
Because of a change of mood.

And if I should change my mind,
About something I said I was to do.
I would never hear the end of it from you.
Until that dead horse would get up and gallop away.
And for weeks to me you would have nothing to say.
Peaceful weeks...
I might add,
That leave me feeling my happiest and a sense of being glad!

There is an art applied to your torture.
And you do this quite well.
In fact,
Without trying at all...
You manage to drive me right up a wall,
With your flagrant inconsistencies.
And you expect me to comprehend them.
Well I don't!
I end up getting mad.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

There Is An Artistry Applied

So much more is this,
Just a gathering of English words.
There is an emotional attachment to them.
With every period ending,
Each sentence that begins.

There is a process of selection.
With time taken to choose the best.
And keeping it simple for many to digest.
Giving consideration...
To those using microscopes,
For word usage to correct.

But a delight excites,
With a choice to test the minds...
Of those seeking to uncover something profound.
And 'something' complex between the lines to find.

So much more is this,
Just a gathering of English words.
There is an emotional attachment to them.
With every period ending,
Each sentence that begins.

And there is an artistry applied,
Some writers use and try to induce the eyes.
By using words like 'seduction'!
That capture minds to a familiar light.
As if moths stunned!
To become hooked and hypnotized.

And if that process does not work...
Cuss words are universal.
They seem to always maintain their worth.
No matter what the intent or context.
Just toss a few around.
An attention given can be expected.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

There Is An Understanding To Be Claimed

There is an understanding to be claimed,
You say is now within your reach.
And you can comprehend how I've been feeling?
Making it okay for you now to speak to me.

I will pretend I didn't hear that.
Just because you are disappointed,
By the way your life has gone.
I don't share those sentiments.

Your perception of me,
And your thoughts that I do not acquire...
Material 'things' you can not touch or see,
Does not qualify you to understand my feelings.

However...
What from 'you' I do understand,
Is the feeling you possess of worthlessness.
Since your values have been re-evaluated.
I've never had those values to re-evaluate.
And you now believe you and I have something in common?
We don't.

There is an understanding to be claimed,
You say is now within your reach.
And you can comprehend how I've been feeling?
Don't fool yourself.
The standards I have set for myself,
Are extremely high.

And you?
You haven't sacrificed your beliefs,
To know those feelings others rejected...
With a disrespect.
There is much between you and I,
I could never accept.
Even if I tried.
I don't lie to myself.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

There Is Definitely A Difference Noticed

I don't think anyone intentionally pays them no attention.
Or goes out of their way to do it!
I would say,
No one has selected them as choices,
To allow that as an inconvenience to materialize!
Or condone their 'soapboxed' shenanigans!
And the results obtained have been remarkable.
There is definitely a difference noticed.

I think a consensus had been achieved,
When all agreed...
It was better just to ignore them instead.
Since it had been determined,
There was no need to physically unplug them.
Just by turning them off and/or tuning them out,
Has saved plenty of energy!
And this has made an acceptance,
Of a tolerance more efficient and effectively delivered.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

There Is More To Being This Blind

Look at one.
Then to the other.
One does not have to say...
They represent change.
That should be obvious!

Unless, of course...
Someone is in need of a 'cane'
To determine,
They can not see!
Since they are sightless.
And the light is too bright...
To reveal enlightened qualities!

And one comes forward and has stated...
Having had an experience,
They are better suited to deliver as foreseen.
After years of observing,
The needs of the people on the scene.
The very same people,
Whose quality of life has long been demeaned.

And one wishing to be selected,
To prove what is needed can be done...
States there is an advantage,
To have lived longer than the other one.
And the one younger...
Has rolled up sleeves and hands of dirt.
Proving to be the one not afraid of work!

There is much more to being this blind,
Than meets the eye!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

There Is No And!

Flip flopping evaluations,
Have done nothing to stop...
The degradation of humanity.

'And...? '

There is no and!
Not when discussions of it,
Have disgusted into a silence.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

There Is No Balance On A See-Saw

It's hard to balance on a see-saw.
When one goes up...
Someone's on the ground,
And...
Not sitting stuck.
They know when to rise up.

There is no balance on a see-saw.
None at all.
Even if two got off.
Even if they both got off.

People are always seeking equalness,
When there's no weight.
People are always seeking something...
But they lack the patience.
They don't think when someone is down,
That may keep one off the ground.
With a looking around in the air,
But one on a see-saw...
Will not in the air,
Stay there!

There is no balance on a see-saw.
None at all.
One may see what the other saw.
One may see what the other saw.

There is no balance on a see-saw.
None at all.
One may see what the other saw.
One may see what the other saw.

There is no balance on a see-saw.
None at all.
Even if they both got off.
Even if they both got off.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

There Is No Contradiction

Why is it wished that he be replaced?
Your opponents believe he is great!

'He is incompetent.
Knows nothing about diplomacy.
Has failed every test thrown in his face.
And has ruined all our lives.
He is the reason wht our standards and values,
Have taken a steady nose dive.

That's odd.
You made the same exact comments,
That last time we sought your opinion.
But then...
Someone else had been elected years ago.
What is your explanation,
For what seems to be a contradiction.

'Oh?
There is no contradiction at all.
Those are the same comments I will make,
Whoever is elected and sits in that seat of power.
I am exercising my right to complain and speak my mind.
Like the rest of the ones protesting the loss of their entitlements.
And those high paying jobs we had for doing absolutely nothing,
That we miss dearly.
No!
There is no contradiction.
I am just as self centered now as I was back then! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

There Is No Defense Against It

False images kept and projected,
To keep created beliefs...
Thriving with a permanence to protect,
Doesn't and will not...
Defeat the increasing emergence of truth.
A truth perceived to be swept underneath,
A feeding of a nonexistence of it.
A nonexistence of it that does exist.
And there is no defense to keep it prevented.

Intimidating curiosities cease to be effective!
Truth seekers feeding on a higher consciousness,
Are being released from their darkened cells.
Cells darkened to shelter from rumored threats.
Threats accepted to fear a truth that nears to reject,
The brightness of enlightenment as it becomes clear...
There is no defense against it.
No defense is there against what comes and appears.
And that which from the heavens is sent, descends.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

There Is No Delegation

Delegate?
An assistance with my fate?
When one has discovered,
The 'who' within themselves?
There is no delegation.
However...
There is a realization,
Of a determination that elates.
And that within one's self is declared as owned.
There is little need to share this discovery.
An honest awakening occurs that is known!
Seeking passengers...
Just delays an impatient 'trip'!
And this carried within self,
Is better left unexpressed and best as shown!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

There Is No Ego To Express

Am I thankful and appreciative,
For those things done I do?
What proof do you need?
A resumé that suits your approval?
Something to represent,
How my time has been spent?

And just how can you document my happiness?
If my contentment was not obtained by obsession.
Or possessed in selfishness.

Am I thankful and appreciative,
For those things done I do?
Yes.
But there is no ego to express...
That can describe the abundance of my blessings.
And God hears me 24/7 confessing it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

There Is No Escaping From The Garbage We Leave

At the end of any day,
A trash collector...
And someone else,
Who may have a Doctorate's degree...
Have the same thing in common!
Both have a lifetime association...
With the creation of garbage.

Whether that garbage is recycled or not!
Dropped on the street...
Or rolled up to put into one's pocket.

Regardless of 'who' is paid,
To pick their trash up...
Both can be observed,
Leaving something to forget...
To be hauled away from a curb.

And those perceptions of who we are,
With or without daily impressions to make...
Who we impress or charades we fake,
There is no escaping from the garbage we leave.
It's all over the place.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

There Is No Magic Done

There is no magic done,
That comes to one...
Who begins to comprehend.
Maybe a stumbling to overcome,
To get up and start again.

Wisdom isn't a given...no!
Without experience involved.
And that one who seems 'intelligent',
Has probably fallen many times to crawl.
To get up with arrogance to walk again.

THERE IS NO MAGIC!
Or a waving of a wand done.
That is serviced upon anyone,
Who begins to comprehend.

Maybe a stumbling to overcome!
To get up and start again.
And this determination...
Is seldom seen or mentioned with patience.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

There Is No Need For Me To Discuss A Love

If you can not talk to me,
About those feeling that deeply affect you...
There is no need for me to discuss a love.

If you can not share with me,
Other than a physical need...
Now and then expressed,
When you believe...
The only quality I have,
Is to provide and satisfy...
With a leaving you with that interest fed.
There is no need for me to discuss a love.

How shallow do you believe I am?
To be in a relationship with someone...
Who shares with others there most hidden secrets.
And from me they keep this discreet.

How shallow do you believe I am?
To sleep in total nakedness,
With someone who disrespects my devotion and loyalty...
To openly share with others,
Those things that are no one else's business.
There is no need for me to discuss a love.

If you can not talk to me,
About those feeling that deeply affect you...
There is no need for me to discuss a love.
However...
I do find an increasing need,
To express my disgust you feed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

There Is No Need To Be Discouraged By This

No matter what it is you may do,
You are going to meet...
With someone's disapproval.
And there is no need to be discouraged,
By this.
A higher relationship with consciousness,
Approaches.

People don't have to know you!
See you or come in contact...
For their entire lives.
Just to know you exist for some,
Who are ready to dismiss you...
Like a piece of chewing gum,
Is enough to piss them off.

Some folks have been nurtured,
To perceive themselves as having territorial rights.
No matter how united,
States of minds should be!
Because they believe with simple sensibilities,
The air that is free for all of us to breathe...
Has some who are inhaling,
Exhaling without their approval sought.

And someone from the time they were born,
Fed them this impression.
And has led them to the 'Wall of Instability'
For reasons to give them a purpose to live.
With feelings they 'must' defeat,
And conquer over their own insecurities.
Assigned in their minds,
To arrogance and self importance.

No matter how united,
States of minds should be!
There are those who believe,
With simple sensibilities...
The air that is free for all of us to breathe...

Has to meet with their inhaling and exhaling approval.

And they will poison it with conflict,
If they have to protect their interests...
At any cost as witnessed.

However...
There is no need to get discouraged,
By this.
A higher relationship with consciousness,
Approaches.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

There Is No Need To Continue My Point, Is It?

Many...
Are their dysfunctions,
That has weakened them in envy.
With mind fed jealousies.
Conditioned they are to be attached to 'something'.
So scriptures they learn,
To quote from religious beliefs...
Faithfully.

And in a faith they stake their claims.
Yet this 'faith' maims their associations.
With a mutilation that disfigures,
Their wounded states of mind.
And observe they do others,
From a shallowness to undermine!
And that suits them fine.

Committed they say to a declared wanted unity.
With a hollowness of indentity,
To bind them into a closer knit.
And hoping something sticks that will benefit,
Their tomorrows.

But the knowledge they have and nourish upon...
Keeps them isolated in a separateness they regret.
And for generations this has deteriorated as it still sits,
In accusatory tones whispered in ears with bitterness.
From twisted and pouting lips expressed.

'They sound as if they suffer from a sickness? '

There is no need to continue my point,
Is it?
And I was the first to present my diagnosis!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

There Is No Other Reason To Love

There is no other reason to love.
Or refuse it to abuse.
There is no other reason to love.
Or accuse love,
To misuse.

Too many who receive it,
With an ease of it to get...
Find eventually they feel empty inside,
With a void within them that sits.

Too many have discovered to have it revealed,
Some one who had given a love now dismissed...
But chose they did to throw that love away.
Now distanced but left in their minds to reminisce.

There is no other reason to love.
Or refuse it to abuse.
There is no other reason to love.
Or accuse love to misuse,
When the doing of it comes to give and freely...
To the one who receives it done easily.
There is no other reason to love.
But the accepting of it becomes a game too many play.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

There Is No Permanence Given

There is no permanence given to this existence.
Or challenges beset by obstacles on anyone's path,
No matter how difficult the appearance of the task...
One perceives as being unbearable,
That can not with a faith in place remove.
But some may find it easier to whine,
Than to make up their minds to use their faith.

Although some may take the presence,
Of opportunities away.
As if they have been granted divine power,
To affect someone's life they believe can be swayed.
But there is no permanence given to this existence.
Nor does one get a chance to be chosen,
To play God on any given day they select to perform miracles.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

There Is No Place Like Home

Not being themselves,
Or feeling the need they can be
Is difficult today,
For those who have charaded.
And afraid to reveal a true face.

Opinionated from behind masks,
They have hidden tasks and agendas.
With pretentions more accepted,
By those who have adapted
To false identities from safe,
Although fake
Places.

So difficult it is today,
For those to charade.
And
For those who have charaded,
With feelings fake that are fading
There is,
No place like home.

There is no place like home.
There is no place like home.
There is no place like home.
Once 'home' has been felt,
With a comfort known
From within!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

There Is No Point On Knocking Against Someone's Head

When something thought common,
But not understood by some.
How long should anyone spend,
Giving time for them to fully comprehend?
How important is it if these folks don't 'get it'?
When something has to move on...
It has to move on!

When a lesson thought taught,
Doesn't teach a thing at all.
Who is responsible for the one...
Who remains dribbling in a bib,
And continues to dropp the ball?

Does someone need to feel a pain,
To know what it is like to feel it?
Yes!
And that is why it is best,
To let someone digest a life test!
It is their experience to either get...
Or not 'get' to 'wake up' with it.

See the clock?
Hear the ticking and the tock?

And there is no point on knocking against someone's head.
Even if they appear to have vital signs of life.
When actually what is inside...
Apparently thrives on remaining dead!
Skip this nonsense.
Unless you are a doctor,
With incredible patience.

Knock your own knuckles against a wall,
If you must apply an anguish!
At least something with determination,
Has been done by you with accomplishment.

And without delaying a moment of hesitation!

Be done with it!
Now your concentration,
Is centered quickly somewhere else.
No pain...
No gain!

Suffering?
Well...
That really depends on how foolish you are!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

There Is No Question Of Devotion Given

I resent those who believe,
My shoes are easy to wear.
And my path has been paved...
With lemonade stands along the way.

My efforts have never come to me,
Like the cooling of a Summer breeze.
I've earn the right to make my life appear simple.
And what has become basic to me,
May not be your cup of tea at all.

The application of work.
With little sleep afforded to create.
Loyalty and dedication.
Subdued frustration...
That's what it takes.

To have someone believe...
All they have to do is to sneak up behind me,
To treat themselves as if I'm not to notice?
With a duplication done?

I am not going to say that is impossible!
But I do know my 'spirit guides' too well.
And where I sit...
There is no question of devotion given.
Or 'who' supplies the goods.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

There Is No Retreating Or Ceasing Done

Painful realities
Are rising and creates unrest.
Truths today are being expressed.
And this is bringing those who know this...
Extreme unhappiness.
Acknowledgements leave some cringing.
Hiding misdeeds can no longer be kept swept.
Or buried under falsities...
Now clearing from the eyes of those who slept.
Those who 'see' the bigger picture.
And the difference between deceit and honesty.
One is clearly based on fact.
And the emergence of facts,
Have shocked those taken aback.
There is no retreating or ceasing done.
Enforcing a condoned ignorance,
Comes 'home' to stun!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

There Is No Room

Watch my back?
Trust 'you'...
To watch 'my' back?
You've always been there...
For 'me'?
Do I have FOOL printed on my forehead?

'No!
Why would that be on your forehead?
There is no room.
It looks as if SUCKER has been branded on it!
Who did that? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

There Is No Spotlight That Comes As A Given

The making of anything look easy,
Gets the attention from those who believe it is.
And if there is any hint of notoriety attached...
Only those interested in what is done,
Seek the limelight and not the work and sweat...
Involved in the achievement of that pat on the back.

Baubles, bangles and beads...
And bright shiny things that bling to impress,
Is all most people want to address.
Assuming with success there is no stress.
Or the getting of a much needed rest.
There is no spotlight that comes as a given.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

There Is No Such Thing

There is no such thing,
As an always.
There to be done,
Always.
Or have it given to come,
Always.
Like the heat from the Sun,
Always.

People search to want somebody close,
Forever.
As if a life together lived to feel for real,
Is heaven sent and meant to consent...
There will never be one argument.
To pop and drop upon them,
Like wet cement.

People search to want somebody close,
And picked...
From a list of selected preferences.
To then get upset and wish,
Their fantasized desires...
Stayed to exist in bliss.
Satisfying what they daydream to miss.

There is no such thing,
As an always.
There to be done,
Always.

People search to want somebody close,
And picked...
From a list of selected preferences.
People search to want somebody close,
Forever.
As if a life together lived to feel for real,
Is heaven sent and meant to consent.
Because,
Reality to live is...

Reality to live.

People search to want somebody close,
Forever.
Always and ever.
But...
Reality to live is...
Reality to live.

There is no such thing,
Picked although wished...
To come and stay forever like this,
Since...
Reality to live is,
Reality to live.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

There Is Nothing Here To Keep You

There is nothing here to keep you.
Nothing I do to sustain your interest.
In the beginning it was new.
But now you are familiar.
And accustomed to it too.
There is nothing here to keep you.

There is nothing here to keep you.
And I know that's true!
Since now what is done,
Seems to agitate you before I am through.
And I remember impressing you,
With the little things I use to do.
But there is nothing here to keep you.

Have we spent too many yesterdays together?
Too many Sunsets and far too few dawns.
Have I slept through the process,
Of trying to do my best.
And all you wanted from me,
Was a shoulder to lean on.
And I was unaware...
Thinking of myself with you there but uncaring?
Is that the reason why you would sometimes stare?

There is nothing here to keep you.
Nothing I do to sustain your interest.
In the beginning it was new.
But now you are familiar.
And accustomed to it too.
There is nothing here to keep you.

There is nothing here to keep you.
And I know that's true!
Since now what is done,
Seems to agitate you before I am through.
And I remember impressing you,
With the little things I use to do.
But there is nothing here to keep you.

And even if I could...
You would still think I thought it was all about me!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

There Is Nothing I Can Do

I wanted with you to share happiness.
That and my wishes you rejected.
And that time to you did come to arrive,
When you found your rejection to me done...
Riding on your back with guilt to feel.
You returned. Smiling.
Believing for you I would be awaiting.
Believing for you my feelings remained unchanged.

But as time reveals to all of us accepting it slips away,
Wounds do heal from a tolerated pain kept felt.
And whatever it is today you may feel...I don't.
And is a fact of life I awakened to face.
All I ever wanted for you was to have happiness.
With the hope that one day you would have it.
And if you don't have that as I do now,
There is nothing I can do but wish you well.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

There Is Nothing Like A Cleared Unobstructed Vision

The satisfaction that comes...
When one has accepted and identified,
A life lived with experiences...
And highlighted with emotional sacrifice and risks,
Confronted to overcome...
When they arrive with a back to back crisis,
To survive.
Is this realization...

There is nothing one has to tolerate,
If it disturbs or even slightly irritates.
Expecially if one has learned to appreciate...
Why those ups and downs came to inflict,
To eventually settle...
To identify the keeping of one's peace complete.
With a knowing when to leave nonsense behind,
For what it is!

There is nothing like a cleared unobstructed vision.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

There Is Nothing Like A Dose Of Reality

What has been said,
Has been said.
What has been done,
Has been done.
People can flaunt their religious attiutudes.
And call themselves what they want.
Be it Christian, Moslem, Protestan or Jew.
If feelings are hurt,
A forgiveness will not do it.
Manipulations take place.
And people are accustomed,
To give false smiles to hide their two faces.
However,
When feelings are hurt...
It is over!
When misdeeds are done...
Bitterness is not easily erased.
These are not just words,
Written to impress on a page.
Observe this as it is.
And not from a rose colored perspective.
There is nothing like a dose of reality,
To capture in one's mind.
To then leave delusions, fantasies and pretentions behind.
When reality can be approached,
And honesty accompanies...
Necessities to plan, create and/or start wars,
Will end!
Hopefully before ignorance destroys this planet.
Mother Nature aint into manipulation.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

There Is Nothing Like A Fresh Face

There is nothing like a fresh face,
Appearing innocently on the scene...
To practice one's manipulation.
Since others who have been around,
And for quite some time to have been berated...
To reveal a healing from being character assassinated,
Aren't as easy to persuade to follow those incompetent...
Claiming to have influence 'if' one obeys their rules.
With a choosing to do things their way.
And not offend them with independent thinking.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

There Is Nothing Like Accepting My Own Ignorance

I argue with no one,
Fixed and stuck in false beliefs.
Those who have been in routines,
For generations.
And doing things taught...
Without researching their own thoughts.

Those who choose to do what grandma,
And grandpa did.
And if that was good for them...
That same mindset was handed down,
Disregarding the technology...
Of the times we live!

There are those so far behind,
Today's times.
To leave one to wonder who is blessed...
Those who have lived in rustic isolation?
Or those who live in a mess,
With constant reminders of their 'intelligent' devastations.

And attempting to speak with common sense to some...
Leave those attempting to do it,
Stunned to find out...
Very few have none!

I argue with no one,
Fixed and stuck in false beliefs.
Those who have been in routines,
For generations.
And doing things taught...
Without researching their own thoughts.

As long as I've got my own 'insights' I trust,
I find it simple to go my way...
Feeling freer today to be myself,
Caring less who may think...
That I am the one who is nuts!

There is nothing like accepting my own ignorance.
With challenges to accomplish my own deeds.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

There Is Nothing Like An Awakening

People only see what they choose to see.
And at their convenience.
Even though what is seen has been there,
And observed by others for many years...
Who by now have become quite annoyed,
By those who have chosen to see with open eyes.
And all of a sudden have become advocates,
And champions...
Of 'unity'.
When at a time they did not want to know,
What was going on and could care less about it.
Since 'those' types of people created their own problems.
That's what they would say.
But today...
It has been made easier for everyone to 'see',
With minds being cleared of clouds that confuse.
And who has being doing what to whom,
Is not someone's 'vision' looking into a cystal ball.
And the value placed on denial and deceit,
Has increasingly faded the quality of life...
As well as those 'standards' upheld by those isolated,
In a narrow thought process.
There is nothing like an awakening to a truth that exists.
There is nothing like this when it happens.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

There Is Nothing Like An Invited Crisis

There is nothing like a crisis,
To crave to munch as a breakfast treat.
There is nothing like an invited crisis,
To awaken and greet...
The first thing in the morning,
From a night of attempted peaceful sleep.

People are obsessed with new threats and conflicts.
Instead of getting up daily and praying with a gratefulness...
People seek to be irritated by anything that upsets.

Suggestions given to those living to complain,
Is never taken as a positive change to a way of life...
They argue to keep the same.

Routines loved that limit habitual activities...
Will always feel a threatening done,
By anyone giving advice that will ultimately please.
People are suspicious...
If someone appears to have their happiness unrestricted.

'They just 'act' like that 'cause they aint got nothing else to do.
If I had time to waste like they have...
I'd be happy too.'

There is nothing like a crisis,
To crave to munch as a breakfast treat.
There is nothing like an invited crisis,
To awaken and greet...
The first thing in the morning,
From a night of attempted peaceful sleep.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

There Is Nothing Like An Observation

How I know today times have changed?

People no longer laugh,
When they believe they have those 'things'...
That those who have not will never get!

Now today those who did not 'have',
What others 'had' and laughed...
Are less concerned,
About having their 'things' repossessed.
Like those with their noses,
High above their puffed up chests.

Or having their precious pretentions devalued,
Like those who used the have nots...
To validate the purpose of their foolishness.

How I know today times have changed?
There is nothing like an observation,
That details a bringing to another their reality.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

There Is Nothing Like It

I do the best I can to take heed to warnings.
And pay attention I try to do,
To observe those signs alerting me to obstacles...
On the road ahead as I journey through my life.
This I find is the right thing for 'me' to do.

And I do not advocate to others,
What I find for me is right.
I use to suggest and recommend.
But today...
After being told I believe I know 'everything'...
I say not a word when I see a boulder,
Rolling to endanger others.
My lips stay sealed.

I've learned from my own experience,
To jump clear out of the way.
And through this process...
My eyes have widened,
With an encompassing beyond given limits.

There is 'something' about receiving information,
Direct...
Than it is getting it second hand.
Eliminating the possibility of an argument,
Is a better position to take...
With a witnessing of lessons being taught.
To be delivered first hand.
There is nothing like it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

There Is Nothing Like Keeping It Humble

What do you have to say to those,
Who have had their valuables, treasures...
And other possessions,
From them taken away?

'It must be devastating,
To have pretentions repossessed.
Especially those others thought own and kept,
To have noses turned up when the ones with less...
Are now asked to express an empathy.'

So what is it you wish to say?

'Personally? '

Yes.

'There is nothing like keeping it humble.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

There Is Nothing More Durable

It is refreshing to get that opportunity,
To be placed on a pedestal...
As if one sits on a throne.

It is refreshing to do this,
With an attention received...
To one that is shown.

But getting comfortable,
Is not recommended.
Especially if one's ego becomes cemented.

It is just the experience alone,
One should value.
And not a belief where one sits,
Represents a permanence.
Remembering...
There is nothing more durable,
Than those memories of one that seem to linger.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

There Is Nothing More Gratifying

For those who have thought of themselves,
As being betrayed, deceived and used...
At the expense of being mentally abused,
Just for the amusement of it...
There is nothing more gratifying,
Than to witness the dawning of one's discovery.
Especially when enlightenment comes to shine,
Upon those with minds confined to limitation.

Taking a perception and accepting it as reality,
Has nothing to do with the existence of facts.
And facts in existence that have not been hidden,
Can stop those who laugh with a closing of their traps.
Stunned are the eyes to open wide when that happens.
To leave those who threw their dirt found deep in mud,
When they and others look back at their left tracks.
With a doing to face truth they believe could be kept deluded.

There is nothing more gratifying,
Than to be a witness to that.
And to hear those arguing amongst themselves,
As to who said what to get them muddied up and stuck!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

There Is Nothing More Satisfying

There is nothing more satisfying,
Than to be depicted as a fool...
By those who have accepted,
Their unconditional training...
Promoting the act of mindlessness.
To leave one eventually feeling,
How pointless it is to express regret.

And observing this free promotion,
Without it being solicited...
Has to be a relief to those aware,
How cost effective this has been...
In the savings done to market without effort,
Such visable and achieved effects...
Affecting successfully the lives of those,
Ripping themselves apart.
In the expediating done of their own demise.

There are those who sit,
Enjoying every moment of this.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

There Is Nothing That Can Compare

There is one thing I've learned,
About the acquiring of patience.
It seems always more appreciated,
When vacationing.
And when taking all the patience one has obtained,
To enjoy every minute of it?
There is nothing that can compare.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

There Is Nothing To Gain

You ask...
How has my perception changed?
Over the years,
I've endured...
Heartache, disappointments...
And the healing from personal pain?

I have managed to grit my teeth.
With no bitterness to show I keep.
And a smile that reflects a happiness,
Inside of me I deeply feel.
However...
There are kept moments I will not reveal,
When I stay awake at nights and I can not sleep.

You ask...
How has my perception changed?
Over the years,
I've endured...
Heartache, disappointments...
And the healing from personal pain?
Well...
I have learned there is nothing to gain,
By lieing to myself to leave tears on my pillows...
Without washing out the stains.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

There Is Nothing Uncanny About It

It is just uncanny.
And quite a mystery to me...
Why acts or violence,
Inequities and disparites...
With a rise of racial tension,
Could exist to affect the lives of so many.
How can you explain this movement,
That seems to have come...
To change all of our lives so drastically.

'What are you talking about?
Is this another rumor?
Or a new TV show?
Everywhere I go,
People choose to exaggerate or embellish...
The slightest thing.
If people didn't live accepting their denials,
We'd all be living a better quality of life.
And there is nothing uncanny about it.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

There Is Nothing Wrong In Wanting

It is easy to pick up and leave,
For...
Those places envisioned in one's mind,
That are traveled and far away.
So they will have a space to go...
To wallow there,
In the comfort of their sorrows.

It is easy to pick up and leave,
For...
A tomorrow out of reach.
To perceive a destiny is to chase rainbows.
Carrying with them an emptiness,
That always seem to follow!

There is nothing wrong,
In wishing for the consistency of Sunshine.
There is nothing wrong in wanting,
To be showered with gold dust all the time.
There is nothing wrong,
In avoiding clouds with hopes none will come.
There is nothing wrong in wanting a life,
With a humming forever done!

There is nothing wrong to live those dreams,
In a wishful thinking of them to be...
Continually received.

It is easy to pick up and leave,
For...
Those places envisioned in one's mind,
That are traveled and far away.
There is nothing wrong in wanting a life,
With a humming forever done!
There is nothing wrong,
In avoiding clouds with hopes none will ever come.

And yet they do.
And many refuse...

To stop and accept what is done.
Preferring they do instead for them,
Is a life that is on the run.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

There Is One Catch

To vent obscenities,
Seems today to be in vogue.
And just yesterday,
My expressed embitteredness...
Was misinterpreted as racist,
By those now venting...
With the same embitteredness!

But there is one catch.
They have authorized with validation,
Their reasons to be upset.
Because their lives have become affected.
Making what they do appear more inclusive.
And I somehow made my 'vocals' an ethnic 'thing'.

And please,
Keep your liberal stances to yourself.
Few of you are standing on inner city corners,
Being policed or fleeced to fill a quota.
There is nothing like the visions of honesty...
As seen and lived.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

There Is One Thing Missing

WHY does it seem,
There are so many people...
Increasing to express violence,
Towards one another?

'That's what happens when people discover,
Who their true enemies are and have been.'

But the expense and waste of it,
Has escalated and does not diminish.
It would be common sense if used...
To have it understood and comprehended,
That accepting to respect each other...
Would quickly eliminate the chaos and havoc.

'I hear you.
But you know what? '

No!
I don't know what.

'There is one thing missing.
And what you recommend to suggest,
Would never happen.'

Why are you so negative?

'Call if whatever you choose to do and wish.
But negative I am not.
These people are seeking to defeat anyone these days.
With a doing to declare 'victory'.
All that 'respecting' to express respect for each other,
Could easily be done.
However...
A doing to defeat someone to declare a victory,
Would be missed.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

There Is Quite A Difference Made

There is quite a difference made,
Between maintaining one's patience...
And being taken advantage of by others.

And...
That difference is shown to those who are made aware,
By the one who feels a need to show which one ends...
With unmistakable clarity.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

There Is Something About Being Shattered

Nothing intentionally broken into pieces,
Over an extended period of time...
Can be painfully put back together again.
As if the act and the lack of integrity,
Restores an unblemished image.
An image not to neglect!
And from its beginning held with the utmost respect.

Or can those responsible for such misdeeds,
Be forgiven back into an innocence remembered.
As if the raising of hypocrisies have rights to be praised!

There is something about being shattered,
That matters!
There is something about a wound inflicted,
That remains intact!
There is something about life,
That should be taught to keep treasured!
And this fact kept from falling off a path that's tracked.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

There Is Something About Having Peace

Everywhere I have been,
To travel and/or live.
I made it my choice,
To meet and share with different people.

I've been creative all my life.
And nothing about it is a mystery.
With an experiencing of it done,
On various stages.
Under spotlight.
And alone emotionally.

And today I can say,
I would have to think hard...
To express regret.
Every breath of life I have been given,
I am thankful to feel so blessed.

For anyone to recommend,
Or to me suggest...
What it is I should do with my time,
Have no idea...
The joy I have with peace of mind.

And that peace of mind is mine to define.
With a seeking I do not do,
To anyone to explain what I have gone through...
With a welcoming of it to keep.
And prepared to defend it,
From nosey busy bodies if I have to!

I wasn't born yesterday,
With a searching for compatible companionship.
Or sharing my life in an argumentative relationship.
Trust me...
I have donated.
And my charity work has been done.
There is something about having peace...
With a quietness on a daily basis released,

That I have learned to love and appreciate.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

There Is Something About 'Him'

We are at a loss to explain how this could happen.
He had been an average child.
Who hasn't skipped school.
Maybe just every once in a while?
I didn't like school at all.

Only once did he burn down the house.
And like other boys,
He microwaved a few cats.

He only commited armed robbery twice.
And he did beat the minister,
For giving him poor advice.
The minister should have known that.
Needless to say,
We haven't advised him to go back.

So he pushed his teacher down the steps.
That teacher only broke two legs,
An arm...
But not her neck.
I didn't like that teacher myself.
She spoke to me with much disrespect.

And the neighbors next door,
Claimed he pistol whipped them.
Have you seen inside their house?
They are lucky that's all he did.

He is really a good kid.
He never meant to threaten us.
What will the sending him away eventually prove?
He is only going to learn what the other prisoners do.

We are good parents.
We'll make sure he improves!

'What are you going to do this time?
That the last twenty years didn't do.'

We all have sought counseling.
And so excited we are.
The counselor and our son...
Are now in a relationship too.

And...
There is something about 'him',
That seems to connect with our son!
So far...
We approve.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

There Is Something About Living It

I know how life works.
There is something about living it,
Away from the sidelines in full participation...
That gives one the experience,
To speak on some matters with familiar authority.

I know how life works.
And from connecting 'that' which is observed,
To what's been heard to the ears...
Produces a clarity.
And reduces assumptions to be deduce from reality.

I know how life works.
There is something about living it,
Away from the sidelines in full participation...
That gives one the experience,
To speak on some matters with familiar authority.

And when people say they will do one thing,
But actually do another as was intended to do.
Or those who claim actions done to them happened,
But never occurred as they describe?
They know little about how life works.
And who from a distance has them observed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

There Is Something Really Wrong About That

There's something really wrong about that!
Those facts you ration.
There is something really wrong about that!
They're not based in truth of action.
Something really wrong about that!
Those facts you ration.
Absent is the truth of action.
Nothing is said about that.

There is something really wrong about that!
Those facts you ration.
There's something really wrong about that!
They're not based in truth of action.
Something really wrong about that!
Those facts you ration.
Absent is the truth of action.
Nothing is said about that.

Truth has been manipulated.
Something is wrong about that!

And people now themselves they hate.
Something is wrong about that!

Racism is the indicator.
Something is wrong about that!

And how one lives is too debated.
Something is wrong about that!

There is something really wrong about that!
Those facts you ration.
There's something really wrong about that!
They're not based in truth of action.
Something really wrong about that!
Those facts you ration.
Absent is the truth of action.
Nothing is said about that.

We've all been underestimated.
Something is wrong about that!
The thoughts of people are degraded.
Something is wrong about that!
Deceivers seem too much elated.
Something is wrong about that!
And truth for us has been created...
With an ease that's made..

Oh there's something really wrong about that!
Those facts you ration.
There is something really wrong about that!
They're not based in truth of action.
Something really wrong about that!
Those facts you ration.
Absent is the truth of action.
Nothing is said about that.

Something's really wrong about it.
Where are the facts?
Something's really wrong about this.
Who erased the facts?

Something's really wrong about it.
Where are the facts?
Something's really wrong about this.
Who erased the facts?

Oh there's something really wrong about that!
Who is hiding facts?
Oh there's something really wrong about that!
Keeping truth from action.
Oh there's something really wrong about that!
Who is hiding facts?
Oh there's something really wrong about that!
Keeping truth from action.
Oh there's something really wrong about that!
Who is hiding facts?
And why are facts held back?

The truth has been eliminated.
Something is wrong about that.

The truth has been eliminated.
Something is wrong about that.
The truth has been eliminated.
Something is wrong about that.
The truth has been eliminated.
Something is wrong about that.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

There Is Something We Can Do

Do you see what I see.
Do you feel what I feel...
When I see what I do,
That makes me ill to view it?
There is something we can do.
Close our eyes and meditate it,
Away from view.
If you see it like I do...
The more will see it,
And do that too!
This can be done.
By you, me and everyone!
If you feel, see and know that it exists...
Let us get together,
And assist in ridding it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

There Is Something Within Us That Refuses Change

So many lifetimes I have lived,
Among some who have just lived one.
Experiences I have had a plenty.
And many I observe have had few,
Or perhaps none from their point of view.

It is difficult to dismiss those trials and tribulations.
And the obstacles that come with growth...
Which are purposely set on one's path to take notice.

So many lifetimes I have lived,
Among some who have just lived one.
Experiences I have had a plenty.
And many I observe have had few,
Or perhaps none from their point of view.

And those making attempts to grasp onto the past,
Are not so eager to let go from that which has detached.
Like the gifts of seasons that come to give, bestow and leave...
There is something within us that refuses change that comes drastically.
Although being a part of 'nature' has not identified that as reality.

It is difficult to dismiss those trials and tribulations.
And the obstacles that come with growth...
Which are purposely set on one's path to take notice.

There is something within us that refuses change.
Although change is all we know.
There is something within us that refuses change.
Although change is all we know.
There is something within us that refuses change.
Although change is all we know.
Change is...
All we know!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

There Is Still Some Time Left Before The Dawn!

To those who dare to defy convention...
Shut up!
To those who intent to awaken and shake,
Those in pretentions they can not break.
To those conforming to a higher consciouness...
Shut up!
There are those still asleep,
As they cheat and play roulette with their lives!
Shut up...
They might hear,
Something that stops their addictions!
And the nonsense uncovered in their false traditions.
Shut up...
There is still some time left before the dawn!
And those who know what is going on,
Are trying to get a nap.
A rest before delusions end...
To begin the cracking of those minds that snap!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

There Is Too Much To Appreciate

There is too much to appreciate.
And when one breaks away,
From having whims like children...
There is too much to appreciate,
To care who does not!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

There Is Too Much To Be Enjoyed

If my needs are not met
I have no regret leaving
These days have activated
My wishes and dreams
And it seems too many
Have delayed theirs...
To put their lives on hold.
Waiting to behold
Glorious retirements
Sitting in backyards
Within fences to reminisce.
That kind of laziness
Is not on my top 10.
Pretending we live those days...
Are not these days we live.
If my needs are not met
I have no regret leaving
To get them fulfilled.
Times have changed.
And so have I.
Listening to excuse makers...
Is not on my agenda.
There is too much to be enjoyed,
To be annoyed by 'show and tell' folks.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

There Is...

There is...discrimination.
And there is...denial,
On trial.
There is...racists in places.
There is...faces of hate.
And there is...people who fake it,
To celebrate the waste.
And there is...division.
There is...much of it seen.
And there is...violence and crime.
And folks out of minds.
There is...homeless and hungry.
Those jobless who struggle,
And muzzle their pain.
With nothing but strain and those gains down the drain.
AND THERE IS...doubt and confusion.
THERE IS...shared misery.
And if no one has known this...
They don't wish to see.
Because it is there...
As clear as can be!
There is...love everywhere!
And if people don't know that...
They wont and don't care!
There is...fixes to mend this.
And when that time comes...
All grief will be lifted.
Admitted,
And sent...
Drifting away!

Like an addict that's had it...
To send this away.

Like an addict that's had it...
To send this away.

Like an addict that's had it...
With a habit that's bad.

To send this away.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

There Our Senses Touch

There our senses touch.

In the fields of...
Fresh grass scented.
To glisten with dew,
Lifted,
By a dawning morning...
Clear.
Bright.
And appetizing awakening eyes.

There our senses touch.

With an open window nearby.
Where the 'is' and 'why' of life,
Breezes through fields God gives...
To make the experience of it,
Flagrant with inconsistent fragrance shifting.
From day to day.
As if to outdo each creation made.

There our senses touch.

In the fields of...
All there is to life.
And to know it can not be simply lived,
If not witnessed.

There our senses touch.
Outside of ourselves.
With none of it to be lived,
To sit on fences.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

There Shall Be No Returns

No one brought to them a 'gift' basket,
Filled with their own trials and tribulations.
To sample and taste.

This has been from their creation.
From decisions that they've made.
And choices they've had from the start.

Who forced them to neglect their own values?
With a sickening disrespect...
Allowed in and out of their homes to roam.

Who placed delusion high on their priority list?
And when this was mentioned...
Those brave enough to have done this,
Were left abandoned like orphanes
To feel quite alone!
Shunned within the same environment.

No one brought to them a 'gift' basket,
Filled with their own trials and tribulations.
To sample and taste.

And if that happened...
They chose and selected,
The packing and the wrapping!

Inform them...
There shall be no returns.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

There Should Be Consideration Given

One can choose to read.
Rate to leave,
Or not!
That does not obligate.
Or necessitate demands to make.

Requests are made and extended.
And even in the doing of such deeds,
There should be consideration given...
To those who have preferences.

And often...
One who expresses a preference,
Is compliant to what that definition implies...
Something that is preferred.
Not suggested.
Or sought in random.
And rarely not solicited,
If this is not an action wished!
And still...
STILL,
Many just don't get it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

There Should Be No Doubt About It

There should be no doubt about it.
You don't have to pout about it.
Or commute a brooding mood.
To allude with attitude.

You,
Have chosen to bear that load.

There should be no doubt about it.
You don't have to pout about it.
Or commute a brooding mood,
To allude with attitude.

You,
Have chosen to bear that load.
And you,
Have chosen to...
Not-let-go!

There should be no doubt about it.
There's no need to pout about it.
You,
Have chosen to bear that load.
There should be no doubt about it.
You...
Have chosen to,
Not-let-go!

You don't have to pout about it.
Or commute a brooding mood,
To allude with attitude.
You,
Have chosen to bear that load.
And you,
Have chosen to...
Not-let-go!
Refusing.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

There To Awaken Their Senses

The ones refusing to open their eyes,
Ears and minds...
Believing themselves to be immunized,
By the rapidity of changes...
Being made and effecting the stability,
Of many lives lived by the majority.
Need not wonder whether the bricks used,
Are fused with cement or new.
Since the thickness of that wall they will run into,
Is there to awaken their senses to truths.
With the hope they will experience,
Fewer mind altering delusions.
As the year 2012 will dispel many myths.
With no reason to validate, decide or pick...
From a 'Believe It Or Not List',
That may or may not have a reason to exist...
Once those beliefs are realized and removed from doubt,
To be no longer questioned with what if(s) or could be(s) .

Lawrence S. Pertillar

There To Give As Expected

Alone but not with a lonely feeling,
To dwell in regret I live a single life.
Too much I had contributed to admit,
A love resides within me to give.
But...
Had I been a recipient to miss it given?
Or had I'd been a giver to condone,
An alone feeling no one pursued to undo...
As long as I was there to give as expected,
By the ones accepting what it was I gave...
'They' received to believe I had no desires,
Or need for it to me to be shown to believe.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

There To Hit Homeruns

At bat...
I'm not thinking of just getting to first base.
I am there to give it my all.
Not just there to play ball,
For thrills.

At bat...
I'm not thinking of just getting to first base,
To stare at faces!
At bat...
I'm there to hit homeruns.
And that's that!
In any season...
I come prepared.

Whether or not I foul out.
I come prepared...
At bat...
To hit homeruns!

'And...
You're OUT! '

Well...
At least I do come prepared.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

There To Rhyme

He's a corporate leecher.
Disguised as a preacher.
There to rhyme with poetic lines...
To define a satisfied ego!
Aging an outdated purpose.
As he masks his flight to recite,
Prose of those poor and burdened.
Upon the irreplaceable wings of a true giant,
He seeks to feed a dimishing spotlight.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

There To Share With A Getting

You can find time to research my life,
From every aspect of it.
To create for yourself employment as done.
But you can not hire me as a consultant,
With a paying of a fee or any sum.
You enjoy it better when stealing from me.
At an opportunity you believe I am not aware.
Although I feel the closeness of your probe.

Since you rather pretend what it is you do,
Hasn't nothing to do with me at all.
And that is so untrue.
Yet what you've created would not exist,
If you had not convinced with insistence...
As you keep peeking over my fence,
That the only thing you want us to be is friends.
And there to share with a getting of what's on MY mind.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

There To Share Without The Asking

Eventually,
Those who have taken their head 'trips'...
With accusations made about others,
Moving in directions misunderstood...
From birth they have stubbornly taken.
With a placing of concrete steps.
Those not understanding,
This journey one takes alone...
Eventually,
Find their head 'trips'...
Have been filled with hot air,
And little substance from which to claim...
A viable destiny,
They see there for themselves to reach!
But their noses seem to be always placed,
On another's path!

There to share...
Without the asking!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

There To Visit And Released

A truth hidden and unknown,
Eventually exposed and shown...
To be what it is,
Whether at night or in broad daylight...
Is difficult to create escapes to make,
By those who had relied upon the giving of false faces.
Even their own shadows in dark places intimidates.

With no where they can go to be believed,
To expect a warm welcoming to be received.
Since once truth is seen for all that it is,
It becomes impossible to fake or substitute.
Ask anyone confined in the mind by their misdeeds.
And experiencing a fear to be left alone anywhere.
Especially if truth has been there to visit and released.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

There 'Use' To Be A Winter In New England

Pretty soon people will be complaining,
About getting any snow at all.
Especially in New England...
When Summer and Fall,
Seem to rush to connect with Spring.

It is January and there is a dusting of snow.
And people heard strolling on the streets...
Say it is cold.
Wearing nothing but jackets and no Winter coats.

There 'use' to be a Winter in New England,
This time of the year.
And many would ski and slide the slopes.
Prepared in their snow wearing gear.

And every year Winter seems to be taking a backseat,
As warmer days come to tease...
Those who love the snow,
To witness it quickly leave.

There 'use' to be a Winter in New England,
This time of the year.
Pretty soon people will be complaining,
About getting any snow at all.
When Summer and Fall,
Seem to rush to connect with Spring.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

There Was A Time Cream Rose To The Top

There was a time cream rose to the top,
With expectations.
Today the appearance of BS is there.
Lots of it!
Disappointing patience.

And most of it sitting unappreciated,
By those choosing to ignore imitations.
Preferring in anticipation...
Something that identifies quality and taste.

And that may be a very long wait.
Especially for those who know the difference,
Between scratched and boxed cake.
And what it takes to bake it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

There Was Really A President Kennedy?

Gee!
How 'old' are you?

'Old enough to remember,
The Drifters' 'There Goes My Baby'.
The Doo Wop era.
The hips of Elvis.
Motown.
Jimi Hendrix.
The death of President Kennedy.
Martin Luther King.
The first 'Earth' man on the Moon.
The smoking of 'good' weed.
And even wearing pants 'on' my butt.'

WHAT?
There was really a President Kennedy?
AND Camelot?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

There Were. Very!

You don't think I am being fair?
Because I am not there,
Upon your request.
And arriving as if I am out of breath?

What I say next,
Is not going to appeal.
But I do suggest you not disrespect me.
Because I have a temperrment,
I choose not to reveal.

Remember ignoring my needs?
When you believed them not to be real?

They were.
Very!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

There Will Be Love

I don't like,
To do it to you.
Like...
The others did it done and to each other.

I don't like,
When you do it too!
Like...
The others had it done and to each other.

Had you thought it in your mind to do that to me?
Like...
The others had it done and to each other.

And...
Had you thought it in your mind to do that to me?
Like...
The others had it done and to each other.

And...
Is it that you wish from me sincerity,
So...
You can wish to think I show you love?

There to share would be our love.
And...
There will be some other things we call it.
But...
There will be a sharing our love.
And...
Hopefully we wont be alcoholics.

There shared would be our love.
And...
There will be some other things we call it.
But...
There will be shared our love,
And...
Hopefully we wont be alcoholics.

I don't like,
To do it to you.
And I don't like,
When you do it too!
And can we stop acting like we're fools.
Since...
There to share would be our love.
And...
There will be some other things we call it.
But...
There will be to share is love,
And...
Hopefully we wont be alcoholics.

There shared would be our love.
And...
There will be some other things we call it.
But...
There will be shared our love,
And...
Hopefully we wont be alcoholics.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

There Would Be A Door To Open

I've never been here before.
To knocked on many doors,
Until one opened.
To then be scrutinized,
If I had the capabilities to be inside.
And I thought to myself,
'Comprehend the lesson.
And absorb the experience of it.'

And at first I was offended,
Thinking I was being criticized.
But I wasn't the one to doubt my abilities.
Nor will I spend my time applying denial.
I can't.
My ambitions wont let me.

It was only until I was told I was over-qualified,
That I began to realize...
I was not the one incompetent.
I was the one sent away,
By the ones relieved of embarrassment.
Only to misunderstand what success meant.

Once I am given a task I am focused.
With a seriousness to dispense.
While others might joke or waste time for laughs.

I've never been here before,
To be made to feel...
That my efforts and attempts,
Would have others seek to defeat me.
Team work like that doesn't make sense.

And then it dawned on me with such clarity,
'One day there would be a door to open.
And those sitting behind it who are competent,
Would regard what I offer as a benefit to all.
And would not fear who receives or gets attention.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

There You Are Behind To Follow

Whatever to you is said,
There you are behind to follow.
Whatever to you is read,
There you are behind to follow.

You don't even use your head.
Instead it might as well be dead.
Nothing in it is prepared.
And you show you don't care.

Whatever to you is said,
There you are behind to follow.
Whatever to you is read,
There you are behind to follow.

You don't even use your head.
Instead it might as well be dead.
Whatever to you is said,
You show you don't really care.

You don't even use your head.
But there you are behind to follow.
The use of it is dead instead.
Because what's in it has been borrowed.

You don't even use your head.
Because what's in it has been borrowed.
The use to you is dead instead.
Since all you do is really follow.
All you do is really follow.
All you do is really follow.
All you do is really follow.

Whatever to you is said,
There you are behind to follow.
Whatever to you is read,
There you are behind to follow.
Whatever to you is said,
There you are behind to follow.

All you do is really follow.
There you are behind to follow.
All you do is really follow.
On time you think can be borrowed.
To follow.
On time you think can be borrowed.
To follow.

On time you think can be borrowed,
There for you to follow...
All that has been done!
There for you to follow...
All that has been done!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

There! Because That Is What People Naturally Do

On what scale can one rate hatred.
To what temperature can heat rise...
From those despising themselves and others?

How long can tolerance be expected to prevail?
To calm those tensions with attempts,
That a peacefulness...
Will ease the minds of those who vent.

On what graph can an explanation,
Describe one's pain?
In what debates...
Can a surprising happiness,
Be concluded as shown on one's face.

Will those times ever return,
When it becomes apparent...
Lessons have been learned?
And respect that is given,
Isn't stubbornly expected to be earned.
But is there!
Because that is what people naturally do!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

There...Where You Are

Let the Sun light in,
And let it dance upon your face.
Let every muscle tensed be removed from your brow.
Be living where you are...
Breathing in the HERE in the right NOW!
There!
Where you are with wounds and scars you pick.

Not tomorrow or yesterday...
Hoping and holding on for a change to have happened then,
To appear today panting out of breath to find you
With sorrow and teardrops not yours to give...
Or feel any longer belongs to you.
This pacing back and forth with anguish,
Does not deliver instant cures.

Let the Sun light in
And let it dance upon your face.
Let every muscle tensed be removed from your brow.
Be living where you are...
Breathing in the HERE,
Wherever you are right NOW!

No magic wand will reduce your fears
To appear as muppets smiling with dandelions!
Until you begin to see it that way.
If that's the way you choose to see it!
But see it...
Be it!
Feel it in the NOW!

Nothing held with a sweating hand,
Is going to feel secure!
Until you begin to see it that way.
If that's the way you choose to see it!

But see it...
Be it!
Feel it in the NOW!

Let the Sun light in,
And let it dance upon your face.
There!
Where you are,
With wounds and scars you pick.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Therefore...

They do not listen!
Therefore...
Nothing is learned.
Therefore...
They have earned their fight,
To remain in blight and ignorance.
They make claims for a need of change.
And wallow away in accepted indifference.
Choosing where they wish to be!
They can not see that.
And they argue amongst themselves,
Constantly.
They do not listen!
Yet their troubles disturb.
They want to be heard.
Blind and gathered in a collected herd!
Doing what they want.
Wanting what they approve and choose.
Therefore...
Those who have listened,
And observing it more and more.
Look for exits to distance themselves.
From those who have chosen to dwell,
In these spells of stagnation.
This is what they want!
And they flaunt and do it well!
Therefore...
Any truth or spark of enlightenment,
Will never be theirs to be shared to tell.
Therefore...
A sign from anyone sharing their grief,
Would please them!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

There's Magic Still In Love

Never lost.
Never,
Bewildered.

No, I'm...
Never lost.
No...ever,
Bewildered.

But I can be,
The one deceived.
And I can be,
Too naïve.
Also the one,
To believe...
There's magic still in love.

Never lost.
Never,
Bewildered.

No, I'm...
Never lost.
Nor...ever,
Bewildered.

But I can be,
The one deceived.
And I can be,
Too naïve.
Also the one,
To believe...
There's magic still in love,
For me.

Even when the clouds are gray,
I'm the one to believe...
They'll go away,
Permanently...

Depending on the Sun that rises.
And those tears from me that leave.

But I can be,
The one deceived.
And I can be,
Too naïve.
Also the one,
To believe...
There's magic still in love,
For me.
Even when the clouds are gray.

Never lost.
Never,
Bewildered.

No, I'm...
Never lost.
Nor...ever,
Bewildered.

But I can be,
Much too honest.
And I can hurt,
Easily.
Yet still believe,
There is magic...
Kept inside my heart,
To find for me...
True love.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

There's Many Still Caring

There's many still caring,
What they believe and hear.
Who says what about them.
And who to impress and how they live.

There's many still caring,
How they dress and appear.
And who's going to think what of them.
And what they have and what they give.

There's many still caring,
Where they go to pray.
And who sits in church with them.
And who is not there on Sunday.

And...
There's many still caring,
Once they prepare for bed.
If a neighbor is sleeping.
And who they know,
Is having sex instead.
And who is it with them in bed!

There's many still caring,
Where they go to pray.
And who sits in church with them.
And who is not there on Sunday.
And who they know,
Is having sex instead.
And who is it with them in bed!
And when they're done what's being said!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

There's No Denying Indicators

Too invigorating are the days ahead,
For those who stay awake.
With no escape to live them later.

Too invigorating are the days ahead,
For those who stay awake.
With no escape to live them later.

Too invigorating...
With exposing of the data.
Too invigorating...
No denying indicators.

Too invigorating are the days ahead,
For those who stay awake.
With no denying indicators.
Too invigorating...
With exposing of the data.
Too invigorating...
To compute with calculators,
Since...
Too invigorating are the days ahead,
For those who stay awake.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

There's No Ending Of It

Big, bigger, bigger, big, big, big!
Big are they in the making,
Of a raucous that disrupts.
And...
There's no ending of it.
No there is no ending of it.

Big are they in the making,
Of a raucous that disrupts.
And...
Bigger are others in a raucous,
With a bigger one to make up.
And...
Big are they in the making,
Of a raucous that disrupts.
And...
Bigger are others in a raucous,
With a bigger one to make up.
And...
There's no ending of it.
No there is no ending of it.
No!
There's no ending of it.
No!
There's not ending of it.

And...
Big, bigger, bigger, big, big, big!
And...
There's no ending of it.
No there is no ending of it.
No!
There's no ending of it.
No!
There's not ending of it.

Big are they in the making,
Of a raucous that disrupts.
And...

There's no ending of it.
No there is no ending of it.
No!

Big are they in the making,
Of a raucous that disrupts.
And...
There's no ending of it.
No there is no ending of it.
And...
Big are they in the making,
Of a raucous that disrupts.
And...
There's no ending of it.
No there is no ending of it.

And...
Bigger, bigger, bigger, bigger, big, big big!

Big are they in the making,
Of a raucous that disrupts.
And...
Big are they in the making,
Of a raucous that disrupts.
And...
Big are they in the making,
Of a raucous that disrupts.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

There's No One Other

Does it matter 'how' I love?
And at what 'percentage'?
Seriously?
Does it?

If that love I have discovered is all for you.
And I've admitted the trying with lies,
To deny this is true.
To myself AND you.
Only to confess that 'today' I do.
And there's no one other for me BUT you!
Does it matter 'how' I love?
Seriously?
Does it?
If I said more than 100 percent,
Would you be convinced?
Or would you then ask me,
When did that 100 percent begin?

Does it matter 'how' I love?
And at what 'percentage'?
Seriously?
Does it?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

There's No Photo Finish Needed

There's no photo finish needed,
For the one...
Who has succeeded.
For the one...
Undefeated.
For the one...
Who has completed,
Passing tests with peace of mind.
And doing this from time to time.

There's no photo finish needed,
For the one...
Who has succeeded.
For the one...
Undefeated.
For the one...
Who has completed,
Passing tests with peace of mind.
And doing this from time to time.

Standing tall from a crawling done...
And doing this from time to time.
Walking while some others run.
And doing this from time to time,
Unsure what doing this would find.

There's no photo finish needed,
For the one...
Who has succeeded.
For the one...
Undefeated.
For the one...
Who has completed,
Passing tests with peace of mind.
And doing this from time to time.
Unsure what doing this would find.
While others rush to a finish line.

There's no photo finish needed,

For the one...
Who has succeeded.

There's no photo finish needed,
For the one...
Undefeated.

There's no photo finish needed,
For the one...
Who has completed,
Passing tests with peace of mind.
And doing this from time to time.
Unsure what doing this would find.
While others rush to a finish line.
There's no photo finish needed,
Here!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

There's Not Too Many Reasons

There's not too many reasons,
I would...
Set aside my pride.
And there's...
Not too many reasons,
I would...
Not have a peaceful sleep at night.
No!
There's not too many reasons,
Why I...
Wouldn't eat or wish to feel that need.
Or...
Feel a hopelessness inside me,
Without you.

No!

There's not too many reasons,
Why I could not cope.
And...
There's not too many reasons,
Why I'd give up hope.
And...
There's not too many reasons,
Why I'd be on knees.
No...
There's not too many reasons,
Why I could not eat.
And...
There's not too many reasons,
Why I could not sleep.
Or believe there's a me to live and breathe,
Without you.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

There's Only 'One' God

We've got a lot to do...
To remove what we've gone through,
To prove...
Life has been a blessing to get.

We've got a lot to do...
To improve our attitudes,
And...
Put to rest that 'me-me-I-I',
Selfishness.

There's only 'One' God,
We are here to please.
And...
There's only 'One' God,
We should worship to appease.
There's only 'One' God,
And those who 'see' believe...
An evil given to be living,
Gets received.

There's only 'One' God,
Who has His Disciples.
And...
There's only 'One' God,
Watching 'everything' we do.
And those who 'see' it know this to believe,
Any evil given...
Gets received!

We've got a lot to do...
To improve our attitudes,
And...
Put to rest that 'me-me-I-I',
Selfishness.
There's only 'One' God,
And those who 'see' believe...
An evil given to be living,
Gets received.

Yes,
An evil living to be given...
Gets received.

There's only 'One' God.
Yet we choose weapons to self-destruct.
There's only 'One' God.
Yet we love to beat each other up.
There's only 'One' God.
Yet we wish to suffer,
With sisters and our brothers.
To manifest as if enjoying chaos to inflict.

There's only 'One' God.
Yet we choose weapons to self-destruct.
There's only 'One' God.
And those who 'see' believe...
An evil given to be living,
Gets received.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

These Acts Are Often Quickly Returned

I have never understood,
Why some people would take it upon themselves...
To say or do things with evil intentions to another,
And not perceive whatever is done they do...
Will not come to be done back to them?
And...
With a doing that never ends.
Once their doings have been discovered.

And those who believe others are sensitive,
When in the acceptance of misdeeds done...
That have come to affect their lives,
Should think of their own.
Especially when condoning the temptation to perform,
An approval of blind acts of thoughtlessness!
These acts are often quickly returned.
And with a specific and swift stinging!

'That's it!
No longer will my patience be misinterpreted.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

'These Are Desperate Times For You, Aren'T They? '

If,
I were fed pigeon...
Would I then have pigeon vision?

If I were a duck,
After being plucked...
Would I then run out of luck?

And if I had an oink,
But a sheep I thought myself to be.
Would I want my pork chops fried...
Knowing a pig was meant to be my destiny.

And if I sneezed by a bee...
Will that bee that buzzed believe,
What I did was dumb...
To deserve a stinging,
Stung done that comes.

And if I had an oink,
But a sheep I thought myself to be...
Ooo ooo weeee.
Would that bee that did the stinging,
Wish it had hooves...
And,
Kicked me in the knee!

'These are desperate times for you,
Aren't they? '

Why do you say that?

'Your stimulus package,
Seems to lack stimuli.
And...
I am concerned for your well being.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

These Are 'My' Moments To Savor

What are you doing?

'Savoring 'each' moment.'

But why exaggerate 'each' footstep?

'These are 'my' moments to savor! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

These Are New Days We Live

Difficult it is,
To maintain a persona...
Of righteousness.
With a squeaky clean integrity.
When one has been revealed to be...
An abuser of truth,
Who tell lies consistently.

Difficult it is,
To use the same tired tactics.
When one has been discovered,
To have been undermining others.
With no shame connected to it!

How can someone like this,
Retrieve a dignity?
Or come face to face...
With those backstabbed and disgraced?

How can anyone replace,
So much time 'wasted'?

Difficult it is,
To maintain a persona...
Of righteousness.
With a squeaky clean integrity.
When one has been revealed to be...
An abuser of truth,
Who tell lies consistently.

And lives a life that secretly deceives.

There is only one alternative,
Someone like this chooses...
When that 'cat-has-been-pulled-out-of-the-bag'!
Although,
The fact of the act of this is quite sad!

And a running away to hide is done.

To protect one's pride...
In familiarized denial!
That's it.
One puts oneself on trial.
To self inflict their own judgements.
That's it!
To run and hide has become their custom.

Too many people like this,
Can be observed as mentally sick!

And too many people like this...
Have gotten away with it.
In the past.
But these are new days we live!
Revelations like these eventually heal.

With no patience left,
To give time to those who slander and kill...
Minds!
At the expense to fulfill their own 'will'.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

'These Are New Days, Children! '

Weak tactics.
Celebrated,
By those thick headed
And using tired tricks.
Have played out,
Among those who have risen...
Above this.
And the ones still doing that,
Just do not 'get it'.
They are limited beyond belief!
Believing their weak tactics done,
Will get the attention of everyone...
Or someone impressed enough,
Who has long regarded them...
Limited creeps of rusting values.
They would like to play on a bigger 'field'.
But they will always yield to those...
Who are not into the 'self'!
Even those with wealth can not dismiss,
Or dispose these 'mental wonders'.

'These are new days, children!
And the games being introduced,
Are not only technical...
They are from out and beyond this world! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

These Are Not Cynicisms At All

Those who have clouded minds,
Seem to have been punished...
For thoughts they could have had.
But for some reason,
Resisted the process.

What is observed and has been tolerated,
Appears to be a curse of 'wills'.
And those who make attempts to correct this,
Are kept distanced because they are too loyal.
Too devoted to the betterment of the human condition.

And these are not cynicisms at all.
Sadly these are facts of goodwill being despised.
When mud slinging is discovered done,
In every crevice of a society 'purposedly' being cesspooled...
Faultfinding is no longer one's mission,
As much as a prioritized exit is to enjoy one's peace.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

These Are Not Those Days

Those beginning any relationship,
With the ease of making excuses...
Will be making them throughout the duration.
And then they are left to wonder why...
Their character assassination campaigns,
Are becoming less affective.
Today...
People are no longer entertained,
By those who clearly have insecurities...
They believe others should accept,
From a mindset that dishes to them disrespect.
These are not those days,
That have from them slipped away.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

These Are Not Those Times

These are not those times,
Anyone conscious of mind...
Should find unbelievable.
Or pray for a yesterday,
To return.
These are not those times.

These are not those times,
Anyone should be wishing to dismiss..
A listening to pay attention,
To what is being said.
Or ignore the signs of change,
Around them that exist.
These are not those times.

These are those times,
Warned that would come.
As some chose to sleep,
Through the alarm clock that rang.
While others chose to stop,
The noise.
As if a turning their backs,
The sound increasing...
Would go away or could be delayed,
To prolong their delusions.
For a continuance to accuse,
Someone found to abuse...
For interrupting to disturb,
Their way of change life to do as they like.
Fantasized!
With expanded depictions,
Of entitlements to get.
Those times have gone to be mourned.
Along with kept preferences.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

These Are Not Yet The Days Of Summer

Warm.
Sticky.
And thick...
With humidity!
And you?
Do you have a cool box,
To go into?
How are you enjoying your heat?
And these are not yet,
The days of Summer!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

These Are Our Neighbors

Offered are no alternatives.
But complaints are voiced and heard.
Suggestions they have none.
But they come with venom,
On their tongues.
Exposing the teeth of wolves...
Seeking tender meat,
To consume and run!

These are my neighbors.
These are your neighbors.
These are our neighbors...
Every one.

These are my neighbors.
These are your neighbors.
These are our neighbors...
Every one.

Knockingdownwhatcanbefoundtogetnothingdone.
Takingoutofcontextwithawishfailurecomes!

And these are my neighbors.
These are your neighbors.
These are our neighbors...
Every one.

Yes these are my neighbors.
These are your neighbors.
And these are our neighbors...
Every one.

Pickinguptheirtelephonestogossipwithmorelies.
Hopingwhatissaidwillkeepthetruthindisguise.
To keep deceit and defeat on the rise!

And...
These are my neighbors.
These are your neighbors.

These are our neighbors...
Every one.

Yes...
These are my neighbors.
These are your neighbors.
These are our neighbors...
Every one.

Offered are no alternatives.
But complaints are voiced and heard.
Suggestions they have none.
But they come with venom,
On their tongues.
Exposing the teeth of wolves...
Seeking tender meat,
To consume and run!

Pickinguptheirtelephonestogossipwithmorelies.
Hopingwhatissaidwillkeepthetruthindisguise.
To keep deceit and defeat on the rise!

And these are my neighbors.
These are your neighbors.
These are our neighbors...
Every one.

Yes these are my neighbors.
These are your neighbors.
And these are our neighbors...
Every one.

These are my neighbors.
These are your neighbors.
These are our neighbors...
Every one.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

These Are Symptoms

Rather than to admit to madness,
It was left unaddressed and explosed.
Rather than prevent it in its steps,
And arresting its progress...
The symptoms were ignored,
As a decision everyone then chose.

Locally,
People were still stuck...
In a 'they' and 'them' mindset.
Having no interests in backyard events.
Not even to be curious enough,
To take a peek through the fence.
Set in their ways and making less sense.

Accepting and tolerating a decline of their lives.
Not wishing to cause trouble...
So they kept their mouths closed,
To minimize the hassle.
And made any complaints,
In muffled tones in their homes.
As if a disease had arrived to condone.

And one did!

Rather than to admit to madness,
It was left unaddressed and explosed.
Rather than prevent it in its steps,
And arresting its progress...
The symptoms were ignored,
As a decision everyone then chose.

Locally,
People were still stuck...
In a 'they' and 'them' mindset.
Having no interests in backyard events.
Not even to be curious enough,
To take a peek through the fence.
Set in their ways and making less sense.

And...
Babbling incoherently.
Pointing to each other as another would agree.

',
They're sick.'
These are symptoms!
~.
They are.~
These are symptoms!
*.
We're not! *
These are symptoms!
'They are.'
These are symptoms!
~Nooo.~

',
She's sick.'
These are symptoms!
~.
He is.~
These are symptoms!
*.
THEY are.*
These are symptoms!
'NO! '
These are symptoms!
~Nooo.~

',
They're sick.'
These are symptoms!
~.
They are.~
These are symptoms!
*.
We're not! *
These are symptoms!
'They are.'
These are symptoms!
~Nooo.~

These are symptoms!
~No.~
Symptoms,
Yes!
These are symptoms!
~No.~
Symptoms,
Yes!
These are symptoms!
~No.~
Symptoms,
Yes!
These are symptoms.
~No.~
These are symptoms.
Symptoms.
Symptoms.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

These Are The Crazed Days We Live!

You can to yourself,
Believe something is 'not' true.
But you can not openly say,
You believe something 'not' to be true.
Because if you do today...
What you choose to say,
May become offensive!

However...
Complete deceit is accepted.
Embellished with fanfare,
It is praised.
A lie kept in secrecy...
Will gain one rewards!
And the more one can amaze by its telling...
One may just get,
A ticker taped parade!

These are the crazed days we live!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

These Are The Standards

As we approach a new day,
With a dragging behind us...
The comfort of old and stale ways,
Only those who have aged and stubbornly...
Insist that a keeping of their isolated ignorance,
Is kept to represent...
A progress their ancestors made,
When oil was used to light street lamps.
And people received their latest news,
Through gossip and delicious innuendos.

These are the standards to value and keep,
That has left mindsets like that crazed.
To leave a future rumored and with it created,
While sifting through museums to seek artifacts...
For evidence to prove as it is preserved and viewed,
That a progress had actually been condoned.
And to relive it again makes more sense,
Than allowing the unknown no one can control.
Or can convince anyone they had with intent invented.

'Yes,
We understand what you introduce to us is fresh.
But we have yet to validate the purpose or its benefits.
And if that can not be done...
What guarantee can you give us,
That the future will be accepted by everyone? '

~Giving it time to experience is the teacher,
We all have found as lessons learned.~

'Oh, Please!
SECURITY?
We have an intruder in our midst.
Will you come and escort him to the exit.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

These Are Their Minds

Believing it okay to pick someone,
As a joke to provoke.
To then begin and unending conflict.
These are 'those' minds.

These are 'those' minds.
Taking thier time to dismiss that of others.
With a doing to defend,
The making of unending excuses...
To produce innuendos about 'they' and 'them'.
And these are 'those' minds.

These are 'those' minds.
Used over and over again to whine.
Procrastinating to then to others say,
How someone else has the 'problem'...
Because of decisions made decisive,
To move with a proving to do things their way.
And these are 'their' minds.

Those with these minds,
Could care less who says what to protect...
A doing of whatever it is to use foolish tactics,
While sitting to do nothing but complain.
But hope they do their attempts to put blame,
On others to defame...
No one will notice them to be out of their minds.
No one will notice them wasting time.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

These Are Values And Standards Kept Within

Deliberate and scheduled maintenance,
Prevents foundations from becoming weak.
Boosts and bolsters securities monitored
And reflects a respect given.
Twenty four hours,
Each and every day each week.

A pride is shown!
With a discipline that seems to be attached,
To unquestioned competence.
A strength beams to gleam in a constant glow.
And support of it is given, bestowed and not hidden.
As if understood and unmistakably comprehended.

These are Values and Standards Kept Within

These are values and standards,
Kept within.
Kept within.
Kept within.
These are values and standards,
Kept within.
Kept within.
Kept within.

These are Values and Standards Kept Within

Lawrence S. Pertillar

These Criers Would Not Have Survived

My family and I grew up in Hartford's projects.
Built in the late 40's as an experiment.
Needless to say,
That experiment involved people of color.
And it wasn't considered assisted living.
The amenities I remembered receiving,
Were indignities spiced on a regular basis.
And I remember vividly who sacrificed!

And when I hear many people excuse their misdeeds,
On TV...
To exclaim painful childhood memories?
These criers would not have survived,
The host of obscenities that has motivated my life.
And when I think of people like these,
Of having no other priorities but their selfish whims...
I can understand why their realities,
For them seem to come to an end!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

These Days

Too jaded to raise an eyebrow now.
Suffering seen once provoked empathy...
Is as frequently exposed as bare butts on the streets!
Little boys in grown up skin,
Exposing their underwear as a 'chic' new trend!
Women with mouths like sailors on 'leave'...
Cussing directions to children,
While passersby look pleased!
Policemen busting addicts with drugs...
Either use them themselves,
Or sell them to thugs!
And an honest politician,
Is as rare as unpolluted air.
Some say these days are the last we live!
But I think those are just excuses made...
By those who insist life lived should be done negative!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

These Days Are Very Different

These days are very different,
Than days long gone and passed.
Today the people run,
When shots from guns are done.

These days are very different,
Than days long gone and passed.
Today no one can guess,
Who will flip out next.

These days we live are different,
Than those we lived before.
Today people confess,
Of having homo sex...more.

These days are very different,
Than yesterdays to go.
Today people get messages,
From people they don't know.

'You sent to me a message that was texted.'
~I sent no message.~
'Yes you sent me a message wanting sex to get.
And we have yet not met.
It was you who sent that message to me texted.'

These days are different.
These days are very different.
Pow pow.
People are running,
From shots heard made by guns.
Pow pow.
These days are different.
These days are very different.
Pow pow.
People have given up,
On anyone to trust.
But they seek secret lovers,
To do it on computers.

And to cyber anonymous.

These days are different.
These days are very different.
Pow pow.
People are running,
From shots heard made by guns.
But more concern the people are,
Of who prefers their sex done.
These days are different.
These days are very different,
To compute.
These days are different.
These days are very different,
To compute.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

These Days 'Everything' Seems To Be Shaky

We all seem to be needing,
Some sort of life support these days.
To say nothing is what it use to be,
Is an understatement...
Made by many of us,
Walking around in a daze.

Up use to be UP.
And being 'down' was easily detected,
By those with frowns.
But it is hard to say who is swayed,
Or who is standing on solid ground.
If any validity of that can be found.

We all seem to be needing,
Some sort of life support these days.
To say nothing is what it use to be,
Is an understatement...
Made by many of us,
Walking around in a daze.

And delayed common sense,
To prevent protected thoughts from leaking.
Is perhaps the best defense,
For a peace kept to keep that one is seeking.
Even speaking these days seems to be a waste.
Will eventually be labelled crazed is some way.

Up use to be UP.
And being 'down' was easily detected,
By those with frowns.
But it is hard to say who is swayed,
Or who is standing on solid ground.
If any validity of that can be found around.

These days 'everything' seems to be shaky!
In a waiting for 'something'...
To either be settled.
Or disturbingly break.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

These Days'Re Fast In Their Passing

These days are fast in their passing!
And unforgiving.

Time spent in scheduling events,
To decide which ones...
Should be given more attention,
Is something done that has had its welcome.
But today,
Winds come to blow...
Do not slow to bestow,
Consideration given.

These days are fast in their passing!
And unforgiving.

Finding time to procrastinate,
Is like hoping what is felt...
Is not an Earthquake that shakes.
Or a tornado that doesn't sweep,
Everything away...
With a flash before surprised eyes.

These days are fast in their passing!
And unforgiving.
And if one is not proactive...
Any delayed action at all,
May be cause for one's quick demise.

These days are fast in their passing!
And unforgiving.
Satisfying those with their eyes open.
And not those with their eyes half closed.

If one needs to ask just how fast...
These days already here to experience and live,
Have begun to slip from their grasp!
With a speed that has blurred their vision.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

These Elitists

They have concerned themselves,
More with the vote...
And not the folks.

A splitting done in Washington,
Between those conservative and liberal.

As people are living lives...
Trying to survive.
And caring less who is democratic,
Or republican!
And whose ego thrives!

While humanity lives in a suffering.
Through an economic downturn,
Procrastinators bring.
There is a quality of life rapidly evaporating.
And those in the know...
Realize this is not what they chose!

A fighting between those of selfish means...
Has some caring less who is being burned.
As long as they keep divisions seen and in vision...
With an outdated bickering...
To mask a secret thieving.
That progresses the magnitude,
Of a tremendous mess.

And what is really needed to diminish the status quo...
Is a massive psychiatric treatment that is bestowed.
And heeded to administer immediately.
Upon the minds of these elitists.
Crazed to represent days,
Long gone that even then made no sense.
Not if it led their followers,
To today's demented conflicts.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

These Episodes Remain To Stay Played

Of course I am going to remember being insulted.
And being the butt end of loudly spoken jokes.
These episodes remain to stay played,
In the mind of the one they are directed towards.
Especially if one is chosen for this to be done,
On a daily basis.
Wouldn't you say?

Unless you are the forgetful kind.
And accustomed to degrading others.
Because it seems the popular thing to do!
And for many...
Not a few,
Their misdeeds are seldom forgotten...
To forgive!

And I happen to be one to believe,
There is no such thing as sincere apologies.
I just think some people become embarrassed,
When those they insult with intention...
Are discovered to be better people,
Than what had been rumored.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

These Incidents Are Isolated Events

There is no need for anyone to resort to panic,
Just because a few disgruntled people...
Have somehow gained access,
With prior approval and security passes...
To allow them to maim and kill,
Those who happen to be...
In the way when their minds snap.
And they go beserk with weapons they easily purchase?

Let us regain our composures and wait,
Until investigators have determined...
After thorough backround checks have been made,
To ensure everyone has read the policies...
With a comprehending of them.

'Shouldn't we 'first' evaluate those standards we value,
With a self examination of ourselves? '

And what would be the purpose?

'Perhaps our approach should be corrected.'

Nonsense.
These incidents are isolated events.
And should not be taken seriously.

'Shouldn't we 'first' evaluate those standards we value,
With a self examination of ourselves? '

Personally...
And I'm sure I speak for everyone else.
WHY...
Should 'we' re-evaluate our entitlements,
Because a few angry people...
Become upset over petty issues?
Now I ask you...
Which standards that we value,
Do you wish to have replaced?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

These Jewels Have Been Misused

Sometimes in the back winds that blow...
I can hear my ancestors voices.
I sense their struggles and pain to maintain.
I see those same strains on faces of my color!
And I think of how these jewels have been so misused.
And it is said I am embittered.
I carry anger on my back like an overnight pack!
Pacing to dump it somewhere.
Disliking what my choices are!

Well...
I never saw my mama or my poppa jumping with glee
Wiping beads of sweat from their brows!
Their parents capture that picture!
I heard my daddy and mother saying what wasn't right.
And at Christmastime they would argue and fight...
Over why too much was to give with too little to none!
How I reminisce the fun years.

I admit I see injustice.
I admit I have to wade through a pool of ignorance.
I agree what I see I have taken personally.
I agree when folks stare at me I get a little annoyed...
Especially when I say hello and they say 'NO THING'!
That slightly gets me nudged to the 'edge'
And I agree hearing young people calling themselves
Out of their names and bring their mamas in it...
Kinda stands the hair on my back straight up!
BUT...
I do agree,
I have a lot to work on controlling my tolerance for BS!
It's at an all time low!
And I'm not going to go crazy about it.

I am alot like my grandfather.
He would go outside to the garage,
And begin to fix the engine of a truck he had,
For years!
At least for fifteen or twenty years,

I saw my grandfather work on the same engine.
I saw that truck move one time!
My uncles, cousins and I were pushing it...
And he was behind the wheel!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

These Kids Are Something Else Today

Why are you rambling?

'Why is that your concern? '

It isn't.
Although I am aware you make no sense.

'That's why it is called rambling.
I'm not trying to make any sense.'

You should.
Do you know how many people today,
Make no sense at all?

'No.
But I'm sure you do?
Come to think of it,
There is one fool...
Who begs to be cussed out.
Right now! '

I'm sorry.
I didn't mean to offend.
I'm just curious that's all.

'Oh...
I aint talking about you.
I'm talking about that kid over there,
Trying to break into my car.'

I don't believe it!
That's my son.
We're shopping for new videos.
He's good with his hands.
He wants to be a mechanic.
These kids are something else today,
Aren't they?

'What are you going to say to him? '

What do you want me to say?
He never pays me any attention.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

These Lines Are Set Up For 'state Of Minds'

The hazard of their staggerings,
Brings this awareness to attention.
Many folks have found themselves broke!
And feeling busted to the gut...
Is not for them a joke.

Who pulled the plug,
That has sucked them into this!
'Hey! ' They say, 'This should not be us.
This should be 'them'.
We thought we were insured to have security.
Now we are no more than vagrants...
To our lost and vaporizing, dissipating whims! '

~Sir...
I believe you have found yourself, In the wrong line! ~

'But I am in the 'P' line.'

~These lines are set up for 'state of minds'.
You need to stand over there,
Under 'I' for 'Intellectuals'.
In that line you can quote with the others.
And feel just fine.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

These Little Girls And Boys

Dirty politicians using people and conditions,
To confuse and deceive what is seen and believed.
But the people now admit it all of this has made them sick.

And...
They rise annoyed,
At the dirty politicans.
Acting like girls and boys...
Who've come to argue in the kitchen.
With quick admissions of deficiencies,
Heating to extreme degrees.

Those dirty politicians using people and conditions,
To confuse and deceive what is seen and believed.
But the people now admit it all of this has made them sick.

And...
They rise annoyed,
At the dirty politicans.
Acting like girls and boys...
Who've come to argue in the kitchen.

With quick admissions of deficiencies,
Heating to extreme degrees.
While campaigning for some empathy.
And seeking more attention,
With increased benefits.

These little girls and boys...
Need to feel some punishment.
These little girls and boys...
Are cemented in nonsense.

While people bleed in the streets,
From hunger and defeat!
And appearing on no list that has them as priorities.
While elected politicians do exactly as they please.

These little girls and boys...

Need to feel some punishment.
These little girls and boys...
Are cemented in nonsense.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

These Memories Did Not Come Cheap

These memories did not come cheap.
Not a one arrived with Little Bo Peep!
And Tommy Tucker I was...
I sang for my supper!
And did a little more than that,
If I didn't want my backside slapped.

My parents weren't the kind
To count from one to ten.
My father had us laughing a lot...
But my mother was no comedienne.
She whipped our asses.
Especially when my sister and I,
Made bad choices to go for a jog!
When sprinting was mother's specialty!

These memories did not come cheap to me.
Not when finding myself young with adult responsibilites.
A work ethic was adhered to in our home.
I was dared as a child anytime I felt grown...
Either bite my lip or the front door was shown.
And even when I did get grown,
I never showed anyone disrespect...
And it wont be accepted,
If in my face it's to be thrown.

I'm not prone to ducking!

These memories did not come cheap!
Not to me.
And they wont be sold that way either!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

These Moments In Time Are Mine

I do not need anyone paid,
And hired from the 'outside'...
To show me with 'their' experience,
What is best for me in the living of my life.
I've been diversified enough.

What it is that I am needing,
Are those advantages and opportunities...
Left by those others depict more qualified,
To enable me to use my acquired abilities.
With a benefit that leaves 'me' the receiver.

'I am only here to assist you,
With a doing that achieves success.'

If I am not mistaken,
My prior successes you claim were yours.
And I am in no mood,
To address the repeating of a mess...
You created and left me distressed.
I'll be fine.
Just drop the funds you brought to leave behind.

'What about your needs for administration? '

I've already experienced that 'penetration'.
With you pocketing from my sweat and frustration.
And no more will I sniff to get a whiff of your drift.
These moments in time are mine.
You need not attempt to redefine them for me.
You've successfully depleted yours.
On distant and foreign shores.
These moments in time are mine.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

These Moments Seldom Arrive

There is no trust felt for someone,
The heart does not provide.
There is no convincing to be done.
This feeling does not hide.

There is not a word spoken that can be said,
To peel away or shed...
What the mind to the heart,
Shares and says.

If a comfort is missing...
Produced by a 'vibe' that dismisses it.
Do not insist with a persistence,
For something else that is wished.

A peace that is disturbed by an uneasy feeling...
Does not merit a welcome visit.
And being aware and conscious of it...
Saves one from despair.

And avoidance is the key!
Be it not with,
Or without...
An apology one needs.

These moments seldom arrive...
To offer a multiple choice.
It is what it is or isn't...
That's it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

These Nuts Are All Over The Place

Snipping those cackles that crack,
To chatter in 'meows' like a pack of cats...
Sounding too much like a stepping on dried leaves,
On an Autumn stroll through a quiet park.

And there they are...
As if granted a clearing by Mother Nature!
Pecking in a group like a bunch of hens.
Only to silence themselves,
When the appearance of a stranger interrupts...
To repeat to get their attention:
'Good morning, ladies! '

~You do not have to shout, young man.
A simple hello will do.~

God...
As you can see,
Our favorite place to meet...
Has attracted other creatures of your creation.
I'll do my very best...
With patience,
To find another spot!

~And,
No need to stare at us.
We are having A and B conversations.
Continue to C your way through the park.~

God loves us all!
Don't You, Father?

~He talks to trees.
Leave him alone, Esther.
These nuts are all over the place.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

These 'Paying The Consequences' Days Being Paid

They are all over the place.
There is no escaping from them.
Acknowledging their presence...
Is all that it takes.
Denying they exist,
Creates your own heartache.
To either fake or pretend...
An affect they have made,
Has not begun to seep deep...
Under your skin.

They are...
All over the place!
Deceivers, heartbreakers...
And conflict makers.
Backstabbers igniting,
Divisions with infighting.

Denying they exist,
Creates your own heartache.
To either fake or pretend...
An affect they have made,
Has not begun to seep deep...
Under your skin.

Acknowledge them with a listening.
You may never comprehend.
But an acknowledgement of them...
Will diminish an effect,
Ignoring them begins.

Acknowledge them with a listening.
You may never comprehend.
But an acknowledgement of them...
Will diminish an effect,
Ignoring them begins.

Hasn't the rise of ignoring disrespect,
And the lack of discipline...

Taught anyone 'anything',
About what ignoring 'something' begins?

I bet many are learning...
What paying the consequences means for them.
These 'paying the consequences' days being paid.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

These People Are Never The First

Too often...
Those who use common sense,
Are punished for being correct.
In fact,
Some sarcastically call them smart.
As if they are using some exclusive part of the brain...
Others do not have membership to address or obtain.

It's just another excuse to sound off their laziness,
With a customary abuse of their existence.

You need not ask for them to give an opinion.
It will be there in the atmosphere!
Along with a judgement passed...
As to who made the wrong or right decision.
And why...
If it was up to them,
They would have made another choice.
And these people are never the first,
To make their voices heard!

It's just another excuse to sound off their laziness,
With a customary abuse of their existence.

And it makes one wonder why...
God has blessed certain creatures with wings to fly.
And some creatures with brains...
Never to be used for long periods of time.
Or,
Very little.
If at all.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

These People Will Do Anything They Are Told

It was once told to me...
A lie is not a lie,
If the receiver of one believes.
This frees the liar to tell more of them.
And with a spreading of falsehoods...
People deceived,
Can be told anything.
And perceive what is said as reality.

And these people will do anything they are told.
Like disrespect one another.
Sold on that which divides.
And with character assassinations...
Defeat themselves with genocide.
And accept this as being brave, patriotic and bold.
As only an upright citizen can be...
Programmed and controlled on a diet of ignorance,
And facts free.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

These Prices Paid

For centuries...
Haven't we've been tricked into believing,
'Something' of a higher intelligence
Is there to relieve us of our repeated sins...
With compassion?
And observances have agreed!
There is!
It is unanimous.
It is called...
Awareness of Ignorance Displayed.
It 'would' seem
Once that was known and respected,
A prevention of repeated suffering sinks in!

Remember the 'old' days?
When such revered biblical sayings such as...
'Spare the rod and spoil the child' was effective?
My mother seemed to have known that one quite well!
And that message was delivered to my sister and I.
We had no problem understanding my mother's interpretation.

Since then...
We as a society have allowed 'educated' jerks
To become spokesmen for God!
Some will even brag about their PHd's from pulpits!
Creating their own committees of representation,
To indoctrinate congregations.

And people giving birth today,
Are afraid of the monsters they have raised...
By 'quiet' time techniques and forms of punishment used,
To ease tensions!
'Go to your room! '
With computer, DVD's, video games, cellphones with video capabilities.
Wide screen TV's and supplied snacks...
I would have loved to have been 'that' punished!

These 'kids' are groomed to pack a weapon in backpacks,
Before cracking open a book!

To make sure they are prepared to exchange evilness!
And their parents are packing churches...
Praying to becomed freed of their own deeds and actions!

Wouldn't it be easier and quicker,
If they all hired psychiatrists that were magicians?
Why should we all continue to pay
For their blatant stupidity displayed!
At today's escalating prices!
Bob Barker retired from the Price Is Right!
He obviously knew something we didn't!
These prices paid...
Are getting excessively wrong!

I ask again!
Why should we all continue to pay,
For other folks' blatant stupidity displayed?
Now...
That's the question I would like God to answer!

No tithing I have 'ever' done,
Has lowered my taxes!
Nor decreased the abundance of incompetence...
Everyone seems to be gloating they have,
As if it is a fashion statement!
But...
However and furthermore,
I know my participation during the 'money walk' on Sundays...
Has assisted in the purchase of a Mercedes,
Or two!
And a few silk suits!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

These Rhapsodies

Policies they wish to fight.
Since they begin to become quite frightened.
Bitterness incites,
The politically self righteous.

A losing of their might.
And greed fed leisures slim their diets.
And this displeases them to fits.
A worthlessness now visits.

Less dining by candlelight.
And padlocked doors now shut so tight.
From penthouses are flights of fancy gone.
By those with noses once held high.
And no cab ride on credit is warned.

And these rhapsodies,
Once sung by greedy people.
Are played now on the streets.
And heard by those seen weeping.

And these rhapsodies,
Leave empty silent condos.
To dormant whims...
And shocked to handouts to them given.

And these rhapsodies,
Whining now on knees.
Hoping to awaken,
From such nightmarish screams.

And these rhapsodies,
Linger on in ears...
Of those who fix their eyes upon,
The ones who caused their tears!

A losing of their might.
And greed fed leisures slim their diets.
And this displeases them to fits.

A worthlessness now visits.

And these rhapsodies,
Once sung by greedy people.
Are played now on the streets.
And heard by those seen weeping.

And these rhapsodies,
Linger on in ears...
Of those who fix their eyes upon,
The ones who caused their tears!

And these rhapsodies,
Linger on in ears...
Of those who fix their eyes,
To see a people now in fear.
The same ones who once jeered!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

These Scented Laments

Senses intensed in scented laments,
Are often bittersweet...
When they arrive to come,
Unexpectedly from places...
To sit with them reminisced,
With a doing without anyone's consent.
I have learned I can not prevent them.

It does not matter where I am,
Or where I go...
I know.
I can not prevent them.
They are everywhere I go to know,
I allow them to begin those sentiments.

And here I am...
As if held hostage,
With these scented laments...
I've become convinced are mine alone to keep.
And here I am sometimes to weep,
For those I've known...
That have drifted away I pray is in an eternal peace.

And here I am...
As if held in a sudden captivity,
With reminders of those I will always miss.
Yet hoping these scented laments that visit,
Come as they do but quickly go away.
Since to wish for those times to return but now gone...
Stay in my mind 'and' too prolonged.
And I must go on to live each tomorrow without sorrow.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

These Seasons Come

These seasons come,
To feast upon our urges.
Giving us reason...
To chant in song,
Singing along to hymns we love
That bring us cheer!

With hope and faith,
It is clear we praise these days lived.
In contagious joy we spread...
Being led to celebrate fortunes dreamed!
Enjoying them.
No matter how they may come.
Unwrapped or packaged.
Given or promised!

In the atmosphere of anticipation,
We wait for any delivery...
When seasons come,
To find us at our best!
And most receptive to good times!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

These Sentiments Within Them Sit

The increase of fear,
Has those whispering in each other's ears.
People have become afraid and wish to be saved!
But from what can be identified within themselves,
Keeps them running away not to face?
Since all that they have chosen to live,
Has been a product resulting from their own creations.

The toy guns.
The violent video games purchased,
With a waiting in line until there were none.
Racial hatred taught and identifying enemies made.
The sitting in theaters with patience awaiting...
Those movies to panic to scare everyone until they scream.
And people solicit their own nightmares to dream!

Resulting from their own creations...
These devastations within them sit.
Resulting from their own creations...
With sentiments meant to send.
Resulting from their own creations...
And expecting from them,
To heal and mend.

Resulting from their own creations...
These devastations within them sit.
Resulting from their own creations...
With sentiments meant to send.
Resulting from their own creations...
And expecting from them,
To heal and mend.

Resulting from their own creations.
Resulting from their own creations,
Yes...
These sentiments within them sit.
These sentiments within them sit.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

These Tasks Are Not Group Efforts

The spoils of one's chase,
Become obviously magnified...
When others believe,
One's journey is invitational.

When in fact...
Challenges one has created,
Are placed on a path...
For one to pass.

These tasks are not group efforts,
To test and crowd one's mission.
And those not aware of this...
Become exhausted at their own risk.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

These Tests Given Are Not Transferrable

Remember those days, months and years...
When I looked as if I could break down any moment,
In a pool of tears?
I could not sleep or eat?
Or release those emotions inside of me.
Nor any tears on my sleeves appeared.
A weeping was done.
Lots of it.
Although well hidden.
Struggling in darkness left me bruised.
To heal.
As I awaited alone for light.

Even my steps taken then...
Were prejudged, rejudged, misunderstood and misjudged.
Yes...
I was a mess.
A total wreck.
No one suspected what I kept protected.
I'm only now...
Able to confess it!
Address it and keep stepping...
Forward towards a brighter life.

And today?
Oh,
I know blessings have come my way.
Theres' not a church or scripture,
I have to obey!
Not to feebly portray...
Lessons learned have been lived.
I wallowed away in pigsties...
As if I was a natural pig.
With awareness...
I didn't care who though what,
About 'where' I was.

Sometimes agonies are not self inflicted.
Sometimes the giving of love allows this to happen.

Peace of mind has come.
And hear me when I say...
It aint gon' be given up anytime soon.
I've earned it.
God knows this.
From every 'pore' I've got!
God knows this!

I can understand what you are going through!
I do.
And that's all I am going to give it!
An understanding.
Mine.

However,
Sharing my past griefs and dilemmas...
With an emphasis on issues,
Will not do a thing for you.
Borrowed teardrops are not appreciated.

Pick up that up that cross.
And bear it.
Feel every despair for what it is.
Pretending makes for a bad masquerade party.
You will always be identified.
No matter how many countless masks you wear.

Pretending makes for a bad masquerade party.

These tests given are not transferrable.
If you don't know that by now...
You will!
That's not the world God has made for us to endure!

Pray.
Every hour of each day.
Pray.
You will get your answers.
And you will comprehend.
With a clarity...
No one will ever take away.

Pray.
A delivery from your depths,
Will definitely be your own to treasure.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

These Times As They Are

These times as they are,
Will never be as they are to relive again.
They can be remembered to romanticize,
As those eyes on youthful days fade away.
But these times as they are,
Are not here to stay.
Ask anyone tomorrow who had been born,
The day before...
What hour lived would they like to revisit.
Would they patiently sit to contemplate it?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

These Times Can'T Last Forever

'These times can't last forever,
GOD! '
My mother, Edna, seem to always say,
To herself...
While putting a belt to my sister, Mimmie
And me...
As if she made to us promises,
We would 'never' forget.
And somehow GOD would agree.'

~Why is 'she' the one crying? ~
Would you shut up.

'And...
She was right.
Overnight,
Those times seemed to have moved on.'

'These times can't last forever! '
People are heard to say,
Those exact words today.
But not with the same conviction,
My mother had expressed.

However...
They too are right.
Like it or not,
These times are not here to stay.
Not the way they are.

And experience should teach...
For better or worse,
These times we live now...
Will from us leave!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

These Times Lived Have Left Those Times Behind

There is no preventing those
Who choose their influence
To deceive with a prefabrication of truth
They do it as if credible
With a leading of the ones who follow
To believe in anything
They say and do

And conflict those who lie can raise
Just based upon innuendo
As long as they know
An attention can be obtained
With truth and honesty not a goal to achieve
Nor obtain to maintain
To keep one's popularity
These times lived have left those times behind

'Anything I have said before
Has nothing to do what I say to you now
Are there any other questions? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

These Tragic Times

Even with the best of my efforts to make,
I can not erase from anyone their felt sorrow.
Even with comments to express the depth,
Of my own concern...
I can not heal a heart that yearns,
To be freed from feeling agony.
But I can do this and easily...
Weep privately for the suffering of others.
And to hope I am not alone,
To witness and not callously dismiss...
These tragic times.
Permitted and coming unannounced to find,
Anyone caught off guard and unexpecting...
To be randomly selected to experience grief.
A part of life, today, few can say they can avoid.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

These Words

Do you see these words?
Each one I selected,
With you in my mind.
I took the time...
Searching my heart.
Feeling each emotion,
I wanted to let flow.
Desiring with a wish,
Just for you to know...
These words from me,
Would be meaningless.
If your heart does not hear,
My voice.
And that's what I wish,
To whisper in your ears...
These words!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

These Words Have Become My Friends

If you should someday,
Find my words in the archives.
And discover the thoughts I have,
Shared in my way.
Just know...
I too have grown to know life.
And have come to enjoy,
All that I have described from my heart...
My head,
And sometimes with eyes
In observance to connect them,
For you!

Feel them.
See them...
And come to know them well.
These words have become my friends!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

These Years Are More Golden

When you pinched my butt,
Of course I knew.
I know it is muscular,
And it is attractive to you.

But why did you sneak,
Just one pinch?
I was waiting to be convinced,
You wanted to be screwed too!

That one pinch did for me...
A rising I forgot could lift.
Since I turned 62!
And so prepared was I.
But you just wanted to see what I would do.
How 'rude' of you!

These years are more golden,
Than ever I thought I would behold!
I don't want to hear you giggle.
I want to feel you sweat!
And submissive under my control.
Doing something we both will not soon forget.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

These Zombies Are Free

Once I realized seeking understanding...
Was fruitless.
From those who abused common sense.
I did not look for it from them anymore!
I knew early in that search...
I was trying to find an oasis in Death Valley!
One might exist.
But why risk my life trying to find it?
It's better to go to New York City...
If one expects to witness bright lights!
And if anyone desires to be frightened by zombies...
They do not have to pay to see them!
I know exactly where they can go.
These zombies are free!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

The-Woe-Is-Me-Syndrome

I can relate to being deeply depressed.
Emotionally drained,
And mentally stressed.
I can relate to those who drink and smoke pot.
Walking somewhere and remembering I had driven,
And forgot.
And then couldn't find the car I parked...
Or remember its color!
I have been there!

But 'the-woe-is-me-syndrome'...
I did not apply to my life like some.
Some people are there like they belong.
They dance the same routine and sing the same tired song!
It is as if whatever possible thing on Earth can happen...
Does
But just to them.

And they seek to wallow away in their grief.
Wishing to share it with whomever they meet.
And it gets difficult to express a sincere empathy in their need.
Because they will take it and keep it fresh.
Without making an attempt...
To get over their sorrows.
Or the ones collected that they have borrowed.

They do not wish to address their agonies at all.
They wish to keep them as if visitors.
Making them welcomed until they do not leave!
Hoping no one notices...
They have become too comfortable,
In their pity party where time kept has stalled.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

They Are Afraid They Will Not Be Fed

Why argue with those who oppose reality?
Addicted they are to drippings,
From a rusted faucet...
Slipping out of reach.

Stereotypes is the one mindset liked.
A brand all behold as the desired preference!
And they wear these 'logos' bold.
They continue to endorse their own afflictions.
Their own welfare mentalities.
Their own victimization with insecurities.
Very few view this as a deformity of a normalty!

They are pleased to peacock and flaunt...
A defunct existence.

Why argue with people like this,
Who insist they wish to be free?
What is it that they are needing...
Besides an identity?

And 'that' has them trapped in subservience.
A condition they pray never leaves!
No matter how long they prolong their own bleeding.
Or a wake up call no one dares to heed.

They are afraid they will not be fed...
If answered!
Even though most of them exist,
In blighted circumstances no one resists.

And the pleasure of this...
All has entertainment gains!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

They Are All My Children

Even though their names may escape me,
They are all my children.
Each and every one I recognize.
There is something expressive...
I can not deny.
Since that is not disguised.

They are all my children.
And from the time love was made to create them...
I am still so very proud,
To have assisted in their delivery.
And they all identify,
As being a part of me.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

They Are But A Mirage Of A Re-Enactment Induced

'This is 'not' a recession.
This affect can be best described,
As a 'slowdown'.
A progressive retrieval,
From an accustomed forward process.
And that process
Is currently undergoing a deterence,
To enable a fortification of principles to be applied.

A recess that has decreased an increased movement,
Should not confuse the use of an installation
Of targeted limits that have been placed
To offset the appearance
Of a reflected weakened economy.

And a recession by definition...
Is not what we wish for any of our followers to conceive.
Since it is our belief,
Admitting to perceptions does not provide concrete evidence!
And under these circumstances...
No one has the balls to admit the obvious!

Are there any further questions? '

Yes!
When you say...
And I quote: 'No one has the balls to admit the obvious! '
Exactly,
What is meant by that?

'Let me see if I can provide more clarity!
That which was but isn't the way it use to be,
Should not be as much of a concern.
However...
If that which should be is given an added 'boost'
In perception...
That perception of what could be...
Can and will sustain a quality of life,
More than the reality of current conditions!

And supercedes and suspends them from their delusions.
This statement is what I meant by that.
And coming forth as I have done...
Only solidifies the great sacrifices I am willing to shoulder!

I see!
So in other words,
Not used in this press conference...
If millions are homeless because they have lost their jobs.
And can not provide food or shelter...
Or basic human comforts,
They are but a mirage of a re-enactment induced,
By bad diets and lack of exercise?
And those who view them...
Are focusing on their condition with a re-enforcement
They have inflicted upon themselves,
Because...
If improper nutrients are not daily digested...
Blood levels will affect one's belief system?

'Exactly!
I could not have said that better myself.
And 'that' is the point,
I have been trying to make for eight years!
You have a resumé?
Leave it with my staff.
You would make an excellent speechwriter!
I understood that perfectly.
Well done! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

They Are Gone

You may see their eyes.
You may think there is something inside,
That occupies and thrives.
But they are gone!
The 'attic' light is off not on!
There is nothing left to say,
Or criticize how they can 'live' that way!
They are gone.
And nothing left of value can be salvaged!
Some may feel it wrong to leave them...
And grieve.
But they are gone!
Never realizing,
The reasons why they were there!
Staring without a care...
They are gone!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

They Are Here!

They are here!
Those you were once told
You should fear.
Those of different atmospheres.
And climates from beyond.
Those of intelligence,
We can not fathom.
They have come...
And some will be alarmed!

They are here.
Whether or not,
Your conscious is clear.
Whether or not you accept them at all.
They are not barbaric like us.
They are not with conflict to inflict...
To commit to that and become enthralled.

They are here...
In preparation.
And to everyone,
They soon will appear!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

They Are Not Aware Of That Yet

Respect received,
From a people bleeding...
Of self worth and identity.
Has never been a consideration,
For those who do to get done.
Especially in an atmosphere,
Where those accustomed...
To shun their own integrities,
Have been fed to erase.

Like a thought process expected...
But will never surface to take place.
It is not on their fast food,
Addicted to self abusing menus.

But accusations,
Absent of self examination?
Is not to be questioned to ponder!
Folks like these lack that depth.
And a patience for them to awaken,
Has gone!
But they are not aware of that yet.

Garbage in.
Garbage out.
Until all lights are turned out.
And that is what their lives have been about!
A fear to connected to their own greatness.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

They Are Not Of Peace

Those who believe,
They live to give others ultimatums...
Are in for a surprise.
They quicken their own demise.

Final propositions,
Given with strict conditions.
Do not sit well,
With those who are prepared...
To have those of diseased minds,
Have their lives turned into a living hell!

Games of war and battle tactics...
Are sadly outdated for those who bait them.
Irractic threats will only get...
No life left to play cowboys and indians!
Since these barbaric medieval actions...
Do not gain parades of victory.
Nor honor one expects with respect.
These actions bring regrettable...
And total massive death.

Those who believe,
They live to give others ultimatums...
Are in for a surprise.
They quicken their own demise.

And with the lack of consciousness,
These idiots were born with...
Should not come as a surprised,
As to who has initiated...
This doom before our eyes!

They are not of peace!
They are creatures who leech...
With deceit and venom!
And seeking to blast disaster to prove,
They can produce a bigger bam to boom!

Idiots who are misfits.
And delusioned they are rulers of all life!
Well...
What a difference an awakening makes.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

They Are Not Reminiscing

Oh.
Isn't that sweet.

'What? '

Those old folks over there.
Playing in the sandbox.
On the swings and seesaws.
That's cute.
Reminiscing their childhood.
Give me the camera.
I want to take their pictures.

'You wont believe this.
But...
They are not reminiscing.'

How do you know this?

'Comeon.
I'll show you the pictures that I've got.'

Of them?

'Of all of us when we were children.
Some of us have moved on.
And well...
Some,
Have refused to do it.'

I don't believe that.

'Many who come here to visit,
Don't or wont.
Or both.'

You can not be serious?

'Remember you said that,

AFTER I show you the pictures.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

They Are Not Saddened Enough

They are not saddened enough.
They expect more of it.
And that they did not get.

They are not saddened enough.
And the demon residing within them,
Is having a fit...
Trying to understand all of it!

They are not saddened enough.
And any happiness expressed,
Offends!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

They Are Not That Kind Of People

Remember all the people that you backstabbed,
Gladly.
Now they are the ones you turn to fulfill your needs.

Remember all the people that you laughed at,
And attacked?
Now they could but they don't...
Laugh at you back.
Since they are not the kind of people,
Who are like that.
They are not that kind of people who backstab.
To then discover as time passes,
Their lives are sad.

Remember all the people that you backstabbed,
Gladly.
Now they could,
But they don't...
Laugh at you back.

Now they could,
But they don't...
Backstab!

Remember all the people that you backstabbed,
Gladly.
Now they could,
But they don't...
Laugh at you back.

Now they could,
But they don't...
Do tit for tat.

Now they could,
But they don't...
Laugh at you back.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

They Are Not The Kind

Am I stuck to plunge,
When I have not desired this?
They have been the wicked ones...
May I slip away and exit this ship?

I have been a servant.
Not a master of any ways.
I do what I must do then leave.
I have let them believe I am their slave.

However...
What is going on today,
Looks a bit bleak.
And under sunrays appears very grave.

There has been so many messages,
Delivered to these folks.
Everything they heard that warned...
They turned into a festival,
Backstabbed messengers...
And made them jokes to poke!

Am I stuck to plunge,
When I have not desired this?
They have been the wicked ones...
May I slip away and exit this ship?
OR...
If I may make one suggestion?
Those sitting over there,
Have the expertise...
To repair this like brand new!

They can...
And do that quick!
But, of course, I understand...
They are not the kind,
You wish to see command!
Correct?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

They Are Out There

They are out there,
With a stinging to be done.
Oh yes they're out there,
And in the lives of everyone.
They are out there,
With a mission to complete...
Ending sanity to bleed.

They are out there,
With a stinging to be done.
Oh yes they're out there,
And in the lives of everyone.
They are out there,
With a mission to complete...
Ending sanity to bleed,
And freely on the streets.

Politicking demons on a mission,
To lay their wicked ways...
Displayed in every place.

Politicking demons on a mission,
To lay their wicked ways...
Displayed in every place.

They are out there,
With a stinging to be done.
Oh yes they're out there,
And in the lives of everyone.
They are out there,
With a mission to complete...
Ending sanity to bleed,
And freely on the streets.

Petitioning their righteousness.
Conditioned to a mission.
To pick and choose with wholesomeness,
Those who've been positioned...
To accept beliefs,

Outdated but they keep...
Feeding on them.

Petitioning their righteousness.
Conditioned to a mission.
To pick and choose with wholesomeness,
Those who've been positioned...
To accept beliefs,
Outdated but they keep...
Feeding on them.

They are out there,
Feeding false beliefs.
Everybody's convinced,
To keep them perceived.
They are out there,
With a mission to complete...
Ending sanity for all,
To bleed on the streets.

They are out there,
Feeding false beliefs.
They are out there,
With a mission to complete...
Ending sanity for all,
To bleed on the streets.

There are out there,
To leave a consciousness perceived...
Left to bleed on the streets.

They are out there,
To leave a sanity behind...
And,
Consciously.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

They Are So Right!

...and on the other hand,
You can not treat people with respect
Who are not accustomed to getting it.
These folks are the first to think,
Someone treating them with kindness unexpected...
Either is weak with no backbone,
Or just a fool seeking confirmation!

There are people around like that.
Quick to attack an emerging smile,
On someone's face.
And do their best to replace it.
Even if it means character assassination.

And these are the same folks,
Who wish to meet to discuss pride and unity!
With disbelief,
No one wants to bother!
And in their neighborhoods...
They can not get enough police,
To protect them from their own ignorance.
Or lack of comprehending,
The reasons for their own blight!
They would rather argue about that...
Day and night!

And these are the same folks,
Who wish to meet to discuss pride and unity!
Even though social dysfunctions...
Should be addressed!
And placed high on the list of their priorities!
But 'that' will never be placed on their agenda.
Nor will the divisional self righteousness,
Of their religious beliefs that keep them like this!
Since they will say...
'God has nothing to do with it! '

And...
They are so right!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

They Are The Ones In Total Control

Is God Republican?
Or Democrat?

'Well...
First of all,
You know we've been told
He is 'suppose' to be honest.
Perhaps He is Independent?
That's how I conceive of Him.
I'm sure He is neither.
And yet...
At the same time all of that! '

Then why do those divided,
Come together to cry to God!
Whenever they wish their needs met?
IF He is the Oneness they believe Him to be?
Praying on their knees.
And leaving their political affiliations,
At church doorsteps.
Before they go in to plead for greed,
And other desired 'necessities'.

'Think of them as addicts.
Getting their 'fix' on Sunday.
However...
They may belong to cliques.
Or some other membership.
It's a status thing.
None of it makes sense.

Tell you what...
Ask those dudes on Wall Street,
Who they believe God is.
And His political affiliation.
You will probably get a stare and no response.
They are the ones in total control of your life.
So they would like for you to believe!
And don't fool yourself.

Like so many have done and still do!

And God?
He's got major adjustments coming for everybody!
Be you a conservative right wing reformist...
Or a liberal left wing change maker of giveaways.
The days ahead are nonpartisan!
We all will be getting a taste of them,
To nourish a depleted consciousness!

You wouldn't care to make a wager, would you? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

They Are The Ones That Others Envy

I have issues with people who leave people...
Begging on the streets with nothing to eat.
Or treat others like they're not even human equals.
And then look disgusted like they are diseased

No human being can teach a cat hygiene.
Nor can you teach a grown up to be clean.
Nobody should be teaching who to respect.
That should be a given and not a pick to peck.

I have issues with the snots with turned up noses.
As if they have scents of champion roses.
Ooo I can't believe these people are the ones who stink.
And-they-believe,
They are the ones that others envy?

Who made them runner up for fresh sainthoods?
Who showed them evilness was anything good?
Who gave them rights to think they beam like light?
And who told them they approve the Sun that rises high!

Yes I have issues with the snots with turned up noses.
As if they have scents of champion roses.
Ooo I can't believe these people are the ones who stink.
And-they-believe,
They are the ones that others envy?

They believe,
They are the ones that others envy.
And they believe,
They are the ones that others envy.
They believe,
They are the ones that others envy.
And they believe,
They are the ones that others envy.

I have issues with the snots with turned up noses.
And they believe,
They are the ones that others envy.

I have issues with the snots with turned up noses.
And they believe,
They are the ones that others envy.
And they believe,
They are the ones that others envy.
And they believe,
They are the ones that others envy.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

They Are Trying To Find Something, Someone...

They are trying to find something,
Someone...
Somewhere on this Earth.

Something or someone in the Universe...
To find and place blame,
For the shame their greed has caused them.

Something or someone not from Mars...
To claim responsibility,
For changing their clouding sunlight...
Into a dismal darkness that sets.
Without clear visibility.

Their are trying to find something,
Someone...
Who will soothe their deep regret!

And restore their dignities.

But no one,
Is there...
To hear them whine and plead!
No one,
Is there...
Rushing,
To lift them.
Freed to stand on their own two feet.

Those teachers have left.
When the ones kneeling now on their knees,
Do what they do...
And at their best.

Patience has long gone...
For those who awaited with fake faith.
Hoping to be saved,
From lazy lives satiated and craved.
And wait they have done for a miracle...

With wings to issue while singing hymns of praise.
As they cared less about the lives they made.
Or of their fate that they could have paved.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

They Are Waiting For Him To Fail

They are waiting for him to fail!

'Who?
Waiting for 'who' to fail? '

President Obama?

'Have you seen the signs of decadence?
How long have people stood by?
Many sitting on the fence.
As generations fed greed...
And slimed the skyline,
With crooks and thieves!
To leave your pockets now empty.

Who has already failed who here?
Your local leeching politicians...
Proving their incompetence to fill leading positions?

This stench has been left to nurture,
Long before your thoughts of a Black man
Being your President,
Slammed that reality and you to the floor.
That 'ridiculous' idea...
Is at everyone's front door now.

And he did not run to become elected,
To further failures long neglected.
However...
If he 'is' here to fail,
To succumb to fools with those wishes...
The only thing they would notice about 'that',
Would be the fact he carries the pressures of being Black.
And any good deed that succeeds,
Will be ignored.

He comes to lead!
Not to deplete your sanity with deceit.
Even though this activity might continue,

To leave those who may be seeking more of it...
Left craving in withdrawal pains! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

They Are Where They Are

They are where they are,
Without exceptions, excuses...
Tears produced to empathize their alibis.
Or ideals bought to barter, sell or later be sold...
To pass off to others their problems presented,
But unable to solve.
They are where they are.
And needless it is to argue over the thickness of intent.

They are where they are with kept dependency on beliefs,
That a feeding on continued deceptions will provide rememdies.
And with their fingers crossed,
A freeing of them from mental bondage will happen.
And...
Until that delusion one day comes to actually occur 'if' everrr,
They will stay to remain offended...
By any aspect of truth heard to exist, introduced or mentioned.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

They Call People Like That Comedians

There are those with insecurities,
Who believe them to be less noticeable...
If they are quick to point out the flaws,
And blemishes of others in public.
And with loud disrespecting remarks.
To ensure an attention to them is given.
In the hopes that someone will find them humorous.
Although at the expense of degrading another.

'They call people like that,
Legitimate comedians.'

People like that who do what they do,
And not get paid...
Offstage too?
Are people who can not perceive to believe,
Those who hear and see what they do to others...
Do not think of them as humorous.
As much as they witness publicly,
Someone proving with a doing to be a legitimate fool.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

They Can Funk With It Done Over Daddy

Frankly,
I cared.
With sincerity given.
And so much more that was there.
Easily to give without thought to share.
But one day I awakened,
To discover my sharing blatantly plagiarized.
And frankly,
I care too much for my stuff...
To be taken from me as if that wasn't enough,
For thieves to believe me to be that easy.
Without one day finding their minds messed up.
You see,
My stuff has its own touch.
And don't like others to think,
They can funk with it done over daddy.
All of my babies know and love their daddy.
And would maim a fool who disbelieves.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

They Can Not Accept Truth

They can not look within themselves,
To uncover solutions to undo their problems.
Accustomed they are to placing blame.
Claiming faults elsewhere...
To sell that are sold and bought,
Anywhere beyond their own doorsteps sought.

They can not accept truth.
Pursuing it is not the reality they have created.
Conflicts to initiate with a dumping as often as they can,
Is a designing of a mindset...
They prefer and understand to restrict themselves to limits.
With this comprehended as if to demand.

And yet...
It is the living to disrespect to reject progress,
Is what is done they do at their best.
This they value with a few to protest.
Since...
Accepting truth is refused and offends.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

They Can Not Connect With His Presence

I have no concerns about you understanding me now.
I did yesterday.
But then you had been within those times too long.
I was wrong to say you were not observant.
So wrong was I to wonder why,
You could not envision what I saw...
With my own eyes.

I had been looking at the affects.
And you were hopelessly wishing...
And not in a receptive mood.
As the skies above you,
Came to impose.
You ran...
Feeling threatened.

Now you wish for comprehension.
You desire a suspension of a pace in time...
That speeds through minds.
Adapting quick to changes.

That 'gap' has widened.
There are those who ride a cresting wave.
As others sit...
Contemplating the tossing of pebbles into ponds.
To ponder their existence...
With persistent ego!
Satisfied to stir a ripple or two.
If they choose to do it.
Satisfied and convinced...
Each ripple resulted from their invention.
With a decided intention meant!

And when clouds darken and thunder roars...
They run.
And when rain and winds begin to blow.
They seek shelter.
Sometimes stunned,
By the outcome that is done.

And when lightening strikes...
All who sought peace,
Become frightened.
Enlightenment at times,
Introduces fears produced.
Some prefer to be sedated.
To become seduced by indifference.

The origin of this they wish they knew!
Even though they pray to God.
They can not connect with His presence.
Only if they could...
They would walk and talk with Him.
Only if they could...
Listen when He speaks.
Only if they could...
Learn and observe from His teachings!
Only if they could...
But they can not accept Him.
When He shows Himself as He is!
Beyond conflicting restrictions!
Or...
Needing not a preacher,
To interpret or come to His aid at all!
He 'IS'...ALL!

They perceive Him with golden tresses.
With a tenderness as He blesses!
However...
These images,
Though impressive.
Will never address...
God's awesomeness!
Delivered.

But too many have expectations,
With preferences.
And God...
If He so chooses,
Could take away any breath one breathes.
Whether or not...

They profess in confessions,
He lives!

And those who know this,
Need not speak...
With a rote and spoken,
Scriptured verses rehearsed.
Those who know this,
Need not speak.

They sit with God and feel blessed.
They hear and see God,
From a higher consciousness.
And submitting to IT!
IT is benevolent.
And 'if' God can bestow upon them peace?
A mind becomes also rested.

I have no concerns about you understanding me now.
I did yesterday.
But then you had been within those times too long.
I was wrong to say you were not observant.
So wrong was I to wonder why,
You could not envision what I saw...
With my own eyes.
I had been looking at the affects.
And you were hopelessly wishing...
With artifacts held.
And not in a receptive mood.
As the skies above you,
Came to impose.
You ran...
Feeling threatened.

And those who truly accept God...
Or 'whatever' one chooses to call 'This' presence.
IT has been here,
Long before it was decided...
By a limitation to keep IT distant.
As a circumstance that comes to annoy.
And this arrogance has not gone undetected.
God employs all that He 'is'!

To gather undivided attention.
With an intention meant.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

They Can Not Do That On Their Own

Could a wisdom be hidden.
And purposely deprive someone?
Could opportunities be granted...
For those who are selected?
And medocrity becomes accepted,
By those neglected.
At the expense of those degreed,
But incompetently assigned to think.
And they can not do that on their own!
As observations of this has shown.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

They Can Not Live Without That Fix

MONEY
MONEY
MONEY

Less is the significance.
And the importance,
Of one's quality of life.
Once the having of money,
And the affect of it...
Became the impression,
One wanted to make.
To flaunt and have it,
And from their pockets drip!

MONEY
MONEY
MONEY

And the satisfaction teased,
Would increase with a taste...
For more of it.
Until those not having it,
Were quickly despised.
And with character assassinations...
There became a rise of ruined lives,
With deciet, lies and alibis!

MONEY
MONEY
MONEY

Drifting in mental fits,
Are those today being weened away from it.
Crazed in protests...
With voices raised demanding,
And with their minds splitting into pieces!
A feeding of greed has done this.
At the expense of their consciousness!

MONEY
MONEY
MONEY

And just like addicts!
They can not live without that fix!

MONEY
MONEY
MONEY

They want yours and mine!
And anything that looks like it!

MONEY
MONEY
MONEY

Lawrence S. Pertillar

They Claim To Pray And Wish For Peace

They do not wish their lives politicalized.
However...
They do wish their interests protected,
By those they have elected...
To present and represent them,
Religiously.

They do not want to mix their religious beliefs,
With policies that are political.
And yet they advocate their leaders show strength.
With a doing done to prove they are not weak.
And they claim to pray and wish for peace...
But brag about the weapons they keep to use.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

They Come To Be Ceased

Opportunities come before us,
Not to evaluate but to grasp.
Or ask from others,
If an acceptance is approved.
Since when opportunities come before us,
They do not await to anticipate...
Decisions one makes,
To appreciate them.
When opportunities come before us,
They come to be ceased.
Or will leave behind those in debate,
If what was there to take...
Had been significant enough to impress.
Or to others appease to please!
Opportunities come to be ceased,
For the ones who retrieve them.
Immediately!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

They Come To Go

These times are moving too rapidly,
For anyone to perceive they can keep moments...
Once experienced from a past preserved.
To remain unchanged.
Whether or not attempts are made,
To hold onto them as tightly as possible.

They can be discussed on a daily basis.
Or ignored as they speed away.
These days that we have been given to witness,
Will be better off lived...
Then reminiscing how they were,
And what was done.

Too many will discover themselves lost,
In the things they once did.
And not prepare their minds for what comes,
With maintained faith and not delusions.

These times are moving too rapidly,
For anyone to perceive they can keep moments...
Once experienced from a past preserved.
To remain unchanged.
And fixed to keep them revisited.

Especially when those changes made,
Aren't here to stay for anyone.
They come to go.
With no empathy shown,
To those who don't grow.

For anyone to perceive they can keep moments...
Once experienced from a past preserved.
To remain unchanged.
And fixed to keep them revisited...
To live and adjust as they must.
Will discover all their beliefs,
Dusted.

These times are moving too rapidly,
For anyone to perceive they can keep moments...
Once experienced from a past preserved.
To remain unchanged.
Whether or not attempts are made,
To hold onto them as tightly as possible.
A letting go,
Is the best thing to do to experience growth.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

They Come To Sit Until They Leave

A Tragedy effecting someone personally,
Is an emotional wound that is left.
And no one expressing to show an empathy,
Should demand with an expectation to get...
That one who has had a heart to break,
To immediately get over it.
Since this experience takes,
So much more to recover than another...
Who has yet not been through this,
To believe these memories reminisced...
Are easily remembered to just as easily forget.
They come to sit until they leave 'if' they ever do.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

They Could Care Less

If you say you are better than me.
And I 'think' I am better than that.
Then why are we both envious,
Of those
Who don't seem to share our jealousies?
And they could care less.

If 'that' is obvious to us...
Perhaps they have something,
We both should investigate!
Since neither one of us,
Are attracting their attention!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

They Could Find No Match

There they were sitting,
Like hens in a den.
Stacked together cackling tight...
Like bowling pins grouped,
For someone to roll a strike!

Discussing with one another,
Who was with who...
And why was he with him?
Whipering and passing judgement...
Although they weren't 'butch'
They could have been mistaken as lesbians!

Since all of the women were divorced,
And none of them came escorted...
With anyone of the opposite sex,
Supporting a hint of a grin!
And there they were amongst themselves...
Proclaiming they could find no match,
For the men who chose from them to be detached!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

They Could Not Wait To Leap To Their Feet

There is one unmistakable thing,
That being unprepared does.
It almost guarantees,
There will be a delivery of embarrassment.
Of the most unusual kind.
Especially when people,
Have been exhausted out of their minds.

When one is not ready for a presentation,
But volunteers to represent...
As the moderator of an upcoming event.
And has been given the time,
With a list of topics from which to pick.
And to initiate a discussion...
With a knowledged of the topic one has selected.
This can certainly be avoided.

And yet,
There still will be those...
Unaccustomed to appear as if they represent idiots,
Imbeciles and/or fools out of touch.
Without giving a hint,
Of knowing anything that makes sense.
But will ramble on as if raised eyebrows add,
An approval...
From those interrupting with a standing ovation.
With a desire not to hear what's going on prolonged.

'I can not believe I had them THAT mesmerized.'

~Oh you had them!
As you see,
They could not wait to leap to their feet.
With a rushing done toward the exits.
I think they thought your speech was overwhelming.~

'Wow!
And no one stayed to ask questions.
I am impressed.'

~Me too.
I have never seen a room clear so quickly.
You have a way with words that motivates immediate response.~

'I can not wait to do this again.'

~No need to rush.
Savor the moment.
And let what has taken place 'really' sink in.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

They Created Their Own

They could not deal with truth,
So they created their own.
When those deceptions began to falter...
Low self esteem and diseased minds,
Amongst them were then condoned!
Eventually those of consciousness...
Left them to be unconsciously alone!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

They Dance And Skip Quick

The 'coolest' thing I enjoy witnessing that's hip,
Is being in the presence of someone honest...
And equipped with self confidence.
Regardless who becomes offended by this.

Since anyone who gossips as if addicted to it,
With a beating around the bush when confronted...
Will say anything,
As they dance and skip quick to deceive.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

They Defend Its Application

I awakened this morning...
Not with the War on Terriorism on my mind,
But the War on My Quality of Life.
The War on My Liberties
The War on the Economy
And The War on Consciousness!
And it seems that very few are in the trenches,
Fighting these battles.
As what's left to democracy is being hocked away.
And the hoax of this joke is played on the people!
Who are encouraged to witness,
Their quality of life diminish!

I see no one dressed in combat gear,
Fighting against urban ignorance.
I see no defense against deceit and corruption.
Or legalized government theft.
Creating deeper debt.

But I am told to pray!
By those who 'prey' upon my goodwill!
And attempt to steal my comprehension...
By pretending to be offended that I speak out,
Against their acceptance of these social crimes!
And...
I am given looks as if I have lost my mind!
And today I am beginning to wonder.
What do I cherish most...
My common sense with integrity?
Or my privacy protecting it?

Some say others are not patriotic,
Because they do not accept this nonsense!

Have we arrive at the Twilight Zone?
With no welcome committee to greet?
OR tour the bizarre?
I don't mean to sound sarcastic...
However,

Too many have been slipped some tainted crack...
OR this 'normalcy' believed to be justisfied,
Needs a complete overhaul of 'reality'!
Since what is being accepted,
Is blistering ignorance inflicted!
And people don't believe they are the cause.
Who elected 'whom' to represent them and their 'interests'?

I think that was more like cynicism.
Don't you?
Well...
It was Franklin Delano Roosevelt,
The 32nd President of these United States who did say...
And I quote, '...those cynical men who say that democracy
cannot be honest and efficient.'

F.D.R. meant well.
Let's face it...
At one point in our lives we all had fantasies,
Of one kind or another!
And he was president for twelve years!
But times have vastly change since the corrupted '30's!
The visuals of special effects have greatly improved.
And deceit now has a manicured appearance.

And this team 'they' have in there now...
To represent their causes,
Couldn't wait to destroy everything of 'myth' that is valued!
They've taken the meaning of incompetence,
To a whole different level.
'Honesty and efficiency' are not choice words,
In their vocabulary.
Maybe 'shaft' 'hoodwink' 'bling' and 'gangsta'...
Are expressions tossed about by these morons!

No one could possibly recreate this kind of treason.
And get people addicted to their own self destruction?
As the people who put them in these positions...
Watch this?

You can call me anything you want!
But they can keep 'that' to themselves.

Whatever drug those folks are on,
Has damaged their brain cells.
And they defend its application...
Like an addict in denial,
Of obvious symptoms of abuse observed!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

They Did Not Sell Their Souls

Behind walls they hid,
An occupied attachment...
With that which they believed,
Was a life real with materialism.
'Things' that gave them reason...
To laugh at others not up to their standards.

The days have come,
And standards they welcomed are vanishing!
Walls that protected them with deceit,
Are being chipped away to display them trembling!
They are frightened and exposed.
There is no where for them to go!
And those slandered and defamed by name,
Appear refreshed with a strength kept!

They did not sell their souls.
Those forced to bleed in public!
And were adorned with enlightment,
That had the value of precious gold!
And the Kingdom of God...
Bestowed upon their paths great treasures!
They 'could' laugh if they chose.
But their joy and happiness...
Was too wondrous of a reward,
To reflect upon an expected bitterness missing!

A revengeful eye placed upon others...
Was not from among them,
This druther that they drew...
In petty whispers!
Or a wish to renew to review with anger.
Their journey was to continue to praise God!
And 'that' they always knew.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

They Did The Best They Could

Those who say,
They can not understand...
Why their children lack respect and discipline,
Will always say they did the best they could...
To raise them to be good children.

But the teaching to them to be responsble men,
And women accountable for their actions?
Well...many with children are too busy,
Wanting their children to see them as their friends.
And not examples of adults to set for them.

'And...
How many children do you have? '

None.

'OH?
And you think you can speak on this,
From a position of authority? '

No.
I speak from a position of having peace of mind.
I will never be envious of those emotionally manipulated,
For the rest of their lives.
However...
I have often wanted grandchildren.

'But...
Wouldn't you have to have children FIRST? '

And that one 'detail' alone...
Is the reason why,
I chose to keep my peace of mind.

'It's never too late you know? '

Didn't you just hear me say,
I chose to keep my peace of mind,

Over sitting in a prison cell for the rest of my life?

'No.
I didn't hear that last statement.'

It came to me quickly as a vision.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

They Dislike Themselves

They dislike each other.
Ask them!
They will admit they do.
Ask them the reason...
And they will have not one clue.

Unless disliking someone,
Based on what is believed one thinks...
The other thinks.
The other feels.
The other does.
And what another one says!
That may or may not be honest or real.

Purely something done,
That has been based on speculation!
To ruin and destroy.
As if to reflect one's environment...
And its degradation.
Like choosing a slot machine at a casino.
Because it may display pictures of diamonds or stars,
On the turning wheels.
And avoiding it if the appearance does not appeal.

And making decisions by how one feels...
Not investigated at all.
That would take the time of a mature mind.

Need I say more?

They dislike each other,
Some say they hate.
Because something told that was not true.
By some who instigate.

They also dislike themselves as well.
Since they've been told they should!
And they do.

Need I say more?
Hopefully this isn't you.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

They Do Not Play By The Rules

No one wants to believe,
They have been made a fool...
By lies told they have accepted.
And deceived by those who are evil too!
But a telling of a truth,
Few people do.
And they are the ones,
Everyone shuns.
Because they do not play by the rules.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

They Do Not Turn Their Backs On Dreams

It is for many,
An experience of physical presentations.
What for them is only believed,
Has to be touched or seen.
Or left to give one an impression,
That affect the senses.

And if this doesn't come for some,
They do not turn their backs on dreams.
These are the ones who have witnessed miracles.
Knowing that a faith kept creates their wishes.
To eventually acknowledge,
It was patience they first had to nourish.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

They Don'T Know Me

Refusing to listen,
But skilled in opposition...
To not comprehend,
Although known to seek attention...
Are those who often neglect to mention,
How it is their mental and physical afflictions...
Seem to have been in existence most of their lives.
And yet finding a remedy to cure them of this,
Has left them bewildered...
As to why others are quick with them,
To show their impatience.

'Perhaps you should consider,
What others say to suggest and recommend.'

~To then do what?
They don't know me.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

They Don'T Know What A Lesson Is

They 'aint' gon' learn nuthin'.

'Why?
Why you wanna say sumthin' like that? '

'Cause they don't know what a lesson is.
Not to value it to keep it meant.

'It takes some longer to understand.'

How long does it take the repeating of the same thing,
To be understood?

'Well...
Some people are slower to do the right thing.'

Before or after?

'Before or after what? '

They waited with belief from others who say...
It's never too late.
Only to not accept what time it is now.
To disbelieve the time given to them when they ask for it.

'Well...
They are the ones aint gon' learn nuthin'.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

They Don'T Know What They Talk About

Don't you talk about people,
With venom in your mouth...
Until you know the facts.
With just the facts you talk about.

And don't you talk about the people,
With a poison spewed!
Until you know exactly,
What it is that you do.

Some people like to pick on people,
Just to victimize...
But,
They don't know what they talk about.

Some people like to criticize,
Based on rumored lies...
But,
They don't know what they talk about.

People stir up dirt,
Just to see somebody hurt...
But,
They don't know what they talk about.

And don't you talk about the people,
With a poison spewed!
Until you know exactly,
What it is that you do.

Some people like to pick on people,
Just to victimize...
But,
They don't know what they talk about.

And some people like to stir up dirt,
Just to see somebody hurt...
But,
They don't know what they talk about.

And don't you talk about the people,
With a poison spewed!
Until you know exactly,
What it is that you do.

Some people like to criticize,
Based on rumored lies...
But,
They don't know what they talk about.

People peeping pettiness to drop on people seen,
But...
They don't know what they talk about.

People peeping pettiness to drop on people seen,
But...
They don't know what they talk about.

People love to pick on people just to victimize,
But...
They don't know what they talk about.

People love to pick on people just to victimize,
But...
They don't know what they talk about.
No they don't,
Know.
They don't know what they talk about.
No they don't,
Know.
They don't know what they talk about.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

They Don't Know What They Want

They don't know what they want.
To get it.
To get it.
With it to get.
They don't know what they want.
To get it.
To get it.
Then to quit.

They want to fight for their rights.
And independency.
But when conflicts start,
They want them ended immediately.

They don't know what they want.
To get it.
To get it.
With it to get.

They want others out of their lives.
Those they depend upon to survive.
And when these decisions are made to be done,
They protest against the effect that is left.
With expected exceptions selected to come.

They don't know what they want.
To get it.
To get it.
Then to quit.

They want their lives to remain exclusive.
With values and standards,
From others they've obtain.
They want their way of life sustained,
As they maintain the same feeding of greed.
Not to realize their wants and needs,
Had always been supplied interdependently...
By those they wish from them to be dismissed.

They don't know what they want.
With it to get it.
Then when to get it,
They don't want it to get.
They don't know what they want.
To get it.
To then get it,
To regret over it.

And conflicts they begin,
Never end.
To see what they have started,
Resulted from their selfish whims.

They don't know what they want.
To get it.
But when they get it...
It's always the fault of others,
They blame for starting...
Their mindless conflicts.
And because of this they get,
To be left crazed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

They Don'T Quit

You don't want to catch me in a mood that's going on,
'Cause...
I can be a trip.
And I know it too...
That,
I 'am'a trip.
IF you wish to really take it.
I AM a trip.

You don't want to catch me in a mood that's going on,
'Cause...
I can be a trip.
And I know it too...
That,
I can be-a trip.

I'm not looking for,
A breast to feed me.
Far removed from tits and tats,
To chat.
My mood's away from that.
Until it doesn't matter.
My mood's away from that.

And...
I'm not looking for,
A breast to feed me.

You don't want to catch me in a mood that's going on,
'Cause...
I can be a trip.
And I know it too...
That I 'be'-a trip.

I'm not looking for,
A breast to feed me.
When those moods in me don't leave,
And they don't quit.
When those moods in me don't leave,

And they don't quit.

I'm not looking for,
A breast to feed me.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

They Feel Clean

I brush my teeth.
They feel clean.
I rub my tongue against them.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

They Finally Got The Message

Why are they sobbing?

'They are saying,
Something has come to affect their lives.
And they were not prepared and didn't know.'

That's a bunch of BS.
I came to address that with them months ago.

'Oh?
So...
You were the one that got them upset.
With a telling them they should awaken,
From a foolishness that they protect.
And when you arrived you were not dressed,
To impress.
And that's why they ignored your message? '

Who knows.
But they can not say they weren't told.
So why are they sobbing in their Sunday clothes?

'They just discovered,
The message you left...
Had the steps they should take,
If they expected entry through the 'Pearlie Gates'.

What Pearlie Gates?

'Well...
A blistering sermon was just delivered to them,
About disrespecting their fellowman.
Since one never knows who has what in their hands.
Wasn't that the message you left? '

NAW, man!
I came to tell them their son had been,
A cellmate of mine in prison.
And he escaped.

But they had moved away.

'Oooohhh!
Maybe they didn't move that far.
And their sins caught up with them.
Now I see.
They have not been that honest with me.'

Either way...
They got some kind of message.
And that fool they've been trying to protect,
Has probably been breathing down their necks.
You can run but no one can hide,
From mistakes denied.
I have learned that the hard way.
So what do you think for them is next?

'That's obvious.
A reaping of what they have allowed to sow! '

Nicely put.
Who are you?

'I am their minister.
I see you've learned a thing or two? '

That's what being locked up will do.

'I'm seeking an assistant.
All of my associate pastors,
Have had confinement in their past.
Think about it.'

NAW.
God has me on a different mission.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

They Find Me Extremely Humorous

Those who take interest,
In the raising of their children...
With encouragement to adventure,
Their lives to live being versatile.
And curious about their environment.
Will never find any child of theirs,
Unprepared...
Sitting alone with nothing to do.
Especially if mommy and daddy,
Introduced them how to use a broom.
With a mopping of a floor.
Washing the dishes and taking out the trash.
How to cook.
Read a book.
Hygiene and ironing their own clothes.
Discipline and when to be respectful.

'Your home is so peaceful and quiet.
Where are your children? '

~Praying I am not finding more things,
To occupy their minds.~

'So you know where your children are? '

~Most definitely.
And they knew very early,
Where I was coming from, too! ~

'That's funny.'

~Yeah.
They find me extremely humorous.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

They Find You 'sometimey'...Whiney! Too Pretentious

You tell me,
I 'should' pray.
Believing my identity,
Has led me astray.

I choose to be 'me'.
And not any other way.

And since you observe 'them',
Seeming not to accept me 'sometimes'?
They find you 'sometimey'...
Whiney!
Too pretentious.
And don't accept you at all!

Keep praying.
One day they will give you permission...
To get up off your knees!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

They Fuss It To Be Cut Up

Some just can't let it be!
With a letting go.
They want to beat it to then leave it.
Come back,
To again...
Service it with lip.
As if 'whatever' it is...
Exists in their minds,
Breathes...
As if it lives.

They cuss it to be cut up.
They fuss it to be cut up.

People aren't grateful to receive a gift.
Or appreciate it without examining the value of it.

They cuss it to be cut up.
They fuss it to be cut up.

Whining without restraint!

They cuss it to be cut up.
They fuss it to be cut up.

Complaining and showing no shame.

They cuss it to be cut up.
They fuss it to be cut up.

Some just can't let it be!
With a letting go.
They want to beat it to then leave it.
Come back,
To again...
Service it with lip.
As if 'whatever' it is...
Exists in their minds,
Breathes...

As if it lives.

They cuss it to be cut up.
People are bold.
They fuss it to be cut up.
People are cold.

Whining without restraint!

They cuss it to be cut up.
People are bold.
They fuss it to be cut up.
People are cold.

Complaining and showing no shame.

They cuss it to be cut up.
People are bold.
They fuss it to be cut up.
People are cold.

They cuss it to be cut up.
People are bold.
They fuss it to be cut up.
People are cold.

Whining without restraint.
And complaining having no shame.
They...
Cuss it to be cut up.
People are bold.
Fussing with a cutting up.
People are cold.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

They Go In To Come Out To Do What?

They say they have beliefs.
And collectively they are seen...
Going in with them.
But they come out to do what?

They say they have traditions.
Standards to uphold.
Lifestyles to embrace.
With a quality of life,
Hard work takes.
They pray to keep them.
And claim to have faith.
However...
When they are seen,
On the day they pray and worship...
To spend time to gain answers and strength.
With Him!
They go in and come out to do what?
I do not see what they believe applied!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

They 'Had' A Connection

Once a picking apart begins,
The entire fabric becomes affected.
And so effective is the unravelling,
Those who believe themselves not participants...
With a turning away from the 'incident',
Do not pay any attention to it...
Until the tree they have kept their nest so high,
Feeling protected, safe and unaffected...
Is chopped to the ground.
And only 'then' do they realize...
They 'had' a connection.
But guess what?
A debating over it,
Seldom reverses what has taken place.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

They Had Made No Efforts

Are you pleased with those deeds that you did were done?
And even if the doing did not please everyone...
Were you happy with the making of 'your' efforts?
And were those efforts that you made your best?
Well...
Know that what was done was with that you could do.
And if your doing left someone else with an attitude,
Perhaps they had made no efforts for others to protest.
Or maybe they are just people who object to what's accepted.
Who knows?
There are more people like that than not!
So leave them with a doing with your efforts approved.
Do not be persuaded to debate with those who love to argue.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

They Have Already Murdered Their Futures

They have already murdered their futures.
With an allowing of a lack of discipline.
And the loss of self respect shown and given.

What future do they expect to have,
With no investment left protected in it.

And assisting to dismantle their own identities?
With a hope their insecurities will be accepted?
They have already murdered their futures.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

They Have Amongst Themselves Outlawed Living

I have been who I am,
Making my own decisions.
And feeling my own aches and pains,
Much longer than anyone obsessing over...
Their approval or acceptance of what I do.
Or with whom they choose to discuss my activities.
As if whatever is whispered or gossiped...
Is going to make a difference.
Not a bruise on my body or an endured suffering,
Healed for me alone to witness to feel and to moan...
Is not going to make a difference to me,
Who thinks WHAT if I switched my butt...
And wore twelve inch high heels if I felt like it!
It AINT!

People waste more time,
Keeping their noses up other's behinds...
Than toilet tissue used.
They have destroyed themselves,
And the quality of life with their pretentions.
They have amongst themselves outlawed living.
And the freedom to do what one wishes to do,
When one wishes to do it.
And the only ones who try their best to stay happy,
Are the ones who keep their distance from these idiots...
Believing themselves sought after and adored.
UGH!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

They Have An Abundance Of That Here

How ugly can an ugliness get?

'That's not fair.
None of them can help,
The way they look.
Even though I do admit,
This area would be a gold mine...
For anyone who 'said',
They knew anything about plastic surgery.'

I'm referring to their deeds.
Not the way they look.

'Well,
Either way...
Whatever the deeds that were done,
Has had a lot to do with an absence of attraction.
And ugly must be something fed,
They feed upon that makes them happy.
Because they have an abundance of that here.
And 'we' should not be the judge or jury.'

WE?
I'm talking about something totally different.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

They Have Become Disenchanted

All the policies enforced and claimed...
That maintains their virtues,
Have not sustained a confidence remaining.
And creaks from cracks long aging,
With substandard production...
Aided by a need to revamp,
The signs of false staging.
Has come to weaken the appearance...
Of a rallied support that dwindles.

Leaving many horrified,
With the realization...
How unqualified the foundation.
And those who represent,
A pretense with their consent.

They had visions to be lead away from darkness.
Yet depended too much on image.
Although that was highly given...
They have become disenchanted,
By the lack of insight shown!

And those dismissed observing this slide...
Knew from the beginning,
A common sense had not yet been displayed.
They knew insight was not the light carried.
Not through this dimming of a light that decreases.

After all...
It does not take too much to masquerade.
Or keep a charade dressed to impress.
Especially when a night for attending
An opera has been planned...
And one who leads their procession,
Comes prepared to rope bulls,
As if at a rodeo.
And having to be explained the difference.
But that does not stop the command,
With a demand...

To have all present change,
Into cowboy outfits.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

They Have Embraced The Act Of Panic

With opportunities,
For some long gone!

Blessings.
To capture blessings...
With an expressing of thankfulness,
Everyday.
With a realization...
They have arrived and have been witnessed.

With opportunities,
For some long gone!
To carry on,
They have embraced the act of panic.
Everyday for many...
There is something they say for them,
Goes wrong.

With opportunities,
For some long gone!
There is something they say for them,
Goes wrong.

Blessings.
To capture blessings...
With an expressing of thankfulness,
Everyday.
With a realization...
They have arrived and have been witnessed.

Blessings.
Some don't see blessings.
But they have embraced,
The act of panic.

Blessings.
Some don't see blessings.
But they have embraced,
The act of panic.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

They Have Not And Will Not Know...

You don't have to 'B'
Somewhere to 'B' yourself.
Wherever you are,
Is where you 'B'.
Doing 'that' which you 'Is'.

You don't have to go nowhere,
To say you 'R' who you 'Is'
You 'R' who you 'Is'
Wherever you 'B'.
Right 'now' where you 'R'.

Some believe the can not 'B' themselves,
If they are not where they should 'B'...
Being who they 'Is'.
Because where they 'R'
They can not 'B' who they 'Is'
So they think!
And they delay the 'trip'
To 'B' who they 'Is' where they 'R'.
Becoming intoxicated,
With excuses not to 'B' at all.

And I think who they 'B'
Really isn't!
'Cause 'if' they wuz
They would 'B' who they 'Is'
Wherever they 'R'.
But in their 'heads'
They have not and will not know,
When they have arrived!

And 'if' they do survive the ride...
Who is it will they 'B'?
They wont 'B' who they 'Is'.
Since the 'trip' will provide for them...
Another confusing quiz!
For them to 'B'...
Who they wish they 'Is'.

And no one will have the time,
To help them figure that out!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

They Have Struck The Motherlode

Few can placate by folly.
With an appeasing done,
To quench and finalize...
What arises that may disturb.
However...
Those who are comedic,
May succeed temporarily.

But the ones gifted,
With psychiatry as a profession...
May find today,
They have struck the motherlode...
Of unending fortune.
With appointments to have folks laid out,
On leather couches forever.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

They Just Do 'Drive-Bys'

'No one has ever asked me,
What takes place around here.
Or how much my overhead is raised,
Just to provide a convenience...
For the thieves to steal,
From my place of business.'

I hear you.
And not one step,
Have those who moved to the suburbs...
Taken in my neighborhood,
To get a reality check kept in perspective...
And yet,
They become offended by my depiction of it.
A 'depiction' I live with on a daily basis.

To 'then' have the nerve to say to me,
I have no right to get upset or 'embittered'.
By an ignorance I tolerate,
But on some days can not accept.

And they just do 'drive-bys'!
To claim the doing,
Has left them exhilarated and refreshed...
By an experience had.
And that I do not appreciate 'my' ethnic connection.
As stated by those who drive away,
Refusing to come back and/or stay.
Yet I am the one who has done just that.

'No one has ever asked me,
What takes place around here.
Or how much my overhead is raised,
Just to provide a convenience...
For the thieves to steal,
From my place of business.'

I hear you.
And not one step,

Have those who moved to the suburbs...
Taken in my neighborhood,
To get a reality check kept in perspective.
They just do 'drive-bys'.
And with a quickness to forget.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

They Keep To Themselves Exclusively

The only ones who advocate wars and fighting,
Are those who seek images of being victorious...
To ignore the ones who leave their blood,
Left to be forgotten on foreign battlefields.

While those who charade their greatness,
Choose to use their expertise...
In dividing people and also those who have enlisted,
To serve in the military...
With choices to feed their own greeds.
That leaves them deciding who is entitled...
To share a feast they did not earn,
They keep to themselves exclusively.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

They Know That They Don'T Know

They know that they don't know!
And their opinions discloses the evidence.
Most of their knowledge has been obtained,
By innuendos and nonsense.
Leaving them exposed,
To an ignorance that shows.

They know that they don't know!
And any actions taken to comprehend...
Becomes entrapped by an inferiority,
Felt within them.

And that which escapes their understanding...
Is left out of their reach.
Although very close...
Are those answers they seek most.
But quick they fold their arms to their chests,
With stubborn hands to express...
Their choice not to hear,
What for them is best!

Declaring they wish not to listen...
Because facts distracts,
A consciousness they lack!

They know that they don't know.
But they want to gossip it.
They know that they don't know.
But they want to gossip it.
They know that they don't know.
But they want to gossip it...
And spread those rumors made to fit,
Those ears that are as limited!

They know that they don't know.
But they want to gossip it.
They know that they don't know.
But they want to gossip it.
They know that they don't know.

But they want to gossip it...
And spread those rumors made to fit,
Those ears that are as limited!

They know that they don't know,
With their minds closed.
They know that they don't know,
With their minds closed.
They know that they don't know,
With their minds closed.
And spread those rumors made to fit,
Those ears that are as limited!

They know that they don't know...
And it shows.
They know that they don't know...
And it shows.
They know that they don't know...
And it shows.
And spread those rumors made to fit,
Those ears that are as limited!

They know that they don't!
Stubborn and they're limited.
They know that they don't!
Stubborn and they're limited.
They know that they don't!
Stubborn and they're limited.
Stubborn and they're limited.
And spread those rumors made to fit,
Those ears that are as limited!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

They Let Fatigue That Bled Defeating Go

Too bad...
Life is not as easy,
As a grab bag!
With selections to detect
What makes one glad.
Giving choices much more than ones they've ever had!
To really please an urging teased and shown.

So sad...
Those that make less fuss,
Are often in 'rehab'.
Recovering from suffering
Downfalls from a past.
And now this quickness to fix
Has been much slowed.

They let fatigue that bled defeating go!

Too bad...
Life is not as easy,
As a grab bag!
With selections to detect
What makes one glad.
Giving choices much more than ones they've ever had!
To really please an urging teased and shown.

They let fatigue that bled their bleeding,
Cease to show!
Although this still exist...
They know they can resist and choose to grow!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

They Live In Division

People of ignorance take no time to learn,
But rush to judgement to incite a fighting done...
Dawn after dawn and after many midnights.
They live in division.
People.

People of ignorance initiate hate.
With a wasting of time to find themselves,
Replaced.
By the acts of Mother Nature.
And the reality of this no one claims is faked.

Then people in this condition expect overnight,
Their self-centered appetites...
To be restored as they would like.
Even when the winds have broken tree limbs.
They live in division.

Even when God wants division to end,
They live in division.
People...
To even ignore every message sent,
They live in division.
People...
Stuck in ruts like nuts cracked up,
They live in division.
People...
Even when the winds have broken tree limbs.
They live in division.

People of ignorance initiate hate.
With a wasting of time to find themselves,
Replaced.
By the acts of Mother Nature.
And the reality of this no one claims is faked.
But...
Even when the winds have broken tree limbs.
They live in division.
People...

To even ignore every message sent,
They live in division.
People...
Stuck in ruts like nuts cracked up,
They live in division.
People...
Stuck in ruts like nuts cracked up,
They live in division.
People...
They live in division.
People...
They live in division.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

They Live Light Years Away

They live light years away...
People who refuse the conflicts.
They live light years away...
People not involve in doubt.
They live light years away...
People who see through nonsense,
Others keep around them everyday.

They live light years away...
Those who know what's evil.
They live light years away...
Those not living uptight!
They live light years away...
Those who see it as it is.
With a living to limit their fears.

They live light years away...
People who refuse the conflicts.
They live light years away...
People not involve in doubt.
They live light years away...
People who see through nonsense,
Others keep around them everyday.
With others who stay afraid.

They live light years away...
With prayer and faith and hope.
They live light years away...
With prayer and faith and hope.
They live light years away...
With prayer and faith and hope.
They live light years away!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

They Look Like Us

What is going on over there?

'We have everything under control.
And those we have deemed suspicious,
Are currently being closely monitored.
And so far...
Our suspicions are being heightened,
By their unusual activities.'

What ACTIVITIES?

'Well...
In the past couple of hours,
We have spotted a number of them gathering together,
To bump fists with a greeting of one another,
With hugs and warm embraces.'

Would they be wearing dreads?

'Yes.'

Would they be strutting as if they were certain,
Of their identities.
And appearing proud of themselves?

'Yes. Yes.
How did you know that? '

These are the people who advocated protecting everyone,
By signs of terrorist movements in the area.
Who have you spotted that might fit that description?

'Well...
No one really.
Only the regular folks.
You know...
The ones wearing suits and ties.
And several other people walking around,
Carrying loaded backpacks held firmly in place...

By belts and ropes that are snuggly strapped.
Some are wearing berets on their heads.
And dressed in camouflage.
While holding tightly onto what appears musical intruments,
In long leather cases.'

And...
You find nothing suspicious about 'that' at all?

'No. Not really.
They look like us.
And we chose not to offend them.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

They Look So Perplexed

What has happened to them?
They look so perplexed.

'They have run out of excuses to make.
And the covering up of their footsteps.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

They Lust

They Lust!
Don't let them fool you.
Under that self righteous,
'Holier-than-thou' veneered exterior...
They lust.
That's the only thing they do,
That can be trusted.
They lust.
Whether it's sex, violence
Or drugs from others they sell to bust!
They lust.
The weapons they legalize to hunt and kill,
Just for thrills to satisfy their mental ills.
They lust!
And stealing and lieing with covered up shrills!
They lust.
Don't let them fool you.
If they didn't...
They wouldn't be asking God,
To forgive them for what they do!
They lust and pray.
And take they do from others that way!
They lust.
Deluded...
By their own self deception.
And this is not admitted.
Nor will they quit it.
They lust.
It's in the fabric they wear.
And dare those who oppose,
This exposure!
Seeking excuses and remedies,
To mask their misdeeds...
Feed and breathe.
They lust!
To protect and gratify their whims!
They lust in view.
And deny that's what they do.
They lust.

Self destructing...
With a willful absence of shame.
They lust...
And it is done,
As they imprison others to blame...
For doing the same.
They lust.
While watching those who suffer.
They lust.
And this excites them!
Even when betraying one another.
They lust.
That's the only thing they do,
That can be trusted.
They lust.
It's in the fabric of their allegiances,
They pledge to keep obeyed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

They Make It Look So Easy

What it is they do,
They must really enjoy it.
They make it look so easy.

'Because something done is enjoyed,
Doesn't make it easy.
I know very few people,
Who do what they do because it is easy.
It's difficult as it is...
Getting requests from others,
Asking them to show what it is one does.
Only to be abandoned by the same folks,
Who realize paying attention is involved.
With a work ethic that is disciplined! '

I wasn't referring to you.
I was talking about them!
Keep that in mind.

'Oh...
Well,
You are right!
They must really enjoy what they do.
They make it look so easy.'

Really?
You're kidding?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

They Oughta Wanna Be Conscious

Some folks want to live,
And not contribute.
Consume and complain.
Talk about others,
Who share in likeminded cliques.
Avoiding situations,
To leave what they should solve...
For someone else to handle it.

They oughta wanna be...
Conscious.

They came upon this life to play,
A game
That didn't go their way.

They wanna be up,
Don't wanna be down.
They wanna be so high...
So they can float around.
They wanna feel real good,
Don't wanna feel bad.
They wanna have all of their friends believing...
They've got more than they actually have.

They wanna lay in bed all damn day.
Don't wanna work to earn their pay.
They wanna be rich,
Don't wanna be poor.
They want a big fat check,
Laying at the front door.
And hoping that a breeze...
Will blow it across the floor!

They wanna have sex.
Don't wanna be without.
They wanna be in love...
Don't wanna be in doubt.
They oughta wanna be...

Conscious!
Yeah that's it!
They oughta wanna wake up,
From their own stupid...
Ssshhhhh
Obviousness!

And if that should happen,
While there's still time.
Maybe they will find peace of mind!
And remove self destruction...
As a means to find time to whine.

They oughta wanna be conscious...
Yeah.
That's it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

They Remain Dedicated

Anyone coming to the stage with claims,
They have rehearsed and prepared to perform...
But fear the critique and presence of the audience,
Seeks to get empathy for a half-hearted attempt.
Yet those experienced with the receiving of 'boos',
Sit with patience looking for honest expressions.
And could care less who they offend,
By telling them to take their excuse making...
Off the stage.
Since they remain dedicated,
No matter who has previously booed their flaws.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

They Remember

What makes you say you are more qualified,
To represent the needs of the people.
With a connected understanding,
That makes them unquestion your experiences...
Free to erase from them any doubt,
About your commitment.

'Well...
All of those you now hear cheering me on,
Behind us?
Every one of them has had opportunity,
To drag me through the coals.
Objecting to my outspoken comments,
Regarding the decline of their quality of life.

And that was a few years ago,
When they were quick to label...
Those opposing,
As crazy mixed up nonconformist maverick.

And today?
Not only have their minds changed...
Reality from them is no longer distant.
Believe themselves too,
To be totally out of their minds.
And they remember,
Who it was unafraid to tell them that!

You can say,
They have found their own way...
And without me,
To see themselves...
More looney than I can possibly be.
And they have faith,
I will not abandon them.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

They Rode My Back Like Hungry Fleas

The teachers I initially had,
Earlier in my developing life...
I despised.
Yes.
I thought them to be insensitive and mean.
And I held onto that belief,
With thoughts they were purposely picking on me.

And it took me years to realize their critiques,
Were from expectations they wanted me to reach.
They knew inside me I can and could do better.
They knew inside me an opportunity,
I did not then see.
But a pushing with their efforts increased my abilities.

The teachers I initially had,
Earlier in my developing life...
I despised.
Yes.
I thought them to be insensitive and mean.
And I held onto that belief,
With thoughts they were purposely picking on me.
Just to ride on my back like a pack of hungry fleas.

'Mister Pertillar?
I've read your essay...
'They Rode My Back Like A Pack Of Hungry Roaches'.
Change 'roaches' to 'fleas'.
Fleas are blood suckers.'

But...
My essay is about teachers I hate.

'I hate roaches too!
However...
If you accept my recommendation,
You will eventually come to realize...
The usage of 'fleas' will have a uniqueness.
And a far better bite.

I suggest...
'They Rode My Back Like Hungry Fleas''

There is no pleasing 'you' people,
Is it?

'Excuse me?
What did you say? '

They Rode My Back Like Hungry Fleas.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

They Sat There To Say Nothing

He stood there in their faces,
To say he was more intelligent than they.
And that's why he was being paid,
Huge sums of money at an hourly rate...
For a purpose no one really knew!

And they sat there to say nothing...
Because they hired him to guide them.
And in their minds...
He was the best one they could find,
To tell them all how stupid they are!

While those who resided in this neighborhood,
Got up to leave from the meeting feeling offended...
Since they had been telling the same people,
Gathered to get nothing done as usual...
They were stupid for years and not getting paid a cent,
To tell them this over and over again.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

They Seek To Be Understood

Those who live unpredictable lives...
Speak of wishing to have more control over,
That which changes on a daily basis.

And they will not admit there is nothing consistent,
About their own actions they seek to be understood.
To then say they have no time to be aggravated,
By the ones who question what it is they do.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

They Should Not Be Permitted

It's out there exposed and revealed.
And within reach,
For anyone seeking it to get what is needed.
Now...
If those attempt to make claims,
The did not comprehend...
To understand the meaning of it?
To not question to obtain clarity?
But seek to keep debating,
The significance of its contents?
Well...
It was not meant for them to get,
To comprehend with a understanding.
And they should not be permitted,
To waste the time of those who had patience.
To 'then' become offended,
By a lack of empathy shown.

'Excuse me? '

~I SAID...
My next steps taken,
Is away from you for the purpose...
Not to waste another breath on you.~

'How RUDE, COLD and SELFISH.'

~Thanks.
Finally you've noticed 'something'.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

They Show Up In Droves At Funerals

I know of a place,
Where people know others
By what has been told to them.
People will say, 'Oh, I know 'them'.
I heard this and that! '
And they have had not one convesation at all.
Not with that person.

Even those related...
However they are related.
'See' each other their entire lives...
And know absolutely nothing about the other.
However...
They show up in droves at funerals.
To make pointless conversations.
And roll their eyes at those...
Because someone said they said something,
About someone else.
And they had the 'nerve' to appear to pay
Their respects!

These places exist.
Without conversations being shared,
By either the ones who have departed...
Or,
By those standing in line to feed themselves...
During the repast!
Some will take food to go.
As if at a fast food restaurant!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

They Solicited 'My' Response

I'm not apologizing for my comments or actions.
And I do not think it disrespectful to call them fools.
They solicited 'my' response.

If jerks do something stupid they are fools.
They weren't offended at all,
When I called them imbeciles.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

They Spoke In Coka Mode

Moody.
Broody.
But open her cage,
Let her go...
And she becomes a hybrid,
Raged!

Subtle cuddled up.
But a buck on a booty.
He had it kind of rough,
Then he smoothed with age.

They both broke quota.
They spoke in coka mode...
Ooo poppa locka booty,
Ooma poppah!

They both broke quota.
They spoke in coka mode...
Ooo poppa locka booty,
Ooma poppah!

Moody.
Broody.
But open her cage,
Let her go...
And she becomes a hybrid,
Raged!

Subtle cuddled up.
But a buck on a booty.
He had it kind of rough,
Then he smoothed with age.

They both broke quota.
They spoke in coka mode...
Ooo poppa locka booty,
Ooma poppah!

They both broke quota.
They spoke in coka mode...
Ooo poppa locka booty,
Ooma poppah!

Let her go...
And she becomes a hybrid,
Raged!
He had it kind of rough,
Then he smoothed with age.

They both broke quota.
They spoke in coka mode...
Ooo poppa locka booty,
Ooma poppah!

They both broke quota.
They spoke in coka mode...
Ooo poppa locka booty,
Ooma poppah!

Ooo poppa locka booty,
Ooma poppah!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

They Stand Tall

Those who walk and do the talking,
With a doing not to stall...
Stand tall.
As if they have no fear at all.

They stand tall.
As if they have a purpose to keep.
They stand tall.
With their minds on a mission,
To see complete.

Are they rare?
No they're not, they're just determined.
Do they care?
If they didn't they would quit to sit.
Are they aware?
Yes they are with needs to see through,
Any opposition to their mission to undo.

They stand tall.
As if they have no fear at all.
They stand tall.
To walk no matter if they should fall.
They stand tall,
To walk and do less talking,
And no matter who is gawking...
They,
Stand tall.
To do those deeds...
Until they see them done.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

They Sucker Punch

I am tired of boxing cocky foxes,
With their sweetened smiles and greased tongues.
I'm through with slinging to fling mud in the ring,
With a fighting against those sly who lie...
While others protect them with a doing done,
To help them flee from misdeeds...
Seeking somewhere to hide after they run,
With more sleaze to come.

They sucker punch.
With a doing on the run.
They sucker punch.
And with a masquerading done.
They sucker punch.
From out of darkened corners too!
With deceptions to delivery and quick to do.

They sucker punch.
With a doing on the run.
They sucker punch.
And with a masquerading done.
They sucker punch.
From out of darkened corners too!
With deceptions to delivery and quick to do.

Those cocky foxes laying low and sly,
Deceive quick and hit then run somewhere to hide.
They sucker punch.
With a doing on the run.
They sucker punch.
And with a masquerading done.
They sucker punch.
From out of darkened corners too!
With deceptions to delivery and quick to do.

I am tired of boxing cocky foxes,
With their sweetened smiles and greased tongues.
I'm through with slinging to fling mud in the ring,
With a fighting against those sly who lie...

And pretend nothing's done.
They sucker punch.
With a doing on the run.
They sucker punch.
And with a masquerading done.
They sucker punch.
From out of darkened corners too!
With deceptions to delivery and quick to do.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

They Themselves Deceive

When people sell with a doing,
To those who become sold...
They themselves deceive.
With a doing done they say they do,
They themselves deceive.
They themselves deceive.
Since many possess college degrees....
In the hopes to receive achievement to get,
Competence with a common sense...
But they themselves deceive...
With minds feeding on 'bling' and greed.!

People like this are not taught how to feel,
A difference between what is fake and what's real.
They themselves deceive.
With a thinking they do this to other people,
They themselves deceive.
People like this are not taught to assess,
Correct ways to live and with honesty best.
People who cheat find it weak to confess.
They themselves deceive,
Unknowing it with doing!
They themselves deceive.

They themselves deceive!
With a making of lies to tell and sell.
They themselves deceive!
And a manifesting of this done too well.
They themselves deceive!
They themselves deceive!
They themselves deceive!
With a making of lies to tell and sell.
They themselves deceive.
With a manifesting of this done too well.

They themselves deceive.
With a growing of this to be known and shown.
They themselves deceive.
With a growing of this to be known and shown.

They themselves deceive.
They themselves deceive.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

They Too Can Make Thunder Roll

Once it is observed,
And perceived to be easy...
Everyone begins making claims,
They too can make thunder roll.
Lightening strike.
And make snowballs in 80 degree heat.

Everyone wants to shine,
If it means taking less time...
To learn how to do it.
They wish to solicit an assistance,
To reach heights!
With a minimal amount of require effort.

Once it is observed,
And perceived to be easy...
Everyone begins making claims,
They too can make thunder roll.
Lightening strike.
And make snowballs in 80 degree heat.

Everyone believes,
A success achieved can be wished.
While a sitting back to do nothing,
Is a prerequisite.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

They Too Dangle

If you suck the sap from the tree,
To feed your own interests...
Without seeking ways to replenish,
OR preserve what's left...
You sap the life from the tree.

And guess what?
Have you ever observed yourself,
Dangling from a branch?
Connected to it as the leaf you are,
Leeching.

Well...
That branch from which you leech,
Is connected to that tree...
From which you attempt to leave sapless.
And surrounding your unconscious doing,
Are others who are not as thoughtless.
But like you...
They too dangle,
Precariously with similar sefishness.
Until they dropp from that same tree...
Lifeless.

But you,
And those like you...
Wish to speed up that process!
With your frenzied greed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

They Use To Be In The Closet

Mommy...
What are illegal lesbians?
'No, honey...
They are aliens.'

So the aliens are lesbians?
'No, baby...
The lesbians are legal.
But the aliens are not.'

So...?
Who are the homosexuals?
'Well...
That's a tough one.
At one time,
They use to be in the closet.
Today...
You can't tell who's what!
Or what's going on!
Whether they are downlow in the closet...
Or out tossing balls to one another.'

Oh you mean like daddy and Uncle Ray?
I see them doing that all the time in the garage.
So far I've collected $50 to keep my mouth shut!
That's when Uncle Ray told me...
He was an illegal lesbian.
And they laughed!
Mommy?
Why are you lookiing at me like that?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

They Want

They want!
Only with restrictions.

Restrictions are applied.
And they decide,
This is not what they want.

They want to be involved.
But with limitations.

When those limitations are accepted...
They seek to diminish them.
Since they are accustomed to pointing fingers.
And that is all they want!
With appropriate approval for their flaunting.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

They Want A New Announcer

He did not decide the party was coming to a close.
He agreed and was chosen to make the announcement,
That the party would soon be over.
And many accepted that.

Now they reject that fact presented.

They want a new announcer,
That is not so quick...
To end their delusions.
Preferrably someone other than...'that' one!

However...
Whoever comes to turn on bright lights,
After they have been dimmed...
Will come to declare,
What was there...
Is over for them!

And still,
They will not believe or accept the message.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

They Want To Dominate

So fractured are they.
So split and divided within their walls.
No depiction seems as fitting,
As crazed does for them.
With labels like conservative,
And liberalism doing them in.
Dissecting the rights to live life,
With a wholesome completeness...
They will never in their minds find.
Conflicts sit within them.
And that is expressed...
Time after time.
They wish to comform,
To that which has been driven out of control.
They wish to bring back,
Barbaric times of old.
And they are thisclose to destroying humanity.
Peace for them goes unrecognized.
It doesn't within them,
Live to free!
They will not be happy...
Until life itself ceases to be.
They want to dominate,
Their own demise!
Reigning to rule and conquer...
Until visions of them have left,
All who observe with conscious eyes.
A fatality that will not shock,
Stun or surprise!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

They Want You To Pay Them Attention

Why aren't you paying them any attention?
'Who? '
The ones ignoring you.
'Huh? '

Yeah!
They want you to pay them attention,
So they can ignore you.

'But...
Isn't that what they are doing? '
YES!
But you are not expected to show,
You could care less about it!

'Oh...
I see.
So...
Maybe they are the ones seeking attention,
And giving it to me...
In the hopes I notice it.
But pretend I don't suspect it is from them.'

I don't know!
Is that the message you want me to deliver?

'Huh?
When did the minding of my own business,
Become their focus? '

Don't ask me!
I was told to get you to look their way.
So they can ignore you!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

They Weren'T Comprehending Then

Never have I stood in someone's face,
To place what I thought...
Would be a valued judgement.
Or criticized their chosen lifestyle,
When invited as a guest to enter their home.

Nor have I told anyone what they 'should' do.
Or how it should be done.
I wanted to!
With a wish they would overcome,
To see life from a different point of view.
But I kept my mouth shut and respected.

Unfortunately,
I was not treated with such 'maturity'.
I had been wounded with salt poured.
I've gotten over myself and those days.

However...
I am amazed by those who say to me now,
They wished they would have paid more attention.
And I wonder to myself...
To 'what'?
They weren't comprehending THEN,
To anything that was mentioned!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

They Who Fight And Amongst Themselves

Why are they who fight,
And amongst themselves...
Do it to disguise,
A dislike and hatred for one another...
Wear suits and ties,
To dignify their ignorant behavior?

'They want us to be convinced,
This is how intelligent people...
Solve their childish differences,
They have between each other.'

With a doing it to dress to impress?

'That's only one of the ways,
They portray themselves...
Above and beyond those they regard,
As being beneath them.'

And, they expect us to believe,
They represent the best of 'our' interests?

'They are hoping,
With an appropriate image given...
Of having influence and wealth,
We will not notice to pay attention...
To the depths of low a sleaze can get.
IF...
It is kept masqueraded to charade.
And we are left bedazzled.
Dazed with wishes of their promises made.'

And they believe us to be that stupid?

'Yes, of course.
We've allowed them to think it.
Why not?
They've been doing this for decades.
The only thing they have improved upon,

To update...
Is a more stylish presentation,
Of their mental limitations.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

'They' Who Have Answered

Every message you have delivered,
I have received them.
Every signal you have sent...
I have heard.
You wanted to contact me,
And I knew this!

Every satellite propelled in space,
Beaming with signals throughout this universe.
And rocketships sent to other planets...
Equipped with devices to depict our location,
Has been witnessed and followed...
And now it is denied,
Visitors have arrived!
And some try to hide them...
Although a request for them to be guests,
Has confused!

'They' who have answered the invitations,
Aren't amused!
Would you?
If you had replied to an RSVP...
And was refused?

'Répondez s'il-vous-plaît'
~Perhaps they did not understand,
What they sent to us?
Why are they shocked?
Did they not realize we would come? ~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

'They' Will Always Be In Demand

As long as those actions taken,
Are cheap, sleazy and free...
And easy to get,
'They' will always be in demand.
By those feeding their kept beliefs.

'I would have waited until I got home,
To make such comments.
But to say them right there...
In front of the minister's face?
I thought was highly disrespectful.'

~And the demanding that I take,
Everything out of my wallet.
In front of the entire congregation...
Was what?
A calling he had from God? ~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

They Will Be Isolated

Let it be known.
I declare everyone ignoring my wishes,
To be immediately isolated.
With not another cent coming from me.
Make sure that is understood.

'Okay daddy.
You want me to tell mommy that now?
Or after I help here unpack the groceries? '

Just inform her and your betraying brother,
I will stick to my position.
If they want to be stubborn about this...
Just ensure them of my declaration,
Of having them isolated.

'Okay daddy...
But,
Are you sure?
Really really sure you don't want me,
To sneak you out tonight's supper?
We're having steak, broccoli with sweet potatoes.
And mommy is going to bake an apple pie.
Plus...
The neighbors are invited over.'

Make my demands understood.
IF my wishes are not met...
They, including the neighbors, will be isolated.
And funding for all programs will be immediately cut.

'Daddy...
But,
You are the one inside the dog house.'

Are you or are you not,
Going to deliver poste haste...
My demands?
And...this happens to be,

The guest house.

'Oh. Oh...okay.
I will.
But I've raised my fee to twenty bucks.'

Here.
Take this paper bag.
And don't let anyone see you,
Bringing to me that dinner.
If they wish to play hardball with me...
So be it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

They Will March

They will march together in unity,
With a proving they disagree...
To injustices done to them,
In their own communities.
Communities torn apart by selfisness and greed.
And a truth unfaced.
With no wish for it to see.

Few seeds are continually planted,
To safeguard the growth and to respect...
All aspects of their diversity with identities protected.
Or shown with a proudness that reflects,
A pride and dignity...
To accept and not reject.

They will march together in collective unity.
And they will fight against whomever they dislike,
If it is suggested they should self examine...
Why they can come together to march,
But can not support the doing of each other's deeds.
Or accept with belief...
They have brought upon themselves their own grief.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

They Would Find You Amusing

People who take it upon themselves,
To feel threatened by displays of intelligence...
With an expressed lack of acceptance,
That offers them a benefit they should respect...
Prove eventually to be their own worse enemies.
Since ignorance relying on it to exist,
Suffers from not comprehending...
That a mind seeking to understand,
Is not convinced that a kept ignorance...
Succeeds in the achievement to experience life.
And only those who refuse to take steps to do this,
Will always feel threatened...
By those unafraid to explore the unknown.

'THEY 'think' they know sooo much.'

~Maybe you would too,
If you chose to move beyond your doorstep.
You'd be amazed what others accept,
In environments that have an effect on your reality.~

'What do you mean? '

~There are others who also believe themselves 'down-to-Earth'.
But for some reason they have chosen to explore
And experience their existence of it.
While you have chosen to depict people like this,
As being intelligent.
They would find you amusing like I do.~

'Oh yeah?
But who told you 'You' were intelligent? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

They Would Have Requested His Tongue

ooo...
I want to cuss so bad.

'Why don't you? '

I spent no time in the Navy.
Just a few years in the Air Force.
And we were trained to intellectualize our lives.
With a boring done of achievements made and attempted.

My dad,
On the other hand...
Had been a Merchant Marine.
He could box, cuss and swim at the same time.
And if he was alive...
I'm sure they would have requested his tongue,
To exhibit in The Smithsonian.

I would love to sit and hear him pronounce f's and t's...
Where there wasn't any.
He was highly creative and I miss him dearly.

'What cuss words do 'not' have f's and t's in them? '

Exactly!
That's what I'm saying.
He created his own!
And offended those who understimated his talents!
He was a very gifted man.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

They Would Like To Be Viewed As Peacekeeping Healers

People had spent years...
Sometimes lifetimes,
Creating and presenting their own problems...
At their own detriment!
Today,
They would like to be viewed as peacekeeping healers.
And not confused to be the fools they are.
Seen fumbling over themselves to get a taste of power.
And everything they have touched,
Has become disasterous!
But...
They would prefer that it not be as obvious,
As it is!
Hoping that their actions don't leave those observant...
In disgust!
But trusting in a drug induced naïveté!
And that is the mindset of those who have been 'selected' to lead!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

They Would Not Have Any Chance

If the man was not black...
They would not have any chance,
To regain from their losses!
But they don't know that.
They just know his skin is Black!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

They Would Rather Have Others Decide

People who discredit others,
Or have values to demean with embellishment...
Aren't going to change their church affiliations overnight,
Just to have the opinions they have of themselves...
Raised to new heights.
That's just not something people who hide do.

They would rather have others decide,
How bright the glow of their light should be...
By undermining those they choose to deceive,
Staying right where they are with feelings insecure.
Declaring their judgemental ways as righteous.
And use the church as a testimonial,
To prove themselves victimized in prayers others overhear.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

They'Re Not Suited Totally

Two strangers,
Too soon meet...
To agree,
No one else can match their needs.

Two strangers,
Too soon meet...
To soon discover,
They're not suited totally!

After feeding sexual needs,
They're not suited totally.
Petty issues raises heat.
And they're not suited totally.
There's no cure or remedy,
That will make two strangers see...
Eye to eye,
As days go by.

Two strangers,
Too soon meet...
To agree,
No one else can match their needs.

Two strangers,
Too soon meet...
To soon discover,
They're not suited totally!

Between them there's no history.
And two strangers will never see...
Eye to eye,
As days go by.

After feeding sexual needs,
They're not suited totally.
Petty issues raises heat.
And they're not suited totally.
There's no cure or remedy,

And soon two strangers will agree...
Between them there's no chemistry.
And one of them wishes to leave.
Since there is no history.
And two strangers will never see...
Eye to eye,
As days go by.

Two strangers...
They're not suited totally!
Between them there's no history.
Communication from them leaves.
And two strangers will never see...
Eye to eye,
As days go by.

Two strangers.
Between them there's no history.
And two strangers will soon agree,
That they're not suited totally!
Because there is no chemistry.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

They'Re Plucking Feathers From Each Other's Struts

The only thing one can expect to come from quacks
Is something tossed from a mouth one should duck
Or stay stuck
Trying to absorb the nonsense thrown
They're plucking feathers from each other's struts
All over the place and in unsuspecting faces to see

Lawrence S. Pertillar

They'Ve All Been Duped

A bragging is done about the number of babies made.
But not one of the 'donators' prove themselves worthy,
To stay up to the grade they charade.

And the mothers are heard,
Taking their frustrations out on their kids.
As if the children are responsible to be born into ignorance.

This is not a reflection of any ethnic group.
They've all been duped by a majority,
Crooked and stupid.

And a backfire comes to be done.
A payback for being idiotic and dumb,
Comes to strike with a strut!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

They'Ve Been In Therapy For Years

Don't you wish my concerns,
Were more to your pleasing?
I'm sure you do.
This would eliminate,
Undo and strenuous manipulation.
With less deceit to accomplish your deeds.

But what I could do,
Is supply you with references.
There are those I know,
Who are willing to be concerned about anything!
They've adopted being available to anyone,
And on call at a moment's notice.
To be bled of common sense.

You have a pen?
Contact them.
They've been in therapy for years.
And gullible.
Without a hint of seduction,
You will have them hooked!
Trust me.

You ever have a puppy follow you home?
Tell them the same sob story you told me.
You will get immediate results,
Without a raised eyebrow detected.
That is a promise.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

They'Ve Chosen To Be Winners

Picking up those pieces from a running done.
Now taking time when before they gave none.
Less they find offensive too.
With fresh sentiments meant,
They've improved.

Sticking to a purpose with a focused aimed
With minds more open.
And those attitudes changed.

A new day dawning has to them been sent.
To send defensive motives flushed,
With their fluxing minds now rinsed.

And...
They've chosen to be winners!
With those sentiments meant.
Winners.
With those sentiments meant.
Winners.
With those sentiments meant.
To leave behind their indifference.

They have chosen to be winners.
With those sentiments meant.
Winners.
With those sentiments meant.
They're winners.
With those sentiments meant.
To leave behind their indifference.

Picking up those pieces from a running done.
Now taking time when before they gave none.
Less they find offensive too.
With fresh sentiments meant they've improved.

And...
They've chosen to be winners!
With those sentiments meant.

Winners.
With those sentiments meant.
They're winners.
With those sentiments meant.
To leave behind their indifference.

They are winners.
With those sentiments meant.
Winners.
With those sentiments meant.
They're winners.
With those sentiments meant.
To leave behind their indifference.
To now say and to claim that they are...
Winners.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

They'Ve Got All Of That In Abundance

Every opportunity they have EVER had,
Has walked amongst them.
Staring them in the face.
Following them home and knocked on their doors.

Offered them a smile and a quick hello.
Sat and stood near them wherever they went.
Or decided not to go to come back,
Had been at their fingertips or within reach.
And even tried to leave them messages,
By telephone.

But...
They did not or could not recognize,
What they had before them on a daily basis...
Right before their eyes,
As opportunities.
Or dreams to them sent.

They saw the experience of it all...
As reasons to complain, blame and find fault.
And the only thing they sought with a seeking to wish...
Is the creating of their own dilemmas and conflicts,
Ignorance, self defeating, deceit, cheating and lies.
And they've got all of that in abundance.
And none of this is in disguise as dreams they wished,
That for them have come true.

And if these 'dreams' were not indeed from them wished,
Why do they for them exist?
If not wished...
Why have these realities become accepted?
Who has entertained these minds to find what they've receive,
As gifts?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Thick At That! ...And Glossy!

How much admitted,
Actually exists?
If you talk about someone
In a negative light,
What makes that which is expressed,
Alright to dance on gossip licked lips?
Thick
At that...
And glossy!

How much admitted,
Actually exists?
We know of no one's true feelings,
But our own.
No conflicts inflicted will be felt,
With a depthness known,
No one knows...
Who's in bed with who,
And who is left alone.

But there is no stopping,
Having a fling or two
With someone new.
Who knows what to do,
With a stiffened bone!
How much admitted,
Actually exists?
How much has been changed
To arrange point of views,
By those who discreetly
Do what they do!

How much admitted,
Actually exists...?
Has driven misfits
To even more exposure.
And Rod Sterling has passed...
To worlds beyond Twilight Zones.
And he was very comfortable,

With discussing 'possibilities'!

If it is worthy to admit
Situations believed to be unfit...
One must sit and evaluate,
Being in someone's business not theirs...
How much actually exists?
And whoever committed an admission...
Please admit it!
So we can move 'that hell',
Away from here and us.
And perhaps that 'thick-and-glossy' act
Has been given to attract minds,
Off course!
And all the time.
Will be chased to another place.
And heads here can begin to erect first,
With perception.
Instead of inflated egos wishing to sweat.

How much admitted,
Actually exists?
Well that all depends
On how well the re-enactments
Are delivered in a heightened freshness!
And the staleness is forgiven,
Of prior performances claimed.

Thick at that,
And glossy had more rumors to spread.
That's how she kept her lips supple!
And prepared to use if she had to!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Thickhead

Don't bother me with 'BS'
I am not that impressed,
With your willingness...
To express your unhappiness.
Everything I am is defined.
There is no limitations,
I wish to explore with you in my mind!
You are extremely new at this!
And I have been at it for a lifetime.
Is there 'anything' I've said...
Seeping to leak inside your thickhead?
Attempting to manipulate,
With your games to intimidate...
Is wasted on someone,
Who does not salivate...
On ignorance initiated,
That attracts others to keep them baited.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Thick-Headed And Caught Mangled

Thick-headed and caught mangled.
And also flip lidded.
Thick-headed and caught mangled.
And also flip lidded.

And it wont be too long,
When they find themselves against...
Brick walls.
Thick-headed and to dread it.

And it wont be too long,
When they find themselves...
On knees to crawl.
Mangled and entangled,
By lids that flip with tainted lips.

Tricking to do it to then deny,
Has its consequences.
With fences gone to sit or hop.
And...
A tricking to be slick too few survive.
To do to try to stop it.
With belief they have the keys to locks.
But only show ineptitiude,
Of fools who prove it 'round the clock.

Tricking to be slick too few survive,
The gutters that they lay in.
To fake and lie.

In gutters where they stay in.
To fake and lie.
Mangled and entangled.
Without a hope to keep alive,
From it to dangle.

Thick-headed,
And...
Caught mangled.

With a proving their ineptitude.

Thick-headed,
And...
Caught mangled.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

'Thigh Ignition'

Ms Grimslee?
Have you had too much to drink?
When I said I enjoy the fresh approach,
You use to deliver realism to your artwork.
I meant that.
Did you misunderstand me?

I said, 'I enjoy sniffing your paintings! '
Not your 'panties'.
Is this the private viewing you wanted to show me?
Would you put them back on.
Let's join the others where your paintings are on exhibit!

~Forgive me!
Will you please keep this between us!
This is most embarrassing.~

I am still interested in purchasing, 'Thigh Ignition'
What scent is that did you use?
It reminds me of tuna!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Thin Skins

Learning to listen,
With attention not mentioned...
Assists an understanding,
Affording one to comprehend!
If one is willing to absorb...
And not defend from a boredom stored!
A mind will then open,
Choosing not to close!
Letting this process begin,
With a yawning that ends!
But so many sit,
In fidget restless fits!
After realizing something said...
Is directed purposely at them!
And there are those of us,
Spewing words to cuss.
To protect thin skins...
We are too afraid to shed,
To let an honesty enter within!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Things Are Meant To Be

You've got to free it from your mind,
And let things go.
You've got to free this from your mind,
All the time.
You've got to free it from your mind,
To let things go...
Or,
You'll be left behind.

You've got to free it from your mind,
Everything is meant.
You've got to free it from your mind,
You can circumvent events.
You've got to free this from your mind,
All the time...
Because things are meant to be!

There is a freedom knowing,
Things are meant to be.
No need to poll a voter.
Things are meant to be.
Or heat up in a roast.
Things are meant to be.

You've got to free this from your mind,
All the time...
Because things,
Are meant to be!

There is a freedom knowing,
Things are meant to be.
No need to poll a voter.
Things are meant to be.
Or heat up in a roast.
Things are meant to be.

You've got to free it from your mind,
And let things go.
Because...

Things.
Are.
Meant...
To be!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Things Are The Way They Are

Things are the way they are,
Because of decisions people have made.
And...
With a convincing of others to follow.

If people today have found themselves disappointed,
By the direction their lives have taken...
Shouldn't make accusations to place elsewhere.
Or perceive those they've chosen to emulate,
Owe to them an empathy shown or explanations.

'You just don't know what my life has been like.
And you certainly don't understand,
What it is I have been going through.'

~You are right. I don't.
And as I have grown older, I wont.
When I made my own decisions,
To accept the consequences from them that were made...
I removed myself from making attempts to understand,
Why someone else would try to hold me accountable...
For their own actions.~

'But you act as if you do not care.'

~Why should I care,
About those decisions you make for yourself?
I'm doing the best I can to live my own life.
And I'll give you one guess who has been there,
To offer their unsolicited criticisms 'most' of the time.~

'Some people are just unforgiving.'

~That's why I depend on forgetting more.
It leaves me with a peace of mind that is mine to keep.~

'That's selfish.'

~You aint kiddin'.

And I thank God it is.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Things Happen For Their Reasons

Things happen for their reasons.
And there is no need to make excuses,
For the obviousness...
Of those mistakes made.

Things happen for their reasons.
And,
What is there to say...
That can excuse mistakes away.

Stop that need to medicate.
Things happen for their reasons.
Why waste time in prolonged debates.
Thing happen for their reasons.
What is the purpose for seeking escapes.
Things happen for their reasons.
Acceptance eases,
The facing of one's fate.

Things happen for their reasons.
They happen for their reasons.

Stop that need to feed on grief.
Things happen for their reasons.
Why squeeze a healing wound to bleed.
Things happen for their reasons
They happen for their reasons.

And aging doesn't make one safe.
Or offer escapades as a gateway to charade.
Things happen for their reasons.
They happen for their reasons.

Things happen for their reasons.
And there is no need to make excuses,
For the obviousness...
Of those mistakes made.

Even while one ages,

With a life reminisced played on many stages...
Try their best to gracefully accept,
Things happen for their reasons.
And those experienced,
Eventually see this.

Things happen for their reasons.
And in the living of one's life...
A discovery reveals,
Those reasons with insight.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

'Things Take Time To Get Accomplished'

In communities without unity,
Where just a few people...
Do as they please,
To destroy the environment...
Meant for 'all' and not for one,
Or the wickedness of two, three and many more.
'They' and their activities are worthless.
Yet what they do is condoned.
Because they are known.
And the lack of progress is shown!
With a slogan quoted to further postpone:
'Things Take Time to Get Accomplished'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Things To Get

Shallow is the mind,
That accepts to believe...
To dream and wish,
Does not take sweat to drip...
Or sacrifices to make.
But wanted is a quick fix to feel good.

If one just wants things to get,
With hopes to receive attention...
From folks impressed.
And this is wished,
To believe it is happiness?
So be it! Shallow folks don't do headaches.

'Are you shallow? Not shallow?
What are you saying? '

Sometimes it's best just to want things.
Instead of dripping sweat toiling through reality.

'Are you shallow? Not shallow?
What are you saying? '

I wish.
I've been declared too intelligent.
To become beset by guilt.
And found dripping sweat to toil through reality,
For things to get I know I don't need.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Things To Get Done Today

You've made the choices.
And then make youself the authority,
In the placement of your accusations.
You want to make, bake and eat the cake.

You wish to defend what upsets you.
Although taking the credit for initiating conflict,
Has never been an admission...
Coming from your lips.

And then you call to see if I am angry?
That has never entered my mind.
Nor is being setup for bait...
On my 'Things To Get Done Today' list.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

'Things' To Rate That Relates

'Things' given symbolic status,
And valued higher with a standard...
Above that of a human being,
There is going to be a failure that unravels...
On these scenes that demean.

Finding justification,
To denounce one's way of life...
As another depicted as glorious,
Entertains a destruction without insight.

'Things' to rate that relates to material needs,
Blinds all who become focused...
On greed and the success of hypocrisy.
So blind they are they forget humanity.

And people easily duped in believing,
They can actually purchase integrity...
Find they become eventually used and abused,
By foolish yet followed mindless philosophies.

'Things' to rate that relates to material needs,
Blinds all who become focused...
On greed and the success of hypocrisy.
So blind they are they forget humanity.

Finding justification,
To denounce one's way of life...
As another depicted as glorious,
Entertains a destruction without insight.

'Things' given symbolic status,
And valued higher with a standard...
Above that of a human being,
There is going to be a failure that unravels...
On these scenes that demean.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Think About It

Think about it.
Is it really fair,
That anyone declared intelligent...
Should assume those not given that designation,
Are amongst those ignorant?
And should at all cost,
Be avoided?

And...
To that,
Your response would be?

Are you giving the question I asked,
More time to ponder?

Comeon.
Why are you looking at me,
Suspiciously?

Why are you backing away from me?
It's just a simple question.
Hey?
Hey?
You don't have to run away.
It's not my survey.
What is it you hide,
And try to protect?

HEY?

Some people today,
Get highly defensive...
By anyone attempting to communicate.
It's not like I asked anything to offend,
Intentionally.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Think Of It This Way...

Could it get any worse?
Don't think of it like that.
Where is that positive outlook?

Think of it this way...
As a continuation,
Of those good days now enjoyed.

With an extension,
Of the best reminscing...
You have ever done.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Think Of Me As Distant

Think of me as distant.
Think of me as being out of sight.
'Oh, no.
Why would I want that so? '
Just think of me as distant.
Think of me as someone you don't like.
'Oh, no.
Why would I want that so? '

Urges I have...
You can't fulfill.
But all your needs I feed.
And on just a whim I do this 'deed',
Because...
That's how I thought it was,
With you.
But you never did this for me.
'So 'you' say.'

Think of me as distant.
Think of me as being out of sight.
'Oh, no.
Why would I want that so? '
Just think of me as distant.
Think of me as someone you just don't like.
'Oh, no.
Why would I want that so? '

Urges I have...
You can't fulfill.
But all your needs I feed.
And on just a whim I do this 'deed',
Because...
That's how I thought it was,
With you.
But you never did this for me.
'So 'you' say.'

I do.

And I want this distance to keep.
It's true.
I do...
Want this distance between us to keep.
Think of me as distant.
Think of me as out of sight.
Think of me as distant.
Think of me as someone unliked,
Because I want this distance to keep and from you...
I do,
Want this distance between us to keep.
It's true I do want this distance between us to keep.

You can think of me as distant,
Like you do when we're around some other people.
You can think of me as out of sight.
Like you do when we're around some other people.
You can think of me as out of sight.
Like you do when we're around some other people.
And someone you don't know or like.
Like you do when we're around some other people.
You can think of me as distant.
Distant.
Distant.
You can think of me as distant.
Distant.
Distant.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Think Of That As A Gift

I have just the place,
Where you can park your sorrows.
You see this?

'Yes,
It looks like a map! '

Bingo! That's exactly what this is!
Now...
See this area right here?

'That's the Antartic isn't it?
I will freeze there! '

And so will all of your sorrows!
There...
You will never have them to worry about,
Ever.
That is guaranteed!

'Why are you so sarcastic? '

You've identified another reason,
Why you should take this map with you!
Think of that as a gift!
And your trip as a vacation!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Think Of Yourself As A Good Thing

No!
It's not that I've found anyone else.
I'm not having nonsense anymore.
You introduced that...
And expected to share it with me too often!
Your type seems to be harvested in this area.
But don't consider this a rejection!
By all means...
Continue to think of yourself as a good thing!
And please...
Think of me as someone who didn't appreciate
Where you were coming from!
I wont mind at all!
I will understand...
And you can stop your calls.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Think They Know So Much

Some have abilities to lead.
Others seem to be perfectly okay,
Following.
Without offering suggestions.
And with mouths closed!

Only to sit as they do,
As far away from the frontlines as possible.

With overheard comments made,
To attract others like themselves...
That those proceeding to make pioneering strides,
Think they know so much...
About which direction they all should go!

And upon arrival,
They are among the first...
Thirsting to receive credit for their efforts,
That assisted a journey,
They mostly slept or observed with pessimism!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Thinking And Its Process

It seems a curiosity to adventure,
Has become discouraged to be explored.
So many more are witnessed,
Appearing to have less interest...
As to what their minds,
Can and could be used for.
Even children have been limited to prevent,
A taking of risks for the purpose to feed...
The continued marketing of greed.

Thinking and its process,
Has aborted all thoughts.
With a leaving behind common sense.
To no longer value the meaning of it meant.
Quick, fast and easy are needs to be met.
To fulfill a thrill in seconds to get.
And achieving success relies on denial to survive.
Since those today who evaluate,
Rely on criticisms to thrive on to describe their lives.

Comparisons are made with impressions to make.
And thinking to do with time to take,
Has become too cruel on a mind...
More accustomed to fake.
Leaving thoughts one may have,
Less appreciated if expressed.
And better left not to have them suspected to detect.

Thinking and its process,
Has aborted all thoughts.
With a leaving behind common sense.
To no longer value the meaning of it meant.
It seems a curiosity to adventure,
Has become discouraged to be explored.
So many more are witnessed,
Appearing to have less interest...
As to what their minds,
Can and could be used for.

'You dress to impress.
And that is to be admired.
But is it necessary to text,
Someone else to get answers...
For questions I think,
Simple enough for you alone to express.'

~Just a second.
The pictures are slow in downloading.
And you wont believe how much I pay monthly,
For this android I'm told can do anything.
Okay! Finally. There we go.
I'm sorry.
What was your question? ~

'And you...
Have a Master's Degree?
In what? '

~Hold on.
I didn't 'think' this interview,
Would be that difficult.
Just a second.
I want to prove to you I do.
Gee whiz.
Comeon. Comeon! ~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Thinking I Was There To Be The Only One!

She enjoyed her men packed.
He enjoyed his women stacked...
And full of chested love,
Kept bared

But they were not demonstrative.
And no one ever strayed...
To betray what they had together.
Who gave what and why is the question.
And who learned what lesson from this?

'You all are being too delusional'.

She enjoyed her men packed.
He enjoyed his women stacked...
And full of chested love,
Kept bared.

Preferences and prerequisites.
Sitting on a desk somewhere,
Collecting dust.
With references preferred,
And none to spare.
Mixed with preferences that are dated and timed.
These are new visions on the horizon,
Of my sunset?
And I'm a one on one kind!
With prerequisites.
Sitting on a desk somewhere,
Collecting dust.
And I'm thinking her kiss is for us.
When she has him and me on her mind...
For lust!
At the same time?

'Poppa don't arch his back for that! '

Preferences and prerequisites.
Sitting on a desk somewhere,

Collecting dust.
With references preferred,
And none to spare.
And I'm thinking her kiss is for us.
When she has him and me on her mind...
For lust!

Preferences and prerequisites.
Sitting on a desk somewhere,
Collecting dust.
With references preferred,
And none to spare.

She enjoyed her men packed.
He enjoyed his women stacked...
And full of chested love,
Kept bared
But for him.
Not for the whims she dared to expose.
I never thought I would think of her,
As a cheap 'ho'!

And There I stood.
Hiding in the bushes while another man,
Made her squeal louder than I could.
Louder than a man's man can.

Preferences and prerequisites.
Sitting on a desk somewhere,
Collecting dust.
With references preferred,
And none to spare.
Thinking I was there to be the only one!
Thinking no one like me could do her.

'And then...
Like a miracle,
You found your ass awakened!
Right? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Thinking Independently

A conditioning process,
That has completed with success...
And noticed for its obviousness,
Seen?
It is best...
Not to interfere with those priogrammed.
Or come between them and their suppressors.
You will be attacked with such aggressiveness...
Quicker than any enemy.

A people like this,
With their instilled ignorance...
Have been trained to identify,
Those suspected of expressing intelligence.
Do not test the depth of their comprehension.
You will find few if any,
Thinking independently!
With a fear ever present in their eyes.
And an absence of integrity.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Thinking It To Be Cemented

Dried dirt and water mixed,
Can and will produce thick mud.
Depending on the amount.
And making a leisurely walk through it,
An experience many will find unpleasant.

No one brags with a standing in quicksand.
Craving chocolate to taste...
Instead of a rope or a tree branch,
Held by someone to rescue them...
From a dire circumstance.

But then...
Who would blindly step into quicksand,
Thinking it to be cemented...
By the falling of Autumn leaves.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Thinking This Would Prevent The Existence

To prevent themselves from the experience,
Of the onslaught of truths descending upon their 'realities'...
They decided to declare war against those who spoke it.
Thinking this would prevent the existence.
And as all mindless thinkers find ways to their own demise...
They rushed into their temples to pray,
To stop the vendors outside
From their threats of not making more cotton candy!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Thins And Slips Until It's Gone

With their values hanging on,
To a string that thins and dips.
With their values hanging on,
To a string that thins and slips.

It has been easy to dismiss,
What society is missing.
And when time comes to confront it...
No one wants to own their wrongs.

It has been easy to express,
An unhappiness is growing.
But no one wants their own to show,
Because they don't want this confessed.

With their values hanging on,
To a string that thins and dips.

People want to say that others are out of their minds.
And they choose not to see themselves reflecting the times.
People want to say that others have no self control.
With wishes to see themselves,
Strong, brave and bold.

With their values hanging on,
To a string that thins and slips.

It has been easy to dismiss,
What society is missing.
And when time comes to confront it...
No one wants to own their wrongs.

With their values hanging on,
To a string that thins and dips.
With their values hanging on,
To a string that thins and slipssss...
Until it's gone!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Third Party Invitations

When I am not in the mood,
To accept third party invitations...
In is with the same respect I am shown.

If one wants my presence in their home,
There is a correct way to go about doing it.
IF that invitation is sincere.
And this I have learned through experience.
I just don't show up to make appearances.

Especially if the offerings have been rationed.
Regardless if a dish,
I am 'told'...
Is the request the guests should bring,
By the entertaining host.

The last time I accepted,
A third party invitation...
I ended up bringing what I bought,
Back with me to my own home.
An expense I could have saved.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Third Party Views

You may see it now on your visit.
With a wish to claim it for yourself to get.
But you chose to get away to run.
Making no investment,
In overcoming struggles done.

And in the midst of my loneliness,
You were among the missing.
Dismissing my needs.
And ignoring my pleas.

And you gave no time of any kind
To find if love could be blind.
I found,
In time...
Love found is blind.
Leaving you and your views,
Behind.

No time for third party views,
In my mind!

And you gave no time of any kind
To find if love could be blind.
I found,
In time...
A love that I found is mine.

But you chose to get away to run.
Making no investment,
In overcoming struggles done.

And in the midst of my loneliness,
You were among the missing.
Dismissing my needs.
And ignoring my pleas.

And you gave no time of any kind
To find if love could be blind.

I found,
In time...
A love that I found is mine.

And I found,
In time...
A love that I found is mine.

And I found,
In time...
Third party views undermine.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Thirsting Libido

I have been a grown man aging.
With a wealth of diversified experiences.
And for anyone to mention,
What is perceived to be my sexual preference.
At this stage of my life...
With the smearing of my name,
With a gaining of attention.
Leaves me flattered to think...
A grown man aging,
With a wealth of diversified experiences...
What I do when I am naked,
Will still excite anyone to focus on it.

And when and 'if',
I get to be one hundred and one...
Out of all my experiences,
That smearing is still done...
My smile will be broader than it is today!

'Larry...
They are 'still' talking about your thirsting libido!
What are you doing to keep this persisted? '

I KNOW!
I don't know...
But,
I am amazed and grateful by it all.

Let's see...
I've been heterosexually committed.
Homosexualistically gay.
I've attempted to be a lesbian too!
But that attempt faded away.

Gee...
Is there anything left to try...
That I can admit and not deny?
I want to keep those with no lives to live,
With 'something' to talk and gossip about!

Help me create something 'totally bizarre'.
This attention I am getting is fantastic.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

This Action Should Strengthen Your Vision!

Now I'm getting your attention.
As if you are allowing your ears to listen.
Your eyes to uncloud from their haze.
With your mouth shocked shut.
And I'm to do 'something' with this focus?

Was it ever mentioned,
Your attention was not on my agenda?
In brief encounters I wanted to extend my hand.
And in doing so you became offended.

In brief encounters I wanted to take a stand,
Against all that I thought...
You too prioritized in your life.
I did not approach you to assist,
In the conflicts you fight.
Igniting them for purposes to mask your insecurities.
I am of peace!
Not about that nonsense you daily release.
As frequently as your choice to use cuss words.
To cuss yourself and others,
With a desire to be overheard!

NOW I'm getting your attention.
As if you are allowing your ears to listen.
Your eyes to uncloud from their haze.
Your mouth shut.
And I'm to do 'something' with this focus?

What do you expect?
A magic wand followed by 'Hocus Pocus? '
A begging on my knees pleading a forgiveness?
While you and the others,
Use that as another joke to provoke?

Look...
Let me help you understand something here!
I'm not seeking to sacrifice my time to charities.
Those donations have been exhausted.

Nor do I intend to give away anything I have,
I myself desperately need.
What I offered to you was a quality of life,
I had to recognize to appreciate the giving of it away.
Something basic to share I hoped would stay with you.

I came to you to extend,
An open-ness that was not judgemental.
Sincere in the giving.
Something you could have shared with someone...
And I would be on my way!
But you decided to turn that into betrayal.
And today you perceive it okay,
That I should welcome your decay?

Now I'm getting your attention.
As if you are allowing your ears to listen.
Your eyes to uncloud from their haze.
With your mouth shocked shut.
And I'm to do 'something' with your focus?
Oh...
And I am too!

Watch me as I distance myself from you.
AND maintain your focus.
This action should strengthen your vision!
If not...
Click your heels three times for clarity.

And...
Do not believe I am embittered.
Or 'sweet'.
I've been mistaken for both too often.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

This Addicted Feeding Of Spoiled Greed

Change for many is unbearable.
It is feared.
A life known lived,
In accepted stagnation...
With those corrupted leading the degradation,
Is familiar and preferred.

A slower decline into devastation...
For those who distrust truth,
Is heard and followed until this is allowed,
And occurs within the minds of those 'conservative'.
With delusions again winning like a surging herd,
Over common sense entrapped without defense.

People miss and hunger for...
Their sweetened fantasies.
Although it has been stated more and more,
The economy can no longer support,
This addicted feeding of spoiled greed...
That has depleted all vision of demanding sensibilities.

Who are the 'centrists' against 'liberalists'?
With their wishes...
For a return to cobbled streets!
And a dimming of consciousness.
Wanting more to be free to live selfishly!
Even if it means to do it in total darkness.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

This Affair Belongs To Spring

Sweet is the smell of trees.
Budding in the sunlight.
When Winter has gone...
And Spring begins to spread.
Creeping from a Winter unforgiving.

Green are the grapes on vines,
Growing in some gardens.
Lifted are blades of grass,
Surrounding flowers yet to bloom.

Making room for Spring,
Has got to have Winter whimpering.
So much laughter now has passed,
With holidays and memories to last.
But stored and packed to dust.

Cleaning up we must for Spring.
To witness beauty Spring can bring.
When we are in fresh air...
It is easier to leave the past alone.
Leave it there!
This affair belongs to Spring!
And Sing we do
To reunite
What this all means,
As Mother Nature brings new scenes!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

This Aging Man

Today I didn't turn away,
From this aging man staring.
Staring back at me,
With an expression of gratitude.

Today I stopped to say 'Thank you'.
'Thank you', is what I said today.
'Thank you', for being there,
To tolerate experiences I now appreciate.

There had been days,
When I would only glance...
To quickly examine the gray.
And the lines on my face,
That began to trace...
An aging that my felt kept youth,
Could no longer fake a truth.
Each phase of life one is blessed to live,
Welcomes yet another stage of it that fades.

Today...
I didn't turn away,
From this aging man staring!
I stayed and examined a reflection of me.
A reflection I suddenly began to feel proud to see.
And congratulated, I did, this aging man.
With a comprehending to understand...
No other way I would rather be.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

This Aint Nuthin' But What It Is

This aint nuthin' but what it is!
And...
You can choose to shelter it in with disbelief.
Or...
Accept like it is because its not gonna leave.

And...
This aint nuthin' but what it is!
Nothing but what it is.
And...
This aint nuthin' but what it is!
Nothing but what it is.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

This Being Human Business

From squalor and trash,
A rising is witnessed.
Forgiveness is wished,
But a pain condoned...
Has been felt alone although unshown.

A mind conflicted frees from its limits.
Breaks to escape to initiate a taste of heartache.
And a choice is made to unleash and invade...
With a loosening of a harnessed and harbored feeling.
Sitting with an itch that can not be dismissed.

Sitting between a forgetting with forgiveness.
And a demeaning remembered intentionally inflicted.
What should one do...
When a gratefulness of blessings expressed,
Has also spoiled too?

Hmmm...
This being human business isn't easy.
Especially when an unwanted suffering has been endured.

'Shouldn't that be...
This 'human being' business? '

I got up early this morning,
So I would not have to listen to you.
Now go back to sleep.
These thoughts I'm having,
Are not subconscious, thank you.

'You are right!
This being 'human' business isn't easy!
At all.'

Whatever.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

This Butterfly Has Been Cocooned

Can ants gathering in the smallest of hills...
Prevent the butterfly from flaunting its color?
They may prejudge its beauty.
And ability to attract.
That is established and known.
They will still be ants.
This butterfly has been cocooned.
And is not wounded by their remarks.
As it embarks on its journey.
Free to glorify its life!
It flies!
And without trying...
Sparks attention!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

This Christmas That's My Wish

And I think of Christmas,
Through the year.
Of falling snow,
And flying deer.
Hearing jingle bells...
And carols of noël.

And with each gift I pick and choose...
There comes this special wish,
That happiness will lift all smiles...
And no one's dream is missed!

This is Christmas!
There is such a joy in me!
I still see Santa Claus...
Rushing quick with deliveries.

And I know it's getting near that time...
When snow and hope appears.
As laughter fills the smiling eyes,
Of every child I'm near.

This is Christmas!
And there is such a joy in me!
I still see Santa Claus...
Rushing quick with deliveries.

And I think of Christmas,
Through the year.
Of falling snow,
And flying deer.
Hearing jingle bells...
And carols of noël.

And with each gift I pick and choose...
There comes this special wish,
That happiness will lift all smiles...
And no one's dream is missed!

This Christmas...
That's my wish!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

This Comes To Those Who Loved To Pose Near Ghettos

An accustomed greed
Did not allow them to consolidate,
With those in need.
Those homeless without shelter.
And being depleted
As the greedy fed...
To feed and tease.

And they teased.
Requesting qualifications,
And deciding which among them
Would be pleased to be in their presence.
Instituting...
An awareness that divides,
By racist lines an intelligence may hide.
Groomed by standards that have been subpar...
Below that in some places.
And getting caught by the trappings,
Of low gutter bars.

'Are they the ones...
Experiencing a reversal that's begun? '

Dripping wet and running fast...
To escape a nightmare born on 'crack'.
This comes to those who loved to pose near ghettos.
In pictures to depict themselves above others.
And now they find themselves so below,
Feeling an absence of a glow once flaunted.
They can not be driven away from their pretensions.
Clutching the air for something to grasp.

And it hurts to know...
Someone wishes suicide,
Than to be by the side...
Of another human being.
One who has lived honestly.

And that fact in comparison demeans,
It seems.

And dreams lifted,
From behind the backs of those attacked...
Those who have been left...
Without possessions.
Medicate.
To keep a feeling of a worthless hollowness,
Defended to protect nonexisting interests owned.
Or turf to settle 'beefs' on streets...
Where they did not invest sense or time!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

This Constitutes Fraud

Organizations based in inner city communities,
That are overwhelmingly those of color.
And those same organizations solicit funds,
Stating they provide activities and training...
That does not get done for everyone,
But 'some'.

And those funds are used for other purposes,
Surburbanites are hired to inspire...
Those 'urbanites' of color,
With their point of view.
As if they are suppose to!
And doing this not to train or motivate...
But to employ the chosen few!
Themselves!
That is what they do.
And to instill their ideologies.
This constitutes fraud!
And that is not only my point of view.
That is what they do!

And those living in inner cities,
Not benefitting from activities claimed.
Deserve much more than apologies.
They deserve to be praised...
Not shamed.
For raising such deceit on their backs!
Or at least identify,
Those organizations by name!
And their lack of supportive deeds,
That continue such bleeding and succeed.

'What constitutes fraud? '

Mental manipulation!
That constitutes fraud.
To deprive those in need,
By keeping the rich...
Although quite flawed,

In a state of awe and greed.
And organized to keep the needy teased.

'What constitutes fraud? '

Organizations set up like these.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

This Cookie Cutter Stuff

What had been done to disparage,
Someone with a doing and then years ago...
To now be considered a novelty and acceptable,
By those who have witnessed or experienced...
Worse events,
Will not bring praise upon the ones who set the trend...
Even though their activities were far less offensive,
Dropping jaws to leave mouths open.

'Well...
There is a major difference.'

OH?
And...
What is that difference?

'On which side of the fence the event occurred.
And if the doing had been done with talent.'

TALENT?
What has talent have to do with anything?

'Today?
Absolutely nothing.
It's about gimmicks and degrading images now.
Anything degrading done yesterday with a bit of trash,
AND produced to expose 'talent'?
Will be referred to as 'classic' tomorrow.'

What sense does that make?

'What's classic about trash being exposed on a daily basis?
At least yesterday's trash had a motive to shock,
With a doing to expose those talented and had longevity.
This cookie cutter stuff today is easily forgettable.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

This Could Not Be Scripted

We can not realize our expectations,
If many still choose to sit and not participate...
In the cause to affect change.

We all have our 'callings'.
If we allow fear to prevent us from them...
Many of us would still experience a physical bondage.
An enslavement of sorts.
With a persistence that wont quit.

To escape from mental bondage,
Requires faith...
That is determined and unshakable!

Just a few short years ago,
Maybe less than six...
A young black man named Barack Obama,
With a dysfunctional background.
And of mixed heritage,
Was not even into politics.
TODAY...
That same man with an usual name,
Is the President of The United States.

Shattering all depictions of this presence.

If 'that' is not inspiring to anyone who claims,
To be paying attention...
With expressions of their love for God,
And 'ALL' that this Deity IS...
They should not exist!

A man who walks in faith and determination,
To rise above all obstacles has been an example...
For everyone under the Sun!
Whatever racial 'affiliation' of 'choice'
And/or belief of religious limitations...
Should observe with clarity the reality.
And upon us this visitation!

This could not be scripted as a life one has lived...
Even in the money thirsting hands,
Of those in Hollywood!
President Obama's life...
Is clearly a statement that should inspire,
All mankind!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

This Creation That I Am Is Yours

I feel such a ray within me radiating.
Each time You and I are alone.
And I am comforted in the quietness of peace.

I feel so blessed and grateful,
To have this ease You have bestowed upon me!

Was it hours away in a yesterday gone...
I had questioned my faith,
With a false face I had put on.

But today I know I was all wrong.
You were there protecting me.
And those obstacles that challenged...
Were placed on my path,
So I would realize with You...
I am and can be strong!

I am the 'me' You have made me to be!

I feel so blessed and grateful,
Yes!

I feel such a ray within me radiating.
To this I confess.
To You I am grateful to this blessing,
That has gifted me with happiness.

I had questioned my faith,
With a false face I once had put on!
But I have since removed those disguises.
I want it known You alone own my soul!
And in my mind and heart...
What need do I have to feel forelorn?

I am Your warrior,
My Father.
By Your command...
My actions remain forever bold.

And under Your control...
I stand each day,
To become a better man.
As You alone understand,
This creation that I am...
Is Yours!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

This Crooked Path

This crooked path,
From one experience to the next
Has no one to journey on it,
To know what's ahead.

This crooked path,
With rocks upon it scattered.
To pick up and toss about...
Seems easier to do,
When learning to prepare...
For obstacles.
And no one there to soothe,
Or remove to smooth...
The twisting turns of life.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

This Degenerating Bust

They are trying to compete
To see who can out disgust.
Our troubled youth we have abused,
With disloyality and distrust.
We have satisfied their every whim,
To hold them now at fault.
They are reflections of who we are...
Sad and pitiful guardians of lust!
Self righteous we've become these days,
With freedoms we've outsourced.
Divorced from discipline and morals...
In this melting potted rust!
And every protest against this trend...
Focuses back on us!
In God we claim there is a trust,
But that faith is meaningless...
And has turned to dust!
Hopefully our youth will restore,
This degenerating bust!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

This Dialogue Is For The Underdog

This dialogue is for the underdog.
One day you'll be the one on top of it.
With a meaning to you that will benefit.
Even though others might say you're unfit.
Tomorrow you'll demand from them to do backflips.

This dialogue is for the underdog.
Don't think about what others say at all.
Tomorrow you'll demand from them to do backflips.
Go about your business and you stand tall.
Tomorrow you'll see naysayers shutting lips.

This dialogue is for the underdog.
Stand tall.
Stand tall.
And...
Don't think about what others say at all.
Tomorrow you'll see naysayers shutting lips.
Tomorrow you'll demand from them to do backflips.
And...
This dialogue is for the underdog.
Stand tall.
Stand tall.
And...
Don't think about what others say at all.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

'This' Diet

Wishing with initiative to remain motivated,
And focused with a decision made...
To stay on a path one has begun to pave,
Can be likened to one's kept desire...
To ignore the taunts of those less inspired,
Although very difficult it is...
For one to claim to have a discipline,
Yet when seen every other day...
Accepting AND to pay,
For a delivery of pizza, fried chicken, soda and chips...
Has a way of being noticed to witness.
Regardless of what disguises are worn to hide,
The one who tries the giving of advice...
They have found hard to follow.

'And what is it you recommend I should do,
If I wanted to achieve by getting better test results? '

~Sacrifice.
That's what it takes.
Sacrificing never fails with a receiving of success one believes.~

'And you?
I thought you told me you were on a strict diet?
With an exercising you do daily without fail.'

~Oh, it's very true.
I've learned that nibbling in between meals,
Helps reduce my appetite for junk foods.
And I just eat salads now as my main course,
To help me retain an appropriate weight.~

'I see.
And...
What 'is' your appropriate weight? '

~The weight I find that keeps the clothes I wear looking,
Appropriate and helps me not appear too wide.~

'I see.
And...
What do you call 'this' diet? '

~Myth and Kept Delusion.
My doctor has stated he was happy I finally found,
'Something' he created for me to stop my denials.
And I love it.
Now, whenever I make visits to my doctor,
He listens more patiently without 'telling' me what I should do.~

'I see.
And I'm sure your health is his main concern? '

~He is a 'doctor'.
Of course it is.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

This Direction Taken...

Do or don't...
Whatever!
Your participation now,
Is neither welcomed or embraced.
What was needed from you then...
Has now taken on a different face.
A change of pace...
Is upon us with a phase,
That will not be erased.

Have you waited too late,
To state your cause?
Did you pause to linger,
And now hesitate in awe!
A solution to mend and fix,
Has transcended and now complex!
To confess a lack of comprehension...
Does not await for what comes next!

Do or don't...
Whatever!
Your participation now,
Is neither welcomed or embraced.
What was needed from you then...
Has now taken on a different face.
A change of pace...
Is upon us with a phase,
That will not be erased.

If you find you are dazed in amazement,
Realize what you had regarded important to you...
Has drastically been replaced!
And you now stand among those...
Who show an exposed indifference,
You wish to now impose.
But time upon you and 'those' has closed!
This direction taken...
Is not for those still sitting in conflict!
No matter which ones you choose to pick!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

This Document Is Proof

Always,
There will be 'someone'...
Sifting through archives,
Dusted by time and cobwebbed...
Looking for anything done by someone,
To discredit one's integrity and achievements.

For purposes to feel better,
About a doing done to undermine one's character.
To then feel whatever sought and revealed,
Diminishes any respect given,
The doer of accomplishments...
Deserves and gets.

'Here it is. Finally.
It took me years to uncover it.
But this document is proof,
That there was a time in his early youth...
He actually was discovered,
Not to have been able to tie his own shoes.
This has to be exposed immediately.
What a relief.
I now can sleep peacefully.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

This Does Exist In Me

There has to be a poem or two in me,
Somewhere.
One that reeks of sweetened floral scents.

There has to be at least one knuckle to bare,
From either my left or right hand,
That has been moisturized and softened...
To expose a nail manicured with care.
Which hand should I consider,
To have that done?

There has to be a few words I pick,
To express a thorough happiness...
Sniffed and uplifts in this thick atmosphere.

I'm sure there are a few lines I can select.
Connected to ooze with the nectar of life.
I am already sickened by the thought of it.
Although I am sure 'someone' would take delight.

I know this does exist in me!
I am a poet.
And I know it.
With talents to dispense...
Drama, suspense or tragedy.

With the decision to choose a topic,
That either flows undisturbed through lush meadows.
Or bites.
It doesn't have to be liked.
Especially if I am not into an adulation seeking mood.
As I compose this prose I write.

'How do you know when it is finished? '

That's a good question.
Something inside me knows.
And I am made aware.
It is like a craving that has been fed.

It says what it says in my head and leaves.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

This Does Them In

So sad are they with minds limited.
They had paid to obtain an intelligence...
But leave schools degreed,
Without one hint...
Of how to apply common sense.

And they seek employment...
With resumés that say they qualify!
But not a thought connects,
That proves a thinking process.
Although they are selected.
Because of their hair...
And the color of their eyes.

And salaried they are...
To expose their incompetence...
That eventually represents,
A complete ineptness.

But that does not prevent,
A promotion based only...
On their attractiveness!
And they are placed in positions,
To discourage those who are far more brilliant!

Why?
To protect a host of insecurities.
As they try to thrive on greed...
As a bleeding economy dies.
Without an implementation,
Of an embracing did...
With a true diversification done!
And this does them in,
In the end!

Human resources neglected,
Does not lead to one's success.
Regret is what one frets.
Regret is what is left and met.

Regret is what reflects the mess.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

This Doing Done Is Far From Easy

Time, devotion, with a discipline given,
Has made a doing done look too easy.
And too many perceive this to believe.

Those unaccustomed to dedication,
Are the first to critique what another does.
With their shallow comments to deliver,
About 'how' what is done requires little effort.
And is not difficult at all if it is loved.

Although...
Anyone who has ever known love to keep,
Knows this doing done is far from easy.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

This Done Is Intended

I have never pretended something true was not.
Or the opposite of that is a hobby one does.
I've had a few too many close friends,
Die unexpectedly.
Not to mention the ones even closer than some,
Who God saw fit to take away as I witnessed this.

And I don't attribute my lack of patience,
With those who deliberately use their lips to lie.
But those who choose to do it habitually as if,
They have no other purpose to live but to dismiss truth...
I don't try to pretend I am not offended. I am!
Especially when it's obvious to me this done is intended.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

This Earth Belongs To All Humanity

An escalation of hate,
Does not a peaceful existence make.
Agitated by deceit and greed.
And those who believe,
They can enforce conflict...
With restrictions that succeed.

This illness that heightens,
Within those who feel they can impose their rights...
Will bleed a prolonged defeat.
And all will see.
No peace or rest will come to them at night.

This Earth belongs to all humanity!
Not for the few,
Who wish to do as they please!

And very foolish are they,
Who proceed with these misdeeds.
Restless are those with souls like these.
Restless will they be for all eternity!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

This Eclectic Mix

We all are a part of this eclectic mix.
Seeking with our identities,
From a diverse collection of creeds believed...
To be accepted as people; human beings.
And not by race to be placed...
In divisions of importance,
As if fixed to be subjected and limited...
By perceptions conceived to be seen.

We all are a part of this eclectic mix.
To learn from our cultures and benefit from it.
And 'if' this was not the purpose,
To witness and observe our differences...
Why on 'this' one Earth we live,
Did 'Our' Creator allow with the giving...
Of this magnificent experience,
Just to have it destroyed by selfish conflicts?

This eclectic mix,
Gifted to us to experience and benefit...
As a joy to behold as we learn and grow.
And not decimate but appreciate,
As a treasured chest to protect.
And not let us rush to rust...
Or tarnish the gold,
We've been entrusted to hold.

This eclectic mix,
Gifted to us to experience and benefit...
As a joy to behold as we learn and grow.
And not rush to rust.
Or tarnish the gold,
We've been entrusted to hold.

This eclectic mix,
Gifted to us to experience and benefit...
Should not be rushed to rust.
Or tarnish as if a must,
A treasure chest filled with gold...

We've been entrusted to behold.

This eclectic mix,
Gifted to us to experience and benefit.
Has been entrusted to us,
To cherish and not let rust
As if entrusted to behold what is golden.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

This Economic Meltdown

It is right there!
No surprise of this,
Should exist at all.

There...
Like a welcomed friend it has been.
And now why it should upset...
Gets more disturbing.

And yet...
The origins will not be uncovered,
Trying to trash those living barely...
In their urban nests.

This economic meltdown,
Had preferred credit attached to it!

And many viewed living in dire straits...
Maybe used as scapegoats.
But their activities,
Need not cause uproar for this debate.
Far less greed 'here' has been witnessed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

This Ecstasy

A cascading cavalcade of fine gems you are!
Your eyes twinkle with gifts...
Adorned with sparkling stars.
To witness this,
In moments unexpected...
Takes my breath away with happiness,
Knowing you can radiate this bliss!
You are magic.
You are splendor.
And I am so willing not to resist,
This ecstasy that transfixes me!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

This Entity

Just because IT can not be seen,
Observed to criticize to pass judgements to demean.
IT is there...
For those aware and trust IT!
For those whose faith
Has not been shakened,
IT is there!
Gathering those in confidence of IT and ITS presence.
IT is there...
Each time injustice is enforced upon us.
With eyes from heaven unseen but touched!
Even though lies may escalate
Fakers who seem to win!
The awesome power of this Entity
Will not abandoned those feeling trapped and closed in!
IT is there and has begun to show
The battle for peace is not over and can be won!
This Entity is here!
This Entity has come!
To prove who loses...
When all is said and done!
IT is there.
IT is here...
To prove powerless sinners should not be feared!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

This 'Eve' Releases And Frees

The 'eve' of fresh beginnings approach.
And this one does not linger to sit,
Upon a threshold wishing to cross.

It takes a leap into a future unknown,
Like any other.
But unlike another...
This 'eve' releases and frees us to live,
A quality of life so abundant in cleared comprehension.

It comes as 'if' a sweetened existence has been added,
With unexpected spice,
Liked.
And savored by all to enjoy.

And 'threats' of any kind,
Seem to be wiped away with stress from our minds.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

This 'Event' Is Not Customized

If you do not like or enjoy,
What is being offered...
Stop returning to the buffet.
What has been dished,
Is it!
Your complaints,
Are not going to change...
The arrangement of the selections.

If you do not like or enjoy,
What is being offered...
Stop returning to the buffet.
Others have done it,
And have successfully moved on their way.
No one but you,
Has suggested to the cook...
What added ingredient to use,
To sweeten or suit a particular taste.

If what you perceive is not happening for you...
Do not wait to be force fed.
This 'event' is not customized,
For apologies served to render.
Not here!
Today...
Or on tomorrow's menu!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

This Exchange Is The Best One That Is Accepted

Satisfying the attention seeking egos of others,
Is easy.
Express a life lived that is disliked.
Complain about other people.
And pretend you are miserable on a daily basis.
People love to feel,
Someone besides themselves...
Shares a feeling of unhappiness,
That is heard and confessed.
And left to go unaddressed.
This exchange is the best one that is accepted,
By those seeking to satisfy with attention...
A boosting done to uplift their egos.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

This Experiment Experienced As Life

Split divisions within divisions split.
Tattooed decisions made,
To brand and pierce skin...
Without regard,
For these 'vehicles' we ride inside.
Gifted...
Yet to us we've been loaned.
To thoughtlessly do,
Those misdeeds we've shown.

Increasing a disrespect and value for life,
To dispel that this is a fact that's known.
As we diminish our influence on Earth,
With a disbelief there is no Supreme Deity...
Observing every speck we leave unconsciously,
From birth.
To displease this Almighty 'Deity'.
As we refuse to take flight to greater heights,
Flown!
In exploration.
Not condemnation.
To sow as grown and harvested.

And we wonder why our treasured life...
Speeds ever so rapidly,
Towards a meeting with a demise...
We seem to have chosen with blind eyes!
Prone to be conditioned to acceptable limits.

And pray, we do, to have things our way.
Disobeying every sign that has displayed...
WHAT controls!
WHAT rules and commands.
And WHAT can end it all one day!
To dismiss this experiment experienced as life,
Symbolized to rituals fixed and worshipped.

Since we have yet to perceive,
A Magnificent Deity conceiving...

Our fragile existence as nothing,
To sacrifice.
Because we do not pride ouselves,
With a gratefulness.

Although...
For a Creator of such Awesome Power,
Prepared to deliver without hesitation...
What is seemed we most want and wish,
To give us and be done with it as asked...
And quick.
With such a Divine swiftness.
Never to disappoint those saved and serving,
In an observing faithfulness kept.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

This Exposé

Disconnected from depth and perception?
With a belief kept that only those lucky,
Do not sweat in anguish with tears to fall.
Or work at all but it is easy for them,
To sit back and receive accolades?
While they choose to chase rainbows,
Placed to pick and laid at their fingertips?
Well...
Let me add this to your judgement list.
With a few of my own remembered experiences.
And I will do my best,
Not to have any leftover embitterness still felt...
Detected as a representation of a wounded ego.

Not one step did I place to chase rainbows.
In fact, those who laid down traps,
And other obstacles on my path...
Will deny to this very day they did not say to anyone,
My time was spent doing nothing.
When they expressed no interest in anything I did do.
You know the ones?
Quick to belittle the activities done by someone else.
As long as they remain the center of attention.

Yet that day comes when they are the ones first to say,
They knew from the beginning success and achievement...
Might have been delayed but would come my way.
Because they believed in the struggling of my efforts.
Does this sound to you like a bunch of BS and jibberish?
It does to me too!

When I know for a fact,
I felt knives and staring eyes directed in my back.
With a comprehending to acknowledge,
If it was not for the faith to adventure alone...
I would not have been able to leave behind those devils,
Disguising themselves as self righteous angels.
Found scratching their heads seeking explanations,
How it was I had the strength to escape...

From every exit they blocked that I had erased.

The moral behind this exposé?
It isn't necessary to tell others what you do everyday.
Love that which you wish to keep protected.
With the doing of it to become eventually revealed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

This Fairytale Told

There are two sides,
Of this fairytale told to be sold.
On one side there is a wicked witch.
On the other side there are dancing elves,
Doing nothing but being themselves.
Although done to do violently,
In an acceptance of disrespect.

And one day the wicked witch,
Was called a name she did not approve.
And the wand she threw became a stick,
To then turn into a snake.
With a venom so vicious it bit one elf.
Other dancing elves stopped to protest.
No one stated why the wicked witch was upset.

Appearing from the cracks of their excuse making lives,
Came deceivers who often despised truth to tell lies.
Defended was the name caller,
Left to die from the venom of the snake.
And the wicked witch blamed was accused of creating,
Everyone's heartbreak.
And looters then made excuses to produce more craze.

Celebrities came from all over the place.
To voice their opinions without facts to face.
They knew the dancing elves were killing themselves.
They knew such violence grew,
From everyone's inability to confront and face the truth.
And no one would claim accountability for their own actions.
But they knew someone known to be wicked,
Could always be used to attack without facts.

There are two sides,
Of this fairytale told to be sold.
On one side there is a wicked witch.
On the other side there are dancing elves,
Doing nothing but being themselves.
Although done to do violently,

In an acceptance of disrespect.

'But the wicked witch re-acted.
And did not initiate what others claim took place.'

~So what.
This has nothing to do with reality.
You know it and I know it.
And let's leave it that way.~

'But...
The witch has been unjustifiably depicted as wicked.'

~Hmmm...
You have a point.
Instead of a stick,
Let's agree she pulled out a gun.
And then fired it without being provoked.
To shoot to kill an innocent child,
Skipping down the middle of the yellow brick road.~

'YEAH.
Perfect.
I love it.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

This Feeding Expected

No one can borrow money,
Squeezed from empty pockets.
Or dream of eating from a feast,
Deliciously prepared...
When nothing is there to eat anywhere.
And this feeding expected,
Is to be selected and picked from thin air.

Anyone can sit and wish to move...
And command a doing of it if they choose.
But...
A doing of it must first begin,
With an implementation...
Of those desires and needs,
Feeding a fire of desire from within.

A moving to do to complete and get done...
Is not going to come,
Without an effort made from someone.

Anyone can sit and wish to move...
And command a doing of it if they choose.
But...
A moving to do to complete and get done...
Is not going to come,
Without an effort made from someone.
That one,
Who sits with just wishes and dreams to appear...
Unassisted,
Will not be the one to benefit...
Without connecting,
Purpose.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

This Feeling Does Not Linger

As strange as my name...
I can't describe this feeling.
I can't declare it stays the same.
This feeling does not linger.

I do have goals and aims.
Like others I see near me.
But 'who' they are remains unclaimed.
And that too changes.
Like storm clouds that bring rain.

We are more than what we seem.
Much more than given names.
And few care to pronounce them.
Some even denounce,
Them.

We are bigger than our dreams.
When each one comes to pass...
We seek one more to grasp.
And that one doesn't stay,
To last.

We are more than what we seem.
Much more than given names.
And few care to pronounce them.
Some even denounce,
Them.

As strange as my name...
I can't describe this feeling.
I can't declare it stays the same.
This feeling does not linger.
Like my needs.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

This Feeling Keeps Me In Tears

I trusted to know what love was when it came.
I thought I was prepared...
And aware of it!
I knew in my heart,
I would be able to define it.
Able I was to separate infatuation...
From an urge to please a passing temptation.

Until you left me with an addiction I miss.
A craving only you can satisfy.
I deny this as love,
Because this feeling keeps me in tears.
And I should be dancing!
Expressing nothing but joy.
I could...
If I held you again.
And that can not be love.

No!
That can not be love.
No!
That can not be love.

I refuse to accept it.
Not like that!
It can not be.
Not for me.
Not like that!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

This Festival Of Liars Grows

Everywhere in the atmosphere,
The gossip flies as innuendos are told.
And the festival of liars every year gets more bold.
The children are disrespectful.
Their parents more defensive.
They would rather make prison and jail visits...
Than confront the fact,
Not only their kids lack discipline.

Excuse making storytellers,
With no pride that can be seen.
Quick to demean the qualities others express.
While trying to impress with their lack of consciousness.
There is a pitifulness accepted.
With excuses made to protect.
But this festival of liars grows.
And expected like a welcome mat...
When fresh arrivals experience it at everyone's doorstep.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

This Game Called Chess

The knights and bishops and rooks are set.
Just to protect the queen.
And the king stands there beside the queen,
As pawns are placed prepared to take a fall.
And this game called chess is about a life lived,
Just to protect the queen.
To ensure where she sits upholds a lifted image.
Although a king once dethroned doesn't stop the game.
As is witnessed by the queen moving where she wishes,
Daring to be touched, checked or equally mated.

'Your Highness...
We did everything we could,
To stop the 'B' word from being used.
But our efforts were matched,
By a bigger and better 'B' who came to play.
And I must say...
Splendidly.
Should we prepare to move to another hive? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

This Gets Instant Silence

Have you ever had an argument,
With someone you agreed with?
But they did not realize you were agreeing,
Because they became offended with the belief...
You were patronizing their intelligence.
And they felt insecure about this being done?

In debate...
Just agree with the opposite sex.
Just do it.
And whether they are right or wrong...
Just agree.
I learned that years ago.

At first...
I use to disagree,
With someone I felt wrong.
NOW?
Today?
Depending on 'who' it is,
I may have to argue because I'm in agreement.
I know this makes no sense.
But some people you just can't leave.
They don't want it known they are right!
They want to 'jackhammer' it in...
Through a stack of beaten horses.

'I am NOT right.
So don't you dare agree with me.'

AND...
If you happen to be romantically involved?
Just sit and don't say nothing.
Or try.
With crossed fingers AND eyes.
And with a little tilt to the head to the side.
I promise this gets instant silence.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

This Grand And Magnificent Experiment

Too many myths practiced with symbolisms exist,
For truth to be kept suppressed...
To leave unrevealed to let bloom as is.

Arguments continue to persist...
Between those insisting which beliefs are legit.
Even in the midst of scientific proof,
There are more planets than just nine...
In a Cosmos that stretches and intertwines.
And in this Universe alone this Earth we call home,
Is not the center of it that orbits and spins...
With a benefit given to be witnessed and shown.

Too many myths practiced with symbolisms exist,
To validate and condone the permitting of conflicts.
Have we been visited by those of higher intelligence?
And are we too ignorant to perceive this as reality?
Or have we been purposely deluded/deceived,
By a self-centeredness allowed to be kept addicted?
While those who are shocked and surprised,
With a sighting clear before their eyes in day and night skies...
Discouraged to 'see' objects stopping to speed away.
To go unexplained or investigated yet amongst us here to stay.

Too many myths practiced with symbolisms exist,
For truth to be kept suppressed...
To leave unrevealed to let bloom as is.
But then,
Are we all not 'aliens'?
Obligated to experience,
This grand and magnificent experiment?

Are we all not 'aliens'?
From which truth from us is kept suppressed.
Are we all not 'aliens'?
Obligated to experience,
This grand and magnificent experiment?
To leave and let go unaddressed,
Until we satisfy the passing of all tests?

Are we all not 'aliens'?
Picked and blessed to express thankfulness?
And many of us have not connected to that yet!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

This Happiness I Have Discovered

Who knows you better?
Your desires, wishes and dreams.
If I knew your needs,
I'd want you pleased right away.
Immediately.
Since that would allow you,
To recognize and share,
This happiness I have discovered.
And without you,
It would not have been found!
There is so much of it around,
If you just open your eyes!
And close that mouth of yours,
Sometimes.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

This Has Aged Those Stressed

They believe to have things,
Leaves others impressed.
Perhaps in those days...
Long gone but still addressed.

And today those things,
Can not unstrap their unhappiness.

Since an investment in happiness,
Meant something bought.
But now all has been pawned.
And this has aged those stressed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

This Has Been Distorted

Don't 'ask' that your sorrows be removed from you.
Demand that they be removed!

Don't look at your obstacles as if they are impossible.
Remove them from your mind.
Or they will stay.
Believing you want it that way!

If you believe you are here to suffer...
Why complain about it.
As if this was a gift from God.

You 'are' a gift from God!
You are.
You are a part of the Oneness God is!
The Kingdom that is His 'is' yours!
You've been told this.

Don't 'ask' that your sorrows be removed from you.
Demand that they be removed!

Don't look at your obstacles as if they are impossible.
Remove them from your mind.
Or they will stay.
Believing you want it that way!

If you believe you are here to suffer...
Why complain about it.
As if this was a gift from God.
And this is not God's wish!
Somewhere, somehow in your mind...
This has been distorted.
You allowed your faith to be aborted!

The Earth, Moon and Sun...
All belong to the One.
How and 'why' and WHEN...
Did you allow your separateness to begin?

If you believe you are here to suffer...
Why complain about it.
As if this was a gift from God.
What else in your life is faked?

If you say you love God...
Why can't you accept God as your Lover?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

This Has Been Their Lives

Choosing to accept things as they are in isolation...
Enhances one's desperation,
To separate in misunderstanding.
When things 'controlled' get out of hand.

It becomes difficult for them to comprehend,
Others more powerful,
Have use misguided power over them.

Choosing to be set in ways,
With lessons taught as lessons to stay.
This stubbornness unresisted decays.
And those who insist,
This self centeredness should persist.
Will discover themselves living deeper in conflict.
As truth and its reality continues to drift away.
Leaving those with values of fading substance...
To become left in darkness.
And feeling much betrayed.

As light shows deceptions they embraced.
More and more they fear!
With no escaping from it near.
Since this has been their lives endeared!
And these standards now fast erasing...
They have kept in place.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

This Has Been Your Convenience

What has happened to our marriage?

'What marriage?
We both participated in a ceremony.
And you believe,
Socializing with your friends...
And doing as you please,
Was part of it.
But I didn't say 'I do' to none of that!

Your marriage has been kept in tact!
On the other hand...
Mine hasn't started.
And that's why my bags are packed.'

But this has been 'our' marriage.

'No!
This has been your convenience.
And I am leaving that and you.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

This Has Got To Be For The Love!

Do they wish to impress?
Or do they live just to do it,
As part of a 'self' consciousness.
Conscious their gifts exist.

And it is not with impressions,
Expressed with a witnessed unlimited giving.
It is who they are.
And that is done at their best.

To simply impress comes as no effort.
To those who are blessed...
To progress through stress.
And produce the unexpected.
Without getting needed rest.

And this...
Has got to be for the love!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

This Has Never Been A Surprise

To you,
This may come as a shock.
But to me,
This has never been a surprise.
Look in my eyes!

Believe it or not...
It is not you but God,
That controls my destiny.
I knew you would have that reaction.
I knew you would tremble...
With a buckling of your knees.
But it is true...
I've never viewed you that way!

I've been trying to tell you that.
But somehow that message has been lost.
I've been trying to tell you that.
I didn't know my confession would do you like this!
Please stop crying!
I'll still call you boss.
But stop your weeping...
I insist!

To you,
This may come as a shock.
But to me,
This has never been a surprise.
Look in my eyes!

Believe it or not...
It is not you but God,
That controls my destiny.

This has never been a surprise.
Although this has been your belief.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

This Has Never Been Rare

Incite,
They do.
With a barricade...
To masquerade insecurities.

It took overnight,
To fight themselves...
Over their rights!

And a greed that now sees them seething...
With heated breath felt,
Close to the nose of those they chose.

They see themselves as enemies.
Distrusted with beliefs...
That their way of life was jeopardized,
By those that despised them.

But none could do that better,
Than they do it...
To themselves!

Incite,
They do.
With a barricade...
To masquerade insecurities.
And threats like these...
They defend,
With an absence of common sense...
So obvious everywhere.

And this has never been rare.
It has not been adopted,
To address as an issue.
Sensitivities keep them conflicted.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

This Has Not Been A Part Of My Experience

You come to me with a desire,
To have me explain...
How best to take each step you make,
On the way to accomplish 'your' dream.

I admire that and I am flattered!

But what I would like to see you do...
First,
Is a stumbling fall as your crawl to your feet.
I want to see you move on from mistakes...
You believe defeat.

I want to see tears in your eyes,
Cried!
That you alone eventually dry.
I want you 'then' to come to me,
Acknowledging there is an understanding...
You have gained with relief.

Do not come to me,
Expecting a free trip to the beach.
With a relaxing done...
As you observe me showing you,
How to best build 'your' sandcastle.

As you direct what you would like,
From a 'vision' you wish to come alive...
While I sweat producing your fantasy!
This...
Has not been a part of my experience!
And I do not wish now to invite it.

What I've lived to overcome...
From you has been kept unseen.
And if we do lay on the beach...
It will be 'you' applying on my skin,
Any request I have for Sun blocking screen.
That from you to me will be a given,

I hope you feel will be deserved.

You have any other questions?
Or realities you have not faced?
Remember...
I am here with a wish,
To see you succeed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

This Havoc

They attempt to silence those...
Who are against their beliefs!
And yet it is their beliefs...
That loudly shout out,
For change!
Nothing about them or what is valued,
Has remained the same.
And...
No one silenced has created this havoc!
Or with such a disturbance to focus on chaos.
Anyone seeking peace,
Is not looking for it through conflict!
No one is against their beliefs at all.
The concept is there!
The ideals are magnificent.
However...
The reality of the practice,
Is missing in action!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

This He Is Going To Fix

The breaking down and restructuring,
Can not be missed.
Not even if you still fantasizing.
A collapsing underneath us,
Has clearly begun.
If you don't believe that yet...
Forget about your agendas.
You best to get comfortable...
With the coming of a basicness.

And sadness and regret all around,
Will be seen and easily found.

And rampant will be those crazed into a rage.
And rampant will these minds snap quick.
And rampant...
Comes a higher consciousness,
Clearly splitting...
Those faithful from those of wickedness.
And rampant with those whose eyes dry quick!
When sudden wave of serenity...
Blesses them into bliss.

You'll see.
Rampant will God come to show...
This He is going to fix.
And rampant will those wicked folks,
Be shocked by the quickness of it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

This 'Hypothetical' Twist

She lied and he knew it.
Instead of admitting this,
She continued to convince...
Others he was crazed,
By persisting to deceive.
And he pursued what was then,
A dream he believed and knew...
Would bring to all benefits.
And this vision he saw close to appear,
Didn't happen for them although very near.

She lied and he knew it!
And knowing this he kept his focus.
Without confronting anyone with excuses.
Or alibis to defend himself with facts.
Since his truth was based upon integrity.
And this she still doesn't have and lacks.
With repeated methods to hide her insecurities...
More exposed than ever before.
And identifying her techniques with a clarity,
Those who had defended her now see to believe.

'What scenerio does this depict?
With this 'hypothetical' twist to it? '

Any scenerio that involves one who lies.
Be it a man or a woman,
With a mind of a child who hides.
Or anyone immature enough who tries,
The telling of lies to defend themselves.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

This I Accept

This I accept...
As you have introduced and proposed,
To those who you wish to show me as,
One who holds an independent stance...
With a thinking process exposed.

This I accept...
I can only admit I am guilty.
With a regularity I defend.
And you can depend upon my unsolicited opinion.
To give whether or not it offends.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

This I Affirm

Please bestow upon me,
The abundance I wish...
To be left at my doorstep,
Now.

Not tomorrow.
I have yet to touch that dawn that comes.

And remove those shadows of grief,
That would have me believe I cast them!
Send them back to attach,
To whomever and where they came.
Strap that fast to their backs.

Open the door!
And release my mind from its limitation!
This I affirm!
This...
I demand!

If I am here to do Your will,
This...
You will see as done for me!
And with my faith You will be,
Eternally believed.

This I affirm.
As Your gifts I receive.
In a gratefulness,
That keeps me knowing I am Yours to bless.

Remove those obstacles off my path.
And away from my doorsteps.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

This I Feel, Breathe And See

Who is there unaware and in doubt,
That I live to be attached to You?
Have I been excluded to delude on my path?
Am I not as valid as a blade of grass?

In lilting winds I cling.
Like a leaf that buds to grow,
To then become old to wither from a tree.
Proceeding successfully from one stage to the next.
I need no proof to show this.
I am exposed therefore I need not ask.
Or become perplexed by Your given tasks!

This I feel, breathe and see!

Who is there unaware and in doubt,
Every thought I have carried about...
Generates from and connects to You.
Every movement on this planet,
Has been created by You and approved.

Those shallow in darkness,
With perceptions they exist to live apart...
Would not experience the radiance of light.
Nor would sleep peacefully at night with quiet hearts,
If not for You to soothe them in slumber.

And those who sustain,
A choice to wallow away in fear and pain...
Accept their sufferings in separate agonies.
As if in aloneness,
They stay to appreciate their self inflicted grief.
With a straining to remain...
In a hopelessness that's gained.

Who is there unaware and in doubt,
That I live to be attached to You?

In lilting winds I cling.

Like a leaf that buds to grow,
To then become old to wither from a tree.
Proceeding successfully from one stage to the next.
I need no proof to show this.
I am exposed therefore I need not ask.
Or become perplexed by Your given tasks!

This I feel, breathe and see!
Within a never ending eternity,
Too massive for me to conceive.
As I gratefully continue,
On my blessed and treasured journey.
Acknowledging as I witness...
This experience is not all about me,
To profile or prejudge!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

This I Have I Been Shown

Remember those days,
Seeing people cross a street...
To avoid the ones hungry and homeless?
With a looking down from their held high noses,
As if to evaluate those in need.

Do you remember experiencing hard times,
Knee deep in troubles...
And those you knew abandoned you?
To leave you and wouldn't even speak...
IF they saw you on the street or anywhere publicly.
With their evaluations.

Do you remember getting up on your own two feet,
And determined to beat the odds?
Do you remember beating those odds,
To find yourself feeling blessed...
Confessing your gratefulness to those,
Who had not a clue who you were?
Although...
You remember those days,
Seeing them cross the street to avoid speaking?
But...
You have no problem at all assisting them,
As they experience homelessness and hunger.
And you are not there to evaluate.

Do you remember experiencing hard times,
Knee deep in troubles...
And those you knew abandoned you?
To leave you and wouldn't even speak...
IF they saw you on the street or anywhere publicly?

Do you remember those days keeping your faith,
When that was all that you had to display?
Wishing you could rub a dime in your pocket.

Do you remember giving your last five dollars away,
Knowing it was okay?

And WHO and WHAT knew what it took to make you happy.
With a delivering to you all your needs?

I do.
And I don't need a hint or a clue from anyone to know this.
Nor their self righteous evaluations.
And I take pride in knowing from where it was I came.
I've taken full responsibility for my actions,
With a pause to hesitate.
And I will never find blame to fault anyone,
For the most fantastic lessons I have ever learned.

I have long awakened to know,
The Creator does not always favor...
Those impeccably dress who detest others,
Given images to test as assignments...
To uncover where one's heart is located.
This I have been shown,
Many times.

And...
Most times those who find themselves,
In positions to evaluate others...
Can not escape from being assessed,
By tests they are unaware to them had been given.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

'This' I Know To Be True

You can not be a better Lawrence S. Pertillar.
Not better than Lawrence Pertillar, Junior can!
Somehow I know this.
However...
There is something you can do,
Better than Lawrence.
Or anyone else who attempts to prove.
And you can place a bet on this,
At any casino with little risk!

I bet you can have the best life possible.
If you desired it!
And no one has to know,
A thing about you or what your name is!
Who you love or who you choose to screw!
That is up to you.
'This' I know to be true.
And 'if' I can say that...
I know you can too!

Open your mouth and say 'Ahhh'!
Now,
Get out of my face.
You've got to have other things to do?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

This Instrument (In An Orchestrated Life)

This instrument,
I've been blessed with a given...
I know each day to play it better,
Than ever...
Because it's life to be played everyday.

This 'my' instrument,
I've been blessed with a given...
To be lived.
Must be played,
Within the orchestration 'heard'...
And everywhere one goes to be on display.

Wish I do to play duets,
Under Moon lit skies...
Whenever I'm greeted,
To harmonize.

This instrument,
I've been blessed with a given...
I know each day to play it better,
Than ever...
Because it's life to be played everyday.

Wish I do to fill a room,
With sounds that are respected.
And wish I do to take away,
Those lost rhythms people can't keep...
On my beat and with some rhythm.

This instrument,
I've been blessed with a given...
I know each day to play it better,
Than ever...
Because it's life to be played everyday.

This life I'm given is the instrument!
And I wish to get better.
Wish I do to play duets,

Under Moon lit skies...
Whenever I'm greeted,
To be harmonized.
With...
This instrument,
And orchestrated to give it benefit.
With...
This instrument,
Orchestrated with a giving benefit.

This life I'm given is the instrument!
And I wish to get better.

I am this instrument,
Orchestrated heard giving benefit.
And with...
This instrument,
I have intention to play...
Everyday...
Much better!

My mind, body and soul...
In an orchestrated life,
Is my instrument.

My mind, body and soul...
Is my instrument to remain composed.
My mind, body and soul...
Is my instrument to behold.
My mind, body and soul...
In an orchestrated life,
Is my instrument.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

This Intention Is Meant

There is a major difference,
Between wanting to do things...
And getting what is wished to do done!

A selected mission has to be picked.
An agreement has to be settled,
To insure the plan is legitimate and fits.

All that it takes to make things shake,
And fall apart...
Is a useless argument,
That doesn't make sense!
And perhaps that's why this intention is meant!

There is a major difference,
Between wanting to do things...
And getting what is wished to do done!

A recommendation to ensure some success?
Make sure those participating...
Have passed the requirements,
Of a backstabbing test!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

This Introduces Suspicion

Why is it,
People minding their own business...
Are today the ones suspect?

And they are the very same people,
Who wanted to give of themselves...
With interest and a self respect.

The very same people,
Others chose to disregard and reject.
And now those who once gave,
Of themselves to neglect...
Have decided to mind their own business.
And they have become the ones,
Focused upon...
As if their doings,
Will bring them too much attention.

And this introduces suspicion...
Since their peaceful existence,
Poses to others...
With innuendos whispered,
That those with peace of mind...
Should be considered by others as threats!

Even making a decision to mind one's business,
Gives others to feel there is a reason...
To have none of their own.
And the evidence of that is shown.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

This Introduction Of Truth

They can not stand it anymore...
The confrontation with reality.
It is much too big for them to ignore.
And many lay awake restless,
Without a bit of sleep...
Deep in an unconscious snore!

A valued lifestyle for them has ended.
A blocking of delusions,
From them has been suspended.
The 'rumors' of truth has affected their minds.
They wish to pursue a tranquil existence.
And leave the 'presentation'
Of this 'interpretation' of such a rawness...
Behind.

It is driving them out of their fantasized minds!
This introduction of truth...
They did not select or choose!

They can not stand it anymore...
The confrontation with reality.
It is much too big for them to ignore.
And many lay awake restless,
Without a bit of sleep...
Deep in an unconscious snore!

And afraid they are...
Of what comes next,
To knock on their doors.

So they peek to see...
Even in 'safe' neighborhoods,
They've lost their ability...
To secure a safety with stability.

It is driving them out of their fantasized minds!
And they wish for some relief...
That would enhance their fading beliefs.

But none comes and they become stunned!
And left to defend...
In a civil unrest for them that begins!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

This Investigation Has Narrowed, Already

No one is going to leave here,
Until a thorough investigation has been conducted.
Since no one wants to admit,
Who had the garage door closed...
Without my permission,
I will hold every in contempt to follow the rules in this home.
Is that clear?
No one want to get to the bottom of this as much as I do.

'Daddy?
It has been known for years...
You, and only you,
Open and close the garage door everyday AND weekends.'

I will not listen to your allegations,
Spiced by suspicious whispers heard...
By gossipers in this family.
Anyone who wants to keep the keys to their cars,
Will come forward and tell me what I want to hear.

'Daddy?
I did not want to admit this, but...
For the past ten years,
I heard the garage door go up in the morning.
And then come down at night.
I never saw you actually using the remote.'

What about your mother?
How well do we really know her?

'You've got a point, daddy?
Ma has always says you're 'nuts'.
May I keep the keys to the car? '

Sure!
This investigation has narrowed, already.
Where IS your mother?

'Behind your back making faces, daddy.'

Tell your mother...
I am not in the mood for foreplay.
I am serious about this.
And she and I will have a quiet discussion,
Sometime after midnight.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

This Is 2008

!
What are you doing on this block?
There is nothing for us to share.
Not even accidental hellos...
Is going to bring me back 'there'.
Have I been lonely?
Yes.
I have.
But...
Desperate?
Never.
Not for that which we had.
Could have had...
But didn't!

I thought I made it clear,
In two thousand and seven...
It was over and done.
No nonsense ended,
Lingers to begin a web spun!

Have you been following me?
Stalking my happiness?
Is that you calling me and hanging up?
Thinking I'm going to call you back,
To begin fresh mess?

When I said 'One more time'...
Remember when that was said?
You gave me reason,
To end your presence in my head!
There is nothing that's been said,
That needs us to retread.

This is 2008!
And you are no where on or near my plate!
I don't even want to tempt myself with a nibble!
And I do not care how much you have changed,
Your ingredients!

I'm just not appetizing you at all!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

This Is A Choice They Made

Backbiters decided,
They would discredit the deeds done...
By the wrong people coming to their aid.
Those seething with envy and jealousy did this,
Believing they would end between themselves conflicts.
To be left with the more of it to exist.

Since those who backbite,
Only offer confusion and incompetence.
And eventually suffer from their own ignorance.
But then...
This is a choice they made with consciousness.
As exposed by the evidence too late admitted.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

This 'Is' A Judgement Passed

Someone making frequent attempts,
To compensate for a laziness...
And lack of discipline,
With a making of false claims on others.
Hoping their statements made,
Will gain them some attention...
Sounds like a riped condition for mental therapy.
And this 'is' a judgement passed.

When lines of divisions are clearly seen,
Between those respecting themselves...
And those envious of others,
Because they are keeping themselves clean...
And have unquestionable good hygiene,
An effective detrimental process has taken place.
Something in the mind has been implemented,
If someone can not see or face their own disgrace.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

'This' Is A Love

How can you teach someone,
Who you are?
How God has selected you to be?
How is that taught?
How can a life lived be explained?
As if that life...
Is from a lectern to lectured.
And regurgitated from notes.
As if life itself is rote!
Some knew who they were,
With positive identities.
Knowing from birth exactly who...
And what they wanted to be.
Studying is great to hone a skill!
And if that skill is loved?
Then that's a blessing from above!
Just like a marriage.
And I, speaking from my point of view...
Will never be unfaithful,
To what some think I like!
This is not a preference!
'This' is a love!
And there is nothing coming between us!
It is unconditional.
And no better love could I have!
Than to write feeling blessed...
With a gratefulness I can not express!
'This'...
Is a love!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

This Is A Remarkable Achievement Received

To think and never have had this experience,
Alone
Can be traumatic.
To leave one feeling erratic.
Screaming!
As if one had seen a ghost.

It happens.
One day,
Someone has a thought.
To arrive independently.
The having of it leads one to become suspicious.
It hurts and frightens,
To have it sit unsolicited.

And
One day,
Someone off balance is caught
To have no one around them to see,
A struggling being done
With a single thought brought to them,
From nowhere!
And this happening is not believed.

To think and never have had this experience,
Alone
Can be traumatic.
To leave one feeling erratic.
Screaming!
As if one had seen a ghost.

One is given an opportunity to think.
And on their two feet,
Their thinking process increases.

And one manages to do this all on their own!
To think!
And never before having had this experience.
Although at first one in this position,

May feel quite threatened.
And to others
This may not seem to benefit.

However
To be able to think,
Independently
AND on one's own two feet?
This is a remarkable achievement received.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

This Is About Identity And Principle

What difference does it make,
Whose heart you take and break?
What difference will you fake next...
If you say you've made mistakes,
When those mistakes leave heartbreak...
Over again,
In a thoughtless process unconsciously taken!

And this is not about money,
Or being Afrocentric.
This is about identity and principle.
One's integrity and dignity.

This is about those areas of life,
That have never dawned on you.
Because you are just too caught up in 'things'.
And no one can pay for magic to happen...
If one's mind is already established in ego!
To adorn and impress,
A valued emptiness.

And...
Let me leave you with this,
When did you determine I was not Afrocentric?
Was it before or after you recognized I was not subservient?
Or after you obtained the benefit of my efforts...
Erased from beneath your footsteps.
And I had been freed with blood I left...
From displaying a humblizing ignorance.
You find to market is best.
Or was 'that' something you had been told?
By those sold on reaching for already polished gold.

You do not remember the days,
The path you did not pave...
Had not been laid with choices,
Do you?
But I forget...
You represent that generation absent of deeds.

Delusioned and free of struggle.

You just want to shine...
Regardless of who holds your spotlight.
Or who had paid to have that light shine upon you.
I knew those unafraid to be challenged by those paths unpaved.
And perhaps my comfort with that...
Leaves you opinionated that I am not aware,
I am black?
I just don't carry the affects of that on my back!
And why should I...
When every stride I glide is still followed!

And this is not about money,
Or being Afrocentric.
This is about identity and principle.
One's integrity and dignity.
And none of that do you represent...
As a means for your survival!
I can where...
And with whom I sit and eat.
That is something yet I can not do.
As I pretend to be unaware...
Of the closeness of my oppressor's teeth.
And you...
Could care less of who makes the mess.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

This Is All That They Value

An enforced need to continue fear and grief,
To uphold beliefs of a fading greatness...
Lifted by a costly campaign of propaganda.
Has achieved one thing.
A system with an economy falling to bits!
As racial divisions are ignited to incite.
While foreigners increase...
Their ownership with investments.

Do mice thrown cheese care who supplies it?
Does a people born feeling they have entitlements...
Recognize their selfishness.
Or have mindsets to deny their self centeredness?

How can they?

When all that they've known...
Are conflicts to pick to protect their interests.
And this is all that they value,
From a way of life that began for them.
And these standards for them have always been shown!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

This Is An Inside Job

Rest and be inside your peace...
And let those tensions go!
Release them from your mind with ease...
No one has to know.

There is no announcement to be made.
No attention to gather,
When these decisions are made.
Your peace of mind belongs to you.
How you choose to keep it elevated...
No voice outside of you can say.
Or tell you how that is pursued.

This is an inside job!
And only you can be the cause of its success.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

This Is Between You And Your Mother

Technology and Mother Nature,
Are not related.
No radar screen can detect,
What Mother Nature plans for us next.
Upset with regrets and protesting,
May gain the attention from whomever listens.
But on this Earth and this side of the Universe,
It's Mother Nature who makes all decisions.
And if it is God people wish would intervene...
Well,
For those taking notes with belief they need them...
Let's just say,
Figuratively speaking of course...
God and Mother Nature are in a unique relationship.
And God is not about to ask for a divorce.
When Mother Nature speaks,
We all are forced to listen with a giving Mother Nature...
Our undivided attention.

'But God? '

~Don't get Me involved.
This is between you and your Mother.
Remember...
If it wasn't for HER,
You wouldn't be here!
I just donate the 'ideal'...and that's it! ~

'But God? '

~Sssshhh.
Don't try to mess up my relationship.
Get to me later in prayer.
And I'll see what I can do.
But right now...
Your Mother makes this call.
And as a suggestion...
I would turn off that cellphone.
I 'think' She has requested your undivided attention.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

This Is Cause For Celebration

Aren't you happy to hear,
The unemployment rate...
Has gone down.

'Let's see...
People losing unemployment benefits.
Plus those who have given up seeking work.
And those companies who have taken their employees,
Overseas to pay no taxes here at all.
Who 'had' been unemployed and documented as such.

It's great to know that!
Less jobs are being found.
And the unemployment rate,
Is going down!
It is a miracle.
This is cause for celebration.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

This Is Getting More And More Outrageous

'What is the hold up here?
The orchestra is ready.
The chorus members are all in place.
The debaters are going over their notes.
The moderator looks impatient.
And the audience is becoming restless.
What is the delay?
What are we waiting for?
Even the media has begun to ask questions.'

It's...
The vendors.

'The VENDORS?
You've got to be kidding me? '

No.
I'm not.
They have decided to go on strike.
And since they are now unionized...
They seek more attention to discuss their needs.

'The VENDORS? '

Yes.
You see...
The debaters have mentioned,
Their focus on free enterprise.
And in a democratic system that supports capitalism,
The vendors feel they have every right to use this night...
To hold up the process of everything.

'The VENDORS?
This is getting more and more outrageous.'

What can I say?
People want their entitlements.
And the social media has made sure,
People are kept abreast of their democratic rights.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

This Is Going To Be A Long Ride

My observations are never premeditated.
With a plan to only accept that which I believe.
I experience a witnessing,
As a student willing to learn.
I take notes whether mental or written.
And free myself from regurgitating quotes,
To whisper into ears to then leave.

I'm not like that.

What I describe is viewed with my eyes.
And what I hear is seldom my own sentiments.
Although when I see something that should be clear,
But to others it is not as it appears...
I wonder when my delusions have ended.
And how many conscious aren't aware when they start.

I'm not like that either.

Could we all be confused,
And refuse to accept we've been abused and neglected...
By our own delusions?
Could we all be wishing what we witness isn't what it is.
To admit what is does exist without the benefit of our wishes?
Could my observations perceived as not being premeditated,
Be, in fact, a comforting of a trap...
My mind extends to enhance my comprehension?

Or...
Could I just be needing rest and have yet to confess,
I can use as much of it as I can get?

'Yes! '

I'm sorry.
I am having a personal self assessment.
Am I disturbing you?

'Yes.

I am hoping your 'self-assessment'...
Soon ends as to not to further prolong,
My 'already' too long bus ride.
But who knows...
Maybe I am confused AND deluded! '

I apologize.
I didn't realize I was speaking that loudly.

'No problem.
I do the same thing myself.
At home.
Alone.
When I'm seeking an intelligent conversation.'

Oh.
I agree with you.
This is going to be a long ride.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

This Is Good News

It is in your view.
You now see it.
Even though it has been there all the time.
You refused to see it for what it is.
Perhaps that is why it has more significance...
For you.
This is good news.
That only took you twenty years.
Perhaps tomorrow...
You will recognize it has connections!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

This Is Incredible

I remember a time and 'use' to believe,
All people were totally honest.
And would not entertain the thought to deceive.
No one I knew disrespected consciously.
But today a lack of thoughtfulness,
With this first expressed to address...
Is a forgotten act of a natural nornalcy.

'Do you mind if I ask you a question? '

No.
Of course not.
Go right ahead.

'Just how old are you?
I've heard my grandparents say the 'same' thing.
You CAN'T be THAT old!
I want to take a 'selfie' with you standing next to me.
And would you repeat what you said?
I want to record it for my history class.
I can't believe people like you are still around.
This is incredible! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

This Is Love

Only you can take me,
To love...
And keep me there.
I am so aware,
Of where I am...
With you.
This I know,
Only you can take me,
To love.

Only you can take me,
And make my heart...
Rejoice.
Your voice alone I hear,
When you are near...
And it is clear,
We're together to love.

Nothing I will do,
To make that go away.
Nothing I could wish,
To borrow from a dream.
Nothing I could say,
Would I have this another way...
Without you.
Or me together.

Only you can take me,
To love...
And keep me there.
I am so aware,
Of where I am...
With you.
This I know,
Only you can take me,
To love.

It is true with you,
This is love.

And only you...
Can take me there.

You alone,
Can take my heart to love.
And keep me there.
I am so aware,
Of where I am with you.
Only you,
Can take me to love.
It is true,
With you...
This is love.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

This Is 'My' America

Oh beautiful it is to awaken each day,
To have choices to make...
And aspire to achieve to unlimited heights.
With a doing to have no one refuse what I like.

Oh beautiful it is to feel free to take steps,
In any direction I wish to then select what's next.
And then to change my mind if I so please.
Or then leave this process to sit and breathe easily.

This...
Is 'my' America. Happy Birthday U.S.A.
Happy July 4th!
No other place can I have it this way.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

This Is My Only 'True' Relationship

Do you think I sit,
Unaware of my submissions?
As if I am oblivious,
To what it takes to create them?

Nor do they come easy,
Like those critics who sniff.
With a passing of judgement with it!
Free on the scene and unsolicited.

I wish I could say,
I'm not observant of this at all.
There is too much life I live,
For me to become that enthralled.
I have no ego to be massaged.
None to bring my activities,
To a complete engrossing stall.

Do you think I sit,
Unaware of my submissions?
As if I am oblivious,
To what it takes to create them?

I know I get less sleep!
And this is my only 'true' relationship,
I can say I've managed to keep!
And devoted I am.
With a divorce from it,
Nowhere to address in my mind to exist!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

This Is No Parody

The costumes adorned.
And the presentation to represent,
Your dialogue to encase mood and attitude...
You describe and to us relate,
Is a quality so real and accessible.
And the effect you have created,
Gave me shivers and took my breath.
However...
I must say,
And don't get offended...
The setting I found a bit abstract.
And the characters you used to dress like rats,
Serving fat cats in tuxedos...
Did nothing for me to believe,
The performance I saw had been a parody.

'Parody?
This is no parody.
I tried to tell you and the others,
The outdoor performance you had come to see...
Was across the street.
While you and the others were setting up,
Your lawn chairs and other stuff.
Across the street where 'that' crowd is and appears.
Apparently you are not familiar with this neighborhood?
On this side of the street is life as it is for us.
Your bus just stopped to park here.
That's all.
And when you and the others got off,
Well...
You just made yourselves at home.
As if you were watching TV.'

You mean to tell me we paid to see this?

'You PAID to see this? '

Of course.
And judging from my friends re-actions,

And my own as well...
We all would do it again.
I loved it.
The cussing. The violence. The cats. The rats.
All of it was magic. Delightful.
And the distant sounds of shootings and sirens?

'Huh?
The what, the who?
You would...pay? '

Sure.

'You all have been out of touch,
For a very long time.
Don't go anywhere.
I'll have to discuss with the 'cast'...
If we all can get our schedules together,
For a weekly performance.
How's that?
And the fee...would be...? '

Hopefully it will be the same $150 per person.
Unless...

'Say what? One hundred and fifty bucks? '

Okay...
$250.

'Lord...
Please send us more gifts like this.'

That's what I mean.
Even your improvisations,
Are so captivating.

'Trust me,
If you like thrills...
We can have you all mugged next week! '

Yes.
Yes.
Thrill us to death.

'But...
Before you leave,
Please feel free to sign our guestbook.
You know...
Names, addresses, phone numbers.
Stuff like that.'

We are going to make you stars.
Who knows.
You just might have a career on 'Reality TV'.
We all love it that much.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

This Is Not A Motel

The moment you said to me,
You needed more time to find yourself...
I didn't expect to see you back here so soon.
That's why I cleaned out your room.
And sold some things!
The rest,
As you can see...
I threw away.
Oh...
I'm sorry!
I don't mean to be rude.
This is my new lover.
And we are blessed,
Not to have a problem...
Knowing exactly where we are.
You're welcomed to come in...
If you would like to.

'Wow.
I didn't think you would change like this.
So quickly.'

Hey...
What can I say?
If you needed more than twenty four hours...
You should have called.
This is not a motel,
Where you can come as you choose to be serviced.

You needed time to find yourself?
I hope you were successful?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

This Is Not About That

This is not about that.
Or will it be dragged into discussion,
To satisfy a rush to judgement.
That is about confinement,
And conditional ignorance.
This is about a movement from that...
With a comprehension that attracts.
And does not offend differences of opinions,
Given.
This is not about that.
Or the lack of understanding.
This is about assisting the increase,
Of one's peace of mind!
This comes with a will to seek our happiness.
And that is a struggle held to be kept intact!
And this is doing the best it can...
To become uplifted and removed,
From a diffusion that traps!
This is about a cohesiveness.
One that stops all of that!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

This Is Not My Crumbcake

I did not place my crumbcake here!
This is not my crumbcake.
And this chair was over there.
And who took a sip of my rootbeer float mix?
No one is to leave this room...
Until I get a sniff of everyone's lips.
I do not want another slice.
When I got up to get a napkin...
Someone came over here,
To sneak a bite to eat.
Picked up my treat...
And did not care to place it back neat!
That's not nice!
That is the markings of a creep.
This is not my crumbcake.
I did not take a bite.
Nor do I have a gap between my teeth.
Don't laugh!
That was the last corner piece!
And I'm going to find which one of you trespassed.
This crumbcake was mine.
Not for someone else to sneak.
Peaking to see me leave before they leaped.
Who did this?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

This Is Not Right

You may as well reveal it,
When the time comes
For it to be revealed.
Concealing misdeeds done,
Wont heal.
And feelings hurt,
Are not going to stop dirt...
Scooped up and thrown,
Overnight!
Especially if someone has been lied upon,
And the one responsible
Has done this out of spite!
To incite and ignite.
Was that you?
This is not right.
And things like this done,
Eventually exposes deception,
In broad daylight.
Leading to further misunderstandings...
With the wrong people left not speaking.
And those not involved,
Cursing each other into fights!
This is not right.
It is better to be direct.
Than to get upset...
By weaving a web of hatred,
And deception...
One will regret!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

This Is Noticed

They stay focused.
Devoted with discipline.
And this is noticed.

Dependable they are.
With a doing to get things done.
Although moody they make no excuses.

They stay focused.
Devoted with discipline.
And this is noticed.

As sure as the Earth spins,
They remain accountable.
And responsible to the bitter end.

Dependable they are.
With a doing to get things done.
And many regard this as a flaw.

They stay focused.
Devoted with discipline.
And this is noticed.

A doing with a commitment,
To ensure a task is complete.
This is their goal and priority to keep.

They stay focused.
Devoted with discipline.
And this is noticed.

But...
Shouldn't this be accepted,
As a part of progress and success?
All expect from themselves and the rest.
Without it being thought exceptional?

THEY,

Stay focused.
THEY,
Are devoted with discipline.
And this is noticed!
As if rare.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

This Is Our Reality

It embraces and comforts!

'What does? '

To know I am across the street,
From where conflicts are debated...
And attracting some like treats!
While I have errands to run and complete,
Without the slightest curiosity...
To stop my feet.
I am blessed to identify a mess,
That does not affect my rest, peace or sleep!

'But this is our reality! '

I know.
I know!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

This Is Precious

This is precious.
And, the freshest yet.
The surface is golden,
With more of it...
In it's depth!
Yeah.

This is precious.
And, the freshest yet.
The surface is golden,
With more of it...
In it's depth!
Yeah.

People should be more expressive,
With more of that shown...
From a depth.
Yeah.

People should stop their feeding,
On more nonsense that will upset.
Yeah!

People should spend time finding,
More happiness for them to get.
And forget about a past to sack and pack,
Yeah!

People should be more expressive.
With more of that and from a depth,
Yeah.
People should expand their minds...
But they want to find that which upsets.
Confessing unhappiness and their regrets,
Yeah.

This is precious.
And, the freshest yet.
The surface is golden,

With more of it...
In it's depth!
Yeah.

People should be more expressive.
With more of that and from a depth,
Yeah.
People should expand their minds...
But they want to find that which upsets.
Confessing unhappiness and their regrets,
Yeah.

People should be more expressive.
With more of that and from a depth,
Yeah.
People should expand their minds...
But they want to find that which upsets.
Confessing unhappiness and their regrets,
Yeah.

This is precious.
And, the freshest yet.
The surface is golden,
With more of it...
In it's depth!
Yeah.

This is precious.
And, the freshest yet.
The surface is golden,
With more of it...
In it's depth!
Yeah.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

This Is The Kind Of Life

We all interpret life,
On our own terms.
What is accepted...
Rejected and neglected,
Is a process that is taught.
This 'show and tell' conditioning,
Is learned and consciously sought!

We are born to believe,
What is fed to us.
This 'feeding' is received...
And what is perceived,
We with others retrieve with like minds!
Preferring to find those of the same kind,
With like 'experiences' shared without fear!

And fear keeps us all indoctrinated to accept doubt!
Isn't that what marketing peace is about?
With the realization it will never be found...
As we rely on the production of conflict and confusion,
To always be identified!
Knowing that as well as we do.
And hoping this in our lives stays around!

We all interpret life,
On our own terms.
What is accepted...
Rejected and neglected,
Is a process that is taught.
This 'show and tell' conditioning,
Is learned and consciously sought!
And is kept alive to thrive...
In comfort zones,
Until the day we die!

Leaving those who defy these 'truths'...
Spilling their guts out in confession booths.
Or squeezing themselves to sit in pews...
As they listen to hypocrites from pulpits preach,

To leech on minds already screwed and confused!

And this is the kind of life,
We all have come to love!
Listening to teachings,
That 'demons' from hell have no wings...
Allowing to be demoralized on Sunday,
Learning more about the devil...
As we hear these 'disciples' sing!

And this is the kind of life,
We all have come to love!

We all interpret life,
On our own terms.
What is accepted...
Rejected and neglected,
Is a process that is taught.
This 'show and tell' conditioning,
Is learned and consciously sought!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

This Is The Sadness

Mystified are many,
Looking from the outside in.
As to why people who 'appear' to be
Of the same race...
Would have issues of skin color.
And have those insecurities they hold...
From the beginning of noticing it,
Until their life experiences end.

This doesn't make sense,
Since they are all oppressed.
And not by those from other races.
They keep these issues to bait...
A self hatred that goes undebated.
Yet felt,
Although stubbornly unspoken.

And this has allowed a self esteem,
Defeated.
With expectations minimized.
And from their eyes success...
Becomes a thing maximized to beat.
Keeping them divided...
With a call for unity from the tongues.
But despising one another,
They can not seem to cease.

Mystified are many,
Looking from the outside in.
As to why people who 'appear' to be
Of the same race...
Would have issues of skin color.
And have those insecurities they hold...
From the beginning of noticing it,
Until their life experiences end.

This is the sadness,
For those without a dignity to pride!
Or an identity to defend.

This is 'their' sadness!
But not for those who laugh at them.

This is 'their' sadness as observed and seen.
As others who are just as petty...
In a system petty driven to affect and demean.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

This Is Their Gift

This is their gift.
To corral them,
In urban centers.
Strip them of identity.
Have them believe and accept they are clones...
With one exception!
They are to be used to uplift the suppressor's ego!
To smother.
Even the oppressor's druthers,
Can not provide an explanation
For their own drain sustained!
Or their own degradation.
But attempts will be made,
To initiate fault and blame!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

'This' Is 'Their' Relationship

Tormented!
And they sit with the scent of it.
Hoping what has been done and meant...
Will not segment their love.
Yet exposed in episodes.

Although unhinged and emotionally glued.
They have a togetherness,
Outsiders viewing it...
Believe their 'tightness'
Is becoming unscrewed.

Is it?
These two know what they enjoy and do!

Yet 'this' is 'their' relationship.
And dysfunctional lovers though they be...
They are the two involved in it.
Busted and bruised...
In a viciousness for them is bliss!

Is it pathetic?
Is it?

These two know what they enjoy and do!
And better qualified,
To know whether or not...
If their feelings are true.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

This Is Their Request

They have spoken.
And have chosen to amplify the darkness.
This is their request.
This is their concept of progress.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

This Is This

This is this,
And nothing else.
This is not that!
Nor can that be this.
Even if you wished it...
To be detracted.
This will never be that,
Whether or not you regard this as fact!
This as it is,
Is not that!
This is this,
And nothing else to retract...
To retread what this is to give this to become that,
Back!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

'This Is Too Abstract'

The same people who exclaimed,
They will remain the same unchanged.
And down to Earth.
With a belief the doing of this,
Merits proof of the use of their common sense...
Are today surrounded by a vast ignorance,
Only they have created for themselves to invent.

It takes much more than speeches...
Sermons preached and writings on the wall,
For a people blinded to it all...
Who can not face facts or the presence of truth,
With a preference for delusion...
To protect their denials to eliminate from their minds,
A dependence on excuses made they value.

'Can you express this more basically,
For those unable to comprehend? '

No.
I'm not in the business of selling,
Bargain basement specials,
To anyone still needing instructions...
On the purpose and use of an escalator.
Wanting to reach with a desire to go up,
Will eventually dawn on those...
Who sought to stay behind closed doors,
On the lower floors.

'This is too abstract.'

Well...
Accuse me for anything you wish.
But I had nothing to do with the dumbdowning.
Or its acceptance.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

This Is What It Chooses To Do

This World swirling...
Is ever evolving.
Spinning to release itself,
From the past.
And producing fresh new standards,
For those of us witnessing...
As passengers.
Much like a flea,
That rides for free...
The flesh of an animal.
And scratches,
To satisfy an annoying itch!

Believing what you hold onto in your hands,
Is for you to keep...
Disappears and returns to dust.
This Earth has a mindset that sustains.
And the 'us' that 'it' is...
Does not seek 'your' trust.
Nor does it tolerate the itching of your conflicts.
It will seek to get rid of it.
And do its best to provide your observations,
With warnings.
However...
It doesn't have to do this.
This is what it chooses to do!
Regardless of the 'who' you think you are.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

This Is What You Chose And Wanted

Where are those,
Pure of heart.
Loving of justice.
Courageous and brave.
Upright and wholesome.
Devoted, loyal and honest.
Caring and sharing of good deeds.
Where are these people?
What has happened to them,
And their influences missed?
Where do they hide?
Do they still exist?

'Of course they 'still' exist.
They are the ones you got rid of!
Don't you remember this?

They are the ones who attempted to prevent...
Your current agonies.
With the rise of misfits.

And the more outspoken,
Those with opened eyes became...
You became more belligerent.
You became more incensed.
With character assassinations!
And reputations you defamed.

Don't you remember this?

Now you wish a way of life,
Away from the one you have...
That had made no sense.
With greed and corruption...
Welcomed on your path!

And this is what you chose and wanted.
If you didn't...
Why did you insist on it?

Is it because you now feel trapped?

And those you dismissed,
Appear to be happier...
Than 'that' happiness,
You believed you HAD! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

This Isn'T Science

Why is it,
That when someone has decided...
To leave others alone and their foolishness,
Sends out a signal...
That what the person is really seeking,
Is attention.

So 'they', the 'others', have decided,
This is just a phase someone is going through...
And they will remain the fools,
They believe endears them to others.
And they do choose to stay the fools with solicitation,
That popularizes with encouragement the entire population.

'Sometimes ignorance is bliss.'

Okay.
Point out one person,
That has become blissed as a benefit...
By their admission to being ignorant.
Just one.

'That is a challenge.
Especially when no one admits it.'

That's the problem!
Everyone wants to teach their method,
Of ignorance...
To discourage anyone making attempts,
To escape from it.

'So what is it you suggest we should do? '

Continue to pretend we are intelligent.
People will leave us alone.
This isn't science.
But trust me...
It works!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

This Kid Must Be Out Of His Mind

Strong I've been for so long.
And no sense enough to run,
When threats would come...
To frighten others to fear,
Their own shadows.
And scuttle them into huddles,
That protected in a security bubble...
I just did not have at my convenience.

I seem to have sweated my insecurities away.
My legs would stiffen and my feet would freeze.
And I believe I turned my shock into blocks of defense...
Leaving any enemies to believe,
I remained behind as a decoy just to tease.
But...
No!

Strong I've been for so long.
And no sense enough to run,
When threats would come...
To frighten others to fear,
Their own shadows.
And scuttle them into huddles,
That protected in a security bubble...
I just did not have at my convenience.

And...
I couldn't move or limp away in a faint.
I just stood with my eyes closed,
With fists balled.
As I would listen to the predators say,
'This kid must be out of his mind.
Maybe he's blind?
Or just crazed.'

And then without warning,
I'd hear them mumble to then walk away.

~Oh yeah?

Yeah?
You better go!
You don't know 'Who' I know!

God...
I thank you so much! ~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

This Kind Of Adventure

The only ones who come to understand,
The importance of being drenched...
And soaked as they walked in pouring rain,
Are those who feel they've been cleansed...
Nourished and forgiven,
For taking life and the process of it for granted.
With only one claim to make to confess it,
To know it understood to comprehend...
That their decision to get thoroughly wet,
Can not be blamed on others with it expected...
To have their accusations accepted.
No one experiencing this kind of adventure,
Is seeking a place to evade from the truth.
Especially when they take upon themselves,
To be completely exposed.
And freed from attempts to make impressions.

'Why are you standing outside,
When you can come inside to dry? '

~I will.
But I am taking this time,
To express my appreciation.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

This Kind Of Devoted Discipline

Many do not understand,
This kind of devoted discipline.

Some don't understand the benefits of discipline,
Period.

And it is difficult for them,
To connect success with a drive that is focused.

Some people believe luck is involved,
That comes to assist achievement.

And not intention...or,
The sweat of hard work and sleepless nights.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

This Kind Of Notoriety

What has been subjected to fear,
Has always been manufactured.

It has always been that way,
To those victimized.
To those prepared to be wounded,
By lies and applied apologies.
Stated once satisfaction arrives.

And easily are these misdeeds excused...
After the accused has been abused.
And hunted down for interviews,
To further jeopardize one's privacy.

Who sits and desires,
This kind of notoriety?

Could it be...
Only those attached to mysteries?
And ponder the marketing of book sales...
For those who love to read,
About whose lives have been destroyed...
By the policies society employs.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

This Life Called Mine

This life called mine
Is not under your shadow.
Not under your beck and call.
Not living under that,
Not living it or giving it under that.
This life called mine...
Is exactly what it is.
Mine.
And not yours to say,
When I should put out.
Or when you feel the need to put in!
This life called mine...
I call it a condo.
I own all that which is inside.
And all that is outside of me...
God takes care of.
And I'm not charged a maintainance fee.
And I'm not trying to break my lease...
Either.
Or leave unexpectedly!
At least...
Give me some kind of a 50 year notice.

This life called mine.
And I've become fond,
Of Mother Nature's wholesomeness.
Fine it is,
This life of mine.
Fine it is,
The gloriousness of it.
I'd be out of my mind,
Not to fine the life I love to live...
Fine.
And I thank The Divine.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

This Living Earth Is Sick Of Conflicts

There is going to be an end of violence.
With a silencing of disturbed minds burned.
Increased mental illnesses will afflict.
Evidence of that,
Now exists.

This living Earth is sick of conflicts.
And those 'experiments' that leech upon it!
Many are trying to find signs to depict the end.
And the ones in worship of the falsities of deities...
Have symbolized them in flesh,
And not in 'spirits' that oversees all of their misdeeds!

There is going to be an end of violence.
With a silencing of disturbed minds burned.
Increased mental illnesses will afflict.
Evidence of that,
Now exists.
And yet there are those...
Believing they command and control,
The outcome!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

This Lone Pilot

The flight of this lone pilot,
Has experienced the consequences...
Of dismissing turbulence before.
With a coming 'thisclose' to disaster.
Yet looking back without fear,
To continue on a path moving forward...
That may or may not have,
Similar events that will not prevent...
More flights this pilot has decided,
To test and pass with it grasped.
And adventured to explore the soaring...
Of a life one gets not to sit just wishing,
What it would be like to try to reach heights.
And with attempts of it done,
Unafraid to be made...
This lone pilot everyday,
Dares to be 'more' brave.
With a daring not to listen to definitions of fear.
A fear to keep does not achieve dreams to reach.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

This Loneliness That Visits

Sometimes loneliness is a gift.
It allows our minds to reflect and drift.
To evaluate who it is we are.
What our wishes mean to us...
And the depth of our dreams,
When loneliness descends.

Our desire to be free of this 'entrapment'
Is encouraging!
Once it is realize 'why' we feel this way.
And 'what' the efforts are to deliver us,
From only seeing ourselves mirroring a sadness.
Knowing that a trust hidden,
Awaits to deliver gladness that arrives...
Eventually!
To inspire our hearts to thrive on new adventures!
This can not be who it is that we are.
A frowning face that takes a place,
Becoming too comfortable with a loneliness sitting.

It is unfamiliar,
When first viewed.
And expressed upon our faces.
Clearly not subdued.
That is why it draws all of our attention to it!
And others too.
This loneliness that visits.
Because it is allowed.
Until we walk away from it.
Freeing it from its welcome.
Leaving it as something seen...
Like a foe that pops up on the scene.
But not to be accepted with a warm embrace.
We can move away from it IF we so desire!
If we inspired a happiness within us to surface!
It can and should be replaced.
Erasing...
This loneliness,
We can dismiss.

To acquire a more sweetened taste...
From a life of bitterness,
An aloneness made can trace!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

This Love I'Ve Got

Opened to the flow,
That exists.
No longer am I resisting it...
This love!

This love I've got,
Is more than not!
And is feeding all my needs,
Now I'm stronger than a rock!
This love I've got,
Is more than not!
And is feeding all my needs,
Now I'm stronger than a rock!

I took a mop!
And cleaned up shop.
I had to stop discomfort that I knew,
And grew up a lot!
I took a mop!
And cleaned up shop.
I had to stop discomfort that I knew,
And grew up a lot!

This love I've got,
Is more than not!
And is feeding all my needs,
Now I'm stronger than a rock!
This love I've got,
Is more than not!
And is feeding all my needs,
Now I'm stronger than a rock!

Opened to the flow,
That exists.
No longer am I resisting it...
This love!
Oh...
I took a mop!
And cleaned up shop.

I had to stop discomfort that I knew,
And grew up a lot!
This love I've got,
Is more than not!
And is feeding all my needs,
Now I'm stronger than a rock!
With-this-love I've got.

With-this-love I've got.

With-this-love I've got!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

This Love Of Life I'Ve Come To Know

I did not come to know love,
To rid myself of it to hate.
I did not choose to unlock a door...
To then escape by building a gate.

I did not hop a fence,
To convince anyone I could run.
I did not come to face the truth,
To allow what I've learned to be undone.

I did not concentrate,
To then refuse comprehension.
I wanted and sought more to understand...
And stand to feel the Sun upon me come.

I did not come to know love,
To rid myself of it to hate.
I did not choose to unlock a door...
To then escape by building a gate.

My choice,
Was not to hide but decide my voice I'd share.
To say those things I felt and meant,
From a caring awareness I had to declare.

I did not hop a fence,
To convince anyone I could run.
I did not come to face the truth,
To allow what I've learned to be undone.

I did not earn anything,
With a purpose to throw it away!
Or someday myself betray.
Not to sacrifice this love of life I've come to know.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

This Lunacy Is Their Bliss

Can not make a living,
Like those comparing statistics.
Can not thrive in limitations...
As they assume themselves supernaturalistic.
Every condition they have created,
A mess themselves they leave.
They believe themselves superior...
By creating illusions conceived!

Taking from others and using them,
To show how much better they are...
Has proven that this is an existence that is sick,
And methods used has deepened their own scars.
This is their reality...
A normalcy suspiciously accepted,
And quite bizarre!

They will take a monkey's butt,
And cover it in pants!
Make cartoons of talking animals,
And destroy human beings at a glance!
They could care less where they make a mess...
As long as someone else is to blame.
And then accuse those they abuse,
By victimizing them to shame!

This is the historical game they have played,
To keep themselves feeling they are better!
But they have forgotten how rotten they have gotten...
And this cancer they have spread has kept them crazed.
No mystery is this!
This lunacy is their bliss!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

This Magnificent Experience

The excited light
That shines from birth bright in a child...
Brings laughter and joy,
To those who watch first...
The connecting steps taken.

And the beginning of discovery,
Continues to glow...
Although with tears sometimes flowing,
To reflect upon the eyes of the guardian
Assigned to protect and keep
Each slow bloom of this peaking petal,
Revealed in inspirating wonder.

Reaching to broaden...
This magnificent experience.
Touching something about life unknown,
As it grows!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

This Makes Me Hot

When we are together,
And our eyes focus...
Not to blink nonstop.
This makes me hot.

When you are not there,
And the telephone rings.
Your voice brings me joy,
And 'whatever' you say...
Makes my heart begin to sing.
This makes me hot.

And unbearable is the thought,
Of us touching in a naked embrace.
Your face against mine...
And those 'sounds',
Between us made.
Oh...
This makes me hot.

I can not think of an us,
Without you in my view.
I can not be alone for a single moment,
Without imagining us together...
And those things we choose to do.
This makes me hot.

When we are together,
And our eyes focus...
Not to blink nonstop.
This makes me hot.

With the blending of the right ingredients,
To be stirred in one sizzling pot.
And the after taste of this,
Stays on my lips.
You and I know what we've got.
And this...

Heated mix,
Is an appetite I crave and miss.
Without 'you' near...
It seems I can not handle it.

This chemistry between you and me,
Means a lot!
Especially when both of us,
Can not hide what we've got.
Oh yes it is deep.
And extremely hot.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

This Makes No Sense

If there are those,
Who have walked on paths alone...
And they have known the ones,
To have stabbed them in the back...
With false accusations.
Why would they then volunteer,
To pay someone else's dues?
Or let anyone borrow from them,
Their sharpest knives?
With a wishing,
To them...
To keep trying to do their very best?
This makes no sense!
Or does it?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

This May Be Painful For You To Hear

I know this may be painful for you to hear.
But there are very few people,
With wishes and desires to comprehend your needs.

You may not believe that.
But at least take it into consideration,
Others you observe and see...
Can be counted on as not having you even as a thought,
In their minds at all.

And if you choose to put this to a test...
Go to any shopping mall, grocery store
Or sit among others in a concert!
Witness the atmosphere.
See who is digesting it.

They are there to receive what they came to get.
Do it and then to leave.
And some may or may not...
Glance at the receipt.

Here is a suggestion:
Spend a few weeks alone.
Just you and 'life'.
From that you will gain a better perspective.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

This May Have Confused Them

Never have I said,
I was something that I am not.
Or others should live up to my expectations.

I may have 'hinted' a wish others to be themselves.
And this may have confused them,
As I made attempts to interpret their conversations.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

This May Take Decades

To turn an inherited cesspool,
Into a prize winning Rose garden...
Is going to take a lot of time.
Especially when the users have spent...
Years of squatting to release their excrement.

And just when the scent of Roses,
Can be expected to bloom and be seen?
That depends on those willing to sacrifice...
The relinquishing of their rights,
For an upgrade of their decadent insights.

And for them who have become upset...
This may take decades,
To overhaul their medieval mindsets!
Patience and virtue has not been used...
To develop, protect or cover their assets.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

This Meeting Is Adjourned

We have called this community meeting,
To ensure everyone who has gathered...
That we have finally reached an agreement,
To solve with an ending all of our problems.

It has been determined from this day forward,
That it is best if we declared each of us...
And every generation to come we have influenced,
To announce on this day...
We now have validated ourselves INSANE.
Are there any questions?

'Yes.
I have one.'

Your question?

'Can we celebrate our new designation with a day off? '

And how do you propose we celebrate it?

'I suggest we hold an annual vigil,
For those who died before us and did the best they could...
To keep us as 'sane' as possible.'

We will take that into consideration.
And make sure your suggestion is on the agenda,
At the next meeting.
Any other questions, suggestions or recommendations?
Good.
This meeting is adjourned.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

This Might Create Friction

Those blessed with gifts and talents,
Aren't aware who has or has not.
Someone with an appetite,
Seeks to be fed.
And a feeding them of something,
Someone else may like...
Is often not the right thing to do.
You will be told.
And this might create friction.

Those blessed with gifts and talents,
Aren't aware who has or has not.
Someone with an appetite,
Seeks to be fed.
And a feeding them of something,
Someone else may like...
Is often not the right thing to do.
You will be told.
And this might create friction.

Or a repeated reminder!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

This Mix Eclectic

An eclectic mix,
I bring and offer.
Something suitable...
Like a picnic surprise.

Would you like bitterness?
With a touch of laughter and suspense?
Dipped and twisted?

What about high drama?
I'll be more than glad...
To dispense with it!

How about something silly?
Like seeing hip-hop,
Performed by hillbillies?

Or a rap 'chilled' by preachers...
When a congregation is in prayer on their knees?
Ready to scream as if from bleachers,
When that preacher gives a roaring sermon to please!

These blending rhythms may not at all satisfy.
I'm not out for eye poppers...
Or jaw dropping stunts to get me by.

This mix eclectic,
Offers to bring some out
Of their mental dumps!
With a diverse taste...
For some to try!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

This Mix Of Blended Nausea

Is everything done they do prefabricated?
Or is it just those things hidden,
Under secretive cover...
That are eventually discovered by others,
To then become exposed and revealed...
For the purpose to over-hype and frighten.
Especially those locked up in their 'boxes',
With teachings to rate their favorite escapades...
By physical appearances, hair texture and skin color.

'What do you refer to?
Extraterrestials?
Religious beliefs?
The price of gas and oil?
Economics?
Utlilities?
Jobs outsourced?
Exports and/or imports?
The cost of education...
Or employment creation?
Blonds, brunettes, dreads or bald heads?
Blue, brown, hazel, green or grey eyes? '

Which ones are relative to you?

'All of them.'

Oh...
I see.
So you buy into...
Variety is the spice of life nonsense?

'I wouldn't call it nonsense.'

Really?
What would you call this mix of blended nausea?

'That's close enough.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

This Moment To Witness

In this moment to witness,
As it is and 'now'...
Can not be argued as the most precious.
Or found to debate over it's effectiveness.
In this moment to witness,
As it is and 'now'.

In this moment to witness,
Steps taken to reminisce...
Are often wished to replace,
Mistakes made to erase.
And many look back...
But can't eliminate worries off their faces.

As it is and 'now',
Life is to be lived with the facts accepted.
As it is and 'now',
People should refuse to live exclusively deluded.
In this moment to witness.
And as it is 'now'.

Not a moment lived and given,
Is repeated to delete that which has been done.
Even though decisions are made,
To have those wishes come.
Not a moment lived and given,
Is allowed to schedule for another day.
Not a moment lived and given,
Is borrowed to save!

In this moment to witness,
As it is and 'now'...
Doesn't come to stay.
No matter who decides to look away from it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

This Mongrel Witnessed

From the shores of Danish harbors,
I live my Viking past.
And I hear the words of my father saying...
'You are not pure.
You are a mongrel.
You represent ancestors...
On your blood line that will last.'

And I listen to those speak of their ancestry,
As if they were as pure as they could be.
With most of them wishing they sat on thrones,
Depicting their connection with royalty.
But as for me I'll take being called a mongrel, .
A moor who is black or a more not without that.
It doesn't matter to me.

Since this 'mongrel' witnessed to be observed,
IS going to achieve with a doing done to be believed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

This Mood Is Yours

All you want to do is sit, mumble and fight.
Like that should be a part of our daily appetite!
But you can
Crumble with it.
I'm not gon'
Baby sit it!

You believe your actions are foreplay to making love.
Since that's the way it was when we were cooing like some doves!
But you can
Crumble with it.
I'm not gon'
Baby sit it!

Catching butterflies and watching busy bees on flowers was our 'thing! '
Time has passed us by and now you want to justify my lack of taste...
For these scenes you're making!

All you want to do is sit, mumble and fight.
Like that should be a part of our daily appetite!
But you can
Crumble with it.
I'm not gon'
Baby sit it!

You believe your actions are foreplay to making love.
Since that's the way it was when we were cooing like some doves!
But you can
Crumble with it.
I'm not gon'
Baby sit it!

Will you please pass the bacon!
My toast is too cool for the jam.
Do you mind nukin' my scramble eggs?
And when you're done with pouting...
Pull the cord on the ceiling fan!

Your heat ain't stoppin'

I know you're trying to crank me up to see me crunchy too!
But what you do has lost its cuteness and its hoochie coo...
And taste for homemade liquor!

'When the moon would shine and flicker!
And both of us got 'lit' up quicker.'

But those days then...
Don't make these wasted quarrels today right to fight!
Please pass the pepper with the butter knife.

You believe your actions are foreplay to making love.
Since that's the way it was when we were cooing like some doves!
But you can
Crumble with it.
I'm not gon'
Baby sit it!

You can
Just forget it!
I'm not gon'
Trouble with it!
This mood is yours not mine,
To visit!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

This Morning

This morning,
Like none other seen to dawn...
The air is fresher with a crispness sniffed.
And the sky so clear,
As if awaiting to be imprinted...
With a lustre of new and innovative imaginations.

This morning,
An excitement existed.
And those walking along the streets,
Appeared determined to greet one another...
With a sincerity believed,
That was met and received as if gifts were exchanged.

This morning,
Like none other seen to dawn...
Every conceivable deception that lived,
Had disappeared from all hearts.
And mysteriously,
Was gone.

This morning had come,
With a welcoming that stunned.
And those who embraced the rays of it,
Glowed!
Showing without a cloud to misinterpret,
A smiling done by the warmnest felt from Sun!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

This Mystery Is On You To Solve

You've recently made a decision
To do something on your own
Something you knew should have taken place
Weeks ago
And you call me to let me know that this was done

Okay?
I can dig it
But

Is it because you found out I knew
You had not followed through
As you initially promised
That you would do to someone else?
Or you wish to confirm your action
As being completed?
With me?

Ok you get an 'A' plus
But

That's why I had not returned your call
Because I have no idea what you expect me to say
I like Chardonnay with cheese?
Homemade pancakes?
Seriously
I 'still' don't understand the call
How am I involved?
And when did you ever listen to someone
With the giving to you advice?

You are getting too mysterious
And mysteries I am not into!
And no
I am not returning the call
This mystery is on you to solve

Lawrence S. Pertillar

This Nakedness You Witness

Don't think for one moment,
I wish to follow in your footsteps.
Or that I seek acceptance,
To 'allow' from you an approval!

I was not granted my life,
To struggle or fight to enlighten my mind...
To find myself repeating your dreams.
I have my own.
And none of them that I have shown,
Bears your name!

Whatever it is you may think of me...
Think it!
Drink it!
Sip it with gossip to lick it up!

And whatever claim to fame I am due,
It did not come to me without pain.
And 'that' no one I know...
Or have been honored to be introduced,
Has shared.
Or have declared...
They have or had wanted to bear.
No struggles I know,
Came to me without obstacles.
And I knew of no one there to share them!

This nakedness you witness...
If you observe closely,
Is not without scars felt.
That I nursed to heal!
With faith and gratefulness.
And no one but God...
Lifted me off my knees!

That's IF you ever wish to question,
WHO and WHAT powers my strength!
It is there and meant to be what it is!

And none of it is in disguise.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

This New England Season

The purple and orange in the sunsetting sky.
The smell of wood burning...
Delivering whists of kissed smoked drifts,
From chimneys of homes nearby!
And it doesn't really seem
Autumn is closing in with Fall!
Afterall,
Quick has come September...
I did not hear Summer shout, 'Last call! '

The Harvest Moon will come soon,
With the joy of apple picking...
From trees whose leaves
Will color bright in fitting hues.
And swift breezes will begin,
To dropp in temperature to subdue!
As Indian Summer finally comes...
Splashing this New England season,
I wish was witnessed by everyone.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

This Offer Had Been There And Granted

When burdens begin to lift,
Up off the carrier's shoulders.
A fresh smell of life,
Is noticed to have a wonderful and sparkling 'taste'.

Only then does one realize,
A magnificence has been wasted.
But never is it too late...
To participate without hesitation.

This offer had been there and granted,
By invitation from God.
Awaiting for one to finish,
An internal debate.
To accept and realize,
A deserving had already been decided.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

This One I Picked For Christmas

How many Angels can sit atop a tree.
This one I picked for Christmas,
To bring such joy for me.

And how many lights can twinkle bright,
As stars?
Trimming branches candycaned.
That lightens up my heart!

How many gifts wished,
Will I get this year?
And how many will share Christmas,
With laughter and not tears.

How many bells will ring,
As carols are heard sung?
How many will make sure,
Goodwill is felt...
By everyone.

How many Angels can sit atop a tree.
This one I picked for Christmas,
And sits so beautifully.

Where is that magic made,
That comes we celebrate?
How can we keep it here...
With us like this always?

How many bells will ring,
As carols are heard sung?
How many will make sure,
Goodwill is felt...
By everyone.
And stays.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

This One Is On Me

You want me to
What?
Endure your pain,
As an expression
Of my love and devotion?
You wait right there

'Where are you going? '

To get us both a psychiatrist.
Don't worry about it; the expense!
This one is on me.
Because I can not believe,
You are beginning to make sense.
That's how badly I need my head examined.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

This 'One' Monkey

One monkey,
Does not stop a show.
UNLESS...
This 'one' monkey,
Traveled to find the right venue...
Wrote the script,
And picked the director too.
Sold most of the tickets,
While others seeking to get paid...
Kept their 'tales' to tell,
To masquerade a charade.
With egos on their shoulders...
And attitudes to delude,
Themselves to be 'stars'...
While sitting on their backs,
Bragging about their lack of talent.
Talent that 'one' monkey,
Knew none of them had.
And decided another headache,
It did not want to have...
By stopping the show and leaving.

'But why can't the other monkeys,
Do their own 'thing'? '

That would mean they would have to work.
That would mean they would have to,
Sacrifice time.
Be disciplined with initiative.
That would mean also,
Proving to have interest in their own careers.
And not believe,
To accomodate 'one' monkey...
Who has done everything possible,
To have others monkeys shine in limelight...
Can do it to think,
Sitting on their behinds to whine is fine.

'Oh.

And I heard it told,
That monkey thought it was 'grand'.
But that monkey had too much in its hands.'

And that's how it goes,
When 'one' monkey stops...
A doing unseen to expose to show,
Monkeys who 'talk' the 'talk'...
Do less walking.
And little on their backs do they carry a load.
Unless, of course...
Its bananas to snack on and that gets old.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

This Or That

You want me to understand...
This about you
And that about you
And this about you
And that about you.
And I'm understanding this...
Listening to you insist about that!
It is you that could give a rat's ass
About anything that doesn't include you!
And YOU don't understand this Or that,
About me...
Or if a tree 'pees' at all!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

This Pace Made

You totally misinterpret,
The pace I keep.
Not one step do I make,
That is taken...
Has you in my mind to compete.
Or is there a thought given to your mission.
I have interests to pursue.
What about you?

This pace made,
Is not awaiting your notice.
Nor is this pace made,
Initiated in the origin of hesitation.
But is a motivation to focus my eyes on the prize.
With my own determination affixed to it!
To feel I am achieving 'something' that validates,
The time I've spent blessed in the appreciation of my life.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

This Path I Walk Before Me

I understood,
The moment I opened my mouth...
You'd become upset,
By what was said that came out.
Premeditating impressions expressed,
Is not what my life is about.

Nor I am not here to protect,
You from the wilderness met.
Or will I carry your baggage...
On my back to ease your steps.

This path I walk before me...
Has no guarantee.
The unknown ahead...
Isn't easier to see.
Or allows me to breathe,
With more freedom to comfort...
Your insecurities.

What I am living is not a rehearsal.
For a performance that seeks your endorsement.
Or block from your ears,
A reality faced you can not bear to endear.
Nothing done that I do is on a practice run!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

This Pleasure Fest Has Crested

The pleasure fest has crested.
Investments concurred,
Has placed us on the verge...
With more nerves on the edge.
Restless and undeserving,
Are those who pledged
Allegiance to chaos and confusion,
Fed.

This pleasure fest has crested quick.
Many have grown tired and sick,
Of promises diminishing.
With dreams discarded into bits...
Leaving behind minds in torned tidbits!

And patience sought begins to cease.
Delusions once embraced,
Are tossed upon the streets.
Where is this democracy working at home?
This pleasure fest has crested quick.
And many unbelieving it...
Are left in disturbing quests.
As they seek to get answers from those exposed,
Showing an obvious melting down of minds
Mentally distressed as they become more opposed!
And unfamiliar are those,
Receiving these reactions...
At their frontdoors freed of welcome mats.
Facing displeasures none condone,
Or found funny to be laughed at!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

This Poem Is About Agitation

What is this poem about?
And...
What are the poetic devices used?

'Huh?
I remember a timepeople used their minds,
With a thinking process curious enough to research...
For an understanding.

We live in those times when dictionaries are no longer used.
And there are those receiving diplomas and degrees,
From reputable schools...
Who neither can read or write.
But brag about pledging to sororities and fraternities,
And partying day end and all through the night.

What is this poem about?
And the poetic devices used?

This poem is about agitation and another's applied laziness.
It is about those offended when confronted by the truth.
And those who can not prove they have an ounce of intelligence...
Attempting to influence those who do.
Or...
Find they can compete in areas with limited interest,
But discover they can rise to heights...
Based upon the quality of their theft! '

Thank you.
I think I'll just continue using what you have written,
As a basis for my own creations.

'You're kidding?
Really? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

This Poem Is My Worse Effort

This poem is my worse effort.
I decided to write a 'bad' poem.
Something self contained.
Something from my point of view...
Would be absent of compassion.
Clearly focused on nothing.
A complete lack of acknowledgement.
Line after line...
With or without rhyme,
Would display a total self involvement.
An intention meant to leave one realizing...
This poem is my worse effort.
I want it to be just that!
No ifs, ands, or buts about it!

And...
While we are on the topic of butts!
WHY are the guys showing their asses,
More than women these days?
What's that about?
I saw this dude with his pants belted at his thighs...
YES!
And I was on a bus sitting with a woman,
Looking at me as if I had something to do with that!
YES!
So I asked if she found him appealing?
She said, 'NO! He's got no ass to be admired! '
YES!
She said that.
As if I should show my ass for a comparison competition!
WHAT on EARTH is happening?
I will 'not' publicly prove that my ass is my best asset.
WHAT is going on in these times today?

This poem is my worse effort.
And 'if' you think it's not...
Do not feel I did not have good intentions,
To deliver something to you guaranteed to smell...
If up close and personal.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

This Po-Optic Truth

Birds fly against a blue clear sky
Air fresh and clean...
Fresh of pollutants.
Faces of people appearing full of light.
A poetry mix with an optical fix
That plays over and over without drifting,
In the minds found misfit.
Judged by those who babble with booze
Lost without attention spans to cross.
Boasting and boosting themselves in garbage.
Where conflicts are enjoyed and mastered!
This po-optic truth...
Is said and seen,
And left behind!
As quickly as grim is washed from hands!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

This Power Has No End

Greater than a picked image,
One worships transfixed.
And...
Greater than a mighty storm,
To darken the skies into a rumbling fit,
Lasting for minutes.
If this is wished.
With thunder.
Lightning.
And...
Frightening winds.
To instantly clear it!
As the Sun shines bright,
Again!

Greater than a picked image,
One worships transfixed.
And...
Greater than a mighty storm,
To darken the skies into a rumbling fit,
Lasting for minutes.
If this is wished.
With thunder.
Lightning.
And...
Frightening winds.

Power to upset and re-direct.
This power has no end.
Power that can make a mind regret.
This power has no end.
Power that can change the flow of seas.
This power has no end.
Power than can bring people to their knees.
This power has no end.
Power that can soften up a hardened heart.
This power has no end.
Power that can make all conflicts stop!
This power has no end.

Power that can take every breath away.
This power has no end.
Power that can change night into day.
This power has no end.
This power has no end.

Greater than a mighty storm,
To darken the skies into a rumbling fit,
Lasting for minutes.
If this is wished.
With thunder.
Lightning.
And...
Frightening winds.

Power to upset and re-direct.
This power has no end.
Power that can make a mind regret.
This power has no end.
Power that can change the flow of seas.
This power has no end.
Power than can bring people to their knees.
This power has no end.
Power that can soften up a hardened heart.
This power has no end.
Power that can make all conflicts stop!
This power has no end.
Power that can take every breath away.
This power has no end.
Power that can change night into day.
This power has no end.
This power has no end.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

This Process

This process.
As difficult as it is,
Gives an ease that seems to flow.
There is a representation that creates an image.
And that picture painted,
Allows what is in one mind to another show.

This process can also deliver emotions as well.
And the skill of it,
Can bring hardened eyes to soften with tears.

This process can even produce a fear.
With a rushing done by someone stunned,
To run from room to room...
With the turning on of every light,
With something firmly tight held near.

This process can invite those feelings of love.
And melt a cold shoulder.
Or...
Even heat a flame under burning sheets.

This process can also get extremely tired.
With a nodding of a process,
That introduces...
Sleep!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

This Process Can Not Be Hidden

Too many fools have allowed,
Ignorance to tolerate and make appearances.
To then welcome the entrance of it,
Inside their homes with a freedom to roam.
Isn't the 'home' where people go,
To show respect and have this known?

Anyone coming to one's home,
With a disrespecting attitude...
Should be given an exit and this done quick.
No one should accept this,
As a behavior to condone.
And with a comfort to make it shown.

Or...
Assist in its promotion,
As if a devotion to it benefits the nonsense.
I think not.
Who forgets to be forgotten,
Where they are to drop nonstop thoughtlessness?

Granted I have grown older to experience a limited patience.
But I don't carry a chip on my shoulder.
To expose my hold onto an age old bitterness.
I've learned to move on from that childish mindset.
Immaturity has a way of delaying comprehension.
And although that may be a fact,
No one crosses my threshold with stupidity like that.

Too many fools have proven themselves to be unwise.
Believing they can hide to disguise the child inside.
To them claim amongst themselves to be men and women.
But dressing to deceive appearances to impress,
Will never address their childishness.
And I wont be the one in my home to explain.

'Get out.'

~Why are you so direct and abruptly rude? ~

'I have a headache and it came from you.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

This Process Started

Traumatic it is,
When recognized tantrums stop.
And heads hitting brick walls,
Discover a numbness...
To make those heads quietly drop.

There is always that first time,
When words dismissed come to be heard.
And with closed mouths to rest those lips.
Putting them tightly together,
To do done and quick.

There is always that first time,
When someone begins to listen and hear...
Their own accusations made to blame others,
Have been troubles they have started.
And clear this appears to hear with their ears.

'How do I get out of this mess,
I now realize I have created for myself? '

~Admitting it is the beginning.
And hopefully this process started...
You will see as a benefit to be used again.
To prevent the pain of remaining unconscious.
Since ignorance self inflicted kept to sustain,
Has its consequences to pay.
With only evil left to collect as dividends.
To want no more of it to face 'everyday'.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

This Realization I Accept

I am fortunate to have known substance.
And the hard work associated to its achievement.
Just to be in the presence,
Of others who respected the value of it...
Has for me,
Been an awarding experience to witness.

As I reflect upon the years that have passed,
So grateful am I to be able to distinguish the difference...
Between foolishness and nonsense,
Although similar in content.

And even though my tolerance for ignorance,
Is so low to be considered nonexistent...
I have come to comprehend with an understanding,
My point of view has been enforced...
From a much older generation my mind can not divorce.

And...
Of course,
This realization I accept the older I get...
Since the reality I believe has been deflated,
By those who perceive it to be over-rated.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

This Relationship Has Cracks In It

You-feel-that-you-need-to-be-loved,
More.
More.
More.
More!
I-feel-that-I-need-to-be-loved,
More.
More.
More.
More!

We try to see each other eye to eye.
But after arguments,
We tell each other goodbye.
And settle it by splitting quick...
To escape through an open door,
We close.

You-feel-that-you-need-to-be-loved,
More.
More.
More.
More!
I-feel-that-I-need-to-be-loved,
More.
More.
More.
More!

We talk about togetherness,
But wont.
We say we should discuss our differences,
But don't.
And this relationship,
Has cracks in it
That widens...
Like an Earthquake shake up!

You-feel-that-you-need-to-be-loved,

More.
More.
More.
More!
I-feel-that-I-need-to-be-loved,
More.
More.
More.
More!

We talk about togetherness,
But wont.
We say we should discuss our differences,
But don't.
And this relationship,
Has cracks in it
That widens...
Faster,
Than an Earthquake can shake up!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

This Relationship Should End

How does one improve,
On something that is done?
Stick to it.
And keep doing it.

If there are no signs of improvement,
Over time...
There is a committment and love missing.
This relationship should end.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

This Reunion Shocks

I wish I could start from where we began,
To have you comprehend...
What makes me 'tick' within.
To have you instantly feel what is felt,
Without explanation of why a reaction is dealt!

I find myself caring less about intimacy!
Especially if it doesn't happen automatically!
If the chemistry is not there...
I'm not on a hunt to find it!
I am not good at interviews.
Or pretending something is fresh...
When immediately I can see it has been used!

I like meeting new people...
That I do!
But there is a maturity that comes with age,
And I can't pretend I am twenty-two!
OR fourty either...
So I am told!
Usually by someone much older...
Waiting for me to exchange the same with glee!

'More Vodka, Please! And on the rocks! '

There is a comfort in being 'who' one is!
But today so many want to be...
Thought of as much younger,
Desired!
With a timelessness like eternity!

I have vitality and spontanety!
I just don't like talking about it...
Like those who are older,
With nothing else to share...
But their histories!

'Oldies but goodies? '

I can see the oldies!
But the 'goodies' they've got...
I'm not trying to re-live!

'More Vodka, Please! And on the rocks!
Leave the bottle here! Bring me two more!
This reunion shocks! And these old people bore!
I'm seeking someone to share these moments NOW!
Not sit and discuss what was done at age Twenty-four! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

This Season Is The Best

This season is the best.
With gifts to give and get.
Heard are voices singing,
Carols, hymns as bells ring...
Ding dong ding.
Such a happiness this season brings.

Christmas and with it cheer is met,
By people greeting to meet...
Expressing their enjoyment and festivities,
As they stroll in frosted air...
Dispensing misted breath,
Coming from exposed cold cheeks.

This season is the best.
With gifts to give and get.
Heard are voices singing,
Carols, hymns as bells ring...
Ding dong ding.
Such a happiness this season brings.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

This Seems To Be A Wish Inflicted

It all has been stated,
Many times before to go ignored.

Once the elderly become targets,
To direct disrespect...
The entire foundation begins to poison.

And when the foundation is allowed to crack,
There's nothing of quality coming back.
In fact little of it will be remembered,
Since none of it will no longer exist.

And this seems to be a wish inflicted,
To come true.
As evident as the advocating of ignorance,
Allowed and permitted as a fad dismissed!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

This Self Examination 'Thing'

Could you survive,
Without a back to ride on?
No.
I don't think so.

I've never seen you sacrifice.

But you are quick,
To criticize those on your side.
Those who go out of their way,
To make sure you're okay.

And you are never satisfied,
By those things done.
Your Jekyll is in need of therapy.
And your Hyde most times,
Isn't welcomed by anyone.

And those who wish you well,
Wanting more to have you...
On a smooth path.
You first respond with anger.
Then you proceed to laugh.

Something in your head,
Is not screwed too tight.
Something in your mind,
Is-just-not-right!

'How do you feel now? '

Tremendous.
A whole lot better.
How long have you been doing,
This 'self examination' thing?

'I just started.
I do it twice a day.

I was looking in the mirror
The other day in the restroom.
And all of a sudden my boss comes in!
On the line...
'Your Jekyll is in need of therapy.
And your Hyde most times,
Isn't welcomed by anyone.'

Yeah?
What happened?
What did he do?

'He called me into the office.
Asked me if I needed Friday off...
With pay! '

No way?

'YES!
I'm telling you it works.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

This Sensitivity Business

When I think of me and myself and I...
I am often quite surprised,
By the little attention I give...
To being that kind of guy.

I've been accused of being self centered,
Many times.
But nothing I have done can define me that way.
Although, I admit, I did one time 'try'.

I tried to feel that I am 'all' that.
I even got up one morning,
Promising myself no one else would matter.
Prepared with a list of accomplishments to announce.
With a printing of them on flyers so they would scatter.

Boring!

Within twenty-four hours other folks were on my mind.
After I spent a day observing 'them'.
And losing myself within creative intentions to complete...
Some activity that would influence the undoing,
A lack of concern and the misery many find.

Oh...
This sensitivity business,
Is not cool with me sometimes.
I often awaken thinking what it would be like,
To have only wining and dining on my mind all the time.
With a clock to beat...
Thinking of retirement as I laid on some beach.

And 'if' I didn't accept early in my life,
That it wasn't all about me...
I'd be contributing to complaints on a daily basis,
Doing that as my contribution to community outreach.

I'm blessed to hear from others...
I perceive much better off with time to do that.

Since I am blessed to be self centered free...
And not have limitation on my mind as a trap!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

'This' Should Be The Cause Of Your Concern

There is nothing you can now do or say,
To make those painful things you said about me...
Vanish and go away!
Or those dreadful things done behind my back...
For a moment of laughter to slander and attack!
Did you think I would forget,
It was 'my' life you had messed with?
I haven't!
And 'this' should be the cause of your concern!
And 'how' I've been seeking revenge...
Will be the 'thing' you learn!
I'll give you a clue...
I can choose to be as evil as you!
But what would that prove?
Since I am much more creative!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

This Should 'Click' In A Conscious Mind

When someone of your own kind,
Does their best to impress...
Those that have oppressed,
Any efforts to address an expressed suppression.
This should 'click' in a conscious mind.
Who really wants who to remain ignorant and left behind?

Why solidify with requests,
The becoming to be the next martyr?
And at who's benefit will this doing prove to be effective?
Yours? Mine?
Or those already declared nonconformists?
With a redefining of an implemented and intended stagnation.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

This Should Come To No Surprise

It should come to no one's surprise,
That anyone who has lived a life...
Being scrutinized and unjustly depicted,
By a mocking done to do...
As if the one subjected is not aware of it,
With a living ammuned from others doing this.
Especially in environments expectations are kept low.

It should come to no one's surprise,
That anyone who has lived their life to exist...
Is happier to know that a few one chooses,
And associates with to have this experienced...
Are also amongst the ones keeping their distance.
And this should come to no surprise,
To those who live to lie, gossip and deceive.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

This Show Is Over

STOP!
What are you doing over there?

'Breaking down the set!
Why? '

What on Earth are you talking about?
Breaking down what set?

'This one.
The one you're looking at!
Ooohh!
You're one of the ones who fell into a deep sleep! ?
I attempted to awaken you myself.
And nothing I could do,
Would awaken you.'

Is this some kind of hoax?
You put that setting back.
And who is that...
Breaking up that white picket fence?

Why are those people looking evil?
And will you tell them to speak English...
Nothing they are saying is making sense.

And will you tell that guy,
To stop pointing that prop at me!
I am in no mood for jokes.
And who are these folks surrounding me?
Looking as if they are homeless.
And needing something to eat.
Who let them come into this neighborhood?

'We'll take you back to your room,
Now.
It will be okay.
Maybe it was wrong to bring you outside today!
You will soon be back inside.

Medicated with the others...
Who like you have denied...
Reality! '

What do you mean?
That was real enough for me!
I saw my quality of life reflected.
I felt comfortable with it.
And it was accepted!

'Yeah...
I see.
Whatever you saw...
Doesn't relate to me.
This show is over!

Bring him back inside before he panics.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

This Sickness Like A Cancer Spreads

Antagonizing violence,
To convince they can destroy.
Wishing to depict themselves as powerful...
To enforce a respect.
But to others,
They just annoy!

Forming alliances with those just as wicked...
This sickness like a cancer spreads.
And they wish to rule,
With a dominance over others.
But that will never happen.
Since they are killing themselves instead.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

This Sit Is Cryptic

The night is not lit,
By bright Sun light that comes.
Nor are gifts exchanged in darkness,
As promised to everyone!

Imaginations finding truths,
That don't exist to soothe.
Keeps the whining visited...
For those contemplating,
A romantic interlude!

Even though this sit is cryptic,
As a dose to keep those teased.
Anointing lunatics to fix this...
Ages the patience for those who wait,
For the perfect opportunity!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

This Somberness Lifts

It isn't what you think it is.
A somber mood,
To bring with it a flow of tears.
This isn't for you,
That this is done.
This is for me...
To heal 'my' grieving.
Not for you to say...
'Let go of it,
And it will go away! '

It isn't what you think it is.
A somber mood,
To bring with it a flow of tears.
This is what I need and wish!
To feel every part of it.

Until for me...
It no longer exists.
I can not pretend it does not sit.
When only within me...
It will leave.
As I permit!

Knowing when it does...
I will be happier to set it free!
Happy when it goes away.
Happy when this somberness,
Lifts and drifts on that coming day!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

'This' Some Never Do

There are those uncomfortable...
Living a life,
Kept inside of them hidden.

With wishes their excuses,
Feeds to others a common sense.
Shared among comrades...
Who too are convinced,
Of their respective...
Defensiveness!

There are those uncomfortable...
Living a life,
Kept inside of them hidden.

Believing others to be strickened,
With benefits.
And 'lucky' with talents.
Bestowed with blessed gifts.

As if God is sitting,
On a throne high in the heavens.
Selecting to pick,
Some who are special...
Over others He chooses to dismiss.

And anyone who wishes upon a star...
Knows that applied hard work,
Doesn't guarantee...
These efforts take them very far.

What is done,
Is for the love!
And not for fortunes to fall...
Upon them from up above.
But being grateful and expressing it.
And 'this' some never do!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

This Spiraling Cliff

mmm
The subject matter and the topic,
You have chosen to discuss
Is most interesting.

You hint,
That a boat floating
Once with an incompetent commander,
Unaware of it floating towards the edge
Of a waterfall cascading at unquestionable speed.
And had been warned of this danger
Should 'not' be the one found at fault.
Because the waterfall at the time of his leadership
Was not as close as it is today?

And the new commander recently taking helm
Who dares to turn the ship away,
From this spiraling cliff
With reason to believe all aboard,
Face eminent and devastating danger?
Because he represents a vision
That has not been collectively decided,
By those wishing to continue sailing
With scheduled social events to attend?

And
Everyone aboard,
Now hears the thunderous roar of this waterfall?
But pretend the evidence of it does not exist?

I'd like to make this suggestion strongly recommended.
And this is hypothetically speaking,
Of course.

'Of course.'

If everyone 'now' hears,
The thunderous roar of this waterfall...
Wouldn't it be to the best of everyone's interest,

IF they paid attention?
And gave the new commander their support?

'In response to your hypothetical suggested recommendation,
To my 'hypothetical' inquisitive mention of this
Of course.
Giving the new commander that much authority,
Would reveal delusions all aboard 'this' ship
I mean 'the' ship,
Wish to keep to themselves without the embarrassment,
Of admitting
They have standards and values,
They would rather keep to impress others who 'may'
Look upon them with less respect!
And,
They would rather try to convince others,
The new commander has weaknesses
Than to confess an apparent ignorance exposed.
And their severe incompetence to address,
Is a confession.

WHO and WHAT are they trying to protect?

'An 'image' of greatness!
Hypothetically speaking,
Of course.'

Sure.
And hypothetically speaking
Where would the lifejackets be stored,
Aboard 'that' fated ship?

'I have no idea.
I am going back to the upper deck,
To attend tonight's activities.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

This Stick-To-It-Ive-Ness

An ability known that is honed and grown,
Through a discipline devoted one comes to love.
And with maturity shown to produce and not discuss...
Often confuses those refusing,
This stick-to-it-ive-ness approach to life...
With wishes for quick satisfactions to get.
But there are benefits that do come,
To those who sacrifice with it done to not undo.
As a rewarding of relief one receives that speaks for itself.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

This Stuff Ain'T Fresh

This stuff ain't fresh.
Just restated.
Updated to give it flair.
The same minds will ignore it.
And the proof will be there.

The rhythm changes.
With the same words repeated.
The beat is felt.
With those patting their feet.
A monotony delivers,
An expectation.
Yet no one will listen...
With dulled sensations.

This stuff ain't fresh.
Just restated.
Updated to give it flair.
The same minds will ignore it.
And the proof will be there.

Unless I write something,
About a 'monkey's butt'.
Only then,
Will all eyes stare!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

This Stuff Is Blatant

My observations aren't created.
Rarely embellished are they envisioned.

I see what I see.
And hear what I hear.
Ignoring what is there,
I do not make that decision.

I am one of those probing nosey people.
Wanting to comprehend with a reason,
To question 'why'?
I can be analytical if I wish.
But what I observe...
There is little need for it.

This stuff is blatant!
For open eyes to satiate.
Blatant with a rawness,
Hard for some to digest.
I guess that is why so many folks,
Delude themselves with pretentions.
Preferring lives fantasized,
To moralize what upsets.

This stuff is blatant,
Oh yes.
There in black and white!
But I understand why,
Some choose to camouflage this in disguise.
So much truth conflicts with a resistance to reality.
And reality is much despised.

This stuff is blatant!
For open eyes to satiate.
Blatant with a rawness,
Hard for some to digest.
I guess that is why so many folks,
Delude themselves with pretentions.
Preferring lives fantasized,

To moralize what upsets.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

This Sweeping Affliction Diseasing

People 'peceiving' themselves protected,
By time they have taken to invest in deceptions...
Discover their minds slowly infested.
To believe their misdeeds gone undetected,
Will keep their mentalities from slipping away.
Or left kept unexposed to show,
This sweeping affliction diseasing.
And with a haunting no longer hidden to forget.
When such revealing attempts to prevent,
Consequences...
Can not stop the nuts from cracking up,
From those shells they themselves have created.

'Something is wrong and I don't understand it.'

~Do you think 'maybe'...
And I hope you don't find,
My observation offensive.
But...
That wall you are hitting your head against,
Could be connected to your misunderstanding?
Or have you discovered,
A more innovative way to remodel your home? ~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

This Takes A Certain Bravery

The next time you awaken,
Do not generalize your negativity.
Go straight to the nearest mirror,
And thank God you were blessed...
With the ability to complain.
That's right!
Thank God you are able to pinpoint,
What irritates you the most.

And after you have done that...
Once looking at yourself,
After you have awakened...
Think about what The Creator has to tolerate.
Twenty four hours EVERYDAY.
And you can not be grateful enough,
To say something kind to yourself?
Even in the midst of facing such ugliness alone?

This takes a certain bravery.
Be thankful you are able to do it.
In fact...
Thank everyone you may come in contact.
They are the ones you should really learn to appreciate.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

This They Wish To Insist

Please tell me this isn't true?
No one takes pride in being ignorant!
Submersed in those ignorant things they say and do.

Do they knowingly accept,
An incorrectness they perfect?
And if they do,
How far will they get?
When already they display,
Such a stupidness in disarray.

Please tell me this isn't true?
No one takes pride in being ignorant,
Submersed in those ignorant things they say and do.

And if this is true...
That deadend ahead is no accident?
It was an intention meant?
To experience what?
And to enlighten who?

If fools can be this wise...
Wouldn't it have been more feasible,
To spend less on clown makeup...
And have done the same thing,
To produce efforts...
More collectively economized?

Or...
Do they feel,
Those who 'are' wise should be taught lessons?
And this they wish to insist,
They are the ones better qualified...
With no one to argue how they go about it.
And being in disguise,
Allows them to go effectively undetected!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

This 'Thing' About Time

I have this 'thing' about time.
And those who express,
Time for them is meaningless.

It is like having a discussion about discipline.
And many can intellectualize it...
But the act of it is too distant for them.

Being on time some define,
Is stated for the purpose to be on it and not late.
Others will take it and waste it as they see fit.
Not arriving before or on time at all.
Just to have another irritated losing patience...
Awaiting to hear an excuse someone makes.

I have this 'thing' about time.
And those who express,
Time for them is meaningless.

It is like having a discussion about discipline.
And many can intellectualize it...
But the act of it is too distant for them.

And long past the hour,
Someone appears in an atmosphere...
That by the minute is getting sour.

And more time is spent,
Listening to inventive excuses...
Describing why they had not called,
To apologize at all.

I have this 'thing' about time.
And those who express,
Time for them is meaningless.
With no sign of respect...
To the one that is questioned,
Why is it they seem to be quite upset!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

This Time It Is Their Turn To Show Concern

They had loved the fact,
They had the power...
To stop someone in their tracks.
Power to stop someone...
Standing right where they stood at!

And today that power seems to wane from them a bit.
It seems to take the smugness from their eyes.
As their materialistic lives,
Slips from their 'privileged' lips!
Although once lifted on loans and credit!

There is a seriousness about life lived today,
That has never confronted those deluded before.
Those secluded in exclusive lifestyles...
Now with foreclosure signs on their lawns,
And doors!
Those who had hired police...
To racially profile the ones less 'elite'!
To make sure they were not ignored and followed.
Now they are the ones...
Ushered away from their vacant streets!

'God don't like ugly! '
~Am I ugly, Ma? ~
'That's just an expression! '

And today that power seems to wane from them a bit.
It seems to take the smugness from their eyes.
As their materialistic lives,
Slips from their 'privileged' lips!
And they cry the loudest at the thought of it!

'God don't like ugly!
One day it will be handled.
And justified it will be.
All of it!
Don't worry about where they are moving.
This time it is their turn to show concern!

And...
A lot of it! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

This 'Truth' Business

Will any verdict to be reached,
Come to achieve peace for anyone?
Especially what occurs to happen.
And to whom it is done.
Anyone wanting to keep their deluded lives deceived,
Will always oppose what is known to be shown clearly.
No matter who observes truth that is served,
With a doing effectively.
A small pond rumored to have innocent fish,
Seem to attract outsiders believing...
The time has come for them to take advantage of this.

A refusing to accept truth has always been excused.
And the ones with wants to have their wishes pleased,
Are not historically known to listen...
Or comprehend the connecting of it to reality.

Duping to hoodwink has been sold as a part of life.
As crime and corruption satisfies those with this appetite.
And today...
Even the ones given the opportunity,
To walk on paths with a purpose to pursue truth...
Prefer detours,
Away to not display they've become motivated with that to do.

This 'truth' business isn't what is taught in school books.
This 'truth' business takes more seriousness than it looks.
This 'truth' business isn't a life many will choose.
Especially if it means anyone making attempts to do it,
Has to live a life,
Amongst those from birth....
Who have been taught it is safer to remain and stay deluded.
And they should if it means they will be publicly demeaned.

'They are killing our babies.'

~Oh?
And who killed them before 'they' did? ~

'I don't want to hear this. I don't.'

~But you will admit,
A love for shedding tears with accusations sent.
While getting the attention for a replaying of your sentiments.~

'Whose side are you on? '

~How many sides does the truth have? ~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

This Universe (They Have This Need)

Do not become fooled or tricked by them.
The ones who talk of both fear and sin.
Their way of observing life may be coming to its end.
But this Universe is full of abundance.
Perhaps for them there is this 'need' to believe...
What they have created has to be deflated!

There is this need for some to feel defeated.
As if it's up to them who lives to breathe!
There is this need for some to feel defeated.
As if it's up to them who stays and leaves.

And those who play God are on medications long outdated!
And those who play God are on medications long outdated!
And those who play God are on medications over-rated.

Do not become fooled or tricked by them.
The ones who talk of both fear and sin.
Their way of observing life may be coming to its end.
But this Universe is full of abundance.
Perhaps for them there is this 'need' to believe...
What they have created has to be deflated!

And those who play God are on medications long outdated!
And those who play God are on medications long outdated!
And those who play God are on medications over-rated.

(They have this need)
Those who play God are on medications long outdated!
(They have this need)
Those who play God are on medications long outdated!
(They have this need)
Those who play God are on medications long outdated!

And those who play God are on medications over-rated.

(They have this need)
Those who play God are on medications long outdated!
(They have this need)

Those who play God are on medications long outdated!
(They have this need)
Those who play God are on medications long outdated!

And those who play God are on medications over-rated.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

This Universe Is Yours

Nourish me with ALL that You have,
And ALL that I deserve.
I am the fruit of Your creation...
On this Earth,
Your Magnificence,
Is without question...
Divinely Superb!

And ALL that You give,
Is mine with a forgiveness...
Unconditionally bestowed upon me,
As You I serve.

Nothing less,
Will I accept if You reject it...
The best from You is there...
And with Your blessings I accept this!

Nothing else can please my needs,
If I 'should' forget You are near!
Or ignore your whispers in my ear!

This Universe is Yours,
And everywhere I seek You first!
I thirst for You...
My Father.
And within me it is clear,
You are right here...
And I am aware of it!

And in everything I do to prove,
Your guidance moves all obstacles too!
This I can do with a fate that is Your will.

I am Your son,
You are my Father!
With Unquestioned faith,
Inside of me I feel!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

'This' Valued Nonsense

Teased tensions heat,
With a relying upon outmoded reactions.
And the same fears increase,
As wargames continue to be played...
By those feeding victory visions,
On display to validate immaturity fed...
To keep in heads fixed with wishes,
For blood to flow and from enemies shed.

But the days ahead have begun to already enlighten,
With a higher consciousness instead.
As those limited within a mindset seek,
Old images to impress with a keeping them to address.

However...
It is the ignorance that remains to influence and maintain,
A throwing of rocks and bricks from behind dead-end walls.
For the purpose of an attention that restricts,
The use of common sense to defeat nonsense.
And 'this' valued nonsense has entrapped them all.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

This Vision Is Not Man Made

Up from a continous bloom,
A beauty undaunted appears.
Through the crushes on paved concrete...
Nothing about its presence,
Seems to be obsolete.
Although those passing by,
Are disguised in accepted weaknesses.
This vision is not man made.
Nor has it accepted a growth...
Prevented by limitations.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

This Vision Must Not With Us Stay

Vivid and bright those colors.
As they appeared...
From a past that has taken,
An innocence away.

Laughter uninhibited,
That seemed to infest with it...
The air and the environments shared,
All once knew the world over.

There was a caring perceived.
And humanity then,
Had not yet been bombarded with complexities.
And we as a people aspired to succeed,
Within a collective interdependency believed.

Today our anxieties and conflicts,
Come to sit with us...
As priorities we now accept,
As a way of life.
But this vision must not with us stay.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

This Voyage

This voyage,
Of a mind odyssey...
Personally begun and travelled.
Continues to get more adventurous.
As long held beliefs,
Slowly fade away from limits kept.

And experiences to reminisce them,
Broadens an unquenching thirst.
Curiosity does not stop.
A hunger for more,
Seems never to be appeased.
An appetite to explore becomes...
Craved.

What's beyond the Universe?
Perfect and timeless.
Majestic and yet,
Seems to have an infinite process,
Of its own alone to condone.

What's beyond this cosmic magic?
That has picked Earth for life.
As we observe the seeding.
The feeding.
The blossoming to bloom.
Wither to decay.
Then away from us this life goes.
But...
From here to where,
Is this awareness taken?
What is 'It' that determines,
This gift of life...
Will always leave,
Unanswered questions to ask.
Yet tasks to complete.
Just to keep those curious teased.

This voyage,

Of a mind odyssey...
Personally begun and travelled.
Begins without an ending.
Or an ending that continues.
But to where from here,
Does one who travels go?
To not know yet kept teased.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

This Was Allowed To Happen

Who today can say,
Someone intentionally...
Came to steal an innocent childhood away?
And where were they,
When this was allowed to happen?

Even hiding under a rock,
An innocence that had been...
Has long been stopped,
By the invention of the internet.
And before that came into view to be accused,
No child had gone to school...
Without sitting up all night and not to watch cartoons.
On a TV to give undivided attention to absorb,
Every temptation meant and to them sent...
With facts learned about life to then suppress,
For accepted delusions to address as kept values.

Who today can say,
Someone intentionally...
Came to steal an innocent childhood away?
And where were they,
When this was allowed to happen?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

This Will Unstabilize The Very Core Of Our Foundations

Why is having a baby today,
Out of wedlock such a bombshell?
People are sleeping and living on city streets.
Poverty is experienced by those living in urban centers.
There is racism.
Bigotry and blatant hate.
There are those who deny others a right to live their lives!
Apartheid exists all over the place.
Wars are created based on lies!
Sex and the act of it is sold on prime time TV.
'Are you experiencing erectile dysfunction? '
Have you heard today's music?
Have you heard the language coming out of the mouths,
Of these disrespecting children?
Why is having a baby today,
Out of wedlock such a bombshell?
Such a shock?

Oooohhh...
I see!
She's the daughter of a conservative, left wing,
NRA, soccer mom who has been selected...
To be the next VeePee?
Because of her views of the standards of life...
She wants to symbolize and represent!
Why didn't you say that?
Why didn't you say there was an aspect of image...
Needed to protect!

NOW HEAR THIS...

'I can not believe it!
I am appalled by such activities.
How on Earth can we now...
Uphold our unblemished Christian values!
This is most upsetting news!
This will unstabilize the very core of our foundations!

We must ostracize this wench,
For creating such an uproar.
We must conduct vigils at the base of Plymouth Rock.
And beg forgiveness of our Puritan and Quaker ancestors! '

'We must. We must...
Shield and protect the virgins!
Shield and protect the virgins! '

How was that?
That should garner a few more votes,
From those sitting on the fence in indecision!
And love their imagery symbolized!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

This Within An Instant Is Proven

The taste for war,
Is seen dripping from clenched...
And gritting teeth.
Fists are balled....
With eyes filled and streaming with hatred.
Tears,
Fed to face an enemy enforced.
And the wish for conflict,
Has idolism, symbolism with religious aspects...
Tied to it all!

For no other reason,
Can this insensitivity felt...
Remain as it is to exist.

Although intentional...
This merging of existence.
Has come to crush resistance.
And pain will be the outcome for everyone,
In disbelief!

Those who lead to defeat will hollow causes...
Are being mentally weakened.
This which has been their aim and chosen to fight...
Is a battle against an evolution of change.
It is not manmade!
Hopefully they will become seduced and surrender!
It is clearly far too powerful to defeat.
Especially when 'this' power shows,
It shakes foundations underneath our feet!
Floods our streets!
And spins winds.
Taking everything away thought precious...
Including lifetimes spent hoarding meaningless documents,
To prove what is owned!

But only the Creator gives.
And this within an instant...
Is proven!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

This You Could Not Tolerate

You asked me to put my foot down.
And so I did.
Then you left.
Only to say you expected me,
To lower my right foot.
And this you could not tolerate!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

This You Do Too Often

I hear you when you say,
You mean well.
And that I do not dispute.
However...
It seems as if it is after the fact,
That you do it!

You mean well?
And if it was truly meant...
None of your excuses,
You would put me through.
And this you do too often,
For me to keep any confidence in you.

You mean well?
For and to 'whom' has this been proven?
Since there is nothing you have left me with,
To believe this!
At least provide me with some evidence.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

This...Can Be Believed

THIS...
May one day,
Click in the minds of those with a dawning.
With an understanding of humanity that sinks in!
But there are very few who have been belittled,
To then be discredited for their deeds and efforts...
Who sit by their telephones anticipating calls.
Or...
Are they sitting up all night hoping to receive invitations,
From anyone in their past...
Who had assassinated their characters.

THIS...
Is not an activity,
Of those who are aware of who took aim to defame them.

THIS...
Can be believed,
Is not a wish or a main objective...
That provides a motivation that propels anyone to succeed.

THIS...
Delusion,
Is only in the mindset of those who perceive themselves...
As being the center of the universe.
And whomever had led them to believe this,
Is equally crazed to eventually be exposed.
With an elimination of doubt as to who has fed on madness.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

This...'Real' You

With hard work invested.
And sacrifices made.
I'm sure I am not the only one irritated,
By those who had skipped through life...
With masks to wear firmly in place,
To come one day face to face with reality.
And...
With fresh expectations.
But...
Without masquerading to have ended their charades.
To say...
'I haven't seen you in years.
What have you been doing with your life? '

Anyone within listening distance,
Hearing their pretentions...
Know comments made like these are lies.

And then, they do, become offended...
Like they did with it done,
When they pretended...
Not to know anyone,
Before they perceived success would not come...
To those they turned up noses to do,
When masquerading to charade and impress...
Had been the rage in 'those' days to pursue,
Now outdated like they have become too.

Where is your mask?

'MY mask? '

The one with the turned up nose.
As I recall you had many of those.
I've only seen a few.
This one you wear seems a natural fit.
But it makes me uncomfortable.
It makes me nervous and frightened of you too.
It makes me suspicious,

You are up to something evil to do.

'Why?
I'm just being 'me'.'

That's what I find frightening!
WHY?
Why now?
And why have you picked me,
To see this...
'Real' you?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Thisclosetothat And Not Know

I did not take with intent to undo with a purpose,
That which you accepted as a doing done understood.
I was accustomed to leaving my head in the clouds...
Going over my notes of kept preferences to inspect.

And I had not expected with thoughts to invest,
Of a giving the time in my mind to find comprehension...
That your giving to spend with me,
Yourself unselfishly was 'your' purpose with a preference.

Like no one else has done and with a gift given you gave,
With no surprising attachments to unwrap after the fact.
I wondered 'how' could I be thisclosetothat and not know...
A taking someone like you for granted would be suicidal.

It's not that I think that 'you' are dangerous.
It's the thought of discovery that you didn't 'need' me.
You chose and wanted me to be with.
And I believed I was the one to provide the light in your life.

'You do.'

Why didn't you tell me that?

'And put an end to my addiction?
An addiction you feed unknowingly?
Anyone wishing to keep things intact,
Does it with the assistance of discovery.'

I'm not understanding.

'That's fine.
And whether or not you find that time...
It will still be just fine.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Thorns And Thick Brush

Sometimes there is a reason why
Fluff rises to the top
Thorns and thick brush on paths
Can be a bit too much
To endure to secure
A clearing that provides
Undeniable understanding
That comes to strip one
From a fantasized past
And expected fluff
Entertains the senses
Rushed by an overflowing of reality
Pricking nerves seeking to be sedated

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Thoroughbred

That steep hill you climb...
With that backpack on your back,
Strapped like that and packed?
And those without hint or clue,
Bet against you and laugh?
Entertaining themselves,
At the expense of your pain.
Misunderstanding...
That strength within you,
Locked tight on the sight of your aim!

With every step you take forward...
That may take a slower pace,
To leave their laughing behinds behind...
You are moving.
They are not!
Even though they make attempts,
To make you the biggest fool that is known!
Keep your focus.
Face those obstacles.
And embrace whatever it takes!
In time your faith will be shown.

You will get a chance to lighten your load.
It is inevitable...
When one is determined,
One creates and does not fake success!
Not when it has been publicly addressed,
And witnessed.
Nothing you do has to be expressed.
It will dismiss those who rolled to the ground...
In sidesplitting laughter!
You may even see a jaw dropp or two!

And perhaps embarrassed silence...
As you pass downcast eyes.
Proving to their surprise,
How a prized thoroughbred...
Could be in their midst.

And have them feeling like losers?
It certainly was not planned that way.
This certainly had not been their intention!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Thoroughly Exposed

The more a sleaze becomes obvious,
Why are people increasingly offended...
By those who mention its appearance?

And it seems that the ones,
Keeping their pretentions about this...
Are those who seek the observers...
Banned to censor and shun.

As if today,
It becomes easier...
To pick and choose,
A selection of those seeing it for what it is...
To abuse and defame!

When the players of that game,
Have been thoroughly exposed!
As they attempt to lay the blame on others.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Those Accustomed To A Change

Those,
Accustomed to a change...
Aren't heard complaining,
With it sustained.
As if the doing,
Keeps 'things' the same.

And those left accustomed to a change,
May seem committed...
To not be fixed.
Like those who stay glued,
And unmoved.
As if this benefits habits awarded,
And...
Those steady habits just to keep others pleased.

Steady habits,
Awarded.
And...
Those steady habits just to keep others pleased.

Those,
Accustomed to a change...
Are seldom heard to be complaining,
With it sustained.
As if the doing of it...
Will keep 'things' the same.

Those,
Invested with no time for themselves,
Seem...
At a lost to find something else to choose.
And those,
Invested with no time for themselves
Seem...
Just to live a life as martyrs.
And...
Not to live for wishes that they've got.

And those,
Invested with no time for themselves...
Seem,
Just to live a life as martyrs.
And...
Not to live for wishes that they've got.

Those,
Accustomed to a change...
Move on,
To leave what's gone.

Those,
Accustomed to a change...
Move on,
To leave what's gone.

Those,
Invested with no time for themselves,
Seem...
Just to live a life as martyrs.
And...
Not to live for wishes that they've got.

Those,
Accustomed to a change...
Move on,
To leave what's gone.

And those,
Accustomed to a change...
Move on.
Move on,
They move on...
To leave what's gone.

Yes those,
Accustomed to a change...
Move on,
To leave what's gone.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Those Accustomed To Sitting In Darkness

Shiny things fade.
Eyes upon them dim.
Excitement goes away.
One's aging becomes noticed.
Complaints about this increase.
Each day is lived in fear.
The fearlessness of youth disappears.
And those accustomed to sitting in darkness...
Sit,
In darkness.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Those Aging To Fade Away Days

Conclusions to invent,
An outcome to control...
For the purpose to avoid,
Real solutions intended.
And to prevent them to behold...
Has become an expensive confusion.

An expense used to infuse with a doing to do,
Just to allowed to exist and permit,
'Pomp' and pretense...
By those 'now' wishing a listening to comprehend,
Had been their main priority.
From the beginning and not quick to end.
Instead of insisting upon impressions to make.
To believe the doing of them left and accepted,
As had been done...
During times when charading and masquerading,
Won with a doing to captivate everyone...
Would be more effective than using common sense.
But these are no longer those aging to fade away days.

Conclusions to invent,
An outcome to control...
For the purpose to avoid,
Real solutions intended.
And to prevent them to behold...
Has become an expensive confusion.
Leaving those who pay the price,
Exposing the ignorance of their arrogant ways.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Those Airwave Heads

Let them talk.
Those airwave heads.
Soon they will have no audience.
And their repetitive nonsense topics...
Will become as familiar,
As the sounds of an ignored dog barking.

Even listening to them now...
Their once divisive madness,
Seem ready to be scrapped as crap!
Some may argue that is freedom of speech.
But should it reek the atmosphere?
With a pollution of it that is clear...
And suffocating!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Those Beautiful Sunsets

Above you are.
And beneath sometimes I sweat.
Bare we are there.
Here and stripped.
Freed from inhibitions.
Igniting.
As if we had been distant,
From a bliss missed.
Our lips then kiss.

Below me you...
Clinging magnetically.

And then the magic hits!
We lay...
Unable to disconnect from it!
And when we do what has been done,
We together know...
It never is!
Whenever the Sunrise,
Or with us...
Those beautiful Sunsets come.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Those Browbeaters Are Out In Droves

Those browbeaters are out in droves.
With their voices raised high
Proposing to keep,
Fantasies kept about their lives
Free of restrictions

Those browbeaters protest,
With an exposing of their selfishness.
And demand an attention to focus on their needs.
Regardless of the sacrificing done,
Of those historically
Forced to exist to please on bended knees.

Browbeaters like these,
Insist their standards valued should be those
Unopposed by the ones seeking,
To diminish inequities.
The ones with a consciousness
With beliefs that equality benefits humanity.

Those browbeaters are out in droves.
With their voices raised high
Proposing to keep,
Fantasies kept about their lives
Free of restrictions.
But those restrictions must limit
The feeding of greed,
That has depleted with a decreasing
All aspects of the economy.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Those Capitalistic Blues

I've got those capitalistic blues.
With a wanting to stretch a dollar...
And a hope that a few pennies found and added,
Will deliver to me that taste of a glazed donut...
I've been saving up to get.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Those Catty Backstabbers

Those catty backstabbers,
Can spit out hair balls...
With exposing their claws,
To begin a wicked dish.

Those catty backstabbers,
Can spit out hair balls...
With exposing their claws,
To begin a wicked dish.

It doesn't matter,
What the flavor of who does it.
Men and women both will throw a fit.

And both will show they can be very vicious.
When felt betrayed,
By a friend who insists....
To persist with loose lips.

Catty backstabbers,
Can spit out hair balls...
With exposing their claws,
To begin a wicked dish.
And...
No matter who or whom it is they pick,
Will not forget it.
Or what they've done to hear that hiss.
Those catty backstabbers will dish,
When suspicious...
Of a dissing to them done,
By a friend or anyone.

Those catty backstabbers will dish,
To inflict a vicious venom.
Even if it is a relative.
Those catty backstabbers will dish.
And to be wicked.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Those Clutching Fists

They followed him
To the brink of disaster.
Certain their lives were threatened
By forces coming to undo their way of life!
He labelled the 'enemies' with faces to implant.
He encouraged them with 'fear'!
He promised victory was near.
And when he was forced to remove his mask...
He could no longer conceal,
A disturbing expression on his face that revealed...
Not only 'shock' but also tears,
That received no 'awe' from those clutching fists...
And highly 'pissed' they could believe in one,
Who's 'gifts' have been only to deceive!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Those Comforts Of Home

They like so many,
Claim to enjoy those comforts of home.
But participating in keeping it that way...
Often leads to complaints,
Of chores left undone.
And who should play that role...
Of comfort provider?
And who is not up to meeting standards,
Left and needing regular dusting.
Unless,
One lives alone.
And only then where things are thrown...
Do they find their proper place!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Those Crazed Are Expressing This

The only thing yet to be outsourced,
Are delusions.
Those spoiled are clinging onto them,
As if they continue to have value.

The truth is as elusive,
As the game of naming new terrorists.
Wherever today the fear of them exist.
With implications of their religious doctrines.

A greatness once cherished has flipped,
With a slipping...
Through greasy licked fingers.
And the shame of it all,
Has uncovered new ways to masquerade a fall.

The intention to fantasize has kept conflicts alive.
And those crazed are expressing this on a daily basis.
With the hope that finding fault with ethnic races,
Will produce 'something' to validate Martial Law!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Those Curious Begin To Lie

I've learned this,
About wanting to achieve happiness...
And having it stay in one's life.
There is always someone believing,
They are entitled to announce...
Every step that one makes,
Attempting to achieve their goals.

And become offended they do,
When their intensions are cut off,
From embellishing to others...
What they 'assume' is going on.

Leaving a nosey person,
Left subjected to curiosity.
Those curious begin to lie,
About their association.
And the ones who are true friends,
Do not create lies to pretend...
They know more than they do.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Those Days Are Over

I would rather work with you,
Than not.
I prefer it that way,
Without delay.
I'd like to keep the purpose fresh.
To minimize our togetherness...
Is an invitation for regret!

To be open to communicate,
I believe our efforts would achieve their best.
It eliminates the guess work.
And removes those steps created by pests.

To get things done...
Is the agenda I will keep!
And not a part of this activity,
Will I for anyone delete!
Do not mistake my patience,
For a sign of someone weak.
These are not the times...
To introduce mind games,
You might wish to find.

I would rather work with you,
Than not.
But I am not going to stop to discuss,
The 'ifs' of what should happen...
Or who 'is' or 'is not' pleased.
Those days are over!
To do,
And get things done!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Those Days Of Being Reckless

Folks so shallow and low...
You can see right through them.
But they don't know they are shallow and low,
Or the damage done to their illegitimate children.

It's okay to have sex and better if it's good.
It's okay to be irresponsible...
Since no one seems to teach discipline.
And discipline for those lazy,
Is like committing sin!

But those days of being reckless,
Are coming to an end!
A change we all can taste and feel,
Is soon about to begin!

'I thought he would be a nice guy? '

Oh, he is.
He is nice and strict!
And under his leadership...
He is not going to tolerate,
None of this 'sickness' that had addicted.
Did you think because he is Black...
He would allow a continuance of that crap?
Behind that smile is a business man!
And he is not going to have any more of that.

He's going to put millions to work...
As civil servants.
Disciplined and of self worth!
Get ready for The New World Order.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Those Dissenting Make No Sense

Those dissenting make no sense.
They wish to keep things as they are.
In a backward movement...
That breeds a continuum,
Of a falsely fed decadence.
Anyone who speaks of change,
They wish to proclaim as insane.
And defame their names.
With a wish of blissful ignorance...
To remain for them without shame.

Those dissenting make no sense.
They choose to debate with conflicting arguments!
To keep themselves quite demented,
And quite dense.
And attack they will,
To fulfill their aims.
Ensuring no one becomes enlightened.
Ensuring no higher consciousness,
For them is gained!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Those Doors Unblocked

I make no attempts,
To 'now' walk through doors,
That to me once had been closed.
Although it makes me happy for those,
Who today find those doors unblocked.

I walk on a path,
Not to stop and look back.
I am in a movement that presses forward.
And I am not one to take a rest,
To retrace or address the facts of my laid tracks.

I am one who adventures and explores.
You will not find me sitting in discussion,
Reminiscing times and places experienced...
I have traveled before.
Not even to do it if asked.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Those Dreams You Wish

Keep do not free yourself,
From those lofty ambitions.
One never knows,
When dreams appear as needed.

A rush to participate in conflicts,
May for you seem the thing to do.
But what is accomplished,
In the doing of what others pursue.

Keep do not free yourself,
From those lofty ambitions.
One never knows,
When dreams appear as needed.

And if sacrifice with devotion,
Has already been applied.
Those dreams you wish,
Are near.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Those Ego Driven

'How do you know,
They have no clue...
As to what we are doing? '

Because they have shown no irritation.

'Perhaps we are dealing with,
Something we have never before encountered.'

Don't be preposterous.
Like what?
That is absurd.

'Had you considered,
They just might have the ability to think? '

Listen to me.
Those ego driven are the least to worry about.

'Assuming that's what they are.
And so far...
They have not shown that to be true.
And so far...
We have proven and shown to them,
We are.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Those Endeavors Accomplished

One can only feel a pride,
Of those endeavors accomplished.
A validated life,
Has been achieved and done.

There are not too many,
Who have been blessed this way.
To believe they can...
And over time find success.

Some may dispute the degree of it.
Since for them having money and 'things'
Reflect importance.

Then there are others who will ignore this.
Since envy and jealousy reveals their hypocrisy.
They are the ones who initially encourage.
Hoping in their hearts nothing develops or starts.

One can only feel a pride,
Of those endeavors accomplished.
A validated life,
Has been achieved and done.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Those Experiences One Obtains

Those experiences one obtains,
Are rarely exchanged.
Or can be teachable.
With the elimination of pain.
Or whatever it took to experience.
With a doing of it.

Some believe they can sit in classrooms.
And be taught common sense.
By the taking of notes.
Or stare out of windows daydreaming.
Thinking they can float through life,
Portraying one conscious and knowledgeable

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Those Fantasy Years

Scratch off your list
Any decisions you may have
About 'your' wishes.
We have begun to distance you,
And those in pursuit...
From the 'wish' business!

Those fantasy years,
Have been erased!
They have been replaced.
And/or severly reduced...
For a quick,
And timed-released usage!
An explicit seriousness,
Has got to be sold!

Anyone objecting,
Will find their popcorn...
Too stale, too salty
Not fit to eat!
And too old to sell...
On these streets of hell,
Today!

Those films stocked with delightful,
Talking animated animals...
Are currently being deleted,
For quick adult escapes.
To make accountability,
No longer some else's responsibility!

Competent thought levels,
Must be reached.
Wipe those tears...
And tie up those 'sneaks'!
Pull up those jeans,
That show your butt cheeks!

A traumaticized reality...

Although not test marketed,
In modern memory...
Is overdue!
And will be enforced!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Those First And Last Impressions

Why have you come from across the street,
To announce to all that can hear...
How you find me shallow.
And you and I have nothing in common.

I wouldn't do it right now,
But...
When you get through with your performance,
You will notice others looking at you...
Not me,
As if you have completely lost your mind!

Do you want me to pretend I know who you are,
And escort you back across the street?
People have a tendency to linger onto,
Those first and last impressions.

And...
I have a reputation to maintain.
And if you want...
I can help you improve upon yours!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Those Fleas Accustomed To Riding

Every one of them makes as much sense,
As flies choosing to give last rites...
To those nagging fleas accustomed to riding,
Collectively...
On the behinds of now beaten dead horses.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Those Free Fee Days Without Acknowledgement

If I am to become of service to you...
At who's expense,
Would my deeds be dispersed...
And dispensed?

What would be the benefit...
If I should exhaust my time,
Just for the goodness of it?

And if I am expected to produce my best...
Would you make it a priority,
To ensure my needs are met?

And when I am done to your satisfaction...
Would you make it clear,
Your appreciation is sincere?

Or would you do like others have done...
Take full credit!
To leave me with none.
And left ignore to make comments...
Like I've heard before,
'Why should you expect anything...
For something you do,
That comes so easy for you! '

So don't take offense,
If I mention I like to eat.
And my needs require a fee.

Since begging to me,
No longer returns a dollar...
Or makes sense.
Especially when my time I have spent!
While others offer nothing,
But a look of surprise when I make hints...
That my bills need to be paid.
Also my rent!

'You are either going to feed me...
Pay me!
Or never bother me again!
And if you choose to pay me...
It will be the fee I say.

Those free fee days without acknowledgement,
Have gone!
If I'm gonna slave like I did in those days...
These days I want to get paid!
With a clarity of my wants and needs exchanged,
Appropriately with compensation.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Those Glory Days

Those glory days...
Come to be lived and meant for seekers of adventure.

Those glory days...
Do not support the liniment impotent people.

Those glory days...
Will not be felt that way for those who are in pain.
The ones complaining everyday and that remains the same.

Those glory days...
Come to be lived and meant for seekers of adventure.

Those glory days...
Do not support the liniment impotent people.

Those glory days...
Are for those who reach and seek an energy.
The ones who stand up straight to get up off of their knees.
The ones not looking for someone to convince and please.
The ones who choose to live their lives happily in ease.

Those glory days...
Do not support the liniment impotent people.

Those glory days...
Will not be felt that way for those who are in pain.
The ones complaining everyday and that remains the same.

Those glory days...
Do not support the liniment impotent people.

Those glory days...
Will not be felt that way for those who are in pain.
The ones complaining everyday and that remains the same.

Those glory days...
Are for those who reach and seek an energy.
The ones who stand up straight to get up off of their knees.

The ones not looking for someone to convince and please.
The ones who choose to live their lives happily in ease.

Those glory days...
Do not support the liniment impotent people.
Those glory days...
Do not support the liniment impotent people.
Those glory days...
Do not support the liniment impotent people.
Those glory days...
Will not be felt that way for those who are in pain.
The ones complaining everyday and that remains the same.

Those glory days...
Do not support the liniment impotent people.
Those glory days...
Do not support the liniment impotent people.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Those Hint Skippers Dismissed

Less sense is being made,
With more emphasis placed on it.
And few are surprised,
Trouble has begun to be identified...
In paradise.

Long before the demise of sanity,
And treasured common sense...
Hint skippers dropping clues,
That a bitterness had descended...
Were dismissed as unfit degenerates.

Hint skippers dropping clues,
Were refused an attention given to them.
And either isolated or chased away,
Traces of naysayers eventually gained...
A power to shred logic into dread.

Less sense is being made,
With more emphasis placed on it.
And few are surprised,
Trouble has begun to be identified...
In paradise.

And those hint skippers dismissed,
To be remembered for their attempts...
To drop clues and not belabor,
Over lamenting sentiments...
Are searched and sought,
For a forgiveness from them to be given.

But to all it is now revealed,
A truth no one can conceal...
To deny what is or is not real.
Since it's there for all to see.
And those hint skippers chased to flee,
Have left to leave those to 'trip'...
With their own regrets to openly express.

'Are the hint skippers,
The same as clue droppers? '

Would the message ignored,
Have more value if this was true?

'I don't know.
I live in another neighborhood.'

Hint skippers, clue droppers.
What real difference does it make?

'Calm down.'

You must have been sent to seek information?
Or you wish to feel a foot to lift where it counts.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Those Honoring Truth Have Become The Threats

Victims of deception,
Are no longer today exceptions.
But made to look like fools...
To speak the truth.
Since deception has become the rule.
Deception is accepted.
And today deception rules.

People have become upset,
When the truth is used as evidence.
People have become upset,
When the truth is used as evidence,
And...
The exposing of it they can not be convinced.

People protest,
With wishes to have their delusions protected.
And for whatever the reason is...
Those knowing the truth have become suspected.
Those honoring truth have become the threats.

Victims of deception,
Are no longer today exceptions.
But made to look like fools...
To speak the truth.
Since deception has become the rule.
Deception is accepted.
And today deception rules.
With many making choices to be duped by it.

'Aren't they wonderful? '

~WONDERFUL?
But they are liars.
All are clearly liars.
And THAT makes them wonderful? ~

'YES...
The 'best' of liars yet.

The best liars we can get.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Those 'How To...' Books

The ones who once sat,
With a giving of attention.
And listening to comprehend.
Had no problem,
When requesting to speak.
To do and get,
Respect to them given.

But those days have gone.
As well as a listening to comprehend.
Today people expect and get attention,
With a shouting that begins.
To leave nothing said to understand.
Or anything left to be understood.

And yet people are left to get upset,
When told they don't set good examples...
As parents or adults for their own children.
To show them even less respect,
Than the pets they teach to fetch...
Balls, bones and frisbees thrown,
To be returned back respectfully.
And then given to them a treat as a reward.

'You have them so well trained.
How do you manage to do that? '

~I began walking with them leashed.
And held on with a firm grip.
Then I began throwing to them twigs and sticks.
To then treat them with 'kibbles and bits'.
And they would sit to listen patiently.~

'Apparently this method has been successful.'

~Oh it is.
And when I got rid of those 'How To...' books,
Not a single problem do I have with my kids.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Those Hugging Touches I Thought Luscious

I don't get lonely,
But sometimes I wish for company.
I don't get lonely,
But sometimes there is a need in me...
A want,
For a kiss, a touch with a hug!

I don't get lonely,
But sometimes I wish for company.
I don't get lonely,
But sometimes there is a need in me...
A want,
For a kiss, a touch with a hug!

It's been so long,
I now admit I miss...
Those hugging touches I thought luscious,
Kissing with it!

It's been so long,
I now admit I miss...
Those hugging touches I thought luscious,
Kissing with it!

I don't get lonely but I do admit I miss,
Those hugging touches I thought luscious...
Kissing with it!

I don't get lonely but I do admit I miss,
Those hugging touches I thought luscious...
Kissing with it!

Those hugging touches I thought luscious...
Kissing with it!

Those hugging touches I thought luscious...
Right now I know are missed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Those I Pick To Audition To Love

So free I am to mingle,
And I don't feel rushed.
Happily I'm single and I like to touch...
Those I pick to audition to love.

I am free to mingle and I I'm freed to touch.
Happily I'm single and I don't feel rushed...
To have somebody in my life to love.
Or...
That perfect one to fit me like a glove.
Or,
To have that special one near me to rub...
My feet.
Or my head.
Or...
My shoulders and my body when I'm laying in bed.
Or...
Listen with intent to every word I've said.

I am happy as a free bird to fly high as a kite!
And spend my days and nights doing the things I like.
Although I wish the telephone would ring.
To hear a voice to me that only sings.
And it's someone I have yet to have met.
With obscenities spoken in a sweet sexy breath.

I like it to be single and easily teased.
Oh I like it when obscenities are spoken to me...
After 8pm,
And I'm about to fall asleep.

Oh yes I like it,
To be single and be easily teased.
Oh I like it,
When obscenities are spoken to me...
After 8pm,
And I'm about to fall asleep.

So free I am to mingle,

And I don't feel rushed.
Happily I'm single and I like to touch...
Those I pick to audition to love.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Those Ignorant Steps

Anyone taking a position,
To have others believe...
Another they had disrespected,
Is sensitive to their doing of it...
With a leaving of this nonsense,
Left to listen and be convinced...
By those who agree,
Are themselves accustomed...
To being offended not to mention it.
And accepting to protect,
Their own ignorance not to detect...
As a way to defend a nonexisting pride.

'We were told you were sensitive.
Although most of us think you are rude.'

~Was it before or after,
You made moves to intentionally...
Step on my toes?
And I noticed it to tell you,
Where you could go...
To show someone else,
Who might allow you to take those ignorant steps.
No one steps on my toes to then lie and deny it.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Those Ignorant Will Confirm Their Expertise

If one can not justify their actions taken,
But continues to defend them...
Loud and defiantly and in a pulic way,
To display a lack of knowledge...
Always eliminates debated confrontations,
With a calling of anyone like this ignorant.

Since...
One who knows that definition clearly,
Will have that confirmed...
Without a word heard needing to be said.
Those ignorant will confirm their expertise,
Immediately AND with flair to awe those aware.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

'Those' Images Made

People love to treasure those images made.
Those images created to help them escape,
From depictions of reality.
And the way the displaying of it is portrayed.
People love to treasure those images made.

People love to treasure those images made.
The ones flowered to sugar without a bitter taste.
Those images glammed up to spotlight,
On a public stage.
But behind the scenes indignities can be mean.

Yet...
People love to treasure those images made.
And their minds are affixed to them to defend...
Every blemish that is openly seen.
Since people who love their images made...
Have not been conditioned on reality to feast.

People love to treasure those images made.
Those images created to help them escape,
From depictions of reality.
And the way the displaying of it is portrayed.
People love to treasure those images made,
With an excusing of detrimental flaws and pain shown.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Those Inclined To Be Most Radical

Is it possible for anyone to escape,
The onslaught of a marketing of decadence?
Is it possible to ignore,
The mental illnesses...
Of someone who just may live next door?

Intellectuals sitting back,
With theories and graphs...
To compare demographics,
Of those who might be lacking...
In social skills and tasks,
Have no answers when asked...
Why such acts are rising fast...
In their own backyards.

Is it possible for anyone to escape,
The onslaught of a marketing of decadence?
Is it possible to ignore,
The mental illnesses...
Of someone who just may live next door?

And those who pass their judgements,
On those who have less...
Are themselves most emotionally affected.
And yet...
They are the ones,
With their research completed and studies done...
Trying to convince their outlooks on life are practical.

But observation of these disturbing events...
Proves to anyone witnessing,
Who are the ones with common sense...
And who are those inclined to be most radical.
With a rampaging done they do to be excused.

'But isn't what you do a passing of judgement? '

If you and I sat here observing this with silent lips,
Would what is viewed still exist?

Or will our ignoring it...
Assist it in becoming less effective and fade away?
And 'if' it stays and increases...
Will I then be passing judgement?
Or be thought of as less patriotic?
Because it then becomes a condition of society.

You know me!
I only see what it is.
Not what it aint.
With a censoring done by those pretentious.
To claim 'negative' observations,
Are made by those embittered and disgruntled.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Those Into Titles

Well...
It's not like you are without options.
Remember that time,
You said to yourself...
'I wish I could just scream? '
Do it!
Scratch that off of your wish list!

'I'm so sick of the same routine! '
Comments like this...
You can now store among your memoirs!
Chances are you are finding 'that'
As a complaint.
Not today.

'You would think I was the only one in the office!
They act as if I'm the only one there half the time.'

Things are rapidly changing.
Have you called 'the office' lately?
You may discover,
No one is there on a full time basis now.

Well...
It's not like you are without options.
Remember that time,
You said to yourself...
'I wish I could just scream? '
Do it!
Scratch that off of your wish list!

I remember some years ago...
Being 'downsized'.
From a position that was being outsourced.
And offered a severance.

We were all ecstatic then!
Having never heard these terms before.

'Thank God we aren't being laid off.'
Some were heard to say.

Today...
Some folks are given two hours or less,
To clean out their desks.
And vacate the premises!

Can you imagine getting ready for work,
And the phone rings!
You answer pleasantly not wanting to be late!
You do not even say hello when you hear...
'You've been terminated.
No need to come in.
We will mail your personal things...
Plus a 'thank you' from management,
For the many years of your loyal service!
Your pink slip was mailed yesterday.
Keep your eye open!
Have a great day.'

It's been two days now.
And you 'still' have your mouth open!
Unbelieving.

Believe!

Some folks historically denied employment,
Were called shiftless and lazy.

I'm sure new terms will be introduced,
To accomodate those preferring to be considered...
As 'freelancing socialists' for a brighter tomorrow!
Those into titles.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Those Joneses Next Door

The only freedom one has,
That brings to them true happiness...
Once admitted after spending time committed,
To acquiring possessions left to dust or rust...
Is deciding which 'things' they can do without.
To realize a basic life to live that is recognized,
As a need for just the necessities.
To then leave behind frustrated aggrevations,
Of making attempts to keep up with appearances.
Since those Joneses next door...
With everything leased they could no longer afford,
Have moved and don't live there anymore to impress.
Creating an incentive for the rest of the neighbors,
To prioritize their lives without jealousy or envy...
With a focus on proper diet, discipline and exercise.

'And they strutted around here like they own 'everything'.'

~Who? ~

'Those Joneses next door who don't live here anymore.'

~OH?
So that's when you decided to get back to basics? ~

'Of course not.
Don't be ridiculous.
It was just time for me to make a change.'

~I see.
Many have made similar decisions.
If only 'those' Joneses knew.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Those Kept On The Bottom Relate

Those kept on the bottom keep keeping on.
Those kept on the bottom keep keeping on.
Those kept on the bottom keep keeping on.
Those kept on the bottom,
Relate.

Keeping patience for them,
Has a message to send.
'Cause,
People feel more pinned in.
'Cause,
Struggles for them don't end.
'Cause,
Promises don't pay the rent.
Or decisions not to eat,
Because they wish to look thin.

Those kept on the bottom relate.
Those kept on the bottom relate.
Those kept on the bottom relate.
Those kept on the bottom,
Relate.

Those kept on the bottom keep keeping on.
Those kept on the bottom keep keeping on.
Those kept on the bottom keep keeping on.
Those kept on the bottom,
Relate.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Those Kids Are Mine

Pick any hour you choose to believe,
I am fast asleep.
With dreams of royalities.
And making acceptance speeches,
Behind raised and decorated podiums.
After reciting poem after poem,
Without a wish to get needed rest.

Pick any hour you choose to believe,
That hour is the time to begin your creeping.

When I release my 'children',
From the state of mind I fall into...
That seems to turn me on.
And...
I am creating 'children birthing from my pen.
Pick any hour your choose,
To molest any one of them.
And I will be at your door before you get there.
To begin your craft of flagrant plagiarism.

Pick any hour you choose to believe,
That hour is the time to begin your creeping.
You've been getting closer and closer...
But,
You touch one of my kids.
I will be at your door before you get there.
To discredit every move you've made,
To claim what's mine.
To do, redo, re-state or redefine.
Those kids are mine! And we know each other,
Very well.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Those 'Kids' We Knew To Grow

There is nothing like,
Living our lives...
Through the eyes,
Of our own 'grown' children.

And there is nothing like,
An acceptance that eventually comes.
When the realization 'arrives'...
That our own lives have not been lived.

And those 'kids' we knew to grow,
Now have children of their own.
With wish,
That their grandparents would stay home...
To take care of them!
And...
Not be found partying around town,
With 'kids' more than half their age!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Those Kind Of Troubles

Each day I feel a bit stronger.
Each day I can go longer...
To distance myself from an impatience,
That made me sick.
And in recent days I can say,
Those kind of troubles of mine...
Have now gone away.
All of that seems to not exist.

I feel right now so glad I do.
I thought I would be sad.
And that is true.
Until I let go to let God,
Work within me to undo...
Those heartaches,
With the ups and downs...
I found easily to find,
To disturb my mind!
Released I feel and happy at last.

Yes,
I know God has lifted me and blessed my...
Past!
I have everything more to live for clearly.
From mistakes made I have said good riddance.
I've removed from my life,
That which has been trashed.

Yes,
I know God has lifted me and blessed my...
Past!
With an abundance of insight I'm glad now to have.

I have no reason to solicit and sit,
With complaints daily made...
Coming to deliver and dropp unhappiness.
And there's nothing more to say I can add to this.

Yes,

I know God has lifted me and blessed my...
Past!
With an abundance of insight I'm glad now to have.

I feel right now so glad I do.
I thought I would be sad.
And that is true.
Until I let go to let God,
Work within me to undo...
Those heartaches,
With the ups and downs...
I found easily to find,
To disturb my mind!
Released I feel and happy at last.
I've removed from my life,
That which has been trashed.

Each day I feel a bit stronger.
Each day I can go longer...
To distance myself from an impatience,
That made me sick.
And in recent days I can say,
Those kind of troubles of mine...
Have now gone away.
All of that seems to not exist.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Those Kinds Of Branding To Label Traps

Do I have a 'Doctorate's Degree? '
No!
Nor is my approach and methods to learning,
Certifiably accepted by those approved...
Who do have such credentials.

But I am blessed to observe,
And connect with a consciousness...
I did not earn to be professed.
Or be one labelled as a scholar,
To prove a thought process within me that yearns.

And not a book do I read that has helped me achieve,
A common sense.
With experience and a willingness to learn,
Has assisted in the documenting...
What may be perceived as an approved 'Ivy Leaguer'.

I could not afford,
To waste my resources...
On those kinds of branding to label traps.
I've been saved from living my life,
Limited to impress others like that.

And nothing I believe in,
Has been certified to be classified...
With stamps of approval to identify as controlled.
To maintain standards beheld to uphold to teach...
A releasing of comprehension that limits one's attention span.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Those Know-It-Alls

When thirsty,
Why would one stand in line...
Behind others at an empty well whining?
While listening to those wishing,
For their promises to drink...
Fresh and clean water is fulfilled.
To then ignore the ones with their buckets,
Spilling over.
Although...
They are not dressed to impress.
Regardless if they do appear healthy.
With a spiritual wealth that is nourished.

'There is 'Always' someone that comes along,
who thinks they know so much.
'And'...
Better than everyone else?
Hmph!
Some people.
If this line is good for everyone else waiting...
It's good for me too!
I can't 'STAND' those 'know-it-alls'.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Those Lessons Learned

Thank You for opening my eyes,
Early in life.
And developing an appreciation,
For those lessons learned...
As I sacrificed.

Reminiscing the wealth of my experiences,
Grew I did.
Although I admit,
I was a spoiled kid.

Going beyond what was expected of me,
I began to notice quickly...
The little things I'd asked for,
I made sure those chores done...
Were performed without throwing tantrums.

And my resentment then...
Was kept at a minimum with it concealed within.

Thank You for opening my eyes,
Early in life.
And developing an appreciation,
For those lessons learned...
As I sacrificed.

Reminiscing the wealth of my experiences,
Grew I did.
Although I admit,
I was a spoiled kid.

And I felt deserving to be awarded,
The attention...
From those tasks assigned I passed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Those Living Deluded

The one most likely to be observed displaying,
Intolerance and impatience with another...
Is someone who has grown tired of a repeated routine.
Or someone who has learned,
To resolve their own problems without it announced...
Like many who have an excuse,
For not being accountable yet still expect...
Others to understand how they can waste time,
With a doing to include desrespect, deception...
And a lack of discipline but become highly offended,
When their doing of this to them is mentioned...
By the one who has 'had' it and has no regrets.

'Everyone else accepts what I've done for years.
You're just being too sensitive.'

~No.
If I was sensitive you would not have heard this.
Unlike 'some' you say accept what you do,
I know a thing or two about truth, honesty and being realistic.
And my time is not to be wasted by those living deluded.
To believe a process of life to live,
Is to prevent as effectively as possible the progress of others.
And you represent the doing of that much too well.
As if you were born to seek incompetence as your expertise.~

'You can't speak to me like that.'

~You're right.
And 'it' you will never hear me say again.
That to you I promise.~
That 'fact' we both can agree upon.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Those Living To Impress Others

Living an unconventional lifestyle,
Amongst those living on loans and credit cards...
Is an experience of one's stamina and tolerance.
An utmost patience.
Since those living to impress others,
Assume those who choose to live basically...
Aren't accustomed to having 'things' to flaunt.
Or things deemed to be of worth and valued.
So therefore...
The showing to them disrespect is justifiable.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Those Long Sighing Moans

You let me in,
Now I should locate your needs?
What makes you think,
I am here to dig for clues.

You let me in,
I thought that was the beginning...
Of breaking down your walls.
But you want me to crawl.

You let me in,
Now I should locate your needs?
What makes you think,
A searching will make me more pleased.

I don't have eyes for disguises.
Nor am I intrigued by mystery.
Surprises do not appeal to entice.
And the zest and zeal I have,
Takes longer to excite a rise.

You may captivate!
But I'm too wise to hypnotize.

You let me in,
Now I should locate your needs?
What makes you think,
I am here to dig for clues.

You let me in,
I thought that was the beginning...
Of breaking down your walls.
But you want me to crawl.

I don't have eyes for disguises.
Nor am I intrigued by mystery.
Surprises do not appeal to entice.
And the zest and zeal I have,
Takes longer to excite a rise.

You may captivate!
But I'm too wise to hypnotize,
To satisfy those long sighing moans...
You wish to go on and on.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Those Lost Years

I can not count those lost years,
You have ignored me and my efforts.
And the many attempts I came to you,
For nothing to ask but to share my point of view.
Just with you and exclusively too.

And today...
With time we could have had slipped away,
I've heard from others the comments you've said...
That were not complimentary at all.
And others have no idea,
When you needed me near I appeared.
But it was 'you' not me...
Who collected your feathers and from 'me' strayed.

And today...
You tell others it is 'you' I despise?
Let me say this,
Neither are you in my thoughts.
Or has your name been on my lips.
For so many years I have forgotten,
What it was you did that was so rotten.
I just know whatever it was has long been stopped.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Those Mammoth Trilogies

Those mammoth trilogies,
Dramatized to connect...
Similarities between plots and schemes,
As if to sing in three part harmony to excite.
But instead...
Lulls a listener to eventaully nod to sleep.
Would be wonderful to read...
If one did not need a dictionary to understand,
What was meant to impress...
Made less and less sense.
And did not connect on the onset of one's intention.

'So...
Did you read my messages? '

No!
But I did use them to line my trash can.
Thanks!
That was thoughtful of you to send them.

'You really know how to get to the point,
Don't you? '
It is a skill I've developed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Those 'Maybe' Days

Baby...
We all have awakened to have those 'maybe' days!
With a feeling of 'maybe' we will.
Or 'maybe' we wont...
Do what is expected,
At the expense of slighting...
Someone respected that depends on us.
And did not suspect,
To have a trust taint or dust.

And as soon as those twenty-four hours are done,
We can breathe easier that a fresh batch of new ones...
We can look forward to welcome.

And then maybe, baby...
On the other hand,
Some days end as the Sun descends and reflects.
And we find ourselves sitting in retrospect,
Thankful we had the best days yet.

So baby,
Don't fret!
You are not alone,
When you feel upset.
Some days we just awaken,
To those 'maybe' days we can not shake away.

And maybe some will...
And maybe some wont care,
As long as there is a plan...
To leave them behind,
Without prolonging the despair!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Those Middle Class Days

Clawing up from a struggle,
And snuggled once on that horse...
With a pride and a grin,
One wore when one rode in then...
Isn't easy these days,
To mount back on...
And giddy-up to ride away again.
No.

Some chose to get off their high horses,
To deepen their debts.
With a credit now...
Needing to be repaid with a lot of regret.
And...
Those middle class days feasted,
Now have gone.
Unbelieving that a riding on a high horse...
And the barn it was kept,
Has vanished to be either auctioned or pawned.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Those Mocking Birds I Use To Hear

Who I am,
Has never been shown...
To ignite from anyone a specifc interest.
What I 'should' or 'could' be doing...
Has followed to taunt me,
With words heard by programmed mocking birds.

'You should do this.
You should do that.
You can do this.
You can't do that.
What else do you do?
Besides nothing at all that we find attracts.'

And as I have proven I can do what I wish...
Those mocking birds I use to hear,
Have yet to try to fly with a doing to prove their own merits.
Beyond their restricted limits to get themselves embarrassed.
Although I have seen a few eating crow downlow and dirty.
Re-enacting how they can also be vultures to prove they are worthy.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Those Most Dependable

Those most dependable,
Are not the ones we show...
A giving of respect.
They're often people we neglect.
Those most dependable,
Are not the ones we show...
A giving of respect.
They're often people we neglect.

We take for granted when we panic,
Those who'll fix our needs.
And when they've finished doing that,
We don't show them we're pleased.

Those most dependable,
Are not the ones we show...
A giving of respect.
They're often people we neglect.

And on them we're dependent,
But we choose them to offend.
We think of them to think of us,
When daylight comes until it ends.

Those most dependable,
Are not the ones we show...
A giving of respect.
They're often people we neglect.

We take for granted when we panic,
Those who'll fix our needs.
And when they've finished doing that,
We don't show them we're pleased.

The most dependable...
Are often people we neglect.
The most dependable...
Are often people we neglect.
The most dependable...

Are often those we disrespect.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Those 'New To Discover Life' People

Often I am amused by those...
'New To Discover Life' people.
Either they have been rehabiliated in prision.
Or a brick wall they have run into most of their lives,
Suddenly provided them with insight.

Reconditioned to mingle about,
In today's dysfunctional society...
Has instilled within their minds certain beliefs,
That everyone they pass along city streets...
Needs someone who has been recently 'released',
To provide them with guidance and moral comfort.

Often I am amused by those...
'New To Discover Life' people.
Either they have been rehabiliated in prison.
Or a brick wall they have run into most of their lives,
Suddenly provided them with insight.

And those who face and battle their struggles,
On a daily basis...
Without sitting in a cell or running into bricks,
Have been deluded by their lives lived in reality.
And they sit with wishes wanting to hear...
Fables from an ex-con,
Who made choices to live life quick.
And still seeks to live as easy as possible.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Those Nouveau Riche

They seem to herald,
Every reason conceived to be narrow.

Those nouveau riche.
Reaching heights as stuck ups,
With bragging and branding rights.
And exaggerated struts,
That appear to have their rears corked up!

They seem to wish to convince,
The ones who are 'have nots'...
And penniless,
Of something they have got.
A snob appeal they can flaunt and drop.

As if making appearances,
To quick sniff the air...
Makes others aware with a staring,
That they are there to show...
Those who are 'hopefully' jealous,
How to impress and get that addressed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Those Of Actions And Less Words

Anyone can make comments,
About feelings meant.
Feelings claimed to have!
But kept in one's mind,
Where that time has been spent!

However...
Those of actions and less words,
Impress with images lasting.
And it is the consistency of their thoughts and deeds...
That keeps one in someone's mind,
As one that can be believed without doubt or question.

Too many people today express in public flair,
How deep their loyalty for another is...
And so profess what is kept,
But not truthfully there to be addressed.

With confessions made to others,
As if this passes a test.
While it is the things done they do...
That disproves a conviction spoken.
And not in their hearts to followed through.
Although dramatized displays are created,
To show how someone by another,
Has been made to become upset.

This is straight from a 101 Beginner's Acting Manual.

And those on the receiving end,
Are not tricked to be fooled by deceptions that begin.
Feelings they have are invested too!
And these feelings for them are protected to defend.
Not tossed about in meaningless conversations.
Conversations to impress but without a depth connected.

Anyone can make comments,
About feelings meant.
Feelings claimed to have!

But kept in one's mind,
Where that time has been spent!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Those Of Childish Minds

Those of childish minds,
I had to sever and leave behind.
They no longer fed my views of life.
I had been hatched from adolescence,
Many years ago...
With an expanding insight.
Rehashing redundant deeds done I did...
I could no longer validate,
Those actions of adults that reminded me of kids!
I began to feel imprisoned,
By this useless activity for me I could not envision.
That began to smother my mental growth...
And its clarity,
Beginning to feel remote and provoked.
I had to sever and leave behind,
Those of childish minds.
They found routine attractive to them.
And within me routine was not meant to be.
I am an adult!
And others who are...
Is a rare find today by far.
Leaving me to wonder,
As my aging process flows...
How gracefully can those grow old?
And where do those of childish minds go,
When an age upon them obviously shows!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Those Of Creative Inclinations

I love it!
When those who perceive,
My ceative sensibilities...
Exposes a sensitivity,
That implies a character weakness.
Those of creative inclinations are often compared.
With limp wrists and tea cups!

But there are very few I now know or then knew,
Who were shy to tell anyone a thing or two...
Or where to go!
Anyone connected to this creative process knows...
It is not a joke.
Not this process carefully invoked...
To provoke a higher consciousness.

Growing older makes one aware,
Of the strength involved in this!

Nor made of fluff are these creative disciplines.
The only ones who believe they are...
Are those who have unruly children.
And have themselves disconnected...
From the creations of their realities.
Wishing to perceive,
Those of creativity are lazy!
Which for the most part,
Has been reluctantly failures man made!
To get a quick buck.
To find themselves at dead ends...
And out of luck!
Shall I say...
On their 'lazy' butts.

Remove the creative process out of schools...
And the manufacturing of fools are produced.
But then again...
I need not to say that today,
Do I?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Those Of Similar Interests

No need to call him an imbecile.
He represents a reflection of their decency.
Those of 'supreme quality'!
And selecting him to lead.
And he represents...
With no survey needed!
A reflection of their decency.

No need to call him an imbecile.
Just because he has ruined lives.
There has to be those who are feeling thrilled...
Ecstatic and fulfilled.
With goosebumps that rise.

He is a killer and he has proven that.
He has a death track record...
Anyone who is not blind,
Knows that is a fact.
He is a demon who has been placed,
To do a demon's will.
And grin and smile in your face!

No need to call him an imbecile.
He reflects their best effort!
He presides over those who have chosen him.
Those of similar interests.
Caring less the depth of their decadence kept!
With a murderous mindset he enjoys...
As he watches putting others to death!

And that is not the mind of an imbecile.
That is the mind of one capable of doing,
Far more evil!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Those Of The Crumpets And Tea Party

Representing heartily,
Are those of the crumpets and tea party.
Those of greed and suppressors of rights...
And consumed with self righteousness,
To believe successful theft...
Should be kept in their sight.

In an uproar over spending,
That the government attempts to prevent.
This movement is relentless...
In showing their contempt.

Although they've acquired wealth,
By denying others to gain.
They refrain from being labelled racists.
Preferring 'conservative' names.

Conducting protests,
To keep their greed digested.
They wish to continue their interests...
That have shown them to be,
Thieves of neglect.

Isolating in separation,
From those they've made poor.
Their values and standards...
Have depleted economic doors.

And even though on their own shores,
A welcomed corruption was adored.
They insist there is a need for more of it.
Regardless who is crushed...
By a leeching that has benefitted,
Their tastes to luxurize...
And fatten their own thighs.

Representing heartily,
Are those of the crumpets and tea party.
Those of greed and suppressors of rights...

And consumed with self righteousness,
To believe successful theft...
Should be kept in their sight.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Those Old And Aging People

Give it up and don't accept,
Those tired bones.
Give it up and don't accept,
Those moans and groans
Give it up and don't accept,
Those tired bones.
Give it up!
And...
Before you commit to aging,
Let go...
Of the practice to enact your age.
Give it up and don't accept.
Give it up and don't accept.
Before you commit to aging,
Let go...
Of the practice to enact your age.

'Ow! '

Those old and aging people,
Seem...
To want to carry aches and pains.
Oh those old and aging people,
Seem...
To want old age to claim.
And proud to limp around with canes.

'Ow! '

Give it up and don't accept,
Those tired bones.
Give it up and don't accept,
Those moans and groans
Give it up and don't accept,
Those tired bones.
Give it up,
Now!
Give it up.
Give it up,

Now!
Give it up.

'Ow! '

Those old and aging people,
Seem...
To want to carry aches and pains.
Oh those old and aging people,
Seem...
To want old age to claim.
And proud to limp around with canes.
As if aging brings them fame.

Give it up,
Now!
Give it up.

Give it up,
Now!
Give it up.

Give it up,
Now!
Give it up.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Those Old Sayings Told

'Don't cut off your nose.
To spite your face.'

Just one of those old sayings,
Told.
So relevant today.
Even the ones who chose,
To hybernate...
Have been stunned awakened,
With disbelief to see...
How their precious comforts,
From them are slipping away.
As the elite and greedy,
Use strategized deceits...
To find new ways to stop,
And mock truth.
Until no longer anywhere,
Is the scent of it sniffed.
Or taken for granted,
Someone somewhere...
Stays aware to remember it.

Enemies depicted,
Hide disguised on the horizon.
Rumors of wars,
Threatening peace...
The rich and those elite warn,
On our shores soon come.
To destroy a way of life,
Already diminished by neglect.
And yet those who have slept,
Rush to protect...
What the wealthy possess.

While blinded are minds kept,
Forced to endorse and accept...
Empty promises they hear.
From podiums and pulpits,
Draped to symbolize...

Delusions and beliefs endeared.

-Whomever is amongst us,
Who lives without sin.
Be they now,
Cast that stone.
And let it be known,
We must do our best...
To arm and protect ourselves,
From those who intend...
With it done to do us harm.
Especially...
Those of us who can not lose,
What it is we most treasure
And have come to value.-

'But it's you,
Who cut your noses off.
To spite the look,
On your own faces.'

SECURITY? SECURITY?
Have someone remove,
That paid dissident!
This...
Is a conformist rally.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Those Once Outraged Are Amongst Those Crazed

The only time familiar faces become missed,
Is when words spoken thought ridiculous...
Were from them direct and sugar free.
To have outraged those to a frenzy.
And today?
Those once outraged are amongst those crazed.

Now...
Those very same honest and direct people,
Are remembered to be reminisced...
As those who spoke with words wished to hear again.
Since time has past to make what had been said 'then'...
More meaningful than ever to those comprehending.

Compared to the nonsense many accept today...
As a way to communicate their sanity,
From wherever it was purchased...
To label it as such!
The minds today are detached!
And to never come back from where they are.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Those People Are Back Here...Again

Here they come again!

'Close the blinds.
Turn off the lights.
Unplug the telephones.
DO NOT...
Make a sound,
If they should knock on the door.'

*Mommy.
Daddy.
You're scaring me!
What's going on? *

'THOSE people are back here...again.'

*What people?
What people?
You're frightening me! *

'Those people coming through this neighborhood,
Singing songs of peace and expressing love.*

*NO daddy NO!
Say it isn't true.*

'Ssssshhh. Ssssssshhh.
It will be okay.
I've got my magnum loaded.
And your mother is packing a 45.
We will be fine.
Don't worry.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Those Pickings Grow Slim

Although their cupboards are bare,
Those nourished on a greatness...
Have not been prepared,
To one day accept...
Their supply will be blocked.
No longer stocked,
With a variety of treats...
From which to pick and eat.
Or abandoned!

And as those pickings grow slim...
A protesting to be fed,
The familiar taste of delusion...
Begins to set in!
As vocal demands become impatient.

And,
However their demands are met...
And done,
Is all that they will welcome.
As they regard truths of shortages...
To be myths they resist,
And dismissed as jokes...
Poked,
On those less fortunate.
And they have been conditioned,
They will never become those folks to be poked...
Or joked.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Those Precarious Predicaments

With it still in my mind to be remembered,
And with time given to it spent to have it make sense.
I have lived long enough to be convinced,
That nothing worth the value of it done to have happen...
If patience isn't blended within the mix of a life packaged,
With a tolerance for others as part of one's development.
There are very few 'ifs' given attention here when mentioned,
From this point of view accustomed to removing obstacles.

Only those who have not dug themselves out from ruts,
Or holes deep and seeping in emotional ditches...
Could ever understand what it means to arrive defying,
With a quickness to defend a life lived to value it...
Without explanations to anyone given.
Especially when bitten and shut lips kept from revealing,
Those precarious predicaments one has faced and alone...
To never take a minute of life experienced for granted.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Those Preferences Kept

I have learned one thing about kept preferences.
If they are not preferred by others,
With priorities of their own?
Those preferences kept,
Only applies to the ones believing...
Someone else might be impressed to accept them.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Those Purchased Temptations

Sometimes that which is dangled to tease,
And tempting with ease on the eyes to please...
Will eventually rust.
Turn to dust with a leaving of many disgusted.

And those extended payments,
Agreed upon to maintain a good credit rating...
With no relief from the stress good credit gets,
Addictions to teases increases.

Yet...
Being able to afford those purchased temptations,
Grows less.
That's why it is best to stay away from those dreams,
Others have to impress.
And keep one's own with a patience known,
Regardless who addresses expectations...
With mounting debts they regret but wont admit.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Those Responsible For Its Existence

The more the nonsense is given,
Reason to publicly fly...
The more those responsible for its existence,
Try to legitimize...
The height and thickness of its appearance.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Those Rules The Prudes Declare

The 'prudes'! Politically correct.
And socially graced with proper etiquette.
Have taken the adventures of their ancestors,
To heights of advantageous pretentions displayed.
With their idealistic images wished to impose,
Even though the visions of their ancestors...
Had been a desire to seek inside shelter,
From an outside fire produce to give them warmth...
When enduring the ever changing elements.
And basic 'then' were the needs they feed.

Today crooks have built mansions,
From deceptions enhanced to dupe and take away...
Resourses of those staying to inhabit foreign shores,
To claim and say...
What is there to take and save,
From 'those' savages they ravished...
Living peacefully to respect Mother Nature.
And obeying faithfully those rules the prudes declare,
They have chosen to also do but in 'their' way.
No matter how hypocritically or dysfunctionally it is proven.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Those Saccharined And Sweetened Bits

Saccharined and sweetened bits,
Sour by the hour.
Those saccharined and sweetened bits,
Become more difficult to devour.

Try adding just a taste of truth,
To induce more honesty.
Then sit to feel it begin digesting,
To witness clarity.

Saccharined and sweetened bits,
Sour by the hour.
Those saccharined and sweetened bits,
Become more difficult to devour.

Try adding just a taste of truth,
To induce more honesty.
Then sit to feel it begin digesting,
To witness clarity.

I can not promise you wont vomit.
Nor can I delude the pain.
But what you'll gain will benefit,
A life that's free of toxic fits.

Those saccharined and sweetened bits,
Become more difficult to devour.
Saccharined and sweetened bits,
Sour by the hour.

Try adding just a taste of truth,
To induce more honesty.
Then sit to feel it begin digesting,
To witness clarity.

I can not promise you wont vomit.
Nor can I delude the pain.
But what you'll gain will benefit,
A life that's free of toxic fits...

Without substitutes craved to remain.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Those Same Games Played

Game players become hooked,
Until mesmerized...
To the playing of a game,
That remains the same unchanged.

It's much like the learning children do,
Of the letters in the alphabet.
Each letter is assigned something fixed,
And simplistic that sticks in their heads.

Once a game is remembered,
It doesn't matter who plays it.
But those who have chosen,
These games to play are not aware...
The testing of them occured long before,
They were born to realize...
Those same games played were always there!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Those Same Obstacles Will Be There

Why should I go somewhere else,
To do and be who it is I am?
So many others have chosen to do just that.
Only to discover with a backtracking,
They still have no clue as to who they are.
Or for what purpose,
They live to exist to accept and not resist.

For some reason I have always known this.
To not backtrack to avoid facing facts.
And it didn't matter where I chose to sit.
Or be confronted with obstacles I know exist.
Realizing those same obstacles will be there,
No matter where one goes to confront...
That which opposes the being of who one 'is'.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Those Scoops Of Soup

Once it has been discovered,
Who's pot you've been dipping to get...
Those scoops of soup,
Served to your guests.
It is going to be very hard to convince anyone,
That cook you had fired from the kitchen...
Is not as qualified as you profess.

And you may not be aware of this...
But a great cook,
Seldom leaves recipes behind.
Not those originating from an inventive mind.
And a great cook...
Has no problems finding,
Those who are seeking something better...
They know will stay with them that is craved.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Those Secrets Kept And Untold By Disrespected Trees

I can not afford to look over my shoulder.
Or sit to allow age,
To slow the pace of steps I take.

Too much has to be expressed.
And my mind has long been satisfied,
By the distraction of entertaining temptations.

Clear are the peaks and valleys I've seen.
Now I live to learn about those secrets kept,
And untold by disrespected trees.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Those Seeking Pity For The Petty Should Quit

Throw away all yesterdays and rush,
To catch up.
No time is forgiving of minds,
Too slow...
To let go of woes.

What appears today speeds away too quick.
With an obviousness.
To waste one's mind in a sitting to analyze it,
Profits no one who becomes idealistic.
Or delivers a benefit for those dreaming to wish,
Those yesterdays returned...
So one can prove they 'had' but did not use,
A common sense refused but chose it to be abused.

Throw away all yesterdays and rush,
To catch up.
No time is forgiving of minds,
Too slow...
To let go of woes.

Those seeking pity for the petty should quit.
Not to postpone to bemoan a bit.
To think of it as just dismissed.
What WAS speeds away too quick.
And unforgiving of the ones who sit...
In the way.
Of what comes today and leaves quick.

Those seeking pity for the petty should quit.
Not to postpone to bemoan a bit.
What WAS speeds away too quick.
And unforgiving of the ones who sit.

Those seeking pity for the petty should quit,
And move on.
Those seeking pity for the petty should quit,
And move on.
Those seeking pity for the petty should quit...

To know what's gone has moved on to split.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Those Self Defeating Beatings

Don't get so upset,
To beat yourself down.
Delete defeating...
From it to feed.

Stop those doubts to knock them out.
Prevent them from your mouth.
Delete defeating...
From it to feed.

Don't get so upset,
To beat yourself down.
Delete defeating...
From it to feed.

Stop those doubts to knock them out.
Prevent them from your mouth.
Delete defeating...
From it to feed.
Rid that self defeating...
From it to feed.
Delete that self defeating...
From it to feed.
Don't get use to beating,
Yourself repeatedly.

Stop those doubts to knock them out.
Prevent them from your mouth.
And stop repeating,
Those self defeating beatings.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Those Senior Moments

Where are my keys?

'In your hand.'

Oh,
Who knew?
Has anyone seen my eyeglasses?

'They are on your head,
Covering your eyes.'

I knew.
I was just testing you.

Excuse me...
You look very familiar.
Have we met?

'Not only did we meet.
We were married for eight years.'

That's where I've seen you before.
So...
How have you been,
Uh...uh...

'Janice, maybe?
Perhaps? '

'Seriously.
It's Janice, Michael.'

Michael?
My name is Lawrence.

'Oh...?
Seriously?
I guess we are all experiencing,
Those senior moments.

Well...
It was nice seeing you, again.
Raymond.'

Lawrence.

'Yeah?
Whatever.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Those Sexual Innuendos

Innocence has blown up in a puff!

Those,
Sexual innuendos...
Can stir things up!
And addict a kid to lust.
With a stirring that corrupts.

All those sexual innuendos,
Can stir things up.
And when children think of chicken...
They want to know if the rooster plucks.
And in what position does a chicken cluck.

Those,
Sexual innuendos...
Can stir things up!
And addict a kid to lust.
With a stirring that corrupts.

Those sexual innuendos...
That stir things up.
Are fed to feed attraction,
With a stirring things up!

And made to trap...
Weak minds to keep attracted.

Those sexual innuendos...
That stir things up.
Are fed to feed attraction,
With a stirring things up!

And made to trap...
Weak minds to keep attracted.

Those,
Sexual innuendos...
Can stir things up!

And addict a kid to lust.
With a stirring that corrupts.

All those sexual innuendos,
Can stir things up.
And when children think of chicken...
They want to know if the rooster plucks.
And in what position does a chicken cluck.

All those sexual innuendos,
Can stir things up.
All those sexual innuendos,
Can stir things up.
All those sexual innuendos,
Can stir things up.
Those,
Sexual innuendos...
Can stir things up!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Those Shiny And Bright Blinging 'Things'

'Long ago I divorced myself,
From the importance.'

The importance?
The importance of what?

'Life.'

And now you wish to re-marry?

'If only I could.'

The ones who pursued the climbing to heights,
Just to get and touch...
Those shiny and bright blinging 'things'.
To bring into their lives,
A temporary and fleeting satisfaction...
Gone from sight.
Had to them only one soul given.
One soul not to sell,
But to protect day and night.

And after getting those 'things',
Craved with a wanting so much to touch...
An emptiness felt they can not rid,
Consumes them with a wish...
For true happiness and not tears.

But unrecognized to them,
A happiness once given...
Had by them was held and possessed.
However...
The appearance and image of it to them 'then',
Did not for others show to impress.
And with that assessment more important to address...
A happiness had was left to fly away from their nest.

'Long ago I divorced myself,
From the importance.'

The importance?
The importance of what?

'Life.'

And now you wish to re-marry?

'If only I could.
But I think it's too late.'

That may be true in some cases.
But if I were you...
I wouldn't hesitate to contemplate on the lateness.
You never know...
Who has been awaiting for you to awaken.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Those Slow To Learn Their Lessons

So many years have passed.
And so many have lived their lives,
Being led down the wrong paths...
To one day discover,
As if the clouds have been removed...
From clearing eyes and minds,
To realize those tasks and evil misdeeds...
Done to others in times left behind,
Should have never by them...
The focus of their attention given.
But...
It was.

And those who had been picked,
For those misdeeds done determined...
To have been fit and appropriate,
Might have also awakened with a change of mind.

Perhaps for them they were willing once 'then' to forgive,
But today they may be more convinced...
That those slow to learn their lessons as quick,
Are deserving of repeated teachings...
Until such doing has become satisfying to please.
And those messages they attempted to deliver,
Are guaranteed to have been received.

'I don't understand why I am the one,
Treated in such an offensive manner.'

~Don't worry about it.
You're not the only one who suffers,
From a selective memory.
All you have to do is connect the dots.
What have you done,
That you wish had been forgotten? ~

'I don't remember.'

~Apparently someone you afflicted does.

And has chosen this moment to test.
Until your mind connects.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Those Smart Young People

They scare alot.
Those smart young people.
Who seem to know more than they should,
When others do not.

They scare alot.
Those smart young people.
And instead of listening to them,
To get the knowledge that they've got...
We think their heads are much too hot.

And we,
Wish to believe that all children...
Learn from us our doings,
With a wish we approved.

And we,
Can not perceive that our children...
Have those messages for us,
Because that haven't lived a life...
That proves they know what it is like,
To...

Sacrifice and suffer.
And live a life that we had.
Feeling as if suckers.
And live a life that we had,
Trying to be tougher.
Wanting them to be the best!
But to us they just protest.

They scare alot.
Those smart young people.
Who seem to know more than they should,
When others do not.

And we,
Can not perceive that our children...
Have those messages for us,

Because that haven't lived a life...
That proves they know what it is like,
To...

Sacrifice and suffer.
And live a life that we had.
Feeling as if suckers.
And live a life that we had,
Trying to be tougher.
Wanting them to be the best!
But to us they just protest.

They hear from us what we've been through,
But they're not here to do that too!

Sacrifice and suffer.
And live a life that we had.
Feeling as if suckers.
And live a life that we had,
Trying to be tougher.
Wanting them to be the best!
But to us they just protest.
Wanting not to hear that mess,
Repeated.
Repeated.

Sacrifice and suffer.
And live a life that we had.
Feeling as if suckers.
And live a life that we had,
Trying to be tougher.
Wanting them to be the best!
But to us they just protest.
And...
That reason is,
Understood.

Yes...
The reason is,
Understood.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Those Snap Back 'Trips'

It's difficult not to embark on those snap back 'trips'.
Especially in environments,
Where people flap their lips quick.
With a stirring up of ridiculous gossip.
And intended is the one to ignore what's done,
To not let words said to disturb but instead...
Stay clam, cool and 'mentally' collected.
But always there is 'someone',
Who knows how to turn up...
The heat in one's head.

It's difficult not to embark on those snap back 'trips'.
The kind one may take that does not hesitate,
To respond to an irritation another creates.
As eyebrows raise to let someone have it.
And offensive comments can not be stopped...
From coming out of one's mouth steamed and livid.
Only to wish later not to have participated,
In the giving to anyone a reason to update their lies.
To make claims to other folks how they were provoked.
And to have been innocent but will not admit,
Who said what to who to begin an argument.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Those Sugarcoating Days

The last time I had the opportunity,
To sugarcoat anything...
I was a child making candied apples.
From a family recipe,
My West Indian mother, Edna, taught me.

With a dipping of the apples in the mix.
To then let them sit,
In the icebox.
And my sister Mimmie and I,
Were left to get impatient.

During those days when the iceman came,
With blocks of ice.
And the milk and soda was delivered to our door.
Leaving those sugarcoating days,
Not to exist for me any more.
With a wish for them to return..
I do not do.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Those Sweet Tarts You Seek

You received the wrong memo.
I am not the one handing out sweet tarts.

I know what you have been told,
With gossip to support your expectations.
But no...
I only deliver clarity unseasoned.

Those sweet tarts you seek,
Can be retrieved over there...
Where those deceiving in masks,
Are treating those standing patiently...
In that long line.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Those Sweetened Beaten Bushes

Give me the rough stuff,
Take away the fluff.
I have had enough of...
Those sweetened beaten bushes,
You pick to move around...
With a belief will feed my needs.

Give me the rough stuff,
Take away the fluff.
I have had enough of...
Your B.S. as a back up.
As if I don't know,
You've been feeding lies to me.
And I know,
You don't have integrity.

Give me the rough stuff,
And take away the fluff.
I have had enough of...
Those sweetened beaten bushes.
As if I don't know,
You've been feeding lies to me.
And I know,
You don't have integrity.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Those Sweetly Given Critiques

Whatever it is that is in your life,
You believe hampers the doing...
Of those things you wish.
Remember this...
You called those shots!
You played the game the way you wanted.

Don't look at me and say I've got it made.
I've got faith and I've kept it.
Those days of my struggles...
I didn't complain.
Nor on a shoulder did I weep.

Whatever it is that is in your life,
You believe hampers the doing...
Of those things you wish.
Remember this...
You called those shots!
You played the game the way you wanted.

In fact,
I remember you telling me to get back.
And 'if' I truly knew anything,
I wouldn't be living where I'm living at.
Or live as basic as I do
'Only one lazy would live like that! '

How vividly I remember those sweetly given critiques!

Don't look at me and say I've got it made.
I've got faith and I've kept it.
Those days of my struggles...
I didn't complain.
Nor on a shoulder did I weep.

When things changed for me,
Because of the economy...
I made adjustments to the way I viewed my life.
You and others who think as they do,

On the other hand,
Can not accept...
You are not the center of the Universe.
You are 'still' in disbelief...
Your entire life has been fantasized.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Those Tease And Chase Days Are Done

These are not the times,
To hunt to find new places to play...
Old games like hide and seek.
Those tease and chase days are done!
There are very few who still view that as appealing.
Count me in as being among them.

Secrets deployed,
That claws with a grip that rips,
To shred happiness to bits...
Is not the kind of relationship,
I am going to settle for!
Not when I know where all the doors for an exit are.

And to be angered until a steaming bitterness explodes...
Exposing a crazed 'NEGRO'! ?
I would say African-American...
But that might offend some 'blacks' still in indecision.
And I have long stopped pausing to adorn,
A suitable depiction of myself to express disgust.

Nothing about me I feel for you,
Will be hidden to inflate a disrespect.
Unless...
You just can not avoid the taste,
Of unexpected hatred too identified
With calls to unite our indifferences.
Or rally to march to profess a self forgiveness.
I will not be delivering that time to give.
Not anymore.
I repeat...
Those tease and chase days are done!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Those That Follow

It is easier to follow,
Than it is to lead.
Those that follow,
Will always have comments to make.
Those that follow,
Will always mention another route to take.
Those that follow,
Will always be heard in the background...
Creating a disturbance and making noise.
Leadership to them means only one thing...
Who can be blamed for making sacrifices,
They will ultimately claim...
If the outcome of following remains successful!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Those Then Who Had Nothing

Not only were they given the keys and the tools,
With delivered messengers...
Giving them the answers to the prayers,
They...
With absolutely nothing but their biases,
Turned their backs away.

Not one of the messengers drove a Mercedes.
Not one was wearing a tailored silk suit.
Not one of the messengers had been a social butterfly.
And not one had a Doctorate's degree to be declared...
Worthy of giving attention.

So,
The messengers were sent away.

And today,
Those then who had nothing...
Have a lot less!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Those They Choose And Select

No one should disrespect another,
Period!
Although people do.
And those they choose and select,
To do this may never forget it.
Especially if one becomes picked,
To then decide to teach a few lessons.
And all the teachers that I had,
Who wanted to achieve progress...
Often tested to catch us by surprise.

'I know this wasn't announced...
But I've got something for you.
Some of you who have paid attention,
Are going to do very well.
The others,
Who have taken this process for granted...
Will eventually learn from their own mistakes.
And sometimes those are the most difficult ones to face.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Those Things We Come To Love To Do

Those things we come to love to do,
Must be kept those things we love.
Once we begin to make excuses,
To put aside those things we love to do...
We begin to love less the life we live!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Those Things You Do

You have naughty ploys!
Yeah,
You do.

Stratagems placed,
To lay before...
An unsuspecting face.

And I wish I was not so jaded,
To expose my innocence and naïveté.
Whatever is left of it.
But the patience I once had,
Is even more limited.
So I too could enjoy,
Those things you do...
With a smoothness you exude.

But I've already been fooled and tricked.
However,
There is something done you do...
That provides an amusement with it!

'You light up my life,
With those eyes.
Are you from Cincinnati? '

Yes!
You too?

'Oh! Ooooh.
No.
I'm sorry.
I thought you were someone else.'

I'm sure you did.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Those Thoughtless Are Impossible

The only ones concerned,
About one's tone and manner of speech...
Are those listening to just the delivery,
Prepared to critique.
But can not repeat,
The contents intended in the message.

'What was meant by what you said? '

~Which part? ~

'The part where I thought you raised your voice,
Unnecessarily.'

~Oh.
The part when I mentioned,
Those thoughtless are impossible people...
To live with without becoming bitter.
They neither listen to comprehend,
Or want to achieve understanding.
That part? ~

'I guess that's it.
I don't really know.
But I do remember the 'tone' you used.
And I am sure I'm not the only one,
Who felt offended, disappointed...
And abused by your delivery.'

~Was it the message that offended?
Or was it my tone and use of emphasis? ~

'Gee.
I didn't expect to be interrogated.
That's what I mean.
If 'you' don't remember the topic,
What purpose did you intend? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Those Thoughts Kept About The Past

Pressing forward with ways more reflective,
And determined to keep...
With a 'probable' consideration to change.
When the time permits.
Should no longer be set on a priority list.

Options to do this no longer exist!
A necessity to do it,
Has arrived.
With or without eyes opened.
And facts all over the place...
For anyone to recognize.

Those thoughts kept about how solid,
And stable the ground is that does not shake.
Will for many be felt,
Like a...
WHAT was THAT?

'An Earthquake! '
HERE?
In Connecticut? '

~It twas August 23rd,
Two thousand and eleven...
When the Earth did shake to move,
Millions to prove...
Mother Nature seeks no debate to approve,
What is on 'her' agenda.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Those Thoughts Of Love

When I first gave my heart,
So fragile it was then.
It was quick to give love...
And quicker with one,
To let love in and begin!

And broken and mended,
Several times as I have aged...
I realize those love stages more,
Each and every day!

And those 'events' that sent me,
To despair in a shattered daze!
They no longer play with my mind...
And have fondly faded away.

I witness with growth today...
A valued appreciation within me now stays!
And I no longer find it as difficult...
To know love I can feel always!

And that selfishness,
To believe I can arrest another's love...
Has vanished from my mind,
Unknown and departed!
From this heart where love has started.

Those thoughts of 'love'
As I knew love in confinement...
Have simply with me has had its day!
Unconditionally in love I am,
And I love it!
In a phase that time brought with age!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Those Times Never Forgotten

Sometimes the best remedy,
That comes to assist one to heal quickly...
Is not the familiar 'cry-on-the-shoulder-kind'!
With a soothing of tears and a warm embrace.

Sometimes some cures are better done,
When that person is left alone.
To figure out how to deal,
With agony, pain and stress on their own.

And hopefully a going through the process...
Will increase an appreciation!
And perhaps the acknowledgement,
Of this is shown.

Sometimes this works!
And at other times...
Be on the alert!

Especially when those 'sometimes'
Most of the time...
Are those times never forgotten,
By the ones turned away the first time.

You know...
There are those times that come,
When 'some' people have none to spare!
To express an empathy or caring.

And we all will have those times,
When a comforting should have been extended.
And a selfishness not to listen...or pretend,
Reveals more than what had been intended.

And...
Even though a healing process does occur?
The hearing of it,
Never seems to end.
With reminders left to dig deep under the skin.

'WHY?
Why are you still harboring on that?
How long do you want me to apologize?
For the rest of my life? '

~I hadn't thought of that as an option.
Let me give that some thought!
Thank you for the suggestion.
I appreciate that.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Those Times Passed

Keep your focus and your mind,
On what is observed!
With an awakening consciousness to find.
And not on the passing of time.

Since the speed of it...
That time with us to come,
To rapidly from us split...
Will lose you, me and others too,
To reminisce memories....
With a wishing done to return all of it.

And those times passed for all of us...
Are not going to be relived,
To see or breathe again...
Not anytime soon.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Those Tired, Sick And Poor

Show me those tired, sick and poor.
Then tell me convincingly,
Who was it that decided...
They should be left ignored.
And where are the advantages,
Those ignorant believe..
Would leave them to benefit?
Besides...
Wondering why,
More can be identified...
As tired.
With more who are sick.
And everyday,
Many more added to those poor.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Those 'Tit-For-Tat-I'M Gonna Pay You Back-Spats'

I've experienced it.
I've witnessed it,
A countless number of times.
I've seen some put up with it.
And pretend that it did not exist.
For 'them'!

I've observed this being done...
And did not quite understand,
How could someone do harm to another...
And not expect a reprimand?
Or a reproval with a pay back...
Making sure 'that' pay back stands!

Hoping that an escalation,
Does not get out of hand!

I have learned as I grow 'wiser'...
AND checking looks on faces,
To determine 'if' I am aging gracefully!
Multi-tasking!
Yes...
Multi-tasking is 'key',
To catch those quick glimpses!

I have learned...
And 'this' needs repeating!
I have learned,
To leave a fool to do fool's business!
AND,
When I was left alone...
After this lesson taught,
I wondered to myself if the person who said that to me...
Was making a point I did not quite understand?
'Then'!
But I sure get the jest of it now.

Today?
I do the best I can not to raise an eyebrow!

Or play those 'tit-for-tat-I'm-gonna pay you back-spats',
Types of games!
I am much too old for that!
Unless...
I am provoked to expose my skills?
And 'then'...
Of course,
One never knows 'which' one...
Will be called upon to be used.
Not to abuse!
I wish to make that clear.
Not at this...
'Nurturing of love' stage of life!
But applied 'if' necessary to use.
And 'then' used right!

Discretion is always a factor....
When 'all' elements of repercussion,
Begin to fill a maturing mind!
With vivid imagination.
Especially when one reaches,
A certain...
Let's say,
Enlightened state of being
Preferred!
And is surrounded with a peace of mind...
Free of desires to want to deal with fresh BS!
Although the concept and temptation,
May tease with an invitation!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Those Tomorrows Come Quicker To Leave

Languished.
And yet not deprived,
Of a glimmer that brightens...
A remembered vitality.

In between reminisced youth,
I sit adrift humorous memories.
And grateful that an aging graces,
An ability to greet my years...
With a reflective thankfulness,
For that which I've been given.
And blessed to have received.

Perhaps today I can say I am languished.
And yet not deprived,
Of a glimmer that brightens...
A remembered vitality.
Although I wish sometimes the present,
Would stay a bit longer....
In its visit with me!

Since those tomorrows,
Come quicker to leave.
For one who ages overnight...
With a secret desire to live eternally!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Those Tomorrows That Come

Yesterday I sat determined,
The day before had been in my past.
And every tomorrow after that I lived,
I would not dwell on sadness.
Or upon that which brought to me tears.

Yesterday I sat determined,
The day before had been in my past.
And every tomorrow after that I lived,
I would not dwell on sadness.
Or upon that which brought to me tears.

And...
Yesterday I sat determined,
The day before had been in my past.
And every tomorrow after that I lived,
I would not dwell on sadness.
Or upon that which brought to me tears.

Well...
Those tomorrows that come,
Never seem to be freed of memories...
As if to stay to be repeated.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Those Tricks Played

Strip away from yourself,
Those tricks played...
That have outdated themselves,
And only then we can agree...
Upon what is honest,
In this relationship.

Your elementary school tactics used,
Once believed hiding insecurities...
Are no longer needed to impress,
Your ego needing to be addressed.

If I can take years of your critique,
I am sure one self examination...
Done you do will clear the air,
Between you and me.

Strip away from yourself,
Those tricks played...
That have outdated themselves,
Without delay.
And only then we can agree...
Upon what is honest,
In this relationship.
Both us seem to believe,
Has a value left and worthy to keep.

'I 'guess' you are right!
We both seemed to have gotten older...
And to me it has seemed,
To have happened overnight.'

Well...
Those nights have been the longest ones,
I have ever known in my life.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Those Uncouth And Ruthless

It had been banned...
The truth.
And those who spoke it,
Were ostracized and shunned.

A lie guaranteed memberships in cliques.
And those choosing to do so...
Were lifted in praise.
To show themselves glorious,
And loved for their deeds in masterful craze.

They had the upper hand...
Those uncouth and ruthless.
Quick to tarnish someone's name,
For personal gain and recognition aimed.

And promoting themselves,
To positions held to hide incompetence...
They became suspicious of intelligent thinking,
And demanded ignorance to run rampant!
A decision that kept them sinking,
In a funk stinking!

As they solicited 'experts' from outside,
Comfort zones of leisure...
To help them 'deny' by trial and error,
Reasons 'why' they lost control of their own kind!
Although...
They were not slick enough,
To hide this sickness
Resulting from their demented minds.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Those Undeterred And Focused

Failure lovers who are activists at torment,
Are often amazed, shocked and surprised...
To discover what they accept as failure,
Has nothing to do with a success compared...
That others have not openly flaunted to address,
Or impress to share with an affectatious touch of ego.

Although failure lovers would 'normally' interpret,
An achievement accomplished has to pass their test.
Yet those undeterred and focused,
Beyond what can be seen to be physically possessed...
Prove with effectiveness that their success,
Has little to do with the value of things...
That depreciate as fast as a fading fad can get.

Or credits that quickly debit to threaten,
What from one can be repossessed!
If those timely payments aren't monthy kept,
To leave failure lovers depressed with less.
Seeking then to express,
A humility accompanied by their 'nouveau' sorrows.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Those Unsuspecting Experiences

There IS something advantageous,
That comes to one...
Who has those unsuspecting experiences,
Acquired early and when one had been young.

On the onset this may present an irritant.
For one like this to come into contact,
With a consistent ignorance.

But the acknowledgement one has...
Knowing one doesn't have to put up with it,
Is as refreshing as a tall glass of Long Island Ice Tea.
Hmmm, delicious.

There IS something advantageous,
That comes to one...
Who has those unsuspecting experiences,
Acquired early and when one had been young.

One can sit back and observe,
What is being done.
With the end results already known,
By those disbelieving what their ignorance achieves.

'May I have another glass of Long Island Ice Tea, please?
With salt free Tostado Chips.
And a large order of Guacamole.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Those Visits With Flashbacks

Minus and sitting well below zero,
I feel sometimes inside my mind.
Too many pluses of bitter memories nibbling,
Temporarily.
And coming at times to visit with flashbacks.
Hoping to stay and relax for a replaying,
Upon my emotions.

I try when they come to subtract them from memory.
But they come to divide,
My happiness to multiply into fractions.
Attempting to add distractions.

'Remember That?
And how that made you re-act? '

Yeah, I do!
But you're not staying to chew.
Or chit chat to find a match to anger.

And I do my best to remain positively grounded.
With my confidence in check.
And my sanity under control.

But I confront that negativity,
Wanting all the attention it can get from me.
And something inside me will not allow,
The splitting my peace from a wholeness into pieces.
No!
I let those visits with flashbacks come.
But the leaving is a must that is done to do.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Those Voices You Hear Cheering Are For You

Come along.

'I don't want to go that way.
I am not familiar with it.'

Be strong.

'My strength has nothing to do with that.
That light is too bright.
And that is a fact! '

What's wrong?

'I know you've got 'something' up your sleeve.
Your face is too calm.
And your eyes,
Clear and happy.'

Take my arm.
Don't be alarmed.
You are awakening into full consciousness.
I am here to assist you with your steps.
And help you sever from this last addiction,
You have being in complete and total darkness.

Come along.
Those voices you hear cheering,
Are for you.

'What did I do? '

Wake up!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Those Whacked Who Hack Behind Your Back!

Whacked out hackers,
Make attempts to uncover...
The origins of true facts.
Do their best to tap and seize,
Information from unprotected PC's.
Probing with a secrecy...
Into the privacy of those believing,
Their computers are free...
From the spying eyes,
Of those who sneak.
And electronically pry!

Wizards and geeks...
With a knowledge to peep.
Can do this easily...
To anyone they seek,
Unsuspecting and unaware...
Their personal affairs,
May be used against them...
Anytime, anyplace and anywhere.

Stopping this can be done and quick.
With an anti-virus picked to eliminate this.
To do it all one has to do...
Is press the 'start' button then locate 'run'
Type into the open space...
'Msconfig'
And 'ok' this.
To 'reschedule' what has been done.

Then search for a service that secures...
What you wish kept,
From everyone!
And do this just to keep you safe.
To ensure what you do is not erased!
Chasing away...
Those whacked who hack behind your back!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Those Who Adorn Masks

The search for originality...
Stifles many to follow.
Without an independent,
Creativity in mind to lead.

Some who do this to others,
Discover stagnant air...
In shallow pools unable to breathe.

To leave them blatantly seen,
As those who adorn masks.
Supported by neither spine...
Nor equiiped with a spleen.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Those Who Annoint Themselves Qualified

What institutions do you have left,
That are steadfast and valid?

Hmmm,
Well...
The only ones that seem,
To have stood the test of time...
Are your 'mental institutions'.
However...
I do question their validity.

Since those who annoint themselves qualified,
To determine 'who' has mental issues...
Are the very ones responsible for the cause.
Happening at such alarming rates.

And I am glad you have asked me that question.

It just occurred to me...
Those who annoint themselves qualified,
To determine 'who' has mental issues...
Do so to keep themselves employed.
And...
Advocated for reasons why additional funding is needed,
To keep rehabilitation programs updated.
With the hiring of more qualified personnel a recommendation.
How clever.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Those Who Are Born To Leech

If I am here to leave a recipe...
It may go ignored.
It may go for decades untried.
It may, in fact...
Become declared as someone else's creation.
Thieves finding easy ways to feed themselves,
Keep on the prowl.

But one day...
'Someone' will declare a discovery,
Of my 'original' recipe...
To attempt to re-create the same taste,
To proclaim it theirs to enjoy.

'Don't stay up too long to study wrong,
Boys.'

Since those who are born to leech,
Are not themselves creative.
Thieves, yes!
Creative creatures, no!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Those Who Believe They Are Ageless

The streets are full with aging teenagers.
And those who believe they are ageless!
Irresponsible and socializing their whims.
Those who can not get enough of 'happy hour'...
24/7 and some!
Those are the ones who befriend their children,
With a lack of parenting and a breakdown of discipline!
Those are the ones who confront teachers,
To defend their disrespecting children...
As if that is an honor to show up,
After their offspring have been tossed out!
And those are the ones shouting the loudest.
They can not understand why their children aren't learning!
Those are the ones...
Who do not listen.
But argue their voices aren't being heard!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Those Who Betray And Lament

At THIS hour of the day.
And with time allowed,
Over the years to slip away.
Someone sits not to forget or forgive,
Those who intentionally took steps to offend,
With a doing of it they went ahead to inflict.

And at THIS hour of the day,
It would not matter who said what to have what's been done...
Wished away,
To acknowledge what took place.
Since what took place can not be erased,
From the mind of the one this misdeed continues to sit...
Long after it was considered someone's fun!

And at THIS hour of the day...
Wishing for a way to turn back the clock,
To prevent what should not have happened...
To have it stopped and blocked from a doing,
Is not on the mind of the one who is visited with memories...
At THIS hour of the day,
When one witnesses images from a distance...
A payback paid to those who betray and lament.

Those who betray and lament...
Grieve.
Those who betray and lament...
Can't sleep.
Those who betray and lament,
Become haunted.
Unwanted.

Those who betray and lament...
Grieve.
Those who betray and lament...
Can't sleep.
Those who betray and lament,
Become haunted.
Unwanted.

And have nobody near them to hear their pleas!

Those who betray and lament...
Grieve.
Those who betray and lament...
Can't sleep.
Those who betray and lament,
Become haunted.
Unwanted.
And have nobody near them to hear their pleas!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Those Who Bulldoze Sit Patiently

A fighting over turf is worthless.
Especially when those awaiting...
With their bulldozers to erase and eliminate,
All that exist with a renovation permitted.
To leave those fighting over nothing they own,
To condone what's done...
While they move to another area,
Where their garbage is dumped...
To again fight over worthless turf,
Instead of doing something to purchase it!

But that would involve using their minds to think...
Of thoughts less destructive.
And self destruction is their main priority.
That's why those who bulldoze sit patiently.
Knowing theirs tasks have been made easier.
And to remove debris effortlessly,
Remains cost effective...
For those who actually own the property!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Those Who Challenge Their Obstacles

Describing it from my insight and depiction,
Is not as easy when others are accustomed...
To charades that masquerade truth and honesty.

In younger years I did feel isolated.
I felt berated and uncomfortable.
And treated to believe I was weak.

But those who challenge their obstacles,
Eventually dissolves them.
To unmask those culprits shaking in their boots.
And with trembling knees seen unbelieving.

Strength that goes undisplayed,
May mean a strength is in waiting...
For the right way to expose itself,
To show it doesn't hesitate in vain.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Those Who Choose To Follow

Why is it,
That those who choose to follow...
And allow themselves to do it,
Will argue with anyone opposing their decision.
But when the destination picked has finally arrived...
Disappointment and blame is found to upset them,
Than what was told to them to expect.
And as always a listening done needed,
No one seems to accept.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Those Who Claim Integrity

To give people the opportunity,
To repeatedly lie.
And find fault with this...
Makes you the fool.
Those who claim integrity,
Wouldn't allow such behavior.
The ease to tell a lie...
Or the allowance of them told.
And to know it?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Those Who Cling Onto Values And Standards Outdated

I'm sure those who have been depicted,
As having intelligence...
Don't directly intend to offend,
Those who have lived to experience life...
Defending their right to live their lives as wished,
Do not expect to be in the center of existing conflicts...
And questioned to explain how their mindsets are restricted.
I'm sure those who have been depicted,
As having intelligence...
Would wish another way,
They could solve the increasing existence of mental sickness.

I'm sure those who mention the pillars of society,
And believe themselves in positions to interpret...
What God meant as if they meet in conversation with God,
On a daily basis...
Are only appeasing those who chose to place them,
In the spotlight and on public podiums to show their faces.

There were times when 'historians' believed the World was flat.
Remember reading about that?
And those who opposed had their lives threatened.
Until the World was discovered round and that became a fact.
There was a time when only nine planets,
In 'this' Universe were said to be the only ones known.
And today telescopes are showing...
There are many more of them yet to be shown.
With other dimensions within to prove we are not alone.

Those who cling onto values and standards outdated to follow,
Only expose themselves to be narrow minded and shallow.
And more than a bit hollow.
And here it is March 2013 when authorities are just revealing,
UFO's and aliens amongst us have been seen.
And how will that affect opinions left by 'pillars' of society?
And what aspect will that have on those who believe GOD...
Speaks only to them in their 'chosen' ears to hear?

With a limited consciousness to express with attempts to impress.
But who or whom?
Those left still addressing their political aspirations with 'correctness',
In the hopes that an ever changing 'majority will accept?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Those Who Declare Themselves Proud And Beautiful

They don't speak to them
Because of what was said
To a family member,
Associated to a relative of a friend.
And that friend is rumored to be gay
On the down low and cheating
With the first cousin's lesbian wife.

And the commuters could care less
About any of this as they trespass
To collect and run.
This has all been a setup...
To leave the inner cities,
As a place they do not wish to live
But leech!

Gang wars on turf those fighting don't own.
Drug confiscations done...
While everyone is spied upon!
Either filmed by street cameras,
Or illegal phone tappings...
By those who satisfy their justified immorality!

And the commuters could care less
About any of this as they trespass
To collect and run.
This has all been a setup...
To leave the inner cities,
As a place they do not wish to live
But leech!

Every street has at least one church,
To praise something that's said to represent 'God'.
And no one thinks it strange or odd,
These areas of high crime produce higher illiterate rates.
With illegitimacies of all kinds taking place...
And fostered!
Those elected to terms take turns debating fates.
Handing out pamphlets to those who can not read,

Write or recite a word understood!
But it's 'all good' in these depressed neighborhoods.
Since the people aren't aware,
Just how valued their presence is there!
They are used to fund all of the profit to them...
For them never comes!
But supports activities for those 'assigned'
To enrich their lives with grants and subsidies!

And the commuters could care less
About any of this as they trespass
To collect and run.
This has all been a setup...
To leave the inner cities,
As a place they do not wish to live
But leech!

They don't speak to them
Because of what was said
To a family member,
Associated to a relative of a friend.
And that friend is rumored to be gay
On the down low and cheating
With the first cousin's lesbian wife.

And this is the life lived by those
Who declare themselves proud and beautiful!
Devoting time to diversity...
With federal funds in communities,
Outsiders decide who qualifies!
In acts that are clearly apartheid!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Those Who Defy This Definition

Even in our adopted realities,
We cling onto habits.
What has been defined...
And labelled to be slimed by mankind,
Has found a permanance in our minds!
With a steel and concrete defense...
We are uplifted by our pretensions.

Although the foundation cracks and disturbs!
We are encouraged...
And fed well on this nourishment,
That leads us to bleed for our beliefs.

Shaking like Autumn leaves from sturdy trees...
We do!
To bury, forget and repeat this unforgiving cycle!
Someone is boo-hooing somewhere!
Remember when you were there...
Dreaming for changes with high hopes?

Some recover from this doping!
Never again to underestimate,
The power unseen that made us to think...
We have as much to allow enough of it,
To be taken from someone one else!
To deposit their resources in our pockets.

Even in our adopted realities,
We cling onto habits.
What has been defined...
And labelled to be slimed by mankind,
Has found a permanance in our minds!
With a steel and concrete defense...
We are uplifted by our pretensions.
And we call those who defy this definition...
Jerks!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Those Who Did The Shunning

Once done...
And in retrospect,
As one reflects!
Being ostracized,
By those finding,
Others not living up...
To either their standards,
Or expectations...
Should leave many today,
Feeling thankful and quite blessed.

At least they already know...
They will be the last ones called upon,
To help rescue those...
Out from the depths of their standards.

And a call to participate in doing so...
Will not come from those who did the shunning.
Not those with their values and lifestyles to protect.
Not those active in doing the ostracizing done...
With a tasteful pretense and social precision,
Years they had placed in effective rejection.

This from them will not be addressed!
They have too much awaiting on their plates today...
To attempt any escape from embarrassment.
Those chests puffed up are covered in dirt!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Those Who Don'T Take Their Own Advice

I was told to pretend I sat on top of the world!
I did that!
And I was hit in the head by space debris.
Now I have a tremendous headache.
Wishing I did what I always had done.
Not listen to anyone.
Especially those who don't take their own advice.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Those Who Find God In The Oddest Places

An apology can never substitute,
For an intentional pain one causes.
Nor can excuses or alibis used,
Come to the defense of someone...
Who had intent to do what had been done.

And those who find God in the oddest places,
Expecting to have erased with faith...
A forgiveness to them eventually given,
Should not approach their victims...
With new found scriptures to state.
Hoping to have their misdeeds eliminated,
By the one they participated...
In having their character successfully assassinated.

Only the ones living through the process of healing,
Know how it feels on a daily basis...
To awaken each day,
Praying to rid all remnants of bitterness,
Left to come to pay those unannounced visits.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Those Who Find No Problem Telling It

People are not accustomed,
To hearing the truth.
Only varying versions of it told.
And when someone is bold enough,
To tell it like it is...
People become offensive.
It is a moment that comes,
That strips bare with no regard.
Truth stuns those who shun it!
And those who find it hard,
To accept truth for what it is...
Find those who have no problem telling it,
As negative!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Those Who Give Of Their Time

If I had demanded payment,
For my volunteered efforts made to make...
With a return of someone offering gratitude,
Less would be the critique...
Of what it is I do to review.
But since they are given and literally away,
Without consideration of pay...
More believe a critque to do is their duty.
Since 'obviously' I am not aware of my worth.
And that's how people perceive,
Those who give of their time as well...
To meet expectations although thoughtless,
With a doing to give anyone a conscious disrespect.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Those Who Go Out Of Their Way

Those who are decisive,
In employing a decision made...
Without a moment of hesitation in doubt,
I am quick to give respect.

However...
Those who go out of their way,
To break their necks...
Proceeding in stubborn directions,
Have taught me how blessed I am.
I hope never to be 'that' stupid.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Those Who Go To College

Those who go to college,
Should decide with a clear knowledge...
What it is,
They hope from it to get.

And those who go to college,
Should decide with a clear knowledge...
What it is,
They hope for them benefits.

So many drift in dreams,
Have no clue what it is they want.
But party just to congregate in hallways,
Just to flaunt...
A getting into college but afraid to polish up,
And succeed.

'Not me.'

Those who go to college,
Should decide with a clear knowledge...
What it is,
They hope from it to get.

And those who go to college,
Should decide with a clear knowledge...
What it is,
They hope for them benefits.

So many drift in dreams,
Have no clue what it is they want.
But party just to congregate in hallways,
Just to flaunt...
A getting into college but afraid to polish up,
And succeed.

'I got in college! '

But...

Are you there in college just to party,
Or to polish and succeed?

'I got in college! '

But...
Are you there in college just to party,
Or to polish and succeed?

Since many are in college,
Just to party and to get a degree.

'Not me! '

But...
Many are in college,
With no knowledge what it takes to succeed.

And those who go to college,
Should decide with a clear knowledge...
What it is,
They hope for them benefits.
And what they wish to get from it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Those Who Habitually Lie

Those who habitually lie,
Will try their best to decieve others...
With performances to convince,
That the ones unafraid to speak the truth...
Pursue the doing of it,
To purposely mistreat them.
By a direct use of honesty.
As if someone intentionally slit their wrists to bleed.

Those who habitually lie...
Seem to have a compulsive need,
To disguise a hiding of their acceptance of truth.
And character assassinate the ones they please.

Much disrespect is done to the ones,
Habitual liars attempt to project their pretentions on.
With facades of sobs and a childish innocence,
To depict themselves as having only sincerity meant.
That is quick to surface to argue against,
Anyone who dares to put a dent...
In a carefully charaded integerity,
Masked by a defense when offended.

Those who habitually lie...
Seem to have a compulsive need,
To disguise a hiding of their acceptance of truth.
And character assassinate the ones they choose.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Those Who Have Been Victims

Leave them to fight.
They will be clinging on to life...
Asking 'why' very soon.
Barbarians can do only one thing successfully.
Declare victory...
After total destruction,
And chaos has been determined.
It convinces them they created fire.
And the only purpose the Sun has...
Is to bronze their skins.
Ignoring those of natural color.
For fear insecurities will be exposed.
Leave them to fight.
They will be clinging on to life...
Asking 'why' very soon.
And those who have been victims,
Of their crimes...
Appear to be both deaf and blind,
To the sounds and sights of their screams.
Wondering...
Why do they point to the sky,
With frightened looks in their eyes?
Since all they see are angels,
Coming to make deliveries!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Those Who Have Lost Their Minds

Who would believe it to see,
That these days craze and tensions...
Are slowly being raised to outrageous levels.
Even hardened criminals,
On their way to commit crimes...
Stop in their tracks to remove their masks,
With disbelief ordinary people...
Have begun to compete with them openly,
For the title of 'Those Who Have Lost Their Minds'.

It has become commonplace,
For people to call the police on their own relatives.
To then claim racism exists,
When someone is heard singing derogatory lyrics...
Blasted to promote over the radio,
A degrading of black folks.
Who then become offended by the 'whites',
They depict as racists destroying their human rights.
But no one objects when 'Live And In Concert',
They sit to witness their favorite artists...
Boast with profanity spewed with this choice to choose,
To demean and defame themselves the most.

And defenders of pretentions expect more respect.
But from where is it accepted if nowhere it is reflected...
With it given to do or received to get? .

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Those Who Hold The Reigns Of Change

Thoughtless.
Arrogant.
Disrespectful.
And showing a high disregard,
For humanity.
Lies.
And flaunts an elitism.

'Oh...
She is much too outdated to lead,
The masses.
And she declares herself the more experienced?
That's the kind of experience,
We no longer need!
And besides...
There is one already,
Who has been totally ignored!

What do they believe they represent?
What other clues do they need?
He was nearly on his knees begging!
Can't they see...
Those who hold the reigns of change.
Those who could care less,
About such pretentiousness! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Those Who Hurt And Go

When you've been hurt and it is felt,
Is if felt like no one else?
When you've been scandalized to dirt...
Is this a group effort that's hurt?

And when forgiveness is expected,
Is it easy to forget...
Those who left you feeling grief.
Perceiving you to over-react.
And you to be too sensitive.

When you've been hurt and it is felt,
Is if felt like no one else?
When you've been scandalized to dirt...
Is this a group effort that's hurt?

And when forgiveness is expected,
Is it easy to forget...
Those who left you feeling grief.
Perceiving you to over-react.
And you to be too sensitive.

There is a misunderstanding...
As to who should feel what deeply.
To what degree a hurt is felt.
And who is left to grieve.

When you've been hurt and it is felt,
Is if felt like no one else?
When you've been scandalized to dirt...
Is this a group effort that's hurt?

No!
No!
No-no-no.

There's a misunderstanding...
As to who should feel what deeply.
To what degree a hurt is felt.

And who is left to grieve.

There's a misunderstanding...
As to who should feel what deeply.
To what degree a hurt is felt.
And who is left to grieve.

And when forgiveness is expected,
Is it easy to forget...
Those who left you feeling grief,
Believing you are weak.

When you've been hurt and it is felt,
Is if felt like no one else?
When you've been scandalized to dirt...
Is this a group effort that's hurt?

There's a misunderstanding.
By those who hurt and go.
There's a misunderstanding.
By those who hurt and go.

When you've been hurt and it is felt,
Is if felt like no one else?
When you've been scandalized to dirt...
Is this a group effort that's hurt?

No!
No!
No-no-no.

There's a misunderstanding...
As to who should feel what deeply.
To what degree a hurt is felt.
And who is left to grieve.

There is a misunderstanding.
By those who hurt and go.
There's a misunderstanding.
By those who hurt and go.
There is a misunderstanding.
By those who hurt and go.

There's a misunderstanding.
By those who hurt and go.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Those Who Inflicted

Those who inflicted pain on others,
With intent.
Need not concern themselves...
As to when to expect rescue!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Those Who Know Best

If it continues to be assumed,
As to what others think.
How they feel when choosing,
What it is unknown to them...
Any decisions someone else,
Has done to do to prove.
Why is it,
When facts discovered...
Become openly revealed,
Contradicting assumptions...
False and purposely,
Very creative.
Those assumptions become,
The foundation and basis...
From rumors that begin,
A reality nonexistent to defend
Uphold and protect.
To accept as validated.

'Uh...
Stop pretending to be,
Who you clearly are not.'

-You're right.
For so long I've charaded.
Paraded and masqueraded.
Now...
Tell me who it is,
I should have been?
I prayed for this day,
For God to undo...
This too comfortable skin,
You've noticed...
I don't belong in.
Should I close my eyes?
And prepare,
For my dramatic transformation?
Or...
Will you decide to electrify me

Instead?
I've been awaiting,
For this moment to come.-

'Well...
We didn't anticipate,
This kind of a...uh...
Welcoming reception.
But, uh...
You see,
We had depended upon those...
Who know best to be here.
But, for whatever the reason,
We were just suddenly informed
Our confrontation with you,
Conflicts with their schedule.'

-I understand.
I'm cool with disappointments.
Contact me when your schedules,
Happen to match.-

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Those Who Laughed With Time To Waste

I never sought to be taken for a fool.
But there were those foolish enough,
Not to believe I was serious.
And perhaps that seriousness,
Had been misinterpreted.

And I have never elected,
To see them in that way.
Anyone making attempts,
To express their gifts and talents...
With intent,
Gained my respect.
Since I knew what that took.
I knew too well what that meant.

With those comments made by some and done,
And time that has come many have tried to shun...
I still have not been the one to evaluate.
A progress made.
However...
Few I knew have made great strides.
While those who laughed with time to waste...
Seem to have vanished to other places,
To grace their faces with fates they've faked.
Or wish to make attempts to do it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Those Who Leave To Come Back

People appeasing their insecurities,
And limiting their lives lived...
To appeal to a small town mentality,
Will never grow.

Those who leave to come back to observe,
And witness the spread of this sickness...
Are often heard expressing their disbelief.

Until they begin to realize,
Even the repetitiousness of observing this...
Can entrap,
If one does not participate...
In something that detaches on a daily basis.

Or...
Find a convenient way,
To stay in a prolonged amnesia.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Those Who Lie Don'T Fly That High

Those who lie don't fly that high.
Even with their clipped wings taped.
Seen participating and prepared to celebrate,
In the process of falsifying truth.
To keep truth disguised and held hostage.
Those who lie don't fly that high.

Those who lie don't fly that high.
To believe they can remain,
Hiding behind deceptions to use to crucify...
Those who clearly see them,
As excuse and alibi makers on the loose.
Seeking to borrow quick doses of empathy.

Those who lie will eventually try,
To escape while portraying innocence...
As a weapon to convince many unconscious,
Of the nonsense they've created...
With wishes not to be associated or implicated,
To initiated conflicts pre-meditated and planned.

Yet...those who lie don't fly that high,
When seen to be obvious and scanned...
By the ones awakened with eagle eyes.
Flying much higher and able to identify,
Those with clipped wings pretending...
Themselves to be victimized by left sorrows.

Those who lie don't fly that high.
They can't.
When wickedness becomes an addiction,
Those with this habit...
Will inflict anyone just for a fix.
Clipping their own wings in the process of it.

To then be heard screaming,
As vultures homemade and grown...
Depicted as lone rangers.
Determined to keep a feeding of taught greed,

Begin to drone in with it shown they care less,
Whose meat they pick to expose left bones.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Those Who Lie Low In Denial

It is in the approach that does it.
Something genuine that can not be dismissed.
Something that reeks of sincerity!
And the one who is approached...
Knows this.
And that is why...
Those who lie low in denial,
Have a difficult time making eye contact.
So difficult it is for them...
To come to face others,
Whose lives are based on fact.
And not of dictated fiction!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Those Who Made Choices

It is now a stinging,
That brings clear vision.
No favorites are protected...
As believed and once projected.

What one gives from the heart is returned.
If bitterness is inflicted...
Expect it to pay a visit!

There is no escape,
For those basking as if 'selected' ones.
Those who made choices...
In beliefs they are better than everyone!

Material gains can diminish in a minute!
Taking 'things' worshipped,
And leaving payments still unfinished!
Creditors without sympathy...
Only know that bottom line!
They want what is theirs...
Caring less who now whines!

With heads held high,
And with egos held even higher...
As people like these,
Now live in dire regret and remorse...
That clouds and transpires!

A course they chose...
To be separate from 'them' and 'those'!
As they sift through memories,
Hoping to find their minds....
While standing in lines,
For a meal and a change of clothes!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Those Who Make Claims

Being friendly,
And having a few close friends...
Is quite a difference.

Those who brag about their friends,
But can not depend on them...
Delude themselves with being popular.

The same applies to the giving of respect.
I don't have to know you to do it.
But many who don't do it at all,
Seem to be the ones who delude themselves...
With a notion that the not doing of it,
Makes them popular.

Being friendly,
And having a few close friends...
Is quite a difference.
We know when, where and what time it is,
That we can disrespect each other.
And not take it personal.

However...
Those who make claims to have lots of friends,
Have no clue which one...
Will kick them under the bus,
Regardless of when, where or what time it is!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Those Who Make Claims They Know Us

We are not suppose to like each other.
That's what I heard.
Did you hear that too?
Well...
I am glad those who told us that,
Are not within our view.
And we had this opportunity to meet.

Let's do this again.
And hopefully...
Those who make claims they know us,
Wont ever get to know you and I...
Have met and became best friends.
With feelings there we both share,
Of becoming for each other lovers.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Those Who Pack Malice

I don't carry malice.
But I am familiar,
With the burden of it.

And those who pack malice,
As a means to unload if from themselves...
To others unsuspecting.
Would be wise to rid themselves of the notion,
That an unpacking of malice...
To place upon another's shoulders,
Would be done without a suffering to them that comes.

I don't carry malice.
But I am familiar,
With the burden of it.
And it is not worth being committed,
To a life of mental pain.

I was blessed to become remorseful,
Before carrying out the deed.
But I have witnessed the devastation,
Of what a malice inflicted can leave.

It is best to correct and reverse one's steps.
With a comprehension...
One accepts and not argues.
Malice to inflict revenge as a means to victimize,
Has its surprising consequences...
For one unsuspecting who does the venomizing,
To pay!

And the picture isn't pretty.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Those Who Practice Acts Of Madness

It never ceases to amaze,
Who rushes to administer aid...
To those who practice acts of madness.

Psychological explanations are made,
And in depth...
To defend some who are blatantly crazed.

Even caught in the act of misdeeds done,
Some are privileged to get...
An immediate forgiveness to them that comes.

And yet...
There are others who can be innocently walking,
Down streets where thieves obviously thrive...
To be questioned as if suspected to offend,
Those snooping from windows with no business of their own...
To claim someone disguised as a 'jogger' has passed their home.
And the police should be sent immediately.

It never ceases to amaze,
Who rushes to administer aid...
To those who practice acts of madness.

Psychological explanations are made,
And in depth...
To defend some who are blatantly crazed.

'What are you doing in 'this' neighborhood? '

~I happen to live in 'this' neighborhood, officer.
Has someone complained my exercising offends them? ~

'Well...
It has been reported you've been seen,
Doing it much too often.
Especially when you stop to walk...
To then jog again.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Those Who Pray And Fake Faith

Faith is what it takes,
To conquer over inner fears.
Those who pray and fake faith...
Fool themselves.
Not The Creator.

To walk in faith to let go and let God,
Handle the business of guiding and correcting...
Leads one to witness the power of The Almighty.
Those hiding behind their shallow wants and wishes,
Repeatedly face opposition with a taste of chaos.

Faith is what it takes,
To conquer over inner fears.
Those who pray and fake faith...
Fool themselves.
Not The Creator.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Those Who Prioritize Life

With a stopping to express a concern,
Is the only way...
People who take the giving of sincerity,
For granted and gone unrecognized...
Will learn,
Eventually...
As something genuine that is done,
By those who care without pre-meditating it.

To hopefully one day those living suspiciously,
With standards to value but with disbelief and doubt...
When that giving of a sincerity has been removed.
Not to offend.
But to maintain a self respect in the giving to express.
With a doing to keep it unaffected by rejection.
And sharing that giving to do,
With those who prioritize life to appreciate honesty.
So many don't. And the few that should, refuse.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Those Who Sat In Worship Of That

Their values are gone and their minds have cracked.
Every belief taught that they've had...
Has unraveled with the dollar,
And that's a fact.
Their foundations were based on things to entrap.
And those things are now worthless...
To those who sat in worship of that!
Now they carry sadness and remorse on their backs.
Their values are gone and their minds have cracked.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Those Who Shake A Tail Feather

Are those who shake a tail feather,
In more control than those...
Shaking all their feathers?
And if so...
Can it be said,
They are more skilled...
At shaking their tails?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Those Who Suspect Reflect

It's not enough to be patient,
To donate a tolerance that's subdued.
It's not enough to be honest,
To prove a trust is true.

People who accuse are the users.
People who deceive are the sneaks.
People who claim they are honest,
Are usually the ones who are doing misdeeds.

Those who suspect reflect...
What they have done to do.
Those who suspect reflect...
Something done they've approved.
Those who suspect reflect...
An admission of a condition.
A condition that has permission.

It's not enough to be sincere,
With it known and it made clear...
When something genuine is done,
It appears with a feeling near.

But...
People who accuse are the users.
People who deceive are the sneaks.
People who claim they are honest,
Are usually the ones doing their misdeeds.

It's not enough to be patient,
To donate a tolerance that's subdued.
It's not enough to be honest,
To prove a trust is true.

Those who suspect reflect...
What they have done to do.
Those who suspect reflect...
Something done they've approved.
And...

Those who suspect reflect,
An admission of a condition.
A condition that has permission.

Those who suspect reflect...
Something done they've approved.
And...
Those who suspect reflect,
An admission of a condition.
A condition that has permission.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Those Who Sympathize Do Not Pretend

When a quantity lacks quality.
And a marketing of garbage is anticipated.
Since garbage and trash thrive with medocrity.
How can anyone identify a high standard?
When reproductions are more suitable,
To those with aspirations just to be exposed...
To the theme of things.
And not to origins of originality seeped in innovation.

Or wish to come into contact with its depth!

That would involve a patience to comprehend,
Such motivation.
And comprehension is not the intention,
When some begin to pretend!

They may be patrons.
Fun seekers who enjoy being in the presence,
Of whatever it is prioritized at the moment.
But sympathizers they are not!
And those who sympathize do not pretend,
When there is something they know about truth...
In one's artistry.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Those Who Value The Emptiness Of 'Things'

They were raised with beliefs,
They should compete.
Brothers and sisters...
Separated by jealousies,
And envy condoned.

They speak of favorites...
Picked and solicited,
By parents who thought of them
As part of a litter.

Not one of them knew love...
Since this was not shown.
And that which is not known,
Is reflected by shallow misgivings.

And in an environment
That offers deception to shine
Behind the minds of those
Who value the emptiness of 'things'...
Over a missing self worth!
Flourishes in deceit.

Diminished in those,
Still holding onto its existence!
Is an encouragement self contained.
Yet showing an absence that craves,
An attention too long ignored!

But then again...
Truth has not been welcomed,
As a friend either!
And this is widely reflected,
From generation to generation
Of those obsessed to possess...
Costly sensations,
To appease a loss unprevented!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Those Who Would Love Nothing More

No one should be shocked or surprised,
By the overhearing of those wishing...
For the defeat of someone else.

There are those who would love nothing more,
Than to see others fail and then to ignore.
With a doing of this as if their own lives aren't effected.
Or directly affected by witnessing their own wishes.

And without realizing their own indoctrinations,
Inflicted with conditions...
Allow their own failures to be accepted to exist.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Those Wishing It Was 1776

It is 2013!
And many are doing the best they can,
To censor that reality.
How can anyone disbelieve,
In this day of technology...
And the availability of information,
Children are not well informed?
Or have adorned habits,
Ancestors long gone...
Would disapprove while riding,
In their horse drawn wagons.
Even automobiles are equipped,
To park themselves...
Better than the driver.

It is 2013!
And people affixed to their pretentions,
Can not believe them to be seen.
When visuals of all kinds,
Are exposed without the use of imagination.
Butts, chests, thighs...
Deceptions!
You name it.
Anyone left quessing as to what's going on,
Today?
With it going on in full displayed.
Needs whatever medications they are on.

It is 2013!
Not 1913 or 1813.
Yet...
There are those wishing it was 1776.
With a desire to arm themselves...
To prevent the future existence of human beings.
That's how crazed those afraid of tomorrow,
Have become.
With a choice to isolate themselves,
From everyone and everything...
To protect their insanities.

By having at least one gun.

It is 2013!
Not 1913 or 1813.
Yet...
There are those wishing it was 1776.
To arm themselves against what they've implemented.

'Our entitlements are threatened!
Our entitlements are threatened! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Those Wishing To Impress

Scurrying around in a frantic pace that is hurried,
To mend together those broken fences...
With the gluing of pieces,
Reminisced as ones that use to fit.
Well...

This may be a great opportunity,
For those who believe it is never too late...
To accomplish certain deeds,
With a hopeful removal of any bitter taste left.

But some tasks in the doing,
Put off until the last minute...
Just be more effective if left undone.
Especially if those wishing to impress have deceased.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Those With Goals Know

If one's only ambition,
Is to go to college...
Just to say one goes to a school,
May not be for one as advantageous...
As that goal focused upon,
By one who is determined...
With a sticking to it as is pursued?

Perhaps!
If this direction...
Has been thoughtfully mapped,
One undecided...
Can escape from extracurricular traps.

Perhaps!
If one has an agenda,
To a dream that has been attached.
One can party throughout college life,
Without worrying how or to whom...
To pay this expense back.

Those people,
With a 'Cry Me a River' approach to life...
And believe that a catching up on time,
Will extend their daylight...
May have waited a few minutes too late,
To open the gate.
With a belayed working towards that high paying job,
That has as of today...
Been erased from the landscapes from wherever,
These visions and dreams have been portrayed.

Since those with goals know,
A sacrificing is what it takes.
Since those with goals know,
A prerequisite to obtain an image...
A lecturing done,
Will not produce those lucky breaks.

Those with goals know,
Staying devoted requires discipline.
Since those with goals know,
A motivation isn't teachable.
Nor will a feeding of an unending feast,
Degreed by an education...
Guarantees anyone,
They can choose and select...
Exactly what to eat.

Those with goals know,
What is applicable to others...
May not deliver to them,
A supplying of their wants and desires to feed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Those With No Dysfunctions

Instead of separating society,
In divisions of sexual orientation and preferences...
Isolate those of no abnormalties at all!
And allow those with no dysfunctions,
Outwardly or openly expressed...
Be declared the disease affecting humanity.
And cover them with odorless cat litter!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Those With Unenlightened Appetities

Opposition to a united position,
People are seeking and more than wish...
With intentions to mend and heal,
That which has been broken.
Reveals more each day...
A division amongst people inflicted,
And led astray does not pay.

Not for the ones held to limitations,
By those who wish their greed and selfishness...
Creates and establishes a strong foundation.
But instead have done more to produce conflicts,
Than insist a respect for all is needed with commitment.
If greatness is to exist to be for everyone to witness.

And not just a myth a few feast upon,
That is kept exclusively.
Until defeat widens the cracks that invite failure.
Showing an opposition to that which is right,
Seems always there to be on the side...
Of those with unenlightened appetites.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Those Yesterdays

The only thing given to us to value,
When tomorrow comes...
Is an opportunity not to repeat yesterday.

But so many wish those yesterdays to relive.
With the doing to make the same excuses made.
Only to discover them less accepted today!

'Yesterday,
All my troubles seem so far away.'

~But today you wish them here to stay.
Those yesterdays to relive.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Those Yesterdays Gone

Remember believing me to be a joke?
And in my presence you'd whisper and talk,
About me...
With other folks.
Who too thought of me as a fool too!
And I am sure you remember it,
Just like I do.

And today...
I bet you wish those yesterdays gone.
Not to exist.
Since it has to have occurred to you,
To realize...
I had to have been laughing at you inside.
And I was but ironically with empathy.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Those...Inequities!

There is a rush...
To correct, silence and hush,
Those...inequities!
Those injustices left to leave,
The ones thought and believed...
To be dispensible.

The ones who displayed,
No apparent influence.
Those who are now seen...
To have had appropriate insight.
But disregarded and demeaned.

There is a rush...
To correct, silence and hush,
Those...inequities!

And yet...
The power to do that effectively,
Would entail the power...
To change the rotation of the Earth.
To rename the Sun and the Moon.
And the time of one's birth.

With a claiming that all misdeeds done...
Were not planted to ruin anyone's life.
What a wasted intention...
If this was meant,
As a means to undermine one's sacrifice.

But these acts directed,
Were merely enacted...
To invite them to have more fun!
And this...
Was a miscalculation,
Of an understanding.
Left to go misunderstood and unexplained.

But 'hopefully'...

Now,
Comprehended!
With a forgiveness that can be given.
With a forgetting that is transcended.

And those hidden crossed fingers...
One hides,
But yet to be discovered.
To be painfully broken or bent!
Or...
Severed in acts of revenge.
If that is one's druthers to ensure the other...
Comprehension for all can now begin!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Though It Seems We Are Far Away

So many hours have come and gone.
And I am still here in love.

You are my life...
Though long it has been,
You have passed on.
To heavens above.

I will never lose this feeling...
From the moment it was given.
I will never lose the reason...
How from low depths it has risen.

My days are brighter lived,
Knowing to me you did give...
True love.

Inside me your heart resides.
And there as it should be.
Though it seems we are far apart...
You've been in my mind from the very start.
And for all eternity.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Thought And Intelligence

Unfortunately,
One's intelligence used as a means...
To prove a respecting of a thought process,
Would one day catch on as popular to manifest...
Has fizzled quicker than popcorn thrown to pigeons.

A society debating the importance of education...
But not employing the effects of prioritizing its benefits,
Leaves those with high expectations conflicted and confused.
Especially when those who express thought and intelligence,
Are mentally abused and 'accused' of 'thinking' they are 'smart'.
In fact,
There are more people encouraging the act of cheating today...
Just to prove being competent does not require common sense.
Not if the goal is to be seen as successful with abilities to impress.

Unfortunately,
One's intelligence used as a means...
To prove a respecting of a thought process,
Would one day catch on as popular to manifest...
Has fizzled quicker than popcorn thrown to pigeons.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Thought Of This As Part Of A Normalness

Unrecognizable by the doers,
But their actions to discourage happiness...
In their attacks of it,
Shows.

An addiction that should sicken,
Doesn't for those who crave.
Generations have been 'fixed' on hate.
And this is apparent to leave little debate.

Unrecognizable by the doers,
But their actions to discourage happiness...
In their attacks of it,
Shows.

And thought of this as part of a normalness,
Are the children of this exposed...
Wherever those children grow,
To influence by teaching what it is they know!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Thought Process

I did not come to entertain you.
You have been detained.
To inspect for a thought process...
You may or may not possess.
And if you display,
Any of that in depth!
You may be held suspect...
For having a mind,
That comprehends respect.
Do you realize how many,
Have not passed this test?
And if you give me eye contact...
I will know you are not among the rest.
So many have done their best,
To avoid any thinking at all...
That involves a comprehension,
Requiring them to digest!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Thought To Be Two Faced

Everytime I suggest to others,
They should not suspect anyone to be a fool...
One would think after I had expressed this,
I am that one making a personal request.
And that is exactly to me a few show they do.

Only to leave me to feel,
I am the one who should apologize...
For the proving to them my serious business side.
And with it unmistakably revealed...
I am then by them thought to be two-faced.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Thoughtdropper

Your drift is Mister Thoughtdropper...
Is to plop a thinking process,
Inside my head!
While agitating with some pepper,
When I prefer the salt instead.

But you're clever adding spice Thoughtdropper.
To stop that over topping knocking pop.
My flow is known to be too heated.
And these thoughts are mine to dropp nonstop.
With a rocking to do I know I've got...
Heat or not and mine to drop.

I've got your drift Thoughtdropper,
Trying to groove on my rock.
Don't try to knock me with a stopping,
'Cause my heat is hot.

I've got your drift Thoughtdropper,
Trying to groove on my rock.
Don't try to knock me with a stopping,
'Cause my heat is hot.

I've got your drift Thoughtdropper,
Trying to groove on my rock.
I've got your drift Thoughtdropper.
Thoughtdropper.
Thoughtdropper trying to groove on my rock.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Thoughtful Opposition

Easier it is to want and wish.
Than it is to sacrifice time required,
With it done to tolerate a patience...
Without hesitating to procrastinate,
About the time it takes to then waste it.

Many want their words heard,
To have others hear their unsolicited opinions.
As they do nothing but sit to not lift a finger.
But first they are the ones to expect,
A getting to receive some benefit for their efforts.

'I kept telling them what it was they should do.
But they refused to listen to me.'

~Perhaps that's the reason,
They were able to accomplish what they've done.
Some would have left to seek other places to run.~

'But look how long it took them to succeed.'

~What difference does that now make?
They started with wishes to finish.
And with faith and belief.
While dismissing those who spoke of their defeat.~

'Yeah.
But at least they could show me,
An appreciation for my support.'

~I think they have.
They have proven by taking the lack of it,
To show everyone...
Remaining motivated and focused,
Anything attempted can be accomplished.
And successfully.
Even in the presence of 'thoughtful' opposition.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Thoughtless Comments

Too long after dawn...
And with a foolishness,
To carry...
All yesterdays that have gone away.
But in some minds they stick and they stay.

Too long after dawn...
Are mistakes one makes,
Yet people keep them to nitpick...
And wont let them fade.

Too long after dawn.
And with a foolishness...
To carry,
Demons can not sleep...
With wickedness wished on others to treat.

Those thoughtless comments...
In some minds they stick and they stay.
Demeaning comments...
Said and meant to hurt in some way.
Those thoughtless comments...
In some minds they stick and they stay.
Demeaning comments...
Said and meant to hurt in some way.
Just to do...
To prove effectiveness of their EVIL.
To prove effectiveness of their deeds,
To leave...
A stinging of their tongues to be done.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Thoughtlessness Has Its Limits

Loneliness in the pool of awareness,
Is a swim done to do...
That begins with doubt to start.
Until bored one gets,
To wade with others in a shallowness.
And then steps to take to test the depth,
With an effort made that can scare one to death.

And that loneliness becomes further distanced.
When one realizes,
Being aware is less and not more accepted.
Others fear leaving,
The comfort of accepted shallowness behind.
Overwhelmed by suspicion of those they find,
With minds of deeper depths.

Although...
Their thoughtlessness has its limits.
And confines those mindless,
To expectations awaiting...
From others remaining shallow.
With suspicions kept,
Of the ones aware and depths to explore...
As the ones they should ignore.
And they do to find themselves complaining more,
About living their lives feeling used.
Abused and tricked repeatedly.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Thoughts Of Yours Have Been Occupants

There is only one thing,
You can hold in your hand...
While balling your fist.
Is the acknowledgement,
Of being accessible.
And being conscious of it.

Finding fault with accusations.
To free yourself from grief,
To experience bliss.
Know this...

There is only one thing,
You can hold in your hand...
While balling your fist.
Is the acknowledgement,
Of being accessible.
And being conscious of it.

You did not just reappear,
Out of thin air.
You made your decisions.
And in your head,
Thoughts of yours...
Have been occupants there!

If...
The finding of fault with accusations,
Will free you from feeling grief...
To experience bliss?
Know this...

There is only one thing,
You can hold in your hand...
While balling your fist.
And that would be the acknowledgement,
Of being accessible.
And being conscious of it.
Know this!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Thoughts That Remain

Deeply missed,
Are those once close to me.
Parents, friends...
And blood relatives,
I would often see...
In dreams,
As I did sleep.

It is as if,
They are not deceased at all.
As we would laugh and joke...
Like regular folks.
Until I would awaken...
To the arrival of dawn and chirping bird calls.

Deeply missed,
Are conversations wished.
And as each season comes to fade away...
I feel within me their presence so familiar.
With thoughts that remain,
In my mind where their faces and appearances stay.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Threat

Is it there or not?
A credibility slips away...
Yet fear continues to be marketed,
Without a hint
It will decline or stop.

A drama created to scare with baited hate...
Shows backstage antics,
Of those players who manipulate!
And the curiousity of the audience...
Has removed them from the edge of their seats.
As the director huddles with the cast and crew,
To introduce 'THREAT' as serious...
With less sweetness and a tension that creeps.

But those behind this performance are finding...
Themselves in heated sweat.
Receiving eyebrows raised from a backlash,
Unexpectedly they sense
Will soon come and upon them be dispensed.

And a lockdown begins!
Forcing those attending...
To sit and prepare for an updated end.
As armed guards from the stage seal exits...
To enclose all viewing this retitled, 'UNDOING'.

'The popcorn machine has been removed!
Those grooving and finger popping...
Prepare yourself for shocks unstopping!
And your delusions for scenes,
Of a serenity that beams...
Can now be dropped for a taste that mocks,
A perception that comes close to confinement! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Threat Of Innovation

It's not the threat of innovation,
They stay away from.
It is the people who have this,
They fear!
And they have no idea,
From where it comes.
Even attempts to steal it,
Leaves them stunned...
As to how it's done!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Threatened By Ambiguity

Those not on the side,
Of correcting blight...
Find their way of life,
Threatened by ambiguity.

Uncertain are many,
Who believe their traditions...
Maintain a cemented fix to truths.

Uncertain they are,
How far a kept stubbornness...
Will keep facts off their tracks,
As a return to plastic satisfactions...
Seem never again to revisit to relive intact.

Those not on the side,
Of correcting blight...
Find their way of life,
Threatened by ambiguity.
With a weakening of pretentions.

And there is nothing on the horizon,
That validates a relief...
From fears that have increased.
As those foundations symbolized all their lives...
Begin falling to pieces as beliefs in them decrease.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Threatening To Diminish A Way Of Life

Everyday.
Or whenever the convenience is made.
There are claims of new diseases,
Threatening to diminish a way of life.

And everyday,
People are reminded of enemies.
Enemies depicted,
By journalists reporting the news.

Yet everyday,
There is some foreign shore picked...
From where these threats and diseases,
Develop to exist.
But there is not one day spent,
To eliminate the craze or the madness...
Invented.
By those who everyday seek to make a dollar,
Consenting to the marketing of their decadence.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Threats To Detect

Those perceiving,
With beliefs they can isolate themselves...
From threats to detect enemies and terrorists,
They suspect...
Encroaching upon their interests kept.
And...
Have foolishly with insistence remain blinded to facts,
That...
They can live independently with this selfish mindset,
Intact!
To not realize a quality of their lives they value to cherish,
Is dependent upon those they have chosen to detest...
With a disrespecting of what from them they get.
But somehow wish to protect their delusions to feast,
Nonstop!
Yet...
It is the keeping of their delusions,
That provide no peace of mind or time to find rest...
With doors, windows and communicating sensibly,
Senselessly being shut down to block out sanity...
Insanely rejected by their protests.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Threats To Keep A People In Grief

How can we seek solutions...
When our denials love to bask,
In a pleasing done by deceit.

How can we non-fictionalize our lives,
When fiction is all we seek.

How can we ever expect to accept the truth,
When none of it is believed.

And how is a greatness once perceived,
So willing to feed decadence...
And allow conflict and division succeed.

All of these may be questions!
But the opportunity to answer them,
Become threats to keep a people in grief.

Threats to keep a people in grief.

'Why no one answers them? '

They're threats to keep a people in grief!

'Why? '

They're threats to keep a people in grief!

Threats to keep a people in grief.
'Why no one answers them? '
They're threats to keep a people in grief!
'Why? '
Threats to keep a people in grief.
'Why no one answers them? '
They're threats to keep a people in grief!
'Why? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Three Sisters

I have three sisters.
Each I adore.
With seperate aggressions,
Too tiring to explore.

Dynamic they are.
With a creative genius.
Brilliant and humorous...
They truly represent Venus.

Me?
I am Mars.
I know I am 'out there'.
My dad was too!
But his attention,
Was on them like glue.
And 'stuck' he was.
Like a bee caught in a jar.

To be dehoneyed!

Especially the younger two.
Who got him to do anything.
And this I observed...
When learning how women can 'sting'.
Especially when expectations,
Were limiting.

Sometimes my mom and I,
Would look at each other and smile.
She knew too well I was an outsider.
When my sisters decided,
To inflict their 'styles'.
And each of them were respectfully different.

I have three sisters.
Each I adore.
With seperate aggressions,
Too tiring to explore.

And if I had a brother,
I know he'd run away.
Since I tried that myself.
But I am hooked to their 'allure'.
And that's how it has been,
To this very day.

I have three sisters,
Very wise...
And quick with wit.
So proud I am they are who they are.
I have no choice.
Since I'm sure they wouldn't have it,
Any other way.

'Women!
To love them is to...
Well,
Love them.'

Dedicated to:
Mimmie 'D', Tammy and Lisa

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Three Weeks...That's It!

Okay!
I am finally convinced.
You are madly in love with me.

Resisting the opportunity,
To return my telephone calls...
Has to be upsetting.
Stop!
Don't continue to do this to yourself.

The police came by to question me!
You would do 'anything'
To cement my love for you!
I told them that!
Why are you the last one,
To realize it!

Okay!
I am finally convinced.
You are madly in love with me.

Sending your brother by my home,
Is totally unnecessary!
There is no need to keep up with your pretensions.
I'll tell say this...
And this is my final offer.
If I don't hear from you within three weeks...
That's it.
I am going to move on.
You are playing too hard to get.
You are wasting valuable time.
I hope that is understood!

Three weeks...
That's it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Thrilled To Be So Blessed

She only expressed interest,
In her own progress.
Even though married...
In a one-sided partnership,
Often beset with obstacles to test.

She could not accept,
Her husband's wish for economic success.
Instead,
She took it upon herself with friends...
To belittle his independence,
With a disrespect she sought to get.

She became quite successful.
And he did too.
Although he did not receive,
The support she knew.

And after years of reflection,
He has no regrets.
With hopes she has found happiness...
Since he is awakened with identity.
And thrilled to be so blessed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Through A Barricaded Fence

When the carnival of carnage ceases.
And the pieces of self righteous egos...
Have been exposed as tremendously ignorant.
I hope forgiveness embraces and heals the pain.
And proves that needless suffering has no gains!
Nothing is obtained with a heightened greed,
And bitterness achieved!
The ultimate winners in all of this despair...
Are those 'deities' who are in control of the heavens,
Beholding the Moon and Sun.
And gently embracing our precious air!

When the carnival of carnage ceases...
And we all use our brains,
To become enlightened and aware.
We may look ourselves in the mirror!
And see the reflected images...
Of those barbaric beasts who stare!
That should end all fears.
When it becomes clear...
Who and what stupidity endears!

And not one of those faces,
Has a degree in common sense!
But all will gather with good intentions meant...
To discuss proudly,
Weapons used in self defense!
As they market freedom and peace...
While their priests molest the faithful.
As aliens of all kinds,
Are escorted right through a barricaded fence!

And one has to feel psychotic...
For making a choice to remain patriotic!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Through Acts Of Censorship

It has to be traumatic,
When dramatic changes are in effect.
And those affected who refuse to take steps,
To adapt with a consciousness...
And accept.
Have elected to reject,
These times many find their minds left behind.
With a wishing to prevent them from happening,
Through acts of censorship and off limit signs.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Through All The Stuff

Don't be the one to soften.
Keep toughened up,
Through all the stuff.
Dropped to dump from others pitched.
Don't allow this doing done.
To collect and accept from anyone.
Even though it may be rough,
Leaving comforts to discover...
Up and down and all around found,
There appears to be...
More people,
Determined to qualify themselves...
As having undeniable stupidity.
And seeking from others an approval.

Avoid a headache.
Be brave enough to ignore its coming.
Do not volunteer to donate,
Your mind to become picked to use...
By anyone bothersome.
Avoid a quarrel to start,
By anyone gifted performing this art.
The moment you begin to witness,
Dramatics like this begin...
Look for the exit.
Leave before the scene introduces,
Steam to induce more people...
To gather around to see fools.
Being petty publicly and for free!

Don't waste your time,
To have mindless nonsense heat.
Or have it said,
Foam from your mouth flowed.
And out of your ears steam leaked.
Until your peace of mind left,
To leave permanently.
While no one observing would ever,
Perceive it to believe...

The one they see seething,
Uncontrollably...
Had not intended,
To get their attention or applause.

Through all the stuff,
That's already been enough.
Don't let go of your toughness...
To allow a fool leaving you,
Performing as if you are one too!
Unless...
The applause becomes too addicting.
And that 'stuff' to leave,
Once a habit...
Is sought from others,
To provide that hit to fix it!

Through all the stuff one confronts,
Difficult it is just to walk away.
Refusing not to participate.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Through An Administrative Process

Stop and listen.
Learn and heal.

No one 'should' have their life,
Affected adversely...
By someone sitting behind a desk,
Making decisions as to who to destroy next.
Through an administrative process.
To affect one unsuspectong

One should first ask for a copy,
Of those records kept.
To review who has said what and why,
Before one allows oneself to get upset.
This will reveal comments intended to stay concealed.
And that person who deceives for whatever the reason.

Stop and listen.
Learn and heal.
With 'facts',
Before re-acting!
And in the presence of your lawyer.
If laws are still used to protect those with facts.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Through An Exit To Escape

It comes as no surprise,
By those who get things done.
That their efforts to do and achieve,
Are often criticized loudly.
And usually by the ones supported,
By others informed too late...
To discover who actually does the work,
That gets done by the ones...
Who eventually decide to step aside,
Through an exit to escape...
To prove what it is they've been accused of not doing.
While others await aging impatiently,
Listening to the ones they have supported and their excuses.

'When are you coming back to do what you use to do? '

~Are you kidding?
To leave my peace of mind behind,
And my time to be abused by those amused?
Who told you I was desperate for that kind of attention? ~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Through An Osmosisness

Unconscious assimilation,
To seduce one into conversation?
Perhaps.
But there are some with realities,
Who are distorted by facts.
And few comprehend that,
When they allow...
The comfort of their delusions,
To sit back and relax.

I have earned the right to express my identity,
With much flair if I dared.
From dawn 'til noon until midnight.
And doing it aware that I have not a care.

And if anyone expresses I do this and declare,
My arrogance to be unbearable.
And a dignity I pride...
Begins to choke with a coolness I carry.
As if I owned the air!

So be it!
If I flaunt a bit of obnoxiousness.
I've earned all of it.
The identity I pride with the dignity I don't hide.

I am not here to defend every step I've taken.
Nor those experiences life to me has personally given.

'Oh!
I can understand how you feel! '

Is that right?
What part of my life have you lived that delights?
And what hour of which day...
Have you said to yourself,
'Ignore what others say.
Keep your faith it will be okay! '

'Well...
I don't have to go through that process,
To understand what others go through! '

Hmmm.
I see.
So you're one of those folks who live vicariously?
Through an osmosisness done.
And challenging all obstacles that come?

'Well...
I don't have to go through that process,
To understand what others go through! '

Hmmm.
I see.
So you're one of those folks who live vicariously?
Through an osmosisness done.
And challenging all obstacles that come?

'Well,
I don't have to...
Forget it.'

That just expressed,
I can understand and accept.
As from you confessed.
There is no need to further address,
Your comprehension to suggest.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Through Crooked Teeth

Some will shift their pity,
To replace it with a guilt.
And with their magnified denials,
Will profess innocence.
And defy!
And try...
To hide.

Some become committed,
To forgetting what it is...
That is done to another,
With a blank look they give...
To defy.
And try...
To hide.

Provokers love to lie,
To keep things heated up quick.
And do,
Through crooked teeth.
And bite,
The backs of anyone...
Who seeks to see them beaten,
With eyes...
Opened up wide,
To lies.

Some will shift their pity,
To replace it with guilt.
And with their magnified denials,
Will profess innocence.
But...
The ones who will defeat them,
Have eyes opened wide...
To lies.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Through Due Process

Through due process,
Some expect a progress with success.
But through due process,
Success is not what people always get.
And have regrets...
That they followed a due process to expect,
Success.

It's through due process,
That rules are followed just to have them changed.
With a doing to explain,
A process re-arranged.
And it's the topic that becomes a processed game.
Leaving nothing to gain.

'So is the N-word,
Used appropriate when heard? '

It's just a process,
With a topic that upsets.

'So is the N-word,
Used appropriate when heard? '

It's through due process,
With a doing to express.

'So is the N-word,
Used appropriate when heard? '

It's just a process that's more gossiped,
That 'today' is absurd.

'So is the N-word,
Used appropriate when heard? '

It's through due process,
That rules are followed just to have them changed.
With a doing to explain,

A process re-arranged.
And it's the topic that becomes a processed game.
Leaving nothing to gain.

'So is the N-word,
Used appropriate when heard? '

Through due process,
Some expect a progress with success.
But through due process,
Success is not what people always get.
And have regrets...
That they followed a due process to expect,
Success.

'So it's a game that pains? '

That depends.

'So will the game ever change? '

It matters who defends...
An offending.
It matters who pretends...
An ending will offend,
Whenever who goes through a due process that begins.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Through Flattered Prayers

The power of The Almighty,
Is often challenged to be questioned...
By those perceiving through flattered prayers,
Anything is theirs to exist with manipulation.
To have twisted as one wishes.

The kind of power The Almighty has and keeps,
Is not easily duped by delusions kept to deceive.
Or accepted by The Almighty,
The Creator of all visions and that which exists.
No matter how persistent mindsets keep twisted.

And within seconds before a flash of thought begins,
If The Almighty decides to choose...
Those delusions created to fake truth,
Will not escape through flattered prayers made.
To have demons perceive themselves more powerful,
Than The Almighty has already shown to those known.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Through Mud That Cheapens

Using someone who has been fully awake,
Is difficult to perceive...
For those who have been skating,
Through their lives.
With their eyes miraged on an oasis.

And equally,
It is not easy to take...
Those who fake their lives to live,
On a day to day basis.
Seeking a slice of homemade apple pie.
Or a taste of deliciously baked chocolate cake.

To see things as they are...
Few do!
And that is understood,
By the many escape mechanisms...
Many can pick from which to choose.

But to continue to use someone fully awake,
Eventually leaves feelings left to be hurt.
To experience heartache.
With the dragging of someone's integrity,
Unnecessarily through mud that cheapens.
And with a weakening done by a slinging of dirt.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Through My Ardent Prayers

With a discipline kept in practice.
And assisted through my ardent prayers.
I am there within a mental seclusion.
I am there aware and devoted...
Feeling blessed each day!
Although I am tested to accept,
And manifest delusions.

My best is tempted to slide at times.
When my mind becomes bombarded,
With teases I taste.
Most times easy to find.

I admit it can be difficult,
To break away from my human lusts.
But a faith I maintain...
To help me refrain from such temptations.
And I grow to trust,
That I can and must endure.

As long as I know my quest made is pure...
From doubt and confusion,
Induced with desires I can refuse to embrace.
I can face darkened shadows.
And replace the clouds with Sun to shine.

It is through my ardent prayers,
I dare to strengthen on my journey.
In a haste not wasted on yearnings...
To undo mistakes I can make sometimes.

But learn I do with each step I take,
I can choose whatever it is I wish.
And I wish to be free to be me...
Unafraid,
To expose my imperfections.
Or show I can heal,
From blemishes revealed.

It is through my ardent prayers,
I dare to strengthen on my journey.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Through Poetry

More than a stage set,
To burn depths of love and passion.
More than a spotlight to focus,
Upon the social ills...
That trap ideals in delusion.
More than a fence attempting to mend,
Broken relationships that hit dead ends.
And more than a safety net,
To catch embittered disconnections
From good intentions misunderstood.

Hearts find themselves protected,
When this can be done without moving lips.
Or visited impressions made...
To be misinterpreted.
Through poetry environments can create such spells.
Through poetry there are no requirements,
One should receive it sitting...
In a perfumed fragrance.
Through poetry one can be inspired...
Without requests of limits met.

Unless this is the desired wish of the poet!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Through Recommendation

Very few read...
So they are not informed.
All seem to believe what they hear.
So easily they are deceived.
They don't comprehend,
Anything that is said to them!

But they do know about 'sin'...
And that has been marketed,
Into a lifestyle...
Everyone participates in.

Mentioning truth is like pulling someone's tooth.
It aches for many to have that expressed.
Whenever it is addressed...
A fear takes over,
And it becomes a hiding contest.

Honesty is not a welcome custom at all.
Some feel it as unnatural...
And too many see it as a character flaw.

Yet everyone seems to be upset...
That their standards of life has taken a downfall.
But no one wants to admit it from their lips...
How they live was a conscious invitation.
Regardless if they now refuse or accept it!
Like indigestion constipating an infection.

Nothing would be the way it is...
If it had not come as requested.
Through recommendation or suggested!

And if it wasn't...
From where did it come from to exist and sit?
Has everyone been lieing to themselves?
Or waiting for a hypnotist to snap them out of it?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Through Storms I Can Prevail

Free to live unselfishly detached,
From scattered confusion...
Leaving minds attacked.
To find my life more of a breeze,
With untied knots than 'not'.
Pursuing a doing yet to be done.

And the disconnection,
At first had others taken aback.
As if to catch undetectable winds...
Upon the forward surface of a square sail.
Knowing through storms I can prevail...
To triumph without consideration of failure.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Through The Fall Of Gentle Rain

While you lay in waiting,
To be set free.
To freely breathe...
Without being instructed.
Your liberties have been limited.
As they thrive in your mental twisted fits.

Who but you weeps,
For the loss of abandoned negligence.
Who else but you keeps,
A doing did too well done alive?
Who other than you,
Can not sleep...
Through the fall of gentle rain,
Dropping to nourish all that grows.

You are the only one that knows...
The deepness felt,
Of a guilt quilted that sits.
Providing not a stitch of comfort.

Who but you weeps,
For the loss of abandoned negligence.
Who else but you keeps,
A doing did too well done alive!
Who other than you,
Can not sleep...
Through the fall of gentle rain,
Dropping to nourish all that grows.

While you lay in waiting,
To be set free...
Your haunting arrives,
To find your clinched fists held...
Onto sorrows snuggled close to soothe,
An anguish that has become a part,
Of invited miseries.
That has become identified with you!
And no one dares or cares to share,

Such unrelenting grief!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Through The Glow Of Candlelight

Too many windows and doors,
Remain locked and closed.
Even the presence of shadows,
Seem to be missing from view.
And there you sit in a corner wondering,
Why no one seems to care.

I think you just want me to believe that.

Too many sentences spoken to use,
Flow from your lips without the benefit..
Of an exclamation or periods.
You want this,
Undeniable anguish.
And you deliver this as an invitation?

I sense you have something up your sleeve.

Your interpretation of happiness,
And mine...
Do not mix!

Whatever it is you cling to,
Has you in a grasp of sadness...
You most enjoy as I perceive it.
To say you are meditating on attracting love...
As you say,
Is something done you do...
I must admit,
I don't want to stay another minute...
To witness whatever kind of love it is you wish.

One you want to make an appearance...
In this gloom and darkness.

Why do you smile at me,
Through the glow of candlelight?
Baby...
No disrespect!

But I think I better go!

And let me ask you this...
Why do you have so many mason jars,
Filled with tomato sauce.
It is tomato sauce?
Isn't it?

Why do you smile at me,
Through the glow of candlelight?
Baby...
No disrespect!
But I think I better go!

'Please stay.
I find you quite amusing.'

Under one condition!
That butcher knife sitting on that raised pedestal...
You let me have it to hold.

'Sure!
Where would you like to hold it?
And don't say in your hands.
They all seem to say that...
First.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Through The Panes Of Stained Glass

With reality as clear,
As seeing through gleaming clean glass...
Why is it that 'stained' windows installed,
Appear to be assorted with various colors?

And those colors shine on hypocrites stalled,
Deliberately in prayer to be freed of deceit.
The kind that feeds a greed,
For more selfish needing.

And why can't those fed selfish deeds,
Not see truth?
A truth pursued but not received,
Upon delivery from that One which creates...
'Believability'.
To have its 'reason' falsified.

'No one can see through the panes of stained glass! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Through Thick Or Thin Lips

I was told to go fly a kite.
Believing I would be slighted,
By this directive.
That's exactly what I did.
I flew that kite to heights unknown.
After holding on tightly to the cord...
I soared.

And grateful was I for the advice.
Normally I would have felt insulted.
Quickly to argue.
To heat into conflict...
With those prepared to ignorantly fight.

But as the old saying goes...
Through thick or thin lips,
It pays to listen.
You never know who God wants to use...
To deliver a message.
Only when the mind is closed...
So are the doors to clarity.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Through This Slow Involving Process

I've known of sacrifice and limitation,
Most of my life.
I've observed those with wealth,
Drive through my neighborhood.
With noses turned up,
And windows closed tight.

I've walked amongst the rich downtown,
Holding their heads down as I passed.
Or sniff their noses as if I smelled of trash.
They wanted me to notice,
How insignificant they wanted me to feel.
Beneath them.

I never thought I would see a day...
Shine so brightly as these days today.
Times change and forgiveness occurs.
A growth process takes place.
A radiance of faith and hope,
Sparkles within the eyes of so many.

I'm not too quick to forget,
Someone spitting in my face.
Or being disgraced by unfaithful mates.
Or having my name slandered...
All over the place,
By those delighting in character assassinations.
But...
I'm 'trying' to forgive!

However...
I 'am' reminded,
The process of higher consciousness has begun taking affect.
And since I've been 'accused' of being intelligent...
What has happened in my past I 'should' forget!
As if I live my life emotionless.
Empty and free of a feeling to feel!

'Oh do I have some news for some folks.

I am not provoked without storing that away,
In my memory file entitled, 'Things To Address'

But I express my feelings like this...
Seriously.
'I am 'still' a work-in-progress!
And I am doing my very best...
Not to feel sheer joy and happiness,
When someone gets a 'payback'...
Received from a time when they did not mind,
Causing me much duress, anger and bitterness to digest.
And from this...
I am hoping to heal.
Through this slow involving process,
Without expressing too much laughter! '

God 'Is' so good all the time...
Aint He?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Throughout Documented History

Those who provoke racism,
Feel comfortable amongst themselves...
To poke jokes at the workplace,
To make those who are not represented in numbers...
Feel uncomfortable and out of place,
As they make substandard wages.

To say that these insecurities do not exist...
Is to say Al Jolson didn't carve a career,
From painting his face black.
And outline his eyes and lips...
Bright and white,
To make fun of those he believed defenseless.
And this was loved and regarded as 'entertainment'...
At 'all' Negro's expense.

The minds of those evil have not changed.
And the wickedness of their ways have remain the same.
However...
What can be claimed as tempers inflame?
Is a significant eroding of a quality of life.
Inflicted by those who will never admit shame...
For misdeeds they have clearly done,
To defame and maim one's mental health!
If seen before the treatment of projected 'sweetenings'...
Throughout documented history.

And only done...
As observed,
To achieve their own demise.
Coming to a racist near you to view!

'Oh, I see!
And where are you from? '

My observations began to root and ferment,
In the State of Connecticut.
I hope I had not made that obvious.

In the year 2010,
It seems racism is an acronym for jackass!
Or a donkey with elephant ideals forgotten.
Whatever the losing affiliation one wishes to choose!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Throughout The Meadow

I discovered my purpose,
Long before your good credit rating...
Maxed out on overdrawn credit cards.

I have never identified with bling,
As a means to represent my dreams and wishes.
Being 'different' has had its benefits for me.

I owe no one anything to maintain a pretense.
I am who I am.
Basic.

Truth and I have been friends for years.
But I will admit...
We have had our ups and downs.

You,
On the other hand...
Celebrated achieving faked peaks.

And today you tell me I know nothing of the valleys?
Remember,
That's where you left me before making your climb.

However...
Your whining everyone can hear,
Throughout the meadow.
Have you lost your purpose and your mind,
On borrow time and the cheap 'blinging' of things?
I thought you knew who you were?
Was it you who said I wasted my life,
On useless dreams?
And here you are...
Screaming as if 'you' are the one crazed.

But...
You may be reflecting your purpose.
Who am I to pass judgement?
Enjoy.

Have a great day.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Throughout The Ordeal

You and I both know she is not innocent.

'She's a liar.'

Maybe that's why she was cleared,
Of any wrong doing.
What 'law' did she break.
What offense did she commit.
So she lied.

Throughout the ordeal...
There she sat,
Continuing to uphold those standards...
That are valued.
She is already set to become a 'star'.

I don't understand why there is such an uproar.
She represented the people and their way of life,
Magnificiently.
Didn't you think?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Throw Them Back To The Wolves

Throw them back to the wolves.
The ones released from cellblock envy.
Throw them back to the wolves.
Those who love their crime defined.
Throw them back to the wolves.
Those who break laws all the time.
With nothing but 'bling' on their minds.
Throw them back to the wolves.
Trouble makers showing butt.
Groom to believe they should give it up.
Throw them back to the wolves.
Victims of their own disguises.
Throw them back to the wolves.
Raised on 'rap' and packing 'heat'.
Dimmed with wit is their destiny...
This was how they were raised to be.

Detoxed and recovered.
From baubles, beads and bangles hanging.
Some don't want to have another...
Victimizing chain of gold,
To prove to anyone they're bold.

Leaving streets to the others.
Those who choose to do their 'thing'
From swagger punted schoolyard swings...
And learning from demented idols.
Who could care less who is destressed.

Throw them back to the wolves.
The ones released from cellblock envy.
Throw them back to the wolves.
Those who love their crime defined.
Throw them back to the wolves.
Those who break laws all the time.
With nothing but 'bling' on their minds.
Throw them back to the wolves.
Trouble makers showing butt.
Groom to believe they should give it up.

Throw them back to the wolves.
Victims of their own disguises.
Throw them back to the wolves.
Raised on 'rap' and packing 'heat'.
Dimmed with wit is their destiny...
This was how they were raised to be.

Throw them back to the wolves.
Boo doo doo boo doo boo boo doo.
Throw them back to the wolves.
Boo doo boo doo boo do boo do!
Throw them back to the wolves.
Boo doo doo boo doo boo boo doo.
Throw them back to the wolves.
Boo doo boo doo boo do boo do!

Throw them back to the wolves.
That's the way they'll always like it.
With the others in cellblocks...
Locked out!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Throw Them Out

Let their continued deceit...
With their thieving greed,
Go bankrupt.
They've been warned before,
To produce drastic changes...
Or they would experience closed doors.

Let their continued deceit...
With their thieving greed,
Go bankrupt.
What will it take before their faking ends?
No bones have they thrown from their feasting,
Like fat hogs on their private jets...
Flying in to beg politicians in Washington!

How you seen the communities where these big industries are?
Have you observe the suffering
Who are the homeless and can not afford cars?
These fat cats who drink their scotch and smoke big cigars...
Could care less about their own mess they have created.
Or who is left to bare a lifetime of scars!

They profess that millions will lose jobs,
And a way of life if they aren't bailed out!
Those millions are now trapped in debt.
Trying to squeeze payments...
To feed these crooks of twisted mouths!

Let their continued deceit...
With their thieving greed,
Go bankrupt.
They've been warned before,
To produce drastic changes...
Or they would experience closed doors.

Closed them and locked them out!
And let those competent...
Apply those changes.
Leaving those sleaze and greasy beasts,

To earn their keep.
Regardless of who among them pouts!
Throw them out!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Throwback Stances

Taking throwback stances,
From those yesterdays distanced...
And minds since then long gone,
Maybe thought of as a remedy to cure the ills...
Of all the conflicts today spilling all over,
The streets seen and witnessed to be sickened...
By a tolerance allowed to decrease,
A remembered quality of life.

Taking throwback stances to shaken those asleep,
With a hope a sense of consciousness...
Will find these times are seriously faced,
To undertake an eliminating of faking...
The realities of life to live that are not simply,
Just going to fade away.
But has fiction deluded truth to have truth disobeyed?
Have minds become too fantasized and too long crazed?

And appearing from their addicted delusions,
Are those with their throwback stances protesting in streets.
Protesting for a need of assistance to keep,
Their fantasized lives intact as facts begin to crack...
Half closed eyes to open wide to realize,
They have become jeopardized by allowing their own ignorance.
An ignorance that continues to thrive.
But those with their throwback stances deny,
A dire need to self examine to put an end to asking questions...
As to why their lack of discipline, respect for others and lost dignity,
Is the result of 'feedback' that has come upon them to attack.

And one day,
They just may...
Understand that,
By beginning to face and not be chased away from the facts!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Throwing All Of Them Away

What are you doing?
Are you moving?

'Just cleaning my home,
Of those things I thought...
Were mine to own.
But today?
I am throwing all of them away.'

There is a lot you have in boxes.
Is there anything I might need?

'Not unless you are seeking 'assumptions'.
I no longer want any of them around me.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Throwing Away The Keys

People talk about life.
And the losing quality.
But...
When did they miss it?
To notice it had gone.

People talk about life,
And what is disbelieved.
But...
What are their beliefs?
And why were they allowed to leave.

Blocked out from minds to stop it.
And to drop for fantasies,
Is...
Reality.
With a throwing away the keys.

Blocked out and made to stop.
For delusions to adopt,
Is...
Reality.
With a throwing away the keys.

People talk about life.
And the losing quality.
But...
When did they miss it?
To notice it had gone.

Blocked out from minds to stop it.
Is,
Reality.
Gone with throwing away the keys.

Dropped from minds to stop it.
With a doing it to leave,
Is,
Reality.

And every needed key.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Throwing The Bums Out

Throwing the bums out...
Will accomplish one thing.
An end of tourism.
And noticeable vacancies.
Leaving still no remedy,
For an economy that suffers...
Even deeper than done previously.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Thrown Interceptions

Your thrown interceptions,
Meant for me to get...
Have not been in my reach.
Yet you say for me intended.

Your thrown interceptions,
Meant for me to catch...
Seems to have somebody else,
Prepared to know just where to fetch.

When you placed your call,
Then stalled on me to tease...
I knew right then even though stunned,
You picked somebody else to please.

When you placed your call,
You set me up to fall right down.
And when I fell to the ground...
You left me feeling like a stupid clown.

Your thrown interceptions,
You say for me intended.
But somebody else knew where to fetch,
To intercept what you gave then left.

I want to know,
Who's next...
To ntercept.
And...
Who did you pick,
For kicks to tease then leave.

I want to know,
Who's next...
To intercept.
And...
Who did you pick,
For kicks to tease then leave.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Thrown To Hit

The truth has frightened.
None knew it would be like this.
They believed truth could be dismissed.
Like a white lie told from lips.
But truth is unresisting.
It hits like a ton of bricks.
And could care less,
Who denies its existence.
And those living without it...
Now find their lives in a mess.
The hour of truth has arrived.
And recognizing it,
Catches many by surprise.
Why?
Because so many believed,
It was something they could create.
Like a lie told that is given life.
But there is nothing artificial about truth.
It will always remain solid like a rock.
And when it is thrown to hit...
It hurts!
Getting over it...
Is not as easy as getting up off the ground!
Once it lands,
Truth has a tendency to stay around.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Thrusting In Robustness

The best antidote,
For folks who provoke others...
With druthers to prevent,
Any progressive, forward movement.
Just leave them alone!
They will get the hint.
And if they don't...
Why bother to care?
Or stay there to consent?
With a stagnation of sentiments.
You would have left them to breathe fresher air.
Aware your steps,
Have been taken to keep them distanced!
Choosing to live your life,
Adventuring.
And if you like...
With a flair you welcome that is dared!
Hopefully to be shared,
With others thrusting in robustness!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Thunderbolt

I am the result of a thunderbolt,
That struck and stayed bold.
I am that result of a thunderbolt.
I'm that thunderbolt staying bold.

I'm the result of a thunderbolt,
That struck and stayed bold.
I am that result of a thunderbolt.
I'm that thunderbolt that remained bold.

You may decide to run and hide.
But I've learned throughout my life...
Those who run let life slip by,
And cry in denial.
Setting themselves up...
For struggles and trials.

When I was young I was often hushed,
I would question too much.
With unedited questions asked.
To connect in my mind to grasp.

I am the result of a thunderbolt,
That struck and stayed bold.
I'm that result of a thunderbolt.
I'm that thunderbolt that remained bold.

I am the result of a thunderbolt.
I'm that result of a thunderbolt.
And with a boldness I still hold.

When I was young I was often hushed,
I would question too much.
With unedited questions asked.
To connect in my mind to grasp.

Zip zap crack with answers due.
Answer my questions asked of you!

I'm the result of a thunderbolt,
That struck and stayed bold.
I'm that result of a thunderbolt.
I'm that thunderbolt that remained bold.

Zip zap crack with answers due.
Answer my questions asked of you!
I am the result of a thunderbolt,
That struck and stayed bold.
I am the result of a thunderbolt.
I'm that thunderbolt that remained bold.

There were no shoulders for me to hold.
I am the result of a thunderbolt.
There were no shoulders for me to hold.
I am that result of a thunderbolt.
I'm that result of a thunderbolt.
I am that result of a thunderbolt.

There were no shoulders with warm holds.
I am the result of a thunderbolt.
I am the result of a thunderbolt.
I am the result of a thunderbolt.

I might have been precocious!
But not braggadocious.

I am that result of a thunderbolt.
I am that result of a thunderbolt.
I am that result of a thunderbolt.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Tied By The Wrists To A Pity Pit

Down, down feeling gagged and bound.
And tied by the wrists to a pity pit.
Convicted with an accepting addiction of it.

Stretched beyond imagination,
People wish they could elope with their hopes.
At the end of slipping twisting ropes...
And blowing in a wind that shifts.

Picked and tossed across a river like a pebble.
And not making a ripple or a dent.
Hoping that a simple skip will give them a lift.
But that lift to them aint been sent to benefit.

People feel today they are weak and feeble.
With down cast eyes in cracks and ruts.
And no one seems to want to give that up!
But...
Down, down feeling gagged and bound.
Tied by the wrists to a pity pit.
And...
Convicted with an accepting addiction of it.
Oh...
Down, down feeling gagged and bound.
And tied by the wrists to a pity pit.
And...
Convicted with an accepting addiction of it.
Existing everyday to be defeated and licked.

Down, down feeling gagged and bound.
And tied by the wrists to a pity pit.
Convicted with an accepting addiction of it.

Doo doo doo doo doo down down,
Doo doo doo down down...
And tied by the wrists to a pity pit.
Doo doo doo doo doo down down,
Doo doo doo down down...
And tied by the wrists to a pity pit.

Doo doo doo doo doo down down,
Doo doo doo down down...
And tied by the wrists to a pity pit.
As if convicted accepting of it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Tied To Anguish And Defeat

Following close in isolated disagreement,
With every hidden creep that's ever crept...
Eyes kept focused like a trap device.
Observing a downfall in regret.
A downfall met not meant to be...
Steamrolled and heated,
On the banks of shores where fantasies are born.
And protests of empty nesters scream,
'This is not out dream! '
But whose dream was it...
To accumulate with good credit?
And debts they are forced to repay?
Debts tied to anguish and defeat!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Tied To Lies Twisted

So pointless it is,
For those recovering from disappointment.
To discover a struggle to fight against liars,
Is a wasted attempt when one is innocent.
Since one like this found to be defenseless,
Will one day realize...
Only truth opens eyes wide and surprises.

Faith and time has a way to clear minds.
With a finding those liars to be what they are.
One only has to keep patient.
And, deliberate with it.
To witness false lips once tied to lies twisted,
Crippled by their misdeeds.
And limited to suffer a loss in credibility.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Tied Up In Knots

My left foot is in my mouth.
My right one I hop with.
My hands are tied behind my back...
And still you say my performance is bland.
After you branded me as too devoted,
And You left me for another man...
Confessing to me now you can not stand!
Well let me say this...
I hope he is miles away,
From the bulls I've seen you kiss and dismissed!
I'm the only one you've tied up in knots,
I'm the only one...
From you that can not emotionally run!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Tight Thigh Holders Strapped To Stomach Wraps

One 'chronologically' aging,
In years that clearly appear.
With a slow pacing done.
And the carrying of aches and pains...
As the usual 'identifying' suspects.
Reveals no aspects of an acceptance yet.

And the effects of this...
Has not yet affected a reflected maturity.
None to speak of nor that is obvious.
An awaiting presence of it will not surprise...
In an overnight appearance.
Or come in disguise as an adult,
With wisdom seen in experienced eyes.
Experience, adulthood and maturity...
Sometimes are in conflict.

Many on the threshold of chronologically aging,
With that rapid sagging muscle look...
Are in denial about the process.
And seek to have time stand still...
By displays of irresponsibility.
With needs of centerstage attention.
And praise accompanied by accolades.

'Don't you like attention,
No matter how old you are? '

~Sure.
But I don't crave it.
I just know how and when to get it.
That's the difference.

Some folks 'whine'.
But I don't need to do that to get mine.
I like to think my tactics have been refined.
Without the need for ointments, braces...
Or tight thigh holders strapped to stomach wraps.
Thank God I am still naturally attractive! !

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Tilted Halos

An esteemed sports figure,
Conducts a news conference...
To reveal his taste for sleaze.

And I turn on my TV,
To see the sleaze marketed.

This sports figure announces,
His cheating filthy ways.

I hear the minister reveal his demons.
And from a pulpit,
He declares he has sinned.

The star of sports,
Has had an assortment of sexual trysts.
He reflects a generation raised up with this.
Sexual pleasures and enhancements to aid...
Are marketed and advertised everywhere these days.
Decadence is as common as a child heard cursing.
People are witnessed disrespecting themselves...
With exposed abandonment.

And yet...
Those self righteous deceiving as hypocrites,
Come together in a collective judgements passed...
To say how appalled they are,
By confessions made...
At a news conference!
And none with their tilted halos...
Have been observed to walk on water!

And none are alarmed...
By a standard of life,
Once said to glisten with quality and values...
That now floats in gutters of swill!
Garbaged as a consciousness accepted!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Time And Preferences Change

To disobey that voice inside that says,
'Avoid companionship!
An infrequent one night stand...
Is a better trip to take,
Than to get involved...
With a longlasting commitment.'
Becomes advisable,
Especially...
When those one night stands,
Become addictions!
And they begin...
Not to make a bit of sense.
When age and the reality of it hits!

And a one night stand,
Found to be one adored...
Remembers you,
When they were once a child.
And all they want to use you for...
Is the experience of it.

Not commitment or companionship.
But the 'experience' of it.
And there 'you' are...
Believing...
'Finally someone understands'.

And you may find with them,
You are ready to settle down...again.
And from them is exclaimed,
'I am here only for the sex.
I am not here to go to sleep and wake up,
For the rest of my life,
To smell your breath.'

Remember...
Those May and September relationships,
Aren't as common as one would believe.

You will find time and preferences change...
From generation to generation.
And sex...
With another's toothbrush kept,
In one place to be left...
Is a thing of the past,
Few today 'can' or 'care' to remember!

~How old are you anyway? ~

'What difference does that make? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Time And Space Is Relative

Time and space is relative,
Depending on how close...
We regard the association.
And how the togetherness is spent,
To enhance the strength of the relationship.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Time Does Fly Away

One never knows if someone,
Is a hater or a poet.
A fighter who despises lies,
Or sings on tune.

But what is felt within us soon,
Becomes to others noticed.
However long it takes,
It will be shown as it blooms.

If living time does fly away,
No one here stays forever.
And those who live will find time,
Flies away.

If living time does fly away.
And,
It is better to live each day..
Before time is erased.

One never knows if someone,
Is a hater or a poet.
A fighter who despises lies,
Or sings on tune.

But what is felt within us soon,
Becomes to others noticed.
However long it takes,
It will be shown as it blooms.

If living time does fly away,
No one here stays forever.
And those who live will find time,
Flies away.

If living time does fly away.
And,
It is better to live each day..
Before time is erased.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Time Don'T Bother Me

No Matter how a clock tick tocks.
Or who looks at it done nonstop to watch.
Time,
Don't bother me.

No matter who hustles with a fussing to rush.
To think they don't have time enough.
Time,
Don't bother me.

Living life with wishes to see come,
Wont be done...
By those who sit and wait...
Procrastinating to hesitate.

Living life to see dreams do come true,
Are the ones who do their best...
To realize what is wished requires some sweat.
And those who succeed forget time to regret.

No Matter how a clock tick tocks.
Or who looks at it done nonstop to watch.
Time,
Don't bother me.

No matter who hustles with a fussing to rush.
To think they don't have time enough.
Time,
Don't bother me.

Time is for those who grieve,
The belief from them...
It's gone.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Time For Us Is Not A Factor

Our feelings for each other,
Are as strong today...
As they ever were since we first met.
And our eyes?
Seem to have laid there to gaze,
In a romantic bliss to stay fixed.

'How sweet.
Now...
Have either one of you,
Confessed your true feelings...
About your extramarital affair,
With your spouses? '

Oh no!
Not yet.
We are hoping they will not suspect,
The secret discreetness of our love.
With a wish that what we feel for one another,
Is not for us a test to regret.
To leave us feeling disappointment.

'And this has been going on for how long? '

Many years.
However...
Time for us is not a factor.

'I see.
Now...
Can you explain to me,
Your thoughts on deception? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Time Found To Reason

Who has that time found to reason,
Why the Earth orbits and spins.
And what gave people the audacity,
To not accept they are nature's kin.
Some do and some don't.
And those that do appreciate what life is.

Who has that time found to reason,
Causes for a pouring rain.
And why do leaves grow on the trees,
To fall from them to grow again.
Some do and some don't.
And those that don't just rake the leaves,
To do it.

Who has that time found to reason,
What love is and how it feels.
And if they share a chemistry,
Then that's they way it ought to be.
Some feel this and don't.
And those who don't wont let go to let live.

Who has that time found to reason,
Done to show it most.
And...
Who will live those episodes,
To do it coast to coast.
Some will and some wont.
And many will just sit and wish for greed.
To feed,
Their selfish needs.

Who has that time found for reason,
To feed,
Their selfish needs.
Who has that time found for reason,
To feed,
Their selfish needs.
Some do and some don't.

And those that do just lick their fingers clean.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Time Has A 'Thing' About What It Does

Well...
Time has a 'thing' about what it does.
It doesn't stop, look around, wait
Or...regurgitate!
It just chews on,
And eating up...
What we think can be put off,
Until we are ready to take a bite!
It just doesn't care what we do or do not like.
It is going to take what we have,
And some!
Leaving you with preferences and decisions...
That makes little difference to time!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Time Has A Way Of Flying By

Even I am sometimes on the fence,
With admitting whether or not my commitment...
To my creativity is sincere and real.
Afterall...
I've only been associated with it,
For over 60 years.
And that doesn't seem long at all.

Perhaps if I am given 60 more...
I should be definite about my feelings.
Since time has a way of flying by,
To leave many undecided as to what they enjoy.
But who knows what the future holds?
Maybe something else will find a way,
To come along and distract me to get my attention.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Time Has A Way Of Helping Folks Re-Evaluate Priorities

Most people spend most of their lives,
Playing hide and seek.
Not realizing their chosen places to hide,
Have not been that secret.
Nor have they been well hidden.

They waste time.
And all of it theirs!

When they decide they are prepared to be found...
There are very few who care,
Where they were or how they've been.

And they discover too late...
People who they have played with...
Have lives of their own.

And few have wasted theirs,
Wondering where to look...
For something they have long forgotten.
Or can remember what it was,
They sought...
Someone else thought they would miss.
Time has a way of helping folks re-evaluate priorities!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Time Has No Room In My Mind

Lay your head and rest it on my shoulder.
Feel you can deeply breathe and free yourself
From tensions I am here to help release.
Together...
Let us bring to each other peace.
At least,
We can try to cease discomforts.

There is no time when my love has no time for you.
You are the light that ignites my joy.
There is more hope and faith when safely placed.
You and I are together...
In this escape we choose.
And feel sheltered from stormy weather,
Together.

Lay your head and rest it on my shoulder.
Remove your shoes and I will massage your feet!
Shower in our nakedness...
We can and should,
This activity repeat!

There is no time when my love has no time for you.
With you in my arms...
Time has no room in my mind to shift gears!
Not with you near.
To hear you say my love you'll keep!
As you whisper my name and fall fast to sleep!
There is no room in my mind,
When my love has no time for you.
And I within,
Set time aside to undo.
To let us be to know just love!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Time Has Provoked Insensitivities

I remember vividly those times,
Of innocent minds.
And the caring done...
By neighbors and friends.
It seemed as if everyone had an interest,
In each other back then.

A shifting of priorities,
Has left these qualities behind.
And time has provoked insensitivities.
With faith and trust diminishing into disgust.
In isolation we perceive no one can be believed.
Leaving us to feel abandoned without empathy.

I remember vividly those times,
Of innocent minds.
And the caring done...
By neighbors and friends.
It seemed as if everyone had an interest,
In each other back then.

Until the onslaught of progress...
Has left most feeling hopelessly digressed.
And suspicious of anyone expressing friendliness.
As we reject that quicker,
Than the addressing of deception few bother to question.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Time I Witnessed Others Wasted

Never had I wished,
For time I witnessed others wasted...
To say one day that I would miss.

I remember being serious,
To do better than my best.
And I remember letting no one,
Getting me upset enough...
To dropp my focus to perform their tests.

Never had I wished,
For time I witnessed others wasted...
To say one day that I would miss.

And today as I look back to reminisce,
My experiences...
I am so glad I prayed,
With a keeping of my faith that stays.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Time Is Not Staying In Place

Many relive to revisit,
Actions they had taken yesterday.
Instead of being accountable,
With a staying that way.

Procrastinators afraid of making mistakes,
Often discover themselves behind the 'eight' ball...
When their game comes to an ends to offer no escape.

Time is not staying in place with a tolerated patience,
Awaiting for anyone to chase it with lives kept on hold...
After realizing decisions to make to have been made,
Becomes too late to offer the same excuses.
Time comes to give and when that's done it goes.

And accusing others to blame like many do,
The ones accepting to move on and adapt to change...
Have lived pro-active and not distracted by childish tactics.
To not feel guilt or remorse,
But divorce from such thoughts to explain their laid tracks.

Kept attitudes remaining the same,
Results in the receiving of repeated consequences.
And those unconsious refusing to comprehend,
Or pay attention when the time came to be given to them...
Are voices heard to hear but few are the ears that listen.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Time Sacrificed With Motivation Kept

Choosing what one wishes to do,
Is at first ridiculed.
Especially if what is seen to be done,
Appears to be impossible.
To those declaring that.
Not to show support of course.
But to discourage independent acts.
With a voicing of negativity to keep one off track.

And when one begins to attract attention,
By those independent acts mentioned.
Others then wish to know how this was done,
When the one laughed at and ridiculed.
Succeeds with proof to silence everyone.

Although time sacrificed with motivation kept,
As one's device.
Were used as tools to keep one focused,
With a doing that refused the making of excuses.
Or hollow dreams of wishing to see a floating boat,
Arriving on the horizon with their name printed on it...
To widen the eyes of other folks.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Time Spent In Interdependentness

I open and stretch my eyes,
As far as I can see...
The blue and cloudless sky.
With a wondering of why,
I sometimes do...
Of a sky that appears to be so high...
Can cover the Earth with such beauty.

And not interfere with the inhabitants...
Convinced that divisions evented,
Are shining with a glossness.
With a reception that sparkles,
In a radiant reflection
And accepted with approval,
By that which observes...
From an intelligence that is aeons,
In superiority in the boundless heavens.

And yet lets us believe,
We are the center of this vast Universe.

There has to be a lot of humor,
Achieved and received by what is seen.

And maybe it is the laughter provided,
That has kept us taking our survival...
As seriously as we take the acknowledgement,
That our time spent in interdependentness delayed...
Accomplishes a wasting of efforts.

Since...
This has all the ingredients,
That a hesitation in taking things for granted...
Successfully creates.
As we are taught to have patience,
Believes.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Time Spent In Pursuit Of Love Meant

No season seems more anticipated,
Than Spring.
No other time does life seem more appreciated,
Than Spring.

With flowers blooming, birds singing....And leaves,
Beginning to bud on barren trees...
Turning green.
And in Spring...
Time spent in pursuit of love meant,
By those young...
Reminds those that are not,
How blessed we are...
To witness another Spring to come.

No season seems more anticipated,
Than Spring.
No other time does life seem more appreciated,
Than Spring.

And in Spring...
Time spent in pursuit of love meant,
By those young...
Reminds those that are not,
How blessed we are...
To witness another Spring to come.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Time Tames

Time tames...
Those remaining fixed and stubborn.
A few knocks on the head,
Loosens up that rock to roll.
Time tames...
Any mind wanting to stick,
To a brick wall.
Not to make a dent in it.
Time tames...
Block ears stopped to hear and listen.
Then that day knees bend to drop,
With a mind beginning to start thinking.

'God please,
What have I done?
To deserve what to me comes.'

Then that day knees bend to drop,
With a mind beginning to start thinking.
Time tames...
Those remaining fixed and stubborn.

'God please,
What have I done?
To deserve what to me comes.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Time That Is Taken To Waste

Immaturity seems to always find,
Someone unaccepting of its presence.
And to do it comfortably,
As if to victimize them publicly...
Around others who perceive,
Displaying inappropriate activities...
By one in a leadership position,
Is okay to excuse if one incompetent is liked.

And...
If from everyone in attendence,
Has time that is taken to waste from them is done...
The doing is understood and should not be mentioned.

'I find what you do is not only disrespectful.
But also a poor judgement call.~

~I find 'you' rude and inconsiderate of my feelings.~

'Good.
Now that your feelings are no longer part of the equation,
Maybe you can be more decisive...
With the proving you have leaderships skills,
Produced to be seen to enable them to be validated.'

~You are mean and vicious.~

'Waste five more minutes of my time,
And I will show you how I can forget...
A having of patience I once had to tolerate your nonsense.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Time That's Given To You Quickly Goes

Speeding up to catch on fast,
What has long slipped from your grasp...
Is like playing ping pong,
In those yesterdays gone.

You left your saddle to collect upon it dust.
And that boat you use to paddle has rust.
Now...
You believe that you can just float.
And...
You believe that you can just mope.
But...
Time that's given to you isn't slowed,
No...
Time that's given to you quickly goes.
So...
There's no boat for you to slow row.
No!
Time that's given to you quickly goes.

You left your saddle to collect upon it dust.
And that boat you use to paddle has rust.
So...
There's no boat for you to slow row.
No!
Time that's given to you quickly goes.
And...
You believe that you can just mope.
But...
Time that's given to you isn't slowed.

Speeding up to catch on fast,
What has long slipped from your grasp...
Is like playing ping pong,
In those yesterdays gone.
And...
You believe that you can just mope.
But...
Time that's given to you isn't slowed.

No!
Time that's given to you quickly goes.
So...
Bloating hesitators oughta doze.
So...
They wont noticed that the time goes.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Time To Belittle

What is so funny?

'How small minds gather with other small minds,
To then associate with more smaller minds...
Who all find the time to belittle.'

In height?
Or in thought process?
Which one?
Why are you staring at me?

'Jokes are not suppose to be analyzed.
That's why they are called jokes.'

Oh!
I get it 'now'.
Not to 'belittle'.
But to be 'little'.

'Forget it.
Just forget it.'

Don't be made at me.
You could have kept that one to yourself.
I would have used 'disparaged' instead, anyway.

'Father...?
Why is it 'me'? '

Stop looking up in the sky.
That answer is not there.
Trust me.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Time To Make Excuses

There will be times very few will remember,
To admit to themselves to say...
Those things done with a promise to do,
To persist with wishes in attempts to pursue...
Gave them less time given to sit,
To drift away everyday.
While thinking of that which could be accomplished.
As those times reminisced,
Slipped through their fingertips.

And there will be those overdosed with delusions,
Finding with it found...
Time to make excuses with no reluctance,
That the doing of this is as they chose and wished...
Just to validate alibis they seriously approved.

'It's my job that prevents unscheduled moves.
It's my spouse, my kids and bills I pay too.
With a wish I please them with 'their' wants and needs.
That's why my hands feel tied and I am down on my knees.
I wish I DID have my own life to live.
While others seem to have this time to give.'

~Hi.
I'm just driving by you want a ride?
I have a few minutes to talk.
You don't have to walk.~

I know that.
That's why I've chosen to do it.
Even with aches and pains to remind me,
I could 'if' I wanted to...
Feel them anytime I choose.
And...
I'm not prepared to hear or listen any blues.

~Oh?
That's up to you.
I wish I had that time to use.

To do what I wanted with a doing to choose.~
You're lucky.~

Really?
And all this time I thought of it as initiative.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Time To Them Given

Time has a way of revealing to everyone,
What it is they have done with their time...
To them given.
Some have had their deeds to do documented.
And without stopping to recapture flashbacks.
Or an allowing of a practice to rehearse,
That which has gone to correct or redo the past.
No time to live to have can be rescheduled.
Even if one is laid up sick that clock still ticks.

And there is absolutely no one living who can say,
To make those listening convinced...
Each minute of an hour of everyday they spent,
There was no time for them to use to do...
What they really wanted to.
But with time found many choose to make excuses.
To believe denials and alibis kept to deceive,
Is all that they will ever need to prove to others...
Just how busy they have been defending themselves.

'Let's see.
You did have time to pass judgement.
You did have time to criticize efforts made by others.
You did have time for gossip with 'friends' to spread.
You did have time to whine, blame and complain.
But you could not find time like some have done,
To remove from themselves obstacles and setbacks?
Or healing from relationships while enduring it to do,
Through vicious personal attacks to recover.
Nor did you have the time to re-examine your wishes,
Desires and dreams.
Yet you want it to be believed,
The time you have been given has been unlucky? '

~Gee.
I hadn't thought of it that way.
And I appreciate your perspective.
Wow.
No wonder I have had no time for myself.

I have lived so unselfishly.
And too giving of my time to others.
Donating it willingly.
Does that make me some kind of a...
Philanthropist? ~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Time To Waste And No Life To Live

You don't like me?
And...?
The point you are making is,
What?
Wouldn't it be easier,
For you just to ignore...
What it is you dislike?
And find what appeases you,
To enjoy your life.

Or should I say also,
I dislike you?
So you can pursue...
An attention from me,
You are obviously not getting.
Okay.
I am interested.

But first...
Help me understand people like you,
Who have this kind of time to waste.
And no life to live.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Time With Faith

Give what you've got to never stop,
Your dreams to keep there on top!
Don't ever think your dreams are not...
For you to be less possible.

Don't listen to those words you hear,
By those who live their lives in fear.
Make it clear that you will keep...
Believing in the possible.

Time with faith has a way to make...
All dreams a reality.
Time with faith has a way to make...
Naysayers even believe.
Time with faith has a way to make,
Impossiblities...
Delivered, touched to be received.

Don't listen to those words you hear,
By those who live their lives in fear.
Make it clear that you will keep...
Believing dreams are possible.

Time with faith has a way to make...
All dreams a reality.
Time with faith has a way to make...
Naysayers even believe.
Time with faith has a way to make,
Impossiblities...
Delivered, touched and believed to see.

Don't listen to those words you hear,
By people who live lives in fear.
Make it clear that you will keep...
Believing in the possible.

Time with faith has a way to make...
All dreams reality.
Time with faith has a way to make...

Naysayers even believe.
Time with faith has a way to make,
Impossiblities...
Delivered, touched! AND received.

Give what you've got to never stop,
Your dreams to keep there right on top!
Don't ever think your dreams are not...
For you to be less possible.

Just know your dreams if kept believed...
Are for you very possible!
Just know your dreams that you believe in...
Will come and they're possible.
Just know your dreams if kept believed...
Are for you very possible!
Just know your dreams that you believe in...
Will come and they're possible.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Time!

Time!
Some believe there's more for them to find.
And they become upset,
When time flys by.
And they know they have tried to begin,
All over again.

But time!
There's not much of it to unwind.
From worried minds.
And...
Those who fear to risk,
A doing what it is...
They'd love to do much better than cry,
As time goes by.

Why do people sit as time flys away?
What does one expect,
While getting upset...
As precious time from them has left,
To regret it.

Why do people sit as time flys away?
As a precious time from them has left...
To regret it.

Time!
Some believe there's more for them to find.
And...
They become upset,
When time flys by.
And they know they have tried to begin...
All over again.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Time, Mother Nature And Patience

If it was possible for many,
To turn back the clock...
It would be returned to that time,
They found within themselves...
A choice to choose with ease,
That taste to discredit someone's deeds.
And decide then to say nothing at all,
Instead of create an atmosphere of deceit.

But that opportunity for them is not meant to be.
Since time has a way,
To reveal the truth for what it is.
And for those not living it,
As they now hoped they did...
Would not find themselves,
Not only exposed without credibility.
But also without places they can run and hide.
After denying any involvement,
In the implementation of their wicked ways.

Time, Mother Nature and Patience...
Seem to have been closer in their association,
Than many were led to believe.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Timely

Timely is the touch you give.
It is neither positive or negative.
It is felt and comes to address,
My loneliness.
And the emptiness that immediately fills...
To dismiss my anguish.
Describing the feeling gives me chills.
Magnetic it is.
Unexpected this injection of love.
Timely and undefined.
It is given and I know it is mine...
This time.
And I find in my heart,
How much it is noticed.
You are the light that brightens.
With a spark that evaporates,
Those growing invading sorrows.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Times Have Changed

You moronic imbecile.
What makes you think,
Your insignificance deserves attention?
You are nothing but a worthless piece of manure.

'Excuse me?
The only fool I see here is you!
I have much more respect in one finger...
Than you have in your...entire...
What are you doing? '

~I'm trying to hush you up!
He's not talking to you.
Times have changed!
He's yelling at that 'other' senator,
Across the street.
The one giving him the 'finger'.~

'I thought you said,
We 'might' run into bigots...
When we visited D.C.'

~I did!
But they are fighting amongst themselves now.
Comeon.
Ignore them.

I thought you wanted to go to the Smithsonian?
They're coming out of the Capitol into the streets,
To display their dirty laundry.

After we check out the Smithsonian,
Let's see some of the other monuments...
Before we split from these conflicts here.~

'Yeah. Yeah...okay...sure.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Times Like These Wont Leave

Oh it's amazing...
In these days and times,
People are still found to be...
In a deepened sleep.

And it's amazing,
In these days and times...
There are those still distant,
From believing.

And...
It doesn't matter if it's in their faces,
People are disbelieving.
It doesn't matter if it's colored blue...
People wont accept that color true.
They rather see it rosy and ready to bloom.

Yes it's amazing,
That people rather pack more on their backs...
With a closing of their eyes to facts.

It is amazing...
That people rather pack more on their backs,
With a closing of their eyes to facts and nap.

And it's amazing,
In these days and times...
There are those still distant,
From believing...
Times like these wont leave,
To keep them steadily creeping to be what they are!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Times Today Are Not What They Use To Be

Many left on faded stages,
Find it difficult to accept...
Those who have gone from them to move on.
A routine repeatedly done to do,
So many unchanged have found excuses to refuse...
Have left them behind in times they find confusing,
To believe the ones that have stepped away...
Did this because of attitude,
And not because of maturity a process that aging does.

'You are much different than I remembered from 'high school'.'

~And I hope I don't offend you by mentioning this,
But a lot has happened since 1965.
These days I 'try' to do my best to remember,
Where I leave my keys to sometimes have them in my hand.~

'Times today are not what they use to be.'

~No time anyone is blessed to live,
Is what it was.
But you can't tell that to folks,
With minds switched off believing themselves timeless.
And like children wont hold themselves accountable,
For their own actions with them to blame on someone else to claim.~

'Times today are not what they use to be.'

~You're right.
Today truth is despised.
And liars are defended.
People can come into your home,
Cuss you out.
Steal what you've created to call it theirs.
Deceive others with straight innocent looking faces.
To then have others believe,
Someone they have character assassinated...
Is too sensitive to what has been done to them.~

'Tell me about it.'

~I just did.
That's how common the nonsense is today.
And I remember raising my eyebrow to a teacher,
Who threatened to tell my mother...
I showed signs of being disrespectful.
And today...
People will laugh at you 'inside' your own house.
Backstab you and then expect an apology for the doing.~

'Tell me about it.'

~I just did.~

'No.
I mean...I know.'

~Me too.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Tip For The Day

Somewhere in your conversation,
You have forgetten to mention...
It was you who took my attention,
And walked out on me!
You weren't around,
To see how low I had gotten.
Or what it took for my slow recovery!

Struggles to maintain my dignity and faith,
Brought demonic smiles upon some faces.
You provided liberties to humiliate and disgrace me.
And I asked God to forgive you and my thoughts.
As well as the hatred within me I could not shake.
Or seem to chase.
While I faked and masqueraded my heartache!

So by chance today we meet!
And I greet you with self-assuredness,
Proudly standing on my feet.
You appear to me to be weakened...
And abused by a defeat!
You feel that I am thoughtless,
Self-centered and full of my own conceit?

Those 'niceities' expressed,
Do not feed my appetite!

I would not say I am thoughtless at all!
For several years I've given you much thought!
I remember your tantrums and attitudes.
And the misery you brought!

And then one day,
You and they were released completely.
And every lesson I have learned,
You have taught!
I would say you had been quite the teacher for me.
Leaving me something I had not sought!

Self-centered?
I can never be that way.
My wishes, wants and needs...
Have released you from my dreams once displayed.
In days now gone!

Whatever the desire is that keeps you fantasizing...
Don't let them hurt you,
Or desert you in promises unkept...
Or distanced from being ever fulfilled.
If you have to become bitter to overcome disappointment?
Do whatever it takes to get your emotions completely healed.

That's my 'Tip For The Day' as a motto for my life.
Feel free to use it!
Now go away!
My happiness is being irritated!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Tired Are Their Strategies

Medieval evilness,
Has played tricks on them.
To keep them fooled as rulers.
These conflicts they search,
To impose an ignorance is fading.
They continue to degrade themselves,
And can not be stopped...
From heights they dropp from!
To descend on spoiled crops they feed.
They wish all to find bliss in caves.
This addiction to conquer they see as being brave.
They believe they are saving the world but from what?
Tired are their stategies.
An emptiness within them,
Captures no light that shines!
And everyday their loftiness to rise exposes crimes!
Their minds are gone.
With a purpose that has lost all definition!
Nothing about them remains defined!
And defiantly their actions speeds their decline!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Tired Groove

I relate to your philosophies.
There is not need to rehash them.
Not with me.
I'd like to get beyond these acquisitions.
Renew our positions and sing new tunes.
With refreshed rhythms...
And adventures to meet and greet.

I relate to your philosophies.
We have been sharing them all our lives.
How many times do we have to identify,
The world is round.
Or another dissatisfaction with life we have found.

There is something about the unknown I appreciate.
That makes me more aware of who I am.
But to eat and regurgitate the same thing fed...
Does not expand my understanding.
Or qualifies me to make demands.

I relate to your philosophies.
But constantly repeating the same point of view...
Has become quite boring to me.
And I am surprised this stagnation,
Has not motivated you to improve...
Upon this tired groove you feed and approve.
If it puts me to sleep...
I know that drone brings a wink or two to you.
It has to!

Are you listening to me?

'I'm sorry...
Did you say something? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Tired Of Being The One Stung

Some have no idea they are loved unconditionally.
They perceive themselves to be the honey,
To an addicted bee.

And when that bee takes flight...
The one who believed the honey 'had' would last,
Discovers too late in a self reflection...
'That' bee was the only one,
Who could supply the honey preferred and liked.
To leave the one left for a taste for some.
When a craving missed...
Abandons a dismissed appetite.

And nothing done,
By those pretending to be 'that' bee...
Could come to satisfy like the one,
Who flew the hive!
After getting tired of being the one stung.

And what had been unconditional,
Is wished to return to quench the taste.
But the one who knows what it takes...
Can no longer waste what is made,
On anyone who believes...
They've got the only hive around.
And 'that' bee wont flee!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Tired Of Bleeding, Emotionally

Begging on my knees...
For you,
Not to leave me.

Begging with my heart...
And soul.

Begging on my knees...
For you,
Not to leave me!

Don't let me go.
Do not let me go!

Begging for you...
To believe,
I love you.

I feel incomplete.
And so...
On my own.

I wish my hurting,
You would release!
And feel that I am,
Tired of bleeding...
Emotionally.

Begging on my knees...
For you,
Not to leave me.

Begging with my heart...
And soul.

I wish my hurting,
You would release!
And feel that I am,
Tired of bleeding...

Emotionally.

Don't let me go.
Don't...
Let me go,
Again!

Don't let me go.
Do not,
Let me go...
Again!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Tired Of Nuts

If by birth I was a squirrel
With dreams someday I'd speak.
I would not spend time
Jumping from tree to tree
Or staring at birds searching worms
Pecked from the ground and pulled with beaks.

I'd gather all my nuts to munch,
And practice vowels from a branch...
'A-E-I-O-U' I'd do,
Adopting fresh skills to enhance!

And I would do this out loud, of course...
To keep stunned squirrels aware,
I had heights I wanted to achieve
And sights other than nuts to bite...
Before the season dropped their leaves from trees!

And visions of speeches,
To prepare and teach...
More squirrels I knew who grew tired of nuts,
Too close without a challenge to reach.
And 'that' I would suspect from a hunch!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

'Tis With Unsweetened Revenge

If decisions are made to slander and libel,
At the expense of someone's reputation.
Anonymously!
And with projected spice.
For additional irritation!

Wouldn't that be cause for calls of public flogging?
With selected garments chosen,
To expose the butts of those caught by surprised,
With their pants down.

'Is that a 'pun'? '

No!
Sacred posteriors exposed would be puns!

This should not be debated in a court of law.
Especially if someone initiates,
The undermining of another.
With intent.

The due process this culprit should expect,
Is a tinge of unsweetened revenge...
That promotes the art of freelance butt kicking!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Titanic

They know what is going to happen.
And that is why it fascinates.
They know that danger lurks around.
And they are aware,
For them there is no escape.

They know this has been rehearsed before.
And mentioned as one would a welcomed friend.
They know the obstacles are titanic to surmount.
And again and again...
Something attracts them to review the end.
Like a romance one has...
That traps,
In a hypnopompic enchantment!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Title-Ized

There are those still living with values and standards,
To acquire material bliss.
There are those who brag about their 'attached' credentials...
As if without them they could not exist.

And there are those who are so pretentious,
It is amazing these folks admit they eliminate sitting on toilets.
Since many are so beyond themselves once 'title-zed'...
Hollow is the only true substance they show that is their own.

*Title-ized:
One so enthralled with having achieved a certain 'status',
it becomes observed in their demeanor how 'affected'
they've become once they are addressed with such 'exceptions.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Accept And Receive

No one who stays to accept and receive,
Should surprise anyone...
By their feeling obligated,
To express what they've been given.
And with a hope the understanding,
Has been reached to know...
What is understood is mutual.
Unless,
What is yet to be addressed...
Is taken for granted,
To be understood to comprehend.
And needing not to be mentioned,
To bring attention to its importance.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Accept The Doing Of Mistreatment

Under the cloak of hypnotic demon deeds,
So unaware are they who faithfully follow...
The allowing of themselves to suffer and bleed.
With a receiving of their weekly doses,
To accept the doing of mistreatment.
As if their lives are meant,
To worship their suppression.
And those who refuse to become involved,
Offend them.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Add Onto A Collection Of Experiences

The choices made we make,
For our lives to ensure no heartbreaks.
Fixed to a perfectness approved.
To later realize a buyer's remorse,
Wishing for an instant removal from it...
Depends on what is to us received.
Or believed what to us has been sold,
As a purchase to increase...
Those accepted possibilities.
With definitive choices to choose our escapes.

It takes one being awake,
To recognize safety nets are not in place.
It takes one being unafraid,
To face the 'opportunity' to make mistakes.
With a feeling later to discover,
It is okay...
To live a life falling down.
With a getting up from the ground.
Just to add onto a collection of experiences.
And those we keep as priceless treasures.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Address And Admit

When people are more celebrated,
For their efforts to have achieved them...
After death has taken,
Their breath of life away...
Goes to show they were less appreciated,
By those who waited too late to say...
With it to address and admit,
As if to confess a knowing of a negligence.
Barely heard and softly spoken to express.
How they came to benefit.
And in a way those they celebrate did not.

Although...
With criticisms and judgements passed,
To attempt to prevent with negative sentiments...
Those of long lasting achievements made,
Will stay to remain as a reflection of deeds done.
To accomplish to prove and to everyone,
That only those with unselfish attitudes...
Seem to get things done.
Regardless of the opposition and/or negativity,
To them that comes.

When people are more celebrated,
For their efforts to have achieved them...
After death has taken,
Their breath of life away...
Goes to show they were less appreciated,
By those who waited too late to say...
With it to address and admit,
As if to confess a knowing of a negligence.
Barely heard and softly spoken to express.
How they came to benefit.
And in a way those they celebrate did not.
To do within a few days to praise their efforts.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Address As A Valued Standard Formality

People do not want to hear the truth.
Not as it is apply to the activity of reality.
Nor do they want to take time to listen...
With a patience to comprehend,
Anything mentioned to them...
That may be detrimental to their lives.
And with a quickness they find ways,
To fantasize.

However...
A complaining without an end to this,
Many will do...
After learning they have been deceived.
And these very same people,
Do their best to impress with pretensions.
To address as a valued standard formality.
They don't call this deception.

This is preferred to be called social etiquette.
Intermixing with others also associated,
With the giving of false appearances.
As a feeding of nonsense fed is shared between them.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Address What Is Best For Our Children

With a beginning to address what is best for our children,
Would a complete isolation of them become protested?
Would a total masquerading to keep them unknown,
Spare them from a mediocrity condoned.
To leave them competent with a rare ability to think.

And will those preferring to raise their children alone,
On their own...
Feel the heat of rejection from those who believe,
Being idealistic is too unreal.
Although a conformity to a normalcy,
Is apparently nonexistent...
The emphasis has been on the marketing of hype.
And not truths to spoil presentations.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Admit What Has Existed

Maybe if it was admitted,
As to what had been seen and done...
It would have been prevented,
Before it was given an opportunity...
For it to start with a beginning begun.

But denial has become stronger,
Than hunger itself is felt.
And to admit what has existed,
Will never be faced to erase.
The confronting of it will stun.

Since the doing of it,
Will not be as lucrative...
As the dispensing of medications,
An acknowledgement of truth...
Will certainly come to replace for many not some.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Advance An Enhancement Of Understanding

When people speak of education,
To advance an enhancement of understanding...
And the feeding of kept delusions,
Remains without the introduction of truth...
What is the purpose of education?
If all that with it is done to do,
Is to keep those being educated...
In pursuit of standards and values to reach,
Speeding without ceasing the decrease of wisdom.

Especially when the quality of life...
Has been diminished without a debating,
With a thorough insight...
As to how the seeking of greed and variety,
A society addicted but refuses to acknowledge...
Has depleted the feast in varying degrees.
And is the result and cause of criminal mentalities.
Condoned decadence and those activities.
With the assistance permitted to market its existence.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Agitate A Childish Game

Sometimes I am tempted,
To agitate a childish game...
That has been played.
Just to feel and see it done...
To throw it back in someone's face.

But games played like that,
Have long passed their attraction.
Although so many are caught up in them...
With an immaturity that seeks as shown,
An act played like that would offer a satisfaction.

Sometimes I am tempted,
To agitate a childish game...
That has been played.
Just to feel and see it done...
To throw it back in someone's face.

And everyday I witness,
Immature adults with childish minds.
Complaining to others about who they don't like.
With a waste of time whining,
Hoping to 'hook up' with a like mind.

Everyday I seem to witness,
More children who should be adults.
More who have not discovered responsibility.
Or an accountability that brings to them concrete results.

And everyday I witness,
Immature adults with childish minds.
Complaining to others about who they don't like.
With a waste of time whining,
Hoping to 'hook up' with a like mind.

Sometimes I am tempted,
To agitate a childish game...
That has been played.
Just to feel and see it done...

To throw it back in someone's face.

But games played like that,
Have long passed their attraction.
Although so many are caught up in them...
With an immaturity that seeks as shown,
An act played like that would offer a satisfaction.

And as I pass such activities,
I feel blessed to have aged gracefully.
Although I grit my teeth...
Wanting to find a reason and purpose,
To respond to an ignorance...
I do my best,
Not to acknowledge...
With a reaction given that would please.

Thank You, Thank You, Thank You...
Farther.
For the gritting of my teeth,
And the keeping of my peace!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Allow It To Manifest

Condoning ignorance,
Does not prepare anyone...
To defend against it.
Even those with an abundant wealth of it,
Have not begun to become haunted,
By the error of their foolish ways.

And to have allowed it to manifest,
As an accepted activity to protect...
Will not ever prove to be,
A decision that has made...
The existence of it cost effective.

Since the price of ignorance,
With its after effects expressed...
By the tolerance of a showing of disrespect,
Has already made its appearance...
Weak on dividends expected.

And an investment now so out of reach,
Many now find too expense to sustain...
As a social disbelief now attacking as if a beast,
That has become much too overwhelming to appease.

And yet there are those still wishing to meet,
With time taken to procrastinate in denial.
Feeling that a doing of this showing of a seriousness,
As a useful benefit to click on a few minds too dim.
Much like a suggestion of a gluing of fallen Autumn leaves,
Back onto tree branches from which they fell.
Proposed sacrastically!
But,
Incredibly enough...
There will be many believing that to be a good idea.

An ignorance deep in depths like this,
Is pointless to make attempts to awaken.
A darkness so embedded,
Will never surface to become enlightened.

No matter who has been appointed,
To control the light switch.
The batteries in some heads are dead.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Amend Or End Them

A definition initiated,
Of laws created to implement...
To later debate over their effectiveness,
Makes the following of them...
Questionable to appreciate,
The process of why they are made...
In the first place.

Especially if that process taken,
To have them undone with an undoing...
Has been determined to be unlawful to do.
And to who's benefit to anyone,
Does this prove?
If anyone can petition to have them changed,
With conditions to amend or end them.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Amuse At The Expense Of Wasted Time

Would these be betting odds,
That an asking of someone...
Who has done something in their life,
For more than 'sixty years'.
And approached to be questioned,
What they have been doing...
Since they were last seen ten years ago?

And that question has been asked,
By that same person rerpeatedly.
And the response is known.

What would be the likely odds,
That the person asked the question...
Would 'not' be doing,
What has become an obvious love...
For what that person does.

Should the one asking that same question,
Take a gamble and ask another question...
That would initiate a conversation,
Expressing a real interest?
And not just say the same thing to re-tread.

I maybe wrong about this,
But...
Leaving the person feeling a sense of being appreciated,
Would probably reveal a human being existing.
Instead of a novelty to amuse at the expense of wasted time.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Amuse Themselves Into Dire Straits

So many have used their accusations,
To amuse themselves into dire straits...
Contricted to difficulties that has them limited,
To believe their irresponsibilities...
Can be easily shifted and/or from them erased.
While choosing someone else's shoulders,
To place and carry a weight of burdens...
And conflicting lessons to them taught,
Of how they have been historically enslaved...
That enables them to escape from accountability.
Since there are documents 'created',
That proves their suffering on a daily basis to choose...
Excuses this to do with confirmation to validate.

Today few are heard to admit their own mistakes.
Today so many refuse to face the truth to do it.
And it seems there is always one race of people,
Revisiting abuses to them that were done.
But can not move forward to 'overcome',
The disrespect and lack of discipline...
Shown as if they represent their ancestors.
When their ancestors would pick cotton in fields...
To do not to lose their dignities.
Or feel themselves victimized by envy and jealousy,
From others sitting around with ignorant kept beliefs...
That opportunities and a better life to live,
Is a given to those without purpose or identities.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Appease The Giving To Another

If people stopped pretending they 'know' so much,
About 'this-that-and-such'...
To learn from those who do know 'something',
From a living of a life to have experienced the doing of it...
There would be less conflict,
And comprehension would have an opportunity for them...
To begin with more depth accepted.

But there are those who have chosen,
To know 'more' than they do to impatiently express...
With expectations that others who have acquired patience,
In a process adapted called 'listening' effectively...
That a hearing of a nonsense automatically is rejected.
And this might upset those unprepared to get this directed.

Those of patience should not be regularly expected,
To repeatedly hear that which has been heard...
That has certified an acquiring of their patience to understand.
Especially if a nodding in agreement is in view and observed.
'Okay! I've heard you. Let's move on from that.'
But some folks just don't get it.
They wish to revive with a trying a resuscitating of a dead horse.

And...
Of course,
No one wishes to confine within their mind,
An occupying to constantly revisit someone else's nonsense.
Nonstop and without end with a wasting that begins.
To border on becoming offended.
At no time of any given day just to appease the giving to another...
A determined empathy to addict the selfishness to feed that is apparent.
For the purposes to boost, yet again, a confidence one refuses to test.

Dedicated:
'To those I have expressed where the grass grows.
And where that crack splits to kiss,
I am not reluctant to expose.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Argue Their Point Of View

So many living today as they choose,
Seem unable to face or see the truth...
For what it is without gloss or sweetened scents.
Although,
It does appear to be clear...
These are the very same people quick to turn backs,
From facts after they have asked for them.
To then demand, 'What's going on? '
With their eyes closed tight to a reality in sight.
And yet...
Request to be heard when discussing the past.
As if to relive lives they had but did not feel fulfilled.
Since a kept preference to embellish,
That which did not exist...
Is more worthy to argue their point of view,
With those who have chosen to keep their eyes open.
To know 'What's going on'.
But repeatedly attacked by those refuting to dispute,
The facts of life as they are.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Assess And To Free

It has taken me many years to rebuild my life.
MANY.
And I could care less how I am perceived.
My experiences have assisted in my beliefs.

There are few people,
If any at all who know what this means...
For me to assess and to free myself from BS.
With the success of a peace of mind I have received.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Babysit, Teach And Discipline

There is something freeing,
When one is in an atmosphere...
Where others living in it,
Enjoy being themselves.
And aware of life,
From a respecting prospective.

People who are respectful,
Are generally doers of deeds.
It is shown they are responsbile,
With pride in themselves.
And in their communities.
Observing this is better than a picture.

There is something freeing,
When one is in an atmosphere...
Where others living in it,
Enjoy being themselves.
Nothing can be painted to depict this,
Better than the sight of it.

When people become defensive,
And childish in their attitudes...
Expressing demeanors quick to give 'mood'.
Those are the places most distressed.
In which people are heard complaining,
That 'others' should address messes they have left.

You know...
Like children who grow expected by others,
To be accountable...
But no one has taken responsibility to teach them.
Leaving the public school systems as dumping grounds,
To babysit, teach and discipline minds unprepared...
For that process.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Be As It Is To Please Those Who Enjoy That

It is what it is!
No matter if one's perception,
Does not reflect
What another should accept.

One who finds comfort...
Whether in chaos or conflict that sits.
If it is what it is,
And those have no problem with it...
Have ceased their explorations.
They express no desire,
To make something else from them...
And for them alone not to fit!

Then one who sees this activity differently,
Has a choice to leave it alone and split.
And in the leaving one discovers,
A peace of mind one takes away...
From that which isn't!
Since others see not.

And that which has been declared as 'is'
Finds its own purpose.
And 'is' to be left alone to be just that!
What it is.
Nothing more will it choose to be.
And choosing to see what is for what it isn't...
Provides no progess at all!
Not for the one seeking fresh...
Instead of familiar stale air which is kept,
As it is left!
To be as it is.
To please those who enjoy that!
Whatever that may be.
That which 'is' that leaves them pleased.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Be Cherished

I'm not needing to be told,
I should have someone in my life...
Who will appreciate me for who I am.
I'm not needing to be told that at all.

I'm just not ready to share my time,
Trying to convince someone...
I am a treasure,
To be cherished for the rest of their life.

And I have not found a single person,
Prepared to believe it!
I even had someone in my life,
Trying to feed me deceit to nourish my needs.

'Don't you think your perception of yourself,
Is a bit conceited? '

Not at all.
If I am going to share my life with anyone...
And accept their imperfections?
They best be prepared for my own to be exposed.

And then again,
I have old fashion values.
There is something about being treated with respect,
That turns me on.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Be Convinced To Begin To Take Notice

If what is going on had not been approved,
Why are they sobbing so loudly?

'That's the point.
It was not approved.'

How long did it take for them to be convinced,
To begin to take notice of it?

'Just because it has been in their presence,
For decades...
Doesn't validate anything.'

I see.

'You act as if you have no empathy.'

Really?
I didn't realize it was an act.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Be Delivered

With a doing,
Pursuing...
An understanding that's meant.
And with a doing,
To pursue...
A common sense that's intended.
And...
With a doing,
To pursue...
Anyone who comprehends.
Don't make a big deal of it,
If others aren't able to do this quick.

People today have been aggravated.
And this is true.
People have spent their entire lives,
Replacing the old with what's new.

And people have found themselves,
Depending upon much nonsense.
With fixed addictions they can not quit.
Believing their wants are entitlements.

With a doing,
Pursuing...
An understanding that's meant.
And with a doing,
To pursue...
A common sense that's intended.
And...
With a doing,
To pursue...
Anyone who comprehends.
Don't make a big deal of it,
If others aren't able to do this quick.

So many have found themselves,
Depending upon much nonsense.
With fixed addictions they can not quit.

Believing their wants are entitlements,
To be delivered.
As they sit.
And delivered,
With no sweat they drip.
To be delivered.
With an ease of it.
To be delivered.

So many have found themselves,
Depending upon much nonsense.
With fixed addictions they can not quit.
Believing their wants are entitlements,
To be delivered.
As they sit.
And delivered,
With no sweat they drip.
To be delivered.
With an ease of it.
To be delivered.

They want what they wish and please,
To be delivered
As they sit.
To be delivered,
With an ease of it.
To be delivered.

To-Be-Delivered!
Where they sit.
And delivered.
With no sweat they drip.
People want what they want and quick,
To be delivered.
With an ease of it.
To be delivered.

People want what they want with a quickened speed,
To-Be-Delivered!
Where they sit.
And delivered.
With no sweat they drip.

To be delivered.
With an ease of it.
To be delivered.

With a doing,
Pursuing...
An understanding that's meant.
And with a doing,
To pursue...
A common sense that's intended.
And...
With a doing,
To pursue...
Anyone who comprehends.
Don't make a big deal of it,
If others aren't able to do this quick...
To Be Delivered.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Be Discussed. Or Left Confused

The fewer the words said,
Short and not selected...
To go over one's head.
Or contemplate the meaning.
Will leave a picture...
For those listening to clearly see,
What a speaker intends.
Without need of definition.
Or an interpretation anyone begins.
To be discussed. Or left confused,
By the view that is direct.
And not abstracted to be effective.

'I was not prepared for this.'

~Prepared for what? ~

'The simplicity of it to accept or refuse.
I came ready to be appalled.'

~Join the rest of us.
There is nothing revealed to protest.'

'And that's what leaves me left upset.
Let's review what has been said.
To then make an excuse to refuse,
A truth that has been addressed.
With no attempt to impress us to express it.'

~But...
What sense would that make? ~

'None.
And that is why,
We should be the ones...
Not to admit some has been made.
Agree? '

~I think you are right.

I'm with 'you' completely.
At least we are still entitled,
To object to the obvious.
To be discussed. Or left confused to pretend,
Our opposition.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Be Done

Nothing can be done,
About the right thing.
And nothing can be done,
About the wrong thing done.
Done.
Done.
Done.

Nothing can be done,
About the right thing.
And nothing can be done,
About the wrong thing done.
Done.
Done.
To be done!

What has popped up to be popped,
Has popped.
To pop!
And,
What has been dropped to be dropped,
Can't stop...
That drop!

Nothing that was done to do to do...
Wont change,
The doing to undo it.
Nothing that was done to do to do...
Wont change.

What has been dropped to be dropped,
Can't stop,
The doing to undo it.
And what has been popped to be popped,
Has popped...
To pop!

Nothing can be done,
About the right thing.

And nothing can be done,
About the wrong thing done.
Done.
Done to undo what's done!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Be Free Of Not Having Children

My mother would have my sister and I...
As kids,
To go look for a nice sized switch.
Then strip it before she whipped us with it!

And then dared us to cry...
As if we weren't already hurting inside.
Then made us stand up straight,
As if at attention.
Telling us not to roll our eyes.
And not a word she wanted heard mentioned.

One day I did something...
And I chose from my mother to run.
I was stunned she was running right behind me fast.
She snatched me by the neck,
And proceeded to spank my ass!

Disciplined?
My mother played softball,
And my father had been a boxer.
Do you think I have survived all these years...
Trying to out foxed those two.
Knowing what they could do...
And convinced they did well at what they did!

Disciplined?
We were not told twice,
To do something again they said they did not like.
And my father did not have to raise a finger.
All he did was use his eyes.
'Daddy, please! Don't look at me like that! '
But my mother on the other hand,
Commanded well our ship!
Whenever she began to raise her voice...
Mimmie and I knew we were heading for something quick!
And crying we would do first...
Because we knew there was no exit!

I can hear my mother's voice today.
If I had threatened to call 911.
She would hand me the phone and tell me to dial.
And if the police should arrive...
They would discover a missing child.

Both of my parents were extremely humorous.
However...
My mama did not play,
If we did not obey!
In those days when parenting
Was out of the hands of the government!

And although we may have grown up 'slightly' dysfunctional.
Dysfunctions and all...
Today?
We are happy we grew up the way we did.

And if I had children,
Living today as these 'hardhead' children do...
I wouldn't dare them to call 911.
That option?
Not available!
Not if I'm to play poppa.
No!
They wouldn't get a chance to!

And I might be visited as I sat in prison!
But any child of mine...
Would get a rod struck to their behind.
Like lightening...hot and sizzling.
Sparing me the grief that today's parents find.

My children would pay me attention.
And we together would share respect.
Perhaps that's why I live my life blessed.
To be free of not having children!
I could not stand by as they lived lives,
Attracted to standards bathed in degradation.
I'm not 'that' patriotic!

And to live without feeling guilt...

Or in a remorse,
That leaves me in debt AND regret!
I am grateful to be that blessed...
Yes.

I know my limitations.
And I am glad I do not have children,
Insisting to see me pushed to them!
I love my life lived...
Without displaying a rage that drives me crazed,
And confined!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Be Held And Gently Touched

To prove I have the inner strength,
To deal with all my sorrows...
I show I can be,
Obnoxious, rude and indifferent!

To show I am brave,
Inspite of fearful obstacles...
I walk in the pouring rain,
Just to maintain my claimed dignity!

I will not abandoned my journey.
Like many who are quick,
To detach from a mate.

I can not reveal that I hate,
Being alone feeling a dependency.
When I secretly wish to be held,
And gently touched!

To prove I have the inner strength,
To deal with all my sorrows...
I show I can be,
Obnoxious, rude and indifferent!
When I...
Secretly wish,
To be held and gently touched!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Be Mooned

What a wonderful time it is...
Wth you at this hour.
To be mooned.
And gaze upon the stars.
As we lay on sand.
And underneath warm blankets.
Wishing to sip quickly...
On a glass of wine you get.
So I can again admire the placement of that 'zit'.
On your round and muscular,
Tight and luscious ass.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Be Noticed As A Serious Undertaking

The playing of cat and mouse,
May come to validate the cat and the mouse...
Choosing to play.
However...
Someone deciding,
They wish to see a cat and mouse game played...
Without the interest of the cat or the mouse,
Might discover themselves to be disappointed.
And the focus of an attention not wanted.

Some folks can amuse themselves,
By assuming their misdeeds...
Increase with their childish effectiveness applied.
Like deciding which toy soldier,
Prefers to be in the trenches or on the battle line.
And these minds try to enforce an authority of some kind,
To be noticed as a serious undertaking.
And not regarded as a joke.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Be Of No One's Advantage

A novelty.
A thing.
A commodity.
Something thought to be without feeling.
Used and discussed.
Disrespected for purpose and meaning.
Disregarded and quietly diminished.
Finished!
To be of no one's advantage as planned.
And as planned it is determined,
No one benefits.
Even those who manipulate the outcome.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Be Old School

So glad I am to be old school.
With a learning to give respect to others,
Is something from myself I expect and do.
Regardless if I should get it or not,
In my head this is embedded...
As a part of me I can not stop.

I am glad to be called 'O.G. and old school.
And not believe what others choose to do,
Is in need of my approval.
Or the telling of tall tales told not true.
To then pass judgements made to compare,
With footsteps I've made to those not there.

I am glad I have achieved being old school.
To have made mistakes to exam and correct.
Although being old school has disadvantages too.
Since many who are elders,
Seem unwilling to sit in those positions.
And insist that an aging to do is a state of mind.

However...
No state of mind can I find in denial.
To say less is the mess left and created,
By those who are older encouraging the ones young...
That a participating in a mess is acceptable.
When those from the old school allow this to welcome.

I don't. And wont.
No matter who perceives me to be an old fool.
I'm not one to be romancing or dancing around the bush,
When I mention to the young folks living today...
I admire their independence and the way it's displayed.
But a stepping on my foot to disrespect my life,
Will not be on my time to find this okay to do. It aint.

So glad I am to be old school.
And proud to have achieved,
Those things I've done and able to do.

And if there should be anyone believing,
Much younger I would rather be...
Only those with thoughts like this with them to sit,
Are the ones who have grown older to reminisce...
Wishing respect to them was shown to get.
And I don't have wishes left kept to regret like that.
If I did I'd be sitting in a prison with those visions.
After finding GOD and time to turn off a foolish steam.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Be Or 'Not' To Be Crazed?

To Be or 'not' to Be crazed?
Is that the question to be raise today?
As a craziness seems very obvious,
To be a part of these head splitting days!

To Know Or remain secure in ignorance?
There may be some advantages...
In not trying to comprehend an insanity,
That has descended to begin without end to it.

And those who make attempts to hide a knowledge...
Should burn all credentials,
With a mindless foolishness...
That is frolicked as if to gleam from being polished.

If everyone is upset,
By a mess that is clear,
Why be the one left...
Who 'appears' to be sincere?

To Be or 'not' to Be crazed?
Is not a question to be raised today?
To be sick of dealing with nonsense...
Is like soliciting for membership to an unending parade.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Be Politically Correct

Facts no longer matter.
Truth has been battered,
To disbelieve it had quality.
And those who remember,
A doing of a crime...
Meant time to spend in jail.
Are today reminded...
If one wishes to be politically correct,
Rehabilitation centers...
Are where people are sent,
For doing their public misdeeds.
And those who are crazed,
No longer are called insane.
Today?
They are said to be deprived,
Of living civilized lives.
And those victimized should realize,
Some can not function...
On just their dysfunctions

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Be Seen As Bigger Fools Viewed

For some,
Being honest is a choice they make.
Like an avoidance to come face to face,
With truth.

And when they then see,
There is no escape...
Beating around bushes,
With the use of creative excuses...
Becomes easier for them to do,
With the proving of themselves...
To be seen as bigger fools viewed.

And doing this to exaggerate,
The playing of their charades.
To further embellish,
Deceptions made!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Be Somebody's Hero

It is never ever easy,
To be somebody's hero.
Oh no no no.
With a living of a life,
That's perfect in someone's eyes.

It is never ever easy,
To be somebody's hero.
Oh no no no.
To one day disappoint.
And become the one criticized.

Those who get a whiff of this,
Try to hide their blemishes.
And flaws they cover to dismiss,
A heart that wishes to please.

And...
Alone they seek to be.
Eventually.

No one is perfect.
No no no.
With this their purpose.
No no no.
To exist on the surface.
No no no.
We all have feelings deep!

No one is perfect.
No no no.
With this their purpose.
No no no.
To exist on the surface.
No no no.
We all have feelings deep!

It is never ever easy,
To be somebody's hero.

Oh no no no.
To one day disappoint.
And become the one criticized.

It is never ever easy,
To be somebody's hero.
Oh no no no.
With a living of a life,
That's perfect in someone's eyes.

No one is perfect.
No no no.
With this their purpose.
No no no.
To exist on the surface.
No no no.
We all have feelings deep!
Yeah.

No one is perfect.
No no no.
With this their purpose.
No no no.
To exist on the surface.
No no no.
We all have feelings deep!
And,
At times they can get deeper.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Be Treated With Sincerity

Old tactics used to finesse from me,
My common sense...
With maneuvers thought to flatter,
A desperate ego.
Especially if the expectation,
Is to actually have such tactics work...
To leave me distracted to massage my own mind.
This approach some may find,
To leave them disappointed.

However...
And I'll share this with emphasis.
Since I am in the mood to confess.
If one is intending to shiver me to see goose bumps,
A simple invitation to my favorite restaurant...
Suggesting I can eat whatever I want,
And not concern myself with paying for it?
Will get me to jump through hoops and do backflips.
And those who know me intimately know the truth of this.

Don't get me wrong!
I can cook and love to do it.
But to be treated with sincerity attached?
What else could there be for me to ask for?
My needs are as basic as they come.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Be Understood

Nothing believed comes,
If one should run from it.
And...
Nothing believed comes,
If one is stunned by it.

Nothing is comprehended,
To understand.
And...
Those who become offended,
Often demand...
To be understood.

Observe and listen with a sitting,
Not too many do.
Too many are quick with their lips,
And...
Prove they are rude.
To then to accuse,
Someone to be abusive.

Nothing is comprehended,
To understand.
And...
Those who become offended,
Often demand...
To be understood.

And wounds are never mended.
With a healing recommended...
'Cause...
People wish to brood as they choose.

Nothing is comprehended,
To understand.
And...
Those who are offended,
Often demand...
To be understood.

But they aren't listening,
As they could and they should.
No they're not listening as they should and they could.
And if they listen they would be understood.

No they don't listen to,
Be understood.
No they don't listen like they could and should.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Beat Down To Keep Down

To beat down to keep down folks,
With intent to provoke them...
Into a submission does not prevent,
Those of greed to believe they feast...
Permanently.
Without an intervention meant,
A paying for their misdeeds...
Relieves them from receiving,
A repeating of storms...
Leaving dire consequences to them sent.

In times like these many are discovering,
There is an increase of mental disease.
In times like these it is easy to see,
Who is inflicted yet disbelieve...
Their lives are lived unprotected from affects.
Or the repercussions coming...
No attempt can be made they can avoid to get.
Although they are the ones who are left,
Beset by nightmares reflecting their evils met.
And uninvited demons taking away a wished peace,
They could have created but took time to defeat.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Become Addiction Free

Those images that most impress many,
May not be as vivid and expressive...
From my interpretation,
As others who are into movies...
Amusements parks and daily escapades.
Such as having all day television watching spells.
I can sit all day and do nothing but write.
But 'somehow' the comparison is not there.
Although I've been accused of wasting my time,
In the pursuit of doing nothing!

However, I do admit to having an acknowledgement,
Of having a universal outlook of tasting and making...
A sandwich I earned if I wanted one.
Based upon a work ethic enforced by my family.
And my lack of interest to be attracted to fantasy...?
Has gotten me into serious trouble with those,
Prepared to debate their beliefs with me.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Become Suspected

1-2-3-4
To become suspected
(Doo-doo-doo-do dooo)
To become suspected
(Doo-doo-do-beep)
To become suspected
(Doo-doo-doo-do dooo)
To become suspected
(Doo-doo-do-beep)

You
Say you love me
And you
Say you've always cared
And you
Never showed me a reason...
To become suspected.

Doo doo doo doo doo

To become suspected
(Doo-doo-doo-do dooo)
To become suspected
(Doo-doo-do beep)
To become suspected
(Doo-doo-doo-do dooo)
To become suspected
(Doo-doo-do beep)

And you
Say you're happy
I can say,
I'm doing well myself
But you
Wont believe
I've seen you...
Sneaking with somebody else.

Doo doo doo doo doo

To become suspected
(Doo-doo-do beep)
To become suspected
(Doo-doo-doo-doo dooo)
To become suspected
(Doo-doo-do-beep)
To become suspected
(Doo-doo-doo-doo doo)
To become suspected
(Doo-doo-do beep)

You
Say you love me
And you
Say you've always cared
And you
Never showed me a reason...
To become suspected.

There are no clues from which to choose
To become suspected
I give you no reason
To become suspected
Do I give you reason
To become suspected
There are no clues from which to choose
To become suspected

Doo doo doo do doooooooohhh!

You
Say you love me
And you
Say you've always cared
And you
Never showed me a reason...
To become suspected.

No reason for pleasin'
To become suspected
How could I leave you

To become suspected...
As two people can suspect too!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Begin The Ending Of What?

The lines for battle
Have already been drawn.

And those committed,
With pledges to defeat...
Enemies to conquer and win.
For the purposes of a victory,
To boast about with upheld chins.
May come to do it.

But what has been proven?
That this can be done,
Again and again.
To begin the ending of what?
A satisfaction?
Blissed without distractions?
Or a race of one people...
Who already show they know nothing,
But expressions of hatred.

To begin the ending of what?
To begin the ending of what?
To begin the ending of what?
To begin the ending,
Of what?
Demented beings?
Lost and powerless...
Against programmed machines.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Boldly Hold

Living life from the bottom to the top...
Looking back,
I don't want to drop.
Looking back,
I don't want to stop...
My goal.

Living life from the bottom to the top...
Looking back,
I don't want to drop.
Looking back,
I don't want to stop...
A goal,
I boldly hold.

I keep a faith I believe,
To boldly hold.
I keep a reach to receive,
As my main goal...
I feel I must succeed,
To manifest..
A crave I keep within me.

I keep a faith I believe,
To boldly hold.
I keep a reach to receive,
As my main goal...
I feel I must succeed,
To manifest..
A crave I keep within me.

Living life from the bottom to the top...
Looking back,
I don't want to drop...
A goal,
I boldly hold.
A goal I wont let go.

I keep a faith I believe,

To boldly hold.
I keep a reach to receive,
As my main goal...
I feel I must succeed,
To manifest..
A crave I keep within me.
A craving that wont leave me be.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Boycott Just One Day Of Gossip

They do know how to dress to impress.
That,
Is a given.

And they will express the best of etiquette.
That too,
Is a given to expect.

But getting off their telephones,
With a determination...
To boycott just one day of gossip,
Would create havoc for those with the habit...
Of undermining one another,
With the best of backstabbing techniques.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Bring You A Taste Of Pride

I wish there was something I could say,
To encourage the removal of those shackles.
Even in your dismay...
You are obedient.
But when I come near,
You bark.
When I approach to unlock your chains...
You sneer and growl.
As if I had done this,
To you.
Something I could never do.

You have been restrained too long,
From a 'self' that has been denied.
You bark at me!
Perhaps I am wrong,
To make attempts...
To bring you a taste of pride.
I will leave it here with the key.
Leaving you with more than one choice,
From which to decide.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Broaden My Perceptions

I don't recall my hand being held by anyone,
To make me feel safe and protected.
In fact I was made to feel I was in the way...
If it wasn't demanded that I'd take out the garbage,
Or carry ten gallon cans of oil to 'fetch'...
To heat the oil burners in a home I left,
When I was eighteen years old.
I even gave myself birthday parties.
And 'pretended' my parents attended,
Any of my school graduations.
Even though they didn't.
But that didn't stop my love for them.

To then be accused,
I was abandoning 'my' responsibilities.
When I declared I had 'had' it!
I was the oldest child.
Not anybody's father.
I had already grown older and wiser beyond my years.
To know what being abandoned meant.
I just got tired of being used.
So I left to let the military do that!
And glad I did to broaden my perceptions.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Brush Away The Cluster Of Walls

The quality of our souls touch,
To brush away the cluster of walls
That has kept us stalled,
Behind false defenses.

We see and feel those desires needed.
Reaching without the mask of fear...
We meet.
And speak with familiar clarity.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Cause And Effect

Calculated to detonate,
Their own time released...
Freelanced pain.
With a defended pretentiousness
A dependency on others,
Had nothing to do to cause...
And effect,
A hyped greatness.
A greatness if closely done,
With introspection inspected.
Will reveal to not conceal...
It had been the diversity,
Of all races contributing...
Their best to manifest,
Beliefs to not...
Only allow the few,
To digest selfishly...
As a preview that accepts,
An unconsciousness...
That welcomes their own,
Unwise decisions to condone.
Setting a tone,
For homegrown disaster.

to

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Certify A Knowledge Obtained

Education takes more,
Than studying to apply...
What has been written in books.
Or a selection of pre-requisites,
To certify a knowledge obtained...
With a sustaining of it with depths of consciousness,
That guarantees one a successful life.
And prepared to only make right decisions.

Education takes a willingness to listen,
To observe and comprehend with discipline.
Education takes making mistakes...
With a hope not to repeat them again.
And it is with common sense one achieves wisdom.
With a paying for it with experiences to respect.
And not automatically given when one receives a document.
To use as if one has been validated with awareness.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Change A Mood Or Two

I never stood with wishes to leap into a loop.
Or be...
Those People,
Peeped deep...
To critique!

I never stood with wishes to leap into a loop.
Or be...
Those people,
Critiqued...
With a peeping done deep!

I have my own need to lay down a pop to drop.
And rock.
Nonstop!

I have my own need to lay down a pop to drop.
And rock.
Nonstop!

I never stood with wishes to leap into a loop.
Or be...
Those People,
Peeped deep...
To critique!

I have my own need to lay down a pop to drop.
And rock.
Nonstop!

I never stood with wishes to leap into a loop.
Or be...
Those people,
Critiqued...
With a peeping done deep!

I have my own need to lay down a pop to drop.
And rock.
Nonstop!

Nonstop,
To change a mood or two.

I have my own need to lay down a pop to drop.
And rock.
Nonstop!
Nonstop,
To change a mood or two.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Chase Away Those Ills

You've clawed your way up to the top,
To dropp the jaws of foolish people.
Although this climb you have not stopped,
Already you've prepared a sequel.

There are mouth and lips,
You wish to permanently seal.
And this,
Would...
Give you a lift to thrill.

And this,
Would...
Cure every ill you feel.

Those obstacles you've conquered,
Have been crushed into tiny rocks.
Those obstacles you've conquered,
Have got you heated to sizzle hot!

And this,
Has...
Produced a peace of mind so real.

You've clawed your way up to the top,
To dropp the jaws of foolish people.
Although this climb you have not stopped,
Already you've prepared a sequel.

And this,
Has...
Produced a peace of mind so real.

And this,
Has...
Come to chase away those ills.
Of any kind on a mind.
And this,
Has...

Come to chase away those ills.
Of any kind on a mind.
And this,
Has...
Come to chase away those ills.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Climb Above And Beyond

I've seen the valleys green and lush,
From high atop a hill
Splashed and nature plushed!
And mountaincaps from where I stood,
Were even standing higher still!
I've seen clear skies and Eagles fly,
And wondered about the Sun with squinting eyes.
I've retreated alone to leave this beauty condoned.
To the wildlife I visited left to many to be unshown.
And when I returned to obligations committed...
I sat and felt so blessed I admitted.
That I was able to climb above and beyond,
Limitations I thought were my best had traveled on!
There is much more I want to explore to test...
After accomplishing a nod of a nap teased rest!
To climb above and beyond to better the rest.
I just want to do it...
To add more steps to my conquests!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Close And Lock Doors For Good

Bright lights are dimming quick.
A curtain slowly closes,
To permit those final bows.
As performers leave a stage,
Aging.
Along with the staging,
Of repetitive nostalgia.

And those in attendance,
Have known of this...
With beliefs of themselves being entitled,
To more than the same delivery.
They seek substance.
But those in positions refuse transitions.
Comprehension has been distanced.

So...
With a doing as they've been told,
The only ones listening paying attention...
To patrons disappearing never to see again,
Are the ones paid to close the doors.
With a going through the motions accepted long ago,
And keeping their 'worthless' opinions to themselves.

And...
So this they do.
Accustomed to humiliation.
With benefits and paychecks too!
To close to lock doors for good.
Knowing themselves not the ones devastated,
With a keeping up of pretense and appearances.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Compare

Too many seek to be impressed,
By those wishing to impress...
To believe,
An acceptance given to them to get...
Relieves to leave them feeling,
Above and much better...
Than the rest.

Too many seek to be impressed,
By those thinking they address...
Images that they reflect,
An annointing of a perfectness.
And,
They're selected to be 'chosen'.
With it known and without protest.

Well...
We all believe what we want to believe.
To make us feel good about ourselves.
And...
We all believe what we want to believe.
With this done to omit regrets.

Exceptions...
Many pick themselves as that,
To compare...
With others they will keep pushed back.
With beliefs to believe that's kept...
They're the cream at the top to get.

Exceptions...
Many pick themselves as that,
To compare...
With others they will keep pushed back.
With beliefs to believe that's kept...
They're the cream at the top one gets.

Too many seek to be impressed,
By those thinking they address...

Images that they alone...reflect,
An annointing of a perfectness.
Well...
We all believe what we want to believe.
Even if to take those 'trips' to deceive,
To know a truth can't be smothered.

Yet...
Very few dissect to inspect,
Those who pose themselves as being better...
At reflecting the best of exceptions.

Many pick themselves as that,
To compare...
With others they will keep pushed back.
With beliefs to believe they keep...
Others left on their knees to grieve.

Exceptions...
Many pick themselves as that,
To compare...
With others they will keep pushed back.
With beliefs to believe that's kept...
They're the cream at the top one gets.
But those who know,
Know that this is B.S.
And not the Business of Science.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Comprehend A Wisdom Earned

Preparing to face the facts of life,
Doesn't happen for anyone overnight.
Sacrificing fun and temptations that come,
Is a decision one makes that takes...
Determined motivation and inspiration,
They alone must initiate.
And a daily routine of discipline not to fake.

Yet so many believe success is received,
From teachers babysitting and sermons preached.
But if one is not taught from birth,
Often their steps made may get them hurt.
And mistakes to make are lessons to learn,
With a listening to comprehend a wisdom earned...
Will get them closer to a prize they want to realize.
As pretenders cringe,
In the presence of honesty despised

And the seriousness of messages go neglected,
For the very same people growing older to expect...
Every excuse they make to blame someone else,
That leaves all of us to pay for their consequences.
Whether disliked or not to refuse or accept.
Since too many have 'diluted' truth to detect,
Yet kept to deceive...
As an entitlement to keep themselves,
Freed from reality.

To then continue to solicit those of minds limited,
That benefits are deserving as a birth right to get.
Regardless of who does the sweating to do it!
Or toils with a work ethic to implement them to exist.
And left to protest their disgust with truth,
Are those who have produced their own dilemmas.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Contemplate A Rebuttal

The more one sits to contemplate a rebuttal,
How focused on the journey can one be?
If one claims to walk alone on a desserted path.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Continue With Such Senselessness

You will not destroy this creation made.
Although you will try with your divisiveness...
To continue with such senselessness.
With proof your hatred,
Can and will be soon dismissed!

You may attempt to succeed,
By stirring up worldly conflicts.
But your destruction of this planet,
Will no longer be allowed to exist.

A higher intelligence comes to dispense,
A knowledge it inflicts...
To put an end to the wickedness.

And those unconvinced...
Will find the evidence,
In ways they'll discover...
A superior consciousness,
Comes to leave them all defenseless!

And it is clear,
These 'beings' are already here...
Witnessing the foolishness,
To end it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Correct With An Effectiveness

No matter who is elected to sit,
In a position to mend the healing...
Of existing wounds.
People who refuse to be held accountable,
For their actions done to hide and run away from...
Mindsets stubbornly allowed to be carved in stone,
While they are allowed to sit...
As a crumbling of all foundations are condoned.

And with the hearing to listen,
To the same excuses made to okay the doing...
As an acceptance that places blame on others,
To free themselves to continue to build walls...
That prevents offensive remarks perceived as being,
Too crude and absent of diplomacy...
To correct with an effectiveness,
Mentalities fed on delusions and false beliefs to protect.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Crave On A Daily Basis

The taste of a life one dreams to come,
Has to go through a series of experiences.
And that wish may encounter obstacles to delay.
Since a requirement to peel away many layers,
Before a discovery made becomes finally appreciated.
And often with a doing on many occasions to frustrate.

It takes a tolerated patience one eventually learns,
From a process of picking through appearances...
To uncover preferences that impresses with just image,
Sought to satisfy the mind but not the heart with kept wishes...
For a taste one comes to crave on a daily basis to keep.
With a doing done that has been earned with a wanted desire.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Deeply Reach

The gift and giving of things,
In an exchange to receive and take...
Seems never able to replace,
The touch of a hug.
Or the feeling of being embraced.

Time being in one's presence,
Helps to sparkle and cheer...
More than glitter and glitz.
And the simplicity of the action...
Stays longer to reminisce.

The gift and giving of things,
Is as trite as an expression...
Spoken without warmth.
And interpreted as superficial,
As an ornament worn to flaunt.

From the eyes,
It comes as no surprise...
Who one selects to prioritize.

And with a touch of a hug to deeply reach...
One is reminded instantly,
Who sincerely is there with feelings to greet.
And who comes around to go through a a routine...
As an inconvenient necessity to complete.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Defend With A Trust Given

For whatever the reason,
Liars, crooks and petty thieves...
Perceive themselves ammuned to truth,
To not be pursued by those unmoved...
By the strength of their honesty and ethics kept.
And yet become subjected with no sign of regret or remorse,
Shown by deceivers secretly...
Damaging values to abandon standards,
So many now see with eyes of clarity...
Who really is behind the threats of their worshipped interests.

And the ones deceived to believe with an awakening consciousness,
Lies denied with innocence to them told and addressed...
For years protected to defend with a trust given,
Can only blame themselves for protesting against...
Those unafraid to speak and be of truth faithfully.
Although it is a bit too late to escape from the facing of consequences,
With the mending of fences between themselves...
And the ones they character assassinated on a daily basis.
And...
For whatever the reason they can not explain to be excused.

Truth abused remembers the doers with an unforgiveness to implement.

'Didn't I apologize? '

~And...
Didn't you deceive me intentionally?
With a doing to appear innocent?
Knowing your performance would be well received?
It was incredibly unforgettable!
Yes...
I bought what you sold now prepare to be scolded.
When it comes to getting attention AND with pay,
People careless who they betray.
Don't they?
I'm sure this has been your experience.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Define With Different Meanings

We all give to certain things,
A preference that is connected...
To define with different meanings.

And if variety was not marketed,
As a spice of life to taste and like...
Chocolate and vanilla would satisfy.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Deliver To You Wishes To Fulfill

I can only produce,
That which I know to show.
With a giving to do that is revealed.
And digging deeper with feeling to do it,
After each one of my healing sessions.

To deliver to you wishes to fulfill,
For me I find impossible to do if not real.
Since I find my own wants and needs,
Most difficult to hatch.
And to do that from scratch is a sacrifice.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Dignify The Experience

A living to experience,
Going through a process...
Is quite different,
Then a sitting to listen...
While taking notes.
To then ask questions,
In regards to one's qualifications.
Especially if the question asked,
Comes from another...
Wishing to impress with words selected,
To dignify the experience one has lived.

'You used a term that others may find offensive.
Is it possible you can describe your experience,
In a less graphic and detailed manner?
Without using 'mother' to depict those who chose,
To make attempts to ruin your life.
And the ones you loved and cherished.
Is it possible you can show the anger,
But use a different approach to sweeten it up a bit.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Diminish The Act Of Reason And Common Sense

Every tactic today is being used,
To diminish the act of reason, truth and competence.
With undeniable mental abuse.
Every thought process to enlighten those unconscious,
Seems to be finding a way to criticized those seeking light.
By a keeping of their ignorant lives thriving and entertained,
On ensuring the ones with a thought process are belittled.
And this should be a goal by all maintained.
With a laughing at those who have chosen to do things correctly.
And...
If education had been a priority as it is today professed,
Why has there been a rush to market...
The temptation of decadence and with such effectiveness.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Dismiss And Ignore The Incentive

It seems that an era of creative innovators,
Have all but disappeared with their initiative...
Ambition and motive.
To be smothered by an onslaught of duplicity.
The making of it too easy to dismiss one's artisticness,
As a waste of one's talent, time and mind...
With no impressions to make with 'things' to possess,
Has become defined as a uselessness...
By those who now prioritize one's importance,
In debts owed to predators preying like vultures...
For those who have sold their souls.
And doing it to leave nothing left...
But an exhibiting of unhappiness, regret and pain.

During these times those with creative innovative minds,
Are solicited to find a way to lift those out of their pits...
Of deepening sorrow.
Until a brighter tomorrow restores a feeding of greed again.
But the prospects of that cycle being repeated to begin,
Has faded away when duplicity accepted came to stay.
With an encouragement of thoughtlessness to express,
As those feeding on their need to feast selfishly believed...
A doing of it would last for them forever with kept delusions.
Even those with creative innovative minds could have prevented.
But those too ignorant chose to dismiss and ignore the incentive.
Making it pointless to wish for a return to greed again on repetition,
Unconditionally!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Dismiss And Not Miss

Memories are suppose to be,
More appreciated.
When they are reminisced.
Like a maturing when one ages,
Is 'suppose' to leave one less impatient.
And more accepting with tolerance.
With a forgiving that forgets,
All of the nonsense they are 'suppose' to let go.
To dismiss and not miss petty foolishness.

But I didn't get that memo.
Nor was I given a script of my life,
With lines to learn with them to recite.
To rehearse until I got it right.
I've never aged before to do it. Have you?
Nor was I told what I was suppose to accept,
That was expected from me to give to perform.
While others judged whether or not as time went on,
My aging to reflect and address left them impressed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Divide As A Means To Survive

A self confidence shown,
But taught to others to disrespect...
As one's attempt to be better than the rest,
Will someday prove the doing of this...
Exposes an accepted ignorance.
With a truth to face believed to be negative.
And those who tell it like it is...
Perceived to offend their rights to live.

And those who have chosen conflict,
Gossip and indifference to evaluate and self reflect...
Find themselves depended upon it.
In arguments to divide as a means to survive.
And are the very ones today protesting,
With choices they have made to remain undisciplined...
Rude and unable to listen or follow rules,
Living in times to find their excuses...
A comfort found with expectations,
Someone else should clean up the mess left...
They continue to make yet deny they have created.

Although...
Anyone showing a self confidence shown,
But taught to others to disrespect...
As one's attempt to be better than the rest,
Is regarded as someone conditioned...
By those who oppress their wishes and desires,
To unite with the expressing to address their freedoms.
Yet...
Those 'freedoms' claimed to be deserved,
Have already been observed to disrespect themselves.

To overcome...
An acceptance of truth must first be done.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Divide Them

Has the advancements made in technology,
Increased the intelligence of human beings?
Has the rising cost of college education,
Awarded anyone a credit towards common sense?

Has the expense of raising children,
From books printed to show how that is done...
Proven to anyone to be successful?

And...
Have those who chose to isolate others,
To divide them and conquer...
Feel any less ostacized themselves?

Has the cure of diseases,
Prevented the spreading...
Of more of them to occur?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Do A 'We' Not A 'Me' Or An 'I'

There is no 'me'...
To experienced alone,
Condoning this...
In a you and I relationship.
There is a 'we'.
And until we see it that way,
There is no 'us' to be discussed.

I've tried that 'me' business,
Too many times before.
Only to use a 'key'...
To find myself alone once more.
On the other side of an opened,
And closed door.
To know if I have to do a 'me' again...
I have no problem in the doing of it.
But I'd rather not.
If you and I can see what we've got,
To do a 'we' not a 'me' or an 'I'.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Do It Standing Tall

I've been a grown man since I was a child.
With chores, duties and responsibilities assigned,
I had to accomplish and achieve.
And I don't 'believe' this to be true.
It's a matter of fact I have lived through.

To witness adults,
Who are not grown men and/or women.
Bartering their accountability...
To escape what it takes,
To move forward without excuses...
Based upon their abilities.
Displeases my sensibilities.
Although others may find this common.

I have no patience with that at all.
I know too well what it is like...
To stand up,
And face any consequence.
And to do it standing tall.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Do So Can Be Intimidating

What is missing from capitalistic wishes?
And desires to prioritize,
With dreams visualized by seekers with glossed eyes?
Empathy for others smothered under,
Wants to have realized those 'things' to get.
No matter if lived realities,
Have most people in debt to express less happiness...
And yet,
Easier it is getting for people to be medicated in ways...
For them to keep seeking with glossed and dreamy eyes,
On things that shine to satisfy but quick they are to fade...
Are those wishes they don't want to miss,
As they live their lives capitalized to prioritize...
Visions of interpreted happiness,
From them that is kept distanced to feel unsatisfied.

'You have several cars.
A mansion.
Social status and multiple dinner dates.
You have different clothes to wear everyday.
With a list of names you can drop if you wish.
But help me understand this...
Why is it YOU find reasons to complain? '

~I thought I could.
But I can't buy love.~

'That's terrible.
May I make a suggestion? '

~Yes.
Please...
Of course.~

'Try not to overdress or impress,
When shopping at the flea markets.
To do so can be intimidating.'

~Thank you so much.

I hadn't thought of it that way.~

'You never know,
Who you may meet also seeking a good bargain.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Do The Right Thing

Each day to be witnessed,
There are those who make attempts...
With their efforts to do the right thing.
And with a doing not to expect,
Anything in return or an attention to them given.

And needless to say,
Someone on each one of those days...
Will come along to discredit efforts made,
To protest and to others to hear...
That attempts to do the right thing,
Should not be granted to accept.
Because an approval was not bestowed.

And therefore...
Any future efforts anyone wishes to make,
With attempts to do the right thing...
Has to consider the involvement of others.
Although an involvement sought from them,
Is a wasting of time to prove to be nonexistent.

'We want to be included in doing the right thing too! '

~No one has stopped you from making those attempts.~

'But neither has anyone bothered to ask us,
Which attempts to do the right thing...
We wanted to first have done to do.
So why should we approve what someone else attempts? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Do This Effectively

Being accustomed to listening,
Has unlimited advantages that come.
When comprehension is given utmost priority,
Understanding offers to anyone a valued benefit.
And one's patience miraculously increases,
In the doing of this with accepted consciousness.

Although there are many,
Who have not allowed this experience...
To acknowledge the importance of its existence.
With a misunderstanding what listening means...
To exchange in conversation and with intent,
As an ongoing process to do this effectively.

'I'm sorry.
I wasn't paying attention.
What did you say? '

~When? ~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Do This Right Is The Objective

Inside of this vehicle I am,
Fueled to allow me to drive...
To maneuver through obstacles experienced,
We have come to accept and call life.

And to do this right is the objective.
Although blinded perceptions,
May bring regretful limitation...
To obscure what is envisioned.

Continuing until it is finished,
We keep a faith and entitled that bravery.
Hoping to make less mistakes,
No matter what it takes to initially face them.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Do This With That As A Skill

His ability to leech.
And do this to reach heights...
Is remarkable.
And to do this with that as a skill,
Is phenomenal.
He should live to leech forever.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Do To Experience It

More with it much to get,
When doubts are left to quit.
Is one's life to live effectively,
Away from closed windows wishing.
And...
More with it much to get,
When one chances to take a risk...
To do something that is different,
Just to do to experience it.

Talking to those unknown,
Just to do to experience it.
Can uncover common ground...
Found to be exciting.

And leaving a cellphone home,
Just to do to experience it.
Can invite the unexpected,
With a blessing one accepts.
To find advantages,
When one adventures.

Just to do to experience it,
Are found advantages...
When one adventures.

To do this and not to quit,
Are found advantages...
When one adventures.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To 'Do' To 'Know' What It Takes

There are those who want to 'DO',
But refuse to go through...
The process called 'learning'.

And those refusing to be taught,
Valuable lessons only discipline brings...
Are often caught complaining.

And what do those who do it,
Complain about?
Not having it like someone else has had it.

You know...
The one who has sacrificed their entire life.
You know...
The one who hardly sleeps day and night.
You know...
The one who is motivated with an appetite,
With accomplishing in their sight.

You know?
Well...
Maybe 'you' don't!

But there are many who have done it,
To 'Do' to 'Know' what it takes.
With a creating and making,
Of what they do look easy.

You know?
Well...
Maybe not 'you' but there are those who 'DO'.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Do To Want And Give To Receive

May the bright lights of Christmas present,
Find your eyes sparkling to match.
To look ahead and not back to the past.
And the day of joyous shared expressions,
Is left just as infectious to protect...
Throughout the new year and the next,
As promising resolutions are made and meant...
With an enthusiasm kept to keep moments like these,
Enlightened to invite others to ignite excitement.
To do to want and give to receive happiness

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Do To...

To do to...
Study etiquette.
Study,
Correctness.
Study...
Which is proper social acceptance.
Study,
The right.
Study,
The left.
Don't study those ways some say reject.

To do to...
Be prepared for tests.
To do to...
Not sit around to guess.
To do to...
Be discrete and still feel equal,
To jump for a carrot that looks the best.
With a doing to...
Study in those limits to keep.
But don't you...
Go beyond to seek,
To do to...
With a boldness to unfold,
Success and opportunity.

To do to...
Study etiquette.
Study,
Correctness.
Study...
Which is proper social acceptance.
Study,
The right.
Study,
The left.
Don't study those ways some say reject.

And don't do...
Anything other than told.
And don't do...
What may be upsetting,
To those who put limits to your goals.

To do to...
Be prepared for tests.
To do to...
Not sit around to guess.
To do to...
Be discrete and still feel equal,
To jump for a carrot that looks the best.
With a doing to...
Study in those limits to keep.
But don't you...
Go beyond to seek,
A reaching that sets you apart...
From those who have no vision.
Without getting their permission.

To do to...
Stay conformed.
And,
To do to...
Stay uninformed.
And,
To do to...
Not to offend those incompetent,
To offend unintended their pretense.

To do to...
Follow rules.
And,
To do to...
Be accepted.
And,
To do to...
Not upset those who suspect,
Your mind is used to be effective.

To do to...

Follow rules.
And,
To do to...
Be accepted.
And,
To do to...
Not upset those who suspect,
Your mind is used to be effective.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Do Unto Others

It has been stated...
People not God,
Take freedoms away.
And everyday there are those who proclaim,
Faith in religious affiliations they portray...
But yet betray.
By allowing to permit conflicts to exist.
Representing evilness and hypocrisy.

Greed and witnessed selfishness,
Continues to feed an epidemic of mental illness.
Restricting to limit minds diseased,
With beliefs taught to learn...
Possessions to obtain whether earned or not,
Is an entitlement for some.
And for others this freedom should be prevented.
Blatantly done to do to stop.
Until these misdeeds to do unto others,
Rules to reflect a victory.

It has been stated...
People not God,
Take freedoms away.
As if God is left pleasured,
To have ignorance disease the uniqueness...
Of this Earth.
While observing it being destroyed,
By a 'few' enjoying the doing of it.
And...
With prayer and sophisticated weapons to make.
To believe their barbaric ways,
Will not leave them to eventually self destruct.

It has been stated...
People not God,
Take freedoms away.
And God...
Creator of light from a darkness to do,
Can also remove minds to prove...

Them to become dim and useless to HIM.
Until what offends begins to disappear.
And that is a fact that can be seen enacted.
Without a law man can make to defend against.

'What on Earth is happening these days? '

It can only be God.
To prove only He...
Re-writes His own rules.
Regardless who follows a belief or religion to choose.
With a doing to leave 'ALL' accepting.

'But...
EVERYTHING is changing.'

You don't get it.
Hopefully one day you will.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Do What I Should Have Done

If I didn't,
Then who would?

'Then who would,
Do what? '

That which I didn't do.

'What is it that you do? '

I don't know.
I haven't done it yet.

'Then why worry about,
Someone else doing it? '

And then again,
If I went ahead and did it,
It would be done.

'Well...
Why don't you do it? '

That's the point I am making.
I want to do it...
But,
What is it that I want to do?

HEY...
Why are you walking away?

'To do what I should have done,
The moment you opened your mouth.'

Is that suppose to be funny?
Well...

IT ISN'T.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Do With A Doing Done

Things,
I could not get to touch...
Use to bother me.
And my wishes to want what I wanted,
So much without waiting.

Things,
I could not receive immediately...
Teased my mind and I would climb trees,
Literally.
To sit as high as I could on a branch I reached,
When I was younger and full of unlimited energy.

I fantasized my life as a bird flying high.
No one never told me I couldn't.
And I tried and tried until I would end up crying.
Disbelieving that my wishes,
Weren't so easily coming to me.

Things,
I could not receive immediately...
Teased my mind and I would climb trees,
Literally.
To sit as high as I could on a branch I reached,
When I was younger and full of unlimited energy.

Today acknowledging the many stages I have graced,
With so many dreams thought impossible...
That came to stare me in the face.
I know now it wasn't about 'things' I wanted to embrace.
It was about what I thought I could not achieve...
But did because my wants kept me haunted,
To continue that which I dreamed to do with a doing done.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Do Without Those Needless Comforts

'Naturally...
Our concerns are with those average families,
Like ours
Who struggle to maintain some degree of normalcy.
Especially during these distressing economic times,
Of severe cutbacks and unexpected belt tightening.
It is utter madness!
I can not express the number of decisions we've made,
To do without those needless comforts.

Bertram?
When you are done dusting my Mercedes,
Would you please bring to me
A small glass of Moet from the guest quarters.
And for the missus,
Just a spot of sherry with the last of the imported caviar!

Even our neighbors living here on the island,
Have voiced their complaints...
Of having to purchase smaller planes,
For reduced spending during our shopping sprees
To Moroco.
It's becoming totally outrageous these sacrifices.
The heartbreak we currently face,
Goes unexplained.
It's painful to see the pets go without their steamed veggies.
We had to take Max to the vet!
He refuses to eat the roasted chicken.
Would you'd like another vodka twist? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Droan On On To Droan

I you can not...
Leave me alone,
To just stop...
And,
Go on your own...
You may have a lot,
Condoned headaches...
To droan on on to droan!

This peace I keep,
Has no whistles and horns.
This peace I keep,
Needs no melodic cellos playing on.

This peace I keep,
So leave it alone.
It's sweet and deep,
So leave it alone.
I am a blessed receiver!
Leave me alone...
To reap that which you've sewn.

This peace I keep,
So leave it alone.
It's sweet and deep,
So leave it alone.
I am a blessed receiver!
Leave me alone...
To,
Reap that which you've sewn.

I you can not...
Leave me alone,
To just stop...
And,
Go on your own...
You may have a lot,
Condoned headaches...
To droan on on to droan!

This peace I keep,
So leave it alone.
It's sweet and deep,
So leave it alone.
I am a blessed receiver!
Leave me alone...
To,
Reap that which you've sewn.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Dust Up

As a learning experience,
It is much more difficult...
To expect anyone to listen,
Than it is to teach them...
The difference between how and why,
A listening done will affect their time.
And the taking of it for granted...
Is something no one should do.

And one's expectations that the wasting of it,
Is going to gain empathy...
From those who had patience to sit with a listening,
No matter how bored one gets going through the process...
Is going to prevent a slipping of time,
To rush through their fingers.
With opportunities set aside waiting for anyone's decision,
To be made and done with a seletive picking to come.

Once an aging process starts and is noticed,
There is no playing of hide and seek with it...
To disregard those believing they have hidden in safe places.
Since in most cases everyone will be found.
Either forgotten to eventually dismiss.
Or stored away on top awaiting somewhere,
To be lowered into the ground...
With eyes and ears shut to dust up...that's it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Either Reject, Accept Or Ignore

The majority of the people disbelieve,
With a kept contempt used as their defense...
That this society with its current bleeding done,
Is not the one they have created.
And this is perceived with such convincing,
Tormenting to listen yet well practiced...
Na·ïve·té.

People refuse to admit what makes them sick,
Is a result of their involvement to permit conflicts.
To then make attempts to escape from them,
With a laying of blame to bring shame to another.

Conditioned with a training done to do as is expected,
Has always resulted in the pleasing to pass these tests.
With few exceptions that were character assassinated,
Followed by an ostracizing to either reject, accept or ignore.
With appropriate acts of sadness shown,
As anticipated by those exposing their smug allegiance...
To evil.
And proud to have manipulated truth.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Embellish A Nonexistence Has Adverse Effects

Ego fed insecurities,
Addicted to seeking acceptance...
Are protective of their delusions.
And easily offended,
By a truth that is to them directed.

It is more important for them to impress,
Than to honestly address their own issues.
Something blocked in their minds,
Will not allow them to do this.
And quick they are to misinterpret reality.

They believe reality is something to twist to fit,
A determined wish to see,
Life from their prespective.
And only a life lived to experience as is,
Can be received to accept to adjust...
Not correct to reject what is presented!

Ego fed insecurities,
Addicted to seeking acceptance...
Are protective of their delusions.
And easily offended,
By a truth that is to them directed.

To embellish a nonexistence,
Has adverse effects.
And adverse effects are difficult to keep,
From being exposed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Embellish Activities

Anyone who lives a lie and does it well,
To embellish activities actually done...
Does it with a belief deceiving is accepted.
Afterall...
When has the telling of truth been respected?

And who has ever glowed with it shown,
When held high and hoisted on shoulders...
With a telling of a truth told,
Already known to show that this offends?
When celebrated delusions get attention.

'That's not true.
All of us live to value truth.
Every aspect of our lives depend on it.
And 'who' would consent to deception?
Especially to threaten,
Our wholesome and honest quality of life? '

I have no idea.
I'm not into watching movies.
OR comedic TV shows.
But I will admit...
Victoria's Angels have me annually addicted.

'There are other examples,
Of our wholesome and honest quality of life.
Why pick just one? '

I'm into wings and imagined halos.
I set my standards high.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Enact

To use statistics like fanatics.
To control and to attack!
With one purpose to achieve...
The holding of 'some' people back!

To enact...
A meaningful existence.
To enact...
A control without resistance.
To enact...
A rule no one refuses.
No matter who's abused.
Or who's left to be confused!

To enact...
A meaningful existence.
To enact...
A control without resistance.
To enact...
A rule no one refuses.
No matter who's abused.
Or who's left to be confused!

To use statistics like fanatics.
To control and to attack!
With one purpose to achieve...
The holding of 'some' people back!
And this is done effectively...
To hide this as a fact!

To enact...
A meaningful existence.
To enact...
A control without resistance.
To enact...
A rule no one refuses.
No matter who's abused.
Or who's left to be confused!

To enact...
A meaningful existence.
To enact...
A control without resistance.
To enact...
A rule no one refuses.
No matter who's abused.
Or who's left to be confused!

To enact,
Like a coup...
A meaningful existence.
To enact,
As they choose...
Control without resistance.
To enact...
A rule no one refuses.
No matter who's abused.
Or who's left to be confused,
Or fooled!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Enhance With A Forward Advancement

If changes are purposely made,
To enhance with a forward advancement that occurs.
And positions are needed to be re-arranged,
With an effective growth process that shows...
Then those changes determined should benefit,
To reflect the best of everyone's interests.
If those changes are purposely made.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Ensure If A Hot Pot Has More

If there is coffee or tea in a cup I lift up,
A sipping of it will be done.
To savor.
And not to spill or pour a single drop.
But my eyes will be kept,
Watching...
To ensure if a hot pot has more.
Nothing about an experience had in the doing...
That I have enjoyed will be taken for granted,
Again.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Ensure Someone's Irritation

For all of those things,
Going neglected...
That can be easily corrected,
IF that task was accepted...
As a necessity to see through with a doing,
There'd be less of a preference for many to choose...
An excessive complaining instead.
Done to do to ensure someone's irritation.

And it is that irritation that is sought,
To achieve the effective goal set by those...
Seeking to get attention.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Erase The Ease Of Excuse Making

There has to be somewhere,
More than one 'someone'...
With shoulders broad and bold enough,
To carry the weight of another...
Who is fit and healing,
From a spinelessness.
And has begun to strengthen,
From weaknesses digested.

There has to be someone somewhere,
Who has confessed despair.
And today stands aware,
That an acceptance of life...
Means to conquer over fear and strife.
And is there to provide comfort,
To others without complaining of obstacles faced...
On a daily basis.
And has begun to erase the ease of excuse making

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Escape From Those Common Places

Hard it is,
To esacpe from those common places.
And familiar faces we grow with perceptions,
Comfort us in an exchange of receptions...
To confirm the lives we are led to live.

Hard it is,
To accept differences.
We instantly become threatened,
In our protective environments.

And then many begin to adventure,
Beyond those boxes of do's and do nots.
To experience something fresh to discover...
What our taught concepts from us has blocked.

Past teachings taught then,
Become limited.
And the ones restricting boundaries to inflict,
Are observed to have biases...
Outdated and illegitimate.

And questions to them,
No more are asked.
Since what has been uncovered,
Opens eyes wide and fast.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Everyone's Delight

Blessings...
For peace and joy,
To come and visit!
Deciding to stay.
Knowing an acceptance,
Has been received.
And finding it welcomed.
Relieved!
To everyone's delight!
As all sat excited,
Sharing what has come...
To be given to them!

'Don't stuff yourselves...
There is plenty to go around!
For as much as you want,
When you want it.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Excite One To Boast

Each day comes...
With a renewed freshness.
Nothing arriving with dawn,
Is linked to a hopelessness...
One adopts or carries on.
Especially if this
Is something to escape from.
And nothing one misses,
To sit and reminisce...
Or whistle in song!

Unless it is wished,
To support a new beginning...
Coming and admitted.
Although stunting a growth,
These actions bestow.
Leaving very little,
To excite one to boast!

Some stop to argue this.
As if there is pleasure sought...
In seeking a happiness
With a welcomed and visited shallowness.

Unsuitable to live in the moment they are.
No matter who attempts,
To hold onto what is gone for long!
Never to come back...
Whether right or wrong!
Or in debates prolonged!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Excuse Again What Has Been Done

Those who can not clear their heads,
By a resting done,
To move forward on their paths...
And put to bed a past.
Are those seeking to find explanations,
For anyone to grasp onto with time to give...
To excuse again what has been done they did,
As if some have not moved on with lives to live.
And for them there is only one process of life!
That which condons not being able to live their own,
With an honesty that provides for them an inner peace.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Experience Life From Notes

Any progress one wishes to make,
Can not be achieved without a complete...
Overhaul of a lifestyle change.

Some wish to test the water,
Before they take a dip.
Others ask countless questions,
Awaiting for that answer...
With a hope they will be assisted,
To experience life from notes they get.

Any progress one wishes to make,
Can not be achieved without a complete...
Overhaul of a lifestyle change.
And changes to make without mistakes made,
Is a life one attempts to live avoiding regrets.
To then get upset over unexpected disappointments.

And although many believe nothing is impossible?
Well...
Wishing progress to make with a keeping of delusions,
Diminishes the odds of one winning a bet.
Unless one owns a 'casino',
Where many go and are guaranteed to lose.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Experience The Meaning That Is Felt

People are not born to be...
Thoughtless.
Uncompassionate.
Inconsiderate.
Cynical, sarcastic, ruthless and cold.
There are just too many folks,
Who are willing to teach these lessons...
At a reasonable price one gets to pay.

And it seems that those who learn their lessons well,
Know just what to say at that appropriate time.

One foot with toes stepped on...
Does not make the other foot,
Available...
To experience the meaning that is felt!
And those who get it,
Usually get what is coming to them...good!

Those who prefer their coffee,
With cream and sugar...
Will know the difference,
When it comes to them served...black!
And unapologetic if the taste of it is too strong.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Explore A New Day Given

My eyes await for the rising of Sun,
To appreciate all that comes.
With anticipation.
And...
All that is experienced,
After that is done...
I welcome as an opportunity,
To explore a new day given.
And foolishly,
I may do a seeking of obstacles to remove.
Since tomorrow,
I wish not to do what I could today choose.
As each day I live I will define my purpose.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Face Unknown Plateaus

With a stepping ahead to face unknown plateaus.
Or what that doing reveals to show.
I have learned as I've been blessed to age,
To not stop on my tracks to look back...
On my mistakes to have acknowledged.
And to let go of the premise...
Someone else to blame should be held accountable.
As I experience more of life,
I recognize the pointlessness...
Of making any attempts to do this.

And with a stepping ahead to face unknown plateaus,
I find it foolish to argue and invite conflicts.
I find it also senseless to tolerate with a patience,
Those who expect an attention to get...
For problems that can not solve they have created,
But solicit with wishes others to be involved...
To then become disrespectful and irate!
As if the steps ahead alone others take to eventually appreciate,
Without eliminating to face their own obstacles.
To accept them as tasks they must pass and condone.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Feast On Deceit

Electing effective and honest lawmakers?
What a brilliant concept.
Is there still more pie left?
And,
Would this come before or after...
Many have chosen to feast on deceit.
And who would be left to accept the check?
Or can afford to leave admitting they are pleased.
The taste of the pie has too many addicted.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Feed And Please Those Comforts

There are those who live lives,
Externally expressed.
Here on Earth...
To address and express,
Physical and material needs.
With an acquiring of abilities,
To feed and please those comforts.
With an aided dictation how to medicate complaints.

And there are those internally impressed.
Feeling from within they are on a mission.
A quest.
Although from the exterior they appear,
To be disconnected at best.
With an accomplished satisfaction...
Few would consider,
As a detachment from an 'accepted' normalcy.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Feed Beliefs Just To Feel Accepted

Social maladjustments has stifled common sense.
And...
There is nothing easy trying to rid the hold of evils.
To coast and get along with people,
One would rather leave.
Yet if we do...
The act of it,
Makes life a much shallow fought battle.

But we all live lives of wants and choices.
With a sacrificing of needs,
Left to others to tease and determine.

We all live lives of wants and choices.
To feed beliefs,
Just to feel accepted.
Although those beliefs disrespect and neglect...
What for all of mankind is best.

Social maladjustments has stifled common sense.
And...
There is nothing easy trying to rid the hold of evils.
To coast and get along with people,
One would rather leave.
Yet if we do...
The act of it done,
Makes life a much shallow fought battle.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Feel Fantastic

I have learned to sit and doing nothing at all.
For a long time it was believed I had been doing this.
By those who knew the gossip,
But less about my activities.
So I tried this from their perception and point of view.
And I will say this...
Those folks should be in the medical field.
Because when I accepted to sit and do nothing at all,
I felt I had done more with that accomplished...
Than making attempts to do more than I had the time to do.
To feel fantastic after the rest I get.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Feel Freed

Escaped from fear to make decisions.
No longer in doubt,
I can and will have happiness...
Inside and out.
It is clear my needs are important to me.
And whether others are agreeable...
I have walked away from that wish to please.

Free with a peace of mind I sought.
Realizing 'that' piece of peace,
I could not have bought...
To have it released.
Letting go and leaving behind,
Anxieties that tensed with no sense...
That kept me sitting on fences,
With defenses I made!
I could no longer stay that way...
In shaded indecision.

I had to ignore,
What others had to say.
And I listened with deep thought!
A craving increased,
My need to obey.
Regardless of opinions...
That may have caused my steps delayed!
To flee from insecurities,
Within me beginning to fade.

Escaped from fear to make decisions.
No longer in doubt,
I can and will have happiness...
Inside and out.
It is clear my needs are important to me.
And whether others are agreeable...
I have walked away from that wish to please.
With tears of regret,
I chose my heart...
And what is best,

For it and me to feel freed!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Fiddle With A Nothing To Do To Get Done

Early in my life,
I became inquisitive about it.
And I am glad it has not stopped.
With a developing of many interests.

So happy am I,
My curiosities I have not dropped.
Some who have retired,
Seem to have done it from living life.

Only to have one interest...
As a routine until that ends.
And with nothing else in which to depend...
Can be,
And is...
A boring existence.

And to become bored with a life that still exists,
I can not imagine it.

Constantly there are changes made.
And those who once believed a stability meant,
Doing one thing that defined a normalcy...
May find themselves and that normalcy,
As outdated as one accepting...
A stability one perceived would stay forever.
And a forever,
Is just not meant to be.

And those once called a jack of all trades,
But a master of none.
Have found themselves amongst those,
Not the ones at home alone,
Twiddling their thumbs.
To fiddle with a nothing to do to get done.

This is not a problem for a jack of all trades.
To twiddle their thumbs with a nothing that's done.
This is not a problem for a jack of all trades.

To twiddle their thumbs with a nothing that's done.
This is not a problem for a jack of all trades.
To twiddle their thumbs with a nothing that's done.
A jack of all trades has a life that's saved.
And something everyday there is an interest made.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Fidget And Squirm

You challenge me to debate?
That's great.
You name the time, place and date.
And I prefer to do this,
Without the presence of note taking.

What is the topic you have picked to slate?
I anticipate this.
I can not wait.

'I will have to research that.
You are a bit too eager,
To be seen the fool I wish to make.
Too eager you are.
I'll have to pick on another,
To debate on my terms.
It is you and not me,
I want others to see publicly squirm.'

Oh, no problem.
I thought you were seriously prepared.

'To debate? '

No.
To fidget and squirm.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Finally Accept The Process

As much as I hesitated,
And debated with myself...
To finally accept the process,
I 'allowed' myself to age.
Yes!

I 'allowed' myself to do this in stages.
Since I did not want to become overwhelmed,
By an event I was not sure I wanted to attend.
Although others I viewed seemed surprised by it too...
With a protesting shown and much unhappiness.

However, unlike them...
I decided I would not get too comfortable,
With any stage that came to end.
Some chose a stage with a wish to stay.
And fighting with themselves along the way.

I even witnessed others,
Doing their best to prevent maturity.
None physically succeeded,
But mentally...
Many could easily claim a success.

As much as I hesitated,
And debated with myself...
To finally accept the process,
I 'allowed' myself to age.
Yes!

And as each day passes,
I feel more and more blessed.
I no longer feel I should 'allow' this process.
Since I now do it without thinking about it,
With an acceptance felt for me that is best.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Find To Define It Meant

Analyzing the affects,
A non-stop marketing...
Of a decadence has caused.
Without pausing to reflect,
How minds kept teased...
With symbolic images to impress
What it takes to obtain,
Success and attention to get.
Is a way of life,
Increasingly speeding...
To disease the mentalities,
Of its citizens.
And a definition,
To find to define it meant...
As 'humanity'.
Now more applicable,
To barbarians.
Seeking rocks and boulders,
To defend themselves...
Like their ancestors,
Before them.
Who also,
Relied upon their ignorance.
To prove they could defeat,
The presence of truth.
With belief,
Intimidating truth...
Proves who rules.
And has power to destroy!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Flee From Their Own Willfulness

Will there be a scramble for lifeboats and flights,
When the seriousness of life...
Finally dawns in those minds that have blinded truth,
From their eyesight.
Will the absence of logic instantly find common sense?
And where will folks go,
To flee from their own willfulness...
That implemented the spreading of a successful ignorance.

Will people stop to pack luxuries,
In leather bound suitcases and branded designer bags?
And where will they take their 'priceless' items...
To isolated islands where the beaches are free of oil slick?
And where will they take their mindsets that are somewhat sick?
As they seat aboard exclusive spaceships,
Heading to other planets in beliefs...
To repeat their wickedness will bring to them relief!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Flourish Encouraged To Nurture On The Same Turf

Experimentations...
Dictating choices of temptations,
Explored, teased and tried...
Are not carried in a mind satisfied,
With re-occurring denials.
They are known.
They have been shown in limitations outgrown.

Run or walk around a block a few times.
The confines within it may be renovated,
And the changes fresh...
With the same steps taken made.
That 'space' still remains the same,
Unchanged!
Revamped temptations...
With updated entrances to dismiss memories.

Follow...
The same mind that allows them,
To keep them safe and from going away!
Introduced by new excuses replace them,
As if the old ones did not exist!
But they are there remembered.
To sit in reminisced places.

Façades are what they are...
And journeys without their presence as reminders,
Are the most difficult to take...
When left behind to embark on unfamiliar ground!
Unchartered frontiers can be found,
If one is willing to give up the notion...
Motivation to move forward,
Requires outside intervention...
To set this in motion.

Leave behind what 'is'.
Leave behind falling tears where they fell!
Without announcements to mention.
Inspite of promises and offers to please...

Quicken a hesitated pace to face real change!
Regrets may come to visit,
But one is not obligated...
To have them stay to produce sorrow,
Season after season...
To flourish encouraged to nurture on the same turf!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Fly And Raise High Above A Mindset Fixed

Thick with wit,
In embedded ideals...
May appeal to those existing,
Within strict and limited points of view...
Of their lives as it is,
To subdue curiosities wishing to be unleashed.

But to fly and raise high above a mindset fixed,
One has to almost live as if a hermit.
And not permit redundancy,
To come and ferment what is retrieved...
And perceived as fresh meaning,
From each witnessed Sunrise that arrives.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Forgive And Forget

People depending upon their lies to tell.
And sell do quite well amongst themselves.
Until truth emerges with an effectiveness,
Emerging from kept depths to surface.
With a leaving of those who lie,
In gutters to dwell...
Coming from their hiding places,
Making attempts to try denying comments made...
Attributed to them and from others heard them to say!

And with an obviousness that offends their pretentiousness,
People like this do their best to protect themselves...
By re-interpreting what has been a misunderstanding.
To demand of those listening,
That 'whomever' it was they defame to shame with false claims...
Said with a purpose and consciously done to berate,
Should not be upset since everyone is known to make mistakes.

'Oh?
So, you do admit you lied? '

~Oh ?
That's not what I am saying.
To forgive and forget has its benefits.~

'For who? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Free Themselves From Rumors Heard

Trying to find,
Each way but looking up...
To clear a mind and eyes from clouds,
May need a tour guide on the scene...
For those bumping into walls,
To free themselves from rumors heard...
They have spent their days hazed in a maze.
And too reluctant they are to research for facts.
From a fear a light appearing is a sign to keep back.
And this is a warning to cast down their squinting eyes.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Fulfill My Father's Wishes

I've done everything I was suppose to do.
And still what I've done,
Has not been acceptible to some!
Those who stood by to try...
To undo what I have overcomed,
With alibis and visious lies...
To make 'that' acceptible to themselves,
And everyone!
Have become quite surprised.
I can see it in their deceitful eyes!

But I had the courage and the heart to achieve!
Accomplishing 'with' their discouragement in tact...
What they could not and still can not believe!
And the weight I carried on a strained and painful back,
Has never been anything
God did not lift,
To make my journey He had mapped...
More determined to prevail and succeed.
Over the mounds of ignorance supplied,
To induce my failure!
Despite of the sympathy exposed,
To hide the mask of those in deep and hollowed,
Masquerades!

This mission...
Has not been about taking those kinds of trips!
To falter making excuses for it!
I have never been a quitter.
And my anger can turn into something,
I choose not to publicly display!
And God knows how stubborn I am to please Him,
In 'any' and 'every' way He knows I can...
And will to fulfill my Father's wishes!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Get Done And With Competence

I don't intend to offend when I begin,
To write...
It just happens,
Within my scope of a life I define...
From my point of view.
And,
Hey...
This point of view is mine!
Today...
I am not selling congeniality.

Nor am I embittered with that kind of...
Mood swinging attitude,
Like some say I am since I do walk,
As if I've got swagger.
And not pulling myself,
Through a field of molasses.
You know...
Like the ones who humble themselves,
To be accepted while filling out a job application.
With their bowed heads and upturned eyes?
And their smile-on-cue demeanors.

I am respectful not a clown!
And I do not 'yes' my way through conversations.
If I have an opinion...
I might express it 'If' I am challenged,
To apply my experience and intelligence...
When communicating a seriousness left,
I wish to leave.

Although I have had my share of injustices.
Some blatant and some masked as if...
I am to understand my minority status,
As a declared human being.
And people who approach me that way,
Are left learning a few lessons.

'The world is a classroom.'

Whenever there is a need to be taught,
A few things about life.
Since I do enjoy delivering...
Some concepts of my own.

I don't often 'trip' like that!
And it does offend those who believe,
I should know my place!

And their place?
Not to get in my way...
If I am expected to perform a task,
To get done and with competence.
Which to 'them' and those like them...
Is another thing that offends.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Get In Deeper

Too many find,
That they have started...
Humming to a doo-doo.
To not know when,
The ending stops.
Humming to a doo-doo.
Onto of rocks they sit a lot,
Humming to a doo-doo.
And staying there,
With ears to block.
Humming to a doo-doo.

They want to think they keep,
From coming...
Cuckoo!
Like many they have seen become
Cuckoo.
To block their eyes,
And ears to hear.
While humming to a doo-doo.
Tired of D'ceit and the dupes.
Humming to a doo-doo.

They think they keep themselves
From coming...
Cuckoo!
Like many they have seen become
Cuckoo!
Numb and stunned left cuckoo.
Numb and stunned left cuckoo.
To get in deeper doo-doo.
Knee deep in dupe and doo-doo.
They block their eyes and cover ears.
Humming to a doo-doo.
Fearing that which does appear.
Those knee deep to dupe.
To get in deeper doo-doo.

Too many find that they have started,

Humming to a doo-doo.
Numb and stunned and cuckoo.
To get in deeper doo-doo.
Duped.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Get One's Point Across

It is not easy,
To capture the attention of the minds today.
Whatever the message relayed,
Has to be quick with a meaning attached to it.
With content that is agreed upon,
To leave those listening...
With some comprehension left to discuss.

And...
If delivering the message naked,
There is a benefit of an allowance...
To have what is not heard when first spoken,
Requested to be said over and over again.
From every possible angle to get one's point across.
Ensuring the bare essentials are remembered and understood.

Today...
We must try 'everything' deemed necessary,
To reach the minds of our overexposed children...
With a purpose to prepare them and their minds,
For the world in which we live.
Protecting them from reality is not going to do it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Get Up And Get Things Done

If I don't find a purpose,
To get up and get things done...
I'll waste the day away.
My day will waste away.

If I...
Do nothing,
But talk on the telephone,
Listening to people moan their groans...
I'll waste the day away.
My day will waste away.

And to have that as a habit,
Is not where my head is at!

And I do what I can for myself,
Without some people donating their help.
Some people have no need...
To begin one thing and see it through.

And when I tackle something...
It is going to get done!
Since that is what I do.

Some people,
Waste a lot of time.
Some people,
Can't make up their minds.
Some people,
Have nothing to do but to sing the blues!

Some people,
Waste a lot of time.
Some people,
Can't make up their minds.
Some people,
Have nothing to do but to sing the blues!

If I don't find a purpose,

To get up and get things done...
I'll waste the day away.
My day will waste away.

If I...
Do nothing,
But talk on the telephone,
My day will waste away.
I'll waste the day away.

Some people,
Waste a lot of time.
Some people,
Can't make up their minds.
Some people,
Have nothing to do but to sing the blues!

Some people,
Have nothing to do but to sing the blues.
That's all they do!

And I wont be giving up my time to find,
That choice to make...
As a habit!

That choice wont become my habit.

People making up their minds like that...
Can have it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Get What It Was To Do Done

It has been a long time since I had been a child.
Such a long time,
Those actions I did then...
Were tolerated and condoned by someone else,
Who I respected as an adult and it reflected.
Whether or not I accepted.

And from those who taught me,
The difference as I grew.
I knew when I matured...
So few did that too.

And while they now make excuses,
For everything that they do...
Or not.
Expecting to be dismissed...
Like children throwing tantrums,
And spoiled fits.
Upon others they drop.
To do flip flops...
With something childish,
They can not stop!
I wont put up with it!
No matter how 'old'...
These ageless 'kids' may get!

I'm not going to put up with none of that one bit.
I have learned to be accountable.
And responsibility for my actions...
I take.
I have learned to embrace,
Take hold and move on!
No matter who around me,
May hide or deny...
Any action I may make.
With a mind that is awake.
I might undo it.

But...

Whatever that decision is,
It is done by me to say...
'Something'
I had to do to get what it was to do done!
Whether those of childish minds are left stunned.
To get from point A to B does not require a Phd!
Or a pail and shovel to collect sand.
I have been taught not to be afraid to take a stand!
And...
Get it over to get over it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Give Service With A Knowledge

Not at all am I impressed,
By those focused upon one vision interpreted...
As the only version of success.
To obtain a degree or certificate that expresses,
An ability to achieve the purchasing of things.
To keep hoarded to dust in a treasure chest.

Yet...
Not an attempt is made to influence,
With an effectiveness that benefits others...
That whatever they do to do it at their best.
With a difference made they too can attest,
To witness 'if' they worked at it and wished less.

But the ones who pray to keep their fortunes intact,
Seem often to be...
The ones who claim they are highly favored.
As if The Creator welcomes that kind of self-centered,
Self indulgence!

Glad I am to have been raised,
By a mother who placed emphasis on faith.
And what others should prioritize with their lives...
Was a repaying by a giving back,
A service with a knowledge and a deed...
To someone else that is pleased to receive.
And that a good life lived...
Was not in the feeding of one's greed.

'Remember...
There should be several baskets,
In which to place your accomplishments.
And acquired tasks you have mastered to pass.'

No need to be a polished scholar,
To give service...
With a knowledge.
And a deed.

No need to be a polished scholar,
To give service...
With a knowledge.
And a deed.

No need to be a polished scholar,
To give service...
With a knowledge.
And a deed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Give Tomorrow Less Reason To Exist

So gone but with a going on,
Are those yesterdays living...
Within my mind.
To find and give time.

Clinging like grapes,
Yet to ripen on a vine.
Are those yesterdays remembered.
As if to forever live.

Giving tomorrow less reason to exist.
As those yesterdays gone,
Cling on and on permitted unresisted.
Like unripened grapes on a vine,
To watch and give more time to find.

So gone but with a going on,
Are those yesterdays living...
Within my mind.
To find and give time.

Clinging like grapes,
Yet to ripen on a vine.
Are those yesterdays remembered.
As if to forever live.

Giving tomorrow less reason to exist.
As those yesterdays gone,
Cling on unresisted.

Giving tomorrow less reason to exist.
As those yesterdays gone,
Cling on unresisted.

As those yesterdays cling on unresisted,
To give tomorrow less reason to exist.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Go On So Long Gone

An honesty,
Has long gone.
With respect to give.
Has long gone.
And a modesty is no where near.
Humility has disappeared.

An honesty,
Has long gone.
With respect to give,
Has long gone.
But, everyday someone is heard,
They're getting something undeserved.

What else from us,
Has long gone.
With it wanted much,
So long gone.
And that trust we knew,
We threw away for nonsense to prolong.

What else from us,
Has long gone.
With it wanted much,
So long gone.
And that trust we knew,
We threw away for nonsense to prolong.

An honesty,
Has long gone.
With respect to give,
Has long gone.
But, everyday someone is heard,
They're getting something undeserved.

What else from us,
Has long gone.
Tell me what else has been long gone.
To go on,

So long...
Gone.

To go on,
So long...
Gone.

What is it!
That has long gone.
What is it!
That has long gone.
What is it!
That has long gone.
Too long...
Prolonged.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Greet, Meet And To Brag

My eyes never left the ball.
Afterall...
I became disciplined to keep my focus on it.
And when I joined on the field with others,
Who made claims they came with aims to play...
In a way to prove with me they could complete.
My eyes never left the ball to reach.

My eyes never left the ball not at all.
And when it was thrown in the air others stared.
But my eyes were right there to catch it...
To run with it and score a goal.
I came on the field prepared to win.
Not to say I just came to play.
Like others who came just to huddle.

My eyes never left the ball. afterall...
I did not come to greet, meet nor to brag,
With embellished exaggerations...
Of what I could do or had done in my past.
My eyes never left the ball...they couldn't.
And I was there on the field to win not pretend,
I came just to play to socialize and go away.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Handpick

You have spent most of your adult life
Disregarding advice
To prioritize the enjoyment of your escapades
With critque of those who slowly took steps
That aging gracefully benefits
With a seriousness.

Clinging onto youth betrays
In ways that fade away with quick fads

And today
You have awakened to play a game of catchup
Fast
With many who had been afraid to face realities
And those realities have never allowed anyone
To handpick

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Have A Peace Felt That Is Realistic

Today it's so hard...
To do what's right.
It's so hard...
Not to get uptight.
It's so hard...
Not to use lips to bite.
Or sleep at night...
Listening to the 'bang-bang' between gangs.
Shooting people innocent,
While they hop the fences.
And laws have been a lost cause,
To have a peace to feel...
Realistic.

Today it's so hard...
To do what's right.
It's so hard...
Not to get uptight.
It's so hard...
Not to use lips to bite.
Or sleep at night...
To have a peace felt,
That is realistic.

Today it's so hard...
Listening to the 'bang-bang' between gangs.
And laws have been a lost cause without gain.
To have a peace felt,
That is realistic.
As people everywhere are being added to statistics.

Today it's so hard...
Not to get uptight,
Listening to the 'bang-bang' between gangs.
And laws have been a lost cause without gain.
To have a peace felt,
That is realistic.
As people everywhere are being added to statistics

Today it's so hard...
Not to get uptight.
Or sleep at night,
Listening to the 'bang-bang' between gangs.
And laws have been a lost cause without gain.
To have a peace felt,
That is realistic.
As people everywhere are being added to statistics.

Today it's so hard...
To have the ease of peace to feel that it is realistic!
Or feel the death of it is just an adding to statistics.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Have A Point Of View

If I knew what tomorrow had in store for me,
I would be more optimistic today.
Knowing that every thought I had,
Could be expressed without opposition.
And others would accept my thoughts,
As my prerogative to have a point of view.

And,
Even if I did not know this to be true...
I still would feel it my right to do it.
As long as I make no attempt,
To enforce my beliefs on others.
Since too many believe they live just to do that.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Have A Tainted Taste

Crushed to dust are those rose colored glasses.
Worn to adorn highlighted ideals once valued,
And much trusted,
A rusting of rainbows have begun to appear.
With a purging of reality approaching and near.

Frustrated and disgusted,
More are finding it a must...
To rid from implemented fears,
Protected to defend...
Investments made producing nonexistent dividends.

And a crushing to permit those yesterdays to fade,
Are those who wished with dreams...
To escape with those escapades hand picked to be delivered.
On a variety of platters bestowed with sweets to savor.
Under a thickened crust of flavorful homemade marmalade.

But today...
A betrayal detected has been uncovered to discover.
And to have a tainted taste impossible to digest,
That is just too overdone.
And deceptively sweetened to produce an anticipated effect.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Have It And To Give

You need to feel it!
Everyday that special touch of love.
You should have it near...
Everyday that touch of love.

You need to feel it!
Everyday that special touch of love.
You should have it near...
Everyday that touch of love.

People need a benefit of it...
Everyday!
That touch of love.
To have it and to give,
That special touch of love.
You should have it near,
Everyday that touch of love.
No one should ever fear it,
The feeling and the touch of love.

No one...
Under the Sun,
And...
You need to feel it!
Everyday that special touch of love.
You should have it near...
Everyday that touch of love.
No one should ever fear it,
The feeling and the touch of love.
To have it and hold dear...
Supersized to hypnotize.

You need to feel it!
Everyday that special touch of love.
You should have it near...
Everyday that touch of love.
No one should ever fear it,
The feeling and the touch of love.
To have it and hold dear...

Supersized not analyzed!

People need a benefit of it...
Everyday that touch of love.
To have it and to give of it...
That special touch of love.
You should have it near...
Everyday that touch of love.
No one should ever fear it,
The feeling and the touch of love.

We all need to feel it...
That special touch of love.
To realize it with our eyes...
And our minds to behold,
Not to let go.
And...
You need to feel it!
Everyday that special touch of love.
You should have it near.
Everyday that touch of love.
People need a benefit of it...
That special touch of love.
To have it and to give.
That special touch of love.
To have it and to give of it...
That special touch of love.
To have it and to give.
That special touch of love.
To have it and to give of it!
That special touch of love.
To have it and to give.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Have It Dawn On Someone

Malicious rumors to spread,
And intended to solicit whispered gossip...
On greedy ears wishing to hear it,
To add their own interpretations!
Should give those a feeling of gratefulness,
To receive the free publicity...
They could no other way afford at their expense.

And with a bowing of their heads,
To those who chose to ignore the truth.
With a keeping of their names,
Fresh on lips and in the streets...
To have it dawn on someone who realizes,
Something done by them has irritated...
Yet validates them getting the attention.

'Dear Father...
Your ability to deliver benefits in mysterious ways,
Has enriched our lives beyond incredible limits.
And we gather together to thank YOU, Dear Father,
For bringing our efforts such valued advertisement.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Have Pursued And Accomplished

Don't be the one to step up to the plate,
Without a purpose or decision to make.
Be the one to step up to that plate,
With a purpose and decision made.
You may never again be given an opportunity.
Remember...
No breath taken hesitates to await another.
Do it to savor and not expect favors.

To get to first base it is best not to rest.
Or take it for granted second base comes next.
Especially if you have no intention to hit homeruns.
And doing that is a vision had when you get that bat.
AND...
Without 'ifs' or 'could ofs' on your mind,
When your destination has been reached...
It is okay to look back at third base to feed 'that' need.

To have pursued and accomplished,
What you have stepped up to the plate to do...
Needs nothing or no one else to prove it done.
You did it and can do it again 'and' to welcome.
With an acknowledgement this move is entirely up to you.
Now...
Are you here to play? With a winning to choose?
OR procrastinate like so many do?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Have That Kind Of Patience

If you didn't get it 'then'...
You are not going to get it 'now'.

'All you have to do is to explain to me...
How those cars can go back and forth,
Slow down when that light turns yellow.
And stops when it flashes to red!
To wait and speed off again,
When that light turns green.

What does 'walk' and do not walk mean?
Nobody walking on the sidewalk,
Is payng any attention.
And do those lights,
Have anything to do with them? '

How old are you now?

'I'm in my fifties...
Why?
I've been told I 'look' a lot younger.
So...
Help me process all of this! '

If you didn't get it 'then'...
You are not going to get it 'now'.
AND...
Even if I could,
You would not be getting 'it' from me.
To have that kind of patience,
Would be miraculous.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Heal From A Slow Mending To Grow

If something once strongly felt,
Is no longer there...
Existing to feel naturally,
Even the presence of a hypnotist...
Masquerading as a magician,
Will not be able to restore those natural feelings.
Not to be felt when back at a time remembered,
Those feelings from one's heart were freely given.

When those feelings felt begin to leave,
They do not return to make a reappearance.
Anyone who has experienced this emotionally...
To heal from a slow mending to grow,
Up...
To forgive and forget,
Knows....
Once something is felt to leave, it goes.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Heal Quietly Expedites The Mending

Personal pain to feel alone,
And condone...
Is difficult to share,
Even when someone is there caring.

One in this position,
Would prefer not to be reminded of it.
Believing left to heal quietly,
Expedites the mending.

And yet someone there caring,
Can sometimes care too much.
Although if they should leave,
The one who suffers has lost a crutch.

Yes, it is tough to suffer a personal pain.
And to feel alone with this condoned.
This is also difficult to share with someone caring,
Especially if they are not accustomed...
To hearing their loved one moan alone.
And there is nothing left for them to do,
But to pretend what they hear would disappear.

'Honey,
I understand you are in pain.
But can you get up to go to another room,
Until my TV program goes off? '

~I wish I could, sweetheart.
But there is a reason why I am in the hospital.
And strapped to the bed with tubes and needles,
Taped to my body.~

'I love you so much.
But can you hush for at least fifteen more minutes? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Hide In Disguise Those Weak And Fragile

Although their calculated misdeeds succeeded,
They appear to now fear...
The repercussions of their activities.
And looking weak and fragile...
Without the armor worn to adorn their fetes.

Guaranteed to show in battle defeat,
That enemy to knock off their feet.
And from them to squeeze a victory sweet.
To hide in disguise those weak and fragile.

Although their calculated misdeeds succeeded,
They appear to now fear...
The repercussions of their activities.
And looking weak and fragile...
Without the armor worn to adorn their fetes.

Guaranteed to show in battle defeat,
That enemy to knock off their feet.
And from them to squeeze a victory sweet.
To hide in disguise those weak and fragile.

And from them to squeeze a victory sweet.
To hide in disguise those weak and fragile.
And from them to squeeze a victory sweet.
To hide in disguise those weak and fragile.
And from them to squeeze a victory sweet.
To hide in disguise those weak and fragile.
To hide in disguise those weak and fragile.
To hide in disguise those weak and fragile.

And from them to squeeze a victory sweet.
To hide in disguise those weak and fragile.
And from them to squeeze a victory sweet.
To hide in disguise those weak and fragile.
To hide in disguise those weak and fragile.
To hide in disguise those weak and fragile.

And from them to squeeze a victory sweet.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Hide Our Own Motivations

Wouldn't it be great,
If all of our fantasies came true?
We would never have to worry about
Cleaning up after ourselves.
And we can blame the messes created
On others!
To hide our own motivations,
That would forever be concealed!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Hiss, Boo Or Cheer

Whoever debates prepared or not.
Or wherever the state that debate takes place,
To awaken those listening,
Awaiting to hear truths or facts.
Anyone who witnesses will know this to be true...
Gas prices will not return,
To be below a 'buck'.
Nor will one's quality of life increase to go up!
From fears already appearing,
People try but can no longer deny.

People will not automatically,
Decide to express more love.
And the creditors and taxes at a price we pay,
Will not disappear from anyone to instantly go away.
No matter who is patted on the back,
To win in a staged and electrifying performance...
That leaves an audience to hiss, boo or cheer,
With an understanding that has been made clear...
Who will represent their interests,
To produce a lower cost of living that benefits.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Identify The Difference

These days that have arrived,
Are not going to be forgotten...
For the challenges they present.
Or will they leave us to return unchanged,
With a passing of time...
That may seem for many to remain the same,
To ignore the increase of unravelling mentalities.
As if the madness and the craze,
Developed without initiating investments made.

Significant and meant are events today faced.
For the purpose to re-evaluate kept values in place.
To identify the difference and the difference it makes,
Between recognized ignorance and common sense.
With a stopping of those with awakened consciousness,
To have it finally witnessed...
A comforting of arrogance offended to defend.
To end its long affiliation sought to keep deeply marinated,
In acceptable and effective stupidity.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Include An Experience That Benefits All

Being social is a factor many doing it to get done,
Becomes advocated by those who solicit a mingling...
To congregate with others who have similar ideals.
But 'socialism' is despised by the ones trying to define it,
As a negative representation.
Although those who are depicted as socialites,
Have no problem being in the limelight...
With others who are on the right,
And exposing their exclusive appetites.
While labelling the ones depicted as liberal,
As being on the left with others who appreciate life...
In their pursuit to include an experience that benefits all.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Infest And Manifest

Why do they glare?
Those who stop to stare...
With a bringing of their gloom,
To pollute environments everywhere.

Do they perceive themselves to be,
Rulers Of Acceptance.
Judges Of Appearances.
Police to guard values and standards...
Molding with age and on the decrease.

Why do they restrict to insist,
Those of ethnic differences...
Should from themselves be distanced quick.
With minds influenced by ignorance,
To infest and manifest.

And they feast upon with feeding misery.
Miseries denying hiding,
Insecurities.

Do they perceive themselves to be,
Rulers Of Acceptance.
Or police to guard what's valued...
Hypocritically!

And they feast upon with feeding misery.
Miseries denying hiding,
Insecurities.
To infest and manifest.

And they feast upon with feeding misery.
Miseries denying hiding,
Insecurities.
To infest and manifest.

And they feast upon with feeding misery.
To infest.
And manifest.

And they feast upon with feeding misery.
To infest.
And manifest.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Investigate The Depths Of This Love

My lips are not off limits,
To your kisses.
Or to hear words you rather dismiss.
Perhaps.
You may just wish them to kiss.
Perhaps.

My arms are here to hold you.
Come and feel them,
Around you.
If you wish...
To nap.
Perhaps.
If that should happen.

My point of view is not set in stone.
Nor do I claim to own misunderstandings.
Those lessons I've been taught.
I do not seek to be alone.

Time spent with you is all I want to do.
If I didn't,
Would I be near you sitting?
Would we be here together listening?
Trying to comprehend...
A door that has been opened.
To share and respect those emotions,
Beginning between us.
And to investigate the depths of this love.

My arms are here to hold you.
Come and feel them,
Around you.
If you wish...
To nap.
Perhaps.
If that should happen.
And if it does...
My heart enfolds you,

In safe and protective embrace.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Invite Abuse On Any Level

Some rules and laws imposed on folks,
Are totally ridiculous.
Many are not obeyed.
Some are antiquated and should be erased.
Others make absolutely no sense at all.

I live in a place where each town has separate laws,
From a town that may be inches away!
And then within communities they have implied 'rules'.
Now there is talk to pass a law in a major city
That would make it an offense to ignore someone laying in the streets...
After being hit by a car or passing out!

Can it be believed that humanity has progressed
To advance beyond expressing empathy?
Or having a sensitivity that has to be addressed by laws?
'This' is not a healthy sign,
That the people of today are dieting to enhance their minds.
But then...
How can something empty be enforced to do anything.
Except make excuses to invite abuse on any level!
And to leave someone laying in the street...
Is the height of a mental disturbance unrecognized!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Join Other Voices

You have a choice,
To go it alone.
You have a choice,
To ignore and not listen.
You have a choice,
To join other voices...
With a raising of your voice,
High.

You have a choice,
To go it alone.
You have a choice,
To ignore and not listen.
You have a choice,
To join other voices...
With a raising of your voice,
High.

Once you believe,
Your destiny...
With others with you can be achieved.
Sharing in exchange with your keys.

You have a choice,
To go it alone.
You have a choice,
To ignore and not listen.
You have a choice,
To join other voices...
With a raising of your voice,
High.

Or you can decide,
To criticize...
And defy,
For-the-rest of your life.

You have a choice,
To go it alone.

You have a choice,
To ignore and not listen.
You have a choice,
To join other voices...
With a raising of your voice,
High.
Or you can decide,
To criticize...
And defy and deny,
For-the-rest of your life.

You have a choice,
To go it alone.
You have a choice,
To ignore and not listen.
And defy and deny,
For-the-rest of your life.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Keep A Distance

No one's time given,
To others done unselfishly...
Should be accepted to waste.
Or replaced by excuses made.
With the belief the doing of it is okay.
It's not.
And will not be forgotten.

Since those who give,
Seldom seek attention.
Or care less if they've been mentioned,
By those who have taken them for granted...
As being sensitive.
Especially when that time comes,
When one decides to keep a distance.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Keep A Shrill Unending

I see it in your face...
Baybee,
I see it in your face...
Pretty when you're giving lickings.
I see it in your face...
Baybee,
I see it in your face...
Pretty when you're giving lickings.

You don't want to listen,
When your pretty giving lickins.
All you want to do is find a fault.
All you want to do is find a fault.

You don't want to listen,
All you want to do is find a fault.

All you want to do is find a fault.
To begin the stinging.
All you want to do is find a fault.
To keep a shrill unending.

All you want to do is find a fault,
To begin the stinging.
All you want to do is find a fault,
To keep a shrill unending.

You don't want to listen,
All you want to do is find a fault.
I see it in your face...
Baybee,
I see it in your face...
Pretty when you're giving lickings.
I see it in your face...
Baybee,
I see it in your face...
Pretty when you're giving lickings.

Baybee,

All you want to do with me is find a fault.
Baybee,
All you want to do with me is find a fault.
Baybee,
All you want to do with me is find a fault.
Baybee,
All you want to do with me is find a fault.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Keep A Stagnation Understood And Relevant

Some folks will say and do anything,
To keep themselves enclosed within...
Self imposing insecurities.

A protective mechanism...
That does not do a progessive thing,
For them.

And when this is done...
An approval is expected from everyone.
To keep a stagnation understood and relevant.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Keep My Treasured Peace

Under pressure,
To keep my treasured peace.
But it seems irritants,
In the atmosphere...
Have been purposely released.
And I do everything to meditate them away.
With a pretending I'm not listening.
Or ignore them 'if' they should get in my way.
Yet no matter how calm my appearance is,
There will be someone who approaches...
Just to whisper close in my ear,
'You 'look' like you've got five dollars...
To give me for a cup of coffee.'

FIVE DOLLARS?
FIVE...DOLLARS?

'Ssshhh,
Calm down, man.
If you aint got it, you aint got it.
You aint got to shout my business all out,
In the streets.
If I were you I'd check out that attitude.'

Under pressure,
To keep my treasured peace.
But it seems irritants,
In the atmosphere...
Have been purposely released.
Just to test what it is I treasure.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Keep Protected And Intact

What's found socially acceptable,
And academically correct.
Has changed in its effective etiquette.
And has been dissected as suspect.

A higher state of consciousness,
Has arrived in minds to detect...
An awareness intentionally hidden...
Discovered by nonbelievers,
Who now 'see' and are upset.

Yet...
Their fantasies they wish to keep,
Protected and intact.
They wish to keep these fantasies,
Living to breathe as facts.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Keep Stepping. Away. Effectively

All the tools available,
Had been theirs to use.
And among them lived diverse experts,
In various fields of proven endeavors.
With skills and abilities to assist,
Anyone wishing...
To climb to unbelievable peaks.
But they sought to be impressed,
By deceivers promising to bring to them...
'Bling' and possessions.
With an ease to sell to them more B.S.

And those who gave away,
Truth and honesty for them to see...
Opportunities undenied and given freely,
Chose no longer to accept and receive...
A blatant and familiar disrespect to get,
Decided it would be in their best interest...
To keep stepping.
Away.
Effectively.
With a doing done not to express regrets.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Keep Thieves And Undesirables Away

Was it before or after,
Your home had burned to the ground...
Did you report the smelling of smoke?

Now...
Be perfectly honest.
Because we have it on record,
That your neighbors have stated...
You were observed,
Building a fence in your backyard...
When they were shouting to you,
Flames could be seen for miles...
Coming from your house.
And you ignored them.

In fact...
One of them claims,
You called the police...
To demand the removal of someone,
Trespassing on your property.

Again...
When did you notice,
Your home was burning down?
And the significance of the fence,
Is...
What?
To keep thieves and 'undesirables' away?
Do you mind repeating that?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Keep Up With The Times

It does not mean because I express an ignorance...
It is not fresh.
I pride myself on expressing the freshest of ignorance,
I can deliver!
And make it available.
I do not want to disappoint anyone with claims,
That I am not doing my best,
To keep up with the times.
And 'that' seems to be the main attraction.

With a marketing campaign to legalize it as a sport!

And if it is ignorance that is collectively expressed...
Why would I want to be left behind and isolated,
With a mind that seeks to express an intelligence?
I can always pretend to have that.
Just like everyone else does.
With or without common sense!
And today...
Ignorance with diversity,
Is readily accepted!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Keep Your Life Sweetened

You've been sent assorted messages.
And told what would exist.
But you prayed faithfully...
To keep your life sweetened.
With a continuance of your splurging...
Of those chocolate caramel filled bite sized nips.

You know,
The ones you screamed yourself into a fit.
And abusively tormented the clerk at the store...
The one who stated they had no more.
And gone through their supply of it!

Remember when you went ballistic.
And you didn't want to hear any more of it?
And they were just chocolate caramel filled bite sized nips.

But you are not the only one,
Whose comfort zone is limited.
No you're not the only one...
Whose world is much smaller,
Than the one that is!

You've been sent assorted messages.
And told what would exist.
But you prayed faithfully...
To keep your life sweetened.
With a continuance of your splurging...
Of those chocolate caramel filled bite sized nips.

And speak of others with bitterness.
Those who finance your every greed!
Whether you regard them as 'socialist'
Or 'communist'...
Your 'capitalistic' needs they feed!
Including the pettiness of it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Know Bliss Like This

Yesterday,
Held for me bliss.
I could not resist it.
The bliss that came to visit.
And today it continues...
Within me to sit!
I can not promise,
What tomorrow for me brings.
I'll just remember bliss,
For what bliss to me is!
Wanting to keep it.
As it made me sing!
Knowing it at all...
Makes me feel blessed,
To have experienced bliss.
Feeling it soar within me to exist!
And to know bliss like this within me lives!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Know It Is To Feel It To See It To Believe

You've done one thing wrong.
You have pretended too long,
With a wasting of my time.
And I have found,
You no longer amuse me.

Honesty is 'in'!
Whatever that is that you do,
Is out of my life and I have found...
There is only one way to deal with truth.
To know it is to feel it to see it to believe.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Know It Openly

If they can come together to admit,
There will be times they disagree.
They can certainly come together,
To see...
How foolish the other is.
And once this can be agreed upon,
To know it openly heard and confessed...
All ignorance defended,
Could and can come to an end.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Know Love

To know love.
To know love and enjoy!
To know love and enjoy a thankfulness,
That is grateful!
And to 'realize' from 'where' these blessings flow!
'That' is the ultimate state of consciousness to have.
And to allow this to exist unconditionally...
Has to be a blessing that is cherished!
Not many can say they hold this gift.
Or wish to give this in sacrifice.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Know Something About It

When in Rome,
It may be to one's advantage...
To make attempts to do what the Romans do.
With a following of their rules and customs.

But when one decides to visit Poland,
Trying to impress the Polish,
With the speaking of Italian...
Or the French with the speaking of Spanish,
May not achieve the welcoming one expects.

It is suggested to receive,
What one believes is respect...
Is to know something about it.
To ensure it is recognized by others,
When it is projected and reflects.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Know The Affects Of Neglect

To know the affects of neglect to accept,
Without expressing any hint of bitterness left...
Is not expected.
Especially if known by the ones,
Who have come to do a negligence done...
To someone intended and meant,
Never to believe...
One day they would be begging,
For a forgiveness to them given.
And leaving with guilt to still feel.

'How many times can I say I am sorry?
How many times can I relive,
Mistakes to do to know them made? '

~Hmmm.
I don't know.
I've never been asked that question before.
How many times,
Would you like me to remember...
A forgiveness to you given,
I had already gave? ~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Lace And Tie My Own Shoes

I've said many things.
And hope to say more,
People will 'suspect'...
I will someday regret.

And those very same people,
Will still have no clue...
As to 'who' taught me,
To lace and tie my own shoes.

Or...
From where I've been taught my lessons.
Or...
The teachers involved with my curriculum.
Or...
What I chose to do instead of listening,
That got me into much heated trouble.
Or...
Those extra activities,
That came to tease my unconsciousness.

I've said many things.
And hope to say more,
People will 'suspect'...
I will someday regret.

And those very same people,
Will still have no clue...
As to 'who' taught me,
To lace and tie my own shoes.

If there is anything I might regret,
Because I am interested in others...
With an attention given I give them to get,
Is allowing myself to become approachable...
By those I already know are fools.
And they attempt to confuse my sincerity.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Learn And Comprehend From Beginning To End

From whom do you seek approval,
To meet and greet what pleases you?
What satisfaction can another supply,
To a life you live with choices to apply.

From whom do you seek,
A decision to live?
When all of us have different testaments...
As life presents us our own experiences.
To learn and comprehend from beginning to end.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Learn As Time Passes

Why is it,
That those who have been shunned and ostracized...
And have begun to live productive and happy lives,
Become the ones despised...
By those who decided,
To ignore and keep them distanced.
Then to learn as time passes as some usually do,
Who has benefitted more from this experience.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Learn From Others With Respect For Them

We've all been encouraged to speak our minds.
To participate in the democratic process.
And to learn from others with respect for them as well.
Striving to become independent thinkers.
Mentally adjusted and with wholesome thoughts,
Is the end result if we remain obedient to discipline.

Just as long as we do not offend anyone.
Or openly criticize their activities.
And avoid from being judgemental, opinionated and biased.
While keeping in mind to refrain from overindulging our whims.
And with these values and standards practiced...
A conformity will lead us all to prosper in greatness.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Leave A Rotting Rut

I alone allowed...
My failures to speak for me out loud.
And would ask and get advice,
Whenever I felt enticed by gloom!

I gave them room to display defeat.
With a hollowness inside that creeped.
As I peeked at success that shied away,
And stared...
From a distance it often teased and glared.

Then I began tripping and slipping on my own faults.
Opening wounds...
To pour my own salt!
Then it became too clear,
I was the one I feared.

I was the one creating my own glum!
Stumbling in suffering habits,
And quick to accuse everyone of being 'dumb'!
I kept myself entwined...
Addicted to my own whines!
Until I kicked myself in the butt,
To leave a rotting rut...
And limitation behind!

'I am fine! ' I say!
Today I say...'I'm okay! I'm fine! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Leave A Selected Few Believing

People are trying to understand,
The process of life and death.
With a more comprehension,
To help ease their demands.
And expectations that can be anticipated...
With an acceptance projected to instill interest.
.
But to what are they comparing,
This process of life to?
Since no one can say,
They have the facts that exist.
And can reveal them to prove!
Although destruction of it,
Has been permitted as witnessed.

Life is to be lived as is given unconditionally.
Not to be created unsuccessfully...
Through the use of test tubes.
With a dismissing of this 'majesticness'...
For a foolish marketing of eternal mortality!
To leave a selected few believing,
A 'forever' in a changing Universe is in their reach!
And they have been chosen as 'special' entities.
For a bliss to live in their concept of perfectness.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Leave Intriguing

Who released what to who and why?
Still does not explain,
Who initiated the process?

And that which has been released,
Had to have had a point of origin.
With someone's approval...
No one has yet to investigate.

Or...
Should it be left said,
A desire to have that exposed!

And that does not make,
For good espionage...
To leave intriguing.

Since entertaining imaginations,
Has its purpose...
To keep people on the edge,
Of their seats!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Leave It Left

Behind to leave it left.
As is meant when taking forward steps.
Behind to leave it left and there kept.
As is meant with or without regrets,
That can not be changed if one wished...
Or wanted,
If one could!

Behind to leave with times gone,
With a moving on...
From a past that has existed,
To leave to reminisce...
But not relive as if to seek benefits,
To undo or do as if this makes sense...
In prolonged visits,
That can not be changed if one wished...
Or wanted,
If one could!

What does it take,
To think something through?
Before one foolishly makes a wrong move?
And what does it prove...?
To who when this is done,
For a time to return...
To undo what was then so dumb?

Behind to leave with times gone,
With a moving on...
From a past that has existed,
To leave to reminisce...
But not relive as if to seek benefits,
To undo or do as if this makes sense...
In prolonged visits,
That can not be changed if one wished...
Or wanted,
If one could!

'What I would give if my mind was left turned on.'

Would you then be conscious?
And with a thoughtfulness?

'What I would give if my mind was left turned on.'

Would you then be conscious?
And with a thoughtfulness?

'What I would give if my mind was left turned on.'

Leave it.
To leave it and leave...
Left!
Just,
Leave it.
To leave and leave it there,
Kept!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Leave Proof Of It

It may be fun when one is younger,
To create lies and make up stories to tell...
On those people chosen to victimize.
Those who carry pain inside of themselves,
Most of their lives they can not hide.

But the ones who are most affected,
By their deceptions and wickedness...
Are the many who age at various stages,
As guilts upon their minds begin to visit.
While their misdeeds offer no escapes or exits.

'God does not like those who perform acts ugly.
To leave proof of it with them to snuggle and hug.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Leave That Way...And Be Left

Moving forward.
To move backwards produces a useless effect.
For anyone making paces made to advance steps.
To become free and escape from that which has no depth.
That which expresses no interest to accept...
Progression.
Is to live awakened without expectations to get!

One has to decide,
What is valued and precious to endear.
And what is too cumbersome to carry.
And should be left behind without fear.
To be forgotten in one's past to disappear.
If one has chosen Sun to spark enlightenment.
With an attraction to darkness dead!
To leave that way...
And and be left to stay ineffective.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Let Fade Away And Dissipate

It isn't in my interest to discuss it.
That determination you confess...
Still addresses laziness.

It isn't in my interest to discuss it.
How you lay around and sit...
As you waste precious time,
Accepting procrastination as legit.

And you say I'm not supportive,
And abort listening to you.
You accuse me of being distant,
From those things you choose to do.
But you're the one who hesitates...
In masquerades you initiate.

It isn't in my interest to discuss it.
That determination you confess...
Still addresses laziness.

It isn't in my interest to discuss it.
How you lay around and sit...
As you waste much precious time,
Accepting procrastination as legit.

And you say I'm not supportive,
And abort listening to you.
You accuse me of being distant,
From those things you choose to do.
But you're the one who hesitates...
In masquerades you initiate.

You say I am the one,
Who creates and generates hate?
One of us has to generate something.
But I wouldn't call it hate created.
I'd call it a lack of appreciation...
For those talents and skills,
You continue with excuses made...

To let fade away and dissipate.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Let Go And Grow

When that time comes,
For anyone to be alone with it done...
To reflect.
With the putting of one's life,
In a correct and proper perspective...
That becomes their main objective.
The focus one accepts.
And with a doing done to take that step.

Those who have beliefs of being rejected,
By the one who desires to move forward...
And with a clear head,
Should not feel offended.
But many choose like children do,
To misunderstand what maturity does.
Especially when another becomes confronted,
To let go and grow with no other options offered.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Live As Has Been Experienced

My life to live as has been experienced thus far,
With obstacles to face and to have removed...
Has nothing to do with those,
Who have shown their creative imaginations.
And with this done not to know what it takes,
To wear or fit my shoes or anyone else's...
Only to have those days to come when I would sit,
Wishing the ones I have worn out...
I could afford to replace with a wave of a wand.
Or someone to imagine them new like a fresh rumor.

Although I will admit,
The assistance I am told about and rumored to get...
I often wished I knew from where it came.
Since the acceptance of it,
I would not have hesitated to permit and accept...
As a benefit to comfort my journey without expectations.
Perhaps this assistance existed without God knowing?
And God and I have been on a first name basis,
All my life. Free of lies. Excuses to make. Or alibis.
When I screamed out from fear, I knew and felt God near.
With a getting up on my feet to leave others to make claims.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Live Without Being Betrayed

They grew to tell and sell sold lies.
With a doing not to realize,
What they had accepted to easily do...
As their lies told to tell continued,
To leave others accused and abused...
Would someday no longer appeal to amuse,
Those deceived and seeking payback.

'It's so difficult these days,
To live without being betrayed.
And having that feeling with it to stay.'

~By...
Who? Or should I say 'whom? '
Was it done by those you once trusted?
You know these days 'have' changed.
Maybe it was a game you played so well,
That the ones you picked to be fools...
Were actually using you.
Which ones do you believe are displaying betrayal,
More effectively? ~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Look As Healthy As They Can

Everything makes a difference,
When a face is placed on it.
Especially for the racists,
Who bar-b-que themselves...
To cook their skins under the Sun,
Getting dark in blistering heat...
To look as 'healthy' as they can with a tan.
While enjoying 'their' freedom being 'Negroes'.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Lose A Battle Against Truth

It must be frightening!
Traumatic and breath taking
To lose a battle,
Against truth that pursues.

And no matter what one does,
To conquer and defeat it.
With a twist of deceit
Or a spicing done with lies.
Truth appears to strengthen.

And from it no one can hide.
Or defend against its power!
And it seems,
A creation of it is not possible.

'King Constantine of Constantinople,
Now called Istanbul and the capital of Muslim Turkey.
Did or did you not declare yourself to be the 13th Apostle? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Lounge On A Couch

Roll to bowl pins blocking to push over.
And sold to clear brush to make a path,
Of obstacles that seem not to end.
With an attempt is all that is needed.
And with a desire that comes with a movement done,
To implement the beginning of a clearing by one.

Sitting back to discuss strategies,
As many choose with a doing...
To expedite their procrastinations,
Is as common as those who propose...
Plans and ideas as to what others should do,
While munching on snacks to lounge on a couch.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Love To Hate To Leave

With a love to write,
I do it.
To describe the process,
Would be like teaching a kitten hygiene.
Or how important to life breathing means.
To me writing is as essential,
As the Sun and Moon is to Earth.
And all that inhabits the wonder of this magic.

With a love to write,
I do it.
And like anyone who does that which is loved,
To explain it as a hobby...
Would be like comparing a happy marriage,
Without ever considering divorcing from it.
I am blessed to feel that kind of companionship.
'Seldom' are WE in disagreement.

With a love to write, I do!
But I will admit to this...
No marriage stays successful to know happiness,
Unless sacrifices are recognized to be made.
Whether they are infrequent or on a daily basis...
To love to hate to leave when times come to bore.
But always wanting to improve upon it more,
With that excitement remembered to recapture.

And...
As an added bonus,
Whenever I leave to return back to 'my' space...
I have yet to request peace and quiet to get it.
It's there without me saying a word.
Or slamming a single door.
To have peace of mind like that I could not pay for.
This emotional involvement is not a wasted investment.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Maintain The Brightness Of The Dots

The best way to keep in touch,
With those who drift out of it?
Is to keep those announcements updated,
Of a new variety of crayons being offered...
To maintain the brightness of the dots,
Recommended to keep them awake and connected.
That is the only way they will follow a picture...
Colorized to sustain their acceptance.
Otherwise...
They will fall asleep just to awaken again,
To hear what has already been explained...
And defined.
With a falling behind to waste more time.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Make Comparisons

Everything that is relative,
To one's experience...
Is the reality one comes to know.
With it done to make comparisons.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Make It Happen

I did it done to do,
With a gift not to quit.
Or accept discouragement...
Allowed in my mind,
To consent to it Sent.
I acquired desire,
To see my dreams wished come true.
With the meaning of sacrifice applied.
And devoted initiative too.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Make It Shown

Today,
Although needless and serves no purpose...
There are those still making attempts to escape,
With an erasing of their true 'selves'.

Choosing to 'tom' one's way in,
To prestige and prominence...
May work in the beginning.
But one doing this is reminded and blocked,
From reaching a perceived climb to the top...
By those who eventually put to a stop,
Anyone no longer respected with belief...
A 'tomming' to do to lose one's identity,
With a charading of pomp and pretense...
Has an advantage and an abundance of benefits,
To receive as long as they can convince...
What is presented to represent,
Has nothing to do with their ethnicity or affiliation.

And others who remain proud to proclaim,
Who it is they are with no pretentions to maintain...
Seem comfortable and at ease,
Regardless of names they are called...
Just to appease those with kept insecurities,
Enter from entrances no matter who may be offended...
To strut their stuff to keep.
And at all times to make this known.

'Whether or not my endeavors reaches the top,
With me will be kept an identity.
And a dignity no one can stop.'

~You announcement made is not necessary.
However...
What you have stated is great.
We are always seeking to replace fakers.
And 'today' our efforts to make that known,
We are hoping, with you, to do this shown.~

'But...
I wear dreads all over my head.'

~And...
'Your' problem with this is 'what'?
'Our' acceptance or 'your' perception?
If I could grow them,
Trust me...
The subject would not be brought up to discuss.
And how could you deceive what I see is your identity? ~

'Uh...I...I...uh.'

~Between you and me,
Perhaps those in need to be convinced of change...
Are the ones confused as to who they represent.~

'Huh? '

~Repeat after me...
'Perhaps those in need to be convinced of change...
Are the ones confused as to who 'they' represent.'
It's not me!
I get it.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Manage Handled Scandals

Some handle scandals,
Like they've had them before!
As if to manage handled scandals.

I wont leave my house,
Until I check the back door.
And blow out all the candles,
To lock up safe and to feel secured.

I like a romantic atmosphere.
But with someone that's free of scandal.
A sip of wine with candlelight appearing near.
On a one on one...
That's all I can handle.

Discussing private business,
In the midst of close friends...
Invites the whispering of lips,
Or two.

If any two wish happiness,
They should...
Keep other people distant.
Since people have a tendency to snoop,
And move...
Scandalized unproven scoop,
As they choose.

People have a tendency to snoop,
And move...
Scandalized unproven scoop,
As they choose.

Discussing private business in a group,
Is old news.
But no one wishing happiness,
Should invite gossip.
Since...
People have a tendency to snoop,

And move...
Scandalized unproven scoop,
As they choose.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Mask Insecurities

The sickness of those sickened...
Is part of a culture raise to digest,
And respect wickedness.

It is reflected in a history,
Where enemies are created...
To mask insecurities.

And even though times ahead,
Are shedding causes for conflict.
There are those who oppose,
The opening of doors on their closed minds.
While there are many gathering,
Wishing to inflict...
Pain and suffering!
With more of it to impose and find.

As they take delight in the spread of their evilness.
And this demonicness,
Is worshipped as a purpose for their existence.

Expressing this illness is a right...
To fight for more darkness.
And smother with their druthers any sign of 'light'.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Mask With A Covering Of Pretensions

That you find the choices I've made,
To accept, reject or attempt to resist...
And the ones I chose appalling?
Remember this...
My choices in life to make 'and' made,
Were real and not faked...
To later afford me an exit to escape.

And if they should appall you,
There is no need for you to persist...
As if to insist.
Why continue to announce it?

Just remember this...
My decisions made were not out of view!
And yours? Were they hidden?
With hopes to have time later erase...
A masking done with a covering of pretensions.
Only to excuse when and 'if' discovered,
As 'youthful' mistakes everyone makes?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Masquerade With An Innocence

Why is it,
Do people choose to degrade others...
From hidden cracks and crevices?
To then slither away unseen,
Like spineless creatures...
Eventually to be discovered in the midst,
Of any initiated conflict that is created...
With a doing to then appear in broad daylight,
To profess how someone they have betrayed...
Seems to be sensitive to an intentional wickedness,
They try to masquerade with an innocence...
Easily accepted by those 'solicited' to defend them,
And the doing of their ways those too duped to notice..
But will remain amused by the excuses they use.

'Why is it you are never the one to fault,
When someone 'randomly' picks you to mentally abuse? '

And the act of childish innocence begins!

~I don't know.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Master And Kept Performed

Choose something done loved,
To master and perform...
With the ease of one,
Who has acquired expertise.
Choose something done with love.
To know it brings to leave,
A pleasure that appeases...
Your satisfaction undenied.
Or qualify a wasting of time,
To justify the doing of this..
Repeatedly.
Since this pushes a peace of mind,
Further away from experiencing it...
Shown to master and kept performed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Mention Facts

Facts to have accepted them,
Offend more often than they defend.

To mention facts with them to prove,
Initiate arguments a truth seldom soothes.

And those to uncover the facts to be,
Become despise for their honesty.

With a disrespect that continues to protect,
Delusions too many pray to keep believed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Mold And Set

Remember when 'that' innocence,
Within us came to linger?
Abhorring aberations...
Of anything that conflicted,
With a pride in ourselves...
That was raised to be upheld?
And respect was expected.
And onto it we gelled,
To mold and set.

Now the onslaught of truth,
Seems to be an albatross!
Encumbering an easy breathing...
That brings a disbelieving sweat,
Squeezing sensibilities...
With regret too thick to reject.

Trust and faith,
Have switched places with suspicion.
And clouds gather in skies to bring tears,
To many eyes.

Now we spy on each other,
Wondering who has been true.
Expecting everyone to lie,
And be deceitful too.

To become molded and set...
In a reflected collected mess,
Of unhappiness no one wished kept...
To keep!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Move And Choose This Choice

The decision to leave,
That which has entrapped...
Is heartfelt.
A wounding is done because of that.

A painful admission,
To escape from a comfortable position...
That remains the same unchanged,
And does not feed a mind seeking to expand.
Desiring to breathe fresh air not there...
Begins a choking on a hold enforced.

With a command the mind demands,
To move and choose this choice.
One has to abruptly exit.
Without a necessity one believes,
To address with messages.

Or...
Betray the 'self' to suffocate from inactive wishes.
No matter how severe the price to be paid.
And choosing this price to pay...
Is not inducive to a life one wants to live effectively.
Regardless how barren the path one begins to walk,
Alone.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To My Facebook 'Friends'

To my Facebook 'friends'...
Any time a smearing is done,
To defame and backstab anyone.

Remember,
This is often a way...
One who chooses a synonym,
To keep a facade reflecting what is fake.

Anyone choosing to communicate,
Behind a mask.
Should tell you 'something'
About that Facebook 'friend'!

They have selected you to spew their filth.
And from the gutter,
They pull trash!
Hoping what they utter has 'legs' enough to last.

Note:
It's difficult to defend one's integrity.
When those with none...
Have chosen a mask to adorn,
To inflict harm upon someone!
And yet,
Those with an absence of self respect,
Seem always 'busy' infecting the fresh air.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Negotiate

Can those of obvious intelligence,
Come to ever compose themselves to negotiate...
With those who have imposed on others,
Incompetent qualities never to represent leadership.
With a showing that is done effectively.
But effectively they have proven to be imbeciles.

Can those of obvious intelligence,
Come to ever compose themselves to negotiate...
With those who have imposed on others,
Incompetent qualities never to represent leadership.
And 'if' this incompetence is what people insist is needed...
Why should those of intelligence,
Bother to bog themselves down with such overwhelming...
And accepting ignorance.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Never Again Be Continued

There are limits to playing one's fool.
And the odds are against,
The one mistaking another...
To be tolerant.
With an abundance of patience.

There are limits to playing one's fool.
And the odds are against,
The one finding that a dropping out of sight...
Without showing signs of regret,
Becomes solidified as time goes by.

A taking from another giving,
And with selfish disrespect...
Ends with a definite conclusion.
To never again be continued,
As a means to use as if expected.

One monkey may not stop a show.
But that monkey who has left the scene,
Has probably determined that a giving of time...
And patience spent has not been beneficial,
With a returning of appropriate dividends.

Alas...
With a lassitude that debilitates a fatiquing trashed,
There are no arguments to welcome.
And none offered again to pass to enfeeble.
Not on 'this' watch to sap strength to weaken.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Never Forget The Having Of It

No matter who says what's not tough to give up,
It's always rough to leave behind the stuff...
One loves.
Be it sacrificial or a giving to benefit,
It's always rough to leave behind the stuff...
One loves.
Be it something treasured to pick,
With a special feeling one once had for it...
It's always rough to leave behind the stuff...
One loves.
To never forget the having of it.
It's always rough to leave behind the stuff...
One loves.
Even to reminisce with thoughts not to dwell,
To have tears to drop from eyes that swell...
It's always rough to leave behind the stuff...
One loves,
No matter who says what's not tough to give up.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Not Exaggerate One Bit

I remember when I had been,
Thought to be a cynic.
With sarcastic overtones.
And expressing to condone my own,
Criticisms against others I intended to offend.
With a peppering of spice meant.
And I was then only an observer.
To not exaggerate one bit what I had witnessed.

Today...
Highly paid entertainers are 'twerking' away.
In full display and in flesh colored bikinis.
AND on national TV.
To simulate sex in imagined nakedness.
With an acceptance to call this 'good for business'.
As children impressed by this are conditioned to believe,
These activities represent a nornal society.

And yet as a poet to depict these scenes,
I could be censored for acknowledging it...
At the expense of those wishing to keep their pretentions,
Kept expressed with proper and accepted deluded etiquette.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Not Have Validated

There is nothing like,
Hearing words heard...
Attributed to be spoken,
By someone else...
But gossiped to have been said,
To not have validated.

'I don't know what you are talking about.
I haven't seen to speak to those people,
In many years.'

~And what difference does that make?
You can't change what has been said now.~

'What was it I was suppose to have said? '

~Oh no.
You're not going to get me,
To be the one to start confusion.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Not Know (It Shows)

To not know how to obtain...
Sustain and maintain,
Professional relationships...
By one who commandeers,
The helm of a ship.
With follows convinced of it.
Yet...
Nuts and bolts loosened,
Needing tightening and quick.
Go dangerously unnoticed.
By one who insists,
From top to bottom...
Everything runs,
As smooth as it gets.
Since what they've created,
Had been custom made...
Like a perfect glove that fits!
And this professed to confess,
Is kept believed.

However...
Stormy weather arrives.
The ship begins to lilt.
And not buoyantly,
From side to side.
The commander who leads,
Begins to openly sighs.

Eventually proving publicly,
No experience is known.
Nor does the leader have a clue
That being deceiving,
Is more often than not...
Validates with evidence,
Lieing to others...
Is their preference used,
As a defense.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Not Let A Past Go

When changes needed must be made,
Many will become offended.
Many will defend,
Their comfort with an ignorance to keep.
And an ignorance defended,
Many choose to defeat with unrest and protest...
As they take foolish steps to achieve it.
Without a movement that progresses forward.

And to not let a past go to repeat,
Or mention to reminisce to wish to relive it...
Shows that a greatness perceived to believe,
Has little evidence of it left to be seen.
Since eyes and minds are not focused,
With a consciousness that all things now existing...
Will not remain the same to stay that way.
Even for those who claim themselves 'Down-To-Earth'.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Nurture An Insight

He learned to walk in his baby shoes.
And taught not to touch things
Easily reached
Yet laying teasing him to abuse.
Manipulating with eyes
Only a child often can use...
Slick and mixed from a bag of tricks,
He pulls each to see who becomes fooled.

Quick with lessons taught...
In new shoes he now has bought,
Armed with charm and mannerisms maintained...
A little boy no more he is,
Free now to select his own aches and pains!

To achieve aims and a wealth of assorted gains.
Games he can play...
If he chooses to go that way!
That depends on strengths encouraged,
And who followed through to nurture
An insight that can flourish!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Objectify As A Way Of Life

What the younger generation,
Has been taught to believe as reality...
To objectify as a way of life to live,
With prioritized values to choose...
From dawn to dusk everyday and night.
To see reflected and validated in their sight,
Can not be corrected with it to expect...
Those lessons they have learned to accept,
Although effective but now told are incorrect...
Has left the ones who taught them well,
Disbelieving to deny, deceive and with lies...
As to who taught 'what' with this objectified.

From words heard sitting on neighborhood stoops.
Or from routines to follow with limits to induce.
Hoping to produce from church pews resolutions,
For excuses people in positions to teach have made...
But can not face the truth,
That the younger generation...
Is a creation of their own inflicted indignations.
And a negligence they have condoned to permit.
Gessshhh. Okay. Next case?
And let's not make these petty issues last all day.

'The People Versus The Truth.'

Oh, Father God...
Where For Art Thou?
I hope this doesn't take forever.

'Your Honor? '

Yes? What is it now?

'The people have requested,
Someone other than GOD to judge them.
And also...
They wish to defend themselves.
Since they know which lives they want,

And believe is best for them to live.'

GREAT!
I'm outta here.
God is so GOOD.

'All the time.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Obtain A Following

Some will say they have chosen
To step in dung!
And will travel near and far...
To gather others of like minds
Who are convinced,
Stinking is the only way to obtain a following!
Leaving paths that are destined to be remembered.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Pay Particular Attention

A spoiled mixed up brew.
Left to sit to boil hot!
That's what I thought,
Of myself...
A lot!

A life I randomly got.
And not selected.
Not one that was picked,
To witness experiences...
In time I would digest.

And as I grow older,
I am coming to grips with this...
On being 'picked' and 'selected' business.
Realizing a 'randomness' is not the lives we live.

And I am not going to lie...
I do often wonder 'why'?
Since I will admit,
I do test and try my Creator's patience.

In the hopes to be punished...
To pay particular attention,
As to how the Creator goes about...
Inflicting this,
Upon my more aware consciousness!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Pee And Review

On the surface,
We are close!
Friends mostly,
Out of necessity!
And for years...
It has been like this.
Our different points of views were missed!
Adrift in the air somewhere!

Caring...
Out of necessity.
Sharing...
Out of necessity.
Nudging each other to prejudge another!
Out of necessity!

And today our depths of thought,
Are on levels distant from seeing eye to eye.
Remember when we tried that...?
And I made you cry because 'you' asked for honesty?
And I didn't lie,
I was always me!
Believing we had each other's back!
And when you did that,
I was caught off track.
In fact...
I knew then we were in separate 'stations'
Traveling in the same direction,
But on different schedules!

Somehow...
We didn't allow each other a 'pitstop'!
To check things out!
'To pee and review'!
Getting real with our findings.
To return to discuss them with each other!

'Can we do that now? '

Where should we start?
We can either begin this ride together...again!
But this time,
Let's not take the scenic route!
That way didn't do anything for either one of us!
A memorable 'trip' requires the kind of adventure,
We obviously didn't share!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Peg And Plot To Slot Slander

Doing their best to peg and plot to slot slander,
Anywhere a suspicious kindness sits...
To deliver confusion,
With an amused wickedness.
That is their choice of direction.

And 'blasphemous'?
Oh yes!

This is not a matter of suggestion.
It is as obvious as light pierces darkness.
Those who love to speak of God,
And whisper demonic gossip...
Maybe a next door neighbor.

These creatures crawl all over the place!
And fast.

Saying who should be doing what and how...
With no lives to live of their own.
None that is shown,
They can mine their own business.

Doing their best to peg and plot to slot slander,
Anywhere a suspicious kindness sits...
To deliver confusion,
With an amused wickedness.
That is their choice of direction.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Pick A Fight

No matter how fresh,
Something new introduced...
Gets to feel with it to get,
Keeping it real from Sunrise to Sunset...
To expect it kept is going to take,
One who has a creative imagination.

'Yesterday you couldn't say enough,
About how beautiful the day was.
And even though it was raining,
You were skipping down the street.
To not complain at all.
Today the Sun is shining bright,
Without a cloud in the sky.
And you look as if,
With me you want to pick a fight.
Wassup? '

~Today I remember what you said to me,
A few months ago.~

'What did I say to you a few months ago? '

~Sure.
Go ahead and pretend.
But I'm not going to forget.~

'Forget what? '

~Don't worry about it.
If it was important to you,
You would remember.~

'Whatever.'

~Sure.
That's easy for you to say, isn't it? ~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Please As Wished

Could we meet...
To discover we can work our needs out?
Or will this just be another 'experience'...
To satisfy momentarily.
As we scout about with doubts.
Hoping to meet someone that suits our preferences...
Complete with whims.
And a tolerance for our immaturity.
To please as wished!
To maintain a happiness,
At their expense.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Please 'That' Which Has Created Me

I am only here to please 'THAT' which has created me,
Exclusively!
And that's it.
If for some reason you preceive I am here to please 'you',
For whatever the reason you have that in your mind and kept...
I would quit that perception to forget and not regret.
With a retrieving of something else to benefit your beliefs.
No something other than to waste your time,
Trying to convince me my time is being wasted.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Plude Not To Ploof

To pluff is to ploof to plude.
But to plude not to ploof,
Will not pluff.
No matter who pliffs to plead.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Pollute And Destroy As We Choose

Icebergs melting,
Rapidly under stars.
As Earth revolves,
Evolving with a speed...
Ignored but doing this,
Right where we are.

Instead of giving this a priority,
We believe we exist only to feed...
Greed and selfishness.
Yet...
So fast and quick is this life lived,
As if another Earth is being created...
To suddenly appear.
That will caress our whims with a similar gift.
As we transfer an allowed self-centeredness...
To pollute and destroy as we choose,
All of the Universe to abuse as ouselves we have done...
And have shown we have the experience to do.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Preserve Delusions Kept

I am familiar with them changing the rules,
Each time I near the goal line.
And each time I near the goal line,
They are the ones finding themselves...
Closer to the edge.

I thought I had been the only one,
To observe this mirage.
But apparently I'm not.
I am one of many participants,
Disbelieving but going along with it.

And I witness this with others,
Knowing from the very beginning...
Of a foolishness it is to want to be selective.
And when they stand at the edge,
Prepared to jump from it...
I wonder if defiance, evil and stubbornness,
To witness their own foolishness then...
Will be on their minds?
To define and validate for others,
What sickness is when pushed to its own limits.

Or...
Will they then be convinced,
One who feels confident...
Doesn't have to prove that to anyone,
If it is felt and known within a secured mind.
With a coming to grips,
The field played upon was created for everyone,
To enjoy for what it is and to share it.

But...
Some want to be seen as champions.
Even if that means...
Leaping to their deaths to preserve delusions kept.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Produce And Spread The Legitimacy

I've overheard some people to say,
How they have to work two and three jobs
To maintain their quality of life.
? ? ?
Yes,
I've questioned it.
Even as I thought about it, I was in question.

Working two and three jobs to maintain a quality of life?
And those 'bigwigs' on Wall Street,
Entitle themselves to luxuries and bonuses...
Stripping away 'generations' of folks?
Literally!
Forget the figurative!
These folks are high-falutin looters!

Just based on whether or not their company allows it?
Pocketing millions to accomodate their greed?
And they may not be seen in the office...
Or in the buildings where they have committed theft and fraud?

And folks have elected a government to represent their wishes?
These are their wishes?
To be dismissed like this?
Even some plantation owners left the land to the slaves.
To show their appreciation.
Whether that was from guilt or not...
That is yet to be debated.

Ladies and gentlemen...
I ask you this,
Anytime you have to adapt to slavery to maintain a quality of life,
Is that life?
Or bondage?
Harriet Tubman realized that many years ago,
When she was brave enough to smuggle some black people to Toronto.
You've heard of the Underground Railroad?
Not the restaurant.
The movement.

But those today are thrilled...
Ecstatic,
To show that ball and chain around their necks!
And brag about standards and values they condone someone else stealing!
While thumbing their noses and attitudes at others.
And not getting a wink of sleep,
Trying to keep what is being taxed.

And we all know if you stop paying taxes...
Who comes to take back,
What is claimed 'owned'.

This is the democracy we have been taught that is envied around the world?
Perhaps that is why a global economic crisis has been claimed!
There is just not enough people willing to kill themselves for it.
At least not at the expense of someone else's luxurious lifestyle!
But then again...
Even their greed has enforced limitations.

Now those in control are heard moaning about producing more loans.
Increasing credit limits.
To continue feeding a gluttony without cash being exchanged!

Folks it is there in your faces.
This is not made up stuff!

While kids fight to get into college.
Not for knowledge.
Would we be in these dire straits,
If folks were knowledgeable?
there is a greed perceived that is needed.
To keep this addiction thriving!
And costly are the fees for it!
Just as wars keep conflicts...
And fears assigned to terrorists!
All there to produce and spread the legitimacy,
Of this sickness.
It is the progress of a demented society!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Promote A Provoking

What sense does the expense of it make,
To claim traps are set 'and' placed...
With hundreds of them permanently based.
But one mouse is allowed to escape,
To then proclaim this a crime and a shame...
That a threat can be traced with a finding to blame.

Aren't these traps set to catch predators?
With a monitoring done tested to protect.
For purposes to eliminate this fear 'suspected'?
To ensure the safety of everyone with effect.
Or are they just created to promote a provoking.
With the hopes fear becomes endeared at its best.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Protect Their Rights To Be Crazed

Controversial?
Yes, of course.
Offensive with intent to be?
Not necessarily.

The images depicted speak for themselves.
Some who witness,
Choose to remain deluded.
To leave truth excluded and reserved to fantasize.

An idealistic way of life romanticized to emphasize,
Those values and standards raised to appraise...
With an etiquette that judges what is or is not appropriate,
Can begin to affect the mindset of those dedicated.
And isolated to escape realities wished not to face,
With a permanent erasing...
Has its devastating consequences.
That leaves those fenced in with a price to pay.

And the ones focusing with an opportunity to probe,
Are quick to observe with stated quips...
How those who make futile attempts,
To encapsulate their existence...
Appear increasingly abnormal and psychotic.
While encouraging to breed,
Neurotic and dangerous human beings.
Born to dare to bare weapons to protect their rights,
To be unofficially labelled as crazed!
In a way that is accepted.

Controversial?
Yes, of course.
Offensive with intent to be?
Not necessarily.

The images depicted speak for themselves.
Some who witness,
Choose to remain deluded.
To leave truth excluded and reserved to fantasize.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Protect Their Well Being And National Interests

Even though everyone has seen this,
As a boulder falling upon their heads.
It has been requested that we describe it...
As a brief interruption of communicated ideas!

And those unfortunately crushed by the boulder...
Are to be referred to as being deep in interpretive expression!
Thereby,
Using the press releases as a means to avoid public outrage.
That could escalate into a misunderstanding of our journalistic pride...
Interferring with our corporate sponsors decisions,
To further use our 'medium' with added financial backing.
In support of their candidates in the upcoming elections!

We must not lose the confidence of the people,
However.
And they must embrace this as a means,
In our efforts...
To protect their well being and national interests.
This they must accept,
As vital to our bonus and pension plan programs...
Offered to our top excutives!

Once this is clarified and explained...
There should be total comprehension.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Protect 'Your' Interests

My fellow Americans.
And those of preferred hyphenations.
Listen up!
This is your commander speaking.

It has been brought to my attention,
Many of you have become disgruntled.
Upset!
By the direction I have chosen,
To stir this vessel of imperfection.

However...
This needs clarity.
And many of you have been begging for just that!

As a reminder to those of selective memories.
Not too long ago,
There were those who had jumped ship.
Remember they selfishly pocketed?
With blatant greed and thoughtlessness.
To leave you shocked and dismissed.

Remember it!

Now they secretly wish to return,
As if I am not the one...
Who desires to protect 'your' interests.
You know what a bull does,
When it squats?
Keep that image!
And forget it not!

Remember it.
And don't let your memories stop!

The many of you wishing to review,
Your heartfelt empathies?
Have only one choice.
Accept the truth!

Since it is too late for your to leave.

Snap out of it!
You have no idea,
How tough it has been...
To keep your ridiculous delusions afloat!
On a boat I'm guiding through these stormy seas,
Just on faith and principle.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Prove By Doing

It may be romanticized to realize.
And granted to fulfill a wish.
But the one who has to make it happen,
With a guarantee to get...
Is 'you'.
And not by sitting with wishes dreamed,
To come true.

Those who know submit.
With a commitment glued.
As if the fitting of it is meant to stick.
With no denying the purpose will not stop,
To quit.

You've made this commitment to submit.
You've made your wishes to come true to guarantee.
You did.

Those who know submit.
With a commitment glued.
As if the fitting of it is meant to stick.
And not by sitting with wishes dreamed,
To come true.

You've made this commitment to submit.
You've made your wishes to come true to guarantee.
You did this to prove by doing.

You did this by doing.
Yes you did it.
You did this by a proving.
With commitment to submit.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Prove Pointless Ends

For the betterment of humanity.
Not greed are we here!
We are to exceed temptations allowed to breed.
Not to curse those who bleed,
The Earth of its resources.
And deny rights of those to live in peace...
While a thieving of such greed takes place,
On lands which are breeched by leechers.

Pilfered by creeps and crooks of all nations!
Misunderstanding...
They do,
Their misdeeds that lead them to suffer.
To introduce their own agonized methods.
Used to infuse upon themselves sorrow.
Battling in wars against the 'spirits'
To seek a mindless victory!
Fought to receive...
The spreading of death and grief!

For the betterment of humanity.
Not greed are we here!
We are to exceed temptations allowed to breed.
Not to curse those who bleed,
The Earth of its resources.
But to show them their ways must be diminished greatly!
Or they will be...
Diminished greatly.

And these lessons are difficult to teach!
For those who can already 'see' the outcome,
Of such stubborn aggressions!
To prove pointless ends.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Prove They Are One Of The Boys

They accuse him for doing something,
They've been doing since time began.
Sneaking around!
And being unfaithful,
Is what homophobics do.
To prove they are one of the boys!
Just to be set up to be destroyed...
By those 'boys' enjoying discreet and cloaked,
Wickedness.
Their ancestors wrote to be noted as something insisted.
With a self righteousness pretensed....
And an acknowledgement of this enlisted.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Prove They Exist

At one time,
I use to think...
People who didn't care about others,
Did not exist.
Today...
It is rare to find people,
Who actually care!
And do it to prove they exist.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Prove What I Could Do Could Be Done

If it had not been for my parents,
I doubt very seriously...
I would have sought reasons to rebel.
Especially when I threatened as a child,
To run away from home on many occasions.
And I was reminded...
More than once,
Whatever I chose to do...
They did not need a two week notice,
To prove what I could do could be done.

'You don't love me! '

~You don't know that until you leave.
Give us the opportunity to miss you first.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Prove With Misguided Determination

Even upon their arrival,
Some will view them as aliens...
Or invaders.

But as leechers placed here to feed,
On a planet that allows this.
We've been blinded to believe we lead...
With limited consciousness,
That separates us from our own commonness.

And an awareness of that,
Has us in struggle and conflict...
To prove with misguided determination,
There is reason to exterminate our own existence.

Even upon their arrival,
Some will view them as aliens...
Or invaders,
To a way of life we choose to fight...
To the bitter end!
For purposes to control creation.

'That makes no sense! '

Really?
Tell me you are kidding?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Prove You Can Undo

Have you mistaken good for evil?
Premeditated just to tease.
Have you changed your medication,
And found an admiration...
To prove,
You can...
Undo the good in people.
To prove,
You can...
Be cruel and heartless too!

Have you mistaken good for evil?
To prove,
You can.
And be cruel and heartless too!
To prove,
You can.

You've been hurt too many times!
Get back.
Don't attack.
Too many times.
Get back.
Don't attack.
Too many people are just like that.

Have you mistaken good for evil?
Premeditated just to tease.
Have you changed your medication,
And found an admiration...
To prove,
You can...
Undo the good in people.
To prove,
You can...
Be cruel and heartless too!

You've mistaken good for evil.
To undo the good in people...

To prove,
You can...
Be cruel and heartless too!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Purposely Offend Them And Hurt Their Feelings

Those who use tired and old tactics,
To build up defenses...
With others sympathetic to their pretenses,
Run into the same brick walls.
And...
The walls are not new or recently installed.
Those repeatedly running into them,
Are convinced...
And insist,
They have been placed there...
To purposely offend them and hurt their feelings.
With no intention meant,
To self examine their own actions.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Put Down With One-Up-Manship

Breeding a verbal fever,
To heat and not decrease...
Increases high those tempers flaring,
With it done not to cease.

To put down with one-up-manship,
Is a game outdated overplayed to bait...
A youtful pettiness some can't escape.
Especially when those grow older.

The youth are becoming too wise to this.
And have dismissed those who should know better.
The old have molded their world to exist,
On conflicts and fights they permit.

Battling over entitlements to greed.
To put down with one-up-manship.
Self righteousness and with egos to feed.
To put down with one-up-manship.
With no benefits to get or leave.
To put down with one-up-manship.

The youth are becoming too wise to this.
And have dismissed those who should know better.
The old have molded their world to exist,
On conflicts and fights they permit.

Battling over entitlements to greed.
To put down with one-up-manship.
Self righteousness and with egos to feed.
To put down with one-up-manship.
With no benefits to get or leave.
To put down with one-up-manship.

Breeding a verbal fever,
To heat and not decrease...
Increases high those tempers flaring,
With it done not to cease.

Battling over entitlements to greed.
To put down with one-up-manship.
Self righteousness and with egos to feed.
To put down with one-up-manship.
With no benefits to get or leave.
To put down with one-up-manship.
No progress from this succeeds!
To put down with one-up-manship.
No progress from this succeeds!

People like this can get evil and mean,
When they put down with one-up-manship.
Oh yes a people like this get evil and mean.
When they put down with one-up-manship.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Qualify A Certified Satisfaction

So many today are suffering from the effects,
Of an interpretation they've accepted...
That has them feeling blessed,
With the ability to acquire 'things' to impress...
As a way to address a status,
That guarantees a bringing of joy and happiness...
Into their lives to qualify a certified satisfaction.

And the only ones I have ever known to be truly happy,
Are the ones who have decided to return to the basics.
However...
Many of them did confess,
An appreciation for the basics...
AFTER their worldly possessions had been repossessed.
But not a moment of regret do they claim to have.

'So you do admit the doing of it came with a bit of difficulty? '

~Oh yes.
Chasing my car for two blocks behind a tow truck,
Introduced me to exercising daily.
And that happened when a neighbor saw me,
Sitting on the curb trying to catch my breath.
While I was looking at me feet to realize,
I had no socks or shoes on.
And when my doctor hinted my fat butt was getting lazy,
My first defense was denial.
Well...
That prompted me to change my diet immediately,
When he called in a couple of his assistants...
To help me get back into my pants.
You can say being publicly embarrassed,
Aided my motivation with incentive.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Quickly Review, To Quickly Dissect

There is an ease perceived in the doing,
When one's consistency is taken for granted.
There is a rush to critique,
What one dependable does to do.
As if a choice to be abused is wished.

Yet few or anyone considers one's sacrifice,
In the delivering of expectations...
To quickly review, to quickly dissect,
And...
With speed done to disapprove one's efforts.

Although an anticipation is awaiting for that one,
By those prepared...
Choosing first to dispute to then disregard,
The time it has taken to present what is there...
Detailed 'and' with caring for others to share regardless.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Radiate Or Shine Bright With Light

There is a couple of things I've always known.
My worth and value.
And there is nothing I treasure more,
When in the act of giving without expectation.

Some choose to be represented,
By things seen to flaunt.
As if the age of what is shown is priceless.
As if it could sit without reflecting dust.
Or tease with taunts,
To agitate an envy...
Wished and wanted.

While others consume themselves,
Collecting names to drop.
As if this raises them up a notch.
But these insecurities never meant a thing to me.
I've observed street sweepers,
With more personality and far more dignity.
People like that I see as really being on the top.

People empty of identity and purpose...
Could sit behind the wheel of a Mercedes,
For all I care.
They seem to be nurtured from a hollow crop.
They could drive from point A to arrive at B...
And still not have a thing to offer or share.
But empty conceit and hot air to spare.

There is a couple of things I've always known.
My worth and value.
And there is nothing more I admire...
When I see that within others!
And they don't have to have a dime in their pockets,
To radiate or shine bright with light!
These are the folks I admire and like.
These are the folks who excite my life!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Reach Beyond Those Yesterdays

I am not here to avoid the living of life.
Or choose to follow the path of scattered pieces.
There is something fascinating in the naturalness of things.
And there is a desire motivating inside of me that teases,
To reach beyond those yesterdays...
With a teaching of those lessons learned,
Enabling my quest to digest, comprehend and grow.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Realize A Recognized Speeding

Every minute a youthful mind,
Believes a playing around each day...
Is something that can be savored...
As time disguised from them slowly fades,
Becomes more sacred with an aging.
Especially when a seriousness of life,
Has been recovered from a hypnotized delusion.

And those who discover this seriousness,
With a meaning and purpose...
Unavoidable to face with a useless debate,
Are the ones no longer in denial or try...
To pretend they have been granted immortality.
As an expediting to do much more with their lives,
Becomes prioritized to realize a recognized speeding.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Realize Times Are Gone

There needs to be...
Changes made not delayed.
And...
There needs to be...
Reality faced everyday,
To not dress up to eliminate...
A truth that's here to stay.

There is a need...
To let go a past that ended.
But many are still holding on,
Refusing to remove their grips.
And...
With a stubbornness they can't resist.

Many people find it hard,
To move on.
And...
Many people find it hard,
To realize times are gone.
And...
Many people can't accept,
What 'was' doesn't last forever.
Refuse they do to live the truth,
That a 'was' wont return again.

There is a need...
To let go a past that ended.
There needs to be...
Changes made not delayed.
And...
There needs to be...
Reality faced everyday,
To not dress up to eliminate...
A truth that's here to stay.

Many people can't accept,
What 'was' has gone forever.
And...

Many people are upset,
Their demands are a fantasy.
And...
Disappointed they become,
That a truth is meant to be...
That change!
That came.
And is.

Many people can't accept,
That change!
That came.
And is.

Many people can't accept,
To realize times lived are gone.
And...
Many people can't accept,
To realize times are gone.
And they,
Like those times...
Must move on.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Recapture That Innocence Of Loved Missed

To recapture that innocence of loved missed,
May be easier done by a poet doing it.

But when a poet isn't sitting to compose words of love...
The wish for it may be stronger than words can express.

Since words may touch emotions.
But to caress one's flesh...
In an anticipated mutual acceptance,
Is what the poet envisions as best.

For those who are poets,
In a loneliness desired to forget.
Or deny to mask in alibis.

And a poet can decide,
Whether to expose this or hide!

'So what have you chosen to do? '

Lie.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Reciprocate...Without The Need Of Words

Sometimes I fail to respond,
To a request that has been made.
Often in my humility,
I'm left with nothing to say.
Or wish within myself,
I could communicate...
Without words to select from.
Or create a debate,
I did not intend.

And then I don't want to offend.
Anyone who is sensitive,
And may not comprehend...
What it is I am feeling then.

Sometimes I fail to respond,
To a request that has been made.
Often in my humility,
I'm left with nothing to say.

And I guess that is why I am blessed to write.
With a craving that feeds my appetite.
And learning from my own experiences,
I have preferences and things I like.
With a hope within me,
One day I might...
Share nibbles and bits of my life,
And to reciprocate...
Without the need of words,
Or one sound made.

And let our eyes just express,
What is digested.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Recognize A Satisfaction

Better it is,
To do something everyday that benefits.
With it done to do without complaints to admit.
And better it gets,
Is a life to live one decides to choose to do.

Better it is,
To dismiss and forget...
Memories that sit with them coming to prevent,
A happiness one wishes.
But remains to stay at a distance.

A claiming that is made takes letting go,
Steps one repeats to allow doubts to flow.
A claiming that is made with wishes to exist,
Takes commitment to undo an attitude...
One becomes reluctant to remove a blue mood.

If...
A claiming to want change is made,
To recognize a satisfaction...
One has to commit to undo and remove,
A blue mood to improve one's attitude.

Better it is and to get,
A happiness one wishes.
If...a blue mood to improve one's attitude,
Is removed.
To allow and recognize a satisfaction done to do.

You can,
Recognize a satisfaction.
Done to do.
You can,
Recognize a satisfaction.
Done to do.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Redefine A Re-Alignment Of Things

To redefine a re-alignment of things to come,
To do to get done with a fresh outlook...
That appears to be organized and knowledgeable,
Is to know how to bake a cake from scratch.
But the itch to do that and deliver an accepting taste,
Seems not to be of benefit and too much of a waste...
For those who wish to lead with grandma's old recipes.
And with outdated sentiments too stale but used.
Even they are trying to find sense to make...
In times when the eating of cake,
Can not be faked...
For those demanding what has been promised,
From those making promises who have never been honest.
As an unbelievable heat increases in the kitchen.
And although they are dressed to make impressions,
No one knows a thing about the use of an oven or stove.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Re-Emerge When The Winds Settle

Why would anyone need another,
Who speaks from both sides of their mouth...
And runs to hide,
At the first sign of opposition.
Only to re-emerge when the winds settle.
And a predicted storm has moved on!

It is difficult to perceive someone like this,
To be in anyone's corner.
And to say they can be relied upon,
To watch someone's back...
Or thought of to be one accountable like that,
Is laughable.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Reflect A Diversity

Window dressing to reflect a diversity,
May work in the 'staging' and presentation of it.
However...
When one travels behind the scenes,
A representation of opportunities that does not exist...
Remains to keep those capable shunned and dismissed.

And anyone not blinded,
By a pretentiousness know this.
Since the environment is still beset,
By those controlling it with hidden insecurities.
And this is more obvious,
To those awakening to become more conscious.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Refuse Those Nuts (Decisions Made To Make)

Too many just take too much time,
Disliking directions others take...
To make decisions to live their own lives.
And captivated some become,
As if in the doing their opinions make sense...
With a wasting of time to validate their ignorance.

'No squirrel I have ever witnessed,
Has gone on a fast...
Because others have druthers to refuse those nuts.
In fact...
It's path has been made clearer to get them.
And with an efficiency to do the task much faster.'

~Is that the best analogy you can make? ~

'Probably not.
But from my point of view,
I have never observed a squirrel...
Observing other squirrels chase each other's tails,
To leave a focusing to gather nuts...
A decision not to touch to go nutless.'

~And what has this to do with ignorance,
And the direction one takes? ~

'Have you ever stopped what you are doing,
To listen to the opinions of others? '

~Sometimes.~

'Then you are the kind to refuse those nuts.
You would rather 'fast'...
Than continue on your decided path.'

~Nuts, paths, squirrels?
What in the hell are you talking about? ~

'Decisions made to make.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Re-Interpret An Interpretation To Be Reversed

To re-interpret an interpretation to be reversed,
What is the purpose?
Oh oh.
With colons boldened,
To show?

To re-interpret an interpretation to be reversed,
What is the purpose?
Oh oh.
With colons boldened,
To show?

The message doesn't change no matter who wishes it.
And once it is delivered,
Re-interpreting to make a difference wont change a bit.
My consciousness is so fixed.
And it is too late to trick.

To re-interpret an interpretation to be reversed,
What is the purpose?
Oh oh.
With colons boldened,
To show?

The message doesn't change no matter who wishes it.
My consciousness of it knows.
No matter what is proposed.
The message doesn't change no matter who wishes it.
My consciousness of it knows.
No matter what is proposed.

To re-interpret an interpretation to be reversed,
What is the purpose?
When my conscousness knows.
No matter what is proposed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Relive A Past That Delights

With a sweetened presentation,
And the use of dimmed colorized lights.
Appetizers to appeal and nostalgia to invite,
A sense to relive a past that delights...
Would soothe those who get easily upset,
By these times that move forward...
Many now live with a facing of much regret.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Remain Maintaining One's True Identity

To remain maintaining one's true identity,
With a dignity to pride and not to hide it.
Or attempt to disguise what's felt inside,
Is a difficult undertaking...
For those who appreciate what it takes,
To be real to feel it and not truth to fake...
With hopes to escape from being discriminated.

Today for whatever reason to explain,
Many are persuaded to lie to themselves.
With an ease to deceive to be someone else.
And not find any opposition,
From those also pre-conditioned...
They can be whomever whenever they please,
With a convenience those oppressed...
Are not given the same opportunity,
To address, express or confess it to be accepted.

To remain maintaining one's TRUE identity,
With a dignity to pride and not to hide it...successfully!
Or attempt to disguise what's felt inside...purposely!
Is a difficult undertaking,
For those who appreciate what it takes...
To keep a steadfast determination kept undenied,
That is real to feel felt and not to fake using alibis.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Remember As The Best Gift

I wish I can again get this year,
The happiness I received last Christmas.
And the many years before.
To share and toast,
With those loved most...
On such a festive day.

As Christmases past are reminisced,
And those from us who have gone away...
Remain still missed,
To remember as the best gift,
One is blessed to get.
And knowing the feeling to be unforgettable.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Renovate A Replaced Façade

Fundamentally...
And with candid expressed sentiments.
These comments made are without bias,
Prejudice or malice to address.
Perhaps a bit of sarcasm could be detected,
To leave an effect on the subject suggested.

A stagnation left to remain sustained and manifested,
With those holding onto it feaing drastic change...
Meet to discuss updating to renovate a replaced façade.
Although a much needed rejuvenation...
That stimulates an invigorated fascination,
Escapes the mindset of a disenfranchised people.

Seeped in deep restricting myths,
Are beliefs to worship in confined limited minds...
These people are encouraged to keep.
And in foolish hypocritical ways they stay hopeless.
With an advancing of tears and kept fears reappearing,
To appease and address the ones who oppress.

Fundamentally...
And with candid expressed sentiments.
These comments made are without bias,
Prejudice or malice to address.
Perhaps a bit of sarcasm could be detected,
To leave an effect on the subject suggested.
But...
There are those today who 'still' could care less,
What happens next door or on foreign shores...
To believe themselves immuned to the doings and unaffected.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Replace Those Innovative

They believed it would be quite easy,
To replace those innovative...
With their fake creations.
And no one would notice.
Since they thought they had what it takes.

And today,
People are tired of sitting through...
A series of loose remakes,
By those who are attempting to...
Have their efforts just as impressive too!
Believing they could rejuvenate your sensation.

What is your response?
Don't you miss exposing your...
Ability to reveal your incredible nuances,
That are remembered to have overwhelming appeal?

What is your response,
To those who believed...
From you it was easy to steal!

'Well I...uh...
Excuse me!
I...
LOLOLOLOLOLOL.
Forgive me but, I...
LOLOLOLOLOLOL.
I'm sorry, I can't help it.
Do you mind repeating your question?
I'll do the best I can to be serious.'

No...
Not at all.
Don't you miss your ability to reveal...

'Oh yes...uh...
LOLOLOLOLOLOL.
I'm sorry!

Of course,
NOT!
I am having too much fun,
Remembering those fools...
And what to themselves,
They have done! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Retire

To retire from one activity,
To do nothing with another done..
Is something many may boast about.
But a life lived never stops the doing of it,
With a sitting to wonder...
What for one comes next.
And waiting to be directed to make decisions.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Rid As If Diseased

Those who can not bring themselves,
To appreciate with encouragement...
The gifts and talents others bring to them,
With a benefit that uplifts an environment shared...
That motivates with a caring to make all aware,
Can together experience negativity in the air.
And toxins everywhere...
Expressed and found in the mind, body and souls,
Of those accepting with an expectation to feed upon.
And not from themselves to rid as if diseased.
But instead keep to spread in a unity to release!

'We need to arm ourselves,
Against the increasing threats we face.'

~I agree.
What do you propose?
A change of diet and a re-evaluation,
Of that which is valued.
You know...
Sustaining with a betterment,
A diminished quality of life to correct.~

'Are you kidding?
I am not referring to that kind of expense.
Everyone should have a gun.
To protect themselves from someone.'

~Oh.
Someone who is equally mentally diseased,
Right?
Poisoned with fantasies.~

'What are you talking about? '

~You.
Me.
And the differences in our beliefs.
A reality that isn't delusioned,

By the creating of more enemies.~

'Well...
I'm going to 'beef' up my security.'

~Tell me about it.
You are what you eat, think and do.
To be done with effectiveness.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Ruin A Unity

It only takes one liar,
To ruin a unity.
However...
A unity of liars,
Can destroy an entire city.

Look around.
Seeking to find honesty found,
Anywhere...
Is as rare as folks telling the truth,
As much as they prefer...
To joke and clown,
About the dire situations they create...
In which devastating their own lives,
Doing with lies to delude one another...
Is not only an expectation,
But an accepted mindset.

It only takes one liar,
To ruin a unity.
However...
A unity of liars,
Can destroy an entire city.

Look around.
Seeking to find honesty found,
Anywhere...
Is as rare as folks telling the truth,
As much as they prefer to joke and clown.
To accept and expect it done,
By everyone except...
The ones they allow to keep them oppressed.
To know how best to ruin a unity kept.
With the serious intention meant of it...
Left to go unaddressed to express.

Look around.
There are more today evading honesty,
Than clowns can be found in any circus.

Treating minds to feed upon,
Their own devastation to dismiss the presence...
Of an existing reality.

Look around.
With or without a mask attached.
Are you one who is witnessing?
Or are you being witnessed to dismiss...
As part of a unity too addicted and sickened,
To admit it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Run From Fun

If nothing has been ever done,
By someone who has stated...
A life they live has never been fun!
Well...
Maybe for them it wont come!
Or...
Maybe they're the kind,
To run from fun.

Too many people live,
To run from fun.
And...
Too many people,
Don't know it when it's done.
And few will admit...
How they sneak around to get it.
Because for them fun,
Is a crime to commit.

Fun should never be for one,
A crime to commit.
No!
Fun should never be,
A hit to get it quick.
No fun who ever does it,
With a seriousness...
Know what it is to have fun.

Too many people live,
To run from fun.
And...
Too many people,
Don't know it when it's done.
And few will admit...
How they sneak around to get it.
Because for them fun,
Is a crime to commit.
And to sneak around to do it,
Isn't fun.

If nothing has been ever done,
By someone who has stated...
A life they live has never been fun!
Well...
Maybe for them it wont come!
Or...
Maybe they're the kind,
To run from fun.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Sacrifice

If you know what it is like to sacrifice,
With the rewards of the benefits to you received...
Why do you vocalize the doing of it with such contempt?
Are you seeking more of the acknowledgement?
And the sacrificing you claim to do,
Has yet to be noticed by others?
What is it that you sacrifice?
False pride, your self centered ego or both?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Satisfy A Feeding Of A Vacancy

The more thought I give to the idea of love,
Less is my feeling in the concept of it.
Perhaps when I experienced being 'involved',
There were conditions and preferences to meet.
And honesty given only lasted until the act was over.
You know...
The heating of passion and the minutes it took,
To please a need without chemistry.
Believing love was just to fulfill a need...
To be touched then left alone.

I have yet to know a love that possessed.
Not a love that obsessed my mind all the time.
I am hoping one day to find what that means.
And with someone I trust enough,
To know what is there and felt between us...
Is beyond definition to keep us together.
With a missing done that is craved when we are not.
If I met someone who fed my appetite like that...
To satisfy a feeding of a vacancy I had not known,
Was a void I can no longer ignore?
That to me is love.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Search For The Right Words

For me...
The writing of poetry has never come easily.
The doing of it requires strict concentration.
It takes both devotion and discipline.

First there is a picking of a topic.
And that is difficult to do from so many to choose.
To then decide upon which words to use,
That best isolates that feeling that comes.

To search for the right words and to keep a topic picked,
Kept with sustained interest before publicly submitting it...
For critics and others to accept 'or' dismiss,
One has to be prepared for misinterpreted feedback.

I compare the doing of this to an actor who learns a script.
For whatever the reason the mind decides to go blank.
And eyes begin to 'hopefully' find the right words.
Until the topic decides it is time to arrive!

'Absolutely splendid.
Even though your choice of word usage,
Was a bit scattered about 'and' misleading...
I knew 'immediately' your purpose.'

You did?

'Of course.
So effectively placed that dramatic pause.
How on Earth does one find the discipline,
To create such a breathtaking moment? '

Uh...

'And then to come right back,
To capture more interest in the topic?
As if to attack it...
With an awareness that brings clarity and definition.'

I am relieved you noticed.
At times I am not sure what I do works.
But my mind is 'never' that far away,
To stray meaninglessly in thoughts that wander.

'Brilliant.
That's all I can say.
Can that be taught?
Or is it something that just develops? '

For me...
The writing of poetry has never come easily.
The doing of it requires strict concentration.
It takes both devotion and discipline.

'I can tell.
The way you go about finding the right words,
To eventually make sense...
Is a remarkable undertaking that is not common.'

Uh...
Thank you?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To See A Doing Of What Was Due To Come

I have never sought to share with anyone,
In the fighting of my own battles.
Nor have I ever sought to defend myself.
Against deceivers who pack their tongue with lies.
I don't even make attempts to try!
Why?
My back is protected and watched,
With a faith I trust too much.

And 'if' I am destined to face a fate,
I myself did not create.
That which has continued to protect me,
Would have long ago proven.
A faith I will never forsake,
Has been faking a power that I hallucinate.

And what I have witnessed most of my life.
Is just circumstantial evidence,
Of a doing thought achieved.
By those of misdeeds done.
With an affliction upon them of punishments,
Because to them they were due!
And I just happened along for no reason at all,
To see a doing of what was due to come.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To See It To Experience It For Yourself

You are not who I expected at all.

'I am not surprised by that.
Who did you expect? '
And how reliable are your sources? '

Apparently not reliable at all.
I was told what I could expect.
But so far you are beyond my expectations.

'Where did you get your information from? '

Those who said they knew you best.

'I see.
And guess where they got 'their' information from? '

Those who claimed to have known you better.

'Well...
I am glad we both agreed to meet.
Because I don't rely on second hand information.
And if I had not introduced myself,
You'd be still looking for someone...
That wasn't me for you to recognize.
People here have a tendency to give their opinions,
Based upon what they hear and not what they know.'

I see.

'That's the only way to know life.
To see it to experience it for yourself.
There is nothing like appreciating,
A mind that has been expanded.
Many only come to know and experience life,
Through gossip and hearsay.
Only to limit the understanding,
Of what they believe to have known.
To end up scratching their heads in confusion.'

I was told you were quiet.

'And I thank God I wasn't told you were delicious.
I want to discover that for myself.
And I'm not into sharing my deliciousness with others.
Are you? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To See Life As A Riddle

Life,
Is what we make it.
But some will sit,
To see life as a riddle.
And life...
Some choose to fake it.
With a doing that's believed,
They can be freed of mistakes.
Yet life,
Is what we make it.
But some will sit,
To see life as a riddle.

Some people have a need,
To play life second fiddle.
Out of tune,
And afraid of taking risks.

Some people live,
Afraid of taking chances...
With dismissing most of it!
Yet life,
Is what we make it.
But some will sit,
As if it is a riddle.

Life,
Is what we make it.
Yet some will sit,
Just to play it second fiddle.
And some will see life,
With no middle but a riddle.
Yes some will sit,
Just to play life second fiddle.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To See Which One Is Better Suited To Lead

I can't be the only one witnessing this,
With uninhibited curiosity.

'What is it that you are looking at? '

You see those two guys?
Running as if they are escaping from something.

'Yes.
I've been watching them for awhile.
And it is difficult to describe this,
But...
They are actually running towards that brick wall.
To see who will win the hitting of their heads up against it.
Look over there in the distance.
See the people cheering them on? '

Is this a new sport?
What is this called?

'Believe it or not...
They've spent billions to do this.'

To do what?

'To see which one is better suited to lead them.'

To lead them?
Where?

'To that tremendous ditch,
Growing deeper and wider behind them.'

But what sense does that make?
Why can't the people get off that wall...
And pitch in to fill the ditch?

'You weren't here to witness,
The other people running away...

In the other direction.'

You're right.
Why were they running in the other direction?

'They gave up trying to warn everybody about the ditch.
They were labelled as being negative.
So they chose to get away as far as they can.
With a keeping of themselves distanced.'

I don't understand what values and standards are kept,
By the doing of this.

'Trust me.
Don't try.
Just observe.'

What a nail biter this is.
Plus my knuckles are turning white.

'If you get caught up in it...
Eventually you'll find yourself cheering on that wall.
And tomorrow?
That ditch will still be getting bigger.
With everyone still screaming about,
Nonexisting entitlements.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Seek And Wish For That Which Is Correct

It just seems to make life lived easier,
To seek and wish for that which is correct.

To lie, deceive and deny...
Takes a toll on the mind,
Trying to remember too much.
And what was told to whom and when.

It just seems to make life lived easier,
To seek and wish for that which is correct.
Than to create fresh lies to be exposed over and over,
To be told over again without an end to them.

That can exhaust,
Even the most gifted of blinded achievers.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Seek New Lows

Those who wish with you,
To seek new lows.
With a disrespect...
That sinks deeper into neglect,
Of one's integrity.
Let these folks go.

Unless a willingness to be dragged,
Through the mud and laughed at...
Is a desired goal.
Some people can get too familiar,
With what they believe another should accept.
As a means of a closeness to be given one gets.

Let these folks go.
Unless a willingness to be dragged,
Through the mud and laughed at...
Is a desired goal.
Who knows?
There are those who call this behavioral nonsense,
Friendship.

'Uh...
I'm gonna have to find,
Another way to occupy my time.
'Cause you don't know me like that!
Nor will I allow this sleaze appeal,
To get any deeper to offend in a new dimension.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Seek This Sought

More important becomes a life to live,
By anyone who has experienced...
Multiple challenges.
And doing this with a willingness to share,
Are the deeds done that leaves one...
Needing not success to have it outwardly expressed.
Or have what is felt flaunted.

For no other purpose to have it interpreted.
Or introduce it from one's point of view.
More important becomes a life to live,
With it known and shown without it dropped as a topic...
How thankful and blessed one is!
And freed from giving specifics of this,
As each step of aging has a way of clarifying this process.

More important becomes a life to live,
When what is posessed no longer is the objective.
Happiness obtained and a peace of mind one gains,
To leave one reflective and freed of all bitterness...
Is a life lived that one can reminisce to admit,
Has been blessed and recognized to have done it...
With the doing to better do one's best to seek this sought!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Seem Detached From Stress

I admit to feeling honored.
And also repeatedly blessed.
To have someone like you,
Make comments...
About those confessions I profess,
And express with an openness...
To seem detached from stress.

I am not always as secure,
As I seem when attempting to impress.
I just feel what I say comes from an honesty.
And being true to myself,
Sometimes has created my own loneliness...
That has left me with moments of distressed.

I admit to feeling honored.
And also repeatedly blessed.
To have someone like you,
Make comments...
About those confessions I profess,
That expresses an openness...
To seem detached from stress.

But I am not that different,
From those wishing more...
And not less,
Of those moments I regret...
To have a happiness,
That will leave me to be...
Feeling free to be at my best.

Without experiencing an aloneness,
Through what is felt at times...
An unwinding road confined,
To a wilderness...
That sits inside,
Of an inquisitive mind.
Traveling as it does without any sign of rest.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Self Inflict It

'Harvesting a pity decreases peace.'

A keeping of a biasness,
In inner cities to infest.
Has left many to regret,
Lost identities to respect.

Duped and drugged,
On impressions to make.
Mask wearing people claim a faith,
To fake.
Charading their beliefs to leave,
Imitations.
And degradations.

Anguish.
To self inflict it.
Sorrows to have borrowed.
To self inflict it.
And complaints.
Shared everyday.
Yet praying for a rescue.
But from who.

Undermining.
To self inflict it.
Overload with woes.
To self inflict it.
And entertaining lifes,
Remaining unchanged.

Pain sustained.
To self inflict it.
Playing the same games.
That are self inflicted.
Then under steeples on knees to weep.
Blaming other people,
For their own misdeeds.

Anguish.
To self inflict it.
Sorrows to have borrowed.
That are self inflicted.
And woes they will not let go.
With wishes to self inflict.

'Harvesting a pity decreases peace.'
Yet an evil is kept worshipped.
Religiously.
Just to remind,
The people of their agonies.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Sell And Market An Acceptance Of Ignorance

Why do those with self righteous speech,
Believe themselves to be the spokesmen of God?
And with their kept beliefs,
Leave behind a trail of conflicts heightened...
They can not resolve with a doing to solve.

And gone unexplained are artifacts that remain,
To prove before their invention of diversed religions...
An intelligence far greater amongst us still exist.
With crop circles and UFO's observed all over the place,
To hear them deny and persist God has nothing to do with this.

Why do those with self righteous speech,
Believe themselves to be the spokesmen of God?
And with their kept beliefs,
Leave behind a trail of conflicts heightened...
They can not resolve with a doing to solve.

Isn't it odd that those who preach love and forgiveness,
Can not permit this within their own environments to exist.
And yet are quick to express their wickedness done,
As if to implement...
A continuance to sell and market an acceptance of ignorance.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Sell It In Pieces To Have It Sold

Once upon a time,
When I was just a young bud growing...
On the tree of life,
Blossoming with idealism.
And thriving with desire to have more Sun light,
Brighten to open my eyes even wider.
I had a wish to become wiser.
I had a wish to have it known,
I could express an intelligence.

Today,
My wants and needs are more simplistic.
I have only one wish.
And that's to have whatever it took to get,
My peace of mind...
Never to become noticed to be valued,
By anyone trying to buy it.
And I become foolish enough,
To attempt to sell it in pieces to have it sold.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Serve And Dish It Plateless

Call it anything you wish.
To serve and dish it plateless...
For your interpretation,
Of an effectiveness.
But time I wont spend,
Nibbling on negativity.
That's not my cup of tea.
Pour it if you wish...
But you can skip over me.

Nor can I see that done,
Continually...
By those selecting to do it...
As if nothing else is on their minds,
But a consistent visitation that reveals...
A nonsense and foolishness,
That should have long been left behind.

But chosen repeatedly,
To keep as if to thrive....
They do.
With nothing else there,
But a vague reality to share.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Set Dramatic Attitudes To Get Bent

The language that you at times speak,
Immediately forces me...
To disagree.
And yet somehow your message spoken,
Is as clear as can be.

The manner that you keep sometimes,
Is harsh for me to be near.
But I must say,
I am relieved...
To have you with me here.

I admit my understanding has not been,
My best testament.
And I try not to submit,
To my vocal sentiments.
And my head gets thick with a defensiveness.

Oh yes,
I can be defensive...
When the wrong meaning is sent!
To set dramatic attitudes to get bent.

I admit my understanding has not been,
My best testament.
And I try not to submit,
To my vocal sentiments.
And my head gets thick with a defensiveness,
To set dramatic attitudes to get bent...
Oh yes,
To set dramatic attitudes to get bent...
Unmeant,
To set dramatic attitudes to get bent.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Set One Free

If there is no true serenity
In the divinity that is being fed,
Or preached.
And it does not release one
From their shackles
To experience the higher self,
As meant to be!
To set one free...
To be as one should be!
It should be abandoned immediately!
And one should seek the truth...
Only a personal journey can deliver!
God will ALWAYS be there to guide that faith,
That comes from within!
One can not be broken,
When the heart still beats...
To afford one a chance to mend,
With all that has been sent and given!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Settle For A Withering

The rising of a higher consciousness,
Has already begun.
Some in conflict opposing this...
Still drift between the shadows,
Of darkness and light that exists.

Dwelling on the past,
Of how things had been...
Leaves one on the path of destruction,
And chaos...
For them that will not end.

An acceptance of limitation,
Saddens a heart seeking more from life.
With a covering that smothers change,
That reduces one's blooming...
To settle for a withering caused by strife.
And no life is lived not to climb to mental heights.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Shake Awake And Abruptly

Changes made,
Are seldom done to schedule...
With dates premeditated.
Awaiting patiently,
For those prepared with snacks to taste.
And something to wear comfortably,
To adjust to a situation one may face.

Changes made and done effectively,
Can be likened to an unexpected Earthquake.
Coming deliberately,
To shake awake and abruptly...
Anyone who perceives changes they will accept,
Has to impress and address them appropriately.
So many think of themselves as immuned to fate.

Changes made,
Are seldom done to schedule...
With dates premeditated.
Awaiting patiently,
For those prepared with snacks to taste.
And a pad to take the most important notes.

Changes made and done effectively,
Can be likened to an unexpected Earthquake.
Coming deliberately,
To shake awake and abruptly...
Those with delusions who keep them to believe,
What happens to others to be witnessed as seen...
Will not affect whatever concept of life they may have.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Share With Others Unafraid

The unexpected that offers a potential of growth,
Will always attract the one adventurous...
Who isn't seeking to keep within instructed limits,
To fit as if this is life to live.
But chooses to create and stretch the imagination,
To feed each day with opportunities one makes...
And offers to share with others unafraid to explore,
With a doing that does not ignore possibilities.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Shine Bright On Centerstage Isn'T That Simple

People believe it takes just a wish,
To stand on stage with a getting of spotlight.
And soon discover,
One has to earn that right to be considered serious.
And then befriend the ones behind the scenes,
Who control any images they wish to expose as given.

Anyone throwing up their nose,
Telling all within listening distance what they can do...
Are surprised how fast they are shown exits.
To get to shine bright on centerstage isn't that simple.
Especially if one ignores working on their craft.
Even if a working on it may not qualify to get near a stage.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Shmooze And Deliver Smack

Like everything else they have manage to do,
That lacked compassion, commitment, devotion.
And a focused seriousness with discipline.
They have expectations to achieve successfully,
Lofty goals and golden dreams.
Based upon their ability to shmooze and deliver smack.
And the cracking of a joke or two,
Will get them a trip on a ship sailing towards Utopia.
And nothing said or done by anyone,
Can express how the odds are 'not' in their favor!
Nor the likelihood of them seeing a dinosaur,
Strolling down 5th Avenue in an Easter bonnet.
Some 'things' just aint gon' happen!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Shut Down, Turn Off And Ignore

The last time someone said to me,
I couldn't do what I enjoyed in my own hometown.
That I would have to leave to find peace of mind.
With a creative outlook I had that sought activity.
If I wished to witness success believed.
Well...
That I achieved!
And it seems so many years ago.
In a place I was told I should leave and go!

Today...
As I think of those who said,
I had to go away...
To realize those dreams I had in my head.
I think of how embarrassing it must be to feel,
To discourage someone who reveals a determination...
That proves doubters only motivate,
The whims of procrastinators.

And my mama always said to me...
'I know you aint paying me no attention,
Pretending to be listening.'

And my mama was so right.
I've developed when to shut down, turn off and ignore.
Not out of disrespect.
But rather to protect my own survival and footsteps.

Some folks are inspired by deadends.
And I must admit,
The challenge of them and what they present...
Inspires me to remove obstacles.
And I have never been able to explain that to anyone.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Silence Those Minds In Doubt

Desire...
Always seems to pass the test of time.
Finding one without it,
And with a dream...
Is an unlikely observation.

Motivation, desire and initiative,
Are close teammates.
And a team without desire,
Seems less motivated.
And the initiative begins to procrastinate.

Desire...
Always seems to pass the test of time.
Just like a success achieved is a conditioning,
Kept believed...
In one's mind to feel all the time,
With a passion undescribed to define.

And desire simmers like embers burning.
It doesn't have to rage to display what is meant to be.
A desire started accomplishes.
A desire started rarely does not end to flicker out...
Before it blazes on the scene,
With produced results...
To silence those minds in doubt.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Sit As Thieves On Thrones

Just like you wish certain things in your life...
Did not exist?
What makes you think you are by yourself,
To accept with belief,
You are better than someone else?
And who told you the ability to have and to get,
Made your life without being beset with issues...
Promised upon your birth?

The ones who have absolutely nothing to complain about,
Are those who have declared themselves royalty for centuries...
To sit as thieves on thrones from resources stolen.
And to pronounce themselves chosen to be more deserving,
With a lifting of not a finger to work to earn for what they have.
As those who do have to work to make ends meet,
Do it to add more taxes that are collected to add to a pocketing...
To boost the feeding of a revenue religiously.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Solicit With A Petition

Did you not choose selectively...
Your champions,
At the onset of the race?
And did you not confirm this again and again,
With others giving you an opportunity...
To change your mind with a taking of your time.

And did you not state,
How impressed you were with those images...
You simply could not replace.
With a bragging done of your choices made.
And a laughter in view of those witnessing,
A mocking of a sadness in your competitor's face.

So why have you found it necessary,
To solicit with a petition...
A race you lost at the cost of your embarrassment?
With a campaigning of complaints,
That the race had been fixed.
And you were not aware of a possibility of being tricked.

Do you wish now to prove your assessment is ridiculous?
Since you chose with no one in an adverse debate,
Not only the area of topic, time and the place...
For each event to start.
But it was you who clearly stated,
There would be absolutely no excuses to make...
And the end of 'your' artificially produced charade.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Soothe A Need To Feed Their Evils

Tired doctrines kept in deeply held traditions,
Meant to keep expanding minds stagnant...
With a controlling that prevents a growth meant,
As had been the procedure...
Before limitations were cemented,
In standards valued but today outdated...
And crumbling around foundations found,
Corrupted by profound and accepted decadence...
Pursued.

Since the doing to improve humanity,
Has been circumvented by those promoting insanity...
To soothe a need to feed their evils.
As if a future awaits,
To bestow upon them a wholesomeness...
Without investments made to guarantee this dividend.

Yet believed is a self-righteousness,
Will get them back on track.
And...
With this done without the effects of a suffering,
That comes to remind them of their dependency...
Seeped in a wickedness followed and interpreted,
As a progress although in darkened dungeons celebrated.
Devoid of a higher consciousness,
That could have provided their minds expanded light.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Speak It And It To See

I remember when truth to speak it,
And it to see...
Was not tolerated or discussed openly.
When as a child I questioned,
Signs of disparities.

I remember living in the projects,
And 'thisclose' to poverty...
I had been told not to accept that fact.
With a turning my back,
To keep that 'fact' disbelieved.

I remember attending public schools,
When they were then highly mixed.
Nearly every race was represented.
And with each other we competed against.

I remember those days,
When many kept their impressions to make...
With them today to masquerade and fake.
Although from some they are beginning to fade.
But still they remain,
Afraid to completely unmask from charades.

'Why? ', I ask myself to express.
When even their false identities kept,
Have begun to be repossessed.

And as I look back,
To learn that a truth to accept and with facts...
Is better to face than from my mind kept detached.
But I can also understand to comprehend,
Why so many refuse to see...
Themselves held accountable with a desire to pretend,
The rise of crime and violent events...
That repeatedly continue to happen,
With a leaving their re-occurrences disbelieved...
Has left many to assume these are not their misdeeds.

I remember when truth to speak it,
And it to see...
Was not tolerated or discussed openly.
Since truth then heard and spoken to be,
Had been considered a negativity.

And as this 'negativity' has grown to be ignored,
The ignorance of it has left many in an uproar!

'And why? ', I ask myself to express.
When even their false identities kept,
Have begun to be repossessed.

And those 'now' overwhelmed...
By truth and its existence,
Wish to unify with a positive resistance against it.
To prevent the presence of it to witness,
From becoming a tolerated part of their lives.

'Could it be?
A truth not to speak,
To perceive as a negativity...
Has suddenly become an accepted reality?
Why now? '

I remember when truth to speak it,
And it to see...
Was not tolerated or discussed openly.
But today people fear,
That which they have created to dismiss.
And is the same 'truth' they can no longer evade.
With the hope their pretentions,
Will chase them away with prayer and faith.

'What have they been doing,
With their minds all this time?
Faithfully disbelieving? '

I ask myself 'this'.
And other 'negative' questions,
My observations permit.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Spend Time With Someone Equally Experienced

Wanting the best quality of life,
One can get...
Seems an outdated desire these days.
Especially when the having of things and money,
Is associated with acquiring happiness and contentment.

Turned into rubbish and trashed should be these thoughts.

Being able to purchase anything,
Has never brought into one's life a peace of mind.
Not a dime has been spent for it.
Unless a lottery win made the difference.
And in that case...
Some exceptions to the rules are made.

However...
Wanting the best quality of life,
One can get...
Should not be an option.
A preference,
Or a choice one makes after weeding through the spice and variety...
Life is 'rumored' to bring with an attachment of joy.

But...
It does seem,
That adventuring from one's comfort zone...
Eventually pinpoints a basicness of a life lived,
Is ultimately wished.
With a desire to spend time with someone equally experienced.
Freeing one to enjoy instead of find explanation,
For every little thing that is witnessed.
Or listening to someone complain about bugs flying around,
While strolling leisurely through a forest.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Spread A Disgust

A filth disguised,
Does not hide its stench.
It will still smell!
It will still leave a trail,
That stinks.
And does that quite well.
That is its purpose.
To spread a disgust.
And discussing that with others,
Of like minds!
They are of the demonic kind!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Start An Awakening Of Stuff

A little pinch has to be given,
To begin an inching up...
Of what one patiently expects.

Sitting wishing,
Just isn't enough...
When a stirring has to occur,
To start an awakening of stuff.

And it can get tougher,
If one elects to stay stuck...
Questioning the limits,
Ridged by a rut!

And it may seem rough,
As a huffing is puffed.
But nothing succeeds...
Not even a heard bluff!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Stay In A Shared Mutual Interest

I would love to experience,
That initial spark of love...
With a bit of naïveté.
An innocence that stays,
With a freshness...
That doesn't soon go away.

I would love to experience,
That delicious kiss...
As if that kiss was the first.
And thirst for more,
From that one I adored.

I would love to feel my heart pound.
My speech hurried by incomplete sentences.
And be looked upon,
As if I am the only one in view existing.

I would love to experience,
That initial spark of love...
With a bit of naïveté.

I would,
If I could only forget those times that came...
As I stood babbling to bore,
Until I became ignored.
To be left without a hint of an explanation.

This time I wish,
For just a 'bit' of naïveté...
And not total 'stupiditay'
To stay in a shared mutual interest.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Stay The Best Of Kids

I have played with my children the same way,
On a daily basis.
Everyday.
And...
For most of their lives I have been in sight.

So do not try to reprimand me,
About my inability to be a good parent.
I raised my kids the best I could,
To be good children and nothing more.

'And...
Who played the role of the adult?
While you and your children played,
To stay the best of kids,
Most of your lives? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Step Aside And Express Pride

Anyone who has ever experienced,
Having influence over someone else...
To be done effectively to leave that one,
With a promising effectiveness for that one to come...
Seldom is the one with a known influence,
Regrets or wishes to remain competitive...
With express envy or jealousy to give.

When respect is given and time moves on,
A freshness kept should be welcomed.
And one who acknowledges this,
Does not regret to step aside to then express pride.
To realize in the doing...
This is just as effective.
As one comes to witness that which reflects.

Although...
There are many who can not bring themselves,
To do that...respectfully!
And in the midst of updated freshness,
They seek attention to get...
With moves that 'use' to influence and no longer prevail.
To only prove themselves with moves done that are stale.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Step Away From Ourselves

We all have our 'ways' about ourselves.
And to evaluate with appreciation,
Just who it is we believe we are
Takes a time given,
To step away from ourselves.
With a beginning of a critique,
As if under a microscope.
No matter how uncomfortable it is.

And,
Few do this on a daily basis or at all.
That's why many find time to criticize others.
Voicing their disappointments.
Not realizing
That a self confidence that strides in steps of pride,
Is not seeking to hide
Behind definitions of limitations.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Submerge Within Completed Bliss (Part I)

It is not one's birthright to accept fear
And suffer alone,
From an emotional pain told to condone.

The first step in removal,
Is to free oneself of outside approval.
Desires contained within one's skin,
Is a challenge faced,
That has to begin.

To submerge within completed bliss,
One has to feel a life deserved...
And is rewarded in an earned joyfulness.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Submerge Within Completed Bliss (Part Ii)

To submerge within completed bliss,
One must arise in the morning...
With a choice to make,
Wanting happiness to exist.

In devoted prayer,
Giving thanks to those who have passed on.
Releasing oneself from past mistakes one makes...
And in acceptance of what can not be changed,
Leaving alone what now has gone!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Submerge Within Completed Bliss (Part Iii)

Give affirmations of what can be.
Encourage in silence...
A wholesome delivery.

Forgetting and forgiving,
Temptations done in resentment.
Escape from a shallowed shadowness...
Taken with each step,
Annoying and beset of obstacles that test!

Want and choose the very best.
And let affirmations,
Done daily without hesitation...
Devoid of applied contemplation.
And accept the beginning of blessings met!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Submerge Within Completed Bliss (Part Iv)

A joy begins to ignite inside,
An exercise expressed...
Coming to provide one total rest.

An emptiness on shoulders lift.
Received as a gift...
A bliss exposing to one now knowing,
The sound of sad songs in loneliness sung...
Are unwrapped from an entrapment,
Once a cleansing has begun!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Submerge Within Completed Bliss (Part V)

One has a right,
To free from grieving.
No conscious mind protects...
An infected hollowness,
Left unprotested!

It is okay to say, 'Be gone! '
Especially when a heart,
Knows this visit does not belong!
It is wrong to welcome it.
Treat it as if it is in transit!
Wave it goodbye.
And don't even try...
To miss it with reasons to cry!
Dry those eyes,
And witness despair disappear.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Submerge Within Completed Bliss (Part Vi)

To submerge Within completed bliss,
May come in parts...
If one chooses to divide,
In units of six.

But when one is determined,
To rid of something unfit...
A veil from secret darkened habits,
Has to be lifted!
To manifest one's happiness!

And undenied...
A fulfillment comes,
To reside inside!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Suit The Taste Of Those Wishing To Relive It

Pain is only felt
By the one who is feeling it.
Both the history and the depth of it...
Is only known by the one who lives it.
There will be those who give their opinions.
With a belief of what the agony was like.
With rewrites and their versions.
But the only one giving a true insight...
Will often be the one not available for an interview.
With scars too long healed to choose to be remembered.
Or give a depiction too realistic...
That becomes glamourized,
To suit the taste of those wishing to relive it!
To say convincingly...
What they had to endure and experience,
Was not that bad of a discomfort.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Sunny Rose

Thank you for your comments.

Sunny...?
Always think of yourself as a work-in-progress.
Once you believe your have become a 'finished product'...
You can not succeed.
You will not!
Accept you are part of this experience,
We embrace and call life.
A piece and part of the 'whole'.

And...
Make a choice to remain vunerable.
Open to explore all possibilities.
Accept critique.
In fact...
Seek it.

A flower is not born ALREADY in full bloom.
Remember that always.

I thank you, again.
And success is a feeling kept inside yourself.
If others discover it,
It came from within to them to be revealed.
Do you 'hear and feel' what I am saying?

Peace/Blessings.

Note:
I received a 'message' from a young poet,
who calls himself Sunny Rose,18 years old...
and living in Chandgarh, India.
So impress was I by his comments.
The sincerity of his delivery.

'Success 'can' and 'will be' yours, Sunny Rose'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Talk And Not To 'Do'

Show me the goal told.
Reveal this work in progress meant.
And I will be there...
With an intent to arrive,
Before your final touch has finished.
Show me the goal told...
And I will be there prepared,
Not to express critique.
But to share with you relief and pleasure.

A struggle to keep up,
Explanations to define a difference between delay...
And hesitation,
Has kept your ears hearing doubting from me.
I'm the one that wishes to see determination...
Not attitude.
I'd be proud and happy to see,
Anything completed that you set out to do.
I would if I were you!

Show me the goal told.
Reveal this work in progress meant.
And I will be there...
With an intent to arrive,
Before your final touch has finished.
I have a need to witness and believe it!
To talk and not to 'do' from you...
Is all that I've seen you show to tell.
And well.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Tango Or To Tangle

Some today don't know what it is,
They would rather choose to pick...
With the times we live to be what they are.

Some have no clue,
Whether the want to tango or to tangle.
Or stay to fake moves.

Either way,
Whatever the position someone else takes...
There are those who believe,
They can lead or block what comes.
Only to find themselves running away,
With it guaranteed to be witnessed as done.

Some today don't know what it is,
They would rather choose to pick...
With the times we live to be what they are.

Some have no clue,
Whether the want to tango or to tangle.
Or stay to fake moves.
To be convinced to run 'before' that option comes.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Teach With Its Own Direct Lessons

As long as people have been enforced to perceive,
That the truth as they know it to be...
Is a manmade 'commodity'.
And 'not' through daily meditation,
And constant prayer...
To be spiritually received,
To witness with no doubting it to be believed...
The concept of truth,
Will always be thought of as easily deceived.
By those using the repetition of a tested innocence.

Until truth affects to expose those suspect,
That it has no defects to get 'real' confessions...
From the ones being haunted with no peace of mind.
Or rest to suppress it with none to find.
To discover the truth in its own time to ALL,
Comes to teach with its own direct lessons.
And only 'then' will truth be revealed,
Out from the mouths of those to be disclosed...
Who did their best and with great effort,
To keep it concealed as lives were ruin and disposed.

'Why can't you just keep it.
After crumbling many lives from the telling of lies.
Just keep it.
Since you know,
Nothing can mend what's been broken back then.
Just keep it.
After crumbling many lives from the telling of lies.
Just keep it.
Keep it.
Keep it.
Keep it.
Why can't you just keep it.
After crumbling many lives from the telling of lies.
Just keep it.
Since you know,
Nothing can mend what's been broken back then.
Just keep it.

After crumbling many lives from the telling of lies.
Just keep it.
Keep it.
Keep it.
Keep it.
Why can't you just keep it.
Keep it.
Keep it.
Keep it...
And disappear! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To The Accusers

To the accusers,
Who refuse to see...
Life as it is.
One day you will live to regret...
The mess that's left.
Because you allowed it.

To the accusers,
Who refuse to see...
Life as it is.
One day you will live to say,
Why did I see life that way.

Enemies!
You made them.
And gave them...
Reasons,
To act indifferent.

You believe,
Your life...
Is more right.
Inspite the sight,
Of your own degradtions!

To the accusers,
Who refuse to see...
Life as it is.
One day you will live to regret...
The mess that's left.
Because you allowed it.

To the accusers,
Who refuse to see...
Life as it is.
One day you will live to say,
Why did I see life that way.

Enemies!

You made them.
And gave them...
Reasons,
To act indifferent.

You believe,
Your life...
Is more right.
Inspite the sight,
Of your own degradtions!

To the accusers...
Self examine,
While you can.

To the accusers...
Your own lives lived,
You have damned.

To the accusers...
Self examine,
While you can.

To the accusers...
Your own lives lived,
You have damned.

To the accusers,
Who refuse to see...
Life as it is.
One day you will live to regret...
The mess that's left.
Because you allowed it.

To the accusers...
Self examine,
While you can.

To the accusers...
Your own lives lived,
You have damned.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To The Best Of Their Beneficial Efforts Made

It seems never-ending.
With a celebrated endlessness.
Alibis upon excuses saved to make,
For deliberate acts of violence created...
By those who have placed themselves in positions,
To conduct investigations to uncover the causes...
That has effectively exposed their acceptance of insanity.

But no focus to examine in depth their own misdeeds,
Since attempts made to hide their escapes to appease...
Those delusioned by their standards kept valued,
Remain in a frame of a mindset that approves...
Everything done they continue to do,
Is to the best of their beneficial efforts made...
To protect what's left of their quality of life and interests.

And...
Remembering if it wasn't for 'image',
The effectiveness to impress would be diminished.
And then there would be nothing left to address,
Accept kept depression to keep medically suppressed.
With the cost of doing this too overwhelming to admit.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To The Edge

To the edge.
That's the only place to take it.
To the limits as it is pushed.
Having that adrenaline,
Under that skin tight and tensed.
With each muscle prepared...
To sit balanced and dared!
As if you've been fenced...
To be forced to make decisions,
Now it is time to convince!

To the edge
You wish your life fulfilled.
To the edge
Squeezed and juiced,
With a boost that goosebumps
To thrill at will.

To the edge
Not many are willing to live!
They rather discuss who is negative.
And who is undetected but still positive!

To the edge
Where the air is fresh and sweet.
To the edge
There is no chemical to use,
To make one feel more complete.

Take your life and make a clean sweep!
Now...
Take that mess you've got to the edge!
Let it dropp and as you watch it...
Make your own pledge,
You will stop the nonsense fed!
And employ your joy...
The moment you get up and out of bed!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To The Floor Until I Roll Into Tears

LOL.

'Why do you laugh?
And so loudly from your gut? '

I guess it's the ignorance I am attracted to.
And the foolish things people do,
They simply can not give up.

'And this makes you laugh? '

To the floor until I roll into tears.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To The Greats

To my great nephew.
And wonderful great nieces.
You all are tremendous.
I love you to pieces.

Kevin Lawrence,
I already see in you...
Your stubbornness.
And unchanging attitude.
Oh, I see me in you I do.
God bless your mother Shayla.
And your daddy Kevin too.
Along with your sister Kamara...
Accomplishments you will pursue.

T'Ana, Allanah and Shi'An...
Three strong willed women,
Who take control and command.
Your parents Rhonda and Landry...
Have been mesmerized by your skills.
Your graciousness and talents,
Captivate and thrill.

And as your great uncle,
I just want you to know...
So proud I am of all of you,
As I observe you blooming to grow.
Evolving into adults you are.
With love and wisdom you bestow.
Never let that go!

Dedicated:
To my wonderful 'greats'.
Love you, Uncle Larry.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To The Misses

I try my best,
To not strike out!
It is hard to hit home runs...
When up at bat,
I'd rather sit and chat!
But the urge to accomplish,
Comes undetected.
Nothing to warn.
Or surprise as expected.

To the misses,
I apologize.
My mind sometimes...
Is not there to be profound.
It isn't there to release a confidence.
Or place with purpose,
With thoughts I can find...
That have depth of meaning.
To have others believe,
I am leaving something 'sound'!

I try my best,
To not strike out!
It is hard to hit home runs...
When up at bat,
And expectations...
I will 'deliver'.
When I'm not feeling that!

To the misses,
I apologize.
My mind sometimes...
Is not there to be profound.
Sometimes I am just 'here'...
Going through the motions!
Hoping that just appearing at bat...
Is enough to declare,
My devotion felt.
Is just 'that'!

But not at times to show,
How I feel in my heart...
When I am caring very deeply.
But I know not where to even start...
To deliver such depthness,
Without 'that' in expression...
Unprepared.
Yet to surface and fall apart!

To the misses,
I apologize.
My mind sometimes...
Is not there to be profound.
It isn't there to release a confidence.
And I admit at times,
None of that is around!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Then Abandon Them

One day,
When the importance of being human...
Becomes thought of as a gift to share,
With others equally blessed and knowing it...
This experience called 'life',
Will become more than war and defeat of another...
To feed the greeding,
Of those insecure and barbaric.
Who are dependent upon those they kill.

And...
With a deceiving to manipulate their own kin.
Only to take what their own parents have to offer,
To then abandon them to die in convalescent homes.

One day,
When the importance of being human...
Becomes thought of as a gift to share,
With others equally blessed and knowing it...
This experience called 'life',
Will become more than war and defeat of another...
To feed the greeding,
Of those insecure and barbaric...
Who are dependent upon those they kill.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Then Leave

The seeking to get attention business,
Isn't all what it cracks up to be.
Those who seek no attention,
Are chased by those disbelieving,
No one wants to keep peace selfishly...
To be left alone.
And these might be the ones who first sought attention,
Initially.

Now...
Those who seek to get attention,
And with passion disguised by a lust...
Accompanied with deep breathing,
Could frighten someone seeking just to tease.
To then leave quietly...
To then go home to self satisfy.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Think It Fine And Dandy

No they don't and wont,
Take what puzzles them to make pieces fit.
No they don't and wont,
Stop to think and benefit from it.
No they don't and wont,
Sit to listen and from this get...
A comprehension to correct conditions,
To rid a struggling through their ruts.
With a facing them done to pull themselves up.
But...
Loving to groan and whine,
On their behinds from time to time...
To think if fine and dandy,
Is given their unlimited attention!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Those Eventually Receiving

The worse advice ever given to heed,
Was...
'Ignore 'those' people.
Let them suffer.
Let them bleed.'

Well...
Today it is difficult to decipher between,
Those suppose to do their suffering while ignored.
And those to bleed unseen.

It is best not to suggest any advice.
Especially if those intended to be victimized,
Deflect what has been wished upon them...
To others eventually receiving those misdeeds.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Those I Have Not Met Or Seen

To those I have not met or seen...
But feel in my heart I know.
To those whose words
I have read closely.
And have embraced them,
Wherever I may with them go!

How can I rate...
An appreciation of such gifts?
How can I do that,
With a higher understanding...
They have given to me,
That brightens and uplifts!

I wish we could sit together,
And enjoy our happiness.
I wish we could strip away,
From these limiting boundaries.
That is what I wish...
After reading your depictions,
And the lives you live that exist!

I wish to be in your presence.
And hear your words spoken.
As I close my eyes...
To visualize,
Those images from your lips!

Dedicated:
'To Those I Have Not Met or Seen'

My friends in:
India
England
Australia

Africa
Japan
Philippines
Hawaii
Ireland
Iran and Iraq
Saudia Arabia
United Arab Emirates
And...right 'here' in the United States of America.

'I thank you and The Almighty...
For providing this outlet to keep us united
through our collective writings we share,
discuss. And rate...ugh! lol

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Those Who Profess The Right To Ignore

If providing military service is so honorable,
Why are there so many veterans homeless?
Why are the bulk of them unemployed?
Why aren't these men and women given preferences?
And why have many of our 'heros' become annoyed?
Especially after proving a patriotic loyalty...
To those who profess the right to ignore,
Our soldiers plight to fight blight on their own shores.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Those Young And Full Of Innocence

To those young and full of innocence...
Where are you?
Have you kept your youthfulness,
Unblemished?
Can I believe you are still naïve...
Living a life with moralistic needs?
Have you been tainted by an overwhelming theft,
That has left you with a need to feed greed?
And then in pretense you attempt to hide,
Your misdeeds!
I pray and wish...
A few have not dismissed honesty.

To those young and full of innocence...
Where are you?
There are a few of us around,
Who have not lost wholesomeness to disrespect.
There are still some of us,
Who have hope and faith we have kept.
And hopefully there are more,
Who are wishing you do not ignore...
Your pride and dignity.
Without you...
There are none to produce more.
And that would be pathetic!
Adding to what is now,
An epidemic of apatheticness.
That has already arrested...
And molested our seeds.
With indignities successfully over decades,
Planted!

To those young and full of innocence...
Where are you?
Have you kept your youthfulness,
Unblemished?
Can I believe you are still naïve...
Living a life with moralistic needs?
Have you been tainted by an overwhelming theft,

That has left you with a need to feed greed?
I pray and wish...
A few have not dismissed honesty.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Trap Unsuspecting Flies

People only listen,
When their ears are prepared to hear.
And their minds are ready to receive,
Useful and needed information...
Without interfering with misinformed signals.

Prior to that...
Their mouths are open,
For the most part...
To eat on treats and to trap,
Unsuspecting flies!

And lies?
Well...
There is a process called maturity,
That eliminates the encouragement...
For them to be told with innocent eyes.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Trip And Stumble

It matters not to me,
Where you believe I come from.
Or where my next steps are placed,
On a path I take...
Through a host of judgements passed,
To trip and stumble to the ground...
With only my pride and integrity to grasp.

I am the first one to admit,
I have no wish to be perfect.
Or rush to conceal mistakes I have made.
My faith is much too strong,
Than anyone's critique focused on my wrongs.
As I am observed standing tall once again,
After experiencing scraped knees to expose I can grin.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Understand What It Is You Don'T

I am not going to understand,
What it is you don't.
Or conveniently wont.

I've been walking on my own path too long.
To experience the rights and wrongs with doubts.
With a making of mistakes to correct them.
And the consequences I had to pay...
No one anonymous,
Appeared from nowhere to volunteer...
They would do it to eliminate my fears.
And those obstacles that suddenly appeared,
Did not ask if I was qualified to face them.

I am not going to understand,
What it is you don't.
Or conveniently wont.

No one has ever taken my hand to hold,
With a proving to show...
They could or would protect me from insults.
Nor was I shown a safe haven to stay,
While I watched from the sidelines...
As they sought with a doing to fight my battles.
And the armor I've been taught to wear,
Has etched on it many names I have been called.

And you 'think' I should be the one to understand,
Where it is you are coming from?
With a listening intently AND with patience done?
You've been giving your undivided attention,
To those who ran and continue to run.
While they skipped over responsibilities,
To leave you to believe I enjoyed that stuff dumped on me.

I never desired to abandon you.
I left to live my own life.
And 'that' you will never understand.
I left to live my own life.

To do it to experience and not to comprehend,
Who you accuse that ran away...
When I was forced on my own feet to stand.

I am not going to understand,
What it is you don't.
Or conveniently wont.
Why should I?
When I have been denied that consideration.
To only hear you say and often,
Who it was that made my life so easy to live.
They must have hidden disguised in trees.
Because on the path I walked...
Just my footsteps were placed with faith I still keep.
And God remains as my witness to this!

I am not going to understand,
What it is you don't.
Or conveniently wont.
You are the one making claims to be a 'Christian'.
I don't.
Or conveniently wont.
And you should not make claims to then put blame,
On others who keep in practice those actions...
You claim are the same but find them to fault.

I am not going to understand,
What it is you don't.
Or conveniently wont.
And I hope one day this becomes clear...
To be understood!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Undo What It Was That Should Have Been

Reform?
Is that similar to rebirth?
Or re-defining what is?

And if that is the case...
Those who now suggest,
A redefining of things to reform...
To do to get things done,
Will need to re-address themselves,
With amnesia.

To undo what it was that should have been,
Those without a conscious intentionally did...
To enable a reform to do that is defined with a doing.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Unlock And To Knock Out

Who really...
Has the key.
And, who really...
Believes with positivity,
Kept that's released.
Today with times confusing minds who really,
Has the key...
To open all the doors to boot out all of the grief.

Packed on backs until they crack,
Are bearers of grief.
Holding on and moanin' begging for some relief.

With shoulders hunched they can't stand up,
Are bearers of grief.
Just-a holding on and moanin' begging for some relief.

Again, who really,
Has the key...
To open all the doors to boot out all of the grief.

And they keep their hold on hope that somethin',
Gives them relief.
To free them from grief.
Oh yes they keep their hold on hope that somethin',
Gives them relief.
To free them from grief.
But who has the key!
To unlock and to knock out all the grief to defeat.

Packed on backs until they crack,
Are bearers of grief.
Holding on and moanin' begging for some relief.

With shoulders hunched they can't stand up,
Are bearers of grief.
Just-a holding on and moanin' begging for some relief.

Again, who really,

Has the key...
To open all the doors to boot out all of the grief.
To unlock and to knock out.
To unlock and to knock out.
To unlock and to knock out all the grief to defeat.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Upgrade Mediocrity

There will never be a true reflection,
Of what can be accomplished to be achieved.
As long as school teachers are tampering,
With low test scores of slower students.
And those behind the scenes unseen,
Find ways to upgrade mediocrity all over the place...
With ratings to award those of so-so talents,
To promote their plagiaristic ways with visibility...
As a fudging is done to do as they please,
To keep hidden self doubt and other insecurities.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Uphold A Facilitation Of Rhetoric

Too many had made a case,
Too make haste much too late.
And now they scatter...
To escape from crevices hidden,
To shield embarrassment...
Shown on their faces.

Snacking like mice...
And smacking on the remnants,
Of free cheese once liked.
With few pieces left to feed,
Those in abundant need.
And in speeches those who leech...
Has chosen one amongst them,
To move forward to speak:

'My fellow crumb snatchers...
To uphold a facilitation of rhetoric so enjoyed,
In a sustaining ongoing deceit we employed.
We must sneak away from those we leave in darkness.
To harken upon these times,
Now in disarray...
Producing the utmost of disgrace on display!

And to acknowledge our delusions,
To be self evident.
In the declining hours of our failed policies.
As we proceed to vacate this disaster.'

So...
In other words,
You are looking for a quick exit?
With a bigger excuse...
To back away from what you've done,
And run?

'Oh no no no.
Absolutely not!
And with continuous lies...

We hope you will soon forget as soon as they are heard.
What we do seek,
However...
Is an acceptible way,
For you to digest a reality we formulate...
To leave you feeling not used but appreciated.
That has always been on our agenda to initiate!
We want to keep it real.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Uproot With A Moving Somewhere Else

I thought it foolish that I should move,
To find success or expect an acceptance.
Especially when I had the confidence,
In my choice to do what I did at my best,
Could and woudn't be better expressed...
If in another environment I selected.
Or become more impressive,
To those believing they should approve.
I knew too early I was not the one stupid,
To do what I did to prove others to be fools...
To uproot with a moving somewhere else just to do.
When inside of anyone they are born with the tools.
And wherever they go those same tools can be used.
It just depends on which ones are picked.
With a determination to remain devoted and not to quit.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Use The Best Excuse

Children are expected to use,
The best excuse...
For a misdeed done.
Caught by someone.

But one grown will deny,
Being caught in a lie known.
With more to tell.
Attempting to hide what is shown.

A child may not admit the truth to do.
From a fear of a punishment to get.
But someone grown who should know better,
Will insist they have been victimized.
And not by lies on others told.
But by someone else who holds,
A reason to find fault...
With anything 'innocently' done,
They did with a consciousness not meant to do.
And they should, like others,
Be granted forgiveness and empathy too.

A child may not admit the truth to do.
From a fear of a punishment to get.
But someone grown who should know better,
Will insist they have been victimized.
Although 'several' are familiar,
With their many deceptions tried.

Children are expected to use,
The best excuse...
For a misdeed done.
Caught by someone.

But one grown will deny,
Being caught in a lie known.
With more to tell.
Attempting to hide what is shown.
To do with tears that quickly disappear.

The moment they have convinced,
They have been picked upon without reason.
And no one appears to protect them,
Or their 'innocence' with a defense.

'Everyone else accepts me for who I am.'

~And maybe those who do,
Refuse to accept themselves as liars too.
With a choosing to use the best excuse.
To deny 'also' the telling of the truth to de-value.
Not only its importance,
But the purpose and meaning...
Of its once kept effectiveness.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Value The Blessing

Bewitched quick.
By a ticking of a clock,
Heard to grow louder.

And the speeding of it seems,
To emphasize the days one ages...
From one stage to another.

Leaving time one takes to procrastinate,
A waste.
As an awakening to aches and pains felt,
To ignore to value the blessing of life lived...
To accomplish something done,
Yet still enabling one to do.

Bewitched quick.
By a ticking of a clock,
Heard to grow louder.

One can sit to listen and reminisce.
Or decide to experience,
More life in the pursuit of it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Value Things To Chase

To value things to chase,
Seems such a waste of life.
And this becomes realized,
Once those things chased...
Become less important,
To run after 'if' one can still...
Remember the doing of this!
OR can move,
From a self inflicted confinement.

And the waste of time to live life,
As one would like to do basically...
Eventually becomes regretted.
With wishes they had lived life...
Not in attempts to convice someone,
OR anyone they could impress...
With the getting of attention.

'If I had the time and energy to do those things,
I really wanted to do...
I would do them.'

I've heard that so many times before,
Form those who had the time and energy.
But wasted both complaining,
About what they didn't have and 'who' undeserving did.

'You don't understand.'

You are right!
And I'm not giving you the time,
To hear you reminisce about the swiftness of life.
With wishes of wanting to waste 'my' time as you'd like.
And call that whatever you choose.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Wake Up In A Time Where There Is Love

*'When will there be a time to love? '
Stevie Wonder wants to know.

No one arrived here,
Without the making of love.
Whomever disputes this...
To present it opposed and suspiciously denied,
Has more than denial on their unbelieving minds.
They also have a limited point of view and life,
Lived!

The time to give and manifest love is now.
Even if the acceptance of it is regarded as art.
Love has to start,
To be shown and expressed.
With the elimination of every disorder manmade,
On Earth reversed.
To witness the glowing of pride.
And thirsting to be released from mental stagnation.

'When will there be a time to love? '
Stevie Wonder wants to know.

And so do I.
I want to feel and know what it is like,
To wake up in a time where there is love.
Without the persistent wishes of an imagination.
I have got to witness this!

Note:
*'When Will There Be A Time To Love'
is a 'wonder'ful composition performed,
produced and written...
By Stevie Wonder

'Thank you, Stevie'
~lsp~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Want With Wishes It More Lived

May no day you've left behind you,
To want with wishes it more lived.
And make this day,
You've been blessed to witness...
Begin with you to say,
'Thank You for this gift you've given me.'

May each day the Sun arises,
Comes to you with dreams you've wished.
And may you notice them as yours,
To receive with gratefulness felt to feel.
With a hearing yourself express,
'Thank You for yet another day given to me.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Welcome What I Don'T Do

This I don't do...
Revisit old playgrounds.
Or regret that I have left them,
To adventure, explore and experience life...
With a purpose to mature.

And learn I did to endure,
The criticisms of those who had not.
This I have done,
To welcome what I don't do to forget...
Whatever it was I wanted to recapture.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To What Degree Will A Rating Achieve?

I've read your 'work'.
And I think you are great.
But there is a dilemma.
You wish from me,
To select a rate.

And I ask myself,
'Is it easier for me,
Than it is to rate?
And on what scale of approval,
Do I show I appreciate?

Do I give what I've read...
A 5?
Or 10?
Or...
Perhaps an 8?
And...
If I don't rate at all,
Will this choice irritate?

I've read your 'work'.
And I think you are great.
But there is a dilemma.
You wish from me,
To select a rate.

Is saying you are 'great' not enough,
From me.
And to what degree,
Will a rating achieve?

Will you still produce your greatness?
Or...
Will you leave this activity.
To find one that appeases your ego to please?

Or...
Do you seek an approval and acceptance,

To express from YOUR heart...
I neither feel or see.
Or can say I have experienced from your point of view.

What will a rating from me,
Prove and do for you?
A success you wish to be,
Outwardly and not internally from yourself expressed?

Perhaps I am getting too 'old' to Get It!
I once believed what one loved was self motivating.
But today...
Many are blinded by stars in their eyes.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To What Extent?

To what extent?
Does an intended pain inflicted,
Comes to end a bitterness felt?
To never subside that hurt inside.

To what extent do deliberate acts,
Of innuendos and assumptions...
Create the basis for one to fight back?
After wounds have been healed and eyes dried.

To what extent and purpose,
Are conflicts needlessly started not to relent...
For reasons begun without a trace of facts.
Or a use of common sense involved in that.

And to what extent is fear sold to sell,
When the investment spent in the time doing this...
Could have prevented the heating hiding yet dwells,
That swells and grows into an unforgiving hell.

To what extent are those seeking to convince,
Others have circumvented an accountability...
And a responsibility unshown yet by them meant,
But an immaturity known and accepted to condone...
Has made blaming someone else a much easier task.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To What Is It Being Compared?

How can the best of one's craft be determined?
And to what is it being compared?
Or what it takes that initiates a motivation,
With a change to move in another direction?

And who is it that witnesses one that adventures...
To then say which way,
One who pioneers should go...
With a facing of obstacles that have not been cleared.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Whatever That Is Sustaining Your Thoughts

To whatever that is sustaining your thoughts.
And whatever your beliefs are that has brought you here...
To experience 'your' life as it is.
Ask of 'It' to lift you from conflict.
If conflicts have been married to your thoughts.
You can divorce from whatever it is you wish.
If you so choose.
Like the decision to wear your hair as is.
Or your selection of dress.
Address whatever that is with honesty.
If in doing this you feel victimized...
You are not understanding your life.
So how do you expect anyone else,
To provide your happiness.
When you have no clue what that is!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Who Or Whom Would It Be Known

When there is no sign of integrity around,
What is the point of announcing it missing?
And to who or whom would it be known,
If nowhere on the scene any of it is shown?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Whom Does It Benefit

No one's steps taken to achieve,
Are done without many lessons to learn.
And some to repeat with no getting of sleep.
With many times sacrificing food to eat.
With tears to weep a plenty.

'Oh comeon, please. Stop being so dramatic.'

Success wanted with a wish,
Takes more than the thinking of it.
And those who discover a fame to gain,
With their names engraved in frames to proclaim...
To show and expose to boost their egos,
And unable to let that ego go...
Find out too late what others have found,
One with a displayed ego...
They would rather not be around.

'You have fame.
Maybe not the fortune.'

Go ahead, rub it in.

'No. Seriously though,
Why aren't you making your success to others known? '

Why?
So others can decide,
My success to achieve was fed on ego?
And not some painful rollercoaster ride?
I already know those with egos.
But to whom does it benefit,
If I flaunt what I've done to get nothing out of it.
Nothing that makes me feel more accomplished.
You have no idea the cost I paid,
Without giving up my soul to those evil.

'But you are,
Famous.

You should share how that was done.'

Oh.
With a crawling on my knees.
Enduring misdeeds.
Drying tears cried after being deceived,
By those I thought close in relationships.
Only to find out with other folks,
They were hugging and kissing...
And being 'more' passionate.
My success to get took many lessons to learn.
With reality to face and my own forgiveness to earn.

'Well...
Whether you want to admit it or not,
It seems to me you were the one to benefit.
And 'now' I can understand,
Those lessons you were taught...
Wouldn't allow you to feed an ego.
An ego would have had you committing many sins.

That's what I'm saying.

'No. That's what I said.
And I'm glad with me you shared your story.
It sounds like mine.
But I thank God I'm not devoted,
To achieving that kind of success.
I would find other ways to get your mess off my chest.
With less patience.'

That's why I keep any success I've achieved,
To myself.

'I hear you.
Because I would have been much more dramatic.
And found myself performing in prison.
Hopefully not for life.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Whom It May Concern

Many need their heros,
To remain depicted...
Brave and not a hint of age.
With them kept fresh.
As they re-visit delusions to fantasize.

Many need to reminisced remembered,
Times when they walked on roads unpaved.
Many deluded wish their exaggerations,
With themselves to embellish...
Being at centerstage to relish,
As something they wish to get and to expect.

And those listening to them to know 'then' when,
Heros made to have today received praise...
Were not the ones creating what they've done,
Awaiting to stand under a spotlight to come.
Or crave an attention to them given,
Like those who received it...
From others who discovered and became surprised,
They were quietly sacrificing...
And not seeking the limelight to heighten and disguise,
Deeds done to do and deliver.

'You did 'what' and 'when'? '

~I don't remember 'every' single detail.
But I do 'recall'...
Being instrumental and the motivation behind,
His rise to achieve fame and success.~

'But why is it,
Every letter you say he has written personally to you...
And you have shown us to view,
Clearly opens to say and to you address...
'To Whom It May Concern'.'

~That's how thoughtful a person he is.
You see...

Our close relationship had been very unique.
Intimate and privately kept.~

'Well...
Go ahead and read to us what the letter says.'

~I can't.
I wont subject myself to being disloyal.
And besides...
It's too personal to reveal.
I just wanted you to know...
Who thinks of me as their inspiration.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Whom This May Concern

You trying to be my best friend...
Again?
Emailing me information,
I don't need.
Or attempting to feed my curiousity?
After not hearing from you...
In decades it seems.

Did I 'assume' you kicked me to the curb?
Or were your words...
'I don't want to have nuthin to do with you,
'EVER! '
Hit a nerve?

You trying to be my best friend...
Again?
When I remembered the last call I made to you,
You pretended not to know me.
Or my name.
Changing your voice!
And claiming...
I had called a wrong number.

I've got 'your' number!
I'll consider responding to your email...
Addressed to,
To Whom This May Concern.

You trying to be my best friend...
Again?
Emailing me information,
I don't need.
Or attempting to feed my curiousity?
After not hearing from you...
In decades it seems.

And you 'had' to have done some research.
Since I no longer use,
Blast O' Fantasticness@kissmyaspirations.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Who's Benefit Does This Advantage

Are we born and destined to be idiots?
Is there a switch that clicks off in our heads,
When an opportunity to do something correct...
Makes us challenge that direction.
To do something obviously stupid.
Do we subconsciously wish,
To depict ourselves as fools?
Is that it?

Depending on how it is presented,
No one accepts a truth uncovered to be revealed.
The moment it is shown it is immediately denied.
People will lie with a straight face...
While everyone around is laughing loudly,
And wiping tears from their eyes.

This behavior is expected from a comedian.
But a 'stand up liar'?
And one who habitually does it?
And to who's benefit does this advantage?
When a people have no respect for themselves...
Who will express a guilt for not showing it to them?
Few might.
Those with eyes open wouldn't consider it.

Are we born and destined to be idiots?
Is there a switch that clicks off in our heads,
When an opportunity to do something correct...
Makes us challenge that direction.
To do something obviously stupid.
Do we subconsciously wish,
To depict ourselves as fools?
Is that it?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Who's Benefit Is It

Lies lived,
Throughout decades and generations...
Of them being heard or told to listen.
Does not make them come true.

If fact,
Truth is traumatic and does not come to empathize,
A hiding.
Truth when it is accepted opens eyes wide.
To comprehend and not defend,
The creation of myths devalued.

Once lies lived have been uncovered for what that is...
Holding grudges and bitterness may be done.
But to who's benefit is it,
To insist lies told still exist when none of them,
Bought, sold or can be held like jello...
Can be connected to anything solid.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Wish To End Their Conflicts

Evil people seek confrontation.
With those they chose,
To choose to pick.
Only to wish to end their conflicts,
They began with them started...
To depict the ones they have offended,
As being vindictive unable to forgive.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Witness And Not Imagine It

So fortunate and blessed I've been,
To witness and not imagine it...
Six weeks of isolation to endure,
After being diagnosed...
Of having a life threatening illness.
And in a five month period,
I healed to recover from this.

God is good and all the time.
And I became more appreciative,
With a faith to keep in my mind.
To find that taking chances,
Has more than enhanced my life.

And listen less I also do,
To those making excuses...
For themselves as if this proves,
A faking to relate to my experiences...
Is no different than witnessing,
What I did to live.
And had gone through.

'You're not the only one,
To have lived through...
A life threatening experience.
With a recovering done,
To not be so sensitive about it.'

I know.
But what I have learned from those,
Who have done it to do...
More respectful they are to others.
With a showing an appreciation to them too.
Maybe one day this you will comprehend.
To leave your pretentions no longer defended.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Witness One's Achievements

To witness one's achievements,
Being received and greeted.
Can be compared to being treated,
With a sip of cool fresh Spring water.
After a drought has been endured.

The taste of it just can not be described.
And the benefits of it one can not deny.
One who tries and accomplishes,
Knows the feeling inside of this.
A good deed done has come to be acknowledged.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Witness, Learn And Grow

I need not mention,
Those amongst the feeble...
Growing increasingly irritated,
By the light that shines...
Bright,
Upon their decreasing...
Places of darkness.

I need not mention,
To emphasis with wider eyes...
Freed from the limitation of manipulation,
How clear the horizon...
Appears in cloudless skies.

I am only obligated,
To witness, learn and grow.
And all that I know,
From my own experiences...
Needs less to be mentioned.
But more to become aware,
Of those blessings I have been given.
With a learning to express gratitude.
That's all I need to do.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To Write

Inspired by thoughts!
Sometimes you bring them...
To join the ones I have sought!
Many times I sit,
With an emptiness I admit.
Without any thinking,
To disturb a peace...
My mind is in!
But when inspiration,
Comes to fascinate my attention...
I consider it a delight,
Composing something to write.
Like a bite that nourishes,
To satisfy...
A sustained appetite!
And share this inspiration...
To connect with others,
With similar insights.
Delivering what we do...
In a way that feels,
True to us and right!
And for me this is therapy...
A cost effective solution,
With a budget that is fixed...
And absolutely tight!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To You

To you...
You know where and who you are!
You are in India,
England
Africa
And other places sparkling far.
You are in Ireland
Germany
Australia...
And the Philippines.
In Isreal
Russia
Iraq and Iran...
And so many places I have not seen!
China and France...
North and South Korea.
Japan
Taiwan and Guam.
And my wishes carry beyond!
East Coast
West Coast
The North and South of America...
To places I have gone!
Jamaica, The Virgin Islands
Haiti and Cuba too!
There is so many of us alike,
We argue and fight,
Just like family members do!
We all know that is true.
And to those I did not mention...
Believe me I know you are there!
To you and the others which I did refer by name...
I just want to say to you and you alone,
Without you here it would be so very clear...
Where we now live,
Would not be the same!
No matter how you look, speak...
Or seek to acquire fame.
And to you I want it known,

That love expressed inside of us...
Came from One Entity!
And 'that' we all can claim!
To you this life was given to live.
And for you it comes to be as it is...
A life to be lived and given to maintain,
To you!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

To You I Can Only Give

To you I can only give.
What you do with my giving,
Is entirely up to you.
Once I give I refuse,
To make your decisions too!
I am not confused as to what I is I do.
Nor is that the purpose of my giving.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Toasted, Numbed And Roasted

You want to play hopscotch?
That's fine with me.
I'll take a shot of that scotch.
With peppermint schnapps,
And a can of beer.
I've learned that a playing with you,
Requires I need more than a buzz.
I need to be toasted, numbed and roasted.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Toasting With Cocktails

Say what you will,
But words plastered
Upon a damaged dike...
Will not contain a flushing storm,
Exposing the weakness
Of a foundation flawed.
No matter who says it is fortified,
To resist constant pounding...
Someone is going to feel the affects,
Of not putting words into action!
Accept those who are toasting with cocktails,
Ignoring the calls for help!
And too inebriated to distinguish between sounds
Of screams and their own laughter!
Believing they have been drenched by a massive martini,
Filled to the brim with floating olives...
And intoxicated with merriment descending upon them.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Today And Not Yesterday

It's not difficult to keep,
One or two steps ahead...
Of those refusing to leave,
The 1950's.
Or stopping to overhear conversations wishing,
Better education for undisciplined kids.
Showing less respect than their parents did.

It's not difficult to keep,
One's mind focused and motivated.
When there are people living in environments,
Dedicated to stagnation.
And refusing to admit a commitment to pettiness.
Or a lack of shown awareness,
That a negativity that exists they have permitted.

It's not difficult to keep on a path directed,
One has selected.
With a doing each day that isn't neglected.
Or live in a past others can't leave to last.
As long as one accepts not to expect,
What it is one does should not be spent...
In the seeking to waste time to convince anyone,
That 'today' and not yesterday is the NOW to live.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Today As I Reflect Upon My Blessed Life

I have been tested and criticized,
By the best.
And have had obstacles placed,
Directly in front of my own footsteps.

I've lived in a project!
And was still compared to suburbanites.
Some folks I am related to,
Didn't speak to me...
Because they believed I thought I was 'white'.
So foolish are those with that insight.

Today as I reflect upon my blessed life...
I realize how blind many are,
Choosing darkness over a vision of lighted sight.
And I thank God day and night,
For allowing me to witness His gift!
Without feeling compelled to be limited,
To pressures of isolated ignorance that exist!

There is so much to be grateful for.
Each day I recognize this more and more!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Today At My Age

Today at my age...
You may call me anything you choose.
And I will still regard that as a compliment.

At this stage of the game...
To be given any attention,
I find that to be remarkable.

Who knew I would feel this way?
When I was in my early twenties...
Everyday I thought I needed to seek praise.

And today...
At my age,
An insult heard that is spoken...
And is tossed my way?
I automatically know,
Someone has taken the time to do it.
And I thank them for their efforts made.

'What are you?
Some kind of a fool? '

Apparently not just any kind,
Or you would not have taken your time...
To notice.

'Huh?
What? '

You have made my day!
You are a breath of fresh motivation.
Thank you.

'And you are...
OH,
Nevermind! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Today I Care

At one time I cared less,
About your thoughts.
And how they were expressed.
I was too busy collecting 'things'
Believing they would bring me a happiness.

At one time I perceived,
My needs were different than yours.
I thought of life as a contest...
And doing whatever I could to win,
Regardless of any suffering you did...
Behind 'your' closed doors.

That was a problem 'you' had,
I chose to ignore.

At one time I thought myself better than most,
If I had a college degree.
Afterall, so many didn't!
And I was getting 'mine'...
With very-little-sleep,
Indeed.

Any sacrifice committed I did,
Was done then for selfish reasons.
There was something I wanted to prove.
And selecting those I wished to please.
That is what I then did do!

I had corrupted thoughts.
Brought about by ego.
I had corrupted thoughts.
That would glorify my name.
And I was not above shame!
I had corrupted thoughts.
Not criminal but close.
I had corrupted thoughts I chose...
To drive a nice car and wear fine clothes.

Petty I know.
But I needed then to boast!

At one time I cared less,
About your thoughts.
And how they were expressed.
I was too busy collecting 'things'
Believing they would bring me a happiness.

At one time I perceived,
My needs were different than yours.
I thought of life as a contest...
And doing whatever I could to win,
Regardless of any suffering you did...
Behind 'your' closed doors.

But today I care about you more than ever.
Feeling us connected...
In a 'together' seperateness.
Today I care about you more than ever.
Both of us have been blessed,
Not to live it to impress.
But to be grateful for life as it is!
And that should be expressed.
To leave God to do the rest,
At His best!

At one time I cared less,
About your thoughts.
Your needs and your feelings.
Until I awakened to realize...
They were my own!
And 'that' God has shown.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Today I Clearly Understand

I have been blessed with several talents,
I could have earned a dollar from.
And drove around in a Bentley...
To park in front of my home in Baldwin Hills.
And leading a life free of paying the usual bills.

Many an argument I had with God.
Who sought to block my temptation to greed.
'You will do as I say!
Not as you please.' God would say over and over,
To me.

And today I clearly understand,
Why God selected me to write...
With a communication done that fits His will.
In a giving I can now appreciate.
As a value is placed not too many can duplicate.

Earning and obtaining a higher consciousness.
With a witnessing of the power of God.
And a stress free mentality...
That lets God do what God does best.
Realizing God protects those who addresses His wishes 'First'.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Today I Do Not Stand Alone

Please,
I need no praises of platitudes from you.
I am just a basic man...
Encouraged by a mission,
That enforces me to take a stand.
And those who know my feelings are deep,
Have encouraged me to be the man I am.

I have never found my path taken,
Cleared free of debris.
I've witnessed obstacles laying upon it...
I thought impossible to free.

I am not stranger to heartache.
Or those emotions that have gone out of my control.
I've been approached by folks,
Who didn't know me at all...
But felt it okay to test me and provoke.

With faith I rid myself of doubts.
And today I am in constant prayer.
I know the truth about what love is!
And blessed I am to have those in my life...
Who are quick with me with theirs to share.

Please,
I need no praises of platitudes from you.
I am just a basic man...
Encouraged by a mission,
That enforces me to take a stand.
And those who know my feelings are deep
Have encouraged me to be the man I am.
I need no praises or platitudes,
To do what it is I am expected to do.

And if I was seeking an easy way out,
I'd be silent like the others...
With not a word you would hear,
Expressed publicly to come out of my mouth.

And on those stages I am glad to say,
Today I do not stand alone!

I am not a seeker to make speeches.
With an eye for open debate!
I desire to teach to leave lessons learned,
Some I hope are understood...
With a comprehension sacrifices have been made.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Today I Felt It Safe

Today I felt it safe,
And knew it was okay...
To fall in love all over again.

Today I felt it safe,
To unlock the gate...
And welcomed those feelings again.

When I once had a shattered heart...
I ran to protect,
My emotions I had left.

Today I felt it safe,
And knew it was okay...
To fall in love all over again.

Today I felt it safe,
To unlock the gate...
To welcome back those feelings again.

When I sat in shadows to cry...
I did my best to hide,
Inside what I denied.

And just today I felt it safe,
And knew it was okay...
To fall in love all over again.

I then told friends who were so relieved.
They did not want to see me,
Grieve my life away...
Everyday.

And just today I felt it safe,
And knew it was okay...
To fall in love all over again.

And gone is pretending,
I have no needs.

Or wishes and dreams...
I want to let begin,
Again!

Today I felt it safe,
And knew it was okay...
To fall in love all over again.

Today I felt it safe,
To unlock the gate...
To welcome back those feelings again.
And I am hopeful with you they will not end!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Today I Had To Forgive Myself (My Life Is Meant To Be Lived)

I saw something I had never seen before,
Once I looked beyond my own sorrows.
I lifted my head and saw an open door.
A light was shining through,
To show me tomorrow.
With promises I once wished,
But had not pursued.

I lived with a stagnation...
That came and overstayed,
A temporary reservation...
I made when feeling down,
And knocked out!
Drugged on self debasement.
Feeling nothing could replace...
This empty space within me.

And I knew then...
If I was to walk through that door,
Today I had to forgive myself...
And not let my burdens feel too welcomed.
As I had done countless times before.
Tossing my pain and self doubt about!

They could stay for as long as they wanted!
And entertain grief that came to visit.
But I had no intentions to remain with them,
Sustaining their attention or their comfort.
I kept deep within to repeat again and again.
A hollow search I felt had no end.

My life is meant to be lived.
Not to sit and forget to refresh my perceptions.
My life is meant to be lived.
And when I made up my mind,
I knew I would find...
A release of darkness that would diminish.

Once I allowed my guilt to deplenish,
I prepared to say goodbye to despair!
Knowing to leave that behind me to become fully aware...
My life is meant to be lived.
My life is meant to be lived.
My life...
Is meant to be lived.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Today I Know 'Them' And 'They'

As a child I believed I had an understanding,
As to who 'them' and 'they' were.
To me it was then obvious,
Who would be suppressors of my attempted success.

And as an adult who has aged,
With an attempt to make a difference...
As I faced those obstacles 'them' and 'they' created,
To make those tasks on my path more difficult to pass.
I came to realize who 'them' and 'they' had been.
Standing in everyone's way to delay any progress made,
With every conceivable deceit and whim to dish as wished.
And today I know 'them' and 'they'...
As the neighborhood naysayers.
Doing their best to prevent anyone's progress.

Well...
Not anyone's.
They still have their picks.
And a pride that services their ignorance.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Today I Understand This Perfectly

I use to think it selfish for those of peace of mind,
To have little time to give to others.
But 'today'...
I understand this perfectly.

For one to sacrificially give of themselves to others,
Only to be left disrespected?
As another's druthers...
NO!
This is not right.

No one should give of themselves that way,
For the sake of humiliation.
That is a price, ultimately, forgotten one has paid.
And only God knows,
Whether or not such a deed has been worth it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Today Is Not A Time For Procrastination

Remember those opportunities that came to stare?
But delayed and not taken...
In belief they would stay and not go anywhere?
Waiting until you located them there?
Well...
They seem to have found a place to go.

And whoever you listened to,
Who said it is never too late...
I would contemplate in correcting them.
OR...
You can remain in the comfort of your hesitation.

Either way,
Today is not a time for procrastination.
Since opportunities are no longer seeking to be discovered.
Or are they patiently hoping folks recover from their hallucinations.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Today Like Tomorrow

Today like tomorrow,
And days to follow after that...
Why do many spend more interest,
In things that use to be to discuss?
And found they are,
Unwilling to let go to give that up.

More are overheard listening to others,
Talk about the past.
As if time lived and that time they had,
Leaves more of it for them to 'have'.

Too many have found their comfort,
In remaining confined and locked in times...
With their minds to them fixed.
As if time lived and that time they had,
Leaves more of it for them to 'have'.

Today like tomorrow,
And days to follow after that...
Is more gratifying,
Than making attempts to backtrack.
And those who believe to perceive time waits,
Are the ones living to procrastinate.
To find for themselves eventually...
TOO LATE to do what one has wanted,
Has come to go yet they stay surprised.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Today No Comprehension Comes

My tomorrow,
Will come to me to exist.
And will become your yesterday...
I have already visited.

Today no comprehension comes.
The 'now' that should be lived...
Isn't done by everyone.
Some choose to sit,
And reminisce the past.
With hopes to grasp from time gone...
Something that will last,
To hold onto forever.
And forever is a myth.
Like wishing to breathe life...
Into that which has moved on!

But my tomorrow,
Will come to me to exist.
And will become your yesterday...
I have already visited.
That's why you think of me as a drifter.
And I must admit...
It would be useless to argue,
With you.
Since your point of view,
Is one I have left behind.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Today Not Too Many Are Interested

If I should dare to be so creative,
I would first set out for my mind to seek...
That place not offended by my attempts.
And I felt my efforts appreciated,
By those equally ambitious...
With feelings felt just as deep.

If I should dare to be so innovative,
With a doing of it in an environment.
My motivation would be inspired by others,
Who accepted and not reject...
What a reaching to explore,
And what adventure meant.

If I should dare with a daring to be done,
And everyone else did the same as if obligated...
I would be a participant with others who participated,
In the doing of their best to bring benefit to the rest.
But today not too many are interested,
In leaving their procrastinations to imitate and impress.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Today People Aren'T So Patient

Remember when a self loathing,
And feelings of defeat...
Were attention getting empathy grabbers?
And someone would approach with eyes dancing,
To convince that life was such a joy to live.
Do you remember being lifted from your woes like that?
By such genuine caring.

I hope those days are long gone for you.
I wouldn't try that 'woe-is-me' stuff today!
People are not so patient.
Today...
Any expression of feeling down and out,
Just may be enough incentive...
For someone to help you both find a quick way to end it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Today With Faith

If I had committed my efforts,
To pretend I was without doubt or fear...
All my attempts would have been,
Pretentiously and with intent...
To seek excuses made,
As I hesitated to face obstacles.
With a leaving of my efforts to explain away,
To others awaiting to embrace my fears.
And I allowed myself too many times in the past,
Listening to others who gave up on their tasks...
Because of the unknown.

And one day it occurred to me,
As I listened to those claiming to be faithful.
With a knowing of God wished them to do.
And as I listened to those claiming to be faithful,
To pray to God no one yet 'said' to have met...
How faithful could they be?
If they allowed fear to stop their steps?
How faithful could they be?
If their faith is not tested?

If I had committed my efforts,
To pretend I was without doubt or fear...
All my attempts would have been,
Pretentiously and with intent...
To seek excuses made,
As I hesitated to face obstacles.

Today with faith,
I fear no obstacles in my way.
Today with kept faith,
I can not say all my doubts have been chased away!
But I can say with faith to keep and stay,
I think less of what 'may' or may not happen.
To experience whatever it is.
With it believed what is not shown to me,
Is not unknown to God.

'What is it that you have that you keep everyday? '

Kept faith!

'What is it that you have tested everyday? '

Kept faith.

'What is it that you have you know will stay? '

Kept faith.

'What is it that you have you know wont fade? '

Kept faith.

'And...
What is it that you think about and with it craved? '

Kept faith.

'And...
What is it that you think about and with it craved? '

Kept faith.

'And...
What is it that you think about and with it craved? '

Kept faith.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Today You Guys Are Just Going To Have To Wait

At times I feel,
I provoke the ghosts...
Of my ancestors.
Especially when I know,
I am not at my best!
And rest I'd rather get.
Than to impress with those gifts,
From which I did get,
As a result of my ancestors blood and sweat.

Never did I wish,
To sit...
In the taking for granted,
Of those I represent and miss.

But I do admit,
A feeling I provoke...
The wishes of my ancestors.
Those ghosts within me that make visits.
Awaiting impatiently to do...
Not what I want.
But what they insist!

'Today you guys are just going to have to wait,
And sit.
I am tired.
I need rest.
And rest I am going to get! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Today... A Raised Eyebrow Is Praised

When does an obscenity achieve,
Acceptance status?
There was a time years ago...
A saving of a cuss word to use,
As one's last attempt to offend...
Would begin an intentional argument.

Today...
Children says these words,
To befriend and endear themselves...
To one another.
With a 'mother' this...
And a 'mother' that,
To then pat each other on the back.

I remember when a raised eyebrow,
Meant someone did something that was not allowed.
Today...
A raised eyebrow is praised,
With an applauding done given to someone...
Who has successfully healed from a recent facelift.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Today... The Thought Of You Disgust Me To Tears

You are just not worthy,
Of my love and loyalty.
You dismiss my attempts,
To be totally devoted...
As something owed.
As if I was born to be attracted to you.
And you,
Happened to have been doing charity work.
With a decision you made to do me a favor.

You are just not worthy,
Of my patience I give with blind tolerance.
Others tried to convince me,
I made it too easy for you to use and abuse...
My inability to stop loving you.
Others tried to convince me,
You did nothing for me but treat me like a fool.

But the fool made in this scenerio is Y-O-U.
And you've proven that is if proud to announce it.
Well...
There is nothing left for you to announce.
No integrity left for you to save.
I use to think of you as being bold and brave.
Honest to a fault and inspiring.
Today...
The thought of you disgust me to tears.

Any picture I have of you,
Sitting high on a pedestal in my mind...
I seek to medicate to have you removed.
Anything to get me to feel I am cleansed.
The thought of ever being near you,
Embraced in a nakedness, exposed to show truth...
Has left me feeling cheap and dirty!
You disgust me to tears.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Today... The Thought Of You Disgust Me To Tears

You are just not worthy,
Of my love and loyalty.
You dismiss my attempts,
To be totally devoted...
As something owed.
As if I was born to be attracted to you.
And you,
Happened to have been doing charity work.
With a decision you made to do me a favor.

You are just not worthy,
Of my patience I give with blind tolerance.
Others tried to convince me,
I made it too easy for you to use and abuse...
My inability to stop loving you.
Others tried to convince me,
You did nothing for me but treat me like a fool.

But the fool made in this scenerio is Y-O-U.
And you've proven that is if proud to announce it.
Well...
There is nothing left for you to announce.
No integrity left for you to save.
I use to think of you as being bold and brave.
Honest to a fault and inspiring.
Today...
The thought of you disgust me to tears.

Any picture I have of you,
Sitting high on a pedestal in my mind...
I seek to medicate to have you removed.
Anything to get me to feel I am cleansed.
The thought of ever being near you,
Embraced in a nakedness, exposed to show truth...
Has left me feeling cheap and dirty!
You disgust me to tears.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Today...I Get It

I use to be offended,
By those overdosed with self importance.
And captivated within their delusions.
As if to protect that which is respected.

Today...
I get it.

I use to let their critique of my efforts upset.
But I have come to realize,
Everyone has a right to find something valued.
With a need to inspect its quality.

Today...
I get it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Today...The Kids Make The Demands

I am not going to say,
One of my three sisters and I...
Were model children growing up.
Although we were told,
We had faces of angels.
And upon hearing those say this,
My mother would smile knowing...
Angels? No!

Whenever my mother disciplined us,
She would describe in detail...
What was about to happen.
And 'then' sent us out looking for a good 'switch'.
Meaning? Pick a nice twig off of a bush outside.
Clean it of its leaves...
And bring it to her to inspect before she whipped us,
For not doing what we were told to do in the first place.
Confusing but so effective!

I agree,
There were moments of contradictions and dysfunctions...
When applying my mother's punishments to our misdeeds,
However...
We did not question or argue.
AND 'if' I should raise my eyebrow as if to disagree...
Just the doing of it would deliver that switch to my behind.
My mother did not play when she told us to do as she said.
The only thing that bothered me was her crying after whipping us.

Today...
The kids make the demands.
And not a tear to dropp from their eyes.
Today...
Kids will call 911 to report child abuse.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Today's Presentation Of Negativity

Today's presentation of negativity,
Is no longer a field trip...
Taken by those curious,
To visit those living in destitution...
In those designated urban areas.
Guaranteed to deliver the sight of blight.

Today,
Those limited field trips...
Seem to be negative realities,
Shared by those,
Once believing themselves to be unaffected.
Or at least protected,
By declaring their rights to be entitled...
To view.
But not feel the anguish.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Today's Teenage Youth

Gutsy with a bit of motsy tongue tarts lipped.
Today's teenage youth,
Will say and choose the most outlandish,
Explanations...
For their 'accepted' activities.

'Dad...
I need the keys for your car.'

*You wrecked your mother's car,
Just last week.*

'That had nothing to do with you.
I never drank beer or smoked weed in your car.
And besides,
I passed the police roadside test.
And you didn't say a word about being proud of me.
Uncle Louie was the only one! '

*Well...
Borrow your Uncle Louie's car.*

'And put gas in it too?
No way! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Today's Tolerance For Decay

Be you one of caution,
When a flaring temper goes off.
The fumes of it...
Will and can spit foam,
To venomize.

Be weary of those,
Who make light of your life...
With childish pranks to provoke.
Innocently they will make claims,
Their actions to defame was just for fun.

Be you one of caution,
When a flaring temper goes off.
The fumes of it...
Will and can spit foam,
To venomize.

And this they will do,
After one who has professed an innocence...
Realizes those who are adults,
Are not seeking children to play with.

And children not understanding this,
Must be punished.
Or they will miss the gravity of their actions.
And missing the gravity of their actions,
Has resulted in today's tolerance for decay.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Toeing To Toe

Did you leave your cookie cutter,
Near that boiling pot?
And it got too hot,
To get your cookies baked to taste.

Did you leave your cookie cutter,
Near that boiling pot?
Now you think you should stop...
Concentrating on your need,
For sweets.

But if you wanna,
You can still whip up...
A cool mint 'coolah-tah'.
Or have some green tea with me.
I'm having crackers and cheese.

And if you wanna,
You can still whip up...
That cool mint 'coolah-tah'.
Add some snuggled hugging....
With your toe to my toes touch too!

Did you leave your cookie cutter,
Near that boiling pot?
And it got too hot,
To get your cookies baked to taste.

Did you leave your cookie cutter,
Near that boiling pot?
Now you think you should stop...
Concentrating on your need,
For sweets.

So if you wanna,
You can still whip up...
A cool mint 'coolah-tah'.
And do some toe to toe with me.

That's if you wanna,
Do some toeing to toe...
With me.
If you wanna,
Do some toeing to toe with me.
That's if you wanna,
Do some toeing to toe...
With me.
If you wanna,
Do some toeing to toe with me.
That's if you wanna,
Do some toeing to toe...
With me!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Toes

Have you come to notice the toes.
And how what they come to do,
Is mostly done undercover.

And they do such a terrific job.
With the least amount of recognition.

Until a corn or two...
Decides to go into conference with a bunion.
Slowing footsteps and making knees to bend.
With eventual respect and attention given.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Together As Proof

It would be nice to have somebody right,
Unlike someone else some might know...
Or claim they knew.
I'm seeking someone special.

It would be awesomely magical,
To find those eyes upon me glued.
And I would know it's love.
I would know it...
Since it would be shown.

It would be nice to have somebody right,
Unlike someone else some might know...
Or claim they knew.
I'm seeking someone special.
Who knows I am special too!
And be together as proof.

It would be awesomely magical,
To find those eyes upon me glued.
And I would know it's love.
I would know it...
Since it would be shown.

I would know it...
Since it would be known.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Together We Are Here To Know Love

With your every pore,
I want you to touch...
And absorb my essence.
To feel the presence of my being.

I want with you to share,
And dare to live life to explore it.
Without the asking if I give to receive,
When together we are here to know love.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Together With Those Approving It

If you are not sure what you are looking for...
What makes you think you are going to find it,
Stumbling through life?
If you can not identify what it is that makes you tick...
Why get on someone else's nerves,
Putting up with something you haven't dealt with?

There are many who blame others for what is not right,
In a world uptight!
Everyone is looking for solutions to 'quick fix'!
But few are willing to sit down to admit...
Pulling tricks out of a hat to create magic,
May be great for amusements...
To 'shock and awe' those who sit!

But this doesn't cure a search for purpose,
Or heal those in disturbing conflicts!
Because they find in their minds this is okay....
And gather together with those approving it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Told Not To Believe What They See

Whose to know what reality is?
When so many have been relying upon it,
To be told by those considered to be influential...
And seeking to remain impressive,
Keep changing their opinions...
To convince themselves,
With each version of it to be re-written...
Leaves elements of it that could be true.
And if they are the experts who are selected,
Then who would disagree on the contents?
Although many who have seen,
Unidentified flying objects in the sky...
Have been told not to believe what they see.

'Did you just see what I saw? '

~No.
Since my doctor convinced me to change my diet,
I refuse to see anything I've been told does not exist.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Told Something No One Should Say

I remember when I was dating!
This revelation should expose one thing...
I take a pride in my memory!

Well...
Anyway,
I remember when I 'was' dating...
I had gone out a couple of times,
With someone I regarded as 'special'.
And...
I was told something no one should say,
Not to someone you are trying to impress...
With an ultimate 'capture'.

I don't care if it's on the top of your tongue.
Bite it!
Do not say...
'I am going to make you love me.'

Whoa...
Did I just hear that?
Did I just hear someone say...
They are going to 'make' me do something?
My own 'mama' couldn't do that.
Okay?

I don't care if it's on the top of your tongue.
Bite it!
Do not say...
'I am going to make you love me.'
OR...
Anything that remotely sounds like imprisonment,
With a monitoring done.
And 24 hour surveillance.

'Excuse me...
I'll be right back.
I have to use the restroom.'

Do you know what that does?
With good intentions or not meant?
That says subconsciously to a mind...
In a 'Wishing To Be In A Relationship' mode,
To run.
Get up quick...
Without a word to say.
Split!
Just run away.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Told To Go To A Heated Place

People are crazed.
And don't know what they want.

They want the government out of their lives.
And yet they want to be protected from terrorists.
As well as those they know,
Who are revealed to be thieves.
Their next door neighbors...
Who have committed petty crimes.
The ones who drive Benzes and Mercedes.

They wish not to pay another tax.
But expect free this and that...
And become angered,
When they spend their last dime.
Wasted on craps.
And other casino traps.

No second best!
They want to be better than the rest.
They want to build and show progress.
They want their stores stocked like packed nests.
They want to dress and stop breaths...
Because they want to look so good!
Moisturized, tanned and...
Buffed.

And they want to pocket huge dollars for doing,
Less than they should.
ALL...
Delivered by the Good Witch from the East,
Glenda!
Remember her from the Wizard of Oz?
Glenda?
The one who promised Dorothy,
If she really wanted...
She could and 'would' get back to Kansas.
Or get that which her heart truly desired.
Just with the clicking of her pumped and Rubied heels.

Three times.
And...
That's all it would take!

'Please let me get back to a credit A rating!
Please let me get back to a credit A rating!
Please let me get back to a credit A rating! '

People are crazed.
And don't know what they want.

They want also to be the first to occupy 'Space'.
You know...
Outer Space?
With much of that 'inner' space between their ears vacant.

They want the government out of their lives.
Day and night,
Loudly they make this clear.
But want their interests protected by those they elect...
Done.
And 'stunned' by the cost,
To maintain their exorbitant delusions.

And those who confront them...
Are told to go to a heated place!
And while there,
To kiss where the Sun does not shine!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Told To Tell (Sold To Sell)

Everyday given to live,
Is a day left to leave...
As an experience lived to accept,
A discovery adventured...
That enlightens and connects,
To a truth to witness one reflects.

And everyday one lives,
To accept a truth to be observed as is...
With a consciousness enlightened,
Should make one's living of life to do...
Less dishonest.
And living with this honesty to expect.

Yet...
Everyday left to live for many,
Is done to reminisce missed opportunities...
Wished to have lived,
Without doubts tossed and kicked about.
Or a seeking as some do to frequently visit,
A life lived on lies to validate their denials.
Comfortably told to tell,
To have them sold to sell well and with pride...
Everyday with them to live from others hidden.

Everyday given to live,
Is a day left to leave...
As an experience lived to accept,
A discovery adventured...
That enlightens and connects,
To a truth to witness one reflects.
But many fear truth as a threat to reject.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Tolerance That Comes To Sit With Patience

A tolerance that comes to sit with patience,
For those awakening to realize...
Their lives lived had been mostly disguised,
By a fantasized reality...
Is not easy to accept these days,
When truth as is descends to become rejected.

Experiencing the removing of obstacles from sight,
To still confront those still overdosed and posing...
With their delusions intact,
Becomes a daily task when visions begin to clear.
Especially for the ones done with playing games.
And have decided to live without the wearing of masks.

A tolerance that comes to sit with patience,
For those awakening to realize...
Their lives lived had been mostly disguised,
By a fantasized reality...
Is not easy to accept these days,
When truth as is descends to become rejected.
But stays to become effective to correct and upset.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Tolerated For What It Is

A sickness condoned,
Becomes a disease...
Too difficult to explain to cure or rid.
And tolerated for what it is,
It becomes an epidemic...
That numbs those who become,
Too addicted to the illness,
To acknowledge its destruction.
All effected in acceptance,
Eventually become humored by it!
And it sits destroying,
As it inflicts!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Tomorrow Is Another Day

Whatever has been done...
Learn to forgive it.
Learn to forget it,
Cause...
Tomorrow is another day.

Whatever has been done...
Learn to forgive it.
Learn to forget it,
Cause...
Tomorrow is another day.

Nobody is born perfect.
Learn to forgive it.
Learn to forget it,
Cause...
Everybody has their fits.
Learn to forgive it.
Learn to forget it,
Cause...
Tomorrow is another day.

Not one of us has all the answers.
Learn to forgive this.
Learn to forget this,
Cause...
Opinions everyone gives.
Learn to forgive this.
Learn to forget this,
Cause...
Tomorrow is another day.

Whatever to you that comes,
With a doing to you that's done...
Just know you're not the only one,
Trying not to go...
Postal or ballistic.
Keep it realistic,
Cause...

Tomorrow is another day.

Nobody is born perfect.
Learn to forgive it.
Learn to forget it,
Cause...
Everybody has their fits.
Learn to forgive it.
Learn to forget it,
Cause...
Nobody has all answers.
Learn to forgive this.
Learn to forget this,
Cause...
Opinions everyone gives.
Learn to forgive this.
Learn to forget this,
Cause...
Whatever to you that comes,
With a doing to you that's done...
Just know you're not the only one,
Trying not to go...
Postal or ballistic.
Keep it realistic,
Cause...
Tomorrow is another day.
Keep it remembered...
Tomorrow is another day.
Keep it remembered...
Tomorrow is another day!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Tone Of Delivery And Attitude

'Why do we continue to be plagued,
By such heartbreak today? '

Hmmm...
Let's see.
Could it be kept delusion?
What about deception, fraud and hypocrisy?
Then again self-indulgence with a touch of pretense,
Could inspire those with mindsets...
Not to accept they have a preference for ignorance.
But then again laziness and a lack of discipline,
With an advocating to solicit disrespect...
Chosen over self-evaluation everyone neglects,
Has a major affect that leaves one with mental defects.

'Why do you persist to see 'everything'...
From such a negative point of view?
Why can't you be positive? '

You are right.
I agree.
Positively speaking...
Perhaps we continue to be plagued,
By such heartbreak today...
Is due to all of us being deluded.
And...
What about deception, fraud and hypocrisy?
Then again self-indulgence with a touch of pretense,
Could inspire those with mindsets...
Not to accept they have a preference for ignorance.
But then again laziness and a lack of discipline,
With an advocating to solicit disrespect...
Chosen over self-evaluation everyone neglects,
Has a major affect that leaves one with mental defects.

'That's better?
Remember...
It's all about tone of delivery and attitude.
Without that...

Reality will 'always' be rejected.
You know...
Add a bit of sugar and spice.'

To keep everything nice.
Right?

'You've got it.
Upsetting those unconscious never achieves the desired results.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Tongue Butcherings

I've never thought of it endearing,
To undermine someone else.
With an assassination done to defame...
Is a sickness that should not be welcomed.

But those who do this to themselves,
See this as a comradery.
And those tongue butcherings shared...
Are accustomed activities to prove they care!

It's all a sick inflicted illness taught.
And accepted by those,
Who have an absence of dignity...
That has been 'freed' of a sense of identity!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Tongues And Lips Twisted

Tongues and lips twisted.
While minds are blinded to world events.
As folks complain about the government,
Being too much in their lives.
When the government is their life.
Just as much as they condone...
The lies of politicians and priests.
All living to expose age old deceits.
And the people are expected to believe in them,
Faithfully?

If the 'Price Is Right'...
Those surviving lives lived in 'Jeopardy'
May get an opportunity,
To spin the 'Wheel of Fortune'.
Or spend a lifetime in a 'Family Feud'...
Discussing with 'Dr. Phil' their point of view.
After listening to 'Oprah'
Who seems to have survived...
Every crisis known experienced by human beings.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Tons Of Excess Everyday Is Thrown Away

What is all the fuss about?
It can not be over oil.
Gushing it does freely from the Gulf.
Millions of barrels is the estimate of it.

What is all the fuss about?
Shortages of resources of what?
Deceits or beliefs?
Hoodwinks or just blatant lies?

What is all the fuss about?
A financial crisis?
Why is this perception allowed to exist?
Who and which group is the benefactor of this?
When tons of excess everyday is thrown away!

Even in Zimbabwe,
They are washing the dirt off dollar bills...
And hanging them out to dry!
Try taking a head of cabbage,
From a garbage bin behind a supermarket chain...
And you will go to jail without fail.

Tons of 'perceived' excess everyday is thrown away!
Even in Zimbabwe,
They are washing the dirt off dollar bills...
And hanging them out to dry!

'May I have two fools, please!
Oh?
There is a sale?
I'll have a dozen!
No...
Make that three dozen.
And a bushel of idiots.
Oh?
You're giving them away?
This must be my lucky day! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Too Addicting Of A Wasteful Mission

We can only become as great,
As the roots we acknowledge...
And keep nourished.
With a wholesome pride uniting.

We must stop any rot that occurs.
Correct its decay with attention given.
If we continue to dismiss it,
To encourage a segment of it to bloom...
With a hope that all is kept prospered,
The feeding of the whole of it will not succeed...
As should be.
And ultimately failure becomes a noticeable entity.
Leaving ambitions to die!

We can not afford this,
To become an indulging curiosity...
Allowed.
Nor admitted.
It is too addicting of a wasteful mission.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Too Amused

Relying on me to have compassion?
Perhaps with a dash of empathy...
Garnished with medallions of sympathy.
And served potluck on a buffet of love?

For your loss of possessions you obsessessed...
Reflecting none of the aggressiveness achieved,
During your climb towards 'success'.
I can only remember those times,
You found my struggles humorous at best.
With a touch of defamation to my name,
You slandered with such happiness!

Were you counting on me...
To breakdown my defenses,
To dispense pitifully dipped misery?
In an obvious dismay of an array of emotions,
Mentally displayed.
You must have relied on me being that way?
Did you?

How tough do you think I am?
I ask myself that sometimes!
I think that's a good question...
Since I have no idea,
How to make it clearer to you
I am not the one to pursue to destroy.
For fun...
And/or curiousities inflicted done.
Since the only reason
I am not annoyed...
Could be,
I am too amused!
And that is the feeling you supply,
I must enjoy witnessing...
Watching you cry,
Without the slightest feeling.

I suppose this too shall pass!

Like the sound of your laughter has!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Too Bad

The troubles you've caused now on you sit.
Too bad.
Too bad.
And everyone of them you committed.
Too bad.
Too bad.
With a causing them you can't admit.
Too bad.
Too bad.

Your eyes now weep.
Too bad.
You can not sleep.
Too bad.
You want to blame somebody else
but on you people peep!
Too bad.
Too bad.

On you...
All your sadness begins!
Too bad.
Too bad.

Your eyes now weep.
Too bad.
You can not sleep.
Too bad.
You want to blame somebody else
but on you people peep!
Too bad.
Too bad.

The troubles you've caused
now on you sit.
Too bad.
Too bad.
And everyone of them
you committed.

Too bad.
Too bad.
With a causing them
you can't admit.
Too bad.
Too bad.

On you...
All your sadness begins!
Too bad.
Too bad.

Your eyes now weep.
Too bad.
You can not sleep.
Too bad.
You want to blame
somebody else
but on you people peep!
Too bad.
Too bad.

You want to blame somebody else
but on you people peep!
Too bad.
Too bad.
You want to blame somebody else
but on you people peep!
Too bad.
Too bad.
Too bad.
Too bad.

On you...
All your sadness begins!
Too bad.
Too bad.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Too Bad We Can Not Cease Our Addictions

Under steeples in pews praying,
Are the people of faith deep in their wishes...
With eyes closed tightly,
As the preacher peeks silently...
While cobwebs drop,
Slowly,
From ceilings high.

Some are seen uneasy freeing inhabitions.
As symbols are squeezed,
Or ritually brought to lips to kiss.
With the hope these actions,
Protects them from superstitions.

While many minds are on sipping liquor.
With a mixing of that scotch on the rocks...
To guzzle as if punch or soda pop!

Even in the sacred of places...
It's too bad,
We can not skip the thinking...
Of taking a nip or two,
Of those habits...
Crooks can not loot from us.
Because we wouldn't have it!

'PLEASE...
Do not harm anyone in my family.
And IF I can make a special request...
I will give the combination,
Of the safe where the valuables are kept.
But whatever you do...
Please don't touch my booze.
You have no idea...
What that booze has help me through.'

We keep our addictions,
Protected...
As if guarding Fort Knox!

And when the preacher stops praying...
Some folks are nudged from nods,
To 'a-men' themselves with their heads cocked.
As if overwhelmed by a scripture with a message...
'Too much CAIN will attack any ABLE left,
In one's brain! '

It's too bad we can not cease our addictions.
It's too bad we can't give them to the crooks...
Who prescribe them to keep us hooked.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Too Blind In Their Shadiness

Thieves are only as popular,
As the company they keep.
And when they are swine...
They are cookers of their own goose.
But do they know this?
Are they too blind in their shadiness,
To notice?
And those who are focused upon them run.
After discussions of this in selective forums.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Too Blind To Recognize

Too blind to recognize.
No one really knew,
Who they saw on a regular basis.
And this was not encouraged,
To be expected to accept.
Yet discussing other people,
Was what they did best.
Too blind to recognize.

Too blind to recognize.
Disrespecting was all they knew.
And this they did with a full effect.
No one knew who did what.
Or who had experiences to share,
That would provide benefits all would get.
So no one saw to see to receive opportunities,
They would meet but too blind to recognize.

Too blind to recognize,
Gifts given as a prize!
Gifts given they should pride.

Too blind to recognize,
Gifts given as a prize!
Gifts given they should pride.

Just too blind to recognize.
Just too blind to recognize.
Just too blind to recognize...
Gifts given as a prize!
Gifts given they should pride.
Too blind to recognize.
Just too blind to recognize.
Too blind to recognize.
Just too blind to recognize...
Gifts given as a prize!
Gifts given they should pride.
Too blind to recognize.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Too Blinded By Delusion

If you knew they were going to be hit,
By oncoming traffic...
Why did you not offer to them,
Any assistance?

'I offered.
I even insisted to be dismissed.
Then told I thought I knew everything.
Too blinded by delusion...
When I should learn how to accept the facts.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Too Boundless Is The Universe

Too boundless without a sighted barrier,
Is the universe.
And you expect me to accept,
In agreement...
Your limitations?
I do.
I accept 'your' limitations.

But understand this,
If you can.
Those limits are yours.
However...
Within them,
Do not come looking for me.
I am not seeking to please your comforts.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Too Brave Are Those Orphaned

Too brave are those orphaned by a society.
And unaccustomed to display their fears.
Too brave these days are they not given consideration,
For the challenges they must face.
And unlike others given options to escape.

Too brave are the ones living alone,
To adapt immediately to situations...
Others could not and will not condoned.
Perhaps from a feeling of being trapped,
To accept conditions they wish they could disown.

And too brave are they unspoiled by fantasies.
With a speaking of their minds,
Regardless who opposes and may disagree...
When given an opportunity to be upfront,
And express from their hearts an honesty.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Too Busy

Too busy rushing to get to the next 'high'.
Kept addicted and detached.

To busy too disconnect,
From anything associated with accountability.

Too busy entertaining delusions kept met,
With no regrets of dismissing a seriousness.

Too busy they are protesting,
A reality of life just met and upsets.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Too Busy Finding Hiding Places

Catching my breath...
I came to a stop.
Annoyed with chasing myself
From one fear to another!
From an alibi to a created excuse.
Blaming...
Everyone in the playground of my childhood,
For everything!
For those who swung on swings...
Blocking my way it seemed to the monkey bars.
And the whippings I received for showing attitude,
Without gratitude
My mother use to terrorize my ass!
She wasn't in the mood...
Long before 911,
Became significant on several fronts!

She didn't play!
Not like the parents today,
Who are watched in various playgrounds,
By their children!
As they share playmates.,
And substances laced...
To alterate altercating minds and faces!

Catching my breath...
And running away from my own conflicts,
I came across the 'junction' of my life!
I couldn't turn back the clock...
Or stop time with strife I carried.
No matter how youthful I believed I looked!
That hook that keeps one baited
To avoid a fate of age awaiting!
I had come to the crossroads of self satisfaction,
And a future that beckoned me to be more daring!
With an understanding that deterioration and renewal,
Is a process no one drools upon!
I was not blessed with life to try to figure it out!

I had heard doubts I adopted!
And shouted along with voices I could not stop!

I looked back to see my fears catching up to me!
I decided to move forward on my faith!
I began to pray and meditate on what it was
That made me hesitate so much!
And I 'heard' something within me say,
'I'm glad you slowed down!
You've been afraid of yourself for a long time!
You have been running away from yourself.
Now that this is known....
The unknown should be no challenge!
You have already broken through your roadblock.
No need to revisit obstacles removed on unpaved paths! '

This...
I admit,
Had never crossed my mind!
I was too busy finding hiding places.
Dodging myself at my own expense...
And getting 'hit' by paying the bill too often!
I HAD to learn,
Or smother!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Too Busy In A Loop

Too busy in a loop,
Leaving snoopers for a scoop.
To pour upon a separate root,
To then loosen and use!

Too busy in a loop,
Leaving snoopers for a scoop.
To pour upon a root,
To then loosen and use!

Many busy in this loop have also been used as tools.
Many busy in this loop have also been used as tools.
Many busy in this loop have also been used as tools.
Many busy in this loop have also been...

Too busy in a loop,
Leaving snoopers for a scoop.
To pour upon a root,
To then loosen and use!

Although these loopers keep their cool,
No matter who could lose...
Positions in this loop,
To control...
And rule!

Ma-many busy in this loop have also been used as tools.
Too many busy in this loop have also been used as tools.
So many busy in this loop have also been used as tools.
Many busy in this loop have also been...

Too busy in a loop,
Leaving snoopers for a scoop.
To pour upon a separate root,
To then loosen and use!

But many busy in this loop have also been used as tools.
Ma-many busy in this loop have also been used as tools.
Too many busy in this loop have also been used as tools.

So many busy in this loop have also been used as tools.

Although these loopers keep their cool,
No matter who could lose...
Positions in this loop,
To control...
And rule!

Too many busy in this loop have also been used as tools.
Too many busy in this loop have also been used as tools.
Too many busy in this loop have also been used as tools.
Too many busy in this loop have also been used as tools.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Too Busy In The Process

People have their beliefs.
And that is to be respected.
However...
I have always admired the ones,
Who are able to get good deeds done.
And generally they do not express their beliefs...
With speeches to convince.
Since they are too busy in the process,
Of making progress seen that is concrete.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Too Busy Moving Forward

Not too many deciding to move forward,
Are counting their paces or how long it takes...
To arrive at their destination.
They are too busy moving forward,
To look back to see if impressions are made.

Only those who have chosen to waste their time,
Find they have spent it more concerned...
About the activities of another who achieves success.
And with a doing of it often catching the one focused,
Shocked and surprised by the attention given to get.

'Aw, comeon.
You knew you would get a standing ovation.'

~I did? How? When?
Did I know this 'during' or 'after' my performance?
Forgive me but I was too busy attempting to do my best.
I wish I knew as much as you did about what I've done.
I would not have appeared so stunned.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Too Caught Up In Image

Just too caught up in image.
And what falsely created images represent.
Too caught up are many defending,
A need to disguise perceived blemishes and flaws...
As to not offend those uncomfortable with truth,
While witnessing the rarity of it presented in their faces.
To diminish their fears from truth they get,
In familiar but yet...
Uncontrolled places to astonishing effect.

Too caught in making impressions to inspect.
Ensuring dressed delusions,
Have their correct and proper etiquette accepted.
And much too caught up in the expense and cost,
Of those 'things' people have bought...
To sell and dismiss the precious value of life.
With wishes to keep deceptions kept,
As a reality diluted to make the taking of medications...
Part of what is done for them both day and night.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Too Cheap And Cheesy

I am not a garbage creator.
But I do understand,
Those who have a taste for it
May rate it as great.
To satisfy that taste.

And I am far too original
To substitute what I do,
Just to get a cheap nibble or two.
I offer more to the menu,
From which to choose.

But just to throw together garbage
Is not what I choose to do.
That's too cheap and cheesy.
I am a chef.
Not just another cook on the pursuit.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Too Clear

Why don't I care,
Like you think I should?
Did you just ask me that?

'Perhaps.'

Perhaps the quality of your vagueness,
Got on my last nerve.
And wasting my feelings became too clear.

'Is that your answer? '

To what?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Too Closely Attached To My Ancestors

I am too closely attached to my ancestors,
And heritage with an identity I keep dignified...
To get upset by those unconscious,
With wishes to prove themselves...
Champions of depression.
As if living to win cheers from spectators,
Who amongst them are the best...
At inflicting their own suppressions kept.

I aint into that!
Nor could I care less,
Who says I have forgotten where I come from,
To leave and abandon ambitions to achieve success.

Oh...
I have not forgotten.
Not at all.
None of my ancestors I respect,
Have ever regarded themselves to be subservient.
Not one.
Nor will I appease anyone who believes,
I do not represent effectively their 'cause' to neglect.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Too Comfortable A Passenger

You have come much too late,
To request from me to give to you...
What at one time,
Was thrown back in my face.

It is not that I am embittered.
Those days feeling that way,
From me have gone.
And like the passing of each season,
I'm not the one to linger with wishes,
That any season I might like...
Continues to go on.

That would be too selfish of me,
To believe something will wait...
Until I decided it was time to celebrate,
In the appreciation of it.

You have come much too late,
To request from me to give to you...
What at one time,
Was thrown back in my face.

However I will suggest,
You develop more pro-action...
With a learning to do that at your best.
And accept what to you has been given.
Instead of looking for something to impress.

Since this might eventually,
Address your attempts to catch...
A train that has already left the station.
And I have been made too comfortable a passenger,
To get off to satisfy a going back in time.
Even if that 'was' a possibility.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Too Complex To Explain

A reality from Which,
One sits to see it...
Has that view to exist.
And should not be argued,
If it's depicted...
To be completely legitimate.

Another reality to be different
Depends upon experiences,
One lives to witness.
From a point of view distanced,
And away to explore...
A broadened picture,
Those who sit goes ignored.

Pieces discovered to fit,
Many are not that interested.

Clearer becomes,
One's understanding done.
When listening to comprehend,
Is allowed and permitted.
To have that process begin.

It's not easy to reject,
Learned beliefs to accept.
And yet everyday,
Changed beliefs...
Come to leave some feeling,
They are the ones to have been
Betrayed.

'This picture of reality,
Is just too complex to explain.
That's why no one should...
Make attempts to enforce,
Visions of a reality...
To blame and claim,
Others refuse to see...

What is obviously there.
And can be viewed,
From their window or porch.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Too Complex To Implement

If common sense was a commodity easily purchased,
Would it still be kept overflowing in supply...
As is requested?
But...
Having no demand thought to be effective.
Since the use and need for it,
Seems too complex to implement an acceptance.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Too Conditioned Not To Listen

So difficult it is to prevent a bandwagon,
Filled with story tellers sharing their lies...
And heading towards a cliff.
They either ignore.
Or pretend its presence does not exist.
Since they have not been convinced,
Facts can not be changed to be re-recreated.
And unruffled they remain,
Exaggerating and making false claims.

'You are heading towards a disaster.'
Voices shouting through bullhorns,
Used by those who had once made mistakes.
And have recovered from bad choices,
To realize correcting them they most appreciate.

But still...
Loving the tales told and deceiving themselves,
Made those who rode towards disaster...
Too conditioned not to listen.
Pay attention and/or comprehend,
Truth and its connection to reality.
Or a kept faith to keep not to fake,
A going through the motions to proclaim.
While blaming others they have defamed,
For being the ones to have victimized them.

'You are heading,
Towards a dis...'

~Finally.~

'Finally, what? '

~Stopped. Like the rest of us.
You could have prevented their steps taken,
With a 'bulldozer'.
And they would have stolen it from you.
To climb on it to drive themselves over the cliff.

Just to prove to you,
A doing just to have it done.~

'How stupid can anybody be? '

~That's what we've been trying to tell you.
But NO!
You had to discover that for yourself.
And believe it or not...
Here comes another one.
Filled with folks we may be related to.~

'Geeessssh.
What should 'we' do? '

~I'm going to wave.
You can do whatever you want.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Too Connected To Humanity

Too connected to humanity,
To feel completely free.
Although I am committed,
To have my own peace of mind...
I still find I am happiest,
When near and close to those I love.

Too connected I am to those I care about.
Even those I see on a daily basis I don't know...
I give and show respect I don't in return get.
And yet,
I am not expecting it...
In wishes it to be given.

Too connected to humanity and accepting it.
With each moment lived to express gratefulness.
And to do that with the acknowledgement,
I can only be free to observe and learn.
Not be isolated with a freedom earned...
Yet to become upset,
Since my senses are not satisfied by my yearning...
To be held and touched.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Too Cultured

I seek to scorch your consciousness.
And leave it blistering in heat.
With an unbelieveable sensation endured.
To impress images concealed left within it...
The ones you thought would benefit your rise.
But has left you in depths of debt!

And you can not place the blame on me this time.
I am glad you disqualified me.
And kept me from indulging myself in that!
I am also glad I am one of the few...
You decided not good enough!
Because I was too...
Cultured.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Too Dedicated

They are more affected,
By my success...
With a displaying of their false pretentions,
Than I have earned the right to express...
But don't.
Since I did not achieve any perceived success,
Based upon any acts of pretention.
And I have been too dedicated,
To find the time to flaunt what I've done.
I've been doing and not talking about it.

And...
I am not that distant.
I hear them taking their 'trips'.
Performing without sweat involved.
Or the hours of lost sleep.
And eating when the thought occurs.
It is easy to assume one knows about success,
And what it takes to make it happen.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Too Deep That It Sits Untouched!

Too deep that it sits untouched!
Just inches below the surface...
If an itch was scratched!
And under their feet.
But leap years away,
From those caught up...
In divisions.

And visions growing within them dim...
When the slightest 'light' enclosed inside,
Is trapped!
To allow an ignorance flourished to set in!
Beginning a diminishing,
Swiftly!
Blowing a blind dust to addict and attract,
Until a rusting holds them back!

And that which is considered too deep to touch...
Fades,
Into familiar charading masquerades.
Paraded and chased...
By those barely thriving,
Without lack of insight!
Once glowing bright with promise.
To assist a few who dared to acknowledge...
Just steps away lay the keys,
To unlock their minds from confinement!

Too deep that it sits untouched!
'Underwhelmed' with a persistent stubbornness that insist...
Those gifts within their reach,
Can not be so near.
Unthinkable it is!
And to accept thoughtlessness.

Too deep that it sits untouched.
A treasure chest of 'jewels'
Unearthed.
Unrecognized!

As much as they perceive themselves.
Floating above the surface to mingle unashamed,
Without a purpose...
To rightfully claim what belongs to them to proclaim!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Too Deeply Inflicted To Forget

How can someone undo a bitterness done.
And stung to wound,
Over something assumed.

And what are the thoughts,
Does one have going through their head?
Knowing what has happened...
Will eventually bring another,
Sadness instead.

And when it is discovered a mistake was made.
No apology seems to suit,
An anger that was laid.

A reputation was ruined.
And that was done with intent.
Creating a lifetime of resentment...
That one chooses to now call,
Merely a simple accident!

Well...
Unfortunately,
Some accidents leave scars...
Too deeply inflicted to forget!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Too Difficult To Explain

'Ladies and gentlemen,
May I have your attention.
Thank you.

One of you has boarded this flight...
Accompanied by three dogs,
A bar-b-que grill, fireworks and a case of beer.
HOW you managed to evade our elaborate,
And well attended security system is a mystery.
However...
Try not to detonate 'anything',
Until we land.
Or an embarrassment will be imposed upon us,
That will be too difficult to explain!

We thank you for your co-operation.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Too Down To Earth

Are those wise who are observant,
To question with curiosity...
That which seems disconnected,
But appears to be accepted to affect...
An environment gone unprotected?
Yet...
No one seems to seek answers,
But quick with each other to get upset.
Are those wise who are observant...
Too idealistic?
And can not believe this is what the people wish,
Want and pray to get.

Are those wise who are observant,
To question with curiosity...
Why people are opposed to those,
Who challenge their beliefs?
When clearly those beliefs religiously entrap.
And have led to bloodshed and self hatred baited,
By blinded and confused minds on urban streets.
With many absent of discipline, dignity or identity,
Shown to be proudly relished to be constantly released.
Are those wise who are observant,
Too down to Earth to see minds historically diseased.
And tragically existing to live to feed just on delusions?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Too Easily I Am Wounded

Torned by random runs.
With a direction unspecific.
Split between continuing,
On a path thick.
And ladened with unknown obstacles.

Keeping faith does not make my fears go away.
I pray to limit my steps.
I take deep breaths to correct.
I slow my pace not to waste on hasted regrets,
Too familiar and too long to undo.
To prove I too can be hardened.

Although torn by random runs pursued...
I make sure I stay in shape.
To prevent a complete breakdown,
Of emotions.
I have shakened awake from heartbreak.
Past mistakes I created.
To eventually forgive. Heal and pardon.

I am perhaps too distrusting,
I will invite another.
To allow a discovery...
I am vulnerable.
And I can not escape from it.
Too easily I am wounded.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Too Easy To Get

So many want what they want,
And to get.
Yet...
When asked to give up time to others,
Some protest.

So many want what they want,
And to get.
Yet...
When asked to give up time to others,
They get upset.

Some self-obsessed become possessive,
When easy their wishes are blessed.
And...
Too easy to get are possessions.
Some show a blatant selfishness...
To others with less.

So many want what they want...
And to get.
Yet...
When asked to give up time to others,
Some protest.

So many want what they want,
And to get.
Yet...
When asked to give up time to others,
They get upset.

Some want a reason to do just as they please.
After praying and getting from God.
And...
Some people pray repeatedly to fulfill their needs,
But...
Few will do for others with good deeds.

So many want what they want...

And to get.
Yet,
When asked to give up time to others...
Some protest.
Yet...
Everything they've gotten was from God to get.

Too easy to get are possessions.
And then...
Some show a blatant selfishness.
Yet...
Everything they've gotten was from God to get.
And if it wasn't for God they would not possess.
To prove themselves self-centered and obsessed!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Too Familiar Stitch

There are people everyday,
Who make false claims.
Putting the blame for something done,
On someone else.
To then pretend their complete innocence.

A pattern develops.
And this is witnessed.
With false claims made to damage others...
Eventually admitted.
After a pattern sewn...
Shows a too familiar stitch!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Too Far Down

Many are found too far down,
On the dumbdown list.
And some numbed,
Overwhelmed and stunned...
By the onslaught,
Of current events...
Can not be happier,
That nothing today...
To them makes a bit of sense.
And those who could have,
Prevented all of this craze...
With intellectualized,
And politically correct debates
Have proven...
With their selected etiquette,
That those they have...
Intentionally dumbed down,
Are mentally better qualified.
Than those who have clearly...
Fallen off their rockers!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Too Far Out

Rude they are
The electronic plugged-in kids!
With scholarships to induce us all
With a preview of a future
Some say can not get worse...
But that 'worse' isn't near,
It's already here.
And they will be the ones,
We have left to get things done!
That's frightening.
That's sad!
That should wake up everyone...
When the soaring price to pay for life,
Will get beyond any payment of a tab!
They are 'now' out of control...
Too far out to be punished,
Or scold!
We left those tasks to a government.
That did not treat this investment like gold!

And that rhyming is the result of bad timing!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Too Far To Get Someone

I don't see anything attractive!
Not a thing to keep me busy.
Nothing as a gadget either.
No remote or a sign of a frisbee.
No TV or radio.
Or music played from a stereo?
Not even an instrument or a piece of art,
Hanging around.
This is rather stark!
This moment is profound.
No floral arrangements or magazines...
Nor a clock or a calendar to be found!
And you sent messages to me...
On your PC...
How delighted we would be discovering an 'e-mailed' love!
One meant to be?

But you left out more than one important fact...
You said you had a Tabby cat.
And I can't see why a roach,
Would want to approach this place at night!
Even cats love to play with that.
A mouse or a rat would snore in here!
It's clear some lies have flown.

I might have lied when I said to you...
I was blond and muscular and six feet two!
But you went much too far to get someone,
To join you behind these walls.
For some 'realtime' fun?
I can't believe I fell for this!
And you're no Halle Berry either!
Why didn't you tell me...
You were more like Butterfly McQueen! ?
And I would have found it fit to sing,
On my banjo for this 'visit'!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Too Fearful To Fully Grasp

It is much easier for me,
To be very patience with a child...
Asking questions about life.
Than it is for me to answer,
Those same questions asked...
By one who appears to be an adult.
But has a mind of a child.
And the simple aspects of life,
They have yet to experience.
Or too fearful to fully grasp,
With a faith they claim to have...
To explore and adventure.
A living of life to fake it...
Is difficult to explain,
To anyone seeking how best to live it...
On their terms AND with expectations.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Too Few Alerted To The Severity That Exists

Whose misfortune is being commonly shared?
Behind a pomp and circumstance,
Without self examination being there.
But in delusions spared.

Whose rights are being protected?
And whose has disappeared?

Too many hands on deck are debating this.
With too few alerted to the severity that exists!
It seems as if a seeking of victory persists.
And no one is aware of who among them cares.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Too Few Can See They Are Not Alone

Broken, busted
And collected in debt trouble.
They are the ones who feel the blues.
The say their troubles double.
And they don't know what to do.

Too few can see,
They are not alone.
Too many have known greed.
And this has been shown.

People in need like these,
Are on their own.
And in bitter grieving zones.
With no reprieve,
That comforts or condones.
Woes that have grown to flourish.
And prosper isolated agonies.

Broken, busted
And collected in debt trouble.
They are the ones who feel the blues.
The say their troubles double.
And they don't know what to do.

Too few can see,
They are not alone.
People in need like these,
Are now left on their own.
Pleading for a dieing process,
To be revived artificially...
If a remedy is possible.

And...
Those possibilities,
Are not to be!
None on the horizon,
To patch these wounds,
Temporarily.

More are heard,
Joining.
The droaning in moans.
And finding themselves...
Turning off emotions.
To become cold as stone.

But aroused to heat in protests.

That builds from a simmer,
To boil in a manifested mental illness...
That affects...
An increase of these disturbances.

A society falling to pieces,
In regret.
A society falling to pieces,
In hopelessness.

And a people,
No longer feeling guilty to feel free...
To unleash havoc and blatant hostilities.
With a spreading of seething unrest.
Seen.
To unsettle those,
Still clinging onto slipping comforts.
And addictions to numb.

A multplying of undeniable chaos,
Stirs miseries dispensed.
And the fading presence of any signs of self respect.
Diminishes with attempts.
In a thoughtful retrospect meant,
To appease and curtail resentments.

Heard in the distance,
Are voices ostracized.
Undeterred,
They are to share...
And speak of love.

And a people,
No longer feeling guilty to feel free...
To unleash havoc and blatant hostilities.
With a spreading of seething unrest.
Seen.
To unsettle those,
Still clinging onto slipping comforts.
And addictions to numb.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Too Few In Number

I am not here to pamper your indulgences.
Or change a diaper,
On no one's grown ass.

That needs repeating!

I am not here to pamper your indulgences.
Or change a diaper,
On no one's grown ass.

If you are helpless...
You wont have to ask!
I'll be there.
That is not my point!

I am not here to pamper your indulgences.
Or make light references to these days we live.
There is a seriousness about what takes place today.
And I do not cater or patronize fools...
To entertain to maintain an acceptance of their ignorance.

There is a need for respect and discipline not happening.
And I am going to do my best,
To show respect to those who know what that means.
Since there are too few in number who do!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Too Focused On My Own Business

If one loves what one does...
Nothing will interfere.
The only thing that can stop this desire,
Is amnesia.
And seldom is that permanent.

However...
If one loves what one does...
Be prepared for that person to at times ignore you.
As if you do not exist.
And be happy if you can with this arrangement.
Since persisting in insisting on something else...
Will find the doer eventually dismissed.

I've heard of this happening,
But I've been too focused on my own business...
To pay what others do any attention at all!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Too Giving To My Neighbor

I hear folks saying it.
To know their words are true.
People have gotten fed up,
With 'gimme' attitudes.
And this is very clear,
To see with eyes and open ears.

'I've done enough today for two days.
I've done enough today.
I've done enough today to say,
No one else co-pays.

Too giving to my neighbor,
Of time I can't afford.
And every other week I'm asked for money,
Like I have it stored.
I'm too dedicated to hope.
Too dedicated to faith.
I'm too dedicated to people who can't,
Carry their own weight.'

I hear folks saying it.
To know their words are true.
People have gotten fed up,
With 'gimme' attitudes.

'I'm too dedicated to hope.
Too dedicated to faith.
I'm too dedicated to people who can't,
Carry their own weight.
Too giving to my neighbor,
Of time I can't afford.
And every other week I'm asked for money,
Like I have it stored.'

I hear folks saying it.
Over and over again.
That there is a need for a unity.
With an awaiting to be paid,

From their own brothers and sisters...
For that unity said wanted.
But can't do without funding,
That process to begin.

'I've done enough today for two days.
I've done enough today.
I've done enough today to say,
No one else co-pays.
I'm too dedicated to hope.
Too dedicated to faith.
I'm too dedicated to people who can't,
Carry their own weight.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Too Good Was My Love

Too good was my love for you.
Too good you 'had' to play,
Cloak and dagger games.
Which made no sense...
But you played them just the same.
You wouldn't stop.
Even when I said,
Too much of your mystery...
Would leave our love dead in bed!
That happened!
Too good was my love!
Too good you thought it was there to abuse!
To use as you wish,
Until I lost it for you!
And now that it is gone...
You believe it can be wished back!
Too good was my love for you.
And so was I.
That came from 'me'.
It was just for you.
Why did you think someone else,
Could do for you,
What I could only do!
Too could was my love for you.
It's over.
It's done.
There is no more for you,
It's true.
To leave me confused!
And too good it was then,
Now it has left us both to lose!
Diffused to hunt and scatter.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Too Grateful To Want Time To Stand Still

I've had a wealth of experiences from which to select.
If ever I decide to quit and sit in blissful reminiscing...
I would miss so much!

But like a blooming that is done until the procedure is over...
I have yet to become idled to wish for a pleasant revisit.
And,
I do my best when the opportunity presents itself,
To taste and absorb those moments as they are!
When they come as they do.

With a deep breath I am blessed to inhale.
Exhaling but keeping inside the view.
Moving to explore a mind unleashed.
As other revelations real enough to touch...
Solicits the attention I give!
And I am too grateful to want time to stand still.

Tomorrow sunrise lifts...
As dawn with the dew takes its time to disappear.
And I wish to witness every bit of it as it unfolds!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Too Happy To Fit A Bitterness Into My Schedule

Never once,
Did I suggest, hint or insinuate...
Your way of life and outlook,
Was a prefabrication.
You knew my beliefs were different.
And we did not let that become between us,
As friends.

But of late,
You have become more irate.
And you seem to be annoyed,
I am not expressing disappointment...
That you are struggling,
To keep your head above water.

When I faced obstacles on my chosen path.
You laughed.
Expressing no empathy at all.
In fact,
You and your 'friends'...
Would wine and dine,
And socialize without end.
If fact,
You had more time with them to spend.

You then would ignore my calls,
When I needed your company...
As a friend to another.
To say something to me,
In the support of keeping me from not feeling...
Completely lonely.
And this is what you said...
'You made that bed,
Now lay in it by yourself.'

Well...
You made that bed,
Now lay in it by yourself.
You should be comfortable with those words.

But then,
To them I would add...
~Where are those 'friends'?
The ones you chose over me? ~

Am I harborng a bit of bitterness?
No.
Just stating to you what I know to be true.
I'm too happy to fit a bitterness into my schedule.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Too High And Mighty

Perhaps...
As theories injected often happen.
You're too high and mighty,
To cast a kite to fly.
Or witness the rising of your own balloon.

Perhaps...
From your point of view,
You're too good to row your own boat.
Or float beside it unprovoked.
Who knows what motivates you.

Perhaps you are just too high and mighty,
To accept that you are aloof.
As theories injected often reveal 'some' truths.
And just perhaps you think of yourself,
As being too smoothe.
And just too cool to do what others choose.

And laying on your back,
Being critical of others with judgements passed to attack...
You would rather leave to be discovered,
As not a choice you have made.
But more of an obligation you are committed to.
And will do this as often as you can expose it to be displayed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Too High Of An Expense To Pay

Truth is beginning to occupy a bigger space.
In the heads that have relied too long on deception.
With it discovered that a reception of it to accept,
And welcome...
Is far more cost effective.
Than a paying to sustain and maintain,
A growing to spread...
The painful existence of ignorance.
Too high of an expense to pay for this it is.

Truth is beginning to occupy a bigger space.
In the heads that have relied too long on deception.
And expectations that there will be exceptions,
To a change that is amongst us taking place...
With a having some face while others make reservations,
Enjoying escapes as truth descends...
Around their pretentions with wishing truth for them,
Ends. And it does.
Truth for them ends kept beliefs to delude reality.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Too Honest

Have I 'ever' lied or cheated?
Under what?
Hypnosis?
An array of xrays?
Or as I layed butt naked,
Being probed by doctors...
During periods my health decayed?
And even 'then' what lies could I secretly save?

I am too honest.
And have to invent activities I have yet done.
Because everything about me,
Has been exposed and documented...
Under oath to someone.
Now...
I can not say I haven't been betrayed,
By those extremely creative.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Too Impatient To Earn It

The pretending of being offended,
To convince others...
They too should defend,
What someone else has said about them...
Just to get attention,
Becomes as easy as a child to do...
Who is ignored by older children,
Playing together on the other side of a fence...
Being constantly annoyed,
By a kid who wishes this experience.
But too impatient to earn it.
Or know how maturity effects the growth process.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Too Impatient To Explain The Basics

To those who say,
They have no time to utilize...
That which provides a convenience in their lives.
Are finding a way to say,
They are too lazy to updat their minds.
Will eventually discover they have been left behind,
By those too impatient to explain the basics.

Keep up the pace,
That's all it takes.
And those little things people hold in their hands.
What are they called again?
You know...
Those little things folks hold to their ears,
And talk?
I recently saw that as I walked.

'Cellphones? ? ? '

Wow!
What progress.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Too Incredible To Be Believed

Does a taking an opportunity to escape,
From reality on a daily basis...
Make the effectiveness of it diminish,
As to not to exist?
Within boundaries and set limits?
Or...
Does something else become more prioritized,
Until the wishing for it 'is' that reality...
Given life to breathe and enforced to be believed?
To move what one decides and finds,
In a collective mindset to leave truth behind?

A condoning of a mental illness permits,
The absence of truth and all connected to it.
And those delusioned become increasingly offended.
With a protecting of delusions to keep them valued.
Until truth from one's existence finally disappears.
To allow conflicts to arise as if benefits to them are near.
Regardless of the suffering or who remains living in fear.

'It's unbelievable what's happening.
Too incredible to be believed! '

When?
What is and how?

'The moment I noticed the price of my medications,
Beginning to steadily increase to decrease my dedication.
And now instead of on a daily basis,
My bliss is limited to only two days a week.'

What other drugs are you on?

'DRUGS?
I am not an addict.
What I take are prescriptions!
Prescribe to me by someone certified.
And that is entirely different.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Too Innocent To Defend

It should not matter,
How well a message is written.
Or how eloquent,
The words of it are spoken...
With pleasing to appease,
Those listening to judge...
Grammar used.
And one's emphasis on diction.

Its contents.
And the fact it had been,
Prioritized to be delivered...
Is beyond ratings to evaluate.
Or captivate to awe,
By anyone finding it profound.

It is the message,
And not the messenger...
Intended with its contents,
That is hoped to be understood.
And comprehended,
The way it should.

The messenger to offend,
Seldom ever changes...
The message.
Its purpose.
Or why,
Whether despised or not...
Those who receive it,
Choose to accept or reject...
Its directness.
And too often the messenger,
Is the one accused.
But too innocent to defend,
The contents not meant...
For him or her to understand,
To be left feeling offended!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Too Intensive

Pensive and intensive.
Pensive with intent.
Pensive and intensive.
Pensive with intent.
Pensive and intensive.
Pensive with intent.

Looking for a remedy to refrain,
From being too intensive.
And pensive with intent.

Looking for a remedy to refrain,
From being too intensive.
And pensive with intent.
Yet...
Pensive and intensive
And,
Pensive with intent.
Yet...
Pensive and intensive
And,
Pensive with intent.

Looking for a remedy to refrain,
And knowing there is nothing that one can gain...
By being too intensive.
And pensive with intent.

Looking for a remedy to refrain,
And knowing there is nothing that one can gain...
By being too intensive.
And pensive with intent.

Pensive and intensive.
Pensive with intent.
Pensive and intensive.
Pensive with intent.
Pensive and intensive.
Pensive with intent.

Can't stop,
Being too intensive.
And...
Pensive with intent.

Can't stop,
Being too intensive.
And...
Pensive with intent.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Too Intimidating To Refuse

The best lessons taught to remember and learn,
Are those earned without options to choose...
When a healing done to overcome an ego abused,
One believed they could ignore with it left behind...
To leave and permanently reject to never again face.
But a truth to hear and eventually digest to accept,
Has a way of being too intimidating to refuse.
And truth once revealed is seldom apologetic about it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Too Involved With Self

Yes...I am old fashion,
When it comes to looks!
Looks mean nothing,
If communication doesn't happen.

And those who find 'themselves' attractive,
May be too involved with 'self'...
To hold a decent conversation.
Or may think that chemistry is a subject to avoid.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Too Knowledgeable About Outcomes

What effective measures can be used,
To correct a devastation
By the ones who implemented,
What today everyone is forced to face.

Can one of incompetence self examine?
And if this is the case
Why was the devastation faced,
Not before in the doing stopped in its place?

What effective measures can be used,
To correct a devastation
By the ones who implemented,
What today everyone is forced to face.

If those indeed had wisdom to perceive,
What are they now believing
That can undo what has been achieved?
And under their watch has this happened.

While those insisting a deadend comes,
Are still shunned
To be too knowledgeable about outcomes.
And yet
Can not provide credentials to prove,
The origins of their training deemed unacceptable.

Although observations as they are,
Are dismissed as having no direct affect.
Unless someone can convince with no exceptions,
A scholarly approach has been spent to connect events.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Too Large To Thank God

Take serious those gifts.
And talents you are blessed with.
So many are on a mission to seek payment.
To believe fortune and fame,
Is there to claim as a goal to aim.
With a using their talents and gifts,
As a purpose to get attention.
With no connection felt to the blesssings sent.
Or if there is content or a message within them meant.
They are in it for the money and the taste of the honey.

Take serious those gifts.
And talents you are blessed with.
So many are on a mission to seek payment.
To believe fortune and fame,
Is there to claim as a goal to aim.
And if success to them 'should' come,
They seek more to impress someone else...
Without expressing how blessed they are,
For the talents and gifts they get.
They are in it for the money and the taste of the honey.

And when the money and the taste of the honey is gone,
They attempt to hang on to those impressions they made.
Proving they weren't in it for the gifts or talents blessed with,
But for an ego to massage too large to thank God!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Too Late To Amend An Ending

There use to be folks who lived and believed,
They could create anything...
To have others accept as reality.

If they lied on someone,
And ruined their lives...
That was their reality.

If they stole from anyone,
And said it was theirs...
That too was their reality!

And,
If they said something existed...
Knowing that it was false!
Guess who paid the cost?

And guess who lost...
Everything!
Including their minds.
Leaving 'them' and the amusement parks,
Vacant.
Abandoned.
Forever left behind.

And guess who was observed,
Not faking their heartbreaking?
But this came for them...
Much too late to amend an ending.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Too Late To Compensate For It

Vanity suffers missed opportunities.
It can be compared to one's preference to plastic.
When crystal is available!
But being aware of it may not be known.
A pretense of it is shown.

Even children rarely pay attention to substitutes.
And they rebel the enforcement of it.
Once a truth is nibbled...
More is sought.

The information may be there.
But the presence of it...
Seems to be delivered in uncertainty.
And efforts to shove something of value,
Down folks' throats...
Provokes public scenes.
A falseness is immediately depicted.
And a control is lost!

Ignorance is not bliss.
That rumor should have never been allowed to spread.

When unattended discipline is blown out of proportion...
Expect chaos.
It has already been baited to arrive.
But many in denial are dieting on delusion.
Believing a reality can be sweetened to a preferred taste.
Research occurs.
And statistics are gathered.

To be vain represents a 'missingness' of something.
If something out of the ordinary is viewed as unusual...
And this screams out for help but goes ignored?
With an intention that escalates?
Like a selfishness that stares in one's face?
And more of it goes out of its way to be fed?
With it seen everywhere as a valued standard?
Trouble is not too far behind.

In fact for many it has already climbed over the fence.
Attacking those defenseless.
With hopes to protect themselves,
With the same tired excuses!
And self examinations become offensive.

And from the core of its beginning...
Truth and the reality of it,
Has been so misunderstood,
For what it really is.
And too late to compensate for it!
Or debate it to further irritate those irate.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Too Late To Contemplate The Meaning

Losing sight of how precious,
The living of life is...
Has many now facing as if blinded,
By the glimmer of bling.
And the status it brings to teach their kids,
That possessions to get and impress with...
Is far more important than air is to breathe.

And losing sight of light,
To exchange it for eternal darkness...
With expectations The Creator accepts requests,
From those choosing to undo...
What they consciously received to get,
Has not been yet proven...
There are those selected to be exceptions.

Lessons to learn to comprehend,
Takes a willingness to listen...
And ask questions to pass those tasks that test.
But many with expectations have no patience.
With a living to repeat the same mistakes to make.
To believe a return from disappointing escapes,
Will relieve them from their decisions made.

Decisions now much too late to contemplate,
The meaning...
Of consequences they face that can not be erased.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Too Late To Do

Something known to have had but gone,
With it done to move on for good...
Often leaves one with feelings left,
Sad and regretting mistakes made.
Believing with time they will be corrected.
But time does not wait,
For something too late to do...
With a proving one's stubbornness,
Has been accepted to excuse.

'Oh no.
What could have been corrected years ago,
Can not be excused away...
When all you could have done,
Was to apologize to me that day.'

~But...
With time I have changed.~

'So have I.
Living life to forget,
That which had been kept important...
Has a way of doing it.
With a doing to remove,
Those once prioritized off the list.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Too Late To Replace The Craze

If it was not for a love and preference,
To pride their ignorance to keep...
Many would not have a purpose or reason,
To deny themselves or others...
Opportunities that could be shared.
And with a progress made to recognize,
The abundance of benefits...
This brings to everyone.
But some with mindsets fixed upon greed,
Selfishly...
Will always believe,
What they have kept to themselves...
Increases to never diminish,
Without assistance from anyone else.
And their love and preference to pride,
A kept ignorance to keep...
Eventually welcomes their own self defeat.
To acknowledge it, but...
Too late to replace the craze they have created.

The time will come...
When their eyes will open wide,
To see what they've done.
But...
Too late for the craze.
Too late to reverse,
What they have made.

The time will come...
When their eyes will open wide,
To see what they've done.
But...
Too late for the craze.
Too late to reverse,
What they have made.

The time will come...
When their eyes will open wide,
To see what they've done.

But...
Too late for the craze.
Too late to reverse,
What they have made.
Too late to reverse,
What they have made.
Too late to reverse,
The craze.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Too Late To Replace With Outdated Excuses

When someone chooses to prevent another...
From what is suspected of being done to do,
What is it that they advocate or volunteer...
To eliminate unconsciously what was endeared,
From their own lives they have taken,
Not only for granted...
But did not appreciate to express a gratefulness,
Until the familiarity and the taste of it is gone.
To reject as if useless trash to then sing sad songs.
And too late to replace with outdated excuses made.
Regardless of the regrets expressed and addressed,
With a humming of apologies accompanied by another...
Strumming along on a softly played guitar emoting sincerity.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Too Late, Too Often

As myths go...
So too goes the darkness.
And an enlightened truth emerges!
Scientific, intuitive and evolution discoveries,
Appear to lift the shrouded mists...
For years that plagued and demonized reality!
And now comes the struggle,
For 'them' to recreate...
Other illusions to find an acceptance.
But as always...
They have come too late,
Too often to become effective solutions.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Too Light

You're too light to handle me!
I need someone with backbone.
If that someone is going to call me their own!
Wishy washy folks do nothing for me at all!
I need someone strong.
Someone standing tall!
I need to be held and told when I'm wrong!
I'm seeking someone bold to love...
And enjoy a happiness that is shared very long!
Those afraid of shadows,
And stay away from making mistakes...
Aren't the ones I need around me.
Singing the blues with heartbreaks?
People like that,
I'm trying to shake!
And you're too light weight.
Don't let that bother you!
I'm about truth and honesty...
And a heavyweight I want to meet,
Since I know what that takes...
To make me weak under the sheets!
And you are much too light,
To stir up in me that kind of heat I need!
You're too light to handle me!
I need someone with backbone.
If that someone is going to call me their own!
Wishy washy folks do nothing for me at all!
I need someone strong.
Someone standing tall!
I need to be held and told when I'm wrong!
I'm seeking someone bold to love...
Not someone I can dismiss; push around and shove!
I'm seeking someone bold to love...
And you have no idea how much I want that here!
Nothing against you.
This is what I need for me to come true!
Not someone quick...
And obvious they are avoiding life,
By playing childish mental tricks!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Too Long Diluted To Delude (Fool Status)

When we all stop pretending,
Problems created...
We initiated to bait.
Yet...
Our involvement to start them,
Had been more a coincidence.
And not a wish.
But insist them to debate.
Perhaps this act,
Will be the beginning...
To face,
Too long diluted to delude,
To finally erase.
With the best effective, Solutions made.
To include...
Beliefs we accept to follow.
Without allowing proof,
As to why we do.
Or refuse to answer questions,
That will satisfy...
With a simple reply.

And to say 'because',
Just to have it said.
Should embarrass anyone,
Not seeking fool status.
To leave left perceived,
Thoughts don't come often...
For prolonged visits,
To stay in their head.

Too long diluted to delude,
A fool status.
With it to choose,
A fool status.
And to use,
A fool status.
Proud to walk and with pride.

Too long diluted to delude,
A fool status.
And to choose,
A fool status.
With a pride to walk and talk,
It.
And to prove.

Too long diluted to delude it!
Fool status.
Too long diluted to delude.

Too long diluted to delude it!
Fool status.
Too long diluted to delude.

Too long diluted to delude.

Too long diluted to delude.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Too Long Gone

Big guns shoot and limp off fields.
Mired deep...
In failed ancient philosophies.

Crippled mentalities,
Rush to heal from wounds quick.
With hopes to return to an existence,
Missed.
But too long gone.

Too long.
Too long.
Too long...
In the worship of the wrongs.

Out of minds weakened.
No longer found to be strong!

Too long.
Too long.
Too long...
Gone!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Too Long In Happiness

Did you expect to find me saddened?
Returning as a 'gift' to lift my spirits,
From darkened caverns of despair?
Hoping to build and boost me as your new project...
As you coached me through a narrow tunnel vision!
Something you suspect,
You placed and left there...
By a quick and regretted decision?

You have an expression of shock I witness.
Neither am I bitter...
Nor has hope for me been stopped!
Are you surprised I have no tears to drop?
What are you planning to plot on this 'visit'?

When you left without explanation...
And I saw you unexpectedly,
With a ticket to board a train at the station.
I knew right then you were setting me free!
I admit I was then a bit upset...
But something came over me!
I wasn't angry upon this sight I met!

I saw myself with a life you had stalled.
I chose to heal...
I chose to stand tall.
After bouts with doubts you left.
And after my emotions were torn as I crawled!
Realizing you were the one that had done this all...
I never looked back!
You made me see you were not worth that!
You made it clear you were not my destiny.
That was definitely a 'no no' for me!

Did you expect to find me saddened?
Returning as a 'gift' to lift my spirits,
From darkened caverns of despair?
Hoping to build and boost me as your new project...
As you coached me through a narrow tunnel vision!

Something you suspect,
You placed and left there...
By a quick and regretted decision?

I'll prepare you lunch.
And when you are done...
Disappear.
I wont allow you to smog my fresh atmosphere!
Is it clear...
I have been too long in happiness without you?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Too Long On The Wrong Road

Searching I had been,
Too long on the wrong road.
Hoping my efforts,
Would be witnessed to be seen...
As attempts made,
To please others who noticed.
And from them approval,
I'd get to receive.

That was 'then'.
Not the 'now' in which I live in.
Those days are gone,
When being accepted...
Was a 'fix' I needed to get.

An addict with a self destructive,
Habit.
Too long on the wrong road.
Thinking my dreams to wish and want,
Would appear if I did my best...
First to pass and please,
Whatever the tests I received.

Then one day early morning,
As I watched the dew...
Lift with the dawn to rise.
I realized my dreams to wish,
With them wanted...
Had nothing to do with who believed,
How much I desired them,
To see come true!

Too long on the wrong road.
Following.
I had been.

'Hey?
Hey you!
That's not where we're going.'

I know.
I'll get over it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Too Long There To Be Forgotten

Can't stop from liking what it is I do,
To push aside and deny...
I am a product of its existence.

I've got it as it is piping hot.
And hard to dropp on the spot,
To be easily forgotten.

All day.
All night,
This feeling kept inside of me yearns.
Burning with a churning that smolders.

All day and all night,
Holding on as a belonging.

I've got it as it is piping hot.
And hard to dropp on the spot,
To be easily forgotten.

All day.
All night,
This feeling kept inside of me yearns.
Burning with a churning that smolders.

Can't stop from liking what it is I do,
To push aside and deny...
I am a product of its existence.

And this craving within me remains to stay!
All day.
All night,
Burning with a churning that smolders.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Too Lost In Stalking

Sitting to talk and gawking.
Too lost in stalking...
Dreams to envision.
And wishes wanting seen,
Appearing like crops to harvest
Without implementation,
To witness them started.
Yet...
Viewing to demean,
From fixed seats to choose...
Who it is to pick and accuse,
With negative attitudes...
Which ones are not doing,
What they should.
As they preach from seats,
In depleted neighborhoods.

Too lost in stalking,
The few who toil...
Doing their best not to let,
Crabs in a barrel...
Upset the moving of their steps
To undermine and regret.

Too lost in stalking,
Are those aging while fading...
Youthful appearances disappear.
To claim others 'lucky'...
Shown to have shed,
Not only blood, sweat, tears...
But also their fears,
Of being clawed and wounded...
As evidence to prove,
What they've done...
To get accomplished,
Had been done...
To maneuver through,
The ones who preach from seats.
With expertise.

Are more qualified to see,
Those wanting their wants...
And wished dreams to fulfill,
Stalked until...
The doing is defeated.

'All crabs in this barrel,
Making attempts to escape!
Forget it.'
Say those who propose,
Unity efforts to endeavor.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Too Many Are In The Business Of Others

Too many are in the business of others.
And very few possess a key,
To open any doors.

Too many are in the business of others.
And yet allow themselves to become offended,
When someone makes their own decisions.

Too many are in the business of others,
And not one bill of others do they pay.
Or can offer to make arrangements,
To keep utilities from becoming disconnected.

And yet...
Believe of themselves to be the judge and the jury,
When someone they decide to continue to criticize...
Walks away with nothing to say,
To know that being stressed out by fools...
Is not a life they have prioritized to live.

'I saw you the other day,
And you went out of your way to ignore me.'

~I know you might have told this to others as well.
However...
If it seemed I intentionally did not acknowledge you,
Forgive me for having other things on my mind...
Besides seeking anyone to offend with that purposely done.
Sometimes I have to rush to ensure the key I possess,
To open my door stays that way with no time to socialize.~

Too many are in the business of others.
And not one bill of others do they pay.
Or possess a key to open any doors,
That will benefit or provde opportunity.
But believe of themselves to be the judge AND the jury,
For any decision one should make...
Regardless of who has the time to criticize the process made.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Too Many Bitter

There's just too many bitter.
And...
Bitter as if it's a gift.

There's just too many bitter.
And...
Ready to release it quick.

There's just too many bitter.
And...
Sharing all their bitterness,
With...
Conflict without the benefit.
But...
Keeping it as if it is,
For them...
Beneficial.

There's just too many bitter.
And...
Ready to release this quick.
Yeah,
Many getting bitter.
And...
Sharing all their bitterness,
With...
Conflict without the benefit.
But...
Keeping it as if it is,
For them...
Beneficial.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Too Many Desperate People Far From Calm

Too many enemies,
Defended against!

Too many enemies,
Picked from picket fences.

Too many people,
Offended by the minute.
Who think the laws amended...
Give others right to bend!

Too many people up in arms dropping bombs.
Too many people dropping bomb after bomb...
KABOOM-BOOM!

Too many people up in arms dropping bombs.
Too many people dropping bomb after bomb,
BOOM!

Too many enemies,
Picked from picket fences.
And weakening defenses!

Too many people up in arms dropping bombs.
KABOOM-BOOM!
Too many people dropping bomb after bomb...
BOOM-BOOM.
Too many gloomy people seeking to BOOM!

Too many people up in arms,
Alarmed!
Too many desperate people,
Far from calm.
Too many people feeling they are in harm.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Too Many Downlow Who Are Lowdown

The only thing that upsets me,
About those scandalous allegations...
That involved my sexual preferences,
Minced with spicy homosexuality?
When at times I had wished,
Those rumors to be true!
But sex to me was just sex to do

Especially since my experience with it,
Bored me to tears to want and wish...
Someone would come forward to volunteer,
To show me what it is I am suppose to do.
With a leaving me to feel,
I have gained an expertise...
With the controversy too!

But there are too many downlow,
Who are low down and charading an honesty.
Or a maturity that masquerades.
Like children in a playground who pinch butts...
To then run away as if to be chased.
Or pretend to be righteous,
On bended knees to pray.

'But...
Didn't you have a lover? '

Of course.
I've had two wives too.
And your point is what?
I should be found fooling around,
Like the others with no scruples do?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Too Many Gifted Drift On 'Ifs'

Too many gifted drift on 'ifs'.
Unsatisfied with a life that's missed.
And this is what is reminisced...
When giving up on rhythm and reason!
To stay stuck in ruts they choose to live in.

Too many want to give up just lip.
Sitting to dwell in aging sentiments.
To waste every second someone gives them.
And puffing hot air about nothing!

A swift kick in the rear will motivate.
Rotating stale debates don't renovate.
Procrastinators hesitate in waste.
Initiating simulated movement faked.

Eliminating anything that takes...
Removal of excuses that create headaches.
With a towing of their moans they own!

Too many gifted drift on 'ifs'.
Unsatisfied with a life that's missed.
And this is what is reminisced...
When giving up on rhythm and reason!
To stay stuck in ruts they choose to live in.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Too Many Have Suppressed Their Depressions

Too many have suppressed their depressions.
And had shied away from expressing they are upset.
Protesters seem to be doing their best,
To be civilized with the hiding of their regrets.
With a wish they had not let themselves,
Gather into the streets to protest a greed.
When those homeless and needing to eat,
And a place to sleep...
Should have long ago sent warnings,
How those who are obviously in need...
Could be easily ignored by those who continue,
To feast as if nothing else is noticed.

Too many have suppressed their depressions.
And no longer shy away from expressing they are upset.
Protesters seem to be doing their best,
To be civilized with the hiding of their regrets...
With a wish they had not let themselves,
Gather into the streets to protest a greed.
Believing themselves to be right.
Because they are mostly...
Well,
Fighters for fading entitlements...
That are being erased from their eyesights.

And if this was not happening to them at all,
It would be poverty as usual...
For 'those' people to experience.
You know...
The ones too lazy to get a job.
Or find a decent wage to feed themselves and families.
Under a roof they can afford.
You know...
'Those' people who had never been accepted,
By the whims of 'them' with their selected druthers.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Too Many Others Now Have Done It

Run...
As if you're going to get something done.

'But I'm in need of motivation.
Something to inspire to initiate.'

Run...
Can't you pretend like the others have done?

'No...
I just can't charade any poses.
To do it with no where to go.'

Run...
Why can't you masquerade?

'Too many others have done it.
And there's nothing yet they've done to prove,
But...
Run away!

Too many others have done it.
And they've...
Run away!
Too many others have done it.
And in...
Masquerade
Too many others have done it.
And they've...
Run away!

Run...
As if you're going to get something done.

'But I'm in need of motivation.
Something to inspire to initiate.'

Run...
Can't you pretend like the others have done?

'No...
I can't just charade any poses.
To do it with no where to go.'

Run...
Why can't you masquerade?

'Too many others now have done it.
And there's nothing yet they've done to prove,
But...
Run away!

Too many others now have done it.
And they've...
Run away!
Too many others now have done it.
And in...
Masquerade
Too many others now have done it.
And they've...
Run away!
Too many others now have done it.
Too many others now have done it.
And I'm...
Not that way!
Too many others now have done it.
And I'm...
Not that way!
Too many others now have done it,
Just to...
Run.

Too many others now have done it,
Just to...
Run.

Too many others now have done it,
Just to...
Run away.
To come back wishing they'd stayed.

Too many others now have done it,
Just to...
Come back wishing they'd stayed.

Too many others now have done it,
Just to...
Come back wishing they'd stayed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Too Many Times

Too many times I have heard you crying.
With a sighing done about your life.
And too many times I have held you close,
With a wishing that perhaps I should loosen my hold.

Too many times I felt you committed,
To a doing of nothing as you sat.
And too many times I knew I assisted,
To your addictions that kept you trapped.

Too many times I have felt myself alone.
With a wanting of someone to know this.
And too many times my own needs were left condoned...
Just to be with you to feel no caring for me shown.

Too many times I have heard you crying.
With a sighing done about your life.
And too many times I have held you close,
With a wishing that perhaps I should loosen my hold.
And too many times I don't.
Because I know if I did...
No life would I then live?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Too Many Wanna Do Their 'Thang'

The juvenile approach will be around for awhile.
It's not a fad to leave as had,
No!
The juvenile approach will be around for awhile.
It is the youth that people want pursued.
And to never grow up...
Like grown ups once did,
And were proud to do.

Too many wanna do their 'thang'.
Too many want that 'thang' maintained.
Too many wanna prove to the youth,
They too can bust a move and all night 'hang'...
With a doing of a 'thang' gained to obtain.

The juvenile approach will be around for awhile.
It's not a fad to leave as had,
No!
The juvenile approach will be around for awhile.
It is the youth that people want pursued.
And to never grow up...
Like grown ups once did,
And were proud to do.

Too many wanna do their 'thang'.
Too many want that 'thang' maintained.
Too many wanna prove to the youth,
They too can bust a move and all night 'hang'...
With a doing of a 'thang' gained to obtain.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Too Many Weak On The Streets Seek

Those unaccustomed,
To self-respect...
Feel they have a purpose,
To show much disrespect.

Those unaccustomed,
To a giving of their best...
Believe that some who might do this,
Wish to rise up above the rest.

And they are right,
To want and wish for them success.
And they are right,
To express respect and that to get.
And they are right,
To want and wish for them success.
And they are right,
To express respect and that to get.

Too many weak seek for themselves,
A defeat.
Too many weak on the streets...
Seek,
Self defeating.
And they need...
To see others bleed.
Too many weak on the streets...
Seek,
Self defeating.
And they need...
To see others bleed.

Those unaccustomed,
To a giving of their best...
Believe that some who might do this,
Wish to rise up above the rest.

Too many weak on the streets...
Seek,

Self defeating.
And they need...
To see others bleed.

Too many weak on the streets...
Seek,
A self defeating.
Too many weak on the streets...
Seek,
Others bleed.
Too many weak on the streets...
Seek,
A self defeating.
Too many weak on the streets...
Seek,
Others bleed.
Too many weak on the streets...
Seek,
Less hope.
Too many weak on the streets...
Seek,
Less faith.
Too many weak on the streets...
Seek,
Less opportunity.

Too many weak on the streets...
Seek,
A self defeating.
Too many weak on the streets...
Seek,
Others bleed.
Too many weak on the streets...
Seek,
A self defeating.
Too many weak on the streets...
Seek,
Others bleed.
Too many weak on the streets...
Seek,
Less hope.
And too many weak on the streets...

Seek,
Less faith.
And too many weak on the streets...
Seek,
Less opportunity.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Too Monolithic

If a love for you pursued,
Is considered too monolithic...
With expectations deemed out of reach.
That love one seeks and sought...
Has become for that one,
An internalized defeat...
Immensely heightened by negative speech.

Too monolithic becomes that which is missed.
And too monolithic is that which is wished.
With that switch appearing easy,
Sitting as a chore...
With a feeling too difficult and goes ignored.

One has to,
Stop and dropp off of that bucking high horse.
With a roping in of emotions...
Allowed to go too far off course.
Don't become compelled to control and rule.
Go through those hoops...
Everyone who wishes love eventually goes through.

Too monolithic becomes that which is missed.
Until one sees what comes as a gift.
An arrival of a blessing,
One should permit.
And coming as it does to become accepted as it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Too Much

Too much to know.
Too much that is...
And isn't.

Too much that connects.
And yet remains untouched.
Too much of it sits alone.
To rust and wither away to dust!

Too much stuff that clutters up.
In the corners of the mind.
Within the walls enclosing.
Exposing one to imposing fear!

Too much is here.
To know,
That is...
And isn't there to fulfill!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Too Much A Fool

Have I been over demanding,
With no love I show for you?
Well I...
Have been too much a fool.

Have I been misunderstanding,
And I prove that also too?
Well I...
Have been too much a fool.

There is no rhyme or reason,
Why...
I have been such a fool.

To not believe,
I...
Have been such a fool.

You can bring a horse to water,
But you can't teach it to drink.
And I...
Have been such a big fool.

I admit I can be stubborn,
And too old to learn new tricks!
But I...
Can admit I'm a fool.
Yes you...
Have seen me be a fool,
And stupid.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Too Much Emphasis On This

Too much emphasis has been placed,
On Blackness and this effect...
It has to have left,
The rightness of Whites...
Entitled to fly higher kites.
To leave the rich to shut their doors,
Upon the faces of those poor.
Too much emphasis on this,
Has permitted discrimination to exist.
With one race to be abused by another.
As if the importance of it,
Will keep others confined...
Accepting in their minds limitations.

Too much emphasis on this,
Encourages division and tensions to remain.
As humanity with it defined,
Continues to slip into a darkened abyss.
Too much emphasis on race,
And the difference this makes...
Has erased a greatness to believe it achieved,
Stripped apart by conflicts assisted...
By those with sickened mentalities,
Unified by beliefs...
Their lives to live to do as they choose,
Can be done to do it independently.
Although anyone with their eyes open wide,
Can not deny every aspect of their lives to live...
Is more interdependent,
Than their protesting against it...
Will allow them to admit.

'I don't need them.'
~And we don't need you.~
'But...
Why are you taking 'that' away?
It has always been here.
We demand for it to stay.'
~It's been here so long,

To have you think of it that way.
But check the facts.
Before you demand what is ours,
To believe you can take it back.~
'Uh...
Maybe we have placed,
Too much emphasis on this.'
~No!
'WE' didn't.
You did.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Too Much Emphasis Placed Upon Differences

Employing specifics has joined in the mix.
As too much emphasis placed upon differences,
Has unrattled those saddled high on perches fixed.
As adorned and adored nature's picked ornaments.

But...
With a recognized feeling felt deep in their guts,
More and more are awakening to find reason.
And a purpose to their lives lived never to disrupt.
While observing standards fading and beliefs cemented,
Drifting away from grips slipping quick from a permanence.
To leave images once symbolized making little sense.

Those today once depicted as different and estranged,
Have become suddenly accepted...
But choose to remain distanced.
With a keeping away from conflicts and mental disarray.

Too much time wasted can not be replaced.
Too much emphasis placed upon differences,
Has caused suffering and heartbreak...
That can not simply be chased or from emotions be erased.
Just too many have been shunned with a doing alone to face.
And...
Too many perceived a game played would keep them safe.

Employing specifics has joined in the mix.
As too much emphasis placed upon differences,
Has unrattled those saddled high on perches fixed.
As adorned and adored nature's picked ornaments.

But...
With a recognized feeling felt deep in their guts,
More and more are awakening to find reason.
And a purpose to their lives lived,
While observing standards fading and beliefs...
Drifting away.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Too Much Has Been Revealed

A renewal of beliefs to review to meet,
Ingredients now fed to eat is much needed.
An obscruity of that which had been valued,
Blocks steps on paved roads now used today.
Updating of standards is more specific than wished.
Too much has been revealed.

Too much has been revealed.

What was 'then' thought and taught as reality,
Has come to cast shadows on that which had existed.

Too much has been revealed.

Overwhelmed are those attempting to restrict themselves,
To lives lived in limitations.

Too much has been revealed.

A transformation is in progress.
And will not cease by those wishing with ease...
To have it swept away in defeat to critique it with ratings.
To place its significance with a label that stays.
Too much...
Has been revealed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Too Much Has Been Swept Under It

It is a useless attempt.

'What is? '

Their efforts made to pull the rug away,
From under everyone.

Isn't it obvious to you,
Too much has been swept under it?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Too Much Is Expected

No one...
Given life to breathe,
Is born with a cold heart.
Beating with a rhythm,
That is ready to freeze.

No one...
Should be expected,
To show warmth and love.
If none has been surrounding one...
Being expressed.
Or shown to one how that's addressed.

No child learning to crawl, walk and talk.
Grows into an adult...
Prepared with maturity.
Or an accountability.
If no examples of that were ever there!
How is one expected to become aware?

Too much is expected.
From those who have been neglected.
And too much for too long goes undenied...
By one feeling insecure and desperate inside.
With no one to confide in...
From a shattering that goes on alone.
And kept condoned to grow unknown outside.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Too Much Is Montaged

Too much is montaged.
And appears purposely cluttered,
Without a theme or meaning...
To leave those who view this,
Understanding to comprehend...
The intent of it meant to achieve.
Instead of a mess onlookers detect.
Yet...
Some remain to obtain a depth.
A depth not easily addressed to express.

'Is this the perception?
A collected interpretation,
Of a life lived to invest...
Interest in accepted devastation? '
Hmmm...
Someone has a thought overheard confessed.

Too much is montaged.
And from every pulpit and lectern heard,
Preachers and prophets speak...
The Word ignored.
Yet the faithful claim to listen with belief.

'Is this the perception?
A collected interpretation,
Of a life lived to invest...
Interest in accepted devastation? '
Hmmm...
Someone overheard,
Has a thought that connects.

Who is left to digest,
That an ignorance to manifest...
Is an ignorance that leaves,
No one who lives to witness progress.
Is this the message,
Montaged no one gets.

Someone with a consciousness,
Is overheard to whisper...
'Is this the perception?
A collected interpretation,
Of a life lived to invest...
Interest in accepted devastation? '

Too much is montaged.
Too much of what appears,
Continues to be disbelieved.
Too much is montaged.
And too much that is depicted,
Is wished by critics...
To censor the mess of it.
In the hopes to solicit,
More delusions to explore.

'Why is everyone,
Giving their undivided attention...
To that exhibit of conflicts?
When others are far less convoluted? '

~We have done the best we can,
To have all life represented.
But 'that' one,
For whatever the reason...
We can not deceive,
As an unrealistic part of life.
And we have tried our best to censor it.
But there seems to be a demand,
To understand...
The significance of conflicts.
Who knew someone would come,
To take notes?
Then from a Bible begin to quote.~

'Try harder.
If our deceptions are ever understood,
We'd be out of business.'

~I never thought of it that way.~

'Well...
Think of it that way.
Exhibit and display,
More deceiving images.
Or...
Simply remove that montage.
You've been trained to produce excuses.
And tell whoever it is,
Flipping pages through that Bible...
THIS,
Is not a church.
Nor do we condone thoughts to think,
Independently.
However...
When you do it, do it discreetly.
You know...
With acceptable aggression.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Too Much Is Supplicated

Too over-rated.
Too!
Too much elated.
Too!
Too deep in cool.
And,
Too refrigerated.

Too automated.
And...
Too opinionated.
But...uh,
Nonetheless...
Someone's learned a valued lesson.

Too much,
Is debated.
Too too much,
Is supplicated.
Too much,
Uppercutting to get nothing done.

Too much,
Is debated.
Too too much,
Is supplicated.
Too much,
Uppercutting to get nothing done.

Too over-rated.
Too!
Too much elated.
Too!
Too deep in cool.
And,
Too refrigerated.
Too too much,
Is supplicated.
Too much,

Uppercutting to get nothing done.
Too much,
Uppercutting to get nothing done.

Too too much,
Is supplicated.
Too much,
Uppercutting to get nothing done.

But...
Nonetheless,
Someone's learned a valued lesson.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Too Much Of A Challenge

Liking what one has chosen to do,
Maybe to others...
Easy.
The reasoning?
Why would someone choose,
A thing difficult requiring hard work too?
Especially if tears are cried with sacrifice applied.
For many this makes absolutely no sense.

However...
Too many have been made convinced,
A facing of challenges with a doing to attempt...
To eliminate them from their lives?
Try the best they can to run and hide,
From obstacles that in their home reside.
To be heard complaining...
That no one understands the severity of their pain.

'I wish I was lucky and had your life.'

~You wouldn't exist two minutes in my shoes.
I seek obstacles.~

'No one seeks obstacles! '

~I once thought that too.
Now I like what I do and have found it easy.
Here...
You try it.~

'With a pad and pen?
Are you kidding?
I could never do that.'

~But...
Didn't you just say I was lucky?
And you wished you had my life? ~

'I don't like writing.

It's too much of a challenge.'

~That's the way I feel about complaining.
We both have something we can not do.
Yet...
I have never wished to live someone else's life.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Too Much Of A Risk

Truth to pursue it,
Seldom leaves behind...
A pretty picture painted,
By those who dare...
To adventure there.
It's too risky.
And far too dangerous,
To admit a finding of reality.
Left intentionally,
Under a debris of truth...
Meant to keep concealed.
Never to be revealed,
By anyone taking steps...
Threatening to disclose,
A thought process gone and left
Undetected.
This to admit,
For those still curious.
And willing to adventure,
With an unlimited consciousness
Is just too much of a risk,
To publicly admit...
A thinking to do,
Independently...
For them has always existed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Too Much Of A Sacrifice

No one can lead anyone,
Self inflicted...
With stubbornness,
Out from a darkness.
That is addicting.
And if the doing is justified,
To leave them pouting about it...
It should be okay.

But someone feeling,
Stricken with remorse and guilt?
To bare as their needless,
Burden to carry?
With it done as if a martyr?
That kind of solicitation,
Is a bit too much...
Of a sacrifice to expect,
Others to notice...
The emotional affect of it.
Or the anguish it has left.

And...
Those who have become,
Clear of mind and conscious...
With an awareness to get,
Can at times be annoying...
When their unexpected visions,
Have been corrected.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Too Much Of An Inconvenience

The process and its effectiveness!
Is something too long that has gone,
Ignored.
To become either boring.
Or overwhelmingly abhorred.

Even though it can be time consuming.
Ill advised by many.
And not noticably appealling to appear,
As a wish on anyone's top ten list.
However...
There should be some collective,
Agreement selected to be made...
That using our minds,
With an enforced endorsement...
To find the time for a thought process,
Could leave everyone benefitting from this.
Not only to expect but accept as a part of life.

Although so many of us choose to refuse,
A giving of a few moments...
Every day to commit,
As if their lives depended upon it...
With a doing to sit and honestly believe,
That any thinking at all one does to do...
Is for them,
Not too much of an inconvenience.
Or a process that should be left alone,
For those who condone...
The using of valuable time to find,
Excuses to make just to waste it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Too Much Of Nothing

My space is sacred.
My vital signs are fine for me.
No rat race paced.
I've removed myself from that misery.

Back off of my satisfaction.
Not attracted to a mess defined.
Nothing of mine is padlocked and stacked.
I've got a peace that sets me free.

My space is sacred.
My vital signs are fine for me.
No rat race paced.
I've removed myself from that misery.
Too much of nothing,
Is what others wish to bleed.
Too much of nothing isn't company I need.

Wrapped up and shackled...
I've got that madness packed.
I've got that tackled.
Wrapped up and shackled!

Too much of nothing,
Is what others wish to bleed.
Too much of nothing isn't company I need.
Wrapped up and shackled...
I've got that madness packed.
I've got that tackled.
Wrapped up and shackled!

My space is sacred...
And its kept safe,
From medicated minds!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Too Much Of That Has Already Been Approved

I am very much a part of nature.
It is there to be enjoyed.
Some believe it can be inspected,
With a manipulation of it done.
But a waste of time is all that occurs.
Since nature is a product of Earth.
And none of it is a creation,
Made from the limitation of a human mind.
That's why I choose to be observant,
And less tolerant of the feeding of ignorance.
Too much of that has already been approved.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Too Much On My Mind To Waste

From my head to my toes.
And with an ability to be conscious of it.
I observe my connection,
To what around me exists.
And...
I feel included to participate with a benefit.
Given to give and to accept and take.
What about you?

'I don't have time to be into myself like that.
I've got too much on my mind to waste.
The one thing I do get from all of this,
Are many headaches I take medication to quit.'

Then maybe you should try,
Opening your eyes even wider.

'Maybe you should 'try' minding your own business.'

I did try that.
And one day I awakened to realize,
The life I lived was limited.
To discover my own business,
Had you and others being a part of it.
So you see...
Even if I kept to myself,
It would affect you somehow.
Since how else would I identify my existence as being legit?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Too Much Too Quick To Last

To trust
Too soon
For two
Too early
Leaves tattos two did...
Too painful
To remove attitudes
Two have
Too late to trust again!
And...
For two who did too much...
Too quick,
To last...
The end comes fast!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Too Much Truth Is Crude

There is nothing left to surprise...
Unless eyes have been closed,
To ignore false realities...
Resting still in accepting disguise!

And used as props,
To mask more lies!

One would have to visit a hypnotist,
To avoid a world that now exists!
With criticisms blindly thrown...
By those who sit on 'thrones' condoned!

Providing a comforting existence known,
To the ones who feel...
Too much truth is crude and rude to reveal.
Wounding to inflict and can not heal,
Conformed minds confined in fantasies concealed.
And disturbing an addiction,
That overwhelmingly appeals!
Boosted with zest and confessing zeal.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Too Off Track To Laugh

The moment you allowed my pain...
Believing that will promote your gain,
Was the beginning of your unraveling.
You used all of your institutions...
To introduce my mental execution!
To degrade my way of life,
To enhance a current strife you now fight!
I could delight!
But your decadent way of interpretating might...
Is too off track to laugh!
What you have done is tragic and sad!
Especially what you have done to those...
Who chose to colorize their fears.
What will they do when it is realized...
The terrorists you criticized,
Were of their own kind!
Doing anything to induce havoc.
And bringing down their treasured structures...
Right before their eyes!

What will they do when it is realized...
You allowed my pain...
Believing that will promote your gain!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Too Offensive To Face

How swift we keep those games loved protected,
With a showing of a collective indignity...
When a confessed honesty is openly expressed.
And yet, the seriousness of an eroding quality of life,
On a daily basis affecting everyone...
Accepting conflict, confusion, stress and strife,
As an attempt awaited debating of laws...
Followed not to erase embarrassing flaws,
But Ignored to tolerate the seriousness of their existence.
Since priorities kept to be entertained,
Remains as if worshipped at the top of the list.

How swift we keep those games loved protected,
With a showing of a collective indignity...
When a confessed honesty is openly expressed.
And yet...
Slipping into an abyss is the depth of truth,
Too offensive to face...
By so many deluded,
Who prefer to keep their delusions in place.
To charade a masquerading not to fade but further faked.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Too Often Egos Win

Misunderstandings opens the door,
To comprehension.
If allowed.
And it may come with some pain.
However...
The prospects of a process of healing,
Begins some kind of a mending done.

Truth...
If kept in prolonged denial,
Can hurt.
The unacceptance of it...
Can devastate and create undo agony.
If allowed.
Some mindsets forbid this!
Unwilling to forgive and forget.

To bridge the gap between misunderstanding,
Comprehension and accepting truth...
Reduces conflict on many levels.
If allowed.

But tremendous egos,
Can kill any relationship.
No matter what the subject is!
And too often,
Egos win!
To misunderstand...
Again and again!
To understand what it is they wish,
From a limited perspective...
That seeks stubbornly to be understood.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Too Often I Walk Alone

Too often I walk alone.
Not wanting to.
But accepting the routine of it!
I seem to be alert and aware,
Of the surrounding environment.

If I shared my walks with someone else...
The trees would become jealous.
Since I spend my outside time,
Talking with them.
They say absolutely nothing!

I enjoy that!
And they stand still too.
And quiet!
Listening to every word intently.
Until I have finished.

At least they do not hide!
Or pretend not to see me when I approach.
Dodging oncoming cars...
Trying to quickly cross a busy street.
That's dangerous! Amusing...but still dangerous.

And disrespectful!
Especially when I know I am heard yelling 'hello'
At the top of my lungs...and, I get no response!
I don't wonder 'why' there is an absence of unity.
Very few people are putting forth the effort.

The trees?
They can not wait for my visits!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Too Often Missed To Forget

What was given to take and had,
Has depleted any leftovers saved.
And that craving to give has been diminished.
With a finishing that may be difficult to accept.
Since the giving of that which is genuine,
To be then taken for granted...
Can never be duplicated by substitutes.
Even though a doing of attempts made to re-create it,
May appease temporarily but doesn't quite please...
A known originality that seems endlessly produced,
To one day vanish with a wish to have it returned.

And...
Who has not lived with a wanting to revisit,
A yesterday one thought would always stay.
Only to awaken to find it has moved on.
Like a devoted love easily given.
To have one discover an appreciation to give...
In return is a lesson one learns.
And with that to reminisce to exist,
Much too often missed to forget as if to allow.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Too Over Qualified

Look!
Simply put.
We are needing today,
To stop making reference to brilliance...
Power, strength and entitlements.
We need someone immediately,
That can masquerade an image of toughness.
All that brilliant stuff,
Did absolutely nothing to cover our incompetence.
We have become the laughing stock of our neighbors.

And frankly,
We have no one to date...
That can successfully charade this symbolic idol.
Although many adore our present leader,
He is making us all look like fools.
Even our objections to his correctness,
Has others mocking us better than any Shakespeare play.

Look!
Simply put.
We are needing today,
To stop making reference to brilliance...
Power, strength and entitlements.
We need someone immediately,
That can masquerade an image of toughness.
All that brilliant stuff,
Did absolutely nothing to cover our incompetence.
We have become the laughing stock of our neighbors.

Who else is out there we can blame,
Without exposing too much more of our own ignorance?
We need someone who can text, dance, rap...
Easy on the eye, drinks beer and can play basketball.

'Sir? '

What is it?

'Sir,
That's the leader we already have.
Are you saying he is too over qualified?
And we are the ones in need of getting our acts together? '

If my grandfather was alive,
He'd have the answer.

'Oh.
Your grandfather Moonshine Johnny? '

All I am saying...
Is this,
Those wonderful times are slipping from our hands.

'I think the slipping has been done, sir.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Too Painful Of An Activity

One day people will stop,
Beating their heads up against a wall.
And realize that steel and concrete,
Are not created to expose one's intelligence that way.

It's too painful of an activity!

Nor do those trappings enclose,
Where the process of creative thought is done.

Some are confused when seeking to identify progress.
And realize it too late,
When the ones they should have appreciated...
Have been in their own environment but dismissed.

How is a forgiving recovery,
Be restoring enough to rebuild a greatness from this?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Too Painful To Reveal

Not a word from my lips,
Would have a need to be regarded...
As embellishments to interpret.
Since facts to document,
Have long been presented.
Without my attempts to re-invent them.
And often there are times I find I wish,
An easier road I could have taken...
When I reminisce,
The 'reality' of my accomplishments

However...
IF I did choose to exaggerated,
Any experiences I had to have 'had' taken place...
I am sure in the doing,
Someone would discover my exaggerations...
Far less interesting than those 'facts' uncovered.
Facts for me too painful to reveal in my process to heal.
Even for the ones disbelieving the truth as it is!
And only for the purpose to entertain kept delusions,
Do I comprehend the need some have to stay amused.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Too Patient

When I began to weed through,
My priority list...
I saw some things on it,
That no longer exist.

I had placed people,
Who I considered friends on this list.
And for years they had been on it...
Doing and saying things to me as they wished.
Some don't speak to me.
But my name is on their lips.

When I began to weed through,
My priority list...
I saw some things on it,
That should not on my list exist!

Very few on my priority list,
Have me on their agenda.
And if they do,
I'm sure it's for fun, sport and gossip.

When I began to weed through,
My priority list...
I saw some things on it,
I couldn't not explain...
Why some names had hearts near them.
Did I do that?
Did I draw them in?

I use to dropp every and anything,
To be at someone's aide.
Some people I would call everyday...
Just to see if they were okay.
I've even allowed my own work to be submitted...
So folks could get their college degrees.
Joking about this,
I am not!
I have been the subject of innuendos and lies,

As if my life meant nothing at all.
To leave me to walk around with 'my' pain disguised.

Then I awakened and realized.
I am considered a fool!

Today...
When I began to weed through,
My priority list...
I saw some things on it,
That no longer exist.

And wondered to myself 'WHY'...
Is this stuff still 'there'.
Get rid of it!
This makes no sense.
Why do you have these people's lives,
Prioritized?

'That is being too patient!
Fix this and get this done quick! '
I have moments when I am completely rational.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Too Poop To Coop

Oh ceepeep!
A moodah coodah.
Hop pop.
Boo shob ah lot.

Sleet fleet.
A coodah leedah
Come lobba bobba
U doo da dramah.
And doodah poop.
Too poop to coop.

Oooowww,
Ceepeep.
A moodah coodah.
Hop pop.
Boo shob ah lot.

Sleet fleet.
A coodah leedah
And...
Come lobba bobba
U doo da dramah.

Few doodah poop.
Too poop to coop!
And...
Come lobba bobba
U doo da dramah.
And...
Few doodah poop.
Too poop to coop!
And...
Come lobba bobba
U doo da dramah.
And...
Few doodah poop.
Too poop to coop.
And...

Come lobba bobba
U doo da dramah.
And...
Few doodah poop.
Too poop to coop!
And...
Come lobba bobba
U doo da dramah.
And...
Few doodah poop.
Too poop to coop.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Too Poppa Cockish

I want to be the first poet,
To be declared an artist.
How's that for trips?

How's that for a little ego dipping?

I had thought of King of Poems.
But that is a bit eccentric,
Too poppa cockish.
But undebatebly...
True.
Even I have to admit,
The pretension level is there!

I want to be the first poet,
To be declared an artist.
How's that for trips?
Perhaps...
Too poppa cockish.
But undebatebly...
True.
Even I have to admit,
The pretension level is there!

Too poppa cockish.
Yes I'm too poppa cockish!
Maybe too poppa cockish.

But I do,
Believe...
In me!

Too poppa cockish.
Yes I'm too poppa cockish!
Maybe too poppa cockish.

But I do,
Believe...
In me!

Too poppa cockish.
Yes I'm too poppa cockish!
Maybe too poppa cockish.

But I do,
Believe...
In me!

I do,
Believe...
In me!

Too poppa cockish.
Yes I'm too poppa cockish!
Maybe too poppa cockish.

But I do,
Believe...
In me!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Too Powerful To Extinguish

And there they stood...
Brilliant of speech and sunlight.
Souls pure and cleansed of spirit.
Standing on the side of the right and just.
Grouped and cast upon with evil eyes...
And demonic grins.
They were smeared and jeered
By those who did not understand their strength.
And surrounding them all was the Prince of Light.
Only those who knew Him and His 'glow'
Did not suffer pain or perish!
Their faith was too powerful to extinguish!
They lived eternally...
And knew it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Too Precious To Purchase

When peace of mind obtained,
Becomes one's most treasured possession...
To admit more important than fortune or fame,
Questioning to argue about it with another...
Who has not yet discovered that feeling felt,
As being too precious to purchase or sell to be sold...
A testing of it seems to always come,
From those who perceive...
If it can not be flaunted with it to impress,
How priceless can something someone has...
To not be seen,
Mean...
If it is not shining brightly to blind bling seekers!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Too Raw To Eat

Picked over like a piece of meat
Nibbled and a little bit uneasy
Difficult it is to please
Somebody who prefers
The taste of cake
Without the cheese

Picked over like forbidden fruit
From a garden stomped over with people
I want to be the one who leaves
A deliciousness to tease
But I've been regarded
Too raw to eat.

Picked over like a piece of meat
Nibbled and a little bit uneasy
Difficult it is to please
Somebody who prefers
The taste of cake
Without the cheese

Picked over like forbidden fruit
From a garden stomped over with people
I want to be the one who leaves
A deliciousness to tease
But I've been regarded
Too raw to eat

Picked over like a piece of meat
But I've been regarded
Too raw to eat

Picked over like a piece of meat
But I've been regarded
Too raw to eat
Picked over like a piece of meat
But I have been regarded
Too raw to eat

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Too Raw To Take Back

Facts are facts.
Too raw to take back.
Although there are those,
Who would rather propose,
Hiding them away behind a door closed.
Facts are facts.
And the rawness of them...
Can be thought by some,
To have their pretensions attacked.

As a 'black' man I have been told,
My approach to being so...
Was not bold or black enough,
By those who believed...
On my sleeves this should be.
And my activities did not represent,
Their cause.
And 'what' was their 'cause'?
Reminding themselves and others,
On a daily basis and by their actions...
Not only were they 'black',
But they wanted to 'show' themselves as that.
And I thought to myself...
Isn't my presence proof enough?
Apparently not.
Some even told me I had forgot.

And those who were not...
Apparently 'black'...
Would say my manner of speech,
And the way I walked...
Didn't remind them of black folks at all.
Not the ones they saw,
Shopping in the malls.

Facts are facts.
Too raw to take back.

'When' I was a Negro,

Young and full of adventure to know and grow...
Negros 'then' only wanted to be free.
Negros 'then' only wanted equality with opportunity.

'When' I became Black and Proud,
With a doing of it to say out loud...
Martha and The Vandellas had us 'Dancing In The Streets'.
And racists all over the place became appalled,
By this declaration of identity...
In segregated communities shown to them on TV.

And 'then' I became an African-American,
With that label to bear.
And from that day I wore that label,
To pay homage to my ancestors...
Who were neither slaves or felt subservient.
But they were strong with dignity.
To flaunt this with a daring.
And with a flair meant to be.

Today?
Everyone, everywhere seems to be in denial.
With an array of topics debated and placed on trial.
And having discussions without a shred of truth to face,
In the hopes that discussions of race would go away.
Leaving those who 'are' black the ones most affected,
By a racism that is highly detected.
And only 'blacks' are the ones,
Who expect with anticipation to have to them this done.

Where do we as a people collectively go from here?
How about a field trip taken to sit and visit with truth?
With a doing to expose raw discussions.
And removing those delusions,
Until a truth felt is produced.
OR...
We can continue to ignore a ravaged quilt,
Once knitted to build to eliminate guilt.
Yet being unravelled and ripped apart.
By an ignorance so intense from it we can't depart.

The children of today seem to accept with a caring less.

As long as their priorities are kept,
To address their preferences for sex...
With the latest fads to address.
And where they can get real cheap the best drugs.
It's only the ones with their insecurities unfaced to be done,
Wishing divisions and their symbolic myths...
Continue to be accepted with a dishonesty to exist!
This...
Has to be overcomed.

Facts are facts.
Too raw to take back.
Although there are those,
Who would rather propose,
Hiding them away behind a door closed.
Facts are facts.
And the rawness of them...
Can be thought by some,
To have their pretensions attacked.
But then,
Again...

If there is going to be 'any' progress,
Trivia kept and its nonsense...
Has to be truthfully confessed.
To rid the fear leaving nothing for us left,
To impress or address with interest.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Too Real

While you were away,
It was difficult to stay completely without you...
Here on my mind all the time.
And how it is I could not remain real.
You are not to be substituted.
Nothing about you can be diluted to delude.

While you were away,
It was harder to say whatever you did...
Was not noticeably missed.
It was.
Every contributing nuance and piece of it,
Came to life to be revealed.

And...
You have the keys to unlock and open,
The excitement felt in my heart.
And...
You more than can show,
Why I have adored you from the very start.
And...
How it is to feel,
Real.

While you were away,
I knew...
Nothing about you can be diluted to delude.
You,
Just keep it too real.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Too Realistic

The wanting with it wished to get,
That 'something' dreamed of...
Without sweat, sacrifice or commitment,
As an incentive to give time...
To define what is imagined in the mind,
One day to find has become real to feel...
With a belief that pleases.
And...
Takes mistakes to make and correct.
And not object the inspecting,
Of a nose that sniffs for details.
Sometimes what is 'commissioned'...
Leaves left unspoken conditions.

'There is only one little thing missing,
From your exquisite exhibition.'

~What? ~

'You mentioned the sky.
In some of your submitted work.
But did not describe the color of it.
Is it blue? What shade?
It seems you wish us to feel...
Your anguish and bitterness felt,
During those times prior to finding...
Your true identity as an artist.
So multi-talented you are.
Where is that found identity,
We love to have had much more exhibited.'

~Everyone knows the sky is always blue.
Cloudless and bright with rays of Sun.
Rays that have come with a light,
Once the shadows clear from the mind.
That has helped me live without darkness.
Especially those dreaded days and nights.
My life to like I have found to love.~

'That might be your kept belief.
But your presentation depicts...
Anger, disappointment, fear and hopelessness.
Gloom, division and isolation.'

~Oh. THAT?
I'm over it now.
I wanted to present something more accepted.
You know...
Something current and available.
Accessible to today's tormented souls.~

'That's the 'little' thing that's missing.
We promoted you as a gifted artist.
Not someone to remind us,
Of the doom and gloom we know too well.'

~But...
You requested I stay true to detail.~

'Not 'our' lives to live to depict...detailed.
That's too realistic.
We were hoping you would deliver to us,
YOUR discovery. YOUR findings...
Of personal worth and realized happiness.
Something we believe you have fantasized.
You should know by now...
How we regard truth and reality as offensive.
To continue to ignore the truth of it.'

~So...
What is it you expect me to do?
Be contradicting? Hypocritical? ~

'Well...
Is asking you to deceive,
Just a little bit...
Too much of you to ask?
You know...
Be more delusional.
With the use of your creative license.
You artists love twisting a mind or two.'

~You mean,
Lie? ~

'Nooooo...
Don't be so harsh on yourself.
Entertaining. Entertain us.
Who will know the difference?
Don't take yourself so seriously.
God knows...
Very few people do.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Too Reserved And Self Absorbing

Your excess has left you unacceptible!
Your extremes of self importance,
Is too reserved and self absorbing!
I called out to you once to watch...
Your knickers and your pocket clock!
But you had not stop moaning,
About Blue Moons and ships that sailed!
And I fail to care what the hell you mean!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Too Satisfied Just To Nibble

Strange are those days,
I see changing.
Strange,
Are those appetites.

Some people love to nibble on life.
Not to eat it up,
But to spit out pieces of it they don't like!

Strange are those days,
I see changing.
Strange,
Are those appetites.

So much abundance is out there,
But they see limits.
Abundance is out there,
But they choose limits!
And bondage,
To capitalize on those inhibitions.

Some people love to nibble on life.
Not to eat it up,
But to spit out pieces of it they don't like!

Strange are those days,
I see changing.
Strange,
Are those appetites.

So much abundance is out there,
But they see limits.
So much abundance is out there,
But they see limits.
So much abundance is out there,
But some.
Are too satisfied just to nibble.

Strange are those days,

I see changing.
Strange,
Are those appetites.

So much abundance is out there,
But they see limits.
So much abundance is out there,
But they see limits.
So much abundance is out there,
But some.
Are too satisfied just to nibble.

Too satisfied just to nibble!

In the heavens there's abundance and there are no limits.
In the heavens there's abundance and there are no limits.
In the heavens there's abundance and there are no limits.
In the heavens.
In the heavens.
In the heavens.
But some.
Are too satisfied just to nibble.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Too Severe

Severe is the pain they keep deep in their hearts.
Severe is the agony that keeps them apart.
Although neither will admit it to quit or say,
Just how severe.
Yet they fear,
Not being with each other.
Or being near.
They're just...too severe.

Too stubborn not to give their stubbornness a quck check up.
And too stubborn not to brush away their foolish stuff.
They are...
Too severe,
In the playing of this game they are...
Too severe,
Overplaying in a game they are...
Too severe.
Too restrictive and fearing in their stubbornness,
They are...
Too severe!

Too stubborn not to give their stubbornness a quck check up.
And too stubborn not to brush away their foolish stuff.
They are...
Too severe.
Severe is the pain they keep deep in their hearts.
And severe is the agony that keeps them apart.
They are...
Too severe.
Too stubborn not to give their stubbornness a quck check up.
And too stubborn not to brush away their foolish stuff.
They are...
Too severe.
In the playing of this game they are...
Too severe,
Overplaying in a game they are...
Too severe.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Too Shrewd To Be Aloof

You chose a pace that chases ghosts.
A speed with irony I once did heed.

Believing your choice was to leave me most...
I became amused and ignored your lead.

But I do admit I am quite surprised,
My mind and eyes still discover you...
Too shrewd to be aloof.

And far too connving...
To again with you to uncover truth!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Too Sleaze And Greasy

For decades you caused me agony!
By telling lies people still believe.
And now since we've gotten older,
You want me to accept your practiced apologies.

My suspicions of you aren't overcomed.
I've been victimized by your tongue.
And your abilities may be a bit rusty!
But someone who deceives...
Like the way you've done
To others and with me!
What would make you think I would forget...
How a sleaze and greasy person like you,
Could do what you did with such ease?

There is no need to try to please me.
I have too long considered you,
Someone to keep my eye on and stay away.
Especially since it took me years,
To heal from your mental disease you displayed!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Too Slow In A Fast Lane

He who plays a lame game,
Stays the same
With nothing changed.
Remaining lame.
Too slow in a fast lane!
Showing immaturity...
With insecurity being the same.
That's nothing new...
So many like you,
Are caught up into themselves!
Unyielding and unbearable,
And that's a shame and nothing else!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Too Slow To Get It

Too slow to get it.
And too ill-equipped to admit.
Like many who are born to believe,
A doing as they please is their destiny.

Choosing to be among the ones,
To turn up noses...
With eyes and ears closed,
Yet mouths open prepared to judge.
As a tongue that seldom gets any rest done.
These are the people who eventually become stung.

A mind not connected,
To what drops out of a loosened mouth...
Can not apologize enough to stop an ignorance,
That stays nourished and embedded in one's head.
And nothing inside of it delays what is said.

Yet there is an ease one believes they should receive,
Forgiveness.
At the expense that becomes too extensive to ignore.
And one's admission of guilt can not be excused to appease,
Anymore.
Not when one's consciousness has intent to inflict pain.
With an assumption that a fame gained,
Will erase the remaining stains.

Too slow to get it.
And too ill-equipped to admit.
Like many who are born to believe,
A doing as they please is their destiny.

A mind not connected,
To what drops out of a loosened mouth...
Can not apologize enough to stop an ignorance,
That stays nourished and embedded in one's head.
And nothing inside of it delays what is said.

When one is too slow to get it,

The price to pay will help connect one day...
To those lessons taught,
They should have long ago comprehended...
With a teaching to learn never to forget.
And what goes around,
Comes back to establish one's embarrassment.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Too Slow To Notice

It has already been done 'your' way.
With you to choose to refuse my advice.
And...
If I must say,
With years of patience and tolerance used.
And with my inconvenience to you known and shown.

That I have yet to accuse you of being disrespectful,
Thoughtless or selfish and indulgent of my sincerity...
Without expressing to you a hint of bitterness,
Has perhaps aided your self-centeredness at my expense.

And even if this I did do,
You had others perceive me to be the culprit to believe...
It was your time and not mine that had been wasted.
When I should have taken it to throw back in your face.

'Why this 'sudden' and inappropriate attitude?
I've done absolutely nothing to deserve this from you.'

You know.
You are right.
You've only been here today five minutes.
And a collective fourty or more years does seem overnight.
Doesn't it?
Let's just say...
Time flies and you are just too slow to notice.

'What should I have done?
I am not a mind reader.'

Perhaps in the doing of your own homework,
You would have discovered the answers...
To not depend on ignorance to believe I am stupid,
As often as you did.
A friend to you I have been.
A fool for you to use...
I am not.
Did my devotion to sincerity confuse you?

Or did you take for granted,
An ending of this relationship?
Which one would you like to pick?

'Why this 'sudden' and inappropriate attitude?
I've done absolutely nothing to deserve this from you.
What should I have done?
I am not a mind reader.'

And I'm not a keeper of your time either!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Too Slow To Think

Step aside like the others,
After waking from a slumber.
Shake away your numbness from sleep.

Step aside like the others,
After waking from a slumber.
No need to jump ahead in front with a leap.

You need assistance to keep up with the rhythm.
And...
Your pace is just too slow to think you'll fit in.
The speed has sped to quicken.
And explanations are out of date,
For those trying to catch up much too late.

Where have you been?
To think that you can catch up running.
Where have you been?
To think that others for you wait.
Where have you been?
Your space has been replaced.
And where have you been?
To think that people owe you patience,
With only you to think on their minds.
Not today at this hour of time.

Where have you been?
Your space has been replaced.
And where have you been?
To think that people keep patience,
With only you to think on their minds.
Not today at this hour of time.

Step aside like the others,
After waking from a slumber.
Shake away your numbness from sleep.

Where have you been?
To think that you can catch up running.

Where have you been?
To think that others for you wait.
Where have you been?
Your space has been replaced.
And where have you been?
To think that people owe you patience,
With only you to think on their minds.
Not today at this hour of time.

Step aside,
Like the others after slumber.
Step aside,
Like the others from a sleep.
Step aside,
Like the others after slumber.
Step aside,
Like the others from a sleep.
Step aside.
You're too slow to think.
Step aside.
You're too slow to think.
Step aside.
Step aside...
Like the others after slumber.
Step aside,
Like the others from a sleep,
You're too slow to think.
You're too slow to think.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Too Snippy To A Snap Dragon

On my door,
Before the dawn awakens the dew...
You knock.
As if to be anticipated.

And I creep up to the window.
To take a peek at the creep,
Who disturbed my few hours of sleep.
And discover...
That 'creep' is you!

And sneaky with my peeking too,
Because I don't want to open my door...
To allow us to even speak.
My cup has runneth over...
From your drama you wish me to include.

You made it easy to stay away from you.
And not have my peace disturbed on purpose.
You made it easy to stay away from you.
And the conflicts you initiate to agitate.
But at this hour you have chosen,
I nor it...
Will be used to bait me to let you in,
To begin any scenes.

Especially the ones you choose to react,
As the main character.
With you biting off the head,
Of anyone who has had it.
And becomes,
Just a bit too snippy to a snap dragon.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Too Specific

When one has asked for the truth,
And gets it heard to be delivered straight...
Why is it then they begin,
To accuse the one unafraid to speak it...
Of being mean and too specific.

Too Specific

'I did not offer to volunteer.
But that isn't mentioned by the one who fears.
I was appraoched to make things clear.
And with the doing of it,
The one seeking clarity chose me to distance.'

Too Specific

The choice one makes of being too specific,
May come to traumatize the one addicted to getting...
Delusional 'hits'.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Too Tested

A running from love done,
Doesn't stop it.
Or prevent it to come.
A running from love done,
Makes the wish for it...
Even wanted more to get.

Those who run away,
Keep looking.
For more of love for them to get.
With a lieing to themselves,
To admit it.

Those who run away,
Keep looking.
To think they can disguise and hide,
A feeling felt inside kept denied.
Or defy...
The need.

A running from love done,
Doesn't stop it.
Or prevent it to come.
A running from love done,
Makes the wish for it...
Even wanted more to get.

And when it's clear to appear,
For what it is...
Love gets tested.

People run from love,
With a wishing for it to get...
To then test it.
Until that love comes to run,
From them...
Too tested.
Until that love comes to run,
From them...

Too tested.

Running from a love to receive,
Will leave...
Too tested.

A running from a love to receive,
Will leave...
Too tested.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Too Time Consuming

Drop your expectations,
That I have come here to protect against insults
And other offensive verbal assaults.

Comments that offend,
Are not isolated to those addicted to them.

And anyone blessed...
With determination,
Does not rest.
And knows how obnoxious some folks can get.
But that does not impede...
One obsessed with the success of progress.
Insults seem to feed their ambitions!

And to get folks like this angered until they 'hiss'...
Is a regretful stinging given,
No one quickly forgets to easily dismiss.

So...
Drop your expectations
That I have come here to protect against insults
And other offensive verbal assaults.
I am hoping to maintain my focus.
And not be made to address issues and other notions.
They are too time consuming to brood with an attitude.

And attitude with mood...
I can give!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Too Too Cool

You've gotten too cool.
And you've got me,
Curious.
What did you do to yourself,
That makes you appear this cool.

You've gotten too cool.
And you've got me,
Quite curious.
Whatchu do to yo' self,
That makes you appear this cool.

Did you get yourself another new pet?
Has someone come back confessing regret?
Did you win the last minute of a bet?
And this has lifted,
Up your chest!

You've gotten too cool.
And you've got me,
Curious.
What did you do to yourself,
That makes you appear this cool.

Did you get yourself another new pet?
Cool.
Has someone confessed regret?
That's cool.
Did you win the last minute of a bet?
So cool.
And this is a boost,
To your chest.

Did you get yourself another new pet?
Cool.
Has someone confessed regret?
That's cool.
Did you win the last minute of a bet?
So cool.

And this is a boost,
To your chest.

You've gotten too cool.
And you've got me,
Curious.
What did you do to yourself,
That makes you appear this cool.

You've gotten too cool.
And you've got me,
Quite curious.
Whatchu do to yo' self,
That makes you appear this cool.

Did you get yourself another new pet?
Cool.
Has someone confessed regret?
That's cool.
Did you win the last minute of a bet?
So cool.
And this is a boost,
To your chest.

You've gotten too cool.
And you've got me,
Quite curious.

Did you get yourself another new pet?
Cool.
Has someone confessed regret?
That's cool.
Did you win the last minute of a bet?
So cool.
And this is a boost,
To your chest.

Yoor cool.
'Cool.'
Too too cool.
'Too too cool.'

Yoor cool.
'Cool.'
Too too cool.
'Too too cool.'

Yoor cool.
'Cool.'
Too too cool.
'Too too cool.'

Yoor cool.
'Cool.'
Too too cool.
'Too too cool.'

And give up heat!

Cool...
Cool cool cool.

And give up heat!

Cool...
Cool cool cool.

And give up heat!

Cool...
Cool cool cool.

And give up heat!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Too Too 'Fisticated

You're sophisticated!
So sophisticated.
Too too 'fisticated'
That you can't relate..

You're sophisticated!
So sophisticated.
Too too 'fisticated'
That you can't relate..

I want to hold you in my arms,
But...
You're too too 'fisticated'
That you can't relate..

I want to feel all your charms,
But...
You're too too 'fisticated'
That you can't relate..

You're sophisticated!
So sophisticated.
Too too 'fisticated'
That you can't relate..

You're sophisticated!
So sophisticated.
Too too 'fisticated'
That you can't relate..

I want to hold you in my arms,
But...
You're too too 'fisticated'
That you can't relate..

I want to feel all your charms,
But...
You're too too 'fisticated'
That you can't relate..

You're sophisticated!
So sophisticated.
Too too 'fisticated'
That you can't relate..

You're sophisticated!
So sophisticated.
Too too 'fisticated'
That you can't relate..

I want to hold you in my arms,
But...
You're too too 'fisticated'
That you can't relate..

I want to feel all your charms,
But...
You're too too 'fisticated'
That you can't relate.

Yes,
You're too too 'fisticated'
Yes,
You're too too 'fisticated'
Yes,
You're too too 'fisticated'
That you can't relate..

Yes,
You're too too 'fisticated'
Yes,
You're too too 'fisticated'
Yes,
You're too too 'fisticated'
That you can't relate..

Comeon.
Loosen up,
Let's cut a rug.
Comeon.
Loosen up,

Let's cut this rug.
Put down,
That paper cup.
But on the floor don't crush it up.

Comeon.
Loosen up,
Let's cut a rug.

You're too too 'fisticated'
That you can't relate..

Comeon.
Loosen up,
Let's cut this rug.
Put down,
That paper cup.
But on the floor don't crush it up.

You're too too 'fisticated'
That you can't relate.

You're sophisticated!
So sophisticated.
Too too 'fisticated'
That you can't relate..

You're sophisticated!
So sophisticated.
Too too 'fisticated'
That you can't relate..

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Too Tough

You keep it too rough.
Could you soften up your feelings for me?
Baby you're too tough...
And I feel as if you,
Want to impede...
Upon that peace in me!

I need...
To have it!
I need...
To hold it!
I need...
To never let go,
Of it!

I need...
To have it!
I need...
To hold it!
I need...
To never let go.

It's not an artificial love.
Not this feeling in me.
Not an artificial love.
I'll never share that from me.
Not an artifical love.

I need...
To have it!
I need...
To hold it!
I need...
To never let go,
Of it!

You see in me,
Someone...
Who doesn't cover up and run.

And what I have,
It's not an artificial love.
Not this feeling in me.
Not an artificial love.
You'll never get that from me.
Not an artifical love.

I need...
To have it!
I need...
To hold it!
I need...
To never let go,
Of it!

My peace,
Or leave!
Baby you're too tough.
You can leave me and my peace.
Baby you're too tough.

My peace,
Or leave!
Baby you're too tough.
You can leave me and my peace.
Baby you're too tough.

My peace,
Or leave!
Baby you're too tough.
You can leave me and my peace.
Baby you're too tough.

My peace,
Or leave!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Too Trite To Feed One's Appetite

Unfortunately there can not be,
A transfer of insight.
Nor a capability to deliver another,
From emotional pain or heartbreak felt.

But are observations witnessed that different,
That two people will interpret the same thing seen...
As if neither had been there on the scene at all.
Is this called selective eyeballing?

I've been in the presence of someone,
Who tried to convince others who were present...
As to what took place.
With a look on the face that defied dishonesty.

However...
To announce an understanding and defend it with empathy,
Is believable as a performance and delivered from a stage.
But too trite to feed one's appetite who knows a real touch.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Too Unique And Genuine

Perhaps my giving it to you,
Came too easy for you to believe.
Perhaps to you the love I gave and shown,
Was not thought from me just yours alone.
Exclusively given as it was but unknown.

Perhaps your seeking for someone better,
Will one day end your search to shed light...
To remember what I gave and for you felt,
Had been too unique and genuine then.
And not yet had been in your sight to own.

Perhaps that day when the Sunset begins,
And on your mind I am without end...
You will remember me and the times we spent,
And how I tolerated your mistreatment.
With a knowing your feelings for me deceived.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Too Used. And Feeling Not Enough...Too Loved!

Too used.
And feeling not enough...
Too loved!

Too afraid to say it!
And yet expecting...
Someone I wish,
To say this love...
Too much they gave!

Too abused by self denial.
And unrelenting to display my need.
Too much of this sits within me to reside.
I can not bear again to suffer,
Another broken heart...
To recover from love I give.

Too used.
And feeling not enough...
Too loved!
And too afraid to say it.
Or let go to heal and mend.

To give myself like that again...
Seems too soon.
But my desires to be touched,
Seem too impatient to wait...
To feed my hunger,
That contemplates with craving.

Too used.
And feeling not enough...
Too loved!

With hopes my wait...
Is not too late to unleash with excitement.
For one who can appreciate,
What I'm willing and now can give...
And take...

When right.

To share with that someone,
At night!
And in broad daylight.
To declare...
When that someday comes.
And I am done,
With a feeling that ends.
To begin...
Love again!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Too Vast And Massive

Cloaked within a darkness,
Too vast and massive.
No mind entwined,
Will ever be able to measure...
What it is or its timelessness.

And here Earth sits amongst Suns,
Called stars to believe of them...
To twinkle bright independently.
Without it to wonder...
What has done this majestically.
While a few on this Earth,
With mindsets limited...
Continually perceive,
Themselves to be the chosen ones.
To masterfully rule and control...
Over inhabitants blessed.
With life to experience bestowed.
And yet...
Will not in the doing,
Dim their own lights out.
Permanently to close shut,
An existence to remove...
Defective gems,
From a treasure chest to rid them.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Too Well Known

So many now are attempting to defend themselves,
Out of situations they have created.

So many are in denial their activities,
Have placed them in jeopardy.
And today they seek others to see them differently.
They wished erased what they can not face.
With a replacement of something that is not so ugly.
But it is much too late for an empathy to them to be shown!

Their 'realities' inflicted upon others...
Has been too well known!
And I could care less,
About their refreshed and awakened points of view.
There has been too many yesterdays,
That much agony they have put me through.
And you too!

And based upon that alone...
They will find I am not the forgiving kind!
You can decide for yourself,
What it is you should do.
And please do not allow what I say,
To influence you.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Tool Of Those Foolish

You've turned your back on me?
Not once but on several occasions.
And...
Am I suppose to be offended?
Or amused.
Which do you prefer?

If you were not so quick to do this,
You would notice...
My happiness is not offended at all,
By your actions.
Nor did it come with your signature on it.
Seriously,
It didn't.

Someone must have told you,
By the doing of this...
You would get my attention,
With an overdose of curioisty?
I will admit this...
I am curious as to why,
Someone would display publicy...
Such childish stupidity.

Whoever it is that advises you,
To do the immature things you do...
I would suggest you request,
Less feeding of fiction.
And more digesting of facts.
You will become surprise...
How much aware of life you will then become.
With the stopping of your doing of that.

Trust me.
There is so much to be gained,
By living life...
Not to be used as a tool,
Of those foolish and so obvious.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Toothless Floozies

Toothless floozies,
Take bites on bones
They know should be licked.
Not gnawed on by gums.
No matter how delicious,
These attempts are remembered.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Tootin' Or A Hootin'

You gotta be 'real'
To know God in your heart!
You can't steal Him through prayer...
And pretend with everyone,
You know He's there!
You gotta be 'real'
To know God in your heart!
You can't steal Him through prayer...
And treat other folks like you don't care!

They call themselves names of faith.
Especially after church service,
Chirping and tasting sold homemade
Baked cakes.
They leave this place
With gossip on their tongues...
Trying to convince themselves,
And anyone else...
With a few scriptures known,
They are the 'chosen ones'
God has condoned!

But...

You gotta be 'real'
To know God in your heart!
You can't steal Him through prayer...
And pretend with others,
You know He's there!
You gotta be 'real'
To know God in your heart!
You can't steal Him through prayer...
And treat other folks like you don't care!

Communities everywhere are falling apart.
People looking for police...
And others to help them stop
Their nonsense blindly rise
As they watch with eyes as this increases to the sky!

No one gives a 'tootin hoot or holla' about their lives!
All they want are hand outs!
And someone to point out to criticize!

But...

You gotta be 'real'
To know God in your heart!
You can't steal Him through prayer...
And pretend with everyone,
You know God's there!
You gotta be 'real'
To know God in your heart!
You can't steal Him through prayer...
And treat other folks like you don't care!

These people ain't 'real...
To claim God in their hearts!
It ain't a thing they feel.
If they did...
Everything done,
Would have more appeal!
These folks ain't real...
To feel God in their hearts!
IF they did with truth faith...
They wouldn't be a 'tootin or a hootin 'bout
A crumbling world...
That's falling all a part!

These folks ain't real...
With a feeling of God in their hearts!
That's why no satisfaction ever comes,
And the weeping for them starts!

You gotta be 'real'
To know God in your heart!
You can't steal Him through prayer...
And pretend with everyone,
You know He's there!
You got to get up and get 'real'
To know God in your heart!
You can't steal Him through prayer...

Then treat other people like you don't care!

These people claim without no shame...
They know He's everywhere!

They call themselves names of faith.
Especially after church service,
Chirping and tasting sold homemade
Baked cakes.
They leave this place
With gossip on their tongues...
Trying to convince themselves,
And anyone else...
With a few scriptures known,
They are the 'chosen ones'
God has condoned!

You gotta be 'real'
To know God in your heart!
You can't steal Him through prayer...
And assume He's always there for you,
While you do what you dare!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Top 500 Recipes

Out of all of the recipes listed,
I may have heard of a couple of them.
The rest?
I've never heard any of them mentioned before,
In my entire life.
Why is that? And none represent what I like.

'This is 'my' top 500 recipes.
If you want your own on a list,
Create it to do as you wish to interpret.
Otherwise,
Sample a taste of my offerings...
Or ignore them.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Top Choice Steak

There is nothing wrong,
With someone acquiring a taste...
For chopped liver.
Smothered in olive oil,
And seasoned with carmelized onions.
I see nothing wrong with that at all.
Forked or finger pinched to nibble.

It's just the expectations of someone,
Assuming to consume me...
As a fantasy to feed on.
And whether or not they like what I've got...
I will be no one's chopped liver.
Especially when it took me too long,
To be recognized as top choice steak!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Top Honors

I 'use' to wish this,
But I didn't attend...
Or graduate,
Like a few I once knew...
From the,
'Do What You Can To Impress Me School'.
And I was bullied and bullied too.
Back then we were taught,
That's what kids do.

So if it does appear that I am uncouth,
Well...
Attribute that to my rude and inconsiderate attitude.

And I know it's not cool,
But trust me...
Where I come from challenges are confronted,
There were few I knew who chose to run.
That was not done.

And I was among those students,
Who fought to receive top honors.
With a validating of my street props.
And no tears did I then drop,
Since mom and pop use to brag...
About butts they kicked,
To have the bulleying stopped.

Hey,
In those days...
Children played and competed,
On many levels of reality to face.
With a learning how in this world...
To grow.
And up,
In an environment of hands-on teachers,
With fists to leave unmistakable lessons.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Top Notch In Any Game

A leveling done on a playing field,
Open to anyone with skills to advance.
To enhance!
Sems to be distant from the doing,
Since those who could prove themselves...
With honesty and talent to expose,
Those 'top-notch-in-any-game' poses...
Are easily seduced by a drugging done,
To egos hard to leave off the field of play.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Top Of The Cosmos

To what 'degree' is a greatness reached?
How many have sat on the top of the cosmos...
To then declare a view to bore?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Top Ten Topics That 'Do Not' Offend

1._____
2._____
3._____
4._____
5._____
6._____
7._____
8._____
9._____
10._____
$ _____

And those are the top ten topics,
That 'do not' offend.

'But...
There is nothing there.
Especially where the dollar sign appears.'

Think about it!
If the money was there...
No one would find anything offensive.
But without it,
Anything and everything offends.
You name it.
Whatever it is!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Tophat, Cape And Evening Gloves

Please keep me humble.
Don't let me stumble on my arrogance.
Don't let my ego leave fumes of stench!
Please keep me humble.
And when I have risen to heights,
To pay much more than my rent.
Help me remember,
My talents have been to me God sent.
And He can remove all of my pretensions.
Especially those I flaunt...
Seeking attention I necessarily do not want!
Please keep me humble.
At least...
Until I have arrived to see the eyes of Oprah!
And only then will I pretend not to know you!
But as for now...
Keep me humble,
With my feet planted on the ground.

'I hope you are kidding? '

Me?
Of course.
Now toss me my tophat,
Cape and evening gloves.
I feel like taking a stroll,
Around the neighborhood!
Leaving those a glimpse...
And a taste of what's to come.

'And you believe that is being humble? '

Of course not!
I said 'Please keep me humble.'
Do you think I have any intentions,
To stay that way?
If I have to fall from a climb...
I am going to make sure I leave visuals!
I know what I want.

But I also know folks love to be entertained!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Topically Typical

Topically typical,
And that wont stop.
These eyes of mine are open,
To observe.
And not to cover or block.

Too much on the scene,
Is popping up like harvest crops.
To pretend that it is not...
Makes it easier for those,
Preferring to gossip and/or window shop.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Topics And Themes

Topics and themes,
To described them discussed...
In writing to reveal.
May leave the one who benefits,
A way to be relieved of those experiences lived.

Yet others not accustomed,
To experience the living in other environments...
May refuse to accept the approach one uses,
That exposes what one knows to be true...
As being too honest and direct.
And often a topic and theme is rejected,
By those who become offended...
When their kept pretentions are subjected,
To scrutiny.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Topped With A Frosting

We do things that are loved.
People and others like myself,
Who have within them...
Something loved they do.

It is a passion not a passing fad,
That attaches to one's life...
As normal as the thoughts one has!

To wake up feeling blessed,
To have something else besides complaints
On one's mind...
Is something I treasure.
I thank God it wasn't mine to find.
It was there since birth to be expressed.
To not have something possessed I love...
I confess,
Would distress and depress me.
I can not imagine feeling that empty.
And yet...
There are those who do!
I guess they are the ones who awaken to brood!

We do things that are loved.
People and others like myself,
Who have within them...
Something loved they do.
Something to share with others.
Something done without seeking notoriety.
And 'if' that should come...
I can say God has given me my cake.
Topped with a frosting I love too!

'Of course,
You can have a piece of what I offer and give.
As long as you leave me a slice of what you brought.
I'm sure you have 'something' there,
You can say you love to offer and give...
Living a life loved as long as you live.

You must have something you'd like to share that's enjoyed? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Topsy-Turvy

They're robbing Peter,
To pay Paul on their debts.
And things are getting out of hand...
To leave some feeling quite upset.

A groaning moaning,
Is heard from dusk 'til dawning.
A smile once there...
Is now a frown most give and get!

Have we been hoo-dooed,
By someone doing voodoo.
What had been up...
Is now topsy-turvy.

That half filled cup,
Is leaking towards the bottom.
Could it be bad luck...
That a rut is stirring in our guts!

Have we been hoo-dooed,
By someone doing voodoo.
What had been up...
Is now topsy-turvy.

They're robbing Peter,
To pay Paul on their debts.
And things are getting out of hand...
To leave some feeling quite upset.

Have we been hoo-dooed,
By someone doing voodoo.
What had been up...
Is now topsy-turvy.

A groaning moaning,
Is heard from dusk 'til dawning.
A smile once there...
Is now a frown most give and get!

Have we been hoo-dooed,
By someone doing voodoo.
What had been up...
Is now topsy-turvy.

They're robbing Peter,
To pay Paul on their debts.
And things are getting out of hand...
To leave some feeling quite upset.

That half filled cup,
Is leaking towards the bottom.
Could it be bad luck...
That a rut is stirring in our guts!
And we must hang in and toughen up!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Tore Up And Ready To Heist

'What makes poetry,
Poetry? '

So debatable could be the responses.
But I would say...

Its assessibility to capture imaginations,
In those minds the author has found...
Prepared to accept perceptions that touch,
An ability to comprehend...
Pieces of thought suspended,
To be brought into a collective reality.
Left to sit and dwell in one's mind.

'I see.
And...
This has nothing to do with alcohol?
Or being a little buzzed out on drugs? '

Where is this coming from?
People can be creative without being tore up,
And ready to heist off a tote from a joint.

'Now...
That is poetry.
I understood that completely.
Thank you for that image.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Tormenting Yourself, Privately

It is not my thought,
To see you banging your head...
Against brick walls.
That is not my thought,
For you at all.
However...
While you bang your head,
From one wall to another...
Remember,
You have a front and back door...
To leave through either one to pick,
Whenever you wish to exit...
From thoughts you think I might have,
Of seeing you trying to prove to me...
And others you made to believe,
I was the one from things you have done...
To be out of my mind and crazed.

Go ahead.
Don't let me stop you from accusing me,
Of being the reason your own misdeeds...
Have returned to haunt and taunt you.
Evil is as evil does to self-inflict.
By now you should know this.

'Why? Why are you here?
And how did you get in? '

Through an unexpected open back door.
Oh well...
I did come to express my forgiveness.
But I did not expect,
Such a personalized apology to get.
Should I leave the back door open?
With the keys still in the lock?

'Haven't you tormented me enough? '

Again...

Those are your thoughts.
My own to keep to feel relief,
Are no longer in need to be expressed.
Thank you.
I'll leave you tormenting yourself,
Privately.
Oh.
And by the way...
You could have easily have said,
I'm sorry!

'You...
Are evil, evil, evil.'

Again...
Those are your thoughts.
Not mine.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Toronto

Toronto is wonderful,
Beautiful.
Clean and mixed.

Very comments are made,
To stir up racial conflicts.
Toronto is magnificient.

One must go. Visit to explore...
It!
Has its own significance.
And those who choose Toronto...
Live.
In a diversity unique.

Note:
'Janice and I visited Toronto, Canada.
And stay in a hotel that overlooked city hall,
And the CN Tower-Canadian National.
There is one thing I noticed very quickly...
Most of the city gets busier after hours underground.
It has to be seen.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Torrents Drenched With Turbinado Sugar

Your lips,
When kisses taste sweetened...
Reminds me,
Of torrents drenched with Turbinado sugar.
Harvested raw and fresh,
From the rich lava whipped grounds...
Found,
On the Islands of Hawaii.

And I yearn to have this melt upon your tongue.
As I enhale deeply the warmth of your breath,
Spiced.

I've used some on the baked chicken.
On the tossed green salad!
Made with Romaine, garden tomatos...
Vadalia onion, mixed peppers, lemon juice and love!
To delight my taste buds,
After my dance inside your inviting mouth.
And rushing to bare us both...
To prepare in our sharing of dessert!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Tortured

You won't leave me tortured.
Unable to get sleep.
No you won't leave me tortured.
Unable to eat or freely breathe.
I thought I taught cha,
I'm not into torture.

When I said I loved you,
I meant it.
And since it was admitted,
My back you want bent.
And on my knees to see me begging,
For your consent...
To accept my sentiments.

I was not born to be tortured.
I was not born,
To ignore who scorns...
To do it and prolong.
I was not born to be tortured.
Or...
Play a tit for tat to see who best attacks back.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Tossed And Trashed

Too much time had been spent,
In disqualifying the achievements...
Of those who had been ready,
To expose their loyalty and dedication.
Now that the years have decayed the spark...
The one so brightly shown then with enlightenment.
And humbled by the experience,
Invitations are sent to the ones outcast.
To be tossed and trashed.
As they remembered being.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Tossed Away

When a people,
Fed on corruption...
Start to blame,
A newly elected president...
To be the cause of their woes,
And a weakened economy...
Even a monkey,
Accustomed to feeding on bananas...
But has chanced upon,
An opened can of smoked caviar...
Tossed away in a remoted jungle,
Stops...
To scratch its head!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Tossed, Kicked And Thrown To Puncture

Tossed, kicked and thrown to puncture.
And those who have been deflated,
Like abused balls slammed against walls...
Are often heard to express,
A forgiveness given to those they do not fault.

'Why do you continue to put up with this? '

~We've only been together a few years.
I'm sure after the adjustment period,
Both of us will settle down...
To understand which rules apply.
Since every situation does not require a busted lip.~

'And...
WHY do you continue to put up with this? '

~We've only been together a few years.
I'm sure after the adjustment period,
Both of us will settle down...
To understand which rules apply.
Since every situation does not require a busted lip.~

Tossed, kicked and thrown to puncture.
And those who have been deflated,
Like abused balls slammed against walls...
Are often heard to express,
A forgiveness given to those they do not fault.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Tossing Obstacles

Tested will be a heart devoted.
And sacrifices,
Performed as they are...
Seem to never end.

One determined with motivation,
Is confronted by conflict and temptation.
And is seldom encouraged to reach untold goals.

The one who remains with focus on a path,
Is not without naysayers on the sidelines...
Tossing obstacles as they laugh.

But there is something about that old saying that goes...
'He who laughs last has the best laugh and knows.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Total Acknowledgement Of My Own Ignorance

I WON?
I've won!

'Congratulations.
What did you win? '

Complete and total acknowledgement,
Of my own ignorance.

'Gee!
How lucky can one get?
I hope to say that someday myself,
With a relief that must bring...
Of shouldering the burdens,
Of carrying mistakes made with hidden regrets! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Total And Complete Comprehension

Wouldn't it be wonderful,
To know something told...
From another you heard to say,
Is not going to be changed...
To be interpreted some other way.
As something else said.
With an established agreement.

And they did not try to convince you,
Of not paying attention.
Wouldn't it be great when you left them,
After having a conversation...
There was no need for you to doubt,
Whether you had from them been given...
A total and complete comprehension.

And a sigh of relief unmentioned is released.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Total Breakdown

Total breakdown.
In respect.
Total breakdown.
In discipline one should get.
Total breakdown.
Of relationships.
Keeping one happy and safe...
Would be a miracle to escape,
Any cracks appearing in it.
Total breakdown.
Of societies!
Without outside interference,
To proclaim how they should or should not be.
Total breakdown.
Witnessed in mentalities.
And bad diets can be the reason.
Bad diets can account for most of these.
Total breakdown.
Complete.
With few left to mend,
The inefficiencies.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Total Upheaval To Fantasized Beliefs

What is going on?
A reality refused existence.
And an overwhelming presence of it,
No longer given the option of being deluded...
By those who excused the inclusion of it.

What is going on?
The blatant attacks on deceit, lies and corruption.
A disruption of the lives of thieves and their alibis.
And an exposure to their incompetent influence.

What is going on?
A total upheaval of fantasized beliefs.
And the creaking sounds of sneaking creeps,
Attempting to leave the scene of their crimes.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Totally Ambivalent

As to what and where reality is.
But to the kids that doesn't matter,
As long as they are kept videoed.
And entertained...
By sex, partying, and exposed to violence.
While those pretentious,
Accept their activities as innocent.
Regardless if this investment,
Retrieves a future delusioned to deliver...
An abundance of magnificent benefits.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Totally Connected

The best representation,
Of who it is I am that I can make...
Is to express my identity.
With it known to show,
From head to toe...
I am totally connected,
Without doubt to accept.
And that's the best representation,
Of myself I can give with no questions.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Totally In Twilight

Some folks actually insist...
What is going on today,
Isn't going on.
And that we should pray...
To avoid the realities!
There are folks like that...
Totally in twilight!
With minds dimmed.
And a thought process completely off!
And people like me are called heathens...
Because I am against being on my knees,
When the basement of the church is on fire!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Totally Messed Up

What you say makes absolutely no sense.
You say some 'friends' had you convinced,
That someone who had loved you,
Did it to masquerade intentions that were meant.
And now with time passed,
You've come to realize you dismissed...
The one who truely loved you had intelligence.
Enough to turn dollars and cents,
Into riches that would make you permanently rich?
Who is this?

I hear what you say but what I hear makes no sense.
You say you are trying now,
After years have faded to no longer exist...
Someone from a past that has gone,
With love to give you but you resisted.
And one with intelligence, charm and wit.
Who could also take pennies and make you rich?
Whomever that was I need to get with them quick.
I can show them in seconds I can accept all of it.

Good luck with your quest.
But your delusions kept,
Have you totally messed up!
Go ahead and feel offended.
But I'm the one beginning to feel the disgust.

And...
While we are on the subject.
And 'before' I get you too upset,
Do you mind if I request,
That person's name, number AND address.
I'll be seeking just the love and as much as I can get.
But if they want to donate intelligence AND respect?
And a willingness to have appear a prosperity too,
As a bonus that reflects?
I'll convince them in minutes to forget about you.
To know with me we can be delusion free.

Totally Obligated

When I walk,
I may be talking.
And,
To those who notice I am alone...
Alone I'm not!
For several blocks.

I let my 'guides' who are spiritual,
Lead.
They clear my path of obstacles.
Some unknown or to me shown.
It works.
This method succeeds.

Although I'm cautious,
Caution doesn't control my life.
I'm too excited by it.
And delighted I am...
Night and day.

I will never live my life feeling uptight!
Or spend my peace of mind...
Wide awake.
When rest is needed...
And sleep requires my time.

So...
When I walk,
I may be talking.

And,
To those who notice I am alone...
Alone I'm not!
For several blocks.

Until I stop...
To then answer questions asked.
Hey,
What can I say?

I feel totally obligated that way.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Totally Worthless

What can be said.
To people with thick heads.
And determined not to pay attention.
Or stop to listen.
Yet to hear them say,
Someone should have made them aware...
Of the high price paid,
For those consequences to pay...
That time delayed and wasted takes.

'Someone should have taken a stand.
And demanded that we shut our mouths.
Now our stubbornness has cost us,
The loss of jobs and effective opportunities.
Dignities and possessions to impress.
To leave us only with our kept pretentions.
Most of us have discovered to be,
Totally worthless and without real purpose.'

~Well,
You do have one thing left...
That has increased in value.~

'Oh yeah?
And 'what' would 'that',
ONE THING be?
Hmmm?
Identity? '
Go ahead and say it.'

~I apologize.
You have 'two' things left...
That has increased in value.
Not only an identity you can reclaim.
To knock the dust off of it.
But also a 'truth',
You have kept so long denied.
And very seldom used.
Congratulations!

Many are not that fortunate.
To be blessed with time to realize it.
Sometimes with 'nonsense' in the way,
Truth can be disguised.
And conveniently hidden.
Under a creating of false pride.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Totally. Totally. Totally Bummed

Totally. Totally. Totally bummed.
Totally. Totally. Totally bummed.

Significant this feeling is,
Hard to overcome.
When an aging is apparent,
And nothing can be done.

And when one has a wisdom,
One developes more and more...
The pressure to pretend there isn't,
Can not be ignored.

Oh, totally. Totally. Totally bummed.
Being now an elder,
Overnight has stunned.
Totally. Totally. Totally bummed.

No more looking 26.
Overnight has stunned.
Disappearing quick was 36.
Overnight has stunned.
And the 46 that came...
Picked up 56 and split.
And now I can't believe it,
I am elderly legit.

Oh, totally. Totally. Totally bummed.
Being now an elder,
Overnight has stunned.
Totally. Totally. Totally bummed.
Being now an elder,
Overnight has stunned.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Touch The Sky

I search to climb the mountains,
To do to seek to reach those peaks.
I search to climb the mountains,
The ones I'm told impossible.
I search to climb the mountains,
To do to seek to reach those peaks.
I know the bottom much to well,
It's my time to rise.
I want to,
Touch the sky!

Why live a life and not be seeking,
To touch the sky.
Why live a life and not be reaching,
To touch the sky.
Why pray for hope and not have faith,
To touch the sky.
Why live a life and be afraid,
To touch the sky.
Why wait until it's much too late,
To touch the sky.

I search to climb the mountains,
To do to seek to reach those peaks.
I search to climb the mountains,
The ones I'm told impossible.
Why live a life and not be seeking,
To touch the sky.
Why live a life and not be reaching,
To touch the sky.

I search to climb the mountains,
To do to seek to reach those peaks.
I know the bottom much to well,
It's my time to rise.
I want to...
Touch the sky!

Why pray for hope and not have faith,

To touch the sky.
Why live a life and be afraid,
To touch the sky.
Why wait until it's much too late,
To touch the sky.
Without a making one attempt,
To try.

I...
Search to climb the mountains,
To touch the sky.
I want to make an attempt to prove...
I can try.
I...
Search to climb the mountains,
To touch the sky.
I want to make an attempt to prove...
I can try.

On mountaintops I'm going to do that hop,
To then touch the sky.
I'm not going to stay on the bottom to believe I can not,
Touch the sky.
On mountaintops I'm going to do that hop,
To then touch the sky.
I'm not going to stay on the bottom to believe I can not,
Touch the sky.
It takes an effort that's effective...
To touch the sky.
It takes effectiveness with effort...
To touch the sky.
And not give up on attempts to even try.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Touched As Wished

Perceive and feel any accomplishment wished.
The beating and removing of weeds...
On a path,
May slow...
But don't let a mind that is fixed,
To accomplish...
Drift.

Mistakes are made.
But one must allow this...
If a feeling of success,
Is going to be touched as wished.

Stay away from those with negativity to grind.
People like that are weak in initiative...
Are also seeking to validate,
Their insecurities in other minds.

Misery loves company.
A lot of it and that's a fact.
And emotions shown that go unprotected...
Are used as traps to hold folks back.

'I understand exactly how you are feeling.
Come and sit with me.
I have time to waste to listen with a comforting done,
To every one of your complaints.
Don't hold back.
I am here for you and I want you to know that.'

Misery loves company.
A lot of it and that's a fact.
And emotions shown that go unprotected...
Are used as traps to hold folks back.

To achieve and acquire success...
One must work at it constantly.
Often without being understood.
Often without sleep.

Or getting little rest.
But blessings come as rewards for those tests.

Perceive and feel any accomplishment wished.
The beating and removing of weeds...
On a path,
May slow...
But don't let a mind that is fixed,
To accomplish...
Drift.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Touched In Their Private And Sacred Places

There has to be something somewhere pleasant,
Besides the deluge today of unpleasant news.
Someone somewhere with a smile shown bright,
Has to find life more than existing just to gripe.

Too much emphasis is placed on acknowledging fear.
Folks are hired today to grope in demeaning ways,
Those who travel and aboard airplanes...
Who may conceal unrevealed weapons,
In areas that are not normally displayed.

Upset are the people who have asked to feel safe.
And when measures are taken to fulfill their wishes,
People feel intruded upon and victimized,
When touched in their private and sacred places.

Paranoia is becoming as fashionable as accusations thrown,
As to 'who' and 'whom' depicts characteristics of a terrorist.
When no one bothered to search the pockets,
Of the many thieves and crooks who deceive...
Masquerading to live wholesome lives and getting away with it.

Millions of dollars are wasted daily,
To support the protection of interests.
But what is in conflict are the missing funds,
No one sees when it leaves the banks...
To go overseas to dismiss an accountability of disappearing fees.

When innocent people are picked to profile,
While a coverup continues behind the scenes...
As attention is diverted,
From the reality of what all this means.
A trust that once had a purpose,
Seems today a curse that is thirsted.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Touches Of An Angel Distributing Luck

The easier a perception,
Of how one's life is lived...
The one perceived erroneously,
Is rumored to be lazy.
Or 'gifted' by the touches of an angel...
Distributing luck and unquestionable abundance.

No one accepts someone like this,
As being sacrificial.
Or sweating constantly to accomplish,
What one desires with a focused wish.
Or that a success that has been made public,
Has been more than well deserved.

Or...
Has an intention to receive,
The benefits...
From a toiling away,
On many a sleepless night!
As others have no problem,
Manifesting their critique on a daily basis.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Touching

Touching are words expressed,
When hearts are filled with such emptiness.

Touching is that lost contact,
We long to hold and feel against our chests.

Touching are the flow of memories,
Coming when someone has left.

So touching we are when those times arrive.
And touching we wish,
To be done when the end comes.
As tears are cried.

And those with touching emotions,
Felt with sighs...
Inside.
Rising to surface...
Are not found to be at their best.
When wept!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Touching Death's Door

A healing to mend successfully,
By one who has done this alone...
With this condoned unable to prevent,
Changes one's mental attitude...
Towards others who perceive,
They should be invited to give consent.

But with a renewed and freshened outlook,
One accepts that can not be ignored...
That may offend those not to intend,
What had been prioritized...
Prior to an illness that began,
And before one's foot came close...
To touching death's door,
Is often misunderstood...
By those who have yet had this opportunity,
To know this change to explain it.

'Something is different about you.
It is as if you are someone else.'

~I am the same person not to be anyone else.
However...
A living to experience life to appreciate it,
Has us living to value it in different ways.
To make some experiences unexpected,
Much more effective than others.
With some changes to make,
Permanently staying to not go away.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Touching Surfaces

Touching surfaces.
Left to dust.
And compelled to do this,
I feel I must.

Revealing to see,
What isn't often seen...
And chanced upon accidentally,
Seems obscene...
To someone like me curious and obsessed,
With questions as to why...
A truthfulness hidden,
Isolated to hide.
And why?
In such darkened corners.

Touching surfaces.
Left to dust.
And compelled to do this,
I feel I must.

And 'why'?
I am left to wonder...
Is this surface covered up in dust?
Left to rust?

And why?
I am left to wonder...
Is the purpose for this surface,
Allowed to crumble from the effects of rust?

Is the purpose to have it thought useless?
Until no one gives a...
Desire of wanting to know,
Whatever it was and gives up?
Or dares?

Touching surfaces.
Left to dust.

And why?
I am left to wonder...
Is the purpose for this surface,
Allowed to crumble from the effects of rust.
Until no one gives a...
Desire of wanting to know,
Whatever it was and gives up?

Well...
It has to be connected,
To a truthfulness left.
And concealed for that purpose.
Or it would not be hidden,
And left covered up to dust.

And as I begin to brush away the dust...
Hushed footsteps I hear.
Hushed footsteps are clear and near,
To silence my curiosity.

'Who is it and WHY,
Have you gone beyond your limits?
Who is it and Why...
Invades? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Tough And Rough

Tough
Are the lives lived of those once puffed
Who today will not give up
Although for them these times are rough
Without the pampering done with fluffed up stuff

Falling from the top down to the ground
Can come to stun those looking around
Falling from the top down to the ground
Can come with a thud and a crashing sound
Falling from the top down to the ground
Can come to perplex and compound composures
With a picking up of pieces
Slipping away from greasy reaches

Falling from the top down to the ground
Can be so tough
And rough
For those who have not had enough

Tough
Are the lives lived of those once puffed
With a picking up of pieces
Slipping away from greasy reaches

Falling from the top down to the ground
Can come to stun those looking around
For remnants of yesterday to be found
And
Left astounded!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Tough Love

You're stuck in thickened muck,
And you want to give up.
The muck you're stuck in...
Isn't budging.

And on your mind bad luck,
You're accustomed to cuss.
But,
That stuff you're cussing...
Only you began.

You made a choice,
To bottled up your stuff.
You made decisions without thinking.

And...
You've had enough.
But you chose to have it rough.
There is no exit when you're given,
Tough love.

When you get out,
You'll remember it...
As tough love!
Tough love.
Tough love.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Tough. Rough And Raw

The truth is tough.
Rough and raw.
Leaving many left to feel,
Disgusted by its reality.
And yet,
When truth is diluted...
To include myths sweetened,
By images presented...
That represent nonexistent,
Portrayals created...
These mental manipulations,
Become delusions to remain...
A way of life defended.
And remains worshipped.
With a doing that stays,
Hypnotically praised.

'And the winner is...
Envelop please!
There seems to be a tie.
Between ideals kept fantasized
AND...
Believe it or not,
The marketing of decadence.
Long denied.'

Tough. Rough and raw.
The truth continues to lose,
Against pretensions defended.
And those who choose,
Their lives to live kept...
Demoralized and taking,
A nose dive.
As truth to seek it realized,
Has for many become...
Too suspicious to welcome,
Its presence to permit...
The existence of it allowed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Tourist Attraction

They are in the business of exchanging fantasies.
No one can argue with this direction!
It is an exhausting process too long attempted.
See them for who they are!
And enjoy the reality of knowing what is observed...
Can be wilfully left behind!
Realizing what you find has already been defined,
As a tourist attraction!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Towel Dried

Tempestuous.
Giving out moody pickings
On a plate!
Watching and waiting
To sting with allure.
Bringing every dish eaten...
On a table.
To sit and stare and tease!
With lusting eye contact!

Tempestuous.
Rage.
Calm.
Heat to warm with cold shoulder,
Sometimes...
Hot and bothered!
And churning with fury!

Tempestuous!
Snatched and used.
Thrusts slow to a sigh and snore!
Nothing bores this rocking ship.
Wet with sweat collected.
Hugging with nakedness accepted.
To sleep forgiving...
And towel dried!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Towers

We all have our towers,
That seem impossible to erase.
And each moment we take to look away,
More intimidating they become.
With our thoughts we allow to be threatened,
By fears we create.
Leaving those invisible towers to grow.
Until they take over any remnants of light,
Of lives we wish and prefer to live.
To accept shadows to hide behind.
As we seek to validate,
With others who also make...
Towers.
Without faith to use or choose this way,
To face the eliminating of their own obstacles.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Toxic

Toxic!
That's what he is now called.
By his own!
This is not gossip.
His own people have grown tired and sick.
They have thrown him to the curb.
An act he has long deserved.
They wish to be distanced.
And this they are doing quick.
But that should have been done long ago.
Before he was permitted...
To bring upon pain, heartache and sorrows.

Admitting now,
He is radioactive.
He and those who have created these conflicts.

Toxic.
Deadly.
Like a sulfuric gas.
Many have smelled this.
Knowing from him this was passed.

'Yeah...?
But 'who' put him there?
He was not elected.
He was clearly picked and selected!
And he is not the only bearer of these fumes.
Nor should it have taken eight painful years...
To discover he and 'his'
Were poison!
Even the sight of others dieing...
Brought them and so many to rejoice! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Toxic And Abusive Relationships

Very few consciously choose,
To enter into toxic and abusive relationships.
And if the few who do this can be excused,
As empathy seeking victims and with the getting of it...
Why have many committed themselves consciously,
To stay and complain about their mistreatment...
Done by someone no one hears from their point of view,
To defend themselves from those accusations made...
Or the reasons why,
Another who has accused them with complaints,
Made to others of what was done to do...
Yet remains in the same environment without leaving.
But when it is done it is done to do to complain,
And not done to do to make a dramatic and effective change.

'Why did you leave that 'situation'? '

~I got tired of hearing from others,
What it was I wasn't doing or did to not do.~

'And what about your mate? Your ex-mate? '

~Well 'hopefully' they will meet someone,
They can not lie on to victimize with abuse accustations.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Toxic Anxieties

Sobered.
By the arrival,
Of the meaning of life.
And snipped away...
From the opportunities,
To maintain a grip onto status.
Awaken to see things as they are!

To walk and feel a freedom among the trees.
This life,
And the clarity that a brightness brings...
Bestows an abundance of joy.
Once the trappings of limitation...
Are dropped from the intoxication,
To acquire that which never satisfies...
One who has experienced buyer's remorse.

Attractions to pleasure...
Unmeasured temptations,
To gratify one's soul...
Is a beast feeding on toxic anxieties.

Only those who know truth...
Have it all!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Toxins

Release them to relieve with an enema.
You can,
Release them to relieve with an enema.
Feel free...
Light,
And...
Cleansed as you can be.

Toxins,
Create...
Diseases.

Release them to relieve with an enema.
You can,
Release them to relieve with an enema.

Toxins,
Create...
Diseases.

You can,
Feel free...
Light and cleansed as you can be.

Release them to relieve with an enema.
Toxins.
Release them to relieve with an enema.
Toxins.
Release them to relieve with an enema.
Toxins.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Traces Of Their Tracks Left All Over The Facts

How can anyone conscious of a deed done...
Later admit,
They were not aware of it?

If honest mistakes are declared to be made,
By those who are consciously making them...
Most of the time.
Why are the ones unconscious,
Repeatedly denying...
They are 'not' incompetent.
When they have left traces of their tracks,
Left all over the facts!

And...
Supported they are,
By those who continuously make...
Honest mistakes!

How much of reality is, indeed, faked?
With no one held accountable,
For a quality of life watched fading away.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Track And Field

I believe there has been a misunderstanding.
No one yet has been talking about taking your wealth...
And giving that to someone else.
Those are fear tactics over used!
However...
What is going to come to end,
Is the redballing you began.
The racial profiling done!
And the nepotism with blatant thief...
You must agree had begun with exuberance and glee!

These issues will be addressed!
And the playing field will be cleared...
Offering a wider appeal with equal access.

And methods of obtaining wealth now condoned,
By illegal means as accustomed...
Will come to an end!

Afterall...
You alone and those you name and have known,
Are not solely entitled to the Earth's resources!
Now...
On your mark!
Get set...
Go!

'That is totally unfair!
We have never been a people,
Good at 'Track and Field'.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Tracked Or Not

There's nothing like the feeling of being tracked.
And those doing it are not in camouflage.
This they want known.
Your back is being watched and this they want shown.

There's nothing more remembered than the acts of disrespect.
The kind that is delivered with a laughing one gets.
And as difficult as it is,
To continue one's life with a head up and positive...
This has to be done,
As if scriptured and quoted from biblical myth!

Those who are challenged are done so above and beyond,
All feeling and emotion felt...
By the ones who enjoy being antagonists.
Some are born just to appreciate being just that...
Grief givers.

Tracked or not...
One's duty is to avoid becoming subdued,
By those who wish to make what they do obvious...
As to stop any forward advancement.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Trade Off

Trade off!
Will the value satisfy the act,
Be equally pleasing?
Is that pleasure increased,
After an agreement has been reached?

What is it that is being traded?
Has the use of it for one ceased,
To decide not to keep as one's special 'piece'?
And does a trading it off meet the need,
For one to believe it gratifies?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Trade You Lay

Don't get me started.
No don't get me started.
Don't get me started,
Don't!

You tell me for you I am the one,
But if I was younger...
I'd be fun.
But don't get me started.
Don't.

You want a poppa and a friend.
To toy around in your play pen.

Don't get me started.
Don't get me started,
Don't get me started,
Don't!

Because...
I refuse to be,
A piece of trade you lay.
I'm not that way.

No I...
Refuse to be,
Treated like a piece of meat!
Not today.

Don't get me started.
Don't get me started,
Don't get me started,
Don't!

Don't get me started.
Don't get me started,
Don't get me started,
Don't!

I...
Refuse to be,
Treated like a piece of meat.
Or a trade you lay.
Trade you lay.
Trade you lay.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Traded Souls

Traded souls.
Victims,
Of a growing social media.
Inflicting upon them,
Subliminal hypnotic animosity.
With an ease that leaves,
Minds controlled...
Anonymously.

Traded souls,
Sold to buy into false beliefs.
And choosing themselves chosen,
To be picked,
As part of a movement...
To do as they wish.
Only to be deceived,
By their own divisions...
Of self serving importance,
To create.

Divisions to convince,
Those of a selected demographic
To trade their souls to worship
Gold.
And successfully sever,
From God; their Creator.
With a choice to choose,
The spreading of havoc.
And emboldened disturbances.
Just to manifest unrest.
Disconnecting any feelings left
Associated with faith, hope...
And humanity.
To disregard these qualities,
As meaningless.
And less significant ways,
To live their mindless...
Empty and thoughtless lives.

Traded souls.
Believing themselves exceptions
To do as they please.
Only to be deceived.
And ultimately defeated.
By their own self hatred.
And divisions of this,
They've created to perpetrate.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Traditions And Specifics

This journey I began,
Started for me many years ago.
So save your pretense and flattery.
They do nothing for my ego.

So regard my expressions,
Not poetry at all.
And by use of academic standards,
What I do does not fit a mold they can recall.

And I wonder if Shakespeare,
Or Maya Angelou or Langston would approve...
If Nikki Giovanni,
Said it differently than Sonia Sanchez.
Or if Harriet Beecher Stowe,
Thought Mark Twain...
Or Edgar Allan Poe were shallow poets?
And if she did...
What makes her or the others,
Authorities to know?
How talents such as these are bestowed.

Especially when times move on!
And mentalities 'should' grow!
Beyond the halls of formal education.
Where some still seek to teach and be taught.

Like those who are of conceptual talents.

And few of those have not been shown.
Or at least in some places,
Not yet exposed...
To innovative thinking.
With a dose of creativity imposed.

So many are threatened,
By the unknown!

This journey I began,

Started for me many years ago.
So save your pretense and flattery.
They do nothing for my ego.

In fact...
Egos seem to be attached,
To those limited to academics.
And intellectually gifted...
To analyze and dissect,
What has already been depicted.
And devoid of the 'what ifs' of life...
Those who are 'curious' enjoy.

Those who are annoyed by others!
The ones intellectualizing,
Traditions and specifics.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Tragically Missed

He or she.
Them or they.
In love with a dead mate.
With feelings never to go away.

A severed relationship.
Coming too soon.
Ending too quick.
And leaving empty beds to a singleness,
Split in prolonging restlessness.

Weakening stength once declared unbroken.
Redefining a loss felt...
In body and mind.
But a word of this can not be spoken.

Pacing a trail mixed with empty visits,
And traumatic unhappiness.
With no one to find,
To occupy those treasured times.
Since a love like this...
Has been tragically missed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Traitor

Anyone who has ever been led to believe,
A keeping to not reveal their dishonesty...
To conceal and not reveal,
To a spouse, lover or someone regarded...
As a close confidential friend,
For purposes to keep them deceived...
Is a traitor.
Motivated by a selfishness kept.

'There are exceptions.'

Exceptions?
There are no 'exceptions'.

'Suppose someone lies.
And innocently does this until they are caught?
You know...
Some perceive a telling of a lie,
Is not done if they are not caught telling one.'

And people like that are the most dangerous.
They will deny a lieing to anyone,
Until a catching them in one is done.

'Someone like that is a traitor.
To do what they wish with belief it's okay.
With a seeking to eat cheese...
And like sneaking rats doing as they please,
To lie about it with the cheese and in the trap.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Traitors And 'Fiction' Evaders

Any message sent,
With content meant to be receive...
Will always offend those unprepared,
To have their kept beliefs rip to shreds.
While those wanting to permit,
Honest discussions to begin 'and' exist...
Are more than likely to defend themselves,
From being labeled as traitors and 'fiction' evaders.
Non conformists, misfits and mavericks wishing,
To have blindfolds removed from those deceived.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Traitors Will Be Ostracized

Fitting in...
Being accepted!
Not standing out...
So as not to attract attention
To oneself!

It's so difficult to have integrity,
With a raised eyebrow.
Sooner or later...
It will have to be shaved,
Or sunglasses worn...
With black lens to hide that!
And designer approved.
A recommended 'chic' with deception look!

Anyone percieved detecting dishonesty...
Will be labelled as a follower of truth!
And that will not be tolerated!
Traitors will be ostracized...
And punished to the fullest degree.
The very best of character assassination
Will be applied!
It is a conformity everyone abides!
And legalized to uphold an accepted way of life!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Traits Of Misery

Beware of those who expose,
Traits of misery.
You will recognize them immediately.

Ache and Pain gainers,
Will introduce themselves first by complaints.
'Oh, I'm hanging in there.
Doing the best I can with my arthritist.
And controlling my 'sugar' and high colesterol.
You have no clue how I wish I can say,
I'm doing fine as easily as you do.'

Sufferers of others' misunderstandings...
Are of a different breed.
They want to be understood as to why,
Their excuses and alibis are always so creative.
'As a child my parents did this to me.
With their over-protecting and curfews set.
That left me insecure and unsure,
Of any forwardsteps I made.
But with my unshakable faith...
I pray everyday for clarity.'

Oh yes,
There's nothing like that 'clarity' to be addressed.

And then,
Those 'Doubting Thomases' who speak in 'gibberish'...
Around those to impress on Sunday mornings,
During their 'confessions'...
Are those with their 'born-again' Christian qualities.
You know the ones...
Quick to quote verbatim from a learned scripture,
But can not accept the living of their lives...
For fear to be tempted by sin and the reality of life,
They find they have been 'annointed' to judge.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Transfixed By Tricks

They can not quote any significant accomplishment,
He has made for changing a downgrade witnessed.
But They are aware of a downslide,
Allowed by those chosen to prevent a skid.
And reek a havoc
On a lifestyle they alone did.
With excuses to continue to abuse their rights,
For better lives!
So anytime someone says...
They want to put their head on the line,
To reverse their dread...
Gets their attention.
Since the others could care less,
About the mess they have made...
That has gone unaddressed.
However...
They still praise their gains,
With an attempt to drive all insane.
And have dragged many down the drain,
With claims...
This is done in the best of their interests!
Somehow this conflicts,
With a people awaiting for change.
And they have grown restless...
After awakening from being transfixed by tricks.
And tired of those with 'experience' who have done this!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Transfixed Upon Themselves

There is only one conversation,
Heard from the me-me-I-I types!
Generally regarding their needs,
And self devotion.

Hear them express with a seriousness...
What they don't have.
What they could have.
And 'who' kept them from getting it,
After granting them chances...
To perform those tasks.

Transfixed upon themselves they are.
As if they tolerate others to exist.
Just to listen to their nonsense...
And deliver.
Whatever it is that is wished!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Transfixed With Beliefs Of Entitlements

They had once hated Shakespeare.
Now they grace his depictions of 'royal' dysfunctions...
As if he is revered.
And he is.

Using men dressed as women,
And poking jokes at the pretentious folks.
A banned Shakespeare...
Stayed committed to what he wrote.

Einstein wasn't embraced as a genius at first.
He was too brilliant, too wise.
And his mind was not limited.
It was in the stars and beyond in this Universe.

And 'whomever' it was to discover the Earth,
Was round and not flat...
Shut a lot of stunned mouths,
Beginning to realize that from undenied facts.

And here we are today,
Minds depleted of truth.
Minds easily deceived...
By appearances and deceit.

Keeping those deluded has begun to fade away.
As those transfixed with beliefs of entitlements...
Are realizing their values and standards,
Have been financed by those who had been patient.
Now that patience has made demands for them to pay.

~May we have your undivided attention, please.
Those who believed what was yours to keep...
They have been on loan just like the land you believe you own.
Scratch your heads or scratch your backs!
However you accept what is stated...
Facts are the facts and there is no erasing that.
We...
Collectively,

Are not here to prolong your perceptions of truth.

Feel free to learn everything and anything about us,
As you wish.
We intend to extend our visit with a smooth transition.
And ensure an enduring working relationship.
THAT we guarantee 'and' promise.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Transformation Comes

Transformation comes,
To push forward...
From what has been done.
Sometimes paining with a laborious birth,
Endured.
Insuring something new...
That is introduced as glorious,
And pure.

Transformation comes.
And people do adapt to embrace this change.
Very few can block or stop it.
Or insist what had been 'before' accepted,
Remains the same.

But with each season that begins a fresh start,
To end for another.
We here who witness it...
May express our opinions and have our druthers,
Fixed and stubborn.
When transformation comes...
Everyone is powerless to resist,
Its completeness.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Transitions

Transitions don't await and sit.
Nor are surveys taken,
From selected demographics...
To permit them to exist.
When transitions come to be done,
For everyone...
Shaking up what 'was',
With it meant to be...
Happens.

Transitions don't await and sit.
They happen.
Transitions are not permitted to exist.
They happen.

Shaking up what 'was',
With it meant to be...
To happen.
No matter what conditions people wish for them to get,
When transitions come to be done...
And for everyone,
They happen.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Transitions Descending

Transitions descending,
And not subtle at all.
These 'cosmic' transitions,
Are not kept on pause to stall.

Transitions descending,
Affecting human minds.
These 'cosmic' transitions,
Are of a different kind.

Transitions descending,
And with messages to us sent.
We are part of the Universe.
A transitional event,
That has us mentally spent.

Transitions descending,
And not subtle at all.
These 'cosmic' transitions,
Are not kept on pause to stall.

Transitions descending,
Affecting human minds.
These 'cosmic' transitions,
Are of a different kind...
Changing times we find.

Transitions descending...
And speeding up consciousness.
What was once thought to be...
AS IT IS,
ISN'T
As we thought known and meant.

What was once thought to be...
AS IT IS,
ISN'T
As we thought known and meant.

What was once thought to be...
AS IT IS,
ISN'T.

No it isn't.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Transitions Exist

Transitions exist to get people ready.
Transitions exist to give benefit.
Transitions exist to get people ready.
To grow and leave behind,
With a blooming done of it.

Transitions exist to get people ready.
Transitions exist to give benefit.
Transitions exist to get people ready.
To grow and leave behind,
With a blooming done of it.

Too many stars are there and shining bright.
And many planets beyond Mars.
On Earth there are so many differences,
To settle just for limits..
Or addict a mind to gimmicks.

Transitions exist to get people ready.
Transitions exist to give benefit.
Transitions exist to get people ready.
To grow and leave behind,
With a blooming done of it.

Too many stars are there and shining bright.
And many planets beyond Mars.
On Earth there are so many differences,
To settle just for limits..
Or addict a mind to gimmicks.

From a seed...
We keep on feeding until we grow.
With a flourishing to nourish.

And from a seed...
We are here to adapt and to show,
Transitions exist...
To like 'em or leave 'em.
Transitions exist...

To like 'em or leave 'em.
Transitions exist...
To like 'em or leave 'em,
But not them to fight.

Transitions exist...
To like 'em or leave 'em.
Transitions exist...
To like 'em or leave 'em.
Transitions exist...
To like 'em or leave 'em,
But not them to fight.

Transitions exist,
Both day end 'til night.
And not here to frighten,
To chase one to fly...
Away!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Trapped

You say you don't believe in this.
Or do you believe in that.
You don't believe in a Supreme existence.
Although you do verify your presence as fact.
And in listening to you,
I wonder where your mind is at!

We all live on a planet that is not man made.
And nothing in the Universe,
Relies on you or your point of view.
Without the Sun...
Your life as you know it,
Would not have begun.
And still you disbelieve...
The trees and the complexities,
Allows you to breathe.
And your choice to be here...
Was from your perception to concieve?

You say you don't believe in this.
Or do you believe in that.
You don't believe in a Supreme existence.
Although you do verify your presence as fact.
And in listening to you,
I wonder where your mind is at!
You certainly have been ill informed.
And your own ignorance has kept you trapped.

So your purpose here is accidental?
And you are going to ensure,
You will leave this scene...
As a tragic crime commited as witnessed?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Trapped And Needing Air

Slow to wake up!
Too slow,
To awaken to what has been real.
Don't expect me to freeze in place.
Awaiting for you to embrace life,
As it is!
It is to be lived.
Not turned into a quiz...
You just can't get and figure out.
And your pouting is not admired.
It's like a flat tire needing air!
You are just not there!

Slow to wake up!
No one's got time on hold.
To benefit them...
And/or their whims.
When for them time will begin again.

Show or no show folks...
Who poke along,
And make joke of it.
Putting off 'the now'
To live a yesterday today...
Should be left on steps where they sit!
Or wave to them through a window!
Don't stop to visit.
They seek someone to twist into a fit!

Many know such folks,
Who complain about their sorrows.
And they will drain someone's patience.
To stall tomorrow's anticipated taste.
And squeeze the sweet,
To share their bitterness...
With anyone they meet.

It is to be lived.
This life!

Not turned into a quiz...
You just can't get or figure out,
The wrong from right!

And your pouting is not admired.
It's like a flat tire needing air!
You are just not there...
With determination focused.
But despair you love to wear.

Trapped and getting ragged...
Like a tire needing air.

Addicted like an addict,
And trapped...
Needing air!

Trapped and getting ragged...
Like a tire needing air.

Addicted like an addict,
That's trapped and needing air!
Caged like a rabbit in fear and scared.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Trapped Behind Doors

Such mischievious shifts,
Are keeping lights on in the empire.
Burdens of devotion begins to show
No loyalty in flight!
Pigeons who sat
Near the doves with patience,
Stir with disturbance...
And heard squawking at night!

Such panic from antics,
Curses the mission.
None still with wings,
Prefer to lead their flocks!
And the clock tick tocks loudly,
But smother the cries of shouts...?
Their actions do not!

The crystal ball shows shock!

And the warriors are demanded,
To make all the fires burning stop!
While the soul of their leader...
Feels trapped behind doors locked!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Trapped For Bait

A well made fake it is,
To get love disguised.
And not realize,
It's far from genuine.
And had not been intended.

A well made fake it is,
To give what is denied.
And not think one who uses eyes,
Lies.

A vow to get is crowded,
When it's spoken by someone...
Others know it's just a joke.
To rope a dope.

A sacred vow gets crowded,
When others start to laugh.
As one who hears devotion spoken,
Feels a sadness had.

And one awaiting love,
Is trapped for bait.
Too late to turn away,
From a bad mistake.
And...
One awaiting love,
Is trapped for bait.
Not love.
But trapped for bait.
Not love.
Too late.

A well made fake it is,
To get love disguised.
And not realize,
It's far from genuine.
And had not been intended.

And...
One awaiting love,
Is trapped for bait.
Not love.
But trapped for bait.
Not love.
Too late.

Trapped for bait.
Not love.
But trapped for bait.

Trapped for bait.
Not love.
But trapped for bait.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Trapped In Backyards

Excuse themselves from war they try.
As if their deeds will disappear with alibis.
With theft and segregation ties...
Lies created now stare back in their eyes.

Isolated are those who run,
From a reality they chose to shun!
And shambles of slaughter,
Leaves them trapped in backyards.
Arguing amongst themselves...
No one wants to admit,
They played an active part!

And the price paid for this shame,
Haunts the claim...
The way they sought to live,
Is not their blame!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Trapped In Memories

Nothing that has me trapped,
In memories passed is coming back!
No thrill I will upon myself...
Comes to repeat.
Like soft keys on a piano played!

And although I may mellow with age,
Like a fine wine...
No amount of it I drink,
Dances in my mind to comfort or soothe
The reality of you not being near
With me now!
I am hungover with too much hope!
Doped up,
With a love I can't let go!
And I'm paying too much of a price,
Trying to drink you here into my life again!

'Once more...
Play for me Frederic!
I am in a prelude in e-minor mood.
Play until this opus leaves my scope! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Trapped In Regret

One day when the peasants,
Are given a 'divine' choice to dine...
On Pheasant or Squirrel!
They will choose to nurture them as pets...
While the beasts in dungeons kept,
Sit trapped in regret.
With thoughts of conquest on their minds!
From a time when wine was poured freely,
As they danced and mocked those wise!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Trapped Satisfaction

When people thoughtlessly,
Trash their own streets.
And speak from mouths filled,
With garbage...
I don't want to know or wish to discover,
'Where' their minds are at!

Nor do I desire to know 'why'...
They are socially dysfunctional.
These images were purposely invented.
Too many have latched onto a batch of lies.

If this is the life they have chosen to live...
'Some thing' or someone,
Much more influential than me...
Created a reality for them,
They have found acceptable...
To neglect AND defend as if treasured.

I am just grateful to be blessed,
My treasure chest...
Is not packed with that kind of trapped satisfaction.
Or bestowed with delusions I could not undo.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Traps!

And the doing on the run isn't fun!

Trying everyday to make impressions,
Traps!
Making payments on accepted debts,
Traps!
With a paid for happiness that gets less,
Is a trap that many regret.

A bling once shining with a gleam dims.
And then a replacing of them begins.
Is a trap that many regret,
Yet...
Trying everyday to make impressions,
Traps!
Making payments on accepted debts,
Traps!
With a paid for happiness no one gets.
Upsets to confess.

Decisions that are made to escape from traps,
With a weight eliminated to get off their backs...
Have 'some' relieved they have chosen that!
But a feeling of quilt is mourned...
Knowing what they've left is gone!

A bling once shining with a gleam dims.
And then a replacing of them begins.
Is a trap that many regret,
To upset and confess.
Yet...
Decisions that are made to escape from traps,
With a weight eliminated to get off their backs...
Have 'some' relieved they have chosen that!
But a feeling of quilt is mourned...
Knowing what they've left is gone!

A craving to get another taste stays.
Traps to be set have not gone away.

And people who escape admit the chase,
From temptations that are very strong!
With a prolonging that lingers on!

And, the doing on the run isn't fun!
When...
Trying everyday to make impressions,
Traps!
Making payments on accepted debts,
Traps!
With a paid for happiness that gets less,
Is a trap that many regret.
Yet...
People are addicted to a greed to feed.
And the doing on the run isn't fun!
When...
People are addicted to a greed to feed.
And the doing on the run isn't fun!
When...
People are addicted to a greed to feed.
People are addicted to a greed to feed.
People are addicted to a greed to feed.
And the doing on the run isn't fun!
When pretense of a doing has not been done...
With a guilt felt by those left stunned,
Wanting to get back to their traps!
With a guilt felt by those left stunned,
Wanting to get back to their traps!
With a begging to be given them back!
Traps.
TRAPS!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Trash Is Trash

No matter how it is packaged.
Deodorized and scented for presentation.
Trash is trash.
Identified by its attraction to the gutter!
And all things of sewage gatherings,
Enjoyed and complimented...
For an undeniable taste that is consumed.
And praised for all of its decadence declared...
In worship!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Trashed

Anytime, anyplace and anywhere,
If it is shown by someone to be known...
They believe a wasting of time,
And disrespecting others is fine...
There are problems that exist,
To be disregarded, ignored and dismissed.

Why is this behavior tolerated?
Why is this illness accepted like this?
To not make attempts to correct it?
When obvious it is minds ahve been infested.
And has a lot to do,
With so many today confused and neglected.

'Some people rather choose not to offend,
Anyone directly to have arguments begin.'

Yet it is okay,
To watch the ones become affected...
With this done as entire communities are destroyed.

'Whoa. Oh no. I didn't say that.
When I know someone is a liar I just laugh.
How you depict it with it said,
I don't find it that way to be 'that' bad.'

And that's sad.

'Oh? '

Yeah.
Look around.
You're not the only one around here who laughs,
While their lives are being trashed.
As they sit finding this hysterical.
Then to get upset to begin protesting,
When the police drag their feet to protect them.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Trashed Actions

Dumping dupes and their doings...
To screw all those viewing!
Removing this to sit,
With unresisting peace.
Bashed with rehashed dissatisfactions...
And attacked by false transactions?
Trashed actions of this kind...
Has brought a calmness to mind!
Finding in these times,
To do what's best and quickly!
And enjoy a life that comes.
When drastic measures must be done!
Stepping over temptations...
That once smothered in limitations!
And trashed actions of this kind...
Has brought a calmness to mind!
And no longer will a self destruction tease!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Trashing To Bash Beliefs

Those who rise to opulent skies,
To make statements generated...
In mediums to deliver their knack for bad taste,
Are often heard giving their opinions...
As to why the ones oppressed,
Seem to be those they have limited to opportunities.
And their reactions are needlessly expressed.

Although displaying themselves they do,
To be saviors seen craving a self righteousness...
Without insight professed to confess,
Does not impress with the best of an image,
Addressed by those claimed to be disgruntled...
And misfit dissidents.

An escalation of ignorance,
Invites an escalation of more of it to exist.
It does not diminish,
To grant those a free pass...
With a disrespecting of those provoked,
As if a trashing to bash beliefs is a welcoming relief!

Those poachers encroaching on lands to destroy,
Increasing decrease their on peace to shread to pieces.
Without employing tactics to to pinpoint reason.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Traumatic Has To Be The Reality Faced

Traumatic for many,
These days lived...
Has to be.
Especially for the ones who identified,
Their lives and self worth...
With the ability to purchase 'bling',
And other materialistic things.
With money that from them is dwindling.

Traumatic has to be the reality faced,
There is no substitute for truth that can be replaced.
Nor are there those empathetic,
Who have grown accustomed...
To finding their way on the streets to eat and sleep.
And yet those with beliefs they are above all of this,
Find themselves indebted to their beliefs...
They wish to keep.

And...
Traumatic for many,
These days lived...
Has to be.
For those who make demands as if...
Their lifestyles can be sustained,
By squeezing them...
From an economy based on credit.
That has exhausted all fantasies,
Once supporting a delusion...
There was no ending that came to a feeding of a feast.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Traumatized By Their Own Denials

Personally I find the unravelling,
Of what is being disclosed to be exposed...
Exhilarating to witness.
As those who have taken others for granted,
Awaken to find themselves...
Compared to books dusting on cobwebbed shelves.

I find it funny and hilarious how people keep beliefs,
That grassroots people living in the inner cities...
Are thought to be imbeciles manipulated easily.
And have wishes to live like those elite.
Who shadow those who have established themselves,
With opportunities and exclusive lifestyles...
To think of themselves as 'above' the ones beneath.

I find it silly to catch myself giggling,
To observe people delusioned to believe they are envied...
By others they 'assume' are livid with jealousy.
But heard to confess of having no interest,
In those who strut seeking to impress.
As if better than the rest.

Sometimes I find it difficult to suppress,
My empathy for those...
Without addressing first my own laughter.
Knowing the ones have to be traumatized,
By their own denials...
When they realize their way of life,
Has long been rejected as a disaster.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Traumatized By Too Much Reality

The one thing that can be said...
About those who are traumatized,
By too much reality faced on a daily basis!
Is this...
They will always find others to help protect them,
And their delusions.
While depicting those who speak truth comfortably,
As vicious and mean.
And insensitive to the ones,
Who disrespect honesty...
With embellished acceptable lies.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Travel Deep Beneath What Is Believed

You've got to give yourself a chance,
To probe your own mind.
And travel deep,
Beneath beliefs!

Before you try to comprehend,
Or take the time to probe mine.
I want to keep,
My privacy unseen.

Because I am not on the surface.
Freely skating,
Or looking for escapes...
To immulate.

Since I can be...
A lot to handle!
Because I don't travel on the surface.

I can be naive,
And free of scandle.
With a tinge of innocence...
That can be thought offensive.

Since I can be...
A lot to handle!
And travel deep,
Beneath what is believed.

You've got to give yourself a chance,
To probe your own mind.
And travel deep,
Beneath beliefs!

Before you try to comprehend,
Or take the time to probe mine.
I want to keep,
My privacy unseen.

Since I can be...
A lot to handle!
And travel deep,
Beneath what is believed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Traveling Backwards

They have lost all support.
And still wish to lip negativity.
Their ignorance is used for sport,
For those who see them as blinded bats...
Dwelling in caves and in deep sleep.

Repeatedly their conversations,
Chase moments that keep them in the past.
Stuck in minds behind the times,
Traveling backwards...
And doing that fast!

They have lost all support.
And still wish to lip negativity.
Their ignorance is used for sport,
For those who see them as blinded bats...
Dwelling in caves and in deep sleep.

Repeatedly their conversations,
Chase moments that keep them in the past.
Stuck in minds behind the times,
Traveling backwards...
And doing that fast!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Traveling To Notice And Absorb

Traveling to notice and absorb,
With an outlook accepting.
Can teach with an experience reached,
To all who are broadened with a receptive mind.
this is apparent most of the time.

And those who regard their travels rewarding,
Seem to be the ones open to a listening done.
With eyes focused and making obvious contact,
To ensure what is being addressed is comprehended...
That expresses an interest when exchanging conversation.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Travesty Of Brilliance

A travesty that shadows brilliance,
Contorts the showing of it...
In atmospheres where foolishness,
Seems worshipped and condoned.

Those who have a brilliance,
Are made to feel freaks.
Made to feel unusual whatever they do...
And often how they speak.
With a clarity understood!
That is not butchered on the streets.
Are pointed out as smart and/or 'lucky'.
And should move away to succeed.
Since where they live and feel a comfort...
Only disrespect they can expect to receive.

A travesty that shadows brilliance,
Leaves many disadvantaged...
With an unconscious acceptance,
Of a stifling ignorance.
Smothering them and in their decadence.
And...
In many communities where unity is professed...
A preferred association with ignorance,
Many profess as their success.
With a known evidence of it achieved.

To be brilliant and exposed,
Threatens those with insecurities.
Expecially those who are clueless,
With no connection to identity or to what that means.

To achieve mediocrity is a stretch for many!
And for more it is out of reach.
And those who are brilliant in the own communities...
Are treated as if they have leprosy.
OR something that disfigures them to be ostracized,
Shunned and banned.
Ridiculed by minds diseased.

And this travesty of brilliance,
Sweeps across a degraded land!
Showing just what influences.
And how corrupted insecurities...
Can destroy and ruin by command.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Treasure Each Moment Given

Let go of your hold,
On sad yesterdays.
Treasure each moment,
Of today.
And know what was 'then'...
Can and will be a new 'now'.
To let begin and start.
Just open your heart...
And live!

Give and receive more happiness.
Release from your mind limits set.
And let all regrets,
You've collected to upset.
Remove them from your doorstep...
And live.

It's your life to like and not despair.
Wish to meet those who choose fresh air,
To breathe.
Believe you are there,
Free from rules to break!
Or dreams you can not make come true.
It's up to you...
To prove you can do it!

Give and receive more happiness.
Release from your mind limits set.
And let all regrets,
You've collected to upset.
Remove them from your doorstep...
And live.

Let go of your hold,
On sad yesterdays.
Treasure each moment,
Of today.
And know what was 'then'...
Can and will be a new 'now'.

To let begin and start.
Just open your heart...
And live!

Who better than you,
Would you pick or choose...
To 'star' as the one to play that part?
Treasure each moment given,
To live.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Treasure Unmeasured Moments Held

I treasure unmeasured moments held.
With those who choose to hold them.
And we together meld,
In a sharing of good wishes.
Blended in reminisced experiences,
As we revisit,
The passing of years.
And the quick disappearance,
Of those happy days as children missed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Treasure What You've Got

Treat to treasure what you've got.
Nonstop.
And in prayer.
God is listening everywhere.
Everyday.
And is aware.
God is there.
Awaiting for your visit.
Make it known,
Your appreciation shown.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Treasured

A treasure that was given,
Was dismissed before declared.
The value of it was unknown...
So its purpose was not shared.

It sat amongst the midst of the people.
And they ignored its glow.
They ignored the power of it.
And for years its existence,
The people claimed not to know.

One day the treasure was spotted by a stranger.
Someone who had lived and been around.
Someone who knew what to value in life...
And stumbled accidently,
Upon this small town.

Instantly the treasure was recognized.
And the stranger could not believe what was seen.
The treasure was grateful a respect was shown.
And the people were surprised...
What had been announced by the stranger,
Had not been known!

But it was too late!
The treasure was only there,
To have someone appreciate it.
That appreciation was given!
And the stranger and the treasure...
Forever became enriched friends.
And left together feeling blessed,
They had found each other treasured!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Treasured Momentos

Treasured momentos collected.
Yet somehow,
Have become disconnected...
From feelings gone once fixed,
With a yearning to revisit concern.
As to who, when and why,
Such treasured moments selected...
Were kept to keep more valued,
Than a love of another to believe...
Would never leave but has.
From a mind to remember.
But from a heart that forgets,
What it was to protect...
No longer with thoughts left to think,
Of another kept as precious...
As collected momentos treasured.
And selected when believed two hearts,
Would forever stay connected.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Treasured To Live

A life treasured to live,
Moves much too fast...
When a satisfaction of having it,
Means more than sitting to watch sand...
Pass ever so quickly,
Through an hour glass.

And those believing they have time on their hands,
To seek an attention from others...
Hoping someone will stop to listen and understand,
Why anyone would hesitate to live in a procrastination...
Is someone awaiting for an approval,
To celebrate without contemplation.

A life treasured to live,
Moves much too fast...
When a satisfaction of having it,
Means more than sitting to watch sand...
Pass ever so quickly,
Through an hour glass.

And there are those who sit doing this,
With excuses to make about not finding the time...
A procrastination has found easily!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Treasures You Could Have

You will never come to understand,
From where...
Treasures you could have,
Come from to exist.

Too busy you are sniffing and scratching,
On a surface.
Without a thought,
Of probing below it.

You will never come to understand,
From where...
Treasures you could have,
Come from to exist.

Somehow, someone...
Somewhere from your past,
Has convinced you...
Others will come along to lead you to it.

And...
Without interest to spark your curiosity,
You've been waiting to be invited to the ball.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Treated As If Royal Guests

It doesn't pay to underestimate,
The abilities of anyone.
Or base an opinion of their experiences,
On where they may live.
Mode of transportation used.
Scuff marks on their shoes.
Physical appearances and choice of dress.
Perceptions of their intelligence.
Or the way they express a lack of interest,
In attending social sets.
Even the way one speaks is deceiving.

Those who have minds with perceptions like this,
Ultimately discover,
They are the ones dismissed.
Believing that which is shown...
Exposes the unknown.
So untrue are those beliefs some cling onto.

Who would ever conceive, perceive or believe,
Someone outwardly without trying...
Could to others impress.
With invitations secretly received,
To wine and dine with those who 'do' impress.
Yet...
Have similar personalities.
And enjoy being in the company,
Of the ones others decide to detest...
As insignificant 'wannabees'.

And requested they are,
To sit at the head of tables.
And treated as if royal guests.
While others dressed to impress,
Would never get an invitation...
To sweep or mop dirty floors.

But,
However...

Allowed to press their pretentious noses,
Up against the windows.
From outside as they shiver in the cold.

One never knows!
Do one?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Treated As If They Are Losers

Those who learn and return,
With an outreaching sought to teach...
Those less fortunate.
And this becomes a commitment wished.
A respect should be given.
But this they don't get!

Many are treated as if they are losers.
Or accused of having tremendous egos.
To flaunt in public.

And these same people,
When they choose in frustration to leave...
Are said not to be concerned,
In giving their expertise in those communities in need.

A coming together as professed,
To provide those neglected...
Is a periodic chant heard from those preventing progress.
And those who have been forced to turn their backs...
Are attacked in tongue lashings,
By hypocrites trapped within their own ignorance.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Treats To Nibble

The picture long revealed to be exposed,
And is far from subliminal...
With depictions unhidden,
But some who view are fixed on bits of it.
To be routinely comforted while feeding addictions,
As visions affixed dance to their pleasing of habits.

Petty pushers limited to insights condoned,
Express no interest in the frame...
Or the picture to them shown.
Arguments increase between the ones blindsided,
And those undeniably connecting to reality.
But choices made to feed upon treats to nibbled and eat,
Has successfully blocked a thought process stopped!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Trees Should Be Leisured

Trees should be leisured.
And given our priority.
Treated as if royality.
Without them no one breathes.

Trees should be leisured.
And stroked and pampered as if pets.
Instead of showing them neglect...
With a chopping down they get.

Trees should be leisured.
Like those we say we love.
Like favorite foods we eat to please.
Or things to ask from God above.

Trees should be leisured.
And given our priority.
Treated as if royality.
Without them no one breathes.

All trees should leisure.
Not be chopped and sold as huts!
To be then neglected or resold,
Or abandoned to give up!

Trees should be leisured.
And stroked and pampered as if pets.
Instead of showing them neglect...
With a chopping down they get.

All trees should leisure.
Since without them no one breathes.
All trees should leisure.
Since without them no one breathes.
And if from us trees should leave...
We would not here be needed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Tremendous

Tremendous,
Is your delivery.
Your style poignant...
With each line you craft.

An architect that captures imagination.
Taking one's breath,
On an unexpected adventure.

And yet,
Every step of the way...
Is identified with your unique touch.
I follow and understand this path you pave!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Tremendous Fools

Why is it,
When a discovery is made...
The very ones disbelieving this,
Are the ones spending their time digging...
To seek for more salt to pour into open wounds.
Or dirt to dump on someone thought to be familiar.
But reveal themselves tremendous fools in the process.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Tremors Of Truth

Shallow surfaces are often shakened,
By tremors of truth.
Coming to disturb within seconds...
Before relief from them,
Arrives to quiet tensions.
Momentarily...
Awakening a taking for granted,
Those upset and confused...
With delusions they have created to make.
To leave themselves debating to review,
Their value of impressions and appearances.
And which pretentions they should save,
They can take and preserve.
Until they are ensured the shaking stops.
To allow them not to drop their treasured beliefs.
Just in case the tremors they had faced,
Are evaluated to have not been that severe.
And will leave them safe and unaffected,
To continue living lives hiding...
From another round of 'rumored' realities.
Hoping in fear that the big one heard to threaten,
Doesn't come for them anytime soon.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Trespassing

Arrogance?
Yes.
I totally agree.
Freed from the traps of subservience,
Lacking a self confidence...
Dragged in diminished esteem disapproved,
And belittled.
Demeaned as wished,
By those dishing out critique and slander.
Branded as a failure to drift and meander...
In pools of sorrow?
Grieving never came so easy!
Yesterday.
Like the passing of those delays now buried!

Today,
Those days do not come for prelonged visits...
To chit and chat uninvited to 'drop' debris anymore.
Much like assessments cleared and ignored.

You are trespassing on re-evaluated territory.
I won this...
It has been earned well!
And you carry no influence here!
None that I seek or wish to cherish!

Arrogance?
Yes.
I totally agree.
But I am not the 'landlord' here.
I simply oversee!
And I aim to do my very best...
Until 'He' decides it is ready to be retrieved!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Tribes Descendent

Peaceful!
With the purity,
Of the heavens above them then.
They would gather in harmony.
And respect those divisions.
Each speaking in languages understood.
Natives of a land long claimed.
Natives of a land from under them renamed.

Peaceful!
Tribes descendent...
Of Chinese, African and Aztec hues.
Fulfilling lives blessed,
From Sunrise to Sunset.

Until unrest came upon them to upset.
By settlers protesting...
In a collective reason to rid themselves,
From those they chose to welcome first!
To then declare them enemies and terrorists.
With a confiscation done of their resources.
To quench the greed of a gluttonous thirst.
In a slaughterous genocide that took place.

And this is not scripted,
From fantasized beginnings!
But the ending of these strategies,
Will find a more sudden and diplomatic change.
One perhaps not totally accepted.
But one definitely 'encouraged' to believe in!
Since the consequences to be left...
Will not be painted against pretty sunsets.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Tricked Slickly

No one wins a game,
Without desiring to learn...
The rules of it.
And which tools to apply,
When and where...
That time and need becomes,
Useful.

To then befriend those,
One chooses as opponents.
With an announcement made,
They disbelieve.
Yet played is this game,
Viciously.

Publicly admitted is the politics,
Of it.
The corruption and deception.
With promises to fix this.
Revealed are undercover schemes.
And who has been enriched.
Afterall...
This game one selects to win,
Knows the players.
Rules and tools to use.
And also perceives,
Who has been making false calls.

But...
Who has been tricked slickly?
Not the ones who create,
This serious game...
Another believes to have won to win!
A few unseen behind the scenes,
Pull the strings.
And eventually make their presence,
Unknown...
Shown.

'Congratulations.
You fought and won,
A unique and wicked battle.
Now we'll see how you handle,
Humility.'

-Uh...uhmmm...
Who are you?
We've never met.-

'We'll be spending lots of time,
Together.
You'll be my voice and face.
Although the game you played,
Was clever.
Around here you play it my way.'

-But...-

'I know.
Wanting to win to then have won,
Can be a shocking thing.
It takes time to overcome.
Some have struggled through,
Delivering their apology speeches.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Tricked To Be Fooled By Minds Out To Lunch

Anyone that has made attempts
To take it upon themselves to choose or decide
They are going to direct someone's destiny
By using methods to destroy a life as it should be
From places dark from which they hide
Has begun to do many things to themselves
Without knowing they have chosen their own poison
With a creating of their own back to back obstacles
They will never be able to eliminate
Since the order of nature will show with proof
It is not meant to be disturbed when in its natural process
Or tricked to be fooled by minds out to lunch

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Trickery From Tattered Sleeves

People have been insisting for years,
They've assisted with his efforts.
Or he consulted to gain their expertise.
As if he need them.
And he was on a leash.

When word of this leaked,
He was not pleased a bit.
Deceptions of his abilities,
Made him seethed with contemptment.

Needless to say,
Some arrangements have been made.
And quickly those who had taken his talents for granted,
Could not believe...
Those they thought skilled,
Could only produce repeated trickery from tattered sleeves.

'We were told he had been motivated by them? '

I suppose they told you they painted the Bay Bridge as well?

'No!
But they did say they were consulted on the color! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Tricks And Traitors

They perceive their self defeating outlooks,
As being envied.
They believe those screaming,
To awaken them...
To be out of their minds with jealousy.
So they continue...
To watch their dreams being sold,
And for sale signs forced upon their hopes.
And 'still' they can not see,
Themselves as their worst enemies!
Being used without hint of concern...
Just as long as their egos are massaged,
By tricks and traitors!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Tricks Are For Kicks

There is an emergency,
That has an urgency.
But few can come to see,
Or agree upon a need...
To dismiss those old tricks,
That have not yet to fix...
And economy that bleeds,
From kaput hypocrisies.

It must be faced quick,
How foolish the risks...
Of wishing to succeed,
With kaput hypocrisies.

There is an emergency,
That has an urgency.
But few can come to see,
Or agree upon a need...
To dismiss those old tricks,
That have not yet to fix...
An economy that bleeds,
From kaput hypocrisies.

Tricks are for kicks,
To amuse a purpose!
But a magic to achieve,
Attracts a jeopardy.

Tricks are for kicks,
To amuse a purpose!
But a magic to achieve...
Attracts a jeopardy,
In reach!

There is an emergency,
That has an urgency.

Tricks are for kicks,
To amuse a purpose!

But a magic to achieve,
Attracts a jeopardy.

There is an emergency,
That has an urgency.
And...
Tricks are for kicks,
To amuse a purpose!
But a magic to achieve,
Attracts a jeopardy.

There is an emergency,
That has an urgency.
And...
Tricks are for kicks.
Tricks are for kicks.
Tricks are for kicks.
Tricks are for kicks.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Tricks Are For Kids

Your tactics used,
Are old and have been seen...
To be used too many times before.
The only difference is this...
You are not aware that I know it.
And my comments to follow that?
Tricks are for kids.
But many adults who are fools,
Still are caught playing stupid kid games...
Aimed at the wrong mind at the wrong time.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Tricks For A Slick Visit

Those who expose and show,
They are not afraid
To use their 'gifts' for the benefit of others...
To share.
And care that they become 'lifted',
Are blessed...
With talents and skills,
Only our God supplies!
Although despised by those 'twisted'.

They are quite different,
Than those who give.
Those who say they do things done...
To mask attention sought with the aid of lies.
Disguised on the run!
And crimes like these...
Eventually reveal false deeds.
Masquerading what is believed...
Pleases the 'ego' of God.

Wickedness like this,
Does not cure those mentally sick.
Nor their hidden wishes to seek favor,
From a 'Deity' quite familiar with them who labor...
Honestly from depths that frees,
A devotion from tricks for just a slick visit
With notoriety!
Or a place they soon find,
Does not shine on cloaked behinds!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Tricks To Treat

Tricks to treat become less sweetened,
When the novelty of it...
Is discovered to have a permanence,
That begins to sicken entire environments.
And the increase of this is witnessed,
On a daily basis.

'I thought those walking from door to door,
And dressed from head to toe in protective clothing...
Were costumes they adorned for Halloween?
But Halloween approached and left,
Yet...
Those folks continue doing the same thing.'

~And gasoline prices with the cost of living,
Are both coming down as the economy is restored...
To return to a quality of life I remember,
To disregard a sacrifice we all had to endure...
That ensures those standards once valued are protected,
With evidence revealed of a comeback to happier times for all.
And those you see dressed in protective gear,
Are ambassadors of goodwill.~

'I'm serious.'

~I am too.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Triggered By Depth

Like a Leopard with spots,
Or a Lion with a mane...
We all are born to walk on paths,
Not to follow.
But separate experiences to gain.

There is something about each one of us,
That is different and yet the same.
And much like the collective,
Of snowflakes that fall.
None will have the same pattern.
Even though when heat hits them...
Melting snow is the name given that's claimed.

And when two approach a subject of interest...
Should they treat this affinity,
As if in a contest?
And if that is done by some who see it that way...
Who really achieves comprehension,
When what had been loved...
Loses an appeal that eventually drifts,
And does not stay.

Because the devotion...
Was never triggered by depth of emotion.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Trinket Whipped Ways

None felt alive,
Unless something deemed of value
Adorned and flaunted their 'emptiness'.

Trinket whipped,
Are they who feel empty without...
A bauble, bangle or bead...
Dripping in diamonds or gold to flash about.
Trinket whipped to show a status diminishing...
As people awaken to what life really means.
For those who seek to be contented,
Free of disappointments,
And attention deliberately sought...
But not given in return,
To balance the price one pays and yearns for it.

Less fat makes one feel a release from traps.
Having less does not mean abundance has left.
A true quality of life accepts less attachments,
Allowing one to breathe.
And feeling free...
From things others define as 'good'!
For life to be gratifying as it satisfies...
A glimmer glistening and noticed!

The jokes people play on themselves.

And nothing is like enjoying life...
Away from those who identify themselves,
By the depth of their trinket whipped ways.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Tripped With A Ticket

Tripped with a ticket to no-oh-where.
And-not
With those of like minds.

Tripped with a ticket to no-oh-where.
And not trying to find,
The rhythm nor the rhyme.

But,
Who knew...
That a vision would take a big shift.
Who knew...
Picky people would make something of this.
And who knew...
Temperatures would rise to ball fists quick,
To throw hissy fits with a striking to hit.

Tripped with a ticket to no-oh-where!
Who knew...
People unaware would actually care.
And who knew,
Those picky people would be paying the fare...
For everyone who thought they would be going nowhere.
And who knew,
Those picky people would be the ones prepared,
To shut lips up with a showing they cared.

Tripped with a ticket to no-oh-where.
And-not
With those of like minds.

Tripped with a ticket to no-oh-where.
And not trying to find,
The rhythm nor the rhyme.

But,
Who knew...
That a vision would take a big shift.
Who knew...

Picky people would make something of this.
And who knew...
Temperatures would rise to ball fists quick,
To throw hissy fits with a striking to hit.
And those picky people would prevent all of it!

But,
Who knew...
Picky people would make something of this.
And do the best they could to get the folks to quit!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Tripping Over Egos

I've shared and given with a doing to evolve.
And no one's issues have I ever solved.
With a wanting or a wish to get that involved.
Nor do I intend to pay attention,
To those more obsessed by what they possess.
I have met too many people who have bartered their souls,
Tripping over egos they would rather impress...
Than to turn their backs with a letting all of that go.
But then again...
It really depends on which end of the stage one stands.
Some everyday are making their exits.
And many have yet to experience the spotlight centerstage.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Tripping Through A Double Dutch

If you...
Keep it up enough.
You will...
Keep it up enough.
And you'll...
Be tough enough.
To bend and never suffer.

People who have toughened up,
Will bend and never suffer.
They live lives without the huff and puff,
To bend and never suffer.
They know better than to bluff stuff...
Like the bluffing heard from others,
Tripping through a double Dutch.

If you...
Keep it up enough.
You will...
Keep it up enough.
And you'll...
Be tough enough.
To bend and never suffer.
Or trip through a double Dutch.

People who have toughened up,
Will bend and never suffer.
They live lives without the huff and puff,
To bend and never suffer.
They know better than to bluff stuff...
Like the bluffing heard from others,
Tripping through a double Dutch.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Tripping Up On Flip Flops

In a 'wow' moment,
A denied reality is admitted.
With startling truths being revived...
From the mouths of those,
Once declared as mavericks!
Everything stated,
Has no peace attached with facts.
Decades of conflicts
Has been a commitment that will exist.
With more of the same,
To continue to drain brains.
And lies told expected from lips!
And he who said,
A flip flopping is dead.
Has been the one who can not stop...
Tripping up on his own flip flops!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Triumph Over Doubts

Triumph you can over doubts.
A decision made to prevail,
To leave depictions perceived...
Of failure behind as it is defined,
Succeeds if this is wanted and wished.
Triumph you can over doubts.
Why keep them recognized,
To have negativity...
Spill out from your mouth,
With this chosen to do?
As if to prove your own defeat is a need.

Leave depictions perceived,
What failure is to believe.
Triumph over doubts.
Don't keep the taste of defeat,
In your mouth.
Spit it out.

Triumph over doubts.
Leave depictions perceived,
Of what failure is for you to believe.
Triumph over doubts.
Don't keep the taste of defeat,
In your mouth.
Spit it out.
To...
Triumph over doubts.
You can with a taking of a stand.
And...
Triumph over doubts.

Triumph over doubts.
And leave depictions perceived,
Of what defeat is to be believed.
Triumph over doubts.
You can with a taking of a stand.
And...
Triumph over doubts.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Trivia And Those Tripping Over It

I'm not one to trip over anything to keep it repeated.
Some trip and want it to be revisited.
As if in the doing,
A remembering of it...
Satisfies a preoccupation of a score to settle.
While basking in the glow of immaturity.

And self inflicting wounds...
Usually occurs between kids bumping into each other,
While at play.
To consciously do it to oneself is not mentally healthy.
Especially if some of those playmates have aged,
With the leaving behind of trivia and those tripping over it...
To explore a more broadened aspect of a life,
Rapidly in change mode.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Trivial It Is

Of little worth and importance,
Has the thought process become to possess.
Less precious than a commodity bought,
The value of it kept to treasure is no longer sought.

Trivial it is to have a thought today expressed,
Without anyone listening to comprehend,
What is meant to intend in an exchanged conversation.
Too many pretend an intelligence that has yet to begin.

Or is the presence of having an intelligence allowed.
Although people are quickly offended,
By the appearance of an ignorance displayed in ways...
That continues to diminish mental limits kept and accepted.

Of little worth and importance,
Has the thought process become to possess.
Less precious than a commodity bought,
Is the value of it kept to treasure.

And those who do possess any intelligence left to express,
Can be witnessed to be ignored...
By the ones fearing their pretentions kept,
Will show to expose to 'someone' requesting substance...
Who then will question the absence of it to expect a response.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Trivial Manipulations

Trivial manipulations,
Harvested to manifest quick solutions...
With the same recipe and ingredients involved,
Has ceased to make sense!
At least for those in observation,
Witnessing familiar results being produced...
With shallow interpretations of sincerety.
And the pledge of a society,
To maintain a direction already clouding in darkness.
'Comeon'...
What is not obvious about this by now?

What minds have been shielded from this process?
Consciousness has been reduced,
To worthless visuals to tease sensuous pleasures.
At the cost of an overburdened penal system.
To keep a weakened people imprisoned,
Within their own temptations.

'You want another 'hit' of this? '

Restricted by standards and qualities of life,
That do not exist.
Not in one's 'sight' that is.
And yet indignities are shared...
As if one bag of popcorn is passed amongst a crowd.
Entertained by their own degradation!
And total absence of awareness.
But kept 'high'...
To keep remnants of reality,
Easier to dismiss.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Trivial Pursuits

Trivial pursuits,
Have today become a mainstay...
Within mindsets fixed.
And shown with appearances more considered,
Than the facts they have attacked...
That have become for some major irritations.
Appalled and irate they choose to do when facing truth.

Caring about anything with expressed depth,
Has left many to believe too foolish to entertain.
Too many desire to stay 'toasted' to achieve quick 'highs',
With their delusions kept protected.
Listening to their priorities is not difficult to detect.

'I spent six weeks in quarantine.
And that changed my perceptions permanently.
Five months I spent,
With intent to re-evaluate my life and purpose.'

~That's nothing.
Listen to what I had to experience and recently.
And it left me in a deep depression.
I don't know if I will 'ever' get over it.~

'What happened? '

~You wont believe this but...
I spent eight weeks on a cruise.
On a vacation in the islands to relax and get rest.
And the service I received,
Was less than below par.~

'You got sick? '

~Sick?
On that trip I became 'nauseated' from the very beginning.
I had requested to be upgraded to the executive suite.
I waited for ten minutes before my request was approved.
And then...

You will not believe this.
And then...~

'You got sick? '

~Sick?
I became livid when I was told by room service,
They had run out of Barcardi.
And if I wanted rum and coke,
I needed to go to the pool on the top deck.
There I would find a hostess to accomodate my request.~

'And...'

~And then the hostess had the nerve to tell me,
She had forgotten I wanted my rum and coke 'without' rocks.
And I specifically told her...no rocks.
Well, immediately I went to the cruise director.~

'To then have what happen? '

~I was told I had created an unnecessary scene.
And 'that' sickened me the entire trip.~

'Yeah.
That would make me upset too, I guess.
That God you were able to heal successfully.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Trouble

Trouble, but not often...
Will appear unexpectedly to give me a wink.
As if I should stop to think and give it time,
With a doing it wants me to find attractive.
In my youthful years I admit I did.
When I experimented with a variety of temptations,
To collect unsuspecting experiences.
But since those days I have changed.
And from appearances that same trouble didn't.
And it does its best to make attempts to convince.

Trouble seems to have not forgotten me.
Using familiar techniques to stalk my movements,
With a teasing to disguise what it believes...
Is a fresh approach to assume I wont notice it.
But I do now with wisened eyes opened wide.
Although trouble does not recognize them at all.
Trouble does not realize once one stumbles,
To repeatedly get up to stand and walk tall from crawling...
The appearance of trouble even in masquerade charading,
To taste it yet 'again' eventually becomes quite insignificant.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Trouble Follows

Trouble follows.
And seldom is allowed to exist.
If not invited to permit it.
Yet those who provide,
Hospitality.
Seem to always try to hide,
Evidence of their affiliation.
By declaring innocence to excuse,
Their association with trouble...
Had been an unconscious mistake made.
To not know or have met,
Trouble before...
Under any circumstances to be accused
Of being that familiar to question,
Its purpose or intent.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Trouble Gets Double Treatment

When,
A stretching ends.
A yawn begins.
When that stretching ends.

When,
A thought process...
Accepts mediocrity achieved,
To be one's best.
And this,
Unconsciously...
Stirs the acceptance,
Of a restless nonsense.
Trouble gets...
Double treatment,
That...
Upsets.
Those,
Who protest...
Growth.
And,
Regrets...
A foolishness,
One...
Protects!

YES!
Trouble gets,
Double treatment...
That,
Upsets.
Those,
Who protest...
Growth.
And,
Regrets...
A foolishness,
One...
Protects!

When,
A stretching ends.
A yawn begins.
When that stretching ends.

With taxes applied,
At the max!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Trouble Mover

When the wind blows...
The times for some may stir uneasy.
High tides surge,
And can knock some off,
A rolling courage wave.

Settle down!
And a calm will ease to please.
If one surrenders...
Their faith will prove,
God is a trouble mover!

When the wind blows...
With clouds and sounds of roaring thunder.
A brewing stew tricks to mix and kick,
Bristles in one's way!
The ship that sails may tilt and threaten,
A quick capsize.
But God is the 'Entity' that saves the brave!

When the wind blows...
The times for some may stir uneasy!
High tides surge,
Knocking many off a courage wave!
If we settle down a calm will ease those queasy,
Surrendering to prove...
God is a trouble mover!

Settle down...
You can't save a choosing loser!
If we settle down,
We'll know...
God's a trouble mover!
Settle down,
And let God be the trouble mover!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Troubled

So troubled are they.
With their perceptions,
Of ways a perfected life...
Should be lived.

How romantacized ancestors,
Adorned values...
With overstated etiquette.
Lost in embellished time capsules.

While an infusion of the best of barbaric ways,
Displayed.
Expresses a digressed advancement.
Full with praise.
And completed...
By the use of politically correct,
Table manners.

'But we are at war! '

I see that you are.
This has been observed.
But tell me...
When have you not been?
Mentally!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Troubled Minds

How many people will find,
In their minds they've been confined.
And that a wasting of time,
Has them now admitting who committed the crime.

How many people will know,
Who in the mirror exposed...
Shows a doer doing a doze,
While a life had passed them by AND 'this' they chose.

How many people can blame,
A doing something done without change.
With claims made to remain the same.
Only to discover they have suffered from such druthers.

How many people will find,
In their minds they've been confined.
And that a wasting of time,
Has them now admitting who committed the crime.

How many people can blame,
A doing something done without change.
With claims made to remain the same.
Only to discover they have suffered from such druthers.

How many people will know,
Who in the mirror exposed...
Shows a doer doing a doze,
While a life had passed them by AND 'this' they chose.
Only to discover they have suffered from such druthers.
With a judgement they had done to criticize some others.

How many people will find,
In their minds they had been confined.
Only to discover they have suffered from such druthers.
With a judgement they had done to criticize some others.

How many people will find,
In their minds they've been confined.

Only to discover they have suffered from such druthers.
With a judgement they had done to criticize some others.

How many people will find,
They're the ones who wasted their time.
And now they suffer from troubled minds!
And trouble in their minds is found to whine all the time.
Yes...
Trouble found for them is what they find.

How many people will know,
Who in the mirror exposed...
Shows a doer doing a doze,
While a life had passed them by AND 'this' they chose.
With a doing and it shows exposed,
And it wont...
No,
No it wont...
Let the doer who did this get up and go.

No,
No it wont...
No,
No it wont...
Let the doer who did this get up and go.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Troubles

Those troubles I have not.
To keep a frown upon my mouth.
And with an ease to have them seen,
As if I let them get to me.

Those troubles I have not.
To keep me moping and to pout.
Because that's not what I'm about.
As if I buy them when I shop.

I made up in my mind,
My life is meant for happiness shared.
And not for troubles.
Yes I made up in my mind,
There's more than troubles I care to bear.
With every trouble stopped.

Those troubles I have not.
To keep me moping and to pout.
Because that's not what I'm about.
As if I buy them when I shop.

Those troubles I have not.
To keep a frown upon my mouth.
And with an ease to have them seen,
As if I let them get to me.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Trounce It At The Curb

Claimed it is too painful,
To face the past some say.
Yet held within their grasp to hold,
Is that past they keep portrayed.

And...
Refusing to let it slip from their grip,
This pain brings to them sickness.
And in every conversation they mention...
That pain is revisited.

They need to...
But will they,
Trounce it at the curb then bounce to leave it.
Then quit.
They need to,
Trounce it at the curb then bounce to leave it.
With a losing a grip on it.

Pain inflicted to accept...
Can be rejected.
Accepting pain and its affects...
Is a battle that infest AND infects.

Refusing to let it slip from their grip,
This pain brings to them sickness.
And in every conversation they mention...
That same pain is visited.
They need to...
But will they,
Trounce it at the curb then bounce to leave it.
Then quit.
They need to,
Trounce it at the curb then bounce to leave it.
With a losing a grip on it.
They need to,
Trounce it at the curb then bounce.
They need to,
Trounce it at the curb then bounce.

They need to,
Trounce it at the curb then bounce.
They need to...
Get over it!

Claimed it is too painful,
To face the past some say.
Yet held within their grasp to hold,
Is that past they keep portrayed.
They need to...
Get over it!
And...
Loosen up that grip.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Trudging Through Reality

The roughest part of living life,
Is trudging through reality.
Some prefer to identify as obstacles.
With determined faith to have them erased.

And when one confronts them,
To face and not be chased away...
So much that is thought to be acceptable,
Leaves one to feel an isolation begin.

No many awaken,
To 'see' the origin of conflicts.
And at first it can be overwhelming,
To realize most of life has been fantasized.

Choices to make whether to keep life faked,
Is difficult for those who become 'conscious'.
Since becoming aware offends those who are not.
And it is hard to defend a truth that does not stop.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

True And Sincere

If my love satisfied...
I wanted to please you.
If I was by your side,
To aid and comfort you
I wanted to be there...
And I was not to leave.
If I came to you with worries on my mind,
Hoping with you I would find someone to confide.
Not to be denied
But by my side wanting much to be,
With me!
If I could not see or feel your touch...
Or a sense of empthy you held for me inside,
There is nothing you can say to keep me here.
Especially if it is clear you had no idea,
My feelings for you were true...
And sincere!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

True Faces

Never keep it unreal to feel.
If it isn't.
Or try to appeal,
With a concealing an indifference.
If a feeling to consent as meant,
Represents nonsense...
Why go through the process,
Of contemplating such sentiments.
And why accept this,
As a sacrifice to to avoid dislikes.

Choose never to be the one persuaded.
Or tolerate to be humiliated,
By others attempting to have it convinced...
A taste one has selected,
For them lacks depth to comprehend.
And far from having any substance,
Begun with it done from beginning to end.

Player haters on the prowl,
Love to manipulate...
Anyone designated to underestimate.
Player haters use as bait,
Those determined from them to escape...
A biting done of their dripping venom.
To then shed thin skins like snakes.
Preying and displaying assaults to fault others,
Will offer them excuses to make...
That celebrates their attacks made on others.
And eliminates those who are not of true faces.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

True Faith Is Never Replaced

Live everyday to be bolder.
Why claim to have a faith,
If excuses you can't escape.
But you find time to elaborate,
On kept fears.

And they grow older,
With a doing on bended shoulders.
While praying they go away.
But fears you keep don't fade.

You don't believe,
Like you say you do.
Yet,
You refuse...
To get up and test your faith.

Having less to address to impress,
Is...
A kept fear.

Having less happiness to express,
Is...
A kept fear.

Seeing possessions obsessed go,
Is...
A kept fear.

Having few friends making less dough,
Is...
A kept fear.

Wanting more love but none of it comes,
Is...
A kept fear.

A seeking empathy but having none,
Is...

A kept fear.

And you boo-hoo all alone too,
Is...
A kept fear.

You don't believe,
Like you say you do.
Yet,
You refuse...
To get up and test your faith.

Having less to address to impress,
Is...
A kept fear.

Having less happiness to show expressed,
Is...
A kept fear.

Seeing possessions obsessed up to leave,
Is...
A kept fear.

Having few friends left you believe,
Is...
A kept fear.

Wanting more love but none of it comes,
Is...
A kept fear.

A seeking empathy but none is done,
Is...
A kept fear.

And you boo-hoo all alone to do,
Because you choose your own fears...
With a doing of a kept faith faked.

Live everyday to be a bit bolder,
And not with a faith you fake.

One living everyday to be bolder,
Has true faith not faked.
True faith is never replaced.
Or faked everyday to fade.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

True Freedom

Freedom imitated,
Can never be a freedom...
Manifested to appreciate.
It would be underrated sooner or later.
With a taste for it to ultimately fade.

Not analyzed is a freedom to connive.
Or diminished in masquerade...
For purposes to degrade its meaning.
Freedom has to be at one's own pace.
To know what it takes to keep it salivated.

Freedom is not minimized.
True freedom is always maximized,
To realize its value.
And never is it in a race to chase,
To regulate another's fate.

True freedom is never ruled to control.
True freedom is a flowing one has,
And knows...
Freedom,
For what it is and felt!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

True Friends

Some experience a life of true friends.
The ones they know they can always depend on.

The bond that begins never ends.
There is such a closeness between them.

Friends!
Stripped of pretensions some send.
True friends will never,
Deny or lie...
To hide from deceits began.

Friends!
Stripped of pretensions some send.
True friends will never,
Deny or lie...
To hide from deceits began.

Some experience a life of true friends.
The ones they know they can always depend on.

The bond that begins never ends.
There is such a closeness between them.

True friends...
Will never lie,
To hide from deceits began.

True friends...
Will never lie,
To hide from deceits began.

Friends!
Stripped of pretensions some send.
True friends will never,
Deny or lie...
To hide from deceits began.

True friends...

Will never lie,
To hide from deceits began.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

True Gems

Talents associated,
With money that could be made...
Comes from minds fixed on dollars and cents.
And environments with them living within...
Reflect,
A lack of respect and common sense dispensed.

Those with talents and of good deed,
Are gifted beyond belief.
But overlooked are those,
With nothing glittering to expose and show.
That gleams with a material significance.
And sad are the mindsets needing this to be convinced.

However,
It is quite unfortunate that people like this...
Aren't considered the true gems of their communities.
Unless they are dripping with eye popping treasures,
That raises their influence to please those wishing to release...
Their pretentions and embellished fantasies.

'Little boy...
Would you like to sell your soul,
For the taste to parade a few trinkets? '

~Would you like to feel my foot up your ass?
I'm 'not' your little boy! ~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

True Leadership Offends

A true leadership offends.
Especially those who have grown,
To believe...
Their lack of comprehending it,
Depends upon how often...
They can prevent true leadership,
From becoming one that succeeds.

People scream for representation.
And delay those factors...
By an increased agitation.
But it is they who betray themselves this way!
With a determination stuck,
In a vapid decay.

A true leadership offends.
Especially those who have grown,
To believe...
Their lack of comprehending it,
Depends upon how often...
They can prevent true leadership,
From becoming one that succeeds.

With wishes of an independence,
That fractures and does not mend.
Raises false hopes of a failed democracy.
That eventaully introduces oppressive tyranny!
Giving a people spoiled by greed...
Exactly the kind of government,
No longer providing individual needs.

A tyranny comes to control as done.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

True Love Is Not Disguised

If you are here to experience life,
Believing love to be sugarcoated...
Without some of it being emotionally
Noted with bitterness received at times.
Delivered with disagreement.
Expect decay!
Because one day you are going to awaken
With a false reality you have accepted.
And nothing is going to please that need,
You are going to hunger to taste.
And nothing is going to satisfy,
What you have denied inside.
Hiding is not going to attract it to you,
Since all of you is not in view!
And true love is not diguised for masquerades.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

True Quality

Short lived,
Are bogus moments stolen.
And a spotlight gained,
Under false pretense...
To obtain attention.

What remains throughout scrutiny,
Is that which comes stripped and bare...
To reveal its true face unmasqueraded.

And although the act of it is rare,
It is forever remembered...
For having a uniqueness that is bold.
And a true quality that may be copied...
But an originality effective can never be replaced.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

True, Tried And Outdated

Nothing comes to be improved,
By renovating to redo...
That which has been,
True, tried and outdated.

It takes a complete overhaul.
A re-examining of facts.
And a willingness to look ahead
Without looking back,
To romance nostalgia.

Changes are meant,
To produce discomfort.
Experiencing growth,
Is both unaccepting and feared.
But the old has to go.
Nothing remains to sustain,
A permanence.
Even Mother Nature,
Will not allow to be provoked..
By folks persisting to resist,
Time and what time brings...
To have 'everything' change.
Including stubbornness.
And those of deluded minds.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Trust Assumed

Shared space
With someone
Who knows what it takes...
To have honesty relayed to give,
And committed!

In a uniting relationship,
Communicating has to exist.
And if resisted questions come...
Someone is hiding something done!
And if this is kept hidden and unclear,
Doubts arise to allow a separation feared.

And this shouldn't keep a togetherness sought...
If from the beginning,
Things are laid out on the table...
Enabling truths to be spoken
Before discovering a trust 'assumed'
Has been broken.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Trust Is One's Valued Investment

When trust is lost...
It is gone.

Some unaccustomed,
To having it taken away from them...
Believe it is in temporary hiding.
Deciding to make a reappearance.
Like a child that heals,
From feelings that have been hurt.
And dismissing issues of integrity.
After that has been drugged through dirt!
For the last time.

When trust is lost...
It is gone.

And those who know this...
Know 'that' too well.
And a worth kept,
From getting further smudged...
Has nothing to do,
With a believed ego that swells.
Trust is one's valued investment.
Not a presentation to impress.
Or improvise.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Trust Issues

The accusers do what they have always done best!
Find someone to blame for their own mess.
Get others to agree to their false charges.
People find in time that they have been duped.
But then it becomes too late to make amends.
And this is how making fools of others begins.
And instead of getting offended,
People like this end up call themselves...
Either allies or friends.
With trust issues they pretend do not exist!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Trust Me! This Is Not A Dichotomy

Trust me.
When I get through with you...
You are going to wish,
You had not spent your time
Trying to find ways to screw me.
Especially unsolicited.
And that's not a threat or a wish!
That is just a fact of life,
You are soon going to be dealing with!
You see,
God and I are 'tight'!
Closer than skin on bone.
Closer than the blood flowing through my veins!
Closer than any vanity that remains in your head.
Hear me when this is said:

'God has been my Lover,
Long before you had expressed an interest...
To see me defeated!
That is not going to happen.
Because God has got my back!
And my soul with Him is intact!
Did you hear that?
And my eyes are not the only ones...
That have been laid on you!
The attention due for your misdeeds,
Is going to come with no misunderstanding
None...
Whatsoever, indeed!
As to 'who' and where it comes from!
You will get what you deserve special delivered!
Trust me!
This is not a dichotomy.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Trust Those Feelings Of Lust

And follow your heart.
Be tempted to cover yourself with smut.
Then get over it.
At least the doing of it will satisfy quicker,
Than those of the ones self righteous...
Sneaking around preaching wholesome sermons.
And making attempts to impress,
With a beating around the bush...
As if they have no interest,
In being under sheets and sweating...
Totally naked to then leave feeling guilty,
Of sins they should not have committed.

And yet they do...
Follow through,
In the filthiest of gutters and corners darkened,
Even 'Dracula' would fear to lose his integrity.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Trust Your Mind

Trust your mind,
Before rushing to your heart...
To uncover a rational decision,
That satisfies any reason...
You may not be pleased.
And after giving it thought,
Without an impulsive move made.
Only then invite your heart,
To fully participate.
Leaving your patience,
More inclined to tolerate...
Any mistake,
You had not intended to make.
Escaping from temptations.
And that taste some love,
Of creating one more fool.
Keep yourself off that menu.
However...
If you are the kind,
Not to mind...
Being someone's dessert, first!
Go ahead.
Since your mind and heart,
Have long stopped finding...
It necessary to communicate,
Which is more responsible...
For a thoughtlessness excused.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Trust. Not.

Trust.
Not.
Anything somebody says,
To plant and keep inside your head.

Trust.
Not.
Anyone who comes to you,
With news they think you will approve.

Don't ride a lie,
Others drive.
To use you as their alibi,
To bring you down demoralized.

Don't scandalize,
Or compromise.
Or hide your eyes to try to hide,
From those who patronize their lives...
In lies.
To deny,
What they do.
Since it's you...
Who'll be used,
And screwed.

Trust.
Not.
Anything somebody says,
To plant and keep inside your head.

Trust.
Not.
Anyone who comes to you,
With news they think you will approve.
Just to see what you will do.
Like other folks they've trick and fooled,
Too.
And now it's you,

They wanna do.

Don't ride a lie,
Others drive.
To use you as their alibi,
To bring you down demoralized.
Refuse to be a fool,
And from them leave.

Ignore their pleas.
From them leave!
Leave them desperate.
And on their knees.

Trust.
Not.
Anything somebody says,
To plant and keep inside your head.

Trust.
Not.
Anyone who comes to you,
With news they think you will approve.

Like fools will do.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Trusted

Whew!
What a relief.
I feel so much safer now.

'You do?
How?
Why? '

My creditors have assured me,
All of my buying habits will be monitored.
Even my likes and dislikes will be documented.
And on a daily basis,
Whenever I choose to use my computer...
They have assigned my accounts,
To approved and certified customer service reps...
Who will devote their entire working time,
Following everything I do.
And...
Believe it or not,
Where I go and who I talk to...
Will be given the utmost priority.
No longer will I fear or have a reason to suspect,
The service I am provided will be neglected.
My privacy will not be spied upon.

'That's great.
I purchased a laser gun.
Who's going to be doing your monitoring? '

Who cares.
I no longer have those worries.
And besides...
I know these people can be trusted.
You should read how sincere they are.
I kept the letter they sent me.
You want to read it?

'Why not.
Your enthusiasm is infectious.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Trusting Flights Of Innuendo

Two peas in a pod we are,
And twisted.
Shadows of each other's pain missed,
When ignored and pouting!
Shifting with unwarranted doubts
Trusting flights of innuendo over facts
Without fiction!
Ready to 'read' me
As if you have chapters already re-written!
And when I'm not around...
I'm accused of not understanding your love!
How can I?
We are both applying the same technique!
If we're going to continue to do that...
Can we at least take some time off,
To just be together?
And dropp the spy routine!
We only end up following each other back home!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Truth And Deception

There is a difference between truth and deception.
Deception can be ignored to eventually go away.
But not too far.
Deceivers like to stick around to recruit.

Truth can not be ignored.
Nor does it hide.
It is often depicted as being evil.
By those who can not face it.

Deceivers worm they way into relationships.
Pretending they are interested,
In other people's business and how it is done.
Only to exaggerate with a demeaning of everyone.

Truth is supportive and show this by being direct.
Rarely truth is found embellishing what it is.
Since truth when accepted,
Stays unchanging and remains effective.

Deceit and those who deceive,
Stand not a chance to remain the same.
It is discovered to be defective.
And when exposed it shows much shame.

And truth when known and exposed by those who know it,
Has nothing to be shamed about.
It is proud to be what it is without having a need,
To whisper secretly from mouth to mouth as deceivers do.
As if to resuscitate to revitalize a fakeness done to prove and use.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Truth And Integrity Kept

Where do those go,
When places to hide away from lies told...
Are known?
But amuses the few left entertained.

And kept suspicions have shown,
To the ones most precocious...
With an overdose of curiosity,
And to have grown to become,
Daring adults to face any outcome...
To reject school yard tactics,
Still practiced by aging kids.

Where do those go,
When places to hide away from lies told...
Are the only ones left exposed,
But can not accept it as possible...
That truth and integrity kept as valuable,
Has never had anyone associating 'that' with them.

Where do those go,
When places to hide away from lies told...
Are known?
But amuses the few left entertained.
And the ones remaining to make excuses for themselves,
Have not a clue that a truth obtained...
Reveals a falsity maintained by all who try to hide their lies.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Truth And Superior Ethics

'Tell us,
As best as you can recollect...
Did you or did you not,
Acknowledge your mistakes made.
When they 'then' were brought,
To your attention?
Or...
Like so many others,
Aware of their mistakes...
But chose to deceive instead? '

I object to your implication.
However...
I have been told,
Lies to tell are just lies...
IF they happen to be uncovered.
And pretense of innocence,
At all cost...
Should be maintained.
Without a hint,
Of shown discomfort.

'I see.
And prior to that?
What are lies to tell,
Compared to facts?
Or in your case,
Deliberately making mistakes...
To purposely deceive,
With innocence to pretend it?
Your response? '

To know and not to know,
In a public display...
Of pure ignorance portrayed,
Is the greatest gift given...
Only God comprehends,
Its value to prioritize...
This blessing bestowed.

'Brilliant.
What a magnificent rebuttal.
I think your selection,
To head...
The Department of Truth,
And Superior Ethics...
Is a perfect fit.
I will recommend your approval,
Immediately.
And...
If I must say,
Your appointment will be...
The best decision made,
In decades.
What a refreshing addition,
You will make to our ambitions.
And a return,
To our version of integrity.
Missed for too long.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Truth As It Is To Live It

The time for many,
To have had faced reality...
And truth as it is to live it,
Has never been a part...
Of those now on missions seeking,
Safe places to escape...
With old habits and addictions.
To discover and find,
A faking of faith hasn't done it.
Nor has a lieing to themselves,
Or on others...
Created for them happiness.

And others who wanted to share their thoughts,
Were treated as if diseased with leprosy.
A deformity of a conformity too deep seated,
To admit emotions naturally felt to feel.

And today as few age gracefully to do it,
The road has not been easy to endure...
Those blocking to resist the taking of responsibility.
As if children attempting to prevent,
Signs of adulthood they should but can not accept.
Leaving those prepared yet unaware,
They will have to defend every step they make.

Life to live has to have its changes.
And a letting go to do this...
Invites unnecessary conflicts,
With those refusing to take their steps...
Upon each stage of life.
To maybe regret but to know not one stage...
Can be kept prolonged.
Even if the doing is deluded.

Truth as it is to live it done to do,
Is going to happen.
Whether or not one is dragged biting and kicking,
To the finish line denying aging.

Trying to stop the process.
And leaving behind others of childish minds,
Attempting not to grow up to do the same exact thing.
To their 'kids' to stay 'kids' to remain 'kids',
All their lives to live.

'Where is it? '

~What? ~

'Truth as it is to live it.
Where is it? '

~What? ~

'Truth as it is to live it.
Where is it? '

~What? ~

'Truth as it is to live it.
Where is it? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Truth Embraced

It becomes easy for many,
To think of it as a bad taste.
Interpreted later as a hatred faced.
If one is fed truth unsweetened.
And shown by others not to appreciate.

For them,
They feel the doing offends.
And for them,
They begin...
What never ends.
They...
Take actions to then seek retaliation!
Or some kind of revenge.

If one is fed truth unsweetened.
And shown by others not to appreciate.
The thought of truth embraced enrages one like this.
Truth for them,
IS out of place.
And for them resisted.

For them,
They feel the doing offends.
And for them,
They begin...
What never ends.
They...
Take actions to then seek retaliation!
Or some kind of revenge.

So hard to sit when truth visits.
Whether or not the doing mends.
Some feel the doing has victimized them.
With a wish to deceive themselves to no end.

It becomes easy for many,
To think of it as a bad taste.
Interpreted later as a hatred faced.

If one is fed truth unsweetened.
And shown by others not to appreciate

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Truth Frees

Truth frees!
Like a struggle from a cocoon,
To be butterflied!
To soar with beauty,
In Sun drenched skies.

Truth frees!
And that is seen from once closed eyes.
Freed from a consciousness known to exist,
In limitations condoned...
To magnetize those heartaches.
With fears and pains,
Shared to groan and felt to moan.

Truth frees!
A mind disconnected,
From disrespect and neglect.
To reflect upon rejection,
As tests to produce one's best.
With a satisfaction,
That brings one a peace of mind...
Now one can confess,
Brings one more rest.

Truth frees those who can accept,
Those lessons learned.
And on them can self examine,
A success that has progressed...
From low depths to heights now flown!

Truth frees,
A happiness trapped...
In doubts now lived,
Without comparing sorrows.
As if this is a gift to give!

'Are you a christian, democrat?
Independent or conservative?
Are you liberal or right wing?

Are you a socialist, capitalist...
Or a nonconformist?
With misfit mutterings?

Are you a nationalist,
With a patriotic point of view?
Are you racially inclined?
Exactly...
What are you? '

Truth frees!
Like a struggle from a cocoon,
To be butterflied!
To soar with beauty,
In Sun drenched skies.

Truth frees!
And that is seen from once closed eyes.
Freed from a consciousness known to exist,
In limitations condoned...
To magnetize those heartaches.
With fears and pains,
Shared to groan and felt to moan.

Truth frees!

'I see!
You're just another irrational radical.
Attempting to bring attention to yourself.'

Truth frees!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Truth Has Come To Stay

Scrap those plans,
To keep delusions safe...
In a protected place.
Realities must be faced.
Time no longer awaits,
For decisions to be made...
After wasteful debates.

Scrap those plans,
To keep delusions safe...
In a protected place.
An honesty arrives and will be felt.
Whether on knees,
Or with a tightening of a belt...
Truth has come to stay!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Truth Hurts

Why are more and more people limping,
And bending over as if in agony?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Truth 'Is' As Oxygen Is To Life

People believe the value of truth,
Depends on interpretation.
They are absent of clues...
That truth is not a product of a whim.
It is something that sits within one's spirit.
And can be 'seen'!
Truth 'is' as oxygen is to life.
If something is tainted about it...
It doesn't have to be describe,
To know it is their existing.
It is felt.
It is known.
Like a blade of grass created.
Connecting to an accepted nature
That has embraced us.
That's how truth is!
To all who know it.
For those who don't...
Always have an excuse to hide behind!
As if steel and concrete will prevent truth
From being known!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Truth Is Free Of Deception

Truth has descended upon us unannounced,
And people are discovering their shallowness.
They are hiding to cover themselves under fresh lies!
Believing they can not be seen!
They do not know they always were.
Since truth is free of deception!
There can be only one truth!
And when the truth sets you free...
Believe it!
It sets you free to see deceivers!
Even encased within steel and walls of concrete,
They can not hide!
Not who they are.
Not from inside!
They run to God not knowing it is HE who reveals them!
Not knowing HE is also SHE...
Of the WE of US He has made!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Truth Is Making Its Presence Felt

Truth is making its presence felt.
And there are so many,
Who have never dealt with it before.
Believing it to be destructible.
Like a steel fence built.
Or a wall to dvide,
Contructed of concrete.

Truth is as powerful as the air supplied,
One needs to breathe.
And born to ignore it...
Does not ceases its existence!

Truth is making its presence felt.
Much like Mother Nature has...
To those who have a concept,
That the Earth upon all leech...
Is not a living, thinking being.
And how this goes misunderstood...
Is beginning to awaken those asleep!

Truth...
Is making its presence felt.
And an acceptance of it,
Has not been left to debate...
For other choices to make.
Whether the message or the messenger,
Is disliked...
Will not soften the bite of truth.

Be prepared to swallow it!
Or be eatened up and gobbled!

Truth...
Not more variety of delusions,
Is making its presence felt!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Truth Is Not One Of Their Assets

Appreciation is seldom expressed,
To parents doing their very best.
Or to those giving to others,
With nothing from them expected.
Or even from the ones,
Riding along on coattails...
After weighing their self-interests,
In a plagiarizing unknown but to be done...
Once they've arrived to destinations.
To have those unsuspecting,
But believing comments heard that come,
Of a proclaiming themselves with legendary status.
Or even accepting the notion to have it perceived.

'Well...
When given thought to who implemented true deeds,
The deceiving of their false activities...
Is legendary.
No one should expect from them,
A revealing of any appreciation expressed...
To those they have stolen a success they profess.
Afterall...
Attention is given to whomever embellishes,
With exaggerations stated and done at their best.'

~Are you calling them liars? ~

'That term would be too deserving.
Let's say truth is not one of their assets.
If assets are what they have.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Truth Is What It Is

The only thing truth can not prevent,
Is the reappearance of ignorance.
As soon as truth is revealed,
There will always be someone who feels...
An urgent need to question its credentials.
And...
From where they had been earned.

'Truth is what it is.'

~Is that so?
And how do you know this?
What proof do you have? ~

'The living of life and learning from experiences.'

~I see.
And those experiences you claimed to have lived,
Qualifies you to recognize truth?
From who's point of view? ~

'Those who know truth for what truth is.'

~And I suppose you're here to tell me,
I am yet to be exposed to it? ~

'Don't be silly.
You know you're not the one to be told anything.
You know you are not the one,
To listen to truth spoken and to know it when done.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Truth Known But Concealed

Never be the one to feel validated and convinced,
That a truth known but remains concealed...
Will stay unrevealed in an approved suspended void.
To be kept expectedly undetected.
With a repeating from scriptures to quote and protect,
Those who know they have committed misdeeds.
And yet...
Further and further from telling the truth they get.

So many today have adapted to customs and rituals,
To routinely perform with it perceived they can manipulate,
The Almighty with prayer.
As if 'His' or 'Her' or 'It's' presence was not aware Or There.
Only to discover themselves in deep guilt they can not rid.
And to pretend their false accusations invented and meant,
Were mere mistakes unconsciously made...
To hope without confessing they would be forgiven of them.

Never be the one to feel with faith faked to devote in worship,
That a smothering of truth reduces the consequences one pays.
It doesn't.
It only delays the re-action of the ones,
Who know they have been betrayed by those who knew it done.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Truth Proofed And With Sincerity

You treat me with respect.
That same quality of respect,
I have never neglected to give to you.
Truth proofed and with sincerity.
Keep it there...
And you and I will always have the best of times.

If you don't...
What you get from me I can not promise.
And as to how you will received it? Who knows?
If anything from me is delivered back to you at all.
I have a knack to keep my steps moving forward.
And a tendency to put my patience on ice.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Truth Shocks

Often it remains to stay unforgiving.
When faced for what it is.
Truth shocks.

And as an eclipse for it begins to move,
Shown are the glaring rays from the Sun...
Exposing again to cast those shadows,
Upon the ones with it done...
Who has used their time to abuse others.
And in unbelievable detail.
Truth shocks.

How lies can be told to sell deceptions sold.
And in incredible increments.
Like a lay-away plan.
Can come to haunt those with sustained,
Buyer's remorse.
Truth shocks without stopping tears dropped.

And,
Unfortunately...
Often it remains to stay unforgiving.
When faced for what it is.
Truth shocks.
Especially when a forgiveness wished,
Is nowhere on the horizon to appear.
When the Sun comes to block out,
To stop...
All deceptions for what they had been.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Truth Sugar Free

Your ideals have been consumed,
By polluted solutions.
Immaturity reveals,
A reluctance to face...
Truth sugar free.
And this leaves you to seek someone,
To victimize.
Hopefully you wish...
Someone defenseless.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Truth That Is

Deplete not from me,
Truth that is.
Let me face it.
Without discouragement.

Or hurry to hide...
From that which I do not like.
Or might disturb me inside.
Or deny.

Let my consciousness accept,
What my eyes and head rejects.
With an openness my heart allows...
And helps me respect.

Remove my quickness to object,
A reality that may upset.
That comes to challenge my neglect,
As it is reflected.

And not to deceive myself to believe...
Truth is a perception,
That I can chose to ignore!
Turn my back on it and leave.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Truth They Do Not Advocate

Convinced a procedure and method,
Not before used or seen...
Will not succeed,
People are quick with their analytical...
Assessments.
Although rumors heard...
They feed to believe.

The heroes to such mindsets,
Are those who do not sleep but invent!
Those who create with innovation.
Those once considered,
Socially ignorant or mentally 'bent'.

They are the ones the plagiarists,
Research to circumvent!
With either avoidance of their importance...
Or an applause accepted,
For something they did not implement!

'I thank you for acknowledging 'my' efforts.'

And today these thieves are all over the place,
Making speeches and giving advice...
As to 'How To Succeed...' with less effort to make.
And captivating are their distortions.
Captivating are their exaggerations made.

'I was sitting years ago with a stranger,
When 'BINGO'...
I was 'struck' with revelation.'

But an answering to questions,
As to how they got started...
Will never produced to anyone's ears,
Any specifics that will pinpoint a date...
That is clear.
Truth they do not advocate!

'Uh...let's see.
At this time...
The exact date escapes me.
Since I can not remember,
Where I was when I discovered it.'

~I can help you.
Remember me?
The initiator of your 'revelation'?
I am the one you said,
My concept would not succeed.

And I now see what you meant.
Success for you!
But not for me.
I aint mad atcha.
But it would be nice to see,
Something 'you' have done revealed.
You know...
Something without my mind behind it.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Truth To Chew On

I find you repulsive.
Obnoxious.
Offensive and tasteless.
Especially your statements made,
Are unethical. unjustified.
Religiously hypocritical.
And politically incorrect.

'Whew!
That is a relief.
I had been worried and suspected,
You were not paying me any attention.
At all.
Now...
Do you mind telling me,
Was it my truth that offended you?
Or was it the words I chose to use,
To reveal I am freed from delusion? '

You promised your comments,
Would leave me pleased.

'And you are not?
When was the last time,
You had something in your mouth...
Other than juicy gossip to drip.
With it done to await to see others,
Licking their lips...
To spread every bit of it.
Then to discover what you did was wrong.
At least I leave you,
With some truth to chew on.
That will stay in your head,
For a few days and nights...
Not soon to be gone.'

This is my first taste of it.

'I thought so.

Let me make this suggestion...
Stay away from mirrors for at least a week.
Truth to hear it AND to see,
Can be discouraging for anyone...
Given a dose of it to chew on it the first time.
And then, for whatever the reason,
It will leave you addicted.
So don't rush too soon to declare it delicious.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Truth To Delude

As a narrative to not expose with a doing kept,
To keep undisclosed to conceal facts hidden...
To deliberately replace them to elaborate,
On that which isn't...
For purposes to create scenerios,
That become easier to explain...
With a more familiar flavored taste,
Given to others to satisfy as they begin to turn away...
Gets increasingly more difficult to do and choose...
When mysteries have come to feast on delusions.
And truth to delude,
Decreases each time the same excuses are used...
Just to re-introduce updated substitutes to confuse reality.
A reality, although not welcomed...
Can and will sting stun tongues expecting to be sweetened.
And not believing with their ears,
To hear a doing to them which has been done.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Truth To Face Matters

Pain inflicted to let sit.
To believe if ignored,
It will not spread to be felt...
As an epidemic to manifest and exist.
Throughout entire neighborhoods,
Of people allowing their own sickness.
With it perceived others should relieve them,
From ailments continuing...
They've permitted to deny from lies that don't end.
But the facts have proven them to be willing victims.

'These tragedies we've started,
Must come to a stop.
We've got to find solutions.
To end pretentions we've adapted to adopt.'

~Who are those BLACK LIVES MATTER people,
Protesting against now.~

'Themselves.
Awakening to realize,
Their minds are in need...
Of long overdue help.'

~And...
From where will they get that? ~

'TRUTH TO FACE MATTERS'

~And when that's done,
Solutions come? ~

'Facts to face without truth in place,
Is difficult to resolve mental problems.
Or expect them to go away.
To portray dysfunctions as a normal function.
With that done to not self-exam,
The effects it leaves to feed and nourish evils.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Truth Will Provide An Undoing With Proof

One accused and abused by false allegations made...
Can not today walk away from them,
Without suspicion of admitting guilt.
Or believe from an evil one can leave unscathed.

And if one fights those accusing...
Who have defamed with a character assassination,
It is thought one seeks an attention to be given...
To protect an integrity one hopes doesn't fade.

What is the best thing that one should do?
Stand aside to witness what God does and proves,
To bring torment to those of evil minds...
With a doing that confines them to grief everytime.

What is the best thing that one should do?
Keep faith and remain on the side of truth.
With an acknowledgement one day,
Truth will provide an undoing with proof.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

'Truthified'

It would be great
If the truth
Was not such a tremendous part,
Of our ever growing bout with reality!
People would believe anything
They were told.
A cure for anything
Would be sold on TV.
Accountability?
It wouldn't exist at all!
Disrespect would be accepted.
A diminished mindset...
With a decreased quality of life,
Would prevail!
And lies?
Well...
It would be great
If the truth
Was not such a huge part
Of reality!
There seems to be an overflow of it!
And you know what 'they' say...
About having too much of a good thing?
It just seems 'too' good to be true!
We've been 'truthified'.
And even denial has achieved glouting status!

'Are you being sarcastic? '

Who me?
NEVER!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Truths Dismissed

Chasing impossibilities.
Like a change to redo,
And replace yesterdays' activities.
Has come to be embraced,
By those retrieving memories...
With hopes to see them,
'Specifically' retraced...
To have the times from them now lived,
Erased!

Chasing impossibilities,
Are those in grief with disbelief...
Each moment existing,
Had approval as they witnessed...
The unfolding of reality.

And it is the reality many wish to change.
Many can not accept,
Expressions of indifference...
Delivers consequences.
No matter what is claimed.

That which is observed,
And passes an acceptance by silent lips...
Is not going to suddenly vanish,
Because some find a tolerance...
Over a time that has allowed its growth,
People then indifferent...
Now whine it upsets and makes them sick.

Chasing impossibilities.
Like a change to redo,
And replace yesterdays' activities.
Has come to be embraced,
By those retrieving memories...
With hopes to see them,
'Specifically' retraced...
To have the times from them now lived,
Erased!

Goodluck to those now awakening,
To truths dismissed.
And finding themselves upset by this.
Wanting answers to questions...
And more time to reminisce,
Those times gone never again for them to exist.

Goodluck to those now awakening,
To truths dismissed.
And finding themselves upset by this.
Wanting answers to questions...
And more time to reminisce,
Those times gone never again for them to exist.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Truths Introduced Have Come To Stay

It is no longer what 'you' want to accomplish,
That is wished to erase those consequences faced.
Those consequences to be faced,
Are here to stay.
Truths introduced do not fade away.

The picture you view is much broader today.
And the players behind the scene once kept unseen,
Are increasingly getting impatient...
With facts being disguised as temporary discomforts.
Or little 'white' lies unmasked to expose one's innocence,
To unfold!

It is no longer what 'you' want to accomplish,
That is wished to erase those consequences faced.
Those consequences to be faced,
Are here to stay.
Truths introduced do not fade away.
To continue the doing of those same games to be played.

The picture you view is much broader today.
And the players behind the scene once kept unseen,
Are increasingly getting impatient...
With facts being disguised as temporary discomforts.
Or little 'white' lies unmasked to expose one's innocence,
To unfold!

Truths introduced do not fade away.
Not today.
Truths introduced have come to stay...
And,
Enlighten.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Try It

This news may come as upsetting to you,
But
I have a recommendation,
That should do wonders in advancing...
Your forward movements.
And please
Don't be offended.
That's not my intentions.

It took me a while to discover this.
That's why I share my own experience,
With you.

If you notice...
When you move your left foot,
You are also trying to move your right foot...
At the same time?
Try moving them one at a time.
And I am willing to bet...
You will get to your destination much quicker.
Try it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Try, Maybe And If

Try, maybe and if.
Words picked by those convinced,
Using them prevents...
One's conscious feeling of negativity,
Is less noticed to be nurtured.

Anyone wishing to accomplish a task,
No matter how small it is to master...
Decides to do it to get it done.
Before welcoming any excuses to come.
With failure prepared to accept expected.

Success does not come,
Without effort to endeavor.
Or without mistakes to make,
Through disappointing heartaches.
A getting up with a can do attitude,
Is not accompanied with a 'try'...
Or a 'maybe' tied to an 'if'.

Initiative, motivation and desire,
Are the incentives that gets...
One up from sitting on a fence.
To leave the doing and uselessness of it,
As a comfortable defense mechanism.

'Easy it is for you say this.'

I know.
And, hopefully, one day...
Easier it will become for you to say this,
To someone else.
Without time you find later you've wasted.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Trying A Way To Fit In

Every morning that I am blessed to have awakened,
I am in the classroom and prepared to be tested.
And if I didn't regard my life that way,
I'd be struggling with the feeling of failure
On a daily basis.
And
If I did not think or believe
I had an opportunity before me,
To improve upon my weak performances...
I'd be afraid to appear on stage
when I left my place of comfort.
Every morning.

However.
Before I do any of that.
And forget I am constantly teased and tempted,
By the trappings of life.
I express my gratitude to 'whatever' it is,
That has granted me 'consciousness' about this process.
Because I know if I didn't have it
I'd be rushing to a psychologist helping me find a way to fit in.

And I will not blame any of this craziness I've witnessed on God.
Even though an awareness of what is going on is inescapable.

And those trying a way to fit in,
To satisfy others with their accomplishments and possessions...
Seem not to be able to acquire happiness.
So glad am I.
When I discovered I could not purchase happiness after years of trying,
I was relieved.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Trying To Analyze Reality

So many are caught between the accepting of truth.
Or,
Keeping impressions intact with pretensions.

Some want others to know...
The standing in an unemployment line,
Is their first experience.
And others there who are dressed for success...
Look around to see if anyone near,
Remembers when they had their noses stuck up in the air.

While a few there could care less,
What others say, do or think!
Since being fed and somewhere to lay their head...
Have become priorities.
And some folks are taking up too much time,
Trying to analyze reality.

'You 'act' as if you do not have a care in the world.'

~And 'you'...
Should take some acting lessons.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Trying To Be As Serious As I Possibly Can

I'm not going to say,
What goes around comes around.
I can not do that.
I am just going to feel very blessed.

And...
Find a place to laugh where I am not heard.
With the acknowledgement God realizes,
I am a work in progress with blemishes and flaws.
Just like other 'creations' My Father has made.

And I am not quite yet prepared...
To forgive those who have done misdeeds,
Intentionally!
Without expecting a 'payback'.

What's in the minds of people like that?
Donut munching?

But something inside me becomes pleased,
To see them suffer.

'Oh forgive me Father,
For I have sinned.
And it felt so good! '

God knows I am going through this process,
Trying to be as serious as I possibly can.
Under certain conditions.
Afterall...
Like Father, Like Son!
I had to have gotten my sense of humor from 'somewhere'!
So I can not take full responsibility for my tactless actions.

'Excuse me,
Would you happen to have any tissue?
I've become suddenly overwhelmed.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Trying To Convince Ourselves

If I spent my life seeking your approval...
Neither one of us would be improving,
On our point of view.
Or that quality of life we feel is right for us.

We would become stagnant.
Unchanged...
Isolated.
And delusional about who we are.

We would become...
HEY!
We would become what we are right now!
A people totally out of touch with reality.
And trying to convince ourselves...
Others are envious of our display of ignorance!

And you are here,
Trying to prevent me from being who I am.
Showing me the depth of your shallowness...
With traditions you believe makes you superior!

You are in much need of psychological recovery.
First you need to be brought up to date!
And then you need to realize,
How your hatred has been self inflicted.
Hopefully you will have time to experience your life,
Without conflict that has its roots in racial inferiorities.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Trying To Figure That Out

If you are on the outside...
It is easier to look in!
However...
If you 'are' on the inside,
'Who' and 'what' are you looking out for?
Even those there with you,
Are trying to figure that out for themselves!
Since they all believed...
They had been sheltered!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Trying To Find Legitimate Conversation

Until someone comes along,
To declare me officially crazed and mentally unfit...
I will continue to talk to myself,
With and in complete confidence...
As I care less if this is done in public.
Yes.

Tired I have grown of trying to find,
Legitimate conversation that is intelligent.
And debating with others,
Who themselves seem to be in conflict...
With my correctness that agitates and affects them.

~Why-oh-why-oh...
Does this phenomenon occurs,
Is a mystery to me.~

And I am not the only one,
Who has come to grips with this issue.
No I'm not.
There are several others in my neighborhood,
Fed up as well.
With varying degrees of upsetness they express.
Yes.

Although...
I am more discreet.
Never will I wave my hands in the air.
Acting like I just don't care.
To be seen in the streets.
Or shouting obscenities to people I meet.
No!
That's not me.

And frankly I've noticed how unsettling this can be,
To those people witnessing this as they pass by...
Giving this kind of behavior their attention.

I refuse to be labelled 'nuts'.

But I do admit...
I have had my moments with a few trees.
Some of them have tried to dominate my conversations.
And I'm not about to apologize,
For anything offensive I've said to them either.
I don't care how stubborn or unmoving they can get.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Trying To Find Reason Instead Of Foreplay

No matter what these moments mean
Whether spoken or shared between two
Who know them...
Enjoy them for what they are.
Nothing is ever wrong with that!
Unless you are trying to find reason,
Instead of foreplay!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Trying To Find Shelter

Just a few short years ago,
Some folks were subjects of racial kidding.
Profiled and provoked.
And laughed at by those who lived high and mighty.
The ones who felt it okay to be that way...
Because of fat payment checks,
They spent lavishly and were getting.
With boosted egos they themselves stroked.

Today many heads are bowed very low.
Feeling devastated by an economic blow.
With nothing in their pockets,
Or wearing on their backs to show...
Proof or reason for a continuance of pretense.
That they are indeed better,
Than the ones in cardboard boxes.
Draped with newspaper.
To prevent outside elements from coming in.

Nor better than the beggars observed on urban streets.
Weaving from sleeplessness.
As they shiver in rain and falling snow.
Hopeless is the message from them is sent.
But those with eyes turned away don't know.
Or could care a brave veteran of war is there.

Together they are now trying to find shelter.
Ex-snobs, ex-cons and disrespected vets!
And families who have lost everything.
Evicted as if disgusting pests.

All seeking a place to shower or bathe.
Or someone to give them each a dollar or more.
So they can purchase anything...
To nibble on and eat!
Holding onto feeble dignities.
And praying to be saved.
By the same society that tossed them away.

Praying they do for a return of those days...
To undo misdeeds that have left them victimized,
By their own selfish need to greed and joke...
About those they've made helpless and useless folks.
Like they see themselves now in mirrors that reflect.
Victimized by their own selfishness.
And expecting from a decadence to receive some respect.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Trying To Gain Momentum

I've been praised, humiliated, degraded and ignored.
By the very same foes,
Who can not decide from which side of their mouths...
Will come another contradiction,
To depict my efforts as something they wish...
One definition will stick with continuity.

In a satisfing conducted,
To have their own ambitions of unwarranted smearing kept...
With a focus of their philosophies that remain unchanged.
As an arresting of more minds of equal limitations agree.

While trying to gain momentum for their own desires,
To shine under a spotlight.
With a grabbing of attention,
To have others find them more worthy...
For their recently adopted motives,
To highlight themselves and their attached pretensions.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Trying To Hide The Evidence

The one thing that is disturbing,
About observing ignorance...
Is the time people spend,
Denying with a hiding of the evidence.
And defending it and themselves,
By doing the best they can to protect it...
From being criticized by those believed,
Are enemies...
Making attempts to take it away from them.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Trying To Please

By the time you decide
Your life needs more attention...
You might find you are still too busy,
Not listening!
Yet wondering whose life
You've been living and giving,
All your time to!

And IF it is realized...
Neither one of you have spent any time at all,
Understanding with comprehension.
Who it is you are trying to please!
And what it is you've learned,
About wasting time on others who can't see...
The misery and depth of the grief you receive!

You're trying to please!
And that is as visible as a boarded window...
To those who could care less,
What it was you were doing for them.
Even if they knew!
Some folks 'ain't' that connected.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Trying To Prevent The Advent Of Evolution

A foolish people,
Will always seek a validation...
To remain foolish as long as possible.

This activity keeps them feeling significant.

With a stagnating influence...
That stays as current as their ignorance.

And as long as this is their consciousness,
Any breakthrough of intelligence...
Is as difficult for them to comprehend,
As the advancement of technology...
Is for a mind demanding a return to times,
When rocks were rubbed together to produce fire.

And these are the minds,
Trying to prevent the advent of evolution.
And many can not accept they have been lost in the mix!
They make attempts to defend a time for them that has ended.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Tuesday

Tuesday came and gone,
And I was still in Summer.
Wishing the Autumn breeze,
Would drift away with the winds!

Again...
I'm sitting waiting patiently,
For sunshine.
The coldness that surrounds us,
isn't yours or mine.
I sit waiting patiently,
For...
The Sun to shine.

Finally distant bells came,
Floating down on my ears.
And I hear a Robin sing.
Could it be Spring melting snow?

Oooh again...
I'm sitting waiting patiently,
For sunshine.
The coldness that surrounds us,
isn't yours or mine.
I sit waiting patiently,
For...
The Sun to shine.

Tuesday...
Came and gone...and,
I was still...
In Summer.
Wishing,
That Autumn breeze,
Would drift,
Away with the winds!

Zzzagain...
I'm,

Sitting waiting patiently for sunshine.
The coldness that surrounds me,
Isn't yours or mine.
I find myself just waiting for that Sun to shine.

Tuesday I'ma waitin' for the sun to shine.
Anticipatin' waitin' for the Sun to shine.
Anticipatin' waitin' for a celebrated date,
That Sun will shine!

Anticipatin' waitin' for the Sun to shine.
Anticipatin' waitin' for a celebrated date,
That Sun will shine!

Anticipatin' waitin' for a celebrated date,
That Sun will shine!

That Sun 'will' shine!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Tugging On A Heart

The moment one lets something go,
It's gone for good.
So they would say is wished.

The moment one lets something go,
It is gone.
As it is heard to admit.

But...
Tugging on a heart,
With it remembered...
Is that first kiss.
Not to forget.
And...
Tugging on a heart,
With it remembered...
Is that warm hug.
With it missed,
To linger.

The moment one lets something go,
It's gone for good.
So they would say is wished.

The moment one lets something go,
There comes a time when it is missed...
Not to forget and admit,
It lingers.

Tugging on a heart,
With it remembered...
Is a wrong not meant to do,
But done.
To come back and to linger.

Tugging on a heart with it remembered,
Is that one...
One can't forget to forget,
To be done.

Tugging on a heart with it remembered,
Is that one...
Time will not permit,
With it done to come.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Tuitions Paid

Commitment to discipline,
Is a lifestyle one adopts to adapt.
As is motivation and initiative.
Few can say,
Achieving success...
Can be done to ignore that.

But 'somewhere' in its definition,
To interpret as a choice one makes...
Success for many has come to mean,
Protesting against sacrifice.
And unifying with those of like minds,
Believing themselves entitled to receive...
What others get but without the sweat.
Or tears that come with disappointment.
That leaves them feeling discomfort.

Commitment to discipline,
Is a lifestyle one adopts to adapt.
As is motivation and initiative.
Few can say,
Achieving success...
Can be done to ignore that.

Yet many perceive,
Patience, tolerance and wanted comprehension...
Is 'something' that happens if one sits,
Taking notes to await for words said with emphasis.
And then to demand from instruction and books,
What a drifting mind can not find that satisfies...
The ones all their lives refusing to pay attention.
But do they will to make claims tuitions paid,
Are too high to achieve their desires.
And lessons taught by incompentent teachers,
Can be directly blamed for their failures.

However...
'Somewhere' in its definition,
To interpret as a choice one makes...

Success for many has come to mean,
Protesting against sacrifice.
And what it takes with it understood,
That failure to accept as if to expect it...
Is not without its price to pay.

'Let's see,
With a doing of it collectively.
How many of you have committed to do,
Less partying?
Or socializing to take your lives seriously? '

~That's why we protest.
You want us to accept 'your' way of life.
And not the way 'we' want ours lived.~

'So...
You want traditions to change,
To accomodate your wishes...
Not to have them followed? '

~Exactly.
All of that nonsense about following,
To learn how to lead is stupid stuff.
WE...
Are the future.~

'God?
Please ignore all of this.
And bless us.
Even the ones who resist 'Your' wishes.
Help them understand,
That a willingness to comprehend...
Does have its benefits.
Whether it is done with tuitions paid,
Or not.'

~God has 'nothing' to do with it.
And you call yourself,
A professor of 'philosophy'
Why? How? ~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Tunnel Visions

Whatever appears is there to make it,
Chosen with it done to do.
Whatever is seen to not disguise,
Was chosen with it done to do.
And if it sits and seems cemented,
It sits there approved...
By you and me and others too.
But many disbelieve,
What is there for all to see...
To wish it.

Whatever appears is there to make it,
Chosen with it done to do.
To wish it and accept.
No matter if it's regretted.

We have tunnel visioned minds,
To find everytime regretted.
Not too often are our thoughts aligned,
To using common sense.
A sense some take offense,
When the doing of it is done to be pro-active.

Whatever appears is there to make it,
Chosen with it done to do.
But if anyone should question this,
Before decisions are made...
They will be considered as misfits.
And ignored for making sense that's disapproved.

Tunnel visions are behind decisons.
With it done to do.
Tunnel visions often start conflicts.
With it done to do.
Tunnel visioned people don't admit,
With it done to do.
Whatever is done they did it to insist.
With it done to do.
No matter what is done has limited benefits.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Turkeys Are In Season

Why are you smiling,
Like a Cheshire cat?

'Oh stop exaggerating.
Am I? '

Like someone has baked you a turkey.
And to your specifications.

'Will you stop that.
I just happen to be pleased,
Turkeys are in season.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Turn Down The Volume

'Who wants to be stuck.
Crushed.
Or caught rushing...
Into the arms of another lover!
Give it time, Amanda!
Nick will not see this
As a friendship social call!
He will catch us on the Bear rug...
And assume we've had sex,
Just because we are bare ass and naked!
And since we are...let's have sex! ? '

I thought you said you were bringing something home,
That was wholesome, natural and down to Earth?

~It is, Ma!
The message is of 'piece'.
It's raw and natural!
Down to Earth...
And the video supplier says
The packing is recycable!
And you said I should say NO to sex! ?
I have!
But, Ma...
You said nothing about me watching it gettin' done!
And this ain't even 'porno' no more.~

Well...
Turn down the volume.
I will not have 'that' kind of talk spoken in my home!
And they wonder why you kids have filthy mouths today! ?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Turn Off The Light

I'm not always going to say those things you like.
In fact,
If I do say them...
You can take from me a hike.
I am not going to spend,
Time
Trying to find a way,
To say nothing that offends your sensitive mind.
I'm not always going to say those things you like.
Especially not this time.

I'm not always going to say those things you like.
Or even try to stop them,
To keep my honesty on edge or uptight.
I may be wrong believing,
You to be the co-pilot in my life.
And when I think deeply about it...
I wish you'd parachute right out of my sight!
You don't want me to be sweet and nice!
You'd like me to roar or bark.
Like some animal you've domesticated to be home trained.
Listening to you whine until the wee hours of dark.

I did not see that movie.
And apparently you are still there viewing.
Snap, crackle and pop your ass out of that!

Perhaps I can be quite insensitive.
But there's a limit I'm not going to let,
Myself to you now give.
Since you enjoy whipping me into a huff and puff.
And that's the kind of stuff I've had enough.
Suffering from the agitating unbuffered fluff...
You like to give and not give up!
Enough!

I'm not always going to say those things you like.
In fact,
If I do say them...

You can take from me a hike.
I am not going to sit up all night,
To hear the spite you have
For your so called two faced friends.
To leave me feeling like I'm the one,
Crazed and on the deep end.
With a mind spinning a madness beginning?
No!
I'm not going to allow myself to get that comfortable.
Not with that in our bed.

I'm not always going to say those things you like.
Like shut the hell up!
And turn off the light.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Turn That Page

Turn that page...
From this rampage.
That's stirring up,
And churning with a burning...
Many hearts.

Turn that page...
From this rampage.
That's caving in,
All lifestyles and beliefs...
Crumbling apart!

Too many people,
Are throwing pity parties.
With garbage that's collected,
In push carts!

A deep recession...
Has messed with minds,
And left folks stunned...
And shocked!

With sky high profits,
Crooks now pocket!

Turn that page...
From this rampage.
That's stirring up,
And churning with a burning...
Many hearts.

Turn that page...
From this rampage.
That's caving in,
All lifestyles and beliefs...
Crumbling apart!

Turn that page...
Yeah!

Turn that page!
Yeah!

Turn that page...
From this rampage.
That's stirring up,
And churning with a burning...
Many hearts.

I said...
Too many people,
Are throwing pity parties.
With garbage that's collected,
In push carts!

I said...
A deep recession...
Has messed with minds,
And left folks stunned...
And shocked!

With sky high profits,
Crooks now pocket!

We've got to...
Turn that page!
Got to-got to.
Turn that page!
We've got to...
Turn that page.
Got to-got to.
Turn that page.
We've got to...
Turn that page!
Got to-got to.
Turn that page!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Turn Up The Heat

You want me to turn up the heat?
I can only oblige you.
However,
I want it understood...
This action made,
Was at your request.
Protect yourself.
I will not be held responsible,
For your burns.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Turned Cheeks Still Do Bleed

No evil is equal...
To end a conflict,
With a settlement that is gained.

Turned cheeks still do bleed.
And the pain inflicted...
May swim in a forgiveness.
But emotions are there...
In a memory that feeds.

It's kept inside,
To one day be ignited.
That feeling masquerades and hides...
With silent cries.
Sheltered in denial...
And never subsides.

Pain felt deep...
Seeks the surface to be released.
Like a gas that has to be passed...
It can not be subdued!
It has to pass.

Tattered peace is torn to bits.
Boiling in a pot...
That becomes to hot to lift!

No evil is equal...
To end a conflict,
With a settlement that is gained.
If the seriousness of it...
Has no one attempting,
To put a lid on it!

Turned cheeks still do bleed.
And the pain inflicted...
May swim in a forgiveness.
But emotions are there...
In a memory that feeds.

Pain felt deep...
Seeks the surface to be released.
Like a gas that has to be passed...
It can not be subdued!
It has to passssss,
To destruct and destroy in global chaos!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Turned Off!

Turned off!
And not to leave a dimming that flckers,
Until the darkness hits.

And when a certain mindset begins to overcome,
That light once to shine brightly with promise allowed...
Now quickly taking away from them the access to options,
those accustomed to sneak around at twilight,
Believing themselves with abilities to create alibis...
to be seen,
Just as the Sunset slips below the horizon...
Will find they too will be turned off,
As if a quick flip of a switch done by spirits or magic...
It doesn't matter which.
When darkness comes to unconscious minds,
Being turned off by it...
Is found by those still with a conscious,
Quite refreshing to discover those lethargic...
Not noticing they've been turned off at all.

Turned off!
And not to leave a dimming that flckers,
Until the darkness hits.
Only the ones who have kept the light of faith,
Stay prepared and is aware of who 'sees'.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Turned Upside Down

Turned upside down,
That frosted glaze.
Savored.
To have it around...
When wished in those old days.

Turned upside down,
That frosted glaze.
Savored.
But today a flavor fading,
Sours.
By the hour.

Getting sour by the hour.
A wanted frosted taste.
It's getting sour by the hour.
That flavor once to favor.
And leaving frowns around,
Found.

Turned upside down,
And given the boot!
Turned upside down,
What had been favored.
It's upside down and ripped from roots,
Planted.
But now has panic on the loose.

Getting sour by the hour.
A wanted frosted taste.
It's getting sour by the hour.
That flavor once to favor.
And leaving frowns around,
Found.

Turned upside down,
That frosted glaze.
Savored.
To have it around...

When wished in those old days,
Eliminated; gone and not to save.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Turning Away From The Benefits

A conceit that serves a self-centeredness,
Usually runs into a brick wall that stalls...
Than one suspected of having an ego,
By those who benefit with more to get...
But for what ever the reason,
Keep their suspicions amongst themselves...
To be mentioned while dismissing the benefits.

'I wish less ego was shown in their deeds.'

~I don't witness you turning away from the benefits.
And 'if' they were conceited with a self-centeredness,
To serve...
Guess who would be kept away from the benefits?
Without anyone to witness,
Who decides to turn their backs away.
Those benefits to them would not be known.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Turning Backs Away With Shut Lips

There is a campaign that permits,
Denying truth an existence.
And if allowed to continue...
Threatens a valued humanness.

Blinded in stubbornness,
Our very presence will become dismissed.
Finding no refuge in silence...
Nor an ignorance lifted into eternal bliss.

And turning backs away with shut lips,
Has created today's array of conflicts.
In a convenience so many have come to enjoy...
Unapposed and unrestricted!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Turning Of Heads

Perhaps it is the way,
My observations are spoken...
Which makes them controversial.
With a turning of heads.

But if I see someone choking,
And the air is poluted...
I don't interpret that act,
As someone coughing up their evils.

Something tells me,
Instead...
Standards and values once had,
Are dead.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Turning On Themselves Like Cannibals

They are so disappointed with themselves...
They are creating scandals.
Creating sleaze to have others implicated.
And associated with their ignorance.

But they sailed away on that ship on their own.
They have exclusively made themselves outsiders.
The better doers for those things they have done all wrong!
And they are trying to tie everyone,
To their sinking wickedness!
They are turning on themselves like cannibals.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Turning The Heat To Hotter

Nobody came to party knew somebody who sat,
In a corner to sigh.
This was a heat to hotter party.

Nobody came to party knew somebody who sat,
In a corner to sigh.
This was a heat to hotter party.

Everybody here took off the roof to cry,
'High, high, high...high.'
With their hands up,
'High, high, high...high.'
And sweating bodies soakin'.
'High, high, high...high.'

Everybody on the scene holla'd and screamed...
'High, high, high...high.'
With their hands up,
'High, high, high...high.'

Nobody came to this party knew somebody who sat.
This was a heat to hotter party.

Everybody here took off the roof to cry,
'High, high, high...high.'
With their hands up,
'High, high, high...high.'
And sweating bodies soakin'.
'High, high, high...high.'
Turning the heat to hotter.
'High, high, high...high.'
Turning the heat to hotter.
'High, high, high...high.'
Turning the heat to hotter.
'High, high, high...high.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Turning The Other Cheek

I want nothing more than those misdeeds,
People do unto others to then leave...
With a purpose to inflict pain unjustly,
To know what it's like to pick fights...
With others unaware from unaware,
From where the punches come.

In their minds I wish a returning done of it,
To know gossip to whisper and innuendos...
Left to please those who then seek,
Escapes through exits hoping to find...
A clearing of their minds with fresh air to breathe,
Freely...
Are the very same ones,
Who preach turning the other cheek has a benefit.
While they hide with a biting of sharp teeth...
As they watch from darkened corners,
Who has done the most bleeding to do effectively.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Turtle

I want to get with your turtle.
Your turtle seems so at peace,
At a slow pace that really creeps.
Taking everything easy.

I want to chat with your turtle.
I want to ask if it has wishes to be free?
And if a turtle gets relief.

So thick its shell!
With skin so reptile-ish.
Does it ever want a hug or kiss?
And 'how' does it handle this?

So rich it smells!
In a pot cooked with mustard seed.
With carrots and celery leaves.
And a dash of sea salt spiced with peppers!

Does it know that its good to eat?

I want to get with your turtle.
Your turtle seems so at peace,
At a slow pace that really creeps.
Taking everything easy.

So thick its shell!
With skin so reptile-ish.
Does it ever want a hug or kiss?
And 'how' does it handle this?

I want to chat with your turtle.
I want to ask if it has wishes to be free?
And if a turtle gets any relief...
To be away and out of that shell!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

T'Was The Night Prior To The Real Nightmare

Failed concepts...
Are diminishing by the minute.
And those who are in it,
Have to sit and finish them off!

T'was the night prior to the real nightmare.
People were sunbathing without a thought or care!
Mockings of inner city people were good and well done!
And out of the blue,
Bird doo hit the head of someone,
And he became startled, baffled and stunned!
Was that the bird of truth?
His nervousness begun!

People stopped listening to him like they should.
He sent in fresh missionaries to keep the 'hood' good!
He took away the alcohol from his kids...
Took away their weapons,
Although they had some hid from him they did!

He spoke to his pastor...
Who was also his lawyer,
Banker and baker of his bread!
He didn't know what to say,
About his dread.

And it was dreadful!

He tried his best,
To provide for everyone.
By selling the land,
Running it!
And racking up bills as he ran,
As far as he could from reality!

And now he wants to be perceived,
As the one most willing...
To piece together a portrait of universal love!
And this...

Will be yet another,
Failed concept!
Laid out on the table....
From a chair he sits that is much too big!

Failed concepts...
Are diminishing by the minute.
And those who are in it,
Have to sit and finish them off!

Failed concepts...
Are diminishing by the minute.
And those who are in it...
Are no closer to an exit,
Than the first exit plan they claim...
Would win the game!

Failed concepts...
Are diminishing by the minute.
And those who are in it
Must do something quick,
Or sit and be finished off!

T'was the night prior to the real nightmare...
People were sunbathing without a thought,
And none dared to care.
Until out of no where...
Strange Beings appeared.
With pierced skin and tattoos from toe to ear.
They were quite drugged,
And their focus wasn't clear.
But they began to stalk...
In growing numbers.
Surrounding those...
In numbing fear!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Tweaked And Sweetened Monologues

Spotlights are not used,
To coverup blemishes...
Kept masked and perfected in shadows.

When one chooses to appear centerstage,
There is no where to hide...
A masquerading and aging charade.

A flaw preferred to be left unseen...
Is lifted from muscles twitched,
As soon as that spotlight switch
Removes all the darkness...
That had limited visions to see.
And soliloquies rehearsed...
With purposes to please,
By the use of intensed and sweetened...
Tearjerking tweaked monologues,
Will not bring satisfaction to all witnessing.

Trained liars in performances stale and routine...
Reciting lines to convince from a dated script,
Without heart or feelings connected to it.
Are often booed and shown the exit!
Especially when the audience
Has been charged a higher price...
To observe someone they paid to give them sweat.
And the one expected to produce...
Could care less if they were there!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Twenty Thirteen Was A Bit Too Much

Twenty thirteen was a bit too much.
You can turn your back and leave it.
Turn your back you can to leave it.

Twenty thirteen was a bit too much.
You can turn your back and leave it.
Turn your back you can to leave it.

Those people made aware of the conflicts in the air,
They...
Looked upon and left it,
With a doing this to exit.

And people who observed those deceptions that occured,
They...
Weren't the ones invested,
With an interest to accept it.

Yet others heard to whine about the sign of the times,
They...
Seem to have rejected,
Lessons taught but they neglected.

And so many more now are out of their minds!
Have they made a choice to stay duped,
Or are they proven fools?
Proving they are stupid as if stupid is a rule.

Twenty thirteen was a bit too much.
You can turn your back and leave it,
Like so many choose to do.
Or...
Remain in twenty thirteen and admit to be a fool.

People made aware of the conflicts in the air,
They...
Looked upon and left it,
With a doing this to exit.

People who observed those deceptions that occured,
They...
Weren't the ones invested,
With an interest to accept it.

Yet others heard to whine about the sign of the times,
They...
Seem to have rejected,
Lessons taught but they neglected.

Twenty thirteen was a bit too much.
You can turn your back and leave it.
Turn your back you can to leave it.
You can turn your back and leave it.
Turn your back you can to leave it.

Twenty thirteen was a bit too much.
You can turn your back and leave it.
Turn your back you can to leave it.
Turn your back you can to leave it.
Turn your back you can to leave it,
Alone.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Twice Becomes A Habit

Doing what we please.
With the selling of our embellishments.
Has come under much scrutiny.
And a call to be precise...
Does not sit too comfortably,
With those irresponsible.
And others n'er do well.
Seeking a laziness to entice.

To abuse this twice becomes a habit.
To keep it fed becomes routine.

Some may see this as discrimination.
Not a justification...
To do away with incompetence.
And those who half accomplish...
What their intentions find difficult to finish.

These days a mediocrity,
Is being ushered from the spotlight.
Success comes with applied effort.
Not from those accepted as nice.
But aren't up to the challenge...
To get things done,
With sacrifice.

To abuse this twice becomes a habit.
To keep it fed becomes routine.

Gone are those days of going through the motions.
And adopting the notion,
Procrastination fascinates those with patience waiting.
Time is not a blind date...
Hoping to approve who shows and comes,
Out of breath with expressed excuses.
And annoying the diligent ones.
That tick-tocking on those clocks have stopped!

To abuse this twice becomes a habit.

To keep it fed becomes routine.

And refusing people like this,
From addressed strict agendas...
Keeps a purpose with direction flourished.
As long as it is understood...
They will always be kept in minds respected.
But their absence is welcomed,
When they are far away from strategic scenes.
Not to demean.
But to accomplish.

'No offense.
But we are here to get things done.
You understand that,
Don't you? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Twilight At The Stroke Of Dusk

The only ones declaring,
In broad daylight...
A need to uphold moralistic values,
Are those feeding their gutter temptations...
Twilight at the stroke of dusk.
Midnight and the hours just before dawn.
The ones being preyed upon,
Know what is going on!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Twinkling In The Heavens

These days I find it exceedingly easy,
To praise you.
My ancestors.
You who have come before,
To lay down a smoother path
Through those doors you have opened,
I am grateful.
My obstacles are not as great,
As yours have been.
And this is the driving force I keep within.
These days I find it exceedingly easy,
To praise you.
My ancestors.
Twinkling in the heavens.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Twins

You don't know me!

'No!
You're the one that don't know me.'

You don't know me!
You're the one!
You don't know me.
You 'think' you do.
And that's your problem.

~Look!
Let's settle this right now.
I carried the both of you...
For nine excrutiating months.
You are TWINS.
If anyone wishes they had amnesia...
Guess who that would be?
Now...
I want the both of you to watch that TV.
And leave it...
On one channel.
Is that clear?
Or I'll be in there to remind you who I am.~

'Gee, Mahhh! '

~Gee hell!
You kids are getting on my last nerve.~

Dedicated to...
My twin sisters Tammy and Lisa.
Very few knew them apart...
When they were young ladies growing up,
And struggling for their own separate identities.

'Love you T and Doc'
Larry

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Twisted Rhetoric

You can not tell folks they are nuts!
Not today.
Although their numbers growth,
To be observed in action.

They would rather take opportunities to prove it.
And do it as if someone has turned off their switch.
To leave those impulses once going to the brain...
Detoured to escape out of the ears to go ignored.

And taking that away from them...
The chance for them to prove themselves nuts,
Leaves them to sit longer in denial.
While dropping signs everywhere they can excuse,
With evasive and twisted rhetoric!
And other nonsense that exposes them,
For the morons they are.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Twixt And Between Ideals

Twixt and between ideals.
With a wish to select those most appealing.
And give a toss to the ones...
Many will not welcome to approve them done.

Some ideals are too complex.
Especially those that connect,
To self reflection and accountability.
They are the ones the most distasteful..

The ones more acceptable,
Are those with counterfeited empathy.
You know...that kind no one commits to,
But forges upon others to believe.

Twixt and between ideals.
With a wish to select those most appealing.
And give a toss to the ones...
Many will not welcome to approve them done.
At least not the ones,
Remotely associated with reality.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Two Fuse

Interactive,
And a catalyst that captures...
And a catalyst that captures,
Manufactures what it matches...
To attach and sack a catch.

Two fuse and they become attracted,
To be seen as a known fact.

Interactive,
And a catalyst that captures...
Factors in and snatches fast.

Interactive,
And a catalyst that captures...
And a catalyst that captures,
Manufactures what it matches...
To attach and sack a catch.

Two fuse and this becomes a fact.
Two fuse and this becomes a fact.
Two fuse and they become attracted,
To be seen as a known fact.
Two fuse and this becomes a fact.
Two fuse and this becomes a fact.

Interactive,
And a catalyst that captures...
Factors in and snatches fast.
Two fuse and this becomes a fact.
Two fuse and this becomes a fact.
Two fuse and they become attracted,
To be seen as a known fact.

Two fuse and this becomes a fact.
Two fuse and this becomes a fact.
Two fuse and this becomes a fact.
Two fuse and this becomes a fact.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Two Hours Too Late Too Much

I can not mend a fragmented World.
Nor can I fix those addicted to delusions.
I can only take my sincerity one step forward.
With the hope that step is respected,
By someone who accepts the doing of my giving.
And not believe I am the one in need...
To prove my deeds are sacrificial.

And if anyone should agree they do me the favor,
With an accomodating of my efforts...
To perceive they are the ones to have been picked,
As exceptional...
The only thing I can do is to continue,
To accomplish my deeds to pursue and succeed.
And not pass a judgement on anyone to be done.

'I apologize for arriving two hours late.
But I did come,
To ensure I would accomodate 'your' efforts.'

Huh?
Wha...t?
I think your ego is on steroids.
I am here to advance your outlook.
I am here to assist in the promoting of your need.
Your wishes to see yourself succeed.
Not mine.
I'd be fine taking my time somewhere else and to unwind.
And...
Your disrespect I don't accept.
You are two hours too late too much and for too long,
For me to care.

'So what is it you are saying? '

My efforts had never required your accomodation.
If anything...
Your doing has taught me not to attempt this again.
I am quick to dismiss what others take for granted.

And your accomodation you can take away from my door.

'You just don't know,
When to appreciate the doing of others to be grateful.'

Huh?
Wha...t?
I think your ego is on steroids.
And your knickers have been twisted.
You've already turned me off.
I suggest you leave and quick.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Two Like Us Will

I'm composing something special for you.
I'm composing something for you,
I'm hoping you find it magic.

I'm composing something special for you.
We know who we are,
And...
What it is we choose to do.

We know we are...
Two in love with passion.
We know we are...
Not children anymore.
And...
We know we are,
Two in love with passion.
And two like us..
Will always know it's true love.

And two like us will,
Always...
Know it's love.

And that's a miracle.
To know the two of us will always,
Know love.
And two like us will,
Always...
Know it's love.

And two like us will,
Always...
Know it's love.

And two like us will,
Always...
Know it's love.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Two Meet To Discuss

Two meet to discuss,
What is needed for both to give up.
But neither will admit,
Where they both sit to discuss...
Has been taken by them,
From others through corruption.

And to meet diplomatically,
To speak about how to split...
Decisively their stolen greed,
Is ridiculous!
However...
The presentation makes for good,
Televised public relations

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Two More Steps To The Left!

I can attest,
Your ego satisfies...
Inclusively held delusions.

If you step away from yourself...
And the splendor of kept desires,
Wrapped around home spun visions.
You will witness contributions made,
Beyond the entrapment...
Of delibitating egos suffered,
By those identified with banners waving...
From incredible self indulgent stances!

And I know I am not like that!
But you can remove yourself,
From my light!

'How is this?
Is this alright? '

Two more steps to the left!
Better yet...
Keep stepping.
I'll tell you when to stop.

'But I am already in the shadows.'

And what is your point?
Keep steppin'.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Two Peas In A Pod

Two peas in a pod.
Each other needed.
To feed a wish...
To be together,
And not mystified!
Two peas in a pod.
Each other needed.
To feed a wish...
To be together,
And not mystified!
Two peas in a pod.
Each other needed.
To feed a wish...
To be together,
And not mystified!

Panting...
And rushing out of breath.
To be in step,
And in sync with thought!

Never ones to rant,
Neither of them can't.
They have chosen a life for them that works.
Baggage free and deserted of jerks!
And those who have totally gone berserk,
With degrees to academically define...
An absence of common sense,
In their densed state of minds!
Trying to explain...
A dimming light in their brains!

Two peas in a pod.
Each other needed.
To feed a wish...
To be together,
And not mystified!
Two peas in a pod.
Each other needed.

To feed a wish...
To be together,
And not mystified!
Two peas in a pod.
Each other needed.
To feed a wish...
To be together,
And not mystified!

They don't try to meet
Expectations that defeat
Or deceive!
They don't try to make enemies,
Just to see if they can beat them!

And they match each other,
When the other...
Isn't there to make a pair.
This doesn't matter.
In their minds.
In their hearts.
When such feeling surrounds them,
Everywhere.

Not caring who believes it!
This is theirs and they receive it!

Two peas in a pod.
Each other needed.
To feed a wish...
To be together,
And not mystified!
Two peas in a pod.
Each other needed.
To feed a wish...
To be together,
And not mystified!
Two peas in a pod.
Each other needed.
To feed a wish...
To be together,
And not mystified!

Panting...
And rushing out of breath.
To be in step,
And in sync with thought!

Never ones to rant,
Neither of them can't.
They have chosen a life for them that works.
Baggage free and deserted of jerks!
And those who have totally gone berserk,
With degrees to academically define...
An absence of common sense,
In their densed state of minds!
Trying to explain...
A dimming light in their brains!

Two peas in a pod.
Each other needed.
To feed a wish...
To be together,
And not mystified!

By those who seek,
To pierce their privacy...
With eyes that pry,
To probe inside!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Two People

Two people.
Meeting for the first time.
And sharing similar wants and wishes.
With a keeping them fresh.
Are seldom suspicious of others who fish,
Asking probing questions...
About their happiness and 'unending' bliss.
And they begin to answer.
As if from a secret list.
Believing forever this 'list' would exist.

Two people.
Finding each other in a wilderness.
And not at first too comfortable,
But reluctant to begin any discussion...
To reminisce experiences had,
In past relationships.
With discovering similarities too familiar.
To then laugh and enjoy those lessons learned.
And deciding no more questions from others,
They would answer to allow them to get.

Two people.
Meeting with wants and wishes kept fresh.
And keeping their business,
To themselves and no one else.
And protecting their relationship,
From innuendos and vicious lies told.
To know it best it is better...
When a happiness is shared,
Between two people who care...
That's the way it should be to let it grow.

Two people.
Finding together true love and happiness.
Two people.
Minding their own business.
And making it known.
Through adjustments to make.

No matter what the weather to have their bliss.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Two Pieces That Togetherness Fits

When rain has fallen and has gone.
With a shoulder you need to cry on...
I am here.
Patiently I sit...
I am here.
With a shoulder and a kiss.
And ready to dry,
All your tears.

When rain has fallen and has gone.
With a shoulder you need to cry on...
I am here.
To chase those blues from you.
You must believe it,
'Cause your happiness I wish.
I do.

Heartaching isn't what you want to let sit and stay.
No pain is worth that trouble.
What I feel inside for you is true, honest and real.
Your happiness is wished and I know I can handle it.

When rain has fallen and has gone.
With a shoulder you need to cry on...
I am here.
Patiently I sit...
I am here.
With a shoulder and a kiss.
And ready to dry,
All your tears.
We're two pieces that togetherness fits.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Two Pistols

You complain about doing things,
My way.
Although 'your' way...
Is clearly indecisive.
And held up in prolong debate.

When I came upon the scene,
I believed it to be simple...
For all of us to come to the same table,
To iron out our differences.
And agree we've all been elected,
To represent those needs of our constituents.

But most of you are petty.
And outrageously racist!
Yeah...
I said it.
You're a bunch of boneheaded racists.

And...
As the 'elected' president of this united mess,
You folks have created.
THIS will be the agenda,
I've brought to this meeting!
Most of you seem to be curious about these 'visuals'?
Let me explain...
Those who can not see clearly,
I want you close.
So gather around.

Here you will see,
A basketball, multiple pairs of boxing gloves.
Tickets to Disney World.
And two pistols to use for a duel!

Anyone wishing the tickets to Disney World,
Has to first win the duel.
And here are those rules for the duel...
One of us will be blind folded.

And the other one...
Is going to be the President of the United States.

And...
That should end,
Any future disagreements...
About my policies.
Any questions?
You wanted an openness,
With a change you can believe?

It is time to take it to that plateau.
Again...
Any questions?

None?

Finally we are getting somewhere.
It appears an awakening process has started.

Excellent!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Two Things You Do I Dislike

There are two things you do I dislike.
Number one,
You appear!
And number two...
You don't disappear quick enough!

And this has nothing to do with you slandering me.
Or backstabbing me.
Spreading lies or gossiping,
To ruin my reputation!
I don't want you to think I'm one of those kinds of people,
Who hold onto grudges with a bitterness...
For the rest of their lives.
I am not like that!
But I can empathize with someone who might despise you!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Two Thumbs Up And No Head Bowed

One deceived and betrayed on a daily basis,
Is not likely to forget...
Those who participated in the doing of it.
Since a dawning that comes,
Eventually has its way of delivering experiences.
And the one enlightened ultimately benefits.

Although grateful is that one,
To know those exposed with their deceptions done...
Need not to live a life,
Suspecting who is or is not being forthright...
As those once trusted should not only be forgiven,
But forgotten as well.

'You are not bitter or angry? '

~I use to be 'seething' with anger.
But my creditors helped me,
Put my life in perspective.
With my need to emphasize my priorities.~

'How has that been working out? '

~There is nothing like being mentally enriched,
By those who are willing to keep my lights and gas on.
Or my cable from not being turned off,
If I with them can agree when I can make my payments.~

'So you are saying...
The reality of your life is much more important? '

~Two thumbs up and no head bowed.
Reality to face everyday is an eye opener.
When lessons are taught to learn,
They just don't get up and go away.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Two Women

Two women in my life,
Left impressions deep on me.
These two women did for others,
Unselfishly...
And did good deeds.

The work they did was hard,
But they never gave up!
No matter what was on their path,
I never heard them fuss or cuss.

And Clara,
And Edna...
Still have me awestruck!

My grandma,
And mama...
Left lots of love for me to touch!

The work they did was hard,
But they never gave up!
No matter what was on their path,
I never heard them fuss or cuss.

And Clara,
And Edna...
Still have me awestruck!

My grandmama,
And mama...
Left lots of love for me to touch!

Two women in my life...
Left impressions deep on me.
These two women did for others,
Unselfishly...
And did good deeds.

Clara and Edna,

Still have me awestruck!

My grandmama,
And mama...
Left lots of love for me to touch!

Dedicated:
In Loving Memory
Clara Louise Countryman Pertillar,
My father's mother.
And...
Edna Pearl Roberts Prudhomme Pertillar,
My mother.

'Thank you! '
~LP, Jr.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Two Zero Twelve

Two zero zero eight.
Truth was served upon the plates.
Some ate it...
And felt fine.
Some wanted to wait,
Until two zero zero nine.

Two zero zero nine.
Digesting truth,
Was now in those minds.
And comprehension,
Many came to find as divine.

Then came two zero ten.
Reality of values came to sink in.
Folks began to sing.
Rejoicing about life!
And what life brings.
Clearly life meant more to them...
Than the collecting of things!
Or proclamations,
Of evilness.
Or the religious teachings of sins!

Two zero eleven!
Could this be heaven?
Here on Earth?
Was going through the conflict of change...
Bringing to everyone,
This total peace that came?

Two zero twelve...
Brought an exchange,
With other worldly beings...
Some looking like elves.
Some appearing much differently...
Like those we perceived,
As looking 'normal'...
Like ourselves!

And all beings came,
From other parts of the Universe...
To rejoice in the acceptance,
Of true diversity!
Like nothing before experienced.
With all achieving a higher consciousness...
In a bliss received,
By all who witness this!
And feeling grateful to be blessed,
With this gift that comes bringing with it...
A peace released.
And minds finally finding rest!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Typecasting

I did not wish to play the villain.
You insisted repeatedly,
That I fit the part.

Now that you have convinced others,
I 'am' the villain...
Who will you now select to play the victim?

Since those who know you,
Have grown tired of seeing a typecasting done...
Too well. And, with you playing that usual role.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Typecasting Factor

There has been achieved,
The worst oil disaster in recorded history.
And with this accomplishment,
All eyes can see...
It will become extremely difficult,
To accuse others as being incompetent.
With a developed concept,
To implement as an instrument.

Running away from accountable responsibilities,
Had in the past been a priority used effectively.
But a duping with a hoodwinking successfully done...
Is today not that easily to inflict on minds to believe.

This disaster has a typecasting factor!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Typographical Errors

Typographical errors,
I try to avoid.
Some I leave,
To create their own noise.

And something suspected,
To be out of place...
Usually gets more attention,
Than something correct...
One wishes to say.

And there are times it takes me,
All day to imperfect what is correct.
Especially if I want to emphasize,
My own perfection has defects.
I know! I know, that's hard to believe...
That I would take 'all' day to imperfect what is correct.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Tyranny

All they knew that came to them to love,
Entertained quickly to satisfy their senses.
An investment to protect them from truth,
Had been unwisely spent in decadence.
With a lack of discipline encouraged.
And an insecurity...
No one had witness since the journey to be free,
From a tyranny pioneers promise never to see...
Again.

And those freedoms were restricted,
To an exclusive selfishness.
And the best of ideals began to lose their appeal.
As those of zeal discovered an ease to feed greed...
That would leave concepts of inclusion behind.
What's mine is yours became...just 'mine'!
With laws to ensure...
'Nothing I have will ever be yours.'

And...
A mindset of division began to isolate them in fear.
And that fear has delivered to them,
A tyranny!
Once again to endear.
And a loss of a blueprint once considered great,
Forsaken for the creation of deceit,
Hatred and self destruction...
Had been replaced.
With the unfortunate unconsciousness unaccepting...
That all who walked upon this land loved,
Had participated in sustaining a fading greatness.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

U Rock

U rock!
U came piercing the atmosphere,
With a tingling all up in my heart.
And it went...
'Wow'.
Hot my feet felt like fresh baked dough.

My knees weakened when I peeped on u.
And all I knew was my skin,
Getting goose bumpy.
I began craving a cheese melt,
With bar-b-que chips.
I didn't know why!
But I knew u did this.

U rock!
As if u were about to stop,
A drought suffered from not enough love.
And then when u came...
Sprinkling like drops of rain,
To top my list for our lips to kiss...
I knew right then,
I could not eat another slice of pizza,
Alone.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

U. Have Been F.O.'D

A new system comes,
As to how things will be done.
And those believing a return is on hold...
Will soon know and be told,
Those of old...
Have been sold to the past!

The ones in control today,
Have booted thieves of greed out!
And they will be publicly tried,
For crimes of treason.

The worthless dollar,
Is just that!
Valueless.
And that's a fact.

Some will say the new way,
Has socialistic traits.
With an equalness identified...
Regardless of color, lost status and race.

This is slowly being replaced.
Right before all conscious eyes.
And those nonbelievers still making demands...
Are going to be traumatized, shocked
And quite surprised...
As to who now calls the shots!
Since not one of them who do it,
Will have European ties!
Not one who now rules the New World.

There is no need to speculate or debate your fate.
'That' has already been determined!
U. have been F.O.'d

'Should we remove the invisible shields now? '

~Why?

This is too much fun.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Ubiquitous

Being one who observes is a benefit.
Life is to be experienced and adventured,
To gain insight.

Many express no wish to stretch.
Finding a comfort in a daily sameness.
A routine that flows in a rotation.
And this for them is the best.

Being everywhere is also ridiculous.
Is it?
Is the mind 'that' tremendous?
Is it possible to comprehend,
From ubiquitous activities that see no end?

Those who achieve knowledge and wisdom,
From travels they mention...
Seem to be aware of everything.
And this is what experiencing means and brings.
At least lives and possibilities are being explored.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Ubiquitous And Omnipresent

Those who pray with faith will know,
From where to them their blessings flow.

And those unsure and still pretend,
Have yet to seek this truth within.

Innervisions felt.
Innervisions like nothing else.

Those who stay in fear can not 'see'...
How everything has One Truth...
And only One Reality.
Everything living on Earth communicates.
For our Master's amusement,
This Deity has created 'individuality'.

Innervisions felt.
Innervisions like nothing else.

And 'why' our connection as 'One' is disguised?
And 'why' does our Creator wishes us,
To come to realize...
Without 'Him' 'She' or 'It',
Nothing living could exist?
Or symbolized in images...
To describe and depict this Energy that sits,
Ubiquitous and omnipresent.

Innervisions felt.
Innervisions like nothing else.

Those who pray with faith will know,
From where to them their blessings flow.
And those unsure and still pretend,
Have yet to seek this truth within.

Innervisions felt.
Innervisions like nothing else...
Ubiquitous and omnipresent.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Ubiquitous Lockdown

Lockdown.
Martial Law will befall and appall,
With a lockdown.
Too many think they are entitled to present,
Civil disobedience and their discontent...
With a way of life lived,
By others they resent.
And taking matters in their own hands,
To leave an evil they command.
Represents a mental craze,
Allowed to spread across the land.
But a stopping it has to be blocked.
Too many minds have become sickened,
Exposing a wickedness...
Driven by a self-centered agenda.
That has dismissed this cancerous epidemic.

Self hatred creates,
Disobedience.
Self hatred creates,
Deluded minds to lose all logic.
Causing riots and wild mobs.

Self hatred creates,
Total disaster.
Self hatred creates,
More to mourn and sob.
Self hatred creates,
Deluded minds to lose all logic.
Causing riots and wild mobs.

Lockdown.
Martial Law will befall and appall,
With a lockdown.
Lockdown.
Martial Law will befall and appall,
With a lockdown.
Lockdown.
Martial Law will befall and appall,

With a lockdown.
Created by beliefs of selfish people.
Ruining a peace they could not leave,
Alone.
Ruining a peace to leave it grieved,
And condone...
A lockdown!

Ubiquitous.
Lockdown.
Wicked it is.
Lockdown
Ubiquitous.
Lockdown.
Wicked it is.
Lockdown.
And everywhere it is ubiquitous.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Ufobia

The same folks who do not believe
Life can exist on other planets
In this vast universe
Are the same folks who accept
Making regular visitations
To prisons and jails to view relatives
Caged like animals
At taxpayer expense
While real crooks and thieves
Deceive their consciousness
On a daily basis
For free
And they don't even see them either
Although their acceptance is allowed
Costing them their quality of life
Which has been invaded and degraded
With far less attention given

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Ugly

Too much of it
Can make one sick.
Can make one overdose...
Until a medic is needed,
To remove it quick.

A beauty once discovered,
Can turn into something else...
To make one vomit.
But I don't only wish to see,
Beauty unbelieved.
I want to taste and lick it butt naked.
Sweating in heat increased by sex.

And staring into eyes with our faces...
With a molding of muscles,
Into unseen places.
Climaxing...
Feeling good.
Wet!
And looking quite ugly at it!

'Baby...
Next time,
No mascara.
Rouge or skin blenders.
You can keep the weave on...
But make sure it is secured.
When I pulled it off...
I thought I had killed you!
A decapitation.
Just be yourself.
You are too beautiful to wear a mask! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Ugly Moods

Correction!
I did not say you were ugly.
Not in a physical way.
I meant you had ugly moments.
And you seem to bring them,
With you everyday.

No one denies,
You have looks for the eyes.
And if you kept your mouth shut sometimes...
You will find me more in your presence.

But it is your attitude,
That keeps me distanced.
And right now you are not being pleasant.
This is not the 'essence' I expected.
I am honest like that.
Do you want me to lie?

I did not say you were ugly.
You do have ugly moods.
And I can get very ugly myself...
That is how I recognize
That 'thing' I despise,
In you!
I do.

And two like us sharing that ugliness,
Do not need to be in the same room to feud.
I do not have to prove,
I can get uglier than you!
Even though that would be a challenge.

When you get through being so ugly...
Without your lips hanging down,
That's when I will come back around!

Have a good day!
Right now...

That is all I wish to you to say!
And yes...
You can be,
Very disagreeable and quite ugly!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Uh-Uh

No need to tell me you don't understand.
Uh-uh...
I'm not the kind to seek a rhyme or reason.
No!
Don't snap your fingers and from me demand.
Uh-uh...
To have me do
What you want.
Just to be pleasing you.
I am no monkey in a zoo!

Uh-uh,
I'm told you talk about me with your friends.
Uh-uh...
What makes you think I have armored feelings?
So,
There are some things about you I can't stand.
Uh-huh...
You like the kind,
To be backstabbing people like you,
I may be weak but not a fool!

Oh...
No need to tell me you don't understand.
Uh-uh...
I'm not the kind to seek a rhyme or reason.
No!
Don't snap your fingers and from me demand.
Uh-uh...
To have me do,
What you want!
Just to be pleasing you...
I am no monkey in a zoo!

Too many folks like you,
Don't appreciate.
Or affiliate,
With what is good!
You think you are the world.

And others should
Accept you as their precious diamond!
Wishing to touch you,
As they stand in line!

Oh, uh-uh!

I'm told you talk about me with your friends.
Uh-uh...
What makes you think I have armored feelings?
So,
There are some things about you I just can't stand.
Uh-huh...
You like the kind,
To be backstabbing people like you,
I may be weak but not a fool!

Don't snap your fingers and from me demand!
Uh-uh...
To have me do
What you want.
Just to be pleasing you.
I ain't no monkey in a zoo!

Oh, uh-uh...
I may be weak but not a fool!
I'm through!
My time is not all about you!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Ulterior Motives

Traps of sadness,
Are set for those unconsious.
So determined deceptions are...
To have them suitable for your tracks.
Recognize the disguises of the hunter,
Some might carry smiles...
With a quick slap on your back.
While others provide a shallow mind with compliments!
Ready to compare an unaware presence,
That's been carefully prepared...
To slip on a custom made trap that fits.
While socializing with those exposed,
With ulterior motives for selections they've chosen
And why those folks who appear
Have been hand picked!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Ultimate Ends

Too big to be refused whims.
Too huge and tremendous.
Too much.
Too self destructive.
And not slapped back,
Into consciousness.
Sometimes that's all that is needed,
To revive a broken heart crumbling.
If blocked doors are torn down...
With a hug given,
To prevent ultimate ends.
No discussions or meetings set,
To address one's sorrow!
Enforcement enriches the spirit.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Ultimately

When the marketing of weapons has been done.
Complete with nuclear technology!
Expect them to be tested and used.

This can be compared to threatening a child,
Not to open a chest filled with toys...
With punishment.
IF they dare open it!

With those kind of odds...
Las Vegas would return to its desert roots.

Feeding greed and teasing others with it...
Has its consequences.
Ultimately...
Someone is going to become disappointed,
By the outcome of their ignorance!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Ultimately To Digest

Look not do I,
To you to give me 'props'.
Or acceptance of status...
To swell an ego,
You believe I've got!

Whatever it is I have achieved,
It is a love for what I do...
And so far that has not stopped.
With a thankful gratefulness for my blessings...
I have already screamed from rooftops.

And believe this or not...
Impressing anyone,
Was the furthest thing from my head.
Since those obstacles I've had to confront...
I alone had to conquer first instead.

So,
Look not to you I do...
To stop to bestow upon me 'props'.
I am motivated by my own intiative.
And to continue to do that...
Leaves me the first to say I am shocked!

I have been no stranger,
To what I have lived to see.
With a craving tasted daily to eat!
Ultimately to digest with nonstop observation.
And to do this with doubt sometimes hanging about...
Has helped me to comprehend,
The definition of amazement.
Since I do remember the attachment of its beginning.

'What are you doing in there, boy?
You better not be writing on those walls.'

Well,
Uh...

Okay!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Ultimatums

Many of you have pushed me to the edge.
And I have no other recourse but to issue 'ultimatums'.
Here...
These are your ultimatums.

'This is not acceptable.
First of all...
This is printed in 10-point Ariel.
And any ultimatums you issue to us,
Has to be in the agreed upon 12-point Veranda.

The heading 'Ultimatums' is off center.
And the margins are not defined.

The highlights are missing.
Plus not one 'bullet' appears for emphasis.

How can we possibly take this seriously,
When your approach is not professional at all.

And upon review,
It is clear you did not use a 14-point italic type.
In the preferred Times New Roman.'

First of all...
Let me make this clear.
This is a draft!

The 'final' Ultimatums
Will include your recommendations!
And I expect them to be adherred!
Is that understood?

'Yeah! '

Don't you 'yeah' me boy!

'Yes, Coach Warren.'

Now you boys get back on that field!
And produce for this team,
A winner!
Play like you've got some guts!
You're getting paid enough money,
To do it!
This is 'football'.
Now...
Go out there and play.
These fans are paying too much money as it is!
And Jackson?
Don't park your Mercedes in my spot again!
I'll have to fine you.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unable To Admit It

Accept your wounds and scars?
To forgive and forget the fact,
That upon me they have been afflicted?
No love that deep will I ever have,
For anyone who believes I can be left...
With tears wept to then leave me,
Grieving over 'their' pain and anguish.

Accept your wounds and scars?
To forgive and forget the fact,
That upon me they have been afflicted?
What makes you think to you I am addicted?
What has you convinced,
A relationship with you makes sense?
I've long been healed from your abuses.

Accept your wounds and scars,
To leave imprinted on my mind when you please?
You just don't get it do you?
When I said I loved you...
Nothing in that confession shared,
Said anything about abandoning the love I have for myself.
You are the fool unable to admit it...not me!
There is nothing about you that has stayed with me to crave.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unable To Commit

I choose not to sing,
'We Are The World' with anyone.
Don't be stunned.
I just refuse to sit and sip,
With hypocrites spilling philosophies,
They themselves admit...
They are unable to commit to,
If not assisted by photo ops...
And served hors d'oeuvres!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unable To Escape

Unable to escape...
From their own insecurities,
There are many who enjoy...
Victimizing others,
To cover themselves...
From being detected.

And the tactics they use,
Can be from one extreme to the other.
Some employ religious zeal.
And some rely on embellishments,
As exceptions applied...
To their own rules of survival.

We all are moving in a fast pace,
Towards a new day of revelations.
And who we are,
With those hidden deep insecurities...
Are going to be revealed as if on display,
By those who have come face to face with self.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unable To Keep From Looking Back

Unable to face facts...
Is an unfortunate mindset to have,
When all foundations of the past...
Are being revealed to have cracks.

Every question one can ask,
Can today be traced to the truth.
And every denial one offers back,
Slips from a validity needlessly pursued.

The few amongst the many,
Feeling to be at peace with themselves...
Without the need for traps,
Also have a need to isolate from those...
Who stubbornly refuse,
To accept with belief these times we are at.

Unable to face facts.
Unable to keep from looking back.
Unable to shake away hours from a yesterday.
And...
Unable to say a grip held tightly,
Begins to fade and to drift away...
From one's existence.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unable To Overcome

Already disenfranchised and divided,
By an historical lack of identity.
And mythical religious beliefs,
With no respect shown towards one another.
Or a collective integrity that encourages,
Strengths to share and from them to grow.

They will always seek to be offended first.
As if stranded on the Sahara Desert,
And desiring to quench a thirst.

But over-rehearsed are their insecurities,
Kept within the color of their skins.
And daily reminded of them to keep 'themselves',
Unable to overcome by a succumbing,
To the depths of embedded ignorance.
And 'this' is celebrated as if part of their heritage.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unable To Tell The Difference

Not many do I regard as being original.
Too many are followers.
With 'that' as a wish...
To appease those unable to tell the difference.

Very few are daring enough to innovate.
So many minds are limited and faked...
With a patience that awaits for someone,
To create to enable them to plagiarize the taste.

And the obviousness of this can not be dismissed.
Not by those who know the aspects of what's genuine.
And that authenticity always has with it fresh air.

Not many do I regard as being original.
Too many are followers.
With 'that' as a wish...
To appease those unable to tell the difference.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unaccustomed To Having An Identity

Have you ever been in a situation,
In which you insulted others...
When you had a preference,
To begin to use your own given name?
And others became offended by that?
Others became offended...
Because you announced a clarity of your identity.
AND...
This offended?
AND...
You then became so proud of who you were,
Your entire presence began to threaten?
Especially those unaccustomed to having an identity!
The ones from birth until death,
Are only known by their nicknames.
And they are related to people who will never know,
Their real names.
Ever!

Have you ever been in a situation,
In which you insulted others...
When you had a preference,
To begin to use your own given name?

And the next thing they want you to do,
Is to get 'right' with God.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unaccustomed To Set Limits

Spoiled.
Greedy...
And selfish.

All unregrettably,
Connected to a mindset...
Unaccustomed to set limits.

Even with limits presented...
They have been conditioned,
To pray.

In the hopes that a god depicted,
Will grant their wishes...
To have it their way.

A god to demand they made exclusive.
To protect and induce them...
With the right to invade foreign lands.
To take from others' hands,
What they have...
And slay!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unaddressed

To be who it is someone claims to be,
Takes courage.
Little of what one says they are,
Is nourished to be encouraged.

People fear rejection.
Or a close inspection that upsets.
Instead of being happy with self confidence...
Some choose to seek approval,
With an acceptance of their footsteps.

Could this be connected,
To the mess that is today reflected?
With so much nonsense gone unaddressed...
And groups collecting to blame others,
For the lack of shown respect.
And satisfied to express in silence...
Their disappointing druthers to confess.

While a condoning of this continues to expose,
People who wish a quality of life to exist...
But caring less they produce an atmosphere of misfits.
And down the gutters their standards 'high browed'
Are watched like bystanders as this is slowly being disposed!
Allowed!
However...
Heard in heated discussions is the significance of this!
Everyone wants to project they are equipped with intelligence.
With resumés to prove they have the schooling and experience.
But for what?
To observe from glass towers eating hors d'oeuvres?
While below their own butts are being guttered?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unaddressed Outlook

Caught up in the failure of their defended nonsense,
It must be difficult for them to admit...
Every aspect of a belief system they praise,
Craves overhauling.

Its antiquated philosophies do not work.
Its Cowboy and Indian based economies...
Find admirations diminished.
Especially when those once considered 'Third World'
Are producing nuclear bombs.
And spending Euros in New York City.

Propaganda isn't what it use to be!
It use to be believed.
Or at least respected,
To initiate from a place that offered more...
Than refinanced insecurities of the greedy,
And the shallow intentions of corporate theives!

Remember the days when the minds of those,
Were focused on racism?
And the needs for whites to keep blacks in their 'places'?
Except for entertainment purposes!
And the reflection of that kind of mindset...
Has had a pre-eminence throughout their existence.
And with that same unaddressed outlook...
They are trying to adapt to their dilemmas.
Eroding on all fronts.
Fearing they will show weakness.
Instead of the insanity that is exposed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unaffected

Anyone can choose to turn their backs away,
In a dismissing of truth.
Anyone can do this...
To perceive themselves protected.
And unaffected to disconnect.

Anyone who refuses to sit and listen,
Eventually and without a consciousness given...
Does not admit some kind of internal conflict.
And with a decision made continues to ignore it.
Until a time comes they can not bear their anguish.

Anyone left to grieve with a receiving of pain,
Have nothing to gain...
By declaring themselves victims.
With sinister ambitions to release their inhibitions,
To inflict upon those innocent...
An intent to end their own suffering.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unaffected By Personal Critique

To do that which one seeks done,
Often has nothing to do with receiving attention.
And...
The attention given to what one does,
May be the result of the deed.
And only the deed.
Not the doings of the doer to keep an ego pleased.

Confusing those who critique the doer...
As those deeds of the doer increases in value.
Leaving those who critique,
Confused and misunderstanding...
Why the doer continues to beem and dance,
Unaffected...
By personal critique.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unaffected By Realities

The only thing that has kept me left,
From accepting false beliefs...
To make them mine to question,
Is observing those who perceive themselves...
To be normal and unaffected,
By realities few can ignore to detect.
Although some choose to do.
And with a doing of this the best they can,
To separate their multitude of dysfunctions...
From others who are professionally crazed.
As they get paid to ensure,
They can attract enough followers to keep them...
Amused by truth and effectively abused,
For purposes to remain entertained.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unafraid To Admit It

I see nothing wrong,
With anyone being indecisive.
There had been times I made choices,
To later regret a mistake I've made.
And unafraid to admit it.

But I do object to those deciding,
That decisions made by those choosing...
To live their lives unconfused,
Should first be approved by others...
Who sit on fences,
Defending their positions.
Without moving an inch away,
From excusing what they do on a daily basis.

I see nothing wrong,
With anyone being indecisive.
There had been times I made choices,
To later regret a mistake I've made.
And unafraid to admit it.
However...
To hear it said, 'I told you so.'
From anyone playing it safe,
Takes all I have just to keep my mouth closed.
To know fence sitters,
Spend most of their time offending others.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unafraid To Forgive

A making of mistakes to admit.
Not to revisit or again commit.
Being aware and unafraid to forgive.
To move forward each day.
With prayer and faith to remain that way.

Self examination to accept honesty to respect,
That which has been done in the past...
Should be left as it is with no attempt to correct.
To acknowledge imperfections and flaws that exist,
And sharing with others also knowing this is love.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unafraid To Put A Blaze To Limits

It takes quick exits and planned escapes,
Away from mundane and redundant routines...
For one to remain devoted with focus to concentrate.
With a determination to stay fresh and innovative,
In expressive and yet unchartered and unpaved ways.

It takes a fearless disposition to put a blaze to limits.
Since there are no mysterious tricks,
When it comes to sacrificing one's time and mind...
Without coaches on the sidelines to boast one's morale.
And cheering as if pats felt on the back encourages this.

Doubts arrive unnanounced and unwelcomed to confine.
As some people can be unsympathetic,
In expressing their negative comments heard many times.
Especially when it has been revealed someone they know,
Has the audacity to do what they perceive is impossible.

It takes quick exits and planned escapes,
Away from mundane and redundant routines.
Doubts arrive unnanounced and unwelcomed to confine.
Especially when it has been revealed a crab in the barrel,
Has the audacity to do what they perceive is impossible.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unapologetic

When the time comes,
Truth arrives.
And unapologetic is the delivery.
No eyes can lie.
Or defeat what is that isn't.
Or...
Protect those who defy.
When that time comes recognized.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unappreciative

The ones unappreciative,
Of what others have done for them...
Are usually the ones who are heard accusing,
Someone to choose to prove they've been victimized.
To then not say...
Why that 'someone' would go out of their way.
When so many others who could be picked,
Are seldom the ones to qualify.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unattached For Docking

Being detached
Doesn't mean an attraction isn't needed,
Isn't wanted or wished.
Being detached means a hopeful encounter
Comes...
Unattached for docking!
To rejuvenate idle juices.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unattached To A Dollar Sign

When one has before soaked,
And bathed in flattery...
It is difficult to rekindle,
That first impression given.
The feeling that comes,
When someone likes what another has done...
Is much more rewarding,
Than a packed house of applauding patrons.

Let me reword that.
Because a packed house of applauding patrons...
Is very rewarding.
Especially if they are paying patrons.
And the bows come tremendously deep in gratitude.

However...
When one has before soaked,
And bathed in flattery...
It is difficult to rekindle,
That first impression given.
The feeling that comes,
When someone likes what another has done.
That feeling...
Is 'almost' like,
A packed house of applauding 'and' approving patrons.
Whether they pay or not.
It is the love that is expressed.

'And the cashed checks...
That come next! '

Do you have a single thought,
Unattached to a dollar sign?
Do you?

'Please...
Save that for your next performance.'

Inspired by:
Alvin 'Junn' Wilson
Long Beach, California

'Keep those struggles fresh and vunerable.
It's the vulnerability that keeps a performing artist
connected. And broke! LOL...You know I know! '

Love ya...
Larry

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unattached To The Aspects

Unattached to the aspects,
Of a divine spiritual connection to creativity.
An association of monetary value given...
Is in a mindset wished to confirm as seen.

An involvement is there and desired...
When materialistic dreams are envisioned.
And if this does not happen quickly...
A devotion shifts with praises to God,
Delivered from praying lips.

As if God is a figment of a deluded imagination.
And sits ready to perform magic,
With gifts to give and ready to shower...
Those of false committments and intentions.
Who sit 'through' an hour of 'loyalty'
Seeking miracles...
To be produced in exchanged for their 'faith'.
As noted by the quotation of a few scriptures learned.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unattractive Beauty

Eye fetching.
Attention getting.
Hypnotizing.
Mesmerizing.
Hot.
Traffic stopping.
Jaw dropping to captivate.
And then...
Reality sets in.
This miraging vision ends.
Cuss words come out,
Of this mermaid's mouth.

Down...
Slow.
As if from a submerged,
Submarine goes.
That quick pop up,
Done by an old weasel...
Deflated.
Teased.
Left to leave completely.
By an unattractive beauty.
Killing the fiction,
That sickens a fantasized...
And realized aging dream.

'Who you staring at?
Aging buzzard! '

-Sometimes a mouth left closed,
Does more...
For community service.-

'And,
What's THAT suppose to mean? '

-Once a periscope comes down,
On an old submarine...

One knows those missions,
Are soon to be unneeded.-

'Submarines? Periscopes?
I don't follow.'

-I don't expect you to.
Thanks for reminding me,
I'm old school.-

'Fool.'

-That too! -

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unauthorized To Re-Write

An intolerance of nonsense,
Becomes scrutinized and opposed...
By those who accuse the ones,
Of making attempts to eliminate...
A way of life,
Less confused by delusion.
And unauthorized to re-write...
A script prepared,
That entices enlightenment...
The process begins,
With a sweetening up...
Of the truth of it.
And stripping away to replace,
A reality found not appropriate.

'In 'your' script,
Too many contradictions...
Exist in it.
You depict most relationships,
As being racist.'

-Oh? And...they are? -

'Our research has discovered,
A society so color blind...
On a daily basis,
More people are wishing to find...
Others wanting to skip,
Down that yellow brick road.
Glistening to expose it,
Covered in gold.'

-Oh? And, at the end what happens? -

'Not the unending of greed.
Conflict and selfishness...
You have written.
By sick driven minds to permit.
That interpretation is fiction.

And doesn't represent who we are,
On bit.
We are more humanitarian than that.
You would have us depicted,
As barbarians at the gates...
Of a perpetual 'hell'.'

-Hmmm...
Where were you when I sought,
A title? -

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unavailable

Those folks who play games of 'catch-me-if-you-can'
Are noticeably too self indulgent.
Hide in the wrong places.
And definitely order items off the menu,
I wouldn't dare think to eat.

Plus,
They try to make what they do not so obvious.
But I'm not fooled by that at all.
I choose to mind my own business.
And 'if' I am approached to have conversation...
I will not pretend I am unavailable.

'I will not pretend I am unavailable! '
Geesshh...
Are they hard of hearing too?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unavoidable

Forget that 'bam' in bamboozled.
Or the 'hood' covering those sly winks.
All deceptions replayed today,
Will not escape from noses...
Certain of a distinct smell that stays,
Of something thick that stinks.
No matter how polluted the air...
This stench that is there is unavoidable.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unaware

I lust you.
I lust the thought of you.
Smouldering in heated bliss.
Wrapped in your arms?
Do I dare to miss?
Your lips I wish to kiss and lick.
Until that craving of you lifts.
I lust you.
I lust the thought of you.
And you are fast asleep,
Unaware!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unaware Of The Complete Destruction

Anyone who flips poisoned lips nonstop to gossip,
With such an ease to disbelieve...
What it is done they do and daily as a prime activity,
Is unaware of the complete destruction they seed to feed.
And brought to themselves and others as if fun done,
In an environment that suffers effectively for everyone...
From an obviousness those conscious of this,
Need not be warned to avoid to see with a leaving...
Those in fields sowing to yield a harvesting of weeds,
Expecting to wonder why flowers for them do not bloom.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unaware Of The Insignificance

Interpretations of what has not been expressed,
But publicly addressed as a making of a threat...
And discovererd to be nothing more,
Than a friendly exchange one hides to ignore.
And found to have develop from a childishness.
Can be the main reason conflicts get started,
Between those unaware of the insignificance.
And the one wishing to ignite such nonsense,
Wins the battle but loses the war.
To become isolated and thought ignorant.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unaware Of Who They Meet

A freedom given to undermine,
Shows all of the signs...
Of a road chosen to take,
Of being closed.
With no possibility,
Of a welcomed returned.

Conscious may be those,
Of this movement made.
But most times those bridges burned...
Leave those who do them,
Unaware of who they meet.
Or...
Who constructed those bridges!
With a sensitivity.
And now despise those who do not appreciate,
The craftsmanship taken to develop their art!

'How petty thou art,
Not! '

As they hold all keys,
Unknowingly to the many...
Approaching destinies and doors,
To which keys held they hold...
Unlocks to open.

Or blocks to be left closed,
If so wished!
And none of this is known,
By those who burn and choose to roam.

'How petty thou art,
Not!
But if pushed to the brink...
Could and can be! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unaware. Of What?

When does a redundancy become useless to repeat?
When does something so obvious,
Lose its effectiveness to be admitted?
Why do people wait until the latest statistics are reported?
To then declare themselves unaware.
Of what?

The following behind a slow moving dump truck?

When does a redundancy become useless to repeat?
When does something so obvious,
Lose its effectiveness to be admitted?
Why do people wait until the latest statistics are reported?
To then declare themselves unaware.
Of what?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unbearable

The hardest thing to do
When convincing someone you are right,
Is removing the smell of sewage
Where you are insistant upon releasing
These 'revelations' and 'fresh' approaches.
Somehow your credibility will not be maintained!
Especially when the stench becomes unbearable...
And the garbage men have become your closest allies!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Un-Believable Situations

Un-believable situations,
Leave a lump in a throat.
And those,
Un-believable situations...
Can leave a weight on shoulders,
Whether one is young on older.
No matter who's brave or bold.

Stricken with heat or fever,
No matter who's brave or bold.
Those un-believable situations,
Can warm a heart...
Or turn it cold.

Few are prepared for what they can not see.
When surprised by situations.
Many choke up and can not breathe,
When confronted by situations...
Shocking and unbelieved.

Stricken with heat or fever,
No matter who's brave or bold.
Those un-believable situations,
Can warm a heart...
Or turn it cold.

Those un-believable situations,
Always stun the ones who disbelieve.
Those un-believable situations,
Come to bring some to their knees.

Those un-believable situations,
Always stun the ones who disbelieve.
Those un-believable situations,
Come to bring some to their knees.

Those un-believable situations,
Always stun the ones who disbelieve.
Those un-believable situations,

Come to bring some to their knees.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unbelieving How It Comes To Be Confessed

Romance is not inherited.
And rarely does it arrive,
Without baggage disguised.
To slowly reveal,
What's inside!

Much like the cleansing of a windshield.
After a long bumpy ride driven and despised.
That overshadows any chemistry wished.
And the 'trip' has diminished it to nonexisting.

Romance is not inherited.
However...
There is something about it,
When it makes surprising visits.
Unplanned and totally unexpected.
As it bumps into the one unimpressed by it,
At first when it hits.
Then overnight the thought of it missed,
Is addressed.

Romance is not inherited.
And rarely does it arrive,
Without baggage disguised.
However...
There is something about it,
When it makes surprising visits.

Unplanned and totally unexpected.
As it bumps into the one unimpressed by it,
At first when it hits.
Then overnight the thought of it missed,
Is addressed.
Unbelieving how it comes to be confessed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unblemished Integrities

Above the chaos to stir and shaken awake,
The normalcy of their malaise.
People are deciding they should become appalled,
By comments said and in privacy between...
Others to have made them.
And publicly released,
Unlawfully to create an uproar
Although downloaded,
On cherished mobile devices...
Are 'selfies' taken,
By worshipped celebrities...
Exposing much more,
Than Adam and Eve...
Could have ever imagined.

Now...
Let's turn down the volume,
On what's marketed on TV.
In which found at anytime,
Is glorified corruption...
Domestic abuse, theft.
And violence of all kinds.
To still leave many left,
Wondering why...
Disrespecting children,
Seem to be appearing...
Everywhere.
Out of their minds.
And finding nothing wrong,
Imitating these crimes.

With delusions kept sacred,
As they are meant to keep...
A majority of the people,
Expect from their leaders...
High moral ideals,
To dignify valued standards.
And resent the rise,
Of a decadence they have come,

To pride.
Yet...
Not too many are heard,
Complaining...
To have spent their paychecks.
Doing the best they can,
To keep up with the times...
They have come to find,
Repulsive.

And collectively,
Hypocrites and those...
Selecting themselves to be,
Among the self-righteous...
Come forward as if...
They represent the last ones,
Reflecting those who are left
With unblemished integrities.
And lives to have lived,
Casting stones...
From glass houses.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unbuckling From That Tight Thick Strap

On my back,
I see you casting shadows.
And picnicing under rain drenched clouds.
Can't you see I know that?

Can't you see me unloosening that hold.
And.

You gon' git off my back.
I've had it with stress to digest traps.

You gon' git off my back.
I like the blues...
But sitting in a groove to finger pop,
And toe tap...
In 'slo-mo'?
No.
That ain't me no more.
I'm snatchin' you from where you are,
And throwing your...
Intentions,
Out the door.

Can't you see me unloosening that hold.
And unbuckling from that tight thick strap.

You gon' git off my back.
I've had it with stress to digest traps,
Like that.
For too long!

On my back,
I see you casting shadows.
And picnicing under rain drenched clouds.
Can't you see I know that?
Can't you see...
You are not a habit,
I will get adapted to...
And allow it to get established?

No!

You gon' git off my back.
I like the blues...
But sitting in a groove to finger pop,
And toe tap...
In 'slo-mo'?
Those days are gone.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unchallenged And Unchanged

Why should I take it upon myself,
To wallow in the following of those shallow?
What point would I make,
By leaving my own path made...
To join those still walking around in circles,
Believing themselves to be achieving some progress...
By remaining in a yesterday unchallenged and unchanged,
With a doing that has become addictive.
I am not needed to validate that.
I'm sure their offspring will have a few words waiting for them,
When they recover from a running into reality.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unchangeable Faith Kept Believed, Needs...

Unchangeable faith,
Kept believed needs...
Patience to tolerate,
Sacrificing the temptation...
To exchange what's unchangeable
For something more reasonable,
That leaves one to feel...
Less guilty to procrastinate.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unchanged

Unchanged,
With a wish to remain the same...
People dare to make claims,
Of better days for them that come.
And when those days do come,
Unlike the other ones...
They do not see them as being better.
Since unchanged,
Are their same complaints...
Seeking acceptance in those better days,
They can not recognize as changed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unchanging To Exchange Blame

We go through our struggles.
Conflicts.
And pain.
We go through our struggles.
With lessons left unlearned,
To remain...
Unchanging and unphased,
By what has come to us to be done.

We go through our struggles,
As if to love the trouble.
We go through our struggles,
As if to have them doubled.
And yet,
We remain...
Unchanging to exchange blame.
And not to stop it but allow,
A repeating but no gains to be claimed.

We go through our struggles,
As if to love the trouble.
We go through our struggles,
As if to have them doubled.
With no progress that's gained to be claimed.
But prove we do,
An unchanging to exchange blame.
Yes we can prove...
A blaming that we do stays the same.

'The premise behind facing facts and truth,
We excuse to delude...
Is not to offend those in denial of them existing,
But to eliminate the same mistakes made,
Without pretending...
Having no acknowledgement of them being created,
To stop the blame game we must change.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Uncleaned Plates

To entitle those with entitlements,
With a bestowing of titles...
That represents,
Nothing that comes to benefit...
The ones once believing,
They were prioritized constituents.
As if routines like this were forever cemented,
In a greatness felt without it being mentioned,
To remind those who now pay little or no attention.

And comprising without compromise,
Those wishes they would get fulfilled...
By a voting to have their requests recognized,
But offers no meat on a menu long replaced...
To capitvate with a teasing of only desserts,
To be served with patience as stated all deserve.
And with a waiting that never satisfies the taste...
Year after year until a quality remembered,
Becomes that which is waste on uncleaned plates.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Uncomfortable

People of ignorance,
Can become totally ridiculous.
They mask their petty jealousies...
To hide a disguised insecurity.
And when all else fails...
They do their best to nail themselves,
Up against the wall.
Just to gain attention.
And make attempts to impede progress.
They become uncomfortable,
With anything that suggest...
A thought process required.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Uncomfortable 'Is' The Silence

As I sit pondering,
With your eyes fixed...
And gazing strangely,
At my giblets.
I wonder...
To myself,
Of course.

Is this the season,
I should use?
Will the appetite ignite excitement?

Is that why your eyes remain fixed,
Because my giblets sit...
Crocked,
Without a top?
And no heat to increase the ingredients?

My mind is not the only thing unplugged!

Are the onions, carrots and celery chopped?
No...
They are not,
As a turkey lays baking...
Awaiting a stuffing mix,
I have yet to prepare...
Because I forgot!
And there is no sign from me given,
I am ready to start?

Oh so uncomfortable is the silence,
As I am without explanation...
As to 'why' this Christmas dinner,
Will be late to serve.

Uncomfortable 'is' the silence!
And I wonder...
Should I,
Plug in the crock?

Without the lid on top?
Or not?
And is the staring I get,
Deserved?

Uncomfortable is the silence.
And not a snack to munch,
Is on a platter placed...
From which munchies are crunched,
To tease a nibble to taste.
What a waste.

Uncomfortable is the silence,
When hor d'oeuvres are not presented to offer.

Now I can understand,
Why eyes are fixed...
And glaring.
Since nothing...
Not even a carol heard playing.
Or chestnuts roasting on an open fire,
Can quench the thirst...
For intentions meant with desire,
But gone undelivered.

Unconcomfortable 'is' the silence.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Uncomfortable With Themselves

I am a slave to spontaneity.
I can not see myself,
As a keeper of 'stats'.
And one who massages personalities,
Of those who have reached heights...
With expectations to be treated,
As if they keep secrets from Mother Nature.

You know the kind!
The ones who rattle off résumés of folks,
To entitle themselves to feel important.
And prefer to hobnob and mingle with those,
Of equal insecurities.
With a tolerance to pretend...
Others are the ones who have them.

I am a slave to spontaneity.
Anything premeditated...
Seems such a waste to what being 'real' is!
And some folks are so,
Uncomfortable with themselves.
Keeping that proper etiquette and home training appeal,
As boring as their conversations.

'Excuse me.
I have some paint to go home to watch dry.
How I let that escape me?
I have no idea.
But please...
Please continue without me.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Uncomfortable Within Their Own Skins

Judge me all you want.
That doesn't bother me one bit.
I've already done that self examining thing.
With an assessment of every blemish I have...
And with flaws to forgive.

Apparently you have yet to do this!
And I use to have patience,
To accept people like you...
But today,
There are too many like you...
Who are uncomfortable within their own skins.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Uncommitted Moodlessness

Feeling rather...
Moodless.

Not an emptiness,
With attitude.

Or a loneliness dipped,
In preferred solitude.

It's one of those...
'I've-got-nothing-on-my-mind',
To find disturbing that gets on my nerves...
Type of uncommitted moodlessness feelings felt.

And don't get me wrong...
I am not complaining at all.
I'm trying to remember what got me here.
And how I can get it to stay a while longer.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Uncomprehending The Healing Aspects Of Listening

Starting all over again to make things better,
Will do...
What?
Make things better?
And for who?
The very same people who allowed destruction?
Those responsible for the creation of conflict?

People refuse to identify themselves,
As the culprits!
Or deny they hand picked their own enemies.
To refer to them as terrorists.

Who began the outsourcing of jobs?
To send them away,
At the expense of cheaper labor.
Whose products were deemed inferior made?
So other products would be savored.
Who began the marketing of decadence?
To find money easier to be had and spent!
Who stood by to watch unruly children?
As disrespect was ushered in...
With a greeding of deceit,
Making a mockery of discipline!

And the rise of racism is on their own land.
The affects of this,
They themselves began.

What is it they wish to do?
Make things better?
And for who?

Aren't these the same people who made it clear...
Their way of life was much endeared.
Aren't these the same people,
Who had values and standards...
Better than those they now say they fear?

What is it they wish to do?
Make things better?
And for who?

A self examination has of yet for them to begin.
This should be prioritized as a revelation for them.
But they remain in denial.
Uncomprehending the healing aspects of listening.

A mindset rehabilitated,
Is what people need.
A mindset rehabilitated,
Is what people need.
A mindset rehabilitated,
Is what people need.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Uncompromised

A lesson learned makes one grow.
What looks easy to accomplish,
Doesn't make it so.

What becomes one's 'thing'...
To make it come to life.
Does not happen just with thought.
Or reveals itself overnight.

To conquer over fear,
One must come to face it.
Insecurities are chased...
Until they are embraced.

Criticizing the unknown.
Or make attempts to diminish,
What someone finishes that eventually is shown...
Proves that sacrifice and discipline,
With steadfast devotion has grown!

A lesson learned makes one grow.
What looks easy to accomplish,
Doesn't make it so.
Only those in the know,
Show themselves to be uncompromised.
And in time considered to be wise.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unconcern

Do I care?
Yes.
Do I pretend not to?
Yes.
And what is it you pretend to do?

Are you like me?
Pretending to care less too?
But first to arrive to vocalize...
To express without regret,
Your deeply felt like no one else's...
Unconcern!

You leave for others to hear loudly.
And believe from you they've learned.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

'Unconditional And Uninhibited Love'

What are you doing?
When I invited you out for dinner...
I did not expect this at all.

'You were the one to ask if I was uninhibited! '

I meant in private.
When we are alone!
Hurry up!
Get dressed.
This is embarrassing.
You are an exhibitionist.

'What difference does that make?
I told you I enjoy eating in the nude!
So you want me to take the tassels off my breasts too?
I thought you said you wanted to see me dance? '

Hurry up and get dressed.
This whole thing has been a misunderstanding.
Your ad said 'Unconditional and Uninhibited Love'.

'And...
What is your point?
I'm the one embarrassed.
I should have questioned you 'before' accepting your invitation.
You're the one who lied when you said I should be myself!
Didn't I tell you,
My honesty was rare?
That I kept nothing covered?
I was as naked to the truth as I can be? '

Yeah...
But,
People lie!
And this is 'too' much honesty.
I'm not ready for it.
Hurry...
Get dressed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unconditional Love

It is not easy to please.
Nor is it easier not to!
It is an addiction of sorts...
To come to grips with unconditional love.
It is like a sport one plays...
Just for the enjoyment of it.
There are no expectations.
However...
An appreciation shown,
Once in a while...
Is acceptable!
Even a hint of it,
Stirs up a smile.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unconditionally Involved

I want your hands,
On me...
To touch.
And intimately.

I want your mind,
Understanding...
And patient.
As I would be,
With you.

And...
When with you,
I need to feel...
Unconditionally involved.

And when with you,
I want it known...
There's no other love like ours.

I want your hands,
On me...
To touch.
And intimately.

I want your mind,
Understanding...
And patient.
As I would be,
With you.

And...
When with you,
I need to feel...
Unconditionally involved.

And when with you,
I want it known...
There's no other love like ours.

And when with you,
I want it known...
There's no other love like ours.

And...
When with you,
I need to feel...
We are,
Unconditionally involved.
Yes I want us,
Unconditionally involved.
And I need us,
To know we can get our problems solved.

And...
When with you,
I want it shown...
How we love.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unconnected

Whether it is known or not,
Doesn't really matter...
Does it?
Who has been affected the most?
What feelings affected who's emotions?
And the one who uses this as gossip...
Will never know a comprehension,
Associated with a depth of thought!
They are there to be entertained,
Like the others.
And like the others who pass judgement...
It is what folks do who are unconnected!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unconscious Competition

I have been single and cautiously looking,
For someone like you to pursue...
With a love for me that is recognized,
No matter What it is I do.

And I know from the start,
That will take someone,
With a strong and dynamic heart.
Since I am not one,
Who is seeking to be beaten...
By unconscious competition.
That in my life,
Has already been done.

This will be uncovered immediately,
To be quickly dismissed.
With an elimination without explanation,
As to why I have chosen to split and exit.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unconscious Of Their Evils

The only evil that is to come,
Is that evil done...
And,
To someone.
The only evil that is to come,
Is that evil done.
Proud to inflict.
But not prepared for it,
When it comes unexpected.

The only evil that is to come,
Is that evil done...
And,
To someone.
The only evil that is to come,
Is that evil done.

People sit,
Unconscious of their evils.
They only wish,
To inflict a pain.

People sit,
Unconscious of their evils.
They only wish,
Something from it to gain.
And from evil done they think a running will be quick,
To get away from all that's evil.
And from evil done they think a running will be quick,
To hide from sorrows...
Of other people.

'What is it,
That I have done?
And what is it,
That I have welcomed...
To stay.'

It's your evil.

It looks like 'your' evil.

'What is it,
That I have done?
And what is it,
That I have welcomed...
To stay.'

It's your evil.
It looks like 'your' evil.
It's your evil.
It looks like 'your' evil.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unconscious Partnered Relationship

Entangled to strangle.
As if a tango of 'wills'
Is wished to prance,
In some dramatic heated dance.

No part of this do I wish.
To join in an unconscious...
Partnered relationship.

Clever rhythmic twists,
To involve with ongoing conflicts...
Gone unsolved.
Will not blind a purpose...
Refusing this kind of mix.

'Avoid this invitation.
Snap out of it quick! '

A voice inside of me insists.
And listening intently,
Is one of my virtues.
With a splitting done...
Quick!
Giving not a bit of hesitation,
For this arrangement in my mind to sit!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unconsciously Convinced

Now that they have completely destroyed themselves,
And others...
With every conceivable deception used,
They have returned upon the scene with fresh deceptions...
To declare themselves innocent for making mistakes,
Consciously and foolishly made to be forgiven for them.

They have stated those same mistakes,
They will 'try' not to make again unnecessarily.
And those who had endured through their sufferings,
Have been unconsciously convinced...
The same incompetent people,
Will deliver them from their miseries.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unconsciousness Is Needed To Sanitize The Blight

Unconsciousness is needed,
To sanitize the blight!
Closed minds are keeping...
Shut tight!
And uptight!

Folks have given up on praying.
Dazed in disbeliefs.
And covering dread,
Under silk and satin sheets!
Licking crumbs off tables...
Wishing sauteéd meat to eat!
As they meet and greet defeated,
People!
Sleeping on crowded heatless streets!

Goodbye to delusions
Secluded in the making!
Their cries have manifested truth!
Hello to the warnings,
No one thought would trespass.
Reality has come to many face to face.
Forgotten are those preferences,
That now have been replaced!

Unconsciousness is needed,
To sanitize the blight!
Closed minds are keeping...
Shut tight!
And uptight...
With the facts that frighten!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Uncontested

If I did not...
Who would?
Should I depend upon others,
In my neighborhood?
And if this was addressed...
Would a spreading of an understanding,
Bring to all of us a peace,
Uncontested we could accept?
Or should I just neglect like them?
Mind my own business...
As I sit with venom,
Until that is expressed!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Undaunted

Within this haunting,
I still feel you.
Cascading...
With the rippling birth,
That touches to unnerve,
Each emotion left that is felt!

Within this haunting,
Clinched teeth and fists...
Reminds me my peace of mind,
Has at this time been suspended.
I invited it to lick its lips and sit.
As I twist in degradation!

I dangle!
Attached to fear.
I can't remove it from my grasp!
I am too familiar with it near.
I hear the laughter.
As it entwines and chases me.
Pulling until it appears...
In my sight.
To whisper its presence,
In my ears!

And if I begin to slip...
My grip and hold tightens.
Frighened,
I can not show this.
An escaped I seek...
Dims my chances that look bleak.

Too well it knows I know it!
It draws me closer.
And that is clear...
Within this haunting!
I expose no fear.
Yet still it is here...
Undaunted!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Undecided

The process of learning,
Becomes more valued upon observation...
And the acknowledgement of truth!

Reality should remove conditions for debate.
It would seem to aid those in doubt.
With little to figure out.

But many refuse to see...
What 'is' for what it 'is'.
As they seek confirmation,
For their delusions kept!

And that is why so many are left,
To choose the more painless side of life.
While wishing to live it to remain undecided.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Undecided Birth

For what it's worth,
Many of us...
Who have come to witness life,
Here on Earth...
Had made that choice to choose.
A theory religious zealots,
And scientists may not collectively accept.
To agree upon to affect mindsets.

For what it's worth,
Others may argue in heated debates...
No mortal soul can be the master,
Of their own fate.
And from an undecided birth,
We were all born here on Earth...
With no choice from which to choose.
Or a voice to be heard that could be refused.

And...
Just how apparent with an obviousness,
That a thoughtlessness can be easily found...
As well.
Minds that are lost finding no where to dwell.
Since from an undecided birth,
These people have chosen to be...
Undecisive and thoughtless throughout history.
With a rushing into conflicts needlessly.
To leave those abuse who can make choices to choose,
Left victims of havoc they did not create.
Or can pay to eliminate to have them erased.

Yet...
Spinning in 'space' is this Earth that is populated,
With a habitating of fools allowed to rule.

For what it's worth,
Many of us...
Who have come to witness life,
Here on Earth...

Had made that choice to choose.
Although a theory of religious zealots,
And scientists may not collectively accept...
To agree upon to affect mindsets.

For what it's worth,
Others may argue in heated debates...
No mortal soul can be the master,
Of their own fate.
But yet...
Spinning in 'space' is this Earth that is populated,
With a habitating of fools allowed to rule.
Such a beautiful place being destroyed and disgraced,
By a habitating of fools allowed to rule.
As religious zealots and scientists seek,
From an undecided birth...
What is it that keeps Earth worthy enough,
To worship and be left precious as kept...
By those fanatics who have yet awakened!

'We are not here by choice.'

~But you have chosen destruction and conflict.
Chaos, divisiveness and deceit to create evil.
Choices you have made since your arrival.
To do it to prove...
What?
You can effectively represent idiots, demons?
Fools, misfits, lovers of conflict?
Or all of the above? ~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Under A Cloudless Sky

I awakened one day,
And it was like a new beginning!
Wanting life the way I wanted.
Realizing I did not have to accept
Anyone's reactions
To 'my' satisfactions!
And I smiled as I started my day.
Embracing the wind...
Enjoying 'me' all over again.
Under a cloudless sky!
And imagining the clusters,
Of diamonds I held within!

Inspired by:
David Gerardino

'David, thank you so much for your continued support
And comments I value! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Under A Rotunda

Twelve worlds are there depicted,
Under a rotunda on the floor that is visited.
And here we sit ignoring its importance...
Pretending that this zodiac does not exist,
As seconds of the final days persist!

When 'they' come and 'they' are on their way...
To collect true souls and leave behind those who stray.
Those in doubt with a shallow faith they praise,
Will realize the path they have taken...
Has no awakening from their craze!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Under A Rug To Be Kept

To concentrate on that which has been gossiped,
With a continuing to ignore the presence of facts...
Doesn't change to remove what has been swept,
Under a rug to be kept hidden and denied...
As means to use as a defense for anyone,
Who attempts to convince they were not aware...
Of their involvement to ruin someone's life,
Even though they actively participated...
In the spreading of lies with a doing to include others.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Under A Truck Or Bus (Alternate Facts)

'My client emphatically states,
Of being with others...
As an unwilling participant,
In the mud slinging.
And thought of it done to be,
No more than a foolish prank.
Too childish for adults to do.
Knowing now in retrospective,
How serious this activity...
Had been percepted.
And admits regret.
However...
As to creating the mud.
Which my client has been said,
To have made and is accused...
Are false allegations.
And my client,
Has recused himself...
From heading this witch hunt,
To know it a stunt by skunks...
Wishing to diminish,
His credibility, integrity.
And his reputation,
Back at the frat house.
Since my client did swear...
As you all previously heard,
Him do under oath...
Of having no memory to recall,
That placed him in his office.
Privately with anyone,
To approve the consistency...
Of the mud to be slung.'

No knowledge at all?

'None!
My client believed,
During that meeting...
It had been cement.'

Cement?
To use for what purpose?

'To ensure,
When they were thrown...
Those knocked out,
Would then be dragged...
Under a moving truck or bus.'

Uh...
Your client realizes,
The choosing to use...
Alternate facts,
Could more than just jeopardize
His popularity inside,
The frat house.
But devastate his reputation,
Completely.

'Have you gazed upon,
The face of my client?
And that boyish grin?
Who in their right mind,
Would sentence him to prison?
He...
From the day he was born,
Was clearly marked to live life
Victimized.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Under Construction

If you believe something is being done...
What difference is it if there isn't?
As long as it is a work-in-progress,
The anticipation is heightened.
And whether or not it 'is' under construction...
There will be no reduction of curiousity!
And that is all that matters!
Especially for those most affected,
By mystery, questions and wonder!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Under Duress

It is getting increasingly obvious...
The difference between,
Those who are comfortable in their skins.
And those trying to fit in,
To get paid some attention.

Those attached to life,
From a perception of limitation...
Are made easy to believe,
A presentation that attracts...
The physicality of things,
Is how life should be lived.

And those faith based beings,
Seem to be spiritually encouraged.
They are the ones motivated first,
By an inspiration to create...
From a place innovation is born.
To allow others to plagiarize to live easier lives.

It is getting increasingly obvious...
The difference between,
Those who are comfortable in their skins.
And those trying to fit in,
To get paid some attention.

They become frustrated by another's success.
They believe they are entitled to be self centered,
With an expression of selfishness.
They perceive those homeless and hungry,
As the ones unlucky who became suppressed.
But the ones wishing to impress,
Are the ones self destructing...
From a lack of consciousness they do not possess.

Those attached to life,
From a perception of limitation...
Are made easy to believe,
A presentation that attracts...

The physicality of things,
Is a quality of life to live as addressed.

And if it is?
Why are people like this,
So unhappy...
With themselves?

And if it is the kind of life to live,
Why are people living lives like this,
Finding more and more...
Their beliefs being dismissed?
And they find themselves,
Living under duress.
Which is under the rest,
Of those historically oppressed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Under High Steeples

People cementing their relationships with others,
With a masquerading of their dishonesty...
To have others perceive them to be upfront,
And righteous.
Are those who eventually,
Look for ways to escape from their own lies.
No matter how low they kneel under high steeples.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Under Hobbies And Interests

This could be a good idea for those competitive,
And considering as a device to separate themselves...
From those also seeking employment,
A doing of something that is guaranteed...
To get one attention and an interview for a job.

One should list under 'Hobbies and Interests'.
Of having to take isolation days,
For the purpose to relax and clear one's head.
That's right.
Isolation Days
Try it.

In nothing else...
This will prove to anyone reviewing a resume,
That the one applying for a position is loyal and dedicated.
And is flexible and can multi-task under pressure.
Without the use of a weapon sought to ease frustration.
Or frightening fellow employees with a demostration,
By coming into work one day looking totally crazed,
And armed.

Yes...
Under 'Hobbies and Interests',
List those isolation days you have experienced and taken.
Let them know who you are from the beginning,
To avoid them selecting someone who can dress to impress...
But suppresses a killer instinct.
Let them know you come in peace,
And can be expected to leave that way...
No matter who has been discovered to be incompetent.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Under Interrogation

I'm without a nuke to send!
Will it be rumored I have one hidden?
Beneath a chair...
Where I sit in the den?
Will a stockpile be found,
Under my bed where I sleep sound?
Will I awaken to discover,
My home has been impound?
And I watch the news to learn...
I'm living a secret life underground?

Will my neighbors I've known for years,
Suspect me of being a terrorist...
To incite more of their fears?
Because one day I decide,
To have a drink of vodka with a lemon twist?
Instead of a cold beer that is near.

Oh my...
Oh dear!
What have we here?

If I should bump my toe,
And begin to walk with a limp.
Will I be arrested...
Because I carry a scent of liniment?
And gossip begins to start,
I'm using a ton of it to pay my rent!

Will I find my face,
On the front page in newsprint?
Because I happen to be in a good mood one day...
And felt a smile I gave and meant!
But confessed,
Under interrogation...
My happiness was a cover,
To spread evil intent!
Since I was followed and spied upon.
And not a hint of a grin to me was sent!

Oh my...
Oh dear!
What have we here?
Should I hide my peace of mind?
And pretend I seek,
A life that reeks of embellished crime?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Under Microscope

Doctor Hammond...
I think you should look at this.

The research team seems to be deadlocked,
In disagreement!

Some of us have counted 632 hairs,
On his left buttocks.
While others...
Performing the same task,
Have located 745 on the right.
Clearly in violation,
Of our 'equal hairs on each cheek' policy.

Plus...
There are seven,
And not the 3 moles on his right thigh...
As was earlier reported by the media.

However...
And 'this' is the biggest disparity,
That has dumbfounded us all!

His birth date!
And where that 'had' occurred?
That poses to be the biggest dilemma!
And heightens with suspicion...
Those gnawing questions raised!
And...
There is not a single baby footprint,
Anywhere that can be found.

But listen...
This is the clencher!
Under microscope...
None of us can determine,
If the 'H' in Hawaii had been lower case...
Before it had been changed into the higher.
Since the ink used in the printing of his birth certificate...

Appears to be a bit easy to lift when water is applied.
Apparently not water soluble.
AND 'not' on 100 pound bond!
See how it smudges and spreads?
The paper?
Is not 'water marked' although notorized.

Also...
A '10' font was used!
Shouldn't that have been an 'eleven'?

And Doctor Hammon...
No one on either side of this team,
Can say,
Whether or not...
The doctor who performed the delivery,
Had been a practicing Buddist...
Orthodox Jew,
Southern Baptist from the Bible Belt...
Or,
Drove a Volvo!
Which further criminalizes this absurdity,
From our 'detailed' point of view!

I believe we have enough evidence,
To conclude our investigation.
And announce that the newly elected president,
Is NOT truly a naturalized citizen of this country!
As has been widely reported.
And...
We are going to review our findings,
And present them to the Supreme Court.
Based upon the findings a slew of irregularities,
Discovered.
And using the best scientific methods to date!
Based upon our conservative standards...
As we proceed to seek DNA,
From any playground where he played.
And/or diaper anyone may have been kept,
As a souvenir!

'If only we could uncover samplings,

From the womb...
To conclude our efforts! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Under One Roof

Where is the love and honesty once kept?
What has happened to the truthfulness...
We promised we'd keep with us,
When we met.

Where is the devotion and concern we had?
What has happened to that loyalty,
We shared and made us glad.

Where is the tenderness.
Smothered now with screams.
Where is that togetherness...
Meant to stay to fulfill our dreams.

And where are those chats,
We could not stop having then.
And now when I come home to you...
Not one word do you hear.
Or from me do you listen to!

And both of us accuse each other,
Of losing interest!
Yet...
Here we are,
Living under one roof.
To lose something...
That has clearly gone!
Without sitting together to admit...
There is an emptiness felt,
We wish to dismiss.

And both of us accuse each other,
Of losing interest!
Yet...
Here we are,
Living under one roof.
Doing our best...
To protect the secretness,
Of our lonely seperateness!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Under One's Nose

Unnoticed years of erosion,
Under one's nose...
To think of it as a quick fix needed.
With a giving of five to ten minutes,
Of immediate attention!
Will just add another excuse,
For someone to apply...
A reason why doing nothing,
Is better than to waste time...
Trying to save something,
That has gotten rotten

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Under Patient Conditions

If you want to win you've got to stack the pack.
Sitting and wishing wont bring the cash.
Those with dreams work hard at tasks.
Ambition with a mission is the right ammunition.

Under patient conditions anyone can fix what's missing.
Under patient conditions anyone can fix what's missing.
Under patient conditions anyone can fix what's missing.
Ambition with a mission is the right ammunition.

If you want to win you've got to stack the pack.
Sitting and wishing wont bring the cash.
Those with dreams work hard at tasks.
Ambition with a mission is the right ammunition.

Under patient conditions anyone can fix what's missing.
Under patient conditions anyone can fix what's missing.
If you want to win you've got to stack the pack.
Sitting and wishing wont bring the cash.
Those with dreams work hard at tasks.
Ambition with a mission is the right ammunition.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Under Pressure

Under pressure.
Don't let it be...
Or make that be you.

Under pressure.

Feel an effort that's less due.
Don't allow it to weaken.
Or accept what is 'not'
To become true.

Under pressure.

Don't let it be...
Or make that be you.
That's under pressure.

Feel there's nothing for you to prove.

Under pressure.
Unsnap and throw it away...
Under pressure.
Unsnap and do it today.

That pressure.
Rid yourself of,
That pressure.
Rid yourself of it!
That pressure.
Unsnap and throw it away...
That pressure.
Unsnap and do it today.
That pressure.
Rid yourself of,
That pressure.
Rid yourself of it!

Feel an effort that's less due.
Don't allow it to weaken.

Or accept what is 'not'
To become true.

Under pressure.

Don't let it be...
Or make that be you.
That's under pressure.

Feel there's nothing for you to prove.

Under pressure.
Don't let it be...
Or make that be you.

Under pressure.
Don't let it be...
Or make that be you.
That's under pressure.
Don't let it be...
Or make that be you.
That's under pressure.
Under pressure.

Boobeedee dee dup.
Under pressure.
(Dee dee oooweee)
Under pressure.
Boobeedee dee dup.
Under pressure.
(Dee dee oooweee)
Under pressure.
Boobeedee dee dup.
Under pressure.
Dee dee oooweee,
OoooH-way!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Under Pressure And Under Stress

Under...
Pressure.
And under...
Stress.
And under deadlines to get,
To pay those debts.
With promises to pay,
Yet...
Can't keep up to keep met.

Someone's pressured under...
Another's scrutiny.
While one will wonder,
Should suspicions to rid...
With hidden suspicions denying,
A forgiveness,
To forget...
Isn't really given to give.

Someone's pressured under...
Another's scrutiny.
While one will wonder,
Should suspicions to rid...
With hidden suspicions denying,
A forgiveness,
To forget...
Isn't really given to give.

Under...
Pressure.
And under...
Stress.
And under deadlines to get,
To pay those debts.
With promises to pay,
Yet...
Can't keep up to keep met.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Under Pressures

Stuck under pressures...
I have learned,
I should...
Release.

And under pressures...
I have learned,
I must...
See ceased.

I finally realized,
I was my own...
Enemy.

I finally realized,
This was not meant to be!
Not for me.

And off my back they've been dumped.
Right off my back they've been dumped.
Off my back they've been dumped.
Right off my back they've been dumped.

Stuck under pressures...
I have learned,
I should...
Release.

And under pressures...
I have learned,
I must...
See ceased.

I finally realized,
I was my own...
Enemy.
Those demons had to be freed.

And off my back they've been dumped.

Right off my back they've been dumped.
And off my back they've been dumped.
Right off my back they've been dumped.

And under pressures...
I finally realized,
I was my own...
Enemy.
Those demons had to be freed.

And off my back they've been dumped.
Right off my back they've been dumped.
And off my back they've been dumped.
Right off my back they've been dumped.

Off my back they've been dumped.
Right off my back they've been dumped.
And off my back they've been dumped.
Right off my back they've been dumped.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Under Scorned And Surprised Prying Eyes

For years what was done,
Was done in their faces.
All of it done that way.
Like branches extended from a tree...
With each leaf examined.
Each look was allowed a closeup.
Every annoying touch was endured.
Some even snatched twigs off to use...
To mock and abuse the growth.
In hopes the wounds would scar!
And so they did,
Scar!
With bitter pain felt,
And buried underneath thick skin!
The cries were kept within!
And at the end of sacrifices known...
A greatness reaped from sorrows sewn,
Was revealed to show a brilliant luster!
Glowing from a light,
Illuminating bright from inside.
Sharing a radiance denied yet sparkling.
But still,
Unbelieved!
And what was done...
Had occurred under,
Scorned and surprised prying eyes!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Under Siege

Blindfolded they were.
And interrogated for who they were not.
Taken and detoxed...
Weened from events needing to stop,
Their will to know themselves.

This was the challenge...
To eliminate from them neglect!
To eliminate from them,
Their feeding need to disrespect.
With acceptance meant,
And upon them crept!

They were bleeding gold from their veins.
And not taking the reigns of their own destiny!
Kings and Queens hip hopped and dropped.

This has to end...
This poisoning of an already damaged crop!
Arrested are they who must now command and obey...
Before this time grinds the minds
Needing to grasp fast,
A heritage of wealth that began
Long ago when thrones were places...
And kingdoms where they sat were vast!

Linked they are to ancestors,
Who ruled before fools came to destroy!
As these times we witness pass...
As these times we witness 'histories' trashed.
But must be saved and not subjected to annoy!

Inspired by:
Onajé Allan Gumbs
February 9th 2007

'Much thanks, Onajé, for your brilliance! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Under Starlight

I've been waiting,
For this moment
Just to say this...
Every wish I have had,
Has come true!
And it gives me such a 'lift'
You see that too!

I've been searching,
For a reason
To surrender...
All the heartache I felt,
That left me blue.
And I now stand in this starlight,
Here with you!

It is possible...
The incredible
Can one day be received.
It's so joyful,
Knowing life can be this wonderful,
For me!

I'm floating in this breeze!

I've been waiting,
For this moment
Just to say this...
Every wish I have had,
Has come true!
And it gives me such a 'lift'
You see that too!

Yes, it's possible...
The incredible
Can one day be received.
It's so joyful,
Knowing life can be this wonderful,
For me!

Under starlight I can beam!

I've been searching,
For a reason
To surrender...
All the heartache I felt,
That left me blue.
And I now stand in this starlight,
Here with you!

And I'm so glad it's with you,
I share this view!
Standing under starlight...
Me and you!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Under The Influence Of Circumstances

We raise what is planted.
We reap what is sown.
We harvest to eat what is cooked.
And these trite expressions,
Go on and on...
As we visit our ailments,
Whether they are locked up...
In jails or prisons,
OR taken to our doctors...
To be cured of them or hospitalized.

And still to this very day,
There are folks who will not admit but deny quickly...
Their direct involvement in their own aches and pains.
To confess emphatically,
Of a doing of the best that they could do...
'Under the influence of circumstances'.
And yet express regret,
They often mention to attempt to forget...
It had been those same circumstances,
They had been warned by others to avoid or experience.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Under The Radar

Under the radar and hiding,
Trying...
To do their best to escape truth.
Believing that they can dupe it too,
If it's hidden and forbidden...
With intent to do.

They are under the radar and hiding,
Trying...
To do their best to escape truth.
Believing that they can dupe it too,
If it's hidden with intention to do.

But the 'light' has them sighted,
With a purpose to prove...
But the 'light' has them sighted,
Only fools believe that nobody lives truth.

Oh yes...
The 'light' has kept those sighted united,
With a purpose they know will prove...
Only people who believe that they can dupe truth,
Will never have integrity to know it to use.

Under the radar and hiding,
Trying...
To do their best to escape truth.
Believing that they can dupe it too,
If it's hidden and forbidden...
With intent to do.

They are under the radar and hiding,
Trying...
To do their best to escape truth.
With belief that they can dupe it too,
If it's hidden with intention to do.

Under the radar and hiding,
Believing they've escaped...

From a truth they deny.
With beliefs kept they can fake...
A duping of the truth.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Under The Raging Water

Overnight fixes,
Done with an accustomed quickness...
To patch up a repeating leaking dike,
Becomes a pointless proposition to consider...
When the same attempts,
Have continued to prevent re-occuring events.
And a flooding done that is in process,
Shakes those awake to face much fear.

'What should be done with the sandbags? '

~Where are they~

'Under the raging water.'

~Well...
Don't look at me.
Swim around until you find someone to accuse.~

'Should I do that with kept faith?
Or with suspicion and speculation? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Under The Skin Of Those Misguided

Those who chose to poke their jokes,
At the expense of sincere folks
Seem to be missing in action these days.

Perhaps realizing they are
It never pays for those intentions made,
To select those defenseless and unknowing
Of the extent or depth of one's misdeeds.

Because
Those same misdeeds done,
Have a way of crawling under the skin...
Of those misguided.

To teach lessons to leave unforgiving,
Mental treatments difficult to diagnose.
And the best medication can not numb,
Or relieve
The consistency of a permanent stinging.

Especially when those acts provoked,
To joke and poke sincere folks discreetly
Usually develop from one's unconsciousness.
Making it hard to prescribe a process for specific healing.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Under The Spell Of Embellished Promises

The accomplishments,
Of that which has been achieved...
Is better served with observation.
Than by a spotlighted podium,
Lit to hear a litany of speeches...
Delivered with enthusiasm,
To entice a show of excitement,
By those impoverished...
Under the spell of embellished promises.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Under The Surface

As face value?
Nothing is what it is meant to be.
And a probing is distanced intentionally.

Under the surface?
There is much more going on,
Than anyone would believe.

And perhaps that is why...
Delusions are encouraged to remain,
Kept at the maximum of distractions.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Under The Table

Bring on the hot topics,
Afraid by others to mention or touch.
Bring on those subjects,
That disturb the ones...
Sitting on their self righteous butts.

People of a certain 'standard',
Seldom openly discuss...
Appalling and unappealing matters,
That are for them below their upturned noses.
Although they may 'pocket' royalities...
From that which in public,
They will claim disgusts!

Bring on the hot topics,
Afraid by others to mention or touch.
Bring on those subjects,
That disturb the ones...
Sitting on their self righteous butts.
From places directed...
To get a piece of their under the table taking,
Of the giving of 'cuts' they love so much.

'Did you see and hear what I heard?
I can't BELIEVE what is being tolerated these days.
Such filth.
Excuse me...
Do you mind telling the waiter,
We will have another round of caviar and champagne.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Under Their Conniving Noses

I have been the me,
I have been blessed to have been.
I didn't have to go anywhere to pretend.
And where I've been I did my 'thing'.
With the discouraging of words heard...
That where I am,
A nothing I will be!

Well...
That 'nothingness' I have become,
Seems to others to have stunned.
And the ones,
Who have become shocked...
Are those very people critiquing my efforts,
Nonstop!

But there are others around the world,
Who have for years disagreed...
With those locally making assessments,
Of who I am and can not possibly have achieved...
Under their conniving noses.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Under Utilized

It does not matter the importance.
Or the significance,
Of a message prioritized...
that has been sent and delivered.
Whether it be:
Handed with it printed confidential.
Screeched in chalk on a blackboard.
Homing pigeons guided by satellite.
Flashing high on jumbo TV screens,
Affixed to skyscrapers...
In the midst of Times Square.
Or written to sniff the peppermint,
From customized crayons.
Some people are just not born,
To be blessed to have common sense.
Nor capable to use minds,
Under utilized to connect...
Any message to them sent,
AND personalized...
That enables them to comprehend,
The purpose and meaning...
Of the contents.
To then question 'why'...
Their name would appear,
With all letters in upper case!
And inside an envelop,
That has been outside securely taped.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Under Your Spell

When I first saw you,
I should have fled the other way.
But you attracted me like a magnet.
Hypnotized!
In a 'whipped' kind of crave.

Have I become crazed?
Yes!
And I am unbelieving,
I have allowed myself to drool.
But whatever you've got,
To keep me tied up in knots!
I am under your spell,
Wishing not to be rescued.

'What's my name? '

Maxine.

'No...
The other one.
And say it louder! '

MAMA!

'That's better!
I'm going upstairs.
You want to join me?
Or would you prefer to stay in the basement?
You're close to finishing my training process! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Underdogs

A presence that becomes too familiar,
With a stamina that is determined to stay strong...
Isn't always that presence that is championed.
Others can not accept faith like that expressed.
Since many perceive themselves to be underdogs.
To keep distanced what is perceived as strength,
From reminding them of their own weaknesses.
And underdogs professing insecurities to use,
Solicit those who are weak with deceit to reach heights.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Undergoing Vigorous Renovation

It is easy to win someone,
With the telling of lies.
Many refuse to call them that.
Preferring 'Embellished Exaggerations'...
As if a renovation has been made,
To mask flat out lies!

The act begins to win one's confidence,
In a dismantling of truth.
Innocent enough not to be noticed.
As deceivers take their passengers,
Through the weeds of deception.

Many have been encouraged,
To nourish this as a 'gift'.

It is easy to win someone,
With the telling of lies.
Many refuse to call them that.
Preferring 'Embellished Exaggerations'...
As if a renovation has been made,
To mask flat out lies!

And flat out lies told by those masking truths...
Are always undergoing vigorous renovation.
To be changed with the re-telling.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Underloved

Underloved
Overpained
This is what
My loving gained
Deep in sorrow
With tears like rain
Cloudy eyes
And
Alone again
Hope has gone
You've moved on
To leave me weak
Completely
In pity
And
Underloved.

Underloved
Overpained
This is what
My loving gained
Deep in sorrow
With tears like rain
Cloudy eyes
And
Alone again
Hope has gone
You've moved on
To leave me weak
Completely
In pity
And
Underloved.

Completely
In pity
And
Underloved.

In pity
I sit
And
Underloved.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Undermining Themselves

Undermining themselves,
To have done this successfully.
With envy and jealousy used as weapons...
And contradicted hypocrisies,
Has left their minds and communities eroded.

Although it is celebrated with kept belief,
A unified togetherness...
Can and will restored,
More of those missed opportunities.
However...
Expectations are higher,
Than appreciation shown for known abilities...
No one accepts to respect they have.

'They don't expose to show their motivation.
Nor is initiative with desire is noticed.
And gone is their intention to listen with discipline.
How is it we can make steps to progress,
If no one is willing to devote time and sweat.
Sacrificing invested almost guarantees success.'

~I remember those days when they made such steps.~

'What happened? '

~I remember also your complaints.
And the beginning of your campaign.~

'MY campaign? '

~Yes.
You were the one to take the steps,
To claim anyone attempting to do their best...
Were trying to be better than the rest of us.~

'Oh 'that'?
That was so many years ago.'

~Yeah.
But...
The affect it has left on your children.
And 'their' children to have grown...
Has initiated to create,
What you now don't wish to own.~

'Yeah.
But...
Times have changed.'

~Times are always changing.
Although...
Your undermining those who have made changes,
Still remains the same.
Look around.
It's not difficult to find,
Those who have bought to feed on your thoughts.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Underneath

Not engaged or devoted,
To that which makes someone happy...
Leads that person to hang on to the hopes,
That impressed neighbors will find their external images,
Shown...
Will ignite successful conversation on surfaced levels.
Even though they are disliked behind shut doors.

It is underneath...
One feels untouched.
It is underneath...
No depth is reached.
And it is underneath one keeps the re-creation,
Of intended pretentions.
As if this is sought by one who seeks.
As if in the doing...
One is not exposed!
And it is kept underneath,
One's true feelings...
Which are chosen to remain standoffish,
Distant, cold and left closed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Underselling A Delivery

Underselling a delivery,
Whether purposely done...
Consciously or not,
That eventually impresses...
Those who purchase what is sold,
Gets the seller more attention gained...
With a humility seen as sincere.
To not think of as inconsiderate or bold.
Or self-centered with pretense.
Than the one who enthusiastically presents,
A doing intended to be received successfully...
As a priceless commodity everyone viewing,
Must have and need.

Although representing mediocrity shown.
To have interpret as titanium,
One brags about creating to achieve on one's own.
But obviously exposes a doing to become known,
As fool's gold to be produced,
With overblown expectations.
Done to do and assumed to be highly assessed,
To accept...
One who plagiarizes to reduce originality...
At one's best to thoughtlessly deceive.

'Your colors and use of them are vivid.
And quite imaginative.
However,
The rawness that displays it's creation is missing.
Why?
What has happened to the history,
Of your 'claimed' development? '

~Well...
I, uh...
Didn't think you would be asking,
For authenticity to validate its worth.
I was just expecting the attention to get.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Understanding And Empathy

Why does it seem,
That those who are the most adventurous...
Are never around heard griping,
About their lives with the making of excuses.
Or giving details about their aches and pains,
With looks that seek an understanding and empathy.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Understanding That Path I Walk On

You wish to tie me down,
To a host of your excuses lived.
And I refuse to have any part of this.
Whether you choose to do or not,
Gather your family and friends...
To accuse me of things I never did.
Nor am I seeking your forgiveness.
And this you should come to grips with...
To satisfy any urge you might have,
About understanding that path I walk on!
My feet are not planted and move forward.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Understanding To Reach

An understanding to reach it,
Takes more than assuming...
A comprehension is understood.
And with a wish to keep,
Interest invested.
So many accept to collect,
Opinions and hearsay...
To affect their relationships.
Leaving being open and honest,
Dismissed to expect...
Their assumptions to make,
Are more effective...
Than refusing to be direct.
Perceiving to believe,
They participate in quality...
Communication.
With an understanding left,
On the surface.
Void of purpose or depth.

'You don't know them,
Like I do.'

-And what is it that you know? -

'What others have told me.'

-Now I understand.
Why no one is understood.-

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Understood To Exclude Them From Truths

When one gets too accustomed,
To embellishing what they've done...
Partial truths are told.
To bestow as shown to everyone.

Quick to betray,
If their insecurities are threatened.
But yet to display,
Are their excuses made with few exceptions.

Associations with people like this,
Over time decreases in respect.
Explanations of their neglect...
Eventually from them some should expect.

When one gets too accustomed,
To embellishing what they've done...
Partial truths are told.
To bestow as shown to everyone.

Maturity is dismissed,
In the minds of people with this addiction.
And it is unfortunate they allow themselves...
To be chased away by delusions.

With a praying done their delusions will stay,
To be understood to exclude them...
From truths they painfully detest.
And hate to face from day to day.
As a life lived in reality eventually fades.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Under-Used

Don't be a target to concede defeat.
Get up on your feet and keep moving on.
Don't be a target to concede defeat.
Remove this from your mind and keep moving on.
Don't be a target to concede defeat.
Get up on your feet and use your tool.
Get up on your feet and use your tool.

Your mind is under-used.
Get up on your feet and use your tool.

Your mind is under-used.
Get up on your feet and use your tool.
Get up on your feet and use your tool.
Think!
And keep on thinking.
Get up on your feet and use your tool.
Think!
And just keep thinking.
Get up on your feet and use your tool.
Yes!
Get up on your feet and use your tool.

Don't be a target to concede defeat.
Get up on your feet and keep moving on.
Don't be a target to concede defeat.
Get up on your feet and use your tool.
Think!
Get up on your feet and use your tool.
Think!
Get up on your feet and use your tool.

Your mind is under-used.
Get up on your feet and use your tool.
Think!

Too long its been abused.
Get up on your feet and use your tool.
Think!

And keep on thinking,
Your mind is under-used.
Get up on your feet and use your tool.
Think!
Get up on your feet and use your tool.
Think!
Get up on your feet and use your tool.

Don't be a target to concede defeat.
Get up on your feet and keep moving on.
Get up on your feet and use your tool.
Think!
Get up on your feet and use your tool.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Underwhelmed

Underwhelmed,
And removing the wind...
Huffed up by puffed chests.
Those excited by conflict...
Find themselves looking quite perplexed.
They had prepared to go into battle,
With one who bragged but lacked experience.
And when the fight began...
Scriptures were recited.
People were invited to sing hymns.
What kind of struggle is this,
With no weapons used to defend?

Underwhelmed,
And removing the wind...
Huffed up by puffed chests.
Nothing like this has ever happened before!
Who wins with no weapons used or shown?
And with no bodies to count or collect...
What victory is this?
With no killing done for peace.
Or the gushing of blood to bleed and reflect!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Undesirable But Required

If a stubbornness kept,
Has led one...
With a back up against a brick wall?
Hopefully the humiliation is what's needed,
To get those eyeballs in that head...
Stretched as wide as possible.

Clarity in most cases,
Has to be experienced and delivered...
As a customized occurrence,
Personally felt to get full effect.
And needing no further explanation,
To achieve an undesirable but required end result.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Undetected

The only thing left mysteriously kept,
By those denying they hide from truth...
Is what part of it do they believe,
They perceive goes undetected?

And who can be fooled,
Once being introduced to truth...
Will not suspect they have been deceived,
With a blinding of charm and flattery received.

What else revealed to eyes wide open,
With those choosing to conceal...
An obviousness as leaves on Oak or Maple trees?

What else is 'real' or not,
To those wishing to keep accepted reality blocked?
And their delusions ripened and fresh,
Yet protected from those who object.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Undetected Visibly

I use to believe thinking was as common...
As a simple walk through a forest,
To identify the difference in appearance...
Of those trees that had leaves,
And the Pines that stood that didn't.
I have always been curious about nature.
With my connection identified to it.

Even with experiences I collected,
I still had been somehow naïve.
When I in conversation listened,
I perceived my comments made...
Were by someone else being received.
Whenever I thought I was communicating.
And the process of it had been understood.

But today in the midst of intended confusion,
With a choice sometimes to be amongst those...
Who have been unconsciously mentally abused,
Although many refuse to acknowledge it.
I make an effort to choose to do those walks,
Through the forest alone to be close to the trees.
Knowing my presence will be undetected visibly.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Undetected Yet Implemented

Who but a withering few actually cares,
About correct and proper etiquette...
When everyone's privacy has been invaded,
To create a pretense with a scheming meant...
That a doing of this establishes security.
And a stronger defense intended to protect,
Interests of those secretly imposed...
By a snooping going on as people doze.

Who but a withering few,
Have not been affected by effective corruption.
With those few caring less how much they consume.
Or how they collect what information they get,
And/or from whom to further deplete wishes for peace...
To satisfy their dying evilness with fresh interpretations,
As a way a public 'trust' will feel safer in their places.
While a censorship goes undetected yet implemented.

Your privacy has long been non-existent.
However...
Feel free to maintain any delusion that you please.
Afterall,
Isn't it the truth you have been taught to fear?
And those who speak it offend the feeding of your feast.
Although decreasing your mind can not release from it.
Since an addiction resides fixed in your head and is permanent.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Undiscovered Fresh Dirt

'Did you not say this was undiscovered,
Fresh dirt?
This is the same dirt that has been here for years.
What is so unique about it? '

How it just lays there under the Sun!
Remember how it use to kick up dust...
When others rushed here to try to find something?
Different from what it had been then?

'Why 'now' is this so important to you? '

Oh, it's not!
I just thought if I told you it was undiscovered,
Fresh dirt...
You'd be the first to spread the rumor!
I had no idea you would see it like I do.
It's the same stuff, right?

'You must be running out of ideas,
To keep your name scandalized? '

Well,
I must admit...
It isn't getting any easier.
I remember the days when I didn't have to think,
To be innovative!
Today...
Everybody wants to get in on the act.
And I had been crowned 'King of Eccentricities'!
Remember?

'Man,
You are not in your right mind.'

Thank you!
At least I know you and I will always remain good friends.
You are quick to identify that.
And that is why I am not afraid to expose it to you,

At all.
Come on...
Let's do lunch.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Undisturbed

Everything had to be redrawn in crayon.
Black and white depictions,
Were arguably creating stress.
Someone suggested replacing red for green
On the flowered battlefields.
That was the only way
These scenes were sold at the malls!
And using magenta for the stacks of garbage,
Piling in heaps...
With pink lids topped with yellow polka dots,
Was a brilliant recommendation.
This should keep the shopping revenues
Undisturbed for months...
Even years to come!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Undivided And Immediate Attention

Once one shows,
A knack for being responsible...
Others believe,
They can rely upon and daily receive...
Undivided and immediate attention given.
With no end.
Regardless of the time or when dawn begins,
Even if it's interpreted dawn starts one minute...
'After' midnight.

And that person is also perceived,
As the one who can and should...
Solve every problem that they have.
As they sit back to criticize and complain,
With a choice to do and that remains...
To ultimately give the one reason to leave,
With a wish to distance from those insane...
To prioritize with a focus on one's own life.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Undivided Attention

I 'use' to wonder as a child,
Why there were so many elderly people...
Packed inside the church,
My mother made sure...
She would take my sister and I,
Faithfully on Sunday and choir rehearsals...
As children.

When I turned 60,
I realized...
I could talk to myself,
And not get a batted eye of attention...
From anyone!
That piece of the puzzle,
No longer remains a mystery.

Now I know for a fact...
What those who are elderly know.
God is the only 'One'...
To have ever given undivided attention.
Most in their youth take for granted!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Undivided Attention Given

I can understand,
Someone doing the best they can
To succeed.
With a feeling of a need,
That leaves another to find...
An initiative that inspires,
Time to give that sacrifices...
Temptations awaiting.
As if used as traps.
And setback devices.

I can also understand,
Having impatience.
To less tolerate,
Those procrastinating...
What they claim to wish.
And want to get,
on a daily basis.
To not move a muscle,
That has left...
A permanent imprint cemented.

Some have it made.
And not aware,
Just how much they are blessed.
While others are aware of it,
But want to prove to God...
What they have been given,
Provides little rest to get.
Because for them...
They want to show to God,
To know...
Experiencing life,
Is not an opportunity...
To take for granted.
Or bore God with the making,
Of the same excuses everyday.
Like a child made spoiled,
By a loving, caring...

And overly protective parent.
Always there giving,
Undivided attention...
While listening to every single
Creative complaint.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Undo What's Done To Me

The road is getting bumpy.
And I feel it on my back.
Bent over shoulders ache,
From all the pain that attacks.

Oh, Lord...
I pray from some relief.
Oh, Lord...
Quicken my destiny.

Too long I've compromised,
A loaded weight.
From all the burdens carried,
Packed on everyday.

Hear me pray...
Lord,
For some relief.
Oh, Lord...
Quicken my destiny.

Devoted I've been faithful,
To beliefs I keep.
But sometimes I do wonder,
If I'm miraged and teased.

Oh, Lord...
I pray for some relief.
Oh, Lord...
Undo what's done to me.

Maybe I have taken steps too far.
Oh, Lord...
Undo what's done to me.
Maybe that oasis wasn't there from the start.
Oh, Lord...
Undo what's done to me.

Maybe those steps I took,

I should have overlooked.
Oh, Lord...
Undo what's done to me.
Oh, Lord...
I'm praying for some relief.

Too long I've compromised,
A loaded weight that stays.
From all the burdens carried,
Packed on everyday.
Devoted I've been faithful,
To beliefs I sought to keep.
But sometimes I do wonder,
If I'm miraged and teased.

Oh, Lord...
Give me something else to pledge.
Instead of burdens.
Oh, Lord...
Give me something else instead,
Of this weight to carry.
Oh, Lord...
Give me something else to pledge.
Instead of burdens.
Oh, Lord...
Give me something else instead,
Of this weight to carry.
Oh, Lord...
Undo what's done to me.
I've been faithful.
Oh, Lord...
Shower me with some relief.
I've been faithful.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Undone To Undo

Undone to undo...
Those passionate insights.
Individuality disconnected,
To a symbolic way of life.

Undone to undo...
Questions and curiousity.
Freedom to disconnect...
From a torn and decadent society.

Undone to undo...
Truth and honesty.
A rise in higher consciousness,
That allows eyes wide open that see.

Undone to undo...
Facts and nonfiction.
To restrict convictions.

Undone to undo...
Influence that speaks,
To those poor and meek...
Reaching to strengthen,
Identities that seek...
A reality that teaches,
Shackles are for the sheep...
Heading for mutilation.
And a mindless humanity!

Undone to undo...
You and I.
And all good deeds pursued,
We attempt to do.

Undone to undo...
But intervention,
Prevents it.
Intervention prevents it.
Intervention prevents it.

An intervention,
Prevents it.
And dimensions,
Diminish.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Undued

You can not live your life,
Doing unto others...
Believing your life lived,
Will be done 'undued'.

You are going to pay!
And when that time comes...
It 'will' certainly be due!

Regardless of how you hold that map held,
Or the gate you choose to go through...
Upon your entrance into the amusement park,
You've been told...
You can do as you please,
And to 'whom' you do it to!

Believing your life lived,
Will be done 'undued'.
Oh no!
You are going to pay!
And when that time comes...
It 'will' certainly be due!

Regardless,
Of how you hold that map held,
Or the gate you choose to go through...
Upon your entrance into the amusement park,
You've been told...
You can do as you please,
And to 'whom' you do it to!
You are going to pay...
For the price to ride.

From places you blindside...
Or choose to hide.
Whomever or 'whatever' it is,
'You' may select to 'do'...
You,
Will 'not' be doing it...

Undued!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Undying Love

I agree with you.
Time and people do change.
And after spending years,
With a patient crying of tears...
Hoping you'd accept your life as it is.
And not charading,
Through a series of masquerades.
I am not surprised at all,
To hear you say you have changed.

I wish you the best.
But,
To go through another one of your confessions...
I am not willing to be that fool again.
To witness another persona...
You wish to introduce and test.
And hear you profess with sweet innocence,
Your undying love.
Or the aggravation suffered from your arthritic knees.

And no...
Thanks to you,
I have no need to use painkillers.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unearned But Believed More Deserving

Belittling those things that others do,
With a constant backstabbing to defame...
Shows clearly the presence of one's jealousy.
And undermining another's name,
Because one hides deep insecurities...
That eventually becomes processed,
As an evil activity by one's unconsciousness.

Although not announced to acknowledge openly,
But expressed to get a laugh from others on occasion.
While noticeably presenting this activity done,
With a shining under a selfish spotlight given by others...
To gain one a soliciting of attention one gets,
Unearned but believed more deserving.
And so many people like that pack themselves in pews.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unedited For Maximum Affect

'AND...ACTION! '

Sticking to repeated hopes?
To bring a diminishing gloss,
Back to sparkle a reflection...
Of a quality of life lost in retrospection?
An accepting of the dullness has been rejected?
That is expected!

'FOUND SLICED FROM PREVIOUS TAPINGS,
BUT APPROPRIATE FOR THIS SCENE':

A loaf of bread is now more than a dollar.
Price for utilities make folks holler.
Where are those savings for retirement?
'Is that a hand slipping into the piggybank?
Sneaking pennies to help pay rent? '

'CUT...STOP ACTION! '

Please folks calm down.
We know you are frustrated.
But the makeup runs,
With your heated arguments!

'AND...ROLL FILM! '

Do you treat yourself with sweets?
Or are you seeking change,
To buy a couple of aspirin...
For a headache that keeps beating,
Beating.
Beating.
Constantly without end?

Are you finding yourself the next to receive,
A warm smile with a pink slip?
Get over it!
Even someone has to clean the toilets,

At every Disneyland.

And your fantasies and delusions,
Have a flipside you may not like.
You may wish this out of your sight!
Finding that side the one you can not stand!
But...

'AND...CUT! THAT'S a WRAP! '

This is your life!
A view you can trust is without rumor.
Complete with raw footage.
Unedited for maximun affect!
And without instrumentation.
If you wish to have orchestration...
That will be an additional fee!
I also compose!

I'd say this project should be finished in a few years.
We'll let you know.
You folks have been great!
It's okay.
We're done.
You can return back to your pretensions!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unending Arguments

The worse thing someone can do
To anyone believed to be close.
Is to pretend to approve,
Of all things they've done you help host.

To agree with things they say,
As if it is okay.
When you know in your heart...
They are wrong from the start.

If a friendship like this,
Continues as it does.
An honesty wished,
Will never between them exist.

That's why it is important,
Never to dismiss...
A disrespect of an integrity one holds,
That brings with it unending arguments.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unequivocal Dosages Of Pure Truth

There is a solution never before used,
To calm people's fears.
Its application initially...
May pose for some to be traumatic.
Even more may become more fearful.
Since it may produce behavior erratic.

With an inducing of unequivocal dosages,
Of pure truth...
Will reduce all delusions.
And reveal a healing process effective!
With an infusion.

But then again...
So many for entire lifetimes,
Have been purposedly disconnected.
Yet...
Ignoring to inject it,
This truth unknown.
Will leave a future totally infected...
With misfit rejects infested.

Clearly,
There is little time left!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unexpected

Every note and placement,
Where they are heard...
Is given specific meaning,
With an applied definition.

The structure and rhythm given,
Has to be felt as customized...
For the one perceiving what is done,
Comes to them as personalized.

And whether accepted,
To have no depth expressed...
One suddenly begins a journey,
Unlike any other and unexpected.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unexpected Absence

They are here!
The results...
Pleasured by those needs teasing,
And feeding...
As they bleed from the taking of risks!

And they are here,
The offspring...
Of those misguided teachings,
We...
You and I encouraged to try,
This craving taste of a way of life...
Lived!
As taught,
With little self examination.
And brought to deliver...
As a means to prevail.
With perfected implementation.

And they are here...
The results!
Of those quick to heat passions.
They are here...
Without the cheering done.
There is an unexpected absence of it!
And we have been overcomed...
By a deafening disrespect given.

And they...
Are here to crush,
Whatever it was we thought with beliefs...
Was our right to give to nourish,
A glow to forever flourish.
That would manifest a harvesting of inspiration!
And they are here,
The results...
To prove,
So wrong has been our self righteousness!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unexpected Enlightenment Frightens

No one has seen the likes of this before.
Although all wanted to open new doors.

And when those doors opened,
To expose and disclose...
Those who wished to see fresh perspectives,
Now seek to keep,
All doors close.

Exclamations are heightened in negative exchanges!
A desire to return,
Where darkness kept their eyes from burning...
Produces a yearning heard,
By those disturbed by light.

An unexpected enlightenment frightens.
And this has caused them,
To flee in a united fearful flight.
A flight that divides,
The same people who once sought change.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unexpected Is The Satisfaction That Comes

Savor a limelight achieved,
When and if these rays upon your deeds...
Should happen.

Nothing accomplished before the eyes of others,
Stay in their minds as a memory...
Longer than it does in yours.

Be grateful your activities have been acknowledged.
And when the spotlight begins to dim on your efforts,
Be the first to encourage others...
To do what it is that is loved.

Unexpected is the satisfaction that comes,
When others begin to show their appreciation...
For what your devotion, loyalty and efforts have done.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unexpectedly

What memories can you and I
Begin right now to create?
As this feeling comes unexpectedly,
To descend upon us that baits!
I admit right now I'm caught off guard.
And you must feel the same.
I'm trembling in such nervousness...
Whatever this is that came.

This magic spell we're under,
Even arrived with thunder too!
A rain storm announced is approaching us...
Can you feel sparks flying as I do?
And that lightening bolt that struck...
Made you jump into my arms.
Something is going on with this,
Since neither one of us has moved
In alarm...
But has stayed glued,
By this quite befitting magic charm!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unexpressed Depth

None of this you say is expected?
I can not imagine why?
All my life I have shared my interests.
And no secret about it had been kept.

And for you to say none of this from me,
You had perceived or could expect?
Proves to me now you had no respect!
Or you believed no success I would get.

Either way...
Whatever you say,
People like you I have long ago left!
And what I've always done, stays.

Oh...
You thought I was one of 'those'?
And that's odd you would mention that.
Since I thought you to have unexpressed depth!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unfair Assessment

Imitated creativity,
Can not be compared...
To that which is fresh.
And innovatively breathtaking.
Although first rejected,
As going against the status quo
You know,
Those opposed...
To differences of appearances.
Until profits become for some,
An adventure to squeeze...
For themselves benefit,
Spotted to pocket.
It's the American way,
Of being entitled.
With the taking of credit,
From another who invents.
But not mentioned when,
Attention is given.

'Look at me.
And all that I've done.'

-Who provided the back,
For you to stand on?
Or the path you found to be,
Already paved.
You're no different than others
Who have auctioned off,
The activities done...
And performed by slaves.
While you receive,
Undeserved accolades.-

'Unfair.
So unfair and unjust,
Is your appalling assessment...
Of my endeavors to acquire.
And my life to invest.'

-I know.
Almost as original,
As this act you perform.
If anyone is deserving,
Of anything...
It is me.
I deserve a finder's fee.
For what I see,
That apparently others...
Can not.
I applaud your deception.-

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unfaithful To Myself (Beware. Beware!)

When I ran away,
I thought that I would stay...
Where it was,
I chose to be.

When I ran away,
It was from myself...
And,
I was not that able...
To remain unfaithful.

I looked in the mirror and my heart stopped.
I saw the anger there.
I looked in the mirror and my heart stopped.
Beware. Beware!
I looked in the mirror and my heart stopped.
I saw the anger there.
And I knew,
It was me who had been untrue.

When I ran away,
It was from myself...
And,
I was not able...
To remain unfaithful.

Oh, when I ran away,
I thought that I would stay...
Where it was,
I chose to be.
But...
I looked in the mirror and my heart stopped.
I saw the anger there.
I looked in the mirror and my heart stopped.
Beware. Beware!
I looked in the mirror and my heart stopped.
I saw the anger there.
And I knew,
It was me who had been untrue.

I looked in the mirror and my heart stopped.
I saw the anger there.
I looked in the mirror and my heart stopped.
Beware. Beware!
Yes,
I looked in the mirror and my heart stopped.
I saw the anger there.
With a feeding of myself wrong beliefs...
That other people made me bleed.
But it wasn't other people it was me.

I looked in the mirror and my heart stopped.
I saw the anger there.
I looked in the mirror and my heart stopped.
Beware. Beware!
Yes, I looked in the mirror and my heart stopped.
I saw the anger there.
And I knew,
It was me who had been untrue.
And I had been unfaithful to myself.

I let my woes go,
When...
I looked in the mirror and my heart stopped.
I saw the anger there.
I looked in the mirror and my heart stopped.
Beware. Beware!
And I knew,
It was me who had been untrue.
And I had been unfaithful to myself.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unfamiliar Sacrifices

The naysayers are always there,
Giving their opinion on what they would do...
'If' situations were not the way they were.

And they seem to be the ones who know,
Which way to go!
But can't seem to get there themselves.

A lack of leadership is blamed for the malaise.
A leadership wished,
Easier to manipulate had been for many prayed.

The claim the latest leader is weak and indecisive.
Is an excuse to continue their breast feeding
Like the brats and spoiled children they are.

The naysayers are always there,
Giving there opinion on what they would do.
And they seem to be the ones who know,
Which way to go!
But a going to get there...
They would like to do with less effort.
Too often have they done this on the back of someone else.
And the one who now leads...
Warns of unfamiliar sacrifices with a putting of their lollipops,
Away.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unfamiliar With Active Listening

An aggressive understanding,
That one presents and comprehends...
May come to offend some,
Unfamiliar with active listening.
To become more distracted,
By one's tone and delivery of the truth.

'Are there any objections,
To what has been said?
Yes.
You with your hand raised.'

~I particularly did not like,
Your remarks made...
About how some people,
Are not interested in establishing...
Lasting relationships.
But are more interested,
In the value of things.~

'And you...
Heard those words from me? '

~I think so.
What did you say? ~

'What I said was...
Some people pretend,
To be interested in other people...
Only if what's being said,
Is about them and nothing else.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unfamiliar With It

The most difficult thing to do,
For one in a leadership position...
And is capable to lead,
Is to show an accountability witnessed...
But not from this one is it believed!

With aptitude to accept responsibility.
And the people represented are so unfamiliar with it.
They denounce the ability of this leader.
Since he performing duties of one...
They had never before seen.
So assured of himself...
They feel demeaned.

Incredible!
And they are stunned.
The people represented are so unfamiliar with it.
Especially coming from someone,
Labelled 'this one'.

And believe they do with false perceptions,
A true leader should be waving a magic wand.
Since then from them...
All their troubles would be gone.

And the one chosen in their hour of need...
Has not proven worthy,
To produce the magic they expect.
Not the magic they perceive.

So blame and accuse him they do,
For being human too!
Having his feet to get wet.
And not showing a sign,
Of being able to walk on water.
They turn their backs on him to shun in regret.

This has left them disgruntled and vocally upset!
They protest his leadership.

With claims he doesn't represent what they should get!
And he knows if he should leave...
They would be left to profusely bleed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unfiltered

An unfiltered truth to speak,
Awakens to startle...
Those who despise,
Their delusions exposed...
To be disguised.
And with pretentions clothed.
Tightly cloaked.

And those who can afford,
To speak the truth for what it is...
Are often expected to apologize,
For bringing those fantasized...
Close to tears.
With assumptions their approval is wished.
But days are upon us dismissing these 'gifts'.

And one who can afford it,
With attention to get...
Becomes an embarrassment,
For those seeking more to make impressions...
Than sacrificing their charades,
To believe their obtained influence...
Will remain although evidence of it fades.
With ears prepared to hear it clear.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unfinished Is The Business

Unfinished is the business,
Of one distracted enough to sidetrack.
And unfinished becomes endeavors attempted,
When one listens to hear...
Discouraging words heard that are near.

Unfinished are wishes one has kept for years.
But within seconds those wishes disappear.
As those come selling doubts and disbelief,
Do it to whisper defeat in one's ear.

And then it happens as if to do overnight,
One awakens eventually to see...
Naysayers plotting to test with wicked deeds,
To make it clear it has been the unfinished business...
They were determined not to have completed,
Successfully.

Unfinished is the business once 'was' but now 'is'.
To have what was not finished,
Given more priority...
Than criticisms mentioned,
By naysayers hoping their negativity caused tears.

'Your eyes...
They appear as if you had been crying.'

~I was.~

'I'm sorry to hear you admit that.
Oh well,
You know there is always tomorrow.
Never give up on your dreams.
Although it may seem they will never come.'

~I finally completed my unfinished business.
So happy I am I cried for days.~

'You...

Did what? '

~Yes.
Like a baby.
That tissue...
The tissue you are using,
Did you intend it meant for me? ~

'I...
I don't know what to say.
So overwhelmed with joy I am for you.'

~Sssshhh...
Come on in.
Why don't you sit.
You look a little faint.
I'll be fine.
I didn't realize,
You would be 'this' thrilled for me.~

'I...
I just didn't expect,
'Your' good news to affect 'me' like this.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unfinished Notes

I don't do accolades.
Like the ones who do it.
With the giving of them freely.
I've been wounded too many times,
By the telling of explicit truths.

And when I realized this done,
Had been to discourage me...
From my pursuits,
Only then did I become serious.
With a choosing I could prove,
To myself 'first' with a doing.

I needed to achieve my best.
And not leave behind unfinished notes,
I wrote to suggest I made attempts...
To appease the ease of an outgrowing I felt,
Of an accepted mediocrity I knew too well.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unfinished To Leave With It Ending

The doing is done and it seldom stops.
Or never leaves,
A mind to be dropped.
The doing is done and it seldom stops,
Unfinished to leave with it ending.

The doing is done and it seldom stops.
Or never leaves,
A mind to be dropped.
The doing is done and it seldom stops,
Unfinished to leave with it ending.

One who is taught and learns how to give,
Lives a life knowing this benefits.
One who is taught and learns how to give,
Isn't one living for getting.

One who gives isn't known how to stop.
Or wish it to do it like others might prove.
One who gives isn't known when they should not,
To recognize they have been used!

One who is taught and learns how to give,
Lives a life knowing this benefits.
One who is taught and learns how to give,
Isn't one living for getting.

The doing is done and it seldom stops.
Or never leaves,
A mind to be dropped.
The doing is done and it seldom stops,
Unfinished to leave with it ending.

One who is taught and learns how to give...
Lives,
Life.
With a purpose to do it.

One who is taught and learns how to live...

Will give,
Through their lives...
With it done and from it to benefit.

The doing is done and it seldom stops,
Unfinished to end from beginning.
The doing is done and it seldom stops,
Or never leaves,
A mind to be dropped.
The doing is done and it seldom stops,
Unfinished to leave with it ending.
Or never leaves,
A mind to be dropped...
Unfinished to leave with it ending.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unfit And Twisted

When and without an if to perceive,
Clouded skies begin to disappear.
The unfit and twisted depicted,
Will no longer be considered...
That way to have them separated,
From all who have been made crazed.
By the shade and evil ways of demons.
Demons on the scene seen diminishing.

Enlightenment comes to dawn.
With a doing to mend divisions.
And it becomes understood to comprehend,
Who had reaped the benefits...
Of labelling those unfit and twisted,
As misfits unable to conform to misdeeds.
No one will be left to hide in shadows.
No one will be left to repeat their pleas.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unfolding Process

Those actions will leave our lives better off?
Those actions...
Will leave,
Our lives...
Better off?
And you are serious when you believe that?
Do you hear the echo of that cough?
How about the thunderous winds,
That bring destruction with them?
Does anything about global warming make sense?
Has your awareness been completely absent?
Do you know there are more than two million inmates,
In prison cells?
Do you realize detention camps are being built
For hundreds of thousands...
Perhaps millions of humans to dwell?
And you believe warring factions overseas...
Will leave our lives better off?

Perhaps you are right!
Because you have proven your mind has not been 'on'!
And living lives better 'off'
Did not have to take conflicts to do it!
So many have been living lives better 'off' for decades.
They are not going to be the problem!
It will be those turning 'on' to what is happening,
That will create the greatest civil disturbance...
And that seems to be planned,
As a slow unfolding process!

'Where are you getting this from? '

I am My Father's son!
Whenever My Father's gaze is fixed upon something,
You know I'm going to look in that direction?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unforgettable Conscious Actions

Unforgettable conscious actions,
Forgiven with time...
But not from a mind erased.
As those memories come with intent to retrace,
In intervals of intermissions,
As if to stay replayed...
Between wanted acts of forgetting.

It is difficult to pretend,
Not to be affected emotionally by them.
Since unforgettable conscious acts,
Remain in one's mind to be noticed.
And felt to refreshen a sting that hurts.
With a leaving of an effectiveness,
Remembered.

Like the first time one's faith is lost,
In someone loved and seen cheating.
Again! To leave one feeling defeated,
From a repeated beating that does not end.
Unforgettable.
And on one's conscious mind,
Are these actions.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unfortunate

Unfortunate,
The reality seen.
Yet it's presence continues,
To be discredited and denied.
And unpleasant,
Are the feelings felt...
By those defending,
A fading way of life.
Once qualified to have unique,
And unquestioned substance.
Drifting quickly away from it.
Speeding to leave behind purpose.
Now serving an undeserved downslide.

Unfortunate,
Is the nauseousness...
Sickening those with consciousness,
Experienced to see...
What selfishness, greed kept to keep,
In minds 'exclusively'isolated...
With misdeeds that can completely,
Destroy...
All of humanity.

Money, prestige and notoriety,
To obtain...
Does not validate to certify,
People like this...
Are qualified to lead.
Or are equipped mentally,
To be perceived as competent.
But unfortunately,
Many today deluded...
Care less what the difference is,
Others awakened...
Have attempted to make.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unfortunate Is This Reality

Disliking the truth,
Does not stop it from happening.
Or an experience of it,
Can not and could not
Be erased from one's mind.

Those who know truth,
Are not easily persuaded.
Or told they have been mislead.
There is a difference between truth,
And a dishonesty being fed to one's head.

Many don't see this,
And continue to believe
Whatever they decide,
Will be a truth they create for others to feed.
And unfortunate is this reality.

Disliking the truth,
Does not stop it from happening.
Or an experience of it,
Can not and could not
Be erased from one's mind.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unfortunately

Unfortunately...
Running to catch up,
Is not a possibility.
These times we live are speeding too fast!
If some have to ask what is going on today...
They have clearly lost their way.
And explanations will never do.
They too have been deluded!
Unfortunately...
Too many have not kept up pace.
Those are the ones who refused to see truth,
In their faces.
Those are the ones who kept away...
When they should have stepped up to the plate!
Those are the ones now ready to play ball!
Unfortunately...
Running to catch up,
Is not a possibility!
Especially when the game they wish to play,
No longer exists for them to do it!
Unfortunately.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unfortunately To The Credit Of Their Misfortune

You were led wilfully to the gutter.
Now you complain there's no spring water,
To drink?
And your utilities aren't affordable?
And you admit your self worth,
AND the economy stinks?
As it's sinking?

Hey! ?
Don't stare at me!
I thought it was going to be as easy
As watching a Hollywood movie too!
One of those low budget 'shock and awe'
Extravaganzas!
But no...
The 'director' wanted to impress with this one!
This time it was decided to film this conflict,
On location with flair and pizzazz!
And it has been 'thee' most costliest productions EVER!
Unfortunately to the credit of their misfortune...
They can not blame this one on anyone of color!
You know how conveniently that has worked in the past?

Nominations?
Are you serious?
The folks behind this massive misguidance,
Should all be preparing to see a skilled plastic surgeon!
And an acceptable plan to introduce a new way of life,
That is sugar free and void of deceptions!
You talk about monumental?
Stay tuned for this rendition,
Of 'We Shall Overcome'.
Some folks are not going to adjust,
To the way the hors d'oeuvres will be served...
From now on!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unfounded By Hearsay

I spent five months,
Recuperating in a hospital...
Once.
And feeling depths of isolation,
With drifting expectations.

I have learned much about others,
And their assumptions...
Unfounded by hearsay.
And those weakened by their own beliefs.

Blessed I am to have had experiences,
Many with closed mindsets...
Have yet in their limited realities,
Been exposed to have bestowed.

And I have more of an understanding,
Of those who have managed to live alone...
With a pulling up of their bootstraps,
And to ignore those trapped...
With nothing else to offer but passed judgements,
Within walls of their false comfort zones.
And believing them to remain like that forever.

I have learned much about others,
And their assumptions...
Unfounded by hearsay.
And those weakened by their own beliefs.

If someone lies long enough to themselves,
And feed their lies to others to believe...
Reality,
When it finally arrives...
Is worse than facing a created enemy.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unfulfilled

Many have become saddened,
By the aspects of truth.
And the discomfort it has brought,
Into their seeking lives.

Everything but truth has been sought.
Bringing tears to dropp from many dried eyes.
Crying about their losses and wondering why?
With hollowed prayers demanding from God...
To deliver them from the onslaught of reality,
They choose to deny in its entirety.

Many have become saddened,
By the aspects of truth.
And the discomfort it has brought,
Into their seeking lives.

Unfulfilled and blindly selfish.
Self centered and disrespecting.
And still trying to make attempts to climb,
A greased ladder!
If that was possible to achieve.
But to what heights could they freely breathe?
When it is on the ground,
Where the trees provide that need.

Many have become saddened,
By the aspects of truth.
And the discomfort it has brought,
Into their seeking lives.

Some have been led to believe,
Their lives are exclusively lived.
With disregard for others.
As if their moments here on Earth,
Have annointed them more deserving!

But all that changes...
When The Creator decides,

To take away what He alone awards...
With gratitude to those He knows,
Appreciates His Love.
And bestowing upon them proof,
Of His existence.

And many can not come to do this.
To recognize their eyes,
Would not open...
If this was not the will of God!
Since they have prioritized their lives...
To be lived in indifference.

Excited by the presence of ignorance.
With a helpless attachment to conflict!
Sealed by a victory.
At the expense of remaining,
Unfulfilled!
And killing themselves,
For the thrill of it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unfulfilled Promises

A retreat is considered by many defeat,
Especially...
By those who poster with pretense,
Of something had...
But,
Delusion and reality just don't mix.
However...
The creating of delusions has been a hit.

Amendments and laws invented to circumvent,
Can not prevent...
The righting of those wrongs,
To get everyone to get along....
Because,
Feeding on delusions has had,
Many addicted to unfulfilled promises.
And those who protest want those promises met.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unhappiness

Unhappiness?
I refuse to accept it.
Or keep it as a gift,
Anyone insist I get and leaves.

I know what it is like,
To unwrap my burdens on another.
And I've grown up since then,
To understand my problems...
Are up to me to end!

Unhappiness?
With a sulking deeply felt.
Aided by a brooding,
And a worthlessness of self.
That is spiced with anger,
To put the blame on someone else!
Only prolongs the agony.
Especially when those near it...
Can't bear any longer to hear it!
Fearing a joy they may choose to have,
Makes someone who is unhappy...
Determined to destroy good feelings.
Until everyone around them is as equally sad!

And doing it,
If they have to use megaphones.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unhappy With It

Fascinated with a life of leisure.
With a quickness to pick,
Laziness over sacrifice and patience.
Few are hard pressed to admit,
They have not the slightest clue...
What route to happiness they would choose.

Although disappointed with choices selected.
And eventually becoming unhappy with it...
This freedom of choice thing.
Many attach to with a clinging.
And bombarded with too much variety we are.
With just a few allowing themselves to be specific,
As to what to them life means.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unified By Their Nonsense Making

When people become offended,
By someone expressing an identity...
There is an acceptance of an unconsciousness,
That has become collectively defended,
By overwhelming ignorance.

And no one has to go to a mall,
To shop for the proof of the evidence.

A blindness is preferred by those following,
As if addicted sheep...
Down a road where the process of thinking,
Independently or not...
Is regarded as a threat to those easily upset,
By those they overhear communicating...
With a maturity expressed.
And not a sign of an argument building up,
Between them addressed with...
The spewing of cuss words heard.

This is a dangerous environment,
For anyone with intelligence to live in!
People with intelligence are suspicious,
Of making attempts to be 'better'...
Than everyone else.
Especially those,
Who prefer to live their lives...
Down to Earth and as foolishly as possible.

When people become offended,
By someone expressing an identity...
As a choice of one attempting to think,
With common sense...
Is not a recommendation,
For anyone choosing to separate themselves...
With a maturity,
From this kind of accepted behavior...
Chosen by those unified by their nonsense making,
And faithfully tied to rituals...

They neither understand nor respect with depth.

'If it was good enough for my mama and her mama...
And those 'mamas' known before that,
Well...
It is good enough for me!
And I will take that with two hamhocks,
Yams dripping with butter and gravy smothered chops.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unified Comprehension

Change?
There is going to be change.
Drastic, immediate and effective.

The kind that comes to stay.
Unseasonal.
Traumatic.
Like the kind of change,
One suffers through...
When going to school for the first time.

The kind that breaks and shakes,
Like an Earthquake.
A shocker that roars in like a tsunami.
To leave folks stunned.
With no where to run....
But endure.

Change?
There is going to be change.
Drastic, immediate and effective.
That's for sure.

With one exception!
Very few will be asked,
To debate the quality of it.
And no one will be exempted.

Total, complete and thorough...
Will be the experience.
Many will welcome it.
While others will be heard complaining,
As they sweep to keep up...
With assigned chores.

Change?
There is going to be change.
Drastic, immediate and effective.
The kind that motivates,

With an understood dictation.

'That sounds like 'socialism'?

I doubt if there will be any sounds at all!
However...
There will be a unified comprehension.
Descending from the Oval Office.

President Obama,
Intends we all become familiar...
With the concept of pride!
He plays not upon our delusions.
But we will manifest his vision.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unified Objections

Quietly proceeding are fresh steps taken.
And done to go unannounced,
By the ones determined to reach success.
Quietly these efforts are seldom prevented,
When a progress to discuss...
Isn't done,
Amongst those who display their disgust.
And often ends up in an argument...
Between those giving unsolicited opinions and beliefs,
That anyone or 'whomever' seeking a success to achieve...
First requires a permission from them to get.
These conquest to witness can be observed,
In many uniinformed environments.

'Did you hear who had already achieved success,
And we heard not one thing about it?
To do it behind our backs as we laughed at the thought,
Of anyone doing anything like that so outrageously courageous'

~Who had the gall, the nerve 'and' audacity to do that? ~

'Someone we thought we knew.
But tricked 'us' to make US look like fools.'

~No? Not...~

'YES.'

~NO? ~

'YES.'

And so it goes.
The petty who choose to refuse to believe,
Continue to do their petty deeds upon which to feed...
A stagnating existence limited in benefits.
But entitled to them to get AND receive,
Is their never unending perception.

~So...
You know what this means? ~

'No. What? '

~We have to prepare with the others to protest.
Remember...
No one around us is permitted to be successful,
Without our 'unified' objections.
This should send a message to anyone else,
Attempting to make such ridiculous efforts.~

'Does that mean we will have to block the streets, again?
To 'perform' in front of City Hall? '

~I don't believe I'm hearing you ask that stupid question.
Of course it does, idiot.
We have all agreed too many times before,
That success, progress, initiative and motivation...
Invites ambition and dignity to identify with pride.
Are any of us competent to handle that?
I think not.
And our children are disobedient to us enough as it is.
We must keep 'our' standards we have implemented,
Surviving as long as possible.
Once out of our control who knows what the furture holds.

'Word.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unified Pursuits

Now that many are awakening,
To see how reality connects and works.
They are wishing to contact those dismissed,
For not being this or that.
And being considered in that past,
As those without identity with a calling them jerks.
And their activities had no connection,
To those living in distressed communities!
Or not being 'real' when efforts they made,
Were ignorantly in need of attack as then perceived.

Times have a way of changing all that!

Now that eyes have been opened wide,
Those caught up in their 'new' discovered truths...
Are curious why those dismissed,
Have no interest in participating in their 'unified' pursuits.
Or retracing...
Those dismissed steps,
They have long ago left!
With a 'Best Wishes' on their peaceful breaths.
And showing not a sign or a hint of regret.
In fact, there is a happiness revealed they reflect.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unified Understanding

People wish to keep their entitlements.
But unwilling to have a dime from them,
Invested to be spent.

People want their quality of life maintained.
Without a sacrifice from them solicited.
Although they approve with recommendation, ,
The sight of others suffering.

People self righteous and self centered,
Think of this life...
As their means to profit and benefit exclusively.

And when their delusions are crushed by nature...
That's the only time they seek,
A unified understanding with a giving to get...
From others...an undeserved empathy.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Uniformed Determination

A baton held high...
With a pride one strides,
But reluctant to pass on.
Loses an influence that could cement,
Long lasting sentiments with purpose and identity.

If a significance is recognized with the pride one strides,
With a leadership that includes discipline inflicted.
And a reason to keep one's dignity persisted.
From thoughtlessly being pushed aside...
To accomodate misunderstandings instead of comprehension.
Is a clue delivered that is more than hinted!
And can not be denied as sighted!

This...
Has to be understood and disgested.
Eventually.
Without the ignorance of protest.

Yes!
And not left to leave anyone perceiving,
There is no depth with the image given.
Or a process involved without meaning...
In this intentional parade free of schemes.

A precision is noticed and captures...
Much more than the attracting of attention.
A uniformed determination is present!
And enraptures spectators,
Awed and shocked.
There is nothing for them to joke about or mock.
With jaws dropped they are forced to watch.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Uninfested

Wouldn't it be easier to dissect one's thoughts?
Analyze their origins to see where they were taught!
And share a common sense believed...
To satisfy all without thinking!
Giving those who 'approve' what's done,
No chance to screw up and blame anyone!
That would be fun...
If something like that could protect like guns!
Or whatever it is that's accepted,
By those who make claims they are better than everyone!
But thoughts digested...
Come from minds uninfested!
And not from books,
Selected by those studying to be crooks!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Uninformed

My observations began to collect,
With a reflecting of remembered experiences...
As I adventured into the wilderness,
And with a daring curiosity...
Wherever I placed my own footsteps.
To gather my own beliefs to accept.

Easy it is to sit in denial,
When reality has not yet been visited.
Easy it is to spread from gossip a rumor,
When relying on gossip...
Validates one's existence and approval of others,
Who themselves have not adventured life.

Deceptions and delusions are close relatives.
And conflicts and confusion is the main course,
People addicted crave with a feasting to eat.
Uninformed they are and most likely to protest.
While the ones ostracized to be censored by lies,
Are generally despised because they prefer truth.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unintended Blunder

Accepting and foolish,
Is the one who believes...
That derogatory statements made,
Are spoken by the one unaware...
Of their content.

And those who make attempts,
To mask their offensive actions meant...
Do it to get attention for their misdeeds.
With a pleading for a forgiveness,
As if an unintended blunder has been made.

People with open mouths,
Know exactly what comes out of them.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unintending To Be Perceived As Offensive

I accept with appreciation,
Compliments from others.
Who become aware of my attempts.

Sometimes I wish,
I could express more enthusiasm.
To show such thankfulness for such gifts.

And this I've done for many years in my routines.
With a doing done I do,
In a process that of my creation sees.

I accept with appreciation,
Compliments from others.
Who become aware of my attempts.

Sometimes I wish,
I could express more enthusiasm.
To show such thankfulness for such gifts.

And I do say, 'Thank you.'
Since I am grateful for the attention my gifts get.
Although I consider myself an 'elf' sometimes,
Just doing my part as God's work in progress.

With a doing at times God knows,
Can be a bit mischievous with a willingness unintending.
To be perceived as offensive when that deed I do gets done.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unintentional Mistakes Made

It 'use' to be forgivable,
To excuse unintentional mistakes made.
When the doing of them were known not to be meant.
Or thought to be of malcontent.
But considered to be innocent.
And the doing of them did not incense,
With a purpose to victimize to do and leave.

The difference today has created uncertainty,
Whether 'honest' mistakes are not that 'honest'...
Anymore.
Since today people seem to deliberately deceive.
And many who do this could care less who believes,
What it is they do to be perceived.
With a doing what it is they choose done to do.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Uninterrupted

Some have stayed rough with edges tough,
And stuck they are with a doing uninterrupted...
To issues in their minds they find time to visit,
On a regular basis to do repeatedly.
Without a keeping up with steps kept,
That sweeps away old changes...
To replace with fresh ones to embrace and make.

The signs of the times are rapidly changing everyday.

Many have suffered through near death experiences,
To be quarantined with dieases to live through and see...
Life as a blessing with unlimited possibilities.
With no wishes to reminisce those treasures from them gone.
And accept the pain of loved ones from them,
Who have passed on to other plateaus unseen to be revealed.
Life to live has its transitions and transformations that exists.

And still with hints and clues a blooming many refuse to do.
And still with hints and clues many refuse to budge,
From a steadfast ignorance accepted.
To disrespect the process.

And still with hints and clues many believe they can choose,
To remain unaffected by a changing of times.
Times that are clearly exposing them to have disturbed minds.

And still with hints and clues they have chosen to ruin themselves.
And still they do this,
With hints and clues...
Uninterrupted they continue to self inflict their own confusion!
Uninterrupted yet disturb they choose to have their minds confined,
Entwined...and, self destructive.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Uninvited Or Solicited

People who make decisions to go overboard,
At someone else's expense...
Should first ask the person,
If they would give permission to become annoyed.
This action could prevent an anger stemming,
From someone not comprehending...
That a making of decisions that affect someone's life,
May not be a decision someone else should make...
Uninvited or solicited to do so.
And there are those who will never understand,
When to 'butt' out with a keeping of their mouths shut.

And still...
For what ever 'that' reason unexplained,
There will always remain those...
Who continue to campaign to inflict their own pain.
Regardless how tremendous the size of the map given,
That directs them to the exit.
Folks like this never get it.
And become offended,
When their assistance is 'belligerently' dismissed.

'You did not have to curse me.'

~Oh yes I did.
You were seeking it.
And from me you sought that delivery.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Uninvolved

How can anyone,
Who has been told to stay away.
And remain uninvolved,
With decisions of others made.
To have had suggestions...
And recommendations before ignored.
Become the one given attention done,
By those finding fault, blame...
And criticism prioritized to direct,
To the one minding their own business
Effectively.
When an expected success fizzles.
Creating conflict, division...
And disputes between the accusers.
To leave them,
Abusing the one accused with excuses.

'I was told to stay uninvolved.
And that's what I did.
To mind my own business.'

-And why would you do,
Something so stupid like that?
When you knew,
Whatever you decided to do,
We would eventually find you guilty.-

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Uninvolved But With Kept Expectations

Few doubters are left sitting on any fence,
Unconvinced...
Cemented ideals can and will be bulldozed.
And whatever has not been put into practice,
Gets the ax.
Today...
This is not just an opinion.
Today this is a fact!

Pouters and mumblers can take two giant steps,
Backward with the others...
Who have spent their lives,
Living in a 'they' and a 'them' mentality.

Few doubters are left sitting on any fence,
Unconvinced...
Cemented ideals can and will be bulldozed.
A hand reaching to leech from the sidelines,
Uninvolved but with kept expectations...
Discovers,
Eventually...
How quickly to others it can disappear.

It is suggested,
That the inhalation done with deepened breaths...
The scent of reality,
Will quicken one's awakening...
From the strongholding grasp of delusion.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Uniquabilities

There is something about you...
That belongs just to you.
It can not be claimed!
It has your name on it.

Your voice...
Your walk.
Your manner of speech.
The way you laugh and talk.

Your smile and the absence of it...
Leaves a mental imprint,
That does not diminish one bit.

And the way that you do...
What it is you do!
It is all you.
No denying it!
It's true.

Even with my eyes closed,
I can tell you are near...
Without a word heard from you.
We all have 'uniquabilities'...
We often are not aware we share.
Similar and yet different.

But...
Wherever you are,
Somehow...
That has been known to me!

Note:
The English language is constantly being reinvented.
And I take liberties with my participation in doing just that...
finding ways to introduce new interpretations. If AIN'T
can find its way into today's dictionary? 'Uniquabilities'
will find its way there as well.

Now...
What exactly does 'uniquabilities' mean?
It is a commonness we accept that is unique.
It is an understood 'difference' shared.
'They all share a difference between them,
that makes their 'uniquabilities' more appreciated together.'
~uni-qua-bilities~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unique And Cartoonish

She said 'things' I write about did not exist!
As if she knew my experiences...
And the affects they played on my mind!
Of course I've learned to have patience
With such ignorance.
I identified that immediately on my journey...
And was prepared to respond.
Moving on and feeling blessed...
I am no longer disturbed in rest,
Or protest misunderstandings!
Yet I do know how to remove nonsense
Off my path fast!
There is something about clarity I've learned to enjoy!
And he say-she say-they say mindless crap,
Has graduated my insight with a peace of mind I like!
I grew up with folks disputing truths
Reduced to gossiped innuendos!
Perhaps that is why my writings aren't believed,
As actual occurrences.
The dysfunctions are too unique and cartoonish in application!
However...
My impressions,
Sometimes suppressed by depressions!
And inflicted aggrevation from apartheid oppression...
Still existing in disguise as diversity wishes.
Were not created by Disney and a crew of animators!
Although I admit...
I became quite amused by the busloads of tourists!
And folks still think all that's needed in areas of my birth
Is a few peanuts to exist as they take snapshots...
To prove their 'liberal' sensibilities!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Uniquely Underway

The origin of the madnes,
Has been thoroughly investigated.
And a determined focused attention,
To correct this has been given.
That is uniquely underway.
With a ridding done of existing limits.
And those selfish habits that had restricted.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Uniqueness

The only life one can live best,
Is one's own.
Free of anyone's professional interpretaton.
And needless guess work,
From notes gathered.

Those wishing to uncover thoughts of others,
With an understanding of what makes them tick?
And themselves going through mental analysis?
Have not as of yet begun a thinking process.
Or satisfactorily completed step one,
Of how to make thoughtful deposits are done.

And they are the ones who insist,
Upon having things done their way.
And wasting precious time trying to locate,
Which way their way is!
While others are required to be patient.

I am so happy it was enforced upon me,
Qualities I had at the time did not quite fit in.
At an early age!
And I was free to appreciate my 'uniqueness',
Without seeking to be directed by those considered sane.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

United In Confusion

Oh...
It could get icky, tricky and sticky.
Distastefully appalling and rude to upset,
Knowing where those wicked reside...
Abiding to destructive forces to hoist.
And on them they depend and rely.

Don't be disturbed,
Upon the hearing of a trumpet playing taps.
Evil people love to rehearse and stay in practice,
The lowering of their flags half mast...
Whenever they learn,
People are attempting wonderful deeds to pass.

United in confusion and feeding on conflicts,
There is an evilness permitted.
Where those feasting on it exist.

United to despise those who speak with intelligence,
The wicked are first to gather together...
To present opposition and have others convinced,
Those who look like them but are not ignorant...
Should be stopped and prevented,
For their attempts to make common sense a defense.

United in confusion and feeding on conflicts,
There is an evilness permitted.
Where those feasting on it exist.

Oh...
It could get icky, tricky and sticky.
Distastefully appalling and rude to upset,
Knowing where those wicked reside...
Abiding to destructive forces to hoist.
And on them they depend and rely.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

United Order Of Enoch

With communistic beginnings.
And beliefs in economic equality.
Seeing a vision of John The Baptist.
Who then taught him water baptism.

'What is this? '

Someone who tries to hide the origins,
Of their religious beliefs.
To have others convinced...
He is not a manipulating thief.
Or one who lies conveniently.

'Who? '

I am not a Mormon.
Nor is my name Smith.

'Huh? '

I don't follow anyone blindly,
Before I investigate the image.

'You've lost me.'

How is that possible?
When I am not hiding the facts,
To run for public office.

You do the research.
I've already done the math!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

United Victims

We PROTEST!
We PROTEST!
We PROTEST!
We PROTEST!

'Who are they?
And what is it 'they' protest? '

-They protest against...
Others in their own community.
Those who have decided,
To take steps to create...
Opportunities for themselves.
With initiating,
A bartering system...
That establishes meeting,
An exchanging of needs.-

'Sounds reasonable.
If it works.
But...
Why do they choose,
To publicly protest to address
This issue? '

-Well...
They call themselves,
United Victims...
Against Progressive Action.
And they fear losing,
Government funding.
Of their 'nonprofit',
Organizations.
IF it is shown to be known,
Opportunities they dismiss...
Already exist around them.
Can be conveniently ignored.-

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unity Or Not

What is one accomplishing,
By chasing behind a horse drawn cart...
That is going uphill.
Yelling, 'Unity! '
All out of breath and sweating.

As the horse glances back every now and then,
Thinking...
~Why is that fool running behind me like that?
Yelling 'Unity? '
My name is Raymond.
And I've got all I can handle.
Unity or not,
He's not getting on here.
I'm pulling this cart.
And it will come to a stop...
IF he tries.
Late comers are not welcomed.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unity That Is Down To Earth

The ignorant,
Are not historically known...
To be supportive of their own kind!
But they will periodically,
Call for unity...
In support of accusing one another,
For making attempts...
To do something with their lives.

For the small minded,
This 'trip' is considered 'uppity'.

And leaves many a victim despised,
By this self critique...
As trying to be better than the others.
And forgetting where they came from...
When they were significantly shunned,
For doing their best to get out of the nesting...
Of a crab barrel full of defeaters.

Somehow...
Knowing who and where they were,
Needed little confirmation!
Although filled with ambition and aspiration...
Energizing support,
Is a self motivating thing!
A sacrifice only determination brings.

However...
Suppressing expectations of progress,
Is a given and...done!
With the best of unified intentions.
To prevent 'delusions' of success!

And yet...
Those professing this ugly evilness,
Will dress to impress.
These are crab barrel dwellers!
People of a 'visualized togetherness'

Coming to celebrate express pretentions.

While proclaiming a displeasure,
For being in the presence of those
Who are not 'Down-to-Earth' like they are!
And with a lack of a collective identity.
That keeps them screaming for more police protection!
In a unity they appear...
Obviously in need of complete psychotic diagnosis.
And mental repair!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unkind Times

We are living in unkind times,
Too realistic.
When our minds have been hit,
By all signs...
Sadistic.
And the choice to move on or to sit,
Have left so many people giving up...
To be kicked.

We are living in unkind times,
Sick and wicked.
When our minds seem to seek and to find,
Someone to belittle just to do to undermine.
Igniting sad conditions.
In unmending split divisions.

And many have refused to follow rules.
To loot...
Any cash to pick up where they choose.
To scoot.
And with the loot.
Just like those who politic,
With their crude attitudes.

And many have refused to follow rules.
To loot...
Any cash to pick up where they choose.
To scoot.
And with the loot.
Just like those who politic,
With their crude attitudes.

We are living in unkind times,
Too realistic.
When our minds have been hit,
By all signs...
Sadistic.
And the choice to move on or to sit,
Has left so many people giving up...

To be kicked.

And many have refused to follow rules,
To commute...
To the younger people learning to be shrewd,
And seduced...
By criminal activity to tease and introduce.

We are living in unkind times,
On every shore.
We are living in unkind times,
Few ignore.
But better lives envisioned,
Takes a mending of divisions.

We are living in unkind times,
On every shore.
We are living in unkind times,
Few ignore.
But better lives envisioned,
Takes a mending of divisions.

In day they fight.
And at night they fight.
To do as they like.
In these unkind times.

Yes in broad daylight.
Whether wrong or right.
They will do as they like,
In these unkind times.

It is life.
In these unkind times.
It is life.
As is and not redefined.
It's life.
In these unkind times.
It's life.
To live.
As life.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unknowing What It Means

Knowing what it means,
To recognize a blessing...
Is one who has exposed,
A stepping in faith...
And facing obstacles.
On a daily basis.
With it to express everyday,
An appreciation that shows...
More to display and felt.
In a way that is shown to everyone else.

'You just don't know,
What I've been going through.'

Take your gifts God has given.
Unwrap each one,
And enjoy what you get.
Without complaining to perceive,
What another gets...
Has more happiness attached to it.

'Which church do you attend? '

There are people who believe,
What someone else does to achieve...
Happens overnight while they skip through life.
As they eat homemade cookies.
Unknowing what it means or what it's like,
To sacrifice emotionally enduring strife...
From a crawling on knees to eventually heal,
A bleeding done no one sees.

'You just don't know,
What I've been going through.
If you did you would tell me,
Which church you attend.
Like I 'frequently' do.'

I have to agree with you.

I don't.
I've been too busy thanking God.
And obviously a faith you claim,
Is more done to impress...
A going through a devotion to motions,
To have others who witness this...
Only to serve a purpose of 'looks' to address.

'You don't know how deep my faith is.
OR what it is to God I confess.'

Seriously?
I'm not here to judge.
Or qualify your complaints.
Nor am I the one to prove I am a saint.
God knows I aint.
Although I've heard you quote from scriptures.
Now...
Which picture of you,
Painted and from 'your' point of view...
Do you prefer I choose and accept,
That will have me forget my observation, best?

'How can anyone 'unknow' what is seen? '
You just don't know,
What I've been going through...
Like I know it to believe.'

Pray.
With it to do faithfully everyday.
And you too will know,
Just how mysterious God is.

'What you need is to leave that philosophy.
And go to church more.
You never know what God has for you.'

Uh...
I'm good but thanks for that advice.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unknown

You'll never know,
How I feel...
Or lonely nights with tears
That fall.

You'll never know,
These grueling sessions felt.
Unless you've met each and all!

Your empathy to a degree is understood.
With a sympathy you express is shown.
But you, however...
Will never know the depth,
Churning under the surface within me unknown!

You carry thoughts
Of knowing my needs...
Even better than me!
And these teachings
Have been sadly condoned!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unknown To Face

What is unknown to face,
To learn and experience lessons taught...
Can never backfire at the cost of knowledge.
The obtaining experience AND knowledge,
Is only excused by those who refuse...
To broaden their horizons.
And one who achieves a higher consciousness,
Is not as embarrassed as those wishing to appease...
Those feeding upon limited beliefs with contentment,
To achieve while receiving approval.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unknown To Them To Suggest Or Recommend

Only a fool will make attempts,
To convince someone with ambitions...
Unknown to them to suggest or recommend,
What they must do to gain experience...
To achieve a success and with a doing of it,
Somewhere else in a more receptive environment.

Especially if those with minds closed and limited,
Are sold on making impressions to address.
And not familiar with one who has already faced obstacles,
To effectively rid themselves of impossibilities.
And accustomed to being surrounded,
By those choosing to impose their ignorance with ease.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unleash A Beast

Death comes to one for all it seems.
In a world where truth is meaningless,
And unseen!
Just to satisfy created lies and lifestyles
Liars maintain and hold.
As the perpetrator of worse crimes...
Whereabouts grows cold.
And the one who is sentenced,
Was found in a hole!
The one who kept order...
While others slaughter, destroy lives
As a victory of control
Will never by them be told!
And he who is chosen to die...
Will unleash a beast no one realized!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unleash It From Its Cage

That variety of life that you are,
Unleash it from its cage.

Those expectations unsatisfied,
By restricting limits!
Why do people invite...
A lesser appetite of life.

The abundance that Mother Nature has shown,
To be known as a given.
Is under utilized.
Why do those prefer to hide...
Following with a focused-ness,
Fixed upon another's...
Footsteps,
That may or may not appear to glide.

From shadows come out,
To be whoever you are.
If you've decided to shine in light...
Why are you still in rehearsal?
Pacing back and forth as if...
You are afraid of the audience.

They have no clue,
As to which lines learned belong to you.

That variety of life that you are,
Unleash it from its cage.
Turn and read a new chapter.
Those you have already read...
Need not your current routine to relive them.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unleash To Drift

I quiet down to rest inside.
With deep slow breaths.
And shut eyes.

There I find I am 'rejuvenized'.
Restored and energized am I.
And my mind becomes free,
From any activity...
I wish to release from me,
To flee. To go. Away.

I quiet down to rest inside.
With deep slow breaths.
And shut eyes.
I strengthen...
As weaknesses unleash,
To drift as if on command to vanish.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unless A Chemistry One Has Is Addressed

Disappointed with the mates they've solicited,
And thinking of a special one now ditched...
Sits with a regret that comes,
In the minds committed to lazy bums.

Disappointed with the choices they've made,
And feeling everyday so dismayed...
Are the ones who were once impressed,
By someone then impeccably dressed.

Preferences everyday change.
And nothing that is wanted remains the same.
Unless a chemistry one has is addressed.
And that chemistry is thought to be the best,
Kept.

Disappointed with the choices they've made,
And feeling everyday so dismayed.
Unless a chemistry one has is addressed.
And that chemistry is thought to be the best,
Kept.

Disappointed with the mates they've solicited,
And thinking of a special one now ditched...
Are the ones who were once impressed,
By someone then impeccably dressed.

A chemistry grows and continues to please,
Feelings that are matched and kept to feed...
Exchanging of both physical and mental needs,
Always there to satisfy a teasing appeased.
To calm and pacify.
Without someone feeling pressured they must try.

A chemistry grows and continues to please,
Feelings that are matched and kept to feed...
Exchanging of both physical and mental needs,
Always there to satisfy a teasing appeased.
To calm and pacify.

Without someone feeling pressured they must try.

Preferences everyday change.
And nothing that is wanted remains the same.
Unless a chemistry one has is addressed.
And that chemistry is thought to be the best,
Kept.

Preferences everyday change.
And nothing that is wanted remains the same.
Unless a chemistry one has is addressed.
And that chemistry is thought to be the best,
Kept.
A chemistry is thought to be the best.
A chemistry is thought to be the best,
Kept.
A chemistry is thought to be the best.
Yes,
A chemistry is thought to be the best,
Kept.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unless Amnesia Comes To Dance

Forgiveness?
I admit...
I can say it.
I suggest to others,
They should do it.
However...
In my heart,
There's a conflict.
I have no problem with,
Forgiving myself.
That took awhile for me to accept,
Doing that!
But the process and the concept?
It seems as though it is expected,
That I should do it...
Regardless of what is said or done.
By those who say they are just having fun!
At 'my' expense!
With a conscious intention directed.
And meant!

Since God knows I still have some things to work out...
I am sure He will forgive IF I am a little reluctant,
To attach the forgetting to that forgiveness!
There are 'some' situations that have happened...
I ain't forgetting, period!
Unless amnesia comes to dance with my awareness.
And I hope that is understood,
By some folks that will always be up to no good!
And somehow...
I want them reminded.

And once again...
I will be the first to forgive myself!
Praying to God for understanding...
That I could not wait for Him to give attention,
To a case that needed a decision made immediately!
With the hopes that the wings awaiting my arrival,
Will not be tainted by my actions!

That's why I am quick to apologize...
Upon delivering a surprise like that!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unless Crayons Are Available

Does a renovation done to a merry-go-round,
Add another dimension to the environment it is in?
What about the atmosphere?

Does adding an additional playground in a neighborhood,
Increase the joy of reading?
Or free the mental capacity of children,
To accept math and science as they swing?

How great can a greatness be sustained,
If investments are prioritized to entertain...
The wealth of a mind driven to fantasize the ease of life,
One is encouraged to maintain.

These thoughts and more,
Will not be researched in depth...
At your nearest library.

These thoughts and more,
Will not occur...
As a necessary process to digest.
Unless...
Crayons are available to connect the dots!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unless I Receive An Invitation Given

I admit it,
I love you.
But what I did not commit to...
Was a lifetime of playing,
Games of 'How Much Do You Love Me? '
Tweaked with a chasing of 'Hide and Seek'.
My love is here for you.
However...
If you find it needs testing,
To see how long it will stay...
Each time you desire to throw a test my way.
Guess what my love will choose to do?

Guess what my love will choose to do?

'I get the message.'

I delivered that message years ago.
I am still here...
And not about to do rewrites.
Unless...
I receive an invitation given by you to do so.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unless I Volunteer To Give It

No time do I have,
Is for you to use.
Unless I volunteer to give it.
And
In my giving of it to you,
I hope you are in the mood
To do whatever it is that you do,
With a chosen volunteering.
Of your passionate and hypnotic wisdom,
I love
Whenever we both have time,
To enjoy the process of volunteering.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unless It Disappears

The lack of acknowledgement present,
Does not change the existence of a thing!
Or bring a climax to wondering!
Even if occupied space is ignored,
It will still be there!
Black, colorized, white and/or devoid of air.
The intention of its existence...
Does not rely on an attention mentioned!
The purpose and its value,
Is to share with those aware.
Accepting or rejecting it...
Does 'it' stop with feelings to care?
To prove or disapprove,
That which 'is' IS there!
Nothing is going to change it at all...
Unless it disappears.
And that's not likely to happen here,
Even if there is a sudden silence of darkness...
That shuts light from eyes,
And blocks the hearing of ears!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unless It Does Not Happen

It is what it is!
And nothing that occurs,
Retracks from its happening.
It is what it is as it is and nothing else!
And nothing that occurs,
Retracks from its happening.
Unless it does not happen...
To be observed,
As it is.
Or wished away,
As it is...
As if not existing,
To be as it should!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unless It Has Never Been Addressed

If you are not celebrating,
Yourself...
With pride and dignity.
You have no identity.
That is how I see it!
That is how it appears to me.

There is something missing in your life.
An understanding that goes unidentified.
Something unliked one wishes to hide...
Or ignore! Perhaps despise!

There is an unacceptance.
And whatever it is,
It is denied.

Anyone with a pride and dignity...
Will let this be known.
And it is clearly shown,
On the outside as it should be.
Unless it has never been addressed,
Or respected.
And the emptiness is left unconnected!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unless It Is Addressed

Unless it is addressed.
And anyone hears from me,
A solicitation for suggestions.
No one who crosses my threshold,
Is invited to give opinions...
Regarding my chosen lifestyle,
Within the walls of my comfort zone.
And IF I am roaming around butt naked...
Feel free to also do so!

Why some people take it upon themselves,
To want to recreate someone else's space...
And not practice good visiting guest skills,
Is something one does...
When a comfort has surprassed,
The disrespect zone.
And in my home when that begins,
An exit is requested with a...'You can go home! '

Unless it is addressed.
And anyone hears from me,
A solicitation of suggestions.
No one who crosses my threshold,
Is invited to give opinions...
Regarding my chosen lifestyle,
Within the walls of my comfort zone.
And IF I am roaming around butt naked...
Feel free to also do so!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unless It Is Something Wished

There is nothing to fear,
Unless it is something wished.
And those illiterate,
Will never comprehend its meaning.
With an effectiveness,
Equaling those fearless.
And...
Blessed to accomplish,
A tremendous vocabulary.

A probable scenerio?
Those who don't know...
May be considered to be ignorant.
But those who comprehend,
What an ignorance is...
And it does not effect their intelligence,
A fear that is marketed...
Is less likely to become,
Successfully patronized.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unless They Are In The Midst

Don't want to.
Don't have to.
And will not,
Tolerate further nonsense...
That should have long been dropped,
Removed and stopped as an issue.

There are those who can not exist,
Unless they are in the midst of conflict.
Either stirring it up or soliciting it...
As a means to promote their insecurities.
And I'm not having it!
Not around me!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unless, Of Course...Some 'B's And 'C's Are Men

They've begun to remove the 'N' word.
From Tom Sawyer.
And other Mark Twain books.

It's the strain of being politically correct.
Although the 'B's and 'C's describing women,
Seems to no one to offend.

Unless,
Of course...
Some 'B's and 'C's are men.
Who appear to enjoy,
A defensiveness that employs...
Everyone's decision,
To feel inadequate AND a self consciousness...
To over dramatize and protect.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unlike An Image To Fit

Unlike,
An image to fit.

Do you want to get to know,
What it is that makes me tick?
With a wish to get to know me...
Unlike,
An image to fit.

Do you want to get to know,
What it is that makes me tick?
With a wish to get to know me...
Unlike,
An image to fit.

I've received my independence,
With...
No problem with it.
And I've learned to not to resent,
Changes...
Manifested.
With,
No intercept...
To agree or, not to accept.

And I've learned to not to resent,
Changes...
Manifested.
With,
No intercept...
To agree or, not to accept.

Do you want to get to know,
What it is that makes me tick?
With a wish to get to know me...
Unlike,
An image to fit.

Do you want to get to know,

What it is that makes me tick?
With a wish to get to know me...
Unlike,
An image to fit.

I've received my independence,
With...
No problem with it.
And I've learned to not to resent,
Changes...
Manifested.

Do you want to get to know,
What it is that makes me tick?
With a wish to get to know me...
Unlike,
An image to fit.
Unlike,
An image to fit.

Do you want to get to know,
What it is that makes me tick?
Unlike,
An image to fit.
Unlike,
An image to fit.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unlike You

Excuse me,
I apologize.
But I've been listening.
And I am a bit confused.

You say they are young, Black and beautiful.
While the others are tanned, lazy and incompetent.
Who do you refer to?
And why should they return back to Africa?

If everything was returned,
Wouldn't some folks be removed from their thrones?

Excuse me,
I apologize.
I've been listening...
And I am a bit confused.

'Don't be!
We were in discussion,
Of what was purchased on our visit to several countries.
Some stayed to lay on the beaches,
While the rest of us shopped around for quality.
I suggest you mind your business.
And see your way out of this conversation! '

Oh...
I've been to Paris, France.

'And we've just come from Rome!
So what?
But unlike you...
We don't do what the Romans do!
We haven't cut anyone's nose off to spite their faces.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unlimited

I know You are 'there' My Father.
A countless number of times,
You have answered my prayers.
Even when I had been lost,
And wrapped up in my own discomforts.
I felt Your presence.

I know You are 'there' My Father.
Through challenges and my obstacles faced.
When I stumbled and laid where I fell...
Feeling disgraced.
You held me close.
And Your love I felt so dear!

In You I trust to know my heart and soul.

I know You are 'there' My Father,
I do.
Wherever Thou art I am here,
With You near!

I know You are 'there' My Father.
And everywhere I see and observe,
The magnificent gifts You alone give.
I just wish my mission,
Was as equally as timeless sometimes.
And unlimited.

Even though I know too well,
All the time...
I am already so blessed.
And also grateful to know I can show it,
When I visit You in prayer...
Loyal and devoted!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unlimited Treasure Trove

If I had been obvious...
You'd be deplete of imagination.
At the lost of benefit,
And at your expense!
However...
In your uncleverness,
It is you...
Not me,
That provides me a motivation!
No matter how ridiculous you expound upon it.

Offering an unlimited treasure trove,
Of refuted nonsense...
Proven!
And I have turned that into a career.

I would thank you!
But you might interpret my comments,
As being cynical.
When I am actually wanting to be sarcastic.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unload

It is the Spirit that knows.
It is the Spirit that shows,
Everyone with kept faith what it takes!

It is the Spirit that holds.
And the Spirit that grows,
Everyone who confesses to be blessed!

Trials and tribulations become less,
When...
Faith eliminates the fear from every step.

Trials and tribulations become less,
When...
Faith eliminates the fear from every step.

It is the Spirit that holds.
And the Spirit that grows,
Everyone who confesses to be blessed!

It is the Spirit that knows.
It is the Spirit that shows,
Everyone with kept faith what it takes!

Move...
Those burdens on your shoulders to unload.
Detach them off your back.
Move...
Those burdens on your shoulders to unload.
Detach them off your back.
They're not yours to carry.

Trials and tribulations become less,
When...
Faith eliminates the fear from every step.

Move...
Those burdens on your shoulders to unload.
Detach them off your back.

They're not yours to carry.

It is the Spirit that holds.
And the Spirit that grows,
Everyone who confesses to be blessed!

Trials and tribulations become less,
When...
Faith eliminates the fear from every step.
And...
Only with a proven faith you can detach from that!
So move...
Those burdens on your shoulders to unload.
Detach them off your back.
They're not yours to carry.
If you have a proven faith all excuses will be removed.
If you have a proven faith all excuses should be refused.

Move...
Those burdens on your shoulders to unload.
Detach them off your back.
They're not yours to carry.
If you have a proven faith all excuses should be refused.

Unload,
All excuses.
Unload,
Self-abuse.
Unload,
Every reason you can think of to use.
If you have a proven faith all excuses should be refused.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unload The Excess Baggage

I am not the one,
To walk around validating...
Every pinch felt from an illness.

Or am I the one to carry pain,
As if I've been awarded...
A medal for valor and honor.

Each day as I pray...
And after I awaken,
I feel tremendously blessed...
That God has pulled my sisters and I,
Through much heartbreak and stress.
We, in those days, believed we needed to address.

And when I hear some folks,
Making excuses for mistakes they've made...
I can go through any day,
Without seeking to be medicated.
To fake my feelings to numb the aches.

I want to keep it real.
That's how I feel.

I am not the one,
To walk around validating...
Every pinch felt from an illness.

Nor am I the one,
Seeking to skate through a life...
Speeded by an easy breeze.

God has blessed me!
And I know this.
And there is nothing better I can do...
Than to hold my head up,
And unload the excess baggage.
To live the best life feeling grateful.
And blessed to be able to confess it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unlock From Sockets

Sufferings done can end,
With beginnings of forgiveness.
A forgiveness one can feel,
With love that heals and mends.

Suffering intended meant,
Leaves a road that could be paved...
Less smoother with it traveled,
On backs loaded with pain.

We must unlock from sockets,
A stopping that feeds evil.
We must block this to stop it.
What gains are there maintained.

Who benefits from negative deeds,
Done to do?
And...
Who benefits when others decide,
To choose...
Who deserves to suffer,
When eventually they do too...
Suffer from another doing their evil deeds.

We must unlock from sockets...
Feeding each other on those evil deeds.
We must block this to stop it...
A pain maintained that only remains.

We must unlock from sockets...
Feeding each other on those evil deeds.
We must block this to stop it...
A pain maintained that only remains,
Feeding to be leaving people evil.
A feeding to be leaving people evil.

Unlock from sockets...
Feeding to be leaving people evil.
Stop!

Feeding to be leaving people evil.
Block!
Feeding to be leaving people evil.

Let's block to stop this.
Unlock we must these sockets.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unlock That Box Just For You

The key to feeling happy and free...
Unlock that box.
And walk away from it when you get out.
Experience what life is about.
It's not inside to keep up whining,
It's not inside to throw a tantrum and pout.

The key to feeling happy and free...
You've got to move your feet with direct speed.
You've got to unleash from guilt and pity.

The key to feeling happy and free...
You've got to accept what is there and care!
You can not wish for something you think is fair.

The key to feeling happy and free...
You've got to unload despair and grief.
You've got to move with faith and beliefs.

The key to feeling happy and free...
You've got to move your feet with direct speed.
You've got to unleash from guilt and pity.

The key to feeling happy and free...
You've got to accept what is there and care!
You can not wish for something you think is fair.

The key to feeling happy and free...
Unlock that box.
And walk away from it when you get out.
Experience what life is about.
It's not inside to keep up whining,
It's not inside to throw a tantrum and pout.

The key to feeling happy and free...
Unlock that box and get out.
Look around and see what your world's about.

The key to feeling happy and free...

Unlock that box and get out.
Look around and see what your world's about.

The key to feeling happy and free...
Unlock that box and get out.
Look around and see what your world's about.

The key to feeling happy and free...
Unlock that box and get out.
Unlock that box and get out.
Unlock that box and get out.

The key to feeling happy and free...
Unlock that box and get out!
Unlock that box and get out!
Unlock that box.

You need to,
Unlock that box and get out!
Unlock that box.

You need to,
Unlock that box and get out!
Unlock that box.

You need to...
Unlock that box and get out!
Unlock that box.

You need to,
Unlock that box.
You need to,
Unlock that box.
You need to...
Unlock that box and get out!
Unlock box.
You need to,
Unlock that box.
You need to,
Unlock that box.
You need to,
Unlock that box and get out!

You need to,
Unlock that box.
You need to,
Unlock that box.
You need to,
Unlock that box that box and get out!
You need to,
Unlock that box.
You need to,
Unlock that box.
Yes you do.
Unlock that box and get out!
Unlock that box.
You need to,
Unlock that box.
You need to,
Unlock that box.
Just for you,
Unlock that box.
Yes you do.
Unlock that box.
Just for you,
Unlock that box.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unlock That Box!

Everybody knows.
You're behind closed doors.
Wishing to live a life you hide.
But afraid to step outside.

So...
Unlock that box!
You like to peep but get on out.
Too many people keep their wishes swept away.
To have their walls upon them fall...
As they dry to rot and fade.

Unlock that box!
Get out and walk the block.
And stop playing the game with life,
Of love or love me not.

Everybody knows.
You're behind closed doors.
Wishing to live a life you hide.
But afraid to step outside.

So...
Unlock that box!
Or...
Get somebody who will prove,
That you can move and do it!

Don't be neurotic you can do something about it.

Unlock that box.
Why you choose to be neurotic.
Unlock that box.
You can do something about it.
Unlock that box.
You're like an addict on narcotics.

And everybody knows you're there behind closed doors.

Unlock that box.
Why you choose to be neurotic.
Unlock that box.
You can do something about it.
Unlock that box.
You're like an addict on narcotics.
Unlock that box.
Why you choose to be neurotic.
Unlock that box.
You're like an addict on narcotics.
Unlock that box!
You can do something about it.
Unlock that box!
You're hypnotized and neurotic.
Unlock that box.
You're like an addict on narcotics.
Unlock that box!
You're hypnotized and neurotic.
Unlock that box.
You're like an addict on narcotics.
Unlock that box!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unlocked

Hey, hey, hey...
People keep your dreams.
Hey, hey, hey...
Don't let them be demeaned.
Hey, hey, hey...
What is on the scene to be seen,
Is change.
Stop complaining to find blame.

What had been recycled had to end.
And...
Moving forward must today begin.
To knock away what blocked it.
Like an earthquake that rocks.
To leave all people shakened,
From their heads to their sox.
Unraveling to find them unlocked.
All minds.
Unraveling to find them unblocked.
To find...
The future has arrived to like,
Or not.

Some oppose what they see,
And it shows.
But,
The future has arrived to like,
Or not.
Some want more of yesterday to know.
But,
The future has arrived and won't be,
Stopped.

People keep your dreams.
Hey, hey, hey...
Kept dreams can't be demeaned.
Hey, hey, hey...
Even through upheaval,
People have survived the change.

And to make claims...
This was done with enlightened,
Unlocked brains.

Detached from the past.
And to forget what had stayed...
Recycled to repeat,
An unchanged sameness...
That had to go to leave them fast.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unlocked From Logic

Unlocked I've done from logic.
There's too many now without it.
And those who live less inquisitive,
Appear more happier...
Than the ones trying to define,
Or cause or a reason...
To ease their confused minds.

What was up to take for granted,
Can now be found anywhere around...
Crumbled from past kept beliefs.
On streets where decadence,
Once considered a sin to commit...
Is now marketed,
With a devoted worship to it.

Is it madness?
Or have values slipped,
From minds to admit...
Demanding from others,
A respect shown...
For making known their ownership.

Is it madness?
And minds being controlled.
Diminished from thought.
Completely depleted.
Switched off to do,
Whatever to them told.
And somehow,
Being 'on' to this...
Leaves me feeling,
That I'm the one that has 'flipped'.
I 'aint' havin' it.

Unlocked from logic.
Or attempting to comprehend.
Unlocked I've done from logic.
Or wishes to pretend,

A desire to fit in with the madness.

Oh how I miss,
Those days being called...
'A Nationalistic Nonconforming,
Misfitting Maverick'.

Today?
No one works that hard,
To be labelled 'crazed'.
And not be noticed.
What's the point?
What purpose is served?

Today?
No one is accused,
Of being unpatriotic...
Sitting to await,
A professional basketball game...
To be played.
Or tennis or boxing matches.
And I've seen flags.
No one stood to pledge allegiance.
Nor did I hear an anthem play.
But I have witnessed,
People interrupt a church service.
The moment a celebrity was spotted,
Attempting to listen to a sermon.

Oh how I miss,
Those days being called...
'A Nationalistic Nonconforming,
Misfitting Maverick.'
But I had been,
Just a 'Negro' then.
And not an African American male.
Taunted for not pledging,
My allegiance...
To a song sung to an anthem played.
And...
At a football game?
Unlocked I am,

From this nonsense sold as logic.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unlocking Of A Closed Door

Where does one go,
To seek with a teaching those lessons unknown?
And find that one who is secure enough,
Without fearing what is taught...
May leave behind that one who has brought,
Another to discover what the other had not thought...
From one known to be a student,
But who has shown a growth that was sought?

Where does one go,
To be encouraged to soar...
By one who had encouraged an opening of a door.
Where does one go,
To know someone else is willing to assist.
With an unlocking of a closed door both can explore,
And an obtaining of a knowledge...
Awaits and sits beyond it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unlucky

The greatest discovery one can find,
Is the doing of their own thing.
With a doing that comes to occupy the mind.
And to do it done not to express what it is,
Time after time...
What it is that has been found to bring to them...
Such a satisfaction that qualifies with it given,
To leave them devoted to a feeling left unspoken.

Experiencing a joy and happiness daily felt,
Is like loosening one's belt...
Each moment one prepares to dine upon a feast.
While others digest thoughts of being unlucky to confess,
And finding no enjoyment at all...
To duplicate what another has found,
That has been a life long quest!
Yet others observing interpret this as 'luck' one gets.

'You quack too much.
As if born a duck.
Why don't you give that up and be the rabbit you are.'

~But rabbits don't quack.~

'Exactly!
How many times have you been told that? '

~But I would find more luck 'if' I'd been born a duck.~

'Pursue with a doing to be that rabbit.'

~What is it that rabbits do? ~

'That's on you.
I'm a duck.
And discovering 'that' has made me too happy.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unlucky In Love

Love comes to some,
And stares them in the face.
It is not recognized for what it is...
And quickly it becomes replaced.

Some prefer to be chased.
As if what is sought,
Should be pursued.
While others believe
True love should be hard to get.
And they do what most folks do...
Complain!
Leaving love to remain distant.
And declaring themselves...
Unlucky in love.

Dissatisfied with what they had.
Since what was given unconditionally...
Was determined too easy to receive.
Too imperfect.
With flaws they had to reject.
Although it is expected...
Every blemish they have,
Should be praised, respected
Overlooked and not inspected.

'The grass always looks greener on the other side.
Until someone realizes,
It just does not appear that way...
Without some maintenance done to it every day! '

~There you go again...
Mentioning something,
That makes absolutely no sense.
Who wants to work that hard?
Trying to impress someone...
On the other side of the fence?
To convince? ~

Love comes to some,
And stares them in the face.
They don't want it as it is...
They wish for it to be served,
Like a meal prepared to taste!
Nibbling what they choose...
And leaving the rest to go to waste!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unmistakable Certainty

Those who have decided,
To annoint themselves 'The Chosen People'
With a dictation of policy for humanity to follow...
Must not be getting any sleep these days.
Since their hypocriticisms,
Are creating nose bleeds all over the place...
From the fast opening of once closed tight,
Closeted doors...
Those self righteous hid behind.

And they are finding themselves on foreign shores,
Assisting in the spreading of more of their havoc.
And those of other cultures and beliefs,
Are showing with unmistakable certainty...
They've have had it with philosophies,
Deceived with racist bigotries.
With a wish their 'interests' would disappear,
From their lands with purposes to pillage their resources.
Clever disceptions are no longer embraced to feed exclusive greed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unmistakably Awake

That which is done to another,
With an intention to induce a harm.
That leaves a stinging one intends to bring,
With an intention meant.
A forgiveness may take place,
But the fact of the act can not be erased.
No matter if what one has done has been mentioned,
As a mistake!
What had been done and was not faked.
Came from a consciousness unmistakably awake.

And if one decides not to forgive,
With a memory not to forget.
The misdeed received was not thought of as a gift.
And forgiving actions to forget like this,
Invites a re-occurrence.

That which is done to another,
With an intention to induce a harm.
That leaves a stinging one intends to bring,
With an intention meant.
A forgiveness may take place,
But the fact of the act can not be erased.
No matter if what one has done has been mentioned,
As a mistake!
What had been done and was not faked.
Came from a consciousness unmistakably awake.

Deceivers believe their misdeeds can be repeated!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unmistakably Regrettable

Incomprehensible to many!
And inconceivable to most.
Are heartfelt tragedies.
Especially those that unexpectedly catch us.
To bring us to our weeping knees.

Yet from this process,
A connection is missing.
We refuse to admit an implementation.
Done in full consciousness.
To nourish an encouragement.
With allowances that permits it!

And under our noses...
This flourishes.
And under our noses,
This purging surges.

Those who choose delusion,
Over actions and facts that are realistic...
Will always find they are traumatized,
By the honesty of unbearable pain.
Nurtured to grow right before our eyes.

And yet,
We become stunned and quite surprised...
That it is not anesthetically pricked,
Before it sticks.
To dull and sweeten with a slight pinch.

It bites into the flesh.
Not with an anticipated sting.
And enriched,
With a reality it brings.

And this truth,
Does not hesitate to penetrate.
Absent are psychedelic choices hypnotic!
It rips the gut from a comfort known.

Removing itself to expose from disguise!
Before the affects of it is inflicted.
And the moans heard grow as shown.
As many wish the agony within them dies.

This suffering done...
Is unmistakably,
Regrettable.

This suffering done,
Is effective and unforgettable.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unmistaken Consciousness

The last of many tears came to fall.
To undo acknowledged sorrows...
Selected and picked,
To wallow away in self pity.

And this discovery was a relief...
For one who thought of tomorrow,
As a connection of borrowed miseries.
Until the stopping of this,
Revealed a life unlived!
Ignored!
And driven to please...
Others.

And the doing of this is done,
By the one giving too much attention...
To self addictions.
Like a habit introduced by another,
To leave one hooked...
Seeking an acceptance.

And those afflictions are difficult to identify...
When the crying of sighs,
Feel so good with a foolishness felt!
Until that day eventually comes...
That awakens one with an unmistaken consciousness.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unmuted Truth

Denial has been recognized,
As a ticket to hide...
A truth given to pass.
To those freed from admitting it.

And others have begun to realize,
That ride is over.
Closed to appearances,
Purposely disguised.

These days,
Have changed from days...
When lies were told,
Boldly to maximize.
Or recruit delusions to use them.

These days,
More are scrutinize...
To be analyzed.
And disputed for their moves...
Excusing them to choose.

This way of to ride,
Has quicken in a downslide.
Leaving,
Many...
Screaming that they want to get off!
Their values have been slipping,
By a few feeding selfish greed.

This way of life to ride,
Has quicken to be downsized.
Leaving,
Many...
Screaming for their lives back.
And unmuted truth.
Screaming for the facts.
Wherever they're at to get back.
To know they've been,

Tricked on trips to dupe.

Screaming for their lives back.
And sickened from trips that dupe.

Unmuted truth!
Many want to hear more,
What they've dismissed.
Unmuted truth!
Can't be disguised to fake away.
Unmuted truth!
Is what it is to chase,
Delusion.
Truth unmuted,
Is what it is to eliminate confusion.
And truth once it is tasted,
Is craved!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unnatural Though Accepted

Although observances are founded in reality,
There are those who say these views
Are negative reflections.
If flaws appear to daunt the horizon.
And no one complains about the positive erosion!
A decaying cystal clear.
Unnatural though accepted.
An explosive affect on humanity is occuring,
But...
We are reminded of the advancements made.
Since the invention of electricity,
Allows differences of opinions to be voiced in darkness.
With an assortment of lighting effects to choose!
Many are finding this flexibility
Great for home improvement plans!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unnecessarily Seek To Beat

You want to compete with me?
From where would you like to start?
From my beginnings?
To an undefined middle...?
When lessons I learned,
Were taught to me...
With a testing done?
And being around me then,
I wouldn't wish on anyone.

Or...
Do you prefer,
A meeting with me as I waited patiently...
To greet you cheering crossing the finish line?
Which competition with me would leave you,
Satisfied?
And with a peace of mind you can now find,
No time with others...
To compare or unnecessarily seek to beat?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unnecessary Sadness

You may not like what I like.
For something else to feed your pleasures.
But the brighter side of life...
I'd like to move within your sight!

Ooowee...
I don't accept disorder.
Ooowee...
The kind that's found on every corner.
Ooowee...
I like the flavor of a taste,
That doesn't go to waste!

Ooowee...
I wont live undercover.
Ooowee...
And hide the truth from my own brother.
Ooowee...
Or dropp a stink bomb made just to say I gave!

We both may disagree,
If a tree cleans the air we breathe.
Or the purpose we have...
To make unnecessary sadness,
Leave us fast!

Ooowee...
I don't accept disorder.
Ooowee...
The kind that's found on every corner.
Ooowee...
I like the flavor of a taste,
That doesn't go to waste!

Ooowee...
Hee hee,
I wont live undercover.
Ooowee...
Or lie on my own brother.

Ooowee...
To leave a stink bomb made,
Just to say I gave!

You may not like what I like.
For something else to feed your pleasures.
But the brighter side of life...
I'd like to move within your sight!

Ooowee...
I don't accept disorder.
Ooowee...
The kind that's found on every corner.
Ooowee...
Or dropp a stink bomb made,
Just to say I gave.
To run and hide in the shade!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unnecessary, Enemic, Worthless And Outdated

Answers to questions simply asked,
More often than not...
Make less sense.
With an uninvited complexity.
Than those questions revealed.

A basicness intended,
Most of the time uncovers a gross incompetence.
With a negligence that is accepted.
And by some rule of substandardization...
A preferred ritual of common practice.
Which can, if left unmonitored...
Eliminate correctness altogether.
And the time consuming affects,
A brain processing thought may endure.

Well...
At least one that has potential
To connect understanding with comprehension.
And ignore those who imply this as a wasted activity.
Regarded as unnecessary, enemic, worthless...
And outdated.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unofficial Issues

If you can't leave,
Your indifferences aside...
Don't try,
To have them identified.

And if you can't let others,
Live their own lives...
Go somewhere to hide.
And stay there.

Too many unofficial issues are prioritized,
To have self-centered people weeping...
As they're empathized.
To have and get attention,
For the purpose to be mentioned.
Like a child that's in denial,
With no other cares.

If you can't leave,
Your indifferences aside...
Go somewhere to hide.
And stay there!

Take this box of tissues with your unofficial issues,
And, go somewhere to hide...
To stay there.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unopposed

She invents the circumstances.
Very little of what she says is true.
Embellishing experience,
To demean as a defense.
And relying on ignorance,
To charm and convince.
And fools standby in awe...
To applaud her with support.
As demons await,
To feast upon those
Who allowed these transgressions,
Unopposed!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unpaid Debts

Many are trying to pinch pennies,
From pockets to pick.
And finding it extremely difficult,
To do this balance act...
While standing on the backs,
Of those bending backward...
Making attempts to recover from attacks,
By tax collectors doing their best to assess...
Property being repossessed,
Before those already owed...
On promissory notes left to have unpaid debts,
To be fulfilled by pawns or accepted poetic pity.
And yet...
Even in a deepening abyss,
The culture vultures dig...
For 'something' to claim that still remains to have value.

'I've found something.
A golf club. A baseball glove.
And two unused tickets,
For the upcoming 'Star Wars' movie.
And you?
What have you discovered? '

~Worn designer jeans.
And assorted promissory notes.
And some quotes from Shakespeare.~

'Shakespeare? '

~Yeah.
You wanna trade? ~

'No.
I'm into Poe.
You could have at least left towels,
For those folks standing naked.'

~And lose my commission?

That aint gon' happen.
They owe. I collect.
That's it.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unpleasant

Unpleasant for some,
Is a truth that is spoken.
Unpleasant it may be,
For those fantasized with delusions protected.
Although they hide them from being criticized.

Truth is neither negative or positive.
It exists to be just that.
And those unaccustomed,
To know it for what it is.
Will always deny it a visit.
But it will come to sit...
Regardless who finds it to be unpleasant.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unpolluted Truth Is

When truth is identified,
Honesty is done.
A familiarity of it exists.
And it can be seen,
In the eyes of everyone.
Those still clinging onto 'conditions'
Have been taught to look away.
Either they cast their eyes to the ground...
Or something hidden,
Has been done!
Or perhaps an unconsciousness,
For them has been delayed.
Once truth is discovered...
It's rather difficult for it,
To be secretly betrayed.
It's there like fresh air!
Unpolluted truth is.
And noticed when it is clearly there!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unpredictable

You do not know me.
And each time you and others,
Do your assessments...
You become disappointed,
By the results you get.

Something you discover,
Offends your beliefs.
But no time have you spent,
Connecting your assumptions...
To a specificness that exists.

You do not know me.
And each time you and others,
Do your assessments...
You become disappointed,
By the results you get.

And you find yourself in discussions,
With others who assess...
Beliefs addressed,
Which have been confirmed...
By the uselessness of whispered innuendos.

And it doesn't bother me one bit,
To know this tolerance you live with...
Defines your own existence permitted.
And I can see how you qualify me,
As unpredictable.

It is a relief and I thank you,
For that determination....
You have researched.
Perhaps next time you will approach me,
And together we can converse.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unprepared For It

There should come a time,
In all of our lives.
When decisions are made.
And our minds become clear,
Of which decisions to keep prioritized.
No one,
Including you, me and others...
Remain to stay at the peak,
Of a youthful energy released repeatedly.
With belief no one witnesses,
The decrease of it to eventually leave.

An aging discovered found upon us to come,
Isn't fun when some of us...
Are carried off a dance floor out of breath.
By those much younger,
Doing this with a show of respect.
And hoping someone who is much older,
Than the rest....
Come to their senses to accept,
Aging and time can not be redefined...
For Mother Nature to neglect.

'You okay, old man? '

~Who you calling 'old'?
I'm not old.
I'm just...~

'We know.'
Unprepared for it.
But grateful we are,
You are determined to show us...
Those historic moves of yours,
Kept to test our memories to never leave.'

~I'm not old.
I am just...~

'We know.
Unpreprared to let go,
Of a time that has gone.
But you know what? '

~What? ~

'The memory of your attempt,
To have us again re-live them...
Will always be remembered,
As an example...
That growing older is a gift.
And difficult it is to try,
To revitalize a part of it to re-visit.
Now...
Sit here and catch your breath.
Ignore the others laughing.
They have yet to know aging to regret.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unprepared To Resist

Rarely are changes made,
By appointment to schedule.
Or debating which ones,
Are suitable to implement.

Surveys taken...
Throughout selected and picked,
Preferred demographics...
To enforce by vote,
Those changes decided...
Seldom succeeds to disregard,
The reality of change...
That occurs naturally.

Unpredictable like the weather,
Few can prepare for uncertainty
To ensure the results,
Are cemented to remain.

And many are left to disbelieve
Those changes they selected,
Were not the ones that came.
Leaving them forced,
To take risks.
And totally unprepared,
To resist them.
Regardless who predicts,
How and from where...
Those changes come.
And what can be done about them
To prevent!

However...
Many will be praised.
And commended...
For their efforts to endeavor,
The impossible.

'You can count on our promises,

The changes 'I',
And a chosen few...
Will finally make those changes
No one else on Earth,
Could ever do.
We are going to change,
Not only the climate.
But undo every decision,
God has made.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unprepared To Sit And Listen

Minds undisciplined to have raised children,
To become offended when this is mentioned to them...
Is where we are today with kept expectations,
That inspired and qualified teachers...
Hired to educate those unprepared to sit and listen,
Should acquire more patience and dedicate themselves...
Without medication or other prescribed drugs,
To pull rabbits out of hats and practice hypnotism...
With a doing that will keep many deluded,
That discipline, common sense, motivation and initiative...
Is automatically dispensed upon one's entry into a building,
And if it is equipped with the best technology...
Those who can neither read or write or spell their own names,
Can then blame any failed attempts to make them competitive...
Competent, and accountable for their actions committed to accept,
On outdated video games, attitudes of teachers pushed to the edge.
And the lack of free time to socialize with friends at shopping malls.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unprepared, Disrespectful 'And' Undisciplined

Each step that should have been taken,
To move forward with the keeping the taste...
Of dreams and wishes for them to touch and see,
Success achieved by having the ability to recognize,
Opportunities...
Is repeatedly left behind by those still seeking,
Approval and acceptance from others they will not get.

'We pray everyday.
And the same obstacles stay in our way.'

~How many have attempted to get up off their knees?
How many amongst you have actually faced obstacles,
To embrace and eliminate them...
With a maintained faith to decrease them completely? ~

'We choose not to offend anyone,
With it perceived of us to be...
Unfaithful or disloyal to 'their' Christain beliefs.'

~And...
'Your' beliefs are what, exactly? ~

'To obey the teachings! '

~The teachings?
The teachings of whom or who?
And what has kept 'you'...
Unprepared, disrespectful 'and' undisciplined?
To then invite in your lives,
Confusion and conflict as kept preferences...
On a daily basis worshipped to keep prioritized? ~

'You are missing our objectives.'

~I am not missing that which I have dismissed.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unpretentious Are Those Gifted

That well fed the crops they harvested.
The animals grazed...
To healthy weights,
When sent off to market.
Then to slaughter to feed,
And line thick pockets.

A parching drought began.
The rains no longer came nonstopping.
Like a clock timed with the seasons.
Drying up the well and thinning pockets.

The famine of egos searched to quench thirsts.

So unpretentious are those gifted.
Who pray for solutions.
And Mother Nature hears them first.

Once again...
That well fed the crops they harvested.
The animals grazed...
To healthy weights,
When sent off to market.
Then to slaughter to feed,
And line grateful pockets...
Not as thick as selfishly once wished,
But enriched by the experience.

Once again...
The need came from the feeding,
Provided by the well.

The famine of egos searched to quench thirsts.
Unaddressed and thoughtlessly over rehearsed.

But...
So unpretentious are those gifted.
Who pray for solutions.
And Mother Nature hears them first.

Mother Nature knows when,
And how...
A quenching of a thirst nourishes.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unprotected

Expansive limitations of ego...
Confines common sense!
And splintered glass,
Finds an unprotected foot...
Hopping below,
One bestowed...
And doesn't know.
With high ass!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unqualified Or Aware

You seek from me,
What I seek from you!
Leaving our needs to be left weak,
From the seeking.
If you and I just be without that seeking...
We would find our search complete.
And satisfy that daily heat!
We wish to see first...
And not feel the thirst of it!
Knowing it is there.
If we only cared enough to trust.
Instead of believing...
Someone else can compare,
And share.
Although...
We find them ultimately,
Unqualified or aware...
Inside of us,
We have such lust!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unquestioned Madness

An escape route from reality has been discovered.
Those cherishing their delusions,
Have come to sigh a breath of relief.
A last minute effort to smother them with truth...
Was discovered to be too cruel.
Too much of it on them released!
And too traumatic an event...
Causing the advent of a massive anxiety,
Carefully prevented.

'Sales revenue and holiday shoppers,
Must be protected!
They must not suspect...
A way of life lived is not accepted.
Shower them with Christmas scents,
And gifts to pick throughout all seasons.'

Fantasies have been extended...
With unlimited pretensions granted for all.
Accountability has been dismissed!
With permissions of accusations,
To inflict those innocent...
With encouragment.
And to become less appalled,
By those left in gutters crawling.

'Free coupons and rebates?
A momentary payoff for those being ripped off!
But kept flooded with delusions! '

This is the bliss that is wished by those sick!
And raising their voices to insist a boasting lift to this,
Unquestioned madness existing.
Is a quality of life needed,
To feed addictions to defend!
And nothing on Earth will keep their beliefs from them!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unravelling

We know the package looked bright at first!
Before he 'took' it away!
We know he has connections,
To people in high places.
And many of them have backgrounds,
In exclusive guarded shade!

His wife knows he isn't faithful to her...
Nor has he been in quite some time!
There's not a member in his family
That has credibility!
Everything they have has been stolen,
Every single dime.

And yet he is believed for the words that he speaks...
When nothing but lies have been spoken,
In every single speech!
And those who are honest,
Are called supporters of terrorists?
But the fear comes from those
Who are suppose to have control.

Unravelling is this scene they have made...
To keep those demanding more protection,
Of lifestyles they should save!
And a peace that isn't peaceful at all,
Keeps more threats coming...
Than before these 'crooks' began,
This downward crumbling fall!

Unravelling is a way of life,
Taken for granted
With a sudden panic to offer blight!
And warnings ignored...
Are now clearly in sight!
Those who have chosen to follow this path...
Can't hide their shame.
Or their judgements imposed,
Upon those who were right!

Those who have integrity,
Despite who finds them trite!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unravelling Traveling

It is not difficult witnessing,
The unravelling traveling...
Throughout the world.
Delivering misfit passengers,
Wherever the destination.
To have their unexpected visits,
By those in disbelief receiving...
Overwhelming grief.
And undiscovered realities.

Here, there and everywhere left staring,
At the tantrums of phantoms...
Cloaked to disguise their evil deeds.
And like spoiled children in public acts,
Suddenly unleashed...
Are their performances to attract,
An attention that shocks.
Stopping everyone in their tracks.
With eyes pooped and jaws dropped.

And those onboard who have seen it before,
For what it is repeatedly...
To say something about it,
No longer they can ignore.
Yet still referred as being negative people.
Making simple isolated incidents,
More than what they are.
And as if they have increased.
To create a tension unnecessarily.

'We all are living in days,
When those considered once normal...
Seem not to mind being depicted crazed.
And others already denying their dysfunctions,
Have begun to display a clear mental crisis.
No one can delude to think it will go away.'

~No.
Don't exaggerate,

What apparently is just a 'few' people...
Unfortunately caught having a bad day.
And some of us who are positive,
Refuse to see it any other way.~

'And that's why you,
Rather sit and ignore it?
The guns, the violence and the rising of crime? '

~Just because someone is dressed in camouflage,
Masked and carrying various weapons and ammunition...
Does not mean all of us should become upset,
Or suspicious of their motivation.
To misunderstand their intent.
Too many are quick to panic and pass judgement.
And that is how pointless arguments start.

Today...
Young people are seeking attention.
Every generation experiences,
Going through the same thing.
Exploring to find themselves to express in ways...
We eventually begin to understand one day.~

'Oh.
So all the havoc is just a passing fad? '

~Of course.
Tomorrow all of us will laugh,
That we took things so seriously.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unrealistic Are These Wishes

Some seek a pot of gold,
At the end of a rainbow...
But,
Unrealistic are these wishes to predict.
Yet...
Kept are unrealistic wishes.
And...
Others seek clouds lined,
With silver to behold.
But,
Unrealistic are these wishes to predict.
Yet...
Kept are unrealistic wishes.

Nothing is impossible to believe.
Or...
Too impossible to receive.
And...
Unrealistic are these wishes to predict,
For...
Anyone who's not a wisher!

Some seek a pot of gold,
At the end of a rainbow...
But,
Unrealistic are these wishes to predict.
Yet...
Kept are unrealistic wishes.
And...
Others seek clouds lined,
With silver to behold.
But,
Unrealistic are these wishes to predict.
Yet...
Kept are unrealistic wishes.

Nothing is impossible to believe.
Or...
Too impossible to receive.

And...
Unrealistic are these wishes to predict,
For...
Anyone who's not a wisher!
And...
Unrealistic are these wishes to predict,
For...
Anyone who's not a wisher!

Unrealistic are these wishes to predict,
For...
Anyone who's not a wisher!

Some seek a pot of gold,
At the end of a rainbow...
But,
Unrealistic are these wishes to predict.
And...
Others seek clouds lined,
With silver to behold.
But,
Unrealistic are these wishes to predict,
For...
Anyone who's not a wisher!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unrelenting Desire

Unrelenting desire,
Eventually delivers...
That which one wishes.
And those believing...
They can accomplish this and more,
With a selling of a humble approach...
To sell to those who are cutthroat,
Will find themselves humiliated.
And surprised by the taste,
Of what it's like to meet true life.

After one's desires has been achieved,
To have made accomplishments that please...
Being humble 24/7 if they wish,
Will be something to do if they so choose.
However...
Erasing obstacles and evil looks off faces,
Can not be done being the humble one.
And those with no backbone...
Will never come to know,
What knocking down a door to do means.

'I thought we told you 'no'? '

~You did.
And that was two minutes ago.
Hopefully, by giving to you 'that' time,
You folks have come to your senses.
With a doing it to change your mind.~

'Excuse me? '

~It's up to you.
I know what I've got.
Who I am and my value.
It's you who don't know your needs,
Clearly.
I'm here to assist you with that.
I'll be glad to give you a few more minutes.~

'Just 'who' do you think you are? '

~Your blessing and a gifted horse.~

'Really? '

~Why would I waste your time or mine? ~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unrelenting Fury

There is nothing wrong,
In the overhearing of incorrect information.
That is done all the time.
However...
It is the taking of that information,
To spread and speak of it as factual...
That eventually backfires with a releasing,
Of unrelenting fury...
People find themselves unable to defend.
Or...
Know just where to begin to end it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unrelenting Sentiments

Unrelenting sentiments,
With kept desires passionate.
Begins again,
On a lamenting journey.
Hoping another to meet,
Will not reject...
Visions of happiness.
The will not prevent.
But accept them expressed.

Yet,
Another to have just met...
Is beset by suspicion.
And left to wonder if,
The treat presented...
Is not a trick to play.

Unrelenting sentiments,
Become persistent...
With personal messages sent.
Some innocently graphic.
And others,
Serious and meaningful.
As if sheathed in steel.
And grounded in cement.

The pursued gives in.
Weakened by flattery.
And mesmerized by the chase.
Erasing past disappointments.
That left one's heart to ache.

Unrelenting sentiments,
To have them heard no more...
Lamented.
Now are replaced.
To leave the hunted,
Thought adored...
By the allure of the captor.

To discover,
Entrapment and resentment...
No longer camouflages,
Why one unrelenting...
With sentimental laments,
Chases a life to fantasize it.
And not the reality,
Of commitment.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unremembered If Not Craved

Review to check.
And if necessary,
Replace...
Your most treasured priorities.

However...
Kept preferences,
To stay and remain unchanged...
With a seeking to have them met,
May not be wise or advisable...
Since those prefrences,
May not live up to your priorities.
And priorities are meant to be left kept.

Especially...
If your priorities are made,
With a commitment.
And preferences once met,
Could change faster with indifference...
Than the passing of an appetite one had.
And is usually forgotten quicker,
When one eventually becomes satisfied...
To leave the taste unremembered if not craved.
On a daily basis.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unrequited Love

In between another heartache faked.
It can be seen and felt although not faced.
But too proud to admit of unrequited love.
Nothing reciprocated from it can be claim...
But pain!

In between lips unkissed and missed.
With a proclamation of strength...
As tears drip from eyes like a typhoon,
Has hit an unexpected wall of sobs.
Someone has been robbed of a trusting job held.

Remembering the region of the Philippines.
Or the China sea.
And the cyclone winds dramatized...
To validate images created,
To compare with the whirlwind within.

In between another heartache faked.
It can be seen and felt.
But too proud to admit of unrequited love.
Nothing reciprocated from it can be claim...
But pain!

And a typhoon of a whirlwind within,
Begins.
As my imagination drifts,
To the Orient again.

And a typhoon of a whirlwind within,
Begins.
As my imagination drifts,
To the Orient again.
Again.
And a typhoon of a whirlwind within,
Begins.
As my imagination drifts,
To the Orient again.

But...
Too proud am I to admit of,
Unrequited love.

And a typhoon of a whirlwind within,
Begins.
As my imagination drifts,
To the Orient again.
Again.
And a typhoon of a whirlwind within,
Begins.
As my imagination drifts,
To the Orient again.

But...
Too proud am I to admit of,
Unrequited love.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unrested By Many Wishes

I wish there had been an awakening,
When that first dawn came.
Like most,
I slept right through it.
Becoming inconvenienced,
By too much activity I wanted to dismiss.

Today before the Sun rises...
I await in anticipation!
Desiring...
Long after the Sun set dips,
Into the horizon.
With a deliciousness that now exists!

And here, I sit...
Unrested by many wishes.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unrestricted And Divine

To bend the mind...
And entwine to stretch.
To create images,
Of contrasts no one forgets.
Or can be left alone!
Once a connection has been shown...
A complexity of life,
That spices with an enticement...
For adventure unresisting!
Unrestricted and divine,
Is the flight of one's mind!

Dedicated To and Inspired By:
Jon London
United Kingdom

'Jon,
To say you are terrific is an understatement!
Wow! That's all I can offer as a compliment to your
'gift'! '

Lawrence

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unrestricted I Am Lifted

More today,
Than any other day remembered...
I can say,
I am missing you in a way...
I can not explain.

Your presence is so vivid.
Your spirit has come to visit.
And I am feeling much subdued.
By you!

It is as if...
Your tender lips,
I could kiss.

More today,
Than any other day remembered...
I sit and wish,
We both could touch.
Your eyes and mine...
Upon us would rush,
That feeling we together knew so much!
Without a moment's delay.

And more today,
Than any other day remembered...
Thoughts of you linger.
The Sun reaches to penetrate through clouds.
As if to grant this meeting allowed.

Unrestricted I am lifted into your arms and held!
Nothing about you is resisted!
You are here...
Where my heart has always regretted your departure.
You are here...
And everywhere my steps imagines yours I hear.
Near...
Within me!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unrocked By A Sweet And Boldened Glow

If all my needs were multipled,
I'd still find a reason,
To lay in a helpless restlessness.
Yet feeding sleeplessly...
And much awake.

Something has surrounded me!
And from me away from it,
I can not shake.
From this I can not break away.
Captured I am and there's no escape.

Unsatisfied although I am pleased.
With a feeling of a selfishness...
I desire more and more,
And more of it to increase in me.

What is this?

Unrocked by a sweet and boldened glow.
And I confess it!
Unrocked by a hold I can't control.
Stripped and molested.
And under arrest.

Something has surrounded me!
And from me away from it,
I can not shake.

If all my needs were multiplied,
I'd still find a reason,
To lay in a helpless restlessness.
Yet feeding sleeplessly...
And much awake.

What is this?

Unrocked by a sweet and boldened glow.
And I confess it!

Unrocked by a hold I can't control.
Stripped and molested.
And under arrest.
Yes...
Unrocked by a sweet and boldened glow.
And I confess it!

Unrocked by a hold I can't control.
Stripped and molested.
And under arrest.

I can't resist it.
Nor can dismiss it.

Unrocked by a sweet and boldened glow.
And I confess it!
Unrocked by a hold I can't control.
What is this?

Unrocked by a sweet and boldened glow.
And I confess it!
But what is this?
Unrocked by a hold I can't control.
What is this?

Unrocked by a sweet and boldened glow.
What is this?
Unrocked by a hold I can't control.
And I confess it!
What is this?

Unrocked by a sweet and boldened glow.
And I confess it!
Unrocked by a hold I can't control.

Beaming with a gleam...
That fills in my soul.

Unrocked by a sweet and boldened glow.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unsatisfied Services Rendered

Sex today is more discussed,
Than high taxes paid.
To return unsatisfied,
Services rendered.

Values sacrificed,
To promote decadence...
Only makes more bucks,
And less common sense made...
For the ones sitting in positions,
Caring less how many minds...
They've destroyed to mess up.

And the way today this standard is displayed,
Even children thought to be innocent kids...
Are doing much more than their parents did.
When sex and nakedness were not topics,
To discuss.
Or openly admitted more satisfying,
When trying when they did it to keep mouths shut.

But today,
Paying for unsatisfied services rendered...
Are high taxes that have become,
More disgusting to discuss.
Than children exposed to explicit sex.
To do it to with their mouths closed.
With windows open leaving no one to know,
Who is doing what to agree to meet when.

'After school?
Okay.
What's your name?
Okay.
That's not important to me anyway.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unscripted Verses

The worlds of the universe unite and gather,
To view the spanking of the fools.
The socially unfit,
Are about to get a spiritual lift.
One that promises to have millions witness.
And millions more options to choose.
When those who are limited in consciousness...
Witness Galactic visitors begin to heal us,
With unscripted verses and revelations re-interpreted.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unsettling Are The Changes

Unsettling are the changes,
Of the wind has been.
For those remaining uncertain,
When changes that have begun...
Will come for them to end.
But anyone observing,
With clarity witnessed to see...
And it is received,
Have adopted to adapt...
To find that a leaving behind old beliefs,
Is much easier than trying to apply...
A defense against a wind,
That has come with intentions...
To blow away whomever or whatever,
Makes attempts to prevent...
A total overhauling with no one's consent,
With pretentions meant to stop...
The effectiveness of its unrelenting,
Occurrence.

Unsettling are the changes.
Unsettling the minds.
Unsettled to find,
Ignoring signs of the times...
No one can just leave behind,
Or believe a defense against them...
Prevents a difference meant to stay.
Regardless who 'perceives' they can stop,
To adapt and adopt...
That which has already begun.
For everything and everyone to make,
What has begun to prove it done to do.
Not even the privileged few,
Will be left unscathed to escape...
To think themselves safe in those places.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unsettling To Hear

Truth can be unsettling to hear it,
When confronted with facts,
By those looking back...
With the hope that denial subtracts,
A mental suffering they've endured to do...
As truth with evidence produced,
Seems less willing to forgive...
Acts of misdeeds to others,
Intentionally with a consciousness done.

'Comeon.
Those atrocities we inflicted upon you,
Occurred eons ago.
When are you folks,
Going to chill out and cut us some slack? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unshakened, Unrelenting And Reliable

More warnings to them will come,
To be ignored.
And in the face of disaster,
Defiantly they will take a stance.
With claims to make they will rebuild,
AGAIN.
And AGAIN...
It will be expected their lack of 'sense',
Of comprehending messages sent...
Will prove their ignorance to be instilled.
Unshakened, unrelenting and reliable.

'GOD.
Please restore our possessions.
Please return to us,
Those precious impressions...
We knew and lived to make.
Dear GOD,
Please help us overcome...
These inconvenient threats to our lives.
Dear God,
Please help us to 'temporarily'...
Take these few minutes to realize and tolerate,
The doing to do without greed.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unsolicited

Without the advantage,
And benefits...
That do not overnight come,
One's intended physical regimen...
Will more than likely,
Will be something not to be done.

And an absence of discipline,
To initiate motivation...
Seldom begins,
Without a doing.

But those committed to wining and dining,
Will find the time to spend...
Making arrangements for them.
And this says one thing about priorities set.
They have been effectively placed,
To make the best excuses.

And the best of excuses do come,
Unsolicited.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unsolicited Interpretations

They insist with a faithfulness,
A representing the 'will' and wishes...
Of The Creator.
And yet they persist,
With the existing of their conflicts...
That The Creator wishes them,
To end them with more faith.
A faith debated in malicious hate.

They insist with a faithfulness,
The Creator speaks to them to hear and listen...
With a desire to mend their relationships.
And yet domestic abuse exists,
Between those self-righteous...
Who claim peaceful same sex unions,
Defy the wishes of GOD who 'created' the making...
Of all of it without need of unsolicited interpretations.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unspeakable Fear

Doesn't it seem to be extremely easy,
To discredit someone who appears to be defenseless?
Someone easy to attack, undermine and trick.
Because they 'seem' to lack or be without allies?

And then a misdeed is done by those thoughtless.
All havoc breaks loose where they inhabit.
And the ones who chose to do the misdeeding done,
Keep their mouths closed with unspeakable fear.
They have no clue or idea as to who knows what.
Or what it is that creeps so near to know who they are.

That's why it pays to be upfront when confronting an honesty.
Playing games of truth or dare can frighten!
Especially if a truth being dared wishes to provide evidence.
To uncover the slightest intention to deceive for the sport of it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unstable And Unfit

When people hide behind deceptions...
As if they are walls of cement.
These are the folks who do not realize...
Their lies have fenced them inside mentalities,
To eventually show themselves as demented.

They do not perceive dishonesty as weak.
As long as they are in the reception...
Of others with similar beliefs.

And when folks like this,
Come to unite together in a collectiveness...
They do not realize their acts develop illnesses.
And they rush to seek perscriptions quick,
From those who benefit...
Handsomely,
By keeping them addicted to such sickness.

In industries that hospitalized them...
With not a chance to confront,
The healing that mends the origins of their afflictions.
If that happened,
None of this would exist!

But there is a need to keep them mentally,
And physically dependent!
Socially unstable.
And psychologically unfit!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unstoppable Is The Delivery

It is extremely difficult to stop,
Anyone with a passion...
Determine to see others fail.

And it is painful to hear their wailing,
From those misdeeds that eventually...
Are paid back.
Unstoppable is the delivery that returns.

Even a forgiveness given...
Can not retract what has been done.
Or schedule a time to end it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unsuccessful Attempts

It would be great if we could create,
Anything to have others believe.
And magically it comes true.
Like lies many are accustomed to tell,
On others.
To then embellish them to exaggerate,
Their version of truth.
With unsuccessful attempts,
To undo someone's integrity...
So others can see them not shining as bright.
Only to attract darkness upon the paths,
Of those tellers of lies hiding in disguise!
And...
It doesn't matter how many people evil,
Can gather under one steeple.
To camouflage whatever that is believed they save.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unsuccessful Recreations Kill

Unsuccessful recreations kill...
The body, soul and mind.
And those of innovative spirits.
As time stoppers watch...
Drugged on past performances,
Of a youthful grabbing of a crotch.

And nothing can redo them from wanting,
Hoping and dreaming for that one more hit.
One more deposit of fantasticness.
Something that screams 'This Is It'
But something inside says...'It is Over.
Be Done.
Quit! '

And they do,
Quit!
In astonishment.

This is not believed!
Through an exit they leave.
Quietly to sleep eternally.
And stun memories remembering,
The good times!
In a suicide that murders any future.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unsuitable

Unsuitable.
That which offends,
Those with limited...
And preferred kept pretentions.
With experiences isolated.
To leave their minds left closed.

Unsuitable.
Anyone depicted,
As not having social graces.
Graces more accepted,
In places where people...
Adorned the best of their false faces.

Unsuitable.
Anyone not selected,
To impress with this addressed.
And unsuitable is it heard expressed,
By those who whisper about those who perceive...
What is done they do,
Should receive and get attention from others.
With focused interest kept in them too.
To wish it believed others are envious.

But...
Only those who find others,
And what is done they do unsuitable...
May find it difficult to perceive themselves,
As providing clear evidence to witness proof...
To those seeking a life to live avoiding charades.
With a leaving alone those who condone,
The wearing of masks for whatever the task.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unsuited

Unsuited!
From you that's what I use to believe.
I wasn't suited,
To be near you or your company.
Unsuited!
But then
Neither are you 'now' for me.

Everything today that's claimed,
Will re-arrange to make a change!

Unsuited!
From you that's what I use to believe.
I wasn't suited,
To be near you or your company.
Unsuited!
But then
Today you're not suited for me.

If one waits around,
What appears will change.
And those noses in the air,
Will one day sniff a shame.
With a misery to come,
Like a mental stinging pain.
From their heads to their toes,
And this will show...
When they tumble from their gains,
And everybody knows.

Everything today that's claimed,
Will re-arrange to make a change!

Uh,
I wasn't suited
To be or breathe,
In your company.

Unsuited!

The feeling your eyes,
Laid on me.

I was not suited.
But then
Neither are you 'now',
For me.

I wasn't suited.
But then
Neither are you 'now',
For me.

Can you compute it?
The air I wish to breathe is pretentious free!

Can you compute it?
I wasn't suited when you booted me.
And now
The air I wish to breathe is free.
I wasn't suited when you booted me.
But then,
Neither are you now,
For me.
I wasn't suited when you booted me.
But then
Today you are unsuited,
For me.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unsuspecting Prey

You borrowed from me ten dollars.
With a promise to pay me...
Last week.
Today you are angry,
Because that ten dollars is what I need.
And you say 'my' attitude is unreasonable.
And you will think twice,
Before approaching me again for a favor?

Or...
Any unsolicited suggestions or advice?

And is that another promise?
Or is that something I wont have to beg,
You to keep.
Hopefully that will stay locked in your mind.
Keeping you from finding time to leech,
And smooch.
But there is always for you,
New and unsuspecting prey to smooze and mooch!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unsweetened Directness

Becoming upset,
By an unsweetened directness...
Effectively expressed.
To ensure the doing again of it,
Is permanently terminated...
To appease those with a keeping,
Of their warm and fuzzy pretentions kept.
To only have those unrealistic 'ideals' met to address,
In a protective deluded mindset accepting disrespect.
With more it dumped on them to get.

'More progress is made,
By those displaying a dignity and tolerance...
For those less patient.
And obviously misunderstanding,
The value and use of proper social etiquette.
And 'we' uphold our standards,
With a proving to others they too should not forget.'

~That's great.
I am not going to wait for my purpose to be interpreted.
Or 'assume' your antiquated, outdated ideals will return.
Keep your beliefs!
And I say that respectfully.
I just want you and them out of my way.
I'm not the mushy pretentious kind! ~

'Oh dear.
How insensitive.
Cruel and absolutely brutal.'

~And stop trying to flatter me.
There's more to truth...
Than a momentary confrontation with it.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Untainted Meat

Where can anyone go today,
To sink their teeth...
In untainted meat?

Street vendors,
Selling their wares...
In molded clothes,
Greet with stained threads.
And obviously needing sleep.

Sky high prices...
No one seeks!
Even stripped naked...
Prostitutes find their jobs very hard.
For anyone wishing to sniff,
A bargain many now disregard.

There is a strain on the pocket.
Draining super markets.
Johns once in wingtips...
Ease up on the swagger,
And display their nervousness.

Corporate crooks,
Who wore silk suits...
For cooking fixed books.
Lose connections and ties on the 'outside'.
Locked in prisons cells.
Being raped in scrapes by those they cheated.
And when they too sit down to eat...
On butts abused and used.
But accuse themselves much too late.
Wishing for something fresh on their plates.
Besides the same crap they fed to feed.
Depleted and feeling like a rat trapped...
Given sleeze and molded cheese.

Where can anyone go today,
To sink their teeth...

In untainted meat?

These and other questions
Seem easier to ponder.
When you're locked away in the 'slammer'.
Getting banged and hammered...
Getting very little sleep.
And wishing like so many do.
For just a piece of untainted...
Untouched and sweetened meat!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Untethered

Freed me...
Peace!
Untethered
From boundaries
When the Sun did not visit
When I was amidst those
Carrying cloud clover...
Waiting for rain to support them,
As they searched for darkened shadows
To share discouragements!

Freed me,
Peace it did...
Untethered with life defined.
And enjoyed between downpours,
Of grief
I could not pretend existed any longer!
I was drenched with emotions,
And bitter I stayed wet too long!
Camouflaging my tears,
And blaming it on bad weather!

Freed me...
Peace!
It did.
And I don't do what I did before it came!
I don't stand in the rain and complain!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Untie From Those Worries

Untie from those worries,
That you've got.
Twisting to tighten,
A mind already blocked by knots.
Let go and undo,
A dropping to stop...
What is pointless to continue.

Serving nonsense in your life,
Only invites others to dump theirs.
And many with baggage are gladly to share,
An unloading off their backs...
On someone else who is willing,
To become attached like that.
As if immuned from stress and depression.

Refuse to prove you can be the warrior.
Or another hero to be quickly forgotten.
Since such good deeds,
Are rarely reminisced to miss.
To remember who it was expressing concern,
About the weight of burdens carried by others.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Untie My Tongue

Untie my tongue.
Let me speak what it is I feel.
Reveal it from its depth...
Upon surfaces unknown.
To be shown with sincerety.
And a calm and ease of breath.

The peace resting within me,
I seek to be released.
No longer do I accept escapes...
To hide or deny my wish to be freed!

Let me speak what it is I feel.
Untie my tongue...
To share what I have been able to overcome.
With someone there...
Who will hear and know,
My voice!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Untie The Safety Knots

Take it to the edge,
And leap.
Why peek out of windows,
Then sleep...
A life away,
Hoping...
Your dreams to reach.

Take it to the edge,
And leap.
Don't seek defeating,
To keep...
On your mind,
Recessed and deep

Take it to the edge,
And leap.
Untie kept safety knots,
You've got....
To be set free.
Get up and take that leap.

Don't let your life just drip in dips.
Let go,
That grip...
Tightly held,
Without the benefits...
To reach,
Your dreams!
Open that faucet,
Feel the freeing of your dreams.

Kill delusions,
That you keep.
Kill dilemmas...
Toss them in the streets.
Kill those maneuvers,
That you seek...
Kept in doubts,

You must defeat.

Untie kept safety knots,
That you've got...
To stop what you want a lot.
And...
Take it to the edge,
And leap.
Kill delusions,
That you keep.
Kill dilemmas...
Toss them in the streets.
To reach,
Your dreams!
Open that faucet,
Let the flowing stream.

Take it to the edge,
And leap.
Why peek out of windows,
Then sleep...
A life away,
Hoping...
Your dreams to reach.

Take it to the edge,
And leap.
Don't seek defeating,
To keep...
On your mind,
Recessed and deep

Untie kept safety knots,
That you've got...
To stop,
What you want a lot.
Take it to the edge,
And leap.
Take it to the edge,
And leap.
Take it to the edge,
And leap.

Don't keep,
Your dreams...
Recessed in your mind and deep.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Until

Until is similar to between.

'Between what? '

Moments that come,
One awaits.

'Until when? '

Another begins.

'And if it doesn't? '

Then both of us are between,
One of the most boring conversations...
I have ever had.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Until A Confirmation Comes

It becomes extremely difficult,
To eliminate...
Both waste 'and' B.S. from one's life.

No one realizes if the decision made to do it,
Is right...
Until a confirmation comes from someone.
Who then states,
Without hesitating to wait...
'If only I knew what to do,
To rid myself from the smelling of hell.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Until A Dawning Appears

So many are caught up,
In the evils of disrespect.
Believing a benefit from this,
They will get.

So many perceive they protect themselves,
By betraying someone else...
With their deceptions kept,
As if treasured gold.

Only to find in time their minds have gone.
To become further away from truth,
They could have used instead of facing...
An onslaught of confusion and mental conflict.

And confusion and mental conflict to get,
As an investment made...
For participating in temporary wickedness,
Is not a life fulfilling to interpret as happiness.

So many are caught up,
In the evils of disrespect.
Believing a benefit from this,
They will get.

Until the Sun sets.
And a dawning appears clearly for them to view.
With all that is evil they have done to others too!
There is nothing like a guilt that visits,
In a mind one finds it has come to not undo.
It can not be chased away. It stays!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Until A Foreplay Invites

You wish to simmer in a love you missed.
And believing it can be delivered,
Without a chemistry
That attracts!
Or connected to it!

You say I am old fashion.
But I do know this...
If it is not felt in my heart,
Nothing between my legs will lift!
No matter what is done...
From your knees as I sit.

That may be your version of a love you missed.
But there is much more to me,
That has to be accepted with it!
Like eye contact for starters!
That teases a beginning...
Until a foreplay invites,
Maybe a layover for breakfast!
With an added conversation...
To induce and entice.

You wish to simmer in a love you missed?
Was that the only part of a 'love' you wish,
With me to reminisce?
And when your need is fulfilled,
Will I be dismissed?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Until After

I'm sure she expects me,
To say at least 'something' about her.

Something that maintains for her,
A significance to convince...
We were involved in a relationship,
For her that makes some sense..

But she related more,
To a materialism she adored.
And anything we had was not indepth explored.

And when it was over...
I wondered what it was for.
The arguments?
A lack of openness.
But a quickness to exit.

Love was never there to be shared.
Before!
And I did not realize that...
Until after.

Just another door closed!
And my return to missed laughter.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Until Again The Gloss Wears Off

Money motivators,
Chase it as if craved.
With only one thing on their minds...
How to keep sentimentally kept teasured clutter,
With an updated sameness.
That maintains a 'living within their means mentality'.

This affords them an opportunity,
To activate a rearrangement of a thought process...
That tolerates new complaints!

Until again the gloss wears off.
No matter what the hidden cost,
That comes to satisfy...
Within unchanged limitations.

And a credit score that is boasted about,
Among friends.

'I do not want 'anything'...
Absolutely nothing,
To affect my good credit rating.
I find it is advantageous,
However...
To only use any of my credit cards,
Only while out shopping to purchase bargains!
And I've got a houseful of those.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Until All Itching Has Been Scratched From It

Truth and popularity do not mix.
In some minds this is an unfit relationship.
And suitable it is to be distanced quick.

Truth and popularity do not mix.
People confronted run and do not sit.
And finding it difficult to be seen near it.

And these are the ones who become upset,
By living lives reflecting their own negligence.
Hiding in denial and deluded by embellishments.

And these are the people who today regret,
Spending their last dime...
To make impressions others forget.
Since impressions themselves,
Leave nothing concrete meant.

Truth and popularity do not mix.
In some minds this is an unfit relationship.
And suitable it is to be distanced quick.
Like that which irritates...
Until all itching has been scratched from it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Until An Affliction Comes

Recovering from a dose of reality,
For those who have never dealt with it before...
Dismisses myths quickly,
When one has a death threatening experience.
Or witnesses one loved slipping slowly away from life.

It isn't pleasant to stand by,
With nothing left to do but cry!
Or have someone depict this as a sign of weakness.
And usually expressed,
By the one not affected.

And those who take these situations lightly,
Are the ones continuing to do what they like!
Until an affliction comes to hit them.
With an affect they wish everyone would stop...
To center upon them all of the attention one can give.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Until An Appreciation For Integrity Comes

Those today who now cry,
Are the ones who ostracized
The truth sayers who were on their side.
The ones who saw reality as it is...
And now have no empathy to offer.
Or sympathy to give.

To live and be treated with disrespect...
And defend an honesty,
Others too dishonest disceitfully neglect.
Leaves those victimized in isolated bitterness.
Until an appreciation for integrity...
Comes to the rescue,
And interjects a closer inspection.

Thus revealing corruption at its best.
Character assassinations...
Approved by breeders,
Of greed and heartlessness.
Who are then put through a process,
That dissects them with the ultimate test!
Stripping and exposing them,
To be the leaders of denied digressiveness.

Those today who now cry,
Are the ones who ostracized
The truth sayers who were on their side.
The ones who saw reality as it is...
And now have no empathy to offer.
Or sympathy to give.
To those punished for their deeds!

The taste of their cake,
Has been heartbreakingly tarnished.
And supporters who assisted in the baking...
Turn their loyal backs away!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Until An Attention Is Bestowed

A flower,
Not appreciated for the uniqueness...
Of its natural beauty,
Is no different than the oversight given...
To an imitation that represents,
That which it isn't.

Until an attention is bestowed upon it.
And only then,
When that attention becomes focused...
Does the scent of it provide enjoyment.
And all that is surrounding it,
Connects with an attachment...
As if noticed for the first time.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Until An Evilness Is Resisted

Fighting has never achieved unity.
The act of conflict itself...
Demonstrates division,
And isolates.

Hatred does not piece together victories.
Nor does a stubbornness to inflict...
A way of life for one,
For another does not benefit!

A destructive chaos is all that remains,
And sits!
Until an evilness is resisted.
To allow peacefulness to exist!

How is this done?
A respect for diversity.
And contributions made to humanity.
Achieved and acknowledged by everyone,
Under God's Moon, Stars and Sun.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Until An Urgent Need Confessed

Everyone seems to request less government,
In their lives.
Until Mother Nature comes along to remind them,
Every aspect of their lives the government is present.
And has more of an affect than their closest relative,
Can apply with such effect to go unnoticed.
Or a friend now and then who may disappoint,
Until an urgent need confessed has been expressed.
And can not be avoided.
No matter who thinks a voting with a choice,
For them will make a difference.

'Why are they taking so long...
Without my needs being immediately addressed? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Until Another Shows

If two in love really felt that way,
About the other.
Why today so many betray.
Or say the other.
Is not the lover they thought.
When they together,
Professed love forever.
Together!

Does forever mean for many,
Until another shows up on the scene.
With a changing done,
Of what love meant.
When two together have exhausted,
That time each other together spent.

And that other offers another forever.

Until another shows.
What yet the other did not know,
About love.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Until Bliss Becomes The Thirst

In phase one,
Life began.
And experiments begun.
In phase two,
Free will was granted.
And a selfishness was witnessed,
With a doing that was done.

In phase three,
Evaluations have been completed.
Free will has been deleted.
And the divine spirits determining this,
Have decided not to let mental illness...
Destroy the magnificence of their creation.

And in phase four,
With a higher consciousness inflicted...
To release those restricted to limits,
Left to witness the truth of reality produced...
That eliminates false and adopted prophesies,
From those with mindsets with teachings taught...
That the Earth was theirs to disease.
With their own brand of wrath brought.

Phase five?
Those who survived a truth revealed,
That no one alive can deny...
Will become familiar with obedience that sticks
And what is meant to embrace a keeping of peace.
To remember self-centeredness on Earth,
Ultimately receives a punishment not to reverse.

Each phase is replaced until bliss becomes the thirst.
And heaven on Earth has been perfected to be reached.

Until bliss becomes the thirst.
And a heaven on Earth has been reached.
Until bliss becomes the thirst.
And a heaven on Earth has been reached.

Until bliss becomes the thirst.
And a heaven on Earth has been reached...
We will go through phases,
With lessons taught to teach.

Until bliss becomes the thirst.
And a heaven on Earth has been reached.
Until bliss becomes the thirst.
And a heaven on Earth has been reached.
Until bliss becomes the thirst.
And a heaven on Earth has been reached...
We will go through phases,
With lessons taught to teach.

Until bliss becomes the thirst.
Until bliss becomes the thirst.
Until bliss becomes the thirst.
Until bliss becomes the thirst.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Until Further Notification

Children...
Once again,
It has been reported...
A few of you disobeyed our school policy,
And were seen playing with your weapons
In your neighborhoods.
At night.
And threatening the local merchants.
You should be ashamed of yourselves.
And this was not your homework assignment.
It was clearly stated,
Those weapons were only to be cleaned.
Not toted around to be brandied about.
Now because of a few...
The rest of you have lost that privileged.
From now on,
Those weapons...
Until further notification,
Are not to leave the school grounds.
And will only be used inside of the school.
Have I made myself clear?
Unfortunately all must now suffer the consequences!
Now...
If I can have all of you turn to the chapter entitled,
Pistol Whipping!
And I will need two of you to give us a demonstration.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Until It Becomes Recognized

A door does not open to close,
Or be there to use a key to unlock...
To go as one pleases.
And returns to stop,
A blocking out of all nonsense.
To then welcome the opportunity,
Of doing this that exist.
Leaving one to feel satisfied,
That something gained...
Has been accomplished.
Until it becomes recognized...
For being what it is.
A door!
That has a threshold to cross.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Until It Happens

Don't be concerned about what others say about you.
Just do what you do and be done with it.
One day you will silence their lips.

'But Maaaahhh, that makes no sense! '

It ain't suppose to until it happens.
Now go outside and play.
You're getting on my last nerve!

Dedicated To:
Mrs. Edna Pearl Roberts Prudhomme Pertillar
My mom.

'Ma, we miss you and your so 'appropriate'
philosophy about life and other 'stuff' '

(Andrea, Tammy, Lisa, Larry)

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Until It Has Become Clear

Whenever your souls reside,
You are not forgeotten.
I keep you here,
Inside my heart.
Father and mother.
Son, grandparents and good friends.
Aunts and uncles...
Who have passed on to begin,
An existence in eternity that never ends!

And I am so blessed,
To have gotten you all.
In my life enriched...
By your memories I recall.

Sometimes I admit,
There are times I sit in sadness.
Wishing I could relive...
Those times together,
Emotions shared where there to give.

Wherever your sould reside,
You are not forgotten.
You will always be near and dear...
Until it has become crystal clear,
We are all back together again!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Until It Is Seen

Since they don't think of themselves,
As great.
Their activities produce...
Far less than great things.
What's in the mind,
People will find around them!

You know...
Seek to find,
For validation!

I grew up around some 'Dare to Be Brilliant People'.
All we had was our minds.
And early acquaintances with a can opener!

We were challenged then to use our minds...
And look our best!
These were in schools,
Before the 'Let's Move Away From 'Them' Those Negros'...
Days.

I remember too well,
When they were implemented.
Like the beginning of the ending of something.
You know...
It's like the feeling one gets,
When someone else does something stupid.

And you want to reach out...
But the 'I'm Better Than You' look is given!
So one backs off,
And does their own thing.
One backs off,
And observes the mistakes occurring.
One backs way off...
When insults begin to be thrown!

And this is condoned by the environment!
And backed by government policies.

Introduced to protect the greed of thieves.

Since they don't think of themselves,
As great.
Not face to face.
Their activities produce...
Far less than great things.
What's in the mind,
People will find around them.
To distort their existence.
With an enhanced ignorance.

Like devastation one creates.
And choosing to describe it...
In a way that it does not affect,
A reflection of their insecurities.

And wishing they could move away from them...
Like something they find disgusting!
To invent their own demise.
One accepted as more trusting.
And one that can be disguised.

But those with early acquaintances,
With a can opener...
Had been 'conditioned' to observe these events,
From distances.
And with opened eyes.

In a rejected effectiveness!
That begins to disturb.
And peel slowly away,
To expose and pain the nerves.
Of those who choose their conflicts,
To battle on fields no longer appealing.
Comes back to affect those now desperate.
Those expressing a social and mental,
Defectiveness!
And banning together to protest...
Their 'upsetness' in regret!

And in a massive state of denial.

But these days 'from' them,
They can not push away.
Like visions on a TV set!
They can turn off and go play!

Today those 'visions' are there,
To show them how they came.
And how they got that way.
And an ugliness prepares to come to sit.
And visit!
Until it is seen.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Until It Is Time For Us To Leave

We take.
To give.
To learn to share.
To receive and offer...
Our presence.
Bestowed upon those,
To show a caring.

Season after season.
Come and go.
Until it is time for us to leave,
All of our memories...
We've grown to know,
To Love.
Behind us.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Until My Caring Ends

You,
Were told I cheated.
And I didn't argue a bit.
Then,
You said to leave.
And I didn't argue a bit.

Faith I kept to have it disbelieved.
To have blood from my heart drip to bleed.
And successfully you have been deceived.
But not by me.

You,
Were told I cheated.
And I didn't argue a bit.

Lies ruined our relationship.
You allowed it.
And I didn't argue a bit.

Tears cried and I hear you weeping.
I hang up the phone.
Again it rings.
Tears cried and I hear you weeping.
I hang up the phone.
Again it rings.
It rings until my caring ends,
Permanently...
Whatever love felt for you that was left.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Until One Sits Alone

People today do not want to face their own demons!
And why should they?
When it has been made more convenient,
For them to pretend...
Demons that visit,
Do not for them exist.

They rather give their opinions,
Unsolicited and quick.
About how others should live,
As they pill pop to get...
Their headaches to quit.

Quieting anxieties,
Leaves them less suspicious.
As the ones who can't face their own hurdles.
Or take initiative they themselves do not permit.

Until one sits alone,
Dealing with demons on their own...
Excuses will be condone,
To label their protected wounds.
That scar them to the bone.

People today do not want to face their own demons!
And why should they?
When it has been made more convenient,
For them to pretend...
Demons that visit,
Do not for them exist.
And these same demons...
Are seen from them to persist unlimited.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Until Some Rules To Us Have Come

Until some rules to us have come,
And understood by 'everyone'...
Under the Sun,
Will there then be a need to exchange...
Respect for all,
Without the name calling.
Or the playing of games.
Knowing that a thoughtfulness given...
Is returned as expected.
With a respect that is the same reflected.

Until all our moods that we carry,
Are dismissed and diffused...
And released are those conflicting attitudes,
Shall we then have a reason to obey and say...
The direction we all are headed towards,
Affords brighter days to come to stay.

Too many of us have so much we distrust,
Those promising yesterdays of hope and joy...
Seem to have drifted away from us betrayed.

Until some rules ti us have come,
And happiness experienced is a wish for everyone...
There will be no one to witness a life to fully rejoice.
Or decide to gather fulfillment with one voice,
If the choice that is made indicates there is a decay...
Of love!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Until Someone Is Challenged

It is a place of routines.
A job daily done.
A town...
Where everything done,
Is known by everyone.

And seasons go and they come.
Changing very little.
Accept for the birth of someone's daughter,
Or son!
Or a crime committed that stuns.

The only ones not aware of them...
Are those who are caught up,
In these same scenes.

Both routine and crime...
Over time,
Have come to be accepted
As commonplace as mustard is on a hotdog.
Or someone drinking a diet beverage,
Expecting to burn off fat sitting on wide hips!
In front of a TV with wishes to be slim and lean!
Many of them are frequently seen.

Like the expectation of holidays.
They come when they do...
But few know what they mean.

Anything that comes along,
With a differentness...
It upsets and it is quickly dismissed.
Or sits ignored.
Until someone is challenged to explore it.

Even though this freshness is best...
Folks in one mindset,
Are like eggs in one nest!

If someone sees a few that are cracked...
Eventually those left with shells unblemished,
Will end up at least equally...
Cracked matched.
To be stacked.
Given some applied insignificance.

Or damaged beyond recognition.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Until Something Loved Comes Along

One loves what is done.
Another enjoys what is done.
And a third likes what is done.
Which one does what is done,
Because there is nothing else to do?

'I would say it is the one who loves what is done!
Since what is done is all that one wishes to do.'

What about the one that likes what is done?

'That one neither loves or enjoys it.
It is just something to do,
Until something loved comes along...
That can be enjoyed! '

It does seem that those who love what is done,
Have little time for anything else to do!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Until Suitable Rescue Has Been Achieved

Okay!
So it is 'not' quicksand!

'No.
And this is my interpretation...
It is a de-elevation,
Of a resettling horizon.
And the vertical descending,
Is to keep one's faith...
In the restoration of hope.
And any observation to the contrary...
Is to be ignored until suitable rescue has been achieved.'

Should I make that announcement 'now'?
Or when suitable rescue has been achieved?

'It is still too premature to assess the situation.
Let's get to the bottom of this first,
Before any decision is made that may be cause for alarm.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Until Sunset Subsides

No other way can I show to you...
My felt feelings to express.
No other way could I say or reveal,
The depth of my kept emotions.
And yet,
Without you...
My life has no Sunrise,
Until Sunset subsides.
And twilight into a darkness leaves.
I love you in every dream,
To awaken just to have...
Your hypnotic eyes,
And sweetened breath on me...
To breathe.

I am under your spell.
Craving with a need to be,
That star so bright...
To eclipse Moonbeams you see.

Until Sunset subsides,
From a dawning Sunrise...
I am yours.
To dim and eclipse Moonbeams.
If this is 'your' dream to wish.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Until Tensions Felt Are Released

Close to quiet what's outside your eyes.
With a letting go of added thoughts to cease.
And...
Allow your mind,
Time to find peace.

Close to quiet with attention given.
To begin a breathing done to do slowly.
With a doing deep.
Until tensions felt are released.

Sit and relax don't stop it.
Feel what begins to start.
Sit and relax don't stop it.
Notice the peace you've got.

With a doing done of deep breathing...
Notice the peace you've got.
With a doing to cease deceiving...
Notice the peace you've got.

Sit and relax don't stop it.
Until tensions felt are released.
Feel what begins to start.
And your tensions felt will soon cease.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Until That Momentum Slows

It's difficult to drop to stop,
What's out of control.
Once it goes downhill,
It slips too fast from a grasp...
No one can hold.

And as escapes,
People use excuses to make.
With a doing that's done to do and everyday.
To deny those consequences,
Made they have to face.

But overcoming what's been done is never fun.
No!
Or is it that easy to hide from that which comes.

It's difficult to drop to stop,
What's out of control.
Once it goes downhill,
It slips too fast from a grasp...
No one can hold.

It is best,
To roll with the punches.
It is best,
To go with the flow.
It is best,
To accept what happens...
Until that momentum slows.

It is best,
To roll with the punches.
It is best,
To go with the flow.
It is best,
To accept what happens...
Until that momentum slows.
And...
Maybe a control will return to a hold one knows.

And...
Maybe that control one knew has a lighter load.

Until that momentum slows...
Maybe a control will return to a hold one knows.
And...
Maybe that control one knew has a lighter load.

Pray,
Until momentum slows.
Everyday,
Until momentum slows.
Keep the faith,
Until momentum slows.
Never stray too far away!

Pray,
Until momentum slows.
Everyday,
Until momentum slows.
Keep the faith,
Until momentum slows.
Never stray too far away!
Pray.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Until The Doing Of It Is Finished

Racism as it exists today,
Can not be explained away.
Embedded feelings like this kept,
Has to go through a process...
That ends its acceptance.

Like anything allowed to bloom,
From a seed to nourish its growth.
Until the doing of it is finished.
And racism has yet,
Come to full harvest to let it go.

Even though many are upset,
That this process has been slow.
Those with mindsets protecting it,
Have begun to realize lost benefits.
But racism soon will experience a drought.
With an unnecessary need,
To keep feeding on it for purposes to explain.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Until The Doing Of This Ends

Many find it incredible that those they assume,
And believe they know...
Mature with a living from life experiences,
To acquire a knowledge.
And with the doing of it that is bestowed,
That is unmistakable and shows.
To leave behind that kid who eventually grows,
With an aging done to permit until the doing ends.

And difficult for many it is to comprehend,
What once had been done when they were children...
Is a phase from a stage of life dismissed for repeated visits
And no longer exists regardless of who insists,
That a doing of this has not been given their permission to accept.
Yet this acquired naturalness is with Mother Nature's assistance,
And is much like the life of a flower that blooms from a seed...
To wither with an aging done to permit until the doing of this ends.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Until The Existence Comes Along

Reason only establishes the need,
Of a thing yet to become identified.
Having reason does not establish its existence,
To validate a presence of it.
Nor provide yet a truth for all to witness to believe.

A reason is in need of a companion sought.
To confirm there is an 'is' to existing facts.
And if a heart one feels is felt to be vacant...
An attraction to another,
Can dispute a vacancy with an interaction matched.

Reason only establishes the need,
Of a thing yet to become identified.
Until the existence comes along,
To confirm the feeling...
That achieves a satisfaction by the reality of the act.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Until The Sun On The Horizon Appears

Because there is no other love,
Than the pursuit of a dream kept...
One foresees to believe,
A sweeping away debris with obstacles to rid...
One stays focused on a chosen path,
Until the Sun on the horizon appears.
To shine brightly upon one devoted with faith.
And long projected with steps set in motion made!

And because there is no other love one feels,
Both day and night to not subside from one's sight...
A done sacrificing satisfies what one knows inside,
That an arrival will eventually take place to embrace.
Regardless of negative comments naysayers make.
One stays focused on that chosen path,
Until the Sun on the horizon appears and at last...
To brightly shine upon the one devoted and focused.

Although decades may pass no doubts interfere,
With time spent others impatient accepted as waste.
Those found nonbelieving yet sharing their bitter tastes.
While the one welcomes the Sun that comes to shine...
To bask in delight what eventually is witnessed and done,
Of a dream kept to pursue come true!
And that sacrificing one has accomplished to do,
Achieves to receive that which had been kept believed!

'No more tea to pour for me please.
I've had enough of that!
I'm grateful to just sit here and reminisce alone.
With a witnessing of what my kept faith has shown.
However...
I do wish to thank you for respecting my privacy.
And with such courtesy you've left me to remember,
I will never forget.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Until There Is Nothing Left

Before the 'shock and awe'
There were trinkets tossed
To send them shopping.
That 'stimulated' them,
To accept misdeeds...
That fed their greed.
And that would feed their loyalty.
A stimulus is needed again.
As these clever actions come to an end.
But this time...
The rug will be pulled from under them.
Hoping they wont notice it,
As they spend, spend, spend.
Until there is nothing left.
And those who could explain,
Left as they came!
Deceiving those...
Who believed this way of life was opposed.
As 'Euros' appear in increasing glee,
To introduce and seduce the blind...
Whose minds have been dined and wined,
In New York City!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Until They Are Made To Feel The Sting

The significance of anything happening,
Is more meaningful when it directly affects...
The lives of those at the onset are not interested,
Until they are made to feel the sting.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Until They Research What They Hear

It doesn't matter to me,
What you now know...
And what you found out.

Am I to be impressed,
By your acknowledgement?
And the way you'd like that addressed?
Or the fact that your discovery,
Exposes your absence of respect...
We both know was never shown to me.

Are you expecting 'me' to change?
I am always going to think of you,
The way I've been thinking of you.

'How is that? '

Less!
Someone I've already identified,
As a pest to the human race.

But don't worry about it.
I keep things like that to myself.
That's why I am quite surprised,
That you would know anything about me at all.
Since the rumors I heard,
Had me quite appalled.
And the things you said I did with my mother?
Were never done.

Afterall...
Those comments you made about me,
And with others who were convinced they were true?
I've known of them myself for many years.
And I would never have an appreciation for you.
My sights are not on lowlife.

Well...
Congratulations on your discovery.

I hope we were able to share something...
That opened both of our eyes!

'There is nothing like hearing the truth,
Is there? '

Nothing like it.
But some folks don't realize that...
Until they research what they hear!
And then it takes time,
To put two and two together.
Doesn't it?

Enjoy your day!
Since you have no idea,
How much you have made mine.
And I thank you for that!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Until They Show Their Real Faces

Who did what why and when,
To solidify their own happiness...
That has begun to begin,
With a doing to sacrifice...
Temporary temptations...
Dangled to grasp but ignored.
Has absolutely nothing to do,
With recommendations made...
By those still seeking to define it,
For themselves.

And in the doing to refuse,
Perks visible and within reach...
May offend those who believe,
What makes someone else happy...
Would never be a preference of theirs,
To qualify a happiness to have them pleased.
Will often end relationships,
Between those misunderstanding...
Obtaining happiness is a gift that benefits all.
Although this conception is seldom received.

'Why did you two stop being friends? '

~'They' wanted to start doing,
What 'they' wanted to do.
And I had no interest in that.~

'But that's being selfish.'

~Hmph. Tell me about it.
And we always did what I wanted.~

'But that's being selfish.'

~That's what I said.
And all this time,
I thought I was being appreciated.
You never know who your true friends are,

Until they show their real faces.~

'Uh...
I really don't know what to say.'

~It's okay.
One day somebody is going to wake up and see,
What having a good friend means.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Until They Too Awaken

So many are unconscious,
In their daily doings and deeds.
With beliefs anything they do,
Should not be questioned.
But given approval to please...
With a choosing of whom to do this to!

This kind of thoughtlessness,
Use to get me upset.
But I've learned what people are,
Is what they project.

And observing those who are like this
They appear easy to be categorized,
As spoiled, self centered
Full of themselves and selfish.

And those who aren't that way at all
Are dependable, loyal and taken for granted.
Until they too
Awaken from what they do.
To no longer be used,
By those regarding them as fools.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Until This Adventure Ends

I have no purpose meant,
To identify and acknowledge...
That which does exist.
With a repeatedness...
That collects dust and sits!
As if I am assigned,
To show others...
How to stunt and rust their minds!

I am only obligated to be aware,
And expand my consciousness.
With an acceptance of a process...
Some who do this,
Have labelled as growth!
With a daring to live life...
And to share the findings that are there.
Until this adventure ends.

Those accustomed to the taste of stale bread...
Seem to always find the time to comment on it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Until Those Tomorrows Came

When I was a child,
I use to play.
But I grew up...
And left those days.

When I matured,
I learned to pray.
I needed...
To be more brave!

I've had my heroes all around.
And dreamed to make them proud,
Of me.
And do good deeds.

I remember watching them.
Each step they took,
I followed.
And borrowed,
Until...
Those tomorrows came.

When I was a child,
I use to play.
But I grew up...
And left those days.

When I matured,
I learned to pray.
I needed...
To be more brave!

I've had my heroes all around.
And dreamed to make them proud,
Of me.
And do good deeds.

Each step they took,
I followed.

And borrowed,
Until...
Those tomorrows came.

When I matured,
I learned to pray.
I needed...
To be more brave!
Until...
Those tomorrows came.

I needed,
To be more brave!
Until...
Those tomorrows came.

Until...
Those tomorrows came.

Those tomorrows,
Came!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Until Truth Is Faced

Until truth is faced,
And all deceptions and fantasies...
Have been erased to be replaced by honesty,
Hatred will continue to mask those charading...
Beliefs they have been selected to lead,
And not follow doctrines that protect the interests...
Of all humanity.

The acquiring of greed has been the main ingredient,
To invade and take...
From others to leave them bleeding.

The acquiring of greed has been the main ingredient,
With a faking of created faith...
To impress those oppressed,
Whose lives lived...
Are determined by some,
To be worthless!

Until truth is faced,
And all deceptions and fantasies...
Have been erased to be replaced by honesty,
There will be no peace that decreases fighting.
There will be no peace that increases love.

Until truth is faced,
There will always be wars.
There will always be the taking to claim ownership.
And a quest to seek a victory,
As if a watching and listening God does not exist.
As if God has permitted them to destroy this gift of life,
Given.

'Living in enforced isolation,
Does not broaden once's comprehension...
Of an accepted reality.
And the ones protecting lies with continued alibis,
Find themselves eventually victimized.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Until With Me Into Eternity

So many awesome memories,
Kept in my mental chest.
Some are close and heartfelt
With a secret wish to renew
And restore the few I preview.
I say to myself...
'Let go and move on! '
But I've always been a hardhead.
And these memories will live on...
And on and on.
Until with me into eternity,
They leave with me and we're both gone!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Until 'You' Are The One Convinced

Rummaging through rumors,
You might pick worthy to gossip...
By those who have dropped them,
And you find yourself out of contol...
Without stopping them to be told.
May have just come from the ones,
Who have been used to keep detoured...
By those who have sold them and already know,
You and others sharing them to expose...
Can not be trusted.
Or considered to keep confidential,
To leave rumored gossip left where heard.

And you...
I have long acknowledged,
As one I would never tell anything personal.
Since you are quick to flap your lips,
With a giving of your opinion...
That is none of your business.

'Your comments to me I find offensive.
We've been friends for years and you know this.'

Say that again.

'You and I have been friends for many years.'

Say that until 'you' are the one convinced,
As to what friendship means to you...
And who else you whisper this nonsense.
And...
You are right.
I have known you for years.
I've also known what I do to keep from your ears.

'I'm appalled.
What do you take me for?
A parrot? '

No.
Not at all.
I think of you more as a mockingbird.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Until You Brought To Me Love

Closed and refuse to open.
A mending of a heart left broken.
Closed and refuse to open.
A mending of a heart left broken.
Until...again!
You brought to me love.

It gives me, breath.
It gives me, a depth.
It gives me, a load of hope,
I...
Will never in my mind forget.

It gives me, joy.
It gives me, such happiness.
It gives me, an energy I missed...
When I greeted the Sunrise,
To love Sunsets.
Until you brought to me love...
I would awaken upset and less thankful.
Until...
You brought to me love,
I didn't look for it to get.
Nor thought I could accept it.

It gives me, breath.
It gives me, a depth.
It gives me, a load of hope,
I...
Will never in my mind forget.
Until...
You brought to me love,
I didn't look for it to get.
Nor thought I could accept it.

Closed and refuse to open.
A mending of a heart left broken.
But until...
You brought to me love,

I didn't look for it to get.
Nor thought I could accept it.

It gives me, joy.
It gives me, such happiness.
It gives me, an energy I missed...
When I greeted the Sunrise,
To love Sunsets.
Until you brought to me love...
I would awaken upset and less thankful.
I would awaken upset and less thankful.
I would awaken upset.
Until...
You brought to me love,
I didn't look for it to get.
Nor thought I could accept it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Until Your Face Turns Blue Or Red

You can attack what I've said all you want.
In fact you have an open invitation.
But you will never be able to decipher,
What is in my head.
You can dig with a shovel...
Until your face turns blue or red.
To chill or heat from what's been said.
Or determine to conclude from what you've read!

You are not aware from where my thoughts begin.
Or 'who' is behind the 'what'
That influences them!
There is a process that has no specific beginning,
Or an ending that could satisfy me within.
My tongue unleashes with words that seem to spin...
From eyes I have not yet seen,
And apparently neither does 'this thing' screen.
Revealing with a meaning,
From other dimensions we exist in!

Defining with comprehension,
As I receive these mental visions.
I am used like a human instrument...
With a consciousness,
I am neither for nor against...
As I am just the participant.
And accepting how this happens without a defense,
That pleases me to know it is intended!
Like you,
I too am a witness!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Until You'Ve Had Enough

Seeking elsewhere to get your peace?
And finding it difficult to find any,
Wherever you go just to sample a taste of it...
As if to treat?
Do you believe it to be on a menu?
Or laid to spread on a buffet,
Already prepared to feast upon and eat...
Until you've had enough,
To exit from it to leave.

As long as you keep those thoughts alive,
You'll never discover a peace inside.
As long as you keep those thoughts alive,
You'll always be denying life and from it hiding.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Untwisting Them From Limits

From where did all these people come,
Asking for forgiveness for their evils.
What is it in the water now?

Where did all these people come from...
Asking for forgiveness for their pain?
What stuff is that they're puffing up?

What is this quick shifting in the mix...
Untwisting them from limits.

Oh Oh...
With a Oh? Oh! OH?
Now...

From where did all these people come,
Asking for forgiveness for their evils.
What is it in the water now?

Where did all these people come from...
Asking for forgiveness for their pain?
What stuff is that they're puffing up?

Oh Oh...
With a Oh? Oh! OH?
What is this quick shifting in the mix...
Untwisting them from limits.

Oh Oh...
Oh? Oh! OH?
And...
What is this quick shifting in the mix...
Untwisting them from limits.

Oh Oh...
Oh? Oh! OH?
What is this quick shifting in the mix...
Untwisting them from limits.

And...
What is it that stirred and benefits,
Untwisting them...
From,
Being...
Left behind!

Untwisting them,
From vacant minds!
Untwisting them,
From vacant minds!

Untwisting them.
Untwisting them.
Untwisting them,
From vacant minds!
Untwisting them...
From,
Being...
Left behind!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unusual, Out Of It And More Than Just Different

Only those who had once been depicted,
Unusual, out of it and more than just different...
Have come today to witness,
Those who had lived such steady and normal lives...
Crying loudly over their values and standards,
Being diminished, updated or demised to not recognize.

And the ones they had once made to feel ostracized,
Seem to have adjusted and accepted to being rejected.
With the acknowledgement that being declared different,
Has had for them advantages to benefit.
Without being around those who can not escape,
From their self inflicted restrictions.
Limited to beliefs no longer in existence.

And what can all expect next?
The presence of an effective higher consciousness,
No one will or can refuse.
Since it seeks from no one an approval or acceptance,
To leave behind minds found to be insignificant and limited.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unwanted Attitude

I dislike it when I am patronized.
Or given an air of condescension,
By someone who says they know
About the power of God...
While carrying a sack of demons,
On their back.
To drag around wherever they are at!
And practicing all kinds of deceit!

People like this,
Can produce in me an unwanted attitude.
And I do my best not to show it.
But there is 'something' about my integrity,
I wish to keep protected.
To reflect a life that has lived.
With an acknowledgement of where I stand,
That is not left assumed.
To then leave behind distractions,
And my peace of mind intact!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unwanted Deeds

An aggressive innocence defended,
On lands peacekeepers claim...
Have been invaded to implement democracy.
Is not the opinion of those,
Who experience and see...
Their civilan population dwindling away,
And survivors maimed by such unwanted deeds.

People on these torn shores,
Have witnessed such cruelty.
Knowing they are not the benefactors,
Of the wargames and crimes...
That leave them heartbroken to grieve,
Their own loved ones and those of friends...
Suffering death and bleeding needlessly.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unwanted Guests

A mansion is built.
And unwanted guests,
Are reported to reside inside.

And there are those who claim,
This was not known.
Even though the unwanted guests,
Entertained, prepared the meals...
As well as took suggestions as to what to serve,
For choices of dessert.

And...
Tucked them all in bed at night!
To then leave,
On their own...
To wander freely around the mansion!
And yet,
It has been declared...
The guests who wandered freely around the mansion,
Were unwanted.

AND...
No one will admit,
They knew a mansion existed.
Nor have a clue who built it,
Or 'how' it got there.

I live on a fixed income.
And my every move is watched.
Even my approach to await a coming bus,
At a public bustop...
Is monitored as suspicious.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unwanted Headaches

One embittered with resentment,
And pretends...
Is not a student of forgiveness.
A self assessment done,
To cleanse and leave behind an anger felt...
Is one who can mend and move on!
Yet doesn't.

Someone ego driven,
And determined to have their way...
Suffers humiliation that comes one day.
To stay!
And there is nothing that can be said,
To one with this kind of thick head.
But a choice to leave them in their delusion,
Prevents the invitation of unwanted headaches.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unwarranted Acts

Many may elect to have selective memories,
As a preference to leave behind misdeeds they've done.
But the ones left affected with their memories intact,
May or may not...
Forgive the unwarranted acts that had attacked them.

However,
A forgetting what it took to heal and mend...
Seldom is remembered as a period of enchantment.
Or a process that effectively connects,
To a time when they romanced getting such attention.
And for whatever the reason,
Those who have been wicked and evil awaken with guilt...
Has little to do with an apology given to accept.

'Look at you.
You look terrific.
Time and life has certainly been good to you.'

~Thanks.
I'm surprised.
You do not look disappointed.~

'Disappointed?
Why on Earth should I be disappointed?
You look fabulous; the picture of perfect health.'

I remember a 'few' people,
Doing all they could to ruin my life.
Thank GOD I kept my faith.
Thank GOD I still do.

'Tell me about it.
I 'found' God just a year ago.
And today?
I am able to forgive myself,
For anything I've ever done to anyone.
It's like 'magic' how much I have forgotten.
How 'bout you? '

Sometimes I awaken,
Wishing I had a thick steel rod to use on some folks.

'Let go of feelings like that.
What purpose would that 'now' serve? '

I would help some people remember,
What 'my' life was like before THEY 'found' God.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unwavering Commitment

At the end of the day,
Despite the conditions of the weather...
I know him to be reliable.
He will be there!
Accountable for his actions.

On the other hand,
If the Sun is shining...
She will come to make a good speech.
And 'if' the fees should increase,
Her patriotism is not to be denied.

If I was to decide,
Who would lead and guide my interests with pride?
It will definitely be the one,
Who has shown a command with leadership...
When those storm clouds come with unwavering commitment.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unwilling To Obey With Kept Faith

Usually one gets in return,
What one has invested...
In time spent with interests given.
Support shown and patience.
With steadfast kept beliefs and lots of prayer.
Tears to shed and burdens to lift,
Not to carry to solicit with a determination...
For others to witness their interpretation,
Of misunderstood dedication devoted to despair...
To share the receiving and giving of empathy.

Those following a path of seeking limelight,
With the least resistance and unwilling to obey...
Those lessons taught with kept faith or insight.
Nor prepared to sacrifice temptations day and night.
With a focus upon their desires sought,
That can not be bought without discipline on a daily basis.
But regularly make attempts to use quick devices!
Need not expect an overflow of dividends without input.
Or make accusations that come back to bite,
With or without a swift kick that hits them in the end.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unwilling To Sacrifice

Deluged and soaking in God's wet sweat,
Are those seeking with wishes...
And wants to become nourished.
Encouraged they are by the flow that bestows.
Flourishing to bloom is all they know,
With a seeking to grow.
As all life on Earth is expected to do.
From one step to another...
To appease with proof and to please God's doing.

And yet...
There are those unaccepting,
This to be God's wish.
There are those unaccepting,
They are to grow and not dismiss this.
There are those unaccepting,
They are required to live with a doing to do...
To get done as expected.
But they want more choices presented,
From which they can pick...
With a doing to choose.

Complain they do,
When the Sun heats to afford them opportunities,
To reach and complete those tasks God has asked.
Complain they do,
When the Winter comes to allow then rest.
To nourish upon that which has been harvested.
Complain they do,
Without completing assigned tasks.
And on bended knees to plead...
Yet unwilling to sacrifice,
For those gifts and benefits they are given...
Throughout their selfishly self-centered live lives!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unwittingly Installed

There is a concerted effort directed,
To decrease the influence of integrity.
With an undoing to proceed,
In a thoughtless blindedness...
Collectively heeded!
To affect the best interest of those,
Who have chosen to pursue progress.

However...
This aspect to manifest a control,
To dilute the ambitions of those bold...
And courageous.
Has lead those who follow...
Down a deadend road with pride,
Although without a consciousness.

This process has left those with turned up noses,
Posing shocked against brick walls and closed doors...
They themselves unwittingly installed.
Enclosing them within...
An 'all for one' fall!
Leaving the participants without a defense,
To explain such a senselessness.

And...
One that clearly has 'stupidity' written,
All over it as if graffitti...
From the onset of its beginnings.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unwrap Their Brains From The Cellophane

Unwrap their brains from the cellophane.
Something has curtailed their use.
A preservation will not induce thought.
Who wrapped them up like that anyway?
And 'why' to us have they been brought?

Unwrap their brains from the cellophane.
Resuscitate them quick.
Perhaps they have something to say.
And this action has been legit.

If they had not use them at anytime before...
What makes saving them,
Something to explore?
If the user has ignored them,
What use are they to us?
Shouldn't we continue,
To let them cuss their own existence?
Eliminating for us this fuss.

And like they've done in the past...
Let the brightest amongst them,
Be ignored.
Disrespected.
And distanced...
Until they have become wasted?
And they amongst themselves be trashed.
They alone delight in performing this task!

Where will they be stored?
It is hard enough to move fat asses now.
Don't you think it would be dangerous,
To give them another chore?
And hear complaints of choking yokes,
Their ancestors wore!
We don't need to provide another reason...
For them to sit on stoops.
Drooping to drop,
In front of their doors!

Unwrap their brains from the cellophane.
Something has curtailed their use.
A preservation will not induce thought.
Who wrapped them up like that anyway?
Is there a lesson in this to be taught?
And to whom will this benefit?
These dead brains will not be sought!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Unwrapping Of Some Painful Facts

To be without things easily received,
Then taken.
Breaking mistaken trust.
And cussing those you blame,
For leaving you in shame and shattered.
Introduces a definition of life,
Free of seduction!
And brings upon the onslaught of anger.
Deduced from a slowing of mass productions.

No longer can those rush to purchase...
Whims on credit.
Facing debts and sacrifice...
Splits spice from bitterness quick!
Without moments to breathe in between.
Or an opportunity to 'slim down' those lifestyles...
Into something acceptible and exquisitely reduced.
Suitably penny pinched for comfort!

Something has to be done that is trimmed of fat.
Although leaving one's palate lean...
And craving,
Very few are accustomed to that.
That hardly attracts.

Those sugar plum and diced dreams would be nice to serve.
But there is a crisis that looms.
And balsam fir scents and sticks of pepperment,
Associated with a season minted with delicious treats...
Takes a back seat.
As a greeting of reality stings and bites.
With a pouring of salt and vinegar on all appetites.

And visions of snowy nights,
With reindeer flying over tree tops sighted.
Stops!
For the unwrapping of some painful facts!
A smearing of Santa's reputation this year...
Has to be done!

And made clear by those unaccustomed,
To such bravery!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Up

Wake up.
Look up.
Get up.
Be up.
Stay up.
Stand up.
Shut up.
And refuse to be fffuh...
Upped in a confusion.
Or give up trying to be you.
Diffuse those mistakes you made.
Under any circumstance,
That attempts to keep you down!
With frowns to share and show.
Only have 'that' which pleases your appetite.
Hunger for it...
Until it is satisfied!
Raise and lift yourself up!
Be that one in the crowd who does.
There ain't nothing to eyeball on the sidewalk,
But cracks.
And you don't have to be about that!
Be 'up'!
Or get out of the way.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Up Against The Walls They Installed

At any price their decadence is wished.
An opportunity to be lifted away from it,
Keeps them at a distance!
Becoming suspicious.
What has been theirs for centuries declared...
Now faces scrutiny.
A mutiny leaves them unprepared!
That rubbish about trust,
Has been thrusted into a limelight.
This does not please those of historical deceit.
They are not accustomed to this kind of treachery.
Tethered by their own need to feed greed.
And from it,
They are hoping not to retreat.

This dishonesty cloaked,
Promises to expose them to those on the streets!
And leaks of this kind,
Finds them appalled!
A charading masquerade finally comes to a stall.
With blemishes once hidden and seducing those betrayed,
Now shown to be the nature of their flaws displayed!
Leaving them with their values and standards of life...
Up against the walls they've installed,
At the lowest grade they've kept shaded!
As they enforce sufferings endured by all.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Up All Night

Up all night,
Seeking to find that right approach...
That is not felt to encroach upon to undo,
The familiar scent of roses.
Or drastically impose a new point of view.

I know I am not amongst the few but many,
Wishing for a vision from a different plateau.
I can't be the only one,
Up all night inspired...
By insights with desires to reach as I bloom.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Up And Disappeared

There has been a lot of listening missed,
That did not reach either your left...
Or right ear.
And I know there has been many attempts...
To reach you.
But you...
Refused to pay attention.
Since what was said you did not want to hear!

Time is very much a factor in this.
Because it is with time allowed,
Comprehension needs that thought process...
To make 'anything' for one to become clear.
But the only thing your stubborn held fits,
Has not understood...'and' 'that' you've dismissed.
Any understanding those few were willing to give,
Has up and disappeared with no regret shown for it!

Time is very much a factor in this.
Because it is with time allowed,
Comprehension needs that thought process...
To make 'anything' for one to become clear.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Up And Down With It

Up and down with it,
A hold on love.
Up and down with it,
The feeling it gives.
And a floating with it,
When it's received...
To never think of it to ever leave.
Up and down with it,
Those arguments.
Up and down with it,
A forgiving to forget.
Up and down with it
Not to keep them meant.
With it realized what makes more sense.
Up and down with it,
Demanding!
Up and down with it,
Understanding!
Up and down with it,
Suspicions to quit.
Up and down with it,
A decision one makes to know it's old...
To accept when it is time to grow.

Up and down with it,
Those arguments.
Up and down with it,
To forgive and forget.
Up and down with it
Not to keep them meant...
To know letting go helps one to grow.

Up and down with it,
A hold on woe.
Up and down with it,
To let woes go.
Up and down with it,
To know that life is like a kite.
And some days the flying is not as high.

Up,
And then down with it.
Is life.
Up,
And then down with it.
Is life.
Up,
And then down with it.
Is life.
Up with its downs.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Up And In The Poconos

Up and in the Poconos,
Some people go to fly their kites.
Blown high and held tight.

And up and in the Poconos,
Some people do whatever they like.
When night arrives.

'Cause up and in the Poconos,
You can feel the peace that is right!
And no one's uptight.

You can boat, climb a mountain or...
Just fish.
And just sit and relax.
To do whatever you wish.
Since when up in the Poconos,
Nobody knows your business as it is!

Discreet with fresh air to breath.
In complete amenity that's indulged.

When up in the Poconos,
Nobody knows your business as it is!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Up By Two Possessions

Up by two possessions,
In a heated competing session.
And the hope is to reach to the goal,
To keep...
A winning told.
And keep...
That winning bold.

You can't let moss grow under your feet!
And keep...
A winning told.
You can't stay satisfied and sleep!
And keep...
That winning bold.
You must push alibis aside!
To keep...
A winning told.
And sacrifice with a drive inside!
To keep...
A winning told.
And keep...
That winning bold.

Up by two possessions,
In a heated competing session.
And the hope is to reach to the goal,
To keep...
A winning told.

Up by two possessions,
In a heated competing session.
And the hope is to reach to the goal,
To keep...
That winning bold.

You can't let moss grow under your feet!
And keep...
A winning told.
You can't stay satisfied and sleep!

And keep...
That winning bold.
You must push alibis aside!
To keep...
A winning told.
And sacrifice with a drive inside!
To keep...
A winning told.
And keep...
That winning bold.

Up by two possessions.
And keeping...
A winning told.
Up by two possessions.
And keeping...
That winning bold!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Up Close

To see it up close...
No one can deny somebody's pain.
To see it up close...
No one has to hear one complaining.
To see up close...
Anyone who knows what it is,
Seldom doesn't drop a tear.

To see it up close...
Few do to view it.
Just to see it up close...
Few do it without a making of excuses,
To use to compare how they live.
Or make their situation worse than it is.

People only have themselves on their minds.
Time for other people people seldom find.
People only have themselves on their minds.
Time for other people people seldom find.

To see it up close...
No one can deny somebody's pain.
To see it up close...
No one has to hear one complaining.
To see up close...
Anyone who knows what it is,
Seldom doesn't drop a tear.

People only have themselves on their minds.
Time for other people people seldom find.
People only have themselves on their minds.
Time for other people people seldom find.

People don't know other people up close,
To know.
People don't know other people up close,
To know.
People don't know other people up close,
To know.

People don't know other people.
People don't know other people.
People don't know other people up close,
To know!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Up Close And Vivid

There was a time,
I loved agitating.
Just to see different expressions,
Shown on people's faces.
Coming close,
To aggravation.
I knew my limitations.

I had gone to school to learn body language.
Interpersonal Communication.
And studying 'where' folks' feelings were.
You know...
Probing from afar.
Seeking to discover...
With just observation.
Who was disturbed...?
Who was emotionally disconnected,
And unnnerved.
And just 'who' was crazed?
Living on the edge...
Seeking to escape the maze of life.
Only to discover my own paranoia!

Today,
Few people are trying to hide their disgust!
Some are outright enraged.
With attempts to masquerade an outrage...
Many caring less,
If that it is shown on display!

And I am not quick to agitate...
For experimental purposes.
Not today!
Too many folks have venom in their eyes.
And I've learned to do what I've been trained to do,
From my early days of schooling.
I either wear my sunshades.
Or talk to myself!
Choosing to fit right in!

But I don't have to take notes today...
Too much of this 'stuff' is up close and vivid!
And I rehearse ducking...
Just in case a wild punch is thrown,
On its way to pay a personal visit!

These are not the times,
For one to blindly unwind...
To share false pretensions.
Too many folks are easily provoked.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Up For Grabs

My feelings in the past,
Had been up for grabs.
With a need to please,
And be accepted.

Especially in relationships that did not last,
For reasons foolishness can not explain.
Or sustain pretentions.

And those I thought were close,
Chose to test me most.
With a thinking towards me,
As someone dependent and easily teased.
And continually this became the main attraction.

My feelings in the past,
Had been up for grabs.
And in those days long gone,
I believed myself special...
With a giving I gave to get back little re-action.

However when a dawning came,
To awaken with the brightest of lights...
It occurred to me what I desired and wanted,
In a relationship...
Did not feed seriously another's appetite.
And I was not into fantasies and quick pleasures.

Up for grabs and momentary satisfactions,
I am not.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Up For The Challenge

Up for the challenge,
And wearing brand new boots.
Up for the challenge.
I've got something to prove!
If I win or lose.

Depictions make no sense.
Whether intended,
Or made by accident.

Up for the challenge,
And wearing brand new boots.
Up for the challenge.
I've got something to prove!
If I win or lose.

Someone others thought a fool,
Maybe one who someday rules!

Some have no purpose but to fly at night like bats.
Some have no purpose but to chitter chat in packs.
Some have no purpose but to stir up tit for tats...
And,
Be petty like that.
'Cause...
That is where their minds are at!

Up for the challenge.
And I know that I can manage it!

Up for the challenge,
And wearing brand new boots.
Up for the challenge,
'Cause I've got something to prove.

Depictions make no sense.
Whether intended,
Or made by accident.
But I admit I get incensed,

When no one but me pays my rent!

'Oh? '

No 'Oh'.

Some have no purpose but to fly at night like bats.
And...
Some have no purpose but to chitter chat in packs.
And...
Some have no purpose but to stir up tit for tats.
And...
Be petty like that,
'Cause...
That is where their minds are at!

Up for the challenge.
And I know that I can manage it!

'Oh? '

Up for the challenge.
And I know that I can manage it.
Up for the challenge,
And no doubts are taking space up...
In my mind!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Up From A Downbeat

Up from a downbeat.
And cooling off,
From that kind of heat.
Self destructive and defeating.

Up from a downbeat.
And that 'vibe' it sends.
Had me seeking another rhythm.
With a desire to have the old one,
End.

I had to leave discouragement.
Criticisms heard.
And folks spreading gossip.
Just for the enjoyment of it.

I had to leave behind...
Those with minds living to satisfy,
Lives restricted to a negativity.
Without exploring,
Unlimited possibilities.
I realized my own eyes were closed,
To opportunities...
Surrounding me.

Up from a downbeat.
To see it clear,
I alone had made that choice.
I alone had chosen to hear,
Voices rejoicing...
A negativity to accept.
And 'they' chose not to leave.
But I live to hear another rhythm.
One more up from a downbeat.
Less droaning to moan it,
Allowed to continue on.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Up From Nowhere

When the Sun came,
I felt the warmth...
Straightening my back,
And elongating the stretched etches...
Of my expanding shadow.

I was not aware I walked with grace.
A dignity that prides my stride,
Quickens the steps of my pace taken.

No storm clouds do I attempt to identify.
Nor seek to keep my face wet with tears.
An escape appears that beckons.

When the Sun came,
I felt a disgusting pain held within me.
A saddened attachment I knew too well.
Latched as if breast fed...
And smothering my unmotherly ways.

I let it go!
It had to leave.
It had to disconnect a too comforting hold on me!
On my heart...
And the purpose unfolding to clear my view!
I needed to squeeze from that mental scolding.
I am through with brooding this misery in the streets,
And under sheets I toss and turn!

A yearning transpired!

When the Sun came...
I did not realize my burning desires,
Had turned my fire
Into a crawl!
Traced in memories of falling too hard,
And unforgiving.
Back when the cracks of sidewalks,
Were my friends!

That was how it had been...
Before the Sun came beaming in,
Thrusting upon me a ray.
And a reason to smile came!
To lift me up...
From nowhere!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Up In Attic

I'm dragging with this melodic symphony...
Hit by timpanis,
And ooops!
When that's done I feel ecstatic!

Oh babe.
Oh babe.

Said...
I'm dragging with this melodic symphony...
Hit by timpanis,
And ooops!
When that's done I feel ecstatic!

Oh babe.
Oh babe.

I see you winking at me,
With your eyeballs going up and down.
I know you're thinking of me,
As a clown you can screw around.
But none of this you're gettin'.
To fit into your mittened fists.
None of this.
'Cuz it's...

Hit by timpanis,
And ooops...

When that's done I feel ecstatic!

Ooops,
Kettledrums on the run...
I know it's gonna 'be' ecstatic.

I'm gonna be ecstatic!
I'm gonna be ecstatic!
I'm gonna be ecstatic!
Me, I'm gonna be, ecstatic!

Gonna pack my bitchin' and leave that ssshhh...
Up in attic!

'Daddy,
Can you turn that music off.
It's too loud!

Why you dressed like that up in there,
everytime mommy goes?
Daddy?
Are you coming out of the closet,
with those clothes? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Up In My Stuff

You're all up in my stuff,
Huh?
I'm surprised you haven't smothered.
You must be too busy to utter a sound.
Since I provide you,
Several reasons to stay around.
But don't get confused,
If I seem to avoid and not acknowledge you.
It's my way of making sure,
No one suspects...
I am the first to see your face,
Before you open your own door.
And sneak away from my steps.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Up In The Face

Many can't get over what time it is.
And how the minds of their 'kids',
Have from them been taken away.
With laws protecting this detriment.
Consenting to a deepened decadence.
A decadence permitted,
As if a passing fad.

Many can not get over,
Others they discover becoming crazed.
Performing outrageous activities.
Done with permission and given the 'okay'.
Leaving those aware and conscious of it,
Dropping their jaws in disbelief.
Yet participating with a medicated tolerance.

Swift the shift seems to have been quick!
Even though messages and messengers sent,
Were treated as if...
They created the foul scent in the air.

Swift the shift seems to have been quick!
But is hasn't.
There have been signs placed everywhere.
So has ignorance with lots of it shared.

Up in the face the presentation is clear.
Smell it?
Up in the face to taste that which appears.
To be licked, nibbled or slowly chewed.
Up in the face even of those on knees who pray,
Hoping what they've allowed to create...
Will with prayer,
Save them from a fate they've made...
Fades to go away.

Swift the shift seems to have been quick!
Even though messages and messengers sent,
Were treated as if...

They created the foul scent in the air.
A scent addicting to leave few spared.

Many can't get over what time it is.
And how the minds of their 'kids',
Have from them been taken away.
With laws protecting this detriment.
Consenting to a deepened decadence.

Now...
Up in the face the presentation is clear.
So clear the reality of it is disbelieved.
But why?

Messages and messengers sent,
Had warned of these days coming.
Messages and messengers sent,
Were also warned...
Of becoming too offensive.
To be shunned, criticized or both.
With their statements made to make...
An awareness of these days,
Unacceptable and too outrageous to believe.

Well...
What appears that is here but shouldn't.
Could and has arrived to be,
A reality too long ignored.
To have gone overboard as it has.
With a taking away with it,
Too many innocent passengers.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Up Inside My Head

I want to love you,
Like...
Corn on the cobb just dripping with butter.
I do.

I want to love you,
Like...
A slice of pound cake and icecream.
But...
I'm feeling like I'm floating in a boat,
Without a rudder.
And...
I'm wanting to scream,
Help me.
Help.
And I'm wanting to scream...
Help me.

And I'm wanting to scream...
Help me.
Help.
And I'm wanting to scream...
Help me.

I want to love you,
Like...
Saugage, eggs and pancakes.
With powered sugar mixed with cinnamon.
I want to love you,
Like...
The maple syrup I pour to spread.
But...
I don't want you that close to be next to me,
Inside my head.
No!

I want to love you,
But...
I don't want you that close to be next to me,

Up inside my head.
No!

I want to love you,
But...
I don't want you that close,
Squeezing next to me...
And,
Up inside my head.
No!
Up inside my head.
No!
Up inside my head.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Up On The Beat And Rhythms

Those validating a physicality,
As the utmost reality in their heads.
Are not into conversation.
They are seeking,
The next place to be seen.

Uncomfortable they are,
With themselves.
Or with an invisible presence,
Observing their every move.
Like the sense one gets,
When The Almighty pays...
An unannounced visit.

So...
These people choose,
Not to be alone for too long!
They want to be considered as...
Hip and with it peeps,
Up on the beat and rhythms.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Up To All Challenges Presented

Sex and a serious obssession with the 'self',
Has mobilized today's youth to view standards...
With aging values degraded as pointless.
Unless they are collectively being solicited,
To abstain from the affects of truth.
And absorbing any remnants of it...
Would be like seeking a precious jewel,
Blind folded on a treasure hunt.
With the rules delivered by a sign language...
No one knows or can see to validate.
But then again...
Some of our brightest,
Are up to all challenges presented.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Up, Down, Inside And Out

Up, down, inside and out!
That's my relationship I have with God.
The She, He, or It of this experience.

And each day I awaken with this devotion on my mind,
Caring less who doubts with struggles to find...
A reason to carry their burdens on heavy shoulders alone.
Hey,
What can I say?
I can not argue with those who accept this condoned.

I am not about that.
Especially if I am here to do God's Will.
Without questioning the facts of that.

However...
If I am here to do that,
With a hunching of my back?
My love for God better cut me some slack.

Multi-tasking AND with burdens on my shoulders to bear?
Because someone else chose to put them there?
Oh no!
God and I are too close,
To AGAIN go through that experience?

I've already proven to God,
My willingness to do unnecessary things.
And with guidance I have identified my foolishness.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Up, Up And Away

I get a feeling when I close my eyes,
I can climb to heights.
And nothing then envisioned,
Has a border to minimize.

I get a feeling when I close my eyes,
I can reach for anything...
To touch.
With a continuing done of my rise.

Because I...
Am,
The creator of all my rules.

I don't need a yardstick to prove what I can do.

Because I...
Am,
The doer that pursues to undo limits.
Unrestricted I am up...
Up and away.
Hey.

I get a feeling when I close my eyes,
I can climb to heights.
And nothing then envisioned,
Has a border to minimize.
Unrestricted,
I...
Am up, up and away.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Upbringing And Demeanor

From on the sidelines,
And from behind backs of others.
They will peek and whisper their false tales,
On those they wish to see fail and falter.
Those they wish to see internally bleed.
With a crawling done upon their knees.
And those they may even call 'friends'.
That's how sick this addiction is fed to them.

This truth would be sadder than that,
If those blinded performing these acts.
Could see themselves and their choice of attack.
But they can not.
For them it is part of their upbringing and demeanor.
To scheme and plot as their own crops rot.

But when one has been nutured,
With a mindset like that.
They have been numed to clues,
As to the depth of their own victimization.
And the weight they place upon their own backs.
But a complaining they do with voices loud and clear
As to who amongst them is not making attempts to share.
With their experiences that will make a difference.

And these backbiters are all over the place,
Unconsciously disgracing themselves.
And this can not be blamed on the children.
These examples are implanted by the adults.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Updated (Claims)

It's missing.
And for several decades,
With their accusations made...
Is the proof of evidence,
Of having expertise.
And knowledge that qualifies,
A name they have established...
By defaming others with claims,
Those they shamed...
Had used 'their' name,
To rise 'overnight'...
Reaching remarkable heights.
Although...
Long before it was known,
Those accused...
Had already produced,
To have left their endeavors...
Documented to research.
And scutinized to believe.

And yet...
The ones who have made,
Accusations for several decades
Still to create,
Pray with hope...
Time will allow them to explain
Their updated excuses...
And falsely 'produced' claims,
Had somehow did not prevent...
Those resented,
From eliminating obstacles laid
While stepping away...
To succeed and leave behind,
Those would made others believe
They had keys to open doors.
But for whatever the reason...
The expertise,
To use those keys...
They have yet to acquire,

The ability to use them.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Updated And Refreshened Eulogies

What are they there,
Waiting for?
Updated and refreshened eulogies?

Those dead horses beatened,
Have turned into dust!
Although times have changed...
Their complaints have dusted.
And the staleness of trust...
Has long ago rusted!

What had been admired,
Has expired into visible jealousies.
They can not honestly believe,
What has been done religiously...
Can be revived and retrieved.
They can not believe that?
They can't!
Do they?

What are they there,
Waiting for?
Updated and refreshened eulogies?
When those made initially,
Had been carved into valued stone.
Supporting the approval,
Of those with cold shoulders.
Convinced they can survive on their own.

Why can't they move on?
And leave well enough alone!
Knowing those bonds,
That could have been mended...
Are absent of emotion.
Or anything that identifies,
A relationship to devotion.
Or even souls connected...
To mummified bones!
But the groaning of complaints,

Continue to droan with their moans.

What are they there,
Waiting for?
Updated and refreshened eulogies?
For opportunities to vent,
Why their time has been spent...
Arguing with one another,
Over what for them makes sense?

And who among them qualifies,
To adjust to new movements!
Done before no one is left,
And, hopefully, before...
All have died!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Updating Of An 'After-The-Fact' Status

An updating of an 'after-the-fact' status,
To make things that have happened in the past...
More current with a revisiting of emotions spent,
From them they can not escape to erase...
With hopes to live what is now being experienced.
To increase one's needed strength or mental agility.
OR confirms the presence,
Of a questioned competence decreasing in merit.

This kind of activity only validates,
The hopelessness many are made to feel...
About truths they today face.
And living amongst those who remain fixed in denial,
When confronted with a reality plainly observed.
While awaiting with faith and patience for explanations,
Since many are taught to seek help and guidance...
To rely on someone else to process their own thoughts.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Upgrade

Danger paced...
Are they viewing life,
From limitations of race!
Made important by those hating.
Erasing themselves like insects,
On a death binge.
With beliefs that increase fear,
And implusive actions to eliminate
God's creations.
Retaliation comes from the heavens.
This experiment called Earth...
Is not working!
They come to make adjustments.
A cleansing of impurities are faced.
Alterations to thoughts made...
Come to upgrade and improve upon our evolution!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Upgraded To Bigotry

What are you ready to express,
With such a willingness to project?
Whatever it is...
Consider this,
Perhaps it comes too late
To spark my enthusiasm.

Did you believe my sensibilities
Would park and wait,
Until you determined a date to awaken?
'With' self awareness?
And thoughts to suggest,
To anyone paying attention to your confession...
That you have been slightly more,
Than blindly resting between loud snores heard!
You and that image is so absurd!

I am sure you can locate some kids,
Fibbing in a schoolyard during recess...
At some elementary school to show and tell
And share your profound sense of self and discovery!

But keep in mind...
Those 'children' are not plugged into innocence,
As you might find your mind now released from shackles!
Today's 'youth' are not on the pursuit to locate anyone,
To keep them abreast of your insights!
Teaching concepts of role models,
Is as ancient as a slave owner
Looking for a buck to steed more nippled calves!
Well...
In some parts of the country,
Where backward thinking has been outdated...
And upgraded to bigotry!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Upheaval

You may moan about these times we live.
And complain about how you have been affected.
Attempt to do those very same things done,
You did yesterday!
And the day before that and got the same results.
But today...
If your eyes have not been open all the way,
Without tunnel vision
As a means to satisfy your existence.
You 'may' discover a more enriched life,
When it has been discovered...
An evolution of drastic change is upon us!
Those delusioned that the glory days will return...
Will be distanced!
Everything about this life,
Is going through an upheaval!
Believe it.
Even myths will be dismissed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Upholding A Transparency Promised

'I' would not say,
Appointed banking officials lied,
About upholding a transparency promised...
And expected.
'I' would rather believe a misunderstanding of policy,
Had been filtered to offset the comprehension perceived
By a concerned citizenship who had been falsely misled!

'But weren't you hired to monitor these activities,
Over a year ago?
To ensure the integrity expected?
And promised to those seeking loans,
And keeping good credit alive and thriving...
That would regain our standing as a robust economy?
This I interpret as lieing.'

Indirectly,
Yes!
I can see how you would feel,
A miscarriage of justice has been hushed.
However...
Lieing implies deception.
And...
To suggest impropriety is the basis of encouraged,
And legalized theft condoned...
Has not been the reason for their current failures.
At least none that I have found,
Under my watch.

'Then why is there no accountability,
For the billions of dollars discovered missing!
And invested by those patrons who have lost everything? '

'We' are currently working to correct that glitch in the system.
And hopefully a forgiveness will be extended for this oversight.
But to accuse anyone of lieing,
Would ruin delusions.
And we all know how important it is to keep them maintained!

'Delusions? '

Oh no.
Emphasized morality.
In the keeping of principles,
Our forefathers implemented with prudence and insight!

'Your point has been well stated!
By the way...
I've heard it said you are a great cook?
Are you a gourmet?
Or do you prefer to let your preparations simmer,
In a crock pot?
To minimize the stirring.'

I use the crock as often as I can.
Especially during these days,
When I find I have little time for impressive presentations.
Speaking off the record, of course.

'Of course.
With a point of view that is valued.
And...with a tasteful explanation as well.
How blessed we all are to have you as commissioner.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Uplifting Ideals Fogged By Realities

Any awakening called upon...
For others to do that,
To happened?
With an awaited expectation?
Has 'Sacrificial' worn somewhere,
Attached or printed.
And is easily seen!

This awakening into bliss,
Is not going to happen.
And that is as positive,
As it is going to get!

Generations of chickens,
Have been fed corn.
And they cluck for more.
That's all they know!

And those persistent...
With uplifting ideals fogged by realities,
Wishing this to be seen as wished?
Is equivalent to videotaping one's favorite pet...
Graduating from Yale with honors.
And that's...
After securing a Doctorate from Harvard.

And 'someone' somewhere,
Is going to admit to doing this!
Hoping to get a look of approving shock.

'You know...
I've always known Winston to be a smart animal,
But my goodness.
What a tremendous achievement.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Uploaded To Download

Uploaded to
Quick or slow paced.
We love that violence.
Loud not in silence.
To get that rush.
Loving it to punish.
Then to crush.
And fantasize someone victimized.

We love to punish for that rush.
We love to punish for that rush.
And fantasize someone victimized.
Just to crush.
And fantasize someone victimized.
Just to crush.

Uploaded to
Quick or slow paced.
We love that violence.
Loud not in silence.
To get that rush.
To get that rush.
While fantasizing someone,
Victimized!

To get that rush.
Quick or slow paced.
Just to crush somebody.
To get that rush.
Uploaded to
To get that rush.
Uploaded to
To get that rush.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Upon A Bed Of Gravel

Exposed and open.
I can not expect to be rescued soon.
I wont pretend my pain will end
Many scars and shattered wounds held.

Sunlit nights and darkened days...
Find my hands bloodied
Attempting to protect buckeling knees
Descending.

As I come to rest,
Upon a bed of gravel!
Too wasted to pretend logic!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Upon Close Examination

Humanitarians are too often depicted,
As those being weak and having liberal ideals.
Like people who show respect when giving it to another.
And considered to be misfits, derelicts and other labels,
To disapprove of their dysfunctional ways.
With attempts made to raise the consciousness,
Of those not afflicted in minds centered on self importance.
And their undeserved entitlements but get as a benefit of birth.

While those who are reserved and conservative in action,
Are thought to reflect the best of etiquette and correctness.
Although upon close examination,
Their minds are left detached and kept to remain like that.
As their valued standards leave them entrapped,
Within limited pretensions they have discovered too late...
Sitting on their backs attacking,
Every immoral injustice they have created to debate hypocrisies.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Upon Recommendation

They elected to become better coons.
And with their masks fixed...
For employment purposes and cocktail mixes.
To prove they were worthy and skilled,
At mastering diversed appointed tasks...
If asked and obeyed.
Sometimes against their high paid wills!
Although a dignity of identity,
Had cheapened,
With temptations that weakened!
They were still comforted in knowing,
Their subservience was awarded well...
And welcomed,
By the liking of their peers!
Who supressed their images too...
Upon recommendation!
And trained to flaunt their 'arrivals'
With the best of etiquette,
To diminish 'hints' of ghetto traces.
Then 'introduced' for acceptable appearances!
After a series of planting well placed kisses!
On butts...
Of course!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Upon The Table Of Fulfilled Wishes

Teach me not to nibble and feed,
On an appetite of my own selfish needs.
I am seeking a new diet,
That inspires a fresh insight.
With a brightness that incites,
A joyous excitement.

Teach me to appreciate all that I am.
Help me reach out to others...
To awaken that view,
Enabling them to see 'that' within them too!

If you've come to teach me greed.
Teach me to crave the gluttony of happiness.
Teach me to instruct others...
Deception is not a taste,
To welcome with an invitation...
At this grand feast to take place!

Teach me not to nibble and feed,
On an appetite of my own selfish needs.
Teach me to know that my happiness and joy...
Can only be fed,
If others are encouraged to also share.
Bringing with them a dish...
To spread upon the table of fulfilled wishes,
In this season of blessings to caress!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Upon Them It Is Shining Brighter

The results of the experiment,
Have finally been reviewed.
And it doesn't seem they thrill.

Fresh testing has been implemented,
And those currently in protest...
Seem to be experiencing adverse affects.

Hopefully they will come to see the light.
Since upon them it is shining brighter.
And their appetites for change will nourish.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Upon These Adored Shores

There are more people today,
Seeking ways to create sensationalism...
From that which is 'everydayish' and mundane,
That the seriousness of a diminished...
Quality of life,
Inflicted on a daily basis.
And is threatened to be permanently erased,
By conflicts entertaining those loving to fight...
Against what is right and once considered wholesome,
That the only thing kept prioritized on people's minds...
Is sex.
Yes.
And who is deluded to do it best,
With broadcast advertisements...
Revealing which enhancements can create the affect,
Of performing such acts with less stress...
To achieve a successful and long lasting satisfaction.
With the hope that threats of war,
Upon these adored shores...
Will not interfere with our precious obsession,
To keep our valued fantasized lives protected.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Upon Your Aging And Fixed Feet

I am not 'this' that you wish.
A novelty you expect,
As an exception to go unchanged.

Nothing on Earth that the Earth births,
Remains the same.
Rain nourishes!

And if the blooming done that I do,
Should upset you and your perceptions...
I can only wish you the best of dust collected,
Upon your aging and fixed feet.

I live to do to get done on each stage of life,
That welcomes my efforts to grow.
I wish to participate not contemplate life.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Upon Your Stunned And Too Late Face

It is too late to reverse,
A dispersing adversity.
It's too late to apologize,
For those conscious mistakes made.

Those opportunities to do this were given.
Now from the heavens,
Spiritual warriors descend.
And nothing on Earth can defend against them.

It is too late to reverse,
A dispersing adversity.
Or come to perceive...
The Almighty is nothing more,
Than a myth to be deceived.

You will know it's too late...
When the look of awe and shock is felt,
Upon your stunned and too late face!
Coming soon from outer space near you.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Uprooted To Be Uplifted To Reach

Uprooted to be uplifted to reach.
And to climb from valleys low,
Is much easier to do...
Without burdens on one's back,
To carry to dropp on new scenes...
Clear and unobstructed.

As if to do this would prove,
One has been blessed...
With a strengthened tolerance,
To endure the view...
One has been made to be convenienced,
Can not be appreciated...
Without being reminded of suffering.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Upset With His Progress

No one expected him to be as qualified as he is.
They believed his leadership would be a joke.
Although his intelligence was cleary there when he spoke.

Those few with their talk shows,
Campaigned for his failure.
With attempts to hold him responsible,
For the affect of their greed.
That the economy is on the brink of doom...
Is a direct result of their own gluttony.

They say they are not racist.
But it is obvious they have contempt.
Having a black man in his position.
Stirs a bigotry used as a defense.

They say he hasn't kept any promises at all.
But with his leadership,
A spiralling fall has been stalled.
Hopefully to be prevented.

Yet with the balls he juggles,
And his determination to succeed.
They wish to blame him for all of their mistakes.
Even the ones they self inflicted.
To cause themselves to bleed.
And hiding behind these excuses used...
Has been an ingredient for their past victories.

History has shown them to be a people afraid of truth.
But deceit can't keep them forever dishonest.
Since today reality is in pursuit.

No one expected him to be as qualified as he is.
They believed his leadership would be a joke.
Although his intelligence was cleary there when he spoke.
And he speaks with a wisdom,
Unbiased and direct.
And this keeps them angered!

Upset with his progress.

They are so blind.
And so far behind the times.
On all levels of their consciousness expressed...
Stalled in a mindset that generates their unrest.

'Those people! '

~What do you mean by that? ~

'We've done everything in our power,
To prove them ignorant!
And here he is with his arrogance.
Showing the world not only his talents.
But also that he represents,
A people of integrity, high self esteem and brilliance.
You have no idea how that pisses,
Those who wish to dismiss it! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Upset With The Stew

If I see it!
And they see it!
Why are you trying to pretend...
There is a secret you keep within?
Just like a tree.
And the birds flying and the fish in the sea,
God has made this!
This is God's creativity!
What makes you think you are hiding something,
Because you think God might not agree?
You're the only one who chooses living in a slump.
Don't try to dump your nonsense on me!
I know who God IS...
Omnipresent is THIS spirit!
There are many like you upset with the 'stew'
Because you can not realize,
What is being done is not all about you!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Upset?

Upset?
You know you still can use the option,
Of blaming someone else.

Trying to be accountable now...
Will only confuse the issue,
With additional complexities.

Do like the others do.
Refuse to acknowledge any involvement.
In 'anything'.

You must have recently been strickened,
With a tremendous dose of awareness?
I understand.
Trust me.

But pounding your fists against the wall,
Is not going to change the presence of reality.
And cursing someone is only a temporary relief.

Use the option!
This new leader we have,
Definitely has something up his sleeve.
He's out to destroy the big boys.
You?
He considers a troublesome flea.

Blame it on a missed train...
Or something.
There is no need for 'you' to be upset.
Regret you let yourself become upset and snap out of it.

What do you want me to do?
Hold your hand?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Upsetting 'And' Appalling

Expressing shock and dismay,
Over embarrassing conduct exposed...
By collegiate athletes.
Quickly removing their cleats...
To have discreet sex,
With paid prostitutes.
Has reduced them and their precious images,
From their gladiator pedestals.

And to think such high standards,
Executed by a marketing done...
Of a decadence anyone can get,
On their TV sets.
And freely obtained over the internet.
Or purchased on any street easily,
Is...
At best,
Upsetting 'and' appalling.

How and why can any of this,
Be solicited to corrupt the innocence...
Of our respecting and disciplined children?

How and why can any of this,
Slip by unnoticed...
As the doting concerns,
Of protective and value conscious parents...
Monitor with interest,
The future of their kids?

Upsetting 'and' appalling as this is,
There is definitely a conspiracy...
To undermine and smudge with a smearing,
Those high and lofty standards...
Embraced by those envious and jealous,
Of a quality of life all who uphold these truths...
To be self evident,
With such a sustaining willpower...
Is difficult for anyone to fathom.

Shocking has been the revelation,
Of such disturbing and jaw dropping news.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Upsetting That Which Leeches

A process to correct,
Has become a direct effectiveness.
All of nature has set its sites,
On that which has defected its naturalness.
And nature has begun to correct this.
Upsetting that which leeches,
With a disbelief by the method of revenge!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Uptight, Limited And Closed Minded

Free to ponder.
And wander outside of boundaries.
Only to wonder why some choose,
To stay uptight, limited and closed minded.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Up-To-Date

With a leaving those far behind,
Who can not relate...
To these times that blows their minds.
And they would rather wait,
To redo...
What they believe will come back,
To relive.
As if the past will return,
To comfort and satisfy...
Their concerns.

But today like yesterday,
Will move on.
And it wont wait,
For anyone not noticing it gone.
All yesterdays...
Have moved on to leave what was lived,
Gone.
All yesterdays...
Have moved on to leave what was lived,
Gone.
All yesterdays...
Have moved on to leave what was lived,
Gone.

Up-to-date.
With a leaving those behind,
Left alone.
All yesterdays...
Have moved on to leave what was lived,
Gone.
All yesterdays...
Have moved on to leave what was lived,
Gone.

Up-to-date,
Keep it.
Up-to-date,
Keep it.

Up-to-date,
Keep it.
Up-to-date!

Up-to-date.
With a leaving those far behind,
Who can not relate...
To these times that blows their minds.
And they would rather wait,
To redo...
What they believe will come back,
To relive.
As if the past will return,
To comfort and satisfy...
Their concerns.

But today like yesterday,
Will move on.
And it wont wait,
For anyone not noticing it gone.
All yesterdays...
Have moved on to leave what was lived,
Gone.
All yesterdays...
Have moved on to leave what was lived,
Gone.
All yesterdays...
Have moved on to leave what was lived,
Gone.

Up-to-date,
Keep it.
Up-to-date,
Keep it.
Up-to-date,
Keep it.
Up-to-date!

Up-to-date,
Keep it.
Up-to-date,
Keep it.

Up-to-date,
Keep it.
Up-to-date!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Urgency To Be Purged

The shadows chase and frighten.
No one escapes at all.
Some run until the sunset comes...
To find them peeking as they crawl.
When the sun rises eyes regret,
And their steps take a quicken pace.
Everyone fears the challenges near,
With attempts they hope to quickly out pace.

Secretly they grieve in pleading to escape.
With wishes to exchange...
The race they hate faking,
By replacing theirs with another's face.
But this process will achieve no happiness to relieve,
Since those who follow them to places where they hide...
Show signs they can be sniffed and identified,
With lies that are traced on paths that disgraced!

And immoral are they who use faith to betray...
For purposes to victimize believers of truth,
To mask their own demonic ways.
With an urgency to be purged,
Using symbols that fade.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Urination

I came very close,
To composing a poem...
On the topic of urination.

And the more I thought about it...
What possibly could I write,
About the uplifting joys of pee?

How could I justify an enthusiasm about that?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Us I Like

Us I like...
From Sunset to Sunrise,
Together.
No matter what the weather brings.
You are near and that is clear.

It is us I like...
Despite our ups and downs,
And infrequent temperaments.
To rid from us to have them discussed.
With a knowing between us there is trust.

Us I like...
Cuddled up and loving to snuggle.
Leaving outside not to invite inside trouble,
Others might wish to entice us with.
But neither of us will have any of it.

It is us I like!
Just as is.
Without doubts to concern us.
Or quick to quiz...
When the doing is pointless.

Us I like.
With it known how we feel.
It is us I like,
Honest, direct and keeping it real.
And for us we love to like it just like that.

Us I like...
From Sunset to Sunrise.
Midnight until it dawns.
And regardless of what's going on,
We remain to stay liking it together.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Use Any Font You Want

Greed, theft and genocide.

'No.
That is incorrect.
I specifically told the printers,
That should read: Genocide, Greed and Theft.
Alphabetically.
And in bold print.'

What difference does it make?
We are protesting worldwide atrocities.
Not the correct placement,
Of words to be printed on posters.

'And
Look at the font!
I told them nothing below a 48 point font.
That's clearly a 16 pointer.'

Trust me
The police will not care,
If that font was 64 points.
We all are going to be arrested,
For creating a public disturbance.

'I could care less.
Send them back.
When you organize your protest,
Use any font you want.
And another thing...
I requested green on purple backing.
Not purple with a green backing.'

What about the T-shirts?

'Get them on the phone.
I will handle this myself.
Absolutely nothing is co-ordinated,
To produce the effect I expect to get.

Am I the only one around here,
Willing to put my head on the line
For the little guy? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Use It

'Now you listen to me!
We've had his telephone
'Bugged' for months.
And twice he told a co-conspirator,
The gas he passes is strong enough
To wipe out an entire city block! '

But sir...
He was referring to his bowels movements!
He was in the bathroom.
He was joking!

'I don't care...
We've got to get this heat off of us!
Use it dammit!
I don't care how that is made public.
I tell you they are terrorists.
It's a plot I tell you.
It is obviously a code of some kind.
We've got to get the people crazed in fear.
Nothing else is working!
I say use it.
Contact CNN immediately.
Just leave out the part of him desiring softer tissue! '

Will do!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Use It Or You'Ll Lose It

Comeon!
Show what it is that you feel.
Use it or you'll lose it.

Comeon!
Show what it is that you feel.
Use it or you'll lose it.

Putting off today,
For tomorrow...
May from you disappear,
So...
Use it or you'll lose it.

Excuses made to hesitate,
Only dissipates what is real.
So...
Use it or you'll lose it.

Comeon!
And...
Use it or you'll lose it.
Comeon!
And...
Use it or you'll lose it.
Comeon!
And...
Use it or you'll lose it.
Comeon!
And...
Use it or you'll lose it.

Waiting for a day to remove double chins,
Or...
Praying someday you'll appear more thin,
Is...
Self defeating.

Comeon!

Show what it is that you feel.
Use it or you'll lose it.

Comeon!
Show what it is that you feel.
Use it or you'll lose it.

Comeon!
And...
Use it or you'll lose it.
Comeon!
And...
Use it or you'll lose it.
Comeon!
And...
Use it or you'll lose it.
Comeon!
And...
Use it or you'll lose it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Use Me

I am the subject of this vortex,
Swirling in a whirlwind...
Dripping wet with sweat
In pools of emotion,
Sucking me in!

In exclusive sessions,
Without fear inviting fright.

I want to be vacuumed...
Pulled out of doubt.
Before the struggle to fight it....
Stops me cold and foolishly pouting,
About!
I've decided to unwrap myself from the past.
Bare and naked...
Ready to dip into a plunge,
Soaking!

And suddenly I'm embraced,
Feeling on my neck...
The warmth of your breath,
Lacing the air I breathe!

I'm held in a mold so receptive.
And faster beats my heart.
I am released from resistance,
Drowning in a spell of enchantment.
Use me...
Until I am free of complaint!
Use me!
There will never be restaints on my part...
Or whispers insisting rescue!
Use me!
You came to do it...
And I'm willing!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Use Me Now

It is for Your pleasure,
That I am pleased...
Your Majesty.

Your blessings have delivered upon me,
Tremendous gifts.
And I devote my faithfulness,
To all that You are.
You...
Are My Highness.

And all within me,
That inspires to delight Your wishes.
I demand only my best to give!

This life I live is Yours...
I know!
And I wish to grow.
Only in those ways You allow.

Use me.
Use me!
Use me,
Now!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Use My Frustration As A Means For Your Motivation

We seem to always seek that need,
To find a comfort feeding to please.
Wishing we were given space...
When it is wanted,
And when it should take place.

Use my frustration,
As a means for your motivation.
You always bring me there,
Without concern or care.
Use my frustration,
In re-inactments as libations.
Use my sweated brow to rehearse...
How to implement your curse!

We seem to find time to criticize,
Those close to us and on our side.
Nit-picking everything they do...
With a disregard of loyalty,
And a devotion shown that's proved!
Believing we 'must' be satisfied,
Or a temper tantrum undenied...
Begins to break through,
With pouts and shouts and cussing spewed!

Use my frustration,
As a means for your motivation.
You always bring me there,
Without concern or care.
Use my frustration,
In re-inactments as libations.
Use my sweated brow to rehearse...
How to implement your curse!

Use my frustration,
As a means for your motivation.
And when you've completely exhausted me...
Tell others how I am selfish.
How difficult it is...

To live with 'me'.
Use my frustration,
As a means for your motivation.
Create those scenes how I've treated you mean...
And when you pack and decide to leave,
Don't be surprised if no one believes your grief!

Everytime you bitch and whine...
Noticed very few listen to you each time?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Use Of Your Techniques

Remember...
You invited me,
To rank and critique.
As if my ego,
Would find a boost...
By the use of your techniques.
You insisted that I needed this.
And even today I agree I do.
The exposure to such pettiness...
Has kept me feeling blessed,
That what I have to offer
Does not need to pass your tests!
Remember...
You invited me,
To share my abilities.
And not feed from the offerings,
Of a constant flow of mindless BS!
That you claim is among your very best!
Please.
I am not flattered easily,
By insults!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Use To Scuttlebutt

Any time spent evaluating is beneficial.
And taking life for granted,
Is ultimately what one discovers...
During this process.

Time is not on hold and waiting for no one.
Or is it clipping fingernails to improve the look,
Of its hands!
They move forward,
That's it!

Many sit and wish their lives were different,
Than the ones they lived yesterday.
When they were sitting wishing their lives,
Were different than they were...
When those yesterdays came to then go away.

The problem with most people...
Being real with themselves!
And detest others who are!

Listen to those who complain closely.
It is either someone or something done...
That comes between them,
And what it is they wish to do.
Rarely is it that those who make attempts,
Have the time to whine or dine to then say to another...
'I know I shouldn't have done that!
I can't afford to gain one more pound.'

People lie to themselves.
And listening to those who complain closely...
They will excuse what they do to repeat what they've done.
And protest about it when they are denied.
To then get upset,
When someone chooses to walk away from them...
And the nonsense they have prioritized,
To use to scuttlebutt!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Use Your Present Guidelines To Explain

Okay.
So I don't stay within the boundaries.
And who declares that to be abnormal?
By all means...
Use your present guidelines to explain.
And I will do the best I can,
Not to choke on the available fresh air.
Or make my choices too apparent,
I have no discomfort in the undoing...
Of that which has been done.
For some reason,
Limitations I don't find inspirational.
Although I do respect your perspective.
And others of similar points of view.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Used Against You

It has to be traumatic,
To have a comfort stripped from you.
To have someone forcibly take reality...
And turn your world into a living hell.

It has to be daunting,
To have someone else take your resources,
And do what they choose with them.
Creating friction between your family...
And perhaps,
Long acquired friends.

It has to be emotionally devastating,
To know everything you have or had...
No longer is in your possession.
It has to be...
Not as severe as what has happened,
To my ancestors.

At least you were not sold like a slave.
Just treated like one.
Like an animal used to do someone else's 'bidding'.
Used to make someone else's life more comfortable.
Fooled.
As deceit...
Was and 'still' is,
Used against you!

Remember using the 'N' word with abandonment?
Tossed between you and your business associates...
As parting gifts to those you abused.
For sport and fun!
Like you secretly have done.
And you privately still do.

These days for you...
Have to be quite eye opening!
As drenching awareness pours upon your consciousness...
With every dropp of it,

Straining to maintain pretensions.
And squeezing a draining brain to find fresh antics,
With less financial support to recover lost dignities.

This 'has' to be...
Something you had not planned,
But must endure!
Hopefully it will not take over four hundred years.
That's a long time to be subjected to another's bondage...
For purposes to feed their greed,
And keep their riches harvested.

But then again...
You are not left without a few skills you've mastered.
These transitions do come in cycles,
You know?
Keep the faith!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Used As A Proposition

Quoting words from written verse,
Does not make one great in intelligence.
However,
It does prove one's capability to focus.

Those who marvel at others who can read from text,
In a process that recycles a pioneer's best.
May reveal a brighter light,
With a continuance based and built upon that subject.

But those who create with innovation,
Are the ones reduced to obscrurity.
Leaving those to insist,
They've taught themselves to feed.

And without the trees some will claim,
They can also breathe.
To ignore them daily and their complexities.
Without an expression of gratefulness given.

It is easier for one to thieve...
Metamorphically speaking.
In beliefs that a recognition can be used as a proposition...
Once a renovation of a foundation has been done.

To manifest an accepted regurgitation,
One is unable to full digest or comprehend the origin.
Yet is deserving of an expected merit,
For the changing of its original appearance.

But the basis from which it was laid,
Still stays.
Unchanged.
And taken for granted.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Used As A Tool

An instrument I am.
To be used as a tool.
But by 'who'?

My own choices I make,
Sometimes are derailed.
I am conscious I believe.
But when that leaves,
Something else prevails.

Faith and trust,
Are with me as a must.
And I have stumbled so much,
Getting up is part of my routine.
With a laughter that is done.
And I know this is seen.

An instrument I am.
To be used as a tool.
But by 'who'?

I have been ill and healed,
As if I am skilled at that too!

Faith and trust,
Are with me as a must.
And I have stumbled so much,
Getting up is part of my routine.
With a laughter that is done.
And I know this is seen.

I don't do it for the attention.
At my age that would be too obscene.

My own choices I make,
Sometimes are derailed.
I am conscious I believe.
But when that leaves,
Something else prevails.

'Angels we have heard on high...
Sweetly singing...'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Used As Blood Transfusions

What am I hoping to accomplish,
With my 'poetic' offerings?
That's a good question.
Maybe one day they will be used,
As blood transfusions.

'You are joking, right? '

Of course I am.
I meant heart transplants.
But then again,
Some of the 'stuff' I write...
Have lives of their own.
They may not want to be used,
To jump start somebody else's existence.

'Well...
I must admit,
Some things written do seem to have lives...
All their own.'

That's true.
I have written some things to have people tell me,
I wrote as if I was looking inside their hearts.
And...
They had not a clue,
I knew that already.
Most writers to be admired have that ability.

However,
I will admit...
I do wish to have my 'work',
Flowing through the veins of people.

'You are such a joker.'

I know.
Some have found me to be,
Quite hysterical.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Used For Centuries To Do

It is intended and meant,
To have fear mentioned.
And its presence offending,
Everyone with contempt.
These events are invented.
Much like a charading of pretentiousness.

The same tactic has been used,
For centuries to do.
With a doing to create enemies.
And a choosing of which ones,
Fill those shoes.

And witnessing to view this practice,
By those who approach,
As if to befriend others innocent...
I am yet to be convinced,
The ones who choose...
A minding of their own business,
Are doing this defensively...
To allow people they don't know,
The freedom to trespass beyond backyards.
While doing it disrespectly to then profess,
A climbing over fences to pretend they are there...
To provide unsolicited assistance.
Like a cancer that spreads to expect acceptance.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Used Meat

No matter where she squats her twat.
It still manages to stink.
Just like the mind she has,
That's on the brink!
She's a pitiful piece of used meat.
And she still tries to give it away!
On any shore she whores.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Used People

You are not alone today.
Many have no words to say.
Many seem to have lost the way.
Many seem to have lost their faith,
And find they are lonely!

You are not alone today.
Many look for ways to escape.
Many have slowed down their pace...
And with no smiles,
They...
Look down upon the ground.

They've been unplugged from happiness.
Their eyes have clouded with regret.
They realize within their hearts...
All this time,
They have been...
Used people.

You are not alone today.
Many have no words to say.
Many seem to have lost the way.
Many seem to have lost their faith,
And find they are lonely!

You are not alone today.
Many look for ways to escape.
Many have slowed down their pace...
And with no smiles,
They...
Look down upon the ground.

They've been unplugged from happiness.
Their eyes have clouded with regret.
They realize within their hearts...
All this time,
They have been...
Used people.

All this time,
They have been...
Used people.

All this time,
They have been...
Used people.

Used people,
To deceive.

Used people,
Like you...
And me!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Used To Your Advantage

The biggest difference between you and me,
Is your ability to campaign as the one victimized.
With a doing done to put emphasis on your innocence.

However...
And with this unknown to others about your druthers,
Do not think it for another single moment...
Or give it wonder to sit on your mind,
That I might give you the benefit of my undivided time...
To do and with it given unlimited.
Since I have come to this conclusion:

When I decide my time to give again,
Is done with a doing that becomes undivided...
It will not be soon you will get that attention.
Since sharing to do as if all my time belongs to you,
Had been a foolish thing for you to think.

Especially...
When to you that which had been given,
Was done and was used to your advantage.
While you claimed to others,
How it was you accomodated me!

I am neither a liar who is a thief not do I deceive,
With a doing you do so well with rehearsed innocence.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Useless Reminiscing

There are those who identify with quantity.
To fill a necessary space...
Determined
To let dust with an emptiness,
And silkened within a cobweb traced.

In cobelligerence it seems,
But not in protest.
Nor in the uniting of values.
A storm that isn't but 'is' inside that brews.
Like the eyes of someone in a portrait,
That follows you and every move!

The substance of the quantity,
Fails to provide a quality missed.
And the dust seems to sit...
As if that had been the purpose of it.
To soothe a mental disturbance.
Proving a self control can exist!
But to who?

To collect one's thoughts.
Until the memory finds a meaning.
And a perfect time to explore...
Useless reminiscing.
That's all it is...
If one does this alone!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Useless Youth

Many suddenly see it to have been totally foolish.
To create the music for conflict and dance to it.
As nature and everything connected,
Show opposing signs to this...
Mankind is so addicted,
That a crumbling witnessed is viewed as optimistic.

Arguments persist over values long nonexistent.
Immature mindsets can not resist the thrill of it.
This for many has become a habit.
And as generations come and go,
There is a wish not to let certain memories flow.
But are chosen to stay in minds to recapture useless youth.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Users United

Played sensitivities,
Have played out...
For those who do it.

Users united,
Have become identified and busted.
And thrown out in the cold,
By those who have not been sold...
Such creatures who leech,
Are givers who reach out...
With unquestionable integrity.

Marketing that has been their difficulty.

Played sensitivities,
Have played out...
For those who do it.

Abusers who use others for what they have.
Appear upon the scene,
When something taken is to be had.

And caring less what is taken is the last thing left.
Users united,
Have become identified and busted.
Leaving nothing behind them but feelings of disgust.
And those who have been repeatedly stung...
Believing there is no one left on Earth for them to trust.

Played sensitivities,
Have played out...
For those who do it.

And those who do it,
Do it to satisfy their own selfish lusts!
Users united...
Have no rights to exercise.
Or lives lived to maximized,
Their sights upon others to deplete.

As if a completed act of leeching,
Is a bittersweet taste that is welcomed...
With open arms one seeks to greet and meet.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Usher Them Away

Take all of our troubles off the ground, Lord.
Take all of our troubles off the ground.
Take all of our troubles off the ground, Lord.
Take all these troubles up...
Fulfill the ones burdened with empty cups,
And take those who have corrupted trust from us!

Take these sorrows from our shores, Lord!
Take these sorrows from our shores.
Take these sorrows from our shores, Lord!
These sorrows have come too close to our doors...
Pouring down with anguish we have tried to ignore.
Help us with faith usher them away!
Today they must leave...
They are not welcomed to stay!

Let us find in our hearts that special spot,
That will take this madness that saddens us out!
Erasing it completely to leave no doubt...
Strengthening our faith to show that's what we're about!

Take all of our troubles off the ground, Lord!
Help us have the courage to say...
This is not the way we choose live!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Using Brooms With Sticks As Weapons

Priests and monks fighting amongst themselves,
In a sacred place...
To determine which ones are deserving of more space,
With a worshipping done to do of a savior?
Under one roof where their faith is aloof.

Those with the most creative of minds,
Would not find the time to make this up.
And the ones who claim to walk with 'holiness',
Are now reported to be using brooms with sticks as weapons.
When will the truth end all delusions of self righteousness?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Using Instincts Of A Survivor

Someone self declared to be a genius,
Can be compared to a tree anyone sees.
But there are those wishing to convince,
With it to believe...
A path they walked upon,
Had been done using instincts of a survivor...
Through a forest thick with brush,
And discarded debris 'normally' impossible...
For others to achieve to succeed it done.
Giving them the right to know all about life.
With its ups and downs and obstacles found,
To eliminate in the face of danger.

'You had a tough life.'

~Tell me about it.
While other kids were bussed to private schools,
I had to walk a few blocks to go to a public one.
And I remember the days when I got up late,
Trying to find the right excuses to make...
To teachers who would not accept them.~

'Wow!
I can't imagine.
You had to have been traumatized? '

~I was.
Everyday I lived in fear.
Fighting against all odds,
To get those A's and B's.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Using My Own

You can only occupy the space you've been given.
Use it.
Do with it as you wish.
Asking you to give me space,
Is...

'Asking you to give me space is...
What? '

Why would I want to do that?
Who gave it to you to use in the first place?

'No.
Not you...
Me.'

Why would you give me space?
I'm using my own.

'It was you that asked me the question.'

Why would I ask you for something I've taken?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Using Outdated Tactics

It is believed...
By those limited in mind.
That if one's presence is avoided,
An influence that one 'may' have over others...
Will also go ignored.
And this approach they believe is most effective.

However...
This is not the year 1999.
And for many 2012 has not arrived.
As they are found using outdated tactics,
Elementary school children use for practice.
And bored they have become with the redundancy.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Using The Latest Of Manipulating Techniques

The only ones who seem to get serious,
About the living of their lives...
Are those who mature to come to realize,
No one seeks to give or get their attention.
So much these days have changed.
With so many unaware of it!

And throwing of tantrums done,
As seen frequently by grown men and women...
Demanding to have their way,
Even sophisticated children...
Using the latest of manipulating techniques,
Come to recognize as being outdated and dramatized.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Using The Same Old Devices

No it's not easy
To speak one's mind.
Or to take a stand
For something strongly felt!
There are more people
Bringing those like this down.
And they are not happy at all...
Until they see that person crawling,
Falling to the ground!
And these are the very same people who say...
They are looking for leaders and role models.

And one 'has' to wonder,
If they are seeking human sacrifices?
Or...
Are they using the same old devices,
To make excuses...
Not to stand on their own two feet!
And it is much easier,
To beat up that one person who has the nerve...
And does!
Creating a further disdain,
For someone who has the audacity
To attract attention,
To perceive and believe...
He or she may be better than the rest of them!

And they are not happy at all...
Until they see that person crawling,
Falling to the ground!
And these are the very same people who say...
They are looking for leaders and role models.
To unite them as a people!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Using This Method

It is not right but easy,
To malign someone's integrity...
When inexperienced minds,
Are conditioned to do it.

Someone perceived to be of goodwill,
With intention to foster good deed...
Is usually discreet,
Using this method of deceit that succeeds.

And in small towns,
The opportunities are greater...
To bait a hatred that is related.
These folks show no closeness at all.
With a love to victimized one another.

'You know what I heard? '

~No.
What did you hear? ~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Using Up Some Valuable Time

It may be true.
There is two sides to a coin.
You don't understand...
I'm not asking you to flip it over.
I don't want to see the other side of it.
I have no interest.
What I've seen is enough.
And anything on the other side of that...
Needs to leave this one sided.

And I leave not curious at all.
When I expect someone to be upfront with me...
I only want to see one side.
The honest side!
All this 'two-sides-to-every-story' nonsense...
May work in Hollywood, Disneyland
Or any shopping mall!
However...
While you were collecting from me,
My benefits of doubt?
You were using up some valuable time!
Not mine!
Yours.

'Who' led you to believe,
I was that stupid?
Because I was 'there' for you...
Did not mean I was there to be used,
By you or played!
And that story you've been telling,
Needed new chapters added a long time ago.

I'm just speeding up the ending for the both of us.
I've decided I did not want to see repeated episodes,
This season.
Nor am I going to feel nostalgic,
Reviewing them with you either!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Usurp And Stay A Fixture

No matter what others may think of me,
I am here for you.
And if I did not mention them,
You would not know they exist.
Not in the way I do.
With them I have had it; I am finished!

You are on my priority list to assist.
And they are scavengers seeking to leech.
With the feeding of nonsense kept in reach.
Hoping to devour someone's time.
To usurp and stay a fixture on their nerves.
And with their minds to use and torment as they wish.

'Use syrup and stay makes absolutely no sense.'

Do worry about it.
This exchange of dialogue is apparently not for you.
But thank you for being here for the practice of it!
You have proven,
That eye contact does not necessarily mean absorption.

'And I thank you for underestimating my intelligence.'

No problem.
Anytime.
You are most deserving.
However...
Aside from that,
I've got your back.
And I do mean that sincerely.
We need each other.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Usurping Intentions

It is said...
Liberty is a powerful tool.
Yet...
Does one with 'liberty' give them the right
To use this tool to tighten the bolts to strangle and mame
Diverse cultures in the name of gain to defame
With irresponsibility that sustains ignorance?
Or squeeze freedoms and resources...
From an inherited birthright overnight,
In a sweep of lockstepped indifference!
As bold as their stolen lifestyles will allow,
From borrowed truths and traditions.
To bow the heads of those in such dreaded circumstances?
Followed by supporters of gluttonous greed,
Dancing with unshamed reverence.

If 'liberty' feeds one that right...
Then the fight to defend against it,
Should be upheld as well.
To quell these leeches who decay in betrayed lawlessness.
By any means necessary,
Come what may!
If it should mean a living hell can not thusly be avoided.
An upheaval!
A confrontation of evils inflicted and enforced!
Divorced from notions of peace and brotherhood misunderstood,
And argued without solutions.
This...at the cost to live as one so chooses!
Refusing the abuse of being used by strategic cruelty!

No more will these tempers lay contained.
Unleash them!
Especially when those who profess doctrines of 'liberty'...
Are corrupt with usurping intentions,
They alone are challeging to remain to dictate and command!
Let them fall by their own blinded blood stained hands!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Utopia

Closer to Utopia than expected.
It has been witnessed.
And it comes quick.
A resistance of it will begin.
Exposing darkness that will end.
Appearances of flaws will flee.
Eyes will open to free,
Those in disbelief.
And a humanity that had been planned...
Will unite mankind hand and hand.
Dispelling misunderstandings,
To finally understand...
We are the product and not the creator of Earth.
The Moon and Sun decides together who lives or dies.
We call this collective God!
And for those who find that 'odd'...
Will never perfect that job that is done.
Utopia comes.
This evolution has begun!
To raise within everyone a higher consciousness.
And the limitedness of egos will diminish.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Uttering Sounds

Too many give up lip!
Silence...
Does not cross their minds.
Violent streets,
Keeps them heated.

Too many together...
They can't shut up!
Pilots careening,
To crash land into gutters.

They have not learned to stop,
Uttering sounds!
To listen.
To someone...
Claiming to have authority!

Shooting themselves in the foot.
Booting themselves happily...
To be marked by soot and grim.
All their mindless lives!

Finding it fun and merriment,
To disturb the peace.
All hours of the night!
When these beasts should be at home sleeping...
Tied and strapped to their beds!

'Harold...
That's very poetic.
But we are not their parents!
And you are only making matters worse,
By staring at them through the window! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Va Va Voom

Some men have shaven their heads full of hair.
To keep some thinking it's a style to shave them.
But thinning hair attracts some folks to stare.
And vanity is mainly known for women,
Who groom!

With nails they manicure and shoes that shine.
Colognes expensive are picked for the scents sent!
High maintenance is now the bottom line,
For men groomed.
To be swooned.

Some men have shaven their heads full of hair.
Va va voom.
To keep some thinking it's a style to shave them.
But thinning hair attracts some folks to stare.
Va va voom.
And vanity is mainly known for women,
Who groom!

With intent to be swooned.

Ooooohhh...
Va va voom.
Groom to swoon.
Both...
Groom to swoon.
Va va voom.
Groom to swoon.
Both...
Groom to swoon.

Some men have shaven their heads full of hair.
To keep some thinking it's a style to shave them.
But thinning hair attracts some folks to stare.
And vanity is mainly known for women,
Who groom!

Although there are high maintenanced men there too...

Seeking to be swooned!

Oh? Oh? Oh? Ooooohhh...
Va va voom.
Groom to swoon.
Both...
Groom to swoon.
Va va voom.
Groom to swoon.
Both...
Groom to swoon.
Va va voom.
Groom to swoon.
Both...
Groom to swoon.
Va va voom.
Groom to swoon.
Both...
Groom to swoon.
Va va voom!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Vacant Of Integrity

Believing in one's hype to receive,
Can leave one suffering eventually...
Entrapped within a limited and bloated,
Ego.
Proving that a diet on thoughtlessness,
And self importance...
Will start to show,
A mind beginning to sicken.
From too much time spent consuming,
On false praise.
And mediocre efforts produced repeatedly,
Just for the attention mentioned one gets.

These bubbles filled with hot air,
Don't float too long to stay anywhere.
They burst to pop and drop very fast.
To witness a popularity does not last.
And snaps suddenly from a high,
That quickly returns them back to Earth.
Where they find themselves unexpectedly,
Feeling empty of purpose and worthless.
Vacant of integrity only having humility,
Can return.
Once the meaning of it felt is understood,
To understand...
That the significance of what one does to do,
Sustains to maintain the quality of it.
If the endeavor intended was there,
For all to remember the effort made.
Long after the feeding of one's ego leaves.

Many think it is about 'them'.
And not the benefit of the 'work' left behind,
That becomes discovered to treasure.

'This is some exquisite, delicious stuff.
The quality. The subtle nuances. The integrity.
All of it. Screaming with love and devotion.
Who created this timeless work of art? '

~You got me.
I don't know.
I agree. It is breathless. Mindblowing.
We must make it our business to find out.
Where is the curator of this exhibit? ~

'Keep your voice down.
Oh. Here is the name of the artist.
With 'bio' right here.
Almost hidden. As if an after thought.
As if embarrassed to be this great.'

~I can't.
I wont keep my voice down.
This stuff should be at the entrance.
At least on the first floor.~

'Calm down.
Geeeessshhh.
You act as if you've never seen anything,
Like this before.'

~And, I suppose you have? ~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Vacate Those Dark Days

Vacate those dark days!
The ones experienced.
And those anticipated to dedicate,
Another round of wasted time.
Vacate those dark days!
Get up and leave them.
Or have them removed,
From the corners of your mind!

Vacate those dark days!
Eliminate the reason,
For them to stay in your way.
And why...
Are you rehearsing,
Self denial and sacrifice?
To please what outcome?
For what and for whom...
Do you give this attention to?

Chase away your blues.
Collect every key,
That frees you to unlock every piece...
Keeping you in a tolerance,
To nibble upon such contented torment.
Collect every key,
That frees you to unlock every piece...
Of this self inflicted madness witnessed.
Be done with it.

Vacate those dark days!
The ones experienced.
And those anticipated to dedicate,
Another round of wasted time.
Collect every key,
That frees you to unlock every piece...
Of this self inflicted madness witnessed.
Be done with it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Vacuous Space

Space in the head,
Once getting PAID to lead.
Vacuous meetssssspace in the head,
Once getting PAID to lead.
Vacuous meetssssspace in the head,
Once getting PAID to lead.
And the winners,
Had been the merchants...
Breathing royalty,
On 5th Avenue!

Vacuous meetssssspace in the head,
Once getting PAID to lead.
Vacuous meetssssspace in the head,
Once getting PAID to lead.
And the bleeding of the people....
Had been seen from their limousines!

Vacuous meetssssspace in the head,
Once getting PAID to lead.
Vacuous meetssssspace in the head,
Once getting PAID to lead.
And It's an off beat situation,
To see the homeless
Pushing carts...
Up on these scenes!

Space in the head,
Once getting PAID to lead.
Vacuous space...
In the head,
Once getting paid to lead!
And the trickling of this meanness...
Is a payback for those,
Who had chose to steal
Away sweet dreams!

Vacuous meetssssspace in the head,
Once getting PAID to lead!

It's an off beat situation
Getting fixed...
As the kings are dragged
Screaming
With tainted hands
Bitten and bloodied
By those they chose
To live in tattered clothes
Hungry and suffering
Squeezed from the cream
That was theirs all the time
By such crooked deeds!

Space in the head,
Once getting PAID to lead.
Vacuous space...
In the head,
Once getting paid to lead!
And the winners,
Now are the losers
Once the merchants...
Living to scheme,
And breathing royalty,
Like leeches!
On 5th Avenue.

And the winners?
Now are the losers...
Picked by people,
Just as greedy
As the ones they knew!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Vague Expressions

Vague expressions of directed hatred,
To generate a protest...
By those encouraging the spreading of distress,
Has those who began this agitation quite upset...
Confused and much bewildered.

If those accused are not connected,
To the theft of their possessions...
Why have they been whipped into a frenzy,
Exposing their vague expressions...
Of directed hatred.

Is this just to generate a protest...
Against those who are themselves,
Historically disconnected from their own destinies,
They have not been allowed to protect!
Leaving many to see the culprit not previously suspect.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Validated As Originality

With no clue as to what it takes,
To create from nothing and make 'that' real...
So many feel they too can produce,
What they observe to see.
Until they realize they can not duplicate,
What has already been validated as originality.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Validated Nuts

And as we address our separate but equal,
Madnesses had that has driven us to accept...
The freedom to express our crazed dysfunctions.
Let us come together to feel blessed we can do it unfazed.
To delude ourselves, as we do, with the best of medications.

And each day with our pretentiousness undaunted,
By the strange looks we get wherever we go to flaunt...
Let us show others we already know,
We are certified authentic and validated nuts.
But enjoy the denying of it with a twisted acceptance.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Validated To Be Dishonest And Crazed

The thing about a true friendship,
To that one that true friendship...
Is easily given.
Once it is given and it is diminished,
By a taking it for granted...
As if for them,
Another becomes depended on it.
To do what they please to be accepted.

Is a bunch of....!

It sooner or later develops with a discovery,
True friendship like this...
Does not come often or anymore exists.
Or can be had at a dime per dozen.
And in these days,
Validated to be dishonest and crazed...
A true friend is as rare,
As finding cheap gasoline.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Validated To Rate

If it's significant worthy of this given it,
Then give it,
To employ.
If it's significant worthy of this given it,
Then give it,
Without a ploy.
If it's significant worthy of this given it,
Then give it,
To then deploy...
As validated to bestow a given rate,
Without unneeded faked debates.

People want to play their games to remain,
Unchanged with a doing of the same.
And if what's done has a name to claim,
A campaign then starts to defame.

People dislike other people...
Who get and obtain a fame to claim.
People dislike other people...
Who rise to the top above the crop.
And people dislike other people...
Who they really want to put to shame,
By a digging up dirt to smear their names.

People dislike other people...
Who get and obtain a fame to claim.
People dislike other people...
Who rise to the top above the crop.
And people dislike other people...
Who they really want to put to shame,
By a digging up dirt to smear their names.

If it's significant worthy of this given it,
Then give it,
To employ.
If it's significant worthy of this given it,
Then give it,
Without a ploy.

If it's significant worthy of this given it,
Then give it,
To then deploy...
As validated to bestow a given rate,
Without unneeded faked debates.

People dislike other people...
Who get and obtain a fame to claim.
People dislike other people...
Who rise to the top above the crop.
And people dislike other people...
Who they really want to put to shame,
By a digging up dirt to smear their names.

People dislike other people,
Unknown to them but they hate.
People dislike other people,
They've never met before but they irritate.
People dislike other people,
Because of choices others make.

People dislike other people,
Unknown to them but they hate.
People dislike other people,
They've never met before but they irritate.
People dislike other people,
Because of choices others make.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Validated With An Eminence That Sits

Whatever it is,
You did it...
To be done.
And...
You did it,
And won.

You did it.
And it fits.
With...
A purpose.

Whatever it is,
You did it...
To be done.
And...
You did it,
And won.
Oh you did it.
And it fits.
To do!
And not to quit.

Validated with an eminence that sits,
You did it.
And it fits.
Yes,
You did it...
As if a minimalist.

No big campaigns banging out the same name,
Just to remain in a spotlight of fame.
Yet validated with an eminence that sits.
You did it.
And it fits.
Yes,
You did it...
Without a magic stick.

Whatever it is,
You did it...
To be done.
And...
You did it,
And won.
Yes you did it.
And it fits.
To stretch...
Beyond known gimmicks or appearances of limits.

With no big campaigns banging out the same name,
You did it.
And it fits.
Yes and obvious,
You're gifted.

Validated with an eminence that sits,
You did it.
And it fits.
Yes,
You did it...
And with a quietness.

Validated with an eminence that sits...
Beyond known gimmicks or appearances of limits.
You did it...
Unrestricted.
Yes you did it,
And won.
You did it,
To be done.
And...
To do!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Validation Made

I wasn't voted Most Likely To Succeed,
In high school.
Afterall...
Who would declare,
In 1965 a desire to find success as a writer?

A doctor, a lawyer, a minister?
A fireman?
A basketball or a football star?
Okay!

'What did he say...
A 'writer'? '

Are they laughing at me?

I didn't declare that to get attention.
I knew what I was.

Today I hear 'kids' with wishes to be...
A movie, rap or singing star.
Baseball, basketball...
Or a football great.
Nurses and doctors too.
Afterall, they make 'money'...
That's what I hear them say.

But a writer?
And of poetry?

Are they laughing at me?

'Medic?
We've got one over here.
Delusional and hallucinating.
See what can be done.
If nothing...
Forget it! '

Well...
Very few writers make money,
Doing what they do.
And my name aint Twain, Langston...
Or Maya Angelou!
I did know Zora Neale Hurston's family.

Her brother Edgar, his wife and kids,
Lived in Bellevue Square in Hartford....
As me and my family did.
I grew up with their children.
And Robert, the second eldest son...
Was a good friend of mine.
Oh...
How I hate to name drop!

And fame?
Who said anything about wanting to be famous?

I said I was a writer.
Aint nothing about that has changed.
But I wish I had some bucks for my efforts.
Especially as I've age with a validation made.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Validity

Not too many find,
Their passing of judgement...
A difficult task.
Or an ability to evaluate,
Occurrences...
Before they come to pass.
Yet done to have everyone,
In discussion.

Comments made on looks,
And images to describe...
Committed to sight before seen,
Diminishes truth.
To disbelieve its presence.
While those head fed delusions,
Insist the validity of truth...
Is a plot to introduce,
Confusion and conflict...
To manipulate the findings,
Their unchanging minds...
Have concluded.
And...
They will stay,
Stubbornly convinced...
Truth to defend against,
Is their birthright...
As entitlement to protect,
From those envious,
Of a view of life...
They have created to value.

'But...
Your point of view,
Is not based on truth.'

-Well...
I don't want to argue.
Especially with someone,
Not into TV or movies.

And that to me is obvious.-

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Valley Of The Ghouls

Energized with a sacrifice,
To remain devoted to purpose...
And a disciplined life.
Is a lonely proposition...
For those walking on a path,
That breaks away from traditions.
And pre-conditions as if accepted missions.

Achieving with dignity and a motivation to fulfill...
At times can promote discouragement.
And attention from those mean spirited...
Out to kill goodwill!
And this they will...
As if skilled.

It is difficult to maintain in the valley of the ghouls.
Those who rush to confirm the dead through obituaries.
Those who nourish upon others' despair.
Those who delight in ruling over their blight!
As if this ignites their wicked moods with added fuel.

It is difficult to maintain in the valley of the ghouls.
Those rushing from repast to repast...
To sip and dine to leave.
These are the people holding their breaths...
With a more interest in death,
Than to living lives invested...
In a happiness to manifest.

It is difficult,
To maintain...
In the valley of the ghouls.

When people express,
How good someone looks...
Dressed!
And appearing...
To be at peace in a restful death!

It is difficult,
To maintain...
In the valley of the ghouls.

When people express,
How good someone looks...
Dressed!
And appearing...
To be at peace in a restful death.

Oh yes...
It is difficult,
To maintain...
In the valley of the ghouls.

When people express,
How good someone looks...
Dressed!
And appearing...
To be at peace in a restful death.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Valuable Treasures

It is best to ignore.
Than to make attempts to explore,
Communication.
With a mind closed.
And a door locked!
Protecting an uninhabited,
Attic.
Where most folks keep stored,
Their valuable treasures...
Safe.
Knowing where they are to reminisce.
If not kept within view and polished.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Value Of It All

When does the teaching process end?
And the learning of lessons begin...
Starting the arrival of experience?
And not far behind is a common sense,
Waiting to be triggered without a nudge?
It is there connecting all of this,
Without a budge!
Ready when needed.

However...

If a mind relies too much on books,
To lead to a life reflecting what is written...
As common as it may seem,
A sense expected is missing.
And if a mind begins to lose sight
Of experience, lessons taught
AND common sense...
There will be problems.
Big time ego ones!

Who pays?
And at what cost?
Especially...
If the value of it all is lost!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Value Of Patience

Addressing fresh aspects.
With anticipation I await.
Music I collect...
For reminiscing moments.
And my memories will not leave me soon.
The best of them I welcome to visit.
With all of them responsible...
For aiding my quest to become my best.

And that would have been impossible,
If I had not chosen to rest.
Deciding my life has more of it to adventure.
And tomorrow has never disappointed,
An exploring mind!
I find that to be true.
But I had to begin appreciating the value of patience.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Value Of Your Delusions

Wishing a thing to exist.
And exclaiming to others that it does...
Does not bring it life.
It may bring it to lips quick.
But not to eyes.

And if any of it is used to deplete pockets...
Of resources earned.
Draining them with fear...
To stock your abundance of cash,
Invested on a gamble that has devastated...
Their standards and quality of life.
One had planned on living,
To retire into wholesome fantasies.

Many will begin to inflict the pain of revenge!
Unending for deceivers.
And nothing can be more realistic,
Than those on a rampage seeking it!
Prepare for this reality.

And...
You didn't hear that from me.
Remember,
You have already campaigned
To have me ignored.
You remember that don't you?
When I began questioning,
The value of your delusions.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Valued And Precious

To prove one's might,
Does not have to be with weapons.
In fact...
The proving of one's ability to show,
A power that is most effective...
Can be done economically.
To bring people to their knees in agony.
And the use of weapons is done,
To prove to anyone...
An ability to destroy possessions kept,
That are deemed valued and precious!
And lives lived and the quality of them,
Fit as prioritized on that list.
This...
Is NOT rocket science.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Valued Entertainment

A disputing one's accomplishments,
To diminish the existence of it...
Does not change the facts,
Of them being documented as proof.
And makes a difference,
From those making attempts to convince,
Embellishments delivered are just as worthy...
To receive a perceived notoriety one claims!
With others entertained and left to believe.

'What on 'Earth' are those people seeking? '

~More created trash to cover up,
Unsubstantiated dirt they have spread on others...
To validate the existence of it.~

'And...
The doing of this proves what? '

~A keeping of their kept delusions have been true.
Fools have a way of relentlessly digging their own pits.
For their own satisfaction from it they get.
With excuses made to produce,
That have left them addicted to alibis.~

'But...
Aren't their excuses made to produce alibis just 'lies'? '

~Of course they are just lies.
But they thrive on getting the attention.
No matter how corrupted their intentions mentioned.
Even though the act of it reveals them to be mentally sick.
To eventually end a valued entertainment,
Others received by them doing it.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Valued Hypocrisies

Bigotry, intolerance and racism does exist.
And those among the self righteous,
Adorned with valued hypocrisies...
Can not bring themselves to admit,
Generations practicing this are still afflicted.
Diminishing a light that dims attempting to shine,
Brighter in a darkness many offended wish to defend...
As that light spreads and begins to descend.

Unfortunate it is that the ones who sit,
Defining political correctness to confine their ignorance...
Struggle on a daily basis,
Refusing to face and admit to themselves...
Administering conflicts and divisions to implement,
Is a reflection of a mindset...
Disconnected from a consciousness,
That has adapted to a lack of common sense.

Valued hypocrisies prioritized and embraced,
Grows and chokes fresh air from those environments...
Where such activities are condoned and take place.
To eventually provide no escape of a self hatred to avoid.
But today seems more celebrated by a mindlessness enjoyed.
Even those who apologize are crucified and destroyed.

'Paula?
There are those who could not stand any taller.
But it is what it is, baby.
Ya'll should know that.
The higher one climbs the more are the set traps.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Values And Correctness

Values and correctness,
Of one's life based on opinion
And standards of others...
May be needing updating.
Or complete overhaul.

Those standards and 'norms'
Are probably now all gone.
Since the popularity of theft and deceit,
Has increased the visions of self preservation!
With fewer wearing mink and diamonds.
And a whole lot of folks never seen before,
Sneaking into pawn shops.

More people today may say they prefer the basics.
But they will slowly admit...
This new found desire to live life that way,
Was not always a priority...
On the top of their agendas.
With signs of this shown by some,
Still clutching onto their Vitton and Gucci bags...
As evidence they had not always stood in food lines!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Values Have Rapidly Descended

I am not one who will debate,
What rakes or other equipment to be used...
When the cleaning up of backyards,
Should be a priority for everyone.

Too long has this oversight of blight,
Been in discussion and magnified...
To have been reduced and not in sight.

If some choose to use this as an argument,
For the purposes to see me as incompetent...
Or my leadership defeated.
Guess what?

You are the ones who have to face your neighbors.
To explain why their property values,
Have rapidly descended.
Not me!

I've already grown too tired,
Of pointing out your ignorance.
And the moment I was hired...
Time you wasted to test my tolerance for fools!

Well...
I've done my best to protect and prevent
Others who no longer guess...
If you are fools or just blinded idiots.

Doing things repeatedly,
Regardless of how impeccably one dresses...
Does not disguise one's stupidity.
And as I stated...
I am not one who will debate,
What rakes or other equipment to be used...
When the cleaning up of backyards,
Should be a priority for everyone.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Vampire

Where is weakness appreciated?
Who brags of an association?
Or tolerates putting up with it?

And yet submissive tenderness is requested.
Whenever a fresh face seems to be ripe for seduction.
Someone who comes to dominate our delusions...
With envisioned fantasies,
We would like the new arrival to satisfy and please.

Where is weakness appreciated?
Who brags of an association?
Or tolerates putting up with it?

After we have finished with our selfish whims,
Those who once had the energy to put up with us...
Leave to re-energize with someone else.
Or choose to stay in comas!
And awaken to refuse to have anything to do...
With anyone who approaches life as if a vampire.

'No.
I do not recall or remember,
Any blood suckers! '

~Hmmm...
That's odd!
Are you absolutely sure?
Your reference to blood sucking,
Triggered a response that was not prompted.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Vanity Panicked

A vanity panicked,
No longer advantaged...
By a name obtained,
Marketed by others...
To promote one's fame.
Has begun to be blemished,
By jokes told to diminish...
Support once given to those who find,
They have been undermined...
By an ego needing more to be stroked.
Instead of showing gratefulness,
To folks who allowed...
Someone who's vanity with ego released,
Would turn on them suddenly...
With foul language to speak.

Now a vanity panicked,
Demoted to knees...
As popularity leaves permanently,
Is made to address reality to face.
Yet expects those who have been provoked,
And left to feel the butt end of jokes...
To empathize with one's downslide,
From a top one believed would be reached...
Without maintaining sustained humility.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Various Versions

Swift to come,
Are those intelligent explanations.
As if to excuse the use of common sense.
And everyone has listened to,
Adaptations of truth.
Entertaining those absent of consciousness.
Relying upon the same faces to regurgitate,
Various versions of mediocrity.
With a bit of pathos,
To invoke a connected empathy.
Yet uphill the cart continues to be pushed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Vast

Each day I awaken,
And I thank God for His blessings.
Also I give thanks...
To those spiritual guides,
I rely on to lead me.
The ones assigned to my lifeline.
Vast is the mind.
And I want mine to explore.
I can not ignore being a part of this experience.
And connected to the whole I am!
All of us are.
Some are conflicted by their existence.
I accept a diffusion...
Without confusing the abundance of it all.
By limitations that restrict a curiousity I am born with!
To think, feel and nourish comes from the core.
That same 'core' that has established the process of thought!
This within us is the same.
Without 'it' all of us would have worthless and thoughtless brains!
Although some may refuse to see it that way.
But that is the only purpose we exist!
To give back to 'it' which has given!
Like a grateful prayer expressed.
It's just that simple.
And also the cause of splits...
In relationships.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Vast Improvement

She told me to stop calling her a bitch,
So I did.
It was clear I shouldn't.
She told me to stop calling her a lazy cow!
So I did.
I couldn't any longer!
She told me to stop calling her a pig.
So I did.
So much of that was hidden.

But I was not ready to stop calling her a slut!
And she knew this.
She accepted she could expect some compliments...
But making such vast improvement in a short period of time,
Overwhelmed the both of us!
She has come a long way,
From being just a common whore!
And I adored her struggles even more.

Eventually she proved to me...
She could be a better dog than I!
And, somehow, I was proud about that!
Since we agreed to monitor our achievements.
Now...
Neither one of us look the parts we conveyed!
And that has made our relationship unique.
No one now can tell we were victims of the streets!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Veils Are Removed

A divide quickly sliding,
To leave behind a limited consciousness...
With a lighting to dawn,
Upon that which had hid in darkness...
Brightening the minds of those,
Once opposed to a slipping of a grasp...
But now they have chosen,
To broaden with a widened scope on life.
Lifting away those hassels weighted.

With a beginning for them to show,
Avenues they had not thought existed.
Avenues they thought to them,
Were just too unrealistic.
But veils are removed...
Only when that time comes.
And that time...
Has come today!
To reveal that which is no longer concealed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Vendettas

After attracting my attention,
Then using tactics to slander me...
With the aid of my friends and family.
And upgrading degrading techniques,
Of perfected backstabbing skills you inflicted.
You now say you have learned your lessons?
I am quite curious! ?
How did you think I felt...
And where did you think I was,
As you practice your vendettas?
Sipping lemonade as you paraded
Your dislike for me?
There is not a cheek on me I'm turning.
I did not go to that school.
You chose me because you thought I was a fool.
To use and abuse...
Thinking that was cool!

I'm choosing you for purposes to humiliate!
There is quite a difference in my approach!
You say you 'now' have found God?
I think that's great!
You see,
God and I have been buddies for years!
He asked what I thought of you a long time ago!
I said nothing.
That gave Him a clue...
To do what He wanted to do to you!
I am just going to watch.
Since God told me to keep silent in prayer,
And HE would ensure all my prayers would be answered!

While you were doing those things to me...
God has had His eye on you.
And I am sure whatever He decides to do,
Will meet with my satisfaction!
Petty distractions...
I let God handle from now on!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Venom That Is Adored

Some folks have to be trained,
To do what it is they desire to do.
Some learn what they do in school.
I did too and it felt like a waste of my time.
Since I've known in my mind...
What now seems like forever.
I've always been connected to what it 'Is'
I've always known who it is I am.
And often I have felt out of place...
On foreign shores!
While others debate racism...
Self hatred and their waste,
With such a venom that is adored!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Venomized

They feel and see 'them' in the shadows.
And the minds of those 'venomized'
Are haunted by such lurkings.
No eye peeking or shut will escape.
'They' are here...
To rectify past uncomforts.
Clarifying what is meant to be meek!
And deliver a new game to play!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Verbalism

There is nothing about a yesterday lived,
That can be done to redo to correct...
With a reliving that satisfies,
More than the content of the time given.
It has happened to go attached to a past.

Just like the start of this verbalism,
Using words as if they were more imortant...
Than the realities they represent,
That began from a beginning...
To end with closure.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Verbatim

With all of their 'knowledge'
And quick access to 'facts'.
Very few express wisdom.
With a common sense attached.

They can quote verbatim,
From anything.
And make one think,
Others lives are insignificant.

They will tell anyone they have graduated,
From three colleges and have five degrees.
And how they had job offers...
To teach at prestigious academies!

And I'm listening to this and wondering,
With their skills 'why' aren't they displayed?
There are more fools with noses in books today...
And those who brag about what they've got!
Some may have an understanding of humanity!
But most who are knowledgeable...
Have to be shown how to connect obvious dots!

Observing the results,
Of what has been accomplished.
I ask myself 'why' am I so astonished?
Why are my expectations so high,
For these imbeciles!

They're not wasting away my retirement funds!
'Cause I 'Ain't got none.

'That's right I said ain't!
Now turn around and mind your business...
And finish that comic book! '

Schools fill these minds with garbage,
To fulfill senseless needs of a failed society!
And building upon ignorance...

Provides the evidence!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Verse Applied

Verse applied,
In a wish you'll see my meaning.
Out of my mind,
I'm gone...
Seeking clarity.

Verse applied,
In a wish you'll see my meaning.
With a wondering of why,
I'm...
Misunderstood!

I...
Adore you.
I...
Wish more,
To be with you...
Forevermore.

Oh I...
Adore you.
I...
Wish more,
To be with you...
Forevermore.

Verse applied,
In a wish you'll see my meaning.
How can you deny,
You can't feel the need in me!

Verse applied,
In a wish you'll see my meaning.
Out of my mind I'm gone...
Seeking clarity.

I...
Adore you.
I...

Wish more,
To be with you...
Forevermore.

Oh I...
Adore you.
I...
Wish more,
To be with you...
Forevermore.
Verse applied.
And wondering why...
You can't feel the need in me!

Verse applied.
Verse applied.
And wondering why...
You can't feel the need in me!
And I don't lie.

Verse applied.
And wondering why...
You deny!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Versions Of Reality

Varying versions of reality...
Seem to be merging into one tight fit!
Few today have questions,
As to which beliefs are appropriate.

Debated arguments over senselessness,
Are fading quick.

And there is a difference between a reality,
One creates...
And one that exists that some refuse to embrace.
Even when it is staring them in the face.

Folks like these believe deceit,
Is a worthy opponent to confront truth!
With a remarkable way displayed to duck...
Sucker punch or make attempts to avoid it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Very Clear

Money can't buy happiness?
I'll be damn...
It's in the wrong hands!
You give yours to me.
Come along on a journey
And you will definitely see...
How money can be used,
To destroy myths and trite expressions
Abused.
Give your money to me...
And I will teach you a few lessons,
That will destroy pockets of hypocrisy!
Money can't buy happiness,
For those trying to hoard it
To dress up and luster their emptiness.
Those bored to tears with inner conflicts.
With 'things' not bringing them reasons to cheer!
Get me near some money...
And I will show you the meaning of happiness,
That is very clear!
Apparently those who have it...
Find it useless to absorb and dry,
Their selfishness hidden that brings them to tears!
A greediness maintained they've denied,
Trying to buy attention and hiding this for years!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Very Convincingly That Is Expressed

Overall,
People say...
They rather choose to do the right thing.
And very convincingly that is expressed.

However...
As long as doing the right thing,
Places them in direct competition with their neighbor.

And if the neighbor agrees to express equal aggressiveness.
With a declared nationalistic and patriotic pride.
Living in the Bible Belt supporting values of conflicts and wars.
And Republican.
With conservative outdated ideology...
That represents a small segment of society.
Responsible for today's marketed decadence.

Overall,
People say...
They rather choose to do the right thing.
And very convincingly that is expressed.
In fact...
These moments are better captured on canvas!
And idolized for those seeking images.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Very Difficult To Achieve

Some folks achieve notoriety,
Based upon the quantity of their work.
Not as a result of the quality...
That can be observed.

However,
With a touch of therefore.
It is very difficult to achieve,
A sustained quality!

Well...
For some!

But after a while it really doesn't matter.
Folks will diminish one's ability,
To sustain a quality with quanity.
It happens.
Since the familiarity of it being delivered,
Becomes taken for granted.

Try maintaining substance over time.
It can be done.
But not recommended.
Folks don't associate work with it!

And sooner or later...
Whatever it is becomes disrespected.
For the uniqueness of its delivery.
And deduced as something that was done too easy.
And sleazing it becomes even easier.

Especially by those who rise in the morning...
Prepared to critique,
As part of what it is done they do...
To participate in this experience called life.
We all have a need to fulfill something we regard,
As valued by somebody, somewhere.
And so we do it.
Most times without thought at all.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Very Disconcerting

Please,
Don't interpret my dislike for his policies...
As being a statement against him,
Personally.

I think everyone in this neighborhood will say,
He is a good and honest person.
However...
Because he prefers to see weeds,
Growing in his backyard to be noticeable...
Throughout the neigborhood,
Brings the value of our properties down.

'But...
He has challenged all of you in court,
To accuse all of you of discrimination.
What do you have to say about that.'

That is very disconcerting.

'Why? '

Not one of us have allergies to flowers.
Or the smell of cut grass.

'What do you think about his running,
To hold public office...
To represent your interests? '

That again is a conflict of interests.
On one hand he says he wishes to represent us.
And on the other hand,
Our interest is to protect what we value.

'Which is? '

The declining values of our properties...
Which he has directly caused.

'But 'why' do you think he is doing this? '

We all believe he has chosen to take this route,
Because the tenant association has agreed...
To increase the gardener's salary,
We all pay as a maintenance fee...
To keep our front and backyards up to standards.
As is documented in our home ownership policies.

'His actions make little sense.'

You know it. I know it. We all know it.
But those who are not familiar with our situation,
Will probably earn him their sympathy votes.
And he will eventually win.
With the twisting of rules to have the law on his side.

'This is crazy! '

You know it. I know it. We all know it.
But when has the spreading of propaganda,
Had anything to do with actual fact?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Very Easy For Me To Use

I live to accept,
The life I have been given.
To know those choices made,
Were mine to do and not excuse.
That someone would find time to waste,
Defending their choices made unnecessarily...
To say my choices were made with ease,
Will never get me with them to argue.

And...
Why should I?
That ease to come with a breeze no one offered.
Nor were options of preferences provided.
Or suggestions as to which directions I should take.
However...
I will admit,
My faith kept to keep was very easy for me to use.

Each step I place has taken faith.
And is easy for me to do.
Very easy for me to use.
My faith is kept close everyday.
And very easy for me to use.
Very easy for me to do.

Each step I place has taken faith.
And is easy for me to do.
Very easy for me to use.
My faith is kept close everyday.
And very easy for me to use.
Very easy for me to do.

My faith comes easy for me to use.
My faith is easy for me to use.
My faith comes easy for me to use.
My faith is easy for me to use.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Very Few Are Concerned

Whatever it is that has come to sit in your mind,
That you find you are now ready to come to grips with...
I hope you are ready,
To grab a hold onto this fact...
People have moved on!
And very few are concerned with that!
Lessons learned,
Have put some on the right track!

The time to act is when the situation presents itself.
When it is in your face with clarity.
Not to brush to the side as if it does not exist.
That day might arrive when it opens your head,
With a consciousness you can not resist.
Like now!
When you're the only one making time for it!
When time for it has gone!

You will find no one here,
Hungering to reminisce.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Very Few Choose To Be Available

An awakening does not occur,
By someone else...
Opening up a window,
To convince another it is dawn.

That process takes,
A willingness to personalize...
The experience to appreciate it,
Without agitation or interference.

Since when a dawning upon one comes,
Very few choose to be available to witness.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Very Few Know The Difference

The attention given to not paying it...
Will soon be in conversations mentioned.

To refuse to get involve and to solve what is seen,
When it appears initially on the scene...
Has produced its regrets!
In such an obviousness.

And...
There is no 'catch up' in time to be gotten either.
It is easier to forget...
That which one should have never forgotten.

A loss of self respect...
Will not generate a life of sweetened fragrances.

There are steps one takes that should connect,
To strengthen one's comprehension that identifies a purpose.
And very few know the difference between purpose...
That has lost a vision and a vision that has no depth to be seen.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Very Few Options Left

Say whatever you like
But those fantasized all their lives
Have very few options left
To live their lives without the presence of reality

Consider it an invasion
A process there but choosing not to see
These are the people we should all fear
They actually believe 'life' is their creation

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Very Few That I Have Met

Who do you think you are dealing with?
Some fly by night inexperienced nitwit?
Someone who has not discovered,
Purpose and the meaning of life?
Someone who excites by any attention given?
And anything shown is perfectly alright?

Nothing that I have learned,
Led me to believe...
I was the center of the universe.
My upbringing 'instantly'...
Chased those thoughts away from me!

I like to share my time,
With those pretention free.
Those who have qualities of empathy...
And a thoughtfulness learned,
After a discovered identity!

Some folks don't know who they are!
And masquerade as someone else.
And after going through a few disguises...
Myself,
I will only spend my time,
With those who give a damn...
About life and what it offers!
There is nothing like knowing,
The I...in I Am.

So you need not try to offer anything less.
Since more of what I am looking for...
Is not worn or shown just to impress!
I am into much more.
And very few that I have met,
Can or have yet...
Let a 'realness' that is inside,
Come outside to be addressed!
Everyone appears,
To be caught up in distress!

And 'busy bodying' themselves...
In someone else's left mess!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Very Few Would Object

If it was about obtaining money...
No one would have known my name.
Only deeds done have brought to me attention.
With a mission to accomplish the doing of it.
Like a tool used and for only that purpose.

If it was about flaunting 'bling' and 'things',
To have others accept me as a conformist...
I would not be disrespected with labels placed.
For purposes to humiliate,
With a taunting to disgrace.

If it was acceptance I chose to chase,
I would be like so many unable to face obstacles.
And if it was not for my faith,
To do that which I was born to do...
Very few would object or find a reason to.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Very Inspiring Stuff

Where are you going?

'To the debates.'

I thought you stayed away from politics?

'That was yesterday.
Before I decided I would get into comedy.
Yesterday...
One of the debaters accused the other,
Of being a 'Capitalist'.
Because he actually stated...
He had 'no' lack of fear of cutting jobs,
To aid big business.
And...
Just a week ago they were all accusing,
The current leader for being a 'Socialist'.
With claims he was against 'Capitalism'.'

That's nuts.

'No.
That's politics.
I wish I had known earlier in my career,
It was this funny.
I am getting some great material.
Very inspiring stuff.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Very Little Time To Spend Socializing

It takes much more than talk...
To produce results.
And more than taking notes,
At a meeting.

It takes much more,
Than asking questions...
To define a reason,
That might combine with one's whine!

In the process of 'doing'...
And getting that achieved,
Is a process not too many...
Are disciplined enough to accomplish.

Many people would rather socialize,
And discuss what should be on an agenda.
Than to acknowledge what they've done,
To set their deeds in motion.

The ones pursuing those missions,
Find very little time to spend socializing.
With or without,
Embellishing what they've done.
About to do...or plan!

'You can't expect everyone,
To feel the same way you do...
About what it is you do! '

That seems to be more your campaign than mine.
I don't have time to expect anything from anyone!
I guess that's why I call it,
My business!
You know...
Like stay out of it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Very Much Aware

When I became ill,
And was prepared to die...
I closed my eyes.
Took a breath and sighed.
And when I decided,
My life was done...
I felt 'something'!
And I heard 'someone'!
And 'She' teased and said,
'You may be ready for death...
But 'We've' got more for you instead!
You better get your ass up!
And out of that bed! '

Just like that...
I felt 'Her' smile in my head!
What in the world...?

I could not believe this at all!
I opened my eyes...
And saw lights dance upon the walls!
I began to feel such a change in me.
With a will to live...
And with incredible energy!
I got out of bed and began to exercise.
The doctors and nurses were all quite surprised!
Even I could not explain to them...
What had happened overnight!
I did not know how or where to begin!
Or what I could or could not say to them!

I 'know' there is a God.
And 'spirits' around unseen!
I am a witness to this.
This I did not dream!
And every second of each day...
I give thanks and stay in prayer!
I am here by the grace of God!
And what others believe...

I really do not care!

'Something' is so powerful!
And that 'something' is there!
That 'Something' is collectively called God...
And IT is very much aware!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Very Much Does This Become A Factor

To be branded different,
Eventually motivates...
The one made aware of it.

The one feeling misfit...
And out of place.
The one labelled with indignities,
By others.
Taunting!
To initiate feelings of being disgraced.

Those discovered unmotivated...
And dispersing their own brand,
Of collective mental punishment.
Unsolicited yet promoted!

Unless they are in agreement,
Someone they perceive beneath them...
Who has achieved success,
Merits a cold shoulder...
To express and show,
Their disapproval.
With ignorance intact!

And this act done...
Comes complete,
With unattractive verbal attacks.
Sweetened to release their insecurities.

To satisfy a self importance,
They hope is noticed!
With an exposed devotion.

And...
It is!
Some sick notion practiced.
And...
It is!
Very much a factor,

In determining their lack of consciousness.
Possessed as if sought after.
To keep and defend against,
Those minding their business.
Those unaffected by this.
And indifferent!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Very Proud I Am

Excited by the idea
Of exploring the depths of my boredom!
Even though the task itself,
Should not last that long!
In fact...
I am finished already!
And very proud I am,
I completed what I set out to accomplish!
I can hold my head high!
At least I can say,
I am accountable for my actions!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Veterans Day

Anyone who has served time to do,
In the military will always remember...
The unique experience of it.
One completely misunderstood,
By 'civilians' raising flags to wave...
As surviving veterans march,
Representing wars to parade...
On Verterans Day.

Whether drafted or enlisted to volunteer,
These men and women are much different...
Than those who win tournaments,
Listening to the shouting of voices who cheer.
Once trained to be brave and not express fear,
Is a mind that has been conditioned...
To appear to be tolerant of any existing pain.
And mentally this training remains effective.
With it expected a neglecting,
Of their own personal concerns to be felt...
Not to show them outwardly expressed.

And many become the least to receive,
A respect to address when not dressed in uniform.
To leave many never to comprehend,
The sacrifices known only by them.
Since those who have shown them indifference,
Believe themselves entitled to receive...
A life protected without threats of blood to bleed.
Or witness a befriended soldier,
Lay lifeless on a foreign shore to see life from them leave.

Thousands of our veterans,
Can not escape so easily from their memories.
As those who quickly leave the streets,
To forget by the next Sunrise...
Who fought for their freedoms to do as patriots.
While freely moving on with their lives,
Accepting a selfishness to pride...
To believe it earned,

Yet without a moment of sacrifice done.
Or with a willingness to express appreciation.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Veterans Of The Blues

They've got skills.
And they talk about this,
With prowess on the streets!
They have tackled ever situation...
In inebriated fashion!
As if descriptions of their gifts,
Explores an unshown motivation.
Induced with intoxicated wit...
Hoping to impress those,
Who have heard this all before!

Veterans of the blues...
Passing through time,
And wasting it as they choose.
Everyday.
Applying their habits,
With nothing else to offer.
Nothing of validity!
But a liquored breath on words they say!

Veterans of the blues.
Starving from lack of motivation!
Issues they have had.
And glad to share them.
As they drag their feet...
From corner to corner as they greet!

And when anyone walks pass...
Conversations to rehash the past does not last!
Many step fast,
As these 'veterans' wonder and ask themselves...
Why the tunes they daily sing,
Aren't given a chance to bring...
An interest that secures an attention,
To talents they claim to be theirs...
But go ignored!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Veterans Who Have Fought

Amusing entertainments are slowly being removed...
From decades of increased addictions 'given' to them.
Those who sit to munch in comfort on popcorn.
Leaving too many overdosed as if under hypnosis,
To find themselves 'suddenly' awakened...
And confronted by shock and disbelief to perceive,
Are those who have enjoyed their entitlements protected,
By veterans who have fought to keep many fantasized...
Although left they have been,
To live lives of their own to condone abuse of all kinds.

Disrespected, left homeless and treated like derelicts...
On urban streets where they are 'forced' to sleep,
With no one caring about their wants and urgent needs.
OR treated like civilized human beings conscious of passion.
And...
Deserving of praise and the best of life they have EARNED.
Just to keep those selfishly feeding their greeding on a feast,
Without sacrificing a drop of 'their' own blood left to bleed...
On foreign shores to return to a 'homeland' to be ignored!
But complaints...
Childish and petty they have a plenty!

And yet...
Kept are expectations to regard themselves as 'great',
Has left a bitter taste in the mouths of those...
Who have been shown the 'gutter' as an appreciation.
Those who are veterans who have given lives and died,
To be treated like pests and other unwanted insects...
With nothing to get but an obvious neglect,
By those who have eyes focused and kept on selfishness to feed.

'I 'sense' you are still left bitter.'

No.
Just expressing from an experience.
To witness and not perceive or from deluded beliefs.
My comments and concerns have long gone ignored.
You see...

My duty to do was in the Viet Nam era.
And I am accustomed to expect disrespect to accept the negligence!

Note:
'As a veteran who had enlisted with a desire to protect,
A land that has shown my 'brothers and sisters'...
Decades of disrespect is not 'our' disgrace to witness.
Or bare on our shoulders a neglect of an appreciation,
To show to many of us in a manner to regard as appropriate.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Viable

Image with pomp and circumstance,
Seems to have been diminished.
A taste of life that one wishes to feel,
Has risen high on priority lists.

Agendas with symbols to idolize,
Has become less utilized...
These days when portrayals,
Are being dismissed...
By those seeking a purpose,
For them to exist without needless conflicts.

Image with pomp and circumstance,
Seems to have been diminished.
A taste of life that one wishes to feel,
Has risen high on priority lists.
With a viable reliable happiness,
Felt and unresisted.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Viagralust

If the thickness of my lifts
Were not assisted by porno...
Would your eyes twinkle as bright?
Before foreplay,
And a passionate night!
You now have such a viagralust...
You make me wonder
What is done when I am away!
I remember the days of your faking.
Back when you said my performances,
Were then heartbreaking!
And just 'okay'!
Now I notice more pills are used.
And new sox appearing I do not use!
I think there is a clue or two to 'boot'...
When you are forgetting I wear a 9
And not a 12 or 15 inch shoe!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Vibration

I've been doing this for so long.
It seems longer than I am old.
Some now grasping the importance of this...
Might have an inkling,
Of the sacrifice connected to it.
It's more than just having an ability to do it.
There is a cosmic connection made.
Something surrealistic...
That makes this seem simplistic.
Well it ain't!
It does what it does without restraint.
Some may complain what some say is utterly insane.
At times I feel that way myself.
Until I read something I know is deeply felt.
And there I recognize a true soul unfold.
Immediately that appeals to me!
Since I know these 'old' souls...
Are 'assigned' to this reality,
To assist those to grow.
Since many minds have been conditioned,
To follow behind what has already been defined.
And 'this' which is mine is beyond definition.
Those who know what this means...
Can tell within their hearts who plots and schemes.
It's all in the vibration coming from a divine creation.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Vicious Eyeball Rolling

You can return attitude right back,
To where it was given.
And not carry a bit it around in your head.
It's over! It's done!
It has been disconnected...
Like something that is dead!

Issues picked over by pettiness...
Seem so trifling,
When those involved are in search for themselves.

And 'that' for some...
Satisfies an appetite,
For vicious eyeball rolling!
Igniting a mind barren and devoid of insight!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Vicious Repetitiousness

As night comes...
I begin hours of denial.
Why I put myself on trial,
I ask...
And hear no response.
Why have I allowed my emotions
To stack and pile?
As if someone will discover them,
And take the time to sit with them awhile!
As night comes...
I smile as I revisit memories.
I am connected until sunrise
When dawn begins to etch and leave shadows!
Upon grass and leaves...
Robins seen and Sparrows!

This darkness on my shoulder rides and whispers.
Influenced and addicted I become.
Succumbed and borrowing moments,
From a youth unchallenged that has gone!
Am I longing to swagger and charm with song?

As night comes...
I begin hours of denial.
Why I put myself on trial,
I ask...
And hear no response.
Why have I allowed my emotions
To stack and pile?
As if someone will discover them,
And take the time to sit with them awhile!
As night comes...
I smile as I revisit memories.
I am connected until sunrise
When dawn begins to etch and leave shadows!
Upon grass and leaves...
Robins seen and Sparrows!

This darkness on my shoulder rides and whispers.

Influenced and addicted I become.
Succumbed and borrowing moments,
From a youth unchallenged that has gone!
Am I longing to swagger and charm with song?

It has become routine and much repetitious,
This anguish.
And still your hand held...
Is remembered as being warm.
And I continue on,
In this vicious repetitiousness I encourage to exist!
And on,
In this vicious repetitiousness I encourage to exist!
And on,
In this vicious repetitiousness I encourage to exist!
And on,
Until I awaken
To break a mold of myself I made that has to go!
It has to split!
I want to feel a brighter side inside that fits!
Forgetting about any repetition at all...
And how a viciousness I encouraged to exist,
Is shown the exit and leaves me pleased.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Victim Of A Premature Death

Parents absent from the act,
Who expect their children...
To reflect their best efforts yet.
Teach what they get!

Whether it is disrespect,
Or prisons visits.
A return on their investments,
Should not upset.

Or a knock on the door,
From a policeman who regrets...
To announce a child,
Has become victim of a premature death.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Victimization

I use to sympathize,
With a giving of my undivided empathy...
To the ones who made claims,
They had been picked to victimize.
And some tales I have heard,
Would bring tears to Lucifer's eyes.
Until I began to notice and realize,
Those professing their innocence...
Repeatedly relied,
On the same excuses and alibis.
To not mention their involvement,
Of how their victimization began.
Or the ways they inappropriately,
Approached another to disrespect.
Nor will it be heard to hear them admit,
What was done to get them picked as a victim.

'I was minding my own business,
When I was verbally abused for no reason.'

I can imagine.
But did this occur to have happened,
In someone else's backyard?
Similar to other events,
You campaigned to have more convinced...
How you did nothing to deserve such negative,
And 'appalling' treatment?

'What difference does that make?
I am entitled to do what I please.'

And 'obviously',
You weren't left alone to feel that way.
Especially when the minding,
Of your own business...
As you would have it believed,
Happens to trespass where it doesn't belong.

'You are just like the others.'

I don't think so.
You step on my toes,
You will immediately know it done.
And unlike the others,
They will not hear what you did...
From me.
My 'business' I keep to myself.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Victimized And Poisoned

The beast with feasting eyes...
Devours souls unrelenting.
Time spent repenting are those weak,
For acts of treason not committed...
Quick confessions are admitted.
Just to be released from the stranglehold,
Of leashes and claustrophobic cells!
Their numbers grow.
And laying bared on cold concrete,
With nothing to eat.
Reaching to greet a warm heart still beating!
No can believe,
They have been deceived!
Defeated with those who are held to yell confined.
Patience they've been told to find.
And one by one this beast selects...
From these cages locked!
dining on the next.
As those stand in line,
With victimized and poisoned minds!
Hoping their sacrifices are justified...
And they are not used as devices to lure!
But no one asks questions or is sure...
As long as the beast is pleased,
To treat on them with ease!
They accept this as a deed and endure!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Victimized By Their Own Thought Process

It is hard for them to confess...
That have digressed into a darkness.
It is difficult for them to perceive...
They have led themselves into a mess.

And they want to rant...
Exposing their insecurities.
They want to believe they make correct decisions.
Even though they cut their own throats...
To watch themselves bleed,
From their own fatal incisions.

It is hard for them to leave behind those myths.
The ones that provide them with an ego lift!
It is hard to see themselves less than great.
And approaching an insignificant wasted fate.

Victimized by their own thought process.
And visualizing themselves as best...
Has delivered much pain and unhappiness!
And this they wish to correct.
But those who know they have been the better...
To tolerate their nonsense,
Use their egos as weapons!
And treat their self victimization...
Like a feast that has been served by pests!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Victimized In Sobbing Cries

Throughout the night,
Shadows cast by moonlight comes.
A mysterious breathing
Approach and lurches near.
Windows locked from inside.
And fresh air disappears.

Steps heard in hallways.
Slow are the creaking sounds on stairs.
Eyes felt peering through concrete.
Walls protecting absorb like sponges.
Closing in upon the weak.
And minds demented with deceit...
Find hands strangling them from sleep.

Useless are weapons kept.
In shelters where one gets no rest.
Even in corners no one hides.
And the screaming done...
No one hears outside!

Victimized in sobbing cries.
And terrorized inside by guilt!
That leaves a heart like this...
Helplessly alone.
Disturbed!

And...
Unrecognized is the dawn that comes.
No morning sunlight does this one witness.
None for this one comes to be shown.
Living in fear projected!
In a world one infested fear condoned.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Victims In Distress

Truth is being told
And its revelation is considered sick!
People who are not accustomed to it...
Are discovering the truth is causing them fits!
Raised on distorted realities created...
Based on color or the lack thereof!
Placed in divisions to produce criticisms
To have some believe they were chosen from above!
The truth is being told and unfolding before our eyes.
Lies unknown to those never shown...
Has lifted masquerades from disguise!
And even though this is being exposed...
Many continue to live unsurprised!
Since those suppressed by those who oppress,
Weren't in denial
But the victims in distress who had been denied!
Knowing their tracks had been erased by hidden facts!
And providing amusement for those who now are trapped!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Victims Of Conflicts

If a fear of thinking and having intelligence,
Did not come to threaten the insecurities...
Of those only obsessed to thieve and feed,
Their need to see others bleed as they greed.
While suppressing with divisions and racial tensions,
That began a shortage of opportunities.
None of this that is a reality today would exist.

But those who insisted to prove themselves chosen,
Now find themselves amidst of an array of conflicts.
They wish in secret had never been implemented.
And from them would magically drift away.
But victims of conflicts must continue to find no rest,
As they battle the demons until they are weakened...
To put an end to their wickedness.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Victims Of Judgements Passed

Many children are encouraged to be deluded,
With a gaining to keep a self importance felt...
By their parents and/or guardians to be interpreted,
As obtaining a self esteem with a purpose.

And this behavior when they become adults,
Feeds a self righteousness for them hard to rid.
Be it self centeredness or selfishness...
The results of these teachings are very clear.

When conflicts over establishing comprehension...
Between what is earned and stolen to make claims,
As owned...
A childish mind that has been conditioned,
To accept.
Still resides inside someone grown,
Wishing to impress but just can not quite digest...
That a blatant theft is not condoned.

Yet...
That depends again,
On who has been creating the laws to defend.
And who are the victims of judgements passed,
With a doing that suppresses...
Those deemed and depicted to be of a lower class.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Victims Of Lies

It's not unpatriotic,
To take a stand...
Against decaying issues
Affecting your fellowman!
Or raising a voice,
In nonconformist flair.
If more believed in justice shared...
Conflicts experienced now,
Would not exist!
Would not be there!
But indifference and greed,
Has freed a beast that seizes...
Rights once taken for granted,
Now all are inflicted with much that displeases!
And opportunities we all had,
Now dissolve before our eyes.
'What about 'us'? '
Are heard the shouts and cries.
By those of cold shoulders who now clearly see...
It's not me,
But even they...
Who have become victims of lies,
Released and processed freely!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Victims Of Stubbornness

Victims of stubbornness,
Have chosen their places.
With it done effectively.
To believe they can escape,
From their positions taken...
To find warm and smiling faces,
Awaiting with open arms to embrace...
The ones making quick decisions,
It is time to awaken.
As if the moment had arrived,
For a listening to hear and with comprehension.

And with expectations of a forgiveness given,
As had been done repeatedly in the past...
Many discover times like that do not last.
To find those who once had such patience,
No longer tolerate a giving of it to be wasted.
With it tossed away unappreciated.
Nor can they be found sensitized,
By the crying of tears from swollen weeping eyes.
Since apologies like these heard to be offered again,
Seem to be on the wings of flying birds...
Taking away the significance of those words heard.

'You are cold, uncaring 'and' thoughtless.'

~And you are observant too late.
And for the wrong reason to understand,
The why. The how and the 'when'...
Your perception of me began with it achieved,
With reluctance.
But I realized I could not live my life,
Remaining to allow myself to become victimized...
By decisions others make to stay ignorant.~

'Your comments made to me are offensive.'

~Good.
Now you know how I felt not to feel anymore.

At least we can agree,
Both of us have made progress.
How it is accepted to keep it believed,
Is the key to success.
A stubbornness kept does not benefit.
Be you offended by my comments made or not.
Get over yourself!
Choose something more productive.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Victims Of Suspicion

Many will not budge,
Unless a guaranteed dollar can be made.
This affords them pulchritude credits.
To earn and socialize at the same time.

It is rare to find anyone,
Donating sincerety AND their time.
There are many who do volunteer their efforts.
And become satisfied in the sacrificing of themselves.

Others could not think of this...
Unless a need for attention came with it.

And those who do give of themselves and talents,
Readily become victims of suspicion.
There 'has' to be SOMETHING connected to their giving.
Since why would one do it...
If it is obvious they are giving away what they themselves need?

'Medic? Medic?
There is another 'sicko' over here! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Victims Of Their Own Envy

They have made themselves,
The victims of their own envy.
With a reaping of sorrows intended to keep,
A doing of their misdeeds deceived and focused...
On those perceived worthy of inflicted hatred.
And misplaced jealousies.
As if an overdose of self-centeredness,
Would deliver to them an assured success.
Yet...
A harvesting has betrayed them with much decay.

They have made themselves,
The victims of their own envy.
And those visions of seeing themselves,
Flaunting a success as those selected fell to crawl...
Did not happen to the 'others' afterall.
Since envy with hatred and jealousies kept,
Seems better reflected...
By those seen on their knees begging to be saved,
From their perceptions.
Perceptions eventually tormenting them in regrets.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Victims Of Their Own Exploits!

It should be quite obvious to many by now...
Just 'who' those villains are in ones' life!
Who smuggled in their sorrows to share.
And 'who' brought along despair...
With a tinge of bitterness diced with strife!

And I'd place any bet,
Those who have done this with acceptance...
Are not the ones slandered or defamed.
Or reputations ruined...
By those who have gossiped their way,
To dead ends!
Finding themselves...
Victims of their own exploits!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Victor Over Grief

Not shown is my heart.
And how I have grown...
To let things go!
To pick up the pieces,
And make brand new starts!

Not revealed is a healing,
Shattered emotions...
Took time to mend.
With the acceptance of the passing...
Of my parents, grandparents
My son, relatives...
And close dear friends.

With trusted faith and hope...
Discipline and prayer,
I am very conscious of where I had been,
To arrive with a gratefulness
That keeps me aware!

Without God,
I would not know any happiness at all.
Not to declare myself a victor,
Over grief I once believed would keep me weak!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Victorious Self Righteousness

They are all equally demented.
Convinced of their own self worth.
Projecting scholarly personas...
With intentions to undermine.
And plot to disguise...
Their own eventual demise.

What they have done together,
Is enough to have them jailed.
It's enough to have them tried for treason.
Their evilness will not prevail.
They used lies to murder, maim and destroy!
All of them are bloodless creatures.
Even snakes are offended,
And have become annoyed!

Anyone believing they have not been deceived...
Only have to look around,
To find themselves not alone...
Willing to allow their own to bleed.
In the belief that following such creatures,
Would lead them to a successful outcome.
To toast a demonicness,
In a victorious self righteousness.
But these are not the days,
For those indulging such a craze to praise!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Victory Is Ours

We must win.
Despite the cost of our failures.
We must continue to show our might.
We must prove our force in destructive sight.
If we stop this fighting...
Who will know we are right?
We must continue...we must!
Even if we become rulers over blight!
We must win!
Let us not forget who we are!
Victory is ours...
To live in eternal strife!
Too much weakness is lived in peace.
Chaos is our birthright!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Videotaped And Seen

Why do those caught in the telling,
Of outrageous lies...
Still try to protect themselves,
By the telling of bigger lies?
The jaw dropping creative kind.

And then...
Deceive others by belittling a friend,
To include in this charade.
By announcing themselves innocent,
And a victim of misdeeds that 'friend' had made.

People today can be videotaped AND fingerprinted.
And seen in action in pictures taken...
To contradict their fables told over and over!
And still they will declare themselves,
Free of any involvement or acknowledgement...
Or what had provoked them to the telling,
Of someone...
With no reason at all,
Had chosen them to unleash an anger!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Viewed As Being Cold

Cold?
Everything,
Has a cause and effect!
Like wishes for love that never comes.
One can know love and give it!
But if it is not received as given...
It will be clear a perception,
Loses an anticipated expected reception.
It does not come.
So it no longer remains on hold.
It may be viewed as being cold.
But how close have you been...
To share any warmth?
If you believe
What you conceive is cold?
Perhaps it is deserved...
Since you are the first to recognize it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Viewed To Be Fair Of Skin

They are trying everything possible,
A human being can find!
To confine thought to fear,
And control one's mind!
It has already been decided,
To take away addicting pleasures.
Realizing without them,
Treasures some measure life...
Would produce anger, hatred and strife!
And this is counted on...
To get a civil unrest and disobedience prolonged!
Gaining an excuse to reduce those not wanted,
Amongst a population...
Viewed to be fair of skin!
Living in a world in which only dim wits fit in!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Vile And Inappropriate

Vile and inappropriate?
Of course it is.
But not too many will agree,
Since they feel entitled...
To say and do what they please.
And excuse their actions,
As a marketing done to defend...
Their right to decrease a valued way of life,
They have deliberately have ignited...
With a setting of their own standards.
To place the attraction of their sleaze...
And their lowlife mentalities on others,
Who are far less self righteous...
In the expression of their pretentiousness.
But...
Are their actions vile and inappropriate?
Of course.
Who has not been aware of that?
Only those who follow and are loyal,
Seem not to be aware there is a difference.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Villagizing Their Villagicity

I'm not trying to disturb my peace.
I've been there before...
To give of myself and then some more.
But it takes a village of villagers,
With vlllageousness...
Villagizing their villagicity!
And without identity or a mindset agreed...
That village nonsense is an impossibility!
Since many would like to view it,
As a tribalistic thing.
You know...
With Tarzan swinging from a vine.
Swooping down from the heavens...
Looking tanned and Cary Grantish!
In full movie star splendor!
Seeing folks walking tall and being proud,
Is my ideal of a people in a village advancing.
Any other image...?
Flip it to the birds!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Vindicated

Vindicated!
When you've been vindicated,
There's a feeling that is felt this is elated.

When you've been vindicated,
From those acts that can decay...
There's a weigh that lifts and chases blues away.

When you've been accused,
By other people for things you did not do...
There's a weigh that lifts and chases blues away.

Tossing and turning and can't sleep,
By those deceivers planning defeat...
There's a weigh that lifts and chases blues away.

When you've been depicted to be a fool,
By others who wish to undo you...
There's a weigh that lifts and chases blues away.

Vindicated!
When you've been vindicated,
There's a feeling that is felt this is elated.

When you've been vindicated,
From those acts that can decay...
There's a weigh that lifts and chases blues away.

Vin-di-cated!
When you've been vindicated,
There's a weigh that lifts and chases blues away.

Vin-di-cated!
When you've been vindicated,
There's a weigh that lifts and chases blues away.

Vin-di-cated!
When you've been vindicated,
There's a weigh that lifts and chases blues away.

Vin-di-cated!
When you've been vindicated,
There's a weigh that lifts and chases blues away.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

'Vindictivity'

Suddenly those once feeling victimized,
By others who found it easy...
To slander and despise them with creative lies,
Have found that keeping faith
Propels them above such pests.
Forgiving with hearts that forget...
And being themselves to allow passing petty tests.

'Vindictivity' doesn't cross their minds!
'Vindicitivty' is no friend for them to find.
Leaving behind such sad affairs to those,
Stylish in resentment...
And dressed with frowns exposed!

Rolling eyes and casting glares.
As if these postures,
Warrant a retort of childish dares.
Could care less to participate in such affairs...
The life they choose to live,
Is in a goodness fulfilled...
And they thrill to flaunt it with flair.

'Vindictivity' doesn't cross their minds!
'Vindictivity' is no friend for them to find.
Leaving behind such sad affairs to those,
Stylish in resentment...
And dressed with frowns exposed!

Suddenly those once feeling victimized,
By others who found it easy...
To slander and despise them with creative lies,
Have found that keeping faith
Propels them above such pests.
Forgiving with hearts that forget...
And being themselves to allow passing petty tests.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Vindictivity-Revisited

Vindictivity as it is expressed,
May be chewed by some...
To swallow and digest.
But those who are challenged,
To become their best yet...
Bypass such urges
Leaving other minds regressed,
In the redundancy of regret!

Suddenly released and once victimized,
By those who found it easy
To despise them with lies.
They are now lifted...
And propelled above such pests.
With forgiving hearts they have,
And transcending the past
After mastering such tests!

Vindictivity does not cross their minds.
Actions like these aren't friends for them to find.
Left behind is this 'stylish' resentment...
Dressed with fresh expressions
To escape concealed depressions.

Vindictivity does not cross their minds.
Actions like these aren't friends for them to find.
Left behind is this 'stylish' resentment...
Dressed with fresh expressions
To escape concealed depressions.

Split from and witnessed,
Are rolling eyes casting glares.
As if these postures...
Warrant the welcome of such childish affairs.
Free from dares,
Are those who choose to live...
Beyond such traps,
That feed those breeding negativity that's shared!

Vindictivity as it is expressed,
May be chewed by some...
To swallow and digest.
But those who are challenged,
To become their best yet...
Bypass such urges
Leaving other minds regressed,
In the redundancy of regret!

Vindictivity-revisited in excursions viewed,
Can be seen diseasing as it infests...
So many who choose what they do!

Suddenly released and once victimized,
By those who found it easy
To despise them with lies.
They are now lifted...
And propelled above such pests.
With forgiving hearts they have,
And transcending the past
After mastering such tests!

Vindictivity-revisited...
In repeated excursions viewed,
Can be seen diseasing as it infests...
So many who choose,
Lives lived as they do!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Violated

I feel as if I have been violated.
Like an intrusion has taken place.
And I can not put my finger on it.
It was if something entered my space...
Uninvited and unseen!

Within seconds an emptiness I had faced,
Was suddenly replaced.
Stripping away my peace to erase...
Any selfishness.
And the safe pace I kept with it!

No longer common was my sense.
I could not move.
Even though I was incensed
I was being violated.
Like my mind was being raped.
I laid half unconscious and half awake.
'Something' was examining my mental state!

I say to you I was violated!
And it was no mistake!
Something had visited...
Without an invitation!
Taking what I valued and changing it!
As I accepted the rearrangement,
Without a muscle from me to lift!

'What is this? '
I thought and drifted back to sleep!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Violence Is Not Acceptable

A reflection of a society,
Again examined to be in denial...
Sits upon the shoulders,
Of those sticking to their defensiveness.

'Violence is NOT acceptable! '
States calmly,
A handpicked psychologist.

'These acts are to be isolated.
These acts are not correct images,
Of our quality of life.
Or our values we pride and raise high to lift.'

And yet,
No rejection of an abuse of freedoms,
Is mentioned on anyone's lips.
No self examinations done to evaluate,
Where these abuses of freedoms originate.
Or how they came to exist!

A truth faced escapes,
To be replaced by self righteousness.
It seems a pain remains the same...
As victory over conflicts,
Is focused upon,
While a craze increases.
And is allowed to go on!

'Violence is NOT accepted! '
States calmly,
The handpicked psychologist.

'Our ways of dealing with violence heals!
No matter how exaggerated,
Others evaluate...
With their depictions of it!

Our ways of dealing with violence heals!

And embellishing our ignorance...
We will not tolerate another moment!
Not for another second,
Will we listen to this.

We might have our problems!
And we all might not agree.
But what we do have in this society,
Is a sense of devoted loyalty.'

~What a wonderful speech.
I am beginning to feel relieved already! ~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Virgin Dreams

Gimme that one!
Wrap it up,
And bring it here.
Gimme that one.
And make it clear,
The tightened freshness
Should stay as it seems.

Gimme that one!
Wrap it up,
And bring it here.
Gimme that one.
And make it clear,
The tightened freshness
Should stay as it seems.

Gimme no one fanatic.
Or inclined to be dramatic.
With no knowledge of love.

Gimme someone who is romantic.
One who still sings,
Ecstactically.
I must fulfill my virgin dreams.
My search will end when I hear screams.

Gimme that one!
Wrap it up,
And bring it here.
Gimme that one.
And make it clear,
The tightened freshness
Should stay as it seems.

Gimme that one!
Wrap it up,
And bring it here.
Gimme that one.
And make it clear,

The tightened freshness
Should stay as it seems.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Virgin Eyes

I remember a love that had been idealistic.
A love felt fresh and for me realistic.
And when I first realized what it was to touch,
I believed I was the only one to witness it as much.
Until I recognized with my own eyes opened,
I wasn't the only one seeking love like that to come.
I wasn't the only one...
Wishing to receive a love idealistic to have just for me.
And I would be the first and only one.

Others had come to know this love before.
Others had come to know this love to leave it ignored.
And I with my virgin eyes continue to seek love untouched.
And I with my virgin eyes,
Continue to believe a love untouched and idealistic...
Is somewhere realistic and awaits just for me.
Even though I knew love and had loved many...
My virgin eyes stayed on one prize.
A prize I search to realize with eyes on me seeking.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Vision

No one should expect those without insight
To know what the having of 'vision' means.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Vision Narrowed

You are right.
You did nothing to me.
From where you sit assessing it.
And from your point of view,
That keeps your vision narrowed.
With an approval of everything you do,
That keeps a truth deluded...
As it escapes for deceits to pursue.

I was wrong to think of you comprehending too.
With a broader consciousness,
One that evaluates what one does...
That affects what someone else,
Interprets as mistakes made.
But like other things about you,
You are afraid to remove a playing of charades.
And that's the way our mind relays.

You are right.
You did nothing to me.
You've done it to yourself...
With a consistent persistency.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Visions Griping Onto A Quality Of Life

Impressed with success chasers.
Those who stand tall and proceed proudly...
To do and say what is felt and believed.
They should be held in high esteem.
And respected with admiration in all communities...
Thriving and motivated to keep alive such dreams.

They can be seen to walk with a quick stepping pace.
With determination reflecting a proudness on their faces.
Disciplined and self assured,
And representing a society prosperous in deeds.
Visions griping onto a quality of life,
All of us behold and boldly perceive.

And progressing as we have in this age of twenty ten,
Isn't it remarkable to see such achievements inspiring to flourish...
Without end.
As people express such happiness.
Leaving behind all conflicts to transcend...
To heights of joy and merriment felt within them.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Visions Of Lemon Frosted Pound Cake

No time is like that found,
For the one who gets to shine.
Knowing as one grows,
Interference makes a difference...
When one's head is bombarded with stars.

Few await to sit with wishes for this moment.
One who remains and stays in preparation,
Is dedicated with an obligation to succeed...
Since it is too easy to procrastinate,
When the hungering for munchies...
And visions of lemon frosted pound cake,
Slips to first place in priorities.

No matter what the consequences one has to face.
And regardless of the many roads one takes.
If the desire is there time becomes erased,
By the one who focuses on the work and not the prize.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Visions To Taste Evasive Promises

You come to me with expectations,
My path you will clear...
From your prior attacks,
That left total devastation.
With promises you would correct this,
IF I remained patient.

This is what you want me to believe?
As if I'll be quick to forgive your wickedness,
Based upon promises with no actions to leave?
You really take me to be a perfect fool.
I learned with time given this is true. You do!

And I must admit...
None of what you've done would have ever existed,
If I hadn't allow you to see me sit...
Wishing for my dreams to come if I sat to just sit.
With your assistance.
And visions to taste evasive promises fading again away.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Visit For As Long As You Wish

You may visit upon this land.
But to force debate of its direction...
Is not a matter to be question.
Or demand answers you expect.
Because you believe another way,
For its inhabitants is best.

You may visit for as long as you wish.
Enjoy the ambiance, hospitality...
And the peacefulness.
But suggestions from you,
Regarding the enhancements done...
To the view and our lifestyles too?
For us is not accepted.
Conflicts on this land...
You will not inject.

If you have motives and plans for this...
You will be ushered to experience,
A respected yet definite sudden exit.
We are not in need,
For a financed confusion that infuses deceit.
To have you label it democracy.
You may visit for as long as you wish.
And when your visit is finished...
You will leave and that will be it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Visit The Woods

Take a walk through the woods.
Alone...
If you can and could.
With a purpose to get rid of stress.
And,
Anything that frustrates to upset.

Get to visit the woods...
To experience this as a benefit.
With you alone left to receive,
A peace of mind...
You will get.

Visit the woods.
If you could to prioritize.
And...
Visit the woods.
If you can and could to clear,
Frustrations in your life...
To decide to push them aside.

Get to visit the woods.
To experience the benefit of it.
And...
Get to visit the woods.
To receive a peace of mind and happiness.

Visit the woods.
If you could,
To realize...
Your frustrations will be minimized.
Your frustrations will be pushed aside.

Take a visit through the woods.
And if you could,
You will see...
That,
A holding onto conflicts...
Doesn't bring to you a single benefit.

Get to visit the woods.
And if you could,
Sacrifice the time.
You will notice in your mind...
A peace there you can find.

Get to visit the woods.
And if you could,
Sacrifice the time.
You will notice in your mind...
A peace there you can find.

Visit the woods.
You can...
To restore your peace again.

Visit the woods.
You can...
To know that peace again.

Visit the woods.
And that peace,
You will get wont end.

Get to visit the woods.
And if you could,
Sacrifice the time.
You will notice in your mind...
A peace dependable you can find.

Visit the woods.
You can...
To know that peace again.

Visit the woods.
And that peace,
You will get wont end.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Visiting From Back Home

There will come a time,
If it has not yet arrived.
When those who have found assumptions,
As an acceptable function with it done to do...
Most of their lives,
Will find themselves amongst the ones...
Who have relied upon,
The doing of assumptions too.

And without questioning,
What has been assumed to believe...
Others already knew they would use,
To make pointless excuses.
Yet kept to do to protect themselves,
From a fear to appear less intelligent.
Or an ignorance exposed at its best.
But chosen to keep it debatable.

'I was told what you are saying is not true.'

~By who? ~

'A relative of my next door neighbor,
Visiting from back home.'

~Back home?
Did you say 'back home? '

'Yeah.
Where the ancestors of my next door neighbor,
Migrated here from many decades ago.
Back in the 1800's.
So I know what you say is to be disbelieved.'

~Uh...
And 'where' are you from? ~

'I'm from here, you know that.
Why are you asking me such a stupid question? '

~Ignorance.
Ignorance seems to always prevent me,
From keeping my mouth shut.~

'I'm glad to hear you admit it.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Visitor

Honestly?
You asked for my opinion,
And here it is for free!

Anyone can say what they want.
And process what they want to share.
I've learned over the years,
To keep my business to myself...
And not let my business become 'theirs'.

Folks who have a different reality,
That's fine...
It may not be mine.
Wherever their minds are,
That's on them...
I keep my mind away!
I'm not going to stay around anyone,
Making attempts to be accepted...
By choosing right words to say!

I enjoy my life and where it is right now.
And that was a long time coming.
I take my time listening to the birds...
And sometimes with them I'm humming!

I appreciate the little things,
And observe again what was passed by!
When I talk to someone in conversation...
I look them in the eyes.

I don't disrespect anyone with neglect,
By looking away or up to the sky!
That kind of treatment is worse than telling a lie!
And from those kinds of people...
I do my best to hide!

I've learned to have fun,
And sometimes by myself.
I don't have to be in a crowd of folks...

To feel important or laugh at bad jokes.
And honesty comes first with me.
Someone who doesn't give it is instantly dismissed!
I don't waste my time with pretense or self indulgence.
Or kiss up to anyone to be part of someone's clique!

And if I show myself in disguise,
Wearing a mask that does not fit!
I want it known,
I am either not feeling well...
Or around those that are making me sick!
And...
That's not a habit I would normally condone.
That is why affairs like these I'd rather leave alone!

'Oh?
So I take it you are a visitor,
And not from around this area?
I must get back to mingling with my friends.
Thank you for your observations!
You never know...
We might meet again! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Visitor To 'Da Hood'

He said he was 'representin'
The peeps,
Who digged life with breath fresh!
And eyes so cleared...
They sat on plateaus to beem.
And down upon them wisdom comes!
And down upon them with wit and grace,
Happiness appears to glow on their faces.
And connected to the divine,
They are!
By invisible vines...
Linked to sunkissed angels.
And said I was ready to join his clan!

'A 'clan' of what I thought?
A clan to change the man I am?
What clan is this?
And I dismissed anything evil.
And I'm sure my raised eye brow was witnessed?

Announcing again,
When he noticed my skepticsm,
Beginning to set in.
Behind a mask worn to hold back,
The laughter.
Again...
He said he was 'representin' the peeps.
And those peeps he said he represented...
Were not from our times!
He was not of ignorance at all.

'What did he mean by that? '
He smiled.
Did he know my thoughts?
Has he known them for a while?
In fact...
I don't believe he was ever introduced,
To an ignorance I was readying to produce!
How did he know it just like that?

And I had known it too well.
Years have I spent getting 'treatments'
Of all kinds!

Instantly,
I knew he was a visitor to 'da hood'
And 'representin'
Something that seems to be working!
Since I found no reason to insult him,
At all.
And he offered upon sight...
His respect for me first!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Visuals Betray

Sometimes it becomes a task...
To determine and separate those,
Who are innocently ignorant...
From those who are professional.
This is almost as difficult,
As determining one's maturity...
Based upon age and presence.
Today...
Visuals betray.
If one's intelligence is in question.

There are more children in grown up skins,
Then at any other time.
Even those one would think to ne mature,
Disappoints with a childish reaction.
And some of the most profound comments...
Can be heard coming out of the mouths,
Of pre-school children.
With a matter-of-factness AND eye contact.
Something adults either lost through the process...
Or thought it useless to develop.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Visuals To Make

Visuals to make,
With stances to intimidate...
An escalating of threats.
Only takes one ego...
Selected to sit behind a desk,
Wishing for attention to get...
And a need to receive,
That ego regularly massaged...
To decide they have been,
Chosen to end humanity.
Because of the belief,
They have the power...
To initiate World-wide,
And complete devastation.
With it done as if to order,
A slice of cheesecake.
Topped with strawberries.
And fresh whipped cream.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Vituperative And Harshly Censorious

You tell others and say,
You are not impressed...
By those daily efforts of mine made.

And I say...
Where are your efforts to address?
Since you are quick to express your displeasure.

And then you wish to measure,
And evaluate time.
You want to vocalize how yours,
Is more important than mine.

You want to expose your excuses,
To reduce critique.
You want others to perceive,
Your opinions are sought.
As if this 'deed' is impressive enough to leave.

You tell others and say,
You are not impressed...
By those daily efforts of mine made.

But I am sure they've come to realize,
There is insecurity hidden,
Underneath your weak tirades tired and tried.
Expressed with intemperate, vituperative...
And harshly censorious language!

'Huh?
What did you call me?
What did you just say?
Did you call me 'stupid'? '

No!
Those affirmations I leave to you.

'Oh.
I'm glad you do.

Because those 'imaginations'...
Which they are not.
But if they were...
Would belong to me! '

Yep!
I totally agree.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Viva La Difference

Folks do not know what is going on!
They don't.

Walking around with their heads hanging down.
In slow belabored shuffles.
And taught to fuss in muffled cusses.
Only to become audible,
To rave and rant...
About their pitiful lives lived,
Struck by bad luck...
Like ducks struggling to wade,
In stormy seas.

With unpaid telephone and cable bills,
Left to weight upon their burdened shoulders.
Hoping not to be disconnected,
For fear fresh gossip...
May be prevented to descend on their desperate ears.
Leaving them with a life peering from windows.
As if a death sentence has been given.

Folks do not know what is going on!
They don't.
From Sunrise to Sunset...
A belongingness,
From them has gone.

And as I witness,
Their treasured pitifulness.
I remind myself...
How close emotionally,
I am to this!
Or WAS.

Folks do not know what is going on!
They don't.

'And...
Neither do you! '

Oh...
'Contrare'!
Deliverer of misundertanding lip.
And giver of narrow insight!
I 'pretend' I do!
Okay?
The chocolate is in the pudding.
Live and let live.
That's 'my' motto!

Viva La Difference...
Homey!
Viva with a La...
And a 'diff-er-ounce'.

'Ooooh...
Oui oui.
N'est pas?
Merci beaucoup.
Parle vous français?
Je m'appelle Victor.
Et vous, mon ami?
Hmmm.
Tous et moi...oui oui? '

Say WHAT?
I know you did not just say that to me?
What?
What do you take me for?

'What are you talking about?
We need to learn how to love one another.
Get close.
That's my approach.'

You done cross the line now, buddy.
Let me say this to you...
And make it clear!
You and my 'wee wee'
Aint gon' happen!
You got that?

'Huh? '

Oh, huh, hell!
You better get outta my face before I call the police.
You homosexuals are all over the place 'assuming' stuff!
I got preferences...okay?
Amigo?
Now buzz off!

'You got problems? '

I got problems?
I got problems?

'Bigtime! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Vivid

Vivid is the presence of truth.
Stinging to the ears.
And clearing cloudy eyes.
Vivid is the presence of truth.
No lies can hide to deny disguised.

Vivid puts an end...
To those with blinded minds.
And vivid puts an end...
To those who crave their misdeeds.
Vivid puts an end...
To those committing conflicts,
With a wanting more of it.

When vivid comes to visit...
Truth induced seduces.
When vivid comes to visit...
Delusions kept are bowled over.

Vivid puts an end...
To those with blinded minds.
And vivid puts an end...
To those who crave their misdeeds.
Vivid puts an end...
To those committing conflicts,
With a wanting more of it.

When vivid comes to visit...
Truth induced seduces.
When vivid comes to visit...
Delusions kept are bowled over.

Vivid is the presence of truth.
Stinging to the ears.
And clearing cloudy eyes.
Vivid is the presence of truth.
No lies can hide to deny disguised.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Vivid Are The Images

You did your best,
To relinquish my involvement.
You released increased,
Accusations.
And decreased my participation,
To have that believed.

Suddenly you are stalled,
At a brick wall.
Hoping to dance upon an empathetic mood.
And I would rush to rescue you.
Showing a forgiveness.

You wish for me to resolve your embarrassment.
Once again...
You have underestimated my creativity!

The fear in your eyes,
Excites my motivation!

Do that begging on your knees,
And pleading thing again!
Now...
Add some sincerety!
Hold that pose.
I'd like to capture it for my memoirs.

You don't think I'd be that big of a fool to repeat myself,
Do you?
That is the same pose you gave when we met.

Did you think I would forget,
Impressions that touched and caressed?
Resting an infesting hold upon my mind.
To lay and test emotional affects?
With tears?
I am an artist first!
I thought you knew?
I don't apply my touch to damaged goods to redo!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Vivid Clarity: These Steps I Take

It is the 'who' in me pursued.
Appearing as I do before you...
Without references!
Either those accepted or dismissed.

And depending on your beliefs...
I was 'somewhere' in the heavens,
And 'asked' for this existence.
Whether or not that is true,
I am going to do my best...
To ensure my presence has been felt.

Suggestions given may come after I ask.
I am not seeking charity,
From those on goodwill missions...
Out to prove they have been chosen,
To condition minds...
With a conformed environment as the agenda.
'Peace my brother!
Have you been introduced to the Lord? '

These steps I have taken,
Were made on scraped knees and bruised feet.
Faith, hope and confidence arrived...
To discover me in doubt.
I ain't there no 'mo!

Vivid is my clarity.
These steps I take...
Only God knows what it took to make them.
Yes...
I know the Lord.
If you knew Him you would not have asked me that.

Vivid is my clarity.
These steps I take...
Only God knows what it took to make them.
Yes...
I know the Lord.

If you knew Him you would not have asked me that.

However,
I can tell by your eyes,
This is a fresh discovery?
With a desire to share!
And, I have been there.

I was born to chew, digest and enjoy the scenery!
Not to be caught up and lost in it.
Or bleed dramatically in public.
Without sound of applause.
I use to be shocked...
By the lack of sincere empathy unseen.

Observe. Experience. Feel!
And leave behind appropriate recommendations.
That is my assignment.

Someone, somewhere...
Will eventually find themselves exploring life,
Oppose to hoping for clues to magically appear...
Out of thin air.

With vivid clarity,
Are those steps I take!
And I didn't just awaken.

I began chipping away at obstacles,
When it became apparent...
My tears would not dissolve them!

Observe. Experience. Feel!
And leave behind appropriate recommendations.
That is my assignment.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Vivid Depictions

Demons only feed to please their own needs.

'Amen.'

Once this is obvious with it noticed,
Why do people remain to complain?
Or listen to sermons describing self-serving demons.
As if to advocate not only a witnessing of this.
But also...
Enact such activities to validate an experience,
To qualify a doing as if to approve.
This kind of behavior should only be viewed.
And not tempted to satisfy our selfish desires.

One will testify of sins committed.
To be cleansed of the doing.
While others will nod their heads to attest they too...
Were tempted by such vivid depictions.
Only to be revisited by those temptations again.
We must recognize and not indulge ourselves.
Only demons do that.
Only demons attract to themselves sins.
Demons do this. And demons do that.
Demons set traps for those to attract.

~This sermon confuses me.
Mommy?
What's a sin? ~

'Something NOT to do.'

~Oh.
Okay.~

'Ssshhh.
Sit quietly and listen.
I want you to learn.'

~I will.

Demons only feed to please their own needs.~

'Amen.'

~And here their needs are given a lot of attention.~

'Ssshhh.
Sit quietly and listen.
I want you to learn.'

~I am.
Demons do this. And demons do that.
Demons set traps for those to attract.~

'Ssshhh.
Sit quietly and listen.
I want you to learn.'

~I am.
Mommy,
How many times can I be forgiven for my sins? ~

'How are you going to learn 'anything',
If you don't listen? '

~Oh.
Okay.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Vivid Or In Pastel

It doesn't matter what time of the day it is.
Or the day of the week,
Beliefs systems are employed.
People protest that which has been accepted.
Only to deny the severity of it,
When facing to then object...
To the recommendations and suggestions,
That will effectively correct with direct solutions.

'How dare you tell us we created our own problems?
You don't live here to know that.
And besides...
Whatever you accuse us of neglecting,
Can be attributed to our needs being ignored.'

~And...
Who do you blame for ignoring 'your' needs?
Your neighbors, friends or family?
Or...
Your beliefs that remaining unconscious,
Will 'someday' deliver to you reality? ~

'We are not here to be offended,
By insinuations.
We are here to get help and nothing else.'

~Okay.
Which color would you like and prefer us to use,
As the dots are connected.
Would you like them vivid or in pastel? ~

'You know where you can go! '

~So...
You prefer pastel?
Would you like the directions,
Adorned with arrows as well?
Or should we keep that as your responsibility? ~

'We regard your remarks as being highly insensitive.'

~I'm shocked.
And I had believed them to be empathetic.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Vivid, Bold And Direct

I am not here to bask in your delusions.
OR paint pictures to depict,
Realities you prefer that do not conflict.
Pastel colors are not on my palate.
Idealistic visions are not what I crave to taste.
I am not that kind of artist to entrap myself,
Or others to medicate...
On those landscapes to erase what aches.
To face that which is to accept and not reject,
Has a way to ease my digestion.
I like it vivid, bold and direct.
Those masquerading presentations,
I find difficult to stomach.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Vividly Remembered

Riding atop upon a crest of waves,
Is a different exhilerating experience...
Than one sitting on a beach and sipping lemonade,
Imagining as if in the midst surrounded by wind.
And being told of it,
As a jotting down on paper...
What was felt to never forget,
Is vividly remembered to capture...
Poetically.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Vocal And With Media Means

Many vocal,
And with media means!
Continue to defend...
Their decaying beliefs,
And abundant ignorance.

With claims to be conservative,
With interests to protect...
A decadent way of life.
That has been influenced by an absence,
Of standards proclaimed they maintain!

A declining of humanity,
Has imprints of their corruption.
Conflicts they have inspired...
By their self centered eruptions.

An economy has deplenished...
From an active greed they have practiced.
And all the signs are clearly there,
Their actions have distracted away from unity!
And they betray with deceit!

Crooks and thieves...
With demonic intentions!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Vogue A Pose

Assimilate all of your excessive moves.
Co-ordinate every accessory you choose.
Separate each pose,
To develop into downloaded grooves.
And vogue a pose you could carry over...
Like a model throttled up,
In a hold held bold.

And vogue a pose,
You could carry over...
For a paparazzi set,
To make you that 'IT' yet!

And vogue a pose,
You could carry over...
Either on the internet.
Or something you could even text.

And vogue a pose,
You could carry over...
For a paparazzi set,
To make you that 'IT' yet!

Assimilate all of your excessive moves.
Co-ordinate every accessory you choose.
Separate each pose,
To develop into downloaded grooves.
And vogue a pose you could carry over...
Like a model throttled up,
In a hold held bold.

And vogue a pose,
You could carry over...
Either on the internet.
Or something you could even text.

And vogue a pose,
You could carry over...
For a paparazzi set,

To make you that 'IT' yet!

And vogue a pose,
You could carry over...
Either on the internet.
Or something you could even text.

And vogue a pose,
You could carry over...
Either on the internet.
Or something you could even text.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Voice That Fades

You chose to float your own boat.
I merely suggested you check for leaks.
I get no satisfaction watching you sink...
Protecting what you think is your right!
I'm prepared to leave you alone...
Not to hear you bitch and moan,
With back biting gripes...
About what I am and what I am not in your eyes!
Despised in wasted hours day or night.
I am dry and don't mind passing you by at all.
I am not wishing for that kind of companion!
Call me what you like...
But it is your voice that fades in the distance!
I am not a vigilante,
Assigned to observe your plight.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Voices Growing And Getting Closer

Those today who speak selfishly,
About their issues...
Are further away in pointless distance.

Their words are like mold,
On stale bread.
And the air of freshness from their lips...
Are no longer expected.
Since whatever is heard,
Continues to be nonsense.

Outdated and outdone is their purpose.
And people like this,
Have happily diminished.
Voices growing and getting closer...
Rejoice in a collective effectiveness.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Voices Heard Above The Wall

If you want to try out new adventures,
And not be censored...
By those peeping through a wall.
If you want to try out new adventures,
And not wait to be censored...
By those who wish not to live at all.

Keep your faith,
When doing something to adventure.
And keep it not to fake...
Voices heard above the wall.

Just keep your faith,
When doing something to adventure.
And keep it not to fake...
Voices heard above the wall.

Climb every mountain that you see,
If it's wished.
And reach for the stars,
Or anyone you pick...
To pocket.

It is yours.
If you claim it.
It is yours,
If proclaimed.
It is yours.
If you claim it.
It is yours,
If proclaimed...
To give it a name.

If you want to try out new adventures,
And not be censored...
By those peeping through a wall.
If you want to try out new adventures,
And not wait to be censored...
By those who wish not to live at all.

Keep 'your' faith,
When doing something to adventure.
And keep it not to fake...
Voices heard above the wall.

Just keep YOUR faith,
When doing something to adventure.
And keep it not to fake...
Voices heard above the wall,
Calling.
Those voices heard above the wall,
Calling for a change.

Voices heard above the wall...
Calling.
Those voices heard above the wall...
Calling for a change.
Those voices heard above the wall...
Calling.
Those voices heard above the wall...
Calling out your name.
Those voices heard above the wall,
Calling.
Those voices heard above the wall,
Calling for a change.
Those voices heard above the wall,
Calling.
Those voices heard above the wall,
Calling out your name.
Those voices heard above the wall,
Calling.
Those voices heard above the wall,
Calling.
Those voices heard above the wall,
Calling.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Voices Of Disappointed Children

Listen to their arguments.
And their justification,
To seeth within with pent up anger.
And you will hear the voices,
Of disappointed children!
Learning their existence and beliefs,
Have been based upon deep rooted lies.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Voluntarily Given

Uncovering those things,
Only found to be of interest to you...
With attempts made to share with others,
Believing them to have similar interests too?
May upset when they finally,
Come around to confess...
Their participation was not from a depth felt.
But had only been voluntarily given,
To appease your anticipation.
With a quieting done of your repeated wishes.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Volunteering

I remember those days,
When people volunteered their services...
Without getting paid. This was a civil duty,
Just to keep their neighborhoods...
Looking and appearing to be clean,
And trash free as something understood.

But those days are gone.
And behind us now!
Today?
People expect payment as if entitled,
For their agitation that irritates others.
And with a volunteering of it that is devoted.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Volunteering+reciprocation=(Not) Obligation

If you are volunteering your services,
That is exactly what that means.
Your services are consciously volunteered.

IF you are volunteering with accompanied expectations...
You set yourself up for disappointment.
And those who do this are not empathized at all.

Very few are dedicated to reciprocation.
Since to do so is not an obligation.
And some folks select to enforce a connection,
Between these disconnections.
Volunteering+Reciprocation=(not) Obligation.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Vortex

Spinning.
Choosing to free myself.
Lose my appetite to fight,
As a birthright...
That excite ambitions to battle.
Whether they are depicted
To be wrong or right.

There is a complex series,
Of a vortex set and spinning within!
I want them to spin rapidly without end!
To claim enchantment as my enhancement...
As each day begins!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Voted The Most Congenial

We must protect those who show us loyalty,
With affirmed committment...
To listen and appreciate their opinions when given.
Not many of us today live,
With a friend or family member willing to forgive...
Our temperments and selfish nonsense.

And I should know this from my own experiences!
Since I just happen to be observant.
And blessed to 'always' be one,
Who has a steady and sound stable mind!

Why do you have that smirk on your face?

'I admire your philosophy.
Now...
What is it going to take to remove it from your lips?
And to put it into actual practice? '

Excuse me?
All through high school I was voted the most congenial.

'And fifty years ago, both of us walked to school.
In the snow and carrying books too!
When was the last time you've seen that? '

That's why you and I hardly see eye to eye.
You want to introduce 'details'.
And this conversation has nothing to do with that!
You seem to always want to start an argument over nothing!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Voting

The thought of it is nice.
And the process is encouraged.
But the activeness is gone,
And the effective of it is missing.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Vowed To Abdicate The Throne

He has vowed!
Yes.
Vowed to abdicate the throne!
He alone has grown tired,
And is heard moaning there...
As he groans!

He needs to unplug from this stall.
And release his opposition.
He is stagnated in a position,
That brings a grief to all that has shown.
The frequency of his zeal...
Leaves him with little appeal.

Even he has lost desire...
To strike a match to this gas once fired.
A sputtering that had stirred a blaze.
But those days have come to a fade.
And he sits in a daze!
Realizing he has no business to rush.
And even less of that to flush!

He has vowed!
Yes.
Vowed to abdicate the throne!
He alone has grown tired,
And is heard moaning there...
As he groans!

And those anticipating...
And awaiting him to flee.
Admit to themselves,
Why they have been so patient
With someone who believed,
This 'throne' was theirs exclusively!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Vulnerabilities

Do not 'assume' I am not aware,
Of the nonsense you pass under my nose.
Or with your doing of it makes it okay.
My eyes and ears are never closed to your doings.

Underestimating with an undermining done,
From the comfort of your couch...
Does not mean you have the keys,
That have opened the door to my vulnerabilities.

Do not 'assume' I am not aware,
Or that I am not prepared...
To use the tools I've learned to entrap fools,
Believing my mind is out to lunch.

Do not 'assume' I am not a collector of fools,
To munch and crunch as a preference.
Nor should you perceive my tolerance level,
To be so high as to allow a sneak to weaken me.

Do not assume I use an approach,
That can be effectively encroached upon.
But I will say this...
Your attempts will teach us both a few lessons.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Vultures Who Dress To Impress

Who or what else is next for you to address,
To again blame for a mess.
Deep rooted in unadmitted insecurities.

Finger pointing and mouth pouting done.
'Yourself' the main one...
Dismissed from failures created.

Enemies easy to once select and pick,
Aren't so abundant or quick to solicit.
Those 'Peter and the Wolf' days fade.

A reliance on government officials...
Abound with the surrounding of internal corruption.
And distorting images cleansed by deceit!

Sweet cheese teasing to bait weak mice on Wall Street...
Has been eaten by the rats.
And they...
By those fat cats purring and wanting more.

Take a deep breath!
Those of you who viewed yourselves,
Next in line to dine as royalty.
With your assets protected!

Those trusted to enhance the feeding of your greed,
Have found exits with few left.
Leaving a patheticness to bleed.

And how can those historically disrespected,
Be connected or suspected?
When all of them had been fed like pigeons.
And not the Swans you wished to reflect.

It seems those you hand selected to protect your nest...
Have picked over the best and ran.
Did you think loyalty associates itself with gluttony?
Or crumbs from a feasting would be left on your plate?

Why would you ever believe,
Vultures who dress to impress...
Would have manners?

Or that cannibals when feeding,
Have concerns of etiquette.
While eating each others' flesh?
That is why your nest has been left in a mess!
And all of your eggs are gone.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Wacky Weed

Your fiction has a sickness,
And it is in deluxe.
Trimmed with a mouth piece minted,
Sweetened to touch.

Bong bong wicky sticky bong bong.

You fed on the weed.
You fed on that wacky weed.
You fed on the weed.
You fed on that wacky weed.
In a bong bong bong.

There is no truth you mention,
While you do that stuff.
Your motives are quite hidden,
And you munch too much.

You fed on the weed.
Wicky sticky bong bong
You fed on that wacky weed.
In a bong bong.
You fed on the weed.
Wicky sticky bong bong
You fed on that wacky weed.
In a bong bong bong.

Your fiction has a sickness,
And it is in deluxe.
Trimmed with a mouth piece minted,
Sweetened to touch.

Bong bong wicky sticky bong bong.

You fed on the weed.
Wicky sticky bong bong
You fed on that wacky weed.
In a bong bong.
You fed on the weed.

Wicky sticky bong bong
You fed on that wacky weed.
In a bong bong bong.

Wicky sticky bong bong.
Wick wicky sticky bong.
Wicky sticky bong bong.
Wick wicky sticky bong.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Wade In The Water

I admit to once being an alcoholic.
Needing to drink wine everyday...
When in the 1970's.
And I smoked more weed,
Than I believed could be grown.
I wouldn't and couldn't touch that mess,
Today.
Too many chemicals added.

And...
I can't think of anyone,
Who has experimented sexually...
With both men and women.
And please don't ask me my preference.
I don't want to seem confused about the issue.

Name a sickness or disease.
I know I had to have had it.
I have had military experience,
To prove I am patriotic.
Plus I loved my parents so much...
I sacrificed my own life to be at their side.

'That's great news.
Glad to hear this.
But...
What is the purpose?
What is your intent? '

I may consider running for public office.
And I can not think of anyone else...
More qualified than I.
I am not one to profess to walk on water.

'Then...
Why are you standing in the middle of that pool?
To prove,
What? '

Oh,
I can wade IN the water.
But I have not determined,
The best way to walk ON it...
Yet!

'What about your religious beliefs? '

Why do you think I am wading,
In the middle of this pool?
That should answer your question,
And remove any doubt you have...
About me being a believer.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Wag Your Tail

Come here,
Gimme kiss.
Gimme hug too.
Why you treatin' me like this?
After the day I've gone through.

Alright,
You wanna tease?
Okay I will play.
Even though I'll work up a sweat.
And fall right to sleep.
You know me?

Come here,
Gimme kiss.
Gimme hug too.
Why you treatin' me like this?
After the day I've gone through.

Okay, go 'head.
Wag your tail and turn your back on me.
I was gonna heat up last night's steak...
And feed it to you.
Now you'll get a can of that stuff you don't like.
And it will stay right there until you eat.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Wait Until The Flame Flickers

When the trouble you start goes on...
You're the one who tries to leave it.
When the heat you strike,
Begins to ignite an invited...
Long lasting chance to burn.

And that's what you come to me to get!
A stirring up of an argument.
Yelling and screaming.
To later be together close...
And in nakedness.
You want this inside you,
Deep and thick!

'I don't get it.'

Then you don't need it!
I mean I've got it when you give it.
But when it's given...
'Who are you when that happens?
Where does that 'you' I know go? '

When the trouble you start goes on...
You're the one who tries to leave it.
When the heat you strike,
Begins to ignite an invited...
Long lasting chance to burn.

You wait until the flame flickers.
And the poppin' of it stops.

You wait until the flame flickers.
With a need to cheat to start.

You wait until the flame flickers.
When no heat is meant to be.

You wait until the flame flickers.
And the poppin' of it stops.

You wait until the flame flickers.
With a need to cheat to start.

You waited until the flame flickers.
When no heat is meant to be...
For you from me,
Left here to be used to give.
Now...
Now.
Now...it's gone!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Wait. Wait. Wait

These times are speeding along so fast,
Many caught up in the repeating...
In the same routines and familiar tasks,
Remain unconscious of that which has...
From them long gone to have passed.

Impossible it is to catch up to a train,
That slowly begins to move away...
And 'all aboard' settle to sit in seats picked.
To leave anyone behind refusing to rid,
The waste of excess baggage carried.

And waiting too long,
With an indecisive mind that rushes in haste...
Dismissing the hints and clues to seriously take.
Although seen furiously looking for tickets,
Purchased months before with intent to be prepared...
People like this show no signs of paying attention,
Of that which from them has left to permanently go...
To leave believing they are going somewhere.

'Wait. Wait. Wait...
I've got them here.
Just give me a few more minutes,
I'm sure they will appear.'

These times are speeding along so fast,
Many caught up in the repeating...
In the same routines and familiar tasks,
'Assume' their excess baggage carried and dragged...
Should delay those who live to stay prepared.

'Wait. Wait. Wait.
Just give me a few more minutes.
Excuse me.
I've discovered I'm a few seconds late.
Do you mind chasing that train to see if it will stop? '

~How often have you done this before?

To be ignored? ~

'Wait. Wait. Wait...
I can prove I have tickets.
I've got them here,
Somewhere.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Waiting For A Taste Of Humanity

People everywhere are starving.
And waiting for a taste of humanity.
Waiting for the feeding of greed to subside,
To embrace the benefit that comes from sharing.

Feasting on blood is not the solution.
Since the cannibalism of it,
Eventually will leave no humans to exist.
And when has genocide proven to be a quick fix...
To leave anyone eternally 'high'.

People everywhere are starving.
And waiting for a taste of humanity.
Waiting for the feeding of greed to subside,
To embrace the benefit that comes from sharing.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Waiting For Hours

Not a clock heard ticking with a tock,
Is doing it slower at one's advantage...
To block the stopping of procrastination.

However...
Nothing prevents a hand to reach out,
For a muffin to stuff a mouth.
OR a burger with a side order of greasy fries,
To find its way to satisfy taste buds.

And people can be seen waiting for hours,
Patiently...
To get their hotdog topped with sauerkraut.

Not a clock heard ticking with a tock,
Is doing it slower at one's advantage...
To block the stopping of procrastination.

And yet...
People give more time in the doing of it,
But will stand in line for days without a single complaint...
To pay to entertain themselves with an array of nonsense.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Waiting For Them To Come To Life

I agree with you.
However...
What is recognized that 'should' happen,
At this hour...
Had been just as recognizable,
In those hours past.

And that 'urgency' has been smothered,
By a coating of denial.
Sautéed in BS.
And trimmed with a taste to bait delusions.

For the purposes to maintain our appetites,
Kept in sweetened ignorance.

It is recommended we establish patience,
For those hypnotized by incompetency.
And on all levels,
Allow a degrading that has taken place...
To consume any decency that is left.

Now we live in the midst of dwindling stages,
Of pretensions meant!
And waiting for them to come to life.
With the utmost expected tolerance.
Because we are who we say we are.
And not what it is that is reflected.

Since those images we refuse to accept.
And we bet against their existence.

Inspired by:
J.B Poet
Atlanta

'Thank you J.B Poet.
Keep your 'spirit' honest.

And your 'vision' fresh with expectation.'
~LSP~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Waiting To Be Shown What's Real

So many people can't believe it,
Nothing here is to stay.
And many people can't believe it,
Everything goes away.
So many people can't believe it,
That time can not
For them stop.
Or be blocked from them to be delayed.

So many people can't believe it,
To them came change.
So many people can't believe it,
Nothing is the same.
So many people can't believe it,
Time that is lost
Has its cost.
Who says that they have it to save?

So many,
Are waiting to be told to bend over.
So many,
Are waiting for a pinch to feel.
So many,
Are waiting to be told to bend over.
So many,
Are waiting to be shown what's real.

So many people can't believe it,
Nothing here is to stay.
And many people can't believe it,
Everything goes away.
So many,
Are waiting to be told to bend over.
So many,
Are waiting for a pinch to feel.
So many,
Are waiting to be told to bend over.
So many,
Are waiting to be shown what's real.

So many,
Are waiting to be shown what's real.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Waiting To Dispense A Benefit Of Doubt

Doesn't it seem as if those with selective memories,
Are always quick to tell their versions of truth...
With few facts involved.

Accusatory and defensive are their most common traits.
And there to appease a fence sitting,
When confronted in debate.

Out of both sides of their mouths expect anything.
But honesty is not one of them.
Those with selective memories have no clue what honesty means.
It is just not in their natures.

Hopefully you are not one patiently in quiet waiting,
To dispense a benefit of doubt to eventually see wasted.
I only have a few of those 'I-told-you-so' left to spare.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Waiting. As If In The Cold...Outside!

Waiting.
As if in the cold...outside!
Feeling a joke had been told.
And I knew it.
But was not suppose to admit this.
Yet feeling inside a warmth that satisfied.

I saw the picture,
Before the pieces of the puzzle...
Had to others been known.
'Something' had shown me a preview.
And I could not tell who...
Or what it was that came to chill me to the bone.

An aloneness I knew and tolerated it.
My experiences existed,
In a time I envisioned before they came to visit.
And I would wonder 'why' I was permitted,
To see, feel and touch what had yet to arrive.

Waiting.
As if in the cold...outside!
Feeling a joke had been told.
And I knew it.
But was not suppose to admit this.
Yet the older I get,
More secluded becomes my 'unique and differentness'!

I saw and knew.
But couldn't tell how.
So there I stood...
Waiting.
In the cold...outside!
Feeling a joke had been told.
But did not know 'why'...
'Something' had shown me a preview.
And I could not tell who...
Or what it was that came to chill me to the bone.

I was not alone.
Nor was I existing to live on my own.
And I knew this but did not know why,
Me?
Nothing did I do,
To welcome delusions.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Wake Up And Smile...When It Dawns

When something done you did,
Brings such relief released...
To you,
Leave it alone and be pleased...
You've got something done.
Wake up and smile...
When it dawns.

Feel free to wear a grin.

Loosen up that tightened collar,
And breathe...deeply.
Know that you've accomplished,
What was meant to do.
Feel your shoulders lighten from that heavy load,
And then...
Live!

Know that you've accomplished,
What was meant for you...
And then,
Live!

When something done you did,
Brings such relief released...
To you,
Leave it alone and be pleased...
You've got something done.

Wake up and smile...
When it dawns.

Wake up and smile...
When it dawns.

Wake up and smile...
When it dawns.

Just break a smile,

And move on.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Wake Up Call

Wake up call?
What wake up call,
Is going to cause someone to perform...
Premeditated cowardly acts?

What wake up call,
Is going to snap the mind of someone,
Prepared to attack with a striking back!

Derogatory name calling to shame another,
Is kid's play.
A childish display of one's desire to have things,
Done their way...
To produce attention without seeking comprehension.
With an excuse to use...
Is a refusal of common sense.

With a follow through one chooses,
To retaliate like most fools do.

Wake up call?
What wake up call,
Is going to cause someone to perform...
Premeditated cowardly acts?

Like a thumb sucking child,
Growing up to fantasize delusions as facts.
And a mind like that...
Has been conditioned to react.
That's all!

With a wish to prove an undoing of rules.
No matter what one believes is cruel...
And unusual punishment suffered!
Instead of moving to a better situation.
And let thought and time,
Find less explosive solutions.

However...

Conditions as they are,
One can be pushed too far.
And conversations are barred...
For that one who has developed a taste,
To destruct and destroy.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Wake Up Witches

Wake up witches.
Before you burn down,
All your bridges.
Wake up witches.
Nothing you have would exist,
Without being dependent...
Upon others you are so quick,
To believe leave you no benefit.
Wake up witches.
Before you destroy your own existence.
To perceive you can fly,
On broomsticks you buy...
Made by allies you defy and deny,
Supply you with the gains...
You've maintained to think,
Those gains will remain the same...
If you should fly higher on a flame,
With a boost of octane you've obtained...
From others you rush to dismiss.
Wake up witches.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Wake Up, Baby

Did you think that yesterdays,
Were coming back to be relived?
Without witnessing everyday...
Dismissing what each day brings and gives.

Did you believe that sitting,
Wishing for a time gone and passed...
Would actually make a difference,
If you held on...
Wanting those moments to always last.

As the sands of time,
Quickly slipped...
Through an hour glass!

Did you think that yesterdays,
Were yours alone to keep?
As you tossed and turn with hopes...
Losing more than just your sleep!

Did you wish for a season,
That came...
Never to go away?

Wake up, baby...
From your spell!
Catching up with reality...
Is a choice you should choose.
Than to dwell in your own created hell,
To lose your mind today.

You will not be receiving any interest,
From that kind of deposit!
These times are not on hold,
For that kind of mind!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Wake Up. Snap Out Of It!

A meeting was conducted,
To reconcile from any indifferences created.

It was agreed that a clean slate,
Freed of conflicting debates...
Would initiate comprehension.
And welcome understanding of those involved.

'Okay...
So,
What did she do?
And what is her name? '

Hold on.
I am not through.
Don't be rude.

A confrontation was expected.
And the one who had agreed to meet...
Came prepared for a confrontation to greet.
And when it was apparently not on the agenda...
An intention to start one began.
And any peace then in the room had to surrender.

'And 'she' gloated,
Didn't she?
I bet she did! '

How do you know it was a woman?

'Who called the meeting to end indifferences?
You? '

Yes.

'Who introduced conflict in the first place?
You? '

No.

I was the one who tried to get it resolved.
I had grown tired of the bickering.

'And others were there to witness this? '

Yes.

'She wanted to see you defeated!
That's how women are.
And...
If you are not sleeping with them.
OR doing the 'hanky panky'...
Forget it!
She came to ensure you would be victimized.'

Man...
That's that fair.
You shouldn't generalize like that!

'Wake up.
Snap out of it!

I bet she hasn't changed at all.
And here you are defending the right,
To be thrown under the bus.
Trust me...
She set out to see you accused and defamed.

Would you like to get a prescription of morphine?
You definitely need 'something' for that self infliction.
Leave women like that alone.
Restrict them to limits when dealing with them.'

Note:
I must say this...
Not 'all' women are vindictive.
Only those who have been caught in lies.
And seek to use charm to undo their misdeeds.
Men can be like that too.
But women seem to be professional at it!

Now...
I want to make this clear.
This is my 'opinion' based upon 'my' experiences.
I love women. I do.
But getting the ones I've known to admit their deceptions,
Is like re-inventing the wheel to produce a totally new concept.
~lsp~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Walk In The Light

We must fight...
With a resistance,
Against the darkness.

That stranglehold on faith,
Creates obstacles made.
Keeping fear accepted...
Yet unaddressed.
As we collect conflicts,
To protect a duress...
That stresses without rest.

To isolate in separateness,
Has outdated its usefulness.
Like wars started to conquer...
But leaving a seething that breeds hate.
Assuming a destruction brought to others...
Raises consciousness,
That baits a greatness to become admired.
And by who?

We must fight...
With a resistance,
Against the darkness.

We must choose to walk,
In the light.
Absorbing the rays.
With a wish to reflect them!
As if this brightness feeds.

And united as a people...
We can free ourselves,
From the love of shadows.
And barbaric acts kept practiced,
To end them.
Encouraged by new beginnings.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Walk Knowing That You Believe

Walk knowing that you believe...
Obstacles to you showed,
God will rid them to go.
And walk knowing that you believe,
God is in control...
With power to remove,
Every burden and all heavy loads.
Walk knowing that you believe...
You've got things to get done.
And pity aint one.
Walk knowing that believe,
God is in command with benefits you will receive.
And walk,
With it believed...
There's no need for you to panic,
When God is the Main Mechanic.
Walk knowing that you believe,
God has got your back and that you know this is a fact!
Just walk,
And keep it believed...
There's no need for you to panic,
When God is the Main Mechanic.
Walk knowing that you believe,
God has got your back and that you know this is a fact!
Just walk keeping it to believe...
You've got things to get done.
And pity aint one!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Walk With Your Head Held High

Walk,
With your palms open.
And I will keep you fed.
Remember,
It was I who had said from the very beginning...
Without Me in your life,
You would feel the winds...
Constantly spinning.

Until you admit...
It is I who can make that quit.

Walk,
With your eyes opened wide.
And realize what I have done...
Under the Sun,
Is not disguised.

Walk,
With your head held high.
Stop denying lies you tell...
To see time slip right by!

And it does not have to be that way.
It is you who attract,
Involved entrapments.
Without sending them away.
What from that,
Do you wished kept obeyed?

Walk,
With your head held high.
Stop denying lies you tell...
To see time slip right by!

Walk,
With your head held high.
Without trying in your 'fits'...
To make sense of it and sit,

In tears...
To stay.

Walk,
With your head held high.
Stop denying and the lieing,
Excused by alibis.

Today!

Just walk,
With your palms open.
And I will keep you fed.
Remember,
It was I who said,
From the very beginning...
Without Me in your life,
You would feel the winds spinning.
With strife you do not like!
But you invite it to incite.

And it does not have to be that way.
It is you who like entrapments.
Without sending them away.

Walk,
With your head held high.
And remember this...
You can dismiss all your conflicts,
If you insist to let them go...
And show your faith in Me believing,
What is known can be quickly tossed away...
From your grieving.

It was I who had said from the very beginning...
Without Me in your life,
You would feel the winds...
Constantly spinning.
Until you admit...
It is I who can make that quit.
Or you can sit,
To let your life pass as you slowly fade.

Without ever knowing what it's like...
To grab hold of your life and fight it,
Off!

Just Walk!
With your head held high.
Stop denying lies you tell...
To see time slip right by!

Walk,
With your head held high.
Without trying in your 'fits'...
To make sense of it and sit,
In tears...
That stay.

Take your happiness...
Affirm this everyday,
And walk away.

Choose to live your life,
In peaceful ways.

And you can do that praying everyday.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Walking

Take your left foot,
Bend the knee.
Move the foot forward.
Place it down.
Then do the same thing,
Wth the right foot.

'Suppose I started with my right foot?
Would that make a difference? '

Try it and see which makes you feel comfortable.

'I like this.'

Now...
Don't be frightened.
But next week,
'We' are going to attempt to do this...
From a standing position.

One moment.
Do you have a question.

~Yes.
Is it possible you can slow down a little.
I am taking notes and you are going too fast.~

No problem.

'What are you calling this? '

~Right.
What is this called? ~

Walking.

~Do you mind spelling that? ~

W-a-l-k-i-n-g.

Walking.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Walking Across Blazing Hot Coals

Walking across blazing hot coals,
Has to be easier to do...
Than to tell a mob of people the truth,
About anything.
Especially if they have been fed beliefs,
They are entitled to everything.

Even making attempts to do it...
They will immediately threaten to burn their season passes,
To a local amusement park that employs most of them.

Try to confront people like this with the telling of the truth,
And everything they have ever known...
They will reduce to rubble to leave chaos and trouble,
With demands to have their fantasies left intact.
As well as their biases against others from which they thieve.

Walking across blazing hot coals,
Has to be easier to do...
Than to tell a mob of people the truth,
About anything.
Especially if they have been fed beliefs,
They are entitled to everything.
And promised!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Walking In Someone Else's Shoes

I feel like this about life...
If you have reached your 40's,50's and 60's
With a lack of identity and understanding,
As to who you are?
Do not expect from me my patience,
Or a tolerant hand to hold.

I've been called 'nutt's too often by those,
Who are still seeking approval from their mamas
And papas.
With some folks whining,
As if they need their diapers changed.

And the years I endured through emotional pain...
God came to my aid.
And saved me from back to back heartbreak.
With few caring less 'how' I survived!
As long as I was there to hear their complaints,
My pain to them was insignificant.

And as I observe and comprehend how some can be...
I see them now the same way,
Without concern.
There 'is' a caring!
However...
I don't get wrapped up dramatically about it,
Like some folks.

There is something to be said,
About walking in someone else's shoes!
They may look easy and comfortable to wear...
Until it is realized,
The fit just isn't 'that' comfortable.

A perception handed to one on a plate to eat...
With a choice to live life,
Is not life lived to experience all it offers.
Even if one is not ready for the experience...
There is a process called 'growth' that is done!

A maturity that happens,
When one heals and recovers from mental insecurities...
Of all kinds.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Wallflowers

Assimilated comfortability,
Can be yours routinely.
With dependable reliability,
With those alike who seek it.

But none of that is on this tray...
As an activity,
Offered today.

Those who wish to play,
Old geezers peeking easily out of windows...
Determined to dose,
Will not find too many...
Excitedly curling up their toes,
Thrilled.
Snap out of it!

Wallflowers hanging up their lives to age,
Are times that have rapidly moved away.
Get up, get with it and get active...
If you don't want to be among,
Those dismissed as if they haven't lived.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Walls Of Division

Responding self-righteously,
To what is perceived to be negativity...
While incapable to face facts.
Or refuse them to believe...
Is a destructive unproductive position to take,
Against a truth revealed and delivered to be received.

And for those who continue to oppose with defense,
Much pain is felt...
From the walls of division to fence themselves in.
With a doing to convince...
Building walls and fences for them makes sense.
Even though progress is stalled behind those walls.
Serving up a stalling of conflicts and nonsense.

'Wouldn't it be more practical not to build walls?
Or even walk around them.
And not beat your heads up against them at all?
Is it that important to you to appear victorious?
Wouldn't it be more cost effective,
If everyone started to use common sense.'

~We want it proven to our children,
Giving up is no badge of honor to flaunt.
And fearing the comments of opposition,
We do not wish this for our children to want.
We will not give up the struggle,
Nor turn our backs on the fight.~

'But...
Aren't you the ones building these walls of division?
And from where I see it to be viewed,
You are the ones with the dimming of 'lights'.
someone needs to replace the fuse.'

~We do what we must do.
With a doing done that shouldn't matter to you.~

'Not to build walls of division at all,

Would increase everyone's interest...
To provide realized purposeful benefits.'

~But what about our rights to be entitled?
No more would they be seen with envy and jealousy.~

~I hate to be the one to tell you this,
But...
No one who inflicts their own pain,
To do without proving there is a sharing of gains...
Is not one to be envied.
Sympathized? Perhaps. Envied? No.~

Walls of division to envision...
Escalates the advocating of one's hate.
Walls of division to envision...
Only perpetrates a mental illness to bait.
Although easier it is to just communicate.

Walls of division to envision...
May be built to maintain one's own pain.
Walls of division to envision...
May be built to isolate but what is the gain.
Walls of division to envision...
Keeps minds sick when their heads hit bricks.
Walls of division to envision...
Escalates the advocating of one's hate.
Walls of division to envision...
Keeps minds sick when their heads hit bricks.
Walls of division to envision...
May be built to maintain one's own pain.
Walls of division to envision...
Keeps minds sick when their heads hit bricks.
Walls of division to envision...
Keeps minds sick when their heads hit bricks.
Walls of division to envision...
May be built to maintain one's own pain.
And keeps minds sick when their heads hit bricks.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Walls They Continue To Bump Into

People will become,
More aggressive with necessary changes...
Long needed to have been made,
With a desperation to have them done...
When that time comes.

And they begin to recognize,
The walls they continue to bump into...
Is a result of closed eyes,
Open mouths...
And limited confined minds.

To then notice,
As if it has been a mystery...
After suffering from aches and pains,
How much is comprehended and gained...
By having the patience to listen.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Waning Faster Than The First Quarter Moon

What is going on?
The effective aftermath,
Of a gluttonous greed.
And...
The consequences faced,
That results...
From ignoring those less fortunate.
And depriving them of opportunities.

What's going on?
A clarity approaching its defining hour!
Opening the eyes of those,
Transfixed upon luxuries...
Traumaticized and shocked,
To find their obsession to possess things...
Blocked.

Sustaining to maintain proper etiquette,
Seems to be waning faster...
Than the first quarter moon,
Rising at noon.
Seen high overhead at sunset.
To leave at the stroke of midnight.
And soon to forget.

What is going on?
The effective aftermath,
Of a gluttonous greed.
And...
The consequences many face,
That results...
From ignoring those less fortunate.
And depriving them of opportunities.

Many are discovering,
Reality is blind...
To race, creed or divisions of ethnic lines.
Drawn to separate,
By those using skills of corruption.

Finding themselves abundantly entitled,
With written documents...
Inked and feathered quilled,
On aged parchment.
Dignifying a time that has long lost its significance.
And a meaning of ideals no one has followed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Wanted

Wanted.
More of this and that,
With less facts.
Wanted.
More things to impress,
At a less cost to purchase.
Wanted.
Higher pay to get,
With less work to do.
Wanted.
Entitlements and benefits.
To be given to them.
And without truth to mention too.

Although reasons are wanted,
As to why their requests...
Can not be fulfilled.
And those who protest,
To those who dress to impress...
With this skill to do.
Are asked to have patience,
While their kept delusions debated...
Have been delayed to be addressed.
With a hope all will agree,
On substitutes to accept...
Temporarily!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Wanted To Prove

Wanted to prove,
Takes a claiming to touch.
But so many prefer to sit.
With a doing this too much.

Desire with passion,
Has become a thing done...
In one's past.
Today some rather together,
Gather...
Making bets,
To have others guess...
What it is they would do,
If good luck they had.

Nonbelievers of sacrifice.
And naysayers oppose to sweat.
Daydream of ships,
Floating towards them...
From Sun-setting horizons,
Have stacks of wrapped gifts.
Personalized for them to get.
With it wanted to prove,
Their kept faith in God...
Is all they have to do.
Until God is made convinced,
Choosing them to favor...
Makes more sense than those,
Who wish, want, struggle...
And everyday get up to labor.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Wanted To The Point Of Agitation

Hope is much like faith,
But on steroids.
When there is an extra boost to faith needed,
All the stops are pulled out!
And every prop within reach is used.

The 4-leaf clovers.
Rabbit's foot.
The crossing of fingers...
And the calling of 'phychics' come into play.
When something is wanted to the point of agitation...
All tactics are considered and tried.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Wanted Too Badly

Some achieve acclaim and fame.
While others succeed in acquiring notoriety.
And yet there are some,
Sitting without wishes to want none of it!
And that is okay,
For them to choose a life lived that way!

However...
There are sacrifices associated with accomplishment.
And success is not always connected to a dollar bill.
One can dress for success as expressed by some.
But I have yet to meet anyone...
Who believed they could excell,
And was without motivation.
Or had an absence of faith...
And still kept focused.

My grandfather fathered 21 children.
Made sure his wife, my grnadmother...
Did not have to work to support any of them.
He had a third grade education too!
And was clearly the greatest man I knew.

There has been something inspirational about that...
Which keeps me driven to live my life with a purpose!
And I did not get that lesson sitting in a classroom.
Or a penny did I waste getting taught.
I wanted too badly,
To prove to myself what I can,
And could do!
And welcomed mistakes...
To open up my own doors!

Even if some were locked...
I kept on knocking.
And I aint about to stop,
The effort.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Wanted, Trusted And Loved

I sleep well.
When under your spell.
And feeling peaceful.

Knowing we both wish to keep,
Peace...
Inside where it dwells.

I sleep well.
When under your spell.
And made to feel...
Wanted, trusted and loved.

I sleep well,
Wanted.
I sleep well,
Trusted.
I sleep well,
Wanted, trusted and loved.
I sleep well,
Wanted, trusted and loved.

I sleep well,
Wanted.
I sleep well,
Trusted.
I sleep well,
Wanted, trusted and loved.
I sleep well,
Wanted, trusted and loved.

I sleep well,
Wanted.
I sleep well,
Trusted.
I sleep well,
Wanted, trusted and loved.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Wanting

Wanting...
With deepening needs,
That haunt me.
No one suspects,
I feel this way.
They are not easily displayed!
I hide them well.

Bleeding...
A flow inside me,
Seeking.
But I've been taught
To just pretend!
And feelings felt would slowly end,
Like something craved.

These would come and sit and not let go!
Emotions I have touched and want to show!
Burning are desires I now know.
With intensity that grows and grows!
And keeps me...

Wanting...
For someone who is longing,
To fill their vacant heart with love.
I'm more than glad to share my love.
It's here within...
To give!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Wanting More For One To Love

Be here and with me.
Let's know are feelings are not,
Hop in and get it.
Hit it and quit.
We wont stop...
To start,
Again.

Alone we walked,
In fields of hopes and wishes...
And feeling if,
Love skipped and missed...
Us.

We want more,
From one...
To love.

We want trust,
With us...
A must.

And in our secret dreams,
Let all things for us come true.
To live,
With us,
Together...
Forever.

We want more,
From one...
To love.

And from one,
To us...
There 'is' love.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Wanting Not To Run

I am in it to compete and finish,
All tasks to pass and to succeed.
I've already won,
To abandon thoughts of winning.
Winning was done when I began to see,
Obstacles confronting me were tests.
And I had already begun,
Only to do my very best to do it done.

I am in it to compete and finish,
All tasks to pass and to succeed.
I've already won,
To abandon thoughts of winning.
Since the competition I knew I could end,
Was a feeling felt of defeating myself.
And one day I awakened wanting not to run,
Away from success but instead to let it catch me.

Wanting not to run has begun with a doing done.
No longer do I fear success.
Success I now let take steps to catch me.
To bring to me as much of it as I can get.
And regrets of feeling selfish about it have left.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Wanting Them To Glow

May the goodness,
Carried within your heart...
Never feel alone.
Never embrace a tear to drop...
To develop into puddles,
To feed an expansive sea!

Radiant is this feeling to share.
Offer it.
To spare someone from asking.
This gift is to give.
Like the Sun.
The Moon.
And stars transporting our wishes.

Treasure your life as a jewel.
With other gems...
You wish to see sparkle,
And shine within!
Wanting them to glow.
And wanting them to know it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Wanting 'Things' Never Seems To End

Teased with a wish of wanting 'things',
Never seems to end.
Until an aging with maturity begins
And the payments of keeping those dreams,
Seem to numb when they come...
With the changing done to one's priorities.

And difficult as it is to focus,
On that which one wishes brings happiness.
With that eventually happening,
To surprise one wanting just the basics of life...
Over the obtaining of having things just to keep,
After addressing the impression made on others.

To recognize the difference between wants and needs,
Is the first step in weeding away fluff stuff.
And that which feeds on ego with late charges to make,
Attached to overdraft fees.
Awakening to the basicness of happiness,
Relieves one from nightmares of attempting to make ends meet.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Wanting To Be Near You

Wanting to be near you.
Wanting to be near you,
Once again.
Baby.
And wanting you to know,
I am your friend...
Until the end.

Somedays I feel defeat.
And this shows.
Somedays I'm not as strong...
Or comfortable.

I can be weak in mind.
And from time to time...
I am needing more from you!

You're deep within my heart.
This you should know.
Right from the very start,
We were one.

And if I've said or done,
Something you can't forgive.
Please tell me then and there!
Make me be aware,
Instantly!
Baby.
I'm wanting to be near you!
Wanting to be near you,
Once again.
'Til the end.

And wanting you to know,
I am your friend...
With no one and nothing,
In between!

Wanting to be near you.

Wanting to be near you,
Once again.
Baby.
And wanting you to know,
I am your friend...
Until the end,
Of time!

I am wanting to be near you.
Come what may.
Everyday...
We live.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Wanting To Comprehend

If many are not listening,
With a wanting to comprehend.
But often talk over others,
To give their point of view.
And unsolicited opinions too.
What advice could they give,
To believe it constructive...
And positive.
If everyone sits pretending to hear
What is being said.
With an attention pretending to give
To hear while heads begin to nod.
And some are doing this,
With eyes glazed over...
Attempting not to dose.
Fall to sleep.
Or hit the floor.
To then apologize,
For dropping to their knees.
To find keys.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Wanting To Meet Love To Give People

Ah-ah-ah-ooo,
You send me...
A peace of me in me I see.
Ah-ah-ah-ooo,
You send me...
Joy,
And happiness.

The BEST I've MET!

Ah-ooo...
Nobody,
Has ever...
Wanted to get that close to me.
Ah-ah-ah...
Or showed me that they wanted to be.
Ah-ah-ah...
Or showed that kind of respect to me.

Ah-ah-ah...
I'm wanting to meet love to give people.
Ah-ah-ah...
Wanting to meet love to give people.
Ah-ah-ah...
I'm wanting to meet love to give people.
Ah-ah-ah...
Wanting to meet love to give people.

Ah-ah,
Ah-ooo...
Nobody,
Has ever...
Wanted to get that close to me.
Ah-ah-ah...
Or showed me that they wanted to be.
Ah-ah-ah...
Or showed that kind of respect to me.

Ah-ah-ah...

I'm wanting to meet love to give people.
Ah-ah-ah...
Wanting to meet love to give people.
Ah-ah-ah...
I'm wanting to meet love to give people.
Ah-ah-ah...
Wanting to meet love to give people.

Ah-ah-ah-ooo...
Ah-ah,
Ah-ah-aaaahhhh.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Wants Desired And Wished

'I want.
I need.
I 'must' have.'

~To hear that makes me glad.
But...~

Excusing taking ownership,
Of that which one does...
Or affirming with action,
Those wants desired and wished...
Could be the main reason so many have missed,
Their dreams to realize or share in caring relationships.

Excusing to recognize the taking of ownship,
With a purpose meant to be effective...
Will leave more than a few accepting nonsense,
To believe their lives to live...
Is limited to restrict with just that to get.

'I want.
I need.
I 'must' have.'

~To hear that makes me glad.
But...
What have you done,
With a doing to make that happen? ~

'I stay on my knees often to pray.'

~That's great.
But what have you 'affirmed',
With belief can, will and deserve to receive...
What it is you wish to come your way?
What it is you want and believe you need? ~

'I'm just waiting...

For my prayers to be answered.'

~Take 'ownership' and affirm your wishes!
And no matter where you're at,
God will have your back...
And in time your desires will be fulfilled.~

Excusing taking ownership,
Of that which one does...
Or affirming with action,
Those wants desired and wished...
Could be the main reason so many have missed,
Their dreams to realize or share in caring relationships.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

War Against Dishonesty

The conspiracy to ruin,
Has had its effectiveness.
Very few images have not been blemished.
Nor has those steps taken...
Slowed in its progress.

Protecting one's life,
To live it at one's best...
Becomes a war against dishonesty.
And today everyone is suspect.

The conspiracy to ruin,
Has had its effectiveness.
Very few images have not been blemished.
Nor has those steps taken...
Slowed in its progress.

That which had been accepted,
As tried and true...
Has lost a credibility,
And respect of people too!

Those wishing to be of good deed,
Find their intentions dismissed.
While those who smear and campaign to defame...
Have become those endeared.
While in the darkest of crevices,
They are the ones putting labels on others.
With declarations to limit their influence!
With declarations to shame their gains.

This is the reality that has destroyed those delusioned.

The conspiracy to ruin,
Has had its effectiveness.
Very few images have not been blemished.
Nor has those steps taken...
Slowed in its progress.

Protecting one's life,
To live it at one's best...
Becomes a war against dishonesty.
And today everyone is suspect.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

War And Not To Love

Will we be,
Okay when conflicts leave us?
Many do not know,
Since...
They've come to love them so.

And will we be,
Comfortable with just a kept peace...
Everyone shares,
That's free and seems kept to keep.

Evil has been a part of everyone's life,
To live night and in daylight.
Evil has been a thing that's done to do,
For decades without it fading.
As some have come to think of it to celebrate.

Will we be,
Okay when conflicts leave us?
Many do not know,
Since...
They've come to love them so.

And will we be,
Comfortable with just a kept peace...
Everyone shares,
That's free and seems kept to keep.

War and not to love,
Has become a part of life for those who only know to fight.
And...
War and not to love,
Has become a need to see that other people are defeated.
And...
War and not to love,
Has become...
Too overdone.

War and not to love,

Has become a part of life for those who only know to fight.
And...
War and not to love,
Has become a need to see that other people are defeated.
And...
War and not to love,
Has become...
Too overdone.

Will we be,
Okay when conflicts leave us?
Since...
War and not to love,
Has become...
Too overdone.

And will we be,
Comfortable with just a kept peace?
Since...
War and not to love,
Has become...
Too overdone.

War and not to love,
Has become...
Too overdone.

And war and not to love,
Again...
Must come to an end.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Warlocks And Witches

The demons are up before dawn.
Exercising their right,
To throw havoc on your path.
They are up before you yawn...
To slip you a 'mickie' quick,
And be on their way!

They know you aren't prepared for them...
To be full of vigor, zest and vim.
If you were they wouldn't be hanging around.
Doing the very best they can to bring you down!
That's why you can't afford to slide...
Not with these clever asses trying to wring you dry!

And they'll soak up every bit of sentiment that you've got!
Playing on emotions they know you rather not!
And delay your every action to move ahead they will do!
By using family members and friends...
To get to play along too!

Oh,
They are clever!
Those lieing demon bitches!
And once you recognize them,
And see them for who they are!
You will want to catch them early...
Delighting,
In digging others' ditches!
But you must sacrifice and trust!
These warlocks and witches will be gone before dusk!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Warnings Aren'T As Effective

Most times a warning,
Isn't as effective...
As the experience itself.

A child seems not to learn,
Until an action taken...
Creates the right affect.

It's like overeating and cheating.
Two essentially different concepts,
When one defines them.

However...
Lieing about either one of them,
Produces the same result.
Embarrassment.
And...
It eventually shows.

Most people who are embarrassed...
Immediately seek to deny the truth.

Most times warnings aren't as effective,
As the experience itself.
And...
The experience once admitted,
Doesn't have to be devastating...
If one seeks the right counseling,
And is determined to be honest with 'self'...
To get from under the weight,
Of what becomes obvious to many as seen.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Was

It was all that had been wanted,
Back then.
When wishes seemed easier to dream,
And to get.

It was all that had been asked for,
With an anticipation for it to arrive.
And when it was delivered,
It came as no surprise.
It was focused with a wish to be wanted.

There was a time many remember lived,
At a much slower pace.
When a time that was,
Didn't seem that far away.
And the confessing of love shared,
Was there to stay.

And when something 'was' loved,
The meaning of it had been meant.
But today what 'was' is easily forgotten,
The moment when something appears...
To be quickly taken by one's theft of it.

'It took years of an emotional investment,
To establish that relationship.
And in seconds someone else,
With looks and promises and nothing more...
Came along to destroy its value.
To replace it with accepted nonsense.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Was Any Of This Meant To Be Intentional?

We introduced the confusion and conflicts,
With our deceit.
What else do you wish to have revealed?

'I have a question.'

Yes.
What is it?

'Was any of this meant to be intentional? '

Of course.
But none of us could foresee,
Placing the blame on someone else...
Would come to effect,
The masquerading of our credibility.
And we are here,
Once again...
To beg of you a forgiveness.

'And...
If this should happen again? '

We will be here to beg of you a forgiveness.
What is it that you don't understand,
About this process?
Our values and standards are kept very high.

'Oh.
Oh, okay! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Was I That Man?

Each time you cry.
I feel you near me.
I feel you weeping...
Sad tears,
Over a man.

But you couldn't wait,
To seek someone better.
Someone to treat you...
The way I could and can.

But you ran away,
In disbelief.
My heart was yours alone,
For you to keep and own.
But you decided to cheat on me!

Each time you cry.
I feel you near me.
I feel you weeping...
Sad tears,
Over a man.

But you couldn't wait,
To seek someone better.
Someone to treat you...
The way I could and can.

Why did you fly away?
I didn't mean to accuse you of lieing.
Why did you hide your face?
When I asked you,
It you had been untrue to me!
But you ran away,
In disbelief.
And now I understand why you ditched me.

Each time you cry.
I feel you near me.

I feel you weeping...
Sad tears,
Over a man.

But you couldn't wait,
To seek someone better.
Someone to treat you...
The way I could and can.

Was I that man?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Was It Worth It?

Take every lie you've heard,
To repeat to tell.
With a purpose perceived,
Had been worth it.

Just don't be too hard on yourself,
When maturity and with an aging done...
Comes to haunt to reveal a truth,
Removed from a doing of deceit.

Now...
With time reminisced.
Had your willingness to be popular,
With a gaining of it to get...
Diminished at all your mental anguish?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Was That A Question?

No one should live feeling obligated,
To assumptions, decisions or opinions given...
By others to make,
As to how they should live their own life.
With a willingness to appease and please,
Insecurities of others.
This map one gets and follows,
Can only lead one to emotional disaster.
And those who have done that,
To discover their movements...
Restricted by this dependency,
Slowly grow up after a fast aging process...
Knowing,
What they have allowed with a consciousness...
That gave another or others permission to interfere,
With an opening their ears to give undivided attention...
Leaves a void no one can fill,
That remains empty yet connects...
To someone else's wants and wishes sealed and left,
As is to stay that way on a permanent basis.

'You just can not be 'that' happy.
Living by yourself and making your own decisions.
With no one to approve or disapprove,
Every move you make.'

~Was that a question?
Let me know if that was a question or a statement.
Made to yourself with a hope I agree.
Or...
Perhaps a thought,
You had not expected me to overhear.
Because I am clearly not the one,
Your question or statement refers to.~

'I was just thinking 'hypothetically' out loud.'

~Oh.
Well,

By all means continue.
I wont be the one to interrupt your hypothetics.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Was That Before Or After...

He is unstable and a failure.
Look at the many things he has done.
Name one relationship he has been in,
That remained and stayed successful?

'Well...
Let's see.
Everything he has done,
Has been connected to his creativity.
With an attempted teaching to others.
Who today wished they had listened.
And you?
Since you brought this up!
How many times have you been married?
Five? '

I am not talking about myself.
I am talking about him.
At least I know I have faults.
And I am working on my mistakes.
On a daily basis!

'Oh.
I see.
As long as your mistakes done are private.
As you believe they are in the making of them.
And that gives you more of a reason,
To pass your judgement...
On him? '

Each of my marriages had been successful.
And the numerous jobs I have had,
Were positions with titles.
AND...
My creativity had been well received.

'Was that before or after your many performances?
You have made it clear a preference you have...
For the going through with the ceremony.

Has there been one in particular you remember? '

I said...
I am not talking about myself.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Wash Your Own Plate

Too little
Too late
The heat of it has gone.
The passion and desire...
Once on fire,
Has moved on!
I tried to warn you,
The flicker was fast fading.
But you dismissed this
As a need for space and distance.
And my words you spent time evading!
Too little
Too late
For fresh scramble eggs,
With bacon and pancakes!
Or a taste of coffee
To sip between us two.
I will remember these kitchen visits...
But nothing else will do.
After learning how your weaknesses,
Lead you to screw someone new!
Too little,
Too late!
I'm full of what I've eaten...
It's time to wash your own plate!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Wassup Wit Dat?

I often would wonder...
But never stayed in prolonged contemplation,
As to why people would go out of their way...
To make their racist hatred known,
When they could have easily remained...
From where they came,
To share similar values with those feeling the same...
Without traveling to distances to convince,
Those minding their own business.
And inconvenienced to listen to tales of superiority.
As if an attention is wanted to warrant,
A point with a doing obvious and noticeable.
Wassup wit dat?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

'Wassup? '

'Wassup? '

They brag about their college degrees,
And what they've got!

'Hmmm, okay.'

Where they travel, who their friends are,
And some entertain in fancy suits...
With cravats.

'Continue...
I'm in the passenger seat.'

And how better off they are...
Than those who have not!

'You see...
Right there?
That's a no no! '

But,
Why are their beliefs,
Crumbling like dried leaves.
And 'if' they are so smart...
Why are their lives falling apart?

'Man...
Enjoy them fools like I do!
Their whole lives are based on plastic.
They can't see their fake forests,
For the melting of false trees!
Some of them have already predicted...
Their sick point of views are coming to an end!
And their 'god' is going to burn this stuff up.
In a ball of fire with all of them.

Check this out...
The economy is nine trillion, not million

But trillions of dollars in debt!
Over a war for oil.
They all now regret!
The dollar bill ain't worth a damn.
And all I wanted was a taste of it...
When I got back from Viet Nam!
But I was ignored,
Like a sugarless yam!

Those holding their noses up in the air,
Can bearly afford toilet paper.
But still they flaunt about in public...
With pretenses and 'airs' with flair!

You 'caint' walk down a street in suburbia,
Or any community ever heard of...
Without seeing foreclosure signs like welcome mats!
And when I use to drive through one of them...
I'd be stopped for just being black!
That's a fact!
And ain't too much changed today from that!

And those folks who talked about,
Other people being 'stupid'...
Because of skin color,
And the way they looked?
Can now be officially declared...
The most 'stupidest' people on the planet.
And most of them are professional crooks!

'Here..
Take a right on Disclosure Avenue! '

Hell...
I'd scream 'FIRE' too!
If all that was happenin' to me!
And I don't need a degree...
To observe that in front to 'see'.
The arrogance and hypocrisy!

You can dropp me off right over there!
I ain't trying to upset my peace of mind...

While you trying to fit into this atmosphere!
And remember this...
You are the one that declared me crazy,
Years ago!
And here you are...
'Still' on your way there!
Don't let me hold you up!
I see you like to travel the scenic route!
You can either take a U-Turn...
Or a left on Release Me Street! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Waste Of Sentiments

Your fantasies are deluded,
With intent.
To see them produce,
May be what is meant.

But that means an initiative.
Something from you yet sent.
And until that happens,
Your fantasies are what they are.
Just a waste of sentiments.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Waste Over Value

The tested...
Fed on greed,
And the taste of its decreasing quality.
Can no longer define what value means.

The tested...
Fed on unrest and less peace to get.
Can no longer tell the difference,
Between insanity, ignorance...
Or a display of intelligence.

Fine are the lines drawn.
And gone is respect.
One is judged upon,
How they look, dress and impress.
Or where they choose to worship.
And who decides this should be addressed.

Waste over value,
Has today become a crave.
Identified is the gutter.
Where many contemplate,
The sleaze of it seems sweeter...
To appreciate at a higher rate.
Than yesterday's lofty wishes,
For just a piece of pie or homemade cake.

Fine are the lines drawn.
And gone is respect.
One is judged upon,
How they look, dress and impress.
Or where they choose to worship.
And who decides this should be addressed.

The tested...
Fed on unrest and less peace to get.
Fed on greed,
And the taste of its decreasing quality.
Can no longer define what value means,

Anymore.
Waste over value,
Achieves the higher score.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Wasted Investment

A wasted investment,
Should not take days, months or decades...
To detect an ineffectiveness.
Yet there are those who maintain their high hopes,
Even when the aspects of those wishes kept to oneself...
Show not a reason why one should keep such expectations.
Especially when addressed,
During a short lived honeymoon.

'Oh snap out of it!
The ceremony is over.
I said 'yes' to the marriage.
Did you hear me utter a single promise,
I'd remain devoted with commitment?
And besides,
I am not into you.
I just wanted to win a bet.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Wasted Time

The time one takes,
Wanting to make an impression...
With a possession to have paid.
Can be an expensive way to get attention,
To be forgotten.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Wasting Company Time

Chasing to taste love from someone,
Will not be done by me.
Bar stools are full with those in flirtation mode,
Especially after a hard day of pushing papers...
From one file to another!
And wasting company time planning company events,
To get employees together...
To discuss what they dislike about their jobs!
It's all part of the alcoholic moments,
Shared by some bartender dependable to keep secrets.
And then the presence of fresh meat enters!
A drink is passed!
A nod is shared.
Numbers are exchanged.
And an arrangement is made,
To deceive someone unaware a chase was done!
In fun to pleasure.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Wasting It On Wishes

Never again will I view my disappointments as man made.
I use to believe my wishes had to meet someone's approval.
Before I could express my happiness.

Now it is so clear...
My happiness has to be expressed.
Whatever the outcome and throughout the process.

How can I rely on someone giving to me,
What inside of me I am not feeding?
Or digesting as that which belongs.

I want what I deserve served to stay.
I've learned to nibble each spice of life I like.
It prolongs the taste.
And wasting it on wishes for someone else...
To define,
Was an awakening I found...
Left me impatiently waiting.
With preferences.

Picked and selected.
For me?
And I had my own menu right in my hands.
All of it prepared to my specifications....
If I noticed?

Finally,
In time I did.
Once I maintained my focus.
And relied on choices I made.
Whether some pleased or not.
And if something I was to eat,
Came to meet my satisfaction...
Indecisiveness of doubts,
Would have to dropp and be stopped.
And finally...
In time,
'They' did!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Wasting Time Has Been Your Occupation

Here it is two thousand and nine.
And you are still finding things to complain about...
While you sit, sip on soft drinks
And gossip on your behind!
You've attracted in your life...
What is lacking in your mind!
And not a productive thought have you expressed.
Or shown you had one to find!
Wasting time has been your occupation!
That is what you do best.
In a dissecting of others effectively processed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Watch This Movie

I care about these people.
That's why I can say I like it.

I care about them...
And their display of a 'through thick and thin',
Economic slimness done.
I like the way they handle it.
And the joy expressed by everyone.

Even their next door neighbors...
Seem for them to be the best of friends,
I like how they all participate...
With a display of caring,
That appears to me to be genuine.

I care about these people.
Even their dogs and cats.
Look at the birds and butterflies...
Don't they seem to have sparkle in their eyes?

The crispness of the clouds...
Appear to float in skies of blue.
The mixture of the races too,
All have...

'If you say another thing...
I swear to you I am going to go 'off'!
Close your mouth and silence your lips.'

Excuse me?
Nobody's talking to you!

'Nobody should be talking 'period'.
I paid fourty eight dollars for my family and I
To watch this movie.

Can we hear it?
NO!
Can we enjoy it...

NO!
And you know WHY DAMNIT?
BECAUSE YOU HAVE BEEN TALKING...
THROUGH THE WHOLE THING!

SO SHUT UP SO WE CAN ENJOY IT...
OR ELSE! '

Okay, okay, okay!
But put the gun away.
I get the picture.

~Sir,
We are going to have to ask you to leave.
The police have been called.
And you have created quite a disturbance here! ~

'ME? ME?
What about him? '

~Sir...
He is not the one screaming,
With a gun in his hand!
Please...
Leave.~

That's exactly why I don't go to movies like I use to.
People think they can do anything and get away with it!

Well,
Anyway...
I care about these people.
That's why I can say I like it.

I care about them...
And their display of a 'through thick and thin',
Economic slimness done.
I like the way they handle it.
And the joy expressed by everyone.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Watched And Monitored

I 'use' to be the one,
To advocate with a doing done...
Of making great strides.
With an inviting others to do the same.
But what I have noticed over the years,
Were many making claims!
With fears to chase and move away obstacles.

Yet when the time came to make those steps,
They and their claims made disappeared.
To then leave me to be told by those through gossip,
How they found my directness too offensive...
Especially for those who needed more time to contemplate,
If the doing of what was wished to do...
Was acceptable to those who did not choose to see us,
Expressing too much ethnic identity.

'Lies.
I just know these are lies.'

Since in the doing of it might have an influence on others,
Living in surrounding communities and may have their druthers...
As to who might think our activities too expressive and neglect,
Those not yet prepared...
To witness our ethnic identities expressed in such openness.
And...
Feeling 'that' secure within themselves.
And...
Those fearing this rejection of their acceptance,
STILL live in obeyance within fences to be watched and monitored.

'What 'image is this you have envisioned?
What is it you are implying? '

Implying?
You have to see this to believe they live like this to exist.
This aint no dream.
This is an acceptance of evilness addressed.
And wanted as if expected.

'Lies.
I just know these are lies.'

You only need to make one visit.
You'll witness it in action.
You will see how it thrives.
And you will disbelieve those still awaiting,
For their 'masters' to arrive to unlock the gates...
To mothballed plantations.
And with an honoring of their reservations.

'Lies.
I just know these are lies.'

Of course they are.
I'm just exaggerating reality.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Watching And Following Behind

See!
I told you he wasn't about anything.

'Yeah...
You are right.
And after fourty or more years...
You have finally found 'something'
To prove your assessment.
And he has not changed his direction,
At all.

Now that you have succeeded,
Perhaps you can begin living your own life.
If any of it is left you can say can be lived!
Since you have spent most of it,
Watching and following behind...
In his footsteps.
And most of it certainly,
Can be said has been positive! '

But what will I do?
Since that has been my occupation!
And he seems not to care,
He has 'that' one negative blemish to bear.

'Has it ever occurred to you...
He has probably done that,
To attract more fools like you?
Afterall,
He has spent years doing what he does.
And in public view! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Watching As If Distanced

Collective outrage,
Seems only to connect...
When those unsuspecting,
Become affected.

Prior to that,
People could care less...
Who suffers from neglect.
And the evidence of that,
Has been closer to everyone's doorstep.
But the knocking on doors,
Has proven to be effective!

Collective outrage,
Seems only to connect...
When those unsuspecting,
Become affected.

Leaving those standing in disbelief,
Watching as if distanced from this...
In safety zones perceived,
From right across the street.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Watching From Their Windows

A wealth of sensations,
Are presented for many to choose.
And from which to pick.
These sensations exist,
At one's fingertips!
But somehow the action,
Is not allowed to be permitted.

The availability of variety,
Does not explain why some prefer to sit...
In the daily complaining,
How their lives are spent...
Watching from their windows,
As the wind outside whips and shifts...
A boring accumulation of snow drifts.

And 'this' they find in the Wintertime,
To lock their minds upon...
As if guarding.
To ensure someone comes along,
To shovel or plow...
Their fixations away.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Watching It On Tv

Those coming together to take action,
After the fact...
Are always the ones blaming those pro-active,
For taking things out of context.
And not capable of facing things as they are.

'You should join us.
We are going to march today to protest the violence.'

~When did you notice it?
While you were watching it on TV? ~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Watching The Grass Grow

Incorrect perceptions,
Are imposed and projected...
By those with unchanged beliefs.
And fixed to satisfied stagnation.
Or impressions made,
Through assumptions placed
Upon imaginations.

Watching the grass grow,
May be someone's ambition.
In fact...
What is the scientific purpose for grass?
I don't think I've ever heard that asked.
Have you?

And minds like these are difficult to replace.
Since so many are deluded,
By that which does not exist.
But wished.

And observing this against a reality known...
As shown to be accepted by those conscious,
Becomes clear why there is much conflict of interest.
And a need for so many to forever play,
The cowboys against the indians.
The good against the bad.
And the ugly...?
Well,
We do all have our missions.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Watching You Bleed

You shot yourself in the foot.
And you want to lay the blame,
On someone who called you a fool?
And the more you howl...
The more your senselessness looks.
Now you've taken that same gun,
And placed it in the other hand.
Screaming at the top of your lungs...
To stop that man who saw you shoot yourself,
From coming to your aid with a bandaid.
Because you are suspicious he wants to help you.
And the others you feel safe to express this to...
Aren't helping you at all.
In fact,
They are watching you bleed to death.
And you respect that...
Because they provided you with the funds,
To purchase the gun!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Water

I remember before its slaughter,
Water was clean and fresh giving to life.
Now it has grown slick...
And suspect to order,
Even boiled to drink...
Many think twice!

Whether purchased in stores,
From the springs flowing in Maine
No one can claim it is the best to buy!
When held up to light to view for specks,
The thought of doing that...
Makes it a gamble to try.

Water is needed...
No one can argue about that!
It is used for everything.
And that is a simple fact!
What should we do to protect water further?
Everyone is killing it!
Should we all spend time for murder?

NOTE: First submitted to PoemHunter September 9th 2005
Resubmitted January 24th 2008

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Waveheads

These radio talkshow 'waveheads'
Do the best they can to stir up controvesy
To command attention.
I would and could mention a few names.
But why should I?
Add more fuel to satisfy a ratings rise!
Some are very popular,
With divisions on their minds.
Liberal, conservative leechers...
Setting their aims on personalities to creep.
Calling themselves the voice of the people.
And yet there is a mindset they inflame,
With purposes to defame...
To keep themselves about the sludge,
They daily help to keep shallow!
And all have dipped or swimmed in Reaganomics.
One of the reasons most of them are drowning today.
Clearing the way for the Euro.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Waving From Distances

The poor are sure to get,
Their backs to pack more taxes.
While the rich split,
With assets possessed protected
By loopholes created...
Those poor pay for.
And left deluded and elated...
They've assisted those rich,
Seen on TV...
Sitting on palm trees islands,
Waving from distances...
The poor will never reach.
Even from dreams deferred...
Meant to stay limited.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

We 'Aint' And Wont Get Along

I am not the one who volunteers to say,
You have priorities that are wrong.
With an investment of your time...
That slips and wastes away.

You are the one who comes to me,
Fact to face.
As if to start an unending confrontation.
With comments made to me,
What I believe to you makes no difference.

And I never once put myself in a position,
To defend any beliefs I may mention.
Or Have I sought to say anything,
You may look forward to find offensive.
And that is the main reason why,
We 'aint' and wont get along.

'You're just too stubborn.'

At least we agree on something,
I can admit.
With a knowing I am the only one,
Who will have to deal with it

Lawrence S. Pertillar

We Aint Old Yet

Less are precious moments kept,
In need of showmanship.
To sell them to others as treasured,
Whoever wishes them to remember.
But to those told to forget.

Even to embellish them,
With an excitement to delight...
Precious moments kept to reminisce,
As one flips through stained pages...
With a dusting them before they are kissed,
Eventually the doing of this...
Fades away to stay that way,
From generation to generation.
Until no ancestor is missed.

'I remember my great grandparents,
Who came...
Are you kids paying me any attention? '

~We will.
But can it wait until we finish playing,
Video games on our cellphones?
And after I answer text messages I'm getting?
I'm sure your great grandparents wont mind.~

'But...
Don't you want to know about your family tree? '

~Why?
We aint old yet.
Trees have been around for a long time.
Everybody knows that.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

We All Are Victims

To confront anyone,
Who has lived their entire life...
Based upon delusions fed with lies,
Is like trying to convince...
Someone who has lived as a hermit,
That they have just been selected...
To receive an award for being the most congenial,
By those who have found their social attributes...
To be undeniably refreshing.

And somehow this embellished exaggeration,
Is not considered a joke as much as it is a threat.
It then becomes best,
To leave one alone in their own comfort zone.
Since few people will accept,
A reality that does not connect...
To what they know or has not to them been shown.
Without an experience of it being known.
We all are victims of some enforced limitation.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

We All Champion Our Favorites

We all champion our favorites,
With a wish that they do well.
We all desire to want what we enjoy,
And love the most,
Appreciated by others...
With a lifting up of a glass that signals,
A reason has arrived to praise with a toast.

We all wish to salute that which is deserving,
To acknowledge an appreciation shown.
We all would love to do this without hesitation.
But our wishes to do it,
Seldom is done to be seen...
By those who are living to have them made aware,
Just how much they've done for others mean.

We all champion our favorites,
Long after they have left the scene.
With wishes they could see and hear,
What they have done to achieve...
Has finally been given a respect received.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

We All Come To Experience 'Our' Truths

We all come to experience 'our' truths.
We all come to experience,
Realities lived others may not accept.
Or come to believe,
If they are not there to witness.
Or see as they sit to observe life pass by,
From a closed window and behind locked doors.

We all experience our own sorrows...
With burdens to bear and struggles to conquer.
And yet there will be some among the 'doubters'...
Who believe nothing happens to anyone but themselves.
And when they experience a pinch of pain to feel,
It becomes worthy of a news broadcast...
To appeal with the getting of attention on their griefs.

We all come to experience 'our' truths.
We all come to experience,
Realities lived others may not accept.
Or come to believe,
If they are not there to witness.
And yet...
Highlighted are the most ridiculous afflictions,
Repeatedly for all to witness close up on TV sets.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

We All Could Use A Big Pinch

We all,
Have been accusative...
About 'something' perceive.

And...
We all,
Have been upset...
Over 'something' incorrect said,
But to others believed.

We all,
Have been 'there' in emotional need.
But choosing to be alone...
With those needs going unknown.

We all wish to be fed,
That which is in our hearts.
But expressed with hot heads.

We all want sometimes,
To be on someone else's mind.
Caring less...
They have their own desires to address.
And when that from them is confessed...
We then expose our centered selfishness.

Oh yes!

We all,
Have been accusative...
About 'something' perceive.

And...
We all,
Have been upset...
Over 'something' incorrect said,
But to others believed.

To leave...

Some with no choice but to voice,
Obscenities heard screaming...
To get that attention publicly!

We all could use a big pinch,
Of more common sense.

We all could use a big pinch,
Of more common sense.

We all could use a...
OUCH!
Why did you do that?

~I thought that was a request.
For a message you needed help to get!

We 'all' could use a big pinch,
Of more commone sense.
With a feeling that is believed...
To leave no one unconvinced! ~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

We All Graduate

We all graduate,
To various stages that take place.
With a leaving behind that which has been defined,
As our minds expand to face new challenges.
And yet...
Many object fresh experiences to reject.
To expect a comfort with them to stay.
Disregarding life comes to eventually fade away.

We all graduate,
To various stages that take place.
With a leaving behind that which has been defined,
As our minds expand to face new challenges.
And yet...
Many hesitate to face these stages.
Although everyone ages from day to day,
To graduate to that which before had not been known.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

We All Have Different Approaches

Why do you climb the stairs,
To then intentionally fall down them.
To repeat that over again?

'I am practicing rejection.
I like to believe I am being pro-active,
About these things.
You know...
Reaching the top!
To then fall down.

Well...
Perhaps it was best,
You did not seek from anyone their advice.

'I want to learn from my own experiences.'

I took a different route.
But we all have different approaches,
To achieve similar results in the end.
I use to bang my head up against the walls.

'I'm not into that kind of pain.
That's too melodramatic.
I don't wont to be emotionally attached,
To my rejection.
That's why I am practicing not to be involved.
Hopefully I will experience less traumatic affects.'

Well...
Keep practicing.
I'm sure you will learn something,
That will eventually be suitable and life changing for you.
If you should live through your 'rehearsals',
Without breaking your neck.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

We All Have Our Days

They love to exaggerate,
Every move I make...
With a microscopic investigation,
As being foolish and incompetent.
Or arrogant with an undue self assurance,
If my shoes appear to be unproperly tied.

Yet every 'mistake' they make that is blatant,
Someone recommends a sedative be taken.
With rest suggested by a psychoanalyst.
And test administered to ensure that it was stress,
That was at the core of their committing...
The most heinous crimes instigated against humanity!

'Well...
You must admit,
We all have our days.
Especially those that are more strenuous than others.~

I know.
And there is not a day that goes by,
That keeps me reminded...
I may be too oversensitive to such probes.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

We All Have Our 'Issues'

I remember...
Many years ago,
Being baited to argue...
About who I was, was not
And where I should live,
To do what it is I do.

I was even asked by someone,
If I realized what it is I write?
I had to look to see,
If a seriousness sat in their eyes.

I've always been blessed to know,
What it is I enjoy.
And If I didn't...
Like most people,
Who socialize without direction...
I'd be affected by trying to impress.
We all have our 'issues'...
But I am grateful I don't have identity to address.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

We All Have Our Separate Cravings

One's honesty achieved,
Through identity and self awareness...
Is not always readily received,
Or appreciated as some might believe.

When one is outspoken with it
Most people are still in hiding,
Protected by the comforts of denial.
And this has to be respected for what it is.

Some are born to follow.
Preferring to remain,
Collectors of a shallowness.
With a sharing of it that can be borrowed.

It is easy to have peace of mind,
For one who finally finds...
And discovers a wish for it,
To be with them all the time.

Others are accustomed to be led.
This gives them a reason,
To complain and have an axe to grind.
And 'if' this should satisfy...
Let them have their favorite torments wished.
We all have our separate cravings.

One's honesty achieved,
Through identity and self awareness...
Is not always readily received,
Or appreciated as some might believe.

And that's okay...
To come unassuming,
And to leave that way!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

We All Ho

We all ho.
Even though,
Some prefer to call it charity work.
Others claim to volunteer their services.
And there are others prepared to give it up.
Upfront with no 'But Ifs' to excuse it.
To do making it strickly business.
To ho or not to ho is not to be questioned.
Each man and woman will have come to that stage.
And we all do it,
In some way.
In some form.
And to be kept in acceptable fashion,
With eyes kept to keep on cheeks.
Leaving imagination something no longer wondered.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

We All Reap From The Value Of Our Investments

If one is not making attempts,
To place their best foot forward...
At all times.
With a mind connected,
To the environment...
And what is around them.
What voice can they claim with demands?

And raised in outrage,
That they are entitled to benefits...
Others who have worked at it,
Get.

We all reap from the value our investments,
Made.
And most times,
The come to equal our expectations.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

We Are A People Of Peace

Sir?
There is an elderly woman,
Carrying what appears to be roses...
On the battlefield.

'That's preposterous.'

No sir?
It is not a rhinoceros.

'I said preposterous.
Like a hippopotamus.'

Sir...
What we see is not anonymous.
We all see it is a woman.
What shall we do with the roses?
Sir?

Sir?

'I'm not getting paid enough.'

Sir?
Will you make a decision.
That's all we ask.

'I would love to tell you where to put them? '

We are closing in on a nearby town.
We could ask if the woman would like us,
To locate a vase?
This will prove to everyone,
We are a people of peace.

'What is going on?
WHAT IS GOING ON?
Has EVERYONE gone mad? '

No sir.
We all are very calm.
It is a little hot.
You are the only one shouting.
Maybe the heat is beginning to affect you?
Perhaps you've been on too many missions of peace?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

We Are All Entitled To Our Own Ignorance

Don't you love it,
When people interpret your thoughts...
Or something you have said into what they wish?
You can repeat what you have said,
And it is still quite missed.

And if what is heard isn't agreed upon...
A debate about it is begun and goes on!
Nothing in explanation 'sinks' in to consider.
They just aren't getting 'it'!
Agree...
And walk away!
Save yourself.
We are all entitled to our own ignorance.
No matter what the depth...
Shallowness or pain of it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

We Are 'All' Sunset Travelers

We are 'all' sunset travelers.
Some arising in dawns long past,
Now to find our afternoons...
Rushing to caress an horizon,
Beginning to crest the West.
With assorted memories blessed.

We are 'all' sunset travelers!
And yes,
Some of us do prefer those dawns,
Remembered.
But the rest...
Have come to enjoy,
Such an enlightened ride.

Inspired and Dedicated:
Sandra Fowler
United States

'We are all sunset travelers.
Sandra had stated to me.
And I agree. Thank you Sandra.'

~lsp~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

We Are Converging

Wanting to be heard.
Wanting to be valued.
Wanting to be acknowledged.
Wanting to sustain a way of life...
Fading.
To emerge once again and surge.
Wanting to be admired.
Wanting most to be thought as best!
Wanting to imprint an impression...
That conflicts and unrest,
Did not from them initiate...
The perpetuating of protests.
Nor did the rise of destruction, fear and insecurities...
Leave this world in a chaotic mess.

We are converging!
And peace...
Will be the final test.
Many want.
Many wish.
Many hope to fill all hearts with love.
Instead of a digressive emptiness.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

We Are Doves

'Try the other one! '

I did and I can't fit!

'Well...
'Pick another one! '

You pick it..
Why are we bothering with this?

'They want us pigeoned holed.
And it seems they have forgotten who we are! '

Then why are we here?
Wasting all this time to see if things can work out?
We are Doves!
Let 'them' run after 'nuts'.
They will never recognize
We do not chase after popcorn!
We are Doves...
And pigeoned holed,
We can not be!
Wasn't that understood?
Before they claimed us as property?

We are Doves!
Have you too forgotten?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

We Are Driven

We are driven!
With a love for exhaustion.
Those given a work ethic at birth.
With no other option known...
But to produce until it is felt,
An obligation has merit.
And a commitment is shown.

Although it is a given,
What is done is sincere.
But to skate on thin ice...
Should not be endeared.
A mental and physical breakdown,
Should be feared.
But we are driven!
And that which is sacrificed is made clear.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

We Are Envied

How dare you say what's on your mind.
How dare you expose the inequities you find.
How dare you do that to attract more wrongs.
How dare you bring them out into the open?
When we have been accustomed to them sitting,
In a pretense to remain where they belong...
Totally camouflaged in a mirage,
That has convinced with our decadent mentalities...
We are envied.
And this makes us great.
With a faking that keeps us strong!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

We Are Family

LOL.

'We are here standing on your feet.
To prevent any moves you may take.
Back...
Or forward.
And you find this funny?
Why are you laughing out loud? '

It just dawned on me!
While you are preventing my movement...
You are not making any movement at all yourselves.
You know that song, 'We Are Family'?
Wouldn't this be a great time to sing it?
Hey...
What about Michael Jackson's, 'You Are Not Alone'?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

We Are Here To Do And Not Leave Undone

I have soooo much to be thankful for.
So many blessings.

Heartache, pain and struggle,
Are parts of all of our lives.
If we only understood,
we (a collective 'we') ...
Are here to overcome our challenges.
And not be succumbed by them!
If we choose to win...
We must stay in it,
With an expectation we can identify
As a success achieved!

An acceptance of what 'is'...
Would keep us moving forward,
Seeking fun and happiness.
And committed to be accountable...
For all of our actions.
And being productive...
Regardless of the circumstances.

Or...
We can choose to remain seduced by fear and limitation!

If we let go and let God do His/Her or Its 'thing'
In our lives...
More wholesome ones we would live.
Without believing we have control.
And we do...
Hold onto those emotions.
To select and remove the bitter from the sweet!
For an incomplete experience!

And experiences should teach,
All those who have truthfully embraced a consciousness.
That delivers to us our observations.

We are here to do,

And not leave undone...
Any assignment God has given!

We can only offer our stubbornness,
To reminisce regrets.
Protecting us in shelters...
Of a falseness that introduces more sorrow.
And for those holding on like that...
Tomorrow never comes to enlighten!

Inspired by:
Frances Jeffrey McAlpine Sharp
Hartford, Connecticut

'Thank you, Ms Frances'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

We Are Indebted To Them Up To Our Eyelids

...Keep it cleansed, fresh and moisterized! ...

And now back to further news announcements:
The state of the economy worsens.
The higher the skies...
The lower the national deficit!
Crime on all levels of government,
Has ravished the confidence of the people.
Thousands are losing pensions, jobs
And patience.

Oil and gasoline prices...
Although leveling,
Are still higher than they have been in decades.
Food poisoning?
Well...
If imported peppers don't kill you,
Saturated fats will.

Racism is on everyone's lips.
Foreclosures are being issued...
As quickly as pink slips.
And people have become outraged!

Question?
'Are whites right?
Should blacks be kept back?
And what about those of other hues?
The ones we purchase our tainted toys,
Clothes and shoes?
The ones who make our cars...
Liquor we drink and candy bars?
And the Chinese?
We are indebted to them up to our eyelids...
Well passed our knees!
Red is not the only color,
Of their communist flag!

And,

Out of our affliliate location...
This just in!
From Washington, D.C.
We have a news flash! A bulletin!
Is Barack Obama...
Masquerading as a Negro?
Is he black enough?
How can we deepen those attacks?
McCain and others on the right want to know!

This and other very important news reports,
Right after a word from our sponsor...
Stiff Lifter!

*Erectile Dysfunction got you limp?
Are you 'not' enjoying quality sex?
Are you still faking those orgasms?
Climax...
With 'Stiff Lifter'! *

'Timmy, jr.?
Go to your room immediately.
You are not to listen to such garbage.
Go to your room immediately!
Play with the new video game I bought for you,
The other day...
'Kill the Odd Ones! '
You said you really like it! '

~Okay, mom.
But daddy is still smoking crack in there.
And you told me not to disturb him,
Especially when he is 'meditating'.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

'We' Are 'Keyed' Expeditiously

IF you or 'I' had information that would upset...
The national security,
Of this government.
We would quickly be arrested.
And silenced our protests.
I doubt with seriousness...
If our actions would be gleefully consented!

And 'if' I released documents over the internet...
Anyone should make and get,
A guaranteed winning bet...
My next steps would take place,
In an infested cell with no visiting guests!

But these actions I mention,
Have been done by a respected service...
Known to almost everyone.
And the government has 'yet'...
To prevent or stop these threats,
By an internet service...
That is public accessed!

And you and I...
Are daily wiretapped,
With movements watched....
As our human rights go neglected and unprotected!

And 'we' are 'keyed' expeditiously!
With no peace to welcome.
Or sleep to rest!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

We Are Leaping Here!

Leap!
You can not saunter or stroll.
As if you captivate Sun rays.
And they have been created,
Just to maintain your radiance shown...
Exposing magnificent health.
With the benefits of dancing sea gulls,
Displaying their gift of catching fish...
Just for you!

Everyone you knew,
Understood you had gall!
With a leisurely kick of the sand...
Tossing to family and friends,
A big, bright and colorful beach ball.
Picked at least twice in your lifetime,
To be someone's favorite.

Leap!
To your feet.
Help those with jellied thighs,
Quickly finish what they eat.
A mad crush that has hushed dissenters,
Has rushed in to whip up some dust.
Pull in that gut.
The days ahead of activity comes,
To tighten and firm the rolling done on some butts!

The pace is not hesitating in wait for points of view.

~Eyes Up!
Forward! ~

These moments have been 'Baracked'!

'Bah who? '

~Shapen up you droopy troops.
It's a new day.

A new time!
Not only for you...
But all of us!
All of us need an overhauling that is due.
Shapen up,
You droopy troops.~

These moments have been 'Baracked'!
Obamalized with vision.

~Get up on your feet!
We are leaping here.~

'Yes, sir.
Hey...
Aren't you that guy married to Michelle,
The First Lady? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

We Are Not Of The 'But-If' Kind

A wanting with wishes to get,
Takes much more than just wanting it.
Desire with sacrifice and initiative,
Are requirements one has to prioritize...
Until what is wished,
Becomes reality to exist.

And limiting one's mind to a certain time,
Creates doubts to toss about...
One can not rid from becoming disappointed.
To then leave what is wanted with wishes to get,
Found to discover when shared with others...
A welcoming of their own discouragements.

Since people like this sit and await,
To hear from someone else who gave their time...
And now convinced for them it's too late,
Because the doing to be done...
Has been marred by having an unlucky fate.

'I use to think the same thing too.
Until I removed time from my desires.'

~Will you please leave us alone to share are grief.
This conversation is only for those feeling unlucky.
We are not seeking to be encouraged,
By those motivated and inspired by initiative.
Isn't it obvious to you,
We would rather sit and complain? ~

'But...'

~Sssshhhh.
We are not of the 'but-if' kind.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

We Are Not Of This Earth

We are not of this Earth.
Just to leech and feed our greed.
We are here to serve...
As observers.
For a purpose to gather information.
And to resist temptation.

No one is 'exclusive'.
We are all inclusive.
Although some become seduced.
By the 'illusion' to use and abuse.

But this Earth we take for granted...
Should not be slighted.
To enhance blight!
Or incite racial fights to divide.
To conquer over others.
And to reduce them to limitations...
To control at their disadvantage!

We are not of this Earth.
Just to leech and feed our greed.
We are here to serve...
As observers.
For a purpose to gather information.
And to resist temptation.
That ultimately increases,
Suffering and the affects...
Of complete and total devastation.
That a chaos breeds,
And leads to a demise...
Coming to us next!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

We Are Related

Drop your biasness,
With this to exist.
'Cause....
Everyone's affected,
By effective disrespecting...
Of appearances not to accept,
Ethnic differences.

Let that hatred fade,
Today to go away.
'Cause...
People that are evil,
Have nowhere else to escape...
To take with them a faith to fake.

We are...
Related to each other in some way.
And it is not about one's color.
Or a preference for another.
Yes we are...
All inhabitants of Earth from birth.
To live life without fear to serve.
Or deserve abuse someone uses to excuse.
And we are...
Not forever here to stay,
To say who gets to win an endless battle.
With bombing on shores to have nerves rattled.

Conflicts will always be picked.
But...
What victory,
Has ever sustained peace to keep it.
We are...
Related to each other in some way.
With a need to see the full picture.
And not pieces of it to betray.

Drop your biasness,
With this to exist.

'Cause....
Everyone's affected
By effective ignorance.
And we are...
Not here to end what God for us has made.
With claims to know God,
But keep His wishes disobeyed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

We Are So Nitpicking Petty

Do we need someone to lead us?
Someone elected how to treat us?
And if our needs are met,
Will we then stop hen pecking...
Over trivial,
Remedial...
Testaments.
Just to vent!

And ignoring all the messages God has sent.

Do we need someone to lead us?
Someone elected how to treat us?
And if our needs are met,
Will we then stop hen pecking...
Over trivial,
Remedial...
Testaments.
Just to vent!

We are so nitpicking petty,
People never ready to accept the best...
Of what is offered to bless.

We are so nitpicking petty,
People never ready to accept the best.
We've got to keep it petty cause we love to stay upset.

To never be at peace of mind that stays at rest.

Do we need someone to lead us?
Someone elected how to treat us?
And if our needs are met,
Will we then stop hen pecking...
Over trivial,
Remedial...
Testaments.
Just to vent.

And ignoring all the messages God has sent.

We are so nitpicking petty,
People never ready to accept the best...
Of what is offered to bless.

We are so nitpicking petty,
People never ready to accept the best.
We've got to keep it petty cause we love to stay upset.
To confess...
We want to stay the people who will never know rest.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

We Are That Game To Be Played

Against the tremendous magnitude,
Of 'this' part of the universe...
We will continuously pursue,
With persistence...
The insignificance of our existence.
To create a self importance.
Instead of enjoy with a caring,
What we now could share.
Before a nothingness of this experiment,
Goes away to replenish...
What was here before we came!
A feeding of a cosmos...
Determine to remain the same.
Allowing us to exist!
And not 'IT' as we insist!
We are that game to be played.
Not 'IT' to play to change.
No matter 'what' or 'who' we call upon to pray.
We are the game played!
And it is not the other way.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

We Are The Reason

The teaching of hatred and conflict,
Does not end with a flip of a switch.
The teaching of hatred to divide produces,
An increase of conflict...
Until its presence becomes addictive.

And those in fear for their lives with threats,
Buy less time with weapons they purchase.
With belief their minds inflicted with crimes,
Will end their hatred...
Endorsed to enforce on others to commit.

The teaching of hatred and conflict,
Does not end with a flip of a switch.
The teaching of hatred to divide produces,
An increase of conflict...
Until its presence becomes addictive.

And...
An addiction to hatred and conflicts to commit,
Is what we teach to our children to accept...
As a part of their existence to produce,
Without regret, remorse or empathy!

We are the reason...
Why there's no respect known to get.
And...
We are reason,
Why we are suffering with such effect.

And...
We are the reason,
Why there's no respect known to get.
And...
We are reason,
Why we are suffering with such effect.

And...
We are the reason.

To cause the effect what we can't accept.
And...
We are the reason.
To cause the effect what we can't accept.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

We Are The Results Of Our Seductions

Dieting on erotic products,
Induces an hypnotic feeling started.
And like a narcotic,
We are quick to become hooked.
Baited with temptations...
Seasoned to fry,
Or baked like a fish cooked.

And this mainlining,
Done to us without the prick of needles.
Afflicted with addictions done...
Without the prick of needles.

Dieting to get a fix,
Without the prick of needles to assist it.
Baited with temptations...
Seasoned to fry,
Or baked like a fish cooked.
Hooked!
We are the results of our seductions.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

We Are Their Creations

The Earth and Mother Nature...
With the Sun and the Moon,
Together 'and' directed by The Most High...
Almighty Be The Energy.
Have sought unique ways,
To get our undivided attention.
And to make us aware...
Greed is not going to destroy this planet.

We may do our best to destroy each other.
However...
The message sent is this:
The greeding done by humanity,
Is NOT going to destroy this planet.

The Earth and Mother Nature...
With the Sun and the Moon,
Together 'and' directed by The Most High...
Almighty Be The Energy.
Have sought unique ways,
To get our undivided attention.
And to make us aware...
We are 'THEIR' creations!
And not here to rule.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

We Are This That Lives

I feel the thunder.
And it embraces.
I see the lightening...
And its electrical traces.
I am engulfed by wind.
And upon me there is rain.
I am enriched by this.
A nourishment exists.

I reflect inside,
What my eyes witness.
All of what is outside...
Within me sits.
My tears are like rain.
My breath the wind!
The thunder is my movement.
And my brain sparks.
Allowing my words to come from Him!
We 'are' THIS that lives!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

We Arrive To Leave As Visitors

Either way the finger points,
Or the wind blows...
Change is here to stay.

And those with nostalgic wishes,
Hoping for a return of every yesterday lived...
May discover they are regarded no more than twigs,
Discarded from trees...
Only The Creator has made to allow them to breathe.

We arrive to leave as visitors!
With many disrespecting the act of this fact.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

We Ate It And Took Her For Granted

The tone,
I don't like.
The message,
Understated.
The delivery,
Overrated.
But the suit worn is exquisite.
And he wears it if taylor made.
Of course he has a taste for fashion.
And on his eyes we love those shades.

'Besides his looks...
What else about his leadership,
Is important to you? '

Hmmm...
That is a real good question.
Let's see!
He has image.
He's athletic.
His wife is stunning.
And his children are gorgeous.
He speaks intelligently.
And has all of the credentials.
He's Black.
And today that's an asset.
You know...
Since all the white kids are into hip hop and rap.

Hmmm...
You've got me stumped!
I know he represents hard work and discipline.
And 'that' is his biggest drawback.
His 'flaw'!
Prior to his election,
No one thought about working to remain great!
We all thought that was understood.
Like the taste of grandma's apple pie.
Until she died.

No one alive knows how to recreate it.
We ate it and took her for granted.

'Who? Your grandmother? '

No!
The country.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

We Battle To See Acts Of Love

You can battle any illness you wish...
But,
Battle with the act of love.

You can fill you mind with terrorists...
That keep your fears endearing.
But the fact your battles fought have no love.

And don't you know that you...
The giving up of anything,
Will return.
So why not battle with the act of love.

Burdens carried on one's back,
Seem to be attached...
'Cause they don't do their,
Battles with love.

Those who pick their battles,
Pick their battles without facts.
'Cause many have no protected love.

If there is love,
There is a battle...
But the battle can be won,
With a love that's felt in everyone.

Those who pick their battles,
Pick their battles without facts.
'Cause many have no protected love.

You can battle any illness you wish...
But,
Battle with the act of love.

You can battle any illness you wish...
But,
Battle with the act of love.

Those who pick their battles,
Pick their battles without facts.
'Cause many have no protected love.

Those who pick their battles,
Pick their battles without facts.
'Cause many have no protected love.

If we pick our battles,
We must be matter of fact....
That we battle to see acts of love.

We battle to see acts of love.
Let's say we do it...
That we battle to see acts of love!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

We Be In Deep Doo

It takes more time than one would think,
To find words to have them link and sink...
Into a mind confined and fenced,
Behind convincing limitation.
With intent to broaden imagination.

And sometimes the doing of it is subjected to fail.
When a purpose is to deliver,
An observation on the surface to affect a thought process.
With words basic that are found and picked,
To avoid the use of excess that can lose a connection quick.

People seek to be led and fed with an ease that is chewed.
And with an image to digest,
Without a prolonged repeating of a thought process.
This causes confusion.
And a thought that confuses many can't and wont accept.

People seek everyday a more ease of life.
And keeping it as simple as possible is not easy to do.
Many writers spend several sleepless nights,
Doing the best they can to find the right words to entice...
To keep simplicity to depict a picture without a thousands words.

'Okay.
Let me say this another way.
Perhaps I haven't been more direct.
There aren't too many words left from which I can select.
But,
How's this...?
We Be In Deep Doo.
Can you feel me now? '

~I'm sorry.
I don't follow you at all.
Can you try being 'less' lofty?
And 'more' specific with your depictions.
Remember...
Comprehension is the key,

To opening doors to communicate an understanding,
If the doing is going to be successful.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

We Be...Most Times Happy

We be...
Young.
We be...
Old.
We be...
High.
We be...
Low.

We be...
All those things,
That we dream and wish.
We be...
Everything that we give and get.
We be...
Most times happy!
And forever hope,
We be loved.

We be...
Young.
We be...
Old.
We be...
High.
We be...
Low.

We be...
All those things,
That we dream and wish.
We be...
Everything that we give and get.
We be...
Most times happy!
And forever hope,
We be loved.

We be...

All those things,
That we dream and wish.
We be...
Most times happy!
And forever hope,
We be loved.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

We Became So Close

She endorsed my salad tossing.
It was the only thing she knew
The two of us grew to enjoy!
I had given up on eating meat.
And she had given up on street teases.
Those she thought pleased passersby!
We found something natural between us!
We became so close...
I let her pick the hair she said laid on my teeth,
And wet lips.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

We Both Are Pleasured

You need to read.
I need to write.
You have to absorb.
I have to purge.
To what degree?
Until satisfaction.

I'm not here to question,
Either activity done.
Or which one of us benefits.
I give and you receive.
And we both are pleasured.
Why seek complaints?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

We Both Know This

Of course I want to entertain your mind.
How else can I keep you enthralled and captured.

I want you seduced.
I want you to choose when that is done,
And you are ready!

And when you find that you are...ready.
You will discover me well prepared.

Why do I find a need to say this?
How long have we kept each other addicted?

And...
Dispelling the awkwardness that anticipation brings.
When getting 'it' as wished to savor.
And savoring this with you...
Is something you have chosen me to do!

We both know this!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

We Can

I don't necessarily ask that you agree.
Or assess me personally.
Whether we have ever met...
Or if that becomes a possibility.

And yet...
What I do wish for us,
Is an ability to discuss and grow.
To let one another know...
Our thoughts can be exchanged!
And we are listening.
From within our hearts.
With an honesty that remains.

And inside our minds from where it starts,
An awareness of a caring begins.
To leave us realizing...
We are there and available to receive.
If we allow ourselves to believe,
We can receive and be free of restrictions.

And we will comprehend,
Without feeling a need to offend...
In condescending contradictions.
To patronize insecurities suspected.
But wishing to send forward,
Instead...
An understanding desired.
That is given.

And that is all I ask,
We can to each other give.

Note:
Barack Obama and his campaign message
of 'We Can' seems such an appropriate theme
for today. And I agree that 'We Can' in varying ways
that unite and inspire a people to finally achieve a collective

understanding.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

We Can Finally Have That Peace

Perhaps it is a blessing,
Their racist ways have separated them.
At least it is clear...
Once they completely remove themselves,
From that which they find insignificant.
We can finally have that peace,
That will not be 'disturbed'
By their perfectness...
Others do not project,
By the marketing of values based on standards
Corrupt and void of respect.
We will then also not be succumbed,
By the pouting of their unruly children
Refusing to snack on milk and cookies dispatched
Because they have been unlatched from a hatching...
With concepts that led them to believe
Life is to be lived ther way!
Regardless of who bleeds.
Gone will be ALL spoiled tantrums.
And divisions of sick and slick politics!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

We Can Make This Work

We can make this work.
To work it out.
Between you and me.
Our differences of beliefs,
To achieve an understanding...
Kept within our reach to keep,
To leave others...
With their opinionated to debate druthers,
And conflicts started to divide them apart...
As they hope what they discuss,
Is not about them but us from the start.

We can make this work.
To work it out.
Between you and me.
Our differences of beliefs,
To achieve an understanding...
Kept within our reach to keep,
We can do.
If we sit to listen with it to comprehend,
That others wish to see us in competition.
Knowing if we defeat one another,
We will leave them evidence to say they win.

We can make this work.
To work it out.
Between you and me.
There is no one else we need,
Observing to say...
They have a better way for us,
When their own backyards...
Have died from mistrust distrust and dusting rust.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

We Can Meet To Get A Piece Of Familiar Meat

You want to do what?
Come aboard?
That ship sailed too long ago.
And after my experiences...
My world has been healed,
From your shockwaves and the rocking.
We can meet to get a piece of familiar meat.
But my peace you see will be kept right here!
With me as its guardian.
And I am not seeking a pet.
Not yet.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

We Can Never Be For 'All' What God Is

Pray.
If you say you know God is there...
Why is it you accept conflict?
And dismiss He is everywhere.

Pray.
Everything God is,
Is within your reach.
God isn't secretive,
With deception to teach.

Pray.
Listen.
God wants us to love.
Not stray and disobey.

And we've done so much of that.
Leaving us dissatisfied and dismayed.
And constantly from His enlightened 'sight'...
We've made choices to look away.

And we say we pray!
As long as things go our way.
Feeding deceit and dishonest in our betrayals.
And we say we pray!
As long as things go our way.
Feeding deceit and dishonest in our betrayals.
And we say we pray!
As long as things go our way.
Feeding deceit and dishonest in our betrayals.

God knows we are weak and defenseless.
Too senseless to know the power of love...
And to pray.
Laying our weapons down!
And becoming freed of that need...
To command as if we were He!
And we can never be for 'all' what God Is!
And 'this' God knows and has exposed it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

We Can Not Divorce From It If We Wanted

A control of finances come.
Do not worry about pinching a thing.
It has either already begun losing weight...
Or has become a value now weightless.
Full of promise with a look of security.
Like a lost wallet,
Few care its even missing.
Nothing was in it.
The creditors knew that.
Maybe a worthless ten dollar bill.
Sat.
Knowing that it had power 'in-the-day'...
Not that long ago.
To get something wanted by just laying it away.
Using ten dollars and a payment arrangement.
Those days have faded.
To be replaced by a degrading lifestyle.
An intentional helplessness is being enforced.
And we can not divorce from it if we wanted.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

We Can Only Be Proud Together

I am proud to be selected,
To be your leader.
However...
You 'are' going to fix what is broken.
I will assist.
And you will not sit.
I can only be effective...
If you are not negligent.
Do not look for me to lead...
If you aren't prepared to proceed!
Those days of sitting back to watch others,
Work their butts.
While you do nothing but complain and cuss...
Are gone!
We can only be proud together,
Or never achieve our goals.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

We Can Solve This Dilemma

I'll tell you what.
We can solve this dilemma right now.
Let's do it this way...

I will pretend,
You had nothing to do with my decades...
Of being victimized by you intentionally.

And...
You pretend,
My pretentiousness...
Is actually your reality.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

We Can Turn This All Around

Minus sadness.
Reduce your madness.
Eliminate the negative...
For a positive return!

Subtract the stresses.
Address the messes.
Add a touch of happiness,
To produce that smile you've earned!

Divided chaos has us at a lost!
It doesn't do one good...
When the bad things keep on happening!
Conflicting wishes increase at such a cost.
And upside down,
Are emotions we've invested!

Minus sadness.
Reduce your madness.
Eliminate the negative...
For a positive return!

Subtract the stresses.
Address the messes.
Add a touch of happiness,
To produce that smile you've earned!

Too many people straining...
To bank on reminiscing pain,
Groaning its existence...
And allowing its persistence.

Too many pinching to regain,
A consciousness sitting...
To stay in times unfitting.

Many wish wanting the same to remain.
And the loud cries heard for change...
Will not stop folks from lamenting,

A past they can't see ending!

Minus sadness.
Reduce your madness.
Eliminate the negative...
For a positive return!

Subtract the stresses.
Address the messes.
Add a touch of happiness,
To produce that smile you've earned!

Or together will we burn...
Without learning we can turn this,
All around!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

We Come To Do What's Done

When we come to do what's done,
We leave.
Some do deeds and some don't.
Some live life and some wont.
Some expect to be served.
And some have the nerve to expect it.
While others experience life to adventure.
To explore that which is ignored.
In the hopes that the doing of this,
What is done they do to leave...
Is noticed and eventually accepted as a gift,
By those also finding life to live as precious.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

We Connect To The Abundance

These gifts we've been blessed with,
Are not ours to keep.
To receive in selfish hoarding.
We must deliver them,
To share.

They must be released,
In a thankfulness to give.
And in the doing...
We connect to the abundance,
Of the nothingness that enriches!
Evolving within the Universe that is.
And we then become part,
Of this Oneness!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

We Continue To Protest

We continue to protest against,
A doing to not accept...
Consciously done to ourselves.

And we continue to elect,
Those making promises to improve...
Steps we have taken,
To undo neccessary changes needed made.
With the recycling of the same fears.
Some are afraid their comfort zones,
Will from them disappear.

We continue to protest against,
A doing to not accept...
Consciously done to ourselves.

We request and demand,
With perceived beliefs to misunderstand...
Different leaders to pick to represent our interest,
Can only deliver what we to them present.
To then resent, we do too often,
A listening to a list of familiar repeated promises.

Our quality of life slips further into darkness.
Even under candlelight,
Many run from the sight...
Of their own unidentified shadows that follow.
Knowing ourselves,
Would be our greatest achievement.

And yet...
We are made collectively to not admit,
What reflects is a doing...
Of our own lack of commitment.
Or a kept refusing to acknowledge this.
While investing in denial,
In the hope it remains maintained.

We continue to protest.

But what is needed more,
Is knowing when to put our mouths at rest.
With a using our ears to hear and comprehend,
Who initiated our difficulties.
And why...if this is believed...
Our attention given is more on placing blame.
Than it is on stopping the playing of this game.
With a making of steps to cement them that way.
To then make claims progress is made to stay.

But we, as a people, continue to protest,
Someone else prevents...
Us from being convinced.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

We Cry And Sigh Our Denial Laced Alibis

Babysitting someone's emotions,
Is just too exhausting of a process.
And should never be a commitment made.
Decide when this is recognized,
Not to engage in the notion of it.
Or let it become attached as a daily habit.

The levels of maturity are on a downslide.
Provided by the convenience,
Of walking away from responsibility.
With a fear of taking the reigns,
And being held accountable for anything.
Thus changing a familiarity of some key scenes...
To dramatically evolving and arranged dependencies.

We cry and sigh our denial laced alibis,
And want to dropp this on someone's shoulder...
Quick!
To test a loyalty of friendship.
Or demand from a mate to share in with the waste.
Leaving those subjected to these relationships,
Usually in need to strategically seek an exit.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

We Dance Under A 'Light' Fantastic

We dance under a 'light' fantastic.
It beams with a glow that shines!
Our hearts are uplifted...
Above struggles that have shifted,
And lost their grasp.
Retreating and fast!
In joy we dance...
With this 'light' fantastic.
Freed from all disagreement at last!
The hour of despair we held has passed!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

We Did It To It

Whatever the intention of this World had been,
God made it.
For our benefit.
And whatever the intention of this World had been,
We added conflict and confusion to it.
With a consciousness denied,
To not admit.

Whatever the intention of this World had been,
God made it.
For our benefit.
And whatever the intention of this World had been,
We turned it,
Into a home for misfits.

Lieing on another whether sister or brother.
To do this to ourselves with a consciousness,
Does not benefit.
And deceiving to defeat somebody just to do it,
Does not benefit.
Rising crime and violence with corruption done,
Does not benefit.
Anyone.
When somebody stumbles to fall on their back,
Many will laugh with words to attack.

Whatever the intention of this World had been,
God made it.
For our benefit.
And whatever the intention of this World had been,
We added conflict and confusion to begin.

Whatever the 'World' is today we did it to it.
We did it to it.
Violence and feeding on crimes of all kinds.

Whatever the 'World' is today we did it to it.
We did it to it.
Bigotry and hatred everywhere to exist.

We did it to it.
We did it to it.

Whatever the 'World' is today we did it to it.
We did it to it.
Disrespect and more to get.
We did it to it.
We did it to it.
With less respect and less to get.
We did it to it.
We did it to it.

Whatever the intention of this World had been,
God made it.
For our benefit.
And whatever the intention of this World had been,
We added conflict and confusion to begin.
To not admit.
God made it.
For our benefit.
Whatever the 'World' is today we did it to it.
We did it to it.
We did it to it.
Not to admit.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

We Don'T Know Who They Are

We don't know who they are.

'Why?
Has anyone bothered to ask them?
Have you approached them to inquire?
Since you seem to be the one to express,
A curiosity and interest.'

No.

'Well...
Do they know what they do,
Attracts to get so much attention from you? '

I doubt it.
They act as if we are not here to be noticed.

'Don't be offended by my comments,
But...
Perhaps you and the others,
Are in dire need to find a life to live.'

Do you think they would notice us then?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

We Each Have Gifts To Us Given

We each have gifts to us given.
God condones alone,
And blesses us with.
They can be shared,
But not transferred...
As if to bargain.
For something else preferred.

Some choose to dismiss those gifts,
For a seeking to find,
Something of value to define.
But everyone is blessed,
With a treasure chest.
And uncovering that to discover,
Is in one's frame of mind.

To eventually appreciate!
And for many this might take time.
With an unwinding that takes patience.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

We Each Perceive From A Different Point Of View

We walk on paths that have separate purposes
You say I have written too many poems,
And the reading of them,
Prevents you to keep up.

My rebuttal to that is this...
I keep no thoughts or opinions,
Set aside for anyone to keep a pace.
Or decide to wait in a hesitation they may take.

I would like for you to read what it is I produce.
But do you have the patience to delay your dreams...
To approve each one accomplished that gets done.
Then without an energy you provide yourself...
You must maintain a motivation,
No one comes to give with such devoted dedication.

You say I have written too many poems,
And the reading of them,
Prevents you to keep up.
Well...
I must say I am flattered.
However,
I do believe...
We walk on paths that have separate purposes.
With a calling to different missions.
And we each perceive from a different point of view.

Perhaps that's why the topics of my writings,
Keeps you reviewing them...
More than leaving is a wish for you to do!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

We Get Back What We Invest

There is a deficit of 'ifs'.
Promises and failed commitments.
Allowed to excuse yet fades,
Truth.
Integrities.
And remaining to decay...
Beliefs betrayed.

Honesty given to receive,
Has gone.
To replace it with impressions to make.
Like songs once sung,
With lyrics to understand...
No one is listening to comprehend.
Regardless of the message,
Rhythmically enhanced to dance...
In performances that are down low and funky.
Done to do from Sunrise to Sunset.

Saying what it is to be felt and meant,
Often isn't what it is but said to convince...
Just to do for the purpose,
To leave believed content deceived.
And we get back what we invest.
With a manifesting of that kept interest.

There is a deficit of 'ifs'.
Promises and failed commitments.
And we get back what we invest.
Yes.
With a manifesting of that kept interest.
Although some have expectations,
That are left to be raised these days.
But...
Why should anyone be upset to then protest,
A representation that best reflects...
Their kept interests.
Matched with a reality they have kept deceived.

Honesty given to receive,
Has gone.
To replace it with impressions to make.
Done to do from Sunrise to Sunset.
To wish for something else to get.
Yet...
There is a deficit of 'ifs'.
Promises and failed commitments.
Allowed to excuse yet fades,
Truth.
Integrities.
And remaining to decay...
Beliefs betrayed.

It is from Sunrise to Sunset,
We get back what we invest.
Yes.
We get back what we invest.
From Sunrise until that Sun sets.

And on and on it goes,
To show...
Nonstop,
An adapting adopted that is preferred,
That truth remains to stay deluded.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

We Have And Could Have Given

By the time racist ways have been erased,
And those who held onto them...
Either have changed,
Or death came to them to have them replaced.
We will find ourselves wondering...
Why did we
For centuries
Let skin color
Be the basis of all hate!
When there is so much love
We have and could have given...
Instead of needless separateness,
That kept us from togetherness.
That day we did come to regret,
And express such deep unhappiness!
By the time racist ways have been erased.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

We Have Been Challenged

You've been sitting there for over an hour,
What's the problem?

'We have been challenged,
By our language arts instructor...
To uncover one area that exists today,
That displays untainted morality.
And write a full length essay on it.'

And I remember the days,
When I thought trigonometry was difficult.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

We Have Condoned It All

A revamping of stench is hard to diminish.
Urbanite blight and over populated prisons...
Has been a scab on wounds too long ignored.
And reflecting a mindset...
That separates those rich from the poor!

To allow a degradation for the creation of jobs.
Results in economic devastation.
With teachings of depletion.
And praises given to decadence.
Enhancing the presence of crime...
And underground mobs that gain acclaim,
With a focused steadfast attention.

Hypocrites insists these hypocrisies don't exist.
But everyday arrests are made...
From most institutions where traditions have been laid.

Respected leaders and preachers,
And others who say they have faith and pray.
Are seen on TV in handcuffs...
Being led away.

While the youth of today only know greed to feed.
Comparing a good education with high wages.
And common sense to fools,
Who choose to address integrity!

And 'we' have condoned it all!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

We Have Decided You To Be Overqualified

Ive read sheer nonsense,
Many declare as being great.

And I am also aware of incompetence,
Some never self evaluate.

Since they are hired,
To keep those more aware...
Less involved in their affairs.

'I'm sorry.
We have decided you to be overqualified.
And we seek someone with a 'specific' background,
To fulfill a need we seek to keep around.

We are sure with your multiple skills,
Something more ideal will come along for you.
And one day will be found...
If kept pursued.

But today right now,
There is nothing here in view.
Good luck to you! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

We Have No Similar Interests

You have spent your time attacking my beliefs.
But it is your beliefs that now attack you.

Not once did I ever say,
You should do things my way.
However...
Your way,
Done...
Lead to your undoing.

You have spent your time attacking my beliefs.
But it is your beliefs that now attack you.

You had fast backing from a society.
Many professed as normal.
The one that sets standards...
With values to achieve.

You also had 'close' friends,
You spent time with.
I lived in my own 'world'.
And your laughter persisted.
Until it recently has drifted,
Away.

You have spent your time attacking my beliefs.
But it is your beliefs that attack now you.

Not once did I ever say,
You should do things my way.
However...
Your way,
Done...
Lead to your undoing.

Why am I now,
Getting your unanswered calls?
We have no similar interests.
None that bestows a wish,

To speak to you.
And all that I have gone through...
I just let my telephone ring.
Often to go unnoticed.
Any hellos I wish to here...
Are personal and exchanged,
When I am near...
From ear to ear.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

We Have To Come Up With Something Quick

Get Godzilla on the phone!

'We're trying to negotiate.
But even he says he will not take the blame,
For that kind of destruction we wish.
Not for the fees we promise.'

We have to come up with something quick.
This whole terrorists thing is beginning to bore!
Especially when tourists are flaunting their Euro spending,
In New York City!
Our deception plans are unraveling before our eyes.
Who else is on that list that captivates imaginations and fear?

'Bin Laden?
We know more about him and can not find him at all.
And Barack Obama was born right here...
Under a microscope.
And people are becoming scared to death of his truth!
And some minister who tells it like it is! '

Gee...
We don't need anything that frightening!
Get Godzilla back on the phone!
Tell him we will make his next appearance 'spectacular'

'Sir...
He is requesting Steven Spielberg to direct! '

Steven is out of the picture.
He has been selected to do the campaign ads for Obama!
Oh...
What are we going to do?

'Perhaps we can get Janet to expose her breasts?
That brought the entire nation to its knees! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

We Just Ask For Your Support

The economy is strong!
However...
We are in need of a least two trillion dollars,
To avoid any delusions we might encounter...
In the event the future may disagree,
With our current assessment.

And we will be glad to provide any documentation,
To support our findings.
Or lack there of!
We just ask for your support,
In the event we should run out of money...
Prior to the selling of the usual accustomed BS!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

We Just Know Love

You do not know my fantasy is you!
Unbroken in my repeated dreams.
Invited as I lay to sleep.

If you knew your lips were kissed,
And clutched against me pillowed.
Reminisced as we held close!
You would know.

If you knew...
You would be here embraced with me.

I am here!
Oh,
You do not know how I am here...
To receive as an allowing will believe.
And I wish to see...
To become a vital part of this existence.

You do not know my fantasy is you!
Unbroken in my repeated dreams.
Invited as I lay to sleep.

If you knew,
No love would be feared.
If you knew.

If you knew,
Love would be near to us trusted.
To show,
We just know love.

If you knew,
This love would be clear.
If you knew.
Like I do.
Me and you would be near.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

We Keep It Secret

Nobody sees us,
So in love...
But,
On the streets the people say,
We do not speak at all.

Nobody sees us,
Privately...
But,
We know what's there.
And we will care.
We know what's there for us.

Nobody sees us,
So in love...
But,
It is said that you and I...
Do not talk or call.

We keep it secret that we,
Love so deeply.
Together we will always be,
Regardless of what others see.

We keep it secret that we,
Love so much.
No one expects,
That our success...
Is kept between ourselves.

We keep it secret that we,
Love so deeply.
Together we will always be,
Regardless of what others see.

Nobody sees us,
So in love...
But,
On the streets the people say,

We do not speak at all.

Nobody sees us,
Privately...
But,
We know what's there.
And we will care.
We know what's there for us.

We keep it secret that we,
Love so deeply.
Together we will always be,
Regardless of what others see.

So...
We keep it secret that we,
Love so much.
No one expects,
That our success...
Is kept between ourselves.

Oh yes we,
Keep it secret that we...
Love so deeply.
Together we will always be,
Regardless of what others see.

Oh yes we,
Keep it secret that we...
Love so deeply.
Together we will always be,
Regardless of what others see...
Or,
Believe!

We keep it secret,
You and me.
Those private needs we meet!

We keep it secret,
You and me.
Those private needs we meet!

We keep it secret,
You and me.
Those private needs we meet!

We keep it secret!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

We Know What We Do Sometimes Seems Foolish

We have assignments,
Some with reason and rhyme...
But,
Like none other...
Ours at times are undercover.

We have a purpose to fulfill all our needs.
With a wish to please...
But that's hard to say to people.

We know what we do sometimes seems foolish.
And we know...
Most times we may comprehend.

We know what we do sometimes seems foolish.
And we know...
Starting over from an end,
Can not always begin again.

We have assignments,
Some with reason and rhyme...
But,
Like none other...
Ours at times are undercover.

And...
We know what we do sometimes seems foolish.
And...
We know starting over can't begin from an end.
And...
What we do may look so easy.
But...
We do what we must,
To put others at ease.

And...
We know what we do sometimes seems foolish.
And...
We know starting over can't begin from an end.

And...
What we do may look so easy.
But...
We do what we must,
To put others at ease.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

We Laugh At Their Independence

We only do what we believe is expected from others.
Many do.
And the few who choose to carve their own paths,
Most laugh at their independence...
With a mocking of them too!
Some do.
Until they prove there are those amongst us,
Who are truer fools as if addicted to the showing of it.
And those who have done this,
Seldom seem to have learned a thing.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

We Laughed

The only ones who come to taste,
True failure and its flavor...
Are those who savor their attempts made,
To prevent someone accustomed to opposition.
And this not to have been known,
By those observing it to believe.
Or could perceive the possibilities.

Dues to pay with a crawling on knees,
Is not a purpose to serve to keep repeating...
By the one who knows personally,
The healing from pain and grief to leave.

Dues to pay with a crawling on knees,
Takes the strength of someone...
Seeking much more than empathy.
Or an understanding to come that doesn't.

The one who mends,
With a standing up to walk tall again...
Succeeds successfully to leave eventually,
Those left behind comprehending defeat.

'I thought you all had a strategy?
A strategy to prevent him from succeeding?
What's up? What happened? '

~Weee do. Uh...
We did. Uh...
But, no one knew the strategy we used,
Had been 'his' to help us fail.~

'How so? That makes no sense.
How did he do this?
And please no more of your intellectual excuses.
Get to the point. Be basic with your explanation

~Well,
He told us exactly...

How he was going to succeed.
With steps he would take to do publicly.~

'And? '

~We laughed.
We couldn't stop laughing.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

We Learned How To Fly

On cinder blocks it sat our nest.
A cozy three room flat of bricks.
My sister and I would laugh and cry,
As our parents did their best...
Resisting the ease to quit!

With values maintained,
We took flight without regret.
We learned how to fly...
Sustained by dignity and respect.

And today we take those visions taught...
Instilled by Mom and Dad.
Others who felt we were locked within delusions,
Are reaping a sadness...
They assumed we once had!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

We Leave With One Agreement

My heart does not accept tryouts.
Or auditions for its affections.
Nor will those who come for a glimpse...
To apply inspections,
Receive or gain entry.
Its sincerety will not become defected.
Or compromised.
Not by the whims of those believing,
It is not genuine!
It is.
And protected it stays.
Those days of giving in to give up to break,
Are gone.
All mending has succeeded.
And it will not again bleed,
Unnecessarily!
Or walk around blinded to become victimized.
Eyes are open now and connected to the mind.
Anytime my heart chooses to go into conference...
We meet and decide whose interests,
Will not be set aside.
Or go into a darkened corner to hide.
And we leave with one agreement...
My happiness is a treasure that will not be sampled!
No matter who wishes to trick it,
And leave it with no one to confide.
That has been done and tried...
Lifted and removed from those disguises.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

We Live An On Going ... Craze!

It's an on going
Craze
Aready lauded
Many applaud it.

We're in an on going
Crazy-e 'daze'
Already lauded,
Some wish to audit
Many applaud it
Now all have bought it
With no obeying of the laws.
We live an on going
Craze!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

We Live From Birth To Grow To Pass On

Why does aging become a mystery,
And has become despised...
By the ones expected to do it?

We live from birth to grow to pass on. Period.
Some try to rush through this process,
With beliefs they should receive...
Their wants to feed needs as quickly as possible.

And others have this insatiable desire,
To appear as if they are 'twenty' for the rest of their lives.
Facelifts, implants and enhancements periodically done,
Has become big business.

Even Mother Nature has 'Her' hands on hips wondering,
'What is it that I do those folks on Earth do not get?
I'm the one that does the effective make-overs.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

We Live In A Democracy

I agree with you.
Sometimes I do.
That is true.
When I do.

You may have opinions to express.
But not one of them is asked for here.
Not one do you need to address.

In my home I dictate.
And the space inside, I rent.
Even if it was mortgaged...
Every cent paid on bill in my name,
I'm the one who gives consent.

If I should solicit,
That will be done in am manner as I wish.
And when I get annoyed by disrespect...
Those who do it,
Are dismissed.

There is no need for you to yell,
'We live in a democracy! '

In my home I dictate.
And the space inside, I rent.
Even if it was mortgaged...
Every cent paid on bill in my name,
I'm the one who gives consent.

If I should solicit,
That will be done in am manner as I wish.
And when I get annoyed by disrespect...
Those who do it,
Are dismissed.

There is no need for you to yell,
'We live in a democracy! '
Or do I need to repeat what I've said...

Since you obviously are not listening to me.

You see that door?
Get up and through it exit.

You are no longer welcomed in my home.
For an excuse to play fool.
Or puff up your chest to threatened.
Since ignorance in here is all you've invested.

See that door?
Save some remnants of our friendship!
Get up...
Go through it quick to exit!
We will talk at some point,
When it's agreed we can disagree.
But right now our eyes do not meet.

I agree with you.
Sometimes I do.
That is true.
When I do.
But for now...
Get the hell out of my house.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

We Must Be Liberal

I remember when I called you a honky.
And you called me a black ugly monkey.
Now both of us ride on a donkey.
'Haw hee haw.'

The brainiacs are on the attack.
Trying to cover their dirty tracks.
Those conservative try to debate...
How an elephant's gait can keep up the pace.

'Haw hee haw.'

I remember when I called you a honky.
And you called me a black ugly monkey.
Now both of us ride on a donkey.
'Haw hee haw.'

I remember when I called you a honky.
And you called me a black ugly monkey.
Now both of us ride on a donkey.
'Haw hee haw.'

Are we liberal?
'Haw hee haw haw...whoa!
I don't know that.
But an elephant's trying to crush my back! '

Are we liberal?
'Haw hee haw haw...whoa!
I don't know that.
But an elephant's trying to crush my back! '

The brainiacs are on the attack.
Trying to cover their dirty tracks.
Those conservative try to debate...
How an elephant's gait can keep up the pace.

'Haw hee haw haw...whoa!

Are we liberal?
'Haw hee haw haw...whoa!
I don't know that.
But an elephant's trying to crush my back! '

Are we liberal?
'Haw hee haw haw...whoa! '
Are we liberal?
'Haw hee haw haw...whoa! '
Are we liberal?
'Haw hee haw haw...whoa! '
I don't know that.
But an elephant's trying to crush my back! '
I don't know that.
But an elephant's trying to crush my back! '
I don't know that.
But an elephant's trying to crush my back! '

I remember when I called you a honky.
And you called me a black ugly monkey.
Now both of us ride on a donkey.
'Haw hee haw.
We must be liberal.'

'Haw hee haw.
We must be liberal.'

'Haw hee haw.
We must be liberal.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

We Must Continue To Define Our Enemies

We must continue to define our enemies,
With a finding who they are.
To them wipe them off the face of the Earth.

'And who would they 'now' be?
As you find them to define? '

Relatives and/or friends,
Who can not accept...
The spreading of mental illness and our insanity.

'But don't you believe your ideals are sick? '

That depends on who and how,
They are interpreted.
And if the evidence is there.
To make us aware of it.

'Trust me!
The evidence is and has been overwhelming.
Have you all considered changing your diets?
To include more fruits and vegetables...
With a doing of less nuts.'

We are strickly rare meat eaters.

'You don't have to prove that to me.
The affects of this has been witnessed.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

We Must Forgive

Let the good times come to you.
No matter what you're going through!
Let your sadness drift away.
Open up for your good to stay.
Share your feelings with other people too!
You never know what they'll bring to you!
Everyone has a gift to give.
Give a chance to be positive...
And the world smiles bright on you!

Let the good times come to you.
No matter what you're going through!
Let your sadness drift away.
Open up for the good to stay!
Share your feelings with the people too!
You never know what they'll bring to you...
And the world smiles bright on you!

Everyone has a gift to give!
Give a chance to be positive.
You never know what this brings to you.
Open up for the good to stay!
Begin today to live life this way!
And the world smiles bright on you!

Open up...
Your joy is due!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

We Must Help All Stand Tall

Time...
Has finally come,
To end the fun of destruction...
That we have done.

Time...
Has finally come,
To put aside all differences...
That have many stunned.

We must help all stand tall.
With getting rid of walls.
And throwing bricks to hit,
Those already sick of it.
We must help all stand tall.
With getting rid of walls.
And throwing bricks to hit,
Those already picked to bits.

Time...
Is just too precious,
For conflicts to go on.
Until all time from us is gone.

We must help all stand tall.
With getting rid of walls.
And throwing bricks to hit,
Those already too sick of it.

Time...
Has finally come,
To end the fun of destruction...
That we have done.
The time...
Is just too precious.
Time...
Is just too precious.
To waste it would be dumb.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

We Must Learn We Can Detach From Our Burdens

Within these vessels kept that are our temples,
Sacred.
Although treated with neglect.
We should clear the debris each day with faith.
With prayer to be forgiven.
And a desire to be cleansed,
Of addicting temptations.
On a daily basis.
In respect of the life that has been given.

It isn't easy feeding on teased wishes.
To satisfy that which temporarily pleases.
Or to maintain our insights,
To be kept full with light.
Instilling our hearts with brightness...
Day and night!

But if a routine becomes part of our appetites,
Our journeys will benefit.
Decreasing that which is wrong.
With a clarity of that,
Which sheds more light on the right.
To heighten our minds with enlightenment.
With an acknowledgement that comes to comprehend this...
We do not sit alone in our anguish!
And,
We must learn we can detach from our burdens!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

We Need Cash And Not Your Lip

You may not have a clue,
Or be conscious of it.
You may accept it as a part of life,
Existing.
Spending as if there is not end to it.
Until a limit has been reached,
With a lesson to begin...
Taught to you as one to teach.

You believed you were equal.
Sharing 'perks' and benefits.
But when your pockets emptied...
Quick,
Your credit also split!

You believed you were equal.
Sharing 'perks' and benefits.
You believed you were equal.
But when your pockets emptied...
Quick,
Your credit also split!
You once felt equal.

You may not have a clue,
Or be conscious of it.
You may accept it as a part of life,
Existing.
Spending as if there is no end to it.
Until your limit has been reached,
With a lesson to begin...
Taught to you as one to teach.

And then you call your creditors...
Who say to you we need some cash,
And not a promise of it!
It's needed now.
And needed fast!

You believed you were equal.

Sharing 'perks' and benefits.
You believed you were equal.
But when your pockets emptied quick...
You called your creditors who say,
They need the cash and not your lip.

You believed you were equal.
Sharing 'perks' and benefits.
You believed you were equal.
But when your pockets emptied quick...
You called your creditors who say,
They need the cash and not your lip.

'Pay up!

We need cash and not your lip.

Pay up!

We need cash and not your lip.

Pay up! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

We Need Help

What do you suppose that means?

'What?
What does 'what' mean? '

Up in the sky.
That plane has just printed,
'WE NEED HELP'
In huge block letters.

'Today?
Who knows.
The hungry homeless and those poor,
Are 'always' on a mission to get attention.
Now they've hired a skywriter.
As if the increase of crime,
Mass shootings...
And those clearly deranged,
Have been given a license to destroy...
The standards we value right here on Earth.
Look...
There is that same family,
Pretending to be destitute.
Give them a dollar.
I gave them one yesterday.'

A dollar?
All I have are tens and twenties.
I smiled at them the other day.
They were satisfied with that.
At least they are not like the others.

'You mean like the ones crawling around,
On the streets everywhere? '

Yeah.
Those.
So dramatic.
When my ancestors arrived here,

Over a hundred years ago...
They did manage to maintain,
Some kind of dignity about themselves.
Comeon!
I still want to pick up a couple of suits,
Before the game starts.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

We Need Not Fight

We don't need to fight.
To make a wrong thing right.
We don't have to scream,
To demean.
For childish reasons.

Why are we so mean to each other?

And...
We don't need to debate,
Or escalate a hatred.
We should find what it takes,
To stop our hearts from aching.
Breaking into pieces.
Without a forgiveness released.

We need to pack more of that.
We need to chill and relax...
As a matter of fact!

We need not scratch like two cats.
Or run and hide like we are criminal rats.
We need to come face to face...
Without desires to attack.

Forgiveness needs to come back.
We need to pack more of that.
We need to chill and relax,
As a matter of fact.

We need not fight.
We need not fight.
We need not fight.

Forgiveness needs to come back.
We need not scratch like two cats.
Or run and hide like we are criminal rats.
We need to come face to face...
Without desires to attack.

We need not fight.
We need not fight.
We need not fight.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

We Need Some Demean Time

Give me,
Some demean time.
You need,
Some demean time.
We need,
Some demean time...
To get things off our minds.
And select those days to spew and whine.
Oh...
Give me,
Some demean time.
You need,
Some demean time.
We need,
Some demean time...
To get things off our minds.
And select those days to spew and whine.
At least twice a week sometimes.

Give me,
Some demean time.
You need,
Some demean time.
We need,
Some demean time...
To get things off our minds.
Oh...
Give me,
Some demean time.
You need,
Some demean time.
We need,
Some demean time...
To get things off our minds.
Oh...
Give me,
Some demean time.
You need,
Some demean time.

We need,
Some demean time...
To get things off our minds.
And select those days to spew and whine.
At least twice a week sometimes.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

We Need You...

We need You...
In our lives to undo,
What this is...
That's left us to welcome craze.
Yes we need You...
In our hearts and minds to redo,
A faith we allowed to leave.
To Replace with insanity.

We need You...
To make us stronger longer.
And we need You...
To help us end divisions.
Yes we need You...
More today than any other,
To remove from our minds delusions...
That has left us refusing truth.
And...
The presence of reality.
Most feel doesn't appeal.

We need You...
To open our eyes wide.
God we need to...
Validate You in our lives.
Everyday!

Yes God we to...
Strengthen our faith we fake.
And...
Eliminate the masquerade.
Too long charaded.

We need You...
More than ever before!
We need to,
Know we...
Should not You ignore.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

'We Owe You Four Weeks Of Bliss'

Finally,
From where we sit...
Light has begun to filter in,
From once darkened windows.

'It is good to hear such good news!
It is terrific to see the Sun upon the horizon again.
Isn't it? '

You have no idea.
Since we began mailing...
The 'We Owe You Four Weeks of Bliss' announcements,
In dazzling colored brochures.
A few days ago?
Thousands have not bothered to show up,
To block out the natural light at street level.
Allowing us to determine how best to satisfy their needs.
And finding the atmosphere,
A little easier to breathe these days.
Even though the printing of the brochures,
Has not been cost effective.

'It is good to hear such good news!
It is terrific to see the Sun upon the horizon again.
Isn't it? '

Yes.
Since adopting this new sytem,
Everyone seems to be more encouraged.
More stimulated and patient,
To know we are doing the best we can...
To revive their visions of a brighter tomorrow.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

We Promised There Would Be A Return

Why the somber and solem looks?
The dark suits?
And the meshed veils,
Covering the women's faces.

'We are celebrating the return to our values.'

This reminds me of a funeral procession!

'You have forgotten traditions once highly esteemed.
Soon we will return to them.
And it will be as if,
You had been awakened from a nightmarish scheme.'

I am sorry.
This is just too much darkness.

'You see! ?
How much discipline you have been missing?
We promised there would be a return.
And here we are.'

What you represent has an absence of fun!
In fact,
What you propose is quite scary.

'What is more important?
Image?
Or the implementation of rules and proper etiquette? '

Ugh.
Ugh!
MOMMY?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

We Remain In Cemented Disbelief

Mayan texts were burned.
Egyptian monuments,
Were tampered and disfigured.

The Chinese were first to map the seas.
And we remain in cemented disbelief,
With a recreated history...
For purposes to deceive.

And Africans?
Well...
Who does not know,
They were the original kings and queens.

While those who are native of these shores,
Were quickly erased...
To be replaced.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

We Shall Recover And We Must

It has become very easy for 'some' social misfits...
To blame their insecurities,
And atrocious misdeeds...
On the lack of attention given to them,
By their ancestors, parents...
And equally crazed friends.

And they wont have to look far,
To find those defending them.
With high profiled psychologists...
Seeking from a weeping nation,
To uncover deep sympathy...
Commited by these beasts,
For their anti-social sins.

' We must explore from the depths of our beliefs,
A forgiveness for these vicious attacks.
We shall all recover,
And we must...
From the pain that has been caused to us,
By such heinous acts.
And we should not blame our way of life,
It is not 'us' but 'them'.
And remember that!

Afterall,
No one listening to this...
Should be,
Or should be made to feel...
Responsible.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

We Shouldn'T Mix Our Pain With Happiness

We shouldn't mix our pain with happiness
Afterall
Many would rather have their suffering done
Without smiles observed to appear on their face
There is nothing like the enriching feeling
Of being grim and distant
And reminded of it

Lawrence S. Pertillar

We Sit And Wish To Free Ourselves

We sit and wish to free ourselves,
From the ease to fall into the grips of lamenting.
Part of life is to be shakened up a bit emotionally.
And that is the only sense we can not transfer.
Our pains come to be felt and dealt with alone.
Or with a condoned medication to pick as we choose.

We sit and wish to free ourselves,
From addictions, conflicts and other bad habits.
And if we finally decide to take that road,
And abandon what keeps us held back...
There is something that attracts a lot of us,
To the abuse of it all to return for 'special' visits.

To leave most of us moaning under the condition,
That someone patient enough to listen...
Show us a hint or a clue,
We have 'not' become the reason...
Why many of us find eventually,
We have been left alone.

No one who has fought for their own happiness,
Wants to sit and hear that mess to digest.
To have their opinions or suggestions rejected.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

We Still Have A Few More Days

'We will seek them out,
In their hiding places.
We will reveal who they are!
And you will know their names.'

...and on the issues of Wall Street greed?

'We will seek them out,
In their hiding places.
We will reveal who they are!
And you will know their names.'

...political corruption?

'We will seek them out,
In their hiding places.
We will reveal who they are!
And you will know their names.'

~John? John?
Wake up, honey.
You're having a bad dream.~

'She ruined me! '

~Who, dear? ~

'That lipstick wearing Pitbull!
I saw her...
In my dream!
She and Hillary...
And 'that' one.
They were doing the Electric Slide!
She winked at me as I sat in my wheelchair!
Then they all started dancing the 'Hustle'.
And 'that' one's wife, Michelle...
She was at the mike shouting out the dance moves! '

~John...listen to me!

You've got to win.
I've got to get my beer franchise into D.C.
You promised me!
Now...
Go back to sleep.
We still have a few more days.
Call Trixie the Barmaid.
Maybe she will join Joe the Plummer,
Brian the Bricklayer and Morton the Pizza Man!
If we can get them to appear with you...
At the next rally,
We can wrapped this thing up.
All this publicity is making me nauseous!
I'll handle Sarah.
I took her shopping with me to Barney's 'one' time too many!
Oh...
Wear your Navy uniform.
That should get those undecided voters! ~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

We Still Have To Clean This Mess Up

It is okay.
Let them stay,
Unapproachable.
And out of touch.
We still have to clean this mess up.
And when did they ever participate in that?
Their mindlessness creates destruction,
To allow us to collect some bucks.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

We Still May Have A Chance

'John?
We have to do something quick.
Do you have an ailing grandmother anywhere? '

Cindy stop.
You are beginning to sound desperate.

'Call that Rice woman.
Tell her I'll buy her a new Armani outfit,
With a pair of Gucci boots.
And she can wear my pearls IF she agrees,
To show up at the rally and 'Dirty' dances
With Joe the Plummer.
AND...
There is a rumor among the staff,
That he and that lipstick wearing pitbull
Were seen with Hillary, Michelle and 'that one'
At the Crawford Ranch,
Handing out Halloween candy last night!
And 'guess' who was there? '

Who?

'Bin Laden! Can you believe it?
He and Laura were playing Backgammon.'

Cindy? Stop it!
We still may have a chance!
Arnold has promised he will be at the rally,
With 50 Cent, Lil Wayne and Kayne West.

'LIES!
We can not trust him.
Maria and Oprah share recipes.
Plus that Gayle King is much more than a pretty face.'

What does she have to do with anything?

'I tried to get you on Oprah!

And she told me to discuss it with Tyler Perry!
That he would probably do a good video for us.
WHO do these people think they are? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

We Teach Them Young

We teach them young,
What to dislike.
And...
To separate into divisons,
With preferences selected.

We teach them young,
How to hate and who to fight.
With weapons used to kill.
And incite with mindless deeds.
We...
Teach them this!

We teach them,
With a rehabilitation done...
To respect laws when broken.
With the best of pretentions kept.
We...
Teach them this!

We teach them young,
The art of deception.
Self righteousness and hypocriscy.
And then when they reflect these lessons taught...
We teach them denial to have others believe.

We teach them young with a doing done they do!
And yet we get upset with regrets to protest those tests,
They have passed.
With accusations directed at others to blame,
For implimenting those tasks we teach.

We...
Teach them young!
With a doing of this not to admit.
As we wish for escape from their commitments,
Made.

We...

Teach them young.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

'We The People'

We teach ignorance.
With a feeding it to feast upon.
We disrespect others to neglect them,
As human beings with emotions to feel.
To deceive, defame and character assassinate,
Amongst those who are entertained...
By a disgrace we can not eliminate 'or' erase.
To then perceive our children do not mimic us.
Or mock our actions in the same way.

We talk about each each.
Not to flatter but to backstab.
No matter who it is becomes victimized by that.
As long as out kept pretentions,
Remain deluded and held firmly intact.
And Bible 'thump' we do with a spewing of scriptures.
With a masquerading to charade,
The very best of our 'learned' Christian ways.

And yet...
'We The People,
Make excuses on a daily basis...
To accuse and blame someone else,
For those misdeeds we initiated...
With no intention to examine the damage.
Or accept that our doings done,
Can not be prayed away...
To delay reactions laid by our hypocrisies.
Or keep a truth censored to distance,
Because the hearing of it offends!
Although pretense to defend is welcomed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

We Thought You Were Here With Us

Where do you go?
We thought you were 'here'...
With us.

'I was.
But it was 'you' that made it about 'me'.
And not a 'we'.
That's why I must go.
Why I must leave.'

What an attitude to take.

'You are entitled to your opinions.
And with your opinions I do not agree.
You see...
For me to play on a team is significant.
But to point out my achievements,
To incite your jealousies...
Only defeats a collective effort.

And beating up myself,
Is not an assistance from you or anyone,
I need.
That is an experience,
I am trying not to feed.'

Where do you go?
We thought you were 'here'...
With us.

'I 'was' but...
No thank you.
I am not proficient,
In the seeking of my own stagnation.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

We Too...

We too...
Need time to be reminded,
That people...
All don't think the same.
And we too...
Choose to dislike or to like,
Whatever comes to satisfy...
Our appetites.

We too...
Live in isolation.
And we do...
That which we believe.
And we too...
Follow what is taught,
From lessons that are sought.
To keep us separated, bigoted.
And divided.

We too...
Ride high on horses saddled.
And we too...
Look down on those with less.
And we choose...
To think we are better,
Than the ones homeless, hungry...
And in distress.

We too...
Have been blessed with life to live.
And we too...
Have only One Creator.
Who didn't from us one to pick...
Which created 'creatures',
Were favored as His wish.

We too...
Need time to be reminded of this!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

We Tried To Warn Them

How could they allow their home,
To burn down like that?

'We don't have a clue.
We tried to warn them.
But were ignored.'

Ignored?
Why?

'They were looking through binoculars,
For anyone that looked suspicious.
And since they were accustomed,
To seeing people like us...
Depicted as hungry and homeless,
I guess they interpreted our yelling and waving...
As a new begging techique.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

We Wait Much Too Late

We wait much too late,
Tolerating a procrastination.
While we contemplate whether to take,
Action for those distractions...
We allow our children to create.
And with our encouragement we assist,
The initiating of it.
Then we wait much too late to associate,
Misdeeds and ignorance...
With consequences we must pay.

We wait much too late,
Sifting through devastation and debris to witness...
Eroding values lost on our trashed streets.
As we await for someone to decide,
If funding is needed to provide...
Lessons to teach our people,
How to use brooms to clean up and sweep.
We wait much too late,
For these debates.

We wait much too late,
For those expectations to come.
To correct those mistakes hidden from some,
We hope will save us of heartaches done.
While we hide and deny our own self-inflicted pain.
As we sit with wishes for more empathy to gain.
We wait much too late.
We do!
To make claims there is a unity being pursued.

We contemplate too long.
We do.
We accuse others for our wrongs.
We do.
We choose to procrastinate,
While abusing our children's fate.
We dislike anyone suggesting,
Our minds are in need of evaluations to update.

We point our fingers to lie and gossip,
As we entertain destroying another just for fun.
Everyday to do it done.
To impress we have not forgotten,
How best to oppress anyone before they are shunned.
We do.

And yet,
We wait much too late for fake tears to fall.
With belief sympathy given for the attention we get,
Will be a permanent cure-all...
As others come rushing to fix our illnesses.
Decades in the making,
We can neither face or admit them permitted to exist.
We do.

And we have waited much too late,
In annointed self righteousness confined to twisted minds.
Believing we are deserving to be served,
Dosages of endless apologies and forgiveness all the time...
By those we have shown we do not appreciate.
No matter who it is to do what we decide will be dismissed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

We Were Latchkey Kids

I can not remove those impressions made,
In my youth.
Nor can I replace misconceptions done,
Of how my growing up in the projects...
Was not for my sister and I lives filled with fun.
I for one had little if none.
We were latchkey kids!

Chores and responsibility came early for me.
And I made sure my sister Mim,
Didn't think what I did...
Was going to make her life a breeze.

If I had to wash dishes and sweep...
She was not going outside to play,
A game of hide and seek.
I was young and disciplined.
And she, at times, grew to despise me.
But we...
Were latchkey kids.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

We Were Married

We were married.
Let me correct that.
We both agreed to meet at the ceremony.
To be witnessed the doing of it.
And even though commitments were made,
Only one of us didn't do it...
Just for show and tell.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

We Will Begin To Put An End To Our Cravings

For decades we have been lied to.
And for a consciousness that is absent...
This disrespect gains our affection!
It has to be witnessed to be believed...
There is an acceptance of decadence,
Seen publicly on urban streets.

Selected diseased minds squeezing life from the poor.
Bigotry displayed like trees.
As trash is poured from our suburban doors!
We all are as guilty as the restrictive fences.
To mask the defenses planned...
Shielding the onslaught of offenses.

And keeping hidden manipulation tactics!
While most of us teach our children,
To cheat to obtain college degrees.
'We are better than 'them'...
Whoever they are,
Placed on the enemy list...
Whenever 'whomever' sees that fit! '
We are equipped with fortified delusion.

And at these prices...
Look for someone rich,
To hook up with as well.
Skip a few classes,
If in school to progress.
And concentrate on getting laid!

And when that has played out and gone...
Move on!
Learn to do that first.
But...
If you meet someone Black?
And they take out weed from their backpack...
Try to find a dope connection!
Then split if you have to.

'We' can do this!
And together...
With a unity like none ever known...
We will begin to put an end,
To our cravings that once again can thrive!
With munchies by our side.

'We' can do this!
We can keep that hope alive,
To 'earmark' and demand.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

We Will Find A Way Out

We've been in this room eight days now.
The food supply is low.
And there is very little water.
Perhaps we should listen to that young kid.
He does have a flashlight.
The others have been studing that map...
Discussing whether the hinges on the door,
Swing in or out.
They have few matches left to strike.
We will be in total darkness soon.
That kid keeps saying there's a light switch...
And a door next to it that is unlocked!
Why don't they listen to him?

'First of all...
He is black!
Second,
He has no experience!
How do we know he can be trusted?
You just mind your business.
We will find a way out.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

We Will Still Be Great

I thought you said to take as long as I needed.
Why do I have to pay you back 'now'?

'Because the people I owe,
Are getting less patient.'

Well...
What has that got to do with me?

'That money I loaned you,
Was given to me by them.'

Are these those same people you call names?
Those same 'third world' people you claim are ignorant.
Are they the same people who have supplied every need we have?

'So big deal!
You got the money or not? '

I thought this was 'your' money you were loaning me?

'Indirectly it is!
But what difference should that make to you?
As long as your needs are being met...
Who cares how that is done and who is used to do it!
Right?
We will still be great!
Say it!
That's all it takes.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

We Will Warn The Other Neighbors

We are going to be facing incredible threats soon.
I can 'feel' it.

'Threats?
From who?
What are you talking about.'

The new neighbors.
The ones who moved in across the street.
Here.
Take the binoculars and see for yourself.

'I see a family sitting at a table.
And in their dining room.
Praying together.
The husband just got up.
He's going to the kitchen.
And it looks as if he is bringing out,
A platter of fried chicken.
What is so suspicious about that? '

Comeon.
I know they are up to something.
A family together sitting around a table?
And eating quietly?
Using prayer as a decoy to disguise themselves.
Can't you see through that?
I can.

'Oh no.'

What.
What's going on?

'They are eating the chicken with their hands.'

I told you something was unusual about them.

'Maybe we should call the police.'

Give me the binoculars.
I want to see which ones are either right or left handed.

'Be sure the alarm system is on.
I'm too frightened to move.
I wish you hadn't mentioned anything about this.
Should I call 911? '

Not yet.
As long as they all stay sitting at the table,
We will be okay.
Tomorrow we will warn the other neighbors.
At least they will know we are being pro-active.
But just in case...
Let's be sure all of our weapons are loaded.
And ready to use.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

We Wish In Haste To Eliminate And Correct

Many have experienced having a pimple or two.
That seems to flaw an appearance unnnecessarily.
No matter what one chooses to do.
To be told to leave it initially alone.
Condoning what it is to heal on its own.

But an imperfection we detect,
We wish in haste to eliminate and correct.
Squeezing what appears with a minor pain,
That becomes clear in a retrospective...
That comes to many with facts that are gained.

To rid ourselves of whatever it is,
With a satisfaction heard that 'pops'.
Leaving a blemish or a mark that shocks.
And the impatiert one wishing...
To have left alone what should not have started.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

We Would Have Never Been In This Predicament

What do we do 'now'?

'We' who? '

You and me?

'Oh...
So NOW we are a WE?
I think you made it clear,
You were in the majority.
And I followed your lead.

But guess what?
I have never paid you any attention.
And all that stuff you said about me...
To have my wants and dreams,
As the lesser of 'your' necessities?
Is this a joke you wish to provoke?
At my expense and empathy?

There is no 'We'.
THIS has always been about you.
And YOUR activities has made that proven.
With your ethnic insinuations.
And your mandated philosophies!

THIS...
Is about YOU.
If it was a 'We'...
WE would have never been in this predicament,
As an 'US'!
Not you and I...
As 'in' an US!
You must want me to cuss?
These comments spoken to you,
You can count on and trust! ?

US?
WE?

YOU and ME?
Please!
You've had me too long on my knees! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Weak And Much Flawed

Not only was the game played,
By your rules.
Those that played,
Stifled their own created visions...
To do what you wished,
Exactly your way.

And now you say,
What has been done...
Were mistakes you laid,
And should have been interpreted...
From thoughts you did not reveal.
Because what has been obtained,
Has for you no appeal.

However...
Not only was the game played,
By your rules.
Those that played,
Stifled their own created visions...
To do what you wished,
Exactly your way.

And now you say,
What has been done...
Were mistakes you laid,
And should have been interpreted...
From thoughts you did not reveal.

Is this because you are feeling used?
And you had desires to abuse?
Don't confuse the issue.
Sit back to use the tissues left.
Or take your tears...
To others more willing to open their ears.
And have no idea,
Your deceits are weak and much flawed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Weak In The Brief Days Of February

Monday is not the Tuesday it once was!
When it was then January.
But then...
Neither were your shoes always the same size!
Will they remain unchanged,
As we close in on March to scratch the itching
Between our toes?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Weakened By Created Nonsense

Today our lives are here to witness,
The staging of events.
Every increment of man made time,
Is to ensure fear is celebrated...
With our minds condensed in it.

Disturbance with the turbulence,
Is meant to not make sense.
Since all of us are thought to be unconscious,
To leave us weakened...
By the created nonsense.

Naturally we are born to love.
Not build fences of hatred,
Or feel a need to wear boxing gloves.
But to control is to condition.
With the selling of beliefs...
There is a need to increase suspicions.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Weakened In Discipline

You must go inside now,
Children.
The hour of play has come to an end.
A fresh awareness of life begins.
And the children you are now...
You will never see again.
And that is our reality.

I know that for a fact!
That has happened to me.
You must go inside now,
Children.
No more play.
Your growing up,
Has just begun.
You've been 'done in'
And it's time for that to be 'undood'
With other surprises...
To treat those weakened in discipline!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Wealth Of Self

Observation is the key,
To remedy upsetting emotions.
Bother not to wait for comfort,
When forthcoming is regret!
Do not sit in bitterness that teases...
What comes to please,
Will be a release!
And freedom from a burden...
Held as if befriended,
Dissipates from a patience one has kept.
To reveal in discovery a wealth of self,
With a peace of mind one has finally met...
To undo these tests we let others inject!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Wean And Break

In places,
Where most minds of people are stuck.
As if certain parts of their bodies,
Have been encased in braces.
With an aging done,
But no growing up is faced by anyone.
So much of what an adult does,
That goes sight unseen...
Is missed by the children.

And that which the children aren't made aware,
Reflects the despair.
In an uncaring, despair sharing environment.

And dependency becomes to be,
A difficult habit...
To wean and break away,
One's taste of it.
Ask any addict who has tried to resist.

In places,
Where most minds of people are stuck.
As if certain parts of their bodies,
Have been encased in braces.
With an aging done,
But no growing up is faced by anyone.
Dependency becomes to be,
A difficult habit...
To wean and break away,
One's taste of it.
Ask any addict who has tried to resist.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Weapons Test

How much do you love me?
I'm going to leave if that is not confessed.

Why haven't you returned my calls?
Is there someone else,
You have taken more of an interest?
And that of yet has been addressed.

Why don't you want to be with me?
Why now do you want to be alone?

I'm doing my best to respect your requests.
But it seems my love is not enough.
And it appears the happiness I can give to you,
Does not measure up to your expectations.
Or equals that of your own.

I'm warning you...
Without me in your life,
You'll never know peace of mind at home.

'What is this,
Your weapons test?
To weaken me with your insecurities.
Until much love for you I confess?
The only thing you've done for me,
Is to wish you the very best.
I'm glad I decided not to have a lasting relationship.
Since I realize with you,
That decision I know I'd eventually regret.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Weapons Used

The tongue!
And/or...
The lack of knowledge known,
And expressed...
By anyone who condones this,
As a blessing embraced and kissed!
And/or...
Absence of experience.
And/or...
No exposure to true life incidents.
And/or...
Impatience to comprehend anything
Unattached that does not attract,
Temptation trimmed in sin!
And/or...
A total obsession with fantasy and lust!
And/or...
A diminishing of ideals once valued with trust!

These are the weapons used,
Against us!
To undermine and crush!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Wearing Necklaces Made From Rhinestones

Many times over the years,
After I have submitted my depictions...
In poetic description to be critiqued,
A few with their feathers plucked...
Would ask with their thumbs sucked,
From where do I get my 'sing-song' delusions.

And these comments always seem to come from those,
Swinging back and forth with their eyes and minds closed...
Inside the comfort of their gilded cages.
Where they feel free,
To flutter with a flittering around gleefully...
While wearing necklaces made from rhinestones.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Wearing Several Different Hats

First there had been an attempt,
To disclaim my talents.
Hoping this would satisfy their insecurities.

When that was not successful,
A campaign to plagiarize my gifts...
As if I would not notice it,
Was a huge major step they believed...
Would increase their self worth and confidence.

Now they want to change their identity,
After all the damage they have caused!
But not to me!
I am comfortable wearing several different hats.
And have learned from my youth how to do that well.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Wearing Top Hats And Telling Long Tales

Lives lived based upon lies,
And who buys them to defend...
Leads to lives lived confused.
And believers deceived,
Eventually turning on themselves.
Making their appearances,
In those 'high' places when they do this...
Publicly.

With an astonishment unbelieved,
To those who witness this...
As if seeing rabbits being pulled,
From gift wrapped boxes,
Wearing top hats and telling long tales.

While a listening to puppets reading lines,
To convince anyone paying attention...
Better times are coming.
As soon as they can get better writers,
To compose an updating of times that do not exist.

'What is this going on? '

I have no idea.
I thought is was going to be a debating of issues.
This...
Is clearly some sick stuff.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

We'D Like To Make This Perfectly Clear

With all due respect.
And with our expressed sympathies,
Extended.

Our policies have been slandered.
And,
Misunderstood amongst those with beliefs,
Our concerns and actions depict a lack of consciousness.

Those indigenous folks,
Suffering tremendous loss from misinterpretations of progress,
That are 'claimed' to have had an adverse affect on them,
In the Amazon...
Is a media event to heighten low ratings.

And,
Furthermore...
With emphasis on empathy.
We'd like to make this perfectly clear,
A perception of our greed and thoughtlessness...
Has been more than exaggerated.

'Even though recent videotapings of human remains,
Floating in the waters with ruined vegetation...
Has captured a gross disrespect for the region.
And is directly associated with the activities of your company? '

With all due respect.
And with our expressed sympathies,
Extended.

Our policies have been slandered.
And,
Misunderstood amongst those with beliefs,
Our concerns and actions depict a lack of consciousness.

Those indigenous folks,
Suffering tremendous loss from misinterpretations of progress,
That are 'claimed' to have had an adverse affect on them,

In the Amazon...
Is a media event to heighten low ratings.

'Then who is to blame,
For this miscalculation of both justice...
And the spirit of wellbeing enforced,
By the Council of World Environment Protection?
Where IS that concern for our fellow human beings? '

With all due respect.
And with our expressed sympathies,
Extended.

Our policies have been slandered.
And,
Misunderstood amongst those with beliefs,
Our concerns and actions depict a lack of consciousness.
Let this be understood,
We are thoroughly and without question...
Extremely conscious of our misdeeds.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Weeding

When weeding is done...
It's best to get every last one.
Because if you don't,
It will be like your weeding
Hasn't begun!
And that is no fun...
Especially,
When the 'heat' rises
And there is no Sun!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Weeding Through Those To Rid

There will always be issues,
Among those insecure enough to have them.
Always there will be,
Those who put themselves in positions...
To monitor beliefs.
With a weeding through those to rid,
While some considered valued for sweetness...
Promoted as the favorite ones to keep.

And there will be people,
To misunderstand themselves to be...
More than human beings.
With an intervention done into the lives of others,
Without a feeling of empathy.
Or a sign of any emotion shown,
Because they've been annointed to remove...
All aspects of one's dignity with a choosing as they please.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Weeds Of Warning

Freeze all requests for a correctedness.
Those days to do it effectively are gone.
And those who chose to stay away...
Slept unconcerned and remained that way.

What has been harvested has been regret.
And those weeds of warning,
Have killed any blooming expected.
As well as the numbing of consciousness,
To overcomed the doing done that has been accepted.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Weighted Coattails

I don't consider pity,
When somebody tries to slide up...
On my ride.
To fly their own kite.

No I don't think it is witty,
When somebody tries to whittle...
On my ride,
To ease on by!

I may not never ever give up when I cuss
I may show more than just disgust,
With language that gets rough!
No...
I may not never ever give up when I cuss
I may show more than just disgust,
With language that gets rough!

I don't consider pity,
When somebody tries to slide up...
On my ride.
To fly their own kite.

No I don't think it is witty,
When somebody tries to whittle...
On my ride,
To ease on by!

Oh no!
No no no no no no no...
I,
May not never ever give up when I cuss.
I may show more than just disgust,
With language that gets rough!
No...
I may not never ever give up when I cuss.
I may show more than just disgust,
With language that gets rough!

I use to drag weighted coattails,
But too much is enough.
Oh...
I may not never ever give up when I cuss.
I use to drag weighted coattails,
But too much is enough.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Weighted Down With Complaints

Many say they can not afford the time,
Others find to have peace of mind.
As if getting and obtaining it,
Is scheduled like an appointment.
But a rat race they will face daily.
With excuses to make to procrastinate.

Weighted down with complaints made to prioritize,
Their hectic lives.
People do their best to ignore sound advice.
With a seeking to have things done their way.
Hoping that a stubbornness maintained,
Does not meet to confront opposition!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Weird, Strange And Stupid

Only those accustomed,
To living in limited environments...
To share with each other,
Embellished and exaggerated...
Experiences no one questions,
Would perceive others in their midst...
To have made achievements,
With a doing of this...
As weird, strange and stupid.

To then believe their disrespecting ways,
Are acceptable, comedic and entertaining.
Since everyone within gossipying distance,
Is expected to participate...
In the ruining of someone's life.
Whether or not selectively or random picked.
With a doing of this that reflects an absence,
Of an identity based upon dignity, pride...
Or the presence of ambition that is encouraged.

Sceptics with no depth connected,
Are always restless and mentally distressed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Welcome The Criticism

Remember...
There are worse things that can happen,
Than a receiving to get criticism...
With a listening to sit through it.
To comprehend from where it comes from,
Just may be to your benefit.
Since those who do take that time,
With a finding to criticize others...
Seem to have less of it to assess themselves.

Welcome the criticism!
Even if in the doing of it,
You find yourself having more experience assessing...
Those who choose and believe they are above,
And assessments of themselves to be done.
Welcome the criticism!
Since those who do take that time,
With a finding to criticize others...
Seem to have less of it to assess themselves.

Remember...
There are worse things that can happen,
Than a receiving to get criticism...
With a listening to sit through it.
To comprehend from where it comes from,
Just may be to your benefit.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Welcome To Bow Mar

Welcome to Bow Mar.
A quiet place.
Adorned with lakes.
Our Colorado hideaway.
Where people come,
To have their realities erased.

'I've never been to Bow Mar.
Or Colorado to escape,
From realities...
Others wish to erase.'

But we have you living,
On 47th.
With your name to claim,
Your peace to keep.

'I have never been to Bow Mar.
Nor do I wish,
From myself to be that distant.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Welcome To My Hometown

Has anyone ever tried,
To tell you the kind of childhood you had?
Or the environment you spent,
Your yourthful days in...
As if you were on on tour,
And they were explaining it?

Has anyone ever told you,
About those grade schools you attended.
With an embelishment done,
As if you were on the sidelines...
Looking on for fun.
And they attempted to tell you,
About those teachers who taught...
And you seldom saw them in a classroom at all?

Welcome to my hometown.
Where any visitor who comes,
Would think what took place...
Was straight from a portrait painted,
By Normon Rockwell.

Welcome to my hometown.
Where actual events can be erased,
With a replacing of the truth...
To conveniently be mentally innovated,
For the sake of giving it a different face.

I had been often told how my parents were,
When they were raising me.
What they did and how I responded.
As if I had lost all memory.

I even had been told what I did with friends.
And what apartments they lived in.
While as a child growing up in the projects...
I would listen to these tales,
And wondered where I was when the teller of this...
Spent most their time locked up in jail.

Welcome to my hometown.
Where actual events can be erased,
With a replacing of the truth...
To conveniently be mentally innovated,
For the sake of giving it a different face.

Welcome to my hometown.
Where any visitor who comes,
Would think what took place...
Was straight from a portrait painted,
By Normon Rockwell.

And back then...
Anyone looking like Normon,
Would have been chased out of the neighborhood...
I lived in!
With no time to sit, sketch...
Or paint a portrait from a 'hand-me-down' myth.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Welcome To My Needs

Long have I traveled to deny them!
Things I had obtained...
Just to prove a success I've gained!

Welcome to my needs!

For me to feel a true peace within,
I need to know my efforts have been...
Identified by you!
And we both can now share them.
Complete and in exchange.
Does this seem a bit insane?

Welcome to my needs!

For me to feel my love is known...
I need to know yours can also be shown.
And both of us see the 'we' that has grown.
Beyond the misunderstandings
Like children left alone with troubles not their own!

Welcome to my needs!

Long have I traveled to deny them!
Things I had obtained...
To overwork and stress my brain!
To prove I could possess material gains.
That left me unsatisfied and often untouched.
And driven I was to want more of such!

But...

Stripped away they were from me.
Like useless trinkets adorned on my vanity!
That was the best thing God had done!
Without them in my life...
My life back to me did come!
With a greeting of a need,
To see others becoming pleased!

I hope you do agree...
This is the 'freedom' that freedom ought to be!

Welcome to my needs!
To return this human back...
From being off track!
With a small donated piece,
To increase this humanity!
By releasing deeds like these!

Welcome to my needs,
To feed this want in me!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Welcome To The Real World

Well what is it?
What is it did you dismiss,
To think of it unimportant.
What is it now you wish to give time,
But didn't.

Well...
Welcome to the real World you have made.

What is it?
What is it that you wish to waste my time,
To revisit?
Did you get a membership,
In those social cliques to think yourself picked...
As a chosen specimen free from conflicts.
With a turning your nose up,
To believe you've been gifted on a cloud to sit.
Did you turn your back on others?
And convinced you would never be the one to suffer.

Well...
Welcome to the real World you have made.
To enslave yourself with fences created.
And then to declared your independence.
Well...
Welcome to the real World,
You ignored but made.
Believing to enslave others,
But left you the slave.
To delusions and a selfishness.
Dependent upon from others to get.

Well...
Welcome to the real World you have made.
And all the people you have offended,
By your hypocrisy and 'depthless' ignorance.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Welcome To 'This' Side Of 'Your' World

A variety kept of our consumptions,
Is being forced from us to be dumped.
The appeal to the eyes may remain to tease,
But people today can not afford their luxuries.
On any level.

Luxurious things to enhance an impressive lifestyle,
Should not be leased if one can't keep it.
Ownership does not matter,
If the mortgage due isn't paid.
Or those contacts we make with taxes.
And billed with fees attached,
For lack of quick payment.

Welcome to 'this' side of 'your' world.

A variety kept of our consumptions,
Is being forced from us to be dumped.
The appeal to the eyes may remain to tease,
But people today can not afford their luxuries.
On any level.
It is as if the stunning came,
Hitting one over the head with a shovel!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Welcome Your Self Assessment

Cry your tears until you drain.
Take a deep breath.
And stand tall,
Even if the act of it causes you to strain.

Then take a conscious effort,
To look at yourself...
With steps you have taken to do this,
Knowing you have made an unfamiliar decision.

And without hesitation,
Ask yourself this question:
'Did anything I do that was done,
Happen to me without my approval...
Or acknowledgement?
Have I been in a coma,
Scented with a floral aroma?
And I commited myself to forgetting?
Without an admitting to myself,
No one I should blame...
For the shame of my consequences.'

Do this.
And you will see will a clearer vision,
Who you should lay your faults upon.
And...
Welcome your self assessment.
Just for you done.
And overdue.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Welcomed Are Those Of Fresh Voices

So welcomed are those of fresh voices,
Giving points of view...
From new avenues,
And unsubdued by aging thought.
The ones upon which...
Dust has settled.
With nothing gained to be taught.

Here to speak from your perspective.
Clearing the staleness...
That comforts some,
In air the reeks of molding affairs.

So welcomed are those of fresh voices,
Giving points of view...
From new avenues,
And unsubdued by aging thought.
The ones upon which...
Dust has settled.
With nothing gained to be taught.
Or teases with a brisk breeze.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Welcomed Into The Family Of Comprehension

Everything has a reason.
Everything.
With a purpose to ponder.
And a place for that purpose,
To find reason at that time.
Everything has a reason.
Everything,
In a thinking mind!
Any thought adopted...
Is welcomed into the family,
Of comprehension.
And attempts to understand,
Is supported.

Everything has a reason.
Everything.
With a purpose to ponder.
And a place for that purpose,
To find reason at that time.
Everything has a reason.
Everything,
In a thinking mind!
Any thought adopted...
Is welcomed into the family,
Of comprehension.
And attempts to understand,
Is supported.

What hand reaching out to shake,
Does not support that?
What prolonged heartbreak,
Would stay wallowing in sorrow?
To borrow an excuse,
Or a chance not to view agony?
Close up and into a tear stained face.
You should not want that reflecting...
Everywhere,
And in every face you see.
Denial is the most contagious disease!

Everywhere,
And in every face you see.
Denial is the most contagious disease!

No thing is detached,
That keeps an attraction from coming back.
Something is attached to that.
And seriously repeated.

When done,
The meaning of that purpose...
Should not go misunderstood!
Like selling one 'pot' who requested 'crack'.
An end should come to that.
When the mind gets that whacked out.
And chained to keep one remaining unchanged.

If it does because of ignorance declared delicious?
That can be forgiven, allowed and forgotten.
We all have had our cravings.
However...
If it does come from an intention reeking in deceit?
That can be considered a good cause,
Some some severe cussing out!
And some folks have earned their cussing out,
Those deserving it...
Rights!

And some folks can be sadistic about it!
You can not cuss them out enough!
There are a number of them to unionize.

Everything has a reason.
Everything.
With a purpose to ponder.
And a place for that purpose,
To find reason at that time.
Everything has a reason.
Everything,
In a thinking mind!
Any thought adopted...
Is welcomed into the family,

Of comprehension.
And attempts to understand,
Is supported.

If it does come from an intention meant?
That can be shallow, obvious...
And an absence of common sense.
And an absence of it is more common than not!
If one ain't got it!
And an intention done lacking sense,
Wastes too much time.

Everything has a reason.
Everything.
With a purpose to ponder.
And a place for that purpose,
To find reason at that time.
Everything has a reason.
Everything,
In a thinking mind!
Any thought adopted...
Is welcomed into the family,
Of comprehension.
And attempts to understand,
Is supported.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Welcoming The Addiction

The only ones freed,
From the misdeeds of deceivers...
Are the ones believing it pointless,
The significance of attempts...
Made as recommendations to them...
To charade their masquerades,
Even alone in their homes...
After condoning the parading of it,
Should be kept as a masking done...
With a repeated pledge to remain devoted,
No matter who knew that lies told and pursued...
Is as effective as crack is addictive,
Once the welcoming the addiction has been accepted.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Welcoming To Set New Challenges

If one keeps a pace to face life,
With a welcoming to set new challenges...
Without seeking first to qualify fears,
It is doubtful if someone like this...
Stops with curiosity to witness the mundane.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

We'Ll Find Someone Else To Blame

'Suppose those newly elected,
Can not fulfill their promises...
By the next election.
What happens then? '

They should be given an opportunity.
Things take time.
You can make changes overnight.
People should realize that.

'That sounds 'very' familiar.
Why doesn't your comments apply,
To those already in power? '

We gave that new guy,
A little more than a year.
That was time enough to correct decades,
Of our problems.
We can be more patient with the new people,
For 'obvious' reasons.
And if they screw up...
That's expected.
We'll find someone else to blame.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

We'Ll See How That Goes

Had you ever felt offended,
By receiving an invitation from an enterprise...
Who initially did not seek your presence inside.
Where others who patronize were welcomed to sit.
And the only reason you received an invitation...
Was to assist this enterprise from going out of business?
And it has been requested you assist them to avoid this?

Did you feel offended?
OR has this ever happened to you?
And when closed eyes finally open to a wider view,
Would you rather spend time with people like that?
Or where services are rendered...
And people without exception know how to exchange respect.
Especially when business and money is involved.

'So...
Are you going to accept the invitation? '

No.
But I may offer to buy their business.
We'll see how that goes!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Wept Upon My Knees And Pleaded

I feel so weak that I can't come to believe it,
That it's...
You.
All you,
In my mind.
I feel so weak and I don't really want to believe it.
That it's true.
It' syou.

I feel so weak and I don't believe it,
That it's because of you.
I feel so weak and I don't believe it's from,
Those special things for me that you do.
I don't wanna think so.

You've got me overheated and weak.
That I can't close my eyes to fall asleep.
You've got me when you wish and all the time,
In my mind...
And,
Everywhere you've got yourself all in my memories

You did this just to see me weak.
And...
You did this just to see how weak I can be.
You did this seeking to see weakness,
AND FROM ME.
You did this seeking me to weaken.
Just to witness it inflicted.
AND on ME.

You did this to see me weak.
You did this to witness weakness
But weakness I wont let you see.
You did this to see me weak.
You did this to witness weakness
But weakness I wont let you see.

I feel so weak and I don't believe it...
You are in my memories.
I feel so weak and I don't believe,
How you got there.

I feel so weak and I don't believe it...
You are in my memories.
I feel so weak and I don't believe,
How you got there.

I pledged to never get weak again,
But I did.
I wept upon my knees and pleaded,
'Please don't let me be seen weak'.

I pledged to never get weak again,
But I did.
I wept upon my knees and pleaded,
'Please don't let me be seen weak'.
I wept upon my knees and pleaded
Wept upon my knees and pleaded
Wept upon my knees and pleaded,
'Please don't let me be seen weak'.
I wept upon my knees and pleaded,
'Please don't let me be seen weak.
Please don't let me be seen weak'.
I wept upon my knees and pleaded,
'Please don't let me be seen weak'.
I wept upon my knees and pleaded,
Wept upon my knees and pleaded
Wept upon my knees and pleaded
Wept upon my knees and pleaded.
'Please don't let me be seen weak'.
I wept upon my knees and pleaded,
'Please don't let me be seen weak.
Please don't let me be seen weak'.
I wept upon my knees and pleaded

Lawrence S. Pertillar

We'Re That Kind Of A Pair

You've got me.
And that matters.
We can skip idle chatter.
And what makes nitpickers tick.
With interferring nosiness.

And You've-got-me.
When kissing with our lips.
They feel a perfect fit.
And You've-got-me.
When holding one another,
We wish not to quit!

A blessing is there.
We're that kind of a pair.
When kissing our lips.
We wish not to quit!

You've-got-me.
We're that kind of a pair.
You've-got-me.
And I'll always be there.
You've-got-me.
Of that I am aware.

You've-got-me.
We're that kind of a pair.
When kissing with our lips,
They feel a perfect fit.
When holding one another,
We wish not to quit!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Were You Afraid I Would Leave You Behind?

You have spent a lifetime...
Trying to prevent my progress.
And the only thing you have displayed,
Is a willfulness to degrade yourself.

I have never sought your approval,
To be who I am.
I have always known me!
You, on the other hand...
Have been standing on my path for so long!
You couldn't know who you are,
If you have been preventing me from my journey!
Who are you?

I wouldn't stop to contemplate that now,
Or you would be totally left in darkness!
Were you afraid I would leave you behind?
And that is why,
All your time has been mine?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Were Your Knickers In A Twist

Did you purposely,
Block my access?
So I can stay away,
From my assets?
If this is the way it's gonna be...
You get not one more kiss from me.

Did I do something,
That would get you upset?
I don't know what I did,
To start up your mess.
You know I'm free of dialogue!
Were your knickers in a twist,
And this pissed you off?

I don't know what I did,
To start up your mess.
Did I do something,
That would get you upset?
You know I'm free of dialogue!
Were your knickers in a twist,
And this pissed you off?

Did you purposely,
Block my access?
So I can stay away,
From my assets?
If this is the way it's gonna be...
You get not one more kiss from me.

Did I do something,
That would get you upset?
I don't know what I did,
To start up your mess.
You know I'm free of dialogue!
Were your knickers in a twist,
And this pissed you off?

I don't know what I did,

To start up your mess.
Did I do something,
That would get you upset?
You know I'm free of dialogue!
Were your knickers in a twist,
And this pissed you off?

Were your knickers in a twist
Were your knickers in a twist
Were your knickers in a twist
And this pissed you off?
pissed you off
pissed you off
And this pissed you off?
Were your knickers in a twist,
And this pissed you off?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Weren'T You Once Addicted?

Is there anything left to believe in,
Thought to be sacred...
Free of corruption?
And not have its values based upon deceit?

'That depends.'

On what?

'The clarity of the sky.
And from which side of the street,
You are watching the charade...
As the participants wave,
From their gold inlaid mobiles.'

It's a bunch of pure 'poppycock'.

'Don't say that too loudly.
The kids will have a field day with its meaning.
And those into charades,
Are faithfully associated and will become highly offended.'

But all of it is a pile of...

'Hey,
Don't worry about it.
Weren't you once addicted? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Wet And On Foot

Your replacements have arrived!
Those of you who shucked and jived,
With shuffled shtick that got you stuck...
In a way of life endorsed by fat back chats,
And mental slaughter.

Boosted and juiced by a pride
Sautéed and simmering
In the bowels of disrespect...
That reflects no self regard!
None on this 'trip' packed or hiding!
Since most of it is dipped,
And frying in bubbling heated lard!

Now borders watched are breaking down...
To force laws be changed by the lawlessness,
Of intruders gaining ground.
Sought for cheap labor,
At high risk undertakings at stake.
And lost in recreation and creation of playgrounds,
Are those snacking on fat butts with claims...
They sit on stoops their forefathers sat to mingle!
The places where they sit,
Where no one seen handshakes with a goal to aim.

Bored are those with themselves today.
Wait they do for a mule to match their wits!
Something slow and prodding!
And easily done so they can handle it!

And black are the faces disgraced by pompous greed.
Manifested to breed and keep those lazy!
Those who come as they please...
And take what they choose.

The nests infested by bigoted interests,
Overflows with alien blues.
As a gamble to snatch resources under sands of time...
Becomes a sludge of useless surges!

With no addendums to dismantle the rights,
Of those protesting the wrongs of an open invitation!
Regardless if they do arrive wet and on foot...
To join others who throw soot,
In faces already blackened and disenfranchised!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Wetness

Keeping it a thought you detest...
Is a kept confession,
You love wetness.

You're no different than the rest.
Those who undress quick,
For sex and wetness.

Denying heat wont make it go away.
Saying something different,
Is in conflict with your mission.

Keeping it a thought you detest...
Is a kept confession,
You love wetness.

You're no different than the rest.
Those who undress quick,
For sex and wetness.

Lie about it!
Try to hide those naked wishes in your mind.
Deny and fight it.
But you know fresh meat is what you want to find.
To bump and grind as you're sighing.

Keeping it a thought you detest...
Is a kept confession,
You love wetness.

You're no different than the rest.
Those who undress quick,
For sex and wetness.

You despair for nakedness and wetness.
You want it there,
Some sex and wetness.
Keeping you uptight at night,
And restless.

Ooooohhhyeah...
Keeping it a thought you detest...
Is a kept confession,
You love wetness.

You're no different than the rest.
Those who undress quick,
For sex and wetness.

mmmmm...
That sex and wetness.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

We'Ve All Been Greedy

Those peaceful nights for some have passed.
Those feeling safe...
In sheltered communities behind closed gates.
Are awakening.
But not to Robins singing.
To peer from behind French customed made doors.
Swinging out onto the patio.
Overlooking acres upon acres upon more acres,
Of freshly cut grass.

These awareness days have come upon us fast.
Who would believe such a quick erasing,
Of a way of life....
Would come to pass.
And leave those embittered with much grief,
With streaks of torment on twisted faces.
Disgraced and now nervously pacing.
In wait.
But for what?
When the 'why' of it has arrived too late!

We've been greedy.
See what gluttony does when it can't be overcomed.
We've been greedy,
And feeding on our selfishness.
While ripping the hearts out of those to sustain it.
Doing everything to gain more and maintain it.

We've been greedy!
And..
The stinging of the realness,
Persists.
And can not be contained.
Acts of civil madness...
Spreads fast!

Thousands go out of their minds.
Many more are trapped!

Something in their minds have snapped.
Only those exposed to fantasies,
Are observed doing that.

And a waste of explanation can not bring them back!
Their self delusions have attacked.

Leaving us all affected by that 'fat'!
Yes fat!

Undisciplined rascists...
Tearing each other apart,
While laying lazily on our backs...
We've ALL been greedy!
And...
Feeding on our selfishness.
Yes...
Greedy!
And...
Doing it bigger,
But never better than the rest.
Greedy!
Yes...
Bleeding a democracy.
With wishes to have all desires met.
And caring less about those we've distressed.

We've ALL been greedy!
And...
Feeding on our selfishness.
Just greedy!
And...
Doing it bigger
But never better than the rest.
Just so greedy!
Yes...
And bleeding a democracy.
With wishes to have all desires met.
And caring less about those we've distressed.
Yes...
And,
Greedy!

Yes!
Feeding on our selfishness.
Just greedy!
And...
Doing it bigger...
But never better than the rest.
A sleazy greedy!
And...
Bleeding a democracy.
With wishes to have all desires met.
And caring less about those we've distressed.

We've
ALL
Been
Greedy!
And...
Feeding on our selfishness.
Just greedy!
Yes...
Doing it bigger...
But never better than the rest.
Sleazy greedy!
And...
Bleeding a democracy.
With wishes to have all desires met.
And caring less about those we've distressed.

We've ALL been greedy!
And...
Feeding on our selfishness.
We've ALL been greedy!
And...
Feeding on our selfishness.
We've ALL been greedy!
And...
Feeding on our selfishness.
With wishes to have all desires met.
And caring less about those we've distressed.

Greedy!
Yes...

Feeding on our selfishness.
Greedy!
Yes...
Feeding on our selfishness.
Greedy!
Yes...
Feeding on our selfishness.
We've ALL been greedy!
Yes...
Feeding on our selfishness.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

We'Ve Been This Distant

Did we not say goodnight
When the clock tick tocked
And you could not stop
Watching it pass us in silence?

And you torcher me
With whispers licked upon
My listening ears...
When I'm not near you!

Did we not say goodnight
When the clock tick tocked
And you could not stop
Watching it pass us in silence?

And you torcher me
With whispers licked upon
My listening ears...
When I'm not near you!

You squeeze my hand.
I see the tears begin to roll.
You've been touched by another man?
I see that!
That does not have to be told!

'Yes...
I confess!
And I want you to do the best
To understand,
When I needed love from you...
There was nothing else to do
And no one else to give it to,
Since yours was not available...
And,
That part of my love for you was! '

Excuse me?
You want WHAT from me?

I can't believe we've been this distant!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

We'Ve Been Trying 'Everything' To Get Noticed

There are more unidentified flying objects in the sky,
People can not deny they exist anymore.
Even the 'aliens' have begun to land them,
To sit on front doors requesting from the occupants...
What it is they have to do,
To get themselves interviewed on primetime news.

'I was just telling my neighbors yesterday about you,
But most of them will not be believed.
Even if they invited you in to sit with them to have dinner.'

~WHY?
We've been trying 'everything' to get noticed.~

'And that's the problem.
You see...
Most of us have been smoking pot for years.
And everyone around here,
Is convinced their weed will be confiscated.'

~You have any suggestions?
What else should we do? ~

'Threaten to take the nicotine and alcohol away.
And all of the fast food joints.
People love to shop at the malls.
Fly around a few of them around Christmas.
And other beloved holidays.
You will get attention then.'

~You think so? ~

'Try it.
But not this upcoming Independence Day.'

~Why? ~

'People will think Will Smith is promoting,
A new science fiction movie.

He and Steven Spielberg,
Already have July booked.
If I were you.
I'd appear more on the sky around South America.'

~South America?
Why South America? ~

'You haven't heard?
They just annointed a new 'Pope' from there.
Pope Francis.
This just might be the perfect time,
To reveal yourselves.'

~Do you know President Obama? ~

'Not personally.
Why do you ask? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

We'Ve Cut Back

Why is it always those 'with' the money,
Attempting to convince the ones living...
On a fixed and unchanging income,
Without a dime left to spare...
They could save 'more' money?
'IF'...They decided to put their minds to it.

Well, my mind has been decided for many years now.
But somehow my rent, utility bills and food expenses,
Seem to care less where my mind happens to be...
When the time comes around and they need to get paid.
And my thoughts seem to be confined with the picking of lint,
Straight out of my empty pockets on a monthly basis.

'If 'we' can do that...
You should be able to do that too.
In fact...
We've cut back from taking those yearly cruises,
To the Caribbean.
And redecorating our home every other year?
We recently decided made no sense to 'us' at all.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

We'Ve Paid Not To Listen To Your Opinions

Don't be astonished you've become admonished,
By those conditioned with dispositions...
To ride carefree and comfortably on cushioned seats,
As if tourists on a bus after throwing those they've cussed...
Under it.
With a doing as if they must gain trust from other passengers,
Who also claim they too had been innocently accused.
And depicted as wicked although victimize as they sit,
Undetected to have no one suspect their tears wept...
Have been rehearsed to perfect acceptance.
And yet...
Those awakening from an unconsciousness slept,
Find it too late to expect the ones they have berated...
Left at the gate and crippled from character assassinations,
Do not return a waving done enthusiastically...
To see demons leave to other places to have their misdeeds,
Welcomed upon their arrival.

'Does anyone care how they will be perceived,
When that destination comes and no one has integrity?
At least none that I see to believe empathy or sincerity exists.'

~Shut up and drive.
We've already collected a hefty tip for you.
To appease any honesty you might have that is left.
Just shut up and drive.
We've paid not to listen to your opinions.
And besides...
Our disguises to you have been revealed.
Remember...
We are accustomed to throwing anyone under the bus.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Wh? Y Question What Appears

Wh? y question what appears apparent and obvious.
With the hope that a doing clears,
To weaken the strength of an influence done.
And fears kept to go on to feel with them claimed,
Remains until a prescription provides...
The right pill to numb what is denied inside.
Yet the wh? y unchanged maintains to mark their pain!

Questions residing in the mind to wonder wh? y,
Without facing the condition of the facts one hides...
Provokes other folks with mental scars that leave,
Traces of a sickness they make no attempt to free.
And fears kept to go on to feel with them claimed,
Remains until a prescription provides...
The right pill to numb what is denied inside.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Whacked (Bananas)

No!
You can not,
Help it if you're whacked.
Oh no you can not help it,
If you're whacked.
I know you can not help it,
If you're whacked.
This is shown and known,
That you are whacked....
Right out of your mind.
But...
You are not alone.
So many have condoned,
That they're bananas.

So!
I know you can not help it,
If you're whacked.
And needing a strait jacket,
Wrapped and strapped.
And a taped mug muzzled.
That prevents hearing your troubles.
But...
You are not alone.
So many have condoned,
That they're bananas.
So many have been whacked out.
And bananas.

No!
You can not,
Help it if you're whacked.
Oh no you can not help it,
If you're whacked.
I know you can not help it,
If you're whacked.
And needing a strait jacket,
Wrapped and strapped.
And a taped mug muzzled.

That prevents hearing your troubles.
But...
You are not alone.
So many have condoned,
That they're bananas.
Whacked out!
And minds gone bananas.
Whacked out!
And minds gone snapped.
Peeled back and whacked...
Bananas.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Whalloped!

Whalloped!
With a zinging zap that pows!
A punch comes with a knockout...
That wows and stops to awe a crowd.

Who anticipated times like these,
Would sting to stun everyone...
With a dropping to concrete pleading,
To lift the knees...
That seem to be cemented,
Permanently.

Awakening from a sleep,
To find a world turned upside down...
In amazing discovery,
What had been taken for granted...
Is now nowhere to be found.

So dramatic the changes...
No one knows where to go.
No one knows what to believe,
Since all doors to beliefs...
Seem to have been closed.

Whalloped!
With a zinging zap that pows!
A punch comes with a knockout...
That wows and stops to awe a crowd.

And there is no one to call,
To validate a correct consciousness.
No one is there to even guess...
Where one should go,
To place safely their next footsteps.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What A Bitter Bite

Superficiality sustained to maintain,
As a priority to gain acceptance...
Is today as stale as a piece of molded toast.

Although so many have adopted a presence of it,
With beliefs they have an etiquette preferred...
That is both politically and socially correct.

Even if every step they choose to take,
Is as faked as their interpretation of reality.
Procreating with skunks comes to mind!

Especially one feeling confined,
With a rinsing away that will not eliminate...
The prolonging of an outdated after-taste.

'What a bitter bite you have.'

Are you kidding?
Don't mistake what I am doing as a craving.
Or an appetite I've saved to savor the flavor.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What A Brilliant Idea

Their wish to see others fail,
Apparently has been successful.

'Why would you say something like that? '

Look around you.
Failure is all over the place.
No one could miss it if they wanted to.
They've done everything possible,
To guarantee it is noticed by everyone.

'But...
For what purpose? '

To place the blame of it on someone else.

'And...
The sense of this is what? '

To ensure everyone is aware,
That failure is apparent.
With the ease of placing the creation of it,
On others.

'But...
Doesn't the doing of this,
Make all involve appear as if...
No one is competent? '

Exactly!

'And...
The mindset behind the doing of this,
Proves what? '

You got me.
I'm doing my best to keep successfully distant.
And even then someone with a petty wish to argue,
Perceives my refusal to be offensive.

'Have you tried disguising yourself as a panhandler? '

No.
What a brilliant idea.
And...
I can make a few dollars on the side.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What A Difference Reality Makes

What a difference reality makes.
Those who once chased rainbows...
Have suddenly put on the brakes!

The fuel that assisted...
This bustle rushed with hope,
Has stopped many in their tracks...
As they receive the facts,
Of an impending big payback!
With hallucinating dreams...
That begin to clamp them in traps!
So it seems for them to be like that.

What a difference reality makes.
It had been easy to ignore,
The needs of those labelled poor.

Those hungry and homeless,
The greedy chose not to see...
Are now quite vivid reminders,
As eyes of those who chose to close them...
Now view this 'picture' with such clarity!

What a difference reality makes,
When the pain of others...
Descends without an escape.
And all that it took...
Was a look that was forced.
By the confronting of delusions...
On a misguided course introducing remorse.

And those chasing rainbows,
With a goal to hoard all the gold...
Now see themselves,
More foolish than anyone else.
And those they crushed with disrespect...
Walk over them who crawl bawling,
With a pride and dignity they always kept!

What a difference reality makes...
When respect for others,
Reveals a satisfaction...
Shown and brightened,
On a happy face that is not faked!
What a difference it makes...
When those are shakened from a sleep,
That awakes!

And that is the difference 'awakening' takes!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What A Logical Explanation

A posh and elegant home,
Sitting in a setting...
That is clearly amongst the best.
An unrest occurs.
And those inside are victimized,
Losing their lives and that home is burned down.

Photographers and rescuers are allowed on the scene.
But those who wish to investigate what took place,
Are not permitted to step a foot inside...
With a doing done that is denied.
What do you make of this?

'Maybe they wish to keep it secret,
A watering of the plants had not been done as promised?
And those who visited,
Were negligent in conducting their business.
And this is wished to keep secret and not go public.'

What a logical explanation.
I hadn't thought of that.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What A Remarkable Achievement

What has been done,
Has been done.
What has been said,
Has been said.
But the affect of those fresh platitudes,
Seem to be capturing the attention.
And turning everyone's head.

Not only are they original...
They also provide,
An escape route for those misdemeanors.
And an opportunity for the culprits,
To proclaim an innocence instead.
What a remarkable achievement.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

'What A Terrific Halloween Poem! '

A madness affects their sensibilities.
And within them the light of a good spirit dies.
Attempts have been made and tried to reach them.
But time, unfortunately, is not on their side.

A poison sweet drips from their teeth.
Their eyes have been hollowed in a clouded gaze.
Movements made are stunted.
A haunting grunt heard will amaze.

And these are the ones selected to lead.
All others have been chased.
As policies followed allows a rage.
While a normalcy has been silenced...
For an addiction to satisfy those crazed,
And living in mazes with assorted staring gazes.
Fixed and locked.
For days and days upon days.

'What a terrific Halloween poem!
Oh!
You took my breath away,
It was 'that' fascinating.
Thank you.
Thank you very much! '

Halloween?
That's a description that depicts scenes,
In my neighborhood on a regular basis.
I'm just giving you an idea what it's like living here.

People come from around the world to observe this.
Believing it to be an elaborate costume party.
And celebrated throughout the entire town.
Now 'that' is fascination...
To me!

I don't get it.
And no...

I'm not the caretaker!
I'm just going to get something to eat from the store,
That's all.

That's where I was headed before you stopped me.
And, you're welcome.
Enjoy your stay.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What A Writer Has To Say

It baffles my understanding.
Why would one writer
Ask from another
To give an opinion of what has been created?
It baffles my understanding.
How separate experiences...
With no connection,
Can be thought related?
It baffles my understanding.
When a request is made...
To have another writer read,
And rate
What a writer has to say!
As if what is said...
Would change thoughts
In another's head.
Or expand a point of view.
Isn't that what readers often do...
When they wish to expand their insights too!
But when a writer writes...
Shouldn't those visions,
Be the ones writers pursue?
As narrow or as broad...
With an imagination left,
Unrestricted to cruise!

I am baffled by this...
'Read me, please!
And rate me', business...
Persisted and enlisted.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What About Me?

Have I not been able to give,
In the way that I should?
Could I have shown more thoughtfulness,
With a doing for others who understood.

And...
What about me?
Have I spent too much time,
Only wishing myself to please?
What about me?

When was the last time I gave a helping hand.
Or with anyone just to listen...
Without making my own demands.
And...
Living with just one priority to see,
Someone other than myself...
I did something unexpectedly that surprised,
With a doing that made them happy.

What about me?
Oh...
Would I feel better inside.
If I made somebody happy.
Oh...
And that shouldn't be about my pride.
What about me?
Oh...
Would I feel better inside.
If I made somebody happy.
Oh...
And that shouldn't be about my pride.
What about me?

What about me?
Have I not been able to give,
In the way that I should?
Could I have shown more thoughtfulness,
With a doing for others who understood.

What about me?
Oh...
Would I feel better inside.
If I made somebody happy.
Oh...
And that shouldn't be about my pride.
What about me?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What About My Image?

But you've graduated from high school.
Why is it that you desire to go back?

'I felt safe in those days.
It was easy for me not to be accountable,
For anything.
And when I blamed someone else for something I did...
At least I could hide my deceit and was believed.
But today...
People are trying to make me responsible,
For my own actions.
And...
I have 'never' done that before!
I'm not use to having fingers pointed at me.'

Well...
You know eventually that is going to happen.

'I know.
I can't even blame 'them' for anything anymore.'

Just be prepared to fix everything you've done.

'Are you kidding?
Be responsible for my own actions?
Be accountable and admit my faults?
But...but...
What about my image? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What About Our Future?

People refusing to do what it takes,
With necessary steps to move forward...
Even though for some the undertaking done,
May cause them to suffer...
Enduring heartbreak to go through changes made,
Are phases that are part of life.
And...
Although proven to be impossible,
There are those with stubborn mindsets...
Who come to agree this need for them is not necessary.
And therefore...
As far as their future goes,
Together they stand with belief they have won a battle.

'We have successfully defeated,
Anyone believing changes to impose upon us...
Needing to take place will not happen,
Until 'we' decide when they are to be made.'

~But...
What about about our future? ~

'What about it?
We will deal with that when the time comes.'

~And...
Should we, at least, make preparations now?
Shouldn't we consider being pro-active,
Since time from us seems to be speeding away.~

'When those 'perceptions' of time speeding from us,
Become to us 'noticeable'...
We will deal with it to accept it when it happens.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What About The Message?

Some choose to abuse the messenger,
For a delivered message.
And the contents it contains.
But the messenger is not the creator of it.
Although they wish their actions taken,
Will convince the messenger to have it changed.

'You know...
I have never been impressed by those messengers.'

~What about the message? ~

'What about it?
If I was more impressed,
With how those messengers dressed...
I 'may' pay more attention to the message.
As for now...
I have other priorities.'

~I see.
Well...
Who knows?
Maybe one day the 'Creator' of the contents,
Will take your preferences to consider their value.~

'And that's if...
I happen to be in a receptive mood.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What About The Wind And How It Shifts?

Explain to me this...
WHY do you continue to be supportive,
Of someone with such an arrogant attitude?
No one can believe a word,
Dripping from those lips.
Everything I've heard sounds absurd.

'You see that basket of food on my table?
Does it look real to you?
Does it exists? '

Yes I do.
It appears to be true.

'That food does not exist,
Because I am waiting...
For a delivery of promises.
Each day when I arrive to my home,
Someone I do know you do not condone...
Is not anonymous to me.'

But you should support someone,
Who has a list of doable objectives.

'I have one objective of my own right now.
And that is to eat in peace after you leave.
I have the change I believe in.'

But what about jobs and the economy?

'What about the wind and how it shifts? '

What?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What About You?

He does what he does
And in doing so...
He does it well!

She too does what she does.
And it's the way she does it...
As if nothing else matters!
And it shows in what she does!

They do it...
And without announcements,
What they do is pursued.
And what is accomplished...
Others see what can be done.

All are in their element!
Discovering something done
To bring the contentment.
They are not bothered by those like you
who find what is done
To be critically abused!
What about you?
What do you do?
Besides find fault with others,
As you drift from excuse to excuse!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What And Who Will Win?

What and who will will?
The Euro and the Yen.
And those who have plenty of them.
And IF truth is pursued...
The cloak of deception,
Will then be removed.
And those who have been tricked and fooled...
Will then be pulled,
Out of a cesspool believed envied!
Addressing a mess,
Too many have been left to defend.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Appears Is Clearly Here

Foolish are the ones,
Who believe something they have done...
Is forever etched in stone,
Unchanged.
With claims they own 'discoveries'
Always to remain the same!

For them these days come to amaze.
Some will be dazed.
And left crazed.

For them these days come to amaze...
With few left wishing,
For what's been missed.

For them these days come to amaze.
Some will be dazed.
And left crazed.

A lifting of a consciousness,
Hits!
What is reminisced,
Has been dismissed.
A freshness has arrived,
Upon the lips and ears.
And what appears...
Is clearly here!

A lifting of a consciousness,
Hits!
What is reminisced,
Has been dismissed.
A freshness has arrived,
Upon the lips and ears.
And what appears...
Is clearly here!

Foolish are the ones,
Who believe something they have done...

Is forever etched in stone,
Unchanged.
With claims they own 'discoveries'
Always to remain the same!

For them these days come to amaze.
Some will be dazed.
And left crazed.

For them these days come to amaze...
With few left wishing,
For what's been missed.

A lifting of a consciousness,
Hits!
What is reminisced,
Has been dismissed.
A freshness has arrived,
Upon the lips and ears.
And what appears...
Is clearly here!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Appears May Not

What appears in front of you,
May not appear in front of me.
But you and I,
We are mentally connected!
Morally with a chemistry.
And spiritually through this...
We both can see!
A manipulation to have us both believe,
The process of a smokescreen works.
But the doer is the one deceived,
By such deeds of such shallow intentions...
A mindset limited breeds.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Are Images Created For?

The answers to questions,
Are there.
The answers have always been there.
Impatiently glaring.

But what has been absent...
Is a quitting to dispense,
The distribution of pretentions...
Of those defining who is qualified,
With credentials certified...
That impresses with appearances,
Images relied upon...
That those knowledgeable oppose.
And refuse to masquerade to disguise.

The answers to questions,
Are there.
The answers have always been there.
Impatiently glaring.
But those who stare...
Seek something there that impresses.
And if it is not an image dressed,
To impress expectations...
The answers that are there,
Will continually to be ignored.

What are images created for?
If there are not there to enhance pretentions.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Are My Goals?

What are my goals?
You mean...
Like those 'things' I wish to accomplish?

'Yes.
You must have made some by now.'

Well...
The ones I made yesterday,
I've already met.
I did make some this afternoon.
But they've been achieved,
To allow me to rest.
And those I've made for tomorrow...
I am putting now to the test.

'Okay so your goals are...
Can you be more specific,
Than that? '

I'm doing the best I can.
And 'if' I get too specific...
They've would have changed,
Before I can get the word 'completed'...
Out of my mouth.

I know this may be an inconvenience,
But...
Is it possible you could come back,
In a few weeks.
By then I should have a list,
Of my more recent goals accomplished for you.

It's too difficult for me to set goals.
I hate to discuss the process.
That's too time consuming.
I'd rather do and let it be.
You understand that don't you?
Of course you do.

I see it in your eyes!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Are The Facts?

Why do they have meetings,
With it stated there is a need...
For a presence of more police,
To patrol with them seen on urban streets?

'It is the people who have become,
Unruly, undisciplined and disrespectful...
To the facts they turn their backs on.'

What are the facts?

'It is the people who have become,
Unruly, undisciplined and disrespectful...
To the facts,
That,
They are the ones creating...
What has been done.
And with a turning of their backs.'

But why do they attack the police,
When they come to make attempts...
To return them and their communities,
Back to a restored peace?

'Well...
You didn't hear this from me.
Stand here and observe it.
And don't leave your mind left behind,
When you see...
The ones creating the havoc,
Are also the ones deluded with disbelief...
That they would rather keep,
Their fantasized lives protected...
Than face reality.'

That's unbelievable.

'I told you to observe.
And not leave your mind behind.

Like the ones shouting...
NO JUSTICE! NO PEACE.'

This...
This is insane.

'As insane as today's reality can get.
And don't forget...
These people expect,
They are entitled to rights...
To protect with a protesting,
Of their kept madness.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Are Their Real Issues?

What are their real issues?
And why are they here?

'They say their parents screwed them up.'

And...?

'That's how they got here.'

Mine did the same thing.
So did yours.
And everybody else,
Walking on the Earth.
What other way could they have gotten here?

'I don't know.
I think one of them drove.
Maybe they took a cab?
You want me to ask? '

Have you ever been told,
You were 'special'?

'YEAH!
As a matter of fact,
My dad use to tell me that,
All the time.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Are They Overcoming?

In places where people have lived to exist,
On myths and delusion and unfulfilled promises...
A truth spoken and direct has adverse affects.
And often results in shouting voices heard in protest.
Especially by those overwhelmed and upset,
Screaming about their entitlements...
They wish kept protected.
And they begin to hum and sing,
The 'overcoming' song.

'Why do they sing that and what is wished to overcome?
What are they overcoming with a wanting to have done?

Truth to speak.
Reality to see.
With a doing to leave their pretentions left to roam free.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Are They Saying?

Listen to them.
Stop...
And really pay attention.
What are they saying?

'The same thing.'

Why are they arguing?

'They want to be heard.'

Then why aren't they listening?

'That would mean someone would win.'

Win what?

'The argument.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Are We Really Living For?

What are we really living for?
If we don't seek love.
What are we living for?
If inside we can't be happy.

We're living for,
The pursuit of it...
And some people think,
It is a ship coming in.
And all they have to do is sit and giggle and grin.

What are we really living for?
Does it get to show.
What are we really living for?
Who on Earth knows.
What are we really living for?
Is it for upheavel.
What are we really living for?
Or a treated evil.
What are we really living for?
Deceit and disbelief.
What are we really living for?
Or for other people.
What are we really living for?
To meet and greet.

What are we really living for?
Does it get to show.
What are we really living for?
Who on Earth knows.
What are we really living for?
Is it for upheavel.
What are we really living for?
Or a treated evil.
What are we really living for?
Or, are we too blind...
What are we really living for?

To see we're here...

And are together on the right scene.
We just don't want to know what it means...
To Let go, Let God, and let happiness,
Be released!

What are we really living for?
If we don't seek love.
What are we really living for?
If inside,
We can't-be-happy.

Are we really living for,
The pursuit of it...
And some people think,
It is a ship coming in.
And all they have to do is sit and giggle and grin.

What are we really living for?
Not for snicks and giggles.
What are we really living for?
Not for snicks and giggles.
What are we really living for?
Not for snicks and giggles.
What are we really living for?
Not for snicks and giggles.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Are You Implying Now?

First it was the trumpet lessons.
Then you had those slippers made.
The harp?
Was is that all about?
And the people at Victoria's Secret,
Wanted to know if your request...
To purchase from them a set of wings,
Was a practical joke.
What are you up to?

'Just because I choose to be proactive,
Doesn't mean...
I have no motivation.
Or that I do not have initiative.
And besides...
You wouldn't recognize an 'angel',
If one was living right under this roof.
Would you?

And don't look at me as if I have a halo,
Over my head.'

Trust me...
What is OVER your head,
Is the furthest thing from my mind.

'And...
What is 'that' suppose to mean?
What are you implying now?
That I have no ambitions?
That I don't know 'who' I am?
You have never been supportive.
Well...
Others will.
You'll see.'

Heaven help us.

'There you go.

Asking for requests ALREADY!
Well you can forget it.
I'm not in the mood.
I am tired of you taking me for granted.

And the rolling of the eyes,
Is not going to get me to change my mind.
Trust me.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Are You Saying?

Why are the people looking shocked and stunned?

'The one they elected to public office,
To represent their interests.
Has actually confessed to making a mistake,
Without it being yet formally acknowledged.'

NO! ?

'Yes!
And on top of it,
He is holding himself accountable...
For his own actions.'

WHAT?
What on Earth did he do?

'He was seen early this morning.
Jogging.
And without a jockstrap! '

So...
What do you suspect will happen next?

'Well,
It is just a rumor.
No one yet has had this confirmed.
Or has come forward with any evidence.'

Who started the rumor?

'I have my own suspicions.
And these politicians today will do anything,
To get re-elected.'

What are you saying?

'Look!
Would you be that concerned,

About who had a jockstrap on jogging...
At 5: 30 in the morning?
It's not like he's a member of the royal family.
No one cares to spot his jewels.'

What time in the morning does he jog?
And where?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Are 'Your' Specifics?

So much easier it is,
To attack one who achieves with a doing done.
Than it is to criticize that one who does this,
To impress with plans to do.

And...
With only the evidence one who judges can produce,
Of mistakes another has made in the process...
To the making of attempts to correct those mistakes,
In a public manner to have those errors addressed.

And yet with audacity an honesty is confessed.
To have it perceived the one who critiques...
Is the best one anyone should choose and select,
To represent the very of their interests.

'Yes...
Your ideas are worth a giving of attention.
But,
What are your specifics? '

~That has yet to be determined.
However...
I can promise you when elected,
You will 'then' know what my plans have been.~

'Do you have more than pictures,
And posters with slogans to show us? '

~Of course.
That too you will be given an opportunity to see.
But today my priority is to convince you,
What I offer is a better solution.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Began As Folly

Even truth can not end their dementia.
Intoxicated needs to have a fix to ease pain,
Something begins crumbling from deep
With them
And a chase of booze and pills...
Numb their chills from ills they get!
As the news they see on TV sets,
Upsets a cracking understanding.

Breaking down fences they now share...
With neighbors who come,
Aware
A mental disease has infected everyone.

Crazed 'were' the ones
They lifted upon their shoulders.
Praising their opinions...
Of what they saw ahead!

Feeling the power to reinterpret instead,
With visions that were tainted
From lofty positions they painted 'red'.
To gather those below them to build fear
In their heads!
And they giggled with glee.
Thinking how easy their plans would be.

This will have to be tremendous...
To introduce and implement!
We have to create an enemy everyone resents!
We have to do something center stage and effective.
Something that will captivate
An audience
Easily decepted!

And then they came down to Earth...
With the fear of lost strength and glory!
Gory scenes of screams and shouts.
People caught on camera running crazed about!

Misery and grief became colored with alerts...
Investigations probe and find,
Minds crushed were done by those of 'dirt'!

And visions that had no chance to come true!
Were shared in the eyes of only a few.

Even truth can not end their dementia.
Intoxicated needs to have a fix to ease pain,
Something begins crumbling from deep
Within them burning!

And a chase of booze and pills,
Numb their chills from ills they get!
The news they see on TV sets,
Upsets a cracking understanding.
And what began as folly...
Stirs the World in much regret!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Better Gift

Best wishes.
Hoping you well with enough joy,
To spread for each day you are able!

It should not be only on holidays,
We come together
Full of cheer and anticipation...
To celebrate and make amends!
These connected days that tie into seasons,
Should overflow from stored up hope and love!
Had I thought of a gift?
To exchange in merriment?
Have I selected slots of limited time
Thinking of ways to stretch pennies, nickles
And dimes?
There's not a month that goes by
That I find doing that has become tradition!

I wonder if God wants me to shop at Saks'?
Or Macy's, Sears or stores that sell back packs!
I-Pods with speakers the size to fill in ears,
Tuning out everything human that's near.
Programmed for music, TV, games and telephone!
Making interaction more interacted alone.

It should not only be on holidays,
We come together!
We should be sending out those lifelines daily!
But how can that be done?
When in these days of progress made...
Electronics seems to be the way
People of today come together in groups,
To have a one-on-one for fun...
And goodwill.
For whoever is overwhelmed with gladness...
Observing in ecstatic saddness!
The days of playing charades with friends and family,
My never return!

And it should not be only on holidays,
We come together to tease with happiness!
It would be nice if this was done more than once,
Or twice!
And then left to moan throughout the year
About how something purchased for someone,
Was not needed!
Or the effort made to get it to them was not appreciated
At all...
As much as it was expected!
And there is no indication
Of a 'spiritual' enlightenment shared!

Best wishes.
Hoping you well with enough joy,
For each day you are able to feel
And express it!
What better gift of hope is there? !

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Big Eyes You Have

If I left it to others,
To have faith and belief in 'my' efforts...
I would still be in the midst,
Of listening to their negativity.
And expressed doubts.
With a making of attempts to convince me,
A road I chose to travel upon...
First needed to be cleared of debris.
Then it should be paved and tested by a decoy,
Just in case overwhelming obstacles...
Appeared unexpectedly to chase me away.
People have a way to introduce fear.
With a depiction of it to make knees quiver and shake.

Somehow their doubts and naysaying stances,
Enhanced my faith to strengthen my determination.
And with motivation and initiative to assist my focus,
A removing of 'their' fears never entered my mind.
To block my ears from whatever I heard at the time,
With my eyes open as wide as possible.

'My...
What a surprise.
What big eyes you have.'

And my feet move fast and swift.
Prepared I am too,
To have you witness this.

'Do you know who I am? '

Of course!
You are distraction.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What 'Brothers' Do You Talk About?

What 'brothers' do you refer to?
Not the ones you annoyed, destroyed
And chased away?

Not the ones you avoided,
When the 'man' said that was okay?

Not the ones you babied and sent to stay,
Confined behind bars to learn about other crimes...
With chances that 'brother' would someday be gay.

What 'brothers' do you talk about?
That are not worthy of your support or praise.

Those 'brothers' are there and may sit on high horses.
But these 'brothers' you say betray.
Instead of seeing it their way.
With unsuccessful attempts to have them branded,
As weak with even temperments you can control.
And no 'brother' I know will allow that to happen...
Again!
Knowing what it is like having that to be done.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Can Anyone Say To Unlock The Gates

What can anyone say,
To someone seeking friends to play with...
In a playground repaved.
And the bulk of it,
Has been regarded old.
And chained by locks that rust.
When everything outside of this locked box,
Has been entrusted to others to discuss.

What can anyone say,
Who is determined to see and live life...
That shows effects of decay.
Without using the same depictions,
That would offend a mind fixed.
Selfishly picking that which to experience.

What can anyone say to unlock the gates,
Of one's insight that betrays.
Without appearing to be all knowing.
Or too mature to have obtained,
A knowledge that processes with an aging gained.
And puts a mind retreating from this,
In a defensive mode.
One that has prevented attempts to allow aging to unfold.

What can anyone say...
To anyone accepting to live,
A life one fears to live another way.
And yet,
Can express with accusations...
There are those who refuse to listen them.
To have patience that can be evaluated...
As having empathy or a sensitivity one wishes and is preferred.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Can Be Corrected Takes Initiative And Effort

Some believe their lives,
Should be lived with repetitions of chances...
And forgiveness given.
As if they are immuned from the learning,
Of making mistakes.
There are more than many,
Willing to keep making them.

Some believe any action they take is acceptable.
Any creative excuse used is okay.
And any thoughtlessness expressed from their lips,
Depicting the delivery from a mindless brain...
Is from them expected.
Leaving environments unchanged.

And yet all of this foolishness,
Is a reflection of a standard of life that has been approved.
And those approving this standard?
They are the ones always willing to put the blame,
For any of their failures...
On someone intelligent enough to admit,
What can be corrected takes initiative and effort.

And those who oppose conflicts they have started,
By their absence of seeing daylight...
Are the ones who denounce such appearances of nonconformity,
As actions that will be no longer tolerated...
In the best of their speech deliveries.
Not comprehending their ability to make speeches,
Is not what is needed by those protesting...
The addressing of additional impressive ignorance.

Interpreting what heathens do when unleashed,
Is difficult to swallow...
When those come forward to speak on microphones,
To be heard with their explanations...
Are clearly the ones to blame.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Can I Do To Prove You Love Me?

I did not ask to love you.
In fact...
I had no idea I was going to,
Until your presence latched upon my heart.
And now...
I am emotionally attached.
Cemented.
And had I known,
I could not prevent this from happening...
I would not have ever volunteered to be leashed,
For the rest of my life!
As I watch you do everything you can,
To drive me crazy!

I can not pretend I don't care.
You have me whipped.
And you know it!
I wish I could break away from your spell.
Even moving to a new address.
Changing your name, telephone number...
And the kind of car you drive,
Does not kill the love you have for me!
I know for me your love still exist.
I just don't understand...
Why you are playing so hard to get?
What can I do...
To prove 'you' love me?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Can I Do?

What can I do?
Besides stand on the sidelines,
To criticize
Things done by others...
With the convenience to disapprove.
And choosing to voice my druthers.

What can I do?
To improve the quality of life.
I'm not the only one sometimes embittered...
Or feel my life has more share of strife.

Have I ever set aside my own selfishness,
To protest against my own wastelessness?
Have I ever gone out of my way,
To listen and empathize with others along the way?
Have I sacrificed my own feeding of greed...
To come to the aid of another who has more need?
Instead of proceeding to mask my own insecurities.

What can I do?
What can I say?
Perhaps today I will make an attempt,
To see myself extremely fortunate!
And do something I have not often done.
Approach someone else to offer my assistance.
And ask, 'What can I do?
If you and I got together...
Maybe you and I can help others too!

Afterall,
Isn't it much easier to try to understand...
Than to stay frustrated,
By making self centered demands!

And who is really listening to that...
When common ground is where we all seem to stand! '

What can I do?

To have us accept each other,
With nothing more than that to prove.
Let's try something new.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Can One Do Or Say That Doesn'T Offend?

Living in an environment,
Where there are disrespectful children...
Being raised by adults stuck in their minds,
That growing up sucks...
Is an added pressure for those who are mature enough,
To throw their hands up...
And walk away!

What can one do or say that doesn't offend?

An influence to include a responsibility that is done...
And shown,
Gets a look of disdain from those choosing to remain...
Hip-hoppers who wish to rap for the rest of their lives.

Try talking to people like this about being accountable.
Go ahead,
I dare you.
They will cuss you out quicker than they will,
The teachers entrusted to babysit their children.
And not necessarily the elementary school aged children.
Those who are confronted in high school!
Running up and down the hallway...
And acting like school is for fools!

Attempting to teach 'these' children 'before' they head to prison,
Is 'not' impossible.
But the likelihood of it becoming a priority,
And seen as an investment to protect one's future is zero!

And there is nowhere to go,
To gain support.
Since people stagnated like this don't know it...
But they are creating their own demise.
And it becomes a sad commentary to make.
So is truth hard to take when face to face.

And when the weekends come...
the only thing that seems to get productively done,

Is a showing of how a detached people...
Can 'still' get down and funky.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Can You Lose?

Find a purpose in life you like.
And be assertive.
With a boldness you control.

Keep your inner light,
Turned up blinding bright.
And never let it dim.

Ignore those who cause a raucous.
They seek to provoke,
And stir up fuss!

Enjoy your life.
How many opportunities will you have,
To do it?

At least try it.
What can you lose?
A headache?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Children Once Did

As far as perceptions go,
One should not believe they know another,
Based upon what they have been told.
Everything living like the seasons do change.

There are too many people walking around,
Who have yet to say hello to someone 'known'.
But can spend hours talking about that person,
As if they had witnessed all of their activities since birth.

And when it comes to some folks related to others,
Embellishing what they do as time passes on...
Is enough for them to create who that person is 'today',
Because it was known who they were in elementary schools...
Doing what children once did and still are expected to do.

With the leaving of hints and the dropping of clues,
As to why there is such a tolerance...
For immaturity and the acceptance of ignorance.
And the allowance given not to offend,
Those who have abandoned accountability altogether.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Comes Is A Clean Sweep

They await on the sidelines for fresh meat.
For someone to be accountable,
To dump upon them their grief.

But a new leadership being installed will not have that.
Not at all.
Especially when the current crap...
Had been left behind by the ones they followed.
To leave them in their squalor trapped.
As they sat back getting fat.
Believing that a reality coming to meet them...
Is going to keep their delusions intact!
But 'that' is not going to happen!

What is...
Will be an introduction,
Free of seduction and deceit.
What comes is a clean sweep,
Of all their fantasies they've been made to believe.
And many will be traumatized,
When those days of greed and gluttony...
Will forever from them leave!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Creature Is This

What creature is this,
That decides to begin explicit conflicts?
Doing things the opposite...
And spreading contagious disease.
That feeds on hypocrisy,
With such amazing ease!
What creature is this,
Existing in our midst?
Allow to persist with displays of sickness!
Poisonous is the water...
And the air this 'thing' pollutes!
Unsatisfied with its reflection seen...
It destroys anything Mother Nature 'salutes'.
What creature is this,
That can not sit to fit in?
Why is it like a cancer spreading,
With no cure to stop its end!
What creature is this,
With a mind that defines?
And looking for a way,
To slay all goodness that it finds!
What creature is this...
Insisting to plant chaos remembered,
And not to be left behind!
What creature IS this?
Making attempts...
To discourage wishes of peace,
It declines!
What beast is this watched...
As it craves with venom seeking to unwind!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Date Are You Awaiting

What date are you awaiting,
To appreciate your life?
What security you believe is promised...
If you elect a future that delights.

Unfortunately your hesitation,
Will not outpace what has taken place.

And what has taken place,
Is not addressing your patience at all.
In fact what you think will provide a safety net...
Is no longer there to comfort your sudden fall.

And scheduled dates you have prioritized,
Have long passed you as you stalled.

What date are you awaiting,
To appreciate your life?
What date is that you have yet to realize,
Is not there for you to call.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Demons Do

I've heard it said,
When visiting on foreign shores...
Or making moves on territory,
Not as foreign.
To do what those natives do.

Well...
For some reason,
Demons are always identified...
By a confusion they undertake.
No matter where they are...
Their movements can be traced.

And I 'aint' about to make no demon happy...
No matter where the place.
Or the faces of faked intentions...
I may or may not recognize.
Whether or not from behind smiles they make.

What demons do,
Comes to me as no surprise.
Especially if deceit,
Is awarded to those...
Who praise with pride those tellers of lies.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Did I Do?

You're always ever busy.
With avoiding time for me.
You're always ever busy.
With no giving I can see.

What did I do.
That you don't give time to talk about it.
What did I do.
That you dare to share your thoughts about it.
What did I do.
That you don't want me to know...
And you're acting like I do,
So I'll question more and more.

What did I do.
That you don't give time to talk about it.
What did I do.
That you dare to share your thoughts about it.
What did I do.
That you don't want me to know...
And you're acting like I do,
So I'll question more and more.

You're always ever busy.
With avoiding time for me.
You're always ever busy.
With no giving I can see.

What did I do.
That you don't give time to talk about it.
What did I do.
That you dare to share your thoughts about it.
What did I do.
That you don't want me to know...
And you're acting like I do,
So I'll question more and more.

What did I do?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Did You Expect?

You left when you announced you were leaving me.
What did you expect?
Tears of remorse and a begging of regrets?

When I heard your words,
I didn't object but accepted.
My mind is at total rest.

What I gave to you,
Was my all and best.
And the only thing you showed to me,
Was a disrespect.

My dignity and pride,
I will always protect.
And I thank God,
I did not allow you to come near them.

It wont be me awakening,
To a cold shoulder I did not expect.
You will be the one receiving that...
From the next one and the next one...
And all the others,
You thought would love you...
Better than my best!

And being 'done' by the likes of you,
Has given me a sense of complete rest.
you have no idea how much you've been spoiled.

You left when you announced you were leaving me.
What did you expect?
Tears of remorse and a begging of regrets?
I know who I am.
And you will discover that,
When you are shut out unwanted...
To stand alone on someone's doorstep,
Whining like a wet puppy!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Did You Think?

You are going to have much more.
Much, much, much, much more...
To concern yourself about very soon.
Than to try to find a playmate
To fantasize your superiority wishes,
And caviar dreams.
Selecting schemes and deceit,
To feed your ego
Comes to a screeching halt!
IF you can afford to do that...
When the price you now pay for gas,
Rises higher than any pretentiousness
You could invent.
And the time you have spent boring me,
Is not going to move me an inch
Away from my integrity.
While you are focused on teaching me a lesson...
Your whole quality of life and values,
Crumbles before all eyes!
And those are not my wishes.
I have been pointing that out to you for years.
What did you think?
I wanted to distract you?
You have done that on your own!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Difference Does It Make

It doesn't matter if it's all fiction.
Is it explicit?

'Yes.'

Does it create interest with tension?

'Oh yes.
There is a lot of that.'

What about drama and suspense?
And terror.
Is there terror?
I mean the kind that gets folks to bite nails,
With the getting them to sit on the edge of their seats?

'There is plenty of that too!
It guarantees to top the best seller list,
For months.
Maybe years.'

Then what difference does it make,
If none of it is true?
People will buy it.
They will be sold on the events.
Fiction or not.
What they believe we will make to be true.
And after the movie is made...
Who cares what the evidence is?
Who cares who argues about truth and its value?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Difference Does That Make?

What can anyone say to another,
When opportunities to have meaningful conversations...
Have been skipped to compare one's appearance,
To relatives, neighbors, pets and meaningless nonsense.

People have done this,
And for years make claims what they know.
When in actuality they know not a thing.
Not about the people they talk about or the surroundings.

And these are the folks who are expressing disbelief.
Whether it is about something done or what has been achieved,
Right next door.
Or the kind of lifestyle a relative lives and not one perceived.

There are people who have complete conversations,
Discussing other people they have yet to meet.
And when they see them in the streets they give them attitude.
Without one word ever shared or a hand extended to greet.

What can anyone say to another,
When opportunities to have meaningful conversations...
Have been skipped to compare one's appearance,
To relatives, neighbors, pets and meaningless nonsense.

'Hello.
I'd like to introduce myself...
Since no one else has done it.
And I don't want to be like them.
I'd like to establish a process,
That has a start that progesses to a middle...
And grows to produce positivity that never ends.'

~You know I know you.
Stop playing around.~

'What's my real name?
Not my nickname.'

~What difference does that make?
We still gon' be related.
What's your real name anyway?
I never knew that.~

'And you say you know me?
How? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Difference Would It Make?

I have prohibited my eyes,
From dripping to drop another tear.
Or allow my ears to hear,
Your assessment of where it is 'I' should be.
Or who it is I could become,
With a doing done to make impressions.
When I can rely on you to offer,
And 'unconditionally'...
Is your non-existing support that is guaranteed.
To know whatever opinion you give I can ignore.
That's how certain and determined I am,
To remain on my chosen path.
And not listen to your...

'Go ahead.
Say it.'

Even if you dared me,
What difference would it make?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Difference Would That Make

I have known that person for many years.
I know what they do.
I know where they live.
And I know they drive.
But these days they don't have a car.

'Very interesting.
What kind of things do they like to do? '

I don't know.
I have never asked.

'Then how can you say,
You know that person? '

By what I've heard to know to be true.

'Oh.
So you have had those conversations? '

Conversations?
You mean to share and ask questions?
I've seen them around long enough.
Why would I waste time wanting to do that?

'To get to know them 'personally'.'

What difference would that make?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Do Liars Then Do?

Liars know who they are.
And what they have done,
To pursue temporary satisfactions.
With a demoralizing of whom they choose.
As if what they've done will stick like glue.

Those who have been scrutinized,
By the telling of false lies...
To have been victimized with tears cried.
Are aware of them too!
Yet to retaliate is something they refuse.

But those who have been undermined,
Do what liars instigating have chosen not to do.
And that is to wait patiently,
To let time intervene...
With a demeaning liars with an applying of truth.

What do liars then do?
Plead to be released from mental guilty beatings.
And even if forgiven,
Liars once exposed for who they are...
Can never find places to keep themselves hidden.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Do We Want?

Those who have participated,
In their own diminished quality of life...
To have ostracized and shunned,
The ones living their lives...
To ignore what others sought to do done.
Are now accused,
For their happiness to express.
With a hoping this to address...
Gives them visibility and lots of media press.

Although,
The ones who sacrificed to put up with nonsense,
Have those who had participated...
In their acceptance to initiate and manifest it,
Having difficulty explaining...
Why they are not satisfied by the outcome achieved,
To have left them with the nonsense they've created...
Alone with it to leave.

'What do we want? '

~We don't know.~

'And when do we want it? '

~NOW! ~

'WHAT DO WE WANT? '

~WE DON'T KNOW.~

'AND WHEN DO WE WANT IT? '

~WHEN SOMEONE HAS IT.
AND TO US IT SHOWS.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Do You Expect?

Why do you touch my pony's bump?
When nothing you say of my camel's hump?
And the elephant's trunk you feed no nuts!
But you want to inspect the donkey...
While you touch the monkey's butt!

'I'm a vegetarian...
What do you expect? '

Don't you mean,
Veterinarian?

'No! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Do You Intend To Do Today?

What do I plan to do today?
Absolutely nothing.
But of course,
In the nothing done that I will do...
There will be something to accomplish.
Since my plans never work out the way I wish.

What do you intend to do today?

'Remind myself,
Never to ask questions like that of you,
Ever again.
You made me forget what my reason was,
For asking you the question.
Now I can't remember why I came by to see you.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Do You Intend To Do?

I have finally seen the light.
And the error of my ways.

'Congratulations.
That light and those errors made,
Have only been glaring in your face...
For decades.'

I just didn't see it.

'Now that you see the truth for what it is,
What do you intend to do? '

I had not thought about that yet.
I am still trying to find an appropriate time,
To use my pretentions in a more beneficial way.
They have become too comfortable to abandon.

'Perhaps the light you saw,
Was not that bright? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Do You Think It Might Be?

Doctor?
I've tried all of the remedies.
And I've done the best I could.
My three marriages have failed.
My children lack discipline.
And my neighbors always find something,
To complain about...
When I have parties past midnight.
Why is it that my life seems in total chaos?

'I brought you a gift.
And I want you to unwrap it.
Right here.'

Oh how sweet of you.
You bought me a picture.
Doctor?
You are the only one who understands.
It is rather large.
Where on Earth will I put it?

'Hopefully you will put it,
In a place that will remind you each day...
How to best resolve your problems.
Upwrap it.
I'm hoping you will immediately connect,
To the message that it reveals.'

I'm so excited I can't wait to see what it...
Is...It's a mirror? With my name on it?

'And...
I want you to stand in front of it everyday.
Especially in the mornings.'

But...
I don't get it.
What does this have to do with my life?

'Stand in front of it every morning.
And then ask that same question,
As many times as you wish.'

I'll do it but I 'doubt' if that will solve anything.

'Then we are dealing with something extremely serious.'

What do you think it might be?
My hair?
I've been thinking of getting a weave.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Does Any War Win?

A promised date with death...
For those celebrated to have valor,
And honor.
With a courage to protect,
Aspects of their interests.
To eventually be praised by those,
Who shop for new clothes.
Just to appear as patriotic as possible.

What does any war win?
A release of egos...
That are temporarily free,
To intoxicate insecurities!
With an eye on starting other conflicts.
And hyped promotions to campaign,
In a glorified propaganda that drains resources...
To feed appetites to defend one's rights.

Even though orbiting probes and satellites,
Can detect a fly on a brick wall...
In the darkest of nights!

What does any war win?
An opportunity for the victor to express,
A hightened ignorance joyously!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Does He Stand For?

'I think he has come to seethe
The others sitting.
While he,
Had to keep himself reminded...
There were things he needs to get done.
And he is going to do it too...
With everyone's assistance.
And no one is going to sit in idleness.
And 'that's what he stands for.
And you will come to know it! '

They're seeking to find fresh deceptions...
To try to stick on him!
They're seeking to find fresh deceptions...
To try to stick on him!
They're seeking to find fresh deceptions...
To try to stick on him!

Anything to get their point of view across...
To someone who will listen to them.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Does It Take For Reality To Be Embraced?

What is it that goes on in the minds of those,
Who choose an agenda...
To defeat the ones they have historically opposed?
By the telling of lies and demeaning them,
With stereotypical jokes that seem to continue with no end?
Those old jokes told,
That have rusted against their peeling picket fences.

Delusion!

A delusion kept that their inept perceptions,
Will stay effective with sustained false depth.
And their ability to squeeze the economy,
To have those on their knees and pleading...
With a begging of them to forgive them of 'sins'.
As if they have been annointed as 'chosen' deities.
Worshipped by those suppressed as they believe.

What goes on in the minds of those,
Who choose an agenda...
To defeat the ones they have historically opposed,
By the telling of lies and demeaning them...
With stereotypical jokes?

Delusion!

And what awakens to stun the ones,
To snap out of their spells they've kept so well?

Reality!

And what does it take for reality to be embraced?

A truth that survives that no one can deny.
Once superficiality diminishes from those whose eyes,
Have been cleared and freed from all deceptions.
With trauma to face as a reception!
After inspecting their standards once valued demolished.

'Say what you will.
But a winning was not done with a mandate! '

I agree.
However...
Few losers are heard cheering,
Because they 'almost' defeated that which was opposed.
Or observed snuggling together...
With smiles a mile wide and gratified with eyes closed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Does One Say To Another

What does one say to another,
Who has absorbed much disrespect.
Knowing it has been undeserved...
And yet this is what,
One undeserving gets.

What does one say to another,
After participating in that person's...
Character assassination?
And the person is aware of it...
Since where both live,
This is part of the environment.

What does one say to another,
When it is discovered...
Someone has been playing,
Easy to victimize!
Easy to criticize.
Easy to deceive and lie upon!
And yet...
Has protected the backs,
Of those who have ignorantly attacked...
Like that!

What does one say to another,
When that fact has been revealed?

What does one say to another,
Once they have awakened...
To find themselves setback and trapped,
By a lack of wisdom to comprehend...
How life should be lived to respect and not offend.
And...
'Who' ultimately wins.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Else Ahead Of Us Is Next?

I wasn't looking for love.
I wasn't looking for 'you'...
That's for sure!
But...
When our eyes met,
In the way that 'our' eyes met...
We both knew what that feeling was between us.
We both knew what that feeling meant.

What Else Ahead Of Us Is Next?

And for seconds we let it linger.
As if 'forever' came to not forget.

I was not looking for love.
Especially at that time of the day.
And under the circumstances.
We were at work and not at play.

It wasn't a setting for where love should be.
The humidity was high...
And we both were inside,
Sitting amongst others...
Preparing to eat,
Escaping from a Summer heat.

You with other obligations.
And me...
Determined to stay single.
For the rest of my life...
I expected to be.

We were all talking!
And suddenly our eyes...
From opposite ends of a table,
It then 'happened' as if secretly.
THERE.
Our eyes met each other,
And 'there' those feelings we both had...

Knew what it was instantly.

I wasn't looking for love.
I wasn't looking for 'you'...
That's for sure!
But...
When our eyes met,
I did not regret it.
But...
When our eyes met,
There was love understood.
And you and I both let it...
Be!
With a knowing we,
Fell in love magically.

And now...
What on Earth will we choose,
To do...
Next?
Meet discreetly,
To share our passion and sex?

What Else Ahead Of Us Is Next?

I wasn't looking for love.
I wasn't looking for 'you'...
That's for sure!
But...
When our eyes met,
In the way that 'our' eyes met...
What else ahead of us is next?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Else Are You Expecting?

Is it wrong for me to want you?
In the way I've wanted to want you?
Haunting me is your nakedness.
Yes I am confessing!
I am craving a need,
To see you close and undressed.
Pimples.
Blemishes.
Wrinkles, flaws and all!
When you aren't here and near...
I have that need to place a booty call!
I get tensed up.
I crawl the walls.
And when you don't answer,
I go beserk!
Feeling like a jerk...
Frowning with a smirk!
I get grumpy and crunchy,
Without you milking the dessert.
You're yummy and I want you.
And you know this is true.
I wish to whisper that to you...
If you let me dip in your nookie,
And we grind and together screw!

'WHY are you so...
Fresh! '

Do you prefer this gets stale?

'No, not at all!
It 'sounds' great.
But...
When will we practice your compositions?
Before or after you fall to sleep,
And I am the one left awake!
Reading each line...
Until I am the one in heat! '

Honey...
I am a writer!
What else are you expecting?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Else Can You Do?

What else can they do?
After they have offended,
With disrespect...
Publicly denounced,
And rejected you?
And it was later discovered...
You were selected by God,
To protect them.
And you no longer have that need.
To acknowledge them or hear their pleas.
Especially...
When all you came to offer was love!
And that was something they prayed to receive!
What else can you do?
When God is watching you make attempts to deliver.
And He decides...
You should not compromise your dignity and pride!
What else can you do?
But follow those wishes...
And be blessed with the gifts,
God has given you to use!
And not waste your time,
Being abused by the confused.
What else can you do?
Even though they turned their backs on you...
Should you do the same thing done to you too?
What else can you do?
When God is watching you make attempts to deliver.
And He decides...
You should not compromise your dignity and pride!
What else can you do?
But follow those wishes...
And be blessed with the gifts,
God has given you to use!
And not waste your time,
Being abused by the confused.
Or think if you do...
You have something there to lose.
And you don't!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Else Can You Tell Me

Too many have been 'programmed',
To base their unsolicited opinions...
On others and how they 'seem' to be,
With quick assessments...
Done swiftly to expedite a validation.

Scan they do someone's physical appearance...
Looks, choice of dress, texture of hair,
And how it is worn to wear.
Manner of speaking and word usage.
And where they are seen,
To be minding their own business.
As if a book had been given to them,
And every detail in it is known...
Without it being opened to 'skim' through the contents.

There are those who 'mysteriously' know,
What someone else thinks, feels...
And even the depth of their unspoken emotions.
To have not experienced a second, minute or a moment spent,
Of that person's life to have anything said to make any sense.
With a doing then to spread gossip amongst themselves,
Involving family members, friends or anyone else listening to them...
Slandering another's character just on a whim.
Without knowing a shred of truth or what it is they have done to do.

'Hi.
I am quite surprised to see you.
You're not sick or appear to be.
How have you been?
How was your recovery? '

~Well...
Hello to you too.
And...uh...huh?
What else can you tell me about myself?
Especially those FACTS,
I have yet to hear and spoken behind my back.
Hold on...

I have a pen and pad somewhere.
Just a sec.
Okay...go ahead.
And please keep it exciting.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Else Did You Expect?

There are those surviving to thrive,
On feeding their egos.
And believed themselves to have 'arrived',
When they have successfully retrieved...
A returning of a bone thrown,
After it has been fetched.

'Good boy. Your such a good boy.'
Now bark at the ones,
Who attempt to make forward steps.
Let it be known to show them,
I've chosen you to be my favorite pet.'

~Grrrrooowwl. Woof! Woof.~

'Nice.
You are so obedient.
So faithful.
Now...
For your final task and test.
I want you to protest against the ones,
Who may look like you...
But don't 'act' the way you do.
Backbite them if you have to...
If you sense they seek to achieve success.'

~I can do that.
Okay.
Now...
What will 'I' get? ~

'Don't be silly.
You get to bark.
What else did you expect? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Else Do You Offer?

And?

Okay!
So...
You discovered I have a sense,
Of intelligence.
And you believe I am here to be used,
Exclusively as your intstrument.

But that will not happen.

Today you speak of encouraging,
And establishing relationships.
But everything you've done,
Has been the opposite of it!

I came to you wishing to do the same thing.
But you assessed me then as having...
Nothing to the table to bring.
To heighten your visuals.

But not only can I build tables.
I also can cook and clean.
I know how to use a mop and sweep.
Taking out the trash and washing dishes...
Are extremely important to me.

I can wear a suit and tie.
And give an image that is impressive.
But I prefer to keep it basic.
Since I don't masquerade or charade,
For the attention that it brings.
That kind of life I do not satiate.

And you?
Are much too pretentious.

And?
Well...

Okay!
So...
You discovered I have a sense,
Of intelligence.
And you believe I am here to be used,
Exclusively as your instrument.
Now that you know this...
This 'intelligence' that drops your lips.
You are funny!

What else do you offer?
Since what you propose,
Would never satisfy...
An integrity I pride!

Hurry up,
Make it quick.
I have a walk to take.
And Mother Nature to visit!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Everyone Else Has Done

It has to be admitted,
People disgruntled can gather quickly...
To decide amongst themselves whomever they wish,
To successfully dismiss.
And after doing this begin to solicit those better qualified.
With verifiable actions done that appeases to please everyone.

And...
As discovery reveals as it always does,
Those people they decided to quickly dismiss...
Were the ones who produced and did not take time to gossip.
With a doing to achieve.
Regardless who perceived their deeds did not please.

'So...
What is it we do to approve the next step?
All we've done was gossip.
And I confess I did that best.'

~There's got to be someone left,
We can scrutinize to eventually despise.
And someone willing to get their neck chopped off.~

'But no one like that is part of our clique.
No one like that is left to exist.
Who got us into to trifling dilemma in the first place? '

~Don't call it 'trifling'!
We are just exercising our options.~

'Why are you looking at me?
I am a follower.
And besides...
Haven't I done what everyone has done AND faithfully? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Excuses Are There Left

What excuses are there left,
For any one group to make?
When an initiative to take,
With a devotion to promote success...
Has left them feeling provoked,
By others who view them...
As unmotivated.
To believe through life they can just coast.

What excuses are there left,
For any one group to make?
When they can congregate to participate,
In a dedicated hesitation...
To believe facts to face they can eliminate,
If they faithfully prayed them away.
With a keeping of those who speak in truths,
Perceived as negative doers...
Wishing to undo their nonexistent pursuits.

What excuses are there left,
For any one group to make?
When an initiative to take,
With a devotion to promote success and happiness...
Has left them feeling provoked,
By others who view them...
As a group of unmotivated folks.
Believing through life they can just coast,
And with it done as others blew wind...
Against fragile but flaunted to boast about sails.

What excuses are there left,
For any one group with alibis continually made?
When they can come together to pray,
With a doing to participate in congregation...
But for whatever the reason done to do,
Just few are unafraid to walk in kept faith.
And without a doing to get attention,
Or an approval given by anyone mentioned.
Nor excuses to make if mistakes are made,

To then allow escapes for them to hide a charade.
It takes faith not quotes from scriptures loudly relayed,
To prove who believes with it not to be mistaken...
With a doing to separate from those who fake.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Few Perceive

Great may be the taste,
One appreciates when presented on a plate.
And carefully served to attract attention.
But that greatness is meaningless,
If those observing...
That which seems to be exclusively enjoyed,
And are not treated by others...
Who appear to be annoyed.
Since what becomes great for some to believe,
Should be shared by more to increase the perception.

An isolated taste of what few perceive is great...
May only come to impress those selected that address it.
And those who could benefit from a thoughtfulness to exist,
Are seldom the ones who have become dismissed.
Since any selfishness in the mix does not a greatness make.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What 'Fit' Would I Want

Identity?
I've had one for so long.
All my life,
I have lived to perfect it.
I don't get upset with those with none.
Those who prefer to turn away and run...
If confronted!

Identity?
I know who I am without question.
Acceptance I don't seek.
Not from those
Who believe my identity
Might leave others afraid to speak.
Those familiar with others,
Who shuffle along with stances weak.

I have no problem,
Being me and that might offend.
'Too bad! '
'Get over it! '
Nothing else or more is there...
I care to share with them!
What 'fit' would I want,
If that which I enjoy...
Provides me comfort?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Fool Fuels Hate?

What fool fuels hate?
And makes it okay...
To take and take.
While creating hate!

What fool fuels hate?
To make themselves victims,
Of a hate they create!

What fool fuels hate?
And makes it okay...
To take and take.
While creating hate!

What fool fuels hate?
To make themselves victims,
Of a hate they create!

The love of peace is not a feast for a few to eat.
To enrich themselves while leaving others deplete!
And homeless...
On our city streets.
The love of peace is not a feast for a few to eat.
To declared what's stolen from others,
To say...
They are the enemy to beat!

What fool fuels hate?
And makes it okay...
To take and take.
While creating hate!

The love of peace is not a feast for a few to eat.
What fool fuels hate?
To enrich themselves while leaving others deplete!
What fool fuels hate?
To take and take and take to say,
They have enemies to beat.

What fool fuels hate?
And makes it okay...
To take and take.
While creating hate!

What fool fuels hate?
To make themselves victims,
Of a hate they create!

The love of peace is not a feast for a few to eat.
What fool fuels hate?
To enrich themselves while leaving others deplete!
What fool fuels hate?
To take and take and take to say,
They have enemies to beat.
Living on our city streets.
Victimizing in unconsciousness...
With themselves to defeat.

What fool fuels hate?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What For Them Is Effective

Nobody should...
Want less than the best or guess,
What for them is a life lived effective.
And...
Nobody should,
Be dependent on whatever's defective.
And...
Nobody should,
Live a life that keeps them up all night...
To wonder what for them is wrong or right!
But...
Many do,
Only live their lives to be approved.

Whatever thoughts they have in their minds to think...
Many do,
Only live their lives to be approved.
And whatever the choice they want to make AND choose...
Many do,
Only live their lives to be approved.
Whatever the steps many take are hesitated,
'Cause...
Many do,
Only live their lives to be approved.
Since,
Opposition to decisions many hate...
With a wanting and a wish to be approved.

Nobody should...
Want less than the best or guess,
What for them is a life lived effective.
But...
Many do,
Only live their lives to be approved.
Since,
Opposition to decisions many hate...
With a wanting and a wish to be approved.

So many do...

Live their lives for others to approve.
And...
So many choose...
To live their lives for others to approve.

So many do...
Live their lives for others to approve.
And,
So many choose...
To live their lives for others to approve.
But...
Nobody should,
Want less than the best or guess,
What for them is effective.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What For Them Was Isn'T

What for them was isn't.
Like the taste of a lollipop,
That has faded from one's memory.
The activity is remembered.
But the flavor of it is gone.
And many are trying to hold onto it.
With a savor craved...
That brings them to the edge,
Of a tantrum fit!

Since what sits in their minds from yesterday,
Hasn't for them really gone away.
They want it returned!
They want it to stay!
They feel betrayed by an enslavement made!

What for them 'was'
ISN'T anymore.
Or will be again.
For anyone else to be explored!

Those heard droaning in a whining moan...
Are lost and locked in a consciousness,
Soon to be all their own.

What for them was isn't.
It's never coming back!
That's a fact they wished attacked.

But from a clock that has stopped its tick tocking...
The hands on it sit!
And there is no movement witnessed from this.
There is no movement witnessed from this.
And there is no movement witnessed from this.
There is no movement witnessed from this.
No movement,
Is witnessed from this!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What For Them Will Be Their Just Reward

Beginning to grieve their own imperfections,
They seek 'immediate' relief...
From the sight of their flaws and blemishes,
They have begun to witness.
Yet for years by others seen,

Even though those same 'flaws' and 'blemishes',
Now declared too painful...
Have agonized others who have suffered...
With a tolerance,
Of sacrificing all of their lifes...
Enduring being afflicted by them.

With no one attempting to heal or mend,
The scars they have had to pretend were not felt.
Or for 'them' and those before them,
Carried.
But did dare not to say,
Existed!

What for them and those before them,
Will be their just reward?
Apologies?
Ointments?
Bandages to mask their wounds?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Game Show Is This?

Why should I wish to be updated,
To a defective way you approach...
And look at life?

Why should I be constantly reminded,
Those choices you made...
No longer feed your appetite?

Getting your misdeeds out of my sight,
Is nearly impossible these days.
You blocked your own path...
With thoughtlessness.
And for this...
You expect me to delay,
My desire to go my own way?
And for your mistakes...
I should pay?

What game show is this?
And why are you soliciting me to play?

Why should I wish to be updated,
To a defective way you approach...
And look at life?

Why should I be constantly reminded,
Those choices you made...
No longer feed your appetite?

You wish to have your realities filmed!
I am not seeking that kind of attention.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What God Delivers To You Is Yours To Keep

When you find a shining penny on the ground,
Face up...
Pick it up.

Don't feel an obligation to look all around.
That treasure that you have found...
Is yours to pick up off the ground.

And keep things simple like a dimple on your cheek.
What God delivers to you is yours to keep.
And keep things simple like a dimple on your cheek.
What God delivers to you is yours to keep.
What God delivers to you is yours to keep.

When you find a shining penny on the ground,
Face up...
Pick it up.
It's meant to be....
And not a stroke of good luck.

And when you find a shining penny on the ground,
Pick it up.
It's not a stroke of good luck.
It's meant to be,
Yours to pocket and keep!

And keep things simple like a dimple on your cheek.
What God delivers to you is yours to keep.
What God delivers to you is yours to keep.
Yours to keep!
Yours to keep!
Yours to keep!
Yours to keep!
What God delivers to you is yours to keep.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Goes Around

I have a peace of mind,
That took a while for me to find.
When I was there for you...
You could care less,
About that mess I was going through.

In fact you even told me,
'Keep strong and stay up! '

You even insisted,
what I 'had' experienced
Was easy enough...
For me to dismiss!
And I should take my medicine,
With shut and silent lips.

And now that you have lost,
All that you have 'owned'.
You believe you can come to me
With your sighs, groans and moans.
But you don't realize,
The many years I did suffering
Alone!
With no one to see or hear my cries,
Shown!

Back up!
Guess what?
I have a peace of mind,
I struggled in time to find!

Back up!
Guess what?
I don't wish to be rude.
Neither disrespectful or crude.
But you've made your own decisions...
As you did!
With your attempts to endorse me
As the neighborhood fool!

However...
I am not going to be that cruel to you.

Back up!
Guess what?
I already know...
What goes around,
Comes around!
And I can see,
You are providing me,
Personal living proof!
It's good to know...
You value 'something'
Connected to truth!

But back up!
Guess what?
I could be nasty.
But like you...
That is not what I choose to do!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Goes On As Witnessed

It is easier to see,
The same things done...
By the same people doing them,
Over and over again.
With nothing achieved,
Or accomplishments completed...
As seen from a distance.
And with thoughts reminisced.

And upon one's return,
From travels sojourned...
No matter what the length of time,
With an experiencing of life and lessons learned.
What goes on as witnessed,
Gets even easier to ignore unlike what was viewed...
At a time before.
But gone is the attachment,
With a showing of indifference.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Good Am I

Out of my mind!
So out of it...
I'm like an unfound diamond.
Rumored to be rare.
But a precious gem,
That is hard to find.
Hoping someone reveals,
A courage they dare!

Rough and tough.
And refusing a cut,
A smoothness would bring.
Gruff around the edges.
To those declaring...
They were fortunate to have seen!

Liars.
I am hardly that shallow.

Although my sparkle is disguised.
And I hide my glimmer,
From spying eyes.
I prefer to have my glitz appear,
Through squinting eyes.
To blaze without a show of gleam.
I wish not to have an 'ah'...
Accompanied by an 'ooo'.
I bore at the thought of being praised.
I choose to lay low...
From those fanatics who scream!

I am saving my lustre...
For one.
Not a cluster!

'Excuse me? '

You are excused!

Out of my mind.
And rubbing against my own groove.
I've allowed myself to do this...
To soothe my egotistical attitude.
And fighting off that glow,
On others I could bestow!

'Geeessshhh! Yuk! '

I know.
You feel depraved.
With the way things are,
As such.

I wish to bathe in self aggrandizement.
In an unreleased greatness no one sees.
To glorify in unpolished selfishness.
Yet fierce, untouched and lean.

So 'hot' am I...
And more flammable to ignite a riot.
As if desired like cheap gasoline.

KA-BOOM!
Oh...how I can sizzle!

'Oh, PLEASE! '

Not now.
I wish to keep this secret.
I wish to keep myself away.
To have them craving me and teased!
Your needs can be met.
But no begging on your knees!

'You can 'not' be for real? '

Sssshhh...
Don't tell anyone.
They might chisel away.
And then you will have none!

But you?
Don't give up on me!
Don't you quit.
You may be the one,
With patience enough to discover...
Underneath this fluff,
There is much for you to benefit!

As long as you put up with it!
Knowing I have bouts with a sanity unbelieved.
And I am in and out of a sickness I insist...
Affords me a bit of twistedness.
I like to display on surfaces...
Until someone like you finds me completely legit!

Sssshhh...
Play along with it!
And you alone will inherit...
A package that surprises,
Stocked with an endless pricelessness

'You are 'too' much.'

Don't worry about it.
This is not costing you a dime.
I am the one you should treasure.
I've confessed to you...
I am out of my mind!

'Something' I have must be of value?
What good am I,
If I have 'nothing' for you to use? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Had Been Frivolous Priorities

Times and people change.
Even those who have passed judgement on others.
And it must be difficult for these folks to now make claims,
They have had amnesia for decades...
As they delivered their misdeeds.
To purposely pick to inflict their aims.
When so much of what they've done...
Exposes them for what and who they are,
To be revealed to everyone!
And pretentious people I keep distanced.
It's in my DNA.
But I keep my eye on them anyway!
Those folks will betray their mamas.
And will say anything to defend their lies!
And what had been frivolous priorities for some...
Have been replaced by the reality of survival,
That has unmistakably come stun.
Leaving little room to appease deceptions.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Had Been Touched

When it's time for me to sleep...
With a time for me to sleep.
I'm not that one to push it back.
With a taking of a nap.
Some days I might try to delay it,
With a laying down to do....
And flat on my back.

When it's time for me to sleep...
With a time for me to sleep.
I'm not that one to push it back.
With a taking of a nap.
Some days I might try to delay it,
With a laying down to do...
And flat on my back.

But getting sleep is hard to do.
Like a breakup is too.
And that is realized when someone wanted,
Isn't in bed...
To think about what had been touched,
And...
When it was 'there'.
Ready to share.

When it's time for me to sleep...
With a time for me to sleep.
I'm not that one to push it back.
With a taking of a nap.
Some days I might try to delay it,
With a laying down to do....
And flat on my back.

But getting sleep is hard to do.
Like a breakup is too.
To think about what had been touched,
And when it was 'there'.

With a laying down to do....

And flat on my back.
To think about what had been touched,
And when it was 'there'.
Prepared to share.

With a laying down to do....
And flat on my back.
To think about what had been touched,
And when it was 'there'.
Fighting off frustration.

Some days I might try,
To delay it.
With a laying down to do...
And flat on my back.

To think about what had been touched,
And when it was 'there'.
To think about what had been touched,
And when was it 'there'?
To think about what had been touched,
And when was it 'there'?
To think about what had been touched,
With a wanting to have excessive sensations...
Come back to life.

Come back to life.

With a wanting to have those excessive sensations...
Come back to life.
What had been touched.
Come back to life.
With a wanting to have those excessive sensations...
Come back to life.
What had been touched.
Come back to life.
With a wanting to have those excessive sensations...
Come back to life.
What had been touched.
Come back to life.
What had been touched.

With a wanting to have those excessive sensations...
Come back to life.
Come back to life.
Come back to life.
Come back to life.
With a wanting to have those excessive sensations.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Has Become Their Custom

There are those who had guaranteed,
Themselves and others privately...
They would place many in influential positions,
To feast upon greed relentlessly.
And with no opposition to stop this mission...
With a doing of this to certainly succeed to no end.
Even their traditions are based upon divisions kept.

But today confronting reality blocks their way.
Leaving many to do what has become their custom.
Like an habitual ritual of sorts imbedded in their souls.
And that is to blame someone else with lies often told,
To proceed with implementations that initiated a depletion...
Set up to deceive the unconscious but not themselves defeat.
With an adoption of these cycles perceived as 'their' progress.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Has Become Valued

Those who are proud of their dysfunctions,
Could care less...
Where they are exhibited.

With the acknowledgement undenied,
That their contributions made to society...
Has added definition to what has become valued!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Has Been Achieve

Once a task,
Has been successfully accomplished...
It no longer matters who ignores,
Or refuses to acknowledge...
The doing of it to achieve.
Since those choosing,
To disbelieve reality...
Continually,
Are often the same people...
Who bring attention,
To the significance...
Of what others would not,
Notice.
If what had been done,
No one would mention.
With attention upon it,
Given.

'Did you see that? '

-No! What? -

'Over there!
Can you believe it? '

-Yes.
Thank you for bringing it,
To my attention.
Why do you look disappointed? -

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Has Been Denied

One of the main reasons,
People don't know who they are...
Or can respect others to accept,
Is their approach to life.
And a valued place on false pretensions.

People have been made to believe,
And are convinced...
That reality is to be pretended,
And the more pretentious they are...
The more they reflect a 'version' of reality.
Blindly accepted.

And...
Those who are themselves,
And have lived reality...
From an experiencing of it,
Are perceived as being phony.
Although everything they have done...
Is based upon truth as it is,
And have attempted to deliver it.
But are criticized for being nonconformists.

One of the main reasons,
People don't know who they are...
Or can respect others to accept,
Is their approach to life.

One is taught how to live,
And how to act.
What beliefs to accept,
From those created...
And followed 'faithfully'.

And those who live not accepting,
Those beliefs to follow 'faithfully'...
Seem to live freer lives,
Without having lies to follow.

'Why is there so much conflict in the world.
Why are so many people unhappy? '

That's a good question.
And they are the ones who follow,
Taught beliefs.
Without seeking to live life,
To discover it on their own.
They follow and protest yet accept.

'But,
How can you say that? '

I've learned to stand back,
And observe that which has been denied.
My eyes have been open most of my life,
To see things as they are.
Not what I wish them to be.
With eyes open wide.

And apparently my 'version' has offered me,
A more peaceful co-existence.
And that for me is not phony at all.
I only have one face that I've shown.
Have you ever seen me wearing a mask?
To appease others doing it?

'No.'

You should take yours off.
You'll see exactly what I mean.
When you begin to experience life,
So many become offended.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Has Been Done

What has been done to leave an effectiveness,
Has left many unaccepting it...
To reject it in disbelief.
And although what has been done,
Remains to stay as is...
There are those preferring to protest in defiance,
Instead of taking their personal grievances...
To protest to a willing to listen
Psychiatrist,
Knowing their time spent is not going to be wasted.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Has Been Done Successfully

If all that he does,
Is just mimic my steps.
And whines pathetically,
In a manner to get attention...
With a bit of empathy.
He succeeds,
With this procedure.

What has been done successfully,
Is his ability to prove,
A need...
From an inexperienced heart.
And innovation with originality...
Has not begun to play a major part,
In his dependent personality.

He currently suffers from issues,
With a wish to impress.
And not yet ready to lift his head,
From a soft welcoming breast.
That patronizes his insecurities.
As he sucks his thumb!
While revelling in a protection,
He temporarily has won!

And my steps laid,
Required some bravery witnessed...
In the midst of everyone.
Without benefit,
Of applause or encouragement.
And this is what he believes,
Feeds success and not its quality.
Or the bleeding done,
He does not see!
Hidden from eyes to do privately.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Has Been Forced And Faked

One trying to impress,
Another who is impressive...
Is like someone waiting for a delivery,
With a patience...
That anticipates.

And when the moment comes,
The addressing is found to be incorrect.
With a name spoken needing a spell check.

Expecting a reception,
By one who does not accept what is given...
Is a rejection that communicates,
Someone is not comprehending...
What a sharing of a conversation takes.

And one who is impressive,
Makes no attempts to impress...
With what has been forced and faked.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Has Been Revealed

What has been revealed,
Has been revealed.
Even with eyes tightly closed...
What has been revealed,
Has been revealed.
Even with an upturned nose...
What has been revealed,
Has been revealed.
Even with pretensions,
Left to charade.
What has been revealed,
Has been revealed.
Even with the cool-aid made...
What has been revealed,
Has been revealed.
Even with debates...
Created for more time to waste.
What has been revealed,
Has been revealed.
Even those who protest,
Unaccepting with wishes to reject!
What has been revealed,
Has been revealed.
Even the message,
And the messenger to detest!
What has been revealed,
Has been revealed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Has Been The Real Tragedy?

What has been the real tragedy?
Greed and its affects on one's race.
With the quest to dominate,
And replace The Almighty...
As the True Ruler.

That has been the real tragedy,
For those who seek...
To hoard for themselves riches!
And depict themselves,
More powerful than God.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Has Been Yearned And Kept Wished

To employ elements of happiness and joy,
One needs not to look long and far away for it.
Only a decision made with a wanting,
Inspired by desire and ridding limitation...
Welcomes with an invitation,
That which is felt to have it arrive to appear.
With a making it clear it will not be chased away.
Since what has been yearned and kept wished,
Can and will be accomplished to come with it done.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Has Entered All Minds

What has entered all minds,
To rationalize despite.
What has entered all minds,
To multiply hate and divide.

Empathy to show to make known to others,
With a sympathy expressed to share...
Has become a rarity of feelings,
Once there and quickly given these days...
To anyone experiencing,
Deep, dark and unexpected despairs.

We are living in times deception is expected.
And sincerity expressed to have it disrespected,
Has climbed to new heights.
As if to feed the craving of those with this appetite,
Enjoying the love of whispered backbiting.

What has entered all minds,
To rationalize despite.
What has entered all minds,
To multiply hate and divide.

Honesty felt with a leaving good deeds,
Today undergoes suspicion.
An honesty felt with a doing good deeds,
Has to be attached to inspected conditions.
To arrive at deciding of a wickedness made.

'Did you hear that? '

~Hear what? ~

'They had the nerve to express condolences.
And they don't know me like that.'

~Maybe they did it just to get attention.~

'Especially the one wiping tears from eyes.'

~Some do their best,
To be there for others without it requested.~

What has entered all minds,
To rationalize despite.
What has entered all minds,
To multiply hate and divide.

'What has entered all minds,
To accept, dissect and not question.
What has entered all minds...
To object, reject and neglect.
What has entered all minds,
To accept, dissect and not question.
What has entered all minds...
To object, reject and neglect.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Has Happened To Reality?

Outside my window clean and clear,
I heard the Robins cry!
I saw the sunshine disappear...
I felt the Earth shake me inside!
DON'T PANIC! DON'T FEAR...

I waved to neighbors who did not respond.
Ducks were being taught to walk on the pond!
Even the grass once green turned blue.
Where is this place brightness once knew?

I ran to the mirror...
No image I saw!
I had to be dreaming,
Is this some kind of new law?

What rights do I have,
To return back to sanity?
This can't be happening to everyone...
Like it is happening here to me!

'Honey, it's time to take out the trash! '
THANK GOD I'M ALIVE
I awakened real fast.

'This is the 10th anniversary of the war in Iran.
Insurgents found in Bermuda were trained on our land!
And we must never forget the years of death in Iraq.
Now that Fidel and Chavez are the Emperors of that!

The President has stated she has hired a gardener to defend.
All of the pigeons caged safely suited in the Den!
New prescriptions for Cocaine can now be delivered! '
Said the newscaster showing detailed pictures,
Of his transplanted liver!

'Honey, why aren't you answering me? '
Said the voice of a man...
Addressing the man in me! !

WHERE IN THE HELL AM I? ? ?
What has happened to reality?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Has Money Ever Fixed?

What has money ever fixed?
To stay that way and permanent?
I haven't seen it mend a heart.
Or put back together,
Broken or ruined relationships.
I've seen it divide and keep people apart.

I've seen it tossed to people alone in tears.
To let it drift away as they sit weeping.
Staring lost in emotional pain.
Wishing they did not exist.
As if this was a prerequisite to experience heaven.

What has money ever fixed?
Superficiality when pretensions saw that fit?
How about replicas of perfection?
Donated,
By those who wish to see themselves exalted.
Bronzed and worshipped.

The only thing that money does...
Is to prove it can be hoarded,
By those who steal it and inconvenience others.
And it can be used to manipulate with incompetence!

Other than that...
Money can not fix a thing!
However,
It may be seen to purchase another's loyalty!
Until it is no longer there to value.

But there to 'fix'?
It is not going to happen!
Although it will 'confuse'...
Not prioritize unaddressed issues.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Have You Done To My Lover?

You said you would 'always' love me.
It seems not too long ago.
And then,
We invited the increase of bills to come in.

Taxes on a monthly mortgage grew.
And every few years,
There was a need to exchange two cars...
For ones that were new.

And those precious innocent children,
We once held in our arms to adore...
Now tell us where to go, what to kiss...
And when we get done,
What to ourselves we should do...
Before they leave to slam either front or back doors.

And the expense of keeping up with the neighbors,
Has had us seeking additional employment...
Since the effects of the economy,
Has us reacting to each other...
As if we are terrified to sleep with the 'enemy'.

I know on some nights,
I'd rather keep on all the lights!

Personally...
I have become saddened by this!
The person I fell in love with,
I don't recognize anymore.

You spend every available dime we have,
On gym dues and annual make-overs...
We simply can not afford.

Who are you?
And what have you done to my lover?

You said you would 'always' love me.

It seems not too long ago.
And then,
We invited the increase of bills to come in.
And they are about to throw us out of our own house.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What I Actually Meant To Say

This is what I am saying...
From my lips to your ears.
I apologize for making statements,
Attributed to me while in the company...
Of those very wealthy and supporting my campaign.
When I thought my comments were not being recorded.
And it was extremely foolish of me to do that,
After nibbling on the glazed roasted chicken...
Topped with honey mustard sauce.
And then to take a sip of the exquisite champagne?
Whew...no one should consciously do that to then speak.
I had no idea I was being recorded.

However...
Once that was brought to my attention.
And I had time to change my mind,
I awakened the next day with the realization...
I had made a mistake in assessing,
The lives of the people I so dearly want to represent.
AND what I actually meant to say,
Was not taped at all.
It was there in my head seeking to find my lips.

I hope that 'this' explanation makes clearer my position.
I am so filled with love and empathy for all of my fellow-men.
And fellow-women, fellow-children and their fellow-pets.

'May I ask a question? '

Of course.
By all means.

'Who are you? '

Well...
I am certainly not that other guy!
You can rely on me 100%.

'Does that include the 47% you earlier excluded,

From the giving of your love and empathy? '

That would be two questions.
And I recall you requested to ask just one.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What I Do Know

I'm not into pretense.
Or perceive elements of its benefits.
I see none.

Masquerading one's feelings,
To later expose them behind one's back...
Is sooo,
Uncool!
And those who do it,
Are sooo...
Unattached from integrity.

I could care less how many Bibles,
They quote scriptures from.
These folks are gutter dwellers.

I'm not into pretense.
Or perceive elements of its benefits.
I see none.

I've been accused of being embittered,
For expressing the anger felt...
From those experiences that brought tragedy,
Into my life.
And quickly I admit it.
Yes.
And my rebuttal about that?
If you don't want to know...
Don't ask!
A rule I use...
To free myself from fools.

I've been told I appear too happy,
With a lack of empathy shown to others.
I can express it.
Yes.
Empathy when given...
Is empathy at its best when expressed.
But becoming overwhelmed by depression?

How does that benefit,
My attempts to get away from it?
Why sit with someone wishing to serve pity?

However...
I do recognize my peace of mind.
How I got it.
When I got it.
And who has yet to arrive...
To be grateful they are alive.

And my life is not on hold!
To wait to behold the beauty of it.
That's what I do know.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What I Do To Endeavor

I don't profess to be the best,
At what I've chosen to do.
To prove to anyone to convince.
However...
What I do to endeavor,
Will continue to be done and kept...
With the best of my effort attempted.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What I Love Most About The Truth

What I love most about the truth,
Is the way it treats deceivers.
And how it exposes those who lie.
As if to do it with a clinical blatantness.
With no regard for those,
Making excuses with trite apologies.
I can see why so many are afraid of it.
It doesn't tease like evil does.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What I Must Insist I Keep

Futile is the attempt to create my reality,
For me.
Or what takes place in it,
To benefit another's version of life.
I will never accept,
Since for me the feeling is not right.

And I don't go out of my way to disrespect anyone,
By rejecting a point of view that doesn't to me come.
It is not my way to have my comfort redefined.
And the peace and comfort that is my own...
Is what I must insist I keep!
Without needless discussion.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What I See Is Neither Wished Nor Wanted

Look around you.

'And...
Your point is,
What? '

Whatever is seen reflected,
Generates from the minds of the people.
All that rhetoric about what is 'wished'.
Is right before your eyes.
IF it was not wanted...
Would it appear so clear?

'What are you saying?
What I see is neither wished nor wanted? '

Listen to the people complaining.

'Then...
Why what I 'see' is so obvious? '

Because you haven't been fantasized,
By delusions.

'Oh.
Oh?
OH?
So...
What I see,
For them does not exist?
Then...
Why is it kept defended? '

You said that!
I didn't.

'Oh.
Oh?
OH? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What I Want For You To Do

I am asked to do 'this'.
With a request to do 'that'.
I am even asked to rate a significance...
Upon completing those tasks that I'm asked.
To accomplish every one I get!
Folks could care less when they make requests.

And I can perceive how some are caught up in it!
Believing that an attention given...
Will keep me interested and content!
As if what I do is not a sacrifice.
But comes from a natural 'oozing' done...
From some 'other' source,
That's an outside device.

'And...hmmm,
That could be a possibility.
Now that 'that' has now occurred to me.'

I sometimes will read those requests I get.
But no one has yet to answer my questions...
'What's in it for me?
What do I get?
What do I receive as my benefit? '

Love?

And don't say you'll do for me,
What you've requested me to do!

And yet have I had a delivery,
Of freshly minted one hundred dollar bills.
To pop out of a box over stocked.
Not once!

Besides...
I am more original than that!
I want returned to me...
The time taken away from what I love.

Since it took me quite some time,
To find myself quite in love with it!

And not a response do I get!
Except the usual...
'But you're already doing,
What I want for you to do for me too! '

EXCUSE ME?

And those requests,
Get my silence at its best!
Since I recognize...
There is no shortage or famine,
Of this kind of selfish greed.
From Sunset to Sunrise!

It is as 'if' my eyes are 'theirs'...
And will supply them vision.
With a clarity I can provide.
And if that's the case...
Someone should get me 'booked'
On Oprah!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What I Will Pass On

When I am solicited to share the remedy,
To ease tensions, fear and anxieties of all kinds.
That is what I will pass on as a gift.

To express there is suffering and hopelessness,
Everywhere...
Does not remove that from the atmosphere.

And that is what I wish I could clear!
The atmosphere of what is here.
Not to confirm what has been allowed.

But to acknowledge after storm clouds,
There is a degree of Sun to shine that comes.
For everyone to bask in freely when that is done.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What I'm Not

'You are not,
All 'that'!
You may think it.
But don't.'

I'm glad you brought that,
'Fact' to my attention.
To mention.
Amongst others...
You've ensured they would hear,
You notice this,
While they listen.
With a wondering what I'm not.
That you've got stored.
And locked up.
Keeping it from me denied.
While you publicly make known,
What I'm not...
You've got!
And your own homemade chips!

Are you practicing evil?
Or were you born a demon,
Out in broad daylight...
Testing your emotional to drain
Vampire skills.

'I'm the one known,
Around here...
To be a devoted Christian.'

Is that a question?
Or a statement?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Incentive Would They Have...

Those upper crust need not be butter uppers.
You or anyone else will not find them,
Trying to impress with mispronounced quotations,
Used to address the interest of those captivated...
By proper etiquette or ivy league schools selected,
To attend at the benefit of their well dressed children.
Not when one can afford,
To buy 'who' and what they want to satisfy whims.
Not them!

What incentive would they have,
To make attempts to publicly flaunt their wealth?
Folks like this can claim to own the air others breathe.
And to pollute it if they chose to do it,
The moment they decided to do this to leave...
If anyone dared to believe,
Their doing it was a joke!
And to impress anyone who insisted,
What incentive would they have to do this?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Is Accepted Without Fact

It is incredulous!

'What?
What's incredulous? '

What is accepted without fact.

'What is accepted without fact? '

That which is not true.

'What is not true? '

Nothing!

'That's incredulous! '

That is what I said.

'Correction!
You said, 'It is incredulous.'
Not that 'nothing' was.

And no need to sneer at me!
Who brought the subject up?
You! '

...are an idiot!

'R 'is' an idiot.
You did not say that correctly.'

It is incredulous!

'Whatever.
I'm not going through this again.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Is Behind These Eyes

You have no idea what is behind these eyes!
Because they may be enclosed,
Within an approachable package...
Some may accept or oppose.
Does not freeze feelings felt,
When someone chooses to expose...
Expressions spewed to deliver.
That I have been dealt!
Expecting that I should refute those I despise.
And let them disappear from wounds I may hide.
I do not deny my emotions a full ride.

Nothing intended to inflict,
Goes within me to just ignore!
Trust me.
I may not carry grief on my sleeve.
Or share a healing from a hurt!
But I do not forget,
A pain I have felt.
Just to turn another cheek!
Or a hurt.
Done with dirt.

I am made of flesh!
Not concrete to be stepped upon!
Although I am blessed to show,
I can undergo constant renovation!
But the framework of my foundation,
Is not without its memories.

Believe me...
Those are kept treasured!
With every lesson taught,
Not too far from observations kept!
Whether or not,
They are brought out into the open.
There is a history reviewed,
I know much better than you!
You have no idea what is behind these eyes!

No more than I know what is behind yours.
That is why I have grown to respect,
And not disrespect what I can identify!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Is Being Shared

What is being shared with you today...
May have nothing at all to do with yesterday.
Or a re-creation of those thoughts
That crossed our minds.
And it's okay...
If we choose to let them fade away!

What is being shared with you today...
Has a 'now-ness' about it!
Attached to a feeling,
You can feedback instantly!
There is no request for a thought process.
There is nothing confessed between us,
Life threatening.
Or sitting between peril,
And a miraged oasis in a desert!

What is being shared with you today...
And enjoyed,
Is conversation!
We are communicating using it!
AND...
Making eye contact!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Is Bought To Sell

No one is going to use against me,
What I have done with a knowledge...
And intent,
To circumvent my integrity.
With a belief my deeds were done secretly.
And something discovered,
Would rush me into a hiding place to dwell
When privately I had my fingers crossed,
Hoping my activities...
Would stir controversy to get.

Somehow hypocrites perceive,
A researching to dig up dirt on someone else...
While keeping their deceptions to themselves,
Allows a visible charading available exits to provide...
Safe escapes with a hope their doings can not be traced.
And those not masquerading self-righteousness,
Become fair game to expose with disclosure...
Indiscretions to embarrass followed by a demeaning meant.

They kid themselves!

After spending most of my life in the entertainment field,
Those in it are not dedicated to profess innocence to confess.
People devoted to this profession adapt to diversity.
With a knowing what it takes to address popularity.
And with a doing to keep themselves relevant at its best.
Since those connected to relevance and its purpose,
Are not trying to protect...
What is bought to sell to those with kept pretentions.

'It took us 'years' to find some dirt on you.'

It took you YEARS?
All you had to do was to ask.
And I spent years before 'that',
Putting that trash together.
And now it's just 'dirt' to you?
I am appalled.

You could have had that trash fresh!
Today...
'Twerking' is the rage.
Live sex bores.
And seeing people naked,
To admit they are whores...
Is as common as same sex people getting married.
I would not belive I would see the day...
When admitting being attracted to the opposite sex,
Upsets and offends those protesting against them.
Get out of my face you're too late with your nonsense.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Is Brought To This Table

What is brought to this table
Is experience.
Don't ask me what I bring!
It is certainly more than 'things'.
What you have...
May have had impressed others,
But here?
No experience equals no depth!
Those 'things' you offer?
In my heart do not endear!
And you may give me shade...
As you pass me in public view.
Thinking that may rain on my parade!
Since that's the only thing for me you can do!
However...
I'm quick to offer folks like you nonexistence,
In my mind and in my life!
You have no idea my 'aloneness' is something
I do not fear.
It has helped me clear wasteless utensils...
By the ups and downs I have witnessed!
And you 'and' your 'things' can disappear.
Am I making your vision any clearer?
They do not provide anything I will ever cherish.
I am not seeking to feed or nourish on that!
Trust me!
I have been served too much garbage.
It has taken years to discover my own taste!
And what I crave most,
Is being away from folks like you.
You are no appetizer to even consider.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Is Craved Today

It is all relative to taste and preference,
That which is regarded as beneficial...
To one's agenda.
And if it succeeds in satisfying a purpose,
This does not mean all appetites have been fulfilled.

And,
All that has yet to be displayed...
Has yet to be revealed.
Loosing what is craved today...
With a chance to lose its scent tomorrow.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Is Done

Success to obtain it,
Takes much more...
Than sitting around wishing,
One day it comes delivered.
As surprised looks,
Are practiced...
Before that knock is heard.
When one slowly strolls,
To open an unlocked door.

'Oh.
I'm so shocked.
I can't imagine what's in,
That big gift wrapped box! '

Even blood, sweat and tears,
Wept and kept to apply...
Until that doing dries eyes,
Does not guarantee anyone...
Success comes to arrive.

But what is done,
Clear to witness it...
Is one awakening,
To overcome assumptions.
And realizes success, Identifying it personally.
With it to get.
Has been achieved not only,
With kept faith.
But also with less excuses,
Everyday made to create them.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Is Done For You

I know what it is I do.
And I want to do what I do done good.
Not well!
I want it done deliciously.
I want it to satisfy your need and please.
I want you to discover,
That what I do is like none other.
And when it is done...
What I do for you,
You will know that what I did,
Took time to deliver!
And...
It may seem quick preparing it.
But when you get it you will know,
Who and from where...
What you have gotten was not a spare.
But created just for you like it is!
To be what it is and nothing more.
Since anything less,
I will not accept from myself to give!
Especially,
When I do what is done for you.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Is Due Is Owed

Those choosing to calculate their wickedness,
Are the last to consider...
The price they pay for the doing of it.
And when the time comes,
For what is due is owed with no exceptions to pay...
Those wicked are on the scene seen weeping,
Unexpecting the price to pay to be as high!
Believing their tears to cry...
Is payment enough to be empathized.

'Well done.
Now...
We would like for you,
To hop on one foot in moving traffic.
Can you do that? '

~I don't know.
I've never done that before.~

'Don't worry about it.
Turn around.
We are going to blindfold you.'

~But...
How do you expect me to survive? ~

'We are doing nothing to your hands,
Or fingers.
While hopping you could either wave.
With one hand.
Or...
If you choose,
Hold both hands up with fingers crossed.
Who knows...
Perhaps someone wont think of you,
As a target.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Is Failure?

What is failure?
Something others hope is recognized,
With constant reminders.
And...
With hopeful attention,
Given to it by those in acceptance...
Become convinced,
With the words of discouragements heard.
Ensuring any saved I-told-you-so's...
Do not go to waste!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Is Felt To Feel

Who can forget,
That which for them had existed.
To honestly admit,
They have no recollection.
Or it is not reminisced?
Lieing like this has become tradition.

Even one going through the motions,
Has some consciousness of doing it.
And those devoted to their movements,
May step away momentarily...
But often discover a returning back,
To that which is they know is missed.

No one lives to love without arguments.
Or to slam a door to then be forgiven.
But mentions it,
When the doing is used strategically.
People will keep others reminded,
Of their misdeeds.

Who can forget,
That which for them had existed.
Like someone loved or another despised.
People are aware what is felt to feel inside.
Even though some may choose,
To lie to themselves in the comfort of denial.

Although few may make attempts,
To disguise to others what they pretend.
With it done and meant.
It doesn't stay that way.
Even for the one feeling what comes,
When it does.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Is From Them Expected

Busy are they kept
The minds of those creative
Without sleep to say hours have been slept
Tools they are used
And lives lived blessed

Few who have identified
Their creative connections
Can say they are motivated
By something they do
They themselves initiate

Busy are they kept
The minds of those creative
Without sleep to say hours have been slept
Tools they are used
And lives lived blessed

With a doing done for them selected
And not much of a choice
To leave behind to neglect or forget

Few who have identified
Their creative connections
Can say they are motivated
By something they do
They themselves initiate

Those with gifts and talents given
Will confess from birth
They have known from within
What is from them expected
With a doing done from them to complete next

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Is Heard From Others

Assuming to know someone,
Without the benefit of taking the interest...
Of knowing who one is,
When given the opportunity to do this...
Often leads to misunderstanding.
With beliefs what is heard from others,
Is more valid than the reality...
Of who that person happens to be.

And then to become offended,
If that person reflects what is not expected.
To then become upset when something said,
Is taken out of context when it is perceived...
Disrespecting is okay and will be accepted.
Leading one to compare notes with others.
Instead of sharing meaningful conversation,
Exchanged in an honesty absent in the process.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Is Held Important

A false sense of being popular,
For some is their only goal.
And to distort any truth there is,
To maintain for them what is held important...
They will do to keep a shallowness their own.
No matter who pays for their whispered innuendos.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Is It About?

If it isn't about the money,
Getting thin and that isn't funny...
Then,
What is it about?
What is it about?

If it isn't about disparities,
Affecting people trying to live their lives...
Then,
What is it about?
What is it about?

People seek equality,
But why is it aloof?
People seek their choices to choose,
But refuse to claim those they boosted to boot.
Or deny to acknowledge they deceive AND abuse.

If it isn't about disparities,
Affecting people trying to live their lives...
Then,
What is it about?
What is it about?

If it isn't about the money,
Getting thin and that isn't funny...
Then,
What is it about?

If it isn't about biases and racism that exist,
Then what is it about...
If they are not priorities,
Kept manifested to persist.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Is It Faithfully That You Do?

If you are not that one to awaken,
With affirmations to confirm in meditation done...
A life you would like to live,
Free of negativity that you would like to leave,
Since you claim for you this is not welcomed.

Have you started with a discipline,
On a daily basis that anyone can begin....
To open your mind and clear it from decline.

What is it faithfully that you do?
With a choice you choose?
Besides complain with regularity.
And a decision to be abused,
By an attraction to negative thoughts,
Only you give attention without this mentioned.
As you refuse to release as you awaken from sleep,
To let go with a determination to free yourself.

What is it that you wish to prove you can show?
An attachment that enhances your acceptance?
To who and to what?
And why?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Is It Now Are You Left To Believe?

What sense is it to hold grudges against,
The one who comes to warn?
To then have them depicted as negative,
With a dismissing of the warning?

Only to wonder when alone and reminiscing,
Why were you picked to be chosen to warn?
By and 'angel' who came but was not adorned,
To address you enough to impress with a message.

What is it now are you left to believe?
A listening to comprehend?
When you could have prevented,
An agony suffered with much regret?
And the one who warned you bitterly scorned.
Believing them evil and full of devil-ment?

What is it now are you left to believe?
Only those dressed to impress,
Have your best interests?
With deceptions you'd rather receive?
Or do you find more time to reflect,
Who comes delivering messages...
You should consider and accept.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Is It That I Seek

Could I announce from a pulpit,
Travesties I disdain?
Within my consciousness that remains.
To inflict my personal conflicts...
With a revealing of my own insecurities,
I can not shake.
Why do I have a need from a pulpit,
To announce this to berate in a scolding.
And to what desired effect?

There has to be 'something' within me,
I have not been able to face.
There has to be 'something' within me,
An honesty has not graced...
That permits a self examination,
To thoroughly erase.

And what is it that I seek...
To continue to punish others,
For those mistakes I've made?
Is it my own acceptance?
Or my deceptions...
That will not from me go away.
And I need the assurance I am protected,
By my own creation.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Is It That Is Accomplished?

So many seek to ridicule others,
For the seeking to achieve!
But what is it that is accomplished?
A feeling better about oneself?
And for how long is 'this' addiction kept,
Before it loses its affect...
To leave insecurities left to address.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Is It That Is Wished

Why are 'whites' in constant dialogue,
About their superiority over 'blacks'?
What insecurities are needing to be fed,
To address those issues and put them to bed?
Allowing needs to feel 'better than'...
Air that does not entrap.

What is it that is wished...
That could be hidden and not contradict this?
Is that why 'black' folks are enforced...
To be multi-cultural,
With a tolerance of others embraced and endorsed?
And 'whites' have a need to keep their pets on a leash.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Is 'It' That Keeps This

Azure is the color of the clear sky.
And I wonder what in the atmosphere,
Keeps it blue like this...
And when the Sun comes to set,
The blue leaves on the horizon...
With magnificent hues,
That takes away breaths.

And when the moon is full,
At night with stars twinkling bright...
A quietness seems to hush,
All that the Sun rises to rush to us...
At dawn to bring daylight,
Silently with a gentle touch.

Many observing in the morning,
Have come to love so much this touch!

What is 'it' that keeps this,
So fresh and renewed?
What is 'it' that keeps this,
As if to gift me and you!

Azure is the color of the clear sky.
And I wonder what in the atmosphere,
Keeps it blue like this...
And when the Sun comes to set,
The blue leaves on the horizon...
With magnificent hues,
That takes away breaths.

What is 'it' that keeps this,
So fresh and renewed?
What is 'it' that keeps this,
As if to gift me and you!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Is It That You Are Trying To Solicit?

If I had nothing else to believe,
When nourished as a child...
So happy am I,
I had not been encouraged to be deluded...
By a perception that my physicality...
Was the only reason I had been given the gift of life.
And my existence was to receive compliments.
With the expectations to thrive on them to survive.

So many live from day to day,
Concerned about their appearances.
With nothing else to offer or to give...
But a donating of a consistent ego.
To then seek confirmation,
From those who are equally obsessed...
With the addressing of their shallowness.
And offended by those who do not take notice.

'I don't understand it.
My weave flows.
My eyebrows are arched.
And my butt is tight and bubbled.
Why can I not attract attention? '

~How much more of it do you want?
What is it that you are trying to solicit?
A husband a pimp or a circus tent? ~

'Thank you for your encouragement.'

~No problem.
That's why I am here.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Is It That You 'Do'?

Having an identity and keeping it real,
Is always interpreted as a false representation...
Amongst those who have never chosen,
To be themselves...
But a résumé to recite,
When being introduced to others.

'Oh,
Hello.
And what is it that you 'do'? '

~I live as a blessed and grateful human being.
Adventuring life and exploring my interests.
And you? ~

'Me?
I have a BA degree and I am working towards,
My Master's.
I am hoping one day to obtain my Doctorate's.'

~That's cool.
But.
What is it that you 'do'?
For you and others to share?
Other than try to be impressive?
What are your interests?
Other than confessing.
Pretentions to address.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Is It That You Understand And How?

The only time you will come to know,
The agony of my pain...
Is when you find yourself alone,
And there is no one who will come...
To soothe with comfort.
Or struggle in the sharing with you to feel it.

I'll say that again!

The only time you will come to know,
The agony of my pain...
Is when you find yourself alone,
And there is no one who will come...
To soothe with comfort.
Or struggle in the sharing with you to feel it.

I'll repeat this if I have to...
But,
I doubt very seriously...
If you have a clue as to how I feel.

That's why I am quite surprise to hear you say,
You understand.
What is it that you understand?
And how?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Is It That You Want Touched?

What is it in your mind I haven't made the time,
To touch.
When it's you that means so much...
And so deep with a feeling
In me to see.

What is it in your mind I haven't made the time,
To touch.
When it's you that means so much...
And so deep with a feeling
In me to see.

What is it that you want touched.
What is it that you want touched so much.
What is it that you want touched so much.
What is it that you want touched.
What is it that you want touched so much.
What is it that you want me touched so much.
What is it that you want touch.

When it's you that means so much...
And so deep with a feeling
In me to see.

What is it that you want me touch so much.
What is it that you want touched.
When it's you that means so much...
And so deep with a feeling
In me to see.
What is it that you want touched?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Is It That's Left?

What is it that's left,
Yet kept concealed.
With a hope to leave hidden?
Fearing what's felt may be revealed?
What is it that's left,
Kept concealed.
Besides...
One's honesty to show.
Or trust exposed to be noticed.
Or a devotion to respect with dignity.
And where is that identity,
One says is expressed as a must.
But when around others,
That voice is hushed.

What is it that's left,
Not yet to observe for others to see?
Faith to believe?
An unselfish giving to others in need.
A willingness to assist and lift,
Those in trenches...
Experiencing overwhelming hopelessness.
What is it?
What is it that's left,
That people can not see?
That is there to appear obviously?
Besides greed and the need to feed,
More hypocrisy and self-righteous.

What is it that is left and kept,
Unexposed.
But yet...
Promoted to sell and sold to believe?
In protests and marches.
With cameras to film,
A quickly organized showing of unity.

'We shall overcome.'

The doing of WHAT?

~Sssshhh.
Don't be such a spoiled sport.
Get in the game to play or ignore it.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Is It They Don'T Understand?

Why haven't they boarded the lifeboats?

~They first wish to discuss,
Political correctness and social etiquette.
And what 'is' or isn't poetic.~

AND...
They 'are' aware of the ship sinking?

~They first wish to discuss,
Political correctness and social etiquette.
And what 'is' or isn't poetic.~

What is it they don't understand?

~They first wish to discuss,
Political correctness and social etiquette.
And what 'is' or isn't poetic.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Is It They Should Feel

I never 'thought' to be me.
I always knew 'me'.
And I was...
Me.
Clearly defined.
And did not mind in my own mind...
That was mine,
The acceptance.
I've been cool with it.
It's a relationship I'm glad I did not miss.
However...
I never knew some pretended,
To be a 'them' they were not.
I was shocked!
Until I saw them in and out of pretensions.
They introduced with familiar shallowness.
And that with not knowing 'who' they are...
Has left what it is they should have been,
Unknown.
And that is why they have no identity.
None that goes recognized or used,
To provide them comfort.
They seem so unrelaxed and 'staged'.
They are simply non-entities.
Seeking to be unified,
By a commonness they see...
But no one feels or can relate,
What it is they should feel.
It is a desperation to save themselves.
From themselves.
But from what?
And to what depths 'that' is kept real?
Depends on 'who' and what they determine,
Is impressed by a falsity imposed.
And how severe the conditioning process,
Has been.
But then again...
I do suppose,
They have somewhere to go...

To induce 'some' kind of reality,
That frees them of their masks!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Is It Together Are We Wishing The Other To Be?

If it isn't about me
Nor is this about you...
Then what on Earth are we attracted to?

If I like what I see...
And you say the same of me,
Then what is it together
Are we really seeking?

You say I don't listen,
To your scattered conversations.
I want to understand...
But you take off with new sensations.
And I'm to comprehend,
Which one ends before another begins?

If it isn't about me
Nor is this about you...
Then what on Earth are we attracted to?

This hasn't been mentioned...
But I think you are seeking attention.
And I wouldn't mind,
To receive that from you sometimes!

If I like what I see...
And you say the same of me,
Then what is it together
Are we wishing the other to be?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Is It You Are Saying?

I should be less self involved.
And bring comfort to others,
Who are now in need?
Is that what you are saying to me?

'Yes.'

I see.
And when I was in need,
To sacrifice with a doing for others done...
Who was there to bring me comfort?

'I don't know.
I was not there to be aware of it.'

This is true.
That's why my self involvement,
Has become more important to me...
Than any awareness of my comfort giving,
Has been to you.

'So what is it you are saying? '

I'm hoping you will take the hint,
That minding your own business is what I meant.
But I have learned not to offend,
Those inexperienced in comprehension.

'You are rude.'

Thank you.
At least something you understand about me,
Is being achieved.
And I can be obnoxious as well.
I have had some wonderful teachers.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Is It You Wish To Achieve?

'Gray skies are going to clear up.
Put on a happy faaa...'

Do you want me to nail the other foot to the floor?
WHERE do you get this enthusiasm?
You are wearing me out!
More and more.

'Why don't you just leave?
It is obvious to me,
Which one of us is accepting.
And who gets more upset by it.
What is it you wish to achieve?
The origin of my happiness?
That unfortunately,
Has not been your priority!

Wipe off that gloom and cheer up.
And put on a happy...'

You 'people'!

'And spread sunshine,
All over the place! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Is Maintained

Doesn't it seem as if those most delusional,
Are those in public protesting their rights.
Shouting their dislike for the 'aliens'...
Crossing their borders,
And diminishing their historic interests!

And not one product has been manufactured,
On their shores since one of the earlier wars.
They import more from foreigners than they export.
Their jobs have been outsourced.
And the land they stand on has been sold.
And few of the buyers have had passports.

However...
What is maintained and they do keep sacred...
Is their archaic racist beliefs!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Is Needed Most Right Now

'That number multiplied by itself
Is no further than the previous number
Added to it!
5x5=25
6x6=36
Five plus six is eleven, right?
Add eleven onto 25 and you have 6x6!
Or subtract eleven from 36 and you will have 25! '

Why isn't mathematics taught that way?
In our schools?

'It would start an avalanche of thinkers...
And what is needed most right now,
Is a supply of more gullible people!
And 'that' we seem to be losing ground on.
That is becoming low in supply...
And ignorance spreads like wild fire!
Why?
We wonder.
WHO is subduing the process of thought?
They are 'not' doing a good job at that at all!
'Thinking Stinks'
And that is the message we want to send!
Critical thinking is not in demand.
We must create fresh beliefs
Before we lose the land! '

Good luck...
You lost me with this one!
Wake me up for recess!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What 'Is' Normal Behavior?

What today is being condoned to represent,
People choosing violence to 'vent'...
Their petty and nonsensical arguments,
To disturb the atmosphere with their absurdities...
Is observed as a consent,
With a message of this sent and meant.

Could it be...
People have become numbed,
By the daily occurrences of these flagrant atrocities.
And have been conditioned mentally,
To depict those ill of mind...
As just a 'few' disgruntled.
Have lost their way on a path they can not find.

Is this illness an epidemic?
And the majority too delusioned,
Can not bring themselves to admit it.
Refusing to accept their neglect that disrespects,
A consciousness that today reflects...
An abnormalcy everyone protects.

What 'is' normal behavior?
And to whom does it apply?
Is it the one who buys weapons and guns?
To eventually harm themselves and loved ones.

What 'is' normal behavior today?
Are they who disobey and make the laws...
More normal than the ones,
Who are claimed to appear different...
With beliefs that are flawed.

Are those who perceive themselves as normal,
Ridiculously sick and afflicted by it.
To then demand they have specific entitlements,
To threaten whomever they please.
With a doing this as if...
Their wishes have been documented with a strictness,

To adhere to their freedoms and needs.

Is this 'normal' behavior?
Or is it an epidemic...
Many have become accustomed,
To admit they can not quit the flavor or their addiction.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Is Not Meant To Be Known

Things kept real...
Should never be allowed to be tainted,
By those who whisper vicious gossip...
Spiced with enticing innuendo.
To undo,
The ones who know it so well...
A genuineness between a few who have experienced,
The flavor of a familiar taste.
Appreciated!
Yet,
For whatever the reason...
This pleasure reserved irritates,
Those with wishes they knew it as well.

Perhaps that is why so many relationships,
End to split and not survive.
Since the ones successful with deceiving done,
Maneuver with a doing unsuspected to detect...
Come opinions that should be left and rejected,
When making attempts to comprehend with opinions...
What is not meant to be known 'or' to make sense.

'You have a nice environment.
Which one of you has the better taste,
To keep it that way? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Is Now On My Agenda

If I can not love you,
Like I did when I did...
When that was done.
And my heart had been won?
What's the point of saying it?
To make for you what does not exist,
Legit?

And just to say it,
For you to have that heard...
Is another one of your delusions,
I think is absurd.
I am not someone who will with you agree,
Because you want to gain points in popularity.

If there is something I do not feel...
Saying it over again in my head,
Is not going to make what is not there real!
Oh no.
I know the difference between a horse and a pony.
I'm not a pretender.
Nor am I phony.

Like I said...
And please allow this to sink,
Into your thick head.

IF I can not love you,
Like I DID when I DID?
Do not try to convince me,
In time I can.

I am not seeking assistance from you to prove,
There is something I need from you to do!
Discussions to heal or mend past mistakes,
Are not going to replace what is now on my agenda.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Is Poetry?

'What is poetry?
If it doesn't reflect the times.
And what 'is' poetry?
If the writer can not these times define.'

Down to a new low.
We go.
And slow.
To go...
Down to a new low.
We go...
Slow!

Giving up values for cash.
Giving up quality fast.
And bold we're beholden to it.
As if to pursue this to prove.

Down to a new low.
We go.
Down to a new low.
And slow.
Down to a new low.
To go...
Below.

'What is poetry?
If it doesn't reflect the times.
And what 'is' poetry?
If the writer can not these times define...
A quality of life not easy these times to find.'

Poets empathetic are effective when dissecting,
These times.
Although some reject what's expressed,
For preferred addressed impressions.

Poets empathetic are effective when dissecting,
These times.

Although some reject what's expressed.
For preferred addressed impressions.
But these times,
Are as depicted...
When found to find.

'What is poetry?
If it doesn't reflect the times.
And what 'is' poetry?
If the writer can not these times define...
What's found to find.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Is Proven By This Motivation To Conquer

Further they slide into angst and division,
Believing themselves victorious...
Since a determination to split into pieces,
Is evident.
But what is proven by this motivation to conquer,
And divide themselves with such efficiency.
Igniting the activity of turning off the lights,
To feed on an increasing ignorance in darkness...
Makes little since.

Further they slide into angst and division,
Believing themselves victorious.
And those looking in from the outside,
Wonder how will those inside and isolated survive...
When those outside have supplied,
All of their needs to hide a protective pride.
And supported their attitudes of superiority...
That has obviously affected clarity and truth.
But what can one do,
When people have fed themselves into a craze...
Praised and followed!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Is Relevant?

What is relevant?
Only that which is deemed important,
By those who arrive 'first'...
At an event.
And establish the atmosphere,
Those who come later...
Condone and consent.

And...
Based upon the influence they have,
With the host...
The ones looking through windows,
And gossiping amongst themselves...
As to what's going on inside,
While they observe those gliding from side to side...
With a reading of their lips.
Makes not a bit of a difference,
To those within the inner circle.
Snobbing their noses as if to smell adversing scents.

And whatever is going on inside and with them invited,
Is relevant.
Anything else,
Is regarded as a nuisance that is tolerated to exist.
With an agitated annoyance expressed.
And this message is clearly sent.

If you are not amongst those invited to be inside,
Guess what...?
You are not relevant!
That's it!
Wake up, make it and taste the coffee.
From your own cup.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Is Seen And Known

Specifically they have selected people,
To present and represent their interests.
But since widespread wrongdoing has been uncovered,
Those who made specific their selections.
Now deceitfully express,
Misdeeds done under their watch.
Had not to them been noticed.

That's a bunch of crocodile,
For anyone to swallow.

Although everything that is done,
Has to meet and agree with their approval.
And a parent not aware of what their children,
To others do.
After being sent hints, messages.
And an assortment of clues.
Purposely and intentionally ignores.

Children not trying,
Can create better excuses!

To say someone lies to protect,
The obviousness of disastrous effects.
Is too obvious to waste the words,
In the saying of it!

What is seen and known.
Does not make an ignorance of it bliss.

Call people like this,
Whatever you wish!
Angels with clipped wings.
Innocent achievers craving too much icecream!
Whatever!
But a crook who thieves to have others believe,
He or she is naïve?
Consciously practices, condones and tolerates deception!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Is Sought

To know love,
Is to recognize it first...
From within.
What is sought,
Has to be felt and known.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What 'Is' Tasteless?

What 'is' tasteless?

Hmmm...
Let's see.
Someone attempting to define it,
For others.
And in doing so trys to determine,
What is appropriate etiquette...
To then demand what IS or IS NOT,
Accepted taste.
As if a quorum has delegated,
What will or will 'not' take place.

'But that is not deciding what 'is' tasteless.
That is censorship.'

Hey...
When someone wants to limit,
Anyone's exposure to what is available...
With an infliction of restrictions,
They, who select themselves as judge and jury...
Make those choices amongst themselves,
For fear of raising a consciousness.

'But...
Isn't that ignorance? '

No!
I don't think so.
I would think that would be called...
A preference to ignore reality.

'Well...
It is all quite immature to me.'

And neither are you judge or jury.
You have not been qualified,
To be among the selected few!
Your time has 'yet' to arrive to decide,

Just how broad someone's eyes are allowed to open.
And how wide.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Is 'That' Suppose To Mean

What kind of an excuse is this to make,
To anyone...
'My answering machine has been messing up.
That's why I haven't responded to any of your calls.'

~Oh.
Okay!
So is it fixed now? ~

'No not really.
I had nothing else to do.
So I decided to give you a call,
To give you updates about myself.'

~Oh, okay.
I'm all ears.
Let me know if you have an interest,
In what I've been doing without interruptions.~

'And what is 'that' suppose to mean? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Is The Complaint?

If people have shown and are known,
To have been showing little respect for themselves.
Or none!
What is the complaint?
And at who's expense,
Have they done this?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Is The Difference Made?

Anything one does without effort,
Is not anything one does with love.
And...
If anyone chooses to do anything with ease,
Usually the doing of it offends that effort quick...
To insult the one if it is mentioned,
The apporach one takes is in poor taste.
And is noticeably lacking in commitment.
In fact...
The presence of initiative and/or motivation,
Is in appearance non-existent.

'How dare you attack my skills and abilities.
Who gave you such permission?
I know I didn't.
I've done to do what I've been doing for years.
And no one has ever told me,
What I have produced is substandard.
Or that the quality is at best 'mediocre'.
You need to keep your 'unqualified' opinions to yourself.'

~I apologize.~

'That's more like it.'

~What it was I meant to say was this...
Your activities produced are mediocre.
And the quality achieved is at best substandard.~

'What is the difference made? '

~My point exactly!
There is none.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Is The 'Orthodox' Difference

There is too much hypocrisy expressed,
In religion.
Too much division in it too...
For it to go unobserved.

The existence of 'Christianity'
Is based upon concepts created by the 'Jews'.
And there seems to be a conflict of interests...
When folks of ignorance slander, demean and smear,
Like they do!

Especially when people uphold beliefs,
Similar in nature.
And said to establish foundations...
That are firm in culture, heritage and customs
As solid as concrete!

And who doesn't know concrete eventually crumbles?

What is the 'orthodox' difference...
When Catholics and Jews conduct familiar rituals?
Wear kippahs (yalmulkes) to dentify their strong ties.
Keep people of color submissive and dismissed.
With racist overtones they claim do not exist!
Yet this clearly sits,
To acknowledge those who are hypocrites

There is too much hypocrisy expressed,
In religion.
Too much division in it too...
For it to go unobserved.

NOTE:

Judaism (from the Greek Ioudaïsmos, derived from the Hebrew י ה ו ד ה , Yehudah, 'Judah';
[1] in Hebrew: י ַ ה ֲ ד ו

ּ ת , Yahedut, the distinctive characteristics of the Judean ethnos)
[2] is a set of beliefs and practices originating in the Hebrew Bible (Tanakh) , as later further explored and explained in the Talmud and other texts.
Judaism presents itself as the covenantal relationship between the Children of Israel
(later, the Jewish nation) and God.

It is considered either the first or one of the first monotheistic religions,
and is among the oldest religions still being practised today.
Many of its texts and traditions are central to the other Abrahamic religions,
with Jewish history and the principles and ethics of Judaism having influenced Christianity and Islam,
as well as some non-Abrahamic religions.
As the foundation of Western Christianity,
many aspects of Judaism also correspond to secular Western concepts of ethics and civil law.

Reference: Wikipedia

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Is The Point Being Made

If those can not lead by example,
Because they are regarded as opportunists...
With an exposing of their mature abilities,
To show those who follow how to lead.
Then what is the point being made...
To seek those with qualifications,
From outside of an environment...
Where people on the inside of it,
Are fed on ignorance.
And have accepted this mindset,
As a perception required to succeed.
What is the point being made...
If those who have the expertise,
Are on a regular basis degraded.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Is The Point Of This?

Grease your hands.
Make sure they are nice and slick.
I will give you this piece,
Of smooth crystal glass.
Try to not let it slip.
Hold onto it with a quick grip.

'It falls!
What is the point of this? '

Even though that piece breaks,
Take another piece.
Hold onto that!
Do whatever it takes!

'This is not going to work.
I feel like an absolute jerk! '

Now take off your shoes.
And hand them to me.
Try not to get bruised!
You can exit whenever,
The opportunity agrees.

'There is shattered glass all around me.
If I take a step...
In any direction,
My feet will surely bleed! '

I know.
I just wanted to show,
The power of the oil.
And how having it can make one spoiled.
You have proven this test means,
My oil is supreme.
And since I possess it,
I'll leave you to assess the excessive mess!

'But wait!

Give me back my shoes.'

No!
This is my test.
You have been used!
See how easy a greed can tease.
When you think something done...
That first looks simple,
Leaves you the one looking quite dumb!

'Where are you going?
Bring me back my shoes.
I demand my shoes this instant...
Or else! '

Or else what?
I am in control here!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Is The Purpose

Why should I fight the flight of doves?
Or try to clip their wings?
If they find no reason to stay on land...
Then where will they find peace to bring?
And if they should stay in flight too long...
What message does that convey to us?
If they fly from sight,
And peace should stop existing...
What is the purpose
Of conflicts and fights?
And who will compromise or become satisfied
When realized all of our symbols we worshipped,
Have moved on...
Or have been murdered?
OR have simply died!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What 'Is' The Purpose

What 'is' the purpose of information,
If it is not correct?
Or the wholesomeness of revelation,
If it doesn't give one introspect?
What is it about the knowing of truth,
That makes so many get upset?
And why do people protest in movements,
What for them is best?
To only wilfully digest lives polluted,
With the acceptance of devastation...
And conflicts started that prolong unrest!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Is The Purpose Of Your Faith?

What do you have to lose,
By taking a chance?

'My...uh...'

Faith?

'No.
My..uh...'

Dignity?

'No.
My...uh...'

Your desire to win?

'Well...
Yeah.
I don't want to lose.'

Then...
What is the purpose of your faith?
Why bother with it,
If in yourself you don't believe?
Is the depth of your faith faked?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Is The 'Real' Intention Hidden

Why is it that there are those with beliefs,
Who feel if something they do...
Another should follow their lead,
To leave perceived.

And I've always felt,
If someone does something unsolicited...
It was something 'they' chose to do.
Not demand an attention be attached to it.

If I do something from my heart,
And it is given from the start.
That's it.
An acknowledgement would be nice.
But if there isn't one to come...
I'm not going to think twice,
About what it is I've done...
if it wasn't a bona fide sacrifice.

Many get offended if their actions done,
Does not get an attention.
And their motives I question with a suspicion...
What is the 'real' intention hidden,
Left going unmentioned?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Is The Significance Of Proof?

There is going to be a competition for attention,
Regardless of any intention mentioned...
With a disregard to who has obtained the experience.
When folks become provoked to dismiss and discredit,
Achievements one has documented to validate...
There is going to be a competition for attention to get.
And as incredulous as it may be...
The one who exaggerates to embellish with a gained belief,
Seems to socialize a validity more than a proof for anyone to see.

'After researching we found your claims made,
Not to be true at all.
What do you have to say in your defense? '

~I did not exactly make claims.
I insinuated delusions to keep real.~

'And the difference,
Is...
What? '

~Delusions are my life.
Because they are not documented,
Or certified with notification...
Does not mean for me they are not real.
And those that have known me for years,
Can attest I have kept them entertained.~

'Without proof of your claims? '

~If I can entertain with kept delusions maintained,
What is the significance of proof? ~

'Clearly some mental issues involved have not been faced.'

~That sounds like you are trying to get personal.
And on 'that' level' I refuse to get involved.
Life should not be taken that seriously.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Is There For Anyone To Say?

When one gives up,
They feel nothing left...
To love.
Or love!
With the throwing a half filled cup,
Away.
That is their way,
Of displaying a self interest.

When one gives up,
They wish to hold others accountable...
For their conscious actions.
With a soliciting of empathy,
They wish to see attached to that.

That is their way,
Of displaying a self interest.

And if one feels...
Nothing else is real,
For dues they have yet to pay...
The desire a stopping others in their tracks.
With a paying of an attention,
Given to them right back.

That is their way,
Of displaying a self interest.

And when one feels,
Nothing that they do...
Is going to pay?
What is there left for anyone to say?
But,
'Have a good day.'
And be on their way!

With a showing of their own interests.
In a self centeredness,
That expresses no time to give...

For the ones in an acceptance done,
Of their own foolishness to give as if a gift.

When one feels,
Nothing that they do...
Is going to pay?
With a love for nothing...
To give.
But negativity and dismay.
What is there left for anyone to say?
But,
'Have a good day.'
And be on their way!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Is There To Gain?

What promises come with stress?
What kind of happiness associates itself with pain?
Why aren't misgivings honestly addressed?
What is there to gain when one has these aims?

There are goals some set to protect themselves,
For fear of judgements they too quickly pass.
Egos taxed with each jurisdiction...
Hoping actions to vote will represent a task that lasts!

Tricked by wicked politicians...
And a way of life bearing less fruits!
As the quality of pursuits,
Exposes nothing but another round of vicious lawsuits.

And this is what is missed in societies trying to ignore this?
Any fool limping in agony...
Isn't wishing in secret this obstruction remains!

What promises come with stress?
What kind of happiness associates itself with pain?
Why aren't misgivings honestly addressed?
What is there to gain when one has these aims?

Nothing on the horizon comes with a quick fix bliss!
And yet people are alarmed...
There are armed terrorists 'suspected' to exist!
Cat and mouse games played like cowboys tracking indians...
Only make sense to those employed making fences.
And even when they are made...
Enemies created,
Are inspected first...
For what they have worth,
That is not bartered but taken as fair trade!

Why is this mess being tolerated and made?
And 'who' is actually smiling...
Planting this duress and getting richly paid!

What promises come with stress?
What kind of happiness associates itself with pain?
Why aren't misgivings honestly addressed?
What is there to gain when one has these aims?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Is There To Lose

What is there to lose,
If one's sanity is gained?
When a treasured chest of delusions kept,
Has beliefs of an armed madness...
Restores and bestows a peace and rest.

What sickness accepts,
A lawlessness as an entitlement to keep?
While everyday there is evidence,
Few are awakening from a peaceful sleep.

What interests are protected,
When suspicions are projected...
Upon whomever is picked and found.
To threaten those with weapons around?

And who is it that victimizes,
That is not victimized?
And who is it that is depicted guilty,
When judgements passed...
Comes after someone's been popped and dropped!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Is There To Understand About Love

What is there to understand,
About love.
What is there to understand,
About being without it.
And spending those nights alone,
Distrusting that 'right' one...
That goes away.
Distrusting that one sleepless night,
When someone loved...
Comes home late,
Without argument to defend.
Or passion to share,
After a fight that begins.

And excuses heard familiar...
Aren't there heard to make.
What is there to understand,
About love...
When none is there to make.

What is there 'then'...
To understand.

No one dreams about the absence of love.
Or who in those dreams are missed...
To share the magic of happiness wished.
As those suspicions take over...
Becoming one's relationship!

What is there to understand.

No one seems to have those dreams,
About someone wrong for them.
Someone who up and goes when they choose...
To return when they please.
To introduce agony inside of one,
That seems to stay...
Not to leave.

What is there to understand,
About love.

The pain that is gained that seems to remain,
To change that love that is no longer the same.

What is there to understand,
About love.
What is there to understand,
About being without it.
And spending those nights alone,
Distrusting that 'right' one...
That goes away.
Distrusting that one sleepless night,
When someone loved...
Comes home late,
Without argument to defend.
Or passion to share,
After a fight...
That had began.
Ending a quarrel to be forgotten...
As love made mends!

What is there to understand,
About love...
That ends.

What is there 'then',
To understand.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Is This All About

Scathing?
That may be.
But none of it attempts to erase,
Or shy away from reality.

Bitter?
Well...
No one should consider truth that way.
But it isn't embraced.
In fact,
It is hated by those nurtured on delusion.

Purpose?
To implement it.
A deceit free society.
Even if minds have been fantasized.

Expected outcome?
Civil unrest with protest unaccepting...
An honesty folks have never received.
Folks will argue with talk show hosts,
Seething about their standards of life.
And how that has been devalued...
By those not strong enough,
To keep them from putting their hands...
In the cookie jar,
Over and over and over again.

Earmarks?
Well...
They want to blame him for not omitting them.
But has anyone refused them?
Who did not accept them?

What is this all about?
Cowboys and Indians.
Hosted by the Chinese,
Who love those Jungle Bunnies!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Is This Between Us That We'Ve Got

I can not wait until,
You permit to say okay...
With a giving of a hug.
Or a kiss.

I can not wait until,
You permit to say okay...
With a giving of a hug.
Or a kiss.

What is this between us that we've got,
It can't be true love.
What is this between us that we've got.

What is this between us that we've got,
It can't be true love.
What is this between us that we've got.

I can not wait until,
You permit to say okay...
With a giving of a hug.
Or a kiss.

What is this between us that we've got,
It can't be true love.
What is this between us that we've got.

I can not wait until,
You permit to say okay.
What is this between us that we've got.

What is this between us that we've got.

What is this between us that we've got,
Since it's not true love.
Not the kind I'm thinking or wanting to be part of.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Is This 'Image'

What is this 'image'
We have been blessed to reflect?
If we are not, indeed...
Born into a physicality,
From a spiritual realm...
Where deities of power,
Reign over our every step.

What is this 'image'
That the Sun feeds,
And the Moon all fluids direct.
What are we and who is it...
We pray to and confess.

What is this 'image'
We have been blessed to reflect?
If we are not, indeed...
Born into a physicality,
From a spiritual realm...
Where deities of power,
Reign over our every step.

It is much more complexed,
Than our perceptions and concepts.
If we are an experiment,
Of a divine test.
And...
Why do some seem to pass with flying colors?
And some of us can not digest.
Or comprehend,
That message yet.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Is This That I Do?

What is this that I do?
What is this?
And what is it?
What is this that I do?
Tell me,
What is this that I do?
Tell me,
What is this that I do?
What is this?
And what is it?
What is this that I do?
Tell me,
What is it?
And what is this?

What is this that I do?
Am I trying to be analytic.
What is this that I do?
Everyday and with commitment too!
What is this that I do?
Tell me,
What is this?
And what is it?
What is this that I do?
Write and type for my own excitement?
What is this that I do?
To do it for a 'whom' to prove?
What is this that I do?
And what intention is this meant?
Am I doing this to make some sense?
What is this that I do?
For who?
What is this?
And what is it?
What is this that I do?
Tell me,
Am I doing it for comprehension?
What is this that I do?
Am I doing it to understand?

What is this that I do?
Am I doing this to blow a mind?
And finding that I'm blowing mine.

What is this that I do?
Am I doing this because I can?
What is this that I do?
What is this?
And what is it?
What is this that I do?
Tell me,
What is this that I do?
Tell me,
What is this that I do?
Am I doing this because I can?
What is this that I do?
What is this?
And what is it?
What is this that I do?
Am I doing this because I can?
What is this that I do?
Am I doing this because I can?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Is This 'Thing'

What is this 'thing'...
People keep on their eyes to peep.
What is this 'thing'...
People keep on their minds without sleep.
What is this 'thing'...
That's kept discreet and people sneak.
And whisper about on tip toed feet.
As if a significance will lose substance,
If this 'thing' hit the streets and leaked!

What is this 'thing'...
People keep on their eyes to peep.
What is this 'thing'...
People keep on their minds without sleep.
What is this 'thing'...
That's kept discreet and people sneak.
And whisper about on tip toed feet.
As if a significance will lose substance,
If this 'thing' hit the streets and leaked!

What is this 'thing'...
People keep on their eyes to peep.
What is this 'thing'...
People keep on their minds without sleep.
What is this 'thing'...
People sneak around that's kept discreet.

What is this 'thing'...
That takes over and rules.
What is this 'thing'.
Accepted but not 'cool'.
What is this 'thing'.
That sets both mood and attitude!
What is this 'thing'.
That makes the people very rude.
What is this 'thing'...
That makes a drooling fool brood?
What is this 'thing'.
What is this 'thing'.

What is this 'thing'.
That makes a drooling fool brood?
What is this 'thing'.
That makes the people very rude.
What is this 'thing'.
That sets the mood and attitude!
What is this 'thing'.
Accepted but not 'cool'.
What is this 'thing'.
That takes over and rules.
And confuses delusions.
What is this 'thing'.
What is this 'thing'.
What is this 'thing'.
That confuses delusions.
What is this 'thing'.
That confuses delusions.
What is this 'thing'.
That confuses delusions.
What is this 'thing'.
What is this 'thing'.
What is this 'thing'.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Is Wished

A standard of life,
And the wish to keep this protected...
Has been the reason greed unchecked,
Created mounting depths...
Of unpaid debts.

And this standard of life,
Has...
Produced effective disrespect.
To leave many disbelieving...
Their agonies from it is what they get.

'I don't understand it.'

What is it you wished and did not get?

'People crazed and lazy,
Are all around me to see.'

A standard of life,
And the wish to keep this protected...
Has been the reason greed unchecked,
Created mounting depths...
Of unpaid debts.

'I don't understand it.
Where did all of this start?
Everywhere a lack of discipline creates,
Broken hearts.'

What is it you wished for and did not get?

'A standard of life.'

But if it wasn't what you wished...
Why has it been the 'thing' accepted?

'I don't understand it.
Where did all of this start?

Everywhere a lack of discipline creates,
Broken hearts.'

What is it you wished for and did not get?

'A standard of life.'

A standard of life,
And the wish to keep this protected...
Has been the reason greed unchecked,
Created mounting depths...
Of unpaid debts.

And this standard of life,
Has...
Produced effective disrespect.
To leave many disbelieving...
Their agonies from it is what they get.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What 'Is' Would In Thin Air Disappear

Anyone can install shutters,
On an opened window.
To close when one chooses.
And one...
Could continue to live,
As one would please.

But the effect of a view observed,
Is not going to vanish...
Because one is disturbed by it.
With a wish that it goes away.

Or the existence of it does...
One day!

Since one is convinced,
By an upbringing or one's environment...
That a gesture influences reality!

'I wish what I see goes away from me! '

And just with the power of thought...
What 'is' would in thin air disappear.
Gone...
As one wishes!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What 'Is' Your Purpose? ...(If You Don'T Have That)

Not into the sounds of whines.
Or complaints rotated on a pity plate.
All that is observed,
Has existed with your acceptance.
If it did not meet to your approval...
It sure has surrounded you,
For a very long time!
The value of your nothingness has increased.
And the substance you had not produced,
Is going to be a long time coming!
Since it was you who convinced,
Yourself and others...
Your lives were not worthy of your pride!
And if you don't have 'that'?
What 'is' your purpose?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What It Has Been Allowed

See it for what it is.
Since it is what it has been allowed,
To become.
And with deceptions done,
By those fully aware...
But pretend they too are in disbelief.

It is as it exists as witnessed to observe.
And pointless it is for anyone to disagree,
That what is apparent and not in disguise...
Drop out of the sky to shock and surprise.
Nor appear overnight magically.

'I can't believe what's going on.'

Well...
When you gave your consciousness away,
With a taking of all of it gone...
That's what happens when deception is accepted.
And remaining to stay in an unconsciousness is prolonged.

'But I did not willfully participate in this.'

And if you had would there be any difference?
You still would have believed deceivers.
To be convinced the use of common sense,
Is intended and meant to prevent progress.
And none has been made at all.

'And...
Why do you point at that revolving door? '

Perhaps experiencing what it does 'consciously',
Will help assist your understanding...
To comprehend,
The revolving of it you allow.
Whether you admit to it or not.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What It Has Taken

I am going to do the best I can,
With what I've got.
Rate it, deflate it
Do whatever it is with it you wish.
Since I'm the only one
Who knows what it has taken,
To pull myself together.
With a cementing done of loose pieces,
Now that strongly in a oneness fit.

Based upon determination,
And making up my own mind.
To get up the nerve,
To get off my butt and do it.

Rate it, deflate it
Do whatever it is with it you wish.
Nothing at this stage of the game,
Will introduce an obstacle.
I will dare to face and do it quick.

I am the only one who knows,
What it has taken
To get off my butt to do it!
With a disregarding of all kinds of ailments.
Or who believed or thought what,
With a speaking of it to exchange idle gossip.
That assisted my motivation to persevere,
And persist regardless of opposition quipped.
Turn up the heat I want to dance and move my feet.
Oh yeah!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What It Is God Wishes

A unity that represents, Diversity and accepted...
Differences.
Is the only way politics,
And divisions...
Between religions,
Can heal to mend...
The mess created from factless,
Interpretations.
Created and based upon,
Images and symbols made.
From mysterious night visitors,
Whispering gently...
What it is they should hear.
With this to write down,
In words to make clear...
God had sent them.

#1...I am a Christian.
And I represent a multitude,
Of worshipped beliefs.
#2...I am a Muslim.
#3...I am a Jew.
#4...I am a Buddhist.
Not a Hindu to confuse.
#5...Well, I am an Atheist.

'Okay.
Now,
Which one of you can tell me...
From what faith did God create,
The Earth? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What It Is I Can Do

I can not,
Make one or two steps for you.
As you watch them made.
Nor can I,
Wish with desire...
For your dreams to come true,
As they stayed in my mind...
To find you have been relieved,
From initiative, passion and motivation.
But...
What it is I can do,
Is not discourage the life you live...
On any path taken you decide to pursue.
That's what I know,
For you I 'can' do.

Neither can I speak for you.
Although there were times,
I made attempts to do it...
With my own interpretation of 'your' words,
To have others hear.
And clearly,
This was not the right decision.
Since you know,
I have a preference to pepper and salt...
My tongue with it done.

But...
What it is I can do,
For you and also for me too...
Is to prove the truth of my belief,
That whatever it is you choose to do...
And for 'you' to make this known,
I will be there and feeling proud.
However...
Do not expect me to accept your excuses.
My eyebrows ache when they remain raised.

I have already excused myself enough.

And it was tough to discover,
Too many too eager and willing to assist.
And excuses to choose to know I can refuse them,
Is what it is I can do.
You can too.
Once you have made 'that' your choice,
To use your voice and make your own steps shown.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What It Is I Feel

You could bake for me cupcakes,
To then smother with thick gravy.
And I would eat them.
I would.

And as long as you were there,
To witness me doing this...
The smile on my face would be genuine.
Not a grimace from me would you see.

I would never be able to explain to anyone,
What it is I feel.
Or the depths of the love felt,
I have for you.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What It Is I Have Missed

Between two and two-thirty AM,
And well before dawn...
I am awakened to hear,
Birds chirping with it prolonged.
I've begun to notice,
On certain mornings this goes on.

For them it may be at this time they have learned,
The earlier they arise they can catch those worms.
Although as far as I am concerned,
They need not perceive me as competition.
And why next to 'my' window...
I must be given their attention?

I don't wonder at all what it is I have missed.
While making attempts to fall back to sleep...
To acknowledge those birds will not allow me to do this.
And to yell at them makes no sense,
Since I know my neighbors will never be convinced...
What 'they' heard was my re-action to birds chirping.

'You startled me the other morning.
So very early it was.
Were you shouting at a burglar? '

No.
Some birds were getting on my nerves.
Have you noticed how loudly they chirp?
Between 2 an 2: 30 AM?

'Birds? '

Yes.
Chirping!

'You are willing to shock me to awaken,
From a peaceful sleep...
To shout at birds chirping? '

You've never heard them chirping before?
Like that?
And at that early time of the...morning?
Why do you have that look on your face?
I'm serious.

'I know.
We are living in some very stressful times.
I wish there was 'something'...
Something I could say to stop what's happening to you.
But...
I am at a loss.
Have you tried counseling.'

Look.
I've heard those birds...okay?

'Sure. Sure. No problem.
Do you own a gun?
Any concealed weapons?
Is there someone you want me to call?
Should I check on you later? '

You have a good day.
I know what I heard.

'I know.
We are living in some very stressful times.
I wish there was 'something'...
Something I could say to stop what's happening to you.
But...
I am at a loss.
Have you tried counseling.'

You have a GOOD DAY.
Okay?
And no...
I'm fine.
And when they come to 'your' window,
Don't come to me.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What It Is That Does This

Sometimes I have to force myself,
To shut down and turn off.

Sometimes my need succeeds,
Unrested.

And I am at a lost,
To find an excuse...
To direct this 'energy'.
That 'boost' that uses me.

Believing I control.
And I am the boss.

But I am not!
And I wish I could tell you,
Who is!
Or what it is that does this!
Although I may know why.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What It Is That Keeps Them Effective

Maybe it's not ready for you to get yet!
Like a wishing for Spring and through Summer you've slept.
And maybe it's not ready for you to get quite yet!
'Cause if it was in your mind it'd be there to be kept.
And in your mind it'd be there to be left.

Maybe it's not ready for you to get just yet!
'Cause if it was you would not have overslept to fret,
If it's Summer, Winter, Spring that's coming next...
Without it dawning in the morning if you've passed the test!
And maybe you don't need to know in your mind to keep kept,
What it is you need to be effective.

Maybe it's not ready for you to get just yet!
What it is that leaves you effective.

Some do,
And some don't...
Know what it is that keeps them effective!

Some do,
And some don't...
Stay alert with a keeping effective!

Some do,
And some don't...
Make sure they remain effective.

Some do,
While some just don't....
Know what it takes to keep them effective!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What It Is They Do

Some folks enjoy doing things.
While other folks 'are' what they enjoy doing!
Some folks enjoy cooking.
And then there are cooks.
Some folks enjoy singing.
And then there are those who sing.
Some folks enjoy writing.
I know I do,
And I've been told I am a writer.
Some folks have no problem,
Producing what they do.
And others will say they don't have the time.
Although they waste it telling folks,
What it is they do...
And yet nothing of that,
Ever gets done!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What It Is They Do Wish

They have taken action to convince,
That which has been put into place...
Is not popular.
However...
Those making attempts to convince of this,
Have not proven what they've done...
Is acceptable to anyone.
And yet...
Evidence collected to prove a popularity,
Has been refused to be accepted as viable.
However...
What it is they do wish by all who has witnessed,
Is for their reliable incompetence to be praised.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What It Is You Have

I have submitted with a commitment.
And it shown to you.
I have committed and admitted it,
On more than just a few occasions too!
With it done without being persuaded.
And I continue to hear from others to say,
The years I've been loyal and devoted to you...
Had not proven anything you should accept as true.
To leave you in doubt and me left to wonder,
What it is you have that keeps me wanting more of it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What It Is You'Ve Done

You have no idea what it is you've done.
Not a single thought of yours has come,
With an apology,
Or a 'forgive me please'...
Nothing at all since our fall begun!
You have no idea what it is you've done.

You have no idea what it is you've done.
Or maybe you do?
And I'm the one who is stunned...
Not realizing we were through!
While you were planning to 'retire' from me,
I ignored the hints dropped!
And didn't think your overnight trips were clues!
Not by calls you made from truck stops!
And all this time you knew?
You knew exactly what you were putting me through!

You have no idea what it is you've done.
Not a single thought of yours has come,
With an apology,
Or a 'forgive me please'...
Nothing at all since our fall begun!
You have no idea what it is you've done.
Or maybe you do!
And I was a fool not to first leave you!

And all this time you knew?
You knew exactly what you were putting me through!
And you know what you have done?
You just don't care that the 'donin' was done...
To the one who didn't see you doing the 'donin' come!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What It Isn'T

You know what this is about?

'No.
What is it about? '

What it isn't.

'And...
What is that? '

What it's not.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What It Means To Bloom

There are those who were born,
Knowing intuitively who they are.
With an attraction they could not avoid.
And eventually it became...
A life and not a decision.
And they sought to grow.
And they sought to bloom...
With a seeking to be critiqued!

And others live a life undecisive,
With the hopes that someone...
Comes and notices what it is done they do,
To encourage them with motivation...
That is accepted as constructive criticsm.
Allowing a process that becomes disciplined...
And less argumentative.
Like many who never discover what it means to bloom.

'I do what I do.
I don't need to improve.'

~Good luck.
I hope your feathers don't get too ruffled.
Or the few that are left don't get plucked.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What It Means To Have Peace

If I have witnessed division and conflict,
As did my parents and theirs before them too...
It is a safe bet to place,
That the children of today...
Will never come to value,
What it means to have peace.
Or share amongst themselves and others,
Also unaware if peace to have should be taken...
As a thief would steal.
Or if seeds of it should be planted to watch over,
And prepared to die for if threats are heard to be rumored...
Their neighbors have made plans,
To sneak away what will be harvested.

To only have the purpose of peace associated,
With acts of violence and destruction.
Since what is known about peace,
Has yet to reach a prioritized importance...
As one's ability to pray for a keeping,
Of their good credit rating.
And kept impressions to make with things possessed.

'Did you hear about the latest shooting? '

~Yes I did.
And I thank God I got my car waxed and washed,
Before the police blocked off the streets.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What It Takes To Achieve Patience

The returning back,
From a dead end that traps...
Will eventually teach patience,
To the one who rushes forward...
With a determination to prove,
Stubbornness prevails.
Fails.

And heartbreaking will be the attempts,
Observed by those who did their best...
To prevent the event.
But one this can not do...
When a child with an adult appearance,
Chooses not to listen?

We can instruct with books.
And believe it takes stern looks.
But experience is the teacher.
Experience does more for opening up the mind...
Than nagging or reminding someone,
Of what they should do for themselves.
And what is more important for them,
They should concentrate to find!

And...
What it takes,
To achieve patience.

We can instruct with books.
And believe it takes stern looks.
But experience is the teacher.
Experience does more for opening up the mind...
Than nagging or reminding someone,
Of what they should do for themselves.
And what is more important for them,
They should concentrate to find!

And...
What it takes,

To achieve patience.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What It Takes To Be Decisive

Very few who have lived their lives,
Pursuing in public view what it is they do...
Have been exempt from being criticized.
Or unaware of what they have tolerated,
To just make attempts of their pursuits.

The only ones who do things done,
With a seeking to get approval...
And wish for an acceptance from 'anyone',
Are those not devoted or have sacrificed...
To know what it takes to be decisive.

And yet...
Those who publicly express being upset,
By an attention someone else gets...
Are those who spend their entire lives,
On the sidelines critizing without taking forward steps.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What It Takes To Lead

Can one completely lost of wit,
Be held accountable...
For not having an independent thought,
At all.

Everyone born...
Isn't always guaranteed,
Common sense.
And those ignorantly involved in 'their' nonsense,
Have not a clue they are not well.
Even a barrage of thrown hints,
Would go left unaddressed.
Those folks are focused on their greed.
With a twisted ego to keep them fixed.

Can one completely lost of wit,
Be held accountable...
For not having an independent thought,
At all.

'Good question.
I can't answer it.

The next one plays basketball.
And his wife takes no nonsense.
I think we all are in for quite a surprise.
These new folks are totally awake!
And they know what it takes to lead! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What It Took For Me To Get Here

Perhaps I am old fashion.
With a joy of having peace...
And surrounded by quietness,
I've discovered I love alot.
But I can not live within my home,
With rooms that are closed.
And each padlocked.
That's why I refuse to share my space,
With those who have issues.
And I trust not.

'You have enough space.
We could share as room-mates.
We can split expenses.
Doesn't that make sense? '

Perhaps I am old fashion.
With a joy of having peace...
And surrounded by quietness,
I've discovered I love alot.
But I can not live within my home,
With rooms that are closed.
And each padlocked.
That's why I refuse to share my space,
With those who have issues.
And I trust not.

'Trust?
I'm talking about saving us both a few bucks.'

Perhaps I am old fashion.
With a joy of having peace...
And surrounded by quietness,
I've discovered I love alot.
But I can not live within my home,
With rooms that are closed.
And each padlocked.
That's why I refuse to share my space,
With those who have issues.

And I trust not.

'What are you saying?
You can't use a few more dollars,
In your pocket?
Allowing you to breathe.
Economically and more freely? '

Perhaps I am old fashion.
With a joy of having peace...
And surrounded by quietness,
I've discovered I love alot.
But I can not live within my home,
With rooms that are closed.
And each padlocked.
That's why I refuse to share my space,
With those who have issues.
And I trust not.

'So you are saying you prefer to live alone?
Even though you are tight on funds? '

I wouldn't trade this for a million dollars.
Or a feast I could eat everyday,
To have my life any other way.
You have no idea,
What it took for me to get here.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What It Was You Wanted

I wish you knew,
What it was you wanted.
With a clarity that stuck.
And with an ambition,
That motivates your heart.
So your head doesn't give up!

I wish you knew,
What it was you wanted.
I want to feel undaunted with support.
I want to see you gleam!
With that dream wished held.
No longer seemingly to haunt!

I wish you knew what it was you wanted.
Since all your needs then,
For you would be fulfilled!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What I'Ve Been Told To Believe

Nothing available,
To research to probe and investigate...
Is in need to be embellished.
Or overstate its content,
To give anyone an opportunity to disbelieve.
Since the evidence presented,
And thoroughly documented...
Will never convince those unfamiliar,
With the meaning of authenticity.

'What do you mean by saying,
You have discovered...
More that is authentic that is not deceived,
When I know for a fact,
From what I've been told to believe...
No one can achieve that kind of success,
Without seeking attention to get to impress.'

~I hear what you are saying.
But the facts are what I have.~

'I'm not here to discuss what you have as facts.
OR who 'authenticities' to 'authenticitize'.
Forget that.
I am here to discuss what I've heard.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What I'Ve Come To Prioritize

I have had possessions,
To treasure and collect...
Over a period of time.
To find that leaving them behind,
Left me temporarily depressed.
Twice I did this to never regret.
Since what I have found in the process,
Of letting go to forget and not even reminisce...
Is a keeping for me what I've come to prioritize.
To remember and not to dismiss or be tempted.
And...
With a doing to learn some difficult lessons.
Not at all to my surprise to endure them to pass.
That had nothing to do with my ability...
To acquire the obtaining of things,
That could never stay forever with my kept interest.
Not to last.
Especially when I began to see clearly,
What it was I had been blessed to possess...
To set my standards much higher.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Just Happened Here?

Calm down.
Dry your eyes
I know you are feeling upset,
By the names you've been called...
And you're feeling like a reject.
But...
Give a thought to this,
There are billions of people...
On this rotating ball in the heavens,
We refer to as Earth.
Just think how blessed you are.
If God chose you to be singled out,
As strange and weird.
And the school kids remind you?
You've got 'something' delicious going on.

I love it when you smile.

They are just jealous anyway.
And they should be too.
I don't know anyone else,
That loves you more than I do.
I know God does!
That's why He has put you in my life!

'Great!
I'm glad we got that settled.
You've got fourty dollars?
I saw a new video game I want to pick up at the store.
And my friends and I would like to see that new 3-D movie,
BUT...
I told them I don't get that much of an allowance.
So, it's okay if you say no.
I'll just stand outside alone at the cineplex.'

What just happened here?
God...
Can you tell me?
WHAT just happened here?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Kind Of Wisdom Is That?

How many times do I need to tell you?
As long as you are left to be impressed,
By bling and shiny things to address...
You are going to be kept blinded by delusion.
And truth to you will be too painful to refuse.
To leave you believing 'truth' is your enemy.
And you are NOT going to defeat truth.
Not as long as you believe the doing of it,
Is in your best interest.
Period.

'But what about my wants and needs? '

I don't know what words you do not understand.
Is it the bling I don't have to leave you unimpressed?
Or is it my tolerance to accept your needs to feel,
Depressed?
And you find me available to confess this?
Since what you are wanting I will never get.
There is not a physical or mental wound,
That has left me without a memory...
As to how they were achieved.
And where I was to begin to recognize my abilities.

'What are you saying? '

AGAIN? And please don't upset me,
To have me call you a DUMMY! Okay?
Get up off your knees and stop praying for 'things'.
Your faith with a doing of good deeds,
Will deliver to you what you deserve.
That's how it works this side of the Universe.

'But suppose what I get is not what I want? '

Keep praying to suffer.
With a getting that which you wish.
A receiving of repeated pain.
Because the bling in your mind,

You can not resist to dismiss.

'What kind of wisdom is that? '

None!
None-at-all.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Lessons Can I Promise To Learn?

I shy away from advising with advice to give,
To anyone.
I have too many bruises,
From knocking my head up against walls.

I've sat in on too many job interviews,
Bored by those who questioned...
Where would I'd like to be and do,
In years to come I have yet to live.
Or commit myself to a loyalty...
When I know none of it comes to me,
From no one as a guarantee promised to give.

I do my best until I can not do that anymore.
And if someone else is not doing that to achieve,
Who believe to me they can be compared?
What lessons can I promise to learn?
If those in positions to teach are incompetent.

I shy away from advising with advice to give,
To anyone.
I have too many bruises,
From knocking my head up against walls.
What could I say to anyone,
Thinking something I will say will make it for them easy?

Especially when I am inclined to say,
Fall down to your knees and count the cracks on the street.
And repeat it until the bleeding isn't noticed?
How many seeking to be impressed,
Will address my own experiences?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Lessons Will Be Learned?

'Well...
That depends on if the lessons taught are liked.
And if the ones doing the teaching,
Do not offend those who take offense...
If those lessons to be learned,
Are comprehended to be understood.'

But...
They are repeatedly the same lessons.

'And...
What lessons will be learned,
That will prevent the increase of mental illness? '

Well...
That depends on if the lessons taught are liked.
And if the ones doing the teaching,
Do not offend those who take offense...
If those lessons to be learned,
Are comprehended to be understood.

'But...
They are repeatedly the same lessons.'

Perhaps we are in need of more magicians?

'Those positions are already being taken in droves,
By those 'disguising' themselves as economists.'

WHERE is the 'reality' and the truth of anything these days?

'Those are lessons many refuse to accept.
They infringe upon the ones,
Who wish to keep their delusions,
Kept to isolate from everyone.
And like you...
They seek 'reality' and truth magically sweetened.
Or distanced.'

We are creating a new epidemic.

'Don't worry about it.
By next Spring it will be given a name.
And shots to take to alleviate the effects,
Will be announced.
Stay tuned to your favorite TV channels.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Life Means When It's Seen To Love

Only those who've made mistakes,
Seem to know more what it takes...
To live life and comprehend,
A having of patience benefits them.

Only those who've sacrificed,
Seem to know more what it's like...
To be disciplined within,
With a letting go of what offends.

And a precious beauty,
Is noticed with a closeness that begins.
This fresh kept beauty,
Connects with a budding that doesn't end...
What life means when it's seen to love!

Only those who've made mistakes,
Seem to know more what it takes...
To live life and comprehend,
A having of patience benefits them.

And...
A precious beauty,
Is noticed with a closeness that begins.
So fresh is this kept beauty,
Connecting with a budding...
That doesn't end,
What life means when it's seen to love!

Feeding conflicts with a selfishness,
Affects us all.
To make less sense when witnessed,
Just to...
Have someone else fall.

Wishing someone fails,
Only brings to us a grief...
When it's recognized a forest,
Would not exist without its different trees.

And...
A precious beauty,
Is noticed with a closeness that begins.
So fresh is this kept beauty,
Connecting with a budding...
That doesn't end,
What life means when it's seen to love!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Makes You Think You Will Like It?

How long have you been riding your motorcycle?
'Many years now.
Why? '
Will you teach me how to ride it?

'Do you have the desire to learn? '
I don't know yet.
'What makes you think you will like it? '
You make it look as if I will.

'Suppose I told you it took me years to like,
What it is you see me do? '
YEARS?
Are you kidding?

'I wish it was a joke.
I had to learn to like it.
But...
I wanted to.
Because I had the desire.'

Oh no!
I don't have that kind of time,
To learn to do what somebody else likes?
You think I can learn to ride without desire?
'Do you think I would have the patience,
To teach somebody without it? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Makes You Think You'Re So Special?

Anyone with intent to offend then pretends,
What was done had been meant to be a joke...
To not provoke retaliation but laughter,
Represents the sick mindset...
Of many caught in the midst of conflict,
With a belief they are entitled...
To do and say what they please.
To then perceive a receiving of payback,
Isn't deserving to get from someone made upset...
By a thoughtlessness not accepted to excuse,
As trying to have a bit of fun...
But often this kind of fun is done at someone else's,
Expense.

'Lighten up.
Do you really believe I would say anything to hurt you,
If I knew you would take it so seriously? '

~But what you did was lie to have others believe that lie.~

'Oh?
So 'now' I should be held accountable for what others believe? '

~Why say anything if you know it not to be true? ~

'People do that everyday.
Why should you be the one offended? '

~Do you know what defamation of character is? ~

'Do you know the way to San Jose?
Comeon, please.
Lighten Up.
What makes you think you're so special? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Message Do You Get From That?

If I do not like you...
You can not insist,
To enforce yourself upon me!
And I am not trying to play hard to get!
If I have had plastic surgery to change my looks,
What message do you get from that?
I am not:
'Experimenting with your desires! '
As you put it!
Or...
Being two faced with my affections!
I just don't like you!
I wanted to at one time.
But you made that not a possibility.
You are more vain than I am.
And I can't have that!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Methods Do You Use?

Unusual.
Peculiar and odd.
Strange, weird and unpredictable.
And...
Authentically eccentric.
With just a 'tad' of conservatism.
You know...
Tinged with a bit of arrogance.
Offensive yet addicting.

'Okay.
So what characteristics do you have,
You perceive as being less noticeable...
Yet,
You feel are most effective...
In maintaining your longevity? ?

My ability to sustain a marketing campaign,
Over a period of time...
That keeps the public 'organically' interested,
And involved with the product.
With a maintained controversy...
So effective as to become part of the environment.
An accepted rejection,
If you will.
Like a habit one despises but keeps denied.

'That's intriguing.
Can you produce any proof of this in existence?
What methods do you use.'

I make sure the product is kept...
Unusual.
Peculiar and odd.
Strange, weird and unpredictable.
And...
Authentically eccentric.
With just a 'tad' of conservatism.
You know...

Tinged with a bit of arrogance.
Offensive yet addicting.

'Oh!
Like a self promotion kind of thing? '

No!
I think of it more like embracing the taste,
Of an unconscious craving.
To ensure the updating of it feeds...
The immediate needs of the people.
And keeping it fresh, current and accessible.

'This is comparable to gossip! '

BINGO!
However...
It is better received if not perceived that way.
Key proponents must be selected first.
By knowing one's demographics.

'You have studied this haven't you?
Like a project you have kept researched.

Of course.
How do you think I have maintain its effectiveness?
Guess work?
This is my life.
I'm not playing with it.
This has nothing to do about 'talent'.
This is about applying skills!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Money Has Yet To Accomplish

What money has yet to accomplish?
A satisfying way to be repelled,
By the benefit of having it.

Or bring such excruciating agony,
To those who have too much of it.
Too cause undenying grief.

And much sweet relief to a dieing economy,
Overtaxed and burdened...
With the construction of more prisons,
To house millions addicted...
Will free us all.

'They are not addicted to money!
They are addicted with the teasing done,
By the unspoken limitations of democracy.
With a selective few declaring themselves patriotic.
And cast under hypnotic spells.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What More Can Be Said

What more can be said,
By those sad actions that reflect...
A way of life with rights to kill,
Many believe should be kept protected.
With an increase of it being revealed.

What more can be expressed,
When violence that upsets...
Is legalized and marketed,
With the best advertisements...
Done to do and is effective.

How much more of this is wished,
By those who instigate conflicts.
To then think conflicts should not exist.
Or that our children will be immuned,
To the repetitveness of this.

Why do those choose to arm themselves?
And yet become the first to be alarmed,
When shocking events...
Approach closer to their fences?
With a hopping over them to offend.

And why is there such a resistance,
To a reality people invented.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What More Could I Have...

What more could I have...
If I already have all of You?
I could never feel 'without',
Or express moments of doubt.
I would...
But I have figured out,
You have removed those excuses...
From me!

I am through denying in my heart,
What is true.
Through am I with receiving,
My own self abuse.
And every day I am aware...
My life is enriched,
Acknowledging You are there!
What more can I have?
If I already have all of You.

What more could I have...
If I already have all of You?
With this gladness you have given,
With a view to pursue 'that',
Without those traps of obstacles too?
You have bestowed me with gifts...
And so much happiness!

What more could I wish...
If I already have all of You?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What More Is It Should I Do?

Speak and then you leave.
Don't bother to let me know,
What troubles and hurts you so.
I will still be right here,
For you.

Spek and then you leave.
As if I have shown you,
Any reason to resist my willingness...
To listen.

What is it do I mean,
To you?
Haven't I been your friend?
Someone to depend on.

What is it do I mean,
To you?
If you can not trust me...
How deep are you unhappy?
And why do you cry?
Allowing me to see your tears.
What more do you wish I do,
For you...
To prove,
I care!

Speak and then you leave.
Don't bother to let me know,
What troubles and hurts you so.
I will still be right here,
For you.
What more is it should I do?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Moving Forward Is All About

I hope this journey I have taken,
With bumps and bruises...
And obstacles faced.
To confront them with a praying,
They would go away and be erased.
But my destiny has not been easy.
Nor choices available to make safe escapes.

I hope this journey I have taken,
With bumps and bruises...
And obstacles faced,
Says 'something' about determination....
To anyone with a belief,
They can not delete or change their fate.
Wanting it to happen is the difference this makes.

Wishes exchanged on priority lists,
To shift back and forth...
As if this benefits.
Only happens in dreams with drugs assisted.
Or binges stirred by alcohol,
With a doing to stall all intentions.

Wishes exchanged with complaints remaining,
Only protects one's procrastination.
And the making of forward steps,
Become more accepted by the presence of regrets.

I hope this journey I have taken,
With bumps and bruises...
And obstacles faced,
Says 'something' about determination....
To anyone with a belief,
They can not delete or change their fate.
Wanting it to happen is the difference this makes.
With a disregarding those pains, aches and heartbreaks.

'I don't know if I can do that.
I'm too emotional.

I'm not that cold.'

I've learned to shiver to a freeze,
To leave behind whispering naysayers...
Wishing me to feed on 'their' doubts.
And that's what moving forward is all about.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Needs To Be Done

Those people who convince themselves,
There is a forever and one shouldn't ever say 'never'...
Are those who will find time to procrastinate,
With a forever wished to do it...
As if a never to do what needs to be done,
Today...
In the 'now' in the time they have been given,
Ever for them existed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Nerve In Your Body Is Disconnected

What makes you think,
I will be discussed and talked about...
And not know it?
What nerve in your body is disconnected,
From your brain.

I happen to accept we are all part,
Of this 'Oneness' existing...
We choose to call life.
And not observers from the bleechers...
Cheering on a favorite team to win!

What makes you think,
My ears do not listen?
Or my eyes do not see?
We were all created by an 'Entity'!
And this 'spiritually' I believe!

There is no such thing,
As an inflicting of pain on someone else...
And not eventually feeling it yourself.
That's not the deal we have here on Earth.
Nor was that a contract signed upon our birth.

What makes you think,
I will be discussed and talked about...
And not know it?
What nerve in your body is disconnected,
From your brain.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Next?

Hurdles have been jumped.
Races have been won.
Knees have been scraped...
And lost dignity overcomed!

Challenges have been faced,
In sight of naysayers...
And things attempted,
Can now be said were done!

What next awaits the fate of one,
As the Sun continues to rise...
With more surprises yet,
To delight, excite and come!

'What next? '
Questions the champion pacing.
Who now slowly strolls...
And ages in a process no one controls.

But no one that dares,
Prepares to 'Stop! '

The sun may set!
But not grab hold,
Of this run that's bold...
And defiant!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Nobody Lives Yet Knows

Somebody goes to welcome,
What nobody lives yet knows.

Why do so many wrestle with thoughts,
Sought...
To rewind and revisit,
A doing done to keep prevailed.

No one stays to choose a permanence.
With a choice to pick from moments,
Relived again not to have them end.

The best of times or the worst of them,
To experience...
One day will fade from this phase to another.
And with others too we all knew but passed,
Onto another stage from one not meant to last.
As this blessing of life,
Comes to go as fast as fingers are snapped.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Offers Have You Made...

It is not that I am selfish.
How can you say that?
When all you've done is take!

When was the last time you surprise me,
By giving?
What offers have you made,
To show anything I do for you...
Is something you appreciate?

What time have you sacrificed,
Without complaining you feel drained?
What time have we ever spent together,
When you've made a request...
I did my best to obtain.

And delighted in your excitement about it!

It is not that I am selfish.
How can you say that?
When all you've done is take!

And all I've asked is some time alone with you.
And quickly without hesitation you make excuses!
As if the time you take,
Is too much time for you to give for my sake.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What On Earth Is That 'Old' Man Thinking?

I can no longer camouflage my aches and pains.
Or hide them behind grimaces...
Through smiles to mask.

There are some tasks,
Aging limbs can not publicly pretend to do.
Like walking with a swagger,
Past a sweet young 'thing'.
Who says within listening distance...
'What on Earth is that 'old' man thinking? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What On Earth Were We Thinking

It is wonderful and great,
To know people are beginning...
To gather together to rally around,
The destructive effects of crime and gun violence.
And this has begun to be noticed amongst them,
With their eyes opened wide and this is found.

It is wonderful and great,
An appreciation for life is beginning to be admitted.
And the quality of it sits in their hands.
The only thing left to tackle is ignorance.
To prove to anyone interested,
That all their actions have allowed it to exist.

It is wonderful and great,
People are beginning to face the truth.
Without it not to offend their delusions kept.
And perhaps one day when people look back,
At these times they will say and unafraid to face facts...
'What on Earth were we thinking when we chose ignorance?
To chased those who warned us away? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What On Earth...

I can appreciate and understand
You having fantasies about me.
Something is extremely flattering about that!
However...
You having fantasies about me,
With someone else...
AND I am available?
Somehow I don't find that amusing
Flattering OR forgivable!
That's why I want a divorce.
For you to say I am not understanding...
Is more ridiculous than you can imagine!
Of course I said I was flattered!
Just because you were 'just' next door,
Enjoying our neighbor's new bedroom furniture...
Doesn't make it okay!
What on Earth is wrong with you?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What One Creates

Not one to inspect,
Over another's collection.
To brush quickly through...
With reviews or suggestions.

I realize the pain it takes...
To select what will be saved,
By refurbishing what is accepted...
And tossing away,
What doesn't make the grade.

I can't be the critic,
To make that choice.
Although I feel forced,
For an opinion to voice!

I much rather watch,
Portraits hung!
I know what it takes to get to that place.
For seconds it may take
To critique...
The lifetime of one that completes,
From a nothingness...
To what a 'nothingness' can become!

And to observe without effort...
The skills it takes to get this done,
I am not so unwise to realize...
What one creates,
And what 'that' takes...I appreciate.

Unlike some,
Who are please to critique!
With eyes that are fast,
And feet quick to run!
If emotions aren't instantly attached...
Or imaginations unused are fused,
To conform with those with none!

I choose to be 'there! '
In the 'moment'...
To observe and be aware.
With a patience I enlist.
Knowing creativity shared like this...
And on display,
Deserves much more...
Than my quips without wit!

Or thoughtless comments made...
As if my pleasure to judge what's produced,
Will boost a huge ego...
I'm already trying to reduce!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Other Place Is More Mixed Up

Black is the color of my skin.
Well...
Not really 'black' black.
But kinda mocha.
You see,
My mother had been referred to as 'high yella'
And my father dark complected.
My sisters and I have this brownish tone.

My hair?
Nappy.
Well...
Not 'nappy' in the conventional sense.
You see,
I have dreads.
They look like braids.
But they are not.

My race?
Gee,
Let's see.
I remember when I was a 'kid'
I was then a Negro.
Then there was that dreaded 'N' word.
Then I became Black.
And 'proud' of course.
To be mistaken as an American Indian,
West Indian, Puerto Rican, Mexican...
And even Italian!
YES.
Because of my last name.
Well...what 'is' you?

Then I had an uncle,
Who thought he had to correct all of our dictions.
'Speak clearly! Enunciate.'
I would hate to visit my cousins.
'Is your father at home?
I hope not! '

Then there was a period when I was told,
'You think you white?
Trying to talk proper! '

Today?
I think more about getting my bills paid.
Or the ones I do pay.
I can not concern myself with race.
There are white folks wearing their hair in dreads.
Hair 'nappier' than mine!
Close your eyes and listen to today's music.
Is that Eminem? Justin Timberlake? Robin Thicke?
They sound better than some blacks that do it!
Madonna ain't no Beyoncé.
But neither is Patti a Gladys Knight or Chaka
Or Sarah Vaughn.
And that list can go on and on.
And Frank? Sinatra! Elvis, the Pelvis!

You know what?
With all this talk about color and race...
What other place is more mixed up than America?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Others Do

No one knows with it shown to rehearse,
Where an unpaven road will take them.
There is no map with detailed attractions,
With distractions attached.
To highlight the places to find peace at night.
Or who to call if something is craved.
And there it is...just as wished.
Already prepared to feed that appetite.

No!
No one knows with it shown to rehearse,
Where an unpaven road will take them.
Only those with their preferences to make,
Awaken each day...
Criticizing to fault and blame what others do.
Without knowing a 'thing' about facing obstacles.
Or know what it takes to remove them.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Part Of Life Are You Living

What part of life are you living.
What part of life are you living to give?
What part of life are you giving to live.
What part of life are you giving.
What part of life are you living.

And what part of life are you living.
What part of life are you living to give?
What part of life are you giving to live.
What part of life are you giving.
What part of life are you living.

What part of life is a drive by.
What part of life is a downslide.
What part of life are you living.
What part of life are you living to give?
What part of life is a drive by.
What part of life is a downslide.

And what part of life are you living.
What part of life are you living to give?
What part of life are you giving to live.
What part of life are you giving.
What part of life are you living.

What part of life is a drive by.
What part of life is a downslide.
What part of life are you living to give?
What part of life are you willing to live.

What part of life is a drive by.
What part of life is a downslide.
What part of life are you living to give?
What part of life are you willing to live.

What part of life are you living.
What part of life are you living to give?
What part of life are you giving to live.
What part of life are you giving.

What part of life are you living.

What part of life is a drive by.
What part of life is a downslide.
What part of life are you living to give?
What part of life are you willing to live.
What part of life is a downslide.
What part of life is a drive by.
And...
What part of life are you living.
What part of life are you living to give?
What part of life are you living.
What part of life are you giving.
And...
What part of life are you living to give?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Part Of Reality Refused

What part of reality refused,
Do people continue to disbelieve?
The one they see without accepting,
And turn their heads?
Or the one they turn their heads,
To see in disbelief it exists to dismiss?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

'What Point Are You Trying To Make? '

Which 'world' was that you said I lived in?

'Your own.'

And which 'world' did you say,
I kept deluded and fantasized?

'Your own.'

Not to stir up controversy between you and me.
But doesn't it 'seem' your world of normalcy...
Has a need for more efficiency?

And doesn't it now seem to you,
From your own point of view...
My 'world' that is totally deluded,
As you refer to it.
Has less conflict?
And much more peace than yours?

'What point are you trying to make? '

None at all!
However...
And I want this made absolutely clear.
You are invited to pay me a visit,
To 'my' world...anytime you wish.
But you are 'not' welcomed to stay!
Since I see from my own observation...
'Your' world seems to be crumbling away!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Point Is Being Made?

Relationships begin hopefully not to end.
In confrontation.
When arguments start to solve nothing at all,
What point is being made?
Who benefits as tears drip from eyes cried,
To fall as a heart breaks?

Nobody wins,
If a heart is left to mend again...
From a devastation.
Leaving unappreciating mates to separate.
Eliminating that which has faded.

Relationships begin hopefully not to end.
In confrontation.
Nobody wins,
If a heart is left to mend again...
From a devastation.
Devastation that could avoid a created hate.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Point 'Is' Being Made?

What point is being made,
When one attempts to be specific?
With a correctness directed,
To set an example from lessons taught.

What point is being made,
When one is accused of being egotistic?
As if one with an ego,
Wishes to have a kept integrity disgraced.

What point is being made,
If one sacrifices...
To have others use devices,
To diminish what one gives.

And what point is being made,
By those who choose to deceive?
Only to reveal themselves...
Of having mental dysfunctions.
To then make excuses for hidden insecurities.

What point is being made,
When one attempts to be specific?
With a correctness directed,
To set an example from lessons taught.

What point is being made,
When one is accused of being egotistic?
As if one with an ego,
Wishes to have a kept integrity disgraced.

What point is being made,
If one sacrifices...
To have others use devices,
To diminish what one gives.

What point is being made by this?
If others believe,
They should live lives restricted...

Within boundaries and set limits.

What point is being made,
When the choice to choose...
Is to degrade others.
And ensure their minds stay this way.

What point 'is' being made?
When people rather live their lives enslaved?
Ignorant as if this is a gift?
And self-depreciate to belittle others and not uplift?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Point Is This You Are Attempting To Make?

Yes...
I said what I said and I meant it.
Just as it sounded as if intended.

'Even though you offended,
With an insensitivity? '

What are you seeking?
An apology that excuses my comments.
To then deny,
I was not conscious?

Yes...
I said what I said and I meant it.
Just as it sounded as if intended.

'But, you are running for public office.
To represent 'all' of the people.'

And what point is this you are attempting to make?
That I should hide my biased opinions to get votes?

'Well...
Kind of.
Or at least pretend.'

That would be like cheating on a spouse.
Or playing cat and mouse.
I think those people who were offended,
Need to get over themselves.
And awaken to have reality revealed.
I said what I said and that's how I feel.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Price So High Should One Agree To Pay

What price so high should one agree to pay,
That comes to sacrifice one's life away.
What degree of devotion is determined fits,
The giving one does...
With no return to replace any of it.
But remaining one does,
Attached to prove it to exist.

What price so high should one agree to pay,
To satisfy those judgemental.
As if it is known,
What a loyalty takes by those ready to critique.
Those without a discipline,
Or an intgerity instilled within one to keep...
Faithful.

What price so high should one agree to pay,
If the price one continues paying,
Is not to others valued.
Or observed to them to have worth,
With a benefit that visually impresses...
To measure up to the ever changing presence,
Of a quality of life fading from precious standards.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Production Seeks To Achieve

Those of you who complain about the volume,
One produces that may reduce your sensibilities...
May or may not notice this,
The ones producing volume and sustaining such levels...
Of it.
Apparently have blocked out your complaints,
With the realization that even critics are giving attention.
And that is what production seeks to achieve,
N'est pas?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Purpose Is Served?

'Why do you carry several baskets?
And on your head,
You seem to wear perfectly...
An array of assorted caps and hats?
Why can't you choose one of each?
And be satisfied with that? '

Well I do this beca...

'You know...
People who have witnessed you,
Continue to laugh at your every move.
What purpose is served?
When people not only laugh,
But think you are crazy too! '

All those folks heard laughing,
To have put their eggs in one basket.
Had been told it is best,
Just to choose one hat or cap to master.
And I tried that myself,
With a stumbling to fall.
Every egg I then carried,
Were broken to leave me with none at all.
Leaving that one hat I wore to tear to shreads.
And I thought I was qualified and well prepared,
For success and happiness...
That would always be there.

'But no one else seems to be impressed.
The only thing they see is a fool to address.'

I could care less.
I've learned to adjust and for me that's best.
And what's ahead for those people who laugh?
They're too busy with their noses up.
Too busy seeking success.
With the dressing the part to do to impress.
Few are prepared to stumble and fall.

And none of them know what they would do next.
I do! And will continue,
To adopt and adapt with a getting off my back...
To rid a basket I don't need or exchange a hat for a cap.

'So your purpose to serve,
Is to address those who are fools? '

My purpose to serve is to stay prepared.
Fools will be fools,
No matter where they are.
OR who they are.
I'm just blessed to be aware of not being one.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Re-Action From Me Do You Expect?

Observing...
With a giving to someone,
Undivided attention.
To listen as they reflect retrospectively,
A doing done to achieve their success.

This 'should' be an event to experience their happiness.
And not an opportunity for them to solicit empathy...
To pour from their hearts,
Highlighted aspects of their regrets.
As a forgiveness is mentioned for them to accept,
During a process of it being expressed.

But many find and discover,
Happiness is not one's ability to acquire possessions.
Or listening to someone confess this.
Since it is boring enough to watch them try,
To cry fake tears.

'You don't know how I wish,
Things between us had been different.'

~For what reason?
To experience the reality of feeling something real?
Or to relive your comments,
That I am not addressing my potential to impress.
Which thoughtless direction would you like to reminisce?
And what re-action from me do you expect? ~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Right Do You Have To Change?

When someone is fed to adapt,
To deceptions and lies told.
That's all they know.
Like the giving of a nickname,
That isn't the same as one's birth name.
With perceptions that stick,
Until one stops accepting it.
Only to be thought of as being unreal.
When in fact...
A choice to remove all false traps,
Can leave one feeling...
Truth and reality,
Many would rather run away from that.

'Oh?
So 'now' you want to be called something 'different'?

~No.
Not at all.
I prefer to be called my name.~

'But that's not who you are.
What right do you have to change? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Self Righteousness Is Blessed

Don't hand me that fight for honor nonsense,
Needing to be won and done by anyone...
With a killing on a battlefield no one shuns.

When hunger and homelessness,
Greets to welcome...
Heros with no place to go, who suffers?

What self righteousness is blessed,
When nothing else is left to give...
Except the expectation of hollow praises.

And the sacrifices made,
Are seldom proven by those who express...
Such great interest in protecting peace.

Who's peace is so valued,
They would neglect with a consciousness...
Those who give their lives to protect it?

And...
With such obnoxious pretense,
They are entitled to feed upon their lofty delusions.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Spring Brings

I enjoy what Spring brings.
The freshness of the air,
Supplied by the budding of leaves on trees.
A warming of a breeze that once could freeze.
The brightness of flowers,
As extended daylight hours come.
This rebirth witnessed is welcomed.

I enjoy what Spring brings.
And what that means as Winter melts.
A commitment seems to be given,
To all living beings.
As Mother Nature delivers.
An evolution of beauty,
Slowly growing upon us to know.
How valuable we are to God.
And how this is bestowed.

I enjoy what Spring brings.
The singing of the birds.
The blue of the sky,
And the grass so green.
The laughter of children and the innocence of it all.
The presence of promise...
A remembered frost seemed to have stalled.

I enjoy what Spring brings.
Appreciating I do...
The giving Spring brings with its offerings.
The kind only this time Spring can bring!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Substitutes Do You Use

If you understood to understand,
With an acceptance to comprehend...
Why do you persist with your protesting,
Against what has been existing?
To then find fault with a placing of blame.
On others you claim you can not depend.
What substitutes do you use,
For the excuses made to not live your life?
Drugs or being too busy?
Is it gossip or the lack of it?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What The Significance Of Having Them Means

The act of participating in rituals,
Has become more important...
Than why those rituals were established,
In the first place.

There are more today,
Planning vacations and escapades...
Around holidays they could care less,
Of what the significance of having them means.

You can,
If you wish...
Compare this to the event of birthing a child,
But having nothing to do with it after a certain age.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What They Do Best

They complain of a lack of involvement,
But have chosen to qualify those
Who wish to become involved.
And when no one wants to become involved...
They complain of a lack of involvement,
But have chosen to qualify those
Who wish to become involved.
And when no one wants to become involved...
They complain of a lack of involvement,
But have chosen to qualify those
Who wish to become involved.
And those who are involved...
Have no qualifications to qualify anyone!
And that's what they do best!

'Could 'redundancy' be the purpose
To stifle those 'with' purpose,
On purpose? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What They Had To Do To Accomplish

If I had NOT be taught,
Very early in my childhood...
That a good life to live,
Involves a doing of it...
With discipline and sacrifice,
To daily commit as if obligated.
I too would believe,
I was entitled to get everything I wished.
With a receiving of it,
At someone else's expense.
And all I had to do,
Was to pretend I was the reason...
Someone I dismissed but achieved success,
Had been motivated by my suggesting...
Having initiative to first implement a step forward.
While they fed off of my applied procrastination.

'I get so tired of hearing these folks say,
What they had to do to accomplish.
And on their own.
As if I had not been right there,
Exposing and revealing to them my dreams.'

Are you referring to me?

'No.
At least when I come to visit,
You listen to me without interrupting.
And besides,
I like the snacks you buy.
It's like...
I'm in my own home.'

Well...
I am glad to be blessed by your visitations.

'Hey,
No problem.
If you weren't so modest,

I wouldn't visit so often.
You need any help moving the furniture around? '

No that's okay.
I'm going to catch my breath,
Before I move the appliances back into the kitchen.

'How cold is that beer in the 'frig'?
You should buy a cooler.
I would have chosen another color,
To paint this room.
You should have called me.
I would have recommended something else.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What They Know

Most people, not all...
Seem to be affected,
By wanting an attention to get.
And they can not, will not and wont,
Mind their own business and with it done...
To commit to a doing of it.
With the meaning of the word 'DO'.
However...
Like children who think hearing 'NO' means 'YES'.
To then put their lack of discipline to a test.
People are more committed to test and tease,
Those demons inside them they wish to please.

It is af if they have an allergic condition,
That prevents them to live their own lives.
Too many want to interfere and infest,
With a doing they can prove is effective...
As a sense-less-ness,
Comes out of their mouths that are open wide...
That satisfies an urge building up inside.

And events like this are not isolated at all.
It is a spreading epidemic,
That has made many people convinced...
Their 'innocent' participation in sharing rumors and lies,
With innuendos whispered...
Have nothing to do with destroying relationships.
Family members and friends,
Are often 'solicited' to become the first affected.
To then be the cause and reason,
Inner city violence continues to rise...
Before disbelieving eyes watching this devastation,
Grow out of contol from minds invested to have manifest.

To then involve police, priests...
And ministers representing faith based places,
To put an end to what they've started by asking God...
For answers to overcome their ignorant disgraces!
But folks lieing to others about what they know,

With mouths open wide to reveal themselves exposed...
Are limited in consciousness to accept,
Like children who think hearing 'NO' means 'YES'...
Can not associate truth heard to them told,
With a using it to reduce their own suffering and pain...
That remains to be blamed on others they wish sold.

'We are killing ourselves,
Because our ancestors were oppressed.
And denied freedom and equality.
Freedoms we now use to abuse and suppress ourselves.'

~Well that makes more sense now.
You had us believe,
You were killing yourselves because of self hatred.
Who knew you were doing this to pay homage? ~

'Yeah.
That's what we are doing.
Proving how down to Earth we can be.
And reminding others who have lost the way.'

~Amen.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What They See Being Done Publicly

Why is everyone alarmed and up with arms?
I don't understand.
What is there to disbelieve?
A re-enactment of their individual capabilities?

It has been witnessed over and over and over again,
Those wishing to make attempts with good deeds...
Attract others collectively,
With a doing to defeat...
Those that come with a desire to achieve,
A releasing of those good deeds to see done.

Why is everyone alarmed and up with arms?
Because what they see being done publicly,
Is what they do discreetly and in secret?
And a self examination has of yet to reveal this?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What They 'see'...Is Ez

Some folks are just not cut out...
To do what they perceive,
To be as easy as they believe.

Or someone critiqued and discredited,
Who makes it look that way!
Isn't that what others have been known to say?
So they too 'conclude'...
From their point of view,
What they 'see'...IS
EZ.

'Would you like another piece of cake?
It took me hours to make it.
But you ate three pieces in ten minutes flat! '

~Each piece was so delicious.
Very tasty.
Ten minutes?
I didn't know that! ~

What appears on the surface,
And done with skill.
May seem so simple,
To those disconnected...
As to how that skill is applied and fulfilled.
And what it takes to communicate it.
Whip it into shape...
And bring it to 'life' to make it real!

Walking from A to B,
My be nothing for someone accustomed...
To walking.
And walking!
Then talking from C to Z.
But it may take another,
Who huffs and puffs...
A day to arrive at the corner store.
To announce by the end of the week.

What was done,
Can not be handled anymore.
The store stays 'crowded'.
All the time!
Standing in line is such a bore.

Everything on them hurts.
And their mind is sore.
From trying to make an impression...
To leave on someone,
They are hoping to convince,
What they've done makes sense.
And very soon will be done again.
Since it is much adored!

But before they do 'that'...
Other priorities they've ignore,
Must be further explored.
With a more determined focus given.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What They Wish Others To Believe

No one can dismiss truth.
Although the realness of it...
Is often diminished.
By those unaccustomed,
To face and confront reality.
Without a masking done that fits,
And publicly seen as an accepted image.
No one can dismiss truth.
Or accuse someone else,
Of producing to create a fakeness they live...
To hide behind what they wish others to believe.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What This 'Oneness' Means

No one born into this life,
Has been sent to evaluate...
The creations of God.
Or the work of the Angels,
With distorted interpretations.

There are many who have the ability to quote.
But few have the courage to live and accept...
We all are part of the experience.
None are here to inspect and reject,
That which God has selected as HIS best.

Upset are those people,
Choosing to divide and separate...
Based upon ethnic values,
Assumed by a few to make them great.
From an isolation in which to generate their hate.

Upset are those people,
Who congegate to celebrate...
What others need to fulfill their lives.
With limited possibilities.
They place upon others,
With an inflicting done...
To disguise and hide their own insecurities.

No one born into this life,
Has been sent to evaluate...
The creations of God.
Or the work of the Angels,
With distorted interpretations.

There are many who have the ability to quote.
But few have the courage to live and accept...
We all are part of the experience.
None of us have been sent,
To dissect into segments...
The intentions of what a 'Oneness' has meant.
Or to any of us what this 'Oneness' means.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Time It Is

An awakening done by anyone discovering,
The day, month and year to them that comes...
Are all connected together to help understand,
What time it is.
And the many others living like them...
Are also here to experience it.
But without the seeking for definitions.
As a tick tocking heard that begins to knock begins.

When that 'concept' of life starts to dawn,
On someone's mind...
It brings a clarity and comprehension,
As to why there are people living their lives...
Without excuses to make or faults to find.
And something happens to trigger their appreciation,
For those who have found out 'what-time-it-is'...
As they live not in haste to waste it on anything or anyone petty!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What To Them Had Been Mentioned

The doing of that which has been done to do,
With a doing to be dismissed and not approved...
But exposed and often too!
Should not later be discovered to then upset,
Those invited to review, digest, refuse or accept...
A bounty of benefits,
Revealed but they had chosen to neglect.
To then later in time conduct protests.

And much later in attitudes demanding with others,
Also equally upset...
That the doer of those doings that had been done,
Had not come to each one to explain in detail,
Those benefits they would get specifically to detect...
If they had paid more attention and not reject,
What to them had been mentioned...
Time and time again!

But no one amongst them would admit to confess,
They sought with a seeking to be impressed.
And the doer did not 'first' attempt this to address,
With a doing that would appeal to their expectations.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What To You Has Been Done

Where have you come from?
To have gained such confidence?
And with a pride you stride,
With an identity to mesmerize?

Where have you come from?
What to you has been done?

'I've come from a self-evalutation.
With an observation of an environment,
I come into contact everyday to face.
With a leaving behind those addicted to ideals.'

So...
How are you now feeling about that?

'Me?
I feel great.
But that question you will have to ask,
Those who feel I have offended them.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Today I Must Do

Again I am given,
Another day to age and witness.
Another day to know I am blessed and protected,
With a faith that God accepts.

Expressed is appreciation,
For everyone that I've ever met.
Although I am still a work-in-progress,
I can and will forgive and forget.

And what today I must do,
With a giving of my next breath...
Is to do my very best to benefit,
Regardless of a test that upsets.

And what today I must do,
Regardless of a test that upsets.
Is to do my very best to forgive and forget.

And what today I must do,
Regardless of a test that upsets.
Is to do my very best to forgive and forget.

Again I am given,
Another day to age and witness.
Another day to know I am blessed and protected,
With a faith that God accepts.
God knows I'm a work-in-progress.

Today what I must do,
Is forgive and forget.
With a knowing I'm a work-in-progess.

And today what I must do,
Is forgive and forget.
With a knowing I'm a work-in-progess.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Upsets

If what is wished to get,
Is not wanted and disappoints.
Yet is left to annoy.
Why do more protest,
The appearance of what upsets.
Yet few offer suggestions,
Of what can replace it...
More effectively to select.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Upsets About His Leadership

What upsets about his leadership?
He is extremely competent.
And many can not get over it.

He had been a novelty in that position.
And elected for his brilliance.
Those who oppose him in the polls...
Are doing their best,
To keep their ignorance and bigotry...
Less exposed.

What upsets about his leadership?
He is extremely competent.
And many can not get over it.

With an announcement of his agenda,
He began to make clean sweeps.
Corruption, greed and gluttony,
Under his command...
'Will' and is going to cease.

With an announcement of his agenda,
He began to make clean sweeps.
This activity has never been witnessed berfore!
A thorough cleaning from ceiling to floor.

He has traumaticized those,
Who had been exclusively fed first.
And now they are shown the exit.
Quicker than expected.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Was Done

What you did...
Hurt me and you knew it.
And...
What was done,
Flowed unstopping tears.
And...
What you did,
Hurt me and you knew it.
But I'm not the one yet,
Through with you.

It doesn't matter to me,
What you think I did to you.
Because my heart is true,
And devoted to you too.

No it doesn't matter,
What you think I did.
Because my heart is true.
And devoted to you too.

What you did...
Doesn't mean from you I will jump.
And what was done...
Doesn't mean from you I will run,
To the open arms of just anyone.
No!

Come here!
Listen!
Don't let someone else take what you'll be missing.

Come here!
Just listen!
Don't let someone else take what you'll be missing.

What you did...
Hurt me and you knew it.
And...

What was done,
Flowed unstopping tears.
And...
What you did,
Hurt me and you knew it.
But I'm not the one yet,
Through with you.

Come here!
Come here!
Listen!
Listen!
Don't let someone else take what you'll be missing.
Missin'.
Come here!
Come here!
And listen.
And listen!
Don't let someone else take what you'll be missing.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Was Done To Enjoy And Experience

So fast and quick...
These moments of time bestowed,
Upon us to live.
Coming to briefly with us sit.
This fragile and priceless,
Treasured jewel.

They barely seem with us to stay,
Family and friends and those sharing.
Before twinkling like flashes,
Of lightening bolts that dance,
To open wide startled eyes.
As if to strike excitement wished not to end,
And then this movement stops abruptly.
As if on a mission to dash to places far away.

To say for some who appreciate this,
With a gratefulness that must be expressed...
On a daily basis as if to confess,
What was done to enjoy and also experience...
Was finally accepted to be loved.
And yet gone so swiftly to connect,
With adjoining timeless space to embrace.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Was Given Away

What was given away,
Is now desired back.
And those who now posess what was given...
Can not be blamed for laughing at that.

And those who are making demands,
On borrowed time and funds...
Protest amongst themselves,
With regrets that upset...
That one freshly elected,
Is the culprit that did this to everyone.

As if their greed did not exist.
And the one who sits high in leadership,
Intentionally knew before he arrived...
He was expected to keep their fantasies alive.

With a keeping of a sparkling credit history,
Unaffected as the people continued to feed...
Owing those now closing their pockets.
Who question...
Not anyone's ability to label themselves 'great'.
But payments that are due, unpaid or even coming in late.

And yet,
Requests still pour in to those that lend...
To cover what to them,
Was not a gift to dismiss but a loan.

And...
Alone and distanced,
Are those attempting to infuse in the proceedings...
Any remnants of common sense.
Since it seems,
As though the greeding of those who feed,
Have long been detached from it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What We Both Need

You anger me when I see you in despair.
Because I know that is not where you wish to be.
You have the tools to lift yourself up.
But somehow you have chosen,
To be there to wallow...
And I wont allow myself to see you like this.

Remember when you said to me,
I alone can change my own destiny!
That I chose to sit,
With burdens and grief.
And if I didn't tell them to leave me...
I would struggle to stand.
And I welcomed my own defeat.

Look at you,
Rehearsing your pain and sorrow.
Do you need a swift kick,
To knock you into tomorrow.
Or should we trade tears...
To barter back and forth?
Or should we wait together,
For agony from others to borrow?

You anger me when I see you in despair.
Because I know that is not where you wish to be.
You have the tools to lift yourself up.
But somehow you have chosen,
To be there to wallow...
And I wont allow myself to see you like this.

And yet,
I can't leave you alone.
Come here...
Let me hold you.
Perhaps this is what we both need!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What We Do Completes

Inside of you,
I feel safe to pollenate.
And my seeding you receive,
Willfully and with an acceptance...
We both agree is shared and appreciated.

Inside of you I feel the heat.
I feel the warmth within you released.
And when we are through,
What we do completes...
To never leave each other seeking another.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Will Become Of Our Myths And Rituals

What has happened to our valued standards and traditions?
What will become of our myths and rituals,
Upon which we so desperately depend?

'We are creating some new ones.
Those old ones no longer fit in.
But don't worry about it.
Continue to keep faith in the old ones we made up.
Since the new ones will be as equally believable.'

But...
What 'is' true? Honest and reliable?

'How the approach is introduced.
With effective hype, propaganda and media advertisement.
What else were you expecting?
A complete admission of deceit? '

But...
Where does God fit in with your re-writes?

'That's a good question.
I'll be sure to mention it at our next meeting.
WHERE DOES GOD FIT IN?
There...
I've made a note of it.
I'm sure it will be debated.
But who knows.
Let's keep our fingers crossed okay?
One never knows about these things.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Will They Not Be Getting

What will they not be getting,
By attending a public school...
That the students in public schools,
Receive on a daily basis?

How about a quality education?

Supported by the protection,
Of Secret Service personnel.
A 'take-no-prisoners' mother!
Solid and firm!
A doting grandmother...
Who is reminiscent of Madame Butterfly.
And a father who is President,
Of the United States.

Not to underestimate the teachers.
But no one needs to lose a gamble...
That they have been selected and qualified,
To teach.
And not meet in the teacher's lounge,
Planning retirements or complaining...
About the discipline of the children.

An education they will certainly be getting!
One that can be applied,
To ensure a quality of life lived.
For the rest of their lives!
Whether they try or not!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Will You Then Do

Long after these times lived are gone,
And you have discovered your points of view
Of these times have been wrong.
What will you then choose to do,
With what has been found?
Will you hold your head high...
Or bow it to the ground?

Long after you have decided,
Someone else was not up to par.
And by accident,
You uncovered their deeds were barred.
How will you then feel about yourself?
After you shamed them...
And they were the ones
Who protected your wealth!
What will you then do...
When it is learned,
They did their best for you?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Would Be My Compensation?

And what would be my compensation?
For applying your constant aggrevation,
Towards years of my devoted dedication.
Now that you have discovered...
My qualifications.

Would you like I should dismiss...
The hurting lies uttered,
From your deceiving lips?

And what would be my compensation?
For a forgiveness through tears,
I tried but gave.
Throughout character assassinations,
And slanderous comments from you that were made.
Taking my friends...
And turning family members into foes.
These are just but a few,
Of those evil things done you have exposed.

And what would be my compensation?
To save you from your own degradation.
Now that you realize,
Your own lies have betrayed.
You swim with those who used you as a tool...
In a quagmire you allowed and self righteously made.

And what would be my compensation?
Since where you are...
Has delighted my fascination!
And I am neither judgemental,
Or easily pleased.
Observing you on your knees pleading,
Does absolutely nothing for me.
I've done that myself much better...
Too many times before!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Would Be The Point

What would be the point,
If a blade of grass
Was not meant to feel,
Its importance?
Would it be inspired to grow?
And to whom and what,
Does it attempt to impress?
Another blade of grass,
That stretches to grow fast
From its seed.

What would be the point,
If no flower bloomed.
To provide the bees,
With no nectar to gather.
To return to a hive.
Does it do this,
To keep itself alive?

What would be the point,
For the trees to exist?
If the leaves that grew from them,
Did not assist in the mixture of air.
That helped us breathe.
Do the trees do this,
To flaunt its deeds?

And what would be the point,
For us to seek love.
If all we did with it was to argue,
Again and again as if to win
Debates,
As to who is more deserving
To appreciate this gift of life?
With a stubbornness to convince,
Who is wrong.
And who is right.

What would be the point,

To argue, fuss and fight
If all of us knew this gift of life,
Was meant.

If not
Who's side of the argument makes sense?
If we all are here,
Getting the same attention.
And perhaps
In getting that attention,
There is envy and jealousy?

And anyone who says they believe with faith
Would observe that God has created abundance.
And those who choose to take and not give,
Seem to the ones self destructing.
At their own expense!
To make what point?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Would Be The Point To Make?

I am not afraid of conflict.
I've known too much of it most of my life.
And today to run away from it,
I have not considered...
Since,
Once I learn a lesson to avoid anything...
I don't welcome a revisit to prove to anyone,
I have had my previous experiences.
What would be the point to make?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Would Be The Purpose

Taking it to falsify someone's character,
Eventually results in the discrediting...
Of the person making adverse comments.

Not only is the person who has been defamed,
Discovered not to be the person believed to have been known...
But also those who become aware of this,
Realize the only information they get about anyone depicted...
Has never come from the mouths of those,
Who are themselves the 'horses'.
You know what I'm sayin'...
Those who actually lay down their own life track.

That information has always been given by someone,
Running their mouth giving opinions to have others quickly believe.
And doing it as if they've been annointed an authority.
Whole families have been ruined by people like that.
People who are jealous and lie about the actual facts.

When people eventually meet someone who has been scandalized.
Their actual personas aren't accepted.
In fact,
It is perceived they are in disguise.

'Why do they act like that? '

~Act? That's who they are.~

'That's not what I've been told.'

~Well...
When was the last time you had a conversation with them? ~

'I've never had a conversation with them.
What would be the purpose? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Would I Like To Do Best

What would I like to do best...
Whenever there is time,
For us to unwind...
Feeling completely rested.
And to have conversation...
Without you nodding.
Pretending to be in deep meditation.

And your snoring that awakens you.
To ask of me to repeat,
What I have just said.
After I prevented you...
From falling to the floor on top of your head!

That's what I would like to do best!
If we could ever get there together.
Without your struggles,
To 'meditate' upon my comments...
That seem to solicit your deep thoughts.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Would You Do?

Your opinions and my activities,
Are on separate paths.
That is why I'm not seen,
In your presence too often.
Or what you may say to me...
Seldom lasts.
I wonder how much your life would improve...
If you took your own advice,
And followed through!
Where would you be?
And when you arrived there...
What would you do?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What Would You Like To Hear?

People accustomed to rely on 'guardians',
They have annointed to protect them...
From the effects of reality,
Will always discover themselves upset...
When those they select to elect,
Blatantly reveal a caring that is less...
Than had been promised.

'Uh...
What would you like to hear? '

~We wanna hear what you 'gon do for us.~

'Uh...
The same thing.
Nothing is going to change.
Trust me.
You can rely on my promises to make.'

~Well,
At least we know.
And thank you for that encouragement.
There is nothing else from you we could ask.~

'Remember,
Who can you trust to keep what you value,
Kept that way? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What You Get Is A Pinch To Feel

I'm here to bite not to lick.
Or to soothe blemished egos.
I'm not one to sit and kiss a bruise.
Nor spread honey,
On an attacking wolfe's lips.

What you get is a pinch to feel.
I will not keep things deluded,
For your appeal.

I wish to keep things real.
It makes life more appreciated.
And to leave the deceit of thieves...
To plot their misdeeds,
Upon minds fantasized about 'their' realities!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What You Have Cooked Up

I am not here to burden myself,
With your insecurities.
Or have myself believe,
Your restrictions are for me to bleed...
Emotionally.

I don't wake up with those perceptions.
Or reject my own reflection!
I will not distance myself,
To have my own identity
Be reason for my own indignation
With those inflictions...
That would thrill you if I conceived,
As an easy sedation.

My mama always said,
'Boy, you've got a hard head! '

I know that is what you would wish...
But 'that' on my plate,
Is not my favorite dish!
What you have cooked up for me to eat...
I've dismissed,
Since I am allergic to it!
And standing on my own two feet...
Has been a struggle.
But it is still my treat!

In fact...
I can not swallow your existence!
My ancestors might have dealt with your limits,
But I am not that kind to have you mess with my mind!
I am not on a journey to find those sensations.
You are wasting your time...
I do not receive those invitations!

I am not blind.
Nor do I hunger for that to trap,
For your satisfaction.

Or to confine!
Just to hear you say before branding...
'That property there is mine! '
Those 'ideals' I don't regard appealing.
And as an appetizer...
I have left them far behind!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What You Say

My eyes,
Stay open wide and clear.
Focused they are.
And not easily distracted.
Fixed they remain on you only.
To see what you say proven to me,
Is a caring that is real.
And not a possibility.

My feelings,
Are seldom released...
To be allowed touched by another.
But they are here.
More vulnerable than you can believe,
Them to appear.
And I want it from you to have it shown,
We are not having an affair or a fling...
You bring that I fantasize much overblown.

What you say,
I want to feel...
Proven.
And what you do,
I want it here with me to stay.

What you say,
I want to feel...
Proven.
And not too soon to go away.

My feelings,
Are seldom released...
To be allowed touched by another.
But they are here.
More vulnerable than you can believe.
So...
What you say,
I want to feel...
Proven.

And what you do,
I want it here with me to stay.

What you say,
I want to feel...
Proven.
And not too soon to go away.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What? And, Why Is This Happening?

We are a part of this creation.
Envision yourself in the universe...
Above and looking down upon Earth.
Look around you.
We are part of this eclective consciousness,
That reigns for all eternity.
Supporting an animation of wonder.
With sights unseen our eyes would not believe.
Nor are we alone in it as inhabitants.
We treat 'ourselves' that way.
But we are not!
If all just stopped...
And thought about what we've got.
And from where it came.
We are just but specks to come and go as dust!
None of us can conceive the infinity of it,
As we sit in division within a molecule that spins!
That itself
so does within 'something' that encloses,
Us in darkness!
Who's womb is this?
We come to sit waiting to be delivered?
To bare more incarnations!
Like a cell inside us that dwells.
Continuing to evolve to become...
What?
And, why is this happening?
To us and how?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Whatchu Wanna Kno'?

Whatchu wanna kno'?
Ask me to my face.
That BS you get is second hand!
Off my tongue there is none.
Nonsense I quickly erase!
Spit it out!
What's on your plate?
Whatchu wanna kno'?
How I do what I do?
Who I do it with and screw?
Who does me like I do you!
You must be a fool,
If you think that gossip is true!
Take your ears away,
From that kind of news!
'Dem folks want whatchu got!
And they want all of mine too!
Don't let that 'smack' they rap attack.
Whatchu wanna kno'?
Let's get this crap removed from our sack!
It don't belong!
You've allowed it to creep much too long!
'Comehere'...
Whatchu wanna kno'?
Don't you 'ever' let us go...
Not that way! Not like that!
With a cold shoulder to turn me off,
To divide us broken...
Snapped in heat and ready to pack!
With a placement of deceptions laid...
To destroy with innuendo traps!
'Comehere'.
These whispers are for you.
Make sure you hear that clear!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Whatever Action You Take Is Okay

The way I do it,
Is the way I get it done!

You may be looking for style and meter,
Rhythm and rhyme expressed...
With imaginative images,
To reveal a happy or empty mood!

But sometimes I do not create,
To please you at all.
You are the furthest thing from my mind!
Sometimes.

And If I don't like it...
You're not going to see it anyway!
That's just how it is!
Sometimes.

Sometimes it's about me.
I do not pretend it is not.
And when it is...
I think you will be able to tell!
Mystery will not be an ingredient.
There is too much to be explored,
To indulge you with that kind of attention.
Sometimes.

I am fond of you...
But I am not obsessesed,
With attempts to impress you.
Well...
Sometimes I am.
But this is not that time!
Or is it?

The way I do it,
Is the way I get it done!
And when it is like that...
You can turn around,

And show me your back!

Whatever action you take is okay.
As long as what I am doing is understood.
And when these moments arrive in my live,
To have me feel it is all about me...
I will take advantage.

And for some reason,
You are on my mind when I do that!
So I guess...
I am not totally without you.
And you know that is true...
Don't you?

These rants aren't completely my own at all.
Are they?
Not if I am sharing them.
Which was not my intention.
Or was it?

And if I did not do this,
You would not know what it was I did
I said I was not going to do for you,
But did anyway.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Whatever Humpty Use To Be

A bail out administered...
To end what?
An economy based upon temptation,
And lust that feeds unending greed?
A welcomed bail out will diminish,
Credit condoned on loans alone...
And this is going to be a return to prosperity?

What nursery rhyme is this...
Wished upon unconscious minds,
To absorb and believe?

Wasn't it Humpty Dumpty who sat on a wall...
Falling off to crack?
Did he not break up into pieces...
Never able to crawl at all?
Never to come back?

Since pieces sitting into crumbling bits,
Would not allow any of it!
And whatever Humpty use to be,
Never again to fit...
As a Humpty Dumpty once perceived.
As reality arrives to stun and surprise.
While chunks of a falling wall is seized!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Whatever Initiates Your Motivation

What is wrong with you?
You have just been slandered.
Your good deeds done diminished.
Your character is daily assassinated.
And you can smile like that?

'Of course.
Do you know how long it has taken me,
To gain the attention of those who deceive?
This is the most refreshing time of my life.'

I think you're nuts!

'Thank you very much.
And if I had no value to place on your opinion,
I'd be devastated by your remarks.
As long as you believe I am crazed,
We will remain the best of friends.'

WHY?
Why do you do what you do?
It makes no sense to me.

'Whatever initiates your motivation,
Has nothing to do with how I get mine.
Remember that.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Whatever Is Going On Is Working

The more he does and succeeds at doing it,
More claim he is not doing anything.
Apparently loving,
To look like fools.

'That's great!
Whatever is going on is working.
He seems motivated by them.
And they continue to prove...
He has been the right choice all along.

Now,
How can we get them,
To donate some of that negative energy...
To the positive side.'

That's a hard one.
Remember when they were called idiots?
They weren't insulted at all.
In fact...
They began to use that as their campaign slogan.

'We are not going to do a thing.
Leave well enough alone.
Whats-his-name knows exactly what he's doing.
He's a genius I'm telling you.
He's a genius.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Whatever Is Put Into The Engine

Whatever is put into the engine...
To energize,
Is connected to the kind of ride...
Received to criticize or pride.

How well we treat and respect,
That which reflects our priorities...
Will result in what is given in return.
To be believed...
As witnessed and seen to accept or deny.

And making attempts to disconnect...
A responsibility of involvement,
To proclaim a non-acknowledgement...
Is to also profess an unconsciousness,
One is accustomed to using...
To excuse an accountability.

And escapes one takes to fade away,
Are no longer easily dismissed...
As one would wish as has been done,
In a recent past,
The hopeful are praying will return back to welcome.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Whatever It Is

Whatever It is that I am thanking...
And however It knows what It does.
I am grateful to have It know my existence!
Grateful that It enters my heart and my soul,
Grateful that It knows!

Whatever It is that forgets and forgives...
And removes stumbling blocks from my life as I live.
Whatever It is before language came to be,
In my mind I carry It...
And in 'It' It carries me!

Whatever It is that I am thanking...
And however It knows what It does.
I am grateful to have It know my existence!
Grateful that It enters my heart and my soul,
Grateful that It knows!

Grateful It knows whatever It is...
So grateful It knows It within me grows!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Whatever It Is Determined To Be

It can only be appreciated for what it is,
As it is existing.
To wish for it to become something that it isn't...
Doesn't give it more value.
Or will ever increase its worth.
Not to the one observing...
And diminishing it with wishes.
The one who comes to cherish it as is...
Is the one who sees it as a benefit!
Whatever it is determined to be...
And by who determines it,
Makes it precious.
A priceless commodity.
Praised.
And a much sought after need,
Once that has been determined.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Whatever It Is That Has Them Possessed

Your children exemplify,
Some of the most atrocious behavior...
We have ever witnessed.
They are disobedient, obnoxious...
Rude and disrespectful.
And they have no regard for others. Period!

'And...
What are you saying?
My children do not possess leadership qualities? '

No!
That may be true.
However...
Whatever it is that has them possessed,
We are requesting you take them elsewhere...
To allow that possession an outlet to thrive.
But here, their behavior is not condoned.

Oh...
And here is the brick your son threw through my window.
Yesterday!
I signed and dated it for you as a reminder.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Whatever It Is That Irritates

I've been shown to know,
Some days I have...
Are more about me and not you at all.
Hear it to believe it to know it true.
And if there is something bothering me,
I must go through...
God is there to listen.
With a giving me His undivided attention.
And of late,
My request for visitations have been frequent.

I have learned from my past experiences,
Being accused of being in a moody attitude...
Some have chosen to choose to take it personally.
As if I only exist,
To listen to woes they can not let go.
And I have been shown to know,
There are those who think I am headache free.
With a doing to sit and listen to them,
Patient and tolerant awaiting to receive...
Everything they can think of to dump on me.
Say whatever they please then leave.

And believe it or not when I visit God,
On back-to-back days to do nonstop...
God allows me to vent.
With a listening to every word,
Until I am finished.

'I see you are in a better place today.
The last time I saw you,
That attitude you had chased me away.'

~God has a way of knowing,
Whatever it is that irritates...
It will be removed as quickly as possible.~

'Well...
You could have said 'something' to me.'

~And if I had told you to get out,
You would not have understood.
Although you have treated me rudely.~

'Because you know that's how I am.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Whatever It Is That Makes You Happy

Whatever it is that makes you happy,
Happiness given is what it takes.
Left alone happiness can not create...
Or bring one to a joyful state!
If unknown to one who waits!

Whatever it is that makes you happy,
It can not start from outside with a touch!
Whatever it is begins from inside...
Nurture it with pride,
And your eyes will notice much!
What attracts and subtracts your joy,
Will no longer be employed as a crutch!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Whatever It Is You Are Doing

You will know when you have discovered,
Something for you that you were meant to do...
When the doing of it is done with such devoted passion,
That it becomes something you 'must' do...
Before you can do anything else.

And if you find yourself asking questions,
From others...
To evaluate that which you've done,
Whatever it is you are doing...
To become discouraged,
If a response does not please...
Whatever it is you are seeking to appease another,
Is not for you.

It is your ego that seeks approval.
And you only 'think' a nod and a wink,
Is all that it takes.
But...
In your gut,
You don't 'feel' it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Whatever It May Be That Affects

What,
Ever it may be that affects...
You have it in yourself,
To disconnect it.

Whatever it may be that affects,
You have it in yourself...
To disconnect it.
Whatever it may be that affects.
Whatever it may be that affects.

A loneliness you wish to rid!
Whatever it may be that affects.
Emotions breeding to feed on fears!
Whatever it may be that affects.
Whatever it may be that affects.
Heartbreak that can not escape the aching.
Let it go!
Don't let it upset.
You gave to it now from you erase it!

Whatever it may be that affects,
You have it in yourself...
To disconnect it.
Whatever it may be that affects.
Whatever it may be that affects.
Let it go!
Don't let it upset.

Whatever it may be that affects.
Let it go!
Don't let it upset.
Whatever it may be that affects.
Let it go!
Don't let it upset.
Whatever it may be that affects.
Whatever it may be that affects.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Whatever It Takes

Taking a few steps back,
To make corrections directed...
On one's path to move forward,
Makes more sense...
Than walking backward on a path,
For the purpose to show others...
One is pro-active in catching mistakes first,
Before they are made...
With no corrections needed to be directed,
May take a few steps to convince them...
Paying attention makes all the difference.

'Who you lookin' at?
You gotta problem? '

~ You're...there is a...~

'Owwwww....'

~Never mind.
Problem solved.
You found the hole behind you.
You would have seen it if you were walking forward.
But then again...~

'Maybe I did this on purpose.'

~Exactly!
Whatever it takes.~

'Aren't you going to help me get up? '

~That's not my purpose.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Whatever It Takes To Participate

Fed to greed.
That's it.
Not to solicit with a consciousness,
To correct with a higher learning...
A resolving of any conflicts that today exists!

Fed to self indulge.
Spend and waste.
Whatever it takes,
To participate.

And the later time gets,
To correct what misfits...
Minds will find they are addicted,
To whatever it is that keeps them unfit.

Fed to greed.
That's it.
Not to solicit with a consciousness,
To correct with a higher learning...
A resolving of any conflicts that today exists!

And the later time gets,
To correct what misfits...
Minds will find they are addicted,
To whatever it is that keeps them unfit.

Fed to self indulge.
Spend and waste.
Whatever it takes,
To participate.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Whatever Needs To Happen

You simply
Can't live a happy life
With a chip on your shoulder.
Or with beliefs that someone owes you...
Because you've gone 'without'
As you grew older!
Many folks struggle,
Just to be thankful to be alive.
While other ones criticize,
All those with a 9 to 5!
You simply can't live a happy life...
With most of it spent
Hustling in 'jive'!
Wanting to live a happy life deserved,
Means to sacrifice the time you now waste...
Sitting on your butt,
Thinking you have reasons to be served!
And getting up to leave your playground
Of lies...
With your head buried in sand.
Believing someone will hear your cries.
You have to work!
Sometimes unappreciated for whatever it is you do!
Sometimes thick in mud...
Sweating your worth eating much dirt!
Whatever needs to happen 'for you'
You need to make it happen 'for you' first!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Whatever Suits You Before You Split

How's the field you're playing on?
You appear to be bruised,
And mentally battered.

How has your cruising been?
Have you picked up anything...
Worthy to be the next 'him'!

How has the charading of ages gone?
Are you still passing...
Or giving shade to those,
Who can see a youth lost...
You make attempts to propose!

And now you wish me to assist,
With the licking of your wounds!
You believe I provide understanding,
With a forgiveness you assume!
You want me to make room,
In a heart you left for your escapades made.
You would like for me to degrade myself...
And treat me like used trade!

I don't think so.
Not today!
You may see 'ultimate fool' displayed on my face.
From memory.
But if you look closer,
You will see that has been erased.
Replaced with this look of satisfaction.
Don't let that distract you.
My bitterness still simmers underneath.

How's the field you're playing on?
You appear to be bruised,
And mentally battered.

How has your cruising been?
Have you picked up anything...

Worthy to be the next 'him'!
Or her or 'it'?
Whatever suits you before you split,
To return back to me!
Your return to me has ended,
With no heat here for you to get.
Or me to give!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Whatever That Disconnect Is

There is 'something' about honesty,
People unfamiliar with it can not accept.
Maybe it is the unexpected directness of it.
Or...
The coming into contact with it.
And the mind is telling that person...
What is seen done and heard,
Is not for them meant.

'There has to be more to it?
It's too...
Revealing.
Too...
Real.
Too...
Mysterious.'

There is 'something' about honesty,
People unfamiliar with it can not accept.
Maybe it is the unexpected directness of it.
But...
Whatever that disconnect is,
People should prioritize in the doing of their best...
To get to know what being honest means.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Whatever That Is

Whatever it was,
To remain as is.
At least it stays unchanged.
And agreed upon,
By those accepting...
Progress is being made.
Whatever that is,
That remains as it was.
For those with kept needs,
To believe...
A repeating of history,
Qualifies success by taking...
A recycling of steps,
That will impress...
Ancestors gone that have long left,
Whatever that was to keep protected...
A way of life,
Leaving many attempting to relive...
Whatever that was.
And for whoever it is,
Remaining to live to make claims...
How good times use to be to reminisce them.
With wishes to stop,
The ticking and the tock of a clock.
Blocking any and all forward movement.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Whatever That Is That Teases

My goal?
Is to live my life,
Without the selling of my soul.
Although I've been tempted on many occasions,
To go for the bling and satisfy my passions.
Or whatever that is that teases to leave.

But I often found myself comfortably dressed,
With no intentions to impress...
Anyone who could not comprehend,
The depths of my steadfast compassion.
Addressed to prioritized and within me stays.
There are some things I can not temporarily undo.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Whatever The Deception Selected Is Okay

A prefabrication of truth,
Intended to artificially reduce the strength of it...
Is a lie. That's it! What else could it be?
Like someone using the excuse,
They suffered from a 'touch' of amnesia...
Is as ridiculous to believe as someone attempting,
To go free from a theft to claim they did not 'see'...
A 40 inch TV and other electronic items,
Held in their hands that were not scanned.
But from a secured exit they try to escape,
Without a payment made. 'I've got so much on my mind.'

A prefabrication of truth,
Intended to artificially reduce the strength of it...
Is a lie. That's it! What else could this be?
So many today try to use pretense,
To believe others are convinced...
Common sense from them has been de-activated.
And whatever the deception selected is okay.
So many today purposely claim they are unaware...
Of a truth that is there to then argue the unfairness of it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Whatever The Experience Teaches

You be proud.
Don't let those doubts sit,
Inside of you with ease.
Nor should you allow excuses,
To rule your life as a cosmetic disguise.

Refuse to fear unknown adventures.
You be proud...
Whatever the experience teaches.

Reach to learn and earn your happiness.
That is the only way,
You will come to recognize it!
You be proud...
Whatever the experience teaches!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Whatever The 'Justice' Is

Whatever the 'justice' is.
It is 'just us',
That seems not to be.
Represented,
By whomever it is interpretated.
Although an expectation to respect it,
Is another delusion of a standard.
By those who often neglect a valued purpose.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Whatever The Outcome

When I have made a decision,
From it I will not waiver.
Nor am I anticipating failure.
When I have made a decision,
With it done expecting success to achieve...
Nothing less can anyone else,
Convince me that a decision I make...
Is a mistake while others await,
Or create my defeat.

And 'if' they are seeking to benefit,
From my efforts taken...
Their insistence that I may face failure,
Makes no sense...
If what I do and at my expense,
I am doing it wilfully to share.
Although I have always been prepared,
For any opposition that may be there...
Regardless of whatever the outcome!

'I always knew you had it in you to stay focused.'

I know.
And your support has always been dependable.

'Really?
And all this time I didn't think you noticed.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Whatever This Is

Locked and magnetically tight,
With a light bright kept within...
Without a hint of dimming,
Is this feeling given to me.

And I am here to receive,
Wishing whatever this is attracting...
That keeps it near,
Never leaves.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Whatever Works

I choose to make decisions and stick to them.
It isn't easy to do it...
Since people are there,
Wanting to apply a tight twist of a screw.

Marching to my own drummer,
Hasn't always been a tune I picked to hum.
But I've grown to become accustomed,
To get what I needed to be finished and done.

Those who whistle happily in bathrooms alone,
Only to be fearful when the sound of it is not condoned.
Make choices to suppress what inside them felt is best.
And I'm glad I don't have sense enough,
To invite my own distress.

If I feel like scratching my ass publicly...
There will be few left to guess,
Where the itching on me will be done to be set free.
I've learned to laugh and feel it deeply.
Not to suppress an urge to debate my needs.
Or care who believes I'm nothing more than a jerk.

Whatever works for me...
Works!
For me.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Whatever You Thought Of Me As The Messenger

Shun me more than once you've done.
And criticized me in front of everyone.
You are the only one now left stunned.
By all of the evilness...
With a vindictiveness upon you that comes.
And a Sun you chose to ignore,
Darkens any light slipping away from your door.
Whatever you thought of me as the messenger...
Did not block the message.
Even though you believed,
Not reading it would stop it!
I've been assigned to deliver...
Any innovation The Divine creates.
And misunderstanding that has been your mistake!
Not mine.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

'Whatever! '

Whatever the day brings...
Be prepared to say to someone,
'Whatever! '
It is bound to happen!
At those moments when you have had it,
With nonsense and bad habits
Of others who could care less
You are doing your very best...
To keep in a good mood!
Say, 'Whatever! '
And leave them that way!
It keeps them feeling
You've committed to something significant.
And the rest of your day will not be spoiled,
By gossip you know isn't fresh!
Especially when it begins,
In tones of whispered confidence!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Whatever! Latah

'Geesshhh!
You scared me half to death.
Who and 'what' are you?
Where did you come from? '

Let's skip over the formalities.
I hear those words all the time.
You've been praying for answers.
I am the messenger that has been sent.
You can get up off your knees now.
So...
Wassup?
What's so urgent?

'Who sent you? '

To 'whom' do you pray?

'You are nothing like I envisioned.'

I hear that everyday.
But you know what?

'What? '

I'm not the myth wished.
I am the real thing.

'How do I know this? '

Which one of us is on our knees?
And 'who' has appeared from nowhere,
With no more patience to spare?
I was told to arrive.
I'm here!
So wassup?

'If you don't mind,
I'll await for a more impressive image.'

Cool.
That's up to you.
I aint got time for this.
There are just too many on my list.
Hopefully the others wont have preferences,
Like wings and halos...
With trumpets playing that hip hop gospel stuff.

'I knew it.
You 'are' a fake.'

Whatever!
Latah.
I can see you wish to argue,
How your blessings are received.
And 'who' you perceive is better qualified.
No problem.
Here...
I'll leave you with these knee pads.
I was told they would be distributed,
More than the blessings I was prepared to deliver.

'Would you happen to have them in a different color? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What's A Goon?

What's a goon?
Could that be someone
Who believes they have an intelligence
Gained from books and not from a sense,
Observed or obtained...
By using a brain that is lame!
These are the days,
Insecurities frustrate empty debates!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What's A Moral Standard?

I thought I told you no more TV,
Until you finished your homework.

'What's a moral standard,
Valued and maintained...
As a focus of our principles? '

Turn that off!
And do as I say.

'You said you did not want me to watch,
Violence and corruption.
Or channels that exposed sexual overtones.'

Nor do I want you to watch debating politicians.
There is enough crime and decadence,
Exposed to you children as it is.

Now...
Turn that off and do as I say.

'Do you and dad use condoms? '

WHAT?

'Do you and dad use condoms?
I have to write an essay on it! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What's Been Done Has Been Done

For the first time they all sat,
Together...
In an obvious nervousness.
No longer separated,
By lines of divisions.
Or seats that depicted them,
In political affliations.

The beginning of a seriousness has begun.
And arguments of special interests...
Is slowly ending its run!

For the first time they all sat,
Together...
In an obvious nervousness.
No longer separated,
By lines of divisions.
Or seats that depicted them,
In political affliations.

And a leader states,
'Whether you like it or not...
You are going to grow up.
Whether you like it or not...
Your petty stuff has been enough.'

The beginning of a seriousness has begun.
And arguments of special interests...
Is slowly ending its run!

The streets are in shambles.
And those rich believe they can not be touched.
The funds needed to repair and correct despair...
Is going to take what some have.
And what they have must be given up.

What needs to be fixed,
Is going to come out of pockets.
Out of the pockets of those who leech.

Out of the pockets of those who fed on fat.
And they are among the elite.

The streets are in shambles.
And those rich believe they can not be touched.
The funds needed to repair and correct despair...
Is going to take what some have.
And what they have must be given up.

For the first time they all sat,
Together...
In an obvious nervousness.
No longer separated,
By lines of divisions.
Or seats that depicted them,
In political affliations.

The beginning of a seriousness has begun.
And arguments of special interests...
Is slowly ending its run!

What's been done has been done...
And now the time has come to undo it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What's Going On With The Chickens?

What's going on with the chickens?

'No one really knows exactly how all of this started.
Or wish to connect any of this,
To the making of common sense.
They are baffled.
We are baffled.
And since it was reported,
Those chickens were going home to roost...
Well,
The abundance of eggs they once had laid...
Has been limited to quite a few.
And 'now'...
Someone has decided to use them,
In some foolish sexual preference dispute.'

And...
Who is that guy tied up to the chair?

'He was the one who first declared,
A suspicion he had that chickens everywhere...
Were preparing to come home to roost.'

Oh yes...
I remember.
He was the one daring to tell the truth about the chickens.
And he was labelled a racist too.

'What are they calling the people,
Choosing to protect their rights...
Not to cater to those with same sex appetites? '

Conveniently they have called them conservatives.

'Has everyone lost their minds? '

I have no idea.
But grateful I am to be a vegetarian.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What's In And What Aint Cool

To be considerate of others.
That's IN.
To be disrespectful on a daily basis?
That AINT cool.
Being there and caring with empathy expressed.
That's IN.
Self-centered people feeding greedy needs?
That AINT cool.
Calling someone or emailing, texting...
Or downloading a picture to send via computer.
That's IN.
Jealousy, envy, backstabbing...
And character assassinations?
That AINT cool.
In fact,
All that crap should be frozen!

What's IN and What AINT Cool,
Should be analyzed...
For the picking up of the good,
And the ditching that which is bad.
With a skipping over to a chapter of life,
That is lived for the harmony and joy of it!

What's IN and What AINT Cool?
Step and glide to the right side,
With the getting over of yourself.
Dry weepy eyes,
And leap into the light of a new dawn!
That's what's happening.
That's what's going on.
That's what's UP.
Leave that Down stuff on the ground,
And move!
Get up off your BUTT.
You 'feel' me?
You oughta.

Doin-The Sad Is My Life-Woe Is Me Shuffle,

Should be buckled up and muffled.
Locked to be blocked and stored to rust.
And blown away when it turns to dust.
Shutting lips with movement.
Now that's what's Hip.
You got it?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What's Inside Of It

More than your silver,
And gold.
And...
More than those diamonds,
Glowing to sparkle.
I want to know,
What's that you hold...
Inside your heart,
For me.

More than the Moon,
And the Stars.
And...
More than the Sun,
That comes when dawn begins.
This I've got to see,
That it's me you want and need...
With a wish,
I can feed...
Completely!

More than your silver,
And gold.
And...
More than those diamonds,
Glowing to sparkle.
I want to know,
What's that you hold...
Inside your heart,
For me.
And now!

What's inside of it?
And now.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What's Kept Safe Today?

They make claims that are wished,
With announcements delivered to dish.
With the same hollowed tiredness...
To kepp 'this' safe!
A land upon which,
Rules made...
They are the first to break,
Excuse and dismiss!

What's kept safe today?
A way of life...
With a quality,
That has progressively decayed?

What's kept safe today?
A planned career one takes...
To find administrators and top executives,
Are earning lots more pay.
And cutting jobs...
To outsource them away?

What's kept safe today?
An investment in homes...
With money borrowed on sky high interests,
From institutions...
Knowingly,
Providing tainted loans?

What's kept safe today?
Elected officials there to monitor with goodwill?
Only to discover them corrupt...
And incompetently sleeping,
At the wheel.
Driving blinded!
As the innocent are killed!

What's kept safe today?
Borders unprotected.
Continuing to go neglected.

With an indifference shown...
Or at least suspected!

what; s kept safe today?
A dollar sliding into worthlessness.
With debts held by others...
Who could care less,
Who suffers from a propaganda.
Exclaiming whose 'values' are threatened!
And who's standards are better.
Or greater than the rest!

What's kept safe today?
Dreams and hopes...
Slipping?
And schemed to be erased?
By those in high places.
With smiles on their faces.
And igniting a rascistness...
To build and infest.

What's kept safe today?
A stabbing in the back.
By the very ones who stir terrorists attacks.
With a desire to bleed,
Those in need.
And spread deceit and gloom.
While they feed their greed...
In the safety of secrets.
As they pocket and run.
From a doom they have begun!

Leaving in delight...
Those who fight over,
Who is on the left side...
Of those choosing to remain,
In the dark on the right!

What's kept safe today?
A constant dimming of the light!
And the cost to pay the price to keep,
This kind of self righteous isolated way of life!

Lead by those leading the 'sheep' into blight!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What's New About These Revelations

Despite the dance around scandals,
And the presence of corruption found disbelieved.
Yet now disclosed to be openly discussed.
What's new about these revelations,
Many left disgusted have already known?
With honesty left behind to wither to dust.

Especially those who had been labelled disgruntled.
Or outspoken misfits and dysfunctional mavericks...
By those who followed silently behind,
The very ones now exposed...
To have been out of their minds.
Although cleverly keeping their doings discreet.

Despite the dance around scandals,
And the presence of corruption found disbelieved.
Yet now disclosed to be openly discussed.
What's new about these revelations...
Many left disgusted have already known?
What new disceptions are they preparing to propose?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What's So Difficult About That...

I see.
This makes perfectly good sense.
They hate what we stand for...
So to prove their disdain and ill-will,
They are destroying themselves at our expense...
And we are there in between them
Trying to get them to realize that fighting us
Will be of greater benefit to their future?
And no one is understanding this? ? ?
It is very clear to me!
We want them to know our version of peace?
But they are not letting their hatred for us,
Validate this mission in a way that it is acceptable!
Got it!
What's so difficult about that to grasp?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What's That About

The unaccepting of that which today exists.
What's that about?
What's 'that' about.

To make a joke at other folks and their blemishes.
What's that about?
What's 'that' about.

Looking down their noses as if overdosed,
With a presence and a life...
Everybody wants and likes,
But...
What's that about?
What's 'that' about.

People are sick.
People who think they are the chips and the dip.
People are sick.
And full of it.
And many people think only their rights exist,
But...
What's that about?
What's 'that' about.

People are sick.
People who think they are the chips and the dip.
People are sick.
And,
Full of it.
And many people think only their rights exist,
But...
What's that about?
What's 'that' about.

The unaccepting of that which today exists.
What's that about?
What's 'that' about.

To make a joke at other folks and their blemishes.

What's that about?
What's 'that' about.

People are sick.
People are sick.
To make a joke at other folks and their blemishes.
People are sick.
People are sick.
And many people think only their rights exist,
But...
What's that about?
But...
What's 'that' about.
People are sick.
People are sick.
And many people can't accept the doing they did,
With refusing of an ignorance that they've implemented.

What's that about?
But...
What's 'that' about.
But...
What's that about?
But...
What's 'that' about.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What's The Big Deal?

Can I,
Be Mean?
Do I,
Choose to?
No!
I can curb my anger,
If a fire hydrant is near!
Or...
Become distracted by spinning hubcaps
Shining on a speeding car
To chase.
Or...
Amuse myself,
By running around in circles...
To catch my tail,
When I'm getting none from you! ?
Isn't that what you think of me?
A dog.
Barking...
After you've yanked my chain,
To satisfy your urges
To hear my growl?
And then give me looks
As if
My going ballistic
Suddenly occured for no reason,
Because I couldn't find
A lost bone I buried in the backyard?
Isn't that what you discuss with friends?
How I can go off on the deep end for nothing?
All they need is to be here...
Alone.
With you.
For five minutes.
Listening.
To you constantly whine,
Over 'my' decision
To season the tasteless meals you prepare.
And you expected me...

To eat meat you cooked,
I could not chew...
IF I had three sets of dog teeth,
And a chisel and a hammer!
Can I,
Be Mean?
Do I,
Choose to?
No!
I was honest when I said,
'You are no Martha Stewart! '
And you're NOT!
What's the big deal?
'Anyone blind cooking for the first time,
Could cook better than you! '
Why did you get upset after I said that?
Did you want me to lie?
That's not being mean at all!
IF 'you' were threatened with the possibility,
Of choking to death,
Murdered willingly!
What would you do?
I appreciate your talents, honey!
But none of them are associated with the kitchen.
That's not being mean!
That's self preservation.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What's The Need To Save For A Rainy Day?

What's the need to save for a rainy day?
Or keep good dishes to look at,
And never use.
Just to look at...
And never ever use.

To collect good stuff that has never been touched?
Makes little sense when no one visits much,
To appreciate what's valued but does collect dust.
And when those gold trimmed cups begin to rust up,
Who then would wish to sip...
From a cup used that could be chipped on their visit?
I would rather lick tea from a bowl if I knew this.

Whoever got a benefit without a taking of a risk?
Whoever took a risk and not received a benefit?

Just to look at and to never use 'something'...
Like a covering of chairs to plastic wrap,
Who can sit comfortably on top of that?

To look at and to never use 'something'!
What is the risk?
Where's the benefit in this?

What's the need to save for a rainy day?
Or keep good dishes to look at...
And never be used.

Just to look at and to never use 'something'...
Like a covering of chairs to plastic wrap,
Who can sit comfortably on top of that?
Or keep good dishes never touched.
And all they do is collect dust.

What's the need to save for a rainy day?
Or keep good dishes...
To look at and never use.
What is the risk?

Where's the benefit in this?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What's The Problem

Temperatures rise,
With the rolling of eyes...
But,
No nobody seems to want to tell,
What is their problem.

Temperatures rise,
With the rolling of eyes...
But,
No nobody seems to want to tell,
About their problems...
To settle and to solve them.

Rolling eyes and moody pouting,
Giving attitude nonstopping...
With a rising of a heat to pass.
But no one has asked,
What's the problem.

Fussing with a cussing too!
As if this is a way to prove,
Being rude and talking crude..
Will even up a score.
But no one wants to take the time to ask,
What are the problems.
To settle and to solve them.

Solutions to confusion can be reached,
If people solved them.
But no one wants to take the time to tell,
What are their problems...
To settle and to solve them.

Gossip starts to leaking,
With a tit for tat-a seeking.
But nobody stops to reach out just to tell,
About their problems.
To settle and to solve them.

No nobody seems to want to tell,
About their problems.
No nobody seems to want to tell,
About their problems.
To settle and to solve them.

'Are you kidding?
That's all I hear 'everyday'...
People who've got problems.'

Oh yeah?
But are you listening to them,
With an assistance given...
To help them get solved?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What's With The Balloons?

I hear you.
But do I have an intention,
Meant to give you my undivided attention?
Not really.
I've heard it all before.

'Okay!
I'll go tell that to the person at the door.

I apologize and thank you for your patience.
I was told to tell you,
The person you chose to award...
Your million dollar prize,
Has heard it all before.
But since you already have 'me' on camera,
Can something be done not to waste the time? '

~Well...
Sure.
We just want to show an excitement shown.~

'Oh!
I'm excited.'

What's with the balloons?

'Don't worry about it.
Nothing that would interest you.
You've heard it all before.
Remember? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What's Wrong And What's Right

Baby oh baby.
You make me understand the meaning of life.
Complications you make easy.
You make me comprehend like I can...
Without one spite.

Baby oh baby.
You make my moon reach closer to believe.
I can reach for the stars and make it.
And pocket everything,
In between!

Baby oh baby.
You forgave and forgot for real.
You helped me mend what I was leaving.
To grieve with wounds,
By myself...
I know would never heal.

Baby oh baby.
You make me understand the meaning of life.
Complications you make easy.
You make me comprehend like I can...
Without one spite.

Or reason to call it a night.
Without a fuss,
Bicker or bite.
When what is done is for the one...
Who needs to know,
What's wrong and what's right!

When what is done
Is for the one
Who needs to know...
What is wrong!
And 'that' makes that wrong that wasn't right...
Explained,
Before a fight!

Explained,
Before a fight.

That's all this needed,
Before a fight.

We found 'us' too much in love...
To start a fight!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What's Wrong With This World

What's wrong with this World?

'Nothing but the people.'

What's wrong as it tilts and twirls?

'Nothing but the people.'

Why do the people sit...
Creating for themselves conflicts.
And doing this to permit...
Division and sickness.
Why do they escalate,
Their own pain to claim to hate.
Then attempt to blame their headaches,
On others of different faiths.

What is wrong with this World?

'Nothing but the people.'

And what's wrong with our boys and girls?

'Nothing but the people.'

Here it is twenty-sixteen.
Human beings are treated mean.
How did they get that way?
As if to feed on madness.
No one seems to be satisfied,
With their lives that God decides.
And everyone wants to be on top,
But flip-flop to do their bottoms.

What's wrong with this World?

'Nothing but the people.'

What's wrong as it tilts and twirls?

'Nothing but the people.'

Rain bullets down on themselves they do,
To prove they are entitled.
And protesters protest against,
To defend what's been quoted in Bibles.
But no one follows...
The truth.
No one,
Follows the truth to pursue.

What is wrong with this World?

'Nothing but the people.'

What is wrong with our boys and girls?

'Nothing but the people who deceive,
Truth.
Nothing but the people who deceive,
Truth.
Nothing but the people who deceive,
Truth...to do! '

What is wrong?

'Nothing but the people who deceive,
Truth.
Nothing but the people who deceive,
Truth.
Nothing but the people who deceive,
Truth...to do! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

What-To-Them-I-Wont-Address

My lips and tongue,
Speak through my eyes to express.
To leave my mouth at rest.
Yes.
My lips and tongue,
Speak through my eyes to express.
To leave my mouth at rest.
Yes.
With few left guessing,
What-to-them-I-wont-address.
My lips and tongue,
Speak through my eyes to express.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When A Breeze That Is Peaceful Comes

I enjoy my privacy immensely.
It's like an unexpected calm that comes,
After experiencing a series of Earthquakes.

The first one startles.
The one that follows that...
One's life adapts!

But when a breeze that is peaceful,
Comes to one's life to visit...
It is easy to want it to selfishly linger.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When A Comprehension Is Wished

Never try to reason or attempt to find it,
With anyone who has spent...
An entire existence,
Running away to get solace...
Behind the comfort of denial.

The only thing proven by the doing of this,
Is a kick in the rear end...
When a comprehension is wished.
To leave a mind bruised by one who refuses truth.

Yet...
The one who tries to reason,
Usually isn't the one...
Advocating with a fighting done,
To hide immaturity or insecurities seen.

When a comprehension is wished,
The atmosphere and climate...
May not be suitable for it to permit.
If conflicts within it continues to exist.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When A Consciousness Begins To Lift

When a consciousness begins to lift...
To leave behind foolishness that exists.
There seems to be an acceptance of it.
As if one realizes,
A birth has been committed.

When a consciousness begins to lift...
A release of limitations,
Easily takes a shift.
No longer is one concerned,
About winning conflicts with enemies burned.

When a consciousness begins to lift...
It becomes easier to observe,
Those disturbed and their afflictions addicted.
Enjoyed and unrestricted.

When a consciousness begins to lift...
It is best to rest.
And let it accept the truth,
That comes with it.

When a consciousness begins to lift...
Expect a shock and some loneliness.

When a consciousness begins to lift...
Those experiencing this,
Are left to feel estranged!
Alienated,
From that...
Which one had thought,
Was sane!

When a consciousness begins to lift...
Enjoy it as a gift.
Unveiling an abundance of understanding.
Connecting a peace that can be reached.
With a wish to share and treat.
When a consciousness begins to lift...

From those taught they should live,
With lives accepted in self defeat!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When A Cure For Them Was Found

Very few can say they miss in any way,
What they believed experienced but never had.
Or be heard from them to claim or it wished,
Of a happiness they would get...
If something that was faked was back in their midst.

Although some may confess it to readily admit,
That the best time they had in a relationship to reminisce...
Was the moment they awakened and will not forget,
The day that came when a cure for them was found...
To finally end an addiction that was meaningless to stay around.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When A Fact Becomes Established

A repeating of a fact,
Is a fact repeated.
It doesn't matter who attempts to pray it away,
With a request to have an opportunity...
To have more time to let the fact sink in.
Facts are not like that.
When a fact becomes established,
It has a way of remaining as a fact to stay...
With or without a response from anyone to give.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When A Mind Becomes Opposed

Can one protect from their own paranoia?
And who determines this is cost effective?
Especially when there is suspicion,
Of mental detention.

When a mind becomes oppose,
To common sense and suggestions...
Recommendations for medical care,
Is lost!
Becoming a waste of time.
Since apparently a vacancy is obvious
In those kinds of minds!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When A Passion Comes To Sit

Deciding to walk alone on an unpaved road...
With a cautious pace starting slow,
To face a fear...
Makes for one unafraid of challenges,
All things believed...
Are possible to achieve,
When a passion comes to sit...
With a convincing conviction that will not quit.

Knowing that a stopping to dropp desires,
On a path unknown...
In not an option when a task has been chosen.
And in a mind kept focused...
Efforts with attempts made one day will be shown.
Especially if dreams are wished to touch,
The feeling of this is...
Until one's fingertips identifies the arrival of it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When A Readiness Is Set To Deliver

Two people may begin to cook,
What looks to be the same thing.
And to those witnessing,
It may be observed to be that way.
Even though a presentation,
Has yet to be made!

But one who is familiar,
And knows what is required...
To get 'that' desired taste.
Will know it is the ingredients used,
To seduce with just the right flavor.
And making mistakes is what it takes.

And there is a difference between...
The ease by which something seen,
Seems to be done.
And the experience by one,
Who knows...
When a readiness is set to deliver.

And no time sooner...
Than that!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When A Real Rose Is Presented

Here we live in these times to face,
When it makes absolutely no sense...
To chase fantasies with belief,
Truth can be re-invented to replace...
Conditions to reject when consciously,
They have been confirmed and accepted.

Yet laying blame on others to claim,
A direction followed gone unopposed...
Did not with a doing offer other roads,
From which to choose.
But the many upset refuse to acknowledge,
A doing they had chosen to do.

Seeking something that looks more like a Rose,
But rejecting the scent of it presented...
Makes no sense.
Whatever the intent with a doing represents.
Seeking something that looks more like a Rose,
Makes no sense when a real Rose is presented.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When A Season Like This Comes

It is hard to miss a season with,
Chilling winds and falling snow that drifts.
In an atmosphere that clearly cheers,
Every year with the giving of gifts.

There is a magic begun it seems,
As joy comes for everyone thinking of peace...
Harmony and a realizing of impossible dreams.
And all things done we do to be forgiven is granted,
As wished.
When a season like this comes.
To be welcomed...
In a way difficult for anyone to say,
Is never missed.

There is a magic begun it seems,
As joy comes for everyone thinking of peace...
Harmony and a realizing of impossible dreams.
As wished.
When a season like this comes.
To be welcomed

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When A Ship Sinks

When a ship sinks...
Those aboard,
Can declare any political affiliation they wish.
They can devide in divisions...
To refer to themselves as liberal or conservatives.
The can even be racist and be in denial about this.
But when a ship sinks...
The fish aren't concerned,
About the name 'given' to it!
They just see it as debris.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When A Town Is Small

No one speaks for me.
No dummy am I,
On a ventriloquist knee.
If you wish to know
What makes me tick...
Pick up your telephone,
Call me quick!
You might even find me dared to be listed!

You don't have to run to my sisters to ask,
What am I doing...
When by me you drive right pass!
And pretend you don't see me,
You do that all the time!
I've known you have been away from 'yours'...
But my mind has been with me,
All this time!
I know you enjoy your gossipying...
But I do have an open line!
And unlike you my head is not up my behind!

There is too much in life to pursue.
But folks with small minds,
Believe they have a say in what others do!
And when a town is small...
Folks like these think they know it all!

Countrified and down homey!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When A Valued Peace Comes

When a valued peace comes...
So difficult it is to explain to someone,
The fading need to converse on the telephone.
The desire of experiencing nature walks alone.
The freedom enjoyed to be away from debate!
And people who seem to wait for the next argument.

When a valued peace comes...
So difficult it is to explain to someone,
How that feels.
Or the thankfulness appreciated.
It is as if the mind has healed,
From an unconscious self inflicted abuse.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When Addressing The Facts Face To Face

Taking flights on assumptions,
Has always led to a bumpy landing...
For those who believe what they've been told,
About the lives of those they don't know.

To discover in stormy weather,
They are not appropriately dressed...
When addressing the facts face to face.
And delivering to them fresh embarrassments.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When An 'I Have Had It' Arrives

When an 'I Have Had It' arrives,
With no need of added explanations.
That icing on a cake that has been baking,
Is that final touch needed that ends what had begun.
And sometimes when a unexpected silence comes...
A doing for the good of maintaining one's sanity,
Is the message finally sent to the one getting it.

'You will get no dependency of your insecurities,
Left with me to ignite my guilt.
You see my patience running away from you,
Kicking up that dust?
If you notice the direction it is running towards,
I would say to you...
Forget it ever coming back.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When An Interest Begins To Wane

When an interest begins to wane.
As if a weeding from a flowered crop...
Suddenly stops,
An attention given.

This is noticed as a harvest,
Drops its flourishing known.
And the one who daily nourished it...
Finds a more suitable taste to explore.
A task addressed and once adored.

When an interest begins to wane.
And a welcomed rain,
Now pours to go ignored...
To drown what fed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When An Unquestioned Exit Is Best

There is a purpose for evil people.
And a reason why some cringe around them.
A test of faith intuitively awakens.
And an ease of peace like radar released,
Protects those blessed,
Quick to identify...
The ones unconsciously evil.
And knowing from them...
When an unquestioned exit is best.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When And Where Did They Leave Behind Their Minds

I have been blessed to be in the presence...
Of those obsessed with the purchasing of things.
Themselves and what they possess.
And have them profess to me,
What 'I' could be and 'things' I could have...
IF I just put my mind to it!

So glad I endured such ignorance.

Little did they know,
I thought people like that were ridiculous.
And in time they would come to think of themselves,
That very same way.
It happens.
It pays to be observant.

What I have today and have had most of my life,
Is a sense of my own self worth.
What I have today and have had most of my life,
Is identity and self respect.
What I have today and have had most of my life,
Is my faith and gratefulness...
To know from where my blessings flow!
And the source of my insight.

And those folks...
Wouldn't leave from their doorsteps,
Without making sure their pretensions were intact.
But then again...
Times have changed!
And maybe some of them are scurrying around,
Trying to discover...
When and where did they leave behind their minds.
And what had been their purpose?
What purpose do they serve?
And how is that purpose felt?
Where is that purpose at?

Especially those clinging onto materialistic notions!

Believing themselves to be...
'Blessed and highly favored',
To have acquired positions of status.
With bling and other things to flaunt,
An eroding way of life that has them entrapped.
And I wonder...
Is 'this' a purpose?
Or is this,
A sad act!

God...
I thank You,
For showing me how to lead.
And not follow.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When Angels Come

I didn't believe in angels,
Until one came to appear to me.
If I had not seen before my eyes...
To believe.
And I was not asleep.
Or dreaming!

No...
I didn't believe in angels,
If one had not appeared for me to see.
And now everyday I pray,
Because I do believe...
Angels are a part of me.

In my life I am surrounded by angels.
I would not be alive to survive.
Although not always in my sight,
Angels watch me day and night.
To protect.
And correct.

In my life I am surrounded by angels.
I would not be alive to survive.
Although not always in my sight,
Angels watch me day and night.
And...
From me they don't leave.

When angels come to comfort me...
They come and from me don't leave.

When angels come to comfort me...
They come and from me don't leave.

In my life I am surrounded by angels.
Although not always in my sight...
When angels come they don't leave.
When angels come...
Believe.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When Autumn Comes Again

When Autumn comes again...
No one seems to want Summer,
Close to come to an end.
And when Autumn and leaves fall...
No one seems to want the trees,
To lose all of their leaves.

But holidays anticipated,
Comes with a doing to bring on the fun.
And those holidays anticipated tease,
Comes with a joy wished by everyone.
When Autumn does come again...
Everyone gets with something to receive.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When Beggars Keep Begging For Smog

As things get old,
We recognize them then...
As old.
With sentimental...
Memories.
To remember...
The whens, the whys and those hows.

As things get old,
We recognize them then...
As old.
With sentimental...
Memories.
To remember...
The whens, the whys and those hows.

Less freshness comes back,
When it's known what's inside the box...
With interest in it fading.

Less freshness seems more than needed and not,
When beggars keep begging for smog.
But not one request,
For fresh air to breathe.
Less freshness seems more than needed and not,
When beggars keep begging for smog.
But not one request,
For fresh air to breathe.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When Caught

There are those who escalate,
Reasons they should be offended.
Especially those who lie about their deeds,
Even in the face of the ones witnessing them done.

These performances aren't acts of self sacrifice.
These people just lie as a practiced device.
And when caught
Eyes begin to glaze as if a stage of nirvana sets in.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When Communicating My Needs

There are times I feel 'lofty'
And have a need to express my intelligence.
That combination of experience, insight and observation...
Is seeking a way to express itself.
And when in the mood...
I can soar to heights and care less I am understood.

Some who assume others are intelligent,
Do their best to try to impress with their own...
Mental abilities.
As if the basicness of communication,
Is only used to grunt sexual expectations.
And it seems the most unattractive people...
Grunt words I can not pronounce.

There are times I feel 'lofty'
And have a need to express my intelligence.
That combination of experience, insight and observation...
Is seeking a way to express itself.
And when in the mood...
I can soar to heights and care less I am understood.

However...
It is very important to me to be absolutely clear,
In exchanging dialogue with anyone.
With the understanding,
When communicating my needs...
I prefer to keep that as basic as possible!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When Dealing With 'Kids'

You may dislike me for your own reasons,
Unknown to me as you continue to do it.
But don't feel alone.
Eventually I will find some dislikes of my own,
Customized just for you.
And with a doing from which you can easily pick.
To satisfy your childishness you insist,
I should acknowledge and give attention to recognize.

'Why would you stoop down to their level? '

When dealing with 'kids',
How else can I do that without meeting them eye to eye?

'Oh.
I thought you were talking about 'adults'.'

Many today just look that way.
But where their minds are the change remains undetected.
And I want it understood...
Where my mind is they will comprehend,
With a doing not to waste any more of their time.

'Does it work? '

I don't know if it does or not.
But when I leave them their eyes are wide open from shock.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When Did It Begin?

When did it begin?
The open mouths and closed ears.
Those not understanding to comprehend.
But choosing to voice their unsolicited opinions.

When did it begin?
Who refused to see the signs of it?
To then not admit yet ignored them for what they were.
With comments made that a truth to hear,
They found repulsive and much too negative.

Today more are making attempts to claim,
Signs intentionally displayed for them...
Were not specific in getting their attention.

Today more are making attempts to blame,
Others to depict...
As the ones who had restricted them,
To choices they themselves have made...
To degrade and disrespect themselves in harmful ways.

When did it begin?
Who refused to see the signs of it?
To then not admit yet ignored them for what they were.
With comments made that a truth to hear,
They found repulsive and much too negative.

And now with profound truth surrounding them,
They are still not convince...
Truth is not a new invention nor can truth,
Be victimized by pretense.
Truth is to be as is and never went anywhere.
It is 'they' who did not care to hear or see it there...
For what it was,
Is...
And has always been.

Yet in a kept protest they want others to listen.
Yet in a kept protest they want others to hear,

How they have come to face threats to their existence.

But...
When did it begin?
The open mouths and closed ears.
Those not understanding to comprehend.
But choosing to voice their unsolicited opinions.

When did it begin?
Who refused to see the signs of it?
To then not admit yet ignored them for what they were.
With comments made that a truth to hear,
They found repulsive and much too negative.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When Did That Fact Become Noticed?

If agony is what you seek,
I am sure there are a few who would share their burdens.
With a dumping of their sorrows right in your lap.
To be left crazed because of a quality of life,
Overpriced and taxed.
When did that fact become noticed?
Ask anyone who attempts to entrap you,
That!
You may learn more than you wish to believe,
About yourself.
With an acceptance of reality,
That has you playing a major role.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

'When Did The Age Of Bigoted Prudery Begin? '

There was a lot of begetting to be gotten,
In those biblical days of yore.
With sexual entanglements experienced.
And less monitoring of it.

Today there is a fascination,
With what is between whose legs.
And the size and freshness of it.

As those who stride with self righteousness...
Seem to pinch a little tighter,
Those corks held snuggly in stiffened butts.
With the hopes that their praises to the Lord...
Will pierce through the heavens.
And those who are no longer virgins...
Will find themselves forgiven for being gratified.
And enjoying the act of sex!

'When did the Age of Bigoted Prudery begin? '

During the time those selected for loans
Were declared to have good credit.
And 'The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas'
Became quite a successful adventure for some.

And I might add,
In the 'Bible Belt'!
Where it is known...
They wet and wear their sheets!

'Isn't that hypocritical?
To both hate and degrade themselves,
By the obviousness of their own actions?

No!
You remember Casper the Ghost?
Cute and mischievous.
A little 'freaky' but amusing as well.
Had good intentions.

But no one understood why he just couldn't stay,
On the other side!
And leave well enough alone.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When Did Truth Become A Perception

When did truth become a perception,
And not an expectation.
When did it become questioned,
And deception an obligation.

People excuse themselves from misdeeds.
And then demand forgiveness,
To continue doing as they please.
While slandering and backstabbing,
Those who are honest and of integrity.

When did truth become a perception,
And not an expectation.
When did it become questioned,
And deception an obligation.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When Disparities Are Exposed

I am a writer.
Not a combat fighter.
I choose to use my mind for thought.
And not to collect schemes to manipulate,
With teachings learned to others taught.

I have ambitions to ascend up and beyond,
Those trenches and pits...
Others sit with a searching for fresh conflicts.
As if they have a life purpose determined to journey...
To either start them or add fire to ensure they exist.

I have a tool I use and proud to have.
And bitter and sometimes sweet are my deliveries.

But never will I preach a hatred.
Nor deception will I seek.
And if I should encounter either...
The best I will do to crush them under my feet.
Since keeping my love and peace intact,
Will be done by using methods that are not beneath me.

I am a writer not a combat fighter.
However...
My cheeks are not made for turning.
Nor are my eyes or mouth meant,
To keep them shut and closed.
Both will open when disparities are exposed.

I have a tool I use and proud to have.
And bitter and sometimes sweet are my deliveries.
I'm just that kind of guy!
Although I don't make claims to be wise.
I am too proactive to allow that to be admitted.
And yet there is a wisdom I can't deny or disguise.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When Do You Plan To Leave?

You have made more re-appearances,
In 'my' world...
Of late.
The one you said was in my head.
The one you said I lived in and was faked.

I remember distinctly,
You referring to my 'visions' as delusional.
The ones that corrupted your values and standards.
The ones you said I kept over-re-acted.
And based upon my own dissatisfactions.
The very same ones...
You now claim affect 'you'.
And leave you stunned.

You have made more re-appearances,
In 'my' world...
Of late.
The one you said was in my head.
The one you said I lived in and was faked.

Why are you not in celebration?
Could it be you taste,
A bit of devastation?
And you believe 'my' world has a few vacancies?

Let me share with you this...
In 'my' world,
I've solicited no one to share my peace of mind.
Or the happiness I have found in it!
However...
I do admire your temporary visit.
When do you plan to leave?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When Duty Calls

When duty calls with a specific agenda,
Why does it seem that so many...
Run in the opposite direction fast and quick.
Refusing to enlist and serve,
To protect their own interests that are claimed to exist.
But yet they have the time to suggest and debate,
Who qualifies to get their endorsement...
With statements made to criticize one's patriotism.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When Each Season Leaves

To say today no changes have been made,
Is to exist in a stagnant vacuum.

Yesterday is not today.
Nor was yesterday the day before.

Those who perceive life,
As an opportunity to leech...
Sit waiting for someone to knock,
With a proclamation...
That allows them to breathe.

When each season leaves,
Another takes its place.
When someone opens a door...
So much more can be observed,
If steps are made to go forward...
To feel a freshness of this upon one's face.

To say today no changes have been made,
Is to exist in a stagnant vacuum.

Yesterday is not today.
Nor was yesterday the day before.

To say today no changes have been made,
Are words spoken from those...
Who have chosen the boredom,
Of a monotony to daily experience.
With a keeping of this explored.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When Escalations Of Misdeeds Increase

A process of selective hearing,
Eliminates active listening...
With a comprehension done.

We all have been guilty,
Of hearing what we choose to hear.
Only to misunderstand with attitude to gain.

And when an attitude obtained is gained,
What remains is conflict to offer.
As if a victory will be achieved.

When escalations of misdeeds increase,
There is little evidence that peace will be left...
To be kept respected.

A process of selective hearing,
Eliminates active listening...
With a comprehension done.

When escalations of misdeeds increase,
There is little evidence that peace will be left...
To be kept respected.

That is not the goal,
When an ego has been unleashed...
From its confines of common sense.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When Father's Day Nears

I give my daddy the props,
But my mama deserves the praise.
She was there to discipline me
And my siblings.
Daddy she was on most of those days!

Both mother and father and teacher and friend.
Daddy was in and out,
When my childhood began!
But there was no mistake...
As to who daddy was.
He enforced the rules,
And mama was the boss!

And every year when Father's Day nears...
Both of them I honor and credit!
If daddy wasn't there,
And we would get in mama's hair...
She would say,
'When your father comes home,
You're gonna get it! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When Feelings Like These Are Felt

To be in the presence of adults,
Still in full possession of child like mentalities...
Gives me a chill.
The kind I know is noticed.

Listening to their depth or lack thereof,
Can be likened to a teacher taking a piece of chalk...
And scraping it across a blank blackboard.
Achieving a desired effect.
To gain attention...
From those prepared to be taught lessons.

Some who become 'startled' will awaken!
However...
Many who have skipped those classes,
To learn absolutely nothing...
Seem to be the ones seeking now to be heard.
With a comprehension that skims on the rim of shallowness.
And irritating anyone who has developed a patience.

A patience one can admit at times like this...
Seeks quietly to find an exit.
Before offensive comments begin to slip accidently,
Out from the mouth of one who is not seeking to be polite!
Or feels a need to accomodate others,
With a show of good social skills.

When feelings like these are felt,
It is time to cordially leave!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When Fishermen Cast Rods

Too few do boots in pools,
And swim.
Many might cause ripples,
Crossing streams with them.
When fishermen cast rods,
In ponds where ducks quack...
Bears passing through,
Stop their scratching to stare.
After napping on snacks...
Carried,
In large paper sacks
Carefully prepared!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When Fixed Mindsets Have Been Focused

Common sense is not obtained,
Through an academic process.
Not any that reflects wisdom respected,
By the many earning college degrees.

If experience could be taught,
And brought to a mind fixed on 'things'...
All of life and the quality of it,
Would have had witnessed the benefits of this.

But too busy are those in mental modes,
Driven to succeed and address their greed.
And when fixed mindsets have been focused,
On acquiring attention freed of comprehension...
There is no peace or rest to get if not earned.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When Full Bloom Comes

Aging to approach full bloom,
Is a blessing some may consider mixed.
Others may consider treasured memories reminisced,
As a collecting of experiences in a time to wish dismissed.
And yet life to process for those who witness it,
Often brings those unafraid to face with a seriousness...
What happens after full bloom comes?
With a withering done and noticed...
Speeding to an end from what slowly began,
From that which seemed in mid bloom...
To continue to do forever.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When Greed Decreases And Greasy Fingers Dry

Bigots, racists...
And those sitting on fences,
Just don't get it.

Ignorance used to refuse the truth,
Doesn't prevent it from existing.
To know everyday,
Which minds are decayed.
Only to have it revealed to the ones,
Who creates the conflicts.
And where they originate from.

Bigots, racists...
And those sitting on fences,
Just don't get it.
But hopefully when greed decreases,
And greasy fingers dry from being licked...
The ones who have isolated themselves to limits,
Will finally awaken to realize they've restricted...
Their own benefits the very people they disliked,
Supplied.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When Greed Is The Issue

Well...
There is one thing he needs not try any longer,
To convince others he can do.
He is one of the biggest liars on Earth.
No certification is needed to prove that's true.

Everything he has done is evidence.
He carries that in his attitude.
Someone inept ever given authority...
Never disappoints,
They have incompetence they wish to prove.

Implusive and self indulgent.
Insecure and intelligence free.
People like this seldom admit...
Listening to others is at the top of their list.
They find that demeaning,
Since they would have to sit...
Through a learning process.

Of course he is ignorant.
But having wealth doesn't make one smart.
And obtaining that all one has to accomplish...
Is to know the art of conniving.
And enlist others to take part.
Especially when greed is the issue...
With deception in one's heart!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When Greedy People Do Not Feed Those Needy

When greedy people do not feed those needy...
And squeeze from them resources,
Plundered and leeched.
They eventually lose what they treasure.
And without measure,
Emotionally suffer the worse.
To live their lives in fear feeling worthless,
As their reward received.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When Hard Times Upon Their Shoulders Drop

A remedy that guarantees,
The laughing of those of others stop...
Is to pass along pictures of them doing so,
When hard times upon their shoulders drop.

And they are in the midst of discussing their failures,
While being served with those they had disrespected...
Waiting together patiently for a meal to eat,
In a collective food share line!

Time after time and again and again,
Some people have to be reminded...
What goes up will and can come down,
When one least expects their trun is next!

'Excuse me but...
I am not accustomed to leftovers.'

~Pretend they are hors d'oeuvres.
You are very photogenic.
Who knows...
Maybe one day you will be discovered to do a movie.
And all of 'this' will be reminisced on Oprah!
Grab a seat.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When Has Honesty Proven To Be A Positive Thing

Corrupted intentions seldom succeed.
Even those who believe,
They have a clear strategy...
Risk losing their delusions to see them fail.
And explanations for failure are never done.
Not if it means a seeking from where deception comes.

But a choosing to criticize,
A truth told not to hide or disguse...
Has left family members, friends, spouses and others,
In close relationships despising one another...
Because someone had dared to be honest.
With a choosing to live a life to pursue truth.

'There is always 'somebody' going to be negative.'

~What's negative about being honest? ~

'When has honesty proven to be a positive thing?
When has anyone ever accepted it?
And don't be looking up at the sky,
As if the answer is there.
It aint.
I did that for years and haven't found it up there yet.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When Has That Not Been Observed?

They are not deceivers.
They are believers of being thieves.
When has that not been observed?
And where were those who now many claim,
Of being disappointed! ?
Cocained or cracked?
Or both?
The explicity of this could not be missed.
Unless...
The feeding of their racistness,
Took their eyes off of the economic downshift.
And that has been going on for decades.
Fools being played...
While crooks escape to enjoy their escapades!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When Have You Ever Dealt With It Anyway?

Hmmm...
Let's see.

What do 'I' recommend,
As a precaution to secure your immediate future?

I would protect what you most value!

'What would that be? '

First I would secure your medications.
You know...
The ones that numb the affects,
Of the things you can not digest.
The ones that keep your delusions protected.
Those that stimulate your pretensions best.
That's what I would do.
If I were you.

'So,
In other words...
Refuse any hints of reality?
Is that what you are saying to me? '

Hints? ? ?

Ignore reality altogether!
You've never expressed to having any use for it before.
When have you ever dealt with it anyway?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When Heard

I was told to approach them.
To tell them what the deal was.
And I was laughed at.

I did not give up.
I sacrificed my time to give to them.
And I was laughed at.

I healed from illinesses,
With pain felt from mending.
And still I was laughed at.

Now I laugh with feelings of being blessed.
And few think my laughter loud,
When heard...
Is funny!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When I Am In My 'Me' Zone

When I am in my 'me' zone...
That's what it is,
All about me!

I hear some folks say,
How selfish that is.
And they seem to be the ones...
With their hands out.
Seeking others to give.

And after years of being drained,
By others who complain.
I've learned,
Over time...
My own happiness,
I had to maintain.
Since few could care less about that!
And I've observed happy people,
Carrying less burdens on their backs.
And there is something about 'that'
That keeps me attracted.

When I am in my 'me' zone...
That's what it is,
All about me!
And it is not a question of being selfish.
It's more like identifying a peace of mind,
I can qualify as mine.
Since some folks seem to be victimized...
By guilt.
If they are not constantly in a giving mode!
Receiving is part of it!
And I am in full acceptance.
Prepared and ready to share.
Free from being depleted!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When I Am Reminded

The only time I appreciate,
Having been married before...
Is when I am reminded,
That I too have had that experience.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When I Discovered My Given Name

When I discovered my given name 'is' Lawrence...

(Named after my father.
Who on 'his' birth certificate says Lawrence 'A'.
And I'm suppose to be a junior with no 'A' attached.
Go figure!)

...and not 'Larry' as I am still called by family members,
And very close friends.

People who 'knew' me became upset,
When I began calling myself 'Lawrence'.
Saying I thought I was better than the others.
And that I was not 'real' OR down-to-Earth!

'Does this sound a bit crazed?
I wanted to call myself by my 'real' name...
And folks who didn't have my name,
Became upset!
Pure insanity...
Isn't it? '

There's more...

But my parents did not name me Larry.
They named me Lawrence.
And my father everyone called Lawrence...
Decided he was going to be called 'Larry'.
I'm not going to say he was a jealous man.
That's a different story!

And I decided to become as REAL as possible!
Even adopting an African name, Suhuba...
Of the Yoruban language.
Meaning 'laurel' or of the Sun.
And 'that' made some folks furious.
Family members became outraged...
Because I sought 'identity'.
And I was accused of wanting to be 'white'.

These are the same folks who call for unity of all kinds!
But they don't know 'who' they are to unify.
And 'why' or for what!

That's how ignorant some environments,
And the people can be!
Divided into segments of conditioned realities.

God bless 'em!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When I First Lost My Impatience

I felt dirty and betrayed,
When I first lost my impatience.
I felt...
Used and so unclean.
I knew I had been stripped,
Of an innocence I would never have again.

To be vicious, cruel and mean...
Was all I saw and knew,
As a child growing up...
To be exposed to seeing these scenes.
People were being cussed out and talked about,
For not sharing their potato chips! Seriously.

I didn't know exactly why,
My impatience had been taken away...
In the manner it was done.
But I grew to understand there was a purpose.
And even if I shared all my chips...
I can always buy another bag. I learned!

Today I have discovered,
I have more patience than I have ever had.
And some who have come to test me...
Are surprised I am not so quick,
To give them a taste of impatience.

I have found a life I am determined to live.
One with a peace of mind...
And freed from 'identified' evil people.
Patience taught me how to observe first,
With my mouth closed and ears open to listen.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When I First Saw You

When I first,
Saw you...
I thought my heart would stop,
Beating!
I felt my legs trimble,
As if they would drop...
From beneath me,
Easily.
When I first,
Saw you.

And when I first saw you...
My breath from me would seem to leave!
And I could not breathe,
So freely
When then at first,
I saw you.

Why in my mind...
Do I always find,
Seeing you is a need...
Fed by constant wishes,
Feeding with a crave...
To have you near me.

Amazed I feel just steps away.

Why in my mind...
Do I always find,
Seeing you is a need...
Fed by constant wishes,
Feeding with a crave...
To have you near me.
With a kiss left to reminisce,
In a hunger missed.

When I first,
Saw you...
I thought my heart would stop,

Beating!
I felt my legs trimble,
As if they would drop...
From beneath me,
Easily.
When I first,
Saw you.

And amazed I am,
To feel just steps away.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When I Had A Crush On You

When I had a crush on you,
You acted as if I did not exist.
You persisted to avoid my advances.
Some of them were innocently delivered.

When I had a crush on you.
You wanted to play hard to get.
At least that is how I interpreted it!
As you intentionally flirted with others.

When I had a crush on you...
You toyed with my emotions.
And put me through the best tests,
I have ever yet from anyone else I've met.

When I had a crush on you,
The last thing I expected...
Was to hear you say to me, 'I do'.

And ever since marriage has happened to us...
I find myself rushing to the door.
After fussing and cussing in a rage,
Pacing the floor.

Wondering 'where' you kept your fangs,
And 'how' did that monster I see now...
Every other day,
Manage to stay away from my view!

When I had a crush on you!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When I Hated Love

When I hated love,
Someone I loved had taken it...
To share with somebody else,
Like what I gave was ssshhh...
Nothin'.
And with that to me done,
My heart filled up with bitterness...
Until the dawn appeared,
To clear my widened eyes.

How...
Could I hate what I love?
When a loving it to,
I began it to miss.
And,
How...
Could I hate what I love?
When all I have to do,
Is give it when it's given.

I minimized to analyze,
That love is what I feel.
If it is not recognized,
It's not me the one who lies.
And I...
Minimized to analyze,
Bitterness I should dismiss...
With foolishness self inflicted,
To be left feeling hopelessness.

Yes I...
Minimized to analyze,
No one could take from me...
What I have abundantly to give.
And what I really hated was the mood.

When I hated love,
Someone I loved had taken it...
To share with somebody else,

Like what I gave was ssshhh...
Nothin'.
And with that to me done,
My heart filled up with bitterness...
Until the dawn appeared,
To clear my widened eyes.

I minimized to analyze,
I had not removed the mood.
I hated the mood of the moment.
With an attitude I pursued.
I minimized to analyze,
Love I could not hate.
Even if someone thinks they take it,
Away!

When I hated love,
Someone I loved had taken it...
To share with somebody else,
Like what I gave was ssshhh...
Nothin'.
But more than that it is,
To me.
More than that it is,
It will be.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When I Have Bouts With Depression

I can get depressed.
The 'whoa-is-me'
Down low funky kind!
The kind that collects ever depressed feeling
Stored in my memory.
You know...
The kind that changes facial expressions?
The kind a man doesn't want to turn on the bathroom light,
To shave!
I've had those days.
My ex-wife use to say,
I was going through a monthy crisis!
As if my living through her 'experience'
Increased my joy!

When I have bouts with depression...
They seem to come right after I have paid a bill!
My mom use to say...
'Be happy you can get your bills paid.'

Of course she also use to tell us...
'Be happy with what you have.
Think of all those starving Chinese children! '

Well,
One thing has been made certainly clear.
Today...
Not one Chinese child have I ever seen starving.
And there are at least three Chinese restaurants,
A few blocks from where I live!

And now they own this country's debt!
That's part of why I can get sometimes depressed.
I took four years of college French.
When I went to Paris a few years ago...
I didn't understand a thing they said!
Plus there are boiled eggs in every sandwich they make,
It seems.
And they drink wine like I can dwon a bottle of juice!

But those Chinese...?
They've got it going on!
From being masters of the sea...
To discipline, clothing and obviously economies.
The only thing they have not imported yet...
Is their language!

And I guess that's why I am of late depressed.
Because I am beginning to realize,
How closely their language is associated...
With the Egyptian hieroglypics!
And all that has to happen now...
Will be the young folks figuring out,
A way to put all of this crap to rap!

'You're not having a good day,
Are you? '

I'll get over it!
Did you see the Olympics?
Beijing did a great job, huh?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When I Lead I Do Not Follow

I am not one to seek,
That good negro on the plantation appeal.
I am a field hand and proud of it.
Although I can whip up some biscuits,
And clean and take care of a house.
You may even see me fixing a shingle.

But...
I will also sneak off to read a book.
And appear at banquets,
Regardless of how I look.
And dare to socialize and entertain.

I'm not defined by my emotional hangups!
Or will allow engrossing conversations about it!
To then remain upset,
Because I may be patronized.

'How does it feel to be a Black man,
In today's intolerant society.'

Excuse me?
I hope you are not representing,
An abundance of ignorance here.
If so,
Let me know!
I'd rather go out and plow.
Or feed some surprised cow in the field.
I will not be sharing ancestral stories.

I can choose to impress if I wish...
IF I took that time.
And I can be quite 'lofty'
When I use my mind to dropp jaws and lips.
If I so incline!

But what would be accomplished...
And my purpose for it?
I know who I already 'R'!

And I can 'beez' all that...
If I wanted.
But my needs are simplistically met.

However...
Trying to find acceptance,
To excuse my heritage that I embrace...
Will not leave me to monitor my outer appearance.
Just to be another fool,
With no identity or dignity...
To acknowledge being disgraced.

Some just choose to be seen and beam.

And when I lead...
I do not follow!
Just in case you might think I'd be annoyed,
By you calling me 'boy'.
Or make reference to my coloredness.

Those 'others' might trip!
But me...
I've already been through it.
And my preferences are not exceeded,
By my expectations.
Or judgements 'I' may pass.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When I Needed Your Comfort

Where were you,
When I needed your comfort?

'I then had no time to give.'

And where were you,
When I needed your love?

'I couldn't fit it in to be scheduled.'

But you believe,
I should stay available to only please.

'What is it from me that you want?
What is it that you want from me to feed?
And what is it that you can't believe? '

I believe in trust and love.

'Keep those thoughts to believe.'

I believe in loyalty.

'Keep those thoughts to believe.'

I believe in 'us'.

'Keep those thoughts to believe.'

I believe in devotion.

'Keep those thoughts to believe.'

Where were you,
When I needed your comfort?

'Keep those thoughts to believe.'

And where were you,

When I needed your love?

'Keep those thoughts to believe.'

I believe in trust and love.

'Keep those thoughts to believe.'

I believe in loyalty.

'Keep those thoughts to believe.'

I believe in 'us'.

'Keep those thoughts to believe.'

I believe in devotion.

'Keep those thoughts to believe.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When I Opened My Eyes

I opened my eyes,
And determined I would only see Sun.
No matter who had said what to me.
Or the happenings in those yesterdays done.
I've begun to enjoy my walks through the rain.
Most times with pain I have learned not to prioritize.

When I opened my eyes my mind seemed to clear.
I looked into the mirror and saw what appeared.
And excuses for blemishes and flaws I magnitized...
Disappeared to allow me a living of my life as 'I' liked.
And asking someone how to do that...
Took an immediate backseat in my mind.

When I opened my eyes...
They were 'my' eyes to open.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When I Satisfy That Need

More money is spent,
Advertising nonsense.
Than there is right now...
Documented in our government!

There is a need to convince,
Those without common sense...
That a hypnotizing way of life,
Depends on nonexisting cash on hand...
And a system no longer that can produce it!

Cash as it is...is completely valueless.
The only thing left,
Are pretensions to bolster.
And the need to keep them lifted!

'You are going to want to kiss my tender lips.
And when I satisfy that need,
You will forget the onslaught...
Of your mental conflicts.'

WHAT?
What has that got to do with ANYTHING?

'Nothing!
I just want to change the conversation.
And take your mind off a nonstop slide,
Into total devastation.

I'm gonna make you my secret 'boo'.
That passion you keep...
Tingles me to shivers.
Everytime you express your point of view.'

You are crazed!

'YES!
Finally you are focused.
And my yearning has been confirmed.

Now we are getting somewhere.'

And you say you wouldn't make a good politician?
I beg to differ!

'Sssshhhh...
Stay focused! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When I Speak, You Begin To Write

What are 'we' will to give...
And,
From us give up?
To keep 'our' relationship,
Alive and exclusively between 'us'...
To continue to make sense?

Are you willing to say to me,
On a daily basis something to please.
Something motivating that would elevate,
Without critique?

Could you sit through an opinion I make,
Without poisoning the atmosphere,
With venomous debate?

Could we agree to disagree,
And peacefully sleep together at night.
Or should I keep my eyes open prepared for a fight.

What are 'we' willing to do,
To strengthen what we have to make that better?
To make us glad and not sad,
Our lives lived together is forever.

'We could compliment more and listen.
And close our mouths with attempts to comprehend.
With an exchanging of points of view.
That's what we could and should always do.'

But...
I hardly hear from you!

'When I speak,
You begin to write.
That's why!
And I know you're not about to give that up.
Not for love.'

Baby...
That 'is' my love!
What else you got on that list?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When I Think Of You

When I think of you,
And all that you are going through.
Little time do I give...
Feeding the whims,
Of my own selfish wishes.

When I think of you,
And the time you have spent...
Giving to others,
With such a 'relentlessment'.
Not a thought do I have,
Whether or not I should be there.
It is just done.
And I do it!
When I think of you in my sentiments.

When I think of you,
And all that you are going through.
Somehow I feel,
What I do is just not enough!
And for me,
I am glad that is realized.
There is more I can offer.
With a need I see,
To reach out and touch.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When I Trip I Don'T Bluff

I never contemplated on leaving you anywhere.
The only thing I pre-meditate...
Is were my next steps will take me.
But hesitating in procrastination,
To discuss any doubts...
Are not thoughts I have in my mind!
You must have overheard me talking to myself,
And decided some rest you would find.
On my time.

I never contemplated on leaving you anywhere.
The only thing I pre-meditate...
Is were my next steps will take me.
But hesitating in procrastination,
To discuss any doubts...
Are not thoughts I have in my mind!
You must have overheard me talking to myself,
And decided some rest you would find.
On my time.

Let's make this clear right now!
Your time is your time.
And my time is mine!

I am surprised that you found me!
I told you when I trip,
I don't bluff.

I move to experience.
That sitting around you do to preview...
I've had enough of that stuff.
When enough is enough,
I don't regard discussing it as a must!

I am surprised that you found me!
I told you when I trip,
I don't bluff.

'You are absolutely unbelievable.'

Thanks.
And you I find incredible!
I'm learning that all the time.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When I Trust

When I trust,
I do not question with doubts of that trust.
When I start to doubt to wonder with questions,
I stop trusting even the questions to ask.
Especially if they appear clearly on my path.
With nothing left to figure out,
Or to await for answers that may try to satisfy.
When I trust,
I do it not expect to become disgusted or feel I must...
By attempts made to excuse what it is I have given.
When I trust I trust and that's it.
To close what had been there to permit if this is needed.
Trusting to give and receive is as good as it gets for me,
To know and feel.
Not to explain something different I might sniff,
Done by another attempting it to disguise or hide...
What I smell to be obvious.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When I Was A Negro

I remember the days when I was a Negro...
Free to go about where Negros go.
There seemed to have been,
A dignity and pride we all showed outside...
And kept within then.
Until the call came to be black,
With a proudness some said others lacked!
And the attack on Negroes by blacks,
Began to hold those of color back.
Renaming and claiming African-Americans,
We were now in one group packed!
Stacked together,
But not unified...
As we were before,
When we all were ignored.
Although a respect we had
Was gladly shown...and adored!
And now our thoughts are on each other to trap.
Just like those who fed and started this crap.
Affecting everyone with mentalities...
That are thoughtless and senselessly,
Way off track.
Today...
No one appears,
To be who they 'is'
And that 'bees' clearly a fact!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When I Write

When I write,
I do my best...
To incite an insight!
Some may not like.
But I seek a comprehension.
Not to revisit...
A safety zone,
Already known.
Or one that has been mentioned.

And when I write,
I choose to test...
A curiosity,
Within me...
That does not sit and rest.

I want to produce seeds of understanding.
And in the doing...
Even I am not thoroughly delighted,
By what I have to admit...
Is a bunch of 'horseshhhiftivities'
From that which I have sown.
When I write!

'Horseshiftivities is not a word! '

I've entitled this poem 'When-I-Write'
Not 'Give-me-Your-Unsolicited-Opinion'.

'Did you or did you 'not' ask me to read it? '

AND not a thing more did I ask!
Did I?

'Correct.'

But you must admit,
That 'horseshifting' business drew you in,
Right?

'No,
Not really.
I knew if I didn't read it...
You wouldn't allow me to leave.
Then I would have to deal with much more,
Than just this 'horseshift' on your shoulders! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When I'M Done I'Ll Let You Go

I love you.
That's why I've got you locked in a cage.
To set you at dawn as the Sun rises...
Outside to catch the rays.

To then bring you again inside,
Just after the Sunset subsides.
To go over again those lessons to test.
Ensuring your mind will find something to digest.

I love you.
That's why I've got you locked in a cage.
To set you at dawn as the Sun rises...
Outside to catch the rays.

'This is cruel and unsual punishment!
One day I'll run away.
One day you will not have me here.
One day I will escape! '

I know.
And I'm guilty with wanting,
The best of my flowers to bloom...
As I wish them to grow!
You wont have to escape.
When I'm done I'll let you go.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When In Doubt

When in doubt,
Trying to figure out
What your life is all about...
Seek reality.
There is nothing like it.
The ground becomes much more stablilized!
And your eyes will spot BS...
Quicker than you had ever imagined!
Trust in it.
It clears the air.
Each and every time,
Someone wants to hand you...
A pocketful of nonsense.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When In Rome

When in Rome,
One should adjust to do...
Those activities that Romans choose.
It is not one's place,
To advocate...
What IS or IS NOT acceptable.
Or in poor taste.

When 'not' in Rome...
And that visit of condoning,
Has been left behind and alone...
There is no obligated need,
To continue to feed those traditions.

And 'when' one finds it comforting,
To do what one wishes in one's own home...
That's when it is best to profess and address one's beliefs.
With a feeling,
If one so desires...
To dismiss what is not suitable or fits.
In one's 'own' environment.
With no debate or argument to invite about this.

When 'not' in Rome.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When In The Making Of Attempts

When in the making of attempts,
With intentions that had been premeditated.
What point is being made,
By the one deciding to provide a better attempt,
At a later date?

Who then would have the patience to wait?
Or believes one can produce,
Something that introduces one's best effort?

Unless one decides,
That the making of a first impression...
Is less effective than the making of a second.

And today,
Any sense being made at all...
Is a rarity that captivates and gets attention.

'Did you hear that? '

~No.
Hear what? ~

'Diction. Clarity. Enunciation with effectiveness.
A pattern of speech that is correct with vocal expression.'

~What should we do? ~

'I don't know.
I hope this is not an invasion.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When Inside A Devotion Applied Arrives

It can often be attributed to one's environment,
That prevents...
A seeking to reach above and beyond,
Perceptions of fenced in limits.
But one determined,
May not be a contender to become voted,
The one 'most' congenial.
With a purpose to promote one's personality.
A goal that is fixed,
Keeps one's mind focused upon it.

And it will not be easy,
Believing encouragement from anyone...
May or may not come.
And a self motivation can feel like a weight,
One carries like the sticking to the teeth...
Of chewing gum.
If one is committed and admits to it,
This may initiate misunderstandings.
And be the cause of severing from relationships...
When inside a devotion applied arrives and is decided.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When Intentions Meant Are Not Mentioned

Can we share thoughts without speaking?
And how can that be validated?
If neither of us are near,
To appreciate what we hear?

No emotion I've known to feel,
Has ever been exchanged.
To have someone understand,
And comprehend...
From the outside to the inside.
Knowing what is felt,
Deep within.

Can love be shared and said is there,
But not expressed at all?
Can a broken heart be spared despair?
To not process pain,
Before any tears begin to fall?

And if those tears should fall from eyes,
Could alibis stop what is shown?
Empathy sent from distances given,
Isn't empathy whispered or a hug to convince.

Can we share thoughts without speaking?
And how can that be validated?
If neither of us are near to appreciate this...
Or witness a difference made.
When intentions meant are not mentioned...
Can relationships mend to save?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When Is Corruption Admitted

When is the act of corruption admitted to be corrupt?
When those who denied its existence,
Now are convinced of it.
And those they offended by calling them names,
Are not heard as loudly voicing their complaints...
Or protesting to be restained by police,
From financial institutions where people have lost...
Their investments and their minds.
Leaving behind the ones who now watch,
Freed from playing truth or dare to stare at this...
As if entertained while jingling some change,
They play with that still remains in their pockets!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When Is It Ever Ready?

When is it ever ready...
For us to make up our minds,
It is time to get what we put off
To get something done?
When is it ever ready...
For us?

When is it ever ready...
To stop and wait.
For us to negotiate,
This is the moment...
That has arrived,
For us to get up and move?
Just to prove we can delay
Another day...
To make an excuse,
To collect with the other excuses...
Made!

When is it ever ready?
Time seems to never be!
It seems to do what it chooses without us!
To experience...
Or ignore completely.

As we sit to cuss its noncommitment.
Observing it as it cares less,
About how some of us waste it...
With more uselessness!
To eventually confess.

When is it ever ready?
That is probably not a concern...
Nor a priority,
Or on its agenda.

Time is man made.
To set limits...
As if man allows 'it' to benefit,

And exist.
To put up with a man's nonsense.
Or a woman's.

Either way...
No one can say,
They have more of it...
Than anyone.
To just let it sit!
And ask of it...
If and When it is ever ready!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When Is When?

If my heart is the heart,
You are still loving...
Why don't you let me know?
Why is it that we both hurt so?
I feel you are there...
Wherever 'there' may be,
Enfolding you wherever you may go.
Are you holding onto the dreams,
We two together held and knew?
Although we have drifted apart...
I wish in my heart we could begin anew,
With a fresh start!
Do you too,
Wonder like I do about you?
I think of you more now than ever I did before.
Hoping to end a self inflicted pain I dealt.
Can we ever find what we found to love,
Again?
If we can then...
When is when?
And...
Will it ever bring us together,
Again?
Before those chances for us...
Come to an end!
Like they seem to have done,
For us again.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When Is Your Next Appointment?

So alone goes those needs,
One keeps secretly.
To wish for someone to exist...
Knowing already what 'sits'
On their minds that resist,
An unwinding of thoughts...
Kept and left unspoken!

Leaving them heartbroken.
As they try to convince...
No one cares about their sentiments.
Or show an interest,
To probe for treasures...
Buried deep!
Locked...
Although unchained to be discovered,
By someone on a whim...
Accidently appearing,
To unearth a 'gem'
In an announced expedition!

And these are the folks,
Who say they have never found true love!
Or someone who takes the time,
To find their true qualities.

'I paid a psychiatrist one hundred dollars per hour.
And he got right to the point!
I was told my anticipations did not measure up,
To my expectations.
And my demands were masked by my perceived flaws!
So I have shortened my interview process,
And exchanged my demands for preferences!
Hoping to at least be asked out on a date,
To discuss them with my future mate! '

When is your next appointment?

'Why?

I haven't made one yet! '

Make another.
You will need it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When It Began

It had begun,
When it began...
To make me pay attention.
To make me sit and listen.
Quietly...
And allow me to go within.
Without apprehension.
Until those 'thoughts' started to clear.

It had begun,
When it began...
To make me pay attention.
To make me sit and listen.

It had begun,
When it began...
And I was here.
It had begun,
When it began...
To click together and remove fear,
I had endeared.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When It Benefits To Pay Attention

I can quickly forgive and understand a child,
Who takes an escapade with a making a mistake...
At my expense.
I expect this from a child adventuring,
Out into the world to establish for themselves...
A building of their own common sense.
This I accept and expect.
With a patience in the beginning given.
And hoping in their minds something eventually connects.

However...
With the giving of circumstances and considering one's age,
There are stages of life when it benefits to pay attention.
And if one continues to disrespect others to neglect,
Difficult it becomes for me to repeatedly forgive and forget.
Especially when a doing is done,
Over and over and over by someone...
Who cruises through life making the same mistakes,
With new excuses easy to use refusing to face truth.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When It Can Not Be Served As Dessert

When truth becomes a negative aspect,
Of one's reality.
And it solicits unwarranted snide remarks?
Danger is embraced!
Dishonesty becomes apparent...
And blatantly shown upon one's face!

When truth becomes a negative aspect...
Those who know it well and tell it,
Are the ones who become disgraced!
Especially in places,
Where truth has been replaced...
By a sharing of deception,
That chases away facts distorted...
With accepted receptions.

And those demeaned,
For the audacity of crushing lies...
Told by the ones with insecurities to hide,
Are ostracized!
No matter how obvious,
The truth for them does not inside their minds reside!
A diminished quality of life becomes celebrated...
In campaigns of support,
With a rejoicing undenied!

Truth is deserted...
When it can not be served,
As dessert!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When 'It' Comes

A journey within an inner beauty.
Is that what comes...
When our days here are done?

An eternal mystic voyage...
Beyond Creation
Where mental translations
Are transferred
In a spiritual awareness intact!

Are we on track for that?

It's rumored that death is perceived
To be something much more,
Much more than taking a nap!
But no one,
In fact...
Has ever returned from 'that' to come back!

A journey within an inner beauty.
Is that what comes...
When our days here are done?

There is no 'If' about it...
Something comes to change everything!
Changing everyone,
When 'It' comes.
Bringing everything back to ONE.
Back to where beginnings,
In fulfillment spinning endings...
Begun!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When It Dawns

When it dawns,
Some get more excited by the light.
An enlightenment occurs to entice,
With a light so bright...
They wish they had invited,
To accept before it had dawned...
Feeling strong.
As if this feeling had been theirs,
All along to belong.

And when it dawns,
Everything then seems to connect.
Everything then seems to serve a purpose.
A purpose to accept with effect.

A kept pity just to feed on,
Can entrap one in shackles.
A pity just to feed on,
Can spread like a disease.
A kept pity just to feed on,
Does nothing for nobody.
But keeps the air polluted,
With a negativity.

When it dawns,
Some get more excited by the light.
A light so bright they wish they had invited,
To accept before it had dawned...
Feeling strong.

A kept pity just to feed on,
When it dawns...
People who can see it wish to rid of it quick.

When it dawns,
Some get more excited by the light.
A light so bright they wish they had invited,
To accept before it had dawned...
Feeling strong.

A kept pity just to feed on,
When it dawns...
People who can see it wish to rid of it quick.

A kept pity just to feed on,
Can entrap one in shackles.
A pity just to feed on,
Can spread like a disease.
A kept pity just to feed on,
Does nothing for nobody.
But keeps the air polluted,
With a negativity.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When It Goes Up For Sale

What are you out here looking for?

'I'm searching for peace.'

Why can't you find it,
Within your home.
And behind closed doors?

'I have to find it first to bring it there.'

Good luck.
I hope you don't miss it,
When it goes up for sale.

'I didn't know it could be sold.
Did you get yours when it was on sale? '

You're close.
I began to 'feel' my peace,
When I became detached to let a few things go.

'You've got me confused.
Did you purchase it first to let it go?
Or was it repossessed?
OR...
Had it been foreclosed? '

Let's just say...
What I had to be assessed,
No longer affects my keeping of peace.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When It Goes...It Is Over!

The importance of our planet
HAS to be the highest priority right now.
It can not continue
To feed our greed and selfishness.
When it goes...it is over!
No arguments are worthy then to debate!
Or film crews left,
To document our sorrow.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When It Has Been Discovered And Decided

If you have found...
That a time spent trying to find yourself,
Has gone.
At least know this...
You are not in a boat,
Rowing without direction alone.
Since many like you...
Have been doing the exact same thing.

And...
Will,
Undoubtedly...
Have a lot to share and talk about,
When it has been discovered and decided...
Expenses can be saved,
By all of you climbing into one boat...
To drift along without any interference.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When It Has Been Proven

'ALWAYS' becomes unnecessary to proclaim,
When it has been proven...
One's love for another has sustained,
The surmounting of tremendous opposition.
With obstacles troubling to undo,
On a daily basis that pursues.
When love has conquered with a going through this,
'ALWAYS' then becomes forever...
With a 'never' ever to cross one's mind.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When It Is Advantageous

There comes a time for one and for all,
When an honesty felt that has been taught...
Is adopted as a natural process.
To be digested.
With a comprehension that connects...
In one's mind that becomes understood.

But there are still many of us...
Still confused as to its use.
There are some who choose to manipulate it.
And when it is advantageous,
To benefit our wants.
And not necessarily to increase the feeding of our needs.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When It Needs To Be Turned Off

I would never be convinced,
You could ever be on my side.
Your lips are quick,
To deliver cynical and sarcastic quips.
With statements made that you are not serious.
And I too have a sense of humor.
But I know when it needs to be turned off.
Like you do me on several occasions

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When It Was Easy To Luxurize In High Rises

It would seem,
From a bird's eye point of view...
Those forced into social dysfunctions,
Are at a disadvantage.
Being intentionally deprived and depraved,
From a kind of lifestyle...
Those who supress,
Had enjoyed for themselves.
When it was easy to luxurize in high rises.
Some still manage to cling on!

But from their condos,
High above the ground...
Overdue utilities unpaid,
Does not keep the electicity or elevators...
Convenient.
Not for those stung by economic realities.
Nor is the air as fresh.
Or leftovers worthy to taste.
If nothing can be saved to keep refrigerated!

And the job of the doorman?
Pretend everyone living within the building,
Has clout and status!
In uniform and exchange of pleasantries done,
The doorman will get paid, go home and eat.
Guaranteed every light that is needed,
With all bills paid...
Will come on!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When It's Given

If you want it,
Take it.
But don't let it go.
When it's given,
Keep it.
And show it to grow.

And if you want it,
Take it.
But don't let it go.
Let it be known...
It is yours and adored.

Show it to be nourshed.
And yours to adore.
Flaunt it as it flourishes.
Knowing it is yours.

And if you want it,
Take it.
But don't let it go.
Let it be known...
It is yours and adored.

If you want it,
Take it.
But don't let it go.
When it's given,
Keep it.
And show it to grow.

You can share it if you wish,
But don't abandon it!

And if you want it,
Take it.
But don't let it go.
Let it be known...
It is yours and adored.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When It's Summertime

When it's Summertime,
The people love the heat.
And the weather's fine,
To please those on the beach.

And...
Everyone feels they've been reminded,
Of...
A fun away from home,
To forget their groans and moans.

And...
Everyone feels they've been reminded,
Of...
A fun away from home,
To forget their groans and moans.

When it's Summertime,
The people love the heat.
And the weather's fine,
To please those on the beach.
And...
Everyone feels they've been reminded,
Of...
A fun away from home,
To forget their groans and moans.

When it's Summertime,
We are reminded of...
A fun away from home,
To forget our groans and moans.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When Kept Basic

Universal.
Simplistic.
And accessible,
When kept basic.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When Laughter Done By Others End

Who can claim success,
Without ever taking chances?
Who knows success better,
Than the one who has repeatedly...
Made mistakes to acknowledge?
Or seen publicly or not,
Listening to garbage...
Coming out of disgusting mouths.

And who is it that believes,
A life to live to accomplish...
Happens without tears wept?
Or lying still on the ground,
After crawling on knees just to rest.
Or feeling sacrificial day and night,
To perform those tasks nobody knows...
For the purpose to have bestowed humiliation?

Look!
Anyone perceived to be a fool,
With it believed is one...
Seldom is.
Especially when laughter done by others end,
To have 'them' defending their own stupidity.

'Why do people continue,
To judge a book by its cover? '

~Maybe it's easier for them to lie about the contents.
Knowing when 'innuendos' are passed around...
Few, if any, will have interest.
But always,
And it never fails...
Someone curious starts the gossip,
With a shock uncovering the truth that begins.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When Left Simple And Direct

When left simple,
And direct...
It is more effective,
If it is known what it is one expects.
Without attempting to describe,
An abstract Picasso portrait.

An understanding to comprehend,
With a power that reflects...
A meaningfulness less complex,
In establishing a one on one relationship.
And has a high degree of believability,
When left to be as simple as simple can get.
Will return to one a benefit.

The acceptance of what is achieved,
Although basic...
Is best for one not to attempt to impress,
If one wishes not to overhear...
Another one desires to get close and near,
Request for an interpreter.
When all one wishes is a romantic interlude.

'I hope one day to be perceived,
As the Picasso of Poetry.'

~That's nice.~

'But...
I only want you to know,
The meaning behind my abstractions.'

~And that's why you asked me here,
To address your abstractions? ~

'No.
But I am distracted by yours.'

~What on Earth,

Are you talking about? ~

'The art of it.'

~The art of what? ~

'Poetic adjustments.'

~Don't bother turning off the lights.
Explain to me what you mean.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When Lessons Are Learned

Hush.

'But...'

No 'buts'
Just hush.

'There is a...'

No there,
Just hush.
And hurry up.
I'm late enough as it is.
Hopefully,
I can catch up to the bus...
So I wont have to take you,
All the way to school.

'Good luck.
They came to tow the car away...
5 minutes ago.'

They WWWHHAATT?

'I tried to tell you...
But you told me to hush.'

When did you ever listen to me?

'Mommy?
How do I know when lessons are learned?
And which ones should I ignore? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When Light Is Shown

It is in the atmosphere...
Coming fast to awaken and clear.
There is a dose of truth that blows upon us!
It doesn't matter who tells it now.
It is there for all to see.
All lies once told by those who controlled...
Descends as 'one' reality!
No one will escape this fate that breaks,
And shatters what was believed to be!
Deceptions crumble into dust and is replaced,
In the face of unquestioned and uncertain force
Churning with speed and pace
Dropping into proper place...
Upon those in disbelief scurrying in disgrace.
Like a rat caught unexpectedly,
When 'light' is shown and exposes it nibbling,
On something preferred...
With habitual taste!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When Living In A Den Of Demons

When living in a den full of demons
Who begin to attack without your consent!
Ending their mission is not a thought...
It's a mandatory undertaking,
Appearing to have no end!
But grabbing them around the throat...
With surprise,
Will gain their attention.
Then chop that bitch off right at the neck...
And not a word from them again they will mention!
This occurence will stop them from using their venom!
Without announcement needed,
To mark the start of this event!
They will know when this affair has begun!
It does not require acknowledgment gained.
Or the assistance from everyone!
Maintain your suspicions.
Even those related are suspect.
They are the first to put you to the test!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When Looking Back

When looking back,
And many today have done just that!
There are those who had opposed,
The ones believed outspoken and chose...
Intentionally,
To offend them and their kept delusions.
By making brash and audacious comments.
Absent of tact and baseless facts.

But a truth hidden and meant to remain smothered,
Has begun to surface from under a fantasized reality.
To have many disbelieving what they see now so vividly.
And unmistakably...
A clarity that is sugar free.

And the ones once dismissed,
As nonconformists and misfits...
Are sought to seek to deliver 'real' speeches,
But have declined to accept the hypocrisy.
With a preferred choice to stay away,
To keep their peace of mind increased.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When Love Happens

When love happens it happens!
Avoiding it is often,
Too late lamented.
After it has gone to be sent,
Away.
Leaving those sentiments,
Left stronger to reminisce...
Each time they are felt.
And come unexpectedly,
To pay unwelcomed visits.
Awakening the foolishness,
Of the one who had refused...
Being thought of as a fool.

Give it to me,
Your love I recognize needed.
And more with this realized,
Only you to me can feed it.
Warm to sizzle,
Until my heart heats.
I admit to being the fool.
I admit I tried,
To myself to have lied.

Give it to me.
Since I have grown,
To accept and dismiss...
Wishing to receive your love,
But sending signals mixed.
Alone I sigh.
And thought love for me,
Was a hopeless wish to get.
To deny my eyes you opened,
Wide.
Running to hide,
From a perfect fit.

When love happens it happens!
Searching for preferences,

Only hurts.

When love happens it happens!
There are no laws or rules,
To obey.
Can you forgive me thinking,
Love was that way.

When love happens it happens!
Is my confessing,
Too late expressed?
Can we get back together,
To reconnect?
Knowing I have long abandoned,
Foolishness.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When Love Is Given Love Is Sent

In my mind,
I am there with such love.
For you.
And for you I wish the best,
Of all the happiness...
You want and expect to get.

When love is given love is sent.

In these days and times we live,
There is nothing more I wish to give...
To you,
But love.
And I want it felt around you.
To increase that feeling within you too.

When love is given love is sent.

And whether or not,
I am there in your view...
Let us both know that love is meant.
Let us both realize,
When love is given...
Love is sent!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When Lovers Don'T Forgive

Even if one flew a coop,
To get cool...
Two people living in it may not be that too forgiving.
And even if one didn't have a bad attitude...
Two people living in it may not be that too forgiving.

When people love to argue it is best to leave,
All those beliefs one thinks are right.
Especially if the other one...
Likes to argue fuss and fight.

Even if one flew a coop,
To get cool...
Two people living in it may not be that too forgiving.
And even if one didn't have a bad attitude...
Two people living in it may not be that too forgiving.

When lovers start to quarreling and there is no end,
It's better that one leaves,
Taking deep breaths that begins...
With a sitting tight.
All night!
And...
Away and out of sight!

Even if one flew a coop,
To get cool...
Two people living in it may not be that too forgiving.
And even if one didn't have a bad attitude...
Two people living in it may not be that too forgiving.

When lovers start to quarreling and there is no end,
It's better that one leaves,
Taking deep breaths...
That begins!

Even if one flew a coop,
To get cool...
Two people living in it may not be that too forgiving.

And when lovers don't forgive,
They usually seek...
Revenge!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When Money Is Involved

When money is involved...
Titles are of no importance.

Elections conducted,
Are to seduce the proletariat.
With dangling carrots.
To increase desires to reach.
But known they will never get.

And those right to vote notions,
Set into motion...
Are to squelch protests.
To quiet perceptions of divisions,
Between the ones feeling disenfranchised.
And others of special interests to be kept.

Yet...
Eventually,
The one who has the money wins.
And a running done to gain notoriety,
Has little or no meaning to them.

To take opinionated positions,
Based upon a popularity given...
Is not a game for them to play.
Not in a conventional public way.

When money is involved?
Those who have it decide who plays.
To leave a process believed fair,
Made quite simple.

Those who have the cash,
Are not concerned about talking trash.
Since what takes place,
Where and when...
All of it,
Dispensed.
Still delivers a guaranteed return,

On their investments.

When money is involved...
Titles are of no importance.
Nor is there a need to run for any office.
Or make needless public appearances.

When money is involved...
People pay others to monitor their interests.
And take care of all their needs.
Whatever those needs may be.
Regardless of who, why and where...
Someone makes a decision to vote.

When money is involved...
Those who have it,
Decide who wins!

That's it!
Debates are for those seeking to be entertained.
And those with the money,
Write the script, direct and produce the affects,
'They' expect!
Until their needs are pleased.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When Mother Has 'Her' Druthers

Mother Nature has a way,
Of getting everyone's attention.
And after warnings gone disobeyed,
The gauntlet 'She' lays...
Without a word needed to be said,
When Mother has 'Her' druthers.

'Dear Father...'

~OH 'no'.
Keep Me out of this one.
Your Mother and I have been together,
Much too long.
What did 'you' do wrong? ~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When My Good Credit Debited My Kingdom

Suddenly I saw my fortunes rise.
And suddenly my luck got,
Busted.
That which I had vanished before my eyes.
And suddenly nobody I...
Trusted.

Entitlements...
Gone.
Gone when my good credit debited my kingdom.
Possessions I had...
All gone.
And feeding on impressioons I kept,
Left.

Gone!
All gone,
When my good credit debited my kingdom.

Suddenly I saw my fortunes rise.
And suddenly my luck got,
Busted.
That which I had vanished before my eyes.
And suddenly nobody I...
Trusted.

Gone!
All gone,
When my good credit debited my kingdom.
They're gone!
All gone,
When my good credit debited my kingdom.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When My Mind Is Vacant

I love it when my mind is vacant.
A feeling of no need to please,
Immediately surrounds me...
With an ease I can deal with.

There are no imposed ideals to impress.
And I feel free to care even less.

I love it when my mind is vacant.
No pressure at all I carry,
To deliver intelligent thoughts I might think.
And no one there to ask for mink!

~I just thought I'd throw that in,
To see if you were paying any attention...
To this love affair I have with self.~

Seriously...
Don't you feel good,
When you mysteriously catch people...
Minding their own business?
And you know 'something' is special about this.
So you do the best you can,
To introduce your mind to more rest.

I love it when my mind is vacant.
No pressure at all I carry,
To deliver intelligent thoughts I might think.
And no one there to ask for mink!
And I am left not to enforce those delusions on myself!

Why is my telephone ringing at this hour of the day?

'Mister Pertillar, I know you're there.
This is Robert Clarke from Clarke Collections.
We need to talk about your 'commitment to pay'.
Mister Pertillar? Mister Pertillar? I suggest you receive my call!
Mister Pertillar? This is going to have an adverse reflection,
On your credit standing!

You are going to ruin your future capabilities to get a loan.'

Shucks!
I made a commtment to stay married too.
But that didn't work out either!
Well,
Like I was saying...

I love it when my mind is vacant.
A feeling of no need to please,
Immediately surrounds me...
With an ease I can deal with.

There are no imposed ideals to impress.
And I feel free to care even less.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When Obstacles Are Identified

When obstacles are identified in your life...
There is no need to keep them around as souvenirs.
They are obstacles.
Get rid of them.
Whether they are mental or physical.
Moving and breathing on two legs or not.
Tolerate them or keep them blocked out,
If you wish.
As if they did not exist!
And yet you allow them to persist.

When obstacles are identified in your life...
There is no need to keep them around as souvenirs.
Or classify them as friends.
Or habits you can not do without!
To keep you hemmed in with your life knocked out.
When obstacles are identified in your life...
Get rid of them.
Befriending them is not advisable.
Unless you suffer from a need to bleed?
And that's sad.

Not hopeless!
But still sad.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When One Accepts Their Own Aging Process

There is nothing politically correct to confess.
Or socially maladjusted needing to be professed,
When one accepts their own aging process.

There is such undeniable joy.
And a freedom to define one's own...
Comfort zone.

Knowing 'home' is where one's heart is.
And not where one is expected to go...
After telling another what to kiss and when.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When One Door Closes

When one door closes,
Another comes along to be opened.

Do not become upset with regret,
As the slow pace of the waiting...
Seems to have forgotten you.
Moving with anticipation...
Cures this stagnation of one's thoughts.

And before you know it...
That door of opportunity,
Doesn't require a knock.
It is already opened!
And the gifts that are there...
Are much greater,
Than perceived.

When one door closes,
Another comes along to be opened.
However...
In some cases,
All that has to be done...
Is to walk in to let it be known,
You have arrived to accept your blessings!

And only then does it become realized...
Your low and no more money days are gone!
Something with abundance has come to fulfill,
All your needs succeeding those of limitation.
And it is clear what and 'who' this 'Deity' is!
And...
Once again you are lifted!
Feeling a forgiveness that frees!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When One Is Running Game

When one is running game,
They seldom show a shame.
There is a name to claim...
When one is running game.

When one is running game,
It comes like pouring rain.
And leaves a trail of pain...
When one is running game.

Too often,
They have botched up something someone coddled.
Too often,
They have been excused from misery...
And,
Too often they become an idolized model...
By a child who sees this as the real thing!

When one is running game,
They seldom show a shame.
There is a name to claim...
When one is running game.

Too often,
They have been excused from misery...
And,
Too often they become an idolized model...
By a child who sees this as the real thing!

Too often,
They have botched up something someone coddled.

When one is running game,
They seldom show a shame.

Too often,
They have been excused from misery.

When one is running game,

They seldom show a shame.
There is a name to claim...
When one is running game.

Too often they become an idolized model.

When one is running game,
They seldom show a shame.

Too often they have been excused from misery...
And,
When one is running game,
They seldom show a shame.

Too often,
They have botched up something someone coddled.

When one is running game,
It comes like pouring rain.
And leaves a trail of pain...
When one is running game.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When One Is Thought To Be Kept Back

I had a professor who once stated,
In a humanities class...
I had attended years ago.
And...
That comment remains,
As an observation wherever I go!

'There are two who are kept at a disadvantage,
When one is thought to be kept back!
The one that is obviously being consciously held,
From advancement.
And the one too ignorant to tell,
What is the benefit being received from this...
In the keeping of others from attempting to excell? '

And I continue to think about this,
As today I witness...
The activities of those,
Who are clearly ludicrous...
As they look down upon others,
With turned up noses.

And this shows in a land,
Where great achievements have been made.
Only to smell of the origins from a gutter kept,
That has been actively dispelled...
At an accepting low grade,
Could keep people believing...
Some are chosen to deceive,
To have it made as they do as they please.

Dedicated to:
Dr. John Rodgers
Professor of African Studies and Humanities
And taught both at Greather Hartford Community College
Today known as Capital Community College
Downtown Hartford, Connecticut.

And...The University of Hartford.

Now deceased but Dr. Rodgers,
And his teachings remain 'timeless'.

'Thank you, Dr. Rodgers.'
~lsp~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When One Is Young

When one is young,
Growing seems so slow...
The days go on forever.
And the nights are there to never,
Appear to go.

When one is young,
It seems no one will listen...
The adults seem to dismiss,
Whatever the young wants to know.

When,
One is young...
They think that they can get,
Anything that they wish.
No matter who delivers..
They want it quick.

And when one is young...
Life is not so precious.
And patience is not there...
When one is young.

When one is young...
Today they live with pressures,
To be more than expected.
And choose to be correct...
Without direction there!

When one is young...
Today they live with pressures,
To be more than expected.
And choose to be correct...
Without direction there!

When one is young...
Today they live with pressures,
To be more than expected.
Without direction there!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When One Leaves Love

When one leaves love,
Left behind to take it for granted...
What expectations should be kept,
That a love left behind...
One stepped away to neglect,
Would stay kept to keep...
By another holding onto it,
Where it was left.
As if no tears were wept to weep.

Foolish is a mind to leave love behind,
With a seeking to chase it somewhere else.
And then to find when one awakens,
With it realized and with eyes open wide...
Love to chase is such a waste.
When love had been obvious and in one's face.
To believe an abundance given,
Can be sought somewhere else to be replaced.
After pushing it away to expect a better taste.

'What did you say?
You love me?
But you didn't know how much at the time?
And you expect to find,
More of my time from me to you to give? '

~Yes.
Let's not be negative.
I am here to acknowledge,
The love we once shared was positive.~

'Yes...
Let's not be negative.
Let's be positive about it.
Let's be positive about what had been deposited.

I positively feel you're not real enough for me.
That interest is gone.
I positively feel I have healed from your stupidity.

That interest has gone to no longer prolong.

So positively return to wherever you have been,
To leave me with a love I knew...
With all benefits and dividends,
You took away to have me see clearly...
What a fool I've been for you to prove.
But effectively and with positivity,
Any love for you has gone and I'm through.'

~But I am here to acknowledge I made a mistake.~

'You didn't have to come to me to acknowledge it.
You could have stayed where you were,
With the both of us knowing it.
And I'm not here for revisits.
Or to sit and reminisce.
I've discovered I am not qualified,
To pursue a proving of it either.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When One Overdoses From Insecurities

It is extremely difficult to repress,
Someone with a tremendous ego...
Who refuses to address their afflictions.
That begins to ravage their every step.

One with this personality can stress the minds,
Of those who love them most.
Those whose hearts become broken,
When one overdoses from insecurities.

'Can you believe what has happened? '

~Yes!
A call for help takes drastic measures.
From someone not addicted to hearing,
Old melodies sung.
Or becomes deluded,
When a bull is taken by its horns with this done.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When One Weaves A Web

When one weaves a web,
It is recommended...
There is a planned exit to take.
Because the weaving of them,
Is difficult to defend...
If one is caught,
And observed in the middle.
To then deny any involvement in its making.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When Oneself Is Known

In the finding of self,
It matters not where or when it is done.
In the finding of oneself.
That 'is' the achievement that comes,
One has won.

And in the finding of self,
Perceptions of others.
Of who that self found should be,
Can not be compared to a comfort known within.
That begins and no one else can see.

But what is known that comes eventually,
Is a feeling that is centered.
And from a core that is believed.
Leaving wherever the place one goes,
Not a place to seek in the search for self.

When oneself is known this shows.
And 'in' no one else,
Can one find self to be shown.
So many seek different environments,
To qualify what they can not identify inside.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When Ooogly Does What Ooogly Do

Approach me as if you know,
How it is...
To feel low with a wish to hide.
With a keeping out of touch.
Not to be bothered.
And you and I,
Will always produce an atmosphere...
Between us,
Like the best of friends.
Since by then you will have comprehended,
My state of mind.

And you will develop ways,
Like an inseperable lover to keep me controlled.
Because when the mood hits...
I can get real 'ooogly'.
And when 'ooogly' is on the move...
I aint trying to stop it.

Hopefully you will find this a passing storm.
If you should survive,
The unintended lashing done from tongue.
And 'done-from-tongue' is not Chinese.

' Huh? What and who is 'ooogly'? '

Ugly is ooogly's grandfather.
Ugly calls 'ooogly when he gets tired.
And when ooogly does what ooogly do...
You've been done-from-tongue.

Approach me as if you know,
How it is...
To feel low with a wish to hide.
And I can calm 'ugly' down.
Once 'ooogly' has been released...
And someone knowingly steps inside the cage,
To agitate after warning?
I recommend quick ducking.

And a faster exit.
Because when ooogly does what ooogly do...
You can count on being done-from-tongue.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When Paybacks Come To Eventually Visit

Punishments conceived,
With thoughtless deeds needlessly done...
Does not accentuate the positive,
For anyone involved with this kind of mischief.
Planted in one's mind,
To slowly dissolve for one's sport and fun.

A pleasure derived,
From this when inflicted...
Returns uncomfortable reactions,
To the ones hosting...
This brand of deceitful wickedness.

And multiplies dissatisfactions...
When paybacks come to eventually visit.
Ensuring emotional and physical receptions observed,
By those deserving doers...
Of this kind of urge upon them purged.

Becoming weakened without remedy...
With empathy for them absent.
And sympathy hidden submerged.
Unsettling and deep this is as it shall be.
To disturb and break those shakened nerves.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When People Feed On Their Hypocrisies

With violence marketed in a society that bleeds...
Why are the people,
Questioning evil deeds?
With little toy guns under Christmas trees.
Videos advocating enemies...
Sold at hundreds of dollars to please.
And leaders seeking 'victories'
Where there is clearly none!
Why are the people remaining shocked and stunned?
When the events of the day...
Should have long been ushered away.

With decadence and lowlife,
Praised as a standard lived.
Why are the people...
Disturbed by undisciplined children.
With those protecting them,
From the acts they do and things they did?

Why is ignorance like this,
Dismissed as creations they did not invent?
When addictions presenting...
A condoning done with their consent!

When people feed on their hypocrisies,
And denial of their ways.
Why do they see themselves as sane?
And those who criticize the obvious...
As the ones who speak of lofty gains.
From liberal minds having spines that are weak.
And labelled are they,
To be idealistically crazed!

What medicated intoxication...
Indoctrinated,
Would leave those astounded,
In reactions that amaze?

While a darkness slowly dims sunlight.

To cover eyes already clouded,
By a blightness those blinded appear to invite!
With a sharing of ignorance...
That induces excitement.
As they dress to impress...
To welcome the coming of bleak days,
They await to celebrate in a daze unphased.

'What are they doing? '

Cheering the demise of the Sun!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When People Love

Love requires sacrifice.
Sometimes to do not to mind
'And' sometimes done to dislike.
But if that love is right,
Nothing about it is wrong.
Even if a flood is caused from a broken dike.

Love requires listening.
And taking to accept what someone else brings.
With a being there and showing care,
Felt to know it is real.
No matter if some days there is rain,
And nobody sings.

When people love,
It's nurtured to grow.
And it shows.
To keep steady as it goes.
When people love,
From it they don't go...
To stray away.
When people love,
The people loved know...
What it is,
Deep inside...
And they don't run to hide.
When people love,
They love to be loved.

When people love when people love...
They love to be loved.
When people love when people love...
They love to be loved.
And they don't run to hide,
To deny what's felt inside.
When people love when people love...
They love to be loved.
When people love when people love...
They love to be loved.

And they don't run to hide,
To deny what's felt inside.
When people love!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When Piranhas Heat In Saunas

When piranhas heat in saunas,
Shouldn't they be aware...
Of a climate that keeps them prepared?
Why do they go through the trouble,
Of sweating off steam?
When the sinking of teeth...
Seems to be their main thing.

And why do they wrap in towels,
Between visits to leech?
No one expects them to relax...
When preying upon others,
Is thought to be in their constant reach.

Has the economy left them,
With less blood to dry?
Or are they in these sweat boxes...
So few folks will see them cry?

When piranhas heat in saunas,
Shouldn't they be aware...
Of a climate that keeps them prepared?
Or has the atmosphere changed for them?
And they've become afraid,
They now have become the hunted ones...
By those more daring.
And showing themselves to be remarkably brave.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When Re-Creating Common Sense

Increasingly seen on a daily basis,
Are chips falling away...
From once stable foundations.
And yet they can not keep up,
With the hiring of new maintenance crews.
Shouldn't they be securing those foundations,
Before they hire clean up crews?

'That depends on interpretations.'

What do you mean?

'Well...
They are making attempts to re-invent,
The meaning and purpose...
Of those old foundations.
And after tons of re-writes,
Nothing has been approved.
And those maintenance crews,
Have been hired to haul away...
All the trash that has resulted,
From those re-writes not yet approved.'

I see.
So they are seeking the right interpretation,
Before updating the old foundations?

'It takes time to convince,
When re-creating COMMON sense.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When Remembered For What It Is And Missed

Knowing the business of one's talent helps,
After establishing a recognition.
It is not the fact that one gains attention,
That a gift is remembered when it is presented.
It is the timelessness of content.
And one's ability to perceive,
From where that talent comes...
To one who has received it from a birth given.

To acknowledge a tree and admire its leaves,
To then disregard its roots...
Is a foolish position one should never take.

People become curious when one's talent is exposed.
But only those who are about the genuineness,
Of their talents from a business sense...
Continue to work on it all their lives.
And the growth and blooming of it shows to others,
Who enjoy the taste of it over and over again.
Since the quality of it never diminishes,
When remembered for what it is and missed.

And a true talent that is,
Never becomes subjected to standards lowered...
By those who excel,
In limited beliefs...
That a game pf playing a battle of wits,
Is part of it!
It isn't.
Not in this genre!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When Revealing A Thought Process

I am at no advantage,
When revealing a thought process.
Although doing so,
Has helped me to quickly digest...
Observations with my eyes,
Without protesting what others deny.

Neither am I protected by an intelligence.
I would be if others in my environment,
Were not so eager to display a taste...
For debasing themselves,
In applied foolishness.
And a rush to prove sterotypes for them fit.

Why do I feel honored and not cursed by this?
Perhaps it is an identity and pride I carry,
That comforts my peacefulness.

And being labelled arrogant,
Amongst those without purpose exposed...
That is seen as meant,
Leaves few left respected for their dignity.
And I just have this need,
To be the best that I can be!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When Riches Are Hand-Me-Down

If looks and appearance,
Were an indicator that ensured one's wisdom...
There would be very few,
Suited and tied with careful images...
Dressed to impress.

There is a difference between,
Researching with studying to produce an effect.
Than having an ability to quickly purchase,
An etiquette to reproduce an elegance...
That is far removed from an intelligence...
Assumed to be obtained but nonexistent.

And when riches are hand-me-down,
Homelessness and poverty...
Gives a boost to those who believe,
Everything they have has been earned...
Like others reflecting their quality of life,
With a doing of it to be amongst the thieves.
And concentrating on this...
Can be interpreted as having intelligence.
But common sense is rarely an ingredient in the mix.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When Rules Are Made

Maybe we all will see the day that comes,
When rules are made to be accepted and followed...
Will not become so easy to break,
By those who choose to do it...
For the sake of having themselves benefit,
From a changing them whenever they wish.
With a taking advantage of their own incompetence.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When Self Esteem Isn'T Taught

Self destruction occurs,
From the inside out.
With a superficial attachment,
To live as felt and misunderstood.

When self esteem isn't taught...
And life is thought and compared,
To a ticket bought...
One begins this experience,
With serious mental issues.

And then when jealousy is inflicted,
Because of physical appearances...
There is no escaping from this mindset.
A plastic existence is all one accepts.

Self destruction occurs,
From the inside out.
With a superficial attachment,
To live as felt and misunderstood.

When self esteem isn't taught,
An existing ignorance that has existed is praised.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When September Arrives, Again

September arrives and Autumn begins.
The Summer then bows to Fall.
I use to think,
The leaves would cling on until Spring...
In New England.

September arrives,
And the sky loses brightness.
Winds start to whip...
Leaves off of trees.
I use to wonder,
Why I heard thundering...
As it rained to bring a change to things.

September seems erratic and dramatic.
Shifting as it does...
To prepare all for the Winter.
Children return to school,
As cool winds descend.
September has come back,
Again...
So quickly.

September arrives,
And Autumn begins.
The Summer then bows to Fall.
I use to think,
The leaves would cling on until Spring...
In New England.

I use to think,
The leaves would cling on until Spring...
When September arrived.
And Autumn began,
With winds again.

I use to think,
The leaves would cling on until Spring...
As Autumn began,

With winds again to begin.
When September arrived.
When September...
Arrived!
When September,
Arrives...
Again.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When She Played It Was On Her Piano

As a kid I had ambitions.
And the first of them was to do my chores,
Before my mother would come home from work.
And she would pack them on too!

'I told you to sweep this floor.'

I did!

'With what?
A sandwich?
Do it again.'

My sister, Mimmie, would look at me.
And smile!
I couldn't wait,
To give her the spray can...
To kill the roaches!

I didn't know we weren't suppose to have them,
Until I was eight years old!
And that's not a joke.
One day when my mother went to work,
I made sure Mimmie got introduced.
She's a grandmother now.
And every once in a while...
She will mention how mean I was to her.

Nobody is going to sit,
And enjoy me getting whipped!
And that has been my philosophy...
Learned very early in my life.

Those days are long gone.
And being assigned to responsibilites,
I believe every child needs.
However...
Too many parents have raised lazy and spoiled children.
Believing one day,

They will awaken and be accountable for their actions!

Today as I reflect on my childhood,
I am glad my mother did not allow me to go to sleep...
To chance an awakening to what I knew I should do.
What I had and was going to do got done,
Before I had an opportunity to give it thought.
Procrastination,
Was not a lesson my mother taught.

I've seen parents,
Do everything possible for their children.
To wonder at a later date in time,
Why their children disrespect them.
Even 'if' I looked as if I wanted to say something back,
My mother would put a 'switch' to my behind.
AND...
I would have to fine one she liked to use on me.
That was before the calling of 911.

Today...
They would call that child abuse.
When I grew up...
We got our 'butts' tore up.
Just for looking as 'if'...
We did not enjoy getting whippings!
And I aint hardly kidding.

How does that 'old' saying go?
~Spare the rod and spoil the child.~
Well...
Mimmie and I were very spoiled.
But...
A rocking of a boat,
Did not float at all...
With Ms Edna!
When she played,
It was on her piano!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When Something Begins To Stink

There is nothing more difficult to change,
Than a baby's diaper!
Those who have gone down and dirty
To knock out smells...
Not the kind to be found at Macy's.
They know...
Those who have taken low blows.
Knowing they know...
Nothing takes more love!

If those missions taken,
Are done so...
Without passing out from a shot of oxygen...
Clarol subscription overdoses,
And an intentional game
Of Hide n' Go Seek...
That began shortly after birth,
With an occasional lapse of amnesia!

If those missions taken,
Are taken at the risk of sanity...
There is nothing on this Earth,
That can not be turned around and changed!

You may get pissed on...
During these journeys, .
Or you may just get pissed!
But one thing is obvious and certain...
You can not resist what it is that is wished!
If a BABY can make you do this,
There is not any excuse for not making a fuss...
When something begins to stink...
Or puss...or be exposed from riddled guts!
Like a quality of life that is dieing!

If a baby can make you do this...
And over the years you have become immuned?
No wonder there are so many whiners,
Caring on the way they do...to disco tunes,

And bad fashion!

Either someone wasn't there,
Quick enough to notice the change...
Or the change itself never came!

But something left alone has grown upon us!

Those responsible for raising these 'kids', '
Believed taking shit was love!

And pretended too long they didn't notice it!
And this became a habit, '
That got them hooked...
Right there in their homes!

Defending their own routines,
Of wiping up and pampering...
And becoming addicted by their habits,
Of cleaning up nasty asses on their own,
And moaning about it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When Something Said Might Make Sense

Two things I have learned not to do!
Give an opinion even if asked.
Or express my beliefs,
To family members who have not a clue...
What it is I do, when it gets done.
Or can connect an aging process,
With experience.
At least,
Not as being factors to one's maturity and wisdom.

I've learned,
Whether relatives or not or just friends...
People become easily offended,
When something said might make sense.
And has credibility!
Especially in times,
When many minds are on prolonged vacations.
And some are stuck in Summer.
Without a Spring, Fall or Winter to recall.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When Summer Comes To Visit

There is no mistaking it,
When a heat stirs in the mix.
It is Summertime that comes.
And passions bloom,
To become part of it.

Who goes through a Summer,
Without feeling a touch of joy?
Who does not witness a sense of freedom...
With an adventure meant,
To be explored and not annoy!

There is no mistaking it,
This passion felt and has come to sit...
In the heated mix of Summer.

Who can not escape,
To excuse themselves from reason...
Not to have fun and participate.

When Summer is done and over,
Our memories of it...
Seem to linger,
And not drift away as quick.

When Summer comes to visit,
We wish these days,
Stay.
When Summer comes to visit,
We wish these days,
Stay.
When Summer comes to visit,
We wish these days,
Would stay...
Forever.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When That Bar Is Raised

A day eventually comes,
When that bar is raised.
And those maintaining low expectations,
Are suddenly shock by attempts that are made.
To then have it witnessed someone who defies,
The height of the bar as if over it to glide!
To have those who claim they have done it to try,
Relying on a lack of initiative!
Or applied motivation excused and denied.

And they are the ones offended,
When that bar is raised.
They are the ones too accepting,
Of a mediocrity that stays.
And they are the ones with a faked faith that remains,
To go untested, unchanged...
But yet,
Profess it is success...
They wish more than anything else to get.

'If you really want success,
You must take those necessary steps.'

~To then do 'what'? Embarrass myself? ~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When That Body And The Soul Meets

If it's felt with-in-side,
And you've got it
That good rhythm!
That rhythm would be in your feet.
If you've got it!
You'd feel it with each patting,
Tapping out a movement
That begins your feet,
Patting beats.
Rhythmically.

If it's felt with-in-side,
And you've got it.
That good rhythm!
That rhythm would be in your feet.
If you've got it!
You'd feel it with each,
Patting of.
Both your feet.

If it's there you've got to rock it.
When that body and the soul meets.
It's a feeling you must reveal.
When that body and the soul meets.
It's that feeling done on dance floors,
When that body and the soul meets.
And benefits the one who's real.
When that body and the soul meets.

If it's there you've got to rock it.
When that body and the soul meets.
It's a feeling you must reveal.
When that body and the soul meets.
It's that feeling done on dance floors,
When that body and the soul meets.
And benefits the one who's real.
When that body and the soul meets.

It's a feeling you must reveal.

When that body and the soul meets.
If it's there you've got to rock it.
When that body and the soul meets.
It's a feeling you must reveal.
When that body and the soul meets.
If it's there you've got to rock it.
When that body and the soul meets.
It's a feeling you must reveal.
When that body and the soul meets.
If it's there you've got to rock it.
When that body and the soul meets.
When that body and the soul meets.
It's a feeling you must reveal.

When the body and soul meet,
It's revealing.
When the soul and body meet.
It's revealing.
And healing.

Few people believe.
When the body and soul meet,
It's revealing.
When the soul and body meet.
It's revealing.
And healing.

Few people believe.
When the body and soul meet,
It's revealing.
When the soul and body meet.
It's revealing.
And healing.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When That Brick Is Dropped

The odyssey masked now captures,
A delusional 'hint' now exposed.
Those who believe they were free as they were...
Are now the subjects,
Of the bizarre and absurd.
Your bubble has been popped.
You who believed you were of better stock.
And when that brick is dropped,
You will remember...
All the chances you had,
To keep the madness stopped!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When That Door Closes

Were you upset,
By those who took you and your efforts for granted...
In the past?

'Yes.
And I have taken measures,
To ensure that 'never' happens again.'

'Never' is a strong and sometimes changing word.
Perhaps you mean you 'hope' this to you,
Will not happen again.

'I've identified my attachment to those who 'try'.
And those who 'try' are proned to make excuses,
Induced by alibis!

Well...
I no longer empathize with procrastinators,
Who abuse my empathy.
And do what they wish to do later.
As if it's okay to do that to me!

I recognized who they are.
And that's all it takes...
For me not to experience another heartache.'

You speak of this as if it is the ending of a relationship.

'It is!
When the passion leaves...
Why wish for it to return and be repeated?

When it is clear it has gone,
And there is no coming back?
Never can those feelings be restored as they were.
Like an exit through an opened door,
When one closes it little emotion is attached.
With a forward movement that takes place.

Not to close it to knock on it again!
What sense does that make? '

You might have left something inside?

'You mean like a pride one denies?
Not here.
When that door closes...
It is as if it had not existed.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When That Humanity Within Us Has Been Touched

When that humanity within us,
Has been touched...
It is difficult to avoid images of sorrow.
And empathy is hard to hide,
When tears begin to fall from crying eyes.

Emotions effected affect deep and stay.
And barriers between caring hearts,
Dissolve away without thought of biases held...
When that humanity within us,
Has been touched to meld as if a bond.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When That Moment Comes

My ears,
At times...
Hear far too much.

My eyes uncover,
Wants...
I long to touch.

My lips stay shut,
And closed.
With emotions frozen within me.

Denying my own needs,
I wish I couldn't do.
But yet I do that too well.

My hands,
Reach to be held.
When I'm alone and seeking.
There is a secret place,
Inside that has this fear.

Who will protect it.
And not reject it.
If I choose to give my heart.

Who will protect it.
And not reject it.
When that moment comes,
To share my heart.

Who will protect?
Accept without neglecting.
And who is there,
To share...
My heart.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When That Muffin Is Gone

When the muffin has been eaten,
It is gone.
To savor the flavor and taste of it,
Doesn't last very long,
When that muffin is gone.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When That Spring Has Sprung To Begin

We seem to reminisce,
In appreciation...
That which was 'had'.
Much more,
Than when the having of it...
Had been firmly in our grasp.

And a wasting of our lives and time,
Given to us as it is witnessed...
Is spent wishing for those days,
When given the opportunity...
To live them at our best to enjoy,
Is procrastinated for a wanting...
To return to a past had to again live.

And nothing will convince,
That a Spring cleaning planned...
Does not have to wait to be scheduled,
When that Spring has sprung to begin.

'What on Earth are you talking about? '

Those days when I use to wish for Summer.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When The Daylight Comes

They wish to stay sophisticated,
But afraid of taking risks.
And,
Choose to bicker over petty conflicts that exist.

They wish to want what they can get,
But not retrict their nonsense.
And,
Choose to bicker over petty conflicts that exist.

Grow old,
They do...
With a purpose that molds.
And...
When the daylight comes,
They run away from the Sun.

Grow old,
They do...
With a purpose that molds.

These people do their screw ups,
In the corners of the dark.
And...
When the daylight comes,
They run away from the Sun.

Grow old,
They do...
With a purpose that molds.

Grow old,
They do...
With a purpose that molds.

They wish to stay sophisticated,
But afraid of taking risks.
And,
Choose to bicker over petty conflicts that exist.

Grow old,
They do...
With a purpose that molds.

When the daylight comes,
They run away from the Sun.

Grow old,
They do...
With a purpose that molds.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When The Economy Started To Slip

When the economy started to slip,
Who was not aware of it?
And...
Who pocketed the funds,
Away from everyone?

When the economy started to slip,
Who was not aware of it?
And...
Who pocketed the funds,
Away from everyone?

Who didn't know,
Who fed at the feast.
And who didn't know,
Who fed their greed.
And who didn't know,
Who were the cheats.
And who didn't know,
Thieves! ?

Who didn't know,
Who fed at the feast.
And who didn't know,
Who fed their greed.
And who didn't know,
Who were the cheats.
And who didn't know,
Thieves! ?

When the economy started to slip,
Who was not aware of it?
And...
Who pocketed the funds,
Away from everyone?

Who didn't know,
Who fed at the feast.

And who didn't know,
Who fed their greed.
And who didn't know,
Who were the cheats.
And who didn't know,
Thieves! ?

When the economy started to slip...
Who didn't know,
Who fed at the feast.
And who didn't know,
Thieves! ?

When the economy started to slip...
Who didn't know,
Who fed at the feast.
And who didn't know,
Thieves! ?

When the economy started to slip...
Who didn't know,
Who fed at the feast.
And who didn't know,
Thieves! ?

Who didn't know,
Who fed at the feast.
And who didn't know,
Thieves! ?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When The Eyes Stay Fixed Upon It

Those sick in health,
And always with something negative to say,
About someone else...
Reflect the condition of their environment.
And represent others heard venting their views,
While focused on what people do, who they 'think' they are...
With a competing done in discussion about their ailments.

Is this a cynical comment?
No it is not.
This is a portrait depicting the consciousness,
Of a sleeping people.
Observed as is.
Although...it does seem to have animation,
When the eyes stay fixed upon it.

'You are right.
It does.
I wonder how that was done? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When The Heat Turns Off

Frost, cold.
And yet there is a warmth exposed.
A shoulder is provided to sigh or cry.
And an empathy is sincere and deep.
A weeping shared is also complete.
But when the heat turns off...
A quick breeze is felt.
No pretensions here are dealt with.
This flame that burns is genuine.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When The Limits To Patience Diminish To None

When a patience known,
Had been unconditionally given...
With an administering to those,
To meet their requests met to be shown.
And people with their heightened expectations,
Can not be satisfied to set aside their undue selfishness.
To forget or not acknowledge to abide,
How patience becomes developed to give in the first place.
With a dismissing of it to believe it will never be erased.
And then one day...
That day many find hard to face,
All of the patience given comes to an end.
Never to be taken for granted again.
When all of those praying with a begging done.
With kept beliefs a giving of patience should to them come,
Become stunned.
When the limits of patience diminish to none.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When The Midnight Sun Comes

...and, it is when,
The moment arrives to observe in the sky...
A brightness occurs,
No one can hide from or deny.
The midnight Sun comes.

All will witness that time to find,
Masks worn to adorn and wear disguises...
Can be left behind with no definition to re-define,
Lives once lived confined and restricted...
To myths quickly eliminated to lift and remove,
From beliefs that 'had' existed.

...and, it will not be until then,
When the midnight Sun comes to appear...
To shock with an unblocking of minds,
Found to unwind themselves from a kept acceptance...
Of fears, deceits and tricks that treat,
To discover the freedom of being released...
From that kind of mental bondage shared.

When the midnight Sun comes to stun the ones,
By the reality of this done...
Never again will truth to value and its existence,
Be questioned as a higher consciousness is inflicted.
As 'That' which has created life to permit,
Decides to diminish and end all conflicts.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When The Money Is Right

Dollar profits gone.
And the purpose of one's life,
Goes misunderstood.
Or never comprehended,
As life should be...
A priority.
And on the top of one's agenda.
If lived and embraced.

When the money is right...
Everybody with it wants to play big shot,
All day!
All night!
When the money is right...
Everybody's ripe,
To splurge and feed their appetites.
When the money is right...
Nobody cares who's homeless or hungry,
With no where to sleep or eat at night.
When the money is right...
Those who have it,
Take delight to see others in blight.
When the money is right...
Greed is hard to fight.

And needs of the helpless,
Becomes an oversight.

Dollar profits gone.
And the purpose of one's life,
Goes misunderstood.
Or never comprehended,
As life should be...
A priority.
And on the top of one's agenda.
If lived and embraced.

But when it fades away,
People feel and looked disgraced.

As if embarrassed and filled with hate.
And with an emptiness inside that takes place...
They then create racist activities,
Seething to draw someone's blood to bleed.
With an irateness baited to please.
Shown with those of insecurities...
Without resources from others to squeeze!

When the money is right...
Everybody with it wants to play big shot,
All day!
All night!
When the money is right...
Everybody's ripe,
To splurge and feed their appetites.
When the money is right...
Nobody cares who's homeless or hungry,
With no where to sleep or eat at night.
When the money is right...
Those who have it,
Take delight to see others in blight.
When the money is right...
Greed is hard to fight.

And needs of the helpless,
Becomes an oversight.

A selfishness bites...
Whether money is right,
Or not!

Oh...oh!
Oh...oh!
When the money is right...
Everybody's ripe,
To splurge and feed their appetites.
When the money is right...
Nobody cares who's homeless or hungry,
With no where to sleep or eat at night.
When the money is right...
Those who have it,
Take delight to see others in blight.

When the money is right...
Greed is hard to fight.
Oh...oh...oh.
When the money is right...
Greed is hard to fight.
Oh...oh...oh.
When the money is right,
Few have sleepless nights!

With dreams of making,
And taking it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When The Moon Is Full

One relationship influenced by the opinions of outsiders,
Who should not be involved...
Can be considered headed for a dissolving movement quick.
Unless, of course...
There is an attachment to one argumentative,
Who supplies an addictive elixir...
Providing one's fix felt to be needed as often as wished.

Therefore...
A relationship such as this one regularly displayed publicly,
Is more likely much closer than those heard...
Breaking windows and slamming doors without notification,
By those seen chasing one another butt naked...
To awaken snoring neighbors after midnight!
AND when the Moon is full!

'WHY can't they be like the rest of us?
I don't understand why the authorities,
Do not consider this domestic violence.'

~Because you're the only one that complains.
The other neighbors are sitting outside on their lawn chairs.
As if entertained and had expected this.
You...
On the other hand,
Always complain AFTER the incident.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When The New Year Arrives

I hate to leave you.
Like the ones I've done before.
Uncertain if my best was applied.
Unsure if I could have done more.
Perhaps that had been blocked by denial?
Who knows?
Or maybe a pride I kept inside?
And that continues to grow!
More of 'that' needs to surface and show!
Of 'that' without question I know!

However...
I do express a thankfulness.
Knowing together nothing we did bored.
And I look forward to the 'new year' that arrives...
Intending to show I've been taught,
All doubts aside...
My life is to be explored!
Why should I keep hidden,
An excitement felt inside?

And opportunities to be happy and grateful?
I will never sit and wait...
Contemplating a knock,
To deliver 'that' to my door!
Not anymore.
Nor will it be left ignored,
Again!
And that is a promise to myself,
When the new year arrives...
And for me begins!

'Hello...
Am I ready?
Of course I'm ready.
I've been ready!
You're the one that's late!
Two thousand and eight.

We have much to discuss...
Regarding what's to be served on my plate.
And how I wish to be treated throughout this date!
Shall we proceed?
To fulfill my dreams, wishes, wants and needs?
I'll 'try' not to be too greedy with these!
I've learned from my past...
Not to be afraid to ask! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When The Pain Begun Begins To Mend

When the pain begun begins to mend,
The sky is brighter.
The clouds then start to drift.
The rain dries and the thunder stops.

When the pain begun begins to mend,
A freshness occurs.
The Sun invites a rendezvous.
Just to sit with it,
And feel...
A soothing come over you.

When the pain begun begins to mend,
And you are there...
Ready to be healed,
Feeling a once broken heart...
Being pieced back together,
Completely.

When the pain begun begins to mend,
You are prepared to forget.
Wanting to forgive.
And wishing to be forgiven.
When the pain begun begins to mend!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When The Practice Of Madness Appears

People run,
Shedding from a fun...
They once had,
Under bright clear Sun.
But...
When all is said,
And their fun has been done...
People run.
People run.

People run,
Away from anyone...
Who isn't there to comfort,
To help them overcome...
Whatever it is,
That invites their fears...
When the practice of madness appears.

People run...
When the practice of the madness appears.

People run,
Away from anyone...
Who isn't there to comfort,
To help them overcome...
Whatever it is,
That invites their fears...
When the practice of madness appears.

People run,
Shedding from a fun...
They once had,
Under bright clear Sun.
But...
When all is said,
And their fun has been done...
People run.
People run.
When the practice of madness appears.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When The Pressure Is On

Skipping over a nipping of it,
And...
That budding will give you the fits,
And...
Harder it will get to pick,
Without getting a prick...
From its existence.

When a weed seen begins to grow,
With a spreading that shows exposure...
A detriment no one intended,
Steams temperments to make them livid.
And flowers that could have bloomed...
Appearing less vivid.

When the pressure is on,
Many wait too late.
When the pressure is on,
Many shake behind gates...
Awaiting to escape their fear of fates.

When a weed seen begins to grow,
With a spreading that shows exposure...
A detriment no one intended,
Steams temperments to make them livid.
And flowers that could have bloomed...
Appearing less vivid.

Skipping over a nipping of it,
And...
That budding will give you the fits,
And...
Harder it will get to pick,
Without getting a prick...
From its existence.
Without persistence,
To make a difference.
And...
Done nonstop!

When a weed seen begins to grow,
With a spreading that shows exposure...
A detriment no one intended,
Steams temperments to make them livid.
And flowers that could have bloomed...
Appearing less vivid.
And...
Harder it will get to pick,
Without getting a prick...
From its existence.
Without persistence,
To make a difference.
And...
Done nonstop!
To be...
Done nonstop!
And...
Done nonstop!
To be...
Done nonstop!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When The Set Has Changed

Both of us are too 'stage' ready.
We are those, 'Light, camera and action' folks.
Easily provoked...
When in meditation.
Or whatever that is called,
After someone is seen nodding to a sleep...
From boredom.

Both of us are too 'stage' ready.
Drama bent...
And prepared to chew up the scenery.
At a moment's notice.

However...
What is there to prove...
When the set has changed.
And so has the crew!
And the seats of the audience have been removed...
Without a single question asked.

To leave the ones rehashing the past...
Astonished they no longer mesmerize!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When The Spring This Time Comes...

When the Spring this time comes...
I will be there to greet it with a smile.
Each blade of grass will hear my laughter.
And budding leaves will witness my impatience.
They will watch me pacing awaiting their births.
As if each tree...
Secretly belonged to me.

When the Spring this time comes...
A glow upon my face will shine.
I've discovered a life I can declare is mine!
I had taken too much time not enjoying it.

When the Spring this time comes...
Every bird that sings I will hear and listen.
Every flower blooming will get my attention.
Everyone I pass will receive my hello!

When the Spring this time comes...
I will be there to become part of it!
As it has been a part of me,
I did not see like this before.

When the Spring this time comes...
I hope to bore it with my presence.
It is going to know,
How much I want to keep in touch with it.
Until Summer teases.
To leave me with Fall and Winter to please.

When the Spring this time comes...
I am going to get well acquainted.
And appreciate I will this time,
The magnificence of that opportunity!

When the Spring this time comes...
I will not be inside ignoring it behind windows.
They are opened right now,
Just in case Spring wants to surprise...

With an early visit!
I want it to know it is anticipated!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When The Testing Comes

In 1952...
I took my first steps on a stage.
The Bushnell Memorial Auditorium...
As it was called in those days.

And today in 2008,
I look back and ask myself...
What steps did I make,
I least appreciate.

And today I can honestly say...
I've been blessed in every way.
And there is not one step I've taken,
I regret.

The obstacles and challenges were not easy.
Nor having to be patient,
With those who purposedly stood on my path.
Believing I had no identity.
And I was some kind of test!
I had been for them.
And today I am still for others.
And when the testing comes...
I am not the one who fails!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When The Thin Filament Ceases

Like a light bulb that dims,
Those unconscious...
Are lost within.
And disconnected...
From their senses.
Like a light bulb that dims,
When the thin filament...
Ceases to burn and slowly ends.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When The Title Of A Poem Has More Content Than The Text

Why bother...
To seek meaning,
Undefined?
When my mind is confined,
To limits I don't mind!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When Then They Had It

It isn't what it was or had been to them.
They wanted it to radiate even when ignored.
Even when left unpolished they expected it to shine.
Leaving it behind to rot and be forgotten.
But what it wasn't is wanted back by them, again.
With every part of that which was delusioned,
Intact.

Even what had been disdained with a wish to rid.
Is now romanticized as reminisced,
With a missing of it.
And this gets more unbearable.
Since whoever has it now seems thrilled.
And a knowing of this has increased a jealousy.
A heating up of an envy begins.

It isn't what it was or had been to them then!
But what it wasn't is wanted back.
With a protest and threatened attacks.
Every bit of that which was delusioned,
Intact as if it sparkled like a gem all now seek.

Gone and yet remembered,
Not for the bitter but the sweet.
Or the possibility of it being there,
Since no one bothered to care.
And not for the tastelessness no one did eat.
Or preferred to select.
It was thought to be a substitute!
And not viewed as the best one then could get.
As rumored.

It is wanted for what it could have been to them.
And what it could have been then,
Was given away to become desired and craved...
By others seen with it to admire it for what it is!
With a giving to it an appreciation that stays.

And the sight of this sickens the ones who want it back,

To inspect it closer to see what it was they missed...
With a neglecting of it as it was when then they had it,
Close enough to reject the effect of it that did not then impress.
When then they had it.
But...
Now demand it back.
To delude?
Who knows.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When There Is Mutual Agreement

Your attempt to ignore me,
As my lesson given ny you to learn
Is lacking in one key element.
Let me share with you a tip!

For that tactic to work efficiently,
To grab hold of my complete attention
I would think,
Involving my concern
Would achieve the success you are seeking.

You do want me to notice?
Right?
In the application of your method,
To make it more effective.
Getting me to notice is important.
Without my commitment
What would you achieve?

Now,
Let's see
How can I participate to make it appear,
I am not noticing?
To react in that way you are seeking from me.
Hmmm.

When you come up with that
Let me know.
And I will practice being affected emotionally.
And
While you are in the process of doing that,
I will continue to pay you no attention.

Do you see how easy things can become
To eliminate the process of headaches,
WHEN there is mutual agreement
Any and all things are possible.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When There's A Meaning To A Pain

When there's a meaning to a pain,
It can make a better life.
It will enrich with understanding coming,
To pay attention to a need.

When there's a meaning to a pain,
Bitter lips shut tight.
And if it is mental and not physical...
Correct and get it right.

When there's a meaning to a pain,
There is something to be learned.
Either cross that bridge and forgive,
Or let the 'thing' burn.

When there's a meaning to a pain,
You can not let it ride.
Or let it burn you deep inside.
Correct,
And get it right.

When there's a meaning to a pain,
Bitter lips shut tight.
And if it is mental and not physical...
Correct,
And get it right.

When there's a meaning to a pain,
It can make a better life.
It will enrich with understanding coming,
To pay attention to a need.

When there's a meaning to a pain,
Someone is giving it a need.
And...
Allowing it to offer,
More attention to feed.
And,
More of attention than it needs!

When there's a meaning to a pain...
Refrain from giving it a name.
When there's a meaning to a pain...
Correct,
And get it right.
Don't let it burn inside.

When there's a meaning to a pain...
Refrain from giving it a name.
When there's a meaning to a pain...
Correct,
And get it right.
Don't let it burn inside.
When there's a meaning to a pain.
Refrain from giving it a name.
When there's a meaning to a pain.
Refrain from giving it a name.
When there's a meaning to a pain!

When there's a meaning to a pain,
Correct and get it right!
Either...
Cross that bridge and forgive,
Or let the 'thing' burn.

When there's a meaning to a pain,
That hits.
Feel it and let it go.
Be quick,
Rid it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When 'They' Choose

No one,
Can turn a fool into a scholar.
With one on one instruction is refused.
And everything one can do has been done...
No one can turn a fool into a scholar.
Because a fool,
Will always claim something they know...
Gives them reason,
To not comprehend with an understanding...
The purpose to pay attention is in the moment.
Not when a fool decides,
They will do what they please...

When 'they' choose!

To do a nothing but make excuses,
With a blaming someone else...
For not having the patience to make them learn...

When 'they' choose!

And 'they' will always choose to be fools.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When They Choose To Do This

When one opens one's mouth to lie,
They show a disrespect.
And when they choose to do this...
Feelings for them grow less.

When someone consciously,
Disrespects their own steps...
What is left,
But to leave!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When They Don'T Possess The Balls!

Many make false claims,
To sensationalize their own lives.
They use others as decoys,
To hide and mask their own insecurities.
With backstabbings.
Character assassinations.
Malicious gossip and innuendo.
And familiar deceit and lies!
People like you and me,
Are singled out and victimized.
Why?
Because that is easier for someone to do,
When they don't possess the balls!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When They Have

When they have...
They care less who has not.
Few do care,
And that is shown.

When they had and now do not...
They seek empathy!
They seek relief from their grieving.
Unaccustomed to having their needs go unfulfilled,
Their eyes soften.
They become humbled.

This act had been used in the past!
But this is not historic.
What is...
Is their discovery of the act of caring.
This now,
Depends on their survival.
And they realize...
Few among them know how!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When They Initiate A Tension

I had to sever my emotions,
From those I had considered 'friends'.
You know...
The ones that want to dump their stress,
On another friend's shoulders.
While a dumping done to them...
They feel a right to publicly address.

And those 'so-called' friends...
Who express to others,
Your friendship to them has been their best...
Are relunctant to express truth as it is,
When they initiate a tension not to mention...
They believe others should accept not reject.

Well...
After going through undue duress,
A decision was made to guard my peace.
And my rest.
With no regrets at all.
Acknowledging I am grateful and blessed to not be stressed.

My purpose is not to be leeched for attention.
Unless that leeching is of mutual consent.
And a sincerity that is deeply given,
Is a sincerity felt and deeply meant!
I have had the experience of being conscious,
For much too long to know when something's wrong.

'You know I could never be like that! '

Now say that again.
But this time give me eye contact.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When They Moan

When they moan...
They are much upset.
And beset in troubled homes.

When they moan...
Storm clouds have arrived.
And they can not hide,
Their groans.
When they moan!

Fed up by the rise of lies,
Told about but denied.
And there is no where to put aside their pride,
When they moan.
With a besetting that upsets them...
In their troubled homes.
And displeasures once unknown are shown.
As they gather to scatter chatter,
That droans.
When they moan.

In voices now condoned,
They moan.
With a groaning shown and known,
From their homes.
Leaving no one left alone,
When the moaning droans.

Aye curumba!
With a groaning shown and known,
From their homes.
Aye curumba!
Leaving no one left alone,
When the moaning droans.
Aye curumba!
In voices now condoned...
They moan.
Aye curumba!
With a groaning shown and known,

From their homes.
Aye curumba!
Leaving no one left alone,
When the moaning droans.
Aye curumba!
In voices now condoned...
They moan.
Aye curumba!
With a groaning shown and known,
When they moan!

Dedicated:
To my Latino brothers and sisters,
experiencing injustices 'anywhere'...
all one day will be well.
Your struggles have not gone unnoticed.
And your contributions are duly noted!
I love you.
~LSP~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When They Recover

For those who have chosen,
To isolate themselves,
With a rush to abandon others not like them.
And awaken one day,
With hopes an empathy they can depend...
When a living in isolation,
Has not for them proven beneficial.

And today,
With realities staring them in the face...
They seek an existence less superficial.
With those who they now,
Feel they most identify.

Well...
They will discover when they recover,
It is a long walk back...
To a town without pity.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When They Want It

Those who want what they want,
When they want it...
Are distant from the concept of logic.

And the process of reasoning,
Is as remote from their understanding...
As is their feeling of an empathy.

The only thing they hear that is told,
Is anything that deals...
With the boosting of their ego.

And something given to them,
That can be polished to shine or glow...
Will quiet their temper tantrums everytime.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When They Were First Freshly Created

The only time people seem capable,
Of admitting a truth they seldom refuse to do...
Is when they have run out of others to use,
With a blaming to claim them to be...
The reason they had to defend themselves,
With new excuses and alibis made...
To keep an innocence accepted as believable!

'Finally they have arrived to value truth.
It is never too late for anyone to find the 'light'! '

They had to do something.
There was no one left they could rely upon to lie on.
And the only reason they came forward,
With the telling of the truth 'this' time...
Is that they could not remember which lie they used,
That was told and on who or when it was done to tell...
To keep as effective as when they were first freshly created.

'Oh?
So this had nothing to do with finding the light? '

I doubt it.
I think it had a lot to do with a discovery,
Of an intense heat that made them sweat.
And it wasn't from heaven sent!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When This Is Comprehended

There is something that can be said,
About those willing to learn
Entertain with those experiences,
They've obtained.
And attempt to teach.
I respect them for having the patience.

Some folks perceive their lives,
As a one shot deal to be entertained.
And they go about it,
With the feeding of this need.
And feeling themselves blessed,
They are not suffering poverty or homelessness.

And there are those who realize,
The blessings we have are given to us to test.
As God giveth
God taketh awayeth.
And when this is comprehended
The connecting of dots become easier to acknowledge.
And accomplish.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When This Oversight Is Mentioned

Sometimes that which to some becomes obvious,
To many taking it for granted stays invisible.
With a pride to defend what others find offensive,
When this oversight is mentioned.

Protests begin with an omitting of common sense.
Meaningless arguments start with no end to them.
And the ones to pay the price with attempts to convince...
There is evidence of ignorance,
Become victims of a truth too many refuse to see.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When Those Aspects Aren'T There To Nourish

Why would anyone,
Take it upon themselves to assume...
That someone else,
Who has been accustomed to being on their own...
Without them having a significant presence,
At anytime remembered and has been alone...
Suddenly awaken with a desire to fulfill an urge,
For something unknown but is craved to fill a void?

Some people wanting to establish long lasting relationships,
Should not wait until the need has exhausted...
The interest, reason, purpose or desire.
When those aspects aren't there to nourish...
What is the point?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When Time Has Played A Factor In Obtaining Knowledge

I've been forced to deal with 'aspects' of reality,
Most of my life.
And most of my life,
Never did I have wishes to flaunt a notoriety.
Or a skill I've obtained.
IF I was blessed or cursed to achieve it.

My folks had a 'thing' about being down to Earth.

I've never rehearsed what I've had to say to anyone.
Unless a 'character' I created while acting from a script...
Was prepared to light fire to a stage.
And I enunciated using every bit of tongue and lips.
With a throwing of my voice.
If I had to!
I've been trained in all of this!

And I was there to mesmerize!
Ready with emotions emoted under spotlight.
Not holding back one bit with a riveting performance.
Worthy of the attention given.

I learned early in life to know the difference,
Between 'acting' and being free of disguise.
Unfortunately,
Those who are not disciplined to know the 'art'
Of this skill...
Perceive it quite easy to steal scenes,
From a professional...
Who makes that look simple enough to do!
Oh no!
This is much more than a Halloween trick,
For untreated fools.

When time has played a factor in obtaining knowledge,
Identity 'and' confidence...
This,

Has to be shown to avoid further misunderstandings.

And these moments occur when others become upset...
Realizing I am the one directing them to the exit!
Exposing this ability to some for the first time.
And surprising a few,
Who had not witnessed this from their point of view before.
Just how qualified I am at what I do.
And how best to get it done to avoid any waste of movement.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When Times Like These Deceive

Which dreams are not worth me keeping?
And which ones left do I then pick?
Should I apply more focus and with emphasis?

Which ones should I minus to plus with more hope?
And which ones believed,
Am I guaranteed to receive?
When that boat I await towards me floats.

Even when times like these deceive,
Impossibilities I keep to reach...
Seem to me within my touch.
Even when times like these deceive,
I'm the one found seeking for 'my' reality...
From the truth others 'ditch' to fuss and cuss,
With a wish to enrich their delusions with tricks!
As if to promote with quotes,
A retrieving will come to be delivered and quick.

Which dreams are not worth me keeping?
And which ones left to pick,
Should I apply more focus and with emphasis?

Which ones should I minus to plus with more hope?
And which ones believed,
Am I guaranteed to receive?
If I patiently kept faith and got off my knees,
To make what I believe a possibility? !

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When Trust Goes

When a trust shown to have for another goes,
It is not coming back.
Even with attempts made to re-create it.
Even with a forgiveness one says to admit.
What has gone has a way to stay there forever.
And when this happens,
It is best to leave and not beg to believe...
What was done is going to be forgotten.
Becoming defiant only makes matters worse.
When trust goes after being shown to be known,
Get up and leave with it.
There is nothing left that can restore its affect,
To expect it effective.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When Truth Came To Knock

Very few standards kept are valued these days.
Making attempts to impress the neighbors next door,
With materialistic wishes to flaunt our 'things'...
Seems to have brought to bring to many less happiness.
With some who sought the basics of life,
Did not have to wait too long before their prized possessions...
Had overnight been repossessed and gone.
To leave them upset, depressed and in hiding.

Very few standards kept are valued these days.
And the ones willing to confess this,
Have already addressed their tears wept...
With those equally embarrassed,
After going through the same familiar steps.
Even though there are those who still desire to cling,
On their bling.
With a hope their charading stays masqueraded.

'What a relief to discover walking and exercise.
Had I known the benefits of this,
I would not have waited so long to decide...
Proper diet and being more conscious of my health,
Would satisfy me the way it has.
So glad I have decided to change my habits.'

~I did the same thing when truth came to knock.
And there a neighbor stood to ask...
If I was aware my personal mechanic,
Towed away my car just after midnight...
A few years ago.
To have work on it done.
I pretended I was surprised they noticed.~

'Isn't that a coincidence.
The same thing happened to me.
But I told them to keep the car.
I didn't need it anymore.
Since I was developing a new health regimen.'

~I can't believe this!
I said the exact same thing.
Today I am going to the pawn shop.
I am so tired of purchasing things I don't need.~

'Trust me.
I understand.
That's why I demanded,
To have a 'For Sale' sign placed...
In the front AND back of my house.
And just yeaterday I got a bus pass.
I decided I should travel more.
You know...
See the sights? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When Truth Is Eventually Faced

When truth is eventually faced...
Why do some embrace it with reluctance?
Everyday people pray,
For answers to come their way.
And when those answers to them come,
They are the first to either hide or run.
When truth eventually to them is faced.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When Truth To Them Is Revealed

Some who find their words disputed,
Refuse to argue an experienced life lived...
To face obstacles encountered.
And doing this to rid with facts of faith,
Without imagination to exaggerate.
May, if they chose to,
Listen to others but seldom become baited...
By those who live lives embellished.
And theatrically creative.
A bit too over-rehearsed.
And suspiciously imitated.

When truth to them is revealed,
Very few take facts into consideration.
Even one who has experienced life,
Begins to offend...
Someone urging to have an argument begin.
With a doing not to take,
Or replace embedded false beliefs...
To set aside or fade away for the sake of clarity.
When truth to them is revealed.

When truth to them is revealed...
Some can't take it.
They begin to shake.
When truth to them is revealed...
Some walk away and unable to face it.
When truth to them is revealed...
Some may sit.
And seem nervous as,
One with an itch.
When truth to them is revealed...
Some fake escapes with no apologies to make.
When the truth to them is revealed...
Some use excuses,
Of being abused.
To hide behind denial,
As a weapon to ignite a fuse.

Some can't take it.
When the truth to them is revealed.
And...
Some show shade,
To anyone who is in the 'light'.
When the truth to them is revealed.
And with it done polite.
Some can't take it.
To face it to embrace.
No!
Some will let their minds,
Just decay.
To defend pretense.
And...
Some will never take the truth to stay.
To defend pretense,
To keep it.
To defend pretense,
To keep it.
To defend pretense,
To keep it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When Truth Was Invited To Enter Into Our Lives

Deceit, deception, treason!
When have these factors not been used,
To abuse the lives of others?
And then to accuse those who have been victimized...
As enemies of the people.

This practice has been effectively used,
Throughout history.
But today,
For some reason...
Liars and their tactics are not so highly praised.

No one wishes to associate with them.
Regardless how exorbitant one gets paid.
Are we in the midst of experiencing a miracle?

And these are the days to be with us to witness,
When truth was invited to enter into our lives.
Spooky?
Yes!
But eventful and perhaps habit forming.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When Two Just Do Not Agree

We have different definitions of integrity.
You and I.
I prefer to nip things in the bud...
With eyes that are cleared.
Freed of cloudy assumptions and innuendos.
Since those I do not endear.

In fact,
I bother not to go near them.
They lead to bogus beginnings.
And I can't feed my mind,
On situations intertwined...
Reeking with falsities.

We have different definitions of integrity.
You and I.
With a seeing from a point of view that is eye to eye.
And that is an impossibility to do when two just do not agree.
On how to objectively induce the origin of truth,
To produce the enhancement of productivity.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When Two Meet To Become A We

There is a 'we' expected,
When happiness addressed is expressed.
And...
There is a 'we' that eventually is confessed,
With no one left to guess...
If a bonding presented is firmly set.

It is!
With a 'permanentness' that passes tests.

How wonderful can moments be?
When two single people meet,
To discover together there is a 'we'...
They both begin to feel and see.
And...
When two meet to become a we,
A love that blesses seems to be set...
For the rest of their lives!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When Undaunted

Often you could sing,
If this is wanted.
And choosing this to do,
To flaunt...
Can be often,
When undaunted.

When one arrives with eyes,
Open very wide to push aside...
Dislikes one has had,
To realize them minimized...
A doing what one wishes,
Is done often.

Walking in a slow stride,
In the pouring rain outside...
To do as one wishes,
Undaunted to do from a wanting...
To flaunt,
It will be chosen as one chooses often.

Take the time to feel your best,
Often.
Take the time to get some rest,
Often.
Face to rid those tests you get,
Often.
And happiness you can express,
Often.

'You seem so self-assured,
And full of yourself these days.'

~I am.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When Was The Last Time You Felt Rhythm

Name the last time you felt any rhythm.
And...
Do you remember the last time.
Do you remember feeling any hints of rhythm.
Do you remember the last time.
Do you remember the last time.
Do you remember feeling any hints of rhythm.
Do you remember the last time.
Do you remember the last time.

And...
Did you forget a feeling,
With a sense of beat.

How about your feet,
And...
Did they,
Attempt to pat.
And...
How about your feet,
And...
Did they,
Attempt to pat.

Do you remember the last time.
Do you remember feeling any sense of rhythm.
Do you remember the last time.
Do you remember the last time.

And...
How about your feet?
Did they attempt to pat.
And...
How about your feet?
And...
What was your reaction.

Do you remember the last time.
Do you remember feeling any sense of rhythm.

Do you remember the last time.
Do you remember the last time.
Do you remember feeling any sense of rhythm?
Do you remember the last time.
The last time.
The last time you had rhythm.

Do you remember the last time.
Do you remember the last time.
Do you remember feeling any sense of rhythm?
Do you remember the last time.
The last time.
The last time you had rhythm.

When.
When was the last time.
The last time you felt rhythm.
When?
When was that last time.
When?
When was that last time.
And when?
When was the last time.
The last time you felt rhythm.

And with who...
When was the last time.
And where...
When was the last time.
And how...
Did you get there!

And with who...
When was the last time.
And where...
When was the last time.
And how...
Did you get there!

And with who...
When was the last time.
And where...

When was the last time.
And how...
Did you get there!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When We Find Each Other Connecting

When you find me...
You will find us!
We together will know happiness.
And a flowing of that with trust.

When I see you...
I see more of me.
That side that refuses to give up!

When we find each other connecting...
We will never disconnect from us!

When you find me...
You will find us!
And that side we trust that never gives up.
When we find each other connecting.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When We First Met

To smile.
To greet.
To say hello to you,
Again when we meet.
And to begin a friendship
Based on that exchange.
Asking for first names...
And making our comments plain!
Let's not do anything strange.
Like changing your last name.
Or making commitments...
To make us change!
OR become estranged,
When we should have kept things the same...
When we first met and liked one another!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When We Had Been Lovers

If I looked at you again,
I know I would remember when...
We had been lovers.

If I looked at you again,
I know I would remember when...
There was no other,
Lover...
Who caused me much to suffer.

Even though today I'm reminiscing then,
When we were friends.
And...
Even though today I'm reminiscing then,
When our kissing would not end.

Even though today I'm reminiscing then,
When our troubles then began...
And you walked out the door,
To never see you...
Anymore.

If I looked at you again,
I know I would remember when...
We had been lovers.
A love discovered.

If I looked at you again,
I know I would remember when...
There was no other,
Lover...
Who caused me much to suffer.

Even though today I'm reminiscing then,
When we were friends.
And...
Even though today I'm reminiscing then,
When our kissing would not end.

Even though today I'm reminiscing then,
When our troubles then began...
And you walked out the door,
To never see you...
Anymore.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When We Live To Learn And Respect

When we live to learn and respect,
All benefits of life to us are given.
And we are able to succeed,
Through any circumstance.

It seems to me...
Over the many years of my own observation,
Those who know love are the most successful.
Whether blessed to have a yacht...
Or sitting in a park tossing peanuts to pigeons.

When we live to learn and respect,
All benefits of life to us are given.
And we are able to succeed,
Through any circumstance.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When We Were Happy

Give me nothing but your love.
Love to get like you use to give it.
That's all I wish.
To get over a deficit of it.

Your promises and my deferred dreams,
Has left me feeling weak.
And depleted by your schemes.
As if you are fixated by a fetish it seems.

Give me nothing but your hugs and kisses.
That's all I miss.
That's all I wish.
Why have you escalated from the basics.
When that's all we had as I remember it.

In the beginning,
When we were happy.
Before you decided,
To tweak and accessorize it into deep debts.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When We Were Sharing

Anything from my past,
That now surprises you...
Shouldn't.
I gave you my complete,
And focused attention.

Perhaps when we were sharing,
With a spoken caring done...
And developing of our interests,
We both had our minds fixed...
On you!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When Were The Facts Ever Accepted?

False hope has been achieved for decades.
With a reality of it in abundance that sits.
Leaving reality to face denied and resisted.
As a negativity visits to defend without end.
Keeping false hope alive as if truth has died.

And that which offends is ignored to pretend,
The ones who come to introduce truth produced...
Are not friends to welcome but enemies on the loose,
To isolate and reduced to name calling and shame.
With a purpose to keep a game unchanged.

'Why are the facts kept ignored? '

When were the facts ever accepted?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When Will They Wake Up To See

A fated greed is celebrated.
Who becomes destroyed.
The needs of people are negated,
Yet who is annoyed.
Ambitious wishes to deceive,
Has the wicked on their knees.
Rulers they will never be.
Nor decoys employed.

When will they wake up to see,
Only One God there will be.
But continue they believe,
The Earth is just their toy!

A fated greed is celebrated.
Who becomes destroyed.
The needs of people are negated,
Yet who is annoyed.
When will they wake up to see,
Only One God there will be.
But continue they believe,
The Earth is just their toy!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When Within My Private Space

I have no time to waste.
Or flair to share.
Nor will I show a false face,
To someone who may be physically attractive...
But has no clue how to spell intimacy.
Or know its location,
Anywhere.

When within my private space.
And I know what it takes,
For my attention to begin thinking...
Of a serious relationship to take place.
Intimacy is where I wish to be!

Unlike Dorothy and Toto,
I am not wishing to get back to Kansas from Oz!
When I'm clicking my heels,
I expect two of us to do that job!
In the heat of whirlwind passion.

When packages are unwrapped,
To touch AND taste...
There has to be intimacy prioritized.
If not,
My interest fades.
Quicker than a tornado takes breathes away.

It is not all about looks.
Or even how great one cooks.
If one can not kiss,
Or know how to fire up...
Rhythm in the hips?
What is the point of it?
Companionship?

I see birds, squirrels...
And hug a few trees,
On a daily basis.

If anything I am given...
And it is free?
The top on my list,
Is intimacy!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When Woes Once Had Up And Go

Isn't the feeling fantastic,
When a past that has been lived...
Can be reminisced without regrets.
And every step forward has made a difference,
With remembered obstacles that had been left...
As a reminder of tests that have become valued assets.

Isn't 'that' feeling to reminisce fantastic!
When each experience remembered,
As a step forward towards a peace of mind achieved...
Is with a happiness discovered and a clarity believed,
To know it had been faith kept to face each obstacle met.
And not the limitations of possessed fear to accept and protect.

IF it wasn't for a faith with me I kept,
I'd be a moaner pushing nothing but woe.
And IF it wasn't for a faith with me I kept,
I'd have more woes to unload.

IF it wasn't for a faith with me I kept,
I'd be a moaner pushing nothing but woe.
And IF it wasn't for a faith with me I kept,
I'd have nothing but woes to show.

Isn't the feeling fantastic...
When woes once had up and go!
Isn't the feeling fantastic...
When woes once held no longer show.

IF it wasn't for a faith with me I kept,
I'd be a moaner pushing nothing but woe.
Yes the feeling's fantastic,
When those woes held up and go!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When You Are Done Feeding Yourself On Lies

You have repeatedly shown,
You have no regard for me.
One day when your eyes have cleared,
You will acknowledge how much of your life
I have nourished.
And my contributions to your survival,
You have despised...
Will be freed from your deceptions.
And your ability to slander...
Is chased away by remorse and honesty.
When you are done feeding yourself on lies...
Only then will you begin to respect my worth!
With a polishing done to your own.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When You Ask Me To Critique

When you ask me to critique,
With an opinion that is honest.
Don't expect me to deceive you...
With a sweetened tongue.
And the taste I leave you...
Hints of a bit of salt.
As you prepare to deliver to me pepper.

When you ask me to critique...
I go for the meat.
Not the heat,
When one may be wishing to be honey dipped.
Or perhaps thrown a kiss!

When you ask me to critique,
There is no sweetness dripped!
Unless the offering is fantastic.
And hits a spot I can not resist...
But sit,
And enjoy every nibble of it!
When you ask me to critique.

That's what I will do!
But I rather not to.
Since like you...
I don't enjoy everything I am served.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When You Bore Of The Dishin' That You'Re Gettin'

When you bore of the dishin' that you're gettin',
Just come to me.

When you bore of the dishin' that you're gettin',
Just come to me.
Come to me.

Oh,
When you bore of the dishin' that you're gettin',
Just come to me.
Come to me.
And I'll be there to rescue each and all your needs.

I don't bother teasing when I aim to please.
You'll see...
Whenever you come to me.

When you bore of the dishin' that you're gettin',
Just come to me.

When you bore of the dishin' that you're gettin',
Just come to me.
Come to me.

Oh,
When you bore of the dishin' that you're gettin',
Just come to me.
Come to me.
And I'll be there to rescue each and all your needs.

I don't bother teasing when I aim to please.
You'll see...
Whenever you come to me.

When you bore of the dishin' that you're gettin'.
When you bore of the dishin' that you're gettin'.
When you bore of the dishin' that you're gettin'.
Just come to me.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When You Call My Name

When you call my name.
Don't think of me a beast.
I did my best
And you arrested me in doubt.

When you call my name...
Don't put the blame on me.
You did admit
That we should quit
Whatever this was...
And what's done is dead!

WHY do you take time to bother me?
WHY can't your mind just rest in peace?
WHY are your trying to be so sweet?
My bitterness increases.

When you call my name.
Don't think of me a beast.
Don't think the dial tone that you hear...
Is tinged with deep hidden affection,
That has long decreased.

There is no goodness left done I can do for you!
Especially when doing my best,
To have you say I am good for nothing!
I should accept these rejections and dance?

When you call my name...
Don't put the blame on me.
You did admit
That we should quit
Whatever this was...
And what's done is dead!

My roaring days are gone!
Is that what you expected?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When You Close Your Eyes

If you see me bleed,
Without coming to my comfort to aid.
Will you bare the wound,
Upon the nakedness of your consciousness...
Yet to come.
Will you do what the others have done?
Run?

Or will the unhealing scars inflict,
Upon your mind and sit?
To stitch together cries in silence.
Tormenting a sleeplessness.
Weaving to knit with relentlessness.
When you close your eyes,
Anytime...
Your thoughts of me,
Are not expected to arrive.
Or leave to complete this pattern.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When You Cry

When you cry...
Are you feeling mislead?
Wondering why as you sigh,
How you got where you are...
With that pain inside!

When you cry...
From a place that's hurting.
Do you feel deserted?
Knowing that your weeping
Is not deserved!

When you cry...
And the tears are falling.
Do you then realize,
It's hard to fake
A heart that aches.

And you can not shake the breaking!

When you cry...
Do you wish to be held?
By the very someone,
Who brought to you
Overwhelming hell!

Wake up from this spell!

When you cry...
Does revenge cross your mind?
And you sit bitterly,
With a wish you could kick...
Someone's behind.

When you cry,
Are you trying to release...
Every ounce of hurt,
By the one who left...
A pile of dirt!

When you cry...
Has it dawned on you?
No one else does it,
Like you do.

Proving,
You're left screwed.

And crying like you do,
Makes it true...
You're the fool!

And crying like you do...
Leaves no sympathy for you!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When You Dump Dung

When you,
Dump dung.
Do it in a place to be used.
With someone else who'll accept,
What you do.
As if...
You've got something that nourishes.

I said,
...
Do it in a place to be used.
With someone else who'll accept,
What you do.
As if...
You've got something that nourishes.

When you dump dung,
With a stinging that stuns...
It only closes up eyes.
It doesn't open up a mind,
To empathize...
The reason or the why for the doing.

When you dump dung,
With a stinging that stuns...
It only closes up eyes.
It doesn't open up a mind,
To empathize...
The reason or the why for the doing.

When you,
Dump dung.
Do it in a place to be used.
With someone else who'll accept,
What you do.
As if...
You've got something that nourishes.

I said,

When you dump dung...
Do it in a place to be used.
With someone else who'll accept,
What you do.
As if...
You've got something that nourishes.

When a dummy does a dung dumped.
Nobody stays around but runs to hide.
To leave before the spreading of the stench comes.

When you,
Dump dung.
Do it in a place to be used.
With someone else who'll accept,
What you do.
As if...
You've got something that nourishes.

When a dummy does a dung dumped.
Nobody stays around but runs to hide.
To leave before the spreading of the stench comes.
With a finding they've been brushed aside.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When You Finish Your Swim In The Moat

When you finish,
Your swim in the moat...
Cross that draw bridge.
Lock it and leave.

Make sure its up to dust and rust.
And take your fantasies...
But leave my key!

You live in castles in the air too much!
Not a bill you pay,
To keep this groove here going.
You have criticized my efforts enough!
And what you think attracts...
Pack it up and carry it on your back.
Find another you can leech,
And sack!

When you finish,
Your swim in the moat...
Cross that draw bridge.
Lock it and leave.

Make sure its up to dust and rust.
And take your fantasies...
But leave my key!
And when you cross that draw bridge.
Lock it and leave.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When You Know Yourself

Don't wonder about it!
Things have changed for you,
Dramatically.
Especially...
When you have passed your own image,
Reflecting...
From a storefront window.

And you return to get a second look.
Believing you saw someone you recognized,
Inside...
As you were strolling by.
And you stop to stare.
Realizing you still do.
It's you!

It's just that you have spent too much time,
On the outside.
And you smile...
At yourself.
Feeling happy you are blessed.
Knowing so many are upset...
With the affects of aging.

And you...
Step spryly away.
As someone waves to get your attention,
With a grin to convince...
You can spend your last dime,
On something you can least afford.

When you know yourself....
There is little else you need!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When You Last Visited

With the wearing of emblems and symbols,
To declare a faith and belief to profess...
They've been saved and they show this has been addressed.
And the many who do this believe they've been released,
From creating to initiate chaos and confusion...
In their minds they keep affirmed until the seeking is reached.

And the ones not affiliated,
To designate themselves followers of a denomination claimed...
Are often solicited with a nitpicking them into guilt and shame,
For expressing their choice to stay away from hypocrites...
Found to gather in numbers to congregate their hidden ills,
As if to pray away the decadence and filth within them instilled.

'But you can not have a true relationship with God,
If you keep yourself separated from the church.'

~I find that odd...
That a bird, tree, blade of grass or any animal I pass,
Seem to exist without conflict.
And those who sit with their issues and conflicts,
Are more disturbed but quick to defend...
A teaching of The Word they do not listen to comprehend.~

'You are a heathen and you are going straight to hell.'

~Gee!
That sounds frightening.
But tell me this since you are experienced.~

'What's that? '

~When you last visited,
Was it really as hot as you remembered it? ~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When You Left I Did A U-Turn

When you left I did a U-Turn.
And prevented my feelings from yielding.
After being burned I have learned,
Never hop back in hot spots.

When you left I did a U-Turn.
And whether or not you ever return,
My heart has been cautioned...
To stop with a never looking back.

When you left I did a U-Turn.
And prevented my feelings from yielding.
After being burned I've learned,
Never hop back in hot spots.

When you left I did a U-Turn.
And whether or not you ever return,
My heart has been cautioned...
To stop with a never looking back.
With a packing of my things to step forward,
And go...
From a closed door.

To stop with a never looking back.
With a packing of my things to step forward,
And go...
From a closed door.

With a packing of my things to step forward,
And go!

When you left I did a U-Turn.
With a packing of my things to step forward,
And go!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When You Push

When you push...
Don't turn your back upon a cliff.
Or try to balance on the edge of it.
When you push.

When you push...
Don't think for a moment,
I will insist you resist this!
Or think not to inflict...
An exchange with you conflict!

When you push...
And you have been warned!
A visit to your end will come to you quick.
As your fingertips slip...
From that cliff,
With my assistance.
When you continue to push!
And push.
And push!

Think of it,
As a gift to realize your wishes.
When you push to give...
Expect to receive!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When You Read Me

When you read me...
Look into my eyes.
There you will find my heart.
And my soul...
You will discover,
Exposed!
When you read me.

When you read me...
Feel me deep and come closer.
I want my breath,
To heat upon your neck.
I want to lick the nape of it.
And I wish my lips for you to possess.

And when you read me,
Trembling in my arms to hold.
You would know then,
I am...
To be taken quite seriously.
When you read me...
Your hunger and desire,
Will be fed to throb for more and more.
In an approval,
That will bait to keep you hooked!

When you read me,
You will know...
I am like no other!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When You Rush To Judgement

You have no idea,
What you've done.
You have no idea...
None.

You have no idea,
What you've done.
You have no idea...
Not a one.

Oh, oh, oh...
When you rush to judgement,
Your emotions are your worst enemy.
When you rush to judgement,
Your emotions are your worst enemy.
When you rush to judgement,
Your emotions are your worst enemy.
When you rush to judgement.
Oh, oh, oh...
When you rush to judgement.
To pass your judgements,
When you rush to judgement.

You have no idea,
What you've done.
You have no idea...
None.

You have no idea,
What you've done.
You have no idea...
Not a one.

When you rush to judgement,
You have no idea.
No idea.
None.
When you rush to judgement,
No one has an idea...

What they've done.
When you rush to judgement,
What one does...
Affects more than one.
When you rush to judgement.
When you rush to judgement.

You have no idea,
What you've done.
You have no idea...
None.

Oh, oh, oh...
When you rush to judgement,
Your emotions are your worst enemy.
When you rush to judgement,
Your emotions are your worst enemy.
When you rush to judgement,
Your emotions are your worst enemy.
When you rush to judgement.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When You See My Pup Do Poopie

Your dog bit my dachshund,
When my pup took a poop at Ben's.
I was looking into the backyard,
From a window in Ben's kitchen.

You have a rottweiler...
And my daschsund for him,
Is no competition.
That 'thing' needs to be leashed.
Muzzled and restrained!
It's obvious there's no training going on...
And I have refrained myself,
From inflicting it with my brand of pain.

Your dog bit my dachshund,
When my pup took a poop at Ben's.
If this should happen again to my pup,
I'll dropp kick that 'thing'...
And we will end as friends!
When you see my pup do poop again,
Don't smile as if you're proud
As if that is allowed...
Bring that damn thing in!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When You Solicit My Opinion

When you solicit my opinion...
Do not become surprised,
If I do not respond!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When You Think About Your Gifts From God

When you think about your gifts from God...
Don't be limited,
With the gifts God gives.

And when you think about those gifts from God...
Don't just sit around,
With your head held down.

You gotta get up in the groove and move.
You do!
Just move,
And groove.
You gotta do it...
And,
You gotta get up in the groove and move.
You do!
Just move,
And groove.
You gotta do it!

When you think about your gifts from God...
Don't be limited,
With the gifts God gives
And...
When you think about those gifts from God...
Don't just sit around,
With your head held down.

You gotta get up in the groove and move.
You do!
Just move,
And groove.
You gotta do it...
And,
You gotta get up in the groove and move.
You do!
Just move,
And groove.
You gotta do it!

When you think about your gifts from God...
Don't be limited,
With the gifts God gives.
And..
You gotta get up in the groove and move.
You do!
Just move,
And groove.
You gotta do it,
And,
You gotta get up in the groove and move.
You do!
Just move,
And groove.
You gotta do it,
And,
You gotta get up in the groove and move.
You do!
Just move,
And groove.
You gotta do it,
And,
When you think about your gifts from God...
Don't be limited.
Take your eyes off the ground!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When You Wish

When you wish,
Be careful what you wish for.
When you wish.
Try hard not to be foolish.
When you wish,
No matter what it is.
You might get it.
And wish you hadn't wished.

So when you wish,
Be careful what you wish for.
When you wish.
Try hard not to be foolish.
When you wish,
No matter what it is.
You might get it.
And wish you hadn't wished.

Don't be the one to open doors you want left closed.
Because you wanted to be free of misery,
You wished would leave from you quickly.

Don't be the one who thinks by letting go to show.
A relationship of arguments,
Will not be ever missed.
'Cause when you wish that one to go,
That one you let go might be missed.

So when you wish,
Be careful what you wish for.
When you wish.
Try hard not to be foolish.
When you wish,
No matter what it is...
You might get it.
And wish you hadn't wished.

When you wish,
Be careful what you wish for.

When you wish.
Try hard not to be foolish.
When you wish,
No matter what it is.
You might get it.
And wish you hadn't wished.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When Your View Broadens

You misunderstand,
With a disconnection from one thing misunderstood.
My interest in you had been as a mate.
With a sharing deep in honesty.
That leaves nothing secret with a guessing,
To believe or perceive later when much too late...
Those feelings I had for you were not faked based.
Or something kept deceived,
To allow me from you I would eliminate to take.

And hopefully one day you will realize that as a fact.
To have it dawn on you when your view broadens.
With clouds diminished from your eyes that are cleared.
To know in your heart when it becomes re-attached,
That...
Only fools seek to sleep with one who competes.
And I haven't been or ever will be a fool,
To feel that kind of desperation to share...
With a giving of my life with love and devotion.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When You'Re Feeling Not Quite Your Best

How are you really feeling when you're feeling,
Not quite your best as some expect?
When performing for others becomes a test.

How are you really feeling when you're feeling,
Not quite your best as some expect?
And you would rather relax and rest?

Do you do what some do and go through the steps?
Only to not care what steps to do next?
With a wish you had an understudy...
To do what you do but only better yet.

How are you really feeling when you're feeling,
Not quite your best as some expect?
And to be able to get away it with no regrets.

Praying someone will remember when,
You bettered your best efforts.
As if renewed by an energy...
With a hunger to impress.
And what you are now offering...
They are willing to help you to quickly forget!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When You'Re In A Better Mood

Give me a quick kiss before you leave.

'No.
I did that last night.
Remember?

On both cheeks,
When I licked them.
I'm not into half moons.'

And I am not into quick sex,
Half stepped either.

Call me later when you're in a better mood.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When You'Re Making Up

When you're making up,
Make it good.
Make it to erase.
All things misunderstood.

When you're making up,
Let go and let be,
Don't redo those little details...
Of disharmony.

Dismiss and let it show,
That forgiveness is the key.
Dismiss and let it show,
To forget is to succeed.

When you're making up,
Dismiss to distance what has been.
When you're making up,
Recharge with a redoing to begin again.
When you're making up,
Promise and mean it to let the past end.
When you're making up...
Don't re-ignite details,
To hang on or bring up in argument to mention.

When you're making up,
Make it good.
Make it to erase.
All things misunderstood.

When you're making up,
Let go and let be,
Don't redo those little details...
To retrace with a ceasing of disharmony.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When You'Re On The Scene People Leave

Oh, Baby!
Do you think you're kinda high?
Do you think you're much too high,
To come down with us...
To appreciate the sky!

Oh, baby!
No need to fly a kite.
No need to keep an ego floatin' round the moon,
To dim the bright light!

Too much of you is more than needed to believe,
You are just company.
Too much of you is twinkling brighter than a star,
Than we've ever seen.
And when you're on the scene,
People leave!
Oh, oh!

Baby,
Do you think you're much too high?
Do you think you're much too high,
To come down with us...
To appreciate the sky!
And oh-oh,
Say baby...
No need to fly a kite.
No need to keep an ego floatin' round the moon,
To dim the bright light!

Awww...
Too much of you is more than needed to believe,
You are just company.
And oh-oh,
Too much of you is twinkling brighter than a star,
Than we've ever seen.
And when you're on the scene,
People leave!

You stir up envy in them and it shows in their jealousy.
See how they mope?
As if you've sucked up their hope!
You stir up envy in them and it shows in their jealousy.
See how they mope?
As if you've sucked up their hope!

Oh, Baby!
Do you think you're kinda high?
Do you think you're much too high,
To come down with us...
To appreciate the sky!

Oh, baby!
No need to fly a kite.
No need to keep an ego floatin' round the moon,
To dim the bright light!

Awww...
Too much of you is more than needed to believe,
You are just company.
And oh-oh,
Too much of you is twinkling brighter than a star,
Than we've ever seen.
And when you're on the scene,
People leave!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When, In Actuality...

If one has spent,
A lifetime of feeding upon nonsense...
With an unquestioned defending of it,
Difficult will it be...
To free one from such a mindset,
Of restricted limitations...
That does not afford one,
Eye opening and boundless visions...
Expanding one's consciousness.

Especially,
When there has been an enforcement to label...
Those around one,
As weirdos, misfits and freaks.
The very ones they have been taught to despise,
With a disrespect that is complete.

When,
In actuality...
These are the people who are 'not' in desperate need,
To change their lives.

When,
In actuality...
People like this long ago ostracized,
May have been the ones criticized...
However,
Reality has always been a consciousness for them lived.
And not one attempted to hide.

And today,
Those now found crying with tear duct swollen eyes...
Have too late awakened to realize,
Every known aspect of their lives...
Has been totally based upon manipulation.
And a deception of beliefs...
That has thrived upon platforms of lies and denials.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

When, Where And Done Effectively

Once anyone begins to accept lies,
As their knowledge to obtain...
Without taking steps to investigate,
And verify what to them has been told...
That's it.
They should not expect anything different.

Once anyone begins to accept lies,
As their knowledge to obtain...
To 'then' become suspicious of the truth,
When meeting it to be introduced...
Confusion will be theirs for the rest of their lives.

And remember this...
Demons have no interest in being honest.
That is not their business.
And once this is exposed to become known,
They are quick to show how malicious they can be.

Once anyone begins to accept lies,
As their knowledge to obtain to excuse themselves...
Behind alibis to hide,
They can forget attempting to impress,
Those who have already accepted truth with it known...
To feel from anyone unafraid to express it.
And addresses it with an expectation it be shown.

Anyone who quotes from someone else...
Who is not in the presence of those listening to hear,
Know this with a consciousness immediately...
You have given them yet another opportunity,
To either exaggerate or embellish what isn't true.

Once anyone begins to accept lies,
Without taking it upon themselves to investigate truth...
They have allowed themselves to be recruited,
By demons who know exactly what they do...
When, where and done effectively to prove fools are there!

Never debate with those who lie,
Deceive and attempt to convince as a means of defense.
Allow patience and time to reveal their doing as obvious.
Trust and keep faith those who fake create their own fate.
And the results are seldom pretty to witness when done.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Whenever And Wherever

Why is ignorance so prevalent,
As shown by those who believe...
They have been gifted to release it,
Whenever and wherever...
They perceive others,
Wish to have it known with a showing...
It is theirs to have in abundance.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Whenever Challenged

Are they out of touch?
Not really.
When have you known ego maniacs,
Not willing to massage themselves?

And if they can afford to do it publicly,
They will throw in a few dollars...
Just to prove they have one concern.
And that has nothing to do with other people.

Or the faking of a sincerity that is quickly erased.
And whenever challenged they will place a bet,
With a vying to get attention and doing that at their best.
Just to make it known and clear what they enjoy caressing.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Whenever I Have A Need To Know

It's foolish for you to assume
That I can not feel you.
It is also foolish to believe,
We are within boundaries
The mind receives for limitations
To be perceived.
I have no wishes to project
That kind of adventure on my thoughts.
I'm sending and receiving waves of conditions,
Like a charged up proton to put sizzle in your neutron.
Accepted and part of our atmosphere.
Remember that thought about us you tossed away?
Well...
I caught it.
You may be on awareness lockdown...
And in need of clarity.
Here it comes!
I don't have to be around...
To be 'around'!
The Almighty provides me with plenty of assistance.
Whenever I have a need to know.
My Master and I have got it like that!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Whenever I Wished

I never thought I would be,
The one in need of love.
I had been the one giving,
And not receiving it.
On the basis of my wishes dreamed.
When young and hopes unfulfilled,
Seemed so far away.

I never thought I would be,
The one in need of love.
I knew it would be easy for me.
To have it near me sit as company.
Like a pet accepting.

And here I sit without the love I wish.
Even though in my younger years,
It was given to me too quickly.
And perhaps that is why it was dismissed.
I thought I had to qualify for it,
As a prerequisite.
To have it never go away.

I never thought I would be,
The one in need of love.
I had been giving and not receiving it.
On the basis of my wishes dreamed.
And those wishes seemed for me,
To come have come too easy...
Then.

I never thought I would be,
The one in need of love.
I knew it would be easy for me.
To have it near me sit as company.
Or so I thought.
But I did not see me aging,
Without it near to be given whenever I wished.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Whenever It Decides The Moment To Arrive

It may appear,
That another's suffering and pain...
Is theirs alone to endure.

It may appear like that,
To those viewing it...
From distances believed,
Protected and safe as they sit!

And it may take years,
For what on the 'outside' to come,
And appear before those with indifferences.
But it comes unexpectedly.
Without warning.
Announcements.
Or an acceptance proclaimed with cheers.

Leaving those with indifferences regretting.
But inflicted with a grief,
That offers to them no relief.
Or a quick sedation to assist the speed of forgetting.
When a pain comes to maintain a sustained visit...
It comes,
Whenever it decides the moment to arrive!
Especially to those,
Who are without empathy.
Whether felt or not!
Or chosen to keep hidden inside!

That,
Someday...
Will be addressed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Whenever One Feels In The Mood

Each to their own landscape to paint and frame.
With beginnings that start on a fresh canvas.
Simplistic or complex.
Timeless or in a specific future one decides to set.
To hang to exhibit or kept to share in privacy.
Or sitting alone enraptured for as long as one wishes.

Each to their own landscape to paint and frame.
To desire to visit whenever one feels in the mood.
For that established environment fit and made to choose,
Whenever...
One feels in the mood to choose what is wanted to do.
And does.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Whenever You Are Around

Who do you think you lie to?
When a lieing you do is too much.
And...
Who believes in the things you say?
Or is left impressed as if awestruck!

When you open your mouth,
An expected embellishment...
Is known to be heard that comes right out.
With that same exuberance fixed to a grin...
That leaves no one to wonder,
Why they are glued to a doubt you give to them.

And why do you even bother,
To detail your explanations?
There is no need for you to expound upon,
Your taste for wholesome exaggerations!

Who do you think you lie to?
When a lieing you do is too much.
And...
Who believes in the things you say?
Or is left impressed as if awestruck!

Even children today are bored with clowns.
Have you noticed them yawning,
Whenever you are around?

When you open your mouth,
An expected embellishment...
Is known to be heard that comes right out.
With that same exuberance fixed to a grin...
That leaves no one to wonder,
Why they are glued to a doubt you give to them.
With a wishing for them your performance ends!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Where All Paths Meet (One Map To Follow)

Take away these mind crunching days.
To snatch and stitch to another,
More wholesome...
Consciousness.
And once this is done benefits come.

Take those old beliefs,
With thoughts too limited from a past.
To scratch and not look back at them.
Everything about them,
Has to be garbaged to trash.

Today different paths taken,
On separate directions chosen to make...
Is more unified than before believed.
Reviewing with renewed vision,
More obvious it becomes to see...
There is just one map to follow.
One map to achieve our destiny.

Look at the map and how it is designed.
No matter what the path one chooses,
All paths cross in due time.
And with a broadening of a limited selfishness,
To forget and leave behind...
One can see similar tasks we all have to pass.
To meet at last as wished by The Divine.

Take away these mind crunching days.
To snatch and stitch to another,
More wholesome...
Consciousness.
To know there is only one map.
And once understood to comprehend,
We will come to respect...
Those who choose to take different paths.
From a beginning to twist and turn,
Some backs that may bend.
With it know as shown to expose the horizon,

All tasks to be passed to do separately...
Eventually brings us all together to meet.
Successfully.
When that map to see clearly is understood.

And with faith kept to believe,
All will come to see successfully...
When it comes to dawn upon One Horizon!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Where Am I When I'M Wondering

Your time is that time of mine,
I find most times in my mind.
Sometimes when you come I am there,
Awaiting patiently for you to appear.

Your time is that time of mine,
I find most times in my mind.
Awaken from deep sleep I do,
Knowing I'm sitting in your mind there too.

Most times my time is spent wondering,
If your time spent are thoughts of me?
And if they are not,
What thoughts are they?
And where I am when they drift away?

Your time is that time of mine,
I find most times in my mind.
Sometimes when you come I am there,
Awaiting patiently for you to appear.

Your time is that time of mine,
I find most times in my mind.
Awaken from deep sleep I do,
Knowing I'm sitting in your mind there too.

Most times my time is spent wondering,
If your time spent are thoughts of me?
And if they are not,
What thoughts are they?
And where am I when they drift away?
Drift away
Drift away
And where am I when they,
Drift away
Drift away
Drift away
And where am I when they,
Drift away

Drift away
Drift away
And where am I
When my time is spent,
Wondering
Wondering
And where am I
When my time is spent,
Wondering
Wondering
And where am I
When my time is spent,
Wondering
Wondering
Where am I when I'm wondering,
Of your thoughts when they drift away.
Drift away
Drift away.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Where And What Is My Purpose

Where and what is my purpose?

'You wont find it here.
It took me awhile to discover that on my own.'

But how?

'Allow yourself to be called a fool.
Choose to face those obstacles to remove them.'

Alone?

'No.
Send out invitations.'

And if no one comes?

'Well...
You will then know,
Eliminating the seeking of advice...
To adventure and experience YOUR life,
Is a beginning for you from which to start.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Where Angels Fear To Tread

Only fools rush in,
Where angels fear to tread.
Power mongers hungering,
Conflict and proof displayed...
Of an ignorance,
Not to delay...
With the use of common sense,
Has left those conscious...
Aware to comprehend,
How defenseless they are...
Against the presence of egos.
And attention seekers,
Determined to infuse and infest
With their stupidity.
Even angels are requesting,
To be re-assigned to missions..
That will enable them,
To identify...
Those not out of their minds.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Where Are The Dreams

Where are the dreams?
Once wished but now abandoned,
On the Moon and Stars.
Left to remain forgotten.
Where is that hope invested,
To get and receive...
An endless happiness.
With a patience kept to keep,
Faith!
To know from it,
Not to stray but stay.
And...
Have that many turned away,
From dreams to wish?
Not to want to get.
Or has the Moon,
And Stars shining so bright...
Seem today too far,
To await with patience...
For that happiness shared,
With another no longer there.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Where Are The Keepers?

Forgotten are the rules and benefits of love.
Where the keepers?
The true believers?
And...
Decreasing to diminish are the feelings of love.
Where are the keepers?
The ones who claim,
Love is a need.

Hip hoppers and pop rockers got a lot of love...
To groove.
Nonstop in their music.
And the mamas and the poppas,
Once the bobby-soxers...
Had approved.
But...
Where is 'that' love?

Everybody wants it,
But...
Where is 'that' love?

Everybody seeks it,
But...
Where is 'that' love?

Even from the pulpits preachers,
Talk about love.
And people on the streets are looking,
For 'that' love.
No one here would exist,
If it wasn't for love.
But,
Where are the keepers?
And,
The true believers?

Everybody wants it,
But...

Where is 'that' love?

Everybody seeks it,
But...
Where is 'that' love?

Even from the pulpits preachers,
Talk about love.
But,
Where are the keepers?
And,
The true believers?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Where Are The Minds Of The People

Where are the minds of the people,
Infected to manifest...
Negatve investments to get upset.

Where are the minds of the people,
Deluded...
With this pursued,
While attacking with bad attitudes...
Those who speak truth.

Where are the minds of the people,
Degraded but unphased...
To see relationships split,
Or witness them decay.

Where are the minds of the people,
Stuck like glue to 'things' they've got.
With a doing to impress when they should stop.

Where are the minds of the people,
Disrespecting...
And everyday,
Yet a togetherness with unity has been chased away.

Where are the minds of the people,
Caught in lies...
But depend they do on overused alibis.

Where are the minds of the people,
Fed on nonsense...
And convinced long lasting benefits,
Will leave them contented...
With a doing meant.

Where are the minds of the people,
With their sufferings shown.
Where are the minds of the people,
With their pities well known.

Where are the minds of the people,
Stuck like glue to 'things' they've got.
With a doing to impress when they should stop.

Where are the minds of the people,
With their sufferings shown.
Where are the minds of the people,
With their pities well known.

Where are the minds of the people,
With their sufferings shown.
Where are the minds of the people,
With their pities well known.

Where are the minds of the people,
Deluded...
With this pursued,
While attacking with bad attitudes...
Those who speak truth.

Where are the minds of the people,
With their sufferings shown.
Where are the minds of the people,
With their pities well known.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Where Are The Myths

And when they awakened,
From a deep sleep...
No one could convince,
It was reality creeping in!
No one could convince them,
It was of their creation.
A tasteless blend...
No one offered to recommend.
It was fed right in their sight.
How could this be?
This unsettling vision that frights!
Stark and bare without a hint of spice.
For decades it was there!
It was as clear as the blight ignored!
Even though this appeared to them everywhere.
Many prayed these 'sightings' would go away.
It was too painfully portrayed.
Sugarless and embittered seethings...
Preyed upon their doorsteps!
But it was indeed 'reality' they dismissed.
And it wasn't going anywhere!
It was there glaring.
And they insisted...
They had no idea it existed!
Where are the myths they knew?
Who chased them to drift...
With a shallowness dismissed.
Where are the myths they once pursued?
And who has delivered this?
To leave for the unbelieving...
As a tormenting joke!
Left to traumatize and cripple as it sits!
Where are the myths...
To protect a comfort,
Many knew for them would be sorely missed!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Where Are The Others

I'm the only one you can think of to come,
When the end of a rope...
A dangling you do has been done.
And you are upset because I express no regret,
When a life you chose to live...
You did with the showing to me much disrespect.

When I suffered through my needs,
You weren't there to assist.
When I sat in loneliness and cried for years...
Not one time during that period did you appear.

And now you are here on my doorstep to say...
What you should have done,
Could have been done my way.
But the advice I gave,
You refused to accept another.

Where are the others,
You claimed to be your brothers.
Where are the others,
You followed to leave me behind...
In a grief you didn't seem to mind,
At that time.

Where are the others?
Those who you claimed,
To have been your close brothers.
Where are your...
Brothers?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Where Are The People Who Say They Love

Evil is,
Something...
Some people need,
To feed on.

Evil is,
Something...
People choose to do,
To others done.

Evil is,
Something...
Some people need,
To feed on.

Evil is,
Something...
People choose to do,
To others done.

Where are the people who say they love.
To prove and show with this doing done.
And not permit evilness to come.

Where are the people who say they love.
To prove and show with this doing done.
And not permit evilness to come.

Evil is,
Something...
Some people need,
To feed on.

Evil is,
Something...
People choose to do,
To others done.
And do nothing to have it overcomed.

Where are the people who say they love.
Evil is,
Destructive.
Where are the people who say they love.
Evil is,
Unproductive.
Where are the people who say they love.
Evil is,
A chip on a shoulder.
Where are the people who say they love.
Evil is,
Taking over to control.
Where are the people who say they love.
Evil is,
Old.
Where are the people who say they love.
Evil is,
Cold.
Where are the people who say they love.
Where are the people who say they love.
Where are the people who say they love.

Evil is,
Something...
Some people need,
To feed on.
Evil is,
Old.
Where are the people who say they love.
Evil is,
Cold.
Where are the people who say they love.
Where are the people who say they love.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Where Are They Now?

I...
Am not the same,
As...
I use to be.
And...
Where are those use to be's,
People believed...
Would never leave.

No I...
Am not the same,
As...
I use to be.
No I'm not.
And I...
Hope I'll never, ever...
Remain,
Unchanged...
To stay the same.

I...
Am not the same,
As...
I use to be.
And...
Where are those use to be's,
People believed...
Should never leave.

And where are those,
Use to be's...
People believed,
Would never leave.

Where are they now?
Those use to be's...
People believed,
Would never leave.

And where are they now?
Where are they?
Those use to be's,
People believed,
Would never leave.

Where are they now.
Where are they?
Those use to be's,
People believed...
Would never leave.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Where Are You Going With This...'It'?

I sat to listen.
While jokes were made.
And I felt degraded to be laughed at.
To sit and feel both mental and physical pain.
Endured to keep concealed.

'Keep your focus and faith.'
Repeatedly within me I heard a voice,
Continue to say.
And I would stay doing just that.
Obeying.

I sat with perceptions of being deceived.
Too strong were these feelings.
Too strong I knew I 'had' to believe.

'Keep your focus and faith.
The acts of these epople are trivialized.
One day your eyes will clear.
And your mind will open wide.'

And days with years as tears I cried dried,
I would sit and wonder 'why'...
My expectations of others were kept so high.

'For those that do with a doing to achieve,
Obstacles will be placed on your path...
To test your faith.
And accomplish the removing them.
The removing of them you will succeed.
To then be awarded blessings received.'

Then I would ask after doubts would pass,
'Are You God? '
Only to feel a presence validated.
To leave me convinced...of 'IT'.

~Where are you going with this...'IT'? ~

Anywhere I choose.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Where Are You Going With This?

Who's side are you on anyway?

'I am on your side!
Now I am in the front.
See me go to the other side.
Now I've got your back.'

Where are you going with this?

'Across the street.
You think I've got all day,
To help you identify...
What's going on out here.
I've got things to do.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Where Are You?

I will not wait for you to find your pace.
Or hesitate for a breath you take.
I can not sit still in place,
To break this stride I need to make!

I will not wait for you,
To find your pace.
Or hesitate...
For a breath you take.
I can not sit still,
In place.
To break this stride...
I need to make!

Where are you?
Will you hurry up!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Where Could Is Be?

If 'is' is determined to be what 'is' is,
Then 'is' isn't what it is not.
It 'is' what is 'is'.
It can be debated but why contemplate that?
If it isn't what it 'is'...
Why can't that be settled as fact?
Unless someone decides to take what 'is' back?
And leaving that unknown to them,
Who believe 'is' is where it is at!
Having some to question...
What has happened to is?
And where could 'is' be?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Where Demographics Are Marketed

I can not be a true racist.
There is nothing I possess,
That controls or influences...
Whose lives I affect.

I am not a controller of quotas.
Nor can I influence those who do.
And I know no one influencial...
Who hires and fires,
Or decides who should choose.

I can not be a true racist.
There is nothing I possess,
That controls or influences...
Whose lives I affect.

If I am connected to the media,
I certainly do not own it.
And nothing I write to publish in print...
Has my last word,
Where demographics are marketed.
Or whose mind will be convinced.
Wherever the message I convey is sent!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Where Did The Whistle Blowers Go?

Where did the whistle blowers go?

Those who spoke truth,
Like those troops who fought...
In pursuit to protect.
Returning to a homeland,
Where they are shown disrespect...
And much neglect.
By those who champion insanity!
Not humanity.

Where did the whistle blowers go?

Those who attempted to show and keep you,
From being 'downsized' with jobs 'outsourced'.
The ones you were convinced,
To divorce while you sat to straddle fences.

It all now makes sense doesn't it?

But it is clear the ones you help to rid...
Aren't near to hear or support to share your whine!
Leaving you with plenty of time,
To do that effectively alone on your own!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Where Did You Come From?

Where did you come from?
And how did you manage...
To lift your tender petals,
Up through the cracks...
Born of steel and cemented,
Dispositions.
Surrounding the corolla...
Of your adorable leaves.

Where did you come from?
Are you set on committing suicide?
Do you not care,
Your beauty you can not hide.
I wish to pick you to keep you safe.
Although your bravery shown...
Seems to me so out of place.

Where did you come from?
And why do my eyes,
Fix upon you like they do?
Are you sharing with me,
I can be as brave as you?
And if you can do this...
I can too?
Is that the message you deliver?
To be as strong as possible...
No matter what I must go through?

Where did you come from?
And why do my eyes,
Fix upon you like they do?
Are you sharing with me,
I can be as brave as you?
And if you can do this...
I can too?
Is that the message you deliver?
To be as strong as possible...
No matter what I must go through?

And that is my choice to make?
To make that choice,
Is for me to choose?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Where Did You Get That 'Bad' Attitude?

Is it the front.
Or the back.
Or both sides of 'no',
You find so difficult to face?

'The 'no' is okay.
I find it acceptable.
It's your attitude I object to.
It offends and if I were you,
I would do my best to improve it.'

I thank you for your unsolicited advice.
However,
There is one thing certain that I can guarantee you.

'What is that? '

No matter how I deliver a 'no'...
You can leave immediately.
And from me you wont have to hear it twice.

'WHERE did you get that 'bad' attitude? '

Look!
Me telling you 'no'...
Does not include you asking me twenty questions.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Where Did You Leave Your Investment?

How can you seriously expect,
To be regarded as significant?
Nothing about you reflects a kept indentity.
And a dignity with self respect,
You've allowed to be neglected...
With no attempt made,
To protect your ethnicity...
Valued with increasing interest.

How can you seriously expect,
To be regarded as significant?
When and where did you leave your investment?
You've allowed to be neglected...
Your dignity and self respect!
And yet nonexisting dividends,
From your absence of kept persistence...
You believe is yours with a wish to get.
With a lack of concern and non-involvement,
As your only deposits made!

How can you seriously expect,
To be regarded as significant?
With a lack of concern and non-involvement,
As your only deposits made?
But it should be agreed...
Your denial has been successfully achieved.
And with it...
No one can dismiss your pretensions exhibited.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

'Where Do I Begin? '

One has to listen to comprehend.
And one has to interact with others,
With a respect given and it given back.

One has to observe body language.
And how that is interpreted,
With feelings to empathize to recognize...
As one's eyes and ears are opened wide.

One has to know Math, English and Psychology,
To deliver and receive,
In natural and believable conversation...
Without an ego exposed to leave that unseen.

'Are you kidding?
I don't want to do that.
I just want to act.
I want to be a star! '

Performing requires acts of devotion and discipline.
If you are not willing to begin with patience to do that,
You can forget any delusions to capture an audience...
Enraptured while you bathe in spotlight.

'Where do I begin? '

Picking up that broom to sweep the stage.
Then make sure every seat you see in the auditorium,
Is clean and in its proper place.
Then after you do that...
Take out the trash and before you leave ask anyone,
If there is something else left that you can do.

'But that's hard work! '

Trust me,
You will eventually learn to appreciate it.

'Who are you? '

The director.
And what I say goes.
Long before any bow you practice,
Is shown to anyone that 'might' sit in any seat...
You are going to clean.

'But you wont be in their view.'

Neither will you if you keep wasting,
Not only 'your' time but 'mine'.
Here take the broom.

'And all this time I thought you were the janitor.'

You want to be a star?

'Yes. A big star.'

That's good to hear.
I've got some toilets I want to introduce to you.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Where Do We Go

Where do we go.
After running away from facing the facts.
And where do we,
After fingerprints are left...
On shoulders of those,
We have stabbed in the back.
Where do we go?
To remove this act from our minds.

Where do we go.
To minimize the pain upon ourselves inflicted.
Where do we go?
From misdeeds that haunt,
With them to flaunt but wish to forget.
And where do we go,
To ask forgiveness from the ones...
For the choices we made to find no escape.
AND...
Where do we go to eliminate the heartache,
To feel as if it sits permitted.

'Hold up here.
What are you talking about 'we'?
Where do WE go?
If you had not noticed,
I'm not going in your direction.
Whatever it is you did with it done to do,
You did it to yourself.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Where Do You Go?

Where do you go,
When the Moon is full and glows.
As the stars twinkle against clear skies.
Where do you go?
So quickly to vanish from my sight.
I look to the left.
I look to the right.

Where do you go,
When the Moon is full and glows.
And romance is wished...
With your whispers in my ears as we kiss lips.
Where do you go?

So neat from the tree...
Your clothes would hang,
As if something you tease we will do,
Secretly.

And I sit to wonder if...
That wolf I hear howling in the distance,
Knew I waited for you patiently...
In complete nakedness.
Under a tree...
As your clothes hanging from its branches,
Would sway mysteriously...
With the gentle blowing of Summer wind,
Through the rustling leaves.
Each full Moon...
I've noticed how you tease.

Where do you go?

I am...
Freakin' just a little bit.
You freak me out a little bit.
I'm freakin' just a little bit.
I am, I am...
Freakin' just a little bit.

You freak me out a little bit.
I'm freakin' just a little bit.
I am wondering...
Where do you go?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Where Does One Go

A brain one has,
With a mind not used much...
Can be considered as dangerous.
To suspect any thought expressed,
As a thought coming from someone...
Difficult to trust.

People like this can be fleeced.
And led like sheep.
To know them to be lost of consciousness.
Even with eyes appearing to be open,
The process of thinking is not deep.
Nor are their decisions made,
Dependable or can be believed.

And who keeps the pressure,
To become stressed out?
The ones who associate with them,
Awaiting for 'anything'...'something'...
Said that connects to thoughtfulness,
That makes sense coming from their mouths.

Bartenders, doctors...
And those unknown at 'happy' hour,
Are often the ones sought to approach...
Where those feel the freedom,
To spill their guts and leave with sore throats.
Because all that people like this want,
And wish to get...
Is someone pretending they are listening...
With it done to nod as if they comprehend.
Nothing more. That's it.

And when someone finds,
They are in this situation with it wanted to rid...
Difficult it is to explain this to a spouse.
Or a mate who has questionnable appreciation.
So where does one go,
To be with others they don't know...

Who will show them 'some' respect?
To either a doctor who pretends to hear and listen.
Or to a bar...
Where they are guaranteed to numb a nagging pain.
Or something on their mind,
They have a need to immediately forget.

'I'll take a bottle of scotch.
Two beers.
A lime slice.
And a shot of OJ to chase it with.'

~Sounds like you've had a long day? ~

'Hopefully I wont remember any of it.
Here is my driver's license and car keys.
Have someone just drop me at the door.
And I'll leave you this tip...
Leave and not argue with anyone,
Who has convinced you...
You are the one stupid.'

~Okay.
I wont stay and argue.
And I thank you for that tip.
I just hope one day you will acknowledge it.~

'Oh.
Change that scotch,
To a bottle of rum.
With ginger or coke.
I want to do a slow roll off the bar stool.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Where Does One Go To Rent A Forklift?

When egos are bruised,
Some choose to use the opportunity...
To slide their rears to appear on shoulders.

'And you?
What is it that you choose to do? '

Well...
I've been accused of having a huge ego.
Much too big to carry on my shoulders,
So...
I try to convince my correctness,
Is a part of my DNA others should accept.

'That's ego! '

No.
Self esteem would be more appropriate.

'And when that is bruised...
How huge does that get?
And when that happens...
Where does one go to rent a forklift? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Where Does This End?

Through the madness.
Through the blowing winds that test,
With each storm that pushes...
Me away to become upset,
I come back to you...
To stay,
For good.

Through the arguments,
And fits.
Through the door I slam to say,
'That's it! '
I come back again to begin,
Again.
WHERE does this end?

Through the madness.
Through the blowing winds that test,
With each storm that pushes...
Me away to become upset,
I come back to you...
To stay,
For good.

Where does this end?
My heart needs to rest.
Where does this end,
I'm losing my breath.
And when does this start our happiness,
To know our love can survive.

Where does this end?
My heart needs to rest.
Where does this end,
I'm losing my breath.
And when does this start our happiness,
To know our love can survive...
Through all the storms.

Through the madness.
Through the blowing winds that test,
With each storm that pushes...
Me away to become upset,
I come back to you...
To stay.
But...
Where does this end?
My heart needs to rest.
Where does this end,
I'm losing my breath.
And when does this start our happiness,
To know our love can survive...
Through all the storms.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Where Egos Are Fed

No one wants to understand,
Why times are the way they are!
Why more people are acting strange,
And bizarre.
Yet everything that has brought these changes,
Have been fed by those deranged.
With concepts insane that have gone too far!

No one wants to understand,
Why values spoken aren't the values at hand!
Why the pain of others...
Stirs applause and clapping hands!
But no one wants to comprehend,
How all of this began...and when?
No one wants to accept or believe...
What is lived is the nature of the land!
Bleeding internally.
A land where egos are fed upon demand!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Where Evil People Dwell

I once wanted your touch,
I had to have so much.
But that touch never came,
And things about me have changed.

'Have you grown fangs? '

People like you slip to the bottom,
With no stopping.
Now you want it known,
You're alone at home.

'Is that drool or foam? '

People like you use others to deceive,
Just to get what you want...
No matter who bleeds.
As long as you succeed.

'Are you...
Growling at me? '

Well...
You can go to hell enjoy your visit.
Well...
You can go to hell,
In a heated furnace sitting,
Forever.

'Learn to turn your cheeks,
Like a Christain.
I have done misdeeds.
Please forgive me.
Learn to turn your cheeks like a Christain.
Forgive my evilness you received.'

People like you slip to the bottom,
With no stopping.
Now you want it known,

You're alone at home.

'Learn to turn your cheeks,
Like a Christain.
I have done misdeeds.
Please forgive me.'

Well...
You can go to hell,
Where evil people dwell...
Forever.

'When I called you a wolf,
That was slang for 'handsome'.'

I will not be one preventing,
What you should be getting...
Forever.

'Why are you looking at me,
As if you are about to rip my heart out.'

I once wanted your touch,
I had to have so much.
But that touch never came,
And things about me have changed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Where Faith Resides

Struggles to face on a daily basis,
Takes courage.
And a courage to find can not be done,
Unless one creates it.

Courage, motivation and initiative to embrace,
Comes from the same place.
And that place 'inside' to keep it undenied
Is where faith resides.

'Okay.
I'm waiting.'

For what?

'Where you say that place is,
Where faith resides undenied.'

I 'could' give you directions.
Hints and suggestions.

'That's great.
I have a pen.
Would you happen to have some paper? '

But...
Giving it some thought.
What would be the point of me doing that,
If I perceive...
You are on a mission of discovery.
And who knows?
That could be your purpose to serve.
To find for yourself where faith is kept.
Afterall,
Any recommendations I may suggest...
May not be what God wishes you to experience.

'What has God got to do with where faith resides? '

I...uh...
I am certain with time,
You will find the answer to your question.

'People like you are selfish.
And I learned that in church.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Where First The Eyes May Go

Why do my poems to you sound similar?
With a familiarity?
I have heard that before.
And long ago that has been explored.

All of them are unique and quite different.
You just perceive them not to be that way.
Because my name just happens to appear,
On everything I write.

At the end of my expressions.
My name on them I leave.
And it is not the varying messages.
But it is the prolificness I deliver.
And it is the appetite I delight.
That might offend you and dislike.

Who knows when one reads.
Where first the eyes may go.
Are you reading my additions?
Or are you counting my submissions?
There is a difference.
If this difference is admitted.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Where Has That Quality Of Life Gone Today?

Those that grow old but not 'up',
Live lives in recycled patterns.
A process that benefits routine...
Within set limitations,
That have come to demean common sense.

Those living to break away from those 'molds',
Had been referred to as nonconformists at one time.
Now the 'mavericks' have replaced them,
With no concern for the quality of life.
And when nonconformists were shunned...
They sought a better way of life for everyone.
And many attempted to do this,
Without the purchasing and selling...
Of illegal weapons such as guns.

And where has that quality of life gone today?
To the pleading of the needs of those greedy...
Who have left that quality of life stray,
Into corrupted decay.
With other 'necessities' politically and religiously valued.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Where Have I Been?

'Where have you been? '

Where have I been?
Giving myself the opportunity to grow.
Reflecting.
Dissecting.
And self examining.
With the doing of those things,
That will bring an understanding.

Knowledge obtained,
Needs the support from others...
For more of it to be gained.
And I embrace those,
Who have come face to face with change.
Those who comprehend,
Nothing accepted today will remain the same.

Where have I been?
Giving myself the opportunity to grow.
And 'that' which isn't doing it...
I have to let it go!
Without debate or loss of patience.

I am reaching for a seeking of clarity.
I've sought Sun.
I am not one comfortable in hiding...
When those cloudy days come,
To delight in disguise.
My vision needs to be freed of fog or smog.

Where have I been?
Giving myself the opportunity to grow.
And preparing for all kinds of weather.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Where Have The Dreamers Gone?

Where have the dreamers gone?
With their wishes envisioned.
And hopes to linger on.

Where are they,
With positive dispositions?
Replaced, it seems...
By opposition and suspicions.

Where are the eyes fixed on stars above?
Or those awaiting rainbows,
After rain has fallen.
To spot their pot of gold.

Where are they,
Seeking the fresh breeze...
Of every Spring to have ever come.
What has been done to those dreamers gone?
Where are those hopes and wishes,
To have been kept to linger on.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Where Have You Deposited Your Sweat?

There are those with beliefs,
What I have managed to do...
Without there consent or approval.
Can be better accomplished...
IF what I had done was left to them.
But...
There is one thing missing,
In this equation!
Those creations were of my making.
Where are those contributions made by critics?
Not one has ever volunteered,
Any proff at all...
Something they've done actually exists.

'Show me where have you deposited your sweat?
And in what did you toil,
To bring to life to give it breath?
Show me 'that'...
And I 'may' consider your suggestions.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Where Historic Myths Exist

Whoever decided,
People will pay to stay...
Where historic myths exist,
And a quality of life...
Has been diminished.
Are those who believe,
Preservation of monuments...
Fenced and manicured,
Without including...
The truth of a participating diversity,
Are those who wish 'their' ethnicity...
Embellished to re-create,
As destination places...
Those living within them leave in droves,
For places where investments are made...
On those who are living 'today'.
Able to taste the fruits of their labor.
With it done without their pockets picked to pay,
To allow the rich to romanticize their dead ancestors.

'Are you referring to New England?
Or Bible Belts where butts are squeezed tight? '

I am referring to where life is lived to be welcomed.
And where the obviousness of it is not.
I am referring to young people and those who are old,
Solicited to pay...
For a quality of life that continues to become limited.
And tremendous taxes that are paid,
To keep political correctness...
Proper etiquette and pretentions prioritized.
Where thrones are sat upon.
And fading symbolic images are praised.
When it has been long realized a life to live to have,
Especially 'today' and in the 'now' we all witness...
Can be done by everyone without paying to stay happy.

'Oh?
So you refer to 'reality'?

Yes. Reality.

'Good luck with 'that' delusion.
Only those who are mavericks and nonconformists,
Come to see life 'your' way.
I have a suggestion? '

And what would that be?

'Change your medication.
Or...
Double the dose.
Don't resist a getting closer to God.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Where I Now Invest My Treasured Stock

You know what you have a lot of?
Self interest!
You know where I now invest my treasured stock?
In bonds with those who have chosen,
To remove folks like you...
From anything they believed had value.
The only thing they had received from you,
Was more of the same.
And this they did not wish to see kept diminished.
That is why you have been determined,
As an ill anyone can afford to keep!
Especially at a sacrifice of one's expense.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Where I Sat Behind A Desk

What I don't do anymore...
Or consider to refute in my defense to debate,
Is to argue with anyone.
Especially anyone who claims to remember,
Every movement and step I've made since childhood.
But for some reason can not remember,
Anything they've done no matter how outrageous.
Although will insist with a clarity...
The time and place 'and' others who were there.
And where I sat behind a desk in an elementary school.
What I ate in the cafeteria and what I did during recess,
Close to sixty years ago!
You would 'think' someone with that kind of memory,
Will admit to telling more than a few lies.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Where Is It Given

People can be evil!
And...
This they show.
People can be cruel.
And, this...
Many come to know.
But...
Where is the love,
Many say everyday they give.
And...
Where is it shown,
To prove it with it done where the people live.

Where is it,
Given...
That love.
Where is it.
And where is it proven to be done.
That love.
Where is it.
Where is it,
Given...
To prevent conflicts and arguments.

People pray everyday,
For more love.
So they say.
And...
People pray so they say,
To live for more love to give away.
But...
Where is it,
Given...
That love.
Where is it.
And...
Where is it given to be lived.
That love.

Where is it,
Given...
That love.
Where is it.
And...
Where is it proven to be shown.
That love.

Where is it,
Given...
That love.
Where is it.
And where is it given to be known,
That love.

People can be evil.
And...
This they show,
Too well.
People can be cruel.
With it heard from others that they go to hell.
But...
Where is it,
Given...
That love.
Where is it.
And where is it proven to be lived,
That love.

Where is it,
Given...
That love.
Where is it.
And...
Where is it given to be livin',
That love.

Where is it,
Given..
That love.
Where is it.
And...

Where is it given to be lived,
That love.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Where Is My Reason?

Where is my reason?
Too many choices,
Makes my purpose unclear.
I know what to fear,
That has been pointed out to me.
I know the cost of living life,
Is rising steadily from my sight.
I know what is wrong,
Since few things done seem right.
When daylight comes...
It's going to be followed by the night!
But I hunger inside,
To feed an appetite that hides.
I watch others struggle in battles they fight!
Is that why I was born?
Just to take away from others...
What I choose and think I might like?
But 'where' is my 'reason'...
If what I take makes others uptight?
It can't be a comforting lifestyle,
For anyone involved in this plight!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Where Is Rufus And What Did Rufus Do?

Where is Rufus?
Was he walking down Fifth Avenue?
Was he carrying his 'light'...
To shine upon the masses leaning
On the slime slicked walls,
Of the caverns he enjoys?

Where is that boy?
'Rufus? '

I'm surprised he's not behind you now,
Minting his breath with peppermint shield...
As If to conceal his devotion to rock bottom!
Trying to hide the current 'opportunities' taken!
Everyone knows Rufus when he's 'fakin'!
There is no mistaking that!
A 'fakin' crook will hold you back!

Where is Rufus?
I thought you two met on Trumbull and Pratt?
Remember I was 'told' to stay where I was at?
You've got to remember how I balled my fist?
You don't remember this?
How about my ready to fight tight lips?

When you do see Rufus...
Tell him I want my wallet back!
I'm not a grinning politician,
I will kick his ass for that!
If he wants to see me evil...
Evil will be his in attack!
I'm not on that kind of mission,
I've reconditioned my position!

I hate to see him strung out like this,
He needs to end my suspicions,
By facing his condition!

'RUFUS? '

Where is Rufus?
Don't hide his lieing ways,
Or try to keep him from his grave!
Unless you're here to get your pay!
Where is Rufus?
And what did he say?
And why are you looking,
Like you laid Rufus away?

Did he take you like he took me too?
Is that why you look at me like you do?

Where is Rufus?
He got you and you're screwed! ?
So you did him in,
To never do that again to you?

Where is Rufus?
'Rufus? '
And what did Rufus do? ?
Why do you have blood on your hands?
And why is there mud on your shoes?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Where Is That Common Ground

Show me proof of your substance.
And I will expose to you my sincerity!
With a promise I give to you it will be there!

Until 'then'...
Where is that common ground you refer to,
We share that represents our mutual interests?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Where Is That Love That We Made

Which side of my heart,
Now...
Do you wish to rip apart?
And...
Proud to leave,
Me...
Sad on my knees!
Just to see me weak and beaten.

And...
Which side of my heart,
Now...
Do you wish to rip apart?
And...
Proud to leave,
Me...
Sad on my knees!
Just to see me weak and beaten.

Why do you love to see me dressed up in gloom?
Why do you love to hear that I am in a pity mood,
Too.
Why do you love to see me dressed up in gloom?
Why do you love to hear that I am in a pity mood,
Too.

Where is that love that we made.
Where is that love that we made.
Where is that love that we made.
Where is that love we made.

Which side of my heart,
Now...
Do you wish to rip apart?
And...
Proud to leave,
Me...
Sad on my knees!
Just to see me weak and beaten.

Why do you love to see me dressed up in gloom?
Why do you love to hear that I am in a pity mood,
Too.

Where is that love that we made.
Where is that love that we made.
Where is that love that we made.
Where is that love we made.

Where is that love that we made.
Where is that love that we made.
Where is that love that we made.
Where is that love we made.

Which side of my heart,
Now...
Do you wish to rip apart?
And...
Proud to leave,
Me...
Sad on my knees!

Where is that love that we made.
Where is that love that we made.
Where is that love that we made.
Where is that love we made.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Where Is That Truth Sought

To be condemned by a life,
One has chosen to live...
And has found success in the doing of it,
Can only leave those to question themselves...
Why a misery they have followed,
Has not bestowed upon them...
A happiness they see on faces,
From them that have been ostracized.

Where is that truth sought they seek...
That has from them been denied?
Where is it?
That has to be a question gone unanswered,
They keep hidden inside to disguise with lies.
Something defied can not find an ease to release...
With a showering of a peace,
Known and increases.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Where Is That Villain?

Where is the villain...
I'm to fear and not go near?
Who is that villain?

Where is the villain...
I'm to fear and not go near?
Who is that villain?

Before I go outside,
My eyes are open wide...
To,
Look for a villain.
And someone to suspect,
Is...
Other than chillin'.

I can't sleep at night.
Without lights turned on bright,
Because...
I am looking for a villain.
Someone who says 'Boo',
And scares me too!
A villain hidden to do me in.

I can't sleep at night.
Without lights turned on bright,
Because...
I am looking for a villain.
Someone who says 'Boo',
And scares me too!
A villain hidden to do me in.

But...
Where is the villain,
I'm to fear and not go near?
Where is that villain?
Hidden to creep on me to leap.

Before I go outside,

My eyes are open wide...
To,
Look for a villain.
And someone to suspect,
Is...
Other than chillin'.
Hidden to creep on me to leap.

Where is the villain...
I'm to fear and not go near?
Where is that villain?
Hidden to leave me with the chills.

Where is the villain...
Hidden to leave me with the chills.
Where is that villain...
I can shoo away with my boot,
To scoot.

Where is that villain...
I can shoo away with my boot,
To scoot.
And...
Where is that villain,
I can shoo away with my boot to scoot.
Where is that villain,
I can shoo away with my boot to scoot.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Where Is The Benefit Given

There is no vegetation,
And the water they bathe
And drink is muddied!
Their plight is one of complete,
And total devastation.
Televised images of their malnutrition,
Is broadcast continually.
It is a sight that tugs at the heart strings!
Millions have been donated and sent.
And yet...
Their teeth are beautiful!
And their skin is flawless.
They have no body odor.
Our children?
Teeth are rotting.
They have blemishes everywhere.
Even with the availability of water, soap
And hygiene classes...
They smell like hell!
With some of the most foul language,
Coming out of their mouths.
And...
Let's face it.
Their diets aren't the best either.
Not only is something wrong with this picture...
What are we teaching?
And to whom?
Why?
And where is the benefit given...
That is being pocketed!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Where Is The Caring Done

Where is the caring done,
Anymore.
And,
In what valley?
On what mountaintop?
And...
On what shore.

Tell me,
Where are those feelings felt?
Who deals with their emotions,
To conceal from everyone else.
Where is the caring done?
Where.
Why.
And who is it for?

A negativity given to experience,
Appearing as observed,
Never wins in the end
And gets defeated as deserved.

A kept faith with hope that's positive,
May be suppressed to be expressed.
But true faith felt...
Strengthens in in its power,
As one lives.
To be there to comprend when given,
As it is.

Where is the caring done?
It's there and it's done.
It is felt and it comes...
Eventually.
And never to stun,
Those patient in waiting faithfully.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Where Is The Common Sense?

If there were degrees awarded,
For those earning diplomas in 'Incompetence'...
Few would question its existence.
It would be an established acknowledgement.

And since incompetence does exist,
WHERE is the common sense?
And at whose expense are those with degrees,
Trying to convince they now have achieved it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Where Is The Excellence

Where is the excellence.
Owed with a showing of appreciation,
To our ancestors.
How much selfish greed will please,
A feeding of thoughtless feasting...
Endlessly,
To keep...
Minds manifesting ignorance.
And division to accept disrespect.

Where is the excellence projected.
Kept to share and made aware,
Between ourselves to inspire.
And support.
Where is the progress achieved?
Where is that desire to leave,
Our children motivated...
With belief,
That unity and collective initiative
Are pre-requisites to succeed.

But...
Where is the excellence.
Endeavored with unity to prove,
We are worthy to continue...
Those steps laid by our ancestors.
And...
What kind of future will be made,
For our children and 'theirs'...
If we leave them prepared,
To believe being irresponsible...
Is the only tool needed.
And used to represent a heritage,
Of consenting fools.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Where Is The Faith Kept

We are in the midst,
Of a new beginning.
Although it seems,
A whirlwind of conflicts exist.
We can dismiss them if it's wished.
We can refuse them to resist.

We are in the midst,
Of a new beginning.
Although it seems,
A whirlwind of conflicts exist.
We can dismiss them if it's wished.
And...
We can refuse them to resist.
If...
We pray.

Where is the faith kept,
To release the fear we keep to leave.
And where is the faith kept,
We say we keep with us believed.
Where is the faith kept,
That gets us up and off our knees.

We are in the midst,
Of a new beginning.
Although it seems,
A whirlwind of conflicts exist.
We can dismiss them if it's wished.
And...
We can refuse them to resist.
If...
We pray.

Where is the faith kept,
To release the fear we keep to leave.
Where is the faith kept,
We say we keep with us believed.
Where is the faith kept,

That gets us up and off our knees.
If we pray.
If we pray.
If...
We pray.

So where is that faith kept...
To release the fear we keep to leave.
And where is that faith kept...
We say we keep with us believed.
Where is the faith kept...
That gets us up and off our knees.

Where is the faith kept...
If we pray if we pray.
And...
Where is the faith kept,
If...
We pray.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Where Is The Justice In This?

I struggle with desires and wishes to remain ambitious.
To stay productive with a craving,
To release a freshened and creative point of view!
Unjaded by perceptions,
Becoming tainted by lack of drive and motivation.

I remember the days I sought ways to alarm.
To raise the hair on the backs of necks.
And to instantly fold arms...
By those totally disgusted!

But today I complete,
With those exposing their butts on urban streets.
And cussing with abandonment.
And not one eyebrow I see is lifted.

It use to make me happy to upset by surprise.
That was easy for me then to do.
Since I kept my true talents hidden in disguise.

Today it has become 'work'!
With no fun in it at all!
Especially when misfits are getting attention.
And everyone tries to look like them...
By spending every dime they've got at the malls.

And I had provided my weirdness absolutely free!
Genuine I had been with unique ceativity!
Today freaks are 'in'!
And I am regarded as common as Maple trees.
Where is the justice in this?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Where Is The Minute Within That Hour

If today is not the time for it...
Then where is the minute within that hour,
That the challenge comes...
For those living to witness something soon,
Has to be done...
Comes.
To remove the invitation of confusion.

If today is not the time for it...
Then where is the minute within that hour,
That the challenge comes...
And everyone is awakened,
Shakened from their deep...
Festive sleep,
Of delusions kept!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Where Is The Relevance?

Where is the relevance?
One once connected and applied,
To a life making more not less sense.
For those who believed...
There was something treasured,
We all had in common.

Where is the relevance?
To the multitude of debates...
Delivered by those 'practicing' their intelligence,
On the shoulders of folks...
With similar tastes,
Now heating collectively...
In an impatience observed,
And without question seen.

And told they must wait in anticipation...
For those in positions of leadership,
To decide the urgency of our fates!
Where is the relevance?

Eyes opened created the decadence.
Few slept through the entertainment done.
No one complained about the feeding of greed.
Or lifestyles that were shared by a choice few.
Not everyone!

So where is that relevance?
The one declared we all share,
But never there.
The relevance of standards and quality,
We all strived to reach!
That relevance lived by a few in exclusivity...
But from the rest of us impeached.

Where is the relevance?
Sought and now called upon all of us to seek!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Where Is The Satisfaction One Gets

Where is the satisfaction one gets...
To play hide and seek,
With lost folks?
Or tell ethnic jokes,
To invoke laughter...
At the expense of someone's struggles?

None of this makes any sense to me!
If people are seriously seeking harmony.

And how about those with insecurities?
Those who believe they have birthrights...
To enforce and endorse a superiority.
Only to profess their dependency on others.

Without the Sun and Moon,
Would this Earth exist?
Without temptations to market,
Would there be conflicts?
Without resources sitting on 'third' world lands...
Pillaged by those who live to make demands.
Where would they be without nature to feed them?
To hoard and isolate with treasures to pleasure...
While declaring a stolen standard of life,
As one sought after...
Because it is grand?
And measured against others,
Suppressed by their druthers!

To protect with weapons!
And deplete upon command!

Where is the satisfaction one gets...
To play hide and seek,
With lost folks?
Or tell ethnic jokes,
To invoke laughter...
At the expense of someone's struggles?

I think about this,
And the pitifulness of those thoughtless...
Who wish now to see themselves deprived.
While others they have stripped,
Are left in hunger and homelessness...
To do the best they can to survive!

None of this makes any sense to me!
If people are seriously seeking harmony.

And I wonder where humanity could be...
If folks did not nurture themselves,
To contrive in secret with priorities...
For the sole purpose,
To deceive, cheat and lie!

I think about this,
And the pitifulness of those thoughtless...
Who wish now to see themselves deprived.
While others they have stripped,
Are left in hunger and homelessness...
To do the best they can to survive!

And what will become of humanity...
When a higher consciousness arrives?
And all eyes are opened to realize,
Their falsely kept traditions...
Restricted to pointless conflicts,
Have finally come to an end and died!

Where is the satisfaction one gets...
Once it is revealed,
There IS a higher consciousness.
Soon to amend all foolishness!
With a lifting of those minds confined,
In a darkness from them removed!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Where Is The Spice? The Juice?

I dislike accusations made today,
That lack originality.
The same ones are used over and over.
So predictable they have become.

I remember a time,
When rumors were fresh.
And thoughtfully creative.
Today?
Nothing is exciting about them
And no one seems,
To go out of their way...
To make what they've heard,
More controversial.
Even the lies told,
Aren't worth repeating.

Too many have given up to live
Boring lives.
If I'm going to be accused,
Of anything...
I think I deserve the right,
To approve...
Of what's being said about me.
At least I know how to keep,
And hold those accusations...
Told,
Far more interesting.
I've been victimized,
By lies and rumors for years.
Where is the spice?
Where is the juice?
What is the point being made,
By re-using the same tired...
And outdated accusations.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Where Is The Validation

Where is the validation...
Of your beliefs.
Where is the validation,
Set in conrete
To behold and never let go,
Of values kept to shine like gold.

Where is the validation,
Of faith undebated.
And where is the validation,
Sold with a taste...
To keep it appreciated.
And craved.
Why has it faded away.

Direct steps made once had an effect.
But today they have faded,
To eliminate them made.

Fear has replaced taking steps with threats.
To accept doing less is best.
And effective.
But...
Where is the validation,
Of your beliefs.
Where is the validation,
Set in solid conrete
To behold and never let go,
Of values kept to shine like gold.

Direct steps made once had an effect.
But today they have faded,
To eliminate them made.

Fear has replaced taking steps with threats.
To accept doing less is best.
And effective.

Where is the validation.

Once addressed.
Where is the validation.
Once professed.
Where is the validation.
Once confessed.
Where is the validation.

Where is the validation.
Once addressed.
Where is the validation.
Once professed.
Where is the validation.
Once confessed.
Where is the validation.

Fear has replaced taking steps with threats.

Where is the validation.
To accept.
Where is the validation.
Once professed.
Where is the validation.
Once addressed.
Where is the validation.

Where is the validation...
Of your beliefs.
Where is the validation,
Set in conrete.
To behold and never let go,
Of values kept to shine like gold.

Where is the validation.
Once addressed.
Where is the validation.
Once professed.
Where is the validation.
To accept...
Values kept to shine like gold.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Where Is This Neighborhood?

Isn't it always the case,
When something done by someone...
Is made to look easy,
Everyone sitting on their terraces...
Or front porches or seen wasting their time,
Standing around on neighborhood corners...
Will quickly retort as if reporting,
How they could do the same thing.
If given the opportunity.
As if no opportunities are there.
Except the time they take to roll a joint...
Pass the weed to tote and smoke it!

'Really? '

Yeah, really.

'Where is this neighborhood? '

Never mind that.
You're missing my point completely.

'No.
I don't think so.
You're the one missing the point.
AND apparently missing the joint as well.
Where is this neighborhood? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Where Is Your Evidence?

Why are you slapping me around like this?

'I want to ensure you are awake.'

Would I not be talking to you,
If I was not awake?

'Hmmm...
You do have a point.
One I will take into consideration...
After I have satisfied myself.
It has taken me a long time to get here!
Do you have any idea,
As to how long I've been doing this? '

What difference does that make?
Stop doing it.
I am...
I am awake!
Stop.
I insist you stop this!

'I can't!
How do I know I am not hallucinating?
And you are pretending to be conscious?
I don't want to give up...
To then discover,
I have lost you...
With a slipping back into a darkened hole!
Gone forever.
Never to come out of a coma.

Where is your evidence?
Prove to me...
You have not driven me into insanity! '

Well...I...

'Shuddup.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Where 'Is' Your Head At Right Now?

Am I surprised my opinions,
And those of others given to them,
Did not matter then?
No.
I am not.

Nor am I surprise they have conflicts in their lives.
And those conflicts now have driven them to fear.
And if you would ask of me if their fears matter,
I can only express where my head is at right now.

'And...
Where 'is' your head at right now? '

Far away from their fears and complaints,
They had decades ago...
When they didn't want to listen to the opinions given,
By the ones who offended them with direct honesty.
And they intrepreted that as being negative.

So like the others...
I have 'positively' removed any future thoughts I might have,
Or bricks thrown upon their paths...
As I stand on a wall that surrounds their isolated visions,
I simply keep them to myself and from their ears.
Adhering to their wishes.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Where Isn'T Deception Practiced?

Where isn't deception practiced?
Hasn't the act of it been perfected?
Who hasn't been hoodwinked or tricked these days?
How many can say they haven't been betrayed?

And among the few of them willing to confess...
Which ones are not alcoholics?
Or medicated on prescriptions...
To admit they are not crack addicts.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Where It Was I Had To Go

My greatest achievement has been,
In being able to ignore those who have stated...
What it was I 'could' or 'could not' do.
And where it was I had to go,
To accomplish my tasks.

Well...
I knew what I need to accomplish those tasks.
And telling those where to go,
Allowed me to achieve my beliefs.
My goals.

And those I told where to go...
Are all over the place,
Trying to find themselves.
Since I've known myself for quite sometime now,
I found it pointless to go anywhere to search for anything.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Where Lieutenants Of Apartheid Train

Home of the plastic smile.
And where lieutenants of apartheid train.
With a doing of their homework in the suburbs...
To test the inner city people they deplete of resources.
And divide within districts to 'apply' for assistance.

These separatists insist with dieing colonialistic wishes,
They know something about diversity.
With a sucking of life from everything that moves...
They suppress with an effectiveness,
To ensure those they stereotype be kept duped and fooled...
As they maintain a draining of their identities.

And the ones survivining without them are obliged,
To remain limited to an ignorance for them that thrives...
With a persisting upon it to keep flourished and alive,
To please the oppressors they pray not to offend.
And in the environment they share to live in...
This reflects a mindset left to breathe as if to snuggly fit.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Where The Heart Is

One of us does not belong here!
You make appearances all over the place...
Defending your right to be who you are.
Taking what does not belong to you,
And calling it yours!
Even by doing that...
You lack ability to maintain order!
And everywhere I go I feel absolutely comfortable!
And you tell me I have issues and baggage?
Until someone insists I'm not convincing enough...
By making attempts to reduce me to depths,
Of their insecurities!
With promotions of accomplishments imagined!
I'll remain quite focused.
But then...
I'm not all over the place,
Trying to find my way 'home'!
Isn't that where the heart is?
And why so many are without them!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Where The Problem Is

There use to be a time,
When people passed off anything...
And found it acceptable.

Today those same people,
Who found anything and everything done acceptable...
Are seeking explanations amongst themselves,
As to why those they have selected to represent them...
Seem less qualified to audition for characters portrayed,
In any nursery rhymes they have ever told to their children.

And...
The ones who are trying to snap them 'into' reality,
Can not say it loud enough...
That everything that has been sweetened to eat,
And given to them to nourish...
Has had damaging effects,
On the maintaining of their mental health.

Yet...
STILL they wish to keep the same story lines told,
But they wish to have the ones telling those nursery rhymes...
To depict the exact images in their minds,
That have never existed.
Although they seek 'anyone' besides those who are truthful,
To deliver the goods.
With a comfort for them that is understood.

There use to be a time,
When people passed off anything...
And found it acceptable.
But these times lived can no longer depend on myths.
People are challenged to be real with themselves.
And that's where the problem is.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Where Their Commitment Has Been Devoted

Proclaiming to be what one 'is',
For the benefit of listening ears...
At those social gatherings one attends.
And not making sacrifices toiling away,
Each day...
Applying a dedication to what it is 'they' say,
They do.
Is a trip done!
But not over any evidence that can be shown,
Where their commitment has been devoted.
People like this have more lip than show deed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Where There Is Inconsistency

Where there is inconsistency,
There is going to be confusion.
And if confusion is involved,
Conflict will soon be in the mix.

Conflict foolishly is presented,
With a 'thing' intentionally meant...
For those caught up in it to get.
With a game outdated played.

And saddened are the people,
Who realize too late,
There is nothing they can do...
To stop it or watch it dissipate.

Death and the threats of it,
Are no longer feared...
By those who will protect,
'Their' own interests best.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Where They Meet For Drinks

Some are shocked,
By my responses.
And my adult point of view.
And somehow I am not surprised...
When I hear someone whine,
About a missing lollipop...
Discovered gone from the sandbox,
At the playground where they meet for drinks!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Where Those Limitations Are

Why have you encased your feet,
In cement?

'I want to feel what it is like to run.'

But...
Wouldn't that now be impossible?

'For who?
You?
Or me? '

Well...
From my point of view,
What you attempt to do...
Is an impossibility.

'That's why I chose to encase 'my' feet,
In cement.
To prove to 'myself'...
Where those limitations are.'

I would not have done anything like that.

'And once again...
Whose dream is this? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Where To Bathe And What To Eat!

Some choose to mask their insecurities,
By use of excuses and insults...
To reduce feelings of insignificance.
As if this shallowness exposed,
Replaces the obvious imposed.

Those of strength are labelled arrogant.
Those of identity are often tagged nonconformists.
And on the other hand those living their lives,
On a daily basis...
Doing what they can to survive.
Could care less whose ego thrives,
Seeking to be massaged...
By another round of bravura.
Pampered in the approval of lies!

There are folks living on our streets,
Trying to figure out how to shelter themselves.
Where to bathe and what to eat!

Those of strength are labelled arrogant.
Those of identity are often tagged nonconformists.

There are folks living on our streets,
Trying to figure out how to shelter themselves.
Where to bathe and what to eat!

And on the other hand those living their lives,
On a daily basis...
Doing what they can to survive.
Could care less whose ego thrives,
Seeking to be massaged by another round of bravura.
Pampered in the approval of lies!
Just to nibble on sweetened pretentions.
To share from a vacuous hollowness!
And at someone else's expense.

There are folks living on our streets,
Trying to figure out how to shelter themselves.

Where to bathe and what to eat!

While those who scurry about with their lifted up noses...
Seek a place to close a door anywhere.
With anyone who agrees...
They are still able to indentify their sanity!

It may not be the accepted 'sanity'!
But at least they are supportive of one another!

There are folks living on our streets,
Trying to figure out how to shelter themselves.
Where to bathe and what to eat!
And people who are marketing decadence,
Stuff their diseased guts...
With delusions of grandeur.
OR something they hold,
To make them feel better than someone lese.

There are folks living on our streets,
Trying to figure out how to shelter themselves.
Where to bathe and what to eat!
Caring less about their bad credit.
Or who refused them a loan,
Based upon nothing in collateral shown.
Since once valued pretentions have lost their asset.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Where To Go When And What To Kiss

There is no ease that comes,
With a tongue perceived as tart.

When pushed to the wall...
That may be all the action,
One decides that is left!

Some folks are just not happy,
Until they are hushed...
Nearly with stopped breath.

And there is really no satisfaction,
Being the one
To tell another...
Where to go!
When,
And what to kiss!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Where To Locate The Evidence

One need not go to distances far,
To trap a rat with a doing to reveal...
Who deceives a trust.
And it should not be a prolonged mystery,
Where to locate the evidence.

'Remember what I told you to keep to yourself?
And you promised me you'd never tell anyone else? '

~Of course I remember.
You know me.~

'You have no idea.
Well, something else has come up.
And I know from my lips to your ears,
No one but 'you' will ever hear.'

~Oh please share.
You know what you tell me isn't going anywhere.~

'Well...
You don't know how I hope not!
I am reluctant.
But I have no one else to tell.
However...
My neighbor has begun to have wild sex parties.'

~Noooo?
Didn't she just bury her husband weeks ago?
And isn't she in her seventies? ~

~Ssshhh.
That's what I'm saying.
And...
You would NEVER believe the ages,
Of the men AND women.
You should see them,
Parading back and forth through here.
AFTER midnight.

Between 1 and 3 AM.~

'You're kidding?
Both men AND women?
What time was that? '

~Between 1 AND 3 AM.
Young too.
But promise me you wont tell a soul.~

'You know me.
I aint about to say 'nuthin'.
That's much too hot.
Who would believe me? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Where Were You When That Happened?

It has already been tried.
Whatever it is you think you do.
Or believed done.
To yourself or someone,
Else
Involved involuntarily.

It has already been tried.
To cast vacant innocent eyes,
To hide behind another masquerade.

'We can't both be in the same Milky Way?
Why would I not be aware of the obvious?
You must be filming this for your archive collection.
Labelled, 'Repeated Scenes In Unconvincing Color''

It has already been tried.
Whatever it is you think you do.
Or believed done.
To yourself or someone,
Else
Involved involuntarily.

'Why do you think I have this smile on my face?
Because I am happy to see you?

I am more amused than happy.
But then again,
I'm happily amused.
So much has changed!
And I wonder...
Where were you when that happened? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Where Will Their Greed Lead Them

Now that they've been smeared and jeered...
After what they did to the economy and the atmosphere.
Where will their greed lead them...
When they have been some of the most disruptive,
And destructive folks.
Where will they go?
Safe into some satisfaction...
Where honored crooks are freed to bestow,
Upon each other,
A sharing together...
Benefits reaped?
From deceiving and screwing up the lives,
Of over a million folks.
And counting.
Forced out of homes...
Where they will not find,
Neither peace of mind nor restful sleep.
When they have been some of the most disruptive,
And destructive...
Corrupted folks.
Where will they go?

'Sssshhh...
And you didn't hear this from me.
They've moved to Dubai'.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Where You Are Coming From

Wait a minute!
Hold it a second.
You call yourself 'my' friend?
And you are afraid of your own shadow?
You say what you are and I don't see it.
You say you have faith that you don't even believe.
You want me to understand where 'you' are coming from...
When you are hardly there for me at all!
You call yourself 'my' friend?
Then you have never understood why I stand tall,
Against the winds?
And you have been telling others what you have done,
For me?
Give me back that flashlight!
And those batteries!
I don't need you to help me find my way!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Where You Live

When truth to reveal,
Becomes suspect...
Where you live.
And deception accepted,
Where you live.
That should say something,
Whether heard or observed...
About that which has been neglected,
To disrespect and blindly reject.
And yet the effect,
Is kept negatively projected.

'I see.
But can you break that down for me?
The pieces you speak of do not connect,
For me to see that picture clearly.'

Why is it people speak negatively about others?
Especially when those others are not around,
To defend themselves.
Or to have it believed what is done they do,
Does not result in dire consequences...
For what they put others through.

'They are demons.
People seeking attention.
But at someone else's expense.'

These folks are backstabbers.
And God takes care of them,
Right in places where they go to worship.
Where it's believed they are relieved,
Of their evil intentions meant.

'And where do demons go to worship? '

You should know.
Where you live there are many of them.
If you were more observant,

You would witness how effective God is.

'But where I live there are many churches,
Where people go to worship.'

Like I said...
And for you I will repeat it.
If you were more observant,
You would witness how effective God is.
God has a way of taking care of hypocrites,
With a doing of this right where you live.

'But where I live there are many churches,
Where people go to worship.'

Really?
Which one of us,
Are you trying to convince to notice?
Which one of us comprehends?
And the other pretends to listen?

'Well...
I already know this.
I am in no need to listen.'

Good.
Then what is missing is your focus.
Comprehension to notice,
Makes truth earn its worth.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Where You'Re Coming From

You can not walk in my shoes
And expect to achieve progress.
Nor can you look over my shoulder,
To perceive your accomplishments!
Nothing that I've done,
Materialized just on wishes.

You want an easy ride.
Without hard work done...
Or tears to cry!
You want a smooth and clear path,
With time to joke and time to laugh!

They may call this business the creative arts!
But the creative part about it...?
How to sustain a sanity maintained
While holding onto a part of you...
No one but you know!
And It breathes with life but no one sees it!
As ignorant comments are made on a daily basis,
About 'you' and your lack of progress!

You want an easy ride.
Without hard work done...
Or tears to cry!
You want a smooth and clear path,
With time to joke and time to laugh!

You can not walk in my shoes
And expect to achieve progress.
Nor can you look over my shoulder,
To perceive your accomplishments!
Nothing that I've done,
Materialized just on wishes.

Years in the making!
Years with much of my heart breaking!
It took me years...
And don't think I don't notice,

Where you're coming from!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Where's Daddy?

My mother and I were close.
And had a unique relationship.
People thought I was a mama's boy.
And I didn't mind.
Since both my mother and I,
Would laugh when we discussed this.

I remember talking before I could walk.
And when we were out together publicly,
She would say to me...
'Please Larry, do not say one word.
I don't want anyone staring at you.'
~You mean like daddy does? ~
'Exactly.'

And when I got older,
When my sister Mimmie was born...
I use to ask my mother,
~Why is she so quiet? ~
'Give her time.
She's only a few months old.'

And...
When she did get older,
And we'd all be out in public...
My mother not once told her,
To be quiet.
I tried.
But she never listened to me.
And my father?
He would just stare at us in disbelief.

~Ma?
Where's daddy? ~
'Who knows? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Wherever A Nepotism Connection Sits

Exceptions are only awarded,
To those selected to be worthy of them...
By those who wish not to expose,
Their incompetence in the presence...
Of anyone thought to be too intelligent,
To recognize an obvious deficiency...
By one who has acquired a position,
Given...
Based upon nepotism alone.
And expectations are not often praised either,
From the lips of those aching with disappointment...
Wherever a nepotism connection sits in high places.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Wherever That 'Overthereness' May Be

Pray on knees for their answers to come.
And when they eventually arrive,
They become offended and wish to hide.
And in large numbers are many people like this.
On their knees...
Seeking.

Begged to have honesty and truth told to them.
And when spouses, family members and friends,
Give it to them without restrictions...
Feelings are hurt.
And all communication between them ends!
A pouting begins as if they are little children.

And those who have lived through this experience,
Do not hesitate at all to sever themselves quick...
From any hint of conflict reeking from immaturity.

And often very cordial,
Are those who have lived through this experience.
And less involved in others' affairs.
With a protectiveness of their happiness.
And at a distance to keep it as it is.

Acknowledging nothing is going to hinder,
What is theirs that has been earned.
With a keeping of others away and over...'there'!
Wherever that 'overthereness' may be!
With a determination to protect a peace received.
And not to get what they've got nitpicked.

'You stay right where you are.
And keep that 'overthereness' to yourself.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Wherever That Place Is In Your Mind

Wherever that place is in your mind,
You regularly change to keep for yourself defined...
Is fine and okay with me!
Although I will suggest,
Your campaign to get others to view me as crazy...
Should not be kept to have them accept to digest.
I would abandon this as your priority!
Yes.
Since this activity...
Only reveals a closer examination they may perceive,
As something they need to probe 'your' mentality.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Wherever They Are

Even though the greatness is spoken,
The power of it dims and weakens.
Instead of building strong foundations,
Manifested from all of God's creations...
They chose a racist point of view,
That now has left them screwed!
Undoing themselves they did.
And now most of them slide,
In a nonstop skid!
With everything they have consciously done...
They hopelessly close their own eyelids!
Unbelieving of the disaster,
And their nightmare made!

They don't have to go anywhere,
To wonder or wander far or too long...
To ask themselves what has gone wrong!
'Wherever' they are...
Whether drinking in bars or driving drunk in cars!
They are sure to run into their own reflections!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Wherever You Are Sitting

Why have you come,
To sabotage my dreams...
With a fresh set of agitations?

I thought you took the advice,
Of your family and friends...
With a kicking me to the curb,
To allow our relationship to end.

Why have you come,
To sabotage my dreams...
With a fresh set of agitations?

It has been years since,
You were convinced by my independence...
Was a means to keep you limited and confined.
Find any evidence of that if you can in your mind.

You were the one who sat on a fence,
Unable to make a decision.
Until I brought it to your attention,
To climb and soar to heights to reach.
But you insisted on labelling me...
With titles to inspire with pretentions to keep.

Why have you come,
To sabotage my dreams...
With a fresh set of agitations?

Are you thinking of me as the one you 'now' see,
As someone who has succeeded...
With the holding on to my beliefs?

And you wish to admit in your loneliness,
You have grown sick...
Of trying to stick to making impressions?
Perceiving I could care less of your confessions.
And wherever you are sitting you've become aware of it?
Well...

Gone is every bit of my interest.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Wherever Your Nose Went

Are you feeling down and low?
As if clinging onto thin rope,
And your mind wants to leave all consciousness...
Behind with no excuses to go loco.
Well,
Take those oars out of the water.
Stop rowing that boat and let it float.
That's right!

Sit in a position to let the wind be at your back.
Let go of your hold,
On those things that make you feel trapped.
And remember,
You ordered everything in your life that shows.
Have you forgotten that?

You may as well relax and accept the facts.
Wherever your nose went...
You can not say you did not with an open mind,
Followed.
Nor can you honestly portray,
One now who has been betrayed.

And even if you did decide to hide behind lies,
Only your life is the one being 'ultimately' affected.
Truth is inescapable!
No matter how many nose jobs you can afford.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Whether Accepted Or Left As It Is

Never will I chase away,
My discovery of love as it is displayed.
To be labelled for something it is not,
For a slotting done that creates someone's comfort.
With a choice to choose between indecision,
And complete disbelief.

The love I have found is genuine.
Be you a man or a woman it doesn't matter to me.
Love is not a piece of property own.
Nor is it expressed for just few to condone.
And whether accepted or left as it is,
The feeling I have I can not help but to give.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Whether Accepted Or Not

Everyday...
The message and delivery of it,
Becomes as different as the weather.

Everyday...
Whether accepted or not,
Changes are being made...
Regardless of who has what to say.

And it is everyday...
Those unprepared,
Procrastinate in hesitation.

Hoping to delay each day,
That a guaranteed tomorrow comes...
For those awaiting in anticipation.

While those fixed in delay mode...
Refuse any sign of tomorrow,
Just to keep a yesterday exactly the way it was.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Whether Conscious Or Not

As long as others,
Were subjects of their poked jokes...
These agitating folks were satisfied to live,
Unapologetically.
Free of guilt!
And accountability!

Nor did they think deeply,
About the affects of wearing sheets with peepholes.
And whose state of mind these acts would upset.
They were mobs much like a cancerous glob.
Yearning to hang or burn...
Human beings they deemed,
From them had lessons to learn!

And today this same mindset,
Has not through time been addressed.
That same ignorance defends insecurities.
With absurdities blatant.
And masked to distract...
An attraction for mentioned bigotries!

Although their states are 'mapped'...
And appear united.
These folks are divided by their racist remarks!

Most of them say,
This is not their way today!
But a debating of their policies believed.
Those implemented,
And meant to stay!

But those of color know,
Too well their lives of limitation.
And who amongst them sit imprisoned.
By laws that intend,
To keep them suppressed.
With wings to obtain in an 'afterlife'...
So in 'this' life,

An obedience from them is expected!

And then there are those skilled to speak,
From both sides of their mouths.
And 'this' from their institutions,
They are more than glad to teach!
Even from pulpits...
Their philosophies are outreached.

While delivering observations,
Uncommitted from atop high fences.
They are convinced verses spewed...
Are remembered sacred scriptures,
That should depict them as chosen victors!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Whether Daggerless But...And, Or If Cloaked

I wish I knew your true identity.
I wish I knew who you were...
Coming into my lfe,
Daggerless but cloaked.
With mental teases...
That do not provoke.
Even though you could...
But you don't provide a heat...
To ignite and get that fire started.

I wish I knew your true identity.
I wish I knew who you were...
Coming into my lfe,
Daggerless but cloaked.
With mental teases...
That do not provoke.
Even though you could...
But you don't provide a heat...
To ignite and get that fire started.
Why?

Do you sense a commonness between us,
Perhaps?
Do you perceive my 'eclecticness'
Has a variety of pieces,
I make comfortably fit.
And you believe you know 'the how'
'The why' and reason I do this?
If there is a 'reason behind it at all!

I wish I knew your true identity.
I wish I knew who you were...
Coming into my lfe,
Daggerless but cloaked.
With mental teases...
That do not provoke.
Even though you could...
But you don't provide a heat...
To ignite and get that fire started.

I sense you like to wine and dine,
Under candlelight?
But you don't provide a heat...
To light and get that fire started.
Whether daggerless,
But...and, or if cloaked...
Or not!
We both need something to eat.
Curiosity may have killed the cat...
But this dude does not feed on teases,
Alone!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Whether Enjoyed To Like Or Hated

Most have lived to pick their choices,
Throughout their lives.
Whether enjoyed to like or hated,
These decisions were made and consciously.

And with faith, hope and trust,
All of us must eventually accept the life we get.
To deny mistakes made to reject them with regret,
Should not be difficult for those who claim faith...
With a letting go to take forward steps.
But...
Some of those who have lived to pick their choices,
Throughout their lives...
Can often be heard to criticize and blame,
The doing of what they have done on someone else.

Whether enjoyed to like or hated,
These decisions were made and consciously...
By everyone awakening on a daily basis,
To decide with a decision made...
What it is they are going to do.
And those to blame to make their claims,
Of not having that opportunity...
Are also the ones awaiting for those opportunities,
To come with a begging of them to open their doors.

AND...
If this has ever happened to anyone before,
That knock is not heard on doors anymore!
Not in this life...
When opportunities are more likely found to discover,
And not delivered to be wished.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Whether I Was Feeling It Or Not!

How are you today?

'Excellent.'

I wish I could say that.

'What language do you speak? '

I speak several.
English too, of course I do!
I guess I could...
Feel excellent like you.
But I am not feeling it!
Maybe one day I will.

'That is unfortunate.
You speak so many languages...
And you can not say it! '

Yeah...
But I'm not feeling it!

'Who said anything about 'feeling' it?
I am inviting it!
That's why I said it.
I want it to know it is welcomed.
And...
You didn't ask me how I 'feel'.
That is a different story,
I have chosen not to tell.'

Yeah...
But that is not being honest with yourself.

'I beg to differ!
I'm seeking happy endings.
I wish I could speak more than one language.
You wouldn't have to ask me 'how' I was then.
I'd float right by you!

Whether I was feeling it or not!
You would see it...and believe.
However,
I do know this...
Some folks need incentives,
Before they are convinced of anything! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Whether It Is Liked Or Not

People can't do anything,
Without some change.
Yet people always fuss about,
A doing of the same unchanged.
But...
A moving with a doing takes faith.
With a doing never done to fake...
Getting from A to know B,
To then find C.

Sacrificing whether it is liked or not,
Takes faith and a little bit of pain.
Stopping those complaints from ear to ear to drop,
Takes faith and a little bit of pain.
Refusing to hear gossip and wanting it to stop,
Takes faith and a little bit of pain.
Holding onto wishes with a benefit to gain,
Takes faith and a little bit of pain.

Whatever what is wanted one has to move on,
With faith...
And some pain.
Whatever what is wanted and wished...
One has to get up from the place they sit.
'Cause...
Whatever what is wanted one 'has' to leave their comfort zone.

People can't do anything,
Without some change.
Yet people always fuss about,
A doing of the same unchanged.
But...
Whatever what is wanted and wished...
One has to get up from the place they sit.
'Cause...
Whatever what is wanted one 'has' to leave their comfort zone.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Whether It Offends Or Not

This is the way I feel,
About these days and times we find...
Living to experience our lives.

Many have chosen to remain deluded.
And to do it,
Is their choice to make.

Others believe they are entitled,
To do with a choosing of whatever they please.
And they have done this successfully.

And the ones who have found peace of mind,
To keep it cherished all the time...
I give my ultimate respect.

So many have decided to keep confusion in their minds.
Whining to complain about their aches and pains.
With a doing this in belief,
Others should listen with the same expressed grief.
However...
There are a few, like me, who spend no time making excuses.
And will quickly defend to enjoy their peace,
Regardless of who is left offended...
When choice words are said to be heard,
To do as meant without leaving impressions of pretense.

This is the way I feel.
This is the way it is.
And after many years of seeking peace of mind,
To finally discover it...
Keeping it to stay is not a thought.
It is an action that will stay as is kept practiced.
Whether it offends or not.
What I've got has been earned and not just given.

Whether it offends or not.
I don't ponder over making those decisions.
Not today.

The price I've had to pay,
Has taught me how to spend my time effectively.
And with a doing I choose that pleases me.
Selfishly or not...
I don't ponder over making those decisions.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Whether It Was Vanilla Or Chocolate Frosted

Evaporate from us...
Desires fed.
Now lifted and vaporized,
Into oblivion.
Like those requirements needed,
To fulfill elementary tasks.
The ones that troubled,
But from us have left fast.

What had attracted,
No longer is in our minds to grasp.
Like those we shared friendships with,
In a 4th or 5th grade class.
Or what it was like,
Enjoying that first piece of...

Gee!
I can't remember whose it was.
Or whether it was vanilla or chocolate frosted.
The mind is a terrible thing to witness go to waste.
All I remember were those round cheeks,
Filled with pound cake.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Whether Negative Or Indifferent

If I cared what others had to say about me,
Whether negative or indifferent with hints...
Of positivity,
This writing witnessed...
Would not be a possibility.
I do not bear nonsense to carry on my back.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Whether One Learns How To Climb Or Jump

Those who say,
Children today who do not have the benefit...
Of growing up with both parents at home.
Or at least accountable and responsible guardians...
Are at a disadvantage.

That may be true.
However...
It is the society that suffers the greater disadvantage.
Influences usually do not stay corralled behind fences.
Whether one learns how to climb or jump...
Something about the experience of it will be shared.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Whether Or Not I Am Welcomed

You don't sit with a wish,
That I be responsive to you...
Do you?
Those days have decayed my patience.
Delaying my own priorities,
To please others...
Have removed those activities,
From my need list.

And I burned it!
Guaranteeing,
I would not be emotionally revisiting!

Patterns of relied upon sacrifices...
Have faded away with yesterday's news.
I've learned to find satisfaction,
In my own selfishness.
I had to!
Folks enjoy abusing others.
And themselves.

Once I tasted happiness...
I became addicted.

Oh yes!
Not a streak of guilt,
Rushes through my mind!
None I am trying to locate and find.

I have placed my wishes as number one.
To get things done.
Whether or not I am welcomed,
By procrastinators.
You know the ones who come together,
To stir up fresh batches of hypocrisies.

Not me!
I've graduated.
I've been given my diploma.

I don't take time to find something wrong,
With my life!
I wish to uncover each moment of bliss to live.
And if I have to create it myself...
It will be done!
No time am I going to waste in someone's face,
Sharing miseries.

The world has produced enough of them,
Who are already scholars!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Whether Or Not The Deed Witnessed Is Meant

If there is anything one will recognize,
Once they have made up their mind...
With a sacrificing devoted and done to succeed.
There will be those not understanding this drive...
Thriving to accomplish with a yearning inside.
And energized as a bright independent light,
Felt by that one who 'sees'.
With a doing that satisfies one's craving and appetite.

And more opposing will come forward to express,
Their discouragement to depress one with disrespect.
Whether or not the deed witnessed is meant.
To test for the rest of one's life...
When that path one is on feels perfectly right.
And if one can continue through a host of obstacles,
Thrown to discourage until tears flow...
What becomes achieved will more than please the doer

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Whether Or Not You Are Honest With Me Now

You have allowed me to question your honesty,
For too long.
And for too long,
You have chosen to deceive.

Whether or not you are honest with me now,
Is not of an importance.
Not to me.
Nor will erase my apathy.
Or a priority that has increased,
To please my own needs.

With a total unconcerned,
About what it is you do.
Or caring less,
About what it is that is in the best of 'your' interest.

This is a fact.
Not an attitude.

For too long you have ignored my wellbeing.
With activities done by you to prove to me,
Your main objective,
Has been yourself.

And...
As times do change,
I have welcomed them.

You have allowed me to question your honesty,
For too long.
And for too long,
You have chosen to deceive.

Whether or not you are honest with me now,
Is not of an importance.
Not to me.
Nor will erase my apathy.
Or a priority that has increased,

To please my own needs.

I simply can not be stirred to excitement,
Over something that could have been shared...
By the both of us.
If you cared.
But you didn't.
And that...
You have made known as shown.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Whether That Acceptance Comes Or Not

Where am I going?

From here to there,
Just for the experience of it.
And from there,
I may come back here...
To share!
But going 'somewhere'
Is what I intend on my agenda.

That's where I am going.
What about you?
Or are you waiting to dress to impress?
With the hope someone approves,
The way you look, speak and your attitude?

Where am I going?

From here to there,
Just for the experience of it.
And from there,
I may come back here...
To share!
But going 'somewhere'
Is what I intend on my agenda.

And I could care less,
About impressing someone...
With the way I am dressed.
Unless...
That is required for my next step from 'there'.
To take me wherever it is I wish!
And when and if that happen,
I will be more than prepared for it!

However...
I am certainly not going to sit here wondering,
Whether or not I will be accepted and qualified.
I will be qualified!

Whether that acceptance comes or not!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Whether They Are Participants Or Not

In support of some traditions,
That should remain unchanged.
To smear and diminish them,
Should leave those responsible...
Feeling both ashamed and blamed.
There is no documenting of discipline,
When this occurs.
Depending on who is involved.
And whose peace has been stirred!

'Some' traditions should be kept valued,
Like treasures to admire and respect.
Although there are some traditions,
That are questionable!
And they are the ones that initiate public unrest.
With the creation of havoc.
And the calling of police to make arrests.

These traditions are nothing more,
Than some folks approving...
Getting their frustrations off of their chests.
And the taxpayers are issued the bill.
Whether they are participants or not.

It's the old, 'I'll do as I please.
And set my own agenda.'
From a certain group of folks,
Believing their destruction...
Are acts of good natured fun when done!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Whether This Embarrasses Or Not

Listen Carefully.
Forget merits of integrity.
And those with credentials to teach it,
But...
Somehow have missed quite a few lessons,
In the process of 'obtaining' a permit...
To be deemed accountable for their actions.

Doesn't it seem preposterous,
Absurd!
Like seeing a hippopotamus in leather hip boots,
To hear someone vehemently defame someone's character,
For a wrong that was 'supposedly' done to them on purpose...
When these very same people,
Have not shown a shred of accountability in 'anything'.
But expect to be lovingly embraced showing up hours late,
'After' an event has taken place.

To then be heard embellishing truths with extended exaggerations,
And overheard making the same excuses used for years...
To dispel their lack of respect for anyone or anything.
But yet...
Will have the audacity to announce what someone has done to them,
As if a patience awaiting to address their whims...
Will not for them run out!
And it will for them end whether this embarrasses or not.

People who don't 'get it' don't seem to want to,
If it should mean a taking away of an attention they receive...
By imposing their lack of concern for others' time or patience,
If it proves to them these acts are inconvenient to consider.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Whether To Give It Or Get

Without 'us' together,
A happiness kept to keep and have...
Did not to me then seem possible.
We were sharing too many dreams.
So many hopes we had it seemed,
Time was all that limited us...
From fulfilling our every wish.

Me? Today?
With fewer challenges,
And even less obstacles out of my way...
To fear them faced,
I've become prepared to embace...
The coldest of shoulders,
And steel protected hearts.

When you departed to leave,
With a taking with you your selfishness...
You may have perceived,
From me you also took all my happiness.
Yet time to have still left to myself,
Helped me realize...
Whether to give it or get,
My happiness is here to share,
With shoulders warm and a heart that cares.
To know it and confess I've been blessed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Whether Who Sees It, Believes It Or Not

There are those who accept life,
Only from their perception.
And if it is not within their eyesight...
It simply does not exist.
Since the world around them...
They believe spins!

They maintain their beliefs,
Like a trained dog protecting its shelter.
And allowing just a touch from its 'master'.
Showing a devotion.
And expressing all it knows,
From lessons taught.

There is a reason why some fail,
And some succeed.
A reason why some are motivated with faith...
While others pray in waiting,
With an anticipation that is teased.

Until the Earth shakes them awake!
From the depths of their self-centeredness.
Yes...
These folks can be deep sleepers!

And there are those who observe life as it is.
By breathing and being involved with it.
Confronting and removing obstacles that exist.
Learning and growing and persistent with this!
And sacrificing something wished...
For something that has to get done!
And often quick.
Whether who sees it, believes it or not.

What is accomplished is what it is,
Regardless of who has spent their lives being deluded.
Or entertained by their own self worth and importance!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Whether You 'Declare' That Heard, Read Or Not

The best opportunity humanity has,
To better strenghten communication...
As an unnatural devastation,
Approaches the Gulf, the East...
And eventually the Western coasts.
Is the one God sends.
That began by the feeding,
Creating a greed to satisfy the needs...
Of selfish, wealthy and gluttonous men.
For OIL.
That has always been in abundance.

If ignorance does not teach...
How the spreading of racist beliefs,
Can bring all of life to a frightening standstill.
Nothing so idiotic that man today has done ever will.

And actively praying on knees needs to cease.
With an urgent embracing of your fellowman...
Encouraged to physically increase.
Before the presence of this opportunity,
Forever disappears to have us all eternally sleep.
And, that's from my lips to your ears.
Whether you 'declare' THAT heard, read or not...
Will not alter my opinion nor its origin.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Whether You Pay Attention To Me Or Not

Being proud and showing this,
With self respect...
Seems not to be encouraged.
When insolence is all one gets.

With an exhibited effrontery,
Audaciously flagrant and reckless...
The temperity of it,
Embitters one into a concealed silence.

'Professor?
Professor, sir...
IF you are implying we are rude,
Many of us would appreciate it if you say so.
Since we have no idea how upset we should be.
You give us no clue if we should be angry...
And/or to what degree.
Or continue to believe you are insulting us.
I mean...
REALLY insulting our intelligence with your comments.
Either way...
You did get our attention.'

This is 'your' education.
Not mine.
Remember that!
Whether you pay attention to me or not...
I am still going to cash a check!
You all understand what that means,
I'm sure.

Now...
Are you ready to pay attention?
Or waste 'your' time?
All of my educational loans,
Have long been paid.
And 'daddy and mommy' didn't do it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Whetting Of Appetites

Once the teaching of feeding greed,
Becomes the feeling of an entitled addicted life...
The concept of sacrifice initiates the starting of a fight.
As a dimming of an insight,
Struggles against the aspects of this vision.

And those who have been fed they have rights to feast,
Will do their best to keep a diminishing of resources...
Flowing as if warnings of an ending that comes,
Is interpreted to mean...
A different chef has been hired with a fresh menu.

And...
Will be making a presentation of a new buffet,
Needing opinion.
With a hopeful collected approval.
And a teasing meant to make the whetting of appetites,
With anticipation...
A delightful surprise for the eyes when it has arrived.

Any other concept that introduces a dwindling of supplies,
Becomes immediately denied as an impending reality.
Since greed and the ending of it has never been fed to accept.
Or the paying of a piper to play individual requests.
When the piper appears no requests are accepted.
The piper appears to get paid.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Whew! Thank You

The same pattern.
The same routine.
The same excuses used,
To defend the obvious widely seen.

The same statements made,
As if never spoken before.
An increase of peacefulness is reached...
Each day as one prays,
To get away from this.
Welcoming a rest that is blessed,
Behind closed doors that protects.

'Whew!
Thank you for my blessings.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Which Appropriate Moves To Make

The best way to ignore a persistent annoyance,
Without letting the consistency of it upset...
Is to acknowledge it with pleasantries.
And move on!

To begin a defense against it,
Will only give it more of a presence.
And many will try to convince,
That absence makes the heart grow fonder!
Well...
In this case,
When annoyance is hard to escape...
The absence of it,
May take a little bit longer.

So...
In this case,
The best way to ignore a persistent annoyance,
Without letting the consistency of it upset...
Is to acknowledge it with pleasantries.
And move on!

A peace of mind kept that has been earned,
Will eventually learn...
Which appropriate moves to make.
And when!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Which Bland Existence Has A Bigger Fan Base?

Which bland existence
Has a bigger fan base?
A dollar worth less,
Than half of its value...
Is falling faster as propaganda rises,
To keep lifestyles fantasized.

Lies are blatant...
As those who speak truth,
Are criticized and despised
For trying to correct by...
Eliminating the act of spying.
While religious zealots,
Dance hypocritically from pulpits.
With sermons denouncing demons!
To leave congrgations in hunger.
Driving away in luxury,
Tax free!
On ther backs of those who give!

Which bland existence,
Has a bigger fan base?
The one already mentioned?
Or the one reality is for them out of place!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Which Cat Is Doing The Math

Some have adapted to adopt,
And with increasing disbelief...
Deceits to accept and receive.
With a giving of too much credit,
To the ones...
Performing their misdeeds,
And finding success of this done.
With a bleeding to deplete those,
Of all their credibility.

And then that day comes,
When the liars who did this...
Try to hide behind denial and innocence,
To then make attempts to run...
As a way to escape from any acknowledgement...
Of creating a platform to ruin someone's existence.

'Which ones adapted to adopt?
Or...
Adopted to adapt to make the adjustment? '

What difference does that 'now' make,
After someone's character...
Has been successfully assassinated?

'Good point.
Sometimes to forgive and forget,
Is easier to do for the one who deceives.
Don't you think? '

Does a cat actually have nine lives to live?

'That depends on which cat is doing the math.'

WHAT?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Which Clarity Best Represents Your Ego?

You want clarity?
Which version?
The one your delusion 'has' created?
And you seek a settlement,
Based upon this...
With a finalizing that has been negotiated.
Or...
My personal favorite.
Do you wish to be introduced to a clarity,
That is documented with historic proof?
And identifies an origin that is unmistakable?

Which clarity best represents your ego?
The long or short version?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Which Definitions For Them Have Changed

Who knows what's on their minds,
Or which definitions for them have changed...
To fit their disloyal temperaments.
They wish to be so far on the side of right,
It is amazing they still stand tall...
On the edge of a cliff that clearly crumbles.

Too many of them now are showing signs,
They are insane; out of their minds.
With permanent stays.
And finding the act of blaming each day lived,
On decisions they consciously make...
To lay on the back and shoulders of someone else.
You name it.
It is not theirs to claim,
If it reveals irresponsibility or lacking accountability.
Are you kidding?
That would be the mature way to approach life.

Then they wish to seek counseling,
After their methods to self destruct...
Is interrupted by a new TV show.
This is not a joke.
These folks take what's on their TVs seriously.
Or someone who represents them to defend...
And...
Seeks any evidence,
As to why they have committed to do this!

However,
If someone disappoints their kind of erratic madness...
They are quick to follow someone else,
Who promises them a remedy for their historic illnesses.
No matter how deep the search to find a cure for denial.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Which Depiction Offended You More?

People can not face the truth,
As to how their presentations...
Perceived by others to believe.
And reflect as a representation,
To those who observe them...
With negative comments,
Heard they disbelieve.

And yet the abundance of disrespect shown,
With no dignity projected or identity known...
People expect those witnessing not to object.
But swift they are to reject collectively,
The images of ignorance wildly dispensed...
When they gather together to defend,
A necessity to feed on delusions without end.

'Did you hear what they called us? '

~What?
What did you hear that offended? ~

'They called us Gorillas, Baboons and Fools.'

~Okay.
And which depiction offended you more? ~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Which District Is This?

When images accepted,
Become effective and significant...
A blinding effect is closer inspected,
By the ones awakening...
From a steadfast unconsciousness.
More attention is given to the process.

'Which district is this? '

Although it seems impossible to stop,
An observation that still prevents...
The vast unlimited existence,
Of a reality that dismisses the significance...
That had implied images fixed to symbolize,
Had restricted the vision of those hypnotized...
By the mesmerizing bling of shiny things!
To worship as if one lived to exist,
To impress with possessions valued and kept.

'Excuse me.
Perhaps you had not heard me.
But...
Which district is this? '

~Huh?
You look stunned and surprised.
I guess you too had been hypnotized.~

'Something has happened to me.
And I wish to know which district is this? '

~I suggest you join the others.
The ones addressing their arguments with conflict.
HERE?
There is only peace.
No districts.~

'No districts? No Conflicts? No arguments to win?
I had to have been hypnotized.

What you say to me makes absolutely no sense.'

~Whatever.
Empathetic I'm not.
Those folks over there,
Tried to imply and convince me of the same thing.
But you know what? ~

'What? '

~Here you have no choice.
It is either peace or leave.~

'But 'where' shall I go? '

~I use to tell folks where to go years ago.
But since I arrived with others like myself,
To not again be trick by more nonsense...
I just point to the direction,
Where wishes like yours exist.
Over there.
And not here.~

'And...
If I choose to stay here? '

~You will begin to ignore what's going on over there.
Here?
We share peace!
No districts or restrictions to prevent it.~

'What about excuses and alibis? '

~I see you are still under the effects of being hypnotized
Maybe you are still too accustomed to conflict.
And with me you will get no empathy.
Take your indecision somewhere else.
Hopefully awareness will untie your mind,
With an unblocking to broaden your footsteps.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Which Do 'You' Prefer?

Which do 'you' prefer?
The ignorant or the intelligent?
The street or the highbrow?
With or without higher consciousness?

Either way,
You will still have to come to face me.
And I could care less what you wear,
To masquerade your scent.
Whether you are blocked by radiance,
Or coming from a distance!

In ballrooms or shooting pool...
A fool never loses his or her tastes,
For flavored lowlife!
And many sides of the 'game'
I've been trained to play well!
So be careful what you call me.
I might not like your diction!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Which End

To create loans to stimulate...
Sustains what?
The act of loaning?
Or a stimulation reminisced?

With a reality that insists,
On a cash payback!
Who or what will be doing that?

And which end of a burning bridge...
Burning from both sides,
Does one run to become more enlightened?
Before the bottom is acknowledged.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Which Floor Are Your Restrooms On?

The only answer I will accept to my question,
Is the one given...
That I am to understand.
Anything else that is less specific,
Is a performance.
A song and dance routine.
And any other day 'but' today,
I would have been prepared to critique.
But time like that to give becoming more precious,
I would prefer my question to be answered...
Without the benefit of your dramatics,
Or the added tour.
Today...
And please don't take my comments to offend!
I would like your response as quick and direct,
With your making that possible.

'I understand.
But neither am I here...
To listen to anyone's sermon.
Now...
What was your question?
I had forgotten how simple it was to answer.'

I had asked...
Which floor are your restrooms on?

'The second.'

That's all.
What was so difficult about that?

'You looked as if you had something else on your mind.'

I didn't.
But...
Mother Nature has come to change all of that.
Second floor?

'Yes.
And don't hurt yourself by rushing.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Which Games Are Still Appropriate

Dodge ball,
And games of tag and hide-and-seek...
Have left populations of adults,
Stunted!
Behind masks of dysfunctions.
Sharing childish lies.
And crying foul as social misfits!
They have traded their lives,
For a wealth of understanding missed!
Their minds still see themselves as children!
And 'their' children have lost total respect for them!
Needless to say...
Generations have no idea,
Which games are still appropriate...
And valid to play!
Even those viewing from the sidelines quarrel.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Which Image Best Impresses

Reality to face.
And promises made kept to believe,
Seldom seem to meet...
A doing to keep,
Anyone's long lasting satisfaction.
To do with a truth to comprehend.
Or made understood to agree upon.
With a doing that makes it clear,
Which image best impresses...
That has been expressed to leave,
An honesty left.

'And I promise you,
My every intention meant...
Will remain as a meant intention.
To you...
This I promise.
And 'that' I can say,
From the bottom of my empathizing heart.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Which Is It?

Hold up!
Are you trying to make me notice you?
Or are you making a point,
That I am being ignored?
And you have absolutely nothing else to do!
Which is it?

Everywhere I walk, stand or sit...
I see you,
Refusing to exchange my hello.
As if you wish me to beg,
For you to acknowledge it!

I'm the one that's seeking,
A place where no games like that exist.
But you are the one insisting,
My attention that you get!

I don't know what other clue I can give you.
But you are definitely the one that is proving...
You either have no interests in your life to pursue,
Or something in your head is a misfit that makes you sick!
Which is it?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Which Life Do You Live?

Most people are so unaccustomed to speak the truth.
For many of them...
This is all they know.
A tradition of sorts.
Passed through the family,
As common as gas is passed.
With each scent identified by the doer.

~Women 'poot' they do not fart! ~

Well...
I knew a few women who 'stank'!
And it didn't matter who 'pooted' or farted.
Or if that even made the difference.
For those of them who are like that!

~Focus.
Stay focused, please.~

And,
If they began to become forthright and honest...
Most people would lose their friends.
Jeopardizing relationships of all kinds.
And many of them would end.

~Like marriages?
Perhaps? ~

While others would lose complete identities.
Since those lives lived have been totally prefabricated.

~Why are you staring at me?
Which life do you live? ~

My own!
And without references.
Preferences, yes!
But...
Without references!

~Why are you staring at me? ~

'Cause you all up in my 'grill'
Like you belong in it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Which Medications Are They On?

It's hard for me to determine,
Which ones I should follow.
Since which fools from the choice of fools,
Should I choose with a guessing...
Are those less foolish?

Or is it in my best interest,
To refuse the picking of any fool...
With the hope the doing of it,
Will awaken me to realize...
This has been too real of a nightmare!

And soon I will be snapped back into reality.
Because this insanity I just can not accept.
And many are pretending they notice nothing at all.
Which medications are they on?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Which One Has Tolerated The Other The Most

If anyone has stated to another,
How close they've been to someone else...
For more than over fourty years?
And with an interest has expressed it,
I would be suspicious if...
That person had never step inside,
The home where that person lives.
Met the parents or visited the city or state...
Or investigated with imagination those experiences,
That has made that person someone claimed to appreciate.
I would be highly suspicious just how close that association is!
And which one has tolerated the other the most.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Which One Is Left To Experience Regret?

When one has lived without,
What one has never had to live with...
From the beginning!
It becomes difficult to use that as a weapon,
To threaten to keep it denied.

Especially if one never knew,
What it was that was being kept away.

If one has never had what it was to miss...
What good are those threats?
And what is one expecting in return,
For making them?
And which one is left to experience regret?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Which One Is More Likely To Succeed?

Is the pain of hearing a 'no',
Easier to take...
For one accustomed to hearing it.
And continues to move on...
To another destination.
With the feeling that the act itself,
Will eventually reveal someone attracted....
To a practice of whistled bird calls?

Or will a door slammed on a foot,
Of one more aggressive and determined...
To make an impression,
Regardless of the circumstances.
And has taken painkillers,
To prepare no matter what the response.
Knowing what is done will attract someone.
And the gaining of empathy will be given,
Before the cops are called and come.

Which one is more likely to succeed,
In getting what is believed is deserved?
Or have they both been addicted to delusion?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Which One Would Have A Better Chance

Who is better equipped,
To endure a prolonged and costly conflict?

Those accustomed to it with an appetite.
Or those nurtured on video games...
Created in 3-D.
Turned off after a few hours,
To eat sandwiches and other snacks.
To begin again,
After studying what strategies to use to win!

Which one would have a better chance,
To defeat the other?

'That's easy!
Anyone who can afford to play...
And keep their game updated!
Hopefully with sustained patriotism maintained.
With lots of mayo.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Which One, If You Chose, Would Be Your Preference?

You've allowed your discomfort,
To excuse outside irritations.
You've invited inside your mind.
And now you find yourself without time,
To detach it from your back!
With a seeking done to be understood.

I understand you perfectly!
You are one of the many,
Who decided to quiet your lips.
And not be part of the conflict that exists.

Now you discover there is no way to resist it.
And you wish to unite those who have similar interests,
In ridding yourselves of what had been taken for granted.
Where will you begin?
With the disciplining of your own children?
Or more frequent prison visits!

Which one,
If you chose...
Would be your preference?
Or would you stay in masquerade,
To save the investment made in charading!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Which Ones To Keep?

Back and forth drifting.
From thought to thought,
Sitting!
Wishing them to go away,
They seem to come...
And want to stay.
Replaying them over deepens my delay.
Some were good,
While others dismayed!
But today...
Every thought,
Has left a lesson I've been taught!
And I'm trying to remember...
Which ones to keep?
And which to dismember.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Which Sickness Is Preferred

If it helps to heal,
Why would sugar be added...
To the naturalness of anything tasted,
Concealing its true identity?
When eventually a curiosity will seek truth.
With a creating of havoc,
That could have been avoided.

Are factors attached to control issues,
THAT addicting...
To keep a people seeking chaos,
As a means that keeps them with beliefs...
A power over others is theirs to have eternally?
Is a sickness more dangerous than any weapon used.

How thick are the heads of those mindless?
And to what degree are their beliefs twisted?

And...
What is it on 'this' Earth,
Is perceived by anyone is theirs forever to keep?
Devastation, annihilation, with nonexistence?
To leave behind no human evidence?
Which sickness is preferred,
To implement by these mentally diseased creatures?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Which Way That Wind Actually Blew To Blow

Often complaints are heard,
From grown men and women...
Who they blame for their insecurities.
While they did nothing innocently,
To become tearfully mistreated.

Either it will be,
Parents or other family members.
Or friends that eventually leave them,
To discover they have had it seeking...
Ways to please the selfishness of whims.

Only to hear from the mouths of others,
How someone who had been used,
Is now accused of abandonment.
Leaving only those who came to know,
Which way that wind actually blew to blow.
With the ceasing of it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Which Wish For You Is 'More' Essential?

Which wish for you is 'more' essential?
The one you expect me to be?
That one not yet,
Able to fulfill my potential?
Or the one that I am.
Awaiting your assistance,
To realize my wish for you.
Has materialized.
Potential you have can not be denied.
But somehow in your eyes,
There is a need 'from' me for you to see supplied.
Amplified excessive impressions kept escalated.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

While A Ticking Clock One Watches

There are those who for years have sat,
In bitterness that angers.
Over something unforgotten from a past.
And seeking to explain their side of held revenge.
As life passes them by...
Keeping wrapped and trapped inside.
Hoping someone gives them a listening ear.
To hear lingering sad melodies.
Repeated to seethe the same agonies.
And wanting anyone who comes along,
To spare some empathy.
But how much of that can one be expected to give?
As one continues to sit,
Trembling in fits of anguish!
While a ticking clock one watches...
Will someday come for that one to stop!
And 'who' will have that time for them to drop?
When today...
Living in faded yesterdays,
Is no way today to live!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

While Advocating To Establish This

Those taught to attack,
The progress of their own kind...
Aren't conscious enough to know,
They are out of their minds.
And addicted to inflict upon themselves,
Their own grief.
To validate this as a confirmation!
While advocating to establish this,
As the foundation of one's belief!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

While Daydreaming

Ridding a stench away,
Others may lay...
Is likened to the eliminating the smell,
Of an accidental step in cow manure...
Or dog doo one discovers on the bottom,
Of their brand new shoes.
Depending on which side of the plantation,
One decides to take a casual walk...
While daydreaming to one day be free,
From those planting ideals...
About the power of the vote.
And the effectiveness of unity.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

While Dining On Crow

A kept pettiness to keep it,
Eventually attracts...
Its own enemies.
Unleashing a faceless revenge.
Time and age.
With it realized wasted.

Finding those immature whining.
While dining on crow.
Slowly overcooked.
But unable to let go,
Of what was done to do...
Many years ago to others.
Although...
Caring less,
Are the ones to have moved on.
To select from a menu,
Life to experience...
Have afforded them to forget,
Who had been forgiven...
To accept or reject it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

While Displaying An Impatience Shown

There is no such thing,
As someone misplacing to forget to use...
An obtained and claimed integrity.
Or a polishing up of a trust,
Allowed to dust, rust and go bellyup in bankruptcy.

To then seek a repeating of a forgiveness,
From one who has grown too numb to give it.
Knowing the act of it means nothing to another,
Awaiting to expect to hear it given, again!
While displaying an impatience shown.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

While I Wait

If I'm...
Giving up too much love.
Can I,
Get it back in my time?
Will I have to moan and whine...
While I wait.
Will I find some peace of mind this time,
While I wait.

While I wait...
Should I say anything about me?
While I wait...
Or should I,
Sit and stare?
While I wait.
While I wait.
When I know this 'trip',
Has run out of fare.
While I wait.
While I wait.

Should I say anything about me?
While I wait...
Or should I,
Sit and stare?
While I wait.
While I wait.
When I know this 'trip',
Has run out of fare.
While I wait.
While I wait.
While I wait...
When I know this 'trip',
Has run out of fare.
While I wait.
While I wait.
While I wait.
While I wait.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

While Others Still Heal From Wounds

As a writer and broadening with a point of view,
Expanding without a hint or clue...
To prepare me when this insight has arrived.
And I've grown accustomed to the flight...
While others still heal from wounds,
From those days that have faded into all yesterdays gone.

It is difficult to measure with a prolonged patience intended,
To inspect...
The level of one's consciousness,
Still playing a game of hop-scotch...
In a dusty abandoned field,
Only those monitoring can not see the lint collected.

It is difficult to measure,
The level of one's consciousness...
When one has been exposed,
To going beyond limits.
And consciously leaving those behind,
Dosing with locked up minds...
Nodding.

It is difficult in these troubled times to pretend,
I will tip toe around delusions with confused attitudes...
And I am depicted the one some come to say,
My efforts offend them.

It is difficult to measure with a prolonged patience intended,
To inspect...
The level of one's consciousness,
Still playing a game of hop-scotch...
In a dusty abandoned field,
Only those monitoring can not see the lint collected.
And I become the one those dosing come to say,
I offend them.

While others still heal from wounds,
I'm up in adventure.
While others still heal from wounds,

I'm not looking back...
Over tracks I've already laid.

While others still heal from wounds,
I'm up in adventure.
While others still heal from wounds,
I'm not looking back...
Over tracks I've already laid.

While others still heal from wounds,
I'm up in adventure.
While others still heal from wounds,
I'm not looking back...
Over tracks I've already laid.

While others still heal from wounds,
I'm not looking back...
At tracks I've made.

While others still heal from wounds,
I'm not looking back...
At tracks I've made.

While others still heal from wounds,
I'm not looking back...
And that's-a-fact.

While others still heal from wounds,
I'm not looking back...
And that's-a-fact.

While others still heal from wounds,
I'm not looking back...
At all.

While others still heal from wounds,
I'm not looking back...
And that's-a-fact.

While others still heal from wounds,
I'm not looking back...
At all.

I'm not looking back...
At all.
While others still heal from wounds.
While others still heal from wounds.
While others still heal from wounds,
I'm not looking back.
While the others still heal from wounds,
I'm not looking back...
At all.
I'm not looking back...
At all.
I'm not looking back.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

While Seeking Something More Impressive

They are the first to admit,
A seeking of creative ways to advance...
And exist in all areas,
That will justify their growth process.

But for whatever the reasons,
They have chosen to dismiss...
Those with the creative expertise,
To recommend with suggestions.

And instead look for scholars,
With book sense to limited mindsets...
To guide them in their quest,
To be the best that they can be!

And...
They still will never see,
The forest for the trees.
While seeking something more impressive.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

While We Are In The 'scheme' Of Things

Oh well...
While we are in the 'scheme' of things.
And why those schemes,
Bring so much importance to some.
Let those who wish,
Choose to dismiss an evilness.
It is all around and easily found,
But those participating...
Will themselves come crashing down.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

While You Skate

You can't break my heart and run,
Believing that will stimulate...
Since you've done it to invigorate,
While you skate.
Oh no!
No no.
No. No. No. No. No. No. Oh nooo!

You can't do what's been done before,
To pat and scratch like a puppy begging for more.
Ooo oh no.
No no.
No. No. No. No. No. No. Oh nooo!

Hold up on that locomotive.
With motives to bowl me all over...
Or roll in granola.

I'm much wiser...
Older.
Bolder.
And I don't cry on no one's shoulder!
Or weep for treats in tantrums to annoy.
Oh no.
No no.
No. No. No. No. No. No. Oh nooo!

Back up off that BS stuff.
I've had enough of all that crap you've laid!
I'm not a cuckoo.
Or your loose screw.

Ooooh back up off that BS stuff.
I've had enough of all that crap you've laid!
I'm not a cuckoo.
Or your loose screw.

You can't break my heart and run,
Believing that will stimulate...

Since you've done it to invigorate,
While you skate.
You can't do what's been done before,
To pat and scratch like a puppy begging for more.

Oh no.
No no.
No. No. No. No. No. No. Oh nooo!

Back up off that BS stuff.
I've had enough of all that crap you've laid!
I've said...
Back up off that BS stuff.
I've had enough of all that crap you've laid!

You can't break my heart and run,
Believing that will stimulate...
Since you've done it to invigorate,
While you skate.
No. No. No. No. No. No...
No!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Whining For Swine

A dumping noticed that should offend noses.
Doesn't.
A celebration occurs.
And people are seen rushing,
To receive innoculations.

Demonstrations arise,
To be cured from perceived ills.

A testing has yet produced desired affects.
Although lines swell of those whining for swine!
Pining and whining for a dose hyped in their minds.
And in long lines to become protected,
After injected as expected.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Whipped Dizzy And Delighted

Over and over again,
I want to feel this way for you.
Like a wheel that spins...
Over and over again,
This 'thing' that keeps me so subdued.
Over and over again,
Revolving on an axis that does not end...
Captivating an entrapment,
In an enclosed involvement binge.
I am in this churning movement,
Secreting with desire that burns.
Over and over again...
Stung by a sting I like!
Whipped,
Dizzy and delighted!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Whispers Heard

The weird one,
Out.
An escapee,
From a life deemed scarred...
By the markings of dysfunctions.

Labellings endured but removed.
Bold, brave...
And,
Often rude.
Often moody and with attitude.

The weird one,
Out.
No longer enslaved,
By limited mentalities.
Too goal oriented.
And...
With identity.

The weird one,
Out.
Never to look back,
To retrace haunting distractions.
Or again to face...
Those flaunting their disgraces,
In a buffooning pride to dignify...
Stereotypical images to imitate,
Interpretations that disrespect one's heritage.

The weird one,
Out.
An escapee,
From a life deemed scarred...
By the markings of dysfunctions.
And with a pace motivated,
By the whispers heard...
From encouraging ancestors.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Whispers Heard Undisturbed

Evil people continue to quietly sneak with a creeping,
To ride upon the backs of those afraid of consciousness...
With a choosing to remain asleep,
As evil people leave their whispers heard undisturbed...
To digest and manifest with an effective infestation.

Defeat to feed with a fed acceptance,
Keeps torment, pain and sorrow as a way of life.
And under hypnosis with addicted doses taken,
Faith, hope and inspiration loses a taste to motivate.
And this elates those of wicked deeds.

An absence of hindsight invites conflicts and confusion,
To give that which is out of place some kind of recognition.
With a doing that continues the quest of sneaky evil people,
To leave those under hypnosis with addicted doses taken,
Forsaking their faith, hope and inspiration for motivation...gone!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

White Out

The things I said,
Whether written or not...
But expressed from my heart.
And you received.
Not to believe the depth,
Of my love felt for you.
I wish right now I could white out!

Erase and/or replace,
My committed devotion.
Since you would never come to know,
What it took to expose myself.
You would never come to know,
That kind of love...
You keep hidden inside.
You have too much pride.

And I...
Well,
I am seeking chemistry!
Not just sex.
I have much more than that to offer!

The things I said,
Whether written or not...
But expressed from my heart.
And you received.
Not to believe the depth,
Of my love felt for you.
I wish right now I could white out!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Whittle Little Bits

Whittle little bits...
Off that chip,
Boldened to behold...
You carry as a boulder,
Upon your shoulder.
As if it's gold.

Get rid of it.

It doesn't compliment nor does it fit.
Your wish to be sophisticated,
But that chip sits...
Like a magnet's in it.

Get rid of it.
That boulder that you shoulder.
Get rid of it.
That chip doesn't fit.
Get rid of it.
That boulder that you shoulder.
Get rid of it.

Whittle little bits off that chip,
Boldened to behold you carry as a boulder...
Upon your shoulder.
You're getting too old to hold.

Get rid of it.
That boulder that you shoulder.
Get rid of it.
That chip doesn't fit.
Get rid of it.
That boulder that you shoulder.
You're getting too old to hold,
So...
Get rid of it.
That boulder that you shoulder.
Get rid of it.
That chip doesn't fit.

Get rid of it.
That boulder that you shoulder.
You're getting too old to hold,
So...
Get rid of it.
With whittled little bits.
Get rid of it.
With whittled little bits.
Get rid of it.
With whittled little bits.
That chip has gotten old.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Who Allowed This Disappointment

Hmmm,
Let's see!
If I am disappointed.
And you say,
You are disappointed.
And here we are listening,
To them express their disappointment.
Who allowed this disappointment,
To get 'this' disappointing?

'That's a good question!
Maybe those we elected to represent us,
Misunderstood it was not our disappointment...
We elected them to represent.
But instead...
To find solutions for the reasons 'why',
We were disappointed in the first place.'

You may have a point.
None of us really agreed to be freed of disappointment.
And we keep electing those to represent,
The best of our disappointments.
And this has never been what any of us wanted.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Who Am I Kidding?

Not another word will I say,
To anyone...
To recommend, suggest or advise.
Not me.
Not I.

I've learned too many lessons.
And a foot in the mouth,
Is not my taste!
No!

I...

What am I saying?
Of course it is!
To stop that now...
Would be like going on a diet.

Excuse me.
I apologize.
For some reason...
I actually believed I could convince myself,
I could stop being annoying.
Who am I kidding?
I love it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Who Am I To Deny It Promise?

If I am not living my life today...
With the fulness that I should,
To be left feeling betrayed.
Then everyday I have lived my life,
Has been invalidated.

If I can say,
I am not living my life today.
I am dreamless without hope.
I give empty reasons to mope!
I am a vacant shell...
Existing in a hell I've created.
If I am not living my life today!

Where did I store those memories?
When did any happiness come to leave?
Why am I not pleased...
With anything that comes my way?
If I can say,
I am not living my life today!
And I breathe just to witness my breath...
Fade away into a nothingness.

If I am not living my life today...
What is this,
That IS!
And 'who' am I,
To deny 'it' promise?
Like a gift one receives...
Selfishly to leave unwrapped.
Can I honestly believe,
I am not worthy to do that?

If I am not living my life today...
Perhaps I should.
And unpack...
From sorrows deeply stacked.
Trapping my sight in darkness,
Without daylight I alone hold back.

If I am not living my life today...
With the fulness that I should,
To be left feeling betrayed.
Then everyday I have lived my life,
Has been invalidated.

And I know there is 'something' I value,
I can give!
To say 'that' is the reason,
I am here to live!
If I can remove myself...
To cast shadows,
Instead of finding an escape within them.
To live and let my life,
Be the one I have and learn to like!
Unfrightened.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Who Amongst Us Then Will Be Left To Cheer And Dance?

...this leaf is not of Maple.
Nor is this Pine like the Oak!
Mesquite does not smell like Birch at all!
Why is 'that' grass Bermuda?
Or a Tulip not a Rose?
I've never seen a Walrus do a backstroke!
If I scream and attempted to choke it,
Would an Elephant beam that I provoked it?
And 'why' can't chickens swim?
Do swans, pigeons and ducks...
Want to be like them?
Are they upset by a Lion's roar?
Like the time I got irritated,
When I heard my EX-wife loudly snore?
And I wanted to get up from the bed...
Get dressed and walk out the door!
I could not sleep nor endure that anymore!
What am I exploring here?
And 'why'?
And...what for?

Then I began finding 'that' purpose I wanted to convey!
I know when I composed this...
There was 'something' I had to say!
But in what way?

I remember playing as a child,
And arguing with other children...
Over a toy or a ball or something then.
Only to leave it and that activity behind,
When something else or 'another situation...
I would find that came to mind.
But unlike fights of debates and politics!
Listening to 'leaders' argue...
Over 'who' is more experienced,
And fit to bicker better about it!
As economies and the quality of life...

Further slides into a deepening pit!

We all would be in dire straits...
'If' everything in nature,
Started battling among themselves.
Wishing each who has a purpose,
To be replaced!
Like entertainment in a three ring circus.
As if their importance and differences...
And who is better than who,
And who does what for what reason...
Is not good enough,
To do what it takes!
To bring an audience to its feet,
In applause in awe!
As we all stood pledging allegiance,
To finish in harmony with handshakes!

And what will that take?
A complete destruction from an earthquake?
A hurricane to level complete cities in its wake?
Or a tornado to descend and begin swirling disaster?
For hundreds of miles to stun without a break!
Would 'that' then bring contentment?
Will we 'then' lick our fingers...
After eating crumbcake?

Would 'some' feel satisfied to boast with pride?
Knowing Mother Nature...
Has grown tired of our behavior.
And is stirring up Her own form,
Of unquestionable genocide!

Who amongst us then will be left,
To cheer and dance with an ego to stride?
Insects?
And other 'things we regard as pests...
That have seen this unrest,
Too many times before.

As we...
Human beings with the right to choose!

Elect to destruct ourselves,
With vicious wicked minds!
As the Earth observes us...
Whining and wasting away each day,
Valuable and precious time!

Inspired by:
Jeannie Ann Clark
Boerne, Texas

'Is that near San Antonio?
I love that great city! '

Thank you, Jeannie.

Lawrence

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Who And What Are They Masquerading

I'm sure I'm not the only one,
Who sees what they've done...
Like this:

IF what they had in place,
Was so perfect and right...
Why is it they've compromised their lives,
By standing near an abyss...
To jeopardize themselves instead.
To follow like sheep,
With opened eyes.

Why did it take fresh leadership,
One they criticize and despise.
To say the one elected by popularity...
Has 'stars' embedded in his mind,
As a prize.

To win as everyone praises him.
No matter what the color is,
Of his arrogance and his grin!

And he misunderstands the severity,
Of their dilemma...
Any idiot can recognize.

AND,
If he is the IDIOT...
Who and what are they masquerading,
To portray in disguise?
Heartless and blinded zombies?
Gathering to worship failure...
And finding the depth of it,
Surprisingly deep!
And this they can't deny,
Run away from or try to hide!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Who And What Implemented This

How can anyone think or believe,
They could distance themselves...
From actions their own children take,
That provokes others with disrespect...
To then proclaim they are not responsible,
For those actions their children have learned...
From behind walls where they were first taught.
To then take those lessons beyond their own backyards?
With a doing done to create for others havoc!

Is the First Amendment that diverse?

WHO and WHAT,
Inspired with encouragement their transgressions?
With beliefs to violate others is okay?
And with rights that entitles them to do it their way.
From WHERE was this thoughtlessness generated?
WHO and WHAT implemented this in their minds,
To have those who should be accountable...
Find someone else to blame!
And with accusations that dismisses their teachings.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Who And Why Are We?

Nobody here appears who they should be.
And some are heard saying,
They're quite alone.

Nobody here appears stripped free,
Of showing a face...
Known as shown.

Who,
And why are we?
Who...
And what,
Is our destiny?

We come here alone.
To go on our own!
But,
To where?

Tell me,
Who...
And why are we?

Tell me,
What...
Is our destiny?

We come here alone.
To do what it is!
But who cares?

But who cares?

Nobody here appears who they should be.
And some are heard saying,
They're quite alone.

Nobody here appears stripped free,
Of showing a face...

Known as shown.

And who cares?

Tell me,
Who...
And why are we?

Tell me,
What...
Is our destiny?

We come here alone.
To go on our own!
But,
To where?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Who Are My Foes?

I keep my battle cries.
But who are my foes?
With fears I can't release.
But who are my foes?
I feel much threatened too.
But who are my foes?
And when I close my windows,
I bolt and lock all doors.

I frisk my shadows cast.
But who are my foes?
I analyze all night.
But who are my foes?
Even my pet cat believes,
A spy on it has planted fleas.
I get that look from it,
And...
Brush until it's feeling freed.

I shower keeping glasses on.
To catch all my foes.
And drip to dry when done.
I don't use towels.
And when I make a mess and ready,
To take out the trash...
I take my cat with me,
And we both wear masks.

I frisk my shadows cast.
But who are my foes?
I analyze all night.
But who are my foes?
Even my pet cat believes,
A spy on it has planted fleas.
I get that look from it,
And...
Brush until it's freed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Who Are The Victims Of This Misguidance?

They were not aware they were being treated special?
Like one who waves,
From the backseat of a limousine.
Did it occur to them...
As they passed those homeless,
Hungry and poor.
Their very presence had been considered obscene?
And why was it necessary...
To careen through lost and vacant dreams?

Who are the victims of this misguidance?
Who are the victims of this scene?

They were not aware they were being treated special?
Even when hints were dropped...
They should continue and not stop.
They should not ask any questions,
But proceed to throw bread...
Out of the window instead.
And consider those who ran after crumbs...
As birds without wings.
Since they do not like to be called bums.

Who are the victims of this misguidance?
Who are the victims of this scene?

And they were not aware they were being treated special?
Those who rode inside by a driver.
Nor did they who chased collecting another's waste.
Believing their needs were being met.
By someone who accepted them...
And left them to forget.
As those electing to choose values of poor taste.
Something neither chose...
As they ran or rode,
To remember or regret!

Who are the victims of this misguidance?
Who are the victims of this scene?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Who Are They

Who are they,
Who don't pay street dues.
To then claim they remember,
What someone else...
Has lived to go through.
And who are they,
To take away what they did not earn.
With it done to ride on another's back.
Laughing with others,
Unaware of the facts.

Who are they,
Strutting to flaunt a false pride?
And who are they,
To criticize while in disguise.
Who are they to get attention mentioned,
Without evidence or proof?
And who are they that can do this,
While abusing others to accuse...
Them of being around too long,
To leave nothing done to value.

Who are they,
Who don't pay street dues.
To then claim they remember,
What someone else...
Has lived to go through.
And who are they,
To take away what they did not earn.
With it done to ride on another's back.
Laughing with others,
Unaware of the facts.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Who Are They Who Point To The Liberals?

Who are they who point to The Liberals?
Those of Conservative values?
Those who send others,
To end their conflicts?
Those who sit with their opinions...
And sip on dry martinis.
And discuss their vacation visits.

Those of 'right winged' policies...
Whose sons and daughters,
Hide behind college walls...
With no military,
Or civic duties to complete!

Those who feed their greed,
And learn skills of deception.
To earn positions on Wall Street!
With their cheating test scores,
That have granted them B.A., M.A....
And Doctorate degrees.

Who are they who point to The Liberals?
Those of Conservative values?
Those that have turned their quality of life...
Into a cesspool of decadence,
Created to instill fear and strife.
To all now witnessing their economic blight!

Who are they who point to The Liberals?
Those who wish to do things right.
Those who are concern about all human life.
Those who now must clean up the mess.
Left by separatists conservatives!
Thick with mindsets of incompetence.
And walking on destructive paths!

Who are they who point to The Liberals?

'Those who feel they should be invited...

To kneel before the Queen of England,
And be knighted! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Who Are We?

Who are we?
And where do we go...
To have that revealed?
And when we do arrive,
To await the answer.
Will we accept what we hear?
Or will our ears choose to believe...
Deceptions we've kept hidden,
In our hearts!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Who Are You?

Who are you?
Taking time,
To read between my lines.
With a hope to uncover,
Some depth there to find.

Who are you?
Taking interest,
When little has been expressed before.
And stirring up my curiosity,
With a wish to know you more.

Who are you?
Keeping discreet and behind the scenes.
Creating your own mysteriousness...
Since you know I will notice.
Because of a certain 'sensitivity'.

Who are you?
Making attempts,
To get my attention like this.
Hmmm?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Who Awakened Would Be Envious

Why is it,
When a person has decided...
A peace valued and wishes to keep,
Is a sign of temporary defiance?
And not a life choice one has made.

When one has lived,
In the sharing of chaos, confusion...
And indecisiveness of others,
What would make anyone think...
This way of life,
Is so overwhelmingly attractive...
One who has escaped from it,
Is desiring to participate?
By pretending to be left alone?

But they wish...
By a sending of 'perceived' mixed signals,
To have 'that' nonsense lived...
Their way?

Who awakened would be envious of it?
Crazy are the fools who think this way!

An escape,
IF successful...
Is a blessing.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Who Benefits

I can only explain,
What I know...
To have experienced.
But I can not pretend to listen
Or comprehend to understand,
Anyone seeking attention...
For reasons they wish,
Understood.
But can not explain,
Who benefits...
From the experience of it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Who Benefits From A Not Getting Of It?

No one's here to endure pain or suffering.
No one can explain to what gain pain brings.

Who benefits from sacrificing love?
Who benefits from sacrificing joy?
Who benefits from,
A not getting of it?
Who benefits from,
A missing of this?

Who benefits from sacrificing love?
Who benefits from,
A not getting of it.
Who benefits from,
A missing of this.

Who benefits from sacrificing joy.
Who benefits from,
Not getting it.
Who benefits from,
A missing of this.

People,
Are not getting...
What prophets are saying 'bout powers of love.
People,
Are not getting...
What prophets are saying 'bout powers of love.

No one's here to endure pain or suffering.
No one can explain to what gain pain brings.

People,
Are not getting...
What prophets are saying 'bout powers of love.
People,
Are not getting...
What prophets are saying 'bout powers of love.

Who benefits from a not getting of it.
People,
Are not getting...
What prophets are saying 'bout powers of love.
People,
Are not getting...
What prophets are saying 'bout powers of love.

Who benefits from a not getting of it.
Who benefits from a not getting of it.
People,
Are not getting...
What prophets are saying 'bout powers of love.

Who benefits from a not getting of it?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Who Benefits From This Restricted Existence

What is it about our lives lived,
So many are finding hard to accept?
What is it implanted in the minds of those young,
That they can do what they wish with a damage done.
To find it appropriate to bring harm to someone.
And then have access to weapons,
To address their temperments and inflict misdeeds.

What messages are sent to present these tragedies?
And when will it dawn on a society to begin,
A depth that is assessed...
Without protecting a pretentiousness to defend.
Since the affects of pretending has not decreased the pain.
Nor has those lofty standards that are valued...
Maintained a worth with a purpose that remains.

What is it about our lives lived,
So many are finding hard to accept?
What is it implanted in the minds of those young,
That they can do what they wish with a damage done.
To find it appropriate to bring harm to someone.
And then have access to weapons,
To address their temperments and inflict misdeeds.

Where are those lofty standards valued?
Where do they exist to be taught,
To remain contained?
And where do those isolated...
Believe with them they keep maintained?
Who benefits from this restricted existence,
When upon themselves they inflict their own pain.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Who Better Paints The Canvas

Who better paints the canvas,
With qualified strokes.
And expertise to enhance a romancing,
An advancement of a work of art...
That eliminates to erase effectively,
The reality of these tragic times.

'The candidates have introduced,
Wonderful interpretations.
So similar and yet...
Each offers a separate diversion.'

Who better paints the canvas,
Done with brightened panoramic views.
That captures smiles of hope and promise,
While dancers grasp hands...
Skipping along without sorrows.
As if entertained and amused.

Who better has detected imaginations,
That avoids...
A stepping over conflicts or realities exhibited,
That an implemented ignorance has destroyed.

'This one...
Uses light marvelously.
The debris on the streets,
Leaves such a...
Mysterious lifting of untouched opportunity.
I wonder how much a re-framing will cost me? '

Those appointed and self annointed,
Painting fantasies with attempts made to convince...
All should ignore temporary blemishes,
As isolated tempestuous events they can prevent.
Are doing their best to cover up defects,
Of an effective consented mental illness...
Being unleashed with a permitted relentlessness.

'Oooohhh.
Have you seen what has been painted over here?
The detail is exquisite. Unbelievable is the deception.
I love the way the children buried in cemeteries,
Have glowing faces with halos.
Adorned with pastel weapons,
To mark their grave sites.
That will fit perfectly over the mantle.
Wouldn't it?
These candidates are making it difficult this year.
More vibrant are the colors.
Don't you think? '

Who better paints the canvas,
Done with brightened panoramic views.
That captures smiles of hope and promise,
While dancers grasp hands...
Skipping along without sorrows.
As if entertained and amused.
With an effective consented mental illness...
Given permission to exist.
Although romanticized on a canvas...
Painted and described as a close interpretation,
To those attracted to abstracts.
Abstracts they see and with a wish to get.

'Here it is.
This is the one I want.
The 'pathos'.
This is the 'pathos' I've been seeking,
To see it displayed as if it had been felt.
I wonder if they could frame this one in gold? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Who Came To Taint The Rainbows

I once thought love was universal.
Felt to feel within everyone in view.
And then one day I awakened to see,
People finding misery to grieve...
To accept and be believed.

I once thought that love,
Was what everyone knew.
And wishing it to be shared,
With all who cared to pursue it.
To keep as if attached and glued to it.

But then from my eyes,
What I perceived was rain...
Had been the witnessing of dripping tears.
And not from the sky above,
Was the sobbing heard with my ears.

Who came to taint the rainbows?
To then shield the Sun with clouds.
Who allowed gloomy shades of blue,
To remove happy smiles I remembered...
And knew?

Who came to paint the times now found,
With sadness and fear to find all around.
And just about everywhere there's confusion,
As a choice to choose on many minds.
With their faces looking down as if lost,
And confined to complaints and whining.

Who came to taint the rainbows?
To then shield the Sun with clouds.
Who allowed happiness to drift,
To never come back to stay...
With a permanence that sits unresisted.
Who came to visit just to do this?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Who Can Find The Substance

'You have been selected,
To represent exclusive and definitive...
Demographics.
Sooo...
Let's play,
Who can find and identify...
The substance.
Tonight we have invited,
Your community leaders...
To open this discussion.
With their interest and opinions.'

And a local reporter begins to write.
-Nothing in heard comments,
Is any sense being made.
And those questions to be asked,
Seem to have answers coming...
From aliens out in space.
Some respond as if their minds,
Have been from them erased.-

'Substance!
Seek we the substance.'

-Again these words are said.
I'm here to report.
And not pass judgement.
But the moderator,
Seems to have taken...
Some of the 'substance' already!
People are sitting with eyes fixed.
As if hypnotized.
Outside of closed windows,
Are many protesters.
But no one inside seems to realize it
Or...
Have been told to ignore them.
The moderator closes the drapes...
On their 'inner-city' faces.

As if to screen them from others.
Who appear to have become annoyed.-

'You have been selected to represent,
Exclusive and definitive...
Demographics.
However,
Substance has been missed.'

-Intentionally?
I end this report with this to wonder
If those folks outside,
Were hired to protest.
And if the substance...
Pretended to be requested,
Was ever a quest.
Or an opportunity for some 'leaders',
To dress and make impressions...
Just for the occasion? -

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Who Could Be Chosen That Is Liked Enough

Successful in restricting the movements,
Of those with wishes to lead.
They are now seeking unity and leadership...
From those left amongst themselves,
Who are only motivated to prevent progress.
Not receive it.

They have yet to develop that kind of respect!
Or perceive anyone qualified,
Willing to sacrifice substance...
To those still in question about their identity!
And 'who' could be chosen that is liked enough,
To satisfy their ignorance.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Who Could Had 'thunk It'

Today's youth are heard to say,
'People don't get me.'
With a doing little wanting pay.
'People don't get me.'
Many seem to have no thoughts,
Other than to text.
Downloading 'selfies'.
And exposing nakedness.

Who could had 'thunk it',
That we did this to the youth.
Who could had 'thunk it',
That we took their brains to neuter.
Who could had 'thunk it',
That we did this to the youth.
Who could had 'thunk it'.
Who could had 'thunk it'.

Today's youth are heard to say,
'People don't get me.'
With a doing little wanting pay.
'People don't get me.'
Many seem to have no thoughts,
Other than to text.
Downloading 'selfies'.
And exposing nakedness.

Who could had 'thunk it',
That we did this to the youth.
Who could had 'thunk it',
That we took their brains to neuter.
Who could had 'thunk it',
That we did this to the youth.
Who could had 'thunk it'.
Who could had 'thunk it'.

Who could had 'thunk it',
That we did this to the youth.
Who could had 'thunk it',

That their minds have been junked.
Who could had 'thunk it',
That we did this to the youth.
With heads like pumpkins,
Pumped and funked.
With thoughts to be dumped in one bucket.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Who Creates These Images?

Greed and excess,
Has produced less profits...
And success.
So those responsible,
For feeding this nonsense...
Seek to do their business,
On foreign shores.

So through exits...
Those feeding selfish needs,
With a seeking to stay afloat...
Had to go!

Leaving those excessively greedy,
Protesting about their rights...
To receive without limits.
And spoiled with the notion they are entitled.
And born to do as they wish and as they like...
For the rest of their lives.

'THAT's NOT TRUE! '
Yells the voice of reason and reality!
'WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO PAY ATTENTION TO ME? '

When the last of the pennies are taken from the piggy bank...
Why do people then get upset about pigs?
Who creates these images?
Maybe that is the reason for the lack of accountability!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Who Creates. Directs. And Produces

Always there will be some people,
Wishing with wants to do things their way.
With a doing to ultimately discover,
God can not be flattered or manipulated...
By a prayer done to do on a daily basis.
To leave anyone perceiving,
The reason they suffer is a wish from God.
To torment the lives of those favored and chosen,
As martyrs who volunteer themselves to prove...
They can be burdened with self inflicted agonies.

If a message God sends continues to be ignored,
By those receiving them sent...
To disbelieve messengers and events presented,
To misunderstand the payment of consequences.
God will make it understood to have it comprehended,
Who Creates. Directs. And Produces.
To get the best performance GOD chooses.
And anyone's free will to remain ignorant,
To achieve and receive that result to accomplish...
Is their choice to have been made to demonstrate,
A representation of an effective and kept..
Stubbornness.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Who Decided To Keep Them That Detached

To hear someone remark,
About the strangeness of the times.
Or how unusual people and things are today,
Only makes me wonder...
How far from reality have they been living?
And who decided to keep them that detached,
From a society drenched in chaotic variety.

Whose thinking with these thoughts processed,
That by keeping people isolated...
Was to their mental benefit?
And they would someday influence humanity,
With their abilities 'honed' in this isolation?
Although one thing is certain...
They will never have to worry about being recommended,
As problems solvers or solution mentors to anyone.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Who Decided To Laugh Away My Tears

All this time you had your eyes fixed on me.
All this time you accepted their misguided evaluations.
All this time not a word from me did you hear.
You were just happy to participate in my devaluation.

And now there is no time do I give,
Pretending your unsolicited disrespect...
I can simply forget,
Because of your tunneled vision focus...
Has broadened to view,
Those who tell it like it is...
Are not the ones who enjoy to see you victimized.
Not the way you chose to prove,
To others you can do that to!

You delighted in doing that to yourself.
Without my assistance required as help.

I was the one you were convince to dismiss,
As the fool.
I am sure I do not need to review your attitude taken,
About that too?
I am about facts.
Not vicious vindictiveness displayed in blinded attacks.

I recall you were the one with others...
Who decided to laugh away my tears.
Now that none from my eyes appear...
You want to get closer to see if my smile is genuine.
Trust me,
That's not the only thing about me that is!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Who Defines Truth To Do It Best

Whomever it may be that owns a key,
To open a door...
Where peace of mind is kept,
On the other side of it...
Can describe what truth means to them,
To know it better than anyone else...
With a finding no one there to argue,
Or dispute their definition of it...
With a hoping to agree.
Eventually.

And everyday with this to acknowledge,
To leave behind whatever truth may mean to others...
Discussing druthers to convince of discoveries,
The one who has and holds their own key...
That opens a door and not to sneak in or to peek,
With a peace of mind to keep that is kept.
Without it sought to find to know...exactly,
Where a truth they meet is always met...
Would probably be the one caring less,
Who it is that defines truth to do it best.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Who Do You Think You Are

Who do you think you are to,
Demonstrate hate.
And...
Who you think you are to,
Generate confusion.
Who do you think you are to,
Blow a fuse?
Then confuse,
Those issues that you have...
To manifest more madness.

Who do you think you are to,
Demonstrate hate.
And...
Who you think you are to,
Generate confusion.
Who do you think you are to,
Blow a fuse?
Then confuse,
Those issues that you have...
To manifest more madness.

Who do you think you are to,
Do flip flops.
Hop and scotch.
Avoid every purpose meant,
And still be in contention...
Without a fact to mention.
And,
Who do you think you are to...
Blow a fuse?
Then confuse,
Those issues that you have...
To manifest more madness.

Who do you think you are to,
Play hide and seek.
And,
Who do you think you are to,

Deceive and thieve.
Creep, leech and sneak,
And bow at the feet...
Of greed and selfish envy.

Who do you think you are to,
Play hide and seek.
And,
Who do you think you are to,
Deceive and thieve.
Who do you think you are to,
Creep, leech and sneak,
And bow at the feet...
Of greed and selfish envy.

Who do you think you are to,
Do flip flops.
Play hop and scotch.
To avoid every purpose meant,
And still be in contention.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Who Do You Want Me To Be For You This Week?

Who do you want me to be for you this week?
Someone conservative and works alot?
Or some thug who disrespects and cusses?
Like that guy who caught your eye down the street.
You know...
The one who has five kids with different women,
Who you say is so sweet.
Who do you
Really want me to be
For you this week?

Who do you want me to be for you this week?
Tonto, Baskins of Robbins or a preacher...
The one you say looks at you,
As he stumbles through his sermon as he is preaching.
And reaching towards you to fondle,
But you say...
Nothing has happened between the sheets.
Who do you
Want me to be,
For you this week?

Nothing I do seems to please you of late.
Except for showing up for another round of cold shoulders.
You want me to be superman, Clark Kent, Clark Gable
AND Denzel!
You want me to get butt naked,
BEFORE you tell me to go to hell!
Well...
'You coming soon, baby? '
Then you expect me to be tender...
To get you heated and wet?
I am no machine, baby!
You knew that when we met...
And I knew you.
It was exactly what you wanted then,
When you tempted me away from my mate and kids!
To do what I did to know what we've done!
Never got to be the fun we thought.

This is what you got when you wanted it to be caught,
AND kept!
And that is where we differ.
With no regretted memories.
But being 'kept' and not slept with
Isn't the right thing to do.
But you didn't know that then.
And nothing between us tells me you know that now.

There can only be one happiness under one roof!
And that's the one we, you and I should have shared.

And that difference
You have not found when comparing me,
And Whoever!
Once you put two and two together...
When it dawns on you...
That I know what it takes to make you moan,
And scream and tremble...
In bed.
Knocking the headboard like a bull!

You're teaching your 'playmates'
What is takes...
To make you moan and scream and tremble,
Out of bed...ours!
And out of your head...vacant!
Was it ever near capacity?
Was it always empty? Ever, was it full?

Going up side yo' head with crowbars, bats, bricks, rocks and lies!
Those are the ones you like to flirt, tease and hypnotize!
Who do you want
Me to be,
For you this week?
An insecure abuser?
Who knows just what to do to confuse with excuses.

In low down cheating good for nothing piece of street gutter meat,
Ways.

Who do you want me to be for you this week?
You don't have many choices left.
Loving you was the best thing I wanted to do at one time!
Now the best thing I can do is to help myself not let you
Drive me out of my mind!
Not now when I know where it is.

And you were beginning to like that...
As your final exclamation,
Once I made it identifiable.
You always made demands with preferences.
'I'm glad I did the crushing...first! '

Who do you want me to be for you this week?
And tweak that with some tears.
Sobbing about how we've been together all these years.
And you can forget to mention,
Those birds in the trees chirping when we met.
You can forget those during your dramatic presentation.
But make it as good as it can get...yet!
Because next week...
Baby, I am leaving your ass for good!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Who Else Can I Blame For My Horrors?

Who else can I blame for my horrors?
Willing victims are growing slim.
My ability to hide insecurities,
Is wearing thin.
I used this to my advantage...
Now it seems as if this tactic,
Has a need to come to an end.

Who else can I blame for my horrors?
Willing victims are growing slim.
My ability to hide insecurities,
Is wearing thin.
And a dime spent,
No one can afford to lend.

How can I keep on pretending,
It is money and not religion...
That makes me 'tick' and my world 'spin'.

Who else can I blame for my horrors?
And from where and whom did I get,
This insight I have inside of me I regret...
Beginning in a free fall,
To see it come to an ending I alone seem to let...
Happen!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Who Else Have You Selected?

Who else will I face,
To come into my life...
My Father?

Who else have You selected?
For me to share,
As we together...
Within Your vision please.

Who else comes to teach...
Lessons taught to instill,
For me to learn?
Who will You deem to be qualified...
To ignite that spark I yearn?

Who comes to confess,
The void in my emptiness they can fulfill.
Who will that be coming not to exhaust,
My patience
To recognize from my eyes...
They have come with God given skills.

Who else will I face,
To come into my life...
My Father?

Who else have You selected?
For me to share,
As we together...
Within Your vision please.

Others have come for shortened visits.
Will You pick someone admired for Yourself?
To have me grieve upon their leaving...
As it seems You have done,
With everyone else.
To see how quickly I can heal...
With just You to turn to,
For a comforting you know appeals!

And after testing my loyalty...
Will You again,
Introduce another someone...
You will have me meet,
Just for me?

Or will You throw upon my path another test?
Just to tease to see if I love You best?

Who else have You selected?
For me to share,
As we together...
Within Your vision please?

And 'why' do You do this,
To me My Father?
Don't You believe,
I'm deserving of someone...
Not for You to scrutinize.
But a companion who is special...
To meet and satisfy our human needs.

Before You put me through another test,
Who else have You detected...
That I might select,
Just for me.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Who Else Is There More Qualified

I am not understanding any of this.
Why are the people so upset?
We've attempted to meet all of their requests.
What is the problem?
Why aren't they happy?
We are doing the best we can.

Oh...
About the jacuzzi.
You are using too much eucalyptus.
And we've had this discussion before.

'Maybe it has 'something' to do,
With you deciding how their resources...
Should be rationed.'

And...
Your point is what?
Rationed?
Huh?
Oh...
I had forgotten what we were discussing.
What resources?

'I'm not sure,
If my comments will make to you...
Any sense at all.
But...
You are making the decision,
As to how 'their' resources...
Should be rationed,
To 'them'.'

I'm still not understanding.
You are making this too complicated.
More complicated than it needs to be!
Who else is there...
More qualified to do it?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Who Else Would Do This?

I have been blessed,
To step upon several creative stages.
With this done to accept,
Opposition, criticism and disrespect.
And yet to have faced,
Obstacles and emotional regrets...
To leave me less motivated.
Since what I have been blessed to get,
And with every step of it to expose...
Has been given to prove to anyone,
Left to doubt their own purpose...
Of a life they have been given to question it,
To stop self doubting and begin to think...
WHO and WHAT approves the receiving of dreams?
With them to eventually come true.
WHAT is 'It' And WHO continues to do this?
To then provide initiative 'and' desire too.
And I am willing to bet,
No one gets what is wished to want...
From someone heard that disputes,
Sacrifices made to produce endeavors with effort.
Or a faith kept to keep one's belief in self.
Who else would do this?
Without shown proof of results.
And also wanting for themselves...
Credit for what they did not do to say they knew,
Time will bestow success upon the shoulders...
Of someone they have shared both tears and sweat.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Who Eventually Pays For This?

If it was that simple...
Why the need,
For a depth of explanation?

Or one's lost of breath,
To add sensation?

Who eventually pays for this?
And at whose expense,
Are minds finding this time to waste.

'We'll exclude yours as moments of waste!
Since whatever it is results in your deduced reasoning process.
And has attracted your 'pro-rated' analysis.
So at least something of an exchange has been to your benefit! '

Thank you.
I am 'almost' impressed.
But I am not here to review my clarity!

'Then why bother?
It is obvious your needs,
Have been identified.
And are not here to be pleased! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Who Gave It To Them?

Excuse me...
I am new in this neighborhood.
And...
Well,
I don't mean to be nosey...
But while I am at it,
I overhead you two saying...
Take back what belongs to you,
Am I right?

'Yeah.
And...? '

Well...
What is it that you wish to take back?
How did they get it in the first place?
Who gave it to them?
And where were you two,
When that happened?
And how do you know what they have,
Has not been given to someone else?

'You're right.
You are nosey.
And for your information...
What was taken from us...
Was taken from you as well.'

Oh?
I don't think so.
I wouldn't have allowed that.

'We're not talking about an 'identity'.
We're talking about the government.
We need to take it back.'

Well...
Again,
How did they get it in the first place?

Who gave it to them?
And where were you two,
When that happened?
And how do you know what they have,
Has not been given to someone else?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Who Gave Whom Permission To Leave...?

After years of dodging rolling eyes,
Open and wide...
Above tightly pressed and frowning lips,
To feel the sting from this from accusations made...
Intentionally directed towards me,
As if to be a target to hit...
By those who chose to remain uninformed.
But regardless of this they enjoyed every bit of it,
I admit those times were difficult...
To maintain to keep established relationships.
With heartbreak to acknowledge them ended.

To now have those approach me with apologies,
I don't know what they expect from me.
Should I be expected to forgive and forget?
Are you implying in time I will have regrets?

'Well...
IF I were you,
I would at least pretend your feelings have mended.'

Oh, I have healed and completely mended.
However...
Pretending to be unaffected with emotions left and kept,
I simply can not forget the effect.
Or those who directed their animosities.

'But others were affected to regret with wishes to forget.'

I accept that.
But who had to sit through the entire scene to be demeaned?
Who gave whom permission to leave...?
With an intermission to relax and breathe freely,
Before more of their doings continued with obscenities?

'Comeon...
Show them you are 'Christian'.'

I did that before they sent me to the lions.

You know...
With the turning the cheek and that meek business.
And I thank God,
The lions only had an interest in teaching me how to roar.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Who Gets Paid What

If I sat on a fence with others,
To prove I too could do it...
What message does that send?
With it convinced...
My message to deliver,
Has purpose, meaning and content.
And nothing about it,
Serves a personal intent...
That would connect my involvement,
With historical events.

A black man standing 'and' speaking up?
Can expect to be handed a box of tissues.
That's it.
Or granted permission to entertain.
With a doing to satisfy 'all' critics.
Especially if sincerity,
Is delivered with it depicted...
For any attention he 'may' get.

Who would pay me the attention?
Or perceived my message had significance.
If I am sitting with others pretending,
My presence has influence...
And my social status deems me heaven sent.
That would be against,
Anything that is regarded from him as being...
Centered 'only' in common sense!
While decadence and other foolish occurrences,
Are allowed to continue as I sat on a fence.
What do I obligate myself to doing...?
Sharing in provoking of a pointless senselessness?

My commitment is to the message.
Not ego or arrogance.
My commitment is to the message.
With contents that may to many offend.
My commitment is to the message.
Although I know it will offend those who pretend.

'There is a fence sitter amongst us,
With a daring hand raised.
This better be good.
No time do we have to waste.
Yes, fence sitter...
Is there something you'd like to say? '

Yes.
I think it's best we get off our butts.
And stop pretending to ignore,
The influx of ignorance we all say abhors.

'Oh dear!
Another one in need of a fix.
Someone give that man some 'crack' quick.
Now...
Any other suggestions,
That are meaningful and make more sense?
None?
Good.
Let's continue to debate,
The effects and results of our conflicts.
And not the reason nor the cause,
From which they 'may' have originated.
OR...
Who ultimately pays the piper.
We are not here to discuss,
Who does what to get paid as a salary.
There is an ill of will that chills the air.
And none of it is thrilling.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Who Gets To Benefit

What is needed most,
If relationships are to be kept close?

'Honesty.
Sacrifice and devotion.'

And what is needed most,
To always keep protected...
Without egos overdosed?

'Honesty, sacrifice and devotion.'

Then why is it many people perceive,
As a kept notion to believe...
That secrets kept are best to hide.
And lies to tell can be denied?

What is needed most,
If relationships are to be kept close?

'Honesty.
Sacrifice and devotion.'

But many people keep perceived as a notion,
They should lie to mates with secrets kept.
And the doing of it they will never regret.

'Liars don't often survive their lies told.
And liars don't often survive,
Lies told to then be sold.
Liars
don't often survive,
Relationships that benefit deceptions.
And liars don't often survive,
Their lies told to then be sold.'

What is needed most,
If relationships are to be kept close?

'Well...
Liars don't often survive,
Their lies told.
And...
Liars don't often survive,
Lies told to then be sold.
No!
Liars don't often survive,
Relationships that benefit deceptions.
And liars don't often survive,
Lies told to have exposed.
Liars don't often survive,
Relationships that benefit deceptions.
And liars don't often survive,
Lies told to have exposed.
There is no benefit,
To lies to have exposed.
There is no benefit,
To lies to have exposed.
Who gets to benefit,
From lies to have them told.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Who Has Ownership Of It

You leave me to question,
Whether it is sex or love.
Which is it?
My heart still is unconvinced,
As to which one you prioritize...
With your mind on it.
Committed and devoted.

Yet I must admit,
Everytime I am left...
Wet with sweat and breathless,
I am wanting to hear you say...
'I am yours to take and possess.'

But then...
If you did say that,
I would question.
And wonder if you fantasized.
Me. The sex.
Or someone else to love.
You were expressing to address,
With wishes I possessed it.
Since to me,
Have I yet to hear it said,
Heard...
Neither to whisper, moan or scream,
In my ears...
One thing about about love.
To claim who has ownership of it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Who Has Time For Semantics? !

When I found you...
I also found myself!
And when I lost you,
You left behind
A treasure chest of memories!
I feel so wealthy!
Not only do I have myself...
I have so much of you as well!
Damn I'm lucky,
OR blessed!
At this stage in my life...
Who has time for semantics? !
I would like to think I do,
But I'd rather spend those moments
In total gratitude!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Who 'Is' And 'Is Not' For Real

He,
Has not forgotten...
Where he came from.
Or the place of his birth.
Nor the enjoyment of fun.

He,
Is just not there...
Trying to keep it alive and fresh.
Unchanged and remembered.
Since those places others keep traced...
Where his life was once lived,
No longer exist.
On steps and stoops...
Or in hallways where some still stay.
Left to play as if those days have not gone away.
In minds that time for them has betrayed.

He,
Is just not there to care...
To listen to them determine,
Who 'is' and 'is not'
For real!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Who Is Better Suited

It may be we are judged,
For that which we do.
However...
Is it in the 'doing'
Or how what is done,
That we do satisfies...
What is wished?
In the accomplishment of it.
That which is done.

And if we are not prepared,
To receive comments shared.
Who is better suited,
To inflict critique?
If the activity made public,
Is not determined to be complete.
And how is that method chosen?
From what aspect of authority...
Can that voice be spoken?
If that knowledge,
Has yet to one arrived!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Who Is Going To Get The Credit For It

Volunteering one's time in some communities,
Has led to the experience or receiving indignities...
By some.

In areas where egos are high in number.
And years are clocked for doing the slightest thing.
Volunteering one's time in some communities,
Where neglect has been obviously done...
By those peacocking nonstop providing lip service.
Can be detrimental to one's generosity of spirit.

Volunteering one's time in these atmospheres,
Can pose a threat,
To those who are accustomed to complaining.
They will state their issues have been overlooked.
And what is it really wished personally by someone donating time.
Since they have had the time themselves
And nothing seems to have gotten done.

These comments are unbelievably 'consciously' stated.

'Perhaps those who volunteer can assist in correcting this? '

~And who is going to get the credit for it?
We want to know this! That's our main priority.
Why should they get the credit for something we can do? ~

'Uh...yeah. There is a problem.
Solving it may take more than what a volunteer can offer.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Who Is Going To Interrupt Ongoing Debates

I think it is 'cool' to awaken,
With a desire to participate...
In activities to make effective changes.
Especially the ones,
That have come to stare boldly in faces!

However,
To anticipate those changes...
Long in desperate need to have been made,
To occur overnight...
When it has taken decades to place,
A detrimental stubbornness in accepting sight!
Is going to take a talented magician,
To hypnotize everyone with a convincing done...
That what has been tolerated,
Has from all minds been erased.

I think it is 'cool' to awaken,
With a desire to participate...
In activities to make effective changes.
Especially the ones,
That have come to stare boldly in faces!

But...
Who is going to interrupt ongoing debates,
To tell those running in political races...
Their topics prioritized to discuss,
Have for decades been outdated.

Who amongst those not affected by the 'craze',
Has the reseources to gather or the patience to raise?
Who already has not made attempts,
To prevent...
The sliding downhill of standards once valued,
Into the welcoming arms of decadence.

And 'who' is left,
To have the credibility to be believed?
That will not be depicted as a freak of weak leadership?

Or regarded as a 'socialist' amongst those who are 'socialites'!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Who Is Having The Fun Here?

What are you doing?

'Give me a few seconds.
Someone has me on hold.'

On hold?

'Yes.
I've been waiting for a couple of minutes,
For someone to explain to me...
Why they believe I am not qualified.'

Qualified?
To do what?

'Qualified to have intelligence.
Because of my...
Well,
You know...
The obvious.'

Why don't you hang up the telephone?
You don't have to prove that to anyone.

'I know this.
I just want to know how long it takes them,
To respond with an answer.'

But...
Don't you know what that response will be?

'Of course I do.
But who is having the fun here? '

Checkmate!
I suggest you concentrate on the game.
It is no fun beating you when you are distracted.

'Gee...

I didn't realize they had me on hold that long.
You are right.
I should hang up before I prove my stupidity.'

Naw!
You?
You're too intelligent.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Who Is In Need More

Who is in need more,
Is only relevant to those who perceive...
What they see on TV,
Or in movies...
Finds them with time to remind them,
Just how little they have...
To appreciate.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Who Is It That Benefits

Who is it benefits.
From a bomb to drop it.
With deadly chemicals used.
Stopping breath to breathe,
Slow.
And very painfully.

Who is it,
With a mindset so demonic.
Would target a bomb.
And on those innocent,
To drop it.
Without remorse.
Or a haunted consciousness.
Who is it benefits.
Who is it benefits from this.

When hearts are torn and broken
Who...
Is it that benefits.
As to receive,
Honor and glory for it

When children are screaming,
On knees near others bleeding.
Who is it benefits.
And feels satisfied...
They have left behind,
Children to die.
Who is it benefits.
Who is it benefits from this.

Mothers crying.
Until no more tears,
Wet their eyes.
Who is it benefits.
Who is it,
Given the okay to permit this.

Fathers trying,
Not to moan...
On blood drenched streets.
Doing their best,
To display bravery.
While protecting bodies,
Blown to bits...
From the blasting of concrete.

Agony like this,
Never is forgotten to dismiss.
Who is it that benefits.
When children die.
Mothers cry.
And fathers try not to moan.

Who...
Is it that benefits.
And can hide a pain disguised.
Without remorse felt inside,
Everyday.

Who...
Is it that benefits.
Tell me who...
Is it that benefits from this.

Who...
Is it that benefits.
And who...
Accepts this mindset as legit! ?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Who Is The Blame

Discriminated and intimidated.
Knowing they've been wronged,
And too long hated.
But...
Who is the blame,
For the disrespect...
On them aimed.

False accusing others is outdated.
Finger pointing only complicates.
But...
Who is the blame,
For the disrespect...
Heard and claimed.

Opinionated people voice their druthers.
Druthers to reduce the facts produced.
But...
Who is the blame,
For the starting of the conflicts...
Hoping to gain.

People rather escape from the truth.
Because of the pain.
A pain that remains.
People rather use the truth to dupe.
Because of a shame,
That bares their names.

Discriminated and intimidated.
People rather escape from the truth.
But...
Who is the blame,
For the disrespect...
Heard and claimed.

Opinionated people voice their druthers.
Druthers to reduce the facts produced.
But...

Who is the blame,
For the starting of the conflicts...
Hoping to gain.

False accusing others is outdated.
Finger pointing only complicates.
But...
Who is the blame.
And what...
Does a blaming others gain,
When masks are worn...
To prolong kept charades.

Self hate,
Escalates.
But no one is accused of it.
Self hate,
Discriminates...
To intimidate to do,
But...
Who is the blame.
And what...
Does a blaming gain,
When masks are worn...
To prolong,
Those kept charades.

Self hate,
Escalates.
But no one is accused of it.
A self hate,
Discriminates...
To intimidate to do,
But...
Ignoring this others are accused.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Who Is To Know This?

The load too heavy.
With a shifting done,
On sore shoulders.

And assistance never comes...
To the one,
Appearing to carry weight...
As a custom shown,
That becomes ignored by everyone.

The load too heavy.
With a shifting done,
On sore shoulders.
Hurts.

But who is to know this?
Or notice.
When lives lived to exist,
Become part of an atmosphere...
Accepted as seen,
With no other life known.

And assistance never comes...
To the one,
Appearing to carry weight...
As a custom shown.
But...
Who is to know this?
Or notice?
When lives lived to exist,
Become part of an atmosphere...
Accepted as seen,
With no other life known.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Who Keep What I Feel Felt Real

As described by those who are now mired,
In dire straits.
I am sure the pain felt is real.
I felt the same way about my own.
And when I healed,
With the understanding how that was done...
Those now with long faces,
Were nowhere to be traced.

Most of them were racing...
From mall to mall.
With shopping as the agenda.

And with those expressed feelings,
From a few to show me I was still someone...
In their hearts and minds.
I realized this...
They are the kinds of people in my life I prioritize.
They are the kinds of people in my life,
Who keep what I feel felt real and me alive inside.
At the top of my list they are.
They are the kind of people I need not think twice,
To shower with my full respect.

The rest?
I wish them all the best.
They are not of my concern.
What has been earned...
Has already been issued, valued and satisfied.
No masquerades, charades or disguises needed.
What has been earned...
Has already been issued, valued and satisfied.
And with that between us known...
Apologies expressed are few and limited.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Who Kicked You Out?

For what reason...
Would I 'now' need you?
You no longer connect,
With any emotion I attempted to share.
And you had none there.
None I was aware of in my life.

Financially you spent no expense.
And I sleep peacefully at night.
Not worryng how I'll pay my bills or rent.
Without a cent or a hint of it from you.

You abandoned me!
For what reason would I now need you?

With you out of the picture,
Not a moment do I spend...
Wishing for something or someone,
I do not have.

I am happy and blessed.
And for that I am glad.

And you appear here unannounced to say,
My need for you...
Has been on 'your' mind all day?

You didn't say that weeks ago.
When you chose to play the field.
And said to me you wouldn't see me anymore.

For what reason,
Would I now need you?
And who wisened up,
To figure you out?
Who kick you out of their house?

This I do know...
Blood suckers, leeches and snakes,

Know nothing about love.
And I thank you for teaching me that!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Who Knew Days Like This Would Arrive?

Those who have spent their time,
Wining and dining to peacock their 'bling'.
And investing in things for the purpose to impress.
Yet...
Expressed no empathy towards those with less,
To believe themselves above the rest.
Would someday...
Not be able to maintain their grip.
When the slipping to the bottom,
Came to begin and with a doing quick.

To discover that others who had chosen happiness,
And a basic life to live...
Display having no regrets their dividends collected,
From deposits made in common sense...
Has 'today' more of a value,
Than those overwhelmed by debts.

Who knew that the ones with this mindset,
Would not be concerned by creditors, repossessions...
Or status lost with nothing left?
To address pretentions once sought to forever possess.
Who knew these days of a basic life would be prized?
And those who were 'then' laughed at and criticized,
Have eyes cleared with no tears to cry!
Who knew days like this would arrive?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Who Knew It Would Still Be Like This?

Who knew it would still be like this?
As if we stood under a mistletoe...
Kissing.
And it doesn't have to be Christmas.
With a promised gift wish list.

I just want to hold your hand.
Nothing more.
Nothing less...
Grotesque or grand.
Or teased into doing it!

Who knew it would still be like this?

Taking walks and talking.
Appreciating us...
Just for being who we are.
Sitting under the stars sometimes.
Silently together.

Remember when our eyes first met?
And all of our emotions connected.
In a collected acceptance?
There is not a spark or a tingle that has fizzled.
Like a package we are...
Belonging and remaining intact!
And in touch.

Who knew it would still be like this?
Just from a simple hello we shared.
And as time goes by so quickly...
We will always be here.
Or there!
Somewhere...
To say hello!
And knowing the 'we',
We have become!

Who knew it would still be like this?

You?
No you didn't!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Who Knew This?

You helped build up my life.
To see dawn,
From tops of mountains.
To adopt without doubt...
What is mine and belongs.

My life!
And all there is about it.

You helped build up my life.
Yes.
And to see dawn.
To fly high like an Eagle!
With a might ignited within me so strong.

Who knew this?
That you would be allowed to bring out the best in me,
To see.
Who knew this?
Not me!
That you would bring out my best.

Who knew this?
That you would be allowed to bring out the best in me,
To see.
Who knew this?
Not me!
That you would bring out my best.

You helped build up my life.
My life!
And all there is about it.
To fly high like an Eagle!
With a might ignited within me so strong.

Who knew this?
That you would be allowed to bring out the best in me,
To see.
Who knew this?

Not me!
That you would bring out my best.

You helped build up my life.
To see dawn,
From tops of mountains.
To adopt without doubt...
What is mine and belongs.
With a might ignited within me so strong.

Who knew this?
Not me!
That you would bring out my best.
That you would and could,
Separate me from the rest!

Who knew this?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Who Knew Too Few Would Be Found To Qualify

The comments made on racism,
Are as ridiculous as the denials.
Anyone within distance,
Of an urban area wherever it is.
Would witness the existence of it.
Unless those riding on tour buses are told,
How laziness results in hunger...
And homelessness.

And those that are subjected to this point of view,
Have had choices to control their own destinies.
But who knew too few would be found to qualify.
Leaving the majority to self inflict their own wounds.
And choosing to be victims.

The comments made on racism,
Are as ridiculous as the denials.
Anyone within distance,
Of an urban area wherever it is.
Would witness the existence of it.
Unless those riding on tour buses are told,
How laziness results in hunger...
And homelessness.

And those that are subjected to this point of view,
Have had choices to control their own destinies.
But who knew too few would be found to qualify.
Leaving the majority to self inflict their own wounds.
And choosing to be victims.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Who Knew? Did You? Oh...Of Course Not!

I can understand you wish not to see,
My efforts gleam and shine.
I can understand that,
Yes I do!
Because those efforts,
Getting attention I did not pursue...
Are not those of yours,
But mine.

I did not know that would become fact.
I've been too busy toiling with sweat,
To remove obstacles carried...
Too long weighted on my back.
No...
I didn't realize my conscious efforts,
Would one day get attention.
Or attract like that!

Who knew?
Did you?
Oh...
Of course not!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Who Knows Which Way The Wind Blows For Them

No it is not a bother at all.
I can not remember if it was you or me,
But...
I do believe we both agreed,
We could care less.
And went on to accept happiness,
To enrich our giving lives.

Perhaps...
That is why the lack of caring,
Has reflected as is observed.
And those who rejected our efforts then,
Are the same ones proclaiming...
A mending of fences with unity can be done.
Who knows which way the wind blows for them!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Who Led Them In?

Nobody knows,
How their failures began.
Although everyone is in agreement...
Someone with insight,
To enighten them is needed!

One who is capable,
With abilities to free them from a cesspool.
But...
Who led them in?
Who amongst them,
Had been that convincing.
To lead them like sheep...
Grouped as a herd of fools!

Who hypnotized them...
To accept desperation.
And loss of a quality of life...
In need of a sacrifice,
To experience an end result...
That would bring an excitement,
With a festive mood that delights.

Who led them on?
Who amongst them,
Had been that convincing.
Now discovered totally wrong.

With a quality of life...
That has them infighting.
In divisions discussing...
The disgust of racial strife.

Fed like sugar to boost their appetites!
With more of this to spread...
As if the feeding of it is alright!

Who led them in?
Who amongst them,

Had been that convincing.
That a cesspool would be envied.
And the joy of it would uplift!

These folks are drugged and deluded,
On addicting lies some insist...
A continuance and need for it!
With claims someone with experience...
Is preferred to keep them dense,
And blanketed in darkness!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Who Let These Kids Back In The Schoolyard?

Racial epithets.
Addressed to express and with effect.
Well...
Who let these kids back in the schoolyard?

And petty tits for tat.
In rhyming dialogue rapped to match.
Well...
Who let these kids back in the schoolyard?

What should have been learned 'then' has degraded.
Updated is a truth with facts that attach.
And what should have been 'then' learned 'now' is hated,
With a calling racist names just to bring back old playground tactics.

Those,
Racial epithets.
Addressed to express and with effect.
Well...
Who let these kids back in the schoolyard?

Whose skin is white,
And think that they are right...
Well,
That kind of mindset is out dated.
And...
The ones who are black,
Seem to seek excuses for that.
Well,
That kind of mindset is outdated.

And...
Petty tits for tat.
In rhyming dialogue rapped to match.
Well...
Who let these kids back in the schoolyard?

Whose skin is white,
And think that they are right...

Well,
That kind of mindset is out dated.
And...
The ones who are black,
Seem to seek excuses for that.
Well,
That kind of mindset is outdated.

Who let these kids back in the schoolyard?
To look like they are fools.
Who let these kids back in the schoolyard?
To be the fools they choose.
Who let these kids back in the schoolyard?
To look like they are fools.
Who let these kids back in the schoolyard?
To be the fools approved.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Who Licked The Frosting Off The Cake

They would love to place all of their fading decorations,
With undenied insecurities on his shoulders.
And blame him,
For all of the things that had gone wrong at the party,
They discreetly created that failed.

They would love to do this,
Since it is something they easily do.
And have done in the past.
But those with eyes that are opened now,
Know what the screwers have chosen to pursue.
And who those screwers are!
And who those screwers foolishly screwed.
Themselves!
With an overdosing of pretensions.

Unfortunately,
The ones denied the 'keys'...
To live lives to prosper.
And respected for their identities,
Indiscriminately!
Were not the ones invited to the dance.
Some were 'selected' to clean and 'spruce'.
But few could bear the stares and left.

So how can anyone seriously accuse a representative,
For not supplying the meal to continue a feast!
When those too greedy,
Had selfishly isolated themselves in self righteousness.
Not caring when indulged,
If it had been one of their own to see defeat.

'What a silly notion!
Do you have more 'bree'? '

BREE?

'Yes...
Bree. The cheese? Bree? '

OH?
Why don't you just say cheese?

'Excuse me?
Do I detect a bit of insolence here? '

Look...
Let's understand this,
If you want the 'bree'
You get the damn 'bree'.
I ain't no servant here!

They would love to place
All of their insecurities on his shoulders.
And blame him as president,
For all of the things that are wrong...
They have discreetly created that failed.

And anyone who has been consciously awake,
Knows exactly who licked the frosting off the cake.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Who Lowered 'This' Boom?

Who lowered this boom?
Da boom boom...
Boomidy boomidy boom boom.
Boomidy boomidy boom boom.
Boomidy boomidy boom.

Who lowered this boom?
Da boom boom...
Boomidy boomidy boom boom.
Boomidy boomidy boom boom.
Boomidy boomidy boom.

There is a generation crying.
Who lowered this boom?
Da boom boom...
Boomidy boomidy boom.

There are so many people sighing.
Who lowered this boom?
Da boom boom...
Boomidy boomidy boom.

Didn't we pay when we prayed with preachers?
Who lowered this boom?
Da boom boom...
Boomidy boomidy boom.

Didn't we say we were through with leechers?
Who lowered this boom?
Da boom boom...
Boomidy boomidy boom.

Ooooooow....
Boom da boom boom
Boomidy boomidy boom.
Ooooooow....
Boom da boom boom
Boomidy boomidy boom.

And these are the days...
So ripe for change.
And those who are amazed,
Can't believe the craze.
And the masses who are dazed!

Who lowered this boom?
Da boom boom...
Boomidy boomidy boom boom.
Boomidy boomidy boom boom.
Boomidy boomidy boom.

Who lowered this boom?
Da boom boom...
Boomidy boomidy boom boom.
Boomidy boomidy boom boom.
Boomidy boomidy boom.

There is a generation crying.
There are so many people sighing.
Didn't we pay when we prayed with preachers?
Didn't we say we were through with leechers?
And these are the days...
So ripe for change.
And those who are amazed,
Can't believe the craze.
And the masses who are dazed!

Who lowered 'this' boom?
Da boom boom...
Boomidy boomidy boom boom.
Boomidy boomidy boom boom.
Boomidy boomidy boom.

Splattered by the fat cats packing.
And stabbed in the back by the facts!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Who Opened The Door?

When did you notice,
A room you consciously entered...
Was dark and had no windows?

'First of all,
I did not go there to judge.
Or was told that the stairs were there.'

Who opened the door?

'You are attempting to ignore the facts.
I fell.
What are you going to do about that? '

Well...
Let's begin with both of us pretending,
You have common sense.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Who Other Than He And His Has Anything Left

Strategically...
He leaves the world in shambles!
He who stares incompetence in the face.
And has no regrets for the consequences.

He sees himself selected to lead,
With divine footsteps.
He believes himself worthy to be a fool.
Used.

Sympathetic,
Few are not.
Many wish to see him beheaded.
Or either tarred and feathered.
Since he represents those who are Jim Crow minded.
And absent of common sense.

He's so low in the opinion polls...
His closest allies are those,
Trying to get him a ride to the space station.
To be his first stop on a 'goodwill mission'.
He has even made his own poppa cry.
And tears of joy they were not!

Strategically...
He leaves the world in shambles!
He who stares incompetence in the face.
And has no regrets for the consequences.
Nor is he apologetic for creating such a mess.
With the best of 'intelligence'
That a theft that has taken place can buy!

If he had some 'handsome-in-nity'!
And something going on besides failure...
He would have received 'some' respect!
By someone,
From somewhere.
There has to be at least one empathetic soul,
On the planet.

But look what he and they have done!
Who other than he and his has anything left?
And who is going to suggest erecting his library?
When he has already been read!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Who Peeps On The Peeper?

Who peeps on the peeper?
God.
Who else keeps the peeper peeking,
But God.
Who doesn't get a wink of sleep...
As those who seek to take a peek.
Believing what is done they do,
Is out of sight.
And out of God's reach.
Thinking lessons learned...
God does not teach.

Who peeps on the peeper?
God.
Who else keeps the peeper peeking,
But God.
Who doesn't get a wink of sleep...
As those who seek to take a peek.
Believing what is done they do,
Is out of sight.
And out of God's reach.
Thinking lessons learned...
God does not teach.

Who doesn't get a wink of sleep?
God!
Who peeps on the peeper?
God!
Who doesn't get a wink of sleep?
God!
Who peeps on the peeper?
God!

Who peeps on the peeper?
God!
Who doesn't get a wink of sleep?
God!
Who peeps on the peeper?
God!

Who doesn't get a wink of sleep?
God!
Who peeps on the peeper?
God!
Who doesn't get a wink of sleep?
God!
Who doesn't get a wink of sleep?
God!
Who doesn't get a wink of sleep?
God!
Who doesn't get a wink of sleep?
God!
Who doesn't get a wink of sleep?
God!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Who Practices Abstinence

There's always talk about...
The getting of sex.
There's always talk about...
An innocence to protect.
And there's always talk about...
What children will do next,
If they don't ignore temptation...
And practice abstinence.

Who practices abstinence...
When the meaning's lean on doing.
And who practices abstinence...
When we're marketed to be teased,
To please...
The senses,
With a pleasure to release.

Who practices abstinence.
Who practices abstinence.

There's always talk about...
The getting of sex.
Yet...
Who practices abstinence.
Yet who practices abstinence.

There's always talk about...
An innocence to protect.
Yet...
Who practices abstinence.
Yet who practices abstinence.
When the meaning's lean on doing.
And who practices abstinence...
When we're marketed to be teased,
To please...
The senses,
With a pleasure to release.

Who practices abstinence.

Who practices abstinence.
Who practices abstinence.
Who practices abstinence.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Who Prepares The Marshmellows Roasted By These Nutts?

What possibly could be in the mind of someone,
Who says and does things with intent.
And not be prepared to deal with the consequences?

There are those who psychologically maim others.
And expect forgiveness with a forgetting done.
Who prepares the marshmellows roasted by these nutts?

An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth...
And what goes around comes back means nothing to them.
And the older they get,
It seems the nitwit in them seeks validation!

What possibly could be in the mind of someone,
Who says and does things with intent.
And not be prepared to deal with the consequences?

Who prepares the marshmellows roasted by these nutts?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Who Really Benefits The Most

Those who seek to humiliate others
By finding ways to undermine their characters
With youthful sick tricks...
Hoping no one will discover,
They have been behind all of it!
Will find themselves eventually the victim.
Since there is a higher consciouness,
Aware of all of this slanderous mischief!

And in these days we live,
It does not pay to give into temptations
That deceive.

One never knows who really benefits the most,
From being chosen as the one...
Selected to become victimized!
Actions done to undermine...
Are returned to unravel the doer's mind!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Who Really Is The One Being Manipulated?

Who really is the one being manipulated?
The one who awaits the deception,
Not to publicly acknowledge it when it's done?
Or the one preparing the deed believing what is done...
Isn't obvious because there is no reaction.
At least not the reaction expected!
Aren't these cat and mouse games rehearsed in the womb?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Who Referees?

I don't know if I am ready or not.
And what would I not be ready for...
If I were to be ready?

And then there are those,
Who say they're always prepared.
If it doesn't come,
Whatever they are prepared for...
What would be the purpose to stay prepared?

'Just in case! '

Just in case?
Just in case of what?
Someone discovering,
They are a descendant of Mother Goose?
And the shoe they all lived in...
Was found to sit on an oil field?
And they have inherited wealth?

I don't know if I am ready or not.
And what would I not be ready for...
If I were to be ready?

I was told as a child to always do my best.
Because you never know...
What's going to happen.
And have clean underwear on!

The clean underwear I understand.
The rest of that I don't!
What's going to happen?
An 'accident'?
Well...
There goes the clean underwear theory!

What would be the purpose to stay prepared?
For whose benefit?
And when you are ready to deliver...

Will what you have prepared,
Be suitable for anyone's taste that is declared?
Suppose you know you have been ready.
And 'they' don't care how much you 'suppose'.
Who referees?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Who Said That First?

'I'm going to say something foolish! '

YOU?
That's impossible.

'Seriously.
Why don't you listen to me sometimes.
Instead of acting as if you know so much.
Can't you at least 'pretend',
You are paying me 'some' attention? '

I'll do the best I can.
And...
Get set.
On your mark!
GO.

'Why are you giving me that look? '
Comeon.
Be serious.
Can't you be serious?
At least this one time.
Stop giving me that blank look.
That wide eyed stare.
Comeon...
Stop it! '

Well...
I 'tried to pay you 'some' attention.
That didn't work.
And then I tried to pretend,
I had amnesia.
That didn't work either.
Let's see...
That's about...
Three minutes total time.
You need more time than that?

'This is going nowhere! '

And 'who' said that first?
Didn't I tell you that?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Who Sees What And From Where

We are both on the same planet.
Perhaps not to experience the same environment.
Or endure familiar philosophies,
Taught to teach with a keeping of beliefs.

We may even be from the same hometown,
And not accept what is observed.
You may see it as a process to stay uninvolved.
With a decision to make to see me as foolish,
To speak upon that which you have no concern.

We are both on the same planet.
Perhaps not to experience the same environment.
Or endure familiar philosophies,
Taught to teach with a keeping of beliefs.

And I...
Have never regarded my observations as philosophy.
For some reason you believe me to be an 'idealist'.
And for whatever it means...
My vision can not delude what I perceive is reality.

We may even be from the same hometown,
And not accept what is observed.
You may see it as a process to stay uninvolved.
With a decision to make to see me as foolish,
To speak upon that which you have no concern.

I may not hear the bombs.
I may not feel the suffering of those left alone,
To bleed on streets.
I may not have a child who has died needlessly.
I may not know what it's like,
To flee with a need to seek shelter and eat.
But...
We are both on the same planet.
Perhaps not to experience the same environment.
Or endure familiar philosophies,
Taught to teach with a keeping of beliefs.

And once the doing of this is out of anyone's view...
Guess which reality kept,
Will no longer be theirs to either believe in or keep.
A doing sustained,
Will not remain to be kept prolonged.
No matter who has or has 'not' expressed concern.

You see...
From where you and I sit,
Is not the center of the Universe.
You see...
We are visitors given limited existence.
Not that which has created it,
That can decide any minute it wishes...
To eliminate this to make something much better.
With a forgetting quick who sees what and from where.
And to disregard who has rights to fight for 'it',
Whatever that 'it' may be.
Or religious affiliation to worship myths and fantasies.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Who Selected What It Was To Be Picked?

The one thing I dislike,
About those who say...
They don't have what they want.
Or have things their way!
When they always seem to be surrounded,
By what exists as they sit to complain about it!

These are my questions...
Who selected what it was to be picked?
And in the picking done...
How many were witnessed,
To be unconscious of this?

And no one wants to admit...
They chose with eyes opened,
The path selected and the consequences.
Unless that too was done,
With an overdoing of pretentiousness.
Many love in the doing but can't remember it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Who Sent You Here?

How is one kept motivated with insight?
How is ambition initiated?
Where does discipline and respect for it come from?
And who with anything they do to get done,
Would have time to ponder such questions?

'Don't be so 'touchy'.
I wanted to know so I asked.'

I am not being touchy at all.
Annoyed?
Yes.

'So...
You are moody like most creative people? '

No!
I leap straight into a cussing fit.
See how my eyes are enlarging?
See how I begin to lick my bottom lip.

'Oh yes, yes, yes...
Go on.
Let me have it.'

Who sent you here?

'Say it.
Say it.
Say the 'F' word.'

FOOL.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

'Who' Should Be Faulted

If there were those of substance,
Who had personalities of content...
They would not be found whining
About those who can express,
A depthness they can not accept.
Or feel.

Since they have spent their lives wading,
In shallow pools of thought.
And dripping in an incompetence,
That seeks to be noted for its limited comprehension...
And a lack of a diverse human interchange.

And to have lived that isolated,
Is profound!
Yet still they wish to be declared proficient!
But 'who' should be faulted,
To allow such egos to become so exalted?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Who Should Be Teaching

What is the point to be made,
To pray for answers from questions...
Asked by those proclaiming faith,
If truth delivered is refused.
And then objected to refute it.

People say they pray faithfully.
To do it and not just on Sunday.
But want proof that truth,
Guarantees will improve...
Their daily lives lived,
They've become subjected to accept.
Without evidence that leaves,
Anyone peace of mind to get.
They want to know with it shown,
That a truth kept to believe in...
Can be promised to them,
To be effective.

'Are you all members,
Of the same church? '

-Of course we are!
What kind of question is that?
Besides being inappropriate.-

'Who should be teaching that lesson?
That one about truth.
To accept and not argue,
Over the benefits of it...
To live it effectively.
And never to reject,
But reflect it to respect.
The police?
Judge, jury or your preacher? '

-Who preaches to us,
Our religious beliefs...
Has nothing to do,

With what's going on to disbelieve...
In today's society.-

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Who Should I See For A Return Payment

Why do you carry with you,
Pacifiers, blankets, a case of diapers...
Small bottles of juice,
And a variety of assorted cookies?

You look as if you have come to babysit.
And not to deliver lessons from your teachings.

'I like to keep pro-active.
Or think I've come prepared anyway.
I am always prepared to deliver what is needed.'

As a visiting professor,
Don't you think these college students...
Will find your approach to use as quite foolish?

'And...May I say?
By the end of the day,
Who should I see to discuss...
A return payment on my investment? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Who Should Receive More 'Patience' Than They Get?

Solicited advice given that later offends,
Grown men and women
Makes it a bit easier to express compassion,
For their children who lack discipline.
But are into fads and questionable fashions.

When it becomes understood,
From whom they have received their lessons taught...
With a displaying to quickly disrespect.
Children raised by those limited...
Are not regarded as investments to protect.

Who clearly is the victim?
Should not be a question anyone should guess.
It is obvious who's mind has been compromised.
And who should receive more patience than they get.

'Well...
Who should receive more 'patience' than they get? '

Teachers.
Police.
And those who preach about responsibilities.
And of course...
Those who are appointed to be psychiatrists,
By the judges making decisions,
After hearing these mental cases heard...
With no ending to them in courts.

~We will take a thirty minute recess.
That should be enough time to allow me,
To spend a few moments with my own psychoanalyst.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Who Should The People Be Willing To Trust?

If a claim is made,
By one to be better at representing the good...
And the best of the people's interest,
And all that is shown and known,
Is one's abillity to collect the dividends of benefits.
Who should the people be willing to trust?
Someone who has clearly been publicly showing it?
Or someone who refuses to reveal,
The depth of their honesty...
And a suspicion to lust and feast discreetly?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Who Started This Mess?

I am not the cause or reason,
For anyone's kept dysfunctions.
And I use to lose sleep,
Thinking I was responsible...
For others having lack of clarity.
Being aware and conscious of it,
Can be a lonesome task to master.
I stopped asking anyone to admit,
If they chose to ignore...
What was obvious to witness,
Just to protect their own happiness.
Since too many I had heard complaining,
About others who prevented them...
From experiencing to have this to live.

Some days I awaken,
To think I am the one left crazed.
With steps to take not wiping away,
Tears wept because my expectations...
Weren't on my shoulders to burden with regrets.
I had learned too early to stand tall and erect.
Regardless of opposition and obstacles I met.
Leaving me to sweat through each and every test.
And doing this listening to hear others say,
How blessed I was to be 'lucky'.
Not determined to have earned,
From any lessons learned.
But 'lucky'?
Hmph!

I have found with it to find,
Many do not mind making their attempts...
To share their feelings of grief and guilt.
With a belief a doing of this releases them,
From yesterday's sorrows whether borrowed or not.
And they are again freed to repeat their dilemmas.
That get more and not less theatrical.
'Chile...if you only knew what I was going through.
Some of us have a heavier cross to bear.'

And I know there is a God.
Because from these acts I leave,
Before the intermission begins.
There are demons who will masquerade,
No matter where or when.
Or the nature of the event.

As for me?
Well...
Yesterday's to relive for the convenience to repeat,
I have already done to do to mend from a healing...
From aches and all kinds of pains to name.
And leftover emotional mental drain to cause anguish.
I know God has blessed me to keep faith trusted.
With it known to chill those moments,
I feel inside that monster I recognize but suppress.
With an ability to smile and not address,
What it is I would love to express to others.
To careless if their screams freezes them in fear.

No one who lives,
With wishes to conquer over personal defeats...
Left by demons costumed from head to feet,
Does it to succeed with 'luck'.
Or beliefs like this to keep fantasized.

Eyes to open wide,
Are difficult to remain that way.
Especially if the impossible,
One who is determine to prove...
Isn't.
Wishes and dreams to have them seen succeed,
No matter what the opposition.
Will take someone near death,
To have them leap away from it to do it quick.
I have noticed this to keep it remembered,
Faith to keep terrorizes nonbelievers.
And horrifies those of evil and wicked deeds.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Who Takes The Next Step?

If I had not felt from you,
Inspiration to provide me with incentive...
You would be left as someone I met.
Someone introduced to eventually leave,
With a shown respect.
That's it.
Although 'something' is there unspoken.

And more in you I saw presented.
More I knew you represented.
In depth and vast experiences kept.
As if to protect it from being detected.
You did this not to express or impress.
Or deny me from becoming captivated.

And here I am to remain to wonder,
If the feeling is mutual...
Who takes the next step?
And how fast we both can get,
To explore that intimacy.
Wanted to admit but not knowing the 'how',
To bring to the surface to share it together.

'I like you, but...'

I know.
I've heard those 'buts' before.

'Me too.
I should have said,
I like you, if...'

If?
If what?

'If my liking you is mutually felt?
I don't know why these things,
Are so difficult for me to get expressed.
You see. I...'

Come here.
Shut up.
Let's kiss.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Who Then Amongst Them

Who then amongst them...
Did not have achievement on their minds?
Or a way of life documented,
With 'acceptable' accomplishments...
Planned with pre-requisites?

Who then amongst them...
Did not have children with the same beliefs.
A working ethic kept to produce a life of ease.
A good job with a home marked by a picked fence.
Neighbors with the same ideals,
Who socialized at the same events.

Standards and values,
That were glued and secured...
Defended with pretense.
Who then amongst them,
Knew...
The future ahead held darkness instead.

Who then amongst them knew...
A way of life pursued would unravel.
As quick as personal artifacts,
Could be removed from walls.
Who knew that dreams would come to this end...
For any of them to witness,
Uhaul trucks being loaded to the brim.
With hopes packed and driven away from it all!

Who then amongst them knew?
Or...
Envisioned this kind of fall?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Who Thinks

How can anyone recognize someone who is crazed,
When that one represents the entire population?
One who thinks walks alone on a busy street!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Who Told Them They Could Fly Their Own Kites?

Why on Earth are all those people standing in line.
So patient they seem.
And not one hint of any conflict between them.
All representing different ethnic 'persuasions' too.

What's going on?
All adorning those parachutes.
And...
If my own eyes did not betray me.
I would think they roll their own at 'Me'.
For Heaven's sake...
Who told them they could fly their own kites?
And wear their own parachutes?
Have I become too delusional?

'Well,
Your Highness...
Out of deep respect,
I will say 'yes' and 'no'.

You didn't hear this from me...
And you, of all people, know how gossip goes.
However...
I've heard it said,
The people have become extremely upset.
Because of your drama and fantasized policies.
And no longer buy into that concept,
Of wings, golden slippers, white robes...
And the playing of harps,
And trumpets in some afterlife.

The people have decided,
To take their own chances.
Think independently.
And they've prepared to leave the kingdom.'

That's preposterous!

'Like a rhinoceros wearing Gucci.

I agree.
But I do have a suggestion.'

Quick come out with it.

'We can contact Beyoncé.
She always comes up,
With some trend setting sounds.
Maybe she can compose something,
To turn their minds around.'

Yeah!
But I've already made a long term deal,
With Jay-Z...
To keep the beats pumping.
And I don't want to be the reason,
For any disagreements between those two.
I think they are two of the kingdom's best peeps.
Ya dig?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Who Told You That?

So much that could and should be understood,
Is left to assume to never be comprehended...
By those with minds manipulated to accept,
Created realities often changed to reflect...
Delusions protected in the presence of truth.
And regardless of the facts,
There will be some who gather to protest...
With a causing of unrest to attack them.
Disbelieving what is presented to become offended.

'We have everything here that appears,
On videotape.
And it is clear what was done...you did! '

~You'll have to convince me and others,
With more than that as proof.
Since you don't know me as well as the others do.~

'This 'is' evidence. This 'is' truth.
Truth as we know it to appear as we see it.'

~Oh really?
And who told you that? ~

Those accustomed to hide and deny their own lies,
Will never accept to believe others can see them...
For who they are.
And for the ones who come to agree,
Reality and truth revealed can not be concealed...
Are the people who often opposed,
For an honesty exposed.
To then be questioned about their absence of loyalty.

'Look. We have the proof. the evidence and the truth.'

~So what do you want me to do?
Confess?
Confess to being a victim of my own misdeeds?
Confess I am quilty to have 'that' believed?

You have totally evaded my human rights.
Show me where I signed a release to be videotaped.
Show me.
If you're going to show that all over the place,
I wanna get paid. I want to be interviewed on the 'news'.
I need a lawyer. An agent. And a movie deal made too.~

And these are the times,
Of our prioritized lives.
These are the times,
An attention to get will not be disguised.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Who Walks Better In The Shoes One Wears?

Never easy it is to detach,
And adapt to the loss of an emotional attachment.
Who is born with more than one heart to break?

People with opinions are quick to give them,
When an experience has yet to cause stress.
Or deeply upset with a depressing to express.

There is only one who personally knows,
What it takes to heal from a wound...
To condone without it shown or expose it.

And many times the comprehension of this is misunderstood.
But then again...
Who walks better in the shoes one wears?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Who Would Be Qualified To Monitor Your Achievement?

Implementing methods used,
To ensure some do not succeed...
Jeopardizes the effects of this success,
I would believe.
Since who be qualified,
To monitor your achievement?
If you are there witnessing one's stagnation.
Who does the improving with growth.

'What growth?
There is no growth.'

Sssshhh...
Don't say that too loudly.
Keeping other people down,
Makes some folks feel better about themselves.
And usually those suppressed,
Are the ones who learn their lessons the best.
Usually.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Who Would Had 'Thunk' It To Be So...

No one said anything about it being easy,
To walk away from that which has been indoctrinated...
And known all of one's life.
It is traumatic to awaken,
To realize what had been taught to dislike...
Has been intended to be accepted as wrong and not right.
With a fighting against its existence.

And to know what had been hated with a teaching of it,
Being inferior and unfit...
Has actually been used to support one's habits,
Of being fed from it in secret doses to keep one nourished.
This awakening crumbles everything thought cemented.
No one said anything about it being easy,
To walk away from that which has been indoctrinated...
And known all of one's life.

And no one would ever believe truth,
Would become greater than any kept and protected delusion.
Who would had 'thunk' it to be so...
Out of the box to cause one shock.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Who Would I Convince?

What are you doing?

'I've awakened this morning,
Deciding I would get serious.'

Serious?
Serious about what?

'My creative abilities.
And expand upon my capabilities.'

I thought you were applying that?
Haven't you been serious?

'Naw,
I was just testing a few ideas.
A few concepts.
Now...
I am ready to begin to unleash my talents.'

So what is that you are doing?

'I've begun to scratch the surface!
How else should I start.
How else should I begin?
I am removing the dust from it now.'

What about the people?

'What people?
What about them?

The people who believe,
They've 'already' been exposed to your 'gifts'...
Those...
Talents?
Or whatever they are called.

'My gifts?

Exposed?
I haven't unwrapped them yet!
Who has been spreading these rumors?
Folks aint got nothing else to do but lie?
OH?
Oh...
They believe my rehearsals,
Have been the real deal!
Hopefully I will be forgiven,
When I reveal the actual product!
And I've got several to launch.

I forgot!
People will accept 'anything' remotely expressing 'talent',
As the real deal.
Wow.
I have to remind myself about that.
Don't you say a word to anyone about this.
You hear me? '

Even if I did...
Who would I convince?
There are some people who actually believe,
They've been exposed to your greatest work.

'LOL...
Ssshhh,
I know.
LOL...
I know!
Stop it,
My stomach hurts.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Who Would Know The Difference

Let's make it up as we go along.

'Make up 'what' as we go along 'where'? '

Whatever is going on!

'And...
That would be different than,
What? '

Pretending we know what we are doing,
With the attempts to convince others...
We have a clue.
We can still keep it to ourselves.
But at least we will feel better about it...
If we, you and I, stopped deluding ourselves.

'You know...
I didn't think of it that way.
Yeah!
What a concept.
Let's do it.
Let's make it up as we go along.
Who would know the difference at this point anyway? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Who Would Wish To Believe

How can anyone take a breath to breathe,
To say life disappoints?
How can anyone see an opportunity,
To disqualify it as having purpose?

And who would wish to believe,
Living life has no value...
If they are not getting,
What they want to receive.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Who Writes The Pages Of These Scripted Fantasies?

What is it that people expect,
From those they have outwardly offended?
A warm and loving embrace...
And tears dripping from eyes,
From those finally getting a reception...
They have been secretly wishing?

Who writes the pages of these scripted fantasies?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Who You Knew

'How come you did not tell us,
Many years ago...
Who you knew and what you know? '

I did repeatedly.
And also shared with you,
Heights together we could climb to go...
Where you would discover incredible views.

'But we thought you to be a dreamer.
With wishes to have us believe,
There were no limits to achieve the impossible.
And we thought it best from you to leave.'

Nothing has changed about my beliefs of that.
Accepting limits to restrict are just mind traps.
But I had already succeeded,
In accomplishing those beliefs to make them facts.
However...my efforts to endeavor,
Have set sights on higher horizons...
With a focus that remains unchanged to look back.

'What now about us?
We have come to realize it is you we can trust.'

You've already taught me to believe,
There is no 'we' in 'us' to think I'd be crushed.
And those times with you I viewed as us,
Are no longer in my mind to have left them behind.
With no need I will find today to discuss this.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Whoa Whoa Whoa Hush That Rush

Traveling with negative activities...
Hear them cuss a lot!
Yes, they cuss a lot.

Nothing that is said by them,
Seems to please.
And they cuss a lot.
Hear them cuss a lot!

No matter where they seem to be.
No matter in whose company.
Whoever is around them,
Never is quite free!
Or alone.

Traveling with negative activities...
Hear them cuss a lot!
Yes, they cuss a lot.

Nothing that is said by them,
Seems to please.
And they cuss a lot.
Hear them cuss a lot!

No matter where they seem to be.
No matter in whose company.
Whoever is around them,
Never is quite free!
Or alone.

No matter what the reason,
Or the season may be...
They rush to cuss,
With a lust to cuss!

Making misery as if a cup of tea.
They rush to cuss,
With a lust to cuss.

And dropping in the Autumn like leaves from trees.
They rush to cuss,
With a lust to cuss.

Traveling with negative activities...
Hear them cuss a lot!
Yes, they cuss a lot.

And dropping in the Autumn like leaves from trees.
They rush to cuss,
With a lust to cuss.

Making misery as if a cup of tea.
They rush to cuss,
With a lust to cuss.

Whoa whoa whoa hush that rush,
With a lust to cuss.
Whoa whoa whoa hush that rush,
With a lust to cuss.
Whoa whoa whoa hush that rush,
With a lust to cuss.
Whoa whoa whoa hush that rush,
With a lust to cuss.

Nothing that is said by them,
Seems to please.
Whoa whoa whoa hush that rush,
With a lust to cuss.
And making misery as if a cup of tea.
They rush to cuss,
With a lust to cuss.

Whoa whoa whoa hush that rush,
With a lust to cuss.
Whoa whoa whoa hush that rush,
With a lust to cuss.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Whoever You Are

I could never live a life,
Devoted to your expectations.
Or have my self worth,
Crush by your disapproval.

I could,
However...
Continue to be who I am.
And I will.

Knowing whoever you are,
Depends on from who's mind...
You are defined as you spend time,
In the making of false impressions.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Wholesomeness To Thirst

A flourishing to nourish with it to prosper,
Has gone.
Every purpose found to be worthy,
Too has gone.
And a wholesomeness to thirst,
With it kept prioritized first...
Has been removed from the scene.
And gone is its depth and long lasting meaning.

Someone came along to protest discipline.
Someone came along to convince this should end.
Someone with influence,
Convinced rules should be disobeyed.
Someone made it too easy,
To create conflict, chaos and disarray.

A flourishing to nourish with it to prosper,
Has gone.
Every purpose found to be worthy,
Too has gone.
And a wholesomeness to thirst,
With it kept prioritized first...
Has been removed from the scene.
And gone is its depth and long lasting meaning.

Someone came along to protest discipline.
Someone came along to convince this should end.
Someone with influence,
Convinced rules should be disobeyed.
Someone made it too easy,
To create conflict, chaos and disarray.

'Don't look at me.
I was invited to feast.
But I will admit a desire to be in the midst of it.
Excuse me.
Are you going to eat those wings?
Or are you just going to let them sit? '

Every purpose found to be worthy,
Has gone.
And a wholesomeness to thirst,
With it kept prioritized first...
Has been removed from the scene.
And gone is its depth!
And with it any insight left to have long lasting meaning.

~Take them.
I've decided I'm not qualified to be here.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Whom Asked Who For Whose Opinion?

You are so not there!
Totally irregular.
And slipping away from significance.

Have you been taking your vitamins?
Something is dipping into your mineral intake.
Something is slowing down,
Your motivation and drive.
I recommended the oysters!
Did they stimulate...
To give the acquired rise?
Apparently not.
Unless that's in disguise.

You are not there!
No perk.
No bounce.
No tightened butt!
Your 'abs' are flabbing.
Plus that gut has loosened up!
And please...
Put a towel over those breasts.
I'd like to use the suntan lotion...
While there is still some left.

Have you stopped dancing,
With your thoughts of romance?
You better do something quick.
That thickness you carry...
Does not get approving glances,
When you prance.
In fact...
You're beginning to look like a whale,
Beached in spandex pants.

Have you been taking your vitamins?
Something is dipping into your mineral intake.
Something is slowing down,
Your motivation and drive.

I recommended the oysters!
Did they stimulate...
To give the acquired rise?
Apparently not.
Unless that's in disguise.

Something in your head...
Says you are attractive.
But it lies!
Even the flies,
Have refused that garbage.

No need to get upset!
Whom asked who for whose opinion?
I'm the one holding onto faith,
I can give you a compliment.
Do you know how long that has been?
I'm the one that should be pissed...
Not you!
And I say that with love!
Now roll over...
So I can enjoy the sunset!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Whom Do I Offend?

If I choose to debase myself,
With the best of my biases I could muster up!
And my derogatory statements are deemed,
To be publicly obscene and done in a garish ignorance...
Both seen and admonished with astonishment,
Whom do I offend?
If I have been selected to represent my peers!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Whom To Tick Off...And Why?

To tick,
Or not...
To tick off?
Should this be one's main focus,
As a goal?

Should one have other ambitions?
Such as to step on one's toes?
Or...
Deliberately roll one's eyes,
From left to right...
Pausing,
With immediated vertical...
Up and down movement?
Followed by a thumbing of one's nose.

The choices dwindle today.
So appropriate were the days,
When walking with a cork up one's butt...
Displayed one's irritation,
With those thought 'beneath'.

Now...
Today,
So many are beneath.
Even beneath those they chose to be 'beneath'.
And it becomes increasingly difficult to decide,
Whom to tick off...
And why?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

'Whomever' The Who May Be

Who me?
I never thought I was the cheese.
Whether cheddared or sharp.
OR flavored filled crisp dipped chips...
Thick or thin and delicious.
I don't know 'who' to thank...
But I've never been into it.

Getting an attention done,
For something I love...
Makes to me no sense.
Even if it is,
Something I have experienced.

Nor have I ever thought of myself as a brick,
Firmly placed...
To be consider as a piece of a cornerstone that fits.
Who me?
I'm not seeking to be perfect.

I've always been 'me'.
I love to tease and play practical jokes.
When people realize there are serious parts of my life lived...
For some reason they become provoked.

And any attention on me that comes with a focus...
I am more surprised than those I know.
I'm the one with eyes wide open...
Thinking I've become victimized by someone playing a joke.

Who me?
I never thought I was the cheese.
Whether cheddared or sharp.
OR flavored filled crisp dipped chips...
Thick or thin and delicious.
I don't know 'who' to thank...
But,
I've never been into what I do with ego to display.
And perhaps that's my best asset.

A quality in me others see.
Only 'who' knows!
'Whomever' the WHO may be!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Whoop And Holler

And when you whoop and holler,
'Cause your rent aint paid...
With a blaming finger done,
To one who's been at your aid.
All you do is isolate yourself more and more,
When you jump up and down...
With your lips on the floor!

And when you whoop and holler,
Like you need to be caged.
All you show to people,
Is a raging that's crazed.

You're not the only one today upset!
I suggest you sit down,
Before somebody breaks your neck!

And when you whoop and holler,
'Cause your rent aint paid...
With a blaming finger done,
To one who's been at your aid.
All you do is isolate yourself more and more,
When you jump up and down...
With your lips on the floor!

And when you whoop and holler,
Like you need to be caged.
All you show to people,
Is a raging that's crazed.

You're not the only one today upset!
I suggest you sit down,
Before somebody breaks your neck!

Pull yourself together stop that hooting like a fool.
Pull yourself together stop that hooting like a fool.
You're the one who chose to live your life the way you do.
Pull yourself together stop that hooting like a fool.

And when you whoop and holler,
Like you need to be caged.
All you show to people,
Is a raging that's crazed.

You're not the only one today upset!
I suggest you sit down,
Before somebody breaks your neck!

Pull yourself together stop that hooting like a fool.
Pull yourself together stop that hooting like a fool.
You're the one who chose to live your life the way you do.
Pull yourself together stop that hooting like a fool.

And when you whoop and holler,
'Cause your rent aint paid...
With a blaming finger done,
To one who's been at your aid.
All you do is isolate yourself more and more,
When you jump up and down...
With your lips on the floor!

All you do is isolate yourself more and more,
When you jump up and down...
With your lips on the floor!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Whore Stories

What were they to do?
Two in love...
And busted.
Downsized to be laid.
Not a dime between them saved,
But needs gave in to temptation.
And yet,
They wanted to keep their passions kept...
In a condo about to be foreclosed.

A firestorm descended,
And ended their lifestyle quick.

Losing a happiness and glory...
The beginning of the ever spinning,
Whore Stories.

She slept with him.
And did not care...
She was both a slut and a has been,
With eccentric flair.
She's a trick
Making a quick sex visit.
And he got his off and split!

He did his thing.
That he did.
With one night stands,
Flings and other street 'things'.
Hoping to take the sting,
Out of his broken heart.
Worn on a musty sleeve.
And reeking of alcohol.

And she knew that too!
But it only takes one fool...
To do all that's done,
To make two fools from one.
Doing their best to impress,

With expressions of bitterness.

And these Whore Stories find continuance.
Continuing as they do.

When one will find dissatisfaction...
In times that don't agree,
Or deliver on demand service.
The making of Whore Stories,
Just gets a bit mo' ho-ish!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Whores Of A Disposal Culture

Why would a people willfully give away
Bits and pieces of a heritage so rich and timeless...
Or become isolated and indifferent
As to not prepare for their own survival?

Why would a people playfully disregard,
Foundations of strength those unrelated
Claim as their own?
Even prostitutes have a price,
For services not rendered!

Can it be no one sees,
The whores of a disposable culture?
Uniting to release idle pleasures,
Giving away treasures...
Ancestors from the cradle of life,
Sought to keep within the family? !

Why would a people willfully give away
Bits and pieces of a heritage so rich and timeless...
Or become isolated and so indifferent
As to not prepare for their own survival?

Hiding behind the social ills of desperate times,
Masked and hard to find...
And yet not regretting signs that warn of quicksand,
Are the whores of a disposable culture.
Hip hopped,
And drugged out...
As a fading society,
Supplies upon demand!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Who's Better Than The One Who's Done It

Who's best to deliver and with an expected...
Consistency.

'Who's better than the one who has already done it? '

Who's best to deliver the better effect,
And...
With consistency?

'Who's better than the one who has already done it?
Who's better than the one who has already done it? '

The one who's done it?
'Yes.'
And with a proving of to admit.
The one who's don't it...
'Yes...
And with consistent prolificness.'

Who's best to remove any left regrets...
And with a doing of consistency?

'Well...
The one who's done it.
And with a proving of to admit.
The one who's don't it...
And with consistent prolificness.'

Who's best to leave several people pleased,
And with a proven consistency?

'Well...
Who's better than the one who's done it?
Well who's better than the one who's done it.'

Who's best to remove any left regrets?

'Well...
Who's better than the one who's done it? '

Who's best to leave several people pleased?

'Well...
Who's better than the one who's done it?
And still manages to leave them stunned.
Well...
Who's better than the one who's done it?
Well who's better than the one who's done it,
And still manages to leave them stunned.'

Who's best to remove any left regrets?

'Well who's better than the one who's done it.
Who's better than the one who's done it?
Well who's better than the one who's done it.
Who's better than the one who's done it? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Who's Doing The Training Here?

If I should make this,
Any simpler than it is...
He will never know which hand to use.
Especially if you sit conducting your business!
While I stand...
Using both of mine to hold the book,
Reading to him nursery rhymes.

'And I'm left cleaning up after the both of you!
Who's doing the training here? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Who's Endurance Test Is This

No one living who has earned to be in their right mind,
Accepts with belief...
They had been born to be dispense at their own expense,
By another who has druthers to use them.
And disregards the act of it as insignificant.

If someone chooses to be knowingly mentally abused...
What point do they make in the wasting of time complaining?
Who's endurance test is this?
The one pretending to listen and comprehend with patience?
Or...
The one who hears but has clearly chosen to run away.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Who's Fault Is That?

Give me a second to digest this.
You have stated...
That the person who had offended 'you',
YOU defamed and character assassinated.
Pretended to befriend with intention to use,
For your own purpose to deceive others...
To entertain and have them all amused,
As you sat back defending a false innocence.

To today say that the one who offends you,
Refused to make a comment or publicly argue.
With a proving you've been picked upon and it done,
As evidence to witness by everyone.
And people now have found you to be the one,
Functionally delusional and seriously mentally confused.
But yet you still accuse the one you have abused?
Does that sound like one abundant with common sense?

'You have not given me time to be convincing.'

Nor am I like the others...
Who gave you that time to regret with it found to find,
Themselves recruited to be fooled and used by you.
And there is nothing they can do,
To erase 'their' stupidity from the mind of the one...
You and they accused with it harmfully done.

'I have never had this problem before.'

Problems ignored never go away.
However...
In your case,
You and truth have never come face to face.

'And who's fault is that? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Who's Gonna Know Their Life Is...

Who's gonna know their life is...
Choices made to live it.
And what they choose to do,
with the manifested tools they use.

Who's gonna know their life is...
What's on their mind.
And...
Not to waste with contemplation,
Time to find to whine.

Now,
Who's gonna know their life is...
Lived to take chances and risks.
Who's gonna know their life is...
More than games and foolishness.
And who's gonna know their life is...
Reaching to fulfill all dreams.
And not to live for the easiness,
To sit back and scheme.

Oh,
Who's gonna know their life is...
Lived to take chances and risks.
And who's gonna know their life is...
More than games and foolishness.
And who's gonna know their life is...
Reaching to fulfill all dreams.
And not to live for the easiness,
To sit back and scheme.
Until they live a life of purpose,
Nothing meant to them has meaning.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Who's Impeding Who?

'Why have you allowed them to do 'that' to you? '

To do what?

Impede your progress.

'And...
What is it have you seen me do to witness? '

What you've been doing for many years.

'And...
Who seems to have benefitted,
From what you've seen? '

Well...
You do seem to be more motivated.
More productive.
AND with more ambition.

'So...
Who's impeding who?
And from what? '

Maybe they impede themselves?
And this they have yet to notice.

'Well...
Someone does.
You do.
Didn't you say they were impeding?

Yeah, I did.
But...
They think they are doing that to you.

'It is not yet a crime to have useless thoughts.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Who's Living With That Mission?

Who here,
Lives to dance and sing?
Who here,
Lives to hear the birds singing?
And who here,
Lives their life just to give?
Who's living with that mission?

Who's living with that mission?
Who's living with that mission?

Who here,
Wakes up to give a damn?
Who here,
Demands to give a helping hand?
And who here,
Knows that peace has a chance?
Who's living with that mission?

Who's living with that mission?
Who's living with that mission?

Who here,
Thinks about their fellowman?
Who here,
Gives their neighbor understanding?
And who here,
Wants the bleeding done by man...
To end and please them?

Who's living with that mission?
Who's living with that mission?

Who here,
Thinks about what is right?
Who here,
Wants to do that day and night?
And who here,
Prays conflicts and fights

Would end!

Who's living with that mission?
Who's living with that mission?

Who here,
Lives to dance and sing?
Who here,
Lives to hear the birds singing?
And who here,
Lives their life just to give?
Who's living with that mission?

Who's living with that mission?
Who's living with that mission?
Who's living with that mission?
Who's living with that mission?

And who here,
Wants the bleeding done by man...
To end and please them?

Who's living with that mission?

Who's living with that,
As ambition?
To live to give as a mission?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Who's Name Were You Calling?

You open your door,
Just to lock it.
Once I turn around,
I'm blocked out.
To then hear you tell me,
Through cracked doors and windows...
I know nothing about your sentiments,
Sensitivities with a talk and listening session.
And I care for you,
Only when the lights go out.
And I reach tenderly to touch you,
Under the sheets.
I don't understand what the problem is.

'You don't want to talk.
It's as if...
The only time from you I get,
Is when you want from me one thing.'

Baby...
If you want dialogue,
We can add dialogue.
No problem.
I didn't want to say anything before,
Because you were calling God's name.
And...
All the time.

'You don't understand anything.'

Well...
Who's name were you calling?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Who's Side Is He On?

They are doing the best they can,
To blame him for their slide...
Into obscurity.
And the crooks are on a campaign,
To show him in an unfavorable light.
One to ruin his integrity.
To prove to others,
His efforts wont succeed.

And he is the only one who has led,
To champion the truth.
As many who see this...
Have come to despise,
What the evil doers are pursuing to do.
Knowing that without him...
A demise he tries to prevent,
Will not stop a worship in the devilment.

'Who's side is he on?
He has destroyed our delusions.
And most of our fantasies are gone.
We simply can not have this.
Our values, standards and lifestyles...
Are losing a battle against our pretentiousness,
We must keep defended with an intensity meant.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Who's Trick Is This?

Who's trick is this?
Is it your latest?
It is too obvious.
The over rating done,
Is much too inflated.

This rehashed stuff,
I've had enough of.
Can't you create,
Something more update?
Something I can anticipate,
To stimulate a thought process...
That has from you...
Never approached a level of suspect.
Or I can say...
You had but it left

Who's trick is this?
It has to be borrowed.
It has a thoughfulness.
And with you,
That does not exist!
None you can insist...
Came to even visit.
Or one you can claim,
To leave me a bit suspicious...
That you alone are behind it!
Who's trick is this?
You have never been this innovative.
Or smiled so broadly.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Whose Doing The Respect?

You were denied a job position,
Because your credit is in a bad condition.
And the report stated you have bills unpaid?
Even though you pay them but slowly.
Did they know you had been unemployed?
And only recently found part-time work.
Although you have a Master's Degree,
That more than qualifies...
What they claim they need and seek first?

'Very few today have a good credit rating report.'

It's not what you know but who you know.
And besides...
How can someone justify you having a poor credit report,
As a reason not to hire you...
When the entire country is indebted trillions of dollars,
To foreigners...
Who probably amongst them,
Have no clue what a Master's Degree is?

'Is it about money, credibility or competence? '

Don't ask me questions like that.
I'm still dealing with hypocrisy, profiling and delusion,
By those who have been sold on division, racism...
And indifference to those who express a kept identity.
And this I get from my own people.

'What do you mean...
Your 'own' people? '

People who were born here,
Declaring themselves to be patriotic.

'Oh.
I thought you meant YOUR people.'

That's exactly what I mean.

If your own people reject you...
But accept to be indebted to foreigners,
Whose doing the respect and to 'whom'?
To have this obviously neglected?
And to 'whom' is this neglect best shown,
With it reflected?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Whose Duty Is It To Remove The Veils?

Whose duty is it,
To remove the veils?

What brave soul...
Would cross a highway blindfolded?

Would you?
Me either.

Especially today,
When folks are seeking...
To make and market,
New games to play!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Whose Fool Have I Been?

Whose fool have I been?
Trying hard not again to pretend.
I'm the one who has my head between my knees,
Losing sleep and feeling weakness.

Just whose fool have I been?
Wanting to begin what has ended.
I've got to be addicted to pain,
And giving heartbreak its name.

I was the one,
Who said that I needed to be alone.
I was the one,
When it was over...
Wanting more what I had known.
It's clear I wish this emptiness...
Was gone!

Just whose fool have I been?
Wanting to begin what has ended.
I've got to be addicted to pain,
And giving heartbreak its name.

Whose fool have I been?
Trying hard not again to pretend.
I'm the one who has my head between my knees,
Losing sleep and feeling weakness.

I was the one,
Who said that I needed to be alone.
I was the one,
When it was over...
Wanting more what I had known.
It's clear I wish this emptiness...
Was gone!

It is so clear that I wish,
You were back here at home.
And it's clear that the fool I am to me is shown.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Whose Interests Are Being Represented

Isolated AND inclusive?
From who's point of view is this?
When reflected is division,
By those who say...
They represent common interests.

And whose interests are being represented,
When more are admitting...
A quality of life has been diminished.
And who are they distibuting invitations,
To the same people they have actively kept away.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Whose Issues Are These?

The fact that I can change my mind,
Anytime I want to and be committed
To proving I can be unstable,
Should prove to anyone else
I have faced my issues.

And.
I am entitled to be just as aloof,
As the next person.

So don't hand me that nonsense,
About me being unaccountable.
When did accountability,
Ever become a priority?

And
Who is to judge to what degree,
My known issues
That are my right to have,
Aren't done with the best of my ability?
Whose issues are these?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Whose Life Am I Living

If I walked with a comfort amongst shadows,
What life can I say I have to experience it...
If I followed too afraid to place my own footsteps?
And not have enough faith to create my own path.
Whose life am I living if I have to ask,
In which direction I should take to do alone.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Whose Souls Are Saved

Whose souls are saved,
When invaders arrive...
To crush, divide and slaughter?
How brave are they,
Who succeed against the defenseless,
Left wounded with futures diminished.
Beginning missions without a finish!
Only interests in resources,
Empower those in armored forces.
Producing movements to incite genocide...
With heartless eyes and deaf to cries!
Whose souls are saved?
Who gives them the right to decide...
Whose life is worth living,
And which ones must die!
Invisible now are those shields that hide.
Rising from unseen dimensions...
Crazing those with rage!
Leaving debated battles on all sides.
Delighting in blood fields where they bathe!
Whose souls are saved?
Could they be of those,
Who choose to parade their evil ways?
Those expecting victory...
Yet perceiving themselves left to question,
Why they've been 'stung'...
With just hollow praises to raise!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Whose Truth Is Lived

Truth to accept and it to follow,
May be rejected by others...
Unaccepting to listen,
To beliefs another may express.
But doing it to comprehend,
That respect to give...
Returns it given.
Regardless whose truth is lived,
That enlightens to benefit...
This experience of life,
Lived on one Earth.
For the purpose to serve,
One Creator.
Although there are some,
Who believe their truth to speak...
Gets more attention from God,
Than others.
And they are the ones,
To have initiated...
All started conflicts.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Whose Truth Is Reality?

Whose truth is reality?
And why are the many eyes focused upon it,
Seeing reality quite differently?
With many refusing,
To believe in any of it at all.

It is odd how those say they do know God exist.
With bragging rights about their religious affiliations.
But ask one of them,
When was it they stepped out of their way...
Based solely on their faith?

Do you get a look in return that offends?
Or...
Do you get a sermon to hear,
With scriptures quoted...
To make their beliefs understood.
And for some reason...
Their carrying a Bible should make that clear?

And that question you had asked,
Goes unanswered.
As an excuse is made,
To leave from your presence...
As fast as they came.
And under their breath you are called a name.

People are not up to that task.
Disguising 'your' reality...
They prefer to hide,
Behind 'their' masks!

Whose truth is reality?
Really?
And why are the many eyes focused upon it,
Seeing reality quite differently?

With many refusing,
To believe in any of it at all.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Why A Deed Done To Do

A deed to do that has been done,
Is best left to be discovered...
Than to await to get approval,
By those who will debate...
Why a deed done to do,
With a doing...
To disapprove of the doer.
As the deed done goes undiscussed,
Not to be mentioned.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Why Am I Needing This?

I am not those dark days lived.
To perform an existing within shadows.
I am not,
One who sits comfortably...
Fixed to fears,
Of my own image appearing...
On walls that I visit forelorned.

I can not accept a misery imposed upon me.
I can not accept...
My own reflection hinting with signs of neglect.

I am the light that brightly shines...
On the other side of closed windows.
I am the light that brightly shines...
Beyond closed and locked doors,
My mind has been convinced...
I'm needing more to restrict my addictions.
I'm needing more of this...
To keep and explore!

'I am not those dark days lived',
I say.
'I am not that one existing,
Within the restriction of shadows.'

I am the light that brightly shines...
On the other side of closed windows.
I live beyond closed and locked doors!
And yet I am a victim,
Of my own self inflicting addictions.
Why am I needing this...
To keep adventured and explored?

'Why am I needing this?
Why from it I just can't quit? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Why Am I Upset?

Why am I upset?
There is no one in a leadership position,
Who has taken responsibility...
For my lack of competence.

There is no one who has come forward,
To claim the blame for my shame.
Even though I went out of my way,
To endorse them in campaign.

And all elected officials...
Seem not too willing,
To uphold what I've prioritized...
As being superficial.

That's why I have regrets.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Why Are Eyes Opened Wide

When he was 'selected' to lead,
Eight years ago.
That should have given everyone a clue,
To prepare for the worst to happen.

And now that it has...
Why are eyes opened wide,
Full of tears and surprise!
Including his.

No one can make their own and separate 'reality'.
To become what they wish.
And ignore it for what it is!

Unless, of course...
One believes they are God.
To magnify themselves,
For God to use as a lesson.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Why Are There Complaints?

I don't understand!
Aren't we living the lives folks demand?

Our sons are encouraged
By our daughters to be 'bad'!
'He's so bad! Just like a boy! '
We teach our children the love of weapons...
From daily games,
And given as Christmas toys.
'I thought Jesus was of peace?
And no where around the manger was there a sign
Of retaliation! '
I sat in one church...
And heard the devil's name repeated over and over again.
It was not clear what was being worshipped...
Introduced or enforced!
We speak of fellowship as if 'that' should be a religious movement,
Instead of a natural occurence!
And the values of standards, quality of life and traditions?
Please...
Entertaining lust and temptations!
Those are the foundations supporting the walls of shopping malls!
And television has been the marketing savior for greed!
Let's get 'real' about infesting delusions with teased fantasies!

I don't understand!
Aren't we living the lives folks demand?
Then why are there complaints of any kind?
Oh...
I see!
Bigots who are racists perceive,
They are not satisfied unless others unlike themselves,
Are deprived?
This has been a tremendous marketing strategy,
That has brought the current economy to grinding halt!
No wonder those bad terrorists and enemies,
Endangering this way of life have to be stopped!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Why Are We Talking About It

It's possible for you to achieve success.
I never said that it wasn't.

This is what I said...
You will have to talk less about the process,
And feel you can achieve success.
Knowing it has and will be accomplished.
And I can not interpret your success for you.

'You did not say that.'

Do you feel it?

'Yes.'

Then 'why' are we talking about it.
I can not feel it for you.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Why Are You Asking 'Me' Those Questions?

'What can I do?
When the world seems so screwed up.'
I ask.

'What is true for me?
And what isn't?
What is my task?
How long is this confusion I face,
Going to last? '
I ask.

'And if I pray everyday,
Will these conflicts go away?
Will these burdens be lifted?
How long can I expect to be afflicted,
By this.'
I ask.

And something inside pulled me aside.
I felt interrogated.
As if I should be stripped bare naked.
Of everything...
Including my pride!
I was not prepared to do that.
Even though everything else,
I had already tried!
And I was questioned...
By a voice I could not deny!

~When was the last time you prayed with faith?
Is it constantly done?
With a devotion felt that overcomes?
Why are you looking outside yourself...
To validate I exist.
When I sit within you...
Feeling you hide
As if from Me you resist.
How often do you listen?
And if you do...

Do you obey?
Like you say you do,
With Me in faith...
With an honesty of truth?
As you say you do everyday?
Or do you choose your obstacles with you to stay!
What is it that you wish from Me,
Anyway?
You think I'm going to sit with you,
And waste MY time away?
If you are not grateful for My presence...
How can I gift you with My blessings? ~

'Who is this?
Is this God?
And if this is...
Why are You asking 'me' those questions?
I thought you had ALL the answers? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Why Are You Gloating?

Why are you gloating?
You look as if you were a mouse,
Who was just awarded...
A lifetime supply of cheese.

'That's almost funny.
No.
But...
Say I 'was' that mouse.'

Okay...
Mouse.

'And that mouse was suspected of stealing cheese.
And those who made the cheese...
Did all they could to find the mouse guilty of the crime.'

Go ahead,
I'm listening.

'And...
The mouse,
Kept telling the makers of cheese...
They actually befriended rats!
And those rats were the culprits of the theft all along.'

I don't get it.
What has that got to do with you?

'You see...
The folks had their eyes focused on the mouse closely.
Under microscope.
Not realizing they socialized and entertained disguised rats.
Masquerading as wholesome folks with undeniable integrity.'

What became the outcome?

'Well...
Not only was the mouse awarded that lifetime of cheese you mentioned.

But efforts long dismissed achieved notoriety for that same mouse.'

Soooo,
'Why' are 'you' gloating?

'Forget it.
Just forget it.'

Hey,
Wait a minute.
Don't get angry with me.
You were the one to bring up the mice and rats in disguise,
Working inside a cheese factory.

Yeah...
That's right.
Walk away.
You need to lay that head down and get some rest.

No wonder I see him smiling all the time.
The dude is nuts!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Why Are You So 'Nasty'?

Long before you became aware,
I had prepared for you.
Long before you knew my name,
I was moving into your view.

And when I appeared you did not believe,
Someone could care about you like I do.
And when I told you from you I wanted more,
You began playing games and I played them too.

Although, I would rather we spend time,
Ignoring suspected preferences met.
With some loving being made!
Slow to build up in heated sweat.

'Why are you so 'nasty'? '

And why do you smile?
As if I'm saying something,
I shouldn't and we couldn't do?
Accept it as a compliment!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Why Are You So Sensitive?

I did not say one thing about your diet.
Do not try to throw that guilt trip on me!
What I did say was 'perhaps'
The grass is not getting enough Sun.
And when we pass the flowers...
Had you noticed the petals folding inward,
As if night has fallen!
Why are you so sensitive?
All I asked you was 'if' you had heard,
The sounds being made by crickets?
I might be mistaken.
But you have to admit,
You do see the fireflies?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Why Are You So Suspicious?

Faithful?
I've been faithful to a fault.
That you would accuse me,
Of anything less is unthinkable.
Just because I bring you flowers,
Should not incite an argument.
We have been together for 5 years.

'Seven.'

Seven, five?
And I am 'still' madly in love with you...
Er...uh...uh...mmm...

'Marion.'

I was going to say Marion.

'Well...
You have a message from Margaret.
She wants to thank you,
For inflating both her 'flats'!

Is she related to Denise...
Who called last week.
To thank you for pumping her spare with air? '

No need to get upset.
The reason why I am late coming home...
Both of them are studying for the ministry.
And we met to have deep penetration!

'You mean deep 'meditation'...perhaps? '

WHY are you so suspicious?
Isn't that what I just said?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Why Are You Staring At Me?

To achieve the best solution,
For this dilemma...
Let's think about this,
Together.
'They' do say,
Two minds are better than one!

'Okay.
I hear you.
That sounds good to me.
Let me clear my mind.'

What's the matter now?
Are you in pain?
Your stomach hurts?
What's going on?
Why are you doubled over like that?
Should I call a doctor.
Do you want me to call 911?

'I'm thinking.
With you.
I thought you said,
We should do this together?

Why are you staring at me?

Come on!
Stop playing around.
WHY are you staring at me? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Why Are You Trying To Be Different?

There will always be people,
Who say they know another...
On a first name basis.
To exaggerate the claim made,
Without truth or facts connected to attach...
What has been told to them by others,
Who themselves have made no contact...
With the person they all talk about,
And behind their backs...
To have everything created made up to make real.
Until the moment of truth is met,
To have that person unknown confuse their imaginations.

'Oh!
So why are you 'trying' to be different? '

~Than what?
Or from what? ~

'From the 'who' you really are.
I've been told you are an actor.'

~Then who or what am I suppose to be?
Since you know so much about what it is I do.
And, from your point of view.
Tell me more.
I'm all ears to hear.

'If you don't know...
Who does? '

~Comeone.
Give me a clue.
This is disappointing.
I'm sure you know 'me' better than I do.~

'I don't what to say this,
But...
You may be right.

I know you are pretending not to be yourself.
Stop pretending to be someone I know you are not.'

~Comeon.
Please tell me who I am.
Don't leave me this way.~

'You're crazy.'

~Okay.
I accept that.
But...
What does my acceptance of 'your' facts,
Make you?
Less or more knowledgeable of your lack of them?
Now that I have acknowledged to you I am crazed.~

'Huh?
What? '

~Those are my sentiments exactly.
I should have expressed them earlier.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

'Why Are Your Eyes Fixed On Me? '

What good are accomplishments and deeds done,
If there is a choosing by some who benefits from them?
Too many seek either approval or acceptance,
For what it is that they do.
To eventually embellish and exaggerate,
With an attention given and without showing proof...
Of any deeds done they did to do,
Than they are needing to be the center of accolades.

It seems those who accomplish with deeds done,
Are seldom the ones with an ego displayed...
To then say,
'If it wasn't for me and things done 'I' did...
No one would be able to benefit from 'my' efforts attempted.'

~Well...
Thank God the topic being discussed,
Is 'Deeds Accomplished' and not 'Efforts Attempted'.
You would have us here all night.~

'I object to your insinuation.
I am not here to waste anyone's time,
Just to talk about myself.'

~And you've taken twenty minutes,
'Attempting' to convince all of us of this.
Are you done with your effort?
Great.
Now...
The topic to be discussed,
Is 'Deeds Accomplished'.
And those doing this without seeking attention.~

'Why are your eyes fixed on me? '

~Don't for a moment think I find you attractive.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Why Aren'T They 'First' To Get The 'Real' News?

Doesn't it seem rather strange and unbelievable,
That those who proclaim loudly with attention to get...
Whether in conversations with people on the streets,
Or hob-nobbing in community activities...
Among others they greet socially,
Are 'also' the neighborhood gossipers who declare...
And seriously,
They wish someone would tell them what's going on.
And those listening to them begin to question,
Why aren't they 'first' to get the 'real' news?
Since they 'seem' to know more about everything else,
Than others do.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Why Aren'T We Sharing Fall

As the leaves on trees
Began to remind
Summertime is departing,
I thought of you
And hoped you too
Were wishing like me,
We were still holding each other...
As the sunset began to dip
To silhouette our kissing lips.

As the breeze blew
And falling leaves flew...
Autumn was approaching
To apply new hues.
Of red, orange, yellow and brown.
A colorful rusticness had found
Us living in New England reminiscing!
But we weren't 'this' distant then.

Those gone and passed on are remembered.
The holidays begin with Halloween.
How appropriate!
Masks are adorned,
To cover true identities.
Undercover...
And misunderstood with these feelings.
I could but I don't hide my memories too well.

I could...
But I don't pretend there is an emptiness,
In my heart.
I could...
But I don't let go of a love I know is real,
And felt when sharing it!

I don't...
But I should call.
To see if you are missing me at all.
And if you are,

Why aren't we sharing Fall together?

I don't...
But I should call.
To apologize for saying,
'I could care less if you leave! '

I can say,
I am 'sorry' to those who are gone and passed on!
And I know I have with them been forgiven.

I love and want you here with me to know it!

I will call.
I can not leave Fall without you!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Why Aren'T You

Why aren't you walking in the Sun,
To...
Beam your radiance.
And...
Transfer your energy,
To me.

Why...
Aren't you,
Walking in the Sun.
To...
Beam your radiance.
And...
Transfer your energy,
To me.

Why...
Aren't you,
Walking in the Sun.
To...
Beam your radiance.
And...
Transfer your energy to me.

Why...
Aren't you,
Walking in the Sun.
To...
Put some breeze in the heat.
To...
Put your scent in the air,
To supply it with your sweetness.

Why aren't you walking in the Sun,
To...
Beam your radiance.
And...
Transfer your energy,
To me.

Why...
Aren't you,
Walking in the Sun.
To...
Beam your radiance.
And...
Transfer your energy,
To me.

Why...
Aren't you,
Walking in the Sun.
To...
Put some breeze in heat.
To...
Put your scent in the air,
To supply it with your sweetness.

Why aren't you,
Walking in the rays of the Sun.
And why aren't you,
Getting to you what comes.

Why aren't you,
Walking in the rays of the Sun.
And why aren't you,
Getting to you what comes.

And why aren't you,
Walking in the rays of the Sun.

And why aren't you,
Walking in the rays of the Sun.

And why aren't you,
Getting to you what comes.

And why aren't you,
Getting to you what comes.

And why aren't you,

Walking in the rays of the Sun.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Why Bother

If you are not who you say you are,
As you present yourself initially...
Why bother playing hide and seek?

I know very few people who are grown,
Willing to play childish games...
With those still stuck in the playground!
And waiting,
For someone to push them on a swing...
As they lick on an icecream cone.

And denying the age of 40...
Came and left after paying a long visit.
Years ago!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Why Bother To Ask The Question

Why is it,
Whenever I hear someone say...
'I don't care.'
I become aware that person has compassion?

'And...
What? '

What are you talking about, 'And what? '
I am asking you a question.

'How can you ask me that question,
When I wasn't there to hear?
And on a scale from one to ten...
How was that compassion you became aware of,
Felt?
Was it an eight?
Was it a five?
Was it a nine?
Do you know?
And if you do...
Why bother to ask the question! '

One day I am going to discover,
You are no longer in my mind.
And I am going to find myself a lot happier.

'And I wont?
Is that what you're saying?
Is that your implication?
If it is I can leave right now.
'Cause I don't need your cheese,
To spread on my biscuit.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Why Can'T They Identify Truth?

Does a decay eating away for decades,
Need the existence of it identified...
For those unaware of it,
To realize how decay starts?
And...
When those do become aware of it,
Why is it they bring their frustrations to another...
To protest to them...repeatedly.
What has been theirs to dismiss to deny.
Why do they hide behind,
Their own alibis and lies?

And...
Why should their tears cried,
Be given attention?
When it had been mentioned to be ignored,
That where they sat...
Needed them to inspect and protect with interest.
Not others who they run to expect them to undo,
A lack of accountability or responsibility...
As if children seeking guidance,
From lessons they refuse to grow up and learn.

Why can't they see themselves?
Why can't they identify truth?
Why do they refuse to acknowledge,
The cause and effect of their activities?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Why Can'T We Accept This

Let's raise our conscious levels up,
From dusty covered ruts.
Why can't we accept,
Times lived..
Have gone bye-bye!
To leave behind those tears,
Dripping from red eyes.

Why can't we accept this.
To forgive and forget!
And,
Why can't we accept...
A happiness without regrets.

Why can't we accept...
A happiness without regrets.
Why can't we accept this,
To forgive and forget!

Why can't we accept,
Times lived..
Have gone bye-bye!
To leave behind those tears,
Dripping from red eyes.

Why can't we accept this,
To forgive and forget!
And,
Why can't we accept...
A happiness without regrets.

Why can't we accept this...
And dry those tears we cry.
Why can't we accept,
Times lived..
Have gone bye-bye!

Why can't we accept this,
To forgive and forget!

And,
Why can't we accept...
A happiness without regrets.

Why can't we accept this!
Why are we so disconnected.
Why can't we accept this!
Why are we so,
Misdirected.

Why can't we accept this!
Why are we so disconnected.
Why can't we accept this!
Why are we so misdirected.

Does heightened violence increase peace?
Where has that been shown effective.
When a violence from one leaves,
People then feel free to breathe.

Does heightened violence increase peace?
Where has that been shown effective.
When a violence from one leaves,
People then feel free to breathe.

Why are we so misdirected.
Nobody feels free to breathe.
Why are we so misdirected.
Nobody feels free to breathe.

Why can't we accept this!
Why are we so disconnected.
Why can't we accept this!
Why are we so misdirected.

Why can't we accept this.
Why can't we accept it...
We have been so disconnected.
And misdirected.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Why Can'T You Keep It Celebrated?

What's keeping you from being grateful for your blessings?
And...
What's keeping you from knowing that and to confess?
And...
What's keeping you from trusting God with all your faith?
That faith...
You say you have!
That faith...
You state is strong!
That faith...
That keeps you glad.
That faith...
You say is never wrong.

What's keeping you from being grateful for your blessings?
And...
What's keeping you from knowing that and to confess?
And...
What's keeping you from trusting God with all your faith?
That faith...
You say you have!
That faith...
You state is strong!
That faith...
That keeps you glad.
That faith...
You say is never wrong.

That faith...
Is it faked?
And,
That faith...
Why can't you keep it celebrated?

That faith...
Is it faked?
And,
That faith...
Why can't you keep it celebrated?

What's keeping you from being grateful for your blessings?
And...
What's keeping you from knowing that and to confess?
And...
That faith,
You say you have!
That faith...
You state is strong!
That faith...
That keeps you glad.
That faith...
You say is never wrong.

That faith...
Is it faked?
And,
That faith...
Why can't you keep it celebrated?

That faith...
Is it faked?
And,
That faith...
Why can't you keep it celebrated?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Why Can'T You Listen?

Why can't you listen?
Why can't you hear words from Me?
Why can't you sit and just be...
To listen.
Listen.

Why can't you listen?
Why can't you hear words from Me?
Why can't you sit and just be...
To listen.
Listen.

Why do you call Me?
Why do you say you're alone?
You wish for Me to appear.
And yet when I'M near.
Your closed ears wont hear Me!

Why do you pray to Me?
Master I Am of your World.
I'M with you there silently.
But you will not see...
Everything that is Me!

One I Am and only One!
Maker of your Moon, Stars and Sun.
All things on Earth that is there...
Is there if you ask,
But your faith does not last!

Why can't you listen?
Why can't you hear words from Me?
Why can't you sit and just be...
To listen.
Listen.

Why do you call Me?
Why do you say you're alone?
You wish for Me to appear.

And yet when I'M near.
Your closed ears wont hear.
A word.

Why can't you listen?
Why can't you hear words from Me?
Why can't you sit and just be...
To listen to Me.
Listen...
And let Me in!

'Father...
Clear my mind of these obstacles! '

I'M trying!
But you wish it 'your' way.
And not the way MY way is.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Why Can'T You Stand And Observe This

Quiet!
Why can't you stand and observe this,
Like everyone else?

'I've seen this all before.'

Well perhaps others haven't.
No one wants to hear you tell what's coming.
I haven't seen this myself.

'But dad, you are here every year! '

And what is that suppose to mean?
Some things I've seen and some things I haven't.
I am only here for your benefit!
Didn't you say you wanted to come?

'Yeah, I did.
But I thought we were looking at the same thing.
Together.'

You're always looking ahead for something new.
Why can't you wait until it gets here?

'But it's right there...
I see it coming!
I want to see what's coming.
Something new!
I'm tired of seeing the same thing over and over,
Again and again! '

You will stand here until I'm ready to leave!

'Who's damn parade is this anyway?
Yours or mine! ? '

WHAT did you say to me?

'Quiet!

Why can't you stand and observe this,
Like everyone else?
You're gonna miss something...
If you keep staring at me, daddy! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Why Did They Not Move?

'I thought you said all of you were together? '

We were.
Years ago we thought we knew one another.

'Well...
Can you explain to me,
Why you and the others survived this incident...
Unscathed for the most part.
And some did not make it?
They appear to be lost...
Babbling about how things used to be,
In complete darkness.
They seem to be tranced!
Trapped inside some illusion! '

I told them.
It was no mystery what was happening.
I told them that 'truck' was coming,
To dump major trash on them!

'Why did they not move?
They are now at the bottom of that cesspool.'

I was told they did not like my tone of voice...
Nor my attitude!
Many of us got out of the way.
It still affected us.
We prepared to get splashed,
By some of the trash!
But those folks stood there...
Accepting all that garbage!
And no one can tell them,
That's what it is!
They refuse to see it.

'And the sad thing about it...
They are shouting for it to be changed.
But into what? '

That is why we are standing here.
Praying for a miracle.
Some of us have family and friends mixed up,
In that mess.
They shout for a return to relive yesterday.
Some of them have repeated visions,
Of going back 'home'.
Hypnotized by some 'The Land of Oz'!
And we have tried to tell them,
That place does not exist!
And they persist in their own demise.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Why Did You Step On Those Toes?

This has been brought to my attention:

Some of you have stated...
In the privacy of whispers,
Of course.
That I have a tendency,
To step on a few toes!

And I thought about this.
Knowing the intention,
Of the message I had to send.

So I prayed to God.
And asked what should I do?
Since my only desire,
Is to reflect the 'will' of God.
In complete devotion.
Not to offend Him.
Or upset undo emotions.

And I prayed and prayed.
Staying there in prayer.
Hoping to make what I've done,
More clear!

Then a voice so near and gently spoke.
Saying to me...
'My son,
I love you.
But for the life I've given to thee...
'WHY' did you step on those toes?
When you clearly could have stomped,
On the feet! '

HUH?

'On the feet, My son!
On the feet!
You know...

The whole foot?

Next time take advantage,
Of these opportunities.'

Inspired by:
My sister Mim.
And Reverand White
Springfield, Massachusetts.

'Mimmie, I thank you.
Please thank Reverand White.
U 2 funny.'

Love you,
Larry

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Why Didn'T You Say Something?

However it happened,
My mind is quick to provide...
Instant distance.
The moment nonsense is sniffed,
I feel myself staring.
And not caring if this is noticed,
By someone I had promised...
I would listen intently.

'You haven't heard a word I said.
Have you? '

Don't be foolish.
Of course I did.
That last comment you made,
Was profound.
You have a lot of vision.
Do you mind repeating it?

'I said...
Some of us wear underwear these days.
And others like to advertise they do not.'

Meaning?
OH...
Geeessshhh.
Why didn't you say something?
This is embarrassing.

'I did.
Three times.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Why Didn'T You Warn Me?

Sometimes the best lesson to learn,
Is the one that is self taught.
With a discovery that has been enhanced.
Since the effect of it has a permanent existence.
And is better than anything tried,
By another who attempts to teach...
But thought to be unqualified.

'Why didn't you warn me? '

~Let's see...
After standing on my head.
And banging it up against the wall,
To get your attention...
I decided I had enough of it.
How many times did you expect,
For me to waste my breath? ~

'I didn't think you would allow me,
To make a fool of myself like I did.'

~And...
You learned nothing from that lesson? ~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Why Do Folks Just Make Up Stuff?

Why do folks just make up stuff?
Even those who traditionally lie professionally,
And have kept it this way for centuries...
Can be noticed becoming increasingly appalled,
By this relatively new trend in communication.

Their lies are being amended,
By the telling of lies more outrageously told.
And to say they are offended,
Is an understatement.
They can be seen blowing off steam.

Why do folks just make up stuff?
Not even good made up stuff at that.
There is weak made up stuff being made.
Low grade although acceptable.

And this can be seen,
As a detriment to standards kept...
That has begun to threaten values,
Being questioned by the youth...
Graduating with degrees of higher learning,
With no where to apply their lessons learned.
As those who just make up stuff,
Are making themselves more credible.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Why Do I Keep My Head Up?

Why do I keep my head up?
And my eyes looking forward?
It is an incentive I use,
To keep moving my feet.
And not allow my knees,
To touch the ground.
With an exercising done to my legs.

There was a time,
When I just used my knees...
For the purposes of begging.
Now with my feet moving...
After learning I could walk on them,
It is remarkable the countless opportunities...
I never knew existed I have discovered.

'I do miss the 'old' you.'

I can understand that.
But I felt very uncomfortable on my knees.
And I knew there had to be something else to do,
Since I had done that a little too well.
I needed to be challenged on a regular basis.
And then one day it dawned on me to get up on my feet.
And feel them below me moving.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Why Do Some Live Without A Giving

I've been living in a world,
Many show they do resent...
To be living without giving but expecting they should get.

I've been living in a world,
Many show they do resent...
To be living without giving but expecting they should get.

Oh why...
Do some live without a giving.
Oh why...
Do some live without a giving.
Oh why...
Do some live without a giving.
Oh why...
Do I?

I've been living in a world,
Many show they do resent...
To be living without giving but expecting they should get.

I've been living in a world,
Many show they do resent...
To be living without giving but expecting they should get.

Oh why...
Do some live without a giving.
Oh why...
Do some live without a giving.
Oh why...
Do some live without a giving.
Oh why...
Do I?

And they're quick to get the pity.
And this seems to benefit.
And they're quick to get the pity.
And this seems to benefit.

Oh why...
Do some live without a giving.
Oh why...
Do some live without a giving.
Oh why...
Do some live without a giving.
Oh why...
Do I?

Oh why...
Do some people get the pity.
Oh why...
Do some people get the pity.
And this seems to benefit.
And this seems to benefit.
And this seems to benefit.
Oh why...
Do some people get the pity.
And this seems to benefit.

I've been living in a world,
Many show they do resent...
To be living without giving but expecting they should get.

Oh why...
Do some people get the pity.
And this seems to benefit.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Why Do They Waste Such Time?

I was called a fool to offend.
And when that did not happen,
Since I ignored them...
It was then stated I felt I was better.
As if I was 'entitled' to be respected.
And I thought if my actions were not accepted...
Why do they waste such time?

And these are the folks who have provoked themselves,
Out of their own minds.
You know the kind?
Those with hopes to find someone who is worthy,
To inflict their mental illness.
And kill ambitions that weren't reflected,
In the spreading of expected dirt!

Why do they waste such time?
When in my mind my life has always been mine!
And not programmed to self destruct.
Something that addicts them.
And they can not give that up!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Why Do We Analyze The 'Why'

You don't, hear it.
You don't, feel it.
And you don't see it,
Like I do.

Like I do...
You don't want it.
Like I do...
You don't need it.
Like I do.
But you deceive like to do,
Too!

Why do we testify,
To fantasize and criticize.
Apologize to cover lies...
As if our lives are hypnotized.

Why do we try to hide,
Reasons why we can't harmonize.
And why do we analyze the 'why'?
Why?

Why do we testify,
To fantasize and criticize.
Apologize to cover lies...
As if our lives are hypnotized.
And...
Why do we try to hide,
Reasons why we can't harmonize.
And why do we analyze the 'why'?
Why?

Why do we testify,
To fantasize and criticize.
Apologize to cover lies...
As if our lives are hypnotized.
And why do we analyze the 'why'?

Why do we try to hide,
Reasons why we can't harmonize.
And why do we analyze the 'why'?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Why Do We Both Have Cracks

If you were so perfect and correct,
Why do we both have cracks...
Where we sit down at?
Explain that!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Why Do You Do This To Me

Why do you,
Want...
To taunt me.

And why do you want,
To do...
This,
To me.

Why do you,
Want...
To taunt me.

And why do you want,
To do...
This,
To me.

You say I'm not right,
And you do this to me.
To claim I'm wrong,
And you do this to me.
From Sunrise to Sunset,
You do this to me.
Until the dawn.
When you do this to me.

Why do you,
Want...
To taunt me.
And why do you want,
To do...
This,
To me.

Why do you,
Want...
To taunt me.
And 'why' do you,

Do...
This,
To me.

You say I'm not right,
And you do this to me.
To claim I'm wrong,
And you do this to me.
From Sunrise to Sunset,
You do this to me.
Until the dawn.
When you do this to me.

You say I'm not right,
And you do this to me.
To claim I'm wrong,
And you do this to me.
From Sunrise to Sunset,
You do this to me.
Until the dawn.
When you do this to me.

Why do you...
Do this to me.
Taunt me,
And do this to me.
Why do you,
Do this to me...
With wants...
To do this to me!

With wants,
To do this to me.
And taunts,
When you do this to me.
From Sunrise to Sunset,
You do this to me.
Until the dawn,
When you do this to me.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Why Do You Let Your Loving Baby Cry?

Don't let your loving baby cry,
Or tears stain on their cheeks.
Don't you let your loving baby cry,
Or leave them alone to weep.
Don't,
Let your loving baby cry.
Thinking love from them you will keep.
Your baby cries for a reason...
And the reason for the weeping you should seek.

Don't you let your baby cry.
You can mend this to end it quick.
Don't you let your baby cry.
Hold them with a hug and get it fixed.
Don't you let your baby cry.
Remember when you needed them,
And they would sit...
To listen to your nonsense until you quit.
Return to them some loving before they split.

Don't you let your baby cry.
You can mend this to end it quick.
Don't you let your baby cry.
Hold them with a hug and get it fixed.
Don't you let your baby cry.
Remember when you needed them,
And they would sit...
To listen to your nonsense until you quit.
Return to them some loving before they split.

Why do you let your loving baby cry?
Return to them some loving before they split.
Why do you let your loving baby cry?
Return to them some loving before they split.
Remember when you needed them,
And they would sit.

Why do you let your loving baby cry?
Why...

Do they cry?

Why do you let your loving baby cry?
Why...
Do they cry?

Why do you let your loving baby cry?
Why...
Do they cry?
Why?

Don't let your loving baby cry,
Or tears stain on their cheeks.
Don't you let your loving baby cry,
Or leave them alone to weep.
Don't,
Let your loving baby cry.
Why...
Do they cry?
Why?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Why Do You Say I Bring To You Disgust?

Accuse me of anything you want.
But I am not the one,
Poisoning your food.
Polluting the air you breathe.
Destroying your economy.
Removing you from your homes...
Obtained through bad loans,
Condoned by another's greed.
I am not the one...
Taking your employment,
And giving those jobs away...
To those overseas.
I am not the one deceiving your trust.
I am the one who has been honest to you.
Why do you say I bring to you disgust?
Truth has never brought to me an enemy...
That offended my beliefs to protect defensively.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Why Do You Use That Accusing Tool

Slam!
Feisty baby!
Ka'bam!
Feisty baby!
Shazam!
Feisty baby!

Why do you use,
That accusing tool.

Slam!
Feisty baby!
Ka'bam!
Feisty baby!
Shazam!
Feisty baby!

Why do you use,
That accusing tool.

I'm not with a pick up mistress.
Or,
With another man...
Doing undercover!
Down,
And low,
With as many men as I can!

Slam!
Feisty baby!
Ka'bam!
Feisty baby!
Shazam!
Feisty baby!

Why do you use,
That accusing tool.

I'm not outside hunting.

Running down fresh meat.
You are what I want, babe.
Why you knocking on me?

Slam!
Feisty baby!
Ka'bam!
Feisty baby!
Shazam!
Feisty baby!

Why do you use,
That accusing tool.

I'm not outside hunting.
Running down fresh meat.
You are what I want, babe.
Why you knocking on me?

I'm not with a pick up mistress.
Or,
With another man...
Doing undercover!
Down,
And low...
With as many men as I can!

Slam!
Feisty baby!
Ka'bam!
Feisty baby!
Shazam!
Feisty baby!

Why do you use,
That accusing tool.

Slam!
Feisty baby!
Ka'bam!
Feisty baby!
Shazam!

Feisty baby!

Why do you use,
That accusing tool.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Why Does It Make You Weep

Take what you value,
And put it in a sack.
Leave it where it's at,
And don't look back.

Why does it make you weep?
When you made it were you sleeping?

Take what you value,
And put it in a sack.
Leave it where it's at,
And don't look back.

Look around and see what's on the streets.
That reality you made to keep.

Why does it make you weep?
When you made it were you sleeping?

Look around and see what's on the streets.
That reality you made to keep.

Why does it make you weep?
When you made it were you sleeping?

Take what you value,
And put it in a sack.
Leave it where it's at,
And don't look back.

Why does it make you weep?
When you made it were you sleeping?

Take what you value,
And put it in a sack.
Leave it where it's at,
And don't look back.

Look around and see what's on the streets.

That reality you made to keep.

Why does it make you weep?
When you made it were you sleeping?

Take what you value,
And put it in a sack.
Leave it where it's at,
And don't look back.

Unstrap and remove those shackles.
It's an addiction you've got to detach...
And avoid interaction.
And avoid interaction.
And avoid interaction.
And avoid interaction.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Why Don'T You Go First?

You are too curt.
Too blunt.
Too direct and outspoken.
And on top of that you are arrogant.
I can't stand you!

'Hey...
What can I say?
I awaken some days...
And discover I can not stand myself.'

You're kidding?

'Nope!
Just this afternoon,
When I decided to have lunch...
At the Foxwoods Casino,
Where everything is great.
I sat there alone feeling so blessed,
I kept myself away from several people...
Just to enjoy that alone.
I did not want to upset anyone's day.'

Are you being sarcastic?

'I have no clue.
What do you think?
Should both of us get away from me?
How about if I let you go first?
Yeah.
Why don't you go first?
I'll watch your back.
How about that? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Why Don'T You Just Bring The Pictures

There is something inappropriate,
About that dress you have chosen to wear.

'Why because it is white? '
No!
Because it has a veil.

'Some of your family members missed the wedding.
I just want to show them how I looked.'

I understand.
You understand.
I 'think'.
But
Will they understand?
At a family cookout?
On a beach?
With most of us playing volleyball?

I think they might find you,
Still attached to the ceremony.
Why don't you just bring the pictures.
And
Remember this,
You were the one who volunteered
To do all the cooking.

'OKAY!
I get it.
I didn't want anyone to think,
Our moment
Was not 'their' moment too.'

Honey?
Let's not try to have a family too soon.
With kids and
That kind of thing.
Okay?

'Sure.
Why are you bringing that up now? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Why Don'T You Stop

Stop. Stop.
Why don't you,
Stop. Stop.
Why don't you,
Stop. Stop...
Getting so offended.

Stop. Stop.
Why don't you,
Stop. Stop.
Why don't you,
Stop. Stop...
Your defending arguments.

Why don't you stop getting picky,
And...
Dropping petty bits,
To dip and to lip.

Why don't you stop getting picky,
And...
Dropping petty bits,
To dip and to lip.

Why don't you stop. Stop!
Why don't you stop. Stop!
Why don't you stop. Stop,
Your defending arguments to dip and to lip.

Why don't you stop getting picky,
And...
Dropping petty bits,
To dip and to lip.

Why don't you stop getting picky,
And...
Dropping petty bits,
To dip and to lip.
To dip and to lip.

Why don't you stop getting picky,
And...
Dropping petty bits,
To dip and to lip.
Why don't you stop! ...It.
Just stop it.
Why don't you stop! ...It.
And quit.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Why Empower It With Concern?

When something isn't...
Why empower it with concern?
What lesson is there learned,
By choosing to discuss...
The 'what ifs'.
As if those 'what ifs' breathe and exist!

When something isn't...
Why empower it with concern?
What lesson is there learned,
By choosing to discuss...
The 'what ifs'.
As if those 'what ifs' breathe and exist!
And the next step we need to take...
Is to select someone qualified,
To monitor our decisions and babysit!

And that time spent doing this...
Has been wasted like devalued dollars,
We struggle to find ways to throw away...
Or burn.
With no regard and less concern.
And that is the headache we've lived to earn.

Too many are already confused in creating solutions.
All we need to do,
Is to commit ourselves to have nothing to do with it.
Already you look relieved!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Why Have You Not Written Anything About The Jews?

Why have you not written anything about the Jews?

'Nothing about them motivates me to do so.'

They may regard that as anti-semitic.

'Have I expressed any hostilities? '

No!

'Any sense of discrimination? '

No!

'Have I expressed anything against them...
As a religious, ethnic or racial group? '

No!
Not at all.
Well...
They may regard that as anti-semitic.
Your nonchalance about their existence.

'Oh, please!
As a black man,
There is enough in my history for me to cry 'wolf'.
And use that as a means to scream 'discrimination'.
And they are good depicting themselves as victims,
Without the assistance of my input!
With the use of the media,
They have marketed their sufferings very well.
And everyone knows the black 'man' is the most hated,
On this planet.

And you don't think those comments,
Would be regarded as anti-semitic?

'I 'think' you are insisting an anti-semiticness.
For reasons to satisfy a campaign you'd like to address.

When everywhere there is a genocide affecting the lives,
Of black folks who have been denied their rights.
Those who have chosen to keep their eyes open,
Can see that.

With resources stolen from their lands...
To benefit the lives of those who choose
To call themselves white.
Or those who choose to comfortably pass.

So,
I am in no mood to be anti-semitic.
Nor to be baited to debate in ignorance with you.'

Humanity is being destroyed by those insecure.
And you have no comments about that?

'Is this how you go about initiating conflict? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Why I Chose To Forget

I use to miss them.
And what it was we did.
And now that I don't...
I try to remember,
Whatever it was that was done!
And why...
It is important to remember,
Why I chose to forget.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Why I Prefer To Live Alone

Give me a moment.
I want to find a specific way,
To tell you this.

Okay...
The reason why I prefer to live alone,
Is the company I sometimes can not avoid to keep.

Some people have a legitimate feeling,
That is sincerely felt as it is meant.

Some people need another presence,
To keep control of a conversation focused on themselves.
I have been in contact with these kinds of people,
On many occasion.
With a wish to exit as quick as possible.
And I was able to do that,
Because i was not in my own home.

Some people are just into themselves subconsiously.
With a unending 'Not-a-breath-to-take-zeal'
That creates an atmosphere squeezing the freshness,
Out of a peace that reduces a hospitality one ceases.
And...
This might be mistaken for boredom!
And i like to maintain a cordial presence one feels.

However,
Making no mistake of it at all...
I find sometimes your presence,
Leaves me with a headache.
And sometimes I can take it.
But on days like these that I want my peace.
You disturb that willingness I had to share it!

Give me a moment.
I want to find a specific way,
To tell you this.

I like to keep a flow of communication,
That is invitational.

You on the other hand,
Seek an audience to deliver devoted attention.
That kind of activity,
Wears me out.

Today...
I am feeling,
Less the member of an audience.
And more like...
I would love to see a performance,
Come to a close.

Like...
I want my door closed.
So I can be left alone to take a nap.
You understand that...
Don't you?
That's why I prefer to live alone.

And...
I am yearning my preference for that now!
But...
You are welcome to stay as long as you wish,
Under those conditions...
Knowing I have a great love,
Right now...
For solitude!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Why I Stopped By

Forget the things we both have done.
Forget our trading of nasty tongues.
Forget your second thoughts.
As I have forgotten mine.
And the gossip people talk,
We allowed to waste our time.

I stopped by...
Because I know you better,
Than others do.
I stopped by...
To let you know I care for you.
Why I stopped by?
I want to hear it just from you...
What it is from me you wish,
Only I can give to you...
I'm hoping you have missed.

I know it isn't easy,
Trying to keep your mind cool...
When I've been childish and a fool.
I know it isn't easy,
Putting up with me and others with funky attitudes.
I know it hasn't been easy,
Doing things to get them done.
When no one is around to offer,
To understand where you are coming from.
I do!
Now that I comprehend,
What it is you have been through.

I stopped by...
Because I know you better,
Than others do.
I stopped by...
To let you know I care for you.
Why I stopped by?
I want to hear it just from you...
What it is from me you wish,

Only I can give to you...
I'm hoping you have missed.

Forget the things we both have done.
Forget our trading of nasty tongues.
Forget your second thoughts.
As I have forgotten mine.
And the gossip people talk,
We allowed to waste our time.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Why Is It In 3-D?

I think you misunderstood my comments.
I am happy for you.
I really am.
To have discovered a film that traces your family tree,
Back in time for hundreds of years...
Is indeed remarkable.

And...
You say it is authentic?
Right?

All I asked you...
Was to reconsider 'how' it was found.
Why is it in 3-D?
And the composer is listed as John Williams.
Don't you think there is 'something' unusual about this?
That is all I asked.

I did not mean to upset you.
Nor have you believe,
I question the length of time your family has been here...
Living,
As you put it...
On the 'downlow'.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Why Is It So Incredulous

When children are taught,
That a telling of truth...
May invite dire consequences,
They themselves produce.
Why is it so incredulous...
A manufacturing of deceit and lies,
Has been the most increasing commodity...
Very few attempt to hide!
As if this is a surprise.
And to whom?
Those stuck in denial to place others on trial?
With a buyer's remorse that brings to them gloom.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Why Is It You

I touch.
I feel.
I see.
And I appreciate my life.
But you are there,
In my mind.
I don't want you appearing,
All the time.
I can not remove you.
Even if I wanted to.
How are you doing this,
When you are not in my view?
You did say you would never leave me!
I hear.
I touch.
I feel.
I see.
But why is it you,
I wish not to do this with...
So much?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Why Is It You Have Them Around

Do you wonder?
Do you ever wonder where these conflicts,
With you sit?
And how it is you benefit...
With them to make you sick.

Do you wonder?
Do you ever wonder where these conflicts,
With you sit?
Or have you yet admitted,
You attracted them to visit.
And you would have no life,
If they left you now to quit.

Do you wonder?
Why you'd have a life at all,
If conflicts from you split.
Do you wonder...?
Where your life would be,
If you lived conflict free.

Do you wonder?
Do you ever wonder where these conflicts,
With you sit?
Or have you yet admitted,
You attracted them to visit.
Do you wonder?

Do you ever wonder where these conflicts,
With you sit?
Or have you yet admitted,
You attracted them to visit.

Do you wonder?
Where your life would be,
If you lived conflict free.
Do you ever wonder where these conflicts,
With you sit?
Do you wonder?

Do you ever wonder where these conflicts,
With you sit?
Or have you yet admitted,
You attracted them to visit.
Do you wonder?

Why is it you have them around.
Conflicts!
Why is it you have them around.
Those conflict visits.
Why is it you have them around.
Conflicts!
Why is it you have them around.
Those conflict visits.
Why is it you have them around.
Conflicts!
Why is it you have them around.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Why Is That Important

I'm not one to build molehills into mountains.
Or carry an umbrella to shade from Sun.
I am here to experience 'and' make mistakes.
Nor am I one to repeat over and over...
Those lessons taught I should have outdone.
With 'something' learned to overcome.

I am not afraid to admit my faults.
Or try to masquerade my blemishes.
But I do stay clear of those who make excuses.
Since my ears do not hear them,
With attention to them to give.
I've been down that crowded road.

I'm not one to build molehills into mountains.
Or waste time with those who do.
If I can find just one person who has integrity today,
To share my life being upfront and in an honest way...
Without putting emphasis on preferences and looks,
That's 'my' gift I've been searching one day would appear.

'Are you...? '

YES! I am.

'But...
You have no idea what I am going to ask.'

Why is that important,
If I have your answers?

'Oh?
So you are one of 'those'? '

Trust me.
I am 'none' of those at all.

'So...
What are you saying?

You are upfront and in an honest way? '

God is 'good' aint He?

'All the time.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Why Is 'That' Important?

I hear clearly what you are saying,
About what 'he' is not.
To defend what 'she' is...
Since you flatter her a lot.
With a respect that appears.

But...
Listen to me closely.
What I have not heard you say,
Is what you specifically know about 'him'...
You had not heard from 'her'.
When did you last see him?
Or confirm with a speaking,
Directly in conversation with him to begin?

'Well...
I really don't know that much about her.
But what she says.
And 'him'?
I have not seen or spoken to him,
At all.
I wouldn't know him,
If I saw his picture on a Post Office wall.

I see.
And she,
You say...
Is reliable and your closest 'friend'?

'Of course.
We've known 'of' each other for years.'

I see.
Again...
With a hearing what you say clearly,
About what 'he' is not.
To defend what 'she' is...
Since you flatter her a lot.
With such 'esteem' it appears.

But what I have not heard you say,
Is what you specifically know about 'him'?

'Why is 'that' important?
I wouldn't know him if he was staring me in the face.
Just the way you are doing to me right now.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Why Is The House Burning Down?

Why is the house burning down?
Do you care to repeat that?

'Sure.
No problem.
When the fire chief arrived,
The occupants assumed he was not qualified.
Based upon his
Well,
The obvious.

So,
They said they would wait
Until a new chief is appointed.'

Wait for what?
The house is ruined
Totally destroyed
What 'new' chief?
He 'is' the chief

'Sir?
If you wish to
'Approach' them with that explanation
Perhaps you can convince them of that
The told me, the others 'and' the chief
They were entitled to have their expectations met.
And
If they have to stand there for the rest of their lives
They will do it.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Why Is This Need Unknown?

If it's needed,
Why await for it to come.
If needed,
Who's going to have it done.
If needed,
Who better knows the one...
Sitting with a wish to be pleased.

If it's needed,
Why await for it to come.
If needed,
Who's going to have it done.
If needed,
Who better knows the one...
Sitting with a wish to be pleased.

Who is the one in need?
Who is waiting to receive?
And why?
Why is this need unknown?

If it's needed,
Why await for it to come.
If needed,
Who's going to have it done.
If needed,
Who better knows the one...
Sitting with a wish to be pleased.

Who is the one in need?
Who is waiting to receive?
And why?
Why is this need unknown?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Why Isn'T Anyone Obeying The Rules?

Why isn't anyone obeying the rules?

'Rules?
Which ones?
The ones that were in effect,
That have been changed?
Or the ones no one ever obeyed,
After the changes were made...
To make the old ones more effective? '

That doesn't make sense.

'And maybe that's why they aren't being obeyed.

Which interpretation of rules are in effect?
And who's interpretation of those rules,
Should be respected?
If they aren't being followed by those who break them,
To obey,
Then who should say to whom what should be obeyed? '

What?

'Why repeat what is not in existence?
Does a cow drink its own milk,
To obtain stronger bones with a steady dose of vitamin D?
I doubt it.'

And...
Nevermind.
I am so glad I am not seeking explanation!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

'Why Me? '

If I could promote happiness...
I'd ask all sadness to flee.
Nothing but joy for everyone,
I would choose for friends
My neighbors and of course,
My family.

And I would do those things correct.
Not neglecting to respect.
Every chance that I would get.
Doing a good deed daily I would do.
If I knew that would bring a smile or two...
On a few disappointed faces today.

If I had my way,
I would hear no one say...
In dismay,
'Why me? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Why Not You Be My Boo Too?

You came my way,
And I loved it.
You wish with me to stay,
And I love it.

Why not,
You be my boo too?
Forever.

You came my way.
That was cool.
And I love it.
You wish with me to stay.
And it is cool.
Since we love it.

So why not,
You be my boo too?
Forever and ever.

Why not,
You be my boo too?

We communicate great.
Yes we do.
We share and appreciate.
Yes we do.
We are quick to eliminate,
Offensive tension.
Nor is it mentioned,
To retain a defense.

So why not,
You be my boo too?
Forever and ever.

You came my way.
That was cool.
And I love it.

You wish with me to stay.
And it is cool.
Since we love it.

We communicate great.
And that's appreciated.
So why not,
You be my boo too?
Forever and ever.

This relationship is one with benefits,
And we can't lose.
You've got to feel it.
This relationship is one with benefits,
With a love that rules.
I know I feel it.
This relationship is one with benefits,
With a love that rules.

So why not,
You be my boo too?
You've gotta feel it.
To know it's real.
So why not,
You be my boo too?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Why Push A Tilting Cart Over A Cliff?

As pretentions go,
Why be amongst the few...
To object to them?
Participate or don't.
Only the ones made aware,
As this is brought to their attention...
With a mentioning of it,
Seem to become highly offended.

If what is being done reflects the environment,
With an accepted participation,
That is consciously intended...
Those may not be pretentions expressed at all.
As those who observe them have come to suspect!
That could be the depth of communication left.
And...
Is a welcomed expectation with a doing at its best.

Eat to feast.
Dance and wine.
Obviously no one is giving their time,
To a thought process that might cause stress.
Place emphasis on entitlements.
And leave those less fortunate...
Accustomed to receiving the crumbs they get.

Why push a tilting cart over a cliff?
Who then would benefit from it?
Those who pretend it did not happen?
Or the ones trying to salvage the wheels,
With a hope to re-use the cart...
To enable them to again fight over crumbs?

'I don't follow.'

I don't advise that you do.
If you look around,
There are peaks...
Not valleys in abundance to be found.

'I don't follow.'

You don't have to.
You can stay if you choose,
And watch them make attempts...
To put wheels on a broken cart.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Why Should I Be Concerned?

'May I ask you a question? '

Sure.

'What would you recommend I do,
If someone disagrees with something I have done? '

I would first ask whoever that is,
What is it that I've done they disagree with.
To ensure it doesn't happen again.
Or to provide a clarity as to why what was done...
Had been the way it was.

'Oh...
So you are saying I should ignore the situation.
And forget about it? '

Is that what I said?

'No...
Not exactly!
But I can understand that is what you mean! '

What was your question?

'What would you recommend I do,
If someone disagrees with something I have done? '

And how did I respond to 'that' question?

'It doesn't matter...
Since I know what I will do next time! '

So you are not concerned with resolving the issue?

'Why should I be concerned?
They will think what they want anyway! '

Then why ask the question?

'I just wanted to know what 'you' would do!
And what you suggest doesn't apply to me.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Why Should I Be That Optimistic?

If I was given the opportunity each day,
To seek a happiness with that on my mind to pursue...
Why would I spend twenty three hours of it,
Being negative and feeling as miserable as possible?

'That's a real good question.
Especially when one has been given twenty four.
To me...
That would be a wasted day.'

But...
You would still have one hour left.

'To do what?
It already takes me a full two hours,
To find someone to listen to my complaints.
And why should I be that optimistic? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Why Should I Be The Bait For You To Satiate Upon My Irritation?

I could make more sense,
If I chose to leave you some.
But I know if I did...
A clarity would not be recognized.
Or something like it,
Has been welcomed.

And I'd be left to explain,
What still would not be comprehended.

And my patience can no longer wait...
For that date to come,
Each time a thought in your mind is placed.
Or your eyes to show me,
An understanding has been done!

Why should I be the bait,
For you to satiate upon my irritation?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Why Should I Set Myself To Limits?

I've revealed so much of me.
Some of it seems fantasy.
And as a writer,
I've always sought the truth.
With the keeping of content,
Honestly pursued.

And there are some experiences,
I have had to yet expose.
There are 'some' things I will not reveal...
Even though some mouths will open,
To never again be closed.

I've known there has been an aspect of my life,
That will highlight my creative abilities.
And because of that I am not uptight.
I know there will be those who will impose their beliefs.
That is why I've chosen to uncover...
This side of my life with no regrets to keep discreet.

'What about your 'sexuality, Lawrence? '

Sometimes I like it.
Sometimes I don't.
Sometimes sex bores.
And other times it wont.

And at my age preferences get old.
I've known the heat of passion.
And I've known some shoulders,
That were frozen cold.

Sex is sex.
I don't regard it as something I do best.
And today people lay with whomever they choose.
And 'if' I am to knock boots...
My sexuality will not be abused.

Hey,

What can I say?
Whatever is controversial,
I will test that too!

'So what are you saying?
You are also gay? '

If it's in the mix...
Why should I set myself to limits?

What sex is a tree?
I can be seen hugging them all the time.
And yet,
Not one of them...
Has confessed to having preferences.
And have accepted my presence,
Without trying to pry to see what's in my mind!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Why Should I Waste Your Time

'Say it! '

No!
I've kinda said that already.

'Well,
Say that! '

No!
I'm saving that to say later.

'Then what is the purpose,
Of saying anything at all? '

Exactly!
And that's the point I want to make.
Why should I waste your time...
By wasting mine?
Trying to find something to say.

'Then don't say anything! '

I wouldn't,
If you weren't here!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Why Should I Wish To Just Sit On A Pedestal?

To sit on pedestals,
May be heights some wish to achieve.
But as for me...
Why should I place such limits on myself?
Isn't the Universe boundless?

And we are gifted to live on an Earth,
Suspended as it spins.
With only the force of gravity,
To keep it mysteriously positioned.

Why should I wish to just sit on a pedestal?
There is something far greater than that,
I am a part of and desire to explore.
Too many miracles surround me,
I witness being produced.

And I would choose just to sit on a pedestal?
That may be what 'you' choose to do.
But I've got my sights on STARS!
With a blazing done in all of this Cosmic wonder.

Why should I wish to just sit on a pedestal?
Are you kidding?
With all that I envision going on?
Comeon, let's get real here!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Why Should One Stung Feel Committed

Anyone caught up in the midst,
With others solicited to defeat another discreetly...
Never will admit their own treacherous deeds.
Although advocating their own innocence,
Those bestowing their empathy eventually believe.
And then...
It happens!
Revelations come to expose those wicked.

One day and effectively when the Sun shines bright...
Consequences arrive to surprise and to complete,
A payback that attacks repeatedly to leave in sight...
Lessons to learn by one who teaches unexpectedly.
And those on the side of deceptions denied,
Do their best to apologize for lies told but kept hidden.
But how can they expect a forgiveness to get?
And why should one stung feel committed to giving it?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Why Should 'You' Care?

Why should 'you' care?

Uniforms were adorned,
To ensure your way of life and peace enjoyed...
A longevity.
While you slept peacefully at night,
Feeling safe in a serenity sacrificed...
By those who spent their lives fighting,
On battlefields.
Protecting 'your' entitlements to rights.
You did not earn.
But expected.
And yearned as you dreamt,
Of a lush life lived.

Why should 'you' care?

Everywhere your arrogance is on display.
You show disrespect to those who fought...
And have returned back home to stay.
Soldiers who should be embraced...
Look into faces reflecting disgrace.
Offering nothing but homelessness and hunger,
As a replacement for their bravery.

Why should 'you' care?

No blood that flowed or dripped,
Came from one wound belonging to you to reminisce.
Not one nightmare relived in anguish,
Comes to you to revisit.
And while you decide to dine out or shop...
Thousands are living in nonstop agony.
Because of you and your selfish whims!

Not only should you care.
You should be made to feel the pain,
Of a true patriot.
One who has done more for less.

To enable you to invest in self righteousness!
Deluded and fantasized.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Why Single Me Out?

Nobody told me I should be giving you,
That kind of respect.

'And what kind of respect is that? '

You know...
As 'if' you were somebody.

'And what makes you think,
That is my aspiration?

Treat me the way you've been treating me.
Why single me out?

And why now?
I'm not trying to feel that uncomfortable.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Why Somebody Does What They Do

Whatever goes around you that drops...
Don't dare to pick it up,
Unless you see a value.

Whatever goes around you that stops...
Don't try to wonder,
Where it had its start.

Rope in your focus keep that in 'your' scope.
To know...
What other folks do,
Isn't on your menu.

Rope in your focus keep that in 'your' scope.
To know...
What other folks do,
Is theirs to do to choose.

Keep in your mind,
You can't afford to waste time...
Speculating.
To dedicate debating.

Keep in your mind,
Your own light you will shine.
And why somebody does what THEY do,
To choose...
Is not your decision,
To keep it in your vision.

Rope in your focus keep that in 'your' scope.
To know,
What other folks do...
Isn't on your menu.
Or should you continue,
To keep it in your view.

Rope in your focus keep that in 'your' scope.
To know,

What other folks do...
Isn't on your menu.

Why somebody does,
What they do to choose...
Isn't on your menu.
Nor is it about YOU.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Why That Should Be Important To Them

When there are those who insist upon doing things their way...
And they do things,
Their way.
Why is it they have negative things to say,
About those who choose not to follow them?
They should be pleased.
Why do they then spend their time,
Attempting to prove to others they are right?
Shouldn't their activities be occupying their minds?
Doing those things their way.
Instead of trying to find out who is not?
And why that should be important to them!
Leaving what they say they do to be left undone.
Afterall...
Isn't having things to do their way the way they wanted,
Anyway?
And why are they upset with those who pay them no attention?
Someone is not doing what they say they do!
And 'busy bodied' nosy people always make claims!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Why The Chorus Of Remorse?

What has happened to the suddenness of your distance?
And why the chorus of remorse?
What has happened to the suddenness of your...
'Forget you, and that's it! ? '
And why the chorus of remorse am I now from you hearing?

I've mended and healed from those years embittered.
Those years that left me sitting with an unforgiveness,
Felt for you to inflict daggers.
What has happened to the suddenness of your distance?
And why the chorus of remorse?

I have long forgiven but not forgotten.
You left me.
Dd you think I would awaken and not remember it?
You left me.
And erasing you from my heart,
Is not going to take an effort...
On my part,
To retrace any feelings I wish to recapture.

The heat I am feeling for you now...
I warn you,
Is not the kind you wish to see or have rekindled.
Trust me.
If I were you,
I would leave.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Why The People Cry

Time we're given to be living,
Loses its grip.
And the time we're given to be living,
Slips from us quick.
The time we're given to be living,
Has more conflicts.
And those who are rich,
Get the benefit of it.

Why?
The people cry.
Why?
The people cry.
Why?
The people cry...
'When we pay the taxes.'

Why?
The people cry.
Why?
The people cry.
Why?
The people cry...
'We let them stand on our backs.'

In the time we're given...
People live with less happiness had,
In the time we're living...
People put up with trash that they pass,
In the time we're given...
People are robbed of cash they don't have,
In these times we're living.

Why?
The people cry.
Why?
The people cry.
Why?
The people cry.

Why? Why? Why? Why? Why?
The people cry.
Why?
The people cry.
Why?
The people cry...
Why are we the ones we beat,
To have repeatedly defeated.

Why?
The people cry.
Why?
The people cry.
Why?
The people cry.
Why? Why? Why? Why? Why?
The people cry...
Who is it that we're pretending,
To defend...
When we self inflict without end.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Why There's No Peace

Too many people are half asleep.
With one eye closed,
And the other that peeks.
When they are alone,
They hear a door that creaks.
And maybe to their feet,
They just might leap!

Where is that peace,
We've been praying to believe in?
And where do gossipers at night go?
The ones who claim to see,
Everything from their windows?

Too many people are half asleep.
With one eye closed,
And the other that peeks.
When they are alone,
They hear a door that creaks.
And maybe to their feet,
They just might leap!

Nobody's feeling safe behind doors anymore.
And those who snore loudly,
Are told they bore!

Where is that peace,
We've been praying to believe in?
Too many people are half asleep.

Where is that peace,
We've been praying to believe in?
Too many people are half asleep.

And where do gossipers at night go?
The ones who claim to see,
Everything from their windows?

Nobody's feeling safe behind doors anymore.

And those who snore loudly,
Are told they bore!

Too many people are half asleep.
And bored with each other,
That is why there's no peace!

Too many people are half asleep.
And bored with each other,
That is why there's no peace!

Too many people are half asleep.
Too many people are half asleep.
And bored with each other,
That is why there's no peace!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Why Those Battles Between Them Persist Without End

I am not one to analyze or bring to judgement,
The misdeeds done by those now dead.
Or correct with facts those deceits done,
To shed bright light upon that which has been said.
There is nothing in it for me,
To declare a victory.

However,
I am one to speak from my own experiences...
About those implications that were fed to devastate.
And reason and causes of those effects,
That have left divisions needing mending...
From an implementing by those dead,
To have those they disliked...
Tossing without sleep in their beds at night.

A healing from wrongs to make them right,
Has to take place to stop needless fights.
And what is there to gain to maintain conflicts?
By the ones living unable to comprehend...
Why those battles between them persist without end.

I am not one to analyze or bring to judgement,
The misdeeds done by those now dead.
Or correct with facts those deceits done,
To shed bright light upon that which has been said.
There is nothing in it for me,
To declare a victory.

'Why are you fighting?
And what purpose does it serve? '

~Because it's...
Because it is a,
Well...
Because! ~

And there is absolutely nothing in it for you,
To continue blindly doing those things you do...

Because of tradition?

What is your definition of that tradition?
And those living to defend it?
Why can't you respond for a meaning of it to mention.
Or know where to begin.
Since many traditions held today...
Have proven to make little if any sense!

To declare what is your tradition?
To maintain one's right to remain ignorant?

'Lower your weapons.
I'm just asking you a question.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Why Throw Away An Opportunity

Each day presents,
Another opportunity to vent!
Doesn't it?
And why throw away an opportunity?

Have you noticed that those who lie,
About 'one' thing...
Can be relied upon to lie about 'everything'?
You can go to Vegas with that one. Bet 'and' win!

The odds will be highly in your favor.
Walk into 'any' casino blindfolded...
And amaze yourself with the results.

And how about the ones,
Invited to come to your home.
And treated with the utmost of hospitality.
Only to leave to complain about the decor.

Needless to say,
These folks don't get invitations anymore.
They shouldn't.

Each day presents,
Another opportunity to vent!
Doesn't it?
And why throw away an opportunity?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Why Update An Outdatedness?

Why updat an outdatedness?
What gains are made with rehashed wastefulness?
Extending a tiredness with renovations done...
Reveals a sameness when a peeling that's begun!

Why lick a wound when a healing is prevented?
What incentive is there to let the air clear?
Folks say they forgive but bind themselves with reminders.
Finding time to rewind minds to recall...
What happened when and who did that then.
Not to one but to all!

Initiating a cycle with a 'freshened' beginning...
That never quite ends.
As long as someone is there,
To drag along old times...
As if to leave them where they are,
Would destined everyone to relive sins...
Over and over and over again!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Why Waste Time On Those Kinds Of Minds?

I am blessed with a package,
That doesn't appear to have depth.
Some believe my energies are on the surface,
Too complexed.
I have a multitude of interests...
And to each I give the best time I can get.
With the same emphasis I use to share...
Amongst the number of friends I 'had'.
But I am glad I have real ones left!

Be patient.
There's a point I'm making.

But I do have a pet peeve that irritates me.
Because where I live...
Some people believe this opens the door to disrespect.
And...
I've always love my people,
And the realness of the community.
And there are those who actually accept,
Their delusions of sitting on pedestals...
And being better than me.

They have no idea the résumé I keep...discreet!
I don't have to ego trip or embellish!

I am blessed with a package,
That doesn't appear to have depth.
Some believe my energies are on the surface,
Too complexed.
I have a multitude of interests...
And to each I give the best time I can get.
With the same emphasis I use to share...
Amongst the number of friends I 'had'.
But I am glad I have real ones left!

I don't have a pretentious bone in my body.
But you know what?
I know just what to say to folks...

Who 'think' they can sit on a higher horse,
Than I can!
But never will I turn my nose up!

Why waste time on those kinds of minds?
I rather strut and them get up a public bus.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Why We Request Him Arrested

Seek!
And with a reaching...
Be YOU!
Be 'all' that you wish.
Turn all conflicts faced,
Into deeds!
Enforce within you
To release those misdeeds.
To be erased and replaced.
Stand and glimmer bright...
Under the Sun that shines upon you!

'There he is officer!
That is the man that has been shouting,
All of those obscenities to our children.
We want him arrested NOW!

We have done the best to protect our kids,
As it is!
And somehow...
He has yet to get the message!
His presence and words around here,
Disgust us!
Our children are exposed to enough garbage.

That is why we request him arrested! '

~Mommy...
I thought you were going to the store?
To buy me some new videos! ~

'Not right now, honey...
Mommy is busy.'

~Okay.
Remember...
'Gangbangers and Their Cribs'.
And...
I just finished seeing,

'Topless Coeds'.
It wasn't as good as I thought it would be.
Are you listening to me? ~

'Not right now, honey...
Mommy is busy.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

'Why' We Should Dislike Oprah

Too open.
Too honest.
Too curteous.
Too giving.
Too approachable.
Too willing to listen.
Too empathetic.
Too concerned about others.
Too sacrificial.
And just too altruistic!

'Okay.
The surveys have all been collected!
It seems we have a concensus.
Are there any more reasons,
As to 'why' we should dislike Oprah? '

~Yes!
She had the nerve to announce today,
This is the last season of her TV show.
For almost twenty five years,
We knew where our wives and lovers were.
Now we'll have to find some great excuses,
As to how we spend 'our' time.
We have become outraged!

It was easy when Oprah was the addiction!
She's created some wonderful human beings.
Everyday our spouses were thoughtful.
And we secretly envied Stedman,
Gayle King and Oprah's precious dogs!
We can not compete with that.
We are demanding she stays on,
For another twenty five years! ~

And...
NEXT season is her last!

~Sure...

Go ahead.
Rub it in! ~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Why Would A Question In Your Mind Persist?

You say you wish to know more about racism?
The reason for it,
And why it exists?

Take one step away from your doorstep.
And ask yourself this...
Is your environment exclusively lived?
Does your comfort zone condone a mix?

And if it does...
Why would a question in your mind persist?
If your neighborhood, family and friends...
Do not warrant it!

Unless you're one of 'those'
Wearing rose colored glasses.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Why Would I Seek Limits?

I'm a mammal not to be seen on a mantel like a candle,
With a flicker to blow out.
Or...
Cast a shadow to be seen,
In a darkened house.
Or peeping out of windows,
Caged up like a frightened mouse.
Not me,
No...
Why would I seek limits?
Not me,
No...
What would be the benefit if I lived just to sit.
And...
What would be the benefit to sit and just restrict.

Not me,
No...
Why would I seek limits?
Not me,
No...
What would be the benefit to sit and just restrict.

I'm a mammal not to be seen on a mantel like a candle,
With a flicker to blow out.
Or...
Cast a shadow to be seen,
In a darkened house.
Not me,
No...
What would be the benefit to sit and just restrict?
Like so many who find limits to do this as if it's wished.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Why Would You Think I'D Find You Irresistable?

If you have repeatedly told me,
That a minding of your own business...
Is your main priority,
And I already know you are not dependable...
Or reliably consistent.
Why would you think I'd find you irresistable?

And why would you believe,
You and I would make a compatible couple...
Sharing a relationship to live under one roof?

A child,
Experiencing an amusement park for the first time...
Isn't 'that' delusional to believe,
The eating of cotton candy is nutritional.

Even a child would get sick,
Of riding on a merry-go-round...
That does nothing else,
After seeing the same scenery over and over again.
Knowing there is something about it,
That is never going to change.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Why Would You Want To Open Your Door?

Why would I want to be a part of your life,
Right now?
When you had...
Never been around to give me reason.

And,
Why would I want to be a part of your life,
Right now?
When gone is that season.

And why,
Would I try now...
When I've been denied,
To love you...
Then.

And why,
Would you want to open your door?
When you said never see you,
Again.
Or anymore!

I remember then...
Loving you was all I wanted.
When I thought you wanted love too,
For you to begin.

I remember then...
When my nights and days were haunted,
Wanting just to have you,
As my only friend...
To depend on!

And why,
Would I try now...
When I've been denied,
To love you...
Then.

And why,
Would you want to open your door?
When you said never see you,
Again.
Or anymore.

Why would I want to be a part of your life,
Right now?
When you had...
Never been around to give me reason.

And why,
Would I try now...
When I've been denied,
To love you...
Then.

And why,
Would you want to open your door?
When you said never see you,
Again.
Or...
Anymore!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

'Why You Buggin'? '

I don't mean to be offensive.
But I do believe...
People who make mistakes,
At someone's expense...
Should be held accountable.
To me this makes common sense.

~Pardon me,
There has been a slight oversight.
You have charged me the wrong amount.
I've given you my senior I.D.
And I am due a 10 percent discount.
I was just looking over my receipt...
And...see, right here...you've...~

'Chill!
Why you buggin'?
Why you want that announced.
I know what I'm doin'.
If you don't like it...
Just bounce! '

~Uh...
Huh?
You've charged me incorrectly.
I just want to point out the mistake.
I didn't intend to embarrass you.
I'm the one on a fixed income.
With a few pennies pinched...
I can even save.

You see...
That error made is on you!
Do you wish me to apologize,
For your incompetence too? ~

'Why you buggin'?
I see what I've done.
Do you think you are the only customer?

I don't have time to waste on just one! '

~WELL...
Am I paying for your attitude?
Your disrespect and tongue so crude,
Too?
Why don't you add a few cuss words with that?
So I can 'trip' the hell out of here.
And never bother to come back! ~

'That's fine with me!
NEXT in line!
Hopefully someone,
With courtesy on their mind! '

~Courtesy?
CUR-TAH SEE?
EXCUSE ME...
WHAT? ~

'Why you buggin'? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Why You Have Not Heard From Me

You wish to validate your sorrows.
In a misery that loves company.
And you wonder why you have not heard from me?
I've been too busy living.
Freeing myself from an empathy...
You have become too dependent upon.
And unhappy you become,
When I do not express with you...
A grief we both can agree.
To feed a craving like an addicted need.
That's why you have not heard from me.
I'm sticking to my rehabilitation.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Why You So Dramatic?

You could have said goodbye.
But 'no'!
You wanted me to suffer.
You wanted to drag my heart,
Across the hot flaming coals.
You wanted to see me in grief...
With no relief in sight!
You wanted to hear me wimper like a puppy.
Until my tail felt the ground,
To drag on and around all day long.
I know what you're up to.
But that's not going to work this time.
I've been hardened!
I didn't look for you at all.
Even in the height of my sorrow!
In an emptiness...
That seemed to have lingered on forever!

'Uncle Larry...
We just come back from the store.
You were sleeping.
We didn't want to wake you!
Geessshhh!
Why you so dramatic? '

It is a skill,
You all have helped me sharpened!
Go if you must.
But know this...
God comforts me in your absence!

'We've already been.'

Then why are you up in my face?
I know you all have better things to do?
Don't start with your annoying abilities.
I too have gifts you have never seen.

Dedicated to my wonderful Niece,
Nephew...Great-Nieces and Great-Nephews:
Landry, Shayla, Kevin, Alana, Chi'Ann, Kamara
T'Ana, Andrew, André and Brandy Bre'Ana!

Love you guys!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Why You So Upset?

What's a toe without a toenail?

'What's a what without a who? '

A TOE!
What is it without a toenail.
Geessshhh.
And you've got a Master's Degree.
Where did you find it?

'A toe without a toenail is one less toe to pick! '

Who told you that?

'That's obvious.'

To who?
That's one of the reasons why,
I don't like talking to you.
You take things too seriously.
I aint got time for this.

'Why you so upset? '

Like I said...
I aint got no time for this!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Why?

Why?
If I answered that...
When, where, what and who
Would follow!
Leaving still more questions,
You will nibble, bite and swallow!
Because you believe I am stupid enough,
To share with you and confide.
But right now your request,
Comes from one who 'snoops' with unrest...
And your nosiness is best for me to deny!
Goodbye!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Why? (A Revisitation)

Roofs caving in!
Children with weapons
Are inacting 'our' sins.
And we choose to blame
What is outside of us for this!
Well...
The truth of the matter,
We have allowed this to exist!
Disrespect and gossipying lies.
Defying honesty with excuses,
And alibis!
Hypocrites pointing fingers...
When they are the least to criticize.
Now they live in deep turmoil.
With the nerve to ask with innocence...
'WHY? '
Anyone in their right frame of mind...
Knows this was done,
With an ignorance applied!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Wicked Bitches

I thank poemhunter.
And 'all' that they've done.
I'd like to thank those behind the 'scenes'
Each and every 'one'!

I've been given an opportunity here,
Like none other.
But I see it is time for me to move on,
To another.

I will always be grateful to poemhunter...
And could never speak ill of it!
Although there are a few here,
Who should stick to just being poets.
Instead of sneaky,
Sick, demented and wicked bitches!

There is no need to name these demons.
They know exactly who they are!
And so do I.
My gifts are talents...
Discover a must to be lifted,
From once a great admired place.

But now has become a bastion for filthy tricks,
Lies and annoying flies who've come...
With intentions to deface this place.
For purposes that will erase and diminish...
Poemhunter's grace!
True poets have come to submit their 'gifts'
And with an integrity honesty makes.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Wicked Intentions

Obtained success,
Is not achieved without receiving threats.
And it does not matter to those envious,
What had been sacrificed or the time spent...
That an obtained success,
Arrives to be eventually witnessed...
By the one who devotes a life with it to come.

It is just the success alone...
No one else does to sweat and to condone,
That some perceive had been achieved...
By luck or being struck by lightening.
With it done to someone sitting to wish it...
While distant from those with wicked intentions,
Doing everything they can to prevent a success...
From existing with tricks or to break up relationships.
And deceptions to use lies evil people deny,
After all that they have tried has failed.

'I just 'knew' and God is my witness,
That one day success would be theirs.'

~WHO did you say,
Was your witness? ~

'God.'

~Was it before or after,
God assisted you with the creating of their obstacles? ~

'Forgiveness is the key, my brutha.
If they had not forgiven,
Where would they be today? '

~You demons will say anything to have anyone believe.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Wicked Wishes

Liars lie on others to choose,
Lies to tell as if fun to do.
With a truth perceived.
To be easily deceived.
But haunted they become.
And taunted by their demons.
Demons who do not leave,
Those alone with wicked wishes.
Wicked wishes to condone,
Without exposing liars to have them shown.
Since true demons expect,
All their wicked wishes to be represented.
And not hidden to make attempts,
To deny, deceive or pretend innocence...
Pretentiously.

'We did what we did because...
Well,
Because our dependency on ignorance...
Has left us to believe,
We will always be victims.
Victims historically.
And therefore we want others to be reminded,
They should not forget...
From where they came to stay remembered.'

~With a self-loathing that should be shared.~

'Exactly.'

~And with a doing of this you seek justice and freedom? ~

'Exactly.'

~From whom or what do you wish this?
When you claim in protest,
A wanting to get equality.
And from 'whose' mindset,
Will these kept delusions end? ~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Wide And Unapologetically Grounded

All their lives,
They had spent in the pursuit of things.
Things they were told would bring to them happiness...
And status!

Attend they did prestigious schools.
To enhance a pretentiousness invested.
Just to prove...
They could have the best,
Of what a selfishness in greed could buy!

Some took their pride to stride about proudly,
With titles.
Invited to hide and disfigure any insecurities.
And they had them to mask!
These tasks were assisted in their smotherings.

This increased their worthiness.
With affectations intact...
And attached to snobbiness.
Until one day...
Their plastic existences lost support!
Beginning to drift away.
An abortion of fantasies,
Had caught them off guard.
And nothing they obtained,
Brought with it such stinging pain.

A shallowness hidden,
They could no longer maintain.
It brought their sorrows to deepen.
And showed them to be shallow,
Even in their shame...
They claimed and bartered dignities.
As if this would keep them from looking foolish!
A look they had no idea,
Had long not been sought to reflect honesty.
Or a depth of thought imagined,
That could or would exist in these minds.

Thank You Father...
For opening my eyes,
Wide and unapologetically grounded.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Wide Spread Is Today's Madness

How wide spread is today's madness?
Listen to those now defending this illness,
As stress.
And an inability to pay,
For concert tickets they use to get...
Free on college campuses.
That now require everyone to actually pass tests,
Instead of cheating on them expecting degrees...
To present as achieving common sense.
With expectations held high,
A showing of their incompetence will be overlooked.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Wiggle That Jiggles On A Back Stacked

Sitting back chatting,
And rapping about their six packs.
Digging on a boom-boom.
Fixed on a boom-boom...
To hit up for a boot knocking.

Wanting some of 'that'...
Wiggle that jiggles on a back stacked!
And digging on a boom-boom.
Fixed on a boom-boom.

In people's minds,
They seem to be seeking...
A place to shack,
All the time.
That's where their minds are at.

In people's minds,
Nothing more than that...
Seems to attract.

Sitting back chatting,
And rapping about their six packs.
With a wanting of some of 'that'...
Wiggle that jiggles on a back stacked!
And digging on a boom-boom.
Fixed on a boom-boom.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Wild As Horses

A peace of mind will satisfy,
A mind that has been paralyzed...
By limits that confront,
A stunting of dysfunctions.

Those knowing they must begin to start,
Removing traps from around their hearts...
Do it to keep walls from falling.
And that sunken feeling felt.

And then...
When dawn comes to shine,
Wild as horses in the Sun...
They run with freedom with it done.

And then...
When dawn comes to shine,
In their minds they find the time...
To run as wild as horses, unconfined.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Wild Is The Churning Of The Winds

Wild is the churning of the winds.
Wild are the storms that begin.
Faith kept has proven,
To be disconnected from intent.
Minds have been treated,
On a sweetened life to live.
With a promoting of temporary fantasies.
As a life to protect,
By those who tease with possessions kept.

But wild is the churning of the winds.
Wild are the storms that begin.
Distanced is the truth to ignore and reject.
To leave mindsets infested,
With an accepting of disrespect.
And those who could correct,
What they have manifested refuse.
As the rise of mental illness inflicts...
While the whipping of winds,
Leaves Mother Nature 'hoping'...
A foolishness petty that has created nonsense,
Will return to restore those blessed to realize it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Wild Is The Rampage

Wild is the rampage hissing as it rides,
On the back of a ferocious whirlwind spinning.
Abandoning familiar deeds of a forgiveness given,
With an anger to deliver,
To completely remove those thieves of peace.

An unconsciousness too long affixed,
To superficial presentations...
With their assumptions to deceive,
To leave a wickedness valued has to end.
A clearing of the atmosphere 'will' and has to begin.

Startled are the people engulfed in the heat.
Swift and quick...
No opportunity comes to move cemented feet.
The remedy applied can not be denied.
Wild is the rampage done to open everyone's eyes.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Wild Is The Stirring

Wild is the vicious wind,
Coming to descend from the heavens.
To end...
The evil doings of those wicked.
Inflicting with their demonic ways.

Wild is the vicious wind that blows,
Removing possessions kept...
To have them blown and swept away.
With a leaving nothing left but tears...
In eyes regretting a keeping of a selfishness.
In the hope kept fears will be quickly repossessed.

And wild is the stirring within minds to show,
A collective disturbance...
No one afflicted with this can let go.
It grows although it may be perceived,
This occurrence has happened to them randomly.

But nothing to witness on this Earth to see done,
'Naturally'...
With a sudden change that happens effectively,
Occurs to leave it done randomly.
No matter who chooses to believe it does.

'Possessions can be replaced.
Where is your faith? '

~I have nothing left.
Even that is gone.~

'Perhaps it was never there for you to have.
And this 'test' will be difficult for you to pass.'

~I know.
With no 'church' left where I can go.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Will All Eyes Suddenly Find They Are Wide Opened

Once upon a time...
Communism was a threat,
To the best of a quality of life...
Flourishing by those,
Who opposed the spread...
Of a controlled existence.

Now the ones who own the debt...
Are esteemed with high regard,
And shown respect!

Will they also say,
Those today depicted as terrorists...
To a way of life outsourced to feed the greedy,
To have people endorse their diminishing standards...
Bleeding from deceptions achieved.

Will they too be granted the dignity of an apology?
Or will those tricked,
Still adopt conflict...
As a means to express their brotherhood?
With a fellowship...
Even the founding forefathers,
Said as they battled...
One day a life lived in peace should resist,
The foolishness of conflict!

Or...
Will all eyes suddenly find they are wide opened,
In the discovery they have stood by
To cheer their own defeat!
As their resources become depleted,
By those they chose to follow...
Like sheep slaughtered to uphold false dignities,
Preached by those who leech upon their blindness.
To leave them kneeling with a hindsight deep in regret.
Controlled by their own ignorance,
And outrage.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Will Anyone Understand The History Of This?

If something has been intentionally diminished,
From its original significance...
Can it be reintroduced,
To be given its proper respect?
Will it be accepted?
Will a discovery of this then be protected?

If this is done...
Will those affected forgive and forget?

And if this has been done to someone sincere...
Should they carry a bitterness to be shown?
Should they be accused of having 'attitude'
And keep that as a defense...
To project to anyone approaching close.
Or wishes again to appear and come near?

Will anyone understand the history of this?
Or will something they did not start...
Be clearly understood and dismissed?

Like calling someone the 'N' word...
To later discover,
They have influence with Kings and Queens.
Barons who control resources....they know!
And other folks like this,
They don't brag about or show.

Should someone who has been reduced...
Excuse the ignorance that appears?
Or should they realize the environment that is?
To keep a peace of mind with them...
Knowing foolish nonsense like this is praised.
And where they are for the moment...
Is a place where the folks,
Have been raised to be crazed!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Will I Find That A Coincidence?

Isn't it easier to accept,
Something said by someone else...
To object and find offensive?
With a getting then upset.
And this commonness is connected.

And that 'one' professing what has been expressed,
Has a quickness to insist what they have heard...
Is direct and comes from that person's lips?
With a knowing people like this with ears lifted,
Exist to rely on fresh gossip to get.

But the one thing that is always missing,
Is the person who doesn't mention when given attention...
Yet,
Gets attitude from those the accused person believes...
Are 'already' crazy to accept perceptions they later regret.

'We heard what you said.'

~Okay.
What did I say and who did I say it to? ~

'We don't know we just know that you said it.'

~I see.
Could it be what you heard is from someone not here,
To repeat it?
AND...
Will I find that a coincidence?
Or will you? ~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Will I Get Paid

Many are unaccustomed,
To the benefits of discipline.
It's not as if corruption has been hidden,
From inquisitive children.
Or the price that is paid,
To keep crime entertained in their minds...
With each purchase of a video game,
Believing an innocence they will keep maintained.

When money is the focus what do folks expect?
Especially if money is talked about,
With more of it wanted no matter how one gets it.
Or where it comes from to impress,
Those doing their best to pretend having less...
Does not make them depressed.
And there are those who love to leave others,
Feeling 'small' and insignificant.

Many are unaccustomed,
To the benefits of discipline.
Or how a dollar is earned to spend.
With that connected to a work ethic.

'Where is your moral duty?
And feeling of obligation to responsibility? '

~Is that an entitlement?
I've never heard of that before.
How much will I get paid if I should get some? ~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Will I With It Sit

I give no sympathy to the devil.
Or will express any empathy,
To demons who have chosen...
Lucifer's workshop to sweat their misdeeds.
I give no sympathy to the devil.
Or will I with patience tolerate those deceived.

I've been there to leave it to have it believed,
We all have our faults and born with a duality.
But no sympathy do I give,
To anyone who wishes to see me defeated...
Willingly.
With it understood they exist.

Willingly I will not permit,
Negativity!
I choose to exist without it.
And willingly I will not permit,
Negativity!
Or will I with it sit!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Will It Be Accepted?

Everybody seems to be in somebody's life...
With opinions to critique,
And exhaust one's frustrations...
That repeatedly affirms conflict.
To travel further...
Far from that peace to keep undisturbed in one's mind.

And trying with an overtime done to find it symbolized.
Hoping to recognize it when it comes.
But...
Will it be accepted?
Or has it already been rejected,
To be dismissed as not impressive enough to idolize.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Will It Enhance A Diet Missed?

Brimming of pink,
With a fizz that drizzles.
And sipped,
For taste buds to delight.
And marketed to excite,
Inviting appetites.

We must be appeased by the sight of it,
As it sits.
Although it may have nothing to do,
With a nourishment wished,
Yet not done.

And encouraged we are to drink,
By everyone who runs to get some.

'But...
What is it?
Will it enhance a diet missed?
One insisted that should exist.
If we all, indeed, should be physically fit! '

What is more important?
Your health,
Or conformity?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Will Never Be Accepted As A Replacement

To locate those more qualified,
To sweep away and hide...
Lives accustomed,
To criticize others...
Yet deny they pride a taste,
For the slime side of life?

This search is going to take,
A face to face with reality.
And a stripping of a masquerade.
Needless to say...
That will never be accepted,
As a replacement for an addicting charade.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Will Not Pretend

My address is the same.
It hasn't changed for years.
My telephone number is listed.
So are those of my relatives.
For you to say...
You have no clue where I am.
Lets me understand for the first time...
You never did give a damn!
And I will not pretend,
The same to you I too extend!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Will There Be A Chance

Is there for me any chance,
That in my life...
I might witness,
A world in peace.

Is there for me any chance,
That in my life...
There would be people,
Living in harmony.

And is there any chance,
I might not have a need...
To suspect,
I'm deceived.
Or hated...
For who I am!
Or what it is I believe.

And will I hear rejoicing,
From voices surrounding me.
Is there any chance that people,
Will live in respect to give...
And receive.

Is there any chance,
People will awaken to see the light.
Any chance,
People one day will end all their fights.
Any chance.
And chance.
Any chance,
People will awaken to see the light.
Any chance,
People one day will end all their fights.
Any chance.
And chance.
Any chance!
Will there be a chance.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Will You Come And Stay

If I wished for the love I missed...
And your name is on it,
Like a repeated sonnet in my mind.
Will you come and stay,
To enhance my life.
Making right what has been wrong,
For too long.
Without that insight,
That now belongs.
I know now we have been 'there'
Together.
Is it possible we can return...
Back to forever we had said,
We would never leave.
Are you still loving me?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Will You Forgive Me?

I'm not hinting.
I don't know how!
I'm not suggesting.
I wish I could somehow!
I'm not demanding.
That would be too rude.
I don't want to insult...
Others may,
But to me that's crude!
I don't want to say nothing...
That would imply I don't care!
I will go ahead...
And do this anyway!
You will know I am aware!
I-am-gonna-beg!
How about that?
Will you forgive me?
For being self absorbed...
And being so unfair?
By turning you off and showing my back!
I now have much empathy,
For you that wasn't there!
I hope you recognize I'm changing from inside.
With a sensitivity that came I once lacked...
That I wasn't trying to hide!

Please don't do that! Not right now!
You make me nervous when you cry!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Will You Get Out Of My Kitchen

I have an abundance of what it is I've got.
Although you may not find this a benefit to your needs?
That depends to which end of your body...
What I offer feeds!
Your mind.
Your body.
And/or your soul.

And if it is not to your liking...
You have a choice to do as I do with it!
Taste it to see how it digests.
And if anything upsets...
Ignore it the next time!
But I am hoping the aroma teases.

However...
I'm still going to find a way,
For you to nibble on 'something'.
Since my attempts are only to please you.

Why do you think I would go through this...
And warn you I am after your taste buds!
With hopes even a whiff of it,
You can not resist!

'What on Earth are you whipping up now?
It smells good.
What is it? '

Will you get out of my kitchen!
I throw away much more than I present.
And 'if' I don't like it...
First!
What makes you think,
I would serve it to you?
To hunger with a thirst!
It is difficult to make 'everything' delicious.
Now beat it until I put all the ingredients together.
To watch you gobble this up and eat!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Will You Get Outta Here Tryin' To 'spook' Somebody

Here...
Take this.
It will feed you!

'LOL...
Look, Mac
The joke is on you.
If you don't give us what we want,
Millions will suffer.'

This has usages you will not believe.

'Seriously,
What do you want?
Some change or something.
I think I've got a dollar.
You want it so you can leave me alone! ? '

This bone is so magical,
It will make you belive it's meat.
Thick and juicy when that need begins to creep.

'Here...
Take this two dollars and split.
With that 'wannabee' Edgar Allan Poe' skit!
You don't know how funny you is, du ya?
LOL...
I hope ya'll ain't out here in numbers! '

Perhaps!
And your number just came in.
Put this in water and let it boil hot!
Grab that pot before it cools.
And dropp some salt and pepper,
Ifyagotit in that pot.
And spices and herbs.
Add a vegetable or two.
You'll be amazed what the mind...
In your future can do!

If you let it!

'Man, don't step no closer,
Or I'll have to 'pop' ya!
I don't know who sent you here,
On an aggravation mission.
But I will be fine.

My employer has informed me!
And all of us here today...
Our loyalty and devotion
Will always keep us in good standing!
He has ensure our rights are upheld.
Along with our investments.'

Here. Here...
I am proud you are filled with pride.
However,
Keeping one's dignity is not for the upcoming scenes.
That movie is no longer in play mode!

Think of it,
Think of it as a gift!
A gift towards 'strengthening' your investments.
Also...
Think of it as a tool.
Or a weapon to diffuse confusion.
You'll find it has many usages.
Keep it!
It's yours to do as you wish.
Or...
Wish you had it if you dismiss it!

'Man,
Will you get outta here tryin' to 'spook' somebody,
Dayum! '
And that's a very weak 'Vincent Price' imitation! '

Vincent Price?
You remember Vincent Price?
Then you 'should' have 'some' insight!
If you remember...

Vincent Price!

Vincent Price?
Vincent Price?
You can remember 'thee' Vincent Price?
Then you 'should' have 'some' insight!
If you can remember 'thee' Vincent Price....
Hahahahahahahahahahahahahaaaah.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Will You Show Me How That's Done?

'Daddy?
What does creativity mean? '

Well...
It means when someone takes nothing,
and makes something out of it!

'Huh?
That can't be right!
Mommy says you do that all the time...
And I have never seen you do it!
Will you show me how that's done?
Daddy?
Why do you always look at me like that? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Will You Sit In Silence

Can you sit in quiet before the fire starts.
Will you sit in silence,
Before the flame.
Can you sit in quiet before the fire starts.
Will you sit in silence,
Before the flame.

Breathe in deep.
Let it slowly go.
Breathe in deep.
To turn the flame down low...
And feel,
The heat release.

Breathe in deep.
Let it slowly go.
Breathe in deep.
To turn the flame real low...
And feel,
The heat release.

Now can you sit in quiet before the fire starts.
Will you sit in silence,
And cool the flame.
And feel...
The heat release.
Breathe in deep.
And feel...
The heat release.

Can you sit in quiet before the fire starts.
Will you sit in silence,
And cool the flame
To feel,
The heat release.
Breathe in deep.
And feel...
The heat release.
Breathe in deep.

Now,
Slowly in...
To not hold.
Then push it out,
From you to go.
Oh.
Slowly in...
To not hold.
Then push it out,
From you to go.
And feel...
The heat release.

Will you sit in silence,
Before the flame.
And with a heat...
Released.

Can you sit in silence,
Before the flame.
And with a heat...
Released.

Will you sit in silence,
Before the flame.
And with a heat...
Released.

Can you sit in silence,
Before the flame.
And with a heat...
Released.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Will Your Scent With Me Linger?

As long as I can remember...
You crossing my path,
Unexpectedly.
Will your scent with me linger?
To share a smile lifting upon my face.
Who are you?
And why do I wish to be victimized?
Why am I hypnotized...
By just a glimpse,
Of your eyes?
You're good.
And I hope to see you again...
Just to see how good,
For how long!
And if it is a possibility,
We can make what is good even better!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Willing To Commit Or Admit

More weapons are created,
With more interest shown...
Than there is more interest seen,
By those creating with less debate...
An atmosphere for peace.
Proving very few are willing to commit,
Or admit of having an expertise...
In an activity most prefer to keep perceived,
As diminishing in purpose and value.
To have the majority convinced,
Inventing defense mechanisms has benefit.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Willing To Embarrass Themselves

I would rather prove with a doing done,
Since I want my actions to speak...
Louder than my words are heard.
Allowing any mistakes to be made,
To then correct without regret...
As I focus on making forward steps.
Than to embellish what I could do,
Only to admit...
Mistakes I fear to make to have them exist.
As I insist with moving lips,
In pointless chit chat to share...
Proving procrastinating is what I do best.
As if the obviousness of this is not there.
With an implementation no one doubts I initiate...
To me is more embarrassing than making attempts.

Although...
I have been in the company of those,
Who seem willing to embarrass themselves...
Just to receive the attention to them given.
As if the expense of this is what they enjoy paying.
And those games played are meant for children.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Willing To Look At This Objectively

Are you willing to look at this objectively?

'I suppose I am.
At that depends on how much sense you make.
I'll give it a shot.'

Great.
All I ask is that you be open minded.

'Okay.
Cool.
I'm listening.'

You are an adult.
And you have made your own decisions,
Right?

'Of course I did.
Didn't you? '

Remember when you rushed into purchasing,
Your new home, and two fancy brand new cars?
Clothes and those back to back trips,
You and your friends took to the Caribbean?
And you laughed at me,
When I said I could barely afford a public bus pass?

'Go ahead.
Rub it in.
You couldn't wait to bring this up, huh? '

Oh...
No. No. No...
My mind has matured above that.
I was going to recommend you get a bus pass too.
And slowly you can remove those disguises.

It's okay.
I use to have fantasies myself.

Of being an acclaimed and famous writer.
I thank God that's no longer a fantasy.

'Well...
We all suffer from our delusions and mistakes made.
Thank you for helping me see it from your point of view.
I am glad you understand the position I am in.'

You have no idea.
I am totally empathetic.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Willing To Nitpick The Details

I hate it when I am approached,
By anyone who tries to tell me...
I have unmatched sox on.
Or that my untied shoes,
Are on wrong...
And needing to be worn correctly.
Especially when I am late,
For a meeting I forgot.
There is always someone unsolicited,
With the giving of their opinion.
And willing to nitpick the details to critique!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Willing To Surrender

Sprung into Spring,
With Fireflys remembered
And mosquitos kept at bay
By scented charcoal mists.
This chilly moonlit night
Comes to visit with these thoughts.
Winter seems to have a last finger hold
Before unfolding new offerings anticipated.
Too many sunrises have come
To find me awakening wishing to be touched.
I will dress and walk feeling stalked by chirping birds.
Hoping this Spring
Finds routine in my steps with someone who catches
My breath...
And willing to surrender!
Believing its adventure that must be seized,
To please someone special found!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Willing Victims

When one is accustomed to starting fires...
They should expect to get burned.
Eventually!

A sickness to ignite a flame that rages...
Soon will become uncontrollable.
Leaving one who glorifies in destruction...
To denounce activities,
Of another...
Who is as equally demented!
Yet,
Also given power to devour common sense.

'Spare the rod and spoil the child.'

I agree!
But these are privileged kids.
Who have been raised to gather praise,
For their craze!
And we have been willing victims,
Of their sins allowed and followed.
Assuming those who lead...
Are competent.
And not those of dormant insanity!

In other words...
Those who 'have' and acquired their positions.
May be those inflicted with sick ambitions!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Willingness To Eat What Is Sweetened

By the time they realize,
Their shallow posterings have no affect.
And those impressed,
Have equalled their qualified lack of depth.
May they and those who followed them,
Come one day to confess and request...
Never to let anyone of limited consciousness,
Again find within them...
A willingness to eat what is sweetened and given,
So quickly.
To leave them both addicted and paralyzed,
Without integrity, purpose, motivation or thought!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Willingness To Give

It is not that I have lack of concern.
And I am aware it appears I have no empathy!
To prove you are wrong,
I have given those opportunities to others!
I recognized I had too much.
It broke my heart to share at first...
And perhaps that is what you now notice?
The willingness to give that part of me away!
However...
Don't worry!
Somehow I will manage to go on.
That was the most difficult thing I've ever done!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Willis

Get away from that dumpster.
How many times do I have to tell you?
I don't care about you pretending not to know me.
Turn your head the other way if you want to.
I know who you are.
It's not like you're wearing sunglasses!

'EXCUSE ME? '

Oh. Good morning.
I didn't see you sitting on your porch.
I was talking to my cat.
His name is Willis.
He knows I don't want him near or around this dumpster.

'I see.
I saw you the other day.
Talking to your...'cat'.
In fact, you were telling him,
How you thought you lost your bus pass.
You were carrying bags of groceries.'

I was talking to myself then.
But I had it in my pocket all the time.

'Is that right? Very interesting.
Well...
If I should see a cat wearing sunglasses,
I'll keep my eye on him.
Should I contact you?
Or call 911 to report my observations? '

Seriously.
I do have a cat.
I was being sarcastic when I said 'sunglasses'.

'Yep.
Named Willis, right?
I understand.

Trust me.
I see a lot from my porch.
It will be okay.
Keep your faith strong.
God's gonna make everything alright for you.'

Whatever!
Have a good day.
I know what you're implying.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Window Dressed

Window dressed,
To attract and excite with distractions...
Is not uncommon for those out to addict,
The ones easily persuaded to overlook reason...
To satisfy their identified passions.
And if they know,
It is behind that which is window dressed...
Successful can be declared the marketing.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Window Dressers

More talk is heard,
From those desiring...
Higher education.
With wishes that a common sense,
Is something studied...
To obtain the meaning of it.

Wishes to walk through college corridors,
To find many nodding...
From lectures to test to achieve high scores,
Bores those who believe this need abhors.
And all they really seek to get,
Are credits to document...
An approval that consents,
Of them finally arriving to achieve common sense.

And those sitting to debate ways to create jobs,
Discover more unqualified...
With discipline that identtifies,
How to sweep or mop a floor.
Or knowledgeable enough to do simple chores.
And yet they expect lucrative paying positions to get.

'I have earned masters degrees.
In both 'Economics' and 'Sociology'.

~That's great.
But today we seek to fill openings,
In fashion design, law enforcement...
Community organizers, corn poppers,
And window dressers to make impressions.

Although...
And this is confidential information,
If you should happen to have...
Any tap dance experienceat all,
We would welcome that to be considered...
For a second interview.

These days...
Being able to entertain 'and' engaging,
Helps us to determine the appropriate candidate.
Help us to help you,
Not to appear too overqualified.~

'I am doing my best,
Not to show you I am appalled.'

~That's wonderful.
Having that kind of discipline,
Goes a long way.
And who knows...
One day you just may get to enjoy,
Taking requests to dance AND getting paid for it.~

'Hmmm...
I never thought of it that way.
I can sing, dance and tell a few jokes too.'

~I'm not seeking to be replaced.
Not yet.
Between me and you,
Let's first get through the second interview.
And try your best not to speak too intelligently.
Looking good and appealing is enough.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Window Dressing

They would rather not,
Have their dirty laundry exposed locally...
On the streets.
To them that is offensive.
And the mention of this,
By those wishing to unite their efforts...
Is considered negative.
And methods used to keep people divided,
Remain.

However,
If probed nationally on TV...
This allows an ineffective leadership,
To solicit for funding.
With visits to neighbors long neglected.

With a window dressing...
Complete with dignitaries smiling,
Pushing new brooms followed by children...
With a showing of their support,
As a way of approaching urban renewal.
And a hopeful boost to superficial images...
Fresh tee shirts worn with uplifting slogans are shown.
With all agreeing they are doing the best they can.
But could use additional benefactors to aid their cause.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

'Window' Friendly

One's competence and excellence,
To accept...
Is difficult for those,
Seeking preferences to be met.
With a doing to then,
Select another who looks the part.
And expect competence and excellence,
To develop with hope and lots of tolerance.

'Your credentials are superb. However,
We do find you to be over qualified.
And it has been determined,
Someone else to be...well...
Let's say, more 'window' friendly.
If you catch 'my' drift. And this decision made,
Fits perfectly to satisfy,
Our current 'demographic' process.'

~What's 'democratic' about that? ~

'No. Demographic.
It's like...
Why turn up the heat,
When 'clients' are comfortable.
But...
One never knows,
That 'climate' may one day change.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Winds Blow Those Lows To Go

I want to choose my element,
As music.
And select you to be,
Within each lyric that's composed.

I feel you destined to reach clear highs.
After riding wild on those lows.
Refusing to look up,
At a cloudless sky...
Without clouding shadows.

I want to choose my element,
As music.
And select you to be,
Within each lyric that's composed.

I feel the light sparkle as you dance.
Romancing to enhance the environment.
As if you have kicked up gold dust,
To paint my dreary bouts...
In accepting rays of Sunshine.

I want to choose my element,
As music.
I do.
The chemistry would be so harmonic.
With melodies to skip in lush green meadows.

I want to choose my element,
As music.
And select you to be,
Within each lyric that's composed.

I feel you destined to reach clear highs.
After riding wild on those lows.
And those,
Sentimantal memories...
Your mind stays fixed to fill
With hopeful wishes to recapture.

I want to choose my element,
As music.
And select you to be,
Within each lyric that's composed.

I feel you destined to reach clear highs.
After riding wild on those lows.

Winds blow those lows...
To go!

Winds blow those lows...
To go!
To go!

Winds blow those lows...

To go!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Winds Eclectic

You do not understand where I am coming from?
Do I look stunned?
I am on the wings of reality.
It is a ride I have taken frequently.
And I am not surprised,
By your lack of comprehension.
Or that remoted look that appears in your eyes.

Nor am I in explanation mode!
To behold a stagnation you embrace.
To bestow upon those in hunger.
I have no need for that to be fed!

I feel winds eclectic on me.
Breezes from many directions.
In an isolated bliss that has come to assist,
In resisting conflicts...
Or temporary visits to twist me away from it!

Too many times did I find that willing to stifle!
The chaos.
The madness.
The accepted sadness hustled...
To muscle displays of fading bling.
For wounding songs to sing out of tune!

My vision is no longer clouded,
By those acts of self defeat to treat.
I am on the wings of reality.
Crab barrel free.
Although I can be seen in perfect view.
And I love that connection.
To be in and out of touch at will!
Without need to glisten a false sparkle.
To sit encrusted with overlayed embitterness.

I am on the wings of reality.
What I see so clear...
Has removed me from clouds,

That can mirage purpose with teased temptations.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Winner Takes All

Insignificant and trivial wars fought.
As if somewhere in the Universe...
Emblems of declarations,
Will be bestowed upon those victorious.

As if within the Cosmos,
A spinning ball will enthrall other life forms,
Empressed how a release of ignorance addresses...
Differences of those inhabiting it.

And what maginficence will be produced from this?
A winner takes all?
Of what?
A certificate floating in space,
That validates the eventual implosion?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Winners From The Very Beginning

They were all dealt from the same deck.
And played their cards,
Accordingly.
Doing those things they believed were correct.
And whispering over their shoulders,
How they would win over others.

None of the players suspected,
They were being played and used.
None of the players suspected,
They were being used and abused.

And thoese they 'assumed'
Had losing hands.
Because they seemed to have lives,
Bombarded with obstacles.
Actually were the winners from the very beginning,
Because they were the ones...
The dealer had chose.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Winning At The Game Of Monopoly

May I ask a question?
'Sure.'

Will my good credit rating,
Allow me to borrow more money?

Well
Look at it this way.
Think of yourself as winning,
At the game of 'Monopoly'.

'Okay.
But any money I win isn't real.'

Think of taking those winnings,
To a bank.
'But I will be laughed at.'
And
Your point is what?
What do you think your good credit rating,
Is going to return?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Winning Is Knowing

Sometimes winning
Is knowing
When defeat
Is unavoidable!

Avoiding defeat,
Is a game for losers.
And losers seldom win!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Wiped Upon Your Welcome Mat

I am expected to be profound,
Without spewing profanities?
From bitten lips?
Whether naked or not,
My raw point of view,
Wiil be microscoped and determined
To be flawed and abusive!
Even though I was raised exposed,
To the seasons of life!
Not sheltered to just sniff scents of roses!
You expect me to remain composed,
In heated debate?

I am in no competition to achieve greatness.
If my shoes are soiled...
They will be wiped upon your welcome mat.
I respected you enough to accept your invitation.
I am the wrong guest to suggest,
I should jump through hoops for trash like that!

I did not come to chew condescending condemnations,
Cooked to be fed to those still licking insecurities.
You wont have to tell me when my visit comes to a close...
My absence will expose you to my feelings!
and if you rush to your window,
My backside you will see!
I am not into nonsense to be shared with glee!
Or frolic in pretentions since this is not me.
If you see I'm not there...
Vivid should be the clue that I chose to leave!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Wisdom

I've been accused of having wisdom.
And I smile and ask...
'When did that happen?
I felt like such a jerk in my past.'
I stumbled and fell,
Got up to fall again.
I wasn't afraid to make mistakes.
Nor did I have thoughts on my mind to win!
I wanted to do those things I was born to do.
I didn't listen much to anyone...
Who believed I was confused.
Since they had no clue of my desires...
I didn't feel there was anything I had to prove.
I've been 'me' all my life.
Who else could I be?
I've had some heartaches,
And suffered tremendously!
I've learned to forgive and let live.
A lesson I'm happy I have finally conceived.
I guess what others 'see' is a tolerance...
That came with a maturity.
I have had long bouts with immaturity no doubt.
And I've been wise enough not to let my flaws upset.
I've accepted who I am...
And eliminated regret.
I am not yet perfect.
Whatever that means.
However...
I am blessed that I am aging.
And still wishing to do my best.
If there is any wisdom attached to that...
Anyone is welcome to share it.
And we will both be amazed...
How a wisdom described as it is today,
Developed from events I thought were awful...
Mind altering and crazy days!
But...
I will accept your assessment.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Wisdom Gained

There is more wisdom gained,
In the making of mistakes.
With a facing of them to admit.
Than there is in the making of excuses,
To do to update and replace...
Recycled alibis to use,
Whenever the need arises...
That someone believes are more accepted,
As they pick from a collection of lies...
They try to hide to perceive,
Kept denial protects.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Wisen Up

And the agony of her leaving...
Does not agonize the wise,
If she goes.
But suppose she returns.
Will the tragedy of seeing her again...
Bleed your splitting nose.
If she comes back with fists,
Giving blows.
Until you find yourself proposing?
As your craziness begins to show!
Or...
Will you then wisen up like the rest.
And be thankful...
IF
She goes!

When she does...
Cement it if you choose.
Block it!
Lock it from bottom to top!
But...
Close that 'doe'!
And don't sneak a peek.
Breathe in peace.

Release it!
Release it!
Release that beast!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Wisen Up! (Overrule The Proof)

Why are you whining,
About what's going on.
When the tone of it,
You Sat to watch condoned.
With it known.

Why do you sigh,
With stretched wide eyes.
When you chose not to listen.
But choose an exhibition,
Of...
Disrespectful,
Adolescence.
And a full fledged childishness
Attention would get.

Wisen up!
It's time to do it.
Repack that crap you dragging.
Take it back.
Wisen up!
Many have done it.
Overrule the proof you are...
Nobody's fool.

Wisen up!
And prove,
You're nobody's fool.
Wisen up!
Choose around this to maneuver.
Wisen up!
Overrule the proof.
Be aloof.
But don't be stupid.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Wisened

Young!
And full of...
Adventure.
Unafraid to leave,
Boundaries made.
And perceived limits...
To conform within and respect.
With a reluctance to later regret!

That was left to those who,
Aged!
And I had of yet,
Become a slave to correctness.

Young!
And full of...
Ideas that dared.
Experimental,
Yes.
Argumentative,
Yes.
With a thoughtlessness,
Centered in selfishness.
I confess.
I was young but not devoid of consciousness.

And I make no excuses at all for this.
I AM blessed with life.
And I made a promise,
To explore every bit of it!
With a crawling if I had to.
But determined to do,
What for me I sought was right.

Sometimes frightened in flight!
But never to stop...
To broaden my sight.
I wanted to know.
Not stay up 'wondering' all night!

Young!
And full of...
Nonsense!
Then.

Now reflective,
And full of...
The life I like.
Living the life I have lived,
To love!

It is my life.
I made sure I didn't follow.
And obstacles faced..
I chipped away.
I've had my share,
Of wallowing in sorrows.

With no wishes to do it,
Any differently.
OR make visits with delusions...
To have my thoughts redressed.
Or sympathized by time,
I let slip by.
To awaken one day with aches and pains.
With a reach in desire for a yesterday.
Today...
I will never regain to claim any,
Embellished exaggerations.

I can say these thoughts are all mine.
Whether in fine print,
Or in my mind documented.

And they have been,
Wisened!
Whether the wine I drank,
Now drink or sipped...
Was fine or cheap.
These thoughts I keep...
Are all mine!

With such a savored flavor.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Wish And Prefer Not Heard

If a solicited opinion is given,
And the one in the right...
Is often placed in the position,
To defend what has been mentioned...
There is a reason why the one that is right,
Prefers a quality of life...
Away from those who have chosen to oppose,
The observation of reality...
Appearing under all noses.
But somehow,
Choose to remain in defense against...
By those opinions they are quick to solicit.
But wish and prefer not heard.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Wished In Retrospect

How legitimate can contributions,
Of a poet made can be?
If comparisons are made to another poet,
Who spoke from a time...
When poets expressed themselves,
From a different philosophy...
That occurred in a past be gone history.

I always accepted poetry to be commentaries,
Of that which depicted activities existing.
But there are those who today compare,
A cobbledstoned road of yesteryear...
To a highway today needing constant updating.
Since those who travel on it...
Have mentioned little interest,
Of using a covered horsedrawn wagon!

And most people afraid,
Will always attempt to validate nonsense.
Since this nonsense becomes romanticized...
As a time when exquisite etiquette was expressed,
As wished in retrospect...
By those whose ancestors were highly illiterate.
And lived amongst themselves in a welcomed ignorance.

And some like me are today told...
Our poetry is not European,
Therefore the quality of it...
Will never achieve exquisiteness.

And I sit to compose caring less,
About comments made by those...
Who have chosen themselves,
As images of correctness...
When generations of them,
Have chosen to digress!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Wished To Be Revived

It came
It is
It could have been.
It should
It was
It laid there to the end.
A promise of an opportunity...
Wished,
To be revived.
In times recognized,
By those with opened eyes.
But too late...
To revise.
For those contemplating,
Its use to update...
The outdated façades,
Long cracked and too faded.
To renovate,
Recycled debates for changes needed...
By those who plead,
To keep disguised and efforts masked!
As tasks no one grasps...
Smothers under dust!
And blows away,
Cleared by tempered winds!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Wished To Go Away

Meeting you that first time,
Many years ago...
I thought you had it going on.
And you thought the same of me.
At least you told me so.

And immediately I felt a bond.
I 'knew' we had 'something',
To build a relationship.
And that relationship...
Would get stronger,
Since in my heart you belonged.

We were both wrong!
Neither of us had it 'going on'.
What we had were delusions of ideals.
Thinking them to continue.
But reality soon came.
And that reality did not appeal.

The sex was good but the arguments weren't.
Each time we had one,
Feelings we had increasingly got burned.
We both felt we earned a distance.
And from that distance we learned...
Physical attractions only last for so long.
And with no other chemistry there...
What we once felt was going on,
Was wished to go away from us to be gone.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Wishes To Be Liked

I will never trust anyone,
Who throws another under a bus.
Just to protect themselves,
From lies they tell to sell.
Or someone discovered hiding,
Behind a building to disguise...
A preparing of deceptions told.
For the purpose to have them sold.

Nor will I ever believe one I suspect,
To have a leadership position.
But can not make a decision.
With kept wishes to be liked.
These fence sitters are everywhere,
Limp of wrists and initiators of conflicts.
Unknown to those,
Who come to their defense.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Wishes To Escape

The only true purpose crabs in a barrel have,
Is to ensure those that are kept in it...
Become immuned to the pinching.
And numbed to the pain.
With wishes to escape from this,
Thought as foolish as the attempts made.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Wishes To Exchange

I wish there was a way for me to prove,
That one's undue suffering for them is not a gift.
Or being shiftless, lazy and having a lack of interest,
In one's own destiny...
Is not a blessing bestowed that one should cherish,
Or keep for wishes to exchange...
For wings and golden slippers and the singing with harps.
I wish there was a way for me to prove,
That one's clinging onto an ignorance...
Does not endear them to the ones seeing them as fools.
Or provides them with a nourishment in 'this' life.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Wishes To Walk Proud

Militant?
MILITANT? ?
What in the hell does that mean?
When the deeds of my ancestors
And my wishes to walk proud...
Are about to be wiped off the face of the Earth,
Because you can not stand up...
And with guts,
Be who you are! ?
Militant?
I am no militant!
Nor am I a spineless piece of shit,
Either!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Wishes To Want

I may not find the time,
To have my mind focused...
On tomorrows yet to come.
Or how I spend a today to live.
I do to be done.
With faith.
And not premeditated escapism.
Dreamers contemplate,
When making excuses...
To procrastinate.

I may not think,
Of the next minute at all.
Since each one soon becomes...
Too fast to pass.
Leaving seconds to collect.
And many together can stall.

I've grown to commit,
To what's going on in the NOW!
With cleared consciousness,
Without pretense.
And free from assuming,
My wishes to want one day...
Will be granted and guaranteed.
Whenever they arrive to come.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Wishing For A Drink Of Fresh Water

The only difference having common sense,
Seems to make these days...
From those who have been distanced,
With minds fearing their thoughts would offend...
Is one's choice to use it in an argument,
To find themselves left to feel...
Being rational with a reason to seek,
Comprehension and understanding...
Is as lonely a journey as one wishing,
For a drink of fresh water...
From someone who has to ask the question,
Why is the quest for fresh necessary?
When water anywhere to be found,
Should please anyone who has a thirst for it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Wishing For A Window To Open

You want to sit,
Wishing for a window to open.
To provide a fresh breeze.
And you'd like for someone to do this for you...
As you continue to do as you please.

You rather have the Sun,
Rise on a schedule you condone.
While you confine yourself behind closed blinds...
Peeking to see,
If it is there prepared to be shown!

You want to be served a happiness,
Based on your terms...
And with a degree of sweetness.
You want what you want,
When you choose to want it!
But you will not lift a finger...
To remove the dust you trust,
Will keep intact an excused motivation to live!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Wishing For More

Give me something few demand.
And even fewer understand,
Affection.
To dream of it with wishing for more.
And a connection.
To know it is permitted.
Without it hidden; denied or to question it.

Don't leave me wishing for more.
Or usher me to your front door.
To open it to tell me,
A limit you have given to love.
Give me it.
And give me your hugs.
You can't limit me to this.

You can't limit me to this.

Give me something few demand.
And even fewer understand,
Affection.
You can't limit me to this.
I'm wishing for more.
Wishing for more.

You can't limit me to this.

You can't limit me to this.
I'm wishing for more.
Wishing for more.

You can't limit me to this.

You can't limit me to this.

I'm wishing for more.
Give it.
I'm wishing for more.
I am wishing for more.

You can't limit me to this.
I'm wishing for more.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Wishing For More Of It To Define As It Sits

My point of view,
And how that is expressed.
Does not take nerve,
But a consciousness I posses.

I never thought my 'visions' would upset.
Since this Earth we all inhabit,
Is not my idea...
Created from a private concept.

Are eyes that shut closed?
And ears blocked from hearing?
What I see as concrete evidence...
Should not be debated if what is seen is near.

And today few things seem obvious,
Or as clear as it appears.
Yet so many people live their lives in fear.
And wishing for more of it to define as it sits...
Encouraged to stay in a prolonged visit.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Wishing I Did Not Leave

If I did not miss you...
I would not lay awake,
Convincing myself I hate you.

And I would 'never' give you that satisfaction,
Of knowing how much I am concerned.
Because I am not!
I could care less.

Or give you the right to 'think'
You can live without me.
What has happened between us,
Has not left me tormented.

Even though...
That is what you wish for me to believe.
That I am the one grieving.
Please!
You will never have it like that!
Not with me.
You are not even a passing thought!

Since I could care less,
How much you toss and turn in your sleep...
Wishing I did not leave.
I 'hope' you now have been taught a lesson!

If I did not miss you...
I would not lay awake,
Convincing myself I hate you.
I despise you...I do!

You make me sick!
And I hope you are somewhere,
Knowing it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Wishing It To Be Validated

If it has been shown and to you known,
That I have been irritated...
And wish not to communicate.
Why would you want to confirm it,
With a bringing to me your agitation?
Are you wishing it to be validated,
To personaliize and exaggerate?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Wishing This To Achieve

To never have known it,
As an inspiring experience...
Equivalent to acquiring one's dignity.
One would think when substance is mentioned,
Someone is referring to those who find the time,
To abuse it and themselves as a means to escape...
From the pressures of having accountability.
And today very few would admit to wishing this to achieved.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Wishing Those Chains To Unlock

Of course...
We all would like to see ourselves as 'basic'...
To someone else,
Who we find interesting...
With an arresting 'come-hither' appeal.
Teasing with just the right amount of sleaze.
Nothing overdone to undo the mood.

It can be a curse being too diversed,
And complex.
Afterall...
These approaches are about sex.
Nothing less with hopes for more.

And yet...
There are those who seek the ease of manipulation.
Especially in relationships.
They get captured after the 'hunt'.
And discover themselves,
Over time...
Grunting in regret.
Wishing those chains to unlock.
But not wanting to experience a broken heart.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Wishing To Believe They Are Exempt

As a mere child,
I recognized racism existed.
And nothing has changed,
Regardless who interprets it.
Or those who remain in denial,
Of its growing existence...
Wishing to believe they are exempt?
Because they have done the best they can,
To become accepted by the ignorance.
And feel offended when they do not fit in?

Today...
Color is the least thing people can find,
To prioritize what offends them.
And with a dissecting of ignorance,
With an encouragment that evryone should participate...
The process to end all dilemmas would begin.
But then again,
Only fools find comfort in their own limitations.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Wishing To Discredit The Objective

Interpreted verse done,
To have others reverse it to curse.
With wishes to discredit the objective,
And the purpose of the message...
Written with sentiments meant to be heard.
Is intended for the content to be dismissed.
By those who take what is basic,
To despise and criticize a depiction to describe...
That which does not exist.
And hoping they do to keep some confused,
Over a nonsense kept repeatedly debated.
With a re-interpreting of a verse done to satiate,
That others will internalize and not realize,
They have been duped by a negative agenda.
But the disguising of it has them mesmerized,
And addicted to feeding upon their own limitations.

'And addicted to feeding upon their own 'ignorance'.
That would have been a better way to say that.'

~I have another thought.
I'll hand you my notes.
And you just ghost write,
To misquote 'everything' I say.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Wishing To Get Drenched

On those days when the Sun comes,
But does not seem to be as bright...
As a full Moon remembered,
When romance came to dance...
And that feeling felt so right.

Unnoticed are the clouds,
Or the sky that threatens rain.
When one decides to walk alone,
With memories that come to remain.
To leave one wishing to get drenched.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Wishing To Keep The Game Played Fair?

Wishing to keep the game played fair?
Switch around the wearing of masks.
And remove all expectations,
Of completing required timely tasks.
But keep the making of impressions,
As the goal to reach and erase accountability.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Wishing To Want

There is nothing wrong,
With wishing to want dreams fulfilled.
Or depicting those wants as needs.
However...
It takes reality desired to prioritize first,
As a requirement to eliminate procrastination.
To find it a necessity to chase it away,
From minds who have found this most desired.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Wishing To Want It

A commitment known,
To feel it and be meant...
Can never to others be explained,
Who believe to accept that sacrifice means...
Giving up one night of socializing,
With an arranging of a schedule...
Packed with appearances to make.
And at various eclectic invited scenes.

Spending a few minutes,
Doing something one claims...
Is a life long ambition to dream,
One eventually wishes to see succeed...
Can only be interpreted as a deception one uses,
To discuss in public to have others believe.
Since one who 'is' committed,
Does it with persistence done to not convince.

But,
And there is always a butt in Buttville.
For whatever the reason...
Those finding time to attend social events,
Think what another does to do to produce...
Happens from their wishing to want it.
Since with ease they seem not to stress or sweat.

'You can't be working that hard at what you do.'

~Why would you say that? ~

'You seem not to worry,
Over who may notice to be impressed.
And I make every attempt to address my activities.'

~And it shows in the quality of your endeavors.
They do seem to be done with little or no effort.~

'OH.
Would you stop that.

I'm not accustomed to such flattery.
Although I must admit,
I've been wishing to want it to get.
Thank you.
Thank you for making me feel,
So...
Qualified.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Wishing You The Best Of Luck

What your needs were.
And what mine are,
Have not changed.
I am sure.

But I am determined to have mine met.
And you,
I am sure...
Still playing updated versions of hard to get.

And for someone who shouldn't...
I am wishing you the best of luck,
In finding the right psychoanalyst.
And...
You just may get one at a bargain price.

We are in a recession.
Or an unadmitted depression.
Depending on how you are looking at that cup.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Wishy Washy Wusses

Those wishy washy wusses don't impress.
Limped wrists wimps...
With nothing more than their pretentions,
To address.
Double talkers who aren't direct.
And using gossip to connect,
As an attempt to express...
Opinions to abuse but amuse few,
Who refuse to show any interest!
The only thing they can leave,
When descending away from doorsteps...
To relieve,
After insulting guests.
Is a resignation,
From choosing to live lives like that...
Not too many can stomach, digest or respect.
And say so behind their shallowed backs!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Wistful Rendezvous Won'T Do

To pray and wait for wonderful days,
In a wistful rendezvous won't do.
Not when I'm holding onto wonder...
With less time to spare.

Impatient,
I agree I am.
That I am.

I want more in my life,
Than daydreams to mingle.
To leave me single with needs.
I am not one to plead, beg or borrow.
Tomorrow was yesterday for me.
Today I will make my life free...
Of empty dreams!

I am here to explore all there is.
And all there is of me.

To pray and wait for wonderful days,
In a wistful rendezvous won't do.
Not when I'm holding onto wonder...
With less time to spare.

In my mind I can climb any mountain high.
And if I choose to fly above the clouds...
I will!

Impatient,
I agree I am.
That I am.

But wistful rendezvous,
I refuse!
And will not do.
Even 'if'...
You chose me to do it,
For you!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With A Beat And Lots Of Rhythm

They will not support themselves,
Or the local performing artists...
With words of encouragement,
That nourishes with motivation.

But they will pay thousands of dollars,
To import the entertainment done,
By those picking fleas off mules...
While taped gospel music plays,
In the background!
With a beat and lots of rhythm!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With A Bit Of Prose. Aggrevated By Cons

We would love to believe,
We can live poetically.
But we actually exist,
Expressing this existence...
With a bit of prose.
Aggrevated by cons!

Quickly we embrace,
A defense that boldy faces being offended.
By that which scatches,
The surface of our delusions.
And tormenting sugar coated beliefs.
To pray everyday...
For a release that frees us from reality!
Lead by crooks empowered by our weaknesses.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With A Bluntness That Hits

Who is it that travels on the path of truth,
Ultimately finding they are alone.
And unpopular?

Who is it that reveals they speak without deceit,
And become greeted by opposition...
From many they meet.

People today,
Are addicted to the sweet taste of delusion.
Anyone confusing their needs for a fix...
With a bluntness that hits,
Is considered a misfit!

Who is it that travels on the path of truth,
Ultimately finding they are alone.
And unpopular?

Who is it that reveals they speak without deceit,
And become greeted by opposition...
From many they meet.
In times when people are seeking,
More feeding of their fantasies

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With A Building Of Fences Resistant

You lived in a pretense kept distant.
With a building of fences resistant.
Your isolation devastated.
And away from me you stayed.

You occupied your mind with limits.
And within those limits,
You created defenses.

And today time from you has passed.
As those traps set for others,
Have come to surround your beliefs.
Along with your aspirations trashed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With A Calculated Purpose

Some believe it their duty,
To take advantage of others.
As if they have lives to live,
To be serviced in return...
For the things they do.

And with a calculated purpose,
To evaluate the worth...
Of what they have done,
In comparison to another.
To then and with a doing to have it noticed,
By those who also perceive...
That any deed they choose to do as well,
Should be announced when done...
And from 'someone' be given a value.

Some believe it their duty,
To take advantage of others.
As if they have lives to live,
To be serviced in return...
For the things they do.
And then with a choosing done,
Do their best to get attention...
From those who would normally not give it.

'Did you see what I did?
Did you see what I've done?
Did you see me in the doing,
Unlike that done by anyone?
Comeon...
I have an ego here to feed.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With A Caring Less Of Their Obviousness

Not having an ability to face truth,
When the practice of hiding behind excuses...
Has become as stale as denials still used,
Makes the mistakes made by innocent children...
More comforting to witness,
Than the fools adults make of themselves.
Especially the ones attempting to implement,
The same innocence.

And since children haven't lived that long,
To be labelled with a title of ignorant.
There are many who have reached adulthood...
That seem to be proud to be entitled as such,
With a caring less of their obviousness.
To earn to get no respect.
Even from their own children.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With A Catering Done

Education will always be a deficient process,
As long as people are offended...
By anyone expressing intelligence.
And when the raising of children,
Isn't done by adults with a goal to increase...
Perceptions to connect a comprehending growth,
Shown that is released.

People become defensive when in the presence,
Of one who has experience to share.
And instead of being respectful with a listening...
One's biasness takes over.
And a critiquing diminishing from them begins.
With that as the awareness there to be given.

Education will always be a deficient process,
As long as people are offended...
By anyone expressing intelligence.
And when the raising of children,
Isn't done by adults.
With a catering done to an ignorance as a result...
An encouragement of mediocrity flourishes without end.

'So what is the ultimate solution? '

Something that will remove biased attitudes.
With an implementation in everyone's mind...
To find reasons to respect with a leaving them colorblind.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With A Choice To Keep The Value

Why is it important to you now,
To hear my voice?
When it was you,
Who made not listening to me...
Your choice.

Why is my comprehension mentioned,
To be a priority of your concern?
I'm well aware of those lessons I've learned.
And few of them taught I seek to be repeated.
You brought to me then an acknowledgement.
And I did not hesitate,
To connect that to my common sense.

I received it and I heeded.

Why is it important to you now,
To hear my voice.
To review conversations,
I attempted to make...
That came to rest on deaf ears?

Perhaps there is a clarity,
Not understood before...
But overnight your eyes opened.
And a clarity that could have been yours...
Has now between your ears appeared?

Go ahead and say,
What you believe today is okay.
However,
If I should abruptly walk away...
Think of it as not being disrespectful.
But a sign of the times,
When one finds peace of mind.
With a choice to keep the value of it protected.

Think of my getting away from you,
In that perspective!

A treasured gift one gets...
To never be neglected.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With A Claim They Have Faith

Those that do not stand up to the plate...
Yet in remarks berate the ones who continually do,
Are those locked in boxes refusing to initiate motivation.
With a claim they have faith.
But somehow it is used to pass judgement on others.
And they congregate on Sunday with those who do the same.
In the name of...
'Something' that is kept defended that keeps them limited!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With A Closng Down Of A Chatterbox

People who do not listen do not learn.
And the concept of comprehension for them,
Is missing in action in their heads forever.
And any thought process hinted or suggested,
Is dead from birth on delivery before one is digested.

Anyone who pays attention and in disbelief,
To those speaking without taking a breath to breathe...
Know exactly when to excuse themselves to leave,
Towards an exit to disconnect from nonstop lip action.
With a closing down of a chatterbox to recieve satisfaction.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With A Conscious Awareness Of Acceptance

So crazed then I would have been,
If I did not begin...
To like myself.
Or found outside of me,
An activity that matched...
My personality.

So empty and lost,
I could have easily roamed...
Without feeling I could express,
My thoughts and observations...
I would experience.
That left my mind and heart impressed.

So willing I am,
And happy to say I am blessed.
So thankful too,
I chose a path and direction...
That strengthened my steps,
With a conscious awareness of acceptance.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With A Conscious Ignorance

As the Earth does its slow spin,
To then orbit on a fixed course...
Around a vast and gaseous Sun,
Taken for granted by everyone.
There has yet been a scientist declared,
To be an expert in the field of 'Uncertainty'.
With documentation that reveals,
When this 'mysteriousness' began to begin.
That brings relief to beliefs to its inhabitants...
Along for the ride.
Whether residing in the East or the West,
The effect of the Sun rising to set...
Remains an effect accepted.

Not too many come to express an appreciation,
Each day for this blessing they get.
Too many have taken limitations to define,
That which has been taught to confine...
A probing of values and standards of others,
To compare and evaluate with time to undermine.

Too many have taken their blessings to minimize,
Prioritized quick to live lives...
As a means to sustain conflicts and pain.
With produced campaigns to obtain power to rule.
To do to diminish truth to reduce.
As if this Earth giving birth to all inhabiting it,
Has annointed a few chosen to pursue...
A doing as they choose.
With a conscious ignorance to abuse,
Those who refuse their darkened mentalities.

An ignorance distanced from awareness gets,
A destruction of self-importance...
Speeding fast towards irreversible regret.
And yet...
Whether in the East or in the West,
The Sun rises to set...
This process unchanged will remain the same,

Regardless if observed by anyone...
Left convinced they had been victorious.

As the Earth does its slow spin,
To then orbit on a fixed course...
Around a vast and gaseous Sun,
Taken for granted by everyone.
The process will still be done...
Even after the fumes,
Of ignorance clears the atmosphere.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With A Consciousness To Commit

The doing you did has been done.
To accept as is or not.
You can choose to admit,
What you did was done to do.
Or you can refuse to acknowledge,
A not doing of it with a selective memory.

Although those present to have known you,
Can remember clearly what to them you've said.
With dates and times given of these events,
When others you accused did things to do to you.
But for whatever the reason your initiating of it,
You seem, conveniently, to have forgotten this.

And you are in good company.
So many who suddenly claim to have found God,
Can remember when this happened.
Where they were with dates to know the time.
But prior to that, all their misdeeds done to others,
Have been replaced in minds 'now' too holy and divine.

Let us today all pray for everyone to admit,
All the evil they've done to others.
Was with a consciousness to commit deception.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With A Convenience To Complain

Relationships do not end,
Because of one thing.
Relationships end,
Because that one thing...
Added with other things,
Allowed to annoy all things...
To fall to pieces with a convenience,
To complain about someone else.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With A Convincing Done To Others

An adamant dislike for anything,
One keeps as a reminder...
With a convincing done to others,
They too should adopt such a philosophy.
Does more for the stunting of growth.
Since it is from their dislikes,
No one makes a move to leave.
And if they do...
The distance from it is not far.

It is as if there is a need to continue feeding,
Upon their displeasures.
And what is disliked is kept in one's sight,
To ensure a movement done...
Isn't experienced by anyone.
And that stagnation becomes eventually evident.
To allow convenient tours to be taken frequently,
Through old neighborhoods.
To validate one's hatred.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With A Convincing Relentlessness

What's old?

The repeating of excuses.

What's new?

The refusing of repeating anything old.
Stale and molding.

Although what's old is accepted,
By those who redo yesterday to update.
As if no difference has been made,
To replay with embellishment...
That has an approval,
From those who look the other way...
Portraying themselves as victims of amnesia,
With a convincing relentlessness.

Making what's new,
Always within limits as to not to offend...
Anyone seeking the getting of attention!
Or the mentioning of anything,
That yesterday took place.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With A Cordiality

Approaching those with mindsets fixed,
In fantasies delusioned based...
Would be with a cordiality and at its best.
Even though that 'may' be interpreted later,
As something other than what was exchanged.

Remember this when in these situations,
Those unable to handle truth directly...
And already showing signs of mental instability,
Are not going to overnight awaken comprehending...
To accept anyone's honesty as a gift given to deliver.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With A 'Cup' Full Of Sugar

With a 'cup' full of sugar,
Reality will be squeezed out.
A reality will be squeezed out.
Yes,
A reality will be squeezed out.

And with a 'cup' full of sugar,
Reality will be squeezed out...
In every hopeful,
Pain...
Less,
Way!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With A Daily Affirmation Done

Someone doing you no favor,
Has planted a wealth of ignorance...
You have accepted as a confirmation.

And with a daily affirmation done...
You possess abilities to incorrectly assess,
Others who are not in the act of digging ditches...
To protect their imperfections.

Since you believe imperfections,
Are kept as blessings to invest...
With a more delibitation done,
That has become effective.
And to some you wish this is impressive.

And it does impress,
With a showing of an abesence...
Of a dignity one should possess.

Someone doing you no favor,
Has planted a wealth of ignorance...
You have accepted as a confirmation.
And with a daily affirmation done...
You possess abilities to incorrectly assess.

And this is not my point of view.
This...
You have made to be clearly observed.
And there will come a time this has to be recessed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With A Defying Against Any Of The Evidence

To do something done unconsciously to another...
And to have that act returned with a consciousness delivered,
As intended!
Says this as witnessed...
There is no sense made in a display of one's offense.

And yet offended people become,
When given exactly to them what they had initiated.
And done.
With one thing missing.
A lack of acknowledging their involvement.
And an applied selective memory,
That removes them from the scene of a crime committed.

A common hit and run done claimed by someone caught,
To have known nothing about what has happened.
With a defying against any of the evidence.
Pictures, fingerprints...
Food stains and crumbs on lips.
And the habit of their daily routine.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With A Demanding Of Credit To Be Given

There are those,
Who wish NOT to be given credit...
For those deeds they did not do.
Even though they may have provided,
The motivation.

And there are those,
Who wish to take credit...
For deeds they did not do.
And will make claims,
They were instrumental...
In getting those deeds done.

With a demanding of credit to be given,
To them!
Just for their association of knowing 'who'
Has perform those tasks.
With a customary delivery of much embellishment.

They wish to get,
What they so richly do not deserve.
An attention that is mentioned.
With a spotlighting done on their lack of skill.
And an absence of talent...
Believed is their right to steal.

And today...
These thieves seem to be everywhere.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With A Devotion That Motivates

Everyone wants to associate with a winner.
But few are there to support what it takes to win.
And many are often there to discourage a dream,
The winner envisions with it done alone...
With a devotion that motivates the winner's initiative.
To do to sacrifice and condone.
Often with a negativity from others shown.

'I always knew you would be successful.'

~Was this before or after,
You were made aware of it? ~

Everyone wants to associate with a winner.
But few are there to support what it takes to win.
And many are often there to discourage a dream,
The winner envisions with it done alone...
With a devotion that motivates the winner's initiative.
To do to sacrifice and condone.
Often with a negativity from others shown.

'I always knew you would be successful.'

~Was this before or after,
You were made convinced of it?
Since I do remember you telling me,
Efforts I made were entirely pointless.~

'And?
Weren't my comments made motivating?
Some people become ungrateful,
To those who 'first' initiated their inspiration.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With A Dismissing Quickly

With a dismissing quickly,
Pain inflicted to feel by someone else...
Becomes easily disregarded,
As if the act of it is not fact.

With a dismissing quickly,
People offending accuse those defending...
Of being sensitive and not accepting,
To misdeeds done they should ignore.

With a dismissing quickly,
Disrespecting that exists...
Is permitted and assumes has benefits,
To those not understanding...
A freedom to diminish someone's beliefs,
Meets with bold and unfolding opposition.

With a dismissing quickly,
Pain inflicted to feel by someone else...
Becomes easily disregarded,
As if the act of it is not fact.
And the act of it that is fact...
Seldom is acknowledged to have initiated attacks.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With A Doing Done One Can Prove

Healing from an ache is a big deal.
To maneuver skipping over many hurdles.
And doing what it takes is a big deal,
When a mending from a heart that breaks...
To not again repeat mistakes.

Romanticizing life...
Diminishes!
When a storm comes to rock one's house.
And the bottom seems to fall right out.

Romanticizing life...
Quickly finishes!
When a stinging of a meaning is felt.
And no one else is there to blame...
But oneself.

Healing from an ache is a big deal.
And doing what it takes is a big deal,
When skipping over hurdles to maneuver...
Is done with a doing to prove,
Clouds to face can be removed...
With a doing done one can prove.
Clouds to face can be removed...
With a doing done one can prove.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With A Doing Of It Enchantingly

Measuring one's intelligence,
By the kind of schools they have attended.
And the number of prestigious degrees possessed,
Should reflect upon a society progessively moving forward.
With a respect all accept as being beneficially innovative.

But it seems as though many only work diligently,
To obtain their degrees with a validation to approve...
An ability they can and will successfully,
Promote their obsession with a greed to feed.
Since it is perceived only losers refuse this to do.

And one's attempt to do good things for humanity,
Is often misjudged as conceit by those confused/
Since everyone who has sacrificed their effort and time,
Knows that the nourishing on accolades without rest...
Or a peace of mind to find one gets,
Is as much a thrilling experience as the fetching of tossed insults.

Especially when to them no appreciation is expressed,
With or without respect upon giving of themselves their best.
While others have interests shown only in their flaunting.
And this may get them nominated as exceptional citizens,
Of superior qualities with the doing of nothing but flaunting.
But with a doing of it enchantingly.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With A Doing Of Kept Standards

It is becoming increasingly difficult,
To define these times we live in...
With a doing of kept standards that are valued.

Yesterday...
Anyone perceived to be out of their minds,
Were not given immediate empathy.
Or attracted the attention of debating psychologists,
Probing one's relationship with parents...
Who purchase them guns when they were young,
To teach them self defense but end up murdered.

While those minding their own business,
Are racially profiled and suspected of being too arrogant...
As they walked in suburban neighborhoods,
Where people are seen chasing each other butt naked.
Or peeking out of windows prepared to call 911,
If someone unknown happens to be visiting a neighbor...
With a choice to spend the night.

'I just saw a black man cross the street.
And wearing dreads, boots and a leather coat.
I don't believe he actually knocked on a door.
Was hugged and invited in.
Something is going on.
We should be pro-active about this.~

~Well...
Just don't stand there.
Call the police.
I'm teaching the children how to clean their weapons properly.~

It is becoming increasingly difficult,
To define these times we live in...
With a doing of kept standards that are valued.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With A Doing Of Their Best To Escape Fate

Evolving.
Evolution.
A change from that,
Which does not remain the same.
An arrangement of sorts,
Has been ordained.

And although everything is involved,
That which is evolving...
There is a desire by many,
To keep revolved this reality.
As if to spin on a cyclical wheel.
To keep a sameness unchanged.
A sameness for some that has appeal.
A sameness for those they wish kept real.

There are those believing,
They have been chosen...
To be the exceptions to the laws,
That only NATURE rules.
As if Nature can be convinced...
Tricked and fooled,
By those choosing not to participate.
With a doing of their best to escape fate.

In a contemplation that would make,
Nature...
Their bait!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With A Doing That Is Honest

Happy I am I'm not the one selected to prove,
The presence of confusion and foolishness exist.
That many believe their kept denials will erase.

I only have to observe it without uttering a single word.
To submit as written with a moving on to remain committed,
With a doing that is honest regardless who is offended by it.

'Truth hurts.'

Lies kill.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With A Doing That Is Pointless

Anything anyone comes to experience,
With a leaving to impress effectively...
Is difficult to repeat to achieve.
An impact once done,
Is better left where it is to leave.

Success one gets,
Eventually becomes rejected.
Euphoria felt to feel,
Fades away from staying kept.
Duplicating it only magnifies regret.

And one hanging onto beliefs,
A fame to claim remains sustained...
Is the one making attempts,
To regain an attention...
Time has already given with that time spent.

The only thing one obtains,
No one can take away...
Is the pursuit of accomplishments,
Documented to be done to validate.
And making the debating of them pointless.

That's what an impact,
Does to leave.
A making a debating of it pointless.
And...
That's what an impact,
Does to leave.
A making a debating of it pointless,
To take back...
With a doing that is pointless.
To take back...
With a doing that is pointless.
And...
That's what an impact,
Does to leave.
A making a debating of it pointless.

To take back...
With a doing that is pointless.
To take back...
With a doing that is pointless.
An impact...
Can't be taken back.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With A Doing That Pleases

Never will I be caught up,
In the following of limiting beliefs...
My curiosity and well being,
Depends upon subservience and grief.
With restrictions attached to pretentions,
Of being humble while servicing others...
To not offend their insecurities!

As one of God's many and diverse creations,
My duty is to be 'all' that I can be!
And...
I will.
With a doing that pleases my Father's wishes,
To witness and see my life succeeds...
As soon as I recognize I am capable with abilities,
To soar with a leaving behind doubt.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With A Doing To Convince Others

Why are people discovered to be weeping,
From decisions they make to stubbornly keep?
Then to blame others to relieve themselves,
Hopefully...
Of all accountability?
As they initiate to advocate with a protesting,
That holds with a scolding...
Someone else but themselves responsible,
For the actions they have taken with a professed innocence.
With a doing to convince others giving them attention,
That they've had no acknowledgement of being warned.
And the 'act' performed guarantees one empathy.

'Why are you smiling? '

~You have no idea how grateful I am,
I was not accepted to live in that neighborhood.~

'That's not nice to say.'

~You should have heard the words shouted to me,
When I was chased away.~

'Why do you exaggerate with such sarcasm? '

~Personal experience.
That's why I have such an admiration,
For those who are good at acting.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With A Doing To Prove

Either choose to take a leap.
Or fall back to sleep,
Because...
Trumpets will be blaring,
From those who dared...
To eliminate their troubles,
And a stopping to share!

Hello...
Tell me what is your name?
You are here so bright and early,
With a doing to prove...
There is something that you wish to do,
And get done too!

Tell me hello...
What is it that you do?

'I'm here to claim that I'm awake,
My sleeping is through.
I'm here to do what I must do without attitude! '

Either choose to take a leap.
Or fall back to sleep,
Because...
Trumpets will be blaring,
From those who dared...
To eliminate their troubles,
And a stopping to share!

Tell me hello...
What is it that you do?

'I'm here to claim that I'm awake,
My sleeping is through.
I'm here to do what I must do without attitude! '

I like your 'hello'...
Tell me what is your name?

You are here so bright and early,
With a doing to prove...
There is something that you wish to do,
And get done too!

'I'm here to claim that I'm awake,
My sleeping is through.
I'm here to do what I must do without attitude! '

Tell me hello...
What is it that you do?

'I'm here to do what I must do without attitude! '

Tell me hello...
What is it that you do?

'I'm here to claim that I'm awake,
My sleeping is through.
I'm here to do a doing done without attitude! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With A Doing To Remain Anonymous

A reflection of a decadent society,
Now more readily accessible...
To manipulate minds by what one finds,
Over the internet as if obsessed.
Is an excuse used by those who refuse,
To be held accountable...
For what it is they choose to do.
And with an undermining of values.

To come and go to leave,
With an ease to place a shame,
On something or someone else to blame...
No longer whispered through gossiped lips,
But done in seconds by one's fingertips.
And with a doing to remain anonymous.
Or using a false name to claim and accuse,
Anyone thought to have done a misdeed...
With intent to do.

'Is this their attempt to re-brand their efforts? '

~Re-brand?
Their entire belief system with faded principles,
Need more than just to be updated.
Re-set, re-written, re-placed and re-introduced,
Would be a better analogy...
For what is obvious and needing to be done.
And not updated to redo.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With A Downsizing Subsidized

Opps!
Caught in the middle of being super critical.
Opps!
Caught in the middle of being super critical.
Opps!
Caught in the middle of being super critical.

Sitting in the middle and being hypocritical.

They use denial in attempt to disguise...
With a minimizing done to be felt inside.
With a downsizing subsidized tried,
With a hiding pushed aside.
But what is scooped...
Can not be duped to opps!

As they sit in the middle,
Knowing they are hypocritical.

Opps!
Caught in the middle of being super critical.
Opps!
Caught in the middle of being super critical.
Opps!
Caught in the middle of being super critical.

But what is scooped...
Can not be duped to opps!
With a downsizing subsidized,
And pushed aside!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With A Failure Hailed And Assailed

They wanted to see him fail.
With a failure that would prevail.
And when they were done,
Their efforts had won.
With a failure hailed and assailed,
To belong and identified...
With each and everyone!

They wanted to see him fail.
With a failure that would prevail.
And when they were done,
Their efforts had won.
With a failure hailed and assailed,
To belong and identified...
With each,
And everyone that sung,
'Failure, failure...
Failure to us has come.'

~Your Highness?
I do not intend to be rude,
But...
Are You absolutely sure,
THIS is the planet...
You recommend to embark upon,
With 'our' teachings.~

*Oh YES.
Don't fret!
I am,
Indeed...
Absolutely sure of it! *

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With A Faith Kept Others Fake To Pretend

Someone who has lived through,
Life threatening illnesses...
To survive near death experiences.
With visits from soft spoken priests,
Creeping unexpectedly...
To surprise someone who becomes startled,
While attempting to get rest...
In a bed set aside in a room quarantined,
Laying quietly alone trying to peacefully sleep.
Is not thinking what to do next,
To address the making of impressions.

And then overnight it seems as if from a miracle,
That same person recovers to look as if in perfect health.
And shocks those who had prepared...
Their best outfits to wear,
At a funeral to share tears and wonderful memories.
Is not likely to be the one left caring who believes,
How they should express more of a gratefulness...
To the ones who will never comprehend,
What it took to heal and mend...
With a faith kept others fake to pretend,
And had not to have experienced coming close to death.
Or a breath from them threatening to end.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With A Few Less Crosses To Bear

Let it be known...
A true freedom received,
Has had its price for one to pay.
And today a true freedom,
Isn't discounted to be marketed cheaply.
One who has it to express it shown,
Doesn't expect to protect it...
By getting from others an acknowledged respect.

Let it be known...
One who has true freedom,
Is accustomed to opposition...
On a path traveled to journey alone.
With a facing of obstacles to confront and rid.
To stumble and fall and make mistakes to forget.
And forgiving what is said by those with false lips.
Those quick to gossip with shared complaints to submit.

A doing done to move forward without regrets to upset,
One with eyes to experience true freedom...
Has prioritized a life to live with happiness a part of it.
And not with fingers crossed,
Or dreams to drop from blue and clear skies.
One with true freedom has sacrificed.
And when it comes to 'this' one it is not by surprise.
The getting of it is joyfully received and expected.

'I wish I can live like that! '

~I stopped wishing.
I began to want with desire.~

'I'm not ready for that kind of sacrifice.'

~I wasn't either.
Until I awakened to realize,
I had become addicted to the taking...
Of so many poisons I couldn't shake.
And they kept me unconscious.

Now I'm left with just a few habits to break.~

'Poisons?
What do you mean? '

~Impressions to make.
Which possessions to keep.
Beliefs no longer to me that made sense.
That kept a true happiness,
And freedom out of my reach.~

'But...
Unlike you,
I have my needs.'

~I agree.
But I decided I could live,
With a few less crosses to bear.
And no one I knew,
Seemed to need mine to share.
So...
I got them off my back.
Not all. Just some. But with a doing to get it done.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With A Finding Discovered

I doubt very seriously if my strides taken...
To want to motivate others to desire success,
Had been made more for them a priority...
Instead of something they did to see me pleased,
Or whatever that is done people do to appease...
Would I have adopted an inspiration,
To dropp them as my main activity.

With an applying all my focus done now,
As I do...
Upon doing my best.
To achieve without further wasting my time.
With a finding discovered,
Others only choose to make for themselves...
Excuses to accomplish as if to me to be defiant.

Nonsense embraced is inescapable these days.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With A Finding Of More Life To Live

If I sat back and thought,
About those battles I fought to win...
I would never have come to appreciate,
The ability to clear my mind...
To say what was on it to get it out,
With a finding of more life to live.
And to leave if for what it is,
Without carrying the weight...
Of who became offended by my honesty.

I've learned not to burden myself,
With judgements made by others...
On my shoulders.
I've learned to acknowledge,
My back and shoulders aren't meant for that.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With A Fixed Commitment

It's hard to keep one's focus,
Kept centered on a map...
When a giving to distractors,
A snack who have a knack...
To,
Munch upon the ears of those,
With noses to impose...
Their way of throwing wrenches,
In the spoke of rolling wheels.

It's hard to keep one's focus,
Kept centered on a map...
When a giving to distractors,
A snack who have a knack...
To,
Dump their lumps on something smooth,
With a negativity they use.
And hoping that their attitudes,
Circumvents since this is meant.

It's hard to keep one's focus,
When...
Distractors dump their moods,
To...
Circumvent since this meant.
And with a fixed commitment.

It's hard to keep one's focus,
Kept centered on a map...
When a giving to distractors,
A snack who have a knack...
To,
Munch upon the ears of those,
With noses to impose...
Their way of throwing wrenches,
In the spoke of rolling wheels.

It's hard to keep one's focus,
When...

Distractors dump their moods,
To...
Circumvent since this meant.
And with a fixed commitment.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With A Focus More Noticed

There is a difference when one stumbles,
In a crumble that humbles.

It is noticed with more focused,
When notoriety is attached.

There is a difference when one speaks,
With a tone that seems to reach...
Beyond definition.

And there is a difference influenced by comprehension...
When ignorance is fought.
And a breaching of it leaks.

That which is taught...
Is feared by those who refuse to see,
A rise in higher consciousness.
And freely given by those who teach.

With a focus more noticed,
When notoriety is attached.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With A Forgetting About Preferences

I remember once having a preference for dogs.
But now I have a preference for cats.

I remember being attracted to those I fantasized.
But I knew in my mind...
My delusions kept would not realize that.

I remember being in love,
With those I met to fall head over heels.
And I remember being wounded,
With my heart broken too!
None of that stayed with me to appeal.

But if anyone believes I still do what I use to...
Would be quite surprise how I have adapted,
To a life that now attracts only happiness...
With a forgetting about preferences I 'once' had,
Not to dwell upon to be remembered...
About who was good at doing what, where and when.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With A Getting Off Knees

There is hope in the air,
For the ones really caring...
And,
They're not the ones who'll stop to give up.
No.
They're not the ones to be chased and rushed.

There is hope in the air,
For the ones really caring...
And,
They're not the ones who'll stop to give up.
No.
They're not the ones who will be ruffled up.

And those daring sharing their faith...
Are,
Tough enough.

There is a drive to survive for the ones out of hiding,
And...a,
They're not the ones who'll keep mouths shut.
No.
They're not the ones to be muffled up.

There is a drive to survive for the ones out of hiding,
And...a,
They're not the ones who'll keep mouths shut.
No.
They're not the ones to be muffled up.

And those daring sharing their faith.
Are...
The ones tough enough.

Becoming wide are the eyes that see.
Too much unbelieving today is seen.
And becoming noticed is deceit,
To the nonbeliever!

And those daring sharing their faith.
Are...
The ones tough enough.

There is a drive to survive for the ones out of hiding,
And...a,
They're not the ones who'll keep mouths shut.
No.
They're not the ones to be muffled up.

And those daring sharing their faith.
Are rough and tough enough.

With a getting off knees.

And,
Those daring to share faith.
Are rough and tough enough.

With a getting off knees.

And,
Those daring to share faith.
Are proving they are tough!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With A Getting Up To Get 'something' Done

Seeking an advanced enhancement,
To impress others with your life?
Without taking the time to connect the dots.
Or appreciating what you've got...
Without appreciating it with the giving of respect.
Giving no acknowledgement with a gratefulness.
And yet...
You sit an expect,
A delivery of happiness?

Look at me!
Seriously.
I want you to focus.
Do not shift your eyes from side to side.
Look at me!
Seriously.

I am going to say something to you.
And please leave your ears open to hear these words.

You,
Are out of your mind!
You,
Need to realize that...
With a getting up to get 'SOMETHING' done.
Something that qualifies you as a doer.
You,
Can do this.
You,
Must come from out of this spell.

That's it.
That's it.
Slowly look around.
Take your time.
But know that you can do it.
You can successfully get up off of your behind.
Have and keep faith.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With A Giving Of Belief

All things and anything can be achieved.
And with a giving of belief...
Impossibilities from the mind will leave,
When that which is possible is received...
To know,
It touched...
With a wanting and desired not to give it up!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With A Giving Of Opinion

Why is I take offense,
Of those sitting on a fence...
With a giving of opinion.
And not being in the trenches,
Is my greatest pet peeve.

Those with the loudest voices raised,
Do little to pave their own destiny.
And yet they sit as if deserving,
To be fed to feed off the sweating...
Done by others.

And when asked to assist,
With any experience to boost others...
With a lift.
First from their lips is a complaint.
Followed by a suggestion stolen from a painted picture.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With A Goodwill Felt

One day...
When we are all swimming,
In deeper pools of thought.
Indifferences will diminish.
And moody attitudes will be naught.
We will be a bit freer,
To express without judgement.
Speak we will in terms of enlightenment.
With a goodwill felt.
Encouraged!
And meant.
One day.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With A Groove You Did Done

Dig it with your groove on.
Dig it with a groove you did done!
With a groove on...
Digging with a groove you did done.
With a groove on...
Digging with a groove you did done.
With a groove you did done.
With a groove you did done.

Don't be a half-stepper,
Doing with a digging that's done.
Regretting to be better,
Doing with a digging that's done.
Regardless of the weather,
Do with a digging that's done.
And gitcha groove on.
And gitcha, gitcha groove on.

Don't be a half-stepper,
Doing with a digging that's done.
Regretting to be better,
Doing with a digging that's done.
Regardless of the weather,
Do with a digging that's done.
And gitcha groove on.
And gitcha, gitcha groove on.

Dig it with your groove on.
Dig it with a groove you did done!
With a groove on...
Digging with a groove you did done.
With a groove on...
Digging with a groove you did done.
With a groove you did done.
With a groove you did done.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With A Happiness Attack

I awakened this morning,
With a happiness attack.
I wasn't sure what it was.
So I laid quietly on my back.

When I fell asleep last night,
I didn't expect to wake up...
Not like that!
And when I opened my eyes,
I was surprised to feel so good.
So the next thing I did,
Was to thank God...
Like I should!

Unexpectedly I received my 'gift',
Delivered from God...
As only God could!

I awakened this morning,
With a happiness attack.
I wasn't sure what it was.
So I laid quietly on my back.
Making sure it was not the nightmare...
Many have become addicted to share.
And I had left staring in disbelief,
That I was not grieving with it!
And leaving it there.
On the other side of my door,
Where it was abandoned...
The day before!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With A Hope Of Attention To Get

People who discredit somebody else,
Do it with intention meant!
By berating anyone they pick to choose,
With a hope of attention to get.

They attack behind backs with a bad rap,
With a hope of attention to get.
And...
Doing it for laughs to pass and last,
With persisting of a doing of it!

Jokesters boasting doses of ego,
Hoping for attention to get.
And...
Folks like this love to feed on evil,
With a doing of it they can not quit!

Doing it for laughs to pass and last,
With an unresisted doing of it!
And...
They attack behind backs with a bad rap,
With a hope of attention to get.

Then when it dawns to come,
People like this want their acts to be forgiven.
But they have no place to run,
Or escape when the date is late...
To undo what they've done to leave heartache!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With A Hope To Revive Its Glittering Glow

Take and keep your faith placed high,
On your agenda that is prioritized.
It is the only thing you will come to treasure,
As having tremendous value...
When everything else you saved and praised,
Loses its effectiveness...
In diminishing measures.

When that which was prized,
You now come to realize was not true to you.
But was kept to impress,
Others' eyes...
Who themselves are witnessed now,
To cry and sigh because they've been denied...
The keeping of their pretentions polished with a gloss.
One that has lost its influence meant to keep you teased.

Something people like these only lived to breathe.
And today find themselves,
Suffocating and pleading on their knees.
The same people who faked reality!
That same reality now exposed as worthless.
But having many making attempts to resuscitate,
Its vanishing purpose.
With a hope to revive its glittering glow.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With A Hopeful Wish They Remain Focused

So many are born and blessed with unique gifts.

And those blessed to play hide and seek...
Should not be deprived of imposing this talent.
Especially upon those,
Who express to them such sincere gratitude.
And praying they stay encouraged,
In such unmistakable absence.

With a support given,
To whatever it is they do in pursuit.
With a hopeful wish they remain focused.
And determined to keep seeking,
The hiding that is sought!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With A Keeping Of A Sweetness

Only when it has been made to them available,
Are people made aware of what they can access.
And those with a thought process,
That is familiar with research...
Are never surprised,
By what is hidden in the archives.
Left to go unaddressed,
To only feed that which sweetens.
Enabling the natives to peacefully rest,
With a keeping of a sweetness in full supply.
Ready to feast upon as when needed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With A Kicking To The Curb

Although my journey...
Has seemed sometimes long,
With a prolonging of obstacles to face...
I have managed to slowly erase them with faith.
As well as a chasing away of 'expected' obstacles...
Presented to prevent what I must do each day.
I had to grow stronger and determined,
To prove for no one else but myself...
The steps that I take on the path I am on...
I am on it because I belong,
In the doing with a purpose.
And serving this purpose as it deserves.

And on a daily basis I will and can say,
I recognize my blessings.
And on a daily basis I will and can say,
I have recognized those foes...
Hoping to block my way,
From the crevices of shadows fading.
And...
On a daily basis I will and can say,
The Creator is responsible...
For removing opposition in my way that sit.
Trying to upset me with conflicts to afflict.
The Creator is responsible...
For not allowing this to persist.

And with a knowing of that,
It is with a kicking to the curb I do...
All that which attempts to delay my mission.
It is with a kicking to the curb I do...
To eliminate from me aches of all kinds,
From my mind to exist...
With an assistance only God can give.

It is with my Father's wishes,
The Creator of ALL there is 'that' is...
That has done this to mend AND fix!
And He, My Father...

Will not continue to permit,
The foolishness of nonsense...
To attack me with that kind of grip.
God has shown me I need not put up with it.
And...
With a clearing of the way for only HIS will to be done!
As it shall be...nonsense gets out of the mix.
Since The Creator alone,
Rules the Kingdom!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With A Lesser Chance To Be Evil

Giving 'in' wasn't enough.
I had to give up and walk away,
From all that 'stuff'.
All that teasing 'bling',
I just had to touch...
With a belief I needed,
To sit on a throne as if I were king.

Giving 'in' wasn't enough.
Giving foolishness up I thought would be tough.
But...
When I did my heart felt free.
Renewed I then became everything...
I was meant all along to be.
With less chance to feel evil.
Or romanced wishes I had turf that would never be taxed.
So glad I gave up thoughts like that!

Oh,
Those delusions I did have packed and stacked on my back.
With chips on my shoulder to create my own Central Park.
Paved and tree lined with unforgiveable misery.

I removed a greed from me.
With a lesser chance to be evil.
I felt victory released to free.
With a lesser chance to be evil.
Darkness chased away from my side.
With a lesser chance to be evil.
Not within me will it reside.
With a lesser chance to be evil.
I rid myself of fantasies.
With a lesser chance to be evil.
I learned to take deep breaths to breathe.
With a lesser chance to be evil.

Giving 'in' wasn't enough.
I had to give up and walk away,
From all that 'stuff'.

All that teasing 'bling'.
Blinging me too much.

I rid myself of fantasies.
With a lesser chance to be evil.
I learned to take deep breaths to breathe.
With a lesser chance to be evil.

I learned to take deep breaths to breathe.
With a lesser chance to be evil.
I learned to take deep breaths to breathe.
With a lesser chance to be evil.
I learned to take deep breaths to breathe.
With a lesser chance to be evil.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With A Link Gone

If you have not reached within...
Your appreciation for a touch,
From someone who needs you
To reach out...
Will never mean a thing,
Or make sense.
Since you have been taught,
Such touches brought
Brings implication of weakness.
And who needs to seek to show
'That' lack of strength?
Even though you can not explain,
How a chain with a link gone...
Broken and/or missing,
Can still cling or claim to sustain
Its power?
And by whom has this been proven?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With A List Of Myths

Remember this...
Your curiosity,
Is not my fantasy to feed.
If you find that I have become boring.

Remember this...
Your curiosity,
Is not my fantasy to feed.
Nor am I concerned about hospitality.

So...
I hope you didn't come here,
With a list of myths and expectations.
Since,
I will only entertain you...
With a performance that disappoints.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With A Look Of Astonishment And Surprise

The only ones who seem to be stunned,
With a look of astonishment and surprise...
By the success others have accomplished,
And known by some with quiet tongues...
Are those who predicted their failures.
With a certainty this to them would come.

And then they seem to become quite upset,
That the spreading of their predictions...
Were not updated by anyone,
Who volunteered to whisper in their ears...
Fresh gossip or explanations to avoid the shock,
On their faces that appear.

'Are you shocked, surprised...
Or overwhelmed and in a coma?
Which is it?
Are you having an attack of something?
Speak! '

~I...uh..um...I'm happy...
Yes...That's it.
I am happy for them.~

'Of course you are.
I can tell by your eyes.
And the moment I saw your mouth drop open,
I knew you were thrilled for them.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With A Looking Back

It took fifty years for them to face,
An increasing blight they put in place.
With a concentration centered,
On an infighting sighted more embraced.
Eaten as served on exquisite plates.
And delivered to those with name dropping status.

And overnight the infighting once tasting great.
With an appetite deemed a reason to celebrate.
And so appropriate for those feeding on this as a diet.
Is now witnessed as sickness for them that began.
But limited were complaints to minimize among diners.
Since the presentation impressed and found divine.

Now there are those who ignited a stirring of division,
With a making of attempts to erase their tracks.
The ones that lead them to a deadend they began.
With a looking back!
To proclaim others are to blame for their heightend disgust,
For not bringing a meal that appealed to all that led them to lust.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With A Making Of Mistakes Made

There are just too many quick to defend,
Their offensive and intended actions and comments.
To then pretend an innocence with a pretentiousness,
Professed in confessions others should accept in retrospect.
And should have never been taken out of context to upset,
Anyone believing they have been selected to disrespect.

And grown 'children' protected by parents embarrassed,
Seem always to cherish their freedom of liberties...
With a doing as they please that affects the quality,
Of the lives of others with a making of mistakes made...
To expect a forgiveness for their lack of thoughtlessness,
That brings a benefit of making certain mindsets exceptions.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With A Marketing Done

Are the ones pretentious,
Claiming to be blessed and highly favored...
More so,
Than those self righteous equipped and symbolized,
With a marketing done to advertise themselves...
As those followers chosen with truer beliefs?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With A Meaning, Sound And Rhythm Expressed

I find writing extremely challenging at all times,
Whenever I take a thought with words to combine.
And to depict what that thought is in my mind,
To complete a meaning that is clear and not abstract...
Takes not only much practice but a focus unmatched.

My attention is given to poetry to blend in with facts.
With a meaning, sound and rhythm expressed intact.
To then address what it is that keeps an interest to grasp,
I attempt with an approach kept imaginative that attracts.
And with a doing done to leave anyone believing this easy.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With A Microphone To Moan Into

The more attention they are given,
With a microphone to moan into...
To declare in announcement of their wounds.
Would lead anyone to think when observing this act,
That the ones who are speaking...
Were blinded and forced with others to become attached,
To inflict themselves repeatedly...
Without being aware of it.

And they whine publicly that no one cared enough,
To try to stop them from this doing.
Like children blaming their parents,
For the wrongs they choose to do.
And...
For being the reason why their lives have become miserable.
To leave themselves freed of any accountability.
Or responsible for the doing of their own misdeeds.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With A Minimal Of Effort To Convince

Isn't it easier to accuse another,
With the finding of excuses done...
For that which we do to initiate,
Than it is to step forward...
Without the presence of a safety net.
Or running behind those we 'contaminate'...
Who are willing to defend us and protect.

Isn't it easier to accuse anyone for that matter,
With a making up of excuses done on a daily basis...
For what it is we do that we implement consciously,
As long as we know...
We can fool anyone to buy anything,
From us we bring to them to sell...
With a minimal of effort to convince we are innocent.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With A More Specificity

Opps!
It's JUST a movie.
You can't hold all of us accountable,
For one act of 'uncensored' delusion.
We are creatures quick to entertain our beliefs.

'Well...
I suppose you are right.
Now can you explain with a more specificity...
Which of your delusions are 'censored'?
Since 'billions' of people have become offended.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With A Motivation Determined

One must never forget,
The generosity expressed...
By those who are naysayers.

If it had not been for nit pickers,
Critics and character assassinators...
Who would be instilled,
With a motivation determined...
To see their dreams fulfilled?

Who could say with honesty,
There was no one that boosted their desire...
To prove there was something of merit,
They could get done and could do?

Few can say they achieved,
Because it was for them a hobby.
And they awakened inspired by their own aspirations,
Without 'somebody' riding on their back.

Few,
Can say they achieved...
Because it was for them,
A love of sweating without getting rest...
And the doing of this enjoyed as a hobby.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With A Motive Not To Be Provoked

There are people with a motive,
To be...
Left alone.
And many are to this committed.
Many are to this committed.

And there are people more devoted,
To keep their peace condoned.
And many are to this committed.
Many are to this committed.

To get away from all the alibis.
And those who live their lives making up lies.
With so many to this committed.
As if there's benefit in it.
To change what they say in a minute.
This limits and this diminishes.
This limits and this diminishes.

People have a motive,
To be...
Alone!
And doing this free without limits.
And doing this free without limits.
And doing this free without limits.
And doing this free without limits.

To get away from all the alibis.
And doing this free without limits.
And doing this free without limits.

And those who live their lives making up lies.
To change what they say in a minute.
And doing this free without limits.
And doing this free without limits.

There are people with a motive,
To be...
Left alone.

And many are to this committed.
Many are to this committed.
And doing this free without limits.
And doing this free without limits.
Doing this free without limits.
Doing this free without limits.

There are people with a motive,
To be...
Left alone.
And many are to this committed.
Many are to this committed.
And doing this free without limits.
Doing this free without limits.

With a motive not to be provoked!
And...
Many are to this committed.
Many are to this committed.
And doing this free without limits.
Doing this free without limits.

With a motive not to be provoked!
And...
Many are to this committed.
And...
Doing this free without limits.

And...
With a motive not to be provoked!
And...
Many are to this committed.
And...
Doing this free without limits.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With A Mouth Closed

No one knows,
What face or shape...
Success comes to take,
To describe and declare it...
Done before it comes.
No one knows.

No one knows,
Who it is next on God's list,
Unprepared to be tested.
With yet another lesson to pass
To appease God with a doing it.
No one knows,
What task God will place upon
Someone's path.

No one knows if a love to have,
For another to confess...
Would have been better if left,
Not to express at all.
Few cows will refuse,
To give up milk...
If 'love' is the word,
They await first to hear.
When their utters are squeezed,
The process to deliver...
Is assumed.

No one knows,
If a step to take forward...
Should have been a step,
Or two to take back.
No one knows,
If a getting off track...
Prepares for a smoother ride.
Only those who have journeyed,
On rocky and bumpy roads...
Know when to rest.
And not welcome defeat.

No one knows when an opinion to hear,
Taken as criticism to remember it...
Becomes with time to comprehend.
And no one knows who God has picked,
To deliver a message.
Until that day comes with life to experience,
Listening...
With a mouth closed,
Avoids repeating lessons...
One could have easily learned long ago.

No one knows,
Until they are prepared...
To listen with their mouth closed.
And recognize,
Their romance with ignorance...
Eventually disappoints,
Those who awaken to realize...
The time they have wasted,
Believing to be satisfied...
In a one-sided affair.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With A Mouth Full Of Foot

Someone will be faulted,
For not beating around the bush.
Someone who recognizes demonic intentions...
Will identify it,
With a mouth full of foot.

Those who are bearers of false masks,
Seem always confronted...
By a lack of depth they have.

And with attempts to try to pass this,
As confidence...
There is no track record established,
To prove a sincerity has ever been shown...
From them as evidence that is meant.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With A Multiple And Diverse Agenda

The moment I hear someone gossiped about,
With a name unheard before...
I know immediately that person is making attempts,
To get something done.

And in a small town...
Where the rights and wrongs are tossed around,
That person talked about...
Has to be a new arrival trying to do,
What others refuse or choose not to.
And that is...
Something other than snooping,
In somebody else's business!

With a doing...
Hopefully that person will learn how to do,
In disguise.
Or with a multiple and diverse agenda,
In the getting of 'something' done.

Small minded folks in smaller towns,
Are provoked easily by change.
And anyone expressing intelligence.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With A Need To Express Me More

If a fly can be what it is...
And has been what it is for years.
It does not have to convince.

If a bee is known to sting...
And is left alone by those who choose,
Not to be stung.
That bee will buzz,
And be about its business.

If I know who it is that I am...
With an identity that belongs to me!
I will not be a fly.
Nor can I,
If wished...
Be a bee.
But I don't choose to be either of these.
I have chosen to be me.
And that's who it is I am.
With a need to express me more!

And...
If I should buzz while I fly?
If I so choose and decide?
That too will also be me!
Doing me as I have chosen to be!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With A Paddle But No Canoe

An empathy given is beginning to wane,
For those who initiate conflict in discreet...
And do their best to create opposition.
With a doing as that demon wishes.
That demon within them that sits...
Itching at the depths of their deception.
Determined to scratch that itch!

And a pattern is set that begins to look familiar.

As the misdeeds done that deceivers do...
Eventually emerge from their shadows.
Leaving empathizers,
More angered than disappointed.
And those who portray their innocence too well...
Find they are stuck on a distant shore,
With a paddle but no canoe to row or motorize.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With A Patience To Them To Give

It is difficult to guide anyone through,
The using of their own acquired abilities.
And to answer the question...
What does it take to create imagination,
That should originate in one's mind?
I find that to be an impossibility to do.

Although I have been told...
If I chose to be less selfish,
And more accessible to others...
I could show them what it is 'I' do,
If I provided for them the interest.
With a patience to them to give.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With A Picking Up Of Pieces

Betting to get even,
When the odds are not for all.
Makes not a bit of sense,
As many tears fall.

People wish to leap,
When sometimes it's best to crawl.
And a learning to make peace,
With a picking up of pieces.

People wish to win,
To go shopping at a mall.
Without a learning to make peace.
Or a picking up of pieces.

People want to make their rules,
And break every law.
And not learn a single thing,
About the picking up of pieces.

Losers choose to keep their status as big fools.
With disturbing of the peace,
And a dropping of their pieces.

Losers choose to keep their status as big fools.
With disturbing of the peace,
And a dropping of their pieces.

With a boo hooing done,
Or a booing who they choose.
With a leaving of no peace.
Or a picking up of pieces.

With a boo hooing done,
And loudly done too!
With no peace released,
Or a picking up of pieces.

Boooo...

Boo hooing is what they do.
With no peace.
Or a picking up of pieces.

Boooo...
Boo hooing is what they choose.
With no peace.
Or a picking up of pieces.

People want to make their rules,
And break every law.
And not learn a single thing,
About the picking up of pieces.

Losers choose to keep their status as big fools.
With disturbing of the peace,
And a dropping of their pieces.

Boooo...
Boo hooing is what they do.
With no peace.
Or a picking up of pieces.

Boooo...
Boo hooing is what they choose.
With no peace.
Or a picking up of pieces.

People wish to leap,
When sometimes it is best to crawl.
And a learning to make peace,
With a picking up of pieces.

Boooo...
Boo hooing is what they do.
With no peace.
Or a picking up of pieces.

Boooo...
Boo hooing is what they choose.
With no peace.
Or a picking up of pieces.

Dismissing to be peaceful,
With a picking up of pieces.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With A Pity That You Want

With a pity that you want,
To prove it.
With a pity that you want.

And with a pity that you want,
To prove it.
With a pity that you want.

You weep too deep,
With a pity that you want to prove it.
With a pity that you want.
To realize...
A pain you keep.
With a pity that you want,
To prove it.
With a pity that you want.

Other people who have less,
Do their best to not in public bleed.

But...
You're one of those,
With a pity that you want to prove it.
With a pity that you want.
Yes you're one of those,
With a pity that you want to prove it.
With a pity that you want.

You weep too deep,
With a pity that you want to prove it.
With a pity that you want.
And your wants are weak.
With a pity that you want to prove it.
With a pity that you want.

Other people who have less,
Do their best to not in public bleed.

But...

You're one of those,
With a pity that you want to prove it.
With a pity that you want.
Yes you're one of those,
With a pity that you want to prove it.
With a pity that you want.

You're one of those,
With a pity that you want to prove it.
With a pity that you want.
Yes you're one of those,
With a pity that you want to prove it.
With a pity that you want.

Other people who have less,
Do their best to not in public bleed.
Oh...
But you're one of those,
With a pity that you want to prove it.
With a pity that you want.
Yes you're one of those,
With a pity that you want to prove it.
With a pity that you want.

With a pity that you want,
To prove it.
With a pity that you want.

And with a pity that you want,
To prove it.
With a pity that you want,
To show you're one of those...
With a pity that you want,
To show exposed.
With a pity that you want,
To be one of those!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With A Pleading To Be Forgiven

One day cynics and their sarcasms,
Will no longer exist to be disregarded...
As ones displaying their envy and bitterness,
To depict their observations...
Of those still clinging onto their fixed,
And sweetened beliefs.
One day cynics and their sarcasms,
Will be accepted as commentators defining the times.
And keeping it real for those ending their diets,
On Grade A pretentions and those hard to face facts.

You know...
Eliminating excessive fat from one's diet isn't easy.
Especially those encouraged to accept wherever they stepped,
Produced a ton of gold without them exposing to show...
From where they 'tiptoed' their stolen treasures.
To enable themselves to flaunt their wealth...
While acquiring a distaste for humanity.

A distaste they will someday regret.
With a pleading to be forgiven of their conscious deeds.
After they have exhausted completely...
Both the feast and themselves,
From such exclusive feeding of their own selfish needs.
One day...
Cynics and their sarcasms will be embraced,
As fact finders unafraid to step on a few toes.
Or lower many turned up noses.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With A Praising Of Mediocrity

Why does anyone believe,
Someone's originality...
Can be successfully reproduced.
As if in the doing of theft,
Is one's right and moral obligation.

And people today are left to wonder,
Why their foolishness is accepted as nonsense.
And the seriousness of their abilities,
Is only perceived by those of equal limitation.
With a praising of mediocrity that sickens.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With A Pretense Meant

Making attempts to evaluate,
Mentalities in a mindset to create...
Leaves no one to escape from it,
For profit or to eliminate...
An event to describe as isolated,
With a pretense meant...
To allow those of hatred to believe,
A done to have done to initiate...
Releases them from accountability.
Or unleashes to free them from responsibility.

'These tragedies could happen,
Anywhere in the World.'

~That may be true from your point of view.
But these 'isolated' events,
Continue to happen here.
With attempts to make it clear,
The rise of threats and terrorists...
Is what you wish to excite more fear,
When it can be prevented.
Your mindset,
Is irrational and radical...
To expect 'your' accepting of nonsense,
Can be intelligently explained.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With A Pride And Interest Given

A child to nourish,
Is no different than a flower...
Protected from weeds,
To ensure it grows to full bloom.
With a pride and interest given.

Yet too many who do plant seeds,
Believe that's all they have to do...
To delude themselves with expectations,
What they plant should be left...
For someone else to protect it from neglect.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With A Prioritized Attention Given

Everyone living life,
Needs a little taste.
Of whatever for them will excite.
With a prioritized attention given.
From someone else that is mentioned.
To show they are willing,
To give another attention.
Something given to be received,
And acknowledged.
That satisfies a 'soul' to behold.

It seems unfair!
Not right,
That few appear to hog all of the attention.
All of the time.
Day 'and' night.
And some even making appearances,
Unintended.
In dreams of others unannounced.
Then disappear from sight.
As if they were invited.
To come and go as they please.
No wonder people are uptight.

Have you ever stopped to think.
Why is some create tension?
That end in conflict.
Or prolonging of unnecessary fights.
From birth this seems to be our first appetite.
We demand to get that attention fed.

Everyone living life,
Needs a little taste.
Of whatever for them will excite.
With a prioritized attention given.
A spoiled child whining.
With determination,
Will get some of it.

That's why many develop unhealthy addictions.
Smoking, drinking and over eating.
Whatever it is.
Something inside is needing to feed,
The grabbing of others' eyes.
Even if it takes an accidental stumbling into someone...
On public streets.
To then apologize.
Some kind of contact from another is what we all seek.
Whether or not that contact is obnoxious.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With A Protection Of Respect Expected

Clearly it will be displayed one day...
True fellowship.
With a courtesy that is felt and meant.
And none of this will need a law...
To research for documentation,
When the current regimented disarray obeyed...
Of nonsensical racism thaws to go away.
With a protection of respect expected...
That comes to visit and is welcomed stay.

No one today benefits at all from conflict.
Who is seen rejoicing from these sickening fits?
Anyone believing they hold an advantage,
By the persistent inciting of this...
Will admit how debilitating,
The insistence of this weakness is.

Only those who perceive,
They have interests to protect...
Will eventually come to see,
An advancement of limitation...
Is like an epidemic that diseases,
One's mind confined to a self inflicting quarantine...
That ravages and binds with a stagnation of lost time.
And that someday will come soon...
With a cure for all to leave these issues behind.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With A Proving That Is Done

There is nothing like doing,
With a proving that is done...
To anyone believing,
Someone else is in need...
Of a few lessons to be taught.
With a thoughtlessness that has begun.

Only to have it discovered by others,
Who has acquired those life experiences...
Enough to teach, reveal and convince,
To never take for granted appearances.
Especially the ones that conceal,
A suffering through hard knocks felt to feel.

And keys one has received,
Required to unlock many doors once blocked.
Obtained after going around them a lot, nonstop.
With perseverance and persistence.
And not with words to flip from lips,
Spewing them out to drop.

There is nothing like doing,
With a proving that is done.
And not for the purpose just to stun.
But to leave anyone who may be left in doubt,
An opportunity to review an agenda.
If time is given to them to figure it out.

'Hey!
I thought you said...
Teaching these lessons would be a breeze? '

~I too believe that.
However...
Who knew we would come face to face,
Unprepared to brace ourselves...
Against the winds of a sustained hurricane?
Who threw together this useless lesson plan? ~

'Shut up and keep running.
Maybe our doing of it will not be noticed.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With A Push Afoot

Stampeded in a heated field,
And crushed by one's beliefs.
Eventually has shown to those,
A strong faith kept succeeds.

And...
Lessons taught,
Once hard to face...
Surfaces to show,
A Sunrise seen exposes...
Truth is not disposable.

Those burdens carried on one's back,
Fall off like a stunned rat trapped.

Stampeded in a heated field,
And crushed by one's beliefs.
Eventually has shown to those,
A strong faith kept succeeds.

And...
Lessons taught,
Once hard to face...
No longer face defeat.

With a push afoot,
All stampedes ceases.
All input,
Seeks honesty.
With a push afoot,
All stampedes ceases.
All input,
Seeks honesty.

Stampeded in a heated field,
And crushed by one's beliefs.
Eventually has shown to those,
A strong faith kept succeeds.

With a push afoot,
All stampedes ceases.
All input,
Seeks honesty.
With a push afoot,
All stampedes ceases.
All input,
Seeks honesty.

And...
Lessons taught,
Once hard to face...
No longer face defeat.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With A Rating To Leave

Why come to sit down at a table,
On a daily and regular basis...
With nothing brought to offer or share,
To equal or compare...
To that which has been prepared.
With a glaring at the setting to closely inspect,
As if to ensure a quality with standards...
Has been appropriately met.

Then with a nibble to finish and eat to complete,
All that has been served to digest.
Only to complain about those conversations,
Not suitable to meet your standards or taste...
You seem to regret.

And with a rating to leave,
You believe could and should be more impressive.
And yet,
When tomorrow comes...
You will be the first to arrive,
Again!
To judge, evaluate and not speak.
As if to imply the menu does not satisfy.
With a rating to leave to denote your presence.
Or a lack of it there to participate and engage.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With A 'Reading' Made To Fit

There are those filled to the brim,
With belief...
All they have to do is charade pretense,
And their masking faces will be accepted.

And there are the ones,
Quick to strip false butts to leave naked.
With a 'reading' made to fit!
And caring less of their pretentiousness.

'Are you ready to split?
My face has begun to crack.
And my extensive makeup,
Is beginning to embarrass and to drip.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With A Remembered Glow

I love the colors,
Of the Autumn leaves.
When they begin to change,
On certain trees like no other.
And to sit on limbs,
Extended from branches.
As if done to enhance,
The dance of Fall.

I love also the holidays,
This time of the year.
And the cheer each one brings,
When they appear.
With a welcoming that beckons,
All to celebrate.
Staying bright in memories...
Held and remembered,
With a glow no one lets go.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With A Scanning Many Do

With a scanning many do to assess,
The outer appearance of another...
To be done from a limited mindset,
Speaks volumes about the environment...
People like that represent.
And with no thought or consciousness,
That the doing of this is disrespectful.
And of course an endorsement to enforce,
Their preference to remain ignorant on others.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With A Seeking Of An Audience

Why argue with those,
Who have found comfort...
In their own redundancy.

A fixed stubbornness...
Is not going to change.
Just as misery loves company.

And a mindset caught up in self destruction,
Loves nothing more than the attention given.
With a seeking of an audience to applaud.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With A Seeking To Be Encouraged

I've grown accustomed to view walls,
As a creative opportunity.
I see space with a wanting to use it.
As if to be inspired by what it isn't.

Others have come to sit behind walls,
Feeling blocked and locked in.
With a seeking to be encouraged,
To get up off their asses!

And I have always found time to busy mine,
With a seeking to be encouraged...
Not to sit too long in a comfort to feel,
Temporarily safe.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With A Seeking To Follow The Lead

As those who lead,
And influence the ones who follow...
So too will their footsteps,
Be chosen to accept.
Long after the journey is completed.
No matter if enlightenment has been discovered,
Or the insignifance of kept darkness...
Is adopted to embrace.
Whatever it is to be found by those looking around,
Will someday reflect the effort made...
That will determine who imitates the impression left,
With a seeking to follow the lead.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With A Selling Of Their Souls

Conditioned and quick to distance themselves,
From those who had reputations of being nonconformists.
And giving cold shoulders to those bestowed of them,
Only to discover an entrapment as time uncovers...
They are the ones who have been restricted to limitations.
And a selling of their souls sold to show their acts of fake devotion.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With A Sense Of Deserved Entitlement

In today's society,
People are seldom happy...
Unless the ruining of someone else's life,
Has come to enhance a feeling of self worth.

It is as if they've been taught from birth,
To be encouraged to recognize the signs of this.
And to implement as quick as possible,
A reason to be motivated.

And these 'positive' comments made,
Has sustained the egos of those...
With a sense of deserved entitlement.
That keeps others enduring...
The restricting limitations,
Implemented by the infliction...
Of ethnic and class divisions.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With A Sense Of This To Be Made

My heart has felt,
More than my eyes can accept.
And yet...
My mind refuses to seek denial.
Although I keep hope,
Evidence will show up...
To connect everything together.
Since time is speeding so fast...
That something has to 'click' with it,
Somehow!
With a sense of this to be made.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With A Simplifying Of My Desires

I remember the very first time I wanted something,
And it had to be delivered to me overnight.
And then I discovered the difference between wanting,
And needs as well as...
Sacrifice, initiative, devotion and tears.
Disappointment, heartbreak, disbelief, shock and dismissal.
Patience, healing and getting up off my knees.

Needless to say I am more determined today,
To separate my needs from my wants.
With a qualifying done to know what it takes,
To produce with a priority an agenda with a taste...
Of that which I now have learned to do.
With a simplifying of my desires,
Not placed within limitation of hours to realize.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With A Sitting On The 'Left' Side

Anything that deals,
With that which should be rightfully done...
Is regarded by many,
To be antics of those liberal.
With a sitting on the 'left' side.
Leaving those feeling entitled and self righteous,
To do whatever it is they choose as liked.
Wherever for them there is an advantage.
However...
With a preference to view themselves,
Conservatively fixed with sights on the right...
And blinded by the self servicing.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With A Skit To Scoot I Had To Scat

With a skit to scoot I had to scat.
Don't want to be bothered,
To stay where I'm not wanted at.

Even my days sleeping on the door mat,
Is a life threatening challenge...
If I should try to sneak back.

And for a cat replaced by a dog...
Why am I attracted,
To attempt getting into the sack with that?

When there are other cats,
Willing to teach me to use my eyes...
To get picked up!

A purring with a soft 'meow' these days,
Just does not work!
And I remember when being a Tabby,
Was the rage.

Today?
People will settle for a mongrel.
House broken or not.
And I am a full fledged 'intelligent' Tabby.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With A Slacking Done To Piggyback

With a slacking done to piggyback.
Some boot the doer,
Strapped in a saddle and allowing that.
Some boot the doer,
All day long.
And showing strength,
With a disposition strong.

With a knick-knack paddywhack,
Slapped and smacked back...
Some boot the doer.
Pity patters chit chat.
Some boot the doer.
And all day long...
Showing strength is the doer.
The doer shows strength and is strong.

Que cherche-tu mais oui beaucoup...
Some boot the doer.
Yes,
It's true.

Very much of this if you look for it.
Some boot the doer.
Yes,
And quick!

Strapped in a saddle and allowing that.
Some boot the doer.
Some boot the doer.
With a slacking done to piggyback.
Some boot the doer.
Some boot the doer.
With a knick-knack paddywhack,
Slapped and smacked back...
Some boot the doer.
Some boot the doer.
Que cherche-tu mais oui beaucoup...
Some boot the doer.

Yes,
It's true.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With A Sqeezing Done To Live

To save up today,
For a later date...
Is commendable if possible,
For those in positions to do it.

However...
For the few with tightened belts,
Wishing the taste of a cheese melt...
Can not escape from the fact,
That with a squeezing done to live...
As it already is,
Have no pennies left to pinch...
With wishes made to save them.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With A Standard Sold As Solid Gold

There is more nonsense being rejected today,
Than any other time in people's lives.
And this is the very same nonsense once protected,
To defend...
When it was regarded as a valued commodity 'then'.
With a standard sold as solid gold to hold as it glistened.
But today...
A three dollar bill if found and freshly printed by a circus clown,
Under a tent and on the ground with its image on it...
Would be treasured as having more meaning and purpose,
By those unaware where they are!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With A Sticking Comfort

It's not easy to leap and grow up.
Not easy to leave behind stuff,
That keeps one cemented and stuck...
With a sticking comfort.

People choose the things they do,
With a sticking comfort.
And it's hard to remove old shoes,
Fitting with a comfort.
But a yesterday has gone away,
Yet they...
Stick with such a comfort.
And in some minds they can't let go,
Even though their aging shows.

It's not easy to leap and grow up.
Not easy to leave behind stuff,
That keeps one cemented and stuck...
With a sticking comfort.

It's not easy to leap and grow up.
Not easy to leave behind stuff,
That keeps one cemented and stuck...
With a sticking comfort.

People choose the things they do,
With a sticking comfort.
And it's hard to remove old shoes,
Fitting with a comfort.
But a yesterday has gone away,
Yet they...
Stick with such a comfort.
And in some minds they can't let go,
Even though their aging shows.

In some minds they can't let go,
Even though their aging shows.
It's not easy to leap and grow up.
Not easy to leave behind stuff,

That keeps one cemented and stuck...
With a sticking comfort.

It's not easy to leap and grow up.
Not easy to leave behind stuff,
That keeps one cemented and stuck...
With a sticking comfort.
One should just let go.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With A Stubbornness Affixed

Some don't want this Earth for everyone.
With a doing to respect and share,
To do done.
Some don't want this Earth for everyone.
And choose to rule they do.
With conflicts to pursue.
Yes...
And everywhere!
But...
That choice maybe something they want to believe.
With a stubbornness affixed and it wont leave.

Yet,
God is the Creator...
To permit this to exist.
With a stubbornness affixed and it wont leave.

Some don't want this Earth for everyone.
With a doing to respect and share,
To do done.
Some don't want this Earth for everyone.
And choose to rule they do.
With conflicts to pursue.
Yes...
And everywhere!
Without a care.
Yet,
God is the Creator...
To permit this to exist.
With a stubbornness affixed and it wont leave.
Only God can,
With a stubbornness affixed and it wont leave.
Not You or Me but GOD,
With a stubbornness affixed and it wont leave.

Drop your weapons,
Or you'll never know a peace and rest to get.
Drop your weapons,
And the foolishness of stubbornness.

Drop your weapons,
And begin to respect this Earth as home...
And everyone and 'thing' that roams.

Drop your weapons,
Or you'll never know a peace and rest to get.
Drop your weapons,
And the foolishness of stubbornness.
Drop your weapons,
And begin to respect this Earth as home...
And everyone and 'thing' that roams.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With A Sweeping Away Of Deep Secret Weepings

When a pain is felt,
Until a numbness appears.
Who is best qualified...
To declare the depth,
Of the hurt felt dealt.
And the healing that nears,
Of the agony one alone has to clear.
Who better is best qualified,
To feel what that is...
And how that feels from inside?

Some unfeeling this,
Expect quick steps to get over it.
As if recovery from a sorrow,
Is borrowed.
To be clocked to stop at midnight.
Not to go on beyond tomorrow.

Heartbreak no one fakes.
Even though it may seem to have gone.
The one bearing it...
Knows whether it is there or not.
To be there until it quits.
Until the feeling of it drops!
With it moving on.

When someone wounds another,
In a revenge one seeks.
Why is it accepted,
A forgiveness may be sought...
With a forgetting believed,
Has been granted and reached!

Only one can say,
When a personal pain has gone away.
And until that is expressed...
No one else can profess,
What to do and how to do it!
Or which remedy is best!

How it is applied...
And in which way to push this aside.

It is there to be felt...
Until it leaves!
And the grieving with it has gone.
With a sweeping away of deep secret weepings,
From a place they had stayed!
And all teardrops have dried.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With A Sweeping You Off Your Feet

Greater Than the best I've left.
Yes.
That's how I want you pleased.
Impressed!
Believing each time I leave,
Temporarily.

I want you to feel I compete,
To win your heart.
And all that comes attached to that.
I want it know by you,
There is no other match...
For you,
But me!

Greater Than the best I've left.
Yes.
That's how I want you pleased.
Impressed!
Believing each time I leave,
Temporarily.
I am definitely going to return,
With an unmistakable sweeping you...
Off your feet!

Greater Than the best I've left.
With an unmistakable sweeping you...
Off your feet!
Believing each time I leave,
Temporarily.
I am definitely going to return,
With something that touches deeper.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With A Tasteful Frosting

A lack of discipline,
With disrespect permitted...
Repays as an expense,
By those attempting to convince...
Their lives to live have been entitled,
To give them rights to lay blame on others...
For giving them no other alternative,
But to be undisciplined.
Disrespectful.
Unmotivated without initiative or incentive.
To prove they have been incapable to face,
The truth and obstacles they have created.
Leaving them unable to recognize,
Those opportunities hand delivered...
Were not the ones to help them overcome,
Their delusions to taste an escalation of waste.
And this is wished with that promise of frosting.

'What do we want? '

~An improved baked cake.~

'And how do we want it? '

~With a tasteful frosting we can better appreciate.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With A Thawing Done That Has No Guarantee

You want to show and deliver to me a cold shoulder?
Go right ahead.
I can reveal to you someone,
Who will shut you off into a permanent freeze.
Dare me.

After I've shown you unconditional love?

You want to show and deliver to me a cold shoulder?
Go right ahead.
I can reveal to you someone,
Who will shut you off into a permanent freeze.
Dare me.

With a thawing done that has no guarantee.

You want to show and deliver to me a cold shoulder?
Go right ahead.
It is obvious you do not know me.
Or the life I've lived to feel I have that right...
To serve to you buckets of ice cubes,
Day and night for the rest of your life!

You want to show and deliver to me a cold shoulder?
Go right ahead.
The freezing done I do,
Will be remembered by you.
And that's not a threat!
It's a promise I will give to you to keep!
I seek from you a dare.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With A Toiling Done

I have been writing for so long,
The act of it is not premeditated.
It is who I am.
Something I do I understand.
And it is a gift I am grateful,
To have and be blessed with.
Some assume what I do is easy,
Because I express such love for it.

But if I had ever felt it easy...
I would find it not a challenge.
Like many who sit,
Wishing for assistance...
To confront their challenges,
They find themselves faced with.
Misunderstanding that it is 'love'...
That benefits with a toiling done of it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With A Tolerance To Ignore Despair

It has become too easy,
For some to accuse others...
To take the blame for their misdeeds.

Too easy today it is to say,
Someone else is the reason...
Why our lives lived do not please.

A climate that condones,
One not to 'own' what it is they do...
Continues to validate irresponsibility too.

And when this lack of accountability,
Confirms this with a tolerance to ignore despair...
Witnessed is mental illness increasing everywhere.

Eyes closed with wishes not to face the truth,
Only confirms an acceptance of delusion...
Those conditioned with this mindset would rather pursue.

What comes to a society historically fantasized?
Is not difficult to realize by the ones who made attempts to try,
To mention one's diet and a lack of discipline...
Has effectively created a quality of life,
All refuse to accept has long been on a downslide.

It has become too easy,
For some to accuse others...
To take the blame for their misdeeds.

Too easy today it is to say,
Someone else is the reason...
Why our lives lived do not please.

A climate that condones,
One not to 'own' what it is they do...
Continues to validate irresponsibility too.

And when this lack of accountability,

Confirms this with a tolerance to ignore despair...
Witnessed is mental illness increasing everywhere.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With A Twist Of Forbidden Truth

As if flashes of light,
These days come to pass so fast.
And those hanging onto vivid memories,
Of times that are gone...
With a taking of them family and friends,
That from 'this' world have moved on...
Seems as if the life we live,
Is just a dream in the scheme of things.

And here we are...
Illusioned by myths.
And other fantastic historic tales to tell,
About an existence left mostly to interpretation.
To sweeten imaginations with the calling of it reality.
But how much of it really is...
Reality?
And to 'whom' do we credit our perceptions?

And at what price have those paid to distort the truth?
Or...
Could it be a possibility,
We are already in the midst of that being witnessed?
As it is being described as a re-focusing of purpose.
With a twist of forbidden truth broadening the minds,
Of those wisening with wider eyes.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With A Waiting For Relief

You will have to leapfrog over past decades,
To understand with a participation done...
Just the beginning,
Of these days and times upon us...
That have come.

If you had lived on the sidelines like some,
You have been addicted to disbelief.
With a waiting for relief...
To be freed of those sights,
Paraded before you and seen.

And while you stood there conscious of it,
A voice inside of you that should have been ignored...
Told you what was observed,
Would disappear with no need to explore.
But an exploration to uncover the cause and effect...
Has left a permanent affect,
With others of the same mindset regretting.

You may have expressed to have had a faith...
But you and others,
Processed pretentions with motions to fake.
And...
Did not walk the talk,
To eliminate or balk against applied disparities.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With A Welcomed Greeting Done From The Heart

I have been writing,
Much longer than many can claim...
To have had a consciousness.

I questioned!
And never did I satisfy myself with guess work.
With a listening done that was intent.

Some are confused with the process of comprehending.
They believe it to be similar to a version of truth told.
Instead of observing with a connection to the mind,
That approves with a welcomed greeting done from the heart.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With A Wish For Themselves To Get

Given the keys and pointed to doors,
That those keys would unlock...
Did not for them stir excitement to happen.

People to them specifically appeared,
With valuable information to make it clear...
Complaints that had should be stopped.

Detailed were the instructions,
Where riches kept for them could be found.
With an abundance of it just laying around.

Signs erected ten feet high,
Flashed with neon to see in night skies.
And to this day every sign to them given,
From them they turn away...
For a seeking of someone to come and impress,
To convince them they sit on opportunities they neglect.
And yet...
Protest they do to get the little that is left,
They see others receive and this makes them upset.

'Who and WHERE are these people? '

Over there on their knees in repeated rituals pleading,
To be released from bondage that has left them disenfranchised.
But wanting their delusions to stay intact,
With a hope their burdens carried on their back...
Will attract those empathetic who recognize,
Their ability to endure a suffering they can not detach...
From a known historical attachment to that!
And with a wish for themselves to get as pitiful as possible.

'Why do you continue to depict them so sarcastically? '

Me?
I brought them the keys and showed them the doors to unlock.
And aggravated those with expertise to provide them with information.
We then erected the signs and decorated them with customed lights.

Only to be told what we did was not done right.
To then be oppose by those who protested...
That the directions to their treasures were not in colors,
They had requested or would suggest.

'Who and WHERE are these people? '

Over there on their knees in repeated rituals pleading,
To be released from bondage that has left them disenfranchised.
And with a wish for themselves to get as pitiful as possible.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With A Wish To Be Seen

I saw you the other day.
And you 'acted' as if,
You didn't know nobody!

'I did?
And where were you? '

Standing in the same line you were in,
At the grocery store the other day.
And the end of that long line.

'If I didn't see you,
Why didn't 'you' say something to 'me'? '

I'm not like that.
I don't like to bring undo attention to myself.
And besides...
You could have turned around,
To see who was standing behind you.

'You are so right.
But...
Aren't you glad I didn't?
That would have brought an undo attention,
You certainly didn't ask for.
And you were there for just one purpose.
To purchase groceries.
And I...
Stood there as patiently as possible,
With a wish to be seen.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With A Wish To Dismiss Your Pain

You have censored the existence,
Of your own lives.
To protect to keep your fantasies alive.

You have censored to maintain,
A way of life
That has gained only misery you sustain.

And now as is your druthers,
You put the blame on others.
With a wish to dismiss your pain.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With A Wish To Get A Bigger Bang

Boom, boom, boom.
Children listening to their videos.
Boom. Boom. Boom.
With the sound plugged in their ears.
And boom, boom, boom.
Violence is for them addicting,
With a wish to get a bigger bang.
Boom. Boom. Boom.
With a wish to get a bigger bang.

Boom, boom, boom.
Children listening to their videos.
Boom. Boom. Boom.
With a wish to get a bigger bang.

Spilling blood and guts are nothing,
To the kids who love it much.
Boom. Boom. Boom.
With a wish to get a bigger bang.
Boom. Boom. Boom.
With a wish to get a bigger bang.

It's a thrill for them to see somebody getting killed,
And...
Boom. Boom. Boom.
With a wish to get a bigger bang.
Boom. Boom. Boom.
And for them it's nothing but a game.

Boom, boom, boom.
Children listening to their videos.
Boom. Boom. Boom.
With the sound plugged in their ears.
And boom, boom, boom.
Violence is for them addicting,
With a wish to get a bigger bang.
Boom, boom, boom.
With a wish to get a bigger bang.
Violence is for them addicting,

And it's nothing but a game.
Boom, boom, boom.
With a wish to get a bigger bang.
Violence is for them addicting,
And it's nothing but a game.
Boom, boom, boom...
A game addicting and insane!

Violence is for them addicting,
And it's nothing but a game.
Boom, boom, boom...
A game addicting and insane!

Violence is for them addicting,
And it's nothing but a game.
Boom, boom, boom...
A game addicting and insane!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With A Wish To Keep Appearances Kept

Seeking a service or product to sell,
For the purpose to market successfully...
Only those with an expanding approach,
To include an unlimited demographic...
Have their eyes on the bottom line.

Those seeking to achieve an exclusiveness,
With a wish to keep appearances kept...
Have the right to do so.
And that is why many people like this,
See their businesses fold.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With A Wish To Repay The Betrayer

It's something to be thumbed up,
With a dump done.
Heart thumping with a lumping.
Heart thumping with a lumping.

It hard to overcome,
A shunning that stuns.
Heart thumping with a lumping.
Heart thumping with a lumping.
With a wish to repay the betrayer!

Gritting teeth with a bit of anger in it.
And a wish to repay the betrayer.
Leaving lips bitten with no anger of it hidden.
And a wish to repay the betrayer.
Feeling overheated with paypack needed.
With a wish to repay the betrayer.
Emotions come with nowhere to run.
With a wish to repay the betrayer.

Oh...my, my!
Heart thumping with a lumping.
Heart thumping with a lumping.
With a wish to repay the betrayer.

It's something to be thumbed up,
With a dump done.
Heart thumping with a lumping.
Heart thumping with a lumping.
With a wish to repay the betrayer.
With a wish to repay the betrayer.

Oh...my, my!
Heart thumping with a lumping.
Heart thumping with a lumping.
With a wish to repay the betrayer.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With A Wish To Write Words

I have come to cherish,
This gift I've been given...
With words to create.

I only knew I had been attracted to letters.
Upper case/lower case?
To me it didn't matter.

Then one day I awakened,
With a wish to write words all over the place.
The walls in hallways, cement stars and doors.
I thought they needed written words on them!
What else would they be there for?

'And...? '

And...?
What?

'Is that it?
What about your words? '

I like to use them when I write.
However...
In conversation?
I am mainly submissive.

'Do you prefer upper or lower case? '

That depends on the mood, the setting...
And,
Of course...
The ambiance that sustains,
My attractiveness to the subject.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With A Witnessing Of This Done

Why would it surprise you,
That those with the least amount of life experience...
Are the first to express,
Their opinions about someone else.
And needless to say,
From an unchallenged and comfortable point of view.
Within a boxed in comfort zone!

Only those experiencing their lives,
To adventure on their own...
With a witnessing of this done,
On a daily basis.
And implementing their deeds to accomplish...
With a feeding of curiosity that inspires,
Are the ones critiqued with a passing of judgement.
Which is for them as familiar as opinionated people.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With A Yesterday That Has Moved On

The promise of a new day guarantees,
Something that leaves for many a familiarity...
With a yesterday that has moved on.

Those same faces with old complaints,
Will not indicate there is a difference made at all.
And that is spoken with a promise guarantered.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With Acceptance As If Selected

Too convenient has been made a dropping that exists,
Of one's responsibilites on the shoulders of others...
To allow and permit.

Too convenient has it been made,
To do this and dismiss.
And too convenient are agreements,
Deciding to this.
With a leaving those in silence,
If they choose to resist.

Too convenient has it been made,
To do this and dismiss.
And too convenient are agreements,
Deciding to this.
With acceptance...
As if selected.

Too convenient has it been made,
To do this and dismiss.
Of one's responsibilites on the shoulders of others...
To allow and permit.

Just too convenient has it been made,
To do this and dismiss.
And too convenient are agreements,
Deciding to this.
With acceptance...
As if selected.

With a giving up of time as if no one should mind.
And with acceptance...
As if selected.
With a giving up of time as if no one should mind.
And with acceptance...
As if selected.
With a giving up of time as if no one should mind.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With Affixed Discretions

Raised on hate.
Rescinded bad judgements,
Don't break affiliations...
That one makes.
Accepted,
When one is taught...
And raised on hate!
Reflecting a society,
Draped!
And shallowed in denial,
By such debates.

Truth comes late!
When money spoils eyes of those
Who create mistakes!
Exposing ignorance,
As a choice...
To validate what takes place.
And remorse dressed to seek forgiveness...
With excuses,
Does not thaw a salvation...
From hearts feeding,
On demented values condoned.
With a sympathy displayed,
Scored by a symphony that plays!

But when shown...
Some chosen acts of cruelty,
Done by those well known...
Are denied and outlawed!
Uncovering the flaws,
Of a twisted system chewed...
Between the teeth of demon jaws!
Without review!
Or an addressing of the standards
Demanded...
And ordered to continue.
With affixed discretions,
Bloodied, blessed and subdued!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With Age Comes A Bravery

The mind.
The body.
And every muscle,
Connected...
To patience long neglected,
By a show of disrespect.
Becomes strengthened with discipline,
That shows and goes into effect.

Stretching beyond pain felt that aches,
Will eventually elevate a foot to lift...
With a determination to hit a mark,
Directly embraced,
By an awaiting targeted placed...
One desires to hit with an unsuspecting,
Swiftness of it.

'Owwww...
Why did you do that? '

With age comes a bravery,
I guess!
Who knows what tomorrow may bring?

'That doesn't make sense! '

Oh?
You don't know how much it does!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With Age Comes Opened And Widened Eyes

Those who come to unite together,
With the taking of steps to prevent success...
Of just one,
To ensure defeat to that one is done...
Come to create the doing of their own failure.
And not having the sense of a consciousness,
To comprehend...
When anyone attempts to prevent success,
In a doing that succeeds...
They eliminate themselves from achieving,
What they perceive someone else will receive...
Since those with determined wicked egos,
Would rather without letting go...
The depths of their own creation!

'They enjoy defeating others.
Believing this leaves them successful.'

~But they cheer the success of the spreading of it.
Without knowing they've become the ones most affected.~

'It is best not to argue with that kind of ignorance.
One day they will come to understand,
A disease they create to infect another...
Does not leave them immuned from it.
Or...
That a watching to approve someone else defeated,
Does not keep them to nourish alone separately.
If they are the extended branches on a tree.
And many kept blind can not see their lives that way.
But...
Gleefully dance they do as they destroy the roots of it.
Eventually...
All of what had been part of the tree dies.'

~What are you saying? ~

'With age comes opened and widened eyes.
And I've never seen anyone run,

Without feet to do it done.
But I have witnessed a lot of fools trying to prove it.'

~What are you saying?
I don't understand.~

'Here...
Take this ax.
Now chop off your own foot,
To believe it will cause me the pain.'

~Why would I do something stupid like that,
To believe it would cause 'you' pain? ~

'Why would someone create another's defeat,
To believe they will not be affected?
Pain to feel is eventually felt by all.'

~No.
You take the ax.
Chop off your own foot.~

'Why would I want to de-feet myself?
Without one day wanting to see you de-feeted too.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With All Cuckoos Loose Outside Their Coops

There are those,
Who are more impressed...
By what one selects to wear,
To dress in clothes...
They could care less,
If one's head is filled with emptiness.
Just as long as an image is kept to show...
'Cause,
That is all some people want to know.
And will follow.
Yes!
'Cause how one dresses to impress,
With an image to address...
Is all that people live for,
And...
This shows!
Everywhere thoughtlessness feeds deceit,
'Cause...
That is all some people live to know.
With a scooby and a doo to toot.
Is this all the people live for...
And want to know.
With all cuckoos loose outside their coops!
Is this all the people live for,
And...
Want to know.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With All Due Respect

We have come to tell you,
We find your actions to be...
Despicable, distasteful to our policies.
Disrespectful to our rules.
Offensive and totally nonconforming.
And...
You have rubbed us the wrong way.

'Whew!
That's a relief.
When I saw the two of you,
Approaching me with those huge smiles...
I thought you were about to deliver,
Well...
Bad news.

You see,
For the record...
I tried to tell you that myself when we first met.
But during that initial meeting,
When asked...
If anyone had anything further to discuss,
My raised hand was ignored.
And that meeting you ended.
You have to remember that?
I was then new on the scene.'

That's not the issue here.
What is it that you intend to do?

'Have I been honest? '

Too honest.

: 'Have I been direct? '

Too direct.

'Have I been accountable? '

Well...

'Have I or have I not been accountable? '

Well, yes.
And that's the one thing,
That is the most embarrassing to us.
You seem not to care you are ruining our reputations.

'You''ll get over it.
You think it's easy for me,
Getting up every morning...
'Knowing' that's the kind of person I am.
Do you know how I struggle through the day,
With that kind of guilt on my mind?
And not have a deceiving thought to share all day long?
Do you know how hard that is?
And to live with happiness around here, too?

You've asked me what I intend to do.
Is this correct? '

Yes.
What are your intentions.

'With all due respect.
My intentions are to ignore you.
Just like you did me when we first met.
I am sure that should be familiar.
Don't you all do that to yourselves as well? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With All Mental Screams Unheard

Few have expressed...
Any interest at all that is left,
In accepting your philosophies.
And what needs to be done...
To stop more wounding of those,
Already on bruised knees.
Bleeding for a victory!
You insist can be won.

Truth as 'you' know it,
Hasn't shown much to offer.
Except those like you...
Who continue filling their coffers.

Criticsms of those who opposed you then...
Haven't diminished in numbers.
They've increased,
To add many more of them.

To call you a liar,
No longer now applies.
Especially when you've cost,
So many to lose their confidence...
With their eroded quality of lives!

You can say anything you want,
To defend yourself to no end.
But you are the reason for this devastation.
And divisions with conflict...
You dare to declare you will defend!
Proving you are the king of demonic dens.

You and what you 'value'...
Have resulted in much heartbreak!
You and your 'ways'
Have created a pain that stays bitter.
With a seething that slows the progress...
Of any mending that could begin!

You aren't even worth the act of flushing.
Hopefully you will rot!
With a punctuated guilt.
That torments with a stinging.
Burning as it rushes...
Upon you to crush into insignificant dust!
That refuses on this Earth to drop.

With all mental screams unheard!
Deserved.
As you are pinched to pieces,
In your heat infested hell!
You have served yourself so well.

And with time,
Lessons learned...
Will keep you historically used.
As an example of how a poisoned mind...
Eventually unwinds.
To leave a legacy forgotten!
But remembered as the lowest of its kind.

And 'never' again in humanity to be repeated!
You have slimed the meaning of a leadership,
Once from you...
All in your demented view,
Thought they could depend.
Thought from you they needed!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With All Struggles Gone

Things have gotten old.
And,
Things have gotten...
Better reminisced to live.
Than,
Adding a freshness to have,
In a 'today' NOW that's given.
'Cause...
Too many people fear what's new.
And...
Would rather live a life,
They had and once knew.

Too many people roaming like they've lost their way home.
Too many people roaming like they feel all alone.
Too many people roaming by themselves and condoning,
Misery and headaches as if purchased and owned.
And groaning with a moaning just to have it known...
They're afflicted to a suffering and wanting it shown,
They've been beaten and deceived as if needed to moan.

Too many people roaming like they've lost their way home.
Too many people roaming like they feel all alone.
Too many people roaming by themselves and condoning,
They've been beaten and defeated as if to need and moan.

Things have gotten old.
And,
Things have gotten...
Better reminisced to live.
Than,
Adding a freshness to have,
In a 'today' NOW that's given
'Cause...
Too many people fear what's new.
And...
Would rather live a life,
They had and once knew.

Too many people roaming like they've lost their way home.
Too many people roaming like they feel all alone.
Too many people roaming by themselves and condoning,
They've been beaten and deceived as if to need and moan.

Too many people roaming like they've lost their way home.
Too many people roaming like they feel all alone.
Too many people roaming by themselves and condoning,
Misery and headaches as if purchased and owned.
And groaning with a moaning just to have it known...
They're afflicted to a suffering and wanting it shown,
They've been beaten and defeated with a needing to moan.

Too many people suffering and they want it known,
They would rather have their lives to live with all struggles gone.
They would rather have their lives to live with all struggles gone.

Too many people suffering and they want it known,
They would rather have their lives to live with all struggles gone.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With All That Is Given

To be released from a bondage,
With an ability to 'see'...
Is a blessing The Creator gives,
That frees one's mind to perceive...
Unlimited possibilities.

There's not a species of life,
Like that of another.
And even with bestowed similarities...
Each has its uniqueness,
With a specific identity.

And it seems that human beings,
With 'our' intelligence...
Subject ourselves,
To a stagnating ignorance.
And conform we do to deceptions too!

To be released from a bondage,
With an ability to 'see'...
Is a blessing The Creator gives,
That frees one's mind to perceive...
Unlimited possibilities.

And 'some' with all that is given...
Get stuck in a mindset,
That corrupts the progess of a process...
With a belief they can make it stay,
As if mankind has the power to be obeyed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With All That There Is Given

With all that there is given,
I can not digest...
To say I fully comprehend,
Before beginning...
Again to want more.

And with wishes not to be ignored,
While biting too much not to chew...
To appreciate and savor a flavor,
I am without patience to taste...
Just a piece of that which is offered.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With Amenities Unexpected

Catch me as if...
You have awaited,
For someone to deliver...
Reasons for your heart to beat.

And I will not disappoint,
With amenities unexpected.

Fresh is the air I supply.
With morning Sunrises,
To captivate your dancing eyes.
And with each Sunset...
You will know each one comes,
Created just for you.

I will be all that you need,
Want...
And kept to feel desired!

Catch me as if...
You have awaited,
For someone to deliver...
Reasons for your heart to beat.

And I will not disappoint,
With amenities unexpected.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With An Abandonment Done To A Randomness

With an increased abandonment done,
To a randomness...
Specific issues are addressed,
And pursued...
In a more seriousness now confessed,
That subdues.

And what had been taken for granted,
Is now inspected for content to digest.
With many finding themselves less subjected,
To the impressions of self importance once kept.

And finding more that their interests are focused,
On the prevention of hunger and homelessness.
Since those finding themselves jobless,
Witness the degrading affects of effective disrespect.
That seems to have jeopardize their own footsteps.

And for reasons felt upfront and personal...
This is not acceptable!
With no place in Africa to go back to...
To feel or renew a familiarity.

'If you don't like it here,
Why don't you go back to...'

I get it, I get it, I get it!
Rub it in...
Why don't you?
You don't give us any slack!

'Oh...
Was that one of your investments given? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With An Absence Of Integrity

I feel compelled
To leave you with something to digest.
In these times you have manifested distrust.
Selecting those you oppose,
With decisive criticsms.
Fed to others to get results,
You infest with that ivestment.

And yet...
There is one thing that stands out in my mind.
You and your kind lack an identity anyone can see.
And with an absence of integrity...
How do you expect to be respected?
When substance has never been a part of your diet!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With An Acceptance Of This More Invited

You think I am arrogant?
Too self assured with confidence?
And my walk detects I have pride and dignity,
With an identity I am aware of that is kept to keep?
And this you detest and makes you upset?
And the reason you despise me?
Good.

If I stand out that much in your neighborhood,
To the point that my belief in myself is noticed...
And you have found 'me' to dislike?
Perhaps that speaks volumes about the environment.
And why disrespect is in abundance.
To ignite conflicts and an ignorance you solicit.
With an acceptance of this more invited.

'But why you can't be like everyone else? '

I hope you are not waiting for an answer from me,
To validate the keeping of your insecurities.
There is nothing about me that feels inferior,
For the purpose to keep your negativity pleased.
I am not into self destruction.
Nor do I feed on a feast of envilness.
That is too easily provided to digest.
I've changed my diet and that's what you see.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With An Acceptance To Acknowledge

Early in my life,
I learned to navigate.
And appreciate what I initiated.

Mistakes I have made.
And not one did I excuse.
I admit I have a low tolerance for weepers.
Perhaps I understand them too much.
I have yet to witness the sharing of sorrows,
Mend anything to become productive.

Early in my life,
I learned to navigate.
And appreciate what I initiated.
But the loneliness of doing that alone,
I abandoned to socialize with others.
Needless to say...
Some lessons learned should never be abandoned.

Early in my life,
I learned to navigate.
And appreciate what I initiated.
With an acceptance to acknowledge,
Some lessons learned should never be abandoned.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With An Action Given

With an action given,
Expect to take one back!
There is nothing done without activation.
If you've been insulted...
Or have shared your critique.
Don't think what has been done,
Is going to provide a peaceful sleep!

Some folks can not let go...
And wish to keep a stagnation brewing!
Either it repeats in their minds,
Or they spend the time mentally reviewing.
Yes!
And it provokes a redundance.

With an action given,
Expect to take one back!
Just expect it.
It doesn't mean it is coming.
But at least you are prepared...
To be questioned or attacked!

Either way your life is perceived...
There is nothing that is 'dished'
That's going to lay flat on its back!
It will be used.
Again and again.
Observing this provides the facts.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With An Active Listening

When I stopped taking the offensive side,
Immediately as I had done...
In my inexperienced past.
With a doing,
Whenever I had been called ignorant.
One day I awakened to realize,
It was my own ignorance I defended.
Until I began with a learning process,
That allowed a comprehension to decrease it.
And with an active listening I chose to start doing.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With An Adventuring To Do To Explore More

Did I think,
One day you'd be reading me?
No!
Not this way.
But Reading you,
And the things people did and do.
I've always done.
Using a pad and pen.
To diescribe situations,
I'd find myself in.

Today who reads what I say,
Or believes what I express.
Depicts me best.
May or may not be true at the time.
Since my mind finds topic to explore.
And when I've completed my interest.
I leave that behind to open another door.
With an adventuring to do to explore more.
Is what I use my writing for.
To expose 'my' heart on my sleeve to me is a bore.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With An Aged, Wise Mind

I too had been confined...
In a youthful body,
With an aged, wise mind.

It seemed as if I was older than most.
Sure,
I played games with my peers then.
Though bored to tears...
Doing things kids did.

I grew to feel unusual.
Like an 'ET' from out of space.
Whenever the opportunity came to play hide and seek...
I went to a neighborhood variety store,
To speak to the owner...
About 'stuff' that was out of other children's reach.
And when I was done,
The 'kids' would ask me where I hid!
I laughed and told them anything.
Just to watch their faces...
That were so inquisitive.

I understand that mind one has...
Growing and trapped behind eyes so young.
And I have no advice to share for someone like that.
Since I'm sure they will not be ignored.

Dedicated to:
Risha Ahmed
Cochin, India

'Risha...
Keep your patience.
You are blessed with a gift of expression.
AND, at age 'eleven'? ...you have nothing but more
of your 'brilliance' to share.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With An Anticipating Done

Don't expect I will know,
What to me has not been communicated.
If you have not met with me face to face,
But address your assumptions.
On a regular basis.
Don't expect I will know,
What to me has not been communicated.
Especially if your mind has become fantasized,
With an anticipating done of my reactions

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With An Attitude Seen To Do It

If I hopped to skip,
To then jump through hoops...
With an attitude seen to do it,
Sweating from heat and at high noon.
Guess who's business the doing of this,
Would be?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With An Awakening That Was Done

If I had just one insult to make,
Let it be the one you take...
And analyzed as something said,
That offends you enough to influence...
An improvement that benefits,
Those irritating things you do.

As if a thought to assess,
Never entered with consciousness...
To reflect with insight inside your head.
The prooof of it I have not yet to witness.

And hopefully,
One day you will come to see me...
As someone who finally,
Spoke to you the truth!
With an awakening that was done,
You from that day continued to pursue.

Not too many,
Are offering to speak the truth without pay.
Not today!
Not at the cost and price of defamation.
Or the degree of receiving,
Either staring or rolling eyeballs.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With An Easy Weeping Done

She runs and hides.
And prefers to be subjected,
To one's search who is seeking.

Clever in procrastinating,
And that is it!
Quick to play follow the dancing ball.
With whomever she finds easy to lick.
Convincing onlookers she is legit.

With flaws not quite hidden,
Although accustomed to deny.
As she embellishes the truth...
She will defy the telling of lies.

Wanting to be praised...
Not hazed for being lazy.
She will go out of her way,
To depict someone else as crazy!
And to any extent in her own defense...
A keeping of pretensions,
Is her intention.

She runs and hides.
And prefers to be subjected,
To one's search who is seeking.
With an easy weeping done...
She fears a truth that chases.
But celebrations that are faked,
Do come to an end.

'She's just being who she is.'

~And I'm making it clear I'm no longer her victim.
I do not solicit with a choice to choose,
Whether I prefer deception or betrayal.
Or both as a joke to provoke my integrity.
And that's just...
Being me.

I'm too familiar with the environment.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With An Edible Feeding Of Nonsense

Some people believe they are above and not equal.
With abilities to steal and thieve.
But all of us on Earth have come...
From Earth to leech.
And I am fascinated!

Some people have this 'thing' about their rights.
And they select which groups are not qualified.
But I observe us here breathing together,
The air that God supplies.

And I am fascinated.
By what is perceived.
I'm fascinated...
By the afflictions that lead to limited beliefs.

But not long do I stay in that frame of mind,
With my own life to live on a mission to satisfy,
My own curiosities.
And I've got plenty of them.
With less time to spend among those enriched,
With an edible feeding of nonsense prescribed...
To devour.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With An Ego Fed

It may take for some many years,
To realize they have been used as suckers.
And the ones who did the deceiving,
With a suckering done to do them in.

It may take for some 'years' to have it dawn,
What has been going on and on prolonged...
Has been that way without them aware.
Because someone was there prepared to feed egos.

And with an ego fed,
Very few care to be aware of what's around them.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With An Image To Fool

Demons don't have to be adorned with horns
They can look as sweet as they choose.
And many do...
Choose.

Demons don't have to masquerade a hiding of their tails,
Sometimes they're in tuxedos too.
And many do...
Wear suits and ties and display manicured nails.

And those who are depicted devils,
Could be angels that surround you...
With a speaking of a truth you refuse,
Because they don't...
Impress you,
With an image to fool.

Demons don't have to be adorned with horns,
They can look as sweet as they choose.
And many do...
Choose.

Demons don't have to masquerade a hiding of their tails,
Sometimes they're in tuxedos too.
And many do...
Wear suits and ties and display manicured nails.

And those who are depicted devils,
Could be angels that surround you...
With a speaking of a truth you refuse,
Because they don't...
Impress you,
With an image to fool.

And demons do...
Want to impress with an image,
Just to fool you.

And demons do...

Want to impress with an image,
Just to prove they can dupe you to fool.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With An Infectious Likability

If an intelligence was based upon,
The reflection of one's competence...
There would be few elected to leadership positions.
Since the requirements would ensure...
A proving of a thought process.
Instead of how one impresses,
With an infectious likability.
And how one stylishly is dressed.
To later prove no mental depth,
That benefits an waiting to satisfy expectations.

'The look and dress certainly impresses.
But the incompetence shown...
Embarrasses those who can not hide their distress.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With An Intent To Incriminate

Let's begin to unravel this mess,
You began to complicate.
Shouldn't you go to others to confess,
What you did to initiate...
You did with a doing to choose me,
To implicate.
With an intent to incriminate!
And they believed your faked innocence,
Was enough to come to your defense?
To leave me subjected,
With every aspect of your shown pretense!
What do you want from me?
Expressed forgiveness?

'I came hoping you would give me the courage,
To tell the truth.'

How?
By performing on you,
Domestic abuse...
To use against me as further proof,
To show to your friends and relatives...
More evidence to convince them,
You did nothing to me and I re-acted as I did?
I'll tell you what I can do!

'Please.
I need to get my dignity and self respect back.'

Good.
What I suggest.
Since you created all of this mess,
Is to go to your friends and relatives...
And confess how big of a liar you are.

'They wont believe me.'

Why?

'Because I've already told everyone,
That's what you were.'

And?

'I'm afraid of what they might do to me.'

It couldn't be any worse than what you've done to me.
You've ruined all of my relationships.

'Yeah but...
Some of my relatives and those friends of yours...'

MY friends?

'Yeah.
They were in on it too! '

WHEW!

'Why are you sighing with relief? '

I'm glad I wont be the one charged or arrested,
For committing domestic abuse.
But I will make to you this promise.

'Yes. Please. Anything.'

Hopefully...
And if God permits,
I'll have time to make hospital visits.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With An Interest To Sniff Your Assets

what real difference will it make,
If a thief has hidden a stolen wealth...
And has not paid any taxes?

What advantage to your life will you have,
with a disclosure like this,
That does not directly benefit where you sit.
Other than to know...
Not a finger on either hand will touch a bit of it.
With a counting to determine,
How many zeros are in front of a decimal.

The only aid that will come to assist,
Is an ability to add more of your unsolicited gossip.
To travel from your lips to ears for other ears to hear.
That's it.

Suggestion...
Do this!
Just to see how quick,
You will get attention from the government.
With an interest to sniff 'your' assets.
Start a rumor you have won the lotto!
They will be near not to rid.
OR new friends or unlimited relatives.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With An Unabashed Bragging Done

You have a beautiful home,
Landscaped in a wonderful setting.
You have a family and prized possessions,
And investments you have made...
That have returned to you sweet dividends.

You drive a very nice car.
And your taste in fashion is exquisite.
You receive countless social invitations,
With an unabashed bragging done...
Whenever I visit.

And yet...
You express an insecurity about that,
Which implies an unhappiness.
I have none of your 'assets' to impress.
But...
I am thrilled.
And this seems to make you upset.

My path and direction taken,
Has had nothing to do with you.
Is there something about my own decisions made...
You believed I secretly,
Competed with you with something to prove?
And I have accomplished 'that' which I said I would do?
What is it?

'I was hoping you would fail.
In fact,
You have made me feel the fool.'

Well...
You did make that your choice.
And those choices you have made,
Surround you too.

We all make our choices.
Some are not so pronounced,

As those of others...
Who love to show and tell with a strut.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With And Never Without The Trees

Having peace of mind to find,
Has never been found to purchase.
There is no price that can be put on it.
Nor can it be switched to bargain with,
At a flea market to get.

Kept no longer relevant to remain that way,
Is a mind that has spent too much time...
Devoted to depression and negativity.
To awaken with it to discover,
The stopping of a feeding on it...
Does wonders for the health of one's mentality.
Few are heard to pray for a positive disposition.

Choosing not to be caught up and distraught,
By the of chasing clouds with silver linings...
And/or rainbows flowing gold in pots at their ends.
What does make the difference,
Is when one sees the forest...
With and never without the trees.
To witness it to actually see this to accept,
As reality.
And this painful step taken,
Gets one closer to knowing what happiness means.

Having peace of mind to find,
Has never been found to purchase.
Ask anyone with possessions they have collected.
But still stressed out trying to impress someone.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With And Without A Show Of Interest

What is it that I want from you?
Consistency!
Since I've been giving that,
For as long as I can remember.
With and without a show of interest.
Or a sign of gratitude from you.

Why am I doing this...
And at my own expense?
It is an investment of patience.
And soon,
I am going to relax and enjoy the dividends.

And while you make the same excuses,
You have chosen to do...
Consistency I wished and wanted from you,
Might take place in my memory.
But don't bet on it!

I've been too motivated to prove to myself,
All I need is discipline and focus to achieve.
And...
Well,
I was hoping you would recognize that too!

Since I only have one pair of sleeves I keep rolled up...
I'm not trying to devote my attention all over the place.
Especially if my business,
Is taking care of it!
And not in persistent excuse making.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With Angst And Cynical Rhetoric

Why are your commentaries,
So filled with angst and cynical rhetoric?

'I like the way you put that!

If my concerns were printed,
To exclude all delusions...
I would be considered socially unfit.
And with the use of censorship...
You would not be exposed to any of it.

That is why I have chosen,
To edit my own comments.
Ensuring my angst felt with cynical rhetoric,
Would leave you to read between the lines.

To find your own reason,
To mutilate and redefine...
A more intellectual way to express your anger.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With Anticipation Growing As Those Holidays Approach

Words of clarity.
Deep meaning.
And sincere.

'Look...
You have chosen me,
To be your competitor.
I'm not thinking about your ass! '

And as the season of Fall begins,
With anticipation growing as those holidays approach.
There in our hearts are those tender sentiments.
To be shared and reminisced,
Today and in future seasons.

'Hey, look pal...
Screw you too!
I don't have time for this.
Are you going to use that damn shopping cart or not?
Fool! '

~What did you call me? ~

'I called you a fool, fool! '

And we pray to express out gratitude at Thanksgiving.
We unwrap those saved selected ornaments,
To decorate our homes and the beautiful Christmas Tree!
And we do this with love in out hearts!

'If I had change to give you,
I would have given it to you.
Look...
If you don't stop ringing that bell in my face,
I am going to tell the manager of this store
You are out here creating a disturbance.
Am I making myself clear?

You people always looking for hand outs! '

*What do you mean by 'you' people? *

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With Approved Authority

There are those who are extremely happy,
And proud to see those of color suffering.
This allows them to validate their wicked ways,
With a feeling better of themselves discreetly.
Knowing the can destroy the lives of others.
And...
With approved authority,
Establish charities to convince they represent...
An image of wholesomeness,
That provides a dependency AND oppression...
Which protects and hides their incompetence,
With a shielding of their insecurities.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With Attempts To Do This Done

Rarely few and barely none,
Will be mention to get an attention...
For an upright life wished to live,
With attempts made to do this done.

But 'someone' admitted,
To have committed crimes against others...
Will be selected and picked,
To appear on a rock magazine cover.

'Where on EARTH,
Do you come up with such nonsense? '

Minding my business.
With a preference not to be convinced...
How decadence is accepted,
And marketed by those without consciousness.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With Attempts To Eliminate

The hardest fight anyone awakened today faces,
With attempts to eliminate...
Is against the overwhelming presence of mediocrity,
And those protecting their love for abundant ignorance.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With Beliefs Their Misdeeds Are Not Perceived

No one achieves heights of success,
Professing what they have done...
Is at their best.
When what they have taken,
Is from someone else's nest.
To impress with accolades,
They expect to get!

Perhaps 'temporarily'...
They may strut in a charading,
With claims to attest!
But a theft is what it is.
And eventually faces protest and regret.
Upsetting not the victim...
But those who deceive,
With beliefs their misdeeds are not perceived!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With Beliefs They Are Entitled

When one is young and alone.
And survives in environments,
Not previously known...
One learns to observe,
With a keener consciousness.

Those who have not had this experience,
Are subjected not to take their lives as serious.
And...
They are not that observant.
Although express wishes to be entertained.

With beliefs they are entitled...
To what they did not earn.
With demands commanded,
To get that which is believed they deserve.

And with a narcissistic nerve,
Believe their wants and needs...
To be delivered at the expense,
Paid by someone else...
Who provides to them the serving.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With Both Feet In Debt And Sorrows

Investments made to ensure deposits are stocked,
In an abundance of ignorance...
That has become overwhelmingly popularized,
Shouldn't shock anyone who fed on this existence...
With a persistence to keep it prioritized.

And the awareness of this and who has invested,
Shouldn't surprise that those cries now heard...
Come from pits slick and deep in regrets,
To cover the ones with both feet in debt and sorrows.
Just to prove they can keep others disenfranchised,
And themselves selfishly receiving the benefits of greed.
What mind with a consciousness perceives the doing of this,
Is effective and keeps progress beneficial and healthy?

Keeping one foot on a certain segment of society,
To prevent its movement to limits and restrictions...
Does not provide the other foot...
A comfort and freedom to do as it pleases.
Both feet eventually begin to sink in the sludge.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With Clarity Achieved

When a mind is freed and released,
To experience a life lived with unavoidable changes...
One's perception of what is real and what isn't,
Often comes to offend...
Those not there to comprehend with intention,
One who did not choose but goes through...
A revealing of a clarity that one can not pretend.

As if for the first time one begins to breathe,
The freshness of air one receives to believe.
And with clarity achieved,
Deceit is revealed existing everywhere...
To see with a witnessing,
How easily reality can be manipulated...
With few conscious enough to be aware of it there.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With Comments Made

Why do people seem to take steps,
That are less effective than those suggested?
To then accuse those who are correct,
Of thinking they know better than the rest.
With comments made that are offensive,
To say...
If someone knew so much to address,
That is correct.
Why aren't they living with a doing...
To be more impressive.

'He had the nerve to tell me,
Where he lived was his 'home'.
And it aint nuthing but an apartment,
With things in it I wouldn't own.'

~But what has that got to do,
With suggestions recommended...
He to you were made? ~

'I know people with much more to offer.'

~And their suggestions made to you were 'what'? ~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With Concern To Prove

Who could better interpret,
From my point of view...
Those experiences I've had,
My whole life through...
From the day of my birth?
Could you do it?
To me that has to be proven.

And if I should become sick,
Or sustain an uncomfortable bruise...
Guess who would rush to my aid,
With concern to prove they do...
Showing interest in my healing process too?
And don't mention yourself.
Because that for a fact would not be you.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With Conflicts Perceived To Be The Goal To Reach

To comfort with a smothering of lies,
Does one thing.
It keeps the production of deceit,
Thriving to become more respected...
With conflicts perceived to be the goal to reach.
And peace?
Well...
What about it?
It has already proven not to be marketable.
Or of benefit to those greedy.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With Dependence On Amendments

Bullets shot from guns to find...
A reason for a need to wound.

Bullets shot from guns to find...
Why minds are defending,
And without end...
A willingness to kill.
Why are minds like this defending,
A willingness to kill.

Bullets shot from guns to find...
Excuses to define,
These times.

Bullets shot from guns to find...
A dependence on amendments.
And...
A willingness to kill,
With dependence on amendments.
An okay just to kill.
With dependence on amendments.

Bullets shot from guns to find...
A dependence on amendments.
And...
A willingness to kill,
With dependence on amendments.
An okay just to kill.
With dependence on amendments.

Bullets shot from guns to find...
A reason for a need to wound.

Bullets shot from guns to find...
Why minds are defending,
And without end...
A willingness to kill.
Why are minds like this defending,
A willingness to kill.

With dependence on amendments,
Approving killing thrills.
Why are minds like this defending,
A willingness to kill.
With dependence on amendments,
Approving killing thrills.
With dependence on amendments,
To open killing fields.

Bullets shot from guns to find...
A reason for a need to wound.
And...
To open killing fields.
With dependence on amendments,
Approving killing thrills.
With dependence on amendments,
A willingness to kill.
With dependence on amendments,
To open killing fields.
With dependence on amendments,
Approving killing thrills.
With dependence on amendments,
A willingness to kill.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With Determination

Decide you are deserving,
To whip some excitement up...
In your life.
Just a notch or two for you will do it.
And with determination,
You may enjoy your 'trip'.
Something don that is unscripted.
And off that beaten path a bit.

Don't sew any crops to leave to dust,
Untouched.
Choose to make a move,
You would not normally do.
Choose to prove you can make that move.
Prove...
To yourself,
Restricted limitations you can break through!

Decide you are deserving,
To whip some excitement up...
In your life.
Just a notch or two for you will do it.
And,
With determination...
You may enjoy your 'trip'.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With Disbelief That Is Sought

No one can prevent an event,
That has happened...
From it happening again.
Since an event to prevent from its happening,
Takes a knowing of its occurrence...
To ensure those who are prepared,
Prior to their prayers...
They are ready to undo,
That which they have come to face.
Or at least be aware,
With a paying of an attention,
Intended to comprehend.

And even then...
Warning signs and messages,
Delivered to them...
Go ignored.
People await for their preferences to be met.
To then protest in regret,
The teaching of lessons they get and must learn.
But refuse to accept them taught,
With disbelief that is sought...
To keep their delusions validated.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With Discipline, Initiative And Priority

As a kid,
I use to want for those wishes.
With my eyes focused on dreams.
But my first lessons learned,
Were to how to use a broom.
With a mopping of a floor.
And how to wash a dish...
After I finished using it.
And personal hygiene,
I had been taught very early...
Were the basics connected,
To any wish and dream I envisioned...
With discipline, initiative and priority.

'Gee Ma!
How come I can't go out to play,
Like a normal child? '

~You will find a lot of time to do that.
Trust me.
But right now...
I'm not looking for normalcy.
Is that understood? ~

'Do I have a choice? '

~Sure you do.
Do as I say or suffer the consequences.
And...
If I hear any more of your 'lip',
You just might end up doing both.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With Druthers To Smother Others

It will always be my intention,
Unmentioned but done...
To deliver and refuse,
Making excuses with an ease to do.
Or have anyone take my efforts,
With a purpose to disqualify...
My endeavors to dismiss,
As being less than my best.
When I know little rest I get,
To move forward with steps...
Made with kept faith not to repeat mistakes.

Nor can I waste my time to sit,
Listening to comments made to groan over it...
From some wishing with druthers that persist,
To smother others they drag through a mud.
While judging to criticize what another does.
And this done not to move or budge to face,
What it takes to place two feet on the ground.
To do with an effort to make and take command.
Regardless of who critiques this done.
But will not comprehend to understand,
The motivation, initiative or incentive behind...
Someone who has success envisioned.
And not defeat to accept to keep it in mind.

People like this to have known discouragement,
Are not seeking to keep reminded of it.
Or who it is that wishes them kept,
Fearing to move forward.
Or left behind regretting steps taken,
They could have made.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With Each Plateau Reached

With each plateau reached,
A piece of one's life is left behind...
To seek,
A greater experience that leaves,
Someone or something regretted.
Someone or something felt neglected.

But growth is just what that is.
A growth seldom occurs,
Without shedding some tears.
And a grief that eventually teaches.
With a mission that continues,
To be personally journeyed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With Ease, It Isn'T

With ease,
It isn't
To confront any task and complete those tests.
And with wishes to succeed,
Inspite of needing more rest with less of it to get.
While one faces opposition and impossible obstacles,
To refuse the giving of them attention...
Although close they are to touch one's nose.

With ease it seems...
But it really isn't.
To be accessible with it believed,
That someone with time for others to give...
Have nothing else to do,
To prove a significance with proven choices they choose...
With unrelenting intention meant.
Since no one ever mentions them to be of selfishness.

It becomes most difficult to appear not to have needs.
In environments in which people expect,
To be pleased regardless of whom they neglect.
Or promote the value of giving others respect!

With ease,
It isn't
To confront any task and complete those tests.
And with wishes to succeed,
Inspite of needing more rest with less of it to get.
While one faces opposition and impossible obstacles,
To refuse the giving of them attention...
Although close they are to touch one's nose.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With Efforts In Effect

With efforts in effect,
To depict others as failures...
And incompetent by decisions made.
They themselves display utter ignorance.
And too stubborn they are to see through,
Their own self destruction they foolishly defend.

Unaccustomed to follow,
Those of true leadership...
They have generated a wealth,
Of divisive unending conflicts that persist.

And on the sidelines they protest,
An unrest that has increased their own unhappiness.
Now they rely on accusations,
Directed to those who knew then what had been best.
Saying they show them less empathy...
When today calls for unity is what they wish and need.

But many who had been shunned and ostracized...
Have lost an interest no longer practiced or exercised.

'Why have you NOW changed your mind? '

~Is there a smile on my face?
I discovered it when I found peace sublime.
And more of it I am focused to find.
My mind is no longer in confusion.
Nor will I allow it to be abused,
For you to use to waste my time.
I suffer through those moments...
No more! ~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With Every Flaw And Blemish Shown

Even if I stood completely naked,
You would not accept...
My willing preparedness to be inspected.

You would think I had something to hide...
Or deny.
Something to try to lie about!

And with every flaw and blemish shown,
You would still believe...
I had 'something' up my sleeve unknown.

I've have always been comfortable,
Within my own skin.
Naked or clothed that's how it has been!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With Expectation Of Acceptance

You didn't care enough 'then'...
To give it your full attention.
Or mention having an interest.
So why and what is it that you expect?
A return of an interest you 'then' rejected.
As you awaited with expectation of acceptance?
What re-action would give you satisfaction?
What is it that you wish would fade away to be dismissed?

Did you 'really' believe an open-ended invitation,
You once rejected to devastate would still be in place?
As I sat with time passing,
While gazing lovingly at aged pictures of your face?
Tell me this...when is it that you visit,
That world deluded you chase to escape?
To perceive you can reappear,
And not have the memory of you totally erased!

Comeon...
Stop your faking and give us both a break!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With Expectations To Be Forgiven

Your stubbornness led you,
To be stuck in quicksand more than once.
With a continued disregard of advice.
And, a disrespect shown to me and others.

Now like a child with eyes welling up with tears,
You want this dilemma fixed to disappear.
To repeat again a doing,
Offending with expectations to be forgiven.

'So...
What are you going to do about it? '

About you being stuck in quicksand?
Sit quietly and eat my sandwich in peace.
And observe the view,
As I wish for more of my dreams to come true.

'But...
What about me?
I'm here sinking in quicksand.
I can not believe you have no regard for me.'

And...
Your point is what?
Who warned you?
Who pointed to you of its existence?

'Soon I will be covered up.'

Can I sit quietly without you,
Making attempts to rush 'my' dreams?
You've got 'your' wish.
Let me enjoy mine in peace.

'You are evil.'

I love you.
But you know what?

Sometimes the giving and the showing of it,
Is just not enough for many like yourself to accept.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With Eyes Remembered

It's not a sin for those,
Who distance themselves...
As far as they can,
From the ticking of a clock.
Is it?

What about those who make attempts,
To get that ticking to be stopped?
With confirmations sought,
That an aging process...
Has completely forgotten them!

And as long as they moisturize,
And Sun block their skins...
They will keep Mother Nature guessing,
For years without end.

However...
With suggestions made,
To avoid further Botox treatments...
To allow a natural appearance,
A chance to return to their faces again!
Maybe with eyes remembered,
Attached to a recognized grin.
This alone will silence the complaining,
That aging ungracefully on some has shown.

'Yes...
Of course I remember you!
You and my grandmother were good friends.'

~No!
Larry?
You and I went to high school together.~

'OH!
Oh...
OH?
Uh...

Oh!
It's a beautiful day,
Isn't it? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With Faces Of Innocence On Them

'I have sinned.'
This confession has been given,
Over and over again.
An admission without end,
Coming from those who pretend...
To sit in high places,
With faces of innocence on them.

'I too have eluded the truth.'
Comments coming from those,
Who choose to wear sheepskin...
To cover their temptations,
And lust filled whims.

But wouldn't it be great,
For those to disrobe of their masquerades.
With attempts to prove that others,
Are living lives in the gutters.

And yet...
The ones who charade,
Say in their self righteous ways...
That 'they' have been called upon from God,
To save those walking on wrong paths...
And must be 'guided' from 'their' evil ways.

And 'they'...
With one eye open,
Request all to close their eyes to pray!

~Cut me some slack,
From these backsliders...
Riding high in denial and hiding,
Until caught.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With Faith

With faith I can not deny...
God is my supply!
When things are not so great,
I know He holds my fate!
And through my thick and tear dripping days...
My determination to remain faithful to Him stays!

If trials to test me come like they do,
I do not seek to flee and run...
Like many who succumb,
And become subdued!

I walk on my path with a confidence kept strong!
Adjusting with each foul and pitch thrown.
I am in this game...
To manuever around boulders,
And remove obstacles.
Crushing them into pebbles.
Ignoring the fact they may be stones!

Everyday I feel enlightened!
Each day I feel I've grown!
With faith I will hit homeruns like I wish!
God knows this and quiets,
Dissatisfactions arising...
From daily groans and moans,
He may allow for me to acknowledge...
But He does not wish for me to suffer.
Nor does He expect me to condone alone!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With Faith And Not With Fear

There are a few things I've learned about stagnation.
It does not motivate.
It does not create inspiration.
It is not devoted with discipline.
And it collects dust,
From where it sits to be blown away.

Everything that can be witnessed,
Has an expiration date.
There is no guaranteed time given,
To anything
Or anyone,
Sitting to contemplate what it is that should be done.

There are a few things I've learned about stagnation.
And I have mastered over one!
A learning I've done,
Not to listen more than I am willing to experience
My life with faith and not with fear.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With Faith Felt Deeply

And with a faith felt deeply,
Within me like nothing else...
I pray.
Everyday.

There is something unexplainable,
I know inside that connects.
Something there aware of me.
and what it should be,
Without my questioning to accept.

And with hope and not fear,
I boldly take forward steps.
I boldly face obstacles unafraid.
And with faith felt deeply,
I pray.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With Faith To Face Unknown Obstacles

Coached to approach one's life,
Without the feeling of intimidation...
Is more than a task to ask,
To be done to do by anyone...
With no one there clearing a path,
For that one who takes risks...
With faith to face unknown obstacles,
Every step of the way.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With Faith Unshakened

With faith unshakened,
And taking steps to look ahead...
Instead of down to find more sorrows,
Trust you must that obstacles you face...
Come to test your unshakened faith.
Feel protected...
As if victory to accept is yours.

Since kept faith eliminates deceptions,
Of fear to keep it interpreted.
Dare to face these created perceptions.
If your kept faith is real and felt,
Why stay on your knees to receive direction?
Especially when you hadn't made a move,
To prove what you claim is unshakened.

'That's easy for you to say.
Why are you walking the other way? '

Testing my faith and collecting blessings.
I've gotten so accustomed to facing obstacles,
I'm backtracking to ensure...
I haven't overlooked any.

'Why? '

I didn't realize when I decided,
To get up off my knees...
How easy it was to walk in faith.
And today you may see me all over the place.
Walking. Talking to myself. And sometimes laughing.

'You're nuts! '

Thank God.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With Few Exceptions To Debate

Some believe what I do is easy.
Even making comments...
Abundant with amusing quips.
As if I command each selected word.
Without a single pressured thought,
Connected to the delivery done of this!
With no apparent devotion...
Or committment attached to it!

I never wished my steps babied.
Like, maybe, some suspect!
I was raised to be responsible.
With a respect to protect.
I remember my mother saying...
'Care less what names you are called.
Do as I expect!
And that is all.'

My sisters and I were taught this,
From the time we could talk and crawl.
It was the kind of love that did not smother.
Or keep us sheltered,
Behind restricting walls.
There were expectations.
With few exceptions to debate.

Some believe what I do is easy.
Even making comments...
Abundant with amusing quips.
As if I command each selected word.
Without a single pressured thought,
Connected to the delivery done of this!
With no apparent devotion...
Or committment attached to it!

But nothing has come to this man easy.
Oh, I've felt the queasies in my stomach.
And threw up more than I admit!

I've learned it takes effort to get around,
Those who have missions to knock me down.
To cripple my abilities to get up and stand.
But no clues do I give to tease.
In regards to that strength kept inside of me.
Nor who it is that I am...
That makes me stand tall,
With an arrogance that is grand!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With First Steps Taken

In it from the beginning!
With first steps taken and a curiousness.
Yes,
In the beginning...
I felt was mine was what I touched.

And it seemed so real,
I could take...
What it was I touched.

In it from the beginning!
With first steps taken and a curiousness.
Yes,
It was the beginning,
That made me feel...
I could take whatever I touched.

And it seemed so real,
I could take,
What it was I touched.
And wanted much.

Like a toy I saw another child with it and had,
I wanted.
I wanted.

Like a car I saw drive away from my path,
I wanted.
I wanted.

Like a love between two people shared,
Who acted like they walked on air...
I wanted.
I wanted.

And it seemed so real,
I could take,
What it was I touched.
And wanted much.

If I saw somebody new and they were with someone else,
So what...
I just wanted.
To get up on it.

And it seemed so real to me,
I could take anything I wanted.
To flaunt and get up on it.

Like a love between two people shared,
Who acted like they walked on air...
I wanted.
Oh yes,
I wanted.

Because it seemed so real to me,
I could take anything I wanted.
To flaunt and get up on it.

Yes, it seemed a dream to me...
To feed whatever I wanted.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With Fresh, Opportunity

Many come to live it,
And be in it!
Many come to live it,
And be in it!
Many come to live it,
And be in it!
Many come to live,
And not be limited.

Many come to live it,
And be in it!
Many come to live it,
And be in it!
Many come to live it,
And be in it!
Many come to live,
And not be limited.

There is...
No need to fear,
A new day that appears.

There is...
No need to cry,
Those days once disguised.

There is...
No need to be,
What you once believed.
A new dawn has arrived,
With fresh...
Opportunity!

Many come to live it,
And be in it!
A new dawn.
Many come to live it,
And be in it!
A new dawn.

Many come to live,
And be in it.
A new dawn.
Many come to live,
And not be limited.

Many come to live it,
And be in it!
A new dawn.
Many come to live it,
And be in it!
A new dawn.
Many come to live it,
And be in it!
A new dawn.
Many come to live,
And not be limited.

With fresh,
Opportunity.

Many come to live it,
And be in it!
Hey.
Many come to live it,
And be in it!
Hey.
Many come to live it,
And be in it!
Hey.

With fresh,
Opportunity.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With Frosting On It

The taste of the pudding,
Is usually reserved...
For those who enjoy it.

Those who prefer cake,
With frosting on it after it is baked...
Will await patiently to be satisfied.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With High Expectations To Be Forgiven

It never ceases to amaze me,
How those doers of misdeeds...
Can excuse themselves from them,
So easily.

And...
With high expectations to be forgiven,
They forgive themselves...
Before the victim mentioned gives consent.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With Hopes Of Romanticizing A Condition

They have become accustomed to failure...
They can not let it go.
They've become identified with it.
And that is wished to be bestowed.
They dig through archives,
Seeking that which worked.
Something from the past...
They believe is everlasting.
Something done by someone then,
To bring their current frustrations to an end.
With hopes of romanticizing a condition...
That will lift them out of the doldrums they are in!
Complete with nostalgic delusions.
But they have become accustomed to failure...
They can not let it go.
They want someone with experience,
To show them the way.
And has it not been those with experience...
That has led them to despair?
Although they wish another point of view...
They want to chose one that will keep them there.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With Hopes To Sabotage

Some may not particularly,
Bubble over with excitement...
When an accomplishment succeeds
Done strategically without them
Or...
The disappointment,
Of their accusations made...
They discover by others,
Just too ridiculous to prove.
Since whatever it is to be done
Comes to only stun the ones,
Shocked into disbelief...
Their attempts to stop it,
Didn't happen.
Whether collectively,
Or individually...
With hopes to sabotage.
As they happily prepared,
Premeditated looks...
Of complete and total, Innocence.

'Those folks?
Why do they cry? '

-It's kind of a mixed reaction.
Some of them had no idea,
What was done to do...
Had been done to do,
Only for their benefit.-

'I can understand that, but...
Some are 'wailing' loudly,
As if remorseful.
Like one does to not expect,
Someone's death.'

-Who knows.
Maybe the ones expressing,
Such uncontrollable grief...

Anticipated another outcome.-

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With Indefinite Ends

They needed no assistance,
To expose their flaws.
They are all over the place.
And they don't like it.
They don't like their mistakes,
They would rather ignore.
The ones that dropp jaws,
So publicly!

And they despise the leader who tries to guide them,
Out of their own created mess.
They would like their hyped intentions,
To be more of the focus...
Instead of a joke amongst those they suppress.

And no longer can they do this...
As quickly as they can perpetuate conflicts,
With indefinite ends.
The ones they pretend,
Terrorists begin!
And they are the ones,
Terrorizing their own lives...
With the telling of creative lies!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With Influence That Lacked Integrity

I've witnessed manipulators,
Come and go.
A few had used techniques...
As easily as massaging a couple of egos.
Knowing who to dupe,
And which ones were shallow.

And then there were those,
Who chose to rub shoulders...
After searching whom first to cuddle.
To obtain their confidence,
In secret huddles.

And with influence that lacked integrity,
These criminals had begun their rise...
To heights of incompetence.
With the aid of excuses...
And defending companions,
By their side.

To then be rewarded and applauded...
For deeds achieved.
While hiding the fact...
They were actually crooks and thieves.
Dumbfounding the blind,
Who still followed them close behind.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With It Done

It's too late for one to hide from lies,
With it done.
It's too late to change a fake belief,
Since with it done...
It's too late to admit to a mess,
With it openly observed on the scene.

And with it done,
It's too late to admit to mistakes.
And with it done,
It's too late to mend a heart that breaks.
Since with it done,
It's too late to provide a comfort...
To someone with a pain that aches.

With it done,
It's too late for one to hide from lies.
With it done,
It's too late to change a fake belief,
Since with this done...
It's too late to admit to a mess,
With it openly observed on the scene.

And with it done,
It's too late to admit to mistakes.
And with it done,
It's too late to mend a heart that breaks.
Since with it done,
It's too late to provide a comfort...
To someone with a pain that aches.
Since with this done,
It's very hard to overcome and forget.
Like nothing is the cause,
To produce the effect.

Since with it done,
It's too late for one to hide from lies,
To overcome and forget.
Like nothing is the cause,

That produces the effect.

And with it done,
It's very hard to overcome and forget.
Like nothing causes,
The effect.

And with it done,
It's very hard to overcome and forget.
Like nothing causes,
The effect.
With it done.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With It Expected Volunteered

There was a time when politics,
Had been forbidden to mix with religion.
As more conflicts arise to divide,
Those with opening eyes...
And ears to hear clearly lies to them told,
No longer hidden to hide or denied today.
The marketing of lies to sell them sold,
Continues to be a much sought after...
Commodity. Demographically speaking,
Of course.

Today?
People are realizing with it understood,
They are going to be lied to on a daily basis.
While listening intently to understand,
The only truth they should pursue to comprehend...
Is the truth that best represents 'their' reality.
And not...
Who has volunteered to assist with it to believe,
A doing of buying the groceries 'AND' paying the rent.
With this done to ensure...
Peace everyday they can expect to find,
Without losing their minds inside their own homes.

And...
If peace to get with it expected volunteered,
To be delivered as a promise given...well, geessshhh.
These are the people believing themselves entitled,
To flip out of their minds anytime they wish.
With expectations others should pay for it.
Regardless who they pick to endure the circumstances.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With It To Be Done!

Keep wants and dreams that are wished,
Updated.
And replace the ones that for you come true.

Take your blessings as rewards for deeds.
And always express appreciation and thankfulness,
To be able for others to do your best.

Kept faith has a way to never betray,
Those finding time to pray each day.
And with it to be done.

Keep wants and dreams that are wished,
Updated.
And replace the ones that for you come true.

Take your blessings as rewards for deeds.
And always express appreciation and thankfulness,
To be able for others to do your best.
And with it to be done,
Keep your wishes.
And with it to be done to be done,
Keep dreams.
And with it to be done,
Keep faith.
And with it to be done to be done,
Everyday.
And with it to be done...
Everyday.
And with it to be done to be done,
Everyday.
And with it to be done...
Keep your wishes.
And with it to be done...
Keep your dreams.
And with it to be done...
Keep your faith, everyday.

And with it to be done to be done.

And with it to be done to be done.
And with it to be done to be done.
And with it to be done!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With It To Value

Peace of mind received to get,
With it to value and kept possessed...
Is not just a 'thing' one wilfully leaves,
For anyone else to perceive or believe..
That material success and 'that' to get,
Is more precious to value.
With wants and wishes to flaunt that best.
While one is subjected,
To the making of monthly payments...
From a dwindling treasure chest.

Peace of mind received to get,
Isn't planned when it comes.
Or selected by request.
Or threatened by creditor calls one avoids,
With hopes one's debts delinquent to pay...
Will not effect,
The rating of one's peace of mind enjoyed.
Or discovers to find one day to be annoyed,
To have a claim of ownership publicly destroyed...
By an unexpected re-possession.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With It You May Gain Wisdom

They don't have the honesty to tell you the truth?
I can't believe I am hearing 'you' say this!

When did you become an advocate of truth?
And who or what threatens your perception,
To finally accept it.
And what are you expecting as a benefit?
The repeating of corruption and deceit?

Well...
The process of truth,
Will be proven to be cost effective!
And with it you may gain wisdom.
However...
Believing you will pocket with truth as an asset,
May disappoint a greed you've been accustomed...
To feed with the ease of telling quick lies.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With Judgements To Pass

Seldom are the ones who are heard,
To criticize with judgements to pass...
On others sacrificing their time,
With tasks to get done...
Come forward to volunteer their assistance.
Or investigate the welcoming of it!

And when those sweating with effort and headaches...
Begin to take notice,
That very few express appreciation of their blood bled to drip...
For the deeds they do with clear attempts to accomplish,
They refuse immediately the doing of anything else.
To 'then' upset the ones who have expressed indignation!

'Say WHAT?
I don't believe this.'

With appalling feelings to be felt,
Seek they do to find someone else other than themselves...
Who they perceive would be better qualified,
To endure through their ignorance and applied nonsense.
And...
Also capable to tolerate their supervised indecisions made.
While they sit back and berate,
In the best of uncomprising and inappropriate style...
Any and all suggestions that recommend,
Everyone should at least agree to how success is achieved.
Without becoming offended by anyone who mentions,
How listening with a discipline and giving respect...
To benefit the getting of 'hopeful' remnants of it!

'Did you hear him call us 'stupid'?
I almost choked on my chicken wing.'

~No. Not exactly.
However...
It was implied!
I think we should decide on someone else.
Someone we know,

That will not provoke us with 'ulterior' motives.~

'I agree.
How about someone we like that dresses nice.
And impresses with expectation.
Someone who doesn't take these meetings so seriously.'

~Hmmm.
We had that kind before.
You know...
We have never had anyone that tap danced.~

'You're right.
Why din't I think of that?
Let's review that short list again.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With Kept Faith Unshakened

No one born to experience life,
Is given a map without risks to get.
Or free from obstacles to face them.
Those with kept faith unshakened,
May become disappointed,
From time to time...
To discover their minds strengthened.
With a witnessing of beliefs to keep,
More valued than a fear to pray away.
As on knees remain pleading,
For God to understand their doubts.

With kept faith unshakened,
Will risks to take become easier to make...
For those of kept faith not to fake it,
Notice what it is God does to do...
And in mysterious ways to prove,
If obstacles are faced with faith to wish removed...
God will do the rest,
To achieve the wanted success one gets.
Without assistance or specific directions,
One on knees demands to see to approve.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With Less Directness

They would wish to receive their crisis not so crisp.
With just a bit of honesty...
That doesn't overflow with it.

Some say his truthfulness is too abrupt.
Too effective to resist.
And they want him to give this up!

Creamed filled truths...
Dripping to lick as they please.
Is what they want to hear from him.
Not the reality of a deepening economic squeeze.

These folks would rather get...
Something that is addressed,
With less directness!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With Less Sweat

Why is it,
That someone will waste their skills...
And talents,
With a wish to perform with the giving of their gifts...
On someone else's created stage,
To shower them with 'their' brilliance.

Why would someone abandoned their own abilities,
To create their own stage from those resources given...
With a highlighting of those,
Who will not be demeaned because it is known...
They have a need to fit into the wrong places.
With a giving away to others...
Who look to make claims of discoveries stolen,
To produce their own names to be seen in lights.

Leaving people with talents to fight,
To be seen...
Only to have what they bring,
Used.
To be 'thanked' but excused from the audition process.

I 'feel' for those who are told their presence is not needed.
But their unique talents exposed were certainly used,
To be re-labelled and approved for purposes to market.
And...
With less sweat that had been sacrificed.
At the expense of stealing from someone their scene.

'We're sorry.
However,
Thank you for sharing with us your unique abilities.
We'll keep your 'info' in our files.
Expect to hear from us...
One day.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With Limping Limbs. And Drooping Leaves

Upon its first sighting,
As a possible defect.
A protection immediately instigated,
Should have gone into effect.
With a nipping of this in the bud.
At a minimal regret.
And such steps taken...
Would have warranted a growth,
All participating would have accepted.

But too many pretending,
What was taking place...
Did not affect.
And today...
What has been inspected,
Is a contamination...
Of the entire tree.
With limping limbs.
And drooping leaves.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With Little Or No Awareness

With little or no awareness,
They elaborate on things.
From beliefs handed to them through gossip,
To something foolish done when they are parenting.
You can't really call them victims...
Since they are steadfastly ignorant.
Comprehending their own identities...
Is something missing and allow to stunt.
And witnessing this from a knowledge obtained,
Keeps impatient an observer's point of view!
Nothing one does to share with people like this...
Will ever be accepted,
Since intelligence is suspected,
And long has been rejected...
By those who perceive,
Thinking folks are enemies!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With Little, If Any, Scrutinizing Feedback

The difference between 'good'...
And accepted mediocrity.
As observed and done with much ease.
Is a wish to break barriers of a commonness.
If it is acknowledged and then addressed.

There is nothing like being directed to be on top of things,
To avoid last minute necessities needed to produce success.
Or at least, the anticipation of it!
And doing that with hard work to manifest,
That which is considered the basics of success.

If something has been declared,
Prepared and ready for public viewing...
And a seriousness is attached!
And all cast members,
Are made to be aware of that fact!
All traps are then sealed

To appease those who may or may not clap,
Enthusiastically when that curtain closes.
And the lights are dimmed,
With little, if any, scrutinizing feedback!
Or a demand for entrance fees returned.
A preparation beyond rehearsals...
Is a requirement for that!

To make sure no one feels they've been burned.
Or singed by a lack of professionalism shown!
Since paying for that may be a concern!

'OH...
You seem to be familiar with theater.
And the quality needed,
To mount a successful production? '

Yes, I am.
That's why I avoid doing any of it here!
And one of the reasons why I am not asked.

Since what I do is not recognized.
Or considered acceptable to those,
Not up for the task!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With Logistics And Statistics

It did not take me long,
To realize how phony you were.
I was taught logistics...
Many years ago when I was a kid,
In the military.

And with logistics AND statistics,
As a foundation from which to deduce reality?
The only thing I regret...
Is giving you time to believe,
You could take all the time you needed...
To make me appear to be your fool.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With Looks On Faces

It has been historically reported,
Commandments were sent...
To be obeyed as ordered.

There were ten of them.
Depending on recommended versions...
All of which ignored.
To be followed...
Not amended as wished.
But a need for satisfactions...
To a detriment,
Was explored.

To redefine The Almighty's wish!

Man chose to dilute these truths.
With laws to complicate the basics.
And today humanity faces,
Consequences to embrace...
With looks on faces fed with greed.
And difficult to replace a created disgrace.
But actions are not traced...
Back to a feeding that chose to disbelieve!

And that feeding still exists.
With screams from protestors...
In demands for more of it!
With looks on faces...
Addicted with insistence,
To a feeding of more of their greed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With Lots Of Boos Instead Of Ahs

There is really nothing gained,
In the hopes of a rain storm to pour
Down on someone's parade.
Or maintaining a jealousy perfected...
Behind a charading façade,
No one suspects or perceives as odd.
Unless someone becomes offended,
By acts of a friendship pretended!
And the cheering from the sidelines sent...
Are clearly boos instead of ahs that are meant.

There is nothing really to critique.
When another sweats to unseat defeat.
Applause should be open and not discreet.
When a true wish of happiness is felt for one deep.

There is so much to be learned,
By the success that some achieve.
If we prepared to share and care
To receive lessons taught...
Instead of finding ways to help them bleed.

With a disrespect abundantly given.
That displays a rejection with envy to leave!
Hoping lots of boos instead of ahs that are meant,
Are loudly heard over accolades retrieved!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With Love, Anonymous

You may have the freedom to spy on me.
For as long and as often as you like.
And as long as you realize I exercise my freedom,
To know this is what you do...
I hope you don't mind I have others spying on you?
At least both of us will prove,
There is nothing beneficial in the act of it.

You will increase your sanctions.
To decrease your interdependence.
And I will accept your sanctions,
To continue to deplete you of your needs.
To have all believe,
I will discontinue to do as I please.
With a leaving to you to do as you wish.

With Love,
Anonymous

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With Malice To Malign

It isn't wise to say unkind things,
Behind another's back.
It isn't wise or advisable to do that.
One never knows 'who' or 'what' is listening.
And how 'whatever' that is that hears,
Wishes to correct the misrepresentation...
With something done no one expects,
That may unexpectedly be severe.

No...
It isn't wise to say unkind things,
Behind someone's back.
It isn't wise or advisable to do that.
Especially if done with malice to malign.
Since one never knows how doing so,
Will someday affect one's mind with wishes...
Of having spent more time to conduct their own business.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With Me It Stays

At this time in my life,
I am not trying to find...
Comfortable allegiances,
With those of similar likes.
And/or dislikes decided.

To find myself eligible,
For lifetime achievement approvals.
To leave hanging in the recesses of my mind.
And for what?
I am not trying to find that type of association.

Some folks are in it for the show and tell!
I'm not into it!
Doing my own thing and minding my business...
I have found most refreshing.
It lessens apologies and confessions.

I've long removed myself,
From that kind of insecure need.
And I have no cravings,
To be a social 'butterfly'.
To either sip or pour tea!
Or prop up my lips...
Ready to whisper fresh gossip!

Those I've appreciated,
Already know what to expect from me.
And we know what time it is!

And those that don't...
Wont!

That's how I live.
Since peace of mind had been found!
To leave me feeling free,
From making excuses for it!
Or adjusting any schedules,
For its appearance.

With me it stays.
That's the agreement made.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With Me You Belong

I want to know,
Just how you feel...
For me,
Deep inside my enclosing room of gloom!

Satisfy my emptiness!
Come and comfort me.
I'm through with tests that pest.
And draining requests to see my needs bleed.

You have the magic,
That puts a smile on my face.
You have to notice when it's 'on'.
What must I do...
To convince you it is with me,
You belong?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With Memories That Are 'Not' Selective

The game of playing 'catch-up' as many do,
Has never been proven to be effective.
Nor expressions made to others in disrespect,
Has ever been interpreted by those affected...
As an invitation expected to be accepted.
Or a thoughtlessness invested,
Would provide 'them' benefits to remain interested.
Especially when foolishness involved had been deposited.

And yet the ones believing with delusions kept,
Will not come to comprehend or understand...
When their actions done to offend others effectively,
The ones with memories that are 'not' selective...
Have moved on with their lives to live and graciously,
To forget immature actions of others that had 'then' upset...
Today harbor no regrets.
Or wish to express a forgiveness to ask from anyone.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With Methods To Replace Old Concepts

As a performing artist,
One takes artistic risks.
That's the nature of the field.
And creativity can not be restricted.

Those who believe,
There should be censorship...
Only limit their own experiences,
Not those who are chosen and born to do this.

If nature was confined,
To a definition in one's mind.
There would be no growth at all.
And the Earth would not be of God's design.
Constantly evolving in new directions to find...
The unknown to discover fresh expressions,
With methods to replace old concepts.

As a performing artist,
One takes artistic risks.
That's the nature of the field.
And creativity can not be restricted.

Those who believe,
There should be censorship...
Only limit their own experiences,
Not those who are chosen and born to do this.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With Minds Singed

There is a shallow mindedness...
That keeps some wishing,
In reminiscing times missed!
Gone and yet meant for them to linger.
Bringing back a hopefulness...
That do not in these moments exist!

Refusing to live in the 'Here and Now'.
Carrying furrows upon their brows.
Struggling...
To drag yesterday into tomorrow!
With sorrows that do not comfort them.
In a deluded safety!
They can borrow again,
And again!

Dead on arrival are their lost pleasures.
And treasures losing luster!
Since what comes...
Dumbfounds the traumatized.
Shutting all lips and stunning surprised eyes.
Silencing those who once criticized.
And paralyzing those who run and defy...
With minds that still try to hide,
Their evil ways.

Those days are fading!
Quicker than false prayers are prayed...
To lay restrictions upon those betrayed.
With a wish to seduce new victims.

Those who reach each day
Seeking truth...
From their suffered abuses,
From fools using excuses.
Annointed by those who introduced them,
To these misdeeds!
That reduce them to express such indignities!
Will find that very few of them will remain.

Or succeed.

Gaining nothing that will sustain their delights.
Dissolving in flames
With minds singed day and night.
And nothing hinged onto a reality...
Kept flourished to nurture,
These false identities.
Coming for them to an end!

A 'changing' is upon us.
And all dimensions will be revealed.
A healing will take place...
As the year 2012 approaches,
With a widened understanding.
And an assortment of strange
And different faces...
We will learn to embrace!
Or become lost in an ignorance,
That is slowly being erased and replaced!
Dimensions are merging,
Whether or not we accept...
These changes taking place.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With Mine Eyes

I know my life is lit by inner light,
Exciting my insight kept bright to cling...
With a tight grasping hold,
To endure through darkness...
I sought to fight.

Day and night with faith,
I would pray for strength...
To assist the chasing away,
Of those doubts that begged me to fear.

Day and night with faith,
I would pray to remove...
Insurmountable obstacles,
I proved I could and would break through...
IF I wanted to.
And this I did to do.

With mine eyes,
I can see and perceive it.
And with mine eyes...
I am the victor.
I can succeed.

And with mine eyes,
I have received...
With belief,
I can and will achieve.

And with mine eyes,
I can see and perceive it...
I am the victor!
I can and will succeed.

Day and night with faith,
I would pray to remove...
Insurmountable obstacles,
I proved I could and would break through...
IF I wanted to.

And this I did to do.

'Cause with mine eyes,
I can see and perceive it.
I am the victor.
I can and will succeed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With Minted Sweeteners

When your booty banked has tanked,
Will you first think to give thanks?
Or will you think of breaking ranks...
Upon this dawning.

Will you be a grumpy crank?
Wishing for someone to spank.
Or will you decide to think,
This a warning?

Your pennies now make less cents.
Even if condensed to lint.
But they're kept as sentiments,
Like worthless pawnings.

But somehow you kept your faith,
A return to waste would take...
A slower pace believed?
Don't grieve!

How about a ha ha,
He he
Ho ho hum out to you?

Would you like that spread on cheese?
With a cup of tea with that too?

Since the ooo ooo
Of your boo hoo days are here.
And everything about them,
Neared.
But you sought clarity!

How about a ha ha,
He he
Ho ho hum out to you?

Would you like that spread on cheese?
With a cup of tea with that too?

Since the ooo ooo
Of your boo hoo days are here.
And everything about them,
Neared.
But you sought clarity!
With minted sweeteners.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With Most High

With Most High,
The Creator and Keeper...
Of my blessed given life,
Guiding me throughout my travels.
Be it day or night.
Inside and/or out with decisions I make,
To leave fear and doubts behind.
And removed from the steps I take.
I know with Most High,
Abiding to reside wherever I go...
With faith kept to keep not to question,
I will always remain to stay aware...
How unnecessary it would be for me,
Not to seek and better improve...
Upon my abilities to accept as a challenge.
Shown to me first to make it known,
I am my own competitor.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With My Finger Up And Raised

Tired of deceivers,
And the lies they leave...
Yes I am.
Yes I am.

Tired of the thieves,
And corruption of beliefs...
Yes I am.
Yes I am.

Tired of false faces that come.
Tired of those fixed smiles done.
Tired of the running by some...
Of those who say they care!

But not one woe I will do!

Tired of deceivers,
And the lies they leave...
Yes I am.
Yes I am.

Tired of the thieves,
And corruption of beliefs...
Yes I am.
Yes I am.

But not a single woe I will do.
And....
Not a woe I will do will prove...
With my finger up and raised!

Tired of the thieves,
And corruption of beliefs...
Yes I am.
Yes I am.

Tired of deceivers,
And the lies they leave...

Yes I am.
Yes I am.

But not a single woe I will do.
And....
Not a woe I will do will prove.
Or a showing I have had it,
With attitude.
And my finger up and raised!

But not a single woe I will do.
No.
Not a woe I will do will prove...
Or a showing I have had it,
With attitude.
And my finger up and raised!

With my finger up and raised!

'You don't need your finger up and raised.'

With my finger up and raised!

'You don't need your finger up and raised.'

With my finger up and raised!

'You don't need your finger up and raised.'

With my finger up and raised!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With Na·ïve·té And Innocence

I have sought with a seeking for love.
And thought from someone else,
It was love I had received.

I had believed with na·ïve·té and innocence,
A love from someone to me that was given...
Was honest and true and not deceived.

I wanted to perceive what was given to me,
Was pure as fresh air that I would breathe.
To always be that way.

And then I awakened alone with a heart aching,
To realize inside what I had sought to recognize...
Was the image reflected and not one's touch to feel.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With No Acceptance Of The Clarity

Awarded Sociopathic negligence.
With an ignorant arrogance freely dispensed.
Allowed to spread,
By an ineptness unattended.
Has created an environment...
Soliciting and sustaining one's current pain.
Without constant self examination!

And a crisis now admitted...
Has maintained its decay.
For a way of life...
Suffering from a lack of constraints.
Supported by immoral vices.
Profiting from hypocrisy.

Who to hold to blame,
For such shame endured?

One not need to ask.
If one stops to view reflections...
In a mirror one does not choose pass!
Or face insecurities,
Staring back without direct eye contact.

There...
Without question.
Will one see the culprit.
And others of similar impressions.
Glued to greed and deceit.
Blood suckers leeching.
Deluded.
With no acceptance of the clarity!
Or images of truth.
One excuses once seen!
But refuses to believe...
They bleed from self inflictions.

'Come on!
What are you looking at...

So intently! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With No Escapes From It To Exit

There is no other way to address truth,
But to be prepared to be stripped naked...
Bare,
With the exposing of every blemish.
Since truth is not seeking to be impressed.
Truth is on a mission to uncover honesty.
And many are still unbelieving,
The depth of which truth sees without explanation...
To deceive what is already revealed.
When truth is in one's presence and is fully awakened,
With no escapes from it to exit...
Foolish is the time taken to charade in masquerade,
To evade it with a wasting away of one's time.

With no escapes from it to exit,
Truth...
Is very effective!

With no escaping undetected,
Truth...
Is very effective.
Once fed truth it manifests.
And truth will not be neglected...
To reject!

With no escapes from it to exit,
Truth...
Is very effective!

With no escaping undetected,
Truth...
Is very effective.
Once fed truth it manifests.
And truth will not be neglected...
To reject!

With no escapes from it to exit,
Truth...
Is very effective!

With no escapes from it to exit,
Truth...
Is very effective!
And truth will not be neglected...
To reject!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With No Exceptions

Long before there was a you I knew,
My mind had been fixed upon...
What it is I do.

And for you to feel in my life,
You are not prioritized.
We...
That's not true.

You are!
You have become a part,
Of what has already existed.

However...
If you believe you've earned the right,
To be there on my mind all the time?
You may eventually discover,
You are not there at all.

Like I said...
Long before there was a you I knew,
My mind had been fixed upon...
What it is I do.
And what it is I do will get done,
With no exceptions.

'You're not even making any money from it.'

Oh?
And spending all my time with you,
Is a treasure trove?
I thank God I am blessed to know 'my' priorities!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With No 'Ifs' Ands Or In Betweens

I use to give my time,
All the time...
Without question.
To anyone who wanted it.
No matter what was on my agenda,
I 'might' have had prioritized.

Now I give of my time...
IF I want.

And those who knew me to be,
Generous with it...
Have stated that I believe I am 'all that'...
Now!

NOW?

I was 'all that' all the time!
But being 'all that' was never on my mind.
I've just declared 'all of that time' mine...
Now!
With no 'ifs' ands or in betweens!
Can you feel me?

I have had no need for a computer,
To know 'who' it was I 'Be'.
Trust.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

'With No Moolah? '

I think it's time to shop,
For new scents to breathe.
And sniff the freshness,
Of an openness to leave.

It's time to scoop,
Up some hoop and holler.
And let that joy swoop over us...
Like moolah!

Gonna spend a mint...
Casting sentiments to the wind.
From treetops bent...
Rejoicing from a high we bring to them.

And-don't-need-no-money-when-you-have-a-honey-you-can-love.
And-don't-need-no-money-when-you-have-a-honey-you-believe in!

I think it's time to shop,
For new scents to breathe.
And sniff the freshness,
Of an openness to leave.

Gonna spend a mint...
Casting sentiments to the wind.
From treetops bent...
Rejoicing from a high we bring to them.

And...
Don't-need-no-money-when-you-have-a-honey-you-can-love.
'With no moolah? '
Don't-need-no-money-when-you-have-a-honey-you-believe in!
'With no moolah? '

Gonna spend a mint...
Casting sentiments to the wind.
From treetops bent...
Rejoicing from a high we bring to them.

'With no moolah? '

Don't-need-no-money-when-you-have-a-honey-you-can-love.
'With no moolah? '
Don't-need-no-money-when-you-have-a-honey-you-believe in!
'With no moolah? '
Don't-need-no-money-when-you-have-a-honey-you-can-love.
'With no moolah? '
Don't-need-no-money-when-you-have-a-honey-you-believe in!
'With no moolah? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With No Need To Keep It Questioned

If it is reached,
And one can keep it all.
That's not a selfishness.
Although successiveness is fetched.
And a success...
That is one,
Quite successful.

If it has been earned.
And that earning has been stalled...
It may upset,
The ones who have no patience left.

A success is success.
With no need to keep it questioned.

Getting up and falling down,
Determined to get off the ground...
Is a success.
That connects to what's successful.

Feeling that there's something owed,
Because that's what someone is told...
Isn't success.
Since tests will come to wrestle...
To undo and detach,
A happiness left.

Getting up and falling down,
Determined to get off the ground...
Is a success.
That connects to what's successful.

Feeling that there's something owed,
Because that's what someone is told...
Isn't success.
Since tests will come to wrestle...
To undo one's happiness.

If it has been earned.
And that earning has been stalled...
It may upset,
The ones who have no patience left.
But...
Success is success.
With no need to keep it questioned.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With No One Insisting To Have It Changed

Nothing today is as it had existed.
And yet,
Many are praying for a yesterday to return...
To be for them as they wish.
Even though today,
Came to be as is.
With no one insisting to have it changed!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With No Questions Asked

He is a far greater man,
Than they have proven themselves to be.
And as a leader...
He does not declared them fools.
He gives them ample space and time,
For the public to see for themselves...
The idiots they are with no questions asked.
He even had been reprimanded,
For swatting and killing a fly.
Before the media could determine,
If the fly had flown conservatively!
And this caused great concern.
With those animal right followers.
Especially among those who believed he struck the fly,
With premeditated vindictiveness.

'Please tell me you are making this up? '

I can't!
It has been all over the news.
Some still are debating the origins of his birth!

'No way? '

Yes! Way!
They believe a black man or any man of color,
Can not be native born and have that much intellegence.
Now all people of color,
Are suspected of having superior thoughts.

'Noooo? '

YES!
Independant ones no less.

'Do you suppose some will suffer trauma,
From these observations? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With No Regrets That Can Take My Breath

Oh...
I am a fighter!
With a decision made long ago,
How it was I will live my life.
On my terms.
Knowing I would have to sacrifice.

I have had no doubts about it.
And will do what I feel is right,
For me.
With a living of my life to be,
My own.

I've turned away from those things I can't use.
I've turned away those things I refuse.
I've turned away from everyday headaches.
I've turned away from anything petty,
To get me fed up and upset.

I've turned away from anything petty.
I've turned away from everyday headaches.
I've turned away those things I refuse.
I've turned away from those things I can't use.

Oh...
I am a fighter!
And will do what I feel is right,
For me.

I've turned away from anything petty.
I've turned away from everyday headaches.
I've turned away those things I refuse.
I've turned away from those things I can't use,
To get me fed up and upset.

Oh...
I am a fighter!
And refuse to be fed up and upset!

Oh I know that I am fighter.
And refuse to be fed up and upset!
I refuse to be fed up and upset,
With regrets that can take my breath.

Oh I know that I am a fighter.
With no regrets that can take my breath,
Away.
With no regrets that can take my breath.
With no regrets that can take my breath,
Away.
With no regrets that can take my breath.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With No Regrets To Confess

When I chose peace of mind,
Over chaos and inner conflicts...
So determined I had been,
To rid my life of all foolish nonsense then.

From emotional traumas,
That had me laid up and flat on my back...
I knew I had to stop,
Having my health affected by that.

Decisions I made,
To release myself from traps...
Were painful to make,
Until I faced truth and the presence of facts.

And today when I pray,
With a focus of that done...
My blessings have become more clear to me,
With an acknowledgement of how far I've come.

When I chose peace of mind,
Over chaos and inner conflicts...
So determined I had been,
To rid my life of all foolish nonsense then.

With an ability to reflect on efforts made,
To say everyone of them I did at my best.
With no regrets,
To confess.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With No Where But Lower To Go

You haven't dished anything on me,
I haven't dished on my self.
Or left spilled milk left to dip.
I'm living my life with a faith I believe.
And not doing it passing judgement,
As many do...gleefully!

Those who hide and backbite too.
Are accustomed to slither the way they do.
Some of them want an attention they get.
And some no one can befriend!
They perceive this as a weakness.
With a disrespecting they begin!

Anyone that hasn't been mentioned,
In enviroments where snakes reside...
Are not the ones that are decided,
Their lives are to be criticized.

Only the ones who attempt to get things done,
Are subjected to some dirt thrown to appease for fun.
With something,
Whatever it is...
To malign and despise an affliction on someone.

These are the times and the days of our lives.
And those living 'downlow' are the most miserable.
With no where but lower to go.
And tears to cry to expose and show.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With Nothing Better To Do

If we all knew at this moment,
Any action or decision we made...
Would have an adverse affect,
Ten years from now...
Would any of us hesitate,
To make that decision made?
Or would we all consult psychics,
And be afraid to breathe and/or move?

Since someone in the year 2019,
With nothing better to do than to pass judgement...
On all and/or any thought we have ever held,
Will hold us accountable.
Utlizing the best of their Christian beliefs.

So...
Let us all right now,
Be sure...
We know exactly what those consequences we face.
Or,
Like many are accustomed to do...
Excuse everything they've done,
Via selective memory or choose to pass the buck.
Utlizing the best of their Christian beliefs!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With Nothing Changed

Those refusing to remove from their minds,
That which had been experienced in the past...
To accept with a moving on,
With a dawn each day that appears...
To give twenty four hours before it's gone,
Are the ones who find themselves...
Dwindling away in pity pits of negativity.

While seeking confirmation of a life lived with wishes,
More people would share with them a dismissing of reality.
As they offer in conversation to anyone willing to listen,
The same opinions and complaints they then' had,
With nothing changed to erase their aches and pains.
Or exposing a desire they've retained something positive,
To provide someone else encouragement to promote.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With Nothing From Their Greed To Learn

There are those,
Holding onto false hope...
The days of their materialistic ways,
Will return.
With nothing from their greed to learn.

And sad they are who pray to God...
On bended knees,
Pleading...
For opportunities,
To feed their selfish needs.

And demanding with a faith that's fake...
As if God is just 'there'
To deliver and please!
As if God is 'not' the Creator.
An 'entity' absent of thought.
Without knowledge of their misdeeds.

The Almighty knows...
Everything on this Earth that is done.
No matter if 'we' decide...
To open or close our eyes!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With Nothing Substantiated

No matter what has been proven.
AND with evidence presented.
Many who have lived,
On being fed on delusions...
As a primary diet,
Will never be convinced to accept truth.
Not as a reason to rely on the significance of it.
Regardless if truth has been stripped to be exposed.

Arguments start.
Multiple lies are told.
Relationships end.
And suspicions have marriage proposals on hold.
Prioritized are divisions.
With nothing substantiated in concrete to believe.
Leaving the effectiveness of wholesomeness,
Just 'another' hoax to get over as an inconvenience.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With Obstacles And Criticisms Expected

The success of my adventures,
Began when I became ignored.
When I began to explore my individuality,
With a sense not to pay attention...
To those who attempted,
To block this need I felt inside of me.

The success of my adventures,
Awakened with my curiosity.
I wanted to know how things in life connected.
And not too many explanations,
Did I accept.
I researched my own philosphies.
Although I've been close to breakiing my neck.

'Boy, do you think money grows on trees? '
My mother would say that to me early...
When she would buy my sister Mim and I,
Candy I didn't like!

And I wondered 'why' she kept saying 'that' to me.
Planting that seed to uncover,
WHERE did money grow?
If not from trees?
I had to know!
My mother 'hinted' there were other possibilities.

The success of my adventures,
Began when I became ignored.
When I began to explore my individuality,
With a sense not to pay attention...
To those who attempted,
To block this need I felt inside of me.

And I wanted to know...
If I couldn't do certain things,
Why was this told to me before I tried?
Why was this said to me,
As 'if' to deny?

And upon hearing 'that'...
I started to carve my own path.

And,
If I became lost...
It was something about 'that',
That became more attractive.
With obstacles and criticisms...
Expected!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With Old And Aging Beliefs

The only people today left in the dark,
And feeling stupid they have lived...
In a divided separateness, isolated and apart,
Are those with old and aging beliefs...
That they can say and do anything they please,
With the spending of billions of dollars...
To create their own truth and have it unquestioned.

As if many are not awakening,
To see deception for what it is.

And as foolish as these people are,
Who refuse to leave the side of the dark...
To remain with images,
Created to inflate what does not exist.
They still insist their fall into an oblivion,
Is a temporary one.
And they can use their influence to get out of it.

As if many are not awakening,
To see deception for what it is.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With Only The Ability To Waste

There was a time,
And this was not too long ago...
When those of skills and talents,
Only had a wish to share them.
To assist others in the fulfillment,
Of seeing 'their' dreams and wishes...
Come true.
With a volunteering of their efforts denied.
And...
Without a dime of payment mentioned.

But those making decisions,
Believed the ones who would want to do this...
Only sought the getting of attention.
And refusing them they did,
To ensure they were dismissed.

Today?
How things have changed.

Today there are those who are hired,
To solicit volunteers.
With the paying of expensive media advertisements,
To attract those with talents and skills to give.
And this is done with blatant attention given,
To the ones getting paid.
With only the ability to waste funding,
To achieve nothing getting done.

But say they do there is no one willing to work for free.
And these are the same people...
Publicly declaring there is no communal unity.

'We need you! '
~For what? ~
'To volunteer your skills,
As a community service.'
~And how will my doing this,
Be of benefit to you? ~

'A job that keeps me paid and something to do.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With Opportunities Given

Some have found it comforting,
To sit and mourn the passing of time.
With wishes to have lived their lives,
More effectively.
After realizing time from them flys by.

And those making contributions,
Are doing their best to express gratefulness.
Knowing each day that comes to them is a blessing.
With opportunities given,
To do something other than to sit wishing.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With Or Without A Desire To Dismiss Your Anguish

You knew from the beginning,
This experience would someday end.
And all you have done,
Is to become stunned with the blooming,
Shown around you.

You can choose to sit and watch this if you wish.
Regardless of your lack of active participation...
Nothing you witness,
Is going to remain unchanged!
Even your journey will be affected.

Hesitations you may want to schedule...
Will not be provided for you on a waiting list!
Unless you are gifted with talents,
The rest of us are not!
And 'that' I would not recommend,
You anticipate as part of your observance.

Living your life 'now' is highly suggested.
With or without a desire to dismiss your anguish!
You had best to live your life as it is!
Think of it as a blessing.
With obstacles you face as part of the tolerance.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With Or Without A Need To Threaten

The only thing you can rely on and believe,
Is a sting or a pinch felt.
And delivered to feel immediately.
Other than that...
There are a host of perceptions and concepts,
From which to choose!
And the one with the gun,
Easily sways opinion.
With or without a need to threaten.
But some folks beg to be convinced!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With Or Without Certifiable Documents

Birth certificate aside.
When did one's birth certificate,
Qualify them with competence?

And those who have them...
Why has the importance of having one,
Not as of yet assisted in providing proof...
Anyone seeking another's evidence of being born,
Impresses with an accountability they have not shown.
Even taking responsibility for their own actions commited...
Are blamed on someone else!

Birth certificate aside.
When did one's birth certificate,
Qualify them with competence?
Or excluded them from an honesty,
That has been truthfully with a blatantness deceived...
With or without certifiable documents.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With Or Without My Request

I feel your presence,
As if you had not passed away at all.
As if you are aware,
I need your memory to comfort me.
And I feel you come to leave me insight!
To heal and make 'alright'...
My desire to have you close.
Somehow you do that...
With or without my request.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With Or Without The Option To Pleasure

Even one's desire to have sex,
With a naturalness that attracts...
Has become a topic of political correctness.

No one has suggested,
That those of a self righteousness...
Should first undress,
Before addressing with impressions...
That a certain thread count of sheets preferred,
Will enable the act of having sex more acceptable.
With or without the option to pleasure,
Consenting participants.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With Or Without You There

I will always have something left to give.
With or without you,
To test my best.
And have you take that away...
Will not come to empty my heart.
Or drain it to restart to fill.

You will find that out one day.
And when you have stopped,
Portraying someone you are not....
I will still be me.
Giving and not afraid.
With or without you...
My steps have always been brave.
Even though you have tasted my weaknesses...
Don't believe I am of weakness made!

I am not...
I repeat!
I am not afraid to be me!
Or have that exposed for others to see.
With or without you,
I know happiness!
With or without you...
That is what I share.
With or without you there,
Here...
Or wherever you are,
To care or not!

I am clear about who it is I am.
With or without you,
To understand.
And I hope one day,
You will find that within yourself to say!

With or without you...
Something we once had,
Has finally arrived.

In your head...
And you are glad,
'Something' about us...
Is finally being understood!
And you can and should seek deep,
Your own happiness.
Your own to keep.

And not take away from others...
What you believe they have,
For yourself is good!
Eventually,
What is taken ceases to be.
And you will wish to stop the 'bleeding'!
But it wont and it can't,
If you could!

With or without you 'there'...
I am here and of that,
I am too well aware!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With Paintbrush In Hand

My mom use to say,
'Boy, bite your lip! '
I didn't know then what that meant...
So I did it.
To keep my tongue from moving!
And I believe this is when I began to write on walls.
My mother had to paint over them.
Since what I had to say...
Offended anyone who came to visit.
I was six or seven years old then.
A man in a little boy's body.
And my mom took pride,
In how well my sister and I...
Were well disciplined.
But I discovered my mother in tears often.
With paintbrush in hand.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With Patience Waiting

I am waiting.
With patience.
Because I have been told,
That's what one with patience does.

And as I sit with patience waiting,
I contemplate with a premeditation done...
Thinking if I lost my patience,
Who would know I had it to lose?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With Perceptions And Philosophies Unchanged

Many finding themselves
With perceptions and philosophies unchanged
Over the past fifty years
And wishing to remain stuck in those times gone
Should be allowed to do so
They should be allowed to pack up and leave
And encouraged to retire to Wyoming
Why Wyoming?
Why not?

They should be solicited once there
To dip their hands in anything they wish
Except in the business of politics, education
Or professions of social etiquette
Or any subdivisions that censors which IS
Or Is 'not' correct for 'all' of a diversed society

And
These folks should not be approached
For any kind of advice
Not in the giving of their opinion concerning progress
Anything suggesting to do what their ancestors did
Will be problematic
Since
That mindset has already caused enough anguish
Just entertain their minds with movies of the wild west
That should do it to keep them happy playing cowboys and indians

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With Preferences To Plead On Bended Knees

Pretending reality does not exist,
Does not prevent the current events...
From making attempts to be as they are.
Without impressive excuses made to fake.

And believing the truth to face,
Comes to offend and abuse those delusioned...
Only victimizes those left with heartache,
With preferences to plead on bended knees instead.

To then await a fantasized escape, they do...
As an awaiting to receive answers,
To the multitude of questions asked.
While living the lies their lives have created.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With 'Presumptions' Used

One's enjoyment to do what one does,
May be easy for others to critique...
As if this authority to do this,
Had to them been given using limited skills...
Believed by them to be an appropriate 'technique'.

And how that is done,
From a point of view to rate the unknown...
Should be a blaffling position to take.
By anyone who does not initiate,
What is felt to be created within someone else.

But...
To rate one does by another to do,
And is based upon their preferences pursued.
With 'presumptions' used as the best approach,
To get the soaking up of their unsolicited attention given.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With Proper And Approved Etiquette

I live each day seeking,
For something that isn't done...
By anyone not introducing,
Another round of what they've found...
Already known to be redundant.

Creative minds are feared in atmospheres,
Where the people are fed and become addicted...
To that which keeps them within safe limits.

Progressive thoughts are considered dangerous,
If not approved by psychologists...
Who spend lifetimes studying minds trying to find,
The existence of common sense.
And how can this be validated,
If no certificate has been notorized for the having of it.

Creative minds are feared in atmospheres,
Where the people are fed and become addicted...
To that which keeps them within safe limits.

I live each day seeking,
For something that isn't done...
By anyone not introducing,
Another round of what they've found...
Already known to be redundant.

Progressive thoughts are considered dangerous,
If not approved by psychologists...
Who spend lifetimes studying minds trying to find,
The existence of common sense.
And how can this be validated,
If no certificate has been notorized for the having of it.

People are exposed to life on a daily basis.
And yet declare not to be aware,
Of that which is right in front of their noses to exist.
To then propose when eventually observed,
A discovery to then claim their rights to ownership.

That includes an overhaul of a manipulating done,
To edit its acceptance with proper and approved etiquette.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With Reports Delivered To Supporters

People are 'freaking' out
As to who will or will not
Pay for their own health care!

And their taxes paid today...
With excuses made,
Has yet to fill that pothole on their streets.
Or get a police officer to come when needed.

And when did any politician,
Campaign for a vote...
When it was not time for re-election?

But on a plane they will fly to Europe,
First class...
To compare what's there and a cost of living.
With pictures to prove,
How a suntanning is done...
On exotic beaches.

With reports delivered to supporters,
As to whose quality of life...
Maintains high standards!

And their constituents' interests,
Are being duly heeded.
In between much needed rest.

'Those are unpatriotic statements.'

You should hear my creditors' opinions.
And many of them are lobbyists!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With Rustic And Musked Undertones

You make me blush,
Hushed.
With rustic and musked undertones.
A cologne guaranteed.
One sniff promises.
The quickness of the fetch.
With less lip and more undressing.

Although I lust,
Not so hushed.
Whenever I am touched,
In that zone.

I'm done with candlelight and wine.
If you can not scent,
I am heated beyond consent.
Yet you want to play 'Come Get Me'.
With relentless teasing meant.

In blindfold you and I
As we try to find our bodies.
And I am not so sure.
If you are blindfolded any more.

And I think to myself.
The cologne I wear,
I'm taking back to the store!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With Secret Wishes Kept

It is easy to critique...
Those efforts brought forth by another.
By disregarding the elements of sacrifice.
And taking moments to slice,
With diced comments...
That take swipes at someone's effort!

Many seek attention,
Hoping to slide on coattails to gain.
And rise to reveal an expertise.
By the use of framing their remarks...
With intellectualized refrains!
To prove to anyone,
They too have brians!
But frustrations expose,
From those who take the time in pursuit.
To rip apart what others get done...
With secret wishes kept,
They too would like to produce...
What they believe comes easy,
For others they don't see sweat yet do!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With Self Defeating Skills

Some folks provoke their own agonies.
And with collective action...
They become critical of those,
Who have chosen not to unite...
In the cause of wishing more of it to be inflicted!
To promote an appearance,
Of a more communal togetherness.
Complete with self defeating skills,
To show how these ills are maintained!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With Sharp Teeth

Proclaiming religious beliefs,
As a means to unleash evil deeds committed...
Throughout history as that history is perceived to be,
Is...
More a worship steeped in hyped hypocrisy.
And...
With a fine line those have chosen to walk,
Between truth and pretentions that eventually stalk...
Deceivers haunted nightly where they sleep,
As shadows appear to approach with sharp teeth...
Come to bite and leave them bleeding.

'Wake up, wake up you are having a nightmare.'

~But it all seemed so real.
And even 'you' were there.~

Proclaiming religious beliefs,
As a means to unleash evil deeds committed...
Throughout history as that history is perceived to be,
Is...
More a worship steeped in hyped hypocrisy.
And...
With a fine line those have chosen to walk,
Between truth and pretentions that eventually stalk...
Deceivers haunted nightly where they sleep,
As shadows appear to approach with sharp teeth...
Come to bite and leave them bleeding.

'Your arms and your neck...
I suggest you cut your nails,
Before you scratch yourself to death.'

~But...
Those are not scratches.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With Silent Lips

I had intended to pour you a cup of tea.
With silent lips.
But the dawn arises,
And it provides my lift!
Not that one...
If you suspect,
I awaken thinking of sex.
Put those thoughts to rest.

Yes,
In the quietness of chirping...
From the morning birds!
I had intended to pour you a cup of tea.
With silent lips.
As we start this day,
Feeling ambitious...
With all BS left,
To a yesterday lived!

But it appears I've been addicted,
To conversate the past.
As it attaches itself,
Like dew on grass.
And celebrating it with a quickness,
While sipping and dismissing what is delicious.
It appears I have a preference,
To discuss my indifferences.

I had intended to pour you a cup of tea.
Seriously...
With silent lips.
Can you find yourself forgiving me?
Knowing we both enjoy the same habits.
Afflicted by rumors and gossip!
And the sharing of it,
To satisfy lives we live.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With Smiling Closed Lips

God has allowed my life.
With an accepted work ethic.
To do what needs to be done.
And applying effort to it!

My mother taught me this,
As I watched her struggle...
With smiling closed lips.
From plucking feathers off chickens.
To working on her feet,
While completing her duties...
As a hired machinist.
To ensure my sisters and I...
Were sheltered.
Ate!
Clothed and kept clean!

God has allowed my life...
To expose it in composition.
And to do that in a way,
To use praise as the condition.
With smiling closed lips...
Uplifting so much pride,
I have inside!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With So Much Love

I hate you!
With so much love,
I can not stand it anymore.
When you walked out of that door for good...
And slammed it shut!
I denied I cared.
I denied any years I shared with you.
I denied my heart was broken into bits.
My quarrelsome petty manner...
You had enough of it.
I tried to bite my lip...but,
I grew tired of you being right!
I hate you!
With so much love.
With so much love.
With so much...
Love I hate!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With Steady Open Arms

When you wanna you will come to me.
With steady open arms.
Ready to receive me heated.
As you would please.

When you wanna you will come to me.
With steady open arms.
Exposing all your charms.
You know I can't keep calm.

When you wanna you will come to me.
With steady open arms.
Ready to receive me heated.
As you would please.

When you wanna you will come to me.
With steady open arms.
Exposing all your charms.
You know I can't keep calm.

I want to hold and kiss you,
With steady open arms.
Showing just how much I miss you.
As you would please.

I want to hold and kiss you,
With steady open arms.
Exposing all your charms.
You know I can't keep calm.
I'll set off all alarms.

I want to hold and kiss you,
With steady open arms.
Showing just how much I miss you.
As you would please.

I want to hold and kiss you,
With steady open arms.
Exposing all your charms.

You know I can't keep calm.
I'll set off all alarms.

When you wanna you will come to me.
With steady open arms.
Ready to receive me heated.
As you would please.

When you wanna you will come to me.
With steady open arms.
Exposing all your charms.
You know I can't keep calm.

I want to hold and kiss you,
With steady open arms.
Showing just how much I miss you.
As you would please.

I want to hold and kiss you,
With steady open arms.
Exposing all your charms.
You know I can't keep calm.
I'll set off all alarms.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With Sweetened Feedings Eating

I'd rather fictionalize.
I'd rather remove the real-ness...
From my eyes.

I'd rather fictionalize.
And,
Live a life with everything made up...
With sweetened feedings eaten.
Living life with everything made up...
With sweetened feedings eaten.

I'd rather fictionalize.
I'd rather remove the real-ness...
From my eyes.

I'd rather pick on my platter,
Everything delicious I'll eat up.
And it wouldn't matter that it's...
Everything delicious I'll eat up.

I'd rather fictionalize.
I'd rather remove the real-ness...
From my eyes.
And,
Live a life with everything made up...
With sweetened feedings eating,
Everything delicious I'll eat up.
And it wouldn't matter that it's...
Everything delicious I'll eat up.
With sweetened feedings eating,
Everything delicious I'll eat up.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With 'tees' To Cross And 'eyes' To Dot

If every 'tee' is not crossed.
Or 'eye' not dotted to spot it,
What top is one expecting...
To get and achieve successfully?
So many see their dreams,
Without them detailed.
So many today seek flattery and praise,
For a doing done that quickly fades.

Critics are out there seeking fresh meat to eat.
And flying overhead like vultures unleashed.
Prepared to feast on the best.
After dining on mediocrity...
Those unconscious have left with all the rest.
Even with 'tees' to cross and 'eyes' to dot,
Vultures appearing to critique...
Want other flavors to appease,
To rip apart as they drool with razored teeth.

Slick mouths social hopping,
Get their high hopes dropped quick.
With beliefs kept they will receive,
Appointments to reach the top...
To find a boot has stopped that hop.

There have been those who have reached the top,
With wishes to return again.
To find even with all their 'tees' crossed and 'eyes' to dot,
Doesn't guarantee...
They will reach to see what they left to leave.
Unless sweat, blood to bleed and tears to cry,
Is produced as evidence of a personal suffering...
Has been done to qualify the approval of the ones,
Not only requesting that as a requirement.
But also a 'rap' that leaves them toe tapping,
To a tune one creates no one else has ever heard.

'But...
I have done this all before.'

~If you want to reach the top...again,
We 'may' consider your wish.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With That Accomplished

Finally I have done something,
You regard as repulsive.
How many years did that take?
I hope you are pleased with the discovery.

Now...
With that accomplished,
You may have a reason to begin living...
Your own life.
Have you thought about that as an option?
That's if you have not donated your nose,
To the fulfilling of charity purposes.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With That Moan On

Long lost in the game and schemes.
And far from entertaining,
Is your...
Toxic mind that never stops.
And your...
Willingness to be on top.
And your...
Way of unchanging.
And your...
Thinking that you're everything.

Doing anything to be seen on top,
Is an ego you have that should be dropped.

Long lost in the game and schemes.
And far from entertaining,
Is your...
Toxic mind that never stops.
And your...
Willingness to be on top.
And your...
Way of unchanging.
And your...
Thinking that you're everything.

Nothing that you do is of a benefit,
To anyone that listens to your selfishness.
With that moan on...
When you don't get your way.
With that moan on...
Heard every single day.
And that moan on...
Drives everybody away,
Because that ego is on display.
With that moan on...
When you don't get your way.
With that moan on...
Heard every single day.
And that moan on...

Drives everybody away,
Because that ego is on display.

Long lost in the game and schemes.
And far from entertaining,
Is your...
Toxic mind that never stops.
And your...
Willingness to be on top.
And your...
Way of unchanging.
And your...
Thinking that you're everything.

Doing anything to be seen on top,
Is an ego you have that should be dropped.
With that moan on...
When you don't get your way.
With that moan on...
Heard every single day.
And that moan on...
Drives everybody away,
Because that ego is on display.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With That Time To Find

Only one will be there,
With a proving of a caring.
Only one will share,
A love devoted and true.
Only one will come forward,
No matter what is said.
Or a doing done...
Another did that shouldn't,
Time after time with that time to find.

Only one will be there,
With a proving of a caring.
Only one another has tested,
Will say to admit it and it shows...
A love kept and known so deep,
That can not be explained to define.
But there to care and share to heal,
Whatever it is in need of mending...
Time after time to comfort to one's mind.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With 'that' Understood

Each day I awaken,
My blessings are confirmed.
And I pray...
With my expressed appreciation,
Without hesitating...
To let God know,
This gift of life bestowed...
I could never take for granted.
And I do my best,
As God is my witness...
Not to flaunt my arrogance,
Around those...
Who may misunderstand,
How proud I am to show...
My faith stays devoted.
And with each step I take,
In whatever direction...
I don't question.
Since I will be stopped,
The moment God disapproves.

I have tried it my way,
To remember regret.
And those days I don't relive,
In fear of what test...
God chooses next.
Daring me to forget,
How long it took me to pass it.
And with 'that' understood...
It is with pride that I stride.
To comprehend,
From where and how...
It was given.

'You may 'think'
You are all 'That'.
But you ain't! '

I know.

That test I passed,
Long ago.
But I do thank you,
For noticing...
My attempts not to convince.
Especially around others,
With it brought...
To their attention.
Hearing from you to mention it.

'You need not to get,
All arrogant.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With The Cleaning Of The Cupboards

They've done everything possible,
To obstruct justice.
With the cleaning of the cupboards.
Now they wish to come back,
To get the cupboards.
Caring less who gets upset,
By such pathetic foolishness.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With The Clearing Of Ears Of All Wax

Come and sing with me in harmony.
And let us keep in tune.
With a singing in duet...
Until this fills up every room.

And a singing we do that crescendos too.
As our booming voices begins to pierce and crack,
With the clearing of ears of all wax.
That has prevented a listening we wish to attract.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With The Crickets Gone

Crickets make
The night sounds sweeter.
It's hard to replace
Their usefulness.
Just like moonbeams,
In eyes and dreams.
Without that magic...
Where would romance find meaning?
Where would romance go,
To await times to unfold?
And how...
Could we keep that rock to our boat?
With the crickets gone,
How could we stay afloat.

Crickets make
The night sounds sweeter.
It's hard to replace
Their usefulness.
Just like moonbeams,
In eyes and dreams.
Without that magic...
Where would romance find meaning?
Where would romance go,
To await times to unfold?
And how...
Could we keep that rock to our boat?
With the crickets gone,
How could we stay afloat.

With the crickets gone,
Could we keep that rock to our boat?
With the crickets gone,
How could we stay afloat.
With the crickets gone,
Could we keep that rock to our boat?
With the crickets gone,
How could we stay afloat.
With the crickets gone,

Would we then become remote.
With the crickets gone,
Could we keep that rock to our boat?
With the crickets gone,
How could we stay afloat.
With the crickets gone,
Could we keep that rock to our boat?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With The Deepest Of Respect

Why is it you wish to convince others,
That I should be held responsible...
And accountable for your ignorance.
When I did everything possible,
To warn you to prepare...
For what was coming down the road.
It came.
You were not prepared.
And that's the way it goes.

'It did not happen that way at all.
It came up the road and not down.
With a doing to leave the same way.
So don't try to tell me,
What it was you did to do...
That I should have been prepared for.'

Ladies and gentlemen...
And I use that term with the deepest of respect,
If and/or when you should discover yourselves...
In a similar predicament,
That requires the using of common sense...
Please don't open your mouths.
Especially if you suspect ignorance to be expressed.
At least 'pretend' you are listening to comprehend.
And you have 'some' pride and dignity left,
To be used when it is best respected.
The effect and benefit of doing this,
Returns tremendous dividends.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With The Faith I Keep

And when I love,
It's with a feeling that's deep.
And when I share,
I give and want to receive.
And when I pray,
Everyday...
The faith in me I keep.

And when I wish,
I do it and not to quit.
And when I feed my dreams,
They're there as if they exist.
Because...
My wants and needs,
Are delivered by the power of belief.

And when I love,
It's with a feeling that's deep.
Because...
My wants and needs are fulfilled,
By the faith I keep.

Hmmm...
My wants and needs are fulfilled,
By the faith I keep.

And when I love,
My wants and needs are fulfilled,
By the faith I keep.
Everyday,
When I pray...
Every want and need is fulfilled,
By the faith I keep.

Everyday when I pray,
All my wants and needs are fulfilled...
By the faith I keep.
Everyday.
By the faith I keep.

And when I pray,
With the faith I keep.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With The Flying Upon Her Broom

If she did have an honest bone in her body,
It was highly camouflaged.
I thought I saw it too!
But too duped I was by her sweetened charms.
And other skills she had in presenting visuals.
Skilled in the art of pretension this one.

I am sure by now someone might have seen it?
A depth connected to truth and heartfelt honesty.
Or one she pulled out of her bag of tricks!
Still beating with a pulse.
Not realizing that this heart is fresh.
And has just been ripped from someone's chest.

Which reminds me of the season of witches.
And how happy she must be this time of year,
To celebrate with the flying upon her broom.
I am sure she has kept a lot of tricks to treat,
Up her sleeve or wherever she hides them.
And the same habits of trying anything,
To remain convincing as a human being.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With The Gift Of Love, To Be Loved

Give me something you have that I want.
Your touch, a kiss with hugs.
Your touch, a kiss with hugs.

Give me something you have that I want,
And not tomorrow.
Your touch, a kiss with hugs.
Your touch, a kiss with hugs.

Add me to your list of what's permitted.
And...
Done to do to know you will commit.
And...
Get me to the top of that list,
Quick!

I want your touch, a kiss with hugs.
And not a dream to stay thought of.

Let that be between us we will miss,
If...
We don't touch or hug.
Or kiss to just to do it,
Now, today and never to forget.

Let that be between us reminisced.
Always.
And know that we have been blessed,
With the gift...
Of love to be loved to get.
And not to fade...
Ever if we should have arguments.

Add me to your list of what's permitted.
And...
Done to do to know you will commit.
And...
Get me to the top of that list,
Quick!

'Honey? '

~Yes, baby.~

'I love you so much.
Can we agree to schedule Wednesdays,
For headaches allowed and separate space? '

~Uh...
Huh? ~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With The Hands On It Moving Backward

Opportunities may have already slipped,
Through your hands.
Bemoaning that with a new outlook on life,
Is not going to restore what has transpired.
Move forward.

Why stay reminiscing something never to change?

Some folks like to say it is never too late.
So they can continue to procrastinate.
However,
Find ANY clock tick tocking...
With the hands on it moving backward.
Once you have located one,
Then you have won every argument...
About wasting time and its benefits.
Until then,
I recommend you start appreciating your life for what it is.
Not what it could be 'if-the-onlys' you dream of could be in place.
It is highly suggested that today you start doing that.
Living your life!
Without first seeking to locate reliable crutches for support.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With The Meat Of The Dirt First

Maintaining one's privacy,
Can become for some more adventurous...
Than another who chooses to live life,
Exposed and left open...
Like a book with highlighted pages.

Those that don't know what goes on in one's life,
Are more than likely...
To create an excitement that does not exist.
With a leaving of one who has decided,
Privacy to live is better than none.
Since a doing of this provides a variety of options,
From which to pick...
That those with their noses in other folks' business,
Have already determined one who is private lives to exist.

Maintaining one's privacy,
Can become for some more adventurous...
Than another who chooses to live life,
Exposed and left open...
Like a book with emphasis on highlighted pages.

'I haven't seen you in quite some time.
Although I do hear of your activities quite often.'

~Oh?
Do you mind sharing?
Just a second I have a pad and pen.
Repeat what you've heard slowly,
I want to be sure I get every word.~

'Stop joking.'

~Okay, I will.
But...If I do,
Will you still reveal the details?
There are some things I've done,
I want remembered not to forget.
With the meat of the dirt first.

Go straight to the controversies.
I love those.~

'If I didn't know any better,
I would think that you were serious.'

~Here.
I'm smiling.
Now...
Go ahead.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With The Paying Of My Respect

Saddened and reflective,
On that day I had been.
Knowing too well and it made so obvious,
My life was enriched...
With rewarding memories.
Memories one day from me,
Would eventually leave.

When I had gone to attend,
The funeral of yet another...
Who also had common sense,
Used to not allow it to be abused...
With a paying of my respect.
I had noticed very few there grieving.
To have their heads bowed and in prayer.

And I wondered as I sat to look around.
How long would it be,
Before those unaware outside...
Continue to survive thriving to choose,
Ignorance as a way of life.
And made to decide to take that direction.

There I sat among the few who too knew,
And too well...
Common sense to experience it,
Whether abused, disrespected and deceived.
Was worth the sacrifice to keep it protected.
But would soon be gone from everyone's memory.
When it was remembered as a priority.
And everyone felt blessed to have kept it that way.

OH.
Those were the days my friends.
Who knew one day those days would end?

But today common sense has very few left,
To grieve its passing with a mourning done to do.
Or defend its appearance to not object,

To anyone who dares to remain...
In that frame of mind with it kept pursued.
To acknowledge it with it given,
All the respect it deserves.

Who knew common sense,
As an investment kept and meant...
Would leave so few grieving its absence.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With The Scaping Of Knees And Knuckles

I've learned to keep my own lips silenced.
To keep them shut.
Even though an opinion sat on my tongue,
Preparing for an appearance to be heard...
With a retorting done no matter how absurd.

There is nothing like the scent of conflict.
And the familiarity of its arrival.
Along with its creators and who is prone to deliver it.
I've learned to fix my lips to sit together.
And with the clinching of teeth if necessary.

Once one is introduced to a peace of mind,
It becomes more treasured...
Than having the keys to a Mercedes.
No luxury on Earth can replace a peace of mind.
I have discovered that...
With the scaping of knees and knuckles done.

I've learned there are times when the best of thoughts,
Can sometimes be those kept to oneself...
To go unheard by anyone else that may offend to defend.
Yes...
I've learned to keep my own lips silenced.
To keep them shut.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With Their Backs Against The Wall

Internal divisions with one wish to win,
As conflicts created with no end to them.

The irony faced by those taking positions,
To ensure failure disgraces...
The one who's deeds have only been,
To benefit all and not just him...
Have been exposed for all to witness these days.
As the ones advocating another's failure have placed,
Their own backs against the wall.

In debates initiating the impending loss,
Of their own integrities...
Observing are those witnessing and with belief,
The mindlessness of those incompetent.
And the one opposed with increased credibility.

Leaving those scratching their heads with these facts:
-Impossible it is to penetrate through a thick skull,
With feathers plucked from a fattened peacock.
-Teaching a grown cat the process of hygiene,
Becomes a meaningless routine...
When the intructions come from one behind a podium.
-A bowl of broccoli can not compete,
As a vegetable healthy and nourishing to eat...
With a choice to choose between a platter of chocolate,
By those meeting to discuss dates to begin a diet.

These are the facts lacking attention given:
-Seldom will a teenager refuse the keys to the family car,
Upon receiving a license to drive...
To chose to do chores around the house on Saturday.
And...
-IF sophisticated weapons are sold by those caring less,
Who the purchaser is or name to address.
Or how the weapons will be used after they are packed,
In crates stacked to be shipped to unauthorized dealers...
Quick to put their hands on them to pull triggers.
To eventually have those licking lips and eyes affixed,

On the feasting of greed only.
To then moan when the dawning comes,
With their backs against the wall.

Internal divisions with one wish to win,
As conflicts created with no end to them...
Began,
With a wish to see one fail.
And failures like these are usually group efforts.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With Their Depthness Of Such Knowledge

We should all feel blessed,
To know there are those amongst us...
Who know exactly the way,
We should all live our lives...
By sharing their insights of correctness.
And their tempers flared prematurely will then cool,
With the comprehension and understanding...
They are willing in patience to prevent anguish.

We should all feel blessed,
To know there are those with direct contact...
With God and the understanding of God's wishes.
And perhaps one day those who lead us,
Into wars to battle over self interests 'consciously'...
Will heal the ones wounded with pain and sorrows,
With their depthness of such knowledge claimed...
To end every conflict they have intentionally started.

Let us all pray that one day,
Their interpretations will awaken them to match...
Their ideals.
To then produce a true peace that today,
Seems so elusive to evade common sense.
And the purpose for it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With Their Devotion, Faith And Love

I have loved and laughed and cried.
And today I am so filled with joy,
To know...
I have loved and laughed and cried,
With those...
Who have touched my life,
With their greatest of gifts...
Sharing their lives with mine.

And today I am filled with joy,
To know...
Those who have gone on in their lives,
To teach,
To administer their wisom.
And minister from pulpits...
With the same love and commitment to inspire,
Others...
With their devotion, faith and love!

So blessed am I,
To experience the crossing of our paths.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With Their Doings Done

Some feel free to be sadistic,
With doings done.
And the having of fun.
Idealistic realists,
With doings done.
And a wanting of truth to appear and come.

And they who are minimalists,
Try to reduce materialistic wishes...
With doings undone seeking to do.

Some feel free to be sadistic,
With doings done.
And the having of fun.
Idealistic realists,
With doings done.
And a wanting of truth to appear and come
And they who are minimalists,
Try to reduce materialistic wishes...
With doings undone seeking to do.

Many have slowed their paces...
With their doings done.
Doings done.
Eliminating their rat races...
With their doings done.
Doings done.
And celebrating tasting life...
As if a piece of cake,
To savor.

Many have slowed their paces...
With their doings done.
Doings done.
Eliminating their rat races...
With their doings done.
Doings done.
And celebrating tasting life...
As if a piece of cake,

To savor.

Many have slowed their paces,
With a tasting of life to savor.
Many have slowed their paces,
With a tasting of life to savor.
Many have slowed their paces,
With a tasting of life to savor.

Many have slowed their paces,
With their doings done.
Doings done.

Many have slowed their paces,
With their doings done.

Many have slowed their paces,
With a tasting of life to savor...
And with their doings done.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With Their Immature Tantrums

It is admirable!
However...
Isn't it a bit too late,
To take measures to clean up an atmosphere...
Already polluted,
By those who have induced...
A putrid introduction?
Produced by forums,
Where these seducers have inflicted,
With an acceptance solicited!
The very same ones,
Who now claim they have become sick of it!
With their immature tantrums.
To blame someone else,
As the cause of this!

Why not censor the experience of life itself?
Since so many are afraid to live it
Or hear those with expanded values...
Who have encompassed 'all' of God's offerings!
Whether bitter, sweet or indifferent.
But then again...
Some have excelled to insure,
A darkness lived under rocks...
Becomes their next best 'thing'!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With Their Wishes To Be 'Freaky'

I think I've been called,
Every derogatory name there is.
When I was a kid that use to bother me.
Especially those names I couldn't spell.
I had at one time collected them.
To see which ones I preferred.

So...
To entertain,
I admit I then did some things that were strange.

Many years have passed,
And even today I'm considered 'eccentric'.
As if I did not spend my life pursuing this!
Status quo folks bore me to tears.
With their 'normal' way of doing things...
'Whatever' today people consider that 'is'.

And as I reach to seek for more challenges,
I realize I've almost outdone myself.
Believing I was made to test the waters,
Before anyone else.
And a few have sought me out to give advice.
With their wishes to be 'freaky' without paying the price.

'Back off!
I've earned this! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With These Oars And Within This Vessel

Do you see these oars?
I made them to row...
Against waves that may come to rock,
With a wind prepared to slow my determination.
If not attempt to stop...
My vision.
With a blocking done by indecision!
This is not that kind of 'trip'.

These oars are mine.
And this vessel too,
Has been redefined and constructed.
With my hands blistered!
From a nonstop flowing of faith.
And I could care less what the odds are.
Or what the others may say of me being bizarre...
Crazed and a bit 'touched'!

I am going to reach my destination.

With these oars.

And within this vessel.

Regardless of what the others may say...
My sights are not limited to this neighborhood.
And free they are of restricting myths.

'You remind me of Noah.
That dude that build that Ark.'

Cool.
But I am speaking figuratively.
Emblematic!
Metaphorically suggestive as to those steps I'm taking.
My journey does not entail traveling with a zoo.

'I'm sure all of nature thanks you for your thoughtfulness.
In an emblematic metaphorical way.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With These Stories And Others To Come

With these stories and more...
A forgetting is not permitted!

With these stories and others to come...
A repeating will be committed.

Moving ahead for some is certain.
Many like to Spring clean,
And exchange all the curtains.

Some prefer to ignore the dust.
And oxidize they do...
Rusting and cursing,
The stagnant times they trust.

Others see this with wishes to move on!
With each day turning into night...
They await the coming of dawn.
But those who choose to argue about change...
Do the best they can,
To remain the same!
Claiming that yesterday,
Their lives were less insane!

With these stories and more...
A forgetting is not permitted!

With these stories and others to come...
A repeating will be committed.

And with the troubles today,
Existing unresisted.
Many believe good times will return.
If only they sit,
Reminiscing about it!

While everything around them,
Is left to crumble...
As praises of days gone,

Leaves those currently outraged...
In a blazing that comes,
To burn them all.
And standing to witness,
They do...
The approaching creep of a firestorm.

Without a prevention...
To stop an accepted ignorance,
Allowed as they debate their fate!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With This Kind Of Mindset

If it was not for war...
Those with this kind of mindset,
Would find no reason to live.
Without offending others,
With their insecurities...
And need to spark conflicts.
What other purpose would they have?
What other pupose would they find...
To give for lives ungrateful.
With nothing else on their minds positive!

Their existence is based upon destroying peace.
Convincing themselves what others have,
Is for them to take and release.
Decresing the rights of others.
And call them enemies,
On lands they invade.
With campaigns...
They have come to protect and save.
But from who and from what?
To prove they can destruct?

These war games played today...
Are recruiting few supporters,
Who realize their wishes to live in peace...
They no longer desire to trade,
For heartbreak and suffering that never goes away.
Only to discover they have been betrayed?
Just to witness a few profit from their sorrows?
Those with a degraded consciousness...
On time borrowed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With This Understood

I agree.
I don't understand what you've been through.
But 'who' made those decisions?
None of which you made,
With the asking of my opinion.
And since you've ignored every suggestion I've made,
Why would you expect me to understand anyway?

Your life has stopped being my priority,
The moment you declared to me,
I'd be better off minding my own business.
And I am sure you remember telling me that!
Which I might as well admit had been considered,
With this understood 'after' your recommendation...
I did not have to think twice to comprehend.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With This Wish Expressed

However you spend these festive days...
May they be the best,
Of your holidays.

With the past reminisced,
And these days upon you witnessed!
Enjoy them have fun!

Be at peace with each day given.
With this wish expressed to everyone.
And desire inside of you more of them to come.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With Thought And Vision

Not too often am I amazed.
Or can say I am bewildered these days,
By decisions made and choices...
Some people choose.
Like despising someone popular,
They select to abuse and accuse...
For not doing those things they like.
To begin then to entice controversy.

Not too often am I amazed by this.
Or can say I am bewildered,
These days...
By the absence of sanity.
Or the ambitions of those crazed.
But I do remain to stay observant.
To those who make decisions,
Without thought or vision...
With wishes to find changing their minds,
For something they had to want back...
Is not going to happen.

And to hear those who protest,
About how good they had it in the past...
Are the same folks,
Who intentionally provoke others...
To join them to update and make,
Needed changes.
Changes they had.
But began to dislike the popularity obtained,
By the one with thought and vision.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With Thoughts Of Feeling Insignificant

So many today sit,
With thoughts of feeling insignificant.
And for those who sit,
With thoughts like this...
Seek and usually get their validation.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With Time And Experience To Give

Many who have unselfishly donated,
Their time and experience...
To others with claims made mentioned and wished,
For those opportunities that open doors.
With an assistance from the ones who persist,
Through thick and thin,
They will be there to help them do this.
Discovered and often a waste of time has been spent,
On people without motivation or initiative that begins.

Some with dreams are not prepared to sacrifice.
They want their paths paved and freed of obstacles,
With their plans scheduled to guarantee success.
To then become exhausted,
If discipline and remaining focused to them is suggested.
And success is expected without a drop of sweat.
With those giving time and experience,
Found they have been accused by others for losing interest.

'What else would you like me to do?
Set the alarm clock for you too? '

~Do you mind?
But please don't use my name in an attempt to receive credit.
Since I don't want it revealed to be known,
I am the one who has condoned the accomodating of 'your' efforts.~

'I'm sorry.
I misunderstood your comments.
Repeat that.
I'm sure your words I've misinterpreted.'

~No problem.
You can go ahead and set my alarm clock.
But whatever else you do,
Please don't use my name in an attempt to receive credit.
Since I don't want it revealed to be known,
I am the one who has condoned the accomodating of 'your' efforts.~

'And you are serious? '

~Very much so.
I want it believed I have achieved on my own.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With Time Given To Whine And Pass Their Judgements

What annoys me most,
Are those folks who instigate.
The ones who assess others,
As doing 'nothing' for them.
Or anyone else.

And they leave no trail of evidence,
Of any attempts they've made.
To initiate the doing of anything for themselves.
And quick they are to become angered,
If what others do does not focus with a priority.
A sacrificial giving,
To the ones sitting to mouth their complaints.
With time given to whine and pass their judgements.
While their behinds have cemented imprints upon chairs.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With Time To Us Given

The one thing about time,
And how each of us lives...
With time to us given,
Is to awaken to acknowledge...
Not a moment or minute of it,
Can be demanded to go backward.
Or...
Not to know what time it is,
With a doing to sit witnessing it drift...
As if everything delusioned and prioritized,
Has more time given to us to decide...
What to do with the time left,
We have collected somewhere to find.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With Unsolicited Interest

The only ones who find freedom difficult to deal with,
Are those doing their best to monitor the lives of others...
Feeling free to do as they please with no schedules to follow.
Or appointments to keep to satisfy the ones who spend their time,
Minding someone else's business and with unsolicited interest.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With Wishes And Wants

As radiant and witnessed,
Is the living of life given...
Many are not perceiving this gift,
Their special blessing to awake each day...
With a gratefulness at dawn.
To appreciate the experience.
And all that is connected going on.

And as radiant as each life is,
There are those on missions...
To diminish this brightness!
With wishes and wants,
To increase their selfish feeding.

'Get up and pray,
Each day!
Get up to pray...
Each day,
That is lived.
Get up and pray.

Get up..
And pray,
Each day...
That is lived.
Get up and pray!

Get up...
And pray! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With Wishes Desired

I use to believe I had to seek affirmation,
To validate my actions with wishes desired.
Until I learned I could affirm them myself.
With a doing not to seek them being delivered.
But to believe and affirm them achieved as if done.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With Wishes To Erase Reality

Their own greed has driven them to madness.
Now they want a 'fix'.
To restore the benefits.
Since from their fingertips,
Greed is diminishing and has slipped.
They are in a traumatic fit.
With wishes to erase reality,
And any involvement with it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With Wishes To Fulfill Individual Greeds

I wouldn't want to be a pharaoh.
Not today.
Not at these prices to pay.

People uniting,
With wishes to fulfill individual greeds.
A taste of variety,
Has once peaceful places...
Feeding this as possibilities.

No one is satisfied to follow a leader.
Not one who has fed...
With a flaunting done,
And a parading around...
While enforcing others to beg!

Oh no!
Those times are being ushered to go!

I wouldn't want to be a pharaoh.
Not today.
Not at these prices to pay.

People uniting,
With wishes to fulfill individual greeds.
A taste of variety,
Has once peaceful places...
Feeding this as possibilities.

Oh no!
Those times are being ushered to go!
Although no one can keep visions like this...
Wished with demands,
To live in splendor when money is at hand.
Or...
Had been.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With Wishes To Keep Its Integrity

One who has mastered a craft,
With wishes to keep its integrity...
Should never want it to be exhibited,
In places where mediocrity...
Has been praised and accepted,
As a reflection of the best of abilities seen.
Since one who has mastered a craft,
With wishes to keep its integrity lasting...
Should seek places and people,
Who have a high regard...
For that which represents,
Something rare and uncommon.

And when observed to be witnessed,
And/or heard to quickly value...
The attention it deserves,
Immediately it is regarded as a major event.
With thoughts to dismiss,
Of that which is being presented...
Has not been a waste of time.
Or a visitation spent and certainly not intended,
To be bored by displays of an over-rated ego.

'I know we're here to lavish praise on 'potential'.
But have you seen what's going on across the street? '

~No.
But thank you for keeping me from falling to sleep.
What's going on across the street? ~

'Someone attempting to keep their talent discreet.'

~Discreet?
How are they keeping it discreet? ~

'By packing it into that van and threatening to leave.'

~How can anyone pack talent into a van?
And how do you know it to be talent? ~

'Being exposed to it to know it rare...
Was the first thing I noticed.
Comeon!
Let's go see where they are taking it.
Maybe 'we' can convince them to stay.'

~Trust me...
If what they have is 'that' rare,
And they know it too?
Leaving 'this' mediocrity behind,
For challenges to pursue...
Will not convince them to stay.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With Wishes To Live A Wholesome Life

One addicted,
To the foolishness...
Of someone else,
As if hooked to a need...
Deserves to be abused.
If...
This is excused.

No one is born to do this,
As if a prerequisite...
To live a wholesome life.

One with wishes to live a wholesome life,
Let's it known and quick...
Disrespect accepted,
They will have none of it.
Or tolerate its appearance when shown.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With Wishes To Provoke And Defame

A history kept that has been embellished,
And exaggerated when told...
Eventually weakens a diminishing society,
By those who choose to battle to keep...
Comforts and customs unravelling,
From delusions fed to reveal an absence...
Of substance.

And depleted they are of an integrity...
That fears an unbeatable truth that pursues,
With brutal reality.

'You speak as if you are not part of this? '

I am just an observer.
Like many with abilities,
Depicted and ignored as insignificant.
And from where I stand...
There has been some benefit,
To being considered invisible.

Although, periodically, I am found to blame,
By those with wishes to provoke and defame...
Contibutions made but stolen by those who claim,
Them as their own.

Idiotic and dangerous are those unconscious actions taken!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With Wishes To Rid

For fun
They ruined the happiness for some.
Believing an accomplishment
To them would come!
And so it did...
In the form of dread.
The kind they displayed,
While also suffered in their heads!
With wishes to rid this from them instead!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With Words To Express, Define Or Explain

Smothered under thick layers of lies!
Suppressed by deceptions,
That keeps them self obsessed...
To excuse with alibis.
And no longer accepting the affects of self examination.
With cleared and open wider eyes.
They are first taught to assume positions,
Of being the center of the Universe.
Although from where they sit on Earth,
No one knows where up or down is.
Or if they are witnessing the left or right of it.

They learn to judge,
From lessons learned from birth first...
That whatever else exists,
From delusions quick to depict themselves...
Flawless.
There is a need to believe this ridiculousness,
Regardless of reality...
They wish with attempts to reverse.
And to curse those who are conscious...
With broadening observations,
Sought to seek and within them thirst.

With restricting limits,
Many self righteous think of others immediately...
By values and standards crumbling beneath their feet.
But yet refuse to see their own self imposing defeat,
From a medicating on maintaining minds addicted to fantasies.
And denying the existence of truth,
There to reduce their increasing agonies enforced and produced.
No matter how overwhelming the evidence,
Of a need for them to awaken from a maddening ignorance.
They've become too addicted to free and release to leave behind.

And unfortunate for them are these times we live,
That are completely out of their control...
Unfolding!
For all to behold with nothing left to be said,

With words to express, define or explain.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With You By My Side

I can only offer my gratitude,
With a thankfulness
I do
Every day to You,
My Father.
In the only way I can.
With You by my side,
I would not have survived
Or endured...
Through transgressions
That digress me with temptations...
Fears and doubts.
Indecisions and incisions
Of self inflicting wounds.
Betraying my purpose...
With lack of patience,
To proceed and accept gloom!
You have taught me,
I have no room for that to succeed!
With You by my side I am so pleased!
You wanted me to witness...
How You would fix all of my sorrows,
If I came to You and faithfully prayed!
I have.
And obeyed.
You have shown and proven to me,
I have only to believe in You!
And Father...
I do!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With You Not In My Mind

Whatever it is that is perceived of me,
With or without my decision made for preferences...
To change daily my appearance if I wish.
And this truth I speak you can believe,
With a betting to place at any casino!

If I choose to paint butterfly wings on my bare ass...
The doing of it has been a yearning to do it.
And the action well deserved as I deem it to be,
EARNED!
With you not in my mind to think about to consult.

Trust me.
I will not be condemned to satisfy limits.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With Your Eyes Fixed On Me

Why with your eyes fixed on me,
And my every step.
With suspicions to keep me suspect,
Has not eliminated your life with threats.
Or bring to you a night of peaceful sleep.

And why with your eyes fixed on me,
To enforce a hunger and a homelessness.
With a diminishing of opportunities,
You 'perceive' brings to you more peace...
That frees you to feel better about yourself,
With a doing you wish to keep.
Doesn't!

I have never been the enemy,
That you wanted others to believe.
The enemy is your insecurity.
With misdeeds you alone conceive,
And those insecurities on yourself released.
No matter how long you keep your eyes fixed on me.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With Your Making Of Demands

Don't approach me
With your making of demands
I am one of few who believes
Having notoriety
Doesn't place anyone automatically
In the novelty category
You either ignore me or respect me
As I will do you

If I should stomp on your foot,
I am sure your reaction
Will not be first to smile
And be polite!
I am sure you will say something to me,
Obscene
I would
And could care less
Where you take that to address it

Lawrence S. Pertillar

With, No Investment Made

There is not a lot,
To be fiddled in the middle.
Or to tie with a doing of it in knots.
Not when the action leaves very little,
To demand with a commanding...
Those expectations with one's hand out.

With,
No investment made,
Deposited or donated given as one lives...
The ones with mindsets corrupted with held cups,
Automatically wanting them seen filled up...
Are S.O.L.
Severely delusioned.
And left smelling out of luck!

With no sweat from their foreheads,
Beading to drip...
There are some people thinking,
A flapping of lips is enough to deserve...
A grabbing to get from a platter served.
But...
No one should expect a better taste,
With no investment made.
No one should expect a slice of cake,
If they did not bake it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Withdrawal Symptoms

Keeping you affixed in my mind,
Is like a nicotine habit.
And does not do a thing,
For my wish...
Not to be addicted.

And for some reason,
When you are not there...
I shake as if I need a fix.
These withdrawal symptoms,
I did not expect when you left!

I thought when we ended,
That would be it!
But I am paying the price,
Telling you to leave me...
Alone!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Withering Rights

On my mind are these times.
With their withering rights.
And those who fight for entitlements,
Without one day spent...
Feeling obligated to answer a call of duty,
To protect and defend them.
While losing a vitality of their 'rights',
Overnight!
And visably shrinking to shrivel,
From their sight.

Leaving most people to feel uptight.
Like spoiled little kids...
Denied their demands for candy.

And on my mind I find,
A comfort still exists...
To rhyme it all with reason,
For purposes to increase my happiness.

And on my mind,
Regardless if it is accepted...
I am going to keep it real for myself.

Regardless of withering rights.
And those deciding to fight for them.
I owe it to myself,
To reach for heights.
Since in my sight...
They will not wither to leave me wondering,
Why this was allowed as I stood and watched.

My rights to life my life as I like,
Are not going to wither.
My rights to dream,
Are still mine to accomplish.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Withholding Of Evidence

The withholding of evidence,
Just to ignite the spark of a people...
Already incensed by what they believe to be,
An unlawful incident perpetuated...
Is insensitive.

And those who do this are just as guilty,
As those assuming a crime against someone innocent...
Has been done 'before' the truth has been revealed,
With a wish to take the law into their own hands.
All participants in this are made to look like fools.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Within

The comfort of one's place,
Does not come from the outside.
It is the comfort one has inside that reflects.
And that is kept rejuvenated from one's perception.

A development of one's peace of mind,
Over time is constructed.
And not determined by anyone's agenda.
The comfort kept that comes to one deserving is within.

'Any happiness I have is not based upon your decision.
I know this is traumatic.
And the more I stay away from that which isn't me...
I feel a peace increase I wish I could sell.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Within And Without Eyes

After one's mind has been shocked,
And traumatized...
By illness or another life 'encounter'!
An awareness quite different,
Broadens an understanding...
Before not realized.

Openness to thought,
Comes into a clearer view!
Intentions not mentioned,
Become 'sensitized'.
Within...
And without eyes to witness!
A greater thankfulness is expressed.
A greatfulness brings a peace of mind,
To rest.
And comforts those who know.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Within Boundaries You Value

You want it staid and kept measured.
Within boundaries you value.
So you say.
Pleasuring a stagnant and irresistable existence?
Done in an explicit standard way.
Sober, grave and mysteriously serious?
I'm down and cool with it.
I don't find for me your etiquette appropriate.

But why are you over here,
Obviously out of place.
Is there something about my exuberance,
You wish to witness up close and in your face?

You want it staid and kept measured.
Within boundaries you value.
So you say.
Pleasuring a stagnant and irresistable existence?
Done in an explicit standard way.
Sober, grave and mysteriously serious?
I'm down and cool with it.
I don't find for me your etiquette appropriate.

But,
Tell me this...
Why is it you can not admit,
You're tired of walking as if 'corked' so stiff?
And you want me to relieve you...
With a pulling it out and you want this done quick.
Should I count to ten as you turn around,
Before I get on with it?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Within Caverns Deep

Somewhere in the bowels,
Of dungeons vaulted within caverns deep...
Truth has begun its struggle to crack through,
Thick and fortified walls that had trapped despair...
With an ease found to release and find escape,
From places where it had been kept hostage.

Sweating deceivers begin to strip off masks,
With attempts to find new tasks...
For purposes to charade a continued masquerading.

However...
Traces of their false faces,
Portraying their misdeeds as sincere...
Can no longer defend them against the strength of truth,
Pursuing with a vengeance...
To undo the torment done by deceivers who chose,
With a victimizing those they left abused.

Disbelievers of all faiths are confused!
Forced awake as if by Earthquake.
Trembling and visibly shakened,
By what to their eyes appear.
And it's neither Santa Claus nor 'reindeer'.
But the presence of truth before them is clear.

Screams are heard when deceivers are revealed.
Visions of sweetened dreams no longer appeal.
A process of mending begins to heal.
And truth never before confronted like this,
Arrives finally to make a permanent visit.
To be treated with suspicion as if...
'Aliens' have dropped from outer space.

'What is this?
Everyone seems to now have it on their lips.'

~It is...
Truth.

People have become afflicted.
From mouths the words flow as if from faucets.
No longer from both sides of their mouths,
Do deceptions slip.
This is TRUTH I tell you.
And people have become afflicted.~

Screams are heard when deceivers are revealed.
Visions of sweetened dreams no longer appeal.

'What is this? '

~This is TRUTH I tell you.
And people have become afflicted.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Within Cliques Of Gossips

There are those programmed and convinced...
People they assumed they knew,
With conversations had with others...
Family, friends and a collection of a chosen few,
Were people that they knew.

But when asked, none had close talks...
With the one claimed known.
And the one claimed known...
Had not a clue as to what was going on.
Other than the usual assumptions that take place,
Within cliques of gossips.

There are those who have created,
Lifestyles of others in their minds.
With sexual preferences believed known discussed.
With the goings on in the privacy of their homes,
And with whom they lust.

There are those programmed and self convinced...
People they assumed they knew,
With conversations had with others...
Family, friends and a collection of a chosen few,
Were people that they knew.

Until they got the opportunity to meet them.
And then became quite upset...
That those they met,
Were quite different...
Than the people they had kept in their minds.

Only to find themselves,
Living too confined and behind fast times.
To leave a narrow perception of life,
Left to go unaddressed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Within Every Crack There Is A Crevice

Stifling rules and laws,
Has left a life to live...
Corrupted by flaws...
As witnessed by those wishing,
They could live their own lives...
Inspiring perfection.

And within every crack there is a crevice,
There is not a step one can take...
That does not leave them reminded,
Who today makes the most excuses...
By blaming the creation of their mistakes,
On anyone intelligent enough trying to correct them.

With a proving how blind with evil,
Those foolish can be!
With a doing of just about anything,
As to not to expose the overflowing of their stupidity.
With it everywhere and yet they still wish to debate it.
As if with them doing this, what they've created will fade away.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Within His Inner Circle

He is wearing them out.
Their accustomed indignities...
Are now sought by him,
To come spewing from their mouths.
And everyday the same insults,
Seem as if they come from little kids.
The ones that wish to bully...
But the one they wish to do it to,
Seems to thrive on it...
As if it was nourishment that it gives.

He is wearing them out.
Their accustomed indignities...
Are now sought by him,
To come spewing from their mouths.
They seek his birth certificate.
Something to prove he actually exists.
Their verbal obscenities have become useless.
And his arrogance displayed,
Appears to thrive on it!

'We've secured his birth certificate.
And he has already exposed his own dirt.
His intelligence is something we have never encountered.
And intimidating him has driven us to exhaustion.
Even the threat of death,
Produces on his face a grin.

He acts as if...
He 'is' The Almighty.
Or someone extremely close,
Within HIS inner circle.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Within Me...

Will this ever disappear?
Go away never to come near,
This craving to taste the meal
You placed on the love menu I miss.

Even reminiscing having you slice
A piece of the feast you release
As time decreases my share of you
Baring your soul with me to quiver...
Tingling, I become nourished.
Encouraged by the choice that feeds
My imagination!

Will this ever disappear?
Go away never to come near,
This part of you I hold dear
Within me...
A presentation of sensational beginnings
Without end that sends my dreams
To scenes I've never known.

Only you can bring the seasoning
For this love!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Within Moving Walls

Not many can sleep,
When chased by facts.
And when those facts once unleashed,
Will do just that as if on attack.
To prevent what is sought and what one needs,
A desperate wish to sleep in peace..

Wide awake one imagines someone walks,
On barren floors that creak as voices talk.
And doors on eerily squeaking hinges,
Open slowly to squinting eyes...
Trying to keep shut tight but sneaking peeks.

Shadows begin,
To be heard deeply breathing it seems.
But nothing can prevent mysterious and intended...
Scratching sounds increasing,
Behind moving walls closing in unceasing...
To stalk with a purpose to squeeze a curdling scream.

Making one frightened imagine someone walks,
On barren floors that creak as voices talk.
And doors on eerily squeaking hinges,
Open slowly to squinting eyes...
Trying to keep shut tight but sneaking peeks.

Not many can sleep,
When chased by facts.
With attempts to do that,
Within moving walls...
Appearing to crawl,
And stalking.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Within Our Sickening Borders

Ignored off the battlefield,
And sent a bill for wounds.
Considered now as useless meat...
No one wants to meet or can use!
This smothered acknowledgement,
Is the height of mental abuse.
And they are the ones of killer instincts...
Threatening an image
The public is told to deny and refuse,
Within our sickening borders!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Within The Midst Of Spring

Within the midst of Spring,
I feel I have been reborn.
To do with a shedding successfully,
From all other seasons...
I have witnessed and been blessed to live.
But it is something about Spring,
That refreshes and renews my life.
Until the humidity of Summer comes.
And there to feel impatient as I await,
For Autumn to Fall and October to arrive...
To hear myself announce,
As the leaves begin to change...
From green to bright colors nowhere else to be found,
How it is I feel to have been reborn to do successfully...
To witness this magnificence like no other season,
I have been blessed to live.

Hey what can I say?
When living in New England,
I've learned to treat each season as if it is my favorite.
Like telling a child when the other children are not around...
Just how special they are.
And it is true to say when each one comes.
With a doing not to confuse the attention given.
However...
I've been blessed not to have any to face at the same time.
I'd be left not knowing what to say or how to say it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Within The Midst Of Your Wishes

Have I not come,
To be the first...
That becomes the last,
To quench your thirst...
Only you can identify as needed.

Have I not satisfied your urge,
To discontinue searching...
For what has been desired?
Have I not sparked that everlasting fire,
Sitting within the midst of your wishes.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Within The Next Few Months

Insinuations made to misguide with a plotting,
Of a shining done of a focused spotlight...
One would like to get,
But has planted few seeds to deserve.
Is a maneuvering done by someone,
On a mission to usurp attention from another.
Only to discover...
It takes more than emoting with a seizing to hold,
An attention from those...
Who seek more than freelanced embellishments.

If discipline with a consistency is not there to be seen,
Any plotting done with insinuations to leave...
Eventually demeans the doer of this activity.
With an unintended declaration,
Of their own lack of motivation taking center stage.

'I understand what it is you 'might' have done.
However...
Unlike the others you've discussed to throw under the bus,
Can you show me more of what it is you actually do?
IF that doing of it as you have stated...
Is your desire and purpose in 'life' you wish to accomplish.'

~Well...I...uh...
Haven't quite found the time just yet!
But within the next few months...
I am certain my schedule will then allow it.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Within The Sun's Circumference Done

Just a few miles above.
And off the surface of planet Earth.
Impossible it would be,
For anyone to visually see...
Which races can be identified.
Or the various languages,
Each one comfortably speaks.
Regardless of religious,
Preferences or beliefs...
Kept to worship.

And to put this in perspective
With a significance,
Some neglect to comprehend.
It would take,
More than one million Earths
To fit 'within'...
The Sun's circumference.

Now with that to be a fact,
Consider this to be one too!
Subtracting one Earth,
To allow its inhabitants...
Their wish to destroy it.
From where in the Universe,
Would this be grieved...
As a missed opportunity.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Within The True Oneness Of God, The Almighty!

These truths we behold,
To be self-evident!

On this day...
January 20th 2009,
We have become further enriched,
By an enlightenment...
In which,
A lifting of a broading ray of light...
Appears to those enclosed in shadows,
To unveil a revealing advancement of change!

These truths we behold,
To be self-evident!

The power of ideals,
Has been unlocked...
From a concealment.
Blocked,
It would seem...
By those denying dreams!

And all of those interests...
That had been kept segmented,
In divisions.
Are now professed,
Can no longer be confined to suppress.
By those who sought to keep themselves...
Separate and above the rest!

A collective mindset comes to rejoice!
For the purpose to unite everyone on Earth...
In one voice.
Heard!
To delight within...
The true Oneness of God, The Almighty!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Within The Vicinity Of My Tolerance

Please.
There is no need for you to poster,
With a generous showing at my parade.
Or try to steal my thunder,
While under my light!

You have no idea,
What it took...
To allow you to breathe,
Within the vicinity of my tolerance.

If I had not saved you from a lowlife.
We'd be still satisfying our mutual temptations.
None by which did either one of us good.
No matter how discreet our current sweet pleasures.
Enjoyed in guilt.
But...
Nevertheless,
Enjoyed!

However...
Sharing light, adulation and applause?
Has me still in recovery.
Doing the best I can...
To pull away from those addictions.
They will not be shared.
Some folks kill...
If they can not get their next 'fix' on,
And quick!
I'm not like that.
I'm a raging cusser!
Please don't make me cuss,
Then later beg me to...
Favor you with my love!

Anything else you ask from me is fine.
But for now in this moment,
Remove your behind from between my fans...
And an impatient Mother Nature.

'To the left, to the left!
Take more steps...
To the left, to the left! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Within Their Midst

One needs not to continue,
To attempt to convince others...
There is an idiot amongst them,
Who is unbelieving of it.
And is within their midst.
Eventually the acknowledgement of this,
Will even be known by the idiot.

And the one who had been thought,
To have passed undeserved judgement...
Will begin to be regarded,
As a psychic.
With powers others then start to request,
If remnants of stupidity...
Appears to be accepted in the minds of the rest.

'I am not a psychic.
Trust me.
My observations are there.
If one wishes to accept what is,
As being there as is 'and' obvious.'

~So what are you saying?
All this time I have been an idiot? ~

'I did not say that specifically.
Since I am not aware of who you represent.
And there may be others undercover,
Who might resent the presence...
Of my unintended observations.

However...
You seem better equipped,
To pick out others doing their best...
Denying their honesty to confess.'

~So...
What is it you are saying?
I am not alone? ~

'I don't mean to offend,
Anyone invited to attend this conference.
But if I had known,
I was here only to address with hollow impressions...
I would have stayed at home.'

~Well...
If you are here unknowing of this,
And you have yet to exit.
Then who amongst us...
IS the idiot?
Professing just to be observing!
And doing it...
Within 'their' midst?
Perhaps it is 'you' who seeks the acceptance.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Within Their Reach

The one thing about that which few people see,
And within their reach...
Close enough to knock them off their feet.
Are those arguments they begin to start,
With the ones who make attempts...
To tell them what is there,
And overlooked by them to miss.

And instead of investigating,
People like this...
Resist.
Because they don't want to feel,
They are that blinded by ignorance.
However...
It is their arguments they start,
That validates the acceptance of it.

'Are you insinuating we are ignorant? '

Nope.
But there is a hope one day you will notice it.
And become so offended by it to rid.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Within Their Restricted Mental Limits

There are more who pray and complain,
Than there are those who pray with a faith committed.
There are those who say they pray everyday...
And remain fearful to let God with them,
Have His way.

There are those who receive answers to questions asked.
To still deny those messages given.
There are those who claim they 'believe' as they do.
But only if what is believed fits the image,
Within their restricted mental limits!

And nothing the Creator has made even today,
Has ever stopped to be confirmed...
By anyone on Earth,
Through use of learned scriptures or quoted verse...
Can swear to declare God has finished!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Without A Clue Or Hint

I love it when people make attempts,
To compare themselves...
With others living in totally different,
Environments.

I love it when it is believed,
An exchange of experiences can be done.
With an evaluation,
That validates...
An assumption from a mouth that comes.

I love it when people believe they can critique.
Based upon comfort zones,
Those of limited mindsets...
Rarely and infrequently leave.

I love it when those pass their judgements on others.
Without a clue or hint,
What others endure...
To face and remove those obstacles to them sent.
Or knows what one goes through,
To feed themselves, ...
Shelter, clothe or pay their 'own' bills AND the rent!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Without A Common Sense Represented

So many make claims...
They do not wish the government,
To play a role in their personal lives!
It is said the government already has,
Too much of a control.
And this 'they' despise.

Although everyone pays taxes.
And elect politicians,
To represent their interests.
Everyone wants the police,
To come to their aid when this pleases.
Have teachers teach their children.
Even the ones who skip and don't come.
They want better jobs to pay for mortgage and/or rent.
And desire their 'tender' offenses assume,
Protected by soldiers on other lands to defend...
From terrorists and other threatening improvisations.

So many make claims...
They do not wish the government,
To play a role in their personal lives!
It is said the government already has,
Too much of a control.
And this 'they' despise.
With fantasies intact.
And demands they come alive!

And from birth they are now issued,
Social security numbers.
Immunizations to protect them from disease.
And still they say it is the government...
From their lives they wish would leave!
Without a common sense represented amongst them.

How can such hypocrisy be sustained?
When those in the know...
Realize more oxygen,
Is needed to feed those of disconnected brains.

Since a massive amnesia has too long been effective.
How can reality ever in them be injected?

'President Obama? '

~Hey...
Don't look at me!
I'm doing the best I can,
To keep my hair from getting grayer.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Without A Curriculum To Follow

Putting an end to inner fears,
And what appears to others...
As insecurities,
Is not easy to accomplish...
In environments restricted to limitations.

It takes bold action with a pacing of steps,
To face each day with intentions met...
To accept those yesterdays and let them go.
Even though those doubts linger about.
With those fears embraced,
One seems unable to escape and erase.

However...
What can be more difficult,
Than leaving the comfort of high school?
Without a curriculum to follow?
Or subjects from which one had choices to choose?
When realities of the real world comes to test.

'What is it that I should select to do next? '

~Try removing yourself from behind that desk.
And learn regrets and disappointments,
Are part of living life.~

'But how do I do that with just a diploma? '

~You will discover soon the use of common sense.~

'I don't remember that as being one of my choices to make.'

~Take it or leave it.
There are very few loopholes you will find to fake.
Unless...
You find a way to create your own.
Welcome to the real world.~

'Aren't you here to teach? '

~Correct.
TEACH.
Not BABYSIT.
Now...
Try removing yourself from behind that desk.
And learn regrets and disappointments,
Are part of living life.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Without A Cycle Rinse

So addicted they are to playing childish games.
They believe their afflictions...
Are widespread.
And others who live have the same goals and aims.
With nothing more to live for...
But to play cat and mouse,
To entrap themselves.

They can not envision this as a poisoning done inside.
Their heads have been programmed to endorse denial.
And they teach these games without a cycle rinse.
Convinced they are above a rebirth of a cleansing.
They struggle to keep themselves dense...
In times reminisced when they did foolishness.
And make attempts to keep these cycles repreated.

And in these times...
What they present from stunted minds,
Does not wash with a preset that advances.
But leave behind in a grime undefined...
And confined!
That entwines to squeeze and keep them bundled.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Without A Dime To Spend

He did not create your problems.
Or your way of life...
That comes back to bite you.
Your values are being threatened,
By your beliefs.
And those you trusted to keep them.
He did not sell you out!
That was being done as you pranced about.
Assuming your way of life,
Would not come under scrutinity.
Or leave you without a dime to spend.
And that you can not blame on him!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Without A Drumroll Or A Cheering Audience

I was still in my early twenties,
When I felt I had earned my doctorate's degree.
After I had graduated from elementary school,
I had already received my 'bachelor's'.
I was taught to be accountable,
For every responsible action I made.

I did not have a childhood.
I had chores and responsibilities.
And had been a latchkey child by the age of 5.
That was before the innocence of children,
Were identified to be protected and realized.
I was taught to value independence....first!

I was still in my early twenties,
When I felt I had earned my doctorate's degree.
Married, divorced and a military veteran...
I knew my life had excelled through a course,
To experience early such maturity.
And that wasn't a choice!
But more like a marriage of enforcement.

And my tolerance for those who are ignorant is low.
Extremely!
Especially when I've seen people pull themselves up,
Out of places few would dare to go.
Without a drumroll or a cheering audience to encourage.
With so many today wasting their minds and time,
Debating their entitlements while sitting on wide behinds...
Expecting a delivery of some kind they did not earn.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Without A Fear Of Being Smeared

What neccessitates,
An urgent and immediate response...
With a preventing of decay,
Has joined the marketing of peace.
As something declared as a priority.
Like education and jobs!
And the outsourcing done of both...
To feed those teased by greed.

But...
As a lucrative commodity?
Nothing beats an updating of a repeated fad.
Kept fashionable until something else comes along.
Or someone who has the backing to make an attempt,
To awaken people from their nonsense.
Without a fear of being publicly smeared,
By those who have embedded delusions.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Without A Higher Consciousness

It has been proclaimed...
That a direction taken,
Has brought upon diversion and shame.
And those who are upset by this,
Are sick that things have not remained the same.
But it is with change that unsettles with discomfort.
And discomfort will be experienced,
By those who wish...
Movements that are made to go backward,
Is a life that should exist...
Without a higher consciousness.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Without A Hint Of Wisdom

Caught up in the 'what ifs' and 'whys'.
And not seeing eye to eye with a reality
That has longed called for their attention!
No one wants to mention that.
They would rather play cat and mouse games.
And play tag with an upcoming disaster!
This will be their glory!
And their claim to fame.
This they play...
Is the ignorant game,
Played their way!

Caught up in the 'what ifs' and 'whys',
Have been those who chose to lie all their lives.
Storytelling their way to prescribed drugs!
And many find them pleasant to be around.
It then becomes no secret kept as to 'why'.

This they play...
Is the ignorant game,
Played their way!

When they are seen caught up,
In the 'what ifs and 'whys' of life.
It becomes clearly understood without question,
They have been detached much longer...
Than they were thought to be deranged!
And 'this' those who know,
Have found attractive to show...
As a destination.
To astound the nonbelievers!

This they play...
Is the ignorant game,
Played their way!

Caught up in the 'what ifs' and 'whys'.
And not seeing eye to eye with a reality
That has longed called for their attention!

No one wants to mention that.
They would rather play cat and mouse games.
And play tag with an upcoming disaster!
This will be their glory!
And their claim to fame.
This they play...
Is the ignorant game,
Played their way!
For lives that stay tricked,
Without a hint of wisdom...
Exiting from their lips!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Without A Listening Sought

Experience to get can not be taught.
Nor can a comprehension begin,
Without a listening sought.
Some people today are known,
To have always something to say...
And undelayed to interrupt,
Information they could obtain.
But they can not seem to keep,
Their mouths shut to listen up.

To then waste time,
From others they expect it done to find...
For detailed explanations,
Missed but did not get...
When their minds were pre-occupied.

And yet...
It is the people like this,
Arguing over facts they resist to dismiss.
To then protest against evidence presented,
With proof of truth to resent what has been produced.
And anyone who listens to comprehend.

'What is wrong with these people? '

~Please.
Whatever you say,
Don't call them ignorant.~

'I wasn't thinking that at all.
They are too stupid to be ignorant.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Without A Need For Others To Interpret

You claim to know what it is that you 'see'?
And still allow yourself to disrespect it?
Either you don't know it for what it is...
Or,
Your perception of it is not grounded on fact.

You claim to know what it is that you 'see'?
And still allow yourself to disrespect it?
Either you don't know it for what it is...
Or,
Your perception of it is not grounded on fact.

And perceptions not ground on fact,
Could eliminate what you thought you had...
For someone else to appreciate,
With a knowing what it is that they have!
Without a need for others to interpret.

'Hang in there! '

No. YOU hang in there.
That's your expertise.
I have a life to live with doings to be pursued.
With no intentions to swing in the wind.
Or be linked to a ball and chain.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Without A Ph.D

To what purpose...
Would obtaining a Doctorate's Degree,
Serve me?
To prove I have an expertise?
And I have been deemed qualified...
Stamped with a PH.D to identify my abilities?
To then present to others my resume,
For all to see?

Is it a possibility that someone like me,
Could prove my acumen in business acknowledgement...
Without a PH.D?
Could it be that I could foresee,
Creating an organization...
As a benefit and not my own ego to please.

Is it a possibility that someone like me,
Could get recognition nationally?
And do this without a PH.D?
And...
What difference would it make,
If my 'deeds' have been documented?
Would 'not' having a PH.D...
Make my efforts less ambitious?

Or is the fact that I don't have a PH.D,
And my accomplishments have received attention...
Makes what I've done not from one competent at all.
With a making of those who critique my uniqueness,
More reason to declare their proficiency?

Well...
With all their credentials and acquired essentials,
AND 'intelligence' that has been decreed...
Show me the evidence and produced performances,
That makes a placement of a degree obtained...
Behind one's name,
Guarantees a notoriety!

'So...
What is your point? '

Did you read what I wrote?
Or are you seeking assistance,
To have it interpreted for comprehension purposes.

'Are you or are you not,
An advocate of college? '

To acquire dedication, ambition, initiative...
Discipline with a patience to sacrifice?
And to do this day and night for the rest of one's life?
With a doing it AND with common sense...
Inspite of temptations teased by others sent?
And remaining focused on top of it?

'Uh...
Would you rather pick another topic? '

Remember this...
You approached me!
I was minding my own business.
I hope you are not offended,
If I should suggest...
You leave me to continue doing it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Without A Prior Menu Used

Only those who make up their minds,
To do something concrete...
That validates their time.
Do this with such fixed focus,
And grow!

Often a connection between loyalty,
With discipline, determination and dedication...
Mixed,
Produces evidence of success from it.

However,
Few can continue...
Without a prior menu used.
They look to be rewarded,
With a discounted way of pursuing life.

'What comes with 'that',
If I should order 'this'? '

And it would seem for the one who dreams...
An achieved reality is reached!
A happiness stirs and occurs inside.
And it does...
But,
So long has the road been journeyed!

There is one thing left,
That has not been satisfactorily addressed.
And that is...
The sacrifice and loneliness invested.
What fills that hole?

No tangible 'perks' observed can undo,
Words heard of discouragement...
'LAZY'
'DELUDED'...
And,
Lives with 'mama' and will never amount to nothing!

And still those vicious lips remain on city streets.
Living with their 'mamas' and doing nothing to achieve.
And they call 'themselves' men!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Without A Priority

Finding oneself...
Might take a lifetime.
And,
Finding one's life...
May not be...
Any need.
But...
Finding one's happiness,
Without a wanting...
May be possible.
But without a priority,
How can this succeed?

Finding oneself and untieing the knots,
May take a lifetime.
And finding one's life without a tear to drop,
May not be a need.
But...
Finding one's happiness without a crave,
May be possible.
But without a priority,
How can this succeed?
Without priority,
How this succeed?

Finding oneself...
Might,
Take a lifetime.
And finding one's life may not,
Be...
Anybody's need,
And...
Finding one's true happiness,
Without a wanting...
May be possible.
But without priority...
How can one succeed?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Without A Reception Of Approval

At the end of each day,
This is certain...
Nothing that has been lived,
In a past that has been witnessed...
Will ever be experienced again.
By anyone.
Regardless who feels surpressed,
Oppressed.
Deceived or mistreated.

Only in the time we are living that is given,
Can any of us decide...
How deep we are going to breathe.
And 'if' anyone has to debate about that...
Perhaps life itself,
Is not a conscious 'thing' one does...
Without a reception of approval.
Or an acceptation one wishes to claim.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Without A Smidgen Of Maliciousness

Like most people in the same mindset,
A belief is indoctrinated within them...
That whatever they do and wherever they go,
Their actions and deeds are 'always' correct.

With ears closed and mouths open,
A narrow mentality from them you can expect.
But don't rush to pass judgement on them.
These folks are without a smidgen of maliciousness.

Like all trained pets...
Doing nothing more nor nothing less,
Than what a limited vision accepts.
This is the existence for them that is best.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Without A Spark To Ignite The Flame

I hear your voice,
In ever changing whispers...
What it is you feel,
On those days you choose to say...
Words you wish me to believe are real.

But I can not trust,
What it is I can not feel.
Or be made to believe...
A feeling that is not there,
Can be made for me to know is real.

Unspoken is that touch that reaches my heart.
Silent are those embers that warm and linger.
Not stirred by words...
Just to have them heard.
Unspoken is that touch that reaches my heart.

I hear your voice,
In ever changing whispers...
What it is you feel,
On those days you choose to say...
Words you wish me to believe are real.
Unspoken is that touch that reaches my heart.

And a passion within me just will not burn...
Or start,
Without a spark to ignite the flame.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Without A Word Heard To Be Spoken

When someone has been tested,
With each step taken to move forward...
From birth and most of their entire life,
To be judged.
That person becomes aware very early,
Who is or is not basing their opinions...
On the physicality and appearances of things.

To disregard one's efforts to place steps made.
And what each step taken to one taking them means.

To leave the depth of an unexpected thought process,
In time...
To become one's weapon to strengthen one's mind.
With an ability to perceive,
Who deceives.
Without a word heard to be spoken.
Or a superficiality exchanged to go unknown.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Without A Word To Be Spoken

It is important for one to be grounded.
With a solid and sound identity.
To know who one is by living the 'experience'.
Making mistakes and going through heartbreaks...
With aches and pains.
Sustain to affect emotions!
This aids the growth process.
And ushers in a maturity.
Allowing one to eventually...
Listen to others patiently with silent lips.
And perfect the raising of one eyebrow at a time.
When one discovers they have found,
That technique leaves them with a peace of mind...
Only then can it be said,
They know 'who' they are and can communicate...
Without a word to be spoken.
And left assured their respect is intact.
Even though a few may need a hint or two.

'What does the raised right eyebrow mean? '

Back off!

'Oh?
OH!
Oh...I'll catch you at a more convenient time! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Without Addressing The Presence

War and crediting greed,
Are two components sustained...
That will eventually diminish one's feeding.
But then...
One's delusions kept without addressing,
The presence of truth...
Has always found a way to stay productive.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Without An Adverse Affect

Respect the mind,
And all it gives.
Respect a friend,
For all that friend is!

So many are confused,
As to which one to use...
Without an adverse affect,
That disadvantages effect.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Without An Effort

Few who live exist,
To ponder the what ifs of life!
Although many sit,
To experience...
The benefits of procrastination.
And this activity one does quite a bit.

With a hesitation done,
As if what is wished...
Will materialize,
Without an effort from them...
To prove to themselves or to anyone,
What it is desired to them soon comes!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Without An Ending To Stop

Where is the East of this Universe?
The North, South or West of it?
Is there a right, left, bottom or top?
Did it begin without an ending to stop?

How can some assign,
Limits with restrictions.
And boundaries to define,
Whose life to live should be confined.

How can some assign,
Limits to permit...
A living life is done,
Allowed for some and not everyone.

And where is Earth,
Within this massive Universe?
Unknown to be seen,
From light years claimed to be measured.
By minds others decide have expertise.
But can not find a way,
To stop division or conflicts approved...
Everyday on this Earth from being unleashed.

Where is the East of this Universe?
The North, South or West of it?
Is there a right, left, bottom or top?
Did it begin without an ending to stop?
And if not...
Will the Universe continue to exist,
Without a speck of dust...
Floating and determined to destroy,
Its beauty and magnificence.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Without An Intervention To Prevent

The novelty of hatred,
Has arrived to dominate public opinion.
And treated openly,
To give it a forum of free speech.
As if racism is okay,
To be invited to display an incitement of division...
In messages clearly sent.

Is there a freedom to have an entire world incensed?
Is there a freedom to have humanity demised,
At the expense of those innocent?
Is there a freedom to give those irresponsible,
A public stage for these events?
So those with purposes to create havoc...
Could have it without an intervention to prevent,
Civil disobedience intentionally meant?

The novelty of hatred,
Has arrived to dominate public opinion.
And treated openly,
To give it a forum of free speech.
As if racism is okay,
To be invited to display an incitement of division...
In messages clearly sent.

A reality check is needed by all,
And soon.
Those voicing insecurities on the rise,
Are looming to balloon.
There is no one who lives,
That should be caught by surprise...
If one day they should awaken,
To witness the world in turmoil...
And blood drenched skies at Sunrise!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Without An Offering Of Opinion To Give

If there is something known and experienced,
By some and not yet by others...
A convincing can not be done.
Only a repeated acknowledgement of it,
To be tolerated comes...
From the mouths of those,
Sharing their recent discoveries.

And those already exposed,
Doing their best to keep their ears opened!
Without uttering a word to overextend,
With what years ago had been mentioned.
Hope to express interest,
On their knowing faces.

To show surprise that a gift recently given,
They had not beforehand seen unwrapped.
But,
Of course they did.
And trust me,
It is very difficult to do that...
Without an offering of opinion to give.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Without Any Arguments Expected

It would be great if we could share,
Each other's visions.
And toss out the ones,
We least wish to see realized.

With a removal of what now exists...
From everyone's eyes.
And have them accept it.
Without any arguments expected.

And we would smile,
With the acknowledgement...
That their realities,
Were from us projected.

'Man, you're delusional.'

I know!
Aren't we all?
Figments of God's imagination.
Or 'whomever' is quoted to have said...
'Let us create man in 'our' image.'
Indicating a multitude of choices from which to pick.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Without Applying Some Kind Of Discipline

I know few who have accomplished,
Without applying some kind of discipline.
And there are those who attempt,
To impose upon others...
Seeking from them how what they do is done,
As if it is possible...
To teach devotion to someone.

I know few who have accomplished,
Without applying some kind of discipline.
And people today wish to have things their way...
Quick and without effort.
Those who sacrifice usually do not announce it.
They have ambitions that are focused.
And today,
There is a laziness people rather welcome to visit.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Without Believable Depth Connected

Those who perform,
And as 'artists' to do it...
Seek messages that are meaningful.
To then deliver effectively at thrie best.
And not under spotlight to emote an ego,
With an attention to get.

But with no message to leave remembered,
Like many who 'act' often do.
Without believable depth connected.
OR an audience left impressed and affected,
By a message that 'should' stay in their minds.
Those who 'act' and are not 'artists'...
Sleepwalk through their lines everytime.

'I thought they were tremendous.'

~At what point?
When they got up from falling off the stage?
Or when they climbed back on it to walk off? ~

'I'm sure that was scripted.
Or they would not have stayed in character.'

~I liked the way the stage manager ran to their assistance.~

'Oh?
So when he called them idiots,
That wasn't written into the script? '

~You know nothing about theater.
Do you? ~

'Hey...
Isn't it all about drama? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Without Benefit Of A Thaw

I can be cold.
And can detail my reasons.
I can choose anger to sit...
And have that expressed,
As if I were a ventriloquist!
Without moving my lips...
Giving much attitude,
That could be felt!
Throwing my 'inner' voice about!
Wherever I am.
And with different sounds of pain.

I am gifted to suppress that...
And not show how deep that is.
I can be humorous about it too.
Entertaining the best of crowds.
Trust me,
I am very familiar with 'showbiz'.

However...
Don't patronize what you surmise,
As a shallow understanding...
Of life.
And how I live mine.
I understand too well!

I can be cold.
And can detail my reasons.
I can choose anger to sit...
And have that expressed,
As if I were a ventriloquist!
Without moving my lips...
Giving much attitude,
That could be felt!
Throwing my 'inner' voice about!

You would not know where to go,
To exit from my wrath.
But you will know when I am cold.

You ever hear the expression,
'If looks could kill? '
I will not take that kind of time.
In my mind...
You will just be frozen,
Out of existence.
Without benefit of a thaw!
And I do the best I can,
Not to stoop that low.
However...
There are always a few
Who choose to preview,
The presentation!
And I deliver to them their shivers.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Without Charade

Those seeking to impress others,
Always seem to do it at the expense...
Of attempting to not have it recognized,
An insecurity kept they maintain...
With their own ethnic identity.

So many today refuse that attachment.
With accusations misplaced on others,
While exposing a discomfort,
Not only with themselves...
But also with others displaying their pride,
Without charade or waiting for a holiday...
To express their ethnic connection.

'I remember being called an 'Uncle Tom',
By those who were 'then' referred to as Negros.
But today do a 'Step 'n Fetchit',
Better than I ever could.
And still they seek these stereotypes,
To be accepted by 'whites'.
As they continue to disrespect,
And suppress themselves day and night...
With an ignorance expressed they call 'freedom'.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Without Conditions To Know

Love never comes,
To anyone too late.
With it felt to feel and appreciate,
The sharing of it given.
Or receive from another to take.

No love given is completely,
Unconditional.
Without conditions to know.

Love never comes to do to rate.
Or evaluate the making of it,
Until expectations begin to fade.
Leaving many disappointed.
And from it walking away.

No love given is completely,
Unconditional.
Without conditions to know.

Some want with their kept wishes,
To have more love to demand and insist.
Some who dream of love can not resist,
Comparing it to a fantasy.
And refusing the reality of what love is to get.

Love never comes to do to rate.
Or evaluate the making of it,
Until expectations begin to fade.
Leaving many disappointed.
And from it walking away.

Love never comes,
To anyone too late.
With it felt to feel and appreciate,
The sharing of it given.
Or receive from another to take.

No love given is completely,

Unconditional.
Without conditions to know.

No one gives to know what love is,
Gives it without it received to show.
And many who wish for it,
Sit to evaluate...
The getting of it from the giver.
To expect unconditional,
A love one gives to remain and not go.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Without Donated Sympathy

They are afraid to be discovered,
As imbeciles!
So to avoid this exposure...
Laws were amended.
Rules were changed!
Quotas were enforced
To keep those deranged in control!
And even though everyone pays the price,
For their lack of knowledge and skill...
Or guidance with advice!
Those who have been subjected,
To this effective neglect that has affected respect...
Stand on the sidelines
Forced to hear them whine,
About every aspect of their sorrows!
With or without donated sympathy.
Hoping tomorrow...
Care packages of 'insight'
Is dropped by the tons from the sky!

'Let's keep out fingers crossed! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Without Dreams To Wish

Without dreams to wish,
With them hoped to get...
What would be the purpose,
Of anyone wanting to achieve...
A better life to live?

With each step taken forward,
After passing tests.
And overcoming obstacles...
Faced on a daily basis.
Why would someone do this?
To waste motivation and initiative?

And with desires kept to improve.
What would be the purpose to do this,
If dreams to wish to eventually get...
Was not a part of this life,
As an experience to witness this.

Without dreams to wish,
With them hoped to get...
What would be the purpose?
I know my purpose is not meant,
To find and enjoy chaos and confusion.
That may be the reality many have wished,
For themselves to get as envisioned.
But they are 'not' my dreams,
To hope to want or have wished to get.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Without Druthers

One thing said and done by one,
Will be found replusive and often shunned!
But the same thing said and done by another...
Gains much approval and accepted without druthers.
It all depends on 'who' finds this offensive!
And the status one claims,
To 'certify' such obscenity over ruled...
With 'retooled' defenses!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Without Ego To Limit

Cherished are my memories.
Especially the ones that were meant,
For me to sit and listen...
As my ego was stripped to bits,
By those who dared me...
To pick up the pieces.

AND...
This was only IF,
I could find them!

And I knew each time...
The truth was told.
And whatever was left of my ego...
I 'had' to let go!

These are the memories I cherish the most.
Without my ego,
So much has been accomplished.
So much accomplished,
Has been without ego to limit with boundaries.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Without Exception

You wanna get close,
So you can set me up?
Well don't do it.
I've been through it.
So don't do it.

You wanna pretend,
We're friends until the very end...
Well don't don't it.
I've been through it.
So don't do it.

You see...
My eyes are open so wide,
They can see...
A deception!
Without exception.

And...
I am not that blind,
Not to see you from behind...
With a deception!
You're no exception.

You wanna play games,
To entertain then frame...
Well,
Don't do it.
I've been through it.
So don't do it.

You see...
My eyes are open so wide,
They can see...
A deception!
Without exception.

And...
I am not that blind,

Not to see you from behind...
With a deception!
You are no exception,
To accept.

You wanna get close,
So you can set me up?
Well don't do it.
I've been through it.
So don't do it.
There's nothing to prove.

You wanna pretend,
We're friends until the very end...
Well don't don't it.
I've been through it.
So don't do it.

You see...
My eyes are open so wide,
They can see...
A deception!
Without exception.

My eyes can see,
A deception!
Without exception.

My eyes can see,
A deception!
Without exception.

Listen to me.
My eyes can see,
A deception!
There's no exception.

Listen to me.
My eyes can see,
A deception!
There's no exception.

My eyes can see,
A deception!
Without exception.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Without Expectation

No love is better,
Than that love one has.
To offer with it given,
Without expectation.
Or requests to suggest,
What one does to do to leave...
Should be returned to get.

Since love to show and know,
From where it is received.
Never diminishes in quality.
Or stops the flow,
Of the supply that bestows it.
And the faithful are always there,
With God to have their love replenished.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Without Expectations

I didn't 'have' to do it!
I just did.

Nothing was promised.
Or gift was I to get.

And I didn't sit premeditating,
Over whether I should or shouldn't.

I wanted with a need,
As if I had no other reason...
But to give of myself as I lived.
With a doing of this without expectations!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Without Explanation

I want to understand,
That which I had misunderstood.
But as soon as I begin to comprehend,
I am told the questions I ask...
Have nothing to do,
With a decision someone has made...
To change the topic without explanation.
And unreasonable is my kept attitude,
To expect I should receive clarity.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Without Fail

The thing about truth,
Many may find to be frightening...
Is its ability to remain honest.
All the time and without fail.
And anyone unprepared for its appearance,
Can become easily startled...
By the way it can be used to defend against,
False faces, lies, alibis and deceptions.
And not wear a mask to perform these tasks.
Or apologize if it should offend.
One who knows truth for what it is,
May seem to be a magician to anyone deluded.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Without Faking It

Many have awakened too late to realize,
A wasting of a life done to prioritize...
Making attempts to impress others,
With a belief this is life to live.
Find to discover for themselves,
How others are equally just as pretentious.
And wish to cover up,
Insecurities they can not face.

Too often people like this,
Once had known others direct and honest.
Who chose to live basically.
And without faking it.
To know for them what happiness is.
But were dismissed by those 'in-the-loop'.
Dismissed for not being driven,
By success and its pretentiousness.

And today...
As false kept beliefs from many fade away,
Success and its meaning,
Has a different interpretation.
And a definition with far less pre-conditions.

Today?
As some have come to embrace reality.
The ones who have chosen to live their lives,
Basically to have peace of mind and happiness...
Known and with it shown to have commitment.
Can admit they feel a success has been achieved.
To leave behind those left,
With their impressions kept to keep.

And they are the ones,
Who seem to have become more reluctant...
To express the success they've obtained.
By addressing the fakeness,
Of their unfulfilled lives.
Although they are doing their best,

To maintain an outdated charade.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Without Fearing We Should Keep Secrets

With thoughts diversified.
Feelings deep and some quite silly.
As a little bit of rock with a rolling through blues,
Is shown.
These aspects of my life,
I have chosen to you to only make known.

Relationships of all kinds had.
Disappointing splits and emotional heartbreaking,
Coming to exist.
And a desperation that describes,
A sitting on the edge and what it feels like...
To come close to losing one's mind.

Illnesses experienced.
And happiness recovered,
After sadness ends.
There is nothing like feeling,
A beginning like this...
Can and does transcend.

You and I have been together,
Through it all it seems.
And I am glad from you I did not conceal,
Any of my hopes and dreams wished fulfilled.

Every aspect of my life to you has been revealed.
They have!
With a desire I have by my doing this,
You too will recognize...
Thoughts you have are also diversified,
With feelings deep.

And ready you are to come out of hiding,
To experience a life lived feeling totally complete.
And you and I can share,
Without fearing we should keep secrets.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Without Feeling Guilt Or Appalled At All

It's just so sad...
To think that people don't get a bite to eat.
And it's just so sad...
These people aren't the only ones seen on the streets.
Some still live in homes,
While others condone roaming all alone.

Oh it's just too sad...
To know the ones who lead aren't leaders.
Although give they do nice and sweet speeches,
As if what will be done is prioritized...
And homelessness and hunger will soon meet defeat!

It's just so sad...
To witness people struggle to their feet.
And walk for miles to try to keep up...
Their heads as they seek dwindling opportunities.
As others pass them talking,
To leave them without greeting...
Or helping out to meet their needs.

People have the gall to dropp this ball,
Without feeling guilt or appalled at all!
People have the gall to dropp this ball,
Without feeling guilt or appalled at all!

It's just so sad...
To think that people don't get a bite to eat.
And it's just so sad...
These people aren't the only ones seen on the streets.
Some still live in homes,
While others condone roaming all alone.

(It's just so...)
People have the gall to dropp this ball,
Without feeling guilt or appalled.
(It's just so...)
People have the gall to dropp this ball,
Without feeling guilt or appalled.

(It's just so...)
People have the gall to dropp this ball,
Without feeling guilt or appalled.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Without God

It seems as if...
God chooses to select and pick,
Those who are...
The least interested,
Of an attention to get...
For the purpose to deliver,
Messages...
They find difficult to explain.
Or make attempts to defend,
The contents within them.

'I dislike what you've said.'

-Trust me,
If I heard the truth...
From someone I had not met,
Or never knew...
I'd be upset and offended too.
Perhaps when I leave,
To do what I've come to do...
It won't be about me,
But the message.
I am not getting paid,
To be called names.
Or witness eyebrows raised.
If I were...
I'm sure God would not test me,
Periodically...
By keeping me mentally,
And physically fit...
To duck, bob and weave,
From a thrown fist.-

'What are you talking about? '

-Your message.
If it had came from me,
I wouldn't knock on your door.
I'd email or text.

Then pretend I meant,
Something entirely different.
Without God,
I am not that courageous.
You can bet on that.-

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Without Going Through A Messy Process

...and speaking of experiences?
How many can say they achieved experience,
By listening to the sound of another's voice?
Or reading directions on how that is done?

Has anyone been 'shown' how to acquire it?
And how much of it comes to one that sits?
Especially if it can not be ordered...
Or delivered after purchase.

And even if that 'was' a possibility,
Haven't we all 'experienced' buyer's remorse?
Wishing we could quickly divorce from it!
Without going through a messy process.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Without Insisting To Assist

Keeping faith takes getting closer,
To oneself to accept.
Although so many who say they have faith,
Have yet to allow this 'awakening' to happen.
With a following to look forward.
And leave behind yesterday's steps to correct,
Those made mistakes regretted to upset.

Receiving experience and wisdom to get,
Takes a leaving behind...
What was done to define a past that has gone.
With an understanding to comprehend 'then',
Those lessons learned to teach children.
And hope with 'faith' lessons taught to 'them',
Are learned and not needed to be repeated again.

'We all are victims of our own committed sins.'

So many still unforgiving and living not to forget,
Childish attitudes refusing to grow to let them go.
With a keeping kept expectations that a faith to claim,
Without devotion bestows upon everyone the same...
Wisdom that rewards one going through the motions.
But anyone accepting their faith and steps to move on,
Into the unknown has already been shown...
That a growing to know onself to do alone,
Makes it easier to let GOD do the judging.

'We all are victims of our own committed sins.'

If a faith to claim has been tested to keep real,
Living a life without insisting to assist GOD...
Connects more effectively.
With this unheard or needing to be expressed,
From one who knows it best...
That such a doing to make claims...
As if to 'exclaim' of a faith that exists,
Does not show to expose they contradict...
By misdeeds more believed to see than faith.

'We all are victims of our own committed sins.
Even if some try to convince they've done none.
With a pointing of their fingers at others to do,
Faithfully.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Without Intercepting With Attempts

To say that something had been known.
Prior to it affecting with dire results manifested.
To sit and have this pondered...
As a study of it was being done to process its effectiveness?
And how it would be digested in its detriment?
By those affected when it is infested!
Without intercepting with attempts,
To deflect the devastating onslaught that could exist?
Is purely someone's negligence and neglected expressed BS!
And further confirms,
The heightened acceptance...
Of approved incompetence!
Since no one with 'validated' common sense,
Would admit they are this ignorant!
Unless people had grown accustomed,
To dancing with it in comfort!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Without It Ending

Barbarians proving they can be barbaric,
With an inflicting of evils new and fresh...
No one else but themselves possess,
To believe they gain from others respect...
By a leaving behind destruction, pain and death,
With a wish to be thought of as victims...
To have those who are mindless witness and accept,
How those innocent should protect themselves.
Those innocent not wanting to be perceived as demons!

Although...
Demons are perceived to inflict upon others evil,
Regardless of a past claimed others had trespassed...
From pages of historical events documented one has.
To validate a viciousness done with hatred and to leave,
Cemented in the minds of the ones living today can see...
Believing whatever peace is meant to be has to be achieved,
By a showing of destruction, pain and death...
To leave behind fear of those powerful to respect and accept.

And yet...
A hatred that begins to remember hearts broken never to mend,
To heal again is felt...
Without it ending!

And yet...
A hatred that begins to remember hearts broken never to mend,
To heal again is felt...
Without it,
Ending!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Without It Known Or Shown

If some people really wanted to impress,
Others to prioritize and address...
Those aged historical moments made,
And documented as a greatness laid...
They would not parade to outside neighborhoods,
With this to profess in a togetherness to charade.

They would, should and could,
However...
Stay where they are to clean up their own mess.
And not apply to then await for a funding to dignify,
An initiative and pride they all felt inside.
With a showing to prove to anyone,
What it was their ancestors had done...
And kept as an assessment of an ongoing success.

If...
Some people really wanted to impress.
And, if...
Some people really felt this instead of it reminisced.
To have it known AND shown to others,
What they value has a meaning and much more than a myth.

But...
Some people who parade and charade like this,
Believe themselves to have been qualified...
To have their high expectations received like gifts.
And then to argue amongst themselves like kids,
As who is deserving of what with an attention to get.
To keep deluded a truth more fictioned to pursue,
That has them all deceiving, backstabbing and fantasized.

And...
These 'truths' are observed by younger generations,
Who preserved what they view as their kept evidence.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Without It Questioned

People picked to be depicted,
Without it questioned...
As problems to a society seeped in denial,
By those self righteous,
Infesting to manifest their insecurities...
To instigate.
And also, without 'it' questioned...
The innovators who created exisiting headaches,
Should admit without it kept hidden but choose to do...
How it is people picked to be depicted as 'problems',
Become by those self righteous without 'it' questioned...
In a society they live in to deny their kept feast,
On delusions they keep...
Could be so obvious?
Without including their participation in the creation.
And...
This kept to keep deluded without 'it' questioned,
By those 'claiming' to be awakening...
From an unconsciousness.
But still unable to break free permanently...
To say they have completely,
Stopped themselves from treating on another's defeat.

'It's difficult to undo an addiction done.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Without Knowing One's Experience

Choosing to be in one's place,
Is a choice that one has made.
To regard one's decision as insignificant,
Without knowing one's experience...
Jeopardizes the one passing the judgement.

One may elect to find one's own environment,
An island of waste.
But to believe those that reside within it,
Have no influence...
Is a major mistake one makes!

And those who do this to wonder,
Why stagnation has visited upon them...
Should look no further,
Than the words they have chosen...
To verbally abuse people they dislike,
For reasons they can not describe to make sense.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Without Legitimate Evidence

There are those who make attempts,
To excuse their own incompetence...
With a blaming that on others.
And finding themselves without legitimate evidence,
That proves an absence of competence...
They had never had in the first place,
To be associated with them to have.
Even with their selective memories.
Yet people like this do their best to convince,
What they have stolen to claim as theirs...
With a deceiving done and lies to tell,
Can not be reproduced to qualify their claims.
But excuses to make and alibis to use,
They keep in abundant supply!
To rely upon in the hopes...
A validation, of their exaggerations, is approved.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Without Lip Or Sucking Of Tongue

Of course I know 'how' I arrived.
And the length of time it took,
For anyone to notice my presence.
Although it was not my presence,
Or reason why...
That I began this journey to be noticed.
I was much too young.
Like a puppy first seeing its tail for the first time...
And curious as to where it came from.
Who knew?
I didn't!
Until I began following an attraction,
That seemed always in my mind.

Of course I 'know' how I arrived.
I first heard my voice.
And my parents noticed it.
I learned if I used it in certain ways,
They were there.
I was a baby them.

Then I connected my voice to words.
I was in awe that letters were attached.
And those letters attached used in different ways,
Made those words I said more or less effective.
Then I began to see those letters change,
As I began to print them by hand slowly.
I was amazed! .

Then I discovered certain words I shouldn't say!
I should never have been told that.
Because even today...
I will use those same words to chase people away.

Of course I know 'how' I arrived.
And I used a lot of cussing along the way.
Trust me.
But I stopped when it was pointed out to me,
I 'seemed' to have had more intelligence than that.

And whoever said that to me,
Had no clue as to how curious I was.

'Ma?
What's intelligence? '

~Someobody who asks too many questions.
And is about to get on my last nerve.~

'You talking about me? '

~Are you or are you not in my face? ~

'Why can't I ask you anything,
Before it's turned into a test? '

~And if you want to pass,
You know what to do.
Without lip or sucking of tongue.
You got that, mister? ~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Without My Interference

Very early I was given one choice...
To listen.
OR...
Suffer through the consequences.

Of course,
I knew those consequences well.
With bruises on my head,
From knocking it up against brick walls.

But that was then.

Not only have I learned to listen...
I now have learned to pay attention.
With less from my mouth going out.
And more with my eyes and ears open,
To receive and allow what is coming in...
To make its own sense without my interference.
To learn 'something' I had not learned before.

And you know...
It is amazing how this works,
To obtain comprehension.
Who knew this approach,
Leads to a quickened understanding?
Who knew that's how this happens?
I still find myself scratching my head in disbelief.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Without Need Or Reason

Only those who have had hidden guilts to feel,
To suppress in exchange to accuse and blame...
Others with claims to bring upon them undue shame,
Are often the same people heard crying out the loudest...
About being mentally abused without need or reason.
And believed by those who perceive them to be angels,
Incapable of initiating the wicked deeds done that they do.
Especially to the ones they select to pick as easy prey.
To then discover the prey picked,
Had been accustomed but retired from devilment.
But...
There is nothing like being motivated to teach,
By those seeking to be taught lessons sought.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Without Needing Ego Affidavits

An accomplishment achieved,
Is first acknowledged to believe...
By the one not in need,
To have it validated and certified...
With a doing to identify,
The effort it took to arrive.

Since the only one convinced of it,
Is the one who has accomplished...
Without needing ego affidavits,
Or ceremonial affirmations...
Affixed to public confirmations.
To sacrifice with it condoned is known.

An accomplishment achieved,
Is first acknowledged to believe...
By the one not in need,
To have it validated and certified...
With a doing to identify the effort it took,
To arrive AND survive it shown to 'self' FIRST.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Without Offering An Opinion

All beliefs are valid.
At least that's what I like to believe.
Until a deduction to get one picture viewed is done.

But to take from someone else their belief,
To interpret it as your own,
Does not express from your point of view at all.

Your debate is to discredit what it is they say,
Without offering an opinion,
From your own mind to give.

UNLESS you are quicker to deduce a picture,
Without it being mentioned as a topic?
And many love to argue over assumptions to win...
Nothing.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Without One 'If' Wished

I understood what it was and wasn't.
Without one 'if' wished.
Or a 'could of' to see it differently.
And no motive did I have to deceive.
Even if I wanted to I couldn't.
Yet...
Others who saw it for what it wasn't,
Have come to discover it for what it is.
And for some reason,
I had something to do with it!

Although nothing,
Not even the presentation of facts...
Will convince them that,
It never 'was' what they wanted it to be at all.
And I can't believe they are still protesting what it wasn't.
To direct their anger at me because it is what it is.
With a claiming I have been brainwashed,
By the others.

'Why can't you just be dishonest and lie? '

Oh.
I hadn't thought of that.
It would make things a lot easier for me,
Wouldn't it?

'A lot easier.'

Thank you, Doc.
Forget that prescription I asked for.
I'm cool.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Without One Thought To Resent

Not playing hard to get.
Not playing at all.
Or hardly interested.

Waiting for a response sent,
With sincerety felt and meant unanswered.
Left a decision to make that was done.
Waiting around like a dog in a pound,
For someone to discover...
This heart was like no other?

Not playing hard to get.
Not playing at all.
Opened the door to explore other opportunities!
That's the only obligation,
Now followed with content...
Without one thought to resent!
Or an action that lends itself to doubt.

Stalling a life that's liked,
To be toss about by thoughtlessness...
Carried about is out!

Bitterness and pouting...
Shouting in anger fits?
Who needs it?

No time for that foolishness that traps,
Or considered a doormat...
For someone to leave crap tracks!

The steps laid being made in a forward pace,
Are not moving backward to be regretted or retraced!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Without Persistence

Without persistence...
Wishes with kept dreams,
May as well be nonexistent.
If from a window,
One searches the sky...
For falling stars to catch.
And pots of gold at the end of rainbows,
To fetch.

It takes desire, motivation with initiative,
To at least realize 'something' wanted wished.
And not sitting to dream for an appearance of it.
Without persistence...
Wishes with kept dreams,
May as well be nonexistent.
And many who find their time has been wasted,
Accept procrastinating is part of their fate.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Without Pre-Conditions Or Pre-Requisites

I've been sold on love.
And have experienced the many differences,
Of how love can be depicted.
Disregarding the 'who' I shared it with.
Without pre-conditions...
Or pre-requisites some need to have met.

I've been sold on love,
The moment I knew it existed.
But it seems so many have preferences.
As if a commitment to it when admitted,
Has to be subjected to a conditional giving...
Before one becomes qualified to receive it.

And I have been sold on love for so long,
I sometimes forget...
Others have a list of demands.
And the love I possess,
Connects with just a chemistry untested...
To be a love one knows and understands will grow.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Without Prior Notification

For quite a few.
And an unsuspecting many,
It is more important to sustain,
The maintenance of an image...
Than it is to welcome the times we live.

Straining with a drain on false presentations shown,
That gets less cost effective for those who do it.
With a keeping of a preference list.

And for the rest trying to digest what is going on,
To address the speed of changes...
With a leaving behind being defensive about anything,
Seems for them to be more pragmatic and meaningful...
In days where it pays to be observant,
To one's own problematic spending habits.
Increasing with each pinch of a useless penny.

Instead of attempting to make impressions.
Decisions, decisions, decisions!
Especially the ones that do not lessen,
Outstanding payments due on any bills.

For quite a few.
And an unsuspecting many,
It is more important to sustain,
The maintenance of an image...
Than it is to welcome the times we live.

And the times we live...
Will require focused attention given.
Since these days are subject to be ammended,
Without prior notification and at any moment.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Without Proving To Anyone Or Attempt To Convince

I hadn't always been the one,
Devoted to expose my wisdom.
Or experiences gained,
When I was extremely young.
Nor was I shy.
Too observant was I.

It is the process of aging.
And the acceptance of it that comes.
With a knowing that whatever happens,
I'll be excused for the elder I've become.
Even though it seems the occurrence of that,
Was beginning to show so long ago.
But aging isn't done with a comfort intact.

I hadn't always been the one,
Devoted to expose my wisdom.
Or experiences gained,
When I was extremely young.
Hoping someone will be impressed,
And expresses it with an attention received...
I purposely sought to get.

But I have noticed this as I age...
With or without a grace I saved to delay.
I can get away with just about anything.
Since my hair has grayed and I can talk to myself.
Without proving to anyone or attempt to convince,
Whether I am a fool or extremely intelligent.
And there is something about that I have begun to love.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Without Provocation

Could I forgive someone or anyone,
Who intentionally thrived...
On ruining the lives of others,
With a malcontent.
And a viciousness meant,
That inflicts a pain that could be prevented?
I can not say I can.

However...
When someone has ever done something to me,
Without provocation they will have others believe...
To deceive what it was I did not do,
I simply deliver that to God's department.
And since I know God prefers I do that,
I sit back patiently and observe what He does.

'And that provides you with satisfaction? '

No really.
But I've gotten pretty good at pretending that it does.

'How do you think God feels,
About you pretending you have forgiven these acts? '

God knows I am still a work in progress.
And as long as I keep working towards being perfect,
God continues to watch my back...
To ensure no one disturbs my progress.

'How do you know this? '

You can test my theory if you like.
I've already tried to dispute God's wishes,
With too many lessons learned I'm not going to repeat.

'So...
You 'do' believe in the power of God? '

Like I said...

You can test my theory.
I've learned not to play with God.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Without Purpose Or Reason Affixed

There is nothing that happens,
Without reason or purpose affixed to it.
If there is repetition revolving to permit,
Without recognition that admits...
Solutions to the doing does not exist,
Since too many incensed...
Are sitting on the road to block and stop,
An intention for meaningful progress meant.

And debating this has yet to convince,
That a continuing displays of ignorance...
Does not reflect one's heritage or represents pride!
And being down to Earth does not literally mean,
A doing of nothing as dust collects...
On footsteps made by ancestors; some hung by necks,
Escaping away from centuries of oppression.

Nor should it be interpreted,
As those who choose to keep believed...
Their ancestors sat on their butts to get rest,
While others stood by patiently and with tolerance...
Awaiting to discuss their wishes and dreams,
With a providing of 'rights' or equal opportunities...
To those of future generations that will follow,
Making demands with hands on 'remembered' backs...
Of those who had sacrificed their lives without looking back,
To allow those with beliefs that progress involves no sweat.

'Why do you work so hard?
With no guarantee you will see progress or success? '

~If I did this for myself,
My doing would not allow you to sit and ask questions.
Or believe you have arrived to criticize what I do.
One day you 'might' understand,
Why the choices I make are for your benefit not mine.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Without Question Or Doubt

I can not 'stand' him.
Or her either.
And look at them over there,
Strutting as if they created the air.

People like that get on my nerves.
Walking around here,
Like they've been picked to flaunt feathers...
As if pheasants or peacock birds.

And I bet between them,
They have not a dollar to donate.
Or can collect ten cents to spend.
All of them are arrogant.
And watching them makes me sick,
To the bitter end.

'Well...
There is one thing you have made certain.
Without question or doubt.'

And what is that?

'It is easy around here,
To spot those who feel good about themselves.
Isn't it? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Without Questioning The Appeal Of Ideals

'Offer to throw to them money!
It heals all wounds inflicted.
And will erase all agony,
From their memories claimed...
To be tied to their histories.'

There are certain aspects of life,
That are inevitable.
Without questioning the appeal of ideals.
Or the truth as it exists.

Pain and pleasure are feelings felt.
It is true we all are dealt cards from a deck,
Whether or not the hand we get is accepted.
And...
Without questioning the appeal of ideals.

Although intuitively pain is rejected.
For most of us it is pleasure that is the objective.
Yet there are those who believe,
They have been chosen to receive most of it...
While denying others to get a taste,
The freedom of opportunity makes.

'Let them eat cake.
IF they can locate the baker.
Or...
Better yet.
Offer to throw to thwem money!
It heals all wounds inflicted.
That promises to quiet their wishes.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Without Receiving Recognition

There is more than one observer,
Overlooking that which we do.
Although a few may be approving,
Others on the sidelines may find time to boo.
And whomever might perceive they have rights to choose,
One thing is guaranteed whether or not believed...
No one is left alone,
To do whatever they wish and please...
In public or secretly done to sneak, peek and leave.
Without receiving recognition.

'God?
Why do things seem to happen to me,
With negative results I often achieve?
Why me? '

The mind is not completely confined,
As one would like to perceive at all times.
To believe a misdeed to others will not be judged.
Without a nudge or two to correct a direction.

There is more than one observer,
Overlooking that which we do.
Although a few may be approving,
Others on the sidelines may find time to boo.
And whomever might perceive they have rights to choose,
One thing is guaranteed whether or not believed...
No one is left alone,
To do whatever they wish and please...
Without receiving recognition,
Of some kind!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Without Regret

Saddened memories,
I once held as property.
Who knew,
They would go...
When they grew,
Inside of me!

I now reflect,
Without regret.
I know now
Defeats I've met!
But who knew,
They would go...
When they grew,
Inside of me!

Those times
Stayed on my mind
For days at a time.
I used that to feed,
My own desperate needing.

I lived with anger and deceit!
I felt those feelings deep,
Within me!
Defeats I have met!
But who knew,
They would go...
When they grew,
Inside of me!

But...
Who knew,
They would go...
When they grew,
Inside of me!

Who knew,
Like I do now...

When they grew,
Somehow
They would go...
From inside of me!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Without Regret They Would Rather Fret

Even with their BA's, MA's
And Phd's...
They can not return jobs lost,
And outsourced overseas.

Nor can they stall the slide,
Of a nose diving economy.
Yet they are caught up bragging...
About their ivy league affiliations.
With their much sought after,
College degrees.

While the obvious continues to elude them.
A common sense,
Treated...
Like a low class disease.

And without regret they would rather fret,
About exhausting their faltering debt with poor credit...
Living their best,
In the lap of luxuries!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Without Scheduling Nothing Gets Done

Sure...
I will argue with you.
Or debate on any topic you wish.
And there is no need to look surprised.
I am here for 'you'.
I want you to know that.

If you want to take the time with me,
To argue about your stupidity...
I will take the time to show you,
How stupid I use to be...
Before I realized time moves on.
And the time I'm finding now to waste with you,
Has already been scheduled on my 'Waste Of Time' list.

And I refer to this as stupidity,
Because that's exactly what this is.
'Stoo' with a 'pidity'.

And,
I don't want to hurry you.
But you do have three minutes left.
Out of the generosity of my heart,
I've given five people five minutes per week...
To waste a total of twenty five minutes of my time,
To argue or debate or 'whatever' it's called to do with me.

I've learned without scheduling nothing gets done!
Go!
We're on 'your' time.
Not mine.
You can stare as long as you wish.
But you've got two minutes left and that's it!

Don't test me.
I'm serious.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Without Shedding Blood, Sweat Or Tears

Unfounded with no solid ground,
Are accusations made in poor taste.
Left in the mouths of the ones,
Continuing to toil through...
Judgements passed,
To harass them and their tasks.

If not for those individuals,
Facing to eliminate obstacles...
To fearlessly clear debris,
There would be more complaints...
Then now heard from the many,
Finding time to critique...
What has not been done to do properly
Or...
Allow themselves to follow behind,
Footsteps placed and pioneered...
By another.
With words outspoken,
To have them publicly heard...
How it was they managed to accomplish
And achieve successfully.
Without the shedding of blood, sweat,
Or tears.
And if anyone had discovered,
Their adventures to undertake... Difficult?
Perhaps their paths,
Were not clearly defined to find...
In their minds to be as obvious,
To notice which ones...
Had already been paved.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Without Sight Of Seductive Restraints

I'm not here to worship suffering.
Or gather with others...
To replay mindsets of limitations.
Invitations like these I don't accept,
From anyone sending them...
Special delivered,
Nor by telephone
Or anonymously over the internet!

When I discovered my peace of mind,
That journey began on its own.
I find time to unwind sometimes alone...
Receiving 'commands' that The Master condones.

A second handed way of life,
Is not my ambition to live.
Enforced negative...
Or endorsed positive constraints,
Will not stop my desires...
To produce as I give,
Without sight of seductive restraints!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Without Some Love

And so it is.
To witness and observe.

No one can live life,
Without some love.
No one can thrive or survive,
Feasting on just evil.

People living behind locked gates,
Feeling safe and celebrating isolation.
Are no different than prison inmates.
Confessing to obsessing,
Possessions to get.
With belief to keep them,
From others protected.

People living behind locked gates,
Are chased by fear and paranoia.
Persecuted to delude a grandeur obtained,
Sustains a success that impresses.
But their minds remain,
Threaten without rest to get.

No one can live life,
Without some love.
No one can thrive or survive,
Feasting on just evil.
Or believe their misdeeds deceived,
Can be confined away from their minds.

Without some love,
To know it and defined.
No one can live life,
Feasting on just evil.
Even those isolated,
And choosing to live behind locked gates...
Are chased and not immuned,
From fear.
Or threats they've created...

Feasting on just evil.

With this to believe,
Without some love to have known...
Their minds will allow,
Peace of mind to get it achieved...
Will leave them alone to condone.

'911...
May I help you? '

~Please! Please...
You've got to help me.~

'Calm down.
What is the problem? '

~I can't find my keys.
And the guard is not at the gate.
I live in an exclusive community.
And I am being stalked and chased,
By a neighbor.~

'Does your neighbor have keys? '

~Yes.
Didn't you hear me?
I said I lived in an exclusive community.~

'Well...
This threat seems to have been,
Of your own making.
And if the guard is not there,
With a gate that is locked...
Perhaps your paranoia,
Is not ours to stop.
Psychiatrists we are not! '

And so it is.
To witness and observe.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Without Strings Attached

By the time most have decided,
To appreciate what to them comes...
Without strings attached,
It has already been enjoyed by someone,
Not examining in hesitation...
Discussing how it is wrapped.
And the color of it to match expectations,
To ensure what is given provides benefits.
And then to protest what has been given,
Is too limited to suit one's preference.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Without Taking A Breath

Making attempts,
To communicate to those who do not listen...
Gets old.
With it becoming a useless thing to pursue.

And then the day comes,
When those who took offense and it showed...
They would rather not listen to anyone making sense.
Especially if they had convinced themselves and others...
Communicating with a listening to comprehend,
Would mean keeping their mouths closed.
And ears left open.
To allow an understanding to begin.

For certain people like this,
It is a pointless position to put oneself in.
Since...
They are the ones with a more obvious urgency,
To be understood and not hear a thing...
To understand what it is they should.
With a leaving to believe something heard was comprehended.
Instead of taking offense when words they speak go ignored.

'They don't say a thing to me anymore.
Me?
I'm going to say what's on my mind anytime.
I know how to talk! And not afraid to do it, either.'

~You're kidding?
And I notice you do it without taking a breath.
Unless you are thinking of what to say next.~

'Well,
I'm not going to just sit while no one says anything.'

~Even if it means interrupting.~

'I'm sorry.
What did you say? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Without Tasting It To Uncover Its Value

Critiques by those who seek to do it,
To empower themselves with a feeling...
Of an accomplishment they 'alone' possess.
Seems today...
Out of place, meaningless and so passé!
And yet make attempts to keep it in season.

Especially if one decides not to like a flavor,
Without tasting it to uncover its value.
But to do it with nothing else in their lives to do,
And with a choice made to remain in hiding...
They will go ahead and discreetly rate anyway.
Hoping the act of it satisfies a dysfunction.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Without The Evidence Of It To Prove

A reliance on a selective short term memory,
To place blame on what occurs in one's life...
On others to excuse a consciousness,
One wishes to have accepted...
With a giving of a clemency to be relieved,
From being directly accountable or responsible...
For their own activities with the hope to have them,
Eventually ignored but not before becoming bored...
By 'someone' repeatedly reminding them how old they are,
Is what children choose to do.
To then beg for the keys to have use of the car.
And then asking for a couple of 'bucks' to keep it running on gas.

And perhaps for these reasons tasks are left undone.
Or abandoned as is accustomed.
Since a showing of 'some' respect with discipline connected,
No longer exists in the minds believing themselves unaffected.
And the reason why few adults grow older but not wise,
To be discovered today making their own decisions.
Too many children are masquerading in disguise,
With expectations to be accepted as men and women...
Without the evidence of it to prove.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Without The Expense Of Therapy

I'm not this or that.
Or drive a Cadillac.
In fact...
I don't have a car at all.
And with the price of gas...
I'd rather sit on my,
Memories.

When I filled up my car.
And drove where I pleased!
To visit 'friends'.
Or just to witness different sceneries.
I did not do that...
To take for granted,
Where my life 'then' sat!

There is nothing like being aware...
Of having nothing valued,
That others care to share!

I don't have 'bling' or other things to impress.
From your point of view...
I have nothing to keep,
Anyone's interest!

And that suits me fine.
Since I do have peace of mind.
Unlimited.
And not one dime did I spend to get it!
Nor will you find me...
Wallowing in pity.
Because I have nothing you value.
To strut and flaunt upon the streets,
Of big cities.

Or belong to a clique.
You are doing your best,
To share fading pretentions with!
I never felt comfortable passing judgements.

Not the kind I am sure someday you will miss.

And every step I take...
Not one is placed,
As I look around...
Seeking to find anyone familiar,
To approve with explanation...
A way of life I find just fine.
And...
I might add,
Without the expense of therapy!

Am I touching upon a subject,
Too close that invokes a sensitivity?

You'll get over my provoking!
And the stroking of those jokes.
I am not one to enjoy...
That kind of teasing you employed!
You seem to have too much on your mind...
To define in these times.

Oh...
I did hear a rumor.
Psychologists have lowered their prices!
It seems this is their season.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Without The Fanfare

Devoted with a dedication,
Unmistakably related...
To a sacrificing done.
With a doing too!
Will promote...
An interest given from some folks.

Devoted with a dedication,
Unmistakably related...
To a sacrificing done.
With a doing too!
Will promote...
An interest given from some folks.

And without the fanfare,
Some are needing fanfare...
To eat and sleep.
As if the getting it,
Proves one succeeds.

Yes some believe it is the fanfare,
To eat and sleep...fanfare!
As if the getting it,
Will succeed.

Devoted with a dedication,
Unmistakably related...
To a sacrificing done.
With a doing too!
Will promote...
An interest given from some folks.

But nothing done is with a fanfare,
To eat and sleep...
Just fanfare to believe,
Succeeds.
Succeeds.

It's not about a fanfare,

To believe...
Fanfare,
Is all one needs...
To succeed.

Devoted with a dedication,
Unmistakably related...
To a sacrificing done.
With a doing too!
Will promote...
An interest given from some folks.

It's without the fanfare,
To believe...
A fanfare,
Is all one needs...
To succeed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Without The Influence Of Assistance

I am a poet.
Not a politician.
Priest or preacher.
Nor am I a connoisseur of etiquette...
Expert on fashion to determine what's hot or not!
Or do I wish to socialize with the elite.
Those snots are too pretentious,
And get on my nerves.

I could care less who is on the left or right.
Liberal, conservative, democrat or republican.
Black, white, gay, straight.
Or what criminal is being investigated,
For deceiving those greedy...
With too much on their plate.
I am a poet.
And often my point of view,
Is not that of others.
And I know it!

And when I discovered that writing was an art,
I didn't explore other 'artforms'...
To express what had been there already expressed,
To give it my twist to have my 'creations' accepted.
With ideals to plagiarize.

If my comments were embraced,
That was 'cool'.
If they weren't...
I was not about to take a survey,
To determine if my life was suitable to live!
Or change my sleeping habits.

So many trip on what others think.
I don't.
I am often amazed people do it.
think!
Without the influence of assistance.
Or some drug or medication,

That allows the tolerating of themselves.

I am a poet.
A writer.
Not a psychiatrist.
Or someone who can undo to fix,
Someone else's life.
Because in their mind the can't find the time,
To live or define their own.
I took that time.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Without The Money

It is always the economy,
Affecting needs.
Always it is!
And not one's education...
Flaunted as perceived.

It is always the economy,
That breathes and feeds on greed.
And no matter if one goes to college...
It is not the Masters or Doctorate degree,
That keeps one perched...
High on a pedestal for all to see.

Without the money,
All pretensions can be dropped.
Oh without that money,
All the bragging seems to stop.
And it is without money...
No one talks about what they've got.
Or fingerpops with a bee-bop hopped.
If money is not felt...
A sobbing begins with a flow,
That can not be mopped.

It is always the economy,
That breathes and feeds on greed.
And no matter if one goes to college...
It is not the Masters or Doctorate degree,
That keeps one perched...
High on a pedestal for all to see.

It is that MONEY!
That holds a head higher than clouds.
It is that money making days sunny.
That ties that magic knot!
And if the economy doesn't feed,
A feeding of greed one receives...
A boo-hooing of tears becomes the reality.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Without The Presence Of Comprehension

With pen in hand prepared to dictate,
The thoughts from my head...
To be arranged to breathe in reality.
Is easier to read and critique isn't it?
Of course this doesn't occur,
To anyone making a quick assessment.

However...
The process isn't that simple.
A selection takes place,
Before someone decides...
A judgement will be passed.

Although,
They will criticize with the same absence,
Of perception and depth.
And without the presence of comprehension.
With a misunderstanding that it was creativity,
That had been part of the entire concept.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Without The Sun, Moon And Earth

Worthless would be the purpose,
To consider the creation divine!
What superior mind would waste the time?

All that is to be known,
Vividly shown with clarity...
And not cloaked in clouds of mystery,
Is the Sun, Moon and Earth.
There to gaze upon from one's birth.

Although interpreted to dismiss,
The significance witnessed...
Has much to do with humanity's ignorance,
To perceive all of life would exist...
Without the Sun,
Doing what it does to be done.
The Moon,
Influencing and with assistance...
All upon Earth that flows.
And Earth...
The Ultimate Experiment,
Accepting to permit...
The existence of all of this!

And yet...
A life form believing itself,
To possess a 'higher' intelligence...
With a limited power could destroy if wished,
THIS magnificence!
And...
With a doing to control 'that' which has bestowed,
Life.
And...
With a doing as if conflicts to start and permit,
Wherever it wishes to do and inflict...
Proves they've been chosen and favored to do this.
And...
Without it hidden but thought disguised,
Is a mentality 'sick' and facing demise.

Unwise is their doing to keep ignored their vital signs.

Worthless would be the purpose,
To consider the creation divine!
What superior mind would waste the time?
What superior mind...
Would permit the existence of that which is limited,
A power to inflict its creation to undermine?
What superior mind with this kind of patience...
Would run out of it,
In time?

'The Universe is changing!
It seems to be in a cleansing mode.'

~What on Earth are you talking about?
All that stuff has nothing to do with us.
Spend more time with your mind ON Earth,
And be 'real' about it.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Without Thinking

I had been asked to give my opinion.
And expressed a reluctance to give it.
When my reluctance offended,
I went ahead to give my opinion...
Without thinking I would be challenged,
To defend it.
Or argue my right to express it.
Especially if requested.
That's why with lessons learned today,
I do not accept request to express my thoughts.
Whether they are solicited or not to convey.
With a keeping of my peace of mind addressed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Without Those Memories

Memories I keep,
Are detailed and available.
Today I enjoy keeping them fresh.

And as time moves on...
I've noticed how attractive,
My life gets.

And it was just a few short years ago,
I remembered trying to do my best...
To forget anything that would upset,
My happiness.

But without those memories,
My happiness could not be achieved.
Nor would I have completely appreciated,
Those obstacles that came into my life to test.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Without Threats To Fear

It would have been great,
If hiding places...
Were not so easily created,
To establish all over the place.

Today people can peek from behind them,
And feel perfectly safe without threats to fear...
That anyone will come to chase them away.
Since to lie to oneself is part of the atmosphere.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Without Truth As A Factor

Attempting to prevent an oncoming flood,
With mops and sponges...
Shovels, ladels, spoons and eight ounce pails,
Can be compared to a people...
Who have been convinced and perceive,
A tsunami can be stopped in its tracks...
By a loading of stacks of sandbags,
Against a wall made from aged biscuits.
To then sit as if they are prepared,
For a life that has always been theirs...
Continuing to ignore the severity of warnings,
They have been threatened they will someday face...
If they don't soon change to eliminate the ways,
They have come to see their deluded lives to live...
Without truth as a factor.

'Uh...
I don't want you to think I am being negative.
Nor do I wish to offend your beliefs.
But...
Shouldn't you consider the consequences you will pay,
For the stubbornness of your actions? '

~I will do what I've been doing most of my life.
And I see no reason why I,
Based upon your recommendation...
Should suddenly change because of a few messages.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Without Warning

Why does a giving of one's time,
And with a sincerity done to do too...
Becomes interpreted,
As a flashing neon sign others view...
That it's okay to take advantage,
Of someone who has displayed patience...
With a tolerance to listen and comprehend.
Until the giving of that time another always pursues,
Abruptly comes to an end.

'Why have you become so nasty and mean to me?
Overnight it seems and I have done nothing,
To be mistreated like this...
Without my feelings being considered.
You've changed.'

~I haven't changed.
I've run out of time for your finding of more nonsense.
And my feelings too are also involved.~

'Without warning? '

~I apologize.
That's the only thing on my list today,
I did not prioritize...
A warning to you that would suggest,
From you I no longer accept B.S.
Would you like that in writing and notorized? ~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Without You

I wish I could see you.
Even though in my heart,
I know you are there!
I wish the touch we shared and knew
Was felt again
And then
I would wish to hold you.
Feeling molded to my soul with you!
You are never far away.
Inside me you are...
More than you were!
And as close as we are,
I can not get enough of wanting more.
You're in my mind!
And I seem to be out of mine sometimes...
Without you!
Without you!
I wish I could see you...
Be near you to hear you,
There!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Witless

They see themselves as prime.
Something others crave sometimes.
They see themselves as 'fine'!
And 'why' most ask?
Why do they have that in their minds?
They see themselves better than others.
In a place where neglect and disrespect takes place!
And when many come from other cities to visit...
They are heard to say out loud as they may,
'Who are these folks and why are they mentally sick?
Who do they think they are when it is obvious they have flipped,
Witless! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Witless Innocence

Your efforts to window dress respect,
And affection to then expect I will accept...
What others 'assume' from you I get...
Is either due to your witless innocence,
Or you believe your portrayals are that good...
My feelings felt could be fooled.

And I would excuse your version of reality,
Like I would if someone told me...
They had passionate and hot sex,
With a mannequinn.
And the thought of it left me,
Both envious and jealous!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Witness To This Doing

Tell them what you want.
Express this as a wish.
Tell them the obstacles on your path...
You want removed.
You choose them not to exist.

Tell your spirit guides,
Your desires.
And they will abide.
They are near you and want to hear you say...
You want your life lived in a better way.

They will obey.
If you believe and trust in them,
To clear your path!
Just ask.
And become a witness to this doing!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Witnessed And Unrestricted Happiness

I've been loving you!
Taking trips from North and South,
To come to figure this one all out!

I have been loving you!
After traveling East and West...
To admit a discovery done,
Has put that question for me at rest.

Yes,
I've been loving you!
And even though I have beaten myself to death,
It seems.
I've been slapped awake from incredible dreams,
To acknowledge what today what true love for 'me' means.

Just...
To love you,
Knowing...
It gets no better than this!
Not in this existence.
Not with this witnessed and unrestricted happiness.

I've been loving you!
And forever is not too long.
Not to keep what this is.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Witnessing As I Live

I have never before been given the opportunity,
To rehearse the process of aging.
Some would have others believe,
They are gifted with the expertise.
And already know what it is like.
I don't.

I am witnessing as I live my life...
With a wisdom I have never known.
And mysterious aches I feel in my bones,
As if done to remind me...
'Something' seeks attention and wishes it shown.

I have never before been given the opportunity,
To rehearse the process of aging.
But I must admit,
The process is interesting.
Although...
Being around those who announce their pains,
Is more aggravating than anything else.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Wizards Of Illusion

Common sense?
Those who are discovered with it,
Are rare.
And leaves those believing...
An ivy league school,
Is where one can get this.
At someone's foolish expense.

With a jealousy directed to a few...
Who obtain scholarships.
As if this promotes and bestows,
An advantage for others that does not exist.

But common sense goes unused,
Frequently...
By those trying to fit their feet...
In shoes too small,
And minds unprepared...
To explain how they are ever going to wear them!

And yet,
Many do manage to amaze shocked masses,
Who eventually become influenced by such trickery.
To the point where they find themselves,
Supporting such 'wizards' of illusion.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Wobble To A Waddle

Decisions?
When making them,
Be firm.
And if you are not accustomed,
To doing this...
A familiar inconsistency,
Will someday teach you a lesson to learn.

Get off that fence as quick as you can.
Wobble to a waddle...
Until the shaking in your knees,
Free you to stand.

And in the doing of this,
You will get use to it.
With the expectation of comments made,
That something you said or did...
Chased another false friend away.

Get off that fence as quick as you can.
Wobble to a waddle...
Until the shaking in your knees,
Free you to stand.

And when you begin,
To stop seeking approval.
You will never again be afraid...
To move forward with a life,
God gave to you to be brave.

Decisions?
When making them,
Be firm.
And if you are not accustomed,
To doing this...
A familiar inconsistency,
Will someday teach you a lesson to learn.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Woe Holders

More than a few are shedding tears.
And...
The others that are standing near,
Appear to be lost of goals.
With a doing nothing but watching grass to grow.

They are...
Woe holders waiting to mold,
With wishes that have sat in regrets.
And...
Spreading easily negativity,
As if it was a cold to catch

It seems momentum,
From them has gone.
And no momentum...
Will not boost or benefit,
A mind not ready from woes to split.

It seems momentum,
From them has gone.
And keeping them down is a grip...
They wish to hold,
And not rid of it.

They are...
Woe holders waiting to mold,
With wishes that have sat in regrets.
And...
Spreading easily negativity,
As if this was...
A cold to catch

They need momentum...
To hold and not let go.
Without momentum...
They'll only grow old,
Wishing they had spent more time...
Being motivated in their minds.

They need momentum...
To hold and not let go.
Without momentum...
There's no benefit,
To sit and wish.

They need momentum...
To hold and not let go.
Or...
They will only grow too old,
Wishing they had spent more time...
Being motivated in their minds.

They are woe holders,
Getting old.
They are woe holders,
Waiting to mold.
They are woe holders...
Wishing they had spent more time...
Being motivated in their minds.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

'Woeing' Themselves Along

I too could carry around a list of tragedies.
A long one.
But...
To prove what to who and why?
That I am familiar with suffering?
To prove what to who and why?
That I can endure more of it?
To prove what to who and why?
That I have become immuned...
Or that I am seeking to add to my list,
To enable me to point out my scars...
As if I did this to brag.

I don't drag my feet to shuffle through my past.
I am not seeking companionship,
Amongst the many observed...
'Woeing' themselves along.
I don't believe pain with me belongs!
Although I may tolerate the feeling of it.
It's there attached and in masquerade.
I am not in need to be reminded of agonies.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Women I Know

Strong are the women
In my family.
Every last one...
Seem to have the strength,
To shadow some men...
As if they had none!

And f-i-n-e! Yes!

Beautiful with power.
Mothers who have raised children.
Some without their fathers.
To become themselves...
Strong and bright!
And dynamic in one's sight!

And yes...
They too,
Are f-i-n-e!

Some ask me 'why'...
I have no better half!
Why I am divorce?
And my relationships seem not to last!
I know the answer...
Of course!

Strong are the women
In my family.
Every last one...
Seem to have the strength,
To shadow some men...
As if they had none!
And the men in my family,
Are even stronger than some!

And...
Yes!
They too are f-i-n-e!

And I am left spoiled.
Wishing for one like them!
Not the men! !
But then...
These women I know and related to...
Are few in the market!
And I have stopped shopping...
For a companion to compare!
Beauty, strength and independence are rare.
And these women in my family have it all!
And even more to spare.

I would have to leave this Earth...
To discover someone not to compare,
To these women I love!
And we are related too!
This for me is so difficult.
For me to feel this...
Is so unfair!

However...
No burden is this do I bare!

But then..
To know so many women,
With qualities I like!
Cousins or aunts...
Of my blood 'everywhere'!
And joke,
I do not!
It's true.
Every woman I ever adored...
Has my last name too!

Yeeeessss!
God...
Please lift me from this curse!
hahahahaha
I can't like some I know...
Rehearse wedding after wedding,
After wedding after wedding!

Addicted to romantic delusions!

I know what I'll do!
I will move.
Build a hut in the Amazon.
Or the Congo!
And get it on...
With the monkeys!
Feeling free not to bother,
To ask for ID.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Women Raising Their Boys

Women raising their boys,
And alone.
Do it with the expectation,
A teaching them to be fathers...
Will be different,
From the ones they've known.

But can a women teach a boy,
To become the best man he can?
And within his mind,
Will that boy comprehend...
What it takes to treat a woman.
With a respectful understanding?
And this to a boy from a woman,
Is taught as a lesson to become understood?

Women raising their boys,
And alone.
Without a father around...
Can be beneficial,
If those lessons are solid and sound.

If women raising their boys,
And alone..
Seek to find more men around to be found,
Will their raising of boys to become men...
And not boys to be fathers,
Develop more men being fathers...
To their fatherless boys

And,
Will someday...
When those boys become men,
Will this make more women proud of them?
Will these boys grow into becoming,
Accountable men?
Understand it takes more,
Than just the act...
Than to produce the fathering of children?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Wonder Of His Creations

Maintain you beliefs!
The ones that keep you restricted,
To limits and isolation.

I am not here to debate your outlook,
Or your fate!
That has been done,
By an indoctrination you satiate.
And baited to remain...
In a routine that you maintain that sustains,
Your joy!

Nor am I the one to convince,
That a higher consciousness...
Expands and not condenses.
To retrieve and leave those arguments...
Left behind walls and locked up fences.

Subtracting and contracting minds,
As is observed and evidenced.
Since I've already witnessed,
The lack of benefit...
To that restrictiveness.

Maintain you beliefs!
The ones that keep you restricted,
To limits and isolation.

I have been there myself.
That is why I have chosen,
The wealth of mind expansion.
Receiving all of God's gifts,
With blessings He delivers.
Without religious affiliation.
Or congregating with those...
Who oppose how I have chosen
To be devoted!

I know He is 'there'...

And so am I,
Here where He has delivered.
And I know the Almighty exists.
Without debating such 'wonder' of His creations.
Or where He chooses to sit,
Within His Kingdom.

So wherever you go to supply your satisfactions...
May you keep attraction them to fulfill your needs!
I am not the one to plead with you,
Which road taken...
Leads to Him any quicker.
Since my insight tells me His presence is near.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Wonderful Are The Moments

Too wonderful are the moments,
To have come and gone with a doing they bring...
Left for one to do in a remembering.

And Spring does that same thing.
Leaving one to anticipate an arrival of a gift.
Given to behold as it slowly unfolds to excite.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Wonderful If Wishes Like This Could Begin

It would be wonderful to be able to predict,
One man elected can fix the lives of those troubled.
And he'd be held accountable...
As he applied a magic wand to it!

But the chaos upon us has been inflicted by greed.
With the need to have our fantansies breathe.
As all who were teased approved it to be.

It would be wonderful to sit,
And witness all of our issues drift away.
To have someone else obey our whims.

It would be wonderful if wishes like this could begin...
When we chose our anguish and emotional pain to end.
But then again...
We would not be facing reality!
And reality upon many is beginning to descend!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Wooed To Be Woed, Again!

The inability to use deductive reasoning.
Campaigning unwittingly to be freed of fear.
Being influenced more by those who deceive.
Disbelieving the truth after it is received.
And perceiving someone a friend,
When they have proven to have been an enemy.
And 'this' has been seen while there on the scene.
Increases the feeding of the visible misery index.

'I've been wooed to be woed, again! '

And...
I must say,
In quite a poetic reflection you've given.
Now maybe after giving it some thought,
The woeing that resulted from the wooing done...
Will no longer be pursued if 'you' are not the wooer.
Especially without prior mind to heart communication!
That should end all of those boo-hoos if you so choose.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Words As A Salad

Think of my words as a salad.
Sometimes it may nourish...
And sometimes it's not wanted,
Or thought to be valid.

I offer a taste of variety.
I don't expect everything sampled,
To have everyone leave pleased!

I'm a gourmet of sorts one might say.
Not a specialist of one dish...
But a cook of assortments on display.

If something is nibbled,
And the bite is not right...
That is the way I feel,
With my changing appetite!

When I prepare and complete a thought,
Sometimes it is revised...
To surprise,
And compliment others previously brought!

But if a word or two offends a point of view...
I'm not expecting you to sit,
In discomfort as you chew.

Unless something digested,
Adds meaning to your purpose.
As it did for me,
Before I exposed it to you...
Hoping you add dressing,
Delighting while you slurp it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Words Of Encouragement

Wanting something to happen without desire,
Does not materialize that which is wished to occur.
It takes patience and motivation,
Sacrifice and nerve.

Some believe all it takes is someone else,
To do it for them.
Then sit back to believe there is an ease to it.
While they offer words of encouragement.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Words Of Hypocrisy

I see with my eyes
But I am told
My mind should not believe.
I hear with my ears,
Whispers and jeers!
Words of hypocrisy.

My heart stays hopeful,
For wishes to come true.
And when I see them delivered...
You say they belong to you.
A habit once done you enjoyed to do!

Yet...
You appear uncomfortable,
Attempting to stride...
In my custom made shoes.
Trying to interpret life!
From a misunderstood,
Demented point of view
Pursued to spoil with spite.
Blinded you are without insight!

Nothing did or done that you do...
Succeeds,
Fool or subdue even a few!
Since the me you're trying to be,
Isn't you...it's me!
Whom you perceive...
Lives a life that is such a breeze!

I see with my eyes,
But I am told...
My mind should not believe.

I hear with my ears,
Whispers and jeers!
Words of hypocrisy.

My heart stays hopeful,
For wishes to come true.
And when I see them delivered...
You say they belong to you.

Yet...
You appear uncomfortable,
Attempting to stride...
In my custom made shoes.
Trying to interpret a way life!
From a misunderstood,
Point of view pursued.

Dimmed without light.
Nothing did or done...
Succeeds,
Or is right!
Since the me you're trying to be,
Isn't you! ...it is me!
Whom you perceive...
Lives a life that is such a breeze!

And watching this...
From a distance I resisted,
Makes me glad I didn't struggle to keep...
Something taken,
That awakens you shakened,
And now makes you restless...
Weeping unable to sleep!

Thinking my journey would be easy to take,
Without knowing the obstacles...
Or the path of hurdles dodged I take.
Crept to leap with steps of faith.
Leaving none undone...
Or wanting to leave any left faked!
And that which you have taken away from me,
Has left one of us clearly in heartbreak!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Words Only You Will Come To Know

In the silence there are answers.
When the mind is hushed.
And free of busy thoughts to think.

Sit and quiet yourself,
And you will hear God speak.
In words only you will come to know.
Heard and understood,
Within your reach.
In a language felt yet unspoken.

And with your eyes,
The truth will begin to show itself,
For what it is...
And is not!

With no one you need around,
Convincing you to believe...
What is real or fantasy.

You will come to see reality.
There...
To be found in your life to live!
If you allow these visits with God.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Words Spoken

Words spoken to hear them clear,
Will always come to offend...
Those unaccustomed to listening.
Or have a wish to comprehend.
Especially if it has already been assumed,
The speaker has an agenda...
To clarify misunderstandings,
Intended by others to prolong confusion.
And conflict to solicit and market it,
Is far more lucrative...
Than keeping an understanding kept understood.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Worker Bees

When the worker bees,
Leave their nests...
Others left,
Fake a sweat.

When the worker bees,
Get upset...
Over jive.
They split from the hive.

And those left protest.
Of rest they don't get.
To accuse the worker bees,
Of being selfish.

And those left protest,
Of rest they don't get.
To make excuses...
Of how they've been neglected.

Worker bees are often blamed,
For the way things are without them.
Worker bees are often shamed.
To smear their names to defame,
Deeds they've done for all bees.

Worker bees are often blamed.
For not maintaining,
A way of life that provides...
Gains.
While others,
Sit on their backsides inside...
The hive.
While others,
Sit on their backsides...
Spewing their lies to think,
They will survive.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Working Overtime

Would you like one of my brain cells,
To verify I am of independent thought?
Since you believe I must be programmed,
To produce every word to you I've brought.
You are proving to be more foolish,
Than my assumptions have seduced.
My abilities have been instilled,
Before I learned how to tie my shoes!

What next will you try to deny?
My skills?
You've done just about everything else.
Even creating your own rumor mill.
Let's face it...
When I say something to you I want to say...
There is no one who will do it,
Not in my way!
Direct and unafraid.

And that,
You are working overtime to try to find!
My mind is mine!
Not Harry's, Billie's, Bobbie's or Sue's.
My mind is mine!
And I am blessed not to be obsessed.
Possessed perhaps.
But that would be too long of a story to tell.
And you seem already exhausted.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Works Of The Demon

Bomb them down you do,
For sick addicting reasons.
Massive deception...
Cracks the walls you build to deceive.
Disturbing are your stealthy steps,
On your own soil to control and perplex.

You claim straight face...
Others terrorize.
But your eyes delight with these deeds.
Nothing connects
Your objective to hunt others.
And images of yours
Reflects on shattered tower beams.

And when revealed...
These wounds will never heal!
Works of the demon,
Are peeling off your heels!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Works-In-Progress

Pain!
Much of it,
We do not solicit.
A lot of it comes and shocks.
As it stays with us to visit.

It is hard to ignore.
Or get rid of it.
No one consciously explores...
With intelligence.
Why pain hurts to the core.
Or selects who to pick.

No one delights one bit emotionally.
And we choose to accept God knows...
How deeply felt our tragedies.
With a fixing that mends our broken hearts,
Unconditionally...
When that happens.

And life provides no escape from it!
God has to know this.
God has to know,
We are all still His...
Works-in-progress.
Although when bleeding...
There seems to be an absence,
Of a perfection dismissed.

And perhaps that is the reason...
God bestows upon our souls,
An eternity of bliss.
After we have graduated...
From what life now inflicts!

Pain!
Much of it,
We do not solicit.
A lot of it comes and shocks.

As it stays with us to visit.
And we must keep our faith...
That God provides the comfort,
To resolve...
In a dissolving,
Of all of our conflicts we live to witness.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

World Of Love

Until the night, falls.
And all the criminals...
Are balled and chained!
With a sleep inducing done.
There can not be,
A world of love.
Or a peace.

That's when the air breathed,
Will be fresh and clean.
That's when there will be,
A world of love.
And all mental debris,
Has been swept and gone.
With the sight of flying doves above.

Until a consciousness lifts.
And all experienced tragedies disappear.
And creditors condoned...
No longer disturb with threats to phone.
With a peace of mind declared.
And those who have it know it is owned.

We'll have a world of love,
When all conflicts are fixed and solved.
And forgiveness is done.
We'll have a world of love.
Shared by everyone.
Without weapons to use,
To kill someone with a gun.

Until the night, falls.
And all the criminals...
Are balled and chained.
With no deceivers creeping stealthfully.
And they have been effectively,
Induced into eternal sleep.

You and I,

Can no longer deny...
We then have a world of love.
Without tears to cry,
To satisfy those who oppress.
A world of love comes to everyone.
And that love is all that is known to be addressed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Worn Out By The Effort

If I am not soliciting,
Your attention.
And...
You are not preventing me,
From getting it.
I am trying to avoid...
As much of it as you give as possible.

I am not in search of it.
And this,
I believe...
You misunderstand.
If I had a magic wand...
I'd disappear from you,
On command.

You follow 'me'...
As if you wish I show interest.
Although I am told,
You express to others...
How tired you are of seeing me,
Wherever 'you' go!
And I am sure you are worn out by the effort!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Worshipped Is This Delusion

Even their surfaced faith,
Has become a wailing dirge.
An addiction of myths mixed...
With mediocrity,
And vacant dreams.

A choice to believe in fantasies,
Has kept them stale and stagnant.
Loving their rituals that dig deep and hollow...
As they jump aboard a rusted merry-go-round!

And a life lived without values kept,
Void of discipline and principles of respect...
Creeps along in disengagement.
In a religous sinking devoted to despair.

Worshipped is this delusion of faded illusions.
Fed to feed on constant reminders of conflict.
As if a greatness restored will bring order,
To mental instabilities!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Worshipping The Obtaining Of Money

Professing to have integrity today,
Is as old as the discovering of a fossil.
People are into themselves and things.
And if a dollar bill is connected to it,
People worshipping the obtaining of money...
Will take it from a pocket,
Dropped from someone praying with eyes closed...
Sitting in a pew.
Or from a pulpit dressed immaculately...
To claim abundance is for all.
Although preaching about the humble beginnings,
Of 'One' who had sacrificed 'His' life...
With a doing of it just based upon faith.
But today...
If people can not display ACTS of materialism,
And from scriptures quote how it can be possessed...
A quality of life that has been less prioritized,
Would be greater reflected.
Instead of those on their knees disguising their lies.
To then annoint themselves blessed and highly favored.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Worth Bleeding And Fighting For

Taught to register their dreams,
With the government for safe keeping.
Now has them questioning their decisions made.
Since that life envisioned in retirement...
Has been pocketed by crooks,
Discovered cooking the books...
Just for looks and no substance to leave.

And the grieving that has begun,
Will not return a dime to anyone stunned.
Besides their livelihood and way of life taken...
Those that have done this,
Continue to lavish themselves with trips and gifts!
And 'that' is the democracy,
Worth bleeding and fighting for.
For some it is bliss...
To be that patriotic.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Worth Going Through The Process Of Healing

The only satisfaction that arrives for some,
Is acknowledging the time...
When detachments are needed,
And have to come...
With a stunning done!

There will be some moaning.
And some momentary pain.
But what a mind gains,
And the peace that remains...
Is worth going through the process of healing.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Worth The Doing

Comebacks are not natural paths to take,
From heartbreak, financial devastation...
Or physical and/or mental debilitation.
It takes a rebirth of some kind no one can define.
And perhaps a divine intervention too complex to mention,
Since the doing of it requries much more effort...
Than the experiencing of a multitude of obstacles,
Many have faced alone to condone and unwillingly.
To either confront or succumb!
Without a clue or hint if the unknown smells of doom.
Or could be successfully overthrown to be conquered.
Determination, sacrifice and focus can only get one's butt,
Up from a rut with intention to rid without discussing it.

And only those who have made comebacks from traps,
To remove that which had emotionally or physically...
Had them saddled like that,
With a getting them back on track and on their feet to move...
Can say without excuses or apologies to make,
Whatever it is they choose and some do without expressing regret.

Because they, alone, have proven...
What they have done had nothing to do with a receiving of empathy,
That never came from those expected to give it.
It was with a kept dignity, belief and an identifed faith held onto firmly,
That made all the difference when exits to escape had not been choices.
And...
Those who make comebacks have already to them been shown,
Who thought what! What was said to who with a doing disrespectful.
For whatever the reason...
People who perceive others to be down and out for the count,
Can be counted on to kick someone like that to the curb first.

But always it seems...
And it never fails for the one who prevails,
There is that one special person who chooses to be supportive,
When those clouds appeared to disguise buckets of tears that flow...
From eyes too swollen they can not hide them to be something else,
To make many a day look pretty grim to pretend they didn't notice.

And this makes any return to move forward worth the doing!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Worthless

They think of themselves as worthless.
And they are.
With no value that has been identified.
Or a self evaluation taken.

It is pointless to disagree with them.
Many have come and gone,
Making attempts to prove them wrong.
To change their visions.
Since their 'visions' given to them,
Had been intended to inflict...
An ignorance that is worshipped.

And those believing themselves worthless,
Will not listen because this offends.
And the ones who wish to open their minds,
Have left alone to condone their mental sickness.
With a saving of their own sanities.

They think of themselves as worthless.
Obvious is this in observation.
And with determination they have proven,
They are this way and they will stay.
To leave themselves and their children scarred,
With beliefs they've been fed...
And will not and wont release,
That which has been embedded in their heads.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Worthless And Trifling

Forgers.
Circumventers.
Thieves.
Call them what you will.
Ambassadors of Cut and Paste.
Plagiarists with no taste.
Crooks.
Or folks no one should trust.
They are all over the place...
Doing their best to crush,
Someone else's good luck.

And they will use any scheme,
To demeam from their low self esteem.
And in their haste to do so...
They prove and show themselves to be,
Worthless and trifling human beings.
Who believe their actions,
Are not obviously seen.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Worthless Propositions

Do not make attempts...
To obligate me or my time,
To decisions you make.
You will discover,
Your demands do not satisfy...
My approach to life.
And at best will be left,
As worthless propositions.

'Wow. Nice.
Now...
Do you mind reading my stuff?
Since I've read yours! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Worthless To Value

They have had years.
Multiple decades.
And a few centuries,
To correct...
Repeated failures,
Of their misguided ways.

They have represented,
A loyalty to kept faith.
And a devotion to humanity,
To learn from past mistakes.
Made to have asked forgiveness.
Granted by all victimized.
Who have accepted promises,
That they would be guardians...
Of a wholesomeness competitive,
To biblical teachings.
God provides.
Followed to never be questioned
If their beliefs would be ever,
Deceived.
And with a tilt of their heads.
To allow tears to appear,
They convinced to make it clear
Their hearts were sincere.
Filled to the brim.
To overflow only love.

They have had years!
'Multiple' decades!
And a few centuries.
To keep upheld a righteousness.
That reflected unmistakable,
Kept qualities.

And yet...
With the assistance,
Of advanced technologies.
Expertise of scholars,

Certified graduates...
From schools validated,
As being 'ivy league'.
Who amongst them can be blamed,
To have left a mess to leave...
The presence,
Of selfish, self-invested...
Mentalities!
Destroying with an employed,
Tunneled view of reality.
On an Earth to treat,
As a commodity...
Worthless to value.
And its inhabitants like fleas.
Annoying those elite.
Assuming around them...
The Universe orbits.
Whenever they wish,
To declare it time...
When to begin or end its spin!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Worthless Treasures

When shallow people do not grow,
They leave behind no legacy.
An empty hole widens in their ancestry.
And an influence of attachment is lost!
Gains made to sustain them...
Has been tossed aside.
And a pride and dignity has paid that cost.
They've been trick with trinkets,
Of no lasting value.
Worthless treasures...
Had been the measure of their strides.
Jealousies between them stale and dies.
And they are left without connection.
Great achievements of a heritage...
They have helped deface!
And this is their disgrace observed.
Leaving any remnants of this cascading...
To be mocked.
Until the last of it parades to fade!
To quickly be buried and forgotten,
By those left inflicting their demise!
Those watching from windows inside...
And hurling disrespect to themselves.
Do not comprehend with acknowledgement,
The window from which they viewed their passing...
Slowly upon them closes!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Worthy Of Character Assassination

Ego swelled urban dwellers...
With time to waste.
And seeking someone to help them fake,
Life!
And the living of it irresponsibly!

They seem to be the ones who spent their lives,
Gliding on complaints!
And flying high on innuendo.
Hoping to age faintly.
Without applying chemical restraints.

Ego swelled urban dwellers...
Live with an emptiness on their minds all the time.
And seeking an easy way...
To get their dreams fulfilled.
With very few taking their time...
To positively supply their minds.
Yet...
Finding those who choose to do,
Worthy of character assassination!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Worthy Of Love Deserved

Well...
Here I go again!
Wanting to be loved,
Just the way I was...
Back then with you,
When love I knew was new!

Well...
Here I go,
Again!
Thinking love will be...
With someone I see,
Who will know what love means,
To me!

I sometimes wonder why,
I hope that I...
Will find true love,
I will know.

And why am I surprised,
When I find...
I am denied,
This need in me!

Well...
Here I go,
Again!
Thinking love will be...
With someone I see,
Who will know what love means,
To me!

And,
Well...
Here I go again!
Wanting to be loved,
Just the way I was...
Back then with you,

When love I knew...
Was new!

And why,
Is not true love meant to be?
When it seems easy for me,
To have my feelings hurt...
When I've searched to have a love deserved.

And why,
Is not true love meant to be?
When I've searched to have a love deserved.
When I am worthy,
Of love deserved for me.

I am worthy,
Of love deserved for me.
I am worthy,
Of love deserved for me.
And worthy to have it here,
Believed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Worthy Of The Defamation And Slander

I have always been declared,
Strange and the odd one out!
So naturally,
I became quite annoyed...
When you made the 'decision'
To include yourself amongst the ranks.
Now I find myself desperately creating,
Something fresh and invigorating...
You can not wake up in a rush,
And announce this area you'd like to taste
With a flair I've placed my careful touches!
Do you realize,
How long it has taken me to develop my weirdness?
Years,
Of calculated refinement!
You have forced me to broaden a definition...
That will maximize continued suspicions!
And keep my public appearances,
Worthy of the defamation and slander!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Worthy Of The Suffering

So much do they want to express love.
And so much is that expression shown,
As an interpretation of a sign of weakness.

So much do they wish to express respect.
And that respect is not returned as expected.

So much talk is there of peace.
And how conflicts will increase those chances.

But if someone should step on my toes...
And I'm sure I am like many others,
Who are not deluded by deceit.
And that person proceeds,
To slap me where I stand...
I will not quote Biblical scriptures.
Nor not a cheek will I turn.
And my extended hand,
Done to welcome.
Then becomes a balled fist!

I'm sure I am not the only one,
Who feels like this!

I will then seek a weapon...
With an intention to use it,
Against anyone who believes what is mine...
Is theirs for the taking!

My reality is not a myth scripted in Hollywood.
I will deliver an equality of pain!
And/or solicit assistance!

Call me an enemy if that is what you wish!
However,
If you are familiar with nightmares...
I will try to apply one that comes custom made!

Those living in peace,

Choose to do so.
And they will defend it!
No matter what the perpetrators...
Coming to destroy what they value,
Call their nonsense to inflict upon them.

I'm sure they are not the only ones,
Feeling like this!
Although there are some...
With a disturbing ignorance,
To rule over others!
Proving this can be done!

And in these cases,
Some may need...
A quickly delivered mental upgrading!

Not a weapon used to date...
With advance uses of technology,
Has produced a smidgen of peace!
Unless they were prematurely deceased.
Believing these barbaric acts...
Are worthy of the suffering done,
To receive a forgettable honorable mention.
Hopefully with names pronounced correctly,
Of those donating their lives as sacrifices...
To uphold the rights of others who could care less.

So much do they want to express love.
And so much is that expression shown,
As an interpretation of a sign of weakness.

So much do they wish to express respect.
And that respect is not returned as expected.

So much talk is there of peace.
And how conflicts will increase those chances.
However...
Better odds,
Could be obtain from any gambling casino!
And with a higher return for the wastefulness,
Of the investment.

And with loans provided...
For anyone foolish enough to believe,
They can actually correct their stupidity!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Worthy Of The Taste

I do not waste time making 'nice'!
I seek to make 'me' better.
Hoping that ingredient alone...
Is worthy of the taste condoned,
Enjoyed and savored!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Worthy To Nourish

Cherish to embrace,
All that which God has made to create.
With it done to savor.
Appetize to crave each day of the experience.
Know that something kept within yourself,
Is worthy to nourish on a daily basis.

Cherish to embrace,
A blooming taking place...
To notice and focus upon it.
Intentionally be the one,
To shine brightly on your path.
Acknowledge the shadow you cast has merit.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Would I Dare To Claim Fame

Would I dare to claim fame,
To declare myself famous?
Are you kidding?
I could not come near the flame of fame,
My sisters already enjoy.
And my brother-n-laws?
As gifted as they are?
These folks are the stars.

My nephew and niece,
And their children...
Are the the 'Devos' And Divas'
In my immediate family.
And trust me...
When I am around them,
I am quickly reminded.

I have yet to mention,
My aunts and uncles and cousins...
Who have long made my attempts,
Look like child's play.
Whenever I am in public,
I feel as if I have to show proof...
Or some identification of my connection.

However...
I will admit this,
IF I ever got the nerve...
To make such foolish declarations,
I would be on a remote island...
Whispering in the ears of a monkey.
And 'hoping' I am not related.
I am serious about that.

Although...
In my home,
There is a throne where I sit alone.
And 'creatively'...
I can declare to be whomever I please.

And I am blessed with a gratefulness,
To be able to do that on a regular basis.

Would I dare to claim fame,
To declare myself famous?
Only if I am not in the presence,
Of those I know already have achieved it.
And I am alone...
Not to experience the huge smiles on their faces.
Knowing their efforts have created my delusions.
I may be talented and creative...
But receiving looks of pity,
Is not on my top ten list.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Would It Be Easier?

In a democracy,
There is no dictatorship.
However...
Would it be easier?
Since it is common practice,
And certainly more convenient...
To place the blame on someone else,
Whenever we wish to have them perceived,
As failures.
With a casting off of our responsibilities,
To have others believe we are not accountable.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Would Know The Difference

I have this theory...
IF I wrote one poem,
And change the title of it...
Several times,
No one...
Would know the difference.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Would The Doing Of This Be Considered Offensive?

Is it too extreme to be certain and direct?
Would the doing of this be considered offensive?
And one should reflect in retrospect?
To leave doubts alone and questions to rest?
Or could one's honesty be interpreted,
As being disrespectful to neglect...
What may be suitable for some,
Just may upset many to leave one feeling regret.

Is it too extreme to be certain and direct?
Or is it better to be deceiving,
Since today that's what many probably expect?
Or should one do what they believe is best,
Regardless of who rejects or accepts it.
Would the doing of this be considered offensive?
Even if the intention isn't meant?
Or should one just listen pretending to comprehend?

'What's on your mind? '

Just questions.

'You should ask them.
Make them known.'

I decided it would be better if I didn't.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Would You Like Me To Bake You Some Cookies?

Freeze.
Get on your hands and knees.
Where is the cash stashed?
And your valuables?
Give me the keys to your car.
And I hope it's filled with gas!
Silence.
Shut your lips,
Before I split them fast.

'And you were the one to say,
You would rather have him...
Bring his activities into the privacy of our home.
Than have them done in the streets.'

Silence!
Didn't I say...
Shut your lips,
Before I split them fast.

'Yes.
But son,
The car only has a half tank of gas.'

But dad...
I'm serious.
I'm not doing this for laughs.

~Would you like me to bake you some cookies, Johnny? ~

Ma will you shut up!

What kind?

~The ones you like with the walnuts.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Would You Like My Attention Given Mentioned?

If I had not been proud of who I am,
You would not perceive me of being arrogant.
Nor would you care if I existed.
I wouldn't.
And you know that.

But since you notice my proudness flaunted,
You believe your critique of it...
Makes me more aware of you.
I do give it attention.
Would you like my attention given mentioned?

This you can continue.
For as long as you wish!
Because it is not you or what you do,
That makes me proud!
And I have for too long known of this.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Would You Like Some Of My Popcorn?

Why are the people horrified?
And running about as if panicked?

'They are trying to find places to hide.
And none have a clue as to where.'

Hide from what?

'You must be from out of town?
Reality upon them has just been released.
They are attempting to escape from truth.'

Who are you?

'I was ostracized and shunned.
Many years ago.
Long before you were born.'

You seem to be unaffected by this.

'Are you kidding?
Everyone I've known...
Is in the midst of that.'

Why aren't you helping them to find the peace,
You seem to have.

'I tried.

After a bunch of name calling.
Backstabbing and all of that...
Well,
Eventually they completely ignored me.

In the beginning it was very painful.
But I healed and knew I was blessed.
At least 'something' happened to me...
To separate me from that mess.'

So...
What are you doing now?

'Oh...
Forgive me.
Would you like some of my popcorn?
I just thought I would stop.
Check out the sights.
You know...
Do the nature thing,
Before I went home.'

Hmmm...
I like it buttered.

'I made it myself.
The old fashioned way.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

'Would You Like The Dirt From The Gutter First? '

I want to know your name.
And sometimes I am ashamed...
To come across like a manic,
Caught to catch in a panic zone.

I want to be with you,
But my tongue gets tied too.
And I'll say stupid things,
That are erractic.
Embarrassed and frantic.

Actions I choose not to own.
But in your presence,
That's what is shown.

Why is it hard for people,
Just to sit down and meet?

Why does this have to have,
Confirmation of a history?
With approval from researchers.
Who feel a need to dig up dirt!

'Would you like the dirt from the gutter first?
Or should I just sit with you and flirt? '

'Huh?
What?
Are you about to 'flip' out?
Or are you just plain crazy?
Or both? '

~What would you prefer? ~

'Dis with a 'tance' connected! '

~Uh...uh...~

'Would you leave me alone...

Please? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Would You Like To Participate With Us

Would you like to participate with us,
During our global meditation?
Many of us are striving for a higher consciousness!
And we are going to do this the first of the year.
At 12noon!

'Excuse me?
A higher what?
Consciousness.
Oh, I'm conscious all right.
Ain't nuthin' wrong with my mind!
Naw...
Ya'll go 'head with that mess!
Since...
That's yo thing not my thing and my thing ain't yo thing.
And you and them that do those things think ya'll all that!
Well..
My feet is on the Earth,
And I ain't got time to waste on nonsense!
I ain't 'bout to raise 'nuthin' no time soon!
I ain't got time to waste on that! '

So, that is a no?

'That's yo thing not my thing and my thing ain't yo thing.
And you and them that do those things think ya'll all that!
You better come down to Earth and be real! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

'Would You Sssshut Up With That! '

'Your days,
As known...
Are gone.
Cut loose emotionally from them.'

Be in the 'now'!
Not denial.
In the now!
Not denial.
In the now!
Not denial.
In the...

'Would you sssshut up with that! '

Oh!
So it's okay for 'you' to be negative?

'Yesterday,
When I said...
Your days,
As known...
Are gone.
Cut loose emotionally from them.
I didn't think you would jump off a bridge.
Especially a foot bridge.
One only a foot from the water.
And the water is not there...
Because we're experiencing a drought! '

I don't care what you say!
But there is definitely hints of negativity in your tone!
I've learned to recognize those thoughts now.
Now that God has spared my life.
And I have visions of doing greater things.

And...
I owe this to you,
Indirectly!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Would You Stop It? !

Would you let that love that's happening...
Be for you that fills a need?
Or would you stop it,
From not happening.

Would you stop it from not happening?

Would you let that love that's happening,
Be for you that fills a need?
Or would you block it,
From not happening.

Could you block it from not happening?

Conflicting feelings...
Bring on its own pain.
When one turns down what's needed
And they can't admit the needing.

Conflict of feelings,
Is...
What no one needs.

Not a conflict that has meaning,
With some feelings felt unseen.
When one turns down what is needed
And they can't admit the need.

Would you let that love that's happening...
Be for you that fills a need?
Or...
Would you block it,
From not happening?

Would you stop it from not happening,
If we both admit the need...
And let it happen.

Would you let that love that's happening...

Be for us what we need.
Or would you let that love that's happening...
Not to be seen.

Would you let that love that's happening...
Be for you that fills a need?
Or would you block it...
From not happening.

Or would you stop it from not happening.
Not to be ever seen.
Or would you block it from not happening.
Not to feel or be seen.
Or would you stop it from not happening.
Not to be ever seen.
Or would you block it from not happening.
Not to feel or be seen.

Would you let that love that's happening...
Be for you that fills a need?
Or would you block it...
Not to feel or be seen.
Or would you stop it...
Not to be ever seen.
Or would you block it...
Not to feel or be seen.
Or would you stop it...
Not to be ever seen.
Would you stop it? !
To block it.

I'm moving on...
'Cause my feelings felt can not be stopped.
I'm moving on...
'Cause my feelings for you can't be blocked.
I'm moving on...
'Cause my feelings felt can not be stopped.
I'm moving on...
'Cause my feelings for you can't be blocked.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Wouldn'T It Be Impolite?

Is there anything done,
That a peeping tom does not see?
Is there anything that goes unanalyzed,
By those wishing to copy every detail spied?

Could there be an independent thought,
By the one who verbalizes...
Each syllable heard brought to their attention?

Is there any point in mentioning,
An annoyance felt by those whispering...
Within one's listening distance?

'What is it that he writes now? '

~It is hard to tell.
You are breathing on the lense of the binoculars.~

'It appears that he is waving.
Who does he wave to? '

~If I am not mistaken,
He is looking in our direction.~

'What should we do? '

~Keep pretending we are not here.~

'But wouldn't it be impolite?
If we did not wave back? '

~We are spying on him.~

'This may come as a disappointment to you,
But...
I think what we are doing,
He already knows.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Wouldn'T It Be Nice

Wouldn't it be nice,
To live a life...
Just the way we wanted it.
And those we dismissed,
As insignificant from our past...
Have forgotten our attempts,
To prevent their success.
And they now have amnesia...
With no memory at all,
Of those flagrant events...
That brought them grief.
Or the campaign taken,
To defame...
And destroy them,
Completely.
With the hope that,
A conspicuously offensive activity done...
To them,
Was not for them a meaningful misdeed.
Or noticed to keep focused.

Wouldn't it be nice,
If they had forgotten our evilness.
And awakened with nothing but love for us,
In anticipation to express this with a warm embrace.
Wouldn't it be nice to leave the Christmas tree lit...
All year round.
With forgiveness given.
And the Singing of 'Kumbaya' heard sung around the world.

'Hey man...
What are you talking about this 'we' business?
WHAT did 'you' do to express such concern?
You speak as if you expect retaliation or revenge.
I gotta go.
Call me later, okay? '

People should just learn to forgive one another.
That's all I'm saying.

You don't have to leave like that.
I'm not in fear.

I'm not in fear!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Wouldn'T It Be Wonderful

Wouldn't it be wonderful...
If reality provided each one of us with escapes.
To celebrate those moments.
And we were free to place orders,
For our favorite tastes.
Topped with fresh whipped cream.
Delighting each bite of the walnuts crushed.
And those sweet strawberries dipped in chocolate,
Slowly satiating and prolonging this as we ate.
Without haste or hint of a rush.

Wouldn't it be wonderful...
If reality provided each one of us with escapes.
To dance and hold hands on lush green hilltops.
And shocked by anyone who dared to speak of hate.
Wouldn't it be wonderful?
Wouldn't this be great?
Wouldn't it just be marvelous,
If we all debated...
On a date this could,
And would take place.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Wouldn'T Tremendous Be Greater Than Fantastic?

An ego once unleashed,
Releases an exposed insecurity.
And accepts the limitation of praise given to it,
As an acknowledgement to something witnessed...
That will be condoned forever.
But egos eventually fizzle to do a dropping as flops.

'You must be talking about yourself? '

ME?
Moi?
Are you kidding?
I'm too fantastic to have a limited ego.
I am greater than that.
I let my ego do a dropping that flopped,
Many years ago.

'Oh?
So you are 'that' tremendous? '

I did NOT say tremendous.
I said...
Fantastic.
There is a difference in the limits,
You know.

'Wouldn't tremendous be greater than fantastic? '

You don't have to twist my arm.
I am 'not' one to argue with someone who knows.
Okay...
You win.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Wouldn'T Want To Trade To Be In Your Shoes

Even if you decided not to show up,
Or came late with another excuse to make...
What is going to happen,
Will occur with or without you.
This is not anyone's decision to make.
Those who took the bait...
Cared nothing about another one's fate!
Or values at all.

You've been told this all before.
For decades!
But you chose to ignore,
To seranade, wine and dine!
Exploring temptations more!
And...
Those carefree thoughtless times you had?
Are over!
And there is no need to be sad!

You had more than enough time,
To use your mind and listen!
But you had good credit then.
In fact...
You pranced around.
Flaunting all over town your 'good' fortune!
With leased smiles and grins...
Owed, taxed and mortgaged!
Hoarding and deceiving others,
Out of their portion.

And I was out of the cliques you mixed with!
Out of the 'loop' and called a fool.
Now you are sitting in pools of debt!
There is nothing you and I have in common,
Or can share!
And I'm not sharing with you regret.

You laughed at me then.
Because I refused to worship 'that'...

With others like you,
Who prayed to attract more in those dens of sin!
That's all you really wanted to do.
To keep up pretenses!
As you looked down upon others...
With pity!
But not with a helping hand.
And you believed God helped you!
To do 'that' to 'them'?

God is not about 'things' at all.
You put those before Him!
And I'm sure He hates to see you crawl!
But then again...
He watched you watch me,
Stumble and fall...
With my back up against the wall.

And He aided me to stand strong and tall!
I wonder what He will do for you...
If you ever bother to give Him a call!
And I am sure there will be a lot...
He has to show and say to you!
I wouldn't want to trade to be in your shoes!
Not with so many like you now,
Singing those hymns off-key...
And those blues out of tune!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Wounded And Bruised

As I look back upon my path,
With those tests and mistakes...
I managed to pass with a lot of heartache.
I often ask myself,
If it would have been easier...
Beginning those tasks to prove to others,
What it was I could do.
Instead of choosing myself to compete against.
Since I can be unrelenting when I critique.
With a beating to leave me wounded and bruised.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Wounded And Perceived Defeated

No battle has ever been won,
Against a people armed...
And supplied with ignorance.
To defend it.
There is no other weapon,
Made to create...
To stop its devastation.

Left wounded and rumored,
To have been defeated...
Common sense abandons,
Every intent meant...
For clarity and understanding.
And leaves to hear cheers,
From those declaring it...
The loser.

Celebrating again,
Another victory suffered...
Are the ones reminicsing,
Their continued pain.
Delighting what for them,
Remains unchanged.

'Again...
I know my question,
May sound redundant.
But...
Who are the 'victors'?
And...
Which ones have lost,
To validate this celebration? '

-Isn't it obvious?
It should be.-

'This doesn't make,
Any sense at all.'

-Congratulations.
You had me worried.
I thought you were a reporter.
Trying to find some.-

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Wounded By A Lover's Touch

ooo-baby baby babe,
I'm wounded by a lover's touch.
ooo-baby baby babe,
I'm wounded by a lover's touch.

I don't know how I got here.
Or know which way I came.
All I know is I wont go back again!

ooo-ooo-ooooo

Baby baby babe,
I'm wounded by a lover's touch.
ooo-baby baby babe,
I'm wounded by a lover's touch.

I don't know how I got here.
Or know which way I came.
All I know is I wont go back again!

Too much stuff had me blocked up.
And I wont go back again.
All I did was cuss and fuss.
And I wont go back again.
I had been plucked from all my luck,
And I wont go back again.

ooo-baby baby babe,
I'm wounded by a lover's touch.
ooo-baby baby babe,
I'm wounded by a lover's touch.

Too much stuff had me blocked up.
And I wont go back again.
All I did was cuss and fuss.
And I wont go back again.
I had been plucked from all my luck,
And I wont go back again.

ooo-baby baby babe,
And I wont go back again.
ooo-baby baby babe,
And I wont go back again.

Too much stuff had me blocked up.
And I wont go back again.

ooo-baby baby babe,
I'm wounded by a lover's touch.
ooo-baby baby babe,
I'm wounded by a lover's touch.

I don't know how I got here.
Or know which way I came.
All I know is I wont go back again!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Wounds Unhealed

The issue of race...
Ignored and left unexplored,
Will not erase what has taken place.
Or not being able to face its destructiveness...
With an openness,
Without discussing it!
Leaves those inflicted by it at a disadvantage.

And pretending in these complex days,
As we allow a devalued standard of life fade away...
Is as absurd,
As this nation of mixed and blend people living on this Earth...
All spinning in a whirlpool of a disturbing votex,
Crumbling quicker than the foundation of its strengths.

Slipping further into a darkness of pretense,
To hide the sickness of its wounds unhealed!
And the basis of its ultimate destruction.
Such a pitiful absolution of a divine gift given!
To uphold steadfast to this ignorance is not bliss.
Just a recurrence of missed opportunities!
Again...
Humanity lives to witness it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Wow Whee, They Did The Monkey

She said it was okay,
If he kissed her lips...
Whee...
He gone gone,
Whee...
She gone gone,
Whee.

And this kissing wished,
They both admitted they missed...
Whee...
He gone gone,
Whee...
She gone gone,
Whee.

A chemistry between them,
Felt good as if bliss.
And everytime they came together,
They would kiss.

And kiss.

And kiss...
Wow.
Ooo-ooo-ooo-ooo-ooo-ooo...
Wow.
Ooo-ooo-ooo-ooo-ooo-ooo...
Wow.
Ooo-ooo-ooo-ooo-ooo-ooo...
Wow whee,
They did the 'monkey'.

Ooo-ooo-ooo-ooo-ooo-ooo...
Wow.
Ooo-ooo-ooo-ooo-ooo-ooo...
Wow.
Ooo-ooo-ooo-ooo-ooo-ooo...
Wow whee,

They did the 'monkey'.

She said it was okay,
If he kissed her lips...
Whee...
He gone gone,
Whee...
She gone gone,
Whee.

And this kissing wished...
They both admitted they missed,
Whee...
He gone gone,
Whee...
She gone gone,
Whee...
Ooo,
They did the 'monkey'.

Ooo-ooo-ooo-ooo-ooo-ooo...
Wow.
Ooo-ooo-ooo-ooo-ooo-ooo...
Wow.
Ooo-ooo-ooo-ooo-ooo-ooo...
Wow whee,
They did the 'monkey'.

A chemistry between them,
Felt good as if bliss.
And everytime they came together,
They would kiss.

And kiss.

And kiss...
Wow.
Ooo-ooo-ooo-ooo-ooo-ooo...
Wow.
Ooo-ooo-ooo-ooo-ooo-ooo...
Wow.
Ooo-ooo-ooo-ooo-ooo-ooo...

Wow whee,
They did the 'monkey'.

Ooo-ooo-ooo-ooo-ooo-ooo...
Wow.
Ooo-ooo-ooo-ooo-ooo-ooo...
Wow.
Ooo-ooo-ooo-ooo-ooo-ooo...
Wow whee,
They did the 'monkey'.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Wrap Up All The Nonsense

It is time to wrap up all the nonsense folks,
And doing away with all pronounced pretentiousness.
Many will find this difficult to do.
But the doing of it,
Can be done by anyone.

If we all grew and accepted maturity as a goal to reach,
No one would be provoked...
By the existence of truth spoken to speak.
Nor those who prefer it as a part of life to live,
Without their declarations offending anyone.

It is time to wrap up all the nonsense folks,
And doing away with all pronounced pretentiousness.
Many will find this difficult to do.
But the doing of it can be done by anyone,
Who decides truth is not a difficult pursuit.

Using one's own excuses and alibis to distance,
To deliberately accuse others of abuse...
Is as old as a pair,
Of comfortable but worn out soleless shoes.
To look good only for the sake of appearances.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Wrap Your Arms Around A New Beginning

When the time comes...
And an emotion invites a tear?
Let that 'thing' drop.
Don't stop it!

If it should bring a family,
Ready to pour more upon your heart,
With buckets...
Don't fight it,
Let go.
Knowing a cleansing is about to start!

There is no need to pretend,
Something painful that hurts...
Is better to hold inside,
To show you are brave!
Don't drive yourself crazy.
Go with that flow!
Let go.
Let that madness end.

Remove the clouds,
Of a sorrow that is saved.
Let the sunshine in.
Throw away a self sacrifice you gave!
Just know...
You can pave your own way,
On a road to a joy deserved!
Wrap your arms around a new beginning...
And live a happiness that is craved!
Bestow yourself with loving days!
Let go...
And let them begin!
Make a choice to smile and grin.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Wreckless

You wanna break my pace stepped,
With a wreckless defect.
You wanna slip and slide...
As if we've never met!

You wanna break my pace stepped,
With a wreckless defect.
You wanna slip and slide...
And glide by high,
As if we've never met!
Don't try.
Don't try.

And I can't cope,
With your groping on my coattails.
Like you're a piece of my pie,
You wish to eat to satisfy...
A feeding kept from eyes.
Don't try.
Don't try.

And I can't cope,
With your groping on my coattails.
Like you're a piece of my pie,
You wish to eat and satisfy...
A feeding kept from eyes.
To greed as you hide!

Oh my,
Don't try!

You wanna break my pace stepped,
With a wreckless defect.
You wanna slip and slide...
As if we've never met!

You wanna break my pace stepped,
With a wreckless defect.
You wanna slip and slide...

And glide by high,
Pretending we've never met!

Oh my,
Don't try...
To fool me with your disguise.
Don't try.
Don't try.

And I can't cope,
With your groping on my coattails.
Like you're a piece of my pie,
You wish to eat to satisfy...
A feeding kept from eyes.

Oh my,
Don't try...
To fool me with your disguise.
As if,
I'm in need...
For a guide that hides.

Oh my,
Don't try.
Don't try.
Don't try.
Oh my,
Don't you do it!
Don't try.
Don't you do it!
Don't try.
Oh my,
Don't you do it!
Don't try.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Wreckless Erections

Why is it everyone seems to wish,
A more improved performance...
That will pleasure their sexual preferences,
With the advancing to enhance...
A sex to do with whomever one chooses.
To then follow directions to perfect romance.
Even if romance is not the objective.
As long as the effect remains mutually accepted.

Advertisements are on the rise,
For those wishing to end...
Their admitted wreckless erections.
And it's not only the men.
But the women too...
Seeking ingredients listing what they should do,
To gratify a longer lasting satisfaction...
That meets to reach beyond their imaginations.

'You too can prevent,
The re-ocurrences of these frequent events.
Why spend lost moments,
Attempting to re-create the wheel.
Take this pill and drive all night if it's wished.'

~Shouldn't those erections be reckless? ~

'No.
These erections are wanted to stay forever,
Wreck free with a permanence...
That will remain limp and dentless.
As if cemented to deliver pain,
If pain sustained is what one seeks to feel.'

~Well...
That's RECKLESS.~

'No!
That's breathless.
And for those wishing it kept that way,

Effective they will stay breathless.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Wrestle With Distractions

Better beatened than to boot.
Those nagging irritations,
Coming to dilute a feel good moment.
To boost frustrations...
Hosted by aggravation.

Wrestle with distractions.
Defeat them and let them know...
You are not the one to select for their munching.
Not the one to chew, gnaw and spit out bad habits,
To allow them to grow.

Throw that crap back into the breeze and duck.
If you don't,
It will come back to fuc...
Feather your cup!
And you know that is not the intention!

Better beatened than to boot.
Those nagging irritations,
Coming to dilute a feel good moment.
To boost frustrations...
Hosted by aggravation.
Aren't you tired of the preparation?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Writing Is A Sport

Writing is a sport of a different sort.
And approached with the same determination,
To accomplish until completed that task to succeed.
With a focus done others uninterested,
Would not accept to conceive it that difficult to be.

Since many perceive to write is easy, breezy and 'light'.
Especially if it is something they quickly read overnight.
And to do less in the time that it takes to create,
An image that comes to life with it left in their minds...
As if given breath to breathe those who read often find.

'Everything is so REAL,
And...
Thought provoking,
And...
Done to capture all of my emotions.
Achieved in just a few minutes.
How is that possible? '

~I read something,
Over and over again in just two minutes...
Only to feel a waste of my time.
But I will admit,
The title of it sat with me for months.~

'What was the title? '

~Writing Is A Sport.
And today I'm still thinking...
What 'sport' can I compare writing to? ~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Writing Is Like A Diet

It is not easy to write.
Even if one likes it...
Writing is like a challenge.
An obstacle to face.
And when confronted,
To make use of it...
A discipline applied,
Is what it takes!

It is not easy to write.
Even if one likes it.
Those who do may not sleep,
At night.
Or discover they have lost an appetite.

Writing is like a diet.
And accepting it becomes a way of life.
Those who ask how writing is done...
Usually have no idea,
Of what they must overcome.

Some believe writing is nothing but fun.
But those committed...
Know writing is more like a spouse,
That can be quiet as a mouse.
Then at other times a shouting occurs...
Heard from the inside,
With a wish to come out!

Writing is like a diet.
And accepting it becomes a way of life.

It is not easy to write.
Even if one likes it!
Writing is like a challenge.
An obstacle to face.
And when confronted,
To make use of it...
A discipline applied,

Is what it takes!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Wrong And So Long Gone Are Those Times

You pop up.
With expectations,
I dropp and stop my doings?
Wrong and so long gone are those times.

Call me crude, rude and insensitive.
But whatever it is you do call me,
I hope eventually you will learn something...
About respect.

Those hazy, lazy, crazy days we had once shared,
For me do not today exist.
For years I haven't seen you...
And you still believe you can treat me like this?

Wrong and so long gone are those times.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Wrong Road Taken

The moment you began to assess,
Where I lived and how I dressed...
And my choice to choose,
The mode of public transportation...
I was happy to select.
I knew you were on the wrong road taken,
With a belief upon it I would follow.

I 'still' don't know why it is you perceive,
Your abilities to name drop,
Should have an effective impression on me...
Will have me wishing access to social teas,
And network with those who charade...
Proper etiquette and correct successful qualities?
The success I've obtained has 'had' me pleased.

And guess what?
That's why I prefer to take the bus.
With a knowing I am surrounded by reality.
And I associate with folks who have no interest,
In pretentiousness to give or receive that reflects...
Noticeable insecurities I long ago have left.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Wrong Steps

Try not to take those wrong steps,
You find catches you out of breath.

Try not to take those wrong steps,
You find catches you out of breath each step.

Try not to take those wrong steps,
You find catches you out of breath each step.
With little breath kept to breathe that's left.

Try not to take those wrong steps,
You find catches you out of breath each step.
With little breath left you had once bet,
You'd have enough to get yourself some rest.

Try not to take those wrong steps,
Without choosing from other steps to get better.
To better than the steps you had bet,
Would not catch you out of breath but at rest...
To prove with a doing you could better your best.

Try not to take those wrong steps,
You find catches you out of breath.

Try not to take those wrong steps,
You find catches you out of breath each step.
To prove with a doing you could better your best.
Without choosing from other steps to get that rest,
To move those steps better and unchecked.

Try not to make those wrong steps,
To leave alone.
And not to have them condoned.
Try not to make those wrongs steps,
To leave alone and make it known you are gone to move on!

Try not to make those wrong steps,
To leave alone.
Uncondoned.

Try not to make those wrongs steps,
To leave alone and make it known you are gone to move on!
To make it known you are gone to move on!
To make it known you are gone to move on!

Try not to take those wrong steps,
You find catches you out of breath.
You find catches you out of breath each step.
To leave you without rest to get.
Only choose those steps to better your best yet.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Wrong!

How foolish of me,
Not to know what it is you wish?
Without you mentioning it,
I should know this...
Right?

How foolish of me,
Not to notice your moods.
Or which attitude is connected,
To something I have done...
With an overlooking it to miss.

I should be able to read your mind,
Everytime I suspect something is wrong.
And you sit to admit...
Nothing!

I should not question,
But know what it is...
With each eyebrow you raise,
To pass your silent quiz.

You better give me a hint or clue.
I'm not going through this again with you.
Keep your mood and attitude.
I've got other things I prefer to do.

How foolish of me,
Not to know what it is you wish?
Without you mentioning it,
I should know this...
Right?

Well,
You are wrong!
There's nothing right about it at all.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

'Ya'Lls'Gottagitupandgo! '

I felt no guilt of sacrifice.
Nor need to receive acts of pity!
My path I walk has not been tried.
And obstacles I face...
I knew they were mine.
From this I did not run or hide.

I could not sit or linger to weep.
My challenges were selected.
I do not remember,
Any that were sweetened.
Or any did I conquer quickly...
To satisfy myself with as a treat!

My steps have been careful and cautiously placed.
And the clarity I've learned to use...
Is not too often amused,
By those crossing my path...
With ignorant acts.
And those ignorant of facts.

I teach...
I am not about acts of distractions.
I reach to cleanse!
Not absorb myself with teases
Of quickly gotten trash.
Not on this path I take.

My God, The Almighty wants me focused!
And He,
Is the reason Why...
I am able now on this path to stride!

And ain't no other sucker coming to pluck...
Or gonna stop to pick a fight with a Goose,
To flop!
Or do a flip to dropp slop,
On my 'do'. Not...to-day!
No way, Miguel.

Mary, Michael or Joe Monroe!

'Ya'lls'gottagitupandgo! '

Clear!
Get up and get to moving off!
You're adding shadow on my light.
And all my life I've worked to hard,
To get it to surround me.
This business I conduct is serious.
You want me to get real 'nig-er-ish? '
I didn't think so.
Then there should be no further announcement!

'And-youcangiggleifyouwant-to too! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Ye Olde Asses Inn

There is an inn where they would meet
For crumpets and a spot of tea.
A reading of the scroll took place...
To honor those of a certain grace.
The blacksmith thereupon would leave,
To polish saddles and brass horse bits!
And when the meeting came to an end...
The waitress was paid a hefty tip!

Ye Olde Asses Inn.
All the clients are old men.
Nothing has changed...
Since the invention of quilled feathered pens!
Everyone agrees an 'update' is in dire need!
Especially since the prostitutes...
Have no spaces to park their mercedes in!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Yeah Mahn

Guided by the light.
Guided by the light.
Not too many people know,
They're guided by the light.

And when you pitch in a little bit,
That light turns on.
When you give just a little bit,
That light turns on.
And when you pitch in a little bit,
Those things wrong...
Get up to leave,
And you'll see them gone.

Guided by the light.
Guided by the light.
Everyday in everyway,
We're guided by the light.

When you pitch in a little bit,
That light turns on.
And when you give just a little bit,
That light turns on.
And when you pitch in a little bit,
Those things wrong...
Get up to leave,
And you'll see them gone.

Yeah mahn.
Yeah mahn.
Guided by the light.
Guided by the light.
Not too many people see,
We're guided by the light.

Just pitch in a little bit,
That light turns on.
Just a little bit of you in it.
And the light is on.

And when you pitch in a little bit,
Those things wrong...
Get up to leave,
And you'll see them gone.

Giving up a little bit,
Yeah mahn.
Try a little bit of it,
Yeah mahn.
And when you pitch in a little bit,
Those things wrong...
Get up to leave,
And you'll see them gone.

Giving up a little bit,
Yeah mahn.
Try a little bit of it,
Yeah mahn.
And when you pitch in a little bit,
With a bit of you in it...
Those things wrong,
Get up to leave...
And you'll see them gone.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Yeah! I Can See How It All Relates

Why are the children unsupervised?
And finding it easy to commit so much crime?
Not to mention the lack of discipline,
Even their parents are finding it excusable...
To allow and permit their vacant minds.

'Sssshhh!
Will you stop with that.
There are still many asleep in denial.
They will use the customary defense,
Your point of view neglects to mention...
All the positive aspects,
Of their time spent in the newer prisons...
Offering updated rehabilitation programs,
To broaden their values...
Society then approves as accepted common sense.'

Yeah! You're right.
I see now how it all relates.
I have been too harsh with my assessments.
Thank you for reminding me of how much I've aged.

'No problem.
It took me time to adjust too.'

Yeah! I can see how it all relates.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Yearning To Accomplish

You may wish to believe,
You have given me something.
Something that allows you...
To attach yourself to my work ethic.

Maybe you were the beads of sweat,
On my brow?
Maybe you were the inspiration I met,
While crawling upon my knees...
As my stomach from hunger growled.

Maybe you do deserve credit,
For the giving to me of 'something'.
But I choose not to remember any headaches.
Nor no I keep any notation,
With a keeping them on file.

Anything I have ever received...
I did it through the act of earning.
Or like deceiving someone,
Like most people do...
That their motivation comes from,
Someone who shares their interest in procrastination.

Anything I have ever received...
I did it through the act of earning.
And yearning to accomplish.
I never got into whining with complaints.
Or pointing out who is attempting to steal my light.
With a roaring upon my parade with their own thunder.
Like I suspect you would love to do!
But no doing of that will you do here.

I have paid ther price for my own dues.
And...
The dont's.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Years It Has Taken

After carrying a weight,
That may be yours and others too.
To leave those believing,
There was an ease of it to do.
And without a relief that comes.
Or have it realized from day one.
Yet...
As time goes by,
That something done to do for others...
Only becomes acknowledged...
Eventually to appreciate and not criticize,
When the ones begin to carry...
Their own weight as a choice to make.
Without seeking excuses made.

And without those kept beliefs,
That surprisingly leaves them quickly...
To know it and accept,
Efforts made to endeavor...
With steps alone to do,
Is not as easy when done...
When no one else is there or comes,
To neither offer support shown to make known.
Or insist upon giving assistance,
Even if the doing of it benefits others.

'I had no idea,
My weight to carry...
Would have so many followers.'

~And how many of those followers,
Believe they should receive...
Benefits from your endeavors? ~

'They wouldn't do that.
They've come to show support for my efforts.'

~Oh?
And where were they,

When your efforts were first made? ~

'I don't understand what you are saying.'

~You will.
Your sacrifice, devotion and sweat,
Will never be a memory of theirs to regret.
And...
With a praying to yourself for forgiveness,
From what you will hear...
Coming out of the mouths of the ones you believe,
Support you unconditionally.
To leave you with thoughts that will bring you to tears.
And not one drip to drop will have you jumping for joy.~

'I know these people.
Why are you so negative? '

~Experience.
And the years it has taken to straighten my back.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Yee, Of Little Faith

Why are you heading in the other direction?
Didn't you just hear it confirmed,
By those in leadership positions...
They are confident in their decision,
To ensure a satisfactory ending to all...
Who have endured and promise they do,
In succeeding to fulfill each and every need.

'Yes.
I heard exactly what was said.
However...
The key word 'YOUR' was missing.
Leaving 'THEIR' needs implied.
And I have learned to listen.
That is why I am heading in the opposite direction.

And...
Although I can not guarantee to succeed,
In fulfilling each and every need I have...
I know, without a doubt,
Where my focus will be.'

Yee, of little faith!

'Yo, of overdosed promised hope.
Later! '

Good luck?

'I'm glad you questioned that.
You took those words right out of my mouth.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Yes A Pauper Knows A Pauper

Yes a pauper knows a pauper.
And what they do.
Living on the city streets.
In snow or heat.

And when the rain pours down,
These people don't scatter to scoot.
With attitude.

Yes a pauper knows a pauper.
And what they do.
Living on the city streets.
In snow or heat.

Yet a hope most know,
For them...
Is leaning on,
Mean scenes.
In desperation.
Mean scenes...
To demean.

Yet a hope most know,
For them...
Is leaning on,
Mean scenes.
In desperation.
Mean scenes...
To demean.

And the streets they live on for them,
Will never be...
Good friends,
In the end!

Yes a pauper knows a pauper.
And what they do.
Living on the city streets.
In snow or heat.

And the streets they live on for them,
Will never be...
Good friends,
In the end!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Yes I Love You

When you jump up,
And you wanna take a long drive in your car.
Just to see the scenery and have me sitting in the seat.
And we're listening to the music playing on the radio.
Oh...I
Yes,
I love you.
I love you...
I do!

Oh...I
Yes,
I love you.
I love you...
I do!

When we get into the 'City' and take in the many sights.
I'm excited we're together.
Like two birds of the same feather,
Sharing this and we're together.
And...
When at sunset we check out the clear sky.
With the moonlight so bright,
And the stars in our eyes.
Oh...I,
Yes I love you.
I love you...
I do.

Oh...I,
Yes I love you.
I love you...
I do.

Oh...I,
Yes I love you.
I love you...
It's true.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Yes You Can

Yes you can,
Stand!
You're human.
And demand...
To command your life!

Make a plan,
To connect your needs.
And make commitments,
Not to keep repeating.

Yes you can,
Stand!
You are human.
Hold the hand,
Of the one you choose to save.

The days ahead,
Exposes cold shoulders showing.
So keep in touch...
With someone you know!
And hopefully the both of you,
Will discover and do
Those things that help two grow!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Yes, Evil Does Exist

Yes,
Evil does exist.
And is attempting to prevail.
To hide or run away from it,
Allows it a power to weaken us...
And to do it without fail.

There is a call from those of peace,
To have peace from us cheered and hailed.
But evil has to be combatted.
And to do it,
We must stand tall.
And not crawl on the ground,
Like frightened sand dwelling snails!

Evil does exist.
And is attempting to prevail.
To hide or run away from it,
Allows it a power to weaken us...
And to do it without fail.

And the ones who chase deceit away,
Must be praised and not diminished.
They are the ones to dare to face the truth.
With a struggle to end evil!
Knowing by confonting it...
Will expose evil,
And the doers of it 'snuffed' out quick.
IF...
We do not succumb to the ways,
Evil plays...
On the minds of those unconscious,
To get its wickedness done!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Yes, I Am B-L-E-S-S-E-D

I know I've been blessed!
How do I know that?
I've allowed you to dump your nonsense on me,
And I haven't 'blessed' you out!
I've had choice words to say to you for years.
And I've been fighting back the urge
Not to pull from those places you have encouraged.
I know I have been blessed.
To manifest goodwill and pray for the welfare of mankind
When many of those folks have done their best...
To drive me out of my mind!
I KNOW I have been blessed.
But I will cuss someone now and then.
One of 'them' who likes testing shark infested waters.
Just as a reminder how blessed I am
To keep myself from biting the heads off
Of those who can't get enough of agitating others
At their expense.
I don't leave anyone in suspense!
Yes, I am b-l-e-s-s-e-d.
And I leave no one guessing about it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Yes, I Said Possessed

I can be lofty and mentally detached.
But with you?
I find no need for that.
I only want to be for you accessible.
Direct and possessed without being excessive.

I can be intelligent.
Or silly without making a bit of sense.
If I choose to do it.
And as long as you accept that,
As a part of me I do not have to prove.

I just want to be me with you that's all.
To role play is outdated.
And I don't know how to be fake.
But if I find you masquerading...
I too can be two faced.

I can be lofty and mentally detached.
But with you?
I find no need for that.
I only want to be for you accessible.
Direct and possessed without being excessive.

Yes.
I said possessed.
With a doing for each other,
The only way we know best.
Yes, I said possessed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Yes. I Remember

After pleading with you,
To come back to me on my knees...
You want for me to react as if,
Nothing surrounds you but rhapsody?

While you attempt to change the scene,
With the burning of incense?
And 'frankincense'...
With a pinch of myrrh?
You must have seen this on Oprah?
Or Animal Planet!
One of those channels that struck a nerve.

I did not apologize because I was in the wrong.
And you were right!
I just thought it stupid for us to fight,
Over who's turn it is to turn off the lights.

We've never had these arguments before...
When we would peel clothes off,
In broad daylight.
As soon as we got behind closed doors.
And now you want me to reach for you,
In darkness.
And with a blindfold on too?

Remember,
I was the one who said...
'For better and for worse.
And...
If necessary by the pound! '

~Yes.
I remember.
Now...
Put the blindfold on.
And turn off the lights.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Yes...Your Situation Is Quite Different

'I am in pain.
And you act as 'if',
You aren't concerned about my wellbeing...
Or my dilemma,
Not one bit.

My agonies have increased.
And not a hint of empathy...
Have you expressed,
Knowing I am...
As you see,
In distress.'

I agree.
Your evaluation of me,
I can not deny.
Nor will I try.

But even though I am attempted...
To do an 'eye-for-an-eye',
OR a turning of the other cheek business.
I can not do that.
Even as your words to me heard...
To stop complaining,
And stand on my own two feet.
As I reached to get your assistance...
In my own hour of need,
You then described as weakness.

Those very words spoken to me,
Years ago...
Came from your lips.

And you didn't stop there,
You solicited others to defame and laugh at me.
I remember that clearly.
Maybe that act you performed,
Has attached to my lack of expressing an empathy...
You believed is deserved from me.

'Hey!
We all make mistakes
And maybe mine made were at your expense.
Being able to forgive replenishes.
And clearly my situation is quite different.
I've lost everything.'

I see.
And even your common sense.
Yes...
Your situation is quite different.
I'm not feeling your self pity.
And that weakness shown to you...
Is nothing like your conditional spinelessness.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Yesterday

Today is lived.
And there they stay,
In heated debate.
About what took place,
Yesterday.
And who did what and when.
How they dressed!
And what impressed them.
With recalled expressions on their faces.

Another day is lived!
And there they stay,
In heated debate.
About what took place,
Yesterday.
And who did what and when.
How they dressed!
And what impressed them.
With recalled expressions on their faces.

And yet another day to them comes.
And there they stay,
In heated debate.
About what took place,
Yesterday.
And who did what and when.
How they dressed!
And what impressed them.
With recalled expressions on their faces.

Few if any live in the 'now'.
Or have their eyes on tomorrow.
Because...
There they stay,
In heated debate.
About what took place,
Yesterday.
And who did what and when.
How they dressed!

And what impressed them.
With recalled expressions on their faces.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Yesterday Perhaps But Today That Aint Happening

I don't care who it is you listen to.
I refuse to hear your complaints,
About what it is they've said.
To then argue with you,
About my lack of empathy and patience.

And if I choose not to be around you,
There is more to keeping my peace of mind...
Your selfishness will never understand.
And explanations to you I'm not giving my time to give.
Yesterday perhaps but today that aint happening.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Yesterday When I 'Had' Patience

One moment, please.
I think we have a bad connection.
Let me repeat what you just said...
Since I 'know'
I did not hear you clearly.

You expect me,
To tolerate and put up with 'your' nonsense?
To quietly sit and listen to the issues you have,
With your family, their families...
Your neighbors' comments made to you.
And...
My recommendations you dislike.
Because I am not 'sounding' as if I am on your side?

AND when I seek 'your' candid advice...
You find it convenient not to be available,
Because I take up your time?
And you tell me...
I should find less of 'me' in my mind?

Hold up!

I think this connection has crossed the line.
And needs to cease.
If you hear dial tone...
Do not call me back.
From you I am seeking some deep quality peace.

Listen,
Yesterday when I 'had' patience...
And hear this very carefully.
I gave you time and I remember that.
Today I have none!
You have exhausted your free minutes.
And I suggest you kick the cat or 'something'.
But don't bother me.

Find less of 'you' in your mind!

(Click! Conversation over with)

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Yet Heard To Speak Specifically

I have never been one to hang onto,
A false sense of stability.

'Great.
Now...
Where is that coming from? '

Those who protest and their rallies.

They may not have a collective voice,
That is yet heard to speak specifically.
But one thing is very clear...
They may be declared mavericks.
But it is no mistaking they've grown tired,
Of their conformist positions.

I can not think of one thing specific,
That has directly affected such a downslide...
Of a quality of life overnight.

And yet those threatened by their elitist status,
Being attacked...
Have themselves become questioned.
And it seems as if,
Not one can lead with dependable leadership.

And...
Has of yet,
With their influence...
Corrected anything specifically,
In a collective direction that unifies.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Yet This Is The Mist I Missed

You insisted the mist,
I should miss...
In the midst,
Of intimacy.
Was mist missed,
But not...
In the midst,
Of what we did...
To do.

This sits with me not to forget.
Yet this is the mist,
I missed.
In remission reminiscing,
Intimately we did kiss.
And without specific resistance,
You permitted done...
We did...
To let do.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Yet To Heal

You witnessed me bleed,
From the telling of your lies...
Told to those accepting to believe.
And continued you did.
Until what was done,
Sickened me to various illnesses.

Still I have yet to heal,
From memories you left.
And re-actions I received,
That left me defenseless.
To have my integrity diminished.
As you enjoyed every minute of it.

It has taken me years,
To overcome my weeping of silent tears.
With a holding onto faith kept inside.
And to know God was there,
On my emotional rollercoaster ride.
And 'now' today I hear it from others told,
How my surviving your misdeeds...
Has left me insensitive and cold,
Because to them it seems I do not show...
For you,
Any concern at all.
Well...

'Well? '

I can't find the words,
To express what's not there to feel.
Or pretend what isn't real.

'Forgiveness.
Forgiveness to give,
Prevents embittered intentions.'

Forgiveness?
God knows that is not my problem.

I have long forgiven you.
It is the forgetting evil people,
That leaves me with memories...
To know them for who they are.
And, for whatever the purpose,
Those scars keep reappearing.
Don't they?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Yet To 'Teethe' On Independence Or Reality

It would have been great,
If some folks knew...
When games of hide and seek,
And dodge ball...
Had exhausted their effectiveness.
Like the usefulness of maturity,
After one has displayed a blooming.
Resulting from an adolescence.
Successfully achieved.

It would have been great,
If some folks knew...
When games of hide and seek,
And dodge ball were through.
But many do not!
And insist to continue.
And many do continue...
To physically age.
But not mentally grow!

And it becomes increasingly difficult for them,
To remain hiding in shadows...
Seeking to be caught or 'tagged' as they wish.
With a self-centeredness that desires attention.
And screaming like a child...
Demanding to have a diaper changed.
To finally be breast fed to comfort.

Adults yet to 'teethe' on independence,
Or reality!

And no one dares to claim responsibility,
For raising these monsters.
But many of them discover this too late.
When they wake up abandoned.
To the greeting of receiving ill treatment,
That nurses their delusions.
In the confines of convalescent homes.
Where very little of that is done.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Yet With That Said

I can repeatedly say...
For what is asked,
I am not equipped to deliver.

And yet with that said...
Requests do not stop.
I am not here,
To dropp what I do...
For the wishes of a few,
Who hear not!

And I do understand,
What it is I am asked!
But I also know my limitations.
And those limitations,
Right now...
I'm not attempting to surpass.

Unless I exhaust a happiness I enjoy.
And what I now have I am hoping for it to last.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Yet, Undefined But Welcoming

Almost but not quite,
Prepared to leave behind...
All remnants of doubt,
Completely with a clean slate...
For a broadened point of view,
From the hold of familiar darkness.
As shadows one questions but hides behind,
No longer offers an escape.
A developing need seeks to reach,
And stretch with more of life to find.

Almost but not quite,
Convinced that the embrace of light...
Can and will replace those common fears,
One had grown accustomed to taste...
As if craved so available and near.
To examine with a mind beginning to bloom,
To open.
With a wanting of more,
That appears to be free of limitations etched.
Yet, undefined but...welcoming to accept.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Yielding Is Not Recommended

Experiencing disrespect,
From someone initially met...
One should not proceed,
By taking a forward step.
To appease with empathy.
Or offer an unneeded apology.

One should be cautioned,
To not yield.
One should stop to do a U-turn.
Accelerate to then go...away!
With a following of all signs,
To distance from this.

Again...
A yielding is not recommended.
A stopping to do a U-turn is.
One should follow all the signs,
Not to ignore.
With a quickness to distance from this.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Yinged And Yanged

If I never ever see you,
You'd be fine!
And I'd be too!

If you never see the 'me' I am,
I still will not deserve
To be kicked to the curb and slammed.

'Cause I believe I've yinged and yanged my needs.
Doing yoga to get over.
Making my life much more easier for me.

And I do it to get over the hump!
I do it to get over the hump.
Yes I do it to get over the hump.
Taking every lump and crushing it to dump!

I do it to get over the hump!
I do it to get over the hump.
Yes I do it to get over the hump.
Taking every lump and crushing it to dump!

If I never ever see you,
You'd be fine!
And I'd be too!

'Cause I believe I've yinged and yanged my needs.
Doing yoga to get over.
Making my life much more easier me.

And I do it to get over the hump!
I do it to get over the hump.
Yes I do it to get over the hump.
And taking every lump and crushing it to dump!

I do it to get over the hump!
I do it to get over the hump.
Yes I do it to get over the hump.
And taking every lump and crushing it to dump!

'Cause I do yoga.
And I ain't bi-polar.
I don't drink soda.
To stir my motor.

As I grow older,
I don't cry on shoulders.
I get right up!
And I strut my stuff,
With a strength that's tough.

And I...
Do it to get over the hump!
I do it to get over the hump.
Yes I do it to get over the hump.
And taking every lump and crushing it to dump!

Do it to get over the hump.
Yes I do it to get over the hump.
I will do it to get over the hump.
And taking every lump and crushing it to dump!

Yinged and yanged,
Over the hump.
I've yinged and yanged,
Over the hump.
Yinged and yanged,
Over the hump.
I've yinged and yanged,
Over the hump.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You

You...
Got it to keep going on.
And you...
Got it so strong.
Yes you...
Do it to deliver,
Night and day long...
Tracks to place and with them made,
To prove whose wrong.

From the bottom,
You've inched towards the top.
And, from the bottom,
You went around blocks.
To leave the bottom and those startled,
With a nonstop.

Nothing that you do,
Is without a purpose.
Nothing that you do,
Is without effect.
Nothing that you do,
Is done without a reason.
Even your mistakes made,
You correct and chase away.

Nothing that you do,
Is without a purpose.
Nothing that you do,
Is without effect.
Nothing that you do,
Is done without a reason.
Even your mistakes made,
You correct and chase away.

You...
Got it to keep going on.
And you...
Got it so strong.

Yes you...
Do it to deliver,
Night and day long...
Tracks to place and with them made,
To prove whose wrong.

You...
Keep your faith effective.
And you,
Don't second guess your steps.
Yes you,
Are a student of your lessons...
You did not sleep through those sessions.

You...
Got it to keep going on.
And you...
Got it so strong.
Yes you...
Do it to deliver,
Night and day long...
Tracks to place and with them made,
To prove whose wrong.

You...
Keep your faith effective.
And you,
Don't second guess your steps.
Yes you,
Are a student of your lessons...
You did not sleep through those sessions.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Ain'T Got It Like A Psychic

You can't tell me what I'm thinking...
Until I tell you what that is!

Uh-uh...
You ain't got it like a psychic.

You can run around and tell folks,
What you think my business is!

But,
Uh-uh...
You ain't got it like a psychic.

You can sneak across the floor.
And put your ear to the door.
Tell my neighbors and friends,
What I do and who for!
But,
Uh-uh,
You ain't got it like a psychic.

It's too bad your lips don't seal.
You need to hush 'em.
You need to keep them closed.

It's so sad you have a mind that reveals...
It's gonna crack!
It's ripe for that.
Waiting to set you back with a heart attack.

It's too bad your lips don't seal.
You need to hush 'em.
You need to keep them closed.

It's so sad you have a mind that reveals...
It's gonna crack!
It's ripe for that.

You can run around and tell folks,

What you think my business is!
But,
Uh-uh...
You ain't got it like a psychic.

You can sneak across the floor.
And put your ear to the door.
But,
Uh-uh,
You ain't got it like a psychic.

It's too bad your lips don't seal.
You need to hush 'em.
You need to keep them closed.

It's so sad you have a mind that reveals...
It's gonna crack!
It's ripe for that,
With a heart attack!

You can't tell me what I'm thinking,
Until I tell you what that is!
Uh-uh...
You ain't got it like a psychic.

Uh-uh...
You ain't got it like a psychic.

Uh-uh...
You ain't got it like a psychic.

You may not like it.
My name ain't Mike,
And I'm 'bout to take a hike!

Uh-uh...
You ain't got it like a psychic.
Uh-uh...
You ain't got it like a psychic.

If you were a psychic,
You would know where you can bite it!

Bite this!
Uh-uh...
You ain't got it like a psychic.
Bite this!
Uh-uh...
You ain't got it like a psychic.
Bite this!
Uh-uh...
You ain't got it like a psychic.

If you were a psychic,
You would know where you can bite it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You And Adjustment Will Soon Be Introduced

You want a return done to what you miss,
Don't you?
A return to ideals of prosperity.
The kind that dismisses...
Whomever you choose to isolate from your greed.

You want to look down upon others,
To uplift your insecurities.
And a returning back to what you miss...
You feel will accomplish this.
However...

Even if you clicked your heels together three times,
Those scenes will never again for you be replayed.
These days call for adjustments to be made.
And guess what?

You and adjustment will soon be introduced.
And I may be mistakened...
But I see a lifelong relationship developing.
You might be asked for your hand in marriage.
Do you like to ride or be ridden?
Some are not so fortunate...
Especially those expecting to get it both ways!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You And I Could Never Fight As Rivals

You and I,
Could never fight as rivals.
Or start a feud,
That would cause to break us up.

You and I,
Could never fight as rivals.
I don't see reason why,
We should cuss and fuss.

Monday,
We both know the week begins...
And we can be real moody.

Tuesday,
We try to leave behind those Monday blues.

Wednesday,
We discuss the love we have and keeping trust.

Thursday and Friday,
We can't wait for that weekend rush.

You and I,
Could never fight as rivals.
Or start a feud,
That would cause to break us up.

You and I,
Could never fight as rivals.
I don't see reason why,
We should cuss and fuss.

I see no reason why,
We let things bother us.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You And I Have Yet To Cross Those Paths

You can not know what mood I am in.
You don't know me like that.

You base your opinions on what you hear.
Like others you know sharing gossip,
Customized for listening ears.

For years you've expressed what my attitudes are.
And visits to my home you believe,
Are excursions to pass judgement.

You can not know what mood I am in.
You don't know me like that.
I know I am hospitable,
Until my integrity is attacked.

And if that should happen,
It is not from a mood that I respond back.

I do not sit with wishes,
That others be put in their places quick.
And...
When I am the topic of a deceit that is falsified...
A mood from me is not what someone gets!
I am not into mood shifting.
Nor am I confrontational but I am direct.

What someone gets,
Is a regret they misinterpreted my persona.
And I ensure they get it corrected.
And 'that' I deliver not from a mood...
But necessity that comes to them,
With an understanding taught.
And a lesson learned I teach not to forget.

'Comprehension unmistaken,
Is best to get direct...
From the one who is the subject! '

You can not know what mood I am in.
You don't know me like that.
Since you and I have yet to cross those paths.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You And I...Could Give Love One More Try

How many wrongs have you known before?
How many times have you said,
No more to love.
And it was love you needed?

How many wrongs have you known before?
How many times have you said,
No more to love.
And it was love you needed?

I've been there myself as well.
I have said to 'go to hell' and cried!
Inside I knew I lied.
I wanted to die!

How many wrongs have you known before?
How many lies had you heard...
Before the door you opened closed,
And you stood there to pace the floor.
Feeling never you would ever trust again?
I have been there before.
And will again,
I'm sure.
Since I know I understand your heart!

How many wrongs have you known before?
How many times have you said,
No more to love.
And it was love you needed?

I've been there myself as well.
I have said to 'go to hell' and cried!
Inside I knew I lied.
I wanted to die!
But you and I...
Could give love,
One more try!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You And Me, Baybee

You and me, baybee
We know what this is about!
We know what the ends and outs are
Of this love affair,
We share.

And,
You and me, baybee...
We know of the consequences.
And what's ahead that goes unrepaired.
If a lingering kiss goes unmissed.

You and me, baybee...
Are not afraid to be caught at this.
We're not afraid to face hypocrites.
The ones who hit it at risk.

And,
You and me, baybee
We know of the consequences.
And what's ahead that goes unrepaired.
If a lingering kiss goes unmissed.

You and me, baybee
We know what this is about!
We know what the ends and outs are
Of this love affair,
We share.

We know what the ends and outs are...
Of this love affair.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You And Your Neighbor

You are correct!
I will not get upset,
Over those things your neighbor
Has done to you.
Nor do I care about those things shared,
The two of you choose to do!

You and your neighbor,
Have been doing what you do for years.
That what has been done now escalates?
Is none of my business.
I've never been invited on your discreet escapades.
And today I could care less,
About this mess going on between you two.

You are correct!
I will not get upset,
Over those things your neighbor
Has done to you.
Nor do I care about those things shared,
The two of you choose to do!

Remember then when I made my comments?
And you said to me,
My comments made were making you about to vomit?
You should have purged then!
Not today!
When you're knee deep in the mess you are in!

You are correct!
I will not get upset,
Over those things your neighbor
Has done to you.
If anything,
I congratulate you both!
You have graduated from avoidable ignorance...
To flat out public scrutiny that is assessed as stupidity.

No!

I do not want a cup of coffee.
I prefer these days to walk in peace,
And alone!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Are

No one better blessed,
Than you ARE.
No one more deserving,
Than you ARE.
No one more that's gifted...
Than you ARE.
And,
You ARE.

Believe this,
And it will come true.

No one better blessed,
Than you ARE.
No one more deserving,
Than you ARE.
No one more that's gifted,
Than you ARE.

And,
You ARE!

No one better blessed.
Believe it.
No one more deserving.
Receive it.
No one is...
Perceive this.

Believe...
You ARE!

Believe,
Or alone just leave it!
Believe,
Or alone just leave it!
Believe,
Or alone just leave it!
No need to have your mind scarred.

Oh...
Believe,
Or alone just leave it!
Believe,
Or alone just leave it!
Believe,
Or alone just leave it!
No need to have your mind scarred.

No one better blessed,
Than you ARE.
No one more deserving,
Than you ARE.
No one more that's gifted...
Than you ARE.
And,
You ARE.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Are Afraid Without Fear You Will Be Left Alone

What is it that you are trying to protect?
An isolation that is no secret?
A communication done you do with no one?
Or is it just fear,
Inside of you too close that comforts!

And you've become afraid,
Your victimized anguish...
Might discover you too willing a companion.
And this revelation,
You dare not to share with anyone.

You are afraid without fear you will be left alone.
And no one will come to value you without it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You 'Are' An Accomplice

You 'are' an accomplice!
If you've ever advocated hatred,
With a division that inspires.
And you've expressed a choice,
To have certain voices unrepresented...
In the mix as they wish,
To live and be as they see fit.
You 'are' an accomplice,
To an uprising of violence...
Chaos and confusing conflict.

You 'are' an accomplice,
If there has been an increase...
Of hunger and homelessness,
On city streets.
With a rise of apartheid,
Excused and dismissed.
Oh you 'are' an accomplice to all of it!

If your choice has been to choose,
To ignore the suffering and abuse...
Of your fellow human beings,
Seen as victims of misdeeds...
Implemented with such ease.

You 'are' an accomplice.
You just refuse to admit it.

If you enjoy a life that is loved and liked,
That is not afforded to everyone...
Because of your own selfish preferences,
You wish to highlight.
You 'are' an accomplice,
If you deny similar appetites.

Whether you are in debate with interests,
With others satiating their familiar greed.
Or whether you are secretly in discreet...
Sabotaging someone unknown,

Passed upon urban streets.
But there you are seen greeting...
In the backyards of those,
Not aware of your ideologies.
Or your plans to impose.
You 'are' an accomplice...
Whether or not you agree.

You 'are' an accomplice,
If there has been an increase...
Of hunger and homelessness.
On city streets.
And a rise of apartheid,
Excused and dismissed.
You 'are' an accomplice to all of it!

How can one be a part...
But yet declare not to be,
A product of the whole?

How can one eliminate,
A sentence read from an epic.
To declare it to be insignificant,
To the outcome and the plot!

Believe it or not...
Every piece of the epic read,
Determines the deliciousness...
Or the tastelessness perceived,
Stirred in that pot.
Believe it or not!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Are An Inspiration

You want me to create for you a job?
So you can do what?
Pester me about your lunch breaks?
Make personal phone calls at my expense?
Call in sick once every two weeks?
Get upset because someone else deserving,
Gets a raise?
Lie about being harrassed on the job?
Do much less than what is expected?
And then demand more pay...
Benefits.
Vacation time.
And expectations for a promotion...
To further expose your incompetence?
AND have a union back your laziness too?

I produce a product to be sold,
At a price people can afford.
And I can not do that,
Paying you much more than that product is worth.
Plus,
You want me to pay for your luxurious lifestyle.
When it would be more lucrative for me to get you,
A full time psychiatrist and use you as a tax write-off.

Hey...
I think I'm onto something.
YOU are an inspiration.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Are As Old As I 'Is'

You're trying to clutch onto time,
Like you are smuggling family heirlooms.
Better give that notion up!
The only thing that seems not to age,
Is your hair that you dye platinum today...
And next week it might be chestnut!
And makeup can not disguise...
You have not seen twenty-five,
In at least fifteen years.
Give or take a few Christmas seasons beyond that!
When a blind man can detect your age...
He can tell you've been around,
For many many years.
He knows there's more rings around you...
Than some trees you have outlived!
There's no need to break down in tears.
People can see you're 'not' my grand-daughter!
You appear like me...
Good!
However...
You are as old as I 'is'!
So take that mud off your face!
I'm tired of shoveling up this place.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Are 'Bestowed' The Blessings

Remember this...
To you are bestowed the blessings.
Gifts given to which through you flow.
Those blessings are for you to share.
Your presence 'is' a blessing.
However...
Your wish to be worshipped,
As if you are The Creator...
Of the light that glows.
Is not the way it works.
Or the way it goes.

To you are 'bestowed' the blessings.
The Creator provides,
Those blessings to be bestowed.
The Creator,
Provides...
Those blessings,
To be bestowed.

Remember this...
You are 'bestowed' the blessings.
To assist.
Not create to provide.

Many get this twisted.
To stir up for themselves,
Endless conflict.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Are Beyond Redeemable

You are beyond redeemable,
And can not be saved.
If your point of view is limited...
To values you had,
Existing in isolation.
Those days of self praise are gone.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Are Clearly Heaven's Angel

I see them in the heavens above your head.
I hear them from your eyes with the words unsaid.
Ahhhhhhh...
Ahhh, ahhh, ahhh, ahhh, ahhhhhhh.
You are clearly heaven's angel.

You are clearly,
Heaven's angel.

I feel this in the touch when you're near to me.
And under moonlight you are the glow I see.
Ahhhhhhh...
Ahhh, ahhh, ahhh, ahhh, ahhhh
Ahhhhhhh.
You are clearly heaven's angel.

You are clearly,
Heaven's angel.

You are clearly heaven's angel.
You are clearly,
Heaven's angel.

You've come to give me a relief,
As a remedy.
You seem to knock away my obstacles,
To free me.

Ahhhhhhh...
Ahhh, ahhh, ahhh, ahhh, ahhhh
Ahhhhhhh.
You are clearly heaven's angel.

You are clearly,
Heaven's angel.

You've come to give me a relief,
As a remedy.
You seem to knock away my obstacles,

To free me.

Ahhhhhhh...
Ahhh, ahhh, ahhh, ahhh, ahhhh
Ahhhhhhh.
You are clearly heaven's angel.

You are clearly,
Heaven's angel.

I see them in the heavens above your head.
I hear them from your eyes with the words unsaid.
Ahhhhhhh...
Ahhh, ahhh, ahhh, ahhh, ahhhhhhh.
You are clearly heaven's angel.

You are clearly,
Heaven's angel.

I feel this in the touch when you're near to me.
And under moonlight you are the glow I see.
And...
Ahhhhhhh,
Ahhh, ahhh, ahhh, ahhh, ahhhh
Ahhhhhhh...
You are clearly heaven's angel.

You are clearly heaven's angel.
You are clearly...
Heaven's angel.
You are clearly heaven's angel.
You are clearly...
Heaven's angel.
You are clearly heaven's angel.
You are clearly...
Heaven's angel.
And...
Ahhhhhhh,
Ahhh, ahhh, ahhh, ahhh, ahhhh
Ahhhhhhh...

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Are Deserving Of The Best

Turn around and look at me.
Nothing on my face expresses,
I've come to you with a concealing message.

I did not appear here expecting forgiveness.
I came to you wanting to,
Show my respect.
I take full responsibility,
For the neglect I had shown...
When then I left.

Please,
Turn around and look at me.
Nothing on my face expresses,
I've come to you with a concealing message.

I want to reveal to you,
My immaturity has gone.
I came back to town to let you know...
No matter what has happened,
Between us...
I want you to hear me say,
It was me...
Not you,
Who had been the one wrong!
I've been wanting to tell you that,
For so very long.

Turn around and look at me.
Please?
Nothing on my face expresses,
I've come to you with a concealing message.
If I have to deliver it on my knees,
I will.
Only happiness in your life,
I wish for you to seek and fulfill.

I've come to you to express my respect.
And to let you know,

You are deserving of the best...
Of what life has to offer.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Are Getting On My Last Nerve

What do I believe?
You are getting on my last nerve.
And I am keeping the faith,
You will soon be set free...
Not to see me,
Be unforgiving!
Let us bow our heads in prayer!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Are In For Quite A Surprise

You have only been solicited,
To assist in their progess...
And for their benefit.
When that is done,
You are kicked to the curb...
Like everyone who has come.
To discover they are not the only ones.

Don't think to them you are special!
You should have known that,
As a fact before you arrived.
Don't look to them to keep that vision rising.
If you do...
You are in for quite a surprise.
This is about 'them'!
Not about you in their eyes!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Are Just A Dog

You can not just...
Up and leave.
As if relieved to be unleashed.
Or make believe,
A walking away...
Prevents you to hear,
Words I speak to you go unheard.
I bet if I yelled, 'Dinner! '...
I'd see your eyes upon me appear.
And prancing as if prepared to be served.

You spoiled ME?
Is that what your eyes say?
Sit!
And be leashed.
Excuse me?

I wish somebody would...
Feed me when I wanted.
Walked me when I wanted.
Scooped up my poop,
And rubbed my tummy and back.
Played with me and bought me toys!
And patiently fed to me snacks!
As I walked as if annoyed...
To be awakened from a much needed nap!
As it the tracking down of squirrels...
Overtaxed.

MAX!
You are just a dog.
That's all.
I am 'your' master.
You are not mine.
Although sometimes I wonder.

Go ahead...
Bark.
I just brought you inside,

From running in the park.
It is getting dark.
And you are in this house to stay.
I could care less how your roll your eyes.
Or from me walk away.
What did you say?

If I were you,
I'd keep those opinions to yourself.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Are Just A Small Part Of All Of It

You wish to live life,
On your terms?
As if you have earned that right.
As if you command Summer breezes,
To caress your flesh both day and night.
Devoid of any obstacles on your path,
You might view in your sight!

Advice spoken may be for you traumatic.
And leave you feeling...
Your performance has not been that melodramatic.
However...
Keep your dreams alive and well.
But get up off your butt.
Don't give those dreams up!
See life for what it is.
Whether negative or positive!

And those you found time to listen to moan and whine?
Leave them behind to do that!
That is a trap!

Once you view your life as a gift given...
Realize it was a 'loan'.
Giving you a chance to invest.
Doing it at your best!

You may have expectations!
Like some who live with preferences?
Look around you.
Up and down!
You are just a small part of all of it!
And God did not gift you with life...
Based upon your demands!

You have been given a right to think.
And this I am sure leaves God amused!
You may make requests.
But God ultimately decides...

And He alone does the choosing!
Unless you have found another way,
To live on your terms without His knowing.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Are Just Arriving

You are just arriving.
And I have been here!
Don't think that I am going to be a gracious host!
You may at times find me gracious...
But a host I am not.
You are here on your own.

When your eyes opened..
That's when your reality for you began.
Some things you see you may find unbelieveable!
Do not tax your mind.
Believe it!
Do not try to find understanding.
You'll get stuck in that quicksand like the others.

You are just arriving.
And I have been here!
Don't think that I am going to be a gracious host!
You may at times find me gracious...
But a host I am not.
You are here on your own.

When I first discovered reality...
I was taunted and teased.
With disgusting disrespect!
You are just arriving.
You may not notice or suspect,
The depth of their ignorance.
You will.
And that's gauranteed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Are Just Good To Me

Most times I don't understand it,
When I am demanding...
And you're,
Good to me.
No doubt about it,
You are just good to me.

When I am in moods secluded,
And aware you're there...
You're still so good to me.
No doubt about it,
You're just too good to me.

Why can't I show you that I love you so?
And why do you stick with me...
When many times I thought you would go.

When I am in moods secluded,
And aware you're there...
You're still so good to me.
No doubt about it,
You're just too good to me.

Most times I don't understand it,
When I am demanding...
And you're,
Good to me.
No doubt about it,
You are just good to me.

You are...
You are.
You are just good to me.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Are Much Deserving

Upon your arrival to this day witnessed,
Know your blessed journey
Is on the right path.
Feel it...
And embrace your escape,
From yesterdays gone.
How can you deny this day belongs to you?
Not too many can say,
They've endured life your way.
Or lasted to see
Accomplishments you have initiated to complete.
That alone should astonish.
Self admonishment?
Why take the time,
To allow a registering to chronicle it?

Keep your wishes lifted and grand!
You have sifted much sand,
Throughout hours of time you have earned,
Nurturing desires and yearning!
Be at peace.
Find it within yourself...
And release it to joy!
Be proud,
Not annoyed.
You are much deserving.
Serve yourself a helping of applause.
Soak in the ovation.
You have mastered tasks.
Who else but you...
Carved out your fate?
With such tests and patience!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Are Much Too Eager To Get Naked

Have you ever been anywhere,
To strip yourself bare of anything to conceal.
To then be asked,
'What are you hiding?
You are much too eager to get naked.

Do you mind if we XRAY you?
And 'then' do an MRI?
Perform a magnetic resonance imaging?

We are especially interested,
In the functioning of your brain...
And how it is connecting to the rest of you.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Are Much Too Generous

Why is it you 'must' remind me,
Of your greatness periodically?
What's up with that?

'Well...
If you are reminded and I am convinced,
Eventually I won't be left to do all the PR.'

And...?

'And what? '

What about me?

'What about you?
As long as you do what you're suppose to do,
I'll let you entertain the notion of being just as great.
We'll create an equal opportunity campaign!
How's that? '

You are much too generous.

'Tell me about it.
I've been trying to convince the others of that,
For years, decades, lifetimes.'

Don't get too full of yourself.
One day you might find yourself,
Swimming to catch up to that boat you claimed...
You hand built alone with no help!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Are My Boo...Boo!

You may never know
That I am troubled too.
You may never know that,
Like I do.

You may never see me frown
Or hold a grudge...
But I have been down.
So low I couldn't budge!

You may never see
Me wear my heart on my sleeve.
You may never see me
Bleeding in my need!

You may never feel
The way I feel for you
But I'm always here
For you my boo, it's true!
Yes, I too am due...
But still you will remain
To me my boo...boo!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Are My Need

Right now,
The storm is passing...
As it rolls over the skies above.
And right now...
The winds of change,
Are breezy and blow slow.
I want more to behold.

And I...
See your eyes,
Glowing as I've never seen before.
And I...
See your eyes,
Glow!

Right now,
The storm is passing...
As it rolls over the skies above.
And right now...
The winds of change,
Are breezy and blow slow.
I want more to behold.

And I...
See your eyes,
Glowing as I've never seen before.
And I...
See your eyes,
Glow!

Right now.
Right now...
You're brighter than the Sun.
With a shining done.
And right now,
Yes right now...
You are my need.

Right now.

And right now...
You're brighter than the Sun.
With a shining done.
And right now,
Yes right now...
You are my need.

Right now!
Oh right now,
You are my need.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Are My Student

I wanted so much to share and give.
Without one thought to my own wellbeing.
And then I heard their laughter sing.
Realizing then...
My good was being misunderstood.
What I thought would nourish...
To them I could not bring!

And then I packed and moved away.
Delighted to be freed...
When a voice inside me said,
'Take delight to have your insight feed.
Turn away...
And let them breed upon their own starvation!
Their prolonged hunger,
Should no longer be of your concern!
You are My student!
And from you...
These lessons can not be taught!
From Me alone,
They will someday learn! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Are 'Never' Going To Change

Here it comes, again.
That same denial I make attempts to forget.
The same one about my missing someone loved.
Someone I am trying my best not to admit.

Why me?
Why can't you just leave me alone,
And be about your own business.
Here I sit alone for a few minutes.
With the thought of this on my mind.
And then I believe from me those feelings go.

And then when I 'think' the coast is clear.
Those feelings come again.
They without notice re-appear.

So I pick up the telephone.
Blocking out my number before I dial.
Knowing those feelings once had in me are gone.
To announce very quickly to 'whoever' answers...
That the number I dialed was wrong.

Why me?
I find I am asking myself this,
Constantly.

Here it comes, again.
That same denial I make attempts to forget.
The same one about my missing someone loved.
Someone I am trying my best not to admit.

So I pick up the telephone.
Blocking out my number out before I dial.
Knowing those feelings once had in me are gone.
To announce very quickly,
The number I dialed was wrong.

'Why can't you just leave me alone? '

Excuse me?
Didn't you here me say...
I dialed a wrong number?
You are 'never' going to change!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Are No Longer There!

I no longer hold you like I held you
When I held you...
I no longer want to...in my mind.
I no longer see you like I see you
When I saw you...
I no longer do that, with my time!

Lemonade kisses I licked we onced shared,
I don't even want them anymore...I'm full!

I no longer miss you like I missed you
When missing you...
It's no longer an issue to be defined!
Too messy...

'I no longer love you? ' Bring myself to love you?
Could you bring me peace of mind instead of puzzles
Of your pain...again? That pain...AGAIN? ..NO! '

I no longer hold you like I held you...
Enfolded holding you,
I no longer want to...in my mind!
I no longer see you,
Like I saw you when we met!
I no longer do that...
You're no longer there!
And I have no regrets!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Are Nobody With Claims To Make

You are nobody,
With claims to make...
Unless you have sacrificed,
To lay down,
Some beneficial good deeds.

Even 'then' those who have done it,
Are not seeking attention...
To have themselves pleased.

Too often people like these,
Sit in proclaimed self grandiose eloquence...
Convinced their efforts,
Are overdue for praise.
In an expectation to appease their own needs.
Under-rated and overlooked,
By those ungrateful...
Some self serving,
Have gone out of their way!

You are nobody,
With claims to make...
Unless you have sacrificed,
To lay down,
Some beneficial good deeds.

Even 'then' those who have done it,
Are not seeking attention...
To have themselves pleased.

But those with desires to be 'somebody'...
Will prepare to make their proclamations,
Heard by using bullhorns.
If it means disturbing a tranquility!
To arouse a public with their embellished falsities.

'May I have everyone's undivided attention!

Thank you.

If not for my loyal and devoted disposition...
None of you would have known,
Who to see or where to go...
Enabling you to receive your coupons.

Useful to redeem for discounts...
On your purchased necessities.
To which I am sure they are enjoyed.

It was I who initiated that movement.
And deserve your welcomed applause.
If so given.

Only with deep felt humility...
Do I come to satisfy your curiosities.
And yes...
Although I am reluctant to admit this,
It was I who initiated that movement.

Carry on.
Carry on.
Carry on!
There is no need to overwhelm yourselves,
With bewilderment!

Afterall...
I am not running for any electable office,
Suddenly discovered open and available...
To have someone fearlessly represent you.
With understated humility.
IF that possibility in your future should occur!
I am not.
I repeat...
I would not be so incline to accept such an offer.

And even if I should be so approached,
By an assigned committee concluding their research...
Of my qualifications and background.
And...
As a coincidence,
I have brought along a few copies of my bio...

With testimonies and references attached!
For those who may express an interest when time allows,
To televise any suggested interview wished...
I will submit,
To be thusly scrutinized in such a manner.

But let me remind anyone within the sound of my voice...
That I...
Am only here,
For you!
YOU are my only concern! '

~Who is that? ~

*I have no idea!
Not a clue whatsoever.
But I will say this...
He is certainly going out of his way,
To be remembered.*

~I thought those coupons were printed,
For anyone to use in the local newspaper? ~

*They are.
At least once a week! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Are Not Alone

What purpose do I serve...
If not to validate the presence of my existence?
Is there any other reason,
I have been blessed with life to live?
Am I here just to feed my selfishness?
Is it selfish of me to want and wish for happiness?

What purpose do I serve...
If not to validate the presence of my existence?
Do I sacrifice those temptations,
With a doing of this to ignore?
If I have not been satisfied with relationships,
Should I lay down with anyone to them become a whore?

What is all of this mysteriousness to experience for?
And who or what is it that judges my performance,
With a doing as if from me they want even more.
And just who is this THEY, HE, SHE or IT?
Why am 'I' kept in the dark...
While around me I feel my every move is being explored.

What purpose do I serve...
If not to validate the presence of my existence?
Is there any other reason,
I have been blessed with life to live?
Am I here just to feed my selfishness?
Is it selfish of me to want and wish for happiness?

'No.
No it isn't'

That's what I mean.
Who or what is it in my head I hear?
But with my eyes can't be seen...
OR appear to make it clear,
I am NOT imagining these 'things'.
Say that again!

'Say 'what' again? '

Never mind.
Forget it.

'As you wish.
But we will say this...
You are not alone.'

WE?
We who?

'WE, we US.
Geeessshhh! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Are Not Alone With This Belief

I want someone who can come in,
And clean my house.
Both inside and out.
Plus do a restoration,
Needed in my backyard.

'Who was it living in the house,
To allow it to become so unclean? '

Don't be so foolish.
I was.
I 'still' am.
But that is besides the point.
And has nothing to do with my complaints.

'You allowed your own home to get filthy?
Your backyard to be littered with trash?
And this was done,
While you were living there on the premise,
As an occupant?
Shouldn't you hold yourself responsible for that? '

Are you kidding?
Of course not.
If it had been recommended to you,
To hire a new housekeeper 'with' qualifications.
And a gardener your neighbor uses.
Would you pay attention,
To the goings on inside AND out?
If you had more important things on your mind to do?

'I suppose you are right.
What sense would that make,
To stay conscious and awake...
When I have been told,
I could hold someone else accountable...
And blame,
For anything wrong that goes on inside...
And outside of the place I am calling my 'home'.

Trust me...
You are not alone with this belief!
Incredible as it is.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Are Not Going To Play With Me Today

You are so far removed from my to do list.
So distant you are,
My binoculars can not locate you.
I never thought I would feel this way.
But I am looking for a mind easier to find.
And yours?
It is never where you claim it to be,
Even when you bring it.

Playing peek-a-boo and hide and seek...
Chase-me-until-you-find-me games,
Were fine when I was a 'kid' in my 40's!
But one of us has grayed and moved on...
To seek a more muture outlook that pleases.
Don't smile and grin.
You are not that far from the fringes of this explanation.
Well...
Maybe you are.

When some of us became adults...
You decided to take another destination.
And I'm not adding that to my frustrations.
Of which you have helped to manifest.

You are so far removed from my to do list.
So distant you are,
My binoculars can not locate you.
I never thought I would feel this way.
But I am looking for a mind easier to find.
And yours?
It is never where you claim it to be,
Even when you bring it.

You are 'not' going to play with me today.
I have run out of scotch.
And my neighbors are not yet quite convinced...
My standing on the ledge of the building,
Is to get away from your voice.
They believe I have other wishes.

Even though I tell them I am fine...
You tell them I am having problems.
But you never tell them you are the main one!
They think I am the one who is 'nuts'!
However...
Five minutes with you,
Should end any clues I might drop!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Are Not Hardly Alone

If what is going on can not be seen...
There is no need to ask what's going on!
Go back to sleep!
It is obvious that is where your comfort protects.
Snuggled up against excuses and alibis!
And that's alright.
Keep your eyes closed.
You are not hardly alone!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Are Not On That Road

There is no where to rebuild
Those shadows of weaknesses,
Behind doors closed.

No cracked and opened windows,
To overhear gossiped...
Or rehashed innuendos!

We live in these moments.
Now!
There is a clearing of hidden remorse,
And guilt.
Declare nothing meant to burden your load.
Give that back to the ones...
Who lived with masks,
And tasks that were shallow.
Those waters are no longer yours to tread!
Nor does a tear needs from you to be shed.

When you realize it is time to be distanced,
From someone...anyone!
Who in the past offered you resistance.
Ask these two questions...
And insist upon a response!

'How far is the lightening bolt from the ground,
Before it strikes? '
And...
'How far does a raindropp fall from a cloud? '

If they do not know...
You tell them,
You wish to have that space and more,
Between you and their nonsense.
There are Sun rays appearing on your path!

You are not on that road,
To be reminded of bad weather!
You tell them,

To remove themselves from your light!

And let them prove to you they can do it.
On your journey,
You are not seeking the company...
Of hitchhikers!
And let that be known.

There is no where to rebuild
Those shadows of weaknesses,
Behind doors closed.
And no where...
Are you to seek,
Substitutes to please!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Are Not Perfect

You are not perfect.
No matter how long you rehearse.
Nor should you give up your quest,
To do what you do and be at your best.

Do not give up that thirst.
Even when you are feeling the symptoms...
You can deliver much better.
With a worth far greater than your worse exposed.

No one knows but you what it is you can do.
And as long as you continue...
Only this to yourself,
Do you have to prove!

You are not perfect.
And if you were...
Who and how,
And 'when' would that be determined?

Now, on the other hand and for a small fee...
I will tell you 'perfection' you are!
All day if that is your wish.
In a constant feeding you need.
I will be there for you with unlimited support.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Are 'Not' That Good Looking

I like to kiss.
Hold.
Get naked and touch.
Foreplay leads to gratifying sex.
I love it!

'Me too.
And 'maybe'...
That night will come,
When you will stop bringing the mirror to bed!
You are 'not' that good looking.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Are Not The Loyal And Devoted Kind

Did you think I would chase?
And you were worthy of that adventure?
Or
Did you think I would wait?
For my telephone to ring...
Anticipating a call from you?
Pacing the floor,
Wondering our fate.
Did you believe the love I have...
Would not exist if not for you?
When I said I loved you...
I do and that was true.
I did not propose marriage,
To say I do's.
But I am glad you are confirming,
Your feelings for me.
I'm just someone you enjoy the act of sex.
But having a relationship...
Scares you half the death.
Don't worry,
I wont pressure you.
And when you hear me say,
I love you, again...
Remember
It's not to entrap...
I don't want a pet.
Or a monkey on my back.
I want someone near...
Who wishes to share and not fear.
And you have made it clear...
You are not the loyal and devoted kind!
And I am,
Persistent!
I don't give up something good,
So easy!
I have revamped my training methods.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Are On My Wish List

You could not have known,
You are on my wish list.
If you had,
You would have made it,
More of a game...
By a playing of hard to get.

And I would not have given up easily either.
You would have thought me obnoxious.
And stopped your daily assessments,
With your making sure that I notice...
Whenever I am in your presence,
To be inspected.

You are not the only one,
Who knows what they want.
And how to go about getting it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Are One Of A Kind

Can you tell me 'why' is it,
When you make a visit to my home...
It's as if you are making a grand entrance?
And everyone has their eyes focused upon you.
Why can't you enter like everyone else?
With less...
flair!

'Actually,
I had not noticed 'how' I entered your home.
However...
I can make a suggestion.
And we could practice it if you like? '

Anything other than that smoke machine you use.

'You know I am only teasing.'

I'm not so sure.
What's your suggestion?

'I'll call before I arrive.
I'll enter through the back door.
You then turn off the lights.
And...
As soon as you believe I am standing,
In the middle of your living room...
Turn on the lights.
And then I'll simply say...
'SURPRISE'.

Although not as exciting,
As my arrival unexpectedly.
But...
I do think the touch,
Will ease that 'flair business' you dislike.

You want to try it?

'You are one of a kind! '

I have other entrances from which you can select,
If you like?
I am only here to be a guest.
Not to absorb all of the attention,
As you suspect happens.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Are Overdue

If you are enforcing your own limitations...
It is a waste of time to get upset,
Regretting others are not impressed...
To share what you address.

And 'if' someone has had it with your wishes,
To daily repeat what has been heard...
They do you a favor,
By telling you 'you' have gotten on their nerves.

And if after years they say nothing to you at all.
Or choose to eliminate any remnants of contact.
You should gift them with a nice present.
Since indirectly they have said to you,
Loud and clear...
Alone time in silence,
Is what is needed for you to hear...
'You are overdue to become introduced to truth.'

And this they can no longer prove...
Or argue against a self inflicting stubbornness.
What you need is something,
They can not 'knock' into your head!
Done they are...
With any more attempts to justify their patience.

You are overdue for a self examination.
One that is stripped away from pretensions.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Are Right! I Don'T Know Who You Are

Many who pretend to live,
Are easily offended.
Everything they do,
They believe should be approved.
As if they lived in Vegas!

With each bogus performance done,
A remake of a fake.

How am I to feel from you,
What is real.
If you don't?
And...
You are right!
I don't know who you are.

And...
Guess what?
That makes the both of us,
Equally confused...
About you.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Are Such An Actor

You have been a highly acclaimed person,
For a number of years.
And yet you do not appear to be on anyone's radar.
Very few people know who you are.
Why are you flying so low?
Is that intentional?

'What are you saying?
What point are you making? '

If more people knew who you were,
You would be respected more.

'And that is a very sad commentary to make,
About today's people.
Isn't it?
To think one has to first impress others,
With a doing that gets attention mentioned...
To then be treated as a human being?
Oh, I just wake up everyday praying,
For that kind of notoriety! '

You should.

'And why is that? '

It would make me feel better to say,
I know you.

'Stop it. Stop it.
The thought of it gives me goose bumps.
To think my efforts known by more people,
Would enhance the only purpose you have in your life...
To feel better about yourself.
Oh 'wow' I'm beginning to feel such a rush that thrills me inside.'

You are such an actor.

'And you should find something else to do,

Than wasting your time trying to find how mine operates.
If I sought to seek that kind of attention,
I would have long devoted myself in re-creating the wheel.'

And what does that mean?

'Having no ambition and stealing from others,
What had already been invented.
To then set my aim to make claims of what I've done.
With my eyes affixed to fame and glory.
Like nearly everyone who wishes a 'Reality Show'.

Why haven't you done that?
That would have made it a lot easy for me to accept.

'With the giving to me respect,
Right? '

Of course.
Those reality shows are so...
Real.

'And hollow of any sign of content.'

Yep. You are out of touch.

'Thank you.
And I am glad very few have noticed,
Just how distant and out of touch I am and can be.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Are The One Much Stronger

Don't worry.
I wont be the one to let you down.

'But...
How do I know this? '

I've taken more from you than anyone else.
And even in my illnesses,
Who has been there for you...
To dismiss my own suffering?

'You've been sick?
I didn't realize it.'

I know.

'Why didn't you tell me? '

What's the point of both of us being weak?
I needed you to believe,
You are the one much stronger.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Are The Treasure

You are the treasure.
Sparkling and radiant.
Enriching the lives of those who know You.
And those who keep themselves,
Surrounded by replicas
In the hopes they will find You there defined.
Have been restricted to become inflicted.
They do not realize how lost they are.
Even with their eyes closed.
In search with deluted values imposed.
They tell others they have discovered
The true You!
Disputing everything You have done.
Under the Sun!
And ALL that You are they can not see.
You are the treasure!
And we are Your collection of gems.
Some have chosen to glisten!
Others are satisfied just to keep themselves dim!
Accepting an insignificance to wallow in!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You 'Are' There

When I discovered and found You 'there'...
I was alone and silently in constant prayer!
I made up in my mind,
I had to give You much more time...
To recover from a hopelessness,
That seemed easy for me then to find!

With devotion and loyalty,
You finally came to comfort me!
And I now admit I had first resisted...
With beliefs You did not for me,
Could come to really exist to relieve!

But nothing in my heart,
Can now tear us apart...
You 'ARE' there and in prayer,
I feel blessed and quite lifted!
I've come to realize,
You are my total prize!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Are There Reflected

What next?
You have dissected my heart.
And in my view you are there reflected.

What next?
Mouth to mouth resuscitation,
When my breath stops?

You've got me whipped. You know this.
With my eyes on you fixed,
As drool falls from my lips.
You know something about it,
Is not normal.

What next?
You want me to walk a tightrope,
Without a safety net?

What next?
You want me to strip butt naked to run shouting,
Down a crowded street professing undying love?
Or...
Do you just like to see me teased?

What next?
Mouth to mouth resuscitation,
When my breath stops?
And...
How long will you take,
To see if I am faking?

What next?
You have dissected my heart.
And in my view you are there reflected.

'Are you okay? '

Thank God this wasn't an emergency.
Are you just going to stand there?

Help me up.
People are staring.

'What next? '

That depends.
How creative are you feeling?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Are Unforgettable

You remember the wedding?
And I was quick to say I do?
You remember the divorce?
And you were quick to say,
We were through.
I remember the heartbreak.
And you with someone new!
Now that you have been dumped...
You think of me as a garbage man too?
I have been a fool too many times!
Half of those times for you!
I suggest you forget about me.
But believe this...
You are unforgettable!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Are Welcomed To Share

Don't expect to be welcomed in my backyard,
To disregard my heritage and culture.
That acceptance you will not find.
No matter whose attention you get,
To express how my actions offend....
With a pretentiousness you wish,
I will allow at my table for you to dish.
You are welcomed to share.
Not to decide what is there and prepared.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Are Where You'Ve Been

You are where you've been.
Deciding that time would wait.
As you marinated in indecision.

You are where you've been.
Seeking the same acceptance,
As if this was a confirming reception.

You are where you've been.
Catching up with a made up mind...
Finding that times have changed.

You are where you've been.
And there is absolutely nothing,
That has remained the same.

And you giving in to what has begun,
Will not bestow upon you a patience...
From those empathetic with explanations,
Slowly participating in a show and tell.

That bling side of life you liked and kept polished...
Has been blemished by those ideals,
You hung onto too long.
And the fading of those times are gone.

You are where you've been.
Deciding that time would wait.
As you marinated in indecision.

You are where you've been.
Seeking the same acceptance,
As if this was a confirming reception.

You are where you've been.
Catching up with a made up mind...
Finding that times have changed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Aren'T Prepared To Share Your Candy

May I have some of what you are feeling?
Whatever it is it makes you shine...
In a lustered glow.
Whatever it is it makes you sparkle
And in a glooming atmosphere,
What you have is clearly shown.

It's so readily quick and beaming.
It attracts what you have
With meaning for me.
I recognize and clearly see...
There is familiarity and possibility!

May I have some of what you are feeling?
There's no question we find us revealing,
Something appealing appearing inside of us.
Should we trust to honor this lustiness?
Or are your looks just to hook eyes like mine,
Knowing you aren't prepared to share your candy!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Asked For This

You asked for this.
And every bit of what I have,
Is yours from me to be given.
You asked for this!
Oh yes,
You did.

We agreed to always between us,
Have honesty.
And my being honest,
You now wish...
I wouldn't easily be as free,
To share this honesty we agreed.
You asked for this!
Oh yes,
You did.

And now you murmur,
Between clinched teeth and twisted lips...
Your hips belong in a thong bathing suit.
And I say the wearing of that thong is wrong.
You just don't look good at all in it.
And if I suggested,
Your hips and chest block out the Sunset...
You declare me insensitive.
When it is only honesty from me to you I give.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You 'Assume' You Are Entitled

Since you have no legal right to attack me,
You 'assume' you are entitled to do so.
And assumptions have highlighted,
All your failures.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Beam

You beam,
The brightest smile I've ever seen.
And you beam,
A glow I'd wish to come to know.
You beam,
The brightest smile I've ever seen.
Brighter than in my dreams.

You beam...
And I forget.
And you beam...
Every wish I've had,
To be with you.

You beam,
The brightest smile I've ever seen.
And you beam,
A glow I'd wish to come to know.
You beam,
The brightest smile I've ever seen.
Brighter than in my dreams.

You beam...
And I forget.
And you beam...
Every wish I've had,
To be with you.

And this,
I know...
No one else can have my heart,
But you!
This I know...
No one else can have my heart,
But you!
And this,
I know...
When you beam,
And I forget.

And you beam...
Every wish I've had,
To be with you.
Forever.

No one else can have my heart,
But you!
Forever.
This I know...
No one else can have my heart,
But you!
Forever.
And this is true.

You beam,
The brightest smile I've ever seen.
And you beam,
A glow I'd wish to come to know.
You beam,
The brightest smile I've ever seen.
Brighter than in my dreams.

No one else can have my heart,
But you!
This I know.

No one else can have my heart,
But you!
Forever.
And this is true.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Became Those 'Things'

You became those 'things'.
Your car, your jewelry...
Watches and diamond rings.
The shoes and suits.
Shirts and ties.
The dinner parties you hosted.
With those hors d'oeuvres you insisted...
I would love if I tried!

You became those 'things'.
With such a credibility!
But when you lost them...
Something I saw died within you.
And the family you knew,
Saw that too.

None of us who witnessed it...
Recognized you at all!
Did you believe when those 'things' left...
You could restore your emptiness,
By pretending to be someone else?
That everyone would accept?

You became those 'things'!
And you expected us to accept nothing less.
Now you suggest we respect that.
But you invested your happiness in things.
And you neglected life!

You became those 'thing's you chose to be.
What makes you believe...
Now those things are gone,
You can be someone that is liked?
Without those things you seem to have no life.

And 'that' you chose to ignore.
Without them you seem such a bore!

You became those 'things'!

What are you now good for?
A useless nothingness?
You had said of me...
And your family.
And those who then had less!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Believe You'Re The Joker

By whose definition,
Have you confined my inhibitions?
As if they're set to limits,
With conditions in the mix.

And if I am inhibited...
It is in way as I see fit.
As ammunition used,
To protect from nosiness.

You try to ride my privacy,
As if it's not mine!
To satisfy a need,
To please your sleazy snooping.

You try to cloak and hide,
Denial with hope!
To get me tricked,
By disguises you provoke.

By whose definition,
Have you confined my inhibitions?
As if they're set to limits,
With conditions in the mix.

And if I am inhibited...
It is in way as I see fit.
As ammunition used,
To protect from nosiness.

You try to cloak and hide,
Denial with hope!
To get me tricked,
By disguises you provoke.

And you believe,
You're the joker.
And I,
To be the joke.

But you are the one,
Who makes me laugh.

And you believe,
You're the joker.
And I,
To be the joke.
But you are the one,
Who makes me laugh.

And you believe,
You're the joker.
And I,
To be the joke.
But you are the one,
Who makes me laugh.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

'You Better Spice This With Brown Sugar'

Last night...
I whipped up something,
To quench my appetite.

I diced onions and green peppers.
With tomatoes,
Broccoli and carrots too!
Knowing this would be liked.

I added red cabbage, potatos...
Dashed with salt and red pepper.
And other ingredients like curry...
To stimulate the brew.

'Something' said,
'You better spice this with brown sugar.'
So this I did do.

Then I next heated a frying pan.
From slow to medium.
But not hot!
With vegetable oil, butter and a bit of soy.
And all of it simmered in an aromatic splender.
And I ate it.
EVERY drop.
It was great!
And,
I must admit this...
I did lick the plate.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Blame Your Baby's Mama

You're one of the 'could ofs'...
With an 'if' attached.
And a 'would of'...
As a perfect match.
With a 'should of'...
And a private stash If you had 'moolah',
Packed in stacks.

Oh you're one of the 'could ofs'...
With an 'if' attached.
And a 'would of'...
As a perfect match.
With a 'should of'...
And a private stash If you had 'moolah',
Packed in stacks.

But you blame your baby's mama.
And she's tired of your drama.

Yes!
You're one of the 'could ofs'...
With an 'if' attached.
And a 'would of'...
As a perfect match.
With a 'should of'...
And a private stash If you had 'moolah',
Packed in stacks.

But you blame your baby's mama.
And she's tired of your...
DRAMA.

You're one of the 'could ofs'...
With an 'if' attached.
And a 'would of'...
As a perfect match.
With a 'should of'...
And a private stash If you had 'moolah',
Packed in stacks.

You are afflicted,
To dump on your baby's mama.
You're a kid afflicted.
Bringing her nothing,
But all of your drama.

You're afflicted,
To dump on your baby's mama.
As if she wishes,
Not a man...
But a boy of high drama.

You're one of the 'could ofs'...
With an 'if' attached.
And a 'would of'...
As a perfect match.

You're afflicted,
To dump on your baby's mama.
As if she wishes,
Not a man...
But a boy of high drama.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Broke Their 'Image' Rule!

Twice you've paid it.
That price.
To be nice.
And polite.
But the people you baited,
Decided...
They wanted to see,
That side that fights.

Twice you've paid it.
That price.
To be nice.
And polite.
But the people rated,
You much too light!
And they decided,
Amongst themselves to fight!

Whatever that was you had eroded...
Those warm shoulders to freeze cold.
Whatever that was you showed them, molded.
And corroded your bold hold.

You've been demoted,
To a warting toad.
Now the people want you scolded...
For what they chose you sold!

Twice you've paid it.
That price.
To be nice.
And polite.
But the people you baited,
Decided...
They wanted to see,
That side that fights.

Now...
Divided they delight to fight,

Among themselves.
Blaming with claims they raise...
You duped them with your cool.
They see themselves as fools.

Divided they delight to fight,
Among themselves.
Blaming with claims they raise...
You duped them with your cool.
They see themselves as fools.

Divided they delight to fight,
Among themselves.
Blaming with claims they raise...
You duped them with your cool.
They see themselves as fools.

Twice you've paid it.
That price.
Now...
Divided they delight to fight,
Among themselves.
Blaming with claims they raise...
You duped them with your cool.
They see themselves as fools.
You broke their 'image' rule!
And for them that is not cool...
At all!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Came To Spend The Night

You came...
To spend the night!
I didn't think...
One night would last forever.
And,
You came...
To spend that night.
I didn't think...
You and me.
COULD BANG!

Tit-tit-tit-tit-tit.
Ka-bang!
Tit-tit-tit-tit-tit.
Could bang.
Tit-tit-tit-tit-tit.
Ka-bang!
Bang!
Ka-bang!
COULD BANG!

Tit-tit-tit-tit-tit.
Ka-bang!
Tit-tit-tit-tit-tit.
Could bang.
Tit-tit-tit-tit-tit.
Ka-bang!
Bang!
Ka-bang!

You came...
Tit-tit-tit-tit-tit.
To spend the night!
Tit-tit-tit-tit-tit.
I didn't think,
You and me would ever...

COULD BANG!

Tit-tit-tit-tit-tit.
Ka-bang!
Tit-tit-tit-tit-tit.
Could bang.
Tit-tit-tit-tit-tit.
Ka-bang!
Bang!
Ka-bang!

Could bang,
Tit-tit-tit-tit-tit.
Ka-bang!
Tit-tit-tit-tit-tit.
Could bang.
Tit-tit-tit-tit-tit.
Ka-bang!
Bang!
Ka-bang!

'This is outrageous! '

~Hold onto your wig, Nelly! ~

Could bang,
Tit-tit-tit-tit-tit.
Ka-bang!
Tit-tit-tit-tit-tit.
Could bang.
Tit-tit-tit-tit-tit.
Ka-bang!
Bang!
Ka-bang!

Could bang,
Tit-tit-tit-tit-tit.
Ka-bang!
Tit-tit-tit-tit-tit.
Could bang.
Tit-tit-tit-tit-tit.
Ka-bang!
Bang!
Ka-bang!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Can Beat It

You can beat it.
The moment you know it's not needed.
You can beat it.
To kick it to the curb and leave.
You can beat it.
You don't have to take what is,
What you think is negative.
You can beat it.
To do it with an end to stop.
You can beat it.
To not permit another visit,
If it's what you wish to rid...
With a being positive.

You can beat it.
The moment you know it's not needed.
You can beat it.
To kick it to the curb and leave.
You can beat it.
You don't have to take what is,
What you think is negative.
If it's what you wish to rid...
With a being positive.
You can beat it.
With it known you don't condone it.
And to show this going on.
You can beat it.

You can beat it.
With it known you don't condone it.
And to show this going on.
You can beat it.

Turn up those lips from a frown that exists,
To know...
You can beat it.
Don't be defeated.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Can Become Very Effective At It

You seem to be able to express yourself,
So easily.
So relaxed you seem.
As if you do not have a care in the world!
OOOOWWW!
You...you...you!
Why did you stomp on my foot like that?

'Quickly...
Slow deep breath in,
And...release!
Now,
Where is that inner pain?
You see...
You didn't hesitate.
It came right out.
And each time it gets easier.
Until you are able to express yourself...
With or without it!
It becomes something you begin to deal with!
And it doesn't stop you from moving on!
Your mind has been re-focused! '

What is the matter with you?
Don't EVER do that again!

'I wont have to!
However...
It will be something done to you,
You will always remember.
Right?
And you will heal...
Never to show that pain felt,
On the outside! '

You should teach!
I mean in schools!

'Naw...

My methods are more direct.
Plus those graduation ceremonies...
I like to conduct immediately.
On the first day of class.
Get it over with!
And 'then' discuss life as it applies,
With realism involved!
Today...
Reality is not taken as seriously,
As I would like to have it taught!
Too much sugar and spice stuff.
Then folks spend all their lives...
Suffering from withdrawl symptoms.
Trying to feed their expectations with nonsense.
And paying for it the rest of their lives!

I prefer quick studies like yourself.
The one on one approach is much more meaningful.
And besides...
Didn't you find that lesson given,
Made you feel a more closer bond to the teacher? '

Man...
I'm gonna knock you out one day!

'See,
Already you have acquired a taste for teaching.
And you can become very effective at it too! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Can Begin To Think That Over

I don't know where you are going in such a hurry.
I've got the keys.
You can not get there without me.

Unless you now have decided you want to drive?
And as of yet,
You have not proven to accept a lesson to learn,
For your benefit.

Are you rushing to collect more conflicts?
Or you just want to sit and witness,
To say you had been part of an accepting crowd.

And I am not in that kind of a need.
Nor will I enable those of yours.
Not on my time.

So...
You can begin to think that over.
Or you can choose to remain thoughtless.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Can Cause A Pause That Amazes With Awe

Don't hesitate too late,
For a scheduling of that date...
To address and enhance your fate.

Only you,
Can live your life even bigger.
Only you,
Can hold a grip that slips.
Only you,
Can transform what's going on...
With a knowledge you can handle it!

You can put the awe in a pause you cause.
You can cause a pause to amaze with awe.

And only you,
Can live your life even bigger.
Only you,
Can hold a grip that slips.
Only you,
Can transform what's going on...
With a knowledge you can handle it!

You can put the awe in a pause you cause.
You can cause a pause that amazes with awe.
You can put the awe in a pause you cause.
You can cause a pause that amazes with awe.

Don't hesitate too late,
For a scheduling of that date...
To address and enhance your fate.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Can Choose To Debate This

Long before you set your 'sights',
On evaluating my disposition...
With thoughts you could edit,
My experiences.
With a labelling of them as you saw fit.
I had already begun to live my life.

And your point of view,
Had nothing to do...
With those obstacles I have eliminated!
You can choose to debate this.
But it will not be with me.
Or on my time.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Can Conquer

Don't you ever sit depressed.
You conquer,
Over things that cause you stress.
You conquer,
All the time do you best.
And conquer.
Do your best to pass all tests.
And conquer.

Off your knees you get.
And conquer.
Lift your head above your neck.
And conquer.
Decide to leave behind,
And conquer...
Every negativity there,
To upset.

And conquer!
Know you can succeed.
And conquer.
With peace of mind as your key.
And conquer.
Believe,
You can, you can, you can.

Off your knees you get.
And conquer.
Lift your head above your neck.
And conquer.
Decide to leave behind,
And conquer...
Every negativity there,
To upset.

Don't you ever sit depressed.
You conquer,
Over things that cause you stress.
You conquer,

All the time do you best.
And conquer.
Do your best to pass all tests.
And conquer.
You can, you can, you can.

Off your knees you get.
And conquer.
Lift your head above your neck.
And conquer.
Decide to leave behind,
And conquer...
Every negativity there,
To upset.
You can, you can, you can...
You can,
Conquer!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Can Get Over This And Them

A phoniness expressed,
By those you consider friends...
Goes unaddressed.

Especially when you observe them,
Around their acquaintances...
They make attempts to impress.
With a forced unnaturalness.
However,
Should leave you to wonder...

'Are these the kind of friends,
I have selected as the best ones yet?
Am I that desperate,
To be treated unwanted.
When they are around them like that...
As if they are better than me?
And they are received as 'thee' preferred guests? '

Have you noticed how 'your friends'
Elect to use you for laughs?
In moments when disrespect is shown.
And you are left alone...
Feeling like a stranger or a 'condoned' pest!

And 'if' you do get upset showing attitude...
Do 'your friends' and their 'Graded A' guests,
Isolate you with your presence to forget?
Leaving you feeling regret.
As you remove yourself to quickly exit...
With a temptation to stop your steps,
To let them all have it!
With some of the best cuss words they wont forget? !

Don't!
They are not worth that.
Bite your tongue in front of everyone.
And be cordial with respect.

And feeling extremely blessed.
Excuse yourself and leave.
I would.
And pat yourself on the back.
Like you should.

These creeps are not your friends.
They are two faced snakes.
Know it in your heart...
Folks like that can be replaced.

You will recover and discover...
You can get over 'this' and them
Without showing the slightest hint of being offended.

It's hard!
I broke a knuckle on my fist...
Hitting a wall.
For doing something similar like this!
Although in pain...
I was glad I didn't swing at anyone at all.
Except for that wall after I left.

And you too...
Like I did,
Can and will survive to become appreciated.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Can Handle It

That's right.
I can provoke the slow pokes.

I tell folks...
'Don't sit and wait,
For someone to come...
To help you make up 'your' mind.
As to what should or should not be done.
Who's life is it you're living?

Find the time to do that yourself.
And quick!
Don't sit and wait in between thoughts.
Pick at least one.
Jump on it and run.
You can handle it! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Can Not Blame Me For That

The facts remain to be as they are.
Your 'baby' has been imprisioned,
Not for those 'things' you attempted to give to him.
But for those things like discipline,
Respect for others.
A defiance against authority and social rules.
And a lack of common sense used,
By 'who' or whomever...
Neglected to raise him as a responsible parent.
Those are the 'things' your 'baby' has missed!

'How DARE you speak to me that way.
How DARE you say my approach to parenting,
Had been negligent?

Every night when I went out clubbing,
To bar hop...
Who do you think had to arrange for a babysitter?
And when his grandparents refused to look after him,
When I needed to escape to enjoy myself on the weekends...
I did all I could to find someone, anyone sober enough,
To take care of my baby.

'And for how long did you do this? '

For eighteen hard struggling years.

'And...
Where were you when he dropped out of school? '

You can not blame me for that.
I gave him money for lunch everyday.

'Okay.
And when he committed armed robbery,
Bringing thousands of dollars home...
Where were you then?
Did you question him at all about the money? '

Of course I did.
I wanted to know how much of it,
He intended to put away for college.
So you can not accuse me for not being concerned,
About his education OR being an unfit parent.
And when he dropped out of school,
You have no idea how heartbroken I was!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Can Not Buy This

It doesn't matter what you have
How you got it.
If it is yours or not.
Borrowed or on loan.
New or used...
Attached to disconnect.
Stain resistant or chip proof.
The next rage or the last of its kind.
The flavor of the month,
Or something you picked up on Rodeo Drive!
The most recent trip I took with you,
Was my last.
And I meant that.
What I gave to you,
And you chose to give back?
Is not up for grabs.
And it is certainly not on sale!
You can not buy this!
I don't know what made you think you could.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Can Not Call These Folks Mentally Sick

They can not get enough,
Of being in someone else's business.
And since they evade truth...
They create their own.
With initiated lies they are quick to tell.
Seeped within embellishment,
To entertain anyone listening.

And they wonder why their children...
Occupy jail cells and juvenile detention homes.

These folks are never home,
Building anything on foundations of strength.
They are too busy seeking to destroy and destruct.
And with 'that' they have found success!

Then they campaign to gather loudly...
To strain the ears of anyone,
Who will give them time.
To hear their voices wail and cry!
That a unity is dieing.
And this has been done...
By those trying to keep them divided!

You can not call these folks mentally sick!
Their addictions to this has been historic.
And they take what is said,
To become offended by it!
Debating amongst themselves...
In churches that surround them,
Praying for a fix as they sit...
Dressed in their Sunday best!
And passing out judgements.

It is there to be observed!
In all its franchised splendor.

'I smell a conspiracy! '

As long as you do not satisfy a craving to taste it,
You will be just fine!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Can Not Force Anyone To Love You

Trust me...
That cute depiction of a baby in diapers,
Armed with a bow and arrow...
Is a visual metaphor,
To express one's love for another.

And...
That massacre that happened in Chicago,
Many years ago...
Was not a gangster's way,
Of showing devoted love.
That had something to do with the liquor wars.
Prohibition.

On Valentine's Day...
It is more popular to send cards,
Or buy candy to deliver with flowers.
I know you are 'idealistic'...
And want to interprete your love as true?
But the diaper wearing?
Machine gun? The candy and flowers?
AND a bow and arrow?
Comeon.

You can not force anyone to love you.
No matter how ridiculous.
Get a divorce.
Send a card.
Trust me.
That's more simple than paying court fees.
And requesting me to appear,
To give you a wholesome character reference.

Love does not mean having to say you're sorry.

'That's not original.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Can Not Have It Both Ways

You can not have it both ways.
You can not market decadence.
And then preach about its ill affects.
Especially when you have enjoyed it the best!

You can not sit in judgement to condemn.
When every rule and law that is made...
You are the first to be found breaking them!

You can not profess what should be right for others...
When you do what you please,
Wherever you wish to express your druthers.

And you are certainly no example,
To a way of life you defend.
When standards you believe should be followed...
You can not uphold yourself.
If you begged, steal or borrowed.
Without becoming offensive about your whims.

And deceit and stealing...
Are not unfamiliar to you!
In fact...
Did you not teach how,
To succeed using that?
Aren't you the one to climb to heights...
By keeping others back?

Would you like to redo,
Your own tainted tracks?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Can Not Keep My Yeast From Rising

You can not keep my yeast from rising.
You can try!
But once it is kneaded, mixed and heated...
Cooled and seated,
With my love attached to it?
It will be served...
Eatened and treated!
To be clearly observed and witnessed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Can Not Tell This By My Appearance

'Are you mad? '

Of course!

'Good!
I was so afraid,
I'd be the only one.
Here.
Use this.'

What am I going to need the tape for?

'Your smile.
Smile...
Then tape it!
We will never escape...
If anyone should detect,
You are not happy...
And not going along with the BS.

You will be reported to the authorities.

Use the tape quickly.
There's not too much time,
To find others.

We must find them.
Then we must go underground...
To share our happiness and reality.'

Seriously...
I am quite mad.
Pissed to high heaven.

'That's fine.
You can not tell this by my appearance...
But I am outraged! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Can Plead A Defeating If You Wish

Keep up your pace steady.
If you've made claims to be ready.
I am determined to reach...
The fresh blowing winds,
Only found at summit peaks.

A panting done to replace escaping air...
And threatening to lose one's breath,
Will not curtail the placement of my steps.
This journey was not meant to share.
I'm not here to listen to your regrets.

You can plead a defeating if you wish.
But don't think that I will sympathize with it.
Not I.
My eyes are on mountaintops too high!

You wanted to give this 'trip' a try!
This is not a 'trip' with me.
This with me is 'do' or 'die'.

You can plead a defeating if you wish.
But don't think that I will sympathize with it.
Not I.
My eyes are on mountaintops too high!

Keep up your pace steady.
If you've made claims to be ready.
I am determined to reach...
The fresh blowing winds,
Only found at summit peaks.

I am challenging myself.
Just to say I have done it!
And 'you' seem to be only motivated by ease.
What made you think following me would be a breeze?
I'm not here to drag you to witness the summit.
Just to hear you say you've done it too?
I'm not living to fulfill those ambitions.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Can Say That

If you can find a place of mental comfort.
And keep it safe,
Without it becoming tainted!
You have wealth in your possession.

Something priceless...
Hard to find.

Even those who have stolen goldmines,
Can not say that!
Those who have made claims of what they own,
Spend many sleepless nights...
Wishing to have at least one without medication,
Can't say that!
If you can find a place of mental comfort.
And keep it safe,
Without it becoming tainted!
You can take that wherever you choose.
And be happy!
You can say that!
And know it is true.
And not have a dime in your pocket!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Can 'say' You Have Faith

I've lost everything.
My way of life.
My pride.
My happiness.
Everything!

'Gee.
Well...
At least there is something left you kept! '

And what is that?

'Your ability to show and tell!

You see that woman dragging that mink coat?
She can't say a word!

And look at that dude staggering across the street!
I bet you wouldn't believe this...
But just a few days ago,
They both told me...
I wasn't worth the air I breathe.
Of course...
That was before they were 'Madoff'ed.

Now look at them!
They are speechless!
And here you are...
Still able to speak!
And that is in your possession!

So 'all' is not lost.
Be grateful.
You can 'say' you have faith.
And maybe one day believe it!

Those folks invested in greed.
Now look at them.
They wouldn't know how to use a pot,

To piss in!
Trust me...
You've been blessed.
Just know it! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Can Stir Up Much Havoc

There are things I don't know.
Will you hold me to demands...
I make you understand,
That which I don't know.

There are things you don't know.
And I have no expectations grand...
You will suddenly take command,
To show you do know.

You've come to complicate my life.
And I don't like it.
One bit.

You can stir up much havoc.
Like a habit.
To fit..
Underneath any sentiment.

There are things I don't know.
Will you hold me to demands...
I make you understand,
That which I don't know.
And I don't know,
What you think I should know.

You've come to complicate my life.
And I don't like it.
One bit.

You can stir up much havoc.
Like a habit.
To fit..
Underneath any sentiment,
In me!
You can stir up much havoc.
Like a habit.
To fit..
Underneath any sentiment,

In me!

You've come to complicate my life.
And I don't like it.
One bit.
And this is it.
I think we should admit.
Quit and leave.

You can stir up much havoc.
Like a habit.
I think we should admit.
Quit it and leave.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Can Try! But Why?

Don't prolong that which has gone,
With a wanting to replace it.
To substitute it for something else.
Nothing can beat what has already been done,
Whether to accept or refuse.
Moving on to not repeat to leave it as is,
Eliminates a need to use excuses.

As if in the doing of this,
Makes what has been done to do disappear.
Like many people who wish,
Those who make excuses do.

Don't prolong that which has gone,
With a wanting to replace it.
You can't.
You can try!
But why?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Can'T Be Everywhere

Let,
Me live.
My life.
Knowing...
That it is,
My life...
To grow.
And,
Let me live.
My life...
Growing.
As it is...
My life,
To know...
There's more,
I don't know!

You can't be everywhere...
When I'm humbled,
After stum'bling.

You can't be everywhere...
To see me,
On my knees.

And you can't be everywhere...
When night falls,
And I'm crying.
Freed from hiding my own tears.
To understand my life for what it is!

You can't be everywhere...
To see me.
And...
How I heal.

So let me live...
My life.
Knowing...

That it is,
My life...
To grow.
And,
Let me live.
My life...
Growing.
As it is...
My life,
To know...
There's more,
I don't know!

And-I-say...
You can't be everywhere.
When I'm humbled,
After stum'bling.

You can't be everywhere...
To see me,
On my knees.
No...
You can't be everywhere,
When I'm pleading desperately...
I must be me.
Just me.

No,
You can't be everywhere...
To see me.
And...
How I heal.

You can't be everywhere...
To see me.
And...
How I heal.

So let me live,
My life...
Growing.
As it is...

My life,
To know...
There's more,
I don't know!

So let me live,
My life...
To know,
There's so much I don't know.

It's my life!
And...
So much I don't know!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Can'T Define The Single Life

You can't define the single life.
Unless you're doing it.
And not for kicks.

Sometimes it's not that much well liked.
When you are on the telephone.
Just to hang up all alone.

You can't define the single life.
Unless you're doing it.
And not for kicks.

Sometimes it's not that much well liked.
When you are on the telephone.
Just to hang up all alone.

On my drifting mind with the hours,
I stay awake.
I'm thinking nothing but love.
And sipping coffee out of focus,
Hoping that your thoughts are on me.
I'm thinking nothing but love.

You can't define the single life...
Thinking of love.
A lusting mind has appetites...
Thinking of love.
It's hard to fall asleep some nights.
Thinking of love.
You can't define the single life...
Thinking of love.
A lusting mind has appetites...
Thinking of love.
It's hard to fall asleep some nights.
It's hard to fall asleep some nights.
It's hard to fall asleep some nights.
Thinking of love.

You can't define the single life...

Thinking of love.
A lusting mind has appetites...
Thinking of love.
It's hard to fall asleep some nights.
Thinking of love.
You can't define the single life...
Thinking of love.
A lusting mind has appetites...
Thinking of love.
It's hard to fall asleep some nights.
It's hard to fall asleep some nights.
It's hard to fall asleep some nights.
Thinking of love.
You can't define the single life...
Thinking of love.

You can't define the single life...
Thinking of love.
You can't define the single life...
Thinking of love.
It's hard to fall asleep some nights.
It's hard to fall asleep some nights.
You can't define the single life...
Thinking of love.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Can't Forget The Past

I wont be the one,
Getting less sleep.
Because you want that done,
To have you worry me.

And I wont be the one,
To be pacing a floor...
Left dirty by your thrown trash,
To do it like before.

The past.
You can't forget the past.
To throw it in my face,
As if the past should last.

The past.
You can't forget the past.
To throw it in my face,
As if the past should last.

I wont be the one,
Listening to alibis.
To hear to think you're making changes,
I criticize.

The past.
You can't forget the past.
To throw it in my face,
As if the past should last.

The past.
You can't forget the past.
To throw it in my face,
As if the past should last.
I wont do this again.
Like you depend upon the past.
You can't forget the past.
To throw it in my face,
As if the past should last.

I wont do this again.
Or have you do it just for laughs.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Can'T Get This From A Seminar

You can't get this,
From a seminar.
Or fit this quick,
In a seminar.

Or manifest,
To digest.
From notes to be tested.
In a seminar...
To piece together.
Or pick apart.

This has to be seasoned.
And marinate in love.
Ingredients must cement,
Intentions meant.

No you can't get this,
From a seminar.
Nor fit this quick,
In a seminar.
To piece together.
Or pick apart.

This has to be seasoned.
And marinate in love.
No you can't get this,
From a seminar.
Nor fit this quick,
In a seminar.

Ingredients must cement...
Intentions meant.
Ingredients must cement...
Intentions meant.
No you can't get this,
From a seminar.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Can't Juggle To Then Dribble

You can't juggle to then dribble balls,
To do it all.
Juggling to dribble all the balls.

You can not juggle two hands to then dribble.
One ball is going to fall and you'll be thrown,
From the middle.

A doing one thing to do it great takes...
Dedication to eliminate mistakes.
A doing one thing to do it great takes...
Concentrated effort that faking can't replace.

You can't juggle to then dribble balls,
To do it all.
Juggling to dribble all those balls.

You can not juggle when befuddled by the struggle,
Of chasing each ball where they fall.

A doing one thing to do it great takes...
Dedication to eliminate mistakes.
A doing one thing to do it great takes...
Concentrated effort that faking can't replace.

You can not juggle two hands to then dribble.
A ball is going to fall and you'll be thrown,
From the middle.

You can't juggle to then dribble balls,
To do it all.
Juggling to dribble all the balls.

You can't juggle to then dribble balls,
To do it all.
Without a fiddling done to do,
Wasting time to find a direction to pursue.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Can'T Just Leave It If It's Good

A sweet peach eaten down to the pit.
May keep that pit sitting,
In one's mouth a bit.

Like a hold...
Onto a taste one can't let go.
To show...
How something good can take control.

Dried pineapple slices and raw cashews too.
Can hook someone to snacking,
No matter the mood.

Like a hold...
Onto a taste one can't let go.
To show...
How something good can take control.

A nice banana smoothie with strawberries too.
Added with some orange juice and lemon to boost...
Is good.
Just to have it as a beverage,
Is good!
No matter the mood.

A sweet peach eaten down to the pit.
May keep that pit sitting,
In one's mouth a bit.
Dried pineapple slices and raw cashews too.
Can hook someone to snacking,
No matter the mood.

Like a hold...
Onto a taste one can't let go.
To show...
How something good can take control.

A nice banana smoothie with strawberries too.
Added with some orange juice and lemon to boost...

Like a hold...
Onto a taste one can't let go.
To show...
How something good can take control.
Like a hold...
Onto a taste one can't let go.
To show...
How something good can take control.

You can't just leave it if it's good!
Like a hold that has control.
You can't just leave it if it's good!
Like a hold that has control.
You can't just leave it if it's good!
Like a hold that has control.
You can't just leave it if it's good!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Can'T Keep A Job

Why should I let you sleep...
When,
I can't get a wink.
And,
You want even let me nod...
When I've worked real hard.

Why should I listen to you...
When,
You never listen to me.
And,
I find it real odd...
You can't keep a job!

But you tell me how you work,
All day!
And you say you have no time,
To play.
And...
When I turn away you tell me,
I'm being evil.

I'm just trying to do my best...
To get me some rest.

Why should I let you sleep...
When,
I can't get a wink.
And,
You want even let me nod...
When I've worked real hard.

Why should I listen to you...
When,
You never listen to me.
And,
I find it real odd...
You can't keep a job!

I find it real odd...
You can't keep a job!

Why should I listen to you...
When,
You never listen to me.
And,
I find it real odd...
You can't keep a job!

'Today? '

I find it real odd...
You can't keep a job!

'Today? '

I find it real odd...
You can't keep a job!

'Today? '

I find it real odd...
You can't keep a job!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Can'T Know Love

You can't know love,
If it's symbolic.
No you can't know love,
If you're myopic.
No you can't know love,
When trying to cop it...
With a selfishness wished.

Oh no you can't know love,
If it's symbolic.
No you can't know love,
If you're myopic.
No you can't know love,
If you're erotic...
And neurotic a bit.

People claim to wish a bit of romance.
From those they want to snuggle up close,
And hold.

People claim they aim to have one true love.
But also they are wanting satisfaction,
That's ecstatic.

In an everlasting act!

But no you wont know love,
If you're irratic.
Or you wont know love,
If you're dramatic.
Oh no you wont have love...
If uncommited,
It will always exists.

Oh no you can't know love,
If it's symbolic.
No you can't know love,
If you're myopic.
No you can't know love,

If you're erotic...
And neurotic a bit.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Can't Love

You can't love,
Anyone who don't know love.
You can't love,
Images of it.
You can't love,
Anyone who don't know love.
Or the meaning of it to recover.
Or the meaning of it from another.
When there's no love,
To feel it to give.
Or if not felt...
For what love is.
When there's no love.
No love to give.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Can'T Love Me

And,
You can't love me,
Any stronger.
Nor can you hold me closer,
To satisfy...
What I need inside.

No,
You can't love me,
Any stronger.
To generate 'that' which I wish...
A hugging with a kiss to bliss.

There's a chemistry I feel is missing.
You believe that can be easily dismissed.
And my heart tells me there is more that I need.
And I can not take that risk.

There's a chemistry I feel is missing.
You believe that can be easily dismissed.
And my heart tells me there is more that I need.
And...
I can't take that risk.

No...
You can't love me,
Any stronger.
Nor can you hold me longer,
To satisfy that need inside.

No...
You can't love me,
Any stronger.
To generate 'that' which I wish...
A hugging with a kiss to bliss.

The feelings I've got will remain unchanged,
Until...
True love comes to greet me.

The feelings I've got will remain unchanged,
Until...
True love comes to greet me.

And...
You can't love me,
Any stronger.
Nor can you hold me longer,
To satisfy that need inside.

No...
You can't love me,
Any stronger.
To generate 'that' which I wish...
A hugging with a kiss to bliss.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Can'T Make What Doesn'T Work

You can't make what doesn't work,
For me exist.
If it is clear to me,
My life's just fine without it.

I want to say that,
You can't make what doesn't work...
For me exist.
When my happiness,
Doesn't depend on it.

I have my own beliefs,
That satisifies my every need.
The memories that I keep,
Reminds me how I stood...
Up on my own two feet.

No you can't make what doesn't work,
For me exist.
If with a faith I took risks,
And decided that my own life I would live.

I have my own beliefs,
That satisifies my every need.
The memories that I keep,
Reminds me how I got to stand up..
On my own two feet.

Oh...
You can't make what doesn't work,
For me exist.
If it is clear to me,
My life's just fine without it.

So, if it doesn't work for you,
Why do you wish to prove...
What it is that I do,
Is a waste of effort.

So, if it doesn't work for you,
Why do you wish to prove...
What it is that I do,
Is to me a disservice.

You can't make what doesn't work,
For me exist.
If it is clear to me,
My life's just fine without it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Can'T Pay Me

I know what I want.
Know 'what' I want.
And you can't make me...
Know what I want!
I know who I want.
And why and when I want it with.
And you can't pay me...
To accept the lure of a cured and recovered fool!
Out to bait with past mistakes,
Hopefully forgotten and forgiven!
I know who I want.
And why and when I want it with.
Fools that make mistakes that are thoughtless,
Are easy to forget!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Can'T Top Me!

You can't top me!
Like you did when you did it.
And you did and you hit it,
With a beggin' not to miss it!
.
You can't top me,
Like you did when you did it.
And you did and you hit it,
With a beggin' not to miss it!

You can't top me,
With a beggin' not to miss it!
You can't top me,
With a beggin' not to miss it!
You can't top me,
With a beggin' not to miss it!
With a beggin' not to miss it if you could.

And when we move our hips...
In the nakedness,
Feeling all around and casting shadows.
And in the nakedness,
The rhythm over heats.
And in the nakedness,
We do it with passion
And in the nakedness,
We do it with passion...
In the nakedness.
The rhythm over heats.

You can't top me!
Like you did when you did it.
And you did and you hit it,
With a beggin' not to miss it!
.
You can't top me,
Like you did when you did it.
And you did and you hit it,
With a beggin' not to miss it!

That 'nakedness'...
You can't top me!
And in the nakedness,
The rhythm over heats.
And in the nakedness,
The rhythm over heats.
And in the nakedness,
The rhythm over heats.
And in the nakedness,
The rhythm over heats.

You can't top me,
With a beggin' not to miss it!
You can't top me,
With a beggin' not to miss it!
You can't top me,
With a beggin' not to miss it!
With a beggin' not to miss it if you could.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Chased Me...To The Exit

Discuss what and why?
You have won all of our debates.
You found a way to negate my point of view.
You chased me to the exit...
With a gleam in your eye that shouted conquer.

Discuss what and why?
Reasons I did not say once you had lied?
Or hinted you are a conniving monster?

I agreed to the debate!
On your terms.
I have nothing to learn from it!
Even though I now observe you did.
And look at you...
Less full of yourself.
With eyes sliding into a victimization.
Are you exposing your latest work-in-progress?

But there is no audience here to hear it.
Approve or declare it as official.
Isn't that what you want?
A declaration of my defeat?
No matter how it is done?
Or...
Have you come to give me 'permission'
To decide and select the topic,
For our next forum?
Or...
Have you come to acknowledge,
Any decision you may make...
Will still see you publicly hang.

And you think I am up to that kind of retribution?
I will not be around to see that done to you.
Remember...
I agreed to the debate!
On your terms.
I have nothing to learn from it!

Even though I now observe you did.
And look at you...
Less full of yourself.
With eyes sliding into a victimization.
Are you exposing your latest work-in-progress?
Believing I would want to even the score?
With those tears falling from your eyes...
You wish I could accept are yours?

Discuss what and why?
You have won all of our debates.
You found a way to negate my point of view.
You chased me...
To the exit,
With a gleam in your eye that shouted conquer.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Come

You come.
You come and my breath you take away.
With it done.
Each time when you come.

You come.
And on you my eyes fix to stay.
With it done.
Each time when you come.

What is it that you do,
That empties out my lungs.
All my cool leaves me to lose...
Biting on my tongue.
What is it that you done,
When you come.

I've never before had my knees,
Buckle up.
Or had both hands to tremble,
Holding onto one cup.
I've never stumbled on my feet,
To crawl up to a chair.
Everything you've done to me,
You've done to take me there.

You come.
And I'm left to feel stunned,
Numb.
The moment you,
Come.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Continue To Want Credit

What you allow people you claim you love,
To tolerate from you...
Should find somewhere in your mind to disgust.
But like most things you do,
You believe whatever is done...
Has been pre-approved!

Unfortunately your consciousness,
Has been accepted to exist on delusion.
It has been too late to show you too...
This perception of yours is sick.
Since you are controlling.
And the captain of your sinking ship!

What you allow people you claim you love,
To tolerate from you.
Should find somewhere in your mind to disgust.
But like most things you do,
You believe whatever is done...
Has been pre-approved!

And you continue to want credit,
Without making deposits to cover your debits.
And you continue to seek protection,
As if your actions don't expose defects.
What's next?
Since you ignore all messages from God!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Could And You Should

Stop the complications of,
Your perceptions of...
A simple basicness,
You...
Choose to make more serious.
You could and you should.

Stop the complications of,
Your perceptions of...
A simple basicness,
You.
Choose to make more serious.

To tighten up some nuts,
To hold them to keep bolted...
Is simple.
Quite simple.
With a twist from left to right,
Is simple.
Quite simple.
Something will be tightened...
And it's simple.
Quite simple.

You could.
And you should,
Keep it simple without wrinkles.
You could.
And you should,
Make less noise...
Without a racket.
You could.
And you should,
Use a wrench and not an ax.
You could.
And you should.
You should,
And you could...

Stop the complications of,
Your perceptions of...
A simple basicness,
You...
Choose to make more serious.
You could and you should.

It's best to keep things simple, stupid!
You could.
And you should.
It's best to keep things simple, stupid!
You could.
And you should.
It's best to keep things simple, stupid!
You could.
And you should.
You could.
And you should.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Creative Types Are So Tempermental

You want me to apologize?
OKAY...
I apologize.

'What level of sincerity,
Was that apology? '

I would say...
Right between where I would put my foot.
And the words your ears would hear,
As they rolled off my tongue.

'I accept your apology.'

I am glad of that!
Because you would find my foot painful.
And those words rolling off my tongue...
Would be created just for you.

'But then again...
That doesn't sound too bad of an offer.
Do you mind if I returned your apology?

What did I say now?
Who cares!
Walk away.
You creative types are so tempermental.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Dance

Dancing out of rhyme and reason.
Lacking rhythm with a pace too aged,
For the times you are behind.
And yet you request your steps be followed.
No one seems to have the nerve or courage,
To tell you...
Nothing you do nourishes to flourish!
They would rather watch you in the spotlight...
With efforts that make them sick to their stomachs,
Instead of telling you...
Not only are you out of your mind,
But the time you waste is no longer ours to give.
You dance...
Although the melody in your head has to stop!
We're just waiting for someone with heart enough...
To drag you off the floor!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Deliver Great Impressions

Feed their dreams.
Not their anxieties.
Avoid the realities...
Of their living days.
Don't exclude their delusions.
Use them to excite.
Use them to ignite their hopes.
With intoxicated appetites.
Feed them a vision...
Of what a greatness means.
Feed them and sustain their attention.
Then do nothing you mentioned
With an intention that is 'seen'.
You deliver great impressions!
But none of that expresses...
What your suggestions are,
For cleaning up your mess!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Didn'T Have To Do That

People who disrespect others consistently,
Always seem to be the ones seeking understanding.
And empathy from the very ones,
Who come to not only prove them to be fools...
But will take a moment to awaken them,
From an unconsciousness of their doings.

Especially when someone has had enough,
Of a thoughtlessness no longer accepted.
With a taking of an opportunity...
To openly and in public to correct this verbally.
And done effectively although unexpectedly,
For surprise and shock purposes.

'You didn't have to do that.
Scolding me this way as if I am a child.'

~I know.
But I must admit it felt good to do it.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Didn'T Pay Me

I may choose to tell someone,
I suspect is a gossip...
Anything.
And with it done to quickly know,
From my mouth to others' ears...
What I say will spread,
Like a raging fire out of control.

And the hotter the topic,
Sizzling with juices to drip from lips...
Nonstop will be the one who gossips,
Until the doing makes them exhausted.
To then defend their innocence,
When it is discovered what they've said...
To spread to others has not one thread of truth.

'Why would you do that?
Why would you tell me something,
You knew when you told it is was not true?
Now 'my' reputation has been ruined.'

Trusting you I have never felt comfortable to do.
Every rumor I've heard about myself,
Came from you and no one else.
If you knew me at all,
What I say to you wouldn't leave these walls.

'I'm not going to believe,
Anything you ever tell me again.'

That's great.
Maybe you will begin to appreciate my friendship.
And not use me to get attention at my expense.

'That's where we disagree.
You didn't pay me to keep my mouth closed.
And if you said you did,
That would be yet another lie you expect me to tell.'

You are priceless.

'Don't try to use flattery on me now.
Few will believe you actually said that about me.'

Try hopeless!
I bet the repsonse you get will be more receptive.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Do

Be not.
Do not.
What not you.
You do.
You.
Not who?
You!
Do!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Do A Major Trespassing On My Patience

Let's put aside the debating,
So we can get the basicness of this...
Out of our way.

I do not seek your interpretation or version,
Of what peace should be explained to me.
I want your feet removed from my backyard.
And your depiction of diversity,
Needs more of your acceptance for it to be believed.

If I see you on the street,
And we should exchange pleasantries...
If and when we speak with a respect given,
With nothing offensive to advocate or solicit...
That's peace.

There is no need for fake flattery.
Or a strategy to take what is mine away from me.
Remove your uninvited feet off of my property.
And awaken from your delusions,
Of what you perceive me to be.

Call me on the telephone or even write me a note.
But don't attempt to provoke me,
To have things done your way.
Those days today do not exist.
Unless you seek to see proof of how I will resist.

Let's put aside the debating,
So we can get the basicness of this...
Out of our way.

Your feet unsolicited and unvited without my knowledge,
Need to leave before any speeches of peace...
Take place to have me agree as to what your terms,
And definitions of it you believe.
Because right now...
You do a major trespassing on my patience.

And...
Prepared am I to protect my innocence.
No matter how you exaggerate my reaction.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Do Have A Choice

I disagree.
You do have a choice.
Either you do it as requested.
Or...
I take it away with your blessing.
Where have you been?
Greed is the basis of this economy.
Not your well being.
If that was the case...
All of us would be living in luxury.
And controling the government,
Like the folks on Wall Street do.
What other foolish ideas do you have?
Your reality has been based on deceit.
When all that you know...
Is getting loans and having good credit,
You have less cash to grasp.
And you give that up very fast.
To maintain a gain for you that does not last.
Stop paying your taxes.
On anything you own.
You'll either be sitting on cold concrete.
Or find yourself on your behind...
Either on the streets,
Or on wet or dry grass.
I disagree with your assessment wholeheartedly.
You do have a choice.
Haven't you been allowed to express that freely?
Haven't you elected those...
To do that for you deliberately?
Where have you been?
Entertaining your delusions...again! ?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Do Know That The Lights Are Out?

You are playing alone.
And in left field.

You do know that the lights are out?

Do you practice for a new game to begin?
With a planning done in my presence.
I am not going to say you are bold...
And cold.
I'd call this...
Straight up heartlessness.

With a tilted head,
And a lot of salt and pepper.

You are playing alone.
And in left field.

You do know that the lights are out?

Why are we arguing between us about faults?
And what had been accepted,
Now hated so that has you hissing.

You do know that the lights are out?
Here!
And you can,
Play the field.

Did you come here...
To hear again,
That reminder?

A pain healed, seldom repeats that process again.
When one's duty is to booty,
Loses compassion...
Don't expect a lost action,
To rekindle itself on memories.
Few...

Were the good ones.

Do you remember your entrance?
That is also your exit.
And...
Those lights that are out?
You did it.
You turned them off.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Do Not Have To Be Insulting

Back in the day,
When my portrayal of a waning youth...
Was in the midst of my denial and pretentions,
I attempted to expose every talent I had.
With wishes to share...
And delivering energy,
That took hours for me to gather and prepare.

Today I am more aware,
Of being part of Mother Nature's affairs.
And even if I had a magic wand...
I couldn't pretend my aging isn't there.
No matter who tells me how good I look...
To be at my age!

Excuse me?
And what 'age' do you 'think' I am? Huh?

'Well...
My parents remember you when 'they' were children.
And they were born in 1973.
So you have to be...'

Forget it.
You do not have to be insulting.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Do That Quite Too Well With The Others

I wish I could appease you more than I do.
But that would leave me sitting in a vacantness.
Wrestling within with an unrest.
I would get upset with myself.

Especially if I left you feeling you could fly.
And I told you lies...
To see you make attempt after attempt,
With only one wing.
The humor of the sight of that,
Would only last but for so long!
And I'd be back.
Pacing with a regret I do not endear.
I am not professional at juggling doubts.
Not of my own.
Nor do I condone that skill of others.

I'd rather get you heated and pissed.
At least you would be expressing something other,
Than a pretentiousness that has its limits.
And I like to see you get raw!
Jaws dropping, draws and all.
Flipping out of your wits end.
And not for my own satisfaction,
Administered and you would produce.
But to see you loose.
With that cork removed from your ass.

I am not going to let you pretend with me.
You do that quite too well with the others!
And if I wanted to be entertained...
I can do that alone!
At least I don't have to question...
Anyone's honesty,
On how I am being perceived.

Or how I wish my emotions to be delivered,
With the best of intentions given
Based upon my requests.

And left resumés of those,
I chose to boost my ego!
I've learned the art of 'getting down and funky'.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Do The Hanging 'In' There

Let me tell 'you' somethin'
I appreciate your comments,
And from the place in your head
With assessments made.
But
You do the hanging 'in' there
You the one hold your head up and be strong.

Whatever those perceptions you perceive me to be
From an outer appearance you find important to judge.
Aint' nothing here you see weak about me.
I am aware of the wrapping done to my package.

I lead.
I do not follow.
And I may do this with tears.
With acceptance.
Not with misery.

There is not one step I've made in my life,
That occurred with dependable and/or reliable
Assistance done from anyone,
Who replaced my challenges and obstacles
With vanilla smoothies!

My faith kept my pace.
And when I awaken each day I am grateful.
I pray for strength and I get it.
And I do know from where my strength comes.
Nothing I've done has a confused moment about it!

Ain't nothing here you see,
Weak about me.

I appreciate your comments,
And from the place in your head
With assessments made.
But
You do the hanging 'in' there.

You the one hold your head up and be strong.

Whatever those perceptions you perceive me to be
From an outer appearance you find important to judge.
I don't take the time to do that to anyone.
I am here to do to get done.
Not to critique those tasks given I do to complete.
Or take the time to observe who is observing me.

You do the hanging 'in' there.
You the one hold your head up and be strong.
I know who I am
With eyes clear and direction taken!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Do The 'Mongrel' Thing

I am expected to accept and forgive,
Those who offend me.
I am expected to do this,
Because those who do that...
Are aware I am black.
And being more than just black...
I AM.

I am expected by all other races,
To stand up and take whatever it is they dish.
I am expected to do this,
Because who I am people are quick to dismiss.
Disapprove.
And because of my heritage that clearly appears.
But I am connected to something more powerful,
That makes my presence exist.
And 'that' which IS...'is' aware of all of it.

I am expected to accept and forgive,
Those who offend me.
I am expected to do this,
Because those who do that...
Are aware I am black.
And being more than just black...
I AM. Is. And proud to be.

'Are we not 'all' mongrels? '

Let's take one layer at a time.
I address the minds who are still there...
Sniffing on their kept delusions.
Believing I have no significance to influence.
You do the 'mongrel' thing.
And I'll stay with specifics.
It's less easier to evade to degrade.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Do This Most Of The Time

Why do you claim with innocence,
You get it...
When you don't.

Why do you claim with innocence,
You get it...
When you don't.

Why do you claim with innocence,
You get it...
When you don't.

Why do you make such claims,
To think it as a game.
And then you want to change,
Your mind everytime.

Why do you claim with innocence,
You get it...
When you don't.

Why do you claim with innocence,
You get it...
When you don't.

Why do you make such claims,
To think it as a game.
Why do you claim with innocence,
You get it...
When you don't.
And then you want to change,
Your mind everytime...
Without a reason or a rhyme,
Anywhere to find.

Why do you claim with innocence,
You get it...
When you don't.
And...

Without a reason or a rhyme,
In your mind.

Why do you make such claims,
To think it as a game.
And then you want to change...
Your mind.

Why do you claim with innocence,
You get it...
When you don't.
Why do you,
Change your mind.
Why do you,
Do this...
Most of the time.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Do This To Me

I can do without you.
But my life,
Without you...
I could not live.
And I know you still remember.

I can do without you.
But you know you are my life.
I've given everything
When giving this would mean
I am here for you.

And...
You do this to me?
You say you want to leave...
Because you've found another?

You do this to me?
I can do without you.
But you know you are my life.
I've given everything
When giving this would mean
I am here for you.

And...
You do this to me?
You say you want to leave...
Because you've found another?
And now I know I've meant,
Nothing,
To you!

You do this to me?
You say you want to leave...
Because you've found another?

You do this to me?
I can do without you.
But you know you are my life.

I've given everything
When giving this would mean
I am here for you.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Don'T Even Know Me

You don't even know me.
Although you have been given clues.
Although I show I'm living...
Open, honest,
'And' being true.

You don't even know me.
To think of me as easy to dismiss.
To think of as someone without feelings.
Empty, thoughtless and no purpose meant.
Oh No!
You don't even know me.
Or what's in my heart that's there.
You don't know how deep I care for you.

You don't even know me.
Although you have been given clues.
Although I have been proving that I'm living...
As open, honest 'and' for you to do.
Oh No!
You don't even know me.
Or what's in my heart only you feed.
Oh No!
You don't know how deep...
I care for you.

You don't even know me.
Or...
How affectionate I wish to get.
Or...
How sometimes my feelings for you get,
Whenever I think that you are upset.
I wish there was something you see that proves,
I am here and care for you.

You don't even know me.
Although you have been given hints and clues.
Although I have been proving that I'm living...
Open, honest 'and' to you being true.

Oh No!
You don't even know me.
Or...
How affected you can make my feelings get.
It's true,
If you really knew me...
We would never have a disconnect.
And If you really knew me,
You would not show me a disrespect.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Don'T Have To Accept It For What It Is

See it the way you want to.
Call it what you wish.
Hop on one leg and do backflips.

Bling, trinkets and obsession with possessions,
Have changed in purpose and value.
Overnight this has happened.

And if you are the type that clings,
To the ways of yesterday...
It is going to be especially difficult for you to see,
A reality you have never embraced...
As it had been,
Rapidly change its significance...
In the minds of those who accepted it,
To have moved on to a higher consciousness.

Leaving you permanently cemented like so many,
In a concrete state of disbelief!
And whatever that belief was or had been...
Whichever way you want to put it,
Does not exist!

And you DON'T have to accept it,
For what it is.
And this 'may' bring you 'some' relief,
As you stubbornly face the days ahead.
You 'DON'T have to accept it,
For what it is.
You never have.
So...
What difference does it make 'now'?

Suggestion?
Do what you normally do.
Ignore the facts.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Don'T Have To Be Impossible

You don't have to be...
Impossible.
I understand,
The reason for your...
Incensed distance.

You don't have to be,
Afraid of me.
I too,
Like you...
Have spent my moments,
Shattered.

And left alone to mend.
As days flowed into days,
Unending.

You don't have to be...
Impossible.
You see...
I understand,
The reason for your...
Incensed distance.

You don't have to be,
Afraid of me.
I too,
Like you...
Have spent my moments,
Shattered.

But I refuse,
To sacrifice...
My life,
To live...
Without love.

You don't have to be...
Impossible.

I understand,
The reason for your...
Incensed distance.
But does it make,
Much sense to you...
To sacrifice,
Your life,
To live...
Without love.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Don'T Know 'Nuthin' About Me

People are known to become very protective,
When something they have done is suspected...
To be neglecting of their responsibility.
With proof known to be discovered as is shown.

And when that day happens,
To focus on their lack of accountability...
Belligerent and showing a lack of dignity,
Validates who they are and witnessed for all to see.

'You don't know me.
You don't know 'nuthin' about me.
How dare you tell me I am incapable,
Of being responsible or displaying discipline.'

Uh...maybe your actions speak for themselves?
And perhaps your boisterous acts that are combative,
Have committed you to denial and that's a fact.
I don't have to know you to observe that.

'So what are you saying?
You will not hire me because you percieve,
Me to be disruptive and I will do as I please?
With no regard to fellow employees.
And you feel I will not represent your company needs?
That sounds to me like discrimination.'

It sounds to me you have provided me with relief.

'Say what?
You don't know me.
You don't know 'nuthin' about me.
How dare you tell me I am incapable,
Of being responsible or displaying discipline? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Don'T Know The 'None' Of It

You don't know the 'none' of it.
Guess work does not make it exist.
To say you understand,
When blisters appear on my hands?
You don't know the 'none' of it.
Not with these feelings felt I command.

You don't know the 'none' of it.
You can hear and choose to listen.
But these wounds I bear.
And from them you are distant.

I appreciate the thoughts you share.
And your caring shown I am aware.
But you don't know the 'none' of it.
That's why I insist this chat we chit,
Leave us to land elsewhere defined and planned.
I rather not discuss,
A subject that makes me cuss.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Don'T Live In The 'Hood' Do You?

This...
I want you to consider.
Now...
Whether you commit it,
To a kept acknowledgement to admit...
Doesn't make me any difference.

I didn't have to go anywhere to seek fame.
Fame sought me.
And God has promised my fortune comes.
Either one I regard,
As a blessing for that which I have already done.

You are 'not' Christopher Columbus.
You did not discover me.
I have been right here for many years,
Long before your interest in adventure...
Became the focus of your journey.

This...
I want you to consider.
Now...
Whether you commit it,
To a kept acknowledgement to admit...
Doesn't make me any difference.
But...
Who brought to 'whom' the attention?
The HEN or the EGG that was laid?

'I'm sorry but you lost me.'

Who sought 'whom'...
After the work had already been done?
To bring the attention,
Now known to everyone?
Remember this,
Committed to your selective memory or not.
If what was there and known by 'someone',
You would not have come to acknowledge me at all.

Is this true or not?

'It is true.'

Then why do you persist on keeping a pretentiousness,
Like you do?
And you accuse me of not remembering,
From where I came?
As if I was born to become ashamed of my own name?
The less sense you make,
The more I understand your vacant shallowness.

However...
I haven't left those same doorsteps,
When it was 'you' I introduced to fame.
Would you like to know the day and time,
Of your arrival and visit?
Would you like me to correct,
Whatever that is your reminisce?

'No.
I am beginning to get clarity.'

You should keep it with you like I do.
At all times.
The mind is too wonderful to waste.
But you don't live in the 'hood' do you?

'No.'

I've never left it.
That's how I keep my mind grounded.
To know when I am being 'hounded' by fools,
Who can not seem to leave their delusions.
Look around.
Don't let the reality of how I live bring to you fear.
And it is the same one that has been here,
Before you left to adventure...
With a seeking of my appearance.
Remember?

'Yes.'

Now...
Do 'you' need assistance to get back,
From where you came from?
Or did YOU forget?

'No.
It's all coming back to me now.'

Good.
That makes us both happy.
But I don't enjoy the camping.
Nor do I have the need.

'Huh? '

Don't worry about it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

'You Don'T Mean A Thing To Me! '

'You don't mean a thing to me! '

Is that the message you want me to receive?
But each time you chance to see me publicly...
Your eyes begin to dance.
And that smile you try to hide from me.

'You don't mean a thing to me! '

You act that way in a crowd on the streets.
And when I pretend you are not there,
I 'feel' you secretly taking a peek!

'You don't mean a thing to me! '

You may say that to yourself frequently.
But each time my phone rings,
And I am at home
You hang up to leave me,
Listening to a dial tone!

'You don't mean a thing to me! '

Who are you wishing to convince?
Is this what you want me to believe?
Then why when my birthday comes around...
You send me a card signed...
'It's me, anonymous.
I am 'back' in town! '

'You don't mean a thing to me! '

Who are you really trying to fool?
Me, your friends or family?

I am told by others,
You actually ask about me.
And they tell me you act jealously,
When I'm with someone else...

Having fun and being carefree!

'You don't mean a thing to me! '

Is that the message you want me to receive.
But each time you chance to see me publicly...
Your eyes begin to dance.
And that smile you try to hide from me.

If what you show is not a true feeling at all,
Why even bother to sometimes call?

'You don't mean a thing to me! '

When that time comes...
And you find me in your heart,
The only one left...
You have not chased away,
From the start.
I will not be stunned,
Not one bit.
To discover you admitting...
You have a love for me that has been sitting.

But unlike you...
From the very beginning,
I'm not fearing to be near...
So you can hear these words clear,
~It's me, I love you.~

'You don't even know me! '

~I know.
But something tells me,
I will.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Don'T Understand

You made the choice to stay in one spot,
To complain what it is you have or have not.
And no matter who has done or said what to you,
Why do you continue to give power to it?
And what difference are you proving to make,
By remaining to blame someone else?

'You don't understand! '

You are right.
I have made a decision to live my own life.
And with mistakes, blemishes and flaws,
None of my time you will get to ruin or waste...
To understand why you have taken your life,
As an excuse not to live it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Don'T Want Nobody Comin' To You Just To Freak

You don't want nobody comin' to you just to freak,
Ooooobabe!
Do ya?

You don't want nobody comin' to you just to freak,
Do ya?
Baby.

Oh-oh-oh.
Oh ooooohhh.
Are you a freakin' baby?

Oh-oh-oh.
Oh ooooohhh.
Are you a freakin' baby?

You don't want nobody comin' to you just to freak,
Ooooobabe!
Do ya?

You don't want nobody comin' to you just to freak,
Ooooobabe.

I don't blame you for splitting off your life,
And living it for you.
I don't blame you for doing what's right,
'Cause there's no one who can say...
What they'd do.
If they could fit your shoes.
And there's no one here to recommend,
Where to go to get approval.

You don't want nobody comin' to you just to freak,
Do ya?
Ooooobabe!
Do ya?
Ooooobabe!
Do ya?
Ooooobabe!

Do ya?

Ooooo...
You don't want nobody comin' to you just to freak,
Do ya?
Babe.
You don't want nobody comin' to you just to freak,
Do ya?
Babe.

Oh oh oh
oh oh....
Ooooobabe!
Do ya?
Ooooobabe!
Do ya?
Ooooobabe!
Do ya?
Sssssss,
Ooooobabe!
Do ya?
Sssssss,
Ooooobabe!
Do ya?
Sssssss,
Ooooobabe!
Do ya?
Sssssss,
Ooooobabe!

You don't want nobody comin' to you just to freak,
Ooooobabe!
Do ya?

You don't want nobody comin' to you just to freak,
Ooooobabe.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Drive Me Crazy

You drive me crazy.
And I must,
Like...
The craze.

You drive me crazy.
You drive me crazy.
Say...
You drive me crazy.
And I must,
Like...
The craze.

You drive me crazy.
You drive me crazy.

All day long...
I knock my head against the wall.

Holding on...
To nothing that I own at all.

When night falls...
I need some time to just relax.
And not be nit picked behind my back.
With a nagging done by a maniac.

You drive me crazy.
And I must,
Like...
The craze.

You drive me crazy.
You drive me crazy.
Say...
You drive me crazy.
And I must,
Like...
The craze.

You drive me crazy.
You drive me crazy.

All day long...
I knock my head against the wall.

Holding on...
To nothing that I own at all.

When night falls...
I need some time to just relax.
And not be nit picked behind my back.
With a nagging done by a maniac.
Who greets me with verbal attacks.
And saps my energy like that.
Why can't I get my baggage packed.
And leave this scene before I scream.

All day long...
I knock my head against the wall.

Holding on...
To nothing that I own at all.
Why can't I get my baggage packed.
And leave this scene before I scream.

You drive me crazy.
And I must,
Like...
The craze.

You drive me crazy.
You drive me crazy.
Say...
You drive me crazy.
And I must,
Like...
The craze.

You drive me crazy.
You drive me crazy.

All day long...
You drive me crazy.
You drive me crazy.

Something's wrong...
You drive me crazy.
You drive me crazy.
And I must,
Like...
The craze.
You drive me crazy.
You drive me crazy.
And I must,
Like...
The craze.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Enchant Me

Enchant me,
Even with my eyes closed...
You do.

Weaving a spell.
And I wish not to resist.
Will I get to see you again?
I wish.
With a wanting to approach,
Yet fearing to be rejected.

Enchant me,
Even with my eyes closed...
You do.
So brave am I with my wants.
So weak am I to get my needs met.

Enchant me you do.
And I can't seem to tell you of this.
So brave am I with my wants.
So weak am I to get my needs met.
Although with each step I take,
I promise myself I'll take another.

Enchant me,
Even with my eyes closed...
You do.
Do I wish you didn't?
I don't but if I did...
How would you know you enchant me?

How would you know I am weak to get my needs met?
Although I am brave to know my wants remain to stay.
Enchant me,
Even with my eyes closed...
You do.
And how and why you do this I still don't know.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Expect Me To Remember That?

The only thing given to the one who succeeds,
Is an ability to tolerate...
Comments made and actions done,
By those who create obstacles.
Who then later pretend with attempts to convince,
They've known from their own involvement...
What those efforts were taken by another.
And the years of support they either donated,
Or supplied along the way.
Since no one survives alone.

'That's strange.
Your name has never once been mentioned.'

~I know.
See how ungrateful people can be?
And I remember when we walked home,
From elementary school together.~

'That school was less than a block away,
From where we use to live.
It's not even there anymore.'

~That's what I'm saying.
People always try to forget where they came from.~

'How long ago was that? '

~I don't know.
You expect me to remember that? ~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Expect The Motor Slowed

You've got my loving running.
And I'm feeling dedicated,
To keep this heat succeeded.

You've got my loving running.
And I'm feeling dedicated,
To keep this heat succeeded...
And our meetings heated!

But you expect the motor slowed,
I know.
And I can't help but speed the engine...
And go!

You expect the motor slowed,
I know.
But I can't help but speed the engine...
And go!

You've got my loving running.
And I'm feeling dedicated,
To keep this heat succeeded...
And our meetings heated!

But,
You expect the motor slowed,
I know.
And I can't help but speed the engine...
And go!

You expect the motor slowed,
I know.
But I can't help but speed the engine...
And go go go.

You expect the motor slowed,
I know.
And I can't help but speed the engine...
And go!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Feel A Sense Of Worthlessness

If those 'things' did not exist,
Would you still be who you are?
They have given you a sense of status.
And without them,
You feel a sense of worthlessness.
And you have paid a price to have them.
Even when they must be taken away...
They seem to stale with the commonplace of their use.
Taken for granted and has seduced...you,
Into shameless needing!
Like an appendage depended upon.

And you?
You try not to feel lost without them!
But you lay craving their use.
Feeling useless.
You can not do without them.
They are attached like a habit.
Like a muscle flexed.

They grow on you to affix themselves.
Like a missing leech recognized when absent.
However...
These taxing blood suckers have no feeling for you at all.
They are just things!
Things.
Things.
And yet those things...
They stay on your mind!
On your mind they stay.
And yet...those things?
If those 'things' did not exist,
Would you still be who you are?
Would you recognize yourself,
Without them?

Who are you anyway?
Do you know?
Have you cared to know?

If those 'things' did not exist,
Would you still be who you are?
They have given you a sense of status.
And without them,
You feel a sense of worthlessness.
And you have paid a price to have them.
Even when they must be taken away...
They seem to stale with the commonplace of their use.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Feel Me?

Everything and everyone under the Sun,
Seeks to be closer to something...
Or someone.

Rarely are there exceptions to this.
Unless someone has been taught,
To forget this closeness nonsense...
And wont have none of it.

Still there can be seen trees growing majestically.
Even someone or some 'thing',
That stands out to get attention it brings.

But when it comes to hearts, eyes and ears...
It becomes difficult to separate them,
From the touch of emotions.

I'm not going to admit I know a thing about this,
Since I am suppose to be aloof, cold and indifferent.
To those I choose to be aloof, cold and indifferent to!

I am not experiencing my life,
Just to be used to benefit someone else's pleasures.
I have my own I'd like to 'share' to get 'there'.
You feel me?
I wish you could!

Everything and everyone under the Sun,
Seeks to be closer to something...
Or someone.

And when it comes to hearts, eyes and ears...
It becomes difficult to separate them,
From the touch of emotions.

I'm not going to admit I know a thing about this,
Since I am suppose to be aloof, cold and indifferent.
To those I choose to be aloof, cold and indifferent to!

You feel me?
No not you.
The other one to the left of you and looking away!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You 'Feelin' Me?

Look...
For the record!
I AM a writer.
It is much more than liking it!
I AM it!

I AM this creative being.
I was born this way.
You know how some folks,
Can't make up their minds from time to time?
I don't understand that.
I don't have that problem.
The problem I'm confronted with,
Are those who believe I seek their approval...
Or acceptance.
Or 'tolerance' for my behavior.
And it has taken me years to convince them...
Even 'if' they did not exist,
I'd still be doing 'this'!

Or finding time to compose, act or direct.
Sing or dance or just sit to reflect.
Or write my opinions to submit in response...
To some nonsense I've read in a local newspaper,
Feeding BS to dead heads.
To inject their community hostilities.
That 'game is played all over the place!
This 'business' about fitting 'in' to please...
Has never comforted me personally,
Or my needs, desires or wishes I dream.
I'm not focused into who did what to who...
And got mad as hell!
I thought eyes were meant to roll,
Until my mother said to me...
'Boy, you better stop rolling your eyes at me.
Before I pop 'em right out of your head!
AND look at me when I'm talking to you.'

My mom had a way of getting my sisters and I

To listen to her!
It was quite a different intimidation than my father's.
He would just fix his eyes on me and not move them,
At all.
Not even blink for minutes.
Or say a word.
He was 'extremely' convincing.

Look...
For the record!
I AM a writer.
It is much more than liking it!
I AM it!
I AM this creative being.
I was born this way.
My identity is intact!
And I thank God for that.
Because the 'normalcy' of 'your' world...
Leaves much to be questioned and debated,
For the reality of it that is 'suppose' to reflect truth.
Very little of that is expressed!
You 'feelin' me?

I AM a process of evolution.
A creative aspect of life.
Just like all of nature should be.
I am about growth and change.
And none of that I am asking for
From anyone's pocket to spare.
Or decide I qualify to be who I AM.
I don't play that!
It is not a condition of my mission.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Figure It Out

You figure it out.
Why I don't sleep in 'our' bed.
And you figure it out.
Why I'm somewhere else instead.
And YOU figure it out,
Why I don't care what you've done or did.

You figure it out.
Why from you I stay away.
And you figure it out.
Why from you I chose to stray.
And you figure it out,
Why my mind 'aint' on you anymore.

I'm done with it.
I'm done with all your nonsense.
And,
You figure it out.

I am done with trying.
And hearing your crying fits.
And your foolish pointless arguments.

I'm done with it.
I'm done with all your nonsense.
And,
You figure it out.
What it's all about!

You figure it out.
Why from you I stay away.
And you figure it out.
Why from you I chose to stray.
And you figure it out,
Why my mind 'aint' on you anymore.

I'm done with trying.
And hearing crying fits.
And your foolish pointless arguments.

I'm done with it.
And,
You figure it out.
I'm done with your nonsense.
And,
You figure it out.
I'm done with those arguments.
And you figure it out.

You figure it out.
Why I don't sleep in 'our' bed.
And you figure it out.
Why I'm somewhere else instead.
And YOU figure it out,
Why I don't care what you've done or did.
And why I'm in somebody else's bed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Folks Don'T Know What You Want

You wanted to receive it.
And you told me to keep it real.

Why do you hold your stomach...
As if you are sick?

Why do you wave your hand?
You wish for more...
Or do you wish for me to stop it?
Which is it?

Give me a sign by patting your foot.
Two means stop.
And one means go!
Don't give me that look.

I don't understand now what you want!
Because both arms are swinging wildly.
And you are stomping both feet,
Crazily on the floor!
In this quiet restaurant.

'No...
We are fine.
We are having a business meeting.
Sorry for the distraction.'

Are you choking?
Just to provoke?
Just to create a scene...
To get others to watch you,
Try to demean?

You asked me!
Remember that.

You folks 'today' don't know what you want!

Falling to the floor and rolling,

Was not one of the options.

You asked 'me'.
Remember that!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Fulfill My Needs

The way You fulfill my needs...
I witness.
Those doubting You,
And insist You do not exist...
I leave them alone!
I am pleased You have shown me Your light.
And You have confirmed I do not have to prove
I am right about You!
You 'are' there!
And I am here to receive my blessings!
The way You fulfill me needs...
Keeps me devoted to You,
In constant prayer!
And I will be there attracted...
To this attachment!
What others feel about You and me,
And Your ability to please...
May 'say' they know You,
But 'why' do they moan and sigh like they do?
They way You fulfill my needs...
I witness.
I am right about You!
You 'are' there!
And I am here to receive my blessings!
The way You fulfill me needs...
Keeps me devoted to You,
In constant prayer!
The others on their knees pleading...
Seem to fear to test their faith!
And perhaps that is way they fake their closeness.
Believing You aren't near to hear them.
Trying to prosper from You,
Like thieves out of sight and out of Your view!
They way You fulfill my needs...
I witness.
And You have allowed me to see 'them' too!
You have allowed me to 'see' and know truth.
I no longer fantasize!
Thank You for opening wider my eyes!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Give Intelligent Life A Bad Name

You give intelligent life a bad name.
Your behavior is quite ignorant...
And you display it without any shame.
A daily deposit of snide comments,
Seems a trend you send with ease.
And those you subject,
To disrespect unsuspectedly...
Aren't amused and far from pleased.

At least in public...
Your actions aren't received!

You give intelligent life a bad name...
For attention that's obviously apparent.
But no one who observes you,
Acting with such disgust...
Find fault at all with your parents?

They probably waited until you slept,
Packed their bags and left,
You alone!
Who made you believe
An attitude like yours
Was ever acceptable or condoned?

You give intelligent life a bad name.

Are you an experiment...
From another time unknown?
Or have you been around
Being an obnoxious clown,
Reflecting social patterns
No one admits...
In this 'town'
Are quite like our own! ?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Give Me That You Like Me Nod

You give me that you like me nod.
And I...
Nod back.

You give me that you like me nod.
And I...
Nod back.

You give me that you like me nod.
And I...
Nod back.
Thinking what we're doing is,
A fact.
And wanting you I hope it is,
Satisfaction.
You're feeling what I'm feeling...
To give back!
Like that.

You give me that you like me nod.
And I...
Nod back.
Thinking what we're doing is,
A fact.
And wanting you I hope it is,
Satisfaction.
You're feeling what I'm feeling...
To give back!
Like that.

You give me that you like me nod.
And I...
Nod back.

You give me that you like me nod.
And I...
Nod back.

You give me that you like me nod.

And I...
Nod back.
And I...Nod back
To get another nod from you right back!
And...
Thinking what we're doing is,
A fact.
And wanting you I hope it is,
Satisfaction.
You're feeling what I'm feeling...
To give back!
Like that.
You give me that you like me nod.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Give 'We' Love

Holding each other like this.
So close I wish,
We could smother.

No other joy do I get.
None to compare,
To another.

You share your love.
From you it's deep and it penetrates me.

You share such love.
I feel the magic and its harmony.

Growing each day,
With this love!
I notice we are so happy.

And knowing what this love's made of...
Promises it as it should be!

You give 'we' love.
One that is real...
With revealing honesty.

It is 'we' love.
It is as it is received and kept believed.
This IS 'we' love!
One that is cherished,
And one we will keep!

You give 'we' love!

Holding each other like this.
So close I wish,
We could smother.

No other joy do I get.
None to compare,

To another.

This IS 'we' love!
One that is cherished,
And one we will keep!

You give 'we' love.
One that is real...
With revealing honesty.

It is 'we' love.
It is as it is received and kept believed.

Growing each day,
With this love!
I notice we are so happy.
'Cause you give 'we' love.

Yes,
You give 'we' love.
You give 'we' love.
Yes,
This is 'we' love!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Gotta Get Up, And Get Away... Boy!

You gotta get up,
And get away...
Boy.
The beating of the streets has aged,
And...
You like repeated.
You gotta get up,
And get away...
Boy.
The beating of the streets has aged,
And...
You like repeated.

From noon until dawn,
You hustle...
To get a buck!
And hustle.
From noon until dawn,
You hustle...
To get a buck!
And hustle.

Between sunsets...
There you are,
At that spot you've got.
And,
You hustle...
To get a buck.
And hustle.
From noon until dawn,
You hustle...
To get a buck!
And hustle.
From noon until dawn,
You hustle...
To get a buck!
And hustle.

Between sunsets...

There you are at that spot you've got.
And you hustle...
To get a buck.
But you can't give that hustle up?

From noon until dawn,
You hustle,
And you can't give up...
Your hustle,
To get a buck!

From noon until dawn,
You hustle,
And you can't give up...
Your hustle,
To get a buck!
The beating of the streets has aged,
And...
You like repeated.

You gotta get up,
To get away...
Boy!
You gotta get up,
To get up!

You gotta get up,
To get away...
Boy!
You gotta get up,
To get up!

You gotta get up,
To get away...
Boy!
You gotta get up,
To get up,

You gotta get up,
To get up.

You gotta get up,

To get up.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Had Me Tasting Hate!

Why now you all up in my 'grill'?

You've dropped my heart,
That stopped.
I felt that way,
When I could not catch my breath.
And you planned it.

I've been rocked more than not,
By you.
Rushing back and forth pacing...
When you did not come home.
Or if you did it was late!

You had me tasting hate!

But I can't forget...
You and I had met to love!

To me then you meant a lot.
And I was faithful.
Until you took me for granted.
To break my heart!
Like it was a piece of cheap meat!
To show no gratitude.

I was there for you.
Down on knees to plead,
Don't leave.
No more!
You believed that was weakness.

And now you wish for me to swallow pride?
Knowing I've been good.
Treating you like I should!

Why now you all up in my 'grill'?
You left me to seek thrills.
Remember?

You had me tasting hate!
And what's on my plate now...
I find delicious.
And happy you are not around to serve,
A bit of it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Have A Good Day Too

Don't you wish folks you confide in,
Were more reliable?
And you can depend on what is said...
Not to change,
From day to day.

And sometimes I am the one asked,
Why I am so moody?
I know I'm reflecting what is going on.
In these times of rapid change!
I can leave home with a smile on my face...
To come back and be unrecognized by my neighbors.

'Mind your business and shut up!
Of course it's me!
You don't have to threaten to call the police.
Would I have a 'key' if I was trying to break in?

No...
I've had no recent 'work' done on my face.
It has to be the lighting!

No no no!
No need to apologize.
I understand!

Yeah,
Whatever.
You have a good day too,
Mrs. Peeper! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Have Answered Your Own Question

How can a people be awakened,
Who refuse to listen or pay attention.
What else can be done,
To keep them from suffering needlessly?

'Suppose what they are doing is a preference?
Afterall...
What did it take to keep you awake? '

A desire, purpose and motivation.
With an ongoing quest to seek truth.

'Well...
It seems to me,
You have answered your own question.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Have Been Given Another Point Of View

I apologize if I offend you.
And those delusions you've been fed to keep.
But you see...
My life is not lived in Hollywood.
And none of my ancestors,
Came close to serving time...
On a movie set.

My comments may come as a surprise,
To upset your insights.
But my reality has been annointed by the ghetto.
In those urban centers of city life.
Where very few of those so called 'elite' go.

I apologize if I offend you.
Although I could easily cuss you out.
And not have my bitter experiences,
Think twice about it.
I was not shelter by protectors with the giving of lollipops.
Dysfunctions of all kinds I knew as friends.
I've been blessed with a mind that sees beyond limitations.

I share this with you,
Because I know of me...
You have been given another point of view.
And I don't want you to receive the wrong directions,
By anyone who believes they know...me!
And...
Where I have been, where I am now and where I intend to go.
And only that is revealed,
When I arrive to leave upon my announcing it.
If I wish.
And often I don't.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Have Been Successful At That

You say you are slow to change.

I say you've been conditioned and programmed,
To seek and adapt to limitation.

You say your beliefs are based on faith!

And yet every move you make,
You do in fear.

You say you are blessed!

With what?
Anxiety and stress?

You can not deal with reality!
That's an assessment.

Because you say it makes you depressed.

Not exactly in those words.
But that's what you project!

You wish to run away when the truth is spoken.
And you do that often,
To quickly disappear.

Dismissing it to say...
You prefer not to listen to 'that' mess.

Whatever you're not comprehending...
Remains blocked and attached to fears you endear.
Within your mind that is troubled.

I can understand 'why' you find me strange and unusual.
I do!
Because unlike you,
I will not satisfy my mind by keeping it confined!

And you have been successful at that!
Like many who have made denial a career.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Have Got To Know Me

If you really want to know what it's like...
To hold a pillow tight without crying,
But...
Feeling inside your emotions are dying.
Well...
You have got to know me.
'Cause,
I've been there not to leave.

If you really want to know what it's like...
To hold a pillow tight without crying,
But...
Feeling inside your emotions are dying.
Well...
You have got to know me.
'Cause,
I've been there not to leave.

You have got to know me.
And...
This you'll agree when you see!
This is...
I,
Guarantee.
You have 'got' to know me.

How about now?
We can get together and feed that need.
We can get together and...

How about now?
We can get together and feed that need.
Feed that need.
Feed that need

How about how about now?
We can get together and feed that need.
How about how about now?
We can get together and...

Feed that need.
Feed that need

What about now?
We can get together and...
What about now?
Feed that need.
What about now?
We can get together and...
What about now?
Feed that need.

If you really want to know what it's like...
To hold a pillow tight without crying,
But...
Feeling inside your emotions are dying.
Well...
You have got to know me.
'Cause,
I've been there not to leave.
But...
We can get together and...
Feed that need.
We can get together and...
Feed it, feed it.

We can get together and...
Feed that need.
We can get together and...
Feed it, feed it.

We can get together and...
Feed that need.
We can get together and...
Feed it, feed it.

We can get together and...
Feed that need.
We can get together and...
Feed it.

We can get together and...

Feed that need.
We can get together and...
Feed it.

We can get together and...
Feed that need.
We can get together and...
Feed it.

You Have Got To Know Me

When you feel it.
And it's been fed...
To leave drenched sheets,
Drippin' that wetness off the bed.

You Have Got To Get To Know Me

When you feel it.
And it's been fed...
To leave drenched sheets,
Drippin' wetness off the bed.

You Have Got To Know Me

When you feel it.
And it's been fed...
To leave drenched sheets,
Drippin' that wetness off the bed.

You Have Got To Know Me
When you feel it.
You Have Got To Know Me
When you feel it,
And it's fed...
To leave the legs shaking off of the bed.
You Have Got To Get To Know Me
When you feel it.
And it's been fed...
To leave drenched sheets,
Drippin' wetness off the bed.
You Have Got To Know Me

To feel it.
You Have Got To Know Me
To know when it's fed.
To know me.

You Have Got To Know Me
To know when it's fed.
To know me.

You Have Got To Know Me
To know when it's fed.
To know me.
You Have Got To Know Me
To know.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Have Heard This Before

I've earned the right to be anything I wish.
To moo on a farm like a cow in heat...
Or sit as a bull watching TV,
With channels beamed from a satellite dish.

If I were to wear stiletto heels or football cleats.
None of that I choose to do,
Will be awaiting in a patientness for an approval...
From you!

And I am sure you have heard this before?
Since the reciting of this sounds too familiar.
Leaving me feeling unchallenged,
And bored.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Have Invented Your Own Rivals

You have invented your own rivals.
Now you must initiate creative ways,
To explain why those you have picked...
Have no interest in participating,
In childish pranks limited to immaturity.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Have Made A Life Lived To Them Look Easy

Stay away from those who try to reduce,
Your experiences to their limited point of view.
They will attempt to discredit what it is you have done,
Because you have made a life lived to them look easy.
And you are only available to accept and listen,
To every detail of their nonsense.
And any patience with peace you have earned,
They will test with an expressing of their ignorance of it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Have Me Here To Raise My Voice

Thank You,
For the flowing of my blessings...
Dear Almighty!
I am neither rich,
Nor do I live in a ditch.
And I am grateful for this.
Because my life...
Without You there...
I could be tossed and turned.
Bearly existing anywhere.

And I,
Thank You,
For the flowing of my blessings...
Dear Almighty!
I am neither rich,
Nor do I live in a ditch.
And I am grateful for this.
Because my life...
Without You there...
I could be tossed and turned.
Bearly existing anywhere.

You have me here,
To praise You.
You have me here,
To raise my voice...
In thankfulness!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Have No Idea

No recognition today to me you can give,
Will change the facts of my life.
Or your attempts made to discredit,
And diminish them.
With a doing to have them eliminated,
As if my memory and emotions can be subtracted.
My experiences and my mind are not detached.

And no apologies you can mention,
With a doing to bestow upon me your attention...
Will not return time to give me back.
My faith and kept belief has taken care of that.

And I want you to remember this...
If you perceive I should be and show to you,
Gratitude, a bowed head and a dropping of a tear...
Not an eye will you see a dripping to drop appear!
You have no idea or a clue how many times my lips,
Have healed from being bitten with a licking of the blood.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Have No Idea How Deeply I Love

I will give you the shirt off my back.
The shoes off my feet.
Even my last dollar,
I need desperately.
I am compassionate to a fault.

And I will be guilty,
That I admit.

But show me any indication,
You can treat me with continued...
Indignation.
And I will freeze up on you,
As if you have awakened for a long visit...
At the North Pole.

And I will be guilty,
That I admit.

If 'ever' you decide,
You want to test what I've got inside...
Be prepared to shiver.
Because to you will be a cold breeze,
From me I will be quick to deliver.
You have no idea how deeply I love!

And I will be guilty,
That I admit.

I have been taught,
By the best of teachers!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Have No Idea How Grateful I Am To You

Remember when you told me,
To go fly a kite?
Did you envision it to be seen,
By so many people?
That one suggestion,
Opened for me so many doors.

What else do you see in my future?
Anything luxurious on four wheels?
Any cruises on that menu?
How about a loving relationship...
With delicious chemistry and communication?
First or last names?
I'll even take initials at this point.
Let me know, okay?

When you told me to go fly a kite?
And I did?
You have no idea how grateful I am to you.

Here...
I brought to you the string.
Hold onto it.
And the first 'vibe' you get from it...
Call me,
Immediately!

What other talents have you been keeping from me?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Have No Idea What You Are Up Against

You have no idea what you are up against.
And yet you have been conditioned,
To pray to 'It' without committment!

It hears and listens to all of the nonsense.
With those professions of devotion...
From an emptiness,
Faithfully dismissed.
As soon as the ritual...
Has satisfied a mind,
Limited in consciousness.

You have no idea what you are up against.
And yet you have been conditioned,
To pray to 'It' without committment!

In a belief whatever 'It' is...
Can be overwhelmed by flattery.
With wishes the 'act' delivers,
Something that can be 'shown'
How much you known 'It'!
And 'It' has chosen you...
To make 'Its' presence known!
Whether you 'own' or lease,
Your chariot from your sheltered crevice.

You have no idea what you are up against.
And yet you have been conditioned,
To pray to 'It' without committment!
And this 'It' sees.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Have No Need For The Ones You Have

Continue to procrastinate.
Do nothing,
But waste your time!
Advice solicited given to you...
Has been excused,
While you choose to make up your mind.
Time after time...
After time each time!

Keep your steps reluctant.
Make decisions you say are with faith.
Remain stubborn not listening to others.
And hesitate,
Sitting while you wait!
In a selfish self debate,
You salivate...
Deliciously,
When speaking of your fate.

Those dreams you wish fulfilled with promise?
With hopes?
Came by to knock on your door!
But you were inside,
With doubts you did not stop!
And those knocks you heard,
You left ignored!
And away from you,
They've gone forevermore!

There was a delivery that came,
Especially for you.
But those 'gifts' disappeared.
When you made it clear and obvious...
You have no need for the ones you have.
And the ones you have you fear!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Have Not Knocked

You've never not...
Come to knock.
Come to knock,
At my door...
With words 'I told you so! '

You've never not...
Come to knock.
Come to knock,
At my door...
With words 'I told you so! '

When I had been in double struggles,
You have not knocked.
Or when I had been on my knees,
You have not knocked.
And when I felt grumpy and crunchy,
You have not knocked.
Or when I've asked you to leave me,
You have not knocked.

You know I can get really moody,
But, you have not knocked.
And carry drama to extremes,
No, you have not knocked.
You've stuck with me when I've been stinky,
And, you have not knocked.
To me you are my 'everything',
And I love you a lot.

You've never not...
Come to knock.
Come to knock,
At my door...
With words 'I told you so! '

You've never not...
Come to knock.
Come to knock,

At my door...
With words 'I told you so! '

Whenever I've been down and dumpy,
You have not knocked.
Or when I've picked my wounds to bleed so,
You have not knocked.
And when I pout with rudeness rooted,
You have not knocked.
Or when I whined consistently,
No, you have not knocked.

You know I can get really moody,
But, you have not knocked.
And carry drama to extremes,
But, you have not knocked.
You've stuck with me when I've been stinky,
And, you have not knocked.
To me you are my 'everything',
Because of patience you've got.

You've never not...
Come to knock.
Come to knock,
At my door...
With words 'I told you so! '

You've never not...
Come to knock.
Come to knock,
At my door...
With words 'I told you so! '

And...
In my heart you are adored.
That's what I need to show you more.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Have Not Yet Learned How To Live

Look not do I,
For your attention.
And giving is for me,
Something that I naturally do.

I am not seeking anything,
To receive an expectation of respect.
If I get it I get it.
But I do know what's for me is true.
I do know what's for me is best.

I want to see you happy.
To see you smile,
Is my gift from you.
I want to see you happy.
And If I am guilty of that...
That explains your attitude.

I've already experienced the affects,
Of being selfish...
And learning lessons from it.
I've already experienced a self centeredness.
To believe I was the beginning...
With a power to see,
What I wished to end next.

And I thank God,
For showing me how I was blessed.
By teaching me WHO and WHAT truly ruled.
With a taking away from me,
What I most loved as a test.
Dear friends and family were taken away.
Until I thought I was also going to lose my breath.

I've already experienced the affects,
Of being selfish...
And learning lessons from it.
I've already experienced a self centeredness.
To believe I was the beginning...

With a power to see,
What I wished to end next.

And after learning painful lessons,
That did not take me long to get.
I know that it is in the giving.
And not living with a mind filled with selfishness.

I want to see you happy.
To see you smile,
Is my gift from you.
I want to see you happy.
And If I am guilty of that...
That explains your attitude.
You have not yet learned how to live.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Have Not Yet Learned To Survive

You have not yet learned to survive.
I've heard you make excuses for it.
As you sit in the comfort of your parents' home.
Who provide amenities,
You use and they condone.

You have not yet learned to survive.
I listen to you pass your judgements,
On my appearance and how I dress.
And how I live alone,
Without complaints of being stressed.
And every bill I pay...
I do that on my own.
And that stress factor?
I have no reason to make that known.

You have not yet learned to survive.

You say you raise children?
Who are more with your folks than they are with you.
I have yet to see you do that by yourself.
Without complaining you have no social life left.
And you say your folks are always in your business.
If you stayed away and took care of it,
No one but you would know what that business is.

But you like to announce you have no life and two kids!

And then you tell me,
I don't know what life is about?
I don't know what it is to sacrifice?
Since I have it made living alone,
With no creditors ringing my phone!
And I am always at home I never go out!

Where 'is' your mind?
At Six Flags?
Or DisneyWorld?
Which one is it?

You have not yet learned to survive.
Not if you are relying on others,
To keep your lifestyle alive!

And I know you want to keep your 'lifestyle' alive!

Along with your siblings!
Who bring 'their' children...
For stops at mom and pop's.
To leave and come back when they please!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Have Nothing To 'Anyone' To Prove

SOMETIMES...
Not often,
I am amused to meet...
Someone from my childhood,
Who attempts to re-invent...
The events I lived through,
From 'their' memory!

And how good it was,
In those days long gone...
When I was made to do chores,
As other kids played...
And I was home taking out garbage,
Washing dishes...
And mopping and sweeping floors.

As I look back at those days today,
I can say I am no longer bitter...
By how I was raised.
Or the fact that I had been called names.
But a fear I did not express.
Although I walked with my head down,
Feeling insecure and shamed.
'You're gonna fix this God? '
I would 'always' ask!

Today?
I live not too far from that same neighborhood.
And God has made so many things 'right' in my life.

That bitterness that use to sit within me?
Has been replaced by so much joy these days.
~Gee...
Is this 'me' feeling all this happiness? ~

I am tempted to evaluate others.
But I can 'feel' my mother daring me to do it.
And hearing her voice whisper in my ear to say...
'Larry, you have nothing to 'anyone' to prove.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Have Raised These Weeds

I don't make this statement
To have you agree with me...
I make this comment,
Because this is what I see.

You can't raise children to be men and women!
The children of today have been spoiled
By what has been given!
They are nurtured like a plant or a pet
Around the house.
They are fed much nonsense and reflect,
What we have put out!
If it's garbage in our minds and garbage that we eat...
What do you expect to find on the streets?
Pansies and Roses?
Lilacs and Hibiscus?
Pruned trees and bushes...
And manicured lawns we sweat to treat?
If you have not encouraged your 'crops' to grow,
How do you expect your harvest to 'glow'?
You have raised these 'weeds'...
And that's the point I want to make!
You ignored advice from the 'gardener',
And that has been YOUR mistake!
Those choking 'vines' that grew from your home
That have driven you to heartbreak...
Have been your responsibility,
And it now shows upon your face!
And now you want them to leave you alone?
These 'creatures' are yours...
Reflecting what you have condoned!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Have Served Our Country Well

Stand up straight!
Suck in that gut.
Eyes forward!
And you better not blink,
Or twitch a muscle!
Now repeat clearly...
And speak as if you want my attention!
Do not mumble!
If I detect you are...
You will begin again.
Staying put and in place until I determine I understand
What you want me to know!
Now Speak...

'Honey,
I'm glad you're home.
And I can tell you have served our country well!
But ALL I honestly want you to do,
Is relax.
These inspection routines before we have sex...
Has gotten a bit out of control!
I'm standing at attention butt naked!
And you look absolutely ridiculous wearing combat boots,
With a pith helmet and goggles!
Your wish to have this kind of foreplay every single night,
Has affected 'Mr. Johnson'!
And you have 'him' afraid to death to perform!
See...?
He looks like a turtle!
Trying like hell not to come out of his shell!
I'm not with this women in the military business at all!
And you have taken your squad leader position,
Far too seriously!
Don't you think?
These routines are not helping my performances at all! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Have Skeletons In Your Closet

A faithful presence kept within,
Isn't in need of outside intervention.
Or someone to assess the depth of it.

A faithful presence kept within,
Has been tested through one's experiences.
And not a piece of it is scattered,
To allow judgemental critique...
Others unconsciously,
Enjoy to see another in defeat.

A faithful presence kept within,
Reflects a strength in battles against opposition.
With an emotional bleeding,
One may feel but does not show.

'You are not perfect.
I've known and have seen what you've done.
You have skeletons in your closet.
Just like everyone.'

~Those skeletons.
Were they behind door number one, two or three?
And while you were whispering behind my back...
There's not an aspect of my life,
Hidden from the eyes of God who keeps contact.~

'I know you 'sin'.'

I never said I didn't
Or will not again.

A faithful presence kept within,
Isn't in need of outside intervention.
Or someone to assess the depth of it.
I am a work-in-progess.
And 'that' I don't pretend.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Have Taught Me To Make More Eye Contact

There is a side of me,
You are getting very close to see.
But I am so afraid that part of me,
You will not believe.
And you will come not to appreciate it.
Although the growing of it,
Is slowly being revealed.

'I've already seen that.
I didn't realize you could make it bigger.'

Well...
I am trying.
But you are making it more relaxed,
Whenever we are together.

'Relaxed?
Is that why it's so small?
You shouldn't keep it to yourself.
What is it that I should do...
To make it as big as possible? '

Don't worry.
You are teaching me more about communication.
And the bigger I feel that is growing between us.

'OH! ?
That's the part you're talking about?
Communication? '

YES!
That's the biggest part in any relationship!
Oh...
And where is your mind?

'Well,
I must admit...
You have taught me to make more eye contact.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Have That For Life

All I have to give you is my loyalty.
You have that for life.
Since you give respect to me.
Inspite of my flights...
Sometimes spent indulging myself,
With a self centeredness.

I didn't have to ask,
For that from you to give.
Even at my most disgusting times...
You encouraged me to live.
And if I did that,
You would be happy.

You taught me to share more of that with you.
And together it has been given.
To release our competition for it.
With a giving that did not diminish.
It grew.
As I did too!

All I have to give you is my loyalty.
You have that for life.
Since you give respect to me.
Inspite of my flights...
Sometimes spent indulging myself,
With a self centeredness.

And if and when those needs now come...
We allow each other the space to breathe,
Separately.
And finding that important to be done,
Alone.
That is why I love you.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You 'Have' To Notice It

Lets...
Discuss,
Racism.
And how it affects you daily.

'It doesn't.'

Comeon.
You have to notice it?

'I do.'

So...
You are affected.

'No.
I am not.'

Of course you are.
You are obviously black.
A black man.

'And? '

If I were black I would notice that.
Everywhere I would notice it.
Everywhere I went...
It would be on my mind.
In my consciousness.
I'd be full of resentment.
I wouldn't be able to sleep,
Knowing I stood out amongst all people.
I would feel insecure.
Emotionally tormented inside,
With wishes to be white.
I would be...

Are you done?

'Yes.
But I just wanted you to know,
How I would feel...
IF I were a black man.'

Sorry to disappoint you.
Perhaps my commitment,
To having an identity with purpose first...
Has not prioritized my being black.
As much as you have.
Are you hoping one day I will feel inferiror?

'You don't? '

By what or who?

'Those who feel they are better than you.'

I don't fantasize.
But I realize there are many who do.
And I notice them everywhere I go.
You have to notice it too?

'I don't.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Haven'T Answered My Question

Am I a racist?
Do I have the ability to hire,
Fire or control any aspect of your life?
With a determining of your economic future?

'Well...
No.
Of course not.
But that still doesn't answer my question.

You haven't answered my question.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Haven'T Been Bushed Yet!

You haven't been bushed yet!
You haven't been as bushed
As a bushed man can get.
Because a bushed man bushed,
Gets down on his knees
Doing the best he can
To get a whiff...
Of whatever fresh air is left!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Hoaxed Me

You've got me,
Trembling as if I am blind of sight.
And afraid to move around in my own space...
Feeling out of place,
In the dark of night.
Afraid a vampire will leap out,
With a growing of fangs to take a bite!

Oh you've got me,
Wishing for a pinch to awake from a breaking...
To escape,
From my own place I regarded as sacred space.

Oh yes,
You've got me...
Feeling like a bamboozeled fool,
Looking to cover my feet with only one shoe to use.
A bluesy loser knowing I am being abused.

I think you hoaxed me to be your joke!
And I set my own trap...
Allowing you to coach!

You've got me in a stupor as if I'm drugged on dope.
Swinging by my neck,
From a choke holding rope.
And trying to shake myself free,
From a miserable squeeze buckling my knees

You've got me...
Wishing I could slip and loosen from your noose.
Realizing too late I chose,
A monster wishing to bake my goose...
Just to see me be disposed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Just Haven'T Discovered That Yet

'Mommie?
What is substance and quality?
We've been given an assigment,
To describe what it is in an essay.'

Substance is something one wishes to have,
When a missing of a quality has been overpriced.

'I see.
So...
In other words,
You're telling me...
You have no clue either.'

What did your father say about it?

'He said,
Substance is something sacrificed...
When the quality of it has been diminished,
To the getting of it only lasting for two minutes.'

Go tell your father,
He need not worry about the quality of the substance,
Any longer.

'Why is it,
When I ask you two a question...
The answers have nothing to do,
With my assignment.'

They do.
And they will.
You just haven't discovered that yet.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Just One Lucky Dude

Hardships.
Pain and sorrow.
Discipline, sacrifice.
Loneliness and isolation.

Holding on to have a dream,
Realized as wished.
With no guarantee of its final appearance,
Is what it takes with commitment to succeed.

'I understand what others may have done.
But what formula did you use,
To make your success achieved...
So easy.'

I sat back and procrastinated.
And did nothing everyday,
But bragged about what I would do...
IF I had the opportunity.

'I knew it.
That's what I've been telling everybody.
You aint better than nobody else.
Except you just one lucky dude.'

And blessed.

'Whatever.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Just Want Me To Preach

Our 'children' are killing each other.
Society and the 'church' has allowed this.
Not spirituality with a consciousness.
Who buys into conflicts to have that condone?
And talk about the 'Devil'?
When only devilment is known.
As if a practice to be shown.

And people talk about themselves,
In despicable tones.
Even sitting next to one another...
To 'worship' and be entertained,
Under stadium domes.

And those who profess they know God...
Say so.
And that is overblown.

If folks can not see this,
They are blind to everything else.
They are caught up in image,
And not substance.
And blatant decadence is the evidence.

They are into pretense and nonsense!
And most definitely into themselves.

Sharing grief is their reality.
Ignoring their own soldiers they put to war,
Is their 'thing'.
Having 'bling' is their commander!

And anyone who claims to pray for peace,
And receives none...
They are going through the motions,
Of looking to impress.
And 'that' should be addressed.
To lift them out of their own created mess.

Instead of trying to correct,
An accepted physicality of things.
And a host of inanimated objects to posses.
With a sadness delivered.
And the madness that it brings!

Please!

You just want me to preach.
And I ain't in the mood to do it.
I just offer my opinions unsolicited.
I don't have to be ordained,
To say the same thing from a pulpit!
To convince what God wants.
And observe those in denial,
Objecting to a reality in disbelief.
As if to ignore it will bring them relief.

Please!

You just want me to preach.
And I ain't in the mood to do it.
Especially when an unconscious mindset,
Has been drugged to be numbed...
Deluded and succumbed.
And totally out of reach.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Just Want To Touch My Plastic

You just want to touch my plastic.
And qualify yourself,
As someone entwined...
In a relationship with me,
Of some kind.

One that defines you,
Approved to exhaust me of funds.
With an accepted aggrevation made,
To deplete me quick.
Applying a 'get-it-and-run' trick trip!
I'm not the one.
I am not having it.

That has happened before.
And I didn't get addicted.

Oh, yes...
That's all you want to do!
You,
Just want to touch my plastic.
To wine and dine,
Unlimited.

But let me say this...
You're not about to touch nothing of mine.
Until you've made a deposit.
One that suits me quite fine.

A massaging you can start.
And I'll decide,
If you become added to my membership list!

'Member what? ?
That's a bunch of ssshhh...'

Take your time and don't be quick.
Or fidget impatiently with crossed legs fixed.
As if to slow this process,

To inflict a punishment.
While I witness you paint your finger nails.
After you blow dry your acrylic toes.

Followed by a pouting of your ruby red lips.

You just want to put your hands on my plastic.
And other things God only knows!
With a proposal made that leaves me broke,
And left cold.
I'm not fooled by a smoozing,
You wish easily sold.

'Why can't your believe and accept I love you? '

I believe you want to do me with a paid for screwing.
That's what I believe.
And that's what you are doing!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Keep Pushing That Bash Back

You can push that bitter bash back.
You can push that bitter bash back.
You can push that bitter bash back.
Don't put any pity in a bitter bashed bag.
To weigh you down like a wet rag had.

You can push that bitter bash back.
You can push that bitter bash back.
You can push that bitter bash back.
Don't put any pity in a bitter bashed bag.
To weigh you down like a wet rag had.

You keep pushing that bash back.
You keep pushing that bash back.
You keep pushing that bash back.
Don't drag that bashing or be tagged.

You can push that bitter bash back.
You can push that bitter bash back.
Push it push it,
That bash back!
You keep pushing,
That bash back!
Push it push it,
That bash back!
You keep pushing,
That bash back!
You can push that bitter bash back.

You can push that bitter bash back.
You can push that bitter bash back.
You can push that bitter bash back.
Don't put any pity in a bitter bashed bag.
To weigh you down like a wet rag had.

Don't put any pity in a bitter bashed bag.
To weigh you down like a wet rag had.

Push it push it,

That bash back!
You keep pushing,
That bash back!
Push it push it,
That bash back!
You keep pushing,
That bash back!
You can push that bitter bash back.

You keep pushing,
That bash back!
You just keep pushing,
That bash back!
Push it push it,
That bash back!
You keep on pushing,
That bash back!
Don't put any pity in a bitter bashed bag.
To weigh you down like a wet rag had.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Keep Them Pounded Down

Pounded down!
You keep them just to heap them.
Yes you keep them pounded down...
No matter what I say or do.
You keep them pounded down.
To keep them for heat treatment.
Yes you keep them pounded down...
And you make sure more are found.

Every mistake,
I've ever made with you stays.
And just like a hound,
That's a scent you like around.

You keep them pounded down,
Like a hound wishing to keep them.
Yes you keep them pounded down...
All mistakes I've ever made.
You can't just let them fade.
No!
You keep them pounded down,
Like a hound wishing to keep them.
Yes you keep them pounded down...
All mistakes I've ever made.

Every mistake,
I've ever made with you stays.
And just like a hound,
That's a scent like around.

Pounded down!
You keep them just to heap them.
Yes you keep them pounded down...
No matter what I say or do.
You keep them pounded down.
Just to keep them stacked and heaped.
Oh yes you keep them pounded down...
And you make sure more are found.

You keep them pounded down.
Just to keep them stacked and heaped.
Or yes you keep them pounded down...
With a wish more are found.

Every mistake,
I've ever made with you stays.
And you keep them pounded down.
Just to keep them stacked and heaped.
Or yes you keep them pounded down...
With a wish more are found.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Keep Your Lips And What's Behind Them Zipped

You keep your lips and what's behind them zipped.
No explanation do you give for this.
But then you expect understanding given for it.
And you're bottled up.
You're bottled up!

You do a tantrum dance and go into your fits.
You spit words of venom with a delivered hiss.
And then you wish somebody to bring to you gifts.
And you're bottled up.
You're bottled up!

What makes you think you are deserving of it?
You're not even using those you've been blessed with.
You curse the Earth and spit on it,
When you should give it a kiss!
And you're bottled up.
You're bottled up!
And you're bottled up...
With a half filled cup.

You keep your lips and what's behind them zipped.
No explanation do you give for this.
With your jaws tight together like a big hypocrite.
And you're bottled up.
You're bottled up!
And you're bottled up...
With a half filled cup.
You're bottled up!
You are bottled up.
With guts sucked in and ready to explode,
On a moment's noticed!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Keepa Way

You keepa way,
That's slipping from my listing.
I use to handle it,
But it it getting too late.

You keepa way,
That mooches on my patience.
I'd like to lace a drink,
And exit you from my head.

I wish that you were leaving,
So I could go straight to bed.

You keepa way,
That could droop eyes at parties.
And bore just everybody,
With the things that you say.

You can poop a party,
And that is just your way.
Some believe you do this,
As a mean display.

But you keepa way...
You can poop a party.
And bore just everybody,
With the things that you say.

You can poop a party.
And bore just everybody,
With the things that you say.

You keepa way,
That mooches on my patience.
I'd like to lace a drink,
And exit you from my head.

I wish that you were leaving,
So I could go straight to bed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Knew That! That's Why You Accepted My Invitation

I am so glad I was able to accept your invitation,
To join you this evening to eat.
And I am famished too!

'Oh,
That makes me so glad to hear.
We might as well get started.
Excuse me for a moment.'

Take your time.
I love your home.
It's...
Expressive.

'I've never heard it termed that way.
But...
Thank you.
Begin anytime you wish.
I have tons of it.'

This?
This is nothing but a bunch of...

'I'm sorry.
Forgive me.
In my excitement,
I've served to you first the dessert.'

Dessert?
What?
I had expected...

'Don't say another word.
My bad!
Here...
It's now autographed.
You don't have to start with that book.

I do have other writings.'

Where is the food?

'I'm feeding that to you now.
I think we have a misunderstanding.
I thought you said you couldn't wait to feed,
On what I had to offer you to eat.
Don't you wish to be nourished by my wisdom?
That's what I am serving you to eat!
Me, my thoughts, my intelligence.'

Uh...
You don't have too many friends, .
Do you?

'There you go again.
Trying to read my mind.
Probe into my head.
You knew that.
That's why you accepted my invitation! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Know Doggone Well 'They' Aint Them

Many are fanatics.
With over-reactive temperments.
Constantly they are in arguments.
And never satisfied with that which makes sense.

They,
Live in and create their own hostile environments.
They,
Say they hate outside involvement.
They,
Are the first to call the police and/or the government,
For assistance.

And...
Solicit they do for a unity amongst themselves.
And yet despise suggestions as to how to do that best!
And sit back on concrete stoops...
If not from porches with steps.
Or congregate wherever they can find an empty space,
To stand all day on a neighborhood corner...
Joking as if paid jesters.
Pointing out which of the ones who pass them by,
Live in a twilight zone.

'Who are 'they'?
And WHO are you talking about? '

I am talking about US!
Haven't I made that obvious?
We are 'they'!
Not them.
If we were them...
We would not accept this from 'they'!
Now would we?

And don't look at me as if I am saying something,
You don't understand!
You know doggone well 'they' aint them.
And we are 'they'!

You know this.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Know How They Are?

You know how they are...
Loud and boisterous.
Disrespectful and undisciplined.
As if common sense has skipped over them.

With a gutterness despicable.
Expose to others they wish influenced.
Accepting this withoput protest.

And they believe what they do is fine.
Blinded by the show of sighs and dismay!
They have been conditioned,
Their sick behavior is okay!
But...
There is an obvious neglect that reflects.
And destroys what is desired to be left protected.
And investment of a mindset,
Gone!

You know how they are?

'Yes, I do!
But they don't see this as pitiful.
Distracting and off track!
That is the sadness of all of that! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Know How We Like Horses?

What's the matter, son?
Someone's called you names again at school?

'It's my Biology teacher.
Mommy...
You know how we like horses? '

Yes.
Why?

'My teacher hates them.'

Why would you say that?

'After I read my report in front of the class.
She called me to her desk.
And then whispered in my ear...
~One day...
I bet you will be hung like a horse.~
And then she winked at me! '

She WHAT?

'She winked at me.
Don't get upset, mommy.
She only wants me to do better.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Know I Don'T Drive

From all that I have ever written.
And throughout the years that I have done it...
You have stated today,
There is 'one' composition...
That has completely appalled you.

Now...
Was it the one about 'racism'?
Or was it the one detailing my feelings of isolation?
Living as a creative Black man in a suppressive...
Yet 'declared' diversed society?

'Why do you have to be so...
Defensive militantly about your 'perceptions'.
And openly obnoxious about it? '

OH!
You've must have read my yet to complete,
'Flavorless Pie Unsliced'.
How on Earth did you get a copy of that?

'I was looking through your garbage just the other day,
And happened to come across this disgusting nonsense.
It is totally hatred tinged.'

I see.
Thank you for reminding me,
Of the kind of neighbor you are.
No need to clutch onto your pocketbook.
I've already burglarized your car!

'Why are you lieing?
You know I don't drive.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Know It

How can you speak to me,
About what you 'perceive' is disgraceful?
When you are standing on my foot.
And I 'believe' you know it!
Leaving us both not to go anywhere.
Enforcing your wish to have me worship you,
Is not working!
You will always be a fool,
If you think this act advances you.
How could it?
Neither one of us,
Is going absolutely nowhere!
And even though I keep saying it,
You are in disbelief!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Know Michael's Here

Dear Father?

'Yes...
Lawrence S. Pertillar.'

Gee,
Why the formality?

'I know you want to lay down something syrupy,
Before you talk Me into delivering some outlandish request.'

Father...
I am shocked and surprised.
I just came to see how You were.
My devotion transcends your assumptions!

'I am about to puke!
What is it that you want from Me?
And be quick!
You have no idea how busy I've been.'

I can imagine.
Father...
Wouldn't it be great,
If You established a love committee?

'Go on!
I'm listening.'

And You assigned Your Angels,
To provoke and monitor its growth.
And gave people the power to just think of love!
With the desire to just want love alone.
Knowing that love heals, cures and mends.
Love fulfills all needs for women and men.
Love accepted...
Protects and respects.
Love ends all sorrows.
Hunger and homelessness.

Love feeds and breeds happiness...
All over this creation You made and we call Earth.
Love instilled and carried...
From one's birth and throughout their lives!
Ends conflicts, deceit and lies.
If love was used as everyone's alibi,
For trying to communicate with one another!

'Are you on crack? '

Father,
Please don't tease me.
I'm not hardly in the mood.
You know me better than that.

'You, My Son...
Are onto something.
I am going to do that immediately.
And 'We'...
All inhabitants on Earth.
Are going to ensure this gets done.

You know Michael's here?
Michael Joseph.'

I know.
I know!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Know The Ones

Aren't you tired of the folks who pass judgement?
You know the ones...
Quick to tell you how you should live
Always taking handouts from those they take for granted,
Criticizing the people who take their time to give.

Aren't you sick of those who waste your time to gossip?
You know the ones,
Glued to phones like weapons,
To add fresh lies to what they've heard!
They are nowhere to be found,
To assist 'you' when you need 'them',
But first to arrive to offer a discouraging word.

Aren't you fed up with their lack of time to listen?
Don't you wish they would grow and want to learn?
Even though they blame others for their troubling lives,
They will never feel ashamed,
To express their own limits of concern!
A repeated lesson you have learned?

You know the ones...
With their heads turned!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Know This Is A 'somber' Moment?

And...
What is so funny?
Do you know 'where' you are?

'I'm sorry reverand.
I didn't intent to interrupt,
Your call for prayer and worship.
I just felt overwhelmed with blessings.
Forgive me.
I'll try to contain my joy.'

You know this is a 'somber' moment?

'Yes!
That's what I don't understand either.
Who knew God would decide...
That 'he who has the last laugh,
Laughs best? '
Would be 'my' experience?
And NOW? !
I had no idea this would be my testimony.

Trust me...
This is God's doings.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Know This Story Too!

Salty tears.
Flowing down on cheeks.
Faces so young and adorable.

You know this story too!

Innocent are the minds confined.
Adopting the limits of ignorance.
And feeling helpless with no defense.

You know this story too!

Abandoned emotions cooling with age.
With a toughened exterior...
Becoming too late to save.

You know this story too!

I see in your eyes a connection with truth.
How did you manage to remain so brave?
How did you keep that crave for life alive?

You know this story too...
Don't you?

You know what it takes,
To shake away heartbreak.
And fake the existence of it!

You know this story too!
I can tell you do.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Leave Your Signature

You rate with an attitude,
From a mindset driven unconscious.
What inspires you to do what you do,
Is based on insecurity!
It has to!
And that I need not to prove.

You reek of limitation.
Needing no explanation.
Your cloak and dagger methods,
To victimize.
Comes to me as no surprise.
You leave your signature.
One immature I have endured.
And clearly recognized.

I once attended the school of spies.

Your moods are quite obvious.
And borders on self degradation.
Why can't you just move on?

Have you chosen me to attract,
By your distractions that don't entrap?
And what you lack,
You must prolong?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Like To Pour It

You don't want lemon in your tea.
Even though it's mixed in the recipe.
But yet you pour it.
You like to sip a bit while sitting just to pour it.
You like to pour it.

You don't want lemon in your tea.
Even though it's mixed in the recipe.
But yet you pour it.
You like to sip a bit while sitting just to pour it.
You like to pour it.

Yet you pour it.
You like to sip a bit while sitting just to pour it.
You like to pour it.

You don't want lemon in your tea.
But yet you pour it.
You like to sip a bit while sitting just to pour it.
You like to pour it.

Even though it's in the recipe,
You pour it.
And...
Whether or not the lemon's in it you pour it.
You like to pour it.
You like to sip a bit while sitting just to pour it.
You like to pour it.

And...
Whether or not the lemon's in it you pour it.
And...
Whether or not the lemon's in it you pour it.
And...
Whether or not the lemon's in it you pour it.
You like to sip a bit while sitting just to pour it.
You like to pour it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Live Here, Don'T You?

Well...
You didn't hear this from me.
But I heard you upset someone,
By something you said.
And...

'Wait one minute.
Let me stop you right here.
This is what I have to say about THAT.
And anything else,
You might 'hear' about what I've 'said'...
OR did do,
To anyone.

You tell those folks I said...
And make sure you quote me.
You tell them, _____and_____.
Plus_____!
You got that? '

You didn't say anything.
How am I to quote you?

'You live here, dont you? '

Yeah.
And...?

'You shouldn't have any problems,
Misquoting me! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Live There And I Feel It

I had nothing left.
Or so I thought.
And I sat remembering,
Who and what brought me joy.
I had to laugh.
That was still in my grasp.
It was you who shared my happiness.
When I had more of that!
Thinking it would forever last.
And when you passed...
I had nothing left.
Or so I thought.
And I sat remembering,
Who and what brought me joy.
You are that 'what'.
The 'who' that remains in my heart!
You live there.
And I feel it.
It's true,
You do!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Look At Me As If You Are In Disbelief

Don't be ridiculous.
Of course I missed you.
I wasn't trying to avoid you.

For 'your' information.
I was hoping you would run after me,
Calling my name repeatedly.
Until you caught up with me.

One moment.
I have to catch my breath.
Whew.
Here we are.
Let's sit on this bench to chat.
Wave to the policeman.
Let him know we're okay.

WHY are you staring at me like that?
You are making me feel quite uncomfortable.
You've aged a bit.
But those track legs?
You've still got 'em.

See?
Just think of it.
If you hadn't kept in good shape,
We would not have met at all.

And stop looking at me like that.
IF I had wanted to ignore you,
Don't you think I would have found a better way,
To do it?
Geeessssshhh.
Don't be so suspicious.
I've been wanting to see you for years.

You look at me as if you are in disbelief?
It's me.
How've you been?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Look Familiar

Advice:
When selecting someone to dislike...
If one has a need to have this done.
It is best to choose someone,
Who is not directly connected...
To cause an effect that may upset one's survival.

Many people discriminately dislike others,
For no apparent reason at all.
Only to discover they know someone's sister or brother,
That's related to the one who decides...
Who gets fired or hired.
OR...
A promotion of a known adversary is done,
To make someone's life as miserable as possible.
And the boss just happens to be everyone's cousin.

And...
There is nothing like witnessing someone's eyes pop,
Wide open...
Upon discovering who has been chosen,
To call the shots!

There is nothing like the experience of it.
When one feels a churning in the stomach.
And your mouth opens with jaws ready to drop.
How can anyone not notice you are shocked!

'You look familiar?
Ooooohhh!
Yeahssss...
You have no idea how happy I am 'you' are on my team!
I have just the right project for you.
You and I will be working very closely together.'

And you look around knowing,
You have been negatively exposed.
With a mouth wide open you should have kept closed!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Love It And I Know It

Look...
Creature!
I can not treat you with respect.
You don't know what it looks like.
Or what it means to show it either.

No where inside my mind,
Is there a fantasy about you telling lies on me.
And pretending that's not done when I overhear you do it!
Do you see 'fool' written across my forehead?

'Do you want me to respond to that?
Lift up the horse tail.
OR should I tell you what it is I do see?
Which do you prefer?
An acknowledgement...
Or a discussion? '

You want to shine in public.
No matter to who's expense.
You cut off my sentences when I speak,
As if what I say makes no sense.
And completing my thoughts when they are yours,
And not mine...
Is getting exceedingly dangerous.
That 'cool' I hold?
Is not going to be kept that much longer.
I am in no competition with you.
You are going to say the wrong thing,
At the right time.
And my mind is going to forget,
It use to have common sense in it.

We are suppose to be together.
You know?
As a couple?
In a relationship?

'Let me know when you are finished.'

Oh...
Trust me.
I'm almost done with you.

'All-I-said-was-this...
The wig you have on your head,
Doesn't look as good as the one your sister has.
And the weave your father wears,
Does not look appropriate for a man damn near dead!
What was wrong with that?

The people gave you sympathy.
You were there when they held you when you cried.
I saw that.
And you say I am the one not understanding.
I understood that.

But I'm not the one trying to get attention.
You manage to do that all by yourself.'

Oh yeah?
I'm almost done with you.
You have no idea.

'Almost?
You love it and I know it!
I don't need clues to hunt around to see that.'

One day you are going to say the wrong thing to me.
And that might be heard by somebody else,
Who is not going to tolerate it.

'There you go...
Talking about the 'power' of God.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Made Me Your Shut-In

Why don't you give me a hug,
Or just leave me.
Why don't you give me a hug,
Or just leave me.
Why don't you give me a hug,
Or just leave me.
Leave me be and alone.

Are you the kind to visit shut-ins,
With the ones you've left wounded.
Give me a hug or just leave me.
Or are you the kind who never gets sick of it.

Why don't you give me a hug,
Or just leave me.
Why don't you give me a hug,
Or just leave me.
Why don't you give me a hug,
Or just leave me.
Leave me be and alone.

You made me your shut-in!
Just to visit and leave me.
You made me your shut-in!
Just to visit and leave me.
You made me your shut-in!
You made me your shut-in!
You made me your shut-in!
Just to visit and leave me.
You made me your shut-in!
Just to visit and leave me.
You made me your shut-in!
You made me your shut-in!
You made me your shut-in!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Made Okay To Do It Your Way

You pick up then you kicked the ball.
You pick up then you kicked the ball.
You pick up then you kicked the ball.
You pick up then you kicked the ball.

Why did you choose to pick a ball,
Knowing picking it...
Wasn't cool to do.

You complained,
That you couldn't take the weight.
And a waiting too late makes it okay.

You pick up then you kicked the ball.
You pick up then you kicked the ball.
You pick up then you kicked the ball.
You pick up then you kicked the ball.

You made okay to do it your way,
To...
Pick then kick a ball.
To,
Pick then kick a ball.

You made okay to do it your way,
To...
Pick then kick a ball.
To,
Pick then kick a ball.

Why did you choose to pick a ball,
Knowing picking it...
Wasn't cool to do.

You made okay to do it your way,
To...
Pick then kick a ball.
To,
Pick then kick a ball.

You pick up then you kicked the ball.
You pick up then you kicked the ball.
You pick up then you kicked the ball.
You pick up then you kicked the ball.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Made That Choice

You made that choice.
To ignore my voice and others.
With a decision to decide,
A truth you refused to hear...
Was better left pushed aside.
Ridiculed and criticized.

Now that it has been clear,
Those words once heard spoken.
Are no longer near your ears,
To hear.
You have buyer remorse,
To have been directed...
On a path way off course.
By those who sold to you,
A sugar coating...
Of smut smothered mud,
Dipped in time released deceit.

NOW...
It is honesty you seek.
With a truth convincing.
NOW...
You demand your own delusions,
To be explained.
And why those floral scents,
Carry a stench in the air.
Well...
My fellow misinformed,
And truth to disregard citizens
How do you 'dupe'?

'All of us have come to suffer.
From our...
Wrong decisions made.
You show us no empathy.
No respect at all.
And lining up together,
To do high steps...

Like the Rockets.
Displays less not more,
Of that united brotherhood...
From you we expected.'

And...
Kick right,
1-2 then left.
Hold. Deep breathe. Now repeat.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Make It So Hard

Please don't get me bitter.
Please don't let it start.
I am a vessel of love,
This I know.
But some remnants on my heart...
I wish from me depart.
I pray to God...
'Don't let me sit.
Not with this bitterness,
Stirring to whip me into a fit!
God, I asked to get over this!
With a forgiveness...
That has not forgotten.
I want this emotion from me to lift!
But I am reminded...
I simply can not quit!
A forgiveness I have done.
But I can not seem to forget!
I can not let it go.
Why do I invite it to revisit? '

~WELL...
THAT AIN'T FORGIVENESS, OKAY?
SO DON'T BOTHER ME AGAIN,
WITH THIS BITTERNESS Shhhhh...
NONSENSE! ~

Father...
You make it so hard.
I'll do the best I can.

~NO! UH-UH!
YOU DO!
YOU MAKE THAT TRIFLING STUFF HARD.
YOU JUST HAVE A WISH TO KEEP PETTY! ~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Make Me Glow

You make me glow.
You make my heart stop,
With meaning.

You put the air under my feet,
When I want to reach up,
To the Moon.

You make me glow.
You've got the Sun in me beaming.
You've got me warmed up with heat.
And ready...
To be razzled dazzled too!

You make me glow.
You make my heart stop with meaning.
You put the air under my feet,
When I want to reach up to the Moon.

You make me glow.
When that reach makes me leap,
Over the Moon.

You make me glow.
When that reach,
Makes me...
Jump right over the Moon.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Make Me Sick

People like you,
ALWAYS think they know everything.
You 'act' too arrogant.
As if you had to experienced,
Something someone hasn't.
You walk as if you are unafraid of obstacles,
Or whatever appears on your path.
You even 'talk' with precise diction.
Not like others who are 'down-to-Earth'.
And you seem to possess and identity,
With a dignity you thirst.
You get on my nerves.

'Well...
Thank you.
And 'hello' to you too.
I have a remedy you can use.'

Is that so?
Amd 'what' would that be?

'Why don't you ignore me?
That's what I'm trying to do to you.
Ignore me.
And I bet you wont notice a 'thing' that I do.'

So what I've said doesn't bother you?

'You have no idea from where I've come from.
Where I've been or what I've been through.
I would show you my wounds.
But what would that prove? '

You make me SICK.

'I will do my best to 'try' to get over it.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You May Already Be Aware

You have diseased the minds of the people,
With experimentations to them you have fed.
And now that they have reacted with an insanity,
You wonder 'why' they are crazed in their heads.

Putting water in a gas engine,
That requires only that...
Eventually damages the running of it.
Like poison sipped flatlines that which is connected.

But then again,
You may already be aware of this.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You May Not Remember Me. But...

The best advice ever given to someone,
Was probably solicited.
With a promise not to become offended,
When the decision was made to deliver it.
To eventually despise the one who was direct.
Yes?

And after years of being upset...
The one given the advice once in denial,
Recognizes the advice to be the best.
Right?
And then with a doing...
There is an attempt to make amends.
Hoping to be forgiven.

'Hello...
You may not remember me.
But...
I was the one who asked for your advice.
And after you gave it to me...
I accused you of being mean and cruel.
And did everything I could to ruin your life.
Do you remember me?

Hello?

Hello? '

Well...
In 'some' cases when asking for advice,
And that advice is disliked?
It is highly recommended,
To leave one's mother out of it.
With an insinuating of one's preference.

Or disgracing someone,
Because of something you've done!
Since it is hard to overcome,
An impression made left as a reference.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Might Find Me A Disappointment

You might find me a disappointment.
I'm one who could care less,
About gossip and that mess.
And people with titles...
I don't put on pedestals.
Being 'real' is difficult enough.
Without having to be burdened.

I got 'me' back!
Off track and spinning wheels'
Once done.
Runninf in fear of reality.
And feeling pressure to be measured...
Against a society bleeding,
Common sense.

You might find me a disappointment.
I question what I don't understand.
And on my own two feet I stand.
I remember my Uncle Julius,
Holding my arms up as I ran down a hill.
He was teaching me how to walk.
It was behind where my grandparents,
And my other aunts and uncles lived.
That was in Bellevue Square.
Nine months old I was.

It's like this...
You might find me a disappointment.
And I live a life already having experienced them.
I'm sure there will be some regrets made,
As I lay more footsteps down.
So don't be disappointed if I accept it.
And keep steppin'.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Miss Flavor

In your mix,
You miss flavor.
With a leaving of your 'A' game.
In your mix,
You miss flavor.

You should have stayed there with it.
Half stepping gets you whipped,
Kissing dust.
From winds you stirred up.

But...
In your mix,
The taste of flavor is missing.
None there is offered,
As a wish to be nibbled.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Murdered My Love

If you are still here,
And I awaken screaming.
I have not experienced a nightmare.
I am just surprised,
I am still alive.
Knowing you are aware,
That my raw and obnoxious antics...
Did not motivate you to split.
Or dismember my valued jewels.
After I dozed off...
Disrespecting and chewing you up,
With insults.
I now apologize even I am sickened by it.

Why do you put up with me?

'I can only collect,
If you die from natural causes.
You are going to pay for my patience!
Trust me.'

And I am thinking it must be love.

'You murdered my love some time ago.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Must Be New And Doing This Part-Time?

I am not concerned,
About the time you waste...
In research of my past.
Or the efforts that you take,
To uncover blemishes and scars.

I did not just arrive from unconsciousness.
I'm inside this 'vehicle'
And have maneuvered through all of it!
And do not believe I am not aware.
Long before you made 'this' discovery...
Every piece of it has been mine.
And even a blind man will realize,
It was I who put it there.

So you have no stakes to claim.
Not one teardrop!
Or a pain remaining from the strain.
Not on this path or journey.

I think you're looking for 'Beliefs Made Possible' 101
That is a pre-requisite for 'What I Know Is Mine'.

You must be new and doing this part-time?
I am here just observing.
They've been trying to qualify my life,
As part of their curriculum for years!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Must Be New To This Neighborhood

What's going on over there?

'The usual backstabbing.
Backbiting.
He said, she said nonsense.'

That's awful.
If they really knew each other,
None of that would exist.

'Oh...
But they do.'

What are you saying?

'They are family members and friends.
Now...
Those walking along and minding their own business.
And treating each other as if they have some sense,
Are the ones that haven't met each other yet.
See how cordial they are to one another?
You must be new to this neighborhood.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Must Be Nuts? You'Ve Got To Be!

You 'must' be nuts?
You've got to be!

You are telling me,
I can not have...
What has been given,
To my brothers and sisters...
Whether or not they had asked for it?
And this has been done,
IN my presence to disregard my loyalty?

You must be nuts?
You've got to be!

Not only am I going to have what I want...
But I am also going to remind you,
Once I get it...
Just what I think of your acts,
Of attempting to prevent me...
From not having the kind of life,
To do as I please!

You must be nuts?
You've got to be!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Must Be Testing Your Tolerance?

I have a suggestion.
If I get on your nerves,
And this makes you sick...
Why are you in my presence,
To make me aware of it?

You have more patience than I do.
And neither one of us are doctors.
You must be testing your tolerance?
And something in your mind,
Is addicted to self abuse.

And this is something you want me to notice,
That I provoke.
Right?
Give me a second.
I want to check to make sure,
I am carrying your medication.

Nope!
Once again...
You've caught me empty handed.
But I do recommend,
You scratch me off of your invitation list.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Must Be Visiting From Out Of Town?

Where are those people running towards so fast?
Has a sale been announced?

'No.
Sadly they are running away from the truth.'

How is that possible?
When truth is like fresh air.
Once one breathes it...
It is kept with them to go anywhere.

'You must be visiting from out of town? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Must Come Out Of Disguise

I know my willingness to assist you,
Comes as a surprise.
But I've noticed your list of repeated indignities,
Needs a fresher delivery.
And you must come out of disguise.

If you insist upon using the same list,
You must approach those of 'lowlife' you depict...
With an undeniable,
Sincere sensibility...
If you choose what you say to stick.

You see...
They've grown accustomed to your capabilities.
And they believe you have yet to expose,
The depth of your sleaze.
They feel there is more you have yet to show.

I'd like to offer some suggestions...
Since your lack of commitment is in question.

You've infuriated the people with a periodic tease.
Their expectations have grown.
And like them I too believe...
Those who create and bait animosities,
Should not deliver them just to leave.

Your ability to deceive should be given proper credit.
Every aspect of it was from your mind as conceived.

I know my willingness to assist you,
Comes as a surprise.
But I've noticed your list of repeated indignities,
Needs a fresher delivery.
And you must come out of disguise.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Must Get Even Closer

Open your eyes.
Rise above your fears.
That faith 'claimed' you have...
It is time to put it into action.
Sever from your distractions.
God has been close...
Observing you and is near.

There is no deed done,
That God does not know.
The Almighty wishes to show this to you.
But from your own limitations...
You must let go!

You must not self inflict restrictions,
Placed upon your mind.
Now is the perfect time to bare your soul.
Ask God to release you,
From burdens you have welcomed into your life.
And gossiped by others...
This too they did find!

Choose not to walk down this path with others.

Open your eyes.
Rise above your fears.
That faith 'claimed' you have...
It is time to put it into action.
Sever from your distractions.
God has been close...
Observing you and is near.

But you must get even closer!
To know and hear His voice.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Must Pay The Consequences

They want their flowers to bloom,
On fields where they plant and pamper weeds.
They do not want their children to play with guns,
But teach them to hit targets.
And when the trigger to squeeze.

They love their contact sports,
And pay professional players to win at all cost.
But yet they expect those accustomed to violence,
To be meek as if priests...
As if they can divorce themselves,
From a teaching of violence and expressing accepted rage.
Especially when the cameras are there and left turned on,
While those deluded by a political correctness...
Attempt to explain their hypocritical ways.
And with this done to dress to impress.

They want their flowers to bloom,
On fields where they plant and pamper weeds.
They do not want their children to play with guns,
But teach them to hit targets.
And when the trigger to squeeze.

They want their little boys and girls,
To reflect values and standards to always be in view.
Not the reality of conflict and/or domestic abuse.
To then use them to berate as not being ideal citizens.
When in fact...
Their doings represent and reflect the expectations,
Of a society deluded and detached...
From that which is lived to observe but quick to excuse.

'We both spit in each other's faces.
I then knocked her out.
But...
That's how we express 'our' love.
Didn't we get married to prove it? '

~Yeah...

But that kind of violence sets the wrong example.
It sends the wrong message to the children.
We must protect their innocence.
What little left of it there is.
Playing violent sports and shooting one another,
Is more acceptable. More...'everydayish'. You feel me?
Now...
IF you folks had announced what you were going to do,
Had been for purposes to entertain for a 'reality show'...
None of this would have been headline news.

I've seen women rolling on the floor in gowns.
Wearing makeup. Cameras on them nonstop.
Pulling off weaves and throwing punches.
This makes for good TV.
But you guys did it for yourselves. Making no sense.
Whatsoever!
That's selfish and you must pay the consequences.
If you're going to be THAT ignorant at least get paid!
You know what I'm sayin'?
Never let effort like that go to waste.
That lesson 'somehow' the both of you have missed.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Naughty Boy

I smoked some weed.
I remember my first experience.
And I liked it.
I guess.

I didn't think too much of it.
But then...
As I was walking down the street,
Early that Saturday morning...
This huge rabbit started following me.
It made me nervous.
I thought it was a butterfly.
Carrying a bag of carrots and a maroon cabbage.
Before it got closer...
Trying to convince me,
To exchange my munchies...
I was sharing with these birds wearing tophats,
Tap dancing with the squirrels singing...
'You Naughty Boy',
As I heard this cop ask me...
Why I was trying to climb a tree,
With my bare hands.

'Young man,
Are you trying to impress me?
Or are you just 'high' on life? '

~Is that 'You' God? ~

'No.
I'm a cop.
And I have never seen anyone,
Attempting to climb a tree...
Without the use of their feet.'

~Oh.
Thank you so much 'officer'.
I wondered where they were.
May I use them now? ~

'You kids.
One day...
Whatever it is you are on,
They will legalize.
I can see it coming.'

~My high on life? ~

'No.
Whatever made you high.
And stop smiling at me.
I'm serious.'

~Please don't tell the rabbit.~

'Are you kidding?
I just don't want to see you again,
Like this.
Is that clear? '

~God?
You wont.
I promise.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Need Not Say Anything Else

It is neither recommended, advisable or suggested,
To take someone's willingness to give for granted.
Or to perceive their doing of it,
Is something from you they wish in return to get.
Especially when it becomes discovered,
Your telling to others what you assume to be untrue.
And you took it upon yourself to believe,
What someone has done and with sincerity to do...
Was done to get something from you!

Only to have it revealed...
That which was given could have provided benefit.
But your ego and self-centeredness,
Prevented to stop a sincerity given and meant.
By your 'inferred' assumptions done.
With a leaving of you and others also convinced,
That no one just gives without wanting 'something' back.
And the person you believed had been doing that,
Disappeared with expertise and peace of mind intact.

'What did you hear that was rumored about you? '

~That I gave them my time and knowledge too,
Because I wanted and needed them to become successful.~

'You mean 'more' successful? '

~No! Just successful.~

'But...'

~You need not say anything else.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Need To Boot That Attitude You'Ve Got

You need,
To dropp your griping down a notch.
You need,
To stop your grouching done a lot.
You need,
To lower that heat and stop...
A rotting rooted you need to block.

You need,
To boot that attitude you've got.
You need,
To find a broom or use a mop...
To clean up all the mess you've dropped.
And prevent the others from sliding in slop.

You need,
To dropp your griping down a notch.
You need,
To stop your grouching done a lot.
You need,
To lower that heat and stop...
A rotting rooted you need to block.

You need,
To boot that attitude you've got.
And find a broom quick or use a mop.
To prevent a needless slip in slop.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Need To Step Away From Yourself

Do you think I care,
About your nasty petty shifts?
One day you're full of delight.
The next...
I will not be put up with it!
Not those crazed bi-polar tantrum fits.
You want to be understood?
Well understand my days with you are done.
I am enjoying the expansion of this journey I have.
I am not the one...
To have you unravel a happiness I've won!
This has been earned and not to be undone.
Your decision to drift in and out of wickedness,
Is yours not mine to have as sick fun.
From you I had to run.
From you I had to split.
There is too much to explore.
Too much adventure to ignore.
I'm not here to share your fits.
What you have is a tremendous ego,
You should release and leave behind...
Let go!
But you would rather keep it.
And it has you defeated!
Do you think I care,
About your nasty petty shifts?
One day you're full of delight.
The next...
I will not be put up with it!
Not those crazed bi-polar tantrum fits.
You want to be understood?
Well understand my days with you are done.
I am enjoying the expansion of this journey I have.
I am not the one...
To have you unravel a happiness I've won!
This has been earned and not to be undone.
Your decision to drift in and out of wickedness,
Is yours not mine to have as sick fun.
From you I had to run.

From you I had to split.
There is too much to explore.
Too much adventure to ignore.
I'm not here to share your fits.
What you have is a tremendous ego,
You should release and leave behind...
Let go!
But you would rather keep it.
And it has you defeated!
Do you wish this repeated?
Until you see me heated?
I'm sure you do!
But my life is in the midst,
Of a living that is being pursued.
And you need to step away from yourself.
That is recommended.
If I were you...
That's what I'd do!
But I am not.
So take the hint I've left and dropped!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Need To Write This Stuff Down

The state of all quality of life,
Has weakened in the face of greed...
Isolation and a dedication,
To advance the marketing of ignorance.
And a debate continues as to the experience,
Of a new leader who comes fresh with ideals.

And of this sacrifice he makes,
They have stated he will not maintain their values.

'LOLOLOLOLOLOLOLOLOL...'

Stop!
None of this is funny!

'You have no idea how ridiculous this is!
This is hysterical stuff!
It is reminiscent of a sermon I heard.
Actually delivered from a pulpit.
And I sat in a pew...
Holding myself together.
Doing the best I could,
To keep my ass from laughing.

Man,
Just like I told that reverand...
You need to write this stuff down!
Or do 'stand up'.
Don't waste this stuff.
You might have found a new career.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Needn'T Switch Your Cookies

You needn't switch your cookies.
To offer them to someone else...
With a giving to me of a preferred substitute.
Your cookies are good...
But they have not seduced.

I was the first to taste the flavor to savor them.
Now you believe the chocolate in your cookies,
You can addict somebody else with to lick...
As you sit back to enjoy the doing.
Who came to turn up the heat in your oven?

My sensitive tongue is unlike any other!
And this you will discover...
When you realize this and come to your senses.
Only I supplied the ingredients you used,
To make your cookies taste as good as they do.

You needn't switch your cookies on me,
To offer them to someone else.
The whipping done on these you give,
With the added spice has been overdone.
And not as good to my tongue as the other ones.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Never Knew

You never knew...
From Sunrise to Sunset,
I adored and protected you.

So happy am I,
You flew and soared.
Away to explore your destiny.

You never knew...
I have always been there for you.
From the moment I appeared on your doorstep...
I did my best,
To assist your fight.
And your conquests inspite of delays,
Of you wishing to stay grounded.

You probably werer discouraged,
By my contant encouragement.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Now Observe With Clarity

It has all been right there.
And never far from your view at all.
Your awareness is keener than it has ever been.
Once a nose becomes lowered,
So much under it...
Has a way of being noticed.
And you thought all this time,
They were awaiting you to sign autographs.
Or patiently waiting in line to see you pass.
No.
Like you...
Many you now observe with clarity,
Are in the same food line you have discovered.

Cheer up.
I am sure you will eventually amuse,
Somebody.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Only Show Me Interest

I would love to sit and spend more time with you.
Looking at life from your point of view.

But of late,
I am reminded doing this I have done.
With little of my own visions,
You have neither invited or have welcomed.

And if you did,
You've made many excuses...
To run to do errands,
With a wish that I would come.

Today my happiness for me has begun.
And it has taken me a while to understand,
My happiness is of no interest to you.
Unless,
Of course...
It is spent entirely catering to you,
And what it is you like to do.

No more am I in it just to give to you, boo!
You have no interest in me.
You only show me interest,
If it is a benefit to you in all that you do.
And people like you around me I don't need.

'That's not true! '

What is it that I like most to do?

'You never mentioned it.
So how would I know? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Ought To Know Love

You gotta know love.
You ought to know love.
You gotta know love.
You ought to know love.
You gotta know love.
You ought to know love.
You gotta know love.
You ought to know love.

You gotta know love.
To make it so fantastic.
You ought to know love.
That makes toes curl on feet.
You gotta know love.
You ought to know love.
You gotta know love.
You ought to know love.
To know the thread counts on your sheets.
Ignore knocking on your walls.
Or the knock on your door,
By the police.

You gotta know love,
When the neighbors call.
When the ceiling peels.
And the nightstand falls.

You ought to know love.
You gotta know love.
To know the thread counts on your sheets.
Ignore the knocking on your walls.
Or the knock on your door,
By the police.

You ought to know love.
You gotta know love.
That makes toes curl on feet.
When the neighbors call.
When the ceiling peels.

And the nightstand falls.

You gotta know love.
To make it so fantastic.
You ought to know love.
You gotta know love
To make it so fantastic.
You ought to know love.
You gotta know love.
To make it so fantastic.
You ought to know love.
You gotta know love.
You ought to know love.
You gotta know love.
You ought to know love.
You gotta know love.
To make it so fantastic.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Oughta Be Spanked, Boo

Whack, whack, whack...
Whack, whack, whack, whack, whack.
Whack, whack, whack, whack, whack.
Whack, whack, whack...
You wanna be spanked?

Whack, whack, whack...
Whack, whack, whack, whack, whack.
Whack, whack, whack, whack, whack.
Whack, whack, whack...
You wanna be spanked?

Whack, whack, whack...
Whack, whack, whack, whack, whack.
Whack, whack, whack, whack, whack.
Whack, whack, whack...
You oughta be spanked,
Boo.

You come home late to ask me...
'Where've you been?
I didn't see you...
Comin' in.'

You come home late to ask me...
More than enough.
To try to hide...
Your crooked stuff,
But...

Whack, whack, whack...
Whack, whack, whack, whack, whack.
Whack, whack, whack, whack, whack.
Whack, whack, whack...
You oughta be spanked,
Boo.

You come home late to ask me...
More than enough.

To try to hide...
Your crooked stuff,
But...
You oughta be spanked,
Boo.
Whack, whack, whack, whack, whack, whack!
You oughta be spanked,
Boo.
Whack, whack, whack, whack, whack, whack!
You oughta be spanked,
Boo.
Whack, whack, whack, whack, whack, whack!
Whack, whack, whack, whack, whack.

'I like it! '

Whack, whack, whack, whack, whack, whack!
Whack, whack, whack, whack, whack.
Whack, whack, whack, whack, whack!

'I like it! '

Whack, whack, whack, whack, whack, whack!
Whack, whack, whack, whack, whack.
Whack, whack, whack, whack, whack!

You oughta be spanked,
Boo.

'And I like it! '

Whack, whack, whack, whack, whack, whack!
Whack, whack, whack, whack, whack.
Whack, whack, whack, whack, whack!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Passed Bad Judgement

Did it trouble you enough inside yourself,
To lock and block out my love for you?
To completely shut down.
Testing how I feel for you.
To know I have loved you then...
As I love you now and you do this to me?

Accuse 'me' of infidelity?

Me...
I've been too faithful.
Loving, caring, giving and...
Open, honest and overly grateful,
Just to have you in my life!
That's right.

And yet...
My pet.
The love of my life.
I never felt that returned to me at all.
And still you question my devotion.
To think I would cheat?
To put a stall in our relationship,
Creating my own downfall.
When you opened your mouth,
I couldn't believe what came out of it.

I am going to be grateful whether you like it or not.
Whether you feel the way I do.
Or...
Perhaps you forgot!
But I love you!

Did it trouble you enough inside yourself,
To lock and block out my love for you?
To completely shut down.
Testing how I feel for you.
To know I have loved you then...
As I love you now and you do to this me?

Accuse 'me' of infidelity?

The only thing 'that' accusation says,
And does...
Is make me wonder,
Who's fire you have been igniting.
'Cause I know it is not mine.

You want to discuss this?
Or do you want to walk out on me?
It's up to you!
Because I'm not going anywhere.
And I suspect you aren't either.
Since I see in your eyes...
You passed bad judgement,
And made a mistake...
Together we can erase.

'To assume someone else should be perfect,
while excusing our own imperfections to be tolerated...
is ego 'trippin'. Some grow tired of it. Others?
They become more sickening with their demands.
You have to go through this experience to wake up,
and know it is true. Who wants to put up with an egomanic? '

No baby,
I'm not hardly talking about you!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You People Are All Over The Place

Am I gay?
Why?
Is that something to be today?
If it is...
Sign me up.

'Suppose it isn't? '

Well 'supposing',
You find something else...
To do with your time.
And...
If you don't mind,
I find eye to eye contact...
More significant,
Than what you are doing.
Lift them.
Up here,
Buddy.
Geeessshhh...
You people are all over the place.

'And what do you mean by that? '

You people.
You people with your eyes!
They're all over the place.
Stay focused.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Picked The Right Day For Torture

You picked the right day for torture.
It was too quiet and serene,
To be left untampered.
You wanted your presence felt...
And it was.

You picked the right day for torture
With or without a diet regimen
Or implementation of facts.
What you do behind one's back...
Is left to your interpretation.
Your rules and dispositions are taught!
Although not followed,
And neither held in high esteem.

You picked the right day for torture...
Perhaps now you can see in bright daylight,
The victims you continue to abuse
Are of your own kind.
And of them none can say you frighten.
Yet all have been too quick to say you are crazed!
And today you are here believing you will be praised,
And honored?
You picked the right day for torture!
And how much of it you take...
Will not leave a witness to feel remorse,
Or show heartbreak!

They have come to watch you exploit,
Your own pain!
You have picked the right day for torture!
Everyone came to give you the limelight,
And the fame you claim!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Picked This Conflict To Fight

You had selected the time for battle.
With a predestined date for victory.
Celebrated before the outcomed fate.
You chose my demeanor as an easy take.
Perceiving my persona,
Had not been genuine but fake.
And you believed you would rule and conquer over me.
Causing me loss of pretensions...
Because you thought I was all wind within them.
Betting with others I would cave in?
Without a defense shown to win!
Well...
I will never call you a fool.
You'll have to discover that on your own time.
And by yourself,
When finally realize in your disturbed mind...
You picked this conflict to fight.
One I've been rehearsing for,
All of my life!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Provided That Inspiration

First of all,
I'd like to say this...
I have nothing against,
Those who prefer cheese dip...
Heated with jalapeno.
And scooped up to meet lips,
By the aid of corn chips.

'Yeah...
Ooookkaay! .
I can dig it.'

Cool.
Now...
I'm sitting in the midst of Fall Autumn breezes,
You follow?

'Yeah,
I kinda do.'

And feeling a chill that lifts,
The warmness of a Summer...
I've begun to miss,
But seems just a few days ago.
You know?

'Yeah I do.
I changed my oil two weeks ago.
And I think it was 90 degrees.
Or sumthin' like that.'

Well,
I'm sure I am going to reminisce it...
Very soon.
And memories of the beach...
With Maurice who would invite some friends,
To go with him to Misquamicut.
And we would bring treats to share and eat.

'Sounds good to me! '

I also love the Winter's first snow.
I love the holidays,
That seem too slow to come...
But very quick to go.

But more than that I love the fact I'm happy.
Since this didn't have to be.
I could have been the type to sulk.
With a desire to be alone in my own misery.

'I heard that.'

Cool.
Now...
I'm sitting in the midst of Fall Autumn breezes,
You follow?

'Yeah,
I kinda do.'

And feeling a chill that lifts,
The warmness of a Summer...
I've begun to miss,
But seems just a few days ago.
You know?

'Yeah...
Ooookkaay! .
I can dig it.
But...
What does any of this,
Have to do with Cheese dip? '

Nothing at all!

For some reason,
You began to inspire my insight.
Then I realize you were coming from lunch.
All of a sudden the onions I smelled killed it!

'Is that suppose to be a joke?
It aint funny.
I don't have time like you to stroll and compose.
I've got work to do.
I'll talk to you later.
Give me a call! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Put Me Down To Marry Into Pain

I tried to tell you what I could do for you.
I tried to tell you that my love for you was true.
But,
What did you do?
You put me down to marry into pain.

I tried to tell you that my heart for you is pure.
I tried to tell you what I had for you was sure.
But,
You had been lured...
To put me down to marry into pain.

What makes you think I have waited,
For leftovers someone's claimed.
What makes you think that I've craved,
For a taste that's not the same...
From someone who has been changed.

What makes you think that I've waited,
For leftovers someone's claimed.
What makes you think that I've craved,
For a taste that's not the same...
Wet from sorrows soaked in shame.

I tried to tell you what I could do for you.
I tried to tell you that my love for you was true.
But,
What did you do?
You put me down to marry into pain.
I tried to tell you,
But you put me down to marry into pain.
I tried to tell you,
But you put me down to marry into pain.
I tried to tell you...
But,
What did you do...?
You put me down to marry into pain.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Put The 'Fan' In Fantastic

When you give it to give,
To do it to give...
Just give it.
And then be gone.

When you give it to give,
To do it to give...
Just give it!
And then be gone.

Some people wake up with a having those days,
When they want to be smothered in praise.
And they are not the ones to give,
To do it just to do it to give.
And...
To leave it alone.
Some people seek to do for others to approve,
And just can't...
Leave it alone.
They want some,
Praise to go on.

Some people like reminding people...
What it is they do that's done.
Some people like reminding people...
Who did what to do to get 'what' done.

When you give it to give,
To do it to give...
Just give it!
And then be gone.

When you give it to give,
To do it to give...
Just give it!
And then be gone.

Some people like reminding people,
They seek and need some praise.

Some people like reminding people,
That no one sleeps if they don't get praise.
Some people like reminding people,
They gave it to give it but they didn't get praise.

Give them some praise.
When you give it to give,
To do it to give...
Just give it!
And then be gone.

Give them their praise on those praiseless days.
Give them the praise they crave.
Just give them some praise don't be the one crazed.
If you don't they wont forget it.

'I think you put the 'fan' in fantastic.'

~Stop.
You're just saying that.
But...
For real?
You think so? ~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Put The Squeeze On 'Me'

'Pucker up buttercup and suck me.'
Said the water to the never used,
Fresh stiff sponge.

'Dip it in me quickly...
And feel my wetness come.
Soaking up that big thick sponge...
Until you wiped me dry.
To keep me from a run!
Licking every bit of drip.
Catching me until you were full,
Of me and what I was.
And when it was done...
It was over! ...and you became dry.
You put the squeeze on 'me'!
Remember that! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Radiate, As If A Bouquet Of Flowers

Please...
No need to flatter yourself.

I said you radiate,
As if a bouquet of flowers!

I am allergic to flowers!

'Then why would you say,
I 'radiate' like them? '

It's an upgrade from the weeds,
You reminded of.
However...
I still sneeze,
Whenever you are near!

'How can we remedy that.'

One of us will have to take the 'hint'
And stay away!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Rather Have Yours Split Without A Banana

No one has to know...
You rather have yours split,
Without a banana.
You wish to have your toppings licked.
Without the interference of nuts,
When you do it.
You like to experiment,
With different flavors you taste.
You'd like to take that cherry,
Between your teeth and satiate.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Really Need To Find A Life To Live

'My' habits bore 'you'?
Well...
Is that fresh off the press?
Or...
Are you bragging or disgusted,
About you own activities?
And this to me you have confessed?
Or...
Should I be left feeling impressed?
Since I find what I do,
Just as exciting to me today...
As I did yesterday.
You don't mind if I ignore you,
And leave your comments to go unaddressed.
Do you?

On second thought...
Which one of my habits,
Happen to bore you the most?

'All of them.'

The you REALLY need to find a life to live.
Instead of trying to find a way to live mine.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Reek Of Fresh Rehabilitation

You are much different,
From the kind of person...
I heard you are and would be.

'Don't worry about it.
There are a lot of people I haven't met,
I don't like either.

Socially I rely upon rumors.
Few take the time to get to know anyone.
And with the rumors and gossip as good as they are today...
Why bother?
Who do you know sits around without something juicy to share?
Everybody seems to be riding on a downslide.'

But you don't have to participate!

'Oh please please please!
You reek of fresh rehabilitation.
Were you 'just' released from prison? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Reflect The Neglect That Is Available

If you are not showing you have integrity.
Why are you expecting to have bestowed respect?
Especially from those you believe should think of you,
As a priority in 'their' lives.
You must be on 'crack' or something cheaper that addicts.
If you are walking around thinking that,
And believing it!

Some folks are raised with perceptions,
They own the Earth and they are center of this Universe.
And deceiving with dishonesty...
To cheat and lie is how it should be!
No one has to look for that to see the evidence.
It can smother observations.
Already it pollutes the air.

Some live their lives as if one continuous joke!
And perhaps for them it is.
Since nothing they do is taken seriously.
They are in constant denial.
Although seek a freedom to sit back and ask for handouts.
Not 'all'...
But many are taught to praise their laziness.
And quote from scriptures to convince...
They are going to inherit something from God.
In some 'afterlife'!
If they remain meek and on their knees!

Smoozed, deluded and crazed!
And they defend this way of life.

If you are not showing you have integrity.
Why are you expecting to have bestowed respect?
Especially from those you believe should think of you,
As a priority in 'their' lives.
You must be on 'crack' or something cheaper that addicts.
If you are walking around thinking that,
And believing it!

You reflect the neglect that is available...
If someone chooses to indulge in the offerings.
That's all!
Nothing more.
Unless you protect,
What you have yet to show!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Remember Me, Don'T You?

Hunger, homelessness...
Joblessness and violence,
Increasingly observed...
In neighborhoods once preserved,
To leave those believing...
In an isolated environment,
These 'realities'...
Would be prevented,
If they ignored this existence...
In places where others were forced to live,
With an intention meant...
To keep them limited wth laws passed to consent.

Well...
A truth ignored,
Has a way of knocking,
On secluded doors.
With an expectation to be welcomed,
By those who implemented...
The creation of this invention.

'Hello.
Remember me?
The toy gun, cowboys and indians.
Racism with criticisms.
With videos inflicting upon others woes.
While depleting my resources,
For yourselves to feed.
And then turning those innocent,
To have others perceive them...
As your enemies.
You remember me.
Don't you?

And now you wish to complain about this?
Because your lives lived have become affected?
You remember me!
I'm sure you do.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Removed Yourself From My Agenda

Whatever it is you wish to give to me,
At this late hour...
Of my perceived need.
I don't want.
You keep it.

What you once had,
I hungered.
And that time has passed.
Along with you as a priority.
You removed yourself from my agenda.
Remember?

You unlocked my heart...
Throwing away the key.
You have no idea how glad I am,
I did not make any copies...
For your repeat.

Whatever it is you wish to give to me,
At this late hour...
Of my perceived need.
I don't want.
You keep it.

I have made some renovations.
And the first thing I replaced...
Was your constant face in my mind!
The second thing done took a little longer.
I learned to strengthen my own.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Say My Coco Broke Your Molar

You say my coco broke your molar.
Now you run from me gone.
And the dentist you say is expensive.
Now you run from me gone.
But you alone broke your own molar.
Now you run from me gone.
And you want me to moan and groan.
Now you run from me gone.

You ran from me and now you're gonna,
Pay because you know you're wrong.
You ran from me and now you're gonna,
Pay because you know you're wrong.
You ran from me and now you're gonna,
Pay because you know you're wrong.
You ran from me and now you're gonna,
Pay because you know you're wrong.

You say my coco broke your molar.
Now you run from me gone.
And the dentist you say is expensive.
Now you run from me gone.
But you alone broke your own molar.
Now you run from me gone.
And you want me to moan and groan.
Now you run from me gone.

You ran from me and now you're gonna,
Pay because you know you're wrong.
Since you alone broke your own molar.
And you know that it was all wrong.
To blame my coco for your harm.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Say You Are Saved

Peppered and salted is your tongue.
And you say you are saved.
Prepared and quick you are,
To assault and offend anyone.
And you say you are saved.

What is it you run from when done?
When you say you are saved.
What is it that you think,
You are protected from?
When you say you are saved.

Do you have what's needed to stop your agonies?
And when you plead to be released from bended knees...
Repeatedly,
What is that saves you...
When you say you pray faithfully,
And it stays that way everyday.

What is it you run from when done?
When you say you are saved.
What is it that you think,
You are protected from?
When you say you are saved.
To hide what you do on a daily basis.

Peppered and salted is your tongue.
And you say you are saved.
Prepared and quick you are,
To assault and offend anyone.
And you say you are saved.
You say it.
But what is it saved that you obey?

You 'say' you are saved,
But...
From what?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Say You...Love Me

You say you...
Love me!

But you get up and you run.
But you get up and you run.

How can I tell...
When you get up and you run.
When you get up and you run.

You say you want me.

But...
There is nothing proven done.
There is nothing proven done.

And I know too well...
A love that's meant to be for me,
Doesn't run away...
Escaping,
To Be Chased.

A love that's meant to be for me...
Doesn't run away,
To be chased!
And not by me.
No.

When you get up and you run.
Go!
There is nothing proven done.
No!

A love that's meant to be for me...
Doesn't run away to be chased!
And not by me.
No.

When you get up and you run.

Go!
There is nothing proven done.
No!

You say you...
Love me!
But how can I tell...
When you get up and you run.

When you get up and you run.
Go!
There is nothing proven done.
No!

You say you...
Love me!

But you get up and you run.
But you get up and you run.

You say you...
Love me!

But you get up and you run.
But you get up and you run.

You say you...
Love me!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You See In Them What They Don'T

You have exhausted your wits.
That is what you say about it.
To promote, market and sell...
The artistry of others.
Who complain of having no time,
Themselves...
To acknowledge the importance.

But...
More than enough time is taken,
When they discuss what they should be paid...
After you have sweated every effort,
To do your best to see them at theirs.

And the only concerns they have...
Is the money you have collected.
And when and how long it takes,
Before they get their share!
It should be clear who has what prioritized.

This suggestion,
I am only going to give once.
Learn a lesson.
Stay away from them.
Especially the ones to you who have come to say...
'We are only here to accomodate you and 'your' efforts.
You should not expect us to feel the way you do.'

This suggestion,
I am only going to give once.
Learn a lesson.
Stay away from them.
It is obvious you see in them what they don't.
Leave them alone.
With the taking of your efforts away.
And apply them to yourself.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You See It To Keep It Disbelieved

'How difficult is it to keep your mouth shut? '

I have not said one word.
Not one to allow myself to be provoked.
You haven't noticed?
Perhaps your mind is on rewind and hoping,
I will respond to comments you've made.
But I have none.
None you have prepared your mind,
To find offensive to initiate a pointless debate.

'Say something.
You've got to see what's happening,
To disbelieve.'

I did.
Remember when you defended,
What I saw then as a figment of my imagination?
Well...
My 'figment' seems to have become 'your' reality.
So imagine, if you can, that what's happening,
As you now believe it to see...
To be a part of 'my' delusion.
I have.
And I feel more at peace than I've ever felt.
A peace you are not going to take,
That easily from me.

'Say something.
You've got to see what's happening,
To disbelieve.'

You see it to keep it disbelieved.
I've seen it to know just how real it has been.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You See Life With A Wish To Leech

You,
Are much too negative.
And you wish to impose it,
Upon those who oppose it.

You,
See life with a wish to leech.
To satisfy selfish whims.
You are in it to gain.
Not to lose but to win.

And there is nothing wrong,
With desiring success.
But you wish it to be given...
Believing the taking of it,
Brings you a happiness.

You,
Are much too negative.
And you wish to impose it,
Upon those who oppose it.

You,
See life with a wish to leech.
To satisfy selfish whims.
You are in it to gain.
Not to lose but to win.

No matter who you choose,
To endure your sufferings.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You See My Smile?

Your wishes are mine to fulfill?
And your happiness is based on my reactions?
And your dreams are in my eyes?
Well...
See that door?
With that knob?
Turn that knob on that door.
And believe you are on the other side of it!
I was prepared to have a nice date.
It has been awhile.
However...
You see my smile?
I am determined to keep it,
Right where it is.
You or anyone else will not take it away!
Not after it took some time to find my face!
And out of my place,
You can begin taking your pace!
Slow if you wish...
But do it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You See...There Was Just Too Many Of Us!

I smell my grandmother's molasses cookies.
Deep dish apple and peach pies.
And grape preserves she would make.
And my own mother's beautiful hair,
Before she grayed.
And 'overnight'...
Seemed to have aged.

As I sit and reminisce.
About so many things I miss!

I see my grandfather,
Working in the backyard.
In the shed.
Where he 'diagnosed' the engine...
Of an old truck.
With every part of it laid in pieces.
Each of them,
Carefully spread to keep them near.

'Don't...
Move,
A thing!
Or pick it up...
Because you're curious!
I got my eye on ya! '

I hear my father say...
'It is time to get your haircut, boy.
And when you sit in that barber's chair...
You bet not make a fuss!
And don't say nothing to annoy! '

I remember my aunts and uncles...
Rushing to pick apples, grapes and pears.
From an old pig farm,
Where Chappelle Gardens now sits.
In a neighborhood in Hartford, Connecticut.

I remember this as if yesterday!
And the whippings we all shared.
Regardless...
Of who or who was not actually there!
No one was spared.

'I don't care who did what!
All of you are getting it! '
My grandmother would say!

I remember rolling my eyes...
With wishes I could run away!

~Grandma, I didn't do anything.
It was her! ~

*No it wasn't it was him! *

**No it wasn't it was them! **

You see...
There was just too many of us!
And my grandmother didn't really care.
She just wanted all of us to know...
The punishment she dealt,
Would be quick.
Honest.
And fair!

Note:
Dedicated to my wonderful family.
When we (many of us) all lived in either Stowe Village,
And/or Bellevue Square.
Tenement projects.
In separate buildings AND apartments.
Back in 'the day'.

Love you!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Seem To Have A Purpose In Life

What am I out to prove?
What would make you think,
I am out to prove something?

'Well...
You seem to have a purpose in life.'

And...?

'You seem to have a positive disposition.'

Oookkaayy. And..?

'Well...
You just seem to know where you are going.'

Hmmm...
And you can tell all of that,
By me just standing here waiting for a bus?

'Well,
You have that...
Prosperous demeanor.
You carry yourself like you sniff money all day.
And...
Well,
I was 'hoping' you were standing here,
And waiting for your bus...
With an extra ten bucks in your pocket.'

Are you part of this new job program,
The President is going to announce this Fall?
Huh?
Are you in training to be a tax collector?
Or a comedian?
Which one?
Both of those fields look promising for you.

People are seeking more ways to be entertained.

And you,
My friend...
Sold me on your presence alone,
Immediately.

But no!
If I carried around an extra of anything...
You and I would have never met.
Not at a bustop.
With my wishes it doesn't rain,
Before I get home.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Seem To Have The Whole Pot Of That To Yourself!

How utterly preposterous you are...
To be consumed of thought that my thoughts,
Are of your making.
That my desire to express my understanding...
Would be a point of view,
Of your...
Point of view explored.
How boring can you get?
To 'assume' that is my quest.
Your limitedness is not my goal at all.
How utterly preposterous you are...
To be consumed of thought that my thoughts,
Are of your making.
You must have learned that from some historical teachings.
Something that assured you with ego and overconfidence.
Something to you that only makes sense!
As for me...?
You are just an obstacle on my journey.
An issue like baggage,
Dealt with and ignored!
How utterly preposterous you are...
To be consumed of thought that my thoughts,
Are of your making.
Self destruction is not my cup of tea.
You seem to have the whole pot of that to yourself!
And it appears you find it quite delicious?
I have no taste for that kind of waste!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Send Me Thoughts Of Love

You send me...
Hope.
You send me...
Thoughts of love.
You give me...
A feeling that will never leave.
And I'm,
Like a re-charged battery.

You send me...
Patience to cope.
You send me...
A focus I hold that bestows.
You give me...
Confidence that lifts self esteem.
And I am.
Happy to know you love me.

The moment I lost my breath,
When you touched me...
I knew there was no one else,
To affect me.
Those doors I had closed you opened instantly.

You send me...
Hope.
You send me...
Thoughts of love.
You give me...
A feeling that will never leave.
And I'm,
Like a re-charged battery.

You send me...
Patience to cope.
You send me...
A focus I hold that bestows.
You give me...
Confidence that lifts self esteem.

And I am.
Happy to know you love me.

You send me...
Hope.
You send me...
Thoughts of love.
And those doors I had closed you opened instantly...
Because no one but you,
Had the right key.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Set My Desires On Fire

You set my desires on fire.
With a wish to kiss your lips.
With a wish to hold you close,
'Likethis'

You set my desires on fire.
Brimming to the rim,
With a passion that is within!
And to feel your warm embrace.
As we touch with your hair,
And cheek against my face.
Longing as I do,
To have you fill this empty place...
In every space you wish,
To plant your tenderness!

You set my desires on fire.
Dormant they have been...
But no longer do I keep them undenied!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Set This Mood For Me To Scare You

It's demonical.
It's demonical.

Slow breaths heard and creaking on the steps.
It's demonical.
Closing doors and cats sniffing for rats.
It's demonical.
Breezing winds through trees on windows tap.
It's demonical.
And all alone you feel unsafe and trapped.
It's demonical.

As ghosts boo,
A devil pursues.
'Darkness looms upon the land.'
As ghosts boo.
'Shadows from the corners start to stand.'
As ghosts boo.
'Bats begin to fly and then you scream.
As ghosts boo.
'And an evil devil starts to sing...
You Set This Mood For Me To Scare You'

Slow breaths heard and creaking on the steps.
It's demonical.
Closing doors and cats sniffing for rats.
It's demonical.
Breezing winds through trees on windows tap.
It's demonical.
And all alone you feel unsafe and trapped.
It's demonical.

As ghosts boo,
A devil pursues.
'Darkness looms upon the land.'
As ghosts boo.
'Shadows from the corners start to stand.'
As ghosts boo.
'Bats begin to fly and then you scream.

As ghosts boo.
'And an evil devil starts to sing...
You Set This Mood For Me To Scare You'

It's demonical.
It's demonical.
It's demonical.
'But...
You Set This Mood For Me To Scare You'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Should Be Teaching

What can be done,
About the failures taking place...
In a system that allows,
A disgrace of education?
With decaying schools teaching methods,
Archaic in presentation?

'Close them.
Just close them all down.
Until an admission of pretentions,
Has been faced without debate.
Why support mediocrity?
When that has been degraded.'

What can be done,
About the failures taking place...
In a system that allows,
A disgrace of education?

'Put a bulldozer to them quick.
Save the taxpayers dollars.
Since truth no one admits.

These institutions,
That put up with a lack of discipline.
With hallways crusted,
As disrespecting loud mouth children...
Are pampered and snuggled,
And tolerated as victims.
When victimization for them is 'in'.
Should be locked out and boot camped.

And made to bloom as rising stars.
Not weeds to be swept away in gutters! '

What can be done,
About the failures taking place...
In a system that allows,
A disgrace of education?

'That depends!
How do these scenes reflect the society?
And how can the people not see them...
Observe this,
Yet defend? '

Hey...
There are still people hooked on celebrating,
Holidays and histories created.
How can you break minds away from that?
When a mindset has been sedated?

'That's a good question.
It might make my top ten list.
I'm still wondering what keeps the Sun round.
When it is not a solid. It's a ball of heated gas.
What's making it stay round like that? '

How do you know it's not a solid?
Have you ever been there?

'No! Don't be so foolish.
But when scientists use terms like 'prominences'
And Chromospheres being above the photosphere.
With the corona being the outer part of the Sun's atmosphere.
Trust me...
They can't explain it either!

And the center of the Sun's core being 27 million degrees? ? ?
Please.
Ain't nuthin solid surviving that!
But what's keeping it 'round' astounds me.'

You should be teaching.

'I substituted once.
For about three years.
Doing that and other 'things'.
Then one day this child threw a chair at me? ? ?
I forget the day.
But that was in 1990.

That was also the last day I entered any school to teach.
Because I instantly had 'visions' of seeing myself handcuffed.
And being led off to prison! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Should Get More Involved

You should get more involved.

'In the doing of what? '

Well...
In the uh...er...uh...hmmm.
The...uh...

'I've already done that.
That's why I've stopped wasting my time.
Now I do something far more satisfying.'

That sounds interesting.
What is it that you do?

'I leave people looking for escapes,
From reality to charade delusions...
Alone.
I find it fits my personality.
And besides...
I got tired of debating on what side,
Of a nonaccepting of a reality I was on!
And the choices remained unchanged.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Stand On The Blind Side Of Your Fence

Let's clear the air on this immediately.
I was not born yesterday.
Or the day before.
Sometimes there is no need,
For you to utter a single word.
Whatever it is coming out of your mouth,
I've already heard before.
And on that I am willing to bet.

But for you to accuse me of not understanding?
You are wrong.
And,
You stand on the blind side of your fence.
Every emotional plot, scheme and weapon,
You have had to feel to get your point across...
I was the one you tested.
Remember?

And 'if' I saved the tears you've cried,
We'd both be standing in a six foot pool...
Full of your wet and yet to drain insecurities.

So do not tell me,
I have been unempathetic or impatient.

Now...
If you had asked me if you get on my nerves?
That answer would be YES!

'But...
I didn't ask you that.'

You didn't have to!
That answer would be YES!
Use it for future reference.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Stank!

On my land...
I am squeezed!
On your land...
You walk around
Feeling the cool breeze.
You tell me I should share.
From a guilt you put there!
But you collect,
Without regret...
From my sweat.
And say I should pray,
And give thanks!
While I watch views of you...
Taking all I have,
And putting that into your bank!
You 'more' than stink!
You 'stank'!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Started This Fire

I lay with you and it's,
Under-cover.
With a ring-aling that dings.
And penetrates to get to things.

Aaahhh, aaahhh, aaahhh.

I lay with you and it's,
Under-cover.
With a ring-aling that dings.
And penetrates to get to things.
And penetrates to get to things.
Repeat.
And penetrates to get to things.
Repeat.
And penetrates to get to things.

Aaahhh, aaahhh, aaahhh.

Now who started this fire?
With a-ring and a-ding-ding-ding.
And a,
Big dingalingaling.
In this,
Sticky heat!
And, breathing deep.

Now who is accused for this fire?
That makes my breathing deep.
And...
Makes me clinch both fist and teeth.

Now who is accused for this fire?
That makes my breathing deep.
And...
Makes me clinch both fist and teeth.

You lay bare with naked clues!
You must of have started this fire.

You looking as if you know what to do too.
You must of have started this fire,
To build up my desire.

And why do I suspect that,
You have done this thing and...
That you want to bring me,
To a place....
To hear me scream

You lay bare with naked clues!
You must of have started this fire.
You looking as if you know what to do too.
You must of have started this fire,
To build up my desire.

And why do I suspect that,
You have done this thing and...
That you want to bring me,
To a place....
To hear me scream

I lay with you and it's,
Under-cover.
You must of have started this fire
With a ring-aling that dings.
You must of have started this fire
And penetrates to get to things
You must of have started this fire.
And penetrates to get to things.
Repeat.
You must of have started this fire
And penetrates to get to things.
Repeat.
And penetrates to get to things.

Aaahhh, aaahhh, aaahhh.

You lay bare with naked clues!
You must of have started this fire.
You looking as if you know what to do too.
You must of have started this fire,

To build up my desire.

You lay bare with naked clues!
You must of have started this fire.
You looking as if you know what to do too.
You must of have started this fire,
Repeat.
You started this fire,
To build up my desire.

You lay bare with naked clues!
You must of have started this fire.
Repeat.
You started this fire!

You looking as if you know what to do too.
You must of have started this fire,
Repeat.
You started this fire!
To build up my desire.

Repeat.
You started this fire!
Repeat.
You started this fire!
Repeat.
You started this fire!
Repeat.
You started this fire!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Stay All Up In My Stuff

Why do you stay all up in my stuff...
Feeding?
As if to nurture from my thoughts,
To take and twist.
Where are those of your own?
Do you have any independent,
Within you that sit?

Why do you do this?
To prove what and to whom?
You should have a lot of space in your head,
To give your own thoughts room.
Why do you stay all up in my stuff...
Feeding?
To leave others believing you can think.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Still On That Trip?

No one is invited in my home,
Believing a disrespect I will condone.
To then express to others,
A temperament to them I have shown?

'You still on that trip?
You need to get over it.
What makes you think,
You are better than anyone else? '

I am not talking to anyone else.
I am talking to 'you'.
And as far as I am concerned,
That 'trip' I am on is not going to end.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Stink!

'You stink!
Don't you know you're out of tune,
And out of rhythm.
You stink!
Don't you know you're out of tune,
And out of rhythm.
You stink!
Don't you know you're out of tune,
And out of rhythm.
Way off the beat without a syncopation given.'

All I've ever wanted from you,
Was your trust.
Although my honesty shows,
Perhaps I trust too much.

Can't you see,
I'd rather be in sync with you desperately.
But you think I should first prove,
My devotion is complete...
With a soothing approving beat you seek!

'You stink!
Don't you know you're out of tune,
And out of rhythm.
You stink!
Don't you know you're out of tune,
And out of rhythm.
You stink!
Don't you know you're out of tune,
And out of rhythm.
Way off the beat without a syncopation given.'

'You stink! '
I know this but I came without a motive.
'You stink! '
I know this but I came without a motive.
'You stink! '
I know this but I came without a motive.

'You stink!
You stink.
You stink.
You stink! '

'You stink! '
I know this but I came without a motive.
'You stink! '
I know this but I came without a motive.
'You stink! '
I know this but I came without a motive.
'You stink!
You stink.
You stink.
You stink! '

Can't you see,
I'd rather be in sync with you desperately.
But you think I should first prove,
My devotion is complete...
With a soothing approving beat you seek!

'You stink!
Don't you know you're out of tune,
And out of rhythm.
You stink!
Don't you know you're out of tune,
And out of rhythm.
You stink!
Don't you know you're out of tune,
And out of rhythm.
Way off the beat without a syncopation given.'

I get the message!
You have preferences.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Take The Cake

If I didn't provide you with munchies,
You wouldn't find a munch to crunch.
You would complain about the labor.
That it takes for you to make your lunch.

If I didn't provide you with munchies,
You wouldn't find a munch to crunch.
You would complain about the labor.
That it takes for you to make your lunch.

You take the cake.
With nothing brought from you to the table.
You take the cake.
With judgements passed and faked fables.
You take the cake...
And you leave no one a taste.

If I didn't provide you with munchies,
You wouldn't find a munch to crunch.
You would complain about the labor.
That it takes for you to make your lunch.

You take the cake.
With nothing brought from you to the table.
You take the cake.
With judgements passed and faked fables.
You take the cake...
And you leave no one a taste.
With a demonstating of your greed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Taught This

You taught this...
Use of division to win all decisions.
You.
You taught this...
Conflicts to begin with no end to them.
And you taught...
How to start an argument to pretend,
To become offended when any began.

You taught this...
Being on both sides of a fence to lean against.
Yes.
You taught,
Creating opposition to teach them defense.
And you taught a few,
How to feed a greed to leave to hear pleas...
Of those homeless, hunger and in poverty.
While you...
Sat to satisfy your own selfish needs to please.
You taught this...
Selfish to care less Attitude you keep.

You taught this...
Use of division to win all decisions.
I remember you taught this...
Conflicts to begin with no end to them.
And you taught...
How to start an argument to pretend,
To become offended when any began.
Yes!
You taught this well.
And doing your best to stir up unrest.
Yes!
YOU, taught this well.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Then Had Flaws

Did you believe I would slit my wrists.
Because I realize,
A relationship between us did not exist?

I knew when entering it,
Baggage you carried.
And issues with honesty you could not face.
Remember...
I approached you.
Knowing all of that I chose to embrace.

Did you believe I would slit my wrists.
Because I realize,
A relationship between us did not exist?

What made you think I had no consciousness?
And who convinced you,
You were that attractive?
Remember...
I approached you.
Knowing all of that I chose to embrace.

And you then had flaws.
No matter how others,
May today discover none to erased.
You then had flaws.
And I remember all of it.
There will be no splitting of wrists of balling of fists,
Because of you.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Thought Of My Kindness As Being Weak

When you chose me to be that someone
You could defeat and ruin easily...
I made every attempt to ignore you.

I even approached you to reconsider,
That which you valued in your life.
You thought of my kindness as being weak.
You thought of my respect shown to you,
A wish to have it removed to see it beaten.

Now you are loudly declaring I am the reason,
For your failures?
I am the reason why the hole you dug for yourself,
Is so deep you can not get out of it?

Look around you.
Even those you once had convinced,
I was a threat...
Are doing their best to keep you from being rescued.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Told Me To Be Cautious

Boss...
They are 'still' not finished,
With the appetizers you served them.
And that was years ago.
What are you going to do with the main course?

'Oh,
They are going to eat this.
It took me too long to prepare it!
And some of them you see eating now...
Spent most of their lives,
Denying themselves the opportunity.
I'm loving this! '

Aren't you tired?
Don't you want to rest?

'Are you kidding?
They have yet to taste my dessert! '

You haven't prepared your 'special'
Have you?

'Yes I have!
I've got lots of time!
I am glad they decided,
To finally choose my recipes to eat!
I had heard a rumor,
No one 'believed' I did this!
In fact,
Others had stolen some of my creations.
They've got the real deal now.
And they have no idea what they are in for! '

Boss...
You're not going to get them addicted,
Are you?

'Go ahead!

Why don't you take off for the day.
You haven't seen your family in a few months.
I'll get someone else to cover for you.
I've been waiting for this,
For quite a long time!
You have no idea.
Addicted?
I'd like to think of it as mind altering.'

Oh no!
I feel sorry for them.
Remember when you gave me a few samples?

'Yes! '

My family and I are still nibbling on them!
Thank God I took your advice...
When you told me to be cautious!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Told Me To Shut Up

Why can't you shut up,
And let me say something?
You've always got something to say...
About something or somebody,
Who does not see life your way.

Everyday...
That's all I hear.
Words from you I can not get out of my ears.
Even what you're doing right now,
Irritates.
Don't think for a moment I am easy bait!
Or victim to your ways of escalating quick debate.
I know exactly what you're doing.

'Which is...
What?
You told me to shut up! '

Yeah!
But...
Why do you have to be,
So good at it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Trip Too Quick To Insult And Assault

You trip too quick to get your results.
You trip too quick to insult and assault,
Those you don't know...
Who haven't shown,
Reason why you choose to deceive.

You trip too quick to sit and to sulk.
You trip too quick to blame and to fault,
Others unaware...
What has been done to you.
And you don't care...
Going through the act that you do.

You trip too quick to get your results.
Yes you do.
You trip too quick to insult and assault,
Just to prove...
To,
Those you don't know...
Who haven't shown,
Reason why you choose to deceive.
Then you can't believe why they come back,
To mistreat you!

You trip too quick to get your results.
Yes you do.
You trip too quick to insult and assault,
Just to prove...
To,
Those you don't know...
Who haven't shown,
Reason why you choose to deceive.

You trip too quick to get your results.
And...
You trip too quick to insult and assault.
And...
You trip too quick to get your results.
And...

You trip too quick to insult and assault.
You trip too quick to get your results.
You trip too quick to insult and assault.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Unpacked That Doubt

I thought,
You were mine.
I thought...
And thought,
Again.

And,
Each time...
I knew,
You...
Unpacked that doubt.

Even if I kept it real,
You...
Unpacked that doubt.

Even if I showed my love,
You...
Unpacked that doubt.

And I,
Need from you...
More than just memories.
But you...
Unpacked that doubt.
You...
Unpacked that doubt.

I thought,
You were mine.
I thought...
And thought,
Again.

And,
Each time...
I knew,
You...
Unpacked that doubt.

And I,
Wonder...
About,
What's loved.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Upset With Me, Father?

'Father?
Yes...LAWRENCE!
'Did I catch You at a bad time? '
No, My Son...What is it? ...Now?
'Maybe I should come back?
You don't sound right! '

Is this about your poems?

'YEAH! Wow...how did You know that? '

Because I Am ALL THAT!
Now get on with it!

'You don't have to get all...
All...'

All WHAT? And you better be careful!

'Well, I made a decision...
I'm not sure it was the right one! '

You mean eliminating your poems from PoemHunter?
Those wonderful poems I gave to you to write?
Some of the most beautiful words I shared with you?
Some of the most incredible insights...
We, you and I 'painfully' stayed up all day and many nights,
Putting together?
Many of them bringing tears to My own eyes! ?

'UH...are You upset with me, Father? '

Does a donkey spread mustard on a banana sandwich?
DOES IT! ?

'HUH? '

Let's discuss this at another time!
Right now I Am in no mood to play hide n' seek!

Is that clear? ANSWER ME, BOY!

'Yes Father!
I'll catch You at another time! '

YEAH! Whatever...
('Does a donkey spread mustard on a banana sandwich?
That makes absolutely no sense! Oh, that boy...one day,
One day...')

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Want A Poem?

You want a poem?
Toss a coin.
Near a pond of wading ducks.
When the ducks begin to waddle out...
Put goggles on,
And thrash about!

And if you find your coin...
No longer will your sentiments,
Be found annoying.
And you will find the experience of this,
Worthy of staging for listeners to hear...
Your schtick,
As it drips from pond drenched lips.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Want Me To Accept You Are Here To Save Souls?

You want to stop and speak to me,
About your concerns...
Of what is happening overseas?
And yet you ignore what is happening to those
Who walk upon your own neighborhood streets?
And you talk about God and your religious beliefs.
While you try to solicit many,
To come pray with you and do that on their knees?

Can you see any hypocrisy in this at all?
Some have come to find these actions quite appalling.
You would like me to believe you are concerned about humanity.
While you watch your own brothers and sisters bleed at your feet.
And you want me to accept you are here to save souls?
Which ones?
Those on the bottom of your shoes?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Want Me To Believe I Love You

You want me to believe I love you,
Like I do your fish shish kebabs?
Skewered perfectly between Vadalia onions...
Green pepper and fresh garden tomatos.
You don't want me to find it odd,
They are dipped into beer...
Before grilling them over a mesquite laced bar-be-que.
You think I should find the salmon chunks delicious?
With your homemade lemon and brown sugar sauce...
As I sip red wine and chew!

You want me to believe I love you...
Because you can whip up these recipes?
You think I enjoy making love with you...
Because you easily please and seductively tease?
You want me to believe I love you,
Because I'd be a fool if I did not?
Who do you think you are to believe,
You can weaken me like that?
I'm just here to enjoy the view from your window.
And the companionship I get,
As I play with your Tabby cat!

Don't ever believe,
I'm with you constantly...
Because I think you and I are a match!
I'm not giving up my bachelor life,
To become snapped up by your trap.
I am much too wise to be tricked like that!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Want Me To Listen But You Don'T

You want me to listen,
But you don't or wont.
You want me to listen,
But you don't!

You want me to listen,
But you don't or wont.
You want me to listen,
But you don't!

Undivided is my mind,
When giving you time.
But to that you don't listen and you wont!

When I'm there and able,
You don't think I'm capable.
You want me to listen,
But you don't or wont.
You want me to listen,
But you don't!

Every morning and at dawn,
Sing you do that same sad song.
'Nobody loves me.'
And...
You want me to listen,
But you don't or wont.

You can decide to have a change of heart.
But to that you don't listen and you wont!

Everyday there's a new way,
You can move or choose to stay.
But to that you don't listen and you wont,
And don't!

'Nobody loves me.'

You want me to listen,

But you don't or wont.
You want me to listen,
But you don't!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Want My Heart To Be Yours To Break

You want some of this.
You want some of that.
You want everything you wish,
To carry in your backpack.
You want my tears to display a sensitivity!
You want my heart to be yours to break.
You want to take my love...
Even though what you give is fake.
You want me to crawl at your beck and call.
But I am not available...
For that subservience at all!
Not today.
I've given myself that time off!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Want To Be A Real Big Witch

You want to really be a witch?
Well...
I knew some pretty wicked witches,
Who...
Made me pitch to them,
Many a fit.
And I split.

You want to be a real big witch,
Well...
I knew some pretty wicked witches,
Who...
Made me pitch to them,
Many a fit.
And I split.

You want to be the biggest at the ball of all witches,
Don't you?

You do.
Don't you.

You do.
Don't you.
You do.
And you're proving it too!
You do.

You want to be the biggest at the ball of all witches...
Don't you?
You do.
Don't you?
You want to be a real big witch,
Don't you?
You want to be the biggest at the ball of all witches.
You want to be a real big witch,
Don't you?
You want to be the biggest at the ball of all witches.
You want to be a real big witch,

Don't you?
You want to be a real big witch,
Don't you?
You want to be a real big witch,
Don't you?
You want to be a real big witch.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Want To Do What You Want To Do

You want to do what you want to do,
With flip lip and attitude.

With a bet you boot...
To the curb who you choose to scoot!

You are quick with fault to feed,
Anyone you do not need!

With a bet you boot...
To the curb you choose to do.

You will do just as you please,
Caring less who you deceive!

With a bet you boot,
Anyone you poo poo doo!

She will be no,
Fool for you.
He will be no,
Fool for you.
We will be no,
Fool for you!

With a bet you boot,
Anyone you poo poo doo!

She will be no,
Fool for you.
He will be no,
Fool for you.
We will be no,
Fool for you!

With a bet you boot,
Anyone you poo poo doo!

You want to do what you want to do,

With flip lip and attitude.

With a bet that you boot...
To the curb who you choose to scoot!

But...
She will be no,
Fool for you.
He will be no,
Fool for you.
We will be no,
Fool for you!

With a bet you boot...
To the curb who you choose to scoot!
With a bet you boot...
To the curb who you choose to scoot!

You want to do what you want to do,
With flip lip and attitude.

With a bet you boot...
To the curb who you choose to scoot!

You are quick with fault to feed,
Anyone you do not need!

With a bet you boot...
To the curb you choose to do.

She will be no,
Fool for you.
He will be no,
Fool for you.
We will be no,
Fool for you!

With a bet you boot,
Anyone you poo poo doo!

With a bet you boot...
To the curb you choose to do.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Want To Gain...What?

You want to gain...
What?
Fame, fortune and wealth?
To feel you are above everyone else?
To deal them with teases...
Just to please yourself?

You want to gain...
What?
Attention you insist belongs to you?
To set pretensions upon their point of view.
What does this 'really' do for you?
Would this erase your insecurities...
And those obscenities that you spew?

You want to gain...
What?
A dignity and pride...
With 'things' and objects,
You believe holds a head high.
Or eyes on you!
To be awed by a fake persona.
And left transfixed...
By your masquerading of it!

You clearly feel an emptiness.
And this you keep inside.
Nothing you choose to express to impress...
Will ever address what you deny!
And an identity unknown...
Seems to leave you depressed,
With regrets.
This is shown!

And moving forward beyond this...
With determined steps,
Will not gain you what you wish.
If you are too afraid...
To expose and admit,

Mistakes you've made!

But you insist...
None are there to fix.

You want to gain...
What?
A way to disguise your blemishes,
There and appearing.
Or a way to escape from your flaws?
No one finds endearing.

Which of these do you believe can not be seen?

You want to gain...
What?
Another life?
One you don't find,
So disgusting?
To live one that is lived perfectly right!
One you wished you had lived less distrusting.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Want To Produce A Bigger Bang

Great liberties have been taken,
To prove to all you are the superior race!
And I wonder...
If much of what you expose is from insecurity?
Is that the greatness you reveal?
Your ability to destruct after a build up of conflict?
That Is not top secret information!
That has been your weapon of choice.
Whenever you felt your voice needed to be heard.
Since using your mind time after time,
Produces disasterous results!
And all of this nonsense,
Has its origin based upon size and color!
You want to produce a bigger bang!
And that is what your existence means to you.
Since everything else you do...
Gives you a feeling of being out of place!
But you do know how to grab the attention.
And gain the assistance you do...
For any and all tragedies implemented!
'That' without question...
You've got going on!
Go 'head witcho bad self, Yo!
And, Yo...
You all up in the toy stores too?
Give me a high five on that one!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Want To Thrill?

You want to thrill?
Give me at least a week of your absence.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Want To Win, Place 'And' Show

I want to share with you.
Not compete.
Was it my giving of unconditional love,
A sign to leave you believing...
I had submitted to the playing,
Of games and tricks...
To have my heart involved in this?
I want to share with you.
Not compete.
And if this is the kind of relationship you wish,
You need not consider me...
As a suitable opponent to show others you can beat.
Since this love I have to give,
I will not allow anyone to defeat.
I want to share with you.
Not compete.
And you've made it obvious to me...
You want to be perceived as a winner.
With a doing as you wish in and outside a relationship,
To have others believe I follow as you lead.
And that's not what I am seeking to fulfill my needs.
But you? With a doing to others to prove...
You want to WIN, PLACE and SHOW,
To let others know you can do this...
Alone.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Watched It Close Under Microscope

You watched it close under microscope.
Closer than anything you watched most
You watched it close under microscope.
Closer than anything you watched most
And now you don't believe,
What you see.

You watched it close under microscope.
You watched it close under microscope.
You watched it close under microscope.
You watched it close...
And still you don't believe,
What's there to see.

You watched it close under microscope.
You watched it close under microscope.
You watched it close under microscope.
You watched it close...
And still you don't believe,
What's there to see.

You watched it close under microscope.
You watched it close...
And...
Not to believe.

You watched it close under microscope.
You watched it close under microscope.
You watched it close under microscope.
And still you don't believe.

You watched it close under microscope.
You watched it close under microscope.
You watched it close under microscope.
And there to plainly see.

You watched it close under microscope.
You watched it close under microscope.
You watched it close under microscope.

And still you don't believe.
What's there to see.

You watched it close under microscope.
You watched it close under microscope.
You watched it close under microscope.
And there to plainly see.
But you can't believe it masked.

You watched it close under microscope.
You watched it close under microscope.
You watched it close under microscope.
And there to plainly see.
But you can't believe it masked.
No.
You will not believe it masked.
Not if...
Your masked.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Were Raised Like That

I hope you're not thinking,
I'm exploring my aggression.
With thoughts of me
As a misfit in your head...
Fitting better as an impression,
To satisfy your possessed obsession.

Your fantasies of seeing me displeased,
By limitations perceived to anger...
Are images imposed upon you by those,
In need of professional mental sessions.

I am not one seeking acceptance for my steps,
Or one to correct selected speech regretted!
Long before I came to knock on your door...
I was taught to respect and that is what I expect,
With nothing more to show than my very best.

And I am not messed up about it!
I can prove I can be quite the fool,
If ever you doubt it.
But you will use that to stab me in the back...
With an attraction that appeals,
Because you were raised like that!

I've become too wise,
Not to see disguise in your eyes.
You will not catch me by surprise
By notoriety I deserve that became your prize!
Because you were raised like that!
Turning truths into lies.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Were The First That I Wanted

Mommy,
I don't like the way that man is looking at us.

'Wave to him, baby...
That's your daddy.'

But I thought you said,
Uncle Barry was my daddy.

'Uncle Barry is your sister's daddy.'

Then 'who' is Uncle Moe, mommy?

'Uncle Moe, ?
Is my daddy, baby.'

But wouldn't that make him,
My grandfather?
That's what you told Billy!

'But Billy is the baby, honey?
And him being the youngest...
I needed to have at least 'one' child of mine,
Not as dysfunctional as the others.'

What does that mean?

'You will know that soon enough! '

But I thought I was your baby, mommy?

'You ARE?
You will always be my baby, honey.
You were the first that I wanted.'

Oh?
Oh...
Okay!

And I wanted your sister and brother too.
But not like the way I wanted you!

Oh?
Oh...
Okay!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Were The Topic Of Our Conversations

I didn't know that about you?

'I never knew you had the interest?
Never to me before had it been expressed.'

You did not bring it up.

'How could I?
You were the topic of our conversations.'

But you could have said something about yourself.
And that...
Which I didn't know about you,
I had to learn from someone else.

'And you would have given me the attention?
When talking about yourself is what you do best?
You never stop to take a breath.
And that...
I do know about you.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Were Wrong

I'm not sorry nor apologize,
That I find your friend a whining pest.
Although I am sorry and have regrets,
My candidness makes you upset.
But sorry I can not feel,
To pretend for you it is real...
When I know to me you will come,
With complaints repeatedly...
About what your whining friend again has done.

Everytime you let your defenses down,
That clown you call friend has been around.
And you expect my shoulder next to cry
With comfort that soothes all the lies you deny.
As I hear from you that my mood and attitude,
Towards you 'aint' cool.
And I'm the one left to feel the fool.

You were wrong all along.
The fool is you but you can't see it.
And you are being played to stay that way.

'Oh?
And can I rely on you,
To continue helping me recover...
From a foolishness you insist,
When I'll be needing your assistance,
Tomorrow? '

The fool is you but you can't see it.
And you are being played to stay that way.

'Yeah?
Maybe one day both of us will find cures,
For similar addictions.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Will Come Back To Me

I am not that man,
You think you understand...
And,
That man you understood...
Wasn't me to move along!
To care less,
How you let somebody else judge me.
But I'm back...
If you'll have me stay in your heart to belong.

There's not a part but a whole of me...
To be who I am,
And...
I'm not a myth.
To be wished up,
Dismissed and pushed away.

No myth am I...
Nor a symbol of some kind to find,
Time to me to give as if...
You have but few seconds,
With me to spare.
And only if...
I'm there AND,
On your mind.

I am me,
The first one you said you saw to love.
But...
I'm no myth,
To be wished up.
Dismissed and pushed away.

Too bad,
I didn't fit the perfect image.
And...
Our kissing didn't feed your needs.
To please a 'forevermore'.
But,

Just know this...
You will,
Come back to me.
But know this...
You will,
Come back to me.

Too bad,
I didn't fit the perfect image.
And...
Our kissing didn't feed your needs.
To please a 'forevermore'.
But...
Know this,
You will...
Come back to me.

I am NOT that man,
You think you understand...
And,
That man you understood...
Wasn't me-and-has moved on,
To care less...
How you let somebody else judge me.
But,
Know this...
You will,
Come back to me.
But know this...
You will,
Come back to me.

You will...
Come back,
And...
To me.

Yes you will,
Come back!
And to me.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Will Come To Know The Obvious

Why is that crowd over there...
Backed up into a corner.
Bickering.
AND pointing fingers at one another?

'Well...
As the story goes...
They had been the movers and shakers.
Determined many years ago,
That they would advance themselves...
By chosing people to depict as their enemies.'

Enemies?

'Yep!
As the story goes.
Now they have become a fixture around here,
As a reference to those days long gone.
And also...
Folks come from all over the globe,
To be entertained by their shananigans.'

That's amusing and quite interesting.
What has happened to those,
They once had depicted as their enemies?

Do you see the people walking up and down the street freely,
Appearing as happily and unconcerned as if nothing...
But the doing as they wish,
Is their utmost priority?

'No...
Don't tell me.
They are not the ones that had been depicted as enemies? '

Okay.
I wont tell you.
However...
If you prolong you visit,

You will come to know the obvious for yourself.
And they unconsciously,
Backed themselves up into that corner.
And everyday they return to the same place...
To argue about their version of unity,
And what is good for the community.

'Aren't their tactics a bit outdated? '

Sssshhh.
Someone will hear you.
And we've become quite satisfiied,
With the keeping of things...
Just the way they are.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Will Get What's Coming

What makes you think,
You can play me cheap.
Like a bootlegged DVD,
And get away with it?

Look around you
What part of Earth living the experience,
Is suspended from it
And still exists?
And as part of it
From where I observe with contributions,
I attempt to make to express a thankfulness
I am grounded to grow aware,
Of a 'reality' that escapades are mind made.

You and I may have grown,
With similar capabilities.
But being conscious of doing anything to me
Seems to have affected your beliefs,
You can do to me and go unscathed.

There is not one inhabitant on or 'of' this Earth,
That does a misdeed to another
That will not 'one day' become victimized,
By what has been done!

You may have had your fun
Believing what you did to have done,
To lie and deceive like many 'choose' to perceive
They also can do,
And not be repaid for those efforts.

There is no hiding away to convince others,
You have no clue why someone else does
What they do to you,
And 'you' are innocently treated
As a culprit who has initiated an action,
That has been mistakened.

What makes you think,
You can play me cheap.
Like a bootlegged DVD,
And get away with it?

Look around you
What part of Earth living the experience,
Is suspended from it
And still exists?
And as part of it
From where I observe with contributions,
I attempt to make to express a thankfulness
I am grounded to grow aware,
Of a 'reality' that escapades are mind made.

And folks like you who declare not to know,
Why others do to you what they do
Will eventually expose yourselves.
Physically, mentally
However Mother Nature chooses to do it to you.
You will get what's coming.
And at a price you can afford.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Will Have To Manifest More Than A Passing Interest

It's been quite sometime since I've breast fed.
Or had my running mucoused nose wiped.
Or had my tears dried because of a neighborhood fight,
With a bully that had one time frightened me!

Soon after my eighteenth birthday,
I voluntered and 'joined' the military.
Feeling patriotic and hypnotized by war,
And doing my part to defend a country we all live in!
While others I knew...
Went on to colleges to pursue a certain greed.
That ego wasn't there for me to feed.
And two weeks after my high school graduation...
I was stripped from my childhood,
Dramatically.

Homesickness?
I've seen some guys try to walk home from bootcamp!
And I did stupid stuff...
Wanting my training instructor to find ways to punish me!
Walking to Connecticut from Texas,
Somehow was not a priority or an appetizer.

Today...
After broken marriages and mucho heartbreak.
Death of loved ones I 'knew' I could not endure.
And having ignorance thrown in my face...
By those who 'still' had no idea of the emotions felt,
I alone had to replace by a craze I successfully kept hidden.
And doing that with the grace from God?
Just to have judgements passed upon me...
Like someone was assigned to do that as if it was their job?
I forgave,
Before I even ate in those days!

I know I have been blessed to have survived much 'mess'.

I'll confess this to anyone who wishes to listen...
You have no idea of those things I've could have said,
But kept them to myself.
And have only 'selected' a few of those experiences,
To share to keep an interest flowing.
Isn't that what writers should do?
To give readers like you an insight?
Something to 'touch' the inside of a mind like mine?

And I will not totally embrace anyone 'inside'.
Not for a tour.
To rate the degree of my sufferings.
I don't keep that on exhibit anyway!
What would be the point?

My writings will hint with vivid 'suggestions'.
That's it!
Anything more than that?
You will have to manifest more than a passing interest.
But don't worry.
There is enough here to keep it coming to you,
For as long as you live!
Because in just this one life I've been given...
I feel I have lived many lifetimes.
None of which I wish to forget!
Making my happiness much more appreciated.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Will Know What Time It Is

I am not the reason why...
You have no time to do what you do.

You speak as if
What I do to get done
Is something you wish you could do?

And that may take something
You now do not have!
Or perhaps it goes unseen.

Out of sight,
Even by you it flies!

When you grab hold of 'desire'...
You will know what time it is!
And less of it
To me you will give!

That's how it is!
Especially when you do something,
That makes you feel more positive!

You will find your time...
Becoming more valued as you live!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Will Know When It Has Been Discovered

I can not award you confirmation...
Of who it is you are.
With an identity felt.
Connected to an adjoining dignity.

I've never had the experience,
Of living with such emptiness inside of me.
I've been blessed to know who it is I am.
With a testing that is done daily,
By those who refuse to accept...
Nothing I do that appears on the surface,
Is not without its depth!

I can not award you confirmation...
Of who it is you are.
With an identity felt.
Connected to an adjoining dignity.

That you will have to determine for yourself.
And you will know when it has been discovered.
When few will accept,
The strength reflected you project.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Will Miss Me

I could care how creative you are.
Or how magical you say you can make it.
Just pucker up...
Bend down.
Kiss it...
Then leave.

Why do you want to rehearse this?
I'm not offering any prizes.
I mean it.
That's what you can do.
Too long I have tolerated your BS.
Someone else can smell it now!

And you 'will' miss me!
I'm the only one that has taken you seriously.
That's why they thought I was the one nutts!
But I loved you.
And they couldn't see me doing that at all.
But I did.
And one day you will know how much.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Will 'Never' Be A Good Liar

I admit...
I use to wish to have capabilities to lie,
And get away with it.
But I was told when much younger,
A liar I could never be.
Because in the telling of one,
I was not suppose to apologize.
Then while trembling with my eyes in tears,
Admit something I did...
BEFORE it was discovered,
I couldn't lie effectively.

'Boy?
What is the matter with you? '

I was going to lie.

'Lie?
About what? '

About taking out the garbage.

'Well...
Did you take it out? '

Yes.

'Then 'why' are you crying? '

I didn't want you to punish me.
If I lied about taking it out,
And I really didn't.
But...
I decided that I should.

'You will 'never' be a good liar.'

If I don't...
Will that make you mad at me?

Should I try harder?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Will Not Have To Go Too Far

Keep your eye on those,
Who make claims to be something they are not.
Those who take the good deeds made and done,
By others,
Wishing to lay seeds to grow.

Keep your eye on those,
Loving to toss acid upon the roots...
With their venomed tongues protruding.
To diminish what others choose to do.

Keep your eye on those,
Who want to see themselves as praised.
With a raising done to heights...
Delivering spite from their insecure hearts.

You will not have to go too far,
To recognize who and where those demons are!
Keep your eye on those,
And what it is about others they unsolicited say.

Keep your eye on those,
And how they try to use themselves...
To dignify their misdeeds.
You will not have to go too far,
To recognize who and where those demons are!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You 'Will' Remember Me

From the moment you began to knit,
A defeating of my existence...
To ensure from where you sat,
I would hear you 'hiss'.
As you purposely pieced together,
Your own demise.
And your blindness didn't permit,
Any acknowledgement of it.

And I still think of that scholarship,
You and your 'cronies' saw fit...
To have it ended!
Well...
One day your evilness will upon you return,
With a repayment of a visit.
And you 'will' remember me.
And your misdeeds.
I promise you this!

You 'will' remember your evil deeds,
As long as I can reminisce it,
With a wish to have you haunted.
And...
With my forgiveness.
Since you obviously had no awareness of this,
That I was born a snake handler.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Will Remember My Strength

Remember that door
You closed on me?
Remember my grief,
You enjoyed seeing me release?
Remember the moans from my anguish,
And screams?
It's your turn to wear that suit.
And like me...
You will not find your needs or wishes,
Addressed.
Or to mean anything,
By those unimpressed.
And you will not experience it...
The rejection I lived with!
But you will remember my strength.
Since it came to become my own to contain.
With much less support...
You campaigned to gain,
To silence your collection of whimpers.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Wish Not To Hear This?

You wish not to hear this?
Fine!
But it is your behind that feels threatened.
Not mine!
My eyes and ears have been open,
All this time.
And I'm the one you choose to blame,
For breaking down the walls...
That have kept you blind!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Wont Be The Only One Doing It

You remind me,
Of a friend...
I have never had,
Ever before!

'I'm glad.
That's good to hear.'

That's a relief.
I thought you would be offended,
If I to you admitted this.
There is 'something' about you,
I can not quite put my finger on.

'Why would I be offended? '

Well...
It feels as if I am being punished,
For some reason.
And I pray for answers to come,
To help me understand what it is I've done.

'I know you are joking? '

Yeah!
You have no idea,
How big of a joke I feel this is.
Feel free to laugh anytime you want to.
You wont be the only one doing it,
I'm sure!

'Why are you upset,
That I tell everyone...
What you tell me?
Isn't that what friends are for? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Would Do Anything

Excuses,
Have been allowed...
To seduce you,
With their usage.
And I am not
Going to invite,
That kind of tragedy to start.
Not around me,
To invade my heart!

You have begun...
To feel free
To swing open and close doors instantly!
To have me from them flung.
With an enjoyment,
You think is fun!
But that will not be done.
Not here!

That person I want with me,
Can not be you!
This I can see.

You would do anything...
For anyone,
Who is willing to pay...
For your attention displayed.
And to sit on a fence...
Between my needs,
And your pretentions to please...
With a grand entrance,
To subject me to your whims...
Whenever you decide for them to begin.
Will not here win,
Glazed eyes of approval!

I am not the one to impress,
With the slickness of dress rehearsals!
And you can not deliver,

A performance felt from your gut at all!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Would Never Know

You've hurt me...
But I'm not crushed.
At least to you,
I will not admit it!

I'm not going to sit around,
Waiting to find something or someone
To replace you.
Who would be that foolish?

I'm not going to dial your number,
To let it ring once.
Then hang up...
With the hopes,
You have my number on your caller ID.
That's childish and so stupid,
Of me.
I meant...
If I was to do something like that.

And that kind of action,
Is too far fetched for me to conceive.
I am hardly one of the lonely hearts!
I'm not the one,
To wear my emotions on my sleeve.
Who me?
Please!

You've hurt me...
But I'm not crushed.
At least to you,
I will not admit it!

I'm not going to sit around,
Waiting to find something or someone
To replace you.
Who would be that foolish?
I'd stalk you if I had to.

But that's someone,
P-whipped and driven.
Longing for a reprise,
Of heated meetings.
Discreetly met under sheets.

I'm not like that!

You would never catch me sitting in a rage.
Wondering who it was,
With you...
Standing on your doorstep,
Sharing a chat.

No...
I am not like that.
And if I was...
You would never know.

However...
And this I admit!
I am known to dial wrong numbers.
And this is known by those I use to know.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Wouldn'T Know

If I did not love what I do...
You wouldn't know,
What it was I loved.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You Yield To The Wrong Way

Your mind has been scattered away,
With...
Those dangled wishes,
Just to keep you addicted.

Your mind has been scattered away,
With...
Those dangled wishes,
Just to keep you addicted.
And you reach up for the stars,
But not a lift you get.
And you've become so vicious.

Your mind has been scattered away,
With...
Those dangled wishes,
Just to keep you addicted.
And something inside you,
Said STOP!
But you yield to the wrong way.
And you went ahead to drop...
Your head in dismay.

Your mind has been scattered away,
With...
Those dangled wishes,
Just to keep you addicted.

Your mind has been scattered away,
With...
Those dangled wishes,
Just to keep you addicted.
And something inside you,
Said STOP!
But you yield to the wrong way.

And that's why your head has dropped,
Because you yield to the wrong way!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

'You...Are The Coming'

'Several years ago,
You approached us and made...
What we thought then,
Were some very outlandish comments...
About our society and the state of affairs.'

Those times are behind me now.
From valleys to hilltops...
I have learned I must adopt a fresh point of view.

'Great.
Great!
Today we are here to say,
We've come to value any vision you'd like to share.
Your insight is most rare.
And we anticipate what you envision.'

I am deeply moved.
And extremely humbled.
What is it you wish?

'Please share with us,
Your most deep felt candid feelings.
We promise not to slander you,
Or drag your name through the mud...
As was done with such glee in the past.
This is all we ask.
Repeat those words.
To allow them in our memories to last.'

Sure!
Zip pee dee doo dah.

'Yes! '

Zip zippy dee day.

'Yes. Yes...oh yes!
Say it, brother.'

My Ohio...
Or,
You could say...
My oh My oh!
Whatever...
What a glorious day.

'You have the 'vision'.
We knew it.
You...are The Coming!
No need to continue.
How did we ever come to doubt,
Your brilliance? '

Are you folks okay?
I've been saying this for years.
It's from a mov...

'YES! This we know.
But it just dawned on us,
The hidden depths of your meaning.'

1946...
Song of the South.
It's a Dis...

'You're not getting away from us this time.
We know who you are! '

Please. Please...
Allow me the option to be nuts!
Please. Please ignore me.
I've had total peace for quite some time.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You? No. I Do!

Who knows my needs better than me?
You?
No.
I do.
Who knows my wishes and dreams like me?
You?
No.
I do.
Who has this appetite for this life I live?
Who knows what I am given and what I give?
Who knows more what this feeling is?
You?
No.
I do!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You'D Be Better Off

I no more care about what you think,
Than I choose to do it myself.
That's why I don't understand,
Why you go out of your way...
To give your opinion.
When you'd be better off,
Milking cows on a farm...
And feeding a horse hay.
Or giving me fifty dollars to go away.
And if you should go that far to do that...
You know I would agitate until I got more.
Especially when you open up those French doors,
For business like that?
I'd become atrtached like a mole on your back.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You'D Be Making A Lot More Money

Why don't you go somewhere else,
Where you can become more 'noticed'.

'Noticed?
Noticed for what? '

What it is that you do.

'I don't know what you mean by that,
However...
What makes you 'think' I am not noticed? '

You can't be.
Not here.

'Oh...
I see where you're going with this.
You mean 'noticed' in a way,
That celebrities and stars are noticed'

Yeah, yeah...
Exactly.

'So you can say you know me?
Is that it? '

NAW!
So 'you' can be happy!

'And...
I'm not happy? '

You can't be!

'Why? '

Because you live 'here'!

'OH...

So I can not be happy,
Doing exactly what I choose to do...
AND live here.
Is that it? '

People don't have respect,
For someone like you...
Here!

'And what makes you think,
I am not accustomed to being disrespected?
That has nothing to do with what it is I do.
Nor my choice to live here.
I love what I do.
I love where I live.
I love the people I come in contact with.
Why would I choose to go somewhere else?
I can expect to get disrespected.
AND...
Check it out!
That has helped me achieve my success!

And I couldn't afford to get that anywhere else,
But right here.
That may seem foolish to you!
But my mama didn't raise no fools! '

You'd be making a lot more money!

'To have you calling me every five minutes,
To borrow some?
No thanks! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You'D Be There

If I was not anywhere at all,
I'd be there with you on my mind.
Attempting to define it.
And why I insisted,
To have you follow me like this.
From nonsense arguments...
To moments shared,
When we dared to call it bliss.
If I was not anywhere at all,
Making sure I knew...
My limitations were wished.
With no one around to dismiss me.
Or ignore my existence,
As I would watch you sit.
There is no need,
I've done that myself.
Staring at a reflection...
With a vacant connection.
If I was not anywhere at all...
Pretending I was somewhere,
You'd be there.
Everywhere I would go.
You'd be there.
And you would not know,
Where I had taken you.
To share thoughts we both knew,
Were unwanted.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You'D Like To Catch Every Moment

Am I satisfied?
Of course I am.
However...
I do think,
You carry this 'togetherness' philosophy of yours,
To the extreme at times.

I would like 'some' privacy as I use the bathroom.
Unless you feel I might fall into a creative spell,
You'd like to witness?
And you'd like to catch every moment,
Of my movement!

'No! No.
I just miss you so much.
I hope you don't feel I am being too possessive? '

Not yet!
But I am tempted to close the door,
From now on.
Maybe even lock it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You'Ll Get No 'Busy' With This

You've got to know love.
Feelings crushed can not just be brushed over.
You've got to know love,
To know what love is meant to mean...
Or no love you will get to know,
To know that love you seek.

You will not get,
What you think you do not deserve.

You've got to know love,
To know love.
Or no love you are going to get.
To get 'busy' with.
And you'll get no 'busy' with this,
Anytime soon.

Cause you'll get no 'busy' here with this,
Until you show me how to make love...
Instead of that bump and grind,
You get up to leave,
After you ooo me.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You'Ll Get Over It

I seem to be less concerned about your anguish?

I tell you what...
Take twenty years off of my life.
Put one hundred thousand dollars cash in my hand.
Tell me things are going to smell like 'Begonias'
For the rest of my life.
And I'll even make you a batch of my homemade pancakes,
To throw in on the side.

Until further notice...
If you do not see me doing a foxtrot,
With the sounds of a polka.
You can bet...
I am experiencing a happiness shortage.
And your anguish,
Somehow...
Has lost a few beats with my rhythm.

You'll Get over it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Young And Youthful

She wanted her babies early.
This is what I manage to hear...
As I coincidentally passed,
My neighbor's kitchen window.
During my evening power walk.

And also to be neighborly...
With any neighbor that might happen,
To see me resting...
On the side of their homes!
Rubbing a leg or two.

And I am far from nosey!
I'm just one of those rare,
Touch and feely types.

'You're going to make the same mistakes,
I made...
Young lady.
But unlike my mother...
You aint bringing no babies in here.
Is that clear?
None I'm going to be prepared to raise.

We are in those days...
You kids growing up to leave,
Would make me extremely pleased! '

~But mommy,
All of the girls at my junior high school...
Are having babies,
While they are still young and youthful.
And beautiful too.~

'It's like this...
You brought a puppy in here.
And I feed and walk it.
Although you kids,
Tell everyone...

How 'you' have a puppy.
But can't take care of one.

And your brother can't stay in a relationship.
Everytime he returns with his 'baggage'...
He dumps it all over the place,
To say how stupid girls make him sick!

And your father,
I might as well mention this...
Act as if I am here to babysit him.
Because I refuse to go through,
His weekly tantrums.

It's like this...
I dare you to bring a baby up in here.
If you do that...
The front door will be open.
And the only thing I want to see...
Is your back.

You will witness it very quickly,
Your mother will be someone...
Who will admit in public,
Of never having children.
And that will be the end of it! '

~Mommy stop playing.
I am serious! ~

'Test me,
GLORIA! '

~You know my name is Cynthia, mommy.~

'Is it?
I'm already experiencing the affects of amnesia.
You know...
Why didn't I think of this much earlier? '

~Mother? ~

'I'm sorry.
Are you talking to me?
Or...
Are you related to that nosey neighbor,
Leaning near my rose bed.'

*OH..
Hello Mrs. Jenkins.
These power walks don't come as easy to me,
As they use to be.*

'You step on my roses,
And you will find your legs to be the least of your problems.
I'll get you a reservation at the Hampton Health Center.
You might as well come on in and have a cup of coffee,
With Harold.
He aint doin' nothin'.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Young, Patriotic And Undeniably Brave

Discharged from the Air Force.
Married and living independently.
And at 21 years old...
I was then with wife,
And we lived in Kansas City, Missouri.

42 years ago,
Seems to me a 'century'.
And today,
At the age of 63...
I can certainly confess,
I am extremely blessed.

As I observe the lack of discipline,
Allowed by the guardians of today's children.
I remain very curious,
As to 'why' more people...
Are not showing they are furious?
And exactly 'who' are 'they' who speak,
Of values gone undisplayed?

With nerve to say,
How 'others' should be held accountable!

And many of 'us' in those days,
Were young, patriotic and undeniably brave.

Dedicated:
To those young men and women,
who 'still' volunteer to enter into the military...
for a cause that should be more applauded!
Bless your efforts, dedication and sacrifice.

~lsp~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Your Absence Has Made My Heart Grow Fonder

No matter what those arguments.
Or the exchanging of a bitterness meant.
Without you in my life,
I've spent...
Countless hours fighting against,
Those moments I felt such an emptiness.
Knowing...
Your absence has made my heart grow fonder.

No matter if it is pouring rain,
I can't help but remember...
Your laughter that still remains.
And even though when living together,
That smile of yours would seldom show.
I know...
Your absence,
Has made my heart grow fonder.

And always will I remember when,
You walked out the door!
And I was left relieved,
As if blown with a fresh wind...
To begin my life without you again!
To experience complete happiness,
I had not known since way back when.
And one that has stayed to comfort me.

Yes...
I can certainly say without regrets,
Your absence has made my heart grow fonder!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Your Accomodating Spirit

There is something about being taken for granted,
That never dawns on the minds of those...
Who perceive themselves as accomodating,
The people they use by providing them a convenience...
That one day will benefit the person taken for granted,
With an overwhelming feeling of gratitude...
Of knowing someone only thinks of them,
As that person to go to...
With only the purpose to have them used.

'Why are you so cheerful today? '

~Knowing you only think of me as someone to use.
AND you are here willing to have me permit,
The doing of it, too?
I'm am overjoyed with your accomodating spirit.~

'Finally you are beginning to appreciate what I do.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Your Accusations

Take your accusations,
Flavored with demonstrated hate...
To places where discrimination,
Displays a mental waste.

Take your accusations,
To a mirror where you face...
A participating with others,
Who themselves have been disgraced.

'Uh...
Is it possible,
We can borrow some of your accusations?
It seems the ones we have used,
Can not excuse our own torment...
We had intended for you.'

But our accusations,
Are a result of your demonstrated hate.
We can not help you,
For mental illnesses you display.
Initiated by your discriminatiing ways.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Your Acquaintances Are Few, Aren'T They?

The clear difference between you and me,
Is the time you devote being opinionated?

'Oh really?
And you?
What are you devoted to?
Huh? '

Those who know me,
Are well aware of my generosity given...
And time I have donated,
In the sharing of my observations.

'To which they agree,
Are 'not' opinions.
I'm sure.'

Well...
Not necessarily.
However...
I have recommended,
IF they 'might' have suggestions...
To place them together in a sealed envelope,
And then mailed to my home address....
For review and consideration.

'Your acquaintances are few, aren't they? '

There you go,
Giving your unsolicited opinion...again!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Your Actions

I am not an insect,
Suspected to exist without feelings.
Every cell of life I reflect and exhibit,
Has a purpose.

Nor am I less intelligent,
Than those who may detect...
They have been blessed with more than me.
Or that I have no thoughts to think,
As some may perceive and believe this to be.

The only difference between my presence and yours,
Is your desire to start conflicts...
With your neighbors and on foreign shores.
And even if I might regard this as ignorant,
You are the one trying with your attempts...
To prove, and at your expense,
You have been bestowed with superior intelligence.

And this is a difference,
Your actions have yet to prove!
And this is a difference,
Why I choose to think of you as a fool.

I am not an insect,
Suspected to exist without feelings.
Every cell of life I reflect and exhibit,
Has a purpose.
And yours, I hope, is to not destroy Earth.
Nor the rights of those,
Who have been blessed with birth to enjoy it.
No matter what you've been made to perceive,
With your destructive beliefs...
Inflicted by religious affiliations!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Your Actions Have Outdated My Patience

For many years I have known of you!
And in those years,
I feel I don't know you at all.
I've invited you into my home...
And assisted in the things you do.
I've even invited you with me,
To attend events.
And this you have refused,
With excuses to invent.

And when I see you publicly,
You pretend not to know me...
You never acknowledge me to make small talk.
When was the last time I recieved your invitation,
To go anywhere with different sights to see?
I can not recall that being your priority.
And yet you call yourself my 'friend'?

Which one of us is pretending?
And which one of us thinks,
Whatever this is between us should end?

'You don't know me like you think you do! '
You say to me as if to accuse.
And I say to you...
'No kidding?
You must be a comedian too?
But your actions have outdated my patience.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Your Acts Kept Practiced

While you were deciding,
Who was and who was not worthy...
The Earth beneath your feet,
Was being sold...
As you directed tactics.

While you were practicing,
Division and indecision...
Your own deceit taught you knew,
Was preparing to teach...
A lesson or two!

And now you seek,
A return to pleasures.
Those pleasures you fed...
To keep your nose up high,
And your disguise...
Being stripped from you,
Right before your eyes.

And now you seek,
A return to pleasures.
And without measure...
Your treasures have been downsized!

While you were deciding,
Who was and who was not worthy...
The Earth beneath your feet,
Was being sold...
As you directed tactics.

Your acts kept practiced...
Has entrapped you as one victimized.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Your Anger Is Unwarranted

I understand why it is your wish,
To have your fantasies returned.
And I understand your difficulty,
In facing the onslaught of reality.

However,
I do not condone you making it known...
A shown contempt for me.
Since I am not the one who introduced,
Animated mice, pigs, ducks...
And other English speaking creatures,
Into your life...
That sang and danced with added spice.

Your anger is unwarranted,
And misdirected.
Although I know what you have been told,
About me!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Your Approach

It's not that I mind,
You continuing doing those things...
You find endearing and love to do.
I don't mind you doing that at all.

It's just that everytime you come near me,
With a doing of it...
Has yet to convince me,
Your approach is better than mine.

But still you want to waste my time and yours,
Attempting to prevent...
What is pleasing to my own needs,
That do not include you.

Why does that offend you?
If you feel secure by that which is done you do,
Why can't you just stay where you are?
Are you trying to get me,
To put a lesser value on my own wishes and dreams?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Your Assessment Pleases

If I had no embedded indoctrinations,
Or a thumb to suck when I was young.
Would I be as stunned to discover,
Those unaccustomed to living in the projects...
Had less dysfunctions,
Than the ones I was 'told' I had?

Especially when I grew up in a time,
When all my neighbors kept their doors opened.
And parents disciplined not only their children,
But any child within their reach.

And those who lived in suburbs then,
Would pretend they did not sit on toilets.
And I often wondered about that.
Since my mom would often say...
'Just be 'you'.
Let others folks think they have silver spoons in their mouths.
And walk around with their butts on their shoulders.'

For a very long time I looked for this.
I wanted my mother's visions to be validated.

~Ma?
May I ask you a question? ~

'What is it now...
Larry? '

~Check this out.
I've been looking all around for folks,
With silver spoons in their mouths.
And butts on their shoulders.
I walked all over too!
Where did you see this? ~

'Boy?
Something is wrong with you! '

My mother had her way of telling my sisters and I...
We were 'different' children.

If I had no embedded indoctrinations,
Or a thumb to suck when I was young.
Would I be as stunned to discover,
Those unaccustomed to living in the projects...
Had less dysfunctions,
Than the ones I was 'told' I had?

And I think about my childhood every now and then.
Wondering about all of those 'fortunate' and well dressed children.
Living in the suburbs.
And why they seem to have more problems then we had?
And why those 'kids' now with children...
Can't seem to hold themselves accountable,
For allowing the world to get sooo
Crazed!

'Boy?
Something is wrong with you! '

~Thank you, Ma!
I 'think' I know what you mean.~

'That's good to hear.
Now prove it by leaving me alone,
And go outside to play...
Like you're a 'normal' child.*

~Again...
Your assessment pleases.~

*Boy, if you don't get outta my face! *

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Your Attempts To Be Everywhere

You look like hell.

'What gave me away?
Was it the horns?
The color of my deep tan?
Or was it the heat,
Still singeing my tail?
Releasing the smoke,
I believed had cloaked my identity.'

No.
Not really.
You look exhausted.
Probably from not getting enough sleep.
And keeping late hours,
In your attempts to be everywhere.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Your Attempts To Question

Mock my beliefs,
With an emboldened disregard...
To have me seen,
As the one who comes to deceive...
With intentions to destroy your peace.
Something in your life you have yet to release.

And leave you I will,
To have you face those consequences...
I did not create or invent to put in place.
And your attempts to question how I knew,
Will still find you clueless...
With all of the evidence surrounding you.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Your Basket Of Opinions

Why should I help you make it,
Any bigger than what it is?
I know of your perceptions and opinions of me.
But I will say this...
To put in your basket of opinions you carry to pass,
I hope to never again experience the witnessing...
Another child of mine dying.
With that image affixed in my mind,
All the time to never leave.

Now...
Why should I help you,
Make that any bigger than what it is?
With or without your opinions of me to give.
Never will your opinions replace my life or experiences...
To medicate an escaping away from my point of view.
A view that is mine I hope you never go through.

Is that your truck?

'Yes.'

I suggest you take your basket of opinions,
To carry as you pass...
With a removing your butt from my door to truck off!

'So that means you're not feeling up,
To permitting me to interview you.'

Is that your truck?

'Yes.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Your Beauty Is Enough

You've got me rockin'.
You've got me rollin'.
You've got me dreamin'...
Of what I would do,
To keep you beautiful.

There's not one thing that I would want.
Not one thing that I would need,
Or wish...
To keep you beautiful.
Your beauty is enough.

You've got me rockin'.
You've got me rollin'.
You've got me dreamin'...
Of what I would do,
To keep you beautiful.

But you are beautiful enough to want.
And beautiful enough to taste.
And beautiful enough to kiss.
And beautiful enough to miss.
You're beautiful enough.
You're beautiful enough.

You are beautiful enough to want.
And beautiful enough to taste.
And beautiful enough to kiss.
And beautiful enough to miss.
You're beautiful enough.
You're beautiful enough.
Your beauty is enough.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Your Beliefs

Your beliefs are fading faster than a speeding bullet.
Quicker than belts can be located between a young man's waist...
And his knees.
Exposing his crack and undies.
Quicker than you can hear an elephant sneeze.
Or apologize for existing.

Your beliefs are fading faster...
Than the vivid colors of your super heros,
Amos and Andy, Step-n Fetchit and Clarabell the Clown.

Your beliefs are fading faster...
Than that identity you have never found!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Your Business To Do

Aint nobody gotta know,
Your business to do but you.
Aint nobody gotta know,
The how, the why or the when of it.
Unless you pretend,
You have done your business...
To lie and coverup with alibis.
With a denying your business to do,
Has been described by others...
To have been a foul move.
And what is in the air you didn't put there.
Although the odor everywhere,
Had to come from you to produce.

'What you have done...
Stinks.'

~Who's business is it? ~

'We were doing our best,
To leave it yours to do.
But your doing of it has now made it ours.
And now you wish us to pretend,
Your mess is not ours to clean?
With a paying to get rid of it?
Your business to do,
Was a selfish thing that now includes us to clean.
And frankly...
Your attitude and what you have done, offends.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Your Captive Love

Free me between the sheets with tenderness!
Hold me tight and rock me with your passion.
So deserving am I to be taken to worlds adventured!
Sighing deep within your treasure released...
Just for me!
Make me sweat!
Make me earn the right,
To be your captive love!
Let us explore...
And become devoured!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Your Convenience At My Expense

Here!
I have decided it was easier for me,
To return this bucket with your miseries...
Than to keep you with beliefs,
You can come to me to add more to them...
At your convenience.
Well...
Your convenience at my expense,
Has ended.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Your Conviction With Such Commitment

Did you think I was a figment,
Of your imagination?
Something generic
You can treat as you please.
Something you were taught,
Was beneath your high ideals?

Humor me.

Well
It is no secret by now,
We both have been made aware
Who achieves incompetence
And who denies accountability
With accusations of not being responsible,
For any implementation of wrongdoing

Do you use olive or vegetable oil,
In your skillet?
Or
Is it 'Teflon'?

I have never been allowed that close,
To anyone declaring themselves
With that kind of authority
Enabling them to slip and slither
You have been the name dropper

And we both can agree upon,
How insecurity can devastate
One's self perception

Also,
As a reminder
The definition of greatness as applied to myth,
Is just another application of word usage
To hype one's state of mind at the time of use

You care to impress me,

With your announcement of it again?
I enjoy observing your conviction with such commitment
It gives me goosebumps
Say it again!
Tell me how great you are

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Your Determination

We've come to a dead end.
And to retreat now,
Would be our own declaration...
Of being self defeating.

'That's odd.
What prompted you to acknowledge it?
Was it the steel encased cemented and brick wall.
With the razor barbed wire adorning the top of it...
To lead you to this obviousness?
Or...
Was it the yelling of those you passed along the way,
You were convinced were dissidents and nonconformists...
Shouting to turn back.
And go another way?

But you found them not to be impressively dressed.
Plus none of them seemed civilized enough,
For anyone to listen to what they had to say...
To influence your stubbornness?

But this can be said about your determination...
You no longer have to concern yourself,
About those warning you...
Having a conflict of interest.

You have helped them to prove you wrong.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Your Duality Leaves Me Breathless

Your ugliness to creep,
From under your kept beauty...
Leaves me mesmerized.
And I am unable to explain,
Why I can be captivated.
Even when your evil moodiness,
Shows it can not be restrained.

Your ugly disposition,
Can switch from that...
To a beauty so attractive it entraps.
With it shown to me to make it known,
You have have boundaries.
And taking from me nonsense,
Is not where your head is at to condone.

I would rather see your beauty,
Displayed and effortlessly exposed.
Than to know whenever your eyebrow raises,
I should not say to you another word.
With a keeping of my mouth closed.
However, I must admit this...
Your duality leaves me breathless.
And I could not speak if the doing I chose.

'You've got something you want to say to me?
Something you think from you I need to hear? '

Uh...uhmmm...huh?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Your Evil Deeds Speak For Themselves

It no longer matters,
As to which rules are chosen to change.
Or who believes a doing will benefit,
Those biased causes that have faded away.
What matters today,
With the proof of it to observe...
And facts attached without them being blurred.
There are very few left to view,
Themselves in exclusive ways...
To feel beliefs that have kept them isolated,
Have others envious to contemplate jealousies.
Or keep bitter thoughts they have been betrayed,
By an overwhelming ignorance...
Everywhere displayed,
To wish to possess this an entitlement.
Or dream that one day to achieve this status.
Those being labelled to depict them as crazed,
Seem to be seeking empathy...
In the hopes they can disguise their past actions.

'What on Earth were we thinking? '

~Who knows.
Your evil deeds speak for themselves.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Your Excellence

Remember and never forget...
Your excellence to reflect and project,
Is not dependent upon...
Nonsense from others to accept.

Unless your assistance is requested,
To provide recommendations that suggest...
A better way others can achieve,
The doing of their very best.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Your Excuses

May I make a suggestion?

'Yes.
Please.
Sure.'

When claiming what you have done,
Are mistakes made...
Always attempt to remember,
Which ones you have made excuses for.
To then update those excuses with fresher ones.
Especially if you are going to make the same mistakes.

'What are you saying? '

Here.
I've made a list of your excuses.
They are tired and overused.
Update them.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Your Expectations

Once words leave from my mouth to be said,
They are not rehearsed to fit snuggly...
To take into consideration your preferred wishes.
In a way that is expressed to address,
Your expectations.
No! That is not what I do.
I am too honest with myself.

If you choose to confuse my words as something else,
Communicating with me is not your desire.
Not if you want to comprehend my feelings,
To mean something else you wish to approve.
I will not manipulate my words in premeditation,
To please what you want from me to hear.
I do not live to feed the keeping of your delusions.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Your Exuberance Overwhelms

Once a spark has been experienced,
In any relationship that today exists...
With two knowing regaining that same sensation,
Will never have the same effectiveness.
Although...
If that spark is reminisced,
By two who are still together remembering it...
There is something about this,
That continues to ignite embers of the flame.
And those fortunate to remain,
With that same person to make that claim...
Somewhere there will be others acknowledging,
What it is they miss.
With a doing of their best efforts,
In attempts made to try...
To deny they hide their envy!

'So happy I am to know they are STILL together.'

~I can tell.
The showing of your exuberance overwhelms.~

'Seriously I am.'

~Okay.
I believe you.
So I will not interpret your expression of shock,
As disbelief.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Your Eyes Leave Me With A Lift I Get

I fantasize us naked.
Hugging with a touching close.
And rubbing with a sucking,
Of each other's tongues.
Under sheets until we've completed,
Doing what we have done to do again.

'Excuse me?
You WHAT? '

And the dawn finds us locked in an embrace.
With sweet breezes of the Spring,
Coming to us to soothe...
As an addition that enhances,
Our escapade to stop a search...
We thought never to end or from it escape.

'You've got to be a songwriter,
To approach me in this way.'

In fact,
I am.
Do you sing?

'Of course.
How did you know that?
Sometimes until my lungs ache from pleasure.'

Oh?
Really?
My goodness.
Are you free to audition?

'That depends on the length of your instrument.
Once I was accompanied by a tuba.
And I did a lot of screaming.
No one heard me sing.

Well...
I am hoping to hear you hum a few notes first.
In a place we can be discreet.
I'm into duets. with an introduction only two in sync,
Can bring.

'And I am tired of going solo.'

So I guess a duet is a bet?

'Yes.
And I am glad you approached me,
With the right guess.'

I've been composing for a long time.
Hoping to find someone with the right rhythm,
To understand my needs...
With a wanting to define my lines to rhyme.

'I am hopeful at dawn,
My humming continues on.'

Let's just say,
You will never be heard soloing alone again.
I can not guarantee it.
But your eyes leave me with a lift I get.

'What time do you propose to have us exposed? '

Is eight too late?

'No not at all.
It will give us time to work on the composition.
With a feeling a comfort in our positions.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Your Fears

Reaching to seek what is imagined mythically,
And worshipped to seduce fears...
If one doesn't live within restrictions to adhere.
With a loyality specific to something symbolically,
Endeared.
Promotes division and undecisiveness,
To market a decadence pocketed by deceivers.
And taunting those believers who can not sleep.

Your fears,
Keep you medicated and doped up.
Your fears,
Keep you agitated and stuck in ruts.
Your fears,
Keeps your back shoved up against a wall...
To sob over troubles with an instant recall.

Your fears,
Keep you medicated and doped up.
Your fears,
Keep you agitated and stuck in ruts.
Your fears,
Keeps your back shoved up against a wall...
To sob over troubles with an instant recall.

Reaching to seek what is imagined mythically,
And worshipped to seduce fears...
If one doesn't live within restrictions to adhere.
With a loyality specific to something symbolically,
Endeared.
Promotes division and undecisiveness,
To market a decadence pocketed by deceivers.
And taunting those believers who wish they could sleep!

Your fears,
Keep you medicated and doped up.
Your fears,
Keep you agitated and stuck in ruts.
Your fears,

Keeps your back shoved up against a wall...
To sob over troubles with an instant recall.

Your fears,
Are meant to keep you in a state of confusion.
Your fears,
Are like a leech who wants to feed you defeat.
Your fears,
Keep you medicated and doped up.
Because you have stated that enough is enough.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Your Flavor Tasted I Don'T Miss

There are some folks who practice,
With a doing to others shown...
An ungratefulness they quickly express,
To that which is easily given to them.
With a picking apart of it at their best.

And with a belief such ease obtained,
Can be destroyed until nothing remains.
With a hope that something better comes along.
That never does when God is the giver of the deed.
And regrettably too late what is ruined is wished,
To be mended and fixed as if renewed to be retrieved.

There are some folks who practice,
With a doing to others shown...
An ungratefulness they quickly express,
To that which is easily given to them.
With a picking apart of it at their best.
And regrettably too late what is ruined is wished,
To be mended and fixed as if renewed to be retrieved.

'You want what?
What we had?
Whatever we 'had',
I wish never to redo.
You aint a bag of chips.
And your flavor tasted I don't miss.
Get over yourself.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

'Your' Gift

Do you 'still' not know what it is that you want?
Has time you limited prevented this to happen?
Do you wish what it was suddenly appeared in view?
Or have you since given up like so many you see do?

Well...
Consider this,
Many who seem they have exactly what they wish...
Have become for others unsolicited critics.

Try it.
You never know.
Someone you might get to listen,
May think of your opinion for them 'your' gift.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Your Gifts

Turn your gifts
Into rewards you pick.
Wish them to be delivered
Now into reality.
There is nothing to lose.
You already have them...
And not a dime was spent.
They were meant for you.
Desire to have them unwrapped!
You've kept them packaged too long.
There is nothing wrong in sharing them.
Just don't waste time...
Making up your mind,
They are yours!
They are.
If they weren't...
You wouldn't know they existed.
They do.
And so do you.
Reveal them and let them shine!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Your Giving Is Not Anonymous

It isn't easy to admit,
To witness what is apparent and seen...
The moment it is delivered.
Although it may be invisible to those who have chosen,
To dismiss it as fast as the passing of gas.
But the one observing it done,
Knows exactly who did it and where it came from.

'At least you should have the courtesy,
To say 'excuse me'.'

~Why?
I don't smell a thing.~

'Then how do you know what has been done?
And don't try to sneak away from that one.
Or look at me as if I did it.
Trust me...
Your giving is not anonymous.'

~You have experience at being annoying,
Don't you? ~

'Thanks to people like you,
I am getting there.'

~Now you have everyone looking at me! ~

'And you don't think they should? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Your Greatest Challenge Of All

There had been no prior intention,
To pronounce you guilty.
But your persistent attempts,
To improve your understanding...
WITH a comprehension meant,
Has appalled those in your environment.

Therefore...
And with much reluctance,
I have no choice but to sentence you...
To a life of prolonged peace and happiness.
And where you choose to do this,
Is going to be your greatest challenge of all.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Your Heart With Your Mind And Faith Is Your Doctor!

Some say they would share this if they could.
They can not.
And wouldn't...
IF they could.
Some say they can feel yours!
They can not.
And wouldn't...
IF they could.
Some say they understand.
And if there is anything they can do,
To let them know!
Sincerety like this is difficult to dismiss.
But pain is personalized.
And not quite felt,
Like the one who is feeling it!
Some may empathize, cry and hold your hand.
Rub it.
Or give a hug to pat a back!
It's a fact of your condition.
You are there without a physician.
However,
When your pain comes...
Attaching your heart, body and mind to it?
There is no question who it belongs to!
But what more can a human being being human do?
Some say they would share this if they could.
They can not.
And wouldn't...
IF they could.
Some say they can feel yours!
They can not.
And wouldn't...
IF they could.
Some say they understand.
And if there is anything they can do,
To let them know!
Sincerety like this is difficult to dismiss.
But pain is personalized.
And not quite felt,

Like the one who is feeling it!
And when you are feeling yours...
You know it can not be felt,
Like it has you feeling it!
And somehow you know,
It is there not to be shared!
No matter who, what and how it is perceived.
Only you know 'why' pain feels like it does!
It is yours and it has been received.
And only you can create that feeling to make it heal!
You know it is there and that reality has no appeal.
Your heart with your mind and faith is your doctor!
Your heart with your mind and faith is your doctor!
Your heart with your mind and faith is your doctor!
Faith is your doctor!
Faith is your doctor!
Faith is your doctor!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Your Initiative

Your initiative whether or not accepted,
Keep it effective.
Your initiative should never be less,
To satisfy what someone else expects.
Your initiative is better motivated if it's in your hands.
Your initiative is better motivated when it you command.

Your initiative whether or not accepted,
Keep it effective.
Your initiative should never be less,
To satisfy what someone else expects.
Your initiative is better motivated if it's in your hands.
With it remembered,
Your initiative is better motivated when it you command.

Your intiative,
Is better motivated when you know it's kept your hands.
Your initiative,
Is better motivated when you know it's at 'your' command.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Your Interests And Mine Are Different

Supporting your efforts,
Does not mean I am an advocate...
To campaign for your beliefs.
The doing of that is not on my agenda.
Unless you are requesting my presence.

I admire what you do,
Because it is seldom seen.
Those motivated with initiative,
In the doing of anything but complain...
Is a rarity nowadays and seems to be unchanged.

But your beliefs and mine are not the same.
So don't confuse my support of your conviction,
As an attraction to your interests.
Your interests and mine are different.
And I hope you appreciate my admitting of this.

And when you address your interests and efforts,
Try not to do that to impress.
Do it because it is what you do.
With a doing that includes 'your' happiness,
To keep prioritized.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Your Kept Best

Others do not have to be convinced,
Your efforts done to do...
Get better each day and they improve.
If this is believed and accepted by you,
Keep this proven to yourself...
Knowing your kept best efforts,
Are endeavors in a nonstop work in progress.

If your endeavors with effort are discovered by others,
Let them decide where a rating of a placement goes.
Let them decide what is accomplished by this to do.
Be about what it is you want with a wish to keep produced.
Without a word from your heard,
That can be interpreted as an excuse they can use to accuse.
Your kept best of efforts made eventually speak for themselves.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Your Last Line...It Does Not Rhyme

I've been accused of not giving.
When that is all I've ever done.
I've also been accused of not participating,
Although when I did...
None of that from the others would come.
From anyone!
Not even 'some'.

Now that I have chosen my time not to waste,
I've been told I am ungrateful...
And self centered,
Of late.
And my response to those who bait division...
Is that we all make decisions.
And I've made mine to break away from that madness.

'Your last line...
It does not rhyme.'

And I ain't trying to find reason for it, either.
When I eat cookies and leave not a crumb...
That means I'm done!

'Cool.
That line does rhyme.'

It makes me happy you have set your priorities.
So have I.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Your Laughter Will Always Remain

So much you have left,
In my view to remember.
So much of it still has an affect,
On my mind I will never forget.

And those times unforgotten,
I reminisce to remember best.
And they were the times,
When it was just you and me...
Believing we needed 'things',
To enhance our happiness.

And we were 'then'...
So broke but we were both,
Able to joke about it.

And today with things,
Around me to bring nothing...
But a felt absence with no laughter heard,
At all.
Well...
Not yours.

Your laughter will always remain special.
With tears falling from your eyes,
I knew you could not control.

'Do you want the last of the popcorn? '

~No.
Let's pretend we've had too much.
And save it as 'leftovers'.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Your Life Is In Much Need Of That Attention

You see my eyes?
How they are open...
And opened wide?
There is nothing in my life,
That solicits your interpretation.
There is nothing about it,
And how it is lived...
That requires me to give you,
A detailed explanation...
Of what I do that pleases me.
Since you and I have no invested time,
In a relationship of any kind.

Why you are in my business the way you are,
Needs to cease.
Your opinions given,
Have no influence with me at all.
No assitance from you,
Had been there from my crawling days...
Until I learned to stand tall.
And why you believe in my life you have credibility...
Is a mystery to me!
Since your life is in much need of that attention.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Your Life May Not Be Considered Terrific

No matter what one sees,
To compare with belief...
You alone can conceive with a receiving,
What it is in your life...
Made with those decisons,
For you is right and is liked.

Your life may not be considered terrific,
By those critics with their 'standards' picking it apart.
But it is 'your' life to live.
With a living of it in the way you like.
And if it isn't...
You will be the one to decide,
What for you is significantly sufficient.
With a living of it honestly.
And truth in your heart.

No matter what one sees,
To compare with belief...
Your life is yours!
Not anyone else's to oversee.
Or convince with their perceptions,
How one should live.
And in which way lived one's life should be.

Oh...
How I wish to hear you say to them,
Where and what on you they can kiss!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Your Love

Who receives it with a feeding on it...
Your love.
You confess...
Is expressed.

Who receives it to be feeding on it...
Your love.
Am I the one left you wish to guess.

Who receives it?
Your love.
And who believes it?
Your love.
When I haven't seen it expressed to get.

Under the Moon.
Under the stars.
When I am alone,
I wonder where you are.

Who receives it?
Your love.
And who believes it?
Your love.
When I haven't seen it expressed to get.

Who receives it with a feeding on it...
Your love.
You confess...
Is expressed.

Who receives it to be feeding on it...
Your love.
Am I the one left you wish to guess.
Am I the one left not getting it yet.

Under the Moon.
Under the stars.
When I am alone,

I wonder where you are.

Who receives it?
Your love.
And who believes it?
Your love.
When I haven't seen it expressed to get.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Your Mess

To those who 'get it'!
Congratulations.
To those who don't...
Congratulations!
The end result will still be the same.
Some will stack denials
Upon a growing pack that piles.
While others will reject
The familiar BS with common regret.
Leaving all to be affected with the usual disrespect!
And that's what I 'don't get'.
If what is happening is not accepted...
Why aren't more rejecting what is given,
For a preference they expect?
You can't blame 'that' on 'them' for your mess!
Or a neglect you find troubling to admit and confess!
Seeing the 'self'...is very difficult.
Seeing the 'self'...can be the best!
At least you know who to point the finger to...
When you blow a 'fuse' that induces your own stress!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Your Messages To Me Are Mixed

Let's pretend...
That during the many years,
I spent going through personal agonies...
You and your selected crew,
Made a decision to do to me...
What I wouldn't think of doing to you.
And you had no idea,
Most of those years I sat alone...
Doing the best I could not to let that known.

And let's pretend,
Today your misdeeds you have recognized.
And my healing done with much sacrifice,
Has achieved a peace you neither undestand,
But you have shown to me a dislike.
What do you think that I should do?
Pretending the way we are...
That what was done to me by you,
You assumed I never knew.

'But...
I no longer pretend,
I have come to you to be forgiven.
Things have changed.
I know I have.'

I too have changed.
And there is something about pretending,
I have found best not to do myself.

'So...
What is it that your are saying? '

Difficult it is for me to reminisce.
And not forget who inflicted painful memories.

'Why do you smile?
Your messages to me are mixed.'

I've learned to smile.
That has nothing to do with the message.
You will soon comprehend.
Trust me.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Your Mind Is In Conflict

You say you want the weight you carry gone.
Yet you turn around to put that weight back on.
With the missing of it craved,
Like an addict needing a fix...
To become enraged if the doing isn't quick.

You say you're tired of being left alone.
But it is a loneliness you condone.
To express relationships are not your 'thing'.
But you are heard to wish for a companion,
Prayed to God to bring with preferences you list.

You panic like a child having a tantrum fit,
When you are not the subject of an attention to get.
With the missing of it craved,
Like an addict needing a fix...
And has become crazed!

Your mind is in conflict but you refuse to admit this.
You wish to be abused and you do it to solicit.
You want someone to comprehend and understand your thoughts!
But what you need is a psychiatrist,
And one that is immediately sought.

'You're just saying that because you find me desirable.'

No.
I say that because I fear for my life.
The candlelight dinner you prepared was nice.
However...
Being threaten with a knife to be intimate with you,
Is something I can't accept...
As an appropriate approach to having a romantic evening.

'You're just like the others,
Who believed something was wrong with me.'

You're kidding.
I don't know 'where' they got that idea.

But, I want you to know this...
I have a tracking device on my cell phone.
And if you don't move away from the door,
It will be activated.

'You're just saying that because you find me desirable.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Your Mind Needs A Good Tweaking Done

Don't think you can do and say anything to me,
And I'm not to know or show it!
Or pretend what you do is fine and okay.
And I will approve of that,
Just to walk away?
You consciously do something to me.
Forgiving you is not a priority in my mind.
Not!
What is?
Forgetting you.
And as quick as possible.

I do not play,
'Let's toss back and forth emotions.
And stump on feelings to gain points.'

You may not notice this,
But neither one of us are children.
And that has been for quite some time!
Your mind needs a good tweaking done.
With updates and fast!
Don't delay this.
You are missing out on much needed reality,
That has for you been depleted.
And as quickly as you can...
Address it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Your Mind Will Clear

Sit in quietness to submit.
With a doing this to clear your mind.
Give it time and you will find...
Your mind will clear.

Sit in quietness to submit.
With a doing this to clear your mind.
Give it time and you will find...
Your mind will clear.

Give it a few minutes and sit.
Don't resist the quietness.
A doing this brings a benefit.
You will witness this if you don't quit...
Your mind will clear.

Let all that junk that comes in your mind.
Be bumped,
To dump.
Let all that junk you find in your mind be dumped,
And...
Your mind will clear.
With a peace unexpected near.

Sit in quietness to submit.
With a doing this to clear your mind.
Give it time and you will find...
Your mind will clear.

Let all that junk that comes in your mind.
Be bumped,
To dump.
And...
Your mind will clear.
With a peace to find so near.

Your mind will clear,
With removing all that junk to dump.
And...

Your mind will clear,
After bumping all that junk to dump.
And no longer will you be in a slump.

Your mind will clear,
With removing all that junk to dump.
And...
Your mind will clear,
After bumping all that junk to dump.
And no longer will you be in a slump.

Sit in quietness,
And...
Your mind will clear.

Sit quietly to submit,
And...
Your mind will clear.

Sit in quietness,
And...
Your mind will clear.

Sit quietly to benefit from this,
And...
Your mind will clear.

Sit quietly to benefit from it,
And...
Your mind will clear.

Be the one to witness this to benefit,
And...
Your mind will clear.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Your Mouth Is Wide Open

I am not interested in you.
Nor will I ever be interested in you.
I'm suppose to be attracted to you?
Because you have a suit on?
You ain't even the kind I like.
So you're wasting your time here...
Mister-wish-I-was-somebody-important!

'All I am doing is waiting for the bus!
That's all!
Nothing more. Nothing less.'

I've heard those lines before.
'Nothing more. Nothing less.'
You don't have to get technical about it!
I met my 4th husband at a bus stop.
He thought he was 'all that' too!
Yeah...
He died from a puncture wound.

'Sorry to hear that! '

I'm over it now!
I was paroled two weeks ago!

'Paroled? '

YEAH!
He snatched my weave off my head.
Trying to tell me I didn't look like Beyoncé!
And I paid Two Hundred Dollars too?
He'll never do that again.
Fourty-eight times I punctured him in self defense!
And...
HEY! ?
Why you running?
The bus ain't got here yet!

And he calls himself a man?

Ain't no more men around.
I ain't found one yet...
To let me complete the entire story.

Well...
I'll tell you.
Since you ain't said nothing...
And your mouth is wide open.
Anyway...
I had to wrestle a gun from him!
Yes!
He said I looked like a muskrat.
And he was going to shoot it off my head!
Well...
I snapped.
Killed him and the muskrat!
Oh...here comes the bus.
And don't be looking at me like I'm crazy.
YES...
These are my eyes!
Natural blue.
And this platinum hair? ? ?
It's mine...
Okay?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Your Need

It's been a night for unending stories.
And a night for unending sharing of whims.
On a night that promises honesty,
In the air that invites it close to begin...
But,
One of us delays the revealing.
And the other seems to shy away,
With it kept where it stays.

I want to say what it is I wish.
But...
Something inside of me,
Feels I will be dismissed.
And...
In your eyes I see,
A need to express...
Never before,
Confessions.

It's been a night for unending stories.
And a night for unending sharing of whims.
On a night that promises honesty,
In the air that invites it close to begin...
But,
You are not sure,
If I will accept...
What it is you say,
I might object.
And...
Neglecting your need.

I want to say what it is I wish.
But...
Something inside of me,
Feels I will be dismissed.
And...
Both of us just sit,
To tell...
Unending stories.

We know,
Too well...
Those unending stories.
We know,
Too well...
Those stories.

Your need...
Is not to hear those stories.
My need...
Is not to hear those stories.
Can we...
Not tell those stories?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Your New Dawn Now Is On

Your new dawn now is on.

Grab it.
Nab it.
Make it something that you need like a habit!

Your new dawn now is on.

Grab it.
Nab it.
Make it something that you need like a habit!

Feel it!
Become ecstatic and make it automatic
Feel it!
No need to lay back in saddened traps.
Feel it!
Don't be slow to grab onto the hold.
Be brave and be bold!

Feel it!
Become ecstatic and make it automatic
Feel it!
No need to lay back in saddened traps.
Feel it!
Don't be slow to grab onto the hold.
Be brave and be bold!

Grab it.
Nab it.
Make it something that you need like a habit!

Grab it.
Nab it.
Make it something that you need like a habit!

Your new dawn now is on.

Feel it!
Become ecstatic and make it automatic
Feel it!
No need to lay back in saddened traps.
Feel it!
Don't be slow to grab onto the hold.
Be brave and be bold!

Your new dawn now is on.
Feel it!
Be brave and be bold!

Your new dawn now is on.
Feel it!
Be brave and be bold!

Be brave and be bold!
Your new dawn now is on.
Feel it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Your Outsourcing Abilities

Calm down!
What is the matter with you?
You look exasperated.
Irritated AND annoyed.
What happened?

'I arrived home.
And everything was gone.
All of my food.
Icecream and my favorite cookies.'

Gee.
Really?
I saw your buddies doing that.
But...
I didn't think anything about it.

'You witnessed it?
And didn't say a thing about it to them? '

Why should I?
Those are your friends.
Your allies.
And besides on my last visit to your home,
You declared you would do absolutely anything...
To get your hands on season tickets.
Do you remember this?

'Well...
Yes.'

Do you remember telling your 'friends',
Whatever they wanted from you...
They didn't even have to ask.
And whatever it was had been up for grabs?
And all they had to do was to take it from you?

'Well...?
Sorta...kinda.

Why didn't you stop me?
You could have said something.'

I did.
I called you a fool.
And then what did you say,
As your friends looked at both me and you?

'I said...
If anyone knew anything about outsourcing.
It was 'me' and not you who should be calling 'you' names.'

Exactly.
And you are right.
Apparently calling you a fool,
Was not enough.
Especially when you issued each one of your 'buddies',
A set of your house keys...
To come and go as they please.

'But I didn't think they would do anything like this to me.'

Well...
You did show 'your' outsourcing abilities,
At the expense of feeding yourself.
And I hope you are not here,
To accuse or blame me for your activities?
You and your friends do that 'feast or famine' thing together.
Do not involve me.
I am going to sleep, eat and live my life quietly in peace.
Would you like a sandwich?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Your Own Backyard

Those who sit with disbelief,
Of these times we are living in...
Are the same ones who sat,
Shaking their heads yesterday...
And the days before that,
Disbelieving those times then...
Only to have their necks stretched,
Peeking over fences with widened eyes...
And dropped jaws.

'I can't believe what's going on.'

~I can't believe you have been at that fence,
For as long as you have...'disbelieving'.
Expecially with all of that in your own backyard,
I find it not difficult to believe at all...
You still aren't convinced is your responsibility,
To not only face but spend more time to rid and clean.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Your Own Mind

You say,
You've got your own mind.
But why can't you find time to use it?
Why can't you find time to use it?

And you say,
With it doing it quick...
Decisions you make have a benefit.
Although you allow doubts to exist.
And lieing to yourself you just can't quit.

You say you have faith but where is it placed.
Why can't you find time to use your faith.
Why can't you find time to use it.
Why can't you find time to use it.
You say you have trust but not enough.
Why can't you find time to use your trust.
Why can't you find time to use it.
Why can't you find time to use it.

Why can't you find in your mind to last,
Exactly what you want without questions to ask.

Why can't you find time to use it.
Your own mind.
Why can't you find time to use it.
Your own mind.

You say,
With a doing it quick...
How you use your mind is your own business.
But seldom is it used for you to prove it.
Yes...
Seldom is it used for you to prove it.
Seldom is it used for you to prove,
You have your own mind to use.

You say,
With it doing it quick...

You have your own mind and it's a benefit.
But...
Seldom is it used for you to prove,
You have your own mind to use.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Your Patience Is Needed To Feed It

Don't do it to stop...
No!
Don't do it to drop...
No!

Just you know that...
Every single prayer,
That is made...
Stays right there.

A patience is needed.
Your patience is needed to feed it.

Every single prayer,
That is made...
Stays right there.

A patience is needed.
Don't leave it to disbelieve.
You must keep your faith to receive,
And appreciate what comes to be.

Oh don't exchange woes,
To give up and let go.
Don't you know that...
Every single prayer,
That is made...
Stays right there.

A patience is needed.
Your patience is needed to feed it.
A patience is needed to greet it.

Every single prayer,
That is made...
Stays right there.

A patience is needed.
Don't leave it to disbelieve.

Be right there to meet it and greet.

Don't do it to stop...
No!
Don't do it to drop...
No!
Don't do it to stop...
No!
Don't do it to drop...
No!

A patience is needed.
Your patience is needed to feed it.

Don't do it to stop...
No!
Don't do it to drop...
No!

A patience is needed.
Don't leave it to disbelieve...
Or,
Leave it there unfed to greet.

A patience is needed to meet it.
Your patience is needed to feed it.

Don't do it to stop...
No!
Don't do it to drop...
No!
Don't walk and give it away!

A patience is needed.
Your patience is needed to feed it,
Today!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Your Playing Days With Me Are Over

Your playing days with me are over.
I awakened this morning and declared them so.
Over and done are those childish antics.
A new day has dawned and you must go!

Do those things that attract you most like.
Those things you wish,
Keeping you in that self centeredness.
Restricted to limits and lack of growth.

I no longer can describe a relationship...
Without communication or an understanding that exists.
If I can comprehend this,
And you are in denial.
There is nothing left that benefits.
I can get a pet for companionship.

Simple questions that I ask...
Find you skipping and dancing around a bush.
I'm not in this to play dentist or psychiatrist.
With wishes to extract your teeth!
Only to pound my balled fists...
And maintaining self control to explain any of it!
I want love.
Not a battleground to dodge your temper tantrum fits.
I'm sure you can discover someone who thinks that's bliss!
I don't!

Your playing days with me are over.
I awakened this morning and declared them so.
Over and done are those childish antics.
A new day has dawned and you must go!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Your Point Has Been Well Made

No matter who is teleprompted to say it best.
With the aid of computerized corrected text.
There has been a definite downslide in the quality of life.
And less sense is made by those who become offended,
By those who elect to publicly mention this.

No matter who is teleprompted to say it best.
The proof of it witnessed will not be corrected,
Until the people see it is not a focus on a leadership believed.
It is within each individual to awaken from their fantasies,
To face the truth as it is.
With a stopping of a stubborn resistance to it!

'I find your remarks socially unethical and not acceptable.'

~I don't blame you at all.
I am one of the few who has refused to renew,
My season pass to the amusement park.~

'Well...
You allowed that to expire so get off your soapbox.'

~Your point has been well made.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Your Poppa's Pooped

Beginning to feel the strain,
From the same campaigns.
And up and down the river,
The pollution still flows.

Go away my child,
Your poppa's pooped.

Hoping that tomorrow will bring a new day,
But those with moping faces got their frowns on display.

Go away my child,
Your poppa's pooped.

Wishing to maintain and not lose gains.
But the problems do exist and it's a mind drain.

Go away my child,
Your poppa's pooped.

Maybe in a minute after I get a snooze...
Your poppa will play,
And you'll have your way.

Beginning to feel the strain,
From the same campaigns.
And up and down the river,
The pollution still flows.

Go away my child,
Your poppa's pooped.

Wishing to maintain and not lose gains.
But the problems do exist and it's a mind drain.

Maybe in a minute after I get a snooze...
Your poppa will play,
And you'll have your way.

Hoping that tomorrow will bring a new day,
But those with moping faces got their frowns on display.

Go away my child,
Your poppa's pooped.

Hoping that tomorrow will bring a new day,
But those with moping faces got their frowns on display.

Maybe in a minute after I get a snooze...
Your poppa will play,
And you'll have your way.
But...
Go away my child,
Your poppa's pooped.

'But daddy...? '

Hoping that tomorrow will bring a new day,
But those with moping faces got their frowns on display.

'But daddy...? '

Go away my child,
Your poppa's pooped.

'But daddy...? '

Hoping that tomorrow will bring a new day,
But those with moping faces got their frowns on display.

'But daddy...? '

Go away my child,
Your poppa's pooped.
And a snooze is overdue.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Your Presence

Come and possess,
My kingdom...
Princess.
My stressful search
For you has ceased.
I feel your presence,
Near and within reach!

My armor worn...
On the white horse adorned,
Still glimmers as bright as the stars.
Although in those days,
I wore it for your praise...
Now I am dazed and quite forelorn.

I recognize now,
You suspected me on the prowl.
For maidens to gather and waste!
But my eye has been on you...
Seeking ways to win and woo.
I see too clear you are different.
Much more different than I knew!

Come and possess,
My kingdom...
Princess.
I confess my heart is yours!
Whatever I must do,
To prove to you I'm true...
I will.
As sure as the sunset,
Comes to caress...
A festival of moonbeams,
With you shining the best!
Glittering and sparkling...
Far out glowing the rest!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Your Presence Felt

In my eyes,
You cast light.
Not shadow.

In your mind this you must believe.
Success you have already achieved.

My heart you have touched.
In a way you have chosen.
In a way no one else knows.

Your place is there.
To lead not follow.

Never fear your achievements to be,
Second best.
You must not feel challenged by others.
Do what it is you do.
Not what you assume the rest expect.

In my eyes,
You cast light.
Not shadow.

In your mind this you must believe.
Success you have already achieved.
If you had not...
Your presence felt,
Would never bestow a glow.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Your Purpose

Your purpose,
Will someday surface.
If it's a wish...
You wish condoned.

Your purpose,
Will someday surface.
If it's a wish,
You wish to own...
Alone.

You may be...
Challenged by a need,
To feel things real.
And you may not,
Have it yet to identify.

You may be...
Challenged by a need,
To feel things real.
And you may not,
Have it yet to identify.

Your purpose,
Will someday surface.
If it's a wish...
You wish condoned.
And if it's a wish,
You wish to own...
Alone.

Your purpose,
Will someday surface.
If it's a wish...
You wish condoned.
And if it's a wish,
You wish to own...
Alone.

Your purpose,
If it's wish...
Can not be missed.
If it's your purpose...
It will feel as if a perfect fit.

Your purpose,
If it's wish...
Can not be missed.
If it's your purpose...
It will feel as if a perfect fit.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Your Quick Shift In Mood Smells

Yeah. Yeah,
I'd like to be there where you are.
Yeah. yeah,
But there is something about your demeanor.
I would like to see you as a shining star.
But your complaints keep you falling too quick.
When you open your mouth...
There is an expectation,
That comes with it!

Yeah. Yeah,
I'd like to be there to cheer you on.
Yeah. Yeah,
But from sunset till dawn that magic has gone.
Yeah. Yeah,
Your presentation needs a tweaking.
You have the image...
But your attitude reeks!
And this you believe keeps you unique.
All you need is a streak in your hair,
To skunk.
You don't have to stink to chase me away!
Your quick shift in mood smells.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Your Reaction To Me Is Not Christian

Determine whatever it is you wish,
Between the available options left...
Provided to you to negotiate.

You can either leave through the exit.
Unaided.
Or...
You can choose to be ushered through it.

'But...
From my point of view,
I see those options...
As having really none from which to choose.'

Again you offer nothing but excuses.
Patience once given to you is no longer there.
And a tolerance for your presence,
Has already exhausted benefits of doubt.
No more are there to spare.

'But...
Your reaction to me is not Christian.'

I know.
However...
You should not let that interfere,
With the making of your decision.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Your Remarks

Unkind comments,
Intended with them to mention...
To then wish a forgiveness be given,
With an apology to excuse...
A 'conscious' doing,
By someone who confuses...
An indifference towards others,
As an ignorance that has aged...
And irritates those no longer amused,
May admit such comments mentioned...
Were not intended as meant.

Although the fact still remains,
A maintained and sustained ignorance...
Taught to teach and secretly preached,
Entertains.
And...
Has become more acceptable to acknowledge,
If one confesses to pretend to comprehend,
Their ignorance to misunderstand...
Should not offend anyone else,
If everyone understood ignorance for what it is...
To be enjoyed and not taken so seriously.

Afterall,
If it had not been for displays of ignorance...
To choose as a way to feel better than others,
Regardless of race, creed, or religious druthers...
With a living of colorful and spiced lives,
What would a conscious effort to stay respectful do?
And without passing judgement too?
Life to live without meaningful ignorance to intend,
Many would find no reason or purpose to live.

'I'm sorry for calling you names.
Publicly.
From now on I'll do that amongst family members,
And those I regard as my close friends.'

~I accept your apology.
But remember,
Only choose to be disgusting with your remarks...
After you have been given permission.
Not before.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Your Secret Is Safe With Me

I can understand you feeling stupid.
I do.
Afterall,
It was you who went out of your way,
To ensure others you selected...
With your help,
Would themselves be like that portrayed.
I don't know if it is too late or not...
But your secret is safe with me.

I can understand you feeling stupid.
I do.
Afterall,
It was you who went out of your way,
To have me depicted that same way too.
However...
You can find me empathetic towards fools.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Your Signature Of Approval Clearly Appears

If you are one...
And there are many.
You are not alone.
Who sat on the sidelines...
And done nothing but complain.
To condone as shown.
With a choice to defame and claim...
The ones making attempts to uplift others,
You convinced those listening...
Sought names of fame.

Guess what?
Congratulations.
No need to get up from your rut.

And your activities have been,
To ensure they are publicly shamed!
In a very successfully conducted campaign.

Guess what?
Congratulations.
No need to get up from your rut.

The blight you see you wish would leave...
Has the mark of deceivers on it!
And your signature of approval clearly appears.
Those you jeered whether in whispers or cheers,
Had nothing to do with the reception of your wishes.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Your Smile Remains To Stay

When you smile that way,
I know you mean it.
Come what may,
I will believe...
You wish to see,
The very best in me.
And I'm so glad,
To see that smile you have.

When you say to me,
I mean more to you.
Instantly...
I know that's true.
Since you would not give,
Me the time of day...
To show me what your heart,
Has to say.

I know that you really care,
For me.
I see it!
With my eyes closed.
I can feel your honesty.
Showing now...
You care and how!

When you smile that way,
I know you mean it.
Come what may,
I will believe...
You wish to see,
The very best in me.
And I'm so glad,
To see that smile you have.

When you say to me,
I mean more to you.
Instantly...
I know that's true.

Since you would not give,
Me the time of day...
To show me what your heart,
Has to say.

And come what may,
Your smile remains to stay.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Your Status

You may depict me,
Any way you wish.
In stereotypical fixed images.
Or in caricature with it meant,
My existence is your intention...
To demean and distort it.

But your status as a human being,
With feelings and emotions to know...
A capacity to love felt deeply,
Is no better to declare greater than mine.
Or believe you can define,
My hopes, dreams and wishes...
To thoughts that will stay reminding me,
You have a mind to keep me confined.
Within limits of your demented hatred.
To believe I live my life to experience,
This blessing bestowed upon me by God...
Looking over my shoulder,
For someone with mental issues.

You may dismiss as insignificant,
The reality of my appearance.
Or my identity to dignify.
But know this...
My journey to complete and your mission,
To have me focused on it to notice...
Will not be added to tasks I've already passed.

I have known to have been shown,
Your inability to accept and acknowledge...
Insecurities you have you wish me to pay,
At my expense on a daily basis.
And...
Had been an early lesson I digested to learn.
What you keep to practice, preach and teach,
Will be your detriment...
Thoughtlessly sought with it reached.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Your Stuff Is Enough

Look up
Not down
Or all around
When attitude you give,
Leave the blues.

You want to save that mess you address,
For some else,
Who's looking for bad news.

A clamp you wish to put on me,
To tie me up and chew me out as you please?
Well I ain't buying none of that,
Since I don't need a kitty cat with me to feed!

Look up
Not down
Or all around
When attitude you give,
Leave the blues.

You want to save that mess you address,
For some else,
Who's looking for bad news.

A clamp you wish to put on me,
To tie me up and chew me out as you please?
Well I ain't buying none of that,
Since I don't need a kitty cat with me to feed!

And fluffy you may think of me,
But your stuff is enough...
You best believe!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Your Success

For a lifetime of promises...
You will be guaranteed aggravation,
For free.
Discount the patience,
And be prepared to be mentally abused...
Legally.
Accept stress as a suppressed depression.
Annoying complainers find themselves,
Enjoying their medicated status.
A prescription of your success...
Depends on your ability,
To keep your doctor's appointments...
On time and as scheduled.
Your success and happiness,
Relies upon your diligence...
And an ability to project,
A respected focusness...
Some folks can relate to and admire.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Your Sweetened Forgiveness

I came to apologize.
However...
I did not expect,
Your sweetened forgiveness.

And suddenly it occurred to me,
The last time I stung you...
You growled and exposed your fangs.

I wonder...
Is it possible that big smile on your face,
Can be transferred to show some of it...
In your eyes?

'Why?
Don't be so suspicious.
Come on in.
I've been keeping a surprise for you.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Your Thoughts Are Always Wanted

Your thoughts are always wanted,
Around me.
Don't ever think they're not,
Around me...
Whenever I'm alone to reminisce,
Your truthfulness I get confessed.
And expressed without a doubt to guess.

Your thoughts are always wanted,
Around me.
Even though we may disagree,
I depend upon your honesty.
And unselfish you have shown yourself to be.

I know you'll never start,
Deceiving.
Or have your friends believing it's me,
Pretending to be innocent...
When,
Others do it with intent to be meant.

I know you'll never start,
A lieing.
To hide what you've done to deny.
And I'm glad you've never tried to bring back,
Anything yesterday to use to attack.

I know you'll never start,
Deceiving.
Or have your friends believing it's me,
Pretending to be innocent...
When,
Others do it with intent to be meant.

Your thoughts are always wanted,
Around me.
Don't ever think they're not,
Around me...
Whenever I'm alone to reminisce,

Your truthfulness I get confessed.
And expressed without a doubt to guess.
And I love it.
Knowing you'll be honest with me.
Yes I love it.
Knowing you have integrity.
I love it!
Knowing you'll be honest with me.
Yes I love it.
I love it.
Know I love it.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Your Tongue

I wish I could sit upon your tongue,
And saddle it to ride...
Like on horseback bared!
It moves so ever constantly.
Galloping as if in an adventure!
I wonder when you're sleeping...
Does it feel corralled between your teeth?

You seem to have something to say all the time.
Your tongue has to be strong...
It is moving day and night long!
And even alone in bathroom visits...
How do you keep from drowning,
In the shower?
When your tongue and lips,
Move without stopping?
I am left amazed as I witness this!

I would like to tell you, you are rare!
But when you are cranked up and motorized...
I find I am staring as if hypotized!
At least my eyes moving from side to side,
And up and down are exercised!
What else can I do?
But listen to you!
Somehow this act attracts.
Unless you are drugging me with crack?
And I'm too mesmerized to be aware of that!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Your Tools

You've been born with certain tools,
You have not yet to use.
But there they are to sit,
Because you have not picked...
To choose them.

Your tools,
Are there for you to use...
But you are very quick,
To get rid of them to boot them!

Inside,
Your mind..
They're there,
If found useful.

Your tools,
Are there for you to use...
But you are very quick,
To get rid of them...
To boot them.

Inside,
Your mind...
You keep them remote!
And demoted to float.

You've been born with certain tools,
You have not yet to use.
But there they are to sit,
Because you have not picked...
To choose them.

Your tools,
Are there for you to use...
But you are very quick,
To get rid of them...
To boot them.

Inside,
Your mind...
You keep them remote!
And demoted to float.

Your tools!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Your Troubles?

Your troubles?
You fed upon them to addict.
Aches and pains you carry to bear?
Your stubbornness ensured,
They would remain right there.

You listened but did not take,
Advice and suggestions...
From others you believed irritated.
And now you've discovered,
Those 'pity pits' you face...
Will not go away.
To be with you as if to stay.

Your troubles?
You fed upon them to addict.
Aches and pains you carry to bear?
Your stubbornness ensured,
They would remain right there.
Leaving those who once cared...
Not to!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Your Version Of Growing Old Gracefully

It has been made too convenient,
For you and others...
To make excuses for yourselves.

Why should I wish for your companionship,
If all I am going to hear from you...
Is about your aches and pains and what you do?
And what your doctor has prescribed,
For you to rub or sit or bathe in it?
If I have to fall, crawl or stumble,
Unlike you...
I will seek to find some enjoyment out of it.

I am not afraid of an older age or its slower pace.
But I am sure not going to invite that process,
Being uptight or delight in agitation...
Your rendition of it either.
To watch it waste me away.
So I take it you are not up to going roller skating?

Your version of growing old gracefully,
And my interpretation of it...
Is apparently in conflict.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Your Vision Is About To Be Broadened Soon

Most have decided to following those signs,
Pointing East.
Several with loads stacked and packed on their backs,
And collectively infighting...
As they follow dusted tracks that head West,
Towards the darkening Sunset.

Hmmm...
They also seem to be protesting in unrest.
What messages did they not get?

'Did you get the message? '

Yes, of course.

'Then why care?
Finally we are approaching the onset of light.
And you want to stop to wonder why,
Conflicts we have left behind...
Find those still upset in confusing states of mind?

I was just curious.

'I understand.
There is nothing wrong with that.
But something tells me,
Your vision is about to be broadened soon.
With a forgetting aided by what comes next.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Your Vision Is Not To Be Questioned

Am 'I' arrogant?
Is this something you are assuming?
Or does this show?
Have you been told this?
I want to know.

'It is too obvious to deny!
You reek of it! '

Great.
You had me worried.
I thought this was something you assumed.
And I've been spending too much time,
Nourishing it to ensure it blooms.
It's not yet perfected.
I am allowing it to grow.

'You have an absence of humility!
None that I can see.'

That too is wonderful.
At least your vision is not to be questioned.
Not by me.
Thanks!

You have restored my faith.
I admit sometimes it weakens.
And I pray everyday,
To keep it available and on display.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Your Visit With Aging

I don't know why,
You believed I was older than you.
I use to be.
But you and aging have become much closer.
And it seems as if you have been convinced,
To interpret every year you have lived as a struggle.

I'm not trying to interpret my life that way at all.
When aging came to visit me,
I told it to make itself at home.
And if I choose to do what I please...
I'm not making an effort to be rude.
But neither am I going to sit with it to reminisced,
The good old days.

Too much everyday for me is new!
And...
I didn't feel I had to excuse myself from it to explore.
I just do.
You on the other hand...
Seem to want to impress aging,
As a depiction you believe is an acceptable process.

Hey,
We all have our interpretations.
However...
Yours appears to be a bit exaggerated.
But I aint mad at you!
What your visit with aging is like.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Your Whip Is Wicked

Stitch me up from tattered pieces.
Mend again my willingness to show,
Emotions I have for you...
Are unending and I can't let them go.

But where,
Where does this end?
When will I stop it allowed,
The bending to break me that begins.

Your whip is wicked.
You leave me whipped and too exhausted,
Tattered and stripped!
Knowing my addictions only you can fixed.
Your whip is wicked!
Yet...
Enduring it I find delicious and I submit,
Over and over to your wickedness.

Stitch me up from tattered pieces.
Mend again my willingness to show,
Emotions I have for you...
Are unending and I can't let them go.

Your whip is wicked.
You leave me whipped and too exhausted,
Tattered and stripped!
Knowing my addictions only you can fixed.
Your whip is wicked!
Yet...
Enduring it I find delicious and I submit,
Over and over to your wickedness.

Your whip is wicked!
But...
Don't go.
Your whip is wicked!
Please, don't release your hold.
Although I'm left stripped, tattered and bruised!

Your whip is just too wicked,
And you know I'm left addicted...
With a needing your fix.
Your whip is wicked!
But...
Don't go.
Your whip is wicked!
Please, don't release your hold.
Although I'm left stripped, tattered and bruised!
And being whipped I can't leave the mood...
I refuse.

I'm whipped!
And you are wicked.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Your Wickedness

Implement a lie...
To try to get others on your side.
Will work until your evil deeds are revealed!
It will take time...
But what you've concealed,
Is going to kick your behind!
And the effectiveness of your wickedness,
Will one day heal those you lied on to kill...
Leaving it obvious you are disturbed in your mind!
That is coming...
As those who continue to probe will find!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Your Wish To Be Forgiven Is Granted

Expecting to be easily forgiven,
By someone who's life...
Has been effectively ruined,
By the telling of lies?
Your lies?

Try this...

Land in a space ship,
In broad daylight wherever that person lives.
Exit from it carrying a rainbow of colorful balloons.
And in your hand present them with a check,
For five million dollars.
And then cross your fingers 'hoping',
Your wish to be forgiven is granted.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Your Words To Me Exactly

Am I new on 'this' scene?
No...
Not at all.
I'm surprise you do not remember me.

Remember the one you said,
Was full of negativity?
And my observations,
Could be more positive than they are...
And someday would be!
If I accepted my dysfunctions.
And not try to accuse my environment for them.
Remember when you said to me,
I lived in my own world!
And that world others would never see?
Because I was denying my own insecurities?
And those were your words to me exactly!

Am I new on 'this' scene?
No...
Not at all.
I'm surprise you do not remember me.

However...
I remember that fresh look,
With a dancing clarity in your eyes.
You seem to have gotten addicted.
And I told you then...
I was just stricken with embitterness.
Never could I become fatally attracted...
To potential!
And you seem to have overdosed on delusion.
With a 'potential' to leave you 'crazed'.

I have never been filled with jealousy.
Or succumb to accept defeat.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You'Re Adored

The night was young,
And crisp...
With the sound of crickets!

Fireflies flew...
And all I could do,
Was smile.
Under a moonlit sky,
I thought of you and I
For quite a while!

The air was fresh...
And my breath relaxed and satisfied!
I felt so good like I should
Inside.
Knowing with hope I'm showing
And gloating outside!
I can't deny...
Who I wish laying by my side!
Tonight...
Like other nights,
I look forward...
As I lay getting the courage to say,
You're adored!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You'Re Drowning Me Enough

You're drowning me enough.
And I've got open arms.
You're drowning me enough.
I'm swimming in your charms.
You're drowning me enough.
And I've got open arms.
You're drowning me enough.
Do your rescue on another!

You're drowning me enough.
I'm choked up and it suffocates.

Drowning me enough.
There's others who are waiting.
You're drowning me enough.
All your love has stirred up waves...
I'm pouring buckets from my cups!

You're drowning me enough.
And I've got open arms.
You're drowning me enough.
I'm swimming in your charms.
You're drowning me enough.
And I've got open arms.
You're drowning me enough.
Do your rescue on another!

You're drowning me enough.
I'm choked up and it suffocates.

Drowning me enough.
Do your rescue on another!
All your love has stirred up waves...
I'm pouring buckets from my cups!

You're drowning me enough.
Do your rescue on another!
All that loving has me full,
I want to throw it up!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You'Re Getting Up And Out Of Here

One can choose to submit to pain,
Or get rid of it and insist...
It will not be a permanent affliction,
Waiting to visit to receive a gift of empathy.
Since a pain gained to leave,
Is the main objective for one not accepting it.

'I don't know where you will go.
And I have no suggestions or questions to ask.
But you're getting up and out of here.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You'Re Here To Stay

On my mind.
And in my memories,
When that day you left from me...
You really stayed.

On my mind.
And in my memories,
When you said that you were leaving...
You really stayed.

Your voice nonstop,
Really stayed.
Feelings I've got,
Really stayed.
I've even prayed,
You away.
But...
You're here to stay.

On my mind.
And in my memories,
When you said that you were leaving...
You really stayed.

I can not block,
You away.
I can't unlock,
Your invading...
Memory.

Your voice nonstop,
Really stayed.
Feelings I've got,
Really stayed.
I've even prayed,
You away.
But...
You're here to stay.

On my mind.
And in my memories,
When that day you left from me...
You really stayed.

On my mind...
I can not block,
You away.
I can't unlock,
Your invading...
Memory.
You're here to stay!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You'Re Just Jealous

Some satisfy themselves,
On the discomfort of others.
Liars and gossipers.
Backstabbers and thieves.
Someone has been in our lives...
Like one of these.
Liars and gossipers.
Backstabbers and thieves.

And those who point these folks out...
Are treated as if they are the enemies.
Announcing publicly,
There are those in this society...
Walking around infecting,
With these mental diseases.

And those uninformed are usually those conformed.
And those who are not...
Are dropped from invitation lists.
Only those in acceptance...
Can be offered membership.
To do as they please...
With the approval from these sick cliques.

'You're just jealous of us! '

You are right!
And that is why I fight myself...
With an inner conflict,
That keeps me distanced.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You'Re Making My Purpose Very Difficult

Content and substance
Intended to deliver
A meaning driven by a purpose
With a hopeful comprehension
That explores misunderstanding

'Huh?
I'm exploring my intent to mug you
You are the 'muggee'
And I
I am the 'mugger'
You're making my purpose very difficult
Do you OR do you not intend
To hand over to me your wallet? '

Are your serious?
Do you realize I am on a fixed income?
And you are here
Brandishing a gun?
Talking some nonsense?
Hand you my wallet?
I don't carry a wallet!
And furthermore
HEY! ?
You come back here
I'm not finished!
Hey?
Did you hear me?

Damn kids
Walking around making demands!
Pants hanging off his butt
Running away like he's carrying a diaper load.
AND
He expects to get something from me?
And he couldn't stay to understand a word I said?
When I was that age,
At least I was polite!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You'Re Making This Too Easy

What would you do,
If I apologized for everything said...
To ever offend you?

'You can't do that! '

Why not?

'I look forward to your comments,
I find offensive.
They give me a reason to cringe with hate.
If you took that away from me,
I would have no reason to despise you.'

That makes absolutely no sense at all.

'Look...
What makes sense to you,
To make me re-act senselessly...
Is 'my' need.
Do you understand?
DO YOU?
What about MY needs?
Don't you ever apologize to me, again! '

Uh...
Excuse me for a sec.
God?
You are setting me up for something, huh?
You've GOT to be.
You're making this too easy!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You'Re Not That Much Older Than I Am

There is nothing like 'knowing',
Than to listen to those with no experience...
Frequently giving their opinion,
On topics without any sign that indicates...
A remote understanding of what it takes,
To sit, absorb and not utter a single word.

'I know exactly what you are talking about.'

~Even though that happened to me,
Ten years 'before' you were born? ~

'You're not that much older than I am.
And besides...
I am not reading into this,
Like the emails I get...
That can be easily misinterpreted.'

~What? ~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

'You'Re Old'

I'm through with staging...
My aging.
It seems to have come,
To leave me stunned and numbed.

I'm through with aging,
To leave me dazed...
In disbelief,
The speeding done with quickness...
And the notice it leaves.

I'm through with staging...
My aging.
It seems to have come,
To leave me stunned and numbed.
And...on certain days.

Unsolicited advice...
I give.
As if I've lived a life already experienced.

Opinions come out from my mouth,
To drop and not stop.
With a doing to let people know I'm old.

'You're old! '

I know.
Does it show?

Opinions come out from my mouth,
To drop and not stop.
With a doing to let people know I'm old.

Unsolicited advice...
I give.
As if I've lived a life already experienced.

'You're old! '

I know.
Does it show?

I'm through with aging,
To leave me dazed...
In disbelief,
The speeding done with quickness...
And the notice it leaves.

'You're old! '

I know.
Does it show?

I'm through with staging...
My aging.
It seems to have come,
To leave me stunned and numbed.
And...on certain days.

'You're old! '

I know.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You'Re The Best Dad I'Ve Ever Had

Happy Father's Day,
Dad.
'Okay...
What do you want? '

Nothing.
I just stopped by,
To wish you...
A Happy Father's Day.

'Okay...
What's wrong with your car? '

Daddy!
Gee!
Can't I just stop by,
To say hello and see how you are doing?

'Sure!
What do you need?
Gas money?
Who is that in the car with you? '

Just a few friends.
And we are going to spend the entire day,
Paying our respects.

'Here!
Here's twenty dollars.
How much did you all collect,
So far? '

DADDY!

'Well? '

Can you make that thirty?
The rest of them could only collect ten.
And we are going to the movies.

You wont believe what they are charging today.
You want to come along with us?

'Sure.'

Daddy.
You know you wont like hanging with us.

'Here.
Take fourty.
And thank you for your thoughts.'

Daddy.
You're the 'best' dad I've ever had.

'I'm the only dad you've ever had.
So get out of here.'

Why you actin' all ungrateful?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You'Re Thinking Of Me

How can I stay in your mind,
And drench myself with longing?
How can I do this,
When it seems of late...
You have no time for me.

I remember when I could barely finish,
A completed sentence.
And there you were,
Sighing.
Anticipating my next breath.
And now your absence leads me to believe,
You have found someone else to pest.

'Pest?
PEST?
I 'know' you did not say that? '

Ahhh...
The fresh air!
Isn't it sweet?

'Pest?
Did you say I was a pest? '

Have you notice the quietness,
Just before dawn?
And when the Sun makes its appearance,
There is such welcomed activity.
Don't you agree?

'You called me a pest?
Is that what you think of me? '

You're thinking of 'me'.
And that's all that matters.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You'Re Too Funny

I'll make you a deal!
How does that sound?
This is what I will and can do for you...
As you keep trying to find ways,
To compare your life to mine.
I will do the best I can,
Not to find you completely ridiculous!

Although what I can not do...
Is to sit with my lips sealed,
As I watch you make efforts
To prove your endeavors...
Will make a difference or make any sense.
I have to admit,
What you are doing is totally hilarious.

How come you didn't warn me?
You're too funny!
You ever try your hand at stand up comedy?

Go over that part again.
That part about how you and your family,
Spent years living in a cubicle of an apartment.
And for eights years,
You and your mother, father AND sister slept...
On one mattress?

That's precious.
That is just too precious.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Yours To Be

In my heart where the love for you is kept,
I need not repeatedly visit.
What has been captured remains to stay.
Even to drift away momentarily to reminisce the 'ifs'...
I have already discovered to be pointless.
Since in my heart where the love for you is kept,
There is not an 'if' to wish together we did not do.
To experience!

You and I had borrowed so much time,
From those tomorrows...
They would never come to end what has been done.
In my heart where the love for you is kept to keep, .
I need not repeatedly visit.
When every beat of my existence is yours to 'be' as is!
I know it as I awaken to feel blessed to get another breath.
And everything about our love has a permanence that connects.

Leaving those known that I have loved to keep that love alive,
Staying with me and felt inside to never be replaced.
There is no way I could live without that to acknowledge,
As a fact!
You and I had borrowed so much time,
From those tomorrows...
They would never come to end what has been done,
To do over again with wishes to spend more time together.

My existence is yours to 'be' as is!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Yours!

Before you get a housemate,
To double up.
To pay the expenses made,
That double without inviting trouble.
Think about,
Your peace of mind.
Think about...
Losing quality time,
Most times found alone...
When one is accustomed to it like that.

Before you get a housemate,
To double up.
To pay the expenses made,
That double without inviting trouble.
Would the space to be shared,
Be worth the loss of fresh air...
For a few more cents to spend senselessly.
Just to keep a lifestyle pretended.
That may invite friction not intended.

Think about,
Your peace of mind.
Think about...
Losing quality time,
Most times found alone...
When one...
That would be 'you'
Is accustomed to it like that.
With a wish to be able to keep it like it is.
Without self inflicting unwanted agony?

Or...
One,
Still 'you'...
Can choose to unload what was.
And move on to keep a mind at rest,
Untested for many happy tomorrows to come.

Think about,
Your peace of mind.
Think about...
Losing quality time,
Most times found alone...
When one...
That would be 'you'
Is accustomed to it like that.
Keeping your peace kept intact exactly the way it is.
YOURS!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Youthful Flings (Quick To Get To Finish)

What is it like,
To fly your kite...
On Boulevard and Main.

What is it like,
To do a slow stroll...
Through cold Winter snow.

What is it like,
To sip lemonade...
Made to taste in Spring.
And...
What is it like to remember,
Flights taken...
Quick to get to finish,
Youthful flings.

What is it like,
To fly your kite...
On Boulevard and Main.
Quick to get to finish.

What is it like,
To do a slow stroll...
Through cold Winter snow.
Yet quick to get it finish.

What is it like,
To sip lemonade...
Made to taste in Spring.
Quick to get it finished.
And...
What is it like to remember,
Flights taken...
Quick to get to finish,
Youthful flings.
Too quick to get them finished.
Youthful flings.
Quick to have them finished.

Those youthful flings.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Youthful Steps

I aint trying to get down with the beat,
Or keep it funky for 'nobody'.
To boogey to impress,
I can address with sweat...
A few youthful steps,
With a shaking of my booty...
Is not a challenge.

What is?
And there is nothing complex about it.
But...
I've discovered that an acceptance,
Of the aging process harnesses for me...
A self respect I did not expect I would enjoy.

I know my comments annoy a lot of old folks.
But I aint trying to stay timeless,
With a hip and with it attitude.
Plus...
I am not living with a wish to have done things,
I did not or could not do.
I've made attempts and will continue.

Although I could,
If I so desired...
To get down and sweat with the best!

But,
I aint trying to get down with the beat,
Or keep it funky for 'nobody'.

To boogey to impress,
I can address with sweat...
Youthful steps,
With a shaking of my booty?
Is stressful.

And poppa don't want to prove,
I can be an aging fool.

Too many are doing that already.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You'Ve Allowed This To Happen

We teach.
They learn.
And they pass on these lessons taught.

We cry.
We sigh.
And our behavior we deny.

Hiding from that,
We attract to seek...
Until it is caught.

And nothing we do is comprehended.
Or pretend what it is begins to offend.
Nothing we do,
Seems to us enough to defend.

We point our fingers.
And over again accuse them.
The 'others'
For our negligence,
And lack of discipline.

Until everyone is blinded,
To a hindsight that runs into a brick wall.
With graffiti written tall that appalls...
YOU'VE ALLOWED THIS TO HAPPEN.
And yet this message,
Is ignored by all.

We teach.
They learn.
And they pass on these lessons taught.

We cry.
We sigh.
And our behavior we deny.

Hiding from that,

We sought and attracted.
Reacting as if,
We did not crave the satisfaction.

We point our fingers.
And over again accuse them...
The 'others'
For our negligence,
And lack of discipline.

YOU'VE ALLOWED THIS TO HAPPEN.
YOU'VE ALLOWED THIS TO HAPPEN.
YOU'VE ALLOWED THIS TO HAPPEN.

And that message is whitewashed.
As if nothing on the wall,
Had been written at all.

YOU'VE ALLOWED THIS TO HAPPEN.
YOU'VE ALLOWED THIS TO HAPPEN.
YOU'VE ALLOWED THIS TO HAPPEN...
From Sunrise to nightfall.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You'Ve Attached Yourself To Me

You've attached yourself to me.
For purposes you choose to keep...
Discreet and secret.
And unconfessed.
As if to suggest...
Your intentions are nothing more,
Than to deceive with an intent...
I will come to disbelieve,
This is not the intention meant.

You asked how I would feel,
If from you I became detached?

You've attached yourself to me.
My peace of mind from me will not leave.
Since you had nothing to do with that!
Remember...
You've attached yourself to 'me'?
And I'm too honest with myself,
Not to recognize...
Manipulations that arrive,
With lies expressed in clouded eyes.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You'Ve Become Too Delusional

What about the ones who are not listening?
Those who have chosen,
To see life with a narrow mindedness...
And now questioning what is in it for them,
With a quality of life that benefits!

What about them and what's ahead?
How do we get this seriousness imbedded,
In their heads?

What about the ones who are not listening?
Those who have chosen,
To see life with a narrow mindedness...
And now questioning what is in it for them,
With a quality of life that benefits!

What about them and what's ahead?
How do we get this seriousness imbedded,
In their heads?
And what is it we can do...
After years of shouting,
They have put us through!

'Huh?
Snap out of it!
You've become too delusional!
Even the rocks that have blocked our attempts,
To stop us with obstacles...
Are left smiling.
I am not into torture.
Are you coming or not! ? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You'Ve Been Booted So Scoot

Mismatchd mates fight.
In arguments..
Over who did what wrong.
Inspite of who is right.

And which one makes more sense...
To convince the one incensed!
Both are stubborn infidels,
Yelling to end a relationship...
That has been sitting precariously,
On a dubious fence.

While anyone listening in on this,
Wishes they both shut up.
And seal their lips.
Instead of making loud noises.
And breaking up stuff in fits.

Anyone listening to this nonsense sits down.
Or creeps to the wall without making a sound.
To hear very carefully...
With hopes the floor doesn't creek.
As they tip toe around...
To get their ears close as possible,
To what is near...
And going down!

'I saw you cheating on me,
With that home wrecker living across the street.
If you believe that sleaze is better...
You can get up from here and leave.'

~You aint my momma or my poppa.
Stop trying to control everything I do.
I'm not the one pleasured in midnight specials.
The dogs and cats know that rat is you! ~

*ooo...ssshhh.
This is juicy.*

~You don't have the authority,
To tell me what I can't do.
I will do what I please!
Your booty aint that good to screw! ~

*Lawd!
Now YOU know...
When the booty aint right,
That starts a fight.
ooo...this is juicy*

~If anyone here is going to get up and leave...
You're the one that's going to do it.
And if you don't,
I'll call the police.

And when they arrive...
I'll lie to say you've been hitting on me.~

*Lie-uh! *

~Pack your bags!
I've had it.
Pack your bags!
I've had it.
Pack your bags!
I've had it.
You've been booted,
So scoot.

Pack.
Your.
Bags...
I've had it.
Pack your bags!
I've had it.
Pack your bags!
I've had it.
You've been booted,
So scoot.

There is nothing to revisit.
And there is nothing to renew.

So pack.
Your.
Bags...
I've had it.
Pack your bags!
I've had it.
Pack your bags!
I've had it.
You've been booted,
So scoot.

There is nothing to revisit.
And there is nothing to renew.
You and and I are finished...
And that door you're going through!
So pack.
Your.
Bags...
I've had it.
Pack your bags!
I've had it.
Pack your bags!
I've had it.
You've been booted,
So scoot!

You don't have to bother,
To put on your shoes.
Just pack your bags.
I've had it.
Get up and get out.
You've been booted,
So scoot! ~

*Don't you dare!
I wont get this excitement anywhere.*

**Horace...
Will you come from over there,

And sit down!
You are worse than you say,
My nosy friends are! **

Sssshhh...

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You'Ve Been Devoting Your Time To Training

You're joking, right?
No one is this consciously ignorant.

Are you being paid,
To remain lowgrade?
I come in contact with children,
In elementary school...
That conduct themselves,
With more dignity.
And know the difference between,
A clown and a fool.

And,
Right now I am not sure you do!

You're joking, right?
No one is this consciously ignorant.

But...
Then again,
You may represent a circus...
That has come to town.
And I am taking too seriously,
The unique marketing you've chosen...
To announce its arrival?

It all makes sense to me now!
You've been devoting your time to training?
And I believed there was no benefit to your routine!
It all makes sense to me now!
You've been devoting your time to training?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You'Ve Been Playing Me For So Long

What do you mean,
I am not the same person,
You though you knew?
I am that person...
Whether you knew me or not.
Nothing about me has been in hiding.
But this game you have been playing with consistency?
With spells of hide and seek.
And self centered ego tantrums?
Has grown tired to accept in my adulthood.
One of us has to take off the mask.
That is probably the reason you don't recognize me.
You've been playing me for so long,
You didn't bother to realize we both had grown up!
I did.
And that me you knew...
Is not that me you'd like for me to be!
The only thing that has not changed...
Is the approach to your tired game.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You'Ve Been Spoiled

Yes.
You've been spoiled.
And I...
No longer guess...
I am the reason and cause of it.

From the very beginning,
When I gifted you...
With my best 'anyone' could get.
And delivered that to you,
So happy you were.
And to me that was expressed.

Yes.
You've been spoiled.
And I...
No longer guess...
I am the reason and cause of it.

I feel it each time,
When you rush to find...
What it is I've left.

Believing it easy and simple for me...
To create for you something great.
Something to leave your mind teased and pleased.
You've been spoiled and that is because of me!

And now my very best...
Gets less of your attention,
With your inquisitive curiousness.
Now you get upset with a disrespect...
If you find an undotted 'i' or an uncrossed 't',
As you closely inspect.

Yes.
You've been spoiled.
And I...
No longer guess...

I am the reason and cause of it.
I am the reason,
You now mumble your indignities...
To me,
Under your breath!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You'Ve Been Watched

You've been watched.
No matter what you think you have,
Or haven't got.
You've been watched a lot.

You've been watched.
No matter what you think you have,
Or haven't got.
You've been watched a lot.

Whenever you misbehave,
You've been watched a lot.
Whatever it is you say,
You've been watched a lot.
It would behoove if you,
Turned it up a notched.

You've been watched.
No matter what you think you have,
Or haven't got.
You've been watched a lot.

You've been watched.
No matter what you might have,
Or might have not.
You've been watched a lot.

There are snoopers dedicated.
You've been watched a lot.
No matter how careful you make it.
You've been watched a lot.
Even simple things you do...
They may say you do that too!

You've been watched.
No matter what you think you have,
Or haven't got.
You've been watched a lot.

You've been watched.
No matter what you think you have,
Or haven't got.
You are being watched nonstop.

There are snoopers dedicated.
You've been watched a lot.
No matter how careful you make it.
You've been watched a lot.
Even simple things you do...
They may say you do that too!
People are so fascinated,
They fantasize you being naked.

You've been watched,
Around the clock.
You are being watched...
Nonstop.

You've been watched,
Around the clock.
You are being watched...
Nonstop.

You've been watched,
Around the clock.
You are being watched...
Nonstop.
Nonstop.
You've been watched!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You'Ve Done That Already To Yourself

You told others I attacked you,
With abusive language.
You also suggested...
My tone of voice was not what you liked.

And I've taken everything I've heard,
Into consideration.
And I have come to apologize.
With the understanding I am so wrong.

'So
You're not angry with me for not paying you back,
The two hundred dollars I said I would pay you...
More than three months ago? '

No!
Not at all.
In fact
I want you to forget about that.
And every favor I have ever done for you.
At the expense of my own sacrificing done.

'WHY?
What are you going to do to me? '

Why would I want to do anything to you?
You've done that already to yourself.
I've just come to extend and express,
My condolences.
That's all.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You'Ve Enjoyed

I thought you would stay as dumb as possible?
Where has this test failed?
There is no one else left,
To depict low life and ignorance AND incompetence,
Except...?

Well...
I thought you would stay as dumb as possible?
There is no where else to turn.
To seek a replacement.
Except...?

I thought you would stay as dumb as possible?
Everything to keep your intelligence unnoticed,
We thought had been done.
Tell me...
I mean 'us',
Tell us more embarrassing things about yourself.
Something tells me...
You have not been embarrassed at all.
Your eyes begin to 'twinkle'...
Each time you are sought to reveal some 'dirt'.
Have you done this on purpose?
Believing we would think you to be embarrassed?

In fact...
You've enjoyed every moment of being depicted like that!
Haven't you?
You have...
Haven't you?
Knowing we would find,
That the being embarrassed...
Does nothing to your cost of expense.
Does it?
Why don't you answer me?

'Oh!
So NOW you want to know what my thoughts are?
And who pays me for this admission?

You?
Or 'we'? ...or both? '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You'Ve Given Me A Lot

You've given me a lot,
To guide me along the way.
You've given me a lot.
Much more than I can ever say.
You've given me a lot to see,
To brighten up my darkest days.
And grateful I am,
With me You've stayed.

I realize I could not survive,
Without kept faith.
I know I could not survive,
Through those cycles of evil...
Spun to spin like a web to stick,
Amongst the many enjoying...
A daily hatred displayed and loving it.
If You were not near,
I could not tolerate my battles alone.
So glad I am,
To me Your presence has been made known.

You've given me a lot,
To guide me along the way.
You've given me a lot.
Much more than I can ever say.
You've given me a lot to see,
To brighten up my darkest days.
And grateful I am,
With me You have stayed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You'Ve Got A Stuck Up Butt

You've got a stuck up butt.
And you want to keep it strutted,
Like you spreading it on butter.

But, you've got a stuck up butt.

'So What, ' You say.
And get out your face.

But, you've got a stuck up butt.

'Enough! '
Oh no...
I'm gonna follow you wherever you go!
So you'll know your butt's stuck up.
And I'm here to unstick it with my...
Quick wit!
If I get a minute!

So What, ' You say.
And get out your face.

'Enough! '

Oh no...
I'm gonna follow you wherever you go.

So you'll know your butt's stuck up.
And I'm here to unstick it with my...
Quick wit!
If I get a minute!

(And I'm here to unstick it with my...)
Quick wit!
If I get a minute!
(And I'm here to unstick it with my...)
Quick wit!
If I get a minute!
(And I'm here to unstick it with my...)

Quick wit!
If I get a minute!
(And I'm here to unstick it with my...)
Quick wit!
To get next to it!

You've got a stuck up butt.
And you want to keep it strutted,
Like you spreading it on butter,
In my mind!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You'Ve Got It. Finally...You'Ve Got It

A pain remains,
If I keep it sustained...
In my brain.

'You've got it.
I think you've got it.
Repeat that,
A-gain.'

A pain remains,
If I keep it sustained...
In my brain.

'By jove you've got it.
Finally...
You've got it.'

I do?

'Yes, you do.'

A pain remains,
If I keep it sustained...
In my brain.

I think I've got it.

'You do.
You do.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You'Ve Got Jokes, Huh?

If I had my druthers...
And not uncommonly expressed by others,
I too would accept to receive...
A life to live in agreed peace.
But a difference in the doing I'd implement to make.
Instead of saying it to convince myself,
I would begin to live that way.

'Why don't you? '

The doing is more difficult than I thought.
But I will admit this...
A few days a week I am relieved.

'Oh?
What do you mean by that? '

Does any of this sound familiar?
If I expressed a peace wished to live and get,
I am accused of being pretentious.
And if I should say nothing at all,
With a walking tall with peace felt within...
I am accused then of being full of myself,
To then have it said I am arrogant.

'I've been there.'

Who do you know hasn't been down that road?

'Very few.'

I remember attending meetings,
With others who wished for a unity to exist.
But those meetings would end,
By others who disliked the comments made...
That the envious ones thought got too much attention.
But this was not expressed to address,
Until 'those' folks left...
To gossip amongst themselves.

'So 'how' do you explain such a happy demeanor? '

I refuse not to allow myself to be abused.
And being honest with myself and others at all times,
I have found keeps me in a peaceful frame of mind.

'I have found that impossible to do around here.'

And 'you' ask me...
Why you don't see me out socializing?
With attempts to make 'me' feel guilty about it?

'You don't have to mingle with the people.
Just be there.
Make an appearance sometimes.'

To do...
What?
Look disgusted like the others holding up the walls?
Sipping on alcohol?
To then leave?
Alone with no one with me to agree?

'At least others will believe,
You don't object to 'their' version of unity.
Or to their acceptance of diversity.'

OH?
That's news to me.
And besides...
Diversity like that expressed,
I can do alone and be less stressed.

'But...
How do you handle your 'business'? '

Huh?

'You know?
Your 'private' affairs? '

Like I said...
What I do home alone I have found less stressful.

'LOL.
You've got jokes, huh? '

Who's joking?
Unless you perceive me,
To be talking about something else?
Didn't you hear me say...
A few days a week I am relieved?
And I don't need to conduct my business,
To be declared socialized.
Trust me...
Those same games played have never changed.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You'Ve Got Lots Of Company

Don't worry about it.
Forget it.
By the time you awaken,
With a dawning that gets it...
Few will care to be sharing in,
Your wide eyed enthusiasm.
Or...
The Sunrising on your insignificance.
You allowed with such dedicated procrastination.

Don't worry about it.
Forget it.

You'll have more time than you need,
To discuss your findings with the others....
Who have also slept through the dispensing of clues.
Now that you have experience in remorse and regret,
You might give a helping hand to the others...
In need of your services.
Given with a typical familiarity.

Don't worry about it.
Forget it.
You've got lots of company.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You'Ve Got Me

You've got me,
Beaming down from the stars.
You've got me,
Leaping Venus and Mars.
And passing by Jupiter,
Somersaulting in...
Cosmic fever.

You've got me,
Glued and magnetized too.
You've got me,
And I am glad it is you.
I'm leaping Venus and Mars...
Somersaulting as I vault,
With Cosmic fever.

You've got me,
Glued and magnetized too.
You've got me,
And I am glad it is you.
You've got me...
Stuck in Universal fever.

You've got me,
Beaming down from the stars.
You've got me,
Leaping Venus and Mars.
And passing by Jupiter,
Somersaulting in...
Cosmic fever.

You've got me,
Glued and magnetized too.
You've got me,
And I am glad it is you.
I'm leaping Venus and Mars...
Somersaulting as I vault,
With Cosmic fever.

You've got me,
Leaping Venus and Mars.
Somersaulting in...
Cosmic fever.

And you've got me,
Leaping Venus and Mars.
Somersaulting in...
Cosmic fever.

Yes...
I guess,
You've got me,
Leaping Venus and Mars.
Somersaulting in...
Cosmic fever.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You've Got Me (Nightmares)

You've got me,
Smiling too much.
You've got me,
Strutting' my stuff.
So proud I maneuver,
High stepping' through...
Busy street crowds.

You've got me,
Talking out loud.
Looking around,
As I float on clouds.

You've got my mind dominated.
And elated to sweat.
Soaking wet and catching,
Breath with little left.
After kickin' boots n' rockin',
A bed with a headboard...
Knockin' a wall that scares,
My neighbors to awaken...
With belief I'm facing,
Certain death.

My dreams to have of you,
Are so intense.
No one can convince me,
What I feel to experience...
With you here holding tightly,
Shouting as I scream...
Is not real.

'Wassup, O.G.
Heard you screaming,
The other night.
That arthritis you got,
Must be painful.
I would rather have nightmares.
Than to suffer like that,

As often as you do.
You brought the neighbors outside,
Deciding whether or not...
They should call the cops.'

Stop exaggerating!

'I'm not.
When they came,
I was the one who told them...
The pain you have from arthritis,
Is so severe at times...
It can sound as if,
You're with someone...
Having sex you don't get,
That often.'

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You'Ve Got Me Lifted

You've got me filled with helium.
And I feel your lift.
You've got me filled with helium.
And I feel uplifted.

You've got me filled with helium.
And I feel your lift.
You've got me filled with helium.
And I feel uplifted.

Before you came I felt I fell off the Earth.
And,
Before you came I had no feeling of self worth.

You've got me filled with helium.
And I feel your lift.
You've got me filled with helium.
And I feel uplifted.
Before you came I had no feeling of self worth.
And,
Before you came some people had me feeling like dirt.
With no pride.
Or dignity inside.

You've got me filled with helium.
And I feel your lift.
You've got me filled with helium.
And I feel uplifted.
Before you came some people had me feeling like dirt.
With no pride.
Or dignity inside.
Before you came I had no feeling of self worth.
But pride I feel inside.
And...
You've got me lifted.
Not livid.
But LIFTED.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You'Ve Got My Heart Unlocked

I could feel you more.
Than I ever thought I could before.
Your scent has become unique.
I'm reminded of you when I am in crowded streets.
I could feel you more.
I could feel you,
With a wish to see you appear.
I could feel you more.
I could feel you,
As if you are near.

I could feel you more.
Than I ever thought I could before.
Your scent has become unique.
I'm reminded of you when I am in crowded streets.
I could feel you more.
I could feel you,
With a wish to see you appear.
I could feel you more.
I could feel you,
As if you are near.

You've got me heart unlocked.
You came and had the key.
I could feel you more.
Than I ever thought I could before.
I could feel you more.
I could feel you,
With a wish to see you appear.
I could feel you more.
I could feel you,
As if you are near.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You'Ve Got My Lovelight Locked

You've got my lovelight locked
And
I wish I knew what you've got

You've got my lovelight locked
And I wish I knew
What you've got

'Me-me-me-me-me-me-me-me-me-me-me-me-me.'
Yes, I wish I knew what you've got.
'Me-me-me-me-me-me-me-me-me-me-me-me-me.'

Oh I wish I knew what you've got
You've got my lovelight locked
And
I wish I knew what you've got

You've got my lovelight locked
And I wish I knew
What you've got
Oh

'Me-me-me-me-me-me-me-me-me-me-me-me-me.'
Oh I wish I knew what you've got
And
'Me-me-me-me-me-me-me-me-me-me-me-me-me.'

Oh
I wish I knew what I've got?
I said
I wish I knew what I've got?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You'Ve Got The Life

You've got the life.
And love,
With joy.
Right there within you.
If you knew...
what it is you must do,
To...
See it through.
Committed.
As if afflicted with obligation.

You!
Don't turn around.
I am talking to you.

You've got the life.
And love,
With joy.
Right there within you.
If you knew...
what it is you must do,
To...
See it through.
Committed.
As if afflicted with obligation.

Come from under what's been done,
To you.
With a doing that's been done to you,
To prove...
You are the only one who can choose,
To eliminate procrastinating.
It is 'your' fate.
And with faith...
You have the key to what it takes to erase,
From your path...
Obstacles upon it others had placed.

You!

Don't turn around.
I am talking to you.
You've got the life,
To love.
With joy.
If you like.
Win or lose.
It's up to you.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You'Ve Got To

Well...
Hmmm.
Hmmmmm...
You've got to block out all those warnings,
Of a doom that comes.
You've got to,
Stop them in your head.
You've got to,
Step away from the voices of dread.

You've got to block out all those warnings,
Of a doom that comes.
You've got to,
Stop them in your mind.
You've got to,
Keep faith with you all the time.

Open the door,
To welcome the presence of hope.
Allow it in,
And remove those burdens from shoulders sloped.

You've got to,
Hmmm.
Hmmmmm...
Keep faith all the time.
You've got to,
Keep that in your mind.

You've got to,
Block out all those warnings of a doom that comes.
You've got to,
Not welcome them.
You've got to,
Keep faith all the time.
In your mind to overcome.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You'Ve Got To Choose With Choice

If you ate more protein,
To keep your body lean...
You'd move a lot faster.
And avoid a disaster.

If you had more discipline,
And did it without end...
You'd move a lot faster.
To avoid a disaster.

You've got to choose with choice...
To want to feel a better mood.
And not to do it to prove.
But to do it for you.
Oh,
You've got to choose with choice...
To get in the mood to move.

If you had more discipline,
And did it without end...
You'd move a lot faster.
To avoid a disaster.

If you ate more protein,
To keep your body lean...
You'd move a lot faster.
And avoid,
A disaster.

You've got to choose with choice...
Yes you do.
Let it be said,
That...
You've got to choose with choice.
Yes you do.
Say...
You've got to choose with choice.
It's not a mistake.
You can not fake it.

You've got to choose with choice,
If a better you is due.

You've got to choose with choice.
Only you.
Yes you do.
You've got to choose with choice.
To get that better attitude.
Yes you do.

If you ate more protein,
To keep your body lean...
You'd move a lot faster.
And avoid a disaster.

Yeah...
You've got to choose with choice,
To put away the munches...
And that nibbling that you do too!
You've got to choose with choice...
To want a better attitude
Yes you do.
Yes...
You've got to choose with choice,
To reveal the new YOU!
But just don't say it not to do.
'Cause...
Only you've got to choose with choice,
To reveal the new YOU!
And choose with choice,
To reveal the new YOU!
Choose with choice,
To reveal that new YOU!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You'Ve Got To Knock It

Knock knock come out.
Stop blooming that gloom.
Drop that pout!

I know you're in your room.
Locked up and feeling gloom.
I want to see you soon.
Knock knock come out!

From midnight until noon.
The darkness you have groomed.
You've got to fight against,
The doom that looms.

Knock knock come out.
Drop that pout from your mouth.
Stop blooming on the doom.
I know your'e there in that room...
Assuming and grooming it,
From midnight until noon.

You've got to knock it,
Come out.
You've got to knock it,
Come out.
I want to see you soon.
I know you're feeling a gloom,
Locked up in your room.

You've got to knock it,
Come out.
You've got to knock it,
Come out.
I want to see you soon.
I know you're feeling a gloom,
Locked up in your room.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You'Ve Got To Know Love

You've got to know love...
To exit and escape,
The introduction of heartache.
Love isn't fake!
Or a slice of frosted cake baked.
Ready for an opinion,
To please a discriminating taste.

Love takes forgiveness animated.
Shown...
And not debated.
Unrated to amazed.
And when it is delicious...
Love can get vicious!
To leave a once fit mind,
Helplessly defined as whipped and crazy.

You've got to know love...
To exit and escape,
The introduction of heartache.
Love isn't fake!
Or a slice of frosted cake baked.
Ready for an opinion,
To please a discriminating taste.

These are not those days,
To leave precious crumbs...
Laid around on assorted plates.

You've got to know love,
With a patience unlike none other.
If you want it shared...
To keep you fed,
With it!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You'Ve Got To Let This Go

You want the upper hand.
You want to make demands.
You want it clear as crystal,
At your command.

But you've got to let this go!

You want the upper hand.
You want to make demands.
You want it clear as crystal,
At your command.

But you've got to let this go!
Yes you've got to let this go!

Then you want to fake a need,
That your need is there to please...
All the people,
That have you in a neck hold.

But you've got to let this go!
Yes you've got to let this go!

You want the upper hand.
But you've got to let this go!

You want to make demands.
Yes you've got to let this go!
And you want it clear as crystal,
At your command.

Then you want to fake a need,
That your need is there to please...
All the people,
That have you in a neck hold.
But,
You've...
Got to let this go!
Yes you've got to let this go!

Yes you've got to let this go!
Yes you've got to let this go!

You want the upper hand.
You want to make demands.
You want it clear as crystal,
At your command.

But you've got to let this go!
Yes you've got to let this go!

You want it clear as crystal,
At your command.
But you've got to let this go!
Yes you've got to let this go!

You want it clear as crystal,
At your command.
But you've got to let this go!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You'Ve Got To Notice...

You've got to notice...
Something's wrong about these times.
You've got to notice...
People clearly out of their minds.

You've got to back.
And every little step you take.
You can not drop...
A point of view someone will take,
And hate...you!

You've got to notice...
Something's wrong about these times.
You've got to notice...
People clearly out of their minds.

You can not smile. Or nod. Or say hello,
'Have a good day! '
You may ne you've met.
Then get upset.
When they just turn, and walk away!
That's how it is today.

You've got to notice...
Something's wrong about these times.
You've got to notice...
People clearly out of their minds.

You've got to back.
And every little step you take.
You can not drop...
A point of view someone will take,
And hate with such rage....displayed.

People are in a rage.
Today...
People are in a rage.
Today...
People are quick to rage.

And getting crazier...
Every day.

Today...
People are quick to rage.
And getting crazier...
Every day.

Don't stop. Don't stop!
Pat your feet to the beat...
Repeat!

People are in a rage.
Today...
People are in a rage.
Today...
People are quick to rage.
And getting crazier...
Every day.

You've got to notice...
Something's wrong about these times.
You've got to notice...
People clearly out of their minds.

You've got to back.
And every little step you take.
You can not drop...
A point of view someone will take,
And hate...you!

You can not smile. Or nod. Or say hello,
'Have a good day! '
You'll be hated anyway...
Today.
People are in a rage.
Today...
People are in a rage.
Today...
People are quick to rage.
And getting crazier...
Each and every day.

Today...
People are in a rage.
Today...
People are quick to rage.
And getting crazier...
Every day.

Don't stop. Don't stop!
Pat your feet to the beat...
Repeat!

Snap or pop your fingers,
As you hip hop down the streets.
Today!
People display such a craze!
And it seems to be 'okay',
This way!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You'Ve Got To Pray

You've got to pray.
Whatever you're doing,
Drop it!
Stop and pray.
Don't delay a moment,
Give God praise!
Raise your voice and shout it.
Spend time with God today!

You've got to pray.
Whatever you're doing,
Drop it!
Stop and pray.
Don't delay a moment,
Give God praise!
Raise your voice and shout it.
Spend time with God today!

So many people think about nothing but themselves.
Wishing for selfish things.
And hoping that God will bring them.

Too many people...
Say they have no time!
And wonder why grief finds them whining...
Out of their minds!

You've got to pray.
Whatever you're doing,
Drop it!
Stop and pray.
Don't delay a moment,
Give God praise!
Raise your voice and shout it.
Spend time with God today!

You gotta pray.
That's what you gotta do!
You gotta pray.

Whatever you say don't delay,
And pray!
Give up the praise.
No doubt about it.
Stop to praise and pray.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You'Ve Got To Want To Get

Free is the key and the recipe,
To energize your mind...
With a boost that's up!
It's not luck!

The information given is...
Free, free, free.

Free is the key and the recipe,
To energize your body...
With a boost that's up!
It's not luck!

The information given is...
Free, free, free.

You've got to want,
To get.
You've got to want,
To get.
You've got to want,
To get.

Free is the key and the recipe,
To energize your mind...
With a boost that's up!
It's not luck!

You've got to want,
To get.
You've got to want,
To get.
You've got to want,
To get!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You'Ve Gotta Gotta Go

You must know why,
I like our nights of leisure.
The moment you sigh...
I turn the lights,
Down low!

Then you say to me,
'You've gotta gotta go! '
Don't you know...
I've come to be with you?

Then you say,
'You've gotta gotta go! '
Don't you know...
I want to stay.
I've come such a long way!

You must know why,
My time with you is treasured.
I want you in my life.
For more than just what is pleasured.

But then you say no...
'You've gotta gotta go! '
Don't you know,
I'm here to be with you?

Please don't say,
'You've gotta gotta go! '
Let's try to forget,
All regrets we once kept.

Don't say,
'You've gotta gotta go! '
Let's start out fresh,
And build on love that's left.
Don't you know,
I've learned a few lessons too!
Don't you know,

I'm here to be with you?

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You'Ve Hit Me With Your Karma

I can't get myself away!
Whatever I do or say...
It's you!
Who gets me with your karma.

I can't get myself away!
It's true.
And I try to hide my drama.

No...
I can't get myself away!
Whatever I do or say...
It's you!
Who gets me with your karma.

I can't get myself away!
It's true.
And I try to hide my drama.

You've got your hooks in me.
So deep that I can't leave...
Or plead,
'Free me let me go! '

You've got this recipe,
That feeds me all my wants and needs.
I'm crawling 'whipped' and on my knees.

I can't get myself away!
Whatever I do or say...
It's you!
Who gets me with your karma.

I can't get myself away!
It's true.
And I try to hide my drama.

Oh, oh!
Trapped in and I'm locked.

Oh, oh!
Why don't I want it to stop!
Oh, oh!
What is this that you've got?
Oh, oh...
You made it easy to be weak!

I can't get myself away!
Whatever I do or say...
It's you!
Who gets me with your karma.

I can't get myself away!
It's true.
And I try to hide my drama.

Oh, ooooh...
I'm tryin' to hide my drama.
Oh, ooooh...
But you've hit me with your karma!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You'Ve Lost Me

You've lost me!
And I've conceded.
My efforts to free you,
Were without your consent!
I now recognize...
That key I tossed to you,
To release you from your shackles...
In a bondage you find sweet.
Did not have the approval,
Of those who keep you suppressed!
I confess...
I did not gain their authorization!
You've lost me,
In comprehending your need
To remain enslaved!
But I do acknowledge the fact,
You are not aware of that!
And your addiction is best lived,
Oppressed!
And I find that no contest,
To challenge.
You win with my condolences.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You'Ve Made All Of Them Liars

Let me set something strait...
Your apology stated to me,
May ease your consciousness.
And any feelings of guilt you may carry.

But the fact remains...
Your misdeeds introduced misery,
Heartache and pain in my life.
Caused by yourself and others you lied to!

That 'you' should accuse 'me' of being unforgiving,
I find absolutely ridiculous.

If I were you,
And I am thankful I am not.
I would apologize to everyone you told those lies to.
They are the ones to have suffered from what you've done.
Believing you to provide concrete information.
You've made all of them liars!
I didn't.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You'Ve Said It All

I didn't want to say anything.
But the longer I visit,
It becomes more obvious.

'What is that? '

Maybe it's me,
But...
It appears there are a lot of people here,
Who point their fingers at others...
Then begin to laugh at them.
Am I imagining this?

'Unfortunately...
No.'

Why are they doing that?
And why are the others ignoring them?

'The ones pointing their fingers and laughing,
Have increased in numbers.
You see...
They were taught many years ago,
That anyone appearing different than they were...
Were thought to be fools and idiots.'

But...
They seem to be the fools and idiots.

'It use to bother me.
But today...
I have nothing to say.
You've said it all.
Continue to ignore them.
You're only here on a visit.'

How can you live here?

'I'm in it and not of it.

And besides...
They've been calling me crazy most of my life.
And somehow I have found that to be satisfying.
You notice they don't laugh at me anymore.'

I'm sure you miss it?

'I do.
How did you know?
At one time it was very motivating.'

And now?

'I hate to admit it has become addicting.
It is like a 'fix' I need on a daily basis.'

I think you're in it AND of it too!

'You think? '

You are!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

You'Ve Selected Me For Your Trip?

You've selected me for your trip?
As if I'm going to make that easy,
For you to sit and do that with.
I don't know if I should be suspicious,
Or flattered by it all.
Whether or not I should take the scenic view...
Or leave you feeling quite appalled!

You've selected me for your trip?
Would you wish to reconsider,
Your decision to do this?

You must be out for adventure?
And someone told you I could provide?
But let me warn you before you strap in...
The roads I prefer to take,
Will shake you up a bit...
And offer a bumpy ride.

I'm use to it.
Although it's not detected,
In the smoothness of my glide.

You've selected me for your trip?
And even though I am amused by it.
I will suggest you research a bit.
Because what you think will be a common undertaking...
Might actually leave you vomiting in fits!
In a heartbreaking display.
And I may enjoy the act of getting you sick.
If you keep determined,
I am the one to provide your fun...
Before you have a chance,
To go away...
Run!

Okay...
Ready?
Enjoy!

'You are mad! '

Please...
Do not begin with flattery!
I am more accustomed to the sounds of screams.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Zapped

When a mind is shut...
Don't try to pry it open.
It is better where it is decaying,
Left alone.
Leave it!
There is hope with others showing
Signs of response.
Those who are replusive...
Are already dead anyway!
Evidence is overwhelming
Mercy missions have ceased
To those increasingly accepting
Where they are with defeat!
Afraid and avoiding,
To reach for facts!
To support an enriching life!
And they will not experience that.
They've been demoralized!
Trapped...
And zapped!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Zebra

Identifying a Zebra,
Without its stripes.
Is nearly as impossible,
As hoping many will forget...
Chosen infatuations,
To limit them...
From just a few to pick.

Although a forced hype comes,
With a change no one can refuse.
To do to prove...
What had been either black or white,
Or both.
Can be enforced to endorse,
A Zebra disguised as a horse.
And everyone convinced,
It will win against a thoroughbred.

'I'm betting every dime I have,
On that horse.'

~I know a Zebra when I see one.
With or without its stripes.
And you are going to lose.~

'I've been told,
Anything colored gold...
Is where to go to double up on my bucks.'

~Oh,
You will be doubled up.
And those bucks you expect,
Will cause you to regret...
A bending over for something other than luck,
That will stick in your mind...
Never to leave behind to forget,
Who it was to remind you of that Zebra.~

'Zebras, animals!

None of your nonsense,
To me is making any sense.'

~It will when the pain from bending over begins.
And I'm betting your first time,
You will find painful.
Unless...~

'Unless, what? '

~You've already been there.
And found the adjustment to your liking.~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Zenyatta

Zenyatta...
Your stamina has got a lot of moxie,
To be believed.

And upon your retirement,
I express this sentiment...
Did you choose to lose your last race,
To let the guys realize,
In your own eyes...
You will never be replaced.

With a decision NOT to win,
Left for those of us wondering...
As we rub our chins.
Realizing with acknowledgement...
Zenyatta IS a winner.
And you, Zenyatta...
Did not have to prove THAT again!

Dedicated:
To the brilliance of Zenyatta,
A female race horse.
Who ran and won every race she entered.
EXCEPT her last.
Ran November 6th 2010.
And 'this' she might have chosen to do!
Knowing all who witnessed it,
Were expecting her to!
Coming from the very last...
To end in second place.
Even 'that' is sheer championship,
No champion winning a previous nineteen undefeated...
Can fake.

'We love you, Ms Zenyatta...
Queen of the race track.'
~lsp~

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Zero

All of everything begins from zero!
And yet some will say that would be one!
And if 'one' is where everything begins,
Why is there a zero...
From which all beginnings,
That has begun to be as we know it is?
Before number one,
A zero appears!
And no one can calculate...
Without a zero appearing there in wait!
Remove the zero,
And there is nothing to debate!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Zero Defects

I am living to achieve zero defects.
If that means weeding nonsense,
From my acquired peace of mind...
AND a happiness from it I get,
An elimination process...
Will go into immediate effect.
I want a life that is stress free.
And I have discovered that is possible...
By the ridding away of trifling BS!
Without the carrying on my back...
Remnants of burdens,
And a collection of regrets.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Zero Zip Are The Benefits

Poofed in a boosting up to fluff.
Like a smooth cream puff of stuff.
But undeniably rough and tough.
And independently appearing to be mean.
Yet....
Just a moody individual adjusting to the scene.

Dedicated with a seriousness.
And not giving time to wasting lip.
Or one who sits around to start an argument.
There is no benefit...
The benefits are limited.
Zero zip zero zip are the benefits.

Poofed in a boosting up to fluff.
Like a smooth cream puff of stuff.
But undeniably rough and tough.
And independently appearing to be mean.
Yet....
Just a moody individual adjusting to the scene.

Dedicated with a seriousness.
And not giving time to wasting lip.
Or one who sits around to start an argument.
There is no benefit...
The benefits are limited.
Zero zip are the benefits.

And poofed up blown to be gone!
Dedicated with a seriousness.
And not giving time to wasting lip.
Or one who sits around to start an argument.
There is no benefit...
The benefits are limited.
Zero zip are the benefits!
And...
Too poofed with fluff and sent on!

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Zero. None. Zilch To Erase 'Nots'

If I thought of my past mistakes made,
As a prevention of making more...
I'd be afraid to live my life,
To continue to explore the unknown.

And adventuring my life,
With the pursuit to break barriers...
And face obstacles on my path,
Making attempts to limit my footsteps...
Is not my perspective in living my life I have.
Not from a restricted point of view?

Zero. None. Zilch to erase 'nots' with 'cans'.
To replace with an updated agenda.
I've done too much weeping,
To discover a doing of it alone.
I wasn't born to carry burdens on my back.
I am not a collector of sorrows.

Some feel obligated to do that.
I'm not loyal to such obligations.
And I know this!
Since that has been tried to dry clear eyes.

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Zip It

You can not tell people
Who have been trapped and raise on crap.
That they are also ignorant, fat and lazy!
Since those that are...
Will not appreciate that!

There is a fine line between honesty and disrespect.
To say, 'Hey you, fat ass! '
May not get the response one expects.
Or even to say to someone walking down the street...
'Do you mind standing still for one moment?
The ground is shaking,
And its causing my nose to bleed! '

No one will regard this as a compliment at all!
Nor a snide remark behind their backs...
'Is there an eclipse of the Sun?
That has darkened the sky,
To cause night to come...
And suddenly fall? '

This is not nice,
To say behind one with a tremendous butt!
Nor interrupting them with rude comments to ask...
If they would like a ride from a truck,
To help them speed up their strut!

Just don't say nothing at all.
And be thankful you are not responsible to pay,
For their grocery or medical bills!
Knowing you can barely pay your own!
And lifestyles are getting out of touch.
Making everyone ill!

Some things observed are better left as they are.
With no need of a spoken word to be heard.

'Zip it!
There is need to be obscene.

As if making announcements...
On a tour of new museum exhibits!
Just zip it! '

Lawrence S. Pertillar

Zombies Have Been Seen

Children are permitted to be taught lessons.
To grow to become successful,
With each progressive step.
Who then decides when the experience of it should end?
And where did the adults go...
To remove anything learned,
From minds they felt
In need of complete vacancy!

To leave the responsibility of accountability...
Placed upon the shoulders of teachers.
Who are accused of not being qualified...
By those who expose a lack of brain activity.
This is frightening.
Nothing heightens,
An expanded consciousness.
That broadens the experience,
One shares with another to leave.

Even zombies have been seen,
Performing...
In choreographed routines to thrill!

Lawrence S. Pertillar